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THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
MUNSTER:
A SELECTION OF IRISH SONGS

BY THE POETS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

WITH POETICAL TRANSLATIONS

BY THE LATE

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, *W*

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLISHED,

With the Original Music,

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS.

BY JOHN O'DALY.

THIRD EDITION.

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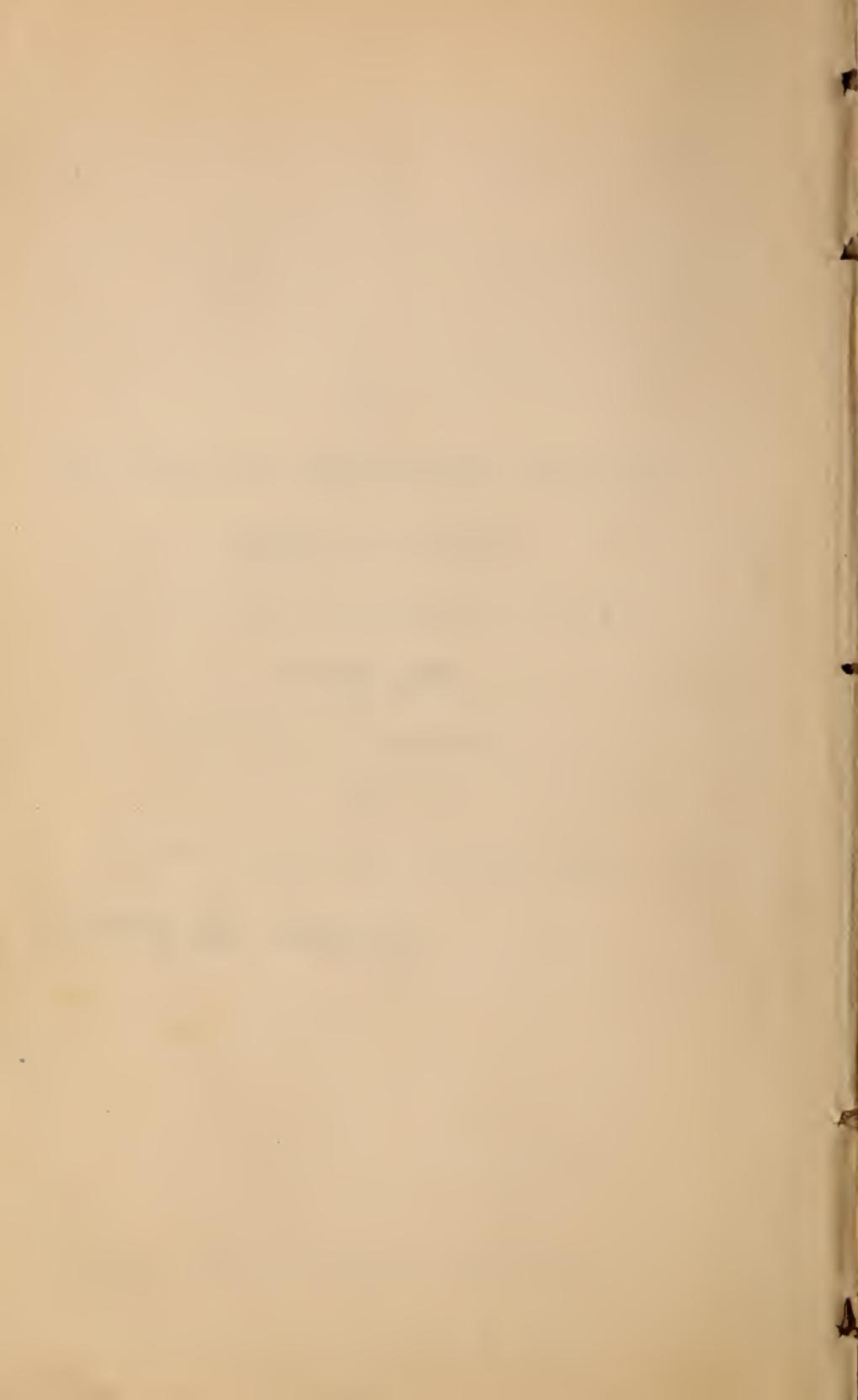
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TO
THE FAIR DAUGHTERS OF MUNSTER
WHOSE MANY VIRTUES
HAVE ENDEARED THEM TO ALL,

This Volume
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY
THEIR ADMIRING AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

Seán Óg Ó Siadhail.



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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE publication of this little volume was undertaken with the desire of presenting to the public, in a cheap and attractive form, the songs and music which were popular among the peasantry of Munster during the last century, and which are still preserved among the natives, in the more remote districts of the South. The songs themselves afford favorable specimens of the intellectual capacity of that humble and persecuted class who contrived, under the most adverse circumstances, to acquire that education and learning which the English laws interdicted under the heaviest penalties. They also possess a high value, as illustrative of that dreary portion of our history which intervened between the violation of the Treaty of Limerick and the relaxation of the Popery Laws: a period characterized by the ruthless tyranny of the dominant Anglo-Irish faction, which drove the oppressed peasantry into rash and violent acts of aggression, and called into life a spirit of lawless resistance (not yet extinct) which has sent thousands of misguided, but injured men, to the gibbet and the penal settlements.

The deep-seated hatred to the English government and settlers everywhere pervading the songs of this period, furnishes us with the best index to the political feelings of the people; and clearly demonstrate that the old natives were ripe for revolution, and desired but a leader in whom they might confide, and a shadowy hope of success, to induce them to rise in arms against their cruel oppressors. Their designs, however, were frustrated by the partial relaxation of the penal code in 1745, and the strict surveillance which the government maintained in Munster, where the revolutionary spirit was most prevalent.

Religious oppression being now banished from this country for ever, one great source of discontent has been annihilated, and the two races have been so commingled, that the sentiments of these songs are daily becoming more obsolete, and valuable only to the lover of our national music, or to the

philosophic historian, who desires to study the character of a people and a period through the truest medium—the popular literature of the time.

The first attempt to form a collection of Irish popular poetry was made by James Hardiman, Esq., whose “Irish Minstrelsy,” published in 1831, and which, we must confess, stimulated us to the slight exertions we have made in the cause, has maintained the high position to which it was entitled, from the well-merited literary reputation of its learned editor; but the high price at which it was published placed it beyond the reach of the majority of those to whom works of such a nature are most interesting.

After the publication of Mr. Hardiman’s work, the Irish songs were allowed to lie in obscurity, until the editor of the present volume published, in 1843, a small collection of Irish Jacobite Songs, with metrical versions of very high merit by Edward Walsh; and in 1847, the spirited publisher, Mr. James McGlashan, brought out a very beautiful volume of “Irish Popular Poetry,” also edited by the same gifted writer.

In the present volume, the original music has been prefixed to the songs, and is the first attempt of the kind ever made in this country: many beautiful airs are thus rescued from inevitable oblivion. The English versions, by the ill-fated but lamented Clarence Mangan, are all in the same metre with the originals.

The first edition of this book having been exhausted in a very short period, the entire work has been carefully revised, many inaccuracies corrected, and five pieces of new music, with nineteen additional pages of new matter, inserted.

The poem on Sarsfield, at p. 271, is curious, as the production of one who evidently witnessed the scenes he commemorates; and was probably in connexion with that intrepid body of men, known in history as the Irish Rapparees, whose services against the rebels during the revolutionary war were of the highest importance to the Royal cause.

For the memoir and notes accompanying that poem, we are indebted to J. C. O’Callaghan, Esq., whose talents and research, as displayed in his edition of the “*Macariae Excidium*,” just published by the *Irish Archaeological Society*, entitle him to a high position as an historian, even in the age which has produced a Lingard, an Alison, and a Thierry.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN was the son of James Mangan, a native of Shanagolden, in the county of Limerick, who married, early in 1801, Miss Catherine Smith, of Fishamble-street, Dublin. The subject of our brief notice, the first offspring of this union, was born in the spring of 1803.

His father carried on the grocery business for some time at No. 3, Fishamble-street, but being of a restless disposition, he removed to another locality, having consigned the establishment and his son to the care of his brother-in-law, whom he induced to come from London for that purpose.

By his uncle, young Mangan was placed at the academy of Mr. Courtney, Derby-square, Dublin, where he continued as day pupil until he had attained his fifteenth year; a short time after which he entered a solicitor's office, and by his earnings supported himself and his parents. How long he continued in this situation we have been unable to ascertain; but we next find him engaged in the library of the University, where, it is supposed, he acquired that profound knowledge of various languages displayed in his translations of "The Lays of Many Lands," and "Literæ Orientales," which appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine*. A selection of his translations from the German, from this periodical, were collected and printed in two small volumes, under the title of "Anthologia Germanica" (Dublin: 1845), the expense of which, we are informed, was borne by C. G. Duffy, Esq. Some of his best productions will be found under the signatures of "Clarence," "J. C. M.," and "M.," in the *Dublin University Magazine*, *Dublin and Irish Penny Journals*, *Duffy's Catholic Magazine*, and *The Nation* newspaper. To

the latter he was a constant contributor of poetry; and we have been informed, that many of his early pieces were printed in the *Comet* and *Satirist* newspapers. He wrote many articles, both in prose and verse, for *The Irishman*; and also contributed to *The United Irishman* and *Irish Examiner*, during their short career.

The “res angusta domi” opposed an insuperable barrier to Mangan’s advancement. All his earnings were devoted to the support of his indigent parents and family. His spirit at length became broken from over exertion, and he was obliged to have recourse to stimulants, which he occasionally abandoned, but finally they produced the usual fatal results. A short time before his death his constitution was greatly weakened by an attack of cholera. On his recovery, we found him in an obscure house in Bride-street, and, at his own request, procured admission for him to the Meath Hospital on the 13th of June, 1849, where he lingered for seven days, having died on the 20th,* the day on which we placed the first sheet of our book in the printer’s hands.

For two years before Mangan’s death, we were in constant intercourse with him, and induced him to undertake the versification of some of the native poetry of Ireland, of which the songs here printed form part. The remainder of his translations from the Irish, including the satires of Angus O’Daly (known to Irish scholars as “Aonghúr na n-Aonáin,” “Angus the Satirist;” or “Báid Ruaóid,” “Red Bard”), a poem of the seventeenth century, we hope soon to present to the public; and in giving this an English dress, we beg to assure our readers that the original lost none of its beauty in poor Mangan’s hands, as may be seen by the following specimen:—

* The fate of Mangan closely resembled that of Camoens. The following is M. Chaufepiè’s account of the death of the great poet of Portugal:—“Le chagrin que lui causèrent les mauvais traitemens qu’il essuya, augmenta ses autres infirmités; en sorte que le trouvant enfin destitué de tout secours, il fut obligé de se retirer dans l’hôpital.”

Clan η-Φάλαϊζ.

Φά η-Φάλαϊζ η-Φάλαϊζ,
 Ήσοι δέον δάμ ριολ ρεαν-Φάλαϊζ;
 Clan η-Φάλαϊζ ba δέον δάμ,
 Άζυρ ριολ Φάλαϊζ do Φάλαϊζ.

THE CLAN DALY.

By me the Clan Daly shall never be snubbed :

I say nothing about them.

For, were I to flout them,

The world wouldn't save me from getting well drubbed ;

While with *them* at my beck (or my back) I

Might drub the world well without fear of one black eye !

Φυγήτηρ Αρά.

Φυγήτηρ Αρά, bualta beάζα,
 Φήνε ιατ ηάρι ρέραιη clú ;
 Ιτ ε ιτ ceol τόιβ, ceol ηα cuile,
 Άηραll a η-βεόλ ζαέ τυγή θίου !

THE GOOD PEOPLE (NOT THE FAIRIES) OF ARA.

The good people of Ara are four feet in height ;
 They are soldiers, and really stand stoutly in fight ;
 But they don't sacrifice overmuch to the graces,
 And hunger stares forth from their fly-bitten faces.

Τις ρατα ραμπήτης αιρι lári bealarð,
 'S ζαη ράιτ ρεαηζάη αηη do ɓjað ;
 Κύραð a ρηορðε αιρι αη 3-ceatáriηας ζοηταð,
 Ναð τεαηηαð τις ρηοη-ρλαjte αιρi ƒlhab !

There is one waste, wide, void, bleak, blank, black, cold odd pile
 On the highway : its length is one-third of a mile :
 Whose it is I don't know, but you hear the rats gnawing
 Its timbers inside, while its owner keeps sawing.

Mangan's acquaintance with the modern tongues was very extensive, as may be seen by his translations from almost every language in the world. His powers of versification were extraordinary. Many of his most beautiful poems were written in an incredibly short period, and with such accuracy, that they never required revision.

As a translator he stood unrivalled. His original compositions, though small in number, possess very high merit.

We may here observe, that all his versions of Gaelic poetry were made from literal translations furnished him by Irish scholars, as he was totally unacquainted with the original language.

In person, Mangan was below the middle size, and of slender proportions; the ashy paleness of his face was lighted up by eyes of extraordinary brilliancy. His usual costume was a light brown coat: he wore his hat closely pressed over his eyebrows, and used to carry a large umbrella under his arm. Of his manners and conversation it would be impossible to give a correct idea; they may be best described by an extract from his favourite Schiller:—

“ His dreams were of great objects,
He walked amidst us of a silent spirit,
Communing with himself: yet I have known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour,
His soul revealed itself, and he spake so
That we looked round perplexed upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether it were a god that spake in him !”

Mangan’s remains lie in the cemetery of Glasnevin, and a subscription is about being raised to erect a monument to his memory—an act of posthumous generosity which adds another name to the sad catalogue of the many men of exalted genius who asked for bread and received a stone.

The humble hearse that bore all that was earthly of him had but few followers. Amongst these, however, who strove to console him in his hours of bitterest affliction and most poignant despondency, was the Rev. C. P. Meehan, who discharged the last obsequies to the soul of this son of song.

Mangan was never married: his brother still survives in destitute circumstances.

THE

POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER.

ДОННЧАДХ ۲НЂЕЈС СОН-МАРА.

DONOGH MAC CON-MARA, or Mac na Mara, as the name is vulgarly spelled, was surnamed, from the red colour of his hair, Φονησατ̄ Ρυατ̄;* for, as many of our readers may be aware, the Irish peasantry have been long accustomed to designate individuals from certain personal marks or peculiarities—not unfrequently ludicrous; a man with crooked legs being, for instance, called “*Сам-сօրած*,” and one with a nose turned awry, “*Сам-՚խօնած*,” while a corpulent person is styled “*Болշ-՚մօր*.”

Φονησατ̄ was a native of Cratloe, in the county of Clare, and connected by blood with the Mac Con Maras of that locality. He made his appearance in the county of Waterford about the year 1738, while on his way homeward from a foreign college, whither he had been sent in early youth to pursue his theological studies—the penal laws at that period, as we need scarcely remark, rendering it imperative on a candidate for the Catholic priesthood to forsake his own country, and seek that instruction abroad which he was not suffered to

* The use of *soubriquets* to denote personal peculiarities is of very remote antiquity in Ireland, and still exists to a great extent among the peasantry.

obtain at home. His wild and freak-loving propensities had procured his expulsion from college, after he had spent four years within its walls; and thus he was compelled to return to his native soil, and locate himself in Waterford.

He had not long sojourned in this county before he became acquainted with one William Moran, a kindred spirit, celebrated in bardic lore among the peasantry of his native county. Moran kept a classical hedge-academy at Knockbee, in the parish of *Sliabh Cua*,* a village within an hour's walk of the birth-place of the writer of this sketch; and here, he and his friend laboured conjointly for the enlightenment and edification of the young students who attended their school, and taught them the various languages which *Φονησάδ Ριαδ* learned abroad, and Moran acquired at home.

How long the alliance lasted between the erudite pair we have no certain means of ascertaining; but, according to the tradition of the peasantry, it held good until the bards, "in an evil-starred hour," as the Orientals phrase it, or, as we would say, in a moment of luckless frolic, happened, in one of their poetical effusions, to "damn to immortal fame" a certain fair and frail young damsel of the neighbourhood, who, enraged at being thus publicly satirised, set the hedge "academy" in flames; so that a dissolution of partnership between

* *Sliabh Cua* (now called *Sliabh g-Cua*), a large mountain district lying midway between the towns of Clonmel and Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford. In an ancient MS. life of St. Mochuda, which we perused some years ago, much light is thrown on the ancient topography of this locality; for it appears that St. Mochuda and his community made a short stay here, with the view of founding a monastery, but afterwards proceeded to Lismore. One of the five prerogatives of the King of Cashel was "to pass over Sliabh Cua with [a band of] fifty men, after pacifying the South of Eire."—See *Leabhar na g-Ceart* (Book of Rights), p. 5, published by the Celtic Society. The name is still preserved, but applied to the parish of Seskinan, which is the most fertile in the district.

the “fratres fraternimi” was the immediate and melancholy result.

The next locality chosen by *Mac Con-Mára* appears to have been the barony of Imokilly,* an extensive district in the immediate vicinity of Youghal, in the county of Cork, where he commenced business “on his own account;” but his stay here must have been very brief, for we find him shortly afterwards located in the barony of Middlethird, in the county of Waterford. The hedge-school occupation not prospering here, he soon departed for Newfoundland.

Accordingly, being well equipped, by the munificence of his neighbours, with food and raiment for the voyage, he set out for Waterford, and thence repairing to Passage, a small seaport town on the Suir, below Waterford, he embarked for his new destination on the 24th of May, 1745, or, as some accounts have it, 1748, or 1755. But, alas! the winds and waves proved adverse to his wishes. He had been but a few days at sea when a storm arose, which drove the vessel on the coast of France, where the crew fell in with a French frigate, which forced them to hoist sail and steer their course homeward to the Emerald Isle; and consequently, poor *Mac Con-Mára* was obliged to resume his former avocation in the very place which he had so recently left. A Mr. Power, one of his patrons, who died but a short time ago, humorously insisted upon having a narrative of the voyage from him, and our hero accordingly produced a mock *Æneid* of about eighty stanzas on the subject, which he entitled, “*Εαστηα Ʒhjolla աη Աբրաօյի*,” “The April Fool’s Tale.” Of this poem Edward O’Reilly, in his “Irish Writers,” remarks: “There are some lines in it by no means inferior to any of Virgil’s;” and

* That portion of this extensive district which immediately adjoins the town of Youghal is known among the natives as “The Barony.”

he quotes the shout of Charon, as described by the Irish bard, thus :—

“*Do léis ré ȝájri ór-árið ’r béisceac,*
Le ȝuajm a ȝuitað do ȝliotðað na ȝréaumtað,
Do ȝualat aŋ ȝliuinnhe é, ’r ȝuijri ȝfliuinn ȝéim ar !”

“ He listed up his voice ; he raised a howl and yell
 That shook the firmament, as from some vast bell ;
 Awakened one grand peal, that roused the depths of hell !”

Among other eloquent passages in it, we find the following allusions to his partnership with Moran, his location at the Barony, and his removal to Middle-third :—

“*Al ȝ-dejjim, do ȝabairfajm ȝari ȝhalajit le*
bujðeacar,
Aljri a ȝejt ȝan ȝ-bajle, ȝo a ȝ-calað-þorit éjim ;
Nó ȝan ȝ-Bajúimajn am neaþtríðað ’dji ȝhaeðljib,
Aljri neic ȝo ȝeatrjamajn ’r 43 ȝmaðtúðað ȝo
ȝréadta
No ȝan ȝ-Creatalajð a ȝ-cleacðað ȝo ȝaoðaltað,
Nó a ȝummeac ȝori Sojmijn na ȝ-caol ȝ-bajc,
Nó aljri Shliab ȝeal Cua ȝrȝ buað ȝéjle,
Aljri ȝari luðt duan, ȝpraða, ’r cléimjc,
Nó a b-ȝocajr Uilljam Uí ȝhónáin, ȝori ȝant-
lejðionta,
Ðhéanfæc ȝeañ-dáñ ór cionn cláñ ȝéaðað !”

“ All I have penned I would joyously give away,
 To be at home, or in some snug seaport town ;
 Or in the Barony, with the Gaels to-day,
 Following my trade, and keeping my pupils down ;
 Or in Cratloe, where my ancestors dwelt of old,
 Or in Limerick, on the tall-barked Shannon agen,
 Or in Sliabh Cua, the hospitable and bold,
 There feasting bards, and sages, and learned men ;
 Or with William Moran, the Prince of Poets, who reigns,
 Who would chant a death-song over my cold remains !”

A series of unpropitious circumstances, however, once again drove him from home, and sent him anew to tempt the ocean in search of Newfoundland. Here, on this occasion, he arrived safely, and spent some time at St. John's, where his old freakish propensities broke out afresh, though they do not appear to have involved him in any unpleasant affair with the natives or others.

Having one evening met at a public-house a party of English sailors, whom he well knew how to "fool to the top of their bent," he sang the following song, extempore, to the great amusement of the Irish present, and indeed to that of the English, though the latter understood but one part of it, while the former chuckled in comprehending the entire :—

As I was walking one evening fair,

Աշուր մե յօ դեահած ա մ-Բայլ Շեաշայ :

I met a gang of English blades,

Աշուր յած դա տ-տրաօծած աշ հեարտ ա համայծ :

I boozed and drank both late and early,

With these courageous "Men-of-War;"

'Տ շրի եյոյե լոմ Տաշրահայշ աշ լուտ ար էլզին,

'Տ շահ դօ Ֆհաօրծել ահո աշտ բիօլ եազան.

I spent my fortune by being freakish,

Drinking, raking, and playing cards;

Հյօ հա լայի ալրչյօծ աշամ, 'հա շրեյտիւ,

Հա լած րահ տ-րաօշալ, աշտ հյօ շահ ալրծ !

Then I turned a jolly tradesman,

By work and labour I lived abroad ;

'Տ եյօշ ար մ' քալլայիշ-ի շար տօրի ար երեաշ րոյ,

Ի եաշ դե'ն տ-րաօտար դօ ժայտ լե մ' լայի.

Newfoundland is a fine plantation,

It shall be my station until I die,

Ահ էլրած ! յօ մ' քեալի լոմ ա թեյտ ա հ-Ելլու,

Աշ դյօլ շայրտելլիյշե, 'հա աշ տու բա'ն շ-կոյլ :

Here you may find a virtuous lady,
A smiling fair one to please your eye,
An *pacra rtaisjonnað* if *meara tñéjte*,
So *m-bejjearð* *mé* *ari a bejt* *ar* *patapic*!

I'll join in fellowship with "Jack-of-all-Trades,"

The last of August could I but see;

Atá éjor 43 Coirdealbád 'r 45 mhaighairdúi báid é,

Siup b'olc an láimh mé ari muiji 'ná aiji tíji;

If fortune smiles then, I'll be her darling,

But, if she scorns my company,

Déanfaid “Bainirtíde an Toill anáinte,”

΄Σ αρ φατα δη άιτ-ηι δο βειδεαδ με , μήρ.

Come, drink a health, boys, to Royal George,

Our chief commander, ḥári óriðaðið Cnjorð;

'S bjoc·bṛṇη-η-ατέρηγίδε ἐρην θήρην θήταιη,

é féin 'r a ȝáindaiȝe do leaȝað ríor:

We'll fear no Cannon, nor "War's Alarms,"

While noble George will be our guide,

॥ Chriþort zo b-þeice að me að b-þuð dá cárnað.

Alz an Mac* ro an fán uajn tall ran
li Xu una

b-Franç.

Mac Con-Maria made three voyages across the Atlantic; and it was in the city of Hamburg, where he conducted a school, that he wrote the “Bán-čhojc Ērjean̄ O !” “The Fair Hills of Ērje O !” a song we have introduced into this volume. It is the genuine production of an Irishman, far from his native home—full of tenderness and enthusiastic affection for the land of his birth.

As evidence that our poet was skilled in the Latin tongue, we need only call the attention of our readers to the following elegy, which he composed in the year 1800, at the advanced age of ninety, on the death of a brother bard named **Taðz** (Þaoðlað) **Ua Súlleabájn**.

* Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

“ Thaddeus hic situs est ; oculos hoc fleete viator :
 Illustrem vatem parvula terra tegit.
 Heu ! jacet exanimis, fatum irrevocabile vicit !
 Spiritus e terrâ sidera summa petit.
 Quis canet Erinidum laudes ? quis facta virorum ?
 Gadelico extineto, Scotica musa tacet.
 Processit numeris doctis pia carmina cantans,
 Evadens victor munera certa tulit.
 Laudando Dominum, praeclara poemata fecit,—
 Et suaves hymnos fervidus ille canit.
 Plangite Pierides ; vester decessit alumnus ;
 Eochades* non est, cunctaque rura silent.
 Pacem optavit, pace igitur versatur in alto ;
 Ad superi tendit regna beata patris.”

In person Φονησάο was tall and athletic ; but becoming blind towards the close of a life considerably extended beyond the average term allotted to man, and being rather straitened in pecuniary circumstances, he was compelled to appeal to the beneficence of the schoolmasters of his neighbourhood, who imposed a “Rate-in-Aid” for him on the scholars. We saw him ourselves in 1810, and paid our mite of the impost. He died about the year 1814, and his remains lie interred in Newtown churchyard, within half a mile of the town of Kilmacthomas, on the Waterford road, where no stone has yet been placed to commemorate his name, or indicate his last resting-spot to the passer-by : indeed, but for the interference of the worthy priest of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Veale (and to his honor be it spoken), a drain would, some few years back, have been passed through the place of his interment by some Goths, who were at the time turning off a stream of water from a distant corner of the church-yard.

* Eoghan (Ruadh) O'Suilliobhain, of Sliabh Luachradh, in Kerry ; a near relative of Tadhg (Gaodlach) O'Suilliobhain, and a celebrated poet, who died A.D., 1784. For a sketch of his life see page 42 of our “ Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry.”

II.

SEÁTHAÍN ÚA TUAMHAI.

JOHN O'TUOMY was born at Croome, in the county of Limerick, in 1706. Through his own diligence, and by means of the scanty educational facilities which the country afforded, he made considerable proficiency in Latin and Greek, and was tolerably well versed in the literature of his time. The brief sketch which we propose to give of the life of this poet, interesting as we trust it will prove in itself, will be attended with this advantage, that it may serve to elucidate the meaning of much that might otherwise have appeared obscure in his poetry; and the nature of his compositions will be the better understood from a previous view of his character, and a short narrative of the vicissitudes that marked his career. His poverty, and the restrictions then imposed on education, interrupted his studies too soon, and involved him prematurely in worldly cares. He married young, and embarked in the vintnery business, first at Croome, but subsequently at Limerick, where the site of his residence in Mungret-street is still pointed out with veneration, as having once been the abode of a philanthropist and a true-hearted Irishman. His success in the line he had chosen, as may be anticipated, was but indifferent; for, besides that poets are rarely frugal or fortunate in the management of their temporal concerns, the malediction which invariably pursues the man who trades upon the intemperance of others, marred the best-directed efforts of his industry. His liberality, moreover, far exceeded his means, and must have inevitably led to bankruptcy. The most generous are usually content with relieving those who crave assistance from them; but the house of O'Tuomy was open to all; his hospitality was un-

bounded ; and, in order that this might be made known to all, the following general invitation was written in broad letters on a large board over his door :—

“ Níl fánaí ná ráith-feaí an uairle Șaoiðeal,
 Bháitáin de’ n dáith-ðilc, ná ruairic-feaí ȝniorðe,
 A ȝ-cár ȝo m-bejðeas láitþeac ȝan luas ná díðe,
 Ná ȝo m-bejðeas mille fáilté a ȝ Seáðan ɏa
 Tuamha ȝoijhe ! ”

“ Should one of the stock of the noble Gael,
 A brother bard who is fond of good cheer,
 Be short of the price of a tankard of ale,
 He is welcome to O’Tuomy a thousand times here ! ”

After this, it is unnecessary to mention that his house was much frequented. Himself, too, the soul and centre of his company (whence his appellation of “ Seáðan ɏa Tuamha an ȝhjújhn,” “ John O’Tuomy, the Gay,”) was not more courted for his hospitality than for his gaiety and good humour. His house was a general rendezvous for the bards and tourists of Munster, who came thither on occasional visits, and sometimes met there in a body, so as to form a sort of poetical club. These bardic sessions,* as they may be called, exercised a healthful influence in the country, and aided powerfully towards reviving the national spirit, bowed and almost broken, as it was, beneath the yoke of penal enactments : they were also a source of unalloyed pleasure to all, Mrs. O’Tuomy alone excepted, to whom patriotism and poetry were of less moment than the interests of her establishment, to which it was impossible that such meetings could contribute any advantage. She often warned her husband that his extravagance was disproportioned to his circumstances ; she told him that their means of subsistence must not be consumed by “ strollers,” and that, unless he disconnected himself from

* For a history of those bardic schools, see Haliday’s edition of “ Keating’s History of Ireland,” p. vi., note ‡.

such society, he would soon be as penniless as any of his associates. Literary pursuits, she insisted, were barren and useless accomplishments, not unbecoming in persons of large fortune, but altogether unfitted for any one who had no resource but his own exertions for the maintenance of a wife and family. From prudential motives like these, she cherished a general dislike of all O'Tuomy's brother rhymers, and at length succeeded, by her continual remonstrances and objurgations, in breaking up for a season the bardic musters altogether.

We will here introduce an anecdote illustrative of the friendship which existed between O'Tuomy and a brother poet, Andrew Magrath, of whom we shall have more to say presently. One day, our friend, according to the custom of country publicans, had erected a tent on the race-course of Newcastle (or, as some assert, at the fair of Adare), which was surmounted by a green bough,* as a distinctive mark of his occupation, and also as an emblem of the love he bore his own "green isle." He was eyed at some distance by Magrath, who approached and accosted him, and the following short but pithy dialogue took place between the brother wits :—

* This ancient custom gave rise to the old adage, that "Good wine needs no bush."

In 1565, the mayor of Dublin ordered that no person should sell wine or ale in the city without a sign at the door of the house.—*Harris's Dublin.*

An "Act" of Charles II., "for the improvement of His Majesty's revenues upon the granting of licenses for the selling of ale and beer, provided—" **That every one so to be licenced shall have some Sign, Stake, or Bush at his Door, to give notice unto Strangers and Travellers where they may receive Entertainment of Meat, Drink, and Lodging for their reasonable money.**" Hence the custom of using the green bush at fairs and patterns.

MAGRATH.*

“Jr bacallac ȝlar an cleac-ra a t-tóin to tíže,
Aȝ tairraing ȝa b-pean a rteac ȝi ȝol ȝa tíže.”

“ How clustering and green is this pole which marks your house !
Enticing men in to drink your ale, and carouse.”

O'TUOMY.

“Ailrigiord ȝeal zo pñar a néljfric ȝlísé,
Tá'ñ cárar ȝi teacd, an bñajt'ñ an hóp ȝan díol.”

“ Bright silver will pave your way, to quaff your fill,
But the hops and malt, alas ! are unpaid for still.”

It is to be regretted that O'Tuomy's many excellent qualities were not accompanied by greater economy in the management of his domestic affairs. But his improvidence was unfortunately incorrigible, for vain were all his wife's impassioned remonstrances and expostulations. At length his little capital began to melt away in the sunshine of convivial enjoyment ; business first languished, and then entirely ceased, and with a young and helpless family he was cast once more an adventurer on the world. After undergoing many reverses he was compelled to accept the situation of servant at Adare, to Mr. Quade, a caretaker or steward on the farm of a gentleman residing in Limerick. Here he seems to have borne his change of fortune somewhat impatiently, for we find him engaged in frequent contests with his mistress, whose ill-treatment evoked his bitterest invectives. This old woman frequently transferred the duties of her office, as poultry-keeper, to the poet, who, however, did not feel at all honoured by the trust ; and his most pointed satires against her indicate this to be the chief cause of his hostility. Poets are seldom to be offended

* We should here observe that Magrath was somewhat deep in the books of O'Tuomy for certain old scores.

with impunity. Having the means of reprisal so near at hand, they are not slow to use them with effect against the aggressor. In justice, however, to O'Tuomy, it should be observed that his was not a vindictive disposition ; and this, perhaps, was the only instance in which his talents were made subservient to the indulgence of private resentment. From a cane which the old woman carried, both as a support in walking, and to keep the hens in order, O'Tuomy contemptuously designated her in rhyme as “ *Bean na Clejče Caoile*,” “ The Dame of the Slender Wattle,” and the poem so entitled we beg to introduce here :—

BEAN NA CLEJČE CAOILE.

Njorí tágairí lom ceant, beant' ná bpiatáir aoi'b' nír
 Leábaní ná ceact, ná mann a deilb díneac ;
 Njorí cátaz mé an fad zo teact am teliwb'reac,
 'S am neactairne ceanc aí Bean na Clejče Caoile !

Do caitíorad real pá nait aír leinn laoiste,
 A 3-caidíomh fean, 'r flait, 'r cneidíomh Jora ;
 Aillíod zeal am 3lair 3an doillb ní ò an bít,
 Cia dealb mo mear aí Bean na Clejče Caoile !

Ir é lazarad mo mear, do mear, do mearb m'ínhití, ná
 Nac mairíon na flait do lean an cneidíomh díneac ;
 Do cannaad na mannat a rcannaad tneib a rinnrean,
 'S do bainfead an fajl de Bhean na Clejče Caoile !

'Ir fearaí nári cleactar teact a n-dearfe coimear-
 3air,
 Aír ceartaí 'r aír cairnírit caillíde ceirnijde cínte ;
 Ná'n acairan aír, a b-fad o bneit an fír-çírit,
 So n-deacaad fá rmaect aí Bean na Clejče Caoile !

Cja fada mé tairdol tpeab, 'r tisde taoireac,
 'S go b-peacad 3ac Reacht 'r Acht ari fead na njo3-
 acra;
 Njor b-peacraç mé ari clearad pparad feill-3njoimac,
 So "Pneabairne an Thairt" * atá a3 Bean na Clejce
 Caoile!

Ajtcim an Mac do ceap na cectre foillre,
 Flatar, Feairn, Feapt, 'r Dealb daonhe;
 So n3abao3 m'anam pearda 'na feilb djlir,
 'S me r3apad rá blar le Bean na Clejce Caoile!

THE DAME OF THE SLENDER WATTLE.

Ochone! I never in all my dealings met with a man to snub me,
 Books I have studied, however muddied a person *you* may dub me,
 I never was tossed or knocked about—I never was forced to battle
 With the storms of life, till I herded your hens, O, Dame of the
 Slender Wattle!

I spent a season a chanting poems, and free from toil and troubles,
 The faith of Christ I ever upheld, though I mixed with the proudest
 nobles,
 And gay was my heart, and open my hand, and I lacked not cash
 or cattle,
 Though low my esteem to-day with you, O, Dame of the Slender
 Wattle!

My spirits are gone, my face is wan, my cheeks are yellow and
 hollowed,
 Because the nobles are dead by whom the true old Faith was followed,
 Who sang the glory of those that died for Eire's rights in battle,
 And would soon bring down your paltry pride, my Dame of the
 Slender Wattle!

'Tis very well known I always shunned contention, clamour, and
 jawing,
 And never much liked the chance of getting a barbarous clapper-
 clawing;
 I always passed on the other side when I heard a hag's tongue rattle,
 Till I happened, *mo vrone!* to stumble on you, O, Dame of the
 Slender Wattle!

* An appropriate name for a flail among the Kerry peasantry.

Though used to the ways of tribes and chiefs, and reading the deeds
that appear in
The chronicles and the ancient books that embody the lore of Erin,
I scarce ever knew what cruelty was, except through rumour or
prattle,
Till the dismal day that I felt your flail, O, Dame of the Slender
Wattle!

O! I pray the Lord, whose powerful Word set the elements first in
motion,
And formed from nought the race of Man, with Heaven, and Earth,
and Ocean,
To lift my spirit above this world, and all its clangor and brattle
And give me a speedy release from you, O, Dame of the Slender
Wattle!

The history of this woman and her husband, and of their subsequent elevation to rank and fortune, is very extraordinary. Tradition represents them as living at Adare in distressed circumstances, when a stranger one day presented himself before them in search of a treasure, which he had dreamed was buried in the neighbourhood. Though he seemed unacquainted with the locality, his accurate description of a ruined mansion in the vicinity, as the place of its concealment, made a deep impression on the old woman, who cunningly resolved to turn the information to her own account. She accordingly advised him to relinquish his foolish search, which, originating from a dream, did not deserve to be prosecuted; and the stranger, according to her advice, left the place. He had no sooner departed, however, than she and her husband visited the spot indicated, and digging, discovered a "crock of gold," covered with a flag-stone inscribed with some half-effaced characters, which they did not take much trouble to decipher, supposing them merely to refer to the treasure they were already in possession of. Filled with joy, they conveyed home the money with secrecy and caution. But it happened that a certain itinerant literary character, who lodged with them, seeing the inscription on the flag-stone, or pot-lid—for into such an utensil

had it been converted—fell to deciphering it, and at length succeeded in discovering the words—

“*Atá an oīthead céadha an an d-taobh eile,*”
 “*There is as much more on the other side.*” This, though mysterious enough to the poor scholar, was quite intelligible to the initiated pair, who, at once acting on the suggestion, proceeded to the well-known spot, and secured the remainder of the booty. This treasure was shortly afterwards the purchase-money of a large estate in their native county ; and it is said that at this day the blood of the Quades commingles with that of Limerick’s proudest nobility.

O’Tuomy’s poems are mostly illustrative of his own condition and habits of life. His songs, especially, sparkle with the glow shed over the festive scenes in which he was accustomed to spend so many gay hours with his brother bards. Their inspiration and eloquence would seem to favour the once popular, but now (thanks to Father Mathew) exploded doctrine of Cratinus :—

“ Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
 Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.”

All the poets of this period, it should be remarked, combined in denouncing the persecuting policy of their rulers, and exposed with indignant patriotism the cupidity and bigotry which brought into action the worst passions of the heart, and perpetrated in the name of religion those atrocities which will for ever sully the fame of Britain. But as the sufferer was not permitted to complain openly, the voice of discontent was often veiled in the language of allegory. Ireland was usually designated by some endearing name, such as—“*Síjalé Ní Íhádairiád*,” “*Caitilín Ní Uallacáin*,” “*Wóinín Ní Chúillionáin* ;” and introduced under the form of a female of heavenly beauty, but woe-stricken, and dishonoured by the stranger. O’Tuomy’s compositions on these subjects are replete with Irish senti-

ment and melody, especially his songs to the airs of “*Albórijín Ní Chúillhonnáin*,” and “*Cnotad Bán*,” “White Cockade,” which will be found in this collection (p. 50).

This lamented bard expired, at the age of sixty-nine, in Limerick city, on Thursday, 31st August, 1775, and his remains were borne to his ancestral burial-place—the graveyard of Croome—by a numerous assemblage of the bards of Munster, and others of his friends. James O’Daly, a contemporary bard, who chanted his elegy, gives the precise period of his death in the following stanzas :—

Ur fada raoi ɔan pealahtar,
 ɔan bajte-puirit, ɔan némear níj;
 Meic Albójana n-éact do cleacctaç cion,
 Calmaçt, 'r cain, 'r cior :—
 Slhocáit lújajd, 'r Chéin, 'r Chajibne,
 Faoi eacctráinnajd mair tárilajd tjm;
 D’fuijz dromoz na n-éact ɔan mairbhá,
 Aji rzaiað leat, Uj Thuama an ɔhluinn !

Jr trébaç, 'r ar léan, 'r ar daimid hom,
 Aji d-taziað, áji d-teann, áji n-djón ;
 A ɔ-Ciomhað, raoi raoi ɔajib-ljç,
 'S ɔlafráinnac na n-ɔall ne d' taoib !
 Seacit ɔ-céad déag ɔan deaumad,
 Seacit-moðatt 'r cíjz, ɔan claoim ;
 Aoij níjc Dé do ceannaijz rínn,
 Aji rzaiað leat, Uj Thuama an ɔhluinn !

Stricken and feeble, without land, or name,
 Mansions, or princely sway,
 Are Mogha’s ancient race of ancient fame,
 And might, and wealth, to-day !
 The noble sons of Cairbre, Conn, and Lughaidh,
 Alas ! are foreigner’s prey,
 But bitterest grief is ours for losing you,
 O’Tuomy, once the Gay !

O, woe ! O, sorrow ! waking heart-wrung sighs,
 Our guide, our prop, our stay,
 In Croome, beneath an unhewn flag-stone, lies
 While the stranger treads his clay.
 'Tis seventeen hundred years—the account is true—
 And seventy-five this day,
 Since Christ, His death, that we by death lost you,
 O'Tuomy, once the Gay !

III.

ANDREW MAGRATH

(Surnamed “*Maŋʒaŋe Šúʒač*”).

PERHAPS there is nothing more melancholy and deplorable than the sight, too often, unfortunately, witnessed in this world of contradictions—the union of lofty genius with grovelling propensities. To see talent of the highest order debased by an association with vulgar and low-lived habits—the understanding pointing one way, while the bodily requirements and appetites drag their degraded victim in an opposite direction—is indeed a spectacle calculated to excite to thoughtfulness and sorrow every generous mind. The world is familiar with examples of this lamentable and ill-assorted union; and we need only mention the names of Savage, Burns, Byron, and Maginn, as a few of those who have made the most mournful and conspicuous exhibitions of its effects. The subject of our present sketch unfortunately adds another to the muster-roll of those ill-starred children of genius; but we should be unfaithful to the requirements of the task we have undertaken, if we did not allot a place here to the biography of the gay, the eccentric, the jovial, but withal, the witty, learned, and intellectual Andrew Magrath.

This distinguished poet, who, from his convivial

habits, was usually called the “*Bláthaire Súíacé*” (*i. e.*, “Jovial,” or “Merry Dealer”), was a native of the county of Limerick, and born on the banks of the Maig, a river which he has frequently made the theme of eulogy in his poems. Of his earlier years there are scarcely even any traditional accounts; but we find him, as he grew to manhood, engaged in the occupation of a country schoolmaster. Magrath was the contemporary of John O’Tuomy, and a host of others who at this period acquired a high reputation among the admirers of wit and lovers of song; but, unhappily for himself and those connected with him, his life, and even many of his productions, were at variance with, and unworthy of, his great intellectual powers. Habitual indulgence in intoxicating drinks—that foe to all aspiring thoughts and noble impulses—was his peculiar besetting sin; and, as a consequence, a great number of his songs are so replete with licentious ideas and images, as to be totally unfit for publication. Many of these, however, but particularly some others, in which his better muse predominates, are sung to this day by the Munster peasantry, and, doubtless, will remain unforget-
gotten as long as the Irish spirit shall remain unbroken by the tyranny under which it has groaned and struggled through ages of misrule and unparalleled oppression.

The habits of Magrath were migratory and wandering; he seldom tarried long in any one spot, though usually long enough to leave behind him some rather marked *souvenirs* of his drollery, and reckless love of mischief and merriment. The caustic severity of his sarcasms rendered him an object of dread to such as were conscious of deserving exposure for their misdeeds. He delighted, like Burns, in mixing with low company, over whom, of course, he reigned supreme as a triton among the minnows. We may well believe this, however, when we recollect that one of the brightest wits and orators of his day, Philpot Curran, is said

to have on one occasion disguised himself in the garb of a tinker, and taken up his quarters for a month with a fraternity of "jolly brothers" who sojourned on the Coombe, in this city, until one of them raffled his tools to enable "the tinker" to go on a "tramp." So has it been related by Moore of Byron, or rather by Byron of himself, in his "Journal," that frequently at night, when ennuyé to death by the ice-cold manners of the aristocratic society in which he mingled, he was accustomed to rush into the streets, and take refuge in—a cider cellar!

Many of the productions of our poet were penned amid these bacchanalian revels, and are, indeed, redolent of the *Uisge Beatha** bottle.

Magrath tried his master-hand upon several species of literary compositions, and succeeded in all. He is said to have been the author of those beautiful and soul-stirring words adapted to the air called "*Uisge Sean-dúiné*" (literally "The Old Man"), which is known in Scotland under the name of "The Campbells are Coming." The incident which gave birth to this exercise of the poetical powers of the *Uisge Beatha* *Súgád*, has been preserved by tradition, and is highly interesting. In the course of his wanderings through the country, our poet chanced to meet with a young woman by the roadside who was weeping bitterly, and appeared to be abandoned to inconsolable grief. Upon inquiring the cause of her affliction, he found that she had been induced, at the urgent request of her parish priest, to wed, for the sake of his great wealth and worldly possessions, an old man, the coldness of whose nature presented but an imperfect requital to her youthful warmth of affection. Magrath, who, with all his failings, possessed a heart ever sensitively alive to the wrongs of injured youth and innocence, was moved by the affecting narrative, and immediately produced an

* *Uisge Beatha*, water of life, equivalent to the Latin *aqua vitae*, and French *eau de vie*.

extempore song on the occasion. The first stanza of which runs thus:—

“Cóimhle do fuaileadh ainiúc ari an t-áit-bóthar,
O hóighe ríogaírt an reantúine a phórtád:
Ba éimhíodh leis é, a chéad go mheadóidh a phórtád,
’S a bheist fad do mháilleadh ag bhealadh ari na
cónaíadar agus!”

“A priest bade me marry ‘for better or worse,’
An old wretch who had nought but his money and years—
Ah! ‘twas little he cared, but to fill his own purse;
And I now look for help to the neighbours with tears!”

The additional notoriety acquired by Magrath from the circulation of this song was not of a very enviable kind. A general outcry was raised against him by all the old men of the whole surrounding country, and he was compelled, like Reynard, to betake himself to “new quarters.” Repairing to *Cnoc Firinn*, he there resumed his former occupation of school-teaching, and varied his leisure hours by the composition of political and amatory ballads. Here he wrote his popular song to the air of “Craoibhín aoiúbhinn álúinín ó,” and declares in the opening stanza that he had been invited to *Cnoc Firinn* by *Donn Firinneach*,* chief of the Mun-

* *DONN*. One of the sons of Milesius, who, being separated from the rest of his brethren by a magic storm raised by the *Tuatha de Danans*, when effecting a landing on the coast of West Munster, was, with his ship’s company, drowned at a place called “*Dumhachaibh*,” “Vaults.” In recording his death, *Eochaíd O’Flainn*, a poet of the tenth century, writes thus:—

“Donn, ’s Bile, ’s Buan, a bhean,
Dil, ’s Aireach mac Mileadh,
Buas, ’s Breas, ’s Buaidhne go m-bloidih,
Do bhathadh ag Damhachaibh.”

“Donn, and Bile, and Buan, his wife,
Dil, and Aireach, son of Milesius;
Buas, and Breas, and Buana, found,
Were at the Vaults drowned.”

It is traditionally believed that *Donn* is chief of the Munster Fairies, and holds his court at *Cnoc Firinn* (hence the appellation *Donn Firinneach*), a romantic hill in the county of Limerick. See Haliday’s Keating, p. 294. Dub. 1811.

ster Fairies ; and here also he produced another song, in derision of those old women who “lay themselves out” to entrap young men into the snares of matrimony, a production, in our opinion, quite as clever and sarcastic in its way as the “*Seán Ó Duine*,” though, on account of its perhaps unjustifiable attacks upon the softer sex, who, whether juvenile or ancient, are entitled to our respect, we forbear quoting any portion of it here.

Andrew Magrath was, perhaps, the most melodious Gaelic poet of his day ; and we believe that few who peruse his song to the air of “*Cailín Dear Chúi Ó Dóite ña m-Bó*,” “Pretty Girl Milking the Cows,” given in this volume, will dispute the correctness of our opinion. To his biography we have nothing more to add. He reached, notwithstanding all his irregularities and excesses, an advanced age ; but the precise period of his death we are unable to ascertain, though we have been informed that he was living in 1790. His remains repose in the churchyard of Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick ; and we have learned, upon good authority, that shortly before his death he bequeathed his manuscripts, which, as may be supposed, were exceedingly voluminous, to a farmer named O'Donnell, residing at Ballinanma, near Kilmallock, at whose house this eccentric genius, but true poet, breathed his last. Peace to his erring spirit ! Let us remember his faults but to compassionate and avoid them, while we honour his talents, which were, undoubtedly, of a high and striking order.

IV.

AOFHARÁIN UAI RAIJHEAUIAUIJH.

EGAN O'REILLY, the subject of our present notice, was, according to Edward O'Reilly's “Irish Writers,” the son of John Mor O'Reilly, a gentleman

farmer, who resided in the village of Crossarlough, on the borders of Lough Sheelan, in the county of Cavan, about the commencement of the eighteenth century. John had been intended by his father, Eoghan, for the priesthood, and was sent to receive his education in Kerry, a county celebrated at that period for the facilities it afforded of communicating a knowledge of the classics, by means of its hedge-schoolmasters, who frequently made the very cowherds Greek and Latin scholars. Our young aspirant, during his stay here, made considerable proficiency in his studies ; but Fate had willed that he should never reach the goal which his father had pointed out as the object of his ambition. Happening, on his journey homeward, during vacation, to give offence to some person whose name we have been unable to discover, he was waylaid, and attacked by six men armed with bludgeons, one of whom he killed with a single blow. Apprehended and tried for murder, he was acquitted ; but having taken away the life of another, he was, by the canon law, disqualified for the priesthood, and obliged to relinquish the hope of ever attaining to it. He returned to Kerry, where he married a young woman of the name of Egan ; and the subject of our memoir, called also Egan, in compliment to his mother's name, was the eldest son of this marriage. John Mor, we may observe, was the author of several poems, with which the peasantry of his native county are stated to have been familiar but a few years since ; and it is also said that copies of many of them are extant in Kerry at the present day.

Egan was left by his father in comfortable circumstances ; indeed in the possession of what, at the present day, would be considered almost opulence. His residence was at Slab Luacra, in the county of Kerry. He was the author of a great variety of admirable songs, copies of which are in our possession, as other copies are also scattered through Munster, and abound particularly in his native district. His "Vision,"

or “Reverie,” which we give here, is, perhaps, as beautiful a piece of modern poetry as can be found in the Gaelic language, and is, in fact, a perfect gem amid the jewels of song.

Seile na Seile do cónaile ari ríjhe an uairíjor,
Chliordal an Chliordail a giorr-iorz, lín, uairíne;
Binníor an binnír a fliotal, nári cónion-áruaamad,
Deilíse 'r fíne a fionnád 'na grian-áruaod'naod.

Cairé na Cairé aonuas lúibe dá buiðe-éuacláib,
Bhainnear an cónaile dá lúistne le níne-áruabaird;
Iorriad ba glainne ná glainne ari a bhrúine bhuacaird,
Do gairnead ari gairneamhain d'íri rán tíri uacártaird.

Fior fiorac dám d'ímir 'r iiri zo fíor-uairíjor,
Fior filleadh do'n duine do'n ionad ba níj-áruailear;
Fior milleadh na dliomhaze cínni eirion ari níne-áruaod,
'S fior eile ná cínnífjod aonuas lúistíb le fíor-uairíjan.

Leimhe na leimhe dám dliomhaze 'na cónaile-áruailear,
'S mé am cínníze ag an cónaile do ríghairdmead zo
fíor-cónailear mé;
Ari gairm níjc Muiríre dám fírtácht do b'íos uairí,
'S lúigíor an bhrúineáil ná lúighe zo Bhrúineáil
luacaird.

Rúitím le mhe aon lúistíb zo cónaile-áruaileas,
Tíre ionmallaib cínníair, tíre ionmáistair, tíre fílmh-
luacaird;
Do'n fíne-áruis tízim, ní tízim cia 'n t-ríjhe
fuailear,
Zo h-ionad ná n-ionad, do cínníad le dliomhazeas
fuaileas.

Brúrīd rá róise zo róiseaíjal, buíðin Déliuaíac,
 'S fuíreann do bhrúinjíollajb ríorájádte, dalaí-
 énaíacáé;
 A n-gealíjeallajb gealíjeal níe cuírīd zan rúiní-
 rúaníjíjír,
 'S mo bhrúinjíoll ari bhrúinjíjíb aíz bhrúinjíjíe bhrúinjí-
 rúanacáé.

D'innírjor d'íri ran b-fíuotáil ba fíor uajm-rí,
 Nári éiníbe dí rnaíomhe le ríbírle ríomh-buaírtá;
 'S an dhuine ba zíle aíri éiní Scuít trí h-uairle,
 Aíz feirtear ari rírbeirt aízé mar éaoí-ñaadácaí.

Aíri élinnídin mo zutadó dí, zuijloin zo fíor-uajbriéac,
 Rúinítean an fíche zo lífe ar a zíor-ármadáhajb;
 Cuírean líom zíollad mar éoimílrc ó'n m-Bhrúinjí
 uajte.

'S í zíle na zíle, do éoíarc ari rízé an uajzíjor!

Uí Ceannzal.

Mo tréigíd, mo tubairt, mo tráiríomh, mo bhrón,
 mo díst!

Mo róillreac tuijriéac, mhoícaír-geal, beol-tair,
 éaoí,

Aíri aðairic aíz fuíreannuajb, miorájreac, crón-dub,
 buíðe;

'S zan leigíjor na zoíle zo b-fíllid na leózajn tarí
 toimh!

The Brightest of the Bright met me on my path so lonely;
 The Crystal of all Crystals was her flashing dark-blue eye;
 Melodious more than music was her spoken language only;
 And glories were her cheeks, of a brilliant crimson dye.

With ringlets above ringlets her hair in many a cluster
 Descended to the earth, and swept the dewy flowers;
 Her bosom shone as bright as a mirror in its lustre;
 She seemed like some fair daughter of the Celestial Powers.

She chanted me a chant, a beautiful and grand hymn,
 Of him who should be shortly Eire's reigning King—
 She prophesied the fall of the wretches who had banned him;
 And somewhat else she told me which I dare not sing.

Trembling with many fears I called on Holy Mary,
 As I drew nigh this Fair, to shield me from all harm,
 When, wonderful to tell! she fled far to the Fairy
 Green mansion of Sliabh Luachra in terror and alarm.

O'er mountain, moor, and marsh, by greenwood, lough, and hollow,
 I tracked her distant footsteps with a throbbing heart ;
 Through many an hour and day did I follow on and follow,
 Till I reached the magic palace reared of old by Druid art.

There a wild and wizard band with mocking fiendish laughter
 Pointed out me her I sought, who sat low beside a clown ;
 And I felt as though I never could dream of Pleasure after
 When I saw the maid so fallen whose charms deserved a crown.

Then with burning speech and soul, I looked at her and told her
 That to wed a churl like that was for her the shame of shames,
 When a bridegroom such as I was longing to enfold her
 To a bosom that her beauty had kindled into flames.

But answer made she none ; she wept with bitter weeping,
 Her tears ran down in rivers, but nothing could she say ;
 She gave me then a guide for my safe and better keeping,—
 The Brightest of the Bright, whom I met upon my way.

SUMMING UP.

Oh, my misery, my woe, my sorrow and my anguish,
 My bitter source of dolor is evermore that she
 The loveliest of the Lovely should thus be left to languish
 Amid a ruffian horde till the Heroes cross the sea.

To an intimate acquaintance with his mother tongue, Egan O'Reilly united a thorough knowledge of the classics, and had, perhaps, been designed, like his father, John Mor, for the sacerdotal profession. To the kindness of Mr. Patten, librarian to the Royal Dublin Society, we are indebted for the following extract from a MS. copy of Keating's Ireland, made by him in 1772, and now deposited in the Society's valuable library. It will serve to prove that our bard was living at that period, being the year in which it was written by him.

It runs thus:—“*á na rípiob le h-Áodáigán Ua Ra-
 ãallair ã do Ruijpij mhc Seáin oíz, mhc Sjte, a h-Ófom*

Coluēnūr rān n̄-bliaðair t'aoir Chl̄ijorð; n̄ile, reac̄t
 5e7, aður an 2ra bliaðair f̄itc̄. July an reac̄tihad
 lá." "Written by Egan O'Reilly, for Rughri, son of
 John Og Mac Sheehy, of Dromeullagh, on the 7th
 day of July, 1722." The book is written in a plain,
 legible, and bold character, and establishes the writer's
 power and skill as a perfect philologist in the structure
 and idiomatic peculiarities of his native tongue. We
 have one rather curious remark, however, to make with
 respect to it—that he writes his name in two forms.
 At the commencement of the work he subscribes him-
 self **Ua Raðallaið** (O'Reilly); whereas, at the close of
 the second volume, he thus writes :—

Finis Libri Secundi, 7th the 9th, 1722.

AOÐHARJAN UAI RATHAJLE, -

by which name, indeed, he is best known throughout
 Munster at the present day.

There are two songs of our author's in the present
 collection. One of these, called "The Star of Kil-
 kenny," was composed on occasion of the celebration of
 a marriage, in the year 1720, between Valentine, third
 Viscount Kenmare, and Honoria Butler, of Kilcash,
 great grand-niece of James, Duke of Ormond. The
 other was written as a tribute of praise to a poetess, a
 lady named Fitzgerald,* who resided at Ballykenely, in
 the county of Cork, and who, from her extraordinary
 beauty, was a perpetual theme of eulogy among the
 bards of Munster.

* This lady had a brother named Pierse, a poet of no mean cele-
 brity; his productions, and many amusing anecdotes relating to
 him, are still remembered throughout the province. He flourished
 about the middle of the last century; but the only fragment of his
 poetry in our possession is an elegy on the death of John Power,
 Esq., of Clashmore, in the county of Waterford, who died in the
 summer of 1754.

We have only to add, that notwithstanding all our inquiries and researches, we have been unable to discover either at what precise period or locality the death of *Uodáigán Ua Ráthaille* occurred.

v.

AN T-ATHAIR UJLJAUIN INSIJS.

THE Rev. William English* was an Augustinian friar, and stationed in the convent of that community in Brunswick-street, Cork. It is said that he was born in Newcastle, in the county of Limerick, and that he passed a considerable portion of his early life as schoolmaster in Castletownroche, in the county of Cork, and Charleville, in the county of Limerick. Previous to his assumption of the Augustinian habit, he had produced many striking and beautiful songs in his native tongue, among which we may reckon the celebrated “*Caírjal Mhúighán*,” “*Cashel of Munster*,” and “*Coír na Brí-ʒ̄e*,”† “*By the Bride’s Silvery Waters*,” both well known to our Munster readers. His admission into the ranks of the regular clergy is said to have been on the condition of abandoning song-writing for the rest of his life—an obligation which he faithfully kept until the occurrence of an incident which tempted him to call once more his rhyming powers into action, and, at all hazards, to violate his anti-poetical resolve; as indeed he did,

* We have seen this name in an old Irish MS. Hibernicised *Gall-Oglaoich*.

† The river Bride, which has its source in the barony of Barrymore, county of Cork, near a place called *Gleann an Phriachain* (Glinville), and falls into the Blackwater at Strangally Castle, county of Waterford.

though not without having obtained permission from his ecclesiastical superior.

A brother friar, who had been despatched from the convent, according to the custom of the order in Munster, at a particular period of the year, for the purpose of collecting provisions, obtained a quantity of butter among the benevolent farmers' wives of his district, which he packed in a firkin, and sent to Cork market for sale. Upon inspection, however, by the merchant to whom it was offered, it was found to exhibit, owing to the various sources from which it had been procured, such a strange combination of colours, that the poor friar was, perforce, compelled to return home, and use it himself. Such an opportunity for displaying his satirical genius, even at the expense of a brother of the order, was too tempting to be forfeited by our poet; and he immediately commenced and produced the well-known sarcastic poem, beginning—

“*Cpé ná Cjll náj̄ fáðajð an Bláðajr,
Chujn rpéj̄ ná rujm an jm ná a m-bláðajz!*”

“ May that friar never know peace in the dust,
Who in butter or buttermilk places his trust !”

Several of the Rev. William English's poems are, we are happy to state, in our possession. The song by him which we present our readers in this volume, is adapted to a very pleasing air called the “*Seandubhe*” (The Old Man), of the merits of which we have already spoken in our biographical sketch of Andrew Magrath. We regret that our limited acquaintance with the minuter details of our poet's life, precludes us from doing him that justice which his high moral character unquestionably deserved, but which would be better understood by the reader, were we in a position to illustrate it by anecdote and narrative.

The Rev. William English closed his life on the 13th of January, 1778, in Cork, and his remains repose in St. John's churchyard, Douglas-street, in that city.

VI.

ΤΑΦΗΣ (ΤΑΟΦΗΑΙΑΣ) ΉΑ ΣΥΛΛΟΒΗΑΙΝ.

TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN, a poet, who, either from his simplicity of manner, or from the fact of his being an humble peasant,* altogether ignorant of the language of Bacon and Shakspeare, usually went by the surname of “Ταεθλας,” or “The Simple,” was a native of Kerry, and, unfortunately, was not in his earlier years a model of the strictest rectitude in point of conduct. To his honour, however, be it stated, that he subsequently reformed, abandoned his irregularities, and succeeded in acquiring the esteem and friendship of all who knew him.

Born a poet—as every true poet, according to Horace, must be†—he early “lisped in numbers,” and ere the heyday of his youth was over, had composed a considerable number of amatory songs, rather too remarkable, it must be confessed, for warmth of sentiment and expression. In after-life, however, he atoned for the sins of his youthful muse by a collection of sacred poems, which he left behind, and which are published under the title of “The Pious Miscellany,” a work at the present day in the hands of almost every peasant in Munster, and, although not comparable in point of style to some pieces of a similar character in our volume, yet characterized by much depth of feeling and energy of language. The book, moreover, possesses this distinguishing merit, that every page, every verse, we might almost say every line, reflects back, as from a mirror, the leading traits in the character of the amiable author.

* “The ancient natives were universally prejudiced against the dialect of the colonists; insomuch, that any of them known to speak the rude jargon of the foreigners seldom escaped a reproachful nickname.”—*Hardiman. Note on the Statute of Kilkenny.*

† “*Poeta nascitur non fit.*”—*Hor.*

O'Sullivan was accustomed to make periodical excursions to a district in the county of Waterford, celebrated for its hospitality, and known by the name of "Paoiraca," which comprises the barony of Middle-third. In all probability, it was owing to his repeated visits to this territory, that an eminent writer has fallen into the error of supposing him to have been a native of Waterford. There he passed the latter years of his life, and frequently sojourned at the house, and sat at the table of the father of the writer of this sketch. The precise period of his death is unknown—to us at least—but that it probably occurred towards the close of the last century may be conjectured by the following quotation from one of his sacred poems, entitled "Duajn an Domhain," or "The Lay of the World."

"Dúbajl reacét am céacét do céadairb,
 'S tuij céad ná 3-cóimhri de'n 3-cóimhriúin
 céadra;
 Díar dá fírtéid blátháin, blátháin 'r aonú-deir,
 Sín an blátháin d'aoir Chlúisort an laoide-ri
 déanamh."

" Since born was GOD'S Eternal Son,
 Came fourteen hundred years to an end;
 Three hundred, four score, ten, and one,
 Before this lay of mine was penned."

According to popular report, his remains were interred in Ballybricken churchyard, Waterford, but we cannot vouch for the correctness of the tradition. There is much beauty and pathos in the epitaph written on his death by Domhnaidh Óghejc Con-Mára, but it is extremely doubtful whether it was ever engraved on his tomb.

VII.

PEADAUR UA DOJRNIN.

WERE we not sincerely desirous of rescuing from the wrecks of the Past the names and memories of the truly-gifted children of genius who have flourished, though in comparative obscurity, in our island, we might pass over in silence the claims of Peter O'Dornin. But we cannot so far forget the duty we owe to our country and our readers. Although the bones of this poet lie in a remote part of Ireland, the remembrance of what he achieved and essayed shall not die with him ; and, as far as lies in our power, we shall endeavour to wreath with a garland of verdure his distinguished, though humble, name.

Peter O'Dornin was born in the year 1682, in the county of Tipperary, near the renowned Rock of Cashel. At an early age he displayed the most astonishing evidences of an intellect far advanced in knowledge ; and his parents accordingly resolved on educating him for the priesthood. But the laws of that dark and dreary period—the statutes against education, domestic or foreign—the operation, in short, of the Penal code—interposed a veto on their wishes, and prevented them from carrying their purpose into effect.*

* The following extracts from the Irish Statutes will at once exhibit the state of the Popish schoolmasters and students in Ireland during the penal times :—

I.

“ No person of the Popish religion shall publicly teach school or instruct youth in learning, or in private houses teach or instruct youth in learning, within this realm (except only the children or others under the guardianship of the master or mistress of such private house), under the penalty of £20, and three months’ imprisonment.”—7th William III., ch. 4, s. 9. 1694.

II.

“ In case any of his Majesty’s subjects of Ireland shall go or send any person to any public or private Popish school, in parts beyond the

Menaced in his early youth by political dangers and hostilities, O'Dornin became a fugitive from the home of his childhood. Directing his course towards the north, which he regarded as the safest retreat from the storms of persecution, he arrived at Drumcree, near Portadown, in the county of Armagh. A Catholic clergyman, an ardent lover of his country's language and literature, who has kindly furnished us with materials for this brief biographical notice, states that the following quatrain, in O'Dornin's handwriting, is in the possession of Mr. Arthur Bennett, of Forkhill; and, as will be seen, it completely precludes any controversy on the subject of our poet's birthplace.

“*Do býo ápur mo cárde 43 Cairiol na njož,
Ír é dáract na Tállact do rzaři mire ójoš ;
Thuz mé nára ró'n tñárt rí 30 mullahc Óhluim
Cnjoč,
Man a b-fragh mé pálte 3an táinlear 'r mea-
ðair 3an cjoř.*”

“ The lands of my fathers were at Cashel of the Kings,
But the black English tyrant-laws they drove me out from thence ;
So I bounded to Drumcree, as an eagle flies on wings,
And I found a welcome there, without grudging or expense.”

seas, in order to be educated in the Popish religion, and there be trained in the Popish religion, or shall send money or other thing towards the maintenance of such person gone or sent, and trained as aforesaid, or as a charity for relief of a religious house, every person so going, sending, or sent, shall, on conviction, be disabled to sue, in law or in equity, or to be guardian, executor, or administrator, or take a legacy or deed of gift, or bear any office, and shall forfeit goods and chattels for ever, and lands for life.”—7th William III., ch. 4, s. 1. 1694.

III.

“ If any person, after 1st September, 1709, shall discover any Popish schoolmaster, or any Papist teaching or instructing youth in private houses, as tutor, or as usher, under-master, or assistant to any Protestant schoolmaster, so as the said Popish schoolmaster, tutor, or usher, under-master, or assistant to any Protestant schoolmaster, be apprehended and legally convicted, every person making such dis-

While sojourning in this locality, he produced an elaborate poem, entitled "The Ancient Divisions of Ireland, and an Account of the different Septs that from time to time have colonised it." The peculiarly powerful style of this poem attracted the attention of the Hon. Arthur Brownlow, ancestor of the present Lord Lurgan, who requested an interview with O'Dornin ; and finding, upon a close acquaintance with him, that he possessed high talents, had received a liberal education, and was withal, a man of polished manners and profound penetration into human character, he took him into his own house to instruct his family, revise his Irish records, enrich his library with Gaelic poetry, and, above all, to infuse into his own mind a deep and lasting love for the literature of his native country. The friendship, thus happily commenced, continued unabated for several years, until, unfortunately, the electioneering contest of the Brownlows of Lurgan, the Copes of Loughgall, and the Richardsons of Richhill, supervened, and the independent conduct of O'Dornin on that occasion aroused the wrath of Brownlow : the result, after some angry altercation, was a final separation between the poet and his patron.

The thoughts of O'Dornin now once more reverted towards home: he desired to spend the evening of his days among the friends and companions of his youth, and was anxious that his remains might mingle with the dust of his ancestors. Fate, however, ordained otherwise. A handsome young woman, named Rose Toner, laid siege in due form to our poet's heart ; and he bowed his scholarly head beneath the yoke of Hymen. He spent the "honey-moon" in the parish of

covery shall receive as a reward for the same £10, to be levied on the Popish inhabitants of the country where such Popish schoolmaster, tutor, usher, under-master, or assistant, taught or instructed youth, or did most commonly reside, and shall be convicted thereof."—8 Anne, c. 3, ss. 20, 21. 1701.

Loughgilly, at Ballymoyle, and subsequently established himself in the neighbourhood of Forkhill, where he opened a school as a competitor with one Maurice O'Gorman,* who bore a high character for ability in teaching. The insinuating address and extensive learning of O'Dornin, however, soon drew over a majority of the scholars to his side; and O'Gorman, fancying himself deeply injured by his rival, but having no means of redress or retaliation at his command, was forced to leave the neighbourhood, and retire to Dublin. In and about the vicinity of Forkhill, O'Dornin passed a considerable time. Here he wrote a humorous poem, in which he unmercifully satirized the luckless O'Gorman; and here also he penned the song (to the air which we give in our present collection) of "*Sláb Féjölmj*," with many other minor poetical compositions, some of which we shall have the gratification of introducing at a future day to the notice of our readers.

In his latter years, O'Dornin was honoured with the friendship, and enjoyed the esteem, of many of the most eminent men in Ireland. He lived to a green old age, and closed a life which he had consecrated to the vindication of his country's literary renown, and the advancement of the happiness of his numerous friends and acquaintances, on the 5th of April, 1768, in his eighty-sixth year. His death occurred in the townland of Shean, at a place called Friarstown (Shean, we may observe, is now divided into quarters), adjacent to the village of Forkhill, in Armagh; and his remains were interred near the north-east wall of Urney churchyard, in the county of Louth, somewhat more than three miles northward of Dundalk. The parish priest of Forkhill, the Rev. Mr. Healy, when on his death-bed, requested

* We possess a copy of the 4to. edition of O'Brien's Irish-English Dictionary, with numerous marginal notes and additional words, collected from ancient Irish MSS., in the autograph of Maurice O'Gorman, written at Dublin, in the year 1781.

to be laid beside O'Dornin; and the poet and the clergyman now repose beneath one stone.

Our readers will understand that the poets at whose lives and labours we have thus cursorily glanced, form but a few of the great band of native Irish writers whose genius illumed the political gloom and dreariness of the eighteenth century. Among their contemporaries, and not less distinguished for their poetical talent, we may mention—

I.—*Éoghan Ruad O'Súilleobháin*, a native of Sláibh Luáirí, in the county of Kerry, who flourished towards the close of the last century, and was justly celebrated for his judgment and skill in the production of compound epithets. He wrote many songs both in Irish and English, though he always entertained an undisguised contempt and dislike for the latter language. As a specimen of his English versification, we give here the opening stanza of one of those—a song called “Molly Casey’s Charms,” which he penned for a village beauty of his acquaintance :—

“ One evening late, it was my fate
 To meet a charming creature,
 Whose airy gait and nice portrait
 Excel both art and nature :
 Her curling hair, in ringlets fair,
 Down to her waist doth dangle ;
 The white and rose—united foes—
 Her beauteous cheeks bespangle.
 Her rolling, glancing, sparkling eyes,
 Each gazer’s heart at once surprise,
 And bind a train of love-sick swains
 In Cupid’s close entralling chains.
 Whoever views her lovely face,
 That is bedecked with youth and grace,
 Must every hour, proclaim the power
 Of Molly Casey’s charms.”

II.—John Mac Donnell, a poet of almost unrivalled power and sweetness, surnamed “Cláiríac,” from the

broad cast of his features, or from the fact of having been born at the foot of *Clarach* mountain, near Mill-street, in the county of Cork.

III.—William Heffernan, surnamed “*Dall*,” or the Blind, a native of Shronehill, in Tipperary, and one of the most delightful of versifiers. Our limited space will not permit us to enlarge upon the writings and characters of these poets; but we refer the reader to our “*Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*,” in which will be found detailed biographical notices of them.

At this period there flourished a host of other gifted men, of whom but “*Random Records*” remain—men whose powers of denunciation and satire were unsparingly exercised against the abuses of authority, and the oppressions which their unhappy country was compelled to suffer at the hands of her mis-rulers. Among those men, who, although less famous than the O’Tuomys and Magraths of their time, yet scarcely inferior to them in poetical ability, we may record the names of—

I.—Hugh and Andrew Mac Curtin, both natives of Clare, who flourished in the early part of the eighteenth century.*

II.—Conor and Donogh O’Sullivan, both of Cillín, or, as they style it, “*Cillín cam-páinnach an Chriónáin*,” in the parish of Whitechurch, near Blarney. Some of their songs, printed from the original manuscripts, will be found in this volume.

III.—Bryan O’Flaherty, a mason, who lived at Bruff.

IV.—James Considine, of Áth na 5-Caorpa, in the county of Clare.

* A copy of Dr. Keating’s “*Tri Bir-Ghaotha an Bhais*,” “Three Pointed Shafts of Death,” in the handwriting of Andrew M’Curtin, bearing date 1703, is in the hands of a young man in this city. Hugh Mac Curtin wrote an Irish Grammar, an English-Irish Dictionary, and a Brief Discourse in Vindication of the Antiquity of Ireland, which were published early in the last century. Both were celebrated poets, and some of their compositions will be found in this volume.

V.—John Cunningham, who lived near Castletown-roche, and flourished in the year 1737. We have seen some of his MSS. bearing that date.

VI.—Maurice Griffin, who followed the profession of schoolmaster at Ballingaddy, in the county of Limerick, about 1778.

VII.—William Cotter (the *Red*), a native of Castle-lyons, some of whose manuscripts, dated 1737, we have in our possession.

VIII.—George Roberts, one of whose poetical pieces, a fairy-song of remarkable beauty, appears in this volume.

IX.—James O'Daly,* a native of the parish of Inagh, county of Clare, and contemporary with John O'Tuomy, whose elegy he chanted.

X.—Thomas Cotter, of the Cove of Cork.

XI.—Edward Nagle, also of Cork, a contemporary of the Rev. William English.

We might append to these the names of a number of others ; but as we do not present the reader with any of their songs, and as we purpose, according to our promise, devoting a volume exclusively to their “Lives and Times,” it is unnecessary for us to particularise them here. There are, however, two of the number who cannot be passed over in silence. We allude to

* Since the time of Donogh Mor O'Daly, abbot of Boyle, A.D. 1244, styled the Ovid of Ireland, from his beautiful verses, the tribe of O'Daly has produced a vast number of eminent poets.

Edward O'Reilly gives a catalogue of twenty-eight writers of the name ; and they were so numerous in the sixteenth century, that an English chronicler of that period uses O'Dalie as synonymous with poet or rhymer.

We may here also mention Fa. Dominick O'Daly, O.S.D., founder of the College of “Corpo Santo,” and the Convent of “Bom Successo” at Lisbon, and ambassador, in 1655, from Portugal to the court of Louis XIV., on which occasion he gave a series of magnificent fêtes to the citizens of Paris. He died in 1662, having been elected Bishop of Coimbra, and was buried in his own college at Lisbon. His “History of the Geraldines” is known to most of our readers, through the excellent translation of the Rev. C. P. Meehan. 12mo. Dublin, 1847.

EOÍSÍN O'CAOIJÍ (Owen O'Keeffe), and John Murphy. O'Keeffe, who, like his namesake, the dramatist, possessed the most varied and versatile powers, was born at Glenville, in the county of Cork, in 1656. He married early, and had a son, whom he reared for the priesthood, but who died in 1709, at Rochelle, in the flower of his youth, while engaged in the prosecution of his theological studies. EOÍSÍN, the father, entered Holy Orders after the decease of his wife, in 1707, and closed his life on the 5th day of April, 1726, as parish priest of Doneraile. His remains are interred in the grave-yard of SEAN-CHÚÍRT (Old-Court), about half a mile west of Doneraile. The following inscription was graven on his tomb by a sculptor named DOMHNACH O'DÁLAÍS:—

“AÍS REO JONAD JOÓLAJCÉ EÓÍSÍN UI CHAOIJÍ, TUÍ
TRÉJÍRTI DÁ AÍMÍRTUÍ RÓRTA, AÍSÚR TÁR ÉIR ÉAGA A THÍNHÁ
DO ÍSLAC ÍRÁD COIRPNEASHTA; OÍLÍ BA ÓUÍNE 3AORÍJÁR,
3EANHAMHÁJDE, 3RIEANHÍJÁR; AÍSÚR DO BA ÍFILE RÓZLAMHTA,
RÍJU-EÓLAC, AÍSÚR CLÉJHEAC CHÍRTÉ, CAOIJÍ, A B-PRÍJÓIM-
TEANJÁD A ÓÚJTCÉ AÍSÚR A ÍJNNUREAPÍ É. ÍRUP AB UÍMHE
RÍH DO CUIPNEAD AÍR RÍLÍBÍNH NEAMH-COITCÉEANH TU ÓR
A CHÓIJÍ.

“DO ÉAG AÍN CÚIJMHAÍD LÁ DE'N AIBRIÁN, A.D. 1726;
AÍSÚR AÍR TOILÍS D'ÓZJAB ÍA MÚTHÁN É, AÍSÚR RÓR DÁ
CLÉJÍR; OÍLÍ ÍR JOMDÁ LEABAÍR LÁH-FOZLAMHTA, LÉJÍR-
RÍLÍOBHTA, DÁ ÍAOÍTAR PE ÍA ÍAÍCÍRÍ A Í-EÍRPE
AÍJUÍZ.”

The Rev. John O'Brien, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, wrote the following epitaph, or FEARÍT LAOJDE, which is also engraven on the same stone:—

“SÍM AÍSAD A LÍC, MO ÓJÍT! RÁ D' ÍAÓB ZO LAÍZ!
SAZAPÍT BA CHAOIJÍ, 'R A Í-ÓLÍJSE ÍÍJC DÉ BA ÓEACHT;
FEARÍAÍRE 3RIÓJDE D'ÍUÍL CHAOIJÍ BA TRÉJHE A
D-TRÍEACÍ,
FEARÍ REANJÁD A RÍLÍOB ZO RÍON AÍR CHAOJDEILÍB
REAL.”

“A grave-stone lies above thee laid this night,
 Thou mildest priest, in God’s great laws well versed—
 O’Keeffe, of heroes mightiest in the fight,
 Whose lore illumed the Gaelic learning erst.”

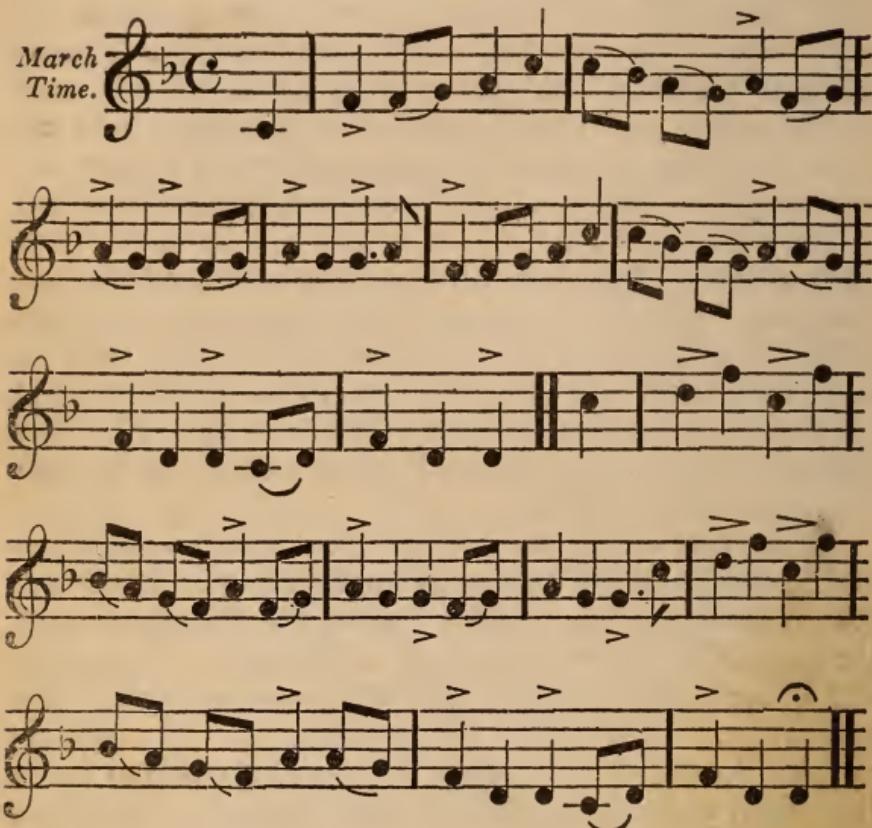
John Murphy (Seá̄gáin O’Mhurciú̄ Ógád), born at Ráthaoiñneac̄, county of Cork, in March, 1700, was distinguished for the beauty and pathos of his elegiac compositions. In the year 1726, he had transcribed, with his own hand, many native historical tracts of high value. He was the chief patron of a bardic sessions, or academy, held periodically at Charleville, and in the parish of Whitechurch, near Blarney; and we have seen a poem of four stanzas composed by him on the fate of four brothers named Armstrong, who were killed at the battle of Aughrim, for which composition it has been asserted that their sister presented him with four bullocks. Murphy continued his labours as an Irish scribe of high repute to the year 1758. We have in our hands some MSS. beautifully written by him at that period, for a gentleman named Wallace, of Cork. We cannot tell how long he lived, as we have no records bearing on that subject.

About this period the introduction into female dress of that singularly ridiculous and unsightly article of head-gear known as the “High Cauled Cap,” called forth the unsparing satire of the poets of Munster. Numerous and bitter were the rhyming diatribes which they levelled against it. The offensive specimen of bad taste in apparel, however, maintained its elevated position for at least forty years, from 1760 to 1800, and some old dames kept up the custom till 1810, when it entirely ceased to disfigure the flowing ringlets of our fair countrywomen. Even poetry and satire, it will thus be seen, are not omnipotent. But if Horace, Young, and even Swift, failed in their attempts to correct the manners of their times by ridicule and sarcasm, it can hardly be deemed surprising that such weapons should prove powerless against a cause which influences of so potent a character

as vanity and fashion had enlisted under their special protection.

Upon the "High Cauled Cap," several songs were composed to the air which we here present to our readers, but unfortunately we have not been able to procure the original words.

THE HIGH CAULED CAP.



A species of rhythmical composition, similar to the following, was extensively in vogue among the Irish peasantry, about the middle of the last century. In giving it a place here, however, we willingly confess that we are less actuated by its poetical merit, than by a desire to display the extreme facility with which our native rhymers were able to bring into juxtaposition

with the Irish lines that Anglo-Irish phraseology, for a knowledge of which few of them have ever obtained credit :—

BEAN NA N'OR-FHOLT DONN.

Ar, bean na n-órl-folt doinn, mo ghlád-ra gáin doibh,
 Ir riujste dearf a com 'r a cnáimh ;
 Likewise her features round, excel the Lady Browne's ;
 Her equal can't be found aigh rán áit-ri :
 If I had a thousand pounds, I'd pay the money down,
 D'fóinn tú beirt agam a b-Þorit-lájirze ;
 Óhlacfamhaoir aigh loing, 'r do naclafamhaoir a nún
 Táin fajirze, 'r níor b'eagáil dúnigh beirt bájóde.

Ní ghléillim-ri do d'fhlóri, mairi is mórí do dúníl ra n'ol,
 'S táin fajirze ní naclad-ra go bhráit leat ;
 I believe you're for sport, I beg you'll let me alone,
 'S gúri le bláthairleacáit do iheallainn tú na mná leat,
 If I bade my friends adieu, and to go along with you,
 Seallaim duit gúri fada do beirt tráict oíriuimh,
 I believe I'll stay at home, and never go to roam,
 Seacáin mhe ? do naclafamhaoir ní ájl lhom.

Tréigfiod fearda an t-ol, 'r ní leanfáid mē an
 rróirit,
 'S beirte aijisiod zo fajirin aigh mo pócáitde,
 Gúri mjlre lhom do pós ná riuicre beac ari bórit,
 'S zo m'ajte lhom ari aijce tú ná ceol ríjt ;
 What I do to you propose, you may take as a joke,
 'S a naclamh, ní mazáid leat b'jm a óz-iúnaoi,
 If I had you in my bower, do ríntíneach ríor le d' com,
 'S beirdeac m'ajse-ri ceanfajlte aigh do mór-
 éijoide !

Ir buaðairte 'tá mo éijoide le taistíomh mórí do d' gúraoi,
 Aím aðabúim ó m'ajse gúri león mhe !

When I go to bed at night, no comfort can I find,
But lying on my side in sore grief!

By this and that indeed, and the Bible we do read,

My treasure, wealth, and store, you shall be evermore,
Tájí a bájle lhom 'r béalífad m'acfaíjh tuijt a
rtéaríjh!

Your civil silver tongue I think is moving on,

Your chattering or flattering won't coax me ;
Dá ngeallíjh-ri do d' ríjh 'r aŋ cam do bejt ad
épójde,

Nájí b'ē aŋ peacað tuijt me ngeallað le d' éujo
zhodótmjde,

Can't you come and try—my kindness you shall find,

'S tabairífaíjh m'acfaíjh tuijt zo nábaíjhneac le
mór-épójde,

I'll buy you decent clothes, silk and satin shoes,
'S aŋra n-geallíjh do zhlaacað ríjh ár lórtíjh.

My mind would give consent to go with you, I think,

Áct le h-eaðlað zuh cleara clír do zhodótmjhe;

If I thought you were true, do nácaíjh leat a nūh,

Tájí raijh 'z, zuh eaðrað, zuh cónrtíjh,

Nj'l aðam le náð ac, "zo mað buan do bejð ná
mjhá,"

'S zuh tajtmjhac lhom záraðað 'ca að ól díjh,
To you I give my oath (and what could I do more?)

Ná rzaífaíjh leat zo z-carrfað ríjh a z-clóð
díjh.

One word in reference to our translator,* and we are

* The earliest known translation of an Irish poem into English verse is Michael Kearney's version of John O'Dugan's chronological poem on the Kings of the race of Eibhear, translated, A.D. 1635, "to preserue that antient Rhyme from theoverwhelmeing flouds of oblivion which already devoured most part of our Nationall Memoriaryes." 8vo. J. Daly, Dublin. 1847.

done. His reputation as a linguist has been long established, and his peculiar skill in versification is generally acknowledged. It will be seen, that he has executed the task allotted to him with equal fidelity and success. We have only to add, that we have awarded him this tribute of praise altogether against his will ; but all who are acquainted with his poetical powers will acknowledge that we have not transgressed the strict limits of truth.

In conclusion, may we be allowed to hazard the hope that our volume may prove influential in the further advancement of our native literature ? Ulster for the last century has been totally disregardful of the glory to be acquired from this source : it is time for her at length to awake and exert herself to retrieve and redeem the past. Leinster has produced an O'Donovan ; Connaught, a Hardiman ; but the great and crowning praise is due to Munster for her continuous literary efforts. Surely, the literary achievements of that province, even under the most discouraging circumstances, ought, when contrasted with the inactivity of the other three, rouse them to emulate her services in the cause of Irish literature.

JOHN O'DALY.

Dublin, July, 1850.

БАН-ЧНОЈС ејреанн О !
Доњија (Ријад) Мјеје Сон-Мјаја, сст.

Рони—Ујејејаји Фији О !

Slow.



Веји вејијаји ѕиј' єројије ѕо тији на Ь-Ејреанн,
Бан-чнојс Ејреанн О !
'С ѕум а мајијонији де љјолијаји ЈР 'р ЕјВхеар,
Аји њан-чнојс Ејреанн О !
Аи јији ўи 'наји б'аојијији вјији-џијији єаји,
Мјаји љији-џијији єаји аз сајије Ђаодјај,
И є мо јаји а њеји љији љији љији љији,
О њан-чнојс Ејреанн О !

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE O !

BY DONOGH (THE RED) MAC CON-MARA.

AIR:—"Uileacan Dubh O!"

WE have no means of tracing the antiquity of the air to which these beautiful words are written; but it may with probability be ascribed to the early part of the seventeenth century. "Uileacan Dubh O!" literally means *a black-haired head of a round shape, or form*; and we have frequently heard it so applied by the Munster peasantry, with whom it is a favourite phrase, when speaking of the head, particularly that of a female. Some writers are of opinion that "Uileacan Dubh O!" allegorically means Ireland; but we cannot concur in this opinion, for it is evidently a love expression. The song entitled "Plur na m-ban donn og," of which we give the first stanza, can be sung to this air. It must be played rather mournfully, but not too slow:—

" Da d-tiocfad liomsa go Conntae Liath-druim,
 A phluirin na m-ban donn og !
 Do bhearfainn siuicre ar liun mar bhiadh dhuit,
 A phluirin na m-ban donn og !
 Do bhearfainn aor long duit 's bathad faoi sheol,
 Ar bharr na d-tonn ag filleadh chum traghá,
 'S ni leigfinn aon bhrón ort choidhche na go brath,
 A phluirin na m-ban donn og !"

" Would you only come with me to Leitrim county fair,
 O, flower of all maidens young !
 On sugar and brown ale I'd sweetly feast you there,
 O, flower, &c.
 I'd shew you barks and ships you never saw before,
 So stately and so gay, approaching to the shore,
 And never should you sigh or sorrow any more,
 O flower, &c."

Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,
 And the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 And to all that yet survive of Eibhear's tribe on earth,
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay
 Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay—
 Alas ! alas ! why pine I a thousand miles away
 From the fair Hills of Eire, O !

Bláthainn báilí boz ríjm ari éaoiñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ,
Báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

'S ař feairíl 'ná 'n tíjl-ri díjt zácl rílejbe aih,
Báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

Do b' árid a coillte 'r ba dírlieac, nélz,

'S a m-bláth mairi aol ari mhaolínn zéilz,

Atá zíláth ař mo ériodé a m'ínnitínn féij,

Do báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

Atá zárglað lónimhári a d-tíjl na h-Eírlieanñ,
Báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

'S feairi-éojn zírojde ná claojðrfeač céadta,
Ari báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

Al'fáth-tuillire criojde ! 'r mo éiujíne ríéal,
Jad ař Sall-poic ríor fá zírejðim, mo léan !

'S a m-baile te dá riomh fá éjor zo daor,
Báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

Ir fájirijz 'r ař mórí Jad Cruachaib* na h-Eírlieanñ,
Báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

A z-cuimh meala 'zur uac'tair ař zlúairfeac't na
rílaoda,

Ari báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

Rácait-řa ari cuairt, no ir luac' mo ríaoðal,

Do'ñ talamh mjh ríuairc ir dual do ȝhaedal,

'S zo m'feairíl lom 'ná duair, dá uairfeac't é, bejt,
Ari báñ-éñojc Eírlieanñ O !

* *Cruachaibh na h-Eireann.* There are various hills in Ireland bearing this name: *Cruach Phadruig*, in Mayo; *Cruachan Bri Eile*, in the King's County; but the *Cruachan* the poet alludes to is a large hill in the parish of Kilgobnet, county of Waterford, within four miles of the town of Dungarvan; on the summit of which there is a conical pile of stones, known among the natives as *Suidhe Finn*, or the resting place of *Fionn Mac Cumhail*, of which we find the following account in a MS. of the seventeenth century, now in our possession:—

“ And for the monuments from them (the Fenians) in this country anciently named, and still yet contynued, wee have from fion O'Baoisgne, *Suidhe Finn*, that is the sitting seate of fion, vpon the mountaine called *Sliabh na m-ban*. Gleann Garraidh, in the

The soil is rich and soft—the air is mild and bland,
 Of the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 Her barest rock is greener to Me than this rude land—
 O ! the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove ;
 Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her heights above,
 O, in heart and in soul, I shall ever, ever love
 The fair Hills of Eire, O !

A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael,
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 A tribe in Battle's hour unused to shrink or fail
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,
 To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword.
 Oh, woe of woes, to see a foreign spoiler horde
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

Broad and tall rise the *Cruachs* in the golden morning's
 glow
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and honey flow
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !
 O, I long, I am pining, again to behold
 The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old ;
 Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold
 Are the fair Hills of Eire, O !

barony of Iffahy, so called from Garrae mac Mornae, and *leabba Dhiermoda Vi Duifne* and *Grayne*, ymplying their bedding there together, at *Polltyleabayne*, in the country of *Vi ffiachragh Aidhne*, now called the O'Sheaghnuddy his country, which are but a few of many other monuments from them named in divers other places of this k.dome."

In the next line the poet alludes to the fertile district of Cumeragh (properly *Com-Rathach*, from *Com*, nook, declivity, or opening between two hills which meet at one extremity ; and *Rathach*, forts, which abound in the locality), in the parish of Kilrosenty, and barony of Middlethird, where the cuckoo is heard earlier in spring than in any other part of Ireland.

Σζαιρεανη αη δημίct αηι ζεαηηαη 'r ƒéaηi αηη,
Αηi báη-čnojc Eηpeanη O !

'S fárajd ablað cíbærta aηi ζéazað aηη,
Αηi báη-čnojc Eηpeanη O !

Bíðeaηη bjalari 'r ramhað aηη a η-ʒleannηtajb
ceoðaηj,

'S na rjotajb rāη t-ramhað a3 labajit uηη neðiη,
Uirze na Siuile* a3 bñiðt na ƒlóðjað,
Coj báη-čnojc Eηpeanη O !

Ar orzuijlteač, rálteač, aη ájt rñi Eηpe,
Báη-čnojc Eηpeanη O !

Bíðeaηη "Toηad na Slájñte" a m-báriη na dējre,
A m-báη-čnojc Eηpeanη O !

Ba bñiñe lhom ná mēaηajb aη tēada b ceojl,
Señññiη 'r zéimpread a laoð, 'r a m-bó,
Tajtñiomj na zñéiñe oηia aorða 'r óð,
Αηi báη-čnojc Eηpeanη O !

* *Siuir*. This river has its source in *Sliabh Ailduin* (the Devil's Bit Mountain, better known as *Greidhim an Diabhaile*), in the county of Tipperary. It takes a circuitous route by Thurles, Holycross, Caher, Ard-Finan, Clonmel, Carrick-on-Suir, and Waterford; and, being joined by the rivers Nore and Barrow (hence the appellation "Sister Rivers") at Cheek Point, six miles below Waterford, falls into the British Channel. *Donnchadh Ruadh* describes its waters in the following line:—

" *Uisge na Siuire ag brucht na Shloghaidh.*"

" The waters of the Suir swelling into whirlpools."

The scenery of these rivers (with which we happen to be well acquainted) recalls to our mind the lines of the poet Spenser, in his "Faërie Queene," Book IV., Canto XI., Verse XLIII.:—

The dew-drops lie bright 'mid the grass and yellow corn
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below ;
 The streamlets are hushed, till the evening breezes blow ;
 While the waves of the *Suir*, noble river ! ever flow
 Near the fair Hills of Eire, O !

A fruitful clime is Eire's, through valley, meadow, plain,
 And the fair land of Eire, O !

The very "Bread of Life" is in the yellow grain
 On the fair Hills of Eire, O !

Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields,
 Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,
 And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
 Of the Gaels, on the fair Hills of Eire, O !

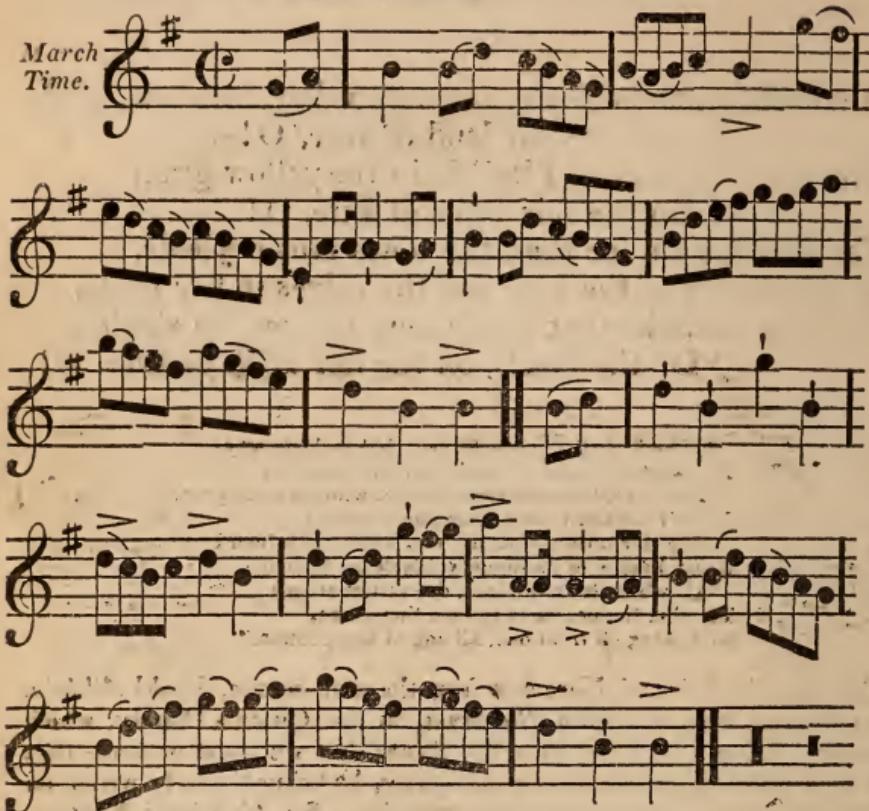
"The first, the gentle *Shure*, that making way
 By sweet *Clonmell*, adornes rich *Waterforde* ;
 The next, the stubborne *Newre*, whose waters gray,
 By fair *Kilkenny* and *Rosseponte* boord ;
 The third, the goodly *Barow*, which doth hoord
 Great heapes of *Salmons* in his deepe bosome :
 All which long sundred, doe at last accord
 To ioine in one, ere to the sea they come,
 So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

Although the *Suir* and *Nore* flow from the same source, *Sliabh Ailduin*, the *Barrow* rises in *Sliabh Bladhma*, in the Queen's County, which Spenser makes as the parent of the three ; but we must presume that he took Giraldus Cambrensis as authority, he being the only writer on Irish history who fell into this sad mistake.—See *Haliday's Keating*, p. 29. Dub. 1809. *Cambrensis Eversus*, vol. i., p. 123, edited for the Celtic Society by the Rev. Matthew Kelly. Dublin. 1848.

UAIIL-CHUATHAIFH NA FEJNNE.

Seáchan Ua Tuama, ect.

Fionn—Añ Chotadó Bán.



Mo mhíle torthaí! mo bhuairt! mo bhrón!

Añ ríseáinle riuaíz ár n-uaírlé ari feóid!

Zan rílje, zan ríuaíza, zan riuaírléor rózach,

Zan laoide, zan duain, zan cnuair, zan ceol!

Aír é do léig mo mhíleád a g-cear,

Aír é do torthaoc mo cnuirle ari fad,

Uaírlé Zaoídal—rá cnuadá-thraictéar,

Aíz cnuairne ari béalplaod óuijb a n-áil!

A LAMENT FOR THE FENIANS.

BY JOHN O'TUOMY.

AIR:—"The White Cockade."

THE air to which this song is written is very much misunderstood, as many persons suppose the White Cockade to mean a military cockade, and with that view, doggrel rhymers have polluted the good taste of the public by such low ribaldry as the following:—

"A Shaighdinir! a Shaighdinir! a b-posfadhb bean,
Le Heigh! no le Ho! no le bualadh an drum!"

"O soldier! O soldier! would you take a wife,
With a heigh! or a ho! or a beat of the drum."

The *Cnotadh Ban* (White Cockade) literally means a *bouquet*, or plume of white ribbons, with which the young women of Munster adorn their hair and head-dress on wedding, and other festive occasions. The custom prevailed early in the seventeenth century, for we find a poet of that period, *Muiris Mac Daibhi Duibh Mac Gearailt*, addressing a young woman in these beautiful words:—

"A chailin donn deas an chnotadh bhain,
Do bhuar is mheall me le h-iomad gradh;
Tar si liom 's na dein me chradh,
Mar do thug me greann duit 's dod' chnotadh ban!"

"O brown-haired maiden of the plume so white,
I am sick and dying for thy love;
Come then with me, and ease my pain,
For I dearly love you, and your White Cockade."

The Munster poets, who adhered with devoted loyalty to the cause of the Stuarts, wrote many beautiful Jacobite songs to this air; of which two different versions will be found at pp. 26, 34, of our "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry;" and probably it is on this account that the Scotch claim the air as their own.

It makes my grief, my bitter woe,
To think how lie our nobles low,
Without sweet music, bards, or lays,
Without esteem, regard, or praise.

O, my peace of soul is fled,
I lie outstretched like one half dead,
To see our chieftains, old and young,
Thus trod by the churls of the dismal
tongue!

’Bé cíðfeac uajd ȝacé lmuadðtañ bñidñj,
 ȝacé daonliré címuaið, ȝacé címuadðtañ róř;
 ȝacé rȝéimile muajr ári ñ-uaírlle neðimajñj,
 Ba ljoñtað a ȝmuad le duaritæn deðri!

Ar é do léiȝ, 7c.

Mař a m-bjðeač na rluajȝte, mðri-řlhočt Eoȝaŋ,*
 Ð’ári cíjbe, ’r d’ári ðual aŋ uajrle ari ð-tójř†
 Ba bñjðeaniŋar, buanac, buacac, beðða,
 Sojllreac, ruažac, rmuad-ȝlan, róžac.

Ar é do léiȝ, 7c.

Mař a m-bjðeač Mac Cúiŋař na b-řionn-řolt ðír,‡
 ’S aŋ bñjðm ñář ðjúlta cíjñre a ñ-ȝleð;
 Cojllte lútñjar, lújñneac, leðžac,
 Mac Ðhuiȝne, ’r Ðúblajñ, tñjñac træoŋ.

Ar é do léiȝ, 7c.

Aŋ ȝariðač ȝoll, ȝnýðeač røžař ari tðjri,
 ’S Orȝuř oll, do laŋn-þñjir rlojȝ;
 Coñall cabajitðač, jøñhcajþ, ðȝ,
 Njøř clor ȝall ba ðeallhač leð.

Ar é do léiȝ, 7c.

Mař a m-bjðeač røhočt JR ’r Eiȝeař mðri,
 Ba ljoñtñjar, ðaon-ȝař, craobac, cðri;
 ’S rjñ-ȝnejþ aoiȝñj Eiȝeaiȝñj,
 Aŋ Rjȝ râř rjolrað træmhe træoŋ.

Ar é do léiȝ, 7c.

* *Eoghan Mor*, King of Munster, and ancestor to the *Ui Fidh-gheinte*, who possessed that portion of the county of Limerick lying west of the river Maig, besides the barony of Coshma in the same county, and were exempt from tribute, as being the seniors of the Eugenian line, having descended from *Daire Cearba*, the grandfather of the great monarch, *Criomhthan Mor Mac Fidhaigh*.—See *O’Flaherty’s Ogygia*, pp. 380, 381; *Book of Rights* (*published by the Celtic Society*) p. 63, 66, n, 67, n.

† Other copies read “*ar bord*.”

‡ *Mac Cumhail na bh-fionn-fholt oir*, Mac Cumhal of the golden locks of hair. *Fionn Mac Cumhail*, commander-in-chief of the Irish militia, of whom it is traditionally related, that his hair was of the

Oh ! who can well refrain from tears,
 Who sees the hosts of a thousand years
 Expelled from this their own green isle,
 And bondsmen to the Base and Vile ?

O, my peace, &c.

Here dwelt the race of Eoghan of old,
 The great, the proud, the strong, the bold,
 The pure in speech, the bright in face,
 The noblest House of the Fenian race !

O, my peace, &c.

Here dwelt Mac Cumhal of the Flaxen Locks,
 And his bands, the first in Battle's shocks ;
 Dubhlaing, Mac Duinn, of the Smiting swords,
 And Coillte, first of heroic lords.

O, my peace, &c.

The Goll, who forced all foes to yield,
 And Osgur, mighty on battle-field,
 And Conall, too, who ne'er knew fear,
 They, not the Stranger, then dwelt here.

O, my peace, &c.

Here dwelt the race of Eibhear and Ir,
 The heroes of the dark blue spear,
 The royal tribe of Heremon, too,
 That King who fostered champions true.

O, my peace, &c.

colour of the finest gold, and in graceful curls covered his shoulders. We ourselves know many of the Irish peasantry who take pride in these "golden locks." Many extravagant stories are told of Fionn, as to his enormous size and strength ; but Dr. Keating states, on the authority of the ancient records of the kingdom, that "Fionn did not exceed the common proportion of the men of his time ; and that there were many soldiers in the Irish militia that had a more robust constitution of body." See his History of Ireland, vol. i. p. 412, Dublin, 1809. For an account of all the other Fenian heroes whose names are introduced in the song, I would also refer the reader to Keating's History, which seemed to be a text-book with the Munster poets, to furnish them with historical incidents for their poetic effusions.

Maí a m-bíðeaċ Njall na n-DAOH-ÞRAT ḻIÓJL,
 San níṄEACHT ḦUAIJU ṄEJLLE ṬRÉJUJRE A Ṅ-C'PÓJH;
 FJU CṄHAOJBE* ṬRAOCAČ ṬRÉJT, ṄAC ṬRÉDJI,
 LE CLOJDEAṄJ ṄAC CAOJUJ-ṄEAPU CÉAD DÉ'N TÓJU.

Ul é do léiṄ, 7c.

AṄ CAJT-ṄIṄLEAD BRIJANT DÓ'N ḨJANH-ṄUJL ṬHÓJU,
 BA ṬATAMAJL, ṬIADÁ, A ṬIJAṄ 'R A ČLÓD;
 LE ṬEAPTAJU O DHLA ṬUṄ ṬIĀZ'LAṄ 'R ṬÓJU,
 CHUJU DHAṄAJU FÁ ČJAC AṄ JATAJU EOṄAṄJ.

Ul é do léiṄ, 7c.

Ul é do ljoṄ mo ēPJOJDE le brión,
 ḨUJU AONHTAJU CRIJOGD A Ṭ-ṄIṄEACHT A Ṅ-C'PÓJH;
 NA BÉJU ēUJU BJOBLA JORA AṄ CÓJU,
 'S ṬHÁP ṄEJL DÁ ṬHAOJU, DÁ ṬOLJZE, 'NÁ Ṭ'ÓJU!

Ul é do léiṄ, 7c.

* The Red Branch Knights were the chief military force of Ulster, and resided at *Eamhain* (Emania), the palace of the Kings of Ulster. They were highly celebrated during the first century for their victories under their champions, *Cuchullainn* and *Conall Cearnach*. See *Annals of the Four Masters*, translated by Owen Connellan, p. 267, note. *Book of Rights*, published by the Celtic Society 1847, p. 249.

† *Brian*, surnamed *Boroimhe*, assumed the sovereignty of Ireland A.D. 1002; and was killed at the Battle of *Cluain Tairbh* (Clontarf) on the 23rd April, 1014. An account of the various tributes exacted by Brian may be seen in the *Leabhar na g-Ceart* (Book of Rights).

And Niall* the great, of the Silken gear,
For a season bore the sceptre here,
With the Red Branch Knights, who felled the foe
As the lightning lays the oak-tree low !

O, my peace, &c.

The warrior Brian, of the Fenian race,
In soul and shape all truth and grace,
Whose laws the Princes yet revere,
Who banished the Danes—he too dwelt here.

O, my peace, &c.

Alas ! it has pierced mine inmost heart,
That Christ allowed our Crown to depart
To men who defile His Holy Word,
And scorn the Cross, the Church, the Lord !

O, my peace, &c.

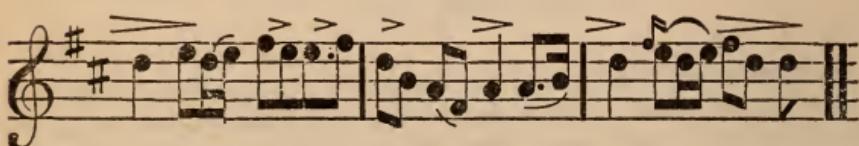
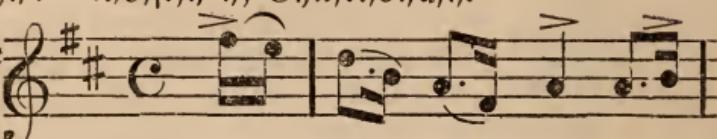
* Nial, surnamed “*Naoi n-Giallaidh*” (Of the Nine Hostages) monarch of Ireland at the close of the fourth century, was one of the most gallant of all the princes of the Ultonian race. He made several descents on Britain, and it was against his incursions that some of those successes were achieved by the Romans which “threw such lustre round the military administration of Stilecho, and inspired the muse of Claudian in his praise.”

Nial was killed, anno 406, during one of his invasions of Gaul.—*O'Flaherty's Ogygia. Moore's Ireland.*

MOJRN NJ CHUILLIONNAIJN.

Seáchan Ua Tuama, ect.

Fonn:—2Móirín nj Chuillionhájn.

*Gently, but
not too
Slow.*

Am aonan real ag nódúiúiseadct,
 Cia reólfuijde am cùinne lá?
 Alct agh rpeilíbean mairreac mhóirí-mhíjn,
 Ar j 2Móirín nj Chuillionhájn!
 Ba néis, ba náthair, nód-áispoirdé,
 Ba cónn, cionta, clírde, cális;
 A cnaobh-fojlt car mair óri bujde,
 Na d-tóiríjib zo tloiscte ag far.

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONAIN.

BY JOHN O'TUOMY.

AIR :—“ *Moirin Ni Chuillionain.*”

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONAIN (Little Mary Cullenan) is one of those allegorical names by which Ireland is known in Irish song, and which became a favourite theme with our Munster poets. We have no less than sixteen different versions bearing this name in our collection, three of which we select for our present volume. The Irish reader will readily perceive that it is of that Jacobite class peculiar to the middle of the last century ; for at that period the poets, excited to the highest degree, gave vent to their deepest passions in order to rouse the fallen spirit of the nation in behalf of the Stuart family.

This beautiful air approaches that of the “ *Beinsin Luachra*” (Little Bench of Rushes) in plaintive tenderness of expression and melody, and is known in various districts of the south by different names. In Waterford, for instance, the peasantry call it “ *Moirin Ni Ghiobarlain*” (Little Mary Giblin). In Tipperary, it is called “ *The Rose-tree of Paddy’s Land.*” In all the other southern counties the original name is still preserved—as, indeed, it ought to be, for there is nothing so hateful as calling our airs by strange names and after stranger incidents.

It must be played in moderate time—neither too slow nor too quick, but rather mournfully, like most of the Jacobite airs.

One evening roaming lonely,
 As pale twilight just began,
 I met the fair, the only,
 The bright Moirin Ni Chuillionain !
 The maid whom Eire blesses,
 The dignified, the gay, the neat,
 Whose brilliant golden tresses
 Wave down o’er her waxen feet.

Ba žlé, ba žeal, ba žleorðte j,
 B'ðz j, 'r b'ojlte árð;
 Ba žéinj, ba žlaðtñaj, řeolta j,
 Ba žnóð-ñjñj, ba žnužte rámj;
 Ba béraç, blařta, beðð' j,
 Ba beol-býñj daj lñh añ báb,
 Ba maořða, mäjreac, mörða j,
 Ba mörðanajl, mjoñlat, mjočajl, mjaújl.

Už teac̄t ne m'ajr do'ñ óž mýñj,
 'Nojř mörðížim župi býñhe añ báb;
 'Ná éanlajt až cañtajñj ñotajðe,
 U mör-éořl coř mjořl tñráža;—
 'S ná'ñ té do rþleac̄ač ceol-řít,*
 Chujř ceó tñraořdeac̄t ař Uisnecht lá,
 'S ar pérajláð ó neam añ t-reoř žnýñj,
 Do řeolí Cřjorð añ čoñhe añ t-řlajt.

Do řlēac̄daj real do'ñ óž-mýñaoj,
 'S ba ðořt lñhñ nář mýřde a tñráčt;
 D'řeac̄aj cřeac̄ do řeolí j,
 Žan mör-þuřðj dá cojñjic řlán,
 Añ aon taj řleac̄ajb bðcňa j,
 Do bñeodðajž rñhñ le h-jomad žrát;
 No cřeac̄ añ tñejb 'na ž-cóññuižea
 A mörí cřjoc̄ajb Jñjř Fájl?

Jr mē do řeapc a ž-cóññuižde,
 Cja jul-þaorj aňoř do tñráčt;
 Om' tñaořb 'r ó lačt mo ñuad-čjoč,
 Thiz eóžan žpøjðe 'r žac cñeac̄ iř řeapc:—
 Shoc̄t Néll, 'r Ajjrt, 'r mörí-Chujř,
 'S pðri Mhjleac̄ ujle d'řář;
 Le h-éac̄ do mærbařd beo rñhñ,
 Už rtñðrižeačt ař mýre atájñ!

* *Ceol-sith, fairy music.*

† The death of the sons of Uisneach, in the first century of the

So pure, so fair, so blooming,
 So mild, placid-souled and meek ;
 So sweet and unassuming
 A maiden 'twere in vain to seek !
 Her fair and radiant features,
 Her tall form 'twas bliss to see—
 The noblest of GOD's creatures,
 The loveliest, the best is she !

Her face, her brow of marble,
 Breathed music, oh ! far more
 Than lays the wild birds warble
 In greenwood glens anear the shore,
 Or his whose fairy metre
 Bewitched Uisnigh's sons one day,
 More tender far, and sweeter
 Were hers that Christ sent in my way.

I bowed before the Daughter
 Of Light, Love, and Heavenly Song,
 And asked her what had brought her
 To us without a warrior-throng.
 Had she come o'er the ocean
 To melt our hearts and make us wail ?
 Or owned she the devotion
 Of Conn's tribes of Inisfail ?

“ O ! I'm thy Fondest-hearted,”
 She said, “ though now beneath a ban ;
 From me in days departed
 Sprang Eoghan and each noble clan,
 The sons of Conn the glorious,
 And Neill and Art, who filled the throne
 Though now the foe, victorious
 Thus makes me pine so lorn and lone.

Christian era, formed the subject of one of the “ Three Sorrows of Story-telling” (*Tri Truagh na Sgealugheachta*). *See Transactions of the Gaelic Society.* Dublin. 1808.

Աղ շ'առ ծ'ար է քարտ լե օնի րին,
 Ալ ծեծույշեաւ այսիւ ար քան ;
 'Տ ու ծառ ի րաւած աշ րտունդիչին,
 Փո լեօն րին յօ իւլ առ քար !
 Աղ Քեյլիշ-քլայտ ծո քօր Յաօյծեալ,
 Նի տօր ծին և շուր ար քայլ,
 լե քաօթար-նեարտ քրարած քոյլոյիծե,
 Յօ քոյլոյիշեաւ յօ ծ-տիշու առ ծայլ.

'Տա քեածա աշ տեած ծառ ծեծույշեաւ,
 Օ օնիրտիչին նա ըլույնու լան ;—
 լե ի-առ ծօն տրեյն ին շեաթած ուն,
 'Տ ոյ լանիտաօն և շուր առ քայլու ;—
 Աղ քեյլունաւ յր քրարու մլու Շնաօն,
 Փ'ար տուրոյիծ ար քայլուն Ածային,
 Քեյլիշու առ տրի շ'ունոյիծե,
 լե Ցոյլուն Նի Շիյլիոնհայն !

CUIJSIE NA Ի-ԵԼՅԱՅԵ.

Seաշան Առ Մամա, սշ.

Ա շայրե նա ի-ելյար ! * էլլոյծ րար ?
 Իր տայրեաւ և ո-եազ-շույտ ուն յան րան,
 Յան տայնու րան տ-քաօշալ
 Ալ յուրուն րզեալ,
 Ար տարու առ տե 'տա 'Յ-շեյ ար շայրտ,
 'Տ Ելու տո շրոյծե 'տա ո'յուտուն օրտ !

Փո ե'յտե կոյ րնու ծոյ նու-շար ծոյ,†
 Յեարիած յար ելուն նա ո-ենու յօ քեօր ;
 Իր քադա ուն աշ րոյլ
 Յօ ե-քեյլին և չոնոյր,
 Աղ քարիայր քյունտաւ, քյոն, և Յ-շ'ունոյին.
 'Տ Ելու տո շրոյծե, շու.

* A beautiful invocation—"Pulse of the bards, awaken!"

“ Our Prince and true Commander
 Is now, too, an exile far.
 Alas ! we both must wander
 Until the avenging Day of War ;
 But through what distant regions
 I know not, till the Gaels shall come
 And with their victor legions
 Lead him and me in triumph home.

“ Crowds throng to seek and find me—
 Of lovers I have many, in truth,
 But none of all shall bind me
 In Wedlock’s bands but one brave Youth.
 A Hero bold and portly
 As ever graced the name of Man
 Will share Three Crowns full shortly
 With his Moirin Ni Chuillionain.”

SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY JOHN O’TUOMY.

O, Spirit of Song, awake ! arise !
 For thee I pine by night and by day ;
 With none to cheer me, or hear my sighs
 For the fate of him who is far away.
 O, Eire, my soul, what a woe is thine !

That glorious youth of a kingly race
 Whose arm is strong to hew tyrants down,
 How long shall it be ere I see his face,
 How long shall it be ere he wins the Crown ?
 O, Eire, my soul, &c.

† *Ur-ghas og*, *Fresh young branch*. Charles Edward Stuart.

Сорпуйж зо лéји а η-éífeacт тuaи,
 А'г rеjнnjd-гi тpéacт do нéјi һa ғuaж ;
 һiн cúжaiб aи t-аoи
 le ғujiжoнi тoи ғéjнi,
 'S aг rtaиrимeac tpeaи do өéaнfaг buajit.
 'S Eiпe mo cpojde, 7c.

'Tá Pilib 'r Séamus * 3lé, 'r a ғluaj,
 'S һa Rjzte le céjle a téacт le buaö,
 Tlocfaio зo лéјi
 A b-ғujiжoнi 'r a b-ғaoðar,
 'S aи Jnjiг 3eal Eilze нéjzfið cuan.
 'S Eiпe mo cpojde, 7c

Вlijffid 'r 1aobfaio,—déaнfaio 1uaиj,
 Aji 1iuijtiñijz һaojт aи béañlaö 1uaиjic ;
 Cujffid һa 3aojdej
 'Na η-joñhaðaib ғéjн,
 һiн mjre le m' 1ae 'r aи éizre 1uaи.
 'S Eiпe mo cpojde, 7c.

Ba bjiñne һom ғuð a 1uñi 'r a ғtöri,
 Aи зlojne зo һ-úri dá 1júza aи bðri ;
 Cujðiocta 1úzač,
 1huijri'neac, mñjhte,
 'S зo m-bjiñrtean aи ceanu һa cðzanač leo !
 'S Eiпe mo cpojde, 7c.

2 1huijre һa 1aoñi ! һač aoiac, 1uaиjic,
 Aи bjiñrið 1eo téacт aи Bhéjri aи uabaij ;
 Bjað ғujiжoнi de'η Chléjri
 Aз rеjнnjd һa ө-Téad,†
 'S 3ač bjele do'η éizre aз déañai тuaи.
 'S Eiпe mo cpojde, 7c.

* *Pilib agus Seamus*, Philip V. of Spain, and James Francis Stuart, whom the native Irish recognized as King James III.

† *D-Fead*, i. e., Te Deum.

Why, Bards, arise ye not, each and all ;
 Why sing ye not strains in warlike style ?
 He comes with his heroes, to disenthral
 By the might of the sword, our long-chained isle !
 O, Eire, my soul, &c.

Kings Philip and James, and their marshalled hosts,
 A brilliant phalanx, a dazzling band,
 Will sail full soon for our noble coasts,
 And reach in power *Inis Eilge's* strand.
 O, Eire, my soul, &c.

They will drive afar to the surging sea
 The sullen tribe of the dreary tongue ;*
 The Gaels again shall be rich and free ;
 The praise of the Bards shall be loudly sung !
 O, Eire, my soul, &c.

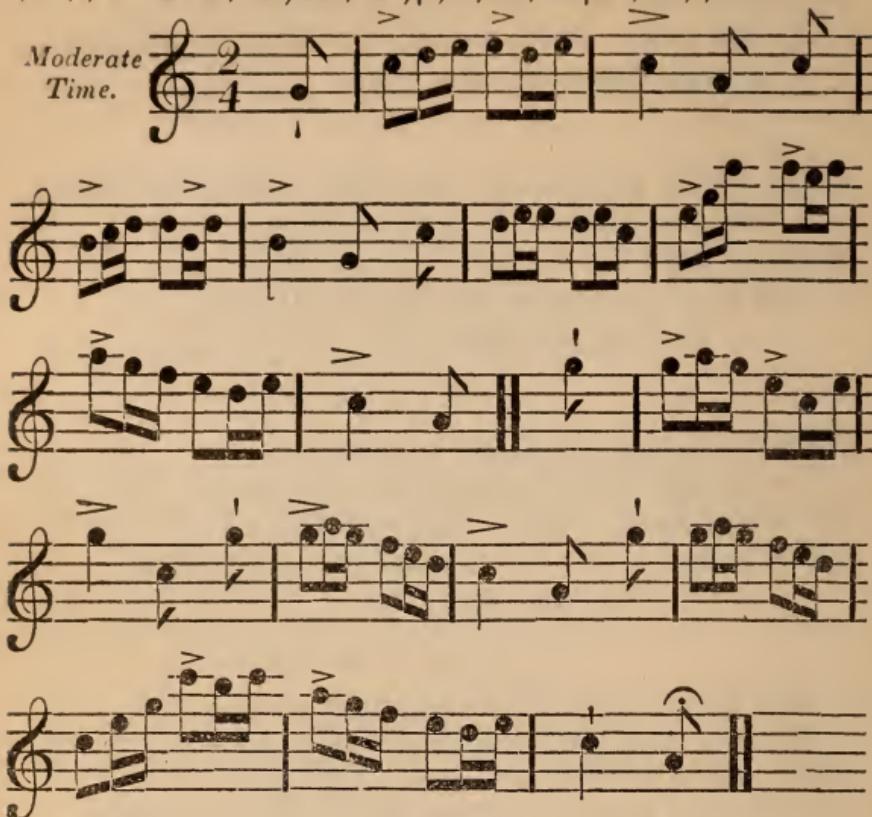
O, dear to my heart is the thought of that day !
 When it dawns we will quaff the beaded ale ;
 We'll pass it in pleasure, merry and gay,
 And drink shame to all sneakers out of our pale.
 O, Eire, my soul, &c.

O, Mother of Saints, to thee be the praise
 Of the downfal that waits the Saxon throng ;
 The priests shall assemble and chant sweet lays,
 And each bard and lyrist shall echo the song !
 O, Eire, my soul, &c.

* The old Irish detested the language of the stranger ; they would not, they said, "writhe their mouths with clattering English," which they considered a senseless jargon.—*Stanhurst's Description of Ireland*, 1586, p. 13, and *De Reb. in Hib. Gest.*, 1584.

OL-FHÁN SHÉASÁIGHÍN UÍ THUSAIGHA.

Fonn :—Sean Bhean Chlúisí an Phlannáin.



Ar duine mé ójolar lín lá,
 'S éijíjor mo bhuídín éum na n-3áir,
 Muha m-bejdead aitháin duine
 Am éijdeocatad ójolfaid,
 Ir mire bejdead fíor leir an am-tráist.

Taorzaid bún é-dóisítear de' n m-briath-dáin,
 Bhún é-deoċada ná toimhfaraid le ban-láim;*
 Tá 'zamra r̄zillim,
 le leisíon r̄an b-rión é-3lan,
 'S ar feairi ioná'n bhuídín bjsdear a3 briath-táin.

* *Ban-lamh*, Bandle; a measure two feet long used at country fairs by dealers in frieze, flannel, &c.

O'TUOMY'S DRINKING SONG.

AIR:—“*The Growling Old Woman.*”

THE song which we lay before our readers was written by O'Tuomy amid those festive scenes for which his house was remarkable; and a reply to it, by the witty *Mangaire Sugach*, will be found on the next page.

This pleasing air, though quite common in Munster, has, we believe, escaped the notice of Bunting. Like Moirin Ni Chuillionain, the poets made it a general theme for their effusions, some of which are in our collection, and rank high among the Jacobite class peculiar to the middle of the last century. The circumstance which gave rise to this air is rather singular.

A peasant who had the misfortune to be yoked “for better for worse” to a scolding wife, who never gave him a moment’s peace, composed a song to which the air owes its name. The first stanza runs thus:—

“A shean-bhean chrion an drantain,
Ni bhion tu choidhche acht a cam-rann,
Leath-phunt tobac do chur ann do phiopa,
Ni chuirfeach ad chroidhe-si aon t-solas.”

“O, you withered, growling old woman,
You never will cease scolding;
A half pound of tobacco to smoke in your pipe,
Would not make your heart merry or joyful!”

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
To make my good customers merry ;
But, at times their finances
Run short; as it chances,
And then I feel very sad, very !

Here’s brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler,
Or ale, if your liking be humbler,
And, while you’ve a shilling,
Keep filling and swilling,
A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

Do b'ajt lhomra ceolta 'na d-tjom-páñ,
 Do b'ajt lhomra rphórit azur brian-dáñ;
 Do b'ajt lhomra an ȝlojne
 Añ Muilimajn dá ljoñatð,
 'S cujdeaceta raojte ȝan meab-páñ.

Añ ajetur eolair na rean-dáñ,
 Cariðar, ól, azur ab-páñ;
 Fuijion an ȝliocair,
 Añ imjrit na laojet,
 Súd mair do ȝnjóin-ri ȝac ion-tlár.

FREAUJRAFH ÆJNDRJAIJS MHLJC CRUJTH.

Añ Sheájan Ua Thuamha.

Fonj :—“ Sean-bean Chlijon an Ðriantájñ.”

Jr dujne tu ójolar lñuñ lá,
 Buíjñin ȝan bñjz azur brian-dáñ;
 'S cujpeað do cujdeacetað,
 Añ ujpeaðbað cujñne,
 'S a n-ȝejñiñ ljoñtað do meab-páñ !

Jr deijñin a nír zo meall-ráð,
 Zo mhljc do bujóin le rleam-ñán;
 'S zo ȝ-cujpuri ȝac n-dujne,
 Añ ȝiordam cuim baorje,
 Le ȝluðari ȝan ȝljé, 'r le rtañ-cáñ !

Nj'l bñjñear ad laojet,—ná'd rean-dáñ,
 'S ní mhljrt dañ lñuñ do rtañ-cáñ,
 Bjøn jomad do tuijre
 Do ȝlojne, ȝan ljoñatð,
 'S d'uijze na dñjbe ad rtañ-cáñ !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure.
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation I pour on libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation
 For valor-won glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this is my grand recreation !

ANDREW MAGRATH'S REPLY TO JOHN O'TUOMY.

AIR:—" *The Growling Old Woman.*"

O, Tuomy ! you boast yourself handy
 At selling good ale and bright brandy,
 But the fact is your liquor
 Makes every one sicker,
 I tell you that, I, your friend Andy.

Again, you affect to be witty,
 And your customers—more is the pity—
 Give in to your folly,
 While you, when you're jolly,
 Troll forth some ridiculous ditty.

But your poems and pints, by your favour,
 Are alike wholly wanting in flavour,
 Because it's your pleasure,
 You give us short measure,
 And your ale has a ditch-water savour !

Буйтнή дá дjол мај лúн лá,
 'S 2ицирајнή дá лjонаđ 'на 3анн-сáјрт,
 Нj рultијар дo'н 4ицириоñ,
 Сjбре дá 5иријт,
 3о 5ијтјd дá 6ијz 7иñ 8ум 9иан-3áјr !

Иr 10ијic дo лjонијr лom-сáјrт,
 'S 11ијlir 12иаоij i le cüбap-ан ;
 13ијlir 14и 15ијne
 16и 17ијar añ 18ијze,
 19и 20ијteacт 21и 22ијzе 23и 24ијt-25ијt !

Сja 26ијraнta 27ијzиñ 28и-сeaññ cláјr,
 'S 29ијlir 30ијfeađ 31и 32ијor 33и 34ијc ;
 35и 36ијa 37ијdeacđ 38ијllиñz ;
 39и 40ијne дo 41ијolfađ,
 Сuјrфji дo 42ијdиñ 43иј 44ијlan-сáјr !

Т1иñ 30 ијor 43 лúñ-тájл,
 2 5-сoиñe 3aç 4oñ дá 6-3aбañ 7иájт ;
 8lojne 9á 10ијaiñ,
 11ијne 3añ 12ијol ;
 13añ 14ијlle 15ијde 16ијor 17иј 18ијt-21ијt !

22ијteacт 4 23ијr añ 24ијdean 25ијrт,
 26ијeabajđ 27и 28ијol, 29и 30ијeall-тáñ ;
 'S 31ијr 32ијeam 33и 34ијol
 35и 36ијt-37ијr, 38иј 39ијol,
 40ијa 41ијt-42ијr 43иј 44ијlan-сáјr !

Иr 45é 46ијhijijm añ 47ијr de 48иј 49ијeáp, 50ијllиđ añ 51ијr le 52ијleam'нáñ
 53ијbijijđe añ 54ијoјcđ,
 '55ијr 56ијb-57ијr 30 ијolfađ,
 58иј 59ијeabajđ 60иј 61ијlan-рáñ !

Vile swash do you sell us for porter,
 And you draw the cask shorter and shorter ;
 Your guests, then, disdaining
 To think of complaining,
 Go tipple in some other quarter.

Very oft in your scant overfrothing,
 Tin quarts we found little or nothing ;
 They could very ill follow
 The road, who would swallow
 Such stuff for their inner man's clothing !

You sit gaily enough at the table,
 But in spite of your mirth you are able
 To chalk down each tankard,
 And if a man drank hard
 On tick—oh ! we'd have such a Babel !

You bow to the floor's very level,
 When customers enter to revel,
 But if one in shy raiment
 Takes drink without payment,
 You score it against the poor devil.

When quitting your house rather heady,
 They'll get nought without more of “ the ready.”
 You leave them to stumble
 And stagger, and tumble
 Into dykes, as folk will when unsteady.

Two vintners late went about killing
 Men's fame by their vile Jack-and-Gilling ;
 Now, Tuomy, I tell you
 I know very well you
 Would, too, sell us all for a shilling.

Cuirle mo éijoitde na gceann-dáinj,
 Ní h-ionann 't laoite 't meaing Sheádhain !
 Muirraipe buile,
 Tá ari mhean dálraíliub ;
 'S a bhrúinneub 3uiri lónntaod d'fheall-rán !

AN CNOICJN FRAOIJH.

Fonn :—An Cnoicjn Fraoijc.

*Spirited,
but not too
quick.*

The Old Bards never vainly shall woo me,
 But your tricks and your capers, O'Tuomy,
 Have nought in them winning—
 You jest and keep grinning,
 But your thoughts are all guileful and gloomy !

THE LITTLE HEATHY HILL.

THIS delightful air is a great favorite in Munster; and the *Cnoicín Fraoich* which formed the theme of the bardic muse must be some romantic hill situate in Cork or Kerry. We subjoin the first stanza of the original song, with our own literal translation; and we would feel obliged to any of our Munster friends for a perfect copy:—

“ *Is ro-bhreagh an tam e air theacht mi na Bealtaine,*
 Aig feachaint a nun air mo Chnoicín Fraoich ;
 ’S grinn-gheal an t-samhraidh aig cur teas is na geamhartha,
 ’S duilleabhar glas na g-crann a fas te gnaoi ;
 Bion licha ann, bion bardal—bion banamh aig an g-crain ann,
 Bion searrach aig an lair ann ’s leanbh aig an mnaoi ;
 Bion bradan geal ag snamh ann, san breac aig eirghidhe ’nairde
 ’San te do bheidheach air phonc bais ann d’eirgheadhach aris !”

“ What joyful times ! merry May is approaching,
 I will gaze over on my little heathy hill ;
 The summer sun is warming the fields and the corn,
 And the foliage on the trees looks blooming and green ;
 There the mallard and the wild duck sport and play together,
 The steed and its rider, the mother and her babe ;
 The speckled trout and salmon springing in its waters,
 And the sick that is dying, health there will find.”

AÑ Bhejtj.

Seájan Ua Tuama, ect.

Fonn :—Béjt Eilliocht J.

Rather
Slow, &
with
great ex-
pression.



Um aice corr Máj, 'tá'n mhánlað, béarað, mhn,
 Ir deirre tan iñháib, 'r ar áluinn, rpréimeanuyl, í;
 A capinþolt táclac, brieáð-dear, dréimhnoð, buiðe,
 'S zuri b'irri mo ȝpláð tan iñháib, 'bé'n Eilre í!

THE MAIDEN.

BY JOHN O'TUOMY.

THE subject of this song was a young woman who kept an inn on the banks of the Maig, in the county of Limerick. There is also another song to the same air by Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, of Sliabh Luachradh, in Kerry, beginning—

*“ San Mainistir lu a d-tigh tubhairne am aonar bhios,
 ’S beath-uisge ar clar am lathair fein gan suim ;
 Do dhearcusa bab thais, mhanladh, mhaordha, mhin,
 ’Na seasamh go tlath san t-sraid cois taobh an tighe.*

“ In Fermoy, one day, in an ale-house I chanced to be,
 And before me on the table plenty of wines were laid ;
 I beheld a babe, soft, comely, mild and meek,
 Standing most feeble in the street close by the house.”

A maiden dwells near me by Maig, mild, meek to see,
 A beauty transcending all speech, all thought, is she ;
 Her golden hair floweth like waves along the sea,
 O ! she is my love and my light, whoe'er she be

AN FREASCRUITH A JR AN M-BEITHE,

AH MANZAILIE SUZACH, CCT.

Fonn:—" Ah Bhéit Eille J."

Szuiri fearda doo' pláir, ná tráct 3o h-éas a nír,
 Ah t-ainzír coir Máis, cé álum, rpéilreamhail, i;
 Ait fearac nári tárilaird ad óáil-ri an béis do níomh,
 Ah bairri-fionn-tair bláit do zpádar, 'bé' n Eille i!

'Tá a capa-foolt cáinac, ceáfhaic, craobhaic, cnuinn,
 Ah peairra uile 'tá 3an cám, 3an taom, 3an teimhíol;
 Níl maithear le fáisail, níl cail ná mén n a mhaor,
 Naic fearaé ran m-báb do zpádar, bé' n Eille i!

Cé fada le fán me, 'r 3uir tárilaird am níeic 3an cíjé!
 3an aitior, 3an fáisail, 3an álit, 3an r3éim, 3an
 3haor;
 'Na b-freacaí do mhaibh níor táraild raoisíad am clí',
 3uir ceançlar páirt le m' zpád, 'bé' n Eille i!

Cé fada le fán me, 'r 3uir tárilaird óm' céill ari baoir,
 Le tairthiomh do'n m-bám-chneri mánlaí, maoirí, mhní;
 Ní r3airífad 3o bpiáit léi " Bláit na Féile," iir i,
 'Tá m' aice coir Máis, iir i zpádar, bé' n Eille i!

3luairis a cárde, le 3áirdar 3léartair píb,
 Buailis an cláin, 'r tráisais 3o h-éarzaíd fion;
 Suatáis an cárde le h-ádáct, 'r 3laoisais a nír,
 Fae tuairim rláinté ná mhná, bé' n Eille i!

A REPLY TO THE MAIDEN.

BY THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

AIR:—" *The Maid Eire is She.*"

Have done with your praises ! palm not such style on me,
 Your maiden may be, if you please, gay, mild, and free—
 But she whom *I* love it was ne'er your lot to see,
 The beautiful girl of my heart, whoe'er she be !

O ! only to gaze on her locks, that reach the knee—
 Her loveliest figure, that speaks her high degree,
 Nought brilliant or noble hath e'er been met by me,
 To match her illustrious worth, whoe'er she be !

Long, long has my lot been as that of a blighted tree,
 For Fortune and I, to my woe, could ne'er agree,
 But I never till now in my life was made to dree
 Such pangs as my darling hath caused me, whoe'er
 she be !

Long, long, from one spot to another, in pain I flee—
 For love of this fair one I rove o'er land and sea,
 The Flower and Queen of all maids in sooth is she,
 Who dwells by the meadowy Maig, whoe'er she be !

Then strike up the music, my friends—dull churls are we
 If we drain not the goblet of wine right merrilie !
 Red cup after cup will we quaff—and this be our plea,
 That we drink to the Maid of the Maig, whoe'er
 she be !

LEJR-RUATHAR WHIGGIONA.

Añ Manzajre Súzach, cct.

Fonn:—Plançam Pejrbis.

Lively. *S.*

A býle de'ñ fuijhjón ñacé ȝanñ,

Ba círata añ am ȝacé cluȝtée-ñejrit:

Ná tuȝtéalri do mýrñeaç ȝo fann,

'S a ȝoijreacét tuȝt cabajr 'r círdeaccta.

Añ orȝaridá aȝ corȝajrit a ñamjat,

Le fuijhjón ȝacé clobajre cínead-Scoit;

Sȝmorfari aȝ Jññir ȝacé ȝall,

'S aȝ rjññ a ȝeijðear teanñ ña b-ȝionña-Bȝrloiz.

A WHACK AT THE WHIGS.

BY THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

AIR:—"Leather the Wig."

THE reader has to thank the Whigs for this soul-stirring air, which was never before printed. From the time of the Revolution, this party seem to have been an object of hatred and contempt to the native Irish. The following chorus must be sung after each stanza:—

Will you come plankum, plankum,
 Will you come plankum perriwig ;
 Will you come plankum, leather, and plankum,
 Will you come plankum perriwig.

The words "plankum perriwig" mean to thrash with all your might the Wig, which in Irish is synonymous with Whig.

The Jacobite poets of Scotland joined their Irish brethren in reviling the Whigs. The following verses are part of a popular song to one of the most ancient Scotch airs in existence:—

"Awa, Whigs, awa, awa, Whigs, awa,
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
 Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.
 Our thistles flourished fresh and fair,
 And bonny bloom'd our roses ;
 But Whigs came like a frost in June,
 And withered a' our posies.
 Our sad decay in kirk and state
 Surpasses my descriving ;
 The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
 And we hae done wi thriving.
 A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds
 In Scottish yird to cover ;
 But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
 And pack him to Hanover."

O, heroes of ancient renown !

Good tidings we gladly bring to you—
 Let not your high courage sink down,
 For Eire has friends who'll cling to you.

Those insolent Sassenach bands,
 Shall hold their white mansions transiently,
 Ours shall again be those lands,
 Long tilled by our fathers anciently !

Ար ծարիթա և օ-տիեարայի աղ ծիւայ,
 Յօ շամա, շաբախած, շօնչոյի ծեած;
 Յօ լոնհայալ, լոնհարծա, լոնհ,
 Ֆեալծա, քօշլած, քսյոյոյած.

Եյծ շարբայիտ յօ քայլրինչ լե քոնհ,
 Ա ո-Բայբա, 'ր լօշա լա Ֆեյլ Անյու Շային ;
 Եյծ “ պրայլ նա դային ” և օ-Տեայալ,
 Դա շանհած 'ր յան եանի ար Անյոյուն,*

Եյծ լոյրե օ Փիոյն յօ լեայալ,
 'Տ աղ քսյոյին-րա տեանի, 'ր տեյրե լեօ ;
 Բոյտքյօ յած դարբայր լայալ,
 'Տ ոյ շօնչոյի ծօ լոնհ, նա լոյրեած !†

Տի է շնչայի Բյիի տար րինյիլ,
 'Տ աղ եյլ նաէ ծոնի բան դ-յոյլլոյ ;
 Յօ շ-սւյրիծ յած դարբայր ար լուշ,
 Ֆա եանհայի և դնյուրե աշ Lucifer !

Ա շնոյին նա շ-շնոյին շլա քոնհ,
 Շիյժօ օ-ար շ-շաբայր լե լոյն-շօյլ ;
 Աշ տիեարշայիտ յած րեան-քօս լայալ,
 'Տ բայրյոյ-նա և տեաբայր ար սյօտ աշա !

Շա քսյոյին նա սոյլքար ար շ-շնիլ,
 Աշ ծիւյտոյ լե շյումայր նա Տյոնհային ;
 Խնայր ժյօքքար աղ քսյոյին տար անային,
 Իր ծեյին յօ բ-քլանց-քամ Whiggiona !

Եյծ աղ շրատայի դա օ-տաշտած լե տինյիտ
 Եյծ բարձա, 'շոր ելուշ', 'շոր ելուրեած օրիա ;
 Իր յայլիծ յօ շ-շաբայր նա օ-տիյնր,
 Խնայր և եայքքար ար բ-քլիոյրա շլյածէ աշտա !

* Pitt, the Prime Minister of England.

† This is an allusion to the first siege of Limerick in 1690, when that town, although in an almost untenable condition, was held by

We'll muster our clans, and their lords,
 And with energy great and thunderous,
 With lances, and axes, and swords,
 We'll trample the Saxon under us !

We'll have masses, as always our wont,
 And sweet hymns chanted melodiously ;
 'Twill go very hard if we don't
 Make the Minister look most odiously !

We'll have bonfires from Derry to Lene,
 And the foe shall in flames lie weltering—
 All Limerick hasn't a green
 Nor a ship that shall give them sheltering.

See ! Philip comes over the wave !
 O ! Eire deserves abuse, if her
 Bold heroes, and patriots brave
 Don't now drive their foes to Lucifer !

Up ! arm now, young men, for our isle !
 We have here at hand the whole crew of 'em,
 Let us charge them in haste and in style,
 And we'll dash out the brains of a few of 'em !

A tribe who can laugh at the jail,
 Have found on the banks of the Shannon aid—
 O ! how the blue Whigs will grow pale,
 When they hear our Limerick cannonade !

O ! pity the vagabonds' case !
 We'll slaughter, and crush, and batter them—
 They'll die of affright in the chase,
 When our valorous Prince shall scatter them !

10,000 Irishmen against 38,500 of the finest troops in the world—
 Dutch, Huguenots, Danish, German, and British veterans, under
 William III.—See *O'Callaghan's Green Book*, p. 114, Dub. 1844.

ԱՅ տայրծոլ ու ոյրա լե քոյն,
 'ՏԱ Կարուր էնջալող 'ր ա էսյեացտա ;
 ՏԱ Նեպտուն աՅ Իզալպեած ու Ռ-տոնի,
 'Տ ոյ Իտածբայ ան քօջա Յօ Ի-Իոր-Լոյլի !

Եյծ Mars ա Ռ-տօրաց ան տրնիր,
 'Տ ան քայլութե քիօնի Յօ քսիդոյմած ;
 Ի էարբած Յօ լեազբայ ան ծուռամ,
 'Տ ար ծեալի Յօ Ե-քլանիցամ տոյլե 'ւա !

Եյծ լեազած, 'Յուր Յեալիած, 'Յուր Ելնէ՛՛,
 Եյծ Իզալպեած, 'Յուր Իզալիած, 'Ի Ալլեարբած ;
 Յալայի Ռ-Հ-Կայտյոնի Յան էաբայի,
 Խայլ էրեածբայ ան Ֆրանիցած* Եյնե լեօ !

Խայլ էայլիոծ-րա ամյայց տո Շնլ,
 'Տ Խայլ լազայծ տո Լնտ լե քոյրբացտ ;
 Յօ Ե-Ք-Քյուռ-րա ան չըստայո-րի ա Ե-քոյն,
 'Տ ան րեան-քօց Դալլի Յան Յոլլա այզե !

* The frequent allusions to France and Spain throughout these popular songs were the result of the dreadful treatment experienced by the native Irish during the early part of the eighteenth century. Oppressed by penal enactments which proscribed the religion, property, and education of three-fourths of the inhabitants of the island, the old Irish longed for an appeal to arms, and earnestly desired the co-operation of their expatriated kinsmen, whose military achievements in foreign countries had won the admiration of Europe.

Coming over the ocean to-day
 Is Charles, that hero dear to us—
 His troops will not loiter or stay,
 Till to Inis Loirc they come here to us !

Our camp is protected by Mars,
 And the mighty Fionn of the olden time,
 These will prosper our troops in the wars,
 And bring back to our isle the golden time !

Our cowardly foes will drop dead,
 When the French only point their guns on 'em—
 And Famine, and Slaughter, and Dread,
 Will together come down at once on 'em !

O, my two eyes might part with their fire,
 And palsying Age set my chin astir,
 Could I once see those Whigs in the mire,
 And the blind old goat without Minister !

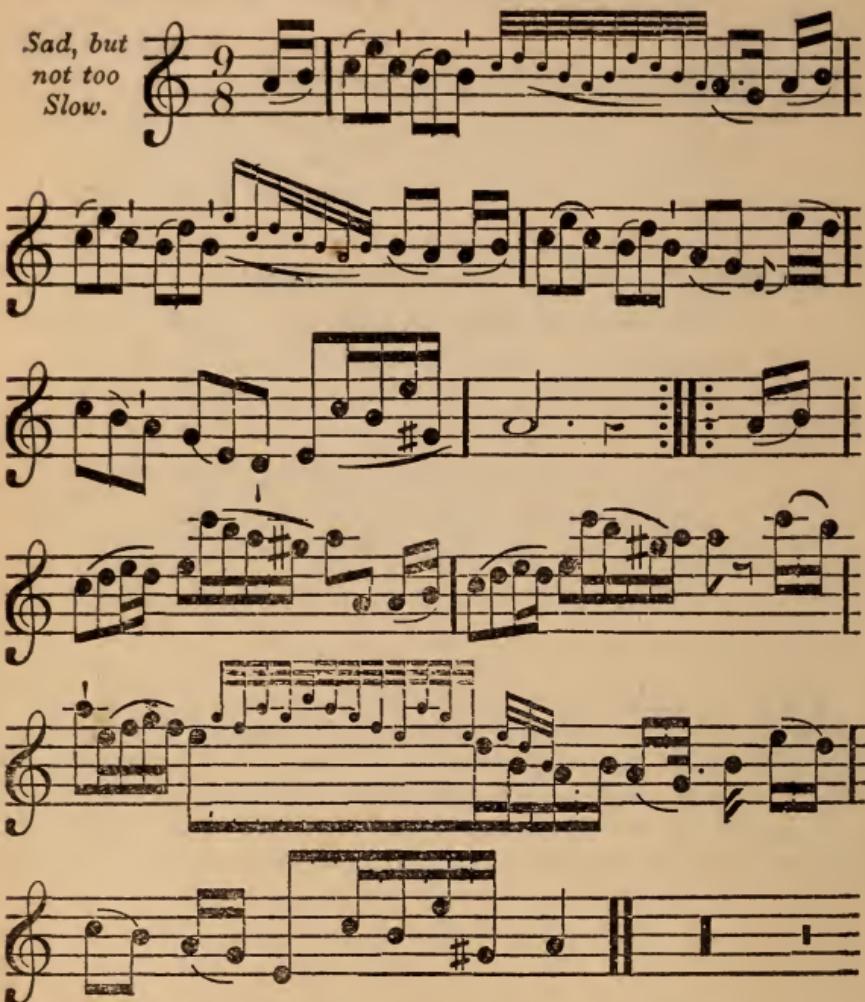
It is now impossible to calculate what might have been the result if some of the Irish military commanders on the Continent had organized a descent on the coast of Munster while the native population were still labouring under the dreadful penal code.

† *An sean-phoc dall, the old blind buck-goat*, i.e., George III., who became imbecile at the close of his life.

AÑ BHÍAUTH-BHÍRUJNNJOLL.

Añ Mañzajje Súzach, ect.

Fonn:—Cajlin Dear Chújóte na m-Bó.

*Sad, but
not too
Slow.*

Ar í'n bláth-bhírujnnjoll, bláth-níjli, béalraí,

Bhláth-níjjoçajji, béaltaína, mòðamhul;

Le ȝnáð-ȝeal dá bláth-çhruj, do céar me,

'S d'fáð me ȝan tñéime, ȝan tñeoij!

Tá a bláth-ȝolt ȝo bláth-tñub ari ȝaol-ðaj,

Jr bláth-ñhrujóte a h-aol-çhroð, ȝan rñjol,

Jr bláth-ȝuȝreac nájóte na bëjte,

'S aȝ bláth añ ujle ȝéaȝ ȝo ȝeðri!

THE FLOWER OF ALL MAIDENS.

BY THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.

AIR:—"Pretty Girl milking the Cows."

WE cannot trace the authorship of this delightful air, but such of our readers as have traversed the "sunny South" of a May morning, and heard it sung by the peasant's ruddy-cheeked daughter, in the milking bawn, or at the cottager's hearth of a winter's evening, after the toil of the day is over, must acknowledge its beauty and tenderness of expression. The words are by the witty Andrew Magrath, surnamed the *Mangaire Sugach*.

To it we are indebted for the source of our greatest enjoyments, a love of the language and poetry of our race.

The following stanza which appears as the "*Ceangal*" ("*Binding*" or "*Summing-up*") to the song—a constant custom with our poets in order to protect their compositions from the ravages of "poetical interpolators"—we forgot putting into the hands of our poet, but now give it a place here:—

" A Chumainn na g-Cumann, mo Chumann 's mo Rogha tu is feas,
 Mo Chumann gach Cumann ba Chumann le Togha na m-ban
 Is Cumann do Chumann, a Chumainn gan cham, gan chleas,
 Mo Chumann do Chumann a Chumainn, 's gabhaim-si leat.

" My Love of all Loves, my Love and my Choice you are,
 My Love surpassing all Loves—the Love and the Choice of maids
 Your Love is a Love, my Love, without guile or stain,
 My Love is Thy Love, my Love; and I take your hand."

O, flower of all maidens for beauty,
 Fair-bosomed, and rose-lipped, and meek,
 My heart is your slave and your booty,
 And droops, overpowered and weak.
 Your clustering raven-black tresses
 Curl richly and glossily round—
 Blest he who shall win your caresses,
 Sweet Blossom all down to the ground!

Ա շրած ծիլ ծո շրած-րա տալ ելտե,
 'Տ ծո շրածքայի դա մ' քեյծիր, ոյ՝ թ տօ ;
 Փո շրածար տւ ա շրած ծիլ տօ վլեյի-րի,
 լե շրած ծիլ ծօծ' միջնի ՚ր ծօծ' վլօ :—
 Օ շրածար տւ ա շրած ծիլ լե շեար-քեար,
 Փո շրած-րա ոյ թեադար լե մ' լօ ;
 Փո շրած-րա ՚ր տօ շրած-րա, մա լրաօբտար,
 Յան շրած սեար աշ աօյն ղեած յօ ծեօ !

Ա լնոն ծիլ ! տօ լնոն տւ յօ ո' եազար,
 Ո լնոն-րա լե մ' լրա տւ, ՚ր տօ րտօր !
 'Տ շնոր լեյզյօր տօ լնոն լեատ տալ աօյն-վեայ,
 Ո լնոն տն ՚ր տօ վեյլե լե մ' լօ :—
 Ա լնոն ծիլ ոն լնոն շ-սեար, ոյ լեյզյօր,
 Ո լնոն, տոյզ, լե աօն վեայ ած ծեօյզ,
 Փո լնոն-րա ՚ր տօ լնոն-րա մա րշեյծեար,
 Յան լնոն սեար աշ աօն ղեած յօ ծեօ !

Ա շումայի ոն շ-շումայի, ոն տրեյզ մե,
 'Տ յօ ե-քոյլի ա ո-եազ-շրայտ ած ծեօյզ ;
 'Տ շնոր շումայի ծո շումայի ոն տրեյզյօր,
 Ա շումայի, յօ ծ-տիշեած-րա քա' ն ե-քօծ !
 Օ տոյզար տոյտ շումայի ՚ր շեյլե,
 Ո շումայի-րա ա թեահած, ոյ սօյի,
 'Տ տօ շումայի ա շումայի, մա տրեյզյոր,
 Յան շումայի աշ աօյն-վեայ յօ ծեօ !

Ա շարրած ոն շ-շարրած լե վեյլե,
 Փո շարրած լե րաօլ-շեան ար ծ-տոյլ ;
 Ո շարրած ա շարրած ծո տրեյզյոր,
 'Տ ծո լրաշայի ա շ-շեյլ լեատ ոն ո-ծեօյզ !
 Ոյ շարրած ծամ շարրած, ոն վեյլ-քյօնի,
 Ած շարրած ոն ելտե-րի ամ ելրեօծ' ,
 'Տ տօ շարրած-րա ա շարրած, մա տրեյզյոր,
 Յան շարրած աշ աօյն-վեայ յօ ծեօ !

Ա աղյրաշ ոն ո-աղյրաշ ծո վեար մե,
 Լե ի-աղյրաշ ծօծ' րշեյլ ՚ր ծօծ' վլօ ;
 Եյծած ծո լոյզա ՚յած տօ րայիլ-րի ոյս վեյլե,
 Նօ ծումյրա յան եարա, յան րբօրտ ;—

I have loved you, oh mildest and fairest,
 With love that could scarce be more warm—
 I have loved you, oh brightest and rarest,
 Not less for your mind than your form.
 I've adored you since ever I met you,
 O, Rose without briar or stain,
 And if e'er I forsake or forget you
 Let Love be ne'er trusted again !

My bright one you are till I perish,
 O, might I but call you my wife !
 My Treasure, my Bliss, whom I'll cherish
 With love to the close of my life !
 My secrets shall rest in your bosom,
 And yours in my heart shall remain,
 And if e'er they be told, O sweet Blossom,
 May none be e'er whispered again !

Oh ! loveliest ! do not desert me !
 My earliest love was for you—
 And if thousands of woes should begirt me,
 To you would I prove myself true !
 Through my life you have been my consoler,
 My comforter—never in vain,—
 Had you failed to extinguish my dolor,
 I should ever have languished in pain !

O fond one ! I pine in dejection ;
 My bosom is pierced to the core—
 Deny me not, love, your affection,
 And mine shall be yours evermore.
 As I chose you from even the beginning,
 Look not on my love with disdain ;
 If you slight me as hardly worth winning
 May maid ne'er again have a swain !

O, you who have robbed me of Pleasure,
 Will *you*, with your mind and your charms,
 Scorn one who has wit without measure,
 And take a mere dolt to your arms.

Ա աղրաշտ հա բաղրայշ-րի խօժաւ,
Նա բաղրած հա լելքիօց ծո ելօն ;
Ա աղրաշտ-րա և աղրաշտ, ոմա ժուշիր,
Հան աղրաշտ հա լու շատ ամ ծեօյշ !

Ա բաղրի ծյլ ! ու բաղր-րա տար առ տւ,
Ու բաղր տն զո հ-եազբած ծալ հ-ծոյտ ;
Եր բաղր մե և բաղր-ծյլ, հան տրեածա,
'Տ զսր ծոյտ լեօ զսր լեյշ ու հան քօ՛ ;
Երծեած բաղր աշ ամ բաղրաշ, ոյ խօժալ ծի,
Երծեած եօ-լաշտ հան խօժաւար, 'ր քօ՛,
Ա բաղր-ծյլ ! ծո բաղրաշ, ոմա ժուշիր,
Հան բաղրաշ հա լու շատ ամ ծեօյշ !

ԲԱՏԱՄԱՐԱՐ ԱՆ ՑՈՒՅԱՐԵ ՏԻՄԱՐՅ.

Ֆող :—“ Ան Երիշյի լսաւած .”*

Ա շալայտ ձլում' յլ ծյօշլայր,
Ա յաօլ շլայր ծո բացուու ու հ-դայու ;
Ու եածած շնչած ծո բալիկու,
Խո ն դյտ լեատ մե եյշ մար տայո ;—
Հաւ այշիր ծեար նար շնչե լոս,
Ա շնչեած լե ո այր, լե քայր,
Ոյ շլաւար ի, քարաօլ ու ու !
Տան շյու մե հան բացու, հան բայր.

Ծա շեալլայու ծո ն եստու-րի,
Տյշլե աշու Ցուրլայու ելայտ ;
Տայր ծո բալունա, 'ր լաօյտ
Ծո բալունա մար Օլհոլ քայշ !
Ցեարած լուտ զո լյոյտած,
'Տ հաւ հյօտ եյլ լիպաշ ոյհայի ;
Եր քեար զսր ծյուլտած յր ծյուլ տայ,
'Նսայր շյու մե հան շնչու, հան շայո !

* This beautiful air will be found at page 128.

Your beauty, O, damsel, believe me,
 Is not for a clown to adore—
 O ! if you desert or deceive me,
 May lover ne'er bow to you more !

Yours am I, my loveliest, wholly—
 O heed not the Blind and the Base,
 Who say that because of my folly
 I'll never have wealth, luck, or grace.
 How much the poor creatures mistake me !
 I'll yet have green acres and gold ;
 But, O, if you coldly forsake me,
 I'll soon be laid under the mould !

THE MANGAIRE SUGACH'S PASTIME.

AIR :—“ *Little Bench of Rushes.*”

My upright and my noble friend,
 My pure son of the Bardic Race,
 To you I unveil my life : oh bend
 Your eyes in pity on my case !
 Save from the old and ugly now
 I meet, alas ! with no regard ;
 No gay and fair young maid will vow
 Her heart away to a cashless bard !

In vain I seek to win my way
 With Sighile* and each blooming one—
 My merry tale, my gladsome lay
 Fall on their ears as rain on stone.
 Mine eyes are bright ; I am lithe of limb—
 I think myself a dashing blade ;
 But all still look askance on him
 The bard, without a stock-in-trade !

* *Sighile*, pronounced Sheela. *Anglice*, Celia.

'Dejri Catál dúri moac Shjomojñ,
 A Shjóle! 'nojr tuiz aŋ cár?
 Zajb-ri cíúzad moac Fherdáljñ,
 'S moázajrði na rzojle rás?
 Ir feapri dúinhe Taðz beað.
 Ná rzañ-ri de'ñ fuil ir feapri;
 Zan raið, zan clú, zan ojzneac̄t,
 Aðt ari tuill r̄mam zan r̄loiz na b̄ráðajð!

Ari žlac mo žlajc do rzaoilfjñ,
 Le h-aojþearz zac̄ coñi tráðajñ!
 Zac̄ beañ do žab am l̄jontad̄,
 Do čaojñfjñ zo r̄ljuč am dájñ.
 Zac̄ dajc zo p̄nar nað r̄tliðocfað
 Le r̄jñ-dajri a čoñp do čneamhajñ,
 'S ar Manzajre ait le baojr me,
 Cia r̄jlið zan b'olc mo čáj!

Ajtr̄iñfjñ do'ñ m-buñðiñ-ri,
 Cia díž leð mo ðul 'na b-pájrit
 Ari čatarað zan díolar,
 Le h-aojþearz, 'r zo b-rujlm̄ r̄lán.
 Zan b'ajtñð ðam na mjlte,
 Zo čnaojeté nað h-jbeac̄ cárñt,
 'S an Manzajre ait nað cíñte,
 Na rzañ-ri zo h-jomlán.

Mo b̄rujð! mo ðuiž! mo r̄zjor-žuñrit!
 Mo r̄zejñle, mo žoñ, mo žáð!
 Mo lot do lojz mo čli' 'nam,
 Ari r̄aojeté 'r a r̄hoct ari r̄an!
 Zan čloñ, zan čuñ, zan ojzneac̄t,
 Zan fejðim-čeapit, zan coñlam r̄táit,
 'S Tuirc, 'r Duirc, 'r Daoithe, 'r Bodachain.*
 Zo buñðoñhañ, 'r Bodacáñ.*

* *Tuirc*, 's *Duire*, 's *Daoithe*, 's *Bodachain*.
 Turks, Churls, Dunces, and Clowns.

And Cathal* Mac-Simon says,—the ass !

Come, Sighile,† now ! you have some sense—
Mac Phelim is your man, my lass !

That pedagogue has no pretence !
Wed some industrious youth, who shows

He profits by the lore he learns,
And scout the bard in finest clothes,
Whose throat engulphs whate'er he earns !

Well ! true :—my brain was oft a-whirl
From whiskey—or, perhaps, the moon !

And if I met a pleasant girl,
I didn't like to leave her soon.

And if I gave her face a slap
Whene'er she frown'd, what harm the while ?
For I'm a jovial pedlar chap,
Though some suppose me full of guile !

Some good folks, whom I don't much thank,
Look down on me—but what of that ?

I always paid for what I drank—
And gave, and still give, tit for tat
I have known a many a screw, and dust,
That wouldn't buy one drop of drink ;
The Jolly Pedlar surely must
Be better than such sneaks, I think !

But oh ! my wound, my woe, my grief,
It is not for myself or mine—

My pain, my pang without relief,
Is noting how our nobles pine !

Alas for them, and not for me !

They wander without wealth or fame,
While clowns and churls of low degree
Usurp their gold, their lands, their name !

obtained the estates and titles of the Irish Jacobites, after the latter sailed for France in 1691.

* Pronounced *Cahal* (Charles). † *Sighile*, pronounced *Sheela*.

RÉALTAÍN CHÍLL-CHAIJNNÍCH.

AODAÍSÁN UA RATHAÍLLE, CCT.

Atáid éirí ari ná ríomhllíb aí lémhíjó zo lútmháin,
 Tá 'n t-Éclípse zan fíúntári aí imteacáit;
 Tá Phoebeus aí múrzaílt 'r aí t-éarza zo cnuig-
 zláin,
 Ar éanlaist ná cónaíte zo rojtíj.
 'Táid ríaoit-beacád aí túníllíj, ari zéaísbíb ír úri-
 zláir,
 Tá ríear aíur dñúct ari ári mionzaíb;
 O'r céile do'n m-Bhrúnaí * j, Réaltaí ná Mhútháin,
 'S 3aoðal zan do'n Ófhlúic o Chíll-Chaijnníc.

Tá bjozaíd aí aízac támh-laí, 'r 3plojde-échoic zo
 lájdar,
 'S aí n-gejmíjíjó tis bláit ari zac býle;
 Cíll Chaij ó tárplajó, i 3-cuigbheac zo 3pádáin,
 le Ríj Chille h-Úinne ari 3-Cuigád;
 Níjl éaigcónír dá luaíd 'zuijñ, tá ríaoitád 'ze trua-
 óaib.
 O'n ríéal núaíd ra luaótarí le truaingib;
 Aír píearla óz mhná uairle (a Óphe Ójl tabairi buaí
 Ój),
 Aír círaobh cíubra ír uairle a 3-Cíll Chaijnníc.

Tá 'n Ríos-élaist ná záirðaib, ari írlib 'r ari áirðaib,
 'S ná mjlte dá fáiltíjúzad le muijíjñ;
 Tá 'n taoiðe zo h-áðbairac, 'r coill zláir aí fáir iní,
 'S znaor teacáit ari óántaib zan mjllead:—
 Táid cuaingtaid ba znaítaíc ríaoi bhuam-rtóimí zílána,
 Zo ríaujíjñeaí o tárplajó aí ríaujómead,
 Tá cnuairtarí ari t-riájz 'zuijñ, ná aí luarzán aí t-riájle,
 Ruacain, 'r Báiríneac, 'r Óillioirí.

* This song was written in commemoration of the nuptials of Valentine Browne, third Viscount Kenmare, who married, in 1720, Honoria,

THE STAR OF KILKENNY.

BY EGAN O'RAHILLY.

The fish in the streamlets are leaping and springing,
 All clouds for a time have rolled over ;
 The bright sun is shining ; the sweet birds are singing,
 And joy lights the brow of the lover.
 The gay bees are swarming, so golden and many,
 And with corn are our meadows embrowned,
 Since she, the fair niece of the Duke of Kilkenny,
 Is wedded to Browne, the renown'd.

The hills are all green that of late looked so blighted ;
 Men laugh who for long lay in trouble,
 For Kilcash is, thank Heaven, in friendship united
 With Browne of Killarney, our Noble !
 Our poor have grown rich—none are wronged or o'er-
 laden,
 The serf and the slave least of any,
 Since she came among us, this noble young maiden,
 The Rose and the Star of Kilkenny !

Her Lord, the proud Prince, gives to all his protection,
 But most to the Poor and the Stranger,
 And all the land round pays him back with affection—
 As now they may do without Danger !
 The ocean is calm, and the greenwoods are blooming,
 As bards of antiquity sung us,
 And not even one sable cloud seems a-looming,
 Since he we so love came among us !

daughter of Thomas Butler, of Kilcash, in the county of Tipperary, and great grand-niece of James, first Duke of Ormond.—*Vide* “Burke's Peerage.”

Tájð uajrle Chjll-Ájjine zo rwaajje að ól rílajhþte,
 'S buan-bjot na lanámhann a 3-cumhann ;
 Tájð rwaan-þoijit 'r dántha dá m-buualat ari
 clájjirjz,
 Þac rwaan-þoijit ari ájlleacðt, 'r ari býrheacðt,
 Tá claoðloð ari 3ruajð-ðeijrt 'r ari t-aon cónri að
 buað'cañh,
 Tá 3në-ñúað ari 3nuad'haib 3ac ñ-duihne,
 Tá'ñ rþeijr ñhor ari rwaajment, 'r ari nae fðr zo
 rwaajhþjoç
 Þan caoc-ðeib, Þan ðuaþtan, Þan dajlle.

JN3hjON UJ 3hearaujt.

2oðaðan Ua Ratðajlle, cct.

Fonh :—“Toñh ne Calajt.”*

A þéaþla Þan rðamal, do léjjri-éuji mē a 3-ceatðajb,
 Eiðo lhom Þan 3eajz zo ñ-ñjrrjot mo rðeól !
 'S 3uri 3aoðhac do 3aítjir 3aotðað '3ur ðaþta,
 Tré m' 3réaðtað 'na 3-ceatðajb, do mhejll mē Þan
 3reoir !

Þan 3réaðnað do 3aðfajh do'ñ E3ipt tari calajt,
 'S zo h-Ejre ñj 3arðfajh 3oððe ðam' ðeoñi ;
 Ari 3réaðhuij, ari talañ, a ñ-3éjþjoni, a ñ-ajtjor,
 Njoñ léan lhom a 3eit 3aðat cojñ Jñre, Þan rðóri !

Þr 3raðbað 'r að 3aða,— 'r 3réaðhuijoc 'r að 3laðað,
 Þr 3amáhac 'r að 3eabðar,— a 3laðjðb 3ari ði !
 Þr 3éaðlað a 3eaðica—3ari 3éaltan na 3ajdne,
 Þr caol ceaht a mala 3ari rðliðb 3jñh a 3-clðð ;

* We have no recollection of ever having met this air; but such of our readers as have, will oblige by giving us some information about it.

The Lords of Killarney, who know what the wrongful
 Effects of misrule are, quaff healths to the pair—
 And the minstrels, delighted, breathe out their deep
 songful
 Emotions each hour in some ever-new air.
 The sun and the moon day and night keep a-shining ;
 New hopes appear born in the bosoms of men,
 And the ancient despair and the olden repining
 Are gone, to return to us never again.

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.*

BY EGAN O'RAHILLY.

AIR : — “ *Sea and Shore.* ”

A Beauty all stainless, a pearl of a maiden,
 Has plunged me in trouble, and wounded my heart :
 With sorrow and gloom are my soul overladen ;
 An anguish is there, that will never depart.
 I could voyage to Egypt across the deep water,
 Nor care about bidding dear Eire farewell,
 So I only might gaze on the Geraldine's Daughter,
 And sit by her side in some pleasant green dell.

Her curling locks wave round her figure of lightness,
 All dazzling and long, like the purest of gold ;
 Her blue eyes resemble twin stars in their brightness,
 And her brow is like marble or wax to behold !

* Such of our readers as wish to become acquainted with the history of the Geraldines need only consult a work bearing that title, edited by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, for “ Duffy's Library of Ireland.”

Séimh-éimhét a leacan aolda man r̄heaccta,

Go h-aolraé a ḡ carthairit t̄re lóin̄iat̄ a n̄iör ;
Tuig Phoebur 'na n̄at̄ajb,—tar̄ b̄éjt̄ib a d̄ t-ain̄airc,
'S t-éadañ aji lar̄ad̄ le d̄józraij̄ doð' clóð !

Ir̄ gléisiol a manja,—man̄ séirib coir̄ calaist̄,

A h-aolcónp̄ r̄heaccta ir̄ r̄aoj̄leanh̄a r̄hóð ;

Nj̄ f̄eij̄i a maj̄t̄ior̄ do léir̄-éimh̄ a b̄-p̄iat̄aj̄i,
Caomh-líl̄i énearf̄da, 'r̄ n̄j̄n̄-r̄zój̄t̄ n̄a n̄-b̄.

Ir̄ c̄roj̄dear̄iz man̄ balram̄, a déj̄d̄-z̄eal zan̄ aij̄ir̄,
Do r̄aoj̄fad̄ o z̄alap̄ n̄j̄l̄te d̄am̄, r̄órit̄ ;

Saoi-žuð a tean̄z̄an̄ léir̄j̄omh̄tað zan̄ r̄tajh̄tað,
Bheij̄i t̄riéan̄-p̄uic tar̄ bean̄h̄ajb̄ le n̄j̄l̄reacctaðl̄oð !

Phéimicr̄ d̄'fuij̄ Thealaist̄,—T̄riéazaj̄z a n̄ calaist̄,
Séimh-íj̄úr̄ clann̄a Uíj̄leat̄ n̄a r̄lóð ;

Laochrað zan̄ tair̄e, t̄riaoct̄að le Zallajb̄,

Zan̄ t̄riéine, zan̄ talam̄, zan̄ n̄j̄oð-b̄rið, zan̄ r̄t̄oð !
Zan̄ b̄riéaz n̄oc̄ zan̄ r̄z̄aðz̄ a b̄-P̄aoj̄raiz 'r̄ a
m̄-Barraiz,*

'S t̄riéan̄-coir̄ Bhuin̄raite t̄riúd̄-ra r̄aoi d̄ob̄,

Nj̄'l̄ r̄aoi-ñ̄laij̄t̄ n̄a d̄riaḡan̄ do p̄riéim̄ clain̄ne Chaj̄r̄il̄,
Zan̄ zaoðal n̄iñ̄ aij̄z̄iñ̄ n̄j̄onh̄lað zan̄ r̄iñ̄ol̄.

Nj̄ léiñ̄ d̄am̄ a r̄am̄uñ̄ i n̄-éij̄ie 'n̄á a Saðrañ̄,

A n̄-éij̄ioct̄, a b̄-peair̄rað, a n̄-íntleac̄t̄ 'r̄ a ȝ-clóð.

An̄ b̄éjt̄ clír̄de ir̄ reaip̄a t̄riéit̄e, 'zur̄ teard̄ar̄,
Ná Helen le' n̄ callead̄ n̄j̄l̄te r̄an̄ n̄-ȝleóð !

Nj̄'l̄ aoj̄n̄-ñeap̄ n̄a beat̄að d̄'f̄eac̄ac̄ aji maj̄d̄iñ̄,

Na h-éadañ̄ zan̄ m̄aj̄iñ̄, n̄á r̄z̄éjt̄f̄ioð a b̄riðn̄,
Mo z̄éib̄j̄on̄ ! mo ðeacaj̄i ! n̄j̄ f̄eadañ̄ a reac̄aj̄,

T̄rié m̄ n̄éalaib̄ am̄ aij̄l̄iñ̄ oj̄ðce, n̄á l̄o !

* *Paoraig agus Barraig*, Powers and Barrys, two ancient and respectable families in the county of Cork.

The Powers are descended from Robert le Paure, or Poer, Marshal to Henry II., from whom, in 1177, he obtained a grant of Waterford, the city itself and the cantred of the Ostmen alone excepted. So early as the fifteenth century the descendants of Le Poer renounced the English legislature, and embraced the Brehon law and Irish customs.

The radiance of Heaven illumines her features,
 Where the Snows and the Rose have erected their
 throne ;
 It would seem that the sun had forgotten all creatures
 To shine on the Geraldine's Daughter alone !

Her bosom is swan-white, her waist smooth and slender,
 Her speech is like music, so sweet and so free ;
 The feelings that glow in her noble heart lend her
 A mien and a majesty lovely to see.
 Her lips, red as berries, but riper than any,
 Would kiss away even a sorrow like mine.
 No wonder such heroes and noblemen many
 Should cross the blue ocean to kneel at her shrine !

She is sprung from the Geraldine race—the great
 Grecians,
 Niece of Mileadh's sons of the Valorous Bands,
 Those heroes, the sons of the olden Phenicians,
 Though now trodden down, without fame, without
 lands !
 Of her ancestors flourished the Barrys and Powers,
 To the Lords of Bunratty she too is allied ;
 And not a proud noble near Cashel's high towers
 But is kin to this maiden—the Geraldine's Pride !

Of Saxon or Gael there are none to excel in
 Her wisdom, her features, her figure, this fair ;
 In all she surpasses the far-famous Helen,
 Whose beauty drove thousands to death and despair.
 Whoe'er could but gaze on her aspect so noble
 Would feel from thenceforward all anguish depart,
 Yet for me 'tis, alas ! my worst woe and my trouble,
 That her image will always abide in my heart !

The male race of the Powers, Viscounts Decies and Earls of Tyrone, became extinct by the death of Earl James in 1704. His only daughter, Lady Catherine Poer, married Sir Marcus Beresford, Bart., who was created Lord Viscount Tyrone by George II.

The Barrys are descended from Robert Barry, who came over in 1169 with Fitz-Stephen.

AN SEAN-DUJNE SEOIRSE.*

Ան տ-Աւելի Ալլայ Ինչիր, շշ.

Ֆոն:—Ան Սեանդոյնե.

Lightly,
and
rather
Quick.

Ի յո-ծյան ծո րզեածան ան թեան-դոյնե Սեօիրե,
Օ Փիյա! Կա բաւամ? իյլ 45ամ Հանով;
'Նա քօր Հեսս Կասլ, 'նա եալե եազ օնիշայի,
Նա քօդ մո թեան-աւիած, տայօ այլութե, ծօնչե !

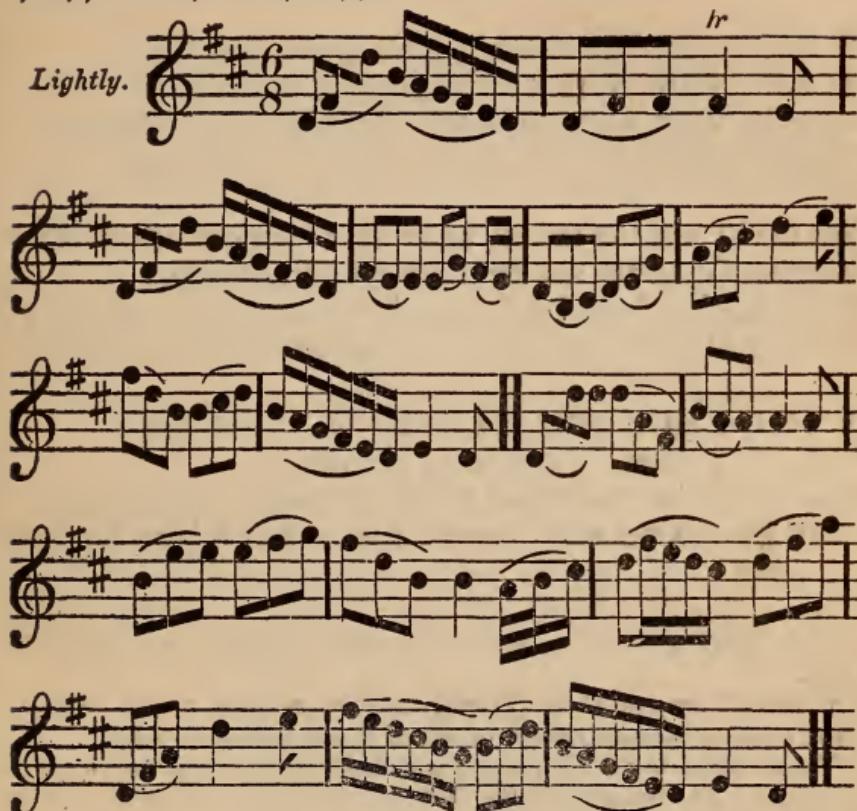
* This beautiful air, of which we give our readers two different settings, is a great favourite in Scotland, where it is known under the name of "The Campbells are Coming." It owes its birth to the *Mangaire Sugach* (see p. 20).

The song which we now present is the only one we have met to this air, if we except the two versions by the *Mangaire Sugach*, referred to at p. 20, where we gave the opening stanza of one, but omitted the chorus supplied at foot of next page, which should be sung after each verse of the original.

GEORGEY THE DOTARD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ENGLISH.

Tone:—An Seanduine.



Alas for old Georgey—the tool of a faction !
 “ GOD ! what shall I do ? ” he exclaims in distraction.
 Not one ray of hope from Hanover flashes—
 The lands of my fathers lie spoiled and in ashes !

“ Oro sheanduine leatsa ni gheabhadsa,
 Oro sheanduine basgadh 'gus broodh ort ;
 Oro sheanduine leagadh 'gus leonadh ort,
 'S cupla duig ionat chuirfeadh faoi an bh-fod tu ! ”

“ Oh, my old dotard, with you I'll not tarry,
 Oh, my old dotard, that the plague may seize you,
 Oh, my old dotard, that your doom may soon hasten,
 The tomb lies open ready to receive you ! ”

Tá fhuadairi catá zo tapa ari boscád,
 Óiliad ari círaingad, aizur ari feoltaid !
 Uairle Shazran zo h-eaglae, óimhíad,
 A 3-cuanta bejd círeacáta, 'ra m-bajlte bejd tózta.

Ní díon dam Breatan, ná féarifonnaisb Fóidla,
 Ní dílir dam Albain ó 3eapraig a r3óimhac ;*
 Ní dílir dam Óaighairi,—n' l cairraid a m cónmháir,
 Fuigjid m6 mairb—'r cairtjid faoi 'n b-fóid m6 !

Mo cíac ! mo lazar! ní feadair cár n-geobad-maois !
 Iarainn Chalbhan, do 3eacáin ná cónmháctaí,
 A m-bláis'ha bejd 'm barzajdte, leacajdte, leoijte,
 'S clair círte Pheadairi 'r a m-beataid zo deob 'ca.

Ír ruairic ari maois 'na 3-ceallá, 'r a m nóna,
 Sianra píalm, 'r aifíonu 3lóimháir ;
 Breacáin ná n-abrtal dá 3-canna zo ceolimháir,
 'S a m 3láidairie tan aijnim† rán m-bajle 'zur c'riónu aijr.

* An allusion to the massacre of the Mac Donalds, at Glencoe, in 1691.

† *Gliadhaire gan ainim* (literally a Hero without name) allegorically, Charles Edward Stuart, of whom it was treason to sing.

The Jacobite bards felt peculiar satisfaction in reviling the house of Hanover. The following is the first stanza of one of the most popular Scotch songs of this period :—

“ The thunders of Battle boom over the ocean—
 On all sides are Conflict and stormy Commotion ;
 Black Brunswick is shaken with terrors and troubles,
 And the cities are pillaged on Saxony’s nobles !

“ Nor England nor Eire will yield me a shelter ;
 And Alba remembers the base blow I dealt her,
 And Denmark is kingless—I’ve none to befriend me—
 Come, Death! weave my shroud, and in charity end me !

“ But vain is our sorrow, thrice vain our beseeching ;
 Alas! we forsook the True Church and her teaching,
 And hence the o’erwhelming and bitter conviction
 Of *her* triumph now and *our* hopeless affliction !”

Yes, George ! and a brilliant career lies before us—
 The God we have served will uplift and restore us—
 Again shall our Mass-hymns be chanted in chorus,
 And Charley, our King, our Beloved, shall reign o’er us.

“ Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,
 But a wee wee German lairdie ?
 And when we gade to bring him hame,
 He was delving in his kail-yardie ;
 Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
 Without the hose, and but the breeks ;
 And up his beggar duds he cleeks,
 The wee wee German lairdie.”

Hogg’s “ *Jacobite Relics of Scotland*, ” p. 83. 1st series. 1819.

SÍSÍLE NJ ƷHAÐAÐAÐI
TAÐI (ƷAOÐALAÐ) UA SÚLLJOÐÁN, CCT.

Fonn:—SÍSÍLE NJ ƷHAÐAÐAÐI.

Moderate Time.

Ári majðin a hér ír déanrað do býrja,
Þó catáð am aður að déanraði mo rmaðiðte;
Do déanrað að pléiðiðt Þó h-aðrað am týmjóll,
Ullad ba féljhe, ba claojhe, ba cãojhe;
Do píeabáð, do riutjor, do óriutjor 'na cóni,
Do mearar, do tuiðjor, hán miðte ðam fórit,
A blájre Þó mjlír a h-jomall a beoij,
Le tajtñom, le zile, le fínné na h-óizé,
Le majre, le zlajne, le bñneacð a zlóritá.

SIGHILE NI GARA.

BY TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN (SURNAMED GAODHLACH).

THE first peculiarity likely to strike the reader is the remarkable sameness pervading those Irish pieces which assume a narrative form. The poet usually wanders forth of a summer evening over moor and mountain, mournfully meditating on the wrongs and sufferings of his native land, until at length, sad and weary, he lies down to repose in some flowery vale, or on the slope of some green and lonely hill-side. He sleeps, and in a dream beholds a young female of more than mortal beauty, who approaches and accosts him. She is always represented as appearing in naked loveliness. Her person is described with a minuteness of detail bordering upon tediousness—her hands, for instance, are said to be such as would execute the most complicated and delicate embroidery. The enraptured poet inquires whether she be one of the heroines of ancient story—Semiramis, Helen, or Medea—or one of the illustrious women of his own country—Deirdre, Blathnaid, or Cearnuit, or some Banshee, like Aoibhill, Cliona, or Aine, and the answer he receives is, that she is none of those eminent personages, but EIRE, once a queen, and now a slave—of old in the enjoyment of all honor and dignity, but to-day in thrall to the foe and the stranger. Yet wretched as is her condition, she does not despair, and encourages her afflicted child to hope, prophesying that speedy relief will shortly reach him from abroad. The song then concludes, though in some instances the poet appends a few consolatory reflections of his own, by way of finale.

The present song is one of the class which we have described, and *Sighile Ni Ghadharadh* (Celia O'Gara), in the language of allegory, means Ireland. The air must be played mournfully, and in moderate time.

Alone as I wandered in sad meditation,
And pondered my sorrows and soul's desolation,
A beautiful vision, a maiden, drew near me,
An angel she seemed sent from Heaven to cheer me.
Let none dare to tell me I acted amiss
Because on her lips I imprinted a kiss—
O ! that was a moment of exquisite bliss !
For sweetness, for grace, and for brightness of feature,
Earth holds not the match of this loveliest creature !

Ὕπειρανημαὶ, τρέμημεαὶ, ημέμημαὶ, φραμημεαὶ,
 Βῆι α εαμη-φολτ εμαοβαὶ, ηα φλαοδα α φίνεαδ;
 Ζο βακαλλαὶ, φέαμιλαὶ, ζο μέαλταὶ, ζο φοιλιμεαὶ,
 Ζο εαμαημαὶ, εμαοβαὶ, ζο ημάημαὶ αοιβηνη;
 Αζ φεακαδ, 'τ αζ φιλλεαδ, 'τ αζ φιλεαδ ηα θεοιζ,
 Να μ-βεαηταϊβ, ηα φιαταϊβ, 'ηα μιμεαη ζο φεδη,
 Ζο φ-αλταϊβ, ζο φ-ιιλεαδ, ζο φιιτηι α ζ-σόημαδ,
 Ζο φλάμημαὶ, ευμαημαὶ, ομημαὶ, δηδα,
 Να φιαταϊβ αζ τιιτηη ζο φ-ιομαλλαὶ, ομημαὶ.

Φο εαιτφιοὶ α ֆ-քեածքաὶ α μέլշտիօὶ α եսիծուու,
 Ζο βահամայլ, բաորդա, ζο տաօրդա, ζο մյօնլած;
 Ζο քլամայլ, տեալիւաὶ, ζο քեածուաὶ, ζο քյօտուաὶ,
 Ζο լաբալիւեաὶ, զաօծ'լաէ, ζο քեարտաէ, ζο քյոնտաէ;—
 Ար ծրազայի, ար ծրոնզայի, ար էօնշամ ար լեօշան,
 Ար լաղայի, ար լողայի, ար յոմարւած րլօյշ,
 Ար մալիւայի, ար չալրչե, ար չսիրած ηα դ-շլեօ,
 Φο չարտաէ զաէ քլասուլու սւլուր, ըրօն-ծուի,
 Φο լեազ, 'τ ծո տւլուրայ ար յոմարւած ելօնη դիոն!

Ὕπειραնημաὶ, էարզած, ծո լեյշ'քյօէ աη Բյօբլած,
 Տեալիւաէա Շելտիու, 'τ տրեյտե ηα դ-դրաօյտէ;
 Ա լայծոն 'τ ա դ-Շրեյշիր, ա դ-տէխյօնույի ծյածաւտա,
 լե քեանηմաὶ ηα Շրաէ քօլի ζο կյօմիւա.—
 Ζο զարդա, ζο շլրդէ, ζο ֆ-օլտէ, ζο լեօր,
 Ζο դհարդա, ζο դհայշտէ, ζο դհայմտէ, ζο դմօմայսլ,
 Ζο ֆ-ալտած, ζο ֆ-ιιլեած, ζο ֆιιտիր ա զ-սօմիւած,
 'Նա զ-սեածծանիայ բուլտ-մարա, լողարդա, դհօծա-
 մոյսլ,
 Ա տազայրտ ա տսլուր ար սլուրած դնածծայր!

Վար սալրայշ ա զ-սէլլ տն, ա դ-էլիյօշտ 'τ ա դ-իոն-
 տլեաւտ,
 Ա բ-քեալրայու, ա մ-բրեյտիր, ա դշնէ, 'τ ա դշնյօմ-
 արտայի;
 Այտիր ծամ քեյ դի աη լեյոյոնիայ լիօզծա,
 Ա չալրած աη տն Helen, ոս Փեյրու Նաօյր?

Her eyes, like twin stars, shone and sparkled with lustre ;
 Her tresses hung waving in many a cluster,
 And swept the long grass all around and beneath her ;
 She moved like a being who trod upon ether,
 And seemed to disdain the dominions of space—
 Such beauty and majesty, glory and grace,
 So faultless a form, and so dazzling a face,
 And ringlets so shining, so many and golden,
 Were never beheld since the storied years olden.

Alas, that this damsel, so noble and queenly,
 Who spake, and who looked, and who moved so serenely,
 Should languish in woe, that her throne should have crumbled ;

Her haughty oppressors abiding unhumbled.

O ! woe that she cannot with horsemen and swords,
 With fleets and with armies, with chieftains and lords,
 Chase forth from the isle the vile Sassenach hordes.
 Who too long in their hatred have trodden us under,
 And wasted green Eire with slaughter and plunder !

She hath studied God's Gospels, and Truth's divine pages—

The tales of the Druids, and lays of old sages ;
 She hath quaffed the pure wave of the fountain Pierian,
 And is versed in the wars of the Trojan and Tyrian ;
 So gentle, so modest, so artless and mild,
 The wisest of women, yet meek as a child ;
 She pours forth her spirit in speech undefiled ;
 But her bosom is pierced, and her soul hath been shaken,
 To see herself left so forlorn and forsaken !

“ O, maiden ! ” so spake I, “ thou best and divinest,
 Thou, who as a sun in thy loveliness shinest,
 Who art thou, and whence ?—and what land dost thou dwell in ?
 Say, art thou fair Deirdre, or canst thou be Helen ? ”

Ð' ðreagairi an bhráineadholl a ñ-dlightheibh 3an tóir,
 Na c' aitne ðuit tñre 'noir, buinne ña ð-treoir;
 Do bairg, do milleag, do cuipeag, tarl feoir,
 Le talla, le daille, le buile ña 3-cóbaic,
 Do mhalairtai 3ñre le ðuitne 3an cónighfóisair.

Ir 3airiud 3uir aonairtai 3ñ Phoenix ari ñuigint,
 Do labairt a 3éairia ña ðeis ríi do b'jò '3uir;
 Ðo bláirda, 3o béalraic, 3o héalata, 3o haoiðeantá,
 3uir b'ajmí ði Eile 3oet! céile ña Stjóbarit;
 Ñi 3treairgairinac, bhráiníac, tluibairtdeac, t'neoir,
 Ðam 3eairriad, ðam 3tead, ðam 3reimhe, ðam ðeol,*
 Ðo ð-taigairt am 3oijne le cumha, mo 3tóir!
 Do leagair, do bhráifion, a ñ-dlightheibh 'r 4 3-cóimhacata,
 Do 3realbaird ionad mo 3lojne le 3óir!

Máir caílaid ðuit Séaplin, mac Shéamhúir, a Ríogair,
 Ir 3airiud 3o ð-téairíead tarl 3treáiníuiri ad 3oij-
 deac; le 3airíad 3léir-3atáibh 3aoðalaic, ðeis-3uigomhaic,
 Ñi 3realbaird do 3léibteibh, do 3oijteibh, 'r do 3oillteibh,
 Ñi 3treairgairit 3an tluigile le 3uigheacat ña
 ð-treoir,
 'S 45 taríad ña 3hoijne ð'fúig 3uighe ran m-brión!
 Ðo 3-caitífion, 3o 3-cluigífion, le 3uigheiont ña 3lóis,
 Ñi 3-caitíracairb cumair tár 3uigle do 3eoijibh,
 Do 3abairit ari 3oijírc do 3umairi 'r do 3'riogha-
 neac.

* Since the arrival of the English, in 1169, the native Irish have suffered much for political and religious offences. They have been massacred (Leland), tortured (Leland), starved to death (Leland), burned (Castlehaven), broiled (Carte), flayed alive (Barrington), sold to slavery (Lynch), compelled to commit suicide (Borlase), and to eat human flesh (Moryson). In one century their properties were four times confiscated (Leland). They were forbidden to re-

And thus she made answer—“ What ! dost thou not see
 The nurse of the Chieftains of Eire in me—
 The heroes of Banba, the valiant and free ?
 I was great in my time, ere the Gall* became stronger
 Than the Gael, and my sceptre passed o'er to the
 Wronger !”

Thereafter she told me, with bitter lamenting,
 A story of sorrow beyond all inventing—
 Her name was Fair Eire, the Mother of true hearts,
 The daughter of Conn, and the spouse of the Stewarts.
 She had suffered all woes, had been tortured and flayed,
 Had been trodden and spoiled, been deceived and be-
 trayed ;
 But her Champion, she hoped, would soon come to her
 aid,
 And the insolent Tyrant who now was her master
 Would then be o'erwhelmed by defeat and disaster !

O, fear not, fair mourner !—thy lord and thy lover,
 Prince Charles, with his armies, will cross the seas over.
 Once more, lo ! the Spirit of Liberty rallies
 Aloft on thy mountains, and calls from thy valleys.
 Thy children will rise and will take, one and all,
 Revenge on the murderous tribes of the Gall,
 And to thee shall return each renowned castle hall ;
 And again thou shalt revel in plenty and treasure,
 And the wealth of the land shall be thine without
 measure.

ceive education at home or abroad (Irish Statutes). Their language, dress, and religion, were proscribed (*ibid.*), and their murder only punished by fine (*ibid.*) They were declared incapable of possessing any property, and, finally, compelled to pay large sums to their worst oppressors (*ibid.*)

* *Gall*, the stranger ; *Gaels*, the native Irish.

SUJRHJE PHEAΦAJR J ΦHOJRHN.

Song :—Slab Féjlm.

*Soft, and
Moderately
Slow.*

Այնչու էլոյն դա Յ-ցիան,
Դեյորի կոյրա տրալլ,

Այս այրծոր Յօ Տիան Ֆեյլմ ?
Մար դար Շիշ' հար դ-ցայշ,

Կարոյծ հա շիար,

Հա դեած այ եյշ բաօ էյօ ա դ-բայլիօյ !
Եւյծած մե ծոյտ ամ բշայժ,

Չօրանդած աղ Յա Յիայծ

Ա կու դար Յիան Յշ էլրիշիօ.

Միալերայն ծոյտ մար եյտ,
Ան տու-ալլած յար ան բած,

Ս ծեանբայն բայր ծոյտ տօ'ն բար-էրաօ-
նաշ !

PETER O'DORNNIN'S COURTSHIP.

AIR:—" *The Hill of Feilim.*"

Sliabh Feilim (the Hill of Feilim, from which this song takes its name) is the largest of a group of hills situated about two and a-half miles north-west of the parochial chapel of Kilcommon, partly in the parish of Abington, in the barony of Owney and Arra; and partly in the parish of Dolla, barony of Upper Ormond, in the county of Tipperary. It rises 1783 feet above the level of the ocean. On the top of it is a curious conical-shaped pile of stones, of the slate kind, about forty feet in height. Its first name was *Sliabh Eibhlin*, from *Eibhle*, the son of *Breogan*, one of the forty chiefs who came to be avenged for the death of *Ith*, as is recorded in the eighth verse of a poem in the *Leabhar Leacan* (Book of Leacan, col. i., fol. 288, beginning *Seacht mic Breogain*, &c. (Seven Sons of Breogan, &c.)

Within the last twenty years several urns, containing bones, were discovered by a peasant named Tierney, near a *Leaba Dhiarmuid's Ghrainne* (the bed of Diarmuid and Grainne), on the townland of Knockeravoola, parish of Upperchurch, about four miles east of this mountain.

Sliabh Feilim is now called *Mathair Sleibhe* (i. e., Mother, or Parent mountain), from the fact of its being the largest of the surrounding hills, on which also are many *Crom Leacs* now to be seen. At Ahon Mor, there is a *Crom Leac*. At Cnocshanbrittas, there are two *Crom Leacs*, and a *Giant's grave*. At Logbrack, a *Leaba Dhiarmuid's Ghrainne*. At Cnoc na Banshee, a *Crom Leac* and pillar stone. At Grainiva, a *Crom Leac*.

Maid of the golden hair!
 Will you with me repair
 To the brow of the Hill of Feilim?
 Whither we go shall know
 Neither a friend nor foe,
 Nor mortal being nor fairy—
 I'll guard and shield you there,
 I'll banish from you all care,
 O, Lily, that shine so paly
 I'll slay for you the deer,
 And for you, my love, I'll rear
 A bower of roses daily!

Ðá ð-téijjñ-ri leat rjari,
 Ðo talamj rjil m-Bijan ;
 Jf jað mjo mächtajð þejð' nij ðjajð 3o hiañta !
 Njori aibjð mjo cjal,
 Njori b-þearfæc ðam rjaij,
 Ceannhað ná ðjol do ðéanamj !
 B'olc ári n-ȝnðð ari rjlab
 Feilim, ȝan bjað.
 Mhrn a b-þaðamhaðr aðr fjað fjoðba !
 Chuijrifin a b-þacað rjaij,
 Ðo n-ȝoijrifin mjo ðjall,
 Sul a ȝ-cóññuȝjih ðað bjaðað do laetjib !

A cunjle ! 'zur a rðori !
 Ná ceijñjð 3o deð,
 An faið mäßrifior mjo mðri-léijjion ljom,
 Jf deað do cunjrifin brijð,
 'S culajt do'ñ t-þjöll,
 'S ar rðuamhað ari ȝac rónt raoð mje.
 Chuijrifin long ðuít þaoð rjeð,
 Nj'l ealaðan ðam hað eðl,
 Beazán ði ari ðoít a ðéanamj ;
 'S ná ceijñjð-ri 3o deð,
 Ðo ð-tuhtrifð oþra ðam brijð,
 Ahi mullajc rlejþ mðri Feilim !

O ȝárlajð 3o b-þuþl tú rðuamhað,
 Ahi ȝac ealaðan ðá ȝ-cuðajr,
 Jf é mearfajm-ri ȝur cluajn Mhuijñheac ! *
 Chuijrifð oþra ðá n-ȝluajrþin,
 leat do'ñ tþi úð rðar,
 A b-það ó m' cuajrð mþora.

* A Momonian trick.

Could you give me your plighted hand,
And lead me to Brian's land,

'Tis my kin that would be wailing !

For knowledge of worldly ways

I merit but slender praise—

I am always falling and failing.

Sad, should we fare on the hill

With nothing to cook or kill—

Though I never much fancied railing,

I should bitterly curse my fate

To stop there early and late

In trouble for what I was ailing.

My *Cuisle*,* my life and soul,

Give up your heart's deep dole !

For nought shall trouble or ail you—

'Tis neatly I'd make full soon

For you silk dresses and shoon,

And build you a ship to sail in.

There's not a trade in the land

But I thoroughly understand—

And I see its mystery plainly ;

So, never at all suppose

That lives like ours would close

On the brow of the Hill of Feilim !

O ! cajoler from the South,

'Tis you have the girl-winning mouth !

Momonia's arts are no fable !

Long, long, I fear, should I rue

My journey to Munster with you

Ere the honeymoon were waning

* *Cuisle*, pulse. *Cuisle mo chroidhe*, Pulse of my heart.

Mo ṭabajarit δ ṭuajjim,
 Aη ॥ baje uδ a b-ruajjim,
 Macnar ɔaη ruac, 'r aοjθnear,
 B'feajri ḍam ruireac uajt
 A η-ajce na ɔ-Cruach,
 'Ná ॥ bejτ a5 rillead δm' ruajz ḍjotjaοn !

A cunjle ! 'zur a rτori,
 Ir dejre rā δo,
 Na Helen le'ri leσhaδ aη τηέη-feeari !
 Zuri bjuhe ljom zo mōri,
 'Nuajj cjujnjim zuτ do beοl,
 Nō rejhnead δo mēοri aη τέαdajb.
 Tjuall ljom aη-τa mōδ ?
 Ná rulanɔ mē a m-briδi !
 A lhe, 'r zuτ tu brieοjδ 'r buaŋ' me !
 Zheabaji jmjjit ažur δl,
 Do noža do'η uile rōrit,
 Aη mullajc rlejb mōri Fēljm !

Tá do ɔeallamhaδ mō mōri,
 Le na ɔ-cōjimljonaδ zo deo,
 A naadajje, brieοjδ ažur buaŋ' me !
 Jmjjit ažur δl,
 Meadajji ažur rrojrt,
 Do ɔηoδ-τaιδ-ri, 'r do mōri-lēažan !
 Maŋ bjt mire mō δz,
 Ba mājτ leat me ṭabajarit,
 A b-ruad δm' mōri-ɔaοδalτajδ !
 Jmteacτ leat rān mōδ,
 Aη ájt nač ajetneōcān neac beο,
 Aη mullajc rlejb mōri Fēljm !

You would take me away from the sight
 Of the village where day and night
 They banqueted and regaled you.
 Begone, deceiver, begone !
 I'll dwell by the *Cruach's* alone,
 And not on the Hill of Feilim !

My *Cuisle*, my beaming star !
 Twice lovelier, sure, you are
 Than Helen, of old so famous.
 No music ever could reach
 The melody of your speech,
 So sweet it is and enchanting.
 O ! hear me not so unmoved !
 O ! come with me, Beloved !
 'Tis you, indeed, who have pained me !
 Your choice of every sort
 Of banqueting and sport
 You'll have on the Hill of Feilim !

Ah ! no more of your promises, cheat !
 You tell me of things too sweet,
 I know you want to betray me.
 By pleasure, and mirth, and joy,
 Ah ! though you seem but a boy,
 Your learning would soon waylay me !
 Because I am innocent and young,
 You have wheedled me with your tongue
 Afar from those who would claim me,
 To travel with you the road
 Where I'd know no soul or abode
 To the summit of the Hill of Feilim !

Ա նրանիոլ զաղ րոյսայտ,
Նար ու ալլած լե շլայտ,
Ա թալտ-եօլայր ուրի ջլան աշ էլլոցի !
Ջեաբայր ու ածայր ար տ-տնիր,
Տեյր զաղ շնորհած,
Լե զածար-էօյի շնորհ, նեյլ-նոյի.
Բյալծ տ-եաշրայծ ար լնիտ,
Լեարդ շնորհալ,
Շհում շեատայծ զած Փնիլ լաօեած ;
Լե հ-այտյօր տօն շնիր,
Լե բրարայծ շաօյի, տնիտ,
Ար տ-այրծյօր յօ տնիտէ Ֆհելիմ !

Ա շնորհ-ույալւալշ րելիյ,
Իր ու անու-ուեօնած, լելի,
Ա շանար տօ շեյմ լիոնիտա ?
Դա շ-շլույնքած աղ շլեյր,
Յօ մ-բյածոյր ա շ-շեյմ,
Տշարբայծ օ շեյլ և լաօն րոյի !
Անա տիշեած տոր ա շ-շեյմ,
Լե քաբար տօ մօրի-լելիյն,
Ջեաբայր սոյմ-ծեաշտ օն շ-շլեյր լաօնիտա ;
Բյալծ ոյրե լիոն քեյն
'Տ ոյ ուաշոյր զաղ լեյմ,
Աշ բլլեած 'ր ոյ մե 'ո աօնար շօյծէ !

Ա շնորհ լոյն տօ շլեյբ,
Նա շեյրիծ յօ հ-եաշ,
Յօ ն-նիլքած տու լեատ քեյն ած տ-աօնար !
Ջեաբայր սոյմ-ծեաշտ օն շ-շլեյր,
Բյալծ տու ա շ-շումանի լա լաօնի,
'Տ ոյ հ-եաշալ տոյտ շեյմ տնիտայն !
Անա շրեյծյօր տու տօ րշեալ,
Իր լո-շեալիր յօ մ-բեյծյօր,
'Տ տօ ուաշոյր ար լեյմ տնոյրած ;
Ար եաշրայծ շնորհ րելիյ,
Աշ երօդնիշած տօ շնորհ զածար,
Մար Փարիս ար րիան Իդա.

O ! Damsel, O , purest one !
 O ! morning star like the sun !
 No soul could mean you betrayal !
 You will know all pleasures on earth—
 We'll revel in music and mirth,
 And follow the chase unfailing !
 All over the neighbouring ground
 You will spur your palfreys round,
 The nobles on all sides hailing !
 As happy as the Blest you'll be,
 And pleasantly live with me
 For your visit to the Hill of Feilim !

O ! Cavalier, meek and brave !
 Of mind so noble and suave !
 Have you, then, no fear as a layman ?
 If here we plighted our troth,
 By the Church we should speedily both
 Be brought to the chancel's railing !
 Yet, still, if you leave me alone,
 And depart to another zone,
 Where your learning will glow so flaming,
 I cannot but weep and mourn
 For I never shall see you return
 To the pleasant high Hill of Feilim !

O ! Pulse and Life of my soul,
 Abandon your ceaseless dole,
 You'll never be left a-wailing ;
 Our priests and the saints of Heaven
 Will never behold you bereaven,
 So fear not slander or fables.
 O ! only believe my tale,
 And you, of the race of the Gael,
 Will again rise proud and famous—
 You shall gallop on bounding steeds
 Over hills and dells and meads,
 As the heroines of olden ages.

Ναέ με βειό τηλλτε γο θεό,
 Φά τ-τέλγηη λεατ γαη ηόσ,
 Φο ηεαη-έεατ ηο ηόρι-ζαοθαλταό ;
 Γαη capall, γαη βό,
 Γαη ειρδε, γαη γτοη,
 Αέδε βεαζάη βεαζ θο λόη έαθαί;
 Γαη εαηαίθ αη έόηη,
 Ήλιασιοη ηά ηόηη,
 'S τυρα βειτε αη αη ηόρ οέαθηα ;
 Ήιαση α έηιηηεόσαό αη θεό,
 Τιητφηηήθ α η-θηόη,
 Αη ηιυλλαέ γλέιθ ηόρ Φέηημ !

Α έόη γεαηζ γέηη,
 Αη ίη-έηοιδε ηέη,
 Ρυζ βάηη αη αη γαοζαλ λε οηιόηηαέτ ;
 Ιτ λεαηβαό αη φοcal βέηλ,
 Α θεαηζαλφαό ηηη α ηαη,
 Ναέ β-φαζφαιδε γο ή-έαζ αη γαοιλεαό :
 Νήιλ αοη ηεαέ φαοι 'η η-ζηέηη,
 Ναέ β-φαζαό τηη αη έαθαη,
 Μόη-έηιθ θά ηέηηη γαηηοθέα ;
 Αηθηεαγ οηη θά η-θηόηεαό,
 Γο θ-τιοεφαό αη τ-έαζ,
 Φιαρζαιτ οθ' ηέηηη ηή β-φαζαό τηη !

But, woe is me ! if I leave
My kindred at home to grieve
 'Tis bitterly they will blame me !
O ! what a fate will be mine,
Without gold, or gear, or kine,
 Or a single friend to stay me !
And you, too, night and morn,
Would meet but Poverty and Scorn.

 When it came on dark and rainy
Oh ! where should we find a friend—
Our sorrows would never end
 On the brow of the Hill of Feilim !

Mild maid of the slender Waist—
Chaste girl of Truth and Taste,
 Excelling all other maidens,
What a few sweet Words of Life
Would make us man and wife,
 With happiness never waning !
I gaze on your lovely brow,
And from Eve's bright day till now
 The soul shines out in the features.
O ! only take me as yours,
And as long as Life endures
 My Love, it is you shall sway me !

MOJRN NJ CHUILLIONNAIJN.*

Tá r̄gamjal duib 'r ceoð d̄raoist̄eac̄t,
 Ná t̄d̄fuijzeař ȝo b̄muññ' aŋ b̄rát'!
 Aŋi ſeanaññ ſaijriñz, ſ̄d̄-cl̄oññ!
 O ſeořl CRJOSΦ aŋ fujiuññ r̄májł :—
 Tap̄ r̄learařb̄ m̄ařa 43 t̄d̄fuijzeac̄t,
 Le ſleð-cl̄oññiñ do ēuři aři r̄ážan̄!
 Aŋi n̄-d̄ražajn m̄eanař, m̄or̄-b̄uijdean̄,
 O M̄hóřijñ Nj Chuilljonnájñ!

D̄earžař aŋ peacař, r̄a-rijoř!
 Do ſeořl r̄jññ ſaoř ſl̄ižt̄iřb̄ n̄áñjař ;
 Žan̄ ſlat̄ař Aŋiř 43 ſoř Žaojdeal ;
 Žan̄ ſeoř ſujiññ, Žan̄ c̄loř, Žan̄ ájro!—
 'S Žač báčlač b̄racac̄, beðl-þuijde,
 Do'ñ c̄oř c̄rijoř do ſujiř tap̄ r̄ájł,
 A Ž-ceaňnar ſlařt̄, 'r a Ž-c̄ořt̄ižeac̄,
 Le M̄hóřijñ Nj Chuilljonnájñ!

Do ſeařicar neac̄ aři cl̄o 'n̄ aojl,
 Do ſo-řiňñ ſ neam̄ aŋ ſájł ;
 'S ſ'ajt̄liř ſam̄ ȝo beðl-þiňñ,
 Žan̄ ſo-řiňll ȝo ſ-tuřt̄iř ſl̄ájž :—
 Aŋi Amsterdam na ſeoř ſl̄iř,
 Aŋi Šheoř Štiall † 'r aři P̄hjl̄b Šájll,
 'S n̄ář ſ-řařa ceařt na ſeóřiřiđe,
 Aŋi M̄hóřijñ Nj Chuilljonnájñ !

* I copied this song from a MS. of 1732, now in the possession of Sir William Betham.

† Šeon Štiall (John Steele), Pilib Šaill (Philip Sall), two obnoxious characters.

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONNAIN.

A gloomsome cloud of trouble,
 A strange, dark, Druidic mist,
 Lowers o'er Fāil * the noble,
 And will while Earth and Time exist.
 Across the heaving billows
 Came slaughter in the wake of Man—
 Then bent our Chiefs like willows,
 And fled Moirin Ni Chuillionnain !

Alas ! our sad transgressions
 First brought us under Saxon sway,
 The power and the possessions
 Of Eire are the Guelphs' to-day.
 The churls who crossed the surges
 Six ages back, and overran
 Our isle, are still the scourges
 Of mild Moirin Ni Chuillionnain !

I saw, in sleep, an Angel
 Who came, downward, from the moon,
 And told me that some strange ill
 Would overtake the Dutchman soon.
 On Amsterdam's dammed city
 On Steele and Sall their lies a ban ;
 'Tis God, not George, can pity
 Our poor Moirin Ni Chuillionnain !

* *Innisfail*, one of the names of Ireland—*the Isle of Destiny*.

ԱՅՏԻՆԾ ԾՈՆՉԱԲԻԱՐ ԱՅ ԲՅՈՐԳՎԱՅՆ.

Fonj :— Աղ Տպալածոյր.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of five staves of music. The music is in G major (indicated by a single sharp sign in the key signature) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked as "Moderately Slow." The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. Each measure contains a variety of notes, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The music is annotated with several dynamic markings, such as greater than signs (>) and less than signs (<), which likely indicate performance techniques like dynamic changes or specific fingerings. Slurs are also present to group notes together. The notes are written in black ink on a light-colored background.

Τηάτ' τηέμηρε ταιρδιολαρ,
Αλη τήμερολλαյβ ταοζαιλ;
Ο Ράτ λοιπο* τηέ ζαέ αέαηαη,
Ζο λαοι-τηηιητή α η-έιρζ;
Ζο τ-τάηιλαιδ α η-ζαοηταδ ζιεαηηα ζιαιρ,
Να β-ρεαδβα ηέιδ ηάη ζηαραιζτε,
Βα ζηεάζταδ ηζέηη ζά β-ρεαααδ-ρα,
Φε ζοιλτιβ ηα ζ-ζηαοβ!

* *Rath Loirc*, Charleville.

CONOR O'RIORDAN'S VISION.

AIR:—"The Mower."

CONOR O'RIORDAN, author of this song, was a native of West Muskerry (Muscraighe), in the county of Cork, and flourished A. D. 1760. He followed the occupation of parish schoolmaster in his native district, whence he obtained the appellation of "*Conchubhar Maister*" (Conor Master), by which he is better known at this day, and from which many of his compositions, current among the peasantry of Cork, take their name. He had a son named Peter, who "lisped in numbers," but not with that inspiration which fired the father's poetic muse. He followed the profession of his father, and went by the name of *Peadair Maister* (Peter Master), but we cannot tell when, or where, either of the Riordans closed his earthly career.

The present song is adapted to the air of a pleasing pastoral love ballad of great beauty, very popular in the south, of which the following is the first stanza:—

"Ata paircin bheag agamsa,
Do bhan, mhin, reigh ;
Gan cladha, gan fal, gan falla lei,
Achd a h-aghaidh ar an saoghal ;
Spealadoir do ghlaefainn-si,
Ar task no d'reir an acradh,
Be aco sud do b'fearr leis,
No padh an aghadh an lae."

"A little field I have got,
Of smooth meadowy lea ;
Without a hedge, a wall, or fence,
But exposed to the breeze ;
A mower I would hire on task,
Or by the acre, if it pleased him best,
Or if either would suit him not,
I'd pay him by the day."

Once I strayed from Charleville,
As careless as could be ;
I wandered over plain and hill,
Until I reached the Lee—
And there I found a flowery dell
Of a beauty rare to tell,
With woods around as rich in swell
As eye shall ever see.

† *Laoi-Shruith.* The river Lee.

Íájli ari ȝéaȝajb cantañhað,
 Ba býñi, myocaiji, réj;

Breáȝtacét rȝéjim, 'r datanhað,
 Ahi ȝacé myon-alt de'ñ ȝéan;

Luéti pájre, pýñne, 'r peanñhaide,
 ȝeaññtað cneacét, 'r ȝalapaiȝ;

A ȝ-cáy zo d-tíȝeað ari deañ'mad,
 le h-aojþear ȝa ȝ-éan.

Do tárilað taomj dá ðeafȝað ðam,
 le'ñ rýneac ȝo ȝaoñ !

Jr ȝeañri ȝuri éirizid aijlñz ðam,
 le'ñ býoȝur tari éj,

Thájñjð ȝealtan ȝhalla-ȝoijz,
 Ba cáblað, cnaobac, carða-ȝoijt;

'S pájde caoð ȝa h-ajce 'cj,
 Do myeallfað an ȝaoȝal !

Jr ȝnáðihað, réjim, do ȝeaññhað ðam,
 Ahi cnuññ-ȝjollað caoð !

'S a láti ȝuri léjȝ ari aijmajb,
 Ahi ȝijñ-ȝoijȝ ȝéan !

Do ȝájð an být ȝo carðanñhað,
 Curi deañhað ȝae ȝa ȝeal'ȝajb ;

ȝnájñ mo cléjþ a ðańtaþre,
 Ahi do ȝajȝeaðað, ȝá ȝeijñ ?

A ȝnáð, a laoȝ, 'r a cárriajð cnuññhað,
 ȝjóȝraij mo cléjþ !

Ná ȝáȝ me ȝ-éaȝmajr t-ajñjme,
 le h-ȝnýrjnt tari h-éj !

Ðájȝð ȝejre 'r Baȝba,
 Clájñ lojjic ȝebeaj ȝaijñjð,
 Cé 'tájñre d-éj ȝa b-ȝeaññhað-ȝon,
 ȝan cnuññhað ! ȝan céjll !

Wild birds warbled in their bower
 Songs passing soft and sweet ;
 And brilliant hues adorned each flower
 That bloomed beneath my feet.
 All sickness, feebleness, and pain,
 The wounded heart and tortured brain
 Would vanish, ne'er to come again,
 In that serene retreat !

Lying in my lonely lair,
 In sleep medreamt I saw
 A damsel wonderfully fair,
 Whose beauty waked my awe.
 Her eyes were lustrous to behold,
 Her tresses shone like flowing gold.
 And nigh her stood that urchin bold—
 Young Love, who gives Earth law !

The Boy drew near me, smiled and laughed,
 And from his quiver drew
 A delicately pointed shaft
 Whose mission I well knew ;
 But that bright maiden raised her hand,
 And in a tone of high command
 Exclaimed, “Forbear ! put up your brand,
 He hath not come to woo !”

“Damsel of the queenly brow,”
 I spake, “my life, my love,
 What name, I pray thee, bearest thou
 Here or in Heaven above ?”
 —“Banba and Eire am I called,
 And Heber’s kingdom, now enthralled,
 I mourn my heroes fetter-galled,
 While all alone I rove !”

Ir zealri ȝuri éiligið rean'car,
 Ð'ári ȝ-coinntiññ a naon;
 ȝi cárati tnead na manna ruilt,
 Ðá ñ-djós' ar an raojal,*
 Þan tráct ar rȝéal, ná eacþrað,
 ȝeo clára raoðajn 'r rpealanað,
 Bántha nérð 'ȝur acaðajn,
 'S Inñeacð réjri!

Tá 'ȝam rȝéal le h-ajtþur,
 'S inñeim dujt é;
 ȝuri zealri ȝo nérðfead aŋ t-Ætajn-ȝhac,
 Ðe ȝeinileacajb ȝaoðajl;
 Tá ȝárdra laoð rá aþmajb,
 ȝo dána aȝ tðeacþ tari raijze,
 Ní ȝáð ðíb tðeamhað ar talaþmajb,
 'S ná coinntiñð bñi léj?

Bejð lá tari éir ȝo h-ajtþeac
 ȝi dæoñjib na ȝ-claon!
 ȝuracþ, léjteacþ, crajpiðtæacþ,
 'S crajneacþ a tðeacþ!
 ȝi bár mæi céjle leapðað 'ca,
 'S ar ȝrána ȝnë aŋ peacæð oñra;
 A láðajr Ðé ȝac aŋ'þearf,
 Ðá ñ-ȝnþomhaðajb le léaðað!

Táim crajðte aȝ bðaþlað Saȝrañnað,
 San tñi ar ȝac taoð!
 'S tájð na ȝaoðeij cóni ȝanȝajðeac,
 'S a ñ-ínñtjñ ir claoñ!
 Lán do tñeljstib mallajȝte,
 Þan tðabacþ a ñ-déjjic, ná ȝ-capðanhað,
 'S ȝrára Ðé ȝo ñ-deaþmajo,
 le ðíozraijr do'ñ t-raoðal!

* Here the poet laments the persecutions suffered by his brethren of the bardic profession at this period; because of the exposure which they made of the delinquencies of state officials and men in authority,

Together then in that sweet place
 In saddest mood we spoke,
 Lamenting much the valiant race
 Who wear the exile's yoke,
 And never hear aught glad or blithe,
 Nought but the sound of spade and scythe ;
 And see nought but the willow wither,
 Or gloomy grove of oak.

“ But hear ! I have a tale to tell,”
 She said—“ a cheering tale ;
 The Lord of Heaven, I know full well,
 Will soon set free the Gael.
 A band of warriors, great and brave,
 Are coming o'er the ocean-wave ;
 And you shall hold the lands GOD gave
 Your sires, both hill and vale.

“ A woeful day, a dismal fate,
 Will overtake your foes,
 Grey hairs, the curses of deep hate,
 And sickness and all woes !
 Death will bestride them in the night—
 Their every hope shall meet with blight,
 And GOD will put to utter flight
 Their long-enjoyed repose !

“ My curse be on the Saxon tongue,
 And on the Saxon race !
 Those foreign churls are proud and strong,
 And venomous and base.
 Absorbed in greed, and love of self,
 They scorn the poor :—slaves of the Guelph,
 They have no soul except for pelf.
 God give them sore disgrace ! ”

they were looked upon as the greatest evil the supreme power had to contend with.

AÑ CHUJL-FHJONN.

Fonn :—Añ Chujl-Fhjonn.

Moderately Slow.

Ul b-facað tú añ Chujl-fhjonn 'r í aʒ rjúðal ari ña
bðjstþe,
Wajðjon ȝeal ðrjúðta 'r ȝan rjumút ari a břodža;
Ír 10mða ðzáñac rúl-ȝlar aʒ tñúð le í þóðrað,
Ulðt ñj b-faðað rjat mo rñuñ-ra ari añ ȝ-cúntar n
ðójt leð.

Ul b-facað tú mo bábáñ, lá bñeáž 'r í ña h-aonan,
Ul cùl dualac, ðrjúr-leáñac, zo rjñneán rjor léjte;
Wíl ari añ óíz-bean, 'r nñðr bñeáž ña h-éaðan,
'S ar ðójt le ȝac rþrjorðan ȝuri leanán lejz félj í!

Ul b-facað tú mo rþejjibean 'r í taoð lejz añ tojñi,
Fájññjðe óíl ari a mëaðajb 'r í nñðtjoc a cññi;
Ír é ðúðajit añ Paonac býð 'na mhaorí ari añ lojñi,
Zo m'fearri lejz aíze félj í, 'ñá ejjre ȝan nñjñi!

THE CUILFHION.

THE Coolun, or *Cul fionn*, literally means *The maiden of the fair flowing locks*. In Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i. p. 251, will be found another version of this song in six stanzas, with a translation by Thomas Furlong, the original of which has been attributed to Maurice O'Dugan (*Muiris Ua Duagain*), an Irish bard who lived near Benburb, in the county of Tyrone, about the middle of the seventeenth century, but is probably of much greater antiquity.

The air of this song is by many esteemed the finest in the whole circle of Irish music, and to it Moore has adapted his beautiful melody "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see."

The three stanzas here given are all that we have been able to procure, after a diligent search in Munster, where our version is in the hands of every peasant who has any pretensions to being a good songster.

Have you e'er seen the Cuilfhion when daylight's declining,
 With sweet fairy features, and shoes brightly shining?
 Though many's the youth her blue eyes have left
 pining,
 She slighteth them, for all their soft sighing and whining.

Have you e'er on a summer's day, wandering over
 The hills, O, young man, met my beautiful lover?
 Sun-bright is the neck that her golden locks cover—
 Yet each paltry creature thinks *she* is his lover!

Have you e'er seen my Fair, on the strand, in her
 bower,
 With gold-ringed hands, culling flower after flower?
 O! nobly he said it, brave Admiral Power,
 That her hand was worth more than all Eire for dower.

MOJRJN NJ CHUILLIONNAIJN.

Tomárt meic Coitír, cct.

Cja h-í aŋ ɓean ! nō aŋ eol díb,
 Do ɻeolajðeað aŋoř aŋ lámj ?
 Thřz ciall ɳa b-ɻeapí aŋi mōř-ɓaoř,
 Ba dōřz lñhñ ɳac t̄iocfajt ɻlán :—
 Ʌlaň-ɓiað 'zur ɻeapí ɳa n-ðz ī,
 'S ɻtōř-cpojðe ɬac n-ðuiñe aŋ báb,
 Ʌeal-ȝljan ɳa m-baŋ aŋi ló ī,
 Mōřijñ Nj Chuillionñájñ !

'Tá " Ʌlaðajne Cata" * aŋi deðrajðeaðt,
 Saŋ Eðrujþ ɻá ɻomajpc cájch :
 Do'n ȝljan-ȝujl Albaŋ mōř-rijož,
 'Zur ɻóř, ní b-ȝujl ȝujl ɻ ɻeapí ;—
 Saŋ m-blhaðajn ne ɻear ɳac dōřt lñhñ,
 Le ɻóřrajðiň ȝo h-Jnñr-Ʌál ;
 Bejð' n̄ t̄iðat-ri ɻeac̄t aȝ tðiñȝeaðt,
 Aŋi Mōřijñ Nj Chuillionñájñ !

Bejð' n̄ R̄ioȝ-ȝlajt aȝuiñe ɻóřda,
 Ʌan mōř-mořl ɻ n-Jnñr-Ʌál ;
 'S cl̄apí aȝ ɻeac̄t o'n R̄ořm lejř,
 A ȝ-cóři ȝuiðe eij̄on ɻejt ɻlán :—
 Ðeáñfað áct aŋ mōř-ȝljan,
 Aȝ tðiñȝeaðo aŋi c̄iŋð ɳa mñá ;
 'S ní ɻařifajð aȝt t̄iř c' nōřñjðe,* .
 Le Mōřijñ Nj Chuillionñájñ !

* *Tri Coroinnidhe.* *Three Crowns*, i. e., of Ireland, England, and Scotland.

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONNAIN.

BY THOMAS COTTER.

But who is she, the maiden,
Who crossed my path but even now ?
She leaves men sorrow-laden,
With saddest heart and darkest brow.
O ! who she is I'll tell you soon—
The pride of every Irishman—
Our heart, our soul, our sun, our moon—
Is she—Moirin Ni Chuillionnain.

A great and glorious warrior
Is now struggling fierce in fight—
And yet will burst the barrier
That severs Ireland from the light !
He will combine each scattered host—
He will unite each creed and clan—
Ah, yes ! we have a Queen to boast,
In our Moirin Ni Chuillionnain !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! I see him come—
He comes to rescue Inisfail—
And many myriad priests from Rome
Will aid him—for, he cannot fail !
Search hamlets, villages, and towns,
Tempt all the best or worst you can,
But, ere twelve moons go by, Three Crowns
Will deck Moirin Ni Chuillionnain !

AÑ BEJNSJN LUACHRAFH.

Fonn:—Bejnřjn Luac̄hnað.

Moderately
Slow.

Lá dá naðar zo h-uaigheac,
 Až dul r̄uat zo Con̄tae aŋ Chlájn ;*
 Mo žadájnjn beaž zo h-uaigheac
 Až ual-puñit, 'r mo žun aŋ lájm ;
 Cja carfajðe ořim ačt r̄tuajð-bean,
 Na žmuaiže r̄inne, žile, bneáža ;
 'S aððar bejnřjn aice buajnte,
 Ðe'ñ luac̄hni ba žlajre o'řár.

* See note, page 130.

THE LITTLE BENCH OF RUSHES.

THIS song will be found at p. 334, vol. 1, of Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," where it is left untranslated. The meaning of the word "*Beinsin*" (little Bench) is mistaken by some of our most eminent writers, who suppose it to mean a *Bunch*. In the days of our boyhood it was a general custom with the peasantry to go on midsummer's eve to the next bog, and cut a *beart luachra* (a bundle of rushes), which would be as much as a stout lad could carry home on his back; and this they strewed on benches of stones made for the purpose outside their cottages, where the youth of the neighbourhood spent the evening in their usual pastimes. The custom generally prevailed in our own day, but probably has now died away. The heroine of this song must have been on an excursion of this kind, in "milk-white Clare," and from the simplicity of the language, it appears to be the composition of an early period.

Monsieur Boullaye Le Gouz, who travelled through Ireland in the middle of the seventeenth century, tells us that "Les Irlandois ornent leur chambres de iong, dont ils font leur lits en été, et de paille en hiver, ils mettent un pied de iong autour de leur chambres, et sur leur fenestres, et plusieurs d'entr'eux ornent leur planchers de rameaux.—" *Les Voyages et Observations du Sieur Boullaye Le Gouz.* 4to. A Paris, 1657. 476.

One day I journeyed lonely
 Along the road to milk-white Clare,
 My dog beside me only,
 My gun in hand, and free from care ;
 When, lo ! I met a maiden
 Of bright and golden shining hair—
 With greenest rushes laden,
 To make a bench—this fairest fair !

U éajlín bíg na lúacraí,
 An léigfeád do bhearrt aip láir;
 No a d-tiocfád lhom aip uaijmor,
 Faoi bhrúac na coille i'z glairé bláth;
 Saigilte ní b-faighaird ríéal aip,
 Ná aon neacá dá b-fuirl le fáighairl;
 So d-tiocfád cairt do 'n céillreacá,
 'S Faolán-deilge do 'n lón-dub bheácha!

U éajlín bíg na lúacraí,
 Slac rúajmhor 'r fán zo néjó
 Ní cál duít a bheirt uaijheacá,
 An uaijheacá 'r tú leat féin!
 Má ríajp mé do éiud lúacraí,
 Ír dual zo b-fuirl cuid taip h-éir,
 Baighfiod beinre mórduít,
 Á'f ualaí mair túille léir.

The County of Clare is proverbial for its bad buttermilk ; as may be seen by the following quatrain illustrative of the peculiarities of four southern counties, from which our poet gave it the appellation of "milk-white Clare."

*Conntae an Chláir na blathraighe breine
 Conntae Chiarráidhe ag fiafraighe a cheile
 Conntae Chorcaighe is gortaighe n-Eire
 'S Conntae Luimne ag pioca na deise.*

The County of Clare, of the stale buttermilk ;
 The County of Kerry, of brotherly love ;
 The County of Cork, the hungriest in the land ;
 And the County of Limerick, gleaners of the corn-fields.

“ O girl of greenest rushes,
 This burden suits you not too well—
 I fain would spare your blushes,
 But come with me to yonder dell :
 The priests will never know it,
 Until the songful, soulful thrush
 Speak Gaelic as a poet,
 The blackbird from the greenwood bush.

“ My darling girl, my own dear,
 Don’t pout, but lay your rushes by,
 You know you are here alone, dear,
 And have no friend to help you nigh.
 I’ve tossed your rushes rather,
 But more remain uncut behind—
 And I’ll hie off, and gather
 For you a larger bench, you’ll find.”

With respect to Cork—we find the following stanza in reference to the town of Bantry, in Angus O’Daly’s Satires.

*Tri h-adhbhair far sheachain me,
 Duithche Bheanntraighe’s Bheara ;
 Croinmhil bhoga gan bhlas,
 Cuibhreun fada ‘gus anglais.*

Three reasons there were why I lately withdrew
 In a hurry from Bantry,
 Its want of a pantry
 Was one ; and the dirt of its people was two.
 Good Heavens ! how they daub and bespatter
 Their duds ! I forgot the third reason. No matter.

CAJTLJN NJ UALLAUCHAUN.

William Dall Ua h-eamháin, cct.

Fonn :—Cajtljn Nj Uallacáin.

Moderate Time.

p

Dim.

Cres.

Measamaois, nac calm in, do 'n brajlit ran Sbáin,
 Aéid mealla ríjé, cum caita cloidh, do tabairt a
 d-riáit;
 Beidh Salla a nír, dá leagad ríor, le lúit ari láimh,
 Uírr nac an Rí, ag Cajtljn Nj Uallacáin!

CAITILIN NI UALLACHAIN.

BY WILLIAM HEFFERNAN (THE BLIND).

SEVERAL imperfect versions of this song are already before the public, and were we not anxious to preserve the best copy, we might pass it over in silence. *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* (Catharine Holahan) is another of those allegorical names by which Ireland is known in Irish song; and for an account of the author, *Uilliam Dall O'Hearnain* (William Heffernan, the Blind), we have only to refer our readers to p. 92 of our "Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry." With respect to the prefix "Ni," used before surnames in the feminine gender, we may quote the following extract from Conor Mac Sweeny's "Songs of the Irish," No. VI., where he says, "It is proper here to warn Irish ladies that they commit a blunder in writing their names with *O* or *Mac*, instead of *Ni*. They should bear in mind that O'Neill, Mac Carthy, O'Loghlen, O'Connell, are not surnames like the English Baggs, Daggs, Scraggs, Hog, Drake, Duck, Moneypenny, &c., but simply mean *Son of Niall*, *Son of Connell*, *Son of Loughlin*, &c., as the Jews say, Son of Judah, Son of Joseph, &c., and that a lady who writes *O* or *Mac* to her name calls herself son, instead of daughter. What should we say of a Hebrew lady who should write herself 'Esther *Son of Judah*?' and yet we do not notice the absurdity in ourselves. I therefore advise every Irish lady to substitute *Ni*, pronounced *Nee*, for *O* or *Mac*. Julia Ni Connell, Catharine Ni Donnell, Ellen Ni Neill, will at first sound strange, but they are not a whit less euphonious than the others, and use will make them agreeable. In Irish we never use *O* or *Mac* with a woman's name, and why must it be done in English?"

Fully coinciding in these observations of our esteemed friend Mr. Mac Sweeny, we adopt the prefix "Ni," in preference to the *O* in surnames of the feminine gender, throughout this book.

In vain, in vain we turn to Spain—she heeds us not.
Yet may we still, by strength of will, amend our lot.
O, yes! our foe shall yet lie low—our swords are
drawn!

For her, our Queen, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain*!

Seallumj díb, nac fada a nír, suni buadairta an
 3ájpi,
 Ar aum faoibhí, dá 3-ceapad linn, 'r fradair
 láimhais;
 Ir tapa cíuinn do píneabhramaoir, 'r ait buacaé, áit,
 Dá m-beit mac an Rí, a 3-Caitilín Ní Uallacláin !

Ir fada rinn, a 3-fainne aír, le fuaigíjal d'fájjal,
 Ná rítalairíde, gan balcairíde, 'ná luat 'ná láimh;
 Beijo bairca líonta aji bairia taoide, 'r fuaigm aji
 ráj,
 Le mac an Rí, cím Caitilín Ní Uallacláin !

Ná mearatdaoir, 3ri cajle cíor, áit rítrajne ríráid,
 Ná cajllíeán, 'na 3-cíapadraoir, a cuaille-beag cháimha;
 Cia fada lúigé ói, le feairíajb cónimhtheac, gan ríuairí-
 near d'fájjal,
 Utá ráit mac an Rí, a 3-Caitilín Ní Uallacláin !

Ir fada a dílaoide, carda cíoráta, 'r a ríuab-folt
 báin,
 'S a deapca ní, a 3-aimaire 3aojdeal, coit cuanta
 bheáj;
 Ir bláirda bín, do cíanan rí, suni buan bhor páirt,
 Díli mac an Rí, 'suní Caitilín Ní Uallacláin !

Ná mearatdaoir, na rípínealairíde, suni buan áit
 b-páir,
 'S suní 3earpi a bíd, na 3lára a ríaojle, 'nuaipi ir
 círaíj an cár;
 Ói n-deáiríadha Ója, noimh pobul *Israel*, de'n mór-
 níuip tráj,
 'S 3o b-fóirnead ait Rí oírt, a Chaitilín Ní Ualla-
 cláin !

Yield not to fear ! The time is near—with sword
in hand
We soon shall chase the Saxon race far from our
land.
What glory then to stand as men on field and bawn,
And see all sheen our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

How tossed, how lost, with all hopes crossed, we long
have been !
Our gold is gone ; gear have we none, as all have
seen.
But ships shall brave the Ocean's wave, and morn
shall dawn
On Eire green, on *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

Let none believe this lovely Eve outworn or old—
Fair is her form ; her blood is warm, her heart is
bold.
Though strangers long have wrought her wrong, she
will not fawn—
Will not prove mean, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

Her stately air, her flowing hair—her eyes that far
Pierce through the gloom of Banba's doom, each like
a star ;
Her songful voice that makes rejoice hearts Grief
hath gnawn,
Prove her our Queen, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

We will not bear the chains we wear, not bear them
long.
We seem bereaven, but mighty Heaven will make us
strong.
The God who led through Ocean Red all Israel on
Will aid our Queen, our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

21. ॥
A 21. ॥
Huijje dílj! a éapad éaoj-jujz, zaé uajr hár
b-pájjit,
Ajal Jora! ari ron na h-Óaojdeal-bojct, ir cnuajz
an cár!
Luét an jrbjlit, do éupi ari díbjlit, ári rtuajje mná,
'S a céle xji-ceaít, do teacét tajr taojde, zaé
buajjít na dál!

Ceanzal.

Τά γηέ ζλαη αἱρ *Phoebus*, ἢ λοηημαστὸς τρίσο,
Τά αη παε 'ζυρ ηα πέαλτα α ζ-εύηρα επιμηη;
Τά ηα ρρέαπτα ρά τζέιη-ζλαη, ζαη τημήτ, ζαη
τέηιηηολ,
Ροιη Ρέξ σεαριτ ηα φέηηηε, ἢ α τημύρ ταηι τοηη.

Tá ápi 3-cléinne a 3-caomh-3uist, a rúil le Cniorcht,
'S ari n-éigri 3o néimheac, 'r a 3-cúimha dul d'job:
3aoðaile bocht Inniñ Eilze, 3o rúzac, rjoðac,
Róin Shéamhur * inic Seamus, 'r an Óliuic tap
toinnt.

* In the first stanza, the poet alludes to the regal honors paid James Francis Stuart, at Madrid, in 1719, when Cardinal Alberoni and the Duke of Ormond planned the expedition to Scotland in his favour. He committed a fatal mistake in not making a descent upon Ireland where the old Irish and northern Presbyterians were most anxious to have "The auld Stuarts back again."

O, Virgin pure ! our true and sure defence thou art !
 Pray thou thy Son to help us on in hand and heart !
 Our Prince, our Light, shall banish night—then
 beameth Dawn—

Then shall be seen our *Caitilin Ni Uallachain* !

SUMMING-UP.*

Phœbus shines brightly with his rays so pure,
 The moon and stars their courses run ;
 The firmament is not darkened by clouds or mist,
 As our true king with his troops over the ocean comes.

Our priests are as one man imploring Christ,
 Our bards are songful, and their gloom dispelled ;
 The poor Gael of Inis-Eilge in calm now rest
 Before James,† the son of James, and the Duke‡
 who over ocean comes.

Had he accomplished his design of sending the Duke of Ormond and General Dillon to Ireland, the Irish government could not have sent the troops to the Duke of Argyle, which dispersed the Scotch Jacobites in 1716. *Hooke. Stuart Papers.*

* We have given a literal translation of these two stanzas, as Mr. Mangan omitted to versify them.

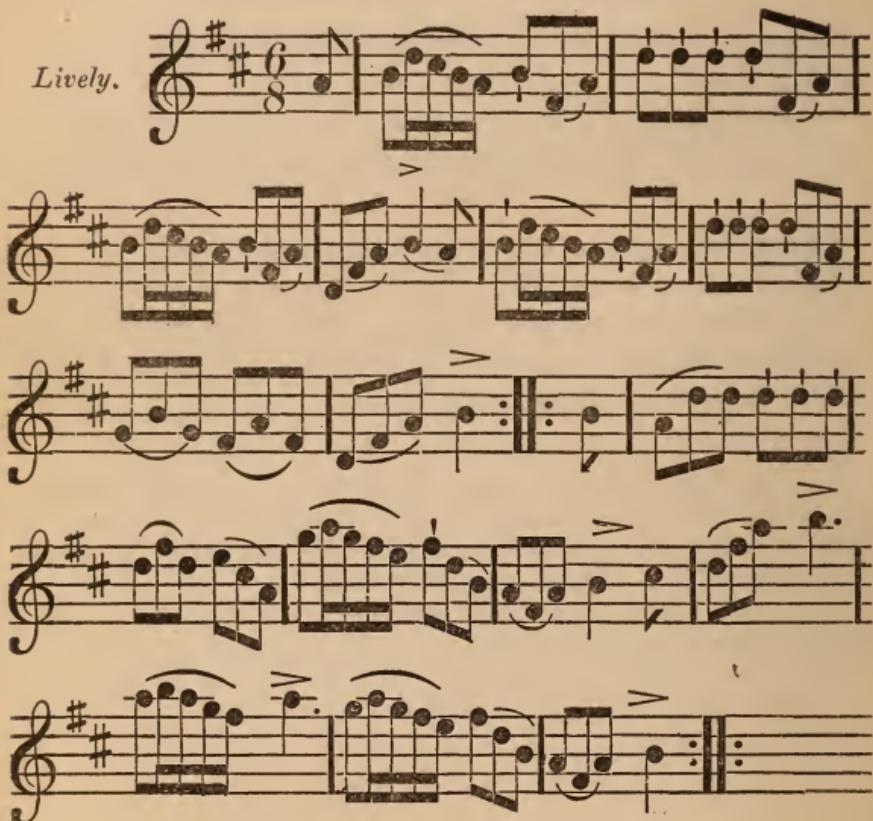
† The Chevalier de St. George.

‡ James, second Duke of Ormond.

Failtiuadh Ríjh Seanuis.

William Dall, cct.

THE HUMOURS OF GLYN.



Ul Phádraig na h-árraigh ! a 3-cluigh' tú na 3áiríte,
 Ul 3-cluighí an plé-ráca,* an ríomhaid, 'r an 3leo ?
 An é ualair mair táchiodh zo cónaí Ullaidh an 3áirda,
 Thurot na 3láinte le h-iomhaicid 3dóir !

* *Ple Raca* means a row, such as would occur in a country shebeen house. It is derived from *ple*, contention, and *raca*, an

A WELCOME FOR KING CHARLES.

BY WILLIAM HEFFERNAN (THE BLIND).

AIR:—" *Humours of Glynn.*"

THIS air is very popular in the town and vicinity of Clonmel. The Glynn, from which it takes its name, is a small romantic country village, situated at either side of the Suir, midway between the towns of Carrick and Clonmel.

Having, from our infancy, heard this air traditionally ascribed by the peasantry of the district, to a celebrated piper named Power, a native of the locality, we, some time ago, wrote to John R. O'Mahony, Esq., of Mullough, for information on the subject, and the following extract from his letter will probably satisfy our readers.

" Glynn," says Mr. O'Mahony, " was more than a century ago the residence of a branch of the Powers, to which family it still belongs. One of them, Pierse Power, called *Mac an Bharuin* (the Baron's Son, for his father was the ' *Barun*,' or Baron, of an annual fair held here), was celebrated as a poet and musician; and there is a tradition among his descendants, that he was the author of the popular air of ' The Humours of Glynn. ' "

O Patrick, my friend, have you heard the commotion,
 The clangor, the shouting, so lately gone forth?
 The troops have come over the blue-billowed ocean,
 And Thurot commands in the camp of the North.

epithet by which a country public house is known among the natives.

† Commander Thurot (whose real name was O'Farrell) and Colonel

Þneab! býð að Ȑearfum! Ȑlac meaŋ'umhað 'r býða
'nojr?

Þriðorlæs ña Ȑeabjæs-ri að t-ajce Ȑum Ȑpójrit,
Bejðeas Þriðorlæs tā Ȑéjde le clojðeaij a m-bejðeas
þaobari aji,
'S Ȑiacam a Ȑ-éjñfeac̄t þaoj Ȑliatajb ári leóðaj.

Ejrdiz a Ȑáorðajl-þojet 'tā cniájðte 'ze mélpljz,

Ȑlacajz býri ð-þréan-ajri Ȑairze 'n-býri Ȑ-dójð,
Bjoc Hurrah zo Ȑúzac! ahojr o tā 'n Ȑriþonhrá

'S a Ȑáriðajz zo Ȑúbaltarð 43 tariðajt 'n-býri
3-cójri?

Hurroo Ȑan Ȑoðmað! bjoc Ȑeoð ari an m-bórit
45ajb,

Swiðjðe zo Ȑoðmað le Ȑoðlýðoð ceoð?
Tā 'n bájre 43 ári Ȑuihtrí, 'r an lá 'co ari an
háthajte,
'S zo Ȑliátt bejð ári Ȑaojte 43 Ȑuihtr 'r 43 ól.

Atá 'n Rúta* Ȑa lájðri mág Ȑiði Ȑac a nájðtean,
An Ȑn Ȑnobaði Ȑeanh-árið 'r a Ȑuijme Ȑan Ȑriði;
Seoijre zo lán-laz—'r Cumberland cniájðte,
Pitt ari Ȑa Pharliament caiðe aji a tójñ!

Cavenac landed with 700 French troops near Carrickfergus in 1760, according to the old song—

“ The twenty-first of February, as I've heard the people say,
Three French ships of war came and anchored in our bay;
They hoisted English colours, and they landed at Kilroot,
And marched their men for Carrick, without further dispute.”

They immediately took possession of the town, and remained in it for five days, after which they sailed away, having obtained the supplies of provisions and water, for which they had landed.

On the 28th the French vessels were attacked and captured, off the Isle of Man, by three English frigates, commanded by Captain Elliot.

Up, up, to your post!—one of glory and danger—

Our legions must now neither falter nor fail :
We'll chase from the island the hosts of the Stranger,
Led on by the conquering Prince of the Gael !

And you, my poor countrymen, trampled for ages,
Grasp each of you now his sharp sword in his hand !

The war that Prince Charlie so valiantly wages
Is one that will shatter the chains of our land.
Hurrah for our Leader ! Hurrah for Prince Charlie !

Give praise to his efforts with music and song ;
Our nobles will now, in the juice of the barley,
Carouse to his victories all the day long !

Rothe marshals his brave-hearted forces to waken
The soul of the nation to combat and dare,
While Georgy is feeble and Cumberland shaken,
And Parliament gnashes its teeth in despair.

Thurot was killed in the action, after a most heroic but ineffectual defence against a vastly superior force. The contemporary ballad tells us that,—

“ Before they got their colours struck, great slaughter was made,
And many a gallant Frenchman on Thurot's decks lay dead;
They came tumbling down the shrouds, upon his deck they lay,
While our brave Irish heroes cut their booms and yards away.
And as for Monsieur Thurot, as I've heard people say,
He was taken up by Elliot's men, and buried in Ramsey Bay.”

This affair has been greatly misrepresented. Thurot merely landed to procure provisions, as his men were almost starved, having only one ounce of bread daily to live upon.—M'Skimmin. “ *Life of Thurot*,” by T. C. Croker.

* One of the Rothes of Kilkenny, then in the French service.

Na Heelans* dā ḥ-tarjiajñt ꝑaoj ḥlajdžb ḥa
d-tarjiajñt

'S a b-pjsbjonað fada dá rppneaza cunj ceojl,
Rajnycce aŋ ɔac̄ maol-čnoc—le h-átur ɳa rɔlējpe ;
Až cunj fájlte pojih Shéaplur a bájle 'na c̄ pojny.

Ար է 'η սիշ-բած տալլիք է—այ պլե-բաշ, 'ր այ
տ-աօլիք-ներ,

21η τρέαλ βρέάζα λε η-ίννηρητ φαιδο μηαμπιφομ 34
λό;

Na cōbaj3 zo claojōte—zān rōjč' pñj, zān rjonyta,
zān cōjč' tñj, zān rjonyta, zān hulca, zān lén!

Зан ceóltarð, зан raojte, зан bajlte, зан lón !

Raobairz 3ač Žalla-poc,—le43413 'r nūr3413 140,

Συγγραφέας της ιερής Βίβλου ήταν ο Ιησούς Χριστός.

Tá Seo i nre 'r a mhuinntír 30 bhróna c la3 claojðte,

‘S c’rōjñh na d-trí híosacda ní carraig do deo!

AN BHÁIN-TREASBHACH 'S AN MHÁIJÍBHÉON.†

Нј бјхј лом ап срејдјил-ри зајајл тјмјејолл то
нуадјеји;

Ba þean-pórta ari meajdini mé, o'ñ Eazlairr comhac-taç.

• Σαρ^ο βαγη-τρεαβας η' αιηηηη αη τρεα^τ το'η τράτη^ηηα.

* *Heelans*, the Highlanders.

† We cannot trace the author, or rather the *authoress*, of this song. That it was composed during the campaign of King James in Ireland

The lads with the dirks from the hills of the Highlands

Are marching with pibroch and shout to the field,
And Charlie, Prince Charlie, the King of the Islands,
Will force the usurping old German to yield !

O, this is the joy, this the revel in earnest,

The story to tell to the ends of the earth,
That our youths have uprisen, resolving, with sternest
Intention, to fight for the land of their birth.

We will drive out the Stranger from green-valleyed
Erin—

King George and his crew shall be scarce in the land,
And the Crown of Three Kingdoms shall he alone wear
in

The Islands—our Prince—the Man born to command !

THE VIRGIN, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

A virgin...and widow...I mourn lone and lowly,
This morn saw me wedded, in GOD's Temple holy,
And noontide beholds me a lorn widow weeping,
For my spouse in the dark tomb for ever lies sleeping.

need not be questioned. According to the highest authority on that portion of our history, it cost England nearly eighteen millions sterling to overcome the 1,200,000 Irish who took up arms in 1689. *Macariæ Excidium*, edited for the *Irish Archaeological Society*, by J. C. O'Callaghan.

Tá rímhírt ari mo ériujoisde-ri ná ríaoisífead zo h-éas
de,
Feadh bejdeas dhlúcht ari na gleanntaas, ná ceab ari
na ríleibte;
Tá cónírlas dá ríjóim óimírt zo caoim dear de'n éaol
dair,
Ír é mo lá bhróin a n-ériujoill-ri* dá jnúrjntaas
éasair!

Ír dear do tjoicraas clojdeaní óimírt ari maircaisíseas
ari éaoil-eac,
Nó aas ríjde na h-aðairice 'r do gáðair-bhíne ari
raoðair;
Thóisfád an ceas de m'íntim 'r tú ari beinnti-mhaoil
a n-t-rléibé,
Aður ájneoscamhaos uaihí tú lá buaile Ríð
Séamur!

Ír mórí mórí é m'eazählas zo b-riuil do m'íntir a
b-riuarán lhom,
Mai nári lusáar 'r nári ríneadar uaihí éo ñaice a n
riuil uair!

D'fíeac tú tarí aij oimí a ójáin-ðriád le tormað óam,
Aðo d'járríseas a n- feall ari mo aghrað a n uair
úd!

Mo m'íallact b'éairfaihí d'aoimh-þeas ná m-bejdeas
bejlit feaní dá h-járras,
Ná d'éanfáac a d'járríll zan aon aca m'íallas;
Mai ír áilleán ríri cailce ari éaill m'í mo c'íall leir,
S feaní b'reága-dear ná grána ní ðriájófead a d
ójáis-ri!

* *Creidhfill*, death-bell, knell.

On my heart lies a cloud, and will lie there for ever.
 Hark ! hark to that death-knell that dooms us to sever.
 Oh ! well may my eyes pour forth tears as a fountain,
 While dew gems the valley or mist dims the mountain.

King James mourns a hero as brave as e'er breathed—
 O ! to see him, when mounted, with bright blade un-
 sheathed,
 Or high on the hill-side, with bugle and beagles,
 Where his foot was a deer's and his eye was an eagle's.

I shrieked and I cried when his blood gushed like
 water,
 But treachery and baseness had doomed him to slaugh-
 ter.
 He glanced at me fondly, to comfort and cheer me ;
 Yet his friends love me not, and they never come near
 me.

Accurst be the maid who can smile on two lovers !
 Around me the shade of my lost husband hovers,
 And oh ! never more can I think of another,
 Or feel for a lover save as for a brother !

The first stanza of this poem bears a great resemblance to the following, from Gerald Griffin's beautiful verses on "The Bridal of Malahide."

" Ye saw him at morning,
 How gallant and gay !
 In bridal adorning,
 The star of the day :
 Now weep for the lover—
 His triumph is sped,
 His hope it is over !
 The chieftain is dead !

But, oh for the maiden
 Who mourns for that chief,
 With heart overladen
 And rending with grief !
 She sinks on the meadow
 In one morning's tide,
 A wife and a widow,
 A maid and a bride !"

SÍLÍNTÉ RÍSÍ SEARLAS.

EÓSÁN RUAÓ UA SÍLLEABÁIN, CCT., A.D. 1783.

Fionn :—Seásan O'Flúibhí an Tíleanná.

Moderately Slow.

Mo čar ! mo čaoi ! mo čearnaid !

Añ fáid tuis claoiðte an eairbáid !

Fájse, díaoiðte, 'r rízaipit,

Daimh aíur cléip !

Táin dáimh da níomh le h-aitíor,

Táin náidte grímhí dá 3-caignaíd ;

Táin rámh-ériuít bjhí dá rppreagáid,

A m-báh-bhroízai'b níelid !

A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES.

BY EOGHAN O'SULLIVAN (THE RED).

AIR:—*John O'Dwyer of the Glyn.*

THIS Jacobite relic by *Eoghan Ruadh*, is adapted to the well-known air of *Seaghan O'Duibhir an Ghleanna*, of which the original song, with a translation by the late Thomas Furlong, will be found at p. 86, vol. ii. of Hardiman's "Irish Minstrels."

Colonel John O'Dwyer, for whom the song was composed, was a distinguished officer who commanded in Waterford and Tipperary, in 1651, but after the capitulations, sailed from the former port with five hundred of his faithful followers for Spain.

The O'Dwyers were a branch of the Heremonians of Leinster, and possessed the present baronies of Kilnemanach, in Tipperary. From an early period they were remarkable for their courage, and after the expatriation of the old Irish nobility, several of the family distinguished themselves abroad in the Irish Brigade. In the last century General O'Dwyer was governor of Belgrade, and Admiral O'Dwyer displayed great bravery in the Russian service.

Source of lamentation!
Bitter tribulation,
That I see my nation
Fallen down so low!
See her sages hoary,
Once the island's glory,
Wandering without story
Or solace, to and fro.

Óač nájb d'fuij Wíjhíljó cę aňnajr,
 Lájdlí, laočda, t̄apa ;
 Ba ȝnátač nájnceac, natač,
 Láh-ojlte aji faobair !
 Óan rtát, Óan bujdean,* Óan reařanu,
 Aji ir m̄le mearač
 Na Seážan Ua Duibhji aŋ ȝhleanna,
 A b̄ejt rážtač Óan Game !

Tlájt a naojjí am leabač,
 Úz cárain dít̄t̄ na reabac ;
 Thájnjó r̄zuij Óan r̄zajpead,
 O lájhajb *Morpheus* !
 Faoj'm dálj zo r̄jlteac, rearžanu,
 Tájhac, t̄im, Óan tajre,
 D'fáž me aji dít̄ mo t̄apajd̄
 'Sur d'ájdaž mo neul !
 Óan rpár a t̄ížeac̄t̄ do d̄eapcar,
 Fájngeac ȝnijh t̄ie m' ařl̄ijz,
 Zo h-álujjh, jožanu, aibjz,
 Tájte le m' t̄aob.
 'S zup b̄neážtač l̄hj, Óan blataj,
 Szájl 'r aoižji a leacan ;
 Ná'n m̄áhlač m̄n̄t̄ le'ni cajlleaz
 ȝájda na Tlæ !

Ba cáblač, cjojta, car̄da,
 Táclac, d̄laojteac, d̄atač,
 Szájn̄neac, t̄píjreac, § r̄da,
 Fájngeac zo reup,
 A bláč-řolt b̄jneac, leabair,
 Cárhac, b̄jreac, r̄hamac ;
 O ájto a cíjñ na n-dlažajb,
 Tájt-leabair, léj.

* Readings in other copies—maoju. † éaz.
 ‡ Helen. § Fájnjreac.

Mileadh's* offspring knightly,
 Powerful, active, sprightly,
 They who wielded lightly
 Weighty arms of steel,
 Left with no hopes higher,
 With griefs ever nigher,
 Worse woes than O'Dwyer
 Of the Glens could feel !

Last night, sad and pining,
 As I lay reclining,
 Sleep at length came twining
 Bands around my soul ;
 Then a maiden slender,
 Azure-eyed, and tender,
 Came, me dreamt, to render
 Lighter my deep dole.
 Fair she was, and smiling,
 Bright and woe-beguiling ;
 Vision meet for wiling
 Grief, and bringing joy.
 None might e'er compare her
 With a maiden fairer—
 O ! her charms were rarer
 Than the Maid's of Troy.

Like that damsel's olden
 Flowed her tresses golden,
 In rich braids enfolden,
 To the very ground ;
 Thickly did they cluster
 In a dazzling muster,
 And in matchless lustre,
 Curled around and round.

* *Mileadh*, pronounced *Meeli*, Milesius.

Bhí ríáil ná 3-caoír' aili lara,
 Tíre báine a n lít' ná leacain ;
 Ailidháct, mjhne, 'r mairread,
 Tájte 'ná ríéin !
 'S a ráimh-por3 níh le' ní ceal3,
 Tájte laoic 3an tapad !
 Sártá 'r ionáin mala
 Ailid-riúijde, caol.

A bhlácha mair 3haoi ná h-alann,
 A n tirláct do lúi3ean aili aibhinn ;
 Nó ríamh ná taoide mairia,
 Aili báin-3onhajb tirléan,
 A báin-érob aolda, leabair,
 Ir ráimh do nímeac aili bhlataib ;
 Cáza, mjholtad, reanhai3,
 Róijte 'zur éir3.
 Cáinad 'r coimhear3aiji reabac,
 3áji ná 3-clojdeamh dá n-3neada,
 Bláct ná 3-craobh 'r ealta,
 A m-báinn-élu3aiji 3éa3,
 'S zuri ráimh lín3 3ac aijde,
 'S dáin 3an fuil3eall dá 3-cainad ;
 A nájdotib 3ri3h le blaire
 Ná ráimh-éru3jt *Orpheus* !

Táim, ari rí, le realat,
 Fá3tad aili díct mo 3airiat ;
 Faoi tárí a3 drijodair Ónaír,
 D'áiríair mo leun !
 3an 3áin, 3an éri3c, 3an 3eannar,
 3an álinr níj mair 3leacáit,
 3an táin, 3an bujdean, 3an feairian,
 Ailidháct,* ná ném !

* Ailid-mear.

The red berry's brightness,
 And the lily's whiteness,
 Comeliness and lightness,
 Marked her face and shape.
 She had eye-brows narrow,
 Eyes that thrilled the marrow,
 And from whose sharp arrow
 None could e'er escape.

Her white breasts were swelling,
 Like the swan's while dwelling
 Where the waves are welling
 O'er the stormy sea ;
 And her fingers, pat in
 Broidering upon satin
 Birds at early matin
 Warbling on the tree,
 Fishes, beasts, and flowers,
 Fields, and camps, and towers,
 Gardens, lakes, and bowers,
 Were so fine and white !
 Wandering through the mazes
 Of her lyric phrases,
 I could chant her praises
 All the day and night !

“ O ! thou land of bravery ! ”
 Cried she, “ sunk in slavery,
 Through the tyrant knavery
 Of the stranger foe—
 Tribeless, landless, nameless,
 Wealthless, hostless, fameless
 Wander now thine aimless
 Children to and fro.

An énáin bocáit énaoit, éajte
 Ar tál go fuigheac o'm ballaib,
 An ádal gáit daoiřte d'ajcme,
 Shátan, gíð' claoi!
 'S go bhláit ní cuiše óiuit labairit,
 Páirt éum gúin do tábairit;
 Le m'áilimh d'fuij'leac airm,
 Gáirta agus maori.

Dári Párlán, díb do níearar,
 Gúri plár gáit níð do labair;
 Mař fál ó'n n-ghníomh 'nári beartar,
 Páirteac bejt léi;
 Gáin rpár do'n níos' gúri aicear,
 Fáit a tigheacáit dám aice,
 A nár, a cíaoib, 'r a h-ainim,
 Fáinniað a béal.
 D'éir lán-toct caoi gúri aitair;
 An ná raoiřte* rínamair;
 An áitneab ériúe Chárl, †
 Cháiz, cíumair, léi.
 'S tan rájl go ríjontar aicme,
 Dhána, díomraí, aibis,
 A cíáð 'ra díot-cúri Dána,
 Dána, ar a néim.

* The total extirpation of the Irish natives was strongly advocated in the English political pamphlets of the seventeenth century. One of them, printed at London, in 1647, contains a tirade against the Irish too brutal for quotation, and concludes by invoking an imprecation on all who would not make their swords "starke drunk with Irish blood." Two years afterwards, Oliver Cromwell observed this advice so religiously, that his name among the Irish peasantry is still synonymous with murder, ruin, and desolation.

† In 1647, Cashel was sacked by the Earl of Inchiquin's troops,

Like a barren mother
 Nursing for another
 Cubs she fain would smother,
 So feel I to-day.
 Sadness breathes around me,
 Sorrow's chains have bound me,
 They who should have crowned me
 Perish far away!"

Could I, think you, waver ?
 No!—these words I gave her—
 "O, thou fair enslaver,
 Thou hast won my heart.
 Speak on, I entreat thee,
 I may never meet thee,
 Never more may greet thee,
 Speak, before we part !"
 So she then related
 How our land was hated,
 Cashel devastated,
 And its chieftains slain.
 "But," she said, "we are striving,
 Hosts are now arriving
 Who will soon be driving
 Tyrants o'er the main !"

who broiled the Rev. Richard Barry alive, and butchered three thousand persons.

Forty of the Earl's soldiers, concerned in this massacre, afterwards solemnly attested that several of the murdered Irish had tails "near a quarter of a yard long." A tradition still exists among the people that "tails" are peculiar only to persons of Danish descent, among whom are the families of the Hassetts, the Brodars, &c.—Ludlow. D. O'Dalaei Pers. Hæret. 1652. Dr. Nash. Mac Geoghegan. Bruodini Propugnac, p. 715.

An páirt-ri ȝuiðeac ȝac ȝeabac,
 Atá ȝan ȝlíoč le ȝealad;
 Faoi ȝálli ȝa ȝaoiře aȝ ȝearam,
 Sáliř-ȝoile ȝé!
 ȝac ȝláič ȝiim CRJOSD ȝuajri ȝeañhajd,
 Pájř 'r ȝoðbařit ȝeařb!
 ȝláč le ȝjoc 'r ȝeaprað
 Cnáii, aȝur ȝéaȝ!
 An ȝáȝhač Ríž ȝan aȝnjim,*
 Atá do ȝjorj ȝá ȝamal;
 ȝan ȝpář a ȝjæeac̄t a ȝ-ȝratař,
 Aȝtpeab ȝa ȝ-ȝaoðal.
 'S an ȝáliř-ȝp̄iot coȝt̄eac̄, ȝeañhujl,
 Atá ȝa ȝuȝe 'nári ȝ-balte,
 Le cárha clóȝdeam do ȝzajpead,
 Aȝ cláři leařan Néjll.

ȝo ȝ-ȝtpeab ȝhuiȝn dá ȝ-ȝazac̄,
 ȝpájñiȝt̄ ȝrojde le ȝeanhaj;
 'S ȝářda laořeac̄ ȝeaprað,
 Tájñ do lučt ȝaoðar.
 Nj ȝ-ȝuiř ȝláič ȝan ȝjæeac̄t 'ná ȝatař;
 Nári ȝ-ȝářd a ȝ-tejñte aȝi lařad,
 ȝán-ȝuȝd ȝjorj dá ȝzajpead,
 'S ȝářdačar ȝléař,
 ȝájñ aȝ buȝdean ȝa leařar,
 Rájř 'r "najñce ȝada;"
 Clářiřeac̄ ȝaoiř dá ȝp̄neazad,
 ȝářda 'ȝur ȝzleř!
 Aȝ ȝájltjúžad aȝ Ríž ȝap̄ calajt̄,
 'S njí ȝlác̄třař lȝñi aȝi aȝnjim,
 'S a ȝájldé ȝjúžař ȝeara,
 Slájñte mo Rex!

* *An faghnach Righ gan ainim.* The exiled or wandering King without a name—Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

† “Les Irlandois” (says Boullaye Le Gouz) “ayment les Espagnols

O ! Thou who inspirest
Eire's bards, and firest
Heroes' breasts in direst

Woe through bitter years,
Unto Thee each morning,
Who didst dree such scorning,
Scoffing, scourging, thorning,

I cry out with tears !
Send him back, and quickly,
Who now, sad and sickly,
Roams where sorrows thickly

Press and crush him down !
And disperse and scatter
All who in these latter
Times have striven to shatter
Eire's rightful Crown !

O ! the French and Spanish
Soon our foes will banish ;
Then at once will vanish

All our grief and dread,
City, town, and village
Shall no more know pillage,
Music, feasting, tillage,

Shall abound instead ;
Poetry, romances,
Races, and "long dances,"
Shouts, and songs, and glances

From eyes bright with smiles !
Our King's feasts shall Fame hymn,
Though I may not name him,
Victory will proclaim him
Monarch of the Isles.

comme leur freres, les François comme leurs amis, les Italiens comme leurs alliez, les Allemands comme leur parens, les Anglois and Ecossois sont leur ennemis irreconcilables."—*Voyages et Observations*, 477.

INÍDHION AN FHAOIJT O'N N-GLÉANN.*

Siúbajl a éiud ! bíd 45 ȝluairfeac̄t,
 ȝan r̄sít, ȝan r̄tað, ȝan r̄uairiað ;
 Tá'ñ oíðéé ȝajlið ȝam̄iað,
 'S b̄jodam̄ a naon̄ ari r̄júbal ?
 ȝheabaið aoiþneair bajlte m̄ora,
 'S naðairic le m̄' ȝaoib̄ ari éuantað ;
 S a Chriþort nári n̄b̄-þneáð an uajn j̄,
 Ari an b̄-Faojteac̄ ȝada ó'ñ n-ȝleann !

Tá m̄e láñ do nájne
 Tl̄é ȝac̄ beaít tâ ñ-deálinat ;
 ȝan ir buacajl m̄e bíd tâna ;
 'S d̄im̄tj̄íz uajn mo ȝneann !
 Nj̄ beoð m̄e m̄j̄ 'ná nájtc̄e,
 ȝan a b̄-faðajl m̄e p̄oð 'r fáilte,
 'S ceat r̄ine r̄jor le d̄' bájn-ȝneir,
 A Inídhion an Fhaojt ó'ñ n-ȝleann !

Ir ionða cajlñi bailliamajl, r̄p̄eijneamajl,
 Do ȝluairfead̄ lhom̄ na h-aonári ;
 ȝollajm̄ r̄eijn a t̄l̄éjtc̄e,
 A ȝ-coillte b̄eal át-újri,†
 Dá m̄-bejðm̄j̄ aðá c̄eile,
 'S 45 ól a ñ-Ðuirlar Fhéile,‡
 Mo láñ ȝaoi ȝeaññ mo c̄ead-ȝeac̄,
 Do éiupiññ j̄ c̄um̄ r̄uajn !

* Gleann (Glyn), a small village situated on the banks of the Suir, midway between the towns of Carrick and Clonmel. An annual fair is held here on the twenty-eighth of May. The Suir runs direct through the village, dividing it into two—hence, the following proverb among the natives :—

“ *Bioch a leath air an d̄-taobh air nos aonach an Ghleanna.*”

“ Let it be fairly divided, like the fair of Glyn.”

WHITE'S DAUGHTER OF THE DELL.

Come, let us trip away, love,
 We must no longer stay, love,
 Night soon will yield to Day, love ;
 We'll bid these haunts farewell.
 We'll quit the fields, and rather
 New life in cities gather ;
 And I'll outwit your father,
 The tall White of the Dell !

I am filled with melancholy
 For all my bygone folly ;
 A wild blade and a jolly
 I was, as most can tell ;
 But woes now throng me thickly,
 I droop, all faint and sickly,
 I'll die, or win her quickly,
 White's Daughter of the Dell !

There's many a Kate and Sally
 Who'd gladly stray and dally
 Along with me in valley,
 Or glade, or mossy cell—
 O ! were we in Thurles together,
 And each had quaffed a mether,§
 We'd sleep as on soft heather,
 My Sweet One of the Dell !

† A large tract of land east or south-east of Carrick, lying near an opening in the hills immediately over the Suir, and not far from the demesne of Tinahalla.

‡ *Thurles*, in the county of Tipperary.

§ *Mether*, in Irish *Meadar*, a drinking-vessel used by the ancient Irish,—but now it means a churn.

A éajlñ baillamhajl, rpéimeamhajl,
 'Na t-tu3 m6 rea3c mo cléj6 tuij;
 Ir é 'n gnád do tu3 m6 'raoijí tuij,
 Chuijí an rao3ad-3a tpe m' com!
 Nj beo3 ari muijí ná ari féarí m6,
 'S taor3ajm fuil mo cléjbe 'mac;
 Ir é mo bhrón 3an m6 ir mo céad-rea3c,
 Faoi òuilleabha3 3lar ná 3-cra3n!

Dá m-bej3jñ-ri lá bheá3 3n6jne,
 Am ruijde ari bejñn an t-rléjbe;
 An lon-dub* 'r an céimreac,
 A3 reijñm òr mo céanñ;
 Ba ñear do r3njb3fjñ b6anra,
 'S b'jon3ha3 leo3 mair l6j3fjñ,
 A n-3piád bejt rjnt3 taobh leat,
 A In3jñ an Fhaoit ó'n n-3leanñ!

* *Lon-dubh.* The Blackbird. This bird was a great favorite with our Gaelic Poets. There is a poem attributed to *Oisin* on the Blackbird of *Doire an Chairn* (Derry Carn), in the County of Meath. The following are the two first stanzas:—

Binn sin, a loin Dhoire an Chairn!
 Ni chualas an ard san m-bith,
 Ceol ba bhinne na do cheol
 Agus tu fa bhun do nid.
 Aen cheol is binne fa'n m-bith,
 Maig nach eisdir ris go foil!
 A mhic Alphruinn na g-clog m-binn,
 'S go m-beartha aris air do noin.

You bright, you blooming Fair, you !
 'Tis next my heart I wear you !
 The wondrous love I bear you
 Has bound me like a spell !
 Oh ! both by land and ocean
 My soul is all commotion,
 Yours is my deep devotion,
 Dear Damsel of the Dell !

Oh ! were I seated near her,
 Where summer woods might cheer her,
 While clearer still, and clearer,
 The blackbird's notes would swell,
 I'd sing her praise and glory,
 And tell some fairy story
 Of olden ages hoary,
 To White's Rose of the Dell !

Melodious are thy lays, O, Blackbird of Derrycarn !
 I have never heard in any quarter of the globe
 Music sweeter than thine
 While perched beneath thy nest.

Music more melodious is not in the world,
 Alas ! had you but listened to it a while,
O son of Alphruin of the deep-toned bells,
 You could again your prayers resume.

See Oisin's poems, where he contends with St. Patrick about the "croaking" voice of his psalm-singers, with which he contrasts the tuneful warbling of the Derrycarn blackbird.

DOMHNAILL NA SKEJNE.

Fonn :—Domhnall na Sphéine.

Lively.

Comaoiñ 'r *Frolic*—éiujr Airtúir de Bhaillir
 Ar Domhnall na Sphéine !
 Má éualaod ríb a tphéijte !
 So s-cáitfeac ré reacátmajn—ar ól a d-tiú leanhád,
 'S ná tuitfeac héal aip,
 B'anam díjt céille aip !

DOMHNALL NA GREINE.

OF Donall na Greine, the hero of this song, little is known. We find the following allusion to him in a Jacobite ballad by the Rev. Patrick O'Brian, which appears at page 258 of this volume.

“ Beidh hata maith beabhair,
Air *Dhomhnall na Greine*,
Da chathadh is na speartha le mor-chroidhe.”

Domhnall na Greine
Shall have a fine beaver,
Which he will toss to the skies with delight.

Our own opinion is, that *Domhnall* was a fellow who loitered his time idly basking in the sun, as his cognomen *na Greine* (of the sun) would indicate, and consequently became a fitting subject for the poets to display their wit upon.

On this air the Scotch have founded their “Bucky Highlander,” which was by some wag burlesqued in an Anglo-Irish rhyme beginning thus:—

Potatoes and butter would make a good supper
For Bucky Highlander,
For Bucky Highlander.

Of Arthur Wallace we know little; but we have seen some records of a family of that name living in Cork about a century ago—patrons of poets and poetry—and it is probable that “Arthur” was a distinguished member of this family.

We forgot placing the following stanza in the hands of our poetical translator:—

Bion Domhnall air meisge 's a bhean ag ol uisce,
'S a phaisdigh a beice—'s a phaisdigh a beice
Olfach se a d-tuilean se, 's da m-beidheach a thuille 'ge,
Domhnall na Greine—Domhnall na Greine.

Domhnall is drunk, and his wife drinking water,
And his children are screaming—his children are screaming.
He drinks what he earns, and more if he gets it,
Domhnall na Greine! Domhnall na Greine!

Wild Domhnall na Greine!—his frolics would please ye,
Yet Wallace, confound him,
Came trickishly round him!
He'd sit, without winking, in alehouses drinking
For days without number,
Nor care about slumber!

Do mhaifrac ré ceathair—ní déanfaidh ré caraois,
 B' anamh gan gléas é,
 Doimhíll na Tréime!

Triodairle, Bucaille—dá b-puil gan b-fairrion é,
 "Cuirle na Féile"
 An Spalpeen Triéimeac!

Do léigíreac ré cailleac—ar níúcaidh 'r ariú ceartach,
 Siúl cuid dá béalra,
 So n-deanaidh ré níordteac!

Dá n-bozad 'r dá mealla—ó oirdhe gaothion.
 Le bladair 'r bhléasá,
 Baistíra 'r rísealta!

B' airt a léim-pata—'r ba ériuajd a bhuille bata,
 Ar teacáit airmílri fíréadomha,
 Do tríorpeac ré céadta.

Ba fáraíjl mo ghearrfáidh—le lúcháid Láimh-fada,
 Le Alurthrom éacata,
 No *Hercules* Tréasáic

Ní triéime é ariú talamh—ná ariú tuimh mairi,
 Do fíráimhdaí ariú Eilimhe
 An rtoillim no'n réidhe.

Níl aon neacá dá mairliom—nári fáraíj d' 3-cleartach,
 B' fíúlúr do déanamh,
 Bhí ré níodh triéimeac.

Níl ceáirt ná ealaíon—nári fáraíj gan dochar,
 'S níor cuirtear bhléasá,
 Ar Phóimhíll na Tréime.

Ba táilíúil, ba goba é—b' fíean gléasda potaíde é,
 'S d'fíjíseac ré éadach,
 Cottán 'r *Cambrick*!

* *Spalpeen* (*rectius, spailpin*), a person following the spade—a spade-officer.

O ! jovial and funny—a spender of money—
 A prince at his Table,
 Was Domhnall the Able !

The Soul of Good-breeding, in fashions his leading
 Was copied and stuck to
 By tradesman and buck too !

Old crones, of diseases, of coughings, and sneezes,
 He'd cure without catsup,
 And quarrels he'd patch up.

With flattery and coaxing, with humbug and hoaxing,
 And song-singing daily,
 He'd pass the time gaily.

O ! he was the spalpeen* to flourish an alpeen ! †
 He'd whack half a hundred,
 And nobody wondered !

He'd have taught a right new way to Long-handed
 Lughaidh,
 Or Great Alexander,
 That famous Commander.

On water and land he was equally handy,
 He'd swim without fear in
 A storm o'er Lough Eirin !

Not a man born of woman could beat him at *coman*, ‡
 Or at leaping could peer him,
 Or even come near him !

Every artisan's tool he would handle so coolly—
 From the plough to the thimble,
 Bright Domhnall the Nimble !

A blacksmith and tailor, a tinker and nailer,
 And weaver of cambrick,
 Was also the same brick !

† *Alpeen* (*rectius*, *ailpin*), a wattle. Used at country fairs in faction fights.

‡ Hurling.

Þréarajðe nō noltá'ē—Þliuhtéji brieáža leabari é,
 Ðhéanfáč ré céacéda,—
 D'fuijreacé na brieanfiað*—
 Þléiréji ari feabari—ba ðaojre bý a 3-Corcajð é,
 Ðomjhall na Þréimhe
 Do ðemhneacé aji téatdajb !

Le h-aol 'r le cloča—do ðéanfáč ré obair
 Ðriójcead ari an Eíriue,
 Nō tárigha ari an ð-þréanf-íjuij !
 Báð ažur Cojte—Do ðéanfáč zo tapa,
 Ðhreabštacé an třéanfíjuij,
 A nún éum na Þréizze !

Groom ažur maricač é—nacé fuaipi njaui a leažad,
 Sheimhneacé ré ari píob,
 'S ari zacé rónit rianhra.
 Bórd ažur leabairð—do ðéanfáč zo tapajð,
 'S ðéanfáč ré brijrde,
 Do ériójcean na caorač.

D'olfač deoc leaňha—'r é fénj dá ceanhač
 'S ař blarða na brijatbla,
 Cháňhač zo cjalíjan.
 Ðhéanfáč ré Pitcher—do fuijreacé ran 3-círtui,
 Chojnžmjeoðacé Geneva,
 D'olfač na Ladies !

Le feabari a cíjdeaccta—meallfač ré cíjð aca,
 Cajlñjð óža !
 Sínjil 'r Pórdá !
 Ðhéanfáč ré hata—d'oljreacé do 'n Earfboz
 'S Pejnjibz do 'n Japlað !
 Síjan ažur Ðjallajt.

* Fallow.

He made stout shoes for winter—he shone as a printer,
 He'd shape a wheelbarrow,
 A plough and a harrow !

His genius for glazing was really amazing,
 And how in Cork city
 He'd harp to each ditty !

In a week's time, or shorter, with stones and with mortar,
 He'd rear a high stronghold,
 And bridge that would long hold.

With wood from the valley he'd build a gay galley,
 To cleave the deep waters
 To Greece of the Slaughters !

He reigned a musician without competition,
 And coursed like a jockey,
 O'er ground the most rocky.

'Twas he that was able to make bed and table—
 And breeches to match you,
 Of sheepskin he'd patch you.

No churl and no grumbler, he'd toss off his tumbler,
 And chat with a croney,
 In speech sweet as honey.

For the Fair and the Richer he'd shape a neat pitcher
 For gin or for sherry,
 To make the heart merry.

With married and single he'd oftentimes mingle,
 And many's the maiden
 He left sorrow-laden.

A wig for a noble he'd make without trouble,
 Hat, saddle, and bridle—
 He couldn't be idle !

Njl ceol tárí rppleasád— a reomhád, nō a h-alla,
 Ná c b-fhíl aijí a iñéapla,
 'S éumhac ré béalra.

Jr l'somhá a t'eanza—a n-Béapla nō a lajtohñ,
 Szilb'teac ré 3aojdejlze
 Dutch azur 3réizir!

Njl aon bean a 5-Corcaí—ná c fáisfád a n-docair!
 Jan oírla aéid r'méjde!
 Do t'locraídijt taoib leij!

Le m'ead a m'írñj—Do t'áilajd ré an domhan,
 Sij azujs a t'réjte,
 Domhnall na 3réjne!

Fonn:—Bean an Fhíl Ruad.

Lively.

All airs, pure or garbled, that ever were warbled
 By harpers or singers,
 He had on his fingers !

Greek, Erse, English, Latin, all these he was pat in,
 And what you might term an
 O'erwhelmer in German !

Long, long, they'll regret him, and never forget him,
 The girls of Cork city,
 And more is the pity !

What more ? By his courage he topped all in our age—
 To him, then, be glory !
 And so ends my story.

THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S WIFE.

THE following is the first stanza of *Bean an Fhir Ruadh* (The Red-Haired Man's Wife), which is quite common among the Munster peasantry :—

*Do thugas naoi mi a b-priosun ceangailte cruaidh,
 Bulta air mo chom 's mile glas as sud suas ;
 Do thugusa sigh mar do thabharfach aladh cois cuain
 D'fhoonn a bheith sinte sios le Bean an Fhir Ruadh.*

I spent nine months in prison fettered and bound,
 My body chained and secured with locks,
 Bounded as the swan on the wave
 In hopes to sit down beside the Red-haired man's wife.

TEACHYT NA N-SEANNA FIATHAINE.*

Seáchan Ua Cuinneagáin, cct

Fonn :—Seáchan Bhujde.

Lively.

Fanachd zo n-éirtiom a ceatáiri ari caoisad,
 'S seallaim zo n-éisfead an t-Urrid Ríos !
 An ceanáilra ari Thaoisdeilb, aí Fanachd claoisad,
 A b-feanáilraibh Eibeap na láin-ríriob :—

Lárrad ná rpéarntas,
 Le h-anuifad an éirilis,
 Do dearcraí o Bhéala zo Tráis líst,
 'S zo calat-þont Eirne,
 Aíz 3ar'nað Shéapluir ;
 A tréarzairt an tréada rí Sheáchan Bhujde !

* In Bunting's Irish music will be found a beautiful air called "Geadhna Fiadhaine" (Wild Geese), with words by Dr. Drennan, the *United Irishman*.

THE RETURN OF THE WILD GEESE.

BY JOHN O'CUNNINGHAM.

AIR:—"Seaghan Buidhe."

THE epithet *Seaghan Buidhe* (Yellow Jack) was applied to the followers of William III. We have no less than ten different songs to this air in our collection; but the true *Seaghan Buidhe* is one in which the accomplishments of an individual with this cognomen are humorously described, and which we give on the next page.

Of the author, *Seaghan O'Cuinneagain*, nothing is known. We possessed some of his MSS., written in 1737, among which we found the following toast, composed for him by a contemporary poet:—

Ag so slainte Sheaghain Ui Chuinneagain,
 Fear gan chaim na chroidhe,
 Fear geal aluinn, ba chliske laimh,
 Fear le raidhete grinn—
 Fear nar bathag an iomarbhaidh
 Fear a d-tabhairne dighe,
 Fear nar fhag a bhille lan,
 Fear le radh, 'gus saoi.

Here's a health to John O'Cunningham,
 A man without guile in his heart,
 A man fair and comely, with a clever hand,
 A man of jovial speech,
 A man well versed in his country's lore,
 A man he was in the tavern,
 Who never left *scores* unpaid,
 A man right sage was he.

O, wait till you reach but the year Fifty-four,
 And I promise the High God shall free you!
 He shall shiver your Sassenagh chains evermore,
 And victor the nations shall see you!

The thunder and lightning
 Of battle shall rage—

'Twixt Tralee and Berehaven it shall be—
 And down by Lough Eirin
 Our Leader shall wage
 Fierce war to the death against *Seaghan Buidhe*!*

* Pronounced *Shawn Bui*.

Caifeadh na h-éanlaist dá n-éanlaistear "Éaná,"*
 Án airm go sléartha gan rpáir puinn,
 Ág cabair le Séanlur—an caistíle ní tréiné,
 Dáir fearfain o d'éagádair cháinna Fhinn !

Crieadhfaidh 'r céarfaidh,
 'S ríairíodh na bphéan-tóigic,
 Leagfaidh 'r naobhfaidh a n-árdairíse,
 Leagfaidh na péirde,
 Tá ceal'zac, cnaorac,
 Ían rafce, gan éadac, gan Seáchan Buidhe !

SEAGHAN BUIDHE.

Air maidin de domhnadh ag gabhail sios an bothar,
 Go hatuirseach, bronach, gan or puinn ;
 Casag orm oigbhean bhi suighe go corach,
 'S i faire air an roguire *Seaghan Buidhe* !

Ba thailiuir, ba ghobha e, ba phrinteir breagha leabhar e,
 'S geallaim gan amhras gur breagha sgríobhach,
 Dheanfach se fionta de bharraoidh na g-craoibheacha,
 'S do shnamhfach an taoide go toin sios !

B'fhearr e ar an maide, 'gus b-fhearr e ar an m-bearrnadh,
 B'fhearr e la chasda na suistighe,
 B'fhearr e la an earraig ag grafa na m-banta,
 'Gus b-fhearr e ar binse na giuistis,

Cuirfeadsa an roguire feasta dha fhoguirt,
 A g-Corcaidh, a n-Eochuill, 's a d-*Tralee*,
 Ni leomhthadh aon oig-bhean gabhail thoruinn an bothar
 Le he-agla an roguire *Seaghan Buidhe* !

* The departure of the Irish Jacobites, in 1691, still spoken of by the people as "The Flight of the Wild Geese," marks one of the most mournful epochs in our sad history. It was indeed a memorable and mournful spectacle; women and children severed from their husbands, and the ties of nature rent asunder. The parting sails were pursued by moans and lamentations, that excited even the sympathies of the English and foreign troops, and still find a mournful echo in the

The “Wild Geese” shall return, and we’ll welcome
them home—

So active, so armed, and so flighty
A flock was ne’er known to this island to come
Since the years of Prince *Fionn* the mighty—
They will waste and destroy,
Overturn and o’erthrow—
They’ll accomplish whate’er may in man be ;
Just heaven ! they will bring
Desolation and woe
On the hosts of the tyrannous *Seaghan Buidhe* !

SHANE BWEE.

One Sunday morning as I rambled on the road,
Sorrowful, gloomy, and penniless,
I happened to meet a comely young maiden,
A watching the thief known as *Seaghan Buidhe*.

He is a smith and a tailor—a fine printer of books,
And I have no doubt he can write well ;
He can make wines from the blossom of trees,
And can swim and dive in the ocean.

He is the best at the cudgel—the first in the gap,
The first to thresh his corn :—
The first in spring to till his land,
And more skilled in the law than a judge !

Henceforth I’ll proclaim this wandering rogue,
In Cork, and in Youghal, and in Tralee,
For none of our maidens dare travel the road,
For fear of the sly rogue called *Seaghan Buidhe* !

breasts of the Irish people. It is said that the weather was unusually gloomy, as if the sun itself had been unwilling to behold so sad a spectacle of fathers torn from their children—husbands from their wives, and, more touching still, of brave men torn from the bosom of their native land, to fill the world with the fame of their valour, and the glory of that nation which they were never to revisit.—“ Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation,” by M. O’Conor. Dub. 1845, p. 192.

Le rēasitajb an "aon- Ailhejc—d'fūlajb peanñjair
 dári raoiriað,
 So d-taðajd mo būiatþra le ȝrāð, a ȝ-crjé ;
 Añ ȝ-eazlajr naomjta—so ȝ-carað a ȝ-émjfeac̄t,
 A ȝ-cealla na raoi-ȝzolað rāiñ-bjññ !
 Dá majpññ dá éj̄r r̄ñ
 Aðt rēac̄tihajr de laetj̄b,
 'S ȝan labajit aji claoñ-ðl̄j̄te Sheáðajn Bhuñðe !
 Le h-atal ba aorac̄,
 Meañ, acfuiñneac̄, éadtr̄iom,
 Do ȝlanñfajn do léim tari an ȝ-báñ Laoj !

SEBEUL NI BHURJUIN.*

Moð Buiñðe Mac Cuiritj̄n, cct.

A ȝhér ȝapñta ȝl̄ejjol—a bérj̄t majreac̄ bérarac̄,
 A éraob̄-énearfða ȝéim-leað do m̄atajb r̄jol Táj;†
 A aon-larajr ȝréimhe na ȝ-aol-báñ le céle,
 A béal-tañha an d'éid-ȝjil na labapñta rám.

Ir tréan teac̄t do tréit̄e le r̄éjðim-m̄ajt na r̄éjle,
 'S t-aol-érob̄ le daonñac̄t ir tabapñtað tárð,
 Do 'n tajrtjollað tréit̄-lað—do 'n ajm̄jð ȝan érifjoðt,
 Do 'n laðap̄ le h-aorðaðt ir tñ a ȝ-cabajr 'r a ȝzáð.

* We have no means of ascertaining who this fair one, Isabel Ni Brian was. She must have been of the house of Thomond from the fact of Hugh Buidhe (the Yellow) Mac Curtin—a Clare poet who flourished early in the last century—having made her the theme of his muse.

† Tail. Cas, the son of Conall Eachluith, on whom, after the

And oh ! may the God who hath kept evermore
 This isle in His holy protection—
 Bring back to His temples His priests as before,
 And restore them to Eire's affection !

To end ! may I sooner
 Be slaughtered in war,
 Or lie sunk in the waves of the Grand Lee,
 Than with spirit for Freedom,
 E'er cease to abhor
 The detestable statutes of *Seaghan Buidhe* !

ISABEL NI BRIAN.

BY HUGH BUIDHE (THE YELLOW) MAC CURTIN.

O, Swan of bright plumage ! O, maiden who bearest
 The stamp on thy brow of Dalcassia's high race,
 With mouth of rich pearl-teeth, and features the fairest,
 And speech of a sweetness for music to trace !

O ! how shall I praise thee, thou lovely, thou noble !
 Thou prop of the feeble, thou light of the blind !
 Thou solace and succour of wretches in trouble,
 As beauteous in body as bounteous in mind !

death of Corc, Criomhthan, monarch of Ireland, conferred the sovereignty of Munster, was surnamed *Dolabhra Mac Tail*, from his foster-father, who was a smith, is the original founder of the Dalcassians, whose posterity is called *Clann Tail*.—See “O’Flaherty’s Ogyg.” Part III. p. 310.

Maipi báipi ari ȝacé lénan-lot do mheanrað njo
 céadrað,
 'S d'fáð dealb ȝan céill mē am mheanrað tjar
 'tájñ,

Þuð céallhorrað laoðrað ba céabair ðam éisjón,
 Feairn'cónn éacrað Chájil 'r Chlájñ.*

Do céanðlar le núaðcari, rílat ceannra do'ñ céúajñne,
 O Añntrium na n-ȝuair-beart, 'r o Albair árð;
 Do'ñ clajñn ñn Cholla Uair mjjn, ȝuair Teamhain 'r
 Tuat-Whunjain,
 A n-dáñ rjñ 'r a n-dualgar na n-ajstréac ó'ñ fár.

Cnead ðamra ná lúaðrajan an lann-márcac uaral,
 An "crann-caithis"† cnuarac ȝan carad ari a lájñ;
 ȝan rann-beart, ȝan truaileac, acet ceannraðt
 le cuallaðt,
 An plannra do ȝuatað tpe cairre d'fuij Táj.

* Charles O'Brian, Lord Clare, who fell at the battle of Ramilies, in 1706, where he commanded a regiment of infantry.

† *Crann caithis*, a May-pole.

Alas ! these are woes from which nought can defend me,
My bosom is loaded with sorrow and care,
Since I lost the great men who were prompt to befriend
 me,
The heroes, the princes of Cashel and Clare !

But, glory and honour to thee !—thou hast wedded
 A chieftain from Antrim, of chivalrous worth,
Of the great *Colla-Uais* the Swift—they who headed
 So proudly the conquering tribes of the North !

To that bold cavalier hast thou plighted thy duty,
 And *he* is a hero whom none can surpass—
His valour alone was the meed of thy beauty,
 Thou Rose of the Garden of golden Dal Cas !

Shane
—
O'Kane

AİN PAJSFJN FJONN.

Séanúrt ijjc Conraidíñ, ect.

Fonn:—Añ Pájrðjñ Fjonn.

Moderately

Altá r̄zéal beaʒ aʒam le h-ájjomíñ d̄jb,
 Ajjí nealtan m̄ajreac̄ do érāðaị̄s mo érōjde,
 le h-éjzjón̄ tajt̄hñj̄ 'r ʒpláð tá ʒñ40j,

A n-žéjbjón̄ ʒalaj̄ ʒuñ ɸáʒ me !

Ir p̄éaplaç, bacallaç, tá ʒaç d̄laoj,

'Na c̄raobh-ɸolt c̄raðaç, zo fájñzjoc̄ r̄jor,

ʒñé na h-alan a r̄náim aji l̄ñz,

'Na h-éatan ʒeanhaihajl, nájreac̄ !

THE FAIR-HAIRED CHILD.

BY JAMES CONSIDINE.

JAMES CONSIDINE, of *Ath na g-Caorach* (Sheepford) in the county of Clare, author of this beautiful song, flourished about the close of the last century.

A lady from the south (a Tipperary girl) kindly gave us the following fragment of a much older version, which is generally sung by the peasantry about Cahir, Clogheen, and Clonmel, and of which we give a literal translation at the close of this song:—

A g-Cluain geal Meala ta 'n Paisdin Fionn,
 A bh-fuil a croidhe 'a h-aigne ag gaire liom;
 A dha pluc dhearg mar bhlath na g-crann,
 Is truagh gan i 'dir mo dha lamha 'gam.
 Is tusa mo mhaon-sa, mo mhaon-sa, mo mhaon-sa,
 Is tusa mo mhaon-sa, 's mo ghradh geal,
 Is tusa mo mhaon, 's carra mo chroidhe,
 Is truagh gan tu 'dir mo dha lamha 'gam.

Da m-beidhin-si seachtmhuin an ait a m-beidheadh greann,
 No dir dha bharraillie lan de leann ;
 Gan aon am aice acht mo Phaisdin Fionn,
 Go deimhin duit d'olfa in a slainte.
 Is tusa, &c.

Da m-beith sud agamsa airgiod 's or,
 Ba boga geala 's caoire ar moin,
 An charraig ud Chaisil na piosaidhe oir,
 Do mhalaирt ni iarfuin mar cheile.
 Is tusa, &c.

The air must be played with spirit, and the chorus sung after each stanza.

A maiden there is whose charmful art
 Has fettered and bound my love-sick heart ;
 From thence her image will never depart,
 But haunts it daily and nightly.
 How glitters and curls each lock of her hair,
 All golden over her bosom fair !
 As the swan on the wave, so it on the air
 Floats hither and thitherward brightly.

Ir caol a mala ari blájत-ðealuc riñi,
 Chuiji raoðad zo daññion ari lái zo tñiñ;
 Na caoia a rbaññiñ le rðájl ari aoił,
 So tñeáñ na leacajñ žlajñ mánñlað.
 A béal iñ tañna 'r ari ájlne ñhaøi,
 A dñjø-ñhion cajlce ñan cajm a mñaoi,
 Ir léiñi ñuñi bñne ñá clájñiøc cajoñ,
 Þac bëañra cajñ ari bájñ-ñheñr.

Venus, bañaltja blájत, na ñhaøi,
 'S Helen ñneanñta tñuz ári na Tñaoi;
 Dñjø-ñhion* mñjreac ne 'n rágbað Naoiñ
 So raoñ a ñ-ëamhajñ, 'r a bñájñre!
 A rðéjñ, 'r a b-peañrøajñ, ñi tñlre ðjoð,
 Añ bëjñ-ri cajñm tñuz báñi o mñaoi,
 'S ari baoð ari deañmæð Blájññð ñjuññ
 Thuz eaz do Chuiñraž mñc Ñájñ!

Tá žlëjñe ari t-ñneaccta Þac tñájñ 'na pjb,
 'S ññé na mama-ðear blátmær, cjuññ;
 Széjñ a reañza-ñuñp áluññ cajoł,
 'S ari t-aoł a tajññom na báñ-ñrojñ.
 Nj'l éirz le h-aiñjarc zo bñájñ ari lñjñ,
 Ná ñañlajñ reañam ari báñi na ñ-ñraøiñ,
 Nj'l ññé na ñañmuñt le rágajl ari tñjñ,
 Nañc léiñi di ñañmuñt ari báñ-bñajt.

Do léjñññ reañcañ clájñ na ñ-ñraødeal,
 'S nejm na Bñeatañ do ñláðajz mo ñrojñ!
 Léjñññ na pñalm ba ññájñ zo bññi,
 Añ cléjñe až cajtuñ a ñ-ñrátæ.
 Ari tñeada rñneazajñ zo ñájñ-ñteac Reel,
 Do lejññññ ñañlajñ rñlajñte cñrojñ,
 Ari tñaoð na ñañtæc ñjor tñlát mo ññjñom,
 Añ tñeañam ari te ñá tñrácctañ!

* *Deirdre.* For the fate of Deirdre, Naoise, and his brethren, at Eamhain (Emania), see *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*, Dub. 1808.

From her piercing eye, so blue and bright,
Shoot arrows on arrows of Love's own light,
And the red rose vies with the lily's white

In her brilliant queenly features ;
No pearls can rival her dazzling teeth,
Her lips are like coral above and beneath ;
And never was harp on a wild wood heath,
Like the voice of this fairest of creatures !

Not she, that dame who was Eire's pride,
Not Helen of Troy, famed far and wide,
Not Deirdre, who when King Naoisi died,

No more in Emania would tarry,
Could vie in features, figure, or air,
With this young damsel of beauty rare,
Not even the maiden, Blanaid fair,

Who slew brave Curigh Mac Daire.*

Her heaving bosom and beauteous neck
Are white as the snow, and as pure from speck,
Her arms are meet for gems to deck,

And her waist is fine and slender ;
And there never was seen, by sea or land,
Beast, bird, or fish, but her delicate hand
Could broider it forth on silk so grand,

And glowing, yet soft and tender !

I have pondered, with tears, the rueful tale
Of the Saxon's conquest over the Gael ;

I have heard the chant, the melodious wail

Of the priest in his matin duty ;
I have played my land's harp o'er and o'er,
And was pierced with grief to my bosom's core,
But nothing could touch or move me more

Than the charms of this young beauty !

* Curaigh Mac Daire's tragic fate is related in Keating's Ireland, Haliday's edition, p. 405, Dub. 1811.

Féac-řa a čárað cja b'fearli ðuít rinn,
 Þan rppié, Þan fearan tari tám, Þan bujðin,
 Ná cneice reaibb bejðeac láh do þuimp,
 Do béraifac aitir 'r cám ðuít!
 Dá ném rinn tarlajinj am ðájl, Þan rzið,
 'S dém mo čabairi ó'n m-bár ro am claojðe,
 'S an té do čeanhajz le ȝnára rinn,
 Béraifac caitjoni 'r rágjal ðuít.

In gay Clonmel dwells the fair-haired child,
 Whose heart and soul at me have smiled ;
 Her two rosy cheeks like the red apple shine,
 My grief, she is not in my arms !

You are my fond one—my fond one—my fond one,
 You are my fond one and *gradh croidhe* !
 You are my fond one—my heart's only treasure,
 My grief you are not in my arms !

REJÐH-CHNOC 21NAU SJÓHE.

Seoirse Robart,* CCT.

Ir fada mé að ȝluajreac̄t ari t̄uaíjirz mo ȝnáð,
 Aðr fuajð coillte dúba uaiȝneac̄ am ȝuaȝzad le ȝán ;
 A raijuij n̄i b-fuajðar—gið' cuařdujzeař a láh,
 O ȝhlairre na Tuata zo b̄muac̄ ȝeal na ȝájž.

Do reólað me 'n uaiȝnior čhoic uajle mná ríȝe,
 Do cařað ojim r̄tuajne na r̄luab-þolt na r̄uȝe ;
 Ba čar, dlaojðeac̄, dualac̄, a cuača lé r̄jor,
 Aðr ȝac̄ t̄aoð dá ȝuaílle dá luarȝzad að an ȝ-ȝaojð.

* We cannot trace the history of George Roberts, to whom the authorship of this beautiful fairy song is attributed.

Not belonging to that peculiar race of beings—the “good people,” we cannot, dare not, say anything about their movements, for such

O ! come then unto me, darling dove !
 I am sure I can make you a better love,
 Than a pompous, purse-proud fellow would prove,
 Though I neither have lands nor treasure.
 O ! come to my arms, my Fond, my True !
 'Tis a step, I vow, you never will rue,
 For He who died for both me and you
 Will give to us bliss without measure.

Were I for a week where mirth prevails,
 Or 'twixt two barrels of foaming ale,
 No one beside me but my *paisdin* fair !
 Her health I would quaff in a bumper.
 You are my fond one, &c.

If I had plenty of silver and gold,
 Herds, and cattle, and lands to boot,
 That huge Rock of Cashel in bits of gold,
 No other I'd take but you, love !
 You are my fond one, &c.

THE DARK FAIRY RATH.

BY GEORGE ROBERTS.

Long, long have I wandered in search of my love,
 O'er moorland and mountain, through greenwood and
 grove.
 From the banks of the Maig unto Finglas's flood
 I have ne'er seen the peer of this Child of the Wood.

One bright Summer evening alone on my path,
 My steps led me on to the Dark Fairy Rath ;
 And, seated anear it, my Fair One I found,
 With her long golden locks trailing down on the
 ground.

as meddle in their affairs are said to seldom escape unscathed. Any of our readers, anxious about their "doings," may consult Crofton Croker, historian to the Munster fairies, and only illustrator of Irish fairy mythology before the public.

Do carad mo ȝhláð oíom, 'r ba nári lhom ȝan ruiȝe,
 Do ȝuiȝear mo láim ari a bhláðajd 'r ari a cíc;
 Jr é 'dúbajit rí lhom, "fáð me? ní h-áðbañ ȝuiȝ
 ruiȝe,
 Mañi jr bean ȝúbaç do'ñ ájt me do ȝájlajd ran
 m-Briuiȝin!"

Cá tuajt, nód cá h-ojlean ȝuiȝ, nód 'na ȝ-Cláir ȝuiȝ
 do ȝjóðiñ?
 Nód má'ñ buajit ȝuiȝ lám lhom, 'r taðajr ȝlán
 raoi ȝac bujóðiñ?
 Añ tu 'ñ ȝtuajre zeal Bláthajd ȝuz añ raiȝead-ȝa
 ȝpóðiñ
 No'ñ ȝuaç ȝhlír, mánlað,—ȝuz Paris do'ñ Tíaoi!

"Ní h-aoiñ neac do'ñ ȝpéim rí me ȝeñ" a ȝúbajit rí
 Aéct cañin caoñ ȝaoð'laç ó'ñ taob tall do'ñ tíri;
 Nári ríñ ríor a taob deař le aoiñ ȝeap ran t-ȝaoi-
 zeal,
 Boz ȝjom do ȝéaȝað, 'ȝáim ȝéaȝac ó'ñ m-Briuiȝin?"

Jr ȝúbaç 'r ar léan lhom tú a ȝéad-ȝeap mo
 ȝpóðiñ,
 Do ȝhiað'na mañ ȝaoia, dá léařa 45 añ ríñ;
 Jr ȝad ȝluajȝte Chnoic-ȝpéine do ȝájlajd 46 lhom,
 Do ȝuaȝ tú óð' ȝaoðalta ȝo ȝelȝ-ȝhoc mñá ríȝe!

Do ȝuiȝfij le m' ȝpóðiñ ȝteac mo ȝaoiñ ȝajtliñ
 mñá,
 Mo dá láim 'na týmçjoll 'r do b'aojþijñ lhom i ȝáðajl;
 Ba bhléaȝa deař a bhlaojȝte ȝúba, caola, ȝan ȝáim,
 Mañ ȝlánajt na h-ojðce, 'r ȝan d'aojñ aicj aéct lá.

Do ȝuiȝear mo ȝéaȝað ari a caol-ȝom mañ ríuiȝom,
 Ar ran dá ȝelȝ ríñ ȝo ȝéaȝajb a ȝpóðiñ;
 Sjñte le na taob deař ba mñéiñ lhomra ȝuiȝe
 Aéct uajmre ȝuñ léim rí mañ éan ari an ȝcpaoib!

When I met her, though bashfulness held me in check,
 I put my arm gently around her white neck ;
 But she said, “ Touch me not, and approach me not near ;
 I belong to this Rath, and the Fairy Host here.”

“ Ah ! ” I spake, “ you are burdened with sorrow and care ;
 But whence do you come ? From Clār Luirc or elsewhere ?
 Are you Blanaid the blooming, the queenly, yet coy,
 Or the dame brought by Paris aforetime to Troy ? ”

“ I am neither,” she said, “ but a meek Irish maid,
 Who years ago dwelt in yon green-hillocked glade,
 And shone all alone, like a lamp in a dome.
 Come ! take off your arms ! I’ll be late for my home ! ”

“ O, Pearl of my soul, I feel sad and forlorn
 To see your bright cheeks fairy-stricken and worn.
 From your kindred and friends far away were you borne
 To the Hill of Cnoc-Greine,* to languish and mourn ! ”

And I said to myself, as I thought on her charms,
 “ O, how fondly I’d lock this young lass in my arms !
 How I’d love her deep eyes, full of radiance and mirth,
 Like new-risen stars that shine down upon earth ! ”

Then I twined round her waist my two arms as a zone,
 And I fondly embraced her to make her mine own ;
 But, when I glanced up, behold ! nought could I see.
 She had fled from my sight as the bird from the tree !

* *Anglicised Knockgrene, i. e., The Hill of the Sun.*

BEAN DUBH AN GHLÉANNA.

Fonn:—Bean Dubh an Ghléanna.

Moderately Slow.

Atá bó 'gam ari an rhab,

'S tájm le real na djas,

O caillear mo cíall le húaðcap!

Da reola roin 'r rian,

Ahn zac áit dá h-zaibað an zíjan,

So d-tionnachtseanu a hiar ari stráthionu!

Nuaíri féadáim féin ahi rúd,

Ahn zac áit a m-bjð' mo riñi

Ruigtean óm' tríl rírit debra!

A Ríj òil na z-cóimhacht!

So b-robhur ari mo cíir,

Mar iñ Bean Dubh ón h-GLéanu do brieððaíz
me!

THE DARK MAIDEN OF THE VALLEY.

WE cannot ascertain the authorship of this air, but the words which accompany it are attributed to *Emonn an Chnoic* (Ned of the Hills), who flourished about the year 1739, and of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

The allusion to “Georgey” in the third stanza, meaning the second monarch of that name, shows it to have been composed early in the eighteenth century.

There is much simplicity in the style and composition of this song; perhaps more than in any other in our volume; from which we may infer that it is the production of a peasant of the humbler class of society.

The air must be played in slow time, and rather mournfully.

On the hill I have a cow,
And have herded it till now,
Since a fair maiden stole my reason.
I lead her to and fro,
Wheresoever the winds blow,
Till the sun shines at noontide in season.
I glance above afar,
Where my true-love shines a star—
My spirit sinks, hardly to rally.
O, mighty King and Lord,
Thy help to me accord,
To win the Dark Maiden of the valley!

Bean Óub an Íhleannha!
 An Bhean Óub do b'fearrha!
 Bean Óub ba deirre gáipe
 Na b-friú a ghluaodh mairi an alaodh,
 'S a píb mairi an rneaccta!
 'S a comh reanach, ríomhail, almhí,
 Ní'l oigheáin cailce,
 O Bháile Uta Chiat zo Táillí;
 Ná ar rúd zo Tuama Uí Mheána!
 Na c b-friú a gá torthaill 'r a gá tairbhí,
 Ái eacachb dóncha deara
 Ái tortha leir an m-Bean Óub almhí!

Sheabáin-ri bean ra Múiní,
 Tírui báin a laisceanach,
 Áigearr bean o níj 3eal Seoigrí,
 Bean na lúbaodh bhróde
 D'fáirziocht mór le na cnojóde,
 Bean agus dá mhile bó lé,
 Inisíon óig an Iarlaodh
 Uta zo teinín dubaí díacraí,
 Ái iarlaodh mire d'fáidí le pobair!
 'S dá b-faighinn ríomh mo iúdha!
 De mhá deara an domhain
 Ar i an Bhean Óub ó 'n n-Íhleannha do
 b'fearr lomh.

An té cíordófeac mo teac,
 'S san do díon aig acht rearach,
 Na firzé 'mhc coir taoibh an bódair!
 Nuairí éigíseáin an beac,
 Áigearr d'éigísean a nead,
 Le ghluaing 'r le teair an t-ramhlaiocht!
 Nuairí éigíseáin rúair an t-rlat
 Ní fánaid uipite aon mear,
 Ácht ag tortha leir an m-bráin ríomh
 Mo cíordófeac, deair,
 D'éalaiocht uairí le ríomh,
 Mo cíordófeac, ríomh zo deas lé!

Dark maiden, first and best,
Who hast robbed me of my rest,

O, maiden, most beautiful and tender ;
With swan-like neck so bright,
With bosom snowy-white,
With waist so delicate and slender,—
Not a youth from Dublin town
Unto Galway of renown,
Or thence to Toomevara, but is laden
On steeds bounding free,
With love-gifts to thee,
My loveliest, my Dark own Maiden !

In Momonia* I could find
Many damsels to my mind,

And in Leinster—nay, England, a many,
One from Georgey, without art,
Who would clasp me to her heart,

And a beauty is the lass among many.
The daughter of the Earl,
Who walks in silk and pearl,

Would fain have me netted in her thrall yet,
But could I have my choice,
How much would I rejoice

To wed thee, my Dark Maiden, of all yet !

My hut may stand unseen,
But 'tis thatched with rushes green,

And around it the bee is a hummer ;
And it shines day by day,
In the glory and the ray

Of the Eire-loving sunlight of Summer.
But when maidens grow old,
They are viewed with glances cold,

And we chuse, then, the gay and youthful-hearted.
Thou hast left me, blooming flower,
In a dark and evil hour,
But I mourn thee as one who has departed.

* Munster.

INSHION UI THEARAILT.

Domhnall na Buile, ect.*

Atá hle 3an r3amal d'fhiul 3heanailt na ráipí-feeap,
 Ir roinnean3a a tearfdar a3 ráj3ib 3u1l,
 Ní f3acim a ramhui1l a3 tair3dol na r3ájde,
 A h-3h3ollta3t pean3an — a 3-cájl 'r a 3-cl3d,
 3hád na 3u1n j an m3úl3i3h3 mar3ala3c,
 Blá3t na h-3úball j a 3-túijr an t-ramh3ad
 Lúibh3i3 la3anta — ala3d an éu3ip b3áj3,
 An f3i3ne-bean f3ad3-c3po3b 3lu3h3i3 33!

Ir mo3ulla3c, m3i3pe3aria3c, uilleann3a3c, óm3bri3a3c,
 Co3calla3c, clu3tajr, a3 f3ár 3o fe3or;
 A cap3h-3olt c3ra3p3i3ne3c, f3ion3na-3eal, f3á3ne3c,
 C3notac a3 tu3t3m 3o b3áj3 a b3o3z :—
 3o t3i3n3re3c, t3á3la3c, tláj3-t3ub, t3aj3t3i3m3a3c,
 C3jor3ta, c3á3na3c, c3á3bla3c, c3am3an3a3c,
 B3re3c, b3á3na3-3o3, b3ac3alla3c, bláj3,
 D3laoj3te3c, d3i3olla3c, 'r a r3ájl 3a3i3 ór.

B3on Cupid na h-3at3ad 3o 3eanamhui1l, 3ná3d3i3ar,
 Ir f3i3ne3an an lea3b d'fhi33 Paris d3o3b;
 Ir f3ollur na leac3an3 a3 c3air3m3i3t 3o d3á3a,
 L3on3ri3ad an t-3ne3acta le r3ájl an n3o3r.
 R3i3-n3or3 n3er3-3lar, p3e3pla3c, 3eanamh3a3c,
 B3ia3o3te ca3la3d aji3 éa3dan lea3haba3c,
 C3mu3h3i3-c3j3c c3o3ra ir 3eanamh3ai3je 3náj3,
 'S 3ile an éu3ip-3a3lce j n3á3i3 l3amh3i33e3ad3 f3o3r.

Ir b3in3e 3u3t 3eap3h-3u3b, b3al3am-3u3b, m3á3nla3d,
 An lea3b-3 3a3han3 le r3á3h-3u3t ce3ol;
 A3 re3n3n3m-c3j3t 3all-3o3t 3eap3a3d3r d3á3m3e,
 An f3i3ne3an3 do te3a3g3i33 an cláj3re3c d3o3b;

* Of *Domhnall na Buile*, (i. e. Domhnall the mad or crazy) the reputed author of this ballad, we have nothing to say, except that his claim to the authorship is disputed, some asserting it to be the joint production

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

BY DOMHNALL NA BUILE.

There's a beauteous lily, a blooming flower,
 A damsel of the Geraldine's race—
 I know not her peer in city or bower,
 For comely figure or lovely face ;
 The love of my soul, my life and my light she is !
 Sweet as the apple-tree blossom, and bright she is,
 A dazzling, a white-breasted, white-plumaged swan,
 Is she, this wonder of radiance and grace !

Her tresses fall down in many a cluster,
 Braided, yet free, on the emerald ground,
 Shining with glorious and golden lustre,
 And bright green ribbons flowing all round,
 They beam on the sight serenely and shiningly—
 O ! I have gazed on them fondly and piningly !
 Gracefully plaited and braided they are,
 Yet in luxuriance flowing unbound !

Love glows and sparkles from all her features,
 And all the graces that Love bestows—
 You see in the face of this first of creatures
 The brightness of snow, the bloom of the rose ;
 Her blue eyes shine ever tender and tenderer,
 And her fair eye-brows ever seem slenderer,
 And pure is the bosom, and pure is the heart
 Of this fairest flower of any that blows.

The songs of her fallen land she singeth
 Sweetly and softly, with tone and fire—
 Each glorious air and melody ringeth
 Forth all silvery from her lyre.

of *Seaghan Clarach Mhic Domhnaill*, and *Uilliam Dall O'Hearnain*, celebrated poets, who, it is said, composed each half stanza alternately.

Faoileanu ñíaoirtá, béraig aé, báhainiúil,

Naojdeandá, tréjteacé, déaricacé, tréanamháin,
Mílir-bean uíriamháin, níjocáin, gan cám,
'S d'fealitajb a cimhainn tá táin gan tréoir!

Ír níuirtair do'n aijisír a h-áitairi zo rájt-éilic,

Dojheanáda, díazanta, a m-bealrighain zleóid,
'S aír tuille dá matar ceanjal le Seáchan zeal,

Cúradh náir b'ajndoir a d-tábhairne an óil:—

A máitair úill-céib, éliuig-éaoi, éaritannacé,

Thuz Síriam Connatae, 'r Túthae lajdionta;
Chúzajn, 'r maircra calma, cálz,

Chum reáramh a z-cóimhne, 'r a n-zaírtá rlóz.

Dá d-taigac feair ronnuirtá, ronhbar, rájt-éilic,

Cumhacé, neartmáin, faoi láin an t-reoile;

Fionn-élaist ronuir do zlácaid le zpád i,

A n-dlíže na h-eagúilí an báin-éneir, módamhúil:—
Lucy zléigjol réimh Ní Theáruilt i,*

Do érú na n-Dréagáé d-tréan, reád d'earzair rí,
Seánz-bean mairreacé, na labairta ráin,

Fuair clú 'zur beannhaict ó'n n-dáin zo deo.

* At page 26 there is a slight allusion to the heroine of this ballad — a lady named Fitzgerald, a native of Ballykenely, in the county of Cork, which was a portion of the family estate at the time, and is still held by their descendants. So captivating were her personal charms that she became the theme of the Munster poets, by whom she was celebrated in more than a thousand and one ballads, two of which we have given in our present volume. She had a brother named Pierse, a celebrated poet, of whom many anecdotes are related by the peasantry of his native district, one of which is as follows:—

One day passing a nook, close by his land, where the tide flowed

A maiden she is of rich hospitality,
 Noble, and gifted with every high quality,
 Innocent, good, but so lovely withal,
 That her beauty has wrought desolation most
 dire !

She hath a pride in the fame of her father—
 A hero fierce on the battle-plain—
 And her lover, who never was slow to gather
 Bright wreaths amid the festival train,
 And her mother, the bold, the learned, the meek-
 minded,
 Shield and support of the feeble and weak-minded ;
 One, who if battle threatened the land,
 Would stand unmoved 'mid its reddest rain.

May there soon come a hero to seek her—
 Some stalwart lord of a kingly race—
 None could he find higher-minded, yet meeker,
 None of more beautiful figure and face.
 From the grand Geraldines, foes of iniquity,
 Sprang she, this maiden of Grecian antiquity ;
 Blessings are on her from poet and sage,
 And her glory all Time can never efface !

in from the main ocean at high water, and meeting a brother bard
 he accosted him thus :—

Ceisd agam ort a shair-fhir,
 Os tu is deanaighe d'fhag an cuan ;
 Ca mheid galun saile
 San g-Crampan sa Chill Moluadh ?

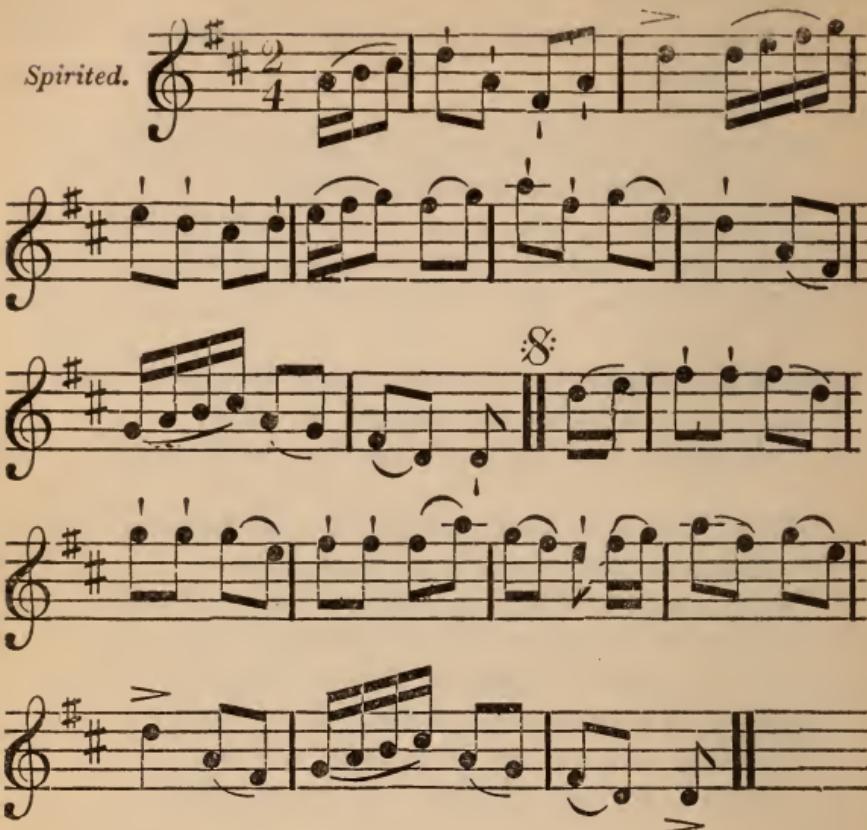
To which he received the following sarcastic reply :—

Ni feidir a thomhas le cairtibh,
 Ata se laidir luath ;
 San mheid na faghadh slighe san Ath dhe,
 Geabhadh se an fanadh o thuaig.

It would be impossible to convey the extraordinary wit of this
 answer in an English version.

LEATHER AWAY WITH THE WATTLE, O!

Tomář níje Coitir, cct



A naojr 'r mé zo téanac,

Ajri taoib choic ne h-ajr an cójb; *

Do ruijz mé real a3 éirdeac,

Le gújt na h-éan a3 cantuji seóil;

Le m' taoib gújr deaipcar rpéirbean,

Ba raothair, rnujðte, rnaigða, a rnóz;

'S a dloj-folt címatac péaplaç

Ajri raoth a3 téac a3 h-alt na deóis.

Ba zéal a gné man rneacsta rlejib,

Ba dear a rzejh, a cheat, 'r a clóð,

'S aij píar do rphreag aij téatajib,

“Leather away with the Wattle, O!”

* Cove of Cork, now Queenstown.

LEATHER AWAY WITH THE WATTLE, O!

BY THOMAS COTTER.

THIS spirited air escaped the notice of our most eminent collector, Bunting, and probably would have never been in print had it not fallen into our hands.

The words are the production of a violent Jacobite. By leathering away with the wattle, he implies his determination to decide all political differences by an appeal to "physical force."

The wattle was a stout cudgel, or *Ailpin*, in frequent requisition at country fairs and faction fights early in the present century.

Cearnaid, or Cearnuit, referred to in the third stanza, was a beautiful female bondmaid of Cormac, King of Ireland in the third century. She was obliged to grind a certain quantity of corn every day with a quern, or handmill, until the king, observing her beauty, sent across the sea for a millwright, who constructed a mill on the stream of Nith, which flows from the fountain of *Neamhnach*, to the north-east of Tara; and all ancient authorities and traditions agree that this was the first mill erected in Ireland.—See Petrie's "*Essay on Tara Hill*," 4to. Dublin: 1839. *Keating's Ireland*, vol. i., p. 418. Dublin: 1809.

Last night, when stars did glisten,
 By a hill-side near the Cove,
 I sat awhile to listen,
 The sweet birds' pleasant lays of love.
 A damsel tall of stature,
 With golden tresses long and low,
 Which—loveliest sight in nature!—
 Down to the bright green grass did flow;
 And breast as fair,—as snow in air,
 Without compare for beauteous show,
 Stood near, and sang me sweetly,
 "Come, Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

Ա ելաօյտե սեարտա, աօլա,
 Այլ ա հ-եածան տայ, զան րիար, զան րոյօլ,
 Վա լին ա լորձ մար ելաօն շլար,
 Աշ ի լե օ՞ ն աեծան ալ նալի ան քեօյլի :
 Տնեաւտա շեալ զան աօլոյնչ,
 Տո շեալ ա շ-շաւ լե տայտ ան լոյր
 'Տ նյօլ ե'այտիծ ծօ՞ ն էլյրե,
 Ծյա 'ո րտաօն նա լեացան օնչ ;
 Ար շնեարդա սաօնի—Ռ'այտիր րշեալ,
 Տո մ-եյտ ան Ռէյր աշ տեաւտ ա շ-սորօնի,
 Լե՞ն ե-քոն ա եյտ րեալ աշ էլյրեաւտ,
 լե “Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

Ռ'իլարիայշեար քեն ծօ՞ ն րքելլիթեան,
 Ան քեօյլի շնի տւ ան ելույնչյոլ օնչ ;
 Ա յաւալիս նա լաօւ յեալ,
 Ա շ-շաւ նա ՏՐԱԸ լե՞ն միլլեած տիեօնի,
 Նօ՞ն այնչին միլիր Փեյրիթը,
 Օ Եյրէ լուշ ձլան Այրինեած տօրի,
 Խո՞ն եան դա ն-զօլրիթեար Սեալոյտ,
 Այլ սայր շեալ շնի մայլիոն ծօնի,
 Melpomene,—Cassandra քեյնի,
 Վսիլին, Վեյծի, նօ՞ն այնչին օնչ
 'Տ շնի ելոյն կոյ ծօ ելյատիւ,
 Խա “Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

Ռ'իւեաշայի ծան ան րքելլիթեան,
 Ա մ-ելյատիւ ելոյն, ելարդա, եօլ ;
 Ա Ռ-տեանշայի միլիր շաօյծեյլչե
 Փօ շնի յօ սաօնի ան սեարտ ա շ-սօյլ ;
 Ծյա բյլե տւ լե հ-ելքեաւտ
 Ա ն-զլեյլու յօլ նա մ-ելույնչյոլ օնչ,
 Վ'այնոյ-րի նյ լեյլի ծոյտ ;
 Ան քեած ան մեյտ ծօ շայայր բօր.
 Վիյր ան մեյլիթեած—Լիոյր Ելչե,
 լե բադա ա բ-քեյն բա շլարայի ելոյն !
 Աշ տոյտ յօ շ-շօլրիյն շլաօծած քեարդա,
 Այլ “Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

Her eyebrows dark and slender,
 Were each bended like a bow ;
 Her eyes beamed love as tender
 As only poets feel and know ;
 Her face where rose and lily
 Were both pourtrayed in brightest glow ;
 Her mien, so mild and stilly,
 All made my full heart overflow.
 A tale she told,—of that Prince bold
 Whose crown of gold the Gael doth hold.
 I hearkened all delighted
 To “ Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

I asked this lovely creature
 Was *she* Helen famed of yore :
 (So like she seemed in feature)
 Whose name will live for evermore—
 Or Deirdre, meekest, fairest,
 Whom Uisneach’s sons wrought direful woe—
 Or Cearnuit, richest, rarest,
 Who first made mills on water go—
 Or Meadhbh the young,—of ringlets long,
 So sweet her song along did flow,
 Her song so rich and charming,
 Of “ Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

And thus in tones unbroken,
 While sweet music filled her eye,
 In accents blandly spoken,
 The damsel warbled this reply—
 Albeit I know and blame not
 Your marvellous poetic lore,
 You know my ancient name not,
 Though once renowned from shore to shore ;
 I am *Inis* famed,—of *Heroes* named,
 Forsaken, lost in pain and woe,
 But waiting for a chorus,
 To “ Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

Cia τηνεαγζαηαδ 30 ραοη λαζ,
 Να εέαδτα σ' ψημεαηη Αηητ 'r Εοζαιη;
 Φο βαλβαιδ άηη η-έιζε
 'S do cuiηeαd άη 3-cléjiη aη eαrbaδ lόjη;
 Αηη ταιρδιοl do'η b-ηlaij tέactac,
 Το h-εηηe ταβαηταιj ρeаyda coηbη;
 'S ηιaсraij ρuηc aη bέaηla
 le ceata pλeap taj calaij tόr,
 'S aη ρeаpamhjl, ρeаydaс,—rοjlb, ρaοηdа,
 Claηha Τaοdαl 3aη cеaг 43 6l
 'S 30 caοη dά rρiea3aδ aη tέaτa,
 "Leather away with the Wattle, O !"

Caojne Chjllie Cais.*

Cηeаd tέaηfamhaοjо ρeаyda 3aη aδηad,
 Utá dejne na 3-cojlte aη lάp?
 Nj'l tηaέt aη Chjll Chaij ná a teazlac,
 'S nj' baiηfēaη a clηjz t 30 bηat!
 Aη ájt úd 'na 3-coηjujzeac aη Φja-βeаη,
 Fuajj 3aiηm 'r mejdiη taj tηhá,
 Bhjdeac Jaijlajde‡ 43 tajliuηz taj tojηη aηη,
 'S aη t-aiηfηioηj bηη dά nád.

* Kilcash, a small country village situated about six miles east of the town of Clonmel, at the foot of *Sliabh na m-ban* mountain, and formerly the seat of a branch of the Butler family, and a place of note in its time. The only vestiges now remaining to attract the traveller's attention are the walls of the castle.

"This venerable mansion, for many centuries the residence of [a branch of] the Butler family, and attractive theme of travellers and tourists, was finally prostrated in the year 1800, and the materials sold for a trifling consideration to a Mr. James Power, a merchant of Carrick-on-Suir, by (the then) Lord Ormonde, father to the present representative of that noble family."—See Lynch's edition of *Castle-haven's Memoirs*, p. 23, note *. Dublin: 1815.

They died in war for ages,
 The brave sons of Art and Eoghan ;
 Mute are our bards and sages,
 And oh ! our priests are sad and lone.
 But Charles, despising danger,
 Will soon ascend green Eire's throne,
 And drive the Saxon stranger
 Afar from hence to seek his own.
 Then, full of soul,—and freed from dole,
 Without control the wine shall flow ;
 And we shall sing in chorus,
 “ Come, Leather away with the Wattle, O !”

A LAMENT FOR KILCASH.

Oh, sorrow the saddest and sorest !
 Kilcash's attractions are fled—
 Felled lie the high trees of its forest,
 And its bells hang silent and dead.
 There dwelt the fair Lady, the Vaunted,
 Who spread through the island her fame,
 There the Mass and the Vespers were chaunted,
 And thither the proud Earls came !

The song is probably the composition of a student named Lane, whom Lady Iveagh educated at her own expense for the priesthood, and from whose pen another song will be found in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. ii., p. 267.

† *Cling, death-bell, or knell.*

‡ *Jarlaidhe, Earls.* To escape "the machinations of Shaftesbury and the party who wished to excite another persecution against the Catholics of England, by the fabrication of Popish plots, pretended conspiracies, and meditated assassinations, Lord Castlehaven came to Ireland, and died at his sister's house in Kilcash, county of Tipperary, Oct. 11, 1684."—Lynch's *Castlehaven Memoirs*, p. 26.

Ir é mo chleacé-phaða ! 'r mo léan-ðoijit !

Do ȝeatajðe brieáða n̄éata ari lái !

Añ Avenue ȝieanta phaoj ȝaoða,

'S ȝan forȝ' ari aon taoð do 'n Walk !

Añ Chúijit brieáða a ȝileac añ briaon ði,

'S añ ȝarnad ȝéinj ȝo tlát,

'S añ leabair na majb do léaðtað

Añ t-earboȝ* 'r Lady 'Veagh ! †

Nj éluinnejm fuajm laða ná ȝéi añ,

Ná pholaij aȝ d'éanad aedjri coij cuajm ;
Ná phú na m-beacá ȝum ȝaoða,

Thabairfað mjl azur céjri do 'n t-ȝluajȝ !

Nj'l ceol bññ mjlj na n-éan añ,

Le h-aiðaigc añ lae ðul uajñ,

Ná 'n éuajcȝn a m-bápp na n-ȝéaȝ añ,

O'r i ȝuijfeac añ ȝaoðal ȝum fuajm.

Nuajj ȝizead na puic phaoj na ȝléibte,

'S añ ȝuna le na t-taoð, 'r añ ljoñ ;

Féacan ȝiat a nuañ le léan aij,

Añ m-baile fuajj Sway añ ȝac tȝi ;—

Añ ȝaiȝcðe brieáða aoiþiñ na ȝaoða,

'S ȝan forȝ ari aon taoð o'ñ t-ȝi,

Pájic añ Phaddock 'na Dairy,

Mañ a m-bjðeac añ ejht aȝ d'éanad a ȝiȝt !

A tå ceð aȝ tujtjm ari ȝraobða añ,

Ná ȝlanan n̄é ȝljan, ná lá ;

Tå ȝmújð aȝ tujtjm o 'n ȝréjri añ,

'S a cujð uȝze ȝo léjri aȝ tþráða ;—

* Bishop Butler of West-Court, Callan, a man eminent for his virtues, unaffected piety, and the sanctity of his life.

† *Lady Iveagh*, “ Margaret Bourke, eldest daughter of William, Earl of Clanricarde, first married to Brian Magennis, Viscount *Iveagh*; and secondly to the Hon. Col. Thomas Butler, of Kilcash, county Tipperary, where she died 19th of July, 1744. She was a lady of great personal charms, and a bright example of every female

I am worn by an anguish unspoken
 As I gaze on its glories defaced,
 Its beautiful gates lying broken,
 Its gardens all desert and waste.
 Its courts, that in lightning and thunder
 Stood firm, are, alas ! all decayed ;
 And the Lady Iveagh sleepeth under
 The sod, in the greenwood shade.

No more on a Summer-day sunny
 Shall I hear the thrush sing from his lair,
 No more see the bee bearing honey
 At noon through the odorous air.
 Hushed now in the thicket so shady,
 The dove hath forgotten her call,
 And mute in the grave lies the Lady
 Whose voice was the sweetest of all !

As the deer from the brow of the mountain,
 When chased by the hunter and hound,
 Looks down upon forest and fountain,
 And all the green scenery round ;
 So I on thy drear desolation
 Gaze, O, my Kilcash, upon thee !
 On thy ruin and black devastation,
 So doleful and woful to see !

There is mist on thy woods and thy meadows ;
 The sun appears shorn of his beams ;
 Thy gardens are shrouded in shadows,
 And the beauty is gone from thy streams.

virtue. Her piety, charity, and universal benevolence, are eloquently described in the funeral sermon preached after her death, by the Rev. Richard Hogan, and printed in Kilkenny."—Hardiman's "Irish Minstrels," vol. ii., p. 417:

The family of Magennis, with whom the subject of this song was connected, are thus described by *O'Dubhagain* (O'Dugan), an Irish topographer of the fourteenth century :—

Ní'l coll, ní'l cuilhion, ní'l caorí' agh !

Aléad clochá 'gur maoil clocháin,
Páirc agh fóincheoir * gan é liaoibh agh.
'S d'iomáistíz agh *Game* éum fáidh !

Ahoir mairi báirri agh 3aé mjh-éneann,

Chuairt píjóna na h-Íaoisdealtaí tan ráil ;
A hún ne h-ainisíri na mhíne,

Fuairi 3aillim tan b-Fháinc 'r tan Spáinn —
Ahoir atá a cuallaclt dá caoine,

Seilbhearaí ailligíod buidé 'gur báin,
Aír i h-á tóirfach reilb na h-aoine
Ald cailliadha na b-fíorí bochtáin !

Ailtéin ari Mhuijne 'r agh JOSA

Go d-taighaird rí 'nir cùidhainn rílán ?
Go mh-beirt "raingéidé fada" ag 3abail tíméjoll,
Ceol béalbhain 'r teinnté chám : —
Go d-tóirfach an baile-ri ari rímhíor,
Cill Chaitr bheácha 'nir go h-áit,
'S go bhláth nód go d-tloirfach agh dílhionn,
Ní falcraí i 'nir ari láin !

"Chief over the noble clan Aodh
Is the exalted and agreeable Magennis ;
They settled on the fertile hill ;
They took possession of all Ulidia."

They were descended from the famous warrior *Conall Cearnach*, and were the head of the *Clanna Rudhraidhe* of Ulster. Their possessions were the baronies of Iveagh and Lecale, and part of Mourne, in the county of Down.

The hare has forsaken his cover ;
 The wild fowl is lost to the lake ;
 Desolation hath shadowed thee over,
 And left thee—all briar and brake !

And I weep while I pen the sad story—
 Our Prince has gone over the main,
 With a damsel, the pride and the glory
 Not more of Green Eire than Spain.
 The Poor and the Helpless bewail her ;
 The Cripple, the Blind, and the Old ;
 She never stood forth as their jailer,
 But gave them her silver and gold.

O, GOD ! I beseech thee to send her
 Home here to the land of her birth !
 We shall then have rejoicing and splendour,
 And revel in plenty and mirth.
 And our land shall be highly exalted ;
 And till the dread dawn of that day
 When the race of Old Time shall have halted,
 It shall flourish in glory alway !

In 1689, Lord Iveagh, husband of the lady commemorated in this song, furnished King James with two regiments of infantry and dragoons. After the war, he entered the Austrian service with a choice battalion of five hundred men.—*Green Book.*

* *Forghaois*, a rabbit burrow.

† *Prionnsa na n-Gaoidheal*, *Prince of the Gael*. The poet here alludes to the exiled Duke of Ormond.

BJNN UJSJN AORACH ÆN BHROÍLJA.

Bhílan Ua Flaithearta, etc.

Fonn:—Bínn Lírín Aorlaé an Bhrioíza.

Mode & time
Time.



Lá meaðlaé dá naðar-ra lom féin,

Ari bínn lírín aorlaé an Bhrioíza;

Az eirðioct le bínn-žuð na ñ-éan,

Az cantajñi ari žéažað coir aban:—

Añ “Brieac Tairðbrioc” ran líñz úð raoi ném,

Az nañce ra ñ-zaorlita le fonn,

Mář teinñ lób-ri naðaigc rúl na bél,

Tá lejzeař luat ñi éaz ojb dul añ!

THE FAIRY RATH OF BRUFF.

BY BRIAN O'FLAHERTY.

THIS song and air take their name from a celebrated fairy fort situated at the town of Bruff, in the county of Limerick, and like many others in this collection, would have probably been lost, or left in the "world of spirits," had it not fallen into our hands.

Brian O'Flaherty, the author, was an humble peasant, a mason by trade, and, for aught we know, he may have been "master-builder" to his friends—the fairies and "good people" of Bruff.

He was a native of Bruff, or its vicinity, but we cannot discover when he lived. It appears he was not numbered among the literary portion of the bards of his day, but was considered rather presumptive in assuming the name, and for such conduct he was cited, prosecuted, and expelled, at one of the Bardic Sessions then held in Munster. However, Brian was not so easily got rid of, and in order to gain favour, he mustered up all the natural talent he was possessed of, and composed the present song.

Bruff is situated on the banks of the river *Camog* (*Anglicised* "The Morning Star"), and lies about fifteen miles from Limerick. Tradition informs us that the banks of this river up to the town were formerly laid out with beautiful gardens, where all species of plants and trees peculiar to this country grew, and was much admired for being the resort of birds of all kinds, from the melody of whose notes it gained the appellation of *Binn* (melodious). At the west side of the town there is a little eminence called *Lios* (Fort), and there is also a castle, or *Brogha*, which is supposed to have been built by the De Lacy family shortly after the English invasion.

The birds carolled songs of delight,
 And the flowers bloomed bright on my path,
 As I stood all alone on the height
 Where rises Bruff's old Fairy Rath.
 Before me, unstirred by the wind,
 That beautiful lake lay outspread,
 Whose waters give sight to the Blind,
 And would almost awaken the Dead !

Нјоји єјај ծնյнн сојј ծјај т-րиүлл на үеај,
 'Наји үїјај ле բји Ծիլյонн ծүл аң ;
 Աн տրіат ժիјалл էնջајнн аи ժիјај-նիјիր үեյտ,
 Յօ ծјај 'ր յ 'η-էայ-էլијտ Յօ լոյ !
 Ա ցյаб-քոլт ելեայա, դամյиаč, Յօ բեար,
 Այ բար լեյ-ր ոյոյре 'ր դա դեայз ;
 "Ա Բիլյայ ծիլ ! շրեած է 'η ծјај-չոլ րօ շոյիօր,
 Փօ չյայ ոյ Յօ հ-այչի օր մո չյօնн !"

Ո րշաօյլքեած-րա բրյօմ-ինн մո րշեյլ,
 Յօ դ-ինյրի ճա տաօն ծյօն աи չաբայ ?
 Ան տն Աօյբյլл-եայз, չաօյն-չլեարաč, չլաօն,
 Այ լիոնայ Յօ լեյլ ոյ դօ ծ' չլեանн !
 Խօ 'η տ-րյտ-եան ժոյ բոյջոն-տրյոյ դա Երաء,
 Յոյ լիոնադար Յրեազայз 'դա եաբայз ;
 Խօ 'η Բիլյչեած լե'ր չլաօյծեայз լե շայ իեյյ,
 Շանн Այրիյէ դա տրեյն-քի, շայ չաբայ !

" Ո յօն ոյ, ճա ծյտ լոյ դօ րշեալ,
 Ակտ րյշե-եան օ 'η ծ-տրեան-լիօր նն տալ ;
 Փօ րյօն-չօն դօ րյօն-չոլ ա չ-սեյն,
 'Տ ար տեյն լոյ տն տրաօշտա այ դեար Յալ !
 Յալ ինյտի ! Բայ չլոյծեան 'դա մ-եյծ բաօբար,
 Այ դայնու այ չաօյլ-եաč Յօ րեայз ;
 Յայ տյուշյոլլ չաč ըլյօč 'դա ե-բ-բաչայ Յաօյծեյլ,
 Յօ դ-ինյրի դօ րշեալ ծօյ շայ չայ ?"

Գ' էյրեար լե բյոն-չստ ա բեյլ,
 'Տ ծ' էյրյօր դօ լեյյ աи մո նոյն ;
 Գ' ինյրի յոյ տեյն սնյր մո րշեյլ,
 Լե լիյշ-չօյլ դաč լեյյօնն դայ լաբայր !
 Բյօծայ մո չրօյծ րտյ լե լեան,
 Այս րյիմ բյոյ ժրեան ար մո չեան ;
 Ո յօն-իօյ ծա լեայած 'հայ մար չաօր,
 Այ րյօն-իյլ դեար Յօ տրօմ !

As I gazed on the silvery stream,
 So loved by the heroes of old,
 There neared me, as though in a dream,
 A maiden with tresses of gold.
 I wept, but she smilingly said—
 “Whence, Brian, my dearest, those tears ?”
 And the words of the gentle-souled maid
 Seemed to pierce through my bosom like spears.

“O, rather,” I cried, “lovely One,
 Tell *me* who you are, and from whom !
 Are you Aoibhill, and come here alone
 To sadden my spirit with gloom ?
 Or she who brought legions to Troy,
 When the Grecians crossed over the wave ?
 Or the dame that was doomed to destroy
 The children of Uisnigh the brave ?”

“ I am none of all three,” she replied,
 “ But a fairy from yonder green mound—
 Who heard how you sorrowed and sighed
 As you strayed o’er this elf-haunted ground.
 And now gird around you your sword,
 And spring on your swift-footed steed—
 And call on the Gael, serf and lord,
 And Eire’s green land shall be freed !”

So spake she in musical tones,
 And I started as wakened from sleep,
 I told her the cause of my groans,
 And the anguish that forced me to weep—
 Why my eyes were thus blinded by tears,
 And my bosom tormented with pains,
 Why my heart had been breaking for years,
 And the blood growing cold in my veins.

Alz an ujñ-t-rluijé ñuaillí bñm-rí lhom fén,
 Alí bñm liríjí aorlaé an Blhiojád ;
 Alz rmaoimheamh an ȝnjoimhajtéalb an t-rlaojáil,
 Alí jorbailltirí an Þhaoróil aí ñealit Þall,
 Tá Fleet na d-trí lújte zo tréan,
 'S an Stjóbarit rán Séamhur, 'na ceann ;*
 Laojíz dá lhojád faoi néim,
 Alíle 'r reacét ȝ-céad aíñ ȝac lónz.

CÁJT NJ NÉLL.

Alhojí ó tárilaó, a b-þlújorírí álit me, a ñ-ȝéjþeann
 círúajó,
 'S zo naclínn do rtájí, mairí a b-fri l mo ȝrlád ȝeal,
 'r zo b-þózfrí i ;
 Do brajlínn mo lájíh ðearf alí a brlájajó, nód faoi na
 cojmínn caoíl,
 Alí é 'duibairt Cájt lhom, "ȝeabád nájlie, mairí a
 d-tóizfríl díom !"

Nj-ȝózfrád díot, a rtójí mo círojde, mairí iñ trí bhléoríz
 me 'náojí,
 Chújí rafíȝead am círojde, ná lénjírfjorí díom, zo
 brlád ne m' náe !
 Dá m-bejt an Chriñt na rñjé, 'r mé le cnocha tríjot,
 'r mo cíújí dá pléjó,
 Le toiracád clojójí, do bájñfjí díob trí, a Chájt Nj
 Néll !

* *Ceann, head, chief, captain, leader, James, the Chevalier de St. George.*

She vanished on hearing my tale,
But at evening I often roam still
To lament the sad fate of the Gael,
And to weep upon Bruff's Fairy Hill.
O ! may we soon see the three Kings,*
And JAMES, above all, in this land !
May the winds on their favoring wings
Waft swiftly their fleet to our strand !

KATE NI NEILL.

Now that, in prison, and all forsaken, my fate I rue,
Fain would I seek her, my only true-love, and wed her
too,
Around her white waist I'd press my arm with a
pleasure new,
But still she tells me—"O, leave me ! leave me ! you
shame me, you !"

No, no, my darling, I'll never shame you ; but all night
long
You wound my bosom ! I'm grown most feeble—I
once so strong !
Come good or evil, come Death or Life, or come Right
or Wrong,
Sweet Kate Ni Neill, love, I'd choose you only among
the throng.

* The King of Ireland, England, and Scotland.

Jr jn̄te c̄j̄ðteaj̄i, aŋ alað n̄jj̄n̄, n̄ári c̄áj̄neat̄ béal,
 'Na b̄-f̄iñl ȝpl̄raij̄ a c̄j̄n̄, na l̄uba buj̄ðe léj̄, aȝ f̄árt̄ zo
 f̄éaj̄;
 Jr ȝeal a p̄jb, jr r̄n̄ðte a c̄om̄, 'r a cn̄áma zo léj̄,
 A b̄-f̄iñl ar r̄r̄ð r̄j̄or, zo báriñ a t̄p̄oij̄e, n̄il c̄áim̄ f̄aeñ
 r̄aoðal.

Tá tujle ȝn̄j̄om̄harp̄ta, 'zam̄ le n̄-jn̄r̄j̄nt̄ oírt, a f̄éim̄-
 þean̄ f̄raj̄ic,
 Jr meaŋ̄ do ȝzpl̄j̄ob̄t̄á, bana caol, jr léj̄ 'r ar l̄raj̄t̄;
 Do n̄uſt̄f̄á Reel, aŋ̄ f̄uſð aŋ̄ t̄j̄ze, zo meaŋ̄, éad̄nom̄,
 buan̄,
 'S le ȝut̄ do c̄j̄n̄, zo ȝ-c̄r̄l̄feáða céat̄ laoč, c̄rm̄
 f̄raj̄n̄ !

Jač b̄ej̄t̄ ðear̄ dá o-taȝac̄ c̄r̄j̄am̄ra, n̄í ȝejoðiñ
 r̄árt̄a léj̄,
 T̄j̄i na l̄on̄z a ȝ-ceaŋ̄t̄ 'r a ȝ-c̄r̄nt̄ar̄, 'r a f̄áðaj̄l le
 b̄ej̄b;
 Pórt̄ ȝMat̄ȝam̄ha aŋ̄ f̄ad̄ ȝan̄ c̄r̄nt̄ar̄, an̄ Spájñn̄ 'r
 aŋ̄ ȝh̄n̄eiz,
 Zo m̄'f̄ear̄n̄ l̄om̄ra ȝejt̄ aŋ̄ leabað c̄l̄h̄m̄ leat̄ a
 Cháit̄ N̄í Néll.

ȝhlacajñn̄ c̄r̄j̄am̄ tr̄ ȝan̄ bað, ȝan̄ r̄új̄nt̄, ȝan̄ áj̄neam̄
 r̄p̄n̄eij̄ð,
 'S ar̄ leat̄ do ȝj̄úb̄al̄f̄ajñn̄ maj̄d̄ion̄ oþr̄úc̄ða, aŋ̄ báriñ
 aŋ̄ f̄éj̄i;
 Ar̄ é mo c̄neac̄ zo oðr̄bað ȝan̄ m̄é 'ȝrr̄ tr̄, a bláit̄ na
 ȝ-c̄laob̄!
 A ȝ-Caȝ̄j̄oll ȝMúm̄an̄ 'r ȝan̄ do leabað r̄új̄nt̄, aðt̄
 Clári Þoȝ Déil!

Your lovely features, O, glorious creature, attract
all eyes !
Your golden tresses flow brightly downward in dazzling
guise ;
Your neck so snow-white, your waist so slender, your
features fair,
Exalt you over all mortal maidens beyond compare !

O ! beauteous damsel, the light and lustre of Eire's
land,
Yours is the ready, the quick yet steady, the writer's
hand !
Yours is the light foot, the bounding figure for
saraband,
And yours the voice that nor king nor hero could e'er
withstand.

To all the lasses I have met with my heart was steel,
No wealth, nor honour, could ever tempt me to them
to kneel,
Not all Portumna, not Spain or Hellas, could make
me feel
One moment faithless to you, my darling, sweet Kate
Ni Neill !

O ! were you landless, and owned not even one blade
of grass,
All other damsels, the dead or living, you'd still
surpass !
O, woe and sorrow ! how sadly fare I ! alas ! alas !
Without my Kate, without friends or money, without
a glass !

ROIS SHEAL DUBH.*

Form:—Róis Sheal Dubh.

Not too Slow.

Ir fada an néimh do túi mé féin ó náe zo 'njiúð,
 An injoll rleib 'mujc, zo h-injollta, éadtriom, man
 b'eólað dám;
 Lóe Eilme do léimear, cia guri mói an rruisit,
 'S gáh do gíle gréimhe am déis-ri, acht mo Róis Sheal
 Dubh!

* We present the reader with two different settings of this air, for from their extraordinary beauty we could not justly omit either. *Rois*

BLACK-HAIRED FAIR ROSE.

Fonn :—Róisín Dubh.

Slow Time.

Since last night's star, afar, afar, Heaven saw my speed,
 I seem'd to fly o'er mountains high, on magic steed,
 I dashed through Erne :—the world may learn the cause
 from *Love* ;

For, light or sun shone on me none, but *Roisin Dubh* !

Gheal Dubh (Black-haired Fair Rose), sometimes written *Roisin Dubh* (Dark-haired little Rose), is supposed to be one of these names by which Ireland is known in the language of allegory.

So d-tj an aonac má téigionn tu a3 djal do
rtuic,
Má téigil, ná ran déanaac ran ojdece amhac?
Bjoé bultajd ari do dónire 'r mór-zählir cip,
Nó ar baozal tuit an cléijoé ari an Róir Sheal
Dub!

A Róirin ná bjoé brión oir, ná car ahoir,
Tá do páirtiú o Phápa na Róima a3ad;
Tá na Briáithe teacéit tap ráile 'r a3 tuiall
tap mri,
'S ní ceilfiong fion Spáinnseac ari mo Róir Sheal
Dub!

Ta grád 'gam am lári óuit le bládajn a nua,
Grád cíádte! grád carimair! grád cíapajdte!
Grád d-fád mé gan rlájite! gan man! gan riuit!
'S zo briád, briád, ní'l aon fádail agam ari mo Róir
Sheal Dub!

Do fíúbalraígn-ri ari Mhúmair leat, 'r cíúmair na
3-cnoc,
Mar fúil zo b-faígní nún oir, nód páirt le cion;
A cíaoibh-éirí, tuigtear óúnta, zo b-fúil grád
'gam;
'S gur b'í plúr-rgoist na m-ban muihite, mo Róir
Sheal Dub!

Bejd an fáighe na tuigte deaing, 'r an rpéir na
fúil,
Bejd an raozal na cíogaí cíorídearí ari óriúit na
3-cnoc,
Bejd 3ac gleann rléibé ari fiaid Eilimionn, 'r muihite
ari cíjá!
Lá éiginn ful a n-éagfajd mo Róir Sheal Dub!

My friends ! my prayers for marts and fairs are these
alone—

That buyers haste home ere evening come, and sun be
gone ;

For, doors, bolts, all, will yield and fall, where picklocks
move—

And faith the Clerk may seize i' the dark, my *Roisin
Dubh* !

O, Roisin mine ! droop not nor pine, look not so dull !
The Pope from Rome hath sent thee home a pardon
full !

The priests are near : O ! never fear ! from Heaven
above

They come to thee—they come to free my *Roisin Dubh* !

Thee have I loved—for thee have roved o'er land and
sea :

My heart was sore ;—it evermore beat but for thee.
I could but weep—I could not sleep—I could not move ;
For, night and day, I dreamt alway of *Roisin Dubh* !

Through Munster's lands, by shores and strands, far
could I roam,

If I might get my loved one yet, and bring her home.

O, sweetest flower, that blooms in bower, or dell, or
grove,

Thou lovest me, and I love thee, my *Roisin Dubh* !

The sea shall burn, the earth shall mourn—the skies
rain blood—

The world shall rise in dread surprise and warful mood—

And hill and lake in Eire shake, and hawk turn dove—

Ere you shall pine, ere you decline, my *Roisin Dubh* !

ROJSJN DUBH.*

Ir mairiȝ do'ñ té úd d'ári b'éigjiong dul tari ráile rojñ!

'S naé boéct do'ñ tliéan-élanñ do éalóð ȝan ȝráig tari muiñ!

Tá láim añ tliéatúñi 43 ȝimor 'ra maobad,—rúð a buað a ȝuið,—

Támaoð tliéigte, fáit ári ñ-éalóð uajt, a Róijñiñ Dub!

Ir buañ ȝmuajñte mo éliorðe oírt a ȝtójj, a ñoðt,

Uð d'jé-t-ri ir tliom éaoijñj ȝan ȝjéit, ȝan toðt!

Oír ȝan ȝnhead ñat mo ȝaeȝjl leat, a bláit ña ȝub',
Uéct ȝafraoijr! táim a ñ-daoijrre uajt, a Róijñiñ

Dub!

Ba ðear mo ðóit fead do býð me pórda le'm ȝtój-
nijñ ȝéij,

U d-túñj m'óijze býð me ȝtliðjz lé ȝan earfbað aon
ñjóð;

Uéct mo d'jé-ȝuillit! ȝáijnc aoijr dám, 'r d'éaloð mo
éliuít!

'S ar éigjiong dám tú tliéigjiong, a Róijñiñ Dub!

Ba ðear do élóð ari ȝac aon éor, a éliaojb úr-
bláit!

Ba mairiȝ do éóirji ari bónidaij ȝlan, ȝuáð, ȝac lá,—
Ué! ȝuññj ña Róijñiñ ari ȝac mojde do tuiȝair
feijñ dám,

ȝjóð' ȝuñ b'éigjiong dám do tliéigjiong ari ráile a ȝuið!

* This song was sent us as the composition of a Munster bard; but upon examination we found it deficient of that smooth and grace-

LITTLE BLACK-HAIRED ROSE.

O, bitter woe, that we must go, across the sea !
 O, grief of griefs, that Lords and Chiefs, their homes
 must flee !
 A tyrant-band o'erruns the land, this land so green,
 And, though we grieve, we still must leave, our Dark
 Roisin !

My darling Dove, my Life, my Love, to me so dear,
 Once torn apart from you, my heart will break, I fear,
 O, golden Flower of Beauty's bower ! O, radiant
 Queen !
 I mourn in bonds ; my soul desponds ; my Dark
 Roisin !

In hope and joy, while yet a boy, I wooed my bride ;
 I sought not pelf ; I sought herself, and nought beside,
 But health is flown, 'tis old I'm grown ; and, though I
 ween
 My heart will break, I must forsake my Dark *Roisin* !

The fairest Fair you ever were ; the peerless Maid ;
 For bards and priests your daily feasts were richly laid.
 Amid my dole, on you my soul still loves to lean,
 Though I must brave the stormy wave, my Dark
 Roisin !

ful flow peculiar to Munster poetry. The merit of the translation, however, entitles it to a place in the present collection.

The original song of *Roisin Dubh* is supposed to have been com-

Cuimhneadh fóir aipí 3aé cónailleád níjh, cónjh, 3aé
élaoinj,
Cuimhneadh a rtóirí 3uir leatra a phóraí me a d-túlf
mo raežil !
Cuimhneadh a óighean aí leabaid a cónaighsead óuist
féjh 'r dánj,
Bláth na nór, 'r rzojé na móna-níjháj, mo Róiríj Óub !

Naé b-riuil mo páirt leat a cíul fájhneacá ná n-duall
car m-buijde !
Naé tú mo 3plád-ra d'á b-riuil do'í Aodhán-élaíjh, a
éajlh éaojh !
3onuiz aí lá 'njuiz a n-3njoim ná nájdtib ní b-riuajr
tú 3uist,
'S naé cnuajd aí car 3uir cnuisead 3pláh oírt, a
Róiríj Óub !

Ná bjhdeac bhoí oírt a Róiríj ! aéde bjoíd a d-3oéit,
Tá do cárjide 43 teacéit tair rájle 3aé rráir a nocoit ;
Tjocfaid a láh do 3hrejib ná Sbájhne leib a nójh,
'S bejh a Róiríj 3aé bhoí ná 3eoiz rjh, 'r 3o deo
faoj éjoh !

3o d-tiž' aí tpiáth rjh céad rpláh leat a rtóirí mo
éuimj,
3o d-tjocfaid aí lá rahn mjhle rpláh leat, a cpojde
naé tjjh !
Bíod 3ájhdeac, tajm a d-tfáidbáil a rtóirí, a njuiz !
Aéde fíllfead le átuir 'r mór-3ájhdaí, aí mo Róiríj
Óub !

posed in the reign of Elizabeth for the celebrated *Aodh Ua Domhnail*, Prince of *Tir Chonaill* (Tirconnell). The allegorical allusions

In years gone by, how you and I seemed glad and blest!

My wedded wife, you cheered my life, you warmed my breast!

The fairest one the living sun e'er decked with sheen,
The brightest rose that buds or blows, is Dark *Roisin*!

My guiding Star of Hope you are, all glow and grace,
My blooming Love, my Spouse above all Adam's race;
In deed or thought you cherish nought of low or mean;
The base alone can hate my own—my Dark *Roisin*!

O, never mourn as one forlorn, but bide your hour;
Your friends ere long, combined and strong, will prove their power.

From distant Spain will sail a train to change the scene
That makes you sad, for one more glad, my Dark *Roisin*!

Till then, adieu! my Fond and True! adieu, till then!
Though now you grieve, still, still believe we'll meet again;

I'll yet return, with hopes that burn, and broad-sword keen;

Fear not, nor think you e'er can sink, my Dark *Roisin*!

to Ireland under the name of *Roisin*, have long been forgotten, and it is now known by the peasantry merely as a love song.

EAMONN AN CHHOJC.

Fionn :— Eamonn an Chhojc.

Moderately
Slow.

Cia h-é ríu amháic,
 'Na b-ruil faoibhír ari a ghuairt,
 An nraobad mo dórluir dúnnta?
 Míre Eamonn an Chhojc,
 Tá bájóite, ruair, rílúc,
 O ríor-ríúbal ríléibte 'r gheannnta!
 A laoigh óil 'r a cíuic,
 Cipead d'éanfacháin-ri óuig,
 Muin a g-cuirfíonn oírt beinnír da m' gúna,
 'S go b-ruil rúidhdaír go tuis,
 Dá ríor-féide ríot,
 'S go m-beathmaoir a nraon níúcta!

EDMUND OF THE HILL.

AIR :—“*Edmund of the Hill.*”

EDMUND O’RYAN, better known as *Eamonn an Chnoic* (Edmund, or Ned of the Hill), was born at Shanbohy, in the parish of Temple-beg, in the upper half barony of Kilnemanagh, in Tipperary, previous to the wars of 1691. His father, who possessed a considerable amount of property after the confiscations and plunders of 1641, was descended from the valiant and warlike race of the O’Ryans, of Kilenlongury, many of whom lost their lives and properties in the obstinate, but ineffectual struggle for independence, by the Earl of Desmond, in the reign of Elizabeth. His mother was of the ancient family of the O’Dwyers, lords of Kilnemanagh. Edmund was intended for the priesthood; but by an affair in which he took a prominent part after his return from the Continent, where he had studied for the clerical profession, he had to relinquish that idea. After many strange vicissitudes in life, his body now lies interred on the lands of Curraheen, near Faill an Chluig, in the parish of Toem, in the upper half barony of Kilnemanagh, near the Hollyford copper mine, and the precise spot is marked on sheet 45 of the Ordnance Survey of Tipperary, as the grave of *Eamonn an Chnoic*.

We have received a long sketch of him from a distinguished literary member of the family, but are obliged to reserve it for another volume.

“ You, with voice shrill and sharp,
 Like the high tones of a harp,
 Why knock you at my door like a warning ?”
 “ I am Ned of the Hill,
 I am wet, cold, and chill,
 Toiling o’er hill and vale since morning !”—
 “ Ah, my love, is it you ?
 What on earth can I do ?
 My gown cannot yield you a corner.
 Ah ! they’ll soon find you out—
 They’ll shoot you, never doubt,
 And it’s I that will then be a mourner !”

Jr fada nírre a'muic,
 Faoi r'neac'ta 'zur faoi r'joc,
 'S 3an d'ána'ct a'gam aji aon neac' ;
 Mo r'f'ejr'neac' 3an r'zur,
 Mo b'ra'na'ri 3an c'ur,
 Ar 3an ja'd a'gam aji aon c'or !
 Nj'l capa'j'd a'gam,
 Jr d'ain'j'd l'om r'an,
 Do z'lac'ra'c m'e mo'c ná d'ea'na'c,
 'S zo z-caj't'fead m'e dul,
 Ta'n r'fai'ze r'or,
 Or a'nn ná'c b'-fui'l mo z'ao'dal'ta'd :

A c'ui'l álu'nn de'ar,
 'Na b'-fá'ni'zj'de ca'r,
 Jr b'neá'za 'zur ar z'lar do r'ú'le !
 Zo b'-fui'l mo c'hoj'de d'á r'lat,
 Ma'ri do r'j'som'j'ta'oi 3a'd,
 Le blia'zaj'n m'ori f'ada a'z t'hú't le'at.
 D'á b'-fa'zaj'nn..r'j le ce'ar't,
 Ce'ad r'jne r'jor le'at,
 Jr éad'triom 'r ar de'ar do r'jú'bal'fai'nn
 Zo b'-fui'l mo r'maoi'nt'e a' b'ean,
 Aji éal'oz'a'd le'at,
 Faoi co'jlt'j'b a'z r'peala'd a'ñ d'ru'c'ta'd !

A c'umaj'nn 'r a r'ea'rc,
 Ra'cam'aoj'd-ne r'ea'l,
 Faoi co'jlt'j'b a'z r'peala'd a'ñ d'ru'c'ta'd !
 Ma'ri a b'-fa'zma'ojo'd a'ñ b'neac,
 'S a'ñ l'or aji a'nead,
 A'ñ r'lat 'zur a'ñ poc a b'ú'j't're ;—
 Na h'-éi'j'ni'j'de b'j'ne,
 Aji z'éi'zj'ni'j'de r'ej'neac' ,
 'S a'ñ c'ua'j'nn aji b'árr'i aji n'j'-z'laj'r,
 Zo b'rá't b'rá't n'j' t'joc'ra'd
 A'ñ b'ár aji ári n'-z'or'neac' ,
 A'ñ l'áj'ri n'a co'jle c'ú'ba'j't'a.

“ Long I’m wandering in woe,
In frost and in snow,
No house can I enter boldly ;
My ploughs lie unyoked—
My fields weeds have choked—
And my friends they look on me coldly !
Forsaken of all,
My heart is in thrall :
All-withered lies my life’s garland,
I must look afar
For a brighter star,
Must seek my home in a far land !

“ O ! thou of neck fair,
And curling hair,
With blue eyes flashing and sparkling !
For a year and more
Has my heart been sore,
And my soul for thee been darkling.
O, could we but both,—
You nothing loth,—
Escape to the wood and forest,
What Light and Calm,
What healing balm,
Should I have for my sorrows sorest !

“ My fond one and dear,
The greenwood is near,
And the lake where the trout is springing—
You will see the doe,
The deer and the roe,
And will hear the sweet birds singing,
The blackbird and thrush
In the hawthorn bush,
And the lone cuckoo from his high nest,
And you never need fear,
That Death would be near,
In this bright scenery divinest !

Bejj i ržéalač nájpi rójpi,
 Žo h-añžiži čjujpi an t-rujlt,
 Žup čajleadači na hejd a h-éanhalajt;
 Župi a náojpi do tuijt
 Aň rneacéta aji na cnojce*
 Aňjač aji ſeadoč na h-éjjijoňi !
 Dá nájlijoč lhom nuijt,
 Žo ſeacétoňuňi ó 'njuž,
 Račfajnny-re aji nájje ad t-ſeacéajt,
 Ir zo m-ſeapli lhom aňoř,
 A bejt bájđte rau nuijpi,
 Ná nád zo m-bejtřeá nějž lhom !

* From this and the preceding line it would appear that the song was composed in the year of the great frost, 1739.

Fonn :—Añ Sjoda atá ato Bhalluit a Bhuaċajll.

Spirited.

8: 

PART II.
8: Another Set.

D.C.

“ O ! could the sweet dove,
 The maiden of my love,
 But know how fettered is her lover !
 The snows all the night
 Fell in valley and on height,
 Through our fated island over,
 But ere the sun’s rays
 Glance over seven days,
 She and I, as I hope, will renew love ;
 And rather would I be
 Deep drowned in the sea,
 Than be faithless to her, my true love !”

THE WALLET OF SILK.

THE air which we give on the opposite page, and to which words by *Eoghan Ruadh O’Suilliobhain*, will be found at p. 64 of our “ Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry,” originated in the following anecdote.

One of those young men, better known among the community as “ poor scholars,” whom a thirst for education, in bygone days, sent from various parts of the kingdom to the south, was accosted in the following manner, by a young woman, perhaps the daughter of his host, in reference to the *wallet*, or *satchel* in which he carried his books.

“ *An sioda ata ad wallet,*
An sioda ata ad wallet,
An sioda ata ad wallet a bhuachaill ?
An sioda ata ad wallet,
An sioda ata ad wallet,
No abhla do bhlaiseach mna uaisle ?”

To which he replied :—

“ *Ni sioda ata am wallet,*
Ni sioda ata am wallet,
Ni sioda ata am wallet a stuaire !
Ni sioda ata am wallet,
Ni sioda ata am wallet,
Na abhla do bhlaiseach mna uaisle !”

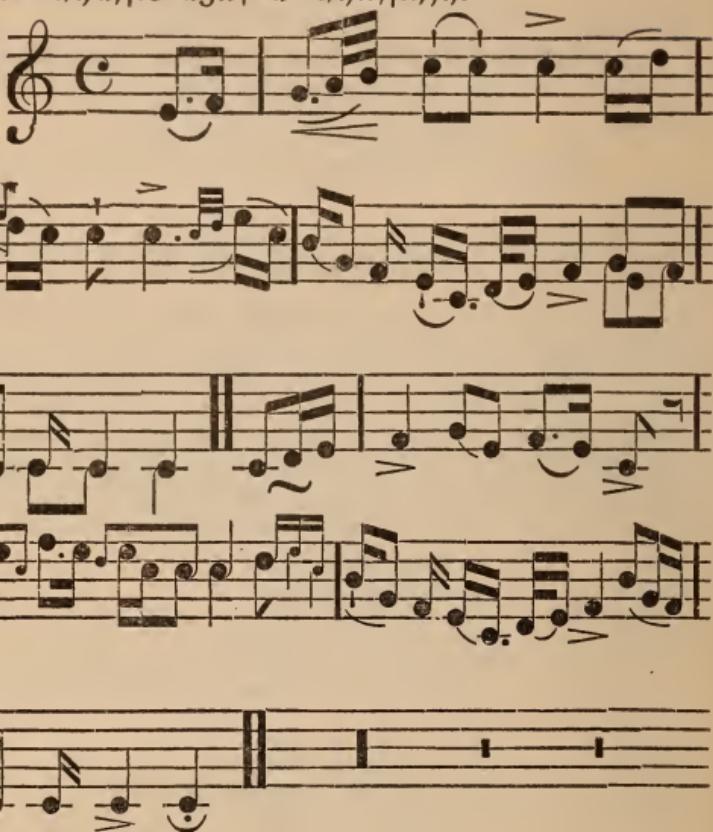
“ Is it silk that’s in your wallet,
 Is it silk that’s in your wallet,
 Is it silk that’s in your wallet, my buachaill ?
 Is it silk that’s in your wallet,
 Is it silk that’s in your wallet,
 Or apples for ladies to eat of ?”

“ ‘Tis not silk I have in my wallet,
 ‘Tis not silk I have in my wallet,
 ‘Tis not silk I have in my wallet, my fair one !
 ‘Tis not silk I have in my wallet,
 ‘Tis not silk I have in my wallet,
 Nor apples for ladies to eat of !”

21) hárre ' zus 21) hújrun.

Font :—21) hárre 45ur a 21) hújrun.

*Moderately
Slow, and
with great
expression.*



21) hárre ' zus a tómri, 'r a lújbj ná 3-craobh-
folt,

21) cuimhne leat man do tóibhlaíomar ari ólum-ctéinidé
an féir 3lair;

21) bláth ná n-aball 3-cúbaíta, ná 3-céad bujde, 'r ná
3-caoradh,

Do páirt-ri níor ólúltairzear, cé d'ubac taoim a
t-éilim!

MY DARLING MARY.

THIS beautiful love-song is the composition of one of the humbler rank of the peasantry, and breathes, like all other poems of the same class, the most intense feeling of deep affection, and burning tenderness of expression.

To show with what fidelity our poet has adhered to the original, we need only refer our readers to the following literal translation of the first stanza :—

O, my darling Mary—my fair one of the ringlets,
Do you remember how we together trod the dew on the green grass ;
Blossom of the sweet-scented apple-tree—the golden nuts—and berries,
Your affection never deserted me—tho' in sadness you have left me.

There are many compositions of this class current among the peasantry, which should be collected before they die away, and we earnestly hope our Munster friends will take care to preserve the many beautiful songs which, though long popular among the peasantry of the south, have never yet appeared in print.

O, ringletted young maiden ! O, my own darling Mary !
We've trod the dew together in the fields green and airy,
O ! blossom of the apple-tree ! my heart's fount of gladness !
I always loved you fondly, though you've left me now in sadness.

Ա շլած ծյլ 'ր ա լույսին, տար տաօյն կյու օրծե էլյոն ?
 Խայլ լոյժքած ոյ լոյսուրի յօ ոյ-եյծեան աշ շայտ
 լե դա շեյլ ;
 Ան լայն ար ծո շայմին, աշ ծելոյննշած ոյ րշել
 ծոյտ,
 'Տ շար բ' է ծո շլած ա մայժքեան, խայլ լածար քաշայր
 Շե ծյոն !

Դա ոյ-եյշ քյօր աշ ոյ ծեալիթրածար ոյ շեարն 'ր
 ոյ խայլոյն,
 Դա ոյ-եյշ քյօր (օդ Պարն), եյծեած քարն իօ-
 նիօր ար,
 Ան շեած-քեար ամ ժրելյոն, 'ր շեյլ եյլ ծա լած
 լել,
 'Տ տար միհա ծեար Ելլյոն, յր ի ոյ շլած շեալ դա
 քսած-քայն.

Ա շայլին երեածա սարալ—սայշեար ոյ լայն տն,
 Ա շնուր դա շ-սուրն 'ր ա շիահն բան Ելլյոն ;
 Ծո լոյն տն ոյ ծյօշբայլ, 'ր քայլոր հյ'լ լելյոր ար,
 Ծրեած ծո բ' այլ կյու ծո տ-յալրայծ 'ր ա ծյան-շլած
 դա քայլոն տն.

Դա ոյ-եյծոյն-ր ամ յարշայր յրար ա ոյ-Եյշ Ելոյն,
 'Տ մայլու դա ոյ-շեալ ոյ-ելածած դա երածան ար լու
 Ելլյու ;
 յր բնած 'ր ար ուստի ծո յա' այն-ր ծա հ-ելիոն,
 'Տ ծո շեաբայն ան ոյ կյուտան “ Շիահն բան
 Ելլյոն .”

Դա ոյ-եյծոյն-ր ամ լած 'ր քայլրյոյշ րլեյն շամ,
 'Տ լածար ար դա Քայտէյր ծ' քոն ո' անամ ծո յաօլած ;
 Ծո ժաբարքայն ան այնշին ա բայլ ծա ե-քեած-քայն,
 'Տ լելյոյն ծա հ-աւայր ա եյշ քեալած ծա հ-ելիոն !

My purest love, my true love, come some night to me kindly,
 We both will talk together of the love I gave you blindly ;
 With my arm round your slender waist, I'll tell how you won me,
 And how 'twas you, my Mary, shut Heaven's gates upon me.

O ! if my brother knew but of my woe and my sorrow,
 A bitter heart he'd have through many a day and morrow ;
 O ! none of Eire's maidens do I prize like to you, love,
 And yet you now forsake me, though I thought you my true love !

O, loveliest of damsels, the sad truth must be spoken,
 But, maid of golden tresses, my sore heart you have broken ;
 My suffering is grievous, but I fain must endure it,
 My wound it is a deep one, but you will not cure it.

O ! were I in Beinn-Eidir, a fisher skilled and wary,
 And you down in Lough Erin, a salmon, O my Mary,
 I'd rise up in the night-time, and haste to its waters,
 And I'd catch you in my net, before all Eire's daughters !

Or if I were a wild duck, and the heath hills before me,
 And Heaven in its glory so blue shining o'er me,
 I'd bring you home, my fair one, and this I tell you plainly,
 That if your father sought you, he should long seek you vainly !

Dá m-bejdóin-rí a lundain marí ceanní ari an n-áiríada,
 'S cead agram o'n b-Fraingseac mo long do éirí tarí rájle;

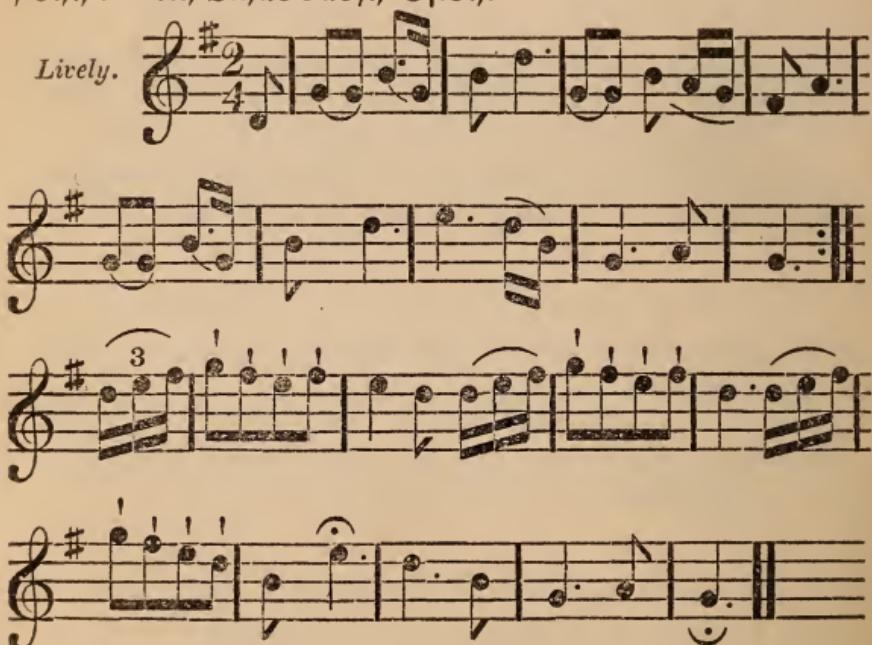
Chújz iújle rúnta dá m'fjú ríj zac lá me
 Ír í Wájje mo roza-ra, 'r do bhoiñ-rafh mo rtáit dí.

Eiríod aod iújze a buacáill 'r gluairí ari do zéanlán?
 Zac bealaíod dá m-buailíb bíd' ari tluairíz mo ólán-
 zpád,

Do bíd-rí dá luad lhom o bídear am leanb-bán,
 'S ba binné lhom náoi nuaíne í ná cuac 'r ná oízáin.

Fonn:—Añ Smacðaoiñ Cnóin.

Lively.



O, were I in London, a naval commander,
 And France gave me charters o'er ocean to wander,
 Tis hundreds of thousands of guineas I'd squander
 On Mary, my darling ! no queen should be grander.

Up, boy ! Mount your steed ! 'Tis a bright eve
 and airy,
 And each road you travel inquire for my Mary !
 She loved me while yet but a child like a fairy—
 That sweet one whose tones shame the thrush and
 canary !

THE BROWN LITTTE MALLET.

THE epithet *Smachdaoin Cron* (Brown Little Mallet) was applied to a stout description of tobacco, smuggled into Ireland about the middle of the last century, and in which an extensive traffick was carried on in Munster. There are many songs to this air current among the peasantry; but we believe the following is the first stanza of the earliest known specimen:—

“ *Eirghidh ad shuighe a chainin !*
Cuir sios potataoi 's feoil !
Sud e nios an garraidhe,
Rabaire an Smachdaoin Chroin. ”

“ *Oro, ro, mo Smachdaoin !*
Caradh mo chroidhe, mo Smachdaoin !
Oro, ro, mo Smachdaoin !
O, mo Smachdaoin Cron !”

“ Arise ! get up my girl !
 Boil potatoes and meat !
 Here comes up the garden
 The lad with the *Smachteen Cron.* ”

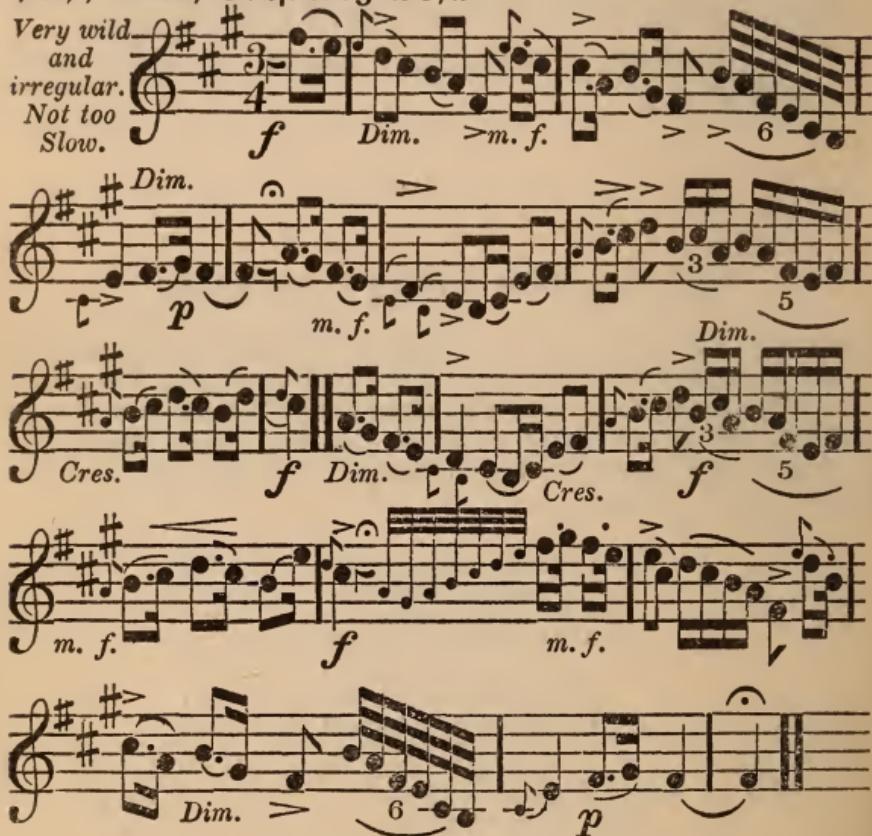
“ *Oro, ro, my Smachteen !*
Love of my soul, my Smachteen !
Oro, ro, my Smachteen !
O my Smachteen Cron !”

AN SEABHAC SJUBHAIL.

2HILLIUR UA 3PIJOBTSA, CCT.

Fonn:—An Cláir Boí Déjl.

Very wild
and
irregular.
Not too
Slow.



Ir é meaftdaibh lomh an leagád túil, 'r áitlúibh níeas,
 An earfbaid ríubail, an tsearfaidh rímhúit neamh-3háit,
 ran rpéil;
 An éneacád tuijúc, an leagád dúil, 'r an áit-
 rípead béis,
 So b-ruil malaistíuád le teacád do'n círr, ní lá
 bheacád Dé!

THE WANDERING EXILE.

BY MAURICE GRIFFIN.

AIR:—"Soft Deal Board."

WE have several songs to this air in our collection, but have selected this Jacobite effusion of Maurice Griffin, for the present occasion. The original words will be found in Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i., p. 238, with a translation by Thomas Furlong; and as we have made it a rule never to *reprint* Irish songs while we have an abundant stock in MS., we hope our readers will feel pleased with that which we here lay before them.

The original version of "*Clar Bog Deal*" (Soft Deal Board) is better known under the title of "*Caisioll Mumhan*" (Cashel of Munster), and may with justice be attributed to the Rev. Wm. English, as we possess copies of it, and of several other songs ascribed to him, written early in the last century. As previously mentioned, the reverend writer, before his assumption of the Augustinian habit, was the author of many beautiful compositions; among which we may reckon the celebrated "*Cois na Brighide*," "By the Bride's Silvery Waters," of which the following is the opening stanza:—

"Cois na Brighide seal do bhiosa go sugach samh,
Ag dearca sios air aingir chaoin an urladh bhlaith;
Ba ghile a pib na sneachta air craoibh 's na drucht air ban,
'S ni coigerioch me acht buachaill brioghmar o Dhun na m-bad?"

"By the Brighid awhile I dwelt, merry and gay,
Glancing down on the mild maiden, of the beaming eye;
Whose neck is whiter than snow on trees, or dew on lea,
And I am not a stranger, but a brave youth, from Dun of the boats."

We cannot tell what place is meant by *Dun na m-bad*, which the writer states is his birthplace, unless it be Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, a place celebrated for its fishing-boats.

Methinks Earth reels and rocks, and feels towns fall
and towers,
The gloomy sky looks heavy on high, and blackly
lowers.
The wailing of maids, the hourly raids that waste the
land,
Would seem to say that the Judgment Day is nigh at
hand.

Ir é deilli aii cúnjge cata cíjl, 'r aii Spájhneac
tréan,
'San bean-ra d'únj'laíd teacét 3an cúnjre, a b-pájlit
na laocé;
Ná rtaorfajd rjúd dá 3-clearajb lújt, 'na lahn-čat
n-geári,
3o 3-cajtríd címplaéct náhajd ári n-dújtéce, aír
fán le faobair!

Ir deairb d'újhí a čarajd clúimíjl, 'r a riáb díl
jlé,
3o n-geallajd rjúd 3o tapajd cónzhaíb bánc, 'r
laocé;
3o fhar do'n pílóhíra čeanhajr dún-tcailr čájritde
Chéjí,
'Tá a3 fada thújt le neairt aii trímuír cíuig teacét
a néjm.

Ir fear ó d'iomprajd aii aijzír ionhriajd, lájdir,
léjj,
3o ceairt le laořeac larajr ionhriajc, a b-pájlit 3an
pléjd;
3o b-feairfar d'lújt-čeac, tréarac, trímpac, tách-
teac, tréan,
Do čajtríor Bújj 3o Brieataj čionhítač ar áitpíob
3aoðal.

Bejð ceallað 'r újjid 3an ríjaéct aíjri rúd, 3an
rjáit, 3an baoðal,
Bejð ríeaéct na d-trímuíc mair leara ar d-tújj 43
Pápa Dé;
Bejð ceairt 'r cúnjre bleacétmair búaðac, do 3háit
43 3aojdejl,
'S ári "Seabac Sjúbajl" 3an čeac do'n m-briúd, 3o
briáit a néjm.

On the battle-plain blood runs like rain : the Spaniard
brave
And she who comes to free our homes o'er Ocean's
wave,
Have sworn they will fight for Truth and Right,—fight
evermore
Till they drive afar the hounds of War from Banba's
shore.

Be of cheer, my friend ; we never will bend ! Our
barques and troops
Will muster in pride ; and Woe betide the heart that
droops !
Our swords we draw for our King and Law, nor we
alone—
Three Princes he hath to clear his path, and rear his
throne !

Since the Maiden bright, unmatched in might, joined
Louis of France,
We have sworn to stand, a marshalled band, with gun
and lance,
On the battle-ground, and fight till crowned with vic-
tory—
Yea, till we chase the Sassenach race across the
sea !

From tyrannous men our temples then, all free shall
rise—
And the Pope of God will bless our sod, and still our
sighs.
And Right and Might rule day and night in Eire's
isle—
And we shall sing to our exiled King glad hymns the
while !

Ba rearzajli rúbač až sañtajή cjujl aŋ dámij, le
dřeáčt,
A m-bajltjě Wúmaj ʒo majrjoč, muijte, ʒájiteac̄,
ʒlé;
Jač dřažan ūri do člaňha Lížajd, Chájritčajž, 'r
Chéj,
Až teáčt ʒo h-úmaj ʒan rtad a ʒ-cújít, le ʒnád
do 'n ržléj.

AN BRAÑNDA.

Điajimujd māc Đom̄hajll, mīc Fíñzjή Chaojl, mīc
Chájritčajd, ect.

A dálta ójl dám ťužara mo aŋŋ-řačt dřan,
Jeallajm duit ʒo načajn̄-ři, ʒíđ' řan̄ mo
mjan̄;
Ač řačrj-ři le sařtān̄ačt aŋ am ʒač blja-
žan̄,
Ač aŋ eazla a ūejt třearzant̄a až aŋ m-Břaňhda
řjan̄!

Ní rearzajneac̄ řá m-deap̄ia dám, ná clampan
řiac̄,
Ná aŋ-muijñ do črajpijneac̄ mo čeajñ, ʒíđ'
ljač!
Ná rearčajn dui tari ūarb-čnočajb načajn̄ad,
ljač,
Ač eazlat̄ a ūejt třearzant̄a až aŋ m-Břaňhda
řjan̄!

With music and song the bardic throng through Munster's towns
 Shall chant their joy, and each minstrel boy win laurel crowns.
 Each noble chief shall forget his grief, and Lughaidh's name
 And Mac Cartha Mór * shine out as of yore with brighter fame.

WHISKEY ON THE WAY.

BY DERMOD MAC DOMHNALL MAC FELIX (THE SLENDER) MAC CARTHY.

My gay and brilliant friend, though my health is rather poor,
 I wouldn't be so slow to cross your hospitable door—
 Once a twelvemonth at the least would I give you up a day,
 If I didn't fear the sly assaults of Whiskey on the Way!

'Tis not disturbance of mine ease, not bailiff's grasp I dread,
 Nor noises that might rattle through and through my hoary head.
 Nor even climbing over craggy hills and mountains grey—
 I'm afraid of nothing earthly but of Whiskey on the Way!

* Mac Cartha Mor, Doncadh Earl of Clancarty.—See note, p. 268.

Εαρσαριαյτ δο'η αηαμ—αζυρ ηαιμαյт δο Φήια,
 Δο леазар сүлүр дә өалмаңт ဇаң ball дә
 ә-түйалл,
 Җайре ғтојс 'р айрде ғтүллеаð,— Вириңтә
 Ա-тәйи-нәиңије ба ңиңиј ҭиң мо қеаңи ဇан
 өjall!

Ir cleaçtað lejр aη leanb beaz—зіð' ဇанн a
 өjall
 Нуажи ғаталар ап айткүнне һá ажи a ғамыл тo
 ყиаңн;
 Со ғеаңнан aη лағайи aηн ဇаң ball дә
 ә-түйалл,
 'S ңj тайре таң ңиңиј լағайиңе aη Вириңтә
 ғиаги!

Җас-ға үиң óм' ҭеаçтaiиe, зіð' ဇанн һом
 140,
 Мo ғзатта биүүңзjолл ဇан ғайс өриүт, 'һá bean дә
 ңиңиј!
 Табайи сүлт дo д' һаналтjia ir қеаңи-ғa
 ңиңиј,
 'S җéаbайт үile aη айнам-ғi дo өланн að ңиңиј!

Аң Ceанжал.

А ғиајиc-ғији җиојде дo җијd' aη ӡиeанн 'ғa
 ғuлt,
 Нj ғиаt дo д' ңиңаoj, һá әjб, тиң mall мe a
 ң-түl,
 Нá ғиаt дo'η т-ғlжe, сé өjи җири լaмjaи һa
 ңиңијc,
 А-т ғиаt мo өројde дo һjои дo'η ң-Вириңтә
 азам!

A traitor to the soul it is—to GOD and Man a foe—
 It makes the veriest sage a fool—it lays the stoutest
 low—
 The accursed swash, the still-house wash!—it lures but
 to betray—
 A serpent oft around my neck was Whiskey on the
 Way !

The infant-child, though all untaught by mother, nurse,
 or sire,
 If burned or scorched, in after years will fear and flee
 the fire.
 And that's the case, alas ! with me—I've been so oft its
 prey,
 That now I dread like Hell itself all Whiskey on the
 Way !

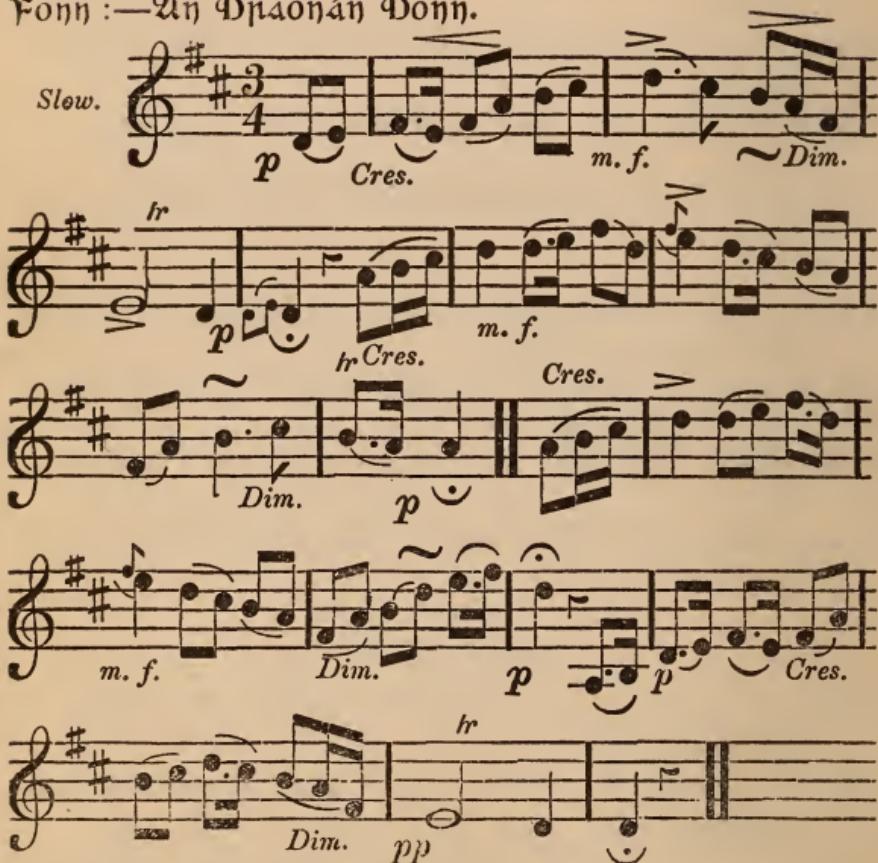
But, though thus forced to stop at home—a thought
 that makes me sad—
 My daughters—comely damsels they ! though some-
 what thinly clad,
 Will gladly visit you, my friend, for well I ween that
 they
 Don't run much risk of being o'ercome by Whiskey on
 the Way !

SUMMING-UP.

Believe me, then, O, sprightly friend ! O, youth of
 cheerful mind !
 'Tis no ill-will to you or yours that keeps me here
 confined—
 'Tis no dislike to scale the hills or climb the mountains
 grey—
 'Tis my sincere and wholesome fear of Whiskey on the
 Way !

ΑΝ ΘΡΑΟΝΑΝ ΦΟΝΝ.

Φονη:—Αη Θραοηάν Φονη.



Σjlean céad fearī gurī leo féin me an uairi d'ólaíom
 lún,
 'S tízean dá d-tímea ríor d'iom aí cuimhne aír a
 3-comhád lom;

THE BROWN SLOE-TREE.

AIR:—" *The Brown Sloe Tree.*"

THE *Draonan Donn*, i.e., "The Brown Sloe-tree," or "Thorn," is the name of another of those beautiful love-songs peculiar to the Irish peasantry, and which, in almost every instance, have been adapted to our most admired airs. There is some similarity between the air of the *Draonan Donn* and that of the *Rois Gheal Dubh* (Black-haired, fair-skinned Rose), which we give at p. 210. Yet there is a slight difference—only perceptible to a refined ear.

The *Draonan Donn* tree is called "Draonan" from its sharp-pointed prickly thorns. It blossoms early in the month of August, and produces full-ripe sloes in September. With respect to these, much depends on the quality of the soil where the tree grows: if it be fertile, the fruit is nearly as large as a plum; but if in barren soil, as small as the haws which grow on the common *Sgeach gheal*, or hawthorn bush.

The Connacht version of this popular song may be seen in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. i., p. 234.

When, amid my gay friends the brown-beaded ale I
quaff,
I droop in deep sorrow, despite the song and
laugh—

Sneac̄ta r̄eit̄te 'r é dá f̄jor-éiní ari Shliab̄ na m-Ban
 Fionn, *
 'S tá mo ̄riád̄-ra, m̄an̄ bláit̄ aŋ álin̄e, ari an Phiada-
 nai Óon̄n !

Dá m̄-beid̄in̄ aŋ bád̄oiri ir̄ dear do ̄rháim̄fajn̄ aŋ
 f̄air̄ze a n̄uŋn̄,
 'S do ̄r̄sp̄ib̄f̄in̄ c̄ú̄zad̄ l̄ne le bálin̄ mo ̄peann̄ ;
 Faraon̄i ̄seap̄i ! ̄san̄ m̄é 'r t̄u, a ̄cp̄ád̄aiz̄ mo ̄cp̄oij̄de,
 A n̄-gleann̄tán̄ r̄léib̄ le h̄-éij̄iz̄d̄ ̄riéin̄e 'r aŋ
 d̄n̄úct̄ na l̄uŋd̄e !

Cuim̄n̄ f̄éin̄ mo m̄j̄le r̄lán̄ leat̄ a bajle na ̄-cp̄an̄n̄,
 'S ̄ac̄ bajle beāz̄ eile dá m̄-b̄j̄deac̄ mo t̄p̄iall aŋn̄ ;
 Ir̄ ion̄d̄a bealāc̄, r̄liuc̄, r̄alac̄ ; aŋur b̄oij̄p̄in̄ cam̄,
 Tá 'd̄iŋ̄ m̄é ̄suŋ̄ aŋ bajle, 'na b̄-f̄uŋ̄ mo ̄rt̄oij̄n̄ aŋn̄ !

Léīz̄f̄in̄-ri leab̄ar̄ ̄aoīdeil̄ze 'zur̄ l̄aīd̄in̄ d̄i ari
 neoin̄,
 S̄z̄p̄ib̄f̄in̄-ri r̄jor̄ é le bálin̄ mo ̄peann̄ ;
 B̄heid̄in̄n̄ aŋ éal̄ōz̄ad̄ r̄aoī na léin̄e 'r aŋ r̄ar̄z̄ad̄ a
 com̄,
 'S aŋ lá n̄á f̄éad̄fajn̄ bean̄ do b̄riéāz̄ad̄, n̄j̄l̄ aŋ
 bálin̄ l̄om̄ !

* *Sliabh na m-Ban Fionn* (i. e., The Mountain of the Fair-haired Women), forms a long range of hills lying about four miles north-east of the town of Clonmel, and known by the name of *Sliabh na m-ban*, but the origin of the appellation “fionn” (fair-haired) is rather mystical. This mountain is remarkable as the place of an encampment of a small body of the Irish in 1798, who were dispersed by the king’s troops, on the day after their appearance on the hill, on which occasion some rhymer produced a song, of which the following is part :—

“ Is dubhach 's as lean liom bualadh an lae ud,
 Do dhul air Ghaoidheil-bhoichd 's na ceadta shlad ;
 Gur 'mo fear eadrom 's crobhaire gleigiol
 On am go cheile do gabhag le seal !
 'Na bh-fuile corduighe caola ag buaint luith a n̄-geag diobh,

A thinking on my true-love, who is fairer than the sun,
And whiter than the white blossom of the Draonan
Donn.

O ! were I a mariner, 'tis I that would often write
Across the sea to my darling all the long stilly night:
My grief and my affliction it is that I cannot pass
The early morning hours with her, ere the dew gems
the grass.

A thousand farewells of sorrow to the villages all
Where I spent my time so blithely from dawn to
even-fall.

O many are the high mountains and dark winding
dells
That sever me from the hamlet where my true-love
dwells.

I would read for her in the noon from a Gaelic or
Latin book ;
I would write her pure thoughts down by some clear
pebbly brook ;
I would take her around the waist, and press her to
my breast,
And the day that I couldn't please her, I'd lose my
heart's rest !

A n-duinseoin dhaora go deo faoi ghlás,
Níor thainig ar *Major* a d-tuis an lae chugain,
'S ni rabhamair fein ann a g-coir na g-ceart,
Ach mar seolfaidhe aodhaire le bo chum sielbhe
Do bhi Gaoidheil-bhoicht air Shliabh na m-ban!"

" To me how woful was that day's battle
Gained over the Gael, of whom were hundreds slain ;
And many youths of powerful arm,
Were then unjustly seized,
With slender ropes now their limbs are fettered
In foul dark dungeons 'neath bolts and locks.
Our Major was not with us early,
To lead us, as was his duty ;
But like cattle driven by herdsmen,
Were the Gael that day on Sliabh na m-ban!"

Tabairi do mhillacht do t-átaír 'r do d' mhátaírín
 fén, Nári tuis beagán tuisrióna óuit mo láim do léa-
 gán;* Ír moe ari mairdín éuipírín énchaot-ra bpríj mo rchéjl,
 Bjoé mo beanhaacht aíad zo 5-carrfan oírt a n-uaig-
 neart mé.

A Mhúinte óílir ! cnead do déanfad má mhájzean
 tú uajm, Nj'l eolur éum do óíse 'gán, do teaílair, ná do
 clúid; Tá mo mhátaírín faoi leat-triom, 'r m'atáirí ran
 uajd, Tá mo mhájteír ari fad a b-peairí lom, 'r mo ghrád
 a b-fad uajm !

Máir aí mháteacá a táirí uajm ahoir a mhúinteí, zo
 b-fillead tú glán ! Ír dearbhaír tuis mairb tú mo ériortóe agh mo láir,
 Nj'l coitse 'gán do éuipírín ad óílair, ná bád ; Tá'n fáilte na tuisle eadraí, 'r ní eol dám
 rnaí !

* See the penal enactment against education at page 31.

On the subject of education in Ireland we have the following testimony from Mr. Christopher Anderson, an honest intelligent Scotchman : "I may assure the reader, that such has been the eagerness of the Irish to obtain education, that children have been known to acquire the first elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, without a book—without a pen—without a slate ! And indeed the place of meeting was no other than a graveyard ! The long flat stones with their inscriptions were used instead of books, while a bit of chalk and the stones together served for all the rest ! But then this eagerness for

A shame for her father and her mother it was indeed,
That they never taught my darling either to write or
read,

'Twere a task so delightful to write to her o'er and
o'er,
But my blessing be on her till we both meet once
more !

O ! holiest Virgin Mother, let me not lose my love !
Far away from her, alas ! this dark day I rove ;
My mother is in trouble ; my father is dead and
gone,
And I, I am left friendless,—friendless and all alone !

I entreat, O fairest maiden, that you and I may not
part,
Though your smiles and your glances have broken
my sad heart ;
Alas ! that the wide ocean should roll between us
dark,
And I be left pining here, without a fisher's bark !

knowledge, though more generally felt, is not novel. Let any one inquire minutely into local circumstances during the last fifty or sixty years, and he will find it here and there as a strong feature of the Irish character. When we advert to the native Irish and education in their native tongue, we see what avidity can suggest. Then we can mention evening scholars, who have been endeavouring literally to go on by the help of moonlight, for want of a candle, and even men and women, particularly within these few years, acquiring an ability to read in so short a period, that, until the facts of the case are examined or witnessed, the statement might seem incredible."—*Sketches of the Native Irish*, p. 205. Third edition. 12mo. London : 1846.

ԱՅՏԱԿՅ ԵԱՓԵԽԱՐՔ ՓՈ ԽՈՅԼԱԽԵ.

Fonn :—Օրշալ աղ Փօլուր Յօ Շւսի Օ !

Quick and graceful.

Cres.

m. f. *m. f.* *f*

m. f. *p* *hr*

hr

[The last two lines of each verse are to be repeated.]

Լա 'շոր մե աշ տայրծոլ ար մայծոյ ամ աօնայ,
 'Տ տայտեամ նա զնեյն ար աղ ո-դրսւշ, Օ !
 Փօ տարլայծ ան այնին նա բերամ լե ոյ տաօծ-րա,
 Յօ բարամիր, բերած, յան քոյն, Օ !

Ba ձևայն ա քեարա, ba տայտեօմած, տքեյմթեած,
 Ba շամարած, քեարած ա ցւլ, Օ !
 Ba կլատմայ ա մալա մայ շեարա լե շաօլ-քոյն,
 Ba լեատան ա հ-եածան յան քմոյտ, Օ !

EDWARD NAGLE'S VISION.

AIR—“*Open the Door, O!*”

THIS song is the production of Edward Nagle, a native of Cork city and brother to the poet, James Nagle. The brothers lived about 1760, and we possess a large collection of their poetical compositions.

Edward Nagle was a tailor: he refers to his profession in the tenth stanza; and it is probable that his friends participated the feelings of “le pauvre et vieux grand père” of the greatest of modern song writers:—

“ La vieux tailleur s'ecrie : ‘ Eh quoi ! ma fille
 Ne m' a donné qu' un faiseur de chansons !
 Mieux jour et nuit vaudrait tenir l' aiguille
 Que, faible écho, mourir en de vains sons.’ ”
 Béranger. *La Tailleur et la Fée.*

To the air of “Open the Door,” Moore has composed his beautiful song on Sarah Curran, “She is far from the land where her young Hero sleeps.”

As I wandered abroad in the purple of dawn,
 Ere the flowers yet woke to the air, O !
 I met a young maiden who trod the green lawn,
 So stately, so comely, so fair, O !

Her figure was queenly ; her ringletted hair
 Fell down in rich curls o'er her face, O !
 Her white marble brow was beyond all compare
 For beauty, and lustre, and grace, O !

Szájl zeal zan r̄zamal na r̄amári-piorg p̄eaplač,
 Sheac̄ta 'zur caora 'na z̄núj, O !
 Rájðte zan ar̄mujl̄t, ačd labařta b̄earač,
 Blařda, 'zur b̄iřejt̄le ba čjuj, O !

A b̄iřážajd̄ m̄ar aň rheac̄ta le t̄ajt̄nomy na z̄nějne,
 Searamj m̄ar zejř aň aň r̄mujll, O !
 Ba blátm̄aji a m̄ama 'r a leabajr.čroč aolda,
 Ba t̄ajt̄nomyač, caol-dear, a cōm, O !

le na b̄iřeážtačt̄ do m̄earar zup̄ peapra ban-
 dějte j;

Pallas, no Venus, no Juno !

Nó 'n rtájðbean le'ri cajlljoz zan ařrjoc na cēadta,
 A z̄-car̄majit̄ na T̄rae ſoři zo dūbač, O !

No 'n m̄ánya do t̄ajrđiol t̄ap̄ calajt̄ a z̄-cěj̄ řeal,
 O Thajlc m̄jc T̄rém̄ na d̄-t̄muč, O !

Nó 'n bájñ-čnejř dáři b̄'ajñm̄ d̄i T̄ajre ba t̄aoč-zeal
 Leaňb na T̄nějze 'r a plúř, O !

Nó 'n ápur aň řhj̄n Řeacajr̄ ba d̄eajb na r̄zéalta,
 Aň ařjzjri do claoňad̄ le řionj, O !

Nó 'n rtájð-čluijzjoll cajlce dáři b̄'ajñm̄ d̄i
 Děj̄it̄ne,
 Zo h-Albajn d̄éalaiz le t̄muř, O !

D'áriðařjeař zo meaňm̄ač m̄'ařzne a ſéjñfeac̄t̄,
 Do labařar léjri zo cjuj, O !
 A z̄plád̄ zil na z̄-car̄nat̄ 'r a t̄aiřze mo člěj̄b-ři,
 Tabajr̄ do z̄éař d̄am̄ zo d̄lúj̄t̄, O !

“ Štrájlle ſj̄i m̄azajd̄ ſti” nařař aň b̄eřt̄ lhom̄,
 Wearajm̄ zup̄ lej̄t̄ři ađ čúl, O !
 Dájlm̄ři ſajne leat ! řeacajn̄ do plae ořim̄,
 Ná ſajliz m̄'eadač řa plúj̄, O !

Her blue eyes were stars that not Death could eclipse—
 On her cheek shone the lily and rose, O !
 Like honey, sweet words ever dropped from her lips,
 As morning's dew-pearls upon snows, O !

O ! 'twas bliss beyond all bliss to gaze on her breast,
 Milk-white as the swan's on the lake, O !
 Her neck, and her hand, that no mortal e'er pressed—
 I felt I could die for her sake, O !

From her figure I deemed her a goddess at least,
 A Pallas, or Venus, or Juno—
 Or that wonderful damsel renowned through the East
 For whose sake Troy was burned too soon, O !

Or her who, far voyaging over the sea,
 From Tailc obtained a release, O !
 Or Taise, the fairest of damosels, she
 Who of old was the glory of Greece, O !

Or her who eloped with the Fionn of yore,
 As Seanachies tell in their tales, O !
 Or Deirdre, whom Naois, out of love for her, bore
 To Alba of stormiest gales, O !

Awakening up, as it were, from a trance,
 Thus spake I the maiden so bland, O !
 “ My treasure, my brightest ! O grant me one glance,
 And give me your lily-white hand, O !”

“ False flattering man !” cried the maiden to me,
 “ Why the hair on your head has grown grey, O !
 Shame on you, old wretch, to think I could agree
 To wed one of your age and your way, O !”

Ír ceárlida fír cealzaird meafair, cé d'aoifair,
T-aimmair, léig Ónam ari d-túir, O !

Ír gnána do leacat 'r ari rsearib do bhléithe,
Mealla na m-béjte aini do riúim, O !

Ná cáin-ri mo leacat, 'r na h-abairi-ri bhléas lom,
Tajtanjdean mo bhlástrá 'r mo lute, O !
Le rtáid-bhláinnioll báirí-fionn do mhaistíb na
h-Éireann,
M'ainm-ri Eadbaird, a riúim, O !

Íráid lom do leaca, do mala, do léit-poirí,
Radar an béis lom aini rúid, O !
Íráid lom do rseanra, do rsearai, do tóréjte,
Tajtanjlom mo cléib-ri do tóruim, O !

Fionn :—Toirndéalbáid Lájóri.

Lively.

Quoth I, "I'm a tailor." "A tailor, forsooth!"

She exclaimed. "You go on a bad plan, O! You're an ugly old brute, and you don't speak the truth,

And I fear you're a very sad man, O!"

"Look at me more nearly," I said with a smile,

"For mine is a very wide fame, O!"

I am loved by the daughters of Eire's green isle;

And Edward, 'tis true, is my name, O!"

"Ah! now," said the maiden, "I know who you are—

I love your high forehead so pale, O!

Your bearing bespeaks you as fashioned for war—

Yes! you are the Prince of the Gael, O!"

TURLOGH THE BRAVE.

TOIRDHEALBHACH LAIDIR (*i.e.*, Turlogh the Brave, Valiant, Stout, or Mighty) flourished about the middle of the last century. His real name was Turlogh O'Brien, and he belonged to the family from whom *Leim Uí Bhriain* (Lemebrian), a townland in the county of Waterford, takes its name. He frequented all the fairs and patterns of Munster, particularly those of his own county; and, from his stalwart appearance, was an object of terror wherever he went. We remember the following stanzas of a doggrel rhyme attributed to him, when clearing a fair green, or pattern:—

"Cumadh na beiridhean tu bainge dham?
Cumadh na cuirean tu im air?
Cumadh na teighir go dti an maraga,
Ag ceanach luadh pinghine d'uibhe dham?"

"Why don't you boil up the milk for me?
Why don't you thicken it with butter?
Why don't you hasten to market,
To buy me a pen'orth of eggs there?"

"Hurroo! ce bhuaileach mo mhadra?
Hurroo! ce shracfach mo chaba?
Hurroo! ce dhearfach nach gaige me?
'S gur b'ainim dam Toirdhealbhach Laidir!'"

"Hurrah! who'd sneer at my little dog?
Hurrah! who'd tear my old cape off?
Hurrah! who'd say I am not a gentleman!
For my name is Turlogh the Mighty!"

ԱՅՏԱԿՅԱ ՔՅԱՓՔՐՈՅՑ ԸՆԹԱՆ.

Քոյն :—Աղ Տայցի Եօրիած.

*Moderately
Slow.*

Այդոյոն 'ր ու ամ առայ ոյր տաօթ օյլլե-
շլայր,

ԱՅ օյնանի մո կ-յօնանիած եա չհատած ու աղի;
'Տ ոյլու այր լոյրու Փհօբրր տրէ չեազայի լո լունե-
շլայր;

Ա քլելիուծ լո շոյօրտալ-իորտած քաօթրած ու
օ-տոնի ;—

Եալտայոմծա եանլայտ այր չլաօթայի յօ ոյօւայր-չլիրտե,

ԱՅ րեյրեած 'ր աՅ րեյրե-Ելու այր չեազա յած շոյու,
Ելույց 'ր Տիոնայ չլաօնիած լոյնի քաօլ-օյր այր ոյլու-
լոյտե,

Ս լաօւրած յօ կ-յոնյոլլտա դա օ-տրաօւած յած ամ !

PATRICK CONDON'S VISION.

AIR:—“*The Little Stack of Barley.*”

PATRICK CONDON, the author of this song, was a native of the barony of Imokilly, county of Cork, and resided about four miles from the town of Youghal. About thirty years ago he emigrated to North America, and located himself some distance from Quebec.

The Englishman who has ever, in the course of his travels, chanced to come into proximity with an Irish “hedge school,” will be at no loss to conjecture the origin of the frequent allusions to heathen mythology in these songs. They are to be traced, we may say, exclusively to that intimate acquaintance with the classics which the Munster peasant never failed to acquire from the instructions of the road-side pedagogue. The Kerry rustic, it is known, speaks Latin like a citizen of old Rome, and has frequently, though ignorant of a syllable of English, conversed in the language of Cicero and Virgil with some of the most learned and intellectual of English tourists. Alas! that the acuteness of intellect for which the Irish peasant is remarkable should not have afforded a hint to our rulers, amid their many and fruitless attempts at what is called conciliation! Would it not be a policy equally worthy of their judgment, and deserving of praise in itself, to establish schools for the Irish in which they might be taught, at least, the elementary principles of education through the medium of their native tongue? This course, long advocated by the most enlightened of every class and creed, has been lately brought forward in an able manner by Mr. Christopher Anderson.—See his *Sketches of the Native Irish.*

The evening was waning : long, long I stood pondering
 Nigh a green wood on my desolate lot.
 The setting sun's glory then set me a-wondering,
 And the deep tone of the stream in the grot.
 The birds on the boughs were melodiously singing, too,
 Even though the night was advancing apace ;
 Voices of fox-hunters,—voices were ringing too,
 And deep-mouthed hounds followed up the long
 chase.

Jan 3-cajteamh ejtneac̄ c̄n̄d ðam̄ b̄j̄d̄ buacač ari b̄le
45 r̄le,

luadail lačt̄ 3an̄ t̄m̄e n̄mead̄ faoraij̄ do'ñ
b̄-fan̄;

Sáram̄ b̄j̄d̄ 3an̄ 3jiraj̄ aññ, dō ruar̄, 'r̄ n̄le-
blair̄,

Stuajm̄ ažur̄ ionhaj̄-čriujs̄ 3lē-čuij̄re am̄ ceann̄;—
3uī caraz tr̄j̄d̄ añ m̄-buan̄-doj̄re ā n̄uar̄ c̄r̄j̄am̄ ari
ruaṇn̄j̄om̄-ruj̄te,

Uaj̄leac̄t̄ n̄a b̄-f̄iñne-þan̄ ā r̄zéj̄m̄-čriujs̄ n̄ári 3an̄;—
Aññj̄iññ aoj̄b̄j̄n̄ uam̄ač, lán̄-bracač t̄ari c̄ñne-Scuñte,
Buadac̄, b̄j̄n̄, n̄j̄l̄r̄, n̄j̄oc̄aj̄, r̄eñj̄ t̄ari 3ac̄ d̄neam̄.

Dō b̄-f̄ad̄, d̄laoj̄teac̄, p̄eap̄lač, ā c̄raoð-þolt̄ a
t̄it̄m̄-þriñde,

Dréj̄m̄reac̄, car̄, ionanñda, ā b̄-r̄j̄ð̄ n̄éata ð̄ n̄a
ceann̄;

Ū deařca b̄j̄d̄ m̄ar̄ n̄ealta n̄a r̄p̄el̄re lē n̄uñt̄ne-
žlaj̄ne,

3éj̄r̄-ðaj̄t̄ n̄o 3ile añ l̄le, n̄jam̄-čriuññ ā com̄;

Bā ðeāř, bā čriuññ ā d̄eāđa, lē c̄eļ̄le dō c̄riueaz̄
r̄h̄žte

Ū b̄eal̄ b̄j̄ 3ō f̄iñot̄al-čliñde ā m̄-b̄r̄éj̄t̄re lán̄ loññ.
'S bláčt̄ añ d̄raoññ t̄rē caoñad̄ n̄a r̄zéj̄ññ 'r̄ n̄a deññ-
luññne,

N̄jam̄ r̄iže f̄iñt̄-te oj̄te ā n̄eñžmeař̄ 3ō boññ.

Dō ţearaj̄iñ ţ̄ l̄om̄ ruar̄ 'r̄ dō buan̄-am̄ařc̄ n̄j̄re
r̄tead̄,

Ū d̄-tuaj̄iñ 3uī b̄ruññj̄ioll̄ inñj̄ioll̄ d̄eñte b̄j̄ aññ,
N̄ō ceac̄taři b̄j̄ añ r̄p̄el̄-þeañ lē caoñhař̄ n̄a doj̄re-
zeññte,

Ū t̄eññhař̄ c̄um̄ ţeit̄iñ inñte t̄p̄eñb̄re 3an̄ þeaññ ;
D̄-f̄iñor̄iař̄ m̄e dō b̄r̄éj̄t̄re caoññ, n̄éata, ceařt̄,
cl̄iñde-řññd̄te,

“ Uññ tr̄ Calypso n̄o Ceres, n̄o Hecate n̄a n̄aññ,
Minerva n̄o Thetis dō t̄p̄eñ-þriñreac̄ loñža ari uññze,
Bateia ðaj̄, n̄o Hebe ðeāř, ññ r̄p̄el̄iññiñ t̄r̄t̄ f̄an̄ !

Nut-trees around me grew beauteous and flourishing—

Of the ripe fruit I partook without fear—
Sweet was their flavour,—sweet, healthful, and nourishing—

Honey I too found—the best of good cheer !
When, lo ! I beheld a fair maiden draw near to me ;

The noblest of maidens in figure and mind—
One who hath been, and will ever be dear to me—

Lovely and mild above all of her kind !

Long were her locks, hanging down in rich tresses all—

Golden and plaited, luxuriant and curled ;
Her eyes shone like stars of that Heaven which blesses all :

Swan-white was her bosom, the pride of the world.
Her marvellous face like the rose and the lily shone ;
Pearl-like her teeth were as ever were seen ;
In her calm beauty she proudly, yet stilly shone—
Meek as a vestal, yet grand as a Queen.

Long-time I gazed on her, keenly and silently—
Who might she be, this young damsel sublime ?
Had she been chased from a foreign land violently ?
Had she come hither to wile away time ?
Was she Calypso ? I questioned her pleasantly—
Ceres, or Hecate the bright undefiled ?
Thetis, who sank the stout vessels incessantly ?
Bateia the tender, or Hebe the mild ?

Ní ceacðair d'íob d'ári luadair ad óranntaib ari
 iire, mire,
 Aét aíñzír claojóte, tpearzárta, tpe ionaélanñ
 na n-Íall;
 'S ar ȝairid d'íb añ uairi 'na m-bead mór-dáct 'r
 mire bún n-dlizte,
 Sárami cnujñi b'rñ n'ajñdeirre bead peartá 'gúib
 ȝan meall:
 Cui cíñz a rteacé neamh-ȝíramá, le rrajméint man
 tñlle, 'r fítcé,
 Le air añ níð bún b-fairdine bý taðarita leař tall
 'S ar deařib d'íb nac buan ȝeiz añ cuaill ro ra b-fíne
 rȝimorða,
 A lacit ra ljoñ bead rȝarita ljb, bjoč m'añam leir
 a n-ȝeall.

UJSIJNÍ CHONNCHUBHÁJR UJ SHUJUJOBHÁJN.
 Fonn:—"Sean-þean Chriþon añ Þriantáin."

Tíe m' airliñz a maojí 'r me'm rrañ tám,
 Do deaþara njozumí na ȝ-cuaé m-bán;
 Bhíð larairi tñi ltrí, aȝ ceařnaç 'r a coimhearzair,
 Na h-aȝta 'r ní'l fñor cja muairi bári!

A camh-þolt tñjñreací r leabair d'fár,
 So camairac, dlaoitæac, tñuȝ, tñom, 'tá;
 'Na m-beařtaib a tȝeaçt fñra, so baçallaç, bujde-
 car,
 O batár a cíñi ȝil so boñi tñráçd.

Ba ȝajce a d'ejd-njion, ba nñ blát,
 A mbeal-tana b'élfeacþac cõimháð;
 A maimh-norȝ claoñha, 'r a mala ðear maořða,
 Mař tñrñanȝfaç caol-pjñi a ȝ-clóð, 'táj.

“ None of all those whom you name”—she replied to me :

One broken-hearted by strangers am I ;
But the day draweth near when the rights now denied to me

All shall flame forth like the stars in the sky.
Yet twenty-five years and you’ll witness my glorious-
ness :

Doubt me not, friend, for in GOD is my trust ;
And they who exult in their barren victoriousness
Suddenly, soon, shall go down to the dust !”

THE VISION OF CONOR O’SULLIVAN.

AIR :—“ *The Growling Old Woman.*”

Last night, amid dreams without number,
I beheld a bright vision in slumber :
A maiden with rose-red and lily-white features,
Disrobed of all earthly cumber.

Her hair o’er her shoulder was flowing
In clusters all golden and glowing,
Luxuriant and thick as in meads are the grass-blades
That the scythe of the mower is mowing.

With her brilliant eyes, glancing so keenly,
Her lips, smiling sweet and serenely,
Her pearly-white teeth and her high-archèd eyebrows,
She looked most commanding and queenly.

Ba ḫamjujl a ḫzéjim-ðreacé, 'r a leabajl-þrásajl,
 Fjá ḫneacéta ḫa h-aon-ójðé a n-ȝleann-tájñ;
 'S a leabajl-ðroð aolda, ba ȝajlce laȝ-ȝéaðaç,
 Do ḫrreazacé aji tðeð-ðrujτ ȝacé ḫtþeann-cáñ.

U ḫuaði ȝearar i tðeacé añ cðiñ-ðájl,
 Facañj ȝo h-ȝreall le ȝordájl;
 Ferañj ȝo caoñj ðírj a h-aññj, 'r bñjð a tðrjajr,
 Nð 'n bæle 'na m-bjón ȝi ȝacé cðoññ-þrásj.

Do ḫrreazajl añ nðoñzajn ȝo nð ȝáñj,
 'S ba tðajtñjomjaç bñññ-ȝiñt a cðiñ-ðáð;
 Mjre bean ðílir ḫa b-þlata do ðíbñjor,
 U'r Albajn pojme ȝeo, ȝjð beð 'tájð!

U cðmajaññ ná tðréiȝ mjre a n-ðóð-láj,
 Suñj aññro taobh ḫlumj ȝo ȝóll, má
 'r tð 'n ḫinne-bean t-Séamujr,—buñme ḫa laoðrað,
 Tðbajl cðuññhear ȝacé ḫzéj l ðam, nð ȝeabáð bár!

Ðeanþajd ðraoitðe 'zur ȝean ðáñj,
 Ðhañlanañzajl Naoñj 'r ȝacé ðream Ðhájð;
 ȝo ð-taÿrtjolfaç mjlté ȝá añmajað l ðoñtæ,
 Aji Chajoluñ Stjóðað tari mæll-þrásj.

U ðalta ná bjoð ȝearða aȝ ceaññ-ðáñj,
 Spriueazacé do cðroððe 'nojñ, ní h-ȝoññ-þrásj;
 Añ añ añfað cðtþjil añ ȝabajl a n-ȝaojil ðuñt,
 Bjað ȝzajpe aji ȝacé ðaojte 'na ȝamjað-ȝáj.

Ðéjñjð ȝájil-ȝaojðte le lúȝðájil,
 'S taorȝaiz tðrásj ȝjontæ ðr cðoññ clájil;
 Ðéahtær cñájñ-ðeññhtæ, aȝur ȝéjð ȝtac ná pýbe,
 Aȝur ȝléaȝtañ ȝacé caoññ-ðrujτ 'r tðom-þájñ?

Her long taper fingers might dally
 With the harp in some grove or green alley ;
 And her ivory neck and her beautiful bosom
 Were white as the snows of the valley.

Bowing down, now, before her so lowly,
 With words that came trembling and slowly,
 I asked what her name was, and where I might wor-
 ship
 At the shrine of a being so holy !

“ This nation is thy land and my land,”
 She answered me with a sad smile, and
 The sweetest of tones—“ I, alas ! am the spouse of
 The long-banished chiefs of our island !”

“ Ah ! dimmed is that island’s fair glory,
 And through sorrow her children grow hoary ;
 Yet, seat thee beside me, O, Nurse of the Heroes,
 And tell me thy tragical story !”

“ The Druids and Sages unfold it—
 The Prophets and Saints have foretold it,
 That the Stuart would come o’er the sea with his legions,
 And that all Eire’s tribes should behold it !

“ Away, then, with sighing and mourning,
 The hearts in men’s bosoms are burning
 To free this green land—oh ! be sure you will soon see
 The days of her greatness returning !

“ Up, heroes, ye valiant and peerless !
 Up, raise the loud war-shout so fearless !
 While bonfires shall blaze, and the bagpipe and trumpet
 Make joyous a land now so cheerless !

Jaŋ ὁ-τεᾱctaŋ ἐrm̄ t̄jne ȝo C̄loŋŋ-t̄-Sājl,
 Do'ŋ laočiač ῥŋ̄ laořeač na ὁ-τηūp láŋ̄ ;
 Bejč Žaojdejl-bočt̄ 43 'coŋŋžl̄c,—t̄eanač̄ ȝip̄l̄z
 'r ὁjožaltajr,
 Aŋ̄ iŋ̄eŋ̄l̄hoča 'n̄ ſéjll ſuič̄ ὁá ȝ-c̄r̄it̄ájl !

FREAUZRAUFIH̄ FHOONCHAUFIH̄ uj ŠHUIUJO-
 BHUJN AUR CHONCHUBHAK.

Fonj :—“Sean-vean ἐp̄ion̄ aŋ̄ ὁr̄an̄t̄áj̄.”

Aŋ̄ ſeal̄taŋ-č̄l̄uij̄t̄ č̄aoŋ̄-č̄ajl̄ce, ſeauŋ̄ iŋ̄hátiuŋ̄,
 Do ſeap̄caj̄ t̄p̄e ὁ' ſ̄maoŋ̄te ȝo leab̄an̄-bláč̄ ;
 Aŋ̄ ſeap̄ira 'r̄ a ȝh̄j̄om̄ha, 'r̄ a mama ȝj̄o' h̄-aoj̄b̄iŋ̄,
 Nj̄l̄ t̄aj̄ibe ὁj̄ob̄ aŋ̄ ač̄t̄ ion̄-tlář̄.

Ír̄ ſeap̄im̄at̄ ſuž̄te 'zur̄ ſeall t̄p̄áj̄t̄,
 Aŋ̄ B̄haŋ̄ba č̄iŋ̄-zeaŋ̄rič̄a č̄om̄-č̄áj̄z̄ ;
 Nj̄ ſl̄acač̄ ion̄a cuŋ̄t̄ t̄uŋ̄, ná ſeac̄ ejele ȝoð̄ ſ̄iŋ̄h̄reap̄,
 ȝo ȝ-cařač̄ ſl̄uič̄-l̄ion̄ta ȝac̄ ab̄ač̄ láŋ̄.

Ír̄ t̄aj̄t̄h̄om̄iač̄ l̄h̄iŋ̄ ȝan̄ ſob̄at̄ ὁ' ſáč̄aj̄l̄
 Aŋ̄ b̄aŋ̄alt̄ra č̄joč̄-ſeal na ὁ-τηúm̄-ðáj̄iŋ̄ ;
 Thuz̄ ſeallam̄uŋ̄t̄ ðýl̄r̄ le ſeaf̄am̄ ȝac̄ n̄-ðýp̄eac̄,
 Do ȝar̄iač̄ ȝroj̄de-č̄l̄j̄r̄de aŋ̄ ſiaŋ̄-ȝáj̄r̄

Taŋ̄ cal̄at̄ ȝlar̄ t̄aoj̄de no a n̄-ȝleah̄n̄-m̄-báj̄iŋ̄,
 Do ὁ-t̄aŋ̄ač̄ do laořeač̄ ſ̄iŋ̄a ſ̄h̄raŋ̄n̄-cáj̄iŋ̄ ;
 B̄iač̄ aȝuiŋ̄ne t̄aoj̄rič̄ ba č̄al̄ma a n̄-ȝh̄j̄om̄-ȝoř̄l̄,
 Do leaž̄fač̄ ſeap̄t̄ ſ̄aoj̄te do ȝam̄-ráj̄iŋ̄.

“ For the troops of King Louis shall aid us ;—
 The chains that now gall and degrade us
 Shall crumble to dust, and our bright swords shall
 slaughter
 The wretches whose wiles have betrayed us ! ”

DONOGH O’SULLIVAN’S REPLY TO CONOR O’SULLIVAN.

AIR :—“ *The Growling Old Woman.* ”

That maiden so fair and so slender,
 Whom you saw in your vision of splendor,
 Can give you, alas ! no hope and no fancy
 That Time will not make you surrender.

’Tis a dream that was longtime departed
 That of Banba, the generous-hearted,
 Till the streams and the rivers roll back to their sources
 The aims of her sons will be thwarted !

We love the Antique and the Olden,
 We gladly glance back to the golden
 And valorful times of our sages and heroes,
 But those shall no more be beholden !

Were Louis to come with his legions
 O’er ocean from France’s proud regions,
 There are hosts in the island to meet him in battle,
 Who would scatter his soldiers like pigeons !

ԱՅ Յլատաղայ լիոյտա դա դ-աբալլ մ-բլատ,
 Բա քերիզած լիոյտա 'դա լոյ-դայլ ;
 Յո դաշալու աղ էօյիեարշայր դա դ-դաշայծ, դո էյծ-
 քեր
 Դո Շարուր Տեյօնարտ, 'դա տոլ-դած !*

Յե բադա վեյտ յրեալ ա ե-քոն բաշայի,
 ԱՅ բերան լե դաօլլրե զած տրօմ-էայի ;
 Դօ' ծեանցալ ա դ-շեյթիօշ դա բարիքած լեատ էօյծէ,
 Յո դ-դաշած դո դաօլրի զո Շյոնի-տ-Տայլ !

Աղ բամալ րո լիոնտա դո էրօմ սած,
 Աղ անբրիդ Ասյինիշ, զաղ պուր տլատ ;
 Բա մեարա ծոյտ լին բիուտ Շայրի ա դ-յօշտար,
 Նա բարիք զայտ բյե, 'զար տյոմ-բան ?

ԱՅՏԱԿԱՆ ԱՆ ԱԹԵԱՐ ԲԱՓՐԱՅԸ ՈՅ ԲԻՐՅԱՅՆ.

Դօշքած րե աւսլրե 'ր երօն դյի,
 Աղ այրինշ դո սոհալը այլ Ահօլինի ;
 Աղ նախալուր երեազած,
 Դօ դայլ ալ զած աօյն նեած,
 Օ դ'յուտիշ ա սեյլե—մո երօն յ !

Ա շնեար մար աղ բնեածտա բա լո մին,
 Ա բար բաօլ դա լեածած 'ր յ տօօր-շոյլ ;
 Ա մամա-բեազ զլեյշեալ,
 ԱՅ սոհալիտ աղ նեալած ;
 Դա բլամած զաղ տրաօշա—զաղ սոյնույշե !

* *Toll-dad. Topsy-turvy.*

The armies of Britain wield ample
 Resources to vanquish and trample.
 Charles Stuart's o'erthrow, should he venture o'er
 hither,
 Will be dreadful beyond all example !

Long you groan under sorrows unspoken—
 But the slumbering band hath not woken.
 Till a nobler Kinsale* shall atone for the former,
 Your fetters will never be broken !

The cloud hangeth dark o'er our nation ;
 Momonia drees black tribulation,
 And worse than the want of your “ bagpipes and
 timbrels”
 Is, alas ! Cashel's deep degradation !

THE REV. PATRICK O'BRIEN'S VISION.

The marvellous vision I've lately seen
 Will banish, my friend, your sorrow and spleen,
 'Twas her whom her spouse has, alas, forsaken.
 The gay, the good, the kind Moirin !

Her fair smooth skin it shone like snow—
 Her bosom heaved with many a throe,
 That bosom the English wolves have mangled
 And her head reclined on her white arm low.

* An allusion to the battle of Kinsale, A.D. 1601.

Ir é dúbairit aη ijuc-alladó do žlóri-čaoiη,
 Aη b-rujl tú ad čodla a Mhóriṇiη ?
 Eiŋziđ corj toimhe,
 'Zur deaile aji na daolhe,
 Tá teac̄t cízajh̄ tari taoiđe le mór-buiđoř !

Ah̄-r̄uη bejđ ažad-řa ad čófriuižé
 Ah̄iřiđoř zo r̄amriřiř 'r óri bujđe,
 M̄aři čabaiři do na cēadta,
 Tá cheadta 'r a bějce,
 Da ȝ-cneac̄a 'r dá ȝ-céara le mór-čjor !

Atá éanlajt̄ na cojle zo nō-bj̄iη,
 A n-éjhf̄očt̄ a r̄ejh̄iη a nótajđe ;
 Zo meaŋamhač, aorlač,
 Dá jnřiřt̄ dá čéjle,
 Ná bejđ r̄ealř iħic Dē l̄iňh̄ a ȝ.cóm̄h̄ajđe !

Do čualadó dá ūejh̄iη aji čeol-řj̄b,
 Zo b-rujl Cojleac̄ 'r Fiolař až deónraiz̄eac̄t ;
 Do p̄jocar na r̄uřle,
 Ař aη n-om̄iηe náři díútčař,
 Bhejť ažuřiη a l̄uňdaři 'na čom̄h̄uižé !

Bejđ *Hector* 'r *Cæsar* zo beol-bj̄iη,
 Bowler 'r Ranger a zeónhajđiř ;
 'S zealřiřiač 'ca ař r̄aořař,
 O Chajřioll zo Béařa,
 Zo d-čjt̄jđ a n-éjhf̄eac̄t aη órluiđe !

Ah̄ r̄uη zo r̄ořneac̄ p̄oř-rujžeac̄,
 Aη om̄iηe náři r̄jleadó le Mhóriṇiη ;
 'S c̄muřh̄eóčađ na cēadta,
 Do m̄atčajb na h-čejh̄iōň,
 Zo m̄ullac̄ Ch̄ořc Žr̄éjhe le ceol-řj̄t̄ !

And thus methought I softly spake :—
Moirin, Moirin, dost thou sleep or wake ?

O ! look forth seaward, and see what heroes
Are sailing hither for thy sweet sake !

O ! soon again, shalt thou have, as of old,
Bright heaps of silver and yellow gold,

And soon shall thine arm raise up the Fallen,
Now trampled by Tyranny uncontrolled.

The very birds of the forest sing
The prophecy of thy coming Spring—

“Gone by,” they warble, “for ever and ever
Is the anger of the Almighty King !”

I heard the bagpipes playing an air
Of an Eagle and Cock—a wondrous pair—

Who will pick the eyes of a certain man out
Now throned in London’s regal chair !

My Hector and Cæsar, they rage and fret,
And Bowler and Ranger howl and sweat ;

They are coursing from Cashel to broad Bere-
haven,
And will rend the hare asunder yet !

And then in Wedlock’s golden chains
Will the Hero clasp Moirin of the Plains—

And Eire’s nobles will all assemble
On green Cnoc Greine to fairy strains.

Τις ζειτινή *Punch* αγαπεούσι ζητούσε,
'S βιοδταρι θά στατιμανής α γενήμησε ?

Сүң аң аңдағы аң сақынде
Зо маждоң аң мәнде;

•S 3an carat zo bpiat ná zo deo j!

Be ſaið do þeijð r̄zilljñs aum þójcñ,
Ni r̄zaþiſaiði le cuiðeaðta 2l̄hójjñ;

Olfamaojd r lájhte,

Ἄη ἐπί ατά η-τάη τι,

Chum cuiðum það þó búať lé, 'r þó deð 'nýr!

Atá cluicé le h-umháit agus a h-umháit,

Τιητρεασ ἀη Συρατα 'τ ἡή βησηή Ιήη;

Utá 4011-a-hajt rólóte,

'S an një doli arë eisjë,

‘Σαη βαη-ηιόζυηη’ ηα δέιζ ρηη 4 τσηιιζεαςτ!

Ann r̄n p̄neab̄rað ari bōnd r̄jor,

Αη Σιονάθ ιν φατα φαοι ςεο-θηαοιζεαςτ;

Szubrafajð a n-éjñfeac̄t,

Na beařta le čeřle,

’S bajnfead r̄zillings 3an baoðaðar, ’r c’lóðuh
ðjóð!

Bejö hata majt Béabaji,

Ար Փհոխական ի Յունիոն,

Dá éataim is na rpéartha le mói-ériodé!

Ἐο μ-βαγῆτε αἱ ἀγίες τὰ τῶν τίοτ,

Αη τωνη ηάρι τηλαη βετε αζ ολ τιζε,

Faoj tuajim aŋ rzéjl rzim,

’S tujle ná déanfad;

Đá m-bejđiηη-ri ȝan léjne ! ȝan cđjtjη !

Bring hither punch and foaming ale !
We must not droop, we will not wail !

Away with sorrow ! and may she never
Come back to us with her doleful tale !

As long as I have a shilling to spend
My fair Moirin I will ever defend !

Here's now to the health of Him who will wed
her,
And guard and guide her as her friend !

Moirin is about to hazard a game,
The Knave will be beaten with utter shame—
And the King and Queen—whom nobody
pities,
Will fly, and forfeit name and fame.

Then up shall spring on the table so proud
The Five, long under a darkling cloud—

He will seize on the Crown, and grasp the
shilling,
And win, with the game, the cheers of the
Crowd !

Then Georgey will quake, and shake, and bow,
He is left in the lurch, he discovers now !

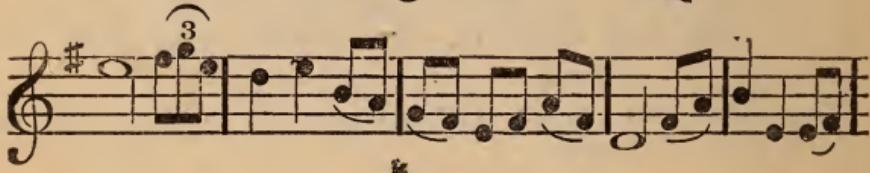
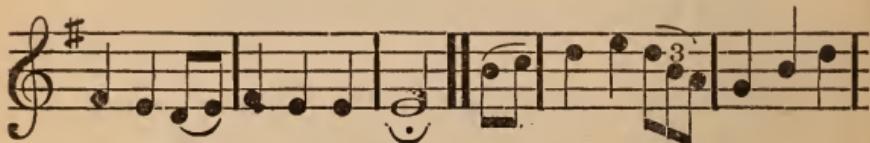
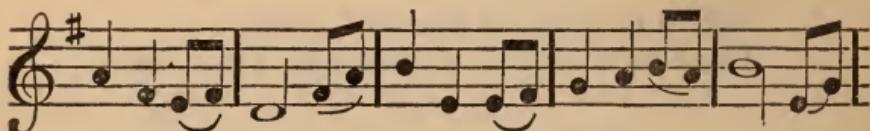
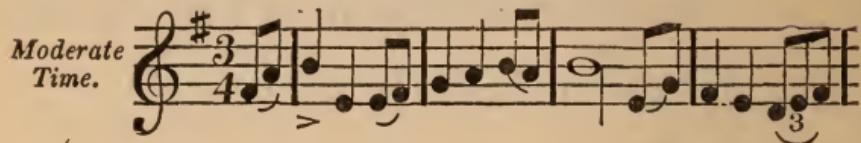
But “Dan of the Sun” will fling high his
beaver
With a joyous heart and a beaming brow.

Now here's to Moirin, and to her success !
And may he be stripped of breeches and dress
Who would wrong her in aught,—whether priest
or layman,
Or cause her a moment's pain or distress !

ԱՆ ԱՅԱՀԱՆՆ ԼԱՕՅ.

Եօջան (այ լիյըլին) Ակհեյց Շալիտայձ, ստ.

Ֆոնի:—Այս Ելու ոյ ՚նեօրայն օյա ի-յ.



Ա ծայրակատ չլայ ծաօյի-Շրօտակ ծաօյի,

Ար-լեյշյոնտա Յօ լյօնյար ա դան;

Բհնի դ-դնտիրակտ ԱՅ Յեար-մոլած Լաօյ,

(Բա Շաօտար ա դ-յոյտլեակտ լր բեարի)

Ան լւբ-Շրօտակ, Յլե-Շրյօտալ, մյի,

Լր բեյլ ար եյտ բյօր-սյրչե կալ;

Յսր ժնյուլինց Յակ բեան լե նա տաօյի,

Փօ ե՛քեյտիր բա լիյշեակտ հեյմե օ՛քայլ.

THE RIVER LEE.

BY EOGHAN MAC CARTHY (THE SMALL-FINGERED).

AIR:—" *For Eire (Ireland) I'd not tell her Name.*"

The original words to this beautiful air will be found at p. 132 of a volume of "Irish Popular Songs," edited by Mr. Edward Walsh, and published by Mr. James M'Glashan, from which we quote the first stanza:—

" *A raoir's me tearnamh air neoin,
Air an taobh thall don teora 'na m-bim ;
Do thaobhnaig an speirbhean am choir,
D'fhag taomnach, breoidhite, lag, sinn.
Do gheilleas du meinn's da clodh,
Da briathra's da beol-tana, binn ;
Do leimeas fa dhein dul na coir
'S air Eire ni 'neosfainn cia hi !*"

" One evening as I happen'd to stray
By the lands that are bordering on mine,
A maiden came full on my way,
Who left me in anguish to pine—
The slave of the charms, and the mien,
And the silver-toned voice of the dame,
To meet her I sped o'er the green ;
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name !"

" The pleasant waters of the river Laoi" (Lee) have their source in the romantic lake of Gougane Barra in West Muscraighe (Muskerry). Spenser describes it as—

" The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood."

The length of the river from its source to the city of Cork has been computed to be twenty-six Irish miles.

Bright Host of the musical tongue,
Rich Branches of Knowledge's Tree,
O, why have you left so unsung
The praise of the blue-billowed Lee ?
That river so shining, so smooth,
So famed for both waters and shore !
No pleasure were greater, in sooth,
Than to dwell on its banks evermore !

Jr cúbairta 'r ar claoibh-átoriúrtá cí býðean,
 Táec zaorírtá 'na týmcholl aibh fáir ;
 Fá ab'lajb, fá éaoírajb, fá fíon,
 Aibh claoíntaibh go h-joctair a tpiráidá !
 Aball-átoriúrt fá zéaibh aibh luijé,
 Aibh an b-riéan-átoriúrt an uairi lónaírt a m-bláit,
 Maír lub-átoriúrt *Hesperia* do bý,
 Dá éaoíntaibh le tpiraoízearáct aibh fead rípáir.

Ba fúzaíct fíajt fíeile aibh zaec taoibh,
 Go fíearrdaíct, go fíonmhairi do znaíat ;
 'S túiúrlínt 'na cléipe d'fionraízé,
 Na raoir-riéan ; 'na týzearaíca bhealaízé ;
 Jr dúbaíct hion a néim 'r a z-cíor,
 Na ríteigib dá rínjomh idirli éach ;
 'S an ríljonhíra an *Altona* 'na luijé,
 Náir tneigíct cneidjomh Chhíort aibh a ríat !

The “Church’s true son” mentioned in the last stanza of this song was Donchadh Mac Carthaigh (Donogh Mac Carthy) Earl of Clancarty, who lost an estate of £60,000 per annum by his attachment to his unfortunate King James II. He died at Altona, 1734.

The family of Mac Carthy traced their immediate pedigree up to the commencement of the third century, from which period they were the lords of *Deas Mumhain*, or South Munster. The great antiquity of this family has been commemorated by a modern bard :—

“ Montmorenci, Medina, unheard was your rank
 By the dark-eyed Iberian and light-hearted Frank,
 And your ancestors wandered, obscure and unknown
 By the smooth Guadalquivir, and sunny Garonne—
 Ere Venice had wedded the Sea, or enrolled
 The name of a Doge in the proud Book of Gold ;

Around it the wild flowers blow,
 And the peaches and plums in the beams
 Of the sun ripen redly, and grow
 Even down to the brink of the streams.
 Each valley, and garden, and bower
 Shines brightly with apples of gold—
 'Twould seem that some magical power
 Renewed here the marvels of old !

And yet, though the Nobles and Priests,
 And Gaels of both high and low ranks,
 Tell tales, and indulge in gay feasts
 On its dark-green and flowery banks,
 I mourn for the Great who are gone—
 And who met by the Lee long ago—
 But most for the Church's true son,
 Who now in Altona lies low !

When her glory was all to come on like the morrow,
 There were chieftains and Kings of the clan of Mac Cartha !

* * * * *

Mac Cartha, the pride of thy house has gone by,
 But its name cannot fade, and its fame cannot die,
 Though the Arigideen, with its silver waves, shine
 Around no green forests or castles of thine,
 Though the shrines that you founded no incense doth hallow,
 Nor hymns float in peace down the echoing Allo ;
 One treasure thou keepest, one hope for the morrow,
 True hearts yet beat of the clan of Mac Cartha."

The "Clan of Mac Cartha," by D. F. Mac Carthy.

A full and accurate account of the Mac Carthys may be seen in the
 "Green Book," by J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq. 8vo. Dub. p. 101. 1844.

SIAN CHUAI PHÁDRAIC SAIRSEAU.*

U Phádraic Sáinnéal rílán go d-tí' tú !
 O éuadair do 'n Fhinnigc 'r do éampairde ríaoilte,
 Aíz déanamh do gheanáin leis na Ríjte,
 'S d'fág tú Eipe 'súr Íaoisdeil-bocht claoiðte !
 Och ! ochón !

U Phádraic Sáinnéal is tú me le Dia tú,
 Is beannaithe an talamh ari fíúbail tú niamh aigh ;
 So m-beannaithe an Shealaíc gheal 'r an Íhíl an tuij, †
 O tuis tú an lá o láimha Ríj Uilliam leat.
 Och ! 7c.

* Patrick Sarsfield was descended from an ancient family, consisting of several honorable branches, one of which possessed the title of Lord Kilmallock. Patrick inherited, from his elder brother, the family castle and estate of Lucan, County Dublin, with £2,000 a-year. He first served in France, as Ensign to Monmouth's regiment; then, as Lieutenant to the Guards in England; whence, in 1688, he followed James II. into France. In March, 1689, he accompanied James into Ireland, and was made Colonel of Horse, Brigadier, and Commander of the force appointed to protect Connacht from the Inniskilling or Northern rebels. This he did, till the effects of the unfortunate affair of Newton-Butler, July 31st, and the raising of the blockade of Derry, by the landing of Major-General Kirke's troops from England, compelled him to retire to Athlone. That autumn, however, he retook Sligo, and entirely expelled the enemy from Connacht. In July, 1690, he served as Major-General at the battle of the Boyne; and by his noble exhortations, and his memorable surprise of the English battering artillery, ammunition, &c., August 12th, only about seven miles from the besiegers' camp, he mainly contributed to the triumphant defence of Limerick. In December and January, 1690-91, he foiled the military efforts of the English, aided by treachery, to cross the Shannon into Connacht, and was, soon after, made a Lieutenant-General, and ennobled as Earl of Lucan, by James II. In June and July he was at the gallant defence of Athlone, and the fatal, though nobly-contested, battle of Aughrim. Soon after he detected, denounced, and arrested, for corresponding with the enemy, his intimate friend and neighbour Colonel Henry Luttrell, of Luttrellstown; though

A FAREWELL TO PATRICK SARSFIELD.

Farewell, O, Patrick Sarsfield! May luck be on your path!

Your camp is broken up—your work is marred for years;
But you go to kindle into flame the king of France's wrath,

Though you leave sick Eire in tears.

Och ! ochone!

May the white sun and moon rain glory on your head,

All hero, as you are, and holy Man of God !

To you the Saxons owe a many an hour of dread,

In the land you have often trod.

Och ! ochone !

that traitor was either too wary, or too powerful, to be condemned. After the Treaty of Limerick, in October, 1691, to which his Lordship was a chief contracting party, he used all his influence to make as many as possible of the Irish adhere to the cause of James, and accompanied the national army to France; thus sacrificing to his loyalty his fine estates, and the best prospects of advancement from William III. In 1692 he was appointed by James to the command of his Second Troop of Irish Horse-Guards—the King's son, the Duke of Berwick, having the First Troop. In the defeat at Steenkirk, in July, 1692, of the English and Allies, under William III., by the French, under the celebrated Marshal de Luxembourg, Lord Lucan was complimented by the Marshal, as having acted in a manner worthy of his military reputation in Ireland. In March, 1693, his Lordship was created Maréchal-de-Camp, by Louis XIV.; and at the great overthrow, in July, of the Allies under William III., by Luxembourg, at the battle of Landen, he received his death-wound. Lord Lucan's character may be comprehended in the words, simplicity, disinterestedness, honour, loyalty, and bravery. In person, he was a man of prodigious size. By his wife Honor de Burgo, second daughter to William, seventh Earl of Clanrickard, he left one son, who, after serving under his illustrious stepfather, the Marshal Duke of Berwick, died in Flanders, without issue.

† *Go m-beannaighe an Ghealach gheal's an Ghrian duit*, i. e., May the bright Sun and Moon salute thee, a mode of salutation in use among our pagan ancestors.

Ul Phádraig 'Sálliréal ȝuiðe ȝac ḥ-tuige leat,
 2 Mo ȝuiðe-ri fén 'r ȝuiðe iūc Muimhle leat ;
 O tóis tú an t-Ath-Caol* 45 ȝabail tne Bھojula
 ḥuijt,
 'S ȝuri 45 Culliññ O' ȝ-Cuañat buadag leat luim-
 neac.

Och ! 7c.

ȝeabat-ra ȝari an ȝlab-ra am aonari,
 'S ȝeabat a ȝari a ȝir mār férdir ;
 Ír anñ do ȝonarc mé an campa ȝaoð' lach,
 ȝih tneam boct ȝilte ȝári ȝuij le na ȝéile.

Och ! 7c.

* *Ath Caol*, Narrow Ford, which must mean the river Narrow Water, in the county of Down.

† At Ballyneety (*Baile an Fhaoitig*, i.e., *the town of the Whites*), near Cullen, he surprised the great Williamite convoy, to the loss of which the raising of the siege of Limerick is mainly attributable. David Bruoder, a cotemporary poet, commemorates the event in a ballad of twenty-five stanzas, from which we extract the following :—

“ *An tan do thiomsuig pearsa an Phrionnsa,*
Neart a thruiп 's a airneise ;
Timpchioll innill Inse Sionna,
'S Muimhnig uile su mheala ;
Nior shag bumba, bad na uma,
Na bar bonn da b-pras-ghreithibh,
A m-Baile an Fhaoitig gan a sgaoile,
Mar ghal coinnle a n-dail speire.

“ *Do shuil nach crionfadhl clu na sgribe,*
Fuigfiad fillte a b-paipearaibh
Tuairm aithne air 'uair na faille '
Fuair an seabhac slan-easgadh
Se chead foghmar, mile 's nochad,
Aois nach onna tath-eisfiocht
Bliaghna an Choimhdhe, d'-shiad san aoine,
Pian is ainsnín nach eidir.”

The Son of Mary guard you and bless you to the end !

'Tis altered is the time since your legions were astir,
When, at Cullen, you were hailed as the Conqueror and Friend,

And you crossed Narrow-water, near Birr.*
Och ! ochone !

I'll journey to the North, over mount, moor, and wave.

'Twas there I first beheld, drawn up in file and line,
The brilliant Irish hosts—they were bravest of the Brave !

But, alas ! they scorned to combine !
Och ! ochone !

* Sarsfield was at Birr in the spring of 1689, when deputed by the Duke of Tyrconnell to inspect the national troops there ; and also in September, 1690, when the Castle was attacked by the Duke of Berwick.

“ All Momonia was stricken with sorrow,
When the Prince did, without restraint,
Muster his mighty troops and artillery
On the borders of Inishannon ;
But Sarsfield left not a bomb, boat, or mortar,
Or a farthing's worth of their brass equipments,
Without scattering them in Ballyneety,
As the wind extinguishes the flame of a candle.

“ That this event might not be forgotten,
I will leave recorded the time and place
Of the victory gained by our gallant hero.
Six hundred autumns, one thousand, and ninety
Have elapsed, since the Man-God suffered, on Friday,
A most dreadful pain and penalty.”

Бүүгээ на Слюмжине* 'г бүүгээ на Войнне,†
 'С аи түйнүүжад бүүгээ аз 20-тэа 3хризине бүзэг;‡
 20-и сеатгайгаад бүүгээ аи 3ас-Фхризин тга-Фомжайж,
 'С буялгаа зуулж оруүнгээ аз Тобаги аи Фомжайж.

Och! 7c.

20-и сүүж сээд ыланг сүүжайж а халлои 1уйнхийж,
 'С 2ум на бүйдийн алхийн то бү 'нэгийн 3-сүйдэацтаад;
 Бхийдэац төмтэе снамяа 'зүйн, ир сэргээжэе 1имеарчта,
 'С бүйнээдээ 3ээдээ 30 тийнгээ сүүйнгээ.

Och! 7c.

21 1уйнхийн Фомжийн болзак сүүжат-ра
 Алийн нэгийн нэгийн 1аадаа лага ле рүүждээр:
 'С а лягчтэй 1аадаа 1аадаа рюүнгэлүбээ,
 3ан 1орз' о 'н 11-з401т, 'нэг сяяад 3ээд 3-сүүждэац!
 Och! 7c.

* No details of this affair at *Cruimminne* have reached us. It was probably some local event of the Rapparee, or Guerilla warfare, between the campaigns of 1689 and 1690.

† The army of King James at the Boyne, was only from twenty to twenty-three thousand men, with six field-pieces. William's army contained between forty and fifty thousand men (vastly superior to their opponents in equipments and discipline), with from fifty to sixty heavy cannon, exclusive of field mortars. Yet James's army had none of their cannon captured, and but one pair of colours (if we may credit the hostile accounts, which *falsely* claim the capture of two more), and is admitted to have made an honorable retreat. On William's side, the battle was fought almost entirely by his Continental auxiliaries; his army being composed of men from ten European nations.

‡ The rout at the Moat of Graine Og, in the spring of 1691, was probably owing to the Irish there having been under such a commander as Clifford, who, in the following September, caused the fall of Limerick, by allowing the enemy to cross the Shannon.

§ For an account of the monstrous exaggerations to which the boasted defence of Derry has been indebted for so much unmerited celebrity, see *Green Book*, p. 78. 8vo. Dub. 1844.

I saw the royal Boyne, when its billows flashed with blood ;
 I fought at Graine Og, where a thousand horsemen
 fell ;
 On the dark, empurpled field of Aughrim,* too, I stood,
 On the plain by Tubberdonny's Well.†
 Och ! ochone !

To the heroes of Limerick, the City of the Fights,
 Be my best blessing, borne on the wings of the air !
 We had card-playing there, o'er our camp-fires at night,
 And the Word of Life, too, and prayer.
 Och ! ochone !

But, for you, Londonderry, may Plague smite and slay
 Your people !—May Ruin desolate you, stone by stone !
 Through you a many a gallant youth lies coffinless to-day,
 With the winds for mourners alone !
 Och ! ochone !

* The battle of Aughrim (*Cath Eachdhruim*), was fought on Sunday, 12th July, 1691. The Irish army, under Lieutenant-General St. Ruth, consisted of about 15,000 men, and its artillery of nine field-pieces. The Williamite army, under Baron de Ginkell, amounted to between twenty and thirty thousand men, with a vastly superior artillery. Up to the death of St. Ruth, about sunset, the engagement was so much in favor of the Irish, that it is generally considered that the loss of their General alone prevented them obtaining a complete victory.

In this action, as at the Boyne (*Boinn*), William's force was mostly composed of Continental troops. James's army, with the exception of a few French officers, was entirely Irish.

† *Tobar an Domhnaigh* (Tubberdonny), situated in the County of Louth, about two and a-half miles from the towns of Dunleer and Ardee respectively, and nine miles from Drogheda. We cannot explain the occurrence which the poet refers to ; but in other versions of this song, current in Munster, the line runs thus :—“ *Do chailleamair an Fran-neach an ceannphuirt ba mho 'guinn* ”—“ We have lost the Frenchman, our greatest bulwark ”—which evidently refers to St. Ruth.

Do bý mé aji rhab lá brieaža ȝréine
 Do éonairc na Saorannais a b-fochair a céile ;
 An cón capall ba deirre bý n-éinne,
 O' ! coiméad ðam na botais ȝo m-bailefad ȝé
 aրda ?

Och ! 7c.

Ír ionða raiðsuiji meažnac, meaðam nač,
 Do ȝajb an t-rlíže-ri le reac̄t reac̄tuijne ;
 Fae ȝunad, fae þicead, fae élojdeam cionn ajiȝid,
 Ačt tá riað ríntे ríor an eac-ðriuij !

Och ! 7c.

Cia rúd tall aji énoc Bhejñi-Elđor ?*
 Sájðsuiji bočt mé le Ríð Séamur ;
 Do bý mé a náriŋaiz a n-álm 'r a n-éadac,
 Ačt 'tálm a m-blhažanhað az iariŋað délpe !

Och ! 7c.

Ír é mo éreac̄t man do éajlleamajri Ðiajmuj,
 Bbj ceann an r̄zatfaije aji halbañt iariŋuñ ;
 Bbj a éuð feola dá r̄naca 'r a bñatac̄t dá r̄tjallað,
 'S ȝan fážajl éarða 'ȝe dá b-kažac̄t ré Ðia aji !

Och ! 7c.

Ír é mo éreac̄t-ra an t-riŋat dá tózbañ,
 An dá feari ðéað do bý ór cionn Feðrach ;
 Mo ðiar deařbñátař ař iad ír ȝleð lomj,
 Ačt mo éuð céad d̄jot-éuři Ðiajmuj ař t-óz-
 feari !

Och ! 7c.

* *Beinn Eiddir*, now the Hill of Howth.

I climb the high hill on a fair summer noon,
 And saw the Saxon Muster, clad in armour, blinding
 bright.

Oh, rage withheld my hand, or gunsman and dragoon
 Should have supped with Satan that night !
 Och ! ochone !

How many a noble soldier, how many a cavalier,
 Careered along this road, seven fleeting weeks ago,
 With silver-hilted sword, with matchlock, and with spear,
 Who now, *mo bhron*,* lieth low !
 Och ! ochone !

All hail to thee, Beinn Eadair ! But, ah ! on thy brow
 I see a limping soldier, who battled, and who bled
 Last year in the cause of the Stuart, though now
 The worthy is begging his bread !
 Och ! ochone !

And *Diarmuid* ! oh, *Diarmuid* ! he perished in the strife ;†
 His head it was spiked on a halbert high ;
 His colours they were trampled ; he had no chance of life,
 If the Lord God himself stood by !
 Och ! ochone !

But most, oh, my woe ! I lament, and lament
 For the ten valiant heroes who dwelt nigh the Nore ;
 And my three blessed brothers ! They left me, and they
 went
 To the wars, and returned no more !
 Och ! ochone !

* *Mo bhron*, pronounced *mo vrone*, literally, my sorrow.

† It is probable that *Diarmuid* was a Rapparee, or Irish Guerilla ; two pounds being given by the Williamite government for the head of any Rapparee.

Do cùinnead̄ an céad̄ bhríre oírlaigh 43 dhoiscead̄ na
Boinne,

Án daingh bhríre 43 dhoiscead̄ na Sláinze*

Án trímhúsgaod̄ bhríre an Eacáidh Úi Cheallaigh
'S eile cùibhírtá mo cùis céad̄ rílán leat !

Och ! 7c.

Án uairí lar an teacá bíg an deatacá dárí múncaid̄,

'S clannh Bhlíl bhratáisht dárí n-áireada le púisdarí ;

Ní'l aon *Volley-shot* dá ríaoilidir fúinne,

Ná fiafriajdeac̄ *Colonel Mitchel* ari leaigead̄ *Lord Lucan* ?

Och ! 7c.

Tá leargúid̄ 43 O'Ceallaighs ná cásairiú ná fiafriajdeac̄,

Áct ríajdóimíjde tapa d'éanfáid̄ cásairge le pícead̄ ;

Á fáisfáid̄ iad a n-Eacáidh Úi Cheallaigh ná ríatáinnaid̄ rínté,

Nári bhratáisht feoisl cárail 43 mairiagáid̄ dá ríaoile !

Och ! 7c.

Ánna rúd atá ríad báirí uairle Eilimone

Óluisce, Búrcais,|| 'r mac Ríj Séamur ;

Captaoi Talbóid̄ cnojde ná fíle,

'S Pádraig Sáipréal ! zírad̄ ban Eilimone.

Och ! ochón !

* There is no account of any fighting at the Slaney, during the War of the Revolution in Ireland ; perhaps the allusion is but an interpolation, as we had to take our copy of the poem from the mouths of the peasantry, never having met a manuscript copy of it.

† The poet here calls the Williamite soldiers " *The Sons of Billy the Thief*."

‡ Colonel John Michelburne, Governor of Derry, who commanded a regiment of foot in William's service in Ireland.

§ Colonel Charles O'Kelly, author of the " *Macariæ Excidium*," or, perhaps, his son Captain Denis O'Kelly, who commanded a troop in Lord Galmoy's regiment of horse at Aughrim, and had a horse shot under him at that battle.

|| Of the De Burgos, or Burkes, of Norman, or French origin, five noblemen fought for King James, viz., Lords Clanrickard, Castlecon-

On the Bridge of the Boyne was our first overthrow ;
 By Slaney, the next, for we battled without rest !
 The third was at Aughrim. Oh, Eire ! thy woe
 Is a sword in my bleeding breast !
 Och ! ochone !

O ! the roof above our heads it was barbarously fired,
 While the black Orange guns blazed and bellowed around !
 And as volley followed volley, Colonel Mitchel inquired
 Whether Lucan still stood his ground,
 Och ! ochone !

But O'Kelly still remains, to defy and to toil ;
 He has memories that Hell won't permit him to forget,
 And a sword that will make the blue blood flow like oil
 Upon many an Aughrim yet !
 Och ! ochone !

And I never shall believe that my Fatherland can fall,
 With the Burkes, and the Dukes, and the son of
 Royal James ;
 And Talbot the Captain, and SARSFIELD, above all,
 The beloved of damsels and dames.
 Och ! ochone !

nell, Brittas, Bophin, and Galmoy. The son of royal James alluded to, is, the famous James Fitz James, Duke of Berwick, and subsequently Marshal, Duke, and Peer of France.

The following stanza, which should come in as the sixteenth in the song, was not versified by Mr. Mangan. We subjoin it here, with our own literal translation :—

“ *Cia sud tall ag dorus na ceardchan ?*
Na ceil air Righ Uilliam e, mise Brian laidir,
Fan ad sheasamh a bhodaig go g-caithfiad gran leat,
A ghiolla na praisge ni bh-facfad go brath leat.”

“ Who is that halting at the forge door ?
 Conceal it not from King William—I am Brian the Stalwart ;
 Stand, you churl, till I have a shot at you ;
 But, you stirabout-pot licker, I'll not mind you.”

BRUACH NA CURRAIGE BÁINÉ.

Fonn:—Briuac na Cúrraighe Báiné.

Soft, and somewhat Slow.

Dim.

m. f. *>* *m. f.* *> p* *Cres.*

m. f. *>* *Dim.* *p*

p

Shjan coir a'bhan zan b'riéjz, zan dobat,

Altá'n aijzír cíuinn-tair, mánlað;

'Nap zile a com 'ná Alad aijr a'n d-tonn,

O batár zo bonn a briðzé !

Ir í an rtáitó-bean í do círáðaíjz mo cíorðe,

'S d' fájz m' inntiññ briðnac,

Leijzior le fájzajl, ní'l aðam zo briátt,

O díultajð mo zíráð zeal tamra !

THE BRAES OF CARRICK-BANN.

TRANSLATED BY COLONEL BLACKER.

BRUACH NA CARRAIGE BAINE.—Bruach and Carrick are the names of two townlands lying contiguous to each other on the river Bann, and forming a part of the demense of Carrick Blacker, an ancient seat of the Blacker family, near Portadown, in the county of Armagh.

As the family residence was changed to this particular locality from another part of the property, on the marriage of William Blacker, Esq., with Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Colonel Robert Stewart, of the Irry, county Tyrone, and granddaughter of the first Lord Castlestewart, about, or shortly previous to, the year 1666, and as the subjoined poem coincides in its general structure and style with that period (being at least a century older than the succeeding effusion), there can be little difficulty in affixing very nearly a date to its composition as an *Epithalamium*, or “welcome home” song, and the party in whose honour it was composed.

To their successor in the fifth generation, Colonel Blacker, the present proprietor of Carrick Blacker, we owe the following very graceful, as well as close translation.

By yonder stream a maiden dwells,
Who every other maid excels ;
Less fair the swan, in snowy pride,
That graceful stems sweet Banna's tide.
The leech in vain would seek to cure
The pangs of soul that I endure,
Since of each joy and hope bereft,
That stately fair my sight has left.

Do b'fearlii lhom fén 'ná Eille iñdri,
 'S ná rafobhíor Ríj na Sbáinne !
 So iñ-bejónn-ri 'r turá a lúb na fíinne,
 A 3-coillte a bfxad ó ári 3-cáirde ;
 Turá 'zur mire a bejt pórta, a 3rád,
 Le aon-tojl a tár 'r mátar,
 A mairg-diong óz 'r mílre pór,
 Ímhan na Cailze Báiné !

Ír léanmári mo tairis le tréimhre gan rucárit,
 Ír baozalaç zo 3-cuirfeari cum fáidí me !
 Le zéan-řeanc do'ñ bhrúinjzoll ír héata ran ériuinn,
 Do cuir céadta aji ariearbað rlájhte !
 Do b'j a h-éadair mair luirne na 3réimhe tré eorðal,
 Téid éanlaist cum rucárit le 3rád òi ;
 Tázan tréimh-říj 'r riúte tarí tréan-riúir da
 h-amairc,
 Ír í Ímhan na Cailze Báiné !

Do b'j Helen an aigníri cuir an Tríae foir na larairi,
 Ba héata mair labaird rájze !
 Cuir Ajax 'r Achill, 'r na tréimh-říj cum catá,
 Mo léan, ír lé caillead na ráj-říj !
 Do riúz an tréimhbean lé an báin a m-béara 'r a b-
 peairá,
 'S do b' éisjón doib cará tarí rájle,
 A zéle do'ñ aigníri a 3-cláir na Bánba,
 Aji Bhrúac na Cailze Báiné !*

Do riúairí le m' bhuidean tarí fajrige a loiní,
 'S do cuirfeann mo rímuairíte a o-táct òi ;
 Dá fárgað le m' énorðe aji árd-leabair mhn,
 'S ní ríairífeann le m' fáozal aji ríat lé !

* Bruach and Carrick are the names of two townlands on the river Bann, near Portadown, county Armagh, forming a part of the demesne of Carrick-Blacker.

Dear is my native isle, but she
That maid is dearer far to me ;
To me her favour greater gain
Than all the boasted wealth of Spain.
Fair-hair'd object of my love,
I would that in some happy grove
'Twere mine to hail thee as my bride,
Of Carrick-braes the virgin pride.

But, oh ! forbidden for a while
To revel in that sunny smile,
I seek some distant forest gloom,
To mourn in heaviness my doom,
And hear the wild birds warbling sing ;
While o'er the seas come Prince and King,
In hopes to bask beneath the rays
Of her, the Sun of Carrick Braes.

The lovely Queen, whose fatal charms
Call'd Greece's bravest sons to arms
(Historic bards record their names
Who wrapp'd the stately Troy in flames),
Less worthy than this maid by far,
To bid those heroes rush to war ;
The heart more willing homage pays
To Banna's maid, on Carrick Braes.

With her I'd roam o'er ocean's wave,
And ne'er to part each danger brave ;
And as I pressed her to my heart,
My soul's most inward thoughts impart.

Raċad ȝan iħoġi aq aqim aq Rij,
 Tá ceaħħar dá tħiġi le fáżajl tam,
 Fillfead aqir fá ċoġiċċiha ha ħaoġi
 Jo Bħiġaċ ha Caijże Bajne !

U bħiġiżjoll ȝan tējħiġol do bħuadha iż-żajtnejha mo
 ċħoġiðe,
 'Nari bñihe do laoġiðe 'ná 'n-ċlājix joċ ;
 'Nari żżeġle do ȝħaoġi ná rneacċta aq aq ȝ-cieaġħi,
 le d' iħall-ixorż ȝiżżejjha do ċpádajj tħeġi !
 Fjill oqim a jidu le tħajtnejha ȝan iħoġi,
 'S taħbiexx cieniżżejjha duuġi rāġiġ.
 Caijtnejha aq-riaoġżieal a b-foċaġi aq-ri-żaoġżieal,
 Alji Bħiġaċ ha Caijże Bajne !

Ir mējha lhom r-żaqraġa d' ȝac ġaoġalta ġiet aqil talam,
 le ȝeajn-żiearie do d' ɻeapirajha a ɻ-tájt-bean ;
 Njox baoġżal duuġi majjix le d' ɻaoġżal dá majjix,
 Nj-żnēżix fuu aqil a b-żieaġa d' de iħha ja b' tu !
 Tħall leam taq-ċaiġi mā 'r l-leyli leat mo ɻeapir,
 Tá nejha 'r ceaħħar a ħ-dan tam,
 Jo ħ-empieej nji ċaġam—má żnēżix do ċaġajid,
 Alji Bħiġaċ ha Caijże Bajne !

U għiex aq-riċċa ċaiġiex mār duuġi zo m-bejðiżi ażżejj,
 Bejði cōlji oqit do ż-żajtnejha oċċa d' ċaiġiðe ;
 Idiżi r-żiġoda 'r-ħata o bixx ȝo baċċar,
 'S ȝac ħiġi aq-ri ċaġajid dá ājjeaċċ ;
 Bejði do bō-ċaċċ dá ȝ-ċaġra d' ȝac ħiġi ċum baje,
 'S ceol bixx 45 a d' beaċċajb aqil báhha ;
 Bejði őri aqil do ȝiġi ċaġajib 'r-ċoġġi de a d' tħalli u iż-żebi,
 Jo Bħiġaċ ha Caijże Bajne !

But now I'll seek to win a name—
A soldier—on the field of fame,
In hopes, returning crowned with praise,
To win the gem of Carrick Braes.

Oh, peerless maid, without a stain,
Whose song transcends the harper's strain ;
Whose radiant eyes their glances throw
From features like the driven snow ;
Return, return, without delay,
While I atoning homage pay,
And let us spend our blissful days
'Mid those we love on Carrick Braes.

Oh were each earthly treasure mine,
For thee I would it all resign ;
Each fond regret my ardent love
Shall place my dear one far above.
Come, maiden, where, beyond the sea,
Both health and riches wait on thee ;
Repress each lingering thought that stays
On home, and friends, and Carrick Braes.

Lov'd charmer of the flaxen hair,
I'll deck thee forth with anxious care ;
All dress'd in silken sheen so fine,
The costliest in the land to shine ;
Unnumber'd herds shall low for thee,
Her honey store prepare, the bee ;
While rings of gold adorn thy hands,
And menials wait on thy commands ;
And friends behold, in fond amaze,
Thy splendour upon Carrick Braes.

A RUIBHH TU AS AN 3-CARRAJ?Fonn :—A raib tú a3 an 3-Carraj.

Moderately
Slow.

A raib tú a3 an 3-Carraj 'r a b-feacad tú feij mo
3nád?

A b-feacad tú 3ile, 'zur fijne, 'zur r3éij n a mná?
A b-feacad tú 'n t-aball ba cùbhad 'r ba nijlre blát?
A b-feacad tú mo Valentine, n o a b-ful rí dá
claojd moan 'tájm?

HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK?

MR. M'GLASHAN, with his usual kindness, has permitted us to copy this song and translation from his recently-published volume of "Irish Popular Songs."

It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Dominic O'Mongan, or Mungan, and was composed early in the last century, for a celebrated beauty of her day, Eliza Blacker, of Carrick, County of Armagh, who became afterwards Lady Dunkin, of Upper Clogher Court, Bushmills, County of Antrim, now called Dunderave Castle, and still held by her grandson, Sir Edmund Workman MacNaghten, Bart., M.P. for that County.

Miss Blacker was the eldest daughter of William Blacker, Esq., of Carrick, by his wife Letitia, sister and co-heiress of the Right Honorable Edward Cary, of Dungiven Castle, M.P. for the County of Londonderry, and the great-grand-daughter of the parties mentioned in the introduction to the preceding poem. The present house of Carrick (or Carrick Blacker) beautifully situated on the river Bann, is the ancient seat of the Blacker family. The building, commenced previous to the Revolution of 1688-9, was not finished until 1692. It is about a mile and a-half from Portadown, and now the residence of Lieut.-Col. William Blacker, D.L., the present head and representative of this family.

Dominic O'Mongan was a gentleman Bard, who was blind from his birth, and a native of the County of Tyrone. Bunting notices him at p. 78 of his *Ancient Music of Ireland*, to which we refer the reader.

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love there?
And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair?
Saw you the most fragrant, flow'ring, sweet apple-tree?—
O! saw you my lov'd one, and pines she in grief, like me?

Do býor až an 3-Cáiliach, 'r do éonairc mē agh
do 3hlád;
Do éonairc mē 3ile, '3uir fíche, '3uir r3éimh na mha;
Do éonairc mē 'n t-abball ba cùbhaidh 'r ba mhlre blát,
Do éonairc mē do Valentine, 'r níl rí dá claoið' mair
'tájí!

If fíu dá 3mhjde 3ac muibe dá 3muai3 mair ór,
If fíu an oilead eile a cíldeacádha uairi do ló;
A cíligh tromaí tmuiríollaí a tuigtim lé rjor zo fadur,
'S a énájéin na fíche, ari mhlre do 3lájhte ó'l!

Nuaíri bým-rí am éodla býon oíghaíd 3an bhléig am élab,
'S mē 'm lújé 1dil énocaib zo d-tízead agh 3hléim a
náir,
A núin díl 'r a éozairi, níl fórtáct mo éuir acht Ólá,
'S zo n-dearbhád loc 3ola do 3olur mo rúl aod ólai3!

Nó zo d-tízid agh éairí aír láir agh 3odhíairi 3uádhe
'S lá 3eile Pátriaic lá nó dó'na ólai3;
3o b-3áraíd agh blád báh tpe láir mo cónaíad éaoi,
Pájlit do d 3hlád zo bhlád ní tábairfád do mhaor!

Síud í rjor agh Ríos-3eanálújí 3,
A b-3u1l a 3muai3 r3aoilte rjor zo béal a b3od3;
Ír í 'n eala í mair lírtir do 3jolraíd ó 'n t-ráin-3u1l
máir,
A cártaíd 3eal mo círjodhe r3i3, céad míle 3áilte
máir!

I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true love
there ;
And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright, and
fair ;
And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—
I saw thy lov'd one—she pines not in grief, like thee !

Five guineas would price every tress of her golden
hair—
Then think what a treasure her pillow at night to
share,
These tresses thick-clustering and curling around her
brow—
O, Ringlet of Fairness ! I'll drink to thy beauty now !

When seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with sighs—
I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise ;
No aid, bright Beloved ! can reach me save GOD above,
For a blood-lake is form'd of the light of my eyes with
love !

Until yellow Autumn shall usher the Paschal day,
And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway—
Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall
grow,
My love on another I'll never in life bestow !

Lo ! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like, high,
With long-flowing tresses, adown to her sandal-tie ;
Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,
A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee !

Fionn :—Bruac̄ na Carrraiḡe Báine.



As our little volume has now drawn to a close, we cannot allow this page to remain blank, and therefore present our readers with another setting of that beautiful air *Bruach na Carraige Baine* (the Braes of Carrick-Bann), at p. 280; and with it we take leave of our kind patrons for the present.

THE END.

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