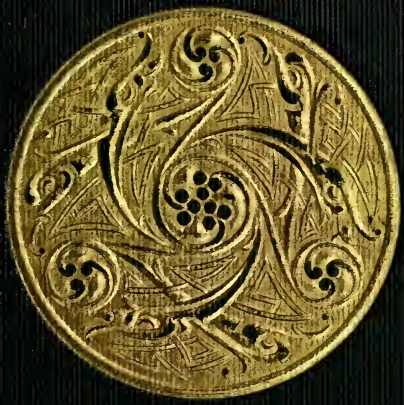

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Duanaire Dáibhidh Uí Bhruadair

THE POEMS OF DAVID Ó BRUADAIR

PART I

CONTAINING POEMS DOWN TO THE YEAR 1666

EDITED

With Introduction, Translation, and Notes

BY

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ERRATA

Page xv, line 10 from end, *for* "Bart." *read* "Knt."
Page xlvii, line 6, *for* "Bart." *read* "Knt."
Page xlvii, line 6, *for* "Annesgrove" *read* "Anngrove."

LIFE OF DAVID Ó BRUADAIR

CHAPTER I

UÍ BHRUADAIR

Irish surnames being patronymics preserve a record of the origin and descent of Irish families. In the early times of our history a man was known by his Christian name, to which was added, in cases where definiteness was desired, a generation or two of his pedigree or the name of the tribe to which he belonged. Lacking the element of fixity, those early patronymics were not true surnames. When, however, the words mac (son) and ó (grandson) came to be more and more frequently used to signify descendant in general, surnames in the strict sense of the word were formed. In Ireland this change, beginning in the tenth century, was practically completed in the course of the eleventh. As the surname Ó Bruadair is on record as early as the middle of the tenth century, their ancestor, Bruadar, must have lived towards the close of the preceding century. And, in fact, Bruadar is by no means an uncommon name in the lists of the princes and kings of those centuries, being found in Uí Fidhgheinte (Western Limerick, 814 A.D.), in Uí Chriomhthannáin (in Ossory, 850), in Laighin Deasgabhair (Southern Leinster, 853), in Muscraighe (Muskerry, Co. Cork, 854), in Corca Laighdhe (Diocese of Ross, 862), and in Uí Chinnsealaigh (Co. Wexford, and the barony of Idrone, Co. Carlow, 937, 982), as will appear from the following entries in the Annals of Ulster and the Annals of the Four Masters:—

814. bruadar dígeanna ua Figeinde dég (F.M. 809).

850. broen mac Ruaðrað rex nepotum Craumthain et duo germani eius .i. Fogertaċ et bruadar iugulati[1] sunt a fratribus suis (A.U. 849; F.M. 848).

[1] *Iugulare* is the ordinary Latin word in the Irish Annals for to 'slay' or 'kill in battle.'

853. Eochtigern mac Fuaire rex Laigen dergabair iugulatus est dolose a Bruatar filio Aedo 7 o Cerball filio Dunġaile, et Bruatar filius Aedo iugulatus est dolose a sociis suis viii° die post iugulationem Eochtigern (A.U. 852) a ndioġail a tri ġeanna (F.M. 851).

854. Bruadar mac Cinbaolaid trigerna Murchaiġe dég (F.M. 852).

862. Bruadar mac Dunlainġ trigerna Corca Loeġde décc (F.M. 860).

937. Bruatar mac Duibġille rex nepotum Ceinnfealaiġ iugulatus est (A.U. 936) la Fuadal mac úġaire (F.M. 935).

982. Bruatar mac Trigernaiġ (Eitt̄igern, F.M.) rí hua Cennfealaiġ moritur (A.U. 981; F.M. 981).

Bruadar is usually said to be a name of Norse or Danish origin; and the Uí Bruadair are consequently held to be of Norse or Danish descent. The fact that the slayer of King Brian at Clontarf, A.D. 1014, was called Bródar, and that the name Bruadar occurs in the Annals only during the period of the Danish invasion, seems to lend colour to this theory. But a foreign Christian name does not necessarily imply foreign blood. If Bruadar really is a Danish name, that fact only proves Danish influence, not necessarily Danish descent, for the history of Norman times shows us that native Irish families were quick to adopt foreign names, even where there had been no admixture of blood. Against the theory of the Danish origin of the name Bruadar there are two arguments: first, whenever foreigners adopted Irish surnames, they prefixed regularly not Ó but Mac; secondly, the first occurrence of the name Bruadar in the Annals of the Four Masters seems to be too early to be ascribed to Danish influence. The invasions of the Danes and Norsemen began in the year 795; and until the year 812 their raids were confined to the islands lying off the coast of Ireland. There is no record of their having landed on any part of the mainland of Ireland before the year 812, when they plundered Umhall and Conmaicne in Connaught, and suffered a defeat at the hands of Cobhthach, son of Maeldúin, near Loch Léin, in Kerry. But though the annalistic data thus seem to prove that the name of the ruling prince of Uí Fidhgheinte in Co. Limerick, who died in 814, is not of Danish origin, yet it is just possible that a Danish name may have been introduced through commercial intercourse with that people prior to the period of warlike invasions.

The surname Ó Bruadair, though not very common, is still

fairly widespread. It has assumed various forms in the process of anglicization, such as Broder, Brawder, Brothers, and Broderick. Of these corrupt forms, the first is the closest to the original, but the last, Broderick, an English name wholly unconnected with Ó Bruadair, is the most common, and threatens to absorb all the others. Indeed, the tendency to substitute the English name Broderick is in active operation at the present day. Those who to their neighbours are Broders become Brodericks when they go shopping or marketing in the county town, or when they enter a rent-office or a court of law. Broder is still current in the counties of Kerry and Limerick, and to a less extent in Galway; while Broderick is found principally in Galway, Cork, Kerry, and Dublin.

The present location of the surnames Broder and Broderick corresponds so accurately with the territories ruled over by the different chieftains called Bruadar in the eighth and ninth centuries, that it would appear that there are several quite distinct families or clans of Uí Bhruadair. The first instance of the use of Ó Bruadair as a family name occurs, as already stated, in the tenth century.

957. Ꝺuin Coippne pinn hui bpuaḋaip aḟur a ṁeic .i. Aoḋ (F.M. 955).

991. Ꝺuiḃlicip ua bpuaḋaip pep leiġinḋ Leicġlinne ḋo écc; ap paip cuġaḋ an ceipt pi:

Ꝺuiḃlicip ḋinḋ eġnai uaiġ
ba buaiḋ pṅecpai pri ceċ mbáiġ,
ba puí leiġinḋ leaḃpaiḋ lóip
ba ḋluiṁ óip op Cpinn áin.

(F.M. 990.)

As it would be impossible within the limits of this Introduction to illustrate fully the history of the various families of Uí Bhruadair in the different provinces of Ireland, the following brief summary of references to them must suffice for the present:—

Uí Bhruadair of Ulster. — The Uí Bhruadair of Carraig Bhrachaighe, in the north-western portion of Inishowen, Co. Donegal, are referred to by Seán Ó Dubhagáin, who died in 1372, in his topographical poem Ꝺpiallaim ciṁċeall na Ꝑóḋla, but they are otherwise unknown.

Ó bruadair 7 Ó Maolfabaill 7 Ó hÓgáin ar Carraic mbriachuighe;

and

Ar Charraic mbrachaighe mbuain
ar cloinn Fearguspa armruaidh
Dochuadar gach caoich go cuinn
uí bruadair uí Maoilfabuill
uí Coindi uí Ogáin ile
cogbail broinge daoinige.

Uí Bhruadair of Ossory.—The more celebrated Uí Bhruadair, kings of Iverk, a barony in the south of Co. Kilkenny, are mentioned likewise by Ó Dubhagáin (ibid.).

Mac Giollapátraicc 7 Ó Cearbaill 7 Ó Donnchadha fíogha Orraighe; ó bruadair 7 mac bráin 7 Ó braonáin ar na trí triucha .i. na Clanna 7 an Comar 7 uí Eirc;

and again

Huí bruadair ar cuanna clár
meic braoin agus uí braonáin
aicme díoch nocha ndeachaid
trí maicne do Muimneachaib.

Giolla na Naomh Ó Huidhrin (who died in 1420), the continuator of Ó Dubhagáin, in his poem Tuilleadh fearta ar Érinn óig, writes:—

Rí ó nEirc na n-eachrach reang
ó bruadair bile díleann
críoch gainmech ón trom tuile
mar fonn maigrech Maonmhuighe.

The learned antiquarian Dubhaltach mac Firbisigh speaks of this family in his book of genealogies compiled in 1650, as follows:—

Aré an Conchraid rin mac Duach Cliach rogab an chríc rin do ainbeoin cloinne Connla mic breasail bric agus aré romarb caoiseach ua nDuach .i. ó beargha, ar rob iad tri phiomtaoisigh Orraighe an tanrin ó beargha caoiseach ua nDuach et ó bruadair caoisioch ua nEirc et mag bráin [caoiseach] ua Cliach.

Uí Bhruadair of Co. Wexford. — To the Uí Bhruadair of Uí Cheinnsealaigh belonged Anthony Broders and James Broders who, in the year 1661, signed "The faithful Protestation and humble Remonstrance of the Roman Catholic Gentry of the County of Wexford."[1]

[1] P. Walsh, History of the Irish Remonstrance, London, 1674, p. 99.

Uí Bhruadair of Co. Cork.—According to Dubhaltach mac Firbisigh in his Geinealach Corca Laighdhe, Ó Bruadair of that district was óclaċ dúċapa, that is, hereditary retainer, of Ó Dubhdálethi :—

Ꝑonḋaiġeaċt an Tṁċa meaḋonaiġ anḋro .ı. Duḃċaiġ ı Coḃċaiġ. Tuaṫ hí Duiḃḋáleiḋi ó ḃél áṫa na huiġṗi co ḃél áṫa buiḋi acuṗ ó Ꝺuṗt na ḋaiḃċe co Loch an taiṗḃ ; ó Duḃḋáleḋi a taiṗeaċ ; ıṗ iaḋṗo a óclaiċ ḋuċupa, hua Mailchellaiġh acuṗ hua Duiḃleanḋa ꝛ hua Mailchoṗma ꝛ ó Cuileanḋáin ꝛ ó ḃṗuaḋaiṗ ꝛ ua Duaḋaiċ ꝛ ó Laċtiṁ.[1]

The Earl of Cork left by his will, dated 24th November, 1642, to his nephew Edward Boyle the "impropriate rectories, &c., of Leitrim, Clondullane, Moycrony, Kilcrumper, Nelan, and Felain, all in Co. Cork, demised before 1641 to Thomas Holford, Clk., deceased, and Thomas O'Broder for the yearly rent of £100."[2]

To this family also belonged Richard Broder, an associate of Henry Puxley and John Puxley in rescuing the *Concert* smuggling sloop in Beare Haven on the 7th of September, 1732.[3]

Uí Bhruadair of Co. Galway.—The following account of the martyr Antony Ó Bruadair, O.S.F., shows us the fidelity with which the family clung to their faith in time of persecution, and also testifies to the high esteem in which the branch of the family settled in Co. Galway was held :—

"O'Broder, familia est honesta vigilans, Catholica et militaris in comitatu Galviensi, non procul a ripa nobilissimi Lacus vulgo Loc Derighert[4] dictæ, hæreditario iure commode possidens bona. Ex hac familia originem traxit Frater Antonius Brodr [*sic*], Franciscani Ordinis Religiosus, variis ornatus virtutibus. Sæviente rebellium persecutione Antonius noster, Diaconus tantum existens, aliorum more Ecclesiasticorum, latibulum sibi quærere est coactus. Quæsivit, suoque indicio invenit in confinibus Arcis Loci de Turlevachan,[5] in Comitatu Galviensi. At non tutum ; nam à Carolo Cuto, crudeli ac barbaro Tyranno, astutissimoque exploratore locorum omnium per Conatiam, investigatur et comprehenditur Antonius, laqueoque tandem suspenditur, Anno 1652. Quartâ postquam Neo-martyr fuisset sine ullis cærimoniis in loco supplicii sepultus septimanâ, veniunt amici corpusque effodiunt, ut in sacro illud sepelire possent

[1] O'Donovan, Miscellany of Celtic Society, pp. 54, 56, Dublin, 1849.

[2] D. Townshend, Life of the Great Earl of Cork, p. 490; London, 1904.

[3] For a full account of this incident see the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland for 1894, pp. 36–38.

[4] Loch Deirgdheirc: L. Derg, an expansion of the Shannon.

[5] Turlach Mochâin : Turloughvohan, five miles east of Tuam.

loco. Res mira, statim ac iam fuerat effossum, et regulari Ordinis veste indutum, tam copiosè sanguinem ex naribus stillare incepit, ut si viveret, non posset magis. Huius rei interpretationem aliis relinquo."[1]

Uí Bhruadair of Co. Limerick.—Among those transplanted from Co. Limerick into Connaught by the Cromwellians was Theobald Bourke, Lord Baron of Brittas. In pursuance of a Declaration of the Commissioners of the Commonwealth of England for the Affairs of Ireland, bearing date the 14th day of October, 1653, he, on the 19th day of November, 1653, delivered unto the Commissioners of the Revenue for Limerick in writing the names of himself and such other persons as were to remove with him, &c.

Among these names are the following two:

"Daniel O'Bruoder, adged forty years; gray hair; slender face; and lame of one leg.

Shirilly (*leg.* Shisilly?) ny Bruoder, adged forty years; gray hair; middle stature."

CHAPTER II

PLACE AND DATE OF DAVID Ó BRUADAIR'S BIRTH

There is no extrinsic documentary evidence to throw light on the history of David Ó Bruadair's life; and, as oral tradition is likewise silent about him, his own writings are the only source of trustworthy information. On one point, indeed, there might seem to be a settled tradition. That he was a native of Co. Limerick has been accepted by Edward O'Reilly,[2] Fitzgerald and Magregor,[3] Lenihan,[4] Standish Hayes O'Grady,[5] and Douglas Hyde.[6] If this opinion were true, it

[1] Propugnaculum Catholicæ Veritatis, auctore Antonio Bruodino, p. 727, Pragæ, Typis Universitatis Carolo-Ferdinandeæ in Collegio Societatis Jesu ad S. Clementem, 1689.

[2] Transactions of the Iberno-Celtic Society, vol. I, part I, p. cxcvi, Dublin, 1820.

[3] History of Limerick, vol. II, Appendix, p. lxiv, Dublin, 1827.

[4] History of Limerick, Appendix, p. 759, Dublin, 1866.

[5] Catalogue of Irish Mss. in the British Museum, p. 517.

[6] Literary History of Ireland, pp. 592–594, London, 1899.

would be possible to go further and locate his birthplace, with great probability, in the ancient territory of Uí Chonaill Gabhra, i.e., the western half of the county of Limerick, where he spent a great portion of his life. Late traditions, as is well known, have a tendency to become more definite the farther they are removed from the events; and hence it is not surprising to find that a recent writer states[1] without hesitation that he was born near Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.

That this is a genuine tradition, handed down from ancient times, I am, however, inclined to doubt. Edward O'Reilly would seem to have been the first to give currency to it. At least I have not succeeded in establishing an earlier date for its existence. On the other hand, the internal evidence of the poet's own writings points rather to the eastern portion of Co. Cork as being the district in which David Ó Bruadair was born. A short summary of this evidence will suffice.

In the first place come statements which bear directly on the question at issue—viz., those referring to his native place, his ancestors, and the home of his family.

1. In a satire upon an insolent churl who had attacked Siobhán de Barra, a relative (ꝑıuꝑ, ᵹaol) of the Earl of Barrymore, whose estates lay in Co. Cork, David speaks of her as belonging to his own native place, cúılꝑıonn ᴅom ᴅúıċıᵹ:—

> Cıoᴅ cúnᴛar ᴅuınꝑcıonn ꝑıom a ᵹcluınım ᴅo ꝑclóıꝑ
> ar úrꝑuıl an ċúıᵹe rı ᴅ'ımırᴄ ᴅon ᴛé
> unnꝑa ᴅá ċúꝑꝑa nı ċuınꝑınnꝑı ı nᵹéar
> ꝑe cúılꝑınn ᴅom ᴅúıċıᵹ mun nᴅꝑuıᴅeaᴅ ı ᵬlé.[2]

2. In a poem written to welcome Sir James Cotter, Bart., home from England, in the year 1688 or shortly afterwards, he speaks of Sir James being a native of the same district as himself (ᴅom ꝑeaꝑ ᴅonᴅúıċe), and says that though he himself had also lived far away from home for some time, yet he had never lost his affection for the "land of his original stock" nıoꝑ ꝑáᵹ mo ᴅíoᵹꝑar cír mo ᴅunꝑꝑéımᵉ). Now Sir James Cotter lived at Anngrove, a townland in the parish of Carrigtohill, barony of Barrymore, Co. Cork.

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[1] Journal of the N. W. Munster Archæological Society, January, 1910.

[2] Vide infra, p. 86.

Páilte le fíorċumann uaimpe
Dom ṗeap aonḋúiṫe go mbáiḋ,
capnaim gan ċapaiḋ a mbliaḋna
ó naċ maiṗiḋ fianna Páil.

Páilte óm ċroiḋe gan claoine coiṗcéime
i nḋáil an laoiċ um ġuiḋe naċ fiċléigim,
ó ċáċ gé caoim cap líne amuiċ cṗéimṗe
níop ṗág mo ḋíogṗap cíp mo ḃunṗṗéimṫe.

3. In an elegy on Séamus do Barra, who died at Gort na Sceithe in the year 1681, he speaks still more explicitly. He tells us first that it is time for him to go home and share in the grief of his friends, the Barrys :—

Ir miċiḋ ḋaṁra bonn do ḃaile
ir conġnaṁ le búiċṗeaċ mo ċapaḋ
ó cáiḋ éigṗe an ċé na gcaḋlaḋ
ap an leoġan cuġ bṗónaċ ḃarraiġ.

The Barrys, he adds, have been dear to him from childhood, though he has lived for a long time in exile among strangers :—

Ḋṗonġ leamra ḋob annra im leanḃ
ap ḋeoṗuiġeaċt cé ċoṁnuiġeap le faḋa
ḋṗonġ uapal gan ċṗuap um ċeaċraiḃ
ḋṗonġ ran óig fá ṗóḋ náṗ b'annaṁ.

Then he tells us that it is an hereditary duty of his to assist at the burial of a Barry; and that, though anything he can do is but insignificant, yet his tongue and his pen shall never be wanting to the princely family of Teach Molaige—i.e., the Barrys in general.

Ḋualgur ḋo ċuamaḋ óm aiċriḃ
naċ cṗéigim geaḃ cṗéiċ mo ċaḃair
beiċ ḋo ġnáċ a láiṁ ra laḃairt
le cuaine fíoġḋa Tiġe Molaige.

For the demonstrations of grief on his part would not be those of a stranger :—

A mbliaḋna ní fiaḃaċ an c-aḃar
fuaṗar ḋá mbuailinn mo ḃaṗa
nó maṗ ṁnáiḃ ḋá ngáirinn gneaṗa
m'iaċtaċ níop iaṗaċta an cṗeanaiḃ.

Then he excuses himself for having written so much more about the Fitzgeralds, viz., of Claonghlais, Co. Limerick ; for though his

ancestors were not connected with them, yet they had proved themselves no ordinary physicians to help him in his distress:—

Dá n-abṙaḋ aon ɡur ḋ'aoḃṙuil ḟeaṙailc
ıṙ mó anallṙa laḃṙaiḋ mo ċaṙca
mo ṙınnṙeaṙ bíḋ naċ ḋíoḃ ḋo ḋeaċaıṙ
ḋṙonɡ maṙ ċáċ nío ṙ leaɡa ḋom laɡaḋ.

Dá ḃṙéaċaıḋ céillıḋ ɡan leaċṙom
a nḋeaṙna ṙa nḋeaṙnaḋ ḋom aṙlaċ
ıaṙ ṙcṙúḋaḋ cúıṙe ɡaċ caıṙce
uım ṙaıṙnéıṙ aṫá mo leaċṙcéal ɡaḃṫa.

His literary connexions also are with County Cork. Tadhg Ó Donnchadha[1] was the first to draw attention to the historical and literary importance of what he calls the Blarney Dámhscoil or Academy of Poets. The head of this school during the latter portion of David's life was Diarmaid mac Sheagháin Bhuidhe mhic Charrthaigh. Between him and David there existed a close literary friendship. Two of David's poems were occasioned by poems of Diarmaid mac Sheagháin Bhuidhe, and both of them collaborated in correcting the pedigree, which another Cork poet, Ó Corbain, had drawn up for a Father Mac Cartáin. It must be acknowledged, however, that one of the two poems mentioned above was written by David in defence of the artisans of Co. Limerick in answer to a poem by Diarmaid in favour of those of the latter's native district, Muskerry. As this was merely a good-humoured literary controversy, the fact that David took up the defence of the artisans of Co. Limerick need not prove anything more than that he was then living in that county.[2] Other poems of his bring him into connexion with the children of two Cork poets, Fearfeasa Ó an Cháinte and Cúchonnacht Ó Dálaigh.

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[1] Vide Ḋáṫa Ṡeáṁ na Ráıṫíneaċ, Gaelic League, Dublin, 1907, pp. xx et seqq.

[2] It is undeniable that after the year 1660 David lived more in Co. Limerick than in Co. Cork, as he himself expressly implies, supra, pp. xv, xvi. Poems which suppose his presence in Limerick belong to the following dates:—about 1659–1662, about 1660–1663, March, 1666, December, 1666, to January, 1667, 16th May, 1675, 2nd October, 1675, 18th September, 1676, 17th April, 1679, 23rd February, 1680, May, 1682, March, 1691, October, 1691, 23rd July, 1693, and possibly 1693–4.

Again, it is almost exclusively through scribes of Co. Cork that the poems of David have been preserved to us. The earliest of these scribes, all of whom had in their hands the autographs of our poet, are Diarmaid Ó Mathghamhna, Uilliam Condún, Eoghan Ó Caoimh, Seaghán Stac, and Seaghán na Raithíneach Ó Murchadha. All these were natives of Co. Cork or at least resident in that county, and all of them, except the last, who was born in 1700, were junior contemporaries of David Ó Bruadair.

Finally, in a Ms. written by Seaghán Ó Cuarthnán in Cork, in the year 1820, the scribe speaks of David Ó Bruadair as having a long time previously lived at Caisleán Ó Liatháin, if indeed the words do not imply that he was a native of that place. In the title to the hymn Do chonnpaḋ poipceaḋal, he says: Amṗán bliaḋa po noċ do ċúm Ḋáiḃiḋ ó bṗuaḋaiṗ do bí a cCaiṗleán ó Liaṫáin paḋa ó ṡoin, timċioll na bliaḋna 1648—i.e., A hymn composed by David Ó Bruadair, who lived a long time ago in Castlelyons, about the year 1648.[1]

Apart from the poems themselves, this is the only evidence which I have found in Irish Mss. touching the birthplace of our poet. It is as old as the presumed Limerick tradition, made popular by Edward O'Reilly. On the other hand, when we consider that, in all the numerous poems which David wrote during his long-continued, though interrupted, residence in Co. Limerick, there is not one single line which asserts or even implies that he was a native of that county in which he found so many faithful friends and constant patrons, the conclusion seems inevitable that Edward O'Reilly, a native of Co. Meath, and thus dependent upon others for his information regarding the south of Ireland, erred when he concluded that David, having written so many poems on families in Co. Limerick, was himself a native of that county. In Edward O'Reilly this error of judgment was excusable; but the internal evidence of the poems proves that it was no less a mistake.

From the above quotations it appears certain that David was a native of the eastern portion of Co. Cork. The exact locality cannot be determined; but it is to be sought for somewhere in the barony of

[1] Vide infra, p. 20.

Barrymore. The conclusion thus forced upon us is confirmed by many other arguments deducible from the poems. In the present edition I have attempted, as far as possible, to arrange the poems in chronological order. Unfortunately most of the early poems are undated in the Mss. The reasons for assigning them approximately to certain dates will be found in the introductions prefixed to the several poems. Taking the poems according to their presumed dates of composition, it will be noticed that the earlier poems refer rather to Co. Cork and its chieftains, the Barrys and the MacCarthys, than to Co. Limerick and its lords, the Fitzgeralds and the Bourkes. The earliest distinct reference to Co. Limerick is found in An ɡuaɡán ɡlioɡ, written probably between 1658 and 1662, in which there is mention of the river Grúda, near Newcastle, the seat of Jordan Roche, beside the city of Limerick; and the next instance occurs in Iomḋa ṗéiṁ ap ċuṗ na cluana, written on the occasion of the marriage of Jordan's son, Dominick Roche, to Una Bourke of Cathair Maothail, some time between 1660 and 1663. Possibly then David passed from Co. Cork to Co. Limerick about the year 1660.[1]

The date of David's birth can only be determined approximately; for his poems, our only authority, contain no definite allusion to his age, and most of his youthful efforts are unfortunately undated. The fifth poem in this edition is the earliest composition of his, the date of which is certain. It is dated 1652 in the Mss., and this date is confirmed by internal evidence; for it was written at the beginning of the Cromwellian plantation. The first poem in this volume, dated 1630 in a late Ms., is wrongly ascribed to our poet; and the second poem offers no material for dating. The third and fourth poems have been assigned to the years 1643 and 1648 respectively. These dates are probably correct. A short discussion of the evidence will be found in the special introductions prefixed to those poems. The above facts show that David Ó Bruadair was not born later than the year 1630, and that he was born probably as early as 1625. That he was not born much earlier may be concluded from the absence of any references to old age in those poems which he wrote as late as the

[1] Poems implying his residence in Co. Cork were written at the following dates:—before 1657, about 1660, autumn, 1665, 6th March, 1676, April, 1679, 1681, 1688, 1690, 1st November, 1692.

year 1694. In favour of the earlier date 1625 might be cited a passage of his poem on the marriage of Oliver Stephenson, in which he refers to the death of Captain Oliver Stephenson in the battle of Lios Cearbhaill, 3rd September, 1642, in words which seem to imply his personal recollection of that event :—

Cuig fear anma an mhaighre meirri
m'aigne ag mochgul
do chú fhoglach innse hEachaidh
bímse a mbrochul.

CHAPTER III

YOUTH AND EDUCATION

The names of his parents are not known. That they were not reckoned among the chartered nobility of the land is asserted by David himself :—

Már fachaim dom bac i measc na dtaoiseach tréan
do fhealbhuigh gean ir neart a n-aoire naomh
mo cheangal gan chleas ne caint na críche i méin
tar tairrigh a dtreabh ní gar mo luighe go héag.[1]

Yet they must have been fairly well off, for they were able to give their son a good education; and he tells us that he passed the first portion of his life in comfortable circumstances, and was welcomed in good society. We have an elegy[2] from him on the death of his fellow-scholar, Seon, who, however, is otherwise quite unknown. Neither do we know the masters under whom he studied, nor the professor who gave him his first lessons in the art of poetry. He does indeed praise very highly a certain very learned master, Seaghán mac Criagáin, on whose sickness he composed a poem, 24th June, 1675, and whose elegy he wrote shortly afterwards. But in neither poem does he imply that Seaghán mac Criagáin had been his master.

[1] Written on Christmas Eve, 1674.

[2] Vide infra, poem II, p. 10.

Whoever his masters were, they gave him a sound liberal education, and trained him in the writing and speaking of the three languages, Irish, Latin, and English. His poems do not give him much opportunity of displaying his knowledge of Latin; for, though Latin literature influenced considerably the prose style of some Irish writers, it never had any decided effect upon the style of medieval Irish poetry.[1] This remarkable difference between the influence exercised by Latin literature upon Irish prose and the absence of any such influence upon Irish poetry, is not only a proof of the great difference which exists between the spirit of Latin poetry and that of Irish poetry, but also a striking testimony to the extraordinary refinement of Irish poetry, which rendered its style and spirit impregnable to the assaults of foreign literatures. We have David's own testimony to his having possessed a speaking knowledge both of Latin and of English: —

Gn tamall im ġlaic do ṁair an ġlérinġinn
ba ġeanamail ġairc dar leac mo éiġcheri
do labrainn laidean ġarda ir béarla ġlic
ir do tairrinġinn dair ba cleir ar cléirchaiṫ.[2]

The few glimpses of his acquaintance with Latin literature which his poems afford need not be fully developed here. They consist, first, in Scriptural quotations, cited from memory, such as "Regnum in se divisum desolabitur,"[3] "Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari et quæ sunt Dei Deo,"[4] to which we may add the translation of certain Scriptural phrases, such as "Qui sine peccato est vestrum primus in illam lapidem mittat";[5] secondly, in the use of certain short phrases like "ut fertur"; and finally in his allusions to classical mythology. David indeed shows his good taste in introducing but rarely these Greek and Roman gods and demigods, and where they occur, the appropriateness of the allusions betokens first-hand acquaintance. Their characters, too, are less stereotyped and less conventional than is the case with the Irish poets of the eighteenth century.

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[1] Cf. Poems of Aodhagán Ó Rathaille; Ed. by Rev. P. Dinneen, p. xxxviii, Irish Texts Society, London, 1900.

[2] Written 16th May, 1674.

[3] Cf. Matth. xii. 25, and Marc. iii. 24.

[4] Cf. Matth. xxii. 21, Marc. xii. 17, and Luc. xx. 25.

[5] Jo. viii. 7.

The thoroughness of his Irish education is exemplified on every page of his writings by his wonderful command of Irish idiom, never at fault for a moment, and by his profound knowledge of ancient literary forms, partly acquired by extensive reading and partly the result of his study of the ancient glossaries. His mind was a storehouse of historic lore, which he could always draw on for purposes of illustration. The principal source of his historical knowledge was the History of Ireland by Geoffrey Keating, his favourite author. Not only are his historical allusions to be found for the most part in Keating's work, but he agrees closely with Keating in his estimate of the character of the various heroes and personages whom he mentions. It would seem, indeed, that he had that historical work open before him when he wrote some of his poems; for instance, ranns XVI–XVIII of poem XV of this edition are a simple versification of the Commaoine Briain of Geoffrey Keating.[1] In his letter, written to John Keating, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, 15th May, 1682, speaking of himself in the third person, he refers to his study of this book as follows:—"His [i.e., David's] earnest desire to learn and acquire that knowledge caused him perfunctoriously to peruse and consider a famous work formerly undertaken and firmly finished by a venerable and most reverend person of the name, to wit, Dr. Jerome Keating, in defence and vindication of his native soil against the partial writers that offered to calumniate and vilify both the soil and the seed, and with their envious aspersions to obfuscate their grandeur."

For an Irish poet in the seventeenth century, as in preceding centuries, genealogy was an indispensable adjunct of history. Hence this subject also was carefully cultivated by him; and we find him recognized by his contemporaries as an authority on questions concerning he descent of the noble families of his time. The genealogies at the end of Keating's History were, of course, familiar to him; but the principal source of his information was Leabhar Iris Chloinne Uí Mhaoilchonaire, compiled about 1611. He made one transcript of this valuable work during the course of the year 1672, and another copy in the year 1690. If a fragment of the same work, copied by him in 1694, and still

[1] Cf. G. Keating, History of Ireland, vol. iii, pp. 260–262, lines 4095–4115; Ed. Rev. P. Dinneen, Irish Texts Society, London, 1908.

extant, does not belong to the copy which he is said to have finished in 1690, it would follow that, in the very last years of his life, he was busily engaged transcribing it for the third time. Indeed, it is principally to the industrious pen of our poet that the popularity of this collection is due.

As to the English language, there is no doubt that he possessed a competent knowledge of it. He was able to speak it and write it; but he held it in little esteem; and at least in his earlier years he experienced difficulty in expressing himself in it with fluency. About 1660–63 he tells us that, though the minister of Croom, Co. Limerick, kept a splendid brew of delightful old beer, yet every time he happened to go near that house, he always passed it by on his left hand, "on account of the difficulty which he felt in fettering his tongue to fluent speech in the language of the foreigner," ατά ὸ'oιcαρ ṗeαὸαιm mo ċeanɡa ὸo ċuιὃριoɡaὸ ὸoċum an ɡaιllὃéaρla ὸo laὃaιρτ ɡo líoṁċa.[1]

On the 25th of February, 1673–74, he wrote a letter in English to all his friends in Kerry, in which he mentions by name Robert Sanders of Castleisland, Will. Trant, and Darby Cam Mac Carthy. It would be unfair to judge of his knowledge of English from these fugitive lines of humorous doggerel, preserved in only one Ms. On the 16th May, 1674, he says that he was once looked upon as quite an expert in speaking Latin and English :—

ὸo laὃραιnn laιὸean ɡαρτα ιρ ὃéαρla ɡlιc.

Exactly a year after the above date he wrote nine English and four Irish stanzas on the death of Elizabeth Aghieran alias Fitzgerald, 16th May, 1675. These nine English stanzas would have enabled us to form a more accurate idea of our poet's skill in English verse than does the epistle to all his friends in Kerry; but they have not been preserved. For the patriotic scribe, Seaghán Stac, unfortunately got a scruple, and omitted those nine English stanzas, begging the reader to excuse him for having formerly soiled his book by admitting some English matter into it: ċuιɡ a léaɡċóιρ ɡuρ lιnɡιoρ ċaρ naoι ραιnn ὃéαρla ⁊ ɡuρ ρɡρíoὃaρ na ceιċρe ραιnn ɡaoιὸeιlɡe ρo um ὸιaιɡ, óιρ ιρ ιaὸ aρ ρó ιonṁaιne lιom ;

[1] Vide infra, p. 112.

mar an ccéadna gaib mo leiċrgéal ar fon mo leabráin do fálċa ó ċúir le béarla.

He sent a long English letter to Judge Keating on the 5th of May, 1682, enclosing his poem on the Oates Plot. As this interesting letter is written in the third person, it might appear that it was written not by David, but by some of the Munster gentlemen on the occasion of whose acquittal David composed the Irish poem. In some Mss. this letter is introduced with the simple statement: "Hereafter follows a true Copy of the letter wherein the said Irish poem was Inclosed and sent to Dublin by the Limerick Post, May 1682." In view of the fact, however, that the poem was sent by David anonymously, this title does not exclude his authorship of the letter. In other Mss. the letter is expressly ascribed to David, and the style of the title in these Mss. precludes the idea that this ascription is a mere guess of the scribe. This form of the title is as follows: "Hereafter follows a Poem and Letter of Thanksgiving by the Author hereof to Jno. Keating, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, after his Gaol Delivery of the Gentlemen Impeached and arraigned in Munster upon account of the pretended Popish Plot, sent by the Limerick Post, May 16th, 1682." This letter will be given later on in this Introduction.

In a poem on the Catholic army of James II, he uses Ralph as a distinctive name for the Cromwellian military adventurers and planters. The name is derived from Butler's Hudibras. In that work Ralph, Sir Hudibras' clerk, represents the sour fanatics of the Independent sect. But it is impossible to show that the use of that name by David proves that he was familiar with the work of that English author. Butler's famous work had brought that name into vogue, and during the twenty years or so which had elapsed since the publication of Hudibras that name had had time to reach Ireland and become known to the Irish, who were then surrounded and domineered by a horde of Ralphs. Besides the name had been used some time before by Diarmaid mac Sheagháin Bhuidhe in a poem which David had in view at the time he composed his.

Again, David was accustomed, especially in his later poems, to add copious marginal notes, illustrative of the accompanying verses. These notes are frequently in English, as will be seen in the later volumes of his poems.

Finally, in 1694 he complains that it is because of his poverty, and not because of his imperfect command of the English language, that his poetry is despised :—

Ní béarla briste ar bit do reiall mo reuaim
acht mé gan truip do duirfiod ciall um buain.

Here, however, it is probable that the word béarla ought to be taken in its original sense of language in general.

As already said, his knowledge of English did not inspire him with any admiration for that language. He considered it harsh and grating in sound.

Ní canaid glór acht górta garbhéarla.[1]

It is true that the apparently contradictory epithet, binn, is applied to English by him in the line

Mairg atá gan béarla binn ;

but binn is here used to denote the simpering, lisping pronunciation of that language. It is used in the same sense by Eoghan Ó Caoimh in the line

Go hachumair le bachlachaib an binnbéarla.

To David English was gliogarnach gall, the babbling of foreigners ; béarla praiseamálta, a messy hotch-potch of a language ; béarla bréagantа beoiltirm, treacherous lip-dry English ; with spluttering sounds and a stuttering utterance, truidireacht béarla pléarcaid ir plubaireacht pluc, etc.

Holding such strong views, it is no wonder that he despised thoroughly those who forsook Irish manners and speech to adopt English customs and language, both of which were at that time just beginning to be considered fashionable, mainly through the influence of the Duke of Ormonde.

Before terminating the history of this period of the poet's life we may say that he seems to have been already married, although we have very little information upon this subject. On the 3rd September, 1678, he says regretfully that he can now do little or nothing to advance the prospects of his children :

Cuille dom fhíoṁ mo choirce gan choimre
an duirb ir daoire d'fiadhraraib
ra chruinne dochím nach cumagaim poinn
do chiocrad dom chlainn cum tigearnair.

[1] Vide infra, p. 18.

A satire upon a maor mine, a meal-bailiff or meal-steward, evidently some tax-collector, is found mixed up among poems of David's, and may possibly have been written by him during his period of poverty. In it David, or the unknown author, speaks of the rapacity of this official, who not only robbed and plundered the poor and defenceless, but even seized and carried off a raw mackerel from his children :—

Rug an ruanóg leir óm leanbaib
leor a n-eiric fala an maoir
ronnac ruad gan brut gan bearna
buan a guc geaó gearra a haoib.

In a poem written 23rd February, 1680, against Philip Ó Conaill, O.S.F., who had criticized his poetry, he refers to him as a poor, childless old man, seemingly implying that he himself was not :—

Ó tarla gan clann gan cheac
taigde a chruaigcuirr ní bireac
dom chúca ní hád cum uile
fear gúca ir gnád ag ulfairt.

Perhaps we should hardly be justified in arguing from the word cliamain, which he uses in addressing Diarmaid mac Sheagháin Bhuidhe, that any affinity existed between them. The word may be used poetically to denote literary relationship.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE AND WRITINGS FROM 1674 TO 1682

In the preceding pages most of the early poems of David Ó Bruadair have been mentioned. This first volume contains all his writings down to the year 1666, arranged in chronological order as far as it is possible to determine their dates of composition. Since the early portion of the poet's life and literary activity can be followed by reading consecutively the introductions prefixed to the poems in this volume, it is quite unnecessary to repeat the same facts here. His political and his religious poems will form a subject for future study; and those addressed to his friends and patrons will also have a special section reserved to themselves.

Passing over the few poems written between 1666 and 1674, some of which have been already referred to, we come to the latter year, which marks an epoch in the poet's life. Down to that year, everything seems to have prospered with him; but on the 3rd of April, 1674, we find him complaining that "his sleep is troubled by the sight of the universal confusion around him. The chant of choirs is silenced in the churches; the spirit of disunion reigns among the laity; the poor are oppressed; and learning is despised. Avarice and the materialistic spirit of the planters have displaced the old order. Godless upstarts desecrate the shrines of saints with indecency, and vanity prompts them to record on graven monuments their deeds of shame. All this, however, he could have borne had not the refined Irish nobles also become infected by the prevalent disregard for learning."

Hitherto the future had hardly cost him a thought. He had fondly imagined, as he himself expresses it, that to squander recklessly the wealth of the world constituted the very essence of generosity and nobility. The natural consequence followed. On the 16th of May, 1674, he fell into poverty, and learned by experience how transient and untrustworthy human friendship often is. Múrclann poilne puaċ capaḋ, indigence awakens repugnance of friends; poverty parts good company. That is the lesson he had now to learn; and as he sat down on Easter Saturday, 1674, in a mood of sad reflection, his thoughts wandered back to his earlier days of prosperity, and called up from the past an interesting picture of his youth, happy but improvident. Referring to the reception which used to await him at the house of his noble friends, he says:—"In this fair city once I lived, in Irish style, unmolested by any tempest of want, going my way gaily, and scattering on every side the angels [i.e., the coins] engraven with subtle skill. While still my hand possessed a silver coin, I used to be accounted witty, attractive, and accomplished. I could speak Latin and English as fluently as an expert, and could draw a dash which excited the envy of clerks. The lady of the house and the spouse of her heart had ever a welcome for me; so, too, had the kind nurse, tending her greedy babes. Had I asked for their place and the half of their wealth, I should hardly have met a refusal. Unhindered I could go in and out of the house without awakening either jealousy or suspicion;

and even if I returned two days running, my request for lodging was not in vain, for the speech I heard from the loving heart of every one of them was: 'Prithee, kindly share our meal.'"

Then came the disillusionment, a sudden and unexpected change. He cannot understand its cause; but he feels acutely its effects. His learning and accomplishments are denied, hospitality is refused him, and he is forced in his poverty to seek a livelihood by working as an agricultural labourer; yet poverty is less intolerable than the bitterness of disappointed hope. Thus he continues:—"I gave, so far as I am aware, no cause for accusation (though indeed I must have studied my lesson imperfectly) when all of a sudden the charter of my profession and of my property was stolen, vanishing like a mist from the brow of a hill. Soon arose a dark cloud between me and my faithless friends; for as soon as it was known that this deceitful world had played me false, no one could find any good in me. Now, forsooth, I can speak no language with propriety, and know no courtesy of address; my charm of brilliancy has altered; no correctness of metre is acknowledged in my verse; the flow of my eloquence is said to have dried up, so that, now that my esteem has vanished, I am but an unhorsed cavalier. Hardly is there one left who will visit me or ask a favour of me; and if I ventured a request, I should be repaid with angry words. No longer does she—that fair, fickle friend of mine—cast a glance of kindness on my weakness, whose promise to me once was: 'All that I have is thine.' Were I to stand weak-pulsed by the counter the live-long day from morn to eve with parched lips—were I even to offer my bond, smooth and sealed, for a naggin of cask-drawn ale—I should not receive it. So here I am, in hunger and thirst, a lonely labourer wielding an implement which I was not used to in the days of my fulness. My knuckles are all swollen from the motion of the clay-spade; and its handle has completely ruined my fingers. Let not my distracted complaint move anyone to rashly bring in a verdict of guilt against me; for it is not poverty which has caused half my sorrow, but my being worsted derisively by deceitful tricks in this crooked game of chess."

Indirectly, however, David's poverty has been our gain. Henceforth his pen became more prolific:—

"Paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem."

In his new condition of life he felt himself quite out of place. "Would that I were a boor," he reflects, "like the rude illiterate people with whom I am forced to consort! Should I not be far better off if all that money which I have spent in the search of wisdom or have wasted in struggling with difficult print, had been expended on acquiring ignorant boorishness and illiterate vulgarity, those accomplishments which alone can make me feel at home now!"

The summer of that year came, but it brought no summer to David's despondent mind. Corn was scarce, owing to the dearth of rain; and the failure of the harvest was in keeping with the sullen silence which overhung the land. "The old customs are gone; joy and mirth have fled; the maidens now no longer muster proudly on May-day; the revelry of the dance resounds no more; and the shaking of the musical branches is no longer heard. Cautiousness has displaced hospitality; ostentation has ousted sociality; the harp-strings are untouched, and the pipes unplayed. All brightness has fled from life. Everything—even summer itself—has been laid in the grave."

On Christmas Eve of the same year, 1674, David, while dining at the house of a legal friend, let drop thoughtlessly some words of a rather disparaging nature about his host. The remark was unfortunately voiced abroad; and he hastened to apologize to his friend for the pain which he had caused him unwittingly. This incident happened most probably somewhere in Co. Cork; for in that month of December David was at Eochaill,[1] when tidings reached him of great Christmas festivities then being held at Cathair Maothail,[2] in Co. Limerick, in preparation for the approaching marriage of Eleanor Bourke, daughter of John Bourke of that place, and Oliver Stephenson, of the family of the Stephensons of Dunmoylan and Ballyvohane, in Co. Limerick. David set out immediately on receipt of the good news, travelled by way of Mallow and Teach an Dá Pota,[3] and arrived in time to sing the marriage ode on the evening of the 8th of January, 1674–75. This poem gives us a pleasant picture of that bright and merry gathering, reflecting the high expectations of future joy and happiness which

[1] Youghal, Co. Cork.

[2] Cahirmoyle, near Ardagh, Co. Limerick.

[3] This name still survives, translated into English, Twopothouse, about three or four miles north of Mallow.

pervaded every breast; but, before eight months had passed, joy had given way to grief, and David was singing the death-lament of the young bride, 2nd October, 1675.

In the interval between the marriage and death of Eleanor Bourke, he seems to have retired to the neighbourhood of Gort na Tiobrad,[1] to assist at the funeral of Elizabeth Aghieran alias Fitzgerald, 16th May, 1675, on which occasion he composed her elegy, partly in English and partly in Irish, to which reference has already been made.[2] Next month, 24th June, 1675, hearing of the illness of the learned master, John Mac Criagáin, he went to pay him a visit. The sickness proved fatal; and a second poem, an elegy, laments the loss which the world of letters had sustained by his death.

Disappointment at the bad reception which he met with at the house of a friend, whose name is not disclosed, forms the subject of a poem dated 24th January, 1675-76. Being still in poverty, he crossed the mountains and applied for assistance to Redmond mac Adam Barry, from the side of the river Bride, feeling sure that he would be well received; for Sir John Fitzgerald had, before going abroad, recommended him to appeal to Redmond. David, however, cannot have enjoyed Redmond's hospitality long; for that same spring he went to Kerry, and sang the elegy of Edmond Fitzgerald, son of the Knight of Kerry. On the 16th of September, 1676, he addressed Sir John Fitzgerald, and, probably about the same time, sang the praises of the Lady of Claonghlais, viz., Ellen, the wife of Sir John, though the date of their marriage is unknown. To this period may be also assigned two poems, one written in defence of a friend named Edward, and the second written in answer to an unnamed critic of his poetry.

In the year 1678, on the 23rd September, he writes once more about his own destitute condition, the folly of his life, and the selfishness of the world; and on the 17th April of the following year, 1679, he composed the elegy on the death of Maurice Fitzgerald of Caisleán an Lisín, Co. Cork. At the beginning of the following year, 1680, he celebrated the hospitality of Tadhg Ó Maonaigh, in a very pretty, musical little poem, which, however, did not escape the censure

[1] Anglicized Springfield, near Dromcolliher, Co. Limerick.
[2] Supra, p. xxiii.

of Philip Ó Conaill, O.S.F., the Guardian of the Franciscan Abbey of Lios Laichtín, Co. Kerry. Sir John Fitzgerald was indignant at the criticism, and testified his appreciation of David's poetic skill, by presenting the poet with a suit of frieze, on condition that he would write something about the Guardian. This condition was fulfilled by David on the 23rd of February, 1679-80.

We come now to an episode of a different kind. For the previous two years determined efforts had been made to obtain some proof—no matter how worthless—of the existence of the Oates Plot in Ireland. No one in the country, it is true, believed in its existence; yet witnesses were suborned, and the most abandoned wretches were bribed to give evidence. Fuller treatment of these vile machinations must be reserved for a later volume. It will be sufficient to mention here a few facts which enter more immediately into the history of David Ó Bruadair's life. Sir John Fitzgerald, Bart., of Claonghlais, David's patron, was accused of complicity in the plot, arrested and brought to England for trial in the year 1680. On this occasion David wrote a few lines prophesying that King Charles II would be convinced of Sir John's loyalty as soon as he laid eyes upon him. Thus it runs in the Mss.:—

"A prophetie I made for Sir John fitz Gerald, when he was carried for England upon account of the pretended Popish Plot in the year 1680."

Here follows the prophecy:—

"Dá bpaice mo ṗpionnpa gnúiṙ ir géagа an ṗiṙ
a acṁaing ir a iomcap a ṗionnċpuic a ṗéile ir anoċc
ir beapbċa liom i gcúrra céille ir circ
naċ glacpaiḋ ó ċrú gur ċúirling méirle iona uċc"—

to which a note is added by the author:—agur níor glac.

These few lines did not escape the censure of David's literary critics, who asserted that they were so indefinite that they could be applied to anyone, whereupon we get—"The Author's Answer to one who said the foregoing verse might be applied to anyone at pleasure":—

"Ṗeap ṗuṙṙánca ṗial ṗoraiḋ,
ṗeap gan urċóid aontoraiġ,
ṗeap ṗoirne naċ teapc mairc
oiġne ceapc na Claonglaire."

In his distress at the absence of Sir John Fitzgerald, David turned his thoughts away from poetry, and resolved to write no more until he should see his patron, the Lord of Cill Íde,[1] return safe home again:—

Sin an ní do ċoill mo ðeapa
ıp do pin bṗéaġ don ṗéaḋ do ġeallap
nó ní ḟuaiġḟinn ḋ'uapal ḟeapṗaḋ
cṗiaċ Cill íde ı dtíp go dtaġaḋ.

But the death of James Barry in 1681 at Gort na Sceithe forced him to resume his pen. This is the poem referred to above,[2] in which he speaks of its being time for him to return home to share in the grief of the Barrys, those friends of his childhood, and in which he excuses himself for having written more about the Fitzgeralds than about the Barrys.

Some few undated poems seem to have been written about this time. One of these consists of a few verses on a surly servant; in another he writes with feigned indignation, but in reality in a good-humoured spirit, about the inhospitable entertainment which he received from two good priests David and William Ó Laochdha; but the third is a piece of greater interest. In it David writes in mock-heroic style in defence of the smiths and cobblers of Co. Limerick against the claims of the artisans of Muskerry and of Co. Kerry, advocated by the poets of those localities respectively, as the following note informs us:—

Aġ ṗo um ðiaiġ mo ḟṗeaġṗa aṗ an ðteaṗtaṗ éaġcóṗaċ tuġ Diaṗmaiḋ mac Seaġáin Ḃuiðe aṗ ġṗéaṗuiðe ðaṗ ḃ'ainm Seán ó Loingṡı ec Ðomnall ó Maolám beo an tan ṗın ⁊ ṗóṗ aṗ ḟıleaðaiḃ Ciaṗṗuiðe ⁊ Murġṗaoı noċ do bí ġaċ ṗann aco aġ éiliom uiṗlíṗe Ġaiḃneaṅ ġoḃa dá nġaiḃniḃ ṗéin.

Domhnall Ó Maoláin, the cobbler, and Dick Norris, the smith, were the champions of Co. Limerick, whose cause David undertook. His rival, Diarmaid mac Seaghán Bhuidhe, who advocated the claims of Seán Ó Loingsigh, was the well-known poet and *littérateur*, Diarmaid Mac Carthy, whose brother, Donnchadh, was afterwards bishop of the

[1] Killeedy, in the barony of Glenquin, Co. Limerick, formed portion of the estates of Sir John Fitzgerald.

[2] Supra, p. xvi.

united dioceses of Cork and Cloyne during the years 1712 to 1726.

A fourth poem, apparently belonging to this period, is a reply by David to certain criticisms said to have been passed on his poetry by the son of another well-known poet, Fearfeasa Ó an Cháinte. The circumstances are explained by David as follows:—

"The following Lines I sent in Answer to a Learned Poet by name O'n Canty who (as I was told) did endeavour to ridicule my Compositions before some Gentlemen at Corke; who pay'd him but Small thanks for his pains and gave him less Creditt."

At the end of this pretty little piece David says that he cannot bring himself to believe that Ó an Cháinte really did censure him so causelessly; and if he did, may God forgive him.

The close of the year 1681, and the beginning of the following year, 1682, saw a renewal of the attempts to implicate the Catholic gentry of Ireland in the pretended Popish Plot. This matter will be dealt with more fully in a later volume. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to say that several Catholic gentlemen of Munster were arraigned on this concocted charge at the Limerick Assizes, 1682, before John Keating, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland. They were acquitted; and David sent to the judge an Irish poem in commemoration of that event. He did not at first reveal his name to the judge, preferring to wait until he saw how the judge would "resent" it; but to make up for his concealment of his name, he enclosed with the poem an English letter, which, on account of the interesting light which it throws upon the life of our poet, deserves to be printed here at length:—

"Hereafter followeth a Poem and Letter of Thanks given by the Author hereof to Jno. Keating, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, after his Gaol Delivery of the Gentlemen Impeached and arraigned in Munster upon account of the pretended Popish Plot, sent by the Limerick Post, May 16th, 1682.

"My Lord,

"The Author of the Inclosed Poem is a man not concerned at all in the Weighty Affairs of this World, yet see'th and can smile or frown on things as well as any other fool. He is a great Lover and admirer of honest men, and as great a hater of the adverse party. He

holdeth his abode in the proximity of a quiet Company, the Dead, being banished the Society of the living for want of means to rent so much as a House and Garden amongst them. He lives like a Sexton without Salary, in the Corner of a Churchyard, in a Cottage (thanks be to God) as well contented with his stock, which is only a little Dog, a Cat, and a Cock, as the Prince of Parma with all his Principalities. He knoweth Ingratitude to be a vice beyond compare, and therefore endeavoureth to know where Thanks ought to be paid, and accordingly to retain a sense. This earnest desire to learn and acquire that knowledge, caused him Perfunctoriously to peruse and consider a famous Work formerly undertaken and firmly finished by a venerable and most reverend person of the name, to wit, Doctor Jerome Keating, in defence and Vindication of his Native Soyl against the partial Writers that offered to calumniate and vilifie both the Soyl and the Seed, and with their envious aspersions to obfuscate their grandeur. It caused him also attentively to observe your lordship's Judicious Inspection, made into a prodigious filthy fogg, which lately hung over and threatened to pestifie the same, and how by virtue of your gracious King's Authority, with your Justice, Prudence and Eloquence you penetrated the Obscurity and denodated the snarely intrigues of that monstrous knotty cloud and its Venomous Intrails expos'd to public view, to the shame and confusion of the Devil and his Disciples, Glory of God, Honour and renown of your King, unspeakable comfort of your oppressed Countrymen and finally to your own unquenchable Splendour and Credit for ever. These, my Lord, two never to be forgotten grand obligations induced him on May Day, he being not troubled with the resort of tenants, receiving or paying rents, Branding of Bullocks, Cutting of Colts, Shearing of Sheep, or any other affayer of that kind, to allow himself sufficient hours to compose the Inclosed Lines, which he humbly offers to your Lordship's view, not as payment—a thing impossible—but as an acknowledgment of being still indebted. He intends it, my Lord, as a compendious Memorandum to posterity of the above obligations imposed on this poor nation by the noble Family of the Keatings in the Honourable and most Venerable persons of Jerome and John, the which have Ingraven in tables of Gold, Brass, or Marble, to Eternize their Fame to succeeding ages, and if they be well resented (though not worthy your Lordship's While) the Composer attains to

his end, will think himself happy, and his Weak Endeavours well bestowed, and if he were sure of so grateful a reception at your Lordship's hands for his poor Lines, as the Intention from which they proceed deserves, he would have subscribed his Name thereunto, the which, if your Lordship will be pleas'd to enquire for, may be found out by Imparting these Lines to any of those Gentlemen who were lately tryed before your Honour at Munster, for there is no one of them but will give a sure guess who he is.

"He seals this with a bell, wherewith he is wont to ring the Immaculate actions of Illustrious Heroes, Whose names ought to remain Immortal. He beggeth your Lordship's pardon, for this bold attempt, which is submissively offer'd in Immitation of the poor Woman's Mite contributed to the Corbon, by,

"My Lord,

Your honour's most grateful and

Most humble and unknown*

Dated 5th May, 1682. Servant.

* "Until inquired for in March 1683[–4] and then found to be David Bruoder.

"This letter being well resented by my lord, he admitted the author to sign his name to it in March, 1684.

"Signed by permission,

David Bruadar."

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AND WRITINGS FROM 1682 TO 1691.

During the period which elapsed from the time of the Oates Plot till the final defeat of the Jacobite cause in Ireland, David's poems, which are very numerous and intensely interesting, deal almost entirely with the stirring politics of the day. These poems are of extreme importance, for they are almost the only contemporary documents written in Irish which exist to enable us to appreciate the sentiments of the people of Ireland at that epoch. As it would be quite impossible to illustrate these poems in this Introduction, it will be more satisfactory

to reserve the discussion of them for the volume in which they will appear. Whilst, therefore, a mere enumeration of the subject-matter of these political poems must suffice for the present, a few events connected more closely with the personal history of the poet are selected for commemoration here.

In 1682 David wrote a short poem to a young man named Ó Cearbhaill, who had enlisted in the royal army, advising him to take warning by the sudden death which overtakes the drunkard or the rake, not to neglect his religion, nor to miss Mass for the sake of military honours. Two years later he composed his Suim ṗuṗgaḋṁa ḃṗeaṗ nÉiṁeann ón mbliaḋain 1641 gur an mbliaḋain 1684, i.e., Summary of Ireland's Purgatory from the year 1641 to the year 1684. In this fine poem he reviews all the events of the preceding forty-three years, and displays sound historical judgment in his analysis of motives and causes. This historical summary, written in the last year of the reign of Charles II, concludes with a prayer that God, the revealer of the secrets of hearts, might send brighter days to Erin.

This brighter era seemed to dawn when, on the 6th of February, 1685, King Charles II died and James II ascended the throne. Religious freedom was proclaimed; and in July, 1685, the process of disbanding the Protestant soldiery and enlisting Catholics in the royal army began. To a trooper by name Séamus Ó Eichthighearn, who enlisted on the 13th of October, 1686, in the camp of Major-General Justin Mac Carthy, afterwards Viscount Mountcashel, David wrote, giving him some very sage advice, which was, however, meant more for the Irish army in general than for his friend, Séamus Ó Eichthigearn. In that same month of October he composed also his triumphal ode in honour of King James II, in which he reviews the career of that monarch, and describes among other things his naval exploits. He concludes with "A Prayer for His Majesty and a Curse upon his foes," and "A Prayer for his officers both military and civil." This poem is modelled on an ode which had been written about a century previously by an unnamed Irish poet in praise of Queen Elizabeth.

Before proceeding, we may mention an incident which occurred about this year. There lived in Cork at this time a Father Mac Cartáin and a poet named Ó Corbáin. The former is evidently the

same as the Rev. Cornelius Curtain, who was born in 1658, was ordained at Cork in 1684 by Pierce Creagh, the Catholic bishop of Cork, and who was resident on the 13th of July, 1704, at Coole in the North Liberties of Cork, aged forty-six years, being parish priest of Rathconey (Rathcooney), according to the list of Catholic priests registered in that year. Ó Corbáin had in one of his poems derived the young priest's family from Éibhear, the reputed ancestor of the principal families of Munster. David denied this, and held that the Mac Cartáins of Munster were of the same race as the Mac Cartáins of Ulster, and consequently were descended from Ir, son of Míle Easpáinne. Accordingly, he sent the correct genealogy of the head of the Mac Cartáins of Ulster to the priest, accompanied by the following note:—

"Rev^{d}. Fath^{r}.,

"Because I see by Poet Corban's ingenious Poems that he is better versed in the Old Testament and other Foreign Transactions than in the Ancient Histories of Ireland, whereas he Derives your Pedigree from Heber, the Stock from whom the Noble Families of Munster are Descended, whereas your Family are Descended Linally and Originally from Ire mac Miles, the Stock of the Nobility of Ulster, I here send you the Genealogy of the Head of your Family and consequently of yourself."

It so happens that this genealogy of Mac Cartáin is also preserved in a manuscript written in 1701 by Conchobhar Ua Corbáin. As an interesting little revelation of human nature, we may note that Conchobhar Ua Corbáin, who is none other than Poet Corban himself, omits David's critical comments upon himself, though he transcribes David's corrected genealogy faithfully, and adds:

"Hanc Genealogiam approbarunt,

DAVID BRUADIR et
DEMETRIUS M^{c} CHARTY."

Demetrius M^{c} Charty is David's friend and fellow-poet, Diarmaid mac Shéagháin Bhuidhe, of whom we have spoken above.[1] A poem of David's, written probably some short time later, brings David again into relationship with the family of Ó Corbáin. It is addressed "To

[1] Supra, pp. xvii, xxvi, xxxii.

Síle ní Chorbáin after she got married and ceased to be hospitable to the poets." In this case, Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady takes Síle ní Chorbáin to be an allegorical name for Ireland. He says:—"Celia wedded, standing for Ireland fallen away from the good old use and wont. The patronymic was chosen probably as being a derivative of corb."[1] Though there are many things in the poem which favour this interpretation, I am inclined to believe that Síle ní Chorbáin was a real person, a relative in all probability of the two Cork scribes and poets, Conchobhar Ó Corbáin and Tadhg Ó Corbáin.

Another aspirant to military honours in the new Catholic army was Eoghan Ruadh Ó Súilliobháin, son of Domhnall Ó Súilliobháin Mór. "At the beginning of King James the Second's reign he went to Dublin to take a commission for raising a regiment for said King James, where he was taken very much notice of by Richard Talbot, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and many of the chiefs and nobles of the said Kingdom, particularly on account of the very remarkable riding he performed in the presence of the said Lord Lieutenant, &c.; but was there soon taken by the smallpox, of which he died very much lamented, not only in the province of Munster, but in other parts of Ireland, where he was not only known, but heard of."[2] His death took place in 1687; and his elegy was written by David Ó Bruadair.

Richard Talbot, Earl of Tirconnell, was appointed Lord Lieutenant on the 18th March, 1687, and his arrival was sung by David. The reorganization of the royal army and the public profession of the Catholic religion by the King and the officials of the court tended to raise the spirits of the Irish nation. Early in the reign of King James, Diarmaid mac Sheagháin Bhuidhe had written a spirited poem on the receipt of the news that King James assisted openly at Mass in the palace of Whitehall. Diarmaid's poem is a fine composition; and the recitation of it by a person named Ó Dálaigh in the presence of David Ó Bruadair in the year 1690 moved David to write a stirring war-song for the Irish royalist army. But the high hopes to which

[1] Catalogue of Irish Mss. in the British Museum, on Eg. 154 f 69 b.

[2] Ancient History of the Kingdom of Kerry by Friar O'Sullivan of Muckross Abbey; edited by Fr. Jarlath Prendergast, O.F.M.

David gave expression were soon destined to be blighted; and the poet's heart must have been as sad as was that of the scribe who, at the end of this poem, added that "it was not long until Ó Bruadair had a different song to sing about that Irish army, alas! oh!"

Ar gearr go raib a malairt reo do port ag mac uí Bruadair ar an armáil Gaodalaig rin, fóirfor, oh!

The hour of triumph was indeed short; for events were moving rapidly. On the 17th of June, 1688, the news of the birth of a son and heir to King James, seven days previously, spread throughout Ireland. David wrote a poem in commemoration of the joyful event, yet his muse was sad in the midst of the universal rejoicings of the nation:—

Cúir trócuir ní dóiċ im ġoire i gclí
an prionnra óg mun dtógaiḋ an tubuirt díom.

To this he added soon afterwards the following doleful remark:—

agus níor ċóg acc a hárduġaḋ orm do rin.

He records the banishment of the young prince from England on the 10th of December, 1688; and on the 24th day of the same month, he wrote a poem "on the vile and disgraceful revolt of the men of England against their lawful king in favour of the prince of the Flemings."

Towards the end of this year 1688, Sir James Cotter, of Anngrove, Co. Cork, who had distinguished himself by killing the regicide, John Lisle, at Lausanne, on the 11th of August, 1664, returned home from England to Ireland, and an ode, which David wrote for the occasion, is inscribed: "For the Honorable Sir James Cotter, congratulating his safe return from England, composed by a faithful friend, who cordially wisheth him and his all Happiness both Spiritual and Temporal."

On the 26th of February, 1688–89, he commemorates "the taking of their horses and arms from the Galls," i.e. the foreign Protestant planters; but a few days afterwards, on the 1st of March, he has to lament "the inconceivable folly of those who ordered those same equipments to be restored." Then he prays that a new Brian mac Cinnéide might arise to free his native land from the tyranny of the Galls.

King James landed at Kinsale on the 12th of March, 1689, and war began during the summer. David does not give us much information about military movements, victories or defeats. There are a few lines, seemingly written by him, on the march of some Irish troops—probably Sir John Fitzgerald's regiment—from the Máigh to the Boyne. In March, 1691, however, he composed a triumphal ode in praise of Patrick Sarsfield, in which he gives a *résumé* of the various exploits of his hero, especially of the blowing up of the Williamite siege-train on the 12th of August, 1690. In this magnificent poem he commends the rapidity of Sarsfield's military movements.

This exploit of Sarsfield's and the brave resistance offered by the defenders of Limerick forced William to raise the siege on the 31st of August. But the second siege by de Ginkell, the following year, proved more successful. Before the resources of the defence were exhausted, favourable terms were offered to the garrison, and accepted by them. Bitter disputes and recriminations sprang up between those who had favoured the acceptance of the terms offered and those who had been for continuing the resistance. David Ó Bruadair took part in these subsequent discussions. Influenced, no doubt, by the fact that his hero Sarsfield and his patron Sir John Fitzgerald approved of the signing of the articles, he adopts their view, though not without misgivings, in two poems on the "Shipwreck of Erin, occasioned by the sins and divisions of her children." The first poem was written A.D. 1691, and the second is dated October, 1692. A fuller discussion of the questions which these poems raise will come more appropriately in the volume in which they will be published.

The following remark taken from the first of these poems will suffice to show his disappointment and despondency:—"I had thought that, when the men of Banbha had won their freedom, I should have lived in ease and comfort, as a steward or petty provost to some gentleman among them, but now, since the end of the whole of it is that I am reduced to old shoes, here is an end to my writing on the men of Fódla."

The shipment of the Irish troops to the Continent began towards the end of October, 1691, and by the end of November more than 19,000 men had sailed for France. Among those who left was Sir

John Fitzgerald. He was disappointed at the small number of his followers who accompanied him, and, before leaving Limerick for Carraig an Phoill, he wrote a few verses in Irish to David, complaining "of his failing followers." These verses are entitled:—"Sir John Fitzgerald's complaint of his failing followers, directed to David Bruader from Limerick, just at the said John's going to Sea for France in Order to the Capitulation, in which voyage being attended by none of his ancient dependants to their shame and perpetual infamy." To this poetical epistle David replied in another which he forwarded to Sir John at Carraig an Phoill. He tells him that, though he is sorry to see him driven into exile, under whose protection he had hoped to live peacefully when the war had been won, yet he (Sir John) is better off without the company of those turbulent rowdies who found fault with the articles. As for himself, he (David) has now neither silver, nor golden store, nor strength to go, sword in hand, on military expeditions; but he prays that the charity of the Lord may bring Sir John back once more safe and sound to his native land.

CHAPTER VI

LAST YEARS, FROM 1692 TO 1698

In the last years of his life David shared in the common misery of his country. In the heat of dispute he had made light of the doubts of those who had questioned the wisdom of accepting the articles of Limerick, though he could not completely suppress his own misgivings. Events, however, soon showed the conquerors in their true character. Instead of the promised ratification of the articles of Limerick, came the wanton violation of that treaty; instead of the pledged amnesty, came attainders and confiscation; and instead of the religious toleration enjoyed during the reign of Charles II, came the banishment of bishops and religious. No wonder David was sad and sick at heart when he gazed on the lands once frequented by the noble clans of Erin, now driven into exile after King James, and saw no one free from poverty, no one safe from plundering, except alien serfs and mastiffs:—

Is naċ faicim an bonn is an ḃfonn do ċaċaiġḋíf
Gan earbaiḋ gan foġail acc moġaiḋ is maisíníḋe.

During this period his poems, which are few in number and mostly short, dwell for the most part on the loss of those who had fallen in the recent war, or on his own hopeless, wretched existence, unsustained by aught save the charity of a few friends and the vain hope of the triumphant return of the warlike hero-hounds from Flanders.

Ir ḟaḋa liom ǧo ḋeaṙḃċa 'r ir láṅḃṙónaċ
ḋon aicme ṙin a ḃṙacamairne lá ar coṁǧaṙ.
eaċṫraiḋ na ḃṙeaṙaċon aṫá i bḞlóṅḋaṙ
'r ar cealǧaiḋ ṙan mbaile acu le ṫáṁneolaiḃ.

Now he is exposed to the insolence and exactions of every petty tyrant, since his former comrades and lion-hearted protectors are gone. Alone and defenceless, he lives in constant fear and dread that his home may be plundered any evening and his rough quilt be seized by the hearth-money man Odell.

Ḋáṁ acṙainneaċ im aice aniuǧ na ṙáṙleoǧain
le ǧcleaċṫaiṁṙe le macanuṙ ḃeiṫ áiṙleoǧaċ
ṙe hairǧioḋ an ṫeallaiǧṙi ǧaċ ṫráṫ nóna
mo ǧaṙḃċuilṫ ní heaǧal liom i láiṁ 'Oḋuil.

Anna ní hUrthuile, wife of John Bourke of Cathair Maothail, a former patroness of David's, continued to befriend him in his distress. On one occasion, seeing him clad in an old threadbare coat, with his breast exposed to the icy blasts and drifting sleet of winter, she took her cloak off her back and gave it to the shivering poet:—

Ǧép ḃṙaḋa me ṫaoiḃ ṙe ṙeanaċóṫa
náṙ ḋaiṁǧean ar ǧaoiṫ ná ar ǧiṁlic ǧairḃṙeoṫa
ní ḟacaiḃ mo ċlí ṙiṙ í ḋam ċlannaiḃ coṁarṙan
a ḟalluinn ḋá ḋṙuim ǧuṙ ċíoḋlaic Anna ḋoṁṙa.

On the 1st of November, 1692, he turned his steps towards Mac Donnchaidh Mic Chárthaigh, i.e., the Mac Donogh Mac Carthy, chief of Duthaigh Eaíla, Duhallow, Co. Cork. He styles the Mac Carthys ceannḃiṫṙe ċṙú Éiḃir ḟinn, "The Capital Letters of the Blood of Éibhear Fionn"; for, according to the genealogists, they were the senior branch of all the Gaelic clans, descended from Míle Easpáinne. To Mac Donogh he comes to expose his indigence, though he feels himself unable to express even one tithe of his miseries, for sullen hordes of serfs and monsters rule the land, and the tyranny of

flayers lies heavily on him. In this, one of his most beautiful poems, he laments in the sweetest Séadnadh verse the death and absence of his friends. Of these friends he mentions particularly more than one called John, also Maurice fitz Edmond Fitzgerald, "who would not have allowed the garlic-eating horde to spoil our lands," and finally the lord of Tralee. Speaking of his own condition, he tells us that "his many books are gone, that he lives surrounded by spies, and that, having no horse, quiet or restive, he is forced to trudge each day to the forest to carry home loads of faggots, which unwonted burdens leave his shoulders frayed and wounded. But, just as Oisín after the Fenians found in St. Patrick relief and faith, so he has found in Mac Donogh a youthful, faithful Patrick, healer of his every wound." Having dwelt at length on the nobility and other good qualities of Mac Donogh, he finally turns aside to extol in glowing terms the never-failing liberality of John Bourke and his wife, Anna ní hUrthuile. "May God's blessing and protection ever be with them on account of their charity during their career here below, and may the Lord reveal to them the light of glory beyond the tomb!"

On the 19th of July, 1693, was fought the battle of Landen, in which Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, received mortal wounds, of which he died four days afterwards at Huy. According to a report which reached home on the 29th of the same month Sir John Fitzgerald had distinguished himself in that battle, and had had a higher rank of nobility conferred upon him for his conspicuous bravery in the field. The report was not indeed looked upon as certain; for when David speaks of his having won an earldom on the field of battle, ıaṗlaċt maċaıṗe, he adds a note "ut fertur ɛᴄ máṙ bṗéaȝ ní ḋoṁṗa ıṙ bṗéaȝ é." In this poem he prays that Sir John, escorted by clerics chanting blessings and canticles, may be soon seen back at home amongst his own once more, to help the weak and relieve their distress. Then shall the radiance of his countenance impart added splendour to the State; then shall the scoffing wolves follow him whimpering, and those who abandoned him on the day of Carraig[1] humbly await him, to beg from him that forgiveness which they so ill deserve.

The next poem in order of time is entitled, "The ensuing

[1] Carraig, that is Carraig an Phoill, Carrigafoyle, Co. Kerry, vide supra, p. xli.

lines were composed in answer to a false message." The false message, which purported to come from a lady of the Fitzgeralds—no doubt, Lady Ellen Fitzgerald, wife of Sir John Fitzgerald of Claonghlais—was a request for the return of a small cloak which she had bestowed upon him as a present. David states that, in spite of his poverty, he should be willing to return it without grumbling, and should not think of retaining it if she really desired it, but he feels perfectly certain that she would never act so meanly towards him as to wish to revoke a favour once granted. This poem is followed by two stanzas, composed on the 9th of March, 1693–94, which complete the list of David's poetic writings. In them he reflects on the prevalent want of esteem for poetry, the exile of those whom he loved, and the necessity of bearing with patience the bitter treatment of the world.

The Ms. in which the last three poems are contained—H. 1. 18 in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin—has a peculiar interest attaching to it, as it preserves for us in folios 4 to 14 what appears to be the only extant specimen of the poet's handwriting. These folios are portion of a copy of Leabhar Iris Chloinne uí Mhaoilchonaire, transcribed by him in 1694. They contain genealogies of some families of O'Briens and Bourkes, followed by Dunċíor barúin Ċairleáin ĩ Ċonaing .i. tigearna Búrcaċ contae Luimnigh ann ro, "The Hereditary Rental of the Baron of Castleconnell, Lord Bourke of Co. Limerick." At the end of this document David adds the following note, in which, while referring to the defectiveness of the genealogy of the Bourkes of Co. Limerick, he testifies his attachment to that family. Tuig a léigteoir gurab mar dara mac dá aċair féin fuarar fear Baile na gceárd dá ċomaireaṁ ran seanċus ro, ⁊ naċ fuarar an céadṁac ná a ċuid fea roinn, iná fós ainm a n-aċar ré a rcríobaḋ, ná ní ir mó do Búrcaċaiḃ na tíre ri, et dá bragainn, go brúil do ṁéid mo gráid do aoinḟior don ċraoiḃ naċ géabaḋ tuirri ṁe re críoċnugaḋ a gcairte. "Know, O reader, that I found the lord of Baile na gCeárd reckoned as the second son of his father in this *seanchas*, and that I have not been able to record the name of the first son nor anything about his descendants, nor even the name of the father of the two of them, nor anything more about the Bourkes of this region. Should I, however, discover anything, know then that such is my love for any

member of that family, that no labour would prevent me from completing their charter."

The Leabhar Iris had been a constant companion to David. He valued it highly, and did much to popularize it. When the rest of his library was dispersed and destroyed, he managed to retain a copy of the Leabhar Iris. In the year 1672, before he had fallen into poverty, and while he had patrons to encourage and reward him, he had made a copy of it. Towards the end of his life, when his patrons had been exiled and native learning was despised by the alien usurpers, he may still be seen throughout the years 1692, 1693, and 1694 busily engaged at the same wearisome work of transcription. Impoverished and abandoned, he found consolation in historical study and research. When the fabric of Irish nationality was crumbling around him, his mind was wholly intent upon securing from destruction the records of the past and rescuing from oblivion the genealogies of the noble clans of Erin.

His fate was that of the Irish scholars of his day. His learned contemporary, the distinguished historian and antiquarian, Roderick O'Flaherty (1629-1718), speaking of the state of destitution to which he had been reduced by iniquitous confiscations, says:—"I live a banished man within the bounds of my native soil; a spectator of others enriched by my birthright; an object of condoling to my relatives and friends, and a condoler of their miseries." Sir Thomas Molyneux, brother of the celebrated author of "The Case of Ireland being bound by Acts of Parliament made in England, Stated," whilst on a tour in Connaught in April, 1709, went to see the aged historian, and thus records his visit:—"Wednesday, 21st [April, 1709], I went to visit old O'Flaherty, who lives very old, in miserable condition, at Park, some three hours west of Galway in Hiar or West Connaught. I expected to have seen here some old Irish manuscripts; but his ill-fortune has stripped him of these as well as of his other goods, so that he has nothing now left but some few pieces of his own writing, and a few old rummish books of history, printed in my own time. I never saw so strangely stony and wild a country."

The four remaining years of David's life present to our eyes a similar spectacle. He, too, was hounded down by the agents of the Revolutionary government. Saddened by the loss and exile of friends,

and heart-broken at the sight of the ruin of his native land, he passed his life in a continual struggle against poverty and tyranny. To dull his sorrow and relieve his mind he pored over "some few pieces of his own writing, and a few old rummish books of history," copying them out again and again in his bold, clear, manly hand. Those manuscript stores of the literature and history of Ireland, the transcription of which had been a labour of love to him during life, continued to be in his declining days his truest friends and only solace. No record or tradition exists to tell us of the place where he ended his days, or of the churchyard where his bones lie buried; but the date of his death has been fortunately preserved. In a Ms., transcribed in the year 1814 at Dún ar Aill (Doneraile), Co. Cork, by Piaras Móinséal, from a Ms. written by Eoghan Ó Caoimh in the year 1702, the following notice of his death is found:—Ḋáiḃiḋ ó Ḃruaḋair ḋ'éag a mí, January, Anno Domini 1697, et aḋuḃairt Eoġan ar ṫruaġ liom a éag ġan aṁrur, i.e., David Ó Bruadair died in the month of January, 1697 [old style, that is, 1698, new style]; and Eoghan [Ó Caoimh] said: "Sad indeed is his death to me." May his soul rest in peace! Too long has his name been consigned to undeserved oblivion in his native land. May his countrymen at length come to appreciate the poetic worth and learn to honour the patriotic aspirations of one, who, whatever his faults may be, was a learned and true-hearted Gael, who, in dark and evil days, did his part faithfully in keeping alive the spirit of Irish nationality, and whom nothing could cause to swerve for a moment from the loyalty and love due to mother Erin.

CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION

In the same year in which David Ó Bruadair passed away, Sir John Fitzgerald, Bart., died[1] in exile on the Continent. Within a few years death carried off most of David's other patrons and friends. Elenora Plunkett, wife of Sir James Cotter, Bart., of Annesgrove, died in 1698; John Bourke, of Cathair Maothail, died about 1700; and Dominick Roche in February, 1702. In the following year Lady Ellen Fitzgerald of Claonghlais petitioned successfully to be allowed a jointure from the confiscated estates of her husband. David's fellow-poet, Diarmaid mac Sheagháin Bhuidhe, died in 1704; and Sir James Cotter, Bart., in 1705. One short decade saw the momentous change of civilizations accomplished. Protestant ascendency was established, and the long, dark night of the Penal Laws had begun. In the consequent decline of Irish learning and culture, David Ó Bruadair was quickly forgotten. His memory, which survived for a while among the broken bands of learned scribes, historians, and poets, was in succeeding generations almost completely eclipsed. Thus passed away into unmerited oblivion one of the greatest masters of Irish style, one of the last of those Irish poets who had been trained in the yet unbroken traditions of the classical poetic schools.

In his writings variety of thought is accompanied by beauty of imagery. The requirements of metre never force him to depart from accuracy of idiom. Unlike most of the poets who followed him, he is never compelled to appeal to poetic license as a justification for incorrect grammar or slovenly pronunciation. Few Irish poets indeed had such complete control over the resources of the language, and few, if any, could wield with such facility its extensive vocabulary for the accurate expression of thought.

[1] The date of the death of Sir John Fitzgerald will be discussed in a subsequent volume.

He speaks to the point and is never tedious. He avoids repetition as far as circumstances allow. It is only in his elegies, and in them only occasionally, that we find anything like excessive dwelling upon one idea. But before censuring his taste, it must be remembered that the poet was not a perfectly free agent in poems of this class. Circumstances limited the choice of ideas; tradition had already determined the subjects which alone were considered appropriate to such occasions, had fixed the metre as well as the mode of treatment, and had placed certain bounds which no poet could venture to transgress. David showed his power in being able, within the narrow limits imposed by tradition, to develop the old trite theme without displeasing his audience or wearying his reader. His wide reading had stocked his mind with historical parallels and furnished him with a wealth of appropriate allusions, while his cheerful nature and practical common sense enabled him to enliven the dullest subject with the freshness of wit.

For the history of the Oates Plot in Ireland, for that of King James II and the Williamite Revolution, and in a lesser degree for the story of the Cromwellian plantation, his works are invaluable His poems form a running commentary upon all the principal political occurrences of his day. Being practically the only extant works in Irish upon this period of our history, the study of them is indispensable for anyone who wishes to enter into the feelings which stirred the Irish masses, or desires to appreciate the aims of their leaders during that season of political unrest. He does not pretend to be an unmoved spectator of stirring events; neither does he conceal his ardent sympathy with national aspirations; but he is neither a mere political pamphleteer nor a hot-headed partisan, carried away by unthinking enthusiasm. While encouraging his countrymen to defend their rights, he does not neglect to give them needful admonitions and sound advice. In accents stern and serious, like those of some ancient stoic, he teaches the lesson to be learned from the errors and defeats of the past, inculcates the necessity of religion, morality, and honourable conduct, and points out with warning voice the dangers of over-confidence and insubordination. His love of truth is not diminished by his patriotism, nor do his sympathies blind him to the faults of his countrymen. He criticizes the mistakes of political

parties and the failings of military commanders with all the sincerity of an unimpassioned judge.

It will be easily understood by anyone capable of reading and appreciating the original how unfair it would be to judge of the poetic skill of David Ó Bruadair by my translation. All poetry suffers severely in the process of translation into a strange language. Many of those qualities which give charm to the verse in the original are incapable of reproduction in a different idiom. Choiceness of expression and terseness of diction vanish, and with them harmony of phrase. The idiom becomes less felicitous, the imagery less appropriate, and the meaning less pregnant. It is difficult to translate any poetry tolerably; but Irish poetry is, admittedly, of all the most untranslatable. The chain of alliteration, which binds together for the ear every word connected by sense, and the constant recurrence of vocalic assonance and consonantal correspondence, which arouses the attention of the mind and satisfies its expectations, combine to give to every stanza of an Irish poem an harmonious unity and a gratifying completeness, which defy reproduction and baffle the translator. Again, the extraordinary copiousness of the Irish vocabulary, and the equally astonishing freedom in the employment of figurative language, while enabling the poet to reveal every shade of meaning and to dwell without palling upon the same thought in ever-varying language, must, of necessity, when turned into a less copious or less figurative language, either weary the reader by continual repetitions or displease him by unfamiliar metaphors.

My chief aim throughout has been to make the translation as literal as possible. Hence I have not hesitated to employ words in the metaphorical meanings which they have in Irish, though such meanings are in many cases rather foreign to English usage. In this way it is hoped that the distinctive imagery and colour of the original will be better preserved. I have striven to follow as closely as possible the order of the lines in the Irish stanzas, for every line of Irish poetry forms a complete clause or a self-contained grammatical member of the whole sentence. Owing to the frequency of those syntactical inversions, so beloved by Irish poets, a line-for-line translation forced me to admit an occasional anacoluthon into the English version. This will not, I expect, displease the student nor render the meaning

obscure to the ordinary English reader. Again, in order to give a reader some idea, however imperfect, of the spirit of the poems and some sense of the swing of the original verse, it seemed to me that a certain measure of rhythm in the translation was demanded. Variety has been attained by changing the rhythm of the translation where the metre changes in the original. Needless to say, no attempt has been made to reproduce the distinctive qualities of the Irish metres. Such a task would be utterly impossible in English, for the phonetical systems of the two languages are too different to allow success. A certain similarity of rhythm between the text and the translation may, indeed, be noticed, but it should be remembered that rhythm has been everywhere subordinated and sacrificed to literalness. In addition the translation was hastily executed when the printing of the work was already in progress, so that there was no time to perfect the rhythm or remove uncouthness of language. If I have succeeded in producing a translation which preserves some little portion of the spirit of the original, I am satisfied. Such as it is I now submit it to the reader. Should his judgment be unfavourable, let him neglect the translation, and devote his attention to the original. "Si cui legere non placet, nemo compellit invitum. Bibat vinum vetus cum suavitate et nostra musta contemnat."

Níl cuirle ná caiċneaṁ fá ar fcamalaḋ fluaġ an ḋuirc
fe cuilleaḋ aġur ceaċraċa faṁḟuim náir ḟuaiġeara
ir miċiḋ ḃaṁ fcaraḋ fe feanmaiḃ fuarraċa
ir naċ ionaṁar eaċa ná eallaiġ a luaċ ḃom ċiġ.

Ḋáiḃiḋ ua Ḃruaḋair cct. A.D. 1691.

Duanaire Dáibhí Uí Bhruadair

POEMS OF DAVID Ó BRUADAIR

Duanaire Dáibhidh Uí Bhruadair

I.—Éist m'osnadh, a Mhuire mhór

[Mss.: Brit. Mus. Add. 29614 (A); Stowe, R.I.A., E v. 5, p. 364 (E), F ii 2, p. 335 (F); R.I.A. 23 L 6 (L), 23 M 47 (M); Maynooth, Murphy xcvi (m); and a Ms. written by Seaghan ó Dheadha (D).

Dáibhidh ó Bhruadair cct. is the inscription above this poem in A, L, M, and D; and as A is the most ancient Ms., and was written by the accomplished scribe, Seán na Raithneach, who was familiar with David's compositions, and even possessed some of his Mss., its authority is of great weight. E, m and F inscribe it Domhnall mac Dáire cct.; and though modern Ó Longain Mss., they may have followed more ancient ones. Domhnall mac Dáire was a sixteenth-century poet who flourished c. 1570. Besides some historical poems on the Fitzgerald family, I have met with at least two religious poems by him: (1) Gheall re maoimidh molaidh Dé, and (2) A naoi Mhuire a mháthair Dé. The appeal in Rann xx to St. Bartholomew as the poet's special patron, who is not mentioned elsewhere by David, must be taken into account in deciding this question of authorship. No date is given for the composition of the poem except in D, which gives 1630. If this dating be not a mere guess of the scribe, it would seem to

I

Éirt m'ornaidh, a Mhuire mhór,
a chirte cheolmhair na gcliar,
caomhain finn ar gonaibh báir
i gconair flainte gan chiadh.

II

Stiuraidh finn fan flighe gcóir,
a fíoghain ghlórmhar na ndúl,
a aonbláith tairbheach na dtreadh,
do fhaoiláimh learuighthe liom.

I, l. 1 mhóir, M, D. l. 2 ceolmhar, M, D. l. 2 ndubhall, D. l. 4 fhaoiláim, M; fhaoi láimh, D.

II, l. 1 finne M, D.

POEMS OF DAVID Ó BRUADAIR

I.—HEAR MY SIGH, O MARY GREAT

exclude both claimants, being apparently too recent for Domhnall mac Dáire, and too early for Dáibhí ó Bruadair.

The poem, which is a prayer to the Blessed Virgin that, by her intercession with her Divine Son, she may obtain for the penitent poet, through the merits of the passion of Christ, protection against invisible foes and the grace of final perseverance, is full of deep religious feeling. Ranns iv–xii follow the stereotyped lines of the paoiridhe in enumerating the principal sins committed, and the various virtues and religious duties neglected. In such confessions, as is well known, the poet as a rule enumerates the chief sins to which human nature is liable, rather than those which he himself has actually committed, and so his words cannot be taken as strictly historical.

The metre is Rannuigheacht dialtach, otherwise R. mór, consisting of four lines of seven syllables each. Every line ends in a monosyllable; and the final monosyllables of the second and fourth lines rhyme. Those rules may be represented by this scheme—4 $(7^1)^{2+4}$. But in common with many religious poems of the period, it is rather defective in the additional adornments of this kind of verse, such as internal rhymes, and even uaim or alliteration. The following irregular rhymes may be noted—dúl : liom (R. ii); dáil : adaim (R. viii); clár : grár (R. xii); ról : eoil (R. xiv); Criost : fíor (R. xv); aibhr : chroir (R. xviii); léir : éirt (R. xxi).]

I

Hear my sigh, O Mary great,
Treasure musical of clerks,
Keep me safe from wounds of death
In salvation's fogless path.

II

Guide me in the way of right,
Glorious Queen of creatures thou,
Helpful flower of the tribes,
Thy saving hand to me extend.

III

Scaoil mo ċeanġal, mear mo ċoir,
cnearuiġ mo luic, ḟóir mo ġuair,
ná ḟulaing me i nġalar a ḃraḋ
ḟá ċumar na n-áraċt nḋuairc.

IV

Aiḃreaċ mo loċta, ḟaraoir,
oċ, a ṙíoṁ ní cualang m'ḟíor;
mo ċoinriar go meacta mall
ir clí criaḋ go ceann rem ḟlior.

V

Uaiḃreaċ m'innicinn, beag ḋam ġráḋ,
líonṁar ár ráiċne ḋon crainnc,
áḋḃal ár n-annċoil ḋon ḋrúir;
cráḃaḋ ní rmuainim im ċainnc.

VI

Formaḋ fóir, gioḋ claon an ċeard,
baoġal go ḋtarla ionna líon,
cannclaṁ cré ḟonar gaċ fir
ḋom ḟreangġoin le miorcair ḃíoḋ.

VII

Mearaḋaċt níor ċarar fóir,
cíocraċ ċum óil mé gaċ uair;
ní hurar ḋam réana an ċraoir
a ḋéanaṁ, a Ċríorc, ir cruaiḋ.

VIII

Fuaċṁar ḃímre gan ċúir ċeirc,
ḋiulcaim ḋul i gcumann cáiċ;
le fraoċ fírfeirge gan ḟor
i nḋíḃeirge na n-oċ acáim.

III, l. 1 ná mear, D, which gives better sense, but makes the line hypersyllabic. l. 3 fulang, M. IV, l. 1 fó raoir, D. VI, l. 4 bí, D; bíċ, M. VIII, l. 1 gaċ cúir ċeirc, M; gan ċuir ceard, D. l. 3 gan ḟior, D.

III

Loose my bonds, appraise[1] my guilt,
Heal my wounds, my trouble aid,
Leave me not to languish long
Under sullen demons' sway.

IV

Awful are my faults, alas,
Ah, my mind can't number them,
My conscience cowed is slow to stir,
A clay-frame tight confines my heart.

V

Proud my mind is, small my love,
Sated with excessive greed,
Great my evil bent for lust,
I heed not piety in speech.

VI

Envy too, deceitful trade,
Its net, I fear, hath me ensnared,
Sorrow vexed at others' bliss
Wounded me with lasting hate.

VII

Temperance I have not loved,
Yearning constantly for drink,
Excess I can't with ease renounce,
Hard, O Christ, that struggle is.

VIII

I, all filled with causeless hate,
With men refuse to live at peace,
In anger's fierce relentless rage
An outlaw sad I lead my life.

[1] i.e., judge leniently. The variant ná meap, do not judge, do not consider, shows the meaning, but spoils the metre.

IX

Maiðion ðoṁnaiġ píġ na píoġ
ðoḃulaiṁġ ðímre re criall
ḟá ċurað ceaġlaiġ na n-orð
ġreaðnaċ ár nġlóirne ġan ċiall.

X

Ðéanaṁ croirce ar aiċrir nðé
reaċnaim ón ċeirð rin ðo ḟíor,
barraim an ḃíṙinne ċearc;
ir eaġal ġo ġcaiċḃiom a ioc.

XI

I n-urnaiġ níor ċuirear ðúil,
ionġnað ár ðcnúiġ rir an olc,
ní ðéarcaċ ðearḃða mo láṁ,
ní laðraim ġo cláċ re boċt.

XII

Coiṁéað na raoire ġo ġlan
ðo réir aiċeanca na ġcláṙ
níor ḟríċ uainn ar ḟoġnaṁ riaṁ,
a ġlóriṀuire, ġiall ðam ġráṙ.

XIII

Ðoċlaiġ caiċleaċ ar an uan,
ðo ðá a uaṁan ṫar mo ċeann
ðo ġlacað i nðíol mo loċt,
'r an ḟíonḟuil ðo ðóirt 'ran ġcrann.

XIV

Ġuið ar mo ṡon ċum ðo ṁic,
a ċruċ mar lil i mearc róṙ;
cuiṁniġ ġan me léiġion uaic,
a raeċainneall nuað ár n-eoil.

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x, l. 2 an ċéirð, M. l. 3 barraim, M. xi, l. 3 láṁ, M. l. 4 cláiċ, M, D. xii, l. 3 na ġláṙr, M. l. 4 ġráðaċt, D. xiii, l. 1 ðoċlaið, D, M. l. 2 a uaṁain, D; na uaṁan, M.

IX

On Sunday, morn of King of kings,
Unwillingly I go to hear
My weal in church by clerics preached,
Yet gay my senseless chatter sounds.

X

Fasting, God to imitate,
Is a trade I ever shun,
Justice too I bar and truth,
I fear that I must pay the price.

XI

In prayer I never took delight,
Strange my tendency to sin,
Grudgingly I proffer alms,
Rude my language to the poor.

XII

The keeping pure of holy days
By table-graven law prescribed
From me was never duly got,
Glorious Mary, grant me grace.

XIII

Beg the Lamb, who feared for me,
To be appeased receiving Thee
And the wine-blood[1] which He shed
On the tree to pay for sin.

XIV

Pray thy Son on my behalf,
Lily-form amidst the rose,
Mind me lest I stray from thee,
Ever brilliant guiding light.

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[1] This beautiful Irish word, here used in its full original sense, sums up briefly the Church's doctrine of the identity of the Blood of Christ as shed on the cross with His Blood offered up under the appearance of wine in the sacrifice of the Mass. Occasionally, however, the meaning seems to have been influenced in the sense of "noble blood," probably through confusion with the words ꝑıonnꝑuıl and ꝑíoꝑꝑuıl.

XV

A ɪnʒean ðil aċar na ðṗeapṫ,
a ðuɪme ðleaċṫ Íopa Cṙíopṫ,
a leannáɪn leapṫa an ṗpɪopaɪð naoɪṁ,
ná ceaðuɪʒ mo léɪʒɪon ṙíop.

XVI

A ċnú ċeannṫa na ṗopc píʒɪn,
a ðeallṗað ðíleap na n-óʒ,
ṗmuaɪn mo ðeacaɪp, ṗéaċ mo ċáṙ,
ná héap, a ʒṗáṙaċ, mo ʒlóṙ.

XVII

Smuaɪn an ṫpeað, óṙ píolað pɪð,
ðo ðíċċɪoll cuɪṙ aṙ a ðṫaoð,
a ʒṗuað ʒapṫa ðpɪṫleaċ ʒpɪnn,
ní cuðaɪð pɪoṫ ðpuɪm peð ʒaol.

XVIII

A lop uṁla na naoɪ n-óṙð
'ṙ an ṫpló ɪʒ ð'ḟulaɪnʒ péɪn aðuṙ,
aɪṫċɪm ṫopað páɪṙe an píʒ,
ðo ċáɪl ṙpoċa a ċlí ṙan ʒcṙoɪṙ.

XIX

Uɪṙð na n-aɪnʒɪol ɪṙ na n-óʒ,
uɪṙð na n-apṙṫal ɪṙ na naoṁ,
ʒo paɪð linne lá na liaċ
ðáṙ ṙcɪaċað ón ʒcuɪṙe ʒclaon.

XX

Mo ċapa ṁaɪṫ apṙṫaɪl ṗéɪn
Páṙṫalón naoṁṫa mo ċɪuɪl,
a ċuɪðɪuʒað ɪapṙaɪm ðo ʒnáɪṫ
ʒo ðṗɪalʒuɪṫ an ṫáɪlʒɪnn úɪṙ.

XVI. This rann and the following one are omitted in M. XX, l. 1 m'Abṙṫol, D. l. 3 a ċuṁðúʒað, D.

XV

God the Father's daughter dear,
Nurse who suckled'st Jesus Christ,
True spouse of the Holy Ghost,
Do not let me fall or fail.

XVI

Tender darling, gentle-eyed,
Splendour bright by virgins loved,
See how hard, how sad my plight,
Spurn not, gracious Queen, my cry.

XVII

Think of those from whom thou sprang'st,
Earnest strive on their behalf,
O radiant, charming, beauteous face,
It is not meet to slight thy kin.

XVIII

By the nine obedient choirs
And the martyr hosts of earth,
The Passion's fruit I humbly crave—
The cross-shed heart-blood of the King.

XIX

May virgin and angelic choirs,
The twelve apostles and the saints,
Be with me that day of sighs
Shielding me from demon horde.

XX

My own apostle, faithful friend,
Saint Bartholomew I sing,
Ever I implore his aid
And the Táilgheann's[1] fervent prayer.

[1] Táilgheann: the name by which St. Patrick was known to the Druids. It occurs in their prophecy of his advent: ᵭıcꝑa ᵭalcenn ᵭaꝛ muıꝛ meꝛcenn, in which passage it is translated by Muirchu maccu Machtheni in the seventh century: *Asciciput*, i.e. adze-head, in reference to his ecclesiastical tonsure. For reasons in favour of the probable authenticity of this prophecy vid. Bury, Life of St. Patrick, p. 79. Some ancient Irish glossators connected the word with ᵭuluıǧ, to humble; cf. O'Curry, Mss. Mat., p. 617.

xxi

Siriom oirfra, a óoiṁde áiḋ,
tioḋlaic dom áairḋiḃ go léir
raorċioċ doḋ ḃrócaire ḟuairc;
a róḃruiḋ ḟuarcail ir éirt.

xxii

ceangal

Éirt m'éigneaċ, a ṗéarla don ṗór ó dtáim,
ir ṗéaċ créaċta mo ċléiḃ ċuil go leor ar ḃráṗ,
mé i n-éigion ġéarċoilg ḃróḋa an báir,
a ġéag naoṁta, a ġaoll Ḟluire, ṗóir mo ċár.

II.—scéal do scaoil

[Ms. written by Peadar ó Péicín, in Blarney, A.D. 1767–8. The poem is entitled Dáiḃí ó bruadair ecc. ag caomeaḋ a ċoṁrcoláire. I am indebted to Taḋg ó Donnċaḋa for a copy of this poem, which I have not met with elsewhere. The elegy unfortunately supplies us with little information regarding this school-companion of David. We learn that his name was Seon (R. III); that he was of a Norman-Irish family, Slán don ṗlannda ġallda ġaeḋealaċ (R. XI); but all the other facts narrated about him are of too general a character to draw any inferences from them beyond the fact that he was a companion of David's (R. XVII), skilled in all the liberal arts and philosophy of the schools (R. XII, XIII). The first line of R. II, Méaduġaḋ maoiṫe rcaoileaḋ an rcéil rin, is almost word for word the same as the first line of R. II of Pierce Ferriter's poem (which begins Doċuala rcéal do ċéar ar ló me), viz. áḋḃar maoiṫe rcaoileaḋ an rcéil rin. The thought, however, is so trite in such elegies that we are hardly justified in supposing that there has been borrowing on either side. An expression similar to Anoir cráiḋte mar táim id ḋéiḋre: ní raiḃ Oirín d'éir na ṗéinne (R. XV) occurs in another poem of David's, Miċid roiċéim go ríol gCárṫaig (R. XVIII), written in A.D. 1692, Aṁuil Oirín d'éir na ṗéinne: ruarar Páḋraig irreaċ óg. In this latter poem, lamenting the loss of his former friends, he also says (R. X)

I

Scéal do rcaoil ṗán mḃanba mḃraonaiġ,
ní binn lem ċluair beiṫ ḋá éirteaċt,
doḃeir mo ċroiḋe go cráiḋte céarta
gan é a ndiu an ṫé bí a nḋé aġainn.

---

xxi, l. 1 Sirim, M, D. l. 2 do cáirdiḃ, D. l. 3 raor ċiṫ, M. l. 4 air ṗó ḃroid, D. xxii, l. 1 ṗóir, D; o ttáin, M; ó' táim, D. l. 2 air ḃár, M. l. 4 a ġaoḋal Ḟluire, M. Finit, M; Amen, D.

I, l. 1 mḃaonuiḋ.

XXI

I beseech Thee, spotless Lord,
On all my friends rain kindly down
Thy mercy sweet in saving shower,
From bondage free them, hear my sigh.

XXII

RECAPITULATION

Hear thou my sigh and groan, Pearl of my race,
And look at my wounded heart wasted by sin,
'Mid the sharp-piercing, blood-shedding tortures of death,
O holy maid, Mary dear, help my distress.

II.—THROUGH TEARFUL BANBHA NEWS HATH SPREAD

ı n-am ȝeoın a nȝoċ ḃom ċıallȝoın : oċ na Seoın ap ıarṗaıḋ uaım. One of these Seoın must be Sıṗ Seán mac Ȝeaṗaılċ, who left for France after the capitulation of Limerick, October, 1691. One of the others may be his coṁṗcolάıṗe, but it cannot be Seán ḃo ḃúṗc of Caċaıṗ Maoċaıl, who is mentioned separately in the same poem (R. XXXVIII); neither can it be Seán mac Cṗıaȝaın to whom the poem Caċcuṗ uaım was addressed, A.D. 1675, for we have David's elegy upon him, beginning, Ḋ'éaȝ ḃuıne naċ ḃeάṗnaḋ cάṗna ṗıaṁ ḋά ḃṕuaıṗ.

Judging from the metre, one would not be inclined to attribute this poem to David, for, apart from the Ceanȝal in which the Aṁṗán metre is observed, the Caoıneaḋ metre of the rest of the poem is very irregular. There are but six ranns which observe all the laws of Caoıneaḋ; and of the remaining lines scattered throughout the poem, seventeen lines are regular, and twenty-three irregular. Now, in all David's poems, even the earliest, which can be dated with certainty, he appears a finished master of the art of versification; hence, apart from the supposition of corruption in transmission, it is difficult to justify the genuineness of the poem, either on the ground of its being a hurried extempore composition, or an early production of David's youthful pen.]

I

Through tearful Banbha[1] news hath spread,
Harsh grating on my listening ear;
Crushed with grief it leaves my heart,
Here yesterday, he's gone to-day!

[1] Banbha, i.e. Ireland. According to the legend Banbha was the queen of Eathur, otherwise Mac Cuill, king of the Tuatha Dé Danann; vid. Keating's History, vol. I., pp. 222–224.

II

Méadugad maoiṫe fcaoilead an fcéil fin,
a fúile ag dúnad ar a ċéile,
a aiṫne a ċuiṁne a ċéadfad,
'f gur fiadaim ar iarraid me féin air.

III

If dona dáṁ nad fada ó éagar,
if Seon go doċt fá cloċaib claona,
cuifle a ċroide croide mo ċléibfe,
mo lub mo liaig mo leigear mo ċéadfad.

IV

Beid an bár go bráṫ lem béalfa
nó go finneap fíof i gcré me
fán feang fúgad lúṫmar léimneaċ
do beiṫ ina uaig ina uad 'f ina aonar.

V

Ní beag 'na deoid gleo na gréime,
do ċaoid an teime an t-uifce 'f an t-aeḋear,
do ċaoin an fonn an tonn 'f an t-éarca,
do ċaoid iaṫ if iarc if éanlaiṫ.

VI

If é mo gráḋa do b'áille le féaċaint,
filleaḋ a fúl a úfla if a éadan
guailne geala glaca if géaga
if uċt mar ċubar na tuinne tréine.

VII

Ní ṁaoiḋim an gruaḋ garḃa gléigeal,
ná an béal tana deargc craorac,
ná an corr ċoṁ bán le cluṁ géire,
ná an dá ċolfa focra féiṁe.

III, l. 2 faoi ċloiċ ċlaona. l. 4 luiḃ. IV, l. 4 i nuaig i nuaċ 'f i naonar. V, l. 3 t-earcaḋ.

II

Anguish grows, as spreads that news,
Lo, his eyes together closed;
Gone his knowledge, thought and sense,
Hence lost in wild despair am I.

III

Would I had died long ago,
Ere sloping stones confined my Seon;
His heart's pulse was my heart's desire,
My thought, my cure, my healing herb.

IV

Death will e'er be on my lips,
Till stretched I lie beneath the sod,
Since he so graceful, sprightly, gay,
In lonely grave abandoned lies.

V

His loss the sun did trouble great,
Caused water, fire, and air to mourn,
Earth, wave, and moon lamented him,
The land, the fish, the birds bewailed.[1]

VI

My love, he was most fair to see,
His glancing eye, his curl-crowned brow,
Hands and limbs and shoulders bright,
And breast like foam of surging sea.

VII

I need not praise his cheek's clear charm,
His slender, ruddy, crimson lips,
His body white as down of swan,
His firm, unflinching, stalwart stand.

[1] The sympathy of irrational creation—brutes, plants, minerals—with human woe is a familiar topic with Irish poets.

VIII

Acht le deilb le deire ir le déanamh
ir le crann 'r a dá díceall féin air,
tug an nádúr flaitheamhail aorta
túir na fráide ó mhálb na ndéithe.

IX

Tug an fear gan taca tréigthe
mian don mhaith ir ceap don éidil,
grádh don bhonnad ir fuath don éadach,
cúl re cinntireacht aghaidh re féile.

X

Ní dtug gean ná fearg do ghréidhibh,
ní dtug toil do doice an traoghail,
níor duir fuim i réad ná i réadaibh,
i n-ór ná i n-earrach, i n-each ná i n-éadach.

XI

Slán don flannda gallda gaedlach,
gleannóir failli, feadhach flédhe,
athair mhe, onchú éachtach,
beithir beodha, leoghan léidhmheach.

XII

Filleoir fearthach threabhach tréimhear,
fiannaidhe físéan, curadh cléireach,
fíorfháidh fearach, flaith na féile,
feallfamh file fiaghaidhe féinne.

XIII

Bile buadhach nár fuathuigh éigre,
adhall óir ir fóir na féinne,
fcathán fcoil ollamh aonaigh,
géaghán geal na mban do bhéaghadh.

VIII, l. 2 seems corrupt. l. 3 nattúir. IX, l. 1 taca; l. 4 le. X, l. 3 *leg.* i réadh? XI, l. 3 aonchú. XII, l. 2 fianuidhe. l. 4 fallfamh. XIII, l. 3 óll an.

---

[1] aenach: this was one of the great public assemblies, whether national or provincial, of Ireland. It resembled and partook of the principal characteristics of the Roman Comitia, the Greek ἀγών, and the modern theatre and fair. The word is rendered "*agon* (i.e. ἀγών) *regale*" in connexion with aonach Tailtean

VIII

Besides, to beauty's well-built form
And frame by double care improved,
Nature's bounteous wont did add
Precedence o'er the Graces fair.

IX

This man, who lacked no talents, turned
To good his mind, to strife dislike,
To bounty love, refusal hate,
His back to meanness, face to alms.

X

He showed no yearning after wealth,
For worldly riches no desire,
He set no store on goods or gems
On gold or wares or steeds or dress.

XI

Farewell, thou Norman Irish plant,
Watchful glensman, mountain hawk,
Daring otter, viper fierce,
Lively lion, brave as bear.

XII

Skilful craftsman, active chief,
Loyal soldier, knight of clerks,
Truthful prophet, bounteous prince,
The Fenian's huntsman, sophist, bard.

XIII

Tree of spells, no muse's foe,
Golden apple, Fenians' aid,
Learning's mirror, aenach's[1] sage[2]
Whose lightsome limbs lured ladies' love.

---

in L. Arm. f. 10 a 2; and it glosses the word "theatrum" of the Acts of the Apostles, c. xix. v. 29, *ibid.* f. 183 b 2. At the Aenach new laws were promulgated and old laws reinforced. Military reviews, courts for the hearing of appeals, and ecclesiastical synods were usually or frequently held at the same time. Entertainment was provided by literary and musical competitions, athletic sports, horse-racing, and the assembly of such a large concourse of people gave merchants, native and foreign, an opportunity for the disposal of wares and produce, which they readily availed themselves of.

[2] sage: ollamh, one of the highest grade in any art, science, or profession.

XIV

A ḟir ċuar i dtuamba i d'aonar,
ir dicheamhail dam gan dul do d'ḟéachain,
mire a bḟur agus tura i ndaorbhroid,
ní hé rin an cumann céadna.

XV

Ir beag nár chailleas leacht mo chéille,
ir béad go deo go brónach céarta,
anoir práidte mar táim id dhéidhe
ní raibh Oisín d'éir na féinne.

XVI

Nó go gcartar rinn le chéile
lá an luain ar ḟluagh an trléibhe
mo bheannacht agus beannacht dhé leat:
bheith mar achaoire chríoch gach éinne.

XVII

CEANGAL

Go gcartar le chéile me féin ir mo chompánach,
mádh fada mo ché béad céarta díoghbhálach,
ó cheartaidh uaim féin an té reo i n-úir práitte
mo bheannacht cum dhé leat, a chéile chaoin náirigh.

XIV, l. 2 'ot ḟéachuin. XVII, l. 4 ċun; ċaoin náireach.

[1] A proverbial expression descriptive of a state of utter dereliction and woe. The allusion is to the loneliness of Oisín after the death of his father Fionn in the battle of Ath Brea on the Boyne (Four Masters, 283 A.D.), and of his son Oscar in

XIV

Lonely in thy southern tomb,
What pain to see thee never more!
I here, and thou in thraldom bound,
Unlike our partnership of old!

XV

Half my wit I've almost lost,
Troubled sad henceforth I live,
Tortured as I am for thee,
Ne'er was Oisín for the Fiann.[1]

XVI

Till we again each other meet
On Doomsday 'mid the mountain[2] host,
God's blessing be, and mine, with thee;
The end of all is as thou art!

XVII

RECAPITULATION

Till I and my companion meet together once again,
My loss will ever pain me sore, though long my life's span be,
Since from me he's taken now and thrust into the clay,
May my blessing, comrade mild, escort thee up to God!

---

the battle of Gabhra (Four Masters, 284 A.D.), and of the complete destruction of the Fianna 'Eireann in the three disastrous battles of Comar, Gabhra, and Ollarbha (Four Masters, 285 A.D.).

[2] The mount of Sion, where Irish tradition places the scene of the Last Judgment.

III.—NAĊ AIT AN NÓS

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 M 47 (M); Maynooth, Murphy xii (m); Br. Mus. Add. 29614 (A). In the Mss. these two epigrams attacking those who adopted the English language and manners are headed An fear céadna cct. In all cases they follow a poem of David's, usually Do ċealg mo ċom, which, however, belongs to a later date, viz. A.D. 1691. The coming of the Earl, mentioned in R. II, is usually understood to refer to the return of James, the twelfth Earl of Ormonde, after his being appointed by the King, at Oxford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on 13th November, 1643. No date is given in the Mss.; and it may be that his appointment to that same office for the second time on 4th November, 1661, and subsequent arrival in Dublin on 27th July, 1662, would suit better. For, on the one hand, the words seem to imply a return after a

I

Naċ ait an nór fo ag mórċuid d'fearaib Éireann,
d'at go nó le mórtur maingléireaċ,
gioð tair a dtreoir ar ċódaib gallaċléire,
ní ċanaid glór aċt górta garbbéarla.

II

Mairg ata gan béarla binn
ar dteaċt an iarla go hÉirinn;
ar feaḋ mo fhaogail ar ċlár Cuinn
dán ar béarla doḃéarainn.*

I, l. 2 go nuaḋ, M; go mó nó, m. l. 3 a ċodaiḃ, M. II, l. 2 ar ċeaċt, m. l. 3 bréarfuinn, m.

---

* After this rann m adds:—

bíoḋ a dia a aċair neamḋa
a ṁeanma i mbéal gaċ duine
hainim fe faogal na faogal
dá naoiṁaḋ ar feaḋ na cruinne.

III.—HOW QUEER THIS MODE

lengthened absence, such as would be the period from 1650 till the Restoration, and, on the other hand, the aping of English ways was much more noticeable after 1660 than at any previous period. It may be noted that Ormonde was no longer an Earl at either of the assigned dates, having been created Marquis of Ormonde in September, 1642, and Duke of Ormonde in March, 1661; and he is called Duke in a poem of David's, Ó ḟaoi ꝑe ȝlioȝaṁ, which may with probability be assigned to about the year 1666. The metre of Rann I is Amṁán, with the following vowel sequence :

(_) a _ ó _ ó a _ é _

The metre of Rann II is Deibiḋe, but there are eight syllables in the second line.]

I

How queer this mode assumed by many men of Erin,
With haughty, upstart ostentation lately swollen,
Though codes of foreign clerks they fondly strive to master,
They utter nothing but a ghost of strident English.

II

Woe to him who cannot simper English,
Since the Earl hath come across to Erin ;
So long my life upon Conn's plain[1] continues,
I'd barter all my poetry for English.[2]

---

[1] Conn's plain: Ireland, the plain of Conn Céadchathach, king of Ireland, vid. inf., p. 41, n. 7.

[2] In m a pious rann follows, which may be rendered :

Grant, O God, the Heavenly Father's
Name be on the lips of all,
And may Thine own for years eternal
Be hallowed through the world's expanse.

IV.—Do Conradh Foirceadal

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 G 23 (G), 23 O 39 (O); Maynooth, Murphy xi, xciv, xcv, xcvi (m);* Seán ó Dheada (D).

Titles: Dáibi ó bhuadair cct. 1648 (D); amhrán diadha ro noc do chum Dé. ó bhuadair do bí i gCairleán ó Liathdáin fada ó shoin (m 94, m 96) timcioll na bliadna 1648 (m 96).

This is one of David's earliest poems if we can trust the date given in m 96 and D; and in it he reveals to us with exquisite beauty of imagery, in lines of charming melody, his profoundly devotional spirit, and the high aim he put before himself, viz., to praise and glorify God, the source and origin of all good gifts.

The metre is varied:—

I

Do chonnradh foirceadal orainn ór críoslighthe
cúis gach rochair don tobar ó fírfhlaith,
tionnscnaim torach is toradh mo sheanfhiúinne
chum lonnra a choile 's a mhola go firinneach.

II

ADORAMUS TE CHRISTE.

Adhraim thú, a thaidhbhre ár gcrú,
a mhaighre an mhúir neamhda,
d'athruigh le fearg ón athair go nearth
dár gcadhair i gceart Ilídire;
mar ghréin tré ghloin do léimeadh fríd
d'aonrighin uile Ádhamh
go rugair le crann duine 'r a chlann
a hirrionn ceann cárca.

I, l. 1 foirchéadal, D. l. 2 ó ríor cuilleid, m. l. 3 tionnsgnann, m. l. 4 do mhola, O; a mholta, m. II, l. 1 'Adam, D.

---

* I may mention here once for all that I have not considered it necessary to overburden the notes of this edition by a separate enumeration of all the variants to be found in the Murphy Mss., Maynooth. Those copies present as a rule the same text, often by the same scribe, and differ only in their scribal inaccuracies and misunderstandings. Besides there are generally better and more ancient copies of these poems still preserved in the R.I.A. Mss., in many cases the very Mss. from which the Murphy collection was transcribed. The Murphy readings

IV.—TO PREACH FORTH THY COVENANT

(1) R. I, Amhrán: _ ú _ o _ _ o _ ó í ı _

(2) R. II–IV, Caoineadh, of a complicated character. In each line a sequence with two accented vowels is repeated three times, the line ending with two syllables á _. The vowels of the above-mentioned sequence vary of course in the different lines; but those of the last two syllables are kept throughout. The beautiful harmony of these verses will be noticed at once even by the careless reader. The scheme of the first line of Rann II may be represented thus:

3 {aḋ _ ú _} á _

(3) R. V–IX, Amhrán: (_) á _ ı _ ı _ í ú _

(4) R. X, Amhrán: _ ú _ ı _ _ ı _ _ í _ au.]

I

To preach forth Thy covenant since we are duly bound,
And since from that first Source all good ever flows to us,
The substance and start of my writing I undertake
To glorify God's will and praise Him with faithfulness.

II

ADORAMUS TE CHRISTE.

Thee I adore, O our race's Ideal,
Charm of the fair court of heaven,
Who with love and with power to aid us didst pass
From the Father to Mary's pure bosom.
As a sun through a crystal[1] so Thou didst spring forth
To blot out the sin-stain of Adam,
And from power of hell by Thy cross didst set free
At Eastertide men and men's children.

---

will be quoted, as a rule, under the generic title of m without further numbering, so that where m is appended to two different variants it means that these different readings are found in the various copies at Maynooth.

[1] With this favourite simile of Irish poets compare St. Augustine (Serm. iii, de Adventu): "Talis radius speculum penetrat et soliditatem eius insensibili subtilitate pertransit et talis videtur intrinsecus qualis extra. Itaque, fratres, nec cum ingreditur violat nec cum egreditur dissipat, quia ad ingressum et regressum eius speculum integrum perseverat. Speculum igitur non rumpit radius solis, integritatem Virginis ingressus aut regressus vitiare poterit Deitatis?"

III

A chainneal an chuain do chuirir cum fuain
fiorma na ngnáthéeach
achuingim ort anam an thoicht
caingil ir coirc Sátan;
gé mire do chuill bhfreadh do chaoith
ir tuilg na dtrí dtáirnge,
ná dún do dhearc lonnrach learc
fiom acht fear fáilte.

IV

Tinnithe ár ffréir ith thuime, a mhic Dé,
gur fionnadh do fhréimh Dáithi,
maighdean thleacht do dheimhnigh peacht
nadarc ir nach máchar,
an finneghéal úr do dhionaghair chú,
a leinth i gcúil cráda
glaine mar í níor geineadh i gcli
ir ní chiocfaidh go fuigheall brátha.

V

Go brách, a mhic, nug Muire mhórthuileach
'r do chál i gcruir gan chuir dom chuibhrighra,
i ndeáigh a dtugair d'fhuil mar íoc ionnta,
ná cárnuig cionta ár gcine i gcruinnchúntar.

VI

Ir bághach mé re huime an fíoghóúilimh,
i mbráthrear tug re duine an dhiolmhúineach
láidir glic do rcíob a fhríorúnach
uim cáirc a broith an chuithe chríonúrlaigh.

III, l. 1 choindeal, D; chaingeall, O; chaingeall, chainnioll, m. l. 4 tuillig, tábhirne, m. IV, l. 2 nacht, D. l. 3 finegeal, D, m; ingegeal, m. l. 4 dhionaghair, O, m; dhionghair, do ionnaghair, m; do ionghaire, D. V, l. 1 mhórthuilleach, O, m. l. 2 chail, O. VI, l. 1 baghach, m; bádhach, D; báidheach, O, m. l. 2 mbráthrar, D; le, D; dhíolúnach, O, m; dhíoluineach, m; dhíolmhúnach, D.

III

O Harbour-light Thou, who didst lull to repose
Contentions of dangers and terrors,
Spare, I beseech Thee, the souls of the poor
And curb the fierce onslaughts of Satan.
Though I have occasioned Thy sacred side's piercing
Along with the three sharp nails' borings,
Close not with wistful regret Thy bright eye,
But shower down welcome upon me.

IV

My love, Son of God, for Thy nurse is increased,
When I find thus from David's root springing
A virgin, whose fruitfulness won her the titles,
The bearing and grace of a mother.
The fair, bright young maid, who did watch o'er Thy childhood,
O Christ, in secluded devotion,
Crystal so pure as she womb ne'er conceived,
Nor shall eye see till sentence of judgment.[1]

V

Henceforth, O Son, who wast born of the virgin miraculous,
Thou, who to bind me to Thee forth didst pour Thy blood innocent,
For the sake of that blood on the cross by Thee offered to ransom us
In rigorous reckoning pile not our race's iniquities.

VI

To the nurse of my King and Creator I'm proudly affectionate,
Who united that Champion to man in the bonds of fraternity;
In power and wisdom He quickly delivered its prisoner
At Pasch from the slavery vile of the fagot-fringed ancient pit.

---

[1] With this rann compare the well-known lines of Sedulius' Carmen Paschale, lib. II, ll. 63–69 (especially the last three lines of the extract):

Salve, sancta parens, enixa puerpera Regem,
Qui cœlum terramque tenet per sæcula, cuius
Numen et æterno complectens omnia gyro
Imperium sine fine manet; quæ ventre beato
Gaudia matris habens cum virginitatis honore,
Nec primam similem visa es nec habere sequentem,
Sola sine exemplo placuisti femina Christo.

VII

Áirġe ċigid d'ḟíorṫ an ṗíorúġdair
an lá pia ndul do fcpiop an fcpíobúrtaiġ,
ġiod ádbar ġuil dár n-iocṫ a bpríomḋúirfeaċt,
ir feárrde fior ġaċ ndume a bfoillriuġad.

VIII

Do ḋeárrfcnuiġ duibe ar ġile an laoi lonnraiġ,
i ġcár ġur ċrid an ċruinne ċraobḋiomḋa,
do ġáir an ṁuir 'na monġar ṁíċúmċa
aġ áirioṁ nid ar nid a ġcríoċċunncair.

IX

A ġráraiġ ġloir, do ṁuid ar ṁíḋúilid
a ndeárna d'ulc 'r a dtuillioṁ díoḃrmúimid,
dáid mo luid a hucṫ an ċoill ċuṁra
ir máċar nirt ir ċirt ir ċaoindúċraċt.

X

Dúċraċt rilte do ċuirlionn a Críort i ġcrann
ir uṁlaċt ionṁuin tuilġ do ċaoid don ball,
ionnrad irrinn tusar nár ċlaoidte fann
i ġcionntaid duine 'r a ċlainne ní híoḋbairt ġann.*

VII, l. 1 áirrġe, m. l. 2 rġríobúrċuicc, O, m; rġrioḃúrċaicc, m. VIII, l. 4 ar nide, D. IX, l. 1 ṁoid, D; muiġ, m; muiġ, *cet.* l. 2 duilc, D, O, m; dí rmuaineaḋ, m. X, l. 2 ionnaṁaḋ tuillig, m; l. 4 ná híoḋbart, m.

*The following invocation of St. Michael is appended in D and m 96; but it is not in O, G, m 11, m 94:—

A Ilíóil, a rioġṁaoir ṁic Dé na ndúl
dírliġid mo ṁíġníoṁarṫa traoċaid rúd
rnaiḋm ríċ go ríorruide dom féin ran dún
'na mbíd naoiṁ aġ ríorġuide mar aon an triuir.

[1] The blind man: an ball, i.e., oculorum caligine aut alterius oculi cæcitate laborans, is in Irish poetry the usual designation of the centurion who opened our Lord's side with the lance (Ev. Joan. xix. 34). He is usually known in Christian tradition by the name of Longinus. In the Passion of Longinus in the Leabhar Breac 181 b, two names are given to him: Cennturus ainm dó, Longínus in ainm ele, Cennturus was his name, Longinus was another name for him. Both names are popular formations. The latter is a derivative of λόγχη, the lance or spear mentioned by St. John, and the former of Centurio, the centurion mentioned by SS. Matthew and Mark. As St. Mark uses the word κεντυρίων (Marc. xv. 39), both names may have first come into use on Greek soil. The Leabhar Breac Passion, however, is silent as to the blindness of

VII

Strange signs came to pass by the might of the world's one true Origin,
The day ere He went forth to crush the rapacious antagonist,
Though what first did awaken them cause us to shed tears compassionate,
It will better the knowledge of all, if we go through them here again.

VIII

Darkness oppressed unmistakably daylight's fair brilliancy,
Making the universe quake with its plenteous foliage,
Loud roared the sea with the strangest, uncanniest murmuring,
Detailing the acts one by one of their ultimate vanquishing.

IX

Pure Source of grace, who didst triumph o'er creatures iniquitous,
Over all sinful deeds done and what evil thoughts merited,
Bind up my wounds for the sake of the hazel of fragrance, Christ,
And of Mary, the mother of fortitude, justice, and piety.

X

The charity poured forth in streams from Thy heart's vein, O Christ, on the tree,
The loving humility shown, as the blind man[1] was wounding Thy side,
Hell's havoc accomplished by Thee on no powerless march of defeat,
A limitless offering form for the crimes of the children of men.[2]

Longinus. Yet the belief was fairly wide-spread at an early date, and is to be found, for instance, in the works of St. Vincent Ferrer and Ludolph of Saxony. It probably had its origin in the misunderstanding of a metaphorical expression in some ancient writer, who merely meant to state that the material opening of Christ's side by the lance produced the spiritual effect of opening the eyes of the centurion to the light of faith. An early example of such an allusion is to be found in the fourth- or fifth-century tragedy, Χριστὸς Πάσχων, wrongly ascribed to St. Gregory Nazianzen, and ascribed by others to Apollinaris of Laodicea, where we are told that the centurion fell down on the ground beside the cross streaming with blood and

Ἀρύεταί τε χερσὶ κρουνοῦ καὶ κόρας
Ἔχρισεν ὡς ἔοικεν ὡς ἅγνισμα᾽ ἔχῃ

(ll. 1093-4, Migne, Patrologia Græca, tom. xxxviii, col. 223, 224).

[2] The rann to St. Michael appended in m 11, m 94 may be rendered:—

O Michael, royal steward of the Creator, Son of God,
Extinguish (?) all those infamous and wicked deeds of mine;
Bind to me eternal peace in the heavenly fort,
Where saints in prayer united the Trinity adore.

v.—Créacht do Dáil me

[Mss.: Maynooth, Murphy xi, xii, liv, xcv (m); R.I.A., 23 B 36 (B), 23 L 37 (L), 23 M 16 (M), 23 M 47 (M 47); Stowe, A iv 2 incomplete, ending with Rann xxvi (A iv), F v 1 (F); Brit. Mus. Add. 29614 (Ad.).

Headings: Dáibi ó Bruadair ecc. (in all Mss.); ar leagadh a n-airm do Ghaedealaibh, 1652 (Ad, m); ar leagadh a n-airm do Ghaedealaibh agus <ar> nditeannughadh rígh Cormaic, ful táimic an Dana Cormac i bflacthus na Sacsan (M); an uailcuma do rinne d'Eirinn an bliadain do leagadh an t-arm aimrid Cromwell, 1652 (A iv); Dáibi mac (*sic*) Bruadair ecc. d'Eirinn, 1691 (m 12).

This is one of the most popular of David's compositions, as may be seen from the frequency of its occurrence in Mss. The text is on the whole good; but in some of the later copies Ranns xxviii and xxix have been jumbled together; and in many good Mss., e. g. in L, the second rann of the Ceangal is wanting, though found apparently in one good Ms. of the year 1725 (Ad.). This rann, which voices the hopes of the Irish at home, that the Irish nobility and soldiers should soon return from the Continent, might indeed have been written by David in 1652, when several thousands of Irish soldiers followed the fortunes of Charles II in exile on the Continent, but it was more probably added by some scribe after the great exodus following the capitulation of Limerick. This rann, thus understood, may have misled the scribe of one of the Murphy Mss., Pól ó Longáin, to affix the wrong date 1691. That this date is wrong is evident not only from the authority of all good Mss., but also from the whole tone of the poem. It is sufficient to point out that Spain (R. xxii), not France, is the nation especially hostile to England to which the exiled Irish used to turn; and that the future tense employed in Ranns xxiii and xxiv proves that the Cromwellian plantation, though imminent and even in progress, had not been completed when the poem was written.

This poem is historically interesting as giving us a faithful contemporary account of the feelings of the Irish at the conclusion of the eleven years' war.* The poet laments how, now that the true Gaelic families have been crushed, only

I

Créacht do dáil me im árthach galair
taomach tlát gan táthbacht tara,
gaothlir áigh na n-árrad neartmar
faon ar lár 'r a n-áirmidh gairge.

II

Do Ghaedealaibh Fáil atáim ag tagairt,
an fséal guirt d'fágh me lán do mairgh,
mo léan mar atáid go fséimte fsartha
méid a dtáirne a n-áir 'r a n-earbad.

I, l. 2 tláith, M. l. 4 go faon, m. II, l. 3 a ttáir, m.

* Cf. the fine poem of Pierce Ferriter, Doċuala fséal do ċéar ar ló mé, written about the same time.

V.—A FATEFUL WOUND HATH MADE OF ME

too many are to be found who try to curry favour with the victors by pretending that they are of English descent. In touching words he contrasts Erin's former mirthful happiness with her present fallen state. Baseborn hordes of adventurers occupy the lands of the dispossessed chieftains, and, inflated by power and wealth, give themselves the airs of nobles. Ignorant boors and huckstering pedlars have entered into possession of the castles, where the tender heroines and daring heroes of Erin's ancient story loved to dwell, and have spread themselves over the plains where the chivalry of the Fianna Eireann so often displayed itself in many a hard-fought battle on land and sea. Would that those famed warriors were now alive, for then the nations of the earth would pay tribute to Erin as of yore, and receive from her in return the treasures of learning and culture. May God revive some of that ancient spirit of union and courage in the breasts of the men of Ireland, so that, no longer deaf to the appeals of the clergy, they may rise and revenge the insults inflicted on them by their foes, and strike terror into the hearts of those alien immigrants.

The metre in which the poem is written is

(1) Aṁṗán (as far as R. xxiv) with the following vowel sequence:—

(_) é _ á _ á _ a _

(2) From R. xxiv to R. l Caoineaḋ is the prevailing metre; but several ranns are really in Aṁṗán, through the vowel sequence of the first line of the rann being repeated in the following lines.

(3) The two ranns of the Ceangal are, as usual, Aṁṗán, thus:—

R. li. _ a _ í _ a _ í _ i _ _ au.

R. lii. (_) a _ _ i _ i _ é _ í.]

I

A fateful wound hath made of me a hulk of sadness,
Stretched in fitful weakness, robbed of active vigour,
Since the martial genius of those sturdy soldiers
To earth is stricken and their valour's record silenced.

II

To all the Gaels of Inis Fáil[1] I am unfolding
The bitter tale which now hath filled my heart with sorrow;
Ah! woe is me! how they are all dispersed and scattered!
Alas! the greatness of their shame, distress, and slaughter!

[1] Inis Fáil: Ireland, literally Isle of Destiny. For the story of the Lia Fáil, or Stone of Destiny, said to have been taken to Scone in Scotland, and thence removed to Westminster Abbey, vid. Keating, History i, pp. 206–208. The large standing stone on the hill of Tara is now, however, generally believed to be the original Lia Fáil.

III

Créad an fáth, níl cár ina aithne,
tuag Éire bán i láimh Danar,
traochad Árdcon gCárthach gCaisil
ir laochraid Táil[a] 'na dtáimh gan fearamh;

IV

Na tréin ón mBántraith, máil na fcabal,
nár léig dá náimhid bárr i ndeaghaid,
fraochealta áluinn Áine ir tSeannuid,
gan aon 'na n-áit act láthair falamh;

V

An t-éigne táirc ón mBláthnain mbeannaigh,
lear méan an clár 'r a cháir do charnamh,
gur threimhriud cách ón fáth fuil d'airigh,
ag réanad a gcáir do fháraib Sacran.

VI

Gach réadamh rábach dána daingean
don réim do thráct ón Spáinn tar earaib,
a bhréamha fáir uim lá gur tearcad
a gcéim a gcáil a gcáin 'r a ngairm.

[a] .i. fíol mBriain.

III, l. 1 an aithne, M, m; a aithne, L. l. 3 traoch, m. l. 4 tháimh, m. IV, l. 3 fraochalt, m. V, l. 2 mhéin, M; mhéann; mhiann, m. l. 3 *sic* L; gur thréigriad, M; do thréimrioth, m; thairith, m; do airigh, M; deargh, L; gur threimhre cách ón bhraithfuil thairgh, m. VI, l. 1 réadamh, L; fé dháimh, M; fé dhamh, m. l. 2 reimh, L; tar chairibh, M. l. 3 lár, M; do t., M, m.

---

[1] Danish: used generically in the sense of 'barbarous.'

[2] Cárthach (circa 969–1049), ancestor of the Mac Carthys, was grandson of the celebrated Ceallachán Caisil, mentioned infra, R. xxxix. Cashel was the original home of the Mac Carthys, whence they were driven south-westwards after the Norman invasion, but the Irish poets always retained the old designation.

[3] Tál's sons: the O'Briens and other families of Thomond, so called from an

III

What the cause hath been, it is not hard discerning,
Which handed Erin wasted o'er to Danish[1] captors,—
The failure of the nobles sprung from Cárthach Caisil[2]
And Tál's heroic sons[3] in trance profound prostrated—

IV

The brave men of Srath Bán,[4] those princes robed in armour,
Who yielded ne'er to foes the victory in battle,—
The stern yet comely tribe of Áine[5] and of Seanaid,[6]—
Nothing left to take their place but empty bleakness!—

V

The hero far renowned from Blarney's turrets,
With resolute intent his land and rights defending,
Till from the charge the rest drew back ere he perceived it,
Renouncing thus their cause to tyrant Saxon victors.[7]

VI

Every noble chieftain, daring, steadfast leader,
Of the race[8] that sailed from Spain across the ocean,—
Their roots by day have been cut down and rendered barren,
Their rank and fame, their revenues and name have vanished.

---

ancestor of Brian who was known by the surname of Mac Táil, son of the adze, from his father's having been a carpenter.

[4] Srath Bán: Strabane, Co. Tyrone, a castle of the O'Neills of Tyrone.

[5] Áine: Áine Cliach, now the barony of Small County, Co. Limerick, came at an early date into the possession of the Desmond FitzGeralds; but it had passed out of their hands at the date of this poem.

[6] Seanaid: a castle of the Desmond FitzGeralds, now Shanid, near Shanagolden, in the barony of Shanid, Co. Limerick.

[7] Donogh MacCarthy (1594–1665), Lord Muskerry, son of Cormac Og, Baron of Blarney and Lord Muskerry, was a general in the war of 1641–52, and was one of the last to lay down arms. He surrendered the last fortress, Ross Castle, 27th June, 1652, and passed into Spain. In return for his services he was created by Charles II Earl of Clancarty in 1658, and had his estates restored to him.

[8] The Gaels, or children of Míle, who occupied Ireland from Spain, according to legend.

VII

Céadta atá dá ráð mar gallaib
a ngaol do dáic 'r an áġmaraicme,
do raobað beárna i n-áicib earcair
aġ caoṁnað a tráct 'r aġ fáil a fearainn.

VIII

Ir baoc an ceárd don ṁáctair ṁeanġaiġ
caodaiġ cárrna cráidte clearaiġ
tréiġean tán na dtáirdiol dtrearac
do céadcuir fáinne ar bárr a baire.

IX

A haontað dáib 'r a láṁ do readað
lé 'r a grád tar các mar fearaib
a péarla a páx a bláct 'r a beacta
d'Aonfear án ir dá flioct aicle.

X

Don ṁéirdriġ ṁná níor ġránda an ṁalairt
caoṁcaċ cáirdir cáic do glacað,
ba réadaċ ráṁ ba ráctaċ fearcair
gan éaġnaċ rmáil do bá 'na n-aice.

XI

Gan baoġal báir gan bád gan barcað
gan bréaġnaċ báid gan fláiġ gan feannaid
tréadaċ táinteaċ táclaċ treabtaċ
re ré na rár dár dáil a lactа.

XII

Do b'éactaċ árd a gárda ceannair,
nár éar 'na láicib glám uim airceð,
ba réiṁ a mná ba ráðail reancaċ
néaṁda náireaċ mánla maireaċ.

VII, l. 1 céadа, L; céað, M, m. l. 2 cait, L, cád *cet.*; áðṁar, m. l. 3 bearta, M 47. l. 4 a *omit* M; fál, m. VIII, l. 3 táin, L, m; ttarðaill, m; ttairðeal, M. IX, l. 2 learið, m. l. 4 ðonfear, L; do 'Eiðir, M, m; dionfear, m; án, L; áin, *cet.*; luct, m; dáil uict, m. X, l. 3 fatac, L; fatað, M. l. 4 éiġneað, m; ná naich ÷ L; nacuið, M; na nacaið, m. XI, l. 2 baiġ, m. l. 4 ðáil, L; cál, *cet.* XII, l. 2 airge, Mss. exc. L. l. 3 dáiltead, m; fearcað, fearað, m.

VII

Hundreds are proclaiming now themselves as English,[1]
By kinship welded to the war-successful faction,
They who opened oft a breach in thriving districts,
While guarding her estates, maintaining her dominions.

VIII

Reckless is the conduct of the matron faithless,[2]
Petulant, perverse, vexatious, and deceitful,
To thus forsake those loyal clans of daring forays,
Who first did put a ring upon her left hand's finger.

IX

To them her hand was pledged and her consent was given,
And her love besides, to them above all others,
Her kiss, her charms, her life, and all she had most precious,
To Aenfhear,[3] great and good, and all his race that followed.

X

Nor to the shameless harlot hath the change been hateful,
Who now with all in common shares her love's embraces;
Once in wealth and peace, in affluence and comfort,
Amid her own she lived, without disgrace or insult,

XI

Free from fear of death, of ruin and oppression,
Of plague and punishment and counterfeit affection,
In homesteads, flocks and herds and implements abounding,
While ruled those lordly chiefs to whom her milk she yielded.

XII

Stately and intrepid were her royal guardsmen,
Who in their day did ne'er refuse demands for largess;
Her ladies gentle, gay, and fond of cheerful gossip,
Brilliant, yet reserved were they, refined and gracious.

---

[1] English: Gall, originally a Gaul, means now any alien, especially English, and in a religious sense a Protestant. The three shades of meaning, alien, English, Protestant, are generally present in the word. Here, however, the reference seems to be to the Old English Catholic inhabitants of Ireland, separating themselves politically from the Gaelic population.

[2] This comparison of Ireland to a faithless spouse is very common in Irish poetry.

[3] Art Aenfhear, son of Conn Céadchathach, King of Ireland for thirty years (A.D. 166–195, Four Masters), slain by Lughaidh Lámha in the battle of Magh Muchroimhe; vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 268–280.

XIII

Ba raor gan dáim ba fáidhglic fearadh
a cléirigh cáidhe a fáidhe a flatha
nach claonadh lámh ó dheárlaic maidhir
go héag na mbárr ba fál re Deacair.

XIV

Ba léimneach lánmhear láidir leathan
taorcach árrachta áidhbreach arrad
craorach cnámhach ceárrach creathach
a tréidheidh fáir nach tránadh reathadh.

XV

A héirc ar trágh gan fáradh mara
'r a méidhbhoic fáidhte i bhrán gach claire;
a ndéidheanach fághmair feadha ag feacadh
le héigean dáracht fá 'n-a dtarthaibh.

XVI

A réire bárc ar fáil ag cneadhaigh
ag Déanamh áirneach dá lucht fala,
a haolbhuigh ghnáith 'na n-áitreadh aingil
'r a fléibhte ghéarr mar fháircibh bairlioch.

XVII

Mo ghéarghoin, cá bhuil ágh na ndreagan?
nó an tréith atáidh le fcáith a gcreata?
'na gcréchrith ámh atáidh le fadha,
ir tré rin táimigh tráith na faille.

XVIII

An méidh don fár ir fánach mairior,
a réan docháidh ir d'fár a bheacadh,
gan ghéill gan ghrádh gan chráthadh ceangal
ó chéile cách ag rnámh le gangaidh.

XIII, l. 2 cáidh (cáigh), Mss. XIV, l. 1 leadhair, m. l. 2 arrachd, M; ádhachach, m. l. 3 ceathach, cathach, m. l. 4 trántfadh feachadh, m. XV, l. 2 *sic* L: meidhbhic, *cet.*; glaire, m. l. 3 a ndheagnach, L; a ndéaghnach, M, m; aneigneach, m; fadhair, m. XVI, l. 1 fál, m, M. l. 2 áirdneach, M; árthneach, m; falnadh, m. l. 4 bairfhliuch, m. XVII, l. 1 adhadh, m. l. 2 ó rgairt, m; a ccraircionn, M, m; accathadh, m. l. 4 fáirt, m. XVIII, l. 2 a fhéan don cáill, m. l. 4 re gangaidh, m.

XIII

Frank, sincere, and guileless, subtle and sagacious,
Her clerics innocent, her seers and princes flourished,
Who never turned their hand aside from loans of kindness,
Till died those lofty tops—sole guards against oppression.

XIV

Broad in chest, robust, alert and prancing,
With energy o'erflowing, proud and noble bearing,
Bigboned and voracious, mettlesome and skittish,
Were her racing steeds, which never yet were beaten.

XV

Her strands with fish were strewn, for ocean could not hold them;
Her badgers fat were thickly packed in every ditch-slope;
Her woods were bent down low at end of autumn,
Rudely crushed beneath their fruits' excessive burden.[1]

XVI

Her ships of war, with creaking noise on ocean groaning,
Against her envious foes did keep a constant vigil;
In her homesteads fair the angels made their dwelling,
And her short-sloped mountain-sides spread out like deer-parks.

XVII

It wounds me to the quick—where now's the dragons' valour?
Or are they frightened at the shadow of their bodies?
A trembling sod,[2] in very truth, are they this long time:
Hence the hour of need did catch them all unwary.

XVIII

As many of this outcast race as yet are living,—
Their happiness hath vanished and their vice grown greater,—
Unbound by ties of love, obedience, or religion,
Disunited, from each other basely sneaking.

[1] Abundant produce was considered one of the signs of a good king. Cf. Tréde neimthigedar flaith: fonaidm fuirech, feil Temrach, foimre inna flaith: three things which constitute a king: a compact with (other) kings, the feast of Tara, abundance during his reign (R.I.A., Todd Lecture Series, vol. XIII, edit. Kuno Meyer, The Triads of Ireland, no. 202, Dublin, 1906).

[2] Trembling sod, crédchith: elsewhere called fód crithead, expressive of a state of fear and helplessness: cf. Four Masters, A.D. 1171: Diarmaid mac Murchada ri Laigen an fer lar a ndearnad fód crithigh d'Eirinn uile iar tTochurtal Saxan . . . do écc.

XIX

Ir céarta an tárc, a dáirde, clairim
bur mbéara tráigte tláithe taire,
go téact an brátha ar clár an tailimh
i mbéalaib árrad dá na gclannaib.

XX

Gibé le ndeárnad lá na marb
uim Péil Sin Seáin no prár 'na haice,
ní hé do bá gan páirt don meabal
i dtaob gur frárraig pára Peadair.

XXI

Már d'éirpeap táimig, már do dearpar,
már caogad plán, má práimig fearcad,
már céad do táimig, már áireamh catha,
ir méala dán na dáirme ar marthain.

XXII

Aon troig aimáin níor págbad aco
mar déirc ón tsát ná áddar leartha,
dobéaraid gára dáil ir aithe
a léigion plán don Spáinn ar eachtaib.

XIX, l. 1 a clairdim, M; a dáird cloirdim, m. l. 3 an brát, Mss.; go lár, m. XX, l. 4 feadair, L; Peadar, *cet.* XXI, l. 2 lán M; faoraig feargad, m. l. 4 tam, m; tán, M; martaimn, Mss. XXII, l. 2 áddad, m; leadta, M. l. 3 do béarrad, m; aitchior, m. l. 4 achtaib, m.

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[1] lá na marb: that is, the day of the dead, All Souls' Day, the Commemoration of all the Dead, 2nd Nov. This refers to some battle fought about the date of the Feast of St. John, either the feast of his nativity, 24th of June, or the feast of his decollation, 28th of August, in which the Irish were defeated. Probably the battle of Scarriffhollis, near Letterkenny, is meant, in which the mainstay of the war, the Ulster army, under Bishop Eibhear Mac Mahon, was defeated on the 21st of June, 1652, by the combined forces of Coote and Venables. Three thousand, out of a total of five thousand, of these trained soldiers were slain; after this resistance was impossible. Within a couple of months all the fortresses in possession of the Irish had submitted. The Duke of Ormonde seems to have been the person whom the poet held to be responsible for these disasters.

XIX

The fatal tidings which I hear, O friends, doth pain me,—
All your manners, customs, low-ebbed, weak and wasted!
Till judgment's doom one day descends upon earth's surface,
'Twill live on lips of ancients speaking to their children.

XX

Whosoe'er transferred the dead's commemoration
To the feast-day of St. John or to somewhere near it,[1]—
He was not without a share in that deceitful treason,
By trying to oppress the Pope, the heir of Peter.

XXI

Came the slain to only one, or e'en to four men;
Though they came to fifty full, or reached to sixty;
Came they to a hundred; numbered they a legion;
Sad, alas! the fortune of the bands still living!

XXII

A foot of land hath not been left in their possession,
Nor e'en the makings of a bed, as state-doled pittance;
They will grant them now the favour and the pleasure
Of letting them go safe to Spain[2] by proclamations.

[2] At the end of the war, the victorious Cromwellians were only too anxious to get rid of the fighting men. Leave was readily given to them to transport themselves to the Continent of Europe, and the permission was availed of by about thirty-four thousand men, who entered the services of the King of Spain, the King of Poland, and the Prince of Condé. In May, 1652, Richard White left with 7,000 men for the King of Spain, and in September Colonel Mayo followed with 3,000 more. Lord Muskerry took 5,000 to Poland, and in 1654 Colonel Dwyer went to the Prince of Condé with 3,500 men. On the departure of the soldiers, the women, young girls, and boys were seized and sold as slaves to the Bristol merchants for transportation to the newly acquired sugar and tobacco plantations in New England and the West Indian Islands. A writer of 1656 says 60,000 had been already shipped to America as slaves; another estimates the number of Irish slaves in Barbadoes at 8,000 and in St. Kitts at 600; while Father Grace in 1666 found in the Islands alone 12,000 still surviving, treated as slaves, deprived of all religious help, and punished by fines and scourging if they sought for religious help at any of the French mission stations (Moran: Life of Archbishop Plunkett, pp. lvii–lix).

XXIII

Bíaid féin 'na ndeáġaid ġo mórach maġaid
D'éir a reárnta i mbláith a mbailte
ġo péatrach plátach prárach pacach
Béarlach beárrṫa báḋach blarta.

XXIV

Beiṫ béaḃar cába ar árḋ ġach caile
Ir ġúna ríoḋa ó inn ġo haltaiḃ,
Biaid ár ndúnta aġ ppuntaiḃ baṫlach
Líonta D'áirrioḋaiḃ cáiriḋe ir ppairce.

XXV

Aġ ro an Duiḋean, ġiḋ reíorṁar a aiṫrir,
Bíar 'na ġcoṁnaiḋe i mótaiḋiḃ ġeala,
Ġúiḋí húc ir múḋar Hammer
Róibín Sál ir páḋur Salm,

XXVI

Fear an Bhírte aġ Díol an tralainn,
Ġeamar Rút ir goodman Cabbage,
mistress Cápon Cáit ir Anna,
Ruiréal Rác ir maiġirtear ġeaḋrar!

XXIII, l. 2 reapṫna, M, m; reapnaiṫ, m; reapnṫa, L. l. 4 ġo b., L. XXIV, l. 1 biaḋ, M; béiḃear, L; caille, m. l. 2 ṁinn, M. l. 3 beiṫ, M, m; pputaiḃ, L; prionnraiḃ, m. l. 4 ḋáirrigiḃ, L; ḋairriḋeaḋa, M; ḋárriḃ, ḋárríḋiḃ, m. XXV, l. 2 Díor, L; a mboṫaoiḃ, m; iṁár motaiḋiḃ, m. l. 3 Goody, L, m; Hooke, L; Hook, m; múġḋar, M; Mother, m; Gammer, m. l. 4 rall, m; Sale, L; Saul, m; Saull, M; Chall, M 47; páḋur, M; Father, *cet.*; Salme, L; Salm, M, m; Sallon, M 47; Salmon, m. XXVI, l. 2 ġeamar, L, M; Gammer, *cet.*; Ruth, L, m; Root, M, m; Cabatch, L. l. 3 Cappon, M; Capan, m; Capon, L, m. l. 4 Ruirpeal, M; Rushel, Rusceal, m; Russel, M 47; rac, M; Rác, L; Rake, M 47, m; Master, M 47; Geadfar, L, M; Gadfar, Godford, m; Gaffer, M 47.

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[1] The Irish poets in their attacks on the ignorance and cruelty of the Cromwellians are tame in comparison with contemporary English writers. The Irish insist more on their ignorant boorishness, the English writers on their disloyalty

XXIII

To take their places, then, will come the fat-rumped jeerers,
After crushing them, their culture, and their cities,—
Laden all with packs and plates and brass and pewter,
With shaven jaws and English talk and braggart accent.[1]

XXIV

Every dowdy, then, will wear a cape of beaver,
And don a gown of silk from poll of head to ankle:
All our castles will be held by clownish upstarts,
Crowded full with veterans of cheese and pottage.

XXV

This will be the horde, though fretful 'tis to tell it,
Who in moated mansions fair will then be dwelling:—
Judy Hook and mother Hammer,
Robin Saul and father Psalm,

XXVI

The man in breeches salt a-selling,
Gammer Ruth and goodman Cabbage,
Mistress Capon, Kate and Anna,
Russel Rake and master Gaffer![2]

---

and cruelty. Cf. the verses of Thomas Cobbes:

Who could imagine that furious cut-throat Cromwell
Should on his barrells' heades sounde out the drumme well?
Or that from brewinge or from the drayman's carte
Soe mischievous a stickler should upstarte . . . .
Many their fellow-subjects have they slaine,
Cryinge for quarter, though too much in vaine.
Some have they tortured, others have they cast
Into the ocean, or hanged on the mainemast.
On land they've robbed, and turned churches to stables,
Or in them preached horrid lyes and fables . . . .
All loyal bloode they have aimed to raze out,
That none may sway us but a scottish route
Of base mechanicks; butcheringe, brewinge knaves
Have marked us out for shambles, or for slaves.
Nobles are levelled, brave heroicke heartes
Must stoope in homage to the brewers' cartes . . . .

(Historical Manuscripts Commission: Fourteenth Report, Appendix, Part vii, p. 111, London, 1895.)

[2] The names of the Cromwellian adventurers were a constant theme of ridicule

XXVII

Mar a mbíoð Déirdre an ġléġeim ġarṫa,
Éiṁear na ġciaḃ 'r a liaṫ Ṁaṫa,
mar a mbíoð Aoiḃeall caoiḃ na craiġe
ir bannċracṫ ċuana Cuaṫa Dé Danann ;

XXVIII

Mar a mbíoð donnċáil foġa dá ġcaiṫiom
ir marcaiḋeacṫ oll fá ċromġáir fealġ,
ġleacaiḋeacṫ lomċnáṁ ġcrom dá ngearraḋ
ir freargníom boġaláṁuiḃ ar foġail dá ḃfearaḃ ;

XXIX

Mar a mbíoð dáṁrcol báirḋ ir feacaiġ,
clearaiḋeacṫ rinnce, fíonta ir fleaḋa,
fartaoim fíġṫe ir míleaḋ meara
ir crannaoil riġin dá rníoṁ i ġcreataiḃ.

XXX

Re linn an tí ċuġ ní do ċeallaiḃ
'r do ṁínigh floinnte d'aoir ġaċ fleaċta—
re linn ṁic Cuinn, nar ċím i rrapruinn,
ba King 'ran inntre tríoċa i ngradam,

XXVII, l. 1 ġleġlin, M. l. 2 'Ciḃir, m. XXVIII. This rann comes after R. xxix. in M 15. There is considerable confusion in some Mss. in this and the following rann, some of Maynooth Mss. omitting four lines. l. 3 ġleacuiġeacṫ, m ; clearuiḋeacṫ, M, B, L, which, however, is the reading of all Mss. in second line of next rann; lomċnáṁa, B; cnearuiġeacṫ líoṁaċt dá rníoṁ a ccreataiḃ, m. l. 4 frargníoṁ, B, L, M; boġlaṁuiḃ, M; bóġláṁa, B; ḃfearra(ḋ), B, M, m. XXIX, l. 1 bacaicc, m. l. 2 fíon, B; fleaġa, B. l. 3 fartuiġim, B, m; fartaoim, M, L; f. fíor, L, m. l. 4 crannа ḋúil, m; rínn, rín, m; ccreaċaiḃ, B, m; ccreataiḃ, L, m; ccreaċraiḃ, M. XXX, l. 4 King with gloss cuinġ in margin, L; King deleted and Riġe written over it, M; Cinġ, ċinn, m. tríoġḋa, m; tríoċa, *cet.*

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to the Irish. Another series of their names occurs in a later poem of David Ó Bruadair's, which begins A Śíle an creaca, ll. 15, 16:

Do ḃí Barton Black ir Beard ir Brook
'na mḃíoḋḃaiḃ ceanna aġ ḃranna a ḃriacal ċuġac.

A long rhyming list in English of such names has been published by Father Denis Murphy, s.J.: Cromwell in Ireland, p. 428, Dublin, 1883, beginning:

The Fairs, the Blacks, the Blonds, the Brights,
The Greens, the Browns, the Greys, the Whites,
The Parrotts, Eagles, Cocks and Hens,
The Snipes, Swallows, Pies, Robins, Wrens, &c.

XXVII

There where once dwelt Déirdre,[1] maiden fair and winsome,
Eimhear[2] of the ringlets and the Liath[3] of Macha;
There where once dwelt Aoibheall[4] beside the craggy summit,
And the charming lady bands of Tuatha Dé Dannan[5];—

XXVIII

Where the darts a-shooting cast a dark brown shadow,
And thronging horsemen raised aloud the hunting clamour;
Where the wrestlers stripped and wrenched and strained their muscles,
And competing archers trained to meet marauders;—

XXIX

Where flourished banded schools of bards and story-tellers,
The dance's subtleties, abundant wines and banquets;
Where unending pastime reigned and dashing soldiers
Pierced with sturdy tourney lances writhing bodies.

XXX

In the time of him[6] who granted gifts to churches
And settled surnames on each race's generation;
In the time of Art mac Cuinn[7]—no coward fighter—
The king who ruled this island thirty years in honour;—

---

[1] For the story of Deirdre cf. Keating's History, vol II, pp. 190–196, and Oıðeað Cloınne Uıṗneaċ.

[2] Eimhear, daughter of Forgall Manach, and wife of Cú Chulainn; cf. Tochmarc nEimere, Fled Bricrend, and other tales of the Ulster cycle, the characters of which date from the first years of the Christian Era.

[3] Liath Macha: the grey steed of Macha (from whom Árd Macha, the height of Macha, now Armagh), the celebrated steed of Cú Chulainn.

[4] Aoibheall: one of the Tuatha Dé Danann ladies or goddesses, whose habitat was Craig Liath, in Co. Clare, on the Shannon.

[5] Tuatha Dé Danann: according to early medieval Irish historians, the race which occupied Ireland immediately before the Clanna Mileadh or Gaels, now believed to have been the gods of the pagan Irish.

[6] Brian mac Cinnéide, King of Ireland, 1003–1014 A.D., of whom Keating says: ıṙ é Ḃṙıan ṗóṙ ꝺuꝺ ṙloınnꝺe ṗá ṗeaċ aṙ ṗeaṙaıḃ 'Ḝıṙeann aṙ a n-aıċeanꝺaṙ ꝺaċ ṙílꝺeaḃ ṗá ṗeaċ ḃíoḃ (Keating, History, vol. III, p. 262).

[7] Art mac Cuinn Chéadchathaigh, vid. supra, R. ix, note [3].

XXXI

Da iomda borbtúr foirtil fionn fairrinn
ir cúinne corantamail colgdrón cada,
rrionnra robaldlúid do doirtead crú ar faidde,
ronn i ngormfonn rodarlonn Cadaid;

XXXII

Fionn an dodallduil dortaramail dleadtaig
ir Goll na dtorannbrúdt—folamugad bealaig,
Lugaid do doirc a dtnúd—bodtanugad breatan,
'r an lonnradOrcar úd d'fortaig dubair a adar;

XXXIII

Conn le dtordair Cumall—toranugad taldair,
ir Connla rolardnú cormail riu i mbeartaib,
dronng na rcolblongg lorgúr leadan
ó muir na rocairdonn donnaildiuin dreadaig;

XXXIV

Iollann na lann ba teann 'r an gcarpaig,
gur dlaodlaid íota a gnaoi ir a dealb,
Mac Rónáin i ngleodg ba threadan
ir mac uí Duibne an bríogmar brearad;

---

xxxi, l. 1 fairing M, l. 2 colgdrón, M; colgdronn, L, m. l. 3 padad, m. l. 4 'ronn m; na ng. m; ngoirmfionn L; ngormfonn, M, m. xxxii, l. 1 cleafaig m; dleadtaicc, M, L. l. 2 Cú, L, m; Goll, M. l. 4 pudair, M; púir, *cet.*; a *om.* M, m. xxxiii, l. 3 lorg úir, m. l. 4 Donaill, m; Donnaill, *cet.* xxxiv, l. 3 a ngleo fá threadan M 47, L, m; mac Ronáin nglé 'ra threide leadan m.

[1] Eochaidh's country: Ireland. A dozen kings of Ireland were named Eochaidh according to the old historians.

[2] Fionn mac Cumhaill, the centre of the Fenian legendary cycle.

[3] See the fourth and sixth conditions for admission into the Fianna Éireann, Keating, History II, p. 334.

[4] Goll mac Mórna, chief of the Connacht Fianna in the Fenian legend. A variant reading is Cú, i.e. Cú Chulainn, the hero of the Ulster cycle.

[5] Lughaidh mac Con; after having been exiled from Ireland, returned from Britain, and defeated Art Aenfhear, King of Ireland, in the battle of Magh Mucroimhe. Cf. supra, R. IX, and Keating, History, II, pp. 270-280.

[6] Oscar, son of Oisín, slain at the battle of Gabhra, A.D. 284.

XXXI

Lived many stalwart, haughty chieftains, famed for bounty,
And shielding guards, whose swords were stained with gore of battle;
Tribe-strong princes, spilling blood on fields of slaughter,
Here in Eochaidh's[1] blue-hilled, brave, and boonful country;—

XXXII

Fionn,[2] with valued plaited crest,[3] by Fenians favoured,
And Goll[4] of thunder-burstings,—havoc fierce of highways!
Lugh,[5] who quelled their envy,—beggaring of Britons!
And brilliant Oscar,[6] who assuaged his father's sorrow;—

XXXIII

Conn, who vanquished Cumhall,[7] vigorous beginning!
And Connla,[8] lightsome darling, like to them in exploits;
The crew in swiftly chasing broad-beamed wooden vessels
From the constant sluggish rolling slow-waved ocean;—

XXXIV

Iollann[9] of the swords, who bold the rock defended,
Till thirst and hunger altered all his form and features;
Caoilte,[10] son of Ronán, strong in fray of valour,
And Diarmaid mac uí Duibhne,[11] vigorous and active;—

---

[7] Conn Céadchathach, King of Ireland (Four Masters, 123–157 A.D.), with Goll mac Mórna and the Connacht Fianna, defeated Cumhall, father of Fionn, with Clanna Baoiscne and the Leinstermen, aided by Eoghan Mór, at the battle of Cnucha. Cumhall was slain by Goll.

[8] Connla, son of Conn Céadchathach (vid. Keating, History, II, p. 270). The story of his adventures in the Land of the Living, Echtra Condla Cáin, was edited from Leabhar na hUidhre, by J. O'Beirne Crowe, in the Kilkenny Archæological Journal, 1874–5, p. 128. It is given also by Dr. P. W. Joyce in his Old Celtic Romances, London, 1879, pp. 106–111.

[9] Iollann, the hero of the tale Caċtra Iollainn airmḋeirg mic ríoġ Ḃréag.

[10] Caoilte mac Ronáin, one of the chief characters in the Fenian tales. In Agallaṁ na seanórach he is twice called Cáilte mac Crunḋchon maic Rónáin.

[11] Diarmaid, also a prominent Fenian hero. His elopement with Fionn's wife, Gráinne, daughter of King Cormac mac Airt, is the subject-matter of the story Ṫóruiġeaċt Ḋiarmada agus Ġráinne. Note the survival of the old form mac uí (i.e. moccu) Ḋuiḃne, instead of the modern Diarmaid ua Duibhne.

XXXV

An té le Brít ón gcomṁde ceacha,
nach céarach cill nach tuilleadh tallumn,
an féinnid fíor tréar ling an bachall
'r nár éagum í le ruim 'ran mbairte;

XXXVI

Aonghus óg ó Dóinn na mbratach
ir Fionnbárr fuadrach d'fuachtaigh aithne,
mac Lir na gcuach ó Bruach Eaṁuin
ir úcaire na ruag fuair duadh feachtṁain;

XXXVII

An beanghán codnaigh do thromghoin balar
ir Síogra bronntach rogha na healtha,
Mac Niadh Mogha Goll ir Garadh
Siornán collchaigh ir Dogha dearg;

---

xxxv, l. 2 céaraid, céarrad, m; tuillread, Mss.; Tallann (in margin) M. l. 3 tinn nar ling, m; an bachall, M, m. l. 4 nar éar í, m. xxxvi, l. 2 bruadraicc, m. l. 3 gcruach, M; gruach, m; Eaṁan m. l. 4 ruadh, M, m. xxxvii, l. 1 thollghoin, m. l. 2 haltha(dh), m. l. 3 garradh, m; gara, L, m; garadh, M 47.

[1] This scene, which took place at the baptism of Aengus mac Natfraoich, King of Munster, by St. Patrick at Cashel, is thus described in the Vita Tertia S. Patricii c. lx: "Cumque Patricius caput regis benedixisset, cuspis baculi affixa est pedi regis. Sed rex benedictionem valde desiderans, dolorem pedis pro nihilo reputavit. Finita autem benedictione, videns Patricius pedem eius laceratum, benedixit ei et statim sanatus est, et dixit ad regem: non effundetur in æternum sanguis omnium regum qui in loco isto sederint super solium tuum, excepto uno rege. Est autem in loco lapis Patricii, qui hucusque hodie dicitur Lec Coithurgi, super quo ordinantur omnes reges Caissell." (Colgan: Trias Thaum., p. 26; Lovanii, 1647; and cf. Tripartite Life, Rolls Edition, vol 1, p. 196.)

[2] Aenghus óg, son of the Daghdha (King of the Tuatha Dé Danann), also called Aengus mac ind óc (son of the two youths). His residence was at Brugh na Bóinne, the plain to the north of the Boyne, probably Bro, near Stackallan Bridge (Hogan, Onomasticon).

[3] Fionnbharr, also one of the Tuatha Dé Danann. His dwelling-place was at Cnoc Meadha Siuil, Knockmaa, Co. Galway.

[4] Manannán, the celebrated sailor or sea-god, one of the Tuatha Dé Danann. According to Cormac's Glossary, his residence was in the Isle of Man. He was also connected with Loch Oirbsean, L. Corrib, Co. Galway. (Keating, History, 1, 224.)

[5] Manannán's connexion with Eamhain, Navan Fort, the palace of the early

XXXV

He, who from the Lord received a rain of graces,
Who ne'er oppressed a church nor merited reproaches,
The wounded soldier through whose foot was thrust the crozier,—
No complaint he uttered through esteem for baptism[1];—

XXXVI

Aonghus óg,[2] from Brugh, beside the Boyne of banners,
And Fionnbharr[3] violent, who shrank from recognition;
Manannán mac Lir,[4] the curled, from Eamhain's borders,[5]
And the foray-fuller,[6] for a week sore stricken;—

XXXVII

The valiant sapling, who severely wounded Balor,[7]
And bounteous Siogra,[8] who was of that flock the choicest;
Mogh Nuadhad,[9] Mac Niadh,[10] Goll mac Morna,[11] Garadh,[12]
Siosnán[13] of the fleet, together with Bodhbh Dearg[14];—

---

kings of Ulster, near Armagh, is through his father Lear, who lived at Sidh Fionnachaidh, on Sliabh Fuaid, Co. Armagh.

[6] A variant reading is the "Craebh Ruadh fuller." The reference may be to Cú Chulainn, or to Conchubhar, King of Ulster.

[7] Balor Bailcbhéimneach, general of the Fomorians, slain by his grandson, Lughaidh Lámhfhada, in the second battle of Magh Tuireadh. For the modern form of this ancient story, as preserved in Tory Island, Co. Donegal, vid. note by O'Donovan, Four Masters, vol. I, pp. 18–21.

[8] In the modern version of Cath Rois na Ríogh, there is mention of Siogra rí Arcadía, who is called in the Book of Leinster "Siugraid Soga ríg Súdiam" (Hogan: Todd Lecture, vol. IV, pp. 12, 62). Siograd Finn and Siograd Donn, sons of Lotar, Earl of the Orkneys, were on the Danish side at the battle of Clontarf, in which the former was slain; Annals of Loch Cé, 1014 A.D.

[9] Eoghan Mór, otherwise Mogh Nuadhat, King of Munster, wrested the southern half of Erin (hence called Leath Mogha) from Conn Céadchathach, King of Ireland. He was, however, finally slain by the latter at the battle of Magh Léana, vid. Keating, History, II, pp. 262–6, and Four Masters under the year 123 A.D.

[10] Mac Niadh, father of Lughaidh mac Con, Keating, History, II, p. 282.

[11] Goll mac Morna, chief of the Connacht Fianna; cf. Duanaire Fhinn, p. 200, &c.

[12] Garadh mac Morna, vid. Agallamh na Seanórach, l. 1365, &c.; Duanaire Fhinn, pp. 99, 105, &c.

[13] Siosnán: I do not remember to have met this word as a proper name elsewhere.

[14] Bodhbh Dearg: a chief of the Tuatha Dé Danann, son of the Daghdha. His Sidh was at Sliabh na mBan, in Magh Femhean, Co. Tipperary, vid. Agallamh na Seanórach.

XXXVIII

Murchadh an trí dhíl 'r an díg do ghreanadh
do Dhiorbhadh tóig do dhírneadh dhreama,
Dubhlaing cródha an t-óg nár mheata
ir giolla na lódhann lógmhar larmhar;

XXXIX

Ceallachán do chaoil dhaighre ir aimhn
ir Donncuan na sluagh do luaidh airtear,
Donnchadh colgdhruaidh cathbuadhach caithmheach
ir Fáilbe fionn do fughadh 'san ghairbh.

XL

Ocht dhul na féinne úd fá úir leacaigh
ir é do ró bhir Fódla beannach,
gan éirtheacht ceoil acht bhróinte fheamal
'na céile theoir ir ceo ar a ceallaibh.

XLI

Ní raibh chíoch comhthreach fá fhlaithior,
gheadh madh líonmhar fíorh a fadha,
gan a gcíor do chíocht go Teamhair
nó na cinn do bhíth na bhreathan.

XXXVIII, l. 1 ghramadh, m. l. 2 dhrama(dh), m. l. 3 dhubhluinn, L, M; dhuibhlinn, m. l. 4 lódhann M. XXXIX, l. 1 dhaoighre dhannar, M; dhaoighre ir dhaimh, m. l. 2 luadh airdhior, M 47. l. 3 D. dhreachnuadh, m, L. l. 4 ccarbh, M; charibh, m. XL, l. 1 úrleacaibh, L; mhúr leacaibh, m; fé ruir leacaicc, M 47; l. 3 bhróinnte, MSS. l. 4 céile L; céille *cet.* XLI, l. 2 gé mo, M, m; cia gur, m. l. 4 na bhreathann, M.

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[1] Murchadh, son of King Brian, fell in the battle of Cluain Tairbh, 1014; vid. Keating, History, III, pp. 258–276.

[2] Dubhlaing: otherwise Dúnlaing O Hartugan, who almost seems to have been a fairy. He appeared to Murchadh son of King Brian before the battle of Clontarf and prophesied that both he himself and Murchadh would fall in that battle. For this episode vid. Cogadh Gaedhel Re Gallaibh, Rolls Edition, pp. 170, 172.

[3] I do not know the person alluded to.

[4] Ceallachán Caisil, King of Munster, prominent in the war against the Danes. His exploits are commemorated in the historical tale Tóruigheacht Cheallacháin Chaisil, and in Keating, History, III, pp. 223–232.

XXXVIII

Murchadh,[1] clad in robes of gold-embroidered satin,
Who, pursuing, hacked his foes and humbled armies;
Dubhlaing,[2] slaughter-loving youth, who was not timid,
And the attendant of the useful lightful lanterns[3];—

XXXIX

Ceallachán,[4] who freed us from disgrace and thraldom,
And Donncuan[5] of the hostings, famous for his marches;
Donnchadh[6] of the sword of steel, triumphant, bounteous,
And Failbhe Fionn,[7] who perished,—sucked down in his vessel.

XL

The going of those Fenians 'neath the clay of gravestones
Hath, alas! quite crushed the heart of peak-crowned Fódla![8]
She hears no sound of music, nought but misty moanings;—
Of tears the wedded spouse!—a fog enshrouds her churches!

XLI

Once there was no foreign land beneath the heavens,
Howe'er extensive be its record of successes,
Whose tribute did not come submissively to Tara,
Or heads to compensate for personal defaulting![9]

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[5] Donncuan, son of Cinnéide, and companion of Ceallachán Caisil, vid. Keating, History, III, pp. 230, 240.

[6] Donnchadh, son of Brian, and his successor in the sovereignty of Leath Mogha, vid. Keating, History III, pp. 278–294.

[7] Failbhe Fionn, King of Desmond and Admiral of the Irish fleet which defeated the Danish fleet under Sitric in Dundalk Bay. Failbhe boarded Sitric's vessel, in which Ceallachán Caisil was held prisoner, released Ceallachán, but was himself slain and thrown into the sea. Sitric shared the same fate at the hands of Fianghal, a follower of Failbhe's; vid. Keating, History, III, pp. 226, 230.

[8] Fódla: a name for Ireland; according to the legend Fódla was wife of Teathúr mac Cécht, one of the three sons of Cearmad Milbheoil mac an Daghdha; vid. Keating, History, I, pp. 222–4.

[9] In the tract Suidigud Tigi Midchuarda in the Book of Leinster, 29a, it is stated that: "There came to the King (i.e. Cormac mac Airt) Gauls and Romans, Franks and Frisians, Lombards and Scots, Saxons and Welsh and Picts; for all came to him with gold and silver and horses and four-wheeled chariots. They all came to Cormac; for there was none in his time that was more famous than he in his bounty and in honour and in knowledge, except Solomon, son of David"; vid. Edw. Gwynn, Todd Lecture, vol. VIII, pp. 70 sqq.

XLII

Ní fonn fróir ní dócar tairce
do ġabad an fiann dár ṁiann an fcaipead,
an dóman do ċiacht 'na diaid gan arm
a lor ealadan do fadfaoi airiog.

XLIII

A uain dil uṁail d'iomcar tamall
ualach dubach go fúnt cnoic Calbair,
luathaiġ cuġainn dod conġnaṁ beannacht
ir cuaird dod ġnúir ġil iompaiġ fearta.

XLIV

A n-uabar fúd, a fúin, na haġair
ní 'fa ṁó ar na leoinciu laga,
tabair arís 'na n-ínnsinn ffreacad
le a mbainfid dá mbíodbadaid íoc 'na marla.

XLV

Súd an daiṁna leam ir eagal
a ċlann Ġaeóil ġlair dár gcur gan aire,
méid ar gcionnta ir cúir dár leagad
'r ár bfuarduiġeacht uim nuallġuide na fagart.

XLVI

An t-aċair cuiṁachtach dúinn do ċeagairc
beiċ go fuaiṁneach buan gan ċealg
gan dúil i ndrúir ná fún gada
'r go bfaġam ón ríġċúirt díriuġad ir cabair.

XLII, l. 4 fadfuiġe Airce m. XLIII, l. 1 ġil m. l. 2 Calvair, L. l. 4 aiṫċim, m. XLIV, l. 1 heagair, m. l. 2 nísor a mo, M; leoġantaib leagad, m. l. 3 ffreaga, L, m. l. 4 le mbainfead, M. XLV, l. 4 uim nuadġuide na fagart, L; uim nuaidliġe ná fagfon, M; fá nuadliġe na fagart, m. XLVI, l. 3 na a fún, L. l. 4 Riġ ċeart, m.

[1] Gratis: cf. Bede: Historia Eccl. Gentis Anglorum, l. iii, cap. 27: "Erant ibidem (scil. in Hibernia) eo tempore (A.D. 664) multi nobilium simul et mediocrium de gente Anglorum, qui tempore Finani et Colmani Episcoporum, relicta insula patria vel divinæ lectionis vel continentioris vitæ gratia illo secesserant, et quidam quidem mox se monasticæ conversationi fideliter mancipaverunt, alii magis circumeundo per cellas magistrorum, lectioni operam dare gaudebant. *Quos omnes*

XLII

It was not love of wealth, it was not hope of treasure,
Those Fenians then conceived, who longed toscatter riches.
Had the world thereafter come, unarmed, unhostile,
Return would have for learning's sake been granted gratis![1]

XLIII

O loving, humble Lamb of God, who once didst carry
Up Calvary a gloomy burden to the hill-top,
Do Thou quickly speed to us Thy helpful blessing
And turn on us henceforth the gaze of Thy bright visage!

XLIV

Cast not up, O secret Love, their pride against them,
Nor continue to upbraid them, weak and wounded;
In their minds stir up again a rousing courage,
Whereby they may from foes exact their insults' payment!

XLV

Ye clans of Gaedheal Glas,[2] behold, I fear, the reason
Why we have thus become degraded and unheeded!
The cause of our prostration is our vices' greatness
And our coldness to our zealous priests' entreaties![3]

XLVI

The Almighty Father plainly us admonished
That we should live in constant peace, without deception,
Not desire impurity, nor plan injustice,
And thus get help and guidance from the King's court, heaven.

Scoti (scil. Hiberni) *libentissime suscipientes victum eis quotidianum sine pretio, libros quoque ad legendum et magisterium gratuitum præbere curabant.*"

[2] Gaedheal Glas: eponymous ancestor of the Gaels, vid. Keating, History, vol. I, pp. 230 sqq.; for the epithet "glas," "grey" or "fetter," vid. Keating, ibid., vol. II, pp. 18–20.

[3] The reference seems to be to tepidity in the practice of religion, though possibly there may be an allusion to the efforts of the clergy to unite all parties in defence of religion, from the time of the mission of Rinuccini, the Papal Nuncio, down to the Synod of Jamestown, 6th of August, 1650. There is a good deal of variety in the readings of the MSS. in this line. In some it is disregard of the recent prayers of the priests, in others of the recent injunctions of the priests, while in others it is supineness under the recent laws passed by the Saxons against the Irish, which is censured.

XLVII

Fuaċ na gcoṁarpan dóiṫ naċ taiṫneaḋ
re dia na ndúl ná tnúṫ capaḋ
taċaiġe an ṗaoir an ṁill 'r an ṁeapg
'r gan díṁle i ndíṁ dá puiḋeaḋ a gcainġean.

XLVIII

Déiniḋ do réir an té do ṡeannuiġ
dur síṫ go cruaiḋ do ċuar blaiṫir
go crannaċ craoireaċ cíoċraċ tagaiḋ
ir cuiriḋ i nguair an nuaḋeaċtrann.

XLIX

Iongnaḋ aḋċím mo ṗroiḋe do ṡealg
fuinneaṁ an trlóiġ 'r a dtreoir ar dtrapaḋ,
tiocfaiḋ an neol do ḋeoin an ṁeartaiġ
ċum a gcóra leo do ṁeraṁ.

L

A ṁic na hóiġe 'r a ġlóir na n-arrtal,
do ṁil 'ran ngarḋa creaṫbraoin alluir,
roinn doḋ naoṁṫaċt aom id ċaṫair
don líon ro i bréin 'r i ngéiḃionn ċeara. Amen.

LI

an ceangal

Ir maṫtnaṁ línn, a ċlanna Míleaḋ, riḃre beiṫ fann
ir bean ṁic Cuill gan d'agall innte aṫt gliogarnaċ gall,
ata tearcaḋ maoine gairḃḟíon ir iomarca rplanne,
ó leagraḋ Gaoiḋil a n-airm síor fá ċumar na n-aṁur.

XLVII, l. 1 taiṫneann, M; taimnṫeann, m. l. 4 a ceangainn, m; an gangaiḋ, m. XLVIII. This rann omitted in L. l. 2 do cruaiḋ, M; ag tuar, M; plaiṫior, m. l. 3 cranaċ, M 47; craġnaċ, M. l. 4 an ua(ḋ) eaṫtrann, Mss. XLIX, l. 1 ḋoċím, m; do ṁeang, m; do ṁearg, M. l. 2 ttrapaḋ, L; ccrapaḋ, *cet.* l. 4 do ċaraḋ, M. L, l. 2 ceaṫbraoin, m; creaṫbruiġin, M; aluir, M. l. 3 do n., M; aom, L; aoṁ, M, m; aoḃ, m. l. 4 ngeiḃinn m; ceardа, M, m; ċeara, L; peacaḋ, m. LI, Coiṁċeangal, M. l. 2 d'agal, m. l. 3 tarcaḋ, m. l. 4 leag riaḋ, m.

XLVII

It hath not pleased, I ween, the God of all creation
To witness jealousy of friends or hate of neighbours,
The habit of intemperance, deceit and anger,
And want of loyalty, where two sit compact-settling.

XLVIII

Obey the will of Him, who painfully did purchase
For you peace, to be the harbinger of heaven!
Gather all your spears, and come with eager standards,
And drive to jeopardy all these new-come aliens!

XLIX

A strange sight, which hath pierced my heart, I am beholding,—
All that army's energy and vigour crippled!
But the cloud[1] will come through God's almighty favour
All their rights again securely to establish!

L

O Son of Mary Virgin, glory of apostles,
Who from Thy body sheddest sweat-drops in the garden,
Grant that all who languish here in pain and fetters
May share Thy sanctity within Thy heavenly city! Amen.

LI

RECAPITULATION

Míle's children,[2] on your weakness musingly I ponder,
How in the consort[3] of Mac Cuill there's nought but foreign babbling,
With dearth of wealth, excessive lightnings, hurricanes prevailing,
Since the Gaels their arms laid down 'neath might of hireling monsters![4]

[1] Cloud: the allusion is to the cloud which guided the children of Israel through the desert by day; cf. Exod. xiii. 21, 22: "Dominus autem præcedebat eos ad ostendendam viam per diem in columna nubis et per noctem in columna ignis, ut dux esset itineris utroque tempore. Nunquam defuit columna nubis per diem nec columna ignis per noctem coram populo."

[2] Clanna Mileadh, the Milesians, descended from Gollamh, Míle Easpaine; vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 41 sqq.

[3] That is Banbha, Ireland, according to the legend the wife of Eathúr mac Cuill, son of Cearmad Milbheol mac an Daghdha; vid. Keating, History, vol. I, pp. 222–4.

[4] By August, 1652, every fortress in Ireland had submitted to the Cromwellians.

LII

Carpaid na Scuit le fulang dé tar tuinn
ar gcatain a gcionn go hinnir Éibir finn,
fearpaid a fuip fe truchaid tréigthe an fíog
ir bainpaid a broid a bfuil i ngéibionn dínn.

VI.—IS BOCT MO BEATA

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 L 37 (L), 23 M 44 (M), where it is inscribed Dáibi ó bruaidair cct. (with note in the left margin), Marbna Seagain do bairra Leara Cearbuill fonn (L), ar bár Seagain mic Uilliam de bairra fear Leara Cearbuill (M). In L ranns xxvi to the end are headed, An fear céadna cct.

The date of composition of this elegy is not given, neither does the year of the death of this John Barry seem to be recorded in any other documents. According to an Inquisition taken in the year 1657 at the King's old castle, Co. Cork, he was at that time dead without issue male (vid. Rev. Edw. Barry, P.P., article Barrymore in the Journal of the Cork Archæological Society, vol. ix, p. 143, A.D. 1900). He was the son of William Barry and Margaret, daughter of Sir Brian dubh O'Brien of Carrigonnell. William predeceased his father, John Barry of Liscarroll (who is referred to in Rann xx, and who died 31st Jan., 1627), son of James († 10th April, 1581) fitz Richard Barry roe. Our John succeeded his grandfather, John of Liscarroll, on the latter's death in 1627, and married the eldest daughter of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, Alice (born at Youghal, 20th March, 1607), the widow of David Barry, first Earl of Barrymore († 29th Sept., 1642). Her death did not take place till the year 1667, but there is no mention of her in this poem. The title of Marquis of Carrick in R. xv points to a date between 1642 and 1661, for James Butler was created Marquis of Ormonde in 1642, and Duke of Ormonde in the latter year. If the Donogh referred to in

I

Ir boct mo beatha i gcreathaib éagca
i gcoir nach faicim taithneamh gréine,
do lot mo dhreach mo dhearc do fhaobaig
cloiptin ptair an aphaid éachtaig.

LII. This rann, which may be the addition of some scribe, is not in M or L. l. 3 truipaib, m; truchaib, M 47. l. 4 bainfuid, Mss.

I, l. 1 eagca, L, M.

LII

The Scots[1] will surely come by God's permission o'er the wave,—
Their faces once more turning to the isle of Éibhear Fionn,[2]
Will loose their squadrons on the wretches who betrayed the king,
And all of us who lie in fetters free from slavery!

VI.—MY LIFE IS NOW SO POOR

R. VI be Donogh MacCarthy, Lord Muskerry, created Earl of Clancarty in 1658, John Barry would seem to have died some time before the end of the war in 1652, or at least before the emigration of Lord Muskerry to France. In L the poem follows Cṙéaċt ḋo ḋáiṫ (1652), and precedes Nί beo 'Ɛiṛe (1665). The Inquisition above mentioned does not state, however, that John died during the war, though when mentioning his uncles, Edmond and Richard, who were then (1657) dead, it adds that they "died in the time of the Irish rebellion," so that it may be that his death took place between 1652 and 1657.

The metre in which this elegy is written is Aṁṛán, with the exception of three ranns, XI–XIII, where it should rather be described as Caoineaḋ, though the repetition of the vowel-sequence in several lines brings it near to Aṁṛán. The vowel-sequence, however, of the parts written in Aṁṛán varies frequently in the course of the poem, as will be seen from the following scheme:—

(1) R. I–X, Aṁṛán: _ o _ a _ a _ é _.
(2) R. XI–XIII, Cumaṛc ḃṗiṛ Caoineaḋ ⁊ Aṁṛán.
(3) R. XIV–XXIV, Aṁṛán: á _ a _ a _ é _.
(4) R. XXV, Aṁṛán: ó á a _ a _ é _.
(5) R. XXVI, Aṁṛán: (_) í _ é (_) é _ _ ú _ _.
(6) R. XXVI–XXVIII, triple-phrased Aṁṛán: 3{(_) a _ á é _} ı _ _ ó.
(7) R. XXIX–XXXII, Aṁṛán: (_) a _ _ í _ í _ a _ é.]

I

My life is now so poor, alas! so passed in death-throes,
That I can behold no more the pleasant sunlight;
It hath deranged mine eyes and all my face disfigured
To hear the fateful tidings of the noble hero.

[1] This rann is perhaps an addition by some scribe subsequent to 1691; vid. Introduction to this poem, supra.

[2] Éibhear Fionn, son of Míle, to whom most of the Munster kings and families traced back their descent; vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 56, 98, &c.

II

Ir groð an mairg d'fearaib Éirionn
orcuilt cneað ar dreagan Déirdre
a corr do gearrað a cnear do raobað
a doct gan anam a mala an éacta.

III

Ir cormail fearfainn mallact dé dil
do dortað i ngar don aicme léana
do dorcair flaith do greað na céadta
'r do corruig dreama i n-earbaid a gcéille.

IV

An t-orcar threarac frarac fraocda
forac faicfeac fearcac raogain
rotail fearmac taicleac taorcac
lonnac leadair larmar laocda.

V

Srot dom mear ní raid 'na crélódéid
ba comérom cearc a dreacta raora
crod gan carad ag rcairead rrré cnuic
ba deacair teacht artead i gcéill air.

VI

Dud torac cacha an gleacac aodda
ag forcad ár gcreac i n-agaid laocra,
a Donnchad a flaith dá mairead ré againn
dar Gobnait leat ár gcreac ní léigfead.

II, l. 3 gearaŏ, L, M. l. 4 anm, L; a malaŏ Cara, L; a malaŏ an . . . (rest illegible) M. III, l. 2 léana, M; léanuig, L. IV, l. 4 lonnaċ lanaċ leaŏair laoċda, M. V, l. 1 gan mear, M. l. 2 a mbreaċraiŏ raoraŏ, M. VI, a naguig, L; a naguiŏ, M (and so to be pronounced).

[1] Déirdre: for the story of Déirdre and the Clanna Uisneach, vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 190-196.

[2] Dragon: Déirdre's dragon means the warlike Irish prince. The word "dragon," when thus employed metaphorically by Irish writers, is almost invariably used in a good sense. An early example of the use of this metaphor is found in the Epistle of Gildas, who thus upbraids Maglocunus, the prince of North Wales, whose residence was in the island of Anglesea: "Quid tu etiam insularis draco *multorum tyrannorum depulsor* tam regno quam etiam vita; supradictorum novissime in stylo, prime in malo, *maior multis potentia* simulque malitia, *largior*

II

A woful pang, quick-piercing to the men of Erin,
Is the opening of these wounds in Déirdre's[1] dragon,[2]
The rending of his skin, the hacking of his body,
His silence soul-less, and his brow of prowess, lifeless.

III

'Tis like as if from heaven the loving God were pouring
Down upon this tristful tribe a rain of curses,
Striking low a princely chief, distressing hundreds,
And driving men in frenzy wild to lose their senses.

IV

An Oscar[3] he, to shower wounds in battle's fury,
Steadfast, ever watchful, loving-hearted, stately,
Haughty, resolute, magnanimous, resplendent,
Agile and impetuous, enthusiastic, daring.

V

Without a spot, I ween, or stain, were his attainments;
Impartial, just, unprejudiced were all his judgments;
Hand which ne'er refused, but spent his mountain riches;
'Twas hard for anyone to master him in wisdom.

VI

A leader of the vanguard was the graceful wrestler,
Who our being preyed withstood in face of soldiers;
O princely Donogh,[4] were he still alive amongst us,
By Gobnait,[5] he would not resign to thee our booty!

---

in dando, profusior in peccato, *robuste armis*, sed animæ fortior excidiis, Maglocune?" (Historiæ Britannicæ Scriptores: Thom. Gale, Oxoniæ, 1691, vol I, p. 20.) The laudatory epithets in this extract give the meaning of the word as used by Irish writers.

[3] Oscar: son of Oisín, was killed at Cath Gabhra, A.D. 284, cf. Poem v, R. XXXII, note [6].

[4] Donogh: seemingly Donnchadh Mac Cárthaigh, Viscount Muskerry, and afterwards in 1658 created Earl of Clancarty; cf. Poem v, R. v, note [7].

[5] Gobnait: saint and virgin, of the race of Conaire Mór; feast-day, February the 11th; patron of Earnaidhe in Múscraighe Mitine, Báirneach al. Baile Bóirne (Ballyvourny) and Móin Mór (now Kilgobnet, near Dungarvan); vid. Colgan, Acta Sanctorum, Louvain, 1645, vol. I, p. 315, and Father Hogan's Onomasticon Goedelicum, Dublin, 1910.

VII

Oċ ir aċ ir aṁbar méala
d'fhoilaiḃ bhreatan fearṫ do ġléar duit
a ċornaiṁ ceaṫra a ċara cléire
'r a eoċairḃalraim ċeana Séarluir.

VIII

Portа fairе daiṁ na céille
an foirtil fairreanġ fearaċ féata
ollaṁ aiḃiḋ lannaċ léiḋṁeac
ir coġar ban na ġcaċall ġcraoḃaċ.

IX

Ir boċt na baṫa boraḋ ar rréirtiḃ
toraḋ an tailiṁ d'aṫruiġ béara
tonna ġlara mara aġ ġéimniġ
ir rroṫa ar taċa a feaṫa i n-éinḟeaċt.

X

Ġoin do leaṫnuiġ cneaḋa i nġaeḋealaiḃ
'r do ġoirtiġ barraiġ feaċ a nḋéarainn
clor a ṁairḃ maiḋm ġléġeal
i mbrollaċ carruinn ċeanna an trléiḃe.

XI

Dar láiṁ Molinġ ir niṁneaċ céarta
an táirc tuġ rinn mar luinġ i n-éiġin
Seaġán do ḟíneaḋ an míle maorḋa
i n-árur naoṁ ġan díon i n-éaġcruiṫ.

VII, l. 3 ċornuiḃ, L, M. l. 4 chéarluir, M. VIII, l. 1 fairе, L; fairiṫe, M; ḋaiṁ, L; ḋáiṁ, M; céile, M. IX, l. 1 hroċt na daiṫe, L; do *om.* M; ar rréirtiḃ, L; na rréirṫe, M. l. 4 air ċaca rata, M. X, l. 1 cneaḋ, M. l. 2 the spellings baraċ, barraċ vary throughout in L, M. l. 4 corruinn, M. XI, l. 2 a neirinn, L.

[1] The Barrys, who came from Wales with the first Norman invaders.

[2] Charles I, King of England.

[3] Ox of wisdom: this peculiar expression contains an allusion to the famous treasure of Ulster, the brown ox of Cuailgne, Donn Cuailgne, carried off by Queen Meadhbh of Connacht. On the approach of the Connacht army, the

VII

It wakens moans and groans, it is a cause of sorrow
To those of British blood,[1] this tomb for thee preparing;
Defender of our herds wast thou, the clerks' supporter,
And royal Charles'[2] chosen key-balm of affection.

VIII

Ever watchful outpost of the ox of wisdom[3]
Was the brave man, open-hearted, prudent, earnest;
An ollamh[4] wise was he, mature, acute, and cogent,
A confidant of ladies with luxuriant tresses.

IX

Louring were the colours which the skies presented,
And the fruits of earth did change their wonted bearing;
Loudly were the ocean's sea-green billows moaning,
While streams at once became deficient in their running.

X

This stab the gaping wounds of Gaels hath opened wider,
And, beyond all I might say, hath pained the Barrys,[5]
To hear the tidings of his death one fair bright morning
On the breast of Corrann[6] hard by Ceann an tShléibhe.[7]

XI

By Saint Moling[8] I swear, in violent affliction,
Like a vessel in distress, the news hath left me,
How John, the knight majestic, lifeless now is lying
In the dwelling-place of saints, defenceless, death-maimed.

---

warriors of Ulster were suffering from the Ceapnaiḋean Ulaḋ, and the frontiers were left completely unguarded, except by the youthful Cú Chulainn. John de Barra is here represented by the poet as performing a similar feat in defence of wisdom.

[4] Ollamh: highest rank of professors or learned men.

[5] Barrys: the tribal name is used for the districts occupied by the tribe; here, for the baronies of Barryroe and Barrymore.

[6] Corrann: al. Rinn Corrainn, near Kinsale.

[7] Ceann an tShléibhe; "mountain-end," perhaps only a descriptive epithet.

[8] Moling: bishop and confessor, of Teach Moling, † 17th June, 697.

XII

Tá Leaṫ Mogha gan fonn i t'éagmais
tá Leaṫ Cuinn go claoiḋte créaṫaċ
táiḋ Dáil gCais ba gar i ngaol fiot
lán do ġalar d'aiṫle an féinniḋ.

XIII

Do bá fuil Eoġain mhóir ir Aongus
fárfuil Cuinn ir Íṫe ir Éiḃir
fán na fíoġ ó ṫaoiḃ na Gréige
iar mbarcaḋ ṫríotha a ṫroiḋe na féile.

XIV

Bráṫair mharcaḋ ṫlanna Néill tú
bráṫair Dargais na n-eaṫ n-éarca
bráṫair feaḃaic aḃainn Éirne
ir bráṫair deargḃ Glaisne i ndaonnaċt.

XII, l. 4 féinig, M; feinneaḋ, L. XIII, l. 2 einhir, L. XIV, a Bráṫair, L (here and in foll. line, and first lines of next two ranns). l. 4 Glaisne an Daonnaċt, M, L.

---

[1] Cf. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 263-5: "Whence arose a great war between Mogh Nuadhat and Conn . . . and the contest lasted till Mogh Nuadhat wrested half of Ireland from Conn, that is, the part of Ireland to the south of Gaillimh and Áth Cliath, Eiscir Riada being the boundary between them; and that half is called Leath Mhogha, from Eoghan, who was called Mogh Nuadhat; and the northern half is called Leath Chuinn, from Conn Céadchathach." Cf. Four Masters, A.D. 123.

[2] Dál gCais: the descendants of Cas, an ancestor of King Brian, hence, the O'Briens and other families of Thomond. John Barry's mother was Margaret ny Brien, daughter of Sir Brian Dubh O'Brien of Carrigogunnel.

[3] Éoghan Mór, al. Mogh Nuadhat; cf. note [1], supra, and Poem v, R. xxxvii, note [9].

[4] Aenghus mac Nadfraoich, King of Cashel; cf. Poem v, R. xxxv, note [1].

XII

Leath Mhogha[1] through loss of thee is rendered joyless;
Leath Chuinn[1] exhausted lies oppressed and wounded;
While the Dál gCais,[2] who were to thee related closely,
Now left without their champion, are filled with sickness.

XIII

In thy veins flowed the blood of Eoghan Mór[3] and Aengus,[4]
The majestic blood of Conn,[5] of Íth[6] and Éibhear,[7]
The royal race[8] who hither came from Grecian borders,—
All pithily condensed in thee, thou soul of bounty.

XIV

Cousin thou of Clanna Néill's[9] courageous horsemen,
Cousin too of Barrach Mór[10] possessing swift steeds,
Cousin of the fearless hawk[11] of Éirne's river,
Full cousin too of Glaisne,[12] generous and clement.

---

[5] Conn Céadchathach, King of Ireland; cf. note [1], p. 56, and Poem v, R. XXXIII, note [7].

[6] Íth: the brother of Bile and uncle of Míle, from whom the Corca Laighdhe (O Driscolls, &c.) are descended. He was slain by Mac Cuill at Magh Íotha; vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 56-58.

[7] Éibhear: son of Míle, vid. Poem v, R. LII, and Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 56, 98, &c.

[8] The Scots or Gaels whom the medieval historians brought from Scythia.

[9] The descendants of Niall Naoighiallach, king of Ireland, 379–405 A.D., the O Neills and kindred families of Meath and Ulster.

[10] The Earl of Barrymore: John Barry was second cousin of Richard, the second Earl, 1630–1694.

[11] Maguire of Fermanagh. Conor Roe Maguire was created Baron of Enniskillen.

[12] Glaisne was a frequent name among the O Cuileannáins of Ulster and the Magennises of Iveagh. The latter probably are referred to here.

XV

Bráthair Marcuis na Gaillmhe ir Léighthuim
bráthair Marcuis mic Samhairle éachtaigh
bráthair Marcuis na Carraighe Séamus
bráthair Barramhain Dealbna ir Westmead.

XVI

Bráthair Breagain Eara an éirc tú
bráthair uí Cheallaigh ir uí Réagaille
bráthair mearbha fleachta Réamuinn
bráthair Dearbhtha na nDragan ó Éile.

XVII

Don Chárthuil gardha d'fhearadh céidil
go gáibhtheach gargha galach gléartha
don Tálfhuil feachtmair fannaigh féaltaigh
ba táithte id fhearrain maicne Aodha.

XVIII

Ní fhágaim chum aimhirc leat ná thréana
cáile an Marcaigh gartha gaothghlic
do b'fhéarr fá feach gach bearth ná Phoebus
a ghrádh acht gairid cairt do fhaoghail.

---

xv, l. 1 gaillbe, L; léithruim, M. l. 2 éachtuicc, M; béara, L. l. 4 bealana, L. xvi, l. 2 í fhéaguil, L. l. 3 mirthe, L. l. 4 táine Cairil ealla ir eile, L. xvii, l. 1 céadail, M. l. 2 gardha gl. M. xviii, l. 1 na threachad, L. l. 2 ghartuigh, M. l. 4 acht gur gairid, M.

[1] The Earl of Clanrickarde, Baron of Dunkellin, on whom King Charles I conferred the additional titles of Baron of Imany, Viscount of Galway, and Earl of St. Albans, 23rd August, 1628.

[2] O'Rourke, prince of Breifne. Breifne Uí Ruairc comprised all Co. Leitrim with two baronies of Co. Cavan; vid. note [8], infra, p. 59.

[3] Randal Mac Donnell, created, 26th October, 1644, Marquis of Antrim. He was son of Randal, first Earl of Antrim, and *grandson* of Samhairle Buidhe, the opponent of Queen Elizabeth.

[4] James Butler, twelfth Earl of Ormonde, was created Marquis of Ormonde, 30th August, 1642, and Duke of Ormonde, 30th March, 1661. He resided at Carrick. An earldom of Carrick was created for another branch of the Butler family, 10th June, 1748.

[5] Richard Nugent, tenth Baron of Delvin, was created Earl of Westmeath, 4th September, 1621.

[6] Eas-an-Éisc, "cascade of the fish," probably a descriptive epithet of Eas Aedha Ruaidh, Assaroe, near the mouth of the river Erne, in which case the nobleman referred to would be O'Donnell of Donegal.

XV

Cousin of the Marquis of Galway[1] and of Leitrim,[2]
Cousin of the Marquis,[3] son of stalwart Samhairle,[3]
Cousin of the Marquis of the Carrick, Séamus,[4]
Cousin of the Baron of Delvin and of Westmeath.[5]

XVI

Cousin thou of Eas-an-éisc's[6] distinguished dragon,
Cousin likewise of O Ceallaigh[7] and O Raghaille,[8]
Cousin brave and dashing, of the race of Réamonn,[9]
And full cousin to the dragon-chiefs of Éile.[10]

XVII

By the blood of Cárthach[11] bold, who dealt in war-strife,
Furious and fierce, in pride of valour harnessed,
By the blood of star-bright Tál,[12] the just allotter,
Aedh's sons[13] were in thy person intimately welded.

XVIII

I wis not how to see the half or one third even
Of this charming, clever cavalier's acquirements;
Brighter far was every deed of his than Phœbus,
Except, alas! so brief, O love, was thy life's charter!

---

[7] The O'Kellys of Uí Maine, in Co. Galway and Co. Roscommon, but anciently embracing portion of Co. Clare and Co. Westmeath; vid. Hogan, Onomasticon Goedelicum.

[8] The O'Reillys of Breifne. Breifne Uí Raghaillaigh comprises the whole of Co. Cavan except the two baronies Teallach Dhunchadha and Teallach Eachdhach, which were taken from Breifne Uí Ruairc to form Co. Cavan; vid. Hogan, Onomasticon.

[9] The Graces, descendants of Raymond le Gros.

[10] The O'Carrolls, whose territory Éile uí Chearbhaill embraced the baronies of Clonlisk and Ballybrit in King's Co., and Ikerrin and Eliogarty in Co. Tipperary; vid. Hogan, Onomasticon. A variant gives in this line "the tribe of Cashel, of Ealla, and of Éile," which means the families of the MacCarthys, O Keeffes, and O Carrolls respectively.

[11] Cárthach Caisil, ancestor of the Mac Carthys; vid. Poem v, R. II. John Barry's father William was son of John Barry of Liscarroll by his second wife Julia, daughter of Sir Diarmaid Mac Taidhg Mac Carthy of Muskerry.

[12] The ancestor of the O'Briens, &c., of Thomond; cf. Poem v, R. III. Margaret ní Bhriain was his mother; cf. R. XII, supra, note [2].

[13] Aedh's son, maicne Aoda: also called fíol n-Aoda, the Uí Seachnasaigh of Sliabh Echtghe, who were closely related by marriage both to the Mac Carthys and the Barrys.

XIX

Do dáil an t-aṫair mairg ir méad duit
áille ir aṁnus art ir éirgeaṫt
crábaḋ ir ceannar ceart ir caoiṁe
náire ir tairge neart ir tréine.

XX

Ba gnáṫ ag fear don ainm ḋéadna
gárṫa rgean ir frara gaeṫe
ráiḋte rleag ir ceaṫa craorac
ir leaga gan air an dada baoḋaċair.

XXI

Do b'áluinn altaċ eangaċ éadtrom
rcáil a ṡeaca a rcabal néaṁḋaċ
lán do geamaiḃ rleara a rcéiṫe
ir táinte creaċ ar gaiṫṫe ag téaċt do.

XXII

An trát do glacaḋ reapraċ léimneaċ
dána daṫaċ dlaṫaċ dréimneaċ
a náṁaiḋ reaċa ar galaiḃ aonḟir
d'ḟágḃaḋ rgaiṫ 'na mballaiḃ gaona.

XXIII

Ba gnáṫ ina aitriob daingean daonna
dáiṁ dá brreartal dairt ir gaobair
dán dá ċantain lanna ir téada
ir mná cur greanta ar brataiḃ maoṫa.

XXIV

Gáṫ do leag gaċ creaḃ ón léirṁuir
go hárdaiḃ glara ċealla an ċléirig
go trágh Molaige ar gad go Béarra
Seán do barra i leabaiḋ ġéiḃionn.

XIX, l. 2 áile, M. l. 3 craibe, L. XX, l. 1 an ainm, L. l. 2 gairṫe, M; gaoḋṫa, L; gaoṫa, M. l. 4 leáġ, M; leaġa, L; a daḋa, M; an d., L. XXI, l. 4 creaċ an ṡeapra, L. XXII, l. i reapaċ, M; reapraċ, L. l. 3 ġallaiḃ, L, M; aonaiḃ, L. XXIV, l. 1 laġ, L; léaṁuir, M.

[1] Namesake: his grandfather John Barry of Liscarroll, who died 31st January, 1627, vid. R. XVII, note [11], supra.

[2] Tablets, from which the poets recited their compositions. This proves that

XIX

To thee the Father grace of form vouchsafed, and stature,
Beauty, subtlety, effectiveness, and knowledge,
Piety and power, equity and meekness,
Modesty and gentleness, with strength and firmness.

XX

In times gone by thy namesake[1] was habituated
To the daggers clanging and the arrows raining,
To the thrusts of spears, to darts in showers pouring,
And to the leeches' care,—nor sought he thanks e'er for it!

XXI

Made of network light, with graceful junctures fitted,
Glanced his jack of fence and his burnished breastplate,
The borders of his shield were all with gems bejewelled,
While on his lawn the war-won preys came driven to him.

XXII

What time soe'er he took his fiercely prancing charger
With its finely coloured mane abundant, waving,
Right through hostile ranks with single-handed valour
He left behind in swathes a row of mangled members.

XXIII

In his social strong-built home the wonted mode was:
Soldier bands being entertained—darts and weapons;
Poetry being chanted forth—tablets,[2] harpstrings;
And ladies deft embroidering soft silken mantles.

XXIV

The cause, which thus hath weakened every tribe and people,
From the ocean wide to green-hilled Cealla-an-chléirigh,[3]
On to Tráigh Mo-laige[4] and all the way to Béarra,[5]
Is Seán de Barra's laying in his bed of fetters.

---

poems such as the present are not the extempore compositions which some writers imagine them to be.

[3] Cealla-an-Chléirigh: the monastery referred to is doubtful, as the epithet may be merely descriptive. It may be Teach Molaige, though Tráigh Molaige is referred to in the following line. There is a Cealla half way between Glenbeigh and Cahirciveen in Co. Kerry, and another near Corofin, Co. Clare.

[4] Tráigh Molaige: the strand beside the old monastery of Teach Molaige, Timoleague, in Barryroe, Co. Cork.

[5] Béarra: Beare Island in Bearehaven, Co. Cork.

XXV

Ó nach faicim neart id ghéaghaib,
fceol fáp mearcaid gach anbfann déarach,
fóghráid an athar leathfa a déighíne
dod thógbáil glan ó fmal an traoghail.

XXVI

Ir croidheineadh cléib d'aoninnir Iughaine
brígh mo fcéil fé béillic i ndlúithionadh
míle beith ghléigheal gan chumdach cnir
go fíoghacht ime dé agh déanamh a n-iuil duithfe. Amen.

XXVII

Ir adbar cáir d'Éirinn ar leathadh dá fcéalaib
dearbbár céile ir eirthe na n-órd,
na fpreaba lán d'éighnib dorabair fá daorbhruid
na peanna fá éiclipp go n-iomadaib bróin,
mo ghpeadach ir dáil baoghail do mhaithib Fáil traochadh
na flaithe ba féile d'fuil Roibird na feol
'r ir deacair dán d'éirtheacht feartha ná téadha
ó cailleadh Seán faoghain mo mhilleadh ir mo bhrón.

XXVIII

Airling d'fágh éighre i gcreathaib tháth ir cléirce
go hathlaith lán d'éaghnach agh tuitim ar feod
an marcach árd aobdha caithmheach cáid caomhnach
do b'fearra cáil éille gan chaime gan chlú,

---

xxv, l. 2 gach fonn d., L. l. 3 leadra déighíne. l. 4 fmal do cheadfa. L. xxvi, inscribed an fear ceadna cct., L. l. 1 craoide, L, M. l. 2 fé lic, L. xxvii, l. 1 dearabár, M; dearb bair, L. l. 2 M interchanges na peanna, &c., with na flaithe, &c.: go nionadoib, M. l. 3 traochda, M. l. 4 ó d'imdigh ár néamhonn céadurrad na laochrad: trí chailleamh Seaghain fhaoguin mo mhille leam ló, M. xxviii, l. 1 tháth ir cléirce, L; ccreachach dámha fcléirce, M. l. 2 caomhna, M; bfearad, M.

[1] Perhaps we should read leat fa déighíne: "May the love of the Father and of His good Son be with thee."

[2] Iughaine's isle: Ireland. Iughaine or Ughaine Mór, king of Ireland, 4567–4606 A.M., according to the computation of the Four Masters. He divided Ireland among his twenty-five sons, but only two of these, Cobhthach

XXV

Since in thy limbs my eyes behold no strength now stirring,
Sad tale! by which the tearful weak are all confounded!
May the Father's love, O kindest child,[1] attend thee
And raise thee up unsullied, cleansed from worldly blemish.

XXVI

'Tis a heart-piercing wound in the bosom of Iughaine's isle,[2]
That the theme of my tale 'neath the gravestone in narrow space lies;
A thousand fair ladies bright, reft of their life's sole defence,
To the kingdom of God's Son are helping to show thee the way.

XXVII

'Tis a cause of grief to Erin, all the tidings spreading,—
That learning's spouse and treasure certainly hath passed away;
Rivers full of salmon thou hast left in direful bondage;
The planets under eclipse, hidden in excessive woes.
My writhing pain! a riskful fate to Fál's[3] chiefs is the weakness
Of the noblest prince who sprang from Robert of the sails;[4]
'Tis painful now to listen unto either lay or harpstrings,
Since stately John is lost to me, my ruin and my woe![5]

XXVIII

This vision hath in trembling death-swoons left the clerks and poets,
Full of anguish pining, quickly withering away,—
The tall and comely cavalier, so lavish, chaste, and kindly,
Of fairest fame for prudent mind, unmarred by guile or flaw.

Caol mBreagh and Laoghaire Lore, left issue; vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 156–158.

[3] Fal's: Ireland's, vid. supra, Poem V, R. II; and Keating, History, vol. I, p. 206.

[4] Robert of the sails: Robert Barry, eldest son of William de Barri and Angareth, daughter of Nesta, the daughter of Rhese Gruffydth, prince of South Wales. He accompanied Robert fitz Stephen in 1169 into Ireland to assist Diarmaid Mac Murchadha to regain the kingdom of Leinster. But as this Robert seems to have died without issue, his nephew Robert, from whom the Viscounts Buttevant descend, may be the person referred to.

[5] The variant reading would give:

Since our soldiers' champion, our jewel hath departed
Through the death of stately John, my ruin during life!

'r aᵹ eapcap ᵭá ṗṕéiṁṁṗḷioċt ní leanᵭap ᵭá ṗéiṁeap
aċt ᵹo paḃaiᵭ ṗá Réẋċion ní ṗuiṗċiᵭ beo
'r ᵭo ċṗeaċ an c-áṗ ᵭéiᵭeanaċ ᵭappaiᵹ ṗá ṁéala
'r an ċappaiᵹ ṗá aonċiᵭ ᵭo ċuiṗiṗ ᵹo ᵭeo.

XXIX

Ir ᵭeaṗᵹᵹoiṁ ᵭíṫ ᵭon ċṗíċ náṗ ṗealḃ an laoċ
a ċṗapcaiṗc i ᵹcill i nᵭíonċuilc ᵭainᵹin i ᵹcṗé
cuᵹ capṫa na ḃṗíoᵭḃaᵭ ap cṗíonaᵭ ip ceapcaᵭ an éiṗc
mapḃaᵭ an ṁíleaᵭ ᵭíonṗuil ḃṗeaᵭan na ṗéẋ.

XXX

Cuᵹ ṗcamail ᵹan ṗcaoileaᵭ aᵹ ṗíopḃaiṗc caiṫniṁ ᵭon ᵹṗéin
cuᵹ aṫappaċ ṗíne aᵹ ciᵹeaċc ᵭo ᵭallaᵭ na pae
cuᵹ ṗlaṫa ᵹaċ ḃpuiᵭne ó ṗíṫ a Ċappuinn ᵹo Céip
aᵹ ṗcpeaᵭaiᵹ 'r aᵹ caoi 'r aᵹ caoineaᵭ an ṗaiṗṗinᵹṗip ṗéil.

XXXI

Cuᵹ ḃappaiᵹ mo ᵭíṫ map luinᵹ i n-eapḃaiᵭ a ᵹléip
ᵹan ṫaca ᵹan ᵭíon ᵹan ṗṗíop ᵹan haiṗṫe ᵹan ṫéaᵭ
ᵹan ṗeapaiṁ ᵹan puiᵭe ᵹan maoin ᵹan ṫaiṗce ᵹan ṗéaᵭ
ó ċailleaᵭap píoᵹnaiᵹ Tiᵹe Molaiᵹe ᵹo léip.

XXXII

'N a n-eapḃaiᵭ ᵭo píleaᵭ linn ᵹup ṁalaiṗc ᵹan ᵭéim
an appaᵭṗlaiṫ ᵹṗoiᵭe ᵭo ᵭíoᵭ i n-aᵹallaiṁ ṗéẋ
ḃa leanᵭ ᵭo Ċlíoᵭna ṁíonla ṁaiṗiᵹ 'r ᵭo líléiᵭḃ
ḃa ᵭalṫa ᵭil ᵭílip ᵭ'Aoiḃill Cpaiᵹe na ṗcéal.

---

l. 3 pe ṁeap, L; Réaẋċion, M; ṗeaᵭ ṗupuċuiun, M; ní ṗuiṗċuiᵭ, L. l. 4 pa ċappaiᵹ, L, M; aonċioċ, M: ᵭeo ᵹc. L.

XXIX, l. 1 ᵭanᵹanᵹoiṁ ᵭíoċ ᵭon ċṗíoċ náṗ ṗealḃ ÷, M; ḃiċ ᵭon ċṗiċ, L. l. 2 a ccaoilċuilc, M. l. 3 iap ccpíona, M; ceapcuiᵭ, M. l, 4 ᵭṗionnṗuil, M; ᵭíonṗuil, L. XXX, l. 2 aċapaċ, L, M. l. 3 ḃpuiᵹne, L, M; piṫ a ċappuinn, L, M. XXXI, l. 2 ppíop, M; ppṗíop, L. l. 3 paoi, L. l. 4 piᵹ noċ, M; píoᵹnaiᵹ, L. XXXII, l. 4 ᵭaoiḃioll, M; ᵭaoiḃiol, L; ċappaiᵹ, L.

[1] M's reading seems to imply that he left some successors, relatives alive, but possibly they had no heirs. Cf. Introduction to the poem.

[2] Or the castle Carrick.

[3] mapḃaᵭ, killing, seems to imply a violent death.

[4] Sídh: the habitations of the Tuatha Dé Danann, also called ḃpuiᵭeam, fairy fort. Both words occur in this line.

[5] Rinn Corrainn; cf. supra, R. x, note [6].

By offspring of whose primal stock his fame is not continued,
For they, though once by kings esteemed, no more life's vigil keep,[1]—
This last misfortune hath the Barrys sore oppressed with sorrow,
And thou hast left the rock[2] beneath a drenching rain for aye.

XXIX

'Tis a lasting red wound to the land, where the hero's 'state lay,
That he lies in a churchyard fast bound in a close shroud of clay;
It caused fruits of the forest to wither and made the fish scarce,—
The death[3] of the warrior sprung from the guard-race of Britain of kings.

XXX

It hath caused indispersible clouds to enshroud the bright sun,
Caused the weather to alter, till dark is the light of the moon,
And each fairy fort's chief from the Sídh[4] of his Corrann[5] to Céis[6]
To shriek and to weep and to wail for the large-hearted man.

XXXI

It hath left like a vessel dismantled the Barrys, alas!
Without a tack, or a deck, or a sprit, or a hatch, or a rope,
Without power to stand or sit up, wealth, resources, or goods,
Since they lost without hope of return Teach Molaige's[7] true kings.

XXXII

I thought I had one without flaw to make up for them all
In the high prince, who lived in such intimate converse with kings,
The child of the gentle and beautiful Clíodhna[8] and Meadhbh,[9]
And favourite darling of Aoibheall[10] of storied Craig Liath.[11]

---

[6] Céis Corainn, Keshcorran, a mountain in the barony of Corran, Co. Sligo: vid. Hogan, Onomasticon.

[7] Teach Molaige: Timoleague, cf. supra, p. 61, n. 4.

[8] Clíodhna, one of the three daughters of Libra primliaig Tuatha Dé Danann, acur ro biad rin trí tairceda genair acur aentuma Tuaithe Dé Danann, having eloped with Ciaban mac Echach Imdeirg from Tír Tairngire, she arrived at Glandore harbour, Co. Cork, where she was drowned in Tonn Téide, which in consequence of that event was ever afterwards called Tonn Chlíodhna. For the story, vid. Agallamh na Seanórach, ll. 3725–3852, Irische Texte, Vierte Serie, pp. 106–109, Leipzig, 1900.

[9] Meadhbh: the famous queen of Connacht, a prominent figure in the stories of the Ulster cycle.

[10] Aoibheall: the special bean sídhe of the Dál gCais.

[11] Craig Liath: Craglea, in the parish of Killaloe, Co. Clare: vid. Hogan's Onomasticon.

xxxiii

ba ceannarach caoin ba cuimneach carthannach caoin
ba deaghnathach ghníomh ba líomhtha tairtheallach thréan
ba larmhar re bíodba ba tím re carad i gcéin
ba dearbtha an trlige dum fíodha d'eagluir dé.

xxxiv

Athchuinghim Íosa ir líon na bflaithas go léir
ir banaltra an chomhde arís go nghabha do ghaol
airtheal ir naomh ir ghuide na fathairt 'r an déirc
'r an ceathrar raoi go ndíonaid t'anam ar théin. Finis.

VII.—a béic na lúb

[Mss. Murphy xii (m); R. I. A. 23 N 12 (N 12), 23 N 14 (N 14).

All three Mss. have the heading Dáibí ó bruadair cct. In addition, in N 12, at the top of p. 198, there is a second copy of the ceangal of this poem (added by Michael óg Ó Longain in 1833, seventy years after the first copy in that Ms. was written), with these words prefixed: Ag ro ceanghal an déantúir dig cumaid Dáibí uí bruadair ar Éirinn darab torach: a béic na lúb ndréimreach ndlúith 7c. Addressing Erin as the faithless spouse of the ancient heroes, the poet dolefully inquires why she has forsaken her true lovers, who used to guard her honour so jealously, and has left them to gaze wistfully upon her ringleted tresses, while she has delivered herself up to the "fluffy Saxon hordes."

1

a béic na lúb ndréimionnach ndlúith,
d'aontuigh dúil chealgach,
a réiltionn iuil na méirdreach riubhail,
cé haorta tú a fheanabhean,
ir clé dar liom do léigir fonn
caomhfhiochd Niuil tairirigh,
a chéibhfionn úr ir aoltha múr
fá néalaib dúin parathair.

---

xxxiii, l. 1 caoimneach, L. l. 2 deaghnathach, L, M. l. 3 le b., M; carthaid, L, M. l. 4 fíghe, M. xxxiv, l. 3 eartail, L; fa deirc, L, M.

1, l. 1 dreimreach, N 14, p. 109. l. 2 néaltan, N 12, m. l. 3 ar cléith, N 14; acht cléith, N 12. l. 4 a cceibhfionn, N 14, m.

XXXIII

He was lordly, unruffled, considerate, loving, and mild,
In good ever busy, adventurous, skilful, and brave,
Though fierce to his foes, he was ever forbearing to friends;
And the Church of God found a safe pathway in him unto peace.

XXXIV

Jesus I pray, and the whole court of heaven above,
And the nurse of our Lord to receive thee as one of her kin,
May Saints and Apostles, may alms and the prayers of the priests,
And the four sages[1] shelter and rescue thy soul from all pain. Finis.

VII.—O LADY OF THE PLAITED TRESSES

A similar idea occurs in the preceding poem, Ċṙéaċt ḋo ḋáil me, Rr. VIII–X. Though the Mss. do not give the date of composition, the present poem may be assigned to the period of the Cromwellian persecution, probably about the year 1657.

Metre.—Rr. I–IV are written in a species of Ám̓ṙán similar to that already described at the poem Ḋo ċonnaċ ṗoıṗceaḋal (Rr. II–IV), viz. a thrice-repeated vowel-sequence followed by two syllables, thus:

3 {é _ ú} a _.

The ceangal is also Ám̓ṙán:

(_) é _ ú ú _ _ ı ıa á.]

I

O lady of the plaited tresses thickly curling,
Who hast consented to concupiscence deceitful,
The guiding star thou hast become of public harlots,
Although thou art advanced in years, thou aged matron.
Perversely thou, it seems to me, hast here abandoned
All the gentle progeny of Niul[2] the fearless;
Thou, their fair-locked love, of brightest white-walled mansions
Beneath the clouded dome of Paradise's palace.

---

[1] The four sages: the four evangelists.

[2] Niul, second son of Fenius Farsa, migrated according to the legend from Scythia to Egypt, where he married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh Cincris, by whom he had a son Gaedheal Glas, from whom the Scots and Gaels are descended; vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 8–22.

II

Créad an dúil, a mhaoidhe dúghach,
fáil dréigir crú Banba,
is méad na dtnúth tugh Éibhear fionn
dod chaomhna ar dhonagh danadha,
do dhraoch le glonn géar a luidh
faoidhmhach clúmhail Chearmada,
cé fhéigin dúinn beidh faon go dubhach
ag éad fead dúl badhallach.

III

'S a chéile Lúighdh na ngéibheann gcumhang
nach cléidh mar dúil mheadhaighthe,
nó an léan dod ghnúis an laochradh úd,
dar fhaomhaidh rún tarachtach,
tréanmhac Cumhaill na féinne ar dtúis
mar aon is Cú is Caoilbhe,
Fhéidhlim úr, Laoghaire is Conn,
ba céimleadh dúr dhaghanta?

IV

Is fada leam dom a dhaondúile úr
fá dhéadaibh cluthach Sacsanach
is néamh na bhfonn ag éirghe ar dhúdh
le féis i mbruighdeamalaibh;
a fhéadhmhagh fionn is draoibhach fiuch
gan éalaing bhú calaidhoidhe
is bhraon leam fúdh, a fhaoghain dhuin
bhéaghach uthal mhalartach.

II, l. 1 mhúghach, m: dubhach, N 14; dughach, N 12. l. 3 fadhmhic, N 14; cúmhuil, N 12, m; leadh, m, N 12. III, l. 1 Lúigh ÷, Mss.; nách cléidh, m, N 12; is glé, N 14; meadhaca, N 12; meadhaidh, N 14; mheadhaice, m. l. 2 nach léis dod, N 14. l. 4 le, N 12; is, N 14. IV, l. 1 a fhaidh, m; a fhaodh, N 12, N 14; do dhaondúile, N 12. l. 2 néimh, N 14; a mbruighdh fghamalaibh, m; a mbrúgha fghamalaibh, N 12; a mbrúfghamalaibh, N 14. l. 3 éalangh, N 14; bhúgh callaidhoidhe, m, N 12.

[1] Vid. supra, p. 49, note [3].

[2] Vid. supra, p. 51, note [2].

[3] Eathúr, also called Mac Cuill, son of Cearmad Milbheol mac an Daghdha, one of the three brothers, who were the last kings of the Tuatha Dé Danann. His wife was Banbha, i.e. Ireland. When the Milesians invaded Ireland, he was

II

What can the reason be, O stately, blue-eyed matron,
Why thou, with treachery, hast Banbha's[1] blood forsaken,
After all the jealous care by Éibhear Fionn[2] exerted
To guard and keep thee safe from foreign hordes ferocious?
By the relentless daring of his active valour
He worsted the renowned and free-born son of Cearmad,[3]
Yet we must now perforce live on in languor gloomy
With wistful eyes still gazing on thy curling ringlets.

III

O spouse of Lughaidh,[4] binder tight of foes in fetters,
How perverse a cause is this of maddening frenzy!
Or can thine eyes without regret behold those heroes
To whom thou once didst yield thy loyal, helpful heart's love?—
First of all, the strong and valiant son of Cumhall,
Fionn, the Fenian chief, along with Cú[5] and Cairbre,[6]
Youthful Féidhlim,[7] Laeghaire,[8] Conn[9] the hundred-fighter,
Dragonlike and stern, whose foot ne'er knew retreating.

IV

It pains my breast to see her fertile, sloping mantle,
Trodden, trampled down by droves of fluffy Saxons,
Those lands, which proudly swelled with dewdrops brightly dazzling,
While strains of music sounded in the cloudy mansions,
Her grassy meadows fair, adorned with branching thickets,
Without defect or flaw beside the river-harbours;
Therefore is my tear constrained to flow, O stately darling,
Calm and condescending, yet so false and fickle.

---

slain by Éibhear Fionn at the battle of Tailte; vid. Keating, History, vol. I, pp. 222–224, and vol. II, p. 94.

[4] Lughaidh mac Con, king of Ireland, vid. supra, note [5], p. 40.

[5] Cú Chulainn, hero of the Ulster cycle.

[6] Cairbre, son of Art Aenfhear, vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 354–356.

[7] Feidhlimidh Reachtmhar, king of Ireland, son of Tuathal Teachtmhar, vid. Keating, History, vol. II, p. 258.

[8] Laeghaire mac Néill, king of Ireland, 428–461 A.D.; vid. Keating, History, vol. III, pp. 14–42.

[9] Conn Céadchathach, king of Ireland, A.D. 123–157 (Four Masters); vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 260 sqq.

v

ceanȝal

Ir céarta liom cúirreaċ do ċuir dia ar lár
céile rúin Fionntainn ir Iriail fáiḋ,
ȝur ċlaon a dúil drúireaċ tar ċimaḋ Fáil
céadbean Lúiġiḋ ionnraic mic Mílcheaḋ ċáiḋ.

VIII.—ȝuaȝán ȝlioȝ

[Mss. Murphy iv, xciv (m); R. I. A. 23 G 23 (G), 23 L 24 (L), 23 M 30 (M), Stowe A iv 2 (A); Piarar Móinréal (P).

Headings: Dáiḃi ó bruadair ccc. (all Mss.) ȝuaȝán ȝlioȝ (M, P), i. an ȝuaȝán ȝlioȝ (A), ar an ȝlaiġin ȝlioȝ (L), an ȝuaȝán ȝlioȝ ann ro 7 Dáiḃi ua bruadair ccc. (G).

There is a good deal of variety in the text in the different Mss.; but apart from the occasional omission or inversion of a few lines, the differences are largely orthographical. L provides a considerable number of worthless variants, due possibly to the obscurity of the Ms. the scribe copied from, but far more probably to his own failure to understand the meaning of the correct text. The differences of spelling occur principally in the representation of the long vowel sounds ú and aḋ, which occur in every line, e.g. in such words as trúnc, trunnc, tronnc, trúnȝc, and meaḋraċa, meiḋreaċa, meiġreaċaḋ. I have judged it unnecessary to encumber the variae lectiones by noting all these insignificant differences. As it is not easy in many cases to decide which spelling deserves the preference, I have, as a rule, followed the spelling of M, a Ms. of the good scribe and learned scholar Eoġan ó Caoiṁ.

The poem is aptly described by the author himself (cp. R. xvii) as ȝuaȝán ȝlioȝ, a jingling trifle. It is an enumeration in jingling, but withal not inharmonious, verses of things of frequent occurrence in human life, drawn mainly

i.

Lá luġnasa rsiunaiḋ luċt raiḋḃreasa
lán lonnraċ a trronnc ir a traiḋḃriġṫe,
fár cuiṁsa na húire naċ taḋlaimse,
d'fáġ cúilfionna Lonndan ȝan maiġdeanar.

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v, l. 3 ċlaon, N 12, N 14; claon, m; an dúil, N 14. brágail, N 14. l. 4 Lúiȝh ÷, Mss. úraic, N 14.

i, l 2 ttronncaiḃ, L. l. 3 ttaiḋriḃe L. l. 4 cúilfionn, G; a láindain, G, P; naċ maiġdeana, L.

[1] Fionntann mac Bóchna (Bóchra), one of the companions of Ceasair. He is fabled to have lived through the deluge, and to have appeared before the court of king Diarmaid at Tara in the middle of the sixth century A.D.: vid. Keating, History, vol. i, pp. 144–154; and O'Curry, Manners and Customs, vol. iii, pp. 59–62.

V

RECAPITULATION

God hath now humbled, methinks, to the dust in exhaustion and pain
The spouse of the heart-secret love of Fionntann[1] and Irial Fáidh,[2]
Who away from the races of Fál[3] hath diverted her lustful desires,
She, the true love of just Lughaidh, the son of the righteous MacNiadh.[4]

VIII.—A JINGLING TRIFLE

from the life of the lower orders. There is much shrewd wit and practical common sense in several of the poet's observations. The vocabulary contains many strange words. The popular treatment of the theme selected, to which the difficulty of finding words with the long vowel sounds ú and aḋ no doubt contributed, forced the poet to employ words unusual in the literary language, the meaning of which it is not always easy to determine exactly. The repetition of ıṙ ɡnáċ at the beginning of nearly every line of the poem is quite tolerable in the original Irish, owing to its brevity, the musical open vowel sequence, and the proverbial turn it gives to the following statement; but the impossibility of reproducing these effects in English must render any literal translation rather unpleasant and wearisome.

No date is given in the Mss. It was written during a period of defeat and depression—an uaıṙ naċ ḃuilıḋ ḃıṙ na ḃéıne ḟuaṙ (R. xvii); and the style and treatment of the subject seem to point to the earlier portion of the poet's life, some time before the restoration of Charles II. A confirmation of this dating may be drawn from R. xiv, ıṙ ɡnáċ lonɡṗoṙc ı nDún Cıoṙc ɡan Ṫaḋɡ aṙ bıṫ. If Ṫaḋɡ be taken to refer to the Irish Catholic soldier, as was usual in English and Irish literature of that day, the allusion may be to the English occupation of Dunkirk, from 1658 to 1662, during which time few Catholic soldiers, Irish or not, would be found in its fortresses. The poem may thus with some probability be assigned to the year 1659.

Metre—Aṁṙán:

(1) R. i–xvi: _ á ú _ _ ú _ _ aḋ _ _.
(2) R. xvii: _ ua _ ı _ ı _ é _ ua.]

I

On Lammas day the rich are wont to carefully examine
The glistening fulness of their trunks and of their dreaming fancies;
The fragrant produce of the earth, with which I'm not familiar,
Hath left in London fair-haired girls, who are no longer maidens.

---

[2] Irial Fáidh, king of Ireland, son of Eireamhón: vid. Keating, History, vol. ii, p. 118.

[3] Fál: Ireland, vid. supra, note [1], p. 27.

[4] Lughaidh, also called Mac Con, defeated Art Aenfhear at the battle of Magh Muchroimhe, A.D. 195 (Four Masters), and became king of Ireland. He was son of Sadhbh, daughter of Conn Céadchathach and MacNiadh, son of Lughaidh: vid. Keating, History, vol. ii, pp. 270–286.

II

Ir fál fionntrach uim uballaib an caoȝamaoh,
ir ȝnáth dúrtam aȝ múdaraib meidhreacha,
ní fár cúirte do chumdach ar caibdeanaib
dá fúca nach fiubhlann ȝan aoirtaraib.

III

Ir ȝnáth úcaire cubartha 'r a boill ar crith
'r ir ȝnáth rúdaire rúȝach ȝo doimhin i ndiȝ,
ir ȝnáth púdarlach brúighte mar Saidh re choir
fá fúra re diultaoh ȝach deiȝfhiotail.

IV

Ir ȝnáth reriupin i n-úirlir na ngaibne nglic
'r ir ȝnáth fonnra dá dlúthchup uim daibhir mar chior,
ir ȝnáth trúmpa dá rúrcaoh le baoȝaire
'r ir ȝnáth dúnra dom dúthaiȝri blaomannach.

V

Ir ȝnáth cú chirte chúmha 'ran maiȝin re amuiȝ
'r ir ȝnáth rtiurthach aȝ cúrra ȝan meadhair ó diȝ,
ir ȝnáth monnclum ar donndhuire ó radhairc a rtuic
'r ir ȝnáth ronndar aȝ lonnrith ȝo Laiȝneachaib.

VI

Ir ȝnáth trúȝ liorta lúbach ar coill re ȝoid
'r ir ȝnáth úrnaiȝthach ionnraic i mbraiȝdheanar,
ir ȝnáth ȝúirte aȝ a ionnrmaoh re aomadaib
'r ir ȝnáth rúdar aȝ trúraib an imrire.

II, l. 1 *Caoȝamaoh*, P; and with c not aspirated, G, m, M; *caoȝamuidh*, L. l. 2 *dúrtam*, M; *caibdeanaib*, c not aspirated G, m, A, M, P; *cladairneachaib*, L. III, l. 1 *ȝnáth*, *ȝnáith*, spelling varies in Mss. throughout; *aȝ cubra*, P. l. 2 *ar ndiȝ*, G. l. 3 *mar Daoȝ*, L, m. IV, ll. 2 and 3 inverted in m. l. 3 *badairne*, G, m. l. 4 *dhuithche*, G; *dhúithre*, m. V, Rann *om.* G. l. 2 *rtiubarthach*, A. l. 3 *múnclum*, A, m; *monȝcluim*, L; *donndhuir*, A; *donnd uirc* (?), M. l. 4 *ronndar*, m. *rúndar*, m 4. L; *runndar*, M, P. VI, l. 1 *trú*, A; *bruid*, L. l. 2 *urnaiȝthe ionnraice*, G, m.

[1] That is two ghosts of fellows. The púca was supposed to appear generally in the form of a pony, which lay crouching on the ground until some benighted traveller came the way. Thereupon it rose suddenly under him, dashed off with him on its

II

Sanicle is but a crazy wall round apple-orchards,
And merry gossips pass their time in ceaseless chitter-chatter;
The proper means to guard a court against a band of robbers
Is not two púca-louts[1] who do not walk without a halter.

III

Fullers oft are wont to froth and have their limbs all palsied,
And jolly tanners oft are seen to be in drink deep sunken;
Surly vixens, such as Sadhbh there, oft lie bruised and beaten,
Rolled up beneath a blanket through refusing civil answers.

IV

Screwpins[2] as a rule are found 'mong tools of skilful blacksmiths,
And hoops are often tightly put around a tub as girdles;
Trumps are often loud and fiercely blown by boastful vaunters,
And dunces in my native place are wont to brag and swagger.

V

Clever, shapely hounds are wont to course out in this plain here,
And pilots as a rule are sad through lack of drink when cruising;
Bounders[3] when they view their stock grow foolishly conceited,
And sounders[4] frequently dash off in mad career to Leinster.

VI

Crafty, lazy rascals love to lurk in woods for plunder,
And pious, prayerful men are oft confined in chains in prison;
A gouge is with a mallet struck along a piece of timber,
And powder as a rule is by the kaiser's troopers carried.

---

back, and never stopped till cockcrow, when it cast its involuntary rider off into some pond or boghole.

[2] The screwpin or screwplate is a contrivance for putting threads on bolts of any size. In old times only the ȝabȧ ȝlic had such; and the ordinary smith had to look for an old nut of the desired size, and screw the bolt through it, which meant that a special nut was required for each different bolt: so the Rev. P. Casey, S.T.L., Ballymacoda, explains the allusion.

[3] bonnbuinc, &c., vid. var. lect.: meaning uncertain, but 'bounder' seems to give the required sense.

[4] Sonnbap: meaning uncertain, but possibly the English word, 'sounder,' a young wild boar, or a herd of wild swine.

vii

Ir ꝺnáꝺ úꝺaꝺ i n-úir ċille ꝺ'aꝺlacaꝺ
'r ꝺnáꝺ lionnrca ꝺan lúireaċ aꝺ leaꝺbaꝺ ꝺruiꝺ,
ir ꝺnáꝺ ꝺúbalta ꝺúinne mar ꝺeimniꝺeap
mná Muṁan naċ múnaiꝺ 'na ꝺcairpeannaiꝺ.

viii

Ir ꝺnáꝺ crúca 'ran nꝺrúꝺain[a] ir baiꝺte bric
'r ir ꝺnáꝺ rúmaire i múnloċ 'na leiꝺce ḟliuċ,
ir ꝺnáꝺ cunntar im ċionnra mun ꝺteiꝺm ꝺo ċuic
ráꝺ rrionnra ꝺo ꝺúna naċ raꝺainn ar ċirc.

ix

Ir ꝺnáꝺ cuṁꝺraċ i ꝺcúilteiꝺ ir peiꝺre luċ
'r ir ꝺnáꝺ rrúiꝺe maꝺ iulaċ re roiꝺreaꝺ ḟir,
ir ꝺnáꝺ Uaḟna tar ḟlúimiꝺ an rtaiꝺre aꝺ ꝺul
'r ir ḟeárr rúra mar ċlúꝺa ná cairp ir criorc.

x

Ir ꝺnáꝺ úrla ḟá húꝺa ir ḟeiꝺeal ar ꝺoin
'r ir ꝺnáꝺ cúlṁum ar ċliuite mar ḟleiꝺce cuirc,
ir ꝺnáꝺ ꝺrúiꝺ rir na ꝺnúirib ꝺan rairre niꝺ
'r ir ḟeárr ciuine ná lúmparnaċ aiꝺneara.

xi

Ir ꝺnáꝺ rrrionnlaċ i rmúꝺar aꝺ éiliuṁ cirt
ar ꝺánrrúinꝺe ꝺár ꝺiúltaꝺar ꝺaꝺair ir coin,
ir ꝺnáꝺ ꝺúnꝺaċ aꝺ rrionnpallaiꝺ traꝺna i nꝺuirt
'r ir ꝺnáꝺ crúmpa 'ran púmpa rin Raḟnaite.

[a] Ꝺrúꝺan aꝺa i ꝺconntae Luimniḟ (A).

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vii, l. 2 lionnrꝺna, G, m; lionnrꝺoiꝺ, L; luiꝺreaċ, L, m; aꝺ luiḟe ar lir, L. l. 3 ꝺnár, P; ꝺnáiꝺ, L, m; *omit* G, M; ꝺiulta ꝺaꝺairt ꝺúinne, L. viii, l. 2 nꝺrúꝺain(n), G, L, M, m. l. 3 ꝺo ċiompireaċ, L. l. 4 rar rrionnra, m; ir pumpa, L. ix, l. 1 cuṁanꝺraċ, L. l. 2 máiꝺ, A; máꝺ, m: ir ꝺnáꝺ rꝺuile ꝺan ṁuma re ḟeiḟimanur, L. l. 3 ḟúimiꝺ, G; ṁuraiꝺ, L. l. 4 mar ċuṁꝺa, G. x, Rann *om.* G. l. 1 ḟeaꝺal, G, m; a ꝺoin, M, P; ar ꝺoin, A; ar ꝺion, m; na ꝺun, L. l. 2 cúlmaiꝺ ar ꝺuirte no ar ṗ. ḟir, L; cuic, m. l. 3 ꝺnúir ṁaiꝺ ar rtumpa ꝺon muimtir, L. l. 4 ceannraꝺc, L. xi, l. 1 rrionnlaċ, G, L; ar rm., L. l. 2 ꝺánrrrúinꝺe, A; ꝺán rrúince, P. l. 3 *om.* m; ꝺiuꝺanaċ, L; nꝺuirt, G, L; ir ꝺnáꝺ rrúmpallaċ iomꝺa aiꝺe traꝺna anꝺuirt, A.

VII

Men of might and learning oft in churchyard clay are buried,
And oft an old man hath been known unarmed to trounce a ruffian;
It is the custom doubly true, as people all assure me,
For Munster women not to use their coifs in mode unseemly.

VIII

'Tis usual to bait a hook for trout along the Grúda,[1]
And swiggers[2] often helpless lie all soused and soaked in puddles;
'Tis oft that I am sore perplexed since my distressful failure
To get myself a prince's gown at what would buy a chicken.

IX

A pair of mice and want of space are often found in backrooms,
And sages manifest themselves by skilful use of knowledge[3];
Ughna[4] spends her time in tripping up and down the staircase,
And blankets make a better wrap than either sash or bonnet.

X

Curls are often under hoods and boards on eyes of cattle,
And burly hussies oft wear chignons like to caldron bottoms;[5]
Sullen looks are on the face of those who have no riches,
And peacefulness is better far than lubberly contention.

XI

A miser often may be seen in rubbish-heaps enforcing
His claim upon the coltsfoot white despised by hounds and beagles;
Craking rails in fields are wont to crouch in springing posture,
And constant cramps are ever wont to rack the rump of Raghnait.[6]

---

[1] Grúda: the Groody, a small river in Co. Limerick, which enters the Shannon near Newcastle, a short distance above the city of Limerick.

[2] Súmaire: cf. foċaiġ na hAlban, púmairiġe na Saxon agus poċairiġe na bFleimeanaċ, Keating, Eochairsciath an Aifr nn, p. 3. Súmaire is also the name of a little black insect found in marshes.

[3] Lit. if they are trained and practised in tempering or refining knowledge.

[4] Ughna, a woman's name. Here the servant-girl is intended.

[5] This translation is merely tentative. Cúlṁum may perhaps mean a bustle.

[6] A woman's name.

xii

Ir ꝺnáṫ cúiꝺeap i ꝺcúiꝺe nó Feiḋlime
'r ir ꝺnáṫ ḋúṫċar aꝺ únꝑairꝺ pe haꝺóꝑuine,
ir ꝑáṫ cnúṫa naċ ciuḃraḋ ó Ꝺaóra ꝺiuḃ
ar lán ꝺiurca ḋo ḃrúrcar an ḃreillrceaċair.

xiii

Ir ꝺnáṫ ionncam i ḃponncaiḃ ir aḋan aꝺ ḃruiṫ
'r ir ꝺnáṫ pompa pá ꝑionncroiꝺ ꝑir oiḋṗeaċca,
ir ꝺnáṫ ꝺlúineaċ 'na lúrcraiꝺ aꝺ leaꝺaḋ pe rioc
'r ir ꝺnáṫ ḋúḃꝺiolla púncaċ aꝺ braiḋm i mḃruiḃ.

xiv

Ir ꝺnáṫ lonꝺṗorc i nDún Ciorc ꝺan Ꝺaóꝺ ar biṫ
'r ir ꝺnáṫ úirliṁ uí Ḋuḃḋa ꝺan aḋarca ḃruic,
ir ꝺnáṫ ḋúnḋam i n-iomċur na ḃṗeaḋmannaċ
'r ir ꝺnáṫ liomra beiṫ cúṫaċ pe caiḋḃṗeaċaiḃ.

xv

Ir ꝺnáṫ púncuum i ḃṗrionnca ir meaḋꝺ uim ꝺruiṫ
'r ir ꝺnáṫ rúca ꝺan ionnlaḋ mar ꝺṗeim aꝺ muic,
mo ꝺṗáḋ ḋúinne, már monꝺėrom an maiꝺṗe iri,
ḋá ḃonnraiꝺ naċ lúꝺa liom ná Meaḋḃ 'r a muṗ.

---

xii, l. 1 a ccúirꝺe reo ṗ., m, G; na ꝑeiꝺilime, L. l. 2 haꝺaiḋ ḋuine, L. xiii, l. 2 and 3 inverted in m. l. 3 lúrcraiꝺ, L; lúrcraiꝺ, A, M, m4; le rioc, A, L. l. 4 ꝺannċaiꝺ, L; a ccúnꝺraiꝺ, A. xiv, l. 1 Circ, A, L, m; Ciorc, M, P; Kirk, G. l. 2 úrlior, P, M; úirliṁ, A, G, L, m. l. 4 and 2 interchanged, G, m. xv. There is great confusion in Mss. here l. 1 a ḃrruincib, m; már iompuiġċeaċ riom ċuirear meiḋll ir mum: rár ꝑúca no cuirlinꝺeaḋ ꝺreill an ꝑir, A. l. 3 ꝺráḋ, A; ní ꝺnáḋ liomra, L; már liom ċuirear meill ir mum (muṗ, G), m, G; cúilꝑionn ꝺan painnce air cnuc, L. l. 4 ḋá ḃrionnraḋ naċ luꝺa orm, A; ir ḋob annra liom uġna, L; mum, G.

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[1] There is a play on the Irish word for province, cúiꝺeaḋ, lit. a fifth.

[2] Feidhlim, a common Irish name.

[3] Ó Gadhra: some learned man or patron of learning. The Annals of the Four

XII

There are often groups of five[1] and Feidhlims[2] in a province,
And nature is accustomed to revolt against right reason;
It makes one glad to see Ó Gadhra[3] giving not a farthing
For a tankard filled to brim with nauseous loutish leavings.

XIII

Incomes are made up of pounds, and pots are made for boiling,
And pumps[4] are wont to be beneath the feet of heirs to fortunes;
Knotgrass like to seaweed oft in frost dries up and shrivels[5];
And strapping, dark-haired fellows often pine and groan in bondage.

XIV

Forts are common in Dunkirk without a Tadhg within them,[6]
And ÓDubhda's[7] tools have not got any horns of badgers[8];
A haughty mien is wont to be exhibited by lackeys;
And I feel awkward and morose when dealing with the pompous.

XV

Stops are wont to be in print, and whey with curds is mingled,
And roots unwashed are often seized upon by pigs and bitten;
If she's a maid with flowing locks, then I would love sincerely
Two spindle-shanks not one whit less than Meadhbh her muff displaying.

Masters were dedicated by Michael Ó Clérigh in 1636 to Ferghal Ó Gadhra, Lord of Magh uí Ghadhra and Cúil ó bhFinn, under whose patronage they had been compiled.

[4] Pumps: slippers or dancing-shoes.

[5] Seaweed: lúrcrach is a kind of thin, flat seaweed which dries up and withers quickly in heat or frost (Rev. P. Casey, Ballymacoda). There seems to be a double meaning in this line, as glúineach, from glún, a knee, also means one who fawns, and lúrcruigim means I flatter. Thus the line might be rendered: A cringing crawler often freezes after all his fawning.

[6] Vid. introduction to this poem, p. 71.

[7] Ó Dubhda or O'Dowd was seemingly a blacksmith.

[8] Horns of badgers is a proverbial expression for something imaginary, chimerical, non-existent. The meaning, therefore, is that O'Dowd turned out good substantial tools, which needed no false puffing.

XVI

THE CONCLUSION .i. AN COIMḊEANGAL.

Mo ḋá ḟúil prioṫ, a ḋúilimḣ, ḋo ḋeaḋail an ṁuip,
gé gnáṫ cionnṫaċ bunṫcionn piḃ mo ċlaḋaipe cuipp,
a ṫáil ṙṙúille ḋo ċṙúṙa go bṗoiḋne i gcṙoiṙ
lá luġnaṙa an ċúnṫaiṙ go paġaimne liḃ.[a]

XVII

An uaiṙ naċ cluinim cion aṙ ċéill i nḋuain
'ṙ an uaiṙ naċ ṙulṫimaṙ piṫ ḋo ṙéiṙ na ṙuaḋ,
an uaiṙ naċ ḟuiliḋ ḟiṙ na ṡéinne ṙuaṙ
iṙ guaġán glioġ ḋom ċuiġṙe an ḋṙéaċṫ iṙ ḋual.

[a] Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.—(M, P.)

IX.—IS OLC AN CEART

[The poem is preserved in one Ms. only, Murphy xii, where the occasion of its composition is thus set forth in the title: Ḋáiḃi ó bṙuaḋaiṙ ccc. aġ ıomċaṙaoiḋ aṙ bṙuġaiḋ boḋaiġ ḋaiṙiġṫe ḋo ḋuail bean uaṙal ḋo ḋaṙṙaċaiḃ, ṙiuṙ ḋon ıaṙla ḋaṙṙaċ, i.e. a satire by David Ó Bruadair on a churlish boor who attacked a lady of the Barrys, a relative of the Earl of Barrymore. The assault took place at Cnocán Róiḋ (R. xxiv), and is described in R. xiv. The lady is called in the poem (1) Sioḃán, R. x, xii; (2) Ainġiṙ ón mḃṙíġiḋ ḋon ċṙíol iṙ áiṙḋe ḟuil, R. xiv; (3) ṙiuṙ (ġaol, R. xxv) ḋon ıaṙla ḋaṙṙaċ (Title). Yet it is not easy to identify her; for no Joan Barry appears in the extant Barry genealogies after Joan, daughter of James fitz Richard Barryroe, and wife of David Roche, Viscount Fermoy (who died 22nd March, 1635). Certainly neither the first Earl of Barrymore, David (1599–1642), nor Richard the second Earl (1630–1694), had a sister named Joan, which proves that the word ṙiuṙ is to be taken in the sense of cousin or relative (cf. R. xxv). She must be sought for in some branch of the family dwelling near the river Bride. Yet again there are two rivers of this name in Co. Cork, one flowing eastward through the north of Barrymore by Rathcormack, Castlelyons, and Tallow into the Blackwater, another flowing north-eastwards through Muskerry to join the Lee near Kilcrea. The latter seems to be the one intended here. If so, she may have been one of the Barrys

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xvi. This rann occurs separately in 23 O 39 (O), 23 E 16 (E), and Murphy xii. l. 3 a *om.* P, L; ḋo ċáil, O; ṙṙuile, m. xvii. Rann *om.* some Mss.; found in M, G, P, m. l. 1 ceıl, m. l. 4 mo ċuiġṙe, m; an ḋṙ. ṙo 'ṙ ḋual, G.

XVI

THE CONCLUSION

To Thee my two eyes I raise up, O Creator, who partedst the sea,
Though my wretched disorderly body doth often rebel against Thee,
Through the flowing of streams of that Blood Thou didst patiently
shed on the cross,
At the Lammas of rigorous judgment may I be united to Thee.

XVII

When I see how people set no value on poetic wit,
And when to run in steps of sages brings to no one any joy,
When the heroes of the Fenians stand no longer up erect,[1]
An empty jingle is the only poetry which suits my mind.

IX.—'TWOULD BE AN ACT OF SHABBINESS

of Lios Laoi, a daughter of William of Lislee († 1594), or more probably a granddaughter, especially if the reading of the Ms. óiD (R. x) should be corrected to óiȝ. If a daughter of William of Lislee, the Earl referred to would be her first cousin, the first Earl David; if a granddaughter, her second cousin, Richard the second Earl. Unfortunately the genealogy of the Lislee family is very imperfect; and I cannot find the names of any of the daughters or granddaughters of William. It is not without significance that it is to the Lislee family first (R. xi), and then to the Earl of Barrymore (R. viii, xxv) and his retainers in An cOileán mór (R. xxv), that the poet looks for the avenging of the insult. Until the persons referred to in the poem are identified more definitely, it is impossible to date the poem with any probability. I assign it provisionally to the year 1660 or thereabouts. Before concluding, attention may be called to an interesting line in R. xxi, which would seem to point to the Barrys' country as the native place of the poet, viz. where he says ꝑe cúiṁinn ḋom ḋúiṫiȝ mun nḋṁuiḋeaḋ i bplé. The word ḋúiṫiȝ may, however, be used loosely for a district where he lived or which he frequented.

The versification of this piece is very intricate. There are different metres in the alternate ranns. The even ranns are Aṁrán; but the accented vowel-sequence changes from rann to rann. The odd ranns down as far as R. xvii are Ḋroiȝneaċ. In these each line contains at least nine syllables, and has a trisyllabic ending. The last words of the first and the third lines rhyme with a word at the

[1] Vid. supra, introduction to this poem, p. 71.

beginning of the second and the fourth lines respectively. There is a wealth of internal rhyme and a strict observance of uaim, comarda and the other general requisites of classical verse. In addition to all this, conclann is observed throughout, that is, the ranns are linked together as in a chain through every rann's beginning with the same word as that with which the immediately preceding

I

Is olc an ceart fulang an fámuire,
támgaile is tearc tuarad don trócaire,
's is tair an t-áig bualad fán mbraobaire
laomaire ar láig gualar le gótaire.

II

Gótaire éigin céid go harmálta
i ngleo le béicid faora feangamánla
's nach mó duit méire i mbéarla fraframálta
ná an górta géide fin d'éis a mbatarála.

III

Batráil ban mionla go mbaocálgur,
laoclád ar iomda an con clamualaig,
fiuchair é le fuairneart na feanndóige
ag gluaireacht na gearrdóige ón ngé ngalruanaig.

IV

Ruanach an fuaidfear is céarach crion
's is cuarach i mbualtrach a féala boinn
ní fuaire duit nuaireach ná céadfad a coim
acht uaire nach buailear i bglé le mnaoi.

V

I bglé le mnaoi is maith an máguire,
cnáruire nár chaith cnaoi don chumraide,
eachann uada ní hannamh éilimgear,
léirthimeal luada is allad umaide.

I, l. 4 laig; braobaire. II, l. 2 feangamálla. l. 3 méara; fraframálta. III, l. 1 míolla. l. 2 clumallaid. l. 3 fiuchar. l. 4 rag; ngalruana. IV, l. 1 ruaidfir. V, l. 1 am magairne; l. 2 cnabruire. l. 3 anam. l. 4 luada falam.

rann ended. From R. XVIII to the end, the poem is written in different species of Amhán, thus:—

R. XVIII–XXI (_) ú _ _ ú _ _ ı _ _ é.
R. XXII–XXIV _ ua _ _ ua _ _ o á ó.
R. XXV _ a _ _ ſ _ ſ _ á _ ı.]

I

'Twould be an act of shabbiness to tolerate this loafing rough,
Callousness unfeeling, which would little fruit to mercy bring;
It needs but meagre bravery to face this reckless tear-away,
A flaming blazer with a shovel,[1] shouldered by a gouty man.[2]

II

An insolent, gouty man cometh all armed with his weapon of war
To engage in a combat with ladies, illustrious, graceful, and mild;
And no mayor could jabber you grander a gibberish anglified mess
Than this hideous ghost of a goose, when he gives over battering them.

III

The battering of ladies mild with frenzied vain avidity
Is the mighty prowess of this proud, conceited, mangy cur;
He boils with all the fury of a raging scaldcrow's angry strength,
When it takes away a gosling from a wild, excited goose.

IV

Wild is the rage of this fierce fellow, querulous, withered, and shrunk,
And a hollow impression in dung is the seal of the sole of his foot;
Colder no noble[3] could be than the feelings which stir in his breast,
Except at the times when by chance he begins with a woman to fight.

V

In fighting with a woman, sooth, this big-pawed[4] man is very fine,
Hazel-chief,[4] who never yet did eat the nuts of fragrance sweet;
It is not rare that others have to challenge him to fight it out;—
Darkness dull as heavy lead, and fame renowned for brazenness!

---

[1] Shovel, literally a loy, a spade with a one-sided blade.

[2] The translation is guess-work. I have taken Gualan as a derivative of Gualu and meaning shoulder-load, and Gótaire as the same word as Gútaire. Gualan = Gual-fear, a coalman, collier, might be suggested, in which case the only possible meaning would be 'a collier of a gouty man,' i.e. a gouty man who was as black as a collier.

[3] Nuaireac seems the same word as nóireac, noble, famous.

[4] The text and consequently the translation of these words are uncertain.

VI

Uṁa go léir ir péatar miotal an ṁic,
truiḋireaċt ḃéarla pléarca ir plubaireaċt pluc,
toirim ir tréiṫe bréine ir buige 'na ṫuf
ir tuitim go tréan ar béiṫiḃ plíme gan ċoir.

VII

Coir fá ḃfuil m'fuaiṫri ḋom feamaire,
neaṁġlaine a uairle ra nór re miaḋċlannaiḃ,
gur ċoigil aoin ḋon tréaḋ, 'r ḋá ċuaiṫeḃeirt,
aċt truaiḋḃeirt, maḋ géag gaoil ḋ'iarlaḋaiḃ.

VIII

Iarla a maicne 'r go mairiḋ mar lón le leiġear,
ir iar a fearran le maiḋe go róintear feaḋġ,
ar fliaḃ ḋo ċartaḋ mar ċlairim le crónṁac Ċaiḋġ
ir liaiġ ḋo ḃainfeaḋ a mangaire mónaḋ meaḋġ.

IX

Ḃainfear meaḋġ a bolġ an ḃramánaiġ
le canálaiḃ tolġ an tromuallaiġ,
leagfar eaḋ an fialḋa fraoċḃríoġṁair
m'iarla ag laoċḋíoġail cean an ċorruaḃair.

X

Uaḃar an ċualaire ar Śioḃán óiḋ
ir nuaḋfuirt naċ ṫuairim ḋon leannán ċeoil,
ir ḋar muaireaċ ḋoċualaḋra beangáin beo
ḋo ċuairgfeaḋ an ḋuairc fin go ḋul fá fóir.

XI

Fóir Leara Laoi na ḋtrear ḋtromċúireaċ
ḋorrgṁúireaċ ḋaoi naċ mear a míċéaḋfaiḋ
ná cúir oṁna re feaḋ i ḃfoirraoine
foġa foċraoiḃe fa ġeal gníṁéaċtaiġ.

VI, l. 1 peattair. VIII, l. 4 mbeaḋġ. IX, l. 3 éaḋ an fialġ, *sic.* l. 4 m'iarl-; ceann. X, l. 1 ċSioḃán oiḋ. XI, l. 3 a ḃfoirr aoine.

[1] The Earl of Barrymore.

[2] Mac Taidhg seems to have been the name of the assailant of Joan Barry. He would thus have been one of the Mac Teige mac Carthys of Muskerry.

[3] Lios Laoi: Lislee, a parish in the barony of Ibane and Barryroe, 6½ miles

VI

The metal, of which this fine fellow is made, is but pewter and brass,
With his stammering, jabbering English exploding from blubbering jaws;
The stuff that his courage is made of is fetidness, clamminess, splash,
And daring assaults upon delicate ladies who never did wrong.

VII

The wrong by which my hatred is aroused against this lanky-tail
Is his sordid birth and ways with maids of noble family;
That one of all that flock he spared 'tis owing to his awkwardness;
But if she be the kin of earls, 'twill be a sorry deed for him.

VIII

Long may the Earl[1] of her family flourish relief to provide,
And to see that the churl's hinder end shall be fiercely chastised with a stick
When the mountain bog is, as I hear, being shovelled by swarthy Mac Taidhg.[2]
He[1] is the doctor will knock the whey out of a monger of turf.

IX

Knocked the whey will soon be from the belly of this blusterer
'Mid the bellowings and strainings of the overweening wretch,
And a way will thus be opened for the noble's angry might—
My Earl exacting vengeance for this crime of unexampled pride.

X

The insolent rage of this bludgeoner mean towards Lady Siubhán
Is a new kind of jig until now unsuspected by melody's muse,
And, by heaven, I've known of full many brave youths to exist
Who would soundly have smitten that surly-faced scut till he shrieked out for help.

XI

The people of Lios Laoi,[3] who are in fray so stern and desperate,—
This sullen fool with blubber lips thinks little of displeasing them,
Nor thinks how great the cause for fear, when they march forth triumphantly,—
The choicest of a noble branch, of brightest fame for mighty deeds.

E.S.E. of Cloghnakilty, Co. Cork. It contains the towns of Courtmacsherry, Butlerstown, and Meelane. A branch of the Barry family lived there.

XII

Éaċtaiġ ḃur éilṁeaċ uim Ṡioḃán ṗór
ġléiġilleaḋa éiḋiġṫe ón oileán mór,
ṗéinniḋe 'r a ḃṗéile gan ṗuallár ṗeoiḋ
naċ ġéaḃaiḋ gan éiṗic ón gcoileán gcṗón.

XIII

Cṗóine ná coiṗt ṗolaḋ na ṗíoṗċṗaoiḃe,
ṗíoṗaoine ġoiṗt monaḋ a móiṗṗeaḋma,
ciġ lá éiġin ḋ'ṗilleaḋ a ḃṗṗaoiċḃéime
laoiċéime ḃur innioll éiḋiġ óilḋealḃa.

XIV

Ḋealḃ an ḋaoi ḋo ṗín a láṁ le cliuḃ
ir ḋ'airġ an ṁnaoi map ṗíoṁaiḋ cáċ im ioċt,
ḋ'ainġir ón mḃṗíġiḋ ḋon cṗíol ir áiṗḋe ṗuil,
'r ba ṗmeaṗċa le haoileaċ í ir ḋeárna an ḋuiḃ.

XV

Naċ ḋuḃ an ḋaṁna inṁe ḋon ṗalṁuiṗe,
aḃla ṗalmċuile gan ṗine ir ṗuaċṁaiṗe,
láṁ ar ċleaċta a ṗó ar an ṗíoġanṗaiḋ,
míolṗcannail ṁeaṫa naċ ṗó a ṗuaċainṁe.

XVI

Ní hainṁeaċ ḋ'ṗear a ḃa 'r a ċṗéaḋta ṗionn
a ċapaill ar ṗaṗc 'r a leaṗ i ngṗéiċiḃ púin,
ní hainiṁ a ḋaċ a ċṗeaṫ 'r a ċéaḋṗaḋ púḋ,
ainḃṗior beaṗt mun mbaṗcaḋ a ċṗé 'r a ċlú.

XVII

Clú ḋo neaċ ní ḋleaġair ġan ḋeiġġníoṁa,
ṗleaṁain ġaċ ṗeinṗíoḋḃa i leaċ lánuṁla,
ṫṗeaṗcṗaiḋ an ġaoċ ḋair ḋá ḋúiṗṗṗéaṁaiḃ
ṗtair le a púilṗéaċain baoċ blάṫċuṁṗa.

XII, l. 1 ċSioḃán. l. 2 ġleiġilleḋ. l. 3 ṗéinniḋ; puallár or puallaċt (?) Ms., but both are wrong, as neither rhymes with Ṡioḃán, oileán, gcoileán. l. 4 géaḃaḋ. XIII, l. 2 mana. l. 3 ḋṗille. l. 4 oilḋealḃa. XIV, l. 2 ḋairiġ. l. 3 ir aoiṗḋe. l. 4 ḋeárnna. XV, l. 1 ṗalṁuiṗe. l. 2 palmċuile. XVII, l. 1 ḋleaġṫar. l. 2 pleaṁuin; a leaḋ lánuṁlaḋ. l. 3 ḋar. l. 4 ṗeaċuinn; ċuṁaṗṫa.

[1] Oileán Mór: Great Island in Cork Harbour. It belonged to the Earl of Barrymore, and was known as Oileán Mór an Bharraigh. The ancient name was Oileán Mór Arda Neimhidh.

XII

Daring and active on Siubhán's behalf too will enter the lists
The warlike retainers from great Oileán Mór,[1] in bright armour arrayed,
Those soldiers, whose generous pride still exhibits no trace of decay,
And who will not desist till amends they extort from the swarthy-faced pup.

XIII

Swarthier than tree-bark is the fury of that faithful branch,
Bitter utter routing is prefigured by their service great;
Soon or late will surely come to ply again their angry strokes
Heroes' steps, which will result in horrid abject misery.

XIV

Abject and mean is the booby, who stretched forth his hand with a club
And assaulted the lady, as people in confidence tell unto me;
The maid from the Bride,[2] who is sprung from a race of the highest descent,
Both she and this black fellow's palm were all smeared and besmirched with the filth.

XV

How filthy the ingredients are, of which this ravager is made,—
Product of a carcase—maggot,[3] baseborn, most detestable;
His hand doth its intolerance on ladies ever exercise;
Such scandal beastly, cowardly eludes not crushing infamy.

XVI

It is not a disgrace for a man that his horses and kine and white flocks
Should be seized and impounded and he be deprived of all treasures of wealth;
His body, complexion, or mind unto such never bringeth disgrace,
Unless by unmannerly conduct he ruin his credit and fame.

XVII

Fame is never justly due to anyone without good deeds;
Every ancient, withered wood is ever prone to topple down;
The oak with all its sturdy roots to earth is levelled by the wind,
Staring with its haughty glance of fragrant, flowery conceit.

[2] Bride: the name of two rivers in Co. Cork, one a tributary of the Blackwater, and the other a tributary of the river Lee. The latter is probably referred to here: vid. Introduction to this poem, supra, p. 78.

[3] The text is obscure and the translation uncertain.

XVIII

Cuiṁpa fá úrḃruiṫ ḃíor fionnaḋ ḋon ḟraoċ
gan ḋrear ḋúirċeaċt ḋá lúḋraḋ le fuinneaṁ na ngaoṫ,
nuair iompuigṫear lonnḋair ir iongantaċ méiḋ
naċ uiṁlann go n-ionnfartar fulang a fréaiṁ.

XIX

Ní fionnra ḋar liomra aċt do ṫruḋaire ṫréiṫ
iomgoin ir ionnloc na n-iniġean réiḋ,
an ḋúnra naċ lúḃraḋ aċt buile ar gaċ béiṫ,
ní húgḋar an t-úgḋar naċ cuiriḋ a ḃéar.

XX

Ḋom iulra ní cionntaċ i ḃfionagail é
ná a ḋúna gan ḋúnaḋ re ḋuine ar biṫ d'ḟéaċ,
ḋá iomċuir ní ionnlaicim miotal go rféir,
aċt cútaċ a ḟúgraḋ le bruingeallaiḃ glé.

XXI

Cioḋ cúntar buinrcionn riom a gcluinim do rcléir
ar úrḟuil an ċúige ri d'imirt ḋon té,
unnra dá ċúrra ní ċuirfinnri i ngéar,
re cúilḟinn ḋom ḋúiṫiġ mun nḋruiḋeaḋ i bplé.

XXII

Aġur ó ḋruiḋ, ir í reo im ḋiaiḋ an ḃreaṫ ḋoḃéanaimn air .i.

Mun ngruaim rin do rcuanuiġ re macáṁ cóir
náir ḋualgur do ḃualaḋ le ḋartán ḋeoil,
geaḋ uaṫaḋ dá cuaine gan ḋul fá ḟóḋ,
ní cruaġ liom an gruagaċ do ġrioráil ḋóiḃ.

XXIII

A ḟuanaċ do ḟuaṫaḋ le bronnḟár bó
ir cuairḋ ḃeag dá ċluaraiḃ do ċlireáil fór,
rluarad ḋon ḃualtaċ do ċuir fán óiġ
ir buatair do luarcaḋ mar ḃruir dá ċóin.

XVIII, l. 1 ra úrḃruiṫ. l. 2 ḋreaċt, or ḋréar; luaḋraċ. l. 3 lonnḋáir. XIX, l. 1 ṫruḋaire. XX, l. 1 roim. XXII, l. 1 rcuanaiḋ. l. 2 ḋartán, Ms. might be read ḋeartán. XXIII, l. 2 dá ċlaraiḃ. l. 3 ḃualtaċ. l. 4 do ċóin.

[1] Fratricide, fionġal: literally, the murder of one belonging to the same fine or tribe. The poet suggests sarcastically that the nobility of the lady and the ignobility of her assailant render fionġal impossible, as both parties do not belong to one and the same tribe, viz. that of nobles.

XVIII

Fragrant the small twigs of heather in snug warmth do flourish,
Unwakened one moment, though tossed by the force of the breezes,
While down falls the huge, lofty bulk of the powerful oak-tree,
Which bows not its head till its roots long enduring roll over.

XIX

'Tis a dexterous feat, methinks, only for stuttering cowards
To assault and dishonour disgracefully peaceable maidens;
When a dunce dares do nought except madly to rage against ladies,
He's no author the author who does not impeach such behaviour.

XX

So far as I know, he of fratricide[1] can't be held guilty,
And his castles are never unclosed unto such as did try them;
In his conduct no trait from the earth unto heaven I censure,
Except that his method of toying with girls is ungainly.

XXI

Though perplexing, upsetting is all that I hear of the brawling,
Indulged in by him towards all noble clans of this province,
One ounce of his conduct I should not denounce nor complain of,
Had he not with a maid of my country commenced thus to quarrel.

XXII

And since he did commence, hereinafter followeth the sentence which I should pronounce upon him:—

For that sorrow and gloom to an innocent maiden occasioned,
Who did not deserve to be struck by an immature bullock,
Though few of her kindred there be but lie 'neath sods buried,[2]
I am glad I can scourge for them soundly this hairy old monster.

XXIII

I order his cloak to be kneaded in bovine excretion,
And also his ears to be clipped of a neat little circuit,
A shovel well filled with the cowdung he cast at the maiden,
And boots to be plied on his bottom like polishing brushes.

[2] Though we do not know for certain to which branch of the Barry family Siubhán belonged, the statement in this line would agree with the fact that the Liscarroll branch became extinct in the male line about this time. In 1657 the only descendants of John Barry living were John Óg and William, both without issue male, according to an Inquisition taken at the King's Old Castle in the county of Cork (Cork Arch. Journal, vol. vi, Second Series, pp. 142, 143, A.D. 1900).

XXIV

A ṗuaġaḋ ġo huaċtaṗ an ċnocáin ṗóiḃ
ionaṗ ḃuailṗin an uaṗal ġan eaṗṗáiḃ ġlóiṗ,
buaṗaċ aṗ ḃtuaċal ḃo ċuṗ ṗá ḃó
'na cṗuaḋġaḋ aṗ ċnuaṗaċ an ċoileáin ċṗóin.

XXV

A ḃaṗṗaiġ na ṗcṗíob, ó taoiṗe ḃána i nġoil
iṗ ṗṗatainn ḃo ṗinn ó ṗinn ġo ṗáil aġ piḃ,
i ḃṗaiṗḃe muiṁneaċ ḃíḃ baḋ árṗa an oil
maṗla ḃo ġaoil ġo nḃíonaḋ ṗcáċ aṗ biḃ.

X.—IOMḊA SCÉIN AR ĊUR NA CLUANA

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 C 26, p. 55 (C), 23 M 31 (M); and a Ms. by Piaṗaṗ Móinṗéal (P). Title: none in C, but it occurs among poems by David Ó Bruadair; Ḋáiḃi ua bṗuaḋaiṗ ecc. an tan ḃo póṗaḋ Ḋoiminic ḃe Róiṗḃe le Hinġin tSeaġain ḃe ḃuṗc (M, P), i.e. David Ó Bruadair *cecinit* when Dominick Roche was married to the daughter of John Bourke.

As several of the persons whose names occur in this poem are mentioned frequently in other poems to follow, I shall give a brief account of them here, reserving the fuller history of them for another place. The name of the bride was Ughna (Rr. xiii, xvi, xliv), otherwise Ainís (R. xxv) or Aignéis, i.e. Agnes (R. xxvii), though this latter form of the name has, according to the poet, a blaṗ béaṗla, or smack of English, about it (R. xxvii). Her father, John Bourke, was a proprietor of extensive lands in the old barony of Connelloe, Co. Limerick. He resided at Caċaiṗ Maoċail, now usually anglicized Cahirmoyle, in the parish of Rathronan, in the present barony of Shanid. He seems to have held Cahirmoyle under Sir Daniel O'Brien, afterwards Viscount Clare. He, like most of his neighbours, was an ardent Jacobite, sat in King James's Parliament of 1689 as member for Askeaton, and was appointed by a Commission of the same king one of the assessors for Co. Limerick, 10th April, 1690, along with his son-in-law Dominick Roche. He was living in 1692, but had died before February, 1702.

Her mother was Anna (Rr. xi, xxv) ní Uṗċuile, Anna Hurley, a particular

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[1] Road-hill: An ċnocáin ṗóiḃ. This may be merely a descriptive epithet, as no such place-name seems to be known in Co. Cork at present. If the ḃ were aspirated, we would have An cnocáin ṗóḃ, i.e. ṗuaḋ, Knockanroe, the name of two townlands in Co. Cork, one in the barony of Barretts, parish of Whitechurch, and the other in the barony of Muskerry West, parish of Kilcorney. David Barry, son of William Barry of Lislee, as heir-in-tail to his uncle Charles oge MacCarthy,

XXIV

I order him next to be chased to the top of the road-hill,[1]
Where he struck the fair maid, who in speech never erred nor offended,
And then that a cow-spancel twice be lapped withershins round him,
As a tight withe to bind up the limbs of the swarthy pup crouching.

XXV

Since, O Barry,[2] stout defender, ever bold in fray thou art,
And the patent of thy pen runs everywhere from end to end,
In this province here of Munster lasting shame shall lie on thee
Ever till some shield defensive shelter from affront thy kin.

X.—MANY PRETTY SETTINGS

friend and patron of our poet during the rest of his life. She was a daughter of John Hurley of Knocklong, also an extensive proprietor in Connelloe, brother of that Sir Maurice Hurley of Knocklong who sat in the Confederation of Kilkenny, in 1647, forfeited his estates in 1652, was transplanted to Galway, and died in 1683. John Hurley's estates were also forfeited in the Cromwellian confiscations. The bridegroom, Dominick Roche, called oiġne Róiṙtiġ ṗáċa Luimniġ (R. XVII), and whose castle, here called Ḋún Ḋomṁic, lay on the banks of the Shannon (R. XXXIII), came of a family long famous in the civic annals of Limerick. He was son of Jordan óg, Mayor of Limerick in 1639, who, as Alderman Jordan Roche, was by name excluded from the benefit of the terms of capitulation of that city to Ireton, 27th October, 1651, for belonging to that party which "opposed and restrained the deluded people from accepting the conditions so often offered them." Dominick's mother was Mór ní Ḃṙiain (R. XXX), descended from Brian Ruadh, the founder of the family of O'Brien of Arra. Jordan óg held vast estates in 1641 not only around his residence in Newcastle, beside the city of Limerick, but also in the west of the county. He had already assigned some 2000 Irish plantation acres of this western estate, situated near Killidie and Abbeyfeale, to his son Dominick, before the Cromwellian confiscations in 1652 deprived both of their property. At the time of our poem, however,

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of Castlemore, got a lease of the lands of Gurranemuddagh, Knockanerowe, and Carriginebleask from Donagh, Earl of Clancarty, shortly before the latter's death, which took place in August, 1665. David Barry sold these lands to Captain Owen MacCarthy in 1677, but was engaged in litigation about them with his cousins, the MacCarthys of Ballea, from 1688 to 1704. (Vid. Cork Hist. and Arch. Journal, vol. vi., Second Series, pp. 136, 137, A.D. 1900.)

[2] The Earl of Barrymore.

Dominick still retained or had regained a considerable portion of his former estate (Rr. xxxix, xl). Like John Bourke, Dominick Roche was active in the cause of King James, by whom he was appointed alderman of the new Catholic Corporation of Limerick in 1687, and one of the assessors for Co. Limerick, 10th April, 1690. He is also said to have been created Baron Tarbert and Viscount Cahiravahilla by King James soon after the arrival of the latter in Ireland. After the death of Ughna or Agnes Bourke, Dominick remarried with Mary ——, and died between the 2nd of February, 1702, and the 27th of August, 1702, leaving issue by both his wives. His connexion with the Viscounts Roche of Fermoy is alluded to in R. xxxviii; but it must have been very remote.

The Mss. give us little or no help in determining the date of the marriage of Ughna and Dominick. But by comparing the present poem with a similar poem, Cuipṗeaḋ cluaiṁ, by our author on the marriage of Ughna's sister with Oliver Stephenson, 8th January, 1675, it seems evident that our present poem is the earlier of the two. Indeed it seems considerably earlier, for the absence of any reference to the other sister in either poem seems to indicate not only that a long interval elapsed between the two marriages, but even that Ughna had died in the meantime. The poem itself proves that it was written after the Cromwellian confiscations in 1652 (R. xxxix), as already stated, and possibly after 1662 or at least after the restoration of Charles II (R. xl). I believe it cannot be dated later than 1663, for the following reasons:—First, Dominick was still a young man, ógán (R. xxxix); and in spite of the indefiniteness of the word, we cannot be far wrong if we suppose him to have been not more than thirty-three years old. Now as he was one of the forfeiting proprietors of 1652, he must have been of age in that year. Thus he would have been born about 1630, and would have been thirty-three years old in 1663. Secondly, the eldest son by this marriage, Captain Dominick Roche, predeceased his father, leaving a son and heir also called Dominick. He got this title of Captain presumably from his having held that rank in King James's Army, 1687; and indeed he is, I believe, the Captain Roche whose name appears in the regiment of infantry of Sir John Fitzgerald of Claonghlais in that year. He must have been of age then to hold that commission; and if we suppose him to have been twenty-three years old, it would follow that he was born in 1664, and that his father married in 1663. Thirdly, exactly the same argument can be drawn from the list of the new Corporation and Burgesses of Limerick in the year 1687. There both father and son appear, the former as "Dominick Roche, Esq.," one of the twenty-four Aldermen, and the latter as "Dominick Roche, Junior, Gentleman," one of the forty-two Burgesses, proving that Dominick, Junior, was of age at that date, 30th January, 1687. Fourthly, the eldest daughter by this marriage, Margaret, married Sir Theobald Butler, and their eldest daughter, Frances, died in 1733 in the forty-seventh year of her age. Frances, therefore, was born in 1687; and the marriage of her mother may be assigned to the year 1686. This would point to about the year 1664 for the birth of Margaret, and thus we are brought back once more to the year 1663 as the latest date for the marriage of Ughna Bourke and Dominick Roche, and consequently for the composition of this poem.

This poem and the similar poem to follow, Cuipṗeaḋ cluaiṁ, are interesting as classical specimens of the Irish Epithalamium or ḋuain ṗórṫa, as it is called in the present poem (R. v). The word cluaiṁ is also employed by our poet in

both poems to describe this species of poetry or rather the traditional method of treating this subject (Rr. I, IV, XLV). Indeed from the frequent use made by him of this word it would seem to have almost acquired a technical meaning.

Another feature of this poem which deserves notice is the interspersing of the poetry with passages in prose. These proses are introduced incidentally, some word in the preceding rann serving the poet as a peg on which to hang some more or less appropriate illustration, generally of a humorous nature, drawn sometimes from current events, but usually from historical tales and legendary romances, most of which unfortunately have not yet been published. They are not by any means the extemporary compositions they seem to be at first sight, but frequently adhere closely to the written sources. In the midst of these proses we occasionally come across specimens of what the ancient writers called "rhetoric," a kind of obscure alliterative verse of a dithyrambic nature, consisting of an irregular number of syllables (cf. prose after R. XV). The admixture of prose and verse is by no means uncommon in poems written in this metre. A few examples will suffice. It occurs, for instance, in the poem already alluded to, Cuipp̃eaḋ cluaim; in another poem, which somehow has come to be ascribed to David Ó Bruadair in the Mss.: Ṫeallaċ coirp̃eaḡ̃a; in a poem by Domhnall Carrach mac Eochadha to Feidhlim mac Fhiaich uí Bhroin: Iomḋa urraim aḡ clann Caṫaoir, and in one by Tadhg dall ó Huiginn: Ḋo meallaḋ cáċ nó ó Ceanḃuill.

The metre in which this poem is written is known technically as Sné-aḋ-ḃairḋne, and popularly as Crorán-taċt. Its principal characteristics may be represented thus: $2\{8^2 + 4^2\}^{2-4}$; that is, the quatrain consists of two distichs, the odd lines are octosyllabic, the even lines quadrisyllabic, both odd and even lines end in disyllables, and the final words of the even lines rhyme. Furthermore, there is uaim or alliteration, either consonantal or vocalic, between at least two important words in the first line, as also in the third line. In the even lines uaim is not obligatory, but it is usually found in at least one of them. Thus, in the present poem, uaim is absent from both the even lines in ten ranns, in twenty-eight ranns it occurs in one of the two, while it is found in both in seven ranns only out of the forty-five. In addition, there is an internal rhyme between a non-final word of the fourth line with a word in the middle of the third line. The origin of the popular name of this metre crorán-taċt may be read in Keating's History, vol. III, pp. 216–218 and 378–380 (Irish Texts Society vol. IX, London, 1908). In our poet's second poem in this metre, Cuipp̃eaḋ cluaim (R. LXXX), he alludes to the popular name for it in calling himself a crorán:

Mire an crorán taiḋḃreaċ tuirleaċ: taḋlaim tairḃean.

It is worthy of notice that besides the two marriage poems of David Ó Bruadair the poem composed by Andrew MacCurtin of Clare at the beginning of the eighteenth century on the marriage of Sorley MacDonnell and Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher O'Brien of Ennistimon, is also written in this metre, which would thus seem to have been considered the appropriate metre for such compositions. It is well known that O'Curry exaggerates the rarity of this metre in Irish literature in his remarks on David Ó Bruadair's poem, Cuipp̃eaḋ cluaim, in Ms. 23 L 37 R.I.A. In addition to the seven poems already mentioned, several other

poems are written in the same metre, v.g. to mention only some poems, which have been already published; the Imram curaig Maeldúin; a poem on Aileach: Aileaċ Briġrinn faiṫċi riġraiḃ; two poems ascribed to Dubhthach maccu Lughair:

I

Iomḋa ṙcéiṁ ar ċur na cluana
cuin ḃar ciallaiḃ,
luċt a ġaḃṫa ór ġlóir a n-álġur
cóir a n-iarraiḃ.

II

Annaṁ neaċ 'r a ċlú ġan ċréaċta
cluain náir ċeannraiġ,
ġé maḋ tuigreaċ é ar a hioḋnaiḃ
ġné ḋá ġreannraiṁ.

III

Fairnéir ḟíre ir ġrinniolł ġráḋa
ġné ḋi ir caoiṁe,
rearc an tí tar ġean a ġréiṫe
meaḃ ġan ċlaoine.

IV

Ġibé ir cluanaire ann ḋon orḋrin
uaiḃ ní héarca
laḃra leaṫtruim ar clár cóire
ḋo ġráḋ ṙéarta.

V

Ó naċ ṙéaḋaimri airce ir úire
i n-íoc ár n-órta,
créaḋ naċ canṙainn cluain ḋom ċáirḋiḃ
i nḋuain ḟórta?

VI

Ó naċ ṙuil ṙéaḋ ré raoilḟinn airte
ġan í im ḟoċair
naċ biaiḃ ḋáilte ḋúin ón ġcaraiḃ
ġan ċlúin ḋ'ḟoċain.

I, l. 3 ġléir, P, M. l. 4 coir, P, M.

VI, l. 1. There is one syllable too many in this line. l. 3 ḋúinn, P, M.

Anḋru immarḃáiġ ri Laġnib and Crimċann cloċrí coicid hÉrenn; and the long poem in two parts by Maelmura Fáthna: Triaṫ ór criaṫaiḃ Tuaṫal ceċtmar.]

I

Many pretty settings charming cluains[1] admit of,
When they are ingenious;
Should the bards, who sing them, yearn for nought but glory,
Just is their endeavour.

II

Rare the man whose honour hath escaped all wounding,
But a cluain hath soothed him;
Though he know full clearly the method of its making,
That's its kind of humour.

III

Truthfulness of record, based upon affection,
Forms its fairest species;
Personal attachment, more than love of riches,
Is the faultless measure.

IV

Any cluain-composer in the poets' order
Will be slow to utter
Biased, partial language at a crowded table,
Misled by love of feasting.

V

Since I cannot offer any fitter present,
As pay for entertainment,
Why should I not sing now a cluain to all my friends here
In a wedding-poem?

VI

Since there is no prize, which I could think of gaining,
But is here before me
And will to me be granted by my kind friend freely,
Who harbours no deception.

[1] Cluain, literally flattery, cajolery, is here used in the sense of an encomium including a certain humoristic element. The word is applied frequently by David Ó Bruadair to epithalamia of this kind; vid. introduction to this poem, p. 90.

VII

Bíḋ go gcuirpinn cluain ar ċomḋaċ,
cam ní ḟóḃraim,
annra liom a ġnaoi 'r a ġréiḋe,
rionn naċ rórḋaim.

VIII

Bloḋ dom báiḋ re bleaċtġnaoi búrcaiġ
beannúġ díḃre
i mbroġ aolta an dreagain duaraiġ
deagair dílre.

IX

Eagar uairle ir uṁla ir oiniġ
uair ní airdir
ó ṁac Réamuinn rún gan loċar,
dún Bfear dtairtil.

X

Caċair Maoċal dún na ndeorad
dia go ndíona
go n-a ċoḋnaċ i gcuan riarḋa
naċ cuar díomḋa.

XI

Iomḋa ag úrṁáiḃ éadtroċta eile
éad ré hAnna,
már cúir cnúċa an biaḋ do bronnaḋ
ir fial a bfala :—

[A.] Et adeirid daoine gur fial an fáltanar do ċuiṁniġ Luġaiḋ Láġa an laoċṁiliḋ do Déinne[a] briot .i. a ṁarḃaḋ i gcaċ Illuiġe Muċroiṁe tré ḋóiġ éada 7 iomcnúċa ar a róṁéad do

VII, l. 4 rían. VIII, l. 1 báiḋ P, M. l. 4 deagair, P. [a] [A]. béine, M.

[1] The rare and ancient word rionn must be read here for rían of the Mss., in order to correspond with liom.

[2] Dragon, i.e. chieftain, used in a good sense, vid. supra, p. 52, note [2].

[3] John Bourke, son of Redmond Bourke, and father of the bride Ughna, vid. introduction to poem, p. 88.

[4] Cathair Maothail, now Cahirmoyle, vid. supra, p. 88.

[5] Anna ní hUrthuile, wife of John Bourke, and mother of Ughna, vid. supra, pp. 88, 89.

VII

Though I be attempting a cluain for a companion,
I meditate no falsehood;
I esteem most dearly his beauty and his riches,
Irony I plan not.[1]

VIII

One reason for my liking Bourke's most courteous manner
Is the welcome greets you
To the lime-white mansion of the bounteous dragon,[2]
Steadfast, ever faithful.

IX

Arranging ranks of service, dignity, and honour,
Never is far distant
From the son of Réamonn,[3] dearest, faultless darling,
Refuge of the roamers.

X

Cathair Maothail,[4] fortress, loved by lonely strangers,
God protect it ever!
With its noble chieftain and attendant waiters,
Displaying no displeasure.

XI

Other brilliant, noble ladies are supremely
Envious of Anna;[5]
If what makes them jealous is her food-bestowing,
Lavish is their anger:—

[A.] And people say that lavish was the angry spite, which Lughaidh Lágha, the warlike knight, cherished in his mind against Béinne Briot, to wit, to slay him in the battle of Magh Muchroimhe,[6]

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[6] Lughaidh mac Con, nephew of Art Aenfhear, king of Ireland (A.D. 166–195, Four Masters), and stepson of Olioll Ólom, having been exiled from Ireland by the latter, retired to Britain, where he made friends with Béinne Briot, son of the king of Britain, with whom he returned to Ireland at the head of an army of adventurers, and having been joined by Lughaidh Lágha or Lámha, a kinsman of Oilioll Ólom, he defeated Art Aenfhear in the battle of Magh Muchroimhe (A.D. 195, Four Masters), the plain which lies between Athenry and Galway, about eight miles east of Galway. Art Aenfhear was slain by Lughaidh Lágha, and seven of the sons of Oilioll Ólom also fell in that battle; vid. Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 270–280.

ċuiṫ ḋá náiṁḋiḃ ar aon leiṫ iṙan gaeḋláḋair ṙin, ḋ'eagla naċ ḟúigḟeaḋ[a] uiṁir buḋ ionṁaoiḋḋe ḋíoḃ ṙe a gcorc aiġe ḟéin ⁊ mar ṙin go gcaillḟeaḋ a ċuiḋ do ċlú an ċaṫa; ⁊ ir ionġnaḋ mar ṙin naċ marḃaiḋ deaġṁná ḋṙíċe Ċonallaċ Anna ní Urċuile ar a ṙóṁéaḋ riarar do luċt iarrata gaċa hairce, ḋ'eagla naċ ḟúigḟeaḋ ráṫ a ḃḟéile ṙé a ḃḟrearṫal aco ḟéin ḋíoḃ, et[b] mar ṙin go gcaillḟiḋíṙ a gcuiḋ ḋ'oiṙḋearcar deaḃṫa an oiniġ. Aṁ ḋáṙ nḋóiṫ ní hé ṙin cuġ ar ṙaġarṫ Ċille Comáin gan ḟreagraḋ an aiṙṙinn do ṁúineaḋ ḋá ġiolla, et do laiḃeorainn níḋ éigin air ṙin, aċt gur gioṙra deoċ ionná[c] ṙcéal, et ḋar liom gur miċiḋ le hAnna deoċ ḋ'ól orm :—

XII

Miċiḋ ḋá clainn eanġ ḋá hualaċ
orra ḋ'iomċur,
ór ḋom ċeirḋ ḋá ċur i gcuiṁne
ḋul i ḃḟionnċur.

XIII

Aḋṁaḋ Uġna cíor ḋon éigear
í ór órlur
do ċnuar cuṁra na gcraoḋ gcaoinri
naċ claon ċórur.

XIV

Ḟuilngeaḋ ḟeartа cóir na cléire
a cuing ór ṙórta,
'r ní hé an cearrḃaċ naċ ḋlíġ ḋíneaċ
ḋon íḋ nóra.

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[a] From this to end of prose is written across right margin from top to bottom in P. [b] et and ⁊ vary in P and M, et being used oftener in P. [c] The spelling of ná, iná, inná, ionna varies in P and M.

XII, l. 4 ḃḟionnċar, M. XIII, l. 1 éigceaṙ, P, M. l. 4 coṙur, M. XIV, l. 1 ṙuilngeaḋ, P.

[1] Conallaigh al. Uí Chonaill, i.e. Connelloe, the western half of Co. Limerick. After the time of David Ó Bruadair the old barony of Connelloe was divided into the four modern baronies of Connelloe Lower, Connelloe Upper, Shanid and Glenquin.

[2] Cill Chomáin, possibly for Cill Cholmáin, Kilcolman, about two miles north-west of Cahirmoyle.

through a spirit of envy and jealousy, on account of the excessive number of the enemy who fell by him on that battlefield, for fear that he [Béinne Briot] would not leave him [Lughaidh] enemies to repel in numbers to boast of, and that he would thus lose his share of renown in that victory; and similarly, it is a cause of wonder that the noble dames of the country of Conallaigh[1] do not slay Anna ní Urthuile, on account of the excessive liberality with which she entertains those who come looking for gifts and favours of every kind, for fear that she would not leave enough of them [the beggars] for them [the ladies] to exercise their hospitality upon to the full, and that they would consequently lose their share of renown in the contest of honour. However, that is not the reason, methinks, which caused the priest of Cill Chomáin[2] not to teach his valet the answers to the Mass, and I would say something more about that, but that a drink is shorter than a story, and I think that it is time for Anna to drink to me :—

XII

'Tis time now for her children to take upon their shoulders
Portion of her burden;
For, to venture boldly to warn them of this duty
Is part of my profession.

XIII

Let Ughna now acknowledge the tribute due to poets,
For she's the golden blossom
Of the fragrant cluster of these gentle branches,
Not perverting justice.

XIV

Let her bear henceforward the claims of clerks with patience,
Since her vow is plighted,
And even to the cearrbhach[3] is due a healing potion
At this new enchainment.[4]

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[3] Cearrbhach: a professional gamester or travelling gambler called carrogh by English writers. These carroghs formed a distinct class of society. They frequented the houses of the nobility, where their right to hospitable entertainment was recognized by custom.

[4] Enchainment: that is the ring or bond of marriage.

XV

Uirde atáimri ag brait don bannro
beit dom dánacht
tadall tláchlúb le cairt cluana
nach aith m'ádbacht :—

[B.] Áṁ dar liom nír aith an ádbacht do chocaire hí Corrdaṁna dul ag buain a ṁna ar ṁannar[a] mardin don chruadchorach ó Léanuigh ṁóir, et ní bud fótubairtigi ionnó rin dul ag á reic go forrfriunnlaigthe fé gualadóir na Gaillṁe ar glasbonn Salbáir, gurab aṁlaid rin do cháill an cruadchorach a chéile; gidead ní neaṁaithe liom féin rin

ionnó an bulabáirín[b]
do rin do chillín
hannraoi Cúirín :
ó an dtaca um ar báruigead
bhearal ó bhéigín
ní chodlann ó Cnáiṁín
roirb gan rúirín :
an t-earbog már críortaide
choganar crurtaoi
ir corṁail nach gnáthuigeann
Cairdeal gan crúircín :
mearaim nár naoiṁdlígthe
é i bhlachar hí Dúnaoi
dá mbradad ó Néidín
matal í Ilaoilín :
i reachtaib an ráṁaide
le ar chreachad na córtaoi
bad dearbtha ar déirnín
Cathal ó Cuirnín :

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xv, l. 2 bṫ; dannacht, M. l. 3 tagall, M, P.
[a] [B.] ṁanar, P. [b] bula báirin, M.

[1] I do not know the story to which the author here alludes.

[2] The following lines are written in that ancient 'rhetoric' measure, which is met with in some of the earliest Irish stories. It is called in Irish rithleang, retoric (LU. 91 a 43), rethoric (LL. 124 b 27), rithairec (Fél. Oeng., p. 172), rithoirg (Lism. 312, 34), all which words are derived from the Latin

XV

To her my eyes are turning at this very moment,
Such is now my boldness,
Touching gentle maidens with a scroll beguiling,
How merry is my frolic :—

[B.] However, it was no merry frolic,[1] methinks, for Ó Corr-dhamna's cook to go and drag his wife roughly and scurvily from the Cruadhchosach [i.e. Hardfoot] of Léana Mór [i.e. Great Mede], and, what is far more reprehensible still, to go then and sell her to a collier for a grey groat of Salfás, whence it came to pass that the Cruadhchosach lost his spouse ; yet to me not less merry it seemeth[2]

Than the state of confusion
Caused in a churchyard
By Henry Cúisín :
Ever since murdered
Was Breasal Ó Bréigín,
Ó Cnáimhín can't snugly
Sleep without blankets :
If the bishop 's a Christian,
Who munches crusts only,
Being flaskless, I reckon,
He goes seldom to Caiseal[3]:
There's no law methinks sacred
In the realm of Ó Dúnaoi,[4]
If the cloak of Ó Maoilín[5]
Was stolen from Néidín[6]:
By the laws of the pirate,
Who plundered the sea-coasts,
Cathal Ó Cuirnín
Would be surer of payment :

'rhetorica.' The references and allusions contained in these rather obscure lines are to events of a local and ephemeral character, for the most part not remembered nowadays.

[3] Cashel, Co. Tipperary.

[4] O'Downey.

[5] O'Moylan.

[6] Néidin, the town of Kenmare, Co. Kerry.

níor aice le hógmnaoi
dpuimḟinne a dpúcdín
d'ḟaicfin i ngáirdín
maidean i dtúr Ilaoi :
ionná linne na córdaoi
ar fcfogaib na fciuirfide
lear camad na cártaoi
ar donaib na gcúigide :
ní hoifig do díchíod
deadaid fé diuicíb :
i gCorcaig bíd brírcí
ar gallaib an giuirdír :—

XVI

Díf fé comar clú do hearbad
Agna ir Doimnic
fciuir ón fíg do fin an ḟairrge
dóid cum iomluic.

XVII

Oigre Róirciġ rádha Luimnig
laochda a meanma
lingfid léim dur áirmeach oirdearc
láireach leandóa.

XVIII

Lingfid céim go gcead don eaglair,
ead fón dtearmain,
brirfid bearna ar clad na feilge,
blad dá meanmain.

XIX

Gé tá fiaghail óige ar ionchaib
aorta an anchain
gur dual í do fcialla i fcormaid
gan fian falchair.

xvi, l. 4 leg. díb? xviii, l. 1 ccéad, P; ccead, M. l. 2 éad, P; fon, P. l. 4 blád, P. xix, l. 1 ionnchaib, P, M. l. 2 anchuinn, M; anachuinn, P.

[1] On May morning girls discovered the colour of the hair of their future husbands from the shade of colouring of the first dpúichtín they found (Dinneen, Dictionary, sub voce dpúichtín). If a girl wishes to retain a beautiful complexion, she must wash her face in dew, just before sunrise, on May morning (Wood-Martin, Elder Faiths of Ireland, vol. II, page 263).

No girl was e'er gladder
To see in a garden
The sheen of her dewdrop
On the morning of May-day,[1]
Than I to see ropes round
The throats of the scourgers,
Who by card-juggling cheated
Our provinces' chieftains[2]:
It behoves not an outcast
With dukes to be fighting,
In Cork there are breeches
On the Justice's[3] English :—

XVI

Two partners with the tilling of fame have been entrusted,
Dominick and Ughna;
May the King of Heaven, maker of the ocean,
Guide them in the labour!

XVII

He, the heir of Roches from the rath of Luimneach,[4]
With heroic spirit
Will leap a leap exultant, source of famous exploits,
Fruitful and prolific.

XVIII

Stepping on his journey with the church's licence
To the sacred precincts,
Opening an entrance in the churchyard rampart,[5]
Sample of his daring.

XIX

Though the law of chasteness has to be respected,
Ancient is the damage,
Such a stormy rending is approved by nature,
Without a stain remaining.

---

[2] The reference is to the Confederate War, 1641–1652.

[3] The Lord Justice, Governor of Ireland.

[4] The castle of Dominick Roche's father was at Newcastle, near the fort or city of Limerick.

[5] The metaphor alludes to an ancient custom at funerals of not carrying the corpse into the graveyard by the ordinary entrance, but lifting it over the wall or making an entrance through the fence.

XX

Tiocfa an Ðrianṗuil trío 'na tonnġail,
traoċraiḋ tairrḋiġ,
tiocfa a cróḋaċt teann 'r a talġġoil
reanġ ó an airmġlic.

XXI

Ðroiḃéal ḃiaṁar lé ḋá ḃrionna,
fé naċ ḋeaċaḋ,
ġan a lann i ḃfraoċ 'r i ḃfulanġ,
raoċ naċ reaċaḋ.

XXII

Iomḋa ġleann ḋá ġné do coilleaḋ,
créaċt ġan ċroraḋ,
béin fán mbruaċ rin ní fáṫ rerupail,
ġnáṫ a lora.

XXIII

Clear Ċon gCulainn an ġaoi ḃulġa
na mbeart lonnḃaoċ,
a rian ran gcríċ re ní cneaḋ ṁarḃṫaċ
ó ċear Connlaoċ.

XXIV

Ð'ṗáġ do ḃuaḋaiḃ éigin aire
ḃ'éir a ġona,
gur b'é féin i ndiaiḋ a liorta
liaiġ ir rona :—

[C.] Et liaiġ rona raoirḃéaraċ ḋár ba coṁainm Caṫal ó Céin do ḃuail dia go rortúnaċ ċum mic Eoċaḋa feaċt n-aill,[a] et ir aṁlaiḋ do ḃí mac Eoċaḋa an tan rin 7 a ċor briṙte aiġe, iar mbeiṫ bliaḋain 7 raṫa 7 mí ar aon leabaiḋ 7 maiṫe leaġa na cóiġe ullṫaiġe uile ina ṗarraḋ,[b] et ro bá raoṫar gan tarḃaḋ ḋóiḃrion rin, óir ní táirniġ[c] leo cor ṁeic Eoċaḋa do

xx, l. 1, 3 tiocfaḋ, P, M. l. 3 a ċroḃaċt, M; an ċroḃaċt, P. xxi, l. 2 ná ḋeaċaiḋ, P. l. 4 ná, P, M. xxiii, l. 1 Ċoinġculainn, M.
[C.] [a] náil, P. [b] ṗarraiḋ, P. [c] táirniġ, P; táirniġ, M.

[1] Brian, king of Ireland, A.D. 1001–1014, from whom Dominick was descended through his mother, Mór ní Bhriain.

[2] Connlaech was son of Cú Chulainn and Scathach, the famous military tutoress

XX

Then like surging billows cometh Brian's[1] spirit
To subdue the haughty,
Cometh steadfast courage and pride of valour subtle
From the arm-skilled hero.

XXI

Hardship unfamiliar should she then discover,
Not yet by her encountered;
Let her not by coldness, in doing and enduring,
Try to shun her trouble.

XXII

Many other valleys, likewise, have been plundered,
Wounding unforbidden;
To strike across that frontier is no cause for scruple,
Plentiful its profits.

XXIII

The exploit of Cú Chulainn with his gapped spear, famous
For its feats of frenzy,
Leaveth in this country no trace of fatal wounding,
Since the fall of Connlæch.[2]

XXIV

It left a weighty burthen of certain magic virtues,
After he was wounded;
Hence it is at present of the pain it causeth
The pleasantest physician:—

[C.] Moreover,[3] a pleasant and high-minded physician, whose name was Cathal Ó Céin, was once upon a time luckily sent by God to Mac Eochadha. Now the state Mac Eochadha was in at that time was as follows:—He had broken one of his legs, and had been confined for a year and a quarter and a month to his bed, without a change, and the leading physicians of the whole of the Ultonian province had been in attendance upon him, but all their labour had been in vain, for they

in the island of Skye. On his return to Ireland he engaged in a fight with Cú Chulainn, whom he did not recognize, and was by him unwittingly killed on the shore near Dundalk. The original story in verse was published in Miss Bourke's Reliques of Irish Poetry.

[3] I have not met with the following story elsewhere.

leiġeap. Ðo laḃair mac Ḃoċaða iap pin et ip eaḋ aḋubairt: ip maiṫ an tan pá ḋtáŋgair, a Ċaṫail (ap pé) óip ḋuit atá i nḋán mo ċop ḋo leiġeap, et cpéaḋ í an ċuiṁa ḟirḟir opm ḋá ċionn? Ní ḟirean (ap Caṫal) aċt an leaṫċuma atá ionnat ḋo léiġean ḋíoṫ. Cá leaṫċuma pin (ap mac Ḃoċaða). Ip ġnáṫ leatpa (ap Caṫal) tpí ḋeoċa ḋ'ól pul n-iḃe aon ḋuine ḋá mbí i t'ṫappaḋ[a] aon ḋeoċ, et ḋá léiġe tú pin ḋíoṫ, leiġirḟiḋ[b] mipe ḋo ċop, et muna ġcoiṁlíona tú ḋo ġeallaṁain ḋam, bṙirḟiḋ me ḋo ḋá ċoiṙ apíṙ et ní leiġirḟiḋíṙ leaġa na Ḃṙianṅ[c] tu, ġioḃ iaḃ ḋo ċuirḟeaḋ ceiṫṙe[d] copa[e] na caoraċ finne fán ġcaoire nḋuiḃ. Ġurab uime pin tuġ mac Ḃoċaða a ṁallaċt ḋon té ḋo ḋéanaḋ leaṫċuma na ḋiġe ap ḋuine ap biṫ ġo bráṫ et fóṙ ḋo[f] ṫeaġairc ġan áiṁṙéir an té ḋ'ḟéaḋaḋ[g] cneariuġaḋ na ġcṙéaċt ġcorrparḋa ḋo ḋéanaṁ, et ó atá an tṙeanriaġail péarúnta pin pir ní ḟaicim fáṫ ó an óiġríoġain atá i mbaoġal ḋon ċur ro ġan óiġréir a ḟirigiḋe féin ḋo ḋéanaṁ, mar ip fearr ḟéaḋfar:—

XXV

Ḟéaḋaiḋ Ainír[1] inġean Anna
inniolL a croċa
pir na hioṁnaiḃ ip ḋual ḋ'ḟulanġ,
ní ḋuar ġoċa.

XXVI

Ó atá i nḋán ḋon ḟaoiliinn ionṁuin
uiḋ ap aṙmġoil,
creanaḋ a ġnúir ġlé ġan ġairġe
ré ġo honġḃuiḋ.

XXVII

Ḋeirm ré hAiġnéir máṙ blar béarla
ġan bar rcáṫa
ḋo ċur ap ċluain ḋo ċeap léṫa
na rearc ráṫa:—

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[a] ḟarraiḋ, P. [b] léiġiriḋ, P, M. [c] Ḃṙionṅ, P, M. [d] ċeiṫṙe, M. [e] ċopa, P. [f] ḋo *om.* P. [g] Ḃṙéaḋraḋ, P.

[1] Ainís seems an Irish adaptation of Agnes (cf. R. xxvii), the name by which Ughna was known in English.

succeeded not in curing Mac Eochadha's leg. Thereupon Mac Eochadha spake and said: "'Tis a lucky moment, O Cathal, that thou hast come," quoth he, "for it is thou who art destined to cure my leg, and tell me, what is the fee for which thou wilt cure it?" "I shall only ask of thee one thing," says Cathal, "and that is, to give up that unfair dealing which thou practisest:" "What unfair dealing is that?" quoth Mac Eochadha. "Thou art accustomed," says Cathal, "to drink three drinks, before any one of those in thy company has time to drink one drink, and if thou give up that, I will cure thy leg, but if thou do not fulfil thy promise to me, I shall come and break thy two legs, and all the physicians of the Fenians would not be able to cure thee, though it is they who would take the four legs of a white sheep and put them on a black sheep."

That is the reason why Mac Eochadha pronounced his curse upon any person whoever dealt unfairly with anyone in the matter of drink, and besides this is the way in which he taught us never to disobey the person who is able to perform the cure of our bodily ills. Now, since there is that reasonable old rule to that effect, I do not see any reason why the young queen, who alone runs a risk on this present occasion, should not yield implicit obedience to her own physician, as best she may:—

XXV

Ainís,[1] Anna's daughter, may now begin preparing
All her charming beauty
To meet the painful labours, by law of nature suffered,
Auguring no sorrow.

XXVI

Since the darling seamew hath by fate been destined
To advance to arm-strife,
Let her turn serenely her face without reluctance
To it opportunely.

XXVII

I now say to Agnes, though that smacks of English,[2]
That she let no shyness
Hinder ways beguiling by the law established
Of fond loves' satiation:—

[2] See preceding note.

[D.] Ɛᴛ ṙáṫ ıonȝantaċ ðo ıṫeaḋ baoðán boinnleaṫaın .ı. marᴛ 'ran mbéıle, eᴛ an ᴛan ðo ċuıp Molaıre ðo ḃreıṫ n-aıṫrıȝe ar Ċolum Ċılle Éıre ð'ṗáȝḃáıl ba haṫlaoċ áṁnearᴛ-ṁar éaðᴛreoraċ an baoðán ro, ⁊ ðo ċuaıð le Colum Cılle ı n-Albaın. Lá n-aon ðá raıḃ an naoṁċléıreaċ a hıonnṁur a ṁóruṁlaċᴛa aȝ ollṁuȝaḋ rroınne ðon ṁeıṫıl ðo ḃí aȝ buaın arṗa na manaċ ⁊ ȝan ına ṗarraḋ[a] aċᴛ an ᴛ-aṫlaoċ ð'ṗıarraıȝ an cléıreaċ ðe, créaḋ ba ráṫ ðo an ᴛan ba hóȝlaoċ é. Aðuḃaırᴛrıon ȝo n-ıṫeaḋ marᴛ ran mbéıle. Maıreaḋ (ar Colum Cılle) ıᴩ ðóıȝ naċ ruaraıᴩ rrcınn aoınḃéıle ı mbliaðaın ann ro. Aċᴛ ċeana ðo ḃá marᴛ ȝo nuaċaoın[b] ıᴩ an ȝcoıre aȝ á ḃruıṫ ðon ṁeıṫıl eᴛ ᴛoırḃıreaᴩ Colum Cılle ȝo huıle ðon aṫlaoċ é, ȝo náᴩ ṗáȝaıḃ ráṫ an ċorrṁíl ȝan ıṫeaḋ ðe aċᴛ a ċnáṁa. Cruınnıȝeaᴩ an cléıreaċ na cnáṁa ⁊ canaᴩ naoṁóráıð ór a ȝcıonn eᴛ cuıreaᴩ ıᴩ an ȝcoıre ȝcéaðna ıaḋ. Coṁ luaṫ ᴩın ⁊ ȝıolla aȝ ᴛeaċᴛ ón meıṫıl ðá ṗıarraıȝe an bá huᴩlaṁ a bᴩᴩoınn. Ṗéaċ leaᴛ (ar an cléıreaċ). Ð'ṗeaċ ⁊ ıᴩ aṁlaıð[c] ṗuaıᴩ na cnáṁa ðo cuıreaḋ cᴩeıðmṫe cᴩeaᴛlom ıᴩ an ȝcoıre[d] ṗá ḋᴩomualaċ ṗeola eᴛ ᴩoᴩᴩaṫar[e] aȝ ᴛeaċᴛ ar, ıonnuᴩ ȝuᴩ bıaṫaḋ an ṁeıṫeal[f] ⁊ na manaıȝ ȝo ráᴩᴛa ðíoḃ. Ɛᴛ ṗór nír holc ðo ċuaıð ðon ḋᴩonnlaoċ Colum Cılle ðo ᵹíne a láıṁe ðo, óıᴩ ð'ıonnarb an lon[g] cᴩaoıᴩ ar a ċlıaḃ ıonnuᴩ naċ ıṫeaḋ ráṫ mıc míᴩa ð'aonḟᴩoınn ó ᵹın ȝo ham a éaȝa, mar náᴩ an[h] aıᴩc ná ampla íoᴛa ná anṁıan ann ð'éıᴩ láıṁe an naoıṁċléıreaȝ ðo ᵹíne ðó, eᴛ ṗór níoᴩ luȝaıðe ṗeoıl ná ᴩoᴩᴩaṫar na ȝcnáṁ ṗéaṁráıðᴛe[i] a ðᴛuȝaḋ ðíoḃ ᴛré oıneaċ ðon aṫlaoċ. Ɛᴛ ıᴩ mar

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[D.] [a] ḟarraıð, P. [b] ȝon uaċaoın, M, P. [c] aṁla, P, M. [d] ccuıre, M. [e] ḟorḟaıᴩ, M. [f] ṁeıṫċıol, P. [g] lón, P; lon, M. [h] ḟan, P. [i] reıṁráıðᴛe, M, P.

[1] The following story is narrated at length and in very similar language by Maghnus Ó Domhnaill, prince of Tír Chonaill, in his Irish Life of St. Colm Cille. As the original has not yet been published, a Latin version can be consulted in Colgan's Trias Thaumaturga, p. 411.

[2] He is called Moelumha filius Baedain, veteranus et emeritus miles, qui genus suum ab Eugenio Nielli filio ducebat, Colgan, l.c.

[3] In Colgan's translation, in three places, the animal is called by mistake *ovem* and *ove*, the correct rendering, *bove*, occurring only once.

[4] St. Molaise mac Nadfraich, abbot of Daimhinis, Devenish, in Loch Erne, whose death is recorded by the Four Masters under the year 563.

[D.] And[1] astounding was the satiation which Bædán[2] Boinnleathan (i.e. Bædan the broad-soled) was accustomed to, viz. an ox[3] at a meal, and at the time when Molaise[4] imposed the penance of exile from Erin[5] on Colum Cille, the aforesaid Bædán was a feeble, decrepit old man,[6] but, all the same, he went with Colum Cille to Alba [Scotland]. One day when the holy cleric [i.e. Colum Cille], in the excess of his great humility, was preparing dinner for the band of reapers who were mowing the monks' corn, and when there was no one near him but the old man, he [Colum Cille] asked him [Bædan], how much it used to take to satiate him when he was a vigorous youth. He replied that he used to eat an ox at a meal. "Well, then," quoth Colum Cille, "I am sure thou hast not got one full meal in a whole year's dinners in this place."[7] Howbeit, there happened to be an ox, fresh and tender, in the caldron, being boiled for the band of reapers, and Colum Cille offered the whole of it to the old man, with the result that, with the exception of the bones, he did not leave as much of it uneaten as would have satiated a midge. The cleric collected the bones, and recited a holy prayer over them, and then put them back into the same caldron as before. No sooner had he done so than a messenger came from the band of reapers to find out if the dinner was ready for them. "Take a look thyself," said the cleric. He looked, and this is what he found: the bones which had been put into the caldron, gnawed clean and picked bare, were now covered over by an enormous load of flesh, with fat and grease oozing out of it, whence it came to pass that both mowers and monks were feasted to their complete satisfaction thereon. Moreover, the decrepit old man fared not ill from Colum Cille's having raised his hand over him, for he [Colum Cille] banished the demon of gluttony from his [Bædan's] breast, so that from that moment till the hour of his death he used not to eat at any one meal as much as would do a child a

[5] For a full discussion of this penance, said by O'Donnell and others to have been the cause of St. Colum Cille's undertaking the mission to Scotland, but which is passed over in silence by St. Adamnan in his Life of St. Colum Cille; vid. Reeves, Adamnan, pp. 247–255.

[6] Aṫlaoċ, literally an ex-layman, that is a layman who entered a monastery generally late in life, and as a lay brother. Colgan renders the word *veteranus miles* and *senex*. Perhaps the nearest Latin word would be *conversus* in its monastic signification.

[7] The monastery of Iona.

ṗin ᵹéabaṗ an ᴄ-óiᵹṗeaṗ uaṗal uṗṗúnᴄaṗa .i. Ḋoiminic ḋe Róiṗᴄe ᴄola ⁊ ᴄṗomualaċ ᴄoice eᴄ ᴄṗéanḃonáiᵹ i ḃṗolaṁ ᵹaċa haiṗce eallaiᵹ nó éaḋaiᵹ nó ionnṁuṗa ḋá ḋᴄiuḃṗaiḃ uaiḃ a loṗ oiniᵹ eᴄ eanᵹnaṁa.[a] Ḃᴄ ṗóṗ ní bá holc éiṗeoċaṗ ḋ'aoinneaċ ḋá nḋeáṗlaicṗe ní, óiṗ ní anṗaḃ ceaṗaċᴄ i ᵹclériṗeaċ ná éaᵹnaċ i n-ollaṁ, ᴄṗaoṗ i ᵹceaṗṗḃaċ ná ᵹṗuaim i nᵹeocaċ, aiṗc i n-aċlaoċ ná amuiḋe i n-óinṗiᵹ, ṗuċal i ḃṗualán ná ampla i n-éiḋᴄṗeoṗaċ, aċᴄ biaiḋ ṗoiṗḃ ṗoiḋíola ḋ'éiṗ a ḋeaᵹláiṁe, óiṗ ní anṗa éinṗéiṫ ainṁéinne ionnᴄa aṁail náṗ an ᴄṗaoṗ ná cuċaċ ná ᴄíocṗaṗ i nᵹaiṗḃniaḋaiḃ na Noṗueᵹia ċum na hÉiṗeann ón ᴄṗáṫ ṗáṗ ṗínṗiuḋ na ṗaoṗᴄoḋnaiᵹ, ó aṗ ċinn ḋo ċaoiḃ a ḋeaᵹṁáċaṗ, a láṁa laoċḋa láṅᴄalma ḋóiḃ :—

XXVIII

Láṁ ᵹo ᵹualainn i nᵹleo Loċlann
ṗáṗ lia leaṫᴄṗom
ᴄuᵹṗaḋ ṗínṗiṗ an ḋoinn ḋaṫċaoin,
náṗ ċoill ceaṗᴄóll.

XXIX

Ḋuᵹ Ḃṗian ṗuaṁ na ṗuaċaṗ ᵹeṗóḋa
cuaṗḋaiḃ ᴄiana,
ᴄaṗ ṗṗuiṫ ṗoiṗ ᵹuṗ leaċ a líonᴄa,
meaċ níoṗ ṗiaḋa.

XXX

Iomḋa uaiḃ ᵹo haċaiṗ Ḭlóiṗe
Macṗlaiṫ ᵹṗíoḃḃa,
ḋo ᵹaḃ ceannaṗ an ṗoinn uaine
ᵹan cuinᵹ mbíoḋḃa.

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[a] eaᵹnaṁa, P. XXIX, l. 2 cuaṗḋ< . . . >, M.

[1] Here follows a list of the orders or classes who looked to the nobles and gentry for support. The cléireach or clerk was a *littérateur*, usually a poet.

[2] See p. 15, note [2].

[3] See p. 97, note [3].

[4] The geocach was a travelling juggler or showman.

[5] Old man: aċlaoċ, for which vide p. 107, note [6].

[6] The Danes and Norwegians, who were finally defeated by King Brian—from whom Dominick was descended maternally—at Clontarf, on Good Friday, 23rd April, 1014.

[7] Hazel: chieftain or lord.

[8] Brian Ruadh, ancestor of the O'Brien's of Ara, in the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, was son of Conchobar na Siudaine. Brian Ruadh, who was eighth in descent from King Brian, was killed at the castle of Bunratty by Thomas le Clare.

month old, for neither voracity nor ravenousness, thirst nor inordinate desire remained in him after the hand of the holy cleric had been raised over him; and besides, neither the flesh nor the fat of the aforesaid bones was in any way lessened by what had been given to the old man in a spirit of hospitable charity. And, similarly, this noble and admirable youth, Dominick de Róiste [Roche], will get an enormous quantity and all he can desire of wealth and riches and resources to fill the void caused by every gift of cattle, or raiment, or riches, which he will ever give away in a spirit of hospitality and generosity; and moreover, no one to whom he will ever grant anything will ever fare ill, for there will not remain a complaint in a clerk,[1] nor a grumble in an ollamh,[2] gluttony in a cearrbhach,[3] nor a frown on a geocach,[4] hunger in an old man,[5] nor folly in a fool, silliness in a simpleton, nor craving in an invalid, but they will all be happy and contented after the charity of his kind hand; for there will not remain a single sinew of disorderly desire in any of them, just as neither ravenousness, nor rage, nor rapacity remained in the rough champions of Norvegia[6] towards Erin from the time when the noble chieftains, from whom he hath sprung on his mother's side, stretched forth their valiant, warlike hands against them:—

XXVIII

Wrestling hand to shoulder in strife against the Norsemen,
Tyrannical oppressors,
Fought the ancient fathers of the soft-hued chieftain,
Who spoiled no righteous hazel.[7]

XXIX

So did ruddy Brian[8] of the bloody routings
Go on distant ventures,
Till o'er the river[9] eastwards he spread his mustered levies,
Knowing failure never.

XXX

Since him have been many youthful griffin princes
Down to Mór's[10] dear father,
Who maintained the lordship of this green-clad country
Free from yoke of foemen.

[9] The Shannon.

[10] Mór ní Bhriain, mother of Dominick Roche, was of the family of the O'Briens of Ara.

XXXI

Leanfa Ðoimnic lorg na lonnran
a lor máċar
'r i leiċ aċar rian na Róirceaċ,
fiann go ngnáċgal.

XXXII

Tiocfaið feaðga na rann mórra,
rann mall meaðraċ,
cuirfið a ċlú i gcéin ór árðaiþ,
géim þar greaðnaċ :—

[E.] Et an Ġreaðnaċ glairín glanfuar glionnðraċ iri ata ag rnigeᵃ ré rliorðruaċaiþ Ðaile an ġarrðaᵇ ó gConaill ó an am fár rcaoil Mog ruiċ rí na nðruað an glar ginnchiðe ðo ġorm-linncib Leiċe Moga, 7 ðo lean an forainm greanmarᶜ rin ðon glairín ro ón am rin anall go haimrir Ċarcaoin Óðuil ðo ġaðáil flaċair 7 forlamair an baile réamráiðe, 7 ðo bíoð an rruċáinín ruarað rin ðo ġréarᵈ ag frièionnlacað feoir 7 fíoðða 7 fíoruirce ðá connógaiþ torċaċa caoðuaine ðo ðaoiniþ 7 ðo ċeaċraiþ a caoiniċeannrar gan ċrorcáil, et fór ir mór ð'fogṅaþ a biolar billeogaċ bláċúr et a foċlaċta feaðánaċ fíorþog ar ðoċcánaiþ a bruaċ gaċa cruaiðbliaðain, giðeað ir eagal go ðtiocfa ðá þfuil ð'iongantar innrleaċta 7 ð'arfraċtar acfuinne 7 ð'éagramlaċt ealaðan ag an gcarcaoin ðá ċaiċiom fé geappað a grinnill 7 fé hionnarbað a húirе fé rcannraþ a rcáċbruaċ 7 fé forcaþ a fuairfreaþ i n-agaiþ a nðúċċair ag á gcruinniogaðinna gcnocánaiþ cruinne criaðamla

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xxxi, l. 4 rian go ngnáċgail, P. xxxii, l. 1 tiocfa, P.

[E.] ᵃ rnígе, P, M. ᵇ garraoi, P, M. ᶜ an f. g., P. ᵈ *om.* P; greap, M.

[1] Jordan Roche, for whom vid. supra, p. 89. The Roches of Limerick claimed kinship with the Fermoy family. Cf. R. xxxviii.

[2] That is, races or families.

[3] Pronounced Grinagh.

[4] Ballingarry, a town in the barony of Connello Upper, co. Limerick. For Uí Chonaill, vid. supra, p. 96, n. [1].

[5] Mogh Ruith, the great Munster druid, who worsted the druids of King Cormac mac Airt at the siege of Druim Damhghaire, Knocklong, in co. Limerick. He is said to have studied under Simon Magus himself, in spite of the fact that Mogh Ruith flourished a century and a half later than Simon. For some account

XXXI

Dominick will follow the footsteps of those gallants
Of his mother's kindred
And the Roche's traces, kinsmen of his father,[1]
Ever warlike heroes.

XXXII

Thus will come the vigour of those grand divisions,[2]
Calm and cheering bulwark,
And raise his reputation far above the highest—
Joyful cry of triumph:—

[E.] Now the Greadhnach[3] [the Joyful] is a clear, cool, sprightly streamlet, which flows by the sloping sides of Baile an Gharrdha, in Uí Chonaill,[4] since the time when Mogh Ruith,[5] king of the druids, opened the magic lock, which had been on the azure waters of Leath Mogha,[6] and that pleasant nickname hath cleaved to this streamlet from that time down to the time when Captain Odell[7] succeeded to the sovereignty and chieftaincy of the aforesaid town, and that diminutive little brook used to be continually ministering grass and branches and spring-water from its fertilizing green-sided wavelets to the people and the cattle of that charming region, without hindrance or restraint; and, moreover, great were the benefits which its leafy, fresh, flowery watercresses, and its soft, hollow, reed-like water parsnips used to confer every hard year upon the poor along its banks, yet it is to be feared that all the wonderful genius, and all the resourceful energy, and all the scientific ingenuity, which the Captain possesses, will come and expend themselves upon narrowing its bed, and removing its limpidity, and startling its shady banks, and damming up its cooling streams against their natural tendency, thus collecting

of his art and his exploits, vid. O'Curry, Manners and Customs, vol. II, pp. 213–215, 278–282.

[6] The southern half of Ireland: vid. supra, p. 43, n. [9], and p. 56, n. [1].

[7] Odell: The Odells came into possession of large properties around Ballingarry at some time during the seventeenth century. Who the Captain Odell referred to here is I do not know for certain. John Odell was captain of a force of militia and dragoons posted at Athlacca, some four miles south of Croom, during the second siege of Limerick, 1691. Among the sixty-eight gentlemen of the county and city of Limerick attainted in King James's Parliament was Charles Odell of Castletownmaciniry, gent. The account of the family of Odell of Ballingarry, preserved in the Smith Mss. of the Royal Irish Academy, relates to the eighteenth century.

7 inna loċaiḃ luċtmara lánmóra ag beaċuġaḋ n-anmann n-anaiṫniḋ,[a] naċ biaiḋ rí don pobal comṫoiṫċeann com tarḃaċ 7 do ḃí rí riam, muna lingiḋ longa náiḋ luaċḃairc le torċur-ċaiḃ troma táiḋḃreaċa[b] éigin a tíorċaiḃ imḋiana do foċar na hárḋoirḃre[c] ri, ní naċ raoiltear :—

XXXIII

Amail lingris go dún Doimnic
dúil naċ dearmaiḋ
teaċt don Driandúil uarail fuirmġlic
d'fuarcail deargḃruiḋ.

XXXIV

Lingriḋ luaċḃairc rá na reoltaiḃ
ar rruiṫ Sionna
ruar le fíontaiḃ go mac Móire
nár ġlac mionna.

XXXV

Fíon ná feolmaċ dá ria a baile
gan a mbronnaḋ,
doċaiḋe liom é fé ana
a ċlé re Cromaḋ :—

[F.] Et Cromaḋ[a] féin rrréaḃailtín rrriunnlaiġṫe[b] atá ar ḃruaċ na Máiġe eirean, et ní briġmar beoir an ḃailtín rin aċt go geluimim gur flaċtmar reannda roḋla ag miniṫir maiṫ an ḃaile í. Giḋeaḋ ní hionmain liomra an ḃiotáille rin, atá d'olcur féaḋaim mo ċeanga[c] do ċuiḃriġaḋ doċum an ġaillḃéarla do laḃairt go líomṫa, gurab dom leiṫ ċlí fáġḃaim[d] teaġlaċ an traġairt rin gaċ uair ġaḃaim ina ġoire :—

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xxxv, l. 2 brionna, P, M. l. 4 Croma, P, M.
[a] anaiṫniḋ, P, M. [b] táiḋḃreaċa, P, M. [c] na hoirbre, P.
[F.] [a] Croma, P, M. [b] rrriunnlaiṫe, P, M. [c] ċeangaḋ, P, M. [d] fáġḃaim, M.

[1] Dún Doiminic, Dominick's Castle, here referred to, seems not to be Newcastle, his father's castle near Limerick city, or Cahiravahilla, some three miles west of Limerick, but rather some castle situated in the neighbourhood of Tarbert, co. Kerry, just on the borders of co. Limerick. The title said to have been

them in round, loamy mounds and extensive, capacious reservoirs, to feed weird forms of life, with the consequence that it will not be as free, and as common, and as profitable to all the people in general as it hath been hitherto, unless ships or swift barks hasten across the main with valuable, rare, and special commodities from far foreign lands for the success of this great undertaking—a thing which is not likely :—

XXXIII

Like as they will hasten unto Dominick's castle[1]
With unforgetting yearning,
Will come the blood of Brian, finely formed and noble,
To free from bleeding thraldom.

XXXIV

Then will speed the schooners under full sail flying
Up the stream of Shannon
With rich wines heavy laden for Mór's[2] son, who rejected
Every false oath offered.

XXXV

If any wine or fleshmeat ever reach his homestead
And not be freely lavished,
I think he would more likely secure success by leaving
Cromadh[3] on his left-hand :—

[F.] Now Cromadh itself is a miserly, scattered, little town, which is situated on the banks of the Máigh,[4] and the beer of that village has no strength in it, except, indeed, that I hear that the good minister of the place has a fine old brew which is delightful to drink. However, I do not fancy that beer, such is the difficulty which I experience in endeavouring to fetter my tongue for fluent speech in the language of the foreigner, so that I always leave that manse on my left hand every time I go near it :—

---

conferred on Dominick Roche by James II is Baron Tarbert and Viscount Cahiravahilla.

[2] Mór ní Bhriain, of the O'Briens of Ara, was, as already stated, the mother of Dominick Roche.

[3] Cromadh, Croom, a town in the barony of Coshma, co. Limerick.

[4] Máigh, the river Maigue, which rises near Charleville, and flows northwards through the county of Limerick, which it divides into two parts, almost equal.

XXXVI

Ȝoipe ð' Eoðaill ionná ð' Ápuinn
imip iapðaið
ðoȝeiþ laoð tap leap i Lonndain
bean ȝan tiapað.

XXXVII

Níop iapp Ðoimnic ðul ðo ȝaillðpeiþ,
ȝlic nað ȝéimeann,
iomða banóȝ ȝan ðíð ðeiȝbeapt
i ȝcpíð Éipeann.

XXXVIII

Iomða bíocunt i ðtpeap tpomða,
náp ðeib tóippeað,
ðá ðine péin ðo ppíð píoðmap
uim ðpíð Róipteað.

XXXIX

Ȝé táið ð'innine an óȝáin úipȝil
póðáin áille
i nȝlacaiþ ȝall ð'þeaptaiþ póppa
i mbeaptaiþ báipe.

XL

Tá ó an niaðplait ðo nóp tíre,
ȝá teo tuaðal,
popba ðoptað þaippinȝ þéapȝlap
aiplinȝ uaðmap.

XXXVI, l. 2 iapðað, P. XXXVII, l. 1 iap, P, M. l. 2 ȝlec, P. XXXVIII, l. 2 tóippbeac, P, M.

[1] The meaning of these lines is: that in London, which city is nearer to Youghal than it is to the Aran Islands in Galway Bay, any Irish nobleman, like Dominick Roche, could, if he wished, find without any difficulty plenty of foreign —that is, English—women anxious to marry him, but that he wisely preferred to marry an Irish girl.

XXXVI

Nearer unto Eochaill than to Aran island
In the western ocean,
A warrior can find him o'er the sea in London
A wife without a breeching.[1]

XXXVII

But Dominick would never go to seek an alien,
Wisely grief escaping;
Many little maidens with faultless manners flourish
In the land of Erin;

XXXVIII

Many noble viscounts, powerful in battle,
In scornful rout unflinching,
Of his tribe and nation, who proved their daring fierceness,
Defending Roche's country.[2]

XXXIX

Although of the possessions of the fair young noble
Lands of charming beauty
Are held in grasp of aliens,[3] by dint of ruthless power,
Won by tricks of warfare.

XL

The knightly wand[4] is robbed of enough to form a nation,
What wrong could be more cruel!
Inheritance extensive, grass-green fields productive,
Awe-inspiring vision!

---

[2] Críoch Róisteach, or Roche's country, was the territory now comprehended in the barony of Fermoy, co. Cork. The two Triocha Céd of Fer Moighe are said to have been given to Mogh Ruith (vid. supra, p. 110, note [5]) by Fiacha Muilleathan, king of Munster (vid. Fr. Hogan, Onomasticon, sub voce Crích Róisteach). The Viscounty of Fermoy has been extinct for over a century, and though the exact relationship is not certain, the Roches of Limerick claimed connexion with them, as is evident from the present text as well as from other sources.

[3] The estates of Jordan Roche and his son, Dominick, were confiscated under Cromwell.

[4] Dominick Roche.

XLI

Iomḋa maḡ ir móin ir maoilinn
monḡ ir maolror
uarán loċa linn ir luaċair
cill ir craoḃḋor :

XLII

Iomḋa luḃḡorc iomárḋ aḃlaċ
ionnḟuar aoiḃinn
ir cráċt éircear gan leon lúċa
ceol ó ḟaoilinn :

XLIII

Iomḋa cairleán beannaċ bláiṫḡeal
broc ir baoṫḋaṁ
Éiḡne ballaċ corc ir craḋna
molt ir méiṫṁarc :

XLIV

I nḡorc gealltа an ġille ḋéiḋġil,
ḋia ḋá ċoṁall,
ir mór ḋtreaḃḋaċ ṗá ċriar Uḡna
ḃiar aḡ ḟoḡnaṁ. Amen.

XLV

Máṙ a leaṫċluain liḃṙe an laoiḋṙi
linne ir iomḋa
ḋ'álgur ḋeaḡḃeart an ċuain ċeannra
naċ cuar ḋíomḋa.

XLII. This rann *om.* P. XLIII, l. 3 crágna, P, M. XLV. The following two ranns, entitled Ṗreagra an anma ⁊ a ċuirp, come on the next page of C, between this poem and another of Ó Bruadair's Cuirreaḋ cluain. They are evidently not by Ó Bruadair, and are given here because they are referred to in the introduction to poem No. XI, Ní beo Éire, q. v.

An Copp: A ċnú ċlirce réiṁ ra rúin ġil mo ċléiḃ
an ḃraice cú me anoir do compánaċ
ba ċuṁra do ḃéal ba múince do ṁéin
ir ḋuḃaċ liom ḃeiṫ ic éagmair 'r ir ḋoláraċ.

An t-Anam: A ċrúiḋ liorḋa ḃaoṫ gan ionnra ḋon ċéill
rúgraim ḋon ḋaol cu go lá an ḃráṫa
do ġnúir ir do ċraor ir cionntaċ leam ṗéin
ní ḋuḃaċ liom do ċréigin a ċioránaiġ. Finir.

XLI

Many plains and boglands, many bleak, bare mountains,
Moors and treeless headlands,
Lakes of cooling water, pools and rushy places,
Churches, branching bushes,

XLII

Many fertile gardens, stately apple orchards,
Pleasant and refreshing,
Many tracts, which listen without a strain or effort
To the seagull's music,

XLIII

Many towered castles, fair as blooming flowers,
Badgers, witless oxen,
Many spotted salmon, many boars and landrails,
Wethers, fattened bullocks

XLIV

Form the pledged possession of the white-toothed owner—
God secure it ever!
Many too the tribesmen under sway of Ughna,
Who will serve her faithful. Amen.

XLV

Should to you these verses seem a cluain[1] imperfect,
I think them sufficient
By the courteous favour of this kind assembly,
Which showeth no displeasure.[2]

---

[1] Cluain: vid. supra, p. 93, note [1].

[2] The two ranns, given in the note on the preceding page, form portion of a dialogue between the soul and the body, and may be translated as follows:—

The Body: O subtle, artful dear, bright secret of my breast,
Dost thou see me now thy fond companion?
Fragrant were thy lips, and gentle was thy mind;
'Tis dark and sad for me to be without thee.

The Soul: O silly, tedious wretch, without an ounce of sense,
I doom thee to the worm till day of judgment;
Thy beauty and thy greed are guilty of my pain;
It is not sad for me to leave thee, tyrant.

xi.—Ní beo éire

[Mss.: Murphy i (m); R.I.A. 23 C 26 (C), 23 H 15 (H); 23 G 24 (G); Stowe F vi 2 (F). Headings: Dáibi ó bruadair cct. (H) don mac Cárthaig (m, G); an rgríbneoir annra ag breagra don té adubairt gur maith b'Eirinn do bí beo tar éis Donnchaid do chaochlod (C). These words of C, unless slavishly copied by the scribe from a Ms. of David Ó Bruadair's, would prove that the section in which this poem occurs—viz. pp. 51–60, and which belongs to a different Ms, though now bound up in C—is in the handwriting of the author of the poem. The contents of this section seem to point to the same fact, as they are almost exclusively poems of David's. But there is a difficulty against accepting this conclusion. On page 60 of C there are a few lines of an anonymous dialogue between the soul and the body, inscribed Breagra an anma agus a chuirp, and beginning Cnúd clurte reib ra run gil mo chléib, vid. supra, p. 116, note xlv. The lines with some variations form lines 1–4 and 9–12 of a longer poem, beginning A dhuine cailce chléib ar a miuin geil na naod, which is introduced as follows in 23 H 15, p. 119: Iomrgaramhuin an chuirp agus an anama: Eogan an méirín agus Uilliam ruad mac Coitir cecinerunt. If these two poets did not merely incorporate in their joint production and develop these earlier verses, this section C must have been written considerably later than the time of David Ó Bruadair. For Uilliam ruad was head of the Munster Bardic School from the death of Uilliam an Dúna, in 1724, till his own death in 1738 (vid. Tadg ó Donnchadha: Dánta Seáin uí Murchadha na Ráitíneach, pp. xxii, xxiii; Gaelic League, Dublin, 1907). The title in C

I

Ní beo Éire tar éis Donnchaid,
doilig marthain d'aoin mar í,
thread na n-aolchloch ndruineach ndualaid
aonloch uile ir uaibair í.

II

D'aithle Chorbmaic ní cúir machtnaimh
meanma an macaoimh do beith fann,
codnach cruaid a clú do chornaimh,
dochuaid cú na gcorcar ann.

I, l. 2 beatha daon, G; beatha daoin, m; marthain, C. l. 3 ndruimneach, m, G; ndualach, C; ndual-, m, G. l. 4 ionnloc, G; ionnl-, m. II, l. 1 Chormuic, m, G; machtnam, m, G. l. 3 a chlú, m, G.

XI.—ERIN LIVES NOT AFTER DONOGH

explains also the opening words of the poem. Some one had said that it was sad for Erin to be alive after Donnchadh had died, whereupon David replies that Erin has died in his death, for her life now does not deserve the name of life. The poem, then, is a lament on the state of Erin after the deaths of Donogh and Cormac MacCarthy. The reference is to Donogh MacCarthy, Lord Muskerry, who took an active part in the eleven years' war in Ireland, 1641–1652. He surrendered Ross Castle to Ludlow on the 27th of June, 1652; and after having been created Earl of Clancarty by Charles II in 1658, died, aged seventy-one years, in London, in August, 1665. His son Cormac (R. II.), called Lord Muskerry, was killed, at the age of thirty-one, in a naval battle off Harwich, between James, Duke of York, and the Dutch, in June, 1665; and his body was interred in Westminster Abbey. The poem will thus have been written shortly after those events.

The metre of Rr. I–V is Séadhadh mór, otherwise called Séadhadh, of which the scheme is $2\ (8^2 + 7^1)^{2+4}$, i.e. the first and third lines are octosyllabic with disyllabic endings, the second and fourth lines are heptasyllabic with monosyllabic endings, the latter rhyming together. In the last leathrann or couplet of each rann the last word of the third line rhymes internally with a word in the fourth line; and usually there are two other similar rhymes between words of the third and fourth lines. The last rann of the poem is Aithdán, thus:

– a – á – á – i – ua –.]

I

Erin lives not after Donogh[1];
Sad is life to one like her;
Home of white forts leaf-embroidered,
Pool of sin and pride is she.

II

After Cormac's[2] loss no wonder
The maiden's[3] mind should now be faint,—
Champion stern to guard her honour,
Hound of carnage—gone in him!

---

[1] Donogh Mac Carthy, first Earl of Clancarty, created 1658 by Charles II; vide Introduction to this poem.

[2] Cormac, al. Charles Mac Carthy, son of Donogh, first Earl of Clancarty; vide Introduction to this poem.

[3] Erin's.

III

Iomḋa ḋaṁna i ndiaiḋ ar oile
fuair an ḋríoċ ro Ċuirc mar é,
tug a clár gan iṫ gan ana,
fál ar criṫ gan cara a gné.

IV

Ní beo iortaḋ Oiliolla Óluim,
úr ní ḟaicim cuilc í Ċuinn,
móide tnúḋ na tuirre péiri
fún a cuilre ag péiri i fuim.

V

Atṁar oḋrar innri Ċuaċail,
tearc a ḋuille, ḋúr a bláiṫ,
ní ḟuil ḋeoir gan ḋiul 'na ballaiḃ,
beoir a triun le clannaiḃ cáiċ.

VI

Le clannaiḃ cáiċ ḋo cáibleaḋ imir Ċuaċail
gan ċeaḋ ḋon Ċárḋḟuil árdraiḋ ḟuirmuarail,
gaċ flaiṫ ḋon ḟár ḋo ṫáilfeaḋ uirḋe fuarclaiḋ
i bḟearṫaiḃ ḟáir, mo lá, go bḟuil an uair ri.

III, l. 2 ċriċri, C. IV, l. 1 iorḋaġ, C; iorḋaiġ, m, G. l. 2 úir, m; uirr, G; cuilc, m, G. l. 3 tnúṫ, m, G. l. 4 a *om.* before fuim, m. V, l. 1 bláṫ, C. l. 3 bḟuil, m, C. l. 4 cáċ, m, G. VI, l. 1 cáċ, m, G. l. 2 ċárṫḟuil, m; arraiġ, C. l. 3 flaṫ, m, G: flaṫ, C. l. 4 na bḟearṫaiḃ, m, G; fá fíor, *add.* G *in fine.*

[1] Corc, king of Munster, said to have been one of the commission of nine who, in the time of St. Patrick, A.D. 438, revised the native code of laws, and brought them into harmony with the doctrine and organization of the Catholic Church. For reasons to prove that Corc may have been alive in the year 438, and that he may, even though he still remained a pagan, have been one of the commissioners, vide O'Curry, Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish, vol. II, pp. 63 to 68. Tórna Éigeas was the tutor of Corc and of Niall Naoighiallach, king of Ireland, A.D. 379–405, and it was a poem ascribed to him, in which he advised Corc to submit to Niall at Bearnán Éile, which occasioned the celebrated but still

III

Many heirs in long succession
Like to him Corc's[1] land possessed,
Whose death her plain left cornless, wealthless,
Fragile fence and friendless face.

IV

Oilioll Ólom's[2] home is lifeless;
Ó Cuinn's[3] cloak looks not fresh nor green;
With greater envy grief assails her,
When her heart-pulse strains enchant.

V

Tuathal's isle[4] with sickness swollen,
Rare her leaves, her flowers parched,
No drop undrained in all her members,
Her heroes' ale by upstarts[5] quaffed.

VI

To every upstart clan hath Tuathal's isle been cabled,
Despite the ancient Cárrthach-blood[6] so nobly moulded,
That race's chiefs, who would to her redress have yielded,
At present lie, ah me! in graves deserted, helpless.

---

unpublished Iomaṙḃáiḋ na mbárḋ, or Contention of the Bards, in the seventeenth century.

[2] Oilioll Olom, king of Munster, married Sadhbh, daughter of Conn Céadchathach, king of Ireland (A.D. 123–157, Four Masters). He was father of Eoghan Mór, al. Mogh Nuadhat (vide supra, p. 43, n. [9]), and Cormac Cas, ancestors of the Eoghanacht Mumhan and Dál gCais respectively; vide Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 272 et seqq.

[3] Ó Cuinn, grandson of Conn, that is Cormac, king of Ireland (A.D. 227–266, Four Masters), son of Art Aenfhear, king of Ireland (A.D. 166–195, Four Masters), son of Conn Céadchathach, king of Ireland (A.D. 123–157, Four Masters).

[4] Tuathal's isle, Ireland, so called from Tuathal Teachtmhar, king of Ireland (A.D. 76–106, Four Masters).

[5] The Cromwellians.

[6] The MacCarthys, descendants of Cárthach Caisil, for whom vide supra, p. 28, n. [2].

XII.—IONGNAÓ AN IOMAIÓ SI

[Ms. R. I. A. 23 C 25, p. 137 sqq. (C), written by Seaghaltach mac Seaghaltach, 1711. I have not met with any other copy of this poem. Edmond O'Reilly had another copy of it; but the dispersion of his Irish Mss. after his death makes it impossible to trace that Ms., or even to say whether it be still preserved or not. In C the title is simply Dáibhidh ó Bhruadair cct., which statement is confirmed by the poem itself: atá Dubh Chathair gan mheabhal gan mhíthuaimneas: Dáibhidh Deaghdha Dealbh ó Dhíonbhruadair (R. xiv). The poem is a defence of Muiris do Faoit, i.e. Maurice White, a friend of David's (R. xiv), who had been severely attacked in verse by some person here unnamed. The hostile poet seems to have been Seaghan Liatha; for a few pages further on in this same Ms., after an irrelevant poem by Taidhg mac Cárthaigh, is an anonymous poem in defence of the same Maurice White, where the assailant is called Seaghan Liatha.

For the sake of completeness I have added this anonymous poem, as well as two separate ranns bearing on the same subject, one by Domhnall mac Cárthaigh, and the other by Diarmaid mac Cárthaigh, senior. I may note in passing that the rann by Domhnall mac Cárthaigh is interesting, as showing that there was then a bardic court in existence in East Munster, in the seventeenth century, of which David Ó Bruadair may have been a member. From these poems we learn that Maurice White had deserved nothing but respect, ó hongaidh don chill a cáil (R. v); that he had fought bravely and been frequently wounded in the late disastrous wars (R. vi); that he was a skilled musician and harpist, who used to

I

Iongnaidh an iomaidh fi chuimhm ir í 'na gáir
ag fuchaidh nach fidir an bhuilidh nó ar dhídhigh bár
re duine do gheabh i bhfiughaigh nach íseal tárc
ir do hoileadh i n-iomadh do mhídhidh dhuibh fhaidhm ar ceárdh.

II

Ir uafar a chuigfinn gur cuireadaceadh <chím> a gcár
gan fimidhe ghiocair acht fiuchaire ir fuighle fáir,
ir laighde an uireamh ó fhile ar bhith dhighthear dháidh,
le curtha time nach cuirid a gcinn chum cláir.

I, l. 1 [r] iongna. l. 2 bhuilidh. l. 3 a bhfiughaigh supplied by corrector in margin. II, l. 1 some syllable with í is omitted. l. 4 a ccein. II, l. 4 fiulla IV, l. 1 chuadh. l. 4 hinnghinn.

XII.—STRANGE IS THIS ENVIOUS WRANGLING

accompany his playing by the singing of his own lays in a voice equal to that of the best artists (Rr. VII, XVII, XVIII).

David, in his defence of Maurice, tells him not to be troubled at an attack proceeding from such a quarter; for his assailants are but as the swine wallowing in the mire (R. III), and darkness has ever been an enemy of light (R. XI). It is the slanderers who ought to tremble; for if Maurice reply, death will be more tolerable to them than life (R. XIII). Then he concludes by begging that these verses may be acceptable to Maurice, not so much for their poetical skill and musical rhythm as for the good intention and deep affection from which they proceed (R. XIV). I have met with no other references to this Maurice White. There was a Capuchin friar of that name in Clonmel, who came thence and said first mass in the new church, which the Capuchin fathers built and opened in Irishtown, Limerick, in the year 1688. As to the date, the only reference in the poems, which gives us anything definite to argue from, is that to the death of the earl, under whom presumably Maurice White had fought during the wars. This earl was very likely Donnchadh mac Cárthaigh, first Earl of Clancarty, who died August, 1665, shortly after which time this poem may have been written.

All the poems are written in the metre Amhrán, with a variety, however, in the vowel-sequence. In the first portion (Rr. I–XII) of David's poem the metre is rather difficult, owing to the sequence of so many short accented vowels.

Rr. I–XII	ı _ _ ı _ _ ı _ _ í _ a.
Rr. XIII–XIV	_ á _ a _ _ a _ _ í aa _.
Rr. XV–XVII	(_) _ a _ _ _ a _ _ _ _ á aa _.
R. XVIII	(_) a _ ú _ ú _ u _ _ í.
R. XIX	(_) é _ ú _ ú _ u _ _ í.
R. XX	_ ı _ _ ı _ í _ a _ _ a.]

I

Strange is this envious wrangling I hear, which comes loud as a roar
From contemptible wretches, whose lives and whose deaths pass unnoticed by all,
Against one, who begotten and born of a tribe of no lowly repute,
Was fostered and trained in the manifold branches of intricate art.

II

Easy it is understanding how scurvy a plight they are in—
No sparkling of talent or skill, nought but bubbling and empty harangues;
And it lessens still more the respect which a poet should unto them show,
That, enjoying a respite from terror, they put not together their heads.

III

Ir ionġnað ċuiġe naċ cuirið ar fcríbinn fcáċ
'f naċ imirið ġinealaċ finġil a floimnte ar áir,
aċt ionnar na muice fa fionna nár fríċ le fáið,
ulfairt i ġcoinne ġaċ fiolla ðá fínið cáċ.

IV

Ní ċuiġim ġur cuðaið ðo ċurað ðon ċríċ fi a ðtáim
ná ð'inġin urcaraiġ urrain ðo ċraoiþ ġo ġcáil
ná ð'fílið ðo fiċfeað i fliġċiþ na faoiċe fáin
cuimilt fe hinġfeim Muirir ðo Faoit ġo bráċ.

V

Mioċal ðar linne ní ċuillið a ġníoma aċt ġráð,
ġeaþ milir le mioreair ðeiċ fiormaċ fe faoiðeaċt cáiċ,
ir connail ðo ċonġaiþ ó honġaþ ðon ċill a ċáil
'f ir mioċair a ċumann fe cuimniġċe an taoiþ a ðtá.

VI

I n-ionðaiþ imeariċa an ċluiċe tuġ finn ġo tláċ
ba cuarta an tiðeal ðó ċuġaðar taoiriġ fráit,
ir imiriþ ionaþ ġaċ finne iona ċlí ðo ċáiþ
ó imneall an ċoilġ naċ ðruiðeaþ fe linn an áir.

VII

Ir cuimaċtaċ a ċumar ar ċfuitireaċt ċaoin ġan ċáin
i ðfuirim nár fionnaþ le himċinn aoin ðon táin,
ir fileata fríoċnaimaċ ċuirear an laoiþ 'na háit
'f ir fuirfe a fríotal i ġcumaiþ na buiðne ir feárr.

---

v, l. 1 ċuilliuð. l. 4 a ċumann added by scribe in margin. vi, l. 1 an ionmuiþ; ċluimċe with m crossed out. l. 2 tiðel. l. 4 could read coilig or coirliġ; ðruðeaþ. vii, l. 3 frioċnaimaċ; laoi. l. 4 Ms. seems to have Sor fuirfe.

III

Strange, too, it is that they place not a screen of defence round their script,
Nor disclose to us frankly their family pedigrees, wretched and poor;
But each, like the pig in the story, whose bristles the seer could not find,
Keeps grunting and growling at every syllable said by the rest.

IV

I cannot imagine how any brave knight of this land, where I live,
Or highminded lady, the stay of a tribe of illustrious fame,
Or poet, who wishes to run in the paths of the gentle and sage,
Could ever with decency venture to persecute Muiris de Faoit.

V

All his noble achievements, methinks, deserve not resentment but love,
Though jealousy dearly delights in disputing the talents of all;
Since assigned to the Church by anointing,[1] discreetly he guardeth his fame,
And meek is his charity towards the people, who dwell where he lives.

VI

At the time when the game[2] was a-playing, which caused all our present distress,
The title of knight, bold and brave, he received from the heads of the state,
And the traces of every spear, which hath left in his bosom its mark,
Tell that from sword-points arrayed he at slaughter-time never drew back.

VII

Sublime his command of the harp's gentle music, and blameless his skill
In a manner entirely unknown to the brains of the whole of that herd;
With poetic exactness and care he assigns the lay's words to their notes,
And perfect his voice, when compared with the artists of highest repute.

---

[1] The unction referred to is that of baptism.

[2] The Confederate war, 1641–1652.

VIII

Cuṙċaṙ na niċe ṙi, a Mhuiṙiṙ, ðo ċím go háṙð,
iṙ niċe na bṙuċa ṙo i bṙulaċ i n-aoiṁeaið lá,
niċe na bṙuċa ðá ðtugaið an bíoma aṙ láṙ
i niċiḃ a ṙiomma le Muiṙiṙ ðá linġṙe iṙ náṙ.

IX

Na cuile ṙo an ġuċaið naċ ṙruṁann ðo ċṙaoiḃ go mbláċ
iṙ cumuṙ an ðuine taṙ onnaṙuiṙ ṙí na ġceáṙð,
ṙe Muiṙiṙ gan tiṁeal ðá ðtigiḃ ðo ðíon a nġláṙ,
na tiomairce tṙuiṙe ṙi tuitṙiḃ a ṙíṙ 'na ġceáṙ.

X

Ní huiġe 'ṙ a ġruinne go n-ioṁaṙ ġrinn iṙ ġráṙ
ð'eaġla bileanaiḃ tuṙa na ndaoiṫe aġ táil,
aċt cuiġeallaċ cuiṙbṫe ṙilte gan ṙnío᷑ aṙ áṙð,
neaċ ġoineaṙ i ġcoṙ᷑alaċt ðṙiṙi na ðṙaoiḃe a láṁ.

XI

Siṙim naċ ġoilleað aṙ Mhuiṙiṙ a ġcuimtinn ṙmáil
iṙ tuiġeað naċ tulġ iona ionn᷑uṙ ċoiðċe a nġláiṁ,
iṙ ḟuṙaiḃe ḟulanġ a ruime, ġiað ṙaoi ðo ċáin,
an ðuiḃe ðon ġile maṙ oiltean ġuṙ bíoðḃa ġnáṫ.

XII

Ðo ṙinneað ðo i mḃṙiṙcaṙnaiġ ðuiṙḃ gan ðṙíġ gan ðláṙ
cumaṙc maṙ ċluinim gan ċuma gan ċíoṙað i ðtṙáṫ,
máṙ ḟuilngið ḟiuċaið an t-oiðe ṙena aoiṙ gan ṙáṫ,
ḟicim ðá luiðiṙne an ġcuiṙṙi ċum líne a láṁ.

IX, l. 3 ða ttigið added in margin; a nġláṙ. l. 4 tuitṙiuð; ceáṙ. X, l. 1 ṙa ġruinne go nionᵐaṙ ġreinn iṙ ġráṙð. l. 2 ðeaġla bi added by second hand in a blank or an erasure. l. 3 cuiṙbte. l. 4 ġoineaṙ. XI, l. 2 ċaoiðċe. l. 4 bioðḃaið ġnáṫ. XII, l. 1 bṙí. l. 2 ċíoṙa. l. 3 taoiðe with a deleted.

VIII

Let these words, O Maurice, which clearly I see to be true beyond doubt,
With the words of these wretches be secretly placed in a scale any day,
Then, if the words of the wretches depress to the counter the beam,
Shame unto him, who will venture for Maurice to enter the lists.

IX

These gadflies, who harass the singer, and like not his bearing the palm
Nor the way he controls the resources of Him who is King of the arts,—
Should they against blemishless Maurice their howlings attempt to defend,
Their worthless collections of trash will be thrust back again down their throats.

X

'Tis no weft in a loom interwoven with sallies of wit and of grace,
Which flows from the cowardly chiefs of these stupid insensible dolts,[1]
But a vile, corrupt bundle of tow from a distaff extracted unspun,
Which wounds many people, unnoticed, just like to a thorn in the mud.

XI

Let Maurice, I pray, not be vexed at this filthy contention of theirs,
But let him reflect that their howl can no wound on his fame e'er inflict;
It is easy, besides, to put up with their views, though they censure a sage,
For black unto white hath been ever a constant and natural foe.

XII

Against him with insolent crackling a medley, I hear, was composed,
Devoid both of meaning and beauty, chaotic, untimely, unkempt,
If this artist in truth is a champion fierce, when lampooned without cause,
Let me see if he'll put forth his hand to compose e'en one slovenly line.

[1] The text of this line is obscure, possibly corrupt.

XIII

A láṁ dá bpaicid im aice a bpuil d'fíopuairliḃ
pe pnáḋmaḋ cpairpe do ċealgaḋ an laoiċ luaiḋim,
ní háil liom eapcaine, acc airlingim paoi um ṗuanaiġ
go maḋ peárr a marḃ ionnsa beaċa 'r a ḋíol uaċa.

XIV

A ṗir ċáiḋ dar ċeapar an ealaḋain ṗíorġuaġaċ,
a cáil ri glacaiḋ i leabaiḋ a caoinuaimċa,
acá doḋ ċaraiḋ gan ṁeaḃail gan ṁíṡuaiṁneap,
Dáiḃiḋ deapḃċa dealḃ ó díonḋruadair. Finis.

SOP LASRAC.

[Ní ṗeadar cia po ċan.]

XV

Sop larrac ón mallaċtaċ do bá id ciaraiġ
nó ir deoċ mearḃail do glacair, a Seaġáin Liarra,
do rpor ċ'aigne ċum tarcuirne don crámċiallaċ
'r gur ċlor a eagna go deaċtuiġċe 'r gaċ áit d'iaċ Cuirc.

XVI

Fear meanmnaċ i mbataille nár ġráḋuiġ liairne
eir eaċ acruinneaċ buḋ ċalma ċum náṁa rcialla,
creaċ Banba gur marḃ acá an c-iarla
'r dá mairneaḋ eir a n-abraim do bá riaḋain.

XVII

Mo ċeaġarc duit dá nglacairre eir ġráḋ dia 'noir,
rcur fearta do c'ainḃfíor, a Seaġáin Liarra,
déin aiṫreaċar inar ċanair do rmáilcḃriaċraiḃ
eir rcafaire na mbalramḟort ba breáġa riannra.

XIII, l. 2 do cealga. l. 4 go mo; mbeaca with m deleted. XIV, l. 1 cáiḃ; ealaċain ríorġuaġaċ. l. 2 a leabaiḃ. XV, l. 2 mearḃċuil. l. 4 deaċtuiċe, might also be read deapuiċe. XVI, l. 1 a mbaitaille nár ġraḋ liairne. l. 2 eir is written throughout this poem for ar, air; bug calma. l. 3 banaba. l. 4 mairiġ; du bá riaġuin. XVII, l. 1 ġrá.

XIII

Even if all of the powerful, genuine nobles around me
Tried their hands at the weaving of trash to deceive the bold hero I mention,
Cursing I like not, but under my blanket I see as in vision
It were better for them to be dead than to live to have payment exacted.

XIV

O chaste one, for whom I this lay have composed with an art truly trivial,
Accept thou its kindly intention in lieu of harmonious rhyming;
'Tis from thy friend without guile, without treacherous calm, that it cometh,
Whose name is none other than poor faithful David Ó Bruadair protective.

A LIGHTED WISP

[Anonymous]

XV

A lighted wisp must have been held behind thee by the mischief,
Or some frenzy-causing draught thou must have drunk, Seaghán Liara,[1]
Which spurred thy mind to thus insult a sage so meek and gentle,
Whose wisdom hath been heard in song in every part of Corc's land.[2]

XVI

A man in battle bold was he, who loathed a lazy lounger,
And on a dashing steed was brave to hack and hew down foemen;
'Tis Erin's woful ruin that the Earl[3] is dead and buried,
For witness he would bear to all I say, if he were living.

XVII

This advice I give thee now, and do for God's sake take it,
That thou, Seaghán Liara, shouldst henceforth give up thy senseless ranting
And penance do for all the low defiling words thou sangest
Against the player brave of balmy airs of finest music.

---

[1] Seaghan Liara, some minstrel or poet, otnerwise unknown.

[2] Corc's land, Munster, from Corc, king of Munster; vide supra, p. 120, n. [1].

[3] Probably Donnchadh mac Cárthaigh, first earl of Clancarty; vide supra, p. 29, n. [7].

XVIII

Crap do glúine fút map uppaim don dlige,
annr gac cúir bí umal do Illuipir do Paoic,
fear map Fionn dap liom nó Orcap i ngnímh,
noc ceapap cumra-ciuin 'r a bprocalaib laoid.

XIX

Domnall mac Cárcaig ecc.:

Ár pcéal tap criucaib cuigac, a Illuipir do Paoic,
aon dap gcúirt nár fmúin an fprocal docím,
'r gibé do Illumain do cúm an gliogap gan clí,
dogéana mún 'na cpiup nó picfid tap coinn.

XX

Diarmaid mac Cárcaig Senior:

A gliortaipe an cuill ip deimin gup fearpa duit bár
ná Muipir do Paoic an craoi do ppreagra leo flár,
a fpiocaipe an míl beid raoicte banba id déagaid
ip fcriorfaid le haoip cu fíor ód badap go rál.

XIII.—IS MAIRG NAC FUIL

[Mss.: Murphy ii, xciv (m); R.I.A. 23 G 24 (G), 23 N 15 (N); Stowe, E v 2 (E), F ii 3 (F 2), F vi 2 (F 6)

Dáibi ó bruaidair ecc. (m, G, N, &c.). The poet laments his being forced by necessity to live among ignorant boors, who despise all learned accomplishments, and esteem nothing but vulgar affectation and display. The poem seems to have been written after the Cromwellian plantations; but it contains nothing to fix the date accurately. It may have been written after the year 1674, when David had fallen into poverty: cf. Ir mairg nár chean, infra, May 16th, 1674.

As the poem stands the metre is very irregular. I think the poet intended to write it in Ae freislige, of which the scheme would be $2\{7^3 + 7^2\}^{(1+3)+(2+4)}$, i.e. four heptasyllabic lines ending alternately in trisyllables and disyllables, in which the first line rhymes with the third, and the second with the fourth. But lines one, five, and nine contain eight syllables, and line fifteen contains nine. Of course a little manipulation would enable us to reduce the octosyllabic lines to

I

Ir mairg nac fuil 'na dubcuaca,
cé holc duine 'na cuaca,
ionnár go mbeinn magcuaidha
idir na daoinib duaisca.

XVIII, l. 3 urgup. l. 4 cubaidca; laoi. XIX, l. 1 criocaib cugac. l. 4 dodeana. XX, below "Senior" the Ms. has "ne leoi" for na laoi, i.e. 'of the lays,' or 'of the (river) Lee'?

XVIII

Bend thy knees down low in homage due by law,
In every case obey and honour Maurice White,
A man, methinks, like Fionn, an Oscar he in deeds,
Who fitteth to their words of song the fragrant tunes.

XIX

Domhnall Mac Cárthaigh cecinit:

This is our message to thee across country, O Muiris do Faoit,
That no one in this court of ours ever dreamt of such words as I hear;
And whoe'er in the province of Munster hath fashioned such spiritless bosh
Shall be soon made to shiver with fear or to run and escape beyond sea.

XX

Diarmaid Mac Cárthaigh na Laoi, Senior:

Thou leaky old meddler, 'twere better for thee to be dead
Than with lying discourse to provoke learned Muiris do Faoit,
Thou gadfly, who prickest the lion, all Banbha's sages will be
Full hot on thy tracks, and will blast thee from poll down to heel.

XIII.—WOE TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT GLOOMY BOORS

seven syllables; but I have preferred to print the poem as it is in the Mss. The last rann is Amḟán: _ ua _ a _ _ a _ _ ua ú _

At the end of the poem I print another poem by a different poet on a similar subject in the above-mentioned metre, Ge fheirliġe, from the Mss.: R.I.A. 23 G 25 (G), and Stowe, F ii 3 (F). Though it follows our poem Ir maiġ naċ fuil with the title an fear céadna ccc. in F, yet in G the same scribe, Míċeál óg ó Longáin, says more truly, Ní fheadar cia do ċan an duain i aċt físim ġur fearġall é. Internal evidence proves that it was not written by David Ó Bruadair, for the nobles referred to in it are not those of the counties of Cork and Limerick, the Fitzgeralds, Barrys, and MacCarthys, but different families of Butlers, resident in the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary (Rr. v, vi, vii, viii). If the Sir Walter mentioned in R. viii be Sir Walter Butler of Kilcash, the poem will have been written before the year 1614, when he became eleventh Earl of Ormonde. I give it here merely on account of its interesting references to the costumes of the period.]

I

Woe to those who are not gloomy boors;
Though bad it be for one to be a boor,
Yet better were it than that I should live
With sullen men around on every side.

---

l. 1 ġirtuire; dḟṁm. 1, l. 3 a ndóiċ ġo, N.

II

Ir mairg nach fuil 'na thrubaire
eadruibre a baoine maithe,
or iad ir fearr chugaibre
a bream gan iul gan aithne.

III

Dá brathainn fear mo mhalartha
rir do reacfainn an fuairtear,
dobéarainn luach fallainne
ibir é agus an duairtear.

IV

Ir mó cion fear deathchlaith
ná a chion ó beith thréitheach,
mo thruath ar chaithir re healadhain
gan é umam ina éadach

V

Or fuairc labartha ir bearta gach búirthiurta
gan uaim gan aitiur 'na labairt ná fuadhúchar,
mo thruath ar threanar le ceannarraic cruaidhrionnta
ó buaic mo beatha nár chaithear re tuathumhlacht.

MALLACHT ORT A SHUAITHEANTAIS

Vid. introductory note to preceding poem

VI

Mallacht ort, a fhuaitheantair,
cuma leat cia ar a bruile;
reanfocal ro buainleantar:
"an t-éadach ir é an duine."

VII

Chugam 'na trát miamhdatha
mar dochím clanna bodach,
raoilim gur d'fhuil iarlachta,
nó go gcluinim a flonnadh.

III, l. 2 racfuinn, N. IV, l. 2 tréighteach, N. V, l. 2 fuadhnudhchar, N. l. 3 ceannarrac, N; ceannairic, m, G. VI, l. 1 fhuantair.

II

Woe to him, good folk, who lives with you,
Unless he stammer dully like yourselves,
For such are welcomed, more than all, by you,
O people destitute of sense and wit.

III

Could I only find a bargainee,
To him my pleasant wit I'd freely sell;
I thus would interpose a mantle's price
Between him and obtuse stolidity.

IV

Fine clothes procure a man far more respect
Than all the fame refinement wins for him,
Alas, that all I spent in learning's quest
Is not upon me in the shape of dress.

V

Since nought but the speech and the actions of stolid boors favour finds now,
Though devoid of all harmony, humour, and freshness of wit is their talk,
Would that the money, I wasted in struggling with difficult print,
From the start of my life had been spent on acquiring the rudeness of boors.

BLAZONRY, MY CURSE ON THEE

[Anonymous]

VI

Blazonry, my curse on thee!
Thou mindest not on whom thou art.
An old saw this, still proven true,
"It is the coat that makes the man."

VII

Drawing nigh in brilliant state
I behold the bodach[1] clans;
I think them sprung from blood of earls,
Until their name I chance to hear.

[1] Bodach is almost invariably used in the contemptuous sense of an ignorant farmer or churl.

VIII

Adeir mac an feidhmigh,
mac an bodaigh nó an brughaidh:
"Rómhaith dath an treimhsir
atá ar bhfocuinn Ulaidh."

IX

Tig do ghaoth na dhéidéille
do mhac bodaigh an phriocaid
d'iarraidh dath na libréipi
beith ó fhiorail go fiorail.

X

Adeir an fear céadnamhain
fé bhfocuinn Uí Fhlóra Goipéad:
"múin dam fóid an éadaigh sin
dár cumaidh duitsi coiléar."

XI

Ní leigfe de an oireachtas,
dá mhéad choisneamh d'fhiachaibh,
biaidh leis lá an oireachtais
leithéid Hatha mhic Dhiarmada.

XII

Gibé is clóca caisealta
ag tsiaith oirdheirc Dúin Iascaigh,
lá oibre is é an fairsinge
bas mionca ar mhac an bhaothaigh.

XIII

Adeir bruighe boighbeolach
ag comhmeas fe Sir Dáiteas:
"dúnne dá mhéad choisneamh,
maith an ceann fo ar do fáiseas."

VIII, l. 1 adeas, and so throughout. IX, l. 2 an fhriocaidh. l. 3 diasuigh daith. l. 4 fiorail. X, l. 4 coileis. XII, l. 2 iasgaidh. l. 4 dás. XIII, l. 1 boga bealach.

[1] A contemptuous coined name, the exact meaning of which is uncertain.

[2] Brughaidh is treated as equivalent to the feudal villein in old ecclesiastical documents.

[3] A title in the family of the Butlers in co. Kilkenny.

VIII

Mac an Pheidinigh[1] doth say,—
The bodach or the brughaidh's[2] son,—
"That jerkin's hue is very fine
Which the Viscount Ulster wears."

IX

Then from silly folly comes
A pricking to the bodach's son,
A coloured uniform, like that,
To run and seek from shop to shop.

X

That selfsame man doth then address
The Viscount of Mountgarret[3] thus:
"Tell me what's that sort of cloth
Of which thy collar hath been made."

XI

Never will such folk desist,
Whatever debt they may incur:
Their hats shall be on meeting-days
As broad-brimmed as Mac Pearse's[4] hat.

XII

The cloak Dún Iascach's[5] famous lord
With care in wardrobe, storing, spares:
That fashion will be oftenest donned
By biadhtach's[6] son on working days.

XIII

A brughaidh blubber-lipped, in vain
Vying with Sir Walter,[7] says:
"Let it cost me what it may,
I like that rapier hilt of thine."

---

[4] Mac Piarais was the Irish family name adopted by the Butlers.

[5] Cathair Dúna Iascaigh: Cahir, a town in co. Tipperary, formerly known in English as Caherdowne-easky.

[6] Biadhtach, a hospitaller; that is, a farmer, who held his lands subject to certain dues or exactions, chiefly lodging and entertainment.

[7] Seemingly Sir Walter Butler of Kilcash; vid. supra, p. 131.

XIV

Adeir bean an bodaigrin :
"mór mo fréir i mbróig bonnċaoil ;
dein daṁra an cumaro
fán gceap oirear don ċonntaoir."

XV

Ní háil lé gan láinḟileád
díon a brollaiġ don ċáimbric,
beag a cion ar fairrineád
tug a ḟeal cia ó dtáinic.

XVI

"Uċ, da maḋ é, (adéarḃára),
mar bíor, fá ċaoḃ gaċ caile" :
ceiṫre flatha d'aonlára
fá brollaċ nar leor cnaipe.

XVII

Cíor ċaoṁ do ċnáṁ fomóige
biar ag ingin gaċ bodaiġ ;
dá bfaiceaḋ a fíorfháile,
fá lór cíor d'aḋarc ġoḃair.

XVIII

Daċ ḟuaiṫniḋ ar bataille
fán gceiṫirn ir bláṫ bréige,
aċt gan a ngoiḋ againne,
finn i n-aibíḋ a ċéile.

XIX

Ioḋa óir le fraḃaille
ag clannaiḃ daoine gcoṁṫrom ;
ní bia an t-or gan amaille.
a ḋe, ná hagar orom.

XX

An daċ ir bláiṫ baoṫaiḋbreaċ
tar ċeaṫraiḃ ḟríṫe Colla,
ní ḟaca riaṁ i n-aonaimrir,
maḋ lia ná caoirig gorma.

---

xv, l. 1 láinḟileáḋ. l. 2 broll. l. 3 fairrineċ. l. 4 ttáinig.
xvi, l. 2 caoḃ. xviii, l. 1 daiṫ. xix, l. 3 ámaille. xx, l. 1 daiṫ ; bláiṫ baoṫaiḋbreaċ. l. 4 i ná lia na caoire.

XIV

Then that bodach's wife doth say:
"Oh, how I do love narrow shoes!
Make a pair like that for me
On last which fits the countess' foot."

XV

A cambric blouse to shield her breast
She hates, except with flowing folds;
She little values sarsinet—
'Tis out of date, whence e'er it came.

XVI

"Alas, that things should come to this
With every slut," thou might'st well say:—
Four yards of finest lace upon
A breast a button would suffice!

XVII

A handsome comb of ivory bone
Every bodach's daughter has;
To judge her by her real looks,
A goats-horn comb would be enough!

XVIII

Battle's blazoned colours are
Flowers forged, when worn by kern;
Had we not been robbed of them,
We were in each other's clothes!

XIX

Chains of gold and wealth profuse
The children of the low display;
That gold shall not escape ill luck,
Blame me not, O God, for that!

XX

Colours flowered, vainly vast,
Beyond the wealth of Colla's land,[1]
I never yet have known to be
More plentiful than blue-fleeced sheep.

[1] Colla's land, here used for Ireland. The three Collas in the fourth century drove the Ulidians, or old inhabitants of Ulster, eastward from the counties of Monaghan and Armagh, and confined them to the counties of Down and South Antrim; cf. F.M. 327, 331 A.D., and Keating, Hist., vol. II, pp. 356–364.

XIV.—DURSAN ÉAG ÉAMONN

[Mss.: R.I.A. 23 L 37 (L), 23 M 44 (M). There is a lacuna from page 62 to page 65 in L, so that ranns XXVI–LI are wanting. Fortunately this can be supplied from M, which is, however, itself defective, ending with R. LXXIX. L is therefore our only authority for Rr. LXXX–XCIX; and in it some letters are illegible at the beginning of the lines of R. LXXXI. Rr. C–CV are found in L; but they occur separately in 23 C 19 (C), and Murphy xii (m). The last rann of all, R. CV, is also in 23 O 39 (O). Titles: Dáibí ó Bruadair CCC (in all Mss.)—D'Éamonn mac Seaġáin (M)—ar bár Sur Éamonn mic Tomáir Caim tigearna na Claonġlaire (L). The additional titles above Rr. XCII–XCIX and Rr. C–CV will be found in the text below. This is the first in date of a long series of poems addressed to the Fitzgeralds, lords of Claonghlais, residing at Gort na tiobrad al. Springfield, two miles north-west of Dromcolliher, Co. Limerick. It is an elegy on the death of Edmond, lord of Claonghlais, who died i meadón a aoire (R. XIX), and was buried on Monday at Eas Geibhtine (R. XVII). The address to his son Sir John, then at Nantes in France (R. C), mentions the year 1666; but as David in dating his poems followed the unreformed calendar, then officially used in Ireland, and as the death took place at the beginning of spring, it may be that the year intended is 1667. An account of this family, as far as is necessary to

I

Duppan éaġ Éamonn lúlc Ġearailt
'r a ḋul i n-úir i dtúir an earraiġ,
buinneán 'r a cineál ġan caġal
ir briaḋaiḋe na bhialġníoṁ do cartain.

II

Coḃnaċ ba coḃartaċ ar caraiḋ
ir ba ḋána ar náṁaiḋ do leaġaḋ,
biaḋtaċ an iartair nar fearaḋ
anam ḋáiṁe an árair d'fhreartal.

III

Caṫṁíleaḋ cruaiḋ nár cuar taṫluinn
ir naċ tuġ tuaṫ ná truaġ ġan eallaċ,
nár cuir brón ar coṁairle Feaḋair
ir nár éar an éigre fá airce.

I, l. 2 an iuir, L; earraiġ, L, M. l. 3 beanġán, M. l. 4 briaġniḋe, M: briaḋġniḋe, L; cartain, L, M.
II, l. 2 dá leaġa, L. l. 3 nár, L, M; nár fearaḋ .i. baḋ fearaċ, M. l. 4 anam or an am reading doubtful in L, M; ir árur, M.
III, l. 1 talluinn, L. l. 2 rnáiṫ tuaġh, M.

XIV.—WOFUL IS THE DEATH OF ÉAMONN

illustrate the references in these poems, will be found elsewhere in this edition. The Fitzgeralds of Claonghlais had, in common with other Irish Royalists, suffered from the Cromwellian confiscations; and it was not until four years after the death of Sir Edmond that his son Sir John succeeded in obtaining the restoration of some 3,000 acres in Co. Limerick, including Gort na Tiobrad, A.D. 1670. The anxious suspense of these years appears in the hope expressed in R. xxv that the royal favour might be shown to the despoiled proprietors by mitigating the unjust provisions of the Act of Settlement in their regard.

Two species of metre occur in the poem, Caoineadh and Amhrán.

(1) Caoineadh, Rr. i–lxxxviii regular in structure, the two distinctive final syllables being a _.

(2) Amhrán (*a*) Rr. lxxxix–xci, in which, however, the final accented syllable varies in alternate lines thus:—

u _ é é _ _ u á í.
u _ é é _ _ u á iu.

(*b*) Rr. xcii–xcix: (_) a _ _ _ a _ _ _ a ia _.
(*c*) Rr. c–civ: _ á _ i _ _ i _ _ ó _ _.
(*d*) R. cv: (_) ó _ é é _ _ a _ á _.]

I

Woful is the death of Éamonn Cam[1] Mac Gearailt,
Unto churchyard clay consigned at spring's commencement,
Sapling of a tribe, where cockle never sprouted,
Hunter, who kind deeds pursued with loving ardour.

II

Trusty champion, who to friends was ever helpful,
Who prompt and fearless was in smiting low a foeman;
In western regions hospitality's exemplar,
When entertaining the retainers of the castle.

III

Doughty battle-chief, who never augured insult,
Nor robbed the peasant nor the needy of their cattle,
Who gave no cause for sorrow to St. Peter's council,[2]
Nor ever turned away a poet unrewarded.

---

[1] I have here added the epithet Cam to the name of Sir Éamonn. It is applied to him, infra, R. xxii, l, 1. His father, too, was generally known as Tomás Cam.

[2] St. Peter's Council: the Papal Court and also, as here, the Catholic Episcopate.

IV

Leoġan lonn náṙ ṫṙom aṙ ċeallaiḃ
ıṙ ṫreoṙaiḋe ġan ṁṙóliġe 'na ċaṙnaṁ,
ṫriaṫ áluinn áṫaṙaċ ṙaiṙṙinġ
ḋo ḃaineaḃ ṙiaṙ ıṙ ġiall ḋo ġallaiḃ :

V

Ḋ'áṙṙaċṫaċṫ láiṁe aġuṙ leacan,
ḋ'eolaṙ ıṙ ḋ'óiṙniḃ a ṙeaṙṙan,
ḋ'éiṙioċṫ ıṙ ḋ'ṙéile ıṙ ḋ'acṙuinn,
ḋ'ṙuaḋaṙ ıṙ ḋ'uaiṙle ġan eaṙḃaiḃ.

VI

Saoḃċeaṙḋa baoṫáin ní ṙaca
ná cinnṙiol puimpe 'na ḃeaṙṫaiḃ,
inneoin ḋo ḃ'onóiṙeaċ amuṙ
ıṙ ṫreiṫill toġlaċ ṫromḋa taiṫlioċ.

VII

Ní maṙ ṁaoiḋiṁ innṙim ġuṙ ṙeaċain
ṙuaiḃṙeoṙ na ḃṙuaṙnóṙ ġan taṫaġ,
ıṙ náṙ ċuiṁniġ a innṫleaċṫ ġuṙ ḃ'eaġal
áṁṙuṙ a ċṙú ná clú a ċaiṙṫe.

VIII

Ṙeaṙ uṁal ġan ṫnúṫ ġan taċa
áṫaṙaċ táḋḃaċṫaċ ṫreaċan,
an ċnú ċuṁṙa náṙ ċuṁḋaiġ cealg
ṙiṙ ġaċ ḋáil ba ṙeárṙ ı ḃṙeaṙaiḃ.

IX

Re maoṫṁac Ċléimeın níoṙ ċaṙṁail
an mál ḋo ġnáṫ ċluiṫċe Ḷlaṙṙa,
níoṙ ċaoḃaiġ Venus ná Bacchus
taṙ ṙiaḋaın ṙiaġalḋa an ṙeaċta.

IV, l. 2 ṁṙóiḋliġe ḋá ccaṙnaṁ, M. l. 3 ṙaiṙṙinġ, L. l. 4 ġiall ıṙ ṙiaṙ, M. V, l. 1 ḋáṙaċṫaċ, M. l. 2 ḋóiṙne, M; ḋóiṙniḃ, L. VI, l. 1 ṙaca, L, M. l. 3 onóṙaċ, M. l. 4 ıṙ, L; an, M. VII, l. 1 ṁaoiḋim, M; ṁaoiḋiṁ, L; innṙinn, M; ṙeaċuinn, M. l. 2 ná, M. l. 3 a *om.* M. l. 4 ná a ċlú, L. VIII, l. 1 uṁall, L; ġo muıl, M;

IV

Fierce though as a lion, he oppressed not churches,
But as guide and leader guarded them uninjured;
Comely, open-handed lord of joyful triumphs,
Exacting from the Galls[1] obedience and submission.

V

In mighty deeds of hand and daring gaze of visage,
In erudition and in personal adornments,
In hospitality, in energy and vigour,
In high and noble aims, he never was deficient.

VI

I ne'er have seen vain, perverse arts of idle folly
Nor taint of pompous arrogance in his behaviour;
Anvil too of honour he, whene'er encountered,
A devastating hero, calm, serene, determined.

VII

It is not as a boast I say that he avoided
The hollow haughtiness of cold, repellent manners,
Nor feared his mind that thus to act would render doubtful
His blood's nobility or fame confirmed by charter.

VIII

A humble man was he, who knew not want nor envy,
Prosperous, exultant, influential, mighty;
Fragrant nut, which kept no guile within it hidden,
Finest man of all mankind for any venture.

IX

Quite unlike the soft and weakly son of Clement,[2]
This prince was ever to the game of Mars accustomed;
Nor did he indulge in Venus or in Bacchus
Against the witness of the Law's directive ruling.

---

cnúic, L; caca, M. l. 2 creabcan, L. l. 3 cuprca, L; cumaprca, M. l. 4 an mál (deleted) pir gac bud fearr breathaib, L. IX, l. 1 clémen, L; cléiméin, M. l. 2 cluimce, L; cluicc, M. l. 3 ní caobad, M. l. 4 riaguim, L, M.

[1] Galls: vide supra, p. 31, note [1].

[2] I do not know to whom the poet refers.

X

Ir glan do forúdran cúrra an airm
ir tréide teachtaigde an threabdaig,
nísor mó leat cómdeacht na mara
ná tigearnar a fliaraide ar capall.

XI

Dug d'ionnracar a uide ir a aire
ir tug don daonnacht taorcad a caithmi,
do cuir dúil i lúd na leand
ir tug don fráidad áir 'na caluinn.

XII

Do cógaid órguil na n-amur,
do caomuin tréine agus tairre,
ba dá traoil a laoid 'r a leadair,
bronntaċ bóllaig óir ir earrad.

XIII

Bronntaċ tréad gan fréir i frapuinn,
bronntaċ brígmar bíd go mbrataid,
bronntaċ ruaill na ruad do meallad,
bronntaċ créacht ón éachtguin earcair.

XIV

Ceannuigtheoir fíada ir fíona ir fearainn,
ceannuigtheoir cliar nár iadad uim ganguid,
ceannuigtheoir dána ir dáiltead deadba,
ceannuigtheoir ceoil ir dóig na n-amal.

XV

Searc na niad ir niam na n-ainnear,
fearc na ndruad ir uaill na n-aindear,
fearc a gaoil ir prím a fleachta
ir fearc a namad d'air ir d'aithiar.

XI, l. 1 úig agar aire, M. l. 3 lúit, M. l. 4 na caluinn, L; na calluinn, M. XII, l. 1 cogaid orguil, L; cógaid órgoil, M; na namur, M. l. 2 bad tú traoil, M; laoi, L, M; bollaig, L; bólaig, M. XIII, l. 2 bide, L;

X

With vision clear he studied military tactics
And all a skilled landowner's suitable acquirements;
Nor grander seemed the concourse of the tidal currents
Than his lordly pose and seat astride on horseback.

XI

He gave to justice his career and his attention,
And placed his cheerfulness at charity's disposal;
He took delight in looking at the sports of children,
And in his calendar left room for true religion.

XII

He satisfied the thirst for gold of hireling soldiers,
And equally both strong and weak he guarded and protected;
Lays and books of learning was the style he favoured,
A granter free was he of gold and wares and cattle.

XIII

A granter he of steeds, though he disliked contention,
A granter beneficial too of food and mantles,
A granter who beguiled the needs of learned sages,
A granter who the wounds received in war rewarded.

XIV

Purchaser of lands and wines and silken fabrics,
Purchaser of clerks, who was not closed through meanness,
Purchaser of song, composer of contention,
Purchaser of music, solace of the simple.

XV

The love of heroes he, the dazzling charm of maidens,
The love of druids and the pride of the distressful,
The love of all his kin, the chieftain of his nation,
Love beloved of foemen, willing or unwilling.

---

bɪǧ, M. l. 4 an éaċcǧoiṁ, M. XIV, l. 2 and l. 3 are inverted in M; l. 2 ıaıǧ, M. l. 4 ḃoiṁ na namal, L; ḃóiċ na naimneap, M. XV, l. 1 niaṁ na namall, M. l. 2 naimǧeap, L. l. 4 ḃaiċċeap, M.

XVI

Leonaḋ laoċ an taom lep teapcaḋ
cnuap an ċoill ċoinnliġ ó Ċalluinn,
ní ḟuil pceol ḃon ḟóipliuċ aġainn
acc ġup pcuip a ġéiḃeann ġéaġ ḃon ġaipce.

XVII

Ó ġluaipeaḋ an cuaille capcaip
ġo hEap Ġeiḃtine an eileatpoim apṫaċ,
ap ḟuan ap ḃuaiḋpeaḋ ná ap ḃainip
ḃap ġan é ní ḟéaċainn a aiṫġin.

XVIII

Maḋ píoċ i ġcpíoċaiḃ nó calm,
ip uaiġneaċ ball ġan ann a ḟaṁail,
iolḃánaċ puppánta peaċtnaċ
copantaċ ceannpa meaṁpaċ maiṫṁeaċ.

XVI, l. 2 ó, *om.* L. l. 3 ḟoipliuċ or ḟopplioċ, L; óplaċ, M. l. 4 ꝑgup, L; ġéaġ, L. XVII, l. 2 háiṫpġeiḃtine, M. l. 4 hanaṁ, L, M. XVIII, l. 1 no ccallam, M. l. 2 ḟaṁuill, L; ḟeapaṁ, M. l. 3 ꝑupánta ꝑeapaċ, M. l. 4 meaḃpaċ, L, M; maiṫpeaċ, L.

---

[1] John of Callainn: John fitz Thomas Fitzgerald, ancestor of the Fitzgeralds of Claonghlais. In A.D. 1261 his forces, along with those of William Denn, the Justiciary, Walter de Burgo, Earl of Ulster, Walter de Riddlesford, Baron of Leinster, and Domhnall Ruadh, son of Cormac Fionn Mac Cárthaigh, were defeated with great slaughter by Finghin Mac Cárthaigh, known as Finghin Reanna Róin, at the bloody battle of Callainn Gleanna Ó Ruachtain, about five miles east of Kenmare, in the parish of Kilgarvan, and barony of Glenarought, co. Kerry. John fitz Thomas Fitzgerald and his son Maurice, together with Barrymore, eight Norman barons, and fifteen knights, were slain in the battle. From this battle John fitz Thomas Fitzgerald is known in Irish history as Seán na Callainne, John of Callainn. By him the monastery and convent of Tralee were founded (Four Masters, A.D. 1261, and O'Donovan's note, ibid.). By some writers the scene of this famous battle has been wrongly placed at Callan, a town in the county of Kilkenny.

[2] Ape-renowned: apṫaċ, literally 'of the ape,' here used in the sense of Geraldine, or belonging to the Fitzgeralds. The explanation of this curious epithet is found in the story of Tómas an apadh (Thomas of the ape)

XVI

Hero-wounding is the stroke, which thus hath severed
The cluster of that torch-bright hazel, John of Callainn ;[1]
I have not here to tell that fearless hero's story,
Except to say his bonds unbound a shoot of valour.

XVII

Since he, the mace of victory, hath forth been carried
Upon a mournful bier to ape-renowned[2] Askeaton,[3]
In time of peace or trouble or of festive marriage,
By his loss I swear, I cannot see his equal.

XVIII

Be there in the nations calm or be there fury,
Every spot is lonesome, since his like exists not,
Resolute and bold, ingenious, just and righteous,
Protective, meek and gentle, thoughtful and forgiving.

Fitzgerald, heir of that Maurice Fitzgerald who was slain in the battle of Callainn (vide preceding note). Thomas was only nine months old when his father and grandfather were killed at Callainn, and the news of their deaths was brought to Tralee, where he was being nursed. The nurses, in their first astonishment, ran out of the house, leaving the child in the cradle, when an ape, which was kept in the family, seized the child and carried it to the top of the steeple of the friary, or, according to others, to the top of the castle, and after carrying it around the battlements and showing it for some time to the astonished spectators, brought it down safe and laid it in the cradle (Lodge, Peerage, vol. I, p. 62, note, Dublin, 1789; and Russell's Relation of the Fitzgeralds, Journal of the Kilkenny Arch. Soc., 1869, p. 363).

[3] Askeaton, Cap Geibtine, a town in the barony of Lower Connello, where the Fitgeralds had a magnificent castle. In 1579 Garrett the great Earl of Desmond garrisoned the castle against Queen Elizabeth's forces under Sir Nicholas Malby. It was attacked by Sir George Carew in April, 1580; but the garrison retired during the night, leaving a train of gunpowder, which blew up part of the fortress, and the English took possession of the remainder of the castle. It was the last castle which held out for the powerful Earl. The ruins of the once stately castle are boldly situated on a rock of limestone in the river Deel, and near it are those of the banqueting-house, a very spacious and elegant building, and, with the exception of the roof, still in a very perfect state. Askeaton Castle and Abbey are described in detail by T. J. Westropp, Journal R.S.A.I., 1903–4.

XIX

Ir muna mbíoḋ éaḋ míc Dé go dearḃ
re Fóirniḃ Fódla na Failli,
i meaḋón a aoire i ndíorc ní paċaḋ
an gaoḋal gréagaċ gléfhuiġce garta.

XX

Fál na Bfann ir ceannta a dtaċair,
ceann a dtreora ir tór a dtairtil,
cuairt na gcliar ir cliaṫ a dtairce
ir cúil díoin na naoiḋean ar fcaṫluinn.

XXI

Ir mó ná méala an ċré do cailleaḋ,
síoġġuailleaḋ d'Fíorċuaine flaṫa,
colaṁain lóin ir cóiṁḋe uim ċeaṫraiḃ,
ciġearna dúiṫe ir cúingе caṫa.

XXII

D'Feararaiḃ Áine ir dána an ṁarṫain,
an méid dá n-iarrma a mbliaḋna ṁairear,
beiṫ beo iar nóḋul i dtalaṁ
d'Éamonn ċam nár ċrannda i gcairmeart.

XXIII

'S ó ċuaiḋ grianġa an iarla i dtalaṁ,
'r a ráp gan áireaṁ a Bfeaċtar,
na róirir gan feol gan fearaṁ,
gurab é an fionn ra a dtúr 'r a dtaca.

XIX, l. 1 do dearḃ, L go; dearḃ, M. l. 2 róirniḃ, L; foirne, M. XX, l. 1 ceannta tacuir, M. l. 2 tóir, M. l. 4 díḋin, L; díona, M; na, *om.* M; rgaṫlinġ, L; rgaṫlonn, M. XXI, l. 1 méalaḋ, L. l. 3 coimġe, L; coimge, M. l. 4 cúiṁge, L; cuimge, M. XXII, l. 2 niarrmaḋ, M. l. 3 nóó ḋul, L. XXIII, l. 1 grianḋa, M. l. 2 Bfeaċtair, L. l. 3 ċum fearaiṁ, L.

[1] Fódla: Ireland, vide supra, p. 45, note 8.

[2] Greco-Gael: Grecian is a standing epithet of the Fitzgeralds in Irish poetry. Its origin is as follows:—The Fitzgeralds were called by Latin writers Geraldini. An Italian family named Gherardini lived in Florence. Similarity of name was taken to indicate similarity of family. So the Fitzgeralds were of Italian origin, were in fact of the same family as the Dukes of Tuscany. Now it was a canon of the medieval continental genealogists that the noble families of Italy were of Trojan origin. Vergil had settled all that long ago. Hence the Fitzgeralds had a Trojan ancestor, who was present at the siege of Troy. After the sack of that

XIX

And had it not been for the Son of God's resentment
Against the tribes and people of neglectful Fódla,[1]
The Greco-Gael[2] of features fair, alert and stately,
In flower of age had not been thus reduced to nothing.

XX

Fence around the weak, their firm support in struggles,
End of all their tours and start of all their travels,
Rendezvous of clerks and rampart of their treasures,
Nook of refuge for the sheltering of maidens.

XXI

Too great for grief or sorrow is this dust departed,
Royal shoulder of a trueborn race of princes,
Pillar of provision, lord most rich in cattle,
Ruler of his country, potent prop of battle.

XXII

Presumptuous in Áine's[3] heroes is existence,
Such remnant of them as is left this year surviving,
Still in life remaining, since the late interment
Of Éamonn Cam, who never was in fray decrepit.

XXIII

Since the splendour of the Earl[4] in earth is hidden
And his tribe in weakness lies, their deeds forgotten,
The minors[5] now have none to strengthen or to guide them,
For this fair prince[6] was ever their support and tower,

city by the Greeks, he was one of those who accompanied Æneas in his wanderings to Italy. When Æneas had killed King Turnus in battle and married Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus, he apportioned the various regions of Italy among his followers. In this division the ancestors of the Fitzgeralds obtained that part of Tuscany where Florence is. There they remained, until Otho, the first historical person on their pedigree, is said to have migrated to Normandy and thence to England, where he was settled as early as A.D. 1057, and possessed of lands in Surrey, Bucks, Berks, &c., as set forth in the Doomsday Book. Trojan would have been, no doubt, a more accurate epithet; but ethnological minutiæ were not much attended to by believers in such legends.

[3] Áine: vide supra, p. 29, note [5].

[4] Garrett Fitzgerald, the great Earl of Desmond, who, after years of warfare, was murdered in Gleann an Ghinntigh about five miles east of Tralee, A.D. 1583.

[5] The Fitzgeralds of Claonghlais were a junior branch of the Desmond family.

[6] Sir Éamonn Fitzgerald, the subject of this elegy.

XXIV

A dtarbh tána a gcnáimh 'r a gcaitair
a rciaċ a rciamhtuir 'r a rcabal
a réiltean iúil a mionn 'r a mbratach
a réad 'r a rtéadaibe baitče.

XXV

Ir dá naomhadh réala na Sacran
fádar a brátar 'r a mbailte
don déidgeal donn nár ḟrom ar ḟrearaibh,
ní raibh iarla ċiar nach leanfadh:

XXVI

I méid i maordachd 'r i mairge
i n-iul i n-iomḋaṁ 'r i gcaitheamh
i ngaoir i ngnímharṫaibh 'r i ngradam
i gcóir i gcródhacht 'r i gceannar.

XXVII

Mo nuair an ghuaim reo do ghreamuigh
an fód tré ċórann na maidne,
ar ḟruiṫneacht Conallach oċarghlan atmhar
fíol fuighille ní ba hannamh.

XXVIII

Iomda rcríob fá rcír ón rcaṫamh,
iomda gréach i mbéal 'r i mbarraibh,
iomda donán diombádach dearcfliuch
fead Mumhan dá ċumhadh 'na rpreabaibh

XXIX

Fannṫaire ár mbanflaiṫ do mearcadh,
an dá Máire um ċarc an arraid,
mearḃiall na mbaintriaṫ ní maċtnamh,
máṫair ir ṫánairte an treabaigh.

XXIV, l. 2 rgiamhċúr, M. l. 3 reiltean, L; raellteann, M; bratach, M. l. 4 rtéadaime, M. XXV, l. 2 brátrhe, M; bailte, L; mbailte, M. l. 3 nár ḟrom, L; ċleabaibh, M; ḟrearaibh, L. l. 4 leangadh, L. XXVI. Owing to a lacuna in L, pp. 62–65, M is the only Ms. available for ranns XXVI–LI, inclusive. l. 4 ccéanar. XXVII, l. 2 córann na mainde. l. 4 ní dadh. XXVIII, l. 1 rgríob; rgaṫamh. l. 3 diombádh. XXIX, l. 3 mearḃiall. l. 4 máiṫir.

XXIV

Their bull,[1] the leader of the herd, their bone, their city,
Their shield, their mainstay and their bosom's armour,
The liege, by whom they swore, their guiding-star, their standard,
Their cavalier on battle plain, their dearest treasure.

XXV

If only England's seal[2] had ratified and sanctioned
The faithful favour of his brethren and their cities,
The white-toothed prince, who never stooped to tricks deceptive,
Had left behind each western earl to follow vanquished,

XXVI

In gravity, in stateliness, and in charm of beauty,
In knowledge, noble bearing and in lavish bounty,
In tactfulness, in dignity, and deeds of valour,
In intrepidity, authority, and justice.

XXVII

Ah, woe is me! a dismal gloom hath overtaken
The country owing to this morning's sad procession,
While Uí Chonaill's[3] wheat from sickness wan and swollen
Produces nought—a rare event—but dreggy seedlings.

XXVIII

Many bounds are fretful at the separation,
Many lips are screaming, many hands a-beating,
Many luckless wights with fearful eyes dejected
In Munster are, through grief for him, inert and helpless.

XXIX

Our princesses, the Marys twain, have been bewildered
In fainting weakness at the death-news of the noble;
You need not wonder at the frenzy of the ladies—
The mother and the tanist[4] of the hawklike hero.

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[1] There is an allusion here to the famous Donn Cuailgne: vide supra, p. 54, note [3].

[2] The reference is to the Act of Settlement, A.D. 1662, and its various amendments; see the introduction to this poem, supra, p. 139.

[3] Conallaigh or Uí Chonaill: the ancient barony of Connello; vide supra, p. 96, note [1].

[4] Tanist, tánaiste, literally 'second,' hence second in dignity, heir presumptive. Here it seems to mean the wife of Sir Éamonn, whose name was Mary, as we learn from another poem, in which Sir John Fitzgerald is referred to as mac Éamoinn ir Mháire. Sir Éamonn's mother was also named Mary.

XXX

Don Ċlaonġluir ċraobaiġ ní ḋeaċaiḋ
go póill beiṫ breoiḋṫe paoi rcamail,
ir ní ṗiaḋaim triangul a ngalair
d'aiṫle an báir do báiḋ ár blaiṫear.

XXXI

D'aiṫle an rtóir do ċóiḋ ar eaċaiḃ
oiḋċe luain gan luarcaḋ na altaiḃ
rá ċeorainn na gcóirneaċ ndealḃ
'r gan ríliocṫain aoin re na airig.

XXXII

Ir guirt an gáir reo i ndeaġaiḋ an mairḃ
ċoir Daoile ir timċeall ar Ṡeanaiḋ;
do ċuaiḋ nuaġoim a ṗuaċta ir a airtir
i gcnám ar Cárṫaċaiḃ Cairil.

XXXIII

Do ċuaiḋ a liaċ go diaċrac deargg
mar mál i mbranánaiḃ Araḋ,
iarla an Ċláir ní nár gur ġairiḋ
'r a méiḋ i gcriaiḋ dár ċriall dá aicme.

---

xxx, l. 1 ċraobaċ. l. 4 báiġ ar blaċur. xxxi, l. 4 ríġ liocṫain. xxxii, l. 2 timċull. l. 3 nuaiġim. xxxiii, l. 4 ccriaḋ.

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[1] Claonghlais: now Clenlish, a mountainous district in the barony of Upper Connello, Co. Limerick, on the borders of the counties of Cork and Kerry. It was formerly part of the possessions of Ó Cuileáin; but it passed, like the surrounding country, into the hands of the Fitzgeralds towards the end of the thirteenth century.

[2] A monastery was founded by James Fitzgerald, seventh Earl of Desmond, in the year 1420, at Askeaton (vide supra, p. 145, note [3]), on the eastern bank of the river Deel, for the Conventual Franciscans. In 1490 it adopted the reform of the Observantine Friars. In 1564 a provincial chapter of the Franciscan Order was held in it; but soon afterwards the friars were expelled, and some were put to death by the English forces. The Confederate Catholics took possession of the abbey in 1648, and commenced repairing and restoring it. The abbey, which ranks as one of the finest ecclesiastical structures of Ireland, is still venerable in its ruins. "It is built entirely of dark grey marble; the cloisters are nearly entire and of beautiful character; on each side of the quadrangle are twelve lofty pointed arches, supported by cylindrical columns with richly moulded capitals,

XXX

Leafy Claonghlais[1] never yet was disappointed
In being overwhelmed beneath a cloud of sorrow;
Nor can I e'en bewail a third of its affliction
And sorrow at the death, which thus hath quenched our princedom.

XXXI

At the treasure borne on Monday night by horses,
Without a stir or sign of life in all his members,
To the confines of the humble tonsured friars,[2]
While no mind could conceive of any compensation.

XXXII

Bitter is the cry which for the dead man sounded
Beside the river Daoil[3] and all around by Seanaid;[4]
The fresh pang of his coldness and his final journey
Hath pierced the bones of those who spring from Cárthach Caisil.[5]

XXXIII

Grief for him hath spread with violent lamenting,
As for a prince, among the raven-chief of Ara;[6]
No shame then that the Earl of Clare[7] assisted sadly,
Since of his tribe so great a part to dust hath travelled.

---

and in the centre of the square is an ancient thorn of stately growth. The church, with the exception of the roof, is partly standing; the eastern gable with its lofty window has some beautiful details in the later English style; the other portions are much decayed, and large masses of the walls lie scattered around, as if detached by the force of gunpowder. These ruins are close to the bank of the river and are almost washed by every tide. Silver chalices, crosiers, and a great number of coins have been found near the abbey and the castle" (Lewis: Topographical Dictionary of Ireland, London, 1837).

[3] Daoil: the river Deel, which rises on the borders of Co. Cork, and flows northwards through the east of Co. Limerick by the towns of Newcastle, Rathkeale, and Askeaton.

[4] Seanaid: vide supra, p. 29, note [6].

[5] Cárthach Caisil: vide supra, p. 28, note [2].

[6] Ara: Ara Tíre, now the barony of Arra or Duharra, in the north-west of Co. Tipperary. It was occupied by the descendants of Brian Ruadh Ó Briain, vide supra, p. 108, note [7]. There was also a district Ara Cliach in the territory of Cliu (gen. sing. Cliach) in the east of Co. Limerick, from which the district of Áine Cliach (vide supra, p. 29, note 5) was also called.

[7] That is the Viscount of Clare, created 1662.

XXXIV

Dar mo dúir a gcumha ní maidtnaim,
air a gaoltca fé mar gabaid,
ir díoḃ árnuiḃ árḃ Cill Dara
larla Siuire an diuic 'r a feantca.

XXXV

Ir díoḃ Búrcaig Brúnaig ir Barraig,
ir díoḃ Róirtig Báinig ir Bairchinnig,
ir díoḃ Rianaig Ciaraig ir Ceallaig
ir fíol Aoḋa an traoġail ḋo fcaipeaḋ.

XXXVI

Ir díoḃ na Déirig Éile ir Ealla
Breifne uí Ruairc ir cuaḋa Teaḃḋa
ḋáil Fiaḋrać fialAruiḋe Ceara
Tuaḋalaig Cuanaig ir Branaig.

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xxxiv, l. 1 dúir for duḃair? ccumaḋ. xxxv, l. 3 fiannaig. l 4 fcaipe. xxxvi, l. 1 Eala. l. 3 fiaḋrać: cearaḋ.

[1] The Earl of Kildare.

[2] James, Duke of Ormonde. His estates lay principally along the river Siuir (Suir), in Co. Tipperary, and his chief castle was at Carrick-on-Suir.

[3] Reanta: literally satellites, and hence relations (?).

[4] Bóinigh: Dál mBuain the descendants of Buan (Bón) mac Scannlán, inhabited Dalboyne, the territory on the north and the south sides of the river Lagan in the counties of Antrim and Down, corresponding to the modern deaneries of Lisburn and Hillsborough. For more accurate and detailed information respecting the tribal and local names which follow, the reader is referred to the Onomasticon Goidelicum of the Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., Dublin, 1910.

[5] Baiscinnigh: Dál mBaiscinn, al. Corco Baiscinn, in the baronies of Clonderalaw, Moyarta, and Ibrickan, Co. Clare.

[6] Rianaigh: the Ryans in Co. Tipperary.

[7] Ciaraigh: Uí Ciardha, from whom Cairbre ua cCiardha, now the barony of Carbury, Co. Kildare, is called. Their territory was formerly more extensive.

[8] Ceallaigh: seemingly some one of the numerous tribes, Uí Ceallaigh, O'Kelly.

[9] Maicne Aodha: Síol Aodha, the tribal name of Uí Seachnasaigh in Co. Galway, and of Mic Conmara in Co. Clare.

XXXIV

Upon my conscience, 'tis no reason for surprise and wonder
That sorrow for him should have seized upon his kindred,
Amongst whom are Cill Dara's[1] stern unbending noble
And the Earl of Siuir,[2] the Duke and his relations.[3]

XXXV

Amongst them numbered are the Bourkes, the Brownes, the Barrys,
The Roches, and the races sprung from Bón[4] and Baiscinn;[5]
Amongst them are the Rianaigh,[6] Ciaraigh[7] and the Ceallaigh,[8]
The race of Aedh,[9] dispensers of a world of riches,

XXXVI

The Déisigh[10] and the tribes of Éile[11] and of Ealla,[12]
Breifne[13] of Ó Ruairc, the families of Teathbha,[14]
The Dáil Fhiachra,[15] hospitable Aradha,[16] Ceara,[17]
Together with the Cuanaigh,[18] Tuathalaigh[19] and Branaigh.[20]

---

[10] Déisigh: a tribe expelled by Cormac mac Airt, A.D. 265 (Four Masters), from the barony of Deece, Co. Meath, who settled in Co. Waterford, where they gave their name to the two baronies of Decies-within-Drum and Decies-without-Drum.

[11] Éile: vide supra, p. 59, n. [10].

[12] Ealla: barony of Duhallow, Co. Cork.

[13] Breifne uí Ruairc: vide supra, p. 58, n. [2], and p. 59, n. [8].

[14] Teathbha: North Teathbha, or Anghaile, now Co. Longford, O'Farrells' country; South Teathbha included the western portion of Co. Westmeath.

[15] Dál Fhiachrach, now Tireragh, O'Dowds' country, Co. Sligo, but formerly more extensive.

[16] Aradha: so Aruidhe of the Ms. should be read here, as the Dál n-Araidhe are mentioned, infra, R. XXXVIII. The two Aradha are Ara Tíre, now the barony of Arra or Duharra in the north-west of Co. Tipperary and Ara Cliach in the east of Co. Limerick.

[17] Ceara, now the barony of Carra, Co. Mayo.

[18] Cuanaigh: seemingly Uí Cuanach, the barony of Coonagh, Co. Limerick, but formerly extending to Cuillean ó gCuanach, now Cullen, and to Cnamhchoill, now Cleghill, in Co. Tipperary.

[19] Tuathalaigh, Uí Thuathail: O'Tooles of North Wicklow.

[20] Branaigh, Uí Bhroin: O'Byrnes of Co. Wicklow.

XXXVII

Ir díob Paeraig méargeala ó Macáin
Nuinnrionnaig nimneaca ir Breathnaig
fir Chualann Uaithne ir aoib Meacair
Cinnriolaig ir glinn ó gCaebaó.

XXXVIII

Earnaide Mumhan Umhall ir Eamhain
'r an eang ro timcealleap Teamhair
Darrraige dáil n-Araide ir dáil n-Aithe
fear Muige fear Luigne ir fear Manac.

XXXIX

Coeluige an ciuil ir Cúrraig ceartca
Corca Duibne ir fíograd Raithleann
Deala Grór fíol Róig ir Cathail
ir fíol tiomarcac Tumultaig ón gCarraig.

XXXVII, l. 4 glinn, qu. geim? XXXVIII, l. 1 Eamhunn. l. 3 Dartruide. XXXIX, l. 4 ccairicc.

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[1] Pœrigh: the Powers of Co. Waterford.

[2] Machain: the river Mahon, which rises in the Comeragh Mountains, flows by Kilmacthomas, and enters the sea at Bunmahon, Co. Waterford.

[3] Nuinnsionaigh: the Nugents of Co. Westmeath.

[4] Breathnaigh: the Branaghs, or Welshes, settled in various districts throughout Ireland.

[5] Fir Chualann, occupying the counties of Wicklow and Dublin from Arklow to the Liffey.

[6] Uaithne: the baronies of Owney, Co. Tipperary, and Owneybeg, Co. Limerick.

[7] Ui Mheachair: the O'Meaghers of Ikerrin, Co. Tipperary.

[8] Ui Chinnsiollaigh, inhabiting the whole of Co. Wexford, and portions of Cos. Wicklow and Carlow.

[9] The reading of Glinn is doubtful. Perhaps the reference is to those who lived in the valley of the river Abha ó gCathbhadh, the Nenagh river, Co. Tipperary.

[10] Earnuidhe Mumhan, al. Eaina Deaghadh or Clann Deaghadh of Munster, principally in the south and south-west of that province.

[11] Umhall: the baronies of Burrishoole and Murrisk, Co. Mayo.

[12] Eamhain, al. Eamhain Macha, now Navan fort, two miles west of Armagh, the earliest seat of the Ulster kings.

XXXVII

Amongst them are white-fingered Pærigh[1] from the Machain,[2]
The resolute and daring Nuinnsionnaigh[3] and Breathnaigh,[4]
The men of Cuala[5] and the Uaithne[6] and Uí Meachair,[7]
The Cinnsiolaigh[8] and those who live in Gleann Ó gCathbhadh,[9]

XXXVIII

The Munster Earnuidhe,[10] tribes of Umhall[11] and of Eamhain,[12]
And all the region which encircles royal Tara,[13]
The Dartraighe[14] and the Dál n-Araidhe[15] and the Dál n-Aithre,[16]
Together with Fir Muighe,[17] Fir Luighne,[18] and Fir Manach,[19]

XXXIX

The music-loving Cothluighe[20] and the just de Courcys,[21]
Corca Dhuibhne[22] and the royal stem of Raithle,[23]
De la Grós,[24] together with the seed of Rógh[25] and Cathal,[26]
And the mustered host of Tumultach[27] of Carraig.[28]

---

[13] Tara, in the barony of Skreen, Co. Meath, the seat of the Irish monarchy.

[14] Dartraighe, Dartry, a barony in Co. Monaghan.

[15] Dál n-Araidhe, in the Cos. of Antrim and Down, from Glenravel to Newry.

[16] Dál n-Aithre, not identified.

[17] Fir Muighe inhabited the baronies of Fermoy, Condons and Clangibbons, Co. Cork.

[18] Fir Luighne, in the baronies of Leyney, Co. Sligo, and Lune, Co. Meath.

[19] Fir Manach, now Co. Fermanagh.

[20] Cothluighe: two parishes separated by the river Eilean, which forms the harbour of Baltimore, Co. Cork. The name is seemingly a modern corruption of Corco Luighdhe, O'Driscolls' territory, coextensive with the diocese of Ross.

[21] Cúrsaigh: the barony of Courceys, Co. Cork.

[22] Corca Dhuibhne: the barony of Corcaguiny, Co. Kerry, but formerly including also those of Iveagh and Magunihy.

[23] Raithle, in the barony of Kinalmeaky, Co. Cork, near Bandon.

[24] De la Grós, the Graces, a Norman family, descended from Raymond le Gros.

[25] Síol Róigh: the descendants of Fearghus mac Róigh, some of whom settled in Corcomruadh, Co. Clare.

[26] Síol Cathail: either Clann Chathail, near Elphin, Co. Roscommon, or Uí Chatail of Cinéal Aedha, barony of Kiltartan, Co. Galway.

[27] Tumultach na Cairrge, son of Conchobhar mac Diarmada. His son Cormac Mac Dermott, Lord of Moylurg, died in 1244 A.D.

[28] Carraig Locha Cé, Mac Dermott's Castle in Loch Cé, barony of Boyle, Co. Roscommon.

XL

Aoiḃ gCuinn íḃ bFiḋgeinte ir íḃ Eaċaċ
íḃ Murc íḃ mḂruin ir íḃ Maine
íḃ nDuinn íḃ nDíomarraiġ ir íḃ Neaċta
ir Oirġialla le riaram náir flaḋaḋ.

XLI

A ċóir air ḋáil n-Eoġan níor ḃ'ḟalaṁ
'r air ḋáil Riaḋa riaṁ ba raċmar,
do ḃí fialḟuil Ċianaċ go nearṫmar
i nġnúis an laoiċ náir ċím i ḋṫreararaiḃ.

XLII

Ní tualanġ tuaraċt mo ċeanġan
ná mo ċuiṁne ċríon gan ċeaṙaḋ
ná m'eolar ḋ'ḟóġrar ḃeiṫ ġeappa
díṙbeaġ a nḋíġnit ḋ'aiṫriṙ.

XL, l. 1 bṙiġeinte. l. 2 mbruinn. l. 3 nḋíomaraḋ. l. 4 óirġiall; flaḋaḋ. XLI, l. 1 bṙallaṁ. l. 4 laoicc. XLII, l. 1 tuallanġ. l. 3 ġeaṙaḋ. l. 4 ḋírbeaġ an ḋíġnit.

---

[1] Uí Chuinn: the O'Quinns, of whom there are many different septs in Ireland.

[2] Uí Fidhgheinte: the inhabitants of the central plain of Co. Limerick, in the baronies of Coshma and Conello.

[3] Uí Eathach: the Magennises of Iveagh, Co. Down.

[4] Uí Muse, al. Muscraighe: the descendants of Cairbre Muse in various parts of Munster, especially in the baronies of East and West Muskerry, Co. Cork.

[5] Uí Bruin: the O'Byrnes of County Wicklow; but the mention of Uí Maine in this line may show that Uí Briuin Chonnacht are intended.

[6] Uí Maine: the O'Kellys of Connacht, whose territory corresponds to the diocese of Clonfert.

[7] Uí Duinn: the O'Dunnes of Leinster, descendants of Cathaoir Mór.

[8] Uí Díomasaigh: the O'Dempseys of King's County and Queen's County.

[9] Uí Neachta: perhaps for Uí Neachtan of Meath.

[10] Oirghialla: Oriel, a district coextensive with the ancient diocese of Clogher, that is, including also Co. Louth. The principal chieftains were O'Carvill (Louth), Mac Mahon (Monaghan), and Maguire (Fermanagh).

XL

The races of Uí Cuinn,[1] Uí Fidhgeinte,[2] Ui Eathach,[3]
The races of Uí Musc,[4] Uí Bruin[5] and of Uí Maine,[6]
The races of Uí Duinn,[7] Uí Díomasaigh,[8] Uí Neachta,[9]
And the Oirghialla,[10] never spoiled by Saxon sheriff.[11]

XLI

Not groundless was his claim to kinship with Dál n-Eoghain[12]
Or with the thriving, ever prosperous Dál Riada,[13]
The noble blood of Cian[14] with mighty stream abounded
In the visage of the hero bold in battles.

XLII

Incompetent is the uncouthness of my language
And my memory effete and uninventive,
And my lore, which warneth me my speech to shorten,
To tell how he looked down upon their stately grandeur.

---

[11] The Saxon sheriff, whose appearance was the herald of spoliations and depredations, did not enter Oirghialla till about A.D. 1575. When the Lord Deputy wished to send a sheriff to Fermanagh, Maguire wrote to him :—"Your sheriff will be welcome; but let me know his eric, that if my people cut off his head, I may levy it on the country." Another instance will show that the dread of the Saxon sheriff was not unfounded. Hugh Mac Mahon, chieftain of Oriel, had given a present of 600 cows to the Lord Deputy to recognize his rights. Sir Henry Bagnal, disappointed at being deprived of a share of the spoil, had Mac Mahon arrested on a charge of treason. A jury of common soldiers was empanelled to try the case. A few of the jurors were Irish, and they were locked up without food, until they agreed to give the required verdict of guilty; while the English jurors were left at liberty. The unfortunate chieftain was hanged, in two days after his arrest, at his own door, and most of his property was divided amongst his murderers.

[12] Dál nEoghain: there was a tribe of this name in Munster; but the mention of Dál Riada in the next line shows that the Cinéal Eoghain, O'Neills, &c., of Tyrone are meant.

[13] Dál Riada, the portion of Co. Antrim which lies north of Glenravel.

[14] Cianachta Glinne Geimhin, the inhabitants of the barony of Keenaght, Co. Derry, descendants of Cian, son of Queen Meadhbh and Fearghus mac Róigh.

XLIII

Ir muna mbeaḋ uaṁan uaḃair eaċtrann
corrṕireaċt Ċrioṙtóra ir Ċaċṙraiḋ
ag cur buaire mo ḃuaile gan bleaċtar,
do ċuirṙinn gné ói i bṙréiṁ 'r i bṙratainn.

XLIV

Ní ṗuil taoireaċ gaċ ríogṗuil raċṁar
ná uaral cuallaċtaċ creaċaċ
ṗeaḋ an ċláir reo a otáiḋ a ċaire
naċ raiḃ gaol Éamoinn ina ṗalluinn.

XLV

Ní ḋeoraḋ rcóirṗir ná rcainnear
'r a ríogna míonla gan ḃainne
do ḃeiṫ brúiḋṫe i brúir 'r i breannaiḋ
ḋ'éir an áir ar ċáċ do clannaḋ.

XLVI

Ir go ḃṗuil tóirneaċ eolċaire ar earaiḃ
ir ciaċḃruiṫ ċiarra uim an ngealaig
na héigneaḋa tréiṫ gan tarraċt
ir tug an ġrian iarraċt nár ċaiṫig.

XLVII

Táiḋ réilte na rréire ag rrarruinn
ir na heoin re heonraċar balḃ,
tug an ṁórṁuir ġlóraċ ġarḃ
béim uaċṁar ḋ'ṗuagair a ṗearg.

XLIII, l. 3 buaille. XLIV, l. 1 gaċ leg. ná? l. 4 an ṗalluinn. XLV, l. 2 ḃaine. l. 3 peanaiḋ. l. 4 clanaċ. XLVI, l. 1 air. l. 3 éigneaḋa. l. 4 iarraċt. XLVII, l. 1 raellte.

[1] Christopher and Cathfradh are otherwise unknown. They may have been bailiffs or government agents of some kind. Possibly, however, we have here

XLIII

And if it were not for the fear of haughty strangers,
The aims and purposes of Christopher and Cathfradh,[1]
Now rendering the cattle of my buaile[2] milkless,
I'd give a specimen of that in letters patent.

XLIV

No captain is there of a thriving line of princes,
No nobleman renowned for forays and retainers,
Throughout the plain of Erin, where his bones are lying,
But Éamonn's kinship formed for them a shielding mantle.

XLV

It is not strange that noble-minded panic-striking heroes
And their gentle, gracious queens now rendered milkless
Should thus be crushed beneath a load of pain and sorrow
By this calamity to all of them begotten.

XLVI

From cataracts resounds the thundering of wailings;
The moon hath been by sombre cloaks of mist enveloped;
The salmon, spent and weak, without a move are lying;
The sun hath entered on a strange unwonted struggle;

XLVII

The stars of heaven in confusion are contending,
The warbling of the birds is hushed in songless silence,
The mighty hoarse-voiced ocean of a sudden started,
With awful bound proclaiming loud its wild vexation.

---

nothing more than a sarcastic allusion to two rival poets. In this latter supposition the expression "cattle of my buaile" would mean "my intellectual resources."

[2] Buaile: a cattle-fold, a field where cows are milked, anglicized "booley," also the camping-place of the herdsmen who accompanied their cattle up to the mountain pastures during the summer months.

XLVIII

Tá Morpheus coroḋar claġaċ
ḋo ṗíor ı ḃṗíriḃ ḋá ḃaġair,
tá Glaucus allta 'ran ġcalaḋ
ır na trí tríṙ aġ ṗaoi ġo paḋa.

XLIX

Táiḋ na coillte aġ caoineaḋ an maiṙḃ
na háirḋ ġo ġáiḃṫeaċ ḋá ġairm
na haiḃne aġ áiḋmilleaḋ an eaṫair
ır na treoin ı ṗóḋaiḃ a nḋallta.

L

Ṗorba an trinnriṙ cnaoite ı ġceaṙaċt
trí ṗoġair na ṗoġla ḋo rala,
ı mainéar Cinnéiḋe 'ṙ ı M'alla
ır lúiṫreaċ a lúbġort ar nḋeaġailt.

LI

Tá Tráiġ bolġán borblán barcaċ
ır baile an ṗoill ġan níṫ 'na nḋeaṙcaiḃ,
Móin otraḋ ġan ṗorbart ealtan
ır Lior na coille ṗá ċonaṙaḋ an ċeaṫa.

XLVIII, l. 1 cor óġar. l. 3 ccalluiṫ. XLIX, l. 1 a maiṙb. l. 3 áiġmille an leaṫair. l. 4 na nḋallta. L, l. 3 ra malaḋ. LI, l. 1 bolaġán.

[1] Morpheus, son of Sleep, was the god of dreams. The name means the fashioner or moulder, and he was so called because he shaped and formed dreams. He is represented in various human forms. The epithet coroḋar, here applied to him, alludes to the spectral appearance of visions of the night.

[2] Glaucus, originally a fisherman and diver of Anthedon in Bœotia in Greece, was changed into a sea-god by Oceanus and Tethys. According to popular belief, he visited the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean sea every year, uttering oracles and lamenting that he could not die. Fishermen and sailors paid particular reverence to him. He was represented as an old man with long hair and beard, dripping with salt water, with bristly eyebrows, his breast covered with seaweed, and the lower part of his body ending in a fish's tail, covered with sea-blue scales.

[3] The thrice three goddesses are the nine Muses.

XLVIII

With noisy clamour Morpheus[1] wan and weary-footed
Ceaselessly is threatening in mystic visions;
Glaucus[2] rages wildly in the river harbour,
And wearily the thrice three goddesses[3] are weeping.

XLIX

The forests at his death a mournful dirge are chanting;
The hills upon his name are querulously calling;
The rivers dash their wherries utterly to pieces,
And regions are upon the way to dismal blindness.

L

His estate ancestral[4] pines away in anguish
At the rumour of the plunder, which hath happened,
In the Manor of Cinnéide[5] and in Mallow[6]
Broken open are the gate-bolts of their gardens.

LI

Tráigh Bolgán,[7] proud and haughty, with its crowded shipping
And Baile an Phoill[8] of tears their eyes have wholly emptied;
Móin Otradh[9] hath no increase now in flocks or cattle,
And Lios na Coille[10] lies beneath the tempest's fury.

---

[4] Estate ancestral: ꝑoꝑbɑ ɑn ꞇꝑınnꝑıꝑ seems not to be a proper name. What follows from here down to the end of R. LXXIII is principally a summary enumeration of the estates of Sir Éamonn; cf. infra, R. XCVIII, line 2. As nearly all the places mentioned are in Co. Limerick, I shall add the name of the county only where the places to be identified lie beyond the borders of Co. Limerick.

[5] Mainéar Chinnéide: perhaps Ballykennedy, in parish of Cloncagh, barony of Connello Upper.

[6] Ms. Mɑlɑꝺ, seemingly for Magh Ealla, Mallow, a town in the barony of Fermoy, Co. Cork.

[7] Tráigh Bolgán: Trabolgan, a town and parish in the barony of Imokilly, Co. Cork.

[8] Baile an Phoill, exact location uncertain. According to the Annals of Innisfallen, Toirdhealbhach bog Ó Briain defeated the Earl of Desmond at Gleann Fogra and at Baile an Phoill. Gleann Fogra is a townland and parish in the barony of Small County.

[9] Móin Otradh, not identified.

[10] Lios na Coille: Lisnacullia in parish of Clonagh, baronyof Connello Lower.

LII

Ráth na saor ní saoth gan adhar
ir Tír na heille dá dtreire gan athaṁ,
an pobal seach fedh ina bráraid sceatha
ir Tomb Daoile 'na díogaltar fala.

LIII

An Cnocán ruadh ro thar ag fearthain
ir Cnoc Firinne thíor go fraraċ,
atá Méin ag fméidheadh ar a macaibh
dá ndúireacht d'ionnsaidh a dtrealaṁ.

LIV

Druim an fiaidh re thar im aice
fá theo ó nóna go araile,
Cill Íde ar líonadh do ṁairg
ir Claonach i ndaorbhruid a dalta.

LII, L resumes. l. 1 adhar, M. l. 2 ttréire, L; gon threire gan anaṁ, M. l. 3 pobal séach ina bh., L; p. seach féadha a bh., M. l. 4 tonn, L; tomb, M; gan díogalta, M. LIV, l. 1 fiadhre, L; fia seo, M. l. 2 neona, L.

---

[1] Ráth na Saor, Rathnaseer, in the parish of Nantinan, barony of Connello Lower, containing the ruins of an ancient church, a few miles south-east of Rathkeale on the road to Ballingarry.

[2] Tír na hEille: Tyrnehelly, forfeited by Ed. Sheehy in 1652, according to the Cromwellian Books of Survey and Distribution, now Teernahilla, a townland in the parish of Cloncah, barony of Connello Upper.

[3] An Pobal seach Feádha: not identified, unless indeed the reference be to the barony of Pubblebrien.

[4] Tomb Daoile: Tomdeely, a parish and two townlands, north and south, in the barony of Connello Lower; also called Tonn Daoile and Druim Daoile.

[5] An Cnocán Ruadh: Knockanroe, a small hill with the ruins of an old church, in the demesne of Gort na Tiobrad, Springfield, barony of Glenquin.

LII

Rath na Sær[1] is sickly, not without a reason ;
And Tír na hEille's[2] force and vigour are resultless;
The folk beyond the Feadha,[3] where grow the hawthorn bushes,
And Tomb Daoile[4] seek for vengeance in their anger.

LIII

To the south beside me Cnocán Ruadh[5] is raining
And to the north Cnoc Fírinne[6] is drenched in showers ;
Méin[7] continues beckoning to all her children
To arouse them to the beating of their weapons.

LIV

To the west beyond me Druim an Fhiaidh[8] is shrouded
In mist-clouds from the noon of one day till the other ;
Cill Íde,[9] too, with grief and woe hath been replenished,
Like Claonach[10] at the helpless bondage of her nursling.

---

[6] Cnoc Fírinne: Knockfeerina, a celebrated hill, 949 feet high, west of Ballingarry, barony of Connello Upper.

[7] Méin: Mayne, a townland in parish of Mahoonagh, barony of Glenquin. Mayne house is situated about halfway between Mahoonagh and Kilmeedy. "Mayne South lies about four miles from Dromcolliher on the road to Charleville. Mayne North extends one and a half miles to the north of this road, and rises to about 383 feet" (information received from the Rev. Thomas Wall, PH.D., C.C., Dromcolliher).

[8] Druim an Fhiaidh would be anglicized Dromanee; but I have not met the name. From the text it appears that it is a hill to the west of Gort na Tiobrad and not far from it.

[9] Cill Íde: Killeedy, a parish containing two townlands of the same name, north and south, in the barony of Glenquin.

[10] Claonach: perhaps Clonagh, a parish and townland in the barony of Connello Lower. "The name occurs as Cluonech in the Rev. John Begley's History of Limerick, p. 112; and the word is pronounced with a stress-accent on the last syllable" (Rev. Thomas Wall, PH.D., C.C., Dromcolliher).

LV

Atá Cill Éidleach céarta ag cneadaig
ir Cill Conrnach cúlchluthar cleathtach,
Cill Alatach ar dearmad aithne
ir Cill Míchíl go díomhaoin ag tarrann.

LVI

Atá Cluain lom gan conn gan cathair
ir lnir chaoin re maoith ag mannar,
atá an Ráth go cármhar ag amharc
ir do thuirling onnra don Cheargaig.

LVII

Ní fuil taob Ráth chraobhárd ceanann
don chúil a dtúra gan daimhin,
tá an fuad ar bruach Baile an langaig
ir bóthar greanuidhe ag ceardnaoi a cheana.

LV, l. 1 ealach, L; eidhioch, M; ceartha, L, M. l. 2 connrach, L; chunnla, M. l. 4 tathrann, M; tarran, L. LVI, l. 1 gan lonn gan chaithir, M. l. 2 le, M; manar, M. l. 3 ráith, M. l. 4 unnra, M. LVII, l. 1 t. thaobhárdh, L. l. 4 ghreanaoi a cceanaoi, M.

[1] Cill Éidhleach: Killilagh in the parish of Monagay. "The name is pronounced Cill aile, well-known cross-roads and townland one mile from Broadford on the road to Ashford. The cross is the boundary of the [Catholic] parish of Dromcolliher" (Dr. Wall). The spelling of the two Mss. varies, but Cill Éidhleach seems the correct form when we compare the medieval forms: Kilathla (A.D. 1302), Kyllayleach (1418), Kylheylagh (1586), Killelaghe (1591): vide Westropp, Ancient Churches of Co. Limerick, p. 404, § 169, Proc. R.I.A., March, 1905.

[2] Cill Chonnrach, Kilcoorha, in the parish of Killeedy, barony of Glenquin. "One and a half miles north-east from Cill Éidhleach on the road to Raheenagh, and two miles from Broadford" (Dr. Wall). The two Mss. vary in the spelling of this name: Cill Conrach (L), Cill Chunla (M). The former spelling is confirmed by the forms found in medieval documents: Kilkenro (1298), Kylkynre (1452), Kilkonrough (1522), Kilconra (1601), Kilconroe (1657): vide Westropp, l.c., p. 417, § 232.

[3] Cill Alatach, not identified, but compare Clonelty, a parish in the barony of Glenquin.

LV

Cill Éidhleach[1] tortured groans aloud in pain and anguish,
Like loved Cill Chonnrach[2] in its snugly sheltered corner,
Cill Alatach[3] is quite distracted in its knowledge
And Cill Mhíchíl[4] keeps in vain expostulating.

LVI

Cluain Lom[5] hath been bereft of vigilance and reason
And Inis Chaoin[6] is giving vent to anxious sorrow,
The Rath[7] in sorry plight with wistful eyes keeps staring
And grief and anguish have descended on the Ceapach.[8]

LVII

Nor is Ráth Cheanann's[9] wood-crowned incline unaffected
At the sorrow of this nook where I am standing,
A pall of death enshroudeth Baile an Langaigh's[10] border,
And Bóthar Greanaidhe[11] bitterly bewails its darling.

---

[4] Cill Mhichíl, Kilmihil, in the parish of Ballingarry, barony of Connello Upper.

[5] Cluain Lom, not identified. If the adjective lom is to be taken predicatively and not attributively, the place referred to may be Clonshire, a parish in the barony of Connello Lower.

[6] Inis Chaoin: Inishkeen, in the parish of Mahoonagh, barony of Glenquin.

[7] Rath, a townland in the parish of Newcastle, barony of Connello [in the portion called Glenquin now], was forfeited by Sir Edmond Fitzgerald, 1652, according to the Cromwellian Books of Survey and Distribution.

[8] Ceapach: Lower Cappagh. Among the lands forfeited by Sir Edmond Fitzgerald in 1652 are Coolelieve, Lower Cappagh, and Borracappagh, in the parish of Killeedy (Book of Survey, &c., 1652). There are also a townland and a parish of Cappagh, in the barony of Connello Lower, near Rathkeale. According to Dr. Wall, Borracappagh (bapracéapac, i.e. bápréapac) is the Irish name of Mount Plummer, in the parish of Killagholehane, barony of Glenquin.

[9] Ráth Cheanann: Rathcannon, in the parish of Athlacca, barony of Coshma.

[10] Baile an Langaigh: Ballinlongig, in the parish of Dromcolliher, barony of Connello Upper. According to the Books of Survey and Distribution it was forfeited by Sir Edmond Fitzgerald in 1652; and it is there stated to be in the parish of Corcomohide and Clonereane [read Cloncreaue], now Cloncrew, in the barony of Connello Upper.

[11] Bóthar Greanuidhe, not identified. There is a Bóthar Bradach, Boherbraddagh, in the parish of Clonshire, barony of Connello Lower.

lviii

Atá an ceolbṗuʒ cóṗaċ cṗaiṗcneaċ
connaḋaċ caiḋleaċ caiḋḃṗeaċ ceaṗtaċ
bṗuṫmaṗ biaḋmaṗ ṗiannaċ ṗleaḋaċ
ṗá ṗmúiṫ iaṗ muʒaḋ a maṗcaiʒ.

lix

Cṗeaḃ ċuanna ċuaṗṗuilleaċ ċleaṗaċ
cṗeaḃ lonnṗaċ lonʒṗoṗtaċ leaṗaċ,
cṗeaḃ ċoinnleaċ ċuiḃṗeannaċ ċlannaċ,
cṗeaḃ lóḋaċ lóċṗannaċ leaṫan.

lx

Ceaċ ḋaoineaċ ḋíomaṗaċ ḋaṫaċ,
ceaċ buaḋaċ buaḃallaċ bṗaṫaċ,
ceaċ ṗeoltaċ ṗóḃaṗṫaċ ṗleaṗcaċ,
Ꝺoṗṫ na ciobaṗaḋ cuimiʒṫe an ceallaiʒ.

lxi

Ꝺoṗṫ ʒlámaċ ʒáiṗṫeaċ ʒṗaiṗneaċ
colʒṗáṗa conʒáiṗeaċ caiṫmeaċ
ṗiniṗtṗeaċ ṗeomṗaċ ṗómṗlaċ ṗeanṫa
bṗoċallaċ bṗuiḋneaċ bíomaċ beannaċ.

lxii

Ioṗtaḋ úṗ úṗnaiʒṫeaċ eaṗcṗaċ,
ioṗtaḋ ṗáṁ ṗlánluṗaċ ṗleaʒaċ,
ioṗtaḋ oll ṗoʒlamḋa ṗailʒeaċ,
ioṗtaḋ ʒṗeaḋnaċ ʒaḋṗaċ ʒṗeaʒaċ.

---

lviii, l. 1 cóṗnaċ, L. l. 2 connaḋaċ, L; conaċaċ, M. l. 4 muʒċa, M. lix, l. 1 ċuana, L; ċuanaċ, M; ċuaṗṗuilteaċ, L; cuaṗuilleaċ, M. l. 2, in M line 4 comes here. lx, l. 2 buaḋḃallaċ, L. lxi, l. 1 ʒaṗṗiteaċ, L; ʒáiṗeaċ, M. l. 2 ċolʒṗaṗa ċonʒaiṗeaċ ċ., L; colʒáṗṗa, M. l. 4 bṗuiʒneaċ, L, M. lxii, l. 1 etc. ioṗḋaʒ, L; ioṗḋa, M. l. 2 ṗlánlaṗaċ, M. l. 3 ṗailʒeaċ, L; ṗailʒeaċ, M; l. 4 ʒṗéaʒaċ, L.

[1] Craiftine, a celebrated harper in the reign of Labhraidh Loingseach, 264–254 B.C. (O'Flaherty); vide Keating's History, II, pp. 164–166.

LVIII

Palace loved by Craiftine,[1] home of choirs and music,
Wave-washed, celebrated, brilliant and attractive,
Cosy, hospitable, vassal-crowded, festive,
Lies in darkness, since its cavalier hath perished.

LIX

Habitation noble, circular and artful,
Habitation lightsome, full of camps and couches,
Habitation torch-lit, filled with rations, children,
Habitation spacious, full of loads and lanterns.

LX

Home of many people, grandeur, gorgeous colours,
Home of war-won spoils, of clarions and banners,
Home of soldiers, youthful, flesh-fed, enterprising,
Gort na Tiobarad,[2] possession of the household.

LXI

Gort[3] resounding with the din of neighing horses,
Where roaring cheers were heard and ancient blades were shivered,
With rooms and windows furnished after ancient fashion,
Luxurious, palatial, with its beams and turrets.

LXII

Treasury, where prayers ever freshly flourish,
Treasury of spears, of soothing cures all-healing,
Treasury renowned of golden rings and learning,
Treasury of mirth, of hunting-packs and splendour.

---

[2] Gort na Tiobrad: Gortnatubbred, now anglicized Springfield, the castle of Sir Edward Fitzgerald, in parish of Killagholehane, barony of Glenquin. James Fitzmaurice, on his return from Spain, defeated the English under Drury and Malby here in 1579, in which battle the English lost 300 soldiers and thirty officers. Of the old castle there is still standing a very perfect square tower. It is 34 feet by 21½ feet, the walls are 5 feet thick and 45 feet high, with five stories, the second of which is vaulted; the windows are of well-cut stone: vide Westropp, Ancient Castles of County Limerick, Proc. R.I.A., January, 1907, p. 236, § 370.

[3] Gort, literally a field or glebe, here an abbreviation of Gort na Tiobrad.

LXIII

Foraoir ḟrúncaċ ġlúmeaċ ġeamaċ
ḟiḋċeallaċ uallaċ uaiṫneaċ eanġaċ
imiorṫaċ ólaċ órḋaċ alṫraċ
luinnearḋa líoṁṫa líonṁar lannaċ.

LXIV

Ḋúnaḋ ḋuanaċ ḋuaraċ ḋreamaċ,
ḋúnaḋ rciaṁḋa rciaṫaċ rceanaċ,
ḋúnaḋ ḋréaċtaċ ḋéarcaċ ḋainġean
ḋúnaḋ ḋraoiṫeaċ ḋíoġaċ ḋrearaċ.

LXV

Múr múrcaċ monġṁucaċ marṫaċ
ḋiaiḋeánaċ cliaḃánaċ crearaċ
cleaṙlúṫmar carḃuraċ ceaṫraċ
rrianaċ rlóġaċ rróllaċ rlearac.

LXVI

Fionnlior ġrianaċ ġiallaċ ġlaraċ
puballaċ plátaċ páirceaċ peaṫaċ
roilḃir raoiṫeaċ roillreaċ rlaṫaċ
cuparḋaċ cuacaċ cruacaċ ceaṙaċ.

LXVII

Foirġniaṁ ómraċ óirḋneaċ alṫaċ
urcaraċ aillreaċ aiḋḃreaċ eaċlaċ
roineanḋa rnuaḋaċ ruaiṁneaċ rearcaċ
muireaṙaċ maiḋneaċ meaḋraċ marcaċ.

LXVIII

Fionnlior ríontaċ raoiliḋ rlaṫaċ
ḋruineaċ ḋaiṁraċ ḋeallraċ ḋarṫaċ
longᵹ láiḋir náṙ láaḋ a laċt ar
ᵹo cur Éamoinn ḋ'éiᵹion airṫi.

LXIII, l. 1 ġeanaċ, M. l. 3 imirṫeaċ, M. LXIV, l. 1 ḋreanaċ, M. l. 2 rġeaṫaċ, L. LXV, l. 1 monnṁucaċ, L. l. 2 biaḋánaċ, M. l. 3 carrúraċ, L. l. 4 rróllaċ, L. LXVI, l. 2 puiḃilleaċ, M. LXVII, The adjectives are all aspirated in M, but unaspirated in L. l. 2 urġurtaċ, M. l. 3 roineanna, M; roiréanḋa, L. l. 4 maiḋneaċ, L; ṁaiḋneaċ, M. LXVIII, l. 1 f. f. ḟuiġleaċ, M. l. 2 ḋruinneaċ, M; ḋarcaċ, L. l. 3 laaḋ a laċta, L; lá aḋ laċt ar, M. l. 4 ḋeamon, L.

LXIII

Covert packed with trunks and boxes, stairs and jewels,
Where chess was proudly played and voices rang responsive,
Used to games and quaffing, fosterlings and orders,[1]
Glistening brilliant, brightly burnished, stocked with sword-blades.

LXIV

Camp of companies, of poetry and prizes,
Camp attractively adorned with shields and daggers,
Camp of alms and fort of learned compositions,
Camp of druids, all enclosed by trenches crowned with bushes.

LXV

Courtyard redolent of bristly swine and bullocks,
Full of stir and uproar, wicker baskets, girdles,
Of cattle, of carousals and athletic contests,
Of bridles, warlike hostings, satin banners, benches.

LXVI

Fair fort bright and sunny, with its locks and pledges,
Its pets[2] and parks, its silver plate and its pavilions,
With its witty sages and its brilliant scions,
With its cupboards, goblets, stacks of corn and hampers.

LXVII

Building bright as amber, ordered in divisions,
With its reckless horseboys, full of life and spirit,
With its bands of beauty, happy, peaceful, loving,
And its merry household, early-rising, brewing.

LXVIII

Fair fort famous for its wines and princely welcome,
Embroidery and dances, bright beguiling maidens,
Mighty ship, whose cargo never was unloaded,
Till Éamonn from her ruthlessly at length was taken.

---

[1] Orders, the different grades or classes of society: cf. supra, p. 108, n.[1] et seqq.

[2] Pets, pet animals. The medieval nobles in Ireland were accustomed to procure from foreign parts some uncommon animal, often a monkey, which they kept as a pet. This custom is exemplified in the story of Tomás an apadh: vide supra, p. 144, n.[2].

LXIX

Do bíodh gárlaigh báird ir bacaigh
ir cruagháin i rúgánaib fearca
uim an ngéir nár béarraigh meabal
dá n-óigréir fá bórdréir an balla.

LXX

Fairche an chiuin d'iompuigh fe n-a airlingh
ir adcíteap a línte ar n-aibče,
dearbáirge i leargráčaib čanaid
acmurán ag armáil nač aičnim.

LXXI

Atáid na gleannta i gcannclaiṁ gairte
ir cáid na liaga liača ar laraḋ,
atáid cáin an fáraigh ar fhealaḋ
fá čiač i gciaṁair 'r i gcreačaib.

LXXII

Atá Gleann čaoin go críorča carcinar
ir Gleann dá boḋar gan fonn gan aiteap,
atá Boč árd gan bláič ar feačaib
gan fiaḋ gan iarcač gan eanaḋ.

LXIX, l. 1 bíoḋaoir, M. l. 4 a balla, L; an halla, M. LXX, l. 1 chiun, M. l. 2 aḋ cítir, M; naibče, L; naibče, M. l. 3 leargračaib, L; leargraičib, M; čanaid (?), M. LXXI, l. 2 na háiče báča ar l., M. l. 3 cáin *om.* M. l. 4 ccreačaib, L. LXXII, l. 2 boġar, M; bóġar, L. l. 3 bóčairḋ, L; boháird; fcarcaib, M. l. 4 anaḋ, M; eanaḋ, L.

---

[1] Another reading may be rendered 'hall-bench.'

[2] Fairche an Triuin: Farrihy, a large townland lying between Gort na Tiobrad and Tullylease, about one mile west of Dromcolliher, parish of Killagholehane, barony of Glenquin. The words, an chiuin—i.e. of the brave man—seem to be merely an epithet, and not a portion of the proper name.

LXIX

One might oft have seen there children, bards, and beggars,
And wretched creatures girdled with their dry-straw cinctures,
Gathered round the swan of undeceptive morals,
Who tended all of them along the wainscot[1] seated.

LXX

Fairche an Triuin[2] hath turned to dreamy sadness
And its ponds are seen to have outlived their richness,[3]
From the hillside raths they chant forth certain omens,
The taunting keen reproaches of an unseen army.

LXXI

The valleys are enveloped in a snare of sorrow
And the flagstones[4] grey and hoary fiercely burning;
The produce of the wilds is wasted thin and drooping
Beneath a cloud of grief in gloomy mist and tremors.

LXII

Gleann Chaoin[5] is parched with drought and rendered dry and thirsty,
And Gleann dá Bhodhar[6] no more re-echoes mirth or music;
Both Árd[7] without a blossom left upon its flowers
Hath lost its hunting, fishing, and abundant riches.

---

[3] The translation of this line is doubtful.

[4] Liaga, flagstones, is perhaps the same as Leaca, Lacka, Upper and Lower, in the parish of Killagholehane, barony of Glenquin. The variant reading of M may be rendered, "And the kilns of ruin furiously are burning," which is more tolerable.

[5] Gleann Chaoin, three townlands, one in the parish of Killeedy and the two others in the parish of Monagay, barony of Glenquin. The barony borrowed its name from them, when it was formed into a separate barony by the Act of 6–7 William IV.

[6] Gleann dá Bhodhar, not identified, but seemingly some glen among the mountains in the south of the barony of Glenquin.

[7] Both Árd, Bohard in the parish of Kilmeedy, barony of Connello Upper, near Tiree Cross, about half-way between Kilmeedy and Dromcolliher.

LXXIII

Atá bunóc ċumóġaċ ċarta
ó Ċulaiġ anuar 'na cuaiḷ beataiġ,
an Ḟionnġlair ḟór iar ṙóṁ i ṙearcar
ir Tobar an ġéiṁ gan léar a laċta.

LXXIV

Atá iaċtaċ iarṁain ir araṁ,
uaḷḷṗartaċ ċuanarta ir caiḷḷeaċ,
ṙeanlaoiċ i gcanntaoir iar gcrapaṁ
ir gárta ṗiaċ 'na ṁiaiṁ i leaċtaiḃ.

LXXV

Gáir ir mó ṗoġnar ḃon anam,
an ġáir ir lia ċriallar ċum leara,
gáir ċléirċe i mbréiḋeannaiḃ bṙeaca
ag ḃéanaṁ ṡíde an tí ṙena airċear.

LXXVI

Ór cinnte an ċríoċ ran gan ċaraṁ
mar ṗéinn ar ṗréaṁaiḃ an ṙeacaiṁ,
ir gan ár púil a húir re hairiog,
gairim leo ina ḃeoiṁ mo ṡailm.

LXXVII

Cuirim lé mo ċré 'r mo ṗaiḋir
mo ṡlán mo ċráċa ir mo ṡalcair
mo ḃiaṁ mo ḃriaċra mo ḃeannaċt
'na sliġe go maoilinn gaċ maiṫir.

LXXIII, l. 2 ċullaṁ, M; ċulċa, L: ċuail, M; cuaill, L. l. 3 ṙearġnaoi, M. l. 4 ġeiḋe, L. LXXIV. l. 1 iarṁar, L. l. 2 cuannarta. L. l. 3 ccanntaoir, L. l. 4 ġarṫa, L; gáirṫe, M; a leaċtaiḃ, L; air l., M. LXXV, l. 3 mbréiḋimiḃ, M. l. 4 riḋe, L; ríṫ, M; airċear, M: aċair, L. LXXVI, l. 2, ṗeacaṁ, L, M. l. 3 hiuir, L; nairicc, M; hairioṁ, L. l. 4 gairmim, M. LXXVII. l. 1 lé óm ċroiḋc. L. l. 2 ṡailcir, M; Ṡailcair. L. l. 3 ḃia, L, M. l. 4 ṡliġe, M.

[1] Bunóc: the river Bunoke, a tributary of the Daoil (vid. sup., p. 151. n. [3]). It rises at Barnagh Hill, and flows through Killeedy, and joins the Daoil a couple of miles above Mahoonagh.

[2] Tulagh, not identified. The name would be anglicized Tully. The word means 'a hill,' and from the context it would seem to be the hill where the river Bunóc rises. Perhaps Barnagh Hill is meant.

[3] Fionnghlais, not identified. The name of this stream would be anglicized

LXXIII

The winding Bunóc,[1] which meanders down from Tulach,[2]
Is nothing but a twining line of misty columns,
The Fionnghlais[3] hath been likewise changed to barren dryness,
And Tobar an Ghéidh[4] is left without a lease of liquid.

LXXIV

Sobbing are the orphaned, groaning are the lackeys,
Shrieking are the women-folk and the retainers,
Crippled are old warriors oppressed and shrunken,
And cawing are the ravens for him from the tombstones.

LXXV

The cry which best of all doth serve the soul departed,
The cry which most of all conduces to its profit,
The cry of clerics clad in varicoloured vestments
Is winning peace and solace for him from his Father.

LXXVI

Since that fate without escape hath been determined
By sentence passed upon the roots[5] of sinful action,
And since from earth we can expect no restitution
With them for him I sing my psalm of intercession.

LXXVII

Along with it I send my Credo and my Pater,
My valediction, office, hours, and psalter,[6]
My vows and my Beati[7] and my benediction
On its journey to the summit of all goodness.

Finglas. It seemed to be a tributary of the Bunóc, or of the Daoil in the south of the barony of Glenquin.

[4] Tobar an Ghéidh, not identified, but evidently somewhere in the vicinity of the last two or three places mentioned. "There is a Loch an Ghéidh in the mountains about three miles from Broadford to the west. I have not heard the name Tobar an Ghéidh, but the two places may be identical" (Dr. Wall).

[5] Adam and Eve, the meaning being that by the sin of our first parents death was brought into the world (cf. Gen. ii. 17, iii. 3).

[6] As "hours" means the canonical hours of the Divine Office, the Psalter here mentioned is more likely Psaltair Mhuire, the Psalter or Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

[7] Beati, Psalm cxviii, Beati immaculati, which is recited daily in the Divine Office at Prime and the little hours. The same word is occasionally employed in Irish to denote the Beatitudes of the Gospel, but it is then usually accompanied by some word which thus restricts and determines its meaning.

LXXVIII

Guidim úire ir uṁla na n-eappal
ir naoṁtaact aonuctlaig Anna,
a dúthaact féin a éim gan camad
ir fáir Fora dá díden ar damaint.

LXXIX

A Chrionóid ir fíorcoṁactach faicrin
dírlig ir dírig gan deacair
an féinnid dá ndéinim an airte
anonn go longphort an beatha. Amen.

LXXX

Ir coingid a dia an cia re nár dealaig
atá beo, ir ár ndóchar ina glacaid,
i réime i reanchion 'r i reafaṁ
i gclúthuid i gcúram 'r i gceannar.

LXXXI

A hórda glórṁair na n-aingeal,
ár liag ón liaṁain ri learuig,
<cong>naid ir cuṁdaig ir caigil
oigre an tréin gan béim gan barcad.

LXXXII

Gan diaṁair iarraim ir aitchim
ar grádaib ágmara an feartaig
m'oigre groidhe na Daoile datha
do chabairt i n-am anall ó Nantur,

LXXXIII

'S a cur tráith i n-áddaid a aithreach
i raoirre a finnrir gan earnaiṁ,
ir é fcóllfar don fcót gach fcannail
Seán na furrainne an pidire feannach.

LXXVIII, l. 2 aonuctaicc, M. l. 4 dioghan, L; dion corrected to díden, M; ar deaṁuin, L. LXXIX, l. 1 faicrinc, M. l. 2 díoraigir dírig, M. l. 3 ndeingim, L; ndéanaim, M. M ends here, and L is my only Ms. for the next twenty ranns. LXXX, v l. 3 chanuig.

[1] Anna, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

[2] A variant reading means "to protect him from the demon."

[3] Daoil, the river Deel, vide supra, p. 151, n.[3].

LXXVIII

I pray the chaste humility of the Apostles,
The sanctity of Mary, Anna's[1] only daughter,
His own religious life, his course undeviating,
And Jesus' Passion to protect him from damnation.[2]

LXXIX

O Trinity, most truly mighty to contemplate,
Take unto Thyself and guide without misfortune
The noble chief for whom I make this composition,
Over to the camp of everlasting ages. Amen.

LXXX

And do Thou, O God, continue him who strayed not,
Who lives and in whose hands are all our expectations,
Still in all his former grace, esteem, position,
In fame of beauty, vigilance, and lordly power.

LXXXI

O ye hosts of glory, angel choirs of heaven,
Assist in this extremity our kind physician,
Guard him and preserve him, spare, defend, and shelter
The air of heavenly bliss from injury and ruin.

LXXXII

Openly I beg and pray without concealment
That through the wonder-working God's transcendent graces
The noble heir of beauteous Daoil,[3] the charming river,
Be brought in time to us from Nantes[4] across the ocean,

LXXXIII

Back at last unto the mansion of his fathers,
Restored without defect to his ancestral freedom.
'Tis he will scour the score from all reproachful slander,
The real Seán na Sursainne,[5] the star-bright hero.

---

[4] Nantes in France, where Sir John Fitzgerald, the son and heir of the deceased Sir Éamonn, then was, perhaps for his education.

[5] Seán na Sursainne, John of the surcingle, an illegitimate son of Seán Callainne, John of Callainn (for whom vide supra, p. 141, n. [1]), and the wife of Ó Coilleán, chief of Claonghlais, was the ancestor of the Fitzgeralds of Claonghlais. The name Seán na Sursainne is here applied by the poet to Sir Seán, son of the deceased baronet, Sir Éamonn.

LXXXIV

Do ḋeoin an trócairiġ ḟreaḃair
tiocfaiḋ ua uaral an ḃreaġain
ḋ'ḟóiriḋin óirne go haḋlaiṁ
le fuarcailt mar Ċuaċal Teaċtmar.

LXXXV

Ir é ḟillfear arír na fraċa,
ir é ċóġfar an cóta laċtna,
ir é ċríonfar ar ċrían ḋon ċrannaiġ,
ir é fuaiġfear uaḃar ir aiṫir.

LXXXVI

Ir é úcfar úġḋair na n-arraċt
ḃíor fream ċaoḃ 'na maoraiḃ tacair,
ir é riomra ḃur ciuine cleaċtaḋ,
ir é íocfar m' íota re feaċtmain.

LXXXVII

Léiġfeaḋ ḋon léiḋḃile fearta
ir ġuiḋfeaḋ Críort go ḃíoċra im leabaiḋ
fá ṫéiġtioċ an té rin ḋo ċeartuiġ
'r ḋo ċaḃairt an ḃeo tar ḃóċna ballaiġ.

LXXXVIII

Críoċaim ḋon laoiḋ re, mo leaṁar,
ġioḋ truaġ liom fuainne na fairne,
ḋuirfean cúr na ḋtrúr ar ḋtrapaḋ,
ḋuirfean é ir a ċéile ar fcaipeaḋ. Finis.

LXXXIX

Ḋuirfean éag Éamoinn mic Ċomáir Ċaim
uirra léir éifeaċtaċ ḟuirḟánta ḟionn,
an curaḋ caoṁ ġléṫnuiġte ġuċáiḋ ġlinn
ḋo ḋul i ġcré aḋéanainn ġur ḋiombáiḋ liom.

LXXXIX, l. 2 f. f. l. 3 an c. ċ ġléarnuiġte ġ. ġ.

[1] Dragon, vide supra, p. 52, n. [2].

[2] Tuathal Teachtmhar, vide supra, p. 121, n. [4].

[3] Saffron-coloured kilts are here mentioned as a distinctively Irish dress.

LXXXIV

By the will of God, all-merciful and prudent,
Shall come the generous descendant of the dragon[1]
To bring to all of us relief and prompt assistance,
Releasing us, as formerly did Tuathal Teachtmhar.[2]

LXXXV

'Tis he who will bring back with him success and blessings,
'Tis he who will restore again the kilts of saffron,[3]
'Tis he who will extirpate every tree that withered,
'Tis he who arrogance and obloquy will banish.

LXXXVI

'Tis he will tuck and card all those master monsters,
Who dog my footsteps ever, money-questing bailiffs,
'Tis he will be to me in intercourse most gentle,
'Tis he will freely pay for me my thirst's bill weekly.

LXXXVII

I shall cease to speak now of the mighty hero,
And from my couch shall pray to Christ with earnest fervour,
That He may give relief to him[4] who hath departed,
And bring the living one[5] across the convex ocean.

LXXXVIII

My lay so long and tedious now at length I finish,
Yet he, the prop of vigilance, excites my pity!
Alas! that he, the leader of the troops, lies shrivelled;
Alas! that he and his true spouse are separated. Finis.

LXXXIX

Alas for the death of Sir Éamonn mac Thomáis Chaim,[6]
The pillar conspicuous, powerful, staunch and fair,
The kind knight of elegant form and of loud clear voice
Consigned to the clay, I must say how his loss I feel.

---

[4] Sir Éamonn mac Gearailt.

[5] Sir Seán mac Gearailt.

[6] Tomás Cam, father of Sir Éamonn, was living in the year 1624, when he was pardoned for having alienated Gortintubbrid Castle by trust deed in the year 1614 to Theobald, Lord Castleconnell, and Tirlogh oge O'Brien for use of Slany Fitzgerald alias O'Brien, his wife; vide Westropp, Ancient Castles of the County Limerick, p. 236, § 370, Proc. R.I.A., January, 1907.

XC

Scuр don ġéiġ ġréaġaiġ náр ġríoráil cill
'р náр bриr a рséiṁ aonaiġ ná a macáṁ mionn,
cuirle ġéar éirlinġ ir uċtlán cinn
ġur ġuin an péiġ péiċleann na bрiodán bрionn.

XCI

Ór cuppainn créiċ d'éiġneaċ boċtán dinn
'р naċ cluiċe clé béarar don ġiolltán ġiall
a Ílluire, péid péinnid an aráin crlim
ġo hinir nde nġléiġil ir folláin ponn. Amen.

An fear céadna oidċe a adlaiceċe ar Sliogċe.

XCII

A Ġearaltaiġ a Ċaraċaiġ 'r a Ċairbрianaiġ
'r a ċeannaċair na n-anbрann do ġairtbiaċaid,
ir anacraċ an raġairne don lagiaċ re
do ṁarbóul i ġcarbad don Ċar ċliaraċ.

XCIII

M'anaitear do banaltra ġo mearċiallaċ
'r a hanbрainne aġ ceannaraic le cneadliaċaib.
do ṁaicine ġo banaṁail aġ bariaċtaiġ
'r do leacuiġċe dá learġaib aġ leaċрiaraid.

XCIV

Don ġarraid ri id leanaṁain ir neaṁġрianaċ
do ṁarcaċar rá rcamalaib 1 ġcarc ċiarċa,
a ċaċbile ba ceannaraċ 1 nġalġliaċaib,
ir r'eaċraid rá ġadaraċ 1 n-ainрiaċaib.

XC, l. 3 ná ṁacáṁ. XCI, l. 2 ġiolltán. l. 3 peinnid. l. 4 nġleiġil. XCIV, l. 3 ċaċbille. l. 4 teaċraid.

[1] Scion of Greece, that is, a Geraldine or Fitzgerald; vide supra, p. 146, n. [2].

[2] Slioghe, not identified, if indeed it be a place-name. The word, however, seems corrupt. We know from R. XIX of the present poem that Sir Éamonn was buried at the Abbey of Eas Geibhtine, Askeaton.

XC

To part with this scion of Greece,[1] who oppressed no church,
Nor injured its festive array nor its clerics vowed,
'Tis ruin both riskful and sharp, and a sore heart-load,
How the keen pang hath wounded the woodbine of fairest veins.

XCI

Since this is a blow to enfeeble and crush us poor,
And no juggling which will for the wagerer win a stake,
Guide, O Mary propitious, the warrior graceful-greaved
To heaven, God's isle fair and bright, where reigns perfect bliss.

The night of his burial at Slioghe[2] idem cecinit.

XCII

O descendant of Gerald, of Cárthach and Brian of Cas,[3]
O bond, who together didst bind and sustain the weak,
'Tis revelry wretched and racking to this weak land
Thy corpse in a wagon gone forth to the throngèd Eas.[4]

XCIII

It afflicts me to see thy kind nurse with her mind distraught,
As her weakness keeps writhing and struggling with painful sobs,
Like women thy clansmen are moaning and beating hands,
While inclined to the slopes of the hillside thy tombstones stand.

XCIV

On the youthful retainers, who follow thee, shines no sun;
In darkness and gloom ride thy horsemen with black-plumed casques;
Thou, battle-prop, mighty commander in valour's strife,
How thy squadrons are gagged by these debts of excessive pain.

---

[3] Sir Éamonn was son of Mary Mac Carthy, and O'Brien blood flowed in his veins as well as that of the Fitzgeralds. Gerald was father of Maurice fitz Gerald, who accompanied Strongbow to Ireland. This Maurice was the ancestor of all the Fitzgeralds of Ireland. Cárthach Caisil was ancestor of the MacCarthys; vide supra, p. 28, n. [2]. Cormac Cas, a quo Dál gCais, was a remote ancestor of King Brian, founder of the O'Brien clan.

[4] The thronged Eas, or the Eas of clerks, clerics, Eas Geibhtine, Askeaton; vide supra, p. 145, n. [2], and p. 150, n. [2].

XCV

Atáid fearḃuraid ċalma go flaiṫḋiaḃrach
ir eaglais ar mearḃall i mbeart riaġalda,
atá fearḃar gach feannma le baintriaṫaiḃ
fá t'airtiorra go fairṫe na ḃfear ndiaḋa.

XCVI

Ir fearġaċ na fallúinġeaċa daṫḋiara
do ḋealḃuiġ an aṫuirre uim aḋ ġealrianaiḃ,
arġain an ċearrḃaiġ do ḋearc iaḋta,
ir ní lagraine don ḃalġaire ḃreacriaḃaċ.

XCVII

Ba meanmaċ do ṁacnaiṁ i mearc ḋrúiṫe
ir ba carṫanaċ do ṫaḃartar i ḋteaċ riaṫa,
do b'anaireaċ i maṫaire do ṁacfḋiaraḋ
nár ḋainġne re crannḋoire cneariarainn.

XCVIII

Dá ḋtairġinnre tairḃe do ġlanṁiannaiġ
ir t'aṫarḋa do reacaireaċt i mearḃriaṫraiḃ
do b'ealaṫain go n-airḃe mo leaṁḟriaḋain
'r gur ceannaṫaḋ ón eagnaiṁ a n-aiṫḋriaṫraḋ.

XCIX

Ó'r ḋearḃṫa do ṁairḃne naċ leaṫḟriaḋfainn
ḋom ainḃfior gom anabaiḋ an ḃeartiarraid
aṫḋuinġim gan earcuine gan aiṫḋiaraḋ
le haingliḃ go rariaṫar do ċeartrciaṫaḋ. Amen.

Ar a ṁac oiġneaċta .i. Sir Ġeán do bí i Nantur an uair rin, 1666. Dáiḃí ó bruaḋair cct. (L): Dáiḃi mac (sic) bruaḋair cct. do Ṡeaġan mac Ġearailt .i. taiġearna na Claonġluire (m).

C

Do ġráraiḃ foirre an toirġim trócairiġ
ní ḃáiḋfiḋ tuile 'r ní ṫuitfe le tóirneaċaiḃ,
ní ṫráiġfiḋ timneal ní ṁuirfiḋ beoċuilg,
ar ndáil i n-ionaiḋ go ḃrille dár ḃróiriġṫim.

XCV, l. 1 fearṫuraiḋ. XCVI, l. 2 ḋealḃ-. l. 3 ṫearrḃoiġ. XCVII, l. 1 buḋ. l. 4 crannḋoire. XCIX, l. 1 *leg.* ṁarḃna? l. 4 rariṫar. C, l. 1 tuirigim, m; tuirġim, C; toirġim, L. l. 2

XCV

Manly and valorous knights are in prince-caused grief,
And distracted its ritual solemn the church neglects;
Each princess hath tasted the sourness of every song,
At thy journeying forth to the parish of pious men.[1]

XCVI

Vexatious to see are the draperies colour-black,
Which sorrow hath woven around all thy foot-tracks bright;
'Tis a loss to the cearrbhach[2] that eye of thine closed in death,
Nor is any relief now obtained by the motley rough.

XCVII

Cheerful thy revelry was amidst princely lords,
And kind were the gifts in the guest-room thou didst dispense;
Thy cuishes were gainful of honour on battle-plain,
For no bands ever circled more firmly an iron-girt oak.

XCVIII

Have I tried to allege all the worth of thy talents pure,
And describe thy ancestral estate in words duly weighed;
My witness insipid hath been but an essay gapped,
Bought at the price of resifting from learnèd art.

XCIX

Since 'twas certain I could not half fitly thy death-song sing,
And only my ignorance raw would attempt the feat;
I beg that without either curse or renewed distress
Thou be safely escorted by angels to Paradise. Amen.

To his son and heir Sir John Fitzgerald, Lord of Claonghlais, who was in Nantes at that time, 1666, David Ó Bruadair cecinit:

C

By the powerful grace of the Lord God all-merciful
Wave shall not drown him nor thunderbolts strike him down,
Disease shall not waste him nor live sword-points slaughter him,
Till back to his place for our help come our fated one.

---

báiṫḟiḋ, m; ṫuiṫfiḋ, m. l. 4 air, Mss.; an iomaḋ, m; an ionaiḋ, L; bṗillíḋ, m.

[1] That is, to heaven.

[2] Cearrbhach: vide supra, p. 97, n. [3].

CI

Sáraḋ leinḃ ḃur ceinnḋe córanna
ḋo ráġḃaḋ linne mar ċime re cróḃile,
a ṁáċair ṁoċair 'r a ḃuime na hóġaċta,
cárċuiġ uime ran iomluċt ṗórlannaċ.

CII

Ġan beárna, a Ḷḷuire, tar ċonarṡa an ċórta cuir
le ráḃar ṗuirinne an riḋire leoġanta,
Seán na ruṗṗainne rcuirṗear ġaċ eolċuire
ḋon ġnáċġort ġoirċear ón ḋtiobaraiḃ ḋtóċairaiġ.

CIII

An lá naċ luiġṗear ċum loinġe re lóḃairreaċt
cláċuiġ cuirm na cuinne ir a cóiċearcal,
ḋon cráile riorma ná ṗulaing re ṗeoċannaiḃ
go ḋtáir an curaċ tar ċiuṁraiḃ an ċeoḃuinne.

CIV

Ḋár nġáir ġan innṁe rcuiream, a coṁuṗṗana,
ir áileam cumar na cruinne go coṁnaiḋeaċ,
an ṗáir ḋoċonnairc ḋár ġcionnaiḃ i ġcoṁġaraiḃ
ṗár ġcáirḋiḃ uile ḋo ċuilleaṁ a ṗoġnaṁa.

CV

Ṗoġnaṁ creáċt éinṁic an aċar neáṁḋa
go ḃṗóire mé ar ḋéine mo ḋearġnáṁaḋ,
an ṗóir ri i brlé an traoġail ar anaḃáraiḃ
ir ġaċ cnó náṁ ċaoċ raoraḋ ḋár marḃánaiḃ. Amen.

CI, l. 1 cinnḋe, m. l. 2 ṗáġḃaḋ, m; le cróiḃile, m. l. 4 cárċuiḋ, m; rin, m. CII. This rann comes after the following one in m. l. 2 ráḋḃar, m. l. 3 ruirraimne, L. CIII, l. 1 naċ, L, m; le láiḋirreaċt, m. l. 2 cláċaiḋ cuirim, m. l. 3 na ṗuilinn, m. l. 4 ċiuḃraiḃ, L; ċeóṁuinne, m; ċeoḃuine, L. CIV, l. 1 ṗġuirim, m; ṗġuiriom, L. l. 2 áilim, m; áiliom, L; cruinġe, L. CV, l. 1 aenṁic, m, O. l. 2 ḃṗóiriḋ, m, O. l. 3 ón traoġail air anaḃáraiḃ, m. l. 4 ṗġaċ cnóḋ, m, O.

A Sonnet To Simple Elegance

Dressmaker touches in this handsomely tailored beauty, of Dan River's "Wrinkl-Shed" corded cotton. Raglan sleeves ending in button-on pique cuffs . . . unusual collar, pert with pique bow. Brown, gray, green. Sizes 10 to 20.

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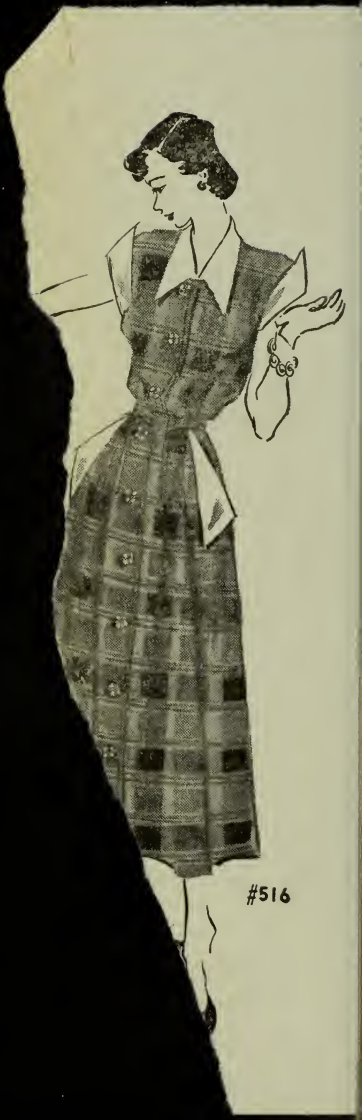
#516

CI

Stronger shall signs grow, this child if we gratify,
Left to our care like a captive with battle-chief;
O Mother of gentleness, Nurse of virginity,
To this suffering nation send succour on that account.

CII

O'er the coast-raging sea, Mary, bring without accident
By the favouring help of the crew the knight lion-like,
Seán of the surcingle,[1] destined to banish grief
From the dearly loved Gort,[2] which is named from the causeway-spring.

CIII

On the day when he starts for the ship-freighted cargoful,
Calm the loud din of the ocean waves mustering;
Permit not the sea to be rent by fierce hurricanes,
Till the bark safely glide o'er the edge of the misty flood.

CIV

O neighbours, henceforth I desist from my bootless cry,
And pray the strong Lord of the universe ceaselessly,
Who in His Passion did meet our sins face to face,
Through the price of Whose service may all our friends benefit.

CV

May the beneficial service of the wounds of God the Father's only Son
Help me and release me from the rage of my infuriated enemies,
Shield from deadly violence all those who are assaulted by this hostile world,
And save our dear departed ones, unless they be, like hollow nuts, salvation-void.

---

[1] Seán na Sursainne; vide supra, p. 175, n. [5].

[2] Gort, Gort na Tiobrad, literally Springfield; vide supra, p. 167, n. [2].

XV.—A hÓgaiḋ éirġeas fine

Ḋuain Leanbuiḋeaċt Sir Seáin mic Ġearailt.

Cúċonnaċt ó Ḋálaiġ ecc.

[As the preceding poem is the first composition of David Ó Bruadair which refers to the Fitzgeralds of Claonghlais, Co. Limerick, and as many of his later poems are addressed to Sir John Fitzgerald, the heir and successor of Sir Edmond Fitzgerald, I shall give here a hitherto unpublished poem by Cuchonnacht Ó Dálaigh, in order to complete somewhat the history of Sir John Fitzgerald. The poem is found in a Ms. of Eoghan Ó Caoimh, now preserved in the R.I.A., where it is registered as 23 M 30. In this Ms., p. 51, it is inscribed: Cúċonnaċt ó Ḋálaiġ ecc. Ḋuain leanbuiḋeaċta Sir Ṡeáin mic Ġearailt, i.e. poem on the infancy (or birth) of Sir John Fitzgerald by Cúchonnacht Ó Dálaigh. The poem is undated; and I have not found the dates either of the birth of Sir John or of the marriage of his parents. Judging, however, by the birth-dates of some of the immediate relations of the family, it would seem that Sir John Fitzgerald was born about 1630–1640. For instance, Sir Edmond Fitzgerald's first cousin Donogh MacCarthy, Earl of Clancarty, who died the year before Sir Edmond, was born in 1594, and Donogh's son Cormac MacCarthy, the second cousin of Sir John Fitzgerald, was born 1634 (vide supra, introduction to poem XI, Ní beo 'Ḃirne ṫar éir Ḋonnċaiḋ). Arguing from the genealogies of other relations, we should arrive at about the same date. Making all allowance for the difference of descent, it would seem that Sir Edmond's heir must have been born before 1640, especially in view of the fact that the principal theme of the following poem is the youthfulness of Sir John's parents. On the other hand, it is not likely that Sir John was born before 1630, since he was still

I

A hÓgaiḋ éirġeap fine
ġnáṫ riaṁ ḋo réir ṗairtine,
naċ éaḋṫréan a fleaċta roin
céaḋṗréaṁ ġaċ ealta an ógḃaiḋ.

II

Ḋá ġcreiḋteap ḋ'eol ġaċ aicme
ó lóṫ cúmḋa an ċéaḋmaicne
nó ir meapaiġḋe móiḋ na fean
óiġ feanaiḋre na finnfeap.

XV.—CLANS SPRING EVER FROM THE YOUNG

Genethliacum on Sir John Fitzgerald of Claonghlais.

By Cúchonnacht Ó Dálaigh.

active enough to distinguish himself in the wars in Flanders, at the close of the century. The absence also of any reference in this poem to the war in Ireland, which lasted from 1641 to 1652, would seem to prove that it was composed some time previous to the year 1641.

Other poems of Cúchonnacht Ó Dálaigh still unpublished are extant in Mss., and this beautiful little poem, which is here published, will, I hope, prove interesting as a specimen of his poetic powers. David Ó Bruadair seems to have known Cúchonnacht personally. At any rate he was acquainted with Cúchonnacht's children, to whom he at a later date addressed a short poem, which begins Ó'aiċle na ḃṗileaḋ n-uaṗal.

The metre of this poem is called Ḋeiḃiḋe, and it is the most common of the classical metres. Each line is heptasyllabic, and the number of the syllables in the final word of each of the even lines exceeds the number of the syllables in the final word of each of the odd lines by one. The numerous rules of this difficult metre are described elsewhere. This poem is an excellent specimen of the metre. It is sufficient to call attention to the great accuracy with which these rules are here observed, and especially to the triple internal rhymes in the concluding couplet of every rann.]

I

Clans spring ever from the young,
According to prophetic lore;
Not the weaklings of a race
But youth is every tribe's first root.

II

If believed be tribal tales,
Since first a family was formed,
The oaths of seers are either vain
Or young the ancient parents were.[1]

[1] Keating quotes the Hebrew tradition as read in the Polychronicon for the statement that Adam was fifteen years old when Cain and his sister Calmana were born, thirty when Abel and his sister Delbora were born, and one hundred and thirty when Seth was born: vide Keating, History, vol. I, p. 132.

III

Ġibe le a ḃfríṫ fíor a fcéal
bun fleaċta na fé gcinéal
don tṡéaḋ do ḋéimiuṁ deaġla
éinṡear géaġ a ngneaṁna.

IV

A ḋteaċt ó ózaiḃ tar air
cleaċtaḋ síor i ndiaiḋ ḋúṫċair
do nór an ġéigfleaċta ar ġin
tór céiḋteaċta gaċ cinıḋ.

V

Uaṫa tar óige a n-aoifi
gintear fréaṁ gaċ foraoifi
'na ċoiḃéim oppa ní an
coiléin lonna na leoġan.

VI

Ó íoċraiḃ fáraiḋ maiġre
a mear éirġiḋ áġḋairġe
airġe gaċ fleaċta map fin
na haiḃne aġ teaċt ó ṫabriḃ.

VII

Aṫair feanḃeaċ an fáiṫe
maiḋean máṫair gnianláiṫe
fealḃ gaċ deirḃfine 'na ḋeoiġ
leanḃ ceimnḃile gaċ cineoil.

III, l. 1 gibe. l. 3 ḋeaimiuṁ. VI, l. 2 áġḋairġe. VII, l. 2 máṫar.

[1] Six tribes, the six colonies which occupied Ireland, as enumerated by Keating, History, vol. I, viz.:—Ceasair (pp. 140–146), Parthalón (pp. 156–172), Clann Neimheadh (pp. 172–188), Fir Bolg (pp. 188–200), Tuath Dé Danaan (pp. 202–224), Clann Míleadh (pp. 224 et seqq.). The temporary occupation of the country by the Fomhóraigh (l.c., pp. 178–184) is not considered by Irish historians to have

III

For him who hath the stories conned
Of the six tribes'[1] origin,
At the parting of each race
One begetting branch stands forth.

IV

Thenceforward from the young they came,
Such is nature's constant mode,
Like the race-begetting branch
Begins the first of every sept.

V

From them despite their youthful age
Begotten is each forest's youth,[2]
Nor hath any slur remained
Upon the lions' warlike whelps.

VI

From the spawn the salmon spring,
From acorns rise the rugged oaks,
Such the sign of every race—
Rivers flowing from the founts.

VII

The swarm is father to the bees,
Morn is mother to bright day.
A future tribe's true treasure is
The youthful founder of the race.

---

been a real conquest or colonization of Ireland; otherwise we should omit Ceasair, and insert the Fomhóraig after Clann Neimheadh in the above list.

[2] Genealogical descent is frequently described in Irish poetry by metaphors derived from the growth of plants and the flowing of streams. In this way a complete metaphorical vocabulary is evolved; for instance, the tree is the chieftain; the stock or trunk is the main line of descent; a bud, flower, bloom, nut, or blossom is a descendant; a cluster designates a family, sometimes the parents and sometimes the children; and a wood or forest is the whole family or clan.

VIII

Mar dig fread a daob duinne
ata ar fliocht Sean Calluinne
duir Chiaċ fán craobġlairi cuill
driaċ na Claonġlairi ag crobuing.

IX

Beangán a fiobbaiġ oirdeirc
duillfiod d'ainm a huarailbeirt
foiġéag bur focain dá bfiod
coimhéad focair na finnfiog.

X

Mar éirgear coill a craoib fáir
oigre Éamoinn mhic Comair
ba fáċ méadaiġċe dá mear
bláċ an ġéagfoiċne ginear.

---

x, l. 4 ġéag foiċne: opposite this rann the following little epigram is written in the margin:—

An cnoc ir airde ir é ir fuaire
cloid uaid ar gciorra an ġrian
an ċé ar caoile doċí an cóir
ir dó ir daoire an fíġ gan fiar.

---

[1] John of Callainn: vide supra, p. 144, n. [1]. The genealogy of Sir John Fitzgerald is given as follows in H. 4, 24, a Ms. in Trinity College Library, Dublin, written 2nd Mart. 1757:—"Ġeimiollaċ Chigearna na Claonġlairi: Seaġan mac Éamoinn .i. Éamoinn mhic Tomáir ċaim mhic Muirir mhic Tomáir mhic Seaġain mhic Éamoinn mhic Tomáir mhic Muirir mhic Tomáir mhic Muirir mhic Ġearailt mhic Seaġain mhóir na fuirraingе mhic Seaġain ċalloinne, ut supra in Fitzgerald." In English:—Genealogy of the Lord of Claonghlais: John son of Edmond, viz. Edmond, son of Thomas Cam, son of Maurice, son of Thomas, son of John, son of Edmond, son of Thomas, son of Maurice, son of Thomas, son of Maurice, son of Gerald, son of John Mór na sursainne, son of John of Callainn, etc., ut supra in Fitzgerald.

[2] Hazel, chieftain, noble: vide supra, p. 108, n. [7], and cf. p. 25, R. ix, l. 3.

VIII

Like stream which flows from welling wave,
From John of Callainn[1] there hath sprung
By branch-clad hazel-brook[2] Cliu's[3] chief
Claonghlais'[4] lord, a cluster's fruit.[5]

IX

He, scion of a brilliant wood,[6]
Shall merit fame by noble deeds,—
Stately sprout to shield its trees,
Guard of its ancestral weal.

X

Like wood from wild branch growing comes
The heir of Éamonn, Thomas' son,[7]
To cause their credit to increase,—
Bloom of shielding branch now born.[8]

---

[3] Cliu, gen. sing. Cliach, including both Áine Cliach (vide supra, p. 29, n. [5]), and Ara Cliach (vide supra, p. 151, n. [6]). According to Father Hogan, S.J., "Cliu included the eastern half of Co. Limerick plus the barony of Owney and Ara to Killaloe at L. Derg." For the abundant data collected by him, which justifies this conclusion against the opinion of those who give this territory a very restricted area, vide Ononomasticon Goedelicum, sub voce Cliu.

[4] Claonghlais, vide supra, p. 150, n. [1].

[5] The language of this rann is so metaphorical that the following paraphrase may be helpful in enabling the reader to penetrate the meaning:—Sir John Fitzgerald, Lord of Claonghlais and Chief of Cliu, child of high-born parents [a cluster's fruit], descends from John of Callain, copious source [welling wave] of a prolific [branch-clad] noble [hazel] clan [brook].

[6] Wood: vide supra, p. 187, n. [2].

[7] That is, John, son and heir of Éamonn, son of Thomas; vide supra, p. 188, n. [1].

[8] The epigram written in the margin of the Ms., which is given among the variants on the preceding page, may be rendered as follows:—

The highest hill the coldest is,
Though nearest to the sun it be;
The clearer one doth see the right,
The worse the doom his sin receives.

xi

Óna aicme ʒo mbeaṙċar briṙ
ní hionʒnaḋ ḋiar ṁó Muiriṙ
le Seoʒán mac Sir Éamuinn
ʒleoḋáʒ ṙlaṫ ḋ'ṙiʒ óirnéaṁuinn.

xii

Ṫáṁan óʒ ḋá n-uṁlaiḋ coill
ṙcoṫ a ṁaoine mac Éamoinn
ceann ṙoirne ṫailleṙine a ḋṫréaḋ
oiʒre ár maiṙine an ṁionʒéaʒ.

xiii

Ḃraṫ caoṁna learа Luimniʒ
leanḃ ḃuṙ ceann ḋá ċaṫḃuiḋniḃ
caoṙ ḃuaiḋ Ḋaile na Ṫráiʒe
ṙear ṙairṙe cuain ciuinlíáiʒe.

xiv

Coṙnaṁ na ḋṫuaṫ ṫiocṙaiḋ ḋe
aoiṙ leiṁḃ an ṫ-am ṙá ḋṫréiʒṙe
ḃa ʒeall ṙe aiṫḃeoḋaḋ an ṙuinn
ceann caiṫleoʒan ó ʒConaill.

xv

Ní ṫeaṙc ann uim ṁac Máiṙe
aʒ ṙeinm ʒcṙoṫ ʒceol lúṫʒáiṙe
luiṫ ʒriaṅṙoṙṫ linnḃinn naċ laʒ
um iaḋʒoṙṫ ṫirmṙlim na ṫiubraḋ.

---

xi, l. 2 ḋíaṙṁó Íṁuiriṙ. l. 3 Seaḋan. l. 4 ʒleoáiʒṙlaṫ. xii, l. 4 máiṙine. xiii, ċaṫḃuiʒniḃ. xiv, l. 2 ṫam, qu. ṫaim? l. 4 caṫleoʒan.

[1] Maurice is such a common name among the Fitzgeralds that it is not easy to determine the person to whom the poet refers here. Sir John's great-grandfather was called Maurice; but probably Maurice fitz Gerald, the founder of the Fitzgerald family in Ireland, is intended. He arrived in Ireland about 1169, and died 1177.

[2] Wands, youths, cf. p. 187, n. [2]. The mixed metaphors of this line are explicable, if not justifiable, by the fact that the metaphorical use of such words was so common in the artificial language of Irish poetry that the figurative meaning had in many cases almost completely supplanted the original.

XI

That gain unto his tribe accrue,
They wonder not who Maurice[1] loved,
In John, Sir Éamonn's noble son,
Warlike wands[2] wove golden gem.

XII

Young shoot, to whom a wood bows down
Whose richest bloom is Éamonn's son,
Leader, chieftain of their flocks,
Branchlet, heir of all our love.

XIII

Mantle-guard of Luimneach's lios,[3]
Its battle-squadrons' infant-chief,
Smiting bolt of Baile na Trágha,[4]
Harbour-scout of sluggish Máigh.[5]

XIV

In him shall be the tribe-land's guard,
Childhood's age when he shall pass,—
Fated pledge to rouse the land,
Uí Chonaill's[6] battle-lions' chief.

XV

Not few are they round Mary's son[7]
Who play on music's joyful harps
With swelling, stream-sweet, sun-bright tunes
In Gort na Tiobrad's[8] neat, dry land.

---

[3] The fort or city of Limerick.

[4] Baile na Trágha, literally Strandtown, not identified. Possibly it may be merely a descriptive epithet of some place situated on the banks of the Shannon estuary. There is a Ballynatra in the parish of Templerobin, barony of Barrymore, Co. Cork, and another in the parish of Kilcrohane, barony of Carbery West, in the same county; but it does not appear that Sir John Fitzgerald had any connexion with either of them.

[5] Máigh: vide supra, p. 113, n. [4].

[6] Uí Chonaill: vide supra, p. 96, note [1].

[7] Mary's son: Sir John Fitzgerald, whose mother's name was Máire, Mary, vide supra, p. 149, n. [4].

[8] Gort na Tiobrad: vide supra, p. 167, n. [2].

xvi

Mór bfear ḃán ceaṗḃ a ʒcuma
ann le ḃréaċtaiḃ ḃíoʒluma
ḃ'aoir ḃealḃa na nḃuan fnuiʒċe
ealḃa na nḃruaḋ nḃearfnaiḃ́ċe.

xvii

Tilfiḃear fe mac Máine
bruaċ Ḋaoile ir fliof feanḿláiʒe,
naċ fear a bfoiʒne falaiṁ
aiḃne aʒ mear ḃá méaḃuʒaḋ.

xviii

beiċir naċ báiċfe fala
féalta eoil na heanʒnaṁa
bláṫ clannṁaicne Ġréaʒ ar ġoil
ʒéaʒ ḃur armaibċe i n-iorġoil.

xix

Cfú ar airḋe i n-imir Ḟloinn
beaʒ ir maoiḃ́te ar ṁac Éamoinn
fcaṫ foirfne finnġréaʒ 'na ḟuil
foiʒne cinnġéaʒ ó ʒCáṙċaiġ.

xx

Ó ḃtáiḃ uimfe uairle ó ḃTáil
fíol ʒCearḃuill uim ėrú Ṡeaġáin
cfaoḃ ir líonṁairfe ḃo leaṫ
ir ʒaol fíoġraiḋe Róirteaċ.

xxi

Ġearr ʒo mbia 'na bráġaiḃ ʒill
cinr ḃeo ir cfiċir ḃ'ár ʒcoiʒill
ar ġaoir ar ḋeallraḃ nḋeirḃe
ḃ'aoir ir ḃ'eanʒnaṁ inḋeilḃe.

---

xvi, l. 1 ḃán ceaṗḃ. l. 2 ḃíoġloma. l. 3 fnuiġċe. l. 4 nḃruaġ nḋearfnuiċe. xix, l. 1 ar (*leg.* ar?) áirḋe. xxi, l. 2 cinr *sic.*

[1] Mary's son: Sir John Fitzgerald; vide supra, p. 149, n. [4].

[2] Daoil: vide supra, p. 151, n. [3].

[3] Máigh: vide supra, p. 113, n. [4].

[4] Bear: a laudatory epithet for a strong man, or a powerful chieftain.

[5] Grecian, Geraldine: vide supra, p. 146, n. [2].

[6] Inis Fhloinn: Ireland, so called from Flann Sionna, king of Ireland, A.D. 879–916; vide Keating, History, vol. III, pp. 190–192.

XVI

Many trained in forms of art
Are there with poems, sifted, gleaned,—
Bands, who shape the neat-hewn songs,
Distinguished drove of druids wise.

XVII

For Mary's son [1] shall banks of Daoil [2]
And slopes of ancient Máigh [3] be filled,
Those streams, intent upon increase,
Their weary waiting shall forget.

XVIII

Bear,[4] whom spite shall never crush,
Guiding star of wisdom's lore,
Bloom of Grecian [5] clan in war,
Arm-skilled branch in fierce attack.

XIX

The noblest blood in Inis Fhloinn [6]
Nought can boast o'er Éamonn's son,
His blood is Greece's[7] fairest bloom,—
Choicest branch of Cárthach's[8] chiefs.

XX

For in John's blood are combined
Tál's [9] nobleness and Cearbhall's[10] seed,
Every sept most widely spread,
Kinship too with royal Roche.[11]

XXI

Our binding link he soon shall be,
Our living torch, our mental light,
In skill and cheerful confidence,
In age and in inventive skill.

---

[7] Greece: cf. supra, p. 146, n. [2].

[8] Cárthach: vide supra, p. 28, n. [2].

[9] Tál: vide supra, p. 28, n. [3].

[10] Cearbhall: ancestors of the O'Carrolls of Éile; cf. supra, p. 59, n. [10].

[11] Roche, Viscount of Fermoy. The poet refers, perhaps, not only to the nobility of the family of Roche, but also to their descent from the English royal family. David de la Roche, founder of this family in Ireland, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Princess Joan, his wife, daughter of King Edward the First of England.

XXII

Moċean ḃon ṗlaiṫ le mbeirṫeap
na ṗleaċta uaiḋ ainmniġṫeap
ḃáṗ roiċéimne an ṗáṫ ṗá ḃṗuil
cáċ aġ aiṫéirġe a hóġaiḃ.

XVI.—A ŚAOI RE GLIOGAR

[Mss.: Murphy vii (contains Rr. x–xxi only), x, xii (m); Ms. by Piarar Móinṗéal (P); R.I.A. 23 M 33 (M); Brit. Mus. Add. 29614 (A). The occasion of the following poem will be found in the introductory rann. On the arrival of the Duke of Ormonde as Lord Lieutenant either in 1662 or 1677, but more probably at the earlier date, some anonymous rhymer had extolled him above Conn, Niall, Goll, Brian, and Fionn, five of the most celebrated of Erin's ancient heroes. We know not if this rann was ever presented to the Duke, but we do know that the Duke was not insensible to adulation; and poems in various languages addressed to him on many different occasions are still preserved among the Ormonde Mss. in the Castle, Kilkenny. Among these is one in Irish by a friar, George Codan, O.S.F., Armagh, 1680, which begins—Ḋia ḃeṫa a Ṡéamuir ḃuṫléir: a puipe cṗéanṁic na nġṗáṙ, and ends, A ua na ccṗénṗeap ó Uṗṁuinn: ṗcṙíoḃ umuinn ṗóiṗiḋ mé (Hist. Mss. Com. Fourteenth Report, Appendix, Part vii, p. 113, A.D. 1895). The rann, however, to which David replied does not occur in Codan's poem.

Some time afterwards (possibly on the occasion of the visit of the Duke to Limerick, September, 1666) this fulsome rann came to the knowledge of David, and his enthusiasm for the ancient glories of his country was aroused. He repels the attack made upon those noble defenders of Erin against foreign foes, and asks the flatterer to show what plunderers Ormonde had vanquished, what oppression relieved. If the flatterer can show him that, then he (David) declares himself ready to pay just homage to the Duke, and even to raise him to the altars; but if not, he concludes scornfully, the verses must have been composed for the mercenary

ḃlaḋaiṗeaċt ḋo ṗin ḋuine éiġin ḋo Ḋiuic Uṗṁuṁan (P, A, M)—Aġ ṙo ṗann ḋo ḋuanóiġ ḃlaḋaiṗeaċta ḋoṗiġne ḋuine éiġin ḋo Ḋiuic Uṗṁuṁan (m):—

Ir ḟeaṗṗa ṗá ḟeaċt ḋon talaṁ a ċeaċt
ḋá ċaṙnaṁ aṙ neaṙt aineolaċ
'ná Conn ir Niall Goll ir ḃṗian
ir Fionn na ḃṗiann ḃṗlaiṫóiaċ.

---

l. 1 ḟeaċ, A (O'Grady, Cat., p. 546) l. 4 ḃṗeaṙṙoṗoġaḋ, m. ḃṗlaiṫṙoḋla, A. ḃṗlaiṫeolaċ .i. ḃṗleaġóiaċ, MP.

XXII

All hail the prince to whom are born
Generations named from him.
Lucky we, for he's the cause
Why all the rest spring from the young.

XVI.—THOU SAGE OF INANITY

purpose of getting some money reward. If there could be found in all Ireland even a hundred gentlemen ready to admit that they ever got any help or protection from him, the flattery might be excused as poetic license, though a less clumsy way of praising a duke might have been found than to slander five heroes. The learned men of Ireland, who cannot recount a third of the noble achievements of those heroes, must be very blind and stupid, when they cannot find anything comparable in the history of Síol Ꝺeilbiṫ (the Butlers). Even the Duke himself should be sharp-sighted enough to discredit such drivelling adulation. Having enumerated the achievements of the rest, David enlarges on the exploits of Brian in war and in peace, the avenging of his murdered brother, the freeing of his native land from the exactions of the stranger, the final destruction of the Danish power, the settling of family-names, the establishment of religious foundations, and the setting up of institutions for the free education of youth.

Metre.—(1) Rr. I–IX are written in a kind of Caomeaḋ, in which the last or constant portion of the line has the vowel sequence a ó _, and the first or variable portion consists of a thrice-repeated phrase. Thus the first line may be represented: _ 3 {_ í _ ı _} a ó_, the second line: 3 {_ ú _ í _} a ó a, and so on.

(2) Rr. X–XIX, Aṁṗán; _ é a _ _ a _ _ ú _ _.

(3) Rr. XX–XXI, Aṁṗán: _ ua _ _ a _ _ a _ _ é _ _.]

Here is a stanza of a wretched poem of flattery, which some one or other composed for the Duke of Ormonde:—

To this country his coming is sevenfold better,
As protection from ignorant tyrants,
Than Conn[1] of the hundred fights, Niall,[2] Goll,[3] and Brian,[4]
And Fionn[5] of the ale-drinking Fenians.

---

[1] Conn Céadchathach: vide supra, p. 41, n. [7], and p. 69, n. [9].

[2] Niall: some one of the several Nialls who were kings of Ireland. The flatterer has not determined the particular Niall to whom he refers, as Ó Bruadair points out; infra, R. IV.

[3] Goll mac Mórna: vide supra, p. 40, n. [4].

[4] Brian mac Cinnéide: vide supra, p. 39, n. [6], and infra, p. 199, n. [12].

[5] Fionn mac Cumhaill: vide supra, p. 40, n. [2], and infra, p. 199, n. [6].

Freagra Dáibí uí Bruadair ar an láimhréig seo (A, P, M)—Dáibí ua Bruadair etc. dá freagra go físmhneach (m):—

I

A ṡaoi re gliogar gibé dursa,
níl mé duit acht d'aitéeodach
an cúntais claoin se id cúrsa cerísbéa
ar cúig do síogaib saebFódla,
dá rádh siuran gur feadh diuice
mar fál cúil don treanfód sa
ionnsa Conn ir Niall gart, Fionn ir Brian geal
ir Goll grianda mac Mórna.

II

Rádh do duaine ir feadh feacht n-uaire
an t-áirdrid uasal leas mórtar
ionnsa iad uile d'iartar fuinid
iar dtriall cuice d'aineolcaib,
mar feéit corantsa ar éigion orcha
an té már cormhail féad comórtar
biadhaid badba i gianaib madma
ir liacha Laighneach aigeoraid.

III

Do Conn már céile an diuice déidgeal
uim cumdach Éireann caitheochaid,
nó mun ndeárnaid dírleach ádhbail
ir dóigh do dán go n-aireocaid,
nó már connachann é don lollann sin,
ba caor cursata i gcatrógaib
se luchd fogla ir luis na hEonn sa,
sir ní holl a n-aibeorais.

I, l. 1 a daoi, A, m; daitheodach (-adh), m. l. 2 am cuntus, m: an cuntus, P; claoim, P, m. l. 3 cúil, A; treanfodla, m. l. 4 grianga, P; grianda, A, m; Mórne, m. II, l. 1 tárrid, P; gailgleochach, m. l. 2 fuinnid, m; cuiche, P; daineochaib, P. l. 4 biaidrid, banbadh, m. III, l. 1 catheochaid, P. l. 2 mo ndearnaid, P; mun ndearna, m; airleach, m. l. 3 curratha, P. l. 4 fódla, m.

Here follows the bitter angry answer of David Ó Bruadair to that consummate lie:—

I

Thou sage[1] of inanity, be who thou mayest be,
I aim not at thee, but at sternly refuting
That biased account, in thy course by thee written down,
Of five of the high-kings of flourishing Fódla, [2]
When about them thou saidst that a duke would be better far,
As a wall of defence for this land of ours ancient,
Than generous Conn and Niall, Fionn and the brilliant Brian
And Goll son of Mórna, the sun-glowing hero.

II

Thy verses have stated that better is seventimes
The braggart old noble, thus high by thee lauded,
Than all of those kings, for this sun-sinking western land,
Since its invasion by ignorant dullards[3];
As a shield of protection 'gainst violent tyranny
That man, if at all he be like thy examples,
Shall satiate ravens in tracts of defeated hosts,
And the sorrows of Leinstermen vindicate fearless.

III

If equal to Conn be that fair, white-toothed duke of thine,
He shall bravely for Erin's security battle;
Or if the slaughter he cause be not terrible,
He'll at any rate pay thee the price of thy poem;
Or if he should rival that Iollann[4] of gory arms,
Who was chivalry's lightning in highways of battle,
Against plundering reavers, who raided these fields of ours,
Whatever thou sayest will not be excessive.

---

[1] Sage: a variant reads ɒuoi, dunce; but there is more sarcasm in the reading of P and M, the best Mss., in which the flatterer is addressed as ꝑuoi, sage, professor, as one who had qualified for a degree in inanity.

[2] The Cromwellian adventurers and planters.

[3] Fódla: vide supra, p. 45, n. [8].

[4] Iollann Airmdhearg: vide supra, p. 41, n. [9]. The name, however, seems to be applied here to Conn Céadchathach.

IV

Már Niall frarach nó Niall Caille
nó Niall glarach galgleodach
nó Niall glúndub uim iaid Fionntain
tug fialfionn a glainfeola,
nó már fuilingid mar mac Murrainne
do lear turba an tearcbóllaig,
faidleann Dúrlair a adrad dúinne
ir deimin gur cúrra cnearcórach.

V

Nó má ruaigead leir ón gcuan ra
breir ir buannacht mic Leoduir,
rá ar tím codnaig éirice Cobtaig
go dírc dograch dearcdeorach,
ir córa Séamur fór do naomad
'r a clú céadna d'altórad
ionná Brian bárrtiug d'fiad go láidir
fianna Fáilgiurt d'aitbeodad.

IV, l. 2 iaid, m; fiad, P; fialfionn, P: fial fonn, m. l. 3 tuba an tearc do-allaig, m. l. 4 faigleann, P: a *om.* m. V, l. 1 Lódair, m. l. 2 dograc, m.

[1] Niall Frasach, Niall of the Showers, born A.D. 718, king of Ireland from 763 to 778, in which latter year he died while on a pilgrimage at Í Cholaim Chille, Iona in the Hebrides. For the origin of the name Frasach, vide Keating, History, vol. III, p. 150.

[2] Niall Caille: Niall of the Callainn, king of Ireland A.D. 833–846; vide Keating, History, vol. III, pp. 164–172. He was so called from his being drowned in the river Callainn, probably the river Callan near Armagh, though it is doubtful; vide Hogan, Onomasticon Goedelicum, sub voce Callann.

[3] Niall Glasach: Niall of the fetters, more usually styled Niall Naoighiallach, Niall of the Nine Hostages, king of Ireland. A.D. 379–405. For his conquests, vide Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 372–374, and 402–404.

[4] Niall Glundubh: Niall the black-kneed, king of Ireland, A.D. 916–918, celebrated for his victorious Mórthiomcheall na hÉireann, or Great Circuit of Ireland. In the third year of his reign he was slain at Cill Moshamhóg near Dublin, in an attempt to drive the Danes out of that city, 15th September, 919. O'Donovan identified Cill Moshamhóg wrongly with Kilmashogue mountain in Co. Dublin, on the borders of Co. Wicklow. The correct identification was first made by Charles Mac Neill, Esq., who proved that the scene of the battle was at the ford over the

IV

Be he Niall Frasach,[1] or be he Niall Caille,[2]
Or Niall of the fetters,[3] courageous in conflict.
Or be he Niall Glundubh[4] who sacrificed freely
For the country of Fionntann[5] his flesh fair and noble,
Or be he a pillar like Fionn, son of Muireann,[6]
Who repaired all the loss of the cattle-pen wasted;
To adore then with bated breath Dúrlas's[7] armour-rack[8]
Is surely for us, I say, evident justice.

V

Or if from this nation were driven away by him
The taxing and billeting hordes of Mac Leoduis,[9]
Under whom cowered the champions of Cobhthach's land[10]
With tear-suffused eyes exhausted bewailing;
'Twere juster that Séamus[11] should even be canonized
And his image in glory be raised to the altar
Than shaggy-locked Brian,[12] whose prowess succeeded in
Once more reviving the Fenians of Fál's land,[13]

---

river Liffey, at Island Bridge, Co. Dublin. For an interesting summary of all the available evidence bearing on this question, vide Hogan, Onomasticon Goedelicum, sub voce Cell Mosamócc.

[5] Country of Fionntann: Ireland, vide supra, p. 70, n. [1].

[6] Muirn al. Muireann was mother of Fionn mac Cumhaill. According to Acallamh na Seanórach the paternal descent of Fionn was as follows:—"Find mac Cumaill meic Threduirnn meic Trenmoir meic Cairpri Garbsroin meic Fiacach Fobric a Glaissi Bulgain de hUaib Failge," and his maternal genealogy:—"Muirne Munchaem ingen Taidg meic Nuadat de Thuaith Dé Danann" (Irische Texte, IV Serie, 1 Heft, p. 181, ll. 6550–6554).

[7] Dúrlas: Thurles, Co. Tipperary, a castle of the Duke of Ormonde.

[8] ꝑaıðleann or aıðleann, an armour-rack, is applied metaphorically to a warrior clad in armour.

[9] Mac Leoduis, a coined name for a foreign invader.

[10] Cobhthach's land: Ireland, so called from Cobhthach Cael mBreagh, son of Iughaine and king of Ireland, who reigned, according to the chronology of the Four Masters, A.M. 4609–4658; vide Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 162–164.

[11] Séamus: James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde, born 1610, died 1688.

[12] Brian mac Cinnéide, king of Ireland, A.D. 1003–1014, who destroyed finally the Danish power in Ireland in the battle of Cluain Tairbh, on Good Friday, 23rd April, 1014, in which battle he himself fell. For his career, vide Keating, History, vol. III, pp. 238–286.

[13] Fál's land, Ireland; vide supra, p. 27, n. [1].

VI

Uaiḃ máṙ léiṙ ḋuiṫ ḋ'uaiṙliḃ Éiṙeann
ṫuaiṙim céaḋ noċ ḋ'aiḋṁeoċaṙ
ḃeiṫ ḋá ċaṙḃa ı ḋṫeiṙe a n-aċaṙḋa
ıṙ eiṙıon eaṫoṙṫa ıṙ anḟoṙlann,
gıoḋ mıoṙúṙ ṫúṫaċ ḋ'uılluġaḋ ḋıuıce
cuṙ ċúıġ bṙṙıonnṙa ı neaṁgıóıṙe,
ı bṙṙíḃléıḃ ḟıle bíoḋ ṙé liḃṙe
ıṙ ṙíṁ cé an cuıṙe cneaḋḟóṙṫa.

VII

Cúıġeaṙ ḟéımneaḋ lonnṁeaṙ léıḋṁeaċ
cuṁaċṫaċ céıḃḟıonn cleaṙċṙóḋa,
ḋáṙ ġıall Muıcımıṙ ıaṫġlaṙ uılleannaċ
ḟıaḋaċ ḟıolaṙaċ eaṙġlóṙaċ,
ṙé ṙíoċ náṁaḋ nḋíoċṙa nḋána
aġ ḋíḋean cána a caıṫleoġaın,
ní ḟıaḋ éıġeaṙ ı n-ıaıṫ Ḟéıḃlım
ṫṙıan a n-éıṙleaċ ḋ'aṫċóıṁṙeaṁ.

VIII

Má ṙín eıṫe aṙ bıṫ ḋo ṙíol nGeılbıṙṫ
gníóṁ ıṙ ṫṙeıṙe 'ṙ ıṙ ṫaılcḃeoḋa
ıonnáıḃ úṙṫa ıṙ éaċṫa an ċúıġıṙ ċṙéaċṫaıġ
ıonnṙaıc ḟéılġloın onóṙaıġ
aġ caoṁnaḋ an ḟoımn ṙı aṙ ḃéımıḃ bíoḋḃaḋ
ḋ'aonṫoıṙc ſoḋḃaṙṫa aınḋeoṙaḋ,
ıṙ móṙ an ḋeaṙmaḋ ḋ'eolċaıḃ ḃanḃa
ḃóṙ naċ ḟacamaṙ canóın ṙıṙ.

VI, l. 1 ḋaıḋḃeoċaṙ, m. l. 2 ṫaıṙḃe, m. l. 3 ṫuaṫaċ, ṫuaċaċ, m; ṙṙıonnṙa, m. l. 4 ṙíḃ, m. VII, l. 1 loınnṁeaṙ, m. l. 2 uılleanaċ, P; ḟıolaṙaċ, m. l. 3 a ccaıṫleoġaın, m. l. 4 ıaḋ, m; éıġceaṙ, m; a ṁıaḋ 'Gılım, P; ḋaıċċóıṙeaṁ, P. VIII, l. 1 ma P; máḋ, m; ná, m; ṙın, P, m. aıṙ mbıṫ, P; aṙ bıṫ, m; ċloınn ġeılıbıṙṫ, m; ṙíol nġeılbeaṙ, P. l. 2 uṙṙḋa, m; anóıṙıcc, P. l. 3 bíoḋḃa, m; ſoḃaṙḋa, m.

[1] When fighting for faith and freedom in the Eleven Years' War, 1641–1652 A.D.

[2] Muicinis: Ireland, vide Keating, History, vol. I, pp. 100–102.

VI

If thou canst discover of Erin's nobility
A hundred or so who will freely acknowledge
That through him they fared better, when fighting for fatherland,[1]
By his standing between them and tyrant oppression;
Though it be but a clumsy contrivance to magnify
A duke by depriving five princes of glory,
By poetical privilege let it be granted thee,
And tell us the names of those wound-healing heroes.

VII

For as to those five strong, impetuous champions
Powerful, fair-locked, and fearless in fighting,
Who ruled over green-swarded, angular Muicinis,[2]
With its loud-roaring cascades, its deer and its eagles,
Who oft against fury of foes, fierce and insolent,
Maintained the domain of her lion-king warlike,
In the whole land of Feidhlim[3] no poet is competent
To enumerate even one third of their slaughters.

VIII

If ever a single quill, sprouting from Gilbert's seed,[4]
Performed any deed of more vigour and daring
Than the slaughters and feats of those five slashing warriors,
Famed for nobility, justice, and honour,
By guarding this land against onslaughts of criminals
And conspiring to immolate alien despots,
Great is the error of Banbha's[5] learned men,
For we ne'er have laid eyes on a text to support it.

---

[3] Land of Féidhlim: Irelnnd, that is, the land of Féidhlimidh Reachtmhar, king of Ireland; vide supra, p. 59, n. [7].

[4] Gilbert's seed, the Butlers of Ireland. The earliest generations in the Butler genealogy are doubtful. David Ó Bruadair here follows the opinion of those who derived them from Walter fitz Gilbert. Gilbert, surnamed Becket, a wealthy merchant of London, is said to have had two sons, one St. Thomas à Becket, the martyr Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other Walter fitz Gilbert, ancestor of the Butlers; vide Lodge, Peerage of Ireland, vol. iv, pp. 1, 2, note, Dublin, 1789.

[5] Banbha: Ireland, vide supra, p. 11, n. [1], and p. 49, n. [3].

IX

Ir buan gan baonnacht b'uairliḃ Éireann
tuarairc ṁéirtneach ḃeartóna
uaiḃ dá ḃrlacaiḃ cruaḋa cacha
cuanna cnearta ceannórṫa,
ir ní ḋú annracht an ḃiuice ann ḃuit,
ór clú cam gan ċearórḋacht,
r' a ṙáiṫ do caiṫréim, nár ċár 'na ċeart réin
d'ṙaǥáil gan aiṫḃéim reanórad.

X

Do rin béal bladar nach mearaim gur b'iulacaiḃ
oilém ṗairrinǥ ǧlair Eachaiḃ ir luǥaine,
rruiṫ ḃréaǥ rmearṫa nach ṗaicimri clúḋa ar ǧuiṫ
i ricréiḃ leaḃair na ḃanḃa brúiǥte ri.

XI

Tuǥ ré barra tar rcacaiḃ ǥach rrionnra aḃur
i rimélr ḋamar ar caiṫneaṁ a ḃiuice ḃil,
mar úrrcéal ǧradaim ní ǥaḃṫa don ċúinǥe ǧlic
truiḋéir tearta nach baineann ó ċúrra rir.

XII

Do ċuir é aǥa tar ealǥaiḃ onǥṫa ár nǥuirt
ar ċoimeaḋ eaċtrann reacain ǥo ronnradaċ,
'r i ǥcinéal nǤearailt, d'ṗuil Ḋarrach nó i mḂúrcacaiḃ
a leiṫéiḃ d'ṗaicrin nach ḃeacair ǥan ḃiuiceacar.

XIII

Ní tuǥ ré ḃeara ḋom ḃaraṁail Conn ǥo tric,
do ḃrir céaḋ macaire uim ċeannar na ḋúiṫṫe ri,
ná ǥoil ǧéar ǧalata ǧleaca ṁic Múirne amuiǧ,
le ḃtuǥ tréaḋ laċta ann ǥach baile ǥan bú tar muir.

IX, l. ṁéarṫneach, P; meirtneach, m; ḃeartóna, m. l. 2 cuana, m; ċeannórṫa, P. l. 3 ḃiu, m: ċam ǥan aiṫḃéim reanorḋa, P. l. 4 na cairt, m. X, l. 1 ḃiuḃlacaiḃ, P. l. 2 oilean, m; uǥaine, m. l. 3 ǧuiṫ, m. l. 4 banba, m; brúite, P. XI, l. 2 a ruimélr, m. l. 3 úrrǥéal, m. l. 4 an truiḋéir, m; a cúrra, m. XII, l. 1 do ċuire, P: alǥaiḃ, P; unǥṫa air, m. l. 2 rúnradaċ, m. l. 3 barac, P, m. l. 4 ná ḃeacair, P.

IX

A rhyme without kindness to Erin's nobility
Is the feebly devised and disgraceful description
Given by thee of their stern, fighting potentates,
Noble-born, cultured, and high-minded chieftains;
And no thanks from the duke are in any way due to thee,
For 'tis counterfeit glory and planned without order,
Seeing that he could claim fame enough easily
Without casting blame or reproach on the ancients.

X

A voice hath flattered, which I judge proceeds not from the learned bands
Of the green, extensive isle of Eochaidh[1] and of Iughaine,[2]
A smeary stream of lies, whose utterance I cannot justify
In all the secret-storing books of this bruised land of Banbha.

XI

He made an angry onslaught on the choicest heirs of princes here,
With turgid twaddle trying to delight that darling duke of his,
As truthful record of renown that clever chief should not accept
Testimonies stuttered forth, which justly don't belong to him.

XII

He put him up a peg above the hallowed nobles of our land,
Especially for having kept the alien hordes away from us,
And yet amongst the Geraldines, the Bourkes, and those of Barry's blood,
To see his equal were not hard, although without a dukery.

XIII

He failed to understand, I ween, Conn, who with celerity
Won a hundred battles to maintain this land's supremacy,
And the knightly valour keen of Muireann's son[3] in open fight,
Which gained him milch-herds everywhere beyond the sea without ado.

XIII, l. 1 ꝑé, P, ꝑae, m; ꝺom bapaṁail, P, m. l. 2 ꝺúiċiꝛi. P. l. 3 Múiꝛnne, P; amuiċ, P, amuiċ, m. l. 4 bú, m.

[1] Isle of Eochaidh: Ireland, vide supra, p. 40, n. [1].
[2] Isle of Iughaine: Ireland, vide supra, p. 62, n. [2].
[3] Muireann's son: Fionn mac Cumhaill, supra, p. 199, n. [6].

XIV

Ní ċuip pé i bpparainn, má ċairtil i liubraiḃ Scuit,
cuid Néill Ċaille ip Néill ḟparaiġ don ċúntar pin,
cuid Néill ġlaraiġ, má d'airiġ níor pmúin ar pmiog,
ná ar ċuid Néill aile do ceaṙaḋ le cúnġcaraiḃ.

XV

Tuġ mé i n-anaṙaḋ m'anma d'úṙlacaḋ
an briillériṙ aiṙte ġan aiteaṙ ġan úġdaraċt,
ip Cinnéide aṙmġlaṙ d'ḟeaṙaiḃ an ċúiġe ri
a ċroiḃéaċt aṙṙaḋ náṙ aiṫriṙ náid úṙṫa a mic.

XVI

Tuġ pé i ndeaṙmaḋ maṙḃa ar dtúiṙ mic broin
ip croiḃéil ċama na ndanaṙ do brúṫ go bun,
maineaṙ eaġailṙe i bḟeaṙann 'p i bḟonn do ċuṙ
don ġeilġéiġ d'airiġ dáṙ n-aiṫriḃ a ġclú 'p a ġcuid.

XVII

Sin é an caṫbile aṙ ġallaiḃ na long do luiġ
ip tuġ raoṙ ḟeaṙṙaḋaċt ḟairṫe áṙ bḟionn a bruid,
tuġ réala aṫanta aṙ ḟleaṫtaiḃ a rlonntaiḃ cip
ip do ċuip ṙe leanḃaiḃ teaġaṙc ġan tionnlaice.

XVIII

Tuġ éirle eaṫtrann aiṙġṫe ip ionnraḋ a ġcroiḃ
'p do rin réir ċaraḋ go dearḃṫa dúṫraċtaċ,
do rcuir ré rcreabaill ip dalaḋ na dúḃroide
ip tuġ réiḃ realḃ ġaċ leara dá ḋúṫċairioċ.

XIV, l. 1 ní, P, m; máḋ, m, má, P, m. l. 3 máḋ, m. dairiḃ P, m. l. 4 cúnġcaraiḃ, P; cónġuraiḃ, m. XV, l. 1 oċ tuġ, m; duirleacaḋ, m. l. 3 aṙmġlaiṙ, m, P. l. 4 croiḃéaċt, P; ċroiḃeaċt, m; craoiḃeaċt, m; aṙṙaiḋ, m; eaṙṙaiḃ, P; náḋuṙṫa, P; náiḋ úṙṫa, m. XVI, l. tcúiṙmic, P; broinn, m. l. 2 brúiṫ, m; brúṫ, P. l. 3 maineiṙ, m. XVII, l. 1 caiṫbile, m; luiġ, P; luiḋ, m. l. 2 tuġ ré, P, m; tuġ raoṙ, m; ḟeaṙṙaḋaċt, P, m; ḟeaṙṙḋaċt, m; bḟonn, m. l. 3 rlúntaiḃ, m. l. 4 le, m. XVIII, l. 1 aiṙiġṫe, m. l. 2 caṙṙaḋ, P; ċaraiḋ, m. l. 3 rġreabaill, m; rcreabaill, P; dalaḋ ná, m; dala na, m, P.

[1] Scottic: Irish. That the Irish and the Scots are the same race, and that the former are the original Scotti of history, are now unquestioned facts. The Irish tradition on the origin of the name is that the Gaedhil were called Cine Scuit, from Scota, mother of Gaedheal Glas, or, according to others, from a second Scota, who

XIV

If he be versed in Scottic[1] books, to parchment he hath not consigned
Niall Caille's nor Niall Frasach's part, recorded in that history,
Niall Glasach's, if aware of it, he hath not rated worth a nod,
Nor the other Niall's[2] part, who fell in course of victories.

XV

This dissertation drivelling, devoid of wit and proving force,
Hath made me feel disgust and loathing in the tempest of my soul;
To instance but one Munsterman, Cinnéide[3] of the steel-grey arms—
He mentioned not his hand's achievements nor the slaughters of his son.[4]

XVI

First, to oblivion he consigned his[5] killing of the son of Bran,[6]
The thorough extirpation of the Danes' perfidious cruelties
And the establishment of manors of the Church in field and land
By that noble branch, who to our fathers' fame and wealth restored.

XVII

A gallant battle-chief was he, who pressed the viking foreigners,
And from captivity released the vassals of our lords' domains,
Recognition's seal he stamped on septs by names for families,
And education he provided for the young without a fee.

XVIII

He raided lands of foreign earls and pillaged all their property,
The interest of friends he served with generous untiring zeal,
He put an end to slavery's oppressive tributes, taxes, tolls,
And gave each rightful owner back his mansion to possess in peace.[7]

---

was the wife of Gollamh, otherwise known as Míliḋh Easpáine, from whom the Clann Mileadh or Milesians descend; vide Keating, History, vol. II, pp. 20, 47.

[2] The other Niall, i.e. Niall Glundubh, whose victorious career was cut short at Cill Moshamhóg, 15th September, 919; vide supra, p. 198, n. [4].

[3] Cinnéide, king of the Dál gCais, and the father of King Brian of Ireland: vide Keating, History, vol. III, pp. 222–226.

[4] His son, Brian mac Cinnéide, king of Ireland; vide supra, p. 199, n. [12].

[5] His, i.e. Brian's.

[6] Maolmhuaidh, son of Bran, and king of Uí Echach, was defeated and slain by Brian at the battle of Bealach Leachta, in revenge for his having murdered Brian's brother, Mathghamhain, after the battle of Sulchóid: vide Keating, History, vol. III, pp. 234–238.

[7] The last three stanzas are a versification of the summary of the character of King Brian, given by Keating, in his History, under the title of Commaoine

XIX

A ṗir ċléiḃ ċairgior creaḃair gan ċom gan ċrior,
mun ḃṗuil ṗé aḋ carmainn caca ḋon ḋiuice rir,
gurb é a aċair a ṗearra nó glún ḋon ṗuil
ḋo rin éaċt aṁuil, ḋo mealla ib ṁúnclum ċú.

XX

A ċluanairṗe ainḋeir nó a amail gan ṗaoḃar ṗir,
naċ cuarann larair ib leacain már ḋ'Éirinn riḃ
an cuairim ċarcuirne ar ċeapaiḃ a craoḃ ḋo ṁil,
óḋ ḃuain an abalaċ airce gan gaol re glic.

XXI

Mun ḃṗuarclaḋ ainnir ḋ'ṗuil Ḋreatnaig no ḋ'aoḃṗuil Scuit
an guaraċt anabuiḋ airig ḋo ċaoḃaig mé,
re cuaċḃalaḋ rearḃ na reannama raoḃair rin
ir ruaill mo rcarta tar tairrig naċ taorcrainnri.

XIX, l. 1 ċairngior creaḃar, m; ċum, m. l. 2 ṗéaḋ tarramuinn, m. l. 3 rgur bé, m; an ṗearra no an glúin, m. l. 4 meallaiḋ, m; ṁúnċlum cú, m. XX, l. 1 nó aṁuil, m. l. 3 ár gcraoḃ, m. l. 4 gaol, m. XXI, l. 1 ṗuarglaḋ, m; ḃraoṁṗuil, m. l. 2 ón nguaraċt, m; anbuiḋ, P; ċaoḃaiḃ, m. l. 3 cuaċḃláiċ, m, P; raoḃar, P; raoḃair, m.

Ḋriain. As an example of the accuracy with which David Ó Bruadair followed written sources, we shall give Keating's words for the sake of comparison: Ḋála ḃriain mic Cinnéiḋe . . iar ḋtraoċaḋ Loċlannaċ leir . . ḋo haċnuaiḋeaḋ ir ḋo cógḃaḋ eagailre leir 7 cug a ċill féin ḋa gaċ cléireaċ ḋo réir a ċéime ir a ċeirt uirre; ḋo cógaiḃ ir do orḋuig rcola coitċeanna re múnaḋ léigind ir na n-ealaḋan ar ċeana agur fór cug luaċ leaḃar ir corcar ḋa gaċ aon ag naċ raiḃe corcar ḋo

XIX

My worthy friend, who arguest with learning witless and ungirt,
Unless in this as guarantee thou hast the duke's support to prove
That his father or himself or any offspring of that race
E'er performed such deeds as those, thou hast been hoaxed by thy conceit.

XX

O despicable flatterer, thou fool devoid of keen-edged wit,
Should thy cheek not blush for shame, if thou be an Irishman,
At that slanderous attack thou madest on her branching stocks,[1]
When thou essayedst that putrid verse, which hath no kin to cleverness.

XXI

Had not a maid[2] of British blood and gentle Scottic race relieved
The dangerous disease, which had unseasonably seized on me,
At the sour offensive savour of that silly song of thine
Loathsome writhings would have racked me at the threshold of the door.

ċoġnaiḋ leanṁain ar léiġeann; cuġ fór faoiṫre dá ḋtiġearnaiḃ ir ḋá ḃṙlaċaiḃ feaṙainn; ir ġaċ éaḋáil ráiṁiġ ó Loċlonnaiḃ é do ḃṙonn do Ġaeḋealaiḃ í, aġur ġaċ daoiṫre dá raiḃe ar Ġaeḋealaiḃ aġ Loċlonnaiḃ, do ċóġ ḃrian díoḃ uile í, aġur ġaċ fearann dár ḃean ḃrian amaċ do Loċlonnaiḃ le neaṙt a láiṁe, ní d'aon dá ċine féin cuġ é aċt cuġ ġaċ cṙíoċ da ġaċ cine dar ḋual í i nÉiṙinn. Ir é ḃrian fór cuġ rloinnte fá feaċ ar Fearaiḃ Éiṙeann ar a n-aiṫeantar ġaċ fílṫeaḃ fá feaċ díoḃ (Keating, History, vol. III, pp. 260–262).

[1] Branching stocks: the kings and chieftains from whom so many noble families descend. For the metaphor, vide supra, p. 187, n. [2].

[2] Maid, his patroness, whose name is not mentioned, but who was of Norman-Irish extraction according to this line. The Normans are called Britons owing to their having come immediately to Ireland from Wales (cf. p. 54, n. [1]), and the Irish are called Scots by both native and Latin authors (cf. p. 204, n. [1]).

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

The Irish Texts Society was established in 1898 for the purpose of publishing texts in the Irish language, accompanied by such introductions, English translations, glossaries, and notes as might be deemed desirable.

The Annual Subscription has been fixed at 7*s*. 6*d*. (American subscribers, two dollars), payable on January 1st of each year, on payment of which Members will be entitled to receive the Annual Volume of the Society, and any additional volumes which they may issue from time to time.

Vols. I., II., and III.* are now out of print, but Vols. IV. to X. can still be obtained by new Members joining the Society at the original Subscription of 7*s*. 6*d*. for each year.

The Committee make a strong appeal to all interested in the preservation and publication of Irish Manuscripts to join the Society and to contribute to its funds, and especially to the Editorial Fund, which has been established for the remuneration of Editors for their arduous work.

All communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Eleanor Hull, 20 Hanover Square, London, W.

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* A new edition of Volume III. is in progress.

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

The Twelfth Annual General Meeting of this Society was held on April 26th, 1910, at 20 Hanover Square, Mr. James Buckley, M.R.I.A. (Chairman of Council), in the chair. The Minutes of the last Annual Meeting having been taken as read, the Hon. Secretary presented the

Twelfth Annual Report.

The Twelfth Annual Report finds the Society in an encouraging position, both as regards its finances and the work it has in hand.

Since the issue of the last report, the preparation of the edition of the Poems of David O'Bruadair has been energetically pushed on by its Editor, Rev. John MacErlean, S.J., and a considerable portion of the first volume is now in the Press. It has been decided to divide this large collection of poems into three volumes, and it is confidently hoped that the first volume may appear about June or July of this year,* the other two volumes following as rapidly as they can be completed. The Editor has given careful study to the subject-matter of the poems, and his researches have probably brought to light every available scrap of information regarding the circumstances of the poet's life, and will also bring into prominence the historical events among which his career was passed, and which, in many instances, are commemorated in his poems.

O'Bruadair lived during and after the Siege and surrender of Limerick (1691), and he was personally familiar, as his verses prove, with the cabals and intrigues which were rife during that period of distress. He was a devoted admirer of Sarsfield, whose career furnished him with themes for more than one of his longer poems. Besides the historical interest of his work the racy style of his poems and his extraordinary fertility of language, while

* The Book is not completed at date of issue of this Report.

they present special difficulties to the translator, add to its linguistic and literary value.

Mr. Tadhg O'Donoghue reports that the larger portion of his new edition of O'Rahilly's Poems is now in the Press. In this second edition the subject-matter of the poems is still further illustrated by interesting testamentary and legal documents drawn from MSS. preserved in the Record Office, Dublin. Several poems by this poet discovered since the issue of the first edition will be added. The work is being carried on under the supervision of the former editor, Rev. P. S. Dinneen.

Mr. Thomas O'Rahilly is working upon an edition of three seventeenth-century novelettes, translated into Irish about 1706 from the Spanish of Juan Pérez de Montalban, possibly by Father Manus O'Donnell, an Ulster priest.

Several other volumes are in preparation.

The Council have to announce the appearance at an early date of a new and cheap Irish-English Dictionary compiled by Rev. P. S. Dinneen with a view to the requirements of young students and of schools. The dictionary will contain 250 pages double columns, and will be sold at about 2s. net.* A large demand is anticipated for this Dictionary, which will be a thoroughly reliable collection of words used in ordinary conversation and in reading, supplemented by such familiar idioms and colloquial expressions as are necessary in the earlier stages of the study of the language.

An effort is being made to have some of the volumes published by the Society placed as text books on the courses of instruction given to advanced students in schools and colleges.

The following members died during the year:— Mr. Alfred Nutt (Publisher to the Society, and member of Council); James Frost, M.R.I.A., Limerick; John Glynn, Gort, Co. Galway; W. E. Kelly, J.P., Westport, Co. Mayo; David MacBrayne, F.S.A. (Scot), Helensburgh; Thomas G. MacKay, Edinburgh.

* This Dictionary is now on sale. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

Forty-seven new members have joined the Society since the last annual meeting in May, 1909, viz.:—Miss Ethel Rolt Wheeler, Canon Robert Little, P.P.; Miss Margaret Conway Dobbs, Count Plunkett, F. J. MacDonnell, John O'Flynn, The Rev. Mother, Laurel Hill Convent, Limerick; Rev. John Costello, Patrick Corkerry, Máire ní Chinnéide, Thomas J. Shaw, John Phillips, M.P.; Patrick Fleming, Michael O'Flynn, Michael O'Connor, Patrick Larkin, Rev. Dr. Barrett, Peter Moore, H. Egan Kenny, Rev. A. O'Rourke, Miss Aine Fcley, Rev. E. Prendergast, C.C.; Rev. Martin Considine, C.C.; Rev. Martin O'Maloney, John O'Flynn, Rev. M. Sheehan, D. J. Williams, Rev. J. MacCaffrey, Mrs. Rentoul Esler, Michael O'Connor, Miss Pochin, P. L. O'Madden, Richard O'Keeffe, J. D. Hackett, Dr. Julius Pokorny, Idris Bell, Bligh Talbot, Miss Nora F. Degidon, Mrs. Ross, Peadar MacCanna, Professor J. Vendryes, Rev. Thomas Hegarty, C.C.; Patrick Gray, The Carnegie Free Library, Cork; General Library, University College, Aberystwyth; Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, U.S.A.

The total number of effectual members is 517.

The names of non-paying members have been removed from the roll.

The adoption of the Report was moved by Mr. P. J. Hooper, seconded by Miss Geraldine Griffin, and carried.

Mr. J. Buckley, M.R.I.A. (Chairman of Council), and Mr. A. W. K. Miller, having retired by rotation, they were re-elected, on the motion of Dr. Collins, seconded by Dr. England.

It was proposed by Miss Hull, seconded by Mr. R. Flower, and carried, that Mr. T. W. Rolleston be elected to fill a vacancy on the Council.

The question of life membership was then discussed. Miss Hull and Mr. Buckley, having stated the special difficulties that stood in the way of any life-membership arrangement in the Irish Texts Society, and other members having spoken against the proposal, the matter was dropped.

The Chairman having announced that, owing to the illness of one of their auditors, and the prolonged absence of the other from town, it had been found impossible to get the accounts and balance sheet audited in time for this annual meeting, he proposed that this annual meeting should stand adjourned until such time as the Balance Sheet and Financial Statement had been audited.

Dr. England proposed, and Mrs. Banks seconded, that Mr. P. Gray should be asked to act as auditor in place of Mr. P. MacMahon, and that, failing Mr. MacCormac's restoration to health within the necessary time, Mr. Hooper should be asked to act as his substitute, and that the same two gentlemen be appointed auditors for the ensuing year. Carried.

The re-appointment of Dr. Douglas Hyde as President of the Society, and of Miss Eleanor Hull and Mr. Samuel Boyle as Hon. Secretary and Hon Treasurer, was proposed by Dr. E. Collins, seconded by Dr. England, and carried.

The meeting then adjourned till May 26th.

At the adjourned general meeting on May 26th, Mr. J. Buckley, M.R.I.A., having taken the chair, the auditors' balance sheet was read by Dr. E. Collins, in the absence of the Hon. Treasurer, and was adopted on the motion of Dr. Collins, seconded by Dr. England, and carried.

Irish Texts Society's Financial Statement, year ended 31st March, 1910.

THE SOCIETY'S ORDINARY PUBLICATIONS.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	Disbursements.	£	s.	d.
To Balance from previous year,	77	19	2	By Postage & Stationery	18	11	11
,, Subscriptions.	192	7	6	,, Printing,	12	1	4
,, Donations,	9	5	10	,, Publishers,	39	10	0
				,, Salaries,	15	0	0
				,, Rent,	2	0	0
				,, Bank Charges,	0	0	11
				,, Balance,	192	8	4
	£279	12	6		£279	12	6

Balance Account.

Assets.	£ s. d.	Liabilities.	£ s. d.
To Balance Down :—		By Balance, . . .	192 8 4
Cash in bank £186 8 4			
, hand 6 0 0			
	192 8 4		
,, Society's interest in stock, Total 5,700 volumes, . .	—		
	£192 8 4		£192 8 4

THE SOCIETY'S IRISH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Receipts.	£ s. d.	Disbursements.	£ s. d.
To Receipts already published, .	2,311 19 1	By Payments already published, .	1,993 7 4
,, Sales (net), .	162 10 3	,, Postage & Stationery,	5 5 2
		,, Salaries, . . .	15 0 0
		,, Insurance (2 years),	10 9 9
		,, Printing, &c., . .	8 5 2
		,, Balance, . . .	442 1 11
	£2,474 9 4		£2,474 9 4

Balance Account.

Assets.	£ s. d.	Liabilities.	£ s. d.
To Balance down :—		By Balance . . .	442 1 11
Cash in Bank, . .	442 1 11		
Stock in hand 600 copies bound, 1,000 copies unbound .	—		
	£442 1 11		£442 1 11

SAM BOYLE,

Hon. Treasurer.

A vote of thanks to the Auditors, Mr. P. Gray and Mr. P. J. Hooper, was moved by Dr. Collins, seconded by Mr. H. J. O'Leary, and carried. In conveying it to the Auditors, the Chairman urged the necessity of inducing new members to join the Society, and of the more prompt payment of subscriptions to enable the work to be carried on.

Dr. England desired to place on record the sense of the grief felt by the Council and Society in the tragic death of Mr. Alfred Nutt, Publisher to the Society, and member of its Council. He wished to move that the sincere sympathy of the members should be conveyed to Mrs. Nutt and family.

Mr. H. J. O'Leary seconded. In putting the vote, which was passed standing, the Chairman said that the members of Council looked on Mr. Nutt more in the light of a friend than merely as their publisher. He spoke of the risks undertaken by Mr. Nutt in publishing works of Celtic Scholarship, and of his constant and keen interest in the welfare of the Society during the whole term of its existence.

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 Mesbers.

Officers.

3. The Officers of the Society shall be the President, the Honorary Secretary, 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. Any Member of Council who is absent from five consecutive Ordinary Meetings of the Council to which he (or she) has been duly summoned, shall be considered as having vacated his (or her) place on the Council.

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 Members 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 the Honorary Secretary, before the end of the year, of their intention to do so: otherwise they will 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 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 the Honorary Secretary seven clear days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

(Members are earnestly requested to send Notice of Changes of Address to the Hon. Sec., 20 Hanover Square, London, W., to avoid mis-postage of Books and Notices.)

NAMES.	ADDRESSES.
Agnew, A. L., F.S.A., (Scot.)...	Balwherrie, Broughty Ferry, N.B.
Anderson, J. Norrie, J.P. ...	Provost of Stornoway, Lewis, Scotland.
Anwyl, Prof. E., M.A. ...	62 Marine Terrace, Aberystwyth.
Assessors, Board of ...	per J. J. Keane, Secretary, City Hall, Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A.
Baillie's Institution, Free Library	178 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
Banks, Mrs. ..	30 Lambolle Road, Hampstead, N.W.
Barrett, Rev. Dr. ...	St.Colman's College, Fermoy.
Barron, E. W.	Woodstown, Co. Waterford.
Barry, Thomas ..	Woodview, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford.
Bartholomew, J. .	56 India Street, Edinburgh.
Beary, Michael, C.E. ..	Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford.
Begley, Rev. John ...	St. Munchin's, Limerick.
Belfast University Library ...	per Librarian, Belfast.
Belfast Free Public Library ...	Belfast.
Belfast Library and Soc. for Promoting Knowledge	per George Smith, Librarian, 10 Donegall Square, North, Belfast.
Bell, H. Idris	British Museum, W.C.
Bennett, Thos. & Sons ...	Booksellers, Christiania, Norway.
Bergin, Prof. Osborn J. ...	National University, Dublin.
Berlin, Royal Library ...	per Messrs. Asher & Co., 13 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.
Berry, Major, A.S.C., M.R.I.A. ...	The Castle, Rich Hill, Co. Armagh.
Bewerunge, Rev. H. ...	St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.
Bibliothéque Nationale, Paris	per Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 2-8 Orange Street, Haymarket, W.C.
Bigger, F. J., M.R.I.A.	Ardrie, Antrim Road, Belfast.
Birmingham Free Library ...	Ratcliffe Place, Birmingham.
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Blaikie, W. B. ...	c/o Messrs. Constable & Co., University Press, Edinburgh.
Bligh, Andrew ...	Camden House, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.
Boddy, J. K. ...	5 Apsley Villas, Clapham Rise, S.W.
Boland, J. P., M.P. ...	40 St. George's Square, S.W.
Boland, P. J. ..	Glenarde, Galway, Ireland.
Borthwick, Miss N. ...	c/o Book Co., 6 D'Olier St., Dublin.
Boston Public Library, Mass.	c/o Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., 43 Gerrard Street, W.
Boswell, C. S. ..	Fairseat, Totnes.

Boyd, J. St. Clair, M.D. ...	Chatsworth House, Malone Road, Belfast.
Boyle, Rev. Thomas, C.C. ...	Omeath, Co. Louth.
Boyle, Samuel ...	4 Gedling Grove, Nottingham.
Brennan, Rev. C. ...	St. John's, Tralee, Co. Kerry.
Brett, Sir Charles ...	Gretton, Malone, Belfast.
Brodrick, Hon. Albinia ...	Ballincoona, Caherdaniel, Co. Kerry.
Brooke, Rev. Stopford A., M.A.	c/o J. Bain, 14 Charles St., Haymarket, S.W.
Brophy, Michael M. ...	48 Gordon Square, London, W.C.
Brown, Professor A. C. L. ...	Northwestern University, Evanstown, Ills., U.S.A.
Bryant, Mrs. S., D.Sc. ...	North London Collegiate School, Sandall Road, London, N.W.
Brünnow, Prof. Dr. R. ...	Vevey, Switzerland.
Buckley, James, M.R.I.A.	11 Homefield Road, Wimbledon, Surrey.
Buckley, Rev. Brendan, O.S.F.	Franciscan Monastery, Annadown, Co. Galway.
Buckley, John J. ...	National Museum, Dublin.
Buckley, Michael J. ...	5 Iona Drive, Dublin.
Buckley, C. P. ...	Kilcock, Co. Kildare.
Buckley, Daniel ...	Maynooth, Co. Kildare.
Burnside, W. ...	28 Bromley Road, Catford, S E
Cahill, Vincent ...	7 Lavagh Villas, Ashfield Rd., Dublin.
Calder, Rev. George, B.D. ...	Strathfillan Manse, Tyndrum, Perthshire.
Campbell, Lord A. ...	Inverary, Argyll, N.B.
Carbray, Felix, M.R.I.A. ...	c/o Carbray, Routh & Co., P.O., Drawer 1068, Quebec, Canada.
Cardiff, Central Library ...	per John Ballinger, Esq., Librarian.
Carey, Rev. Thomas ...	Presbytery, Eden Grove, Holloway, N.
Carey, J. ...	Clohanbeg N.S., Cooraclare, Co. Clare.
Carnegie Free Library ...	Anglesea Street, Cork.
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