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ḡánta aodhaḡáin uí rathaille

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES ILLUSTRATING THEIR SUBJECTS
AND LANGUAGE

EDITED

With Introduction, Translation, Notes, and Glossary

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN, M.A.



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PREFACE.

IN this volume are collected all that could be found of the poetical remains of Egan O'Rahilly, a poet whose verse gives unmistakable expression to the state of feeling in Ireland during the forty years that followed the Revolution. It would be difficult to select a poet more genuinely Irish. Nor are there many poets gifted with a more subduing pathos or a more enchanting melody. The Editor feels confident that, in spite of the general decline of the language in which he wrote, his accents after two centuries of oblivion will win the public ear as those of no Irish writer have won it since his death.

An account is given elsewhere of the sources whence these "disjecti membra poetæ" have been taken. The translation accompanying the poems is line for line and literal, and is intended to assist the learner to read the original in a language which has, as yet, no satisfactory dictionary.

The first edition of a work like the present can hardly fail to be very imperfect. The Editor hopes that, when these poems have attained that popularity to which he believes them destined, much new light may be thrown on the life and writings of the poet. He therefore invites all who have any fresh information on the poet's career, or on his writings, to communicate with him on the subject.

A few miscellaneous poems have been added, partly to

elucidate some of the subjects treated of by the poet, and partly as specimens of the language in which he wrote.

Mr. Osborn J. Bergin of the Queen's College, Cork, corrected the proofs of the poems, and read the translations in manuscript, and the Editor takes great pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to his sound judgment and accurate knowledge. He has also had the opinion of the Very Rev. Peter O'Leary, of Castlelyons, on difficult points, and begs to thank him for his kind encouragement. He is also under obligation to Miss Edith Drury of London, and to Miss Norma Borthwick of Dublin, who furnished him with transcripts of one or two important poems in the collection. To the Committee of the Irish Texts Society he desires to express his thanks for their encouragement in the performance of a difficult undertaking. To the Chairman, Professor York Powell, and to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Eleanor Hull, he owes many valuable suggestions.

The Editor desires, moreover, to thank the authorities of Maynooth College, and especially the Librarian, Dr. Walter MacDonald, and the Vice-President, Very Rev. Dr. O'Dea, for the facilities afforded him for consulting the interesting collection of MSS. preserved in the College Library. He also wishes to place on record his sense of the courtesy he received at the hands of the Officials of the Royal Irish Academy. He begs, also, to thank Mr. Michael Warren, of Killarney, for refreshing his memory on stories connected with the poet. Finally, he must not omit to record his appreciation of the efficiency and intelligence displayed by the staff of the Dublin University Press in the production of this work.

July, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.—THE POET AND HIS TIMES.

EDWARD O'REILLY in his "Irish Writers," under the year 1726, treats briefly of the subject of this sketch. He tells us that he was the son of John Mor O'Reilly, a native of Cavan ; and under the year 1700, he says that this John Mor O'Reilly had been intended for the priesthood, and went to study in the classical schools of Kerry with this profession in view ; but, an impediment intervening during a vacation spent in his native Cavan, he returned to Kerry, where he married a woman of the name of Egan, and from their union sprang "Owen O'Reilly, the poet."

According to O'Reilly, then, our poet was descended from the Cavan branch of the O'Reillys, and his real name was O'Reilly and not O'Rahilly. There is, however, much reason to doubt this descent. O'Curry, in his "Catalogue of Manuscripts for the Royal Irish Academy," speaking of O'Rahilly, says :—"It is very singular, if this man's real name was Reilly, that he should write himself O'Rahilly, and that it should continue to be written and known in the same manner down to the present day, in the very place of his birth. There are many of the name of O'Reilly in the county of Kerry, and a great many of the name of O'Rahilly, too, looking on each other as distinct families and without the remotest recollection of any ancestral affinities or identity." Nay, there are

families of O'Rahilly that claim direct descent from the poet, and yet who never dream of considering that their name is the same as O'Reilly. Our poet was a learned genealogist, and would be certain in his works to mention his Cavan descent if it were a fact ; but in none of his writings that we have been able to examine is there the remotest allusion to such ancestry.

His own account of his ancestors seems, indeed, to upset completely the statement of Edward O'Reilly. In the last stanza of the last poem he ever composed (XXI.), he tells us that the MacCarthys were chieftains over his ancestors from time immemorial :—

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;
Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have been
laid low,
I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—
to the graveyard,
Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the death
of Christ.

If his descent from a Cavan father had been obvious to all around him, as it must have been, if O'Reilly's narrative be authentic, the poet would never have written this stanza. If he were a mere intruder from Cavan, such sentimental loyalty on his death-bed would be ridiculous, and he had as keen a sense of the ridiculous as most men. Again, if he knew that his father was a Cavan man he could scarcely have written his pathetic attack on Valentine Brown (VIII.), in which he speaks of him as an intruder, and laments the ruin of the old nobility, though the intrusion of an Englishman would probably have appeared to him in a different light from that of a native Celt. In the splendid poem (XXXV.) he addressed to the son of Cormac Riabhach MacCarthy he informs us that his ancestors dwelt for a time in Iveleary. In his prose satire on Cronin there is a very singular reference to the O'Rahilly

family. Richard og Stac replies to Mathghamhuin O'Cronin thus:—

“Cá b-*puairir* ionnat féin dul a *g-comópaib* le *Riocarb* óg *Mac Riocarb* *Stac* a*gus* ba*o* é*o*ir duit a *fi*or do *beir* a*gus* *gumab* é céim ip aoi*u*be do *bí* a*g* do *fean* a*gus* do *fi*ne*ar*aib, do *fi*uini*u*ir *Scannlám* a*gus* do *fi*uini*u*ir *Ra*taille *bua*caill*ig*ea*o*t *clia*báin *Uí* *Chaoimh* .i. dume uapal bo*o*t ná *raib* do *bea*ta a*ig*e ne *rea*o*t* *g*-céab *bli*a*o*ain a*o*t o*o*t b-*feap*ainn *bea*g do *rua*b-*fi*lia*b* ná*u* *fé*ar *feup* na *foi*u*u*be *rua*i*u* aip. A*gus* do *é*uala-*ra* *go* n*g*eup*raib*e *com*ba *mo*p-*bod*aig ó *po*bul *Uí* *Chaoimh* *trí* *trioi*g*te* o*u* *ci*onn *com*ba *fi*li*o* *Ch*ar*ta* *fi*li*o*ir a *mai*ni*u*ir*u*ir *Lo*éa *Lein*.”

“How dare you compare yourself with Richard og son of Richard Stack, as you should know that the highest distinction ever gained by your forefathers, by the O'Scanlans and the O'Rahillys, was to mind the cradle for O'Keeffe, a poor gentleman, the only property in whose family for seven hundred years was eighteen allotments of a wild mountain which never produced grass or wealth; yet I heard that the tomb of the proud bodachs from Pobal Uí Chaoimh used to be elevated three feet above that of MacCarthy Mor in the Abbey of Lough Lein.”

This passage is of course satire; but, as far as it goes, it tends to disprove O'Reilly's statement. Though the poet does not assert here that he himself sprang from the O'Rahillys of O'Keeffe's country, he seems to imply that the race he sprang from was closely allied to them.

The precise locality of O'Rahilly's birth is uncertain. O'Reilly says that he resided at Sliabh Luachra, and the expression has been repeated by all who have written of him since. But Sliabh Luachra is applied in modern times, not only to the mountain anciently so called, but to a vast tract of country extending southward as far as the Paps, eastward to the borders of Cork county, and westward to within a few miles of Killarney. It was this Sliabh Luachra that Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan meant when he addressed

E*ighe* ip *rua*da *Sli*ab*he* *Lu*a*o*pa.

To say, then, that a man resided at Sliabh Luachra is as indefinite as to say that he lived in Meath or Upper Ossory.

Tradition has fixed the place of his residence for a considerable time at Cnoc an Chorfhiaidh, or, as it is now called, Stagmount, some ten miles to the east of Killarney, and close to the Great Southern and Western Railway, on the north side of that line. Here there is a well, still pointed out as *tobar Aodhagáin*, or "Egan's well." In the Elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary (XXII.), many of the places mentioned are such as would strike a resident at Stagmount; and the Elegy on Cronin's children (XII.), as well as some passages in the Satire on Cronin, suggest a close neighbourhood to Rathmore. There can be little doubt that a considerable portion of the poet's life was passed in this locality. Nothing but a protracted residence could impress his personality so vividly on the minds of the people.

But he did not reside always at Stagmount. His writings show a marked intimacy with Killarney and places to the west of Killarney, and one of his most touching lyrics is a vehement outburst of feeling on changing his residence to Dunneacha, beside Tonn Toime (VII.). He appears to have made periodical excursions to the houses of the Irish nobility, broken and scattered as they then were, to whom his reputation as an *ollamh* gave him an easy introduction. But he had fallen upon evil days. The nobles introduced into Ireland by the Cromwellian and Williamite usurpations, in the room of the old "Milesian" chieftains, cared little for letters, much less for Irish history or legend. In the manuscript remains of the Irish bards of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, few themes are more persistently dwelt on than the indifference of the new nobles to history or poetry. The hereditary *ollamh* of Lord Clancarty winds up a pathetic lament (XLVII.) for the ruined chieftains of the Gael, after the disaster of the Boyne, by a declaration that his occupation is gone, and that he must henceforth take to brewing. Andrew M'Curtain, in moody melancholy, complains to Donn that the noblemen of his time show him the door almost as soon as he

has entered their houses, that they care nothing for his verses or genealogies. In the many laments for dead Irish chieftains produced during this period, none of their virtues is so much insisted on as their hospitality, especially to the bardic tribe. The professional *ollamh* was practically a thing of the past in the opening years of the eighteenth century.

The date of our poet's birth has not been ascertained with certainty. If we may trust a manuscript of this century, his elegy on Diarmuid O'Leary (XXII.) was composed in the year 1696, and a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy (Lord Mountcashel), who died in 1694, is probably from his pen ; and it is certain that he had reached the fullness of his powers before the close of the seventeenth century ; further, it would seem that most of his works, which have reached us, were written between the years 1700 and 1726. We can fix the dates of some more definitely. His lines on the banishment of Dr. Sleyne, Bishop of Cork (IX.), were written in 1703. John Brown, the subject of a most beautiful and touching elegy (XIII.), died on the 15th of August, 1706. And this elegy clearly proves that, at this date, O'Rahilly took a most intense interest in the social war that raged in Killarney, in connexion with the Kenmare estate, and had been watching with an intelligent eye the events of the previous decade of years. In October, 1709, he appeals to Donogh O'Hickey, of Limerick, to leave his native country rather than take "approbation oaths" (XXIV.). The "Assembly of Munstermen" (XX.) must have been written after 1714, from the allusion it contains to King George and the same is to be said of the few stanzas on "Death" (XXXIX.). In his satire on Cronin, he mentions the year 1713 as the date at which the strange parliament there described was convened. Hence, we may conclude that this satire was written after that date. The "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis" was unquestionably written before the satire on Cronin. The Epithalamium, written for Valentine Brown, on the occasion of his marriage with

Honorina Butler, of Kilcash, was composed in 1720. To this same date is ascribed a MS. of poem II., according to the catalogue drawn up for the British Museum. In 1722, we find the poet making a copy of Keating's "History of Ireland" for Mac Sheehy. This copy is now in the National Library, Kildare-street, Dublin. In a manuscript copy of his great elegy on O'Callaghan (XV.), in the Maynooth collection, the death of that chieftain is said to have taken place on the 24th of August, 1724. In a copy of the poem on the "Shoes" (XVIII.), preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, it is stated that it was written about 1724. The beautiful reverie which begins "Gile na Gile" (IV.) is found in a British Museum manuscript of the year 1725; and as this is in some other manuscripts regarded as a binding poem to the "Merchant's Son" (III.), the latter may not improbably belong to the same period. The poem on Valentine Brown (VIII.) must have been written in old age, when want had pressed heavily upon him. Though we cannot determine the date of the last poem he ever penned, the circumstances attending its composition are of painful interest. It is certain that despondency weighed down that great soul as his end approached. He had met with bitter disappointments. The nobles whom he immortalized had treated him with cold neglect. He was pressed hard by poverty. But neither disappointment nor poverty could quench the fire of genius that burned within him, and seemed to blaze ever more brightly, as the clouds of sorrow thickened above his head. On his bed of sickness (from which he never rose), his hand trembling in death, he penned an epistle to a friend (XXI.) which must rank among the most interesting poems in literature. He describes his want, his loneliness, his grief, with unapproachable pathos; and passes on to the ruin of his country despoiled of her chieftains, "since the knave had won the game from the crowned king."

In the barony of Magonihy, whose centre is Killarney, was fought out on a smaller scale the struggle between the races

which ended in the confiscation of Irish land, and in this struggle we find O'Rahilly actively engaged. Nicholas Brown, the second Viscount Kenmare, was attainted for his participation in the Jacobite war, and his estates vested in the Crown. As his children were inheritable under the marriage settlement, the commissioners entrusted with the management and sale of the forfeited estates were directed, by a Royal letter in 1696, not to let the Kenmare estate for a term exceeding twenty-one years. But, contrary to this order, the estate was let privately for sixty-one years, far below its value, to John Blennerhasset, of Ballyseedy, and George Rogers, of Ashgrove, county Cork, his brother-in-law, two members of the Irish Parliament. This contract, no less illegal than unjust, had it been ratified, would have been fraught with the most serious consequences. Blennerhasset and Rogers had intended to plant the estate with Protestant settlers, and to elbow the Catholic Celt to crags and barren moorlands. Their aim may be gathered from a memorial which they addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, when the validity of their lease was called in question by the English Commission in 1699. We quote from that document the following :—

“ We have lett some farmes to English tenants that doe advance some thinge, and wee hope when the estate is settled, and the Protestant tenants may think themselves safe in setting down there, that wee shall be able to raise the king's rent, and reserve a farme to ourselves, which wee think wee well deserve for so considerable an undertaking ; for wee could without losses, trouble, or hazard, manage two Protestant counties near Dublin sooner than this estate among so many ungovernable and disingenuous people.”

The memorial goes on to show what a great loss his Majesty would incur by the invalidation of the contract, and continues :—

“ So that were it not on a publique account more than a private interest wee would not undertake the trouble of communication with so wicked and barbarous a people for even the profit we expect. Truly

it is not so valuable but wee would surrender it, but that we have engaged so many Protestants, and wee have other considerable interests of our own estates and leased lands that do adjoyne it, that makes it agree with our interest and inclination to have that country planted with Protestants." "In playne English," it continues, "this is no more than a tryall of skill whether Kerry shall be a Protestant or an Irish plantation or not. Their priest Connellan, the other day, told his parishioners at Mass that nowe they may with cheerfulness repair their Mass house, for that their old master, the Lord Kenmare, meaning Sir Nicholas Browne, would soon have the estate again." (See Miss Hickson's "Old Kerry Records," 2nd series, pp. 122-124.)

The contract was quashed ; and in 1703, at the sale of the forfeited estates, at Chichester House, Dublin, the estate was sold to John Asgill, during the lifetime of Sir Nicholas Brown. The official entry is as follows :—

"All the estates of the Lord Kenmare in the province of Munster vested in the trustees were sold to Mr. John Asgill, April 13th, 1703, the buyer to pay all the incumbrances and to have all arrears of rent and Sir Michael Creagh's judgment due to the Trustees for £1000, and the woods, as per particulars affixed, lying in the counties of Cork and Kerry."

John Asgill, the purchaser, had a strange career. An Englishman bred to the law, he scented from afar the litigation that arose from the confiscations that followed the Revolution. He had married a daughter of Sir Nicholas Brown, and, in 1703, had obtained a seat in the Irish Parliament. But that pious body, shocked at an absurd pamphlet he had published, voted it a blasphemous libel, and he was expelled from the House. A few years later he entered the English House of Commons ; but his unlucky pamphlet was not forgotten. The Commons ordered it to be publicly burnt, and the author was expelled.

In the confusion that ensued, consequent on a change of landlords over so important an estate, some Irishmen sought to enrich themselves, and rise on the ruin of the Catholic and Jacobite Viscount. Among these, two are singled out by

O'Rahilly, as special objects of his wrath. Timothy Cronin had been a collector of hearth-money to Lord Kenmare, and Murtoagh Griffin acted as administrator to Lady Helen, his wife, during his attainder. Griffin had become a Protestant, and aspired to be a landlord. Cronin, though remaining a Catholic, found no difficulty in abjuring the Pretender. These individuals are interesting as representing the class of persons whom O'Rahilly savagely satirized under the general name of Clan Thomas. The poet composed an "Eachtra," or history of the transactions of Cronin, in which he represents him as addressing his followers in these polite and outspoken words :—

Α bodach duba d'ána d'poóimúinte, ar Tadhg, níor leór lib map do
 d'bhí me Tigeapna Óinn lílapa ar a d'útaig ar go d-tugap a iníon
 agus a tigeapnap dá deapd-namhaib agus ní air mairte le ceaótar díob
 é, óir do bí a fíor agam-ra go b-feudfaimn féin an pean-uapal
 Seaáán Aráill do órapaib air mo m'éir, ar go m-beaó cairde na beata
 agam féin aihál atá, óir ní raib mairtíur agam-ra ríam náir baimeap
 dá oígeadé, ar me féin do beir a d-ceannap 'na díad. Air d-túir do
 glac airíod cionntéin do láim; níor mire an croóaire mall 'ran
 d-ceapb rín, ní fágaíonn boéán gan aon-rígaobaib agus níor tugap do
 ráraib 'ran airíod rín acé pléib agus clampap.

"Ye black, bold, vehement, ill-mannered bodachs," said Tadhg, "was it not enough for you that I banished Lord Kenmare from his country, and that I gave his daughter and his lordship to his inveterate enemy? And it was not through a desire to serve either of them, as I knew that I could twist that old gentleman, John Asgill, on my finger, and that I would have the profits of the estate myself, as I have; as I never had a master whom I did not deprive of his inheritance which I kept myself, in his stead. At first he received hearth-money on hand. I was not a slow villain at that trade. I did not leave a cabin without plundering, and I gave him no satisfaction for that money but wrangling and dispute."

Then Tadhg proceeds to tell how he had ruined the inhabitants of O'Keeffe's and O'Callaghan's districts, evicting the inhabitants for hearth-money, until the whole region became a wilderness. What the poet thought of Griffin is sufficiently

obvious from the mock elegy with which he soothed his *manes* (XVII.).

Mention has been made of the woods in this estate as becoming the property of Asgill. It would seem that some of his under-agents were interested in cutting them down before the property passed into the hands of the Browns, and a complaint was made that £20,000 worth of timber was destroyed. Trees newly felled were sold at sixpence each.

On the 15th of August, 1706, soon after the estate had changed hands, and when the inhabitants of the barony were ablaze with indignation at the attempted introduction of Protestant planters, and at the ruin of the woods, brought about for selfish ends by designing upstarts, died Captain Brown of Ardagh, who had long been manager of the estate, and had been a member of Parliament for Tralee in 1689. In the course of a beautiful elegy on the deceased (XIII.), O'Rahilly pours out his wrath, like lava, on the heads of the plunderers of the people. Captain Brown's connexion with Lord Muskery and his wife's relation to the Duke of Ormond were not likely to be lost sight of by the poet.

In the second stanza he hints at the undue violence of the new masters :—

Α βάρ, πο μέλλαιρ λεατ άρ λόερανν,
 Ράλ άρ η-αρβαν άρ η-βαίλτε 'ρ άρ ο-εόρηται,
 Ϊάρδα άρ ο-εεαό αρ η-βαν 'ρ άρ η-βολαότ,
 'Αρ ρζάε ποιή ρζεανναίβ ρεαντα ρόρηε.

XIII. 5-8.

The same idea is developed in two or three succeeding stanzas. The people have now no lord but the God of glory ; the woods are cut down, a pitiable sight. Then the high military genius of the deceased is dwelt on, and a company of rivers chant a melancholy chorus at his death. But the poet turns from these, more pained at the weeping of Brown, now in servitude abroad, and the weeping of the widow of high lineage. Then, with withering sarcasm, he describes the

sad plight to which the estate of the Browns had been reduced :—

Aððar uaðair buaiðearða 'r brónðoil,
 Aðnuað luit 'r uile ðan téora,
 Mléaduðað ðian air éiað 'ran éðige
 Cior þur b-pearann að Arðill dá éðimþeam.

An ðara cár ðo éráð an éðige :
 Þriora 'r Taðð a b-peiðm 'ra mórtur,
 Léð ðíðneað ár raoiðe móðða
 Ar a b-pearannaið cairte 'r córa.

'r ðið-éneað þúr ð-coillte air peðað,
 'r maiþr Čaiðð að aðaint map 'mól þuð,
 ðan amþar tá a ð-ceann 'r a ð-tóm leir,
 Ón lá ð'iméið 'rðiað uarþað na plóðite.

XIII. 81-92.

Asgill, the new proprietor, had troubles of his own. While he was the cause of angry scenes in the Legislatures of both England and Ireland, his underlings in Kerry, men of the stamp of Cronin and Griffin, got what they could by the destruction of the woods, or by the extortion of hearth-money. The years went by in sorrow and suffering for the Catholic Celt, whom the law never recognised except for purposes of insult and plunder. Men driven from their homes throughout the country retired to the fastnesses of the woods and mountains, and there offered a desultory resistance to the execution of the laws framed by a faction to plunder and insult them.

In 1720, Lord Kenmare (Sir Nicholas Brown) died, and his son Valentine was now undisputed owner of the estate. In this year, O'Rahilly voiced the public joy in a beautiful epithalamium for his marriage with Colonel Butler's daughter (XXX.). Twenty years of anxiety and fear and suffering had passed ; and the dream of Blennerhasset and Rogers—a Protestant plantation in Magonihy—had vanished into thin air.

Froude, referring to this period, or a little later, declared Killarney to be the Catholic University of Ireland. The classics were taught, and aspirants to Holy Orders were trained in scholastic discipline, and the intricate laws of Gaelic poetry were carefully studied there. The cause of Sir Nicholas Brown was the cause of enlightened freedom, and true toleration; but there were others of the local gentry who favoured the progress of the Catholic Celt. O'Rahilly, in the tract from which we have already quoted, mentions four as the only ones who had the true spirit of fairmindedness. Cronin, in the speech to which we have referred above, declares that if four traitors who were in the country were in his power he could sleep sound; they are Lavellin, Colonel White, Ned Herbert, and William Crosby. Of these, Lavellin and Colonel White had married sisters to Helen, wife of Sir Nicholas Brown. In the intended depositions of Sylvester O'Sullivan, the informer, we have the names of several popish schoolmasters in Killarney whom he declares to have been "well versed in the liberal sciences." One of these, indeed his own partner in academic labours, he accused before Lord Fitzmaurice, of Ross Castle, "of carrying arms, school-teaching, and other heavy crimes." But the scholastic services of Sylvester were dispensed with after he had, on the 23rd of February, 1729, "publicly renounced the errors of the Church of Rome" in the Protestant church at Killarney.

Sylvester O'Sullivan states in a memorial, which he styles "depositions ready to be sworn," that Archdeacon Lauder who sat among other magistrates to hear his complaint, spoke as follows, in a great "huff and fury" :—

"How now, you rogue! Do you think to get any justice against the county Kerry gentlemen who are all in a knot, and even baffle the very judges on the circuit? Nay, you are mistaken; our bare words are taken and preferred before the Government before the depositions of a thousand such evidences who have no friends to back 'em. This is not France, that severe country where the king's interest is so strictly maintained.

No! this is Kerry, where we do what we please. We'll teach you some Kerry law, my friend, which is to give no right and take no wrong."¹

In spite of any arguments that may be founded on this speech, it is certain that, though many of the Protestant gentry sided with the Catholics against the Government, racial and religious animosities ran high, as the story told in XLIII. sufficiently proves.

The Catholic Celt of Magonihy, however, had something more substantial to rely on than the good will of time-serving magistrates. There were true hearts and stout arms in the fastnesses of the mountains to defend his cause. Glenflesk is a valley bounded by mountains of savage grandeur, and watered by the Flesk, a river celebrated in song and story. Near the entrance of the glen stands the castle of Kilaha, which was for generations inhabited by the O'Donoghues of the Glen. Perhaps no Irish chieftain so successfully preserved his clan from the ravages of the freebooter. No Irish chieftain was served with more devoted loyalty. Nature had done much—she had reared lofty walls of rock on either side; she had indented the mountains with convenient recesses, whither the outlaw might betake him till the storm he had raised had blown over. But it was in the strong arm of the indomitable race that acknowledged him as lord, as well as in his own uprightness and courage, that O'Donoghue found his chief strength. He was not wealthy; but he lived ever among his people—their cause was his cause. He hated Castle proclamations and decrees with a traditional hatred. It was in vain that his estate was declared forfeit under Cromwell. The undertakers, in all probability, never even beheld the slopes of Derrynasaggart or the lake of Foiladown. One of the sweetest and most vigorous of Gaelic poets reigned at Killaha during

¹ For a full account of this remarkable document, see "Old Kerry Records," 2nd series, pp. 177–186.

the Restoration and Revolution periods. His poems breathe the spirit of manly independence (XLVIII.—XLIX.) In the stress of the penal days, when unjust forfeitures had forced many a good Irishman from the home of his ancestors, the hospitable chieftain of the Glen welcomed them with open arms. O'Donoghue's house was a safe haven for persecuted bards, and the chieftain himself a generous patron of the Muses. A grateful poet has left a vivid picture of life in Killaha Castle during the days of the Revolution, when Geoffrey O'Donoghue, himself a poet and wit of a high order, extended an open-hearted welcome to his brother bards :—

Múr Séarpað le céadaib iṛ ḡairpib oíðce,
 Múr tréiteac le téadaib 'na ḡ-cantar laoiðce,
 Múr féarbað iṛ féile 'na ḡ-caítear fíonca,
 Múr déaracá na h-éigre le taca díolað.

Dún cléire 'na léigtear an laibin líomta,
 Dún béite le ḡréaraib air bṛataib fíoda,
 Dún éarḡað fá feudaib do macaib ríogda,
 Dún ḡréitpe nár téarnað a d-taḡairc d' aoiðeaðuib.

Cúirt laócpað ḡan traoáaḡ do baḡar bíoðba,
 Cúirt éacṡaḡ an tréin-ḡir nár éoiḡill miona,
 Cúirt béarpað 'na néim-riṡ aḡ fṛearṡal raoite,
 Cúirt aopaḡ an ḡaoðal-bṛoḡ iṛ fairpṛiḡ aoiḡinn.

The house of Geoffrey—short seems the night to hundreds ;
 House of accomplishments, in which songs are sung to harps ;
 House of festivity and hospitality, in which wines are drunk ;
 House of bestowing, in which bards are rewarded substantially.

Stronghold of the clergy, where Latin is fluently read ;
 Stronghold, where the maidens embroider silken robes ;
 Stronghold, liberal in dispensing gems to sons of princes ;
 Stronghold of gifts unceasingly given to guests.

Mansion of heroes, unsubdued by wicked threats ;
 Mansion of wonders, of the valiant man who stored not jewels ;
 Mansion of verses freely running to honour nobles ;
 Mansion of airiness is the Gaelic dwelling, roomy and delightful.

The Glen became the home of "Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees, Persons of the Romish Religion, out in arms and upon their keeping." It was these tories that made it secure to carry on the crime of school teaching in Killarney. A few extracts from the correspondence with Dublin Castle, of some Kerry magistrates and others, will give some idea of the part played by Glenflesk and its Chieftain, in the social struggle, whose centre was Killarney, and in whose vortex the years of our poet's manhood were passed.

Colonel Maurice Hussey, himself a Jacobite, writes on the 26th of December, 1702, from Flesk Bridge:—"The Tories in the province are lately grown highwaymen, that is, most of them horsemen; I find there are now about fifteen or sixteen." In the same year he writes again to the Castle secretary, Joshua Dawson:—"Tories are skulking up and down in couples, but I have taken good care to prevent their getting into the mountains—the chief of the Rapparees were twice sett by twice their own number of soldiers from Rosse, yet they escaped, a shameful thing to be related. I do not care to be the author of it, but 'tis true." Hussey, who was a Catholic, further asserts that he had "an English heart still, though born and miserably bred in Ireland."

In 1708, it was expected, on all sides, that the Pretender would visit the west coast of Ireland, and Colonel Hedges, of Macroom (II. 45), who had been appointed governor of Ross Castle, proceeded to administer the oath of abjuration to Catholics in the various towns. Many Catholic gentlemen, on refusing it, were imprisoned. Colonel Hedges, writing to Dawson, says:—"Some Irish gentlemen have very freely taken the oath, and others will, but the proprietors and idle persons, and such as served King James and are poor, and all the priests, are the persons who are universally and entirely disposed to assist the Pretender or any Popish interest." The Pretender scare blew over for the time, but many gentlemen and the great bulk of the people had openly taken their side.

We can easily understand our poet's rage against the Cronins, father and son, from such recommendations as the following :—"I take leave to ask," wrote Hedges to Dawson, in 1711, "for a license (to carry arms) for Darby Cronine, who, though a papist, has been employed by me for several years past, and took the oath of abjuration."

In a letter, dated the 28th of February, 1712, addressed to Murtogh Griffin, Hussey says :—"The Rapps of Glenflesk, the sure refuge of all the thieves and tories of the country, are up by night and are guilty of all the violence and villanies imaginable, and it will be always so, till nine parts of ten of O'Donoghue's followers are proclaimed and hanged on gibbets upon the spott." The untamable spirit of Timothy and Finneen O'Donoghue was a source of constant alarm to such time-servers as Hedges. To these were joined now, Francis Eagar, a Protestant, who had married their sister. On June the 8th, 1714, Hedges writes :—"Timothy and Florence (Finneen) O'Donoghue and Philip O'Sullivan, of Glenflesk, papists, have fire-arms and swords, as I am credibly informed."

The death of Queen Anne did not by any means diminish the strain to which Castle law was subject in Kerry. Hedges, as yet unaware of the important event, writes on August 4th, 1714, to Dawson :—

"The Protestants of Killarney, besides those which are linked with the O'Donoghue, do not exceed a dozen; there are but four in the county adjacent."

He means no doubt families. In a census taken by Philip Anderson, Clerk of the Commissioners of Array, in 1692, the number of Protestants in Magonihy is given as 82, while the Catholics number 1587. Hedges goes on to say that the magistrates are in terror of their persons, and far from putting the laws in force, and adds :—

"Old O'Donoghue told Mr. Griffin (a magistrate) to his face that he hoped soon to see the time when he and his would pull out his throat, and he often bragged that he had 500 men at his command."

On the 23rd of August, the accession of George I. having become known, Hedges writes an account of his exertions to proclaim the new Sovereign. "The court leet began last Saturday at Killarney, and I hear the papists are taking the oaths of fidelity and allegiance to his majesty with seeming cheerfulness." But he has only two names to mention. "Timothy Croneen and his son Darby Croneen, took the oath of allegiance, and took and subscribed the adjuracon oath the first day of the sessions." Finneen O'Donoghue, he says, was the person he feared to be most troublesome, but it was satisfactory to learn from this formidable opponent of unjust laws, that "about a dozen gun barrels were lately wrought into reap-hooks by a smith in Glenflesk, which he was told were rusty old barrels found in a hollow tree." O'Rahilly addresses one of his sweetest odes (XI.) to this Finneen O'Donoghue, and describes graphically the part he played in resisting the execution of the penal laws.

Another power in the county at this period, but one of whom O'Rahilly speaks with distrust, was Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe, with his formidable band of *faïresses*. In 1706, the poet had soothed the ghost of John O'Mahony, Domhnall's father, with one of his splendid elegies (XIV.); but in Domhnall himself he reposed no confidence. He represents Cronin in the "Eachtra Thaidhg Dhuibh," as empanelling a jury of the upstarts, and the first name of the twelve is Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe. This personage seems to have been a real power in the county. He was a Catholic and tenant to the Earl of Shelbourne, but he had abjured the Pretender, and the number of his own subjects was estimated at "three thousand persons, all of the Pope's religion." He had disciplined his dependents as an army, ready at a moment's notice, to swoop down on the objects of his displeasure. If we may believe the evidence of Kennedy, quit-rent collector, only a dozen of Mahony's tenants were Leinster Protestants. "So may it please your Excie and

Lopps," adds Kennedy, "the said Mahony and his mobb of Fairesses are so dreaded by his mighty power that noe Papist in the kingdom of Ireland hath the like."¹

Such were the scenes amid which our poet lived and sang. He watched his country, all torn and blood-stained, entering within the shadow of an inhuman persecution, and did not live to see her even partially emerge. He often connected his own hardships—notwithstanding his profession as *ollamh*—with those of his country, and traced both to the same source, and in his deathbed poem he bewails both together. He is beyond all others the poet of the ancient Irish Nobility, who despises upstarts, and gives no quarter to any man who sacrificed honour and faith for wealth and power.

O'Rahilly was without question well educated; and his knowledge of the classics is sufficiently attested by the classical quotations, and the allusions to classical topics to be found in his writings. He translated St. Donatus's Latin poem on Ireland into Irish verse, but we regret that we have been unable to procure his version for this volume. The extent of his knowledge of English we cannot accurately ascertain; but from allusions and quotations in his prose works, it would seem that he was at home in that language. His knowledge of Irish was unquestionably profound. His command of that tongue was such as natural genius alone, without extensive study, could not give, and has rarely if ever been equalled. A deep and intimate acquaintance with the Irish language is, O'Curry testifies, evinced by the "Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis." Nor can less be said of the lyrics and elegies printed in this volume. His familiarity with all the legendary lore that illumines the dawn of Irish history is

¹ For a fuller picture of life in Kerry the reader is referred to the chapter entitled "Kerry in the Eighteenth Century," in Miss Hickson's *Old Kerry Records*, Second Series, on which the writer of the preceding account has largely drawn.

shown in his elegies, and must have been the result of wide reading and a tenacious memory. He had an ardent passion for genealogy, but differed from ordinary genealogists in this, that he quickened the dry bones of a pedigree with the life of poetry. We have already seen how an education could be procured in Kerry, even when school teaching was a serious crime against the law. Indeed Egan seems to have been the most learned *ollamh* of his day. His quaint account of the learned meetings in O'Callaghan's house (XV.), where every great name in Europe came under discussion, cannot be considered as exaggerated, if we remember that men like the poet himself were of the company. Indeed, so highly did the popular voice esteem his genealogical talents, that even in our own days a quotation from one of his elegies has been regarded as proving a kinship between families.

There is reason to believe that he was at first in good circumstances ; but his poverty at the end of his life was extreme. It is hardly possible to read his death-bed poem (XXI.), to which allusion has been already made, without tears. Here he appears as one wanting help, and yet too proud to beg. He will not be seen at the doors of the new nobility. He laments the loss of the true chieftains in terms of matchless pathos. He had tried Sir Valentine Brown (VIII.), but he was repulsed ; his “*reana-popg lae*” must henceforth vainly weep for the generous nobles of the “*Capé'-púil*.” In the poem on the “Shoes,” with which he was presented by O'Donoghue Dubh (XVIII.), his soul appears overcast with the shadow of dire poverty. The tone is subdued ; the humour is grim ; and in the concluding lines he expresses openly his distress and desolateness. It was probably one of his latest poems. It is remarkable in this great poet that the verses he produced in an old age of sorrow and poverty are more fiery and vigorous than his earlier productions.

After the lapse of nearly 200 years, Egan's memory is fresh to-day in many parts of Munster, and would have been

far fresher and more vivid were it not that the language in which he wrote, and in which his witty sayings were recorded, has decayed throughout almost the entire province.

Though little of biographical value has reached us concerning him, still certain traits of his character have been placed in a strong light by oral tradition. It appears that affected simplicity formed a strong feature of his character. He delighted in acting as a simpleton until he had secured his object, and then in impressing on the bystanders the success of his practical joke by making a display of his learning. On one occasion he entered a book-shop in Cork, and asked the price of the books that lay on the counter in a tone of voice and with a gesture that led the bookseller to imagine he was dealing with a fool. At length he asked with much timidity the price of a large expensive classical work exhibited there. The bookseller, with a look of pitying contempt, handed him the book, and said, "You will get it for nothing if you can only read it." The poet took the book, and to confirm the seller in his error opened it, and held it before him with the pages inverted ; and, when the bargain had been duly ratified, set it properly before him and read it aloud with a facility that amazed the bystanders and confounded the bookseller, who perceived he had been made the victim of a practical joke.

When he attended fairs, and on such public occasions, it is said that he usually wore a "sugan" round his waist. Indeed, in one of his prose satires, when describing the dress adopted by Clan Thomas, he appears to allude to this cincture. He delighted in passing for a foolish clown amongst the buyers from Cork and Limerick who frequented the fairs, and to whom he was known only by reputation. His constant reply to such strangers, if they happened to price his cattle, was, "ḃuḃairt mo maḃair liom gan iad do díol gan an méad po," and thus they were led to imagine that he was a mere instrument in the hands of an absent mother.

On one occasion a certain Limerick stranger, named Shink-

win, was completely deceived by his language and manner. Shinkwin, it seems, bought some cattle from the poet, whom he regarded as a fool, and imagined from the replies to some questions he asked that the cattle were in calf. Afterwards, as he passed along the street, he observed this "fool" discussing with great volubility and vehemence some questions of history with a local gentleman. He inquired who that man was, and was told that he was Egan O'Rahilly. On hearing this—for the poet was well known by reputation throughout Munster—he exclaimed, *o'páð ran ba ðan oáir að Sinnicín*, "that leaves Shinkwin with cows not in calf." This expression has passed into a proverb.

O'Rahilly is also popularly remembered as an unrivalled satirist. He belonged to what Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan called "Muintir Chainte." In a period of Irish history anterior to that we are considering, satirists were supposed to be able to raise three blisters on the individual whom they abused if he deserved the satire; stories are told of our poet which attribute to his satire still greater power. It is said that, like Archilochus of old, he killed a man by the venom of his satire, and that a fierce attempt was made to satirize himself; that he laboured the livelong night to neutralize its effects; and that when morning came he asked his daughter to look out and reconnoitre. The daughter brought word that some of his cattle had perished during the night. The poet, on hearing this, said, "*ðuiðeaðap le ðia an lá a ðul oppa ip nað opm-ðað oð euaið ré.*" "Thank God! the victory was gained over them and not over me." This story is worth recording, as it proves how genuinely our poet represents the ancient spirit of Irish literature. On reading the legend, one is carried in imagination to the days of Cuchulainn and Ferdiad, or of Cairbre and Breas. There can be no doubt that Egan's power of vituperation was unrivalled. In his day, personal satire among Irish bards was nothing better than eloquent rhythmical bargaining, often indulged in for the sake of displaying the scolding

powers of the satirist. In the case of our poet, we need not rest his claim as a master of abusive language on mythical stories; an interesting specimen of his personal satire still exists. A poet of the MacCarthy family called Domhnall na Tuille, or "Domhnall of the Flood," whose patron was Tadhg an Duna, wrote a bitter attack on him, on what provocation we cannot say. O'Rahilly replied in a satire of greater bitterness still. We give O'Rahilly's reply in this volume (XXXVIII.). We believe it will be found interesting, as throwing some light on what our annalists say of Irish satire. It certainly displays unbounded command of language. Whether this fierce encounter was purely a trial of strength between the poets, we cannot determine. MacCarthy's attack, which is somewhat coarse, dwells on O'Rahilly's mercenary spirit—how he will not write a poem without a large sum of money—but it is chiefly an attack on his person, so vague and exaggerated, however, that it is impossible to draw any conclusions from it regarding his appearance.

II.—HIS WORKS.

O'Rahilly's works may be divided into three classes: Lyrics, Elegies, and Satires. As a lyric poet he deserves a very high place. His pieces are short, often without regular order or sequence of parts; often, too, with a line or a clause thrown in to fill up space and keep the metre going, but the main thoughts come from the heart, and throw themselves without apparent effort into language of great beauty and precision. No idea foreign to the subject is obtruded on the reader's attention; the whole seems produced in the heat of inspiration. The rhythm is perfect, without tricks of style or metre. The poet's very soul seems poured out into his verse. Most of his lyrical pieces that have reached us are concerned

with his country's sufferings and wounds then bleeding fresh, the decay of her strength, the usurpation of her lands by foreigners, and the expulsion of the old nobility. His mind is never off this theme. The energies which other poets devoted to the praise of wine or woman, he spent in recounting the past glories and mourning over the present sorrows of his beloved land, whose history he had studied as few men have ever done, and whose miseries he beheld with the keen eye of genius, and felt for with the warmth and sensibility of the most ardent of natures.

His power as a lyric poet consists mainly in the strength of his passion, and in his unequalled pathos. One gets the idea from some of the shorter pieces, in which he depicts the bleeding and tortured condition of his country, that a very tempest of passion swept through the poet's soul. His paroxysms are fierce, vehement, and fitful. In such gusts he is often taken so far beyond himself, that when the storm is over he seems to forget the links that bound his thoughts together. He takes little trouble to present the reader with a finished whole, in which the various parts are joined together by easy natural links. He is only anxious to fix our attention on what is great and striking, leaving minor matters to care for themselves. We can imagine a poet like Gray counting with scrupulous care the number of his lines, labouring his rhymes, and linking one verse to another, so as to form a homogeneous whole. Our poet seems to care little about the number of his lines, or such minor points. He is conscious that his thoughts, glowing hot, deserve attention, and he compels it.

There are few pictures in poetry more pathetic than that drawn in "The Merchant's Son" (III.). The frequency with which visions of Ireland, cast into stereotyped form, were produced at a later date is calculated to create a prejudice in the mind of the reader against this poem. But the vision here described is altogether different from the common poetic

reveries of the later poets. The loveliness and grace of the maiden, her misfortunes, her trust in her absent deliverer and lover, her belief in his speedy arrival, the fidelity with which she clings to his love—all these create in our minds an intense interest in the distressed queen. But our hearts melt to pity when she is described as looking, day after day, across the main, “over wild, sand-mingled waves,” in the hope of catching a glimpse of the promised fleet. Then the poet has a sudden and painful surprise in store for her and for us. The hero she loved is dead. He died in Spain, and there is no one to pity her. It is more than she can bear. Her soul is wrenched from her body in terror at the word. It is impossible to describe adequately the power of this poem. It is ablaze with passion, while the sudden terror of the concluding stanza belongs to the sublime.

O’Rahilly, as we have seen, lived at a time of supreme crisis in Irish history. The pent-up passion of a suffering people finds expression in every line of that magnificent threnody, which stands second in this collection. Never, perhaps, since Jeremias sat by the wayside and chanted a mournful dirge over the ruin of Jerusalem, never were a nation’s woes depicted with such vivid anguish and such passionate bursts of grief. We have no reason to suppose that the poet made a special study of Biblical literature ; yet it is impossible to read this outburst of fierce, intense passion without being reminded of passages in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and especially of the Lamentations. The similarity in thought, in intensity of feeling, in vigour of expression, in variety and simplicity of imagery, between this poem and the Lamentations is, we think, not due to conscious imitation. It is rather to be ascribed to the brooding of kindred spirits over subjects that had much in common.

“How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is the mistress of the gentiles become a widow: the prince of provinces made tributary!”—LAM. i. 1.

“Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks: there is none to comfort her among all them that were dear to her.”—LAM. i. 2.

“My eyes have failed with weeping, my bowels are troubled: my liver is poured out upon the earth, for the destruction of the daughter of my people, when the children, and the sucklings, fainted away in the streets of the city.”—LAM. ii. 11.

“And from the daughter of Sion all her beauty is departed: her princes are become like rams that find no pastures: and they are gone away without strength before the face of the pursuer.”—LAM. i. 6.

Let these well-known verses be compared with the first three poems and the twenty-first of this collection, as well as with many passages in the elegies, and we think it will appear that our poet in vigour of expression, in majesty and simplicity of imagery, in melting pathos, may claim kinship with the greatest writers of all time.

The Elegies differ in style and metre from the Lyrics. They are death-songs for distinguished persons. The poet soothes every sorrow. He remembers every friend; the wife, the sister, the helpless orphan, the weeping father and mother, the famished poor mourning at the gate with no one to break them bread. He brings before our eyes the house, wont to be so gay, now cold and comfortless and still with the melancholy silence of death.

There is something exquisitely affecting in the tender names which O’Rahilly applies to the deceased: a fountain of milk to the weak, their Cuchulainn in a hostile gathering, the guard of their houses and flocks. But, in spite of their tenderness, too-frequent repetition palls. There is too much sameness in the drapery of his grief. Nature mourns, the hills are rent asunder, there is a dull mist in the heavens. Such are “the trappings and the suits of woe” that he constantly employs.

The use made of the Greek and Roman deities is, however, to modern critics, the greatest blemish in these compositions. Pan and Jupiter, Juno and Pallas, give the renowned infant *at baptism* the gifts peculiar to themselves. The elegy on Captain

O'Leary (XXII.), in spite of these faults, is a beautiful poem. The elegy on O'Callaghan (XV. and XVI.) is, perhaps, the most finished production of the author. But the least faulty and most affecting of all the elegies is, without doubt, that on Cronin's three children, who were drowned (XII.). The rhythm is exquisite, and the beautiful metre is that employed in O'Neaghtan's lament for Mary of Modena.

As a prose satirist, O'Rahilly belongs to the same school as Swift. His invention is daring; he indulges in minute descriptions, and delights in the most harassing and disgusting details, provided they serve his purpose. He is the author of three coarse, fierce prose satires—the “Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis,” the “Parliament Chloinne Thomáis,” and the “Eachtra Thaidg Dhuibh.” The two former are given anonymously in the manuscripts; but their similarity in thought and language to the latter, and the allusions to them to be found in the lyrics, leave no doubt that O'Rahilly was the author; and they were attributed to him by the universal belief in Munster as late as 1840, as O'Curry testifies. In execution, in plot, in the management of details, in strength of expression, in command of language, these works stand high; and the strong light they throw on Irish history gives them peculiar importance. “Clan Thomas,” a breed of semi-satanic origin, full of pride and avarice, whose morals and language do justice to their parentage, are doomed for generations to be the slaves of the nobles in Ireland; but they watch every opportunity of throwing off the yoke. They are essentially a *gens rustica*. In reading their squabbles, their foolish conflicts on questions of ancestry, down through the ages, we feel that we are getting a vivid glimpse of the brawls, the disunion, the traitorism of a certain species of Irishman that has ever been a foul stain on the pages of Irish history. The poet, with peculiar pleasure, ridicules their love of lisping in an English accent, and of being taken notice of by English nobles. The author takes us through the minutest particulars of a scolding

match, or a meeting, or a feast, taking care that we in the meantime conceive a perfect loathing for the actors in these petty dramas. We stand and look on as they devour their meals, we hear the noise made by the fluids they drink as they descend their throats, we listen to their low oaths and foolish swagger about their high lineage, and we turn away in disgust. Surely the upstart or the snob was never elsewhere delineated in such vivid colours.

With a literature such as this, there was little danger that the Irish people as a whole, much less the people of the southern province, would suffer the canker of slavery to eat into their souls. This literature, ever appealing to the glories of the past, ever stinging with keen sarcasm those who attempted to supplant the rightful heirs of Irish soil, ever taunting the oppressor with his cruelty and treachery, kept alive in the Irish heart, to use the words of Burke, "even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom." The mission of the Irish *ollamh* in those troubled days, and in the dark night of the penal times which followed, was to proclaim in words of fire the injustice that was being committed, to divert the people's attention from present troubles by pointing to a glorious past, and, lest they should fall into despair, to kindle hopes of future deliverance. Our *ollamh's* strain is sad, and infinitely tender, but withal bold and uncompromising. He is an ardent admirer of the great Irish families that stretch back through our history into the twilight of legend ; he is a believer in aristocracy ; but his fiercest invectives are poured out against those who in the stress of a national crisis purchase a vulgar upstart nobility at the cost of honour and virtue.

In estimating O'Rahilly's place in literature it must be remembered that Irish literature continued in a state of almost complete isolation down to its total extinction at the beginning of the present century. It imitated no foreign models. It did not compete for the ear of Europe with any neighbouring literature. It was little influenced by the invention of printing, or by the

revival of learning in Europe. The number of books printed in the Irish language from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century would hardly more than fill a school-boy's box ; and of these none were on general literature. The desire for learning for which the Irish race was proverbial, during these centuries of strain, operated as by a kind of instinct mainly in two directions : the attainment of priestly orders, and the cultivation of national history and poetry. Even writers learned in classical and foreign literature showed little inclination to adopt a foreign style. Keating was undoubtedly a man of broad learning, and gifted with a vivid imagination ; but he wrote poetry not in the style of Virgil or Dante, nor yet of Ronsard or Spenser, but as the Irish poets who preceded him. O'Rahilly, though some eighty years later than Keating, is more truly Irish still, in style, in thought, in metre.

The reader must not, therefore, be surprised to find in our author's poems a freshness, a simplicity, a vigour, that savour of the Homeric age. The descriptions of life in O'Callaghan's house (XV.), or in that of Warner (X.), have something of the old-world charm of the *Odyssey*. It would be uncritical to judge this poet according to the canons of taste accepted by the nations of modern Europe. He is a survival of the antique, in thought, in style, in metre, in spirit. His spirit is as strong, as fresh, as vigorous, and olden, as the language in which he wrote, as the race whose oppression he depicted ; it is soft and glowing as the summer verdure of his native lake-lands ; it is melancholy as the voice of the storm-vexed Tonn Tóime that disturbed his rest on that night when in poverty and loneliness he lay in bed weaving verses destined to be immortal (VII.).

III.—METRIC.

In the poems we are considering (with few exceptions) *stress and similarity of vowel sounds in corresponding stressed syllables are the fundamental metrical principle*. Certain root syllables receive a *stress* as each line is pronounced, and *corresponding* lines have a like number of stresses. We call the set of stressed vowel sounds in a line, or stanza, or poem, the *stress-frame* of that line, or stanza, or poem. We understand the stress-frame to consist of *vowel sounds in their unmodified state*. We call each stressed vowel sound a *stress-bearer*. It is convenient sometimes to speak of a *syllable containing a stressed vowel* as a *stress-bearer*. A diphthong or triphthong is similar to a single vowel when the sound of that vowel is the *prevailing sound* of the diphthong or triphthong. Syllables that contain identical or similar vowel sounds are *similar*; thus ἡλέ and ἡ are similar, also ναοί and λί; thus, too, ρεόμπα and κόρυψ (XX. 13) have their first syllables similar, ο being attenuated or thinned in both; also ρίολ and κλαῖον (XVI. 36–38) where the common vowel sound is *ee* as in *free*. Stresses and stress-bearers *correspond* in two lines when they occur in the same order, beginning with the first stress in each. Lines are similar when their corresponding stresses fall upon similar syllables, or when their corresponding stress-bearers are identical. When all the lines in a stanza, or poem, are similar, the stanza or poem is said to be *homogeneous*. A stress is said to *rule* the syllables which are pronounced with dependence on it, and these may be taken to be the syllable on which it falls, and the *succeeding* syllables as far as the next stress, or to the end of the line in the case of the final stress. The *initial stress* of a line may also rule one or more antecedent syllables.

The final stress-bearer plays an important part in the melody of a line, and in the case of certain metres, the penultimate stress-bearer also.

For purposes of analysis we use the following notation :—

ă	represents	a	in	caτ,	sounded	like	o	in	cot	(nearly).
ā	„	éi	„	péin,	„	„	a	„	name.	
au	„	á	„	τá,	„	„	aw	„	awl.	
ě	„	ei	„	beič,	„	„	e	„	get.	
ē	„	í	„	bí,	„	„	ee	„	free.	
ĩ	„	ı	„	pıč,	„	„	i	„	sin.	
ī	„	ei	„	paiðm,	„	„	i	„	line	(nearly).
ia	„	ıa	„	pıal,	„	„	ea	„	near.	
ō	„	o	„	cop,	„	„	u	„	cur.	
ou	„	o	„	lom,*	„	„	ow	„	how.	
ũ	„	u	„	cup,	„	„	u	„	pull.	
ū	„	ú	„	cúl,	„	„	oo	„	school.	
ua	„	ua	„	pıap,	„	„	ua	„	truant	(but shorter).

These are the chief unattenuated or otherwise unmodified stress-bearing vowel sounds met with in Irish poetry, some of them, such as ĩ, ě, etc., cannot be attenuated or thinned.

In all the poems we are considering similar lines in the same stanza, and generally throughout the same poem, have their final stress-bearers identical. We speak of an \bar{A} -poem, or an \bar{E} -poem, etc., according as any of these vowel sounds is the final stress-bearer throughout a homogeneous poem. Not every vowel sound in the table given above is used as the final stress-bearer for a homogeneous poem, and the most common final stress-bearers are ā, ē, ō, ua. In our analysis we mark final stress-bearers by capitals. In poems in which alternate lines are similar, it is convenient to regard the final stress-bearer of the even lines only as characterising the poem. The penultimate stress in poems, in which it rules but one

* Munster.

syllable, becomes as important as the final stress. The initial stress of a line often falls on an undecided vowel-sound, and often rules the greatest number of syllables. In the following analysis we place a horizontal stroke above the vowel, or combination of vowels, on which the stress falls, and use a slanting accent-mark, pointing, as far as is possible, to the vowel whose sound prevails in the stressed syllable. Ordinary accent marks are omitted to avoid confusion.

The metres we are considering may be divided into Elegiac and Lyrical metres.

Elegiac Metres.

We begin with the Elegiac stanza which is the metrical type of a large number of poems in this volume. It consists of four verses or lines. Each verse normally contains nine syllables, ruled by four stresses. The even syllables contain stress-bearers. The second and third stress-bearers, at least, are similar. There are often only eight syllables, in which case the odd syllables contain stress-bearers. Frequently one or more of the stresses rule an extra syllable. The final stress always rules two only. Hence the number of syllables varies from eight to eleven. The following lines illustrate the variation in the number of syllables:—

- (1) $\overline{\tau\acute{\iota}\pi\pi\epsilon}$ $\overline{\epsilon\rho\acute{o}\iota\delta\epsilon}$ $\overline{\nu\omicron\omicron\omicron}$ $\overline{\tau\acute{\iota}\rho}$ $\overline{\tau\upsilon}$ $\overline{\alpha\iota\rho}$ $\overline{\rho\epsilon\acute{o}\zeta\alpha\delta}$. 8 syllables.
- (2) $\overline{\acute{\alpha}\iota\epsilon\epsilon\iota\mu}$ $\overline{\nu\acute{\iota}\alpha}$ $\overline{\gamma\omicron}$ $\overline{\nu\acute{\iota}\alpha\eta}$ $\overline{\alpha\delta'}$ $\overline{\epsilon\acute{o}\mu\alpha\rho\text{-}\rho\acute{\iota}}$. 8 syllables.
- (3) $\overline{\alpha\eta}$ $\overline{\nu\acute{\alpha}\rho\alpha}$ $\overline{\epsilon\acute{\alpha}\rho}$ $\overline{\nu\omicron}$ $\overline{\epsilon\rho\acute{\alpha}\iota\delta}$ $\overline{\alpha\eta}$ $\overline{\epsilon\acute{o}\iota\gamma\epsilon}$. 9 syllables.
- (4) $\overline{\gamma\omicron\lambda}$ $\overline{\eta\alpha}$ $\overline{\nu\rho\acute{\upsilon}\iota\eta\gamma\epsilon}$ $\overline{\lambda\epsilon\alpha\rho}$ $\overline{\eta\text{-}\omicron\iota\epsilon\alpha\delta}$ $\overline{\tau\upsilon\alpha\delta'}$ $\overline{\omicron\iota\gamma\epsilon}$. 10 syllables.
- (5) $\overline{\tau\alpha}$ $\overline{\rho\gamma\epsilon\iota\mu}$ $\overline{\eta\alpha}$ $\overline{\nu\text{-}\rho\lambda\acute{\alpha}\iota\epsilon\epsilon\alpha\rho}$ $\overline{\alpha\iota\rho}$ $\overline{\lambda\acute{\alpha}\rho\alpha\delta}$ $\overline{\mu\alpha\rho}$ $\overline{\lambda\acute{o}\epsilon\rho\mu\alpha\eta\eta}$.
11 syllables.
- (6) $\overline{\mu\omicron\upsilon\upsilon\alpha\rho}$ $\overline{\alpha}$ $\overline{\epsilon\acute{\iota}\gamma\epsilon\tau\epsilon}$ $\overline{\gamma\omicron}$ $\overline{\rho\acute{\iota}\eta\gamma\iota\lambda}$ $\overline{\text{'}\rho\alpha\eta}$ $\overline{\nu\text{-}\rho\acute{o}\gamma\mu\alpha\rho}$. 11 syllables.

Marking by a short horizontal stroke the unstressed syllables, the stress-frames of these lines are :—

- (1) ŭ - ē - ē - \overline{O} -
 (2) ă - ia - ia - \overline{O} -
 (3) - ă - ā - ā - \overline{O} -
 (4) ǒ - ĭ - - ĭ - - \overline{O} -
 (5) - ā - ă - - ă - - \overline{O} -
 (6) - ua - ĭ - - ĭ - - \overline{O} -

The following stanza is in regular Elegiac metre, and is a faint imitation of the poet's manner :—

I wéep my héro pléasing, pátient,
 The friénd of péace, the glée of the nátion,
 Whose vóice was swéet, whose chéek was rádiant,
 Whose sóul was frée, whose féats were fámous.

The *stress-frame* is,

(ē ē ē \overline{A}) 4,

with the first stress-bearer variable.

In the Elegiac stanza different lines are not necessarily similar, but have always their final stress-bearers similar. The final stress-bearers of the lines in different stanzas must be similar, and are similar in all the poems in Elegiac metre in this volume.

Lyrical Metres.

The five-stressed verse in which I. is composed is typical of a large amount of the poetry in this volume. It is suited to serious and meditative subjects. In it are composed I., IV., XXI., XLVII., L., LIII., LIV. Each poem in this metre is divided into stanzas of four verses each. Each verse has five stresses. The final stress rules two syllables, the penultimate but one. Each stanza is homogeneous; and, though this be not essential, each poem is also homogeneous.

The first stanza of I. bears its stresses thus :

Ír átuirpreac gear liom creáctar crié fódla
 Pa rḡamal ḡo dáor 'pa ḡaolra cli-breoiḡte
 Na cránna ba épine aḡ deunam̄ d̄in d̄oib-rin
 Do gearrad a n-ḡeaḡa 'pa b-praema crin-peoiḡte.

The stress-frame is,

(ǎ ā ā ē Ō) 4 ;

marking the unstressed syllables as above, we have

(- ǎ - - ā - ā - ē Ō -) 4.

The following English stanza has been composed to illustrate this metre. It is constructed on the stress-frame of I., and follows much the same line of thought :—

In sorrow and cháins we pláin like Greéce ólden,
 By fóreigners sláin in gráves our chiefs móulder,
 Misfórtune and cáre awáit each frée sóldier,
 While cóffin-ships béar our bráve the séas óver.

I. is, then, a five-stressed homogeneous Ō-poem.

IV. is in the same metre, but with a different stress-frame
 It is a five-stressed homogeneous UA-poem thus :

ḡile na ḡile do cónnarra-ra air pl̄iḡe a n-uaiḡnear,
 b̄innior an b̄innir a p̄riotal nár ep̄ion-ḡruam̄da,
 Cp̄iorbal an ep̄iorbail a ḡorm-rorḡ rin̄n-uaine,
 Deirḡe ir rin̄ne aḡ p̄ionnað 'na ḡp̄ior-ḡruaðnaib̄.

The stress-frame is,

(ĩ ĩ ǒ ē UA) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables as before,

(ĩ - - ĩ - - ǒ - - ē UA -) 4.

Here, it will be noted, the first three stresses rule each three syllables, the fourth one, and the final two. The other metres we have to examine are less frequently employed.

VI. is quite a miracle of sound. It is a homogeneous nine-stressed \bar{A} -poem. The last three syllables of each line have a stress each. The first line bears its stresses as follows:—

$\overset{\cdot}{\bar{A}}\bar{r}\bar{l}\bar{i}\bar{n}\bar{g}$ $\bar{m}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{b}\bar{u}\bar{l}$ $\bar{d}'\bar{a}\bar{i}\bar{c}\bar{i}\bar{l}\bar{l}$ $\bar{m}'\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{m}$ $\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{l}$ $\bar{g}\bar{a}\bar{n}$ $\bar{c}\bar{a}\bar{p}\bar{a}$ $\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{n}\bar{g}$
 $\bar{c}\bar{i}\bar{m}$ $\bar{c}\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{i}\bar{c}$.

The stress frame is,

(ǎ ǎ, ǎ ǎ, ǎ ǎ, ou ē \bar{A}) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

(ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ǎ - ou ē \bar{A}) 4.

In each line we have the system ǎ ǎ thrice repeated, and three other distinct stress-bearers to close the line. It should be observed that the eighth stress is slight, but falls on syllables that are similar.

In XII. the alternate lines are similar. The first two lines bear their stresses thus—

$\bar{D}\bar{o}$ $\bar{g}\bar{e}\bar{i}\bar{r}$ $\bar{a}\bar{n}$ $\bar{R}\bar{a}\bar{i}\bar{c}$ $\bar{i}\bar{l}\bar{l}\bar{o}\bar{p}$ $\bar{d}\bar{o}$ $\bar{p}\bar{a}\bar{o}\bar{b}\bar{a}\bar{o}$ \bar{a} $\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{o}\bar{l}$
 $\bar{D}\bar{o}$ $\bar{l}\bar{e}\bar{u}\bar{n}\bar{a}\bar{o}$ \bar{a} $\bar{r}\bar{e}\bar{u}\bar{n}$ $\bar{r}\bar{i}\bar{n}$ $\bar{d}\bar{o}$ $\bar{p}\bar{l}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{r}\bar{g}$ $\bar{c}\bar{i}\bar{g}$ $\bar{a}\bar{n}$ $\bar{b}\bar{r}\bar{o}\bar{i}\bar{n}$

The stress-frame for the first stanza is,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{ccccccc} \bar{a} & \bar{o} & \bar{a} & \bar{o} & & \bar{O} \\ & \bar{a} & \bar{a} & \bar{a} & & \bar{O} \end{array} \right\} 2,$

or marking unstressed syllables,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{ccccccccccc} - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{o} & \\ & & & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & - & \bar{a} & - & \bar{O} \end{array} \right\} 2.$

The beauty of this system consists partly in the alternation of the similar lines, and partly in the division of all the

odd lines into two equal parts ; besides there are only two stress-bearing sounds in the entire stanza (\bar{a} and \bar{o}), while in the even lines the \bar{a} sound predominates. It is a four-stressed \bar{O} -poem.

In III. each stanza ends with the same word except the last, which, however, ends in a word having a similar syllable to the final stress-bearer of the others. It is a seven-stressed \check{A} -poem, but each line has its own separate stress-frame, and no two consecutive lines have the same stress-frame, with but few exceptions, such as the first two lines. The first line runs :—

$\overset{\cdot}{\bar{a}}\bar{i}\bar{r}\bar{l}\bar{i}\bar{n}\bar{g}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{g}}\bar{e}\bar{u}\bar{r}$ \bar{o} $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{d}}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{r}\bar{c}\bar{a}\bar{r}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{p}}\bar{e}\bar{i}\bar{n}$ $\bar{a}\bar{m}'$ $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{l}}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{b}\bar{a}\bar{i}\bar{o}$ \bar{r} $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{m}}\bar{e}$ $\bar{g}\bar{o}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{l}}\bar{a}\bar{g}$ -
 $\bar{b}\bar{r}\bar{i}\bar{o}\bar{g}\bar{a}\bar{c}.$

Thus, there are seven stresses in each line ; the stress-frame is

\check{a} \bar{a} , \check{a} \bar{a} , \check{a} \bar{a} , \check{A} ,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

\check{a} - \bar{a} - \check{a} - \bar{a} - \check{a} - \bar{a} - \check{A} -

The stress-frame of each line is divided into three equal parts, omitting the final stress-bearer. In this sense only is the poem homogeneous. Each long line may thus be divided into four short ones, the three first *similar*, and the fourth similar to the fourth of the next long line. Thus divided the first line would stand,

$\overset{\cdot}{\bar{a}}\bar{i}\bar{r}\bar{l}\bar{i}\bar{n}\bar{g}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{g}}\bar{e}\bar{u}\bar{r}$
 \bar{o} $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{d}}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{r}\bar{c}\bar{a}\bar{r}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{p}}\bar{e}\bar{i}\bar{n}$
 $\bar{a}\bar{m}'$ $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{l}}\bar{e}\bar{a}\bar{b}\bar{a}\bar{i}\bar{o}$ \bar{r} $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{m}}\bar{e}$
 $\bar{g}\bar{o}$ $\overset{\cdot}{\bar{l}}\bar{a}\bar{g}$ - $\bar{b}\bar{r}\bar{i}\bar{o}\bar{g}\bar{a}\bar{c}.$

The “binding” stanza is generally in a different metre from the poem it concludes. It is supposed to summarise the chief ideas of the poem. The metaphor is taken from the

binding of a sheaf of corn. The "binding" stanza to II. deserves a separate analysis.

Mo ġreābāð bpoīn na bpaġain ċpōðā pġain̄te on ġ-ciē
 lɾ na ġālla mōpa a leābāið an leōġain 'ran m-blāpnain ġil
 ġac āime 'an ċōip lep māiē mo ġōpð map tairð ġan ēion
 ċuġ ðealð pōp me air ēarbað bpoġ 'an ppaib anioġ.

The stress-frame is,

(ǣ ō, ǣ ō, ai Ĩ) 4,

or marking the unstressed syllables,

(- ǣ - ō - ǣ - ō - ai - Ĩ) 4.

This is a six-stressed homogeneous Ĩ-stanza. The system ǣ ō (containing two sounds in sharp contrast) is repeated in each line, and each line closes with two vowel sounds also in sharp contrast, but in reversed order. In the beginning of the line the long vowel follows the short; at the end the short vowel follows the long. The result is, apart from words, most pathetic.

XXXVIII. has a remarkable metrical arrangement. The lines are seven-stressed. The first stanza is a seven-stressed homogeneous E-stanza. The final stress rules three syllables as do also the second, fourth, and sixth stresses.

The first line runs :—

beapppað pīopġaiġte ġeapppað ipionna an ēnāpaiġ
 pmulcaipe ēpēiēap̄taiġ ;

and the stress-frame is,

(au ĩ, au ĩ, au ŭ, Ā) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(au - ĩ - - au - ĩ - - au - ŭ - - Ā - -) 4.

The sixth stress-bearer differs slightly from the second and fourth. If this difference be overlooked—as it may, since the even stress-bearers are short, sharp sounds—the stress-frame of the line is divided into three equal parts, omitting the final stress-bearer. The second stanza is homogeneous and is more regular than the first ; it is also an \bar{A} -stanza. The stress-frame is

$$(\ddot{o} \ \check{a}, \ \ddot{o} \ \check{a}, \ \ddot{o} \ \check{a}, \ \bar{A}) \ 4,$$

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

$$(\ddot{o} \ - \ - \ \check{a} \ - \ \ddot{o} \ - \ - \ \check{a} \ - \ \ddot{o} \ - \ - \ \check{a} \ - \ \bar{A} \ - \ -) \ 4,$$

where the odd stresses rule each three syllables, and the even stresses two.

The other stanzas are not homogeneous, but each line has a stress-frame divided into three equal parts of two vowel sounds each, omitting the final stress-bearer. Here and there, however, there are irregularities.

The first two of the stanzas that compose the “Epitaph” in XXII. constitute a four-stressed homogeneous \bar{U} -poem of exquisite harmony. The first line runs :—

$$\text{Ατα} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{cia}}\text{c} \ \text{αιρ} \ \text{να} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{pia}}\text{r}\gamma\text{αιb} \ \text{ιρ} \ \text{αιρ} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{r}}\text{lei}\text{b}\tau\text{ιb} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{du}}\text{ba}.$$

The stress-frame is,

$$(\text{ia} \ \text{ia} \ \bar{a} \ \bar{U}) \ 4,$$

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

$$(- \ - \ \text{ia} \ - \ - \ \text{ia} \ - \ - \ \bar{a} \ - \ \bar{U}) \ 4.$$

The three last stanzas of the same “Epitaph” constitute a five-stressed homogeneous \bar{U} -poem. A typical line is—

$$\text{Αη} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{tpea}}\text{r} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{do}} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{p}}\text{io}\mu\text{aim} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{di}}\text{ob} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{rin}} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{dob}} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{ea}}\text{c}\tau\text{ac} \ \overset{\cdot}{\text{ponn}}$$

The stress-frame is,

$$(\check{a} \ \bar{e} \ \bar{e} \ \bar{a} \ \bar{U}) \ 4,$$

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- ǎ - ē ē - - ē - Ū) 4

In the last line of the poem,

Ṫaṛṭṭ a liog ṫaoid' ðliab' ṛṛ meala ðuinu,

the third stress falls on a preposition, while the word *ðliab* is passed lightly over.

The "Binding" to LIV. is a complete lyric in itself. It is a six-stressed homogeneous \bar{A} -poem.

The first line runs :—

ā ḃaṛṇioḡaṇ na m-baṛṇioḡaṇ ṛṫa māṛpe na m-bē.

The stress-frame is,

(ou ē, ou ē, ǎ \bar{A}) 4,

or taking account of the unstressed syllables,

(- ou ē - ou ē - ǎ - - \bar{A}) 4.

The system *ou ē*, is repeated in each line; but it should be observed that the second and fourth stresses are slight.

XLVIII. is a seven-stressed homogeneous \check{A} -poem. The first line is,

Ni ṫuṛliṇḡib ḡaill ðuinu ṛioḡúḡaḃ a n-ḡṛṛṛṇ ṫeal.

The stress-frame is,

(ī, ē ū, ē ū, ā \check{A}) 4,

or taking account of unstressed syllables,

(- ī - - ē ū ē ū ā \check{A}) 4.

Here, it will be observed, seven out of ten syllables are stressed, and of these stresses the last six are on consecutive syllables; besides, the system *ē ū* is repeated.

The two first lines of XXIX. are,

ā ṫeapla ḡaṇ ṫḡamal ḃo lēṛ-ḡṛ me a ḡ-caḡaib
ḡṛḃ liom ḡaṇ ṫeapḡ ḡo n-iṇṛḃḃ mo ṫḡeol.

It consists of stanzas of eight lines each. The stress-frame, therefore, is,

$$\left\{ \bar{a} \quad \check{a}, \quad \bar{a} \quad \check{a}, \quad \bar{e} \quad \bar{o} \right\} 4,$$

or marking the unstressed syllables,

$$\left\{ - \quad \bar{a} \quad - \quad \check{a} \quad - \quad - \quad \bar{a} \quad - \quad - \quad \check{a} \quad - \quad - \quad \bar{o} \right\} 4$$

It will be observed that the system $\bar{a} \check{a}$ occurs three times in succession in each typical pair of lines. In systems like this, it is convenient to regard the final stress-bearer of the even lines as characterizing the poem.

XXX. closely resembles XXIX. in metrical structure, but the even lines are shorter. The stress-frame is,

$$\left\{ \bar{e} \quad \bar{u}, \quad \bar{e} \quad \check{i} \quad \bar{u} \right\} 4;$$

here the system $\bar{e} \bar{u}$ occurs thrice in succession, and together with the sharp sound \check{i} as final stress-bearer, constitute the entire stress-frame.

LI. consists of stanzas of eleven lines each. The third, sixth, and eleventh lines are similar, as are the eight others. There are four stresses in each line. The stress-frame for the eight similar lines is,

$$(\check{a} \quad \bar{a} \quad \bar{a} \quad \check{A}) 8,$$

and for the three other similar lines,

$$(\bar{o} \quad \bar{o} \quad \check{a} \quad \bar{O}) 3.$$

These systems alternate regularly throughout.

Alliteration.

In these poems alliteration—so much used by the eighteenth-century poets—is by no means conspicuous. It occurs in phrases like $\text{com}\check{o}\alpha\lambda\tau\alpha \text{cl}\acute{e}\iota\upsilon\beta$ (XIII. 61), $\text{br}\acute{\alpha}\tau\acute{\epsilon}\rho\epsilon \text{br}\epsilon\alpha\alpha$ (III. 25), $\text{p}\acute{\iota}\omicron\text{p} \text{p}\acute{\iota}\omicron\text{p}\acute{\alpha}\epsilon$ (IV. 9), $\text{c}\acute{\alpha}\text{ir}\epsilon \text{c}\acute{\alpha}\omicron\text{io}\text{n} \text{c}\acute{\iota}\acute{\upsilon}\text{n}$

(VIII. 2). In the lyrics we do not often come upon couplets like :—

A ḡ-ceannar na ḡ-cpioḡ ḡ-ḡaoim ḡ-cluḡar ḡ-cuanaḡ ḡ-cam
ḡo bealb a ḡ-cip ḡ-cuinneac níop buan mo ḡlann (VII. 7, 8).

In the Elegiacs there are not many lines like the following :—

Áp pḡác poim pḡeannaib peanta póipne (XIII. 9).
Áp m-báb áp m-bapc áp maipc áp m-beḡḡacḡ (XIII. 16).
An ḡapa cáp ḡo ḡpáib an ḡóige (XIII. 85).

We have now analysed the principal metrical systems used in this volume, and though our analysis is not exhaustive, it will, we trust, prove sufficient to direct the reader's attention to what will prove a fascinating study. A few poems in this volume are composed in what are called Classical metres, but as the structure of these metres is well known, we need not dwell on them here.*

IV.—THE ELEGY AND MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

As many poems in this collection are Elegies or death-songs for persons of distinction, it may be well to give some account of this species of composition, and of the mourning for the dead, as practised from time immemorial in Ireland.

At the wakes of the well-to-do classes a professional mourner was employed to chant the virtues of the dead as well as to console the surviving friends. The mourner seems to have been generally a woman, gifted with a plaintive voice, and able to put her thoughts into verse without much pre-

* The reader will find a short account of some of the metres discussed here, in O'Mulloy's *Grammatica Latino-Hibernica*, A.D. 1667.

meditation. The *bean chaointe*, as she was called in Munster, was in constant attendance during the time that elapsed between the formal laying-out of the corpse for waking and the burial. Other mourners came and went in groups. Some came from a distance, and, on entering the house of death, set up a loud wail, which they continued all together over the corpse for some time. It is not easy to imagine anything more solemn and plaintive than this wail. Some, indeed, joined in it who felt no natural sorrow for the dead ; but even these had griefs of their own which gave sincerity to their mourning once the flood-gates of sorrow were open. The men seldom joined in the funeral chorus, and only those whose near connexion with the dead inspired real sorrow, or who were specially gifted with a wailing voice. The *bean chaointe* often filled up the interval between successive wailings by chanting an extempore dirge in praise of the dead, or of his living relations, or in denunciation of his enemies. These dirges, which not unfrequently reached a high pitch of pathos and eloquence, were eagerly listened to, and treasured in the memory. Sometimes there were two such mourners, each introduced by one of the factions into which a family was too often divided. They used to pour forth their mutual recriminations in verse, often of great point and satire, on behalf of the faction they represented ; so that sometimes the *bean chaointe* became a *bean cháiinte*. The following snatch of dialogue will illustrate the brilliancy of extempore repartee that these mutual recriminations sometimes attained. A young husband, intensely disliked by his wife's relations, is dead. There is a *bean chaointe* on each side. The husband's *bean chaointe* begins thus :—

Mó ghráó tu ar mo éaiénoíh,
 A gaoil na b-pear ná mairpeann,
 Do éuala péin ar n'féaca
 Do m-báútaíde muc a m-bainne,
 'Díh dá éeadaoin earraí
 A b-cíge do máéar aghur t'áéar.

The opposing *bean chaointe* on behalf of the wife's kinsfolk replies :—

Níor mhuc é aét banb,
'S ní paiḃ re d'aoir aét peaéctmáin,
'S ní paiḃ an ciléir páirpínḡ,
'S ní paiḃ an rcalpán dainḡion.

These verses are thus translated :—

My love art thou and my delight,
Thou kinsman of the dead men,
I myself heard, though I did not see,
That a pig would be drowned in milk,
Between two Wednesdays in Spring,
In the home of thy father and thy mother.

To which the reply is :—

It was not a pig, but a *banb*.
And it was only a week old,
And it was not wide—the *ceeler*,
And it was not fastened—the hurdle-door.

The first mourner dwells on the affluence that existed in the parental home of the deceased, and quotes an instance to prove it. In the spring, when milk is scarce, so abundant was that fluid that a pig was drowned in it. The representative of the other side does not deny the fact, but so extenuates it as to make any boast about it ridiculous; even the *scalpán*—a bundle of rods as a substitute for a door—was not well fastened. Sometimes a near relative of the deceased was *bean chaointe*; and here genuine sorrow would often produce a strain of great pathos. Similes like the following would be thrown out in the ecstasy of grief :—

Ατά μο έποιθε πά ρμήν,
Μαρ α θεαḡ ḡλαρ αιρ ρερύ,
'S ḡο παεαḡ an eoḡair amúḡaḡ,
'S ná leiḡearpaḡ oileán na ḡ-ḡionn.

My heart is oppressed with grief,
As a lock in screw (that is, a spring-lock)
When the key has been lost,
And the Island of the Fianna could not cure it.

The lamentation of the *bean chaointe* was called a *caoine*,

or keene. It was generally in a short metre, as the above specimens.

Of the same nature as the *caoine*, but far more dignified as a species of composition, was the *Marbhna*, or Elegy. It generally supposed the burial to have already taken place, and was usually composed by a poet in some way connected with the family of the deceased. The *Marbhna* was cultivated in every age of Irish Literature of which we have any record. The Lament attributed to Olliol Olum for his seven sons who fell in the battle of Magh Macroimhe, and Lament of King Niall, and the famous Lament of Deirdre over the sons of Usnach, are early examples. In "Cormac's Glossary," under the word *Gamh* is a citation from a *marbhna* composed by Colman for Cuimine Fota, the Patron Saint of Cloyne, whose death took place in 661 A.D. It is translated by O'Donovan as follows:—

He was not more bishop than king,
My Cuimin was son of a lord,
Lamp of Erin for his learning,
He was beautiful, as all have heard,
Good his kindred, good his shape,
Extensive were his relatives,
Descendant of Coirpri, descendant of Corc,
He was learned, noble, illustrious,
Alas he is dead in the month of Gam,
But 'tis no cause of grief! 'Tis not to death he has gone.

This extract runs on the same lines as the modern Elegies.

In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy" several beautiful Elegies are given, such as Torna's Lament for Corc and Niall, and Seanchan's Lament over the dead body of Dallam. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, both in Ireland and Scotland, the Elegy became one of the most extensive and important species of verse. Indeed, the trouble and sorrow of these ages were calculated to foster its plaintive melody, and almost every distinguished Irish poet during this period had composed elegies. There is an almost inevitable sameness

about the structure of those that have been preserved ; for, as the idea is ancient, so is the machinery employed. The great heroes of Irish history are marshalled afresh as kinsmen of the deceased : Conn, Cuchulainn, Feargus, Niall, and Cairbre ; the great Norman families and the older Celtic chieftains are also enumerated. But one peculiar charm of this species of composition, all over Ireland, comes from the *mna sidhe*, fairy women, who have “a local habitation and a name,” and are wont to lament the Milesian families in sweet and doleful numbers. Thus, in several accounts of the battle of Clontarf, Aoibhill, the fairy lady of Carrigliath, near Killaloe, the *banshee* of the Dalcassians, is made to wrap Dunlaing O’Hartigan in a fairy cloud, to hinder him going to the battle. Dunlaing, however, succeeds in joining Murchadh, whose attendant he was. His explanation of his delay leads to an interview between Aoibhill and Murchadh, in which the fairy predicted, in verse, the fall of Brian, of Murchadh, and of many of the chiefs of the Dalcassian army.

But the most celebrated of all such fairy ladies is Cliodhna, whose principal palace was situated at Carrig Cliodhna, or Cliodhna’s Rock, in the parish of Kilshanick and barony of Duhallow. In Glandore Harbour she is supposed to wail for the demise of her favourite chieftains. In this harbour there is still a very remarkable moan heard in the caverns of the rocks, when the wind is north-east off the shore. It is slow, continuous, and mournful, and can be heard at a great distance ; it is the prelude to an approaching storm, and is called Tonn Cliodhna, or Cliodhna’s Wave. Swift gives us a description of the storm in this harbour :—

Sed cum saevit hyems et venti, carcere rupto,
 Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
 Non obsessae arces non fulmina vindice dextra
 Missa Iovis quoties inimicas saevit in urbes,
 Exaequant sonitum undarum veniente procella,
 Littora littoribus reboant.

Swift’s Works, vol. xvi., p. 302.

There are two other natural mourners on our Irish coasts : Tonn Tuaithe, off the coast of Antrim, and Tonn Rudhraighe, in Dundrum Bay, Co. Down. Indeed, most of the Irish rivers are pressed into the chorus of lamentation by the Elegiac poets. Besides Aoibhill and Cliodhna, there are Aine of Cnoc Aine, Una of Durlus Eilge, Grian of Cnoc Greine, Eibhlinn of Sliabh Fuaidh. In our poem XXXV. there is given a list of these amiable beings. In Keating's Elegy for the Lord of the Decies (A.D. 1626), Cliodhna, the chief mourner, is made to perform a most extraordinary circuit, which takes a week to accomplish. She visits all the fairy palaces in the country and weeps afresh at each. In some of O'Rahilly's elegies the various local fairy ladies are set lamenting all at once, Cliodhna leading off, and giving information about the kindred of the deceased. In poems XV. and XVI. there is a strange combination of the native and the classical mythologies not uncommon in the poetics of the last two centuries, while Jupiter asks Cliodhna to draw up the pedigree of O'Callaghan.

But the banshee is not content to await the death of her favourite chieftains ; she gives them warning when any great sickness is to end in death. "No doubt can for a moment be entertained," says Dr. O'Donovan, "of the fact, that a most piteous wailing is heard shortly before the dissolution of the members of some families."—*Kilkenny Archæological Journal*, 1856, p. 129. It is remarkable that in poem XXXV., which is elegiac in form, O'Rahilly represents the *mna sidhe* as lamenting, not the death of a chieftain, but his being deprived of his lands, and banished.

V. — THE MANUSCRIPTS AND LANGUAGE OF THE POEMS.

The principal sources of the text of the poems in this volume are the MSS. in the Libraries of the Royal Irish Academy (R.I.A.), Maynooth College, British Museum (B.M.), King's Inns, and the O'Curry Collection, Clonliffe College (C). The Maynooth Collection consists of the Murphy (M) and the Renehan (R) MSS. The following list gives most of the MSS. consulted for the various poems. These are indicated by Roman numerals :—

- I. R.I.A. 23, N, 11. p. 27 ; 23, G, 20. p. 133 ; M, vol. 9. p. 218 ; vol. 12. p. 59 ; vol. 57. p. 1 ; C.
- II. R.I.A. 23, M, 49. p. 259 ; B.M. Eger. 158. pp. 58–60 ; *Ibid.* 64–66.
- III. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 366 ; *Ibid.* p. 489 ; M, vol. 6. p. 229.
- IV. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 22 ; 23, Q, 2. p. 123 ; 23, G, 21. p. 356 ; 23, M, 16. p. 209 ; M, vol. 12. p. 341 ; vol. 57. p. 28 ; vol. 95. p. 14 ; R. vol. 69 ; C.
- V. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 368 ; 23, G, 21. p. 367 ; M, vol. 12. p. 65 ; C.
- VI. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 368 ; 23, G, 20. p. 134 ; M, vol. 12. p. 69.
- VII. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 391 ; 23, G, 20. p. 133 ; 23, G, 21. p. 364 ; 23, N, 15. p. 35 ; M, vol. 5. p. 49 ; vol. 12. p. 343.
- VIII. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 183 ; 23, G, 21. p. 368 ; M, vol. 10. p. 251 ; vol. 12. p. 86.
- IX. R.I.A. 23, G, 24. p. 357 ; M, vol. 12. p. 308.
- X. R.I.A. 23, N, 11 ; M, vol. 6. p. 156.
- XI. R.I.A. ; M, vol. 6. p. 356.
- XII. R.I.A. 23, Q, 2. p. 124 ; 23, M, 16. p. 217 ; R, vol. 69 ; C.
- XIII. 23, L, 24. p. 255 ; 23, L, 13. p. 134 ; 23, N, 12. p. 39 ; M, vol. 4. p. 28 ; vol. 5. p. 27 ; vol. 5. p. 131 ; C.
- XIV. M, vol. 10. p. 80.
- XV. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 294 ; 23, M, 44. p. 169 ; 23, O, 15. p. 35 ; M, vol. 4. p. 86 ; vol. 10. p. 278 ; C.
- XVI. R.I.A. 23, G, 20. p. 297 ; 23, M, 44. p. 172 ; M, vol. 10. p. 394 ; C.
- XVII. R.I.A. 23, B, 37. p. 53 ; 23, M, 16. p. 216 ; M, vol. 10. p. 54 ; C.
- XVIII. R.I.A. 23, E, 15. p. 238 ; M, vol. 11. p. 169 ; vol. 7. p. 89 ; vol. 57. p. 31.

- XIX. M, vol. 10. p. 93.
- XX. R.I.A. 23, A, 18. and O'Kearney's MS.
- XXI. R.I.A. 23, M, 16. p. 219, and another copy; B.M. Eg. 150. p. 443; C.
- XXII. R.I.A. 23, E, 16. p. 359; 23, N, 13. p. 285; 23, L, 24. p. 539; 23, I, 39. p. 59; 23, L, 37. p. 8; M, vol. 8. p. 400 (incomplete); B.M. Add. 33567. p. 36; C; and numerous private copies.
- XXIII. M, vol. 12. p. 61.
- XXIV. R.I.A. 23, G, 3. p. 241 et seq.
- XXV. 23, I, 39. p. 57.
- XXVI. King's Inns, Ir. MSS. No. 6; M. vol. 54. p. 171 (incomplete).
- XXVII. R.I.A. 23, A, 18. p. 11.
- XXVIII. 23. G. 3. p. 240; B.M. Eg. 133. p. 124; Hardiman's "Minstrelsy," vol. 2.
- XXIX. R, vol. 69; O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster."
- XXX. R.I.A. and O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster."
- XXXI.-II. R.I.A. 23, L, 39; A, 5. 2 (Stowe Collection); M, vol. 53; a copy made by Mr. P. Stanton.
- XXXIII. R, vol. 69; B.M. Eg. 110. p. 143; Eg. 160. p. 273.
- XXXIV. R.I.A. 23, L. 13. p. 42; 23, N, 11. p. 134; R, vol. 69; M, vol. 2; C.
- XXXV. B.M. Eg. 94. art. 2. p. 177.
- XXXVI. R.I.A. M, vol. 2. p. 34.
- XXXVII. R.I.A. M, vol. 1. p. 333.
- XXXVIII. R.I.A. 23, C, 32. p. 25; 23, L, 24. p. 395.
- XXXIX. R.I.A. 23, E, 16. p. 283; M, vol. 12. pp. 261, 265, 280.
- XL. O'Reilly's "Irish Writers," sub an. 1726.
- XLI. R.I.A. 23, L, 13. p. 78.
- XLII. R.I.A. 23, G, 21. p. 358; 23, L, 38. p. 81; M, vol. 2. p. 233.
- XLIII. R.I.A. O'Kearney's MS.; 23, G, 21. p. 362 (partial).
- XLIV.-VI. R.I.A. 23, K, 20; A. 5. 2 (Stowe Collection); M, vol. 53; a copy by Mr. P. Stanton.
- XLVII. M, xcv. and two other copies.
- XLVIII.-IX. R.I.A. 23, E, 15. pp. 231-232; M, vol. 12. pp. 74-76.
L. R.I.A. M, vol. 12. p. 306.
- LI. M, vol. 43, p. 1.
- LII. R.I.A. M, vol. 5, p. 67.
- LIII. R.I.A. 23, O, 39. p. 36; M, vol. 72, p. 222; vol. 96. p. 434.
- LIV. R.I.A. 23, O, 39; M, vol. 72. p. 224; vol. 96. p. 438.

In the notes to these poems separate symbols are not given for the various MSS. Thus, A stands for one of the copies in the R.I.A., M for one of those in the Murphy Collection, and R for one of those in the Renahan Collection, Maynooth. Wherever more detailed information is considered useful, it is supplied. As some good MSS. came into the editor's hands after the text had been in type, a few important variants will be given at end of volume.

In addition to the above list, copies of several of the poems in private hands were examined. Where the Maynooth Collection supplied a good copy, this has been generally made the basis of the text. The Murphy MSS. (M) are a collection of Irish poems and tales, made by Dr. Murphy, bishop of Cork, in the early years of the nineteenth century. The greater part of them were transcribed from older MSS. between the years 1800 and 1820; the scribes being the O'Longans, Michael óg, Paul, and Peter; John O'Nolan, and others of inferior merit. There are some MSS. in this collection of an earlier date. Of the Renahan MSS. vol. 69 contains a vast body of modern Irish poetry. The date of compilation is 1853, and the scribe is inclined to the phonetic method of spelling. The R.I.A. MSS. consulted are very numerous; but in their general features they resemble the Maynooth MSS. Many of them are a decade or two older, and they are on the whole more accurate.

One MS. in the R. I. Academy (23, G, 3) is of considerable interest in connexion with O'Rahilly. It is a MS. copy of "Keating's History." The scribe is Dermot O'Connor; and it is from this copy that his much-abused translation of "Keating" was made. At the end of the History the date 1715 is given. Then follow twelve pages of miscellaneous poems by Keating and others. Here is to be found poem XXVIII., without its author's name, and on the same page twelve lines to Donogh O'Hickey, composed in 1709 (last twelve lines of XXIV.), with our poet's name at the end. Between them is a short

piece on the vanity of the world. On the opposite page, at the top, is a poem on the son of Richard Rice, in O'Rahilly's manner; and, following this, a short elegy on Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, who died abroad in 1794, which is probably from our poet's hand. A few pages further is found the first part of XXIV. Although the MS. is dated 1715, it does not follow that the twelve extra pages of poems are of the same date; but they appear to be by the same scribe, and, no doubt, were written not long after that date. It would seem, then, that, while still living, Egan had such a reputation as a poet, that a scribe of some consequence, like O'Connor, found in his poetry matter suitable for filling up the blank pages of his "Keating."

A yet more interesting MS. is a copy of "Keating's History," made by Egan himself in 1722, which is now in the National Library, Kildare-street, Dublin.

On the first spare page is a portion of a tract on prosody, in O'Rahilly's handwriting; and, at the end, the following:—
 Ar na rḡriob le hAḡaḡan Ua Raḡaillaiḡ do Ruḡrḡ mic Seain
 oḡ mic Siḡe a n-ḡrom Coluḡair 'ran m-bliḡḡam d'aorḡ ḡriorḡ
 mile reḡḡḡ (ḡ-ceud) aḡur an dapa bliḡḡam riḡḡeḡḡ. July an
 reḡḡḡḡḡḡ lḡ. "Written by Egan O'Rahilly for Roger ḡḡ, son
 of John, MacSheehy, at Dromcullagher, in the year of the age
 of Christ, one thousand seven (hundred) and twenty-two. July
 the seventh." On the opposite page there is a poem of eight
 quatrains on a priest called William O'Kelliher, whose departure
 for Connaught the poet bewails; the writing resembles O'Rahilly's,
 but is, I think, not his. At the end of this poem there is a stanza,
 in a different hand, signed Seaḡan ḡ Tuḡḡma, with the date 1731.
 At page 83 we have the signature Aḡḡan Ua Raḡaillḡ, and at the end—

"Finis Libri Secundi 7^{br} the 9th, 1722.

"Aḡḡaḡán Ua Raḡaillḡ."

This last signature gives the form of the poet's name adopted

in this volume, viz. *Goðagán Ua Račaille*, and seems to be that used by the poet himself; though even in this he is not quite consistent, while Peter O'Connell, in one place, R.I.A. 23, M, 16, corrects it to *Račgaile*. The MS. is written clearly throughout in a bold hand, very little use is made of accents, and initial letters are sometimes written in a slightly ornamental style. From the dates given above, it seems that the entire MS. was written in two months. In 1842, O'Curry gives his opinion of this MS. thus : *Ar ločtač an leabap é po* : "this is a faulty book."

Among the British Museum MSS., Egerton 94, which contains XXXV., is of interest as being written by Finneen O'Scannell, Hardiman's scribe. The paper bears the watermark date of 1816. This Finneen was probably the same as the distinguished poet of that name, who may be regarded as Egan's legitimate successor as poet of the Killarney Lakes. Of another MS. in that collection (Additional 29,614), which contains a copy of IV., *Seaghan na Rathaineach* is the scribe. The date is 1725.

It will readily appear that the MSS. employed in preparing the text of these poems presented a wide range of orthographical variations, and it was found impracticable to print them as they stood. Often the same word was spelled variously in the same poem, or stanza, or even line. Some spellings, however, in which the MSS. were practically unanimous, were retained. The preposition *a* for *ı* was found constantly; *ap* instead of *ap*, though not universal, was found to be the prevailing spelling. The Munster *ř*, unaspirated in verbs and in certain nouns and adjectives, has not been disturbed. It has been held by good authority (see *Gaelic Journal*, No. 11) that the Munster development of *ř* in verbs should be recognized as a characteristic of the language, leaving those of other provinces to soften the sound at will. The present writer is of opinion that poems such as those in this volume lose much of their flavour unless the *ř* is pronounced without

aspiration. At any rate it is obvious that the poet is entitled to have the γ unaspirated, and the MSS. in general so write it. Although the passive forms, like $\text{cupea}\delta$, are generally pronounced in Munster as if δ were γ ; yet the MSS. generally write δ , and it is used in this volume. The diphthongs eu and éa are in the MSS. written indiscriminately, and their example is followed in our text. Nouns like $\text{pí}\gamma$, $\text{bpí}\gamma$ are in the MSS. undeclined in the singular, and they have been in general so treated in text. As n does not silence γ in eclipsis they are not separated by a hyphen. For the rest, though many anomalies of spelling still remain, the text is, as a whole, as consistent as the present state of the language demands.

Poem XXIII. is obviously only a fragment, and XL. is a stanza quoted by O'Reilly from a poem on a shipwreck which the poet witnessed off the coast of Kerry, and of which there was an imperfect copy among the O'Reilly MSS. ; but I have been unable to find it. Another piece, a translation of St. Donatus' Latin poem on Ireland, referred to by O'Reilly, is also missing. Besides these there is an elegy on MacCarthy of Ballea, ascribed to the poet in the Renehan MSS. This elegy is printed in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy," and is there ascribed to Tadhg Gaodhalac, to whom it is also attributed in another MS. copy. As it has appeared already in print, and as its authorship is disputed, it is not given here. On the other hand, poems XXV. and XXXIV. are probably not genuine. The latter appears to be the work of Pierse Ferriter.

In these poems the elaborate metre employed requires a considerable variation in the vowels, in declensions, and verbal terminations. Every language has to modify its ordinary prose forms to some extent to meet the exigencies of metre.

The poet goes back to an earlier pronunciation of certain words, which colloquial usage had shortened by a syllable. Thus $\text{la}\delta\text{a}\text{i}\text{p}\tau$, $\text{pea}\delta\text{ac}$, etc., generally form two syllables in verse, but only one in conversation ; while in XXI. 19, $\text{pea}\delta\text{ac}$

is sounded as one syllable. Again, not only is a word expanded according to earlier pronunciation, but aspiration is removed from a middle consonant, as *leogan* for *leoḡan*, *paogal* for *paoghal*. It often happens that such pronunciations survive in provincial dialects. Thus *éugainn* is pronounced as two syllables in XX. 36, but never nowadays in conversation in Munster; while in Connaught the two syllables are still heard, though the initial *é* becomes *é̇*. The diphthong *ao*, as in *aon*, *taob*, etc., is pronounced in Connaught as *aoi* is pronounced in Munster (that is, as *ee* in *steel*). The poet often uses this sound for metrical purposes, and the scribes generally spell it *aoi* in such cases; thus *ḡaoil* XXI., etc. Again, the same word is pronounced in three or four different ways to suit the metre: thus *naṁaib* may be taken as a monosyllable pronounced in two or three ways, or as a dissyllable having similar variations. There is sometimes an internal vowel change in verbs, as *do péinn* for *do pinne*; also in pronouns combined with prepositions, as *daib* for *daiḃ*. Frequently, also, the singular of a noun is used for the plural, and adjectives are sometimes not declined.

As regards the value of these poems as specimens of the language, it will suffice to quote the opinion expressed by the Very Rev. P. O'Leary, P.P. of Castlelyons, who yields to no one in appreciation of the subtleties of Irish syntax. When he had read the first twenty poems in proof, he wrote—"The pieces you are putting together are splendid; they are veritable classics in the language. The constructions in them will always stand as true models of the syntax of the Irish language."

Cá b-fuil Aoðagán éigior iapétar Fál,
Ná tigeann a íaoétar tréan nó a íianr 'nár n-dáil.

Where is Egan, bard of Western Fál,
That his powerful work and his melody come not to our aid.

REV. CORMAC MAC CARTAIN, "To the Bards."

ḡánta aodhaḡáin uí rathaille.

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

ὅΑΝΤΑ ΑΟΘΗΑΖΑΙΝ UÍ RATHAÍΛΛΕ.

I.

CRÉAĆTA CRÍĆ FÓDOLA.

Ír atuirpreac̃ zeup liom créaĆta críĆ Fódola
 Fá rġamall ġo baop 'ra ġaolta clí-bpeóġte;
 Na cranna baġ ċréine aġ déanaíñ díñ dól ġin
 Ŭo ġearpaġ a ġéaġa 'ra b-préaíña crín-peoġte.

Cé paġa ġuit, Éipe, máopġa, mín-nórmaġ,
 Aġ' banalġraíñ ġ-réíñ le péile ír fíop-eólur,
 beir peapġa aġ' méirġorġ pé ġac̃ críon-ćóirir,
 'S ġac̃ labpaññ coímaíġeac̃ d'Éir do clí ġeólġaġ.

Ír maġ baġpa aip mo méala, peuć ġup díol deópa,
 10 Ĥo ġġabann ġac̃ pécp̃ don péíñ ġin poíññ Ċopuip
 A baiprr̃íonñ ġaír péíñ Ĥo ġaoġalta ríġeólġte,
 Aćġ banġa a b-péíñ Ĥan céile ír í pórġa !

I.—Of this poem there are several partial copies. There is a copy containing all the stanzas given here in vol. 69 of the Renehan MSS. in Maynooth College. The piece, however, seems naturally to end with the sixth stanza. The idea expressed in the fifth stanza is more fully developed in XXXIV., which is an argument in favour of O'Rahilly's authorship of the latter poem.

1. críĆ, M críġ, monosyllabic gen. of críóć, as if the word were masc. R críće.

3. na cranna, metaphorical for 'great families.'

4. ġéaġa, M ġéaġa. Most MSS. have ġéaġa, which gives an extra syllable. In XXXVI. 36, MS. gives a ġéaġ ġemeallaġ. The word seems a poetical softening down of ġéaġa.

5. 'Éipe = a 'Éipe, the a being absorbed by

THE POEMS OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

I.

THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA.

Woful and bitter to me are the wounds of the land of Fodla,
 Who is sorely under a cloud whilst her kinsfolk are heartsick ;
 The trees that were strongest in affording them shelter
 Have their branches lopped off and their roots withering in
 decay.

Long though thou hast been, O majestic, gentle-mannered Erin,
 A fair nursing-mother with hospitality and true knowledge ;
 Henceforth shalt thou be an unwilling handmaid to every
 withered band,
 While every foreign boor shall have sucked thy breasts.

And to crown my sorrow, behold it is a fit subject for tears,
 10 That every king of the dynasties who divide Europe amongst
 them
 Possesses his own fair, gentle spouse in prosperity and peace,
 While Banba is in pain without a consort, wedded though she be.

the initial vowel. 7. beip, so in MS. It is a better form historically, as well as phonetically, than the beip of many modern writers.

8. coimaitéac, M coimíteac, generally pronounced as if written caoitéac, here for assonance as if written caotac.

9. deópa, for deóp, gen. pl. 10. poinn Copuip. I have taken poinn as pf. tense of poinnim, 'I divide,' and Copuip as acc. case. It would be better perhaps to take poinn Copuip for ponne Coppa: "of the continent of Europe."

Ἐαῖλλεαμαρ πρέιμ-ῖλιοῦτ Νέιλλ ἱρ ρίολ Εογαῖν,
 ἱρ na περαῶοιν τρέαna, λαοῦραῶ ρίοζαῦτ βόιρμe,
 Ὀν Ἐραῦτ' ῥυῖλ ῥέιλ, mo léun, níl puinn beó aḡuinn!
 ἱρ παῶa ρῖnn τρέιῦτ ῥά léir-ῥḡρῖορ buiðin leópaib.

ἱρ deapb̃ ḡup b'έ ζαῦ εῖḡῖοn ῖοζκόpa,
 ḡanḡuib ἱρ εῖῦεαῦ, claon ἱρ ὀῖοῦ-ῦómall,
 ḡan ceanḡal le ῦéile, aῦτ paobaῦ ρῖnn-ῥḡόρḡnaῦ,
 20 Ὀο ῦarρaiḡḡ ḡo paob̃paῦ ῥpaῦῦ an Ríog̃ ῦómaῦῦtaḡ.

Ὁ ῦaῖλλεαμαρ Ἐῖpe ἱρ μέaḡ ár mfo-ῦóμῦῥom,
 ἱρ τpeapḡaiῥτ na laῦῦ meap, τpeun, náρ mῖ-ῦpeῦpaῦ,
 Aῖρ Aῥaḡ-Ἰḡlac Ὀέ 'ῥ aῖρ ῦpeun na Tῥíonóib̃e
 ḡo maiῥῥiḡ ὀá n-éῖρ an μέaḡ ῥo ὀíob̃ beó aḡuinn.

Ἐaῖλλεaḡap ḡaoḡaῖl a ὀ-τpeῖῦῦe caoin cópaῦ,
 Capῦanaῦῦτ, ῥéile, beupa, ἱρ bínn-ῦeῦḡta ;
 Alla-ῦuῖpc claon ὀo ῦpaῦῦ ρῖnn paoi mῖóρ-ῥmaῦῦτ ;
 Aḡallaim Aon-Ἰḡlac Ὀέ aῖρ ḡaoῖḡil ὀ'ῥóῖῥῦῦn.

14. περαῶu = πεapῦ: cf. XXII. 16. *Ib.* ρίοζαῦτ for ρῖοζαῦῦa; MS. boῖrbe. In XX. 11, MS. has boῖrme. 15. Capaῦῦ-ῥyῖl. MS. capaiḡ-ῥyῖl, but see II. 1. Capῦaῦ is sometimes a trisyllable, and then often written Capaῦaῦ; sometimes a dissyllable when the first syllable is lengthened, Cárῦaῦ. 20. ḡo paob̃paῦ. One MS. has aῖρ 'Ἐῖρῖnn. 23-24. Supply a verb like ῖarρamaῖḡ. It would be too harsh to take aῖρ Aῥaḡ-Ἰḡlac Ὀe = "for the sake of the Noble Son of God &c." 27. alla-ῦuῖpc = all-ῦuῖpc. 28. ḡaoῖḡil, nom. for dat.

We have lost the root-stock of Niall and the seed of Eoghan,
And the bold champions; the warriors of the kingdom of
Borumha ;
Of the hospitable race of Carthach, woe is me ! we have not
many alive,
And long have we been helpless under the devastation of
Leopold's band.

In sooth it is every violence of injustice on our part,
Deceit and falsehood and treachery and dishonesty,
Our want of union, and, instead, the tearing of each other's
throats,
20 That have drawn down on us keenly the rage of the Mighty
King.

Since we have lost Erin, and because of the extent of our
misfortunes,
And because of the overthrow of the nimble, strong warriors,
who were not wanting in vigour,
We entreat the noble Son of God and the Might of the Trinity,
That those of them who are alive with us may thrive after
them.

The Gaels have lost their gentle, comely qualities :
Charity, hospitality, manners, and sweet music ;
Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression ;
I beseech the Only Son of God to grant relief to the Gaels.

II.

AN milleaḁ ḁ'ímṁṁṁṁ aír iḁór-ṁleacṁtaib̃
 NA h-ÉIRIONN.

Monuar-ra an Úáré' fuil tráigce, tréic-laḁ !
 ḁan ríḁ aír an ḁ-cóir ná treóracṁ tréan-mhear !
 ḁan fear corṁaíḁ ná eoḁuir ḁum réitig !
 Ir ḁan rḁiaḁṁ dín aír éir na raor-ṁlaicṁ !

ṁír ḁan triaḁṁ ḁo ḁrian-ṁuil Éibir !
 ṁír ṁá anṁaḁṁṁ ḁall ḁo traoḁaḁ !
 ṁír ḁo ḁoirteaḁṁ ṁá ḁoraiḁ na méipleaḁ !
 ṁír na ḁḁaib̃ne—ir tréigib̃ ḁo h-euḁ liom !

ṁír ḁoḁṁṁ buaiḁearṁṁ, ir uaiḁneaḁṁ cṁarḁa !
 10 ṁír ḁan fear ḁan mac ḁan cṁile !
 ṁír ḁan lúḁ ḁan ṁonn ḁan éirḁeaḁṁ !
 ṁír ḁan ḁoḁṁṁṁṁ ḁo ḁoḁṁtaib̃ le ḁéanaíḁ !

ṁír ḁan eaḁlaír ḁnearḁa ná cléiriḁ !
 ṁír le miorḁuir noḁ ḁ'íteabar ṁaolḁoin !
 ṁír ḁo cuiṁeaḁṁ ḁo tubairteaḁṁ, traoḁḁa,
 ṁá ṁmaḁṁṁ naíḁaib̃ ir aíḁar ir méipleaḁ !

ṁír ḁan toṁaḁṁ ḁan tairḁe a n-Éirinn !
 ṁír ḁan tupa ḁan buinne ḁan réilṁean !
 ṁír ḁo noḁṁṁṁ ḁan ṁoḁain ḁan ḁeuḁa !
 20 ṁír ḁo bṁirṁeaḁṁ le ṁuirinn an ḁṁapla !

II.—For remarks on this threnody see Introduction. The version here given is taken from a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy marked 23. M. 45, page 259 *et seq.*, collated with a copy of the poem in the British Museum. The latter copy gives the “binding” stanza, which is omitted in the former. The compiler of the British Museum catalogue describes the poem as an “Elegy on Mac Carthy,” but it is elegiac only in metre.

II.

*women
families*

THE RUIN THAT BEFELL THE GREAT FAMILIES
OF ERIN.

Woe is me! weak and exhausted is the race of Carthach,
Without a prince over the hosts, or a strong, nimble leader!
Without a man to defend, without a key to liberate!
Without a shield of protection for the land of noble chieftains!

A land without a prince of the sun-bright race of Eibhear!
A land made helpless beneath the oppression of the stranger!
A land poured out beneath the feet of miscreants!
A land of fetters—it is sickness to me unto death!

A land poor, afflicted, lonely, and tortured!
10 A land without a husband, without a son, without a spouse!
A land without vigour, or spirit, or hearing!
A land in which is no justice to be done to the poor!

A land without a meek church or clergy!
A land which wolves have spitefully devoured!
A land placed in misfortune and subjection
Beneath the tyranny of enemies and mercenaries and robbers!

A land without produce or thing of worth of any kind!
A land without plenty, without a stream, without a star!
A land stripped naked, without shelter or boughs!
20 A land broken down by the English-prating band!

1. τράϊστε, MS. τράϊτε.
τ-ρριτ, VIII. 11.

8. na nḡaibne = na nḡeibne. Both
MSS. have ḡaibne, which form the metre requires.

apparently for naḡaib, gen. pl.
we say in English, "without any use in the world." MS. reads τορτα and
τορḡḡε.

5. ḡrian-ḡuil: cf. ḡrian

16. naḡaib, as

17. ḡan ταιρḡε a n'-ḡirinn, as

MS. reads τορτα and

Tír ir cpráidte cpráigte cpréan-þir !
 Tír aḡ ríor-ḡol í ḡo h-éaðmar !
 baincpeac deopaḡ leoinḡe léanmḡar
 Staiḡte bprúigte cúḡail cpréacḡtaḡ !

Ir þliuḡ a ḡruaḡ ḡo buan le déapaib !
 ḡruaḡ a mullaiḡ aḡ cuiḡim 'na cpréan-riḡ !
 Spocanna þola ap a porḡaib ḡo caobaḡ !
 A h-aḡaiḡ air rnuac an duḡ-ḡuail le ééile !

A bail cparuiḡḡe ceanḡailḡe céapaḡ !
 30 ḡlar a cuiḡm éair mím-ḡil ḡléḡil
 lapnuide cumaḡ a n-irpionn maol-duḡ
 le céapḡuib ḡulcánuir épaopaḡ.

Þuil a cpoiḡe 'na linnḡpeac íéidear !
 Ir ḡaḡair ḡriḡḡo da h-ól le ḡeur-airc !
 A h-ablaḡ tá dá rḡpacac ap a ééile
 Aḡ maḡpaib Saḡpan ḡo cealḡac d'aon cuiḡḡ.

D'þeḡiḡ a buille, níl þuinnioḡ 'na ḡéaḡaib,
 ḡo þearḡ a h-uirḡe le cuiḡne na rþéipe,
 'Sa ḡréin níl caihioḡm ór þeapannaib, þéacaiḡ,
 40 Ir ceḡ na céapḡḡean acá air a rþléibḡib.

A mianaḡ ríḡḡḡa a coill 'ra h-aolbaḡ
 ḡo dḡiḡeaḡ do bpiḡeaḡ, a cpanna 'ra caolbaḡ,
 A rḡata rþáir ḡo rḡáinḡe paobḡa,
 A ḡ-cpíḡḡaib eaḡḡpann rḡairḡe ó ééile !

23. baincpeac = baincpeabaḡ, but the word is now always dissyllabic.

24. cúḡail. O'R. gives 'bashful,' but the meaning is often much stronger,
 as in several passages of these poems.

26. MS. a cuiḡim. I have always supplied the ḡ in such omissions.

27. Cf. "bpaonaḡa þola ap a porḡaib aḡ coimpuḡḡ," XXII. 164.
 ḡo caobaḡ I translate 'in torrents'; the more precise meaning is 'in flakes or
 layers,' which will hardly suit 'blood.' O'R. only gives caobaḡ, 'clodded':
 cf. the use of rḡaob, which is often applied to 'blood.'

A land in anguish, drained of her brave men !
 A land ever lamenting her children enviously !
 A widow, weeping, wounded, woful !
 Torn, bruised, humbled, full of wounds !

Ever wet is her cheek from tears !
 The hair of her head falls down in heavy showers !
 Streams of blood gush forth in torrents from her eyes !
 Her whole visage is of the appearance of black coal !

Her limbs are shrunken, bound, and tortured !
 30 The fastenings of her tender, smooth, fair waist
 Irons framed in hell, bleak, and gloomy,
 By the craftsmen of greedy Vulcan.

Her heart's blood spurts forth in pools,
 While the dogs of Bristol drink it with keen greed ;
 Her carcass is being torn asunder
 By Saxon curs, treacherously, and with deliberate intent.

Her leaves have decayed, there is no vigour in her boughs ;
 Her waters have been dried up by the frosts of heaven ;
 Behold ! there is no brightness in her sun over the lands,
 40 And the fog of the smithy is upon her mountains.

Her princely mines, her woods, her lime quarries
 Are burnt or broken down ; her trees, her osier plantations,
 Her growing rods, scattered and torn,
 In foreign countries severed from one another.

34. *bpiptó* is mentioned again in XX. 25 ; and Dover is used similarly, XXI. 8. The Bristol merchants were great transporters of slaves. In the course of four years they shipped upwards of 6000 youths and maidens from the Irish shores ; these included criminals, prisoners of war and the destitute.

41-42. *aolbač* seems to mean 'limestone quarries' ; *caolbač*, probably same as *caollač*, or more properly *caolač* ; for *caolač* see XXII. 222, note, and *cf.* XXVI. 87.

Driopa ir heibgep, gan ceilg am' pgeulaib,
 A leabaib an lapla, ir pian 'rir céarba!
 An blárna gan áitpeaib aet faolcain!
 Ir Rát luirc pdríordaiǵte noctaiǵte a n-daop-bpuib!

50 Do éuit an leamuin gan tapa, mo gheup-ǵoin!
 An llinnǵ 'r an t-Sionainn 'r an lipe fá éreáctuib;
 Teamair na Ríog gan uppa plioct Néill Duib,
 Ir ní beo cupaib aca cinead Raiǵéileann.

Níl Ua Doctarta a g-comérom 'ná a éaomplioct!
 Níl Síol Mórda tpeón bað éreanmap!
 Níl Ua Plactarta a g-ceannar 'ná a ǵaolta
 Síol bpuam deapb na nǵalluib le tpeímpre!

Air Ua Ruairc níl luaib, mo gheup-ǵoin!
 Ná air Ua Doimnaill pór a n-éirinn!
 Na ǵeapaltaig táib gan tapa gan rméidead,
 60 búrcraig bappraig ir bpeaénraig na g-caol-bapc.

Ǵuibim an Tríonóib pfor-mór naomta
 An ceó ro do díocur díob pe éile,
 Do pleactuib Ír ir Cuinn ir éibir,
 Ir airiog do éabairt na m-beata do ǵaodalaib.

Airiog do ǵaodalaib déin, a éríorb, a n-am,
 Na m-beata ǵo léir ó daop-bpuib daoiǵte Ǵall.
 Smaectuib na méirliǵ, feuc ar g-epíoc ǵo fann!
 Ir dalta na h-éirionn faon laǵ claoiǵte éall.

AN CEANĠAL.

Mo ǵreabaib bpuin na bpeaǵain éróda pǵáinte ón g-ciǵ,
 70 Ir na Ǵalla móra a leabaib an leogain 'ran m-blárnain ǵil:
 Ǵaé aicme 'an éóip lép mairt mo írórb map táib gan éion
 Éuǵ dealb pór mé air earbaib bpuǵ 'an ppáib amioǵ.

45. For Griffin see XVIII.; Colonel Hedges, of Macroom, see Introd.

46. Both A and B read, as in text, ir pian 'rir céarba. The Earl is either Lord Clancarty, called "lapla na réabac ríobac puǵaé" in VIII. 14, or Lord Kenmare.

52. Raiǵéileann, in MSS. The metre requires a word of three syllables. It is possible that Raiǵleann is meant: see

Griffin and Hedges—without deceit is my tale—
 In the place of the Earl, it is pain and torture ;
 Blarney, without a dwelling save for the wolves ;
 And Rathluire plundered, stripped naked, and in durance dire.

The Laune has fallen without vigour, my sharp stroke !
 50 The Maine, the Shannon, the Liffey, are wounded !
 Tara of the Kings is without a prop of the race of Niall Dubh !
 And no hero of the race of Raighleann is alive.

O'Doherty is not holding sway, nor his noble race,
 The O'Moore's are not strong, that once were brave,
 O'Flaherty is not in power, nor his kinsfolk,
 And sooth to say, the O'Briens have long since become English.

Of O'Rourke there is no mention—my sharp wounding !
 Nor yet of O'Donnell in Erin ;
 The Geraldines they are without vigour, without a nod,
 60 And the Burkes, the Barrys, the Walshes of the slender ships.

I beseech the Trinity, most august, holy,
 To banish this sorrow from them altogether—
 From the descendants of Ir, of Conn, of Eibhear—
 And to restore the Gaels to their estates.

O Christ, restore betimes to the Gaels
 All their estates, rescued from the dire bondage of foreign churls ;
 Chastise the vile horde, behold, our country is faint,
 And Erin's nursling, weak, feeble, subdued, beyond the sea !

THE BINDING.

My torment of sorrow, the brave champions scattered by the shower,
 70 And the gross foreigners in the hero's place in bright Blarney,
 Every family of the tribe that loved my class, how they are scorned ;
 This has brought me still poor, lacking shoes, to town to-day.

VI. 6, note. 55. 'ná a ḡaolṭa. MS. ná ḡaolṭa.

64. beaṭa, 'means of living,' 'estate': cf.—

Արիօց ա beaṭa Ծօ շաճարտ Ծօ ար աօն ծալլ
 Օ Տուջե Բոնն ճօ բորթօւն Տեւն Մար.—XXXV. 231-2.

III.

MAC AN ĆEANNUIĜE.

Αἰρλῖνḡ ḡεap ὁ ὀεapcap pḗm am' leabaið ip mé ḡo laḡ-
bríogað :

Αἰnḡip ἱειm̃, ὅap b'ainm Éipe, aḡ teaðt am ḡaop aip
m̃apcuiḡeaðt;

Α púil peaḡap ḡlap, a cúl epom cap, a com peaḡḡeal 'p
a malaiðe,

Ὅ'á m̃aoiðeam̃ ḡo paið aḡ eiogaðt 'na ḡap, le ὀioḡpaiḡ, Mac
an Ćeannuiḡe.

Α beól bað ḡinn, a ḡlóp bað ḡaom, ip pó-ἱεapc linn an
cailín

Céile ḡriam ὁ'ár ḡéill an ḡiann, mo léip-ḡpeað ὀian a haicío
Pá ἱúipḡe ḡall, ὁá brúḡað ḡo teann, mo cúilḡionn ep-peaḡḡ
ὁo ἱlað piñ;

Ní'l paoiḡeam̃ peal le eiḡeaðt 'na ḡap ḡo b-pillḡið Mac an
Ćeannuiḡe.

Na céaðḡa atá a b-pḗm ὁo ḡpáð le ḡeap-ἱεapc pám ὁá
cneap-ḡlí;

10 Clanna ἱḡḡe maca Míleað ὀpaḡuin píoðḡa ip ḡaiḡḡiðḡ,
Tá ḡnúip 'na ḡnai, ní m̃úḡḡlann ἱí; cé ὀuḡað pa ἱḡíoḡ
an cailín,

Ní'l paoiḡeam̃ peal le eiḡeaðt 'na ḡap ḡo b-pillḡið Mac an
Ćeannuiḡe.

III.—Of this splendid poem, on which I have commented in the Introduction, there are several copies extant, all agreeing in every point of importance. In XXVIII. the Pretender is called the Bricklayer from his reputed origin; and in the present poem a similar idea appears to be suggested by the "Merchant's Son." In some MS. copies IV. is placed after III. as a "binding," and as IV. seems to have been composed before 1725, III. may also be referred to the same date. Hence it can scarcely be meant to represent the death of James II., who did not die in Spain, and must be regarded as pure fancy.

1. ḡeap. A paon.

3. ḡlap, as a colour, means green like grass, or

III.

THE MERCHANT'S SON.

I beheld a clear vision as I lay in my bed bereft of strength!
 A gentle maiden, whose name was Erin, approached me on
 horseback—
 Full and bright were her eyes, her hair was heavy and ringletted;
 fair and slender her waist, and her eyebrows—
 Proclaiming that the Merchant's Son was coming to her with
 zeal.

Her mouth was melodious, her voice was beautiful—great is my
 love for the maiden—
 The spouse of Brian, whom the warriors obeyed; my utter
 complete ruin is her affliction.
 Crushed heavily beneath the flail of the foreigners, this slender
 maiden that stole my heart;
 There is no relief ever to draw near her until the Merchant's
 Son come back.

Hundreds are pining in love through earnest, pleasing devotion
 to her complexion,
 10 Children of kings, sons of Milesius, fierce warriors, and champions
 Sorrow is in her face, she does not arouse herself; sad and weary
 though the maiden be,
 There is no relief ever to draw near to her till the Merchant's
 Son come back.

grey as a horse; when applied to the eye, as here, it cannot conveniently be translated either 'green' or 'grey,' as neither word implies a compliment. Its meaning here, as in the many passages where it is applied to the eye, is 'fresh, bright, sparkling': thus, XI. 9, *púil ip gluire na bprúct air féór*, where the comparison is between the eye and the dew. But, the natural quality of dew is to be fresh, bright, sparkling—it is not its *greenness* that is admired. *Ib.* MS. *maíliðe*.

4. *maoiðearn* very often simply means 'to announce or mention,' like *luað*. It sometimes means 'to announce or mention in a boastful manner.'

7. *M púirceada*. A *púirce*. 9. *M cneip-clíðe*. 11. *M* has simply *pá rgiop í*. A completes the line as in the text. *Ib.* *gnúir* = sorrow (?).

A ráidte féin, ir epáidte an rgeal, mo lán-épeac gear a h-aiéib !

Go b-puil rí gan ceól ag caoi na n-deór, 'r a buidhean gan
go bað mairé ghníomh,

Gan cléir, gan órb, a b-péin go mór, 'na h-iarrma f6 gaé
mabaoi ;

'S go m-beib rí 'na rppear gan luidge le fear go b-pillpib
Mac an Céannuidge.

Aoubairt apir an búib-bean mionla, ó éúrnað rígece
éleact rí,

Conn ir Art, bað lonnpac peact, ir b' p6glac glac a
ngleacuidgeact ;

Críoméan tpeán, tap tuínn éug géill, ir laoidgead mac
Céin an fear gpoibé,

20 Go m-beib rí 'na rppear, gan luidge le fear, go b-pillpib
Mac an Céannuidge.

Do beir rúil ó deap, gaé ló f6 peac, air epáig na m-bapc,
an cailín ;

Ir rúil deap poir, go blúé tap muir, mo éumá anoir a
h-aiéib ;

A rúile riar, ag rúil le Dia, tap conncaib riará gaimne ;

Ir go m-beib rí 'na rppear, gan luidge le fear, go b-pillpib
Mac an Céannuidge.

A bpáipe bpeaca atáib tap leap—na táinte fearc an cailín ;
Ní'l plead le faéail, ní'l dean ná gpað ag neac dá cáiruib,
admuim ;

A gpaðna plué, gan ruan, gan rult, fá gpaaim, ir dub
a n-aiéib.

Ní'l faoipeam real le tigeact 'na gar go bpillpib Mac an
Céannuidge !

16. rppear. The idea conveyed by tá pe 'na rppear, or tá pe rínce 'na rppear is, "he is lying down, useless or helpless." Cf. the lines from the "Arachtach Sean":—

"beib claiúeam air gaé reabac nár éanagail le bpíbeac
'S an reanbuine epíona rínce 'na rppear."

Her own words, distressing is their tale,—her affliction is my complete, sharp ruin !

How that she is without melody, shedding tears, and her troops, who, without falsehood, had performed great deeds,

Without clergy, without friars, deep in suffering, a remnant subject to every dog ;

And that she will lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

The kindly, mild woman added, that since the kings she had cherished were brought low—

Conn and Art, whose reigns were illustrious, and whose hands were strong to spoil in fight,

Criomhthan the strong, who brought hostages from across the sea, and Luigheadh, son of Cian, the man of might—

20 She would lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

Daily the maiden looks southward by turns to the shore of the ships, Eastward she looks wistfully across the main,

Hoping in God, she looks westward over wild, sand-mingled waves,

And she will lie alone, nor admit a lover until the Merchant's Son come back.

Her speckled friars, they are over the sea, the troops whom the maiden loved ;

Nor feast, nor affection, nor love is to be got by any of her friends, I avow it ;

Her cheeks wet, without repose or pleasure, in sorrow, black is their covering ;

There is no relief to draw near her till the Merchant's Son come back.

“ Every warrior who did not unite with a bride, will wear a sword,
While the aged old man will be in bed, uselessly (or helplessly). ”

17. cleac̃c, ‘to be habituated to,’ hence ‘to cherish.’ *Ib.* túpnað. MS. cupnað.

21. aip cpaiḡ. MS. aip cpaiḡð.

26. aðmum

= aðmuḡim. MS. abaoim.

27. a n-aibfo, ‘their covering’: that is, the covering of her cheeks; the ḡnúip she displayed, as said in line 11, *supra*.

30 Αουβαρτ léi, iap élor a rḡéal, a rún ḡur éaḡ ap éleaét rí
 Ṫuar 'ran Spáin, ḡo b-ḡuar ré báir, ir nár éruaḡ le cáè a
 h-aicé;

Iap ḡ-clor mo ḡóta a b-ḡoḡar di, éorruḡ a cruicé, 'r do
 rḡreab rí;

Ir d'éalaid a h-anam, d'aon ḡreab airde; mo leun-ra an
 bean ḡo laḡ-bríogaé.

29. Αουβαρτ (MS. separates the a) must be pronounced as three syllables; notice the inversion: the natural order is, ḡur eaḡ a pun ap éleaét rí.

On hearing her story, I told her the lover she cherished was
dead,

30 In Spain in the south he died, and her affliction was pitied of no
one ;

As she heard my voice close to her, her frame trembled, she
shrieked,

And the soul fled from her in an instant ; oh woe ! the woman
bereft of strength.

30. cđc, with a negative = 'no one.'

IV.

GILE NA GILE.

Gile na Gile do éonnapc-ra air plúge a n-uaignear;
 binníor an binníor a ppiotai náir éríon-ğruamda;
 Cpiorðal an épiorðail a ğorm-porğ rínn-uaine;
 Deirge ip finne ağ pionnað 'na ğríor-ğruaðnaið.

Caipe na caipe an ğac piube dá buíðe-éuaáaið;
 báinear an épuinne dá puiéne le rínn-rğuabaiğ;
 Iorpað ba ğlaine ná ğlaine air a bpuinn buacaiğ;
 Do ğeineað air ğeineamain ðiri 'ran tír uaétpaiğ.

Píor píopað ðam ð'inníor, ip ipi ğo píor-uaigneað;
 10 Píor pílleað ðon ðuine ðon ionað ba píğ-ðualğar;
 Píor mílleað na ðpuinge éur eiríon air rínn-puağað;
 'S píor eile na cuirpeað am luiðéið le píor-uamain.

Leimé na leimé ðam ðpuíðim 'na épuinn-tuairim!
 Am éime ağ an éime do rnaíðmeað ğo píor-épuaið me;
 Air ğoirpm lílic líluirpe ðam ğurtaéct do bíoðğ uaimpe;
 'S lingear an bpuinnğiol 'na luipe ğo bpuíðin luaéra.

IV.—If we may judge by the number of copies of this poem extant in the MSS. of the eighteenth century it must have been very highly prized by the Irish public. And justly was it prized. It is unsurpassed for subtlety of rhythm and beauty of expression, but it saddens the heart by its sounds “most musical, most melancholy.” It has been printed by O'Daly in the “Poets and Poetry of Munster.” The best copy that I know to exist is to be found in an autograph volume by John Murphy, “Seaghan na Rathoineach,” bearing date 1754–1755. I use S to represent this copy in the notes. The text I give here is from a copy by O'Longan, with a few emendations from other copies. It should be observed that in many MSS. this poem is given as a “binding” to III. It is found in a MS. of 1725.

2–3. These lines are third and second, respectively, in O'Daly's printed copy. and also in Murphy's copy, which we denote by S. 3. S an ğuirpm porğ.

IV.)

GILE NA GILE.

The Brightness of Brightness I saw in a lonely path,
Melody of melody, her speech not morose with age,
Crystal of crystal, her blue eye tinged with green,
The white and ruddy struggled in her glowing cheeks.

Plaiting of plaiting in every hair of her yellow locks,
That robbed the earth of its dew by their full sweeping,
An ornament brighter than glass on her swelling breast,
Which was fashioned at her creation in the world above.

A tale of knowledge she told me, all lonely as she was,
10 News of the return of HIM to the place which is his by kingly
descent,
News of the destruction of the bands who expelled him,
And other tidings which, through sheer fear, I will not put in
my lays.

Oh, folly of follies for me to go up close to her!
By the captive I was bound fast a captive;
As I implored the Son of Mary to aid me, she bounded
from me,
And the maiden fled, blushing, to the fairy mansion of Luachair.

5. S cuipe na cuipe.

6. S co búinníor an épuinne don punne.

7. S glúine.

9. S d'íníor me, as if the poet were the informant.

12. eile, pronounced as if written uile.

14. S am éoinne aḡ an

ḡ-cuime. R am éoinnead aḡ an ḡ-cuime. O'Daly prints: 'S me am éoinne aḡ an écuime. Reading in text is, on the whole, the most satisfactory and the most common by far; cuime = cimbriú, 'a captive.' Text gives sense required by context: He approached the maiden, but in doing so was detained a captive; when he sought for release in prayer he was released, indeed, but she had fled. There are other copies of this poem which I have not collated, and which may give this line more accurately.

Riçim le mipe am piçib̄ zo cpoiðe-luaimneac̄ ;
 Tpē imeallaīb̄ çupraīg, tpē monçaīb̄, tpē plim-puaiðcīb̄ ;
 Don pinne-bpog ciçim, ni çuiçim cia an t-pliçe puapap,
 20 Zo h-ionað na n-ionað do cumað le ðpaoiðeaçt çpuaçaīg.

Þpripib̄ pã pçiçe zo pçiçeamāil buiðean çpuaçac̄
 Ip puipeann do þpuiinnçiolaīb̄ piorçaīte ðlaoi-çuaçac̄ ;
 A nçeiñealaīb̄ çeiñeal mē cuipib̄ çan puinn puaiñnir ;
 'S mo þpuiinnçiol aip þpuiinnib̄ aç þpuiinnipe þpuiinn-çtuacac̄.

Õ'innipeap ðiri, 'ran b-ppioctal bað pïop uaim-pi,
 Nãp çuiðe ði pnaïðmeað le plibipe plim-þuaiðeapçã ;
 'S an ðuime bað çile aip çine Scuit çpí h-uaipe,
 Aç peiçioñ aip ipi þeiç açç map çaoim-nuaçap.

Aip cloipðin mo çota ði zoileann zo pïop-uaiðpeac̄ ;
 30 Riçeann an pliče zo lipe ap a çpïop-çpuaðnaīb̄
 Cuipeann liom çiolla ðom çomaipe ón m-bpuiðin uaiçe ;
 'S í Çile na Çile do çonnape-ça aip pliče a n-uaiçneap.

ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆԾԱԼ.

Mo çpeiçib̄ ! mo çubaipt ! mo çuprainn ! mo þpón ! mo ðiç !
 Mo þoillpeac̄ ñuipeac̄, ñioçaīp-ççal, þeðl-çaīp, çaoim,
 Aç açapeac̄ þuipionn-ðuð mïopçaīpeac̄ çóipneac̄ buiðe ;
 'S çan leiçear 'na çoipe zo b-pillib̄ na leoçain tap çuñn.

17. S piçim le piç mipe. 18. plim-puaiðcīb̄. It is difficult to determine the exact force of plim in compounds; it is of frequent occurrence, thus *infra* 26: plim-þuaiðeapçã. Its primary meaning seems to be, 'thin, spare, slender.' Cf. pliom-apán, 'unleavened bread.' A puaiðceac̄ is a rough uneven moorland, interspersed with çupçóçã, or little holms.

20. S ðpaoiðeaçt ðpuaðaīb̄. O'Daly, ðpuaçaīb̄; text is that of O'Longan's copy. 26. cuib̄e, two syllables here.

29. pïop-uaiðpeac̄. uaðap means 'pride,' in general, often also *wounded pride*. A person subjected to a keen insult, under which he smarted, would say, çaimiç uaðap opm, "a sense of wounded pride came on me." Cf. XIII. 81:

Aððap uabaip þuaiðeapçã ip þpón-çoīl,
 where the meaning 'pride' would be ridiculous.

I rush in mad race with a bounding heart,
 Through margins of morasses, through meads, through barren
 moorlands,
 I reach the fair mansion—the way I came I know not—
 20 That dwelling of dwellings, reared by the sorcery of a wizard.

They burst into laughter, mockingly—a troop of wizards
 And a band of maidens, trim, with plaited locks;
 In the bondage of fetters they put me without much respite,
 While to my maiden clung a clumsy, lubberly clown.

I told her then, in words the sincerest,
 How it ill became her to be united to an awkward, sorry churl,
 While the fairest thrice over of all the Scotie race
 Was waiting to receive her as his beauteous bride. *Precedent*

As she hears my voice she weeps through wounded pride,
 30 The streams run down plenteously from her glowing cheeks,
 She sends me with a guide for my safe conduct from the
 mansion,
 She is the Brightness of Brightness I saw upon a lonely path.

THE BINDING.

O my sickness, my misfortune, my fall, my sorrow, my loss!
 My bright, fond, kind, fair, soft-lipped, gentle maiden,
 Held by a horned, malicious, croaking, yellow clown, with a
 black troop!
 While no relief can reach her until the heroes come back across
 the main.

30. S ríle aḡ an bplíte ḡo lípe. It seems too extravagant to take lípe as the river here; besides, that river is too remote from Luachair.

35. O'Daly prints:—

“Aḡ aḡaḡe aḡ fúipeannaib miorḡaḡeac, epón-ḡuḡ, buíde.”

But, there is an obvious slur on the maiden, so lovingly described, in saying she was held by a horn. The text follows S, which transfers the horn to her tyrant.

V.

AN AISLING.

Maoidion pul rmaoin Titan a éopa do luaðail
 Aip mullaé énuic aoipð aoibinn do lódamar ruar;
 Tappartar linn rǵaoé bpuinnǵiol roilbip ruairc
 Ǵappað bí a Sið Seanaib polar-bpuig éuað.

Peapartar rǵím ðraoiðeaéta ná r ðorca rnuað,
 O Ǵaillm na líog lí-ǵeal ǵo Copeaig na ǵ-cuan,
 Ǵappa ǵaé epainn íor-éuipear torað aǵur enuap,
 Meap ðaibe aip ǵaé coill, íir-mil aip éloéaib ǵo buan.

Lapaib rin trí connle ǵo polar naé luaiðim
 10 Aip mullaé Énuic aoipð Íirinne Conallaig ruaið,
 Leanar tar tuinn rǵaoé na m-ban ǵ-coéail ǵo Tuamuin,
 Ir faétaim-pe ófob ófogpaur a n-oirige aip cuaið.

D'ípeaǵaip an ðriǵið Aoibill, ná r ðorca rnuað,
 Faéam na ð-trí ǵ-connle do lapað aip ǵaé cuan,
 A n-aímm an ríǵ ófogpaur beap aǵuinn ǵo luaé.
 A ǵ-ceannar na ð-trí ríogáéta, ir ða ǵ-cornaí ǵo buan.

Aip m'airling ǵo ílím-bíodǵar ǵo h-aéðumap ruap,
 Ir do meapap ǵur b-íor ð' Aoibill ǵaé rona r ðár luaið;
 Ir amlaib bíor tím epéaétaé, ðoilbip, ðuairc,
 20 Maoidion pul rmaoin Titan a éopa do luaðail.

V.—This delightful little piece seems to have been very popular. It describes the fairy woman Aoibhill and her companions lighting up the harbours of the country with three candles. Aoibhill explains to the poet that they are welcoming the rightful king of the *three kingdoms* who is soon to come and long to stay. But alas! it was only a vision, and the poet starts up from his reverie sad and disconsolate.

1. MS. gives Typhon; the Sun is meant, of course. 2. MS. mullaé; though, 9 *infra*, aip mullaé. 10. Cnoc Íirinne, in the county of Limerick, is a classic ground of fairies. On it is a heap of stones, said to be a monument to Donn Firinne. See XXVIII. 11. coéail means 'a hood or cloak,' and often implies power of enchantment. *Ib.* Tuamuin, for Tuamúiríam.

V.

THE REVERIE.

One morning, ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet,
 I went up to the summit of a high pleasant hill,
 I met a band of charming, playful maidens—
 A host who dwelt in Sidh Seanaibh of the bright mansion in
 the north.

A magic prosperity of hue not dark spread itself around,
 From Galway, of the bright coloured stones, to Cork of the
 harbours ;
 The top of every tree ever bears fruit and produce ;
 In every wood are acorns, and sweet honey continually on stones.

They light three candles with a blaze I cannot describe
 10 On the top of high Cnoc Firinne in Red Conollo ;
 I followed the band of hooded women over the waves to
 Thomond,
 And ask the secret of the function they were performing in their
 rounds.

The maiden Aoibhill, not dark of aspect, gave in reply
 The reason for lighting the three candles over every harbour :
 In the name of the king for whom we yearn, and who will soon
 be with us
 Ruling the three kingdoms and defending them long.

I started up from my reverie without delay,
 And I fancied that Aoibhill had spoken truth in all she had said ;
 The way with me was that I felt weak, oppressed, sad, and
 troubled
 20 One morning ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet.

13. náir òròcà rnuao, 'not dark of aspect,' *but of brightest hue.* Cf. naò íriol méin, XI. 2 ; and ðan earnañ air òiaò, XXXIII. 31.

17. rlim-bíòðgar : see IV. 18, note.

20. MS. reads Titan, which must be true reading in line 1, *supra*.

VI.

AISLING MEABUIL.

Aisling meabuil d'aicill m'anam, peal gan tapa pean
 cím tréit;
 Pápa carb trarna mapa a g teac an deap go teann
 faoi réim;
 Draigín mheara a d-topaé caéa a n-airm gpeanta an
 t-pean t-íol Céin,
 Leagad air gallaib aca ir barad, ir peapann pairrin
 a g-ceann críoc Néill.

Map gan banna deapcam, peabac leabair lannaé
 leabair-ghíom tréan,
 Brataé arghaim, coileac caéa, d'aicme Raicleann pean
 grib Gaedéal;
 Críob plaitir, bailte, daingín, panna, mapa, ir campaoi
 a g-céin,
 D'peartuib arm-gairge an aicil geallap ceart an t-pean-
 rí g pléid.

VI.—This brief little lyric displays the poet's great command of language and rhyme. It seems clearly to refer to the Pretender, and not improbably at a time when rumours were rife of his endeavour to regain his father's crown. It is not unlikely that it was written about 1714 or 1715. The poet lived to see how far the event was from justifying this glowing dream. I have collated the Maynooth copy of the poem with two others in the Royal Irish Academy.

I. m'anam. This aspiration is common in the spoken language. aicill, from aicillaim, 'I vex.' O'R. writes it aigillaim: d'aicill m'anam gan tapa,

VI.

AN ILLUSIVE VISION.

An illusive vision troubled my soul for a time, leaving me
 without vigour, lean, spiritless, and prostrate :
 Showers of ships crossing the sea from the south, mightily and
 in due order,
 Nimble soldiers in the battle-front, in splendid arms—the grace-
 ful race of Cian—
 Upsetting and wounding the foreigners, and wide their plains at
 the extremity of the regions of Niall.

I beheld a Mars without censure, a warrior of the sword, of
 nimble deeds, mighty,
 A marching banner, a battle cock, of the race of Raithlean,
 parent of the warriors of the Gael ;
 The heavens tremble, towns, strongholds, continents, seas, and
 camps in the distance
 At the feats of martial valour of the hero who undertook to fight
 for the rights of the old king.

'vexed my soul, leaving it, or rather me, without vigour.' 2. aḡ. In MSS. frequently aḡ. 3. τ-peanḡ τ-ṛíol. A τ-peanḡ-ṛíol.

6. bṛataḡ arḡnaíṛ, 'banner of progress or marching.' arḡnaíṛ, from arḡnaím, 'I go, march.' M, bṛotaḡ aṛnaíṛ. A, also, aṛnaíṛ. *Ib.* Raíð-leann was foster-mother of Core of Cashel, and daughter of Dathe the strong. Core being the first king of Cashel, descent from the Cashel kings is spoken of as descent from Raithleann.

8. pléivḡ generally means 'to litigate, to contend' ; here it is used of battle.

VII.

AN TAN D'AISTRIGH GO DUINNEACHAIB LÁIN LE TONN
TÓIME A G-CIARRUIÐE.

Ir faða liom siðce éir-éluic gan pua, gan prann,
Gan ceatpa, gan maoin, caoipe, ná buaib na m-beann;
Anfað air tuinn taoib liom do buaib mo éeann,
Ir nár éleaetar am naoidean pioðuis ná puaetar abann.

Dá maieað an rígh díonmhar ó bpuac na leamhann
'S an gappað bí ag poimn leir léir épuag mo éall,
A g-ceannar na g-epiód g-caoin g-cluatar g-cuanaé g-cam,
Go dealb a d-tír d-toinneac níor buan mo élann.

An Capatac gpoiðe píóemhar le'r puaðað an meangh,
10 Ir Capatac laoi a n-daoirpe gan puarglað pann,
Capatac rígh Cinn Tuirc a n-uaiḡ 'ra élann
'S ir auiirpe epíom' époiðe gan a d-tuairirḡ ann.

Do íearḡ mo époiðe am éliste do buaib mo leann;
Na peabaic nár píé cinnce, ag ap dual an eanḡ,
O Cáiriol go tuinn Élioðna 'r go Tuamhain éall,
A m-bailte 'ra maoin díé-épeacta ag pluairḡtib ḡall.

VII.—In this very beautiful and pathetic poem the author gives us what may be called a biographical snap-shot of himself. Pressed apparently by dire poverty, he had changed his residence, and found himself in a land of surpassing loveliness. Duinneacha, where the poem was composed, must be near the great cascade that rushes impetuously down the slopes of the Tomies Mountain into the lake beneath. It is night, and a storm rages on land and wave. Tonn Toime thunders with deafening noise. His sleep is disturbed, and he breaks forth into a lament for the chieftains who, if they lived, would relieve his distress. In his impatience he chides the waves for their angry clamour.

5. The MacCarthys built their castles on the edge of Lough Lein and the River Laune, as Carew says, "to stop all the passages of Desmond."

7. A very graphic description of the district around the Killarney Lakes.

9. Refers to MacCarthy Mor.

10. Capatac laoi, the

Earl of Clancarty, also called Baron of Blarney, whose chief residence was at

VII.

ON HIS REMOVING TO DUINNEACHA, BESIDE TONN
TOIME IN KERRY.

The truly wet night seems long to me, without sleep, without snore,
Without cattle, or wealth, or sheep, or horned cows ;
A storm on the wave beside me has troubled my head,
Unused in my childhood to the noise or the roaring of rivers.

If the protecting prince from the bank of the Laune were alive,
And the band who were sharers with him,—who would pity my
misfortune,—
Ruling over the fair, sheltered regions, rich in havens, and curved,
My children should not long remain in poverty in a watery land.

The great, valiant MacCarthy, to whom baseness was hateful,
10 And MacCarthy from the Lee, enfeebled, in captivity, without
release,
MacCarthy, prince of Kanturk, with his children in the grave—
It is bitter grief through my heart that no trace of them is left.

My heart has withered up within my breast, the humours of my
body are troubled,
Because the warriors who were not found niggardly, and who
inherited the land
From Cashel to the waves of Cliodhna and across to Thomond,
Have their dwellings and their possessions ravaged by foreign
hosts.

Blarney until 1688. For an account of the Earl mentioned here see XLVII.

11. The branch of the MacCarthys, called MacDonogh, owned Kanturk. In Queen Elizabeth's time they erected a magnificent building, the walls of which remain entire. It was a parallelogram 120 feet in length and 80 feet in breadth, flanked with four square buildings; the structure was four stories high, and the flankers five, but Elizabeth ordered the building to be stopped lest it might afford a stronghold for rebels. This family forfeited their estates by taking part in the rebellion of 1641.

A éonn ro éioir ip aoirde céim go h-árb,
 Meabair mo éinn claoiúte ób' béiceaé tá;
 Caibair dá b-tiúeaó aríir go h-Éiríonn báin,
 20 Do glam naé bínn do éinneíonn féin ad brágaib.

17. The poet here addresses himself to the great cascade, now called O'Sullivan's, which dashes into the lake beneath, even when no storm is raging, with an awe-inspiring sound.

Thou wave below, which dashest from such a height,
The senses of my head are overpowered with thy bellowing,
Were help to come again to fair Erin,

20 I would thrust thy discordant clamour down thy throat.

VIII.

DAILINTÍN BRÚN.

Dó leatnaig an ciac diaepac fá m' fíean-éproide dúr
 Iar-d-tairdionan dia balia pacéta a b-fearann Cumh éugainn;
 Sgamall air ḡrian iartair dár éarpar ríogacé Míumhan
 Fá deara dam triall riam oré, a dailintín brún.

Cairiol gan éiar, failteaé, ná marépaié air d-túr,
 Ir beanna bpuig brian ciaréuillte mábraib úirḡ,
 Ealla gan trian triacá do macaib ríḡ Míumhan
 Fá deara dam triall riam oré, a dailintín brún.

D'airtuirig fiaé an fialépuicé do éleacéaiḡ rí air d-túr,
 10 Ó neadaiḡ an fiaé iacéta a n-dainḡean-éoil Rúir;
 Seaénab iarḡ ḡrian-t-rpuicé ir cairé caoin ciuin
 Fá deara dam triall riam oré a dailintín brún.

VIII.—The subject of this pathetic, if bitter poem, was Sir Valentine Brown, the fifth baronet of that name and the third Viscount Kenmare. He was born in 1695. During his youth he was an outlaw owing to the attainder of his father. In November, 1720, he married Honora Butler of Kilcash, in the County of Tipperary, who died of smallpox in 1730. He married secondly Mary, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., of Castle Ishin, in the County of Cork, the relict of Justin, fifth Earl of Fingall. He died on the 30th of June, 1736. See Archdall's "Lodge," vol. vii., p. 57.

From numerous allusions throughout his works, both prose and verse, it is obvious that our poet cherished a peculiar affection for the Brown family. Indeed some of his prose satires seem to have been inspired by his indignation at their having been made outlaws while their lands became the prey of adventurers. We do not know what request of his was refused by Brown which called forth these bitter verses. That he was in his old age when they were composed is certain from internal evidence. It is also certain that they cannot have been written later than 1734, for in that year the Earl of Clancarty died at Prals-Hoff in the territory of Hamburg. It is difficult to exaggerate the pathos of this poem. The poet represents himself as weeping in his old age for the banished nobles of the Gael, and in his need turning to one of the usurpers by whom he is repelled.

VIII.

VALENTINE BROWN.

A distressing sorrow has spread over my old hardened heart
 Since the foreign demons have come amongst us in the land of
 Conn,
 A cloud upon the sun of the west to whom the kingship of
 Munster was due;
 It is this which has caused me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

First, Cashel without society, guest-house, or horsemen,
 And the turrets of Brian's mansion black-flooded with otters,
 Ealla without a third of the chiefs descended from the kings of
 Munster;
 It is this which has made me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

The wild deer has lost the noble shape that was her wont before,
 10 Since the foreign raven nestled in the thick wood of Ross;
 The fishes shun the sun-lit stream and the calm, delightful rivulet;
 It is this that has caused me ever to have recourse to thee,
 Valentine Brown.

1. *ciac*. Disease in general, and the names of diseases in particular, are often used figuratively to denote sorrow, distress, or anguish. *ciac* is a feeling of smothering on the chest caused by cold, and its application here to sorrow, that, as it were, spreads over the heart, is singularly apt. *Ib.* *dúr*: hardened, senseless, passionless from age, as the trunk of an old tree may be called *dúr*.

6. The full expression is *do inaḃraoib*: the preposition is omitted, leaving the aspiration. *ó* could not be the preposition here. *Ib.* *úrḃe*, for *uirḃe*, to suit the metre.

7. *Ealla*. The district of Ealla, or Duhallow, had a great many minor chieftains under the clan system. Core was the first king of Cashel.

10. *iaḃaceta*: MS. *iaḃacṑac*, but metre requires the *é* elided. *Ib.* *ḃiac*: *M* *ḃiaḃac*, but which does not read well with *neadaiḡ*.

Δαιρινιρ τιαρ λαπλα νί'λ αϊε 'ον ελοινν ύιρ,
 Α hamburɣ, mo ειαε! λαπλα na peabac píoðac pύɣac;
 Seanapopɣ liaε ag ðian-ɣol πέ εεαεταρ ðioð pύð
 Ρά ðeapa ðam epiall piam opɛ a ðailincín ðpún.

Clúmh na n-ealtan meapa jnámhar pe ɣaoiε
 Map lúipeac ðealb caite air pápac ppaioɣ,
 Δiúltaio ceaεpa a laεta εál dá laoiɣ,
 20 Ó jruðail píoρ ðail a ɣ-ceapɛ na ɣ-Cáptac ɣ-caom.

Δo ptiúpaiɣ Pan a ðeapca a n-áipðe epíoð,
 Αɣ enúε cáp ɣaib an Mapρ ðo bápaiɣ pinn;
 Múpɣlaio aitiɣ ɣeappað lán an epíp,
 Αɣ ðpύɣað na mapð epapna ó jáil ɣo pinn.

13. Δαιρινιρ is Valentia Island; Domhnall MacCarthy More was made Earl of Clancare and Baron of Valentia by Elizabeth; the poet laments that a MacCarthy no longer holds the title.

14. hamburɣ: see XLVII. 16, note. 17-18. ɣlaím in M. I read clúmh in 17, which suits the metre, and lúipeac in 18 should be understood to mean 'covering' or 'fur.'

20. Sir Valentine Brown rendered some services to the Elizabethan government in connexion with the surveying of escheated lands, for which he was rewarded with "all those manors, castles, lordships, lands, and hereditaments whatever, in the counties of Cosmainge and Onaght O'Donoghue, in the counties of Desmond, Kerry, and Cork, late or sometime being in the possession of Teige

Dairinis in the west—it has no lord of the noble race ;
 Woe is me ! in Hamburg is the lord of the gentle, merry heroes ;
 Aged, grey-browed eyes, bitterly weeping for each of these,
 Have caused me ever to have recourse to thee, Valentine Brown.

The feathers of the swift flocks that fly adown the wind
 Like the wretched fur of a cat on a waste of heather ;
 Cattle refuse to yield their milk to their calves
 20 Since Valentine usurped the rights of the noble MacCarthy.

Pan directed his eyes high over the lands,
 Wondering whither the Mars had gone whose departure brought
 us to death ;
 Dwarfish churls ply the sword of the three fates,
 Hacking the dead crosswise from head to foot.

macDermod macCormac, and Rorie O'Donoghue More." *Ib.* For $\rho\acute{\iota}\omicron\rho$ $\delta\acute{\alpha}\iota\lambda$ M has an Uaíl.

22. There can be no doubt that the Mars is the Pretender, so " $\mathcal{M}\alpha\rho\rho$ $\zeta\alpha\eta$ $\beta\alpha\eta\eta\alpha$," VI. 5. $\delta\omicron$ $\beta\acute{\alpha}\rho\alpha\iota\zeta$ $\rho\acute{\iota}\eta\eta\eta$ = $\delta\omicron$ $\epsilon\upsilon\eta\eta$ $\rho\acute{\iota}\eta\eta$ $\epsilon\upsilon\eta\eta$ $\beta\acute{\alpha}\rho$, or rather $\delta\omicron$ $\lambda\epsilon\iota\zeta$ $\delta\acute{\alpha}\iota\eta\eta\eta$ $\beta\acute{\alpha}\rho$ δ' $\rho\acute{\alpha}\zeta\acute{\alpha}\iota\lambda$.

23. The MSS. practically all agree as to the text. One MS. in the Royal Irish Academy has $\mu\alpha\iota\rho\zeta\eta\delta$ $\alpha\iota\epsilon\iota\zeta$ $\zeta\alpha\rho\alpha\delta$ $\lambda\acute{\alpha}\eta$ $\alpha\eta$ $\epsilon\rho\acute{\iota}\rho$, but none other that I have seen aspirates the ζ of $\zeta\epsilon\alpha\rho\rho\alpha\delta$; for $\alpha\eta$ $\epsilon\rho\acute{\iota}\rho$: *cf.* XVIII. 40—

$\zeta\epsilon$ $\epsilon\omicron\mu\alpha\epsilon\tau\alpha$ $\delta\rho\alpha\omicron\iota\delta\epsilon\alpha\epsilon\tau\alpha$ $\alpha\eta$ $\epsilon\rho\acute{\iota}\rho$ $\beta\alpha\eta$ $\acute{\alpha}\rho\rho\alpha$,

$\lambda\acute{\alpha}\eta$ = $\lambda\alpha\eta\eta$ (?). The $\alpha\iota\epsilon\iota\zeta$ alluded to are, no doubt, men of the stamp of Cronin and Griffin : see *Intro.*

IX.

NUAIR DO ÉUIR NA h-ÉIRICIG easbog éORCAIGE
tar leAR.

Mo b'pón ! mo m'illeaḁ anoir mo leun le luaḁ !
An r'geḁl g'uirḁ éluinim t'ug me d'éapac, duairc ;
Mo r'gḁip do r'g'uir, do b'rip mo r'éan, mo r'uan,
Eḁin do éur tar muir air é'ig'ion uainn.

Mo r'tór, mo éir'be ruḁ a n-éim'peaḁt uaim
Mo éḁip, mo éion, mo éuib do'n éléip ḁan épuar ;
Níor leḁr leir r'inn ḁan r'puḁ na r'éile puair ;
Tar b'ḁéna a mb'puib ó cuir'eaḁ é monuar !

IX.—John Baptist Sleyne was appointed Bishop of Cork on the 13th April, 1693. In 1694 he was put in charge of Cloyne also. He was then 55 years of age, and was well known in Rome as a Professor of Moral Theology in the College of the Propaganda. In the list of unrolled parish priests of the year 1704 he is mentioned as an ordaining bishop up to the year 1698. In that year he was taken prisoner at Cork. On the 27th March, 1703, he wrote a letter, in French, to Cardinal de Giamstone from which we translate a few extracts:—"God at last permitted that I should be taken prisoner in my episcopal city, where I remained in this state for five years, being the most part of the time in bed ; until, at the close of last month, the mayor and aldermen of Cork made me rise up from my bed by means of a troop of soldiers, who, without having regard either to my advanced age, or to the state to which frequent pains of gout and gravel have reduced me, carried me off in the sight of all the people in a little boat which landed me a few days ago a league from Lisbon, where I had the consolation of being immediately visited by the French Ambassador, who, as a worthy minister of so great and so pious a monarch, has offered me his lodgings and everything that he could do to aid me." Translated from *Spicilegium Ossoriense*, vol. ii., p. 369. The Nuncio in Lisbon, writing on the 24th of April, 1703, about this new arrival, says:—"Notwithstanding the Act of

IX.

WHEN THE BISHOP OF CORK WAS SENT OVER THE SEA
BY THE HERETICS.

My grief, my undoing now, my anguish to be related !
 The bitter tidings I hear has made me tearful and troubled,
 It has upset my mind, it has shattered my happiness and my
 rest,
 The sending of John across the main from us by force.

My store, my treasure, he has taken from me all at once,
 My justice, my affection, my favourite among the clergy without
 harshness,
 He was not content that I should lack the stream of refreshing
 generosity;
 Since he is put in bondage beyond the main, woe is me !

Parliament banishing all the Prelates and the Religious from that kingdom, he would not abandon the flock entrusted to him ; for which reason he was thrown into prison, and kept there many years in such rigorous confinement that he was not permitted to converse with any one. Nevertheless some Catholics found means to penetrate into his cell, and he exercised his sacred ministry as best he could. The Protestant ministers being enraged at this, compelled him, so to say, to embark naked, on a sudden, in a little vessel that was sailing for Portugal."—*Ib.*

The Sovereign Pontiff, in a letter, *in forma brevis*, to the King of Portugal, on behalf of the Irish Catholics, dated September, 1709, makes honourable mention of Dr. Sleyne. Dr. Sleyne died at the convent of Buon Successo, February 16th, 1712.

The departure of Dr. Sleyne in a little boat from Cork is the subject of the above lyric as well as that by Mac Cartain (L).

7. *puar* = *puarpe*, 'refreshing.' Perhaps na *péile puar* = 'the hospitality which he had got,' that is, with which he was endowed. Perhaps for *pinn* we should read *pinn*.

8. The last line stands by itself (?), "Alas, that he was sent across the sea into captivity."

X.

AN FÍLE A Ḡ-CAISLEÁN AN TÓCHAR.

Dó fíubál míre an Ílunáin mín,
'Só éúinne an Doirpe ḡo Dún na Ríóḡ,
Mo éúma níor bhríeasó céar fúḡasó fínn
ḡo feicrimiz bhríḡ Čaiḡḡ an Dúna.

Dó mearap am' aighe ír fóir am' éroiḡe,
An marb ba marb ḡur beó do bí,
Aḡ carḡar macra feóil ír fíon,
Punch dá čaitioim ír branda.

10

Feóil do beapail ír éanla ón d-tuinn
Ceóltá, ír cantain, ír cpaop na diḡe;
Róirda blarḡa, ír céir ḡan tiḡeal,
Conairiz ír ḡaḡair ír aḡrḡaró.

Dronḡ aḡ imčeačt, ír dronḡ aḡ tiḡeačt,
Ír dronḡ aḡ racairpeačt dúinn ḡo bínn,
Dronḡ air rpallmaib úra aḡ ḡuiḡe,
'S aḡ leaḡasó na b-plaiteap ḡo ceannra.

X.—Castle Tochar belonged to a branch of the Mac Carthy family renowned for their hospitality. The Tadhg an Duna mentioned in this poem was the second of that name. He died in 1696, and was lamented in fervid strains by O'Rahilly's satirist, Domhnall na Tuille. O'Rahilly must have been young when Tadhg an Duna died, but probably was a frequent visitor to the Castles of Toghar and Dunmanway, as he seems to have resided in his youth, for some time at least, in Iveleary, which adjoins the territory once owned by the Mac Carthys of Gleann an Chroim. The plot of this little poem is as beautiful as its descriptions are fresh. Tadhg an Duna was no more; strangers were holding sway in his mansion when the poet visited the old haunt. Yet so lavish is the board, so many visitors come and go, so varied are the amusements, that he thinks old Tadhg is again alive amid

X.

THE POET AT CAISLEAN AN TOCHAIR.

I have traversed fair Munster,
 And from the corner of Derry to Dun na Riogh
 My grief was not checked, merry though I was,
 Till I beheld the mansion of Tadhg an Duna.

I thought within my soul and eke within my heart
 That the dead, who had died, was alive,
 Amidst the carouse of the youths with meat and wine,
 Where punch was drunk, and brandy.

Meat on spits, and wild fowl from the ocean;
 10 Music and song, and drinking bouts;
 Delicious roast meat and spotless honey,
 Hounds and dogs and baying.

A company going, and a company coming,
 And a company entertaining us melodiously,
 And a company praying on the cold flags,
 And meekly melting the heavens.

his revellers as of yore. But the mystery is explained. It is Warner who has taken the place of the generous chieftain. For a very interesting account of Tadhg an Duna, and of Gleann an Chroim, see "The Mac Carthys of Gleann an Chroim," by Daniel Mac Carthy Glas. See also Introduction to XXXVIII.

1. The more usual form of acc. is *Muina*. The MSS. have *po* after *mín*, and the next line begins with *Cúinne*.

2. Perhaps the corner of Ireland in which Derry is situated is meant. *Tún na Ríog*, perhaps Tara.

6. *ba mairb*. MSS. *do mairb*. 11. MS. *tiúmall*. 12. MS. *tiogáóct*.

Nó go b-ruapar ranar ó aon don éúirt,
 Sur b'í Warner ceannaraé réim glan rúgaé,
 Do b'í ran m-baile geal aorba élmúil,
 20 Plaié nar b-pann roim deoruidé.

'Sé Dia do épuéuig an raogal plán,
 Ir éuig rial a n-ionad an féil ruair báir,
 Ag riap air muiuir, air éléir, air óáim,
 Cúpaé naé fallra, mór-éroié.

Until one of the mansion gave me to know
That it was Warner, the affectionate, the mild, the pure, the
joyous,

20

Who was in this bright, ancient, famous dwelling,
A chieftain not weak in hospitality to strangers.

It is God who has created the whole world,
And given us one generous man for another that has died,
Who bestows upon families, scholars, and bards,
A champion not false, and great of heart.

XI.

D'FINNĠIN UA DONNĠUĠA AN ĠLEANNA.

Fáilte ir da'cib ó óraoicib céad
 Do bláé na peabac naé íriol méin,
 Ó áitpeab Sazron ir cinnce daor,
 Ġo h-árur PlearĠa na peanĠ-ban.

ComĠiaó cupata, cpáibceac, caom,
 Plait map OrĠar a m-bearnaim baogail,
 Nearc treun, roibir, rárdá, réim,
 Ir euan na banba tá lán lag.

10

Súil ir Ġluirpe 'ná d'rucé air féor,
 Úir na cpuinne aĠur fionn-dair mór,
 Ir clú dá éime 'ran lliumain Ġo deó,
 An Phœnix áró naé cpannóa.

Laoc meap Ġpeanta, Ġlan, dípeac, rial,
 Do p'réim na PlearĠa 'r do íriol na b-Ġiann,
 Céile ĠairĠe, fear fionta riap,
 FinnĠin Ġroiðe mac Doimnaill.

XI.—Finneen O'Donoghue was son of the O'Donoghue Dubh of the Glen, and was an object of dread and terror to the settlers. Colonel Hedges writes, in 1714, that he was the man they most feared in Kerry. He appears to be the person who figures as Finneen Beg in the correspondence with the Castle officials of the period. It is curious to note from what different points of view our poet and a man like Colonel Hedges estimate his character. Any one who studies the records of those troubled times will see how justly the poet describes Finneen when he calls him the stay of his country and the shelter of the bards. Miss Hickson thinks that Finneen afterwards joined the Irish Brigade in the French service. See in "Old Kerry Records," vol. ii., the chapter entitled "Kerry in the Eighteenth Century."

XI.

TO FINNEEN O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN.

One and forty welcomes from a hundred druids
To the flower of warriors, of mein not lowly,
From the home of the niggardly, guilty Saxons,
To the dwelling of the Flesk, of the slender women.

A stag, valiant, devout, gentle,
A chieftain like Osgar in the gap of danger,
A power, brave, pleasant, peaceful, mild,
And a haven to Banba, who is very weak.

10 An eye more sparkling than the dew upon the grass,
Mould of the world, and a fair, great oak,
An honour to his race in Munster for ever
Is the high Phœnix, not shrivelled.

A warrior, nimble, shapely, pure, honourable, hospitable,
Of the root-stock of the Flesk, and of the seed of the Fianna,
Wedded to heroism, a man who distributes wines,
Is the valorous Finneen, son of Domhnall.

5. *comfriað*, lit. 'hound stag.' *com* has an intensitive sense, as in *con-ðiaðal*; *caipfriað* would give assonance.

8. For *lán-lað*, perhaps *lom-lað*, or *pann lað* should be read.

10. *úr* I have translated 'mould,' but the meaning seems doubtful. Some MSS. have *úr*. The word has a host of meanings. Perhaps 'the sun of the universe' is the proper translation.

12. Phœnix has no very particular meaning, the idea is 'a paragon of perfection,' 'something unique.'

20

Uapal d'uibíḡ ó ríḡéib é,
 Uan na reabac ón Inre an laoc,
 Ir buan-éap eorname dá éir ḡo treun
 An ríḡ-ḡear uuibreac ceannra.

Aon dor tapmuin d'éiríib Óuinn,
 Craob bað raémar ó léan-loé linn,
 Réilteann d'uibíḡ d'puil éibir ḡínn;
 Páilte Uí Céalla don planda.

17. d'uibíḡ, lit. 'ripened'; that is, sprung from, and came to maturity
cf. "d'uibíḡ im' éaob-ra créim aḡur cneab," which ripened in my side a
 smarting and a sigh.—"Arachtach Sean."

18. ón Inre, the name of the place where O'Donoghue lived at Glenflesk.

21. Óuinn. MS. éaoin, but this is also the reading of M in VIII. 2, where
 A has Óuinn, both words are pronounced alike.

A noble is he who ripened from kings ;
Lamb amongst the warriors from Inch is the hero ;
A lasting head of defence for his country with bravery
20 Is the princely man, proud and gentle.

The only bush of refuge left to the bards of Conn,
A prosperous branch amongst us from Lough Lein,
A star that ripened from the blood of Eibhear Fionn ;
O'Kelly's welcome to the young scion.

22. The O'Donoghues of Glenflesk were a branch of the O'Donoghues of Lough Lein. The latter drove the O'Carrolls from around Lough Lein, and settled there, giving the district the name of Eoghanacht Locha Lein, and afterwards Eoghanacht Uí Dhonnchadha.

24. Uí Céalla ; the allusion is obscure. A poem by O'Brudar opens with this phrase.

XII.

air ḡás trír éloinne éaiḡ uí éróinín.

Do ḡéir an Ráiḡ lílór, do raobaḡ a reól,
 Do leunaḡ a reun rin, do pléarḡ tiz an bḡóin;
 Do léir-éuireaḡ ceḡ naḡ léir ḡam an reḡ
 Air a h-aol-bḡoḡ do b' réile, cáir leunmair an rḡeól.

Do béim-rḡrioraḡ reḡ le treun-éuille móir
 A ḡréire, 'ra reubairb, 'ra caolac, 'ra ceól,
 Do léim-ríḡ an rimól iona h-éabhan dá dḡḡaḡ
 A caom-éuille ḡaora 'r a raor-éoirn óir.

Ir ciaḡ ḡuirḡ ir treirḡ, ir rian-ḡum ḡan leiḡear,
 10 Ir ḡian-éreaḡ 'ran iarḡar ir riabur dub teimn;
 Mian ḡoil ḡan meirḡ, eiaḡ-éuirpe tairim
 Éiblin a ḡ-cré éille, ḡairmuir, ir Taḡḡ.

A ḡia d'ḡuiling creirill ir rian-loḡ an baill
 'Dob' naim-bḡoḡ leat riaraiz an triar ro re ḡreim;
 Ciallraḡ ḡo raibḡir dá b-ríal-aḡair ḡairim,
 ḡo b-riabraib ré réacḡaḡ dob' ḡia-éoil ad' raḡare.

XII.—In the O'Curry Catalogue of the R.I.A. MSS. the children lamented in this most beautiful elegy are said to belong to Timothy Cronin, whereas in the Catalogue of the British Museum MSS., where it is stated that they were drowned, Patrick is the name given. There is a copy of the poem in vol. 69 of the Renehan MSS., Maynooth. In the "Book of Claims" on forfeited estates entered on or before the 10th of August, 1701, we have the following entry:—"No. 2215, Darby Cronine claims a term for three lives, two in being, on Raghmore Shimmogh (should be Shinnagh) and Mills, and four (illegible) of Clonntyny, by lease dated 20th October, 1675. Witnesses, Edward Daniel, Connell O'Leary, and another. Forfeiting proprietor Nicholas Browne *alias* Lord Kenmare." Copied from "Old Kerry Records," vol. i., p. 225. For references made by Colonel Hedges to the Cronins in his correspondence with Dublin Castle, see Introduction.

6. reubairb, dat. for nom. *Ib.* caolac, MS. caollaḡ, "the roof wattling of a house under the thatch" (see Stokes' *Lismore Lives*, index, p. 387): what corresponds to the ribs of a man. Hence 'the breast' of a man: cf. dá

XII.

ON THE DEATH OF TADHG O'CRONIN'S THREE CHILDREN.

Rathmore moaned, her sails were rent,
 Her prosperity was maimed, the house of sorrow burst;
 A fog fell so thickly that I cannot see the sward,
 On her lime-white mansion, the most hospitable—sore affliction
 is the tidings.

Moreover, violently snatched away by a strong, great flood
 Are her prizes, her jewels, her roof-tree, her music;
 A spark leaped up unto her forehead, burning her
 And her beautiful, precious coverlets, and her noble goblets of
 gold.

It is bitter sorrow and torture, it is painful wounding without
 cure,

10 It is a sore calamity in the west, it is a black, sickly fever,
 It is a longing to weep, without mirth, it is a fit of heart-
 sickness,—
 That Eileen is in the clay of the churchyard, and Diarmuid
 and Tadhg.

O Lord, who didst suffer death and the signal insult of the blind,
 Conduct to Thy mansion of brightness the three who are in
 bondage;

A store of wisdom I beseech for their hospitable father,
 That he may be able to bow down in Thy sight before Thy
 Divine Will.

ngealannaib fíor-óilíe 'r bá g-caolaic úr, XXII. 222. It also means rods or wattles, apart from their connexion with roofing: see II. 42, and XXVI. 87.

13. cpeibíl. O'R. gives cpeibíl báir, 'the knell of death.' *Ib.* rian loic: cf. na rian-bairc peóla, XV. 40, and rian upéair, *Blaithfheasg*, p. 25.

15. ciallrað, from ciall, like pulrað, from pul. *Ib.* raibbír must be pronounced raibír, one syllable; gairim, for gairim.

Τρί πέαρλα γαν τιμῆαλ βαῶ πέιμ-οίλτε πλιῆε,
 Τρί πέιθ-κοιμνιολ γρέιμε τρί αον-ῥαρδα α νῆνιόμ,
 Τρί δέαρα νάρ ἐλαοιμ, νίορ β' αορῆαρ α ν-αοιρ,
 20 Τρί πέιλτεααν α θ-τρείετ 'ρ α μ-βρείερε γαν πῦμπ.

Τρί τευδα βαῶ βίνν, τρί κρέαετα 'ραν τίρ,
 Τρί ναοῖμ-λεινβ ναοῖετα, ἐυῆ γευρ-ῥεαρς δο Ὀρίορτ;
 Α θ-τρί μ-βευλ, α θ-τρί ῥ-εποιθε, α θ-τρί ραορ-ὀορρ πά λιοῆ,
 Α θ-τρί ν-ευδαν βαῶ ῥλέγεαλ αῆ θαολαιβ, ιρ θίε.

Τρί πῖονύρ βαῶ ἐαοιμ, τρί κολύρ γαν βαοιρ,
 Τρί πρῖομ-υβλα εραοιβ ὑίρ βαῶ πῖῆεαῖαλ α θ-τίῆεαρ;
 Τρί πῖορν-εῦιρ αν τιῆε, νάρ ἐρίον-διύλτα ῥναοι,
 Α θ-τρί πῖμ-ὀομ α μῖον-ῥῥύιθ δο λῖον δυβὰε μο ἐποιθε.

Τρί θίε λιμ α ν-θίε, τρί εαοι εῦιρ μο ἐαοι,
 30 Τρί αοιμ-ῥόιθ αν ναοῖμ-ῦιρθ, τρί ελί ἐύῖμπα βί;
 Ιρ γυρ ρῥῖοβ ἐυῆαθ δοκ ἐίλλ τρί ῥναοι μῦντε ῥῖνν,
 Α Ρίῆ, ρεῖιρ θοθ' πῖῆ-εῦιρτ αν θίρ ὑθ 'ραν τ-αοιμ.

18. πέιθ-κοιμνιολ: MS. πέ-κοιμνιολ. *Ib.* αον-ῥαρδα: *cf.* αον-ῥεαλ; also α ν-αοιμ-εῦιλῆ ῥναε, XVI.

21. κρέαετα means 'cuttings, ravines, deep valleys': *cf.*—

“Κρέαετα αν εαλανῖ αῆ πρεαῆαριτ 'ρ αῆ ρόῆαριτ.”—XXII. 8.

It seems improbable, from the context, that κρέαετα has the meaning 'wounds,' here.

31. ρῥῖοβ, MS. ρῥῖοβ, but *cf.* “βεῖθ με αῆ ρῥῖοβαθ λιμ.”

Three stainless pearls, three of mild, polished manners,
Three calm candles of the sun, three most skilful in action,
Three ears of corn, without bending, who were not old in years,
20 Three stars in virtues and words without pride.

Three melodious strings, three glens in the earth,
Three sainted, holy children who fondly loved Christ,
Their three mouths, their three hearts, their three noble bodies
beneath a stone,
Their three fair, bright foreheads the prey of chafers—it is
ruin!

Three fair vines three doves without folly,
Three prime apples from a fresh bough, that were royal in
their dwelling,
Three fair turrets of the house, three with faces not old, nor
forbidding;
Their three slender waists, their smooth cheeks, have filled
my heart with sorrow.

A triple loss their loss to me; a triple lamentation the cause of
my weeping—
30 The three sole standing grounds of the sacred clergy, three
sweet live breasts;
And since they have passed to Thee, to the grave—the three of
refined and cheerful aspect—
O King, direct them to Thy royal mansion—those two and the one.

XIII.

MARBNA SEAGÁIN BRÚIN.

Tárg tré a g-caiēib deapca deōra,
 Fát tré a b-ƿeacaid cƿanna iƿ cōr-ēnuic,
 Cár tré a g-cƿeaēaid ƿlaēa iƿ mōrōa,
 Seaḡán mac b̄ail a b-ƿeapc aip ƿeoēaē.

A báip, ƿo m̄eallaiƿ leac ár lōēpann,
 Fál ár n-apbap ár m-bailte 'r ár b-tōppam̄,
 ḡárda ap b-teac ár m-ban 'r ár m-bólaēc,
 Ár ƿḡát ƿoiū ƿḡeanaib ƿeanta ƿóipne.

10 Ár ƿḡiaē b̄in ár ƿíḡ iƿ ár ƿó-ƿlaiē,
 Ár ḡ-cloḡaē cƿuaiē ḡo buan ēum cōmƿaic,
 Ár nḡpian ḡeimpe, ár ƿoillpe, ár loēpann,
 Ár ḡ-cƿann baḡaip, ár b-taiēn̄ioū, ár nḡlóipe.

Ár b-túr bainḡion ƿia naīaib, ár ḡ-cƿdōaēc
 Ár ḡ-ciall, ár ƿaēape, ár b-ƿeīm, ár mōrēion,
 Ár nḡnaoi 'r ár mēm, ár nḡné 'r ár ƿóḡaēap,
 Ár m-bāb, ár m-bape, ár maipe iƿ ár m-beōdāēc.

20 Ár n-Opḡap teann, ár laḡapēa, ár nḡlópēa,
 Ár Phœnix mullaig, ár ḡ-cupaē iƿ ár ḡ-cōmēp̄om,
 Ár n-apm a n-am ƿeapam̄ le ƿópluēc,
 Ár Caepap tpeun, ár ƿéilteann eóluiƿ.

XIII.—For remarks on this poem see Introduction. There are two copies among the Murphy MSS., but only one gives the whole poem; the other omits several stanzas in the middle; one copy in the R.I.A. omits the same stanzas. In the heading of a R.I.A. copy it is stated incorrectly that John Brown was the grandfather of (the then) Lord Kenmare. Captain John Brown of Ardagh, the subject of this elegy, died without issue August 15th, 1706; thus we have fixed

XIII.

ELEGY ON JOHN BROWN.

News through which eyes stream forth tears,
 The reason why trees and stately hills bend down,
 A trouble through which mightiest chiefs tremble,
 Is that John, son of Valentine, is mouldering in a tomb.

O death, thou hast enticed away with thee our torchlight,
 The fence of our harvests, of our homes, of our wakes,
 The guard of our houses, of our women, of our kine,
 Our protection against the flaying knives of brigand bands.

Our shield of safety, our prince, our high chieftain,
 10 Our steel helmet enduring for the fight,
 Our winter's sun, our light, our torch,
 Our staff to threaten, our darling, our glory,

Our strong tower against the foe, our valour,
 Our reason, our sight, our strength, our great love,
 Our visage, our mien, our comeliness, our delight,
 Our boat, our ship, our beauty, our vigour,

Our stout Osgar, our speech, our voice,
 Our Phoenix of the mountain top, our champion, our justice,
 Our weapon when we have to stand against vast troops,
 20 Our strong Cæsar, our guiding star.

accurately the date of this poem. He had for a long time acted as agent on the Kenmare Estate.

4. *mac báil*. John Brown was son of Sir Valentine Brown, second baronet of that name. *Íb.*, *peócað*; *MS.*, *peócaimc*.

6. *M ð-topaim*. *A ð-toppið*.

18. *Phoenix*. One *MS.* *ap ppeime* (= *ap ð-peimnið*), 'our champion.' It is doubtful whether a particular "mullach" is meant.

Mo nuar an tír fá rǵíor ad' ðeóid-pe,
 Ir iad gan triaé aét Dia na glóipe,
 Ár ġ-coillte dá ríor-rǵríor le fórra,
 Ir laíđnıđ ađ blaiðrıđ 'na n-bóırıb.

Atá Mađonıte ġo rıngıl gan nócar,
 Tá Cıll Aırne cárrıar deórac,
 Dá éaoð Mainġe pé ġallalıb gan teóra,
 Sııab luaéra a nġuairaeát dá þóđrapað.

30 An uair do rıé an mıur tap córtar,
 'S an tan do bıır loé ġuir fá mırmrıb,
 Aır ġéım an Ruır do érıé an éóıge,
 Tréııre rıııı a ðul aır feóéað.

Do rıé reatıa ón rıéır aır Eođanaáé,
 Aır Phæbus do éııt éıclırr ceó ðıııb,
 Do bı an rae 'ran t-aodar ġo bıónac,
 Ir léan-loé ađ ġéııreapð ġo tóırıreapð.

40 Do bı an laoi dá éaoı, bað éóır bı,
 Ir Dún baoi na laórapð fóırıırt,
 Dún Dađða ġo dúbac creacac deórac,
 Ir Dún Aonrıır ġo creáétaé tóırıreapð.

An ġuairaeát ro aır Éuaııan do bıeóıđ me,
 'S an buaiðreapı ro aır Óluan na n-óđ-bıreıé,
 buaiðreapı ir buaircear dá þóđairt,
 Dá éııııı ġur rǵéıđ rııb dá b-pórralıb.

22. This line occurs again, with a little change, XXXIV. 24.

23. A special stipulation, about the woods, was made at the sale of Brown's estate to Asgill. They were to be handed over to the purchaser. The woods, it is said, were destroyed to the value of £20,000 : see Introd.

24. Laíđnıđ : Leinstermen, or Palemen. *Ib.*, ađ blaiðrıđ. M a m-bııađna, which disturbs the metre, and gives but indifferent sense blaiðreapð = blaðrac, 'braying, roaring.'

Alas! the land is wearied at thy loss!
 Its people without a lord, save the God of glory!
 Our woods are being destroyed by violence,
 And Leinstermen clamouring at our people's doors.

Magonihy is helpless, without a spouse;
 Killarney is querulous and tearful;
 On either side of the Maine the foreigners hold boundless sway
 And Sliabh Luachra is in trouble proclaiming his death.

30 When the sea rushed beyond its bounds,
 And what time Lough Gur overflowed into the moorlands,
 At the roar of Ross the province shook,
 A short space ere he went unto decay.

Stars from heaven fell on the Eoghanacht,
 And an eclipse of black mist fell on Phœbus,
 The moon and the air were in grief,
 And Lough Lein moaned sorrowfully.

40 The Lee bewailed him, it was just she should,
 And Dunboy, of the mighty heroes;
 And Dundaghda was sad, oppressed, and tearful;
 And Dun Aonfhir, wounded, and sorrowful.

This trouble that has seized on Thomond has oppressed me,
 And this distress on Cluain of the new-births—
 Distress and grief proclaiming his death,
 And claiming that he sprang from their stock.

25. *nócap*, the MS. spelling. The first syllable must be an *o*-sound.

33. The Eoghanacht meant is Eoghanacht O'Donoghue: see XI. 22, note.

37. *bá éóir ði*, because of his mother, who was *péapla an Uaol*, 108, *infra*.

42. Cluain, probably Clonmeen, the home of the O'Callaghans.

43. A has *buaireamh go deoraic ag foḡairt*; the whole stanza is unsettled in the MSS.

A m-bun Raite do éairbíl an mór-ríoil,
 A m-bun Roḡair bað érom a ngeóna,
 A ḡ-Cnoc Áine d'árḡaig mór ḡol,
 Iḡ tá Cnoc bḡeannain tḡaoḡta a n-deopaiḡ.

50 Ní h-é an ḡol ro iḡ doiḡte bḡeóig me,
 Aḡt ḡol na pinne bí aḡat map nḡar,
 ḡol na ḡile léḡ rḡaiḡmeaḡ ḡo h-ḡḡ éu
 D'ḡuil an diúic, dá éḡú, iḡ dá éomḡur.

ḡol an ḡḡúnaig éomḡantaiḡ, éḡḡḡa,
 Aḡá a lonḡuin fé ḡub-rḡaḡt fḡirḡe,
 ḡol a éloinne—ḡáid uile ḡo bḡónaḡ,
 Iḡ dian-ḡol Máible iḡ epáidḡte deḡḡaḡ.

ḡol na ḡḡuinḡe léḡ h-oileaḡ tu aḡ' ḡiḡe,
 Do ḡḡeim na ríḡḡe baḡ éumapaḡ epḡḡa,
 Laoḡḡa baḡ laoḡur a n-ḡleḡ-bḡuiḡ,
 60 Do ḡleactaiḡ Éin fuaḡḡ rḡeim dá éḡiḡe.

A éomḡalta eléib na paop-ḡlaiḡ mḡḡḡa,
 Na laoḡaiḡeaḡ do bí aḡ Éirinn pḡḡḡa,
 Iḡ na n-bḡeám do ḡḡeim-ḡlioḡt Eḡḡain
 Dáḡ ḡual ḡéilleaḡ an t-Sléibe 'ḡan Tḡḡair.

Liaḡt a ḡaolḡa, iḡ céim a ḡ-éḡimḡeaḡ,
 Do ḡḡian t-ḡlioḡt Éibḡ, Néill iḡ Eḡḡain,
 Iḡ ná paiḡ aon do rḡeibḡ Fḡḡla,
 ḡan a ḡaol ḡan bḡeim fá ḡḡ leḡḡ.

45. M mop-ḡḡl. *Ib.*, bun Raite: properly, bun ḡḡaḡḡaiḡe.

46. M a ḡ-Cluan Saḡḡaba d'apḡuiḡ ḡeóinte.

47. Cnoc 'Áine, Knockany, in county Limerick.

48. Cnoc bḡeannain, Brandon Mountain, in Kerry.

50-2. His wife was Joan, sister of Pierce, the sixth Lord Cahir, a near relative of the Duke of Ormond.

53. an ḡḡúnaig. Nicholas, second Lord Kenmare, who was banished for his adherence to James II. He died at Brussels, in April, 1720.

At Bunratty a vast multitude assembled ;
 At Bun Roghair heavy were their cries ;
 At Knockaney a loud wailing arose ;
 And Cnoc Breannain is subdued with tears.

50 It is not this weeping that has oppressed me most painfully,
 But the weeping of the fair one whom thou hadst to wife,
 The weeping of the bright one to whom thou wert united in
 thy youth,
 Of the blood of the Duke, of his race, and of his kinsfolk ;

The weeping of Brown, the helpful, the valiant,
 Who is in London under the dire yoke of a horde ;
 The weeping of his children—they are all sorrowful—
 And the strong weeping of Mabel, who is troubled and tearful ;

The weeping of those with whom thou wert fostered in thy
 youth,
 Of the root-stock of the kings, who were able and valiant—
 Heroes who showed heroism in the stress of battle,
 60 Of the progeny of Cian, who obtained sway for his province.

Beloved foster-brother of the great, noble chieftains—
 The O'Learys who were wedded to Erin,
 And the chieftains of the root-stock of Eoghan,
 Who held hereditary sway over the Sliabh and the Tochar.

So many are his kinsmen, it is hard to tell them,
 Of the radiant race of Eibhear, Niall, and Eoghan ;
 Nor was there one of the kings of Fodla
 Who is not doubly akin to him without blemish.

56. Mábile ; who Mabel was, I have been unable to find out.

60. Céin, Cian was the third son of Olioll Oluim.

63-4. For Tochar, see X. ; for Sliabh, cf. XXXV. 47.

68. M ḡan a ḡol ḡan béim ra ḡop leir, which must be corrupt. ḡol will not correspond with béim, and ḡop, which means a 'rule' or 'line,' can hardly be the word the poet used ; the reading in text is that of A.

'San méad do ḡallaiḃ baḋ fearḋa fórraḋ,
 70 A laóera, a plaḋa, a maiḋe, 'ra leḋḡain,
 Náṛ ḡéill d'aḋtaiḃ na Saḡran, ḡan ḡleḋ-ḋur,
 Ḑo tpeun tap ḡraḋ rḡaipeaḋ a n-ór-fuil.

lapla fairrinḡ Óill Ḑara na ḡ-eóirpeaḋ,
 An t-lapla ón Ḑainḡean an ḋarraḋ 'ran Róirpeaḋ,
 An t-lapla ó Ḑallaiḃ baḋ ḋaca le coimṛac,
 An t-lapla ón ḡ-Caḋair, ir plaḋa Ḑunḋóinne.

An Cúrraḋ 'ran ḋuncur baḋ éóirḡe,
 Triaḋ Óille Coinne, 'ran Ríḋipe ró-ḋil,
 Triaḋ na Lice, Mac Muirir 'ra coimḡur,
 80 'S an triaḋ ó Innir ḋó Finne na ḡ-ceólta.

Aḋḋar uaḋair buaiḋearḋa 'r bṛónḡuil,
 Aḋnuad luit ir uile ḡan teóra,
 Méaduḡaḋ ḋian air ḋiaḋ 'ran éóirḡe,
 Cíor ḋur ḋ-pearann aḡ Arḡill ḋá éóimṛean.

An ḋara cár do éraíḋ an éóirḡe
 Ḑríora ir Taḋḡ a ḋ-peidm 'ra mórcur
 Léṛ díḋpeaḋ ár raoirḋe móṛḋa
 Ar a ḋ-pearannaib cairṽe ir córa.

Ir ḋíḋ-ḋpeaḋ ḋur ḡ-coillte air feḋḋaḋ,
 90 Ir mailír Ḑaiḋḡ aḡ aḋaint map ṛmól ḋub,
 Ḑan aimṛar ṽá a ḡ-ceann 'raḋ-tóin leir,
 Ón lá ḋ'imḋiḡ rḡiaḋ upraib na ṛlóirḡe.

Tuirpe cṛoiḋe ḋon tíṛ tu air feḋḋaḋ,
 A ḡéaḡ do ṛṛíom na míleaḋ móṛḋa,
 Ir tu ár n-ḋíon air ḡaoirḋ na ḋóḋna,
 O díḋpeaḋ an ṛíḡ ceapṽ le fóṛlaḋṽ.

78. an Ríḋipe, the Knight of Glin : see XXVI.

79. triaḋ na Lice, the Lord of Lixnaw, so called from a great stone supposed to have been on the bank of the river Brick. lic ṛnaḡa, 'the flag of the swimming.' Mac Muiris = Fitzmaurice.

81. uaḋair : see IV. 29, note.

And as many of the foreigners as were virile and valiant—
 70 Their heroes, their champions, their leaders, their warriors,
 Who did not submit to the enactments of the Saxons, without
 taking up arms—
 Mightily, and beyond measure, was poured out their golden blood ;

The wide ruling Earl of Kildare, of the feasts,
 The earl from Dingle, Barry, and Roche,
 The Lord of Talla, who was a stay in the battle,
 And the Lord of Cahir, and the chieftains of Dunboyne ;

De Courcey, who was first in the conquest,
 The Lord of Kilkenny, and the much-beloved Knight,
 The Lord of Lixnaw, Fitzmaurice, and kinsmen,
 80 And the Lord of Innisbofin of the melodies.

Cause of wounded pride, of sorrow, of distressful weeping,
 Renewal of destruction, and of boundless evil,
 Heavy increase of sorrow in the province—
 Asgill counting the rents of your lands.

The second cause of anguish to the province!—
 Griffin and Tadhg prosperous and insolent ;
 They through whose means our great nobles were expelled
 From the lands which were theirs by law and justice.

A ruinous waste is it—your woods lying in decay,
 90 While Tadhg's malice burns like a black ember ;
 Without question all of them are his from head to foot,
 Since the day on which the shielding chief of hosts departed.

It is anguish of heart to the land, that thou art mouldering,
 Thou branch of the ancient stock of great warriors!
 Our shelter from the winds of the ocean,
 Since the king was banished by violence.

84. Ἀργίλλ. John Asgill, who purchased the Lord Kenmare's estate, and married his daughter Joan : see Introd.

86. Ὀρίοπα : see XVII. ; Ταδῆ, Tadhg Dubh O'Cronin, a hearth-money collector and under-agent, whom the poet satirized for his extortion : see Introd.

100 Do b'ir-re ceannra d'p'ann nó p'ó-laḡ,
 Do b'ir-re teann le teann ḡan p'ó-éapτ,
 Níor éura an pannaḡ cam cap mór'ò,a,
 Aét epiaḡ do meabpαιḡ peabap ḡac pompla.

Aitéim Dia ḡo dian ad' éomair-pe,
 An Spiopaḡ Naom ḡo tpeun 'ran mór-lilac,
 Óḡa 'r appτail 'r aingil 'na plóḡτib,
 Doo' éom'beaḡτ ḡo p'íḡaḡτ na ḡlóipe.

AN PEART-LAOIḡ.

Pé an lic ip dubaḡ olúḡ-éupḡa an Phœnix ḡaoiḡil,
 Cupaḡ clúmnil, Cúḡulainn, Caepap ḡroiḡe,
 bile búḡḡ, ḡnúip poiḡib, aodapaḡ, caoin,
 Do cuiplinn úip b'p'únaḡ ip p'éapla an laoi.

110 Tupaḡ Muḡan p'úτ aḡá epaoḡḡa, a líḡḡ,
 Cupḡa a n-úip ep'ú-ḡol ḡo tpeun don típ,
 Cipτe úipḡ, uḡḡap baḡ ḡeup 'ran bliḡe,
 An buinne cúil cuipra do p'p'réim na p'íḡḡ.

A leac ip náip ḡo b'p'áḡ do m'ioḡḡair-pe linn,
 Pá élaip an b'p'áca d'p'áḡair pinḡil ap ḡ-éinn,
 Cp'eaḡ ip ep'áḡ na mná pin aḡaḡ, a líḡḡ,
 Óail ip Seaḡán ó τáib p'áḡ' b'p'innaiḡ 'na luiḡe.

108. Peapla an Laoi. John Brown's mother was Mary, second daughter of Cormac, Lord Muskerry; the chief residence of the Mac Carthys, of Muskerry, up to 1688, was Blarney, near the Lee. 109. tupaḡ: A has cuipuiḡe.

112. buinne is used of a binding layer of rods in wicker-work, either at the

Thou wert mild to the weak and feeble ;
 Thou wert strong against the strong who had not right ;
 Thou wert not avaricious, crooked, cantakerous, given to pride,
 100 But a chieftain who realised the perfection of every pattern.

Earnestly do I beseech God in thy behalf,
 The Holy Spirit of Might, and the Divine Son,
 That virgins, and apostles, and angels in hosts
 May conduct thee to the kingdom of glory.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath the stone, alas ! is firmly laid the Phœnix of a Gael,
 A champion of fame, a Cuchulainn, a mighty Cæsar,
 A noble of mild, peaceful countenance, gay, comely,
 Sprung from the noble pulse of Brown and of the Pearl of the
 Lee.

O stone, beneath thee lies vanquished the foremost of
 Munstermen,
 110 Laid in the earth—a cause of piteous bitter weeping to the
 country—
 The treasure of the clergy, an authority subtle in law,
 The fragrant binding sprout of the stock of kings.

O stone, shameful for ever is thy enmity towards us ;
 In the furrow beneath the harrow helpless hast thou left our
 leaders ;
 The ruin and woe of the women is thine, O stone,
 Since Valentine and John are lying within thy womb.

base, or in the body of the work. The *bunne cúil* is the *buinne* at the verge (or base, as the work is being woven), and hence is the binding layer. It is applied here to an important individual of a distinguished family.

114. *pá élaip an bpáca* : lit., under the furrow of the harrow, that is, in slavery.

XIV.

AIR BÁS ŠEAĞÁIN INEIRGIZ UÍ INATĞAİHNA.

Uè ip uè ip díč na cléipe !
 Uè duðac ! ip uè lom ip léana !
 Uè cpoiðe tu rínce tréiç-lağ !
 A Šeağáin ĩhic Čaiðğ go doimĳn pá béille.

Đráinne ðon ěpuičneačť ģan ěoğal ģan claonað !
 ĳiaðtač ģpoiðe ip taoipeac réim ĳuilč !
 Uapal, áipeac, dáilteač, réim-ğlan,
 Múinte, cumĳra, elúmĳail, béapač.

Uè ip uè an tobap péile
 10 Đo ðul ðon úip a ð-čúip a řaoğail !
 Uè buan ðo lučť cuapĳa ěipionn,
 leağað an leóğain ěpóða a ģ-ěpé-čluič !

Mór-řear oilce ip ěipĳe cléipe
 říonuip polám, ĳionğán laočpač,
 léağčđoip ģpeanta analac ěipionn,
 ģuapĳe an oimğ ná ĳpuiðeač đ ðaonnačť.

Rór na paoičťe, ģnaoi ģan ěiplinğ,
 Đionapač dáim ip báipĳ ip ěiğre—
 Đponğa řiubail na Muĳman le čéile—
 20 A ĳ-řial-ğpogğ ģrácđmap álunn ģné-ğeal.

XIV.—The subject of this elegy appears to have been the father of Domhnall O'Mahony, of Dunloe, who wielded so much power in Kerry during the first quarter of the eighteenth century : see Introduction. The only copy I have seen of the poem is in the Maynooth collection.

1. na cléipe. It depends on context whether clĳap is to be understood of poets or clerics. 5. ģan ěoğal ģan claonað ; for this phrase we some-

XIV.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN O'MAHONY THE RUSTY.

Alas ! alas ! the ruin of the bardic tribe !
 Black woe, distress, and dire tribulation,
 Anguish of heart, that thou art stretched prostrate without
 strength,
 O John, son of Tadhg, deep beneath a huge stone.

A grain of the wheat without chaff or bending,
 A great almoner, a chieftain mild and joyous,
 Noble, obliging, open-handed, mild, pure,
 Accomplished, sweet, illustrious, courteous.

Alas ! alas ! the well of hospitality !
 10 That he should go into the grave in the beginning of his life ;
 O lasting woe to those who wander through Erin
 Is the laying of the valiant hero in a dress of clay.

A great man, educated, and the treasure of the bards,
 Wholesome vine, branch of heroes,
 Splendid student of the annals of Erin,
 Guairé of generosity, who forsook not kindness.

Rose of the wise, countenance without blemish,
 Who clothed poets, bards, and learned men—
 The bands that wandered throughout all Munster—
 20 In a hospitable, pleasing, beauteous, bright mansion.

times find *gan éogal claona*. 7. *áipeac*, 'accommodating'; *áipe*, 'what is convenient'; *áipeamail*, 'convenient, handy.'

9. *cobap péile*: cf. *rpuit na péile*, IX. 7. 12. *cpé-cluic*, *sic* MS., the usual form of *culair* in Munster. 14. *bionḡán*, perhaps for *buinneán*, dim. of *buinne*: see II. 18 n., but *beangḡán* may be the word.

18. *o'ionapaob*. MS. *do mapac*. 20. *ḡné-ḡeal*. MS. *ḡnaoi ḡeal*.

Uball cumpra lúbae é rin,
 Cupað caeta cum pearaíh dá réx éapc
 Ríḡ-pear ruairc na n-ḡuantaib ḡ'éirteaet
 Oian-ḡráð bpuinnḡiol a ḡ-cumann 'ra ḡ-céad-pearc.

A éine rin do bí pearaíhul, epéanḡap,
 Ciallḡap, páirteaet, bláe ná ptaonpaet,
 Cupanta, ríoeḡap, ríoeḡa, paobpaet,
 O'pár ó Oian a n-iaetaib éirionn.

30 Seaḡán 'ran úir etḡ rḡúit air ppéarḡaib,
 Sínte a b-pearc ḡan ppeab 'na ḡeugaiḡ;
 ḡpaorpe mapcaig, meap, acpuinneae, epéiḡḡeae,
 Réilteaann eoluir, comet ppéirpe.

Etḡ ḡlap beóil air beólaib éanlaet,
 A ðul don úir, ir ḡúbae na pḡeulta!
 Tobap laeta na n-anbpann epéit-laḡ
 bó na m-boet, 'r a n-ðorup aonair.

40 A pearc, a b-páirp, a n-ḡráð, 'r a ḡ-céadpaet,
 A ḡ-enúḡmoḡuil, a b-porḡa, 'r a péin-ḡut,
 A n-annpaet anama, a ḡ-capair, 'ra ḡ-cléirpaet,
 A ḡ-Cúeulainn lá epuinnḡḡe an aonairḡ.

ḡruaḡ na o-ḡruaḡ do éli pá béillie!
 Mac mic Seaḡán óig, áirḡ-leóḡan, paop-plaet,
 biaetaet do riapaet na céadeta,
 ḡan buaiḡirp, ná ðoiḡeall, ḡan ðoeḡa, ná ðaop-bpuio.

Oo ḡpuim a báir tiḡ báðae air ppéarḡaib,
 Muir ḡo epuaiḡ ðoeḡ buan aḡ béiciḡ,
 Cpuana talair ir ppaetanna aḡ ḡéimniḡ,
 Tonna air mipe, ir uirḡe na pléibte.

31. ḡpaorpe, no doubt from ḡpoiḡe, 'valiant, powerful,' which is often written ḡpaorḡe.

40. The idea is, he was to them a protection such as Cuchulainn would be to those attacked by a hostile band at a public meeting.

A fragrant, strong apple was he,
 A champion in battle to defend his rightful king,
 A joyous prince in listening to poems,
 Warmly beloved of maidens, their favourite, their first love.

His race was manly and valiant,
 Wise, affectionate, a blossom that would not bend,
 Gallant, wrathful, kingly, fierce,
 Who have sprung from Cian in the lands of Erin.

That John is in the grave has brought mist over the heavens,
 30 Stretched in a tomb with no motion in his limbs ;
 A valiant horseman, rapid, vigorous, well-skilled,
 A guiding star, a comet of the heavens.

It has put a mouth-lock on the mouths of the birds,
 His going to the grave—sad is the tidings—
 Fountain of milk for the weak and prostrate,
 Cow of the poor, and their only door.

Their prime favourite, their love, their portion, their understand-
 ing,
 Their nut of the cluster, their prop, their gentle voice,
 Their soul's darling, their friend, their scholar,
 40 Their Cuchulainn on the day the assembly meets.

Oh, pity of pities ! thy breast beneath a great stone,
 Grandson of Seaghan Og, high hero, noble chieftain,
 Almoner who was wont to minister to hundreds,
 Without trouble, or churlishness, or regret, or difficulty.

Because of his death a deluge passed over the heavens,
 The ocean shrieked harshly, distressfully, and constantly,
 The valleys of the earth and the torrents loudly roared,
 Furious were the waves and the mountain waters.

47. *cpuana*: cf. *cpéaceta an talarín*, XXII. 8.

48. Mr. Bergin suggests *uirge 'na íléitib* = 'the waters mountain high.'

Craobh geal duille, mo milleað céarta,
 50 Mar do gheappais Aeporp rnaíe a íaozail!
 Tíean-íear meap gíoiðe rmaótuígeað faolóoin,
 Ná raib gallba cannetlae taontuipg.

báp míc Čaiðg íp rnaíðm am aeib-pe,
 Íp epéim am glunaið túipreað, epéie-lağ,
 buan-éneað tínn am elítioe téaáeta,
 Íp íaibpup goile go epieíneae am aeib-pe.

Mo inéinn tínn gan bípíg ná éipeaeet,
 Mo lám aip riona-épie, oēap me íaon-lağ,
 Lúe mo cop aip copg a n-éimíeaeet,
 60 Ag caoi mo íapeais gan cogal ná claonað.

Íp eá a íár-íiop ag bárbaið éipionn
 Ğup neae ríogða an Ğaipíðieae ro béappam,
 Ríğ-éú an íear ro do íleaeetaib éibip,
 O' árð-óúeēup Čláip Mumán le ééile.

Uball epáibēeae, álunn, epéin-nipet,
 Oo béappað deoe don oēap Ğné-geal,
 Oiað dá eapbaið, cioð banaið map ígeul rin,
 Íp náp óún a ðopup roim íoeípaib eéaáeta.

A íeanēap glún eá annrúð le ééile
 70 'S an leaðap Muimíneae íĞpíobēa ón Ğ-eéað íear,
 Nó a Saltaip beannuíġe Čaipil gan claonað,
 Oo íĞpíob Copmac, tobar na cléipe.

Mo nuap a innámuil mánla, ġlégeal,
 Mlúinte, cumípa, élumuil, béapað
 Oo epéib éalma Ğleanna na laoeípað,
 Ag ġol ġo epuaið aip uaiğ a íéim-íip.

52. taontuipg, we have taontopg, 100, *infra*, where it seems to mean 'demur'; and here we may translate 'quarrelsome, obstinate'; toipg means 'journey, business'; nae epuağ an toipg opm é = 'is it not hard case with me?'

58. riona-épie is like baille-épie, and can hardly be from ríon: cf. sian gerán in "Cath Fentragha": cf. also tonn-épie, XXI. 5.

Bright branch of foliage, my tormenting ruin !
 50 How Atropos has cut the thread of his life ;
 A strong man, rapid, powerful, who tamed wolves,
 Who was not anglicised, or morose, or stubborn.

The death of Tadhg's son is a knot in my liver,
 And a gnawing pain in my knees prostrating, weakening,
 A constant, violent pang in my frozen breast,
 And a trembling fever of the stomach in my liver.

My brain is sick without vigour or power,
 My hand is tremulous as with eld, I am diseased and devoid of
 strength,
 The vigour of both my feet together has been checked,
 60 As I bewail my horseman without blemish or perverseness.

And right well do the bards of Erin understand
 That the hero I commemorate is of royal lineage,
 That this man is a princely hound of the descendants of Eibhear,
 Of the high lineage of the kings of all Munster's plain.

An apple, virtuous, beautiful, of mighty strength,
 Who would give a draught to the pale sufferer,
 Food in his need—sad though the tale be—
 And who closed not his door against a procession of hundreds.

His pedigree is there complete
 70 In the Book of Munster, written from the first man,
 Or in the Holy Psalter of Cashel without deceit,
 Which Cormac wrote, the fountain of the bards.

My woe ! his womanly, gentle, bright consort,
 Accomplished, sweet, illustrious, courteous,
 Of the stalwart race of the Glen of the heroes,
 Heavily weeping on the grave of her gentle spouse.

71. Saltap. The Psalter of Cashel was compiled by Cormac Mac Cuillinan, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel, who was slain A.D. 903. It is now lost.

74. She was of the O'Donoghue family of Glenflesk.

80 Ἰρ ὅυρ β'έ Seaḡán a ḡrḗδ 'r a Phœnix,
 Fíonuip d'earḡair do élannaib Milesius,
 Maoipe calma Mainḡe ip Sléibe Mip,
 Áélann banba an paraire tréin-nip̄t.

Ὅο β'έ a řinpeap říḡ don taob éear
 Cían nár éoiḡil a éor̄tar ná a řéada,
 Ὅ'ráḡ map beaḗta pairpinḡe ḡaoḡalaḗ,
 Séan ip řonar ḡo pollup don t-řaoḡal.

Ὅο řuair Seaḡán ciall ó Ὅia na céille,
 Caiream̄ ip řaḡáil do ḡnḗt ḡan t-řaoḗaḡ,
 Clú nár éim̄, ip ná tuillpeaḡ céaḡ ḡuḗ,
 Ip beḡ a éaire, ní map̄b aḗt řaoḡal do.

90 Ὅο bí an cupaḡ, 'r ní éuipim̄-ře b-řeáḡ air,
 ḡrḗḡm̄ar, ḡáilteac̄, řáilteac̄, déirceac̄,
 Ὅuineam̄uil, řioḡḡa, c-řoiḡe-ḡeal, t-řéiḡḗteac̄,
 Áḡ dul tar a éumair éum oim̄ḡ do ḡéanam̄.

Ὅο řéip a éumair, ḡar Muipip níoř b-řeáḡ řan,
 Ná řaib ḡiúic na řpionnpa a n-éipim̄,
 T-řiaḗ ná earboḡ, řaḡar̄t ná cléipeac̄,
 Ὅο b'řeářp na Seaḡán a ḡ-cáil̄b řaořḡa.

100 ḡuiḡim̄-ře ip ḡuiḡiḡ-ře Ὅia na n-déiḗte,
 An t-Áḗair 'řan Mac 'r an Spiořaḡ Naom̄ḗta,
 Ip Ářḡ-Ríḡ mór na ḡlóipe a n-ém̄peaḗt,
 Seaḡán do ḡlacaḡ 'na éaḗair ḡan taontoiřḡ.

AN řEART-ΛΑΟΙḡ.

'S an béillie atá t-řaoḗta řáíḡ Phœnix ḡlan-uḡḡar
 řear ḡléḡeal bláḗ řéinne řám̄ řaoř baḡ ḡeaḡ-éum̄ḗta,
 Áiḡ éim̄ip Cláir éipionn, ářḡ-ḡaonnaḗt, řeapaḡlaḗt,
 Atá a n-ém̄peaḗt řáḡ' éřaoř aḡ Seaḡán t-řaořḡa Ua
 Maḗḡam̄na.

79. maoipe = maop. 87. tuillpeaḡ, his fame did not deserve a hundred voices *speaking against him in reproach*: cf. XV. 261, "nár éuill ḡuḗ com̄appan." céaḡ ḡuḗ is simply another way of saying ḡuḗ com̄appan.

John being indeed her love, her Phœnix,
 A vine-tree that sprang from the race of Milesius,
 Stalwart steward of the Maine and of Sliabh Mis,
 80 The hero of Banba, the warrior of mighty strength.

His ancestor was prince of the Southern Country,
 Cian, who did not spare his money or his jewels,
 Who left behind him, as a patrimony, Irish plenty,
 Prosperity, and happiness for all men to see.

John gained wisdom from the God of wisdom,
 Spending and getting for ever without pause,
 Fame not weak, and which would not deserve a hundred reproach-
 ing voices,
 His spirit lives yet, one life alone is dead.

The champion—nor do I tell lies of him—was
 90 Kindly, generous, hospitable, charitable,
 Manly, princely, open-hearted, gifted,
 Beyond his power attempting generous deeds to do.

According to his means—by Maurice it is no falsehood—
 There was neither duke nor prince in Erin,
 Nor chieftain, nor bishop, nor priest, nor scholar,
 Who surpassed John in noble attributes.

I pray, and pray ye, to the God of gods,
 The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost,
 And the great high King of Glory, likewise,
 100 To receive John in His city without demur.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath the great stone lies low a seer, a Phœnix, an unblemished
 author,
 A bright man, the flower of the warriors, pleasant, noble, well-
 proportioned,
 Emery pillar of the land of Erin, high humanity and manliness,
 Lie together beneath thy throat in noble John O'Mahony.

XV.

AIR BÁS UÍ CEALLACÁIN.

D'éug a mbaile na m-bualteoirí de an 24 lá do mí Aúgust 1724.

Saigead-ghoin nime tré m'éinn Fódla,
'S gaob don pláig tré lár a d'rólaínn,
Cár gan leigear ip a'dnað tóirpe,
Air feadh cúig cúige, dubað na rgeóla.

Sgoí na Muimneac pínce air feócað,
Leannán banba, capaib na ngeócað,
A n-aon t-ruil a rún a n-dóeur,
'Sa g-cú glaca pe naíuaib dá mhóipe.

10 Cúg a báir air b'ráitrib beó-ghoin,
Ár gan áiríom d'ár air órdaið,
Ciorrbað cléipe feuch gur róguir,
Do b'fíg na rtorra ríeior air neólaib.

Fát na cúipe dubað deópað
Rélteann díona críche ip cóige,
Seabac na peabac ip planba mhór-íuil,
Do dul a n-úir a d-túir na h-óige.

XV.—Amid the long roll of transplanted Irish, given in the MSS. of the Marquis of Ormond, we find the following entry:—

“Donogh O’Callaghan, late of Clonmeen, in county Corke, and Ellen O’Callaghan, his wife; 12th of June, 1656 (date of decree); 29th of August, 1657 (date of final settlement). 2,500 acres. Donogh O’Callaghan lived at Mount Allen, county Clare, and was ‘The O’Callaghan’ during his life; he died before 1690. He had a son and heir, Donogh og O’Callaghan, also of Mount Allen, and ‘The O’Callaghan,’ who died in 1698, and with whom the pedigree in at least one copy of the *Book of Munster* begins. He had three sons, the third of whom was Domhnall, the subject of this elegy, who was in 1715 of Mount Allen, and ‘The O’Callaghan.’ He married Catherine, second daughter of Nicholas Purcell, titular baron of Loughmore. He died on the 24th of August, 1724. His wife died in 1731. He was succeeded by his son and heir, Donogh O’Callaghan, of Kilgorey Castle, county Clare, who married Hannagh, daughter of Christopher

XV.

ON THE DEATH OF O'CALLAGHAN,

WHO DIED AT THRESHERSTOWN ON THE 24TH OF AUGUST, 1724.

A wounding, venomous dart through the brain of Fodla,
A blast of the plague through her inmost breast ;
An evil without a cure, and the kindling of sorrow
Throughout five provinces—dismal is the news.

The flower of Munstermen stretched in decay !
The darling of Banba, the friend of the strollers !
Their only hope, their love, their confidence,
Their hound in war against an enemy however great !

By his death the Friars are wounded to the quick,
10 An untold destruction has grown upon the clergy ;
Behold, it was the signal for the ruin of the bards,
By reason of the storm that rushed through the heavens.

The cause of this dismal, tearful ruin,
Is that the protecting star of district and of province,
The warrior of warriors, and the high-blooded scion,
Has gone to the grave in the beginning of youth.

O'Brien, of Newhall, county Clare, and at his decease left a son and heir, Edmund O'Callaghan, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, the father of Bridget O'Callaghan, wife of Thomas O'Reilly, Esq., Catherine O'Callaghan, the wife of Thomas Brown, late Earl of Kenmare, and Ellen O'Callaghan, wife of James Bagot, of Castle Bagot, Elizabeth O'Callaghan, wife of Gerald Dease, nephew of Lord Fingal, and a daughter who became a nun." (See Sir Bernard Burke's "Landed Gentry.") Thomas O'Reilly was father of Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., a distinguished theologian, who died in 1878, at Milltown Park, Dublin.

There are two copies of this poem at Maynooth, and two in the Royal Irish Academy, but all seem to have a common original.

6. *ζεόραδ* = a stroller, one of the numerous band included in *λυέτ* *ευαπόδα* *Ἐριπύων*, who obtained their livelihood by frequenting the houses of the wealthy ; now a term of reproach.

Oighe Cealla cáin Cairil cáid éróda,
 Sáit tríd Ríogaéda, Ríg na ró-élaic,
 Seape na h-Éiríonn, laoc na leógan,
 20 A g-Cill Éiríde fá béillic ró-élar.

'Ar mup, ip é tarrainzete a n-op-daé
 Paolécú paobpac éigneac beóda,
 Ag tréigean imill na coille 'na éóimrié,
 'S ag dul air peilg air leirgib Fódla,

Sínte anuap air uairg an leógan
 'Na éliú bíona air líg an róir élinn,
 Gan gpeadaó bar ag teaét 'na éómgar,
 Ná gárta elap 'na éiaig am nóna.

Éug tonn Clíoona bíodgaó ró-niré,
 30 Tá tonn Ruópaige a b-púicín brónac,
 Tonn Tuairghe dá puagpac go deópac,
 Ip Capán Cloinne Mic Muirip ip Cóime.

Do géim tonn Téide go glópac
 Innrioc ip dá éaoib Abann Móipe
 Lipe do dáil a n-árbalb teópac
 'S an élearg érapac érapac énomap.

O'puagair an Ruaédaé a ró-éol,
 brog bonn Inip ip brog na bóinne,
 brog na Ríog ip Ríog-brog éóimie,
 40 brog Áé Chiaé na pian-bape peóla.

Do rpeapac píóó-mná mín-élaip Eoguin,
 bí a Síé Éruacáan duartan glópac,
 A m-brog Éonail na g-conapac g-ceólmáir
 Ip Síé éaióbe éleióbe a m-bpón-éol.

21. 'Ar mup. O'Callaghan's arms, "Pearl in an oak forest, a wolf passant proper," are here described. Abann Inip = The Blackwater.

- The heir of Ceallachan of Cashel, the modest and valiant,
 The beloved of three kingdoms, the prince of high princes,
 The darling of Erin, the hero among champions,
 20 Lies in Kilcrea beneath a great, grey stone!

His coat of arms, drawn in golden colours :—
 A wolf, fierce, violent, impetuous,
 Issuing from the wood's border in rapid race,
 And going forth to hunt in the plains of Fodla,

Stretched above the grave of the hero,
 A protecting cover on the tombstone of the bright rose,
 Without clapping of hands coming near to him,
 Or the shouts of hunting-bands in his wake at eventide.

- Tonn Cliodhna started with a mighty start,
 30 Tonn Rudhraighe wears a veil of grief,
 Tonn Tuagh proclaims his loss in tears,
 And the Casán of the Fitzmaurices and Tonn Toime.

Tonn Teide moaned with a loud voice,
 The Inches, and either marge of the great river,
 The Liffey wept to the point of overflowing its banks,
 And the hungry Flesk full of boughs and nuts.

- The Roughty proclaimed his death with much weeping,
 The mansion of Bonn Inis, and the mansion of the Boyne,
 The mansion of the kings, the royal mansion of Borumha,
 40 The mansion of Dublin, of powerful ships under sail.

The fays of smooth Clar Eoghan screamed aloud,
 In the fairy palace of Cruachan a confused hum of sorrow was
 heard,
 In the mansion of Conall, of the harmonious hounds,
 And the fairy palace of Badhbh, of Meidhbh, woefully wept.

30. Ruðparige: MS. Ruiḡin, but see *Intro.*, Sect. IV. 40. rian-bapc:
cf. XII. 13, rian-loct an baill.

Do beapc Chioðna trí na rgeóltaiḃ
 Šur peaḃac Šaoḃal na h-Éirionn Domnall,
 A laoc laocuir, a ḃ-ḃaoḃar comḃaic,
 A ḡ-ceann típe, a Ríḡ, 'ra ró-ḃlaic,

50 A nḡrian ḡeimḃiḃ, a ḡ-claiḃeaim a nḡleó-ḡar,
 A ḃ-tuaḡ ḡualann, a ḡ-cruaiḃ ró-ḡlan,
 A rínḃear ceapc, do ḃlannaib Eogain,
 bun a nḡeinealaḃ uile 'ra ḃ-teopa,

A n-Orḡar teann, ceann a rlóḡcḡe,
 A ríḡ, a m-biaḃtaḃ riam 'ra n-ór-ḃloc,
 A ḡ-ceann ḃíona, ip ḃíon a mbólaḡ,
 A Mapc epéan, 'ra réilteann eóluip,

60 Raḃapc a rúl, a lúḃ, 'r a lóḃrann,
 A m-bḃataḃ coḡaiḃ dá ḃ-ḃorḡaḃc 'ran ló ḡeal,
 leiḡear a n-oḃar a ḡ-cloḡaḃ 'r a n-ór-ḃleaḡ,
 A ḡ-crann cuḃra, a lúḃ 'ra ró-nipc.

Dubairc Chioðna—ríor a rgeóltc,—
 Éibip Píonn ór ḡlún-ḡean Domnall
 Céaḃríḡ Šaoḃal, níor ḃaoḃ an c-eóluip,
 Síḃpear Cloinne mic ḃile mic ḃreḡgaim.

Do ḃearcap, ap rí, 'na ríocḡ-ḃroḡ ḃeólmḃar,
 Síḃḃaiḡe ḃpeaca, ip ḃḃataḃa ríóill ḡlain,
 Cuilḡ dá nḡormaḃ, oḃair aḡ ól miḃḃ,
 Ar laocḃra aḡ imipc air ríḃéill ḡo ḡlópaḃ.

70 Cuilte dá n-ḃearḡaḃ air maibin 'r am neóna,
 Córugaḃ cleiteaḃ aḡ baiprríonnaib ḡga,
 Píon air ḃḃipeaḃ dá iḃe, aḡur móḃḃar,
 Peóil air ḃearaib, ip beaḃuirḡe air ḃóḃḃaib.

Clíodhna said, as she told the tale,
That Domhnall was the hawk of the Gaels of Erin,
Their hero in valour, their sword in battle,
Their head of a cantred, their ruler, their high chieftain,

50 Their winter's sun, their shield, their battle staff,
Their shoulder axe, their steel the purest,
Their true premier in descent, among the children of Eoghan,
The foundation of all their genealogies, and their limit,

Their valiant Osgar, the leader of their hosts,
Their prince, their almoner ever, their stone of gold,
Their protecting chief, the defence of their kine,
Their mighty Mars, their guiding star,

The light of their eyes, their vigour, their torch,
Their standard in battle, protecting them in the open day;
The healing of their diseased, their spear of gold,
60 Their tree of fragrance, their vigour, their great strength.

Clíodhna said—true is her account—
Eibhear Fíonn, from whom Domhnall sprang,
Was first king of the Gaels—the intelligence was not idle—
The premier in descent of the descendants of the son of Bile, and
of Breogan.

I beheld, said she, in his musical, princely mansion,
Speckled silks, and garments of pure satin,
Swords being whetted, invalids quaffing mead,
And warriors playing at chess noisily.

Coverlets being prepared, morn and even,
70 Young maidens engaged in arranging down,
Wines, newly-opened, being drunk, and jollity,
Viands on spits, and uisquebagh on tables;

Dronḡa aḡ cairḃiol ḡan mairḡ don nór-ḃroḡ,
 Dronḡa aḡ tuirim 'ra ḡ-cuirḃionna bṛeḡḡte,
 Dronḡa air meirḡe ḡan éilḡ don éomarrain,
 Dronḡa bopba aḡ labairt ḡo ḡlórac.

80 boltanur cumpra dlúé aḡ cómhrié,
 Ó anáil basé na cléipe cóirne,
 ḡaoéa luaéa buana ar ṛpónaib
 Na raioéte capnaíac maéaire an éompraie.

Duirṫ air éṛotaib dá ṛeinn ḡo ceólmar,
 Staréa dá léiḡeas aḡ luét léiḡinn ip eólur,
 Mar a m-bíod éṛáét ḡan cáim air óṛbaib,
 Ip air ḡac ṛloinneas dáṛ ḡeineas 'ran éopuir.

Dóirpe ḡan dúnaó ar dúntaib ómpac,
 Céir dá lapaó air ḡac balla 'ḡur ṛeómpa,
 Cairḡ dá m-bríṛeas don b-ṛuirinn ḡac nóiment,
 'S ḡan éṛáḡas air laét arṫeas 'ran ól ran.

90 Éicéa m-bronnaó aca air ollaimnaib ṛóola;
 Éaéṛa ḡarḃa air leacain aḡ cómhrié,
 ṫroiḡéteacéa a n-iopḡuil, iomarca beórac,
 A ḡ-copnaib aicéleaḡéa airḡiḃ ṛó-ḡlain,

Basé minic 'ran éluam-ṛin ṛuaim na nḡleóṛac
 ṫrom-ḡáir ṛealḡ a ṛleapair na ḡ-ceó-énoc
 Sionairḡ dá n-dúṛḡas éuca ip éṛón-ṛuic
 Míolṫa ar monḡaib, ceapc' uirḡe, ip ṛmólaig.

100 Loinn na ṛeilḡe aḡ ḡeimmuín ṛe ṛór-luét,
 Ip ceapca ṛeaóa ḡo ṛáinneas ḡlórac,
 Conairṫ an ṛiḡ 'r a ṛaioéte cóirṛeas,
 D'éir a ṛeaéa a n-aḡaíḃ ṛleapair na ḡ-céo-énoc.

88. laét = liquid in general, often = 'milk,' sometimes used of tears: "éuḡ mo deapca aḡ ṛileas laéta tuḡ." *An Spealadoir.*

Companies coming to the famous mansion without sorrow,
Companies falling down with feverish pulse,
Companies inebriate without offence to their neighbours,
Companies of pride conversing uproariously.

A fragrant odour issuing in strength
From the tender breath of the trumpeting band,
Swift, continuous currents from the nostrils
80 Of the defensive nobles of the field of battle.

Airs being played harmoniously on harps,
The wise and learned reading histories,
In which an account was faultlessly given of the clergy,
And of each great family that arose in Europe.

The doors not closed on enclosures bright as amber,
Waxlights blazing from every wall and chamber,
Every moment fresh casks being opened for the multitude,
While there was no ebb in the liquid that came into that
drinking feast.

Steeds being bestowed on the *ollamhs* of Fodla,
90 Strong steeds in teams prancing on the hillside,
Foot soldiers contending, abundance of *beoir*
In goblets of wrought silver, of great purity.

Often in that plain was heard the clamour of sportsmen,
The loud uproar of the chase on the sides of the misty
mountains,
Foxes and red bucks were being wakened for them,
Hares from the mead, water-hens, and thrushes.

Oh! the rapture of the chase, as it presses onward with great
force,
With pheasants wide-scattered and wildly screaming;
The prince's hounds and his men fatigued
100 From their pursuit up the slopes of the misty mountains.

Treiḡib ḡan téapnaí, méula mór liom,
 An éluain fá ḡáir na ḡ-cáḡ ḡan teópa,
 ḡlór na nḡall ḡo teann 'ran óp-ḡroḡ,
 Mar a m-bíod imirte ip ḡlioḡar fear fáirne.

Aduḡairte Clíoḡna ó fáinn-épaḡ ómpaḡ
 Náir éuibé a ḡaol do máoiḡeaí pe mór-ḡlaíḡ,
 Le ríḡ, dá ḡeabap, a m-ḡpeatain, ná a ḡ-ḡlónḡap,
 A ḡ-ḡraime, a Saḡraib, na a ḡ-caḡair na Róma.

110 Do ḡríḡ ḡup ḡ' Phœnix é ip mór-ḡlaíḡ,
 Cloḡ do'n ériopḡal baḡ ḡlaine 'ran Éoruiḡ,
 Capbuncail ḡan duibé, ná epóine,
 Ríḡ-ḡaoḡ, ríḡ-ḡeabac, ríḡ-ḡeann cóḡḡe.

Ríḡ-ḡpéaí uapal, ua na nḡleḡ-ḡear,
 Trí ap rḡéḡ epuiḡneaḡt na ḡanba epóḡa,
 Fáḡ ḡan cuilíonn ná ḡriḡlioc 'na éoiḡap,
 Ópaḡneaḡ deaib ná cap-máide dólḡḡe.

120 ḡuḡ an lia Fáil ḡliaḡ-ḡáir ḡrónaḡ.
 Iap n-dul a ḡ-epé dá éaḡan ró-ḡeal
 Dá béal tana, dá éeangain, da ḡlórḡaib,
 Dá riḡḡe peaíap, dá leacain mar ḡórpap,

Dá éliaḡ ḡionna-ḡeal, ḡuinnéaíuil, fáirniḡḡe,
 Dá ḡriaḡraib binne, dá ḡloinneḡ, dá óḡḡe,
 Dá uḡḡ éaoin, dá éoim, dá ḡeḡ-éneap,
 Dá meḡraib caílce, dá ḡeapraín, da mórḡaḡḡe.

An tan do ruḡaḡ an ceann cine ro Doimnall,
 Do paḡ Mars don leaib ḡleḡ-éup,
 Baḡ ḡuaíḡneaḡ plaíḡear, ip talaií, ip neólḡaib,
 Aer, ip fáilḡeann, rḡéir, ip mór-muiḡ.

110. Speaking of the MacCarthys, of whom the O'Callaghans are a branch, Sir Bernard Burke says: "Few families in the United Kingdom have so remote or so renowned a pedigree."

Oh pain without relief ! a great evil do I deem it
That the vale is given over without reserve to the screams of the
 jackdaws,
Loud is the voice of foreigners in the golden mansion,
Where there was wont to be the play and the chatter of chess-
 players.

Clíodhna, from the fair rock of amber hue, said
That it was not becoming to boast of his relationship to a great
 chieftain,
To a king, however good, in Britain, or in Flanders,
Or in France, or in England, or the city of Rome.

Because he was a Phœnix and a great prince,
110 A stone of the purest crystal in Europe,
A carbuncle without stain or discolourment,
A kingly hero, a kingly warrior, a kingly head of a province.

The noble scion of a kingly race, the descendant of warriors,
Through whom was poured out the wheat of valiant Banba,
A wood unencumbered by holly, or briar,
Or sterile thorn, or burnt-up cross-stick.

Lia Fail uttered a doleful cry of strife
When his forehead—the brightest—was laid in clay,
And his fine mouth, and his tongue, and his voice,
120 And his stout arm, and his cheek like purple,

And his fair, bright breast, vigorous and strong,
His musical speech, his name, his youth,
His noble chest, his waist, his live complexion,
His chalk-white fingers, his person, his dignity.

When Domhnall, our tribal chief, was born,
Mars endowed the child with the power of engaging in battle ;
Heaven, and earth, and clouds were peaceful,
The air, the stars, the sky, and the ocean.

130 Tuḡ an ḡrian do ciall ḡan teópa,
 Uaipleaét aigne, rḡaipeaó, ip enóraé;
 ḡaipḡe ḡan béim, don péapla ró-ḡlan;
 Meabair, ip mtleaét, cuiríne, ip beódaét.

Tuḡ Mercurius pún ḡo cóip do,
 Seoide plaiḡear ḡo fairring ḡan cóimprioim,
 Neapḡ, ip omeaé, ip ḡlaine, ip mórdáét,
 ḡaipḡe map céile ip laóeur leóḡam.

140 Do tuḡ Pan map aipḡe Óomnall,
 Stab an tréada ip céip ḡan dpeóḡteaét,
 ḡlaine map dpuét ip clú ḡan feódaó,
 Meabair ḡlan ḡrín, ip ḡaoip 'na meópaib.

Tuḡ Nereus do ḡoll na plóḡte
 Riap le mipeaé aip imioll na bóéna,
 Neptunus tuḡ long do peóḡta,
 Ip Oceanus ártaé fóip muiḡ.

bainḡia an ḡ-ḡaióḡrip poinnḡ do deónaig
 Ceres paḡmar tuḡ paḡ aip an doiman do,
 Mil ip feup ip céip ḡan dpeóḡteaét,
 Aip ḡaé talaím 'na patalaó Óomnall.

150 'S an dliḡe éipḡ níop líomḡa bóḡtan,
 Ná an píḡ-ro do ppríoim-plioét Seóta,
 Saop-dliḡe péio ḡlan péim pe comarrain,
 Do ḡníoó taoipeaé Inpe Móipe.

Eson roéma ḡan poéall 'ná ḡlóḡtaib,
 Saop-mac Óonnchaóa ip Óonnchaóa, Óomnall,
 Ip Caḡaoip Modapḡa popḡa na nḡeócaé
 Ríḡ-biaóḡtaé éinn iapḡair Eoppa.

133. pún: cf. XXVI. 123, where Mercury gives pún a cléib.

138. céip: we know from XXVI. that wax was given to heal the flock.

141. do ḡoll: sic A. M: do ḡall. ḡoll is elsewhere used of a hero like Orḡar, &c.

142. imioll: MS. imiol, perhaps the right word here.

149. This line occurs in XXII., and in an elegy on O'Keeffe by Domhnall

The Sun gave him wisdom without limit,
 130 Nobility of mind, spending, and getting,
 Faultless heroism to the purest of pearls,
 Understanding, and intellect, and memory, and vivacity.

Mercury gave him a becoming secret,
 Princely jewels, abundantly, without number,
 Strength, and generosity, and purity, and dignity,
 Valour as his mate, and the heroism of a lion.

Pan gave to Domhnall as a gift
 The shepherd's staff, and uncorrupted wax,
 Brightness like the dew-drops, fame never to decline,
 140 A clear, sprightly intelligence, and skill in his fingers.

Nereus gave to the Goll of the hosts
 To command with courage, on the borders of the ocean ;
 Neptune gave him a ship under sail,
 And Oceanus a small vessel to guard the sea.

The goddess of riches granted him a portion,
 Ceres, the fruitful, fructified the earth for him,
 Bestowing honey and herbage and uncorrupted wax
 On every soil on which Domhnall would set foot.

Not Boltan was more skilled in genuine law
 150 Than this prince of the primal race of Scota ;
 Noble, equable laws, pure, mild to his neighbours,
 Were framed by the chieftain of Inismore.

A sedate Eson, without corruption in his speech,
 The noble son of Donogh, and of Donogh, was Domhnall,
 And of Cahir Modartha, the stay of the strollers,
 The princely almoner, of the head of Western Europe,

Garbh O'Sullivan.

152. What O'Callaghan's connexion with Inismore has not been ascertained.

153. Here begins the pedigree of O'Callaghan, in which he is traced up to Adam. Many of the adjectives applied to his ancestors have little historic meaning. Some copies of the *Book of Munster* begin the pedigree thus : Donncað

Mic Ceallacháin fearaímhail meannmnaigh beóda,
 Mic Conchubair naoi bí fíochmar epóda,
 Mic Donnchaða mic Taidhge fearóm-niπτ eólaigh,
 160 Mic Conchubair laighnigh taóm nár fálaigh,

Mic Donnchaða uapail cuan na ró-boét,
 Mic Maolíreáclainn ínn baó éaoipeac cóige,
 Mic MicCraic puair meap a n' óige,
 Mic Cineide d'arguin Eoghanaét,

Mic Leóluinn riam nár gíall i ngleoióitib,
 Mic MicCraic nár leam a g-compac,
 Mic Maéghaimna ínn naoi ip leógan,
 Mic Murchaða mic Aoða na g-cop g-compac,

Mic Cineide puair do puiazeac fóinne,
 170 Mic Ceallacháin ínn naoi, mic Domhnall,
 Mic Murchaða neapτmair ceap na mór-plaic,
 Mic Donnchaða puair comérom epi épódaét.

Nuap mo épióde-pe, ap Chioða éomáétaé,
 An maíóm talíman padtuirpeac brónaé,
 Tuadmumain uile go boirinn na mór-éloc,
 'S an Dpuimnín ag caoi na n-deóra.

Pailir éadmar epiét-lag, tóirpeac,
 'S an Óáin-tír 'nar gíac ríor-éoirpeac,
 An Éuil Ruaó fá gpuaim um nóna,
 180 'S a n-Árpuim ppeapdail ní lapτar na tóirpí.

óg puair báp a g-cuntae an Éláir mac Donnchaða mic Caéap Modartha mic Ceallacháin, &c. This Donagh Og must be the father of Domhnall. O'Rahilly's pedigree begins thus: The sedate Eson, that is Domhnall, was son of Donogh, and of Donogh, and of Cahir Modartha, &c.; and this accords with the *Book of Munster*. Eson is probably = Aeson, a name for a hero like Goll above.

155. Cahir Modartha lived in the reign of James I.

157-8. Conchubhar died at his Castle at Clonmeen on the 31st of May, 1612, and left a son and heir, Callaghan O'Callaghan, then aged 25 years and upwards,

Son of Ceallachan, the manly, the high-spirited, the vivacious,
 Son of Conchubhar, a noble who was bold and brave,
 Son of Donogh, son of Tadhg, the staying strength of the learned,
 160 Son of Conchubhar Laighnach, who did not suffer from sickness,

Son of Donogh, the noble, the haven of the poverty-stricken,
 Son of Maolseachlainn, the Fair, the chieftain of a province,
 Son of Macraith, who was esteemed in his youth,
 Son of Cinede, who spoiled an Eoghanacht,

Son of Lochlann, who never was a hostage in contests,
 Son of Macraith, who was skilled in fighting,
 Son of Mathghamhain, the Fair, a sage and a hero,
 Son of Murchadh, son of Aodh, of the wrestling contests,

Son of Cineide the Red, who expelled the foreigners,
 170 Son of Ceallachan the Fair, the sage, son of Domhnall,
 Son of Murchadh the Strong, the root-stock of great chieftains,
 Son of Donogh, who obtained justice by valour.

Oh sorrow of my soul, said the powerful Cliodhna,
 This eruption in the earth, so sad and doleful !
 Thomond entire, to Burren of the great stones,
 And Drumaneen pouring out tears.

Weak is Palice, envious and sorrowful,
 And Banteer, where high festival was wont to reign,
 Culroe is in sadness at eventide,
 180 And at Ardrum of festivity the torches blaze not.

and married: see Archdall's *Lodge*, vol. 7, p. 244.

160. The word *pólaing* is merely a conjecture, as MSS. are defective.

172. This Donogh was son of Ceallachan of Cashel, and here the poet takes a rest; after a few stanzas the pedigree is resumed.

175-6. Thomond, for the O'Callaghans then lived in Clare, and Drumaneen, near Mallow, as they lived there formerly.

180. "A mile north-east of Inniscarra, on a rising ground, is Ardrum, near which is the village of Cloghroe." Smith's *Cork*, p. 155.

Aécuinḡear Jupiter uppaé mórða
 Aip Élioðna doirb bí roéma le deópaib,
 Píor ḡeimealaig an ríḡ d'impint doib rin,
 Ó bí an leabap 'na ḡlacaiḡ ip eóluḡ.

Aéaip Ceallaéáin, capaid dá éomḡar,
 buaéáin bínn, ap Élioðna ró-ḡeal,
 Mac laéna láidip, lán-méap, beóða,
 Mic Aipḡoile, ríḡ eipde cúḡ cóḡe,

190 Mic Sneadóḡara, mic Donnḡaile, ró-nipḡ,
 Mic Aongḡara ríḡ raoḡpaé peóbaé,
 Mic Colḡain éaim tuḡ timéioll Róma,
 Mic Páille Plann ó Éeaimap éuḡ mór-épeaé,

Mic Aoða óuib Ríḡ Muíman, epóða,
 Mic Críomḡain ḡ-réim, mic Féilim éeólmáip,
 Mic Aongḡara Ríḡ raoḡpaé, peómpaé,
 Mic Naḡppaioé náḡ élaioḡḡe a ḡ-comḡpaé,

200 Mic Éuipḡ Cairil na n-eaépa peóḡḡa,
 Mic Luḡḡeac, mic Oilill do ḡponnaḡ peóḡḡe,
 Mic Píaca Mlaoil nap éim, mic Éoḡain,
 Mic Oilill uapail puaḡpaig Óluim,

Mic Moḡa Nuaḡat puap leaé Póḡla,
 Mic Moḡa Neib náḡ éimig ḡleócuḡ
 Mic Éanna Óeipḡ, mic Deipḡ na peóḡḡa,
 Mic Éanna Munéaoim muipnín óḡḡan,

Mic Moḡa neapḡmáḡ do épeaéaḡ cúḡ cóḡe,
 Mic Moḡa Peipḡip paop le deópaib,
 Mic Éachaiḡ áine, áluinn, pnóḡḡ-ḡeal,
 Mic Duac Dailḡa ḡall a éomḡoḡuḡ,

181. This stanza is a kind of invocation of the Muses for what follows. The poet intentionally omits to say that Donogh, at whose name he halted above, was son of Ceallachan, of Cashel, but after this brief interruption starts from Ceallachan as if he had said it.

185. In that interesting tract "Ḳopuigéacḡ

The sustaining, majestic Jupiter besought
Of Cliodhna the doleful, who was sobered with her tears,
To trace for them the genealogy of this prince,
Since she held the book in her hands and the knowledge.

The father of Ceallachan, dear to his kinsfolk,
Was Buadhchain, the melodious, said the bright-visaged Cliodhna,
Son of Lachna the strong, the nimble, the sprightly,
Son of Artghoile, the accomplished king of five provinces,

Son of Sneadhghus, son of Donnghaile the valiant,
190 Son of Aongus, the victorious, the wealthy monarch,
Son of Colgan Cam, who went the round of Rome,
Son of Failbhe Flann, from Tara who took great spoils,

Son of Aodh Dubh, the valiant, King of Munster,
Son of Crimhthain the genial, son of Felim the musical,
Son of Aongus the laborious king, of great halls,
Son of Nadfraoc, who was unconquered in fight,

Son of Corc of Cashel, of the nimble steed-studs,
Son of Lughaidh, son of Oilioll, who dispensed jewels,
Son of Fiacha Maol, the fearless, son of Eoghan,
200 Son of Oilioll Oluim, the noble, the vigorous,

Son of Mogh Nuadhat, who obtained the half of Fodla,
Son of Mogh Neid, who refused not warfare,
Son of Eana Dearg, son of Dearg of the sails,
Son of Eana Munchaoin, the beloved of maidens,

Son of Mogh the Strong, who was wont to spoil five provinces,
Son of Mogh Feirbhis, hospitable to strangers,
Son of Eachadh the honourable, the beautiful, the bright-visaged,
Son of Duach Dallta, who blinded his kinsman,

Ceallačan Cáiríl," is given Ceallachan's pedigree, which differs somewhat from our author's, but is too long to give here. 207. áine: MS. rir áine.

208. Duac, blinded Deaghaidh, his brother, hence his name, Dallta: see Haliday's *Keating*, p. 364.

Míc Cairbpe Luipḡ, an omiḡ r6-ḡlain,
 210 Míc Luḡaiḡ Luaiḡne lualac ḡl6paḡ,
 Míc lonnaḡmair míc Niaḡ puair pīaḡ F6ḡla,
 Míc Aḡamair p6lḡḡaoīn porḡ-ḡlain, r6-ḡlain,

Míc Moḡa Cuipb, míc Fīr Cuipb r6mipḡ,
 Míc Cobḡaiḡ ḡaoīm, an mīleaḡ m6mair,
 Míc Reaḡḡa muipniḡ, míc Luḡaiḡ l6iḡe,
 Míc Oīlīoll áipḡ baḡ pām a n-ḡipḡpeaḡ,

Míc Luḡaiḡ ḡeipḡ nár mēipḡeac ḡl6ḡpuiḡ,
 Míc Oīlīlīl Uairceap ua na m6r-pīaiḡ,
 Míc Luḡḡeaḡ Iapḡoīnn ḡliaḡ-ḡpuim ḡr6ḡa,
 220 Míc Eanna ḡlaoīn baḡ pīoḡmair p6rpaḡ,

Míc Duac Fīnn, nár ḡlaoiḡḡe a nḡleḡiḡḡiḡ,
 Míc Séaḡna lonnapuiḡ ḡuipbiḡ ḡeolmair,
 Míc bḡeipḡriḡ na Muīmneaḡ m6rḡa,
 Míc Aipḡ Imliḡ lonnapḡa l6iḡniḡ,

Míc Fēilīm peacḡmair, míc Roīḡeaḡḡaiḡ beḡḡa,
 Míc Roaim pīoḡlan puīḡeaḡ ḡ6iḡe,
 Míc Pailḡe ḡpuḡaiḡ baḡ purḡaḡḡ dā ḡomappain,
 Míc Cair pīalmair pḡianḡaiḡ ḡ6ipḡriḡ,

Míc Fāilḡearḡaiḡ dīl puair pīor ip eḡlup,
 230 Míc Muīneaḡmūm míc Cair, neapḡ ḡac ḡeopaiḡ,
 Míc Ipīea míc Fīnn, paol baḡ ḡpeḡpaḡ,
 Míc Roīḡeaḡḡaiḡ míc Roip ḡo ḡuip ḡleḡiḡḡe,

Míc ḡlair, míc Nuaiḡ, na puḡ r6-pāḡa,
 ḡoipḡeap ḡon té pīn Rex Scotorum,
 Míc Eochaiḡ pāoḡpaiḡ, ḡeap a nḡleḡiḡḡiḡ,
 Míc Conmāoīl baḡ ḡīpeaḡ beḡḡ-ḡuipḡ,

211. pīaḡ F6ḡla. "By the magic powers of his mother, Flíodhuis, the wild
 hinds came and gently yielded their milk for him like cows." Haliday's *Keating*,
 p. 363.

212. porḡ-ḡlain: MS. porḡlīn.

226. puīḡeaḡ = puaiḡeaḡ: MS., pīḡeaḡ, perhaps = pīḡ ḡac, &c.

- Son of Cairbre Luisg, of purest generosity,
 210 Son of Lughaidh Luaine, the expressive, the noisy,
 Son of Ionnadmhar, son of Nuadh, who obtained the deer of
 Fodla,
 Son of Adhamar of the fair locks, of bright eyes, very pure,
- Son of Mogh Corb, son of Fear Corb of great strength,
 Son of Cobhthach Caomh, the noble warrior,
 Son of Reachta the affectionate, son of Luighe Loige,
 Son of Oilioll the great, whose face like a fawn's was gentle,
- Son of Lughaidh Dearg, whose features were not rusty,
 Son of Oilioll Uairceas, descendant of great chieftains,
 Son of Lughaidh Iardhonn of the strong, valiant breast,
 220 Son of Eanna Claon, who was fierce and forceful,
- Son of Duach Fionn, unconquered in contests,
 Son of Seadna Ionnaruidh the clutching, the musical,
 Son of Breisrigh, of the stately Munstermen,
 Son of Art Imleach, the angry, the stormy,
- Son of Feilim, famed for government, son of Roitheachtach, the
 vigorous,
 Son of Roan the royal, the pure, who would despoil a province,
 Son of Failbhe the well-shaped, who was a protection to his
 neighbour,
 Son of Cas the hospitable, of the bridles and festive gatherings,
- Son of Faildeasgad, the beloved, who obtained wisdom and
 learning,
 230 Son of Muineamhun, son of Cas, the strength of every stranger,
 Son of Irirea, son of Fionn, a prosperous noble,
 Son of Roitheachtach, son of Ros, who engaged in conflicts,
- Son of Glas, son of Nuadh, of the long hostile excursions,
 He it is who is called Rex Scotorum,
 Son of Eochaidh Faobhrach, who was sharp in conflict,
 Son of Conmhaol, who was stately and vigorous of frame,

240

Mic Éibhir mic Míleað éomáctais,
 Árḁ-rí rámh na Spáinne an leógan,
 Mic bile éumpra úir mic bpreógain,
 Mic bpaḁa éionnrḁain túr nár tóirneað,

Mic Deaḁpaḁa nár mēata 'r a éomḁgleic,
 Mic Aipeaða éaoim do éiméill Eoruir,
 Mic Alloib uabḁais uapail ró-nirḁ,
 Mic Nuaḁat mic Nenuall baḁ ró-mēap,

Mic Aḁnamain mic Tait do éleaḁt cómhḁuil,
 Mic beoḁamain nimnig ríḁ ip ró-ḁlaid,
 Mic Éibhir Seuit tap muiḁ tuḁ tpeóin-ḁip,
 baḁ ríḁ ran Seythia an luḁ-ḁial beḁḁa,

250

Mic Éibhir ḁluin ḁinn luḁt ḁrinn ró-nirḁ,
 Mic Aḁnamain aḁmair aig ḁlic eḁluir,
 Mic Éibhir Seuit tap muiḁ éaid ómpais,
 Mic Lámh-ḁinn baḁ éroiḁe-ḁeal cópaḁ,

Mic Spú mic Eappú na rlóigḁe,
 Mic ḁaoiḁil ḁlaid baḁ éupaḁ cómpaic,
 Mic Niuil mic ḁinapa róppais,
 Mic beat ná cleaḁtaḁ móiḁe,

260

Mic Maḁoḁ éaoim mic lapet beḁḁa
 Mic Naol 'ran aipe óion ḁuair ip cómhbaḁ
 Mic Laimeic do mair peal 'r'an dḁmhan
 Mic Metupalem do b'ḁaḁa bí a m-beḁḁruit,

240. The tower of Bragantia, near Corunna, in Spain, visited by Red Hugh O'Donnell in 1602: see "beaḁa Aoḁa Ruaid," p. 322.

245-252. These stanzas are given as in M (vol. 4). A gives them thus:

"Mic 'Eibhir ḁluinḁinn luḁt ḁrinn ró-nirḁ,
 Mic Aḁnamain aḁḁar aig ḁlic eḁluir,
 Mic 'Eibhir ḁlúinḁinn cuilbuiḁe ompais,
 Mic Laiḁḁinn baḁ éroiḁe-ḁeal cópaḁ,

Son of Eibhear, son of Mileadh the powerful,
 Which hero was a sedate high King of Spain,
 Son of Bile, the sweet, noble son of Breogan,
 240 Son of Bratha, who began the tower which was not destroyed,

Son of Deaghfatha, who failed not in contest,
 Son of Airead Caoin, who travelled over Europe,
 Son of Alloid the proud, the noble, the strong,
 Son of Nuadhat, son of Neanuall the rapid,

Son of Adhnamhan, son of Tait, who practised condolence,
 Son of Beoghamhain, the fierce king and high chieftain,
 Son of Eibhear Scot, who brought brave men across the seas,
 This vigorous, hospitable, vivacious hero was king in Scythia,

Son of Eibhear Glunfionn, the cheerful and strong,
 250 Son of Adhnamhain, the fortunate, the generous, the subtle, the
 wise,
 Son of Eibhear Scot, from across the sea, the modest, the amber-
 visaged,
 Son of Lamhfionn, the cheerful-hearted, the handsome,

Son of Sru, son of Easru of the hosts,
 Son of Gaodhal Glas, who was a champion in battle,
 Son of Niul, son of Fenius, the powerful,
 Son of Beath, who was not wont to swear,

Son of Magog the gentle, son of the sprightly Japeth,
 Son of Noah, who found protection and shelter in the ark,
 Son of Lamech, whose life was long on earth,
 260 Son of Metusalem, who was long in mortal shape,

“ Míc Aðnamáin mic Toit do éleáct com-ghul,
 Míc bioḡamáin nuínnig níḡ ip po-ḡlaic,
 Míc 'Eibhir Scuic tap muir éuḡ tpeóin-ḡip,
 bað níḡ 'pan Scythia an lúé-ḡial beóða.”

For detailed information about several of the names mentioned in this pedigree, the reader is referred to Keating's and O'Halloran's *Histories of Ireland*, and to the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

Mic Eonac éaoin nap éuill gué comarpan,
 Mic Iapet mic Malalel beóða,
 Mic Enoir mic Set nár beag cóτα,
 Mic Áðaiñ épíona rmaoin air mór-ole.

Ní'l glún le páð ó Áðaiñ go Domnall,
 Áét árð-ρίḡṡe bí air an dómnan,
 Ríḡṡe epíce ip ríḡṡe óóigeac
 Píal-ταοιριḡ τιḡeapnai 'r leóḡain.

AN PEART-LAOIÐ.

270

Peíle, ip mipeac, ip poineann, ip clú gan éap,
 Tpeíte piorḡaiḡṡe, ḡorm-ḡlan, úp, ip meap,
 Péiniḡ uile na Muñan a d-túr 'ra neap
 Go tpeíte-lag aḡad pað' éumapaið, ip dubac, a leac!

Son of Enoch, the gentle, who deserved not the reproach of his
neighbours,

Son of Japeth, son of Malalel, the sprightly,

Son of Enos, son of Seth, whose garments were not short,

Son of Adam the wise, who conceived great evil.

There is no link to record from Adam to Domhnall,

But high kings, who ruled the world,

Kings of countries, kings of provinces,

Generous chieftains, lords, and heroes.

THE EPITAPH.

Hospitality, and courage, and brightness, and fame without
sorrow,

270 The choicest qualities—the purest, the noblest—and esteem,

The Phoenix of all Munster, their fortress, and their strength,

Thou holdest prostrate within thy hollow—it is sad—O stone.

XVI.

AIR BÁS AN FÍR CÉADNA.

Sgeul gairt do ghéar-ghoin mo cpoide-re,
 'S do léir-éuir na mílte cum pám,
 Céir beac ir péarla na Muirneac
 Gup raiḡeadaḡ le h-inleacḡ an báir,
 A cébar, a Céarar, a rínpear,
 A n-aon t-placḡ, 'r a n-aoin éuilḡ ḡnáitḡ,
 A méin uile d'aon toil, 'r a ríḡ éirt
 'S a ḡ-caom-coinneal oidce ir lá.

10 Saob-ḡeamuim aep agup dpaoidce,
 Ní féidur a mín-éorḡ dá ráiḡ
 Tá Thetis pá caor-ḡonnaib rínce,
 'S a céile, dá coinḡdeacḡ ní nár;
 Phlegon ḡan éirteacḡ, ir Triton,
 Tḡean-Íllarr ir cpaoidceac 'na láim
 Phaeton aḡ léimniḡ tap líne
 Aḡup cḡeacḡ-ḡealḡ nuḡneac 'na rál.

20 Mo ḡeapa map rḡeala air an ríḡ-lic,
 Ir éadtpom le maoidceam dom ḡo bráḡ,
 Muna d-ḡrḡiḡḡinn-re paor-ḡuil mo élitḡ
 Air éré-éuilc an ḡaoidḡ tap bárr;
 Caor éumair éipeann an paoid-rin
 A pḡéim-ḡair dob'aoidce rḡ bláḡ,
 Éaḡ-ḡul éuḡ mé-rí ḡo claidce,
 'S na céadḡa map rínn uile air lár.

XVI.—This elegy is on Domhnall O'Callaghan, lamented in XV. Its plan reminds one a little of the "Gallus" of Virgil, and the "Lycidas" of Milton. An elegy by O'Lionnan, on John O'Tuomy, appears to be a close imitation of this piece. The metre is the same, and even the same deities are introduced.

3. céir beac = 'bees' wax,' something rich and precious.

4. raiḡeadaḡ, MS., rḡadaḡ: cf. XV. 1. *Ib.* inleacḡ = 'cunning contrivance, cleverness, strategy': cf. *feuc* an inleacḡ atá 'na cpoide =

XVI.

ON THE DEATH OF THE SAME.

A bitter news that has sorely wounded my heart
 And sent thousands into banishment for ever :
 The bees' wax and pearl of the men of Munster
 Has been shot down by the cunning contrivance of death ;
 Their Cedar, their Caesar, the head of their race,
 Their own ornament, their own constant sword,
 The beauty of mien to all, as all acknowledged, their true prince,
 Their beautiful light by day and night.

The furious demons of the air and the magicians
 10 Cannot be restrained in their fury ;
 Thetis lies stretched beneath fiery waves,
 And it is not unseemly for her spouse to accompany her ;
 Phlegon is without hearing, and Triton,
 Mighty Mars holds a spear in his hand,
 Phaeton leaps beyond his track,
 While a wounding, venomous thorn pierces his heel.

My tears as a seal on the prince-covering stone,
 Trivial is the tribute ever to boast of,
 If I do not pour out the generous blood of my heart
 20 On the clay-coverlet of the matchless chieftain ;
 The flash of Erin's power was this noble,
 Her tallest root-oak in blossom ;
 His death has been my undoing,
 And has laid prostrate hundreds like me.

'see the cunning that is in his heart.'

6. aon τ-πλαῖτ, πλαῖτ = 'finish, ornament, what makes comfortable'; obair ḡlaḡtḡar = 'finished work,' &c. *Ib.* aoin ḡuilḡ = aon colḡ; M muinḡuilḡ; aoin, the pronunciation of aon in Connaught.

13. Phlegon, one of the horses of the sun.
 15. Phaeton, the sun's Charioteer; some MSS. give Etan, others Aeton, which perhaps suits better with Phlegon.

16. Some MSS. give cpaob-ḡealḡ;
 and some read ḡpaoinḡ, for nūinneac.

19. M ḡ-τpeigib-ḡa.
 21. caop ḡumair, cf. caer comhraic = 'brand of battle': *Lismore Lives*, p. 22.

Δο παοβαδαρ πρέαρετα 'γυρ τίορετα,
 Δο έρεαν-τ-πλοιγ αν τ-ίρεαλ αν τ-άρδ.
 'Να έαομ-έοδλαδ πέιμ δο βί Typhon
 Γυρ léim δ'εαρβαίδ ταιοδε αιρ αν τ-ράιγ;
 Πέιρετε na m-beul ηγορμ είορ-δυβ
 30 Γυρ léiγεαδαρ δίοβ uile αν τ-ρνάμ,
 Γο η-είρδεαδ na δέιτε cé αν ρίογ-πλαίτ
 Δο ραορ-έλανнайβ Míleaδ φυαιρ bár.

Δο βεαρτ Ελίοδνα όη γ-εαρραιγ m-bán γρυαγαίγ
 Γυρ b'έ peabac άρδ Έluana γιλ mín,
 Εεαρ ρίογδα Cairil, άρδ-έuaile
 Ó Έeallaέáim uapal 'pa ρíol,
 βρατ δíoνα αιρ Eallaib lá αν έρυαταim
 Δο έορнайм le epuar ηιρετ ιρ ελαιοδm,
 Κοιρ λαοι έεαρ mapb τά αιρ φυαρεδ,
 40 Mo έealg βáιρ έρυαίδ γυιρετ, αρ ρί.

Δο ργρεαδ Αοιβίλλ έαιlee ρά Όοimnall
 Δο έρεαργυιρ a δεόρα αιρ αν δ-τοίνn;
 Δο γlac βίοδγαδ ιρ pearγ βáιρ lóba
 Αγυρ αιηγil γο δεοραέ αγ εαοι;
 Αη γεal-ιnpe a γ-εαέαιρ βρεάγ γλόρmαρ
 Έυγ peapann ρτάιτ mόρ δο 'γυρ είορ;
 Α mearγ naοim ατά ánam ρά mόρ-έion
 Ιρ peappa map lón δο 'νά ραοιγεal.

ΑΝ ΠΕΑΡΤ-ΛΑΟΙ.

Α mαρμαιρ-leac γλαρ, ρά αρ leagaδ eapa Έλάιρ γαοδal,
 50 Δά b-πεαρραδ neac cé'n πλαίτ ρο ταιργεαδ ράδ' έαοβ,
 Αβαιρ γο ppear ná παν αγ αγαιε ράν ργéal,
 Ua Ceallaέáim eεαρτ ιρ mac Uí Έeallaέáim é.

25. παοβαδαρ, cf. παοβαίδ ργamaίλ, XXII. 5. 37. Ealla, the place of his ancient patrimony, now Duhallow.

39. He was buried at Kilcrea, which is near the Lee.

43. Ioba, M Joseph, another MS. Iova.

41. Αοιβίλλ, M Sybil.

45-46. These lines are obscure. Α έάιδ έόιρ, for ρτάιτ mόρ; the island meant, perhaps = the

Heaven and earth have torn themselves asunder,
 The low has fiercely swallowed up the high,
 Typhon lay in a soft, lovely sleep,
 Until he leaped on the shore through the absence of the tide ;
 The black, blue-mouthed sea-serpents,
 30 All ceased from their swimming
 That the gods might hear what royal prince
 Of the noble race of Milesius had died.

Clíodhna, from the white fairy rock, said
 That it was the noble warrior of bright Clonmeen,
 A royal chieftain of Cashel, a high branch,
 The noble O'Callaghan and his seed,
 The protecting robe of Ealla in the day of distress
 Protecting with the vigour of his strength and sword,
 Who lies beside the Lee, in the south, cold in death ;
 40 O bitter piercing sting of death to me, said she.

The chalk-white Aoibhill screamed in grief for Domhnall,
 She poured her tears on the waves,
 Ioba started and was seized by a deadly frenzy,
 And angels tearfully lamented ;
 The fair Island gave him, as he dwelt in a beautiful glorious city,
 Large estate-lands and rents ;
 His soul is amid the saints in high esteem,
 And this is better as a possession than worlds.

THE EPITAPH.

O gray marble stone, beneath which the beloved of the land of the
 Gael lies low,
 50 Should someone inquire what chieftain is this who is treasured
 beneath thy side,
 Reply readily, nor delay in discoursing on the tidings,
 The true O'Callaghan and the son of the O'Callaghan is he.

Inismore of XV. 152. Inismore, or the Great Island, is perhaps that in Cork Harbour, on which Queenstown stands. The Cotters owned this island in the seventeenth century. O'Callaghan lived at Mount Allen, county Clare.

47. naorh = naorh, spelled according to Connaught pronunciation.

49. maprhap ; a mapbhil, a mopbuill, &c., are variants.

XVII.

AIR BÁS INUIRĊEARTAIḠ UÍ ḠRÍOBĊTA.

A báir, do ruḡair Muirċeartaċ uainn;
Ró déiḡeanaċ an uain do ċáċ;
Fuadaḡ ḡo ppear Taḡḡ don ċill,
A deiḡilt leir ní cuiċe ḡo bráċ.

Ḡo bráċ, a ḡarb-leac, ceanḡuil le dúċraċt ríor
An fánaċ plearḡuḡ lér cpeaċaḡ ḡo dubaċ an tír;
A ḡ-ċár ḡo b-ppeabpaḡ ó Achepon ċuḡainn aníor
Páirḡ ḡo daingion an paille, ar bríuḡ a ċroiċe.

10 Croiċe ḡan aċ-truaiḡe, ḡan taipe,
Eiriceaċ fuair báir bíogċta,
Tá pe a n-irpionn dá ríanaḡ,
Ioir rḡata diaċal dá ḡríoraḡ.

Tá Ḡríobċta air rpuċ rín Styx ḡo raon, laḡ, pann,
Ir na mílte brúinnḡiol an' ríóuir air ċaob don aċainn,
A ḡroiċe-ċopp rín fá lie ir daoil dá rḡpaḡaḡ
Príomċoin uile le nín dá ḡaopaḡ ir deamain.

XVII.—In his satire on Cronin, our author handles the subject of this fierce poem severely. He also refers to him in XIII., and II. Murtagh Griffin was administrator to Helen, wife of Nicholas, Lord Kenmare. He had been originally a Catholic. In a "Book of Claims" (1701), concerning the lands forfeited, in 1688, we have the following entry: "Murtogh Griffin, gent., as Administrator to Dame Helen Browne, and on behalf of Sir Valentine Browne, and the rest of the children of the said Helen, claims £400 per annum, and the arrears thereof, on the whole of Sir Valentine Browne's estate, by a reversing clause in the act of Parliament." He appears to be the person who was Clerk of the Common Pleas, to whom a long letter on the state of Kerry was written by Maurice Hussey, February 28th, 1712. See *Old Kerry Records*, second series, p. 139. The strong language of this poem indicates the feeling that prevailed in those days against those who rose on the ruin of the great nobles.

XVII.

ON THE DEATH OF MUIRCHEARTACH O'GRIFFIN.

Thou has taken Muirheartach from us, O death,
 Too late is the time for everyone ;
 Snatch Tadhg quickly from us to the churchyard,
 It is not fitting to separate him from him for ever.

For ever, O rude stone, bind down with zeal
 The wandering rake by whom the country has been wofully
 despoiled ;
 Lest he might come back to us suddenly from Acheron,
 Press the villain tightly and bruise his heart.

A heart pitiless and without mercy,
 10 A heretic who met with a sudden death,
 He is in hell tortured
 Roasted among a band of demons.

Griffin is feeble, weak, and helpless, in the stream of Styx,
 Accompanied by thousands of maidens at the river's marge ;
 His great body is beneath the stone, and chafers mangle it,
 While the primal hounds of evil, and demons, execute his
 damnation with bitterness.

2. Ταδῆ, Tadhg Dubh O'Cronin. In a severe personal satire on Cronin, the poet connects him with Griffin in an unenviable manner. Griffin has the task allotted to him of selecting a new nobility from among the rustics in the room of those who had been banished, while Tadhg looks after the 'Parliament.'

10. βάρ βίοντα, a sudden or startling death. Μ βιονταῶ.

11-12. ὄριοναδ is quite as suggestive as ὄριοντα. A gives the chain word, for 11-12 it has

“ Νί λέρ ιρριονν δά ριανὰδ
 Μυρδέαρεταῖ ιαλῖμαρ Ο ὄριονα.”

15. A deviation from MS. reading has been necessary in this line.

Deamain iḡḡinn do ruaiḡ

Ḡuḡ baḡ an ḡuail air a ḡné ;

D' iaiḡ ḡeaḡar an doḡur roime,

20 'S do éuaiḡ ḡíor ḡo tiz na n-baor.

Ó ḡaorair Shioḡt Éibir baḡ roilbir clá,

Iḡ le caoḡ-éumann cléipe ḡo ḡuḡair do éú ;

O ḡéanair mac Šéamuir, le fuirinn na mionn,

A ḡéirḡ uile, ní leun liom a n-iḡḡionn tú.

AN CEANḠAL.

ḡéu' ḡoile tá, a ḡeaḡair-leac, amur tap Sionainn éáinḡ ;

ḡéirḡ éruinniḡḡe ḡeall ḡaḡ ḡann-bioḡḡ ḡirḡe éḡáiḡḡe ;

ḡeacaḡ cuirpe meall ḡaḡ ḡeanḡ-bean éuige éárlaiḡ ;

Iḡ béal clirḡe éum mionn do éaḡairḡ a ḡ-coinne an ḡápa.

Maor cuirpe ceannḡair ḡ'ḡeallḡḡrior cinead Óáḡḡaḡ,

30 Iḡ caoḡ-ionad an ḡ-ḡeaḡaic ón leamain dá nḡoiriḡ ḡarḡur,

ḡaor-ḡeapann éall, 'na ḡeall ro, éuige éárlaiḡ ;

Sé ḡriḡḡe ḡo ḡann do ḡeampull Éille h-Áirne.

22. caoḡ-éumann cléipe = 'the Catholic Church.' 27. ḡeacaḡ is a syllable too long, and does not give assonance; perhaps ḡéic is the true reading.

31. M Ó éárlaiḡ ; A iḡ, for ro, and iḡḡionn, for ḡeapann, which suits assonance better. If we read iḡḡionn, then 32 should begin 'S ḡé, &c. ; and éall, in 31, will = 'in the other world,' which may be the meaning in either case.

The demons of hell he put to flight

Which made his countenance of the colour of coal;

Peter shut the door against him,

20 And he went down to the house of the condemned.

Since thou didst condemn the race of Eibhear of pleasant fame,

And didst turn thy back on the fair company of the clergy,

Since thou didst desert the son of James for a blaspheming band,

Thou serpent of evil, I grieve not that thou art in hell.

THE BINDING.

Beneath thy maw, O stout stone, lies a reprobate who came across
the Shannon;

A serpent who embezzled the pledges of every poor ruined
helpless man;

A wicked sinner who deceived the slender maidens who came in
his way;

Lips skilled in pronouncing imprecations against the Pope.

Wicked steward of a barony, who plundered deceitfully the
MacCarthys,

30 And the fair seat of the warrior from the land which is called
Parthus,

In reward for this, dear is yonder demesne he possesses,

Six scarce feet of the Killarney Church.

XVIII.

AIR BÓRÓGAI B DO BRONNAO AIR.

Do fuarap reóide ip leóp a m-breáḡtaét,
 Dá b'róig éaoime míne bláeta,
 Don leatap do bí ran b'earbairpe b'áin éap,
 Ip tuḡadap loingior Ríḡ Ílilb tap ráile ;

Dá b'róig ríorḡoiḡḡe ríobanta bearréta ;
 Dá b'róig buana a d-tuapḡaint lán-énoc ;
 Dá b'róig leapairḡḡe beapnao ḡo bláétmar ;
 Dá b'róig díona air ífoé na m-bánta ;

10 Dá b'róig íaopa éadtróm íárḡéta ;
 Dá b'róig íocapa a ḡorḡaib le námaio ;
 Dá b'róig éana, ḡan earḡap ḡan fáibpe ;
 Dá b'róig élipde, ḡan b'ripeao ḡan beárna ;

Dá b'róig éróda órda air áipdib,
 Do rinneao do'n éroicíonn do rḡoḡao don b'án-ḡripuḡ,
 An bó do bí dá díon air íáraé,
 Do bí dá fairpeao aḡ an b-íatáé ḡo lán-éapḡ.

20 Do bí Phoebur tréimpe a ḡḡráo di,
 ḡup éup Ceadmup a lionn dub 'na deaḡaio rin,
 ḡup ḡoio í 'ran oioéce b'áille,
 Ó éeann céao rúl an trú boét ḡránna.

XVIII.—This curious poem is taken from a scribbling-book belonging to Og Michael O'Longan, and bearing date, 1785. A few emendations have been made from a MS. in R. I. Academy. The date of composition is given in the latter as "about 1724." The O'Donoghue here lauded seems to be Domhnall O'Donoghue Dubh, the father of Finneen, the subject of XI.

17. a ḡḡráo di: the usual expression is a ḡḡráo léi. *Ib.* In this reference to Phœbus and the cow, there is a confusion of two myths. 1°. Zeus, not Phœbus, stole Europa, the sister of Cadmus, who was sent by his father, Agenor, in search of her. After consulting the oracle of Delphi, he was directed to

XVIII.

ON A PAIR OF SHOES PRESENTED TO HIM.

I have received jewels of conspicuous beauty :
 A pair of shoes, fair, smooth, handsome,
 Of leather that was in white Barbary in the south,
 And which the fleet of King Philip brought over the sea ;

A pair of shoes, neat, decorated, well-trimmed ;
 A pair of shoes, durable, in stamping on great hills ;
 A pair of shoes that repair breaches beautifully ;
 A pair of shoes that are a protection from the roughness of the
 meads ;

A pair of shoes, of high quality, light, closely-fitting ;
 10 A pair of shoes, steady, in encounters with a foe ;
 A pair of shoes, slender, without folds, or welts ;
 A pair of shoes, nimble, without seam, or gap ;

A pair of shoes, valiant, splendid in public places ;
 A pair of shoes, made of the hide torn from the white cow,
 The cow that was guarded in a desert place,
 And watched over by a giant with great care.

Phœbus for a season was in love with her,
 So that he put Cadmus into black melancholy after her,
 Until he stole her, on a most beautiful night,
 20 From the hundred-eyed head, the poor, ugly monster.

follow a certain kind of cow, and to build a town on the spot where she should sink of exhaustion. As he wished to sacrifice the cow he sent for water to the well of Ares, whose guardian dragon slew the messengers. Thereupon Cadmus slew the dragon. 2°. Zeus had converted Io into a white heifer, but Hera, discovering the plot and obtaining command of the heifer, set Argus Panoptes to watch her. But Zeus commanded Hermes to put Argus to death and deliver Io. The story in the text is a curious mixture of both fables. Zeus is confounded with Apollo, Cadmus with Hermes, and Io with Europa.

18. Ceadmup, for Cadmup : like Ceapolup, for Capolup.

Ἐρόγα ἀν ἐροίειν νί βόγαῖο le báirteḡ,
 Ἦν ní ἐρῡαḡann τεapbaḡ a m-bappa ná a m-bálta,
 Νί léanann ḡaoḡ a pḡeíñ ná n-deállpaḡ
 Νί éiḡ apḡa Ἦν ní ἐrapaῖο le lán-teap.

Ἀν ḡuaipe pnaḡmaiḡ a lapḡa 'pa pála,
 ḡuaipe clúíñ an túip doḡ áille,
 Τῡḡ clann Τῡipeann tap uipḡe 'na n-ápḡaḡ
 Cum luḡaῖο do bí lúéñap láioip.

30 Ἐρόγα b'ḡeappa níop éeapaḡap ὀáíñe,
 Ἦν ní b-puaip Aicil a pañail pe pápḡaḡḡ,
 Ἀν oíḡpeaḡḡ éῡḡ tpeíḡeap aip Ajax,
 Νί b-puaip iaḡ, ciḡ ὀian a páíḡḡe.

Ἀν meanaiḡ lér pollaḡ an epoiéionn pḡ páíḡim liḡ,
 Ὅο pinneaḡ don ἐpuaῖο baḡ ἐpuaíḡe ὀá ὀ-táioḡḡ,
 Seaḡḡ ḡ-eéap bliapain na ὀiaḡail do báḡap
 Ἀḡ ὀéanaiñ ὀeilḡ le ceilḡ ὀolcánuip.

40 Ἀip ḡpuaḡaíḡ Acheron ὀ'earḡaip an enáíḡ ὀuḡ,
 'S a pñioñ le caílleaḡaíḡ cuíḡeaḡḡa Atrops,
 Lér puaḡaḡ peóip na m-bpḡḡa n-deáppḡnaḡ
 Le coñacta ὀpaoíḡeaḡḡa an tpiḡ ban áppa.

Ὅο báḡap pealaḡ ὀá ḡ-eapaḡ do ὀáriuip,
 Nó ḡo puḡ Alapḡpum bappa na ḡ-eapḡḡ leip,
 Ὅο báḡap tpeíñpe aḡ Caepap láioip,
 ḡup ḡoíḡeaḡ bpéaḡa an t-paoḡail ὀá lán-troiḡ.

Ὅο báḡap tpeíñpe aḡ ὀéíḡiḡ Páíllē,
 Ἀḡ Ἦp clúíñail 'p aḡ luḡaῖο na lán-épeaḡ,
 Ἀḡ ὀoḡḡ deapḡ, baḡ éaca le náíñaiḡ,
 Ἦp aḡ balap béñmionn éaḡḡaḡ aḡḡpaḡ.

28. lúéñap : A lúbaḡ. 31. The defeat of Ajax, in the contest with Ulysses for the shield of Achilles, caused his death. See *Odyssey*, Bk. XI.

Shoes of this hide, they do not soften by rain ;
 Nor do hot seasons harden their tops, or their welts ;
 Winds do not mar their beauty, or their lustre ;
 They do not shrink, or shrivel, through excessive heat.

The bristle that bound their edges, and their heels,
 Was a bristle of feathers of the finest incense,
 Which the children of Tuireann brought in their bark across
 the sea,
 To Lughaidh, who was vigorous and strong.

Shoes more perfect poets have not feigned ;
 30 Nor did Achilles get the like of them for comfort
 In his legacy, which brought pain on Ajax ;
 He did not get them, vehemently though he declaimed.

The awl that pierced this hide I tell you of,
 Was made of steel the best tempered that could be procured ;
 Seven hundred years were the demons
 Fashioning the point with the skewer of Vulcan.

On the brink of Acheron grew the black hemp,
 Spun by the hags of the band of Atropos,
 By which the borders of the beauteous shoes were sewn
 40 Through the magical power of the three aged women.

They were for a time being fitted up for Darius,
 Until Alexander carried off the perfection of the arts ;
 For a season they were possessed by the mighty Cæsar,
 Until the ornaments of the world were stolen from off his power-
 ful feet.

They were for a time in the possession of the gods of Failbhe,
 Of the renowned Lir, of Lughaidh of vast spoils ;
 Of Bodhbh Dearg, a stay against the foe ;
 Of Balar, of the blows, the renowned in deeds, the fortunate.

38. Atrops = Atropos, one of the Fates.

40. άρρα. Α λάοιρ.

50 A m-bruiḡin maḡe Séanaib̃ ip faba do báðap,
 Aḡ Aoiḃill 'r aḡ ðpaoiḃib̃ áppa;
 A n-uaḡtar ní éaiḃo ní éaillib̃ a n-deallpaḃ,
 Do puapap iad̃ ón b̃-pial-ḡeap páilṽeaḡ.

Domnall cneapḃa mac Cáṽail do páiḃim lib̃,
 Turcallaḡ fíop, ip taoipeaḡ aḡb̃paḡ,
 Do póp an ḡleanna ná peacaḡ d̃a námaib̃,
 Do b̃ponn doḃpa na b̃róḡa b̃peáḡṽea.

Ní'l ḡalap ná leiḡipḃo, tpeig̃o ná lán-éipṽ,
 Cíaḡ ná peapḡ ná peacaḡ le pánaib̃,
 Tapṽ ná ḡopṽa, ná ocpap epáiḡṽe,
 60 Peannaib̃ ná pian ná diaḡap báip-b̃puib̃.

Ionnta do riṽpeaḡ Opḡap ḡaḡ beapna,
 A n-ḡleḡiḡṽib̃ 'r a ḡ-com̃pac námaib̃;
 ḡoll mac Mópna, ḡéap m̃óp a éail rin,
 A n-iaṽḡṽ baḡ m̃ian map éaḡ leip.

Aḡ Cúrí do biḡap páiṽe,
 Ip aḡ Cúḡulaḃn Muipṽeḃm̃ne baḡ éábaḡṽeaḡ,
 Aḡ Meaḡḃ Cpuaḡna do buaḡaḡ báipe,
 Ip aḡ Niall ḡlún-ḡuib̃, ip aḡ Conall Ceapnaḡ.

70 A ḡ-Cluaḃ Tapḃ ip deapḃ ḡup báðap,
 Aḡ Dunaḃḡ do bí rúḡaḡ pápḡa;
 'S d̃a n-iaḡaḡ pé a n-iail 'r a b̃párḡaḡ aip,
 Do b̃eapṽaḡ Muṽchaḡ ón iomaḡ rin plán leip.

An tí do paib̃ ip peap a éaile,
 bile do ḡpian-plioḡṽ Piana ip Páilḃe
 Do paoiḃib̃ Cáipil, baḡ peapḡa, páilṽeaḡ,
 C̃uḡ doḃpa na b̃róḡa b̃peáḡṽea.

49. Seanuib̃, *sic* A: another MS. gives Sam̃b as a correction.

55. The O'Donoghues of Glenflesk: see Introd., also XLIX.

56. In prose the phrase is do b̃ponn op̃m-pa.

58. peacaḡ le pánaib̃: variants are pala pe pánaib̃, paicaille aip pánaḡ. 61. M, Ionna paḃail do riṽeaḡ an ṽ-uipḡe aip ḡaḡ beapnaḃ.

Long were they in the fairy mansion of Magh Seanaibh ;
 50 They belonged to Aoibhill, and to the ancient magicians ;
 They wear not their uppers out, nor lose their appearance ;
 It was a hospitable, generous man who bestowed them on me.

Domhnall the polite, the son of Cathal, is the man I speak of,
 A true hero, a fortunate chieftain,
 Of the race of the Glen, who knew not to retreat before their
 enemies ;
 It was he who presented me with the beautiful shoes.

There is no disease, or pain, or sore affliction they will not cure ;
 No asthma, or frenzy, or falling sickness ;
 No thirst, or starvation, or gnawing hunger ;
 60 No tribulation, or torment, or evil of death-bondage.

In them would Osgar run upon every gap,
 In battles and fights with the enemy ;
 Goll mac Morna, though great his fame,
 Yearned for the loan of them, as all others did.

Cúrí had them for a quarter ;
 And Cuchulainn of Muirthemhne, who was valiant ;
 And Meadhbh of Cruachan, who used to win the goal ;
 And Niall Glun-Dubh ; and Conall Cearnach ;

In sooth they were on the plain of Clontarf ;
 70 Dunlaing had them there, who was joyous and contented ;
 Could he but have tied their thongs and fastened them upon him,
 He would have brought Murchadh safe with him from that conflict.

Conspicuous is the fame of the man who gave them,
 A chief of the sun-bright race of the Fianna and of Failbhe,
 Of the nobles of Cashel, who were hospitable and manly ;
 He it was who bestowed on me those splendid shoes.

70. Dunlaing. Dunlaing O'Hartigan came late to the battle of Clontarf, being delayed by the fairies. He came to meet certain death, and foreknew that Murchadh would also fall.

Cioð tá pe pealað paol ðallaið ag áitpeað,
 Níor ðoðluim uaða cpaar ná epáðteaðt,
 Ní'l einnteaðt 'na epoiðe ná cáim aip,
 80 Aðt dúðeap maið a ðean ag páp leip.

Peap pialmað ip pial le dáime,
 Peap epéiðteað náð epéið a cáipðe,
 Peap bponntað tabapðae páið-ðlie,
 Peap pocaip puilte náð ðoipðeac ðaibðeac.

Ní peanðap bpéiðe a pðéið ðo h-ápv aip
 Oðt píð ðéag ðo'n ppeim ó ð-ðáimð
 Do bí ag ppað a n-iaðaið Páilðe
 Ó Éap t-poluip ðo Donnchað ðeáððeac,

AN CEANĞAL.

Ip toða peðide mo bpóða ip ní copmuil píú puinn;
 90 Ip cóip iad aip pððaið na nðopm úp líoð;
 Póippeð mo bpón-ðae cé ðoibð ðuðae pinn
 ðup toðað ðaimpa le Doimnall Ó Donnchaða boinn.

88. M ó captallop. A ó Éap t-poluip.

91. In one MS. (R.I.A.) this line is erased, and the following substituted:—

“pðguil pð-ðuippe beð ðonap cioð ðoibð ðuðae pinn.”

Though he has long been dwelling with the English,
He learned from them nor churlishness, nor ill-humour ;
There is no stinginess in his heart, nor has he a fault,
80 But the hereditary goodness of his ancestors grows with him.

A generous man, hospitable to the bards ;
A virtuous man, who has not abandoned his friends ;
A bestower, a contributor, of philosophical mind ;
A sober, joyous man, who is not querulous or cruel.

It is not spreading abroad a lying pedigree of him
To say that there were eighteen kings of the race from which he
sprang
Ruling in the lands of Failbhe,
From Cas of the light to Donnchadh the good.

THE BINDING.

My shoes are choicest jewels, many are not like them ;
90 They are an ornament on roads of the fresh-cut, blue stones ;
It will be a relief to my sorrow, sad and wretched though I am,
That Domhnall O'Donoghue has chosen soles for me.

XIX.

AIR BÁC DÁUSON.

Raoi lár na lice ro cupéa tód an olla-íarτ peaíar,
 Dó éiríod le dliḡcib an fúiríonn bað múníc ríam teann;
 Dó b'péáppbe mipe, ír ḡac n-duine atá fulanḡ rían ḡall,
 An báp dá rḡiobað tód tuilleað ír píce bliadain ann.

Cuinnib ḡo lom fáð' bonn a ḡairb-leac mór
 An murḡuire fallra do meabruig ḡanḡuib ír rḡóig,
 Le dliḡcib na nḡall éuḡ rḡannrað air úanba ír tóir,
 Ír ḡo bpeiceam-na an t-am beid fán raímaíl ro a maípeann
 d'á pór.

An maíb ro feuc, mo léan! ná r pmaétaiḡ a éoil;
 10 Ír maírḡ do éréig Mac Dé ír maír ḡeabap ná r ḡoil,
 A maíb ní h-éacτ 'r an méid ná r maírḡ ní boécτ,
 Acτ ḡur maíb é féin maír aon idir anam ír corp.

Ír ionḡa maíb do maírḡ an maíb ro fúτ-ra, a líoḡ,
 Ír maírḡ don maíb-ro maírpeað le rún a éroiḡe,
 Maíb do maírḡ na maírḡ ír ná r ionnḡaiḡ rliḡe,
 'Sír maíb é an maíb ro a n-Acheron rúigτe ríor.

XIX.—Seaghan Claragh Mac Donnell has written a poem on the same subject as the above. It is longer and far fiercer than O'Rahilly's.

4. dīaḡal of MSS. does not suit metre; a milder word like báp suits.

6. rḡóig = 'the neck,' hence 'servitude' (?).

15. do maírḡ na maírḡ: cf. aḡ bpuḡað na maíb, VIII. 23.

XIX.

ON THE DEATH OF DAWSON.

Underneath the middle of this stone is laid the sleek serpent,
Who harassed with enactments a people long in prosperity;
Better had it been for me, and for all who suffered hardships
from the English,
Had death snatched him away more than a score of years ago.

O great, strong stone, hold tightly beneath thy foot,
The false tyrant who planned deceit and servitude,
Who brought destruction and rout on Banba by English laws,
And may we see the time when all of his race who survive shall
lie beneath stones like thee.

Lo! this dead man, alas, who subdued not his will;
10 Woe to him who abandoned the Son of God and did not weep
like Peter;
His death is no loss, and those whom he killed not are the richer
for it;
But he, for one, is dead as regards both soul and body.

Many dead did he do to death, he who lies in death beneath
thee, O stone!
Woe to the dead man who should live with the secrets of his
heart;
A dead man who slew the dead, and changed not his ways,
And this dead is now dead sucked down into Acheron.

XX.

TIONÓL NA B-PEAR MUINNNEAC.

Aḡ riubal dam air bpuigionta na Muinnan mór b-timéioll
 Do éuaḡamar 'r an ḡeinnpeaḡ éuaḡ éorainn,
 Do bí Tuacal Ó Rínn ann, ip ḡorḡall Ó Cuínn ann,
 Ip pluaiḡte pear Muinnneac na b-poḡair;
 Do bí ḡruaḡa ip ḡraoiḡte ann, uairle aḡur íple
 Iona n-uaine a m-buiḡe ip a nḡorm;
 Ip ḡan ruainne air an m-buiḡin rin anuar aḡt bpuir ríḡa,
 O éluaraiḡ a maḡile ḡo copaiḡ.

Do bí Ó Néill ann, Ó Doimnaill, Ó Conḡubair 'ra plóḡte
 10 Mac Capḡaiḡ mór ip Mac Cpuimḡain;
 Do bí tiḡearna típe Eoḡain ann, Ó brian ceapḡ na bḡiríne;
 Mac Caḡáin, Mac Cḡa aḡur tuilleaḡ;
 Trí ríḡiḡ cḡirip, naḡi ríḡiḡ reḡmra,
 Tríḡeaḡ ríḡ corḡíneaḡ tap tonna,
 Aḡt ní raiḡ ríḡ Seoipḡe ann, ná aḡneaḡ dá pḡr-pan,
 'Nár ḡ-cuibḡionn, 'nár ḡ-cḡir, nó 'nár ḡ-cumann.

Do bí bḡúnaḡ Loḡ Léin ann, ip bḡúnaḡ na h-Éile;
 An Oiríe ip a ḡaḡta rin uile;
 Bí an bḡreaḡ, 'ran Léirḡeaḡ, Ó Duḡa 'ran Céitḡneaḡ,
 20 'San Cúrraḡ ruair ḡéilleaḡ a ḡ-cúḡe Ulaḡ.
 Ó Londain tiḡ rḡméiple, cap-ḡrúbaḡ an bḡil buiḡ,
 Ip rúba an tobaḡ bḡéin air a plucaḡ,
 Cúir rḡúna air ár laocraiḡ le púḡar ip le plḡaraiḡ
 Ip cúḡear nḡor téarḡaiḡ dáḡ b-puipinn.

XX.—This interesting song, composed to a beautiful air, has come down by oral tradition. There are two copies of it in the Royal Irish Academy; one is modern, made by the late Nicholas O'Kearney. He inserts his own family name, in line 12, for Mac Cḡa, of the older copy. Some of those allusions in the poem are obscure, but it appears to have reference to the expected rising in favour of the Pretender, soon after the accession of George I.

1. air = 'amongst, from one to one'; the order perhaps is aḡ riubal dam

XX.

THE ASSEMBLY OF MUNSTERMEN.

In my wanderings among the fairy mansions, throughout Munster
 Went I, in the winter that has just passed ;
 With me there were Tuathal O'Rinn, and Gordall O'Quinn,
 And hosts of Munster men in their company ;
 There were druids, and magicians, the noble, and the lowly,
 In their various colours of green, of yellow, and of blue ;
 Nor did the band wear any other covering by night,
 Than silken coverlets from the ears of their head to their feet.

There were O'Neill, and O'Donnell, and O'Connor, and their hosts,
 10 MacCarthy Mor, and MacCrimhthain,
 There was the lord of Tyrone, the true O'Brien of the Borumha,
 MacCahan, MacGillycuddy, and many besides ;
 There were three score festive bands, nine score apartments,
 And thrice ten crowned monarchs from over the main ;
 But King George was not there nor any of his family,
 Taking part with us, or present with us, or in our company.

There was Brown from Lough Lein, and Brown from Eile,
 The Duke, and his relatives, in full muster ;
 There was De Burgh, De Lacy, O'Dowd, and Keating,
 20 And De Courey, who obtained sway in the province of Ulster.
 From London comes a clown, cantankerous, club-footed, of black
 mouth,
 With the juice of foul tobacco on his cheeks,
 Who dispersed our heroes, with powder and shot,
 Nor did five of our band escape.

αιρ ηρηιζιονα, δο εσαδαμαρ μορ δ-τιμειολλ na Muirhan.

3. O'Curry (MS. Cat. R.I.A.) thinks this poem has reference to some political movement in Munster, in which the Celtic and Anglo-Irish families were to take part.

21. ημειπλε. The allusion is obscure. The individual here referred to appears to be the "Roibin" of Eachtra Chloinne Thomáis," who is called 'Robin an tobac,' and an 'oḡlaō ḡallda.'

Օ օրորո՞ց ցից ceann cuiտ աջ leiջear aիր an ճ-campa

Երի h-aծարca 'ջար բeam aիր map ըluinim ;

Ուրի leiջear aիր ճan aմբար, շար բցինն օրժa clամբa,

Ո՞վ claiծրe ճan ceann le բիճ թիւիւ.

Leiջean բe ceann cuiտ le տրաիճ ւր տրի ծeann aիր,

30 leiջear aիր Օ Իրancaծ ուրի բւջ բan ;

Ճօ բիօծ-բրուիջe Օնօււ Տամնա ուրի ծիօնաօւն ծam amail ծul

Ծիօնն բիօնտa 'ջար bրanծa աca an iօmած.

Եից an բաբa 'բan ըլօւր ըeարտ a լաժար an ըրիւից,

lօna լաւմ ծeար Ծիօնն ըլօւր աջար coinniol ;

Եից ծլաժ aիր na ճeաճաւիւ ւր ծ'բաււււց an բբօւր ճlan

Րօւմ ճրաբa լիւի Օժ ծօ ժeաժտ ըւջանն ;

Եից an բանուիժe ճan աօն լօժտ (ւիծ բաւծտար լօւր բրեաճa)

'Na լան-ըumար caօմ-ճlan ծա iօnած ;

Ծաւծրիծ բօ an տրեածa ըւջ տաւր աջար Ծօւմ ծօ,

40 ւր ուրի բաւծիւմ-բe ann բւծ աօն բւծ na ծօւնուիւ.

25. The Owl seems to represent the British Navy: for campa the older MS. has camծրուիւ. The whole stanza, 25-32, is obscure.

27. leiջear, the older MS., բօւծիւմ. Լծ. clամբa = a scratcher. Why is the same thing called a 'clամբa' and a 'claiծրe ճan ceann'? A crying child is sometimes called a clամբa.

33-40. The triumph of the Pretender is described, and the calumnies regarding his parentage scornfully alluded to.

From Bristol there came an Owl to relieve the camp,
He had three horns and a tail, as I hear ;
Doubtless there was no help for it, till there sprang upon them a
scratcher,
Or a headless vagabond, belonging to King Philip.
He sends the Owl, with his three horns, adown the tide,
30 Nor could he receive any aid from the French ;
For one like me it was no idle journey to the fairy mansion of
Cnoc Samhna,
They are wont to have wines and brandies in great abundance.

The Pope with the true clergy comes to where the destruction
was wrought ;
In his right hand he held a seal (wax) and a candle ;
The boughs burst forth into blossom, and a cloudless heaven
welcomes
The grace of the Son of God which is come unto us ;
Comes the wanderer without a blemish—though he has been evil
spoken of—
To his rightful place in his full power and pure beauty ;
He will submerge the band who despised and struck at him,
40 And for that I will say nothing against him.

XXI.

AN FÍLE AR LEABAID A BÁIS AG SGRIÓBÁD SUS A
 ÉARAID IAR N-DUL A N-ÉADÓCÁS DO A G-CÚISID
 ARIÚGTE.

Caðair ní ñoirpeað ño g-cuirteap me a g-cpuinn-ðomþainn,
 'S ðap an leabap ðá ngoirþinn nñor ñoirðe an nñð ðom-þa,
 Ár g-coðnað uile ñlac-ðumapað fñl ðogain,
 Ír tollta a g-cuirle ap ð'imçig a m-bñioð air feoðað.

Do ðonn-çpñð m'mçinn, ð'imçig mo þpñomðoðap,
 Þoll am' ionaðap, biopanna çpñm' ðpðlann,
 Ár b-ponn ár b-þoiçin ár monða 'r ár mñon-ðomþur,
 A ngeall pe pñgñnn ag þuipñnn ó çpñoð Dover.

Do boðap an ç-Sionainn, an ñpe, 'r an ñaoi çeolñap,
 10 Aðainn an bioppa ðuib, þpuice, ír þpñioð, bñinne,
 Com loð Þipð 'na þuðe, ír Tuinn Tóime,
 Ó lom an cuirpeata cluiçe air an Ríð copómeað.

XXI.—A painful interest attaches to this poem. The author had been reduced to extreme poverty, his lands and cattle and even his house had apparently been seized for rent-charge or some such debt. He lay on his bed of death and thence despatched this epistle to a friend. Every line of it breathes the spirit of unwonted passion. There are two copies of the poem in the Royal Irish Academy and another in the British Museum. The style is abrupt and many of the allusions are obscure. The full title of the poem as given in text is found only in the British Museum copy.

2. ðap an leabap, lit. 'by the book,' i.e., the Bible; a common mode of strong assertion.

3. coðnað, sing. for pl.

4. an çuirle is a variant (R.I.A.)

7. coñgar, Brit. Museum copy; the two copies, R.I.A., coñgur, which may = 'neighbourhood,' or = 'kinsfolk.' The latter meaning suits best here.

XXI.

THE POET ON HIS DEATH-BED WRITING TO HIS FRIEND,
HAVING FROM CERTAIN CAUSES FALLEN INTO
DESPONDENCY.

I will not cry for help, till I am put into a narrow coffin,
And I swear, if I were to cry, it would not come at my call;
All our chieftains, the strong-handed of the race of Eoghan—
Their strength is undermined, and their vigour gone to decay.

My brain trembles as a wave, my chief hope is gone;
My entrails are pierced through, darts penetrate my heart;
Our land, our shelter, our plains, our fair kinsfolk,
In pledge for a penny to a band from the land of Dover!

The Shannon, the Liffey, and the tuneful Lee are become
discordant,
10 The stream of the black water, of Brick, of the Bride, and the
Boyne,
The waist of Lough Derg and Tonn Toime are turned red
Since the knave completely won the game from the crowned king.

8. Unfortunately we are ignorant of the precise transaction he refers to;
pínḡinn, a 'penny,' hence, a 'trifle.'

9. bó bóḡar, was discordant like a bell out of tune.

10. bṛínḡib may be taken as poet. gen. after aḃáinn or bóinne, poet. nom.
The former seems preferable.

11. B coḡam; A com.

12. lom, bó lom re cluice seems = 'he won the game even to bareness,' i.e.,
completely. cuipeata = 'Knave' at cards in spoken language. O'R. has
cuipeat. The Knave and King are William III. and James II., respectively:
cf. *Rape of the Lock* :—

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins, oh shameful chance, the Queen of Hearts.

Mo ḡlam ! ír minic do ílim-pe ríor-ḡeóra ;
 Ír epom mo éubairt, 'rír duine me air mícóm-érom ;
 Ponn ní éigeann am ḡoirpe 'r me aḡ caoi air bói-érib :
 Aét poḡar na muice nóc ḡointear le paiḡeadóipeaét.

Ḣoll na Rinne, na Cille, ar epíc Eoḡanaét,
 Do lom a ḡoile le h-uipearbaid, ar díé éóra,
 An peabac 'ḡ a bpuilib rin uile 'r a ḡ-éíoróipeaét,
 20 Pabap ní éigeann don duine cé ḡaoil dó-ran.

Pán epom-loz, d'iméiz air éinead na ríog mórbá,
 Treabann óm ipionnaib uirḡe ḡo rḡím-ḡlórac,
 Ír lonnínar éuirib mo írpuí-éib-rí paoinpeoḡa,
 'S an abainn do ílear ó éruipill ḡo caoin-Eoéuill.

Staópad pearba 'rír ḡar dam éaḡ ḡan mail,
 Ó treapḡrad breaḡain leamhain, léim, ír laoi,
 Raéad na b-parḡ—le peape na laoc—don éill,
 Na plaéta pá raib mo íean poim éaḡ do éríorb.

16. Does the poet refer to the seizure of a pig for hearth-money or for tithes?

17. Ḣoll, B and one MS. R.I.A. have Ḣall. The words are pronounced alike. Ḣoll is used often like Orḡar, &c., for a hero.

17-20. This stanza is obscure. It seems simplest to take Ḣoll and peabac as referring to the same person, and a ḡoile = 'his (that is, my, the poet's) strength,' and similarly, an duine as referring to the poet. Who the Ḣoll was is not clear. B has Eoḡanaét, as in text, for Eoḡain of the other copies, and we know that the poet often spoke of Eoghanacht O'Donoghue simply as the Eoghanacht; cf. XIII. 33; hence, not improbably, reference is to Lord Kenmare, whom he had already attacked (VIII.). Moreover, from 24 *infra* it would seem that the poet at this time was beside some tributary of the Blackwater that may be said to flow from Truipill (a mountain east of Mangerton) to Youghal, or the Blackwater itself, as there is also a place called Truipill near the source of the Blackwater. na Rinne = of Ross promontory (?), na Cille = of Killarney (?).

My groan ! often do I shed copious tears,
 Heavy is my woe, and a man am I under injustice,
 No tune comes near me, as I weep on roads,
 But the screaming of the pig which is wounded by dart-throwing.

The hero of the Rinn, of Kill, and of the land of the Eoghanacht—
 Has wasted his (*i.e.* my) strength by want and injustice !
 The hawk who possesses all these and their rentals—
 20 Does not give favour to the man, though he be his kinsman.

Because of the great ruin that has overtaken the race of the
 proud kings,
 Waters plough their way from my temples with heavy sound !
 High swelling do my fountains give forth streams
 Into the river which flows from Truipill to fair Youghal !

I will cease now ; death is nigh unto me without delay ;
 Since the warriors of the Laune, of Lein, and of the Lee have
 been laid low,
 I will go under their protection—with the beloved among heroes—
 to the graveyard,
 Those princes under whom were my ancestors since before the
 death of Christ.

20. *paðap*, MS. *poðap*. Pronunciation is much the same. Two MSS. give *ðuðeann* ; one copy (R.I.A.) has *ðuðann*, which does not rhyme ; the sense is much the same ; 'favour does not come (from him) to the man,' = 'he does not give favour to the man.'

24. His tears augment the river beside which he is living. It is possible to take this line = 'while I shed a river from Truipill to fair Youghal.'

25-28. This stanza—the last the poet penned—seems to dispose of Edward O'Reilly's statement that the poet was of the Cavan O'Reillys. See Introd.

XXII.

marḡna ḡiarmuḡa uí laoḡaire an éillín.

Cpéad an ríod-bpat nime ro air Fḡḡla,
ḡeir an t-iarḡar diaḡpac deḡpac?
An t-euḡ epé ríḡḡ na tonna ḡo ḡlópac,
Ar d'ḡúḡ an Ínuḡa a ḡ-cuḡa ḡo bḡḡnac?

Tá rḡéim na b-plaiḡear air lapaḡ map lḡḡann,
Ar pḡaḡ na pḡirpḡe aḡ cairmipḡ le pḡopḡam,
Éin a ḡ-cḡeaḡaib le h-anaiḡe an ḡomḡaic,
Ar cpḡaḡḡa an talaim aḡ pḡeaḡairḡ 'r aḡ pḡḡairḡ.

10 Raobaib pḡamaill ip rḡapaib le pḡppa,
Táib caopa pḡapa dá ḡ-caiḡeam air bḡiḡrib,
ḡéim na Sḡealḡ ḡo Ceallairib air cḡm-ḡlop,
A n-bḡiḡ an mairib map mḡapaib luḡḡ eḡlair.

XXII.—The subject of this, perhaps the finest of all the elegies, was Diarmuid O'Leary of Killeen, near Killarney, who died in 1696 according to one MSS. copy of the elegy. He is said to have fought under King James, and is popularly known as Captain O'Leary. There is a Leary, but the Christian name is not given, mentioned as a Lieutenant in Boiselau's regiment of Infantry, in King James's Army, and it is probable that it is the same person.

The country of the O'Learys called Iveleary is wild and mountainous, and extends from Macroom to Inchegeelagh. The chief residence of the O'Learys was Caislean Charra na Curra, which is built on a somewhat elevated rock on the south bank of the Lee, a mile to the east of the present village of Inchegeelagh. The ruins are in a good state of preservation and command an extensive view of the valley of the Lee and the mountains of Iveleary.

The O'Learys had for centuries been followers of the Mac Carthys of Carbery, and the castles described were within easy reach of Dunmanway and Tochar, and marriages between them and the Gleann an Chroim MacCarthys were very frequent.

That the O'Learys were a favourite family with our author is manifest from

XXII.

ELEGY ON DIARMUID O'LEARY OF KILLEEN.

What fairy-covering of bitterness is this on Fodla,
Which makes the western regions sad and tearful?
What the death because of which the waves run noisily,
And which has left Munster dolefully in grief?

The beauty of heaven blazes like a torch;
The violence of the sea struggles with the grassy fields;
Birds are trembling in terror at the fight;
And the ravines of earth reply and make proclamation.

Clouds burst asunder and violently disperse;
10 Showers of berries are poured on the roads;
The groan of the Skelligs is heard at Killybegs;
Lamenting the dead as the learned suppose.

this and from some of his other elegies. Indeed he tells us (XXXV.) that his ancestors lived for a time in Iveleary.

The text here given follows the order of a modern MS. in my own possession. It is the most accurate copy of all as regards arrangement, and is the fullest. There are several other copies of it extant, many of which I have examined, but most of them stumble over the proper names. The greater part of this poem has come down by oral tradition.

In the list of certificates of persons ordered to transplant from Kerry, in 1653, we find the insertion "Arthur Leary of Killeen, gent." who may have been grandfather or uncle to the subject of this elegy. But there is no record of the transplantation.

3-4. These lines may be regarded as an answer to 1-2, or as putting the same question in another way. The latter view is preferable. $\pi\iota\omicron\delta\text{-}\delta\pi\alpha\tau$, *sic* B, Museum copy; most other copies $\pi\iota\omicron\delta\pi\alpha\delta$, which was the word that reached the editor by oral tradition.

11. Ceallairb, Killybegs in Donegal(?). A metrical translator of this poem (A.D. 1820) took the word = 'the churches.'

Glíad na n-dúl ip cúip a g-comraic,
 Dairmuib pionn 'ran úip mac Dóinnail,
 Capabuncal epú na mór-plaít,
 Ip fearaéú náip pmúin beít peóllta.

20 Ríg-laoé cogaid map ðoll Mac Mórna,
 Prím-geug ronair bað þorða dá éomgup
 Ðairgídeac na b-fab-pgriob do éoméup
 Ðleacuib a gup caít-míleac þóipnirp.

Úí 'na leacain bað íamail le rór-luib,
 Ag comeargarp caíta le pneáéta 'na lóduib,
 Inleacét peabair ip aigne leogain,
 'O luigín a baéair go ratailt a þróige :

bað þríob a b-þearaib, paol calma epóða,
 Þíóémar neapémair a g-caéaib 'r a g-comlann,
 Ríogaé feargaé a g-caipmipr 'r a ngleóitib,
 Namairdeac, þreagrac, þearamác, þórrac.

30 Ué! mo éiaé! mo þian! mo þeópa!
 Ué diaépac tu a Ðairmuib míc Ðóinnail!
 Mo pgiaét-éupað a ngliað-éup, mo leogan,
 Mo épann bagair, mo éaca 'r mo lóépann.

Þráéair paop Uí Néill na g-cóigeac,
 Uí þriain Ara, Uí Éalla, 'r Uí Ðóinnail,
 Míc na Mapa do paðað na peóide,
 Ar céile cneapða na Carraigge peóltá.

40 Þráéair þráðaé Míc Ááréta mícip tu,
 Ar Míc Ááréta na blápnan náip leónað,
 Míc Ááréta Éalla Éinn þainb na g-cóirpeac,
 Ar Míc Ááréta na Mainge mín macanta móómair,

16. pmúin for pmuain. A man who taught me this poem orally glossed this word by pmuainig.

17. peóllta = peallta, 'treacherous' (?). Most MSS. have pódalta or pódalta, many pólta, some polpa; cf. 94 *infra*; the word in oral version sounded peóllta.

24. Luigín = the little hollow in the skull just above the occiput; tuínn is a variant.

36. Céile na Carraigge, perhaps the lord of Carrignavar, near Cork, a

There is war among the elements ; and the cause of their strife is
That Diarmuid the fair, son of Domhnall, is in the grave,
The carbuncle of the blood of the great chieftains,
And a hero who thought not of being treacherous.

A princely warrior in battle like Goll Mac Morna ;
A prosperous chief branch, the stay of his kinsfolk ;
A hero who made far-extending tracks ;
20 A fighter, and soldier of great might.

The hue of his cheek was like the rose flower
Contending in strife with the driven snow ;
The acuteness of the hawk and the courage of the lion
From the crown of his head to the sole of his shoe.

A griffin in battle ; a noble, bold, and brave ;
Fierce and strong in strife and conflict,
Princely, impetuous, in combat and struggle ;
Hostile, responsive, enduring, forceful.

Ah! my grief! my pain! my tears!
30 Alas! my bitter distress thy loss, O Diarmuid, son of Domhnall!
My shielding champion to engage in battle, my hero,
My threatening staff, my stay, my torch.

Noble kinsman of O'Neill of the Provinces,
Of O'Brien of Ara, of O'Kelly, and of O'Donnell,
Of Mac na Mara, who bestowed jewels,
And of the mild spouse of Carrick of the sails.

The beloved kinsman of MacCarthy Mor wert thou ;
And of MacCarthy of Blarney, the unscathed ;
Of MacCarthy of Ealla, from Kanturk of the feasts ;
40 And of MacCarthy of the Maine, the mild, the gentle, the
courteous.

celebrated branch of the MacCarthys of Muskery ; *peólrta* refers rather to Cork than to Carrignavar. But more probably O'Connor of Carrickfoyle is meant.

38. The MacCarthys of Muskery are also called of Blarney and of the Lee.

39. *Óinn bóinn*, Kanturk (= 'boar's head') is meant ; *bainb*, 'a young pig.'

40. *na Maingé*, *Tiŕgearna Coipe Maingé*, a branch of the MacCarthys often referred to by the poet.

Երաճար բօրբիլ Տիօէտ Եօճաժ նա մօր-ճաճ,
 Ար վեաճէտ Ըար նա ճ-քեաճ տար Եօճնա,
 Տեաճէտ Իլիւ Եօճ' սրբա a n-am ճլեօ ճար,
 Ար Ըաննա Րաճարիճ ճլանիւլ Եինն ճեօմար.

Երաճար ճարբար իճ Ըարիքեաճ ճօրքեաճ,
 Ար Սի Դաճալլաճ an ճքեւն-քար նար ճեօնաճ,
 Ինի Տիւնե Եաճ քիօճար a n-ճլեօնիւլ,
 Ար Ինի Ըաննա ճ Ըեանար Եիւն an մօր-ճոն.

50 Լալա Տեանաժ an Ըաննիւլ 'ր an Ըօճար,
 Ըօ Եի a ճ-քարաճար ճեանալլա ճօճ' քօւլ-քիւլ,
 An ճ-լալա ճքիօճ Ըան Եաճ 'րա քօր-քիօճէտ,
 'Տ an ճ-լալա քիօն ճիւլ Ըարբաճ ճքօճա.

Մաք Ինննիւլ Մարա an Ըն ճեանալլա an ճեօն,
 Սա Ըոննիւլա Ըարբ 'րա Րար նա մօր-քլաճ,
 Սա Ըոննիւլա an ճլեաննա Եաճ մաքանտա a ճ-քոմլալ,
 Ար քիօճէտ Ընն Ըօ ճաճէաճ a մաճէար քա քլօնիւլ.

60 Սա Ըալլաճան նա n-եաճ m-Եան Եաճ ճքօրբաճ,
 Սա Րարբ Ըօ Եարբա քա ճօրբաժիւլ,
 Սա Ըալլա Ըարբաժիւլ na ճ-քօրբալ,
 Սա Տեանարիճ ar Սա Ըարբիւլ ճքօճա.

Երաճար Իարքար ճալմա ճքօճա,
 Ըօ ճար Ալա a ճ-քեանալ քա քօճա,
 Երաճար ճիւլ նար ճիւլ Ըար n-քօրբալ,
 ճա a մաք Լաճարբ ճ քար ճօր Ըօ.

41. The O'Sullivans.

42. Ըար was the son of Ըօր, King of Munster, and from him descended the O'Donoghues, O'Mahonys, &c.

44. Ըաննա Րաճարիճ, the descendants of Րաճարիճ Մօր, King of Ulster and Meath before the Christian era.

45. The MacCarthys of Carbery, one of the three chief divisions of that family.

48. an մօր-ճոն, na մօր-ճոն is a variant, and, except for metre, a better reading.

53. an 'Ըն ճեանալլա, of the white-faced bird; which means that

The stout kinsman of the race of Eochaidh of the great conflicts ;
 And of the race of Cas of the spoils beyond the sea ;
 Of the race of Philip who was a prop when the war was waged ;
 And of the race of Rughraidhe, the illustrious, the musical.

The near kinsman of the king of Carbery, of the coaches ;
 Of O'Reilly the mighty man, the unscathed ;
 Of MacSweeney who was fierce in battles ;
 And of MacAuliffe from Teamhair Bhuidhe of the great hound.

The Lords of Shanaid, of Dingle, and of the Tochar,
 50 Were in friendship bound to thy life-blood ;
 The Lord of the lands of Dunboy and his descendants,
 And the fair, skilful, comely De Courcey.

Mac Finneen Mara of the Eun Ceanann, the hero,
 O'Donoghue of Tore, and of Ross of the great chieftains,
 O'Donoghue of the Glen, steadfast in the strife,
 And the race of Cian who lavished his wealth on hosts.

O'Callaghan of the white steeds, the active,
 O'Rourke who behaved nobly to strangers,
 O'Keeffe of Ealla, of Dromtairbh, of hostile pursuits,
 60 O'Shaughnessy and O'Carroll the valiant.

Kinsman of Feargus, the strong, the valiant,
 Who brought Alba into union with Fodla ;
 Kinsman of Niall who did not submit to our clergy,
 Nor did his son Laoghaire, though he should have done so.

Mac Finneen was from "Uéat an 'Eín fínn," as a lullaby for a child of the O'Leary family tells us :—

Ír Mac Fínnghín ó Uéat an 'Eín fínn leat.

56. Cian, ancestor of the O'Mahonys, is again eulogised by the poet for his generosity, XIV. 81-84.

62. The allusion is to Fergus's conquest of Scotland in the early years of the sixth century.

63-4. Niall of the Nine Hostages ; the allusion means that he did not become a Christian ; *ḃár n-orpdaib* = 'to our hierarchy.' The same is said of Laoghaire, *cé gup éóip do*, because he got every opportunity. It was Niall who introduced St. Patrick into Ireland as a slave.

bhrádaíir Cúirí úir-éirídeac leoganta,
 bhrádaíir Iriail ir Ordaíir na mór-geac,
 bhrádaíir Cónaill ó rinnelbrog bóinne,
 Ar bhrádaíir buinne Cúculainn ir Eogain,

70 bhrádaíir Airt na g-cae do éomáir,
 Ar Cónn do b'adaíir d'Art na g-coróineac,
 Córmaic geal míc Airt an leogan,
 Ar Cairbre rdaíir a d-teap na tpeóinte.

Do ríomáinn-pe laoié go léor duir,
 Aet a ríor-ríor ag raiéib an eóluir,
 Sur eiríod-ra do ríolraí gac mór-fuil,
 Inr an ríogaet-ro do ríom-fleacraib Scóta.

80 D'admaíir bpaíé eiríóca Róda,
 Ar caíepíod raié ar laoié na mór-g-cae,
 Sur díir d'od' rinnreap go ró-éap,
 Cíor air ríioet Cónn agur Eogain.

An líne rígeib eiríor geinir gan tpeóigteaet,
 Ó íe mac bile go rugaó tu a Óomnaill,
 Le daíir do rugadar uirí na coróineac,
 Ó ríom-fíioet Oíill Cónn Cónaíre ir Eogain.

Laoépaó Connaet ir Ulaó baó éróda,
 Ar ríge Muman baó éupanra a g-comlann,
 Tíod-ra rnaíomíod a g-cuirle 'r a mórdaet,
 'S ir ríor go rugaíir tap iomaó dá n-ógaib,

90 A n-uairleaet, a m-buaódaet, 'r a m-beódaet,
 A g-clú, a g-éill, 'r a n-éiréac, tórra,
 A n-eagna a rdaíre 'r a nóraib,
 A d-teangéaib, a labaréaib, 'r a n-eólar,

82. A Óomnaill, Diarmuid was his name; the poet addresses him by his father's name, or else addresses his father. Perhaps we should read Ó Óomnaill.

83. uirí = uiríam.

83-4. He refers to the Battle of Magh Muchruime, in which Mac Con slew

Kinsman of Cúrí of the noble heart, the valiant ;
 Kinsman of Irial, and of Osgar, of the great combats ;
 Kinsman of Conall, from the fair mansion of the Boyne ;
 And kinsman of the stock of Cuchulainn, and of Eoghan.

Kinsman of Art, who engaged in conflicts ;
 70 And of Conn, who was father of Art, of the crowns ;
 Of Cormac the bright, son of Art, the hero ;
 And of Cairbre, who scattered the strong hosts in battle.

I should weave verses in abundance for thee,
 But that the men of learning know full well
 That it is through thee descended every noble blood
 In this kingdom, of the chief families sprung from Scota.

The druids of the lands of Fodla have confessed,
 And the nobles and the heroes of the great conflicts must confess,
 That to thy ancestors belonged of just hereditary right
 80 A tribute from the race of Conn and of Eoghan.

The line of kings through whom without taint thou art descended,
 From Ith son of Bile, till thy birth, O Domhnall,
 By wisdom they won the honour of the crown
 From the main descendants of Oilioll, Conn, Conaire, and Eoghan.

The heroes of Connaught, and of Ulster, who were valiant,
 And Munster's kings who were strong in conflict,—
 In thee they unite their veins and greatness,
 And truly hast thou excelled many of their youths,

In nobility, in virtue, and in vigour,
 90 In fame, in wisdom, in worth,
 In prudence, in generosity, in manners,
 In language, in speech, in knowledge,

Art, and reigned after him. See note 217 *infra*.

90. τóρρα, beyond or superior to them. In a copy of a poem spelled phonetically it is τόρρα, as pronounced.

91. M eaḡanaib̃ = eaḡnaib̃ for eaḡna, 'prudence.'

A lámað líog, a rinḡce, 'r a ḡ-cóm-rié,
 A marcuíḡeaét na n-eaé nḡroiḡe nár b-peóllta
 Aḡ tóḡailt fáinne an ráir air bóiḡriḡ,
 'S aḡ caíḡeaḡ ḡa 'ran ḡ-treap pe fáirneap.

An tan ḡo baírḡeaḡ 'na leanḡ an leogán,
 Ḋo bponn Mars ḡo ḡa éum comraic,
 ḡuḡ ḡo píce claiḡeaḡ ar rróll-rḡap,
 100 Ar ḡo bponn Diana fáinne an óir ḡo.

Ḋo éuḡ Jupiter eulaḡ ḡon t-rróll ḡo,
 buaḡ aḡur calmaét ḡairḡe aḡur epóḡaét,
 Ḋo éuḡ Venus ḡo tḡéiḡe móra,
 bḡeaḡḡeaét ar áilneaét ar óiḡe.

Ḋo éuḡ Pan ḡo rḡap ar córḡa,
 Ḋo éuḡ Bacchus ceapḡ air ól ḡo,
 ḡuḡ Vulcanus ceáḡḡ ar comáét ḡo,
 Ceáḡḡeaḡ ḡairḡe na n-arm éum comraic.

Ḋo éuḡ Aoiḡill eíor 'na óóiḡ ḡo,
 110 Ḋo éuḡ Juno clí 'na ḡeóḡ ḡo,
 ḡuḡ Neptunus long faoi íeól ḡo,
 lonap íuḡail tḡap rḡúill ḡaé móḡ-ḡlaíḡ.

A b-foirḡeaḡeaét ḡo b'é Solomon solus,
 A b-ḡilíḡeaét ḡo éuir eirḡiḡe air Ovid,
 A neapḡ ḡo éuḡ Sampson rḡóḡ ḡo,
 le n-ap leaḡ 'r an ḡ-treap na faḡaíḡ móra.

A b-peallḡaét ḡo bí teann map Scóḡur,
 'Na pannaiḡ ḡan cam 'na ḡ-cóḡaiḡ,
 A ḡ-teanḡḡaiḡ, a labapḡaiḡ 'r a-n-eólar,
 120 'S a m-beapḡaiḡ pann ḡo íneaḡḡaiḡ Homer.

94. peóllta. MSS. gen. pḡóalta: see 16, *supra*.

105. córḡa, sic A, other copies cóḡḡap.

118. This line is probably corrupt; either cam or pann in pannaiḡ must be

In stone-casting, in dancing, and in running,
 In riding on horses, strong and not treacherous;
 In taking up the ring of the race on roads,
 And in throwing the javelin in battle with great power.

When our hero was baptized as a child,
 Mars bestowed upon him a spear for the fight;
 He gave him a pike, a sword, and a satin scarf;
 100 And Diana gave him a ring of gold.

Jupiter gave him a suit of satin,
 Virtue, steadfastness, heroism, and valour;
 Venus bestowed on him great qualities,
 Beauty, loveliness, and youth.

Pan gave him a staff, and string;
 Bacchus gave him leave to drink;
 Vulcan gave him skill in workmanship, and power,
 A martial forge for arms for the fight.

Aoibhill gave him rents in his hand;
 110 Juno gave him fame in addition thereto;
 Neptune gave him a ship under sail,
 In which every great chieftain voyaged across the main.

In wisdom he was "Solomon *solus*";
 In poetry he could question Ovid;
 In strength Samson yielded to him,
 By it he overthrew in battle the great giants.

In philosophy he was firm as Scotus,
 In sentences which had no flaw in their burthens;
 In language, in speech, and in knowledge,
 120 And in feats of verse, he realized Homer.

pronounced as in Connaught. A variant is

no ppanḡcaé ḡan cam na comābaib̃,

and even some of those MSS. which give the line as in the text have comābaib̃;
 cōbaib̃, dat. pl. from cōb or cōib.

Մօնսար ա շիջէ ծօ րոնջիլ 'րան Ե-բճմար,
 Շան քով լճարրիջե, բա՛ւն նա քօլաւ,
 Շան քլեաձ, Շան քիօն, Շան քուծեան, Շան քօրրի,
 Շան քջօլ քիջք քլէր նա քրձ ան.

Մար ա մ-բիօձ շարթաձ քարթաձ քօմքօւաձ,
 քիօնտա քարրոնջե ա ն-քարթարաձ քրձա,
 Լաօքաձ շարքե ար քուծեան մեանմնաձ մօձմար,
 Բոնջք ար հալաձ ք' աճար Լե քօւտաձ.

130 Մար ա մ-բիօձ քիջք քլէր ր շքօւաւ,
 Մար ա մ-բիօձ Ծա՛ն ր քա՛րն նա քօլե,
 Ա Բիօձ-քրօջ ք' աճար քօր Շլեանաիւր քօջանաձ,
 Մօ քջօր քաձ մարքեաձ քաձ Լեաւաձ մօ Լեօջան.

Ան ալեմե մաօւծիմ նար քլաօւծե քն շ-քօմքաձ,
 Աջ ալէր քրինն շաձ Լիք քօմիմն-նե,
 Ա քարթաձ Շաօւծիլք ար շաօր նա Լեօջան,
 Ըլանա քաօրքն ր Շօլլ միւ Լիօքնա.

Լուան-քքեաձ Լեան նա քարթար Լե քօրրա,
 Շօ Լաւ աջ մէքեաձ քաձ Լեաւաձ ար քքօւաձ,
 Շաւր քրէ քքքեաւաձ շաձ Եալտա ծօ քքօւաձ,
 140 Օ քքաւաձ Մանջք ծօ քքարաձ Անան Մօրք.

125. For the company that frequented great houses, and the pastimes indulged in, *cf.* :—

քուծնե քօն քքունք քն աջ քօմար ուրք
 Աջ շարթաձ քլիջք 'ր աջ մարրոնք քքօւ քալե
 Աջ քեաձ քար շնօմարթաձ քն ր մօր-Շուն
 Ըլանն քաօրքն ր Շօլլ միւ Լիօքնա.
 քուծնե քարթաձ մալարթաձ մ-քքօ-քօւաձ
 քիօձ ար մաւծիմ Շան քալք քօմքաձ աձ քօրր քն
 Բոնջք ան շաւարալք աջ ալեմե քօն քօր քն
 Բոնջք ան քլաւծիմ քօ քլիջք շաձ քրքուր
 Բոնջք քքարթաձ քե մալարթաձ քօւտա
 ր քոնջք քաձ քե քաւարքեաձ քք-քան.

Elegy on O' Keefe.

Alas his dwellings lonely in the Autumn !
 Without the music of the harp, without seers, or the learned !
 Without a banquet, without wine, without company, without a
 festive gathering !
 Without meetings of learned men, of bards, or of divines.

Where there used to be a multitude of chattering gamblers,
 Abundant wines in golden goblets,
 Champion warriors, and a high-spirited, courteous band,
 And dances to music in thy father's halls.

Where the learned, the clergy, and strollers were wont to be ;
 130 Where the poets and bards of the province used to be ;
 In the princely mansion of thy father beside Glanworth of the
 Eoghanacht,
 My woe while I live that my hero lies beneath a stone !

The company I have mentioned, unconquered in the fight,
 Rehearsing witty compositions on every generation that preceded
 us,
 Telling Gaelic tales about the wisdom of the heroes,
 Clan Baoiscne, and Goll mac Morna.

O dire ruin of children, which is not restored by force,
 Going early under the stone to decay !
 It is a trouble which makes every multitude scream tearfully,
 140 From the borders of the Maine, to the sides of the Great River.

131. Gleannamuir = Gleannabuir, Glanworth of the Eoghanacht: cf. Coḡanaḋt Gleannaḋpaḋ in *Aisling Meic Conglinne*. In 175 *infra* we have Gleannmuir rhyming with aḋcúmaḋ; the word is understood = Glanworth by the metrical translator. O'Brien's Dictionary gives Gleannamain = Glanworth, and Joyce, *Irish Names of Places*, vol. I., p. 445, derives it from gleann iubair, but both derivations seem incorrect; for Coḡanaḋt some MSS. have óinneaḋ, others óineaḋ. Glanworth is only two miles from the Blackwater.

134. One or two MSS. have ḡrínn air ḡaḋ.

137. Luan-ḋpeaḋ. Monday was supposed to be an unlucky day; thus, beappaḋ an luain, a cutting of one's hair on Monday, was inauspicious; also the Day of Judgment is called lá an luain; hence luan-ḋpeaḋ = utter ruin.

Monuap a éumplaét bprúigte bpeóigte,
 Éagcúip Gall go teann dá ró-rúip,
 Gan rúiaé corraim gan porba gan cómla,
 Aét Aré ip é a b-pad ón g-comhgar.

bað éu a b-cúigearna a b-cúiaé 'r a g-cóimbalta,
 bað éu a m-beaéa a b-cúigearna 'r a lóipann,
 bað éu a meóip a n-geóipinn 'r a n-eólar.
 A g-cú luipg a n-uppa 'r a mór-luét.

150 Opað cléib ip péin do nócaip,
 A boé, a bláé, a rúiaé 'r a h-óige,
 Dian-úrúó Síle rínite a g-comhpaip,
 Aóda ip Aré 'r a maipéann beó aca.

baile Uí Sguirpe ní rúigearna dá beópaib,
 An Cillín iona m-bíóó tunnaíóe ag plóigear,
 Tá an Dianáé ag dian-óol gan ró-rúip,
 'S an Sguirpín ní paillígeac rúigear.

160 Tá Opom Úeáig gan uppa ná mór-plaé,
 Ar Eaclúíóe go rúipmáip bprónaé,
 Cnoc na Carráige a g-craeáib le bpeóigteacé,
 Ar Rúé gaiprúig go lag-bprógaé cúipreac.

A n-Uíó Laoáipe do rúigean an mór-óol,
 Ar Uíó Fionluaó go buaóaréa bprónaé,
 A g-Carráig na Corra do óileadap plóigear,
 bpaonaéa pola ap a porgaib ag cóimpué.

Do óoil an Laoi trí mí go bprónaé.
 Do óoil an t-Sionainn an lúpe 'r an Óróimpeac,
 An Illamg 'r an Pléarg, Ceann Mapa ip Cúime,
 An Féil an Daoil 'r an Óróeac mór rúip.

153-160. The places mentioned in these lines are all in the neighbourhood of Killarney.

161-3. Iveleary of course wept; Ive Fionluadh is in Muskery. At Carrig na Corra was the largest of O'Leary's castles.

166. The Croinseach is again referred to in XXXV.

Alas ! for his people, crushed, and afflicted,
The injustice of the English forcibly despoiling them,
Without a shield of defence, without a pillar, without a door,
Except Art who is far away from them.

Thou wert their lord, their ruler, and their foster-brother,
Thou wert their life, their treasure, their torch,
Thou wert their pleasure, their love, their knowledge,
Their tracking-hound, their prop, their great store.

It is a heart-groan and pain to thy consort :
150 Her shieling, her bloom, her protection, her youth,
The fond love of Julia, stretched in a coffin !
And of Aodh and of Art and of all of them that survive.

Baile Ui Sguiré does not cease from her tears,
And Killeen, where there were casks for multitudes ;
The Dianach is bitterly weeping without cessation ;
And Sgarteen is not neglectful in proclaiming his loss.

Dromduthaig is without a prop or a great chieftain,
And Achalee is in woe and anguish ;
Cnoc na Carraige is trembling through affliction ;
160 And Rathgaisge is deprived of strength and sorrowful.

In Iveleary great weeping overflowed ;
And Ive Fionluadh was doleful and sorrowful ;
At Carraig na Corra multitudes wept,
Drops of blood running down from their eyes.

The Lee wept three months sorrowfully ;
The Shannon, the Liffey, and the Croinseach wept ;
The Maine, the Flesk, the Kenmare River, and Toime
The Feale, the Deal, and the great Bride in the east.

167-8. Ceann Mara, the Kenmare River. There are two rivers called Bride in Co. Cork. The one flows into the Lee on the south side, and through the Bog of Kilcrea : on it are the castles of Kilcrea, Castlemore, Clodagh ; the other flows into the Blackwater north of Tallow.

An Ruaḃtaḃ aḡ fuar-ḡol ḡo bprónaḃ,
 170 'S an Ċlaodaḃ aḡ ḡéimniḡ 'na cóm-búir,
 An Ċiapann ḡo diaḃar ḡo mór-muir,
 An Ċártaḃ eiriollaḃ beite aḡur Spón-ppuie.

Abainn Daluaḃ ran Ċuanaḃ éróda,
 'S an t-Siúir o'páḡ cúrra do éóméur,
 An ḡleannmuir ḡo h-aḃéúmaḃ, 'par cóir di,
 Aḡ lúiriḡ 'r aḡ búiríḡ 'na ḡeóḡ rín.

Tá Dá Ċíoc Danann 'r an Capn aḡ éóm-ḡol,
 'S an Shlaḃ Riabaḃ a b-pianḃaib mórpa,
 Pionnrḡoḃ ḡo níḃneaḃ dá pḡḡairḃ,
 180 Do pḡoḃ-bpogaiḃ bpuiḡne na n-Ċoḡanaḃḃ.

ḡol na m-bairppíonn ó Šeanaib ḡo bóḃna,
 Ċ élor níor ḡeacair ó pḡearaib na ḡ-cóir-énoc,
 Aḃá Aoipe 'na pḡḃ-bpog ḡo ḡeópaḃ,
 Ċr Aoibill ḡo pḡíorḃar 'na cḡibib.

Do ḡoil ainḡir air éalaḃ na bóinne,
 Ċ m-bun Raite do pḡreaḃaḃar ceóḃta,
 bpuiḡean Maiḡe Seanuib a ḡ-cpeaḃaib ḡo ḡeópaḃ,
 bpug Ríḡ ḡo dubaḃ tpiot 'r an pḡeóir píor.

Ċ ḡ-epíócaib Connaḃḃ níor pḡuireaḃ don mór-ḡol,
 190 Ċ ḡ-epíócaib Laiḡean baḃ éimn mar pḡeól tu,
 Ċ ḡ-epíócaib Muḃan, pá rḃúid ao' pḡḡuirḃ,
 Ċ Maiḡ Raḃan coir ḡlaipleann 'r a n-Ċócaill.

170. Cladach, a river flowing south of the Paps, eastward through a village of the same name, and emptying itself into the Blackwater.

171. Ċiapann. One MS. has Ċiapḡun, another Cuipéan, &c. The metrical translator understands Carane in West Kerry. For diaḃar a variant is diaḃtaḃ.

172. Carthach, a river in West Kerry, now Caragh: the Beithe is the Glenbeigh River in West Kerry: the Shrone Stream has its source in a hill of that name east of the Paps.

173. Abainn Daluadh joins the Allo near Kanturk. The Cuanach is mentioned also in XXVI.; it seems to be in West Limerick.

175. The Gleannmhuir is probably the Funcheon which is near Glanworth.

The Roughty coldly weeps in sorrow,
 170 And the Claodach screaming with responsive shout,
 The Carane running darkly to the great sea,
 The fitful Carthach, the Beithe, and the Shrone stream.

The river Daluadh and the valiant Cuanach,
 And the Suir, which ceased to follow its course,
 The Glanworth in great sorrow, and it is due,
 Screaming and crying for his loss.

The Two Paps of Dana and Corran weep in unison ;
 And Sliabh Riabhac is in great trouble ;
 Fionnsgoth in distress proclaims his loss
 180 To the fairy dwellings of the Bruighin of the Eoghanachts.

The crying of the fairy maidens, from Shanaid to sea,
 Was not difficult to hear from the sides of the stately hills ;
 Aoife is tearful in her fairy dwelling ;
 And Aoibhill is sorrowful in her strains.

A maiden wept on the harbour of the Boyne ;
 At Bunratty did they make a melodious complaint ;
 The fairy palace of Magh Seanaibh is trembling and in tears ;
 Bruree is doleful for thee, and the Nore in the north.

In the regions of Connaught, there was no rest from great
 weeping ;
 190 In the regions of Leinster, thy loss was sore tidings ;
 In the regions of Munster, wrapped in mist proclaiming thy
 death,
 At Magh Rathan, beside Glaisleann and at Youghal.

177. Carn, a hill in the Kenmare Range, about 2000 feet high.

178. Sliabh Riabhac, a hill in Co. Limerick.

179. Fionnsgoth, a hill in West Kerry, mentioned again in XXXV., which I cannot identify.

181. na m-bairppíonn, often na m-ban m-bairppíonn; the fairy maidens are alluded to.

184. c6ibib = c6ibai6; dat. pl. of c6ib or c6ib.

187. Seanuib6 or Seanaib6, *sic* gen. in MSS. Peter O'Connell has corrected MS. in some places to Samib6, which Keating gives: probably the same fairy mansion is meant here as in V. 4.

Caoimhíbh Muimhíbh a bh-íor-ghol bhóin éu,
 Ó Inir Fínn go Rígh-éac Móire,
 Ó bhuaic uirge na Sionainne reóla,
 Go léim Con buíbe 'r go bhoi na mór-m-baice.

Caoimhíbh mná do bhar go deórac,
 Caoimhíbh leinb ná ruagad go mór éu,
 Caoimhíbh éirge cléir ir óirb éu,
 200 Ir caoinpead féim go n-eugrad leó éu.

Ombó! a maircaibh mair éalma éróda,
 An toét eir padaid mo deapca-ra deóra,
 Oé! a mairb bhán airmíbh go deó anoir,
 A d-eiré na n-aingiol let' anam don ghlóire.

AN FEART-LAOIBH.

Atá eiac aip na riarthair 'r aip fléibtib dúbá,
 Ir tá dian-pearth eian aip na rpearthair éugainn,
 Tá gliabap ir rianra na n-eun go eíun,
 Ó ériallaip a Oiarmuibh Uí Laothaire a n-úir.

Tá an e-iarthar go diaérac ag deunaim cuíha,
 210 Tá an ghrian geal ag dian-ghol 'r an pae faoi rmuibh,
 A n-diaibh an éurair éiallmair dob' éacéac elú,
 Oiarmuibh, an eirac-uppa, ir leun, a n-úir.

A leac rin faoi do ríóim na féinne pút
 Cairtibh ped' éóim ir rmaoin gur Phoenix elúmuil
 Do fíeacéairb íte bile ir mhe Con búibh,
 Ir gur nairthairb eirí ríógaéta faoi geille an eiríur.

194. Rígh-éac Móire = Tivora, near Dingle.

196. Léim Con buíbe = Cuchulainn's Leap or Loop Head in Clare;
 bhoi = Bantry Bay.

204. Glóire is used as nom. in spoken language.

Munstermen will lament thee in the genuine cry of sorrow,
 From Inisbofin to the Royal House of Moire,
 From the marge of the waters of Shannon of the sails,
 To Leim Conduibhe and to Baoi of the great ships.

Women will lament thy death in tears ;
 Children unborn will lament thee greatly ;
 The learned, the bards, and the clergy will lament thee ;
 200 And I myself will lament thee with them until I die.

Alas ! thou fleet, strong, brave horseman !
 The grief that makes my eyes to pour forth tears !
 Alas ! thou dead, without restoration now for ever,
 May thy soul enter into glory among the angels.

THE EPITAPH.

There is a mist on rough meads, and black mountains,
 And the heavens are long in fierce rage against us ;
 The song and rapture of the birds are hushed ;
 Since thou, O Diarmuid O'Leary, didst go to the grave.

The West is sadly making its moan,
 210 The bright sun is bitterly weeping, and the moon is veiled in mist,
 For the wise champion, whose fame was wonderful,
 Diarmuid, the lordly prop, who, alas ! is in the grave.

Ó stone, there is a noble of the race of the warriors beneath
 thee ;
 Treasure him within thy breast and remember that he is a
 renowned Phœnix
 Of the race of Ith, of Bile, and of Mac Cu the gentle,
 And that these three bound three kingdoms beneath their
 obedience.

Ան շրթար ծօ րիօմաւմ ծիօ՛ն րին ծօ՛ն' ճաճաճ քօնն,
 Ա ճ-ճաճ ան իմնիճե ծիօճալտ շնջ ար լաօճրա Մուման,
 Արտ մաճ Ըւոնն լաօւծտ շնր տրաօճտ ա ռ-նր,
 220 Ա Բ-բլաւշար րիճ տրիօճաճ ռա ծիճ Մաճ Ըն.

Բլաւշ ար քրիօմ ծիթաճ ծա ռճաճալն րն,
 Ծա ռճալանալն քր-ծիթ ար ծա ճ-ճալաճ նր,
 Շար ծօ րիօլ րիճճե քսար քիմ ար լն,
 Շարճ ա լիօճ քաւծ' լնալն, 'ր ար մալա ծնոն.

XXIII.

ԱՐ ԾԱՏ ՍԻԼԼԻԱՄ ՃՆԼ.

Շրեաճ ան լաճ քօ ա ռ-լաճալն ճրիօնն,
 Շրեաճ ան րմնիտ քօ ար ծնշճար ճիւր,
 Շրեաճ ան Բրոն քօ ար ճլօրճալն ճանլաւշ,
 Շրեաճ ան քարճ քօ ճօրքալճ ռա քքարճա.

Շրեաճ ան տօճ քօ ար րճօլտալն ճիթր,
 Շրեաճ տրճ ճ-քրիճեանն ան շ-Տիօնալն 'ր ան քիւլե,
 Շրեաճ տրճ րճրեաճանն ան քարքրճ ճրեանմար,
 Շրեաճ ան ռօճտաճ-քօ ար իմիօլլալն Տլիւճե Միր.

Շրեաճ շնջ լար ճան քան ա ռճիւծիօնն,
 10 Իր սարլե ա ռճլարալն լե քալաճ ճան քաօրաճ,
 Բրաւշր ճ ճ-քսանճրաճ, նրն ար լնիւրիճ,
 Ըքաւճ, քաւճ, ար Բաւրն ճան Բիւլե.

217. Lughaidh, called Mac Con, the son of Mac Niad, was of the race of Ith, brother of Bile, and son of Breogan, and hence was not a Milesian. At the Battle of Magh Mucruimhe he overthrew his uncle Art, son of Conn of the hundred fights, and reigned as chief monarch in his stead. The poet says he reigned thirty years, and in this he agrees with Keating and others. The O'Learys were

The third of these I name, wonderful was his ardour
In the battle of Muigh he took vengeance on the warriors of
Munster,

He sent Art, son of Conn, vanquished to the grave,
220 While Mac Cu reigned thirty years after him in the realm as
a king.

A prince and a direct offshoot from their branches,
Of their true and proper families, and of their noble breasts ;
Head of the seed of kings who obtained sway and fame,
A treasure, O stone, beneath thy breast,—and a sore loss to us !

XXIII.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM GOULD.

What woe is this in the land of Erin ?
What mist is this on the country of Eibhear ?
What sorrow is this in the songs of the birds ?
What rage is it that has disturbed the heavens ?

What fit is this on the assemblies of the bards ?
What makes the Shannon and the Feale tremble ?
What causes the mighty ocean to roar wildly ?
What is this despoiling on the borders of Sliabh Mis ?

What has brought the poets to dateless durance,
10 And nobles to dungeons long without release ?
The friars to straits, the clergy, and the learned,
Heroes, seers, and bards without a meal ?

descended from Ith, and hence the superiority claimed for them by the poet over the descendants of Conaire, Olioll, and Eoghan, who were from Milesius.

222. caolaó, 'the ribs,' hence the breast : it is used here in the same way as we use *loins* in English.

Ըսիք ա ռ-ծերս, բշեճի և բարձր,
 Սիլիամ շալ ճիւճի ծո ինչի նա բար-բարի,
 Կոննեճիք ծի և լճեքն լաճեքի,
 Ծ'եզ ա Նաք, և բարձի ծո ճաճալի.

Երոննեճիք եւճ և բար և բարձի,
 Երոննեճիք ծի ծո լճի ծա ծո ծո,
 Երոննեճիք բիճա և բիճա և ծրիճի,
 Երոննեճիք բարձի և բար և բար լաճալի.

XXIV.

ԾՈ ԾՈՆՆԻՇԱԾ ՍԻ ԻՆԻՇԵ.

Տիւն-բար բար, բար, բար-բար, բար,
 Ծո բար ծ'բարի բար ծո ծո ծո լա ծ-բար ծո;
 Ծո և բար լա լա լա լա լա լա լա լա լա
 Ծո-բար բար-բար Ծոննիշ Սի Ինիշ ծո.

Ըսիք ծո ծ-բար ծո լաճալի ծոննիշ ծոննիշ,
 Սիւննիշ ծոննիշ ծոննիշ լաճալի ծոննիշ,
 Ըսիք ծո Ըսիք ծո ծո լաճալի բար,
 Ըսիք ծո լաճալի ծոննիշ ծոննիշ ծոննիշ.

Ըսիք ծո լաճալի ծոննիշ լաճալի ծոննիշ,
 Ըսիք ծո լաճալի ծոննիշ լաճալի ծոննիշ,
 Ըսիք ծո լաճալի ծոննիշ լաճալի ծոննիշ.

XXIV.—The three pieces collected under XXIV. are addressed to Donogh O'Hickey, on the occasion of his leaving Limerick, for England, to avoid "Abprisation" oaths, in October 1709, and are taken from a MS. copy of Keating's History by Dermot O'Connor (23, G. 3), dated 1715. O'Connor is the much abused translator of "Keating." It would seem that O'Hickey fled rather than swear away the lives of some persons who had violated the penal laws of the time; though "abprisation" may be for "abjuration."

2. The O'Hickeys, as their name implies, were famous for their skill in medicine.

5-8. Syntax not clear. սիւննիշ and ծո լաճալի բար seem to refer to Brian as well as ծիւննիշ. Brian was old at the Battle of Clontarf. ծոննիշ = 'who did not return from battle.'

The cause of their tears—harassing is the tale—
Is that William Gould the fair, of the blood of noble chieftains,
The golden candlestick, the torchlight of heroes,
Died at Nantes—it is ruin to the Gaels.

A bestower of steeds and cloaks and clothes,
A bestower of gold in abundance, without stint,
A bestower of silks and wines and jewels,
20 A bestower of silver and arms upon warriors.

XXIV.

TO DONOGH O'HICKEY.

A man, gentle, of easy manner, sedate, truly mild, and noble,
Of the clan that relieved each diseased one from the grief of sharp
pains,
One like Solomon, versed in the law of the kingdom of God,
Blithe and active, proud in his strength, Donogh O'Hickey is he.

The man had his origin from the faultless race of Brian,
An author, beautiful, skilful, of sound judgment, modest,
A chief, sprung from Cas, who did not come back, falling in his
old age,
Of the blood of chieftains who dispensed to the poets without
stint.

Since it is true that we shall all lie down to die,
10 O beloved of my heart, I write learnedly for thee my maxim,
Do not injure anyone in law for the sake of a dishonourable word.
I pledge my heart that thou wilt obtain a thing thou know'st
not of.

12. lárín, gen. lairíne = 'surety, pledge, guarantee.' Dap lairín forms a common part of various forms of asseveration. "One of the greatest protestations that they think they can make, and what they hold an oath very sacred amongst them, and by no means to be violated, is *dar lauve mo hardis Criste*, 'by my gossip's hand.'"—Dineley's *Tour in Ireland*.

'Páḡáil rin aḡaḡ, mar éuigim, ó Ríg na nḡráir,
 A n-áit náir éuḡuir na mionna le díple d'árḡ,
 beid táinte éioḡpar ó rlioḡtaib dá maioḡeaḡ do ḡnáḡ,
 ḡur epáibḡeaḡ cupata éura do ríor a nḡábáḡ.

'Sé Donnchaḡ réim tar éuib ip mín áluinn,
 Doḡba don éléir ip d'éigir éaoim élaip éuirḡ,
 Ollaḡ na réx a ḡ-céill 'r a ḡ-caoin-éáirḡib
 20 Cluḡaḡ foirḡil na b-paon ip aon don ríor-árḡ-ḡuil.

ḡenealach uí íciḡe.

éum donncáḡa uí íciḡe.

A éumainn ḡloim do'n ḡuirinn mḡr lé a ḡ-claoiḡḡe táin,
 Náir b' upḡamaḡ do éuine air biḡ a b-ríor-ḡníom lám,
 Do b' upur dom a b-ḡuirḡ éirḡ ip dírigḡe dán,
 ḡemealaḡ do éine-rí do rḡríḡbaḡ ríor dáib.

DON b-ḡear ceaḡna.

Aḡ teiḡeaḡ ríim mḡḡib “Abḡribasion.”

ḡréig do éalaḡ duḡḡair,
 Déim air éoirḡe lundain,
 Aḡ ḡeaḡaint mḡḡe an aḡḡair
 Do éur do éir fá bḡón.

Cuir do ḡḡḡar éoimḡeaḡ
 30 A ḡ-Cḡiorḡ do éigḡarna díur,
 Ná taḡair air beaḡa an t-ḡaoigil ro
 An t-ḡiorḡuiḡeaḡḡ tá aḡ' éoimair.

This thou wilt obtain, as I understand, from the King of Graces,
 Because thou hast not sworn in public in order to injure ;
 Generations to come from living families will be constantly pro-
 claiming

That thou wert ever steadfast and charitable in need.

The gentle Donogh is meek, and lovely beyond a hundred ;
 A prop to the bards, and to the noble learned, of the plain of
 Core,

The Ollamh of kings, in wisdom, and noble friendship,

20 The strong support of the weak, and one of the true high blood.

THE GENEALOGY OF O'HICKEY.

TO DONOGH O'HICKEY.

O pure friend, of the nimble race who were wont to subdue
 hosts,

Who acknowledged no superior in true feats of manual skill,

It were easy for me in exact form, and in verse of most accurate
 metre,

To write down for thy race their genealogy.

TO THE SAME.

WHEN ESCAPING FROM "APPROBATION" OATHS.

Quit thy native land,

Approach the London jury,

To shun the oath of trouble

That has brought sorrow on thy country.

Put thy deliberate hope

30 In Christ, thy beloved Lord,

Do not give for this mortal life

The eternity that is in store for thee.

Πίλλριθ Δία δο θίβιρτ
 Ταρ έιρ ζαέ ιομπρόθ τίρε,
 Ιρ λεαεφαιθ ρε δο ναιμήθε
 Δο έυιρ τυ αρ δο έόιρ.

XXV.

ΑΝ ΤΑΝ ΕΑΙΝΙΖ ΑΝ ΡΡΙΟΝΝΣΑ ΣΕΑΡΛΥΣ ΣΤΙΟΘΑΡΤ
 ΖΟ Η-ΑΛΒΑΙΝ.

Ιρ mac δο Μαρρ αν mac ρο α η-Αλβαιν υαιρθ,
 Ιρ ρεαρ αρ ρεαρρα αιρ ρεαρann τρεαρζυρετα αν τ-ι'λυαιζ,
 Macs ιρ elans αρ ζλαν αιρ ζ'αλλαιβ ζο m-buaiθιθ,
 Ραέ ζαέ εαέ don b-ρ'λαιέ ζο leanaiθ ζο buan.

Ζαρ αρ ppar α θ-τρεαραιβ calma epuaθa,
 Δο ζλαε 'na ζλαic αν ceapτ δο ρεαραm ζαν δυαθ;
 Α Έεap na b-ρεαρτ ιρ Αέαιρ παρέαιρ ρ'υαρ,
 Όρ ceapτ α έεapτ 'na έεapτ ζο θ-ταζαιθ ζο luaέ.

XXV.—This poem bears date in the MS. 1745. Still, as such title dates are often wrong, it is, I think, probable that it refers to the rebellion of 1715, in spite of the name Charles in the title, and is perhaps the work of O'Rahilly, though that inference is not clear from the MS. itself. It was replied to by the Rev. Conchubhar O'Brien. The last verse of his reply is interesting—

Μά θραέαθαρ na η-Αλβαιν ζαν δύιλ 'na θάρ
 Capolur δο Σαζροναιβ αιρ έονηραθ αν ρεάιτ,
 Μαιειθ-ρε ιρ μαιεim-ρε αν έύιρ ριν δάιβ,
 Ό ζλαεαθαρ ζο ceanaimuil αρ b-ppionnra α η-άιτ.

God will restore thee from banishment
After thou hast gone round every land,
And will entomb thy enemies
Who put thee from thy right.

XXV.

WHEN PRINCE CHARLES STEWART CAME TO
SCOTLAND.

He is a son of Mars, this son in high Alba ;
He is the man who is best in the host-overthrowing plain ;
May he win Macs, and Clans, and a complete triumph over the
foreigners ;
May enduring success attend the chieftain in each battle.

A young shoot who is ready in bold stern fights,
Who took in hand to stand for the right without hardship ;
O Prince of Miracles, and Father of heaven above,
Since his right is right unto his right may he soon come.

“Though the Scotch, without desiring his death, betrayed
Charles to the English, upon an agreement of the state,
Forgive ye, and I will forgive them this deed,
Since they have accepted lovingly our Prince in his stead.”

XXVI.

AIR BÁS GEARAILT MÍIC RÍOIRE AN GLEANNA.

Créad é an tlaét ro air éeannaiḃ éirionn ?
 Créad do beó-ghuig ríod na tréine ?
 Aét Ríḡ-ḡlaiḡ do ḡríom na nḡréagaḡ,
 A ḡ-clúid 'ran b-peart gan ḡreab ná éiréaḡ.

Seabac Muḡan, cupaḡ laocair,
 Seabac ḡleanna, mac na péile,
 Seabac Sionann, Orḡar euḡtaḡ,
 Seabac Muḡmneaḡ Inḡe Féiḡlim.

10 Phœnix cpoiḡe-ḡeal, mín a ḡéaga,
 Phœnix mipe, ḡaoir baḡ tréiḡeaḡ,
 Phœnix liḡe aḡur liḡe mo mḡeala,
 Phœnix beḡḡa, cḡḡḡa, caomḡneart.

péapla baile na Maḡḡra méiḡe,
 péapla Cluana, ruam-bḡeaḡ ḡnéḡeal,
 péapla Siúipe ir clú b-peap n-éirionn,
 péapla Luimniḡ ir fuinne-bḡeaḡ Féile.

Ruipe diaḡa ciallḡar tréiḡeaḡ,
 Ruipe peaḡḡḡar, peaḡaḡ, péata,
 Ruipe.air ḡolḡaiḃ ḡorma caola,
 20 Ruipe ḡairḡe na banba tréine.

XXVI.—The first twelve quatrains of this elegy taken from a scribbling-book dated 1781, and belonging to Michael og O'Longan, were already in type when the entire poem was discovered in a MS. in the King's Inns Library. The subject of this poem appears to have died before 1700. See Burke's "Landed Gentry," sub nomine *Fitzgerald*, where no Gerald son of Thomas is mentioned, save a knight of Glin, who made a deed of settlement of his estate in 1672. The knights of Glin were great favourites of the bards. It is probable that XXVI. and XXIV.

XXVI.

ON THE DEATH OF GERALD, SON OF THE KNIGHT OF GLIN.

What garb of grief is this over the headlands of Erin?
 What has deformed the living features of the sun?
 What but that the kingly prince of the stock of the Grecians,
 Is covered in the tomb without life or vigour?

Warrior of Munster, hero in valour,
 Warrior of Glin, son of hospitality,
 Warrior of the Shannon, Osgar of wondrous feats,
 Munster's warrior of the Island of Feidhlim.

Phoenix of the bright heart, of the smooth limbs;
 10 Phoenix, playful, wise, virtuous;
 Phoenix, prosperous and accomplished;
 Phoenix, sprightly, valiant, and stalwart.

Pearl of the townland of the fat beeves,
 Pearl of Cloyne, of sober countenance, of bright aspect,
 Pearl of the Suir, and glory of the men of Erin,
 Pearl of Limerick, and fair trout of the Feale.

Knight, pious, wise, virtuous;
 Knight, a lawgiver, learned and brave;
 Knight of the slender blue swords;
 20 Knight of valour, of the brave land of Banba.

were written about the same time (1709), as they are the only pieces in this collection on subjects connected with Limerick.

2. *do beó-ḡnuig* from *beó*, and *ḡnuig*, a scar or notch; translate 'what has deformed the living features,' lit. 'what has live-deformed.' 3. The Geraldines are said to be of Greek descent. 7. *Sionann*. MS. *ruinna*.

8. There must be some corruption; *Murán* and *Muiríneac* occur in same stanza. 11. *Uíche*, I cannot identify this river.

Díar don éruíneacht gan cogal gan claonað,
 Croidhe líupéig éinn úir a gaoilte,
 Éirde pláta air éac gan raobað,
 Dá n-díon air ghuaim, air buairt, air baogal.

Comniol eólur, rór na h-Éirionn,
 Comniol eólur, lóerann raor-plaíe,
 Tapúr ciara, grian an lae gíl,
 Tapúr clúmaí, epú nirt laócair.

30 Píonúr áluinn, bláe na féinne,
 Píonúr cine na b-pionna-mac laócair,
 Píonúr oéta na g-Conallaé réadaé,
 Píonúr Caluinne, arna na laócaí.

Rór nár fíre gup fíre a n-éagaib,
 Rór na leógan, comet ríre,
 Rór na Ríogað dob' aoirde a n-Éirionn,
 Rór na dáine ir ríac na cléire.

40 Naragna Conallaé uile gan aon loét,
 Naragna an Gleanna dá éaraib ir baor-goin,
 Naragna an Daingin, ní beartaím-re bréaga,
 Naragna corraim a bpoáir a éreáda.

Geapalt mac Comáir leannán béite,
 buinne rabarta mair na m-béimionn,
 Sáic trí Ríogaéta ag líige gan éireacht,
 Do bair Átporr ríac a fíogail.

Mo nuar éim mo míle geur-goin,
 Páir go dian, mo pían an té reo,
 Átnuað bróin ir deóir a n-aonféacht,
 Geapalt gan ppeab fá leacab traóéta.

50 Ag reo plannba Gallba Gaodalaé,
 Ceann dualaé nár ghuamda taodaé,
 Ceann ba ceannra, meabair cum réitig,
 Ceann nár amairc neac mairg an' feúcaint.

An ear of wheat without husk or bending ;
Heart of mail for the leader of his kinsmen,
A coat of unbroken armour for the rest,
To guard them from grief, from trouble and danger.

Candle of guidance, rose of Erin,
Candle of guidance, torch of noble chieftains ;
Wax taper, sun of the bright day ;
Illustrious taper, blood of the strength of bravery.

Vinetree, comely, flower of warriors,
30 Vinetree of the race of fair sons of valour,
Vinetree, a breast-plate of Connello of the jewels ;
Vinetree of Callan, rib of heroes.

Rose which shrivelled not till it shrivelled in death,
Rose of heroes, comet of the heavens,—
Rose of the kings, the highest in Erin,—
Rose of the poets and shelter of the bards.

Rallying chief of all Connello, without fault,—
Rallying chief of Glin—a sore wound to his friends ;
Rallying chief of Dingle,—I utter not lies,—
40 Rallying chief of defence along with his flock.

Gerald, son of Thomas, beloved of women,
Flood-tide wave of the sea of blows,
The beloved of three kingdoms lying without vigour !
Atropos has snapped the thread of his life !

My sorrow of heart, my thousand sharp woundings
My intense agony, my pain is he,
Renewal of weeping and of sorrow at once,
Gerald, lifeless, prostrate beneath a stone !

Here is a foreign and a Gaelic scion,
50 A head of fair locks, who was not morose or stubborn,
A head that was gentle, a brain to make peace,
A head that beheld none wretched in his sight.

A puirg ba gorm mar gorm na rpreire,
 A éanra mílir ba míocair a d-éarua,
 A fiacla míne do bí déanta,
 'Sa bpaioite reanra, cearta, caola.

60 A lámha air arm ba deacair a d-tpaoáa,
 Láma na n-oirbheart, tobair le daonnaét,
 A éom mar leoḡan a ḡ-comḡleic laocair,
 A érhoie ba mór 'ra ḡlór ba ḡlé-nir.

Tiḡ ḡan míoill dá ḡruim dul d'éaḡaib
 Céirpe dúile a líúireacét d'aonbul,
 Ceata pola dá n-doracá ḡo paobraé,
 Ir mná riúe ḡac cpiúe céarua.

A ḡ-Caonraiḡe 'na úflear caom-éar,

Cíoc-bán áluinn aḡ párgaó déara,
 Úna Aoire Clíoḡna, ir Déirprie,
 'Sa Síó beirbhe Meirb aḡ ḡear-ḡol.

70 A Síó Cpuacna duarcan rpreire,
 A Síó bainne coir Flearḡa 'r air Élaodaiḡ,
 A Síó Tuirpe coir imill léine,
 A Síó beirb na mílleac, aorua.

D'admuiḡ bean a éar air Élaonḡluir,
 Mná Cuanaá a m-buaiḡearḡaib céarua,
 A d-Tiḡ Molara do rḡreacabap béirte,
 Mná loma ir coir Daoile a n-aonḡeacét.

80 D'admuiḡ bean a éar 'ra ḡaolra,
 A n-Éocail 'ra Róirteaáa daora,
 A d-Tpáirḡ Uí 'r le taoib loé Éirne,
 Coir Éapám 'ra ḡ-Cineál m-béice.

Air élor táirḡ ir báir an Phœnix,
 Éuḡ Tonn Clíoḡna bioḡḡaó baogalaé,
 Do bí loé ḡuir an' fuil peaét laeḡe,
 'S an Ílaimḡ ḡan bpaon dá m'í 'rí ḡné-pliué.

66. cíoc-bán. MS. cíobán.

72. mílleac, *sic* MS.; meaning uncertain; perhaps = mínleac.

His eyes were blue as the blue of heaven,
 His sweet tongue was mild in its words,
 His fine teeth were well fashioned,
 His eye-brows slender, proper, thin.

His hands in arms it was hard to subdue,
 Hands of generous deeds, well of humanity,
 His waist as a lion's in the strife of valour,
 60 His heart was great, his voice clear and strong.

Because he went unto death, without delay
 The four elements burst at once into tumult,
 Showers of blood were sharply spilled,
 And the fairy women of every district in torture.

At Kenry in his own fair land,
 A white-breasted maiden pressing forth tears,
 Una, Aoife, Cliodhna, and Deirdre,
 And in Sidh Beidhbh Meadhbh bitterly weeping.

At Sidh Cruachna, a hum of sorrow in the heavens,
 70 At Sidh Baine, beside the Flesk, and on Claodach,
 At Sidh Tuirc, beside the margin of Lein,
 At ancient Sidh Beidhbh, of the pastures (?).

A woman confessed his merit in Claonghlais,
 The women of Cuanach were tormented with sorrow,
 At Timoleague women screamed,
 The women of Imokilly and beside the Deel together.

A woman confessed his right and his kinsfolk,
 At Youghal and in rich Roche-land,
 At Tralee and beside Lough Erne,
 80 On the marge of Casán and in Kinalmeaky.

On hearing the tidings and the death of the Phœnix,
 Tonn Cliodhna gave a start of danger,
 Lough Gur was blood for seven days,
 And the Maine without a drop for two months, though wet-faced.

73. A district in West Limerick.

74. A barony in Co. Limerick.

D'áirḡ an líte a ppuithe raopa,
 D'iompuig map ḡual pnuað na ḡpéine,
 Níor ḡan meap air ðair 'ná air ðaolað,
 Dó érpéig banba a capa 'ra céile.

90 Dó puaimneadar cuanta na ppéipe,
 Dó pcpíocadar píor na réaltaínn.
 Dó ḡleððadar a ḡ-clóð na h-éanlaíḡ,
 Dó múðadar dúile daonna.

Ní b-puil pḡím air mínleað maol-énoc,
 Ní b-puil topað air éalaí aolbuiḡ,
 Ní b-puil ceól a m-beólaiḡ éanlaíḡ,
 Dó balbairḡ cláirpceáð bláíḡ-ḡeal éipíonn.

100 Dó b'é ḡearpalc capa na cléipe,
 ḡoll meap Mórna a nḡleó ná ppaocáð,
 Cúculainn na ḡ-clear n-ionḡnað 'déanaíḡ,
 Conall ḡulban ip Orḡar na m-béimíonn.

Dó b'é an túip peo púil pe h-éipínn,
 Dó pað pí peapc ip ḡean a cléib do,
 Dó éuḡ pí páipc do ip ḡráð tap ééadairḡ,
 Dó éuḡ pí a pḡím dá ḡnaoi 'p a h-aonta.

ba beaḡ map ionḡnað í dá déanaíḡ,
 Ní paiḡ píg d'púil Íp ná éibip,
 Éuaið ná éear air peað na h-éipíonn,
 Ná pḡaḡað épíð ó pínḡ ḡo maol-tpoiḡ.

110 Air élop lḡ 'pa épíoc don bé ḡlain,
 Dó puḡ pí eicim ip pḡeinim a n-aonpceáḡ,
 Dó deapbairḡ an báb, noð d'pár a léíte,
 ḡo bpáḡ apír ḡan luiḡe le céile.

93. pḡím seems = 'fortune, prosperity': cf. *infra*, 104 and V. 5, pḡím ḡpaoidceáḡta.

94. aolbað as an adj. seems = 'delightful.'

The Lithe compressed her noble current,
 The face of the sun turned to coal-black,
 Fruit remained not on oak, or on sapling,
 Banba abandoned her love and her spouse.

90 The depths of the sky grew red,
 The stars sank down,
 The birds contended on boughs,
 Human elements were quenched.

There is no prosperity on the pasture of bare hills,
 There is no produce on the beautiful land,
 There is no music in the mouths of birds,
 The fair-blooming harp of Erin is silenced.

Gerald was the beloved of the bards,
 A swift Goll, son of Morna, unsubdued in conflict,
 A Cuchulainn in performing wondrous feats,
 100 Conall Gulban and Osgar of the blows.

This chief was the hope of Erin,
 She gave him her love and her heart's affection,
 She gave him friendship, and fondness beyond hundreds,
 She gave her prosperity and her consent to his complexion.

Little wonder that she did so :
 There was not a prince of the blood of Ir or Eibhear,
 North or south throughout Erin,
 Who was not strained through him from head to bare foot.

On the fair woman hearing Ith and his region,
 110 She bounded and started all at once,
 The maiden swore, who grew grey,
 Never again to lie with a spouse.

101. *τύρη*. MS. *τυαρ*.

108. For *ῥῥαῖαῖ*, *cf.* XXIX. 33. Something seems to have dropped out between 108 and 109.

Ir iomdha flait do éar an méirbheac,
 Fuair a leaba 'ra realb 'ra caom-ghlac,
 Fuair a rún 'ra dúil 'ra h-aonta,
 Do éuit dá corname a n-doéar-bhuib daora.

'Óg-dul air peócað do éar me,
 A n-uaim linn a rinnreap raorða
 Sínte a b-peap a g-clair fá béillie
 120 Taob pe gairge na n-geapaltað caom-ghlan.

An tan do bairteað 'na leanb an laoc ro,
 Fíonúir ríogaéta Cuinn na g-céad-éat,
 Éug Mercurius rún a éleib do,
 O'páirg pé mil go tiug 'na méaparb.

Do rinn Mars 'na leanb laoc de,
 Éug do colg glan gorm ir éide,
 Clogab caoin dá díon a ngéibíonn
 Lúipeac 'na n-aice 'gur ceannar na Féinne

Fuair pe ciall ó Dia na céille,
 130 Innteacét, cuimne, míne, ir céadpað,
 Meabair, ir eólar, beódaét, ir léigeanataét,
 Suaimnear aigne, maire, 'gur féile.

Fuair ó Pan gac airge b' féibir,
 Stáinpe rtiúrta éuig cúige a n-aonpéacét,
 Céir go raibbir cum leigir a éréada,
 Ir gadair dá g-cornam air doéar na b-paolcon.

Fuair pé gnaoi glan mín ó Venus,
 Éug Vulcanus do ceárbéa épaopaé,
 Neptunus éug long do air paop-muir,
 140 Agur Oceanus áptac taoragac.

Monuar cpoide, mo míle céara!
 Gleann an Ríoir a g pileað na n-déara!
 Gan bpuide ceóil gan glór bínn éanlaét!
 Do éuit a pat a maét 'ra péilteann!

Many are the chieftains the vile woman loved,
 Who obtained her bed, her possession, and her fair hand,
 Who obtained her love, her desire, and her consent,
 Who fell in her defence into the dire hardship of bondage.

His early going to decay has tortured me,
 Into the narrow grave of his noble ancestors,
 Stretched in a tomb, in a pit, under a great stone,
 120 Beside the champions of the pure, noble Geraldines.

When the hero was baptized as a child,
 The vine of the kingdom of Conn of the hundred fights,
 Mercury gave him the love of his heart,
 He pressed plenteous honey into his fingers.

Mars made him a hero when a child,
 Gave him a pure, sharp sword and armour,
 A noble helmet to protect him in difficulty,
 A coat of mail also, and the headship of the warriors.

He got wisdom from the God of Wisdom,
 130 Intelligence, memory, refinement, and judgment,
 Mind and knowledge, vivacity and learning,
 Peace of soul, beauty and generosity.

He got from Pan every possible gift,
 A staff to direct five provinces together,
 Wax in plenty to heal his flock,
 And dogs to guard them from the mischief of wolves.

He got a fair, smooth complexion from Venus,
 Vulcan gave him a greedy forge,
 Neptune gave him a ship on the open sea,
 140 And Oceanus a scoop for baling.

My heart-ache, my thousand tortures !
 The Knight's glen shedding tears !
 Without a musical starling, without the sweet voice of birds,
 Its fortune, its good, its star has fallen !

Do bain a báir a gáire d' Éirínn,
 D' airtirig a daé ba géal air d'aol-daé!
 Silib lionn a rmúir 'ra raor-déarce!
 Smior a cnám pe fána tréigean!

150 Gúidim-pe do feabac na lann do raobað,
 Glóipe ríor gan díé gan éiríng,
 Tuar a g-caidream plaitéar na gréine,
 Tug an rmúir-peo air úr-bhog Éibir.
 Tug rmaile 'na rghiorcar ó Síonainn go déara,
 Tug dub-dáé air lonnrað na gréine,
 Tug fiað Fáil go cráidte déaraé,
 Ó Cárn tear go h-Aileac Néibe.

Monuar croide, mo míle céarað!
 Oélan ir treigdeán a n-aonpéacé!
 Aðbar bróin a g-cóigib Éiríonn,
 160 Cnú mullaig an érainn bupraig do léirrgior.

Uile idir ppiúnaið úr nár éraob-éar,
 Ór na g-cupað, ir cupað na laoepra,
 Don ríog-éuaine dob' uairle a n-Éirínn,
 Nár gáib rghannrað a ngleó ná a m-baozal.

Do bí leaé Míloza go trom ag éab leir,
 Tré n-a maítear tar maiteib phioct Éibir,
 Mar bapp na rghaé rghairce ó éile,
 Go ríé a éilú gan rmúir 'ra tréite

170 'Sé mac Rídir Sionna na raor-bare,
 loménúé gaé pír é d'púil na raor-plaé,
 Croide nar éur do díl gaé aonneac,
 bponntóir beacé do lazaib Éiríonn.

ba épara a gpuaið a n-am buaídearéa ir baozal
 ba géal a croide, 'ra éilí, 'ra éeaprað,
 A mínn gan míorgair, 'ra míozal dá péir rin,
 Gan eláct ná tapcuirne a g-ceangal don méib rin.

145. This line in MS. is

d'airleac a raozal a brón deiríonn,

which is difficult to cure.

His death took away her laughter from Erin,
 Her bright colour has changed to chafer-black,
 Her nostrils and her noble eyes shed their humours,
 The marrow of her bones she lets waste away.

I beseech for the sword-breaking warrior
 150 Eternal glory, without loss or blemish,
 Above, in the society of the sunny heavens,
 Who brought this sorrow on a noble mansion of Eibhear.

Who dealt a blow that works ruin from Shannon to Beare,
 Who coloured black the brightness of the sun,
 Who made the lands of Fál sad and tearful,
 From Corran to Aileach of Neid.

My heart-ache, my thousand tortures !
 Woe and pain together !
 Cause of grief in the provinces of Erin,
 160 The ruin of the topmost nut of the noble tree !

Lily amongst thorns, fresh, not branch-tangled,
 Gold of champions, champion of heroes,
 Of the princely family, noblest in Erin,
 Who were not panic-stricken in fight or in danger.

Leath Mhogha was greatly envious of him,
 Because of his goodness above the chiefs of Eibhear's race,
 As the choice of the flowers—separated from one another,
 His fame ran unclouded, and his virtues.

He is the son of the Knight of Shannon of the noble ships,
 170 The envy of every man, of the blood of noble chiefs,
 A heart not hard whom all loved,
 An exact bestower on the weaklings of Erin.

Firm was his brow in time of trouble and danger,
 Bright was his heart, and his breast, and his mind,
 His mind without malice, and his spirit in like manner,
 Without raillery or contempt in connexion with these.

AN PEART-LAOIÖ.

A mairb-leac bioë-árö, rin tair pút 'na luirge
 Capa na m-boëtan buinneán úr ba ðroiöe,
 Neart cupaö na leannán, cruë éaiö d'úr-þuil ríöð,
 180 ðeapalt mac Tomáir oëlán dúr ! fáö' éli.

Fáö' éli atá tám-lag ðeapalt ðréagac,
 Ríöð-þlait ir fáö ruð bárr na b-þlata b-þaöþrac
 Saoi nár éaimig cum cáim ður éaië a þaoðal
 'S Críöþö dá þaðáil ðan éaiþöe 'na þlaitëap naomëta.

XXVII.

MARÖNA AN AÇAR SEÁĞAN MAC INEIRĞE.

D'éag an raðart cneapöa epáibëeac,
 buacáill þan baö maië láime,
 Solur mór baö ró-maië cáile,
 Raeltean eölur þöl 'na páiötiö.

D'þeöig an t-uðall cúmpa ðráömap,
 D'þeöig an cpann 'r an planöa bláëmap,
 D'þeöig an ríonúr caoin, pionn, páirteaë,
 D'þeöig ðeág paime ö þapëap álunn.

D'þeöig an teanða nár þeapö a páiötiö,
 10 D'þeöig an teaëtaipe ö þlaitëap öö éaimig,
 D'þeöig an buacáill duapaë ðeaðëac,
 Öö bíöð ag copnam na b-peacaë ö Šátan.

XXVII.—Of this poem I have seen only the copy in the Royal Irish Academy. Three or four lines at the end have been omitted as they are difficult to decipher. For some account of the family of Mac Inery, see "Topographical Poems," edited by O'Donovan, Index *in voce*.

THE EPITAPH.

O death-stone, ever high, there lowly beneath thee is lying,
 The beloved of the poor, the noble, valiant branch,
 Champion of strength of favourites, modest face, of the noble
 blood of kings,
 180 Gerald, son of Thomas—oh, bitter woe!—beneath thy breast.

Beneath thy breast, Gerald the Grecian is lifeless,
 Royal chief and prince who excelled the keen chieftains,
 A noble who was faultless until he had spent his life,
 And may Christ receive him, without delay, in His holy heaven.

XXVII.

ELEGY ON FATHER JOHN MACINERY.

He is dead—the priest, mild, and pious,—
 The servant of Pan, whose surety was good,
 A great light, of truly good qualities,
 A guiding star, a Paul in his maxims.

Withered is the fragrant, lovely apple,
 Withered is the tree and the blooming plant,
 Withered is the gentle, fair, loving vine,
 Withered is the palm-bough from beauteous Paradise.

Withered is the tongue which was not bitter in speech,
 10 Withered is the messenger from heaven that came,
 Withered is the excellent, virtuous servant,
 Who was wont to defend sinners against Satan.

2. buacáill Pan, 'the servant of the Most High.' Pan is sometimes used as a name for the Deity by English writers. láimne: cf. XX. 12, and XXIV. 12; perhaps láimne is the word here.

D'péidg Mercurius, túr le námaib,
 Lócrann pobuil gan foéal ná cáipide,
 An gaðar luirg bað éupað le h-ácar,
 'S an dam tpeabhta gan cealg dá máigiruir.

20 D'péidg an píaðuide pial-éroiðeac fáilteac,
 Do lean lorǵ ar beahta naoim pádpuid,
 An t-Orǵar puagmhar uapal dána,
 Do leag ríor an Díomar lán-mear.

D'éag an Döll bob' oll-ǵlic láidir,
 Do éuir an t-Sannt le faille 'r a cáipide,
 D'éag an palmaç, balta do Dáibid,
 Náir pmúim Dpúir 'r a D-Tnúé náir éaplaig.

Craor níor fearc an fear do páðaim lib,
 Do fearnað a éorp ó ole go báir do,
 D'puataig Fearǵ, níor éanǵuil le páirt di,
 Do puais ré an leirge tar leirǵ le pánaid.

30 Do b' é ro an gairǵioðac neart-éroiðeac áluinn,
 Do b'péarra 'r an g-caç pá fearc ná Ajax,
 Do b'péarr é air éloiðeam pá éirí ná an páir-plaie
 Alexander, ó Mlacebon éainig.

Liaǵ an anama fearcaig do-pláinte,
 Liaǵ do Éríorð, dá éaoirib bána,
 Liaǵ an Açar, don fearac an-épaibteac,
 Liaǵ na n-oçar nǵorpuigte épaibte.

40 Tiompán bínn a laoirib Dáibid,
 Cláirpéac halla na n-ainǵiol bað gpadmhar,
 Liaǵ léir éneapað ar guineað le Sátan,
 Dliolla Mluirpe 'r a gonna air an m-beapnuim.

Liaǵ don ocpac cíocpac tár-noçt,
 Liaǵ na n-dall a n-am a nǵábaid,
 Liaǵ na lag 'r a m-bratac pǵáta,
 Liaǵ na b-fear, na m-ban, na nǵáplaç.

20. Díomar = 'pride, contempt for others.' The priest is represented as routing the seven deadly sins.

Withered is the Mercury, the tower against the enemy,
 The torchlight of the people, without corruption or cunning,
 The tracking hound, who was a joyous champion,
 And the plough-ox, without deceit, to his master.

Withered is the huntsman, generous-hearted, hospitable,
 Who followed the track and the life of St. Patrick,
 The Osgar, host-scattering, noble, bold,
 20 Who overthrew full-lusty Pride.

Dead is the Goll who was so skilful and strong,
 Who sent Avarice with his kinsfolk adown the cliff;
 Dead is the psalm-chanter, the disciple of David,
 Who thought not of Lust, and was not found in Envy.

The man I pourtray to you loved not Gluttony,
 He guarded his body from evil until death,
 He hated Anger, nor joined with it in love,
 He put Sloth to flight out of the way adown the slope.

A champion was he of stout heart, comely,
 30 Who was in battle seven times better than Ajax,
 At the sword he was thrice better than that famous chieftain,
 Alexander, who came from Macedon.

Physician to the sinful, sickly soul,
 Christ's physician, for his white sheep,
 The Father's physician, for the impious sinner,
 Physician of the sick, wounded, and tormented.

A melodious timbrel for the songs of David,
 The harp of the hall of the angels, who was pleasing,
 Physician who cured all who were wounded by Satan,
 40 Mary's servant and her gun in the breach.

Physician of the hungry, the ravenous, the naked,
 Physician of the blind in their time of need,
 Physician of the weak and their battle-standard of protection,
 Physician of men, of women, and of babes.

Máigiur tuinge gan uipearbaid cábla,
 Trí muiir b'éige an t-raogail báidte,
 Scriortóir Acheron, cara na d-tám-laḡ,
 Do éuir na deamuin a ḡ-ceanḡal air fárað.

50 Eagnuide rocair map Soloman éarla,
 b'riogmar bleactmar bar-ḡeal báilteac,
 Soéma pionnantar poitib 'na éailib,
 Meanmnað múinte clámuil ráim-òpeac.

Suamda meaparda ḡeanmnað ḡrárað,
 Uaill ná dímeap tríd níor fárgnaim
 Fírean naomta béarac d'fár d'fuil
 Na m-brianað ḡ-calma ḡ-ceannarað láidir.

60 Ar tig Óinn Copra gan poéal do éaimḡ,
 D'fíor-fuil ríḡte críde Fáilbe,
 Do f'leactaib laetna éair na lán-épeac,
 Orong na n-Danar do rḡairpead tar fáile.

Atá an pobal ḡo dorb 'na deaḡaid ran,
 Atá an t-aer 'na óéig ḡo epáidte.
 Do ḡoil Sol pe ppoctuib fáile
 Do rḡéig an Daoil map óion paol báncaib.

50. bar-ḡeal: MS. béar-ḡeal. 57. Ceann Copra, lit. = 'the head of the weir'; it is situated near the town of Killaloe.

Captain of a ship that wanted not a cable,
Through the false sea of the drowned world,
The spoiler of Acheron, the beloved of the feeble,
Who tied down the demons in the wilderness.

A philosopher sedate like Solomon,
50 Strong, fruitful, white-handed, bestowing,
Quiet, peaceful, gentle of disposition,
High-spirited, accomplished, of good repute, peaceful of mien.

Demure, esteemed, pure, gracious,
Nor vanity nor pride grew with him,
A righteous man, holy, almsgiving, who sprang from the blood
Of the O'Briens, the stalwart, the ruling, the strong.

Of the house of Kincora without corruption did he come,
Of the genuine blood of the kings of the land of Fáilbhe,
Of the race of Lachtna, of Cas of the abundant spoils,
60 A race who scattered the Danes across the sea.

The congregation is doleful at his loss,
The air is troubled at his death,
Sol wept with briny streams,
The Deal overflowed as a covering along plains.

59. Lachtna was great-grandfather of Brian Borumha, and traces of his royal residence, 'Grianan Lachtna,' are still to be seen within a mile of Killaloe.

XXVIII.

ΤΑΡΝΖΑΙΡΕΑΪΤ ὈΙΝΝ ΠΙΡΙΝΝΙḶ.

Ἄν τρυαḷ λῖβ na παλῶοιμ an εἰτίḡ 'ρ an πέιλλ δυῖβ
 Ἀḡ ρυαḡαιρτ na ἐλείρε ap δά léip-ḡup pά ὀαιοῖρε ?
 Μο nuap-ρα ḡο τρέιτ-λαḡ mac Σέapλuῖp ba pῖḡ ἄḡuῖnn,
 Ἀ n-uaiḡ cupḡa an' aonap, 'p a ῖapop-ὀalτa ap ὀῖβipτ !

Ἦρ τρυαίλλῖḡτε, ἐλαονῖap, 'p ἡρ τρέapon ὀo'n ὀpoinḡ oῖle,
 Cpυαὸ-ῖionna bpeῖḡe pά ῖeula 'p pά pepῖḡinn,
 'ḡ a m-bualaḡ pe beulaῖḡ ἄp ḡ-ἐλείρε ap ἄp παoῖτε,
 'S náp ὀual ὀo ἐlamn Σέamup copóḡn ῖapop na ὀ-τpῖ
 pῖoḡaḡta.

- Σταḡpαιὸ an τḡipneaḡ le pḡipneapτ na ḡpéime,
 10 Ἀp pḡaippeὸ an ceo-po ὀo pḡp-ῖleaḡtaῖḡ εἰḡip ;
 Ἄn τ-lmppe beῖḡ ὀeopaḡ ap ῖlónḡpup παoi ὀaop-pmaḡτ,
 'S an “bpicléip” ḡo moḡῖmapaḡ a peompa pῖḡ Σέamup.

beῖḡ εἰρε ḡo pῖḡaḡ 'p a ὀύντa ḡo h-aḡḡapaḡ,
 Ἀp ḡaḡḡailḡ 'ḡ a pepῖḡaḡ 'na múpαιḡ ἄḡ εἰḡpῖḡ ;—
 beupla na m-búp n-ὀuḡ ḡo cḡḡail παoi neulτaῖḡ,
 Ἀp Σέamup 'n a ḡúipτ ḡῖl ἄḡ ταḡaipτ cunḡanta ὀo ḡaḡḡ-
 laῖḡ.

XXVIII.—Donn was a celebrated Munster fairy supposed to haunt Cnoc Firinne, near Ballingarry, County Tipperary. He holds much the same rank in the fairy world as Clíodhna and Aine. He is a kinsman of the Donn, son of Milesius who is supposed to haunt the sand-banks known as Teach Doinn, and to whom Andrew Mac Curtin made complaint of his grievances. There is a copy of this poem in the British Museum, and two copies in the Royal Irish Academy, of which one is in the MS. copy of Keating's History that contains the pieces on O'Hickey (23, G. 3). It has been printed by Hardiman, in his “Irish Minstrelsy,” vol. ii.

4. Here ὀalτa, evidently = ‘son,’ and not merely ‘foster child.’

6. The poet refers to the Acts of Parliament passed settling the succession on William and Mary, but chiefly to the alleged suppositiousness of the son of James II.

XXVIII.

THE PROPHECY OF DONN FIRINNEACH.

Are ye moved with pity because the lying wolves of black
treachery

Are scattering the clergy and bringing them to complete
servitude ?

Oh woe is me ! the son of Charles who was our king is lifeless,
Buried in a grave alone, while his noble son is banished ;

It is foul and evil, it is treason in that wicked race,
To brandish audacious perjuries, sealed, and in writing,
Before the faces of our clergy and our nobles,
That the children of James have no hereditary title to the noble
crown of the three Kingdoms.

10 The thunder will be silenced by the strength of the sunlight,
And this sorrow will depart from the true descendants of Eibhear :
The Emperor will shed tears, and Flanders will be in dire
bondage.

While the "Bricklayer" will be in pride in the halls of King
James.

Erin will be joyful, and her strongholds will be delightful ;
And the learned will cultivate Gaelic in their schools ;
The language of the black boors will be humbled and put
beneath a cloud,
And James in his bright court will lend his aid to the Gaels.

12. bpiócléir. In a copy of the poem in a MS. of *Keating's History*, bearing date 1715, this word is glossed thus: .i. ppiónnra Séamur mac don bapa Séamur b'i iompáidte 'na mac tabartha ag an m-bpiócléir. In a poem on the 'Coming of the Pretender to Scotland,' and probably by our author, this subject is dealt with in strong language :

"Na galla-bpuic do dhearbaidh go díot-éópaé
Gur barcapd tu nár rneabab d'fúil an rígh éróda
Go b-foicimna le h-armaib na n-ghaioib Eogain
Na garb-éoiric 'na rpadalaib a n-bpaoib bóéair.

beir an bíobla rin lúiteir 'r a dub-éagapag éitig,
 'S an buidhean ro tá cionntaé ná huiluiḡeann don ḡ-cléir
 éirte,
 'ḡ a n-díbirte tap triúcaib ḡo Neuu-land ó Éirinn ;
 20 An laoiréac 'r an ḡrionnra beir cúirte aca 'r aonaé !

XXIX.

INĠION UÍ ĠEARAILT.

A péapla ḡan rḡamal, do léir-cúir mé a ḡ-cačaiḡ,
 Éirḡ liom ḡan fearḡ ḡo n-innriod mo rḡeól ;
 'S ḡur faobraé do čaičir ḡaeče 'ḡur deapra
 Trím' éréacčta 'na ḡ-ceačaiḡ, do mílł mé ḡan tpeóir ;
 ḡan bréaḡnaó do pačainn don Éiḡirte tap calaó,
 'S ḡo h-Éirinn ní čarpainn čoiḡce dom' deóin ;
 Aip tpeán-núir aip talain a nḡéibinn a n-aicior
 Níor léan liom beir ad' aice coir lḡre ḡan rḡró.

10 Ir craobaé, 'rir capḡa, ir ḡréimpeac, 'r ir olačac,
 Ir néampraé, 'rir leabair, a olaoiḡte map ór ;
 Ir péaplaé a deapca, map paeltean na maḡne,
 Ir caol ceapte a mala map rḡríob pínna a ḡ-clóó ;
 Sḡéim-čpuč a leacan aolḡa map ḡneacčta
 ḡo h-aopaé aḡ carmaiḡte tpe líonpraó an róir ;
 Čuḡ ḡhoebur 'na peacaiḡ tap beičiḡ ad' amape
 'S a éaban aip lapaó le díḡḡair ḡoó' élóó.

XXIX.—There is a copy of this poem in the 69th volume of the Renehan MSS. Maynooth College. The piece has already appeared in print in "Poets and Poetry of Munster." We have followed O'Daly's text, making some corrections from the Renehan copy. The subject of the poem was celebrated in countless poetical effusions during the early part of the eighteenth century. Her name was Lucy Fitzgerald. She lived at Ballykennely in the County of Cork.

Luther's Bible and his false dark teaching,
 And this guilty tribe that yields not to the true clergy,
 Shall be transported across countries to New Land from Erin,
 20 And Louis and the Prince shall hold court and assembly.

XXIX.

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

O pearl without darkness, who hast driven me into contests,
 Listen to me without anger, whilst I tell my story ;
 Seeing that thou hast keenly shot shafts and darts
 Through my wounds in showers, which have ruined me,
 without strength ;
 In sooth I would go to Egypt across the sea,
 And to Erin I would never willingly return ;
 On the strong sea, on land, in bonds, and in joy,
 I would not grieve at being near thee by a river's side without
 wandering.

Branching, plaited, in long wisps, in short clusters,
 10 Brightly shining, and limber, are her locks like gold ;
 Pearls her eyes, as the star of the morning ;
 Right slender her eyebrow as a pen-line in print ;
 The beauteous appearance of her cheek, lime-white as the snow,
 Struggling gaily through the brightness of the rose,
 Which caused Phœbus to rush to behold thee above all maidens,
 While his forehead was aflame through love for thy beauty.

12. *p̃g̃r̃iob p̃inn.* O'Daly aspirates *b*, which is wrong: *cf.* a *par̃ap-
 poĩg̃ élaona 'r a mala ðear maop̃a map t̃appaiñg̃eap̃ caoll-p̃eann*
a g-clób t̃áib.—O'Sullivan's Vision.

16. R: 'S a^c-éadan aip la^að le ðiõg̃r̃ap̃ d̃á clób. O'Daly: 'S t̃-éadan
 aip la^að le ðiõg̃r̃ap̃ ðob clób. Neither of these lines gives good sense.

1r glégeal a mama mar g'éirib coir calaib;
 A h-aol-coirpín pneacta ip paoileanda pnób;
 Ní féidip a maiítear do léir-éur a b-pratainn
 20 Caoimhile cnearda ip mín-rgoct na n-óg;
 1r croidéarḡ a balpam, a déib geal gan aitéir,
 Do íaoppaó ón nḡalar na mílte dom íórt;
 Saor-ḡuē a teanḡan léiḡionta do ptaptaib
 Déir tpeán-ḡuic tap beannaib pe milpeact a ḡlór.

Phoenix d'ḡuul ḡearaile ḡpéaḡaig an cailín,
 Séimh-íúir do élanua Míleaó na plóḡ,
 Laoépaó gan tairpe tpaócta le ḡalluib,
 Gan tpeime gan calaib gan ríóḡ-bpog gan ptoḡ;
 Gan bpéaḡnaó ḡup rḡaḡaó Paopaiḡ ip bappaiḡ
 30 1r tpeán-coin óun Raite tpióo-ḡa paoi óó;
 Ní'l paop-ḡlaic ná dpaḡan do ḡpéim éloinne Čairil
 Gan ḡaol rir an ainnip misonla gan pmól.

Ní léir óam a paíuul a n-éirinn ná a Saḡpan,
 A n-éipeact a b-peappain a n-intleact 'ḡa ḡ-clóó;
 An béic élipde ip peappa tpeíte 'ḡup teapdar
 Ná Helen lép cailleaó na mílte 'ḡan nḡleó;
 Ní'l aon ḡear 'na beactaib d'ḡeucaó air maibin
 'Na h-éadan gan maipḡ ná rḡaolpeaó a bpón;
 Mo ḡéibionn! mo deacair! ní ḡéadaim a peactain
 40 Tpeim' neulaib, am' aiplinḡ, apoióce, ip do ló.

18. The subject of this poem has been called "Paoileann maorḡa béapaó banamuil," by Domhnall na Tuille. 20. R is followed here; balpam seems = lips,' on account of their fragrance, cf. :

1r binne ḡuē ḡearpa-ḡuib balpam-buig mánla an lemb.

Domhnall na Tuille on the same.

White her breasts, as swans beside the sea-shore ;
 Her lime-bright, snow-white body of beauty like the sea-gull ;
 Her goodness cannot be all put on parchment ;

20 The fair mild lily and gentle flower of virgins.

Bright red are her lips, her white teeth without a blemish,
 Which would save from disease thousands such as I ;

The noble speech of her tongue learned in histories,
 Brought stout bucks over mountains by the sweetness of her
 voice.

A Phoenix of the Grecian Geraldine blood is the maiden,
 The mild cousin of the children of Milesius of the hosts ;

Heroes crushed without mercy by the English,
 Without strength, without land, without princely mansion,
 without wealth.

In sooth the blood of the Powers and the Barrys,

30 And the strong hounds of Bunratty has been twice strained
 through thee ;

There is no noble chieftain or warrior of the stock of the children
 of Cashel,

Who is not akin to the mild faultless maiden.

I know not her peer in Erin or in England,

In wisdom, in personal charms, in mind, in form ;

The accomplished maiden surpassing in virtue and fame

Helen, through whom thousands perished in the fight ;

There is no man living, who would look at morning

On her face without sorrow, whose grief she would not dispel ;

O my bondage ! O my hardship ! I cannot avoid her

40 In my slumbers, in my dreams, by night, or by day.

37. αἰρ μαῖοιμ = 'just now, at any time henceforth.'

38. ná p̃ḡaoilpeað.

sic R ; O'Daly ná p̃ḡéiḡpeað.

40. O'Daly oĩḡce, ná ló.

XXX.

epitalamium do tighearnna éinn mhara.

Aitíob éirg air na rríillib ag léimriú go lúcmar,
 Tá'n t-éclipp gan fíúntar ag imteacht;
 Tá Dóebur ag múrghailt, 'r an t-éartha go ciuin-ghlan,
 Ar éanlaic na cúige go roicim.
 Táib rghaot beac ag túirleing air ghéagab ip úr-ghlar,
 Tá péar agur dpuict air na mongaib
 Ó'r céile don m-brúnaic í, Réaltan na Muimán
 'S gaol gearr don Dhuic ó Chill Choimniú.

Tá bíodgað ann gaic taim-lag ip gpoide-énoic go láidip,
 10 'S an ngeimriú cig bláic air gaic bile;
 Cill Cair ó éarplaig a g-cuibpeac go dpráimh
 Le Ríú Cille h-Áirne ár g-Cupað;
 Níl éagcúip dá luað 'gum, tá faotac ag tpuagab,
 Ón rghéal nuað po luaittear le dpongaib,
 Air péarla óg mná uairle (a Dé uil tabair buaic òi)
 An épaob éimhpa ip uairle a g-Cill Choimniú.

Tá'n Ríog-plaic 'na gárbuib air írlib 'r air árbuib,
 'S na mílte dá fáiltiugac le muirinn;
 Tá'n taoide go h-aðbapac, 'r coill ghlar ag fáir ann,
 20 'S ghaoi teact air bánuib gan milleac;
 Táib cuanta, ba gñatac faoi buan-rtoipm gpráimh,
 Go puaimneac ó éarplaig an pnuidmeac,
 Tá enuactar air tpráig 'gum ná luargann an t-práile,
 Ruacain ip báirniú ip duilearg.

XXX.—This poem is printed in O'Daly's "Poets and Poetry of Munster." There is a copy of it in the Royal Irish Academy, which gives the title as follows:—

Epitalamium do tighearnna brúnaic Éinn Mara air n-a pórac le h-ingíon Coirnal bucléir Cille Cair.

The poem was composed to celebrate the nuptials of Valentine Brown, third Viscount Kenmare, and Honora daughter of Thomas Butler of Kilcash. The

XXX.

EPITHALAMIUM FOR LORD KENMARE.

The fish in the streamlets leap up with activity,
 The eclipse is departing without a struggle,
 Phœbus is waking, and the moon is calmly bright,
 And the birds of the province are joyous ;
 Bees in swarms cluster on boughs fresh and green,
 Grass and dew are on the meads,
 Since Brown has espoused the Star of Munster
 The near in blood to the Duke from Kilkenny.

The languid are becoming vigorous, and the great hills are strong,
 10 And in winter every tree puts forth blossoms,
 Since Kilcash has been united lovingly in bonds
 With the Prince of Killarney our champion ;
 We are giving vent to no grievance, the wretched have a respite
 Since this news which is spreading among the crowd,
 Concerning the fair young pearl of ladies, (O faithful God grant
 her success!)

The fragrant branch, the most noble in Kilkenny.

The princely chieftain is a protection for the high and the lowly,
 And thousands are welcoming him with love,
 The tide is favourable, and a green wood is growing therein,
 20 And fields are growing bright without destruction ;
 Heavens, wont to be disturbed by ugly long-lasting storms,
 Are calm since this alliance took place ;
 There is gathered on the shore, undisturbed by the sea,
 Cockles and limpets, and dillisk.

marriage took place in 1720, when Sir Nicholas Brown, Valentine's father had died, and the son was at last in possession of his property. The distinguished lady celebrated in this poem, died in 1730, of smallpox. Her father Thomas Butler was grandson of Richard Butler, only brother of James, the first duke of Ormond.

2. *piúntar* = 'struggle'; cf. *múcað ná milleað a ð-piontar map ta*.—*Aodh Mac Curlin*. 17. 'na *ǵárðar*, one would expect 'na *ǵárða*.

Táid uairle Éill Áirne go ruairc ag ól pláinte
 'S buan-bioḡ na lánamán a ḡ-cumann ;
 Táid ruan-ḡoirḡ ir dánta dá m-bualaḡ ar éláirḡ,
 Ḡaḡ ruan-ḡort air áilleaḡt 'r air binneaḡt ;
 Tá claoḡlóḡ air éruaib-ḡeirḡ, 'r an t-aon éóir ag buaḡ' éann,
 30 Tá ḡné nuaḡ air ḡruaḡnaib ḡaḡ n-duine ;
 Tá'n rḡéir mḡr air ruaiment, 'r an rae rḡr go ruaimneaḡ,
 Ḡan caoḡ-ḡeḡ ḡan buarḡan, ḡan daile.

XXXI.

TREISE LE CROMUELL.

Treipe leat, a Éromuell,
 A ríḡ éroḡnaib ḡaḡ rḡolḡḡ,
 Ar leaḡ' linn ruaramar ruaimnear
 Mil, uaḡḡar, ir onóir.

Iarramaib ḡan Caoimánaḡ,
 Nuallánaḡ, ná Cinnriolaḡ,
 búrcḡḡ, Ríreaḡ, ná Róirḡeaḡ,
 D'ḡaḡáil rḡoib do éuib a rḡnḡear.

Iarramaib Cromuell beirḡ a n-uaḡḡar,
 10 Ríḡ uaral Éloinne Lḡbuir,
 ḡuḡ a ḡóirḡm d'ḡear na rḡirḡe,
 Ar d'ḡáḡ fear na dúirḡḡe ḡan "nothing."

Iarramaib a b-puil ran teaḡ ro,
 Air maiḡ aḡur air maoin,
 beirḡ ní buir fearḡ bliadán ó aniuḡ,
 Ar ḡaḡ neaḡ buir maiḡ linn.

29. buaḡ' éann, so O'Daly. buaḡaḡḡaint and buaḡaḡḡainn are used in spoken language.

The nobles of Killarney are merrily drinking health
And long life to the wedded pair in love ;
Lulling melodies and songs are being struck on the harp,
Each lulling melody the loveliest and the sweetest ;
Each hard trouble is overcome, and justice alone triumphs
amongst us ;

30 There is a fresh colour on the cheeks of all men,
There is a sound of joy in the great heavens, the moon also is
peaceful,
Without blinding mist, without sorrow, without eclipse.

XXXI.

MORE POWER TO CROMWELL.

More power to thee, O Cromwell,
O king who hast established each rustic,
It is with thy coming we obtained peace,
Honey, cream, and honour.

We ask that nor Kavanagh,
Nor Nolan, nor Kinsella,
Nor Burke, nor Rice, nor Roche,
Ever get a sod of their ancestors' portion.

10 We ask that Cromwell be supreme,
The noble king of Clan Lobus,
Who gave plenty to the man with the flail,
And left the heir of the land without " nothing."

We ask that all in this house,
In goodness and in wealth,
Be better a year from to-day,
And everyone whom we like.

XXXII.

AÉTANNA DO RINNEAD a b-PÁRLIMENT CLOINNE
THOMÁIS.

An fear b'iar éire fúinn féin
Ní beidimis a b-péin do ghnáé,
Cuirpimis ríor an ceart,
An fear b'iar an rmaét air ár láimh.

Do fúigeamar a b-párliment,
Ó Ceann t-Sáile go binn éadair,
Ar éugamar a n-inneoin íádruið,
Beit 'nár g-cáirde ag a céile.

10 Tuğamaoid onóir don ríolóig
Ar mó fearóg 'par fearr maoin,
I' beirfead fúigte don b-plearḡad,
Tairḡior go d-tí an t-eapraé an t-ím.

Aétamaoid ár d-tuaparḡal
Lá fuar aḡur teit,
Aétamaoid ár n-éadaé
Do péir céille aḡur eirt.

Aétamaoid ár n-éadaé cuirp
Mar atá anoir do ghnáé,
ḡearra-hata mín dub
20 I' bríte orḡuilte bláé.

XXXII.—This piece, as well as the preceding one, is taken from the satire, "Parliament Chloinne Thomáis," and contains the enactments and resolutions come to after mature deliberation by the rustic race of Clan Thomas. In this satire the author ridicules chiefly the Cromwellian settlers of low origin and coarse vulgar manners, but the Irish who helped them to oppress their own countrymen are by no means spared. They hail Cromwell as their special patron. The metre of XXXI. and XXXII. is free and easy. These pieces vary considerably in different MSS. The text follows a copy of the satire made by Denis O'Connell in 1785. XXXII. is a piece of considerable interest, as the poet makes the Parliamentary lights of Clan

XXXII.

THE ACTS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF CLAN THOMAS.

While Erin shall be ours alone,
 We shall not be in constant pain ;
 We will ordain what is right
 While authority is in our hands.

We have sat in Parliament
 From Kinsale to Beann Eadar ;
 And we have resolved, in spite of Patrick,
 To be friends one to another.

10 We give honour to the rustic
 Who has longest beard and most wealth ;
 And to sit in the last place to the churl
 Who stores butter until the spring.

We enact that we get our wages
 The cold day and the warm,
 We enact that our clothes be regulated
 According to sense and right.

 We enact that our body-clothes be
 As they are usually now :
 A low, smooth, black hat,
 20 And breeches spliced and beautiful.

Thomas speak, in the rustic language of his time, about farming and other occupations suited to their state of servitude.

The following variants are taken from a Trinity College, Dublin, copy (T), and from one made from a MS. of 1705, by Mr. P. Stanton (P).

3. ceapτ, T peacτ. 4. P peacδ 'nap lámh. 6. P Cionn τ-Sáile.

8. 'náp δ-cáipde, T δpáδmnap.

20. opδuile bláτ, T pδaúlte ábur ip éall; the reference is obviously to breeches cut and buttoned at the knee so common in the last century.

Ríog-bodaic an gac aon baile
 Le caile gorm mar céile;
 Ar fearann fada fairrinne
 Do beic aige gan aon pub.

Aéttamaoib gan uig im ná feóil
 Do iéad aét 'ran oide
 Meap-maopa ar mairtín
 Do beic a n-dorup gac tige aghuib.

30

Aéttamaoib gan an dapa leaba
 Do beic ag aon do Óloinn Tomásair,
 D'eacla bráide na ragairt
 Beic ag tappainne cum bu m-boéain.

Aéttamaoib d'fear an óir
 Torac móna ir branair,
 A g-comair go d-tubrad congnaim
 Don tí ir túrta do ghrá.

40

Dá b-faḡaib rib earbaib ná tráglaib,
 Ná bu rtor ag dul a ngiorraic,
 Air éor ná díolfaib rib búir b-fiaic
 Cuirib búir g-cuib air láim buir g-cloinne.

Aéttamaoib an uile aérann
 Dá m-bead eadpuinn ná cripdál
 A réigteac go ró-éapa
 Le diar do Óloinn Tomásair.

Aéttamaoib gan mac deaḡ-aéar
 Duine uapal ná díomaoim,
 Do beic 'na éomnuige amearḡ bodaic
 Aimpir branair na gparaiḡ.

50

Aéttamaoib pórad dúbailta
 Do réir dúteair ir reácta,
 Do mac-ra agam inḡin-re,
 Ir m'inḡion-ra agad mac-ra.

47-48. P do beic 'na éomnuige amearḡ clanna plearḡac ná neamépuinn.

That a chief-bodach be in every village
 With a blue hag for his wife,
 And that a farm long and wide
 Be his for nothing.

We enact that nor eggs, nor butter, nor meat
 Be eaten save at night ;
 That a cur dog and a little mastiff
 Be at the doors of all your houses.

30 We enact that no spare lodgings
 Belong to any of Clan Thomas,
 Lest friars or priests
 Should frequent your cottage.

We enact that the man who has gold
 Should have the first of turf and fallow,
 So that he may give assistance
 To him who first grubs his land.

40 If you fall into want or difficulty,
 Or your means become reduced,
 In order that you may not pay your debts
 Put your property in your children's hands.

We enact that every dispute
 That may happen between us, and every wrangle,
 Be very speedily settled
 By two of Clan Thomas.

We enact that no son of a respectable father,
 No nobleman, no idler,
 Abide amidst *bodachs*
 In the time of fallow or grubbing.

50 We enact double marriages
 According to hereditary custom and law
 Thy son to marry my daughter
 And my daughter to marry thy son.

Aéttamaoib an uile pleargac,
 Noé déanpar malairt nó mapgáil,
 Diair do beiré do láéair
 D'píor-pílioct Éloinne Éomáir.

60 A g-cár dá m-beaó a n-aiépeacáir,
 Go n-beapbaó a n-éiteacé,
 Cum a éoda d'páğáil tap n-air
 Le "by this Book ar bpeág rin."

Aéttamaoib an uile pleargac,
 Air a m-bí cúram boéóige,
 Croiccion caopaé na Féile Míeil,
 Do beiré aige cum dorpnoige.

Aéttamaoib a n-am buana,
 Ím cáipe agur ppólla,
 Cúig pinginne gan aúpar,
 A n-am branair ip móna.

70 Aéttamaoib dá pinginn
 O Samuin go Féil Úríğve,
 Trí pinginne ran eappaé,
 An peað máirpíor an píolénr.

Aéttamaoib le ééile
 O úinn Éadair go Ceann τ-Sáile,
 Már Sagranaé már Éipionnaé
 Beiré leir an té bur láirpe.

80 Aéttamaoib teangmáil le ééile
 Lá Féile Míeil ar Máirt Éárğa,
 Go g-cuirpimír píor beapra
 Na h-aicme-pe bíor dár g-cáblaó.

Aéttamaoib pógpaó na Féile Míeil
 Do éabairt a g-cionn gaé baile,
 D'ponn go m-biaómaoir a muinigin
 Go b-pağmaoir an peapann.

66. ppólla, T peóil. 67-68. T aéttamaoib a n-am néala (?) putóğa
 caola na m-bó.

We enact that when any churl
 Makes exchanges or bargains,
 There be two present
 Of the true race of Clan Thomas.

60 So that if he be sorry
 He might swear falsely
 To get his goods back again
 Saying "By this book that is a lie."

We enact that every churl
 Who has charge of a tent—
 A sheepskin of Michaelmas
 He should have for a mitten.

We enact, in the time of reaping,
 Butter, cheese, and a piece of meat ;
 Five pence without doubt
 In the time of fallow and turf.

70 We enact two pence
 From November to Bridget's Feast ;
 Three pence in the spring
 While seed-sowing lasts.

We enact all together
 From Beann Eadair to Kinsale :
 Be he English, be he Irish,
 To be on the side of the strongest.

80 We enact that we meet together
 At Michaelmas and Easter Tuesday,
 That we may put down the deeds
 Of this set who have been oppressing us.

We enact that the Michaelmas warning
 Be given at the head of every village,
 So that we may be in hopes
 That we may get the land.

71-72. Τ τρι πινγιinne δαν αιηραρ α n-am bpanair ιρ αιολιδ. There are, besides the above, several other variants, and some stanzas wholly different.

Ա ի-ամ ճրարաճ ծօ ԲՍԻ Ծ-ժիջարնաօ
 Բսր ի-արնսիծե Բեիժ Բրիթօ,
 Բսր ի-նձալմ ար Բսր ճ-ճեաժտա
 Իր ԲՍԻ ԲլաԲրաժե 'նա իճիօտաԲ.

90

Ամրիւր շարԲսիճժե իճ Բսանա
 Բիօժ Բսր ճ-ճօրա ճօ Լեօնտե,
 Բօլաժ ար Բսր Բսիւլե,
 իճ Բսր Լաճնա ճեանճսիլտե Լե ճօրԾա.

Աժժամաօսիժ առ սիւլե իճ
 Ծօ Բիւր ճիօճար իր ճրիօննաժժ,
 Ար Ծ-ժիջարնաօ Բեիժ ճեանճսիլտե,
 Ար Բրիռ Բիւր ծօ Բեիժ Բճաօլտե.

In the time of grubbing for your lords,
Let your implements be broken,
Your tackling and your plough
And your traces in bits.

90

In the time of harvest or reaping
Let your feet be sprained,
Your eyes blindfolded,
Or your hands tied by a string.

We enact every thing
According to prudence and wisdom,
That our lords be tied down
And we let loose.

XXXIII.

marbóna mic cartha na pailíse.

Atá rmúit 'ran ppéir ip ppaoc ip pparc nimmneac,
Ip dúccar Néill go léir pá brataib caointe,
An Mlumain le céile traocta mapb claoiöte,
Tré ppionnra Daoðal ip Raeltean Clanna Míliö.

Míleaö nár claoiöte a n-am éarmaidt an gleö,
Sínpear na ríog-mac a ð-taca 'ra rcóip,
Ppíom-íliöct na plomnte ar tearmuin plóg,
Ip píop-épeac gan fuiçleaö na banba ip bpon.

bponaib bíoðgaib ríog-ban Inip Éilge,
10 Coip bóinn, coip bpiçib, coip laoi, coip lipe, ip Éirne,
Coip lóg coip Daoil coip Aoine ip Sionna a n-éimpeac,
A ngleö ip a ç-comhearçar caointe a ç-comne a céile.

Le céile atá Éipe aca a n-ölúç-éurppe bpon,
Ó leiçinn go bpéirne ip go cúmaip ðpuinne níor,
Coip Péile, coip Sléibe Mip, tá riab a n-uail gleö,
Ip ó béapa gan traoçaö, go cúig Ulaö an t-plóig.

XXXIII.—The Mac Carthys built four castles on the edge of Lough Lein, and the river Laune “to stop all the passages of Desmond,” as Carew put it. “The tract of country lying along the banks of the “Laune,” says Windele, “and at the mountain’s foot to some considerable distance is still called MacCarthy Mor’s country, as containing the ancient residence of the chief of that name. The Castle of Palice, or otherwise Caislean Va Cartha, stood a naked ruin on an eminence a little to the north of the lake and in view of the Laune Bridge. A few scattered trees point out its site. The green field in front is still called Park an Croah, the gallows field, that being the place where MacCarthy executed his justice on delinquents.” Of this poem there are two copies in the British Museum and two at Maynooth. The British Museum copies have not been used in preparing the text.

1. R. ppéir ppaoc nuih ip pparc ðeimneac; test as in M.

9. ríog-ban, more usually ríog-rinná. *Th.* Inip for Inpe, for assonance.

XXXIII.

ELEGY ON MACCARTHY OF PALICE.

In the heavens there is mist and storm and furious wrath,
 And all the land of Niall is in robes of mourning;
 The whole of Munster is prostrate, lifeless, subdued,
 Because of the Prince of the Gael and the Star of the Sons of
 Milesius.

A champion, unscathed in the time of the conflict of battle,
 First heir of the sons of kings, their stay, their glory;
 Foremost descendant of the great families, the defence of hosts;
 The very ruin of Banba, nought left behind, and her grief!

The fairy maidens of Inis Eilge grieve and start,
 10 Beside the Boyne, and the Bride, and the Lee, and the Liffey
 and the Erne;
 Beside the Lough, the Deal, the Aoine, and the Shannon, all
 together
 Are they in conflict and in contest of lamentation one against
 another.

They have put all Erin in an intense agony of grief
 From Leinster to Brefny and to the verge of the great Drung;
 Beside the Feale, beside Sliab Mish, they are in a conflict of
 mourning;
 And from Beare without pause to Ulster of the host.

11. *Uóð*, a river that flows into the Laune.

"Fast by the Laune's and Lo's fair currents meet
 Circle the plain and murmur at his (Dunloe's) feet."

Poem on Killarney, A.D. 1776.

12. a *ð-comhearfðar*, MS. *caomrðarior*.

14. Drung, a high hill in the barony of Iveragh, county Kerry, above 2000 feet above the sea-level; perhaps for *Ueiginn* we should read *Ueigðleann*.

- Sin Ultaigh mar Òonnaéтайго dúbac deópac,
 O Mhuirpe go Gólbán go dúbac brónac,
 Mar Óúeulainn cum cumair nire a ndlúé -éompaic,
 20 Ir cúir tuirpe guil go h-iomarcaé na g-cúig cóige.

Séor cúigé na muirne mar éirde don tréad,
 Leomán lúipeac na g-cupairde a n-áró-gairge ir éacé,
 D'óro éille baó ró-éurainn tú air lár leapa faon,
 Dóib uile ir gleg 'r tubairt do éarg marb faon.

Faon ó éapla lám deap mic rígh agunn,
 Air leagad don blac neamha neam-cuinpeac,
 Ir ceapna do dáim baó gnaéac ealaðanda,
 Ag cairdiol gaé lá go clár na Pailíre.

- 'S an b-Pailír do teangmuidéir complaét cruinn,
 30 Ir gan taéirde aca air éapnuigil roim dhong ná buidean,
 Ag partaoim air hallaidib ir gan eapnaib air biaó,
 Ir ag mapcuigeadé air eadpuidib mar beaó a d-Teaíair
 na ríogh.

Rígh mac Capta a leac áéair mar éairge faó' óion,
 Lán-épeac na blapnan ir Cairil na ríogh,
 Creac táinte creac fáide creac plaéta 'ran éill,
 Ir cá tráétam, ó ir cáiríar í banba ag caoi.

- 'S eaó caoi an rígh coige ró éróda ór deapléta a g-cré
 An rígh cóir taoipeac d'Éóda ar d'féapannaid úréin,
 Ir rígh ó m-biaó an éoróinn éapre gan taca ad óéirg
 40 'Sir tínn d'órdaib na d-creón tu gan gairim go tréit.

18. Mushra, a mountain near Macroom, county Cork. Gulban, in Sligo.

22. Metre defective.

27. MS. alluðeandá.

36. The word cáiríar has been inserted for the metre.

37. Beginning of this line seems corrupt, perhaps Caoi cóige an rígh éróda,
 etc.

40. go tréit: MS. fá rmúid, the opening words of the poem.

Both Ulstermen and Connaughtmen are doleful and in tears ;
From Mushra to Gulban in mourning and sorrow ;
Like Cuchulainn was he in force of strength, in the thick of the
fight ;
20 He is the cause of excessive, woful weeping to the five provinces.

A province's store of affection, like a treasure to the people,
Hero, armour of champions in high valour and renowned deeds,
Heavy is the blow to the Church's orders, that thou liest in the
middle of a mound lifeless ;
To them all it is strife and misfortune to hear that thou art dead
and prostrate.

Since the right hand of the descendant of kings is prostrate,
As the celestial flower without guile is fallen,
It is distress to the poets, ever skilled in their art,
Who repaired daily to the plain of Palice.

At Palice a numerous band were wont to assemble,
30 Who were not accustomed to fear tribe or host,
Merry-making in halls, without want of food,
And riding on horses, as at Tara of the kings.

O happy grave-stone, thou hidest as a treasure the king
MacCarthy,
The full ruin of Blarney, and of Cashel of the kings,
The ruin of peoples, of bards, of chieftains, lies in the church-
yard ;
And what need be further said since Banba is dolefully bewailing
him ?

It is the bewailing of the king of a province, of great valour,
who is indeed laid in a bed of clay,
The king who was the true chieftain of Fodla and of the plains
of Brian ;
The chief who has left the true crown without support,
40 And it is sickness to the ranks of the brave that he is voiceless
and prostrate.

XXXIV.

AIR ḂÍBIRT NA Ḃ-PLAÍḂ.

Ḃo éuala rḂéal do ééar air ló me,
 Ir éuḂ 'r an oíðé a n-Ḃaoirpe Ḃróin me,
 Ḃ'páḂ mo éreat Ḃan neart mná reóla,
 Ḃan ḂríḂ Ḃan meabair Ḃan Ḃreann Ḃan róḂnam.

AḂbar maíóte rḂaoileáḂ an rḂeóil rin,
 Cár Ḃan leíḂear ir aḂnaḂ tóirpe,
 AḂnuáḂ luíḂ ir uile ir eólaíḂ,
 ḂríorpuḂáḂ teaḂma ir tpeíḂde móirpe.

10 ḂíoéuḂáḂ buíḂne epíce rḂóla,
 LaḂuḂáḂ ḂrínḂ ir Ḃnai na cóige,
 Mar do ḂíoḂáḂ ár n-Ḃaoine móra,
 Ár a Ḃ-peapannaiḂ cairḂe ir córa.

Mór an rḂéal, ní féidir rḂélanḂ
 Ár n-ḂíḂe do ríóin lem' ló-ra,
 Fuair an féile leun na ḂeóíḂ rin,
 Ir tá an ḂaonnaéḂ Ḃaé lae dá leónáḂ.

20 Ní Ḃ-puil eliar a n-iaḂaiḂ rḂóla,
 Ní Ḃ-puil aipḂinn aḂuinn ná órḂa,
 Ní Ḃ-puil baiḂde air ár leanaíḂíḂ óḂa,
 Ḃan peap peapainḂ ná taḂarḂa a Ḃ-córa.

CpéáḂ do ḂéanpaḂ ár n-aor óḂa,
 Ir ná puil neáḂ pe maíḂ dá Ḃ-rórtainḂ,
 AḂáíḂ Ḃan tpeaḂ aḂḂ Ḃia na Ḃlóirpe,
 Ár a Ḃ-rpíóin-ál dá nḂríoráil tar bóéna.

XXXIV.—This poem is given anonymously in a MS. in the Library of Trinity College Dublin; and in more than one MS. at Maynooth and elsewhere, it is ascribed to “CiarraíḂeáḂ epáíḂḂe áiríḂḂe éiḂin,” “a certain tormented Kerryman.” From internal evidence, it seemed to belong to O’Rahilly, several lines of it reappearing in his poems: hence its place here. It has been found, however, that one or two MSS. ascribe it to the ill-fated Pierse Ferriter. If it be Ferriter’s

XXXIV.

ON THE BANISHMENT OF THE NOBLES.

I have heard a tale which torments me by day,
 And puts me by night in the bondage of sorrow ;
 That has left my body without the strength of a woman after
 labour,
 Without vigour, without mind, without wit, or activity.

A cause of weakness is the spreading of that tale,
 A misfortune without cure, and a kindling of grief,
 A renewal of injury, and evil, and mourning,
 A stirring up of disease and great agony.

The ruin of the people of the land of Fodla,
 10 The weakening of the joy and pleasure of the provinces :
 That our nobles were drained out
 From the lands which by law and justice were theirs.

Heavy is the tidings ; nor can the sufferings
 Of our ruin be described in my time ;
 After this affliction came upon generosity,
 And humanity is being daily put out of joint.

There are no clergy in the lands of Fodla ;
 We have neither Masses nor Orders ;
 Our young children receive no baptism ;
 20 Nor is there a man to stand for them, or plead their cause.

What shall our young folk do,
 Since there is none to relieve them with good ?
 They are without a lord save the God of glory
 While their chief brood are forced across the main.

work, it must have been composed at the beginning of the Cromwellian transplantations.

12. M caipce cópað. 16. M omits gað lae, and is inaccurate throughout. 19. leanaðib, M leimb. The statements made in lines 17-20 are scarcely exaggerated. 23. Cf. XIII. 22.

Θεapάν m'αιγνε θεapὶ na pδεόλ pιν,
 Θαβáiλ θαpὶ na n-εαέτρann όpινne,
 Μαίε pίop αγam an τ-αδδap πά'p όpδαιδ,
 Ό'αιέle άp b-peaca an τ-Αέαιp δο θεonαιδ.

30 Όά m-beaδ Tuαéal puαδpae beó αγuinu,
 Nό Pείδlim δο έpείδιδpeaδ τόpα,
 Nό Conn, pεap na δ-caέ δο pό-έup,
 Nί biaδ τεann na nδall δάρ b-pόδpαδ.

Cáp δaib Άpτ δο έap an έpδδaέτ,
 Nό Mac Con baδ δοέτ a δ-coimlann,
 Léap pδannpαδ clann Oiholl Oluim,
 Ip péan δο δ'allaib ná maipib na επeóin pιν.

40 Ip léan δο banba mapbaδ έoγuin,
 Tpeínpeap pá céile don beóδaέτ,
 Nί biaδ neapτ tap έeapτ aip pδδaib,
 Αδ na béapaib bpéana mópa.

Όο biaδ neapτ ip ceapτ ip epδδaέτ,
 Όο biaδ pmaέτ ip peaέτ pá pό-έion
 Όο biaδ paέ aip ap 'pan b-pόδmαp
 Όά m-beaδ Όia le epiaέaib Pδδla.

Ό'imέiδ Upian na δ-cliap ón m-bóipine,
 Όο bí επeínne aδ έipinn pόpδa,
 Nί b-puil Mupchaδ cumapae epδδa,
 Α δ-Cluain Tairb baδ έaca pe coimlann.

50 'S an επάέ pá láidip na επeóin pιν,
 Clann Óápéa 'p an Tál-puil επeópae,
 Níop pδaoileαδap δaoibil δά b-pόδpαδ
 Tap tuinn nó δac láέaip τεόpann.

27-28. R is followed. M is very corrupt.

32. δάρ b-pόδpαδ, sending us abroad: cf. pόδpaim uaim é = 'I dismiss him.'

34. Poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are constantly going

The truth of this tidings is the sighing of my soul,
 The rough beating the foreigners have given us ;
 Well do I know the reason why He ordained it,
 Because of our sins the Father has consented to it.

30 Were Tuathal, the nimble, alive amongst us,
 Or Feidhlim who would disable pursuers,
 Or Conn, a man who could well fight battles,
 The strong ones of the English would not banish us.

Whither has Art gone who loved valour ?
 Or Mac Cu, who pressed close in conflict,
 By whom the children of Oilioll Olum were routed,
 It is well for the English that these strong men are not alive.

A misfortune to Banba is the death of Eoghan,
 A brave man who espoused valour ;
 Else might without right would not give our lands
 40 To the foul gross bears.

We should have strength, and justice, and valour ;
 Authority, and law, would be in high esteem ;
 Corn fields in the harvest would be prosperous ;
 Were God with the leaders of Fodla.

Brian of the hosts has gone from Borumha,
 Who for a season was espoused to Erin ;
 Murchadh the powerful, the valiant, is no more,
 Who was a stay in the conflict at Clontarf.

50 At the time when these brave men were strong,
 The Clan Cartha, and the vigorous stock of Tál,
 They did not permit the Gaels to be banished
 Across the seas, or over every border beside them.

back to heroes like Art, Conn, Conaire, while they scarce mention more modern warriors.

39-40. That is if Eoghan lived.

49. τρᾶς, MS. τρῖας, which seems a mistake.

Ατάῖο na Ὀαναιρ a leabaῖο na leόgan,
 ὅο pearḡair, pám, ὅο pádail, peómraç,
 ὕρίοḡmar, biaðmar, briaçraç, bórðmar,
 Coimçeaç, cainteac, painnteac, pónaç.

1ρ é pún 1ρ ponn na póirne,
 Ὀά mēac pít ὁο ḡníð pe ap b-póir-ne—
 An ὕponḡ bíor aḡ pígðeaç peó aḡuinn—
 60 Sýḡra cluiçíðe an çuicín çpóða.

1ρ tpuacḡ lem' çpoidē 'rap cínna ὀár n-ὕpólann,
 Nuacap Çuinn, Çríomçain 1ρ Eoḡain,
 Suar ḡac oidçe aḡ luiḡe pe deóraiðib,
 'S ḡan luað air a cloinn ὁο bí aiei pórða.

Teac Tuacuil monuar, ὁο τóirneac,
 1ρ epó Çuinn ḡan cuimne air nóraið,
 Ponn Péiðlime ὅο tpeítç-lac τóirpreatç,
 laç luḡuine ὅο brúḡte brónaç.

70 Acað Airt pá çear ḡan ródçar,
 Çríoc Çobçaiḡ pá oḡaim aḡ plóḡcib,
 Clár Çopmaic páið poircill na ḡ-cómçocal,
 Pán onçoin lán ὁ'póçrom deóraç.

Mo leun ní h-é tpeíne na plóḡ rin,
 Ná buipbe na puipe ne ó Òðbur,
 Ná neapc naimðe ὁο çail çp n-ὁóçar,
 Açc oioḡalcap Ὀé tá air Éirinn pódçlap.

Peacað an t-rínrip, claoine an t-póirip,
 Aicne Çríorð ḡan puim 'na cómall,
 Éḡion bpuinnḡiol, bupreatç pórða,
 80 Çpaop 1ρ ḡoið 1ρ iomað móide.

53. a leabaῖο is of constant use in Connaught = 'instead of.'

57-60. These lines are by no means clear, but A (two copies) and M agree as to text. R, for 59, has

an ὕpuinḡ ὁο bíor aḡ pígðpreatç peó aḡuinn.

The meaning seems to be that peace with the foreigners is like a mouse making peace with a cat. Cf. XLVIII. 7-8.

The foreigners are in the place of the heroes,
 In comfort, in quiet, in prosperity, and with many apartments,
 In affluence, well-fed, swearing, meal-consuming,
 With foreign airs, loquacious, greedy, nasal.

It is the resolution and desire of the gang,
 However much the peace they make with our race—
 As many of them as make terms with us—
 60 To play the game of the brave little cat.

It is pitiful to my heart, it pains my entrails,
 That the spouse of Conn, of Crimhthan, and of Eoghan,
 Watches nightly and lies down amid strangers,
 While there is no tidings of her children whom she had in
 marriage.

The mansion of Tuathal, alas! has been pulled down,
 The abode of Conn is without a remembrance of its fashions,
 The land of Feidhlim is in helpless distress and in woe,
 And the country of Iughoine crushed and in sorrow.

The plain of Art lies in grief without comfort,
 70 The land of Cobhthach is put under yoke by armies,
 The plain of Cormac, the strong seer of synonyms,
 Given over to the wolf, full of tearful noise.

My grief! it is not the strength of these hosts,
 Or the pride of the band from Dover,
 Or the power of the enemy, that destroyed our hopes,
 But the vengeance of God upon green-sodded Erin.

The sin of the elder, the corruption of the younger,
 The commandments of Christ—no heed given to their fulfilment;
 The rape of virgins; the violation of marriage;
 80 Intemperance; robbery; and unrestrained swearing.

63. MS. *deópaib.*

72. M *onncač.* R *ončicit.*

74. Dover is here put for England, as in XXI. 8; so also Bristol, II. 33.

Neamh-éion gnáit ip tár air órbuib,
 Raobað ceall ip feall ip fórra,
 Éigíomh na b-pann gan cabair gan comhrom,
 Að raobh-luèt raimnte ip caillete air comharram.

Tréigíon Dé le ppéir a peódaib,
 Gléar le a réantar gaol ip comhgar,
 Géill do neart 'ran lag do leónað,
 Claon ađ breac 'r an ceart fá éeð éur.

90 Cíð tá an eang po teann ađ tórmað,
 Paol láim leabair na nGall po nuad aguin,
 Áilim Aon-Illac tréan na h-óige,
 Do d-tigíð an ceart 'ran alt 'nar éoir do.

Ip bíoðgað báir liom báp mo comharran,
 Na raoite ráma rápda peóla,
 A d-tír bað gnátae lan do éóbaet,
 Ite, vade, dá páð leó rin.

100 Ip gan aet cáirde ó lá go ló aca,
 Dá g-cup uile a d-tuilleað dócuir,
 Go m-biað fábar dá fađáil dóib rin,
 Ip gan ann aet Till further orders.

Galap gan téarnað ip maoetear mór liom,
 Dreamanna daor-báir cé táim glórac,
 Sgaire air an b-péinn dáp géill Clár Fóola,
 Ip eaglaip Dé dá claoclað ar órbuib.

Tá rgeimh na rpeime go neóna
 Pé éclirr ó éirge ló ði,
 Táid na ppéarta a ngné dá fódgað,
 Ná fuil téarma ár raoğail ró-faba.

110 Puair an cáirdear ppár a bóitín,
 Le luèt réað ní géar an rgeól rin,
 Ní léir dam aoinneac air m' eólar,
 Noè do béappað paol éum bróg dam.

96. Observe that *ite* is pl., and *vade* sing.

104. Taking *ar* = *agur*, and *órbuib* = *órbu*.

A constant scorn and contempt for the clergy ;
Plunder of churches ; treachery ; and violence ;
The cry of the weak, without help, or justice,
Beneath the false and greedy who forsake their neighbour.

The abandonment of God through love of riches ;
The manner in which kinsfolk and relatives are denied ;
The respect for might ; the injury of the weak ;
Corrupt judgments ; and the obscuring of right.

Although the land be bursting with produce,
90 Under the nimble hand of these newly-come English ;
I beseech the Only, the Mighty Son of the Virgin,
That the right may come into the place in which it is due.

The death of my neighbours is to me a death-start,
The nobles who were peaceful, contented, nimble,
In a land which was wont to be full of riches,
Ite, Vade is said to them.

While no respite is allowed them save from day to day,
To put them all in further hope
That favour will be shown to them ;
100 But there is nought in it save '*Till further orders.*'

It is to me a disease without recovery, and great languor ;
Pains of dire death, voiceful though I be ;
The scattering of the warriors whom the land of Fodla obeyed,
And the Church of God and the clergy brought to nought.

The sun's beauty, even to the evening
From the dawn of the day, is under eclipse ;
The heavens by their aspect are proclaiming to us
That the term of our life is not very long.

Friendship has had a long enough turn ;
110 Nor is this bitter tidings for the wealthy,
I do not know any one of my acquaintance,
Who would give me sixpence for shoes.

112. paol = 'sixpence' from the Spanish *rial*; the word is unknown in Connaught.

Քննեմք ընդ ար ևս ան Ընդունելի,
 Ան իմաց իմարե շնորհաբեր,
 Ար և Երեսն ար ևս ան-ընդունելի,
 Շո Երեսնեան ընդ-ընդ ար արե անհայտ.

120 Իր անհայտ իմաց Քննեմք,
 Մար ար ևս ար ևս ար ևս անհայտ,
 Տոնեմք ևս ար ևս անհայտ,
 Շո Երեսնեան անհայտ ար ևս անհայտ.

ԱՆ ԸՆԴԱՆԵԼ.

Շնորհաբեր ևս, ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս,
 Քննեմք ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս,
 Անհայտ ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս,
 Շո ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս,
 Շո ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս,
 ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս.

118. ար ևս ընդ, MSS. gen. անհայտ, 'abstinence,' hence piety in general (?). R ան ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս. M ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս ևս, and so one

I leave this to the disposal of the Almighty,
 To the Only Son of the great and bright Virgin,
 In whom we have all our trust,
 That both you and I may obtain justice.

And I beseech Jesus, King of glory—
 As it is true that it is through Him I have profited—
 Who ordered lights for the day and the night,
 120 That this may come to pass for them as I conceive it.

THE BINDING.

The stirring up of sighs, the lessening of strength, the continuation of grievous dole,
 The confirmation of the binding of our men under locks, the publication of their (the foreigners') acts against us,
 The completion of the sending forth of our chieftains upon the face of the waves over the sea
 Have crushed and weakened my withered, languid heart, and moistened my tearful eyes.

MS., R.I.A.; another gives $\tau\rho\acute{\epsilon}\alpha\theta\alpha\nu\alpha\rho\ \dot{\rho}\omicron\theta\eta\nu\alpha\rho$; the line seems parenthetical.
 124. $\epsilon\rho\omicron\iota\theta\epsilon\ \delta\upsilon\rho$: cf. VIII. 1.

XXXV.

ḐON TAOISEAD EOGHAN MAC CORMAIC RIABHACH IHIC
CARĀA.

Cneadh aghur dochar do ghortaigh mo éadpairí,
Iy d'páig me a m-brón lem' ló go n-éugrad,
Do bhuir mo éiríde iy mé ag caoi gan traoéad,
Do éuir mo raðarc gan peiðm iy m'éirteacht,

Baò dem' éig do éuit paoi néulairí,
Laoð meap ceannra, ceann na raop-plairí,
Comlaò óin dom' éloinn an té rin,
Lón ár m-bíð, ár m-brígh 'r ár n-éirteacht.

10 A g-cloḡadh cnuairí a d-tuaḡ 'r a n-éide,
A rḡiað corḡairí roim' olpairc na b-paoléon,
A g-cḡann baḡair éum reairí a b-pléirí tú,
A g-cḡuac paoi rḡeiriúoll de ríor gan béim tú.

XXXV.—The subject of this, the finest of all the poet's longer compositions, is the downfall of Eoghan, son of Cormac MacCarthy Riabhach, who held the Lisnagaun and Carrun na Sliogach estate from Lord Kenmare. Lisnagaun is now called Headford, and is in the neighbourhood of Killarney and Glenflesk. The family of MacCarthy, at present residing at Lisnagaun, are not the direct descendants of Cormac Riabhach. In the satire on Cronin, the poet speaks of Cormac Riabhach, as being defrauded by his "receiver ciosa."

In the "Blennerhasset Pedigree," written about the year 1736, we have the following reference to Cormac Riabhach and his descendants:—"Anne Reeves, third daughter of James Reeves, and Alice Spring, married Turlogh O'Connor the proprietor of Ballingowan, before 1641, and had issue one daughter Alice O'Connor, a good-natured, well-bred gentlewoman, who by her husband, Captain Eoghan MacCarthy of Lisnagaun and Carrun na Sliggagh in the County Kerry, left issue one son called Daniel and a daughter Anne MacCarthy. Daniel, only son of Captain Daniel (*recte* Owen) MacCarthy and Alice O'Connor, married Winifred Mac Elligott and left issue, with others, a son by name Justin well entitled to the estate of Lisnagaun, if he do qualify himself by becoming a Protestant, by which means, and no other, he will recover his right, and defeat the secret management of Garret Barry of Dunasloon, father-in-law of Florence MacCarthy, the said Justin's uncle. This youth will be lost in his pretensions to the estate if he do not become a Protestant or be supported by Lord Kenmare, whose ancestor Sir Nicholas Brown (by the name of Nicholas Brown, gent.) did by a small

XXXV.

TO THE CHIEFTAIN EOGHAN SON OF CORMAC
RIABHACH MAC CARTHY.

A sigh and a mishap that have wounded my mind,
And left me in sorrow during my days, till I die,
And broken my heart, while I mourn without ceasing,
And made my sight useless and my hearing.

It was from my house that there fell under a cloud,
A nimble, mild hero, the head of noble-chieftains;
A door of protection for my children was he;
The store of our food, our vigour, and our power;

Their (my children's) helmet of steel, their axe, and their
armour;

- 10 Their shield of defence against the growl of the wolves;
Their threatening staff with which to stand in the contest;
Their rick with a heap for ever without blemish;

deed of Enfeoffment in Latin grant the said estate to Captain MacCarthy's ancestor named Cormac Reagh, at two shillings per annum and suit and service. This Latin Deed of enfeoffment I delivered, anno 1717, to Mr. Francis Enraught, attorney, to serve upon a hearing of Captain MacCarthy's cause, and defence in the Exchequer, where the titles of MacCarthy (*quæ vide*) are set forth. On the death of Alice O'Connor, Captain Owen MacCarthy, married secondly Margaret Lacy of Ballylaghlan, and left a son Florence of Lisnagaun above-mentioned."—*Old Kerry Records*, 1st series, pp. 84-85. Eoghan's kinsmen at Lisnagaun, to quote Miss Hickson, "won and retained the good-will and esteem of men of all creeds and parties."—*Id.*, vol. ii., p. 127, note. Indeed the reputation of this family in our own day for large-hearted generosity makes us enter into the poet's feelings in speaking of Eoghan's benevolence towards his children. I know of but one copy of this poem which is contained in Egerton 94, British Museum.

5. In this and following lines the poet refers to the downfall of Eoghan MacCarthy Riabhach.

6. ceann. MS. cion, but metre requires ceann.

9-16. A in these lines refers to cloinn in 7. In these two stanzas Eoghan is described in various military terms as the defence of the poet's children.

12. cruac paor r̥geimholl, a rick with its heap like a pent-house; the r̥geimholl is the portion jutting out.

A ngleacaiðe tupa a n-uét an baogail,
 A g-Cuèulainn doð' ghuirm cum péiðtigh,
 A g-comairc a m-bearnaim námað go tpeun tú,
 D'é gur tuitir le Muirir an éitigh.

20 A m-barc 'r a m-báb 'r a n-ártað réim tú,
 A leogán 'r a reabac a g-ceann 'ra b-féimnið,
 A lonnrað polair a n-doircioét pléibe,
 'S a d-triaé ceapc 'r a meap tap éirinn.

A g-caé-míleað neapc-buiðeanmar, paorða,
 Calma, cáirðeanuil, fáidheanuil, paobrac,
 Cupata, cróða, mórða, maorða,
 Rígeamuil, peaétmair, paétmair, réimeac.

Píor-ðliðéac, porarða, poirtil gan aon luét,
 Soéma, poilbir, pocair 'n a éréigéib
 Chiaéamuil, píontamuil, paioíéamuil, beupaé,
 Duineata, diaða, ciállmair, réim-ghic.

30 Daéamuil, orðarða, cumapaé, tpeunmair,
 D'ráig na b-peap fuair ceannar éirionn;
 De íleaétaið Eógain mór, ir éibir,
 Ir éair iine éoirc, a ngoil nár traoéað.

Eipeamón na peaét, ir Dongur,
 A bráéair Moða, ir Conn na d-tpeun-éac,
 A mac-ran Arc fuair ceannar éilge
 Cairbpe, ir Car, an plaié, ir Néill Dub.

40 A bráéair Peargur calma créaétaé,
 Ir luðome mór an lóitne léanmair,
 Ceallaéán éairil do éapadar tréimpe,
 Ir brian léap tpeapgrað Clanna Turgéirup.

16. It was Maurice got Eoghan's lands, but who he was is uncertain.

22-29. Some of the adjectives in this list may seem to contradict one another, but there is no real contradiction between píontamuil and paioíéamuil, &c. It is not to be expected that such lists are grouped in regular order according to meaning. Assonance and alliteration have more to do with their position than the sense.

Their warrior wert thou in the breast of danger ;
 Their Cuchulainn whom they may call on to restore peace ;
 Their protection in the gap of the enemy with might ;
 Though thou hast fallen by means of Maurice the liar.

Their bark, their boat, their prosperous vessel art thou ;
 Their hero, their warrior, their leader, and their champion ;
 Their blaze of light in the darkness of the mountain ;
 20 And their true lord, and their esteem beyond Erin ;

Their noble warrior of strong companies,
 Gallant, friendly, ingenious, keen,
 Valiant, brave, proud, stately,
 Princely, commanding, fortunate, powerful ;

Of just laws, grave, strong, faultless,
 Quiet, cheerful, steady in his virtues,
 Stout-hearted, fond of carouse, philosophic, polite,
 Manly, pious, sensible, of calm wisdom ;

Handsome, Osgar-like, able, mighty,
 30 Of the stock of the men who obtained the headship of Erin ;
 Of the progeny of Eoghan Mor, and of Eibhear,
 And of Cas, son of Core, who was not subdued in valour.

Eireamhon of the laws and Aongus,
 His kinsmen, Mogha, and Conn of the strong battles,
 Art, his son, who obtained the sovereignty of Eilge,
 Cairbre, and Cas the chieftain, and Niall Dubh.

Fergus was his kinsman, strong, wounding,
 And Iughoine Mor, the afflicting breeze,
 Ceallachan of Cashel, whom they turned back for a time,
 40 And Brian, by whom the children of Turgesius were laid low.

31-40. The kings here mentioned belong to the highways of Irish history.

39. The subject of *éapadap* is *Clanna Turḡériur*, that is, the Danes. For an account of Ceallachan's wars with the Danes, see O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, vol. iii., pp. 213 *et seq.* For a discussion on the name Turgesius, see Todd's *War of the Gaedhil with the Gaill*, Introd. liii.

brátair gaoil do príomh Uí Laoigaire,
 Séagáin an díomair píoéimair euctaig,
 Aoda míc Coimn nár claoidead a n-aon dul,
 Do rug a buidean tar toinn a n-aonpéad.

Ir píor le n-aithre a n-annalaé Éirionn,
 Dyr tú an ceap de pleactaib déig-ionaid,
 Triaé na Mainne an Carrainn 'ran t-Sléibe,
 Ón dá Cíod go píoraib Sléibe Mír.

50 A brátair úir na m-búreac euctaé,
 Uí Concubair puair clú le daonnaét,
 Uí Dóimnaill nár leonad air aon éor,
 Ir Uí Ruairc élmuil na lúipeac ngléigéal.

brátair gar do lílac Uí Neill tú,
 brátair gairib Uí Ceallaiḡ 'ra éile,
 brátair glún don Píonnpa Séamur,
 Do péir mar cantar a Saltair na paor-plaé.

brátair Dóimnaill éróin ó béara,
 brátair Cloinn t-Suibne do bí 'na laocair,
 Dóimnaill Cáim nár píll ó aon-éat,
 60 Ir Dóimnaill ḡroide, ceann díreac Éirionn.

brátair d'árb-phióet Uí Réagáin,
 brátair pír Ceanntoiric na ḡ-caolta,
 brátair Duib do phióet na nḡaréta,
 Ir Mhic Pínnḡin dob' píor-laoc 'n aonar.

41. príomh for ppéam, as often.

56. The Psalter of Cashel is meant; cf. XIV. 71.

57-60. This stanza refers mainly to the O'Sullivans: the principal branches were—O'Sullivan Mor of Dunkerron, the O'Sullivans of Beare, of Capanacoise, of Ardea, and of Tomies. The MacGillicuddys were also a branch of the O'Sullivans. Aodh Dubh was common ancestor to the O'Sullivans and MacCarthys. Domhnall

A kinsman in blood to the stock of O'Leary ;
 Of Seaghan an Díomas, the fierce, the mighty ;
 Of Aodh son of Conn, who was not overcome in any struggle ;
 Who took his troops together with him over the sea.

It is plain to be seen in the annals of Erin,
 That you are the head of the noble generous families ;
 The lord of the Maine, of Corran, of the Sliabh,
 From the Two Paps to the borders of Sliabh Mis.

Noble kinsman of the mighty Burkes ;
 50 Of O'Connor, who got fame through humanity ;
 Of O'Donnell who was not ever wounded ;
 And of O'Rourke, the famous, of the bright armour.

A near kinsman to O'Neill art thou ;
 A near kinsman to O'Kelly and to his wife ;
 A kinsman in blood to Prince James ;
 As is sung in the Psalter of the noble chieftains.

Kinsman of Domhnall the swarthy from Béara ;
 Kinsman of Clan Sweeney who were warriors ;
 Of Domhnall Cam who never retreated from battle ;
 60 And of Domhnall the great, the direct sovereign of Erin.

Kinsman of the high family of O'Regan ;
 Kinsman of the nobleman of Kanturk of the marshy plains ;
 Kinsman of Dubh of the family of the Valley ;
 And of Mac Finneen who was a unique true warrior.

Cam bravely defended his castle of Carrignass against Carew in the reign of Elizabeth. The Domhnall groidhe here mentioned seems to be Domhnall Mor, father of Giolla Mochuda Caoch.

61. For an account of the O'Regans, see O'Donovan's edition of *Topographical Poems*, note (411).

63. It is not certain what Dubh is meant.

brátair fial do Niall na g-caol-eac,
 Iṛ na naoi nḡiall do mair aip éirinn,
 brátair dian na m-brianaḁ aorḁa,
 Íllic Phiarair iṛ Tigearna na n-Óeircaḁ.

70 brátair fme Íllic Íluir iṛ ón m-béillie,
 Iṛ an Ríoirie ó éoir Sionna na g-caol-baire,
 Íllic Ílaoil buair na ruaḡ baḁ éreunmair,
 Iṛ Uí Óonnéaḁa an Roir fuair tuirim taob mios.

brátair mór don Róirteaḁ réim tí,
 brátair ḡairib an ḁarrairḡ 'r a ḡaolṑa,
 brátair ḡearairṑe de mairib na nḡreugḁaḁ,
 brátair reabairc ḁunpaitṑe na nḡlé-ḡa.

80 brátair pionn Uí Óaoim ḡan aon loḁṑe,
 Do ruḡ buair ón Ruaḁṑaḁ ḡléiḡeal,
 Uí Óeallaḁáim uapail Óluana an réiḡṑiḡ,
 Iṛ Clanna ḡuairṑe ḁuairiḡ ḁéarṑairḡ.

brátair Óonrí fínnḡil laocḁa,
 Iṛ Íllic Aímlaoim na leabair-ṑḡriob euḁṑaḁ,
 Óairḡ ḡan éaim do báḁaḁ 'r an tréan ṑ-ṑuirṑe,
 Iṛ Óairḡ Íllic Capṑa ó Ólár luirṑe éirib.

ṑaḡ Ó Ceallaḡ ó Eacḁruim euḁṑaḁ,
 Iṛ ṑaḡ an Ínullairḡ fuair uppaim ó éiḡrib.
 ḡaḁ ṑaḡ bí ṑairḁbreac baḁ ḡaol duirṑe,
 A brátair oirḡre Óairḡ mīc Séappa.

90 brátair Óúrrairḡ lúbarḡ euḁṑairḡ,
 Iṛ ṑiḡearna Ílúrḡairḡe an éuil buirḁ réaplarḡ,
 ṑiḡearna an ḡlinne, an Óuirṑm fuair réimear,
 Iṛ ṑiḡearna an Óappaim iṛ Óairḁbirḡ taob leat.

69. The Fitzmaurices of Lixnaw.

70. The Knight of Glin.

71. Dermot MacMorogh, of Norman Invasion celebrity, is sometimes spoken of as Mac Ílaoil na m-bó, because of his ancestor.

72. Uí Óonnéaḁa: MS. Íllic Óonnéaḁa, which is perhaps a mistake; tuirim = 'nursing, fosterage.'

78. Reference is, perhaps, to the Battle of Callan, between the Geraldines and the MacCarthys.

Generous kinsman of Niall of the slender steeds ;
 And of the nine hostages, who ruled Erin ;
 The vehement kinsman of the ancient O'Briens ;
 Of Mac Ferris, and of the Lord of the Decies.

70 Kinsman of the race of Fitzmaurice from the Great Stone ;
 And of the Knight from beside the Shannon of the slender ships ;
 Of the son of Maol na m-bo of the routs, who was valiant ;
 And of O'Donoghue of Ross who was in fosterage with thee ;

Great kinsman of the mild Roche art thou ;
 The near kinsman of Barry and his relatives ;
 Kinsman of Gerald of the Grecian princes ;
 Kinsman of the warrior of Bunratty, of bright spears ;

The fair kinsman of O'Keeffe without a fault ;
 Who came victorious from the bright Roughty ;
 Of noble O'Callaghan of Cluain of the peace-making,
 80 And of the descendants of Guaire the generous and charitable.

Kinsman of Cúrí the fair, the heroic,
 And of MacAuliffe of the limber stretches, the able ;
 Of Tadhg the faultless who was drowned in the strong current,
 And of Tadhg MacCarthy from Clar Luirc of Eibhear.

Tadhg O'Kelly from Aughrim, the mighty,
 And Tadhg of the Mullach who was esteemed by learned men,
 Every Tadhg who was of much account was thy kinsman,
 Thou kinsman of the heir of Tadhg son of Geoffrey.

Kinsman of De Courcey the supple, the mighty,
 90 And of the lord of Muskery of the yellow plaited locks,
 Of the lord of Glin, of the lord of Curm who obtained sway ;
 Of the lords of Corran and Carbery beside thee.

80. Guaire Aidhne, surnamed the hospitable, was King of Connaught in the seventh century.

82. Mac Auliffe of Duballow.

83-84. It is not easy to identify the Tadhgs mentioned here. There are several of that name in the pedigree of the Clancarty family.

88. O'Donoghue of Glenflesk.

Ιρ τρυαῖθ δο ἑλαμ̃ αῖ elanna na ῖ-εαοραῖ,
 Δο πάμιῖ εατορρα α n-αιρῖε ῖαν εῖριε,
 Στειῖθ ρά n'υιλινν δε αῖ Μυιριρ an ῖρείθε,
 Στειῖθ na τυβαιρτε ὁ Ἰμυιριρ δε αῖ Ἐαμονν.

100 Τύιρ mo ρύιη ιρ δύβαῖ ῖραρ δέαοραῖ,
 Τρύιῖ ιρ εύιρ τρέαρ ἑιονηρῖηαιρ ευῖ ριρ;
 Τρέ ῖριρεαῖ na ραοῖτε ῖ-ρῖοῖῖαρ ὁ-τρείῖῖεαῖ,
 Κυιρρῖῖ na εῖιηη ριη λῖηη ιρ βαοῖγαλ δο.

Δο ῖηῖοῖ Σεῖριρε μῖρ-ἑρεαῖ αοηαιρ,
 Μαρ Ἰλαε Κυῖηαιλλ α ὁ-τύιρ na Ρέιηηε,
 Δο ῖηῖοῖ Μυιριρ le ὀλῖῖεῖῖ α ὀαοραῖ,
 Ιρ ῖῖῖρ ῖῖηη ὀά ῖ-κυῖῖρεαῖ αῖ Ἐαμονν.

An μέῖῖ ηάρ ριονηαῖ le h-μῖριτ na μέῖῖρεαῖ,
 Δο ἑρεαῖ Mac Cpaiῖ ap ῖηαιρ δε'n τρέαῖα,
 Le h-ῖρ an διαῖβαιλ ὀά ριαρ ῖαν ὀαονηαῖετ,
 'S apῖρ ῖο ὀυβαλτα ὀά εῖιηῖη.

110 An τέ ῖῖ aca α n-υραιῖ α ῖ-εεαηηαρ na τρέιηε,
 Ατὰ α m-βλιαῖῖηα αῖ ιαρραιῖ ὀεῖρρε,
 Δο ρύῖῖεαῖ ὀῖρ ὀά m-βυῖῖῖηη ῖαν αοη ῖρεαῖ,
 Ρυῖλ α ῖ-εροιῖε ῖρα ῖ-εῖῖ ὀά ταοῖῖαῖ.

Cailleamh Seagáin, ηάρ ρτάν ὁ ῖρευῖαῖῖ,
 Δο εύιρ Εοῖῖαν ῖο δεῖ ραοῖ ηευλαιῖῖ,
 Na ὀῖοβαρῖαιῖ ρῖορ-λαῖα τραιοῖετα,
 'S α ὁ-εῖῖῖε ῖna ρμύῖα ῖρῖῖῖε αιρ αοη βαλλ.

93-96. Having excited sympathy for Eoghan by recounting his virtues, and tracing his high lineage, the poet turns with bitter scorn to the adventurers—men who dealt in sheep and frieze, who had come in for his lands—and draws a ludicrous picture of Maurice and Eamoun, portioning his estate amongst them as if they were cutting a sheep into chops.

93. ἑλαμ̃: MS. ὀαλα, the sense and metre point to ἑλαμ̃ as the true reading.

97-100. In this stanza, which is obscure, κυιρρῖῖ linn perhaps = κυιρρῖῖ ορρῖηηη, 'will injure us.'

101. Σεῖριρε; transcript of MS. has ραοῖρρε. Who George was does not

It is pitiful that thy lands should be possessed by the tribe of the
sheep,

Who came among them without payment, without an eiric ;
A steak of them under his elbow held by Maurice of the frieze ;
An unfortunate steak of them from Maurice held by Eamonn ;

The origin of my story is sad and tearful,
The reason and cause why you began to be jealous of him ;
On account of the breaking of the proud accomplished nobles,
100 These leaders will injure us it is to be feared.

George used to carry out unique plunder
As the son of Cumhall in the front of the warriors ;
Maurice condemned them by laws,
And sweet the voice of Eamonn as he put them in chains.

As many as were not destroyed by the contrivance of the vaga-
bonds,
M'Grath robbed all who survived of the flock,
By means of the devil's gold which he dispensed without
humanity,
While he demanded it again doubly.

He whom they had last year in the authority of power
110 Is this year begging for alms ;
Two of their company were left without any stir of life ;
The blood of their hearts and breasts pouring out.

It was the death of John who was not perverse through lying,
That put Eoghan for ever beneath a cloud ;
And made the banished very weak and subdued ;
And their houses crushed together into soot.

appear ; there was a George Eagar constable of Killarney early in the last century.

108. *apír* : transcript, *a píp* ; in any case the metre of line is defective. The allusion in 107-8 seems to be to usurers, or else to soupers.

113. Who John was is uncertain ; he may have been brother to Eoghan. *Ib.* *ṛcán* = *ṛcáon*, ' who was not perverse from lying ' (?), which does not seem a high compliment.

bað minic 'na dúncaib ughair aorða,
 Draiéte ip dáin ip báirb ip éigre,
 Fíilde ip cliair dá riap le daonnaét,
 120 Ip Eaghlaip Óríort do ríor dá n-éilioin.

A Óia cá air neim do éluin na rgeulca,
 A Ríge na b-peapc ip a Acaip naomca,
 Créad pá'r fuilnigir a ionad ag beupailb,
 A éiop aca, ar é rinigil an' eugmaip.

Do caoið Sol go doét an t-éipleac,
 Luna do gúil ppocta déapa,
 bopear cpuaib a d-cuaib ag réideac,
 An pad cá Muirip a g-cumap 'ran taob po.

Aip ófipic Eoghain go bpeóigte epéic-lað,
 130 Do gúileadap oét ppoctanna paopa,
 An Máið 'r an leamuin pann gan paorain,
 An Capéac an t-Sláine 'r an Élaodaé.

Abainn Éill Criað bað éian a caol-rgepac,
 Ag ríor-gul 'r ag caimeac a céile,
 bpuac na lice air buile 'r an Féile,
 Agur an Daoil ag aoil-gol 'na h-aonap.

An Gaoi go dúbac 'ran t-Siúip ag géimnig,
 Agur Sionainn Cloinne Loipe na g-caol-eac,
 An Máið gan pláinte pá na rgeulaib,
 140 Coip Laoi 'r an ópíveac go leunimap.

Pionna-rpuic 'r an Plearg air eapbaib céille,
 Abainn Tapglan paoi rgamall ip Éipne,
 Abainn Daluaib 'r an Cuanac epaoéta,
 'S an Éapba go pad-cuimac ad' déig-pe.

121. neim, old dat. of neam, is required for metre.

123. a before ionad is lost in pronouncing the line, and is not given in MS.

129-132. The rivers in this stanza have been all mentioned in XXII.

Often were aged authors in his castles,
 Druids and seers, and bards, and learned men,
 Poets and bands of rhymers dispensed to, with humanity ;
 120 And the clergy of Christ ever visiting them.

O God, who art in heaven, who hearest the tidings
 O King of miracles, and Holy Father,
 Why hast thou suffered his place to be held by bears,
 That they should have his rent while he is straightened for want
 of it.

Sol wept bitterly for the ruin,
 Luna wept streams of tears,
 The severe Boreas is blowing from the north,
 As long as Maurice holds sway in this region.

On the banishment of Eoghan, afflicted, and enfeebled,
 130 Eight noble streams wept,
 The Mague, and the Laune, weak without respite
 The Carthach, the Slaney, and the Claodach.

The river of Cillcriadh, long was her slender moan,
 Bitterly weeping and lamenting her lord ;
 The margin stream of Lixnaw, was raging, and the Feale,
 And the Deal sorely crying alone.

The Gaoi was sad, and the Suir screamed,
 And the Shannon of the descendants of Lorc of the slender steeds,
 The Mague without health, because of the tidings
 140 The margin of the Lee and the Bride afflicted.

The Fionn Sruith and the Flesk deprived of their senses ;
 The stream of Targlan under clouds, and the Earne ;
 The river Daluadh and the Cuanach are oppressed ;
 And the Barrow in long mourning for thee.

133. *Abann Cill Criað* seems to be the river flowing beside Headford, the scene of the bog disaster.

135. *bpuac na lice* refers to the River Brick, flowing near Lixnaw.

136. *aoil-şol* for *oil-şoll*. 143. The Cuanach is mentioned also in XXVI.

Níor fáḡ an Ćróimpeacḡ deór ḡan pḡpeuḡacḡ,
 Paoi árḡaibḡ bḡcḡna bḡmḡar bḡara,
 An Ruacḡtaḡ ḡo buarḡa ip í aḡ ḡéimnigḡ.
 Abainn Dá Ćicḡ 'pa daoime tḡréicḡ-laḡ.

150 Ní paibḡ Síḡ-bean díobḡ a m-béillie,
 Ó Dún Ćaoim ḡo h-íocḡtar Éirne,
 Ó Inipḡ bḡ ḡo tḡóra Éipionn,
 Náḡ léigḡ deóra móra aipḡ aon bailḡ.

Aipḡ tḡeaḡt lḡluipḡ tḡuḡ uile 'na éirḡbḡ éirtḡ,
 Baḡ élor ḡáir aḡ mnáibḡ aipḡ tḡaobḡ tḡuipḡ,
 Ipḡ dá tḡaobḡ Mainḡe dá pḡeaḡairḡ ḡo h-eubḡmḡar,
 Ipḡ baḡ élor uailḡ aipḡ uaḡḡtar Sléibḡ Mipḡ.

160 bean píḡe an Ruipḡ aḡ pileaḡbḡ dḡara,
 Ipḡ bean píḡe bánḡ na blárnanḡ taobḡ pḡot
 bean píḡe an ḡleanna iona labḡraibḡ eunlaibḡ
 Ipḡ pḡeaḡt mná píḡe aipḡ an ḡ-Ćicḡ ḡan tḡraoḡacḡ.

Do ḡuil Ćhoḡna tḡrḡbḡ na pḡeulaibḡ,
 Do ḡuil Úna a n-Dáḡlar Éile,
 Do ḡuil Ćoipe a pḡoḡ-bḡoḡ ḡéirḡblimḡ,
 Ipḡ do ḡuil Ćoibillḡ píḡ-bean léicḡ-ḡpaigḡ.

Do ḡuil ḡo tḡpuaḡ an Ruacḡtaḡ caoille,
 Do ḡuil Ćime a n-árurḡ ḡḡéime,
 Do ḡuileadḡar oḡḡ n-oḡḡairḡ aipḡ aon loḡ,
 Do ḡuileadḡar ampe an Ćappainnḡ 'pḡ an t-Sléibḡ.

170 bean píḡe Dúnḡ na nḡallḡ aḡ ḡeupḡ-ḡul,
 bean píḡe a bḡ-ḡeamḡar aḡur í ceupḡba,
 bean píḡe a n-ḡoḡaillḡ pḡór ḡan pḡaorainḡ,
 Ipḡ bean píḡe a ḡ-Ceapa Ćoimnḡ na n-Déirḡeacḡ.

145-8. The Croinseach is mentioned also in XXII. The Abainn da Chich seems to be the river flowing westward to Headford, north of the Paps. The other rivers mentioned are well known.

149 *et seq.* After the rivers have been made to lament the ruin of Eoghan, the *mna sighe* or *mna sidhe* take up the doleful cry; see *Intro.*, sect. IV.

150. Dún Ćaoim is to the west of Dingle.

The Croinseach did not leave a drop but it scattered
 Throughout the kine-frequented headlands of the sea of Beara ;
 The Roughty is troubled, and moans ;
 The river of the Two Paps and her people are weakened.

There was none of the banshees in the huge rocks
 150 From Dun Caoin, to the lower end of the Earne ;
 From Inisbofin, to the boundaries of Erin ;
 Who did not shed great tears in one place.

On the coming of Maurice who brought everything under his own
 proper trade (?)

A scream was heard from women on the side of Tore ;
 While the two sides of the Maine replied enviously ;
 And wailing was heard on the top of Sliabh Mis.

The banshee of Ross was shedding tears,
 The white banshee of Blarney which is beside you,
 The banshee of the Glen in which birds are vocal,
 160 And the seven banshees on the Paps without pause.

Clíodhna wept because of the tidings ;
 Una wept in Thurles of Eily ;
 Aoife wept in the fairy mansion of Feidhlim ;
 And Aoibhill, the banshee of Carriglea.

The slender Roughty wept piteously
 Aine wept in the dwelling of Grian ;
 Eight eights wept together on the same lake ;
 The fairy maidens of Corran and of the Sliabh wept.

The banshee of Donegal was bitterly weeping ;
 170 A banshee at Tara, who is in torture ;
 A banshee at Youghal also without respite ;
 And a banshee at Cappoquin of the Decies.

153. *cúg uile 'na céirib óiric* is a difficult phrase.

157 *et seq.* *bean píge*: MS. *bean t-píge* throughout. Blarney is said to be beside Eoghan, as it is near the lands that belonged to his ancestors.

162. Eily O'Carroll included some baronies in Co. Tipperary.

165. *caóille*, *sic* MS., and also Hardiman, who gives this stanza. *caóille*, = 'land,' is given in O'R.'s and O'Brien's dictionaries. The line is obscure.

bean ríge fóir go deórac eudmhar
 A m-baile Uí Óairbhe, annuir deo' raor-rluóet;
 baipleacán a g-craeab bair fáo' rgeulaib
 'S an t-Eun Fionn a b-teanntaib euga.

180 Do glac pannaip bream an deula,
 Do raileabap go b-pillpeao arir eugainn Séamur,
 An tan do rgeao an leac fáo' rgeulaib,
 An lia Fáil 'na lár ag géimni.

D'éir gur caoileabap coillte ip caolta,
 Do loirg mo éroide do mull 'r do éur mé,
 An bpaib-géal ó Faidrib na raor-rlaib,
 Do beib ag gól gan por 'na h-aonar,

Ag preaoaó a bar 'r ag ptaeo a céibe,
 'Na g-caor n-deap a deapca gan ptaeoao,
 A croiceann geal air fao 'na éreaoab,
 Ip foiaó ríoba a clí-éoirp maoba.

190 D'éir gur éoirgeabap ppoetanna ag géimni,
 Coillte corp-énoic gorma ip faolcain,
 Ríogain Fionnrígoe ag ríor-gul 'na h-aonar,
 Do éur m' mteaoeet epí na éeile.

Faetain cáir ip fáe a deapa,
 Den t-poillpeao ó Faidtpeab na raor-rlaib,
 Craeo an báir, an táir, nó an t-éigion,
 Tpe 'n ap mull a baill 'ra h-euaoe?

200 D'paeagair Fionnrígoe dúinn go h-eudmhar,
 Le glór doilb go pollur a n-éireaoe,
 Tá a ráir-ríor agat-ra deapb mo rgeulta,
 Ip go b-ti g mui 'na ppuib óm éreaoab,

174. It is here suggested that a family tie exists between the banshee of a great family and the members of that family.

175. baipleacán is the name of a townland in the barony of Iveragh, Co. Kerry; it is marked on Carew's map of Iveragh Barony in the Lambeth Library.

176. an t-Eun Fionn, also called an t-Eun Ceannan, XXII., the home of Mac Finneen.

A banshee, besides, tearful and envious
 In the dwelling of Cairbre, a maiden of thy noble race;
 Baisleacan in the tremors of death at tidings of thee;
 And the Eun Fionn in the grip of death.

The tribe of the English speech fell into a fainting fit;
 They thought that James would return to us again,
 When the Stone screamed at the tidings of thee—
 180 The Lia Fail moaning in its centre.

After the lament of woods and marshy plains,
 It scalded my heart, it ruined and tormented me,
 That the Fair-necked from Firies of the noble chieftains,
 Was weeping without ceasing alone,

Wringing her hands, and tearing her hair,
 Her eyes as red fire, without respite,
 Her bright skin all full of wounds,
 And the silken covering of her bosom rent.

After the streams had ceased to moan
 190 Woods, stately green hills, and wolves,
 The queenly Fionnsgoth, weeping continually alone,
 Has put my mind into confusion.

I ask what misfortune has happened, and the cause of her tears
 Of the brilliant one from Firies of the noble chieftains,
 What was the death, the insult, the violence,
 For which she mangled her limbs, and her garments?

Fionnsgoth replied to me enviously,
 With a mournful voice, as was evident, effectively:
 Thou knowest full well the truth of my tidings,
 200 Seeing that venom comes in streams from my wounds,

194. *Ṗaiṑṑpeaḃ* is no doubt the same as *Ṗaiṑriḃ*, of 183 *supra*, it is, perhaps, the modern Firies, in West Kerry; the *ṑiḃllṑeaḃ* mentioned here is the same as the *ḃṑaiḡḃ-ḡeaḃ*, 183; both refer to Fionnsgoth, a mountain in West Kerry mentioned in XXII.

'Sa liaét pluaiḡ de mairib Níill Duib,
 Píaguiḡe ip fáid ip ráp-plaiḡ beupaḡ,
 Mná uairle náir ḡruamḡa, ip daoine aorḡa,
 Do éuaiḡ do óic an bíḡ 'p an eudaiḡ,

ḡur díbreaiḡ an píḡ ceapḡ ḡo claonmair,
 Earboiḡ, raḡairḡ, abaiḡ, ip cléiriḡ,
 bpaíḡre diaḡa, ip cliap na dírice,
 Aḡur uairle na tuaiḡe pe ééile.

210 O' innriop ḡo píop di bpiḡ mo rḡeulḡa:
 ḡo paiḡ Eoḡan mór pór ḡan baogal;
 A éalaiḡ má bí 'na óic ḡo m-b'féidip
 A paḡáil do apír le linn an peḡ éipḡ.

Táid epeáḡḡa Seaḡáin ḡo h-ápḡ aḡ éiḡeaiḡ air;
 Aḡ lonnpaiḡ pionntap aḡur aḡ rméide,
 Aḡ rḡpeaḡaḡ pór air Eoḡan ḡo h-éiḡneaiḡ,
 Aḡ iappaiḡ pḡla ḡorḡaḡ a n'éiric.

220 Orpinn pór éuḡ léonaiḡ lém air,
 Ruḡpaiḡ ip Seon mic Ómaiḡ éiḡip,
 Seaḡán ip Diaḡmuioḡ piain baḡ bpeuḡaḡ,
 Muipir 'p an díḡ rin éuḡ rḡaoile lém air.

Ip bpiḡnaiḡ anoir le cup a nḡaoḡaiḡe,
 An éupa éuit 'na éioḡ air ḡaoḡalaiḡ,
 Ip air ḡaḡ aieme de élanmaiḡ Milepiur,
 An m'éioḡ díob d'iompaiḡ pe Luther a n'éide.

Map d'iméiḡ tap ppúill anonn ár ḡ-cléip mairḡ,
 Map do cuipaiḡ air díbirḡ éoiḡḡe Séamur,
 Do cuipaiḡ pá rmaḡḡ ap mair den tpeuḡa,
 Ip do cuipaiḡ Eoḡan pá bpiḡ, mo ḡeup-ḡoin.

213-216. This beautiful stanza reminds one a little of the speech of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. 214. Pionntap, 'struggle, contest': cf. XXX. 2.

217-220. For an interesting account of the Orpen and Eagar families who settled in Kerry, see *Old Kerry Records*, Second Series, pp. 140-212. The Eagers gained great military distinction in the British army, and were not the last to make common cause with the Catholic Celts of Kerry. Francis Eagar, the fifth son of Alexander Eagar, the first settler of his name in Kerry, married a daughter

Seeing the great multitude of the nobles of Niall Dubh,
Huntsmen, seers, and true, courteous chieftains,
Noble ladies, who were not cheerless, and aged persons,
Who have suffered want in food and raiment,

That the rightful king was wickedly banished,
Bishops, priests, abbots, and men of letters,
Pious friars, and the mendicant band,
And the nobles of the country together.

I told her truly the substance of my tidings ;
210 That the great Eoghan was still free from harm ;
If his land was lost to him, that he could
Obtain it again at the coming of the rightful king.

John's wounds are loudly crying out to him ;
They are flashing forth battle, and beckoning,
And also screaming to Eoghan violently,
Entreating him to spill blood as an eiric.

Orpen also inflicted on him a sad wounding,
Rughraoi and Seon son of Amos Eagar,
John and Diarmuid who were ever liars,
220 Maurice and these two brought doleful destruction on him.

Sad now is it to record in Gaelic,
The torture that fell on the Gaels in a shower,
And on every band of the descendants of Milesius,
As many of them as became turncoats with Luther ;

When our good clergy went over across the waves,
When James was sent for ever into banishment,
All that survived of the company were put beneath the yoke,
And Eoghan was afflicted with sorrow—my sharp wounding !

of O'Donoghue Dubh, of Glenflesk, and so identified himself with the resistance to the penal laws made by his brothers-in-law that he is called in more than one despatch "a pretended Protestant." One of the Orpens, Robert, was the hero of Killowen in 1688. But the Eagers referred to in this stanza I am unable to identify. 218. The name Amos is not unknown in Kerry.

221-228. In these two stanzas, the general evils of which Eoghan's expulsion only formed a small part, are dwelt on.

230 Aḡcúinnḡim Íora Críorḡ dom éirḡeaḡt,
 An ceḡ ro air Eoḡan ḡo fḡil a épaḡaḡḡ,
 Airíḡ a beaḡa do éabairḡ do air aon ball,
 Ó Suíḡe Finn ḡo fíopaḡib Sléibe Mír.

Uirḡe na Maíḡe, Leamḡum, Laoi, ir Claḡdaḡ,
 Snaiḡmḡ pe ppaḡaib ḡḡair le línḡ Léim Tuirc,
 Píonna Spuiḡ, Plearḡ, ir caire an Mḡaoir ḡéimḡ,
 Roiḡ Mḡuirḡ do éeaḡt arḡeaḡ pe Claimḡ Éirḡ.

240 Tuirtim na b-plaḡa meapa b-fíor-laoḡda,
 Re nuimḡ na namḡḡ neapḡimḡ nḡuioim-euḡḡaḡ,
 Uirḡe na b-peap léap leaḡaḡ Ríḡ Séamur,
 Éuḡ Muirḡ arḡeaḡ ḡan éapḡ le Clomḡ Éirḡ.

Ionḡ mo íean le real a n-Uíḡ Laoḡaire,
 Ir tuirtim na b-peap 'ran tpeap le Ríḡ Séamur,
 Muirḡ do éeaḡt arḡeaḡ le Claimḡ Éirḡ
 Tré a ḡ-cumilim bar dom namḡḡ fír-euḡḡaḡ.

AN CEANḠAL.

Maíḡ éuirḡear ḡaḡ doḡar le roḡar do píoḡar 'na ḡeaḡaḡḡ,
 Píonnaḡ ḡaḡ topaḡḡ an olann an buille 'ran bláḡ,
 Ní dume ná oḡḡar aḡḡ coḡaḡ na pḡḡe de ḡnáḡ,
 Éuḡ muileann an Oroiḡḡḡ do Mḡuirḡ 'ran eoḡair 'na lámḡ.

232. A great many mountains in Ireland are called Suighe Finn. Above, the poet puts the limit as:

Ón dá Úirḡ ḡo píopaḡib Sléibe Mír.

233-236. In this stanza the rivers more closely connected with the estate of Eoghan are introduced as a final chorus of grief for the incoming of Maurice with Clan Eagar.

234. Linn Leim Tuirc, the lake of Torc Waterfall.

236. Caire an Mḡaoir. The River Maor or Maire forms part of the boundary between Cork and Kerry, and is referred to by Spenser:—

“There also was the wide embayed Maire.”

Fairy Queen, Canto II., Bk. iv.

I implore of Jesus Christ to hear me ;
 230 To remove this sorrow which is on Eoghan for a while ;
 To make restitution to him of his property at once
 From Suighe Finn to the borders of Sliabh Mis.

The waters of the Maine, the Laune, the Lee, and Claodach,
 Unite with the streams that depart from the lake of Torc Water-
 fall ;

The Fionn Sruth, the Flesk, and the current of Maor moan
 At the coming in of Maurice with Clan Eagar.

The fall of the active, truly heroic chieftains,
 By a number of the enemy who were strong and powerful in deed,
 The laws of the men by whom King James was overthrown,
 240 Brought in Maurice without right with Clan Eagar.

My ancestors' abode for a time in Iveleary,
 And the fall of the men in battle with King James,
 The coming in of Maurice with Clan Eagar,
 Is the reason why I stroke with my hand the truly powerful foe.

THE BINDING.

Woe to him who sows every evil for the profit that flows from it ;
 The proof of every crop is the wool, the leaf, the blossom ;
 It was not one man nor eight, but the war of the kings, that for
 ever

Gave the Mill of the Bridge to Maurice and the key in his hand.

The Fionn Sruth, or Finn Sruth, is perhaps the Finn Abhainn that flows through Drishane into the Blackwater, or it may be the Finniky, which flows into the Roughy at Kenmare.

241. This line is of biographical interest: *le peal* seems to imply that his parents were *then* living in Iveleary.

244. *cúimilim báp* = 'I stroke with the hand,' said ironically of satire. The enemy seems to be Maurice.

245. Transcript of poem reads *map níḡ cúimilim*, which spoils the metre; lines 245-246 seem to be semi-proverbial sayings, but they are obscure.

248. What bridge is meant is uncertain, but probably the reference is to Lisnagaun, near Headford, where there is a place still called Old Bridge, which had formerly a tucking mill.

XXXVI.

DO MÁC FÍNNEGÍN DUIB UÍ SÚILLEADÁIN.

Fada éid teip an oimigh,
 Dá m-beaó gan é d'iafpairigh,
 D'iúl rean, ip deimhin an dál,
 Fear an oimigh ar iompáó.

Cuid do buaib fip an oimigh
 Beic gac n-aon ar iafpairigh,
 Teac ar teac go bpairigh air
 D'fear an oimigh ní heagal.

10 D'fear an oimigh ní huamain—
 Cuid eile dá iolbuaib—
 Gibé a n-déimtear 'na dochar
 Ní féidir é d'pólmócaó.

Do dpuim oimigh ip anma
 A n-oiðreac a achara
 Deimhin ar teac go dtiocfa
 Fear oimigh ip oirbeara.

20 bapp rochar é don oineac
 Gnát air fuo críoc comairgeac,
 Le luaó a deag-anma ag dul,
 Sean-labpa ruaó ip reancaó.

XXXVI.—The metre of this poem as well as of XXXVII. is *deibhidhe*, each line of the quatrain consisting of seven syllables, the second and fourth ending with a word exceeding in the number of its syllables the words respectively ending the first and third; the first and second lines rhyme together as do the third and fourth; there is frequent alliteration, and a word in the middle of one line generally rhymes with a word in the beginning or middle of the next line. Mac Finneen Dubh was a branch of the O'Sullivan family.

XXXVI.

TO MACFINNEEN DUBH O'SULLIVAN.

Far extends the fame of generosity,
 Even if it were not inquired about,
 In the knowledge of elders—it is a certainty
 That the generous man is spoken of.

One part of the generous man's excellence,
 Everyone is seeking him;
 That you will take advantage of him,
 The generous man is not afraid.

To the generous man it is no cause of fear—
 10 Another of his many privileges—
 What trespass is done to him,
 He cannot be emptied out.

Through generosity and fame
 Into the inheritance of his patrimony
 Certainly will come
 The man of generosity and good deeds.

It is the highest advantage for generosity
 That ever throughout foreign regions
 In celebration of its good name, are going
 20 The ancient sayings of learned men and historians.

3. Perhaps we should read *o'íúil na pean deimhin an dól*. MS. *dól* and *íompaið*.

6. *beiré*. M *bíonn*; perhaps *ḡac uair* for *ḡac n-aon*.

7. *ceacht arcead air*, seems to mean 'an advantage over him.'

10. This line is parenthetical.

11. This line seems corrupt.

20. *pean-laðpa*. MS. *polaðpaið*.

Sean-nór aca rianí romhe
 'San éiríe-pe róib luğome,
 'Sé ar feadh gac oirip mar rian,
 Fear an oinigh ar iarraid.

Com-luač éuige—céim 'na rač,—
 An pile, an páib, an ceapbač,
 Gac taoib ag triall ar oineac
 Mar aon 'ran éliar comhuigeac.

30

Tig an laiğneac leac air leac
 Tig an miðeac 'ran muimneac,
 A n-dáil ní daiina cuirpe
 Fa gáir anma an Eoğain-pe.

Comluač ó éeann gac críche,
 Lučt rğaoilte rğéal coireríche,
 Gá bríog a méad do meadair,
 Ag ríom a gğeag geinealaiğ?

40

Níor élor aoinpear aca-ran
 Ag breit oirbere ar Eoğain,
 Ní claon don éeab-rač do éar,
 Aon dá éagnac ní pağčar.

Ní éuala gaoiðeal ná gail—
 Maič iomépar an éuig comérom—
 Fór do buain béime air a blač,
 buaid a féile ní hiongnad.

Míre féim mar gac fear díob,
 Ní cuaird iona cóir dimbríog,
 Mo éol go hiomlán ní fuil
 Go dol pá iompád Eoğain.

24. After line 24 the following stanza is given in A. :—

Ní fuil mo ériall cairip-rin,
 Mac Finnghin Duib, dpeac roilbir,
 Bor tréan tap a n-doihğ dul,
 Préam an oinigh ar adnad.

It has been an ancient custom with them up to this time
 Throughout this region of the land of Iughone,
 And it is so all over every district,
 The generous man is sought out.

Equally swift come to him—a high degree in his good
 fortune—

The poet, the seer, the gambler,
 All approach the generous man
 Together with the foreign train.

30 The Leinsterman comes, side by side
 The Meathman and the Munsterman come,
 Their concourse is no cause of sadness
 At the shout of the name of this Eoghan.

Equally swift from the limits of every district
 Foreign story-tellers flock;
 What means the greatness of their enjoyment
 As they enumerate his genealogical branches?

40 No man of them did I hear
 Speaking in reproach of Eoghan.
 It is not a desire for riches he loved;
 No one is found reproaching him.

I have not heard Gael or foreigner—
 Well does he bear the even balance—
 Who ever yet tarnished his fame,
 The renown of his hospitality is not strange.

I too like each one of these—
 It is not a journey which is to be disparaged—
 My wish is not entirely satisfied
 Till I go into social intercourse with Eoghan.

29. The second *leat* is omitted in MS., which leaves a syllable wanting.

39. This line is obscure; does *céad-paet* mean 'riches'?

47. Alliteration requires *ní fúil*; MS. *ní b-puill*.

Saoilim naé fuil diomḡaé de
 50 Clét náma nó fear fearḡe;
 ḡnúir fáoilḡ ḡan cáil a ḡ-epoḡ,
 báíḡ ḡaé aoinḡir le hEoḡan.

Ḣo éannuiḡ fóp, beapḡ dá raé,
 Ainm raop naé féiduir d'ionnlaé,
 Díol clú deiḡ-peaét ip anáir
 Cpú do rein-ḡlioét Šúilleabáin.

Ní éíḡ caíteam 'na élu ram,
 An ḡlioét airḡeac po Eoḡam,
 A ḡ-caoi buaḡ na d-toirḡbeapḡ d-ḡrom
 60 Fuair a n-oiḡpeaét a h-alḡrom.

A n-dimbḡíḡ ní dual a ḡul,
 An ḡeipḡ oirḡeapḡ-pa ap Eoḡan,
 An féile ip rein-peaét a ḡean,
 Deiḡ-ḡlioét na ḡréime ó b-fuil-pean.

'Sé idir uairḡibḡ fuinn ḡaoiḡeal
 Ḣo ḡní an ḡ-ainm-pe d'iomḡḡaoileáḡ,
 Reaét ḡípe na ḡréime ó b-fuil,
 Séime a n-dine dá n-dúḡaiḡ.

Oineac ḡnáé, ip ḡníom náipe,
 70 Ceannḡaét, uiḡla, ip aḡnáipe,
 Ḣpuid pe hoirḡbeapḡ ip ciall cinn
 Ḣuḡ oiḡpeaét don ḡial ḡoirḡill.

lomḡa céim 'na d-ḡiḡ apḡeac,
 Máir ḡíop d'ḡuiḡḡibḡ na bḡileáḡ,
 Fear an oirḡbeapḡa op cionn éaiḡ
 A ḡcionn oiḡpeaéta d'ḡaḡáil.

55-56. Metre corrupt, and translation doubtful. rein-peaét: MS. deiḡ-peaét.

I think that no one is ill-disposed towards him
50 Save an enemy or a man of choler ;
A joyous face without desire of wealth,
Everyone's good will is possessed by Eoghan.

He purchased besides—a piece of his good fortune—
A noble name that cannot be assailed,
Reward of the fame of good laws and honour,
The blood of the old race of Suilleabhain.

Its fame does not wear out,
That of the renowned race of Eoghan
In the path of victories of the stern struggles
60 Their inheritance got its nurture.

It is not its wont to diminish in strength
This renowned fame of Eoghan—
Hospitality and the old state of his ancestors,
The goodly progeny of the stock whence he sprang.

It is this amongst the nobles of the land of the Gaels
That spreads this name abroad,
The real power of the stock whence he sprung,
The gentleness of the race towards their country.

Constant generosity, with good deeds,
70 Friendship, humility, and modesty,
An approach to noble actions and wisdom of head
Gave inheritance to the strong hospitable man.

Many are the steps by which enters—
If the words of the poet be true—
The man of noble deeds above all
For the obtaining of his inheritance.

86

ḡac bapp inníe dá b-fuair pain,
 Maic ip fiú a éiall 'ra ééadpaið,
 Ní nár map éaicéar a époð,
 A maicéar már ḡan inópað.

Ní le tréan táinig a neart,
 ḡrár Dó le dul a n-oiḡreacét
 Fuair a éoil do óruim doépa
 Ní cumḡ pain naé po-molta.

Naé beanuib na painn-pe rib
 Ní inéaraim, a líic Finnḡin,
 Réim ḡan foirneart, ḡan folaið,
 Ar éoirbheart féin fuarabair.

90

Mac Finnḡin Duib dá ráð rib
 Acá, ní hinníe a n-airḡið ;
 Ar do ḡeall ní ḡairm eile,
 Ip fearp ainm ná airiḡe.

bapp air fearaib féile fuair
 Eochaið ó éac an ééad-uair ;
 Comhliontar an élu do éuir
 Le crú oirbhearta Eochaið.

100

Ón lá rin ḡur an lá annuḡ
 ḡibé iona éeann do éuirpeað,
 Ní deacaið céim ar ḡ-cúlaið
 Ó éréim Eochaið aon-íúlaiḡ.

82. ḡrár: MS. ḡrára, giving an extra syllable.

84. naé: both A and M read ḡan beic, giving an extra syllable, and spoiling alliteration.

Whatever distinction in honour he has obtained
 His wisdom and judgment have well deserved ;
 It is not dishonourable how he spends his wealth,
 80 Great is his goodness without pride.

Not with human might came his strength
 Which is God's grace to go into his inheritance ;
 He obtained his desire through adversity,
 That is not a yoke which is not praiseworthy.

That these verses pertain not to thee,
 I do not judge, O Mac Finneen,
 Sway without violence or enmity
 By thy own noble deeds thou hast won.

The name Mac Finneen Dubh is applied to thee—
 90 It is not an empty title—
 For thy pledge no other name ; (?)
 A name is better than chieftainship.

Supremacy over hospitable men
 Eochaidh obtained at first from all,
 The fame is perpetuated
 Which the noble deed of Eochaidh gave his race.

From that day to this day
 Whosoever should add to it,
 It did not retreat one step
 100 From the race of Eochaidh the one-eyed.

91. ní ḡairm. A an ḡairm.
 giving only six syllables.

93. fēapairb, both MSS. have fīr,

100. The legend the poet alludes to is well known.

XXXVII.

DO ĆORMAC MAC CARĊA ĢUIRT NA Ģ-ĊLOĊ.

Aille, acpuinn naĊ paicim,
 ĆrĊĊaĊt aibig anaiĊill,
 SĊuaĊ ġlan oipĊpeaĊ ġan oll o'ġáir.
 ĊearĊap Ćormaic Mic ĆarĊa.

Ģríob do ġoilĊeann a ġéile,
 NaĊair ġan dŭil dġoicġéine,
 Rŭn aĊbaoirpe epé ġlan ĊáirĊ,
 'Sé ip aĊbaoir dár n-eaĊráin.

10 AomleanĊ na banba buame,
 Conclan Con na ĆraoĊpuaiĊe,
 Ģríob deaġ-Ċnuir ip ĊeĊ a d-Ċpeap,
 AĊ-ġuairpe ġleĊ na n-apĊ- Ċleap.

AĊġin do ġac Ċibir Ģinn,
 Uppa pluaiġ upġaiġe Ģéidlin,
 LaoĊ ionĊuir le h-Opġap oll,
 Doġa iomĊair na n-anĊrann.

Aġ an n-ġairġe air ġéaġ leaġna
 Ní b-ġuil aoibneap oileaiġna,
 Ģuair eĊl an ġuĊ ĊearĊa ġin
 20 Aġ deĊl Ċiġ ĊearĊa an ĊoġaĊ.

XXXVII.—The Castle of Gortnaglough, which belonged to the MacCarthys of Carbery, stood near where the town of Skibbereen is now situated. This short poem is one of several in the same metre composed to honour the bravery of Major Charles Mac Carthy of Gortnaglough. In the “Blennerhasset Pedigree” we find the following :—“O’Brien, third daughter of Julian O’Ryan and Mac O’Brien of Duharra (*i.e.* Arra), married Brian MacSweeny of Dinisky in the county Corke, and was ancestor of Major Charles Mac Carthy of Gortnaglough.”

XXXVII.

ON CORMAC MACCARTHY OF GORTNAGLOUGH.

Beauty, power such as I see not,
 Ripe restless valour,
 Pure noble chief that grew without hindrance,
 Is the character of Cormac Mac Carthy.

A griffin that conceals his generosity,
 A serpent without desire for evil,
 The beloved of wisdom, pure chaste clay,
 It is he who is wisdom for our defence.

10 Unique child of lasting Banba,
 Peer of the Hound of the Red Branch,
 Griffin of good desire, the warmest in conflict,
 Noble of battle of the high feats.

Such another as the son of Eibhear Fionn,
 Prop of the honoured host of Feidhlim,
 Hero to be compared to great Osgar,
 Sustaining pillar of the bards.

To the hero with an elm branch
 There is not nurturing pastime,
 That tortured champion got wisdom
 20 By sucking the troubled pap of war.

6. MS. an naéap gan dóil a n-dpoic-méine, which gives two extra syllables. 7-8. These lines are obscure: eadpám = 'intercession, defence.'

13. aicéin = 'such another as'; M aicín; A aicne, both omit do.

15. ionéur; M ionéap; A uméap.

16. andpánn: M and A andpóm; the word may be from andpa = a poet next in rank to an *ollamh*, hence in gen. 'a poet.'

19. eól: MS. ól. an puib: M a puib; A a puib; a puib, or puib = 'a hero,' but the line is obscure.

- 21 Ua óg na g-Cormac n-áppaíð,
 Slat éimpra an éúil óir-eapnaíð,
 Géal na d-tpéad aige air áille,
 Géag ir faide pionntáille.

com-éeanḡal.

Óige ir gné map ḡréin 'na ḡríor-ḡruaíð ḡlunn,
 Cródaét, tpéine, air éaét Con Duibe buaíð Mír,
 Mórdaét céille, péile, ir píor-uairle,
 A g-comhair a céile ag laoc ón laoi, ir tuairirḡ.

XXXVIII.

ag preaḡrað air ðoinnall mac donncaíð alias
 na tuille.

beáppað píorḡaíte, geáppað ipionna an énápaig pmul-
 caipe éréteapḡaig,
 ḡáḡuig, mullagḡuig, beapḡta, buimbḡuig, ḡáibḡig mior-
 ḡairig, réanarḡaig,
 Ó árb a mullaig 'nar ḡnátað mucallað, fáite, tulcaigḡte,
 a m-bréan-éapna,
 ḡo tpáét a bonnairpe, bálaig, buinneacaig, áppaig, ḡlu-
 ḡairig, érémuirig;

21. óg comes just before n-áppaíð in MS.

22. an éúil. In an elegy on Justin MacCarthy, Lord Mountcashel, his father, is called *Donncað an éúil*, and in XXXV. 90, we have *tiḡeapna* *ñlurcpaig* *an éúil* *buiðe* *péaplaig*.

Ib. *oir-eapnaíð*: *M oirpapḡlann*, which = 'bright, illustrious.'

26. *Cú Duð* = *Cuchulainn*: *cf.* XXII. 196.

XXXVIII.—This is a reply to a bitter satire on O'Rahilly by Domhnall na Tuille Mac Carthy whose patron was Tadgh an Duna. That chieftain died in 1696, and Mac Carthy wrote an elegy on the occasion. Some time after the sad event O'Rahilly visited the locality, and wrote his poem in praise of Warner (X.) It is

21 Young offspring of the aged Cormacs,
 Fragrant rod of the 'cul' of precious melody,
 He has the pledge of the flock for beauty,
 A branch of long, fair progeny.

THE BINDING.

Youth and beauty like the sun's in his pure ruddy cheek,
 Valour, strength wondrous like the Black Dog's who gained Mis,
 Greatness of wisdom, of hospitality, and of true nobility,
 Are all together possessed by the hero from the Lee, it is well
 known.

XXXVIII.

IN REPLY TO DOMHNALL, SON OF DONOGH, *ALIAS*
 "OF THE FLOOD."

I will crop closely, I will cut the temples of the knobby, nosy
 vagabond,
 Who is chinky, full of protuberances, clipped, querulous, mali-
 cious, blinking,
 From the top of his cliff-head, in which droves of vermin are wont
 to be, covered over, gathered into heaps, in foul lumps,
 To the soles of his feet of large make, full of corns, old, of empty
 noise, scarred.

perhaps on this occasion that he incurred the wrath of Domhnall na Tuille. After the death of his patron, Domhnall, it is said, betook himself to a place called Cool-nasnaghty on the east side of the Bandon river, opposite to the Tocher, and there, from a rocky eminence, never tired of feasting his eyes on that beloved vale.

When he lay on his death-bed, the priest who attended him told him he should never more behold the Tocher. When the priest had left, determined to falsify the prophecy, Domhnall rose from his bed, and, weak as he was, crawled to his favourite rock, whence he could behold it once more, and having taken one last look at the deserted vale expired. On the spot where he died, there is a heap of stones still pointed out called "Leacht Dhomhnaill na Tuille." Every visitor increases it by a stone. This poem suffers severely from any attempt at translation.

Στολπαὸ ἀν ῥῥατα, λοῦαῖα, δεαῖ, εῖοῖα, να ῥαῖα ὄο
 λείρ-ῥοῖα;

Ῥολλαίρε ḡαρτὰς, εῖρεάιρε cleapàs, ḡροḡαίρε meata,
péirτ ḡluḡaίρ ;

Σοβαίρε πρῆμας, ποταίρε παῖς, σρεαῖαιρε τῆνα, ἀν
βρέασαιρε,

Slogaípe rmeaí'ta, ðeapraiceaé ðeannaé, íloigear na
h-aípe a ð-eapaoí-ðoile.

Χρειμαδ προϊῆτε ἀν ἐλαθιτε ἐμε, ἢ λαῖμας βριστε
ἐρεάετσιῆτε.

10 Ἰρ αἰρ α ὁά ἐρυσθ-ῖαίλ αἰρ α m-βίθ ρυαῖτάμ, polla agur
cuarám θpιoθaῖḡe;

Լոցնք բարա բոնեա՞ծ ծոն յարան, Եո՛ւն աճսր Եւ՛ց ծա
մեարանաւ :

Բé na óá lorǵan lónte, býրտիճե, բճóւա, բճորտաիճե,
մóր-բճոե.

Սօս ճան եօլս, րօբօլլե ան ըօրծա, քիօն-ճար ոօլճե օ
 շօօ՛ն Նարրա;

Բաւան բօճաւ, քաւար ճնճաւ, շար-արժ ամ, ր լէր-
աւմ;

Príocairí an chóráin, bfuilighre an bóráin, ríuibíle
porráin gearr-amuiri;

Καρραέν γεαρβαέ, ceipreaén ppažapaé, amlán aitiŕeaé,
 p̃laod ḡalaip.

A rḡoruaċ rḡaoileap tóirpe ḡaoite bpeóar na mílte a
n-daop-ḡeannuid,

Աւանդած չօրիքեւ ճիշտ երթանաւ, ծրագար աւանդարեւ
 քաղ-գարն :

Αρ é ρύθ Όοιιναλλ, ρυατ na δ-comappan ρυαυδ δαν τρεόρν
αιρ αον αιρτε,

20 Clé-mac Ûoncaða þlaorðaið moðallað éaðmar ðoiðcállid
 ðréit-ðara.

I will tear the ragged wretch, who is planed, poor, vicious, all
wounded into bits.

The starving miser, the hangman trickster, the powerless cripple,
the serpent of empty noise ;

A stammerer with running eyes, a fugitive vagabond, a gaunt
freebooter, is the liar,

A greasy swallower, a greedy glutton, who swallows the lumps
into his greedy maw.

I will gnaw the feet of the villain caitiff, branching, broken,
wounded,

10 And on his two hard heels on which chilblains are wont to be, are
holes and scorched cavities.

Crooked nails made of iron, the hard covering and stem of his
fingers,

Beneath his two shanks, sprained, bruised, scalded, bared, far
asunder.

An ignorant clown, a stroller deserving of the gallows, an old
burned stalk, from Barry's country.

A plundering wretch, an ill-shaped booby crooked, of tall ears, and
a very fool.

A pincher of the pot, a fiddler about the cabin, a fragment, a crab-
fish of keen onset.

A scabby wretch, a ragged yoke-bearer, a shameful simpleton, a
heap of diseases.

His throat emits a storm of wind which sickens thousands into
dire pain,

His fretful carcass, through defect of chewing, rots his coarse,
voracious tooth-jaws ;

Domhnall is he, the hated by the neighbours, a remnant without
vigour in a single poem,

20 Sinister son of Donogh, large-skulled, husky, jealous, churlish,
nerveless.

Cpangea an rḡroicín, cpanḡa, cair-érfion, cam na
 ḡ-coinniol ḡréirḡ alluir,
 Monḡaḡ, míllḡeaḡ, cleapaḡ, nuḡneaḡ, taodaḡ, bpuirḡneaḡ,
 baoḡ-ḡneaḡa,
 Air ḡealb an monḡeaoi air eitil nuair imḡirḡ, d'eiurḡ nó do
 rirḡ trír ḡaob ḡalla;
 Nó le ppancairḡ a rirḡ ar ḡlaupḡpa ir ḡóir 'na ḡeaḡairḡ aḡ
 tréan-ḡaḡairḡ.

'Pírlíde na Muḡhan cuiríḡ-ir cunḡraḡḡ air an ḡ-cpunḡa
 buirḡ-ḡroicinn;
 beolḡán báirḡón ḡoirḡirḡ paorḡ ḡárpḡuirḡ, ir pollur ḡur
 báirḡirḡ rḡrḡíob opuinn;
 Ní cuirḡe d'éirḡre ḡoirḡce an éirḡeaḡḡ laorḡ ó béal náir ḡnín
 comḡḡrom,
 Ir náirḡeaḡ d'uairḡirḡ ál-ḡuirḡ uairḡirḡ a ḡán na a ḡuairḡ do
 rḡrḡíob-ḡolaḡ.

com-ḡeanḡal.

Pollairḡ dealb, boḡḡ, anacpaḡ, ḡéaḡán cḡíon,—
 30 Cpoḡairḡ ḡarḡaḡ a pparḡḡe 'na beul naḡ cḡuinn,
 ḡroḡairḡ peadap a ḡpaib air bléin duḡ buirḡ,
 ḡurḡ porḡa dá ḡeanḡain a ḡan pḡor air Aḡḡaḡán Pḡinn.

XXXIX.

an bás.

(Aḡallairḡ idir Aḡḡaḡán Ua Rathaille aḡur Saḡarḡ.)

aḡḡaḡán.

Éaḡpaib Seoipirḡ mór-ḡo árḡ-rirḡ aḡuinn,
 Ir éaḡpaib Seoipirḡ ó bóirḡ na Máirḡe míne,
 Éaḡpaib Mór 'ḡar bḡón dá páirḡuirḡ rin,
 Éaḡpaib Seon bóirḡ ir Cáirḡ Stíḡin.

The head of the lean creature, is withered, twisted with age,
 crooked, with candles of greasy sweat (?),
 Hairy, destructive, tricky, venomous, contentious, fond of fighting,
 spent in folly,
 In the shape of a monkey, when he took to flight he rose, or ran
 through the side of a wall,
 Or like a rat running towards an enclosure (?), pursued by strong
 cats.

Ye poets of Munster, ban ye this decrepid wretch, of yellow
 skin,
 A noisy little bard, who spills his rubbish on papers (?), it is plain
 that it is madness that he has written against me,
 It is not proper for the learned ever to listen to a poem from a
 mouth that never spun an even lay,
 It is a shame for nobles of the fair proud land to write praise of
 his poems or his verse.

THE BINDING.

A poor, empty, awkward miser, a withered branchlet,
 30 Starved hangman of porridge in a mouth unwise,
 An ill-shaped wretch, who would sell his kinsfolk for a black
 yellow hag,
 It was he who made unawares an attack with his tongue on Egan
 the Fair.

XXXIX.

DEATH.

(A DIALOGUE BETWEEN EGAN O'RAHILLY AND A PRIEST.)

EGAN.

Great George, our high king, will die ;
 And George, from the banks of the gentle Mague, will die ;
 Mór will die, and her children will rue it ;
 John Bowen and Kate Stephen will die.

AN SAĞART.

Póil a íle, aip mipe ná bí-re trát,
 Ip ná tabair breið giorraire aip fuirinn ip fíor-
 mairé cáil,
 Má tá go bfuilid real inneall na raoite aip lár,
 Ní cóir a éuigrint iad uile beiré claoite a n-ár.

AODHAĞÁN.

10 Éagfairé an t-eac cé fada leabair a riubal,
 Éagfairé an ceapic an laða an reabac 'r an colúr,
 Éagfairé an fear an bean an élann 'r a g-clú,
 Ip éagfairé an ragarar feargarar rannacé úd.

AN SAĞART.

A Aodhağán éóir do innir rgeól fá bpiğ úúinn,
 Ó éagfairé an t-óg aip nóir na mná cpíona,
 Cá ngeabéar leó? nó 'bpuil glóipe ón áró-piğ aca?
 Nó a bpéin go deo beiré Seon ip Cáit Scíbin?

AODHAĞÁN.

20 Luét puinr ip beópac d'ól ip rgaró píonta,
 'S do gni epaor gaé ló go raobaó páir aome,
 Má 'rí an glóipe geobair map bárr díolta ann,
 Ní'l baogal go deó aip Šeon ná aip Óait Scíbin.

AN SAĞART.

Póil a úuine ná h-iméiğ an t-pliğe éomgar,
 'S go bpuil Jones ip Gibbons 'na d-tiğéib go ríceoilte,
 D'ólaó tuille agur iomaó don píon épóða,
 Šur rciall a g-cpoite le mipe na caom-beópac.

THE PRIEST.

Stay, O poet, nor be mad for a season ;
Nor judge without consideration persons of truly good repute ;
Though the strongholds of the nobles be for the time pulled
down,
It is not just to infer that they are all worsted in the conflict.

EGAN.

The horse will die, though long and free his stride ;
10 The hen, the duck, the hawk, the dove will die ;
The man, the woman, the children, and their fame will die ;
And that comfortable, covetous priest will die.

THE PRIEST.

O honest Egan, who has told us a meaning tale,
Since the young child will die, no less than the aged woman,
Whither do they go ? Are they in glory with the High King ?
Or will John Bowen and Kate Stephen be in never-ending
torments ?

EGAN.

Those who drink punch, and *beoir*, and wines, even to vomiting,
And daily yield to intemperance, and to the breaking of Friday's
fast,
If these obtain glory, as a reward for these things,
20 Then John Bowen and Kate Stephen need never fear.

THE PRIEST.

Stay, O man, go not the near way ;
See Jones and Gibbons in peace and happiness in their dwellings,
Who would drink more than too much of the strong wine,
So that their hearts were excited by the fury of the pleasant
beoir.

XL.

AN T-ANPAÖ.

(bláipe.)

Dob éaghaç imipt na tuile pe daop-puaçar,
 Méad na toinne pe fuirnead na gaoç guairnein,
 Taob na loinghe 'ra fuirionn aip treun-luarḡad,
 Ag éigead ag tuicim go ḡinniol gan dáil fuarḡailt.

XLI.

D' FEAR DAR B'AINM SIONNÁNAÇ.

Uipge ar bainne má ḡlacar ón Sionnánaç,
 Ip lem' ḡoile-ri aip maibin go n-deaçaio ḡo ríocáanta,—
 Dar Muirpe na b-plaitear le n-deaçar-ra caom-práirteaç,
 Le ḡliogaipe an ḡlaḡair ní paçaio mo díoghbáil-ri.

XLII.

AIR COILEAÇ DO ḡOIDEAÖ Ó SAḡART INAIÇ.

Whereas Aongar, fáicèlipre,
 Saḡart epáibteaç, epíoptaiḡteaç,
 Do éainiḡ aniuḡ am láitir-pe,
 Le ḡearán cáir ip rípinne :

ḡur ceannuiḡ coileac áipb-pleaçteaç,
 Dá ceapcaib ppáide ip tíog-baile,
 Bað bpeáḡta rḡpeað ip bláèmaipe,
 Ip baic le rḡáil ḡac líon-daeta ;

XL.

THE STORM.

(A FRAGMENT.)

Pitiful the playing of the flood with dire destruction !
Great the bulk of the waves, through the fury of the whirlwinds !
The ship's side and her crew were rocked mightily,
Screaming as they sank to the bottom without obtaining relief !

XLI.

ON A MAN WHOSE NAME WAS SYNAN.

Water and milk if I have got milk from Synan,
And that it agreed peacefully with my stomach in the morning,
By Mary of Heaven, with whom I am on terms of fair love,
The babbler of prattle shall not do me harm.

XLII.

ON A COCK WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM A GOOD PRIEST.

Whereas Aongus, the philosophic,
A pious religious priest,
Came to-day into our presence,
Making his complaint, and avouching :

That he bought a cock of high pedigree
For his town and manor hens ;
Whose crow and whose bloom of beauty were of the rarest,
And whose neck was bright with every full colour ;

10

Ćuġ pe caoġað mín-rgillinn
 Air an éan dob aoiġinn cúilbriċe,
 Ģur rgıub rıobpað ɔpaoiðeaċta é
 Ó aonaċ ċinn na dúċaiġe ro.

20

bað ġábað dá řamuil d'áiriġċe
 Coileaċ rgpeaðuiġċe, ir dúiriġċe
 ɔo beirċ dá řaipað air řám-ċoðlað
 A n-am ġaċ earrpuipe úrnuıġċe.

M'órpuġað óif, an t-áðbar řin,
 A báilliġe pċáit mo ċúiri-ře,
 ɔéimð cuarpuġað áirð-řliġċeaċ,
 Air řin le díograiř dúċpaċta ;

Ná páġbuið lior na rıoċ-ċnocán,
 Ina ġ-cluimpiðrið ġlór ná ġlioġurnáil,
 Ģan dul a n-diaıġ an t-rıoġ-ċonám,
 ɔo řinn' an ġnıom le plunðaráil.

Wheresoever cuaimpeaċán
 Iona ġpaġaið rið an toppaċán,
 Ĥuġuið ċuġam-řa é air puaimnpeaċán,
 Ģo ġ-ċpoċað é mar ɔpeóilliocán.

30

For your so doing, d'oibliogáıð,
 Aġ ro uaim dið ġur n-uġðarár,
 Mar rgriðbar mo lám le cleiriocán,
 An lá ro d'aoir an uaċtaráın.

He gave fifty fair shillings
10 For this bird of comeliest comb :
But a sprite, of druidical power,
 Stole it from the fair of the county town.

One like him, indeed, much requires
 A cock that crows and wakens,
To watch and keep him from soft slumber
 In the time of vesper devotions.

For this reason I command you,
 Ye state bailiffs of my court,
Search ye the highways,
20 And do it with zeal and earnestness :

Do not leave a *lios* or a fairy hillock,
 In which you hear noise or cackling,
Without searching for the fairy urchin,
 Who did the deed through plunder.

Wheresoever, in whatever hiding-place,
 Ye find the little crab,
Bring him to me by a slender hair,
 That I may hang him as a silly oaf.

For your so doing, as is due,
30 We hereby give you authority ;
Given under or hand with a quillet
 This day of our era.

XLIII.

sean-éúinnne aodhaḡáin uí rathaille.

Óí bile bpeáḡ buaḡaḡ ḡlaip-ḡeáḡaḡ aḡ fáir ó na cianṡaib, lánin le cill noḡ a cpeaḡaḡ le Cpomuell claon, op cionn tobair ṡuilde le fuar-uirḡe pionn, ap fáerann fáó-ḡlaip noḡ raob ropair minipóir ó úine uapal do élanṡaib ḡaóḡal, noḡ a puaiḡeáḡ ṡap na fairpḡiḡe fiaḡana amaḡ ṡrí fáill aḡur ní le raobap claiḡíne. buḡ inaiḡ leip an m-bpoinn-inop, m-bolḡ-ṡṡocaḡ minipóir malluiḡṡe peo ḡeug ḡlaip leaḡair de'n épann do ḡeappáḡ éum ṡpiorcáin ṡiḡe do úéanain de. Ní bainṡeáḡ aon de na raopail épann, nó do luḡṡ oibpe rir an ḡeug áluinn, óir buḡ rḡiaímaḡ a rḡáḡ 'ḡa bpolaḡ an ṡan do bíḡír aḡ caoineáḡ ḡo cpáíḡṡe ḡeup fá na nḡairḡiḡib ḡlé-ḡeala noḡ a bí ríṡṡe fá an bpóó. "ḡeáirṡeáḡ-ra é," ap cpóḡair cam-ḡopaḡ lom-loipḡneáḡ mic do bí aḡ an minipóir méiḡ peo, "Aḡur faḡaíḡ ṡuaḡ óam do láṡair."

Do éuaíḡ an rpalṡair plaob-éiallaḡ fuar air an ḡ-epann map éat aḡ rḡeinn, aḡ ṡeíṡeáḡ ó éonairṡ ḡaḡap, ḡup éápla óá ḡéaḡáin aḡ fáir ṡrapna a ééile air. Do éug ré iarṡaḡṡ a ḡ-cup ó ééile le neapṡ a éuipleanaib, ḡup ípeababaḡ ap a láinail le

XLIII.—In a MS. in the Royal Irish Academy (23 G., 21), the title of the stanzas about the tree is given as follows:—

Air faḡáil Saḡranaḡ éiḡin cpóḡa ap épann a ḡ-coil cill ábarne.

"On finding some Protestant (or Englishman) hanging from a tree in the wood of Killarney."

The last word is misspelled, but no doubt it is Killarney that is meant. If we accept the description given of the place as accurate, it is probable that the tree in question is none other than the venerable yew tree which grows in the middle of the cloister of Muckross Abbey, or, as our poet elsewhere calls it. "Mainistir Locha Léin." There is no doubt that the Mainistir has ever been regarded with peculiar veneration by the natives, so many generations of

XLIII.

A REMINISCENCE OF EGAN O'RAHILLY.

A beautiful, precious, green-boughed tree had been growing for ages beside a church which the wicked Cromwell had despoiled, above a well overflowing with cold bright water on a green-swarded plain, which a rapacious minister had torn from a nobleman of the Gaels, who was sent over the wild raging sea through treachery and not at the edge of the sword. This lubberly, stocking-stomached, wicked minister was desirous to cut down a green, limber limb of this tree to make house furniture of it. But none of the carpenters or other workmen would meddle with the beautiful bough, since it lent them a lovely shade to hide them while they mourned in heart-broken sorrow over their fair champions who lay beneath the sod. "I will cut it down," exclaimed a gawky, bandy-legged, thin-thighed son of this sleek minister's, "and get a hatchet for me at once."

The thick-witted churl climbed up the tree, as a cat steals up when fleeing from a cry of hounds, and reached a point where two small branches crossed one another. He tried to separate them by the strength of his arms; but, in the twinkling of an eye, they

whom are buried beside it; and the yew tree that overshadows their graves is itself looked upon as almost sacred. There seems no doubt that the yew tree is as old as the abbey itself, and many are the legends concerning it that are widely circulated. It was long regarded as impious to touch a leaf or branch of this tree; and if we believe the legends, all such desecrations have been visited with signal vengeance. See one of these legends in "Ireland: its Scenery and Antiquities," pp. 23 *et seq.* In view of this mass of popular tradition, the story here recorded is quite intelligible, but still there is a heartlessness about some of the details that makes one suspect that many of them have been invented. The story as given here is taken from O'Kearney's MS. in the Royal Irish Academy. I have not seen any other version of it in this form. There is no well in the neighbourhood of this tree; but the well and other details are probably invented by the writer.

ppab na rúl tappa a céile apír, aḡ bpeit aip a píb aḡur aḡa
 épočað ḡo h-árð idir aodap ap iprionn. Annpin a bí an
 riapač Sappanaiz aḡ epačað a čop le painḡce an ḡaid, aḡur é
 'na pēapain aip "nothing." Aḡur a ðub-liaḡ teanḡan amac
 pað bata aḡ maḡað paoi na ačair.

Do pḡpeað ap do béie an minipðir map ihuic a mala nó map
 ḡéað a nḡpeim paoi ḡeata (ní nár b' ionḡnað) pað a bí an
 ločt oibpe aḡ paḡáil ðpémipðie cum é ḡeappað anuap. Do bí
 Aodhaḡán Ua Rathaille ó Šliað luačpa na laoepað ann aḡ
 peičioin aip épočairpe na enáibe, aḡur do čan an laoið peo:—

“Ip mač do čopað a čpaimn,
 Rač do čopað aip ḡac aon čpaioib,
 Mo čpeac! ḡan čpaimn Inpi Páil
 Lán doð' čopað ḡac aon la.”

“What is the poor wild Irish devil saying?” ap an minipðir.

“He is lamenting your darling son,” ap ḡaiḡe bí laim leip.

“Here is two pence for you to buy tobacco,” ap an méičbpor
 minipðpe.

“Thank 'ee, a minipðir an lilič Mallačtam” (*i.e.* an ðiačal),
 ap Aodhaḡán, ap do čan an laoið:—

“hupú, a minipðir a čuḡ do óá pinḡinn ðam
 A ð-čaoð do leimð a čaoineað!
 Oide an leimð pin aip an ḡ-cuið eile aca
 Siap ḡo hearball čimčiol.”

slipped from his grasp, and closing on his neck held him suspended high between heaven and hell. Then was the confounded Sassenach dangling his feet in the dance of the bough, while he stood on "nothing," and his black-bladed tongue protruded a stick's length, as if in mockery of his father.

The minister screamed and bawled like a pig in a bag or as a goose gripped beneath a gate (and no wonder) while the workmen were getting ladders to take him down. Egan O'Rahilly from Sliabh Luachra of the heroes was present, attending on the villain of the hemp, and he chanted this song :—

“ Good is thy fruit, O tree,
May every branch bear such good fruit.
Alas ! that the trees of Innisfail
Are not full of thy fruit each day.”

“ What is the poor wild Irish devil saying ? ” said the minister.

“ He is lamenting your darling son,” replied a wag who stood beside him.

“ Here is two pence for you to buy tobacco,” said the sleek badger of a minister.

“ Thank 'ee, Minister of the Son of Malediction ” (*i. e.* the devil), replied Egan ; and he chanted this ode :—

“ Huroo ! O minister, who didst give me thy two pence
For chanting a lament for thy child ;
May the fate of this child attend the rest of them
Back to the tail and all round.”

XLIV.

CLANN TOMÁIS.

(Tógáta ar “Eaceta Clainne Tomás.”)

Ar í rin trát aghur ainrip éainig pádpais go h-Éirinn ag
 ríoléur epábaíð aghur epeidiú. . . . Ro éionóil pádpais naoim
 aghur raoite Éirionn éum aon baill, aghur ar í comairle do
 pónpad, na heaceta-éméil aghur na hil-éméil diabluide uile do
 víoetúar ar Éirinn aet Tomás aináin. Níor b'péidip an epeidiú
 do éangal le Tomás—ainail ip deapbétá ag a ríioet gup andiu,
 óip ní péidip teagard Críordaisge ná móð paiponeac ná aithe
 paepaimente do inúnað dóib—aghur óip nár b'péidip, ar iad ro
 págbála aghur geara do págaib pádpais ag Tomás aghur ag a
 ríioet .i. buað liorðaceta ludapétaceta aghur lán-iníotara; buað
 béicíde, bpuighe, bpéige, buailte, aghur batapála. Aghur go
 m-bað é buð biað dóib péiteacá cinn aghur cora na m-beatadac
 n-éigcailaíde, fuil aghur pollpacet aghur ionaceta na n-ainmíge
 eile aghur fóir go m-bað é buir apán aghur annlann dóib .i. apán
 ain ainbpiopaé eópna, aghur ppaipeacá ppíompaíla ppacáir, aghur
 bun-bainne aghur bpém-im con-puibeaé cuar-gorm gabar aghur
 caopaé; aghur go mbað é buir ceól aghur oirpíde dóib .i. rípeacá
 aghur gól-gárta cailleaé, gáplaé, aghur con-inadpaða, aghur
 gpaipinne ceape, muc, aghur mionnán; . . . gan gáó ag neac
 aca dá éile; aghur a m-bpíg aghur a m-beatá do éaiéain le
 paotara aghur le tpeabaipeaceta aghur le torpaí, do éotugad an
 aopa uapail pá iolteuacáib na g-epíoc; aghur an éuib ar peáir
 dá g-euib lóin do éairgeað aghur do éomacá pá éómaip éaié;
 aghur fóir, an tét do ééanpað maíe aghur móir-éopnaí dóib, go
 m-bað é buð luğa oppa, aghur an tét do buailpeað aghur do

XLIV.

CLAN THOMAS.

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

THIS was the time and season in which Patrick came to Erin, to sow the seed of piety and faith. . . . Patrick assembled the saints and wise men of Erin to one place; and the resolution they came to was, to banish all the foreign races and the diabolical races out of Erin except Thomas alone. It was impossible to give the faith to Thomas—as is evident in his progeny to this day—since it is impossible to teach them the catechism, or the manner of confession, or the knowledge of the sacraments; and since that was impossible, these are the bequests and restrictions that Patrick left to Thomas and his descendants: superiority in sloth, in slovenliness, in awkwardness; superiority in screaming, in fighting, in lying, in beating, and in club-fighting; and their food was to be the sinews, the heads, and the legs of the brute beasts; the blood and gore and entrails of the other animals, and also their bread and sauce were to be strange bread of barley and primitive porridge of oatmeal, skim-milk, and rancid butter of goats and sheep, interspersed with hairs of hounds, and with blue interstices; and their music and melody were to be the screaming and the crying of old women, children, and dog-hounds, and the noise of hens, of pigs, and of kids; . . . while none of them should love the other; and they were to spend their vigour and their lives in labour and ploughing, and in attendance, to support the nobles in the various districts of the lands; and they were to save and keep the best of their food for others; and also whoever should do good to them and defend them greatly, him they should dislike the most; and whoever should strike them and

satire "Eachtra Chloinne Thomais." They are given here as specimens of his prose style and of his satirical genius.

éaiṫpeaḁ aḡur do éapnṫpaḁ iad ḡo m-baḁ é buṫ annṫa leḁ aṫail
aḁeip an ṫile—

Rustica gens est optima flens et pessima gaudens,
Ungentem pungit, pungentem rusticus ungit.

.

Do éaiṫeabap an Ólann ṫan Ţomáir aḡur a ṫlioḁṫ dá n-eip
a n-aimṫip ḡo ṫúḡaḁ ṫo-beaṫaiḡṫe aṫail d'órḁaiḡ ṫáḁṫaiḡ ḁóibḁ,
óip níoṫ éleaḁṫabap biaḁa ṫaopa ṫo-éaiṫṫe, ná ḁeoḁa ṫilṫe
meipḡeaṫla, ná éaḁaiḡe ḡlana ḁaṫaṫla, aḁṫ léinṫeaḁa ear-
ḡeaoinṫeaḁa earcapṫaiḡ, aḡur ṫlaṫ-éḁṫaḁa ṫlíme ṫnáiṫ-peaṫṫa
do ḁréan-élúṫ ṫocán aḡur ainṫiḡṫe eile, aḡur ḁróḡa ḁréana
úip-leaṫaip aḡur ḁipéib ṫiapa ṫaḁ-éluapaḁa ḡan éuma ḡan
éearṫuḡaḁ, aḡur úipéionna maola meipḡeaḁa míṫḡiaṫaḁa; aḡur
iad, ṫap d'órḁaiḡ ṫáṫḁaiḡ ḁóibḁ, aḡ ṫaiṫe aḡur aḡ ṫóḡnaṫ, aḡ
ṫreaḁaiṫeaḁṫ aḡur aḡ ḁriabḁaḁaḁṫ do ṫiaiṫib ná ḡ-cṫioḁ le
ṫéimioṫ ḡaḁa ṫiḡ le h-aimṫip ṫṫéian aḡ oipéainṫuṫ ḁon ṫeaḁṫ
ṫioḡḁa aṫail baḁ éleaḁṫ ḁóibḁ.

XLV.

AN cLEAÍNNAS.

(Ţóḡṫa ap “Éaḁṫa Óloinne Ţomáir.”)

Do ḁí ṫaoiṫeaḁ do ḁeáṫṫḡnaiḡ do ná cineabḁaib ṫin do
ṫíolṫaiḡ ó Ţomáir .i. Muṫeaḁ Maoléluapaḁ Ua Muṫuarḡaiṫ,
aḡur ap é baile iona n-aṫṫeaḁaḁ an Muṫeaḁ ṫin a ḡ-Cluain
ṫiic Nóir, aḡur ṫe línṫ ṫéíḁlíme a éabaiṫ a éuapḁa ṫiméioill ná
h-éipionn, d'ṫár ṫaiḁḁṫear aḁḁal-ṫóṫ ṫip an Muṫeaḁ ṫin, aḡur
do éuip an ṫear ṫin ṫeaḁṫa ṫá éeipṫe h-ollḁóḡib éipionn do
éionól ḡaḁ a ṫaib do luḁṫ eḁlaih aḡur uḡḁapáir ap Ólann
Ţomáir ḡo Cluain ṫiic Nóir. Ţánḡabap ḡo h-aṫ aon baile
aḡur do ṫearpaḁ ṫáilṫe ó ṫṫṫeaḁ ṫeompa aḡur ap é aḁuḁaiṫ:
“A ḁráipṫe ionṫuime,” ap ṫé, “ap uime do éuipṫear ṫéim ṫioṫ
oppaib éum coṫaiṫle do éabaiṫ ḁam-ṫia an ḁean ḁionḡṫiála
do ḁéapṫainn, óip ip ṫiḁib ḁaṫ-ṫa ḁean do éabaiṫ iap n-éaḡ

beat them violently, him they should love the most, as the poet says:—

The rustic race is best when weeping, and worst when rejoicing ;
The rustic stabs him who anoints him, and anoints him who stabs
him.

.

Clan Thomas, and their progeny after them, passed their time merrily, and with good cheer, as Patrick ordained for them, for they did not use luxurious savoury food, or sweet, intoxicating beverages, or clean, beautiful clothes, but rough shirts of tow, and thin thick-threaded rod-coats of the putrid hair of the he-goats and other animals, and putrid boots of fresh leather, and crooked long-eared caps without form or shape, and pointless, unsightly, rusty clogs, while, as Patrick ordered them, they waited on, and served and ploughed and harrowed for the nobles of the country during the reign of every king from time immemorial, obeying the kingly laws as was their duty.

XLV.

THE MATCH.

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

THERE was a chieftain who was distinguished among those races that sprang from Thomas, namely Murchadh Maolchluasach O Multuasgairt, and the town in which this Murchadh lived was Clonmacnoise. And when Feidhlim was making the round of Erin, exceeding great riches grew to this Murchadh ; and this man sent messengers to the four great provinces of Erin to assemble all that were learned, or had authority, of Clan Thomas to Clonmacnois. They came to one place, and Murchadh bade them welcome, and spoke thus:—"My dear kinsmen," he said, "the reason why I sent for you is that you may advise me what worthy woman I may take to wife, for it is time for me to take a wife after the death of my spouse. There is a noble

mo bain-éile, agus atá taoipead aithra a g-cúige áluinn Connaéct .i. Maḡnup Ua Maḡagáin, agus ní beaḡ linn a fáo atámaoibh gan ár bfuil d'uaireluḡad, agus rinn fá ḡaoipre ag fáḡnaim do éad gur anḡiu. Agus atá inḡion áluinn ag an Maḡnup rin, agus cuirpead-ra, lé buir ḡ-comaiple, teaécta dá h-iarraibh fop a h-aéair." Aduḡpaḡar ead uile gur ḡlic agus gur ééillidhe an rmuaineaḡ rin ap a d-táinig, agus gur éoir rin do déanaim, agus ap iad ro ḡream do cuirpead ann .i. ceaḡrap filiḡe fallraimanta fáop-ḡlic ró-foglama do Éloinn Tomáir, map atá Maḡḡamuin Mór, beapnaḡ ḡpoinn-peaimap, Concu-bar Cpoim-éaannaé agus Niall O Neannḡanaim. Do ḡaḡaḡar ap a ḡ-ceann, agus aduḡairḡ Niall an laibh ḡo h-ealaḡanta annro:—

Slán aḡad a lliupéad llióir,
A éinn éomaiple an plub ó plib,
Ar iomḡa ad' dún pónaire, oipnéir,
Fuil, coirḡéir ip ḡlioḡram ḡliḡ.

Slán d'fuirpinn na ḡ-coppán nḡéap,
D' iḡeaḡ bpuéct le buainḡéir,
Ná bfoḡ dian dúp ḡpannḡánaé,
ḡruamḡa ḡarḡ-fálaé ná ḡéap.

Slán do ḡrian ó ḡriolláin fuaire,
Féap épónáin a ḡ-cluair a mhe,
Slán do lliuprain ap do lliuibh,
Nár fupé a paimnḡ ap nár iḡ min.

Mo plán duir a beapnáirḡ buirḡ,
'S a loélaimn ḡuirḡ, nár épeim enáim
An ḡponḡ ḡlic nár eaidḡéipead
Sluaḡ aimléipead na ḡ-cpoir lán.

Do mhol Mupéad agus uile ap éana an dán rin, agus éuḡaḡar muirḡear agus maite a éaḡlaig mionna agus móir-bpíáḡra naé beapnaḡ piaiḡ piaiḡe rin a éom-maite rin d'éigpe ná d'ealaḡan 'ran doimn, ap mlipeaḡ ap binniop ná ap fuaire-cioir. Agus eáinig féap fáipeólaé foglamḡa Éloinne Tomáir do láḡair .i. ḡrian O blunḡaibhe, agus baḡ mór ḡra fáop, foglum, agus fáir-eólar an fáir rin, agus aduḡairḡ ḡupab é ppióim-

chieftain in the beautiful province of Connaught, that is Maghnus O Madagáin; and we deem that we have been too long without ennobling our blood, being in slavery, serving others unto this day; and this Maghnus has a beautiful daughter, and I will send messengers with your advice to ask her of her father." All said that it was a clever and sensible idea that he had hit upon; and that it was proper to carry it out. And these are the persons that were sent, namely four philosophic, truly clever, very learned poets of Clan Thomas: that is, Mahon Mór, Bearnard Stout-stomach; Conchubhar Stooping-head, and Niall O Neanntanáin. They went on their way, and Niall spoke this lay learnedly as follows:—

Farewell to thee, O great Murchadh,
Thou counselling head of the plub o plib,
Much tackling and beans in thy stronghold,
Blood, grandeur, and rattle of bells (?).

Farewell to the band of the sharp reaping-hooks,
Who would eat refuse through ear-reaping,(?)
That was not severe, stubborn, grumbling,
Gloomy, rough-heeled, or bitter.

Farewell to Brian O'Briolláin the joyous,
A man who sings *cronan* in the ear of his son,
Farewell to Morrian and to Meadhbh,
Who were not found avaricious, and who ate not meal.

My farewell to thee, O proud Bernard,
And thee, too, blue Lochlann, who didst not gnaw bones,
The wise band, not incoherent in words,
The clumsy host of the full girdles.

Murchadh, and all besides, praised this poem; and the people and nobles of his house vowed and swore that there never before was composed in the world a poem or composition so good as that, in sweetness, in harmony, and in humour. And a truly knowing, learned man, of Clan Thomais, came before them; that is, Brian O'Blungaide; and great, indeed, was the knowledge, learning, and true wisdom of this man; and he said that it was the chief *ollamh* of

ollaim árbórig Éirionn do éeas-éum an aird e rin, agus ip mór do molað map do h-iaðað an dán rin, agus apé ainn eug brian uirte .i. Ceatraina na córa.

Gluaipib an bponz pan peompa a n-dípeac gaða conaipe agus gaða caomh-eólaip, nó go ránkadap láim pe Ceapaiz an Arám, agus do bealaigete na bláitibe nó na m-baithairibe, agus do beapnain élaioe na Meacán, agus do Ráe na Ppaurge, agus do buailtín an Pónaipe, agus do Cúil na Mine, agus do lior na nGarbán, agus do éaomh-áit an Gpráinnig, agus ránkadap peompa bað éuaib do leitimioi Mlaçaipe Connaet nó go ránkadap tiz Mlağnair Uí Mlaðagám, agus ap m-beit éóib ag párbáil go painap-bpógaé ap paitéce an dúna, éáimig Mağnur iona g-comháil, agus pappiaigior díob cia h-iað péin agus epéad eug iað no cán a d-tángadap. Oinnpeadap na teaceta-airibe cia h-iað péin agus epéad eug iað. Abubairt Mağnur “Ip aítne dúinne bup g-cinéal agus pór ip aítuib dúinn gup buine paitibip bup d-tigearna.” Do éuir Mağnur iomorro teaceta ap a épaioitib agus ap a plaitib. Tángadap an luét peapa rin do látaip agus do labair Mağnur riú, agus ap eað abubairt:—“Ip uime do éuipior péin pior opuib .i. ingion epuac éaomh-áluinna tá agampa, agus éáimig iappaið uirpe ó Mlupéað Mlaolélupacé Ua Multuapgaip, agus ap taoipeac epoméioiceac an peap rin.” “Ap peapac rinn-ne,” ap na épaioitib, “gupab don éine éobroma an t-óglac rin, agus ní oleagetar do neac d’polaib uairle meapgað ap pólalib úip-íple, óip dá mlað maçnair agus deag-pógluim do gailib an t-aor anuapal, ná onóip ná ugðapár ap éeana, ní bí móð ’na m-béapal ná meapapdaet ionnta, máp pior d’éólcail; agus ap amlaib apbeart an peall-paimuim píp-ğlic—

Rustica progenies nescit habere modum.

Agus dá péip rin ní cóip duit-pi go deó ná go deipeað an doimam t’puil péin do palcáð le puil bodaiğ ná labpaimn, óip ní mianacé maiet iað; agus pór ní b-puil epuè dá aoirbe iona paçaióip, ná onóip dá mlað do gailib, ná oipiz ná ugðapár, naé é bup mian leó na pola uairle d’ípluğað agus do map-luğað dá d-tigead leó a éeanaim.”

Ğideað do bí bean uailpeac iomapeac lán-íannac ag

the high king of Erin, that first composed this poem ; and the manner in which the poem was wound up was greatly praised ; and the name Brian called it was “ Ceathramha na córa,” the regular quatrain.

This band went on in the straightness of every way, and every fair guidance, until they came near to the Tillage-plot of the Bread, and to the Roads of the Buttermilk or of the Beet-roots, and to the Gap of the Fence of the Parsnips, and to the Rath of the Porridge, and to the Little Field of the Beans, and to the Corner of the Meal, and to the Lios of the Bran, and to the Beautiful Place of the Grain, and they proceeded northwards to the verge of the Plain of Con-naught, until they arrived at the house of Magnus O'Madigáin ; and as they were tramping with their thick boots on the lawn of the stronghold, Magnus came to meet them, and asked them who they were, and what was their business, and whence they came. The messengers told him who they were, and what was their business. Magnus said, “ I know your race ; and, moreover, I know that your lord is a rich man.” Then Magnus sent for his druids and his chief men. These wise men came before him, and Magnus spoke to them, and this is what he said :—“ This is the reason why I sent for you : I have a comely, very beautiful daughter, and Murchadh Maolcluasach O Multuasgairt has sent to ask her hand, and that man is an exceeding rich nobleman.” “ We know,” said the druids, “ that that young man is of the rustic race, and it is not permitted for any of noble blood to unite with blood of a low degree ; for, however great prosperity and good education the low-born obtain, however, great honour and authority, there is no polish in their manners, they observe no moderation, if the learned say true ; and thus spake the very clever philosopher—

The rustic race know not how to observe moderation.

And for that reason it is not right for thee for ever, nor till the end of the world, to soil thy own blood with the blood of churl or robber, seeing that they are not a good breed ; and, moreover, there is no position, however high, they would attain to ; there is no honour, however great, or office, or authority, they would obtain, that would prevent them from desiring to humiliate the noble families, and to insult them if they could do so.”

However, Magnus had a proud, arrogant, most avaricious wife,

Maġnup, aġur ap ead adubairt ġur b'péarri léi féin raiðbpear aġur roðpaæt aġ a h-inġin an peað do beað beð, ná fuil ná poġlum dā pēabur aġur beit ap dīt raiðbpir. Do épíoēnaiġ an bean lán-řanntaē rin Maġnup an cleamnar d'aimðeōin na n-dpaoiēte.

XLVI.

AN COIMHAIRLE GLIC.

(Tóġēta ap “Eaēēpa Ōloinne Ōomáir.”)

Do báðap Clann Ōomáir map rin pá ēuinġ, nár léiġeað dōið a ġ-cínn do ēđġbáil, aēt beit pá ðaoirpe do péir an t-peanpeaēta ġo h-aimpir Ōaiðġ mic Mupēað mic Ōarēta ip Ōoirðealbairġ mic Ōiarmaba mic Ōoirðealbairġ mic Ōaiðġ mic Ūriam bōiriūne do beit a ġ-comēlaiēēap; aġur do bī pear-ōġlaē řior-mōr don Ōloinn rin Ōomáir ap Māēairpe Ōairil aġ áitpeað, aġur do bī inġion ēpuētaē ēaom-áluinn aġ an d-ēaoirpeaē rin, aġur Cairbpe Ćpom Ūa Céirín ainm an óġlairġ rin, aġur Seilġeán ainm na h-inġine, aġur do ēuaið teirē na h-inġine rin ap řġiamāēē aġur ap áilleaēē ap peað na epíēē ġo com-ēoiēēeann, aġur do bī mōrán do māiēið Ōloinne Ōomáir d'iappaioð na h-inġine rin ap ġaē aon óōiġe á n-ēirinn. Do bī Māēairpe Ōairil uile pá ēpuiēneaēē aġ řinnġin mac Aoða Ōuið aġur aġ a braiērið .i. řáilbe aġur řlann, aġur ní paið a řior aca cionnup do řábálpaiðir an leap ēpuiēneaēēta rin, aġur ap í comairpe ap a dēānġaðap, řior do ēup ap Ōairbpe Ōpom Ūa Céirín, óir do bī teirē raiðbpir aġur ġliocair air an ġ-Cairbpe rin tap Ōloinn Ōomáir uile. Ōárlaðap dā māc Aoða Ōuið do .i. řinnġin aġur řáilbe, aġur ap ead adubpaðap řir :—“Ćrēað an ġliocair do dēanřamaoir le a mbainřimír a bfuil do ēpuiēneaēē air Māēairpe Ōairil?” “Aēā inġion áluinn aġam-řa,” ap Cairbpe, “do ðēāřřġnaiġ ap áilleaēē ap inġion-aib Ōloinne Ōomáir uile ap peað an dōmān, aġur do ēuaið a teirē aġur a tuapařġbáil pá ēeirēpe h-ōllēōōiġið ēirionn, aġur ap mōr do māiēið Ōloinne Ōomáir ēāniġ dā tōēmairpe aġur dā

and what she said was, that she would prefer her daughter to have riches and prosperity while she lived, than either blood or learning, however good, without riches. This most avaricious wife of Magnus concluded the match in spite of the druids.

XLVI.

THE WISE COUNSEL.

(TAKEN FROM "EACHTRA CHLOINNE THOMÁIS.")

The Clan Thomas were thus under the yoke, so that it was not permitted them to lift their heads, but they were kept in servitude to the time that Tadhg, son of Murchadh Mac Cartha and Toirdhealbach, son of Diarmuid, son of Toirdhealbach, son of Tadhg, son of Brian Boru, were rulers of equal authority. Now, there was a young man truly great of Clan Thomas, dwelling in the Plain of Cashel, and that chieftain had a well-shaped, very beautiful daughter; and Cairbre Crom O Céirín was this young man's name, and Seilgean was the daughter's name; and the fame of this daughter for beauty and loveliness spread throughout the entire country; and there were many of Clan Thomas who sought the hand of this daughter from every province of Erin. The whole Plain of Cashel was growing wheat for Finneen, son of Aodh Dubh, and for his brothers, that is, Fáilbhe and Flann; and they knew not how to save that large sea of wheat; and the plan they adopted was to send for Cairbre Crom O'Céirín, since this Cairbre had a reputation for riches and wisdom beyond all the Clan Thomas. The two sons of Aodh Dubh met him, that is Finneen and Failbhe, and this is what they said to him: "What plan are we to adopt, so that we may get all the wheat on the Plain of Cashel cut?" "I have a beautiful daughter," said Cairbre, "who has surpassed in beauty all the daughters of Clan Thomas throughout the world, and her fame and reputation have spread through the four great provinces of Erin, and many are the chief men of Clan Thomas who have come to the house ere this to woo her, and to ask her hand; and none of them got from her anything save refusal to this day. She is now at

h-iappaidh don tìg riamh, agus nì b'fuar neach dìobh uaire aèit eiteach gur anòidh, agus a' p' anoir ar b'ur g-cup-ra, agus cuiridh-rì teachta p'á Éirinn uile dá f'oilp'ruig' do Òlloinn Tomáir, gach neach dìobh le n-ar mian teacht do òmhair Seilgeán in'ime Càirbhe, beit a g-ceann ep' reacht'mume d'p'òg'mar ar M'acair Càiril do buam na ep'it'neachta rin, agus g'ib' dìobh buanaidhe ar p'árr, go b'fuidh an in'gion rin air p'ep' lánne agus leap'á." Agus adub'ad'ar Clann Aoða Duibh gur mair' agus gur ìlic an òmhairle rin ar a d-táinig p'é, ip do rinneadh aith'adh aca, ip do òionól'ad'ar Clann Tomáir lán do b'ruit ip do b'or'p'adh ar gach áit a rab'ad'ar, an méad do b' calma pe p'oidh agus pe p'or'p'án d'imirt, go d-táig'ad'ar uile go M'acair Càiril. . . .

An tan éinig am na buana éuca, éinig'ad'ar cum aonbail, agus a n-airm áig agus ior'goile leó .i. a p'ur'p'ide colp-pa'npa ep'ann-p'ig'ne, agus a g-corráin p'ad'air-g'éara p'air-p'iacl'ach agus a n-uip'ionna p'ar-g'ar'ba t'airb-p'neap'á p'áil-leach, agus meanaidhe biop'ach bláit'ach'ar'ar air p'ur'p'ain gach p'ep' dìobh. Do p'uid'ead a iomair p'ém a lán gach aom dìobh, agus do cuir'ead Seilgeán na p'uid'ge air g'ruaid iomair ep' a g-có'air. Ip ann'rin do ep'omad'ar go cíop'ach ep'p'ánach, agus t'ug'ad'ar na p'ep' calma rin p'ide p'ann'ach p'ápluam'neach p'án m'uing m'air'ig m'ion-ep'it'neachta rin do b' p'ú'á. Ad'el'op go h-im'cian uach'ar p'or'p'ar'nach agus p'ep'p'án na lán-dor'p'án p'ach'ón na m'uinge m'ion-p'go'ach' do gach leach. Ba' poll'ur ep' do lu'et a b'p'it'inn go h-ep'it'ian uach'ar ep'ir'it' agus coim'gleó a b'p'iacal b'p'air'p'eam'ar b'p'ad'p'ónach le p'uid'ach agus le p'p'ach p'ur'p'áin ag buam p'ep'ar'ann agus p'íop-ep'ar'ig dá éile. Ba' d'or'ach ep' an t-aod'ar go h-ep'it'ian uach'ar ó d'uib'néala agus ó b'p'ú'et'ar'ig buaib'p'ach' agus ó b'ol'ach an'ála na b'p'ep'-d'g'la'ach pan, ag leach'ach agus ag lán-cup'ach na lán-dor'p'án do gach leach. Do b'íod'ar uile a g-com'óp'ach go ep'ide calma a g-coim'gleó go h-air'p'ir d'innéir d'íobh, agus ar é ba' p'íob'ar' agus ba' d'ea'g-p'onnair ep' .i. Càirbhe p'ém, agus adub'air' leó uile p'uid'ge cum b'í agus do p'uid'ead'ar go h-oll'ain, agus do ep'ir p'p'ub'án úr m'iol-éam aith-p'uit'ep' d'p'od'p'uar'et'ep' p'p'ach'ar agus g'ior'ba bun'ata bun-pa'npa bláit'ach' agus pa'npa-b'ainne a b'p'ia'ónair gach d'éipe dìobh. agus mair do m'ead'ainb ceann-éa'ot'ach

your disposal, and do ye send messengers throughout all Erin to announce to Clan Thomas, that all of them who were desirous to woo Seilgean, daughter of Cairbre, should be, at the end of three weeks of autumn, on the Plain of Cashel to reap that wheat, and that whichever is the best reaper of them will get that daughter in marriage." And the sons of Aodh Dubh said that was a good and wise counsel on which he had hit, and they acted accordingly. And Clan Thomas assembled full of vigour and pride from every place in which they were, as many of them as were bold in displaying action and force, until they all came to the Plain of Cashel. . . .

When the time for reaping arrived, they came to one place, having with them their weapons of battle and strife; that is, their thick-wattled flails of tough wood and their keen-edged, fine-toothed reaping-hooks, and their rough-grained, side-smeared, wide-heeled clogs, and pointed awls of true beauty at the girdle of each man of them. His own ridge was appointed for each of them. Seilgean was made to sit on the verge of a ridge in front of them; and then they began eagerly and with buzzing: and these stout men made a greedy, very vigorous attack on the beautiful plain of fine wheat on which they stood. Far from them was heard the hissing and the rustling of the full handfuls throughout the fair-flowered plain on every side. Manifest, in sooth, to the onlookers at a distance from them was the struggle of their long-beaked, thick, and frequent teeth, through their boiling-up and rage of fury to gain ground and the foremost place of one another. In sooth, the air was dark for a long distance from them, on account of the black clouds of horrid belching and the breath of the young men, as they brought down and overthrew the full handfuls on every side. They were all contending cleverly and stoutly in the contest until dinner time. And their steward and organizer was Cairbre himself; and he told them all to sit down to food, and they sat down willingly; and he placed a fresh, crooked-centred, ill-baked, ill-kneaded cake of oatmeal, and a can of heavy sediment of butter-milk and thick milk before every pair of them, and a dish of parsnips, exotic-headed, half-boiled, and a kitchen of grey lumps, with blue cavities and crooked hairs, of the putrid butter of goats and sheep. They proceeded to gulph down and cut in fragments that food, with relish and with fierce biting; and like to a drove of biting, snorting, starved pigs, grunting at a refuse

of porridge and broth, was the noise they made in swallowing and tasting, in emulation as to which of them would first have had his fill. Then, after his hunger and thirst had been allayed, Cathal Clúmhach O'Briglein said that there was no man a match for himself in reaping, in threshing, or constant-digging, or in other works of vigour and strength, on the surface of the land, unless a brother of his own might be procured, whom he had left at home on the wide green rushes of Deaghadh, namely, Lochlann the broad. This saying was widely heard among them all, and Giolla Patrick answered and said : " I myself brought with me from Ulster five hundred men, and there is not one of them who is not abler in every feat you have mentioned." " That is true," said Conall the thick-boned ; " since Leath Mhogha was never to be compared with the brave, defensive Leath Chuinn, and it is certain, from the sayings of learned men and historians, that Eoghan Mor fell at our hands on Magh Leana, and that Cúrí Mac Daire fell at the hand of Cuchulainn ; and it is clear, from many other battles for the defence of Erin, that it is we who are the bravest and stoutest men in each of these feats ; and you can bear no comparison to-day with as many of us as came here from Leath Chuinn." " You are a confounded liar," said Cathal ; " and if Eoghan Mor fell at Magh Leana, it was not at the hand of Conn he fell, but through too overwhelming a force ; and if Cúrí fell by the hand of Cuchulainn, it was not through valour he fell, but through the treachery practised on him by his own wife." And he raised his slovenly, very rough hand above him, and aimed at Cathal a violent blow of a crooked, cross-toothed, reaping-hook which he held in hand, and gave him a destructive, dangerous death-stroke on the very top of his head, so that the ridge was full of his blood. Then, indeed, the strong men arose on every side, and they got into array as would Conn and Eoghan ; and they made two divisions of themselves ; that is, the Leinstermen and the Munstermen on one side, and the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen and the Meathmen on the other side ; and their leaders proceeded to give command in the front of that battle on each side. Then they made an eager, very venomous attack on one another, and raised their lusty, strong-waved bellowing on high, and their noise was heard to the vault of heaven. Terrible and very horrible was the response of the echoes in the caves, and in the islands, in the hills, in the woods, in the cavities, and in the deep-hollowed rocks of the land.

D'ionnraige a òéile aḡur tuḡadap a d-ṡpombúíṡpeac éeanu
 ṡpeaṡan-láibip ór ápò, aḡur baò élor a b-poḡap ḡo cleiṡib
 neime. Baò h-uaṡmāp úp-ḡpánna coim-ṡpeaḡpaò na mac
 alla a n-uamāib, aḡur a n-oileánāib, a ḡ-enocāib, a ḡ-coill-
 ṡib, a ḡ-cuapánāib, aḡur a ḡ-caipṡḡeaṡāib cuapṡoimne na
 ḡ-ṡpíoc.

ὅántα λε φίλιόν̄ εἰλε.

POEMS BY OTHER POETS.

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XLVII.

LAOIÚ CUIÚG UÍ DÚINNÍN.

(Aḡ caoinead na n-uapal u'Éirig ran ḡ-coḡad d'éaghaic 1691).

Iḡ leun liom leaḡad na b-plaḡa ar na b-ḡíor-uairle,
 Ú-ḡéarḡac, b-ḡḡearḡalaic, b-ḡlearḡcúpaic, b-ḡíon-cúacac,
 Úo b'éarḡad ḡearann dom ḡaiḡail-ḡe ḡaoi d'ualḡur,
 Saor ó ḡḡaḡaib ḡan ḡabairḡ air c'íor uaim-ḡe.

Aḡ é c'ug ḡadḡuirḡeac caḡac me ḡíor-b'uaic'earḡa,
 Séamur airḡc'e ón m-bḡeatain ḡan d'liḡe air c'uanailb,
 A c'ḡeac air ḡḡaḡeac d'a nḡḡeacac ar d'a ḡíor-ḡuaḡad,
 'S an méib noic ḡaḡear d'a ḡaḡaib a b'ḡíor-c'ḡuaḡotan.

10 Éaḡ na ḡ-Caraḡac ḡ-ceannarac nḡḡoide buair me,
 Úo ḡéx-ḡuil C'airil náḡ b'anail a b'ḡíor-uac'ar,
 ḡéinnib ḡearaḡac maḡb ḡan b'ḡiḡ air ḡuaḡad,
 Iḡ laoc'ra ḡairḡe b'unnairḡe aḡur buid'ean C'ḡuaḡna.

Aḡ ḡaoic liom earba na ḡeabac ón laoi ḡuaḡ nḡil,
 Náḡ ḡeib ḡe ḡallail acḡ ḡappainḡ ḡar c'uinḡ uac'a,
 'S an ḡ-éan beaḡ ḡaḡear don ealḡain c'irḡ ḡínn ḡuaḡrac,
 Le ḡḡéḡiḡe a hamburḡ, mo d'eacair, ḡan ḡliḡe c'uarba.

XLVII.—This beautiful lament was written soon after the Williamite wars, but not earlier than 1699. The metre is one of great seriousness and solemnity. It is the only production we have under the name of the author, who was poet and historian to Donogh, Earl of Clancarty, who was exiled and deprived of his immense estates for siding with James II.

6. cuana, 'harbours'; often used for 'the high seas.'

15. éan. MS. aon, but ealḡain suggests éan.

13-16. This stanza is devoted to the MacCarthys of Muskery, to whom the poet had been historian. ḡóir is a variant to ḡuaḡ. náḡ ḡeib, &c. He refers to the action of Donogh, the fourth Earl of Clancarty, who fought on the side of James II., and retired to the Continent rather than settle down in slavery at home. He was given a small pension by King William, and retired to Hamburg on the

XLVII.

THE LAY OF TADHG O'DUINNÍN.

(LAMENTING THE NOBLES WHO ROSE IN THE LATE WAR, 1691).

Sorrowful to me is the overthrow of the princes and the true
nobles,
The festive, the generous, of wreathed goblets, of the wine-cups,
Who would bestow land on one like me as a right,
Free from taxes, and without my giving rents.

It is this that has troubled and vexed and truly afflicted me,
That James is unlawfully routed out of Britain and sent on the
seas,
His flock scattered, tortured, continually banished,
And his surviving leaders in dire hardships.

The death of the mighty valiant MacCarthy has afflicted me,
10 Of the royal blood of Cashel who were not seldom in true
supremacy,
The Geraldine champions dead, without vigour, decaying,
And the heroes of famous deeds from Bunratty, and the tribe of
Cruachan.

I am grieved at the loss of the warriors from the cold bright Lee,
Who did not make peace with the foreigners but withdrew from
them across the sea,
While the only bird that survives of that noble comely high-
spirited flock
Is for some time at Hamburg, my hardship! without the means
of subsistence.

Elbe. He purchased a little island at the mouth of the river, and spent his time in affording relief to shipwrecked vessels. He had been immensely wealthy before the war broke out, but all his property was confiscated. He died in exile in

- 20 Iṛ é do mearaig me—balta gaḁ Ríog-éuaine,
 baḁ ṛaopḁa ainm 'ṛ a mbeartaib do bíoḁ buaiḁ aige,
 Phoenix farḁa na banba a ngníom̃ ḡuapaḁt—
 Iṛ o' Éirinn maíḁim, óṛ deapḁb 'na luiḁe a o-tuama.

Dá n-déanfaínn deapmaḁ, mearaim ḡur baoir uaim-pe,
 Air ṛaop-ṛlíocḁ Eochaiḁ ḡo ceannuib Ṽuirt baor an uair po,
 Daonnaḁt, fairrinḡe, iṛ taḁairḁ air fíon uaḁa,
 Iṛ é do éleaḁtaḁ an ḡarra ḡníoim̃-ḁuapaḁ.

Léir-ṛḡriop fairrinḡ Uib̃ Čairbpe iṛ tṛí tṛuaḡ liom,
 An ḡeuḡ ran Čaḁail coir fairrinḡe iṛ laor luaiḁim-pe,
 Shíocḁ Čém, do čaiḁeaḁ gaḁ maíḁear le fíor-ṛuaḁaib,
 Ar Séarra an Čleanna ruḡ barra an gaḁ rliḡe ruaircior.

- Ní'l ḡéilleaḁ a n-Čallaib o'ṛear Čeanna Tuirc faor buan-
 naḁt,
 30 Ná air aon čor aca don aicme rin Čaoim̃ ṛluagaig,
 Do ḡléirib ḡarḁa ḡlíñ mearḁa m̃ín Čluana,
 Ná o'aon don maicne ó Čeaim̃air ḡluir m̃ín luacḁa.

Ṽṛéam̃ na Spaḁa iṛ Dúin ḡeanainn iṛ oíḁ buan liom,
 Iṛ béal Áḁa Seannuiḡ ḡan pacaṛeaḁt fíor-ḁuanta,
 Raḡallaig, Seaḁnapuig, Čeallaig, iṛ caom-Ruapcaig,
 Iṛ epaḁb Uí Mleaḁair ḡur plaaḁa a epoiḁe uaíḁe.

1734. The following stanzas from an elegy on this Earl by Eoghan Mac Carthy an m̃eipín, may be of interest:—

Do čongḁaib a nḡlaraib 'ran aighe céaḁna
 Cé ḡur tarrainḡeaḁ paḁtmur iṛ réim do,
 Áḁa a čṛeibioim̃ ḡo meip̃b do ṛeunaḁ,
 Iṛ ḁruim a ḡlaice do čaḁairḁ pe Séamur.

Níor čogaṛ an Čáṛḁac cáib ḡan claon-toil.
 An čarraig rin ṛeaḁair air ḡainuim̃ do čṛeigion,
 Áḁa o'iomḁair epora ḡo roilbir paḁṛpaḁ,
 Air aḁṛiur a lliaiḡiur ḡṛáḁaig do ṛaop rin.

For an interesting account of this Earl and of his descendants, see O'Callaghan's *History of the Irish Brigade*, pp. 9 *et seq.*

20. o'Éirinn maíḁim, 'I forgive Erin: I give up hope in her.'

It has confused me—the nursling of every princely family,
 Whose name was noble and who excelled in action,
 The guardian Phoenix of Banba in feats of danger—
 20 And I have lost hope in Erin, since they in sooth lie in the tomb.

It were folly on my part did I forget at this time
 The noble race of Eochaidh extending to the headlands of Port
 Baoi,
 Kindness, generosity, liberality in bestowing wines,
 These were the virtues practised by that tribe who gave genuine
 gifts.

The wide ruin of Ibh Carbery is a threefold distress to me,
 That race of Cathal beside the sea and the Lee I refer to,
 The descendants of Cian who bestowed all their wealth on
 genuine bards
 And Geoffrey of the Glen who excelled in every kind of humour.

Obedience is not paid in Ealla to the chieftain of Kanturk with
 military service,
 30 Nor by any means to the race of Caoimh of the hosts,
 Nor to the skilful, sprightly, impetuous, gentle chieftain of Cluain,
 Nor to any of the tribe from green, smooth Tara Luachra.

It is lasting ruin to me, the loss of the race from Strabane and
 Dungannon,
 And Ballyshannon without the enjoyment of genuine songs,
 The O'Reillys, the O'Shaughnessys, and the noble O'Rorkes,
 And the branch of O'Meagher, whose heart was stolen from it.

22–23. The O'Sullivans: see XXXVI.

26. The O'Donovans resided in a district of Carbery called Clan Cahill.

28. For some account of Geoffrey O'Donoghue, see *Introd.*

29. The Mac Carthys of Kanturk.

30. The O'Keeffes were lords of Pobul O'Keeffe, a district in Duhallow, comprising some 9000 acres.

32. Teamhair Luachra, an ancient royal residence in North Kerry, not far from Castleisland. It must have been near Bealatha na Teamhrach, in the parish of Dysart. It is also called Teamhair Luachra Deaghaidh, and sometimes Teamhair Earna.

An p'éaiñ ó'n n-ḡappa Óoill, b'panaig ip Uíb Tuatail,
 Éile ip Alína ip deaḡ-éine Óuinn dualaig,
 Réið-óoill Manacè, ip Pallaig, ip Laiḡip uaine,
 40 Ip ḡan céile aḡ Eaiñain do élannaib mne Íp uaiḡpīg.

Ní'l éipḡ aḡ tairḡoiol coip calaið ná aip linn ḡpuamóa,
 Aip éaob na banna, coip Maingē ná aip mín-Ruaétarḡ;
 Ní'l epéit'pe meala dá ð-tappamḡ a ḡ-coill buacaiḡ,
 'S ní'l p'éan aip épannaib pe pealað ná puínn énuaraiḡ.

Ní'l céip aip lapað an ḡac mainip'oir, bíð uaiḡneacè,
 'S ní'l cléip aḡ cantam a palm ná aḡ ḡuiðe aip uaimib,
 Ní'l aon aḡ aip'pionn Earbuiḡ a ḡ-cill tuata,
 'S ní'l léiḡeann dá éaḡarḡ do leanb ná ð'aor uapal.

Cé ḡup maénað map m'alairt an ðliḡe nuad ro,
 50 Ní'l p'éile map'tain ná cap'tanaét epí tpuatḡ aip bič,
 Ó'éinneac b'raétar a n-earb'aið nó aip ðíč éuallaét,
 Ó léiḡeað pačað na ḡ-cealḡ a b-píop-uabap.

Cé ḡup b'paða map eaét'pa a ḡ-epuínn-tuairipḡ,
 'S nač p'éaðaim laḡairt aip m'aičear na n-ḡaoiðeal n-uapal,
 Éiḡpe p'earača ḡlacaið map ðíol uaim-pe,
 ḡup maol an t-arm ná cleaétann a p'íop-čuarḡain.

Ai Óé na n-app'at puair peannuið dáp b-píop-p'uarḡlað,
 Map aon leð' banal'train beannuiḡč'e bí aip buaið'píom,
 Ó'r ḡéar ḡup éeannačair m'anam a Čpíop'ò éuana,
 60 Léiḡ me a b-plaičear na n-amḡiol ḡo b'puiḡeao puamíneap.

37. an p'éaiñ: MS. an éaim, which breaks the assonance; lines 37-40 are only in some MSS. The tribe of Laighis gave its name to Leix, in the Queen's County; it was descended from Laeighseach Ceann Mor, son of Conall Cearnach; Pallaig, the descendant of Ros Failghe, eldest son of Cathaer Mor, who inhabited east and west Ofaly; Cill Managh perhaps = Kill na Managh in Tipperary; Eamhain, or Eamhain Macha, about two miles from Armagh, was the ancient

The tribe from Garra Choill, the O'Byrnes, and the O'Tooles,
 Eile, and Allen, and the goodly race of ringleted Conn,
 The Smooth Kilmanagh, the Fallachs, and green Leix, are no
 more,

40 While Navan has no spouse of the descendants of the son of
 proud Ir.

Fishes are not frequenting harbour or gloomy lake,
 The verge of the Bann or the Maine or the smooth Roughty;
 Honeycombs are not brought from gladsome woods,
 The trees have not prospered for a season and scant is their fruit.

There is no wax-light burned in the monasteries—they are lonely,
 And the clergy do not chant their psalms or recite their hours.
 None attend a Pontifical Mass in a country church,
 And the child and the noble are not being trained in learning,

Though this new law was planned for an improvement,
 50 Hospitality is not alive nor charity moved by pity
 For anyone who is thought to be in want or in loneliness,
 Since the thrusts of treachery were made in real pride.

Since a full account of the noble Gaels would be a long story,
 And since I am unable to unfold their virtues,
 Do ye, O wise bards, accept as a compensation from me,
 That blunt is the weapon that is not used to dire slaughter.

O God of Apostles, who suffered torments in fully redeeming us,
 Together with thy beloved mother-nurse who was sorrowing,
 Since, O noble Christ, Thou hast with bitterness purchased my
 soul,

60 Admit me into the heaven of the saints that I may obtain rest.

residence of the kings of Ulster. Ir was son of Milesius, and from his son
 Eibhear descended the races of Ulaidh, such as Magenis, &c.

49. an ðlīġe. MS. ʒo ðlīġe.

57–60. This stanza is not in all the copies.

ԱՆ ՇԵԱՆՃԱԼ.

- 61 ՄԱ ՇԱ ՇԱՐ ՇԱՐԵԱՐ ՔԵԱԼ ԾՈՄ՝ԱՍԻՐ ԱՍՐԱԾ,
 'Տ ՇՈ Ն-ՇՐԱԾՔԱՅԻՆՆ ՔՇԱՐ ԱՐ ՔԵԱՇՏ ՆԱ ԽՔԻՐ ՆՃԱՕԾԱԼ ՔՈ,
 ՄՈ ՇԵՐԾ Օ ՄԵԱՇ ԼԵ ՄԱԼԱՐՏ ՈԼՃԵ Ա Ն-ՇԻՐԻՆՆ,
 ՄՈ ՇՐԱԾ ՇՈ ՔԱԾ ՇԱՆ ՔՇԱԾ ԼԵ ԽՐԻՅԵՐԵԱՇՏ.

ԱՆ ՔՐԵԱՇՐԱԾ ՇԱԼԼ.

Օ ՇԵՐԻՄ ՇԱՐ ՇԱԼԼԵԱԾ ՆԱ ՔԼԱՇԱ ՔԼՈՇՏ ՄՈՒԼԵՐԻՍՐ,
 ԼՐ ՔՈՒՆՆԵ Ա Ն-ՇԱԼԱՄ ԱՇ ՇԱԼԼԱՅ ԱՆ ԽԻՆՆ-ԽԵԱՐԼԱ,
 Ա ՇԱՐԾ Օ ԽՐԱՇԱՄ ՇՈ ՔԱՇԱՐ ԼԵ ԽՐԻՅԵՐԵԱՇՏ,
 ՐԱՇԱԾ-ՔԱ ՔԵԱԾ ԱՇ ԽԵԱՐՐԱԾ ՇԱԾ ՇԼԵԱՐԱ.

XLVIII.

ԱՐ ՈՒՇ ՆԱ ՆՃԱՕԾԱԼ.

ԼԵ ՏԵԱՔԱ ԱԱ ՏՈՆՇԱԾԱ ԱՆ ՇԼԵԱՆՆԱ.

ՈՒ ՔԱԼԻՆՇՈՒ ՇԱԼԼ ՏՈՒՆՆ ՔԻՕՇՆՃԱԾ Ա Ն-ՇԻՐԻՆՆ ՔԵԱԼ,
 ԱՐ Շ-ՔՐՈՒԾՇԵ ՇԱՆ ՇՈՒՆԼՆՃԱԾ ԻՐ ԻՐԼՆՃԱԾ ՔԵ Ն-Ա ՔՄԱՇՏ,
 ԱՐ Շ-ՇԱՄԱՐ ՆՈ ԼՈՒՇԵԱԾՆՃԱԾ ԻՐ ՈՒՇՆՃԱԾ ԱՐ Շ-ՇԼԵՐԵ
 ԱՐ ՔԱԾ,
 ԼՐ ՔԱՐՄ Ա ՄԻ-ՔՆԻՆ ՔՐՈՇՆՃԱԾ ԱՐ ՔԱՇՃԱԼ ԱՐ.

64. ՔԱԾ for ՔԱՇԱԾ.

68. He says he will become a 'cooper.' ՇԼԵՐԻ, 'ceeler,' is a broad, shallow vessel for milk to cream in.

XLVIII.—The author of this poem and the following was Geoffrey O'Donoghue of Glenflesk. He married in 1665, and was not living at the end of the century.

THE BINDING.

61 Although I spent a portion of my life in folly,
 And loved a story on the supremacy of the true Gaels.
 Since my occupation is gone, because of the change of laws in
 Erin,
 My torture! I must without delay take to brewing.

THE COUNTER REPLY.

 Since I find that the chieftains of the race of Milesius have
 perished,
 And that the foreigners of the smooth English have the
 dividing of their lands,
 As I understand, O Tadhg, that you will take to brewing,
 I, for a season, will turn to the planing of *ceelers*.

XLVIII.

ON THE RUIN OF THE GAELS.

BY GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN.

The foreigners will not suffer us ever in peace in Erin,
 Without enslaving our hearts, and humbling them under their
 sway,
 To reduce our power, and destroy our clergy altogether,
 The aim of their evil plan is to expel us from it entirely.

In 1679, he wrote a poem on O'Keeffe; and in the same year, an elegy of 260 lines on Edmund Fitzgerald of Lisheen Castle, which O'Curry ranks high. The same authority says that O'Donoghue was one of the deepest read of his day in the Irish language. His poems breathe the spirit of independence characteristic of his race. See Introduction.

Níor fliḡte dár n-ídiúḡað líomnúḡað bréaḡað beapτ,
 ḡan cumap an dliḡe riú a n-aoin éúir d'éiliom éeapτ,
 Tuḡim ḡup ríor-ḡuḡair ríóéúḡað raoḡ na ḡeap
 Le a ḡ-cuirid a ḡ-epíé dúinn ḡníomnúḡað léir a ḡ-ceapτ.

Dár d-cubuirτ ḡo laoiéeamuil luḡe dúinn pé n-a rmaét,
 10 Mo éuirpe! 'r naé díon dúinn aoin éúil d' Éirinn Airτ,
 Ár ḡ-cumap ir díóé-éúmainḡ, ní riú rméap ár ḡ-ceapτ,
 Muna d-ḡiḡe ḡan móill éúḡainn míniúḡað éiḡin ap.

Do éonnape na ḡaoiḡil úḡ ríodamail, réadaé, real,
 Cumapaé, cíopaḡail, epíóenumail, céadpaḡaé, ceapτ,
 Soilḡir, raoiéeamail, míon-úr, maorḡa, meap,
 Píliota, ríopaḡail, ríonḡamail, réapḡaé, peaét.

Cuirite caomeamuil, dpaioíeamuil, daonnaétaé,
 biopaite bíḡamail, ḡaoipeamuil, ḡaoḡalaé, ḡlan,
 ḡo tuicim a b-ppíorún daoirpeamail lae na m-bpeaé,
 20 Náḡ éuilleadap mío-élú, ir díóéúḡað déapaé deapτ.

ḡoirim ir ḡuiḡim rúnḡ Críorτ éúḡailḡ, caom an flaié,
 D'ḡuiliḡ a éaoim-éprú a ḡ-epaoiḡ éúmainḡ éeapḡa éeaét,
 ḡo ḡ-cuirpeaḡ ḡan moill éúḡainn raoi élú ḡaoḡail 'na
 ḡ-ceapτ,
 'S ḡo rḡriopaiḡ na ḡaill úḡ bí riú a ḡ-céim tap leap.

It was not crafty enough for our ruin—the false glozing of facts,
Without the power of the law on their side in any case of a just
claim,

I know that the foolish peace these men make is endless woe,
By which they put in practice on us the manifest design of their
race.

It is our daily misfortune to lie down beneath their yoke,
10 My grief, no corner of Art's Erin is a protection for us ;
Our power is feeble, our right is not worth a blackberry,
Unless some relief come to us in our distress without delay.

I have seen these Gaels in silks and jewels at one time,
Powerful, with good rentals, industrious, intelligent, just,
Pleasant, wise, finely-noble, stately, active,
Poetical, truthful, fond of wine, festive, formerly.

Knights, noble, skilled in magic, humane,
Young scions, vigorous, accomplished, heroic, pure,
Until they fell into the enslaving prison of their day of judgment,
20 They did not deserve disgrace, and the tearful ruin of darts.

I beseech and entreat here for you, Christ, noble is the prince,
Who suffered his gentle blood to flow on a narrow tree of cruci-
fixion,
That he would send without delay to us the Gaels restored to
their rights and fame,
And sweep those foreigners who were against them afar over the
sea.

XLIX.

AN REACHT TAR TUINN.

Le Séappa Ua Donnchaða.

Ir bappa air an g-clear an peacht do éacht tar tuinn,
 Léar leaḡað pá plait an tpeab rin éibir ĩinn,
 Cama na m-beart do plab ḡo claon ár ḡ-cuing,
 Léar ḡeappað amac ár ḡ-ceart ar éirinn uíll.

Ir deacair a mear ḡo raib a ḡ-céill don bpoínḡ,
 Cearað na n-aét do éabairt d'aon mac ḡaill,
 ḡo b-peacabap bpeat na b-peap air Séaplar Ríḡ,
 ḡur rḡarabadar neart ḡan éeart le éile a baill.

Do peannað air pad an peacht ro a n-éirinn ḡaoiðil,
 10 Ir deapḡtar fearba fearḡ ḡac aoinḡir díob,
 Nó ḡlacaib a b-par ḡan rḡad ir téid tar tuinn,
 Ir ḡeallaid tar air ḡan teacht ḡo h-euḡ arír.

Cioð neartmair an tan ro air élanmaib ḡaoðal na ḡaill,
 'S cioð raémair a rḡaid le real a b-préamhaib ĩlainn,
 Do deapḡaib a ḡ-carb ní ḡabaid ḡéilleað an ĩoinn,
 Peappaib 'na pparaid fearḡ Dé 'na n-bruim.

A dḡair na b-peart bod' éead ir déanta ḡuide,
 Cearḡaib 'na leap air pad a n-éirinn ḡaoiðil,
 Ir leapaib 'na ḡ-ceart ḡan éeap ḡac aon don bpuimḡ,
 20 Ir airiḡ a peacht 'r a paé don éléir a ḡ-cíll.

5-8. From these lines it seems that the poem was composed shortly after the Cromwellian Plantations.

XLIX.

THE LAWS FROM BEYOND THE SEA.

BY GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE.

It is the crowning of knavery—the coming of the law from
beyond the sea,
Through which the race of Eibhear Fionn were brought low into
bondage,
The cunning of the deeds that unjustly stole our allegiance,
By which our right in great Erin was entirely cut off.

It is hard to think that the people understood
What it was to give the framing of the laws to any foreigner,
Till they saw these men's judgment on King Charles,
That with might without right, they tore his limbs asunder.

The Gaels are flayed entirely in Erin now,
10 And the grave of each one of them is prepared,
Or they take their "pass" without delay and go beyond the sea,
And promise not to come back again until death.

Strong though the foreigners be now above the Gaels,
And though their stay amongst the descendants of Flann has
been prosperous for a time,
Through the faults of their race they shall not obtain sway of
the land,
The anger of God shall rain down in showers upon their backs.

O Father of miracles, by thy leave we must pray ;
Restore to their rights in prosperity the Gaels in Erin,
And make prosperous in their rights without sorrow every one
of the race,
20 And restore their law and their success to the clergy in the
church.

- 21 Ué ír aéðaoi ! ír laḡ í an uairle anoir,
 Cúpa ír callaíðe air éailíðib tuaparðail,
 boduig fá haṡaíðe, ír airṡíðe řuapaé řin,
 Ír luét oirðeape peaḡuiðe a ḡ-cairíb cluapaéa.

L.

IAṚ ḡ-CUR easbuiḡ éORCUIḡE AIR IONNARBAḐ AS
 ÉIRINN.

le Uilliam Mac Captaim an Dúna.

Mo břón mo ðeacair an éealḡ řo am říor-éřáð-řa,
 Eoin ḡo ðainḡion a nḡlapaib na ḑ-ṡíoránaé,
 An řeól aḡ baḡap air éarřainḡ řap řuínin báiðṡe
 ðeir břeóḡṡṡe a ḡ-cřeaṡaib ár ḡ-cealla 'ř ár b-řříoin-
 éáirðe.

A říór-říic ðeannuiḡṡe éeannuiḡ 'řan ḡ-cřaoib éřaíðṡe
 Na řlóḡṡṡe pearra ḑo řleaéṡaib éirṡ říl Áðaim,
 ðeónuiḡ řealad ḡo řaíṡneamháé caoin-řaíðṡeaé,
 Eoin ḡan bařḡad 'řan řalam řo říóṡéánaṡa.

- ṡřeóřuiḡ, aíṡéim orṡ, Áṡair 'ř a Říḡ neámḑa,
 10 ṡap bóéna a baile ár mařeřa laoié láidř,
 A ḡ-cóir 'ř a ḡ-calma 'ř a n-ařřuinn ḡan ḑíṡ řláinṡe,
 'S air éóir řap řairřḡe řḡařeaḑ ḡan řuínin cáirðe.

23. bodaiḡ. The word *bodach* is much used by speakers of English. It implies a churlish, ill-mannered upstart ; churlishness is an essential element in the character.

24. peaḡuiðe : MS. peacuuiðe.

L.—See Introductory note to IX.

- 21 Oh woe, alas! weak is nobility now,
 Cuffs and frills on servant maids!
Bodachs wearing hats—trifling is the improvement—
 And the noble and honourable in caps with ears.

L.

WHEN THE BISHOP OF CORK WAS BANISHED
 FROM ERIN.

BY WILLIAM MAC CARTAIN AN DÚNA.

My grief, my hardship, this thorn that 'ever wounds me,
 John fast bound by tyrants' locks!
 The flapping sail, prepared to take him over the drowning waves,
 Sickens, and causes to tremble, our churches and our dearest
 friends.

O great, holy Son of God, who on the tree of torture didst
 purchase
 Hosts of individuals of Adam's true descendants,
 Grant that once again, in affection and noble speech,
 John be unscathed and this land in peace.

- Conduct, I beseech thee, O Father and King of Heaven,
 10 Home across the main our cavalcade of strong heroes,
 In justice and valour and vigour without loss of health,
 And scatter without much respite the army beyond the sea.

3. The poem seems to have been composed while the boat was still waiting for the bishop to go on board.

11. *calma*: MS. *calam*, which perhaps = *calb*, 'hardness,' hence 'bravery.'

Ní'l beó 'na m-beaéuib dár n-eapbuiḡ aét pmuinte árho,
 A n-ḡleó-bpuib paḡa aḡ ḡallaib dá ríor-éáblaó,
 ḡan cómall na nḡalap cé calma a n-ólíḡe an Íára
 Aét Seon 'na íearaib ó maibin 'na íríom-ḡárho.

Ṭiḡ deópa m'aindeipe óm deapcaib 'na línna báibte,
 'Na róó aḡ tpeabao mo leacan ḡo óíogbálaó,
 Ón ḡ-ceó 'r ón rḡamal 'r ó íearéuinn ḡo ríor-ḡnáéac,
 20 Ír cóip na Saḡpan dár n-arḡuin paí luidé an íráca.

Ṭriall an eapbuiḡ éneapḡa éaoin ḡan éaim,
 Óiaḡa ḡarḡa ír maípeac ḡnaí ar cáil,
 A ḡ-cian dá éapaó a m-bape a ḡ-epíé éum páin,
 Ír ciaé 'r ír cneao 'r ír ceap a ḡ-epíócaib Íáil.

LI.

PAOISIBIN ŠEAḡAIN UÍ ÓNAILL.

Aomuin íéin le deápaib, deapbaim,
 ḡur canao liom bréiṭpe baóca malluiḡe,
 Éuir brón deapóil aip Aṭair na ḡ-coimact;
 An tan ḡeappar an éléip le paóbar paltauip,
 Íuair ceannar ír céim map aon le íeabar ḡlic,
 A ḡ-copóinn ḡlóipe aḡ íearaib 'ran Róin;

13. árho: M and A árho. Another MS. gives reading in text.

15. This line is obscure. cómall = 'confederation, acting together' (?)

16. Seon seems = Coin, the Bishop's name.

LI.—The author of this and the following poem, John O'Connell, has been made by some writers Bishop of Kerry somewhere about 1700. But the evidence is overwhelming against his ever having been Bishop of Kerry. Dr. Comerford, Archbishop of Cashel, writing to Rome, in the year 1699, states that there had been no bishop in the sees of Ardferit and Aghadoe for forty years, and after that date it is quite certain that Dr. Moriarty was the first Bishop. We think it is even

There is not left to our bishops in life but high aspirations,
 Long in the bondage of strife, sorely oppressed by the English,
 Without acting together in their distress as they stand bravely
 for the Papal law,
 But John standing since morning as chief guard.

The tears of my distress rush from my eyes like a drowning
 flood,
 And plough my cheeks in tracks injuriously,
 Because of the ever-during mist and cloud and rain,
 20 While the Saxon horde are plundering us beneath the press of
 the harrow.

The departure of the bishop, mild, gentle, faultless,
 Pious, skilful, fair in face and fame,
 To a distance, in a ship, to a land of exile, which is resolved on,
 Is a cause of distress and groaning and sorrow in the regions of
 Fál.

LI.

JOHN O'CONNELL'S CONFESSION.

I confess with tears, I swear,
 That words of folly and evil have been spoken by me,
 Which have brought afflicting sorrow on the Father of Powers ;
 When I lacerated with the edge of enmity the clergy
 Who obtained sway and dignity together with wise Peter
 Standing in Rome in a crown of glory ;

abundantly evident that O'Connell never took Holy Orders. The two poems which we give here seem to have been written by a layman. Confessions such as these must not be interpreted too strictly. The violations of the Commandments and of the Seven Deadly Sins, he charges himself with, are to be understood in a general sense. O'Connell is best known for his "Dirge of Ireland." It would be difficult to find in any literature a more splendid torrent of language than is commanded by O'Connell. In some passages he rises to sublime poetry, as in the simile of the snow in this poem, and the description of the Last Judgment in the next.

That the evil spirit of danger spoke in my mouth,
 And profane songs I should not wish to repeat,
 And shameful lies—I bow down and swear ;

- 10 Behold the holy blessed Church,
 Alas ! alas ! threatens damnation for me.

Here is the crowning of the life of folly which I have led ;
 That I was contemptuous, violent, wrathful, bitter,
 To the true symbol of heaven, my grief ;
 Reproachfully, enviously, sharply, insultingly,
 Did I give forth bantering in wantonness and scandal,
 With the sound of the speech of my tongue running on ;
 I related their habits, saying that it was gluttony and intemperance
 That the tribe who celebrate Mass practised,
 20 That tribe who teach and save souls
 From the torments of the foul bondage of Acheron :
 A race that, without falsehood, will live for ever.

Deceitful was I in my disposition and in my mind ;
 Forcibly did I tear from those who wear the vestments

Every robe they had, to the ground, unjustly ;
 Esteeming myself above the bards of history
 I spring up as a star brilliant and shining, ‘

- I lift a torch, kindle, and burn ;
 It were worse I came into power than Mahomet,
 30 Give me but a hundred men of fanatical minds ;
 Whither did I go yesterday ? There remains to me
 But a short space of my life to spend ;
 Lo the mists are before me and whither shall I go ?

All my actions—it is a wonder and disgrace—
 Can be seen on my forehead. There will be read, I aver,
 My deeds of pastime hereafter on a mountain’s top ;
 Though so deceived was I in my reason that I feared not
 A sting from death, albeit it be certain that I shall be entombed

that *lapaím* and *óóigim* have a neuter sense.

30. *céille* *aip meapball* = *aip meapball céille*.

31. *a n-dae*, the part of his life already spent (?).

Ա ճ-օմբսմն Եարճիլ ճան տառ ճան տրեճիլ,
 40 Ճան Լաճարտ ճան Լեյմ ճան Քեյմ ճան Քաճարծ,
 Ճան Եաճիր Իոնա Քթեյր ա ռ-աօն ծոմ' ԼեանԲա,
 Աճտ ծաօիլ ամ ճրեատԼաճ լեւեյն ծա ճարթաճ,
 Նաճ Բ'թեյծիր քարան ամ' ճաօր ԼԵ ԲաԼաճե,
 'Տ ա Շոմաճտալ թճիր ար մ'անամ 'րան թճծ.

Շիօճ ճաճեար մօ թաօճալ ճօ Բրեաճաճ Բարճուճճիօճ,
 Իր ճար լեաճտար-րա լաօնա լեւ նաճ ճարաճ ծամ,
 Տրոճծ ծա թճրտ ծօ ճԼաճար մար մեճն,
 Ճան Քճամալ մար էյճիօր էյճնեաճ աճիրեաճ,
 Նօ Բրանար աճ ծեանան ԲեյլԵ ար ԲԼաճ,
 50 Քճիտ քեճԼա ճարալ աճ ծրեճճաճ ;
 Նօ Եամրա Բրեան ա մ-ԲեյլԼԵ Եարթալե,
 Շրեարճարճա քաօն քա ճրեյմ ան տ-րաիարաճ,
 Ճար Քճէյճար մօ քեատրաճ քրեաճտաճ Եալճաճ,
 ՇեարԾա ԵեաճարԾա ա ռ-եաճան ԵաճալքԵ,
 Ամ' ճոմիւծ քթօրտ աճ մաճաճ քան Օրծ.

Եաճթիօմ ճօ Լեյր ԼԵ լեւԵ քարան
 ար թԼարալն ան տ-ՏԼեյԲԵ ան տան ճԼաօճարաճ ան տ-անճիօլ,
 ԼԵ քեճ ա լեւիլ ռա մարԲ Բեյծ Բեճ ;
 Լարթալն ռա քթարճա Իր քԼարճթալն ճարԲ-ճնօլԵ,
 60 Եարթալեաճ' քաօթալն Իր ճեյմթիւծ ան Լեաճան-մար,
 Ան լօրնեաճ ծօլճթիւծ քարան Իր քճծ ;
 Բեյծ քԼաճեար ռա ռաօմ ճօ Լեյր ար ԲալԼԵ-ճրիճ,
 Տճարթիւծ ռա քեւԼա Իր ռեաԼա քարճար,
 Բեյծ ճնե ռա քեաննա լծիր ճրեյմ Իր ճեաԼալճ,
 Մար քմեյր ճան տաճնիօմ ԼԵ Խ-էյճիօն ԵաճԼա,
 Ար թԼօլճեյն Քճեճն քօմ ԼեանԲ ռա Խ-ճճ.

Բեյծ տաճնիօմ ռա ռաօմ մար Քճեյմ ան տ-րնեաճտա,
 Աճ Եանտան քուԼա քեյԾԵ, ճօ քեյմ աճ քաԼմարեաճտ,
 ԼԵ ճրթիւծ օրծա աճար ԵանտիկԵ լեւիլ ;
 70 Նա Խ-արթալ աճ լեաճտ աճ ծեանան աճիր,

59 *et seq.* Cf. the following description of the Day of Judgment:—

Լա ծոճ ծօրճա Բրօնաճ ԲաօճաԼաճ,
 Շրիթիւծ ռա քԼաճիր Իր Լարթալն ռա քթարթա,
 Բեյծ քսճե քեճա Եեճ 'ճար Եաօրա
 Անար ծա ճ-Եաճեան ռա ճ-Եեաճանալն տրեանա. *Anonymous.*

In a miserable coffin without vigour or life,
 40 Without speech, without motion, without sway, without sportive-
 ness,
 Without love or regard for any of my children ;
 But chafers within my breast, cutting it,
 While it will be impossible to stand beside me because of the
 stench,
 And O Thou Mighty One, relieve my soul in its path.

Though I spent my life in falsehood and injury,
 And practised evil, sinister deeds that were not good for me,
 An extravagance of this kind did I take up as a notion,
 Lighting with fury, like a sharp, shameless satirist,
 Or like ravens making a meal on a dead carcass—
 50 The putrid decaying flesh of a horse—
 Or a foul sewer in a huge rock,
 Open and exposed to the summer's sun,
 I belched forth my injurious, stinging vomit,
 Annoying, vilifying, in the face of the Church ;
 A fool in my diversion throwing ridicule on the clergy !

We must all take our stand together
 On the sides of the mountain, when the angel shall summon ;
 By means of his music the dead shall live ;
 The heavens shall be ablaze, and rugged hills shall burst asunder,
 60 Rocks shall be rent, and the wide ocean shall roar,
 Thunder shall burn up plains and fields,
 Heaven of the saints shall tremble in every part,
 The stars and the clouds of Paradise shall scatter,
 The appearance of the heavenly bodies, both sun and moon, shall
 be
 As blackberries, without brightness, through the force of terror,
 Hosts shall be affrighted before the Son of the Virgin.

The brightness of the saints will be as the beauty of snow,
 As they sing pleasant songs with freedom and delightfully chant
 psalms,
 With beautiful melodies and canticles of music ;
 70 The apostles will come and make jubilation,

Ιρ θανατρεα αν Αοιμ na παελτεαν βαρρα ορρα,
 Αδ ταβαιρε εόλαιρ δόριθ̄ γο πλαίτρεαρ-βροδ̄ ρόδ̄αιλ̄;
 Ζαέ anam βοέτ claoη do παοβ na h-αιτέαντα,
 Αδ ρδρεαδαιδ̄ 'ρ αδ̄ έίθιοιη̄ 'ρ αδ̄ έίλιοιη̄ παρ̄ταιρ,
 Ζο leun̄iαρ leacuiδ̄τε daop-δub̄ damanτα,
 Ρaon, γαν meabaiρ ná pέim αιρ έapaδ̄ aco,
 Όά n-δóιγεaδ̄ γο θεó ιθ̄ιρ lapapaib̄ τεó.

Α bpeappain ιαρ δτεάετ don Αon l̄ilac ceannaiρ pin,
 beiō peapaib̄ an' p̄eucainτ, p̄paoc̄ ιρ p̄earδ̄ nīiē,
 80 Le com̄aεta a δ̄lóiρe labappaiō leó :
 Deapc̄aiō na cp̄eáεta δ̄éapa δ̄p̄eac̄uiδ̄τε
 Όo paδaδ̄ γο h-aeib̄ cp̄im' έaob̄ do byρ n-deapδa-ρa,
 Map do p̄cp̄ócaδ̄ m'p̄eoil ó baεap̄ γο p̄eóρ ;
 Ζaέ τairηδε am' plaoρδ̄ do pl̄eap̄δ̄ mo nam̄aib̄-pe,
 'S an τ-peap̄ib̄-θεoc̄ b̄n̄éiγpe b̄p̄éim do έaδ̄aiρτ daim,
 Tap̄ éip̄ me έeanγal le τευδ̄ γο daingean,
 'S mo δ̄éaδa αιρ p̄papa iμ̄r an daop-έp̄oiρ τpeap̄na,
 Ιρ me am' p̄óρo p̄póιρτ αδ̄ maiεib̄ na plóδ̄.

Αέταιρ ιρ Αon l̄ih̄c, έίγim ιρ αιτέim pib̄,
 90 Σδρεαδ̄aim an Naoīh̄ Spiopaδ̄, map aon, an Eaz̄laiρ,
 Τpeóδ̄ céρ īiόρ mo p̄p̄aiρn-pe leó,
 Maiεioīh̄ dom paop̄ ó'ρ léip̄ γup̄ aiεp̄iδ̄τεaδ̄,
 Ιρ γupab̄ anb̄p̄ann mé pá leun le paδ̄tauip̄e,
 Ιρ θεόpa τεó 'na p̄paεaib̄ lem' p̄p̄óim ;
 Na h-anamna δ̄éill̄ do p̄cp̄ae na ηδ̄ab̄ap̄,
 Όo έappaiηδ̄ αιρ έp̄eáδ̄ na δ̄-caopaε aέp̄aim,
 Γlaoδ̄aim-pe αιρ έaδ̄aiρ γο h-eup̄δ̄' na n-ainγiol,
 Map aon pe θanaltpea p̄éap̄laiδ̄ p̄ap̄εaiρ,
 Eóim γεal óp̄da p̄eac̄baρ ιρ p̄ól.

91. τpeóδ̄(?).

95 *et seq.* The order seems to be γlaoδ̄aim αιρ έaδ̄aiρ na n-ainγiol, &c. ;
 na h-anamna do έappaiηδ̄, &c.

And the nurse-mother of the Only Son will be a supreme star
over them,

Showing them the way to delightful heavenly mansions.
Every poor perverse soul that broke the commandments,
Shrieking, and crying, and claiming Paradise,
Sorrowfully entombed, black-guilty, damned,
Feeble, without understanding, or power to return,
Will be burned for ever amid hot flames.

When the meek Only Son shall come in person ;
Force, anger, and venomous wrath shall be in his looks,
80 He will speak to them by the power of his glory :
Behold the sharp, piercing wounds
That were made in my side to the heart for your sakes,
How my flesh was rent from head to foot ;
Each nail which my enemy drove into my head,
And the bitter drink of foul vinegar they gave me,
After they had tied me firmly with a rope,
And my arms were nailed sideways on the guilty cross,
While I was mocked at by the leaders of the hosts.

O Father, and Thou Only Son, I cry out and beseech you.
90 I call upon the Holy Spirit and on the clergy also—
Great though my struggle with them has been—
To forgive me and set me free, since I am plainly repentant,
Since I am feeble and afflicted through sorrow,
While hot tears come in streams from along my nostrils ;
The souls who yielded to the waywardness of the goats
To bring back to the flock of the sheep,
I call swiftly upon the help of the angels,
Together with the jewelled mother-nurse of Paradise,
John the Baptist the illustrious, Peter and Paul.

96. *do tappareng* : MS. *do tapanac*, as pronounced.

LII.

DARA PAOISIÓIN ŠEAĞAIN UÍ ÉONAILL.

Aomúim mo bearta anoir go déapaé dúbhaé,
Cé eagal dam, oé! m'anaépaó! gup déağnaé dúinn,
Tré leanamain na ġ-cama-fliğče ġ-claon gan éúir,
Lappaé do ġreabaó liom ip baoğal am' éionn.

Aomúim duit Ađair iulip aonba air d-túir,
Do leanb díl a ppappa cpuire céarba brúíğeaó,
Capbar gup éleađtar-ra, ip cpaop ip ġrúir,
Ip peallaireađt ip palcanap ip taob ip tñúč.

Aomúim duit Araib-Spiopaió ip naomta ġnúir,
10 Gup éealğae le cealğaireađt mo beul air riuðal,
Fár pparraineaé do ppalpainn-pe na pppéađa mionn,
'S nář b'peappa liom ceapc ağam-ra ná an t-éiđeae trú.

A banalcpa ġeal ġeanamnaé Iñic Dé na n-dúl,
Aomúim duit malluiğčeađt mo řaoğail ó éúir,
Ğup ġađar-ra leaó' leanb-ra ip leat féin bun-op-cionn,
'S an mađpa duð talcpaiğče 'na peipc am' élúio.

Aingil ġil baó éeannapaé peoé aon doo' ġrúing
Do řearaió inř na plaiđeapaió gan řcaon don tñúč,
Aomúim duit bapbareađt mo beil nář búio
20 'S ġae peaca uile do éapap-ra lem' aeib go olúč.

Aomúim anoir m'anacpa ip mo épéađta dúba,
Am' ġalapaé bočt peannuiđeae a b-pein 'ř a b-puðair,
Don Iñac bairciğčeae le'ř teağairğeaó hépoð dúř,
Ip tré an teağarğ řin gup cailleaó leip an plaopğ dá
éionn.

4. It is best to take ip baoğal with am' éionn.

7. We must not take such self-accusations too literally; they imply a pious spirit, but cover all the ground of the moral law in a stereotyped fashion.

15. ġađar bun op cionn le = 'I walked in opposition to.'

LII.

ANOTHER CONFESSION BY JOHN O'CONNELL.

I confess, now, my deeds tearfully and sadly—
 Though I fear, alas, my misery! that it is too late for me—
 Through following perverse evil ways, without cause,
 The danger hangs over me of flames being stirred up for me.

I confess to Thee, first, O sweet, only Father,
 Whose beloved Son was bruised, tortured, extended on a cross,
 That I practised intemperance, and gluttony, and lust,
 And deceit, and envy, and stubbornness, and jealousy.

10 I confess to Thee, O noble Spirit of holy countenance,
 That my mouth kept speaking deceitfully through knavery;
 So that I gave forth in bitterness showers of oath-curses;
 Nor did I prefer to be in the right rather than miserably to lie.

O loving, bright nurse-mother of the Son of God of the
 elements,

I confess to thee the wickedness of my life from the beginning,
 That I have walked in opposition to thy Child and thee,
 While the black dog was fondled, a monster, in my breast.

O bright angel, who held sway beyond any of thy company,
 Who stood in the heavens without yielding to envy,
 I confess to thee the profanity of my impious mouth,
 20 And every wicked crime I fondly cherished in my heart.

I confess now my miserable state and my black wounds
 Poor, diseased creature that I am, in pain and misery,
 To the Baptist by whom the obdurate Herod was admonished,
 And who lost his head through that admonition.

16. an maḡpa dub = 'the devil.'

17-18. St. Michael the Archangel; envy is said to have given rise to the rebellion of the angels.

Αὐνῆυμ δο na h-apptalaiβ, ní ἐείγιμ αιρ ρύν,
 Δο þeaðap ιρ don apptal-pan naç féibip liom
 Αἰνμ ειρτ am' pannaib ÷up a n-éipeaçt ÷ugam,
 Map mādpa γο γ-capainn-pe fá pðéið na m-bpúçt.

Αὐνῆυμ δο na h-aingiolaiβ ιρ δο γαç aon 'r an dún
 30 þarçair, ιρ d'Áçair-oide an Oigpe élníuul,
 Τρέ ðeapmað na n-aíçeanτα γup ἐρέιð mo þúil,
 'S an mapcpa dom' leaγað-pa ap léiçte am' ÷úl.

Δο γlanað me 'r an m-bairte map pðéim na γ-colúr,
 Νό ταιçneañ cpioρðail pneaçta ðil δο þéiðeap ÷ugainn
 Tap pleapaib ÷noic lá eappaig ðuib 'na þlaοðaiβ τιυða,
 Cio pðapap pip an pðabal pin, mo m'éala dúbac!

Sealað ðam paoi an pðabal pin, δο þléipγ τιγ ÷ugam,
 Λaðpann ιρ taprainγεann me a m-baoðalaiβ ponγç,
 Map mādpa fá'r leanap leiρ αιρ éill ÷um piubail,
 40 'Sar ταιçnioμάç δο lapainn le na þéiðeað þúm.

Δο b' anañ ÷um an aippinn aγ téaçt le ponn,
 Δο ðeapmaðainn na palma δο léiðeað αιρ mo ðlúin,
 Salçair Muipe ðeannuiðçe ÷um Δé ní duðapç,
 'S cpé çapeuipne don Eazlaip nfor éipðioρ piú.

Ní ðeacpa αιρ an ðlappað γaç bpaon don ðpúçt,
 Ná γainim τιγ na çapnaiβ le ταοpað tonn,
 Α n-ðeapð-uñip, γεallaim, ÷up a γ-cléipceap dúinn,
 Ná peaca cpuinne aγam-pa coip cléiðe am' ÷úm.

25. ní ἐείγιμ : MS. ní n-ðeiðim.

26. St. Paul. Þól, with its long ó sound, could not find a place in this metre.

30. Áçair-oide = St. Joseph.

31-32. If þúil be taken = 'eye,' we might translate, 'my eye hath waned.' It is possible that we should read na h-aíçeanτα, and take cpé ðeapmað absolutely, 'through forgetfulness my eye (i.e. myself) abandoned the commandments.'

I confess to the Apostles—I keep it not secret—
 To Peter, and to that apostle whose proper name
 I cannot bring into my verse effectively,
 That like a dog I used to return to the overflow of vomitings.

30 I confess to the angels and to each one in the stronghold
 Of Paradise, and to the Foster-Father of the renowned Heir,
 That through forgetfulness of the commandments my hope
 has abandoned me
 While I totter in decrepitude and my head is grey.

I was cleansed in baptism pure as the beauty of doves,
 Or the crystal brightness of the white snow which blows
 upon us
 Over the slopes of a hill on a black spring day in frequent
 flakes,
 Although, my doleful loss! I parted with that robe.

When I was for a time in that robe suddenly there comes
 to me

A robber who draws me into occasions of danger,
 I followed him on like a dog led by a thong,
 40 And pleased did I light up at all that he suggested to me.

Seldom did I go to Mass with desire,
 I forgot to read the psalms on my knees.
 I did not recite the Psalter of Holy Mary to God,
 And through contempt for the clergy I listened not to them.

It is not more difficult, every drop of dew on the green herbage,
 Or the sand that comes in heaps with the flowing tide,
 To count in exact numbers, I aver,
 Then the full number of the sins in my breast beside my
 heart.

33. This line slightly halts in metre; perhaps we should read *Do glanað annr an m-bairte me*, &c.

37. *do pléirð* = *do ðeir*, 'suddenly.'

40. *cf.* 'tá re að réirðeað fúm,' 'he is urging me on, he is tempting me':
 MS. *fúgam*.

48. *peaca* = *peac̃ta*, older plural.

Ծօ մաւբար-բա ԼԵ Խրանաւբաճէ Թար քաօլճօւն ճիւսն,
 50 Աջ ալբաւբաճէ ճաճ ալաւջ Խաժ ԽրէմԵ ամ Խրնո՛ւ;
 Ածմսւմ յա Խ-աւճԵանտա ծօ քաօԽաժ Լիօմ,
 Երբ ար Խ'Եաջալ ծամ ԽԵժ ծամանտա 'ծիր ծաօլաւԹ ծնԽա.

Ոհ Խ-Եաջա ԽԵժ ծամանտա իծիր ծաօլաւԹ ծնԽա,
 Ոհ տաւճնօն ծօ յա քլաւճիօրաւԹ իր քրէմն ծօմ' ճւր,
 Աճէ աւսիրբ ծօ ճլաւար-բա աջսր Լէր-րճրիօր ծնԽաճ,
 Բարճ ճսր ար Եաջնաճէ ԼիԽ ԾԵ ճան տրնիճ.

Ըծ մԵարա մԵ ար ծամանտաճէ յա աօն ծար քննԽալ,
 ՄաւճԵաճար ծօ ճԵաԽանն-րԵ աջսր ԵրտԵաճէ սնալ,
 Աճէ րճրԵաԽաժ ճսրտ ԼԵ ճարճա ճօլ իր ԵրճնԵ իր Լնիճ,
 60 Ըսմ Խանալտրան ան Ծալտա ճլ յար Եմուճ տրն.

Ար ան աժԽար քան օրտ աճրաւմ ա ԽԵժ ճան քմնիտ,
 Ար անճիօլաւԹ ար արտալաւԹ 'ր ար յաօնաւԹ նրո՛ւ,
 Մար ճԵարմսւն Երտ տաճարճա ճօ տրԵսն ամ' ճւր
 Լր մաւճԵաճար ծօ ճԵաԽաժ-բա մա ծԵմնո՛ւ քնն.

Աճար-օւԾ ԽԵաննուճճԵ ծօն ճԼէր 'բա ճրն,
 Ըարճանաճ ԽԵր տԵաճարճ ծամ ծա յճլլԵանն ճն,
 Ան ճաճ արքրօնն ծա յ-աԽրար ճօ Խ-Եաջ ճսն լիօմ,
 Լր ճԵալլաւմ-րԵ մա քրԵաճրար յաճ Խաօջալ ծօմ քսճար.

65. As in the usual formula, he addresses himself to the Confessor.

I lived by prowling like a quiet wolf,
50 Gorging the most putrid carrion, brute as I was ;
I confess the commandments were violated by me,
Because of which I fear I may be damned among black
chafers.

It is not the fear of being damned among black chafers,
Or love for the heavens that is the root of my trouble,
But sorrow I have conceived and doleful tribulation
At having enraged the wisdom of the Son of God, without
cause.

Though I be deeper in damnation than any man that ever
walked,
I would get pardon and a willing hearing,
Let me but cry bitterly, with tearful screams, and shrieks, and
moans.
60 To the Mother-Nurse of the Bright Child, who has not refused
a wretch.

For that reason I cry out to thee, O woman without blemish,
To the angels, to the apostles, and to the saints of the Orders,
As a true protection of powerful intercession in my cause ;
And if they be that, I will obtain forgiveness.

O Father, holy teacher to the clergy and their tribe,
In charity teach me all that Thou believest,
In every Mass which thou wilt say until death pray for me,
And, I aver, if thou respondest, I need not fear hurt.

LIII.

μαῶτΝαιη α ᾄ-ειλλ τυατα.

Le Conchubar Ua Ríordáin.

Peuc a peacais, a pearra na príom-uaille,
 Óráadtaiḡ, éalḡaiḡ, éaáapḡaiḡ, éroiḡe-éuapais,
 Íaoḡbais, íearḡaiḡ, íaltanais, ííll-íuaḡbais,
 Čaḡḡbais, čaḡapḡaiḡ, čapcuirḡis, čínn-čuaipḡirḡ.

Peuc ḡo deapḡḡa a nḡeata ḡac cíll τυατα,
 Air ílaopḡaiḡ capḡ ḡo bpearalač buiḡe air puapaḡ,
 A rḡéiḡ ḡo rḡamalač, mapḡ air óíč luaḡaille,
 A nḡné ḡan taičḡmóḡ, ḡan anam, ḡan óíon buapḡain,

ḡan léim, ḡan labairḡ, ḡan deallḡ, ḡan ḡlaoi ḡpuaisḡ,
 10 ḡan éipeačt eačḡra ḡ'aičḡir ḡo ḡrínḡ-éluanač,
 ḡan éeim ḡan éeannar ḡan čapaḡḡ ḡan čaoim-čuaillačt,
 Óá n-éir ḡan ḡ'aḡḡar 'na leabaiḡ ačt mín-luaíčḡeač.

Le h-eipeačt deapḡḡa ip deacair a príom uainne,
 Cía ḡo íealḡais anam ḡac críon-ḡpuaille ?
 Céaḡḡa ḡ'aiḡḡiḡlailḡ ílaičḡir an Ríḡ uačḡraisḡ,
 Seac rḡaoč ḡo deaimḡailḡ malluiḡčḡe míoḡ-íuanḡḡir.

LIII.—The author of this, and the following poem was a native of West Muskery, and lived for a time in the neighbourhood of Macroom. He was known as Conchubhar Maighistir, as he taught classics and their native tongue, as well as English, to the youths of his day. His literary life lay chiefly between 1735 and 1755. His name has continued for a century and a half a household word, not only in Muskery, but in Kerry, where there are many closely related to him to the present day. He is remarkable for the sweetness as well as grace and finish of his verse, and has written some excellent specimens of contemplate poetry. The meditation on human life which we give here reminds one forcibly of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"; both were written about the same time. The metre, with its solemn endings, is admirably adapted to serious poetry; and it is

LIII.

A MEDITATION IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

BY CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN.

Look, O sinner, thou offspring (lit. person) of the first pride,
 Who art wounding, deceitful, soiled, hollow-hearted,
 Spiteful, wrathful, contentious, disposed to treachery,
 Inconstant, impertinent, offensive, most stubborn.

Look, indeed, at the entrance to any country churchyard,
 On the skulls of the graves, of greasy red and yellow, as they
 moulder,
 Their beauty obscured, and dead without motion,
 Their countenance without loveliness, without life, without
 defence from the rain,

Without spring, without speech, without shape, without a lock
 of hair,

10 Without the power of rehearsing a tale with witty flattery,
 Without sway, without rule, without a friend, without pleasant
 companions,
 Without any substance left behind them where they lay but fine
 ashes.

It is truly difficult for us to tell precisely
 Who has taken possession of the souls of each withered carcass :
 The hundreds of angels in the heaven of the Supreme King,
 Or a host of evil, restless demons ?

hardly too much to say that there are few finer pieces of its kind in any language. The Address to the Blessed Virgin Mary, which forms the binding of LIV. for loftiness of thought and imagery, deserves a high place among the productions of the lyric muse.

8. δῖον θυάρταιν refers probably to the hair of the head.

15. πῶϊμ-πῶαβαῖς = 'wealth-snatching' or 'wealth-sweeping' (?).

A éleirig éleáctar a leabhair laoi-ðuana,
 Saoctar teagairig na n-appcal 'r an nío luadabar,
 Séamur, Deabar, ir Marcur do rǵríob rzuana,
 20 Ir ná déanfað capbar beaða ná fíonra uaiþreac.

A íaoǵaltarig éarcuirig, ílabairǵéig, rǵím-rǵuabairig,
 Do raobar aíteanta beannuiǵte an Ríǵ uac̃trairig,
 Muna n-dénfir aítearac̃ar faðcuirreac̃ croid̃e-buar̃e,
 Ir baoǵal ǵurab eǵal buir breac̃anna laoi an uaim̃am.

Mo leun! mo laǵar! mo leaǵað! ir mo líon-luarǵað!
 Feuc̃ cá ǵababar ðraguim na m-bruiðean-τ-rluairǵte,
 Laõra mair̃ib a ǵ-cačannair̃ ǵníoim-uairle
 béir ir aitéig ir načarač nime a buarair̃ib.

Feuc̃ cá nǵabann an farair̃e fíor-čuar̃bač,
 30 Saorap mear̃ba meacanta míon-ǵruaǵač,
 Do íaõtrairig reall̃ ǵač cačair̃ ir cíor cuanta,
 Ir do raobað ðamǵneac̃' bailte le buiðean τ-rluaǵač.

Na laõra leabair-rǵríor leabair-mac íríom uair̃il,
 Do éreáctarig Aicill̃²⁴tré meabail ǵé'ir mío-čuarim,
 An bé čuǵ trearǵair̃e dá ðearǵair̃ 'ran Traoi ir tua r-
 ǵam,
 A rǵéim̃ nač aitéib̃ reac̃ ainñ na mío-rnuad̃ač.

Feuc̃ air̃ beaða na b-feapačon b-fíor-íuair̃c̃ir,
 Feuc̃ na cačanna calma bí a m-buannačt,
 Laoǵair̃e Cair̃bpe Cačal ir Cuim̃ uaine,
 40 Ir Aonǵur air̃mǵeal ainñear, ðraoi cuar̃bač.

24. MS. luaim̃am; the Day of Judgment, it used to be thought, would fall on a Monday. (luaim̃am = luam̃ ?), which is otherwise believed to be an unlucky day.

Ib. After line 24 A. has the following additional stanza:—

Ir trean bir̃ peaca buð malluiǵte an élaoin-uabair̃,
 Ir méim̃ cum mair̃ear na ǵ-capad̃ do ílíobað uac̃a,
 Aonac̃ač aig̃ne aǵ meallað ǵač ríof̃-r̃cuair̃e,
 'San c̃raor 'na h-aice ǵo reapañnac̃ raiǵead̃-čuar̃bač.

- Thou cleric, familiar, in books of verse-poems,
With the labours of teaching of the apostles and the things they
said,
James, Peter, and Mark, who wrote texts,
20 And who were not intemperate in their living or in proud wines.

Thou worldling, contemptuous, rapacious, wealth-snatching,
Who breakest the holy commandments of the Supreme King,
If thou dost not repent in sorrow and trouble of heart,
It is to be feared that thou hast to dread the judgments of the
day of terror.

My woe! my weakness! my overthrowing! and my full agita-
tion!
See whither they have gone—the warriors of hosted bands,
Champions who slew in noble feats of chivalry,
Bears and giants and snakes in their dens.

- See whither goes the valiant man of much marching,
30 Cæsar, the active, the gentle, of smooth hair,
Who won the possession of every city and the tribute of harbours,
And who sacked towns and strongholds with warlike companies.

The heroes whom the nimble son of noble Priam mangled and
destroyed,
He whom Achilles wounded through treachery though unex-
pectedly,
The lady who by her deeds brought on Troy ruin and chastise-
ment—
Their beauty is not known from the blemish of the ill-visaged.

- Look at the lives of the truly-pleasant warriors,
Look at the steadfast battalions who were engaged in service,
Laoghaire, Cairbre, Cathal, and Conn the green,
40 And Aongus of bright arms, the swift magician of much marching;

Քեւե՛ նա՛ւ ա՛ւնո՛ւն ա b-բարրա՛ նա՛ ա n-նօջար քսամո՛ւն,
 Լե՛ լեաճա՛ծ նա՛ լեական՛ նա՛ լարար՛ ա ի՛նչ լսամքեա՛ծ,
 Եւը՛ նա՛ ծարսա՛ նա՛ մալա՛ նա՛ բօր-ժնարա,
 Ա՛ւտ քլաօ՛ւն ծօ՛ւն ճարն-ճնուն՛ ծեա՛ւտա՛ 'նա n-նօջ-սանհանա՛ւն.

Մա՛ ծեանտար քալ՛ն նա՛ b-բարեար՛ ԼԵ ԲԱՅԻՐ ՍԱԼԼԱՅ,
 Շարճ Զան մարարծա՛ւտ, ծրամանա՛ ար ծի՛նչ քսաննար,
 Եւը՛ ան Եւծարե՛ աճ Եւարեա՛ծ ճա՛ւն Եւծաճա՛ւ,
 Իր ԲԱՅԵ՛ ծօ՛ւն ճարեար՛ արքա՛ւն ան Րիճ՛ ա ճ-ճարծա,

Ո՛ւն ծեմեա՛ծ տարքե՛ ծա՛ յղլաճա՛ծ նա՛ ճիօ՛ւն ճնարաճա՛ւ,
 50 Ո՛ւն ճիճեա՛ծ 'նա քաճա՛ւն ար Եաճրա՛ ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն,
 Ա՛ւտ ճեաճոնճա՛ծ քաճա՛ լե ճեաճարճ ճա՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն
 Ար ճան ճ'Եաճա՛ւն աճա՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն.

Ո՛ւն քինն ան ճ-ճար՛ ա b-բարճար՛ ծինն Եւանա՛ծ,
 Ան ճեաճ-քար՛ աճունն ծօ՛ւն ճեաճա՛ւն քիօր-ճնան ար,
 Ճիօ՛ւն քիօրճա՛ լարա՛ ար ճալան՛ ան ճ-քալիճ լար՛ ծօ,
 Ա՛ւտ ճիօ՛ւն ճ' Եալլ նա՛ ի-ճիօ՛ւն ար ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն.

Տճին՛ նա՛ n-նոնճիօ՛ւն ճ Եաճար՛ ա ճինն ճ'քաճա՛ւն ար,
 Աճ ճեա՛ւտ ճօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն 'նա ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն,
 Ո՛ւն քինն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն, ճիօ՛ւն ճօ՛ւն ճօ՛ւն ճօ՛ւն ճօ՛ւն ճօ՛ւն,
 60 Ո՛ւն n-նեմեա՛ծ ճաննունն ճ'ճիօ՛ւն ան Րիճ՛ ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն.

Ա n-նեմ՛ ան քեա՛ ծօ՛ւն ճեա՛ ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն,
 Ա քիճեա՛ ճարճա՛ ծօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ան Րիճ՛ ճիօ՛ւն,
 Ան ծօ՛ւն քարրանա՛ ճաննունն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն,
 Աճ քարա՛ ճիօ՛ւն նա՛ ի-քարճիօ՛ւն Ե՛ ա ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն.

Ար ճիճեա՛ծ նա՛ Եաճա՛ ծօ՛ւն ար ճիօ՛ւն ան ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն,
 Եալլ ճիօ՛ւն նա՛ n-նարճա՛ ա ճ-քեաճա՛ ճօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն,
 Մար ճալան՛ ճեա՛ նա՛ n-նոնճիօ՛ւն ա ճիօ՛ւն ճիօ՛ւն,
 Ան ճ-քար՛ ար ճալան՛ 'նա ճինն քաճար՛.

44. MS. սաճանա՛ւն, the 'cavities' where their eyes and ears and mouths should be. 48. ա ճ-ճարծա, 'the journey of their lives, their lives.'

53. քինն = քինն; perhaps Եւանա՛ = 'place of abode,' and ծինն = ծինն = ծինն.

62. ծօ ճիօ՛ւն = 'he trod' *the earth as man*.

See how their person or their beautiful figure cannot be
recognised

By scanning of their cheeks, or by the blaze of their vivid hue ;
They have no mouth, or eyes, or eyebrows, or real ears,
But a layer of clotted maggots pressed into their trenchéd cavities.

If the possession of the heavens be obtained by proud vanity,
Gluttony without moderation, drinks with discord,
By the mouth of the flatterer tasting every pleasing food,
In folly did the apostles of the King spend their course of life,

Who did not treasure or hoard up what they received,
50 Who did not gallop on troops of strong horses with flowing
manes ;
But kept long fasts and taught each erring tribe,
With no dress save coarse and bristling garments.

The Father made subjects of us in Paradise ;
The first man of our race—He raised a great multitude from him,
He gave up to him the air, the seas, the lands of the worlds,
Let him but leave untouched the forbidden apple on one small tree.

From the crown of his head he clothed him with angelic beauty
Which came down to his feet in a robe as a protection from the cold ;
He made a compact with him—he would have lived to this day
60 Had he but obeyed the commandments of the King which he
gave him.

After the sin that had stung our ancient race,
The Majestic King trod the earth for the release of our difficulty,
One of the Blessed Persons of the noble Trinity,
To save the people under a curse who were in trouble.

While He shall pronounce judgment on the sides of the vale of
terror,
The clergy of the Apostles will tremble in affliction of heart,
The angels will be in form like chafers through sheer mourning,
The air will be ablaze, and the earth all upturn.

70 Iṛ faobpaḁ fpeapa na bpeapḡ ḡo fíor-luaimneaḁ,
 Iṛ é le tairḃe ḁearḃar an ḡaoil-ḁuallaḁt,
 Méinn leirḡ cpaṛaiḡḁe ḁeangail ḡaḁ clíḁ buain-rin,
 ḡan ḁéirḁe ḁo ḁaḃairṫ ná aḁairṫ air Ḳríorṫ ḁuana.

A Ḵé na b-plaiḁear a b-peannaib ḁo ḁuill cpaib rin
 Saor-pe m'anam ó ḁealḡaib paíḡḁaḁ uaḁa :
 An ḁaor Spioraḁ ḁamanṫa, ḁeamhan an fíll uaḁmair,
 An paḡḡal 'ṛ an capn-ḁorṫ cleapuiḡḁeḁ claoim-ḁuarḁaḁ.

Iṛ téiḡeam le maḁṫnaím na meanmna a b-ppíoiḁ-uaiḡnear,
 Aḡ ḁéanaím taṛcairṫe air ḁairḃe an ṫ-paíḡil fuaṛaiḡ,
 Aḡ péitíoiḁ eapṛaibḁe an Aḁar 'ṛ an ṫ-Saoi ḁ'fuaṛḡail
 80 Na cḁaḁṫa a b-peannaib-bṫuib Acheron fíor-uaḁmair.

LIV.

FAOISI'DIN ḲONḲUḴAIR UÍ RÍORḴÁIN.

Aḁmunn féin ḡo ḁéapaḁ, ḁíṫpeópaḁ,
 A n-aiṫpeaḁar ḡéar taṛ éir mo ḡníoiḁ ḡnóḁa,
 Ḵ'aiṫeanṫa Ḵé ná ḁéinninn ṫin-ṫpeópa,
 Iṛ ḡup b'aiṫe liom claoṫa clé na clíḁ-peóla.

Baḁ ḁealḡaḁ cpaopaḁ cpeáḁṫaḁ cpoiḁe-ḁpóluib
 Me aḡ ṫḡeanaḁ ḡaḁ ṫḡéil ḡo h-éiṫeaḁ íoḡcópḁe;
 A nḡeallunn níor m'éin liom é ḁo fíor-ḁoimall,
 'S iṛ maiṫḡ ḁon bé ḁo ḁéanṫaḁ línn coḁairṫe.

Ḵo b'anaim me aḡ pléaḁṫaḁ aḡ ṫaob na ḡ-cill-ḁóirṫe,
 10 Aḡ maḁṫnaím ḡo m-béinn maṛ aon ḁon ḁṫuinn-ḁóirṫoiḁ,
 Aḡ amairḁ na ḁ-ṫpéim-fear ṫpéimṫe bí peomaimne
 A ḡ-ceannar an ṫ-paḡḡail, ḡléarḁa, ḡpoiḁe-ḁóirṫiḡ.

70-72. These lines are obscure: MS. ceangail; buan = 'holding out, resisting' (?). The general sense is in accordance with the text—"Depart from Me ye cursed, &c., for I was hungry, and ye gave me not to eat, &c."

- Keen are the showers of wrath with true activity ;
 70 And this is what the afflicted band profess for their advantage—
 A slothful, stingy clemency that restrained every resisting heart
 of these
 From giving alms or from entreating the noble Christ.
- O God of Heaven, who hast dearly purchased us in pain,
 Deliver my soul from the deceitful darts of these—
 The guilty damned spirit, the demon of dread treachery,
 The world, and the lumpish body, cunning, of perverse ways.
- And let us go by the meditation of our minds into deep solitude,
 To condemn the goods of the miserable world,
 And to free ourselves from the anger of the Father, and of the
 Noble One who liberated
 80 Hundreds from the painful bondage of much dreaded Acheron.

LIV.

CONCHUBHAR O'RIORDAN'S CONFESSION.

- I confess tearfully, and devoid of strength,
 In bitter repentance after my misdoings,
 That I was not mildly led by the commandments of God ;
 And that I preferred the sinister, perverse ways of the flesh.
- Deceitfully, eagerly, wound-inflicting, in agony of heart,
 Did I pour out every gossip in falsehood and injustice ;
 What I promised, I did not wish to fulfil,
 And woe to the woman who gave me her confidence.
- Seldom did I bow beside churchyard gates,
 10 Pondering that I should be as one of that vast multitude ;
 Looking upon the great men who lived some time before us,
 In the sovereignty of the adorned, mighty, coach-loving world.

76. For capn-éopp, *cf.* capn-énum, line 44 *supra*.

78. řuaparař: MS. řuapac.

An τ-anañ do éeíðinn, níor b'é mo pmaoinτεóipeaét :
 Σup balb an béal bað b'péaγaé bínn-pγéolaé,
 Σan balaiτε aγ céaðpaið claon na ppióm-ípóna,
 'S sup pmaétuiγéte paon deape pmeíde an pmipteópa.

Ní deacpa paelte an aeip do épuinn-éóipioñ,
 Ná γlapapa aip γέαγαιb epaob, ná coill énoπαé,
 Ná γainiñ do éeíð le tapoγað tuinn bóèna,
 20 'Ná a γ-cleaétuinn γaé lae do paobað ðlíγε an Cómaétaiγ;

Na ceačanna bpaon aip p'éap γlap p'ip-neona,
 Nó maibion poiñ γpéin aip ð-τέaét ðon inñ-póγñap,
 'Ná peaca map ééile céipðe am élí éomñuiγ;
 'S a maičioñ leð' ðaonnaét Aenñic aoipð ðeónuiγ.

A leaðap na ð-τέx pé léiγteap linn ðóéap :
 Θá malluiγéteaét aon má γlapoðann γo epoiðe-ðéopaé,
 Σup a maiτεaéap paop a éeíð ðon γñioñ tóppa,
 Aét panñuim γo péið tap 'éip aip plíγε póγanta.

Aétuimγim péin ip éiγim γo γlínñ-γlópaé,
 30 Aétair na naom ip Réx na Tpiónoide,
 An p'earpa le péin a éléib ðo p'apop plóíγte
 'S an Apaið Spioπαð Naoméa péiðeap γaé míoðóéap,

ðo neaptauγ an éléip aip m-beiτ ðéapaé ðiτpeópaé,
 Leaγaiτε ð'éip a paeltean píγ-eólaip,
 Léip laðaiip 'na m-béal na b'péiτpe paopγeóλta,
 Aγ teaγapγ ðan p'péip γaé aon ðon nañaið-éomñappañ.

bé aγuið-pe, a p'aoγail, plaoðaiγ, plím-plóγaiγ,
 Náp éeanγñaiγ map mépi a m-baoγalaib míoðóéuip
 Ip ðeapbéta an pγéal ðo péip na naom-eolaé
 40 ðo plaiτεap γo péið γo paγaið ðan millteoipeaét.

On the few occasions I went thither, my reflections were not :
That silent is the mouth that was lying, tuneful in gossip ;
That there is no smelling in the perverse sense of what was once
the nose ;

And that subdued and weak is the smiling eye of the smiter.

It is not more difficult to count exactly the stars of the heavens,
Or the green leaves on the branches of a tree, or a wood of nuts,
Or the sand that goes with the flowing of the waves of ocean,
20 Than the violations of the law of the Almighty that I daily
practised.

Nor more difficult to count the showers of drops on the green
grass at eventide,

Or at morning before sunrise, when mild autumn comes on,
Than the sins that abided in my breast as companions of my
work ;

And do thou, O High Only Son, deign to forgive them in thy
clemency.

In the Book of texts we read of hope :
How wicked soever one may be, if he cry out with heart-tears,
That he obtains free forgiveness of his past deeds
Let him only remain freely afterwards in the way of righteousness.

I beseech and entreat with a loud voice
30 The Father of the saints, and King of the Trinity ;
The Person who by the sufferings of his heart saved multitudes,
And the noble Holy Spirit who removes every want of hope,

Who strengthened the clergy, on their being tearful, devoid of
vigour,

Prostrate, after the loss of their star of kingly guidance,
So that He spoke by their mouths words of gospel,
Teaching without conceit every hostile neighbour.

Whoever of thy people, O slippery, crowded world,
Has not fallen like me into the dangers of despair,
It is a true story, according to the holy sages,
40 That he will easily go to heaven without injury.

THE BINDING.

O Queen of queens, and loveliness of woman,
And affection by which the resentment of God is restrained,
O staff of light, and steadfast, zealous love to the clergy,
Pray in time that our evil pride may be all forgiven.

The beloved is she of the King of the Stars, as a stainless child,
Christ chose her for his mother-nurse without fault ;
I imagine that there in his bed the Holy Spirit reposes,
She is my stay in every difficulty, to answer for me in my conflict.

The sword-spear, as I deem, is she of feeble souls,
50 And a limber tree without deceit is she from fruit to root ;
Passionate though I be, shattered by disease or sickness,
To the fringes of her skirted, fair mantle will I go for shelter.

To the camps of the polished, mangling, keen swords,
In the time of hostile vengeance did it happen that I should go,
Amid fleets on the wave tides of the sea in danger,
My help is she in their rapine—I fear no one.

Strong though the hostile demons come from wicked Acheron,
While the perverse, slippery, smooth world daily allures me,
While evil desire puts forth falsehood in flashes,
60 To helplessness does the modest fair one reduce all their strength.

The choice of the king of the wet, wide world is the woman ;
Her speech is full of forgiveness by calling on her name ;
It is my desire to invoke her friendship until death shall come,
That Christ may take in his wide net all our souls.

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND VARIANTS.

- I. 11. For *baiprpíonn* most MSS. have *peapann*.
- III. A very inaccurate version of this poem has been printed by O'Daly, who ascribes it to Mac Donnell.
- IV. 14. The prevailing MS. reading is that given in text, *am éime aḡ an ḡ-címe*. MS. 23, I 13 (R.I.A.), gives *dom éimeað aḡ an ḡeimíð*; O'Curry's MS., *am éimeað 'ḡan ḡ-címe ḡup*, etc.
- XI. 24. A poem by O'Brudar, welcoming Sir James Cotter, begins, *Páilte Uí Céalla*, which O'Curry translates without comment, "The welcome of O'Kelly."
- XII. A MS. in the O'Curry Collection has the following variants:—
13. *cpeíll for cpeíðíll*; so also a R.I.A. copy.
 20. *a leaḡionda for a m-bpeíḡpe*.
 25. *píorpíuip for coluip*.
 30. *Ṫrí h-aoinḡuipḡ a naoinḡ-uipḡ Ṫrí clí cuíḡpa bíð*.
(A MS. R.I.A. :
Ṫrí h-aoin-buḡaiḡ a naoinḡ-uipḡ Ṫrí clí cuíḡpa bí.)
 31. *píob éuḡḡa for pḡpíob éuḡað*.
- XIII. 33. O'Curry's MS. gives *néal for réalta*.
45. *ḡo bun Raite do Ṫaipḡíl na pḡeólta*.
 101. *córip* is, no doubt, the true reading, and not *cóḡaip-pí*.
- XV. A MS. in the O'Curry Collection gives the following variants:—
2. *Saod for 'S ḡaod*.
 12. *do ḡpuim for do bḡpíḡ*.
 27. *ḡo for ḡan*.
 28. *ḡo for ná*.
 35. *deḡpaḡ for teḡpa*.
 39. *mín-bḡoḡ móna for Ríḡḡ-bḡoḡ ḡóipḡne*.
 44. *a píḡe Maíḡḡe baíḡḡe a bḡón-ḡol*.
 48. *a nḡleḡ-ḡnuic for a pḡ-ḡlaiḡ*.
 61. *píop na pḡeólta for píop a pḡeólta*.
 68. *na pḡipḡne for ḡo ḡlḡpaḡ*.
 72. *aip mḡipṫeaḡ for aip bḡḡḡaíḡ*.

73. *ḃá for don.*
 88. *τράḡλαέτ for τράḡαḃ αιρ λαέτ.*
 92. *ḃ'αιριḡεαḃ ρό-ḡlan for αιρḡιḃ ρο-ḡlan.*
 96. *ιρ for αρ.*
 97. *αρḡειμιν for αḡ ḡειμνιν ; λυέτ for λοινν.*
 123. *lom for caoin ; éam for éoim.*
 125. *ḡine for cine.*
 126. *ḡleó-ḡaḃ for ḡleócuḡ.*
 144. *οḡραḡαḃ for ἀρḡαέ.*
 160. *ταḃm nḡor ḡóḡuiḡ, the last word is not given in the other MSS.*
 208. *Θεαḡαḃ for ḃall.*
 212. *ρó-ḡlic for ρó-ḡlan.*

XVI. The following variants are from O'Curry's MS. :—

6. *τλαέτ for τ-plaέτ.* No doubt *τλαέτ* is the true reading, "their own garment."
 7. *Ρίḡ éapτ for ρίḡ éιρτ ;* the aspiration of *c* is strange.
 15. *Aeton for Phaeton.*
 17. *αιρ a ρίḡ-lic for αιρ an ρίḡ-lic.*
 37. *αιρ Éeallaḃ na móρ-ḡrúιρ for αιρ Eallaḃ lá an épuacain.*
 45. *an ḡeil-ιnḡe a éaiḡιρ ḡpeáḡ ḡlóρmḡ.* Perhaps *caiḡιρ* is in apposition to *ḡeil-ιnḡe*. Translate, "The fair Island, his beauteous, splendid abode, gave him, etc."
 48. *Ιρ ḡeappa ḡá ḃó ḃo na an ḡaoiḡeal.*
 51. *Ταḃαιρ ḡpeaḡna ḡḡap ná ḡan ḡo ḡaḃa ḡáḃ ḡḡéal.*

XXI. 24. *ḃo ḡḡuiḡeap for ḃo ḡileap.*

XXII. 21. *Úḡ iona leacain τḡí ḡḡáil an ρóρ luiḃ.*

22. *na lóḡ n-ḡeal for 'na lóḃuiḃ ;* another variant, *na loḡḃḡuiḃ.*

84. After this line the following stanza is in O'Curry's MS. (and in some others with variations) :—

*Úe ḡnιḡmḡaḃ luḡmḡa a émeaḃ 'ra éomḡuiḡ,
 ḡḡioéaḃ ρíḡḡe ḃo ḡuiḡeabap éóh-laḡ,
 Mḡap ḡḡioḃap ḃḡonḡa luéḡ ḡuiḡḡionna an eoluiḡ,
 'San éḡioé ḃá nḡoiḡḡeap muiḡ Mucḡuime ḡóρ ḃi.*

88. *ιρ móρ for ιρ ḡíor.*
 114. *ḃo ρuḡ τḡúḡ τḡí Ovid, for ḃo éuiḡ éιρḡḡe αιρ Ovid.*
 120. *map mēaḃḡaiḡ for ḃo mēaḃḡaiḡ (R.I.A. 23, E. 16).*
 171. *An Éuiḡean ιρ ḃiomḃaḃaé ḡo móρ-muiḡ.*
 175. *an ḡleannúḡaé.*
 184. *na éóhḃaiḡ for 'na éóḃiḃ.*
 224. *ḡaoiḃ' élab for ḡaoiḃ' éliaḃ.*

XXVI. 13. Castlemartyr is meant. Thomas, fourteenth Knight of Glin married Mary, daughter of Edward Fitzgerald of Castlemartyr.

76. mná loma, the women of Imokilly. The Irish form of Imokilly is Aoibh mac Caille, but, as in the case of Magonihy, a corrupted form was employed.

XXVII. A stanza in the body of this poem was inadvertently omitted ; it begins :—

Céile lliúipe cé ip rí do ip mátaip.

XXXIV. 13-14. Mór an rḡéal, ní peibip d'ḡolamḡ
Méad an n-díct do pìom lem' lo-pa.

26. póipne *for* óipinne.

118. tḡpḡ pḡm d'ḡḡḡnap, which has been introduced into text instead of tḡpeadānap ḡḡḡnap, etc., of the other MSS.

XL. This stanza is quoted by Edward O'Reilly in his account of O'Rahilly in his "Irish Writers" under the year 1726. He says it is taken from a poem on a shipwreck off the Kerry coast, which the poet witnessed. Of this poem he had an imperfect copy. We greatly regret that we have been unable to find this poem, which, if we may judge from the specimen here given, must be a piece of great merit.

XLI. J. O'Longan, who indexed O'Curry's Catalogue in the Royal Irish Academy, seems to have understood the word Sionánaó = "Fox." It no doubt = Synan. On the same page of the MS. where this stanza is to be found (23, m. 45, p. 259) is a short poem of four stanzas, which O'Curry passes over, and which is thus described by O'Longan: "A satirical low poem by Aodhagan O'Rahilly (?) dispraising a man named Fox and his family. It begins with *Ó peataíḡe míc pìonnaíḡ.* (J.L.)" The piece is too vulgar for insertion here.

In xxxv. 19 read an cúipm = 'of the ale.' Tonn Toime mentioned in vii. is said by some to be in Dingle Bay.

GLOSSARY.

[In this Glossary, as a rule, only the rarer meanings of words occurring in the text are given. The poems abound in compounds of great interest, but it would take up too much space to give anything like a full list of them here. A complete analysis of all the words and idioms used in this volume would furnish matter for a good-sized Dictionary. The Roman numerals refer to the poems; the Arabic figures to the lines of the poems, respectively.]

Ἀάαιρε, interceding, LIII. 72.
 ἀάλανν, a prop, a hero (?), XIV. 80.
 ἀάβαρ, substance, LIII. 12.
 ἀάαιρε, burning; ἀά ἀάαιρε, aflame, used metaphorically, XIII. 90.
 ἀάναδ, kindling, arousing; α. τούριρε, xv. 3.
 ἀάαιρε, holding a parley; ἀά α. πάν ράεαλ, xvi. 51.
 αἰβιδ, 3rd sing perf., ripened, sprang to maturity; of the descent of persons, xi. 17.
 αἰάιβ, misfortune, *lit.* disease, III. 6, 13.
 αἰάιλ, an Achilles, a hero, vi. 8.
 αἰάιλιν, I vex, vi. 1; O'R. αἰάιλιν.
 αἰν-βριοραά, strange, extraordinary, XLIV.
 αἰνιή, a blemish, LIII. 36.
 αἰρι, esteem; ρριοταλ ᾄαν α., a reckless or dishonourable word, xxiv. 11.
 αἰρι-ῖλεαάταά, of high pedigree, XLII. 5.
 αἰρι-ῖλεαάταά, αἰρι-ῖλεαά α., a search of the highways, XLII. 19.
 αἰρι-ῖλε, restoration, II. 60-64; xxii. 203.
 αἰρι-ῖλε, accommodating; from αἰρι, a convenience, xiv. 7.

αἰρι-ῖλε, a gift; in phrase, α n-αἰρι-ῖλε, in vain, for nothing, xxxv. 94; xxxvi. 94.
 αἰρι-ῖλε, I change; of shape, viii. 9.
 αἰ-ῖλε, gen. of αἰ-ῖλε, the noble land, Erin, xxxviii. 28. The word is written αἰ-ῖλε in mss.
 αἰρι-ῖλε, devouring ravenously, LII. 50.
 αἰ-ῖλε, a foolish person, xxxviii. 16.
 αἰ-ῖλε, a wild, desperate man, a mercenary, II. 16; xvii. 25.
 αἰ-ῖλε, misery, LII. 21.
 αἰ-ῖλε, terror, xxii. 7.
 αἰ-ῖλε, love; α. αἰ-ῖλε, xiv. 39.
 αἰ-ῖλε, great tyranny, II. 6.
 αἰ-ῖλε, a lime quarry (?), II. 41; beautiful, xxvi. 94.
 αἰ, one; frequently it appears = 'own,' as αἰ-ῖλε, αἰ-ῖλε, αἰ-ῖλε, αἰ-ῖλε, though sometimes 'unique' seems a good rendering; before adjectives it is intensitive as αἰ-ῖλε, XII. 18.
 αἰ, high; ὁ-ῖλε, publicly, xxiv. 14; noble, xxx. 17.
 αἰ-ῖλε, going, marching; βρα-ῖλε αἰ-ῖλε, vi. 6, where ms. has αἰ-ῖλε.
 αἰ-ῖλε, wisdom (?), xxxvii. 7.

αἰὶς, an exclamation of sorrow,
XLIX. 21.

αἰδύμαιν, near; ὄο h-a., quickly,
v. 17.

αἰ-ῥαίρε, a chief, a noble, XXXVII. 12.

βαίς, the neck, XLII. 8.

βαίλλε-ῥίτ, a trembling of the limbs,
LI. 62.

βαίλλῃς, bailiffs, XLII. 18.

βάνῃς, madness, XXXVIII. 26.

βαλβαῖς, I grow dumb, or dis-
cordant; of the harp, XXVI. 96.

βαλῖα, the lips, XXIX. 21.

βάλτας, large, awkward; of the feet,
XXXVIII. 4.

banna = bann, censure, reproach;
the Pretender is called μαρρ ῥαν
banna, VI. 5; cf. πάνῃς ῥαν
aon loét, XX. 37.

βαρρα, = bapp, a crowning, I. 9.

beann, a horn; of cattle, VII. 2; of an
owl, XX. 29.

beatam, I say, XV. 45; XXVI. 39.

béilleac, a great stone, a tombstone,
passim.

beó-ῥνιτ, mortal shape, XV. 260.

beóðact, vivacity, XV. 132, *et passim*.

beóltán, a gabbler, XXXVIII. 26.

bí, pl. of beó, living, XII. 30; a ms.
in O'Curry's Collection reads—τρί
h-aon-búirb a naon-úirb τρί
clí cúirpa bíð.

biaðtaíre, beet-roots, XLV.

bíððað, a start; b. baððalaç,
XXVI. 82; báρ bíððæa, XVII. 10.

bóρðmar, enjoying good tables, well
fed, XXXIV. 55.

borppað, pride, XLVI.

boç, a shieling, XXII. 150.

boçóð, a tent, XXXII. 62.

braiðð-ḡeal, fair-necked, used nomi-
nally, XXXV. 183.

branaípeact, prowling for prey,
LII. 49.

bræonaç, wet or tearful, commonly
applied to the world, LIV. 61.

brænar, ravens, LI. 49.

brætaç, standard, colours; b. coðað,
XV. 58; b. apðnam, VI. 6.

bræðaire, a liar, XXXVIII. 7.

bræðnað, falsehood, XXIX. 5, 29.

bræpalaç, of a dirty red colour,
LIII. 6.

bríðéipeact, brewing, XLVII. 64.

buacaç, swelling, proud; bpuinn b.
IV. 5.

buamðeir, ear-reaping (?), XLV.

buannað, servants, subjects collec-
tively (?), LIII. 53.

buimbpeaç, querulous (?), XXXVIII. 2.

buinne, a branch, a twig; a binding
layer in wickerwork; b. cúil, the
topmost layer; used metaph. of
family descent, XIII. 112; brátaíρ
b., XXII. 68.

buinneaçaç, full of corns; of the
foot-soles, XXXVIII. 4.

buinneán, dim. of buinne, XXVI. 178.

buppaç, or bonpaç, proud, noble (?),
XXVI. 160; from borpp, pride.

Caíðpeam, company, association, XXVI.
151.

caíðréipeaç, rhapsodical, XLV.; cf.
caíðréir, rhapsodical nonsense.

cáile = cáil, fame, virtue, XVIII. 73.

caípe, plaiting; of hair, IV. 5.

call, loss, misfortune, VII. 6.

callaðe, finery of dress, frills, XLIX. 22.

cam, crookedness, XXII. 118.

campa, a sewer, LI. 51.

canán, an urchin; pioð-ðanán, a
fairy urchin, XLII. 23.

cannetaç, cantankerous (?), XIV. 52.

caobaç, ḡo c., in streams, or layers,
227.

caaille, an Ruaçtaç caaille, XXXV.
165; caaille = caol, slender (?).

caol, a marshy plain, XXXV. 62.

caolaç, *lit.* linum silvestre, fairy flax;
hence sapling, XXVI. 87; caolbaç,
II. 42, is used for light plantations, as
distinct from trees; the roof wattling
of a house, XII. 6; the breast-ribs,
XXII. 222.

caop, fire; caop-*éonna*, xvi. 6;
caop *éumair* 'Éirionn, the flash
of Erin's power, xvi. 2.

capb, a ship, vi. 2.

cappaán, a scabby wretch, xxxviii.
16; from *cappaë*, scabby.

capuiðe = cap or capp, scurvy, itch,
&c., xxvii. 14.

céab, first; often like aon, used =
own, as céab *peape*, &c.

ceannta, a fault, liv. 6.

ceap, *lit.* a block, applied to a shoe-
maker's last; metaph. a family stock
or progenitor, a chief, a prince, xvi.
18, *et passim*; applied to the Almighty
Father, xxv. 7.

ceapbaë, a gambler, xxii. 125.
Campion, in his 'Historie of Ireland,'
calls them *carrows*, and says that they
"profess to play at cards all the year
long, and make it their only occupa-
tion. They play away mantle and
all to the bare skin, &c." The word
is still used of gamblers, but as a
distinct class the cearbhachs do not
exist.

céilliðe, sensible, xlvi.

ciappanaë, buzzing, xlv.

ciap-*éuillte*, swamped with a black
flood, viii. 6.

ciléir, a *ceeler*, a vessel in which milk
is set to throw up its cream, xlvii. 68.

cime, a captive, iv. 14; claiðpe é.,
a villainous caitiff, xxxviii. 9; the
common phrase claiðpe cime is
probably a corruption of this ex-
pression.

cinn-teaëc, niggardliness, xviii. 79.

ciopprað, destruction, c. cléipe,
xv. 11.

ciopóipeaëc, a rental, xxi. 19.

ciðbiðe = ceipbiðe, questions, xxii.
114.

claið, a furrow; c. an *bráca*,
slavery, xiii. 114.

clapra, an enclosure (?), xxxviii.
24; perhaps from the Latin *claustra*;
the word is applied to a large un-
gainly boot.

claiþa, a scratcher, xx. 27, note.

claona, perverse ways, liv. 4.

cleaëcáim, I am accustomed to,
hence I cherish, iii. 29.

cleitiocán, a quillet, xlii. 31.

cliap, a company, a hunting party, xv.
28, &c. = the clergy or the bards
according to context, *passim*.

cliaëamuil, stout; from cliaë, the
chest, xxxv. 27.

clóð, or cló, contention, struggle,
emulation (?), xxvi. 91; *cf.* naë cló
air bië i ð-cóm-*épuie* ðo ðenur
í.—*Keating*.

clúmað, a support, xxiv. 20.

cnápaë, a knotty person (?), xxxviii. 1;
the word cnap, a knob, has a short
vowel.

cneap-clí, complexion (clí = the
breast), iii. 9.

cnópaë, poet. for cnuapaë, obtaining,
acquiring; the phrase *ðgaieað* ið
cnópaë, xv. 130, is used in the
same way as *caiteam* ið *paðail*,
xiv. 86.

cnuapra, a heap, collection, xxx. 23.

cnú moðuil, nut of the cluster, xiv.
38.

coëall, a cloak or hood, implying the
power of magic, v. 11.

coðanpaë, jaws, that which grinds,
xxxviii. 18.

cóib or cób (perhaps = *code*) seems to
mean a law or custom, a tale or
strain; it occurs twice in xxii.—
'na pannaib (or po *ðpannðcaë*)
ðan cam 'na ð-cóðuib, and
Aoiðill ðo *ðgiopmað* 'na cóib;
cf. "air cóibib ðalla-cléipe,"
and :—

"Seatpún Céitinn cnú ðon moðal
Maioðpið mipe ap éac a cóib,
Tuð a þopar ðleaëc a ðiampaib
Solar ceapc a píaðail róib."

comþiað, a stag, *lit.* a hound-stag,
xi. 5.

cóipne, musicians; anál na cléipe
c., xv. 78.

- cóirneac, croaking, IV. 35.
 cóirir, a feast, XX. 13; also a feasting party.
 com, a hollow; of a lake, XXI. 11.
 com-íoclaic, chattering, XXII. 125.
 conclan, an equal or rival, XXXVII. 10.
 cor, a turn: ar cor, so that, XXXII. 39; a wrestling bout, a throw, a cast; Aod na ġ-cor ġ-comrac, Aodh of the javelin fights, or of the wrestling contests, XV. 168.
 cráibteac, vexatiousness, ill-humour, XVIII. 78.
 cranġca = crunġca, anything rolled up like a ball; often applied to a decrepid person; the head or nose (?), XXXVIII. 21.
 crann, a staff; c. baġair, a staff to threaten with, XXII. 32; XXXV. 11.
 cranna, trees, metaph. families, I. 3.
 cpaop, the throat, the maw; of a tombstone, XIV. 104.
 cpeibill, death (?), XII. 13; cpeibill báir, 'death knell,' O.R.; O'Curry's ms. reads cpeíll.
 cprion, old; in compounds such as cprion-peibġce, excessively withered, as with age, I. 4; cprion-cóirir, I. 7; cprion-ġpuamġa, IV. 2.
 cpríneac, causing trembling, XIV. 56.
 crocaire, a villain, a hangman, XXXVIII. 6.
 cróġa, valiant; of shoes, XVIII. 13; of a cat, XXXIV. 60.
 croidearġ, blood red, XXIX. 21.
 croid-e-cróluib, in an agony of heart, I. IV. 5.
 cróme (from cprón, swarthy), blackness, stain, XV. III.
 cropbáil, 'crossness,' contention, XXXII. 42; the word is applied to the 'love of mischief' of children.
 crocnaġim, I firmly establish, XXXI. 2.
 cruar = cruadġar, churlishness, stinginess, XVIII. 78; IX. 7.
 cuile, a staff, a pole, a branch of a tree; metaph. a family branch, XVI. 18.
 cuamriaicán, a small hiding-place, XLII. 25.
 cuarġa, the course of life, LIII. 48.
 cúġe, a fifth part, a province, *passim*, seems to be treated as a feminine noun, XIII. 85, *et alibi*.
 cúil-bpice, the comb of a cock, XLII. 10.
 cuile, a bed-covering, a quilt; cpe-cuile, XVI. 20.
 cuirim, I put; cuirpib linn, they will injure us (?), XXXV. 100.
 cúmplaict, a band of dependants, people, XXII. 141.
 cunġarac = cumāġrac, bondage, straits, XXIII. 11.
 cuntpraict, a curse, a ban, XXXVIII. 25.
 cúcail, humbled, II. 24, *et alibi*.
 Daiceamuil, handsome, XXXV. 29.
 deaġ-ponnaire, organizer, foreman, XLV.
 deapġaġ, arranging, preparing; of coverlets, XV. 69; of a grave, XLIX. 10.
 deapb has the sense of bpġġ in phrase deapb mo ġġeulca, XXXV. 200; cf. bpġġ mo ġġeulca, XXXV. 209.
 dílr, natural, hereditary, XXII. 79.
 díġaim, I drain out; of people, XXXIV. 11.
 díġarair, secret, V. 12.
 díomar, pride, XXVI. 21; XXXV. 41.
 díoc-cómall, dishonesty, non-fulfilment of contracts, I. 18.
 díġeóraic, devoid of strength, LII. 1.
 blaicac, in wisps; of the hair, XXIX. 9.
 doict, hard-pressing, XXXIV. 34.
 doirġim, I spill, pour out; of a country, II. 7.
 dpéimpeac, from dpéimpe, a ladder, an epithet applied to a maiden's hair, XXIX. 9.
 dpéillhocán, a little, silly creature, XLII. 28.
 dpólann, the waist or interior of the body; metaph. the heart, *passim*.

ὑριυδε, a starling; ὕ. *ceóil*, xxvi. 143.

ὑαδρεαc, horrid, unsightly, xlv.

ὑαδ, difficulty, trouble, xxv. 7.

ὑινεατα, manly or humane, xxxv. 28.

ὑύρ, withered, hardened, sere, like aged wood; of the heart, viii. 1; xxxiv. 124.

ὑαριταν, a wailing hum; also rain, downpour, liii. 8.

Ἐαδμαρ, primarily, jealous; hence, sullen, morose, envious, xv. 177, *et alibi*.

εαδράμ, interposing, going between, defending, xxxvii. 8.

εαγλαρ, the Church, often = the clergy, as in xxxv. 120.

έιγιop, a satirist, li. 48.

έιυδε, armour; έ. *pláta*, xxvi. 23: vestments, li. 23.

ειτιμ, a leap, a bound, xxvi. 110.

Ράβαρ, favour, xxi. 20, *et alibi*.

ραcам, meaning, v. 13.

ραcтаи, I ask, v. 12.

ράγbάλα, bequests, xlv.

ράγ, a race or stock (?), xxxv. 30.

ραιρρινγε, affluence, xiv. 83.

ραοιleanα, of gull-like whiteness, xxi. 18.

ραοιμπεόγα, springs, fountains, xxi. 23.

ραοcαδ, cessation, rest, xxx. 13.

peacам, I shrink, I yield, retire from an enemy, xviii. 55; of hills and trees, xiii. 2; *peacaδ le pánarδ*, 'falling sickness,' xviii. 58.

peallaireacε, deceit, lii. 8.

peallργιοpам, I rob deceitfully, xvii. 29.

peapaсu = *peapcу*, *lit.* a man-hound; a hero, *passim*.

peapapтap, is spread, or spreads itself, v. 6.

peappa, = *peápp*, better, *passim*.

πέατα, gentle, shy, xxvi. 18.

peappaigим, I ask, xvi. 50.

peiδm, strength, utility; a *b-peidm*, prosperous, successful, xiii. 86.

peδl-puil, the body's blood, or the life-blood, xxi. 50.

peδllта, treacherous = *peallта* for *peallтаc* (?), xxi. 16; xxi. 94; mss. readings, *poδalta polта*, *polпа*; one has *тδippeac*.

piap, crooked, wild, raging; of waves, iii. 23.

pinne, a tribe; *bpadair pinne*, a kinsman, xxxv. 69.

pioδuig, noise, clamour, vii. 4.

pionntap or piúntap, struggle, contest, xxxv. 24; xxi. 2; *cf.* a *b-pionntap an púdap*.—*Donogh O'Leary*: and *muçad ná millead a b-pionntap map тá*.—*Aodh MacCurtain*.

piopaδ, the chine or ridge, hence border of a mountain, xxxv. 48.

piop-εuapδac, of much marching, liii. 29.

piop-δliγcεac, of just laws, xxxv. 25.

pleapγac, a churl, a clown, xxxii. 11; *pánaç pleapγaiγ*, xvii. 6.

pleapγ-εupaç, having wreathed goblets (?), xlvii. 2.

poçal, corruption, xxvii. 14; xv. 153.

pόγantα, good, liv. 28.

pόγnam, I profit by, xxxiv. 118.

pόγpам, I proclaim, *passim*; I banish, xxxiv. 52.

pόpεim, poet. for *pόpιuεim*; with *αιp* = to relieve, i. 28; *δ'pοipεap*, xxiv. 2.

pοιεim, shelter, xxi. 7.

pollaipe, a miserly person, or a dwarf, xxxviii. 5.

polc-εaοim, of fair locks, xv. 212.

ponn, desire; *δ'ponn*, so that, xxxii. 83.

pόpлаcт, force, violence, xiii. 96; prob. = *pόplann*.

pόpлуcт, great force, xv. 97, where perhaps it = multitude; *O'Curry's* ms. reads *apγeimim* for *αγ γεimimim* in this line.

porcainala, abler; comp. of ποικιλ, strong, XLV.

puabrac, active, XXXIV. 29, *et alibi*.

puagrac, poet. for pógpac, xv. 37.

puament, in xxx. 31 air p. seems = resounding with joyous notes; the word often means 'vigour, substance'; verse is said to be composed le puament.

puar, refreshing; puair = puairé (?), ix. 7.

puígeac, poet. for págað, xxxv. 111.

puígleac, remainder, xxxiii. 8.

puinneamhul, vigorous, xv. 121.

ḡaḡac, leaky, chinky, so O'R.; xxxviii. 2.

ḡarac, = ḡorac, miserly, xxxviii. 6.

ḡeaḡán, a branchlet, a term of contempt, xxxviii. 29.

ḡeall, pledge, mortgage, xvii. 26; xxi. 8; 'na ḡeall ro = because of this, xvii. 31.

ḡeallaim, I undertake, vi. 8.

ḡeannað, greedy, xxxviii. 8.

ḡeapánað, grunting, XLV.

ḡeapraiceac, voracious, xxxviii. 8.

ḡeócað, a hanger-on, a dependent on great families, *passim*; now used in contempt.

ḡiall, a hostage, xxxv. 66; xv. 165, where perhaps ḡiall = ḡéill, yielded.

ḡlaḡar, prating.

ḡlar, bright, sparkling; of the eyes, xi. 11; iii. 3, &c.

ḡléire, the nobility, the select, XLVII. 31.

ḡleó-ḡar, a battle staff.

ḡleórtac, a sportsman, xv. 93.

ḡliabap, talk, chatter; of birds, xxii. 206.

ḡliað-ḡáir, a battle shout; of Lia Fáil, xv. 117.

ḡliaḡnam, noise; ḡ. ḡliḡ, bell-ringing (?), XLIV.

ḡlinn-ḡlopac, with a loud voice, LIV. 29.

ḡlioḡaire, a babbler, xli. 4.

ḡlioḡar, chatter, xv. 104.

ḡlioḡpnaíl, cackling as a hen, xl. 22.

ḡlún-ḡeimeað, to spring as from a remote ancestor, xv. 62.

ḡnúir, in phrase tá ḡnúir 'na ḡnaoi, iii. 11, where perhaps it means sorrow; O'Daly, in an incorrect version of the poem, makes it = frown, but O'Daly was an unscrupulous translator.

ḡoirḡeac, foolish, xviii. 84.

ḡoiriceac, fretful, xxxviii. 18.

ḡoll, a Goll, a hero, *passim*; often spelled ḡall in mss.

ḡorm, *lit.* blue; of swords, sharp, xxvi. 19.

ḡormaim, I whet; of swords, xv. 67.

ḡrapað, grubbing, a species of tilling in which the surface of the lea is taken off in alternate sets with a view to digging furrows.

ḡraipine, grunting, XLIV.

ḡreann, wit; meabap ḡlan ḡrínn, xv. 140.

ḡreanta, beautiful, from ḡreann, love, xxiv. 6.

ḡreiðinn, love, affection, xxii. 147.

ḡrið = ḡriob, a griffin; metaph. a warrior, *passim*; a 'gerfalcon' (Stokes).

ḡrínn-ḡluanað, with witty adulation, LIII. 10.

ḡriopáil, urging, driving, xxxiv. 24.

ḡroḡaire, a cripple, xxxviii. 6; *cf.* air a ḡroḡa, 'on his haunches.'

ḡuairé, bristle used by shoemakers, xviii. 25, 26; a noble, a guairé, xiv. 16.

ḡuair, in phrase ḡuḡair bo ḡuair ip bo ðeipḡ-éiðioð, 'you are a confounded liar,' XLIV.

ḡúnḡac, ill-shaped, xxxviii. 14.

laðaim, I finish, close up; of a poem, XLV.

iarpmā, a relict, a remnant, iii. 15.

iarac̃, foreign, viii. 2, 10; as a noun it = loan.

imipte, plotting, xxxv. 105.

iomapeac, arrogant, xlv.

iorḡuil, contention, struggle, xv. 91.

iorpaḃ, an ornament or robe, iv. 7.

ipionna, the temples, xxi. 22, xxxviii. 1.

laḃt, liquid in general, xv. 88.

laḡapaḃ, branching, xxxviii. 9.

lán = lann, a sword (?), viii. 23.

labrann, a churl, a robber, i. 8; lii. 38.

laḡap, weakness; mo laḡap! liii. 25.

laḡ-ḃríḡaḃ, of little strength, iii. 1, 32.

laoi, for lae, gen. of lá, *passim*.

leann, humours of the body, vii. 13.

leirḡ, a plain, xv. 24.

léiḃe, greyness, xxvi. iii; lii. 32.

lpe, ḡo l., abundantly (?), iv. 30, where, perhaps, it is a proper name; cf. xxi. 22, for a similar idea.

liḃt, grey; of the eyes in old age, viii. 15.

línntpeac, a pool, ii. 33.

lób; rneacḃa 'na lóbaiḃ, xxii. 22; O'R. gives lób = a volley; O'Curry's ms. reads—na lóḡ nḡeal; another variant, loḡduiḃ or loḡḃtuiḃ.

lobamar, we went, v. 2; from lóbaim, I go.

loinn, rapture; l. na peilḡe, xv. 97. lóicne, a breeze, a storm; applied to a hero, xxxv. 38.

lomaim, I make bare, plunder, enfeeble; with cluiḃe, to 'sweep' the game, to completely win it, xxi. 12.

luan-ḃpeac, dire ruin, or robbery, xxii. 137.

luirḡín, the flat surface at the top of the head, xxii. 24.

lúḃ-ḃial, a vigorous, generous man, xv. 248.

Maḃaoi, a dog, iii. 15.

mairḡ, adj. woful, xxvi. 52; as a noun = woe, *passim*.

mairḃín, a mastiff, xxxii. 27.

maoipe = maor, a steward, xiv. 79.

maoiḃe, weakness, xxxiv. 5.

maol, the head gen. maóile, xx. 8.

marḡaíl, a bargain, barter, xxxii. 54.

meaḃapairḡim, I plan, xix. 6; I realize, xiii. 100.

méala, a great loss, as the death of a friend, *passim*.

meap-maḃpa, a cur dog, xxxii. 27.

mílleac = mínleac (?), xxvi. 72.

millḃeóipeacḃt, injury, loss, liv. 40.

mínleac, a plain for grazing or pasture, a flat surface, xxvi. 93; 'green pasture,' (Psalms xxiii. 2); probably the same word as mílleac, xxvi. 72.

míotal, mettle, spirit, xxvi. 175.

mí-ḃpeópaḃ, wanting in vigour, i. 22.

moḃapḃa, dirty-looking, said of water when muddy; in xv. 155, applied to a man, xv. 155.

móḃmar, gentle, xxii. 40.

monḡcaoi, a monkey, xxxviii. 23.

mórluḃt, a great store, xxii. 147.

mucallaḃ, a drove of swine; metaph. for vermin, xxxviii. 3.

mullaḃ, the head, xxxviii. 3.

murḡaipe, a gross, fat person, xix. 6.

mullaḡpaḃ, full of bumps (?), xxxviii. 2.

Napḡnia, a rallying or binding chieftain, xxvi. 37, *et seq.*; Windisch gives nase niad = champion's bracelet. neam-cúimpeac, without guile, xxxiii. 26.

'Oipnne = opainn-ne, on us, xxxiv. 26.

óirḃpeac, (from óp, a fawn), a shy, modest face, xv. 216; cf. xv. 217.

olḃairḃt, growl, xxxv. 10.

orḡarḃa, Osgar-like, or hero-like, xxxv. 29.

Dáir aoine, Friday's fast.
 pléið, contention, xxxv. 11, *et alibi*;
 to fight for, to vindicate, vi. 1.
 plub ó plib, xlv.
 plunðarál, plunder, xlii. 24.
 ppióm-éom, *lit.* chief hounds; of hell-
 hounds, xvii. 16.
 ppiómðócar, first hope, xxi. 5.

 Ráð, judgment, maxim, xxiv. 10.
 paille, a criminal vagabond, xvii. 8.
 párbáil, walking with long strides,
 tramping, xlv.
 píenn, = pinne, he made, liii. 53,
 59.
 peó, = leó, xxxiv. 59.
 pian, a mark, trace, sign; used in com-
 pounds as pian-lot, xii. (where a
 variant is pian-luit); pian-bapc,
 xv. 40; its force¹ is intensive; in
 xv. 40 it is perhaps = the sea.
 pian, a limit, a trace, gan p. xxiii. 9.
 piaraim, I govern, xiii. 87; I enter-
 tain, xxiv. 4.
 pínn, used in compounds as pínn-
 pócornaó, i. 19; pínn-uaine, iv.
 3; pínn-puagaó, iv. 6; its force
 is intensive.
 pínn-púainneac, bristling, coarse,
 liii. 52.
 piobantca, decked, adorned, xviii. 5.
 porða, a stroke, an attack, xxxviii.
 32.
 poóaire, a wild person fleet of foot,
 xxxviii. 7.
 pó-éurainn, a great blow, xxxiii. 23.
 puacain, cockles, xxx. 24.
 puacétan, clamour, vii. 4.
 puagaim, I disperse, xv. 169.
 puaimnim, I grow red, xxvi. 89.
 puainne, a bit; gan p., with nothing,
 xx. 7.
 puainnpeacán, a little thread, or
 hair, xlii. 27.
 puibe, red water, xxi. 11.
 púipe, a knight, xxvi. 17, *et seq.*
 púin, love or secret, xv. 133; xxvi.
 123.

Sáct, sufficiency, treasure; p. tpi
 píoðaóca, the treasure or beloved
 of three kingdoms, *passim*.
 raoðalta, happy, prosperous, i. 11.
 patait, sole; of a shoe, xxii. 24.
 patail, trod the earth as man; said of
 God, liii. 62.
 pceatpac, vomit, li. 53.
 péanarðaó, blinking, xxxviii. 2;
 from péanar, shortsightedness.
 pearðair, comfortable; of a person,
 xxxix. 12.
 péibim, I blow, p. pé, I incite, I
 tempt, lii. 40.
 peóltca, bean p., a woman after
 labour, xxxiv. 3.
 peómpac, of many mansions, or
 roomy houses, xv. 196; xxxiv. 54.
 peopðán, rustling noise, xlv.
 pðabal, a robe, lii. 36; liii. 58; *cf.*
 Latin *scapula*, and scapular.
 pðagaim, I strain; said of blood in
 family descent, xxix. 29.
 pðánte, scattered, ii. 43, 70.
 pðannpuibeal, affrighting, liv. 51.
 pðaoó, a swarm, a crowd, lvi., lii. 16.
 pðeimíoll, the portion of a rick that
 overlaps; cpuac pá p. = a rick,
 with its heap, like pipoín pá
 épuacé, xxxv. 12.
 pðím, produce, prosperity; pðím
 ópaioíðeacá, v. 5; xxvi. 93;
 xxvi. 104; perhaps the word is con-
 nected with pðímíol, a film or web;
 pðím na ð-cloó = the wall fern
 (O'R. gives pðeaim na ð-cloó);
 the word pðuím is used by Eoghan
 Ruadh in the phrase, tainið pðuím
 gan pðaireað ó lámhaib, Mor-
 pheus, where it is difficult to fix its
 precise meaning.
 pðím-ðlópac, heavy-sounding, xxi.
 22.
 pðím-pðuabaó, wealth-snatching (?),
 liii. 21.
 pðrabaó, scratching, xvii. 15.
 pðpacá, a ragged wretch, xxxviii. 5;
 from pðpait, a rag.
 pðpíob, a track, a march, xxii. 19.

ῥῥήοβαιμ, I go, make a track, XII. 31.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, dim. of ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a reproachful term for an old man, a skeleton-like person.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a fragment (?), a contemptuous term, XXXVIII. 15.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a fairy covering; ῥ. ῥῥῥῥῥῥ, XXII. 1.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, violent trembling, XIV. 58; *cf.* baille-ῥῥῥῥῥ; tonn-ῥῥῥῥῥ, XXI; perhaps ῥῥῥῥῥ is from ῥῥῥῥῥ, old, but hardly from ῥῥῥῥῥ, tempest.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, making permanent, XXXIV. 121.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, in trim array, IV. 22; closely-cropped, XXXVIII. 1.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, hissing, XLV.; O'R., ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, peaceful, I. 11.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, I bow down, as in confession, LI. 9.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a long, lanky person, a churl, IV. 26.

ῥῥῥῥῥ, miserable, wretched, LIV. 58;

ῥῥῥῥῥ, *lit.* thin, spare, smooth; is frequent as an intensive in compounds as ῥῥῥῥῥ-ῥῥῥῥῥῥ, LIV. 37; ῥῥῥῥῥ-ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, IV. 26; ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, IV. 18.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, thick-witted, XLIII.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, musing, consideration, LIV. 13.

ῥῥῥῥῥ, the snuff of a candle, hence, speck, fault, XXIX. 32.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, for ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, I think, XXVI. 24.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a person with a big nose, XXXVIII. 1.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a matrimonial tie, XXX. 22.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, bright; used nominally of a maiden, XXXV. 194.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, brightness, cheerfulness, XV. 269.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a stammerer, XXXVIII.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a stone, a flag, X. 15.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a churl, XLIII.; *cf.* ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, sharp, violent, bitter, LII. 11.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a piece of meat, XXXII. 66.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥ, LII. 20, note.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, to scatter, XXVI.; ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, showers, LII. 11.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, with running eyes, XXXVIII. 7.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a cake, XLV.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a chop, a steak; of land, XXXV. 95-96.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ or ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, I tear asunder, XXXVIII. 5.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, I fall down; of stars, XXVI. 90.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ = ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a prying person, a term of contempt, XXXVIII. 14.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a volume, a treatise, a text, *lit.* a scroll, LIII. 19; a hero, XXXVII. 3.

ῥῥῥῥῥ, a hero (?), XXXVII. 19.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, bean do ē., to marry, XLV.

ῥῥῥῥῥ, stay, support, XXXIII. 6, *et alibi*.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥ, disease, XII. 11.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, substantial, XXXV. 88.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, stubborn, XXVI. 50.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a demur, XIV. 100; adj., quarrelsome, XIV. 52.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, aimῥῥῥ ῥ., the harvest; from ῥῥῥῥῥ, profit.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, ῥ. linn, we met, V. 3.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, frozen, XIV. 55.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥ, strength; ῥ. na nῥῥῥῥῥ, XXXIV. 32; *cf.* ῥῥῥῥῥῥ, I. 27.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, term, speech, XXVI. 54.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, heat, XVIII. 22.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, manor or country house (?), XLII. 6.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a tyrant, I. 2.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, a covering of sorrow, XXVI. 1.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, substantial (?), XLV.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, grandeur, XLV.

ῥῥῥῥῥῥ, will, purpose; ῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥῥ, with deliberate intent, II. 36; see O'Donovan's Supp. to O'R.

τολληα, perforated, undermined, XXI. 14.

τονν-όριτον, I tremble as a wave, XXI. 5.

τορραάν, a little crab, XLII. 26.

τορραν, attendance, waiting on, XLIV.

τόρρα, beyond them, XXII. 90, LV., IV. 27.

τραάτ, region; τραάτ α bonnaire, his soles, XXXVIII. 4; cf. ó βαταργο bonn τραάτ.—Connor O'Sullivan.

τραάλαρ, difficulty (?), XXXII. 37.

τραοάδ, subduing, overcoming; ὄαν τ., without abating or pause, XIV. 86.

τρέαρον, treason, XXVIII. 5.

τρεϊδέαν, dim. of τρεϊδῖδ, XXVI. 158.

τρεϊδῖδ, I disable, destroy, XXXIV. 30.

τρείτεαργαά, a term of abuse still in use (the exact meaning is not certain), XXXVIII. 1.

τρεόιντε, na τ., the valiant, XXII. 72.

τρεόραά, a director, a leader, II. 2.

τρυαά, a miserable person, XXX. 13.

τρύιγ, a cause, reason, XXXV. 98.

τυαυιργ, news, report; α δ-τυαυιργ, a trace of them, VII. 12.

τυαυιρ, an approximation; 'na cpyunn-τ., close up to her, IV. 14.

τυιτιρ, nursing, fosterage, XXXV. 72.

τυρ, dry; of the heart, hard, inhospitable, XXVI. 171.

Uabap, wounded pride, XIII. 81.

υḡaim, horse-tackling, XXXII. 87.

ύιρ, mould; ύιρ na cpyunne, XI. 10.

ύιρσίonna, shoes, clogs (?), XLIV.

υppamaá, reverent; υ. δο ύuine, inferior to a person, XXIV. 2.

υppaá, sustaining, XV. 181.

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SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

The Committee has to report a year of successful work. In October, 1899, Dr. Douglas Hyde's volume, containing two late mediæval Irish romantic tales, was issued to the Members; and, in December of the same year, Dr. George Henderson's *Fled Briarand* (Feast of Briarriu), which forms the first of the volumes containing more ancient texts, was in the hands of subscribers.

The volume for 1900, which is now passing through the press, will contain a complete collection of the Poems of Egan O'Rahilly, a famous Munster poet of the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The volume will contain text and literal translation, with Introduction, Glossary, and Notes, besides brief special introductions to such of the poems as require elucidation. The work has been prepared and edited, chiefly from mss. in Maynooth College, by Rev. P. S. Dinneen, S.J., M.A. It is hoped that it will be ready for distribution by October, at latest.

An offer made by Mr. John M'Neill, B.A., late Editor of the Gaelic Journal, of a complete edition of the "Duanaire Finn," a collection of Ossianic Poems preserved in the Library of the Franciscan Monastery, Dublin, has been accepted by the Committee. The larger number of the incidents related in these poems will be new to the public, and are not to be found in any hitherto published collection. Their publication cannot fail to shed much needed light upon the development of Ossianic Romance.

The Committee contemplates the publication in parts of the entire manuscript. The first volume is now in active preparation.

Mr. David Comyn reports that he is making progress with his first volume of Keating's "History of Ireland," and hopes to have it ready for publication in 1901.

The Committee had hoped to produce this year Manus O'Donnell's "Life of St. Columbkille," but the Editor, Tomás O'Flannghaile, has not yet been able to place the material in their hands.

In January, 1900, it was resolved that, after March 1st, the subscription for the two volumes published in 1899 should be raised from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* to Members whose subscriptions for 1899 had not been paid up to that date.

The price of the volumes to the public is 6*s.* per volume, or 12*s.* for the two volumes issued in 1899.

The subscription for 1900 remains fixed at 7*s.* 6*d.*,* and is now due.

A suggestion has been made to the Committee by a Member of the Intermediate Board of Education for Ireland, to extend the scope of the Society's aims by the issue of Extracts, from such of its volumes

* American subscriptions, \$2.

as are suitable, to serve as school text-books for use in the Intermediate and Royal University Courses: such books to be published in a cheap form without translations, but with more extended glossaries. This suggestion which, if carried out, would form a new branch of the Society's work, is now under the consideration of the Committee.

Steady progress has been made in the compilation of the Irish-English Dictionary, and a large portion of the work has been completed, chiefly through the energy of Mr. G. A. Greene, M.A., assisted by other Members of the Committee.

In April, 1899, an appeal was issued, asking Irish speakers and students to assist in the work, by drawing up lists of words used in their own districts, and also by compiling lists from various modern Irish publications. The appeal met with a cordial response, and the Committee has received several valuable lists of words which are now being incorporated with the work already done. It is desired to thank those who have helped in this matter, and also those who have kindly lent MS. Dictionaries and collections of Irish words.

When the work is sufficiently advanced, it will be placed in the hands of the Editors, Mr. David Comyn and Rev. Peter O'Leary, for revision, and circulars will be issued stating full particulars as to publication, price, etc., and asking for the names of subscribers.

The Committee desires to record its gratitude to the Editors of the volumes already issued, and about to be issued, by the Society, and is deeply sensible of the generous spirit in which the Editors have entered into the work, and of the cordial manner in which they have endeavoured to carry out the suggestions and resolutions of the Committee. This spirit of good will has greatly lightened the labours of those who are responsible for the conduct of the Society.

Since the issue of the last Annual Report, 52 new Members have been added to the Society. Five have died during the year, and four have withdrawn their names. The Society now numbers 469 Members.*

The Committee, in expressing thanks to those who have contributed to the Editorial Fund, looks for continued and increased support to enable it to carry out the important work undertaken. It desires, as

* In spite of the fact that over 50 names sent in after the issue of the first circular were removed from the books owing to non-payment of subscriptions, the Society numbers, at the date of going to press, 502 Members, 86 of whom have recently joined the Society.

far as the means placed at its disposal will admit, to act in the most generous spirit towards the Members, and to push on the work of publication as rapidly as possible. It hopes especially that means will be forthcoming to publish, from time to time, further volumes containing older texts. Several texts of great importance have been offered to the Society, among which may be mentioned *Serglige Conculainn*, *Orgain Bruidne Dā Dergac*, and the Poems attributed to St. Columba, but the acceptance of these offers has had to be postponed until such time as the means is forthcoming to issue them in the extra *Mediæval Series*. The value of these texts, from a literary and linguistic point of view, will be apparent to all.

On the motion of Mr. A. P. Graves, seconded by Mr. C. H. Monro, the Report was adopted.

The following Financial Statement was submitted by the Treasurer:—

BALANCE SHEET,

1899—1900.

Receipts.				Expenditure.			
		£	s. d.			£	s. d.
To Balance brought forward from				By Payment to Publisher of Irish			
1898-99,	151	5	0	Texts Society's Publications, 193	17	8	
„ Subscriptions, 1899-1900, ...	127	9	11	„ Editorial Expenses,	6	0	0
„ Donations,	26	15	9	„ Printing, Postage, Stationery, ...	8	9	8
				„ Refund to Irish Literary			
				Society,	5	0	0
				„ Printing List of Members and			
				Syllabus,	9	13	9
				„ Commission on Cheques, ...	0	6	4
				„ Balance in hand,	82	3	3
Total,	£305	10	8	Total,	£305	10	8

GENERAL STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

For 1898, 1899, 1900.

Receipts.				Expenditure.			
£ s. d.				£ s. d.			
To Subscriptions—				By Preliminary Expenses (Print-			
1899—485 at 7s. 6d. each,	181	17	6	ing, Postage, &c.), 1898, ...	5	0	0
1900—Received to date, ...	61	2	8	„ Printing, Postage, Stationery,			
				1898—99,...	21	16	6
„ Donations—1899, ...	94	14	9	„ Do. do., 1899—1900,	8	9	8
„ Do. 1900, ...	26	15	9	„ Printing Syllabus and List of			
				Members, ...	9	13	9
				„ Editorial Expenses, 1898—99—			
				Payment to Mr.			
				Flannery, ...	£15	0	0
				Photographing			
				Bodleian Library			
				—“ Life of Saint			
				Columba,” ...	15	0	0
					30	0	0
				„ Editorial Expenses, 1899—1900			
				(Dr. Hyde), ...	6	0	0
				„ Refund of Member's Subscrip-			
				tion and Donation, ...	2	3	6
				„ Refund to Irish Literary			
				Society of Advance, ...	5	0	0
				„ Commission on Cheques, ...	0	6	4
				„ Payments to Publisher for			
				Books, 1899, ...	193	17	8
				„ Balance in hand, ...	82	3	3
						</	

GENERAL RULES.

OBJECTS.

1. The Society is instituted for the purpose of promoting the publication of Texts in the Irish Language, accompanied by such Introductions, English Translations, Glossaries, and Notes, as may be deemed desirable.

CONSTITUTION.

2. The Society shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, an Executive Council, a Consultative Committee, and Ordinary Members.

OFFICERS.

3. The Officers of the Society shall be the President, the Honorary Secretaries, and the Honorary Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

4. The entire management of the Society shall be entrusted to the Executive Council, consisting of the Officers of the Society and not more than ten other Members.

5. All property of the Society shall be vested in the Executive Council, and shall be disposed of as they shall direct by a two-thirds' majority.

6. Three Members of the Executive Council shall retire each year by rotation at the Annual General Meeting, but shall be eligible for re-election, the Members to retire being selected according to seniority of election, or, in case of equality, by lot. The Council shall have power to co-opt Members to fill up casual vacancies occurring throughout the year.

CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE.

7. The Consultative Committee, or individual Members thereof, shall give advice, when consulted by the Executive Council, on questions relating to the Publications of the Society, but shall not be responsible for the management of the business of the Society.

MEMBERS.

8. Members may be elected either at the Annual General Meeting, or, from time to time, by the Executive Council.

SUBSCRIPTION.

9. The Subscription for each Member of the Society shall be 7/6 per annum (American subscribers two dollars), entitling the Member to one copy (post free) of the volume or volumes published by the Society for the year, and giving him the right to vote on all questions submitted to the General Meetings of the Society.

10. Subscriptions shall be payable in advance on the 1st January in each year.

11. Members whose Subscriptions for the year have not been paid are not entitled to any volume published by the Society for that year, and any Member whose Subscription for the current year remains unpaid, and who receives and *retains* any publication for the year, shall be held liable for the payment of the full published price of such publication.

12. The Publications of the Society shall not be sold to persons other than Members, except at an advanced price.

13. Members whose Subscriptions for the current year have been paid shall alone have the right of voting at the General Meetings of the Society.

14. Members wishing to resign must give notice in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries, before the end of the year, of their intention to do so: otherwise they shall be liable for their Subscriptions for the ensuing year.

EDITORIAL FUND.

15. A fund shall be opened for the remuneration of Editors for their work in preparing Texts for publication. All subscriptions and donations to this fund shall be purely voluntary, and shall not be applicable to other purposes of the Society.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

16. A General Meeting shall be held each year in the month of April, or as soon afterwards as the Executive Council shall determine, when the Council shall submit their Report and the Accounts of the Society for the preceding year, and when the seats to be vacated on the Council shall be filled up, and the ordinary business of a General Meeting shall be transacted.

AUDIT.

17. The Accounts of the Society shall be audited each year by auditors appointed at the preceding General Meeting.

CHANGES IN THESE RULES.

18. With the notice summoning the General Meeting, the Executive Council shall give notice of any change proposed by them in these Rules. Ordinary Members proposing any change in the Rules must give notice thereof in writing to one of the Honorary Secretaries seven clear days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

[An asterisk before the name denotes that the Member has contributed during the current year to the Editorial Fund.]

Abercrombie, Hon. John.
 Agnew, A. L., F.S.A. (Scot.).
 Ahern, James L.
 Aberne, Miss M.
 Allingham, Hugh, M.R.I.A.
 Anderson, John Norrie, J.P., Provost of
 Stornoway.
 Anwyl, Prof. E., M.A.
 Ashe, Thomas J.
 *Ashley, Miss Mary.

Baillies' Institution Free Library, Glas-
 gow.
 Banks, John.
 Barrett, S. J.
 Barry, Thomas.
 Bartholemew, John.
 Beary, Michael.
 Beck, P.
 Belfast Library and Society for Promot-
 ing Knowledge.
 Bergin, Osborn J.
 Berlin Royal Library.
 Berry, Captain R. G.
 Berryhill, R. H.
 Bigger, F. J., M.R.I.A.
 Birmingham Free Library.
 Blaikie, W. B.
 Blair, Rev. Dr. Robert.
 Boddy, John K.
 *Bolton, Miss Anna.
 Borthwick, Miss N.
 Boston Public Library, U.S.A.
 Boswell, C. S.
 Bowman, M.
 Boyd, J. St. Clair, M.D.
 Boyle, William.
 Boyle, Rev. Thomas, C.C.
 Brannick, L. Theobald.
 Brennan, James.
 Brett, Charles H.
 *Brodrick, Hon. Albinia.

Brooke, Rev. Stopford A.
 *Brophy, Michael M.
 Brower, John L.
 Brown, A. C. L.
 Browne, Rev. R. L., Ord. Min.
 Brunskill, Rev. K. C.
 Bryant, Mrs., D.S.C.
 Buchanan, Miss Jeannie.
 Buckley, James.
 Bund, J. W. Willis, Q.C.
 Burke, Thomas.
 *Burnside, W.
 Byrne, Matthew J.

Calder, Rev. J.
 Camenen, M. F.
 Campbell, Lord A.
 Carbray, Felix.
 Carey, J.
 Carmichael, Miss Ella.
 Carrigan, Rev. William, C.C.
 Casey, Rev. Patrick.
 Cassedy, J.
 Castletown, Right Hon. Lord.
 Cavanagh, Michael.
 Clarke, Henry Wray, M.A.
 Close, Rev. Maxwell H., M.R.I.A., F.R.S.
 Cochrane, Robert, F.R.S.A.I., M.R.I.A.
 Coffey, George, B.A., M.R.I.A.
 Coffey, John.
 Colgan, Rev. William.
 *Colgan, Nathaniel.
 Coltery, Alderman B., M.P.
 Colles, Dr. Abraham.
 Colman, James, M.R.S.A.I.
 Comerford, Maurice.
 *Comyn, David.
 Concannon, Thomas.
 *Condon, Rev. R.
 Conway, Rev. David.
 Cooke, John.

Cooper, Richard.
 Coik, Queen's College Library.
 Costello, Thomas Bodkin, M.D.
 Costello, Brother Francis, O.S.F.
 Cox, Michael, M.D., M.R.I.A.
 Craigie, W. A.
 Creighton, Dr. R. H.
 *Culwick, J. C., MUS.DOC.
 Cunningham, J. T.
 Curran, John.
 *Curren, Rev. W. H.
 Cusack, Professor J.

Daly, Timothy.
 Darby, Martin, M.D.
 Davies, Thomas J.
 Day, Robert, J.P.
 Deeny, D.
 *De La Hoyde, Captain Albert.
 Delany, The Very Rev. Dr.
 *Delany, The Very Rev. William, S.J.,
 LL.D., M.R.I.A.
 Denvir, John.
 Devitt, Rev. Matthew, S.J.
 Dickson, Miss Edith.
 *Digby, E. W.
 Dillon, John, M.P.
 Dillon, William.
 Dinneen, Rev. P.S., S.J., M.A.
 Dix, E. Reginald McC.
 Dodd, Maurice J.
 Dodgson, Edward Spencer.
 Doherty, Anthony J.
 Donelan, James, M.B.
 Doody, Patrick.
 Dorey, Matthew.
 Dottin, Professor Georges.
 Downey, E.
 Doyle, J. J.
 Dresden, Königlische Oeffentliche Bibliothek.
 Drury, Miss Edith.
 Dufferin and Ava, The Most Hon. The
 Marquis of, K.P.
 Duignan, W. H.
 Duncan, Leland L.

Eccles, Miss C. O'Conor.
 Evans, Miss E. M.

Fahey, Rev. J., D.D., V.G.
 Fahy, Frank A.
 Farquharson, J. A.
 Fenton, James.
 Fernan, John J.
 Ferriter, P.
 Fish, F. P.
 Fitz Gerald, Michael J.

*Fitz Gerald Lord Walter.
 *Fitzmaurice, Rev. E. B., O.S.F.
 Flannery, T. J.
 Foreman, W. H.
 Frazer, James, C.E.
 Frost, James.

Gaelic League, Carlow Branch.
 „ „ Forest Gate Branch.
 „ „ Galway Branch.
 „ „ London.
 Gaelic Society of Inverness.
 Gaidoz, Henri.
 Gallagher, J. S.
 Galway, Queen's College.
 Gannon, John Patrick.
 Geoghegan, Professor Richard H.
 Gibson, The Hon. W.
 Glynn, John.
 Glynn, J. A., B.A.
 Glynn, Thomas.
 Golden, Miss B.
 Gordon, Principal.
 Goudie, Robert.
 Grainger, William H., M.D.
 *Graves, Alfred Percival, M.A.
 *Gregory, Lady.
 Greene, George A., M.A.
 Greene, Rev. J. J.
 Griffin, Richard N.
 *Gwynn, Edward John, M.A., F.T.C.D.,
 Todd Professor, R.I.A.

Haffenden, Mrs.
 Harrassowitz, Otto.
 Hamilton, G. L.
 *Hartland, E. S.
 Harvard College Library, Mass., U.S.A.
 Haugh, Simon.
 Hayde, Rev. John.
 Hayes, Cornelius J.
 Hayes, James.
 Healy, Most Rev. John, D.D., LL.D.,
 Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert.
 Healy, Maurice, M.P.
 Henderson, George, M.A., PH.D.
 Henchan, Martin J.
 Hennessy, B.
 Henry, John P., M.D.
 *Heron, Francis, M.B.
 Hickey, Rev. M., M.R.I.A., F.R.S.A.I.
 Hogan, Rev. D. A., C.C.
 Hogan, John.
 Hogan, Rev. Martin, C.C.
 *Horsford, Miss Cornelia.
 *Hull, Miss Eleanor.
 Hurley, D. B.
 Hurley, Timothy J.

*Hutton, Mrs. A. W.
 *Hyde, Douglas, LL.D., M.R.I.A.
 Hynes, Rev. John, B.D.
 *Ingram, John Kells, LL.D.
 Irving, Daniel.
 *Iveagh, Right Hon. Edward Cecil,
 Baron, D.C.L.
 Jack, J.
 James, W. P.
 Johns Hopkins University Library, Bal-
 timore, Maryland, U.S.A.
 Johnson, James Patrick, M.A.
 *Jones, Lieut. Bryan J.
 Joyce, Patrick Weston, LL.D.
 Joyce, William B., B.A.
 Kane, Robert Romney, M.A., LL.D.,
 County Court Judge.
 Kane, Thomas.
 Kavanagh, Rev. Brother J. C.
 Keane, John.
 Keane, J. J.
 Keating, Miss Geraldine.
 Keawell, P. J.
 Keily, Miss B.
 *Kelly, John F.
 *Kent, Pierce.
 Ker, Professor W. P.
 Kiely, John.
 Kiely, John M.
 *Killen, William.
 King's Inns, Dublin, Hon. Society of.
 Kissock, Miss S. Shaw.
 Kittridge, Professor G. L.
 Klincksieck, Ch. M.
 Knox, H. T.
 La Touche, J. Digges.
 *Lawson, J. Dillon.
 *Lecky, Right Hon. W. E. H., M.P., P.C.
 Lee, Mrs.
 *Lee, Very Rev. Timothy.
 Lefroy, B. St. G.
 Lehané, D.
 Leipzig University, Library of.
 Letts, Ch.
 Lewis, Sir William J. Bart.
 Library of Parliament, Ottawa, U.S.A.
 Library of Mechanic's Institute, San
 Francisco, U.S.A.
 Library of Congress, Washington.
 Lillis, J. T.
 Limerick Free Library.
 Little, Miss M.

Liverpool Public Library, per P.
 Cowell, Librarian.
 London Library, per C. L. Hagbert
 Wright, Librarian.
 Long, W.
 Longworth-Dames, Capt. M.
 Lot, M. Ferdinand.
 Loughran, Rev. Dr., C.C.
 Lynch, Rev. Brother Fidelis M.
 *Lynch, D., M.D.
 *Lynch, Timothy.
 Lyons, Very Rev. John C., O.P.
 *Macalister, R. A. S.
 M'Bride, A., M.D.
 *MacBrayne, David, F.S.A. (Scot.).
 *M'Call, P. J.
 M'Carte, Matthew.
 M'Carthy, John.
 M'Clintock, H. F.
 MacCollum, Fionan.
 M'Connell, James.
 MacDonagh, Frank.
 MacDonagh, Michael.
 Macdonald, Rev. A. J.
 M'Donald, Rev. Allan.
 MacDonald, William.
 MacDowell, T. B.
 M'Dwyer, James.
 MacErlean, Andrew.
 M'Fadden, Rev. James, P.P.
 MacFarlane, Malcolm.
 M'Glynn, Right Rev. Monsignor, V.G.
 M'Ginley, Connell.
 M'Ginley, Rev. James C.
 *M'Ginley, P. J.
 M'Govan, Rev. T.
 M'Groder, John.
 M'Innerney, Thomas.
 MacKay, A. J. J., LL.D., Sheriff of
 Fife.
 MacKay, Eric.
 MacKay, J. G.
 *MacKay, Thomas A.
 MacKay, William.
 MacKenzie, William.
 Mackinnon, Professor Donald.
 Mackintosh, Rev. Alexander.
 Mackintosh, Andrew.
 Mackintosh, Duncan.
 Mackintosh, C. Frazer, LL.D.
 M'Lachlan, Rev. Hugh.
 *MacLagan, R. C., M.D.
 M'Lees, William H.
 Macleod, Norman.
 *MacLoughlin, James L.
 MacMahon, the Rev. Eugene, Adm.

- MacMahon, Rev. Thomas, P.P.
 MacManus, Miss L.
 MacManus, Patrick.
 *MacMullan, Rev. A., P.P.
 MacNamara, C. V.
 MacNeill, John, B.A.
 *MacNeill, Patrick Charles.
 M'Nelis, Rev. A., P.P.
 M'Sweeney, Timothy.
 Maffett, Rev. Richard S., B.A.
 Magrath, C. J. Ryland.
 Manchester Free Libraries, per C. W. Sutton, Librarian.
 Manning, M. A.
 Manning, T. F.
 Mara, B. S.
 Martin, A. W.
 *Martyn, Edward.
 Mathew, Frank.
 Mayhew, Rev. A. L.
 Melbourne, Victoria, Public Library and Museum of.
 Merriman, P. J., B.A.
 Mescal, Daniel.
 Meyer, Professor Kuno.
 Meyrick Library, Jesus College, Oxford, per W. M. Lindsay, Librarian.
 *Miller, Arthur W. K., M.A.
 Milligan, T.
 Mills, James.
 Milwaukee Library, U.S.A.
 Milne, Rev. J.
 Mintern, J.
 Mitchell Library, Glasgow, per F. T. Barrett, Librarian.
 Mockler, Rev. T. A.
 Molloy, William R. J., J.P., M.R.I.A.
 *Moloney, Rev. Michael.
 *Monro, C. H., Fellow Caius College, Cambridge.
 Moore, Rev. H. Kingsmill.
 Moore, Norman, M.D.
 Moran, His Eminence Patrick F., Cardinal, D.D., Archbishop of Sydney (Life Member).
 Moran, D. P.
 Moran, James.
 Moroney, P. J.
 Morris, Patrick.
 *Morris, P.
 Morrison, Hew.
 *Mount St. Alphonsus, Limerick, Very Rev. Fr. Rector of.
 Mount St. Joseph, The Right Rev. The Lord Abbot of.
 Mount Mellary, The Right Rev. The Lord Abbot of.
 Mulheerin, Joseph.
 Murphy, Conor.
 Murphy, John.
 Murphy, John J.
 Murphy, J. J. Finton.
 Nagle, J. J.
 National Library of Ireland.
 National Literary Society, Dublin.
 Naughton, O.
 Neil, R. A.
 Newark Free Public Library.
 New York Philo-Celtic Society.
 New York Public Library.
 Nichols, Miss M.
 Nixon, William.
 *Noonan, J. D.
 Nottingham Free Public Library, Borough of.
 Nutt, Alfred.
 O'Brien, D.
 O'Brien, R. Barry.
 O'Brien, Edward.
 O'Brien, Michael.
 O'Brien, Stephen.
 O'Byrne, M. A.
 O'Byrne, Patrick.
 O'Byrne, W.
 O'Callaghan, Joseph P.
 O'Callaghan, J. J., Phys. and Surg.
 *O'Carroll, J. T.
 O'Clery, L.
 O'Conor Don, Right Hon. The, D.L.
 O'Dea, Rev. D, C.C.
 O'Doherty, The Most Rev. Dr., Lord Bishop of Derry.
 O'Donel, Manus, R.E.
 O'Donnell, The Most Rev. Dr., Lord Bishop of Raphoe.
 O'Donnell, Manns.
 O'Donnell, Patrick.
 O'Donoghue, D. J.
 O'Donoghue, Mortimer.
 O'Donoghue, R., M.D.
 O'Donovan, Rev. J.
 O'Dowd, Michael.
 O Driscoll, Rev. Denis, C.C.
 *O'Farrell, P.
 O'Farrelly, Miss A.
 O'Gallagher, M.
 O'Grady, Standish Hayes.
 O'Grady, Standish J.
 O'Halloran, J.
 O'Hea, P.
 O'Hennessy, Bartholomew.
 O'Keeffe, J. G.
 O'Kieran, Rev. L., C.C.

O'Kinealy, Justin.
 O'Laverty, Rev. James, P.P., M.R.I.A.
 Oldham, Miss Edith.
 O'Leary, Denis Augustine.
 O'Leary, James.
 O'Leary, Rev. James M., C.C.
 O'Leary, John.
 O'Leary, Rev. P., P.P.
 O'Leary, Neil.
 O'Leary, Simon.
 O'Mahony, Patrick.
 O'Mulrenin, Richard.
 *O'Neachtan, John.
 O'Neill, Captain Francis.
 O'Quigley, Rev. A. O.
 O'Reilly, Miss.
 *O'Reilly, Very Rev. Hugh, M.R.I.A.
 O'Reilly, Rev. J. M., C.C.
 O'Riordan, Rev. J.
 Orpen, Goddard.
 *O'Shea, P. J.
 O'Shaughnessy, R.
 O'Sullivan, D.
 O'Sullivan, Daniel
 *O'Sullivan, Michael.
 O'Sullivan, Rev. T.

Parkinson, Edward.
 Parse, P. H.
 Pedersen, Dr. Holger.
 Plummer, Rev. C.
 Poole, Prof. Stanley Lane.
 Powel, Thomas.
 Powell, Professor F. York, Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford.
 *Power, Edward J.
 Power, Rev. P.
 Power, William Aloysius Lucas.
 Pratt Institute Free Library, Brooklyn,
 New York, U. S. A.
 Prince, J. Dyneley, PH.D.
 Purcell, Joseph.

Quinn, John.

Raleigh, William.
 Rapmund, Rev. Joseph, C.C., M.R.I.A.
 Rhys, Mrs. Ernest.
 Rhys, Professor John.
 Rice, Hon. Mary Spring.
 Richardson, Stephen J.
 Ring, Rev. T.
 Robertson, J. L.
 Robinson, Professor F. N.

Rolleston, T. W.
 Rossall, John H.
 *Rushe, Denis Carolan, B.A.
 Ryan, Mark, M.D.
 Ryan, Patrick J., M.D.
 Ryan, Rev. T. E.
 Ryan, W. P.

Savage-Armstrong, Professor G. F.
 Scanlan, Joseph, M.D.
 Scanlan, Rev. James, C.C.
 Scott, Miss Jean MacFaelan.
 *Sephton, Rev. John.
 Seymour, Rev. Robert, D.D.
 Shahan, Very Rev. Thomas J., D.D.
 Sharp, William.
 Shaw, W. N.
 Shekleton, A. J.
 Sheridan, Rev. Joseph, C.C.
 Shorten, George.
 Shorter, Clement.
 Sigerson, George, M.D.
 Sinton, Rev. Thomas.
 Smyth, F. Acheson.
 Sneddon, Geo. T.
 Speight, E. E., B.A.
 Spirgatis, Herr M.
 Stevens & Brown.
 Stokes, Whitley, D.C.L.
 Stoney, Bindon B., M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.
 Strassburg, Kaiserlich Universitäts u.
 Landes Bibliothek.
 Sullivan, Patrick.
 Sweeny, William M.

Taylor Institution, Oxford.
 Tenison, E. R., M.D.
 Thompson, Miss E. Skeffington.
 Thurneysen, Professor Dr. Rudolf.
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