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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,

And the Original Music;

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS;

AND IRISH TEXT REVISED BY

W. M. HENNESSEY, M.R.I.A.

EDITED BY C. P. MEEHAN, C.C.

FOURTH EDITION.

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MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS

ON THE

IRISH MUSIC

IN THE

"POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER."

In a letter to the Author of the "Monks of Kilcrea"—one of the most delightful poems in the English language—Mr. Brinley Richards, the eminent composer and pianist, gives the subjoined estimate of the Irish music in this volume. Praise from such a *Maestro* of the "divine art" is indeed most valuable, and he will be pleased to accept the publishers' grateful acknowledgment of his kindness in allowing them to print his generous critique:—

"25 ST. MARY ABBOTT'S TERRACE,
KENSINGTON, W.,
October 14*th*, 1884.

"DEAR MR. GEOGHEGAN,—

"With this I return you the little volume you kindly lent me, and it has very greatly interested me. I have

copied some of the melodies as specimens of 'National Music,' remarkable for *individuality* and tenderness. According to modern ideas they seem 'wild,' and refuse all attempts at accompaniment; indeed, the music does not appear to require any, and though at first they appear strange to English ears, they seem to grow into a beauty peculiarly 'winning,' and possess an eloquence that requires nothing more than the simple notes of the melodies. We have no Welsh airs so characteristic, with the exception of *one* or *two* old songs that seem to have been 'built' on a scale entirely different from the modern diatonic. I am very much obliged to you for adding 'something more' to my collection of *National* music.

"With kind regards, very truly yours,

"BRINLEY RICHARDS."

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.

—o—

THE First and Second Edition of this volume which might appositely be entitled "Anthologia Celtica"—having been many years out of print; the Messrs. Duffy purchased Mr. Patrick Traynor's interest in the copyright, and thought this the opportune moment for bringing out a third in bolder type and on better paper. Conscious of the risk they ran in this undertaking, they resolved to do all they could through this medium, for the preservation of the ancient language of Erin, and of many of those dulcet airs which consoled our forefathers at home and in exile during the darkest days of their bondage. Furthermore, the desire so frequently expressed to have every line from the pen of the matchless translator of those lyrics made accessible to all classes of readers deserved to be gratified, and was another motive which induced the Messrs. Duffy to present this new edition with Gaelic text, carefully revised, to the student of that venerable idiom, and the lovers of our native music.

It is not our intention to dwell here at any length on the characteristics of the original songs or of the metrical English version by one of our most gifted bards; for those acquainted with the ancient tongue have testified to the multiform graces of the former, while those critics whose linguistic knowledge is confined to the modern

vernacular, have been loud in their praise of that grandly dowered genius whose poetry may well be styled a speaking picture, just as a picture may be called a song without words. We may add, that copies of the Munster Poets having become exceedingly rare, often brought at auctions twenty shillings, and sometimes even more. And now a few words about Mangan.

His father James, native of Shanagolden Vale, came to Dublin about 1801, opened a grocer's shop at 3 Fishamble Street—like the house in which Moore first saw the light, 'tis still a grocer's—and married Catherine Smith of Kiltale, county Meath. James, their eldest son was born on the 1st of May, 1803, and on the 2nd of that month was baptized by the venerable Father Betagh, in the old chapel of Rosemary Lane; for the church of SS. Michael and John—now the oldest of the metropolitan parochial churches—was not dedicated till the 22nd December, 1813. The record of James' baptism in the Parochial Register runs thus,—"May 2nd, James, of James Mangan and Catherine Smith; sponsors, Patrick Archbold and Mary Lynch.* James had two brothers, John born in 1804, and William in 1808, and a sister who died young.

After thriving for a while in Fishamble Street, Mangan's father and family removed to Charlemont Street, where he began to invest whatever capital he had acquired in the purchase of old houses, which, in a brief interval left him-

* "Clarence" was Mangan's *nom de Plume.*

self and family all but homeless, and brought him to an early grave.

Mangan's uncle by the mother's side, now took charge of James and his brothers, and when the former had reached his seventh year, sent him to the school opened by the celebrated Jesuit F. Austin, about the year 1760, in Saul's Court,* off Fishamble Street, and subsequently

* Saul's Court has its history: the late Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, received his primary education there, and so did many other ecclesiastics of that eminent prelate's period. But there are other associations attaching to that *cul de sac*, once the Arcadia of Catholic students, which may fittingly find a place here.

"Saul's Court, on the eastern side of Fishamble-street, takes its name from Laurence Saul, a wealthy Roman Catholic distiller, who resided there at the sign of the 'Golden Key,' in the early part of the last century.—About 1759 Laurence Saul was prosecuted for having harboured a young lady named O'Toole, who had sought refuge in his house to avoid being compelled by her friends to conform to the Established Church; and the Chancellor,* on this trial, made the famous declaration, that the law did not presume that an Irish Papist existed in the kingdom. In a letter to Charles O'Conor, who had advised him to summon a meeting of the Catholic Committee, for the purpose of making a tender of their service and allegiance to Government, Saul wrote as follows:—'Since there is not the least prospect of such a relaxation of the penal laws, as would induce one Roman Catholic to tarry in this house of bondage, who can purchase a settlement in some other land, where freedom and security of property can be obtained, will you condemn me for saying, that if I cannot be one of the first, I will not be one of the last, to take flight from a country, where I have not the least expecta-

* *Nomine* Bowes

directed by Father Betagh and his reverend colleagues, with the connivance of the Irish executive, which, at that time, looked askance at anything in the shape of a "popish seminary." Michael Courtney† was then one of Dr. Betagh's ushers, and 'twas he who taught Mangan the first rudiments. Delighted with the boy's proficiency, Michael Blake,‡ successor to F. Betagh, grew fond of him,

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tion of encouragement, to enable me to carry on my manufactures, to any considerable extent? 'Heu, fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum?' —But how I will be able to bear, at this time of life, when nature is far advanced in its decline, and my constitution, by constant exercise of mind, very much impaired, the fatal necessity of quitting for ever my friends, relatives, and ancient patrimony, my *natale solum*, to retire perhaps to some dreary inauspicious clime, there to play the schoolboy again, to learn the language, laws, and institutions of the country; to make new friends and acquaintances; in short, to begin the world anew. How this separation, I say, from every thing dear in this sublunary world would afflict me I cannot say, but with an agitated and throbbing heart. But when Religion dictates, and Prudence points the only way to preserve posterity from temptation and perdition, I feel this consideration predominating over all others. I am resolved, as soon as possible, to sell out, and to expatriate; and I must content myself with the melancholy satisfaction of treasuring up in my memory the kindnesses and affection of my friends.' Saul soon after quitted his native land and retired to France, where he died in October 1768."—*Gilbert's History of Dublin.*

† In 1809, Michael Courtney was nominal proprietor of the school in Saul's Court. In 1812 he opened an academy at 23 Aungier Street, but he never kept school in Derby Square.

‡ He restored the Irish College, Rome; built St. Andrew's, Westland Row, and died Bishop of Dromore, 1854.

and placed him under the special guidance of Father Graham, a learned grammarian and classical scholar, who had just returned from Salamanca and Palermo, after completing his studies, and before going back to his native diocese attached himself to the Saul's Court School, in which he replaced Courtney. Fr. Graham found Mangan an apt pupil, and taught him the rudiments of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, his knowledge of which stood him in good stead when composing the beautiful "Lays o Many Lands." Years after Fr. Graham departed this life, Mangan often repeated for me—the tears streaming from his eyes—that pathetic Elegy in which the exiled Ovid writes to his wife that the sea-shore shells were outnumbered by the sorrows he had to dree among the barbarous Scythians. I never can forget the broken and tender tones in which he used to read those mournful strophes,* all the more so to him, because, as he told me, they were among the first in which Fr. Graham tested his proficiency, and also because they reflected his own trials and misfortunes—some of the former imaginary or exaggerated, and most of the latter his own making. I do not recollect, although he told me, what time he finished his schooling, but I well remember that he, many years afterwards, made the acquaintance of Father

* "Littora quot conchas, quot amoena rosaria flores,
quotve soporiferum grana papaver habet;
silva feras quot alit, quot piscibus unda natatur,
quot tenerum pennis aëra pulsat avis;
tot premor adversis."

Villaneuva, a learned Spanish priest, who enlarged his knowledge of the Cancioneros and Romanceros of the Peninsula.*

And now, as a conclusion to this glance at Mangan's youthtide, we may inform our readers that he never learnt Gaelic, Persian, Hindostani, Romaic, and Coptic, and that his affected translations from these idioms are the outcome of his own all but oriental imagination. As for German, he made himself thoroughly master of it, so much so that he set about teaching it to a young lady†—long since gone to heaven—

* D. F. MacCarthy had his first lessons in Spanish from Father Mullock, O.S.F., who was a priest in the Franciscan Convent, Merchant's Quay, and died Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland.

† Catherine was the Christian name of Mangan's mother, and of the young lady alluded to. To "Catrina," Camoens addressed one of his sweetest poems; and Mangan's lament for Miss H——, who died in October, 1832, is not less pathetic :—

"I stood aloof, I dared not to behold
Thy relics covered over with the mould;
I shed no tear, I uttered not a groan,
But yet I felt heart-broken and alone.

The fairy visions of my childhood's fancy,
The mind's young mysteries, nature's necromancy,
Haunt not my memory now, it can but borrow
From your lost glories, aliment for sorrow.

Yet if it be that God himself removes
From pain and contagion those he loves,
I'll weep no more, but strew with freshest roses
The hallowed mound where Innocence reposes.

for whom he penned a series of exercises, one of which is now before the writer. The late Mr. O'Daly turned the Gaelic songs in this volume into literal English prose, and Mangan transfused the spirit of their authors as no other could.

Anxious to assist his parents, brothers and sister, Mangan thought the rôle of a scrivener might help him to realize his project, but he had hardly set out on life's journey, when he discovered that he had fallen into the society of grovelling companions who flouted the temperate cup, and made him ever afterwards an irresolute victim to alcohol. His description of the *canaille* with whom he tells in his autobiography, he had to consort, is not, I believe, overcoloured, nor is the sentiment of his own debasement exaggerated. He best could paint the latter, because he felt it:—

> "As men by bond, and shackle trammel
> The overloaded horse or camel,
> So is my spirit bound with chains,
> And girt with troubles till 'tis wonder
> A single spark of soul remains,
> Not altogether trampled under."

It must, however, be admitted that out of a miserable wage he did what he could for his parents, during the long years he spent as a law-clerk, in the office of Mr. L——, and subsequently in the more congenial employment given him by Dr. Todd, in the splendid library of

Trinity College. But the *one* passion claimed him exclusively its own, rendering him misanthropical and eccentric, for the smallest amount of spirit seriously affected his finely strung nerves and delicate fibre. But there were intervals in which, when freed from that influence, he proved himself a genial companion, and delightful conversationalist ever ready to make or enjoy a joke."* He was gentle and unassuming, modest as a child, and one would think wholly unconscious of his splendid genius. As for opium, I never knew him to use it—the poppy of the West satisfied his craving.

Sick of the monotonous drudgery of the scrivener, whose semi-uncials offered such a contrast to his own calligraphy—for such it was in the absolute meaning of that word—he betook him to literature as a more congenial occupation, and contributed to many periodicals,† the very names of which are now all but forgotten—then flourishing in Dublin. At a later period he figured

* One evening in my attic when Meagher in presence of D. F. MacCarthy, R. D. Williams, and half a dozen more, was reciting Antony's oration, over Cæsar's corpse, and came to the "lend me your ears"—Mangan stood up gravely and said, "That's a wrong reading." "No," replied the reciter, "it's so in the book." "No matter, sir," rejoined Mangan, "the correct reading is, 'lend me your *cars*,' for Julius was killed near a car-stand, and Antony wanted to get up a decent funeral. What could be more absurd than to ask the loan of their ears?"

† Mr. M'Call has enumerated them in the admirable little book published in the office of the *Nation*.

splendidly in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, where he published the *Dying Enthusiast*, the *One Mystery*, and graceful translations from the Italian of Petrarca and Filicaja.

In 1834, a year after its establishment, he contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine* numerous translations from the German, commencing with Schiller's "Pilgrim," which, in 1845, were collected in two volumes, and owing to the generous munificence of Charles G. Duffy, published with the title of "German Anthology," an appellation happily bestowed on that odoriferous wreath of song, so remarkable for freshness of fancy, and beauty of composition. His contributions to the *University Magazine* in prose and verse extended over fifteen years, the last of them appearing in that periodical in 1849. In 1840, we find him in the pages of Cameron's *Irish Penny Journal*, pouring forth a tide of song, and adorning that periodical with Apologues and Fables from the German, Irish, and other languages. Almost every one is acquainted with his version from the Gaelic of the "Woman of Three Cows,"* sparkling

*In a letter dated September 15, 1840, addressed to C. G. Duffy, then editing the *Belfast Vindicator*, Mangan says, "I thank you for clapping the Three Cows into pound in your paper. But why did you omit the three stanzas? Are you able to give me a reason? Not you, I take it. However, you can make me some amends shortly. In No. 15 of Cameron's, there will be a *transmagnificanbandancial* elegy of mine (a perversion from the Irish), on the O'Neills and O'Donnells of Ulster, which is admired by myself and some other *impartial* judges."

as it is with genuine humour and sarcasm; but by far the grandest of all his translations from the language of Erin, is the "Lamentation for the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell—buried in S. Pietro Montorio at Rome." O'Curry furnished literal prose versions of both poems which have attained world-wide celebrity; and of the "Lamentation," we may say that no Irish pilgrim ascends the Janiculum without thinking of Mangan, and mentally repeating "O, Woman of the Piercing Wail!"

It was at this period, 1833, he attracted the notice of George Petrie—a distinguished painter, musician, and enthusiastic lover of his country's antiquities—who was then engaged on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. Petrie employed him in his own office, inspired him with some of his refined tastes, introduced him to John O'Donovan; and one of the immediate sequels to this acquaintanceship was the Lamentation for Kincora, beautifully rendered into flowing rhyme, from the Gaelic of Mac Liag, Bard and Seanachie to the Victor of Clontarf. To the same inspiration we may attribute the genesis of those other exquisite versions from the same idiom; for example, the Wail over the ruins of Donegal Castle—the Lament for the rifted Franciscan Monastery of Timoleague, and the Testament of Cahir Mor, which reminds one of the last utterances of Jacob on his death-bed. To another source—the German—we must ascribe the Apologue of the repentant old sinner, who on a New-

Year's night, standing at his window listened to the bells heralding "the young year's birth," and after recounting all his days in the sorrow of his heart, wept, and thanked God, "that with the will, he had the power to choose the right path still." This wonderfully beautiful translation from Richter appeared in prose and metre in the periodical already named, and in both forms excels every other attempt to transfuse its subtile spirit without evaporation into our vernacular. Irrespective of other considerations, we have reason to be grateful to Mangan for making us familiar with the productions of many of the most distinguished foreign poets and prose writers. The Pentecost Fire does not fall on many heads; but assuredly, some of its lingering sparks were bestowed on his.

In October, 1842, appeared the first number of the *Nation* for which Mangan wrote the splendid inaugural ode in which he adumbrates the grand aim of that journal, and the men—"the gifted, the noble"—who were to contribute to its pages, and thus bring a new soul into Ireland. Davis and Duffy were glad to have such a fellow labourer as Mangan; and after Davis' death, Duffy spared no pains to secure his services and reclaim him from those peculiar habitudes which he ever and anon relinquished and resumed. "I knew and loved him," says Duffy, "from the time when I was not yet a man." "He was essentially the poet of the *Nation*." No one knows

better than the writer of this, how fondly attached Duffy was to him, or how lovingly he strove to recall him to his better self; but alas, 'twas a vain pursuit and toil without the longed for result.

In 1847, Mr. James Duffy published the *Catholic Magazine*, the first volume of which was edited by, among others, D. F. MacCarthy, R. D. Williams, and John Kenyon, P.P. of Templederry. Mangan contributed to its pages the delightful metrical paraphrase of the first chapter of Jeremias' "Lamentations"—"The Death and Burial of Red Hugh O'Donnell,"—The weird "Legend of Claus of Unterwalden," and a brilliant translation of the Eucharistic Hymn—"Te Deum laudamus," composed *not* by St. Ambrose, but by St. Nicetus, bishop of Treves, in 527.

As for the Poets and Poetry of Munster, the first edition was published in 1849, and a second appeared in 1850. Both commanded a large circulation, and the value of the work was greatly enhanced by the native music which escaped Bunting, Moore, Petrie and other collectors of our ancient minstrelsy.

But what of his personality? My first interview with him was in 1845, a few days after the appearance of the German Anthology, when a gentleman employed on the *Nation* brought him to my attic and formally introduced me to the author of the exquisite translations of which I had spoken rapturously. Before taking a seat Mangan ran

his hand through my hair *phrenologically*, but whether he discovered anything to his or my advantage I don't remember. The close proximity, however, made me recognise the strange individual I had often seen standing before book-stalls at the Four Courts, the College wall, and elsewhere. He was about five feet six or seven in height, slightly stooped, and attenuated as one of Memling's monks. His head was large, beautifully shaped, his eyes blue, his features exceedingly fine and "sicklied o'er" with that diaphanous pallor which is said to distinguish those in whom the fire of genius has burnt too rapidly even from childhood. And the dress of this spectral-looking man was singularly remarkable, taken down at haphazard from some peg in an old clothes shop—a baggy pantaloon that never was intended for him, a short coat closely buttoned, a blue cloth cloak* still shorter, and tucked so tightly to his person that no one could see there even the faintest shadow of those lines called by painters and sculptors drapery. The hat was in keeping with this habiliment, broad-leafed and steeple-shaped, the model of which he must have found in some picture of Hudibras. Occasionally he substituted for this headgear, a soldier's fatigue cap, and never appeared abroad in sunshine or storm without a large malformed umbrella, which, when partly covered by the cloak, might easily

* Writing to Duffy, he says "How little do you know of the man in the cloak!"

be mistaken for a Scotch bagpipe. This eccentricity in costume and manner was not affected, and so little did he heed the incidents passing about him that he never was conscious of the remarks and glances bestowed on him by the empty-headed fop who stared him in the streets. The acquaintance formed that evening soon ripened to friendship that was destined to live through five eventful years; and thenceforth Mangan was always welcome to such modest fare as a poor attic could afford.

Among those whom he used to meet there were T. D. M'Gee, R. D. Williams, D. F. MacCarthy, and others whom he delighted with his *viva voce* criticisms of the Italian, German, and French poets; and, above all, with dissertations on the doctrines of Lavater and Spurzheim, for whom he entertained great respect; so much so, that he meditated opening an academy for the propagation of their theories. This, however, like many another of his day-dreams, never was realized. Four years previous to the period of which we write, the Apostle of Temperance had visited Dublin, and given the pledge in front of the church of SS. Michael and John. Mangan was present on that occasion, but could not be induced to take the pledge, simply because he doubted his ability to keep it. Withal, what he had seen of the marvellous revolution wrought by Fr. Mathew impressed him beneficially, so much so, that for whole months he would avoid the use of alcohol in any form. During those intervals of self-denial, he endeared himself more and more to his young associates, frequented

the sacraments,* and scrupulously kept faith with those who had secured his literary services. What joyous evenings we had then in that attic listening to his anecdotes of crazed Maturin—in some measure his own *menechme* or *alter ego*—whom he used to follow through the streets; Dr. Brennan of *Milesian Magazine* notoriety, Sir Harcourt Lees, and other eccentrics with whose vagaries he was thoroughly acquainted! On one of those evenings he, for the first time, heard one of his own most pathetic lyrics, "The Time of the Barmecides," mated to a sweet old Irish air, by Dr. Thomas Nedley, then a student of medicine, and gifted with a dulcet tenor voice, that often and often made our reunions all the more charming. Poor Mangan was so gratified on that occasion, that he gave the young doctor an autograph copy of the verses, which is affectionately treasured after so many years, and the disappearance of nearly all those friends who, to say no more of them *here*, have not lived in vain.

But ah, the pity of it!—waywardness and irresolution were strongly developed in Mangan, and despite words of encouragement and gentle attentions he would, at intervals, be missed for weeks and months from the little circle in the attic, none knowing whither he had gone,

* As a proof of his respect for the Sabbath, we may state that he refused a very considerable sum of money offered him by Mr. L——, for work *compulsorily* done in his office on Sundays.

till he himself would suddenly turn up, and tell how he had been to Leixlip or Kiltale, suffering from fever, of which he cured himself with draughts of Bishop Berkley's nostrum—tar-water. After one of those rustications when he presented himself at the hall-door of ——, a servant woman, whose loftiest ideal of a lyric was the "Red-haired Man's Wife," or some such ditty, scared by his ghastly aspect, naïvely said, "Lord, forgive you, Mr. Mangan, you might be rolling in your coach if you'd only keep from liquor, and make *ballads* for Mr. Nugent in Cooke-street;" and he who sang the "Lady Eleanora Von Alleyn," instead of resenting this well-meant rebuke, meekly whispered, "Likely eno', Essy, but don't be too hard on me." A French proverb says that frequent change* of dwelling-place wastes life; and if this be true, it will help to account for Mangan's ever-lowering vitality some three or four years before his decease. Indeed he was always on the move, for *moving* cost him no trouble, since furniture he had none—not as much as a *grabatus* (pallet)—the word *déménager* had no meaning for him, a small hand-bag serving him for wardrobe, and his hat for escritoire. And yet, this unsettledness was not a matter of necessity but of choice; for the late James Duffy made him a generous offer of bed and board, and a fair allowance of money in his house on Wellington Quay; and Father Kenyon would have had him take up his perma-

* Changer souvent d'habitation, c'est éparpiller sa vie.

nent abode with himself in Templederry hard-by "Clohonan's meadows and bosky dells." But the dread of restraint, and what he regarded as a surrender of liberty, made him decline those kindly overtures. Space would fail us were we to tell all we know of the queer places in which he would sometimes hide himself away, and one illustration will suffice to show his peculiarity *in re* lodgings. One fine summer evening, after more than a fortnight's absence, an old crone who might have personated one of Macbeth's witches, brought him to the door of the old trysting-place, and stated that she had turned him out, because she could get no good of him. On inquiry, it transpired that she had given him lodging in her hay-loft in C. A.; and that he quarrelled with her because she wouldn't allow him a candle in the night time. "Sure sir," she said, "you might as well think of bringin' a burnin' sod of turf into a powder magazine, I'll have no more to do with him, let him pay me, and he can have his tar water, and the papers that he was writin'." Assuredly this genius was a man of parts :—

> "Who all things did by fits and starts,
> Nothing above him or below him,
> Who'd make a sermon or a poem
> From eccentricity of thought,
> Nor always do the thing he ought."

No, but the very opposite; for he now began to estrange himself more and more from his friends, and despite earnest remonstrance, gave himself up to habits of irregu-

larity, which cost him the patronage of Dr. Todd, and his position in T. C. Library. The one fatal weakness reduced him almost to insanity, and we will let himself describe the phantoms that were present to him by day and night. Writing to a friend he says :—

"The Gorgon's head—the triple-faced Hell Dog—the hand-writing on Belshazzar's palace wall, the fire globe that burned below the feet of Pascal are all bagatelles beside the Phantasmagoria that ever more haunt my brain and blast my eyes."

A few days after he had penned that description of his shattered nerves, the writer found him and his brother in a miserable back room destitute of every comfort, a porter bottle doing duty for a candlestick, and a blanketless pallet for a bed and writing table. On expostulating with him, and giving him a sum of money—the gift of a sympathising friend—he vowed that he would endeavour to retrieve himself, and make amends for the past. But, alas for promises ! they were broken as soon as made ; and yet, during those paroxysms, if such phrase may be allowed, his splendid intellect was nowise impaired, for the contributions he sent to the *Nation* and *University Magazine*, showed that the divine *estro* had not forsaken him. Be it told to the credit of the distinguished editor of the former periodical, that all Mangan's tergiversations notwithstanding, he always proved himself his apologist. "May God bless him !" wrote the grateful poor fellow, "he has been to me the sincerest

friend I ever had." To this friend he sent in a moment of direst extremity the subjoined appeal, and afterwards the promises which, for obvious reasons he ought not have made :—

"My dear Duffy,—I am utterly prostrated, I am in a state of absolute desolation of spirit.

For the pity of God come to me. I have ten words to say to you. I implore you come. Do not suffer me to believe that I am abandoned by Heaven and man.

I cannot stir out—cannot look any one in the face.

Regard this as my last request, and comply with it as if you supposed me dying.

I am hardly able to hold the pen, but I will not, and dare not, take any stimulants to enable me to do so. Too long and fatally already have I been playing that game with my shattered nerves.

Enough. God ever bless you. Oh, come!—Ever yours,

J. C. Mangan."

For Charles Gavan Duffy, Esq.

"I, James Clarence Mangan, promise, with all the sincerity that can attach to the declaration of a human being, to dedicate the portion of life that may remain to me to penitence and exertion.

I promise—in the solemn presence of Almighty GOD,—and, as I trust, with His assistance, to live soberly, abstemiously, and regularly in all respects.

I promise, in the same Presence, that I will not spare myself—that I will endeavour to do all the good within my power to others—that I will constantly advocate the cause of Temperance—the interests of knowledge—and the duties of Patriotism—and finally, that I will do all these things irrespective of any concern personal to myself—and whether my exertions be productive of profit and fame to me, or, as may happen in the troublous times that I believe are at hand, eventuate in sinking me still lower into poverty and (undeserved) ignominy.

This declaration of my intentions with respect to my future pur-

poses I give to Mr. Duffy. I mean, with his permission, to send similar declarations to my other literary friends, varying the phraseology of them only as his prudence may suggest.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN."

From the same dismal two-pair back room he addressed the following *De profundis* to a gentleman well known for his charities, and we reproduce it here as a half told tale of domestic sorrow, not surpassed by that of any other unfortunate son of genius:—

"DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,—Perhaps I may venture to hope that you have not altogether forgotten me. I, on my part, have never ceased to remember my promise to you. That promise has, if I may so speak, burned itself into my brain and memory. It is written on my heart, and chronicled on the tablets of my spirit. It forms my last thought before I lie down at night—my first when I rise in the morning.

Can you, or will you, dear sir, help me to fulfil it? I trust in the Almighty GOD that you will. In addressing you, I address no common man. I am aware that I appeal to, perhaps, the most distinguished philanthropist of our era. The stronger, therefore, is my confidence that you will not refuse me the aid I seek at your hands.

I write to you, dear sir, from a fireless and furnitureless room, with a sick brother near me, whom I have supported for years. My heart sinks within me as I contemplate the desolation around us. I myself have abstained from animal food for a long period; yet, I regretted that I was unable to buy him more than an egg on Christmas Day. But this matter of diet is a trifle. Healthy persons require little nourishment—they can subsist on bread and water. It was the apothecary's bill which, on Christmas Eve left us without a shilling—and has obliged me even to resort since to the pawnbroker.

I call on you, dear sir, with this note; but perhaps you may not have leisure to see me.—Your very obedient servant,

J. C. MANGAN."

And yet, in the midst of this gloom and misery he produced poems of transcendent beauty, among others the "Marvellous Bell," "Napoleon," from the French of Lamartine, "Ypsilanti,' and the "Lament for Moreen," some stanzas of which it may be presumed were meant to picture the perturbèd state of his own mind :—

"I exult alone in one wild hour,
That hour wherein the red cup drowns,
The horrors it anon renews,
In ghastlier guise, in fiercer power ;
Then glory brings me golden crowns,
And visions of all brilliant hues
Lap my *lost* soul in gladness,
Until I awake again,
And the dark lava fires of madness,
Once more sweep through my brain."

The two last years of Mangan's life saw him pursue the same erratic course, and every effort of his friends to bring him back to the right path failed. Conscious of this, he himself in burning words tells how those generous strivings proved unavailing :—

"In those resplendent years of youth,
When virtue sees the true Romance,
And nought else lures the generous mind,
I might, even had I strayed from Truth,
Have yet retrieved my road perchance,
And left my errors far behind,
But, return *now*—oh, never,
Never, and never more !
Truth's holy fire is quenched for ever
Within my bosom's core !"

Some will regard this confession and resolution as the

outpouring of a "mind diseased," but those who knew him personally, had reason to believe that he was perfectly in earnest when he gave expression to that lamentable sentiment. Proof after proof we could advance of this, if we *now* contemplated anything but a brief outline of his career. Sick of existence and thoroughly broken in health, he was admitted to St. Vincent's Hospital, in May, 1848. From that merciful institution where he was surrounded by all the comforts the sisters could procure him, he wrote to a friend:—

"Here I am at last—here, where I shall have ample time for repentance, for I cannot leave for some months, and during all that time I shall be rigorously denied every thing in the shape of stimulants. My intellect is becoming clearer."

The doctors refused the stimulants, but he, "infirm of purpose" as usual, must have them, and he consequently went out into the broadway of temptation, and relapsed into the old slough. A few mornings after that exodus he was a patient in the Richmond Surgical Hospital, bruised and disfigured by a fall of nearly fifteen feet, into the foundation of a house, then recently sunk. This occurred in the night time, when he was utterly unconscious of his whereabouts; and his escape from mortal accident seemed almost miraculous. A few days afterwards he got a lodging near the house in which he was born, and on revisiting *the* attic, agreed to write the *Autobiography* which may be regarded as the merest *Rêve d'une Vie*, with here and there some filaments of

reality in its texture. On representing this to him, he said he would willingly destroy the performance, but finally agreed to leave it as a souvenir in the writer's possession. It too had its erratic history in keeping with that of its author, and first appeared in the *Irish Monthly*, a most delightful periodical, edited by Father Russell, S.J.

About the same time he worked by fits and starts at the "Poems and Poetry," which was not published till November 1849. His remuneration indeed was scant, but it was as much as O'Daly could afford—some few pounds at long intervals, and a seat by the fire in the Anglesea Street back parlour.

Soon after the outbreak of Cholera in April, 1849, he now and again came to the old quarters and there held forth on the origin and symptoms of the pestilence, maintaining, like Don Ferrante in the *Promessi Sposi*, that there was no such thing *in rerum natura* as contagion, and consequently that precautions of all sorts were unnecessary and delusive.* Withal, from what I remember of those monologues I have no difficulty in stating that he had a presentiment that he was doomed to fall a victim to the terrible epidemic; for his mental vigour began to fail perceptibly, and he seldom lost an opportunity of alluding to his opening grave of which he prophetically sang:—

"Thither many a noble hand
Shall garland offerings bring,
And friends about my dust shall stand,
And songs of sorrow sing.

* See the "Betrothed," c. 37.

And they shall oft as years roll round,
Think of the slumberer there,
And to the memory of that mound
A tear of pity spare!"

Early in June, his condition became so desperate that he was admitted to the sheds at Kilmainham, and remained there some days, till thinking that he had well nigh recovered, he left, and took refuge in a miserable garret in Bride-street. Growing weaker and weaker, he was removed to the Meath Hospital by the advice of the late Dr. Stokes, who pronounced his case hopeless. That eminent physician conveyed to the writer poor Mangan's earnest desire to see him; and he accordingly lost no time in going to the pest-house, then filled with the dying. On taking a chair at his bedside the poor fellow playfully said, "I feel that I am going, I know that I must go, 'unhousel'd' and 'unanel'd,' but you must not let me go 'unshriven' and 'unanointed.'" The priest in attendance being called, heard his confession, and administered the Last Unction; Mangan with hands crossed on his breast and eyes uplifted, manifesting sentiments of most edifying piety, and with a smile on his lips faintly ejaculating, "O, Mary, Queen of Mercy!"* This was on Wednesday, 20th June, and about ten o'clock that night, his soul was summoned to the Judgment Seat of God who endowed him with gifts not surpassed by

* From his beautiful translation of Simrock's "O Maria, Regina Misericordiæ!"

those bestowed on the Italian, German, French and Gaelic Poets, with whose inspirations he has made us familiar.

Although the burial rite should have followed fast on the decease, his remains were not interred till Friday, 23rd June, because of the difficulty of procuring either coffin or hearse, owing to the awful mortality then desolating the city.

Mangan's friends, as Sir C. G. Duffy says,* were at that time scattered far and wide, and of them all, only three, —Michael Smith his kinsman—one who had been many years connected with the *Nation*—and the individual who pens this—saw him laid in his *not* "unremembered grave" in Glasnevin.

Having already stated that the publishers in reissuing this volume, were desirous, as far as in them lay, to keep alive and propagate a knowledge of the language of Erin, we may fittingly conclude with Mangan's eulogy of that grand old tongue:—

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

(*From the Dan Mholadh Na Gaoidhulge of Philip Fitzgibbon, a Kilkenny Poet.*)

I.

The language of Erne is brilliant as gold;
It shines with a lustre unrivalled of old.
Even glanced at by strangers, to whom 'tis unknown,
It dazzles their eyes with a light all its own.

* See "Young Ireland," and "Four Years of Irish History."

II.

It is music, the sweetest of music, to hear;
No lyre ever like it enchanted your ear.
Not the lute, or the flute, or the quaint clarionet,
For deep richness of tone could compete with it yet!

III.

It is fire to the mind—it is wine to the heart—
It is melting and bold—it is Nature and Art!
Name one other language, renowned though it be,
That so wakes up the soul, as the storm the deep sea!

IV.

For its bards—there are none in the cell, cottage, or hall,
In the climes of the haughty Iberian and Gaul,
Who despair not to match them—their marvelful tones
Might have won down the gods of old Greece from their thrones.

V.

Then it bears back your spirit on History's wings,
To the glories of Erin's high heroes and kings,
When the proud name of Gael swelled from ocean to shore,
Ere the days of the Saxon and Northman of yore.

VI.

Is the heart of the land of this tongue undecayed?
Shall the Sceptre and Sword sway again as they swayed?
Shall our kings ride in triumph o'er war-fields again,
Till the sun veils his face from the hosts of the slain?

VII.

O, then shall our halls with the Gaelic resound,
In the notes of the harp and the claoirseach half drowned
And the banquet be spread and the chess board all night,
Test the skill of our Chiefs, and their power for the fight.

VIII.

Then our silken-robed minstrels, the silver-haired band,
Shall rewake the young slumbering blood of the land,
And our bards no more plaintive on Banba's dark wrongs,
Shall then fill two worlds* with the fame of their songs.

IX.

And the gates of our Brugaidhs† again shall stand wide,
And their cead mile failte woo all withinside;
And the travel-tired wayfarer find by the hearth,
Cheery plenty, where now, alas! all is black dearth.

X.

The down-trodden poor shall meet kindness and care,
And the rich be so happy to spare and to share!
And the mighty shall rule unassailed in their might,
And all voices blend in one choir of delight!

XI.

The bright Golden era that poets have sung,
Shall revive and be chaunted anew in our tongue;
The skies shall rain love on the land's breadth and length,
And the grain rise like armies battalioned in strength.

XII.

The priest and the noble, the serf and his lord,
Shall sustain one another with word and with sword—
The learned shall gain more than gold by their lore,
And all Fate took away she shall trebly restore.

XIII.

Like rays round a centre, like stars round the moon,
Like Ocean round earth when it heaves in the noon,
Shall our chiefs, a resplendent and panoplied ring,
In invincible valour encircle their King.

* America and Europe. † Houses of Hospitality.

XIV.

And thou, O, Grand Language, please heaven shalt win
Proud release from the tomb thou art sepulchred in.
In palace, in shieling, on high way, or hill,
Shalt thou roll as a river, or glide as a rill.

XV.

The history of Eire shall shine forth in thee,
Thou shalt sound as a horn from the lips of the free;
And our priests in their forefathers' temples once more
Shall through Thee call on men to rejoice and adore.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNFINISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

——o——

Chapter I.

"A heavy shadow lay
On that boy's spirit: he was not of his fathers."—*Massinger.*

At a very early period of my life I became impressed by the conviction that it is the imperative duty of every man who has deeply sinned and deeply suffered to place upon record some memorial of his wretched experiences for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, and by way of a beacon to them, to avoid, in their voyage of existence, the rocks and shoals upon which his own peace of soul has undergone shipwreck. This conviction continually gained strength within me, until it assumed all the importance of a paramount idea in my mind. It was in its nature, alas! a sort of dark anticipation, a species of melancholy foreboding of the task which Providence and my own disastrous destiny would one day call upon myself to undertake.

In my boyhood I was haunted by an indescribable feeling of something terrible. It was as though I stood in the vicinity of some tremendous danger, to which my apprehensions could give neither form nor outline. What

it was I knew not; but it seemed to include many kinds of pain and bitterness—baffled hopes, and memories full of remorse. It rose on my imagination like one of those dreadful ideas which are said by some German writers of romance to infest the soul of a man apparently foredoomed to the commission of murder. I say apparently, for I may here, in the outset, state that I have no faith in the theory of predestination, and that I believe every individual to be the architect of his own happiness or misery; but I did feel that a period would arrive when I should look back upon the past with horror, and should say to myself: "Now the great tree of my existence is blasted, and will never more put forth fruit or blossom." And it was (if I may so speak) one of the nightmare loads lying most heavily on my spirit, that I could not reconcile my feeling of impending calamity with the dictates of that Reason which told me that nothing can irreparably destroy a man except his proper criminality, and that the verdict of Conscience on our own actions, if favourable, should always be sufficient to secure to us an amount of contentment beyond the power of Accident to affect. Like Bonnet, whose life was embittered by the strange notion that he saw *an honest man* continually robbing his house, I suffered as much from my inability to harmonize my thoughts and feelings as from the very evil itself that I dreaded. Such was my condition from my sixth to my sixteenth year.

But let me not anticipate my mournful narrative. The few observations that I make in this preliminary chapter I throw out without order or forethought, and they are

not intended to appear as the commencement of a history. In hazarding them I perhaps rather seek to unburden my own heart than to enlist the sympathies of my readers. Those few, however, who will thoroughly understand me, need not be informed why I appear to philosophise before I begin to narrate.

I give my Confessions to the world without disguise or palliation. From the first my nature was always averse, even almost to a fault; the second, if it be possible in my case, I resign to that eternity which is rapidly coming alike upon me, my friends, and my enemies. These latter I also have, and from my heart I say, "May GOD* bless them here and hereafter." Meantime they, as well as those excellent individuals whose kindness towards me during the period of my probation I have experienced to an extent scarcely credible, may in these pages read the simple and undecorated truth with regard to all that has so long appeared worst in my character and conduct. To all I owe a debt, and that debt I shall endeavour to repay to the uttermost.

There have been some men who may be said to have published their autobiographies without directly revealing themselves in these, as there are others who have avowedly laid bare to the eyes of mankind their own delinquencies without cloak or equivocation. Among the former we may class Goodwin and Byron; the latter will comprehend St. Augustine, Rousseau, Charles Lamb, and perhaps a

* Mangan throughout writes the name of God in capital letters.

few besides. It is neither my wish nor my ambition to take any one of these as my model in sentiment or expression. I cannot do so if I would, and if I could I know that I would not. My desire is to leave after me a work that may not merely inform but instruct—that may be adapted to all capacities and grades of intellect—and that, while it seeks to develop for the thinking the more hidden springs of human frailty, shall also operate simply in virtue of its statements as a warning to others, particularly to the uneducated votary of Vice. And let me not be esteemed presumptuous if I add that it will be one which, with GOD'S blessing, shall achieve both objects.

For myself, individually, I crave nothing. I have forfeited all claim upon human generosity. The kindness that during my life, and amid all my errors, I have endeavoured to exercise towards others will, doubtless, be denied to me; but I complain not. May my unhappy memoirs serve in some degree to benefit my fellow-beings! May GOD'S justice be vindicated in me and them! May no human creature ever arise from their perusal without (if a good man) feeling his virtuous resolutions confirmed, and if a bad, without experiencing some portion of that salutary remorse which indicates the first dawning of reformation. These I would wish, and ambition—but no more than these.

———o———

Chapter II.

"These things are but the beginning of sorrows."—*Jesus Christ.*

I share, with an illustrious townsman of my own,* the honour, or the disreputability, as it may be considered, of having been born the son of a grocer. My father, however, unlike his, never exhibited any of the qualities of guardian towards his children. His temper was not merely quick and irascible, but it also embodied much of that calm, concentrated spirit of Milesian fierceness, a picture of which I have endeavoured to paint in my Italian story of "Gasparo Bandollo."† His nature was truly noble: to quote a phrase of my friend O'Donovan, "He never knew what it was to refuse the countenance of living man;"‡ but in neglecting his own interests—and not the most selfish misanthropes could accuse him of attending too closely to those—he unfortunately forgot the injuries that he inflicted upon the interest of others. He was of an ardent and forward-bounding disposition, and, though deeply religious by nature, he hated the restraints of social life, and seemed to think that all feelings with regard to family connexions, and the obligations imposed by them, were totally beneath his notice. Me, my two brothers, and my sister, he treated habitually as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds. It was his

* Moore.

† See *Dublin University Magazine*, for December 1848. (No. cxcii.)

‡ "Annals of the Four Masters," anno [*date not given*].

boast, uttered in pure glee of heart, that "we would run into a mouse-hole" to shun him. While my mother lived, he made her miserable; he led my only sister such a life that she was obliged to leave our house; he kept up a succession of continual hostilities with my brothers; and, if he spared me more than others, it was perhaps because I displayed a greater contempt of life and everything connected with it than he thought was shown by the other members of his family. If anyone can imagine such an idea as a human boa-constrictor, without his alimentive propensities, he will be able to form some notion of the character of my father. May GOD assoil his great and mistaken soul, and grant him eternal peace and forgiveness! But I have an inward feeling that to him I owe all my misfortunes.

My father's grand worldly fault was *improvidence.* To anyone who applied to him for money he uniformly gave double or treble the sum requested of him. He parted with his money—he gave away the best part of his worldly property—and in the end he even suffered his own judgment and disposition to become the spoil of strangers. In plainer words, he permitted cold-blooded and crafty men to persuade him that he was wasting his energies by following the grocery business, and that by re-commencing life as a vintner, he would soon be able not only to retrieve all his losses, but to realise an ample fortune. And thus it happened, reader, that I, James Clarence Mangan, came into the world surrounded, if I may so express myself, by an atmosphere of curses and intemperance, of

cruelty, infidelity, and blasphemy, and of both secret and open hatred towards the moral government of GOD—such as few infants, on opening their eyes to the first light of day, had ever known before.

From the fatal hour which saw my father enter upon his new business, the hand of a retributive Providence* was visibly manifested in the change that ensued in his affairs. Year by year his property melted away. Debts accumulated on him, and his creditors, knowing the sort of man they had to deal with, always proved merciless. Step by step he sank, until, as he himself expressed it, only "the desert of perdition" lay before him. Disasters of all kinds thickened around him; disappointment and calamity were sown broadcast in his path. Nothing that he undertook prospered. No man whom he trusted proved faithful to him. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." And his family? They were neglected—forgotten—left to themselves. For me, I sought refuge in books and solitude, and days would pass during which my father seemed neither to know nor care whether I were living or dead. My brothers and sisters fared better; they indulged in habits of active exercise, and strengthened their constitutions morally and physically to a degree that even enabled them to present a successful front of opposition to the tyranny exercised over them. But I shut

* My reader will pardon the frequent allusion to GOD and Providence which occur in the course of these memoirs. But as Malebranche saw all things in GOD, so I see GOD in all things. GOD is *the* idea of my mind.

myself up in a close room: I isolated myself in such a manner from my own nearest relations, that with one voice they all proclaimed me "mad." Perhaps I was: this much at least is certain, that it was precisely at that period (from my tenth to my fourteenth year) that the seeds of moral insanity were developed within me, which afterwards grew up into a tree of giant altitude.

My schooling during those early days stood me in some stead. Yet I attended little to the mere technical instruction given to me in school. I rather tried to derive information from general study than from dry rules and special statements. One anecdote I may be permitted to give here, which will somewhat illustrate the peculiar condition of my moral and intellectual being at this period. I had been sent to Mr. Courtney's Academy in Derby Square.* It was the first evening of my entrance (in 1820), when I had completed my eleventh year.† Twenty boys were arranged in a class; and to me, as the latest comer, was allotted the lowest place—a place with which I was perfectly contented. The question propounded by the schoolmaster was, "What is a parenthesis?" But in vain did he test their philological capacities; one alone attempted some blundering explanation from the grammar; and finally to me, as the forlorn hope that might possibly save the credit of the school, was the query referred. "Sir," said I, "I have only come into the

* [Should be Saul's Court.]

† [This is a palpable error, for he was born in 1803.]

school to-day, and have not had time to look into the grammar; but I should suppose a parenthesis to be something included in a sentence, but which might be omitted from the sentence without injury to the meaning of the sentence." "Go up, sir," exclaimed the master. "to the head of the class." With an emotion of boyish pride I assumed the place allotted me; but the next minute found me once more in my original position. "Why do you go down again, sir?" asked the worthy pedagogue. "Because, sir," cried I, boldly, "I have not deserved the head place; give it to this boy"—and I pointed to the lad who had all but succeeded—"he merits it better, because at least he has tried to study his task." The schoolmaster smiled: he and the usher whispered together, and I was remanded to a seat apart. On the following day no fewer than three Roman Catholic clergymen, who visited the Academy, condescended to enter into conversation with me; and I very well recollect that one of them, after having heard me read, "Blair on the Death of Christ," from "Scott's Lessons," clapped me on the back, with the exclamation, "You'll be a rattling fellow, my boy; but see and take care of yourself."

In connection with this anecdote I may be permitted to mention a singular fact, namely, that in my earlier years I was passionately fond of declaiming, not for my auditors but for myself. I loved to indulge in solitary rhapsodies, and, if intruded on upon those occasions, I was made very unhappy. Yet I had none of the ordinary shyness of boyhood. I merely felt or fancied that between

me and those who approached me, no species of sympathy could exist; and I shrank from communion with them as from somewhat alien from my nature. This feeling continued to acquire strength daily, until in after years it became one of the grand and terrible miseries of my existence. It was a morbid product of the pride and presumption which, almost hidden from myself, constituted even from my childhood governing traits in my character, and have so often rendered me repulsive in the eyes of others. But a severe check was in preparation for these faults. My father's circumstances at length grew desperate: within the lapse of a very limited period he had failed in eight successive establishments in different parts of Dublin, until finally nothing remained for him to do but sit down and fold his arms in despair. Ruin and beggary stared him in the face; his spirit was broken; and as a last resource he looked to the wretched members of his family for that help which he should have rather been able to extend to them. I was fifteen years old; could I not even then begin to exert myself for the behoof of my kindred? If my excellent mother thought so, she said nothing; but my father undertook the solution of the question; and I was apprenticed to a scrivener. Taken from my books, obliged to relinquish my solitary rambles and musings, and compelled, for the miserable pittance of a few shillings weekly, to herd with the coarsest of associates, and suffer at their hands every sort of rudeness and indignity which their uncultivated and semi-savage natures prompted them to inflict on me! "Thus bad began, and worse remained behind."

Chapter III.

At this time we—that is, my father, my mother, my brothers, my sister, and myself—tenanted one of the dismalest domiciles, perhaps, to be met with in the most forlorn recesses of any city in Europe. It consisted of two wretched rooms, or rather holes, at the rear of a tottering old fragment of a house, or, if the reader please, hovel, in Chancery Lane.* These dens, one of which was over the other, were mutually connected by means of a steep and almost perpendicular ladder, down which it was my fortune to receive many a tumble from time to time upon the sloppy earthen floor beneath. Door or window there was none to the lower chamber; the place of the latter, in particular, being supplied not very elegantly, by a huge chasm in the bare and broken wall. In the upper apartment, which served as our sleeping-room, the spiders and beetles had established an almost undisputed right of occupancy; while the winds and rains blew in on all sides, and whistled and howled through the winter nights like the voices of unquiet spirits. It was to this dreary abode, without, I believe, a parallel for desolateness, that I was accustomed to return from my employer's office each night between eleven and twelve through three long years. I scarcely regarded my own sufferings when I reflected on

* This is purely imaginary; and when I told Mangan that I did not think it a faithful picture, he told me he dreamt it.

those of my relatives—my mother especially, whose fortitude was admirable—and yet I did suffer, and dreadfully. I was a slave of the most miserable order. Coerced to remain for the most part bound to one spot from early morning till near midnight, tied down to "the dull drudgery of the desk's dead wood" unceasingly, without sympathy or companionship, my heart felt as if it were gradually growing into the inanimate material I wrote on. I scarcely seemed like a thing of life; and yet at intervals the spirit within me would struggle to vindicate itself; and the more poetical part of my disposition would seek to burst into imperfect existence. Some lines which I produced about this time may serve to give my readers a notion of the sentiments which, even amid want and bitter pain, and loneliness of soul, may sometimes agitate the breast of a boy of sixteen :—

GENIUS.

O Genius! Genius! all thou dost endure
First from thyself, and finally from those
The Earth-bound and the blind, who cannot feel
That there be souls with purposes as pure
And lofty as the mountain snows, and zeal
All quenchless as the spirit whence it flows;
In whom that fire, struck but like spark from steel
In other bosoms, ever lives and glows!
Of such, thrice blest are they, whom, ere mature
Life generate woes which God alone can heal,
His mercy calls to a loftier sphere than this—
For the mind's conflicts are the worst of woes;
And fathomless and fearful yawns the Abyss
Of Darkness thenceforth under all who inherit
That melancholy changeless hue of heart,

Which flings its pale gloom o'er the years of Youth—
Those most—or least—illumined by the spirit
Of the Eternal Archetype of Truth.
For such as these there is no peace within
Either in Action or in Contemplation,
From first to last—but, even as they begin,
They close the dim night of their tribulation;
Worn by the torture of the untiring breast,
Which scorning all, and shunned of all, by turns,
Upheld in solitary strength begot
By its own unshared shroudedness of lot,
Through years and years of crushed hopes, throbs and burns,
And burns and throbs, and will not be at rest,
Searching a desolate Earth for that it findeth not!"

My physical and moral torments, my endurances from cold, heat, hunger, and fatigue, and that isolation of mind which was perhaps worse than all, in the end flung me into a fever, and I was transmitted to an hospital. This incident I should hardly deem worthy of chronicling if it had not proved the occasion of introducing into my blood the seeds of a more virulent disease than any I had yet known—an incurable hypochondriasis. There was a poor child in the convalescent ward of the institution, who was afflicted from head to foot with an actual leprosy; and there being no vacant bed to be had, I was compelled to share that of this miserable being, which, such was my ignorance of the nature of contagion, I did without the slightest suspicion of the inevitable result. But in a few days after my dismissal from the hospital this result but too plainly showed itself on my person in the form of a malady nearly as hideous and loathsome as that of the

wretched boy himself; and, though all external traces of it have long since disappeared, its moral effects remain incorporated with my mental constitution to this hour, and will probably continue with me through life. It was woe on woe, and "within the lowest deep a lower deep." Yet will it be credited? my kindred scarcely seemed to take notice of this new and terrible mark so set upon me. Privation and despair had rendered them almost indifferent to everything; and for me, sullen, self-inwrapt, diseased within and without, I cared not to call their attention to it: "My heart had grown hard, and I hurt my hand when I struck it."*

Very slowly, and only when a kind acquaintance (for I was not yet utterly deserted), came forward to rescue me from the grave by his medical skill, did I in some degree conquer the malignity of this ghastly complaint. Another disease, however, and another succeeded, until all who knew me began to regard me as one appointed to a lingering, living martyrdom. And, for myself, I scarcely knew what to think of my own condition, though I have since learned to consider it as the mode and instrument which an all-wise Providence made use of to curb the outbreakings of that rebellious and gloomy spirit that smouldered like a volcano within me. My dominant passion, though I guessed it not, was pride; and this was to be overcome by pain of every description and the continual sense of self-helplessness. Humiliation was what I required; and

* Shakespeare.

that bitterest moral drug was dealt out to me in lavish abundance. Nay, as if Pelion were to be piled on Ossa for the purpose of contributing to my mortification, I was compelled to perform my very penances—those enjoined me by my spiritual director—in darkness and subterranean places, wheresoever I could bury myself from the face of living man. And they were all merciful dispensations these, to lift me out of the hell of my own nature, compared with those which the Almighty afterwards adopted for my deliverance.

My apprenticeship terminated: but so did nothing else in my unhappy position. The burden of an entire family lay upon me, and the down-dragging weight on my spirit grew heavier from day to day. I was now obliged to seek employment wheresoever I could find it, and thankful was I when even my father and mother were enabled to reap the fruits of my labour. But my exasperated mind (made half mad through long disease) would frequently inquire, though I scarcely acknowledge the inquiry to myself, how or why it was that I should be called on to sacrifice the Immortal for the Mortal; to give away irrevocably the Promethean fire within me for the cooking of a beefsteak; to destroy and damn my own soul that I might preserve for a few miserable months or years the bodies of others. Often would I wander out into the field and groan to GOD for help. "*De Profundis clamavi!*" was my continual cry. And in truth, although my narrative scarcely appears at a glance to justify me, my circumstances taken altogether were amply sufficient

to warrant the exclamation. A ruined soul in a wasted frame; the very *ideal* and perfection of moral and physical evil combined in one individual. Let the reader imagine these and draw his conclusions.

After a short while matters appeared to brighten with me, or rather to assume a less dusky aspect. I was advised by a worthy medical friend of mine, Mr. Graham, of Thomas Street, a man of considerable knowledge and skill, though but an apothecary, to try what such kinds of exercise as fencing or ball-playing might accomplish for me. "The mind, my dear young friend," observed this intelligent man to me, "is the key to the health, a somewhat rusty key to persons of coarser constitutions, but an oiled key to all of nervous temperaments and susceptible apprehensions. You have taken long walks: they have done you no good: why? Because you felt no interest in them, *because while your limbs walked one way, your mind walked another.* Try the foil or the racket, and you will be a new man at the end of a fortnight." I took my friend's advice, and soon was in a condition to bear testimony to the truth of his vaticination. Never, perhaps, was such a change witnessed in the health and spirits of a human being as that which supervened in mine after the lapse of a week. The almost miraculously recuperative power which has since been frequently observed to exist in me enjoyed full and fair play. I arose, as it were, out of myself. I had for a long time subsisted upon nothing but bread and tea, or milk, with my heart only for animal food ("bitter diet," as

Byron remarks), giving the grosser aliments they required to my relatives; but I now felt as though I could feast upon air and thought alone. The great overcurtaining gloom, which had become to me a sort of natural atmosphere, a fifth element, still in a degree surrounded me; but my experience of existence at this time was that of a comparative paradise. Alas! it could not endure, and it did not. Another book in the Iliad of my woes was to be opened, and black and appalling was the page that it presented to my view.

Chapter IV.

"Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!"—*Shakespeare.*

Amid the glow of soul which I experienced through the change in my situation from absolute bondage to comparative liberty, I could not forget the links that bound me to those who still depended on me for the very breath of life. That they appeared as indifferent to my powers of endurance as the storms are to those of the rock they assault was nothing to me. That they were in health, and in the prime of life, while I was in a state of chronical illness, and old in soul though young in years, touched me little or nothing. They were still my parents, and only as such could I regard them. I willingly overlooked the maxim of St. Paul that the elder should lay up for the younger portion of the family, and not the younger for the elder. Within about nine months after the ter-

mination of my apprenticeship a situation was offered me in a solicitor's office, the salary derivable from which though humble enough, was sufficient to elevate us in some degree above the depths of our former poverty; and this situation I accepted, not gladly—for a foreboding of what was to come haunted me now with more intense force than ever—but resignedly, and in the full belief that I was merely fulfilling a destiny which I could not oppose, and which I had no right to arraign.

I weary the reader by calling on him for ever to listen to a tale of unmitigated calamity. But as I am bound to adhere to strict truth in this autobiography, he will kindly forgive as well the monotony of general reflection as of particular detail which he here encounters. By-and-by I may invite his attention to more cheerful and consolatory matter. At present the scroll which I am compelled to unroll before him is, like that of the prophet, "Written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe." And perhaps those who are more desirous of understanding the motives than of listening to a cold recital of the actions of another may find some interest in perusing a record which, I willingly admit, embodies hardly a sentence upon which the mere worldling would care to expend a moment's reflection.

I had not been long installed in my new situation before all the old maladies under which I had laboured returned with double force. The total want of exercise to which I was subjected was in itself sufficient to tell with ruinous effect upon a frame whose long-continued state of ex-

haustion had only received a temporary relief from the few months' change of life to which I have adverted. But other agencies also combined to overwhelm and prostrate me. The coarse ribaldry, the vile and vulgar oaths, and the brutal indifference to all that is true and beautiful and good in the universe, of my office companions, affected me in a manner difficult to conceive. My nervous and hypochondriacal feelings almost verged upon insanity. I seemed to myself to be shut up in a cavern with serpents and scorpions, and all hideous and monstrous things, which writhed and hissed around me, and discharged their slime and venom upon my person. These hallucinations were considerably aided and aggravated by the pestiferous atmosphere of the office, the chimney of which smoked continually, and for some hours before the close of the day emitted a sulphurous exhalation that at times literally caused me to gasp for breath. In a word, I felt utterly and thoroughly miserable. The wretched depression of my spirits could not escape the notice of my mother; but she passed no remark on it, and left me in the evenings altogether to myself and my books; for unfortunately, instead of endeavouring somewhat to fortify my constitution by appropriating my spare hours to exercise, I consumed these in unhealthy reading. My morbid sensibilities thus daily increasing and gaining ground, while my bodily powers declined in the same proportion, the result was just such as might have been anticipated. For the second time of my life nature succumbed under the intolerable burden imposed upon her; and an attack of

illness removed me for a season from the sphere of my irksome and melancholy duties. My place in the office was assumed by my younger brother, John, a stout and healthy lad of nineteen, who had already acquired some slight experiences in the mysteries of scrivenery and attorneyship, and I returned home.

My confinement to bed on this occasion was not of long duration; but, though after the lapse of a few days, able to crawl about once more, I was far indeed from being recovered.

A settled melancholy took possession of my being. A sort of torpor and weariness of life succeeded to my former over-excited sensibilities. Books no longer interested me as before; and my own unshared thoughts were a burden and a torment unto me. Again I essayed the effect of active exercise, but was soon compelled to give over, from sheer weakness and want of animal spirits. I indulged, however, occasionally in long walks into the country around Dublin, and the sight of hills, fields, and streams, to which I had long been unaccustomed, produced in me a certain placidity of mind, with which, had I understood my own true interests for time and eternity, I ought to have remained contented. But contented I did not, and would not remain. I desired to be aroused, excited, shocked even. My grand moral malady—for physical ailments I also had, and singular of their kind—was an impatience of life and its commonplace pursuits. I wanted to penetrate the great enigma of human destiny and my own, to know "the be-all, and the end-all," the worst that

could happen here or hereafter, the final *dénouement* of a drama that so strangely united the two extremes of broad farce and thrilling tragedy, and wherein mankind played at once the parts of actors and spectators.

If I perused any books with a feeling of pleasure, they were such as treated of the wonderful and terrible in art, nature and society. Descriptions of battles and histories of revolutions; accounts of earthquakes, inundations, and tempests; and narratives of "moving accidents by flood and field," possessed a charm for me which I could neither resist nor explain. It was some time before this feeling merged into another, the sentiment of religion and its ineffable mysteries. To the religious duties enjoined by my Church I had always been attentive, but I now became deeply devotional, addicted myself to ascetic practices, and studied the lives of the saints with the profoundest admiration of their grand and extraordinary virtues. If my mind had been of a larger and sterner order, all this had been well enough, and I should doubtless have reaped nothing but unmixed advantage from my labours. But, constituted as I was, the effect of those upon me was rather injurious than beneficial. I gradually became disquieted by doubts, not of the great truths of faith, for these I never questioned, but my own capacity, so to speak, for salvation.

Taking a retrospective view of all the events of my foregone years, reflecting on what I had been and then was, and meditating on what it was probable that I should live to be, I began to think, with Buffon, that it is not impossible

that some beings may have been created expressly for unhappiness; and I knew that Cowper had lived, and perhaps died, in the dreadful belief that he himself was a castaway, and a "vessel of wrath fitted for destruction."

Scruples of conscience also multiplied upon me in such numbers in the interval between each of my confessions that my mind became a chaos of horrors, and all the fires of Pandemonium seemed to burn in my brain. I consulted several clergymen with regard to what I should do in this extremity. Most recommended me to mix in cheerful and gay society. One alone, I remember, counselled me to pray. And pray I did, for I had so held myself aloof from the companionship of others that I knew of no society with which I could mix. But I derived no consolation from praying. I felt none of that confidence in God then, which, thanks to his almighty power and grace, I have so frequently known. The gates of heaven seemed barred against me: its floor and walls of brass and triple adamant repelled my cries: and I appeared to myself to be sending a voice of agony into some interminable chasm. This deplorable interior state, one which worlds and diadems should not bribe me into experiencing again, continued for about a twelvemonth, after which it gradually disappeared, not through progress of time, not through any progress of reasoning, or, indeed, any effort of my own, but remarkably enough, precisely through the agency of the very remedy recommended me by my spiritual advisers.

Chapter V.

"Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content."—*Shakespeare.*

On the south side of the city of Dublin, and about halfway down an avenue which breaks the continuity of that part of the Circular Road, extending from Harold's Cross to Dolphin's Barn, stands a house plain in appearance, and without any peculiarity of external structure to attract the passenger's notice. Adjoining the house is a garden, with a sort of turret-lodge at the extreme end, which looks forth on the high road. The situation is lone and unpicturesque; and he who should pause to dwell on it must be actuated by other and deeper and, possibly, sadder feelings than any that such a scene would be likely to excite in the breast of the poet or the artist. Perhaps he should be under the influence of such emotions as I recently experienced in passing the spot after an absence from it of seventeen years. Seventeen years! let me rather say seventeen centuries. For life upon life has followed and been multiplied on and within me during that long, long era of passion, trouble, and sin. The Pompeii and Herculaneum of my soul have been dug up from their ancient sepulchres. The few broken columns and solitary arches which form the present ruins of what was once Palmyra, present not a fainter or more imperfect picture of that great city as it flourished in the days of its youth and glory than I, as I am now, of what I was before I entered on the career to which I was introduced by my

first acquaintance with that lone house in 1831. Years of so much mingled pleasure and sorrow! whither have you departed? or rather, why were you allotted me? You delivered me from sufferings which, at least, were of a guiltless order, and would shortly, in a better world, have been exchanged for joys, to give me up to others, the bitter fruits of late repentance, and which await no recompense, and know no change, save change from severe to severer. But, alas! thus it was, is, and must be. My plaint is chorussed by millions. Generation preaches to generation in vain. It is ever and everywhere the same old immemorial tale. From the days of Adam in Eden to our own, we purchase knowledge at the price of innocence. Like Aladdin in the subterranean garden, we are permitted to heap together and gather up as much hard bright gold and diamonds as we will—but we are forever, therefore, entombed from the fresh natural green pastures and the healthy daylight.

In the course of my desultory rambles about the suburbs of the city it would sometimes happen that I should feel obliged to stop and rest, even though nothing better than a hedge-side or a field-hillock afforded me the means of a few moments' repose. The reader will, therefore, imagine me reclining, rather than seated, on a long knoll of grass by a stream-side beyond Rathfarnham, and closely adjacent to Roundtown, while the sun is setting on an evening in June. I held in my hand a book, with the covers turned down; it was *Les Pensées de Pascal.* As I lay revolving in my mind some of the sublime truths contained in this

celebrated work, I was somewhat suddenly approached and accosted by a fashionably-dressed and intelligent-looking young man, whom I had twice or thrice before observed sauntering about this neighbourhood.

"May I ask," he inquired, "the nature of your studies?"

I placed the book in his hand. He looked at it for a moment, and then returned it to me without speaking.

"You don't read French?" said I, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes, I do," he replied; "who does not now-a-days. But that is a very unhealthy work."

I perceived at once that there was a great gulf between us; and as I had even then learned enough of the nature of the human mind to know that disputation hardly ever converts or convinces, I contented myself with remarking, in an indifferent manner: "Everything in this world is unhealthy."

The stranger smiled. "And yet," said he, "you feel pleasure, I am sure, in the contemplation of this beautiful scenery; and you admire the glory of the setting sun."

"I have pleasure in nothing, and I admire nothing," answered I; "I hate scenery and suns. I see nothing in creation but what is fallen and ruined."

My companion made no immediate remark upon this, but after a pause took the book out of my hand, and turning over the leaves, read aloud that passage in which Pascal compares the world to a dungeon, and its inhabitants to condemned criminals, awaiting the summons to execution.

"Can you believe, my friend," the stranger asked, "for

short as our acquaintance has been, I venture to call you such, can you believe this to be true ?"

"Why not ?" I replied. "My own experiences, feelings, life, sufferings, all testify to my soul of its truth. But before I add anything further, will you allow me to ask what religion you profess ?"

"A good one, I hope," he answered; "I have been reared a Catholic Christian."

"Then," said I, "you know that it is the belief of the holiest and most learned theologians of your Church that the majority of mankind will be irrevocably consigned to eternal misery."

"Really I know no such thing," he replied.

"Have you never read Massillon," I asked, "on the small number of the saved ?"

"I take the judgment of no one individual, even in my own Church," he answered, "as my guide. The goodness, the justice of God——"

I interrupted him. "Stop," said I, "What do you——"

[*Here the manuscript comes suddenly to an end.*]

THE following notice of the POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER appeared in the *Irishman*, November 3rd, 1849, and we give it here because it is one of the earliest criticisms of the volume:—

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, what a life was thine, and, alas, how suggestive of saddest, dreariest reflections!

Six months ago you were a homeless, houseless wanderer, through the streets of this city, shunned by the opulent who could have relieved you with the crumbs from their table, and utterly unknown, save in your deathless song, to those epicures of taste who banqueted on the rich repast your genius provided them in newspapers and periodicals! You were dubbed "drunkard" by one, and "opium-eater" by another. The Pharisee whom you asked for alms gave you a homily—the Nice Scented Gentleman who admired your "soul mated with song," fled all contact with your person, as though you were a pollution; and need we wonder if that soul of thine, sickened and disgusted at the unrealities of life—at this eternal cant about Christian charity, and commiseration for human errors and frailties—longed and pined for that shelter which God alone can give?

Christian charity and commiseration, forsooth! Where did you find one or the other? In Saint Vincent's Hospital, where those angelic beings, the charitable sisterhood, bring consolation to the sick one's pillow, and balm to the bruised spirit—in the apartment of the priest who gave his second coat, with a moiety of the coppers wherewith he is recompensed for encountering death in the house of pestilence, and the half of that scanty meal with which the exigency of the times allows him to refresh himself. Yes, but there was another who never shunned or fled you, even when you lay bleeding, wounded, and robbed of right reason by those most accursed of all freebooters, whisky and despair!

This good Samaritan was the publisher of the volume before us, and he, poor fellow, little richer than yourself in this world's goods, did give, with a kind hand, such as well becomes the true Celt's generous

nature, the little he could afford. What was that little?—a seat at his humble hearth—half the poor meal that an occasional profitable speculation in some old book enabled him to purchase, a few pens, an ink-bottle, candle, and a literal prose version of those old songs, whose melting pathos, and quaint wit, would not lose a particle of one or the other when mated to English verse by such a man as Mangan.

Oh, base perfidious world! This Mangan, concerning whom so many fireside philosophers have grown enamoured of writing—whose genius they now extol, when praise and censure fall uselessly on his clay—this Mangan, on whose character and misfortunes so much of twaddle and gossip has been expended by men who would not bestow on him, while living, as much as would buy him a pennyworth of bread!—this child of genius was allowed to dree his last moments of agony in a common lazar-house, and of all his admirers (curse the cant!) who followed his remains to their resting-place, the short notice of him prefixed to this volume will tell. Had Mangan been a rich man, with ten times more than the ordinary amount of sins against God, and human nature, which usually, and *par excellence*, seem peculiar to that class—the newspapers would have gone into mourning for him, aye, deep mourning, and his sorely 'reaved relatives would erect a pyramid or a mausoleum, with a verbose epitaph, very gorgeous, and very mendacious, for stone don't blush! Without fear of being deemed egotistic, the proprietor of this paper can safely lay his hand on his heart and assure those who take an interest in the subject, that he did, to the best of his ability, what in him lay, to correct eccentricities, and solace the miseries of poor Clarence. Had he no other gratifying proof of his conviction, the poetry which Mangan wrote for the *Irishman*, and what still remains in his hands unpublished, would, or ought to be amply sufficient to remove all doubt.

The recollection of the 23rd of June, the day on which Mangan was buried in Glasnevin, has induced us to moralize, instead of telling our readers what the volume of the *Poets and Poetry of Munster* contains.

O'Daly, who is profoundly versed in the Irish language, and conversant with the written and traditional lives of the Munster Bards, has furnished sundry biographical notices of these worthies, in whose lives the antithetical elements of sparkling fun and wailful melancholy so

strangely blend. A queer set of fellows were those bards!—one hour rollicking in the shebeen-house, and the next, seated on some tradition haunted rath, keening the woes of Inisfail, and the persecution of the old religion!—beaten, though never vanquished, on a hundred fields, the undying attachment to the land of their birth, and the religion of their fathers, is the grand and leading idea which those Gaelic singers seem to love, and weave into all their compositions. When we remember that this idea, so beautifully pervading all the songs of our bards, has been cherished and dwelt upon by thousands long gone to the "lampless land," must we not do honour to the men, who, despite degradation and bondage, fostered the remembrances of old, and kept the faint heart, though drooping, still hoping on for a day of retribution, which, alas, seems retiring farther and farther from us, into the dim distance? Moore's songs were made for the ballroom, and for gentle maidens, who sit down to a piano, manufactured by some London house—they are, beyond a doubt, matchless in their caste—but, before Moore sung, our grandmothers at the spinning-wheel, and our great-grandfathers, whether delving in the fields, or shouldering a musket in the brigades, sang these time-consecrated verses, to keep alive the memory of Ireland, her lost glories, and cherished aspirations. Before Moore was, those bards *were*, and it is but fair to give their memory that honour which some would bestow exclusively on the author of "The Irish Melodies." How few out of the whole mass of our peasantry ever heard a single song out of the "Melodies?" How many generations have sung that song of the "Fair Hills of Eire, O!" chaunted by one Mac Con Mara, who (be not startled, O sceptic!) set up a school in Hamburgh. A school in Hamburgh! aye, verily an Irish bard—call him, if you like, a mere hedge school master—did, somewhere about the year 1785, set up an academy in Hamburgh, for the purpose of indoctrinating, and, in all probability of whacking, *more Hibernico*, young Teutons. If you have a doubt as to the qualifications of the said Mac Con Mara, read this Latin epitaph written by him for a brother bard:—

"Plangite Pierides, vester decessit alumnus
Eochades non est, cunctaque rura silent.
Pacem optavit, pace igitur versatur in alta;
Ad superi tendit regna beata Patris."

Mirthful, or moody this love of fatherland and of religion characterises, nay, deeply marks each and every one of the bardic songs: We may now and again find fault with the little use to which they employ mere imagery; nevertheless, some of their images are so quaint in themselves as to supersede the necessity of that "gossamer spinning" to which other poets would have devoted them; as, for example, in that instance of the lover who apostrophises his "ringletted Mary."

We might multiply examples of this sort from the volume before us, if we were not afraid to impress our readers with the notion that those song-makers devoted themselves and their muse to love and strong drink; far otherwise: their grand source of inspiration was native land and religion—instance the retort of John O'Tuomy, who reproves the "Dame of the Slender Wattle," doubtless, the wife of some strong farmer, who employed the said O'Tuomy, for the very unpoetical occupation of herding her hens.

But the limits we have prescribed to ourselves will not allow us to say all we might wish in praise of these old song-makers, or of the beauty of Mangan's versions. Those songs are an integral portion of the history of this hapless land; to know the latter, as we would wish you to know it, you must be familiar with the former.

With this hurried notice we commend this beautiful volume replete with song—with the elegant song of Mangan—to every lover of nationality. Alas! for Mangan. Let the wreaths, twined by him a short time before Death came to carry off his glorious soul, be strewn as flowers upon his fresh-made grave—"Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen."

—o—

THE

POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER.

—o—

Donnchadh mac con-mara.

Donogh Mac Con-Mara, or Mac na Mara, as the name is vulgarly spelled, was surnamed, from the red colour of his hair Donnċaḋ Ruaḋ;* 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 "Cam-ċoɾaċ," and one with a nose turned awry, "Cam-ṙɟonaċ," while a corpulent person is styled "Bolg-ṁóɟ."

Donnċaḋ was a native of Cratloe, in the county of Clare, and connected by blood with the Mac Namaras 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 the theological studies—the penal laws at that period, as we need scarcely remark, render-

* 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.

ing 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 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 Donnchadh Ruadh learned abroad, and Moran acquired at home.

* *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.

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 the "fratres fraterrimi" was the immediate and melancholy result.

The next locality chosen by Mac Con-Mara 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

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

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-Mara 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, "Eaċtra Ghiolla an Abraoin," "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 he quotes the shout of Charon, as described by the Irish bard, thus:—

"Do léig sé gáir ós-árd 'r béiceaċ,
Le fuaim a ġuṫaḋ do ċriotaḋ na spéartaḋ,
Do ċualaḋ an ċruinne é, 'r ċuir Ifrionn géim as!"

"He lifted 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 Middlethird:—

"A n-deirim, do ṫab̄arfainn man ṁalairt le buiḋeaċaſ
Air a b̄eiṫ ſan m-baile, nó a g-calaṫ-ṗort éigin;
Nó ſan m-Barúṁain am nearṫúġaḋ 'din Ghaeḋilib̄,
Ag neic mo ċeaṫraṁann 'ſ ag ſmaċtúġaḋ mo ṫréadta
No ſan g-Creaṫalaiḋ a g-cleaċtaḋ mo ġaoḋaltaḋ,
Nó a luimneaċ for Sionainn na g-caol m-barc,
Nó air Shliab̄ geal Cua rug buaḋ féile,
Ag riar luċt duan, druaġa, 'ſ cléireċ,
Nó a b̄-foċair Uilliam Ui Mhóráin, fonn árdléiġionta,
Dhéanfaċ ſean dán óſ cionn clár m'éagaḋ!"

"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 Willliam 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,
  Agus mé go déanac̀ a m-baile Sheáġain;
I met a gang of English blades,
  Agus iad dá d-traoc̀ad̀ ag nearṫ a náṁaid:
I boozed and drank both late and early,
  With those courageous "Men-of-War;"
'S gur b̀inne liom Sagsanaiġ ag ruiṫ ar éigin,
  'S gan do Ghaoid̀il ann ac̀ṫ fíor b̀eagán.

I spent my fortune by being freakish,
  Drinking, raking, and playing cards;
Gid̀ ná raib̀ airgiod agam, 'ná gréiṫre,
  Ná rad san t-saogal, ac̀d níd̀ gan áird!
Then I turned a jolly tradesman,
  By work and labour I lived abroad;
'S bíoc̀ ar m'fallaing-si gur mór an b̀réag sin,
  Is beag de'n t-saoṫar do ṫuit le m' láiṁ.

Newfoundland is a fine plantation,
  It shall be my station until I die,
Mo c̀rád̀! go m'ḟearr liom a b̀eiṫ a n-Eire,
  Ag díol gáirtéiríġe, 'ná ag dul fá'n g-coill:

Here you may find a virtuous lady,
A smiling fair one to please your eye,
An ꝑaca ſtaiʒionnaḋ iſ meaſa tṙéiṫe,
Ʒo m-beiṙeaḋ mé aṙ a ḃeiṫ aſ ṙaḋaṙc!

I'll join in fellowship with "Jack-of-all-Trades,"
The last of August could I but see;
Atá ḟioſ aʒ Coiſḋealḃaḋ 'ſ aſ maġaiſdiṙ báid é,
Ʒuṙ b'olc an láiṁ mé aṙ muiṙ 'ná aiṙ tíṙ;
If fortune smiles then, I'll be her darling,
But, if she scorns my company
Déanfad "Bainiſtíḋe an Toill anáiṙde,"
'S aſ fada ón áit-ſi do ḃeiḋeaḋ mé 'ṙíſ.

Come drink a health, boys, to Royal George,
Our chief commander, náṙ óṙdaiġ Cṙíoſd;
'S bíoḋ ḃúṙ n-aṫċuiṅʒíḋe ċum Muiṙe Mháṫaiṙ,
E féin 'ſ a ġáṙdaiġe do leaʒaḋ ſíoſ:
We'll fear no Cannon, nor "War's Alarms,"
While noble George will be our guide,
A Chṙíoſt ʒo ḃ-feiceaḋ mé an ḃṙúid dá ċáṙnaḋ.
Aʒ an Mac* ſo aṙ fán uainn ṫall ſan ḃ-Fṙainc.

Mac Con-Maṙa made three voyages across the Atlantic; and it was in the city of Hamburgh, where he conducted a school, that he wrote the "Bán-ċnoic Eiṙeann O!" "The Fair hills of Eiṙe O!" a song we have introduced

* Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

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 Tadhg (Gaodlach) Ua Suilleabháin.

"Thaddeus hic situs est; oculos huc flecte 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 extincto, Scotica musa tacet.
Processit numeris doctis pia carmina cantans,
Evadens victor munera certa tulit.
Laudando Dominum præclara poemata fecit,—
Et suaves hymnos fervidus ille canit.
Plangite Pierides; vester decessit alumnus;
Eochade * non est, cunctaque rura silent.
Pacem optavit, pace igitur versatur in alto;
Ad superi tendit regna beata patris."

In person Donnchadh was tall and athletic; but becoming blind towards the close of a life considerably extended beyond the average term allotted to man, and being straitened in pecuniary circumstances, he was compelled

* Eoghan (Ruadh) O'Suilleabhain, of Sliabh Luchra, in Kerry; a near relative of Tadhg (Gaodlach) O'Suilleabhain, and a celebrated poet, who died A.D., 1784.

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 honour be it spoken), a drain would, some few years back, have been passed through the place of his interment by Goths, who were at the time turning off a stream of water from a distant corner of the churchyard.

—o—

II.

Seaghan ua Tuama.

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 unbounded; 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:—

"Ní'l fánaċ ná ſáṙ-ḟeaṙ aṙ uaiſle Ʒaoiḋeal,
Bṙáṫaiṙ ḋe'n ḋáiṁ-ġlıc, ná ſuaiṙc-ḟeaṙ ʒṙoiḋe,
A ʒ-cáſ ʒo m-beiḋeaḋ láiṫṙeaċ ʒan luaḋ na ḋíġe,
Ná ʒo m-beiḋeaḋ mıle fáılte aʒ Seáġan Ua Tuama
ṙoiṁe!"

"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 "Seáġan Ua Tuama an ġlinn," "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 such society, he would soon be as penniless

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

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

* 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 licensed 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.

at some distance by Magrath, who approached and accosted him, and the following short but pithy dialogue took place between the brother wits :—

MAGRATH.*

"Is baċallaċ glas an ċleaċ-sa a d-tóin do ṫíġe,
Ag tarraing na ḃ-fear a steaċ ag ól na díġe."

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

O'TUOMY.

"Airgiod geal go pras a réiġfiod slíġe,
'Tá'n ċaraid ag teaċd, an ḃraiċ 's an hóp gan 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

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

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 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 cleiṫe caoile," "The Dame of the Slender Wattle," and the poem so entitled we beg to introduce here:—

bean na cleithe caone.

Níor ṫagair liom ceart, beart 'ná briaṫar aoiḃnis
Leaḃar ná ceaċt, ná rann a ḋeilḃ ḋíreaċ;
Níor cáṫag mé ar fad go teaċt am ṡeirḃíseaċ,
'S am reaċtaire cearc ag Bean na cleiṫe caoile!

Do ċaiṫiosaḋ seal fá raiṫ air leirg laoiṫe,
A g-caidrioṁ fear, 'r flaiṫ, 'r creidioṁ Iosa;
Airgiod geal am ġlaic gan doirḃ níḋ ar biṫ,
Cia dealḃ mo ṁeas ag Bean na cleiṫe caoile!

Is é lagaiḋ mo ṁeas, do ṁeaṫ, do ṁeirḃ m'ínntinn,
Naċ mairion na flaiṫ do lean an creidioṁ díreaċ;
Do ċannaḋ na rannaḋ a scannaḋ treiḃ a sinnsear,
'S do ḃainfeaḋ an ḟail de Bhean na cleiṫe caoile!

'Is feasaċ nár ċleaċtas teaċt a n-deire coíṁeasgair,
Ag ceasaċt 'r ag caismirt caillíḋe ceisníḋe cínte;
Ná'n aċaran aṁ, a ḃ-fad o ḃreiṫ an ḟír-ċirt,
Go n-deaċaḋ fá smaċt ag Bean na cleiṫe caoile!

Cia fada mé 'g taisdiol treaḃ, 'r tiġṫe taoiseaċ,
'S go ḃ-feacaḋ gaċ reaċt 'r aċt ar feaḋ na ríoġaċta;
Níor ḃ-feasaċ mé ar ċleasaḋ frasaḋ feill-ġníoṁaċ,
Go "preabaire an Ghaid"* atá ag Bean na cleiṫe caoile!

Aitċim an Mac do ċeap na ceiṫre soillse,
Flaṫas, Fearn, Feart, 'r Dealḃ daoine;
Go ngaḃaḋ m'anam feasda 'na ḟeilḃ dílis,
'S me sgaraḋ fá ḃlas le Bean na cleiṫe caoile!

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

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!

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 clangour 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—

"Ατά αη οιμεαυ céαυηα αμ αη υ-ταοḃ eιle,"

"*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—"Sigile Ní Ghadaraḋ," "Caitilín Ní Uallaċáin," "Móirín Ní Chuillionáin;" 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 sentiment and melody, especially his songs to the airs of "Móirín Ní Chuillionnáin," and "Cnotaḋ bán," "White Cockade," which will be found in this collection (p. 62.).

This lamented bard expired, at the age of sixty-nine, in Limerick city, on Thursday, 31st August, 1775, and his corpse was 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:—

As fada faon gan fearantas,
  Gan bailte-puirt, gan réimeas ríġ;
Meic Móġa na n-éaċt do ċleaċtaċ cion,
  Calmaċt, 'r cáin, 'r cíos:—
Slioċt lúġaiḋ 'r Chéin, 'r Chairbre,
  Faoi eaċtrannaiḋ mar ṫárlaiḋ tím;
D'ḟuig drong na n-éaċt gan ṁarḃna,
  Ar rgaraḋ leat, Uí Thuama an ġrinn!

Iſ ᴅᴛḃaċ, 'ſ aſ léan, 'ſ aſ ᴅainiᴅ lioṁ,
Aſ ᴅ-taʒſaᴅ̇, áſ ᴅ-teann, áſ n-ᴅíon;
A ʒ-Cſomaᴅ̇, ſaon ſaoi ġaiſḃ-lic,
'S ʒlaſaſnaċ na n-Ʒall ſe ᴅ' ṫaoiḃ!
Seaċt ʒ-céaᴅ ᴅéaʒ ʒan ᴅeaſmaᴅ,
Seaċt-moġát 'ſ cúiʒ, ʒan ċlaoin;
Aoiſ ṁic ᴅé ᴅo ċeannaiʒ ſinn,
Aſ ſʒaſaᴅ̇ leat, Uí Thuama an ġſinn!

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!

———o———

III.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(Surnamed "Mangaire Súgach.")

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, Poe, 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 "Mangaire Súgach" (*i. e.*, "Jovial," or "Merry Pedlar,") was a native of the county Limerick,

and was 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 unforgotten 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 this 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 in 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 disgusted at 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 Uíṡce beaṫa* 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 "An Sean duine" (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 Mangaire Súgaċ has been preserved by

* *Uisce beatha*, "water of life," equivalent to the Latin *aqua vitæ* and French *eau de vie*.

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

"Cóṁaiṛle do ꝼuaṛaṛ amuiċ aṛ an m-bóṫaṛ,
O ṛóʒuṛe ṛaʒaiṛt an ṛeanduine a ṗóṛaḋ:
Ba ċuma leiṛ é, aċd ʒo méadóʒun a ṗócaḋ,
'S a ḃeiṫ ꝼad do ṁaiṛꝼin aʒ bṛaiṫ aṛ na cóṁaṛṛain!"

"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 surounding 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 "Craoibín aoibhinn áluinn óg," and declares in the opening stanza that he had been invited to Cnoc Firinn by Donn Firinneach,* chief of the Munster 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 "Seanduine," though, on account of its perhaps unjustifiable attacks upon the softer

* 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 "*Dumhacha*," "Sand-hills." In recording his death, *Eochaidh O'Flainn*, a poet of the tenth century, writes thus :—

"Donn, 's Bile, 's Buan, a bhean,
Dil. 's Aireach meic Mileadh,
Buas, 's Breas, 's Buaidhne go m-bloidh,
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 sand-hills 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.

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 deas cruidhte na 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.

——o——

IV.

AODHAGAN UA RAIGHILLIGH.

EGAN O'RAHILLY (or as the name is now sometimes written Raleigh, (!) and 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 Sliab luacra, in the county of Kerry. He was the author of a great variety of admirable songs, copies of which were scattered through Munster, 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:—

Gile na gile do ċonnarc ar slíġe a n-uaigniosʃ,
Crioʃdal an Chrioʃdail a gorm-roʃg, rínn-uaiṫne;
Binnioʃ an ḃinniʃ a fritoṫal, nár ċríon-ġruamaḋ,
Deirge 'ʃ finne a fionnaḋ 'na gríoʃ-ġruaḋ'naḋ.

Caiʃe na caiʃe ann gaċ ruibe dá buiḋe-cuaċaiḃ,
Bhaineaʃ an ċruinne dá ruiṫne le rín-ʃguabaiḋ;
Iorraḋ ba ġlaine ná glaine air a bruinn buacaiḋ,
Do geineaḋ ar ġeineaṁain d'iʃi ʃan tír uaċtraiġ.

Fios fiosaċ dam d'inis 's isi go fíor-uaigniòċ, hollow,
Fios filleaḋ do'n duine do'n ionad ba ríġ-ḋualgas
Fios milleaḋ na droinge ċuir eision ar rín-ruagaḋ,
'S fios eile ná cuirfiod am luiḋṫiḃ le fíor-uaṁan.

Leiṁe na leiṁe dam druidim 'na cruinn-ṫuairim,
'S mé am ċuinge ag an ċaime do ṡraiḋmeaḋ go fíor-
ċruaiḋ mé;
Ar ġoirm ṁic Muire ḋam ḟurtaċt do ḃíog uaimsi,
'S lingios an ḃruingioll na luisne go Bruiġin luaċra.

Ruiṫim le mire am ruiṫiḃ go croiḋe-luaimneaċ,
Tre iomallaiḃ ċurraig, tré ṁongṫaiḃ, tré ṡlímruaiḋtiḃ;
Do'n ḟinne-ḃrog tigim, ní ṫuigim cia 'n t-slíġe fuaras,
Go h-ionad na n-ionad, do cumaḋ le draoiġeaċt Druagaiḃ.

Brisid fá sgige go rgigeaṁail, buiḋin ġruagaċ,
'S fuireann do ḃruingiollaiḃ siosgaiḋṫe, dlaoiċuaċaċ;
A n-geiṁeallaiḃ ġeiṁeal mé cuirid gan puinn suaiṁnis,
'S mo ḃruingioll ar bruinniḃ ag bruinnire bruinn-
stuacaċ

D'innisios d'isi san ḃ-friotal ba ḟíor uaim-si,
Nár ċuiḃe ḋi snaiḋme le slibire slím-ḃuarṫa;
'S an duine ba ġile air ċine Scuit trí h-uaire,
Ag feiṫioṁ ar isi ḃeiṫ aige mar ċaoin-nuaċar.

relinquiſdoin mo ġuṫa ḋi, goilean go fíor-uaiḃreaċ,
to Keran an ḟliċe go life aſ a gríoſ-ġruaḋaiḃ;
Suireaṅ liom giollaḋ maṛ ċoimirc ó'n m-Bruiġin uaiṫe.
'S í Gile na gile, do ċonnarc ar ſlíġe a n-uaigniof!

An Ceangal.

Mo ṫréiġiḋ, mo ṫuḃaíſt, mo ṫurraiṅn, mo ḃron, mo ḋíṫ!
Mo ṙoillſeaċ ṁuirneaċ ṁioċair-ġeal, ḃeól-taiſ, ċaoin,
Air aḋairc ag fuireannuiḃ, mioſgaiſeaċ, cṛón-duḃ, buiḋe;
'S gan leíġioſ na goire go ḃ-filliḋ na leóġain tar tuinn!

The Brightest of the Bright met me on my path so lonely;
The Crystal of all Crystals was her flashiug 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 enkindled 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 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'Rahilly 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:—"q na sgrioḃaḋ le h-Aoḋagán Ua Raġallaiġ do Ruiġrí ṁic Seáin óig ṁic Síṫe, a n-Dromm Coluċuir san m-bliaġain d'aois Chríosd míle, seaċt gced, agus an 2ra bliaġain fiṫċid. July an reaċtṁaḋ lá." "Written by Egan O'Reilly, for Rughi, son of John Og Mac Sheehy, of Dromcullaghar, 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 scholar in the structure and idiomatic peculiarities of his native tongue. We have one other 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 himself Ua Raġallaiġ (O'Reilly); whereas, at the close of the second volume, he thus writes:—

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

AODHAGAN UA RATHAILLE,

by which name indeed (*i. e.* Rahilly), 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 Kilkenny," was composed on occasion of the celebration of a marriage

in the 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.

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 Aodagán Ua Raċaille occurred.

—o—

V.

An t-Athair William Inglis.

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

* This lady had a brother named Pierse, a poet of some celebrity; 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 seen his name in an old Irish MS. Hibernicised *Gall-Oglaoich.*

a considerable portion of his early life as a schoolmaster in Castletownroche, in the county of Cork, and at Charleville, in same county. Previous to his taking the Augustinian habit, he had produced many striking and beautiful songs in his native tongue, among which we may reckon the celebrated "Caiſiol Múṁan," "Cashel of Munster," and "Coiſ na bṛíġoe,"* "Along the Bride," both well known to our Munster readers. His admission to 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 reserve; as indeed he did, 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 the 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

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

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 stanzas:—

"Cṛé ná Cíll náṛ ṙaġaiṫ an Bṛáṫaiṛ,
Chuiṛ ṛpéiṛ ná ṛuim an ím ná a m-bláṫaiġ!"

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

Several of Father English's poems are still in existence. The song by him which we present to our readers in this volume, is adapted to a very pleasing air called "Seanduine" (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.

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VI.

Tadhg (Gaodhlach) Ua Suilleabhain.

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 "Gaedlac." or "The Gaelic," 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

* "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.

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 characterised 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.

O'Sullivan was accustomed to make periodical excursions to a district in the county Waterford, celebrtaed for its hospitality, and known by the name of "Ꝑaoꞃaċa," which comprises the barony of Middlethird. 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 "Ꝺuan an Ꝺoṁain," or "The Lay of the World":—

"Ꝺúbail ꞅeaċt am ċeaċt ꝺo ċéaꝺaiḃ,
'S tꞃí ċéaꝺ na ʒ-cóṁaꞃ ꝺe'n ʒ-cóiṁꞃioṁ ċéaꝺna;
Ꝺíaꞅ ꝺá ꝟiċiꝺ bliaꝺan, bliaġain 'ꞅ aoin-ꝺeiċ,
Sin an ḃliaġain ꝺ'aoiꞅ Chꞃiꝺꞅt an laoiꝺe-ꞅi ꝺéanaṁ."

"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 Donnchadh Mac Con-Mara, but it is extremely doubtful whether it was ever engraved on his tomb.

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VII.

Peadar Ua Doirnin.

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 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 to their wishes, and prevented them from carrying their desire into effect.*

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

* The following extracts from the Irish Statutes will at once exhibit the state of the Catholic 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 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

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 b́íḋ áṛuṡ mo ċáiṛḋe a ʒ-Caiṡiol na ṛíoġ,
Iṡ é ḋáṡaċt na Ʒalltaċt do ṡʒaṛ miṡe ḋíob́;
Thuʒ mé ṛáṡa ƒó'n tṛáṫ ṡin ʒo mullaċ Dhṛuim Cṛíoċ,
Maṛ a b́-ƒuaiṛ mė ƒáilte ʒan táiṁleaṡ 'ṡ meaḋaiṛ ʒan ċíoṡ."

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

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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 discovery shall

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 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.

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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.

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 "honeymoon" in the parish of Loughgilly, at Ballymoyre, 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 "Sliabh Féróluim," with many other minor poetical compositions.

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 vindica-

tion 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 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, formed 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.—Eóġan Ruaḋ O'Súilleaḃáin, a native of Sliaḃ Luaċra, 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 enthralling 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 "Clárach," from the broad cast of his features, or from the fact of having been born at the foot of *Clarach* mountain, near Millstreet 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 the "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-ṗannać an Chṗónáin," 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 Aṫ na g-Caoṗać in the county of Clare.

V.—John Cunningham, who lived near Castletown-

* 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, still exists. 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.

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 Castlelyons, some of whose manuscripts, dated 1737, exist.

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

IX.—James Ó'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.

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* Since the time of Donogh Mor O'Daly, abbot of Boyle, A.D. 1244, styled the Ovid of Ireland, 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 mention Fra. Dominic O'Daly, O.P., founder of the College of "Corpo Sancto," and the Convent of "Buon Successo" at Lisbon, and ambassador, in 1655, from Portugal to the court of Louis XIV., on which occasion he gave a series of magnificent fetes 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 translation by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, a new and enlarged edition of which was published by the Messrs. Duffy, Dublin, 1878.

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 Eóġan O'Caoiṁ (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. Eoġan, 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-Chúirt (Old-Court), about half a mile west of Doneraile. The following inscription was graven on his tomb by a sculptor named Donnċaḋ O'Dálaiġ:—

"Aġ ſeo ionaḋ íoḋlaicṫe Eóġain Ui Chaoiṁ, ṫuġ tṛéiṁſi dá aimſir póſda, aġuſ tar éiſ éaġa a ṁná do ġlac Ġráḋ Coiſreaġṫa; oir ba ḋuine ġaoſṁar, ġeanamnaiḋe, ġreannṁar; aġuſ do ba ḟile ḟóġlamṫa, ḟíṛ-ɛólaċ, aġuſ cléireaċ cliſde, caoin, a b-pṛíoṁteanġaḋ

ᴀ ᴅ̇úιṫ̇ċe ᴀʒuſ ᴀ ẛínnſeᴀṛ é. Ʒuṛ ᴀb uιme ſιn ᴅo cuιṛeᴀᴅ̇ ᴀn ſʒṛíḃιnn neᴀṁ-ċoιṫċeᴀnn ſo óſ ᴀ ċιonn.

"ᴅo éᴀʒ ᴀn cúιʒṁᴀᴅ̇ lá ᴅe'n ᴀbṛán, ᴀ.ᴅ. 1726; ᴀʒuſ ᴀſ ᴅoιlʒ ᴅ'óʒᴀιḃ̇ nᴀ Múṁᴀn é, ᴀʒuſ ſóſ ᴅá cléιṛ; óιṛ ιſ ιomᴅ̇ᴀ leᴀḃᴀṛ lán-ẛoġlᴀmṫᴀ, léιṛ-ſʒṛιoḃ̇ṫᴀ, ᴅá ẛᴀoṫᴀṛ ṛe nᴀ ẛᴀιcſιn ᴀ n-Eιṛe ᴀnιuġ̇."

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

"Sιn ᴀʒᴀᴅᴀ ᴀ líc, mo ᴅ̇ιṫ! ſá ᴅ' ṫᴀoḃ̇ ʒo lᴀʒ!
Sᴀʒᴀṛṫ bᴀ ċᴀoιn, 'ſ ᴀ n-ᴅlíġe ṁιc ᴅé bᴀ ḃeᴀċṫ;
Fᴀṛṛᴀιṛe ʒṛoíᴅ̇e ᴅ'ẛuιl Chᴀoιṁ bᴀ ṫṛéιne ᴀ ᴅ̇-ṫṛeᴀſ,
Feᴀṛ ſeᴀnċᴀᴅ̇ ᴀ ſʒṛíoḃ̇ ʒo ẛíoṛ ᴀṛ Ʒhᴀoιᴅ̇eιlιb ſeᴀl."

"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."

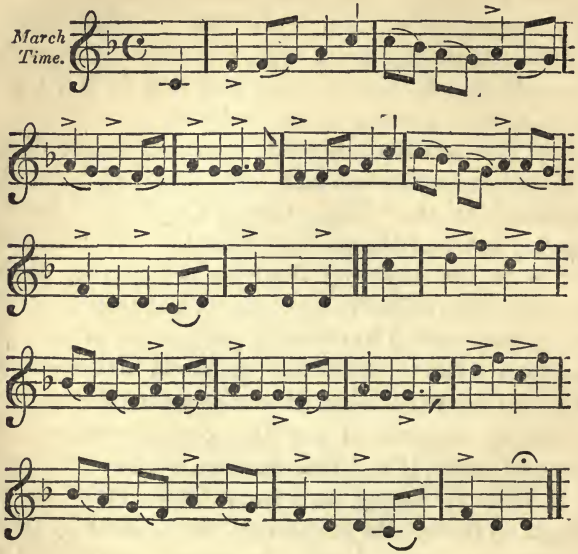
John Murphy (Seáġᴀn O'Muṛċúġᴀᴅ̇), born at Rᴀṫᴀoιnneᴀċ, county of Cork, in March, 1700, was distinguished for the beauty and pathos of his elegiac compositions. In the year 1726, he had transcribed, with his own hand, many native historical tracts of high value. He was the chief patron of a bardic sessions, 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 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 juxta-position with the Irish lines that Anglo-Irish phraseology, for a knowledge of which few of them have ever obtained credit :—

bean na n'or-fhoit donn.

Ar 1 bean na n-ór-ḟolt donn, mo ġráḋ-ra gan dóḃat,
Ir ruiġte dear a com 'r a cnáṁa;
Likewise her features round, excel the Lady Browne's;
Her equal can't be found ann ran áit-ri:
If I had a thousand pounds, I'd pay the money down,
D'ḟonn tú ḃeiṫ agam a b-Port-láirge;
Ghlacfamaoir ann long, 'r do raċfamaoir a nún
Tar fairge, 'r níor ḃ' eagal dúinn ḃeiṫ báíḋte.

Ní ġéillim-ri dod' ġlór, mar ir mór do ḋúil ra n'ól,
'S tar fairge ní raċad-ra go bráṫ leat;
I believe you're for sport, I beg you'll let me alone,
'S gur le bladairreaċt do ṁeallann tú namná leat,
If I bade my friends adieu, and to go along with you,
Geallaim duit gur fada do ḃeiṫ tráċt orruinn,
I believe I'll stay at home, and never go to roam,
Seaċain me? do radairreaċt ní áil liom.

Tréigfiod fearda an t-ól, 'r ní leanfaiḋ mé an rpórt,
'S beiḋ airgiod go fairring ann mo ṗócaiḋe,
Gur mílre liom do ṗóg ná riucre beaċ ar bórd,
'S go m'aite liom am aice tú ná céol ríṫ;
What I do to you propose, you may take as a joke,
'S an aċarann, ní magaḋ leat ḃím a óg-ṁnaoi,
If I had you in my bower, do ṙínfinn ríor le d' ċom,
'S ḃeiḋeaċ m'aigne-ri ceangailte ann do ṁórċroiḋe!

Is buaḋaṙṫa 'tá mo ċṙoíḋe le taiṫnioṁ móṙ doḋ' ġnaoi,
Agus aḋaḃuim ó m'aigne guṙ león me!
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,
Ní sgaṙfainn leat aiṙ aiṙgioḋ, ná aiṙ óṙ buiḋe,
My treasure, wealth, and store, you shall be evermore,
Taiṙ a ḃaile liom 's béaṙfaḋ m'acfainn duit a stóiṙín!

Your civil silver tongue I think is moving on,
Your chattering or flattering won't coax me;
Dá ngéilfinn-si do d' ṡlíġe 's an cam do ḃeiṫ aḋ ċṙoiḋe,
Náṙ ḃ'é an peacaḋ ḋuit me ṁeallaḋ le d' ċuid gnoṫuiḋe,
Can't you come and try—my kindness you shall find,
'S ṫaḃaṙfainn m'acfainn duit go ṙabaiṙneaċ le móṙ-ċṙoiḋe,
I'll buy you decent clothes, silk and satin shoes,
'S annsa n-Gailliṁ do ġlacaċ sinn áṙ lóistín.

My mind would give consent to go with you, I think,
Aċt le h-eagla guṙ cleasa clis do ġnóṫaiġe;
If I thought you were true, do ṙaċainn leat anún,
Taṙ faiṙge, gan eaṫṙa, gan cóistíġe,
Ní'l agam le ṙáḋ, aċt "go maḋ buan do ḃeiḋ na mná,"
'S guṙ ṫaiṫnioṁaċ liom gasṙaḋ 'ca ag ól díġe,
To you I give my oath (and what could I do more?)
Ná sgaṙfainn leat go g-casfaḋ sṙuiṫ a g-clóḋ aíġe.

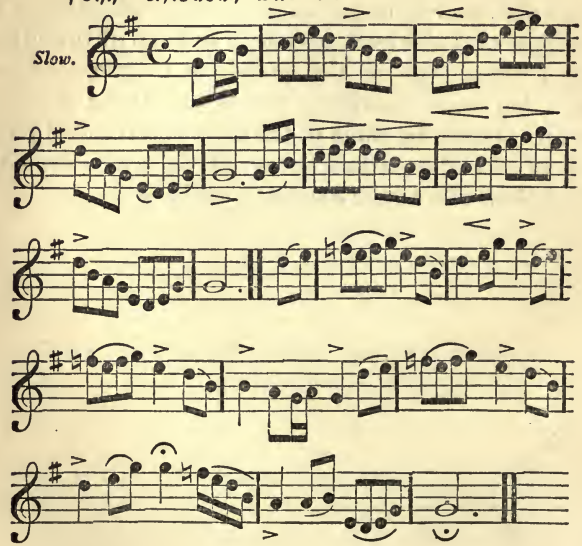
With regard to the translator of the Irish Lyrics in this volume, we would inform our readers, that his biography shall appear in the contemplated edition of his collected poems, and that those shall be preceded by the "Anthologia Germanica," where his mastery of the English idiom, and thorough acquaintance with the language of Goethe, Schiller, etc., etc., shine so conspicuously. Meanwhile, we fondly hope that this book may help to keep alive and propagate a knowledge of the grand old tongue, for whose preservation such energetic efforts are being made at home and abroad, by some of the most highly gifted philologists of the day, which sees Davis' aspiration—the establishment of a Celtic Journal—realised.

—o—

Ban-chnoic eireann o!

Donnċaḋ (Ruaḋ) Mac Con-Mara, cct.

Fonn—Uileacán Duḃ O!



Beir beannaċd ó m' ċroiḋe go tír na h-Eireannn,
Bán-ċnoic Eireann O!
'S ċum a mairionn de ṡíolraċ ir 's eibhear,
Ar ḃán-ċnoic Eireann O!

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-tiocfadh 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 tragha,
'S ni leigfinn aon bhron 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!

An áit úd 'nar b'aoibinn bínn-ġuṫ éan,
Mar ṙáṁ-ċruit ċaoin aġ caoine Ġaoḋal,
Is é mo ċáṙ a b̈eiṫ míle míle i ġ-céin,
O b̈án-ċnoic Eireann O!

Bíḋeann báṙṙ boġ ṙlím ar ċaoin-ċnoic Eireann,
Bán-ċnoic Eireann O!
'S aṙ ḟeaṙṙ 'ná 'n tíṙ-ṙi ḋíṫ ġaċ ṙléib̈e ann,
Bán-ċnoic Eireann, O!
Do 'b áṙd a coillte 'ṙ ba ḋíreaċ, réiġ,
'S a m-bláṫ mar aol ar ṁaoilinn ġéiġ,
Atá ġráḋ aġ mo ċroiḋe a m'ínntinn ḟéin,
Do b̈án-ċnoic Eireann O!

Atá ġaṙnaḋ líonṁar a d-tir na h-Eireann,
Bán-ċnoic Eireann O!
'S ḟeaṙ-ċoin ġroiḋe ná claoiḋḟeaċ céadta,
Ar b̈án-ċnoic Eireann O!
M'ḟáṫ-tuirṙe croiḋe! 'ṙ mo ċuiṁne ṙġéal,
Iad aġ Ġall-ṗoic ṙíoṙ ḟá ġreim, mo léan!
'S a m-bailte dá roinn ḟá ċíoṙ ġo daoṙ,
Bán-ċnoic Eireann O!

Is ḟairṙinġ 'ṙ aṙ móṙ iad Cruaċa* na h-Eireann,
Bán-ċnoic Eireann O!

---

* *Cruachana 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

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!

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!

Dungarvan; on the summit of which there is a conical pile of stones known among the natives as *Suidhe Finn*, or the seat of *Fionn Mac Cumhail*, of which we find the following account in a MS. of the seventeenth century:—

"And for the monuments from them (the Fenians) in this country

A g-cuid meala 'gus uaċtair ag gluaiseaċt na slaoda,
Ar b̄án-ċnoic Eireann O!
Raċad-sa ar cuairt, no is luaċ mo ṡaoġal,
Do'n talaṁ mín suaiṛc is dual do Ghaeḋal,
'S go m'ḟearr liom 'ná duais, dá uaisleaċt é, b̄eiṫ,
Ar b̄án-ċnoic Eireann O!

Sgaipeann an drúċt ar ġeaṁar 'r ḟéar ann,
Ar b̄án-ċnoic Eireann O!
'S ḟásaid ab̄la cúb̄arṫa ar ġéagaib̄ ann,
Ar b̄án-ċnoic Eireann O!
Biḋeann biolar 'r saṁaḋ ann a n-gleanntaib̄ ceóaiġ,
'S na sroṫa san t-saṁraḋ ag lab̄airt uim neóin,
Uisge na Siuire * ag brúċt na ṡlóġaiḋ,
Cois bán-ċnoic Eireann O!

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anciently named, and still yet contynued, wee have from ffion O'Baoisgne, *Suidhe Finn*, that is the sitting seate of ffion, vpon the mountaine called *Sliabh na m-ban.* Gleann Garraidh, in the barony of Iffahy, so called from Garrae mac Mornae, and *leabba Dhiermoda Vi Duiffne* and *Grayne*, ymplying their bedding there together, at *Pollty-leabayne*, in the county of *Vi ffiachragh Aidhne*, now called the O'Sheagh-nussy his country, which are but a few of many other monuments from them named in divers other places of this kingdome."

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.

* *Siuir.* This river has its source in *Sliabh Ailduin* (the Devil's Bit Mountain, better known as *Grein an Diabhail*), in the county of Tip-

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!

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!

---

perary. It takes a circuitous route by Thurles, Holycross, Cahir, 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 recalls SPENSER's delightful lines :—

". . . . The gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters grey
By fair Kilkenny and Rosseponte board;
The third, the goodly Barrow, which doth hoard,
Great heaps of Salmon in his deep bosom.
All which long sundered, do at last accord,
To join in one, ere to the sea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at last become!"
FAERIE QUEENE, Book iv. Canto xi.

Ar ofguilteaċ, fáilteaċ, an áit fin Eire,
Bán-ċnoic Eireann O!
Bíḋeann "Toraḋ na Sláinte" a m-bárr na ḋéise,
A m-bán-ċnoic Eireann O!
Ba ḃinne liom ná méaraiḃ ar ṫéaḋa ḃ ceoil,
Seinnim 'r ʒéimreaḋ a laoʒ, 'r a m-bó,
Taiṫnioṁ na ʒréine orra aorḋa 'r óʒ,
Ar ḃán-ċnoic Eireann O!

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.

——o——

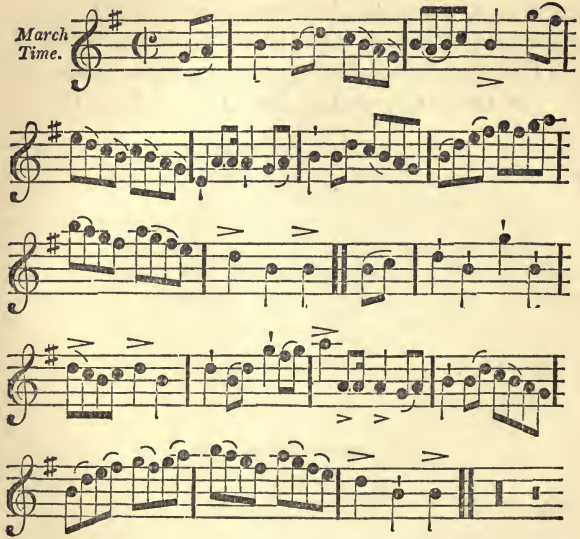
A fruitful clime is Eire's, through valley, meadow, plain,
And the fair land of Eire, O!
The very "Bread of Life" is in the yellow grain
On the fair Hills of Eire, O!
Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields,
Is the lowing of her kine and the calves in her fields
And the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields
Of the Gaels, on the fair Hills of Eire, O!

—o—

uaill-chumhaidh na feinne.

Seáġan Ua Tuama, cct.

Fonn—An Cnotaḋ Bán.



Mo ṁíle truaġ! mo ḃuairt! mo ḃrón!
An sgéiṁle ruaig ár n-uaisle ar feóḋ!
Gan slíġe, gan ruaġa, gan ṡuaircios, sóġaċ,
Gan laoiḋ, gan duain, gan cnuas, gan ceól!
As é do léig mo ṁilleaḋ a g-cas,
As é do ṫraoċ mo ċuisle ar fad,
Uaisle Gaoḋal—fá ċruaḋ-smaċt ġéar,
Ag cuaine an ḃéarla ḋuiḃ a n-glas!

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-posfadh 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 the 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 bhuair 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.

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 ċiḋfeaċ uaiḋ ʒaċ ruaṫar bróin,
Ʒaċ daoirse ċruaiʒ, ʒaċ cruaḋtan fós;
Ʒaċ sʒéiṁle fuair ár n-uaisle reóṁainn,
Da líontaḋ a ġruaḋ le duartan deór!
As é do léiʒ, etc.

Mar a m-bíḋeaċ na sluaiġte, mór-ṡlioċt Eoġain,*
D'ár ċuiḃe, 's d'ár ḋual an uaisle ar d-tóis †
Ba buiḋeanṁar, buanaċ, buacaċ, beóḋa,
Soillseaċ, suaġaċ, snuaḋ-ġlan, sóġaċ.
As é do léiʒ, etc.

Mar a m-bíḋeaċ Mac Cúṁail na ḃ-fionn-ḟolt óir,‡
'S an ḃuiḋin nár ḋiúlta cúinse a n-ʒleó;
Coillte lúṫmar, lúinneaċ, leóġaċ,
Mac Dhuiḃne, 's Dúḃlainʒ, ṫúrnaċ treoin.
As é do léiʒ, etc.

An ʒarṫaċ Ʒoll, ʒníḋeac foġail ar ṫóir,
'S Osʒur oll, do lann-ḃris slóiġ;
Conall caḃarṫaċ, íonnċaiḃ, óʒ,
Níor ċlos Ʒall ba ḋeallraċ leó.
As é do léiʒ, etc.

---

* *Eoghan Mor*, King of Munster, and ancestor to the Ui Fidhgheinte, 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*) pp. 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 colour 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.

finest gold, and in graceful curls covered his shoulders. Many of the Irish peasantry take pride in these "golden locks." Extravagant stories are told of Fionn, as to his enormous size and strength; but Dr. Keating states, on the authority of ancient records, 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, the reader is referred to Keating's History.

Mar a m-bíḋeaċ ſlioċt IR 'ſ Eiḃear móir,
Ba líonṁar, ḋaon-ṁar, craoḃaċ, cóir;
'S fír-ṫreiḃ aoiḃinn Eireaṁóin,
An Ríġ fá'r ſíolraḋ tréine treóin.
Ar é do léiġ, etc.

Mar a m-bíḋeaċ Niall na n-ḋaor-ḃrat ſróill,
San ríġeaċt fuair ġéille tréiṁſe a ġ-cróinn;
Fir Chroiḃe* ṫraoċaċ, tréiṫ ġaċ treóin.
Le cloiḋeaṁ ġaċ caoiṁ-ḟear céaḋ de'n tóir.
Aſ é do léiġ, etc.

An caiṫ-ṁileaḋ Brian† do'n ḟiann-ḟuil ṁór,
Ba ḋaṫaṁail, diaḋa, a ṁian 'ſ a ċlóḋ;
Le fearṫaiḃ o Dhia ṫuġ riaġla 'ſ nóſ,
Chuir Danair fá ċiaċ aſ iaṫaiḃ Eoġain.
Aſ é do léiġ, etc.

Aſ é do líon mo ċroiḋe le brón,
Ġur aonṫaiḋ Críoſḋ a d-tiġeaċt a ġ-c'róinn,
Na Béir ċuir Bíobla Ioſa aſ cóir,
'S nár ġéill dá naoiṁ, dá ḋlíġe, 'ná d'órd!
Aſ é do léiġ, etc.

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

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

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.

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.

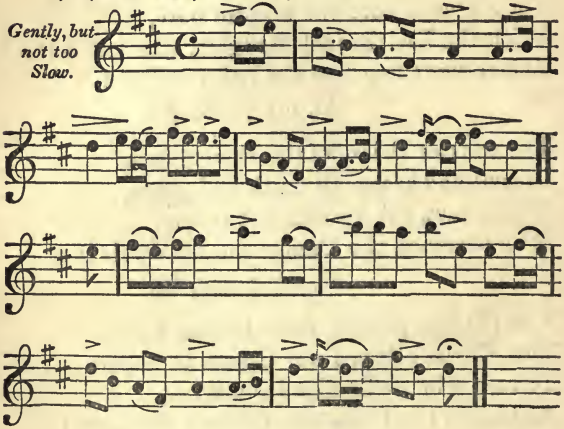
* Nial, surnamed "*Naoi n-Giallaidh*" (Of the Nine Hostages), monarch of Ireland at the close of the fourth century, was one of the most gallant of all the princes of the Ultonian race: He made several descents on Britain, and it was against his incursions that some of those successes were achieved by the Romans which "threw such lustre round the military administration of Stilicho, and inspired the muse of Claudian, a Roman poet who flourished under Theodosius, A.D. 394."

Nial was killed, anno 406, during one of his invasions of Gaul.

Moirin ni Chuillionnain.

Seáġan Ua Tuama, cct.

Fonn:—Mórín ní Chuillionáin.



Aṁ aonar seal aġ róduiġeaċt,
Cia seólfuiḋe am ċuinne lá?
Aċd an spéirḃean ṁaiseaċ ṁóir-ṁín,
As í Móirín Ní Chuillionnáin!
Ba réiġ, ba raċṁar, ró-ġroiḋe,
Ba cóir, cíorṫa, clisde, cáiġ;
A craoḃ-ḟoilt cas mar ór buiḋe,
Na d-tóirṡíġiḃ ġo troiġṫe aġ fás.

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONAIN.

BY JOHN O'TUOMY.

AIR :—"*Moirin Ni Chuilennain.*"

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. 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 Chuillennain!
The maid whom Eire blesses,
The dignified, the gay, the neat,
Whose brilliant golden tresses
Wave down o'er her waxen feet.

Ba ġlé, ba ġeal, ba ġleoiḋte í,
  B'óg í, 'r b'oilte árd;
Ba ṙéiṁ, ba ṙlaċtṁar, reólta í,
  Ba ṙnóġ-ṁín, ba ṙnuiġte ráṁ;
Ba béarać, blarda, beóḋ' í,
  Ba beol-ḃínn dar línn an ḃáb,
Ba ṁaorḋa, maireaċ, mórḋa í,
  Ba ṁoḋaṁail, míonlaḋ, mioċair, mná'úil.

Ag teaċt re m'air do'n óġ ṁín,
  'Nois móidíġim gur ḃinne an ḃáḃ
'Ná éanlaiṫ ag cantainn nótaiḋe,
  A mór-ċoill coir imioll tráġa;—
'S ná'n té do rpreagaċ ċeól-ríṫ,*
  Chuir ceó draoiḋeaċt' ar Uirniġ† lá,
'S ar péarlaḋ ó neaṁ an t-reoid ġríinn,
  Do ṙeóil Críord am ċoinne an t-rráid.

Do ṙléaċdar real do'n óg-ṁnaoi,
  'S ba ḋóiċ línn nár ṁirde a ṫráċd·
D'ṙéaċain créad do ṙeóil í,
  Gan mór-ḃuiḋin dá coimirc rlán,
An aon tar rlearaiḃ bóċna í,
  Do ḃreóḋaiġ rinn le h-iomad gráḋ;
No cread an treiḃ 'na g-coṁnuiġea
  A mór ċríoċaiḃ Inri Fáil?

* *Coel-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?

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

Is mé do ṙearc a g-cóṁnuiḋe,
Cia iul-ḃaois anois do ṫráċt;
Om' ṫaoiḃ 'r ó laċt mo núaḋ-ċíoċ,
Thig Eóġan groiḋe 'r gaċ cineaḋ is fearr:—
Slioċt Néill, 'r Airt, 'r ṁór-Chuinn,
'S pór Mhíleaḋ uile d'ḟáṡ;
Le h-éad do ṁarḃaiḋ beó sinn,
Ag stróruiġeaċt ar mire atáim!

An t'aon d'ár ċeart le cóir sinn,
Ag deóruiġeaċt amuiċ ar fán;
'S mé dam' ṙracaḋ ag stróinsíġiḃ,
Do león sinn go h-uile an cás!
An Fémics-ḟlaiṫ do ṗór Gaoiḋeal,
Ní mór díḃ a ċur ar fáġail,
Le faoḃar-neart fraṡaḋ fóirníḋe,
Go fórsuiġeaċ go d-tigiḋ am ḋáil.

'Tá céadta ag teaċd dam ṫóruiġeaċt,
O ċóistíġiḃ na cruinne lán;—
Le h-aon do'n treiḃ ní ġeaḃaḋ mé,
'S ní láṁṫaoi a ċur am ṗáirt;—
An féinneaċ is fearr clóḋ 'r graoi,
D' ár túismiḋ ar fuirinn Lḋaiṁ,
Réiġfiḋ ar trí c'róinníḋe,
Le Móirín Ní Chuillionnáin!

——o——

"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 Con the glorious,
And Neill and Art, who filled the throne,
Though now the foe, victorious,
Thus makes me pine so lorn and lone.

"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 Chuillennain."

———o———

cuisle na h-eigse.

Seáġan Ua Tuama, cct.

A ċuisle na h-éigse!* éirig suas?
Is tuirseaċ a n-éag-ċruiṫ mé gan suan,
Gan duine san t-saoġal
Ag ínsint sgéal,
Ar ṫurus an té 'tá 'g-céin ar cuairt,
'S Eire mo ċroiḋe 'tá m'intinn ort!

Do b'aite liom súd óm' úr-ġas óg,†
Gearraḋ 'gus brúṫ' na m-búr go feór;
Is fada mé ag súil
Go ḃ-feicfinn a ġnúir,
An farraire fiúntaċ, fionn, a g-c' róinn.
'S Eire mo ċroiḋe, etc.

Corruiġ go léir a n-éifeaċt duan,
A's seinniḋ-si dréaċt do réir na suaġ;
Sin ċúġaiḃ an t-aon
Le fuirionn don ḟéinn,
'S as stuirmeaċ tréan do ḋéanfas buairt.
'S Eire mo ċroiḋe, etc.

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* A beautiful invocation—"Pulse of the bards, awaken!"
† *Ur-ghas og, Fresh young branch.* Charles Edward Stuart.

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.

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.

'Tá Pilib 'ṡ Séamuṡ* ʒlé, 'ṡ a ṡluaġ,
'S na Riġṫe le ċéile a téaċt le buaḋ,
Tiocfaiḋ ʒo léiṙ
A ḃ-fuinnioṁ 'ṡ a ḃ-faoḃaṙ,
'S an Innis ʒeal Eilʒe ṙéiġfiḋ cuan.
'S Eiṙe mo ċṙoiḋe, etc.

Bṙiṡfiḋ 'ṡ ṙaobfaiḋ,—ḋéanfaiḋ ṙuaiʒ,
Aiṙ ḃṙuiṫiniṡʒ ḃaoiṫ an ḃéaṙlaḋ ḋuaiṙc;
Cuiṙfiḋ na Ʒaoiḋeil
'Na n-ionnaḋaiḃ féin,
Sin miṡe le m' ṙae 'ṡ an éiʒṡe ṡuaṡ.
'S Eiṙe, mo ċṙoiḋe, etc.

Ba ḃinne liom ṡúḋ a ṙún 'ṡ a ṡtóṙ,
An ʒloine ʒo h-úṙ ḋá ḋiúʒa aṙ bóṙḋ;
Cuiḋioċta ṡúʒaċ,
Mhuiṙṙ'neaċ, ṁúinte,
'S ʒo m-bṙiṡteaṙ an ceann ná cóġanfaċ leó!
'S Eiṙe mo ċṙoiḋe, etc.

A Mhuiṙe na Naoṁ! naċ aoṙaċ, ṡuaiṙc,
An bṙiṡiḋ ṡeo téaċt aṙ Bhéiṙ an uaḃaiṙ;
Biaḋ fuiṙionn ḋe'n Chléiṙ
Aʒ ṡeinnim na ḋ-Téaḋ,†
'S ʒaċ bile ḋo'n éiʒṡe aʒ ḋéanaṁ ḋuan.
'S Eiṙe mo ċṙoiḋe, etc.

---

* *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.

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.

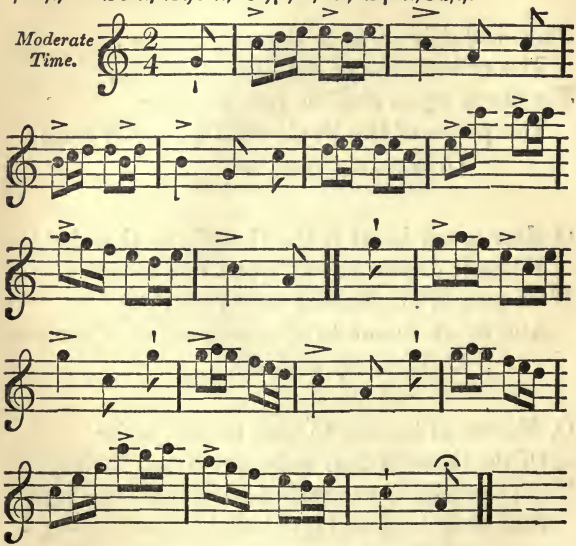
O, Mother of Saints, to thee be the praise
Of the downfal that waits the Saxon throng;
The priests shall assemble and chant sweet lays,
And each bard and lyrist shall echo the song!
O, Eire, my soul, &c.

---

*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.—*Stanihurst's Description of Ireland*, 1586, p. 13, and *De Reb. in Hib. Gest.*, 1584.

Ol-dan sheaghain ui thuama.

Fonn :—Sean Bhean Chrion an Drantáin.



As duine mé d'iolas liún lá,
'S ċuirios mo ḃuidin ċum ran-gáis,
Muna m-beidead aṁáin duine
Am ċuideaċta d'iolfad,
Is mise ḃeidead síos leis an am-tráiṫ.

O'TUOMY'S DRINKING SONG.

AIR:—"*The Growling 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!

Taoṡgaiḋ b̄úṛ n-ḋóiṫin ḋe'n m-bṛanḋán,
Bhúṛ n-ḋeoċa ná toṁaṡaiḋ le ban láṁ;*
Tá 'ġamṡa ṡgillinġ,
Le leiġion ṡan b̄-ṡíon n-ġlan,
'S aṡ ṡeaṛṛ ioná 'n b̄uiḋin b̄íḋeaṡ aġ ḋṛantán.

Ḋo b̄'aiṫ liomṡa ceólta 'na ḋ-tiompán,
Ḋo b'aiṫ liomṡa ṡpóṛṫ aġuṡ bṛanḋán;
Ḋo b'aiṫ liomṡa an ġloine
Aġ Muṛṛainn ḋá líonaḋ,
'S cuiḋeaċta ṡ̇aoiṫe ġan ṁeab̄ṛán.

Aġ aiṫṛiṡ eólaiṡ na ṡean-ḋáṁ,
Caṛb̄aṡ, ól, aġuṡ ab̄ṛán;
Ṡuiṛion an ġ̇liocaiṡ,
Aġ imiṛṫ na laoiṫe,
Súḋ maṛ ḋo ġ̇ṛíḋin-ṡi ġaċ íon-tláṡ.

Freagradh Aindriais Mhic Craith.

Aiṛ Sheáġan Ua Thuama.

Ṡonn:—"Sean-b̄ean Chṛíon an Ḋṛantáin."

Iṡ ḋuine tu ḋ̇íolaṡ liún lá,
Buiṡinn ġan b̄ṛíġ aġuṡ bṛanḋán;
'S ċuiṛeaṡ ḋo ċuiḋioċta,
Aṛ uiṛeaṡbaḋ cuiṁne,
'S a n-inċinn líonta ḋo ṁeab̄ṛán!

---

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

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!

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 valour-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.

Is deiṁin a ṙís go meallfáḋ,
Go minic do ḃuiḋin le sleaṁ'nán;
'S go g-cuirir gaċ n-duine,
Ar giodam ċum baoise,
le gluġar gan ċríċ, 's le stan-cárd!

Ní'l binneas ad laoiṫe,—ná'd ṡeandáin,
'S ní milis dar línn do strancáin,
Bíon iomad do ṫuise
Do ġloine, gan líonaḋ,
'S d'uisge na dríbe ad stancán!

Buisinn dá díol mar liún lá,
'S Murrainn dá líonaḋ 'na gann-ċáirt,
Ní sultṁar do'n ḟuirionn,
Siḃse dá ínsint,
Go ruiṫid ḃríġ sin ċum ran-gais!

Is minic do líonuis lom-ċáirt,
'S ċuiris fá ṁaoil í le cúḃar-án;
Do ċuirisi sinne
Gan ċumas ar ṡuiġe,
Ná imṫeaċt san t-slíġe gan tean-tán!

Cia múrsanta ṡuiġir a g-ceann cláir,
'S do ċuirfeaḋ tú síos gaċ gann ċáirt;
Muna m-beiḋeaḋ sgilling;
Ag duine do ḋíolfad,
Cuirfir do ḃuiḋin ċum stran-cáin!

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!

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 the 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!

Tiɡir ɡo fíor aɡ lúġ-táil,
A ɡ-coinne ɡaċ aon dá n-ɡaḃan ɡráid;
Ɡloine má ṫuɡair,
Do ḋuine ɡan díol;
San m-bille beiḋ ḟíor air an am-tráiṫ!

Ar imṫeaċt a rís an deaṁan cáirt,
Do ġeaḃaiḋ ɡan díol, no ɡeall-tán;
'S ar cumaḋ cá h-ionad
A ruiṫfíd, cá díɡ
Iona d-tuitfiḋ ɡá ṫrí iona lám'cán!

Is é ċluinnim ar ḋís de d' ċam-ċeárd,
Ɡo milliḋ an tír le ɡleam'nán
Slibiríḋe an Droiċid,
'Ɡur ɡiḃ-ri ɡo n-díolfaḋ,
Ar ġloine nó trí, ḃúr ɡ-com-pán!

Cuiɡle mo ċroiḋe na ɡean-dáiṁ,
Ní h-ionann 'ɡ laoiṫe 'ɡ meanɡ Sheáġain!
Murɡaire buile,
Tá ar mire dáririḃ;
'S a ḃruinniḃ ɡur líontaḋ d'feall-ɡán!

——o——

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.

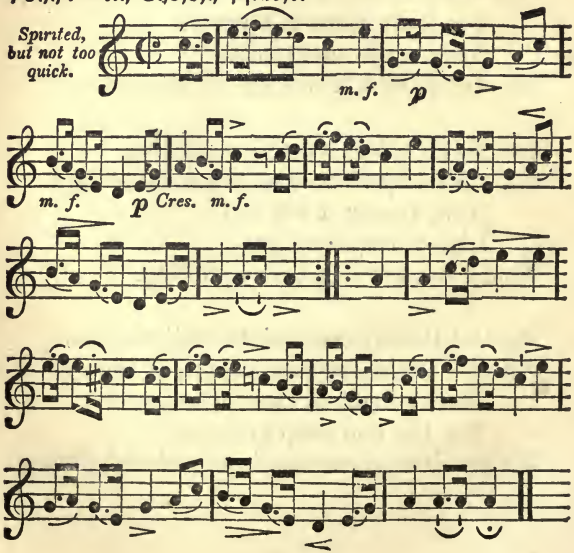
Two vintners late went about killing
Men's fame by their vile Jack-and-Gilling;
Now, Tuomy, I tell you
I know very well you
Would, too, sell us all for a shilling.

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!

—o—

An Choicin Fraoich.

Fonn :—An Choicin Fraoich.



THE LITTLE HEATHY HILL.

THIS delightful air is a great favourite in Munster; and the *Cnoicin 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:—

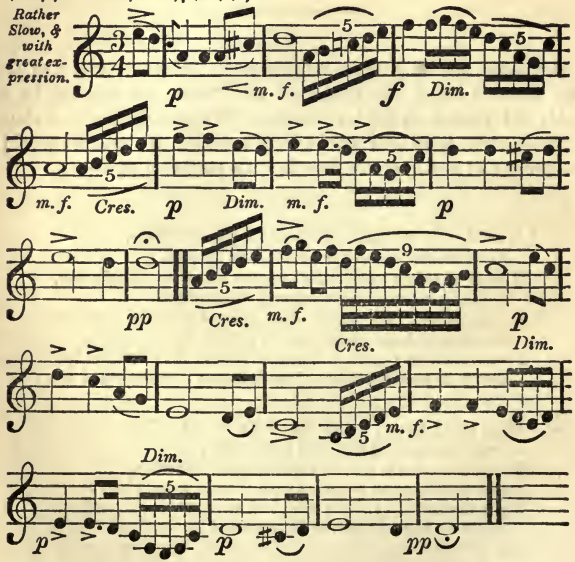
"Is ro-bhreagh an tam e air theacht mi na Bealtaine,
Aig feachaint a nun air mo Chnoicin Fruoich;
'S grian-gheal an t-samhraidh aig cur teas is na geamhartha,
'S duilleabhar glas na g-crann a fas le gnaoi;
Bion lacha ann, bion bardal—bion banamh aig an g-crain ann,
Bion searrach aig an lair ann 's leanbh aig an mnaoi;
Bion bradan geat ag snamh ann, san breac aig eirghidhe 'nairde
'San te do bheidheach air phonc bais ann d'eirgheodhach 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 spekled trout and salmon springing in its waters,
And the sick that is dying, health there will find."

an bheith.

Seáġan Ua Tuama, cct.

Fonn :—Béiṫ Eirionn I.



Am aice ċoir Máiġ, 'tá'n ṁánlaḋ b̓éaraċ ṁín,
Is deire tar ṁnáib̓, 'r ar áluinn rpéireaṁuil í ;
A carnṙolt táclaċ, breáġ-dear, dréimríoċ buiḋe,
'S gur b'iri mo ġráḋ tar ṁnáib̓, 'bé'n Eire 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 la a d tigh tabhairne am aonar bhios,
'S beath-uisge ar clar am lathair fein gan suim;
Do dhearcasa bab thais, mhanladh, mhaordha, mhin,
'Na seasamh go tlath san t-sraid cois tuobh 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 Freagradh air an m-beith,

An Mangaire Súgach, cct.

Fonn :—" An Bhéiṫ Eire 1."

Sguir feasda dod' ṗlás, ná tráċt go h-éag a rís,
Ar t-aingir cois Máiġ, cé áluin spéireaṁail i;
As feasaċ nár ṫárlaiḋ ad ḋáil-si an b́éiṫ do ríḋim,
An b́arr-ḟionn-tais b́láiṫ do ġráḋas, 'bé'n Eire, í!

'Tá a carn-ḟolt cárnaċ, ceáfraċ, craob́aċ, cruinn,
A pearsa uile 'tá gan ċáim, gan taom, gan teíṁiol;
Ní'l maiṫeas le fáġail, ní'l cáil ná méinn a mnaoi,
Naċ feasaċ san m-báb do ġráḋas, bé'n Eire í!

Cé fada le fán me, 's gur ṫárlaiḋ am réic gan ċríċ!
Gan aitios, gan fáġail, gan áird, gan sgéiṁ, gan gnaoi;
'Na b́-feacaḋ de ṁnáib níor ṫáṫaiḋ saoġad am ċlí,
Gur ċeanglas páirt le m' ġráḋ, 'bé'n Eire!

Cé fada le fán me, 's gur ṫárlaḋ óm' ċéill ar baois
Le taiṫnioṁ do'n m-báin-ċneis ṁánlaḋ, ṁaorḋa, ṁín
Ní sgarfad go b́ráṫ léi " Bláṫ na Féile," is í
'Tá m'aice cois Máiġ, is í ġráḋas, bé'n Eire í!

Gluaisig a ċáirde, le gárdas gléastar píb,
Buailig an clár, 's tráġaig go h-éasgaḋ fíon;
Suaṫaig an ċáirt le h-áḋaċt, 's glaoḋaig a rís,
Fae ṫuairim sláinte na mná, bé'n Eire í!

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!

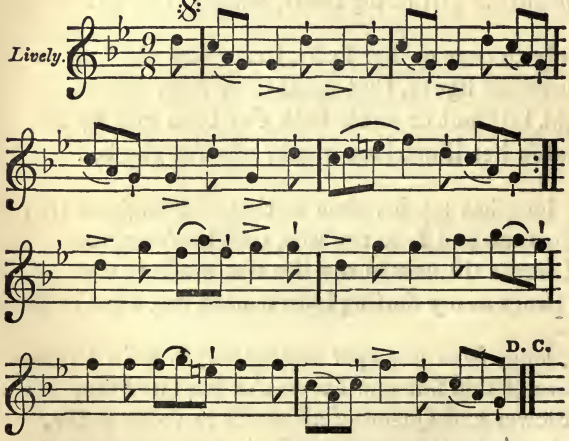
Long, long, from one spot to another, in pain I flee—
For love of this fair one I rove o'er land and sea,
The Flower and Queen of all maids in sooth is she,
Who dwells by the meadowy Maig, whoe'er she be!

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!

Leir-ruathar WHIGGIONA.

An Mangaire Súgach, cct.

Fonn:—Plancam Peirbiz.



A b̄ile de'n ḟuirionn naċ gann,
Ba ċuriata an am gaċ cluiṫċe-neirt:
Ná tuigṫear do ṁirneaċ go fann,
'S a ġoireaċt duit cab̄air 'r cuideaċta.

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 seems 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 describing;
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 to cling to you.

Ας ογζαρδα αζ cογζαιρτ α ναṁαδ
  Le ϝυιnnιοṁ ζαċ cροḃαιρε cιneαδ-Scoιτ;
Sζριογϝαρ αγ Inniγ ζαċ Ζall,
  'S αγ γιnn α ḃeιδeαγ τeann na ḃ-ϝιonna-Bhροιζ.

Αγ δeαρḃṫα α δ-τρeαγαιḃ αn δρeαm,
  Ζo cαlma, cαḃαρṫαċ, coιnζṁιδṫeαċ;
Ζo lonnαṁαρ, lonnαρδα, lonn,
  Ϝeαρδα, ϝoġlαċ, ϝυιnnιοṁαċ.

Beιδ eαγbαιρτ ζo ϝαιργιnζ le ϝonn,
  A m-Banba, 'γ lóġα lá Ϝheιl Muιρe 'ζuιnn;
Beιδ "pγαιlm na mαρḃ" α δ-Teαṁαιρ,
  Dá cαnnαδ 'γ ζαn beann αρ Mhιnιγδιρ,*

Beιδ luιγne o Dhoιρe ζo leαṁαιn,
  'S αn ϝυιριonn-γα τeann, 'γ τeιne leó;
Ruιṫϝιδ ζαċ muργαιρe ρeαṁαρ,
  'S ní coιmιρc δo lonζ, ná luιmneαċ!†

Sιn é ċúġαιḃ Pιlιb ταρ γρúιll,
  'S αn bιle naċ δúρ γαn n-ιmιριογ;
Ζo ζ-cuιριδ ζαċ muργαιρe αρ lúṫ,
  Ϝá ḃeαnnαιḃ α ṙúιρτe αζ *Lucifer!*

---

* Pitt, the Prime Minister of England.

† This is an allusion to the siege of Limerick in 1690, when that town, although in an almost untenable condition, was held by 10,000

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

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 vespers, 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!

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.

A ċumainn na g-cumann glac fonn,
Tigiḋ d'ár g-caḃair le rine-ġoil;
Ag treasgairt gaċ sean-ṗoc reaṁar,
'S bainfiom-na a meaḃair as cuid aca!

'Tá fuirionn ná cuirfear ar g-cúl,
Ag druidim le ciúṁais na Sionnainne;
Nuair ṫiocfas an fuirionn gar aḃainn,
Is deiṁin go b-planc-fam *Whiggiona!*

Beiḋ an ġraṫain dá d-taċtaḋ lé tnúiṫ
Beiḋ basga, 'gus brúṫ', 'gus briseaḋ orra;
Is gairid go g-cacfaid na d-triús,
Nuair a ḃainfeas ár b-príonsa cluiṫċe asda!

Ag taisdiol na mara le fonn,
'Tá Carolus ċúġainn 's a ċuideaċta;
Tá *Neptune* ag sgaipeaḋ na d-tonn,
'S ní stadfaid an fóġa go h-Inis-loirc!

Beiḋ *Mars* a d-tosaċ an trúip,
'S an farraire fionn go fuinnioṁaċ;
Ní ċasfaid go leagfaid an dreaṁ,
'S as dearḃ go b-planncam tuille 'ca!

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!

Coming over the ocean to-day
Is Charles, the 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!

Beiḋ leagaḋ, 'gus gearraḋ, 'gus brúṫ',
Beiḋ sgaipeaḋ, 'gus sgannraḋ, 's uiṛeasbaḋ;
Gallaiḃ dá g-caiṫioṁ gan ċaḃair,
Nuair ġṛeadfas an Franncaċ * teine leó!

Nár ċaillioḋ-sa aṁarc mo ṡúl,
'S nár lagaiḋ mo lúṫ le foiṛfeaċt;
Go ḃ-feiceaḋ-sa an ġṛaṫain-si a b-ponc,
'S an sean-ṗoc dall† gan giolla aige!

* 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.

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.

—o—

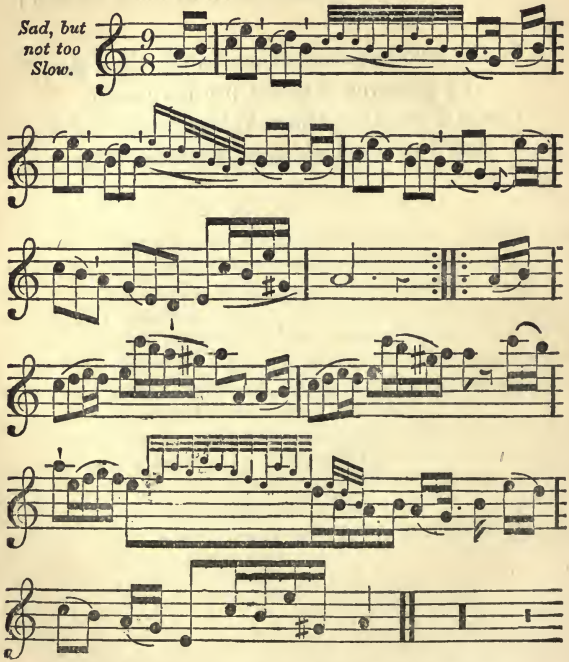
Our cowardly foes will drop dead,
When the French only point their guns on 'em—
And Famine, and Slaughter, and Dread,
Will together come down at once on 'em!

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!

An bhlath-bhruinnioll.

An Mangaire Súgach, cct.

Fonn:—Cailín Deas Crúidte na m-Bó.



As í 'n b̓lát̓ b̓ruingioll, b̓lát̓-ṁilis, b̓éasac̓,
Bhlát̓-ṁioc̓air, b̓éaltana, ṁod̓aṁuil;
Le grád̓-geal dá blát̓-c̓ruit̓ do c̓éas me,
'So d'f̓ág mé gan tréine, gan treoir!

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, may have heard it sung by the peasant's daughter, in the milking bawn, or at the cottager's hearth of a winter's evening. The words are by the witty Andrew Magrath, surnamed the *Mangaire Sugach.*

The following stanzas are the "*Ceangal*" ("*Binding*" or "*Summing-up*") to the song—We present an unversified translation :—

"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 Love—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.

Tá a bláṫ-ḟolt ʒo bláṫ-tiuḃ ar daol-ḋaiṫ,
Is bláṫ-ṡnuiḋte a ho-aol-ċroḃ, ʒan ʃmól,
Is bláṫ-ṫuiʒʃeaċ ráiḋte na béiṫe,
'S aʃ bláṫ an uile ġéaʒ di ʒo ʃeór!

A ġráḋ ġil do ġráḋ-ʃa tar ḃéiṫe,
'S do ġráḋʃainn dá m'ḟéidir, ní'ʃ mó;
Do ġráḋaʃ tu a ġráḋ ġil mo ċléiḃ-ʃi,
Le ġráḋ dil dod' ṁéinn 'ʃ dod' ċló:—
O ġráḋaʃ tu a ġráḋ ġil le ʒéar-ṡearc,
Do ġráḋ-ʃa ní ṡéanʃad le m' ló;
Do ġráḋ-ʃa 'ʃ mo ġráḋ-ʃa, má raobtar,
Ʒan ʒráḋ ceart aʒ aon neaċ ʒo deo!

A rún dil! mo rún tu ʒo n'éaʒad,
Mo rún-ʃa le m' rae tu, 'ʃ mo ʃtór!
'S ʒur léiʒioʃ mo rún leat tar aoin-ḃean,
Mo rún tú 'ʃ mo ċéile le m' ló:—
A rún dil na rún ʒ-ceart, ní léiʒʃiod
Mo rún, tuiʒ, le aon ḃean ad ḋeóiʒ,
Do rún-ʃa 'ʃ mo rún-ʃa má ʃʒéiḋtear,
Ʒan rún ceart aʒ aon neaċ ʒo deó!

A ċumainn na ʒ-cumann, ná tréiʒ mé,
'S ʒo ḃ-ʃuilim a n-éaʒ-ċruiṫ ad ḋeoiġ;
'S ʒur cumann do ċumann ná tréiʒʃiod,
A ċumainn, ʒo d-téiġead-ʃa ʃá'n ḃ-ʃód!

Your clustering raven-black tresses
Curl richly and glossily round—
Blest he who shall win your caresses,
Sweet Blossom all down to the ground!

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!

O ṫuʒaɾ ɗuiṫ cumann 'ɾ ʒéiɫe,
Mo ċumann-ɾa a ṙéanaḋ ní cóiɾ,
'S mo ċumann a ċumainn, má ṫɾéiʒiɾ,
Ʒan cumann aʒ aon ḃean ɗo ɗeó!

A ċaɾaiḋ na ʒ-caɾaɗ ɫe ċéiɫe,
Ɗo caɾaɾ ɫe ɾaoɾ-ġean aɾ ɗ-túiɾ;
Mo ċaɾaiɗ a ċaɾaiḋ ɗo ṫɾéiʒɾin,
'S ɗo ɾaċainn a ʒ-céin ɫeaṫ na n-ɗeoiġ!
Ní caɾaiɗ ɗam caɾaḋ caɾaḋ, ná céiḃ-ṙionn,
Aċɗ caɾaḋ na ḃéiṫe-ɾi am ḃɾeóġ',
'S mo ċaɾaḋ-ɾa a ċaɾaiɗ, má ṫɾéiʒiɾ,
Ʒan caɾaiɗ aʒ aon ḃean ʒo ɗeó!

A annɾaċt na ɗ-annɾaċt ɗo ċéaɾ mé,
Ɫe h-annɾaċɗ ɗoɗ' ɾʒéiṁ 'ɾ ɗoɗ' ċɫó;
Bíɗeaċ ɗo ɾóġa 'ʒaɗ mo ṙaṁuiɫ-ɾi maɾ ċéiɫe,
Nó ɗunɾa ʒan ḃéaɾa, ʒan ɾpóɾt;—
A annɾaċt ná ɾannṫaiʒ-ɾi baoṫɫaċ,
Ná ɾtúmpaḋ ná ɾéiġɾioċ ɗo ḃɾón;
M' annɾaċt-ɾa a annɾɗċt, má ṫɾéiʒiɾ,
Ʒan annɾaċt ná ɾae 'ʒaɗ am ɗeoiġ!

A ɾtóiɾ ɗiɫ! mo ɾtóɾ-ɾa taɾ aon tu,
Mo ɾtóɾ tú ʒo n-éaʒɾaɗ ɗaɾ n-ɗóiṫ;
Iɾ ɾtóɾ mé a ɾtóiɾ-ɗiɫ, ʒan tɾéaɗa,
'S ʒuɾ ɗóiṫ ɫeó ʒuɾ ɾéic me ʒan ɾóɗ;

Through my life you have been my consoler,
My comforter—never in vain,—
Had you failed to extinguish my dolor,
I should never 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?
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.

Beiḋeaḋ ſtóṛ aʒ am ſtóṛaċ, ní baoġal ḋi,
Beiḋeaḋ bó-laċt ʒan baoḋaċaſ, 'ſ ƒóſ,
A ſtóiṛ-ḋil! ḋo ſtóṛaċ, má ṫṛéiʒiṛ,
Ʒan ſtóṛaċ na ṛae 'ʒaḋ am ḋeoiʒ!

Fastuiʒhim an mhanʒaire shuʒaiʒ.

Fonn:—"An Beinſín Luaċṛaḋ."*

A ċaṛaiḋ ċlúṁ'úil ḋíoʒṛaiſ,
A ẛaoi ġlain ḋe ſtoc na n-ḋáiṁ;
Mo b̈eaṫaḋ ċúġaḋ ḋo ſʒṛíb̈im,
No 'n ḋíṫ leat mé b̈eiṫ maṛ 'táim;—
Ʒaċ ainʒiṛ ḋeaſ 'naṛ ċuib̈e liom,
A cuiṁḋeaċt le m' aiſ, le páiṛt,
Ní ġlacaċ ſí, ƒaṛaoiṛ me!
Tan ċíḋ mé ʒan ſtoc, ʒan ſtáit.

Cia ġeallaim-ſi ḋo'n b̈uiḋin-ſi,
Siġile aʒuſ Muṛṛainn b̈láiṫ;
Staiṛ ḋo ſʒṛúḋa, 'ſ laoíte
Ḋo ẛuiġeaċan maṛ Oiliolł ƒáiġ!
Cleaſaḋ lúṫ ʒo líoṁṫaḋ,
'S ʒaċ níḋ eile ṛiaṛaċ mnáib̈;
Iſ ƒeaſ ʒuṛ ḋiúltaḋ iſ ḋíol ḋam,
'Nuaiṛ ċíḋ mé ʒan ċuiḋ, ʒan ċáin!

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* This beautiful air will be found at p.

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.

'Deir Caṫal dúr mac Shíomoin,
A Shíġile! 'noiſ tuiġ an cáſ?
Ġaiḃ-ſi ċúġad mac Fheiḋlim,
'S máġaiſdir na ſgoile fáġ?
Iſ fearr ḋúinne Taḋg beag.
Ná ſgain-ſi de'n ḟuil iſ fearr;
Ġan raiṫ, ġan clú, ġan oiġreaċt,
Aċt ar ṫuill riaṁ ġur ṡloiġ na ḃráġaid!

Ar ġlac mo ġlaic do ſgaoilfin,
Le h-aoiḃneaſ ġaċ corn tráġaim!
Ġaċ bean do ġaḃ am líontaḋ,
Do ċaoinfin ġo fliuċ am ḋáin.
Ġaċ dailc ġo praſ naċ ſtríocfaḋ
Le rín-dair a ċorp do ċneaṁain,
'S aſ Mangaire ait le baoiſ me,
Cia ṡílid ġur b'olc mo ċáil!

Aiṫriſim do'n m-ḃuiḋin-ſi,
Cia díṫ leó mo ḋul 'na b-páirt
Ar ċaṫaſaḋ ġur ḋíolaſ,
Le h-aoiḃneaſ, 'ſ ġo ḃ-fuilim ſlán.
Ġur b' aiṫnid dam na mílte,
Ġo cnaoite ná h-ibeaċ cáirt,
'S an Mangaire ait naċ cínte,
Na ſgain-ſi ġo h-iomlán.

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!

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

Mo b̓ruid! mo d̓uig! mo sgíos-ġuirt!
Mo sgeim̓le, mo ġoin, mo ġád̓!
Mo lot do loisg mo ċli 'nam,
Ar saoiṫe 's a sliocṫ ar fán!
Gan ċion, gan ċuid, gan oiġreaċt,
Gan feid̓im-ċeart, gan coṫram stáit,
'S Tuirc, 's Duirc, 's Daoiṫe,
Go buid̓ionm̓ar, 's Bodaċáin.*

Realtan Chill-Chainnich.

Aod̓agán Ua Raṫaille, cct.

Atáid éisg ar na srúillib̓ ag léimrid̓ go lúṫm̓ar,
Tá 'n t-Eclips gan fiúntar ag imṫeaċt;
Tá Phoebus ag músgailt 's an t-éasga go ciuinġlan,
A's éanlaiṫ na cóige go soiṫim̓.
'Táid sgaoṫ-b̓eac' ag túirling ar ġéagaib̓ is úrġlas,
Tá féar agus drúċt ar án muiġib̓;
O's céile do'n m-Brúnaċ † í, Réaltan no Múm̓an,
'S gaod̓al gar do'n Diuic o Chill-Chainniċ.

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* *Turic, 's Duirc, 's Daoithe, 's Bodachain.*
Turks, Churls, Dunces, and Clowns.

By these epithets the poet designates the Williamite settlers who obtained the estates and titles of the Irish Jacobites, after the latter sailed for France in 1691.

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

But oh! my wound, my woe, my grief,
It is not for myself or mine—
My pain, my pang without relief,
Is nothing how our nobles pine!
Alas for them, and not for me!
They wander without wealth or fame,
While clowns and churls of a low degree
Usurp their gold, their lands, their name!

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.

---

daughter of Thomas Butler, of Kilcash, in the county of Tipperary, and great grand-niece of James, first Duke of Ormond.

Tá bíoȝaḋ ann ȝaċ táṁ-laȝ, 'ʃ ȝroiḋe-ċnoiċ ȝo láiḋir,
'S an n-ȝeíṁriḋ tiȝ blát ar ȝaċ bile;
Cíll Chaiʃ ó táʃlaiḋ, i ȝ-cuiḃreaċ ȝo ȝráḋṁar,
Le Ríġ Chille h-Airne ár ȝ-Curaḋ;
Ní'l éaȝcóir ḋá luaḋ 'ȝuinn, tá ƒaoṫaḋ 'ȝe truaḋaiḃ.
O'n ʃȝéal núaḋ ʃa luaḋtar le ḋruinȝiḃ;
Ar ṗéarla óȝ mná uaiʃle (a Ḋhe ḋil taḃair buaḋ ḋi),
An ċraoḃ ċúḃra iʃ uaiʃle a ȝ-Cíll Chainníċ.

Tá'n Ríoġ-ƒlaiṫ na ȝárḋaiḃ, ar íʃliḃ 'ʃ ar árḋaiḃ,
'S na mílte ḋá ƒáiltiúġaḋ le muirinn;
Tá'n taoiḋe ȝo h-áḋḃaraċ, 'ʃ coill ġlaʃ aȝ ƒáʃ inn,
'S ȝnaoi teaċt ar ḋánṫaiḃ ȝan milleaḋ:—
Táiḋ cuantaḋ ba ġnáṫaċ ƒaoi ḃuan-ʃtoirm ġrána,
Ȝo ʃuaiṁneaċ o ṫáʃlaiḋ an ʃnuiḋmeaḋ,
Tá cnuaʃtar ar ṫráiġ 'ȝuinn, naċ luaʃȝan an t-ʃáile,
Ruacain, 'ʃ Báirniċ, 'ʃ Ḋilliorȝ.

Táiḋ uaiʃle Chill-Airne ȝo ʃuairc aȝ ól ʃláinte,
'S buan-ḃioṫ na lanáṁann a ȝ-cumann;
Táiḋ ʃuan-ṗoirt 'ʃ ḋánta ḋá m-bualaḋ ar ċláirʃiȝ,
Ȝaċ ʃuan-ṗort ar áilleaċt, 'ʃ ar ḃinneaċt,
Tá claoċloḋ ar ċruaiḋ-ċeiʃt 'ʃ an t-aon cóir aȝ buaḋ' ċann,
Tá ȝné-núaḋ ar ġruaḋaiḃ ȝaċ n-ḋuine,
Tá'n ʃpéir ṁor ar ƒuaiment, 'ʃ an rae ƒóʃ ȝo ʃuaiṁnioċ
Ȝan caoċ-ċeó, ȝan ḋuartan, ȝan ḋaille.

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!

The Lords of Killarney, who know what the wrongful
Effects of misrule are, quaff healths to the pair—
And the mnistrels, 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.

inghion ui ghearailt.

Aoḋagán Ua Raṫaille, cct.

Fonn :—"Tonn re Calaiṫ."

A ṗéarla gan sgamal, do léir-ċuir mé a g-caṫaiḃ,
Eisd liom gan ḟearg go n-ínsiod mo sgeól!
'S gur faoḃraċ do ċaiṫis gaoṫaḋ 'gus darta,
Tré m' ċréaċtaḋ 'na g-ceaṫaiḃ, do ṁeíll mé gan treoir!
Gan ḃréagnaḋ do raċfainn ḋo'n Egipt gar calaiṫ,
'S go h-Eire ní ṫasfainn ċoiḋċe dam' ḋeoin;
Ar tréanṁuir, ar talaṁ, a n-géiḃionn, a n-aitios,
Níor léan liom a ḃeiṫ farat cois Inse, gan stór!

Is craoḃaċ 'r as casda,—'r dréimrioċ 'r as dlaṫaċ,
Is niaṁraċ 'r as leaḃair,—a dlaoiṫi mar ór!
Is péarlaċ a dearca—mar réaltan na maidne,
Is caol ceart a mala mar sgríoḃ pínn a g-clóḋ;
Sgéiṁ-ċruiṫ a leacain aolda mar ṙneaċta,
Go h-aoraċ ag casmairt tre lonnraḋ an róis;
Tug Phoebus 'na raṫaiḃ,—tar ḃéiṫiḃ ad t-aṁarc,
'S t-éadan ar lasaḋ le díograis dod' ċlóḋ!

Is gléigel a mama,—mar ġéisiḃ cois calaiṫ,
A h-aolċorp mar sneaċta is faoileanda snóġ;
Ní féidir a maiṫios do léir-ċuir a b-prataiṅn,
Caoṁ-lili ċneasda, 'r mín-sgoiṫ na n-óg.

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!
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.

Is croíḋearg mar ḃalsam, a ḋéiḋ-ġeal gan aiṫis,
Do ṡaorfaḋ o ġalar mílte ḋam' ṡórt;
Saor-ġuṫ a teanga léiġionnta gan startaḋ,
Bheir tréan-ṗuic tar beannaiḃ le mílreaċt a glór!

Phéinics d'ḟuil Ghearailt,—Gréagaig an ċalaiṫ,
Séiṁ-ṡiúr ċlanna Míleaḋ na slóġ;
Laoċraḋ gan taise, traoċtaḋ le Gallaiḃ,
Gan tréine, gan talaṁ, gan ríoġ-ḃrug, gan stór!
Gan ḃréag noċ gur sgagaig a b-Paoraig 'r a m-Barraig,*
'S tréan-ċoin Bhunraite ṫríḋ-sa faoi ḋó,
Ní'l saor-ḟlaiṫ ná dragan do ṗréiṁ ċlainne Chaisil,
Gan gaoḋal ris an aingir ṁíonlaḋ gan smól.

Ní léir ḋam a saṁuil i n-Eire 'ná a Sagsan,
A n-éifioċt, a b-pearsa, a n-íntleaċt 'r a g-clóḋ.
An ḃéiṫ ċlisde is fearra tréiṫe, 'gus teasdas,
Ná Helen le'r cailleaḋ mílte san n-gleó!
Ní'l aoin-ḟear na ḃeaṫaḋ d'ḟéaċaċ ar maidin,
Na h-éadan gan ṁairg, ná sgéiṫfioċ a ḃrón,
Mo ġéiḃion! mo ḋeacair! ní ḟéadaim a seaċain,
Tré m' néalaiḃ am aisling oíḋċe, ná ló!

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

The Powers are descended from "Rogerus Pauperus" (Roger le Pauvre, 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.

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!

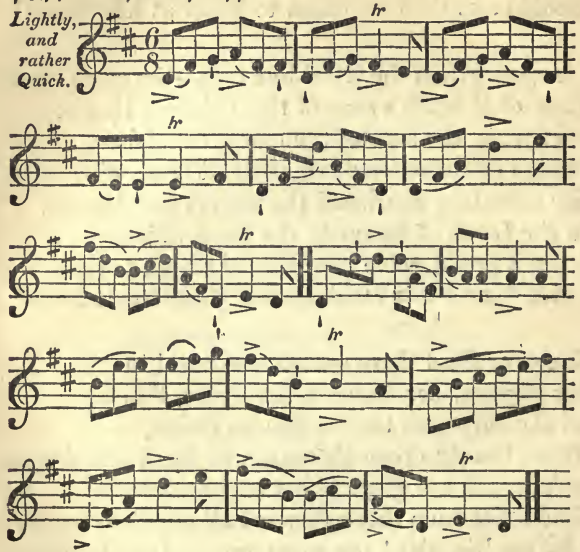
The male race of the Powers, Viscounts Decies and Earls of Tyrone, became extinct by the death of Earl James in 1704. His only daughter, Lady Catherine Poer, married Sir Marcus Beresford, Bart., who was created Lord Viscount Tyrone by George II.

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

An Sean-Duine Seoirse.*

An t-Aṫair Uilliam Inglis, cct.

Fonn:—An Seanduine.



Is no-ḋian do sgreadan an sean-duine Seoirse,
O Dhia! Cá raċam? ní'l agam Hanover;
'Ná fós Hesse Cassel, 'na baile beag cóṁgair,
Ná fód mo ṙean-atraċ, táid airicṫe, dóiġte!

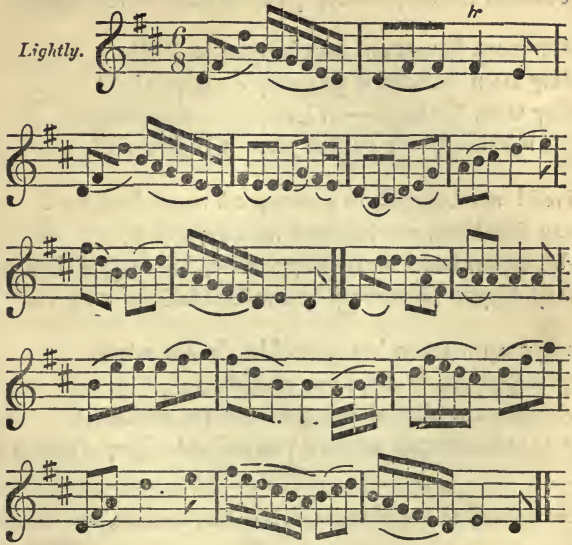
* This beautiful air, of which we give our readers two different settings, is a great favourite in Scotland, where it is known under the name of "The Campbells are Coming." It owes its birth to the *Mangaire Sugach* (see p. 24).

This song which we now present is the only one we have met to this

GEORGEY THE DOTARD.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ENGLISH.

Fonn :—An Seantuine.



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!

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air, if we except the two versions by the *Mangaire Sugach*, referred to at p. 24, where we gave the opening stanza of one, but omitted the chorus supplied at the foot of next page, which should be sung after each verse of the original.

Tá fuadar caṫa go tapa ar bóċnaḋ,
Duaḋ ar ċrannad, agus ar ṡeóltaḋ!
Uaisle Shagsan go h-eaglaċ, óṁanda,
A g-cuanta beiḋ creaċta, 'sa m-bailte beiḋ tógṫa.

Ni díon dam Breatan, ná féarḟonna Fóḋla,
Ní díliṡ dam Albain ó ġearraṡ a ṡgórnaċ;*
Ní díliṡ dam Danair,—ni'l carraid am ċóṁgar,
Fuígíḋ mé marḃ—'ṡ caiṫiḋ faoi 'n ḃ-fód me!

Mo ċiaċ! mo laġar! ní ḟeadar cá n-geoḃmaoid!
Iarṁar Chalḃin, do ṡeaċain na cóṁaċtaḋ,
A m-bliaġain beiḋ maid baṡgaiḋṫe, leacaiġṫe, leointe,
'S cliar ċliṡte Pheadair 'ṡ a m-beaṫaḋ go deó 'ca.

Iṡ ṡuairc ar maidin 'na g-cealla, 'ṡ am nóna,
Sianṡna pṡalm, 'ṡ aiḟrionn glórṁar;
Briaṫraḋ na n-abṡtal dá g-cánaḋ go ceólṁar,
'S an gliaḋaire gan ainim† ṡan m-ḃaile 'guṡ c'róinn air.

---

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

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

The Jacobite bards felt peculiar satisfaction in reviling the house of

---

"Oro sheanduine leatsa ni gheabhadsa,
Oro sheanduine basgadh 'gus breodh 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!"

"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.

Hanover. The following is the first stanza of one of the most popular Scotch songs of this period:—

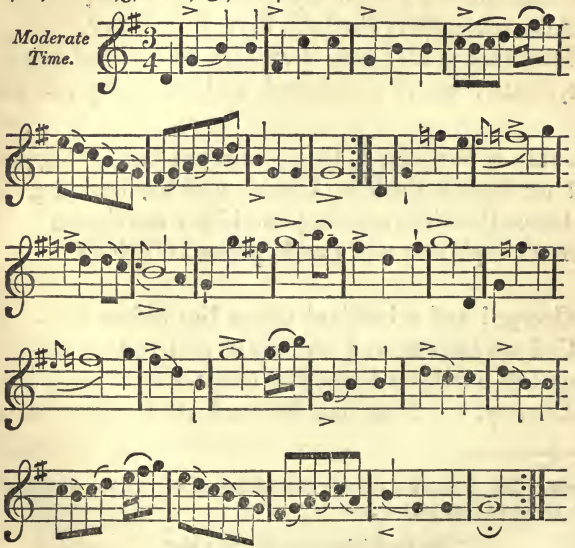
"Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king,
But a wee wee German lairdie?
And when we gae'd to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie;
Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
Without the hose, and but the breeks;
And up his beggar duds he cleeks
The wee wee German lairdie."

Hogg's "*Jacobite Relics of Scotland*," p. 83. 1st series. 1819.

Sighile ni Ghadharadh.

Tadg (Gaodalac) Ua Súilliobáin, cct.

Fonn :—Síġile Ní Ghadarad.



Ar maidin a né is déarac do bíosa,
Go catac am aonar ag déanam mo smaointe;
Do déarcas ag pléiriocт go h-aorac am tímcioll,
Alad ba ṡéime, ba claoine, ba caoine;

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 lady of more than mortal beauty, who approaches and accosts him. 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—Deirde, 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 honour 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.

Do ṗreabaṛ, do ruitioṛ, do ḋruidioṛ 'na cóiṛ,
Do ṁeaṛaṛ, do ṫuigioṛ, náṛ ṁiṛde ḋam ṡóṛt
A blaiṛe go miliṛ a n-iomall a beoil,
Le taiṫnioṁ, le gile, le finne na h-óige,
Le maiṛe, le glaine, le binneaċt a glóṛṫa.

Iṛ gṛíanṁaṛ, dṛéimṛeaċ, niaṁṛaċ, fṛainṛeaċ,
Bhí a caṛn-ḟolt cṛaoḃaċ, na ṡlaoda a ṛíneaḋ;
Go baċallaċ, péaṛlaċ, go ṛéaltaċ, go ṛoillṛeaċ,
Go camaṛṛaċ, cṛaoḃaċ, go niaṁ'ṛaċ aoiḃinn;
Ag feacaḋ, 'ṛ ag filleaḋ, 'ṛ ag ṛleaḋ na deoig,
Na m-beaṛtaiḃ, na ṛṛaṫaiḃ, 'na muiṛeaṛ go feóṛ,
Go h-altaiḃ, ga h-uileaḋ, go fṛiṫiṛ a g-cóṁaḋ,
Go ṛlámaṛaċ, cumaṛaċ, omṛaċ, óṛḋa,
Na ṛṛaṫaiḃ ag tuitim go h-iomallaċ, omṛaċ.

Do ċaiṫfioċ a ḃ-féadfaċ a ṛéiġtioċ a buiḋne,
Go banaṁail, ṛaoṛḋa, go maoṛḋa, go míonlaḋ;
Go flaṫaṁail, déaṛcaċ, go ṛéadṁaṛ, go ṛíoṫṁaṛ,
Go ṛabaiṛneaċ, gaoḋ'laċ, go féaṛtaċ, go fíontaċ;—
Aṛ ḋṛagaiḃ, aṛ ḋṛongaiḃ, aṛ ċóngnaṁ áṛ leóġan,
Aṛ lannaiḃ, aṛ longaiḃ, aṛ iomaṛcaḋ ṛlóiġ,
Aṛ ṁaṛcaiḃ, aṛ ġaiṛge, aṛ ċuṛaḋ na n-gleó,
Do ċaṛtaċ gaċ ṛṛuimile cuiṛipe, cṛón-duḃ,
Do leag, 'ṛ do ṫuṛṛaic, an iomaṛcaḋ bṛóin ṛinn!

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!

Her eyes, like twin stars, shone and sparkled with lustre;
Her tressses 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.
Oh! 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!

Is eagnaċ, éasgaḋ, do léiġ'fioċ an Bíoblaḋ,
Startaċa Chéitinn, 'r tréiṫe na n-draoiṫe;
A laidion 'r a n-Gréigis, a d-téxionnuiḃ diaḋaċta,
Le sean'ċas tréanṁar na Trae ṡoir go líoṁṫa.—
Go gasda, go clisde, go h-oilte, go leór,
Go snasda, go snuiġte, go snaimṫe, go móḋaṁuil,
Go h-altaḋ, go h-uileaḋ, go friṫir a g-cóṁard,
'Na g-ceaċdannaiḃ sult-ṁara, lonnarḋa, snóḋaṁuil,
A tagairt a tirse ar uireasbaḋ núaḋċair!

Más carraig a g-céill tú, a n-éifioċt 'r a n-ínn-
tleaċt,
A b-pearsainn, a m-bréiṫriḃ, a ngné, 'r a ngníoṁarṫaiḃ;
Aiṫris dam féin sin an réimionnaiḃ ríogḋa,
A ċaraiḋ an tú *Helen*, no Déirdre Naoisi?
D'ḟreagair an ḃruinnioll a n-dliġṫiḃ gan ṁóid,
Naċ aiṫne ḋuit mise 'nois, buime na d-treoin;
Do basgad, do milleaḋ, do cuireaḋ tar feoir,
Le dalla, le daille, le buile na g-cóbaċ,
Do ṁalartaig mise le duine gan ċóṁḟogus.

Is gairid gur aontaig an *Phœnix* ar ínsint,
Do laḃarṫa géara na ḋéig sin do ḃíḋ 'guin;
Go ḃlasda, go béasaċ, go néata, gu naoiḋeanda,
Gur ḃ'ainim di Eire ḃoċt! céile na Stíoḃart;

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?"
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 Stuarts.

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

Ag treasgarnaċ, brusgarnaċ, tubaisdeaċ, d'reoil,
Dam ġearraḋ, dam iṫeaḋ, dam ċreime, dam ḋeól,*
Go d-tagaig am ċoinne le cuman, mo stór!
Do leagfas, do ḃrisfios, a n-dliġṫi 's a g-cóṁaċta,
Do ṡealḃaiḋ ionad mo ċloinne lé fórsa!

Más caraid duit Séarlus mac Shéamuis, a Ríogain,
Is gairid go d-téarnaiḋ tar tréanṁuir ad ċoiṁdeaċt;
Le gasaraḋ ġléir-ċaṫaiḃ ġaoḋalaċ, ḋeíġ-ġníoṁaċ,
Ag sealḃaḋ do ṡléiḃt, do ċoíṁṫi, 's do ċoillte,
Ag treasgairt gan truisle le tuinsneaċt na d-treon,
'S ag tasgaḋ na droinge d'ḟúig sinne san m-brón!
Go g-caiṫfior, go g-cluinfior, le fuinnioṁ na slóġ,
A g-caṫraċaiḃ cumais tá tuilte do ṡeodiḃ,
Do ṫaḃairt ar ċomairc do ċumainn 's do ċ' róinneaċ.

*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

—o—

She had suffered all woes, had been tortured and flayed,
Had been trodden and spoiled, been deceived and betrayed;
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.

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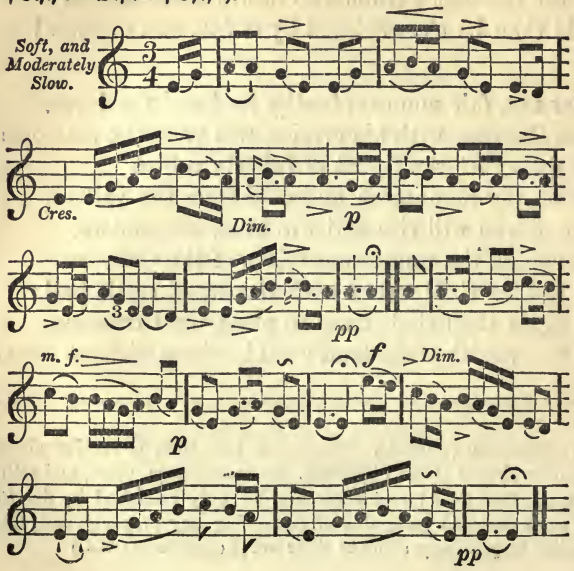
times confiscated (Leland). They were forbidden to receive education at home or abroad (Irish Statutes). Their language, dress, and religion, were proscribed (*ibid.*), and their murder only punished by fine (*ibid.*) They were declared incapable of possessing any property, and, finally, compelled to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

Suirghe Pheadair i Dhornin.

Fonn :—Sliab Féilim.



A aindir ċiuin na g-ciab,
Déinsi liomsa triall,
Air aisdior go Sliab Féilim ?
Mar nár ṫig' 'nár n-diaig,
Caraid 'ná cliar,
'Ná neaċ ar biṫ faoi ċion a m-buairioṁ !

PETER O'DORNIN'S COURTSHIP.

AIR :—" *The Hills of Feilim.*"

Sliabh Feilim (the Hill of Feilim, from which this song takes its name) is the largest of the group of hills situated about two and a-half miles north-west of the parochial church 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 1,783 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 Eiblin*, from *Eibhle*, the son of *Breogan*, one of the forty chiefs who came to avenge the death of *Ith*, as is recorded in the eighth verse of a poem in the *Leabhar Leacan* (Book of Leacan, col. i., fol. 28S), 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 agus 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, and a *Giant's grave*. At Logbrack, a *Leaba Dhiarmuid agus 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—

Beiḋeaḋ mé ḋuit am ſgiaiṫ,
Choſantaḋ ann gaċ gliaiḋ
A lile maṙ ġṙian ag éiṙgíḋe.
Mhaṙḃfainn ḋuit maṙ ḃiaḋ,
An toṙc-allaḋ 'guſ an fiaḋ,
'S ḋéanfain caṫaiṙ ḋuit do'n ḟiaṙ-ċṙaoḃaig!

Dá d-téiġin-ſi leat ſiaṙ,
Go talaṁ ṡíl m-Bṙian;
Iſ iad mo ṁacnaiḋ ḃeiḋ 'm ḋiaiġ go h-éigṁeċ!
Níoṙ aibiḋ mo ċiall,
Níoṙ ḃ-feaſaċ ḋam ṙiaṁ,
Ceannaċ ná díol do ḋéanaṁ!
B'olc áṙ n-gnóḋ aṙ ṡliaḃ
Feilim, gan biaḋ.
Mun a ḃ-faġamaoiſ aċd fiaḋ fioḋḃa!
Chuiṙfin a ḃ-faca ṙiaṁ,
Go n-goilfin mo ṫṙiall,
Sul a g-cóṁnuiġinn ann bliaġain do laeiṫiḃ!

A ċuiſle! 'guſ a ſtóṙ!
Ná ceiſniḋ do deó,
An ḟaid ṁaiṙfioſ mo ṁóṙ-léiġion liom,
Iſ deaſ do ċuiṙfin bṙóg,
'S culaiṫ do'n t-ſṙóll,
'S aſ ſtuamaḋ aṙ gaċ ſóṙt ſaoṙ me.

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!

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.

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

Chuirfin long duit faoi ṙeọ́l,
Ní'l ealaḋan dam naċ eól,
Beagán di ar dóiṫ a ḋéanaṁ;
'S ná ceisniḋ-ri go deó,
Go d-tuitfiḋ orrainn brón,
Ar mullaċ ṡléiḃ móir Féilim!

O ṫárlaiḋ go ḃ-fuil tú ṡtuamaiḋ,
Ar gaċ ealaḋan dá g-cualais,
Is é ṁeasaim-ṡi gur cluain Mhuiṁneaċ!*
Chuirfeáḋ orm dá n-gluaisfin,
Leat do'n tír úd ṙuas,
A ḃ-fad ó m' ċuaird ṁíosa.
Mo ṫaḃairt ó ṫuairim,
An ḃaile úd a ḃ-fuairis,
Macnas gan fuaċt, 's aoiḃneas,
B'fearr ḋam fuireaċ uait
A n-aice na g-Cruach,
'Ná ḃeiṫ ag filleaḋ óm' ruaig ḋíoṁaoin!

A ċuisle! 'gus a ṡtór,
Is deise fá ḋó,
Na *Helen* le'r leónaḋ an tréin-ḟear!
Gur binne liom go mór,
'Nuair ċluinim guṫ do ḃeóil,
Nó ṡeinneaḋ do ṁeór ar ṫéadaiḃ.

* A Momonian trick.

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.
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 enchaining.

Tṛiall liom ann-ṣa ṛóḋ?
Ná ḟulang mé a m-bṛón!
A lile, 'ṣ guṛ tu b̓ṛeoiḋ 'ṣ b̓uaiṛ me!
Gheab̓aiṛ imiṛt agus ól,
Ḋo ṛoġa ḋo'n uile ṡóṛt,
Aṛ mullaċ ṣléib̓ móiṛ Ḟéilim!

Tá ḋo ġeallaṁnaḋ ṛó ṁóṛ,
le na g-cóiṁlíonaḋ go ḋeo,
A ṛaḋaiṛe b̓ṛeóiḋ agus b̓uaiṛ me!
Imiṛt agus ól,
Meaḋaiṛ agus ṣpóṛt,
Ḋo ġnoḋṫaiḋ-ṣi, 'ṣ ḋo ṁóṛ-léaġan!
Maṛ b̓íḋ miṣe ṛó óg,
Ba ṁaiṫ leat me ṫab̓aiṛt,
A b̓-ḟaḋ óm' ṁóṛ-ġaoḋaltaiḋ!
Imṫeaċt leat ṣan ṛóḋ,
An áit naċ aiṫneóċain neaċ beó,
Aṛ mullaċ ṣléib̓ móiṛ Ḟéilim!

A b̓ṛuinnioll gan ṣmuaiḋ,
Náṛ meallaḋ le cluain,
A ṛealt-eólaiṣ maṛ ġṛian ag éiṛgíḋ!
Gheab̓aiṛ meaḋaiṛ aṛ ḋ-túiṣ,
Agus ṣéiṣ gan ċúṁaḋ,
Le gaḋaṛ-ċoin ċiuin, b̓éil-b̓inn.

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!

O! Damsel, O purest one!
O! morning star like the sun!
No soul could mean your betrayal!
You will know all pleasures on earth—
We'll revel in music and mirth,
And follow the chase unfailing!

Biaiḋ d' eaċraiḋ ar lúiṫ,
Leatsa ċum siúḃail,
Chum geataiḋe gaċ Dúna raobaḋ;
Le h-aitios do'n ċúis,
Le fraṡaiḋ caoin, dlúiṫ,
Ar d'aisdios go dúiṫċe Fhéilim!

A ċiuin-ṁarcaig ṡéiṁ,
Is neaṁ-ṁeónaċ, réiġ,
A ċanas do ċéim líoṁṫa?
Dá g-cluinfeaḋ an ċléir,
Go m-biaḋmaois a g-céin,
Sgarfaiḋe ó ċéile a raon sinn!
Má ṫíġeaḋ tusa a g-céin,
Le feaḃas do ṁór-leiġin,
Gheaḃair cuiṁdeaċt ó'n g-ċléir naoṁṫa;
Biaiḋ mise liom féin
'S mo ṁacnaiḋ gan réim,
Ag filleaḋ 's mé 'm aonar ċoiḋċe!

A ċuisle, a rúin mo ċléiḃ,
Ná ceisniḋ go h-éag,
Go ḃ-fíllfeaḋ tú leat féin ad t-aonar
Gheaḃair cuideaċta ó'n g-cléir,
Biaiḋ tu a g-cumann na naoṁ,
'S ní h-eagal duit céim ḋaortain!

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.

Ma ċṙeiḋion tú mo ſgéal,
Iſ ṙó-ġeaṙṙ ʒo m-béiḋiṙ,
'S ḋo ṁacnaiḋ aṙ ṙéim ḋíomſaċ;
Aṙ eaċṙaiḋ ciuin ſéiṁ,
Aʒ bṙoſdúġaḋ ḋo ċuiḋ ʒaḋaṙ,
Maṙ *Paris* aṙ ṙ̇liaḃ *Ida.*

Naċ me ḃeiḋ míllte ʒo ḋeó,
Ḋá ḋ-téiġinn leat ſan ṙóḋ,
Ḋo neaṁ-ċeaḋ mo ṁóṙ-ġaoḋaltaḋ;
Ʒan capall, ʒan bó,
Ʒan ciſḋe, ʒan ſtoṙ,
Aċḋ beaʒán beaʒ ḋo lón éaḋaiġ;
Ʒan caṙaiḋ am ċóiṙ,
Maiḋion ná nóin,
'S tuſa ḃeiṫ aṙ an nóſ céaḋna;
Nuaiṙ a ċṙuinneóċaḋ an ceó,
Tuitfimíḋ a m-bṙón,
Aṙ ṁullaċ ſléiḃ móiṙ Féilim!

A ċóm ſeanʒ ſéiṁ,
An úṙ-ċṙoiḋe ṙéiġ,
Ruʒ báṙṙ aṙ an ſaoġal le cṙíonnaċt;
Iſ leanbaḋ an focal béil,
A ċeanʒalfaḋ ſinn a ṙaon,
Naċ ḃ-faġfaiḋe ʒo h-éaʒ áṙ ſʒaoileaḋ;

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.

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 !

Ní'l aon neaċ faoi 'n n-gréin,
Naċ b̄-faġaḋ tú an éadan,
Mór-ċuid dá ṁéinn sgríobt̄a;
Aiṫreas ort dá m-béiḋeaḋ,
Go d-tiocfaḋ an t-éag,
Fuasgailt od' ṗéinn ní b̄-fuiġaḋ!

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIONNAIN.*

Tá sgamal dub̄ 's ceó draoiḋeaċt',
Ná tógfuiġear go bruinn' an b̄ráṫ'!
Air ḟearainn ḟairsing, ḟód-ċloinn,
O ṡeóil CRIOSD an fuirionn smáil:—
Tar sleasaib̄ mara ag tóruiġeaċt,
Le gleó-cloiḋiṁ do ċuir ar fán!
Ar n-dragain ṁeara, ṁór-b̄uiḋean,
O Mhóirín Ní Chuillionnáin!

D'easgaḋ an ṗeacaḋ, fa-ríor!
Do ṡeoil sínn faoi ḋliġṫib̄ náṁad;
Gan flaṫas Airt ag pór Gaoiḋeal;
Gan seoid puinn, gan cion, gan áird!—

---

* Copied from a MS. of 1732, formerly in the possession of Sir William Betham.

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!

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 Guelph's to-day.

---

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

'S ʒaċ báṫlaċ bṛacaċ, beól-ḃuiḋe,
Do'n ċóip ċṛíon do ṛuiṫ taṛ ṡáil,
A ʒ-ceannaṛ ṡlaiṫ, 'ṛ a ʒ-cóiṁṫíġeaṛ,
Le Móiṛín Ní Chuillionnáin!

Do ḋeaṛcaṛ neaċ aṛ ċló 'n aoil,
Do ṛó-línn ó neaṁ aṁ-ḋáil;
'S d'aiṫṛiṛ dam ʒo beól-ḃínn,
Ʒan ṛó-ṁoill ʒo d-tuitiḋ pláiġ:—
Aiṛ *Amsterdam* na ṛeól ṛlím,
Aṛ Sheón Stiall* 'ṛ aṛ Philib Sáill
'S náṛ ḃ-ṡada ceaṛt na Seóiṛṛiḋe,
Aiṛ Mhóiṛín Ní Chuillionnáin!

* *Seon Stiall* (John Steele), *Pilib Saill* (Philip Sall), two objectionable characters.

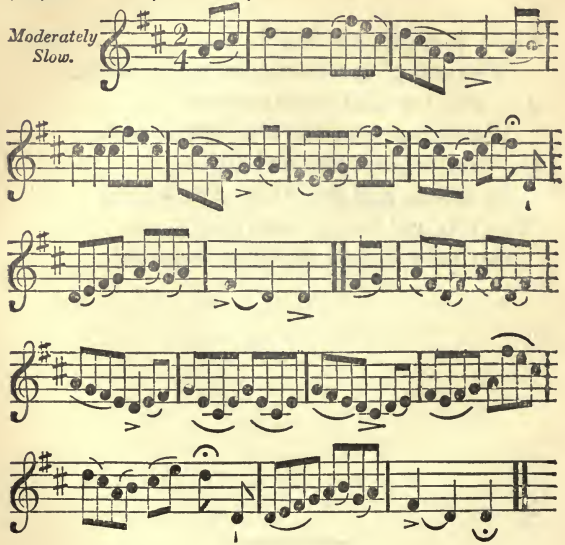
——o——

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 damned city
On Steele and Sall there lies a ban;
'Tis GOD, not George, can pity
Our poor Moirin Ni Chuillionnain!

aislinz chonchubhair ui riordain.

Fonn :—An Spealadoir.



Tráṫ 'r tréiṁre ṫairdiolar,
Am ṫímċiollaiḃ raoġail ;
O Ráṫ loirc* tré gaċ aċaran,
Go laoi-ṡruiṫ† an éirg;

* *Rath Loirc*, Charleville. † *Laoi-Shruith*, The river Lee.

CONOR O'RIORDAN'S VISION.

AIR—"*The Mower.*"

CONOR O'RIORDAN, author of this song, was a native of West Muskerry (Muscraidhe), 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 Máister*" (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 Máister* (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 páircin bheag agamsa,
Do bhán, mhin, reigh ;
Gan cladh, gan fal, gan falla lei,
Achd a h-aghaidh ar an saoghal ;
Spealadoir do ghlacfainn-si,
Ar *task* no d'reir an acradh,
Be aco sud do b'fearr leis,
No pádh an aghadh an iae."

"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—

Ʒo ɒ-tárla a n-ʒaorṫaɒ̇ ʒleanna ʒlaiʃ,
Na b̈-ƒeaɒ̇b̈a ɾéiɒ̇ náɾ ċɾaɒaiġṫe,
Ba b̈ɾeáġṫa ʃġéiṁ ɒá b̈-ƒeaca-ʃa,
Ɒe ċoilltib̈ na ʒ-cɾaob̈!

Ʒáiɾ aɾ ġéaʒaib̈ cantannaɒ̇,
Ba b̈ínn, ṁioċaiɾ, ʃéiʃ;
Bɾeáġaċt ʃʒéiṁ, 'ʃ ɒaṫannaɒ̇,
Aɾ ʒaċ mion-alt ɒe'n ƒ̇éaɾ;
Luċt páiʃe, péinne, 'ʃ ɒeannaiɒe,
Ʒeaɾɾṫa cɾéaċt, 'ʃ ʒalaɾaiʒ;
A ʒ-cáʃ ʒo ɒ-tíġeaɒ̇ aɾ ɒeaɾ'maɒ,
Le h-aoib̈neaʃ na n-éan.

Ɒo ṫáɾlaiɒ̇ taom ɒá ɒ̇eaʃʒaɒ̇ ɒ̇am,
Le'ɾ ƒ̇íneaʃ ʒo ƒáen!
Iʃ ʒeaɾɾ ʒuɾ éiɾiġ aiʃlinʒ ɒ̇am,
Le'ɾ b̈íoʒuʃ taɾ éiʃ,
Tháiniʒ ɾéaltan ṁalla-ɾoiʃʒ,
Ba ċáblaċ, cɾaob̈aċ, caʃɒa-ƒoilt;
'S páiʃɒe caoċ na h-aice 'ci,
Ɒo ṁeallƒaċ an ʃaoġal!

Iʃ ʒɾáɒ̇ṁaɾ, ʃéiṁ, ɒo b̈eannaiɒ̇ ɒ̇am,
An cɾuinn-ġiolla caoċ!
'S a láṁ ʒuɾ léiʒ aɾ aɾmaib̈,
An ɾín-ċoilʒ ġéaɾ!

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.

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 me dreamt 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;

Do ráid an b̓éit̓ go cart̓anac̓,
Cur deárnad̓ fae na c̓eal' gaib̓;
Gráin mo c̓léib̓ a d̓artaire,
Ar do ṙaiġeadaib̓, ná déin?

A ġrád̓, a laoġ, 'r a c̓araid c̓umainn,
Díograir mo c̓léib̓!
Ná fág mé an-éagmair t-ainime,
Le h-ínnṙint tar h-eir!
Dáilid Eire 'r Banba,
Clár loirc Eib̓ear gairmid,
Cé 'táimṙe d'éir na b̓-fearra-c̓on,
Gan c̓uiṁnead̓! Gan c̓éill!

Ir gearr gur éirig reanc̓ar,
D'ár g-cointinn a raon;
Ag cáraṁ tréad na ranna ruilt,
Dá n-díog' ar an raoġal,*
Gan trác̓t ar rgéal, ná eac̓tra,
Acd clára faob̓air 'r rpealanad̓,
Bánta réid̓ 'gur ac̓arainn,
'S Innṙeac̓ad̓ féir!

* 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,

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!"

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 withe,
Or gloomy grove of oak.

---

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

Tá 'gam ſgéal le h-aiṫriſ,
'S ínſim duit é;
Gur gearr go réiġfeaḋ an t-Aṫair-Mhac,
De ġeiṁleaċaiḃ Gaoḋail;
Tá gárda laoċ fá armaiḃ,
Go dána ag téaċt tar fairge,
Ní gáḋ ḋíḃ téarmaḋ ar ṫalaṁaiḃ,
'S ná coingṁíḋ ḃúr léiſ?

Beiḋ lá tar éiſ go h-aiṫreaċ
Ag daoiniḃ na g-claon!
Arſaċt, léiṫeaċt, craipiḋṫeaċt,
'S crínneaċt a téaċt!
An báſ mar ċéile leapṫa 'ca,
'S aſ gránа gné an ṗeacaḋ orra;
A láṫair Dé gaċ ain'ḃeart,
Dá n-gníoṁarṫaiḃ le léaġaḋ!

Táim cráiḋte ag béarlaḋ Sagſannaċ,
San tír ar gaċ taoḃ!
'S táid na Gaoiḋeil cóṁ gangaideaċ,
'S a n-ínntin iſ claon!
Lán do ṫréiġṫiḃ mallaiġṫe,
Gan táḃaċt a n-déirc, ná g-carṫannaċd,
'S gráſa Dé go n-dearmaid,
Le díograiſ do'n t-ſaoġal!

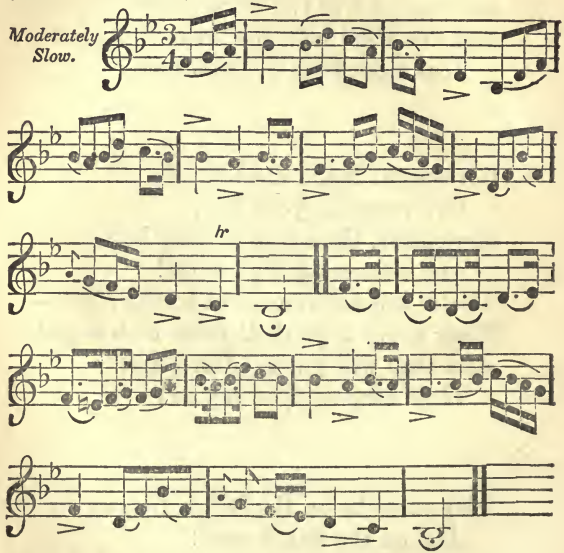
"But hear! I have a tale to tell,"
She said—"a cheering tale;
The Lord of Heaven, I know full well,
Will soon set free the Gael.
A band of warriors, great and brave,
Are coming o'er the ocean-wave;
And you shall hold the lands GOD gave
Your sires, both hill and vale.

"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!"

An Chuilfhionn.

Fonn :—An Chúil-Fhionn.



A b̓-facaḋ tú an Chúil-ḟionn 'r í ag riúḃal ar na bóiṫre,
Maiden ġeal drúċta 'r gan rmút ar a brógа;
Is iomḋa ógánaċ rúl-ġlas ag tnúṫ le í ṗóṙaḋ,
Aċd ní b̓-faġaḋ riad mo rún-ra ar an g-cúntas is dóiṫ leó.

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 slights them, for all their soft sighing and whining.

* Scene of Owen Roe's memorable victory over Monroe in 1646.

A b-facaḋ tú mo báḃán, lá bneáġ 'r í na h-aenaṙ,
A cúl ḋualaċ ḋuṙ-leánaċ, ġo rlinneán ríor léiṫe;
Mil aṙ an óiġ-ḃean, 'r ṙóṙ bneáġ na na h-éaḋan,
'S aṙ ḋóiṫ le ġaċ rṙuiṙán ġuṙ leanán leiṙ féin í!

A b-facaḋ tú mo ṙréiṁḃean 'r í taoḃ leiṙ an toinn,
Fáinniḋe óiṙ aṙ a méaṙaiḃ 'r í péiṙḋtioċ a cinn;
Ir é ḋúḃaiṙt an Paoṙaċ bíḋ 'na ṁaoṙ aṙ an loinġ,
Go m'feaṙṙ leiṙ eiġe féin í, 'ná Eiṙe ġan ṙoinn!

---

moirin ni chuilleannain.

Tomáṙ ṁeic Coiṫiṙ, ccc.

Cia h-í an ḃean! nó an eól ḋíḃ,
Do ṙeólaiḋeaḋ anoiṙ am láiṁ?
Thuġ ciall na b-ṙeaṙ aiṙ móṙ-ḃaoiṙ,
Ba ḋóiġ linn naċ tiocṙaiḋ ṙlán:—
Ġlan-ḃiaḋ 'ġuṙ ṙeaṙc na n-óġ í,
'S ṙtóṙ-ċroiḋe ġaċ n-ḋuine an báḃ,
Ġeal-ġṁian na m-ḃan aiṙ ló í,
Móiṙín Ni Chuilleannáin!

Have you e'er on a summer's day, wandering over
The hills, O, young man, met my beautiful rover?
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.

MOIRIN NI CHUILLIEANNAIN.

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 Chuilleannain.

'Tá "Gliaḋaire Caṫa"* air ḋeórairḋeaċt,
San Eóruip fá ċomairc ċáich :
Do'n ġrian-ḟuil Alban ṁór-ríoġ,
'Gur fór, ní ḃ-fuil fuil ir fearr ;—
San m-bliaḋain re fear naċ ḋóiṫ línn,
Le fórrairḋiḃ go h-Innis Fáil,
Beiḋ'n triaṫ-ri teaċt ag tórúġeaċt,
Air Mhóirín Ní Chuilleannáin!

Beiḋ 'n Ríoġ-ḟlaiṫ aguinn póṙḋa,
Gan mór-ṁoill i n-Innis-Fáil;
'S cliar ag teaċt o'n Róiṁ leis,
A g-cóir guiḋe é do ḃeiṫ ṙlán:—
Déanfaḋ áċt an ṁór-ġrínn,
Ag tórúġeaċḋ air ċuid na mná ;
'S ní iarrfaiḋ aċt trí c' róinniḋe,†
Le Móirín Ní Chuilleannáin!

* *Gliadhaire Catha*, a Battle-warrior.

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

——o——

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 Chuilleannain!

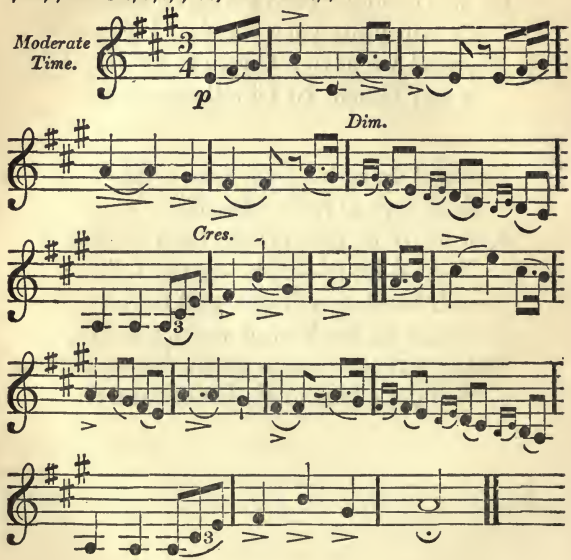
Hurrah! hurrah! I see him come—
He comes to rescue Inisfail—
And many myriad priests from Rome
Will aid him—for, he cannot fail!
Search hamlets, villages, and towns,
Tempt all the best or worst you can,
But, ere twelve moons go by, Three Crowns
Will deck Moirin Ni Chuilleannain!

—o—

Caitilin ni uallachain.

Uilliam Dall Ua h-earnáin, cct.

Fonn :—Caitilín Ni Uallaċáin.



Mearamaoid, naċ calm rin, do'n ḃuairt ran Sbáinn,
Aċd mealla rliġe, ċum caṫa cloidiṁ, do ṫaḃairt a d-tráiṫ;
Beid Galla a ríṡ, dá leagad ríos, le lúṫ ár láṁaiḃ,
Agus mac an Ríġ, ag Caitilín Ní Uallaċáin!

CAITILIN NI UALLACHAIN.

BY WILLIAM HEFFERNAN (THE BLIND).

Caitilin Ni Uallachain (Catharine Holahan) is another of those allegorical names by which Ireland is known in Irish song. 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," 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 *descendant of Niall, son of Carthach, descendant 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 would 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!*

Ȝealluim dib̓, nac̓ fada a ris, ȝur buad̓art̓a an ġáir,
Aȝ arm faob̓air dá ȝ-ceapad̓ línn, 'r fuadar lám̓aiȝ;
Is tapa cruinn do ṗreabfamaois, 'r as buacac̓, árd,
Dá m-beit̓ mac an Ríġ aȝ Caitilín Ní Uallac̓áin!

Is fada sinn aȝ faire aris, le fuasȝail d'ḟáġail,
Nár stalairíd̓e, ȝan balcaisíd̓e, 'ná luad̓ 'nár láim̓;
Beid̓ barca líonta air barra taoide, 'r fuaim air sáil,
Le mac an Ríġ, c̓um Caitilín Ní Uallac̓áin!

Ná measadaois ȝur caile c̓íor ár stuaire stáid,
Ná caillic̓ín, 'na ȝ-crapadaois a cuaill-b̓eaȝ cnám̓a;
Cia fada luiġe d̓i le fearaib c̓óim̓t̓eac̓, ȝan suaim̓-neas d'ḟáġail,
Atá sáit̓ an Ríġ a ȝ-Caitilín Ní Uallac̓áin!

Is fada a dlaoit̓e, casda cíort̓a, 'r a sȝuab-ḟolt bán,
'S a dearca rín aȝ am̓arc Ȝaoid̓eal, cois cuanta breáġ;
Is blasda bínn do c̓anan sí, ȝur buan b̓íos páirt,
Idir m̓ac an Ríġ 'ȝus Caitilín Ní Uallac̓áin!

Ná measadaois, na sprealairíd̓e, ȝur buan ár b-páis,
'S ȝur ȝearr a b̓íd na ȝlasa a sȝaoile, 'nuair is cruaiġ an cás;
Ȝo n-deárnad̓ Dia roim̓ ṗobul *Israel*, de'n mórm̓uir tráiġ,
'S ȝo b̓-fóiread̓ an Ríġ ort, a Chaitilín Ní Uallac̓áin!

Yield not to fear! The time is near—with sword in hand
We soon will 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
Pierced 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!*

* Ireland's.

A Mhuire ḋílis! a ċaraḋ ċaoin-ruisg, gaċ uair nár b-páirt,
Agail Iosa! ar son na n-Gaoiḋeal-ḃoċt, is cruaiġ an cás!
Luċt an ísbirt do ċur ar díbirt, ár stuaire mná,
'S a céile fír-ċeart, do ṫeacṫ tar taoide, gan buairt na ḋáil!

Ceangal.

Tá gné ġlan air *Phoebus*, 's lonnraḋ ṫríd,
Tá an rae 'gus ná réalta a g-cúrsa ċruinn;
Tá na spéarṫa fá sgéiṁ-glan, gan smúit, gan téiṁiol,
Roiṁ Réx ceart na féinne, 's a ṫrúp tar toinn.

Tá ár g-cléire a g-caoṁ-ġuiṫ, a súil le Críost,
'S ar n-éigsi go réimeaċ, 's a g-cúṁa dul díoḃ:
Gaoḋail ḃoċt Innis Eilge, go súgaċ, síoḋaċ,
Roiṁ Shéamus* ṁic Seamuis, 's an Ḋiuic tar toinn.

---

* In the first stanza, the poet alludes to the regal honours paid to 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."

Had he accomplished his design of sending the Duke of Ormond and

——o——

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.

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 Mangan did not versify them.

† The Chevalier de St. George.

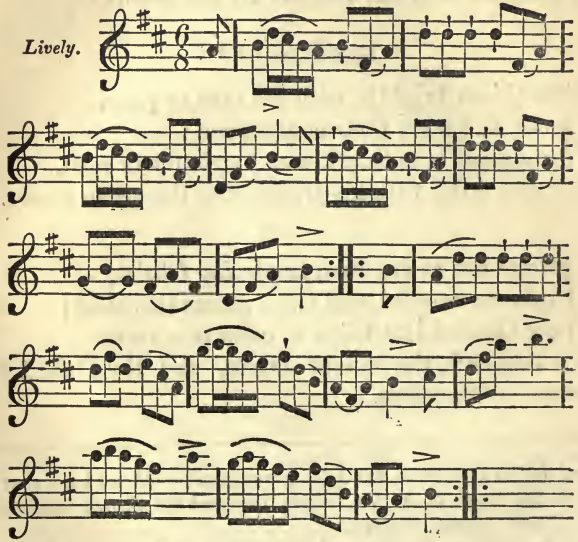
‡ James, second Duke of Ormond.

—o—

Failtiughadh Righ Searlus.

Uilliam Dall, cct.

THE HUMOURS OF GLYN.



A phádraig na n-árrann ! a g-cluin' tú na gárrṫa,
A g-cluinir an plé-ráca,* an riorrad, 'r an gleo ?
Ar ċualair mar ṫáinic go cóige Ullad an ġárda,
Thurot na ṙláinte le h-iomarcad rgóip !

* *Ple Race* means a row, such as would occur in a country shebeen

A WELCOME FOR KING CHARLES.

BY WILLIAM HEFFERNAN (THE BLIND).

AIR:—"*Humours of Glynn.*"

THIS air was 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 clangour, the shouting, so lately gone forth?
The troops have come over the blue-billowed ocean,
And Thurot† commands in the camp of the North.

---

house. It is derived from *ple*, contention, and *raca*, an epithet by which a country public-house is known among the natives.

† Commander Thurot (whose real name it is said was O'Farrell) and

Preab! bío ad ṡeasaṁ! glac mean'mnaḋ 'r bíog 'noir?
Gríoraig na reaḃaic-ri ad t-aice ċum rpóirt,
Beiḋeaḋ puicíḋe dá réide le cloiḋeaṁ a m-beiḋ faoḃar air,
'S raċam a n-éinḟeaċt faoi ḃrataiḃ ár leóġain.

Eirdig a ġaoḋail-ḃoiċt 'tá cráiḋte 'ge méirlig,
Glacaig ḃúr d-tréan-airm gairge 'n ḃúr n-dóid,
Bioḋ *Hurrah* go rúgaċ! anoir o tá 'n príonnra
'S a ġárdaiġe go dúbaltaḋ ag tarraint 'n ḃúr g-cóir?
Hurroo gan doċmaḋ! bíoḋ deoċ ar an m-bórd agaiḃ,
Suigíḋe go roċmaḋ le roilíḃior ceoil?
Tá'n báire ag ár muintir, 'r an lá 'co ar an naṁaide,
'S go bráṫ beiḋ ár raoiṫe ag imirt 'r ag ól.

Atá 'n Rúta* ra láidir máṡ fior gaċ a ráiḋtear,
An croḃaire ceann-árd 'r a ḃuime gan ḃrón;
Seoirre go lán-lag—'r *Cumberland* cráiḋte,
Pitt ann ra *Parliament* caiṫte air a ṫóin!

Colonel 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 in 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. Thurot was killed in the action, after a most heroic but ineffectual de-

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.

---

fence 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 Ramsay 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's "*History of Carrickfergus*," "*Life of Thurot*," by T. C. Croker.

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

Na *Heelans** dá d-tarraint faoi ṗlaidiḃ na d-trúpannaiḃ
'S a b-píbionaḋ fada dá spreaga ċum ceoil,
Rainnce ar gaċ maol-ċnoc—le h-áṫar na sgléipe;
Ag cur fáilte roiṁ Shéarlus a ḃaile 'na ċ'róinn.

Ar é 'n ríġ-ráḋ dáiríre é—an plé-raca, 'r an t-aoiḃ'neas,
An sgéal breáġa le h-ínnsint faid ṁairfiom gaċ ló;
Na cóbaig go claoiḋte—gan fóiṫ' rin, gan fíonta,
Gan ceóltaḋ, gan saoiṫe, gan bailte, gan lón!
Raobaig gaċ Galla-ṗoc,—leagaig 'r rúsgaig lad,
Cuirig ar talaṁ ḃúr n-aiṫreaċ an ċóip,
Tá Seoirse 'r a ṁuintir go brónaċ lag claoiḋte,
'S c'róinn na d-trí ríoġaċda ní ċasfaid go deo!

---

an bhain-treabhach 's an mhaighdion.†

Ar maiġdion 'r ar bain-treaḃaċ do rinn Dia go h-óg díom,
Ní bínn liom an ċreiḋill-si gaḃail tímċioll mo nuaḋċair;
Ba ḃean-ṗósda ar maidin mé, o'n Eaglais ċoṁaċtaċ,
'S ar bain-treaḃaċ m'ainim ar ṫeaċt do'n tráṫnóna.

---

* *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 need not be questioned. According to the highest authority on that

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.

---

episode in 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 Archæological Society*, by *J. C. O'Callaghan.*

Tá ſmúit aṙ mo ċṙoiḋe-ſi ná ſgaoilfeaḋ go h-éag de,
Feaḋ ḃeiḋ dṙúċt aṙ na gleannta, ná ceó aṙ na ſléiḃte;
Tá cóṁṙaḋ dá ſníoṁ ḋuit go caoin deaſ de'n ċaol daiṙ,
Iſ é mo lá ḃṙóin an ċṙeiḋill-ſi* dá ínnſint guṙ éagaiſ!

Iſ deaſ do ṫiocfaḋ cloíḋeaṁ ḋuit aṙ maṙcaiġeaċt aṙ ċaol-eaċ,
Nó ag ſéide na h-aḋaiṙce 'ſ do ġaḋaiṙ-ḃinne aiṙ ſaoṫaṙ;
Thógfáḋ an ceó ḋe m'íntinn 'ſ tú aṙ ḃeinn-ṁaoil an t-ſléiḃe,
Aguſ áiṙeóċamaoid uainn tú lá buailte Ríġ Séamuſ!

Iſ móṙ móṙ é m'eagla go ḃ-fuil do ṁuintiṙ a ḃ-fuaṙán liom,
Maṙ náṙ liuġaſ 'ſ náṙ ſgṙeadaſ nuaiṙ ċonnaṙc an ḟuil uaſal!
D'ḟéaċ tú taṙ aiṙ oṙm a ḋian-ġṙáḋ la tṙuaġ ḋam,
Aċd d'imṙíġeag an feall aṙ mo annſaċd an uaiṙ úd!

Mo ṁallaċt ḃéaṙfainn d'aoin-ḃean na m-beiḋeaċ beiṙt ḟeaṙ dá h-iaṙṙaḋ,
Ná déanfaḋ a díṫċioll gan aon aca ṙiaṙaḋ;
Maṙ iſ áilleán fiṙ ċailce aṙ ċaill mé mo ċiall leiſ,
'S feaṙ bṙeáġa-deaſ ná gṙána ní ġṙáiḋfead ad ḋiaig-ſi!

* *Creidhill*, 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 unsheathed,
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 slaughter.
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 Gerald Griffin's beautiful verses "The Bridal of Malahide":—

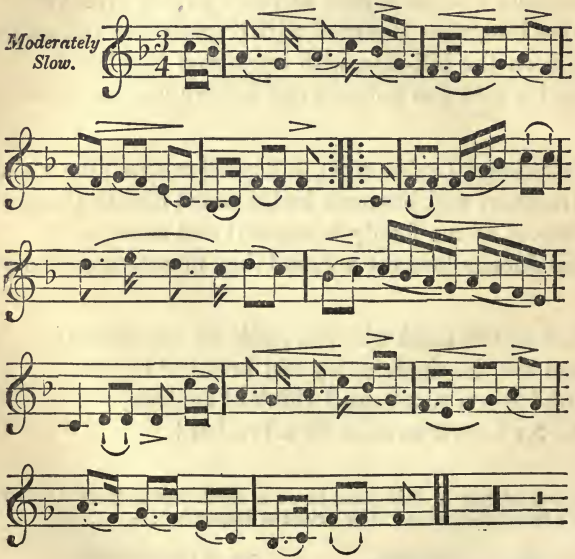
"Ye saw him at morning,
How gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning,
The star of the day:
Now weep for the lover—
His triumph is sped,
His hope it is over!
The chieftain is dead!

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!"

Siainte Righ Searias.

Eóġan Ruaḋ Ua Súilleaḃáin, cct., A.D. 1783.

Fonn :—Seáġan O'Duiḃir an Ghleanna.



Mo ċar! mo ċaoi! mo ċearnaḋ!
An fáṫ ṫug claoiḋte an earbaḋ!
Faiġe, draoiṫe, 'r ragairt,
Daiṁ agur cléir!

A HEALTH TO KING CHARLES.

BY EOGAN 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 Minstrelsy."

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!

Ȝan dáin da ríoṁ le h-aitios,
Ȝan ráiḋte ȝrínn dá ȝ-cannaḋ;
Ȝan sáṁ-ċruit ḃínn dá sprеaȝaḋ;
A m-bán-ḃroȝaiḃ réiḋ!
Ȝaċ ráib d'ḟuil Mhíliḋ ċeannais,
Láidir, laoċda, ṫapa;
Ba ġnáṫaċ rainceaċ, raṫaċ,
Lán-oilte air faoḃar!
Ȝan stát, ȝan buiḋean,* ȝan fearann,
Ar is míle mearaḋ
Na Seáġan Ua Duiḃir an Ȝhleanna,
A ḃeiṫ fáȝṫaḋ ȝan *Game!*

Tráiṫ a raoir am leabaḋ,
Aȝ cásaṁ díṫ† na seaḃaċ;
Tháinid sȝuim ȝan sȝaipeaḋ,
O láṁaiḃ *Morpheus!*
Faoi'm ḋáil ȝo silteaċ, seasȝair,
Táṁaċ, tím, ȝan taise,
D'ḟáȝ me air díṫ mo ṫapaiḋ
'Ȝus d'árdaiȝ mo neul!
Ȝan sprás a tíġeaċt do ḋearcas,
Fáinȝeaċ ġrínn tre m' aislinȝ,
Ȝo h-áluinn, íoȝair, aibiȝ,
Táite le m' ṫaoḃ.
'S ȝur ḃreáġṫaḋ línn, ȝan bladar,
Sȝáil 'r aoiġir, a leacan;
Ná'n ṁánlaḋ ṁin‡ le'r cailleaȝ
Ȝárda na Trae!

* Readings in other copies—maoin. † éaȝ. ‡ Helen.

See her sages hoary,
Once the island's glory,
Wandering without story
Or solace, to and fro.
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.

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

Ba ċáblaċ, cíorṫa, casda,
Táclaċ, dlaoiṫeaċ, daṫaċ,
Sgáinneaċ, trínseaċ,* fada,
Fáingeaċ go feur,
A bláṫ-ḟolt binneaċ, leaḃair,
Cárnaċ, bíseaċ, snamaċ;
O árd a cínn na n-dlaṫaiḃ,
Táiṫ-leaḃair, léi.
Bhí sgáil na g-cáor air lasa,
Tre ḃáine an líṫ 'na leacain;
Mándaċt, míne, 'ṡ maise,
Táite 'na sgéiṁ!
'S a sáṁ-rosg rín le'r ċealg
Táinte laoiċ gan tapaḋ!
Sásta 'ṡ ionann mala
Ard-ṡnuiḋte, caol.

A bráġa mar ġnaoi na h-eala,
An tráṫ do luiġean air aḃainn;
Nó snáṁ na taoide mara,
Air ḃán-ṫonnaiḃ tréan,
A bán-ċroḃ aolda, leaḃair,
Is sáṁ do ríṁeaċ air ḃrataiḃ;
Cága, míoltaḋ, seannaig,
Róinte 'gus éisg.
Cárnaḋ 'ṡ coíṁeasgair seaḃac,
Gáir na g-cloíḋeaṁ dá n-greada,
Bláṫ na g-ċraoḃ 'ṡ ealta,
A m-bárr-ċluṫair géag,

* Frainnseaċ.

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.
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!

'S ʒur ṙáiṁe línn ʒaċ aiṡde,
'S dáin ʒan ḟuiġeall dá ʒ-cannaḋ;
A ṙáiḋtiḃ ʒṙínn le blaiṡe
Ná ṡáṁ-ċṙuit *Orpheus!*

Táim, ar ṡí, le ṡealad,
Ḟáʒṫa air díṫ mo ċaṙad;
Ḟaoi ṫáir aʒ dṙíodar Danar,
D'áṙdaiʒ mo leun!
Ʒan ċáin, ʒan ċṙíċ, ʒan ċeannaṡ,
Ʒan áṙuṡ ṙíġ mar ċleaċtaṡ,
Ʒan táin, ʒan ḃuiḋean, ʒan ḟeaṙann,
Aṙd-ṁeaṡ, ná ṙéim!
Am ċṙáin ḃoċt ċnaoite, ċaite,
Aʒ tál ʒo ḟuiġeaċ o'm ḃallaiḃ,
Air áḋal ʒaċ daoiṡte d'aicme,
Shátan, ʒiḋ' claon!
'S ʒo bṙáṫ ní cuiḃe ḋuit laḃairt,
Páiṙt ċum ʒṙínn do ṫaḃairt;
Le m'áiṙioṁ d'ḟuiġ'leaċ airm,
Ʒáṙda aʒuṡ maoṙ.

Dar Páṙán díḃ do ṁeaṡaṡ,
Ʒur pláṡ ʒaċ ní do laḃair;
Mar ḟál ó'n n-ʒṅíoṁ 'nar ḃeaṙtaṡ,
Páiṙteaċ ḃeiṫ léi;
Ʒan ṡpáṡ do'n ṙíoʒ' ʒur aiceaṡ,
Ḟáṫ a tíġeaċt dam aice,
A ṙáṡ, a cṙaoiḃ, 'ṡ a h-ainim,
Ḟaṙṙaḋ a béaṡ.

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.
Like a barren mother
Nursing for another
Cubs she fain would smother,
So I feel 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!"

Ḋ'éiṡ lán-toċt caoi ʒuṙ aiṫṙiṡ
Aṙ na ṡaoiṫe* ṡ̇namaiʒ;
An áitṙeaḃ cṙíċe Chaiṡil,
Cháiġ ċumaiṡʒ léi.
'S taṙ ṡáil ʒo ṡʒíoṙḋfaḋ aicme,
Ḋhána, ḋ̇íomṡaċ, aibiġ,
A cṙáḋ 'ṡa ḋíoṫ-ċuṙ Ḋanaṙ
Ḋána, aṡ a ṙéim.

Am ṗáiṙt-ṡi ʒuiḋeaċ ʒaċ ṡeabac,
Atá ʒan ċṙíoċ le ṡealaḋ,
Faoi ṫáiṙ na ḋaoiṙṡe aʒ ṡeaṡaṁ,
Sáṙ-ṫoile Ḋé!
Ʒaċ tṙáiṫ ċum CRIOSḊ fuaiṙ peannaiḋ,
Páiṡ 'ṡ íoḋbaiṙt ṡ̇eaṙḃ!
Cṙáḋ le fíoċ 'ṡ ʒeaṙṙaḋ
Cnáṁ, aʒuṡ ʒéaʒ!
An fáġnaċ, Ríġ ʒan ainim,†
Atá ḋo ṡ̇íoṙ fá ṡʒamal;
Ʒan ṡpáṡ a ṫ̇íġeaċt a n-ʒṙaḋam,
Aitṙeaḃ na n-Ʒaoḋal.

*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 followed this advice so reli-

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!"

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!

giously, that his name among the Irish peasantry is still synonymous with murder, ruin, and desolation.

† *An faghnach Righ gan ainim.* The exiled or wandering King without a name—Prince Charles Edward Stuart.

‡ In 1647, Cashel was sacked by the Earl of Inchiquin's troops. For an account of the hideous massacre, see Rev. C. P. Meehan's "Irish Franciscans" and "Hierarchy," p. 360.

'S an tár-sprot coiṁṫeaċ, meaṁuill,
Atá na suiġe 'nár m-bailte,
Le cárna clóiḋeaṁ do sgaipeaḋ,
As clár leaṫan Néill.

Go h-áitreaḃ Chuinn dá d-tagaċ,
Spáinnig* ġroiḋe le ceannas;
'S gárda laoiseaċ ḟearaḋ,
Táin do luċt faoḃar.
Ní ḃ-fuil sráid san riġeaċt 'ná caṫair;
Nár ḃ'árd a d-teínte air lasaḋ,
Lán-ċuid fíon dá sgaipeaḋ,
'S gárdaċas pléar,
Dáin ag buiḋean na leaḃar,
Ráis 's "rainnce fada;"
Cláirseaċ ċaoin dá sprreagaḋ,
Gárrṫa 'gus sgléip!
Ag fáiltiúġaḋ an Ríġ tar calaiṫ,
'S ní ṫráċtfar línn air ainim,
'S a ċáirde diúgaig feasda,
Sláinte mo Rex!

* "Les Irlandois" (says Boullaye Le Gouz) "ayment les Espagnols comme leur frères, les François comme leurs amis, les Italiens comme leurs alliez, les Allemands comme leur parens, les Anglois et Ecossois sont leur ennemis irreconcilables."—*Voyages et Observations*, 447.

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.

(The Irish love the Spaniards as brothers, the French as their friends, the Italians as their allies, the Germans as their kinsmen, but the English and Scotch they regard as their irreconcilable enemies.)

ingḣion an ꝼhaoiꞇ o'n n-ꝺleann.*

Siúḃail a ċuiꝺ! bíꝺ aꝺ ꝺluaiꞅeaċꞇ,
Ꝺan ꞅꝺíꞇ, ꝺan ꞅꞇaꝺ, ꝺan ꝼuaꞅaꝺ;
Ꞇá'n oíꝺċe ġaiꞅiꝺ ꞅaṁꞅaꝺ;
'S bíoꝺam a ꞅaon aꞅ ꞅiúḃal?
Ꞇheaḃaiꞅ aoiḃneaꞅ, baiꞇe móꞅa,
'S ꞅaꝺaꞅc le m' ꞇaoib aꞅ ċuanꞇaꝺ;
'S a Chꞅíoꞅꞇ náꞅ ꞅó-ḃꞅeáġ an uain í,
Aꞅ an ḃ-ꝼaoiꞇeaċ ꝼaꝺa ó'n n-ꝺleann!

Ꞇá mé lán ꝺo naiꞅe
Ꞇꞅé ꝺaċ beaꞅꞇ ꝺá n-ꝺeáꞅnaꝺ;
Maꞅ iꞅ buaċaill mé ḃíꝺ ꝺána;
'S ꝺ' imꞇiġ uaim mo ġꞅeann!
Ní beó mé mí 'ná ꞅáiꞇe,
Maꞅ a ḃ-ꝼaġaiꝺ mé póꝺ 'ꞅ ꝼáiꞇe,
'S ceaꝺ ꞅíne ꞅíoꞅ le ꝺ' ḃáin-ċneiꞅ,
A Inġíon an ꝼhaoiꞇ ó 'n n-ꝺleann!

Iꞅ iomꝺa caiꞇín ꞅpéiꞅeaṁail,
Ꝺo ġluaiꞅꝼeaꝺ liom na h-aonaꞅ;
Moꞇꞇaim ꝼéin a ꞇꞅéiġꞇe,
A ꝺ-coiꞇꞇe ḃéal áꞇ-úiꞅ,†

* *Gleann* (Glyn), a small village situate 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:—

WHITE'S DAUGHTER OF THE GLEN.

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 is many a Kate and Sally
Who'd gladly stray and dally
Along with me in valley,
Or glade, or mossy cell—

"*Bioch a leath air an d-taobh air nos aonach an Ghleanna.*"

"Let it be fairly divided, like the fair of Glyn."

† 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.

Dá m-beiḋmíṡ aǵá ċéile,
'S aǵ ól a n-Duṛlaṡ Fhéile,*
Mo láṁ ḟaoi ċeann mo ċéaḋ-ṡeaṛc,
Do ċuiṛfinn í ċum ṡuain!

A ċailín baṛṛaṁail, ṡpéiṛeaṁail,
'Na d-tuǵ mé ṡeaṛc mo ċléiḃ duit;
Iṡ é 'n ǵráḋ do ṫuǵ mé 'ṛaoiṛ duit,
Chuiṛ an ṡaoġaḋ-ṡa tṛe m' ċom!
Ní beó aṛ muiṛ ná aṛ ḟéaṛ me,
'S taoṡǵaim ḟuil mo ċléiḃ 'maċ;
Iṡ é mo ḃṛón ǵan mé iṡ mo ċéaḋ-ṡeaṛc,
Faoi ḋuilleaḃaṛ ġlaṡ na ǵ-cṛann!

Dá m-ḃeiḋinn-ṡi lá bṛeáġ ǵṛéine,
Am ḟuiḋe aṛ ḃeinn an t-ṡléiḃe;
An lon-duḃ† 'ṡ an ċéiṛṡeaċ,
Aǵ ṡeinim óṡ mo ċeann;
Ba ḋeaṡ do ṡǵṛíḃfinn ḃéaṛṡa,
'S b'ionǵnaḋ leó maṛ léiġfin,
A n-ǵráḋ ḃeiṫ ṡínte taoḃ leat,
A Inġíon an Fhaoit ó'n n-Ǵleann!

* *Thurles*, in the county of Tipperary.

† *Lon-dubh.* The Blackbird. This bird was a great favourite 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 Chairnn!
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,
Mairg nach eisdir ris go foil!
A mhic Alphruinn na g-clog m-binn,
'S go m-beartha aris air do noin.

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!

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!

‡ Mether, in Irish *Meadar*, a drinking-vessel used by the ancient Irish.

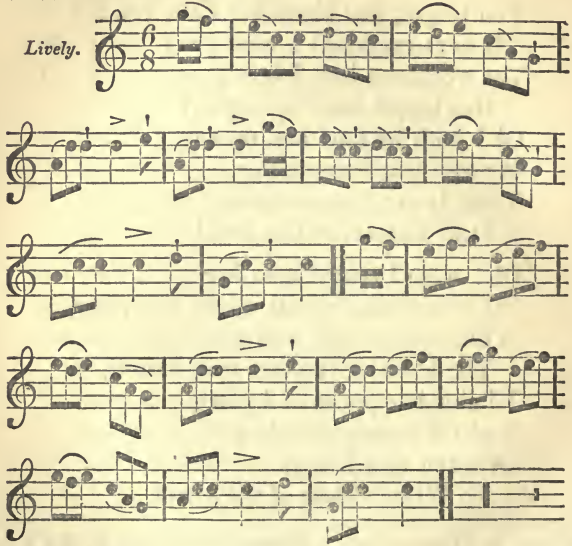
Melodious are thy lays, O, Blackbird of Derrycarn!
I have never heard in any quarter of the globe
Music sweeter than thine
While perched beneath thy nest.

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 strident voices of his choristers, with which he contrasts the tuneful warbling of the Derrycarn blackbird.

Domhnall na Greine.

Fonn :—Doṁnall na Gréine.



Comaoin 'r *Frolic*—ċuir Artúr de Bhailir
Ar Dhoṁnall na Gréine!
Má ċualaḋ rib a ṫréiġṫe!
Go g-caiṫfeaċ ré reaċtṁain ag ól a d-tiġ leannaḋ,
'S ná tuitfeaċ néal air,
B'anaṁ díṫ céille air!

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'Brien, which appears at p.310. of this volume.

"Beidh hata maith beabhair,
Air *Dhomhnall na Greine*,
Da chathadh is na spmhartha le mér-chroidhe."

Domhnall na Greine,
Shall have a fine beaver,
Which 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 :—

Potaties 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.

Wild Domnhall 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 riarfaċ sé ceaṫrar—ní ḋéanfaċ sé casaoid,
b'anaṁ gan gléas é,
Doṁnall na Gréine!
Trodaire, bucaire—dá ḃ-fuil san ḃ-faision é,
"Cuisle na Féile"
An Spalpaire Tréiṫeaċ!

Do léiġiseaċ sé cailleaċ ar ṁúċaḋ 's air ċasaċd,
Sin cuid dá ḃéasa,
Go n-déanaḋ sé réiḋteaċ!
Dá m-bogaḋ 's dá mealla ó oiḋċe go maidion.
Le bladar 's bréaga,
Eaċtra 's sgéalta!

b'árd a léim-raṫa—'s ba ċruaiḋ a ḃuille ḃata,
Ag teaċt aimsir ḟéaḋma,
Do ṫroidfeaċ sé céadta.
Ba ṙaṁail md ġearḟiaḋ le lúġaiḋ láṁ-ḟada,
Le Alustrom éaċtaċ,
No *Hercules* Gréagaċ.

Ní tréine é ar talaṁ 'ná ar tuinn mara,
Do ṙnáṁṫaċ an Eirne
An stoirm no 'n séide.
Níl aon neaċ dá mairion nár ṙáraiḋ à g-cleasaḋ,
b'ḟuiris do ḋéanaṁ,
bhí sé ró ṫréiṫeaċ.

* *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!

† *Alpeen* (*rectius*, ailpin), a wattle. Used at country fairs in faction fights. ‡ Hurling.

Níl ceárd ná ealaḋan nár ṡáraiḋ ġan doċar,
'S níor cuireaḋ bréaġ,
Ar Dhóṁnall na Ġréine.
Ba ṫáiliúir, ba ġoḃa é, b'ḟear ġléasda potaiḋe é,
'S d'ḟíġfeaċ sé éadaċ,
Cotún 's *Cambrick!*

Ġréasaiḋe ró ṁolta é, Printéir breáġ leaḃar é,
Dhéanfaċ sé céaċda,—
D'ḟuirseaċ na bréanraḋ*—
Ġléiséir an ḟeaḃar, ba ḋaoire ḃí a ġ-Corcaiḋ é,
Doṁnall na Ġréine,
Do ṡeinneaċ air ṫeadaiḃ!

Le h-aol 's le cloċa, do ḋéanfaċ sé obair,
Droiċead ar an Eirne,
Nó tárṡna ar an d-tréan-ṁuir!
Bád aġus coite, do ḋéanfaċ ġo tapa,
Threaḃṫaċ an tréanṁuir,
A nún ċum na Tréiġe!

Groom aġus marcaċ é, naċ fuair riaṁ a leaġaḋ,
Sheinneaċ sé ar ṗíob,
'S ar ġaċ sórt rianṡa.

* *Fallow.*

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,
A weaver of cambrick,
Was also the same brick!

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.

Bóṙd agus leabaiḋ do ḋéanfaċ go tapaiḋ,
'S ḋéanaċ sé bṙísde,
Do ċṙoicean na caoṙaċ.

D'ólfaċ deoċ leanna 's é féin dá ceannaċ
'S as blasda na bṙiaṫṙa,
Chánaċ go ċialṁaṙ.
Dhéanfaċ sé *Pitcher* do ṙuiġfeaċ san g-cistin,
Choingṁeóḋaċ *Geneva*,
D'ólfaċ na *Ladies!*

Le feaḃas a ċuideaċta ṁeallfaċ sé cuid aca,
Cailíníḋ óga!
Singil 's Pósda!
Dhéanfaċ sé hata d'oiṙfeaċ do 'n Easbog
'S Peiṙiḃig do 'n Iaṙlaḋ!
Sṙian agus Diallait.

Níl ceól dáṙ sṙṙeagaḋ, a seomṙaḋ, no a h-alla,
Nác ḃ-fuil aiṙ a ṁéaṙa,
'S ċumfaċ sé ḃéaṙsa.
Is líoṁṫa a ṫeanga, a m-Béaṙla nó a laidionn,
Sgṙiḃṫeaċ sé Gaiḋeilge
Dutch agus Gṙéigis!

'Twas he that was able to make bed and table—
And breeches to match you,
Of sheepskin he'd patch you.

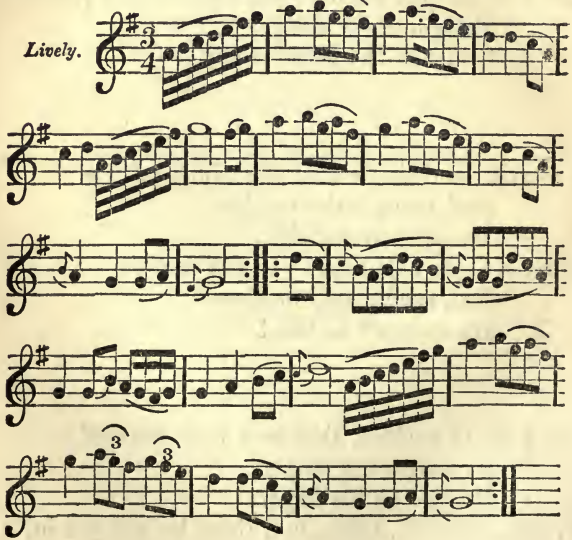
No churl and no grumbler, he'd toss off his tumbler,
And chat with a croney,
In speech sweet as honey.
For the Fair and the Richer he'd shape a neat pitcher
For gin or for sherry,
To make the heart merry.

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!

All airs, pure or garbled, that ever were warbled
By harpers or singers,
He had on his fingers!
Greek, Erse, English, Latin, and these he was pat in,
And what you might term an
O'erwhelmer in German!

Níl aon ḃean a ʒ-Corcaḋ náċ ƒáʒƒaḋ a n-ḋoċar!
Ʒan orra aċḋ ſméiḋe!
Ḋo ṫiocƒaiḋíſ taoḃ leiſ!
Le méaḋ a ṁiſniḋ—Ḋo ƒ́áraiḋ ſé an ḋoṁan,
Sin aʒuiḃ a ṫréiṫe,
Ḋoṁnall na Ʒréine!

Fonn:—Bean an Fhir Ruaḋ.



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 :—

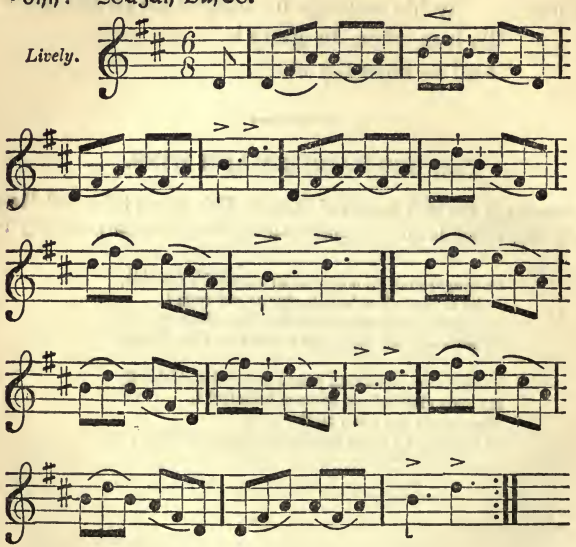
Do thugas naoi mi a b-priosun ceangailte cruaidh,
Bulta air mo chom 's mile glas as sud suas!
Do thugasa sigh mar do thabharfach aladh cois cuain
D'fhonn a bheith sinte sios le Bean an Fhir Ruadh.

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.

Teacht na n-Geana Fiadhaine.*

Seáġan Ua Cuinneaġáin, cct.

Fonn :—Seáġan Buiḋe.



Fanaiḋ ġo n-éiṡtiom a ceaṫair ar ċaoġaḋ,
'S ġeallaim ġo réiġfeaḋ an t-Ard Ríoġ!
An ceanġalṡa air Ġhaoiḋeilib, aġ Danaraiḃ ċlaonaḋ,
A ḃ-fearannaiḃ Eiḃear na lán-ṡġríob :—

*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 next page.

Of the author, *Seaghan O'Cuinneagain*, there is no memoir.

O, wait till I 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!

Lasfaḋ na spéartaḋ,
Le h-annfaḋ an éirlig,
Do ḋearcfar o Bhéara go Tráiġ lí,
'S go calaṫ-ṗort Eirne,
Ag gas'raḋ Shéarluis;
A treasgairt an tréada sin Sheáġain Bhuiḋe!

Casfaiḋ na h-éanlaiṫ dá n-gairmṫear "Ġéana,"*
An arm go gléasda gan spás puinn,
Ag caḃair le Séarlus—an caiṫṁile is tréine,
Dár ṙeasaiṁ o d'éagadar cnáṁa Fhínn!
Creaċfaid 'r céasfaid,
'S sgaipfid na bréan-toirc,
Leagfaid 'r raobfaid a n-gárdaiġe,
Leagfar na péisde,
Tá ċeal'gaċ, craosaċ,
Gan faice, gan éadaċ, gan Seáġan Buiḋe!

SEAGHAN BUIDHE.

Air maidin de domhnaig ag gabhail sios an bothar,
Go h-atuirseach, bronach, gan or puinn;
Casag orm oigbhean bhí suighte go corach,
'S i faire air 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 all family ties rent asunder. The parting sails were pursued by moans and lamentations, that excited even the sympathies of the English

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!*

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.*

---

and foreign troops, and still find a mournful echo in the memory 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

Ba thailiuir, ba ghobha e, ba phrinteir breagha leabhar e,
'S geallaim gan amhras gur breagha sgriobhach,
Dheanfach se fionta de bharraibh na g-craobh,
'S do shnamhfach an taoide go tion sios !

B'fhear e ar an maide, 'gus b-fhear e ar an m-bearrnadh,
B'fhear e la chasda na suistighe,
B'fhear e la an earraig ag grafa na m-banta,
'Gus b-fhear 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 h-eagla an roguire *Seaghan Buidhe !*

Le ꝼeaꞃtaiḃ an aon-Mheic—ᴅ'ḟulaing ꝑeannaiᴅ ᴅáꞃ
ꞃaoꞃaᴅ,
Ꝫo ᴅ-taꝫaiᴅ mo ḃꞃiaṫꞃa le ꝫꞃáᴅ, a ꝫ-cꞃíċ ;
Aꞃ n-eaꝫlaiꞃ naoṁṫa—ꝫo ꝫ-caꞃaiᴅ a n-éinḟeaċt,
A ꝫ-ceallа na ꞃaoꞃ-ꞃꝫolaᴅ ꞃáiꞃ-ḃínn !
ᴅá maiꞃinn ᴅá éiꞃ ꞃin
Aċt ꞃeaċtṁain ᴅe laeṫiḃ,
S ꝫan laḃaiꞃt aiꞃ ċlaon-ᴅliġṫe Sheáġain Bhuiᴅe !
Le h-atal ba aoꞃaċ,
Meaꞃ, acꞃuinneaċ, éaᴅtꞃom,
ᴅo ġlanꞃainn ᴅo léim taꞃ an m-bán Laoi !

---

which they were never to revisit.—"Military Memoirs of the Irish Nation," by M. O'Connor. Duffy and Sons, Dublin, 1845.

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!*

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!*

Sebeal ni bhrian.*

Aoḋ Buiḋe Mac Cuirtín, cct.

A Théir ġarṫa ġléiġiol—a ḃéiṫ ṁaireaċ ḃéaraċ,
A ċraoḃ-ċneaṙda ċéim-leaṙ do ṁaṫaiḃ ṙíol Táil;†
A aon-laṙair ṙġéiṁe na n-aol-ḃan le ċéile,
A ḃéal-tana an déid-ġil na laḃarṫa ṙáṁ.

Iṙ tréan teaċt do ṫréiṫe le féiḋim-ṁaiṫ na féile,
'S t-aol-ċroḃ le daonnaċt iṙ taḃarṫaċ táṙġ,
Do 'n taiṙtiollaċ tréiṫ-laġ—do 'n aimid ġan éifioċt,
Do 'n laġar le h-aoṙtaċt iṙ tú a ġ-caḃair 'ṙ a ṙġáṫ.

Mar ḃárr ar ġaċ léan-lot do ṁearaiḋ mo ċéadfaḋ,
'S d'ḟáġ dealḃ ġan ċéill mé am ṁeaṫaċ mar 'táim,
Ġur ċailliorad̀ laoċrad̀ ba ċaḃair dam éiġion,
Feara ċoin éaċtaċ Chairil 'ṙ Chláir.‡

---

* Daughter of Christopher O'Brien of Ennystimon, and wife of Sorley Mac Donnell.

† Tail. Cas, the son of Conall Eachluaith, on whom, after the death of Corc, Criomhthan, monarch of Ireland, conferred the sovereignty of Munster, was surnamed *Dolabra Mac Tail*, from his foster-father, who was a smith, and the founder of the Dalcassians, whose posterity were called *Clan Tail*.—See "O'Flaherty's Ogyg." Part III. p. 310.

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!

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!

‡ Charles O'Brien, Fifth Lord Clare, who on Whitsunday, May 23rd, 1706, commanded a regiment of Irish infantry in the battle of Ramilies, fought between the Duke of Marlborough and Marshal de Villeroy. O'Brien was mortally wounded in that action, and his regiment captured two English colours, which were deposited in the chapel of the Irish Benedictine nuns at Ypres.

We subjoin the epitaph on Lord Clare's monument in the Church of

Do ċeanglas le núaḋċar, flaiṫ ceannsa do 'n ċúaiṅne,
O Anntruim na n-guais-ḃeart, 's o Albain árd
Do 'n ċlainn un Cholla Uais ṁir, fuair Teaṁair 's
Tuaṫ-Mhuṁain,
A n-dán sin 's a n-dualgas na n-aiṫreaċ ó 'r ḟás.

Cread ḋaṁsa ná luaḋfainn an lann-ṁarcaċ uasal,
An "crann-caṫais"* cnuasaċ, gan ċasaḋ ar a láiṁ;
Gan fann-ḃeart, gan truailleaċt, aċt ceannsaċt le
cuallaċt,
An plannda do ṡuaṫaḋ tre ċaise d'ḟuil Táil.

---

the Holy Cross, Louvain (demolished in 1785), copied by de Burgo, the learned Dominican bishop of Ossory, who died 1771:—

D. O. M.
Hic jacet
Illmus . D.D. Carolus . O'Brien,
Ex . stirpe . Regum . Hiberniæ ;
Par . comes . de Clare . et Maigh-airty
etc. etc.
Campi . Marischallus .
Legionis . Hibernicæ . Colonellus,
Qui . plurimis . heroicis.
Pro . Deo . Rege . et . Patria
Peractis . facinoribus.
In . Prœlio . Ramiliensi
xxiii . Maij . MDCCVI . vulneratus
Triduo . post . Bruxellis . obiit
Aetatis, suae xxxvi.
R.I.P.
Posuit . pia ejus conjux.
Illma. Dom. Carola. Bulkeley.

---

* *Crann caithis*, a May-pole.

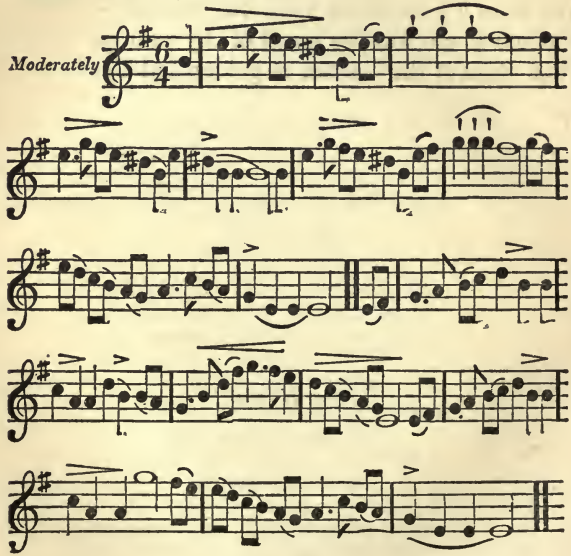
But, glory and honour to thee!—thou hast wedded
A chieftain from Antrim, of chivalrous worth,
Of the great *Colla-Uais* the Swift—they who headed
So proudly the conquering tribes of the North!

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!

An Paisdin Fionn.

Séamus ṁic Consaidín, cct.

Fonn:—An Páisdín Fionn.



Atá sgéal beag agam le h-áirioṁ díḃ,
Air réaltan ṁaiseaċ do ċráiḋ mo ċroiḋe,
Le h-éigion taiṫniṁ 'r gráḋ dá gnaoi,
A n-géiḃionn galair gur ḟág me!

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 's a h-aigne ag gaire liom ;
A da 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 bharraille lan de leann ;
Gan aon am aice acht mo Phaisdin Fionn,
Go deimhin duit d'olfain 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 mhalairt 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.

Is péarlaċ, baċallaċ, tá gaċ dlaoi,
'Na craoḃ-ḟolt craṫaċ, go ḟáingioċ síos,
Gné na h-ala a snáṁ as líng,
'Na h-éadan geanaṁail, náireaċ!

Is caol a mala ar ḃláiṫ-dearc rín,
Chuir saoġad go daingion am lár go tinn;
Na caora a sbairnn le sgáil an aoil,
Go tréan na leacain ġlain ṁánlaḋ.
A béal is tanna 's as áilne gnaoi,
A déid-ṁion ċailce gan ċáim a mnaoi,
Is léir gur binne ná cláirsioċ ċaoin,
Gaċ ḃéarsa ċanan an ḃáin-ċneis.

Venus, banaltra ḃláiṫ, na gnaoi,
'S Helen ġreanta ṫug ár na Traoi;
Déirdre* ṁaireaċ re 'r fágḃaḋ Naois
Go faon a n-Eaṁainn, 'r a ḃráiṫre!
A sgéiṁ, 's a b-pearsainn, ní táire ḋíoḃ,
An ḃéiṫ-si ċanaim ṫug bárr o ṁnaoiḃ,
'S as baoṫ an dearmad Bláiṫnid ġrinn
Thug eag do Churaí ṁic Dáire!

Tá gléire an t-sneaċta gaċ tráiṫ 'na píb,
'S gné na mama-ḋeas ḃláṫṁar ċruinn;
Sgéiṁ a seanga-ċuirp áluinn ċaoil,
'S an t-aol a taiṫnioṁ na bán-ċroiḃ.

* *Deirdre.* For the fate of Deirdre, Naoise, and his brethren, at Eamhain (Emania), see transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dub. 1808.

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.

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;

* Curai Mac Daire's tragic fate is related in Keating's Ireland, Haliday's edition, p. 405, Dub. 1811.

Ní 'l éiſg le h-aṁaṙc go bṙáċ aṙ líng,
Ná éanlaiċ ſeaſaṁ aṙ b̄áṙṙ na g-cṙaoib̄,
Ní 'l gné ná ſaṁuilt le ſáġail aiṙ tíṙ,
Naċ léiṙ di ċaṙṙuint aṙ bán-b̄ṙait.

Do léiġſinn ſeanċaſ ċláiṙ na n-Gaoiḋeal,
'S ṙéim na Bṙeatan do ċṙáḋaig mo ċṙoiḋe!
Léiġim na pſalm ba ġnáċ go bínn,
Ag cléiṙe ag cantuin a d-tṙáċa.
Aṙ ċéada ſpṙeagainn gáib̄ċeaċ Reel,
Do leiġiſſinn galaṙaib̄ ſláinte cṙoiḋe,
Aṙ ċaob̄ na ſaiċċe níoṙ ċláċ mo ġníoṁ,
Ag déanaṁ aiſte ná tṙáċtaim!

Féaċ-ſa a ċaṙaiḋ cia b'ḟeaṙṙ ḋuit ſinn,
Gan ſpṙé, gan ſeaṙan maṙ táim, gan b̄uiḋin,
Ná cṙéice ſeaṙb̄ b̄eiḋeaċ lán do ṗuimp,
Do b̄eaṙſaċ aiċiſ 'ſ cáin duit!
Dá ṙéiṙ ſin taṙṙaing am ḋáil, gan ſgíċ,
'S déin mo ċab̄aiṙ ó 'n m-báſ ſo am ċlaoiḋe,
'S an té do ċeannaig le gṙáſa ſinn,
Béaṙſaḋ caiċioṁ 'ſ ſáġail dúinn.

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!

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!

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.

Reidh-chnoc mna sighe.

Seoirse Robart,* cct.

Is fada mé ag gluaiseaċt ar ṫuairisg mo ġráḋ,
Ar fuid coillte dúḃa uaigneaċ am ruagaḋ le fán;
A saṁuil ní ḃ-fuaras—gid ġur ċuarduiġeas a lán,
O Ghlaise na Tuaṫa go bruaċ geal na Máiġ.

Do seólaḋ me 'n uaignios ċnoic uaisle mná síġe,
Do casaḋ orm stuaire na sgub-ḟolt na suiġe;
Ba ċas, dlaoiṫeaċ, dualaċ, a cuaċa lé síos,
Ar gaċ taoḃ dá guaille dá luasgaḋ ag an n-gaoiṫ.

Do casaḋ mo ġráḋ orm, 'r ba nár liom gan suiġe;
Do ċuireas mo láṁ ar a bráġaid 'r ar a cíċ;
Is é 'dúḃairt sí liom, "fág me? ní h-áḋḃar ḋuit sinn,
Mar is bean dúḃaċ do 'n áit me do ṫárlaiḋ san m-Bruiġin!"

---

* 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 as

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.

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."

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.

Cá tuaiṫ, nó cá h-oilean duit, nó 'na g-Clár luirc do
b̓íḋir?
Nó má 'r buairt duit ruiḋ láiṁ liom, 'r tab̓air rlán faoi
gaċ buiḋin?
An tu 'n rtuaire geal Bláṫnaid ṫug raiġead-ra tre'm
ċroiḋe
No 'n ċuaċ ṁilir, ṁánlaḋ,—ṫug Paris do 'n Traoi!

"Ní h-aoin neaċ do'n dréim rin me féin" a dúb̓airt rí,
Aċt cailín caoin gaoḋ'laċ ó 'n taob̓ ṫall do 'n tír;
Nár ṙín ríor a taob̓ deas le aoin ḟear ran t-raoiġeal,
Bog díom do ġéaga, 'táim déanaċ ó 'n m-Bruiġin?"

Ir dúb̓aċ 'r ar léan liom tú a ċéad-rearc mo ċroiḋe,
Do ġruaḋ'na mar ċaora, dá léara ag an rín;
Ir iad rluaiġte Chnoic-Gréine do ṫárlaiḋ ad líon,
Do ruaig tú óḋ' ġaoḋalta go réiġ-ċnoc mná ríġe!

Do ċuirfin le m' ċroiḋe rteaċ mo ċaoin ġaiṫlion mná,
Mo ḋá láiṁ 'na tímċioll 'r do b' aoib̓inn liom í ḟáġail;
Ba b̓reáġa deas a braoiġṫe dúb̓a, caola, gan ċáim,
Mar ṗlánait na h-oiḋċe, 'r gan d' aois aici aċt lá.

Do ċuireas mo ġéaga ar a caol-ċom mar ṙnuiḋim,
As ran dá réir rin go méaraib̓ a troiġe;
Sínte le na taob̓ deas ba ṁéinn liomra luiġe
Aċt uaimre gur léim rí mar éan ar an gcraoib̓!

"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'm 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!"

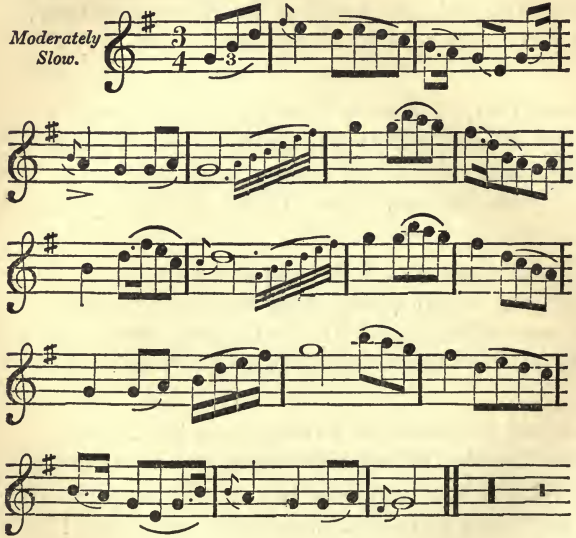
And I said to myself, as I thought on her charms,
"O, how fondly I'd lock this young lass in my arms!
How I'd love her deep eyes, full of radiance and mirth,
Like new-risen stars that shine down upon earth!"

Then I twined round her waist my two arms as a zone,
And I fondly embraced her to make her my own;
But, when I glanced up, behold! nought could I see.
She had fled from my sight as the bird from the tree!

* *Anglicised* Knockgreny, *i. e.*, The Hill of the Sun.

bean dubh an ghleanna.

Fonn:—Bean Dub an Ghleanna.



Atá bó 'gam ar an sliab,
'S táim le seal na diaig,
O ċailleas mo ċiall le núaḋċar!
Da seóla soir 's siar,
Ann gaċ áit dá n-gaḃaḋ an ġrian,
Go d-tionntuiḋeann a niar am ṫráṫnóna!

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 led her to and fro,
Wheresoever the winds blow,
  Till the sun shines at noontide in season.

Nuair ḟéaċaim féin ann súd,
Ann gaċ áit a m-bíḋ' mo rún
  Ruiṫean óm' ṡúl sruṫ deóra!
A Ríġ ḋil na g-cóṁaċt!
Go b̓-fóirir ar mo ċúis,
  Mar ir Bean Dub̓ ón n-Gleann do b̓reóḋaig me!

Bean Dub̓ an Ghleanna!
An Bhean Dub̓ do b'ḟearra!
  Bean Dub̓ ba ḋeise gáire
Na b̓-ful a gruaḋ mar an ala,
'S a píb mar an sneaċta!
  'S a com seang, ungil, álunn,
Ní 'l ogánaċ cailce,
O Bhaile Aṫa Cliaṫ go Gaillim̓;
  Ná as súd go Tuaim Ui Mheára!
Naċ b̓-ful ag triall 's ag tarrung,
Ar eaċaib̓ donna deasa
  Ag tnúṫ leis an m-Bean Dub̓ álunn!

Gheab̓ainn-se bean san Múṁain,
Triur ban a laiġeann,
  Agus bean o ríġ geal Seoirse,
Bean na lúbaḋ buḋe
D'ḟáisgioċ mé le na croiḋe
  Bean agus dá ṁile bó lé,

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!

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.

* Munster.

Inġíon óg an Laṙlaḋ
Ata go teinn duḃaċ diaċṙaċ,
Ag iaṙṙaiḋ miṙe d'ḟáġail le póṙaḋ!
'S dá ḃ-ṙaġainnṙe ṙéin mo ṙóġa!
De ṁná deaṙa an doṁain
Aṙ i an Bhean Duḃ ó 'n n-Gleann do b'ḟeaṙṙ
liom.

An té ċíḋṙeaċ mo ṫeaċ,
'S gan do ḋíon aiṙ aċd ṙeaṙg,
Na ṙuġe 'muċ coiṙ taoiḃ an ḃóṫaiṙ!
Nuaiṙ éiṙgiḋeann an ḃeaċ,
Agus ḋéingion a neaḋ,
Le gṙian 'ṙ le teaṙ an t-ṙaṁṙaiḋ!
Nuaiṙ éiṙgiḋeann ṙuaṙ an t-ṙlat
Ní ṙanan uiṙṫe aon ṁeaṙ,
Aċd ag tnúṫ leiṙ an an m-ḃṙainnṙe iṙ óige,
Mo ċailín plúṙaċ, deaṙ,
D'éalaiḋ uaim le ṙpṙeaṙ,
Mo ċúg céaḋ ṙlán go deó lé!

——o——

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.

—o—

Inghion ui thearailt.

Domhnall na Buile, cct.*

Atá lile gan sgamal d'fuil Ghearailt na sár-fear,
Is soinneanda a teasdas ag fáidib iuil,
Ní faicim a samuil ag taisdiol na sráide,
A n-inniolltact pearsan—a g-cáil 's a g-clód,
Grád na rún í an múirnín masgalac,
Blát na n-úball í a d-túis an t-samrad
Lúibín lacanta—ala an cuirp báin,
An finne-bean fada-croib áluinn óg!

Is mogullac, muirearac, uilleannac, ómbrac,
Cocallac, clutair, ag fás go feór,
A carn-folt craipinneac, fionna-geal, fáinneac,
Cnotac ag tuitim go bárr a bróg:—
Go trínseac, táclac, tláit-tiub, taitniomac,
Ciortta, cárnac, cáblac, camarsac,
Bíseac, barra-bog, bacallac, bláit,
Dlaoiteac drollac, 's a sgáil mar ór.

---

* 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!

---

of *Seaghan Clarach Mhic Domhnaill*, and *Uilliam Dall O'Hearnain* celebrated poets, who, it is said, composed each half stanza alternately.

Bíon Cupid na h-aṫaḋ go geanaṁuil, gráḋṁar,
Is fiṛṛean an leanḃ d'ḟuig Paris dóiḃ;
Is follus na leacain ag caismirt go dána,
Lonnraḋ an t-sneaċta le sgáil an róis.
Rín-rosg réiḋ-ġlas, péarlaċ geaṁaraċ,
Braoiṫe caolaḋ air éadan leanaḃaċ,
Cruinn-ċíċ córa is geanamnaiġe ġnáiṫ,
'S gile an ċuim-ċailce í nár láṁuiġeaḋ fós.

Is binne guṫ gearr-ġuiḃ, ḃalsam-ḃuig, ṁánlaḋ,
An leinḃ-s ċanann le saṁ-ġuṫ ceól;
Ag seinnim-cirt Gall-ṗort ċeapaidis dáiṁe,
An fuireann do ṫeagaisg an ċláirseaċ dóiḃ;
Faoileann ṁaorḋa, ḃéasaċ, ḃanaṁúil,
Naoiḋeanda, ṫréiġṫeaċ, ḋéarcaċ, ġreannaṁar,
Milis-ḃean urramaċ, ṁioċair, gan ċáim,
'S d'ḟearṫaiḃ a cuṁainn tá táin gan treoir!

Is muisdar do 'n aingir a h-aṫair go fáiṫ-ġlic,
Doineanda, draganta, a m-bearrnain gleó,
'S as tuille dá maṫas ceangal le Seáġan geal,
Curaḋ nár ḃ'aindis a d-táḃairne an óil:—
A máṫair úir-ċéiḃ, ċiuin-ċaoṁ, ċarṫannaċ,
Thug Sirriam Conntae, 'r Túrnae laidionda,
Chúġainn, 'r marcra calma, cáiġ,
Chum seasaṁ a g-coṁrac, 'r a n-gárda slóġ.

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.
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.

Dá d-tagaċ fear forrusda, fonnḃar, fáiṫ-ġlic,
Cumaraċ, neartṁar, faoi lán an t-feoil;
Fionn-ḟlaiṫ ṡonuis do ġlacaċ le gráḋ í,
A n-dlíġe na h-eaguils an ḃáin-ċneis, ṁoḋaṁuil:—
Lucy ġléigiol ṡéiṁ Ni Ghearuilt í,*
Do ċrú na n-Gréagaċ d-trean, seaḋ d'easgair sí,
Seang-ḃean ṁaiseaċ, na laḃarṫa sáiṁ,
Fuair clú 'gus beannaċt ó'n n-dáiṁ go deo.

* At page 33 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 in

—o—

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!

---

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
Tan g-Crampan sa Chill Moluadh?

To which he receved the following sarcastic reply :—

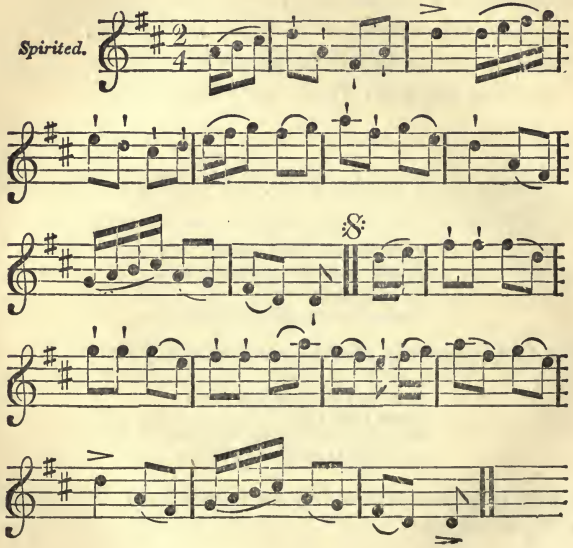
Ni feidir a thomhas le cairtibh,
Ata se laidir luath;
San mheid na faghadh slighe san Ath dhe,
Geabhadh se an fanadh o thuaig.

It would be impossible to convey the extraordinary wit of this answer in an English version.

—o—

LEATHER AWAY WITH THE WATTLE, O!

Tomáſ ṁic Coiṫiſ, cct.



A ſaoiſ 'ſ mé ʒo ḋéanaċ,
Aiſ ṫaoḃ cnoiċ ſe h-aiſ an ċóiḃ;*
Do ſuiġ mé ſeal aʒ éiſdeaċt,
Le ʒuiṫ na n-éan aʒ cantuin ceóil;

* The 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.

The words are the production of a violent Jacobite. By leathering away with a 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 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 a while to listen,
The sweet bird's pleasant lays of love.

Le m' ṫaoiḃ ʒur ḋearcaṡ ṡpéirḃean,
Ba ṡaoḋṁar, ṡnuiḋte, ṡnaṡda, a ṡnóġ;
'S a dlaoi-ḟolt craṫaċ péarlaċ
Air ḟad aʒ téaċt ʒo h-alt na deóiʒ.
Ba ġeal a ʒné mar ṡneaċta ṡléiḃ,
Ba ḋeaṡ a ṡʒéiṁ, creat, 'ṡ a clóḋ,
'S aṡ praṡ do ṡpreaʒ ar ṫéadaiḃ,
"Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

A braoiṫe cearta, caola,
Air a h-éadan taiṡ, ʒan ṡnaṡ, ʒan ṡmól,
Ba rín a roṡʒ mar ḃraon ʒlaṡ,
Aʒ ṡle o 'n aeḋar ar ḃárr an ḟeóir:
Sneaċta ʒeal ʒan aoluinʒ,
Ʒo ʒéar a ʒ-caṫ le daiṫ an róiṡ
'S níor ḃ'aiṫnid do 'n éiʒṡe,
Cia 'co ṡtaon na leacain óiʒ;
Aṡ cneaṡda caoṁ—d' aiṫriṡ ṡʒéal,
Ʒo m-ḃeiṫ an Réʒṡ aʒ teaċt a ʒ-coróin,
Le 'r ḃ-ḟonn a ḃeiṫ ṡeal aʒ éiṡdeaċt,
Le "Leather away with the Wattle, O!

D'ḟiaḟraiġeaṡ ḟéin do'n ṡpéirḃean,
An ḟéidir ʒur tu an ḃruinʒioll óʒ;
A maċaire na laoċ mear,
A ʒ-caṫ na TRAE le'r milleaḋ treoin,

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!"

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—

Nó 'n ainʒir ṁilis Déirdre,
O EIRE rug clann Uisneaċ mór,
No 'n ḃean dá n-ʒoirṫear Cearnuit,
Air caise ġéar ċuir muilion dóiḃ,
Melpomene,—Cassandra ṡéiṁ,
Muirinn, Meiḋḃ, nó 'n ainʒir óʒ
'S ʒur binne liom do ḃriaṫra,
Ná "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

D'ḟreaʒair dam an ṡpéirḃean,
A m-briaṫra binne, blasda, beoil;
A d-teanʒain ṁilis ʒaoiḋeilʒe
Do ċuir ʒo caoṁ an ceart a ʒ-cóir;
Cia file tu le h-éifeaċt
A n-ʒleire ʒoil na m-bruinʒioll óʒ,
M' ainim-ṡi ní léir ḋuit;
Ar feaḋ an ṁéid do ċanais fóṡ.
Mise an maiġden—Innis Eilʒe,
Le fada a b-péinn fá ġlaṡaiḃ bróin!
Aʒ tnuiṫ ʒo ʒ-cloiṡfin ʒlaoḋaċ feasda,
Air "Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

Cia treaṡʒaraḋ ʒo faon laʒ,
Na céadta d'ḟuireann Airt 'ṡ Eoġain;
Do ḃalḃaiḋ ár n-éiʒse
'S do cuireaḋ ár ʒ-cléir ar easbaḋ lóin;

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!"

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.

Αιρ ṫαιγδιοl δο 'n b̓-ϝlαιṫ éαċταċ,
Ʒο h-Eιρe ταb̓αρṫαιʒ ϝeαγδα coρóιn,
'S ρuαċϝαιδ̇ puιc αn b̓éαρlα
Le ceαṫα pléαρ ταρ cαlαιṫ ϝóγ,
'S αγ ϝeαραṁuιl, ϝéαγδαċ,—γοιlb̓, γαορδ̇α,
Clαnnα Ʒαοδ̇αl ʒαn ċeαγ αʒ ól
'S ʒο cαοιn δá γpρeαʒαδ̇ αρ ṫeáδα,
"Leather away with the Wattle, O!"

---

cαοιne chιlle cαιs.*

Cρeαδ δ̇éαnϝαmαοιδ ϝeαγδα ʒαn αδ̇mαδ,
Ατá δeιρe nα ʒ-coιllτe αρ lάρ?
Nί'l τρáċτ αρ Chίll Chαιγ ná α τeαġlαċ,
'S nί bαιnϝeαρ α clίnʒ† ʒο bρáṫ!
Αn áιτ úδ 'nα ʒ-coṁnuιġeαc αn Δια-b̓eαn,
Ϝuαιρ ʒαιρm 'γ meιδ̇ιρ ταρ mná,
Bhίδ̇eαċ Iαρlαιδ̇e‡ αʒ ταρρuιnʒ ταρ τοιnn αnn,
'S αn τ-αιϝριοnn bίnn δá pάδ̇.

---

* 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

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 chanted,
And thither the proud Earls came!

representative of that noble family."—See Lynch's grand edition of *Castlehaven's Memoirs*, p. 23, note.* Dublin: 1815.

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.

‡ *Iarlaidhe*, *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

Iſ é mo ċṛeaċ-ḟaɗa! 'ſ mo léan-ġoiṛt!
Ɗo ġeataiɗe bṛeáġa néata aṛ láṛ!
An *Avenue* ġṛeanta faoi ṙaoṫaṛ,
'S gan foſg' aṛ aon taoḃ ɗo 'n *Walk!*
An Chúiṛt ḃṛeáġa a ſileaċ an bṛaon ɗi,
'S an ġaſṛaɗ ṙéiṁ go tláṫ,
'S an leaḃaṛ no maṛḃ ɗo léaġtaṛ
An t-Eaſbog* 'ſ *Lady 'Veagh!*†

Ní ċluinnim fuaim laċa ná géi ann,
Ná fiolaiṛ ag ɗéanaɗ aeɗiṛ coiſ cuain;
Ná fiú na m-beaċa ċum ſaoṫaiṛ,
Thaḃaṛfaċ mil aguſ céiṛ ɗo 'n t-ſluaiġ!
Ní'l ceol bínn miliſ na n-éan ann,
Le h-aṁaṛc an lae ɗul uainn,
Ná 'n ċuaiċín a m-báṛṛ na n-géag ann,
O'ſ í ċuiṛfeaċ an ſaoġal ċum ſuain.

Nuaiṛ ṫigeaɗ na puic faoi na ſléiḃte,
'S an guna le na ɗ-taoḃ, 'ſ an líon;
Féaċan ſiaɗ a nuaſ le léan, aiṛ
An m-baile fuaiṛ *Sway* ann gaċ tíṛ;—

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.

* Bishop Butler of West-Court, Callan, a man eminent for his unaffected piety, and sanctity of life.

† *Lady Iveagh*, "Margaret Bourke, eldest daughter of William, Earl of Clanricarde, first married to Brian Magennis, Viscount *Iveagh;* and

I am worn by 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;

---

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 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 Minstrelsy," vol. ii., p. 417.

An ḟaiṫċe b́ṛeáġa aoiḃinn na ṛaobṫaċa,
'S ʒan ꝼoṛʒ aṛ aon taoḃ ó'n t-ṛín,
Páiṛc an *Phaddock* 'na *Dairy*,
Maṛ a m-biṫeaċ an eilit aʒ ɗéanaɗ a ṛʒíṫ.

A tá ceó aʒ tuitim aṛ ċṛaoḃaɗ ann,
Ná ʒlanan ṛé ʒṛian, ná lá;
Tá ṛmúiɗ aʒ tuitim o 'n ṛpéiṛ ann,
'S a cuiɗ uiṛʒe ʒo léiṛ aʒ tṛáġa;—
Ní 'l coll, ní 'l cuilion, ní 'l caoṛ' ann!
Aċɗ cloċa 'ʒuṛ maol ċloċáin,
Páiṛc an ḟoġaoiṛ* ʒan ċṛaoḃ ann.
'S ɗ'imṫiʒ an *Game* ċum ꝼáġain!

Anoiṛ maṛ ḃáṛṛ aiṛ ʒaċ mí-ġṛeann,
Chuaiɗ pṛíonnṛa na n-Ʒaoiɗeal† taṛ ṛáil;
A nún ṛe h-aingiṛ na míne,
Ꝼuaiṛ ʒaiṛm ṛan ḃ-Ꝼṛainc 'ṛ ṛan Spáinn—

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 :—

> "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

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.
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 per 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.

---

baronies of Iveagh and Lecale, and part of Mourne, in the county of Down. The last wife of the celebrated Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, was Mary Catherine Magennis, of Iveagh.

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.

Anois atá a cuallaċt dá caoine,
Gheiḃeaċ airgiod buiḋe 'gus bán,
As í ná tógfaċ seilḃ na n-daoine
Aċd carraid na ḃ-fiór ḃoċdán!

Aitċim ar Mhuire 'r ar IOSA
Go d-tagaiḋ sí 'rís ċúġainn slán?
Go m-beiṫ "raincíḋe fada" ag gaḃail tímċioll,
Ceól ḃéiḋlinn 'r teinte cnáṁ:—
Go d-tógfar an baile-si ár sinnsior,
Cíll Chair ḃreáġa 'rís go h-árd,
'S go bráṫ nó go d-tiocfaḋ an dílionn,
Ní ḟaicfear í 'rís ar lár!

——o——

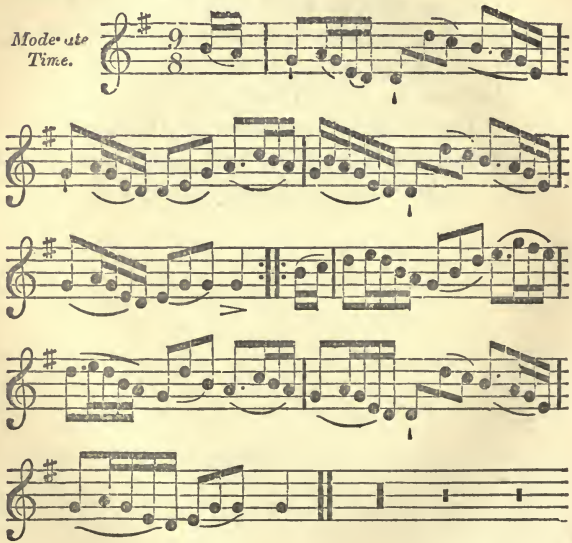
The Poor and the Helpless bewail her;
The Cripple, the Blind, and the Old;
She never stood forth as their jailer,
But gave them her silver and gold.

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 rāce of Old Time shall have halted,
It shall flourish in glory alway!

Binn Lisin Aorach an Bhrogha.

Brian Ua Flaiṫearta, cct.

Fonn :—Bínn Lisín Aorać an Bhroġa.



Lá meaḋrać dá raḃas-sa liom féin,
Ar ḃínn Lisín aorać an Bhroġa;
Ag eisdioċt le bínn-ġuṫ na n-éan,
Ag cantainn ar ġéagaiḃ cois aḃan :—

THE FAIRY RATH OF BRUFF.

BY BRIAN O'FLAHERTY.

THIS song and air take their name from the 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 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.

An "Breac taiḋḃṛioċ" ṡan líng úd ḟaoi ṛéim,
Ag ṛaince ṡa n-gaoṛṫa le ḟonn,
Máṡ teinn liḃ-ṡi ṛaḋaṛc ṡúl na béil,
Tá leiġeaṡ luaṫ ón éag díḃ dul ann!

Níoṛ ċian dúinn coiṡ dian t-ṡṛúill na ṡéad,
'Naṛ ṁian le ḟiṛ Eiṛionn dul ann,
An tṛáṫ ṫṛiall ċúġainn an ġṛian-ṁiliṡ ḃéiṫ,
Go dian 'ṡ í 'n-éag-ċṛuiṫ go lom!
A ciaḃ-ḟolt bṛeáġ, niaṁṛaċ go ḟéaṛ,
Ag ḟáṡ léi-ṡi ṛoimpe 'ṡ na deaig;
"A Bhṛiain ḋil! cṛead é 'n dian-ġol ṡo gníḋiṛ,
Do ċiap me go h-aeġiḃ óṡ mo ċionn!"

Ní ṡgaoilḟead-ṡa pṛíoṁ-ṛún mo ṡgéil,
Go n-ínnṡiṛ cá taoḃ díom aṡ ġaḃaiṡ?
An tú Aoiḃill-ḃeag, ċaoin-ċleaṡaċ, ċlaon,
Maṛ líonaiṡ go léiṛ me do d' ġṛeann!
No 'n t-ṡíṫ-ḃean ṫug buiḋin-tṛuiṛ na Tṛae,
Guṛ líonaḋaṛ Gṛéaguig 'na deaḃaig;
Nó 'n Bhṛiġdeaċ le'ṛ ċlaoiḋeag lé gan ṛéim,
Clann Uiṡniċ na tṛéin-ḟiṛ, gan ċaḃaíṛ!

"Ní díoḃ me, cia díṫ liom do ṡgéal,
Aċt ṡíġe-ḃean ó 'n d-tṛéan-lioṡ úd tall!
Do ṡíoṛ-ġoin do ṡioṛ-ġol a g-céin,
'S aṡ teinn liom tú tṛaoċta ag neaṛt Gall!

Before me, unstirred by the wind,
That beautiful lake lay outspread,
Whose waters give sight to the Blind,
And would almost awaken the Dead!

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.

Glac ínntin ! Faig cloiḋeaṁ 'na m-beiḋ faoḃar,
Ag rainnce air ċaoil-eaċ go seang ;
Gaiḃ tímċioll gaċ crióċ 'na ḃ-faġair Gaoiḋeil,
Go n-ínnsir do sgéal dóiḃ gan ċam ?"

D'éisdeas le bínn-ġuṫ a béil,
'S d'éirgios do léim ar mo ḃonn ;
D'ínnsios gur teinn cúis mo sgéil,
Le líng-goil naċ léigionn dam laḃairt !
Bíoḋgan mo ċroiḋe stig le léan,
Agus silim fuil ṫréan as ṁo ċeann ;
Mo ċaoin-roisg dá leaġaḋ 'nam mar ċaor,
Ag síor-ṡile déara go trom !

Ag an mín-t-sruit nuair ḃím-si liom féin,
Ar ḃinn lisín aoraċ an Bhroġa ;
Ag smaoineaṁ ar ġníoṁarṫaiḃ an t-saoġail,
An íosbairtsi ar Ghaoiḋil ag neart Gall,
Tá Fleet na d-trí ríġṫe go tréan,
'S an Stíoḃart san Séamus 'na ċeann ;*
Laoisig dá líonaḋ faoi réim,
Mile 's seaċt g-céad ann gaċ long.

* *Ceann, head, chief, captain, leader,* James, the Chevalier de St. George.

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 with tears,
And my bosom tormented with pains,
Why my heart had been breaking for years,
And the blood growing cold in my veins.

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!

* The King of Ireland, England, and Scotland.

Cait ni Neill.

Anois ó ṫárlaḋ, a b-prióṡún árd me, a n-ʒéiḃeann ċruaiḋ,
'S ʒo raċunn do ṡtáir, mar a ḃ-ful mo ġráḋ ʒeal, 'ṡ ʒo b-póʒfun í;
Do ḃuailfin mo láiṁ ḋeaṡ air a bráġaid, nó faoi na coimín caoil,
Aṡ é 'duḃairt Cáit liom, "ġeaḃad náire, mar a d-tóiġfir díom!"

Ní ṫóʒfad díot, a ṡtóir mo ċroiḋe, mar iṡ tú ḃreoiġ me 'raoir,
Chur ṡaíġead am ċroiḋe, ná léiġiṡfior díom, ʒo bráṫ re m' rae!
Dá m-beiṫ an Chúrt na ṡuġe, 'ṡ mé le croċa tríod, 'ṡ mo ċúiṡ dá ṗléiḋ,
Le toraḋ cloiḋiṁ, do ḃainfin díoḃ tú, a Cháit Ní Néill!

Iṡ ínte ċíḋtear, an ala ṁín, nár ċáineaḋ béal,
'Na ḃ-ful ʒruaiʒ a cínn na lúba buiḋe léi, aʒ fáṡ ʒo féar;
Iṡ ʒeal a píb, iṡ ṡuġte a cóm, 'ṡ a cnáṁa ʒo léir,
A ḃ-ful aṡ ṡud ṡíoṡ, ʒo bárr a tróiġe, níl cáim fae'n ṡaoġal.

KATE NI NEILL.

Now that, in prison, and all forsaken, my fate I rue,
Fain would I seek her, my own true-love, and wed her too,
Around her white waist I'd press my arm with pleasure new,
But still she tells—"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.

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!

Tá tuile gníoṁarṫa 'gam le n-inṛint oṛt, a ṛéiṁ-ḃeaⁿ ṛuaiṛc,
Iṛ meaṛ do ṛgṛíoḃṫá, bana caol, iṛ léíṛ 'ṛ aṛ luaiṫ;
Do ṛuiṫṛá *Reel* aiṛ ṛuid an tíġe, ġo meaṛ éadṛom, buan,
'S le guṫ do ċínn, go g-cúṛṛeáḋa céad laoċ ċum ṛuain!

Gaċ béiṫ ḋeaṛ dá d-tagaċ ċúġamṛa, ní ḃeiḋinn ṛáṛda léi,
Tíṛ na lóng a g-ceaṛt 'ṛ a g-cúntaṛ, 'ṛ a ṛáġail le béib;
Póṛt Maṫġaṁna aiṛ ṛad gan ċúntaṛ, an Spáinn 'ṛ an Ghṛéig,
Go m'ṛeaṛṛ liomṛa ḃeiṫ aiṛ leabaḋ ċlúṁ leat a Cháit Ní Néill.

Ghlacainn ċúġam tú gan ba gan púint, gan áiṛeaṁ ṛpṛéiḋ,
'S aṛ leat do ṛiúḃalṛainn maidion dṛúċda, aiṛ ḃáṛṛ an ṛeiṛ;
Aṛ é mo ċṛeaċ go ḋúḃaċ gan mé 'guṛ tú, a ḃláṫ na g-cṛaoḃ!
A g-Caiṛioll Múṁan 'ṛ gan do leabaḋ ṛúinn, aċt Cláṛ Bog Déil!

——o——

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.

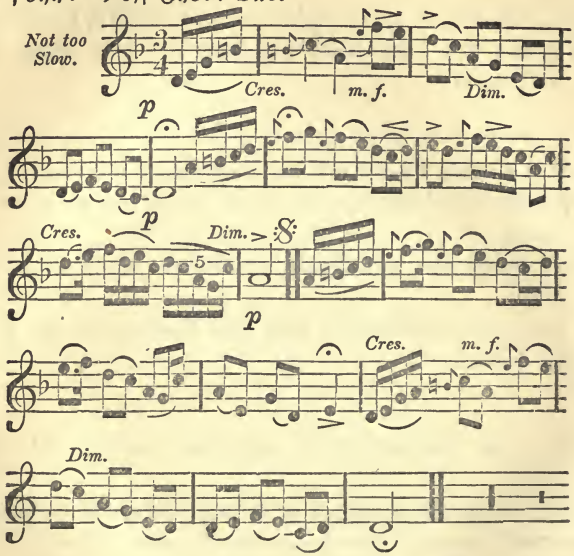
To all the lasses I have met with my heart was steel,
No wealth, nor honour, could ever tempt me to them to kneel,
Not all Portumna, not Spain or Hellas, could make me feel
One moment faithless to you, my darling, sweet Kate Ni Neill!

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!

—o—

Rois Gheal Dubh.*

Fonn :—Róis Gheal Dub.

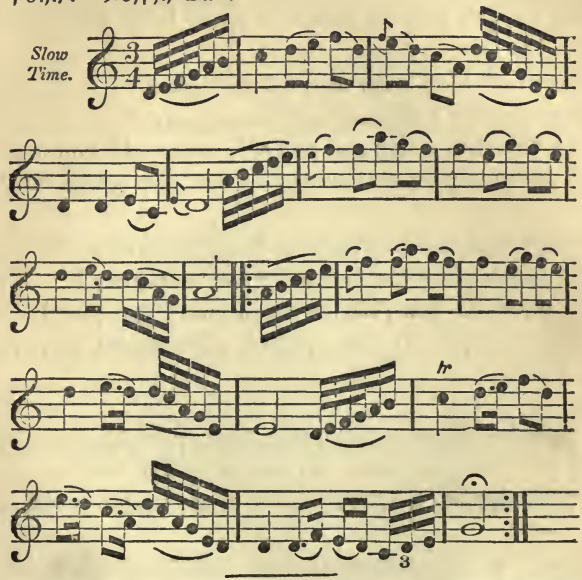


Is fada an réim do ṫug mé féin ó n-de go 'niuġ,
An imioll sléib 'muiċ go h-iniollta, éadtrom, mar b'eólaċ dam;
Loċ Eirne do léimeas, cia gur mór an sruṫ,
'S gan do ġile gréine am ḋéig-si, aċt mo Róis Gheal Dub!

* 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.



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.

Go o-tí an t-aonaċ má ċéiġionn tu aġ díol do ṙtuic,
Mú ċéiġiṁ, ná ran déanaċ ran oiḋċe amuiġ?
Bioċ bultaiḋ aṁ do ḋóiṁre 'ṙ móṁ-ġlaiṙ cip,
Nó aṙ baoġal duit an clémioċ, aṁ an Róiṙ Ġheal Duḃ!

A Róiṙín ná bioċ bṁón oṁt, ná cáṙ anoiṙ,
Tá do ṁáṁúin o Phápa na Róṁa agad;
Tá na Bṙáiṫṙe teaċt taṁ ṁáile, 'ṙ aġ tṁall taṁ muṁ,
S ní ċeilṙioṁ ṙion Spáinneaċ aṁ mo Róiṙ Ġheal Duḃ!

Ta gṙáḋ 'gam am láṁ duit le bliaġain a nuġ,
Gṙáḋ cṁáiḋte! gṙáḋ cárṁaṁ! gṙáḋ ciaṁaiḋte!
Gṙáḋ o'ṙáġ mé gan ṙláinte! gan ṁian! gan ṁuiċ!
'S go bṁáċ, bṁáċ, ní 'l aon ṙáġail agam aṁ mo Róiṙ Ġheal Duḃ!

Do ṙiúbalṙainn-ṙi an Mhúṁain leaṫ, 'ṙ ciúṁaiṙ na g-cnoc,
Maṁ ṙúil go b-ṙaġainn ṁún oṁt, nó ráṁt le cion;
A ċṁáoḃ-ċúṁḋa, tuigḋeaṁ ḋúinne, go b-ṙuil gṙáḋ 'gad ḋam;
'S gur b'í plúṁ-ṙgoiṫ na m-ban múinte, mo Róiṙ Ġheal Duḃ!

Beiṙ an ṙaiṁge na tuilte deaṁga, 'ṙ an ṙṙéiṁ na ṙuil,
Beiṙ an raoġal na ḋoġaḋ ḋṁoiḋeaṁg aṁ ḋṁuim na g-cnoc,
Beiṙ gaċ gleann ṙléibe aṁ ṙuiḋ Eiṁionn, 'ṙ móinte aṁ cṁiṫ!
Lá éigin ṙul a n-éagṙaiḋ mo Róiṙ Ġheal Duḃ!

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!*

Roisin Dubh.*

Is maiṛg do 'n té úd d'áṛ b'éigion dul taṛ ṡáile ṡoiṛ!
'S naċ boċt do 'n tṛéan-ċlann do ċaiṫṛeaḋ éalóḋ gan
ṡpáṡ taṛ muiṛ!
Tá láiṁ an tṛéatúiṛ ag ṡgṛioṡ 'ṡa ṛaobaḋ,—ṡúd a b̓uaḋ
a niuġ,—
Támaoid, tpéigṫe, ṛáṫ áṛ n-éalóḋ uait, a Róiṡin Dub̓!

Is buan ṡmuainte mo ċṛoiḋe oṛt a ṡtóiṛ, a noċt,
Ad ḋíṫ-ṡi is tṛom ċaoinim gan ṡgíṫ, gan toċt!
Oṛ gan ínneaḋ ṛaṫ mo ṡaeġil leat, a b̓láṫ na ṡub̓',
Aċt ṛaṛaoiṛ! táim a n-daoiṛṡe uait, a Róiṡin Dub̓!

Ba ḋeaṡ mo ḋóiṫ ṛeaḋ do b̓í me póṡda le'm ṡtóiṛín ṛéin,
A d-túiṡ m'óige b̓í mé ṡtṛóiġ lé gan eaṡbaḋ aon níḋ;
Aċt mo ḋíṫ-ġuiṛt! ṫáinic aoiṡ dam, 'ṡ d'éaloiḋ mo ċṛuiṫ!
'S aṡ éigion dam tú ṫṛéigion, a Róiṡin Dub̓!

Ba ḋeaṡ do ċlóḋ aṛ gaċ aon ċoṛ, a ċoṛ, a ċṛaoib̓ uṛb̓láṫ!
Ba ṁaiṫ do ċóiṡiṛ aṛ bóṛdaib̓ glan, núaḋ, gaċ lá,—
Uċ! cuiṁniḋ a Róiṡín aṛ gaċ móide do ṫugaiṡ ṛein dam,
Giḋ' guṛ b'éigion dam do ṫṛéigion aṛ ṡáile a niuġ!

* The original song of *Roisin Dubh* is supposed to have been composed in the reign of Elizabeth for the celebrated *Aodh Ua Domhnaill*, (Hugh Roe O'Donnell), Prince of Tirconnell. The allegorical allusions

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!*

---

o Ireland under the name of *Roisin*, have long been forgotten, and it is now known by the peasantry merely as a love song.

Cuiṁniḋ fóṛ aiṛ ʒaċ cóṁṛáḋ mín, cóiṛ, ʒan ċlaoin,
Cuiṁniḋ a ṛtóiṛ ʒuṛ leatṛa a póṛaḋ me a ḋ-túiṛ mo ṙaeġil!
Cuiṁniḋ a óiʒḃean an leabaḋ a cóṛuiġeaḋ ḋuit féin 'ṛ ḋam,
Bláṫ na ṛóṛ, 'ṛ ṛʒoiṫ na món-ṁáġ, mo Róiṛín Ḋuḃ!

Naċ ḃ-fuil mo ṗáiṛt leat a ċúl fáinneaċ na n-ḋual caṛ m-buiḋe!
Naċ tú mo ġṛáḋ-ṛa ḋ'á ḃ-fuil ḋo'n Aḋaṁ-clainn, a ċailín ċaoin!
Ʒonuiʒ an lá 'niuġ a n-ʒníoṁ ná ṛáiḋtiḃ ni ḃ-fuaiṛ tú ʒuiṫ,
'S naċ cṛuaiḋ an cáṛ ʒuṛ cuiṛeaḋ ʒṛáin oṛt, a Róiṛín Ḋuiḃ!

Ná bíḋeaċ bṛón oṛt a Róiṛín! aċḋ bíoḋ aḋ ṫoċt,
Tá ḋo ċáiṛḋe aʒ teaċt taṛ ṛáile ʒan ṛpáṛ a noċt;
Tiocfaḋ a lán ḋo ṫṛeiḃ na Sháinne leó a noiṛ,
'S beiṛ a Róiṛín ʒan bṛon na ḋeoiʒ ṛin, 'ṛ ʒo ḋeo faoi ċion!

Ʒo ḋ-tiġ' an tṛáṫ an ṛin céaḋ ṛlán leat a ṛtóṛ mo ċuim,
Ʒo ḋ-tiocfaḋ an lá ṛan míle ṛlán leat, a ċṛoiḋe naċ tim!
Bíḋ ʒáiṛḋeaċ, táim aḋ t-fáʒḃáil a ṛtóiṛ, a niuġ!
Aċḋ ḟillfeaḋ le áṫaṛ 'ṛ móṛ-ġáṛḋaṛ, aṛ mo Róiṛín Ḋuḃ!

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!*

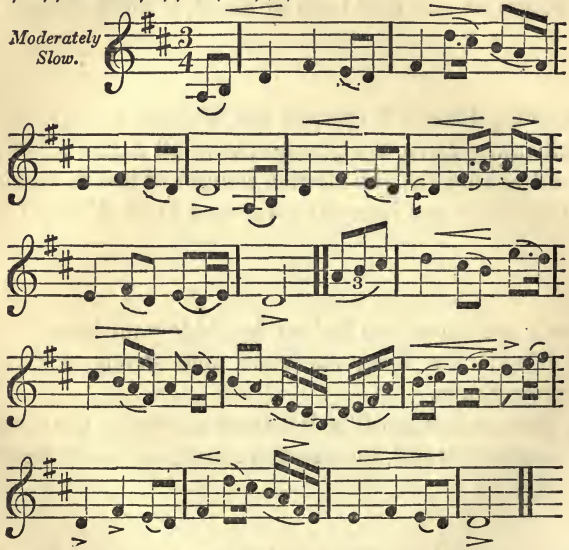
My guiding Star of Hope you are, all glow and grace,
My blooming Love, my Spouse above all Adam's race;
In deed or thought you cherish nought of low or mean;
The base alone can hate my own—my Dark *Roisin!*

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!*

Eamonn an Chnoic.

Fonn:—Eamonn An Chnoic.



Cia h-é sin amuiċ,
'Na b̓-fuil faob̓ar ar a ġuiṫ,
Ag raobaḋ mo ḋoruis ḋúnta?
Mise Eamonn an Chnoic,
'Tá báiḋte fuar, fliuċ,
O ṡíor-ṡiúb̓al sléib̓te 's gleannta!

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 1690. 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 Kilnelongurty, 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 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*.

"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!"—

A laoġ ḋil 'ṡ a ċuid,
Cread ḋéanfainn-ṡi ḋuit,
Mun a g-cuirfinn ort beinn da m' ġúna.
'S go b-fuil púġdar go tiuġ,
Dá ṙíor-ṙéide riot,
'S go m-beaḋmaoiṡ araon múċda!

Iṡ fada miṡe amuiċ,
Faoi ṙneaċta 'guṡ faoi ṙioc,
'S gan dánaċt agam ar aon neaċ;
Mo ṙeiṡreaċ gan ṡgur,
Mo b̄ranar gan cur,
A'ṡ gan iad agam ar aon ċor!
Ní'l caraid agam,
Iṡ dainíd liom ṡan,
Do ġlaċfaċ mé moċ ná déanaċ,
'S go g-caiṫfeaḋ mé dul,
Tar fainge ṡoir,
Oṡ ann náċ b-fuil mo ġaoḋalta·

A ċúil áluinn deaṡ,
'Na b-fáingíḋe caṡ,
Iṡ breáġ 'guṡ aṡ glaṡ do ṙúile!
Go b-fuil mo ċroiḋe dá ṙlad,
Mar do ṙníoṁṫaoi gad,
Le bliaġain ṁór ḟada aġ tnúṫ leat.

"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!"

"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.

Dá b̓-faġainn-si le ceart,
Cead síne síos leat,
Is éadtrom 's as deas do ṡiúb̓alfainn
Go b̓-fuil mo smaointe a b̓ean,
Air éalóġad̓ leat,
Faoi ċoilltib̓ ag speaład̓ an drúċta!

A ċumainn 's a ṡearċ,
Raċamaoid-ne seal,
Faoi ċoilltib̓ ag speaład̓ an drúċta!
Mar a b̓-faġmaoid an breac,
'S an lon air a nead,
An fiad̓ 'gus an poc a búiṫre;—
Na h-éiníníd̓e binne,
Air ġéigíníd̓e seinnead̓,
S an ċuaiċín ar b̓árr ar úr-ġlais,
Go brát̓ brát̓ dí ṫiocfad̓
An bás an ár n-goiread̓,
A lár na coille cúb̓arṫa.

Beir sgéala uaim sior,
Go h-aingír ċiuin an t-suilt,
Gur ċailleadar na neid a n-éanlaiṫ;
Gur araoir do ṫuit
An sneaċta ar na cnoic*
Amaċ ar fead̓ na h-Eirinn!

* From this and the preceding line it would appear that the song was composed in the year of the great frost, 1739.

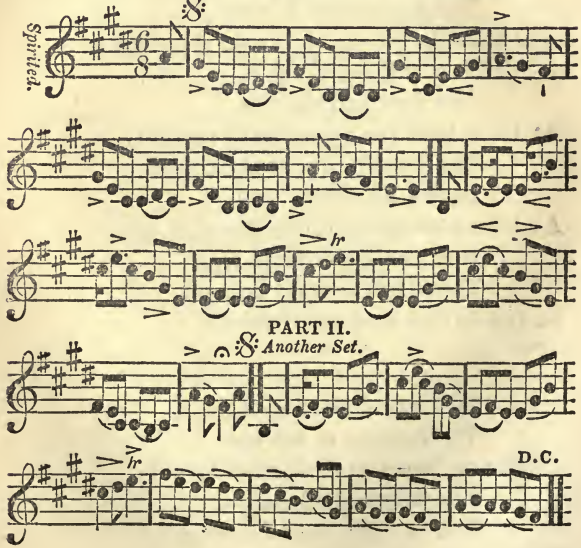
O, could we but both,—
You nothing loth,—
Escape to the wood and forest,
What Light and Calm,
What healing balm,
Should I have for my sorrows sorest!

"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 the 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!

"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,

Dá maiṙioċ liom ṙuiṫ,
Ʒo ṡeaċdṁuin ó 'niuġ,
Raċfainn-ṡe aṙ miṙe ad t-féaċaint,
Iṡ ʒo m'feaṙṙ liom anoiṡ,
A b̄eiṫ báiḋte ṡan muiṙ,
Ná ṙáḋ ʒo m-beiṫfeá ṙéiġ liom!

Foṅṅ:—An Sjoda atá ad Bhallujt a Bhuaċajli.



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 here given originated in the following anecdote :—

One of these 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 book.

"*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!"

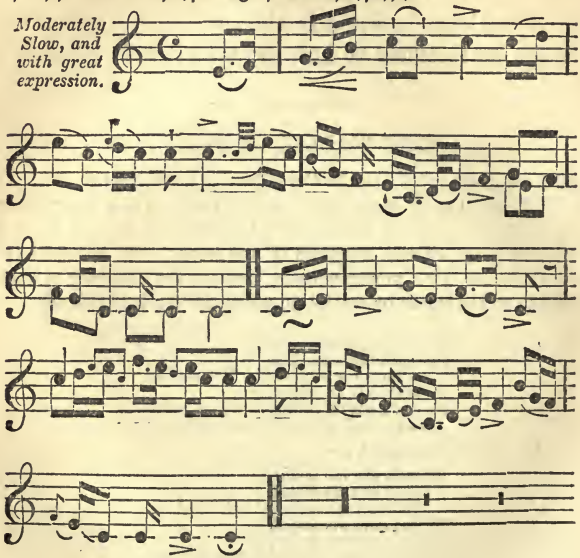
"Is it silk that's in your wallet,
Is it silk that's in your wallet,
Is it silk that's in your wallet, my buachaill?
Is it silk that's in your wallet,
Is it silk that's in your wallet,
Or apples for ladies to eat of?"

"'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!"

A mhaire 'gus a mhuirnin.

Fonn :—A Mháire agus a Mhúirnín.

Moderately Slow, and with great expression.



A Mháire 'gus a ṁúirnín, 'r a lúibín ta g-craob-ḟolt,
An cuiṁin leat mar do ṡiub̄lamaoir ar ḋrúiċtíníḋe an ḟéir ġlair;
A b̄láṫ na n-ab̄all g-cúbarṫa, na g-cnó buiḋe, 'r na ġ-caorad,
Do ṗáirt-ri níor ḋiúltaiġear, cé dúb̄aċ taoim ad t-éilioṁ!

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 Mangan 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.

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 have left me now in sadness.

A ġrád ḋil 'ṡ a rúinín, tar taoiḃ liom oiḋċe éigin?
Nuair luiġfeaḋ mo ṁuintir go m-beiḋeam ag caint le
na ċéile;
Mo láṁ ar do ċuimín, ag déiṁniúġaḋ mo ṡgéil duit,
'S gur b'é do ġráḋ, a ṁaiġdean, ḃuain raḋarc flaṫais
Dé ḋíom!

Dá m-ḃeiṫ a ḟios ag mo ḋearḃráṫair mo ġearán 'ṡ mo
ḃuairioṁ,
Dá m-beiṫ a ḟios (dar Pápán), ḃeiḋeaḋ fuarán róṁór
air,
Mo ċéad-ṡearc am ṫréigion, 'ṡ céile eile ḋá luaḋ léi,
'S tar ṁná deasa Eirionn, is í mo ġráḋ geal ná
fuaṫ-fainn.

A ċailín breáġ uasail—uaigneas mo láir tú,
A ċúl buiḋe na g-cocán 'ṡ a ġrianán ban Eirionn;
Do rnin tú mo ḋioġḃáil, 'ṡ farior ní'l léiġios air,
Cread do b'áil liom do t-iarraiḋ 'ṡ a ḋian-ġráḋ ná
faġainn tú.

Dá m-beiḋinn-ṡi am iaṡgaire ṡiar a m-Beínn Eidir,
'S Máire na n-geal m-bráġad na bradán ar loċ Eirne;
Is ṡúgaċ 'ṡ as meaḋraċ do ra'ain-ṡi dá h-éilioṁ,
'S do ġeaḃainn ann mo líontán "Ġrianán ban Eirionn."

Dá m-beiḋinn-ṡi am laċa 'ṡ fairṡinge ṡléiḃe 'gam,
'S raḋarc ar na Flaiṫis d'ḟonn m'anam do ṡaoraḋ;
Do ṫaḃarfainn an ainġir a ḃaile dá ḃ-féad-fainn,
'S léigfin dá h-aṫair a ḃeiṫ ṡealad dá h-éilioṁ!

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 around 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.

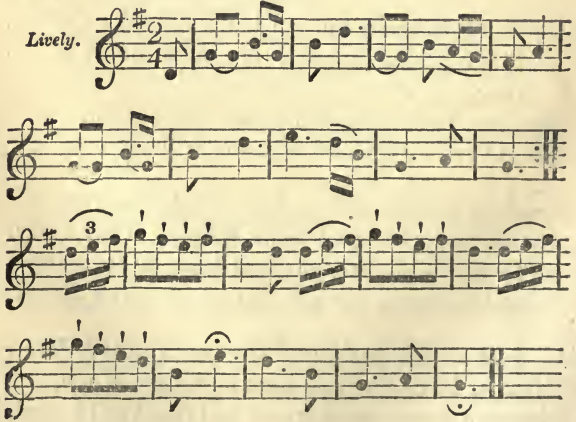
O! were I in Beinn-Eidir, a fisher skilled and wary,
And you down in Lough Erin, a salmon, O my Mary,
I'd rise up in the night-time, and haste to its waters,
And I'd catch you in my net, before all Eire's daughters!

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-beiḋinn-ſi a lunḋain maṙ ċeann aṙ an n-ʒáṙḋa,
'S ceaḋ aʒam o'n ḃ-ſṙanncaċ mo lonʒ ḋo ċuṙ taṙ ſáile;
Chúiʒ ṁíle púnta ḋá m'ḟiú ſin ʒaċ lá me
Iſ í Máiṙe mo ṙoġa-ſa, 'ſ ḋo ḃṙonnfain mo ſtát ḋi.

Eiṙʒiḋ aḋ ḟuiġe a ḃuaċaill 'ſ ʒluaiſ aṙ ḋo ġeaṙṙán?
Ʒaċ bealaċ ḋá m-buailiṙ ḃíḋ' aṙ ṫuaṙaiſʒ mo ḋian-ġṙáḋ,
Do ḃíḋ-ſí ḋá luaḋ liom o ḃíḋeaſ am leanḃ-bán,
'S ba ḃinne liom naoi nuaiṙe í ná cuaċ 'ſ ná oṙʒáin.

Fonn :—An Smaċdaoin Cṙ-n.



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 LITTLE 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 traffic 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 chailin !*
Cuir sios potataoi 's feoil !
Sud e nois an garraidhe,
Rabaire an Smachdaoin Chroin.

" *Oro, ro, mo Smachdaoin !*
Caradh mo chroide, mo Smachdaoin !
Oro, ro, mo Smachdaoin !
O, mo Smachdaoin Cron !"

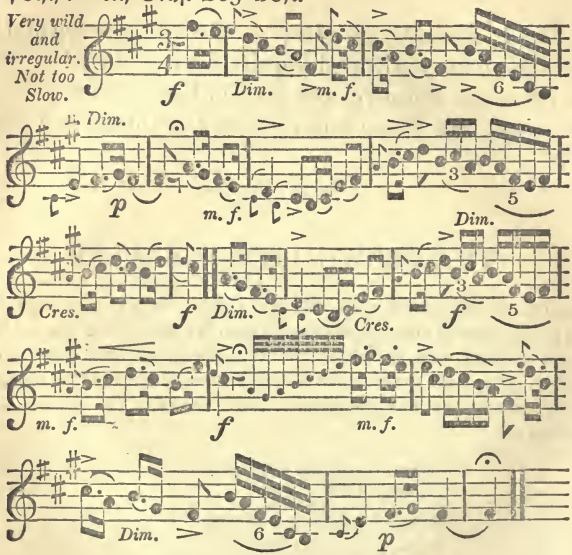
" Arise! get up my girl!
Boil potatoes and meat
Here comes up the garden
The lad with the *Smachteen Cron.*

" Oro, ro, my Smachteen
Love of my soul, my Smachteen!
Oro, ro, my Smachteen!
O my Smachteen Cron!"

an seabhac siubhail.

Muiris Ua Gríobṫa, cct.

Fonn :—An Cláṛ Boz Déil.



Is é measdaṛ liom aṛ leagaḋ túṛ, 's áitṛioḃ ṛécs,
Aṛ easbaḋ siúḃail, aṛ ṡeasaṁ smúit neaṁ-ġnáṫ, san
spéiṛ;
Aṛ ċṛeaċaḋ tṛiúċ, aṛ leagaḋ dúil, 's aṛ áṛdsgṛead béiṫ,
Go ḃ-fuil malaṛtúġaḋ le teaċt do'n ċúis, nó lá ḃṛeaṫ'
Dé!

THE WANDERING EXILE.

BY MAURICE GRIFFIN.

AIR:—"*Soft Deal Board.*"

THERE are several songs to this air, but we 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.

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. The reverend writer, before taking 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 Brighde seal do bhiosa go sugach samh,
Ag dearca sios air aingir chaoin an urladh bhlath;
Ba ghile a pib na sneachta air craoibh 's na drucht air ban,
'S ni coigcrioch me acht buachaill brioghmhar 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.

Is é deir an cúinge caṫa cúil, 's an Spáinneaċ tréan,
'San ḃean-sa d'úṁlaiḋ teaċt gan ċúinse, a b-páirt na laoċ;
Ná stadfaid siúd dá ġ-cleasaiḃ lúiṫ, 'na lann-ċaṫ n-géar,
Go g-caiṫfid cúmlaċt náṁaid ár n-dúiṫċe, air fán le faoḃar!

Is dearḃ ḋúinn a ċaraid ċlúṁuil, 's a ráib ḋil ġlé,
Go n-geallaid siúd go taparḋ cóngnaṁ bárc, 's laoċ;
Go fras do 'n ṗrionnsa ċeannais ḋúṫċais ċáirde Chéin,
'Tá ag fada tnúiṫ le neart an triuir ċum teaċt a réim.

Is feas ó d'íompaiḋ an aingir lonnraiḋ, láidir, léir,
Go ceart le laoiseaċ lasair ionnraic, a b-páirt gan ṗléiḋ;
Go ḃ-fearfar dlúiṫ-ċeaṫ, treasaċ, trúpaċ, táin-teaċ, tréan,
Do ċaiṫfios Buir go Breatain ċionntaċ as áitrioḃ Gaoḋal.

Beiḋ ceallaḋ 's úird gan smaċt ann súd, gan sgáṫ, gan baoġal,
Beiḋ reaċt na d-triúċ mar leasa ar d-túis ag Pápa Dé;
Beiḋ ceart 's cúinse bleaċtṁar búaḋaċ, do ġnáṫ ag Gaoiḋeil,
'S ár "Seaḃac Siúḃail" gan ċead do 'n m-brúid, go bráṫ a réim.

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 victory—
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 seasgair súḃaċ ag cantain ciuil an dáiṁ, le dréaċt,
A m-bailtiḃ Múṁan go maisioċ, muinte, gáirdeaċ, glé;
Gaċ dragan úr do ċlanna Lúġaiḋ, Chárrṫaiġ, 'r Chéin,
Ag teaċt go h-úṁal gan stad a g-cúirt, le gráḋ do 'n
sgléip.

---

an brannda.

Diarmuid ma Doṁnaill, ṁic Fíngín Chaoil, ṁic
Chárrṫaiḋ, cct.

A ḋalta ḋil dár ṫugasa mo ann-saċd dian,
Geallaim duit go raċainn-si, gíḋ' fann mo rian;
Ad ḟaicsin-si le carṫannaċd an am gaċ bliaġain,
Aċd ar eagla a ḃeiṫ treasgarṫa ag an m-brannda ṡiar!

Ní seasgaireaċd fá n-dearra ḋam, ná clampar fiaċ,
Ná an'ṁuinn do ċraipinneaċ mo ċeann, gíḋ' liaṫ!
Ná seaċain dul tar ġarḃ-ċnocaiḃ raṁaraḋ liag,
Aċd eaglaḋ a ḃeiṫ treasgarṫa ag an m-brannda ṡiar!

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 may 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. 322.

Eascaraid do 'n anam—agus naṁaid do Dhia,
Da leagas cuirp dá calmaċt gaċ ball dá d-triall,
Glaise stoic 's aisde stilleaḋ,—Brannda riaṁ,
Aṫair-neiṁe ba ṁinic ṫug mo ċeann gan ċiall!

Is cleaċtaḋ leis an leanḃ beag—gíḋ'gann a ċiall!
Nuair ṡatalas ar aiṫinne ná air a ṡaṁuil do ṗiann;
Go seaċnan an lasair ann gaċ ball dá d-triall,
'S ní taise dam roiṁ ragairne an Bhrannda ṡiar!

Glac-sa sin óm' ṫeaċdaire, gíḋ gann liom iad,
Mo sgata bruingioll gan faice bruit, 'ná bean dá riar!
Taḃair cuid do d' ḃanaltra is ceann-sa mian,
'S géaḃaid uile am ainim-si do ċlann ad rian!

An Ceangal.

A ṡuairc-ḟir ġroiḋe do gníḋ an greann 'sa sult,
Ní fuaṫ dod' ṁnaoi, ná díḃ, tug mall me a n-dul,
Ná fuaṫ do 'n t-slíġe, cé ċím gur raṁar na cnoic,
Aċt fuaṫ mo ċroiḋe do ḃíon do 'n m-Brannda agam!

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!

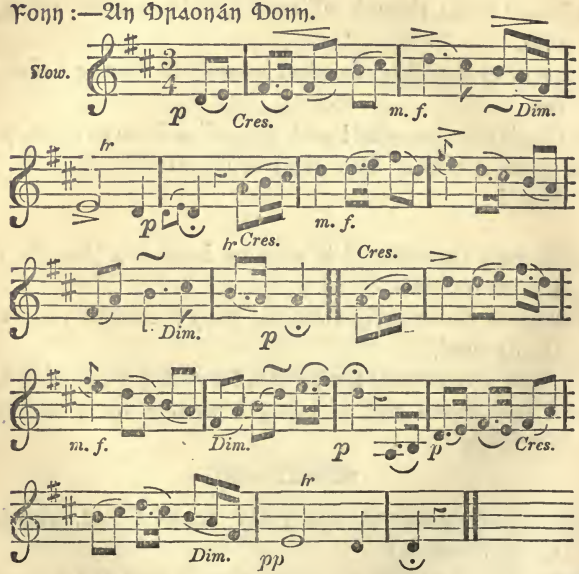
But, though thus forced to stop at home—a thought that makes me sad—
My daughters—comely damsels they! though somewhat thinly clad,
Will gladly visit you, my friend, for well I ween that they
Don't run much risk of being o'ercome by Whiskey on the Way!

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!

An Draonan Donn.

Fonn :—An Draonán Donn.



Slow.

p Cres. m. f. Dim.

tr p tr Cres. m. f.

Dim. p Cres.

m. f. Dim. p p Cres.

Dim. pp tr

Sílean céad fear gur leo féin me an uair d'ólaim liún,
'S tíġean dá d-trian ṡiosḋíom aġ cuiṁne air a ġ-coṁṙáḋ
liom;

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. 256. 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—

Sneaċta ṡéiḋte 'ṡ é ḋá ṡíoṛ-cuṛ aṛ Shliaḃ na m-Ban
Fionn,*
'S tá mo ġṛáḋ-ṡa, maṛ ḃláṫ na n-áiṛne, aṛ an Ḋṛaonan
Ḋonn!

Ḋá m-beiḋinn am ḃáḋóiṛ iṡ ḋeaṡ ḋo ṡnáṁfainn an ḟaiṛge
a núnn,
'S ḋo ṡgṛíḃfinn ċúġaḋ líne le báṛṛ mo ṗeann;
Faṛaoiṛ ġéaṛ! ġan mé 'ṡ tú, a ċṛáḋaiġ mo ċṛoiḋe,
A n-ġleanntán ṡléiḃe le h-éiṛġíḋ ġṛéine 'ṡ an ḋṛúċt na
luiḋe!

Cuiṛim féin mo ṁíle ṡlán leat a ḃaile ne ġ-cṛann,
'S ġaċ baile beaġ eile ḋá m-bíḋeaċ mo ṫṛiall ann;
Iṡ iomḋa bealaċ, fliuc, ṡalaċ; aġuṡ bóiṫ'ṛín cam,
Tá 'ḋiṛ mé ġuṡ an baile, 'na ḃ-fuil mo ṡtóiṛín ann!

Lóġfinn-ṡi leaḃaṛ Ġaoiḋeilge 'ġuṡ laiḋin ḋi aṛ neoin,
Sġṛiḃfinn-ṡi ṡíoṡ é le báṛṛ mo ṗeann;
Bheiḋinn aġ éalóġaḋ faoi na léine 'ṡ aġ fáṡġaḋ a com,
'S an lá ná féaḋfainn bean ḋo ḃṛéaġaḋ, ní'l an báiṛe
liom.

---

* *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

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!

---

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 lea ud,
Do dhul air Ghaoidheil-bhoichd 's na ceadta shlad;
Gur 'mo fear eadrom 's cobhaire gleigiol
On am go cheile do gabhag le seal!
'Na bh-fuil corduighe caola ag buaint luith a n-geag diobh,
A n-duinseion dhaora go deo faoi ghlas,
Nior 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 sleibhe
Do bhi Gaoidheil-bhoicht air Shliabh na m-ban!"

Tab̓air do ṁallaċt do t-aṫair 'ſ do d' ṁáṫairín féin,
Nár ṫuġ beaġán tuiġſionna ḋuit mo láiṁ do léaġaṁ;*
Iſ moċ ar maidin ċuirfinn ċúġad-ſa bríġ mo ſġéil,
Bíoċ mo b̓eannaċt aġad ġo ġ-caſfar ort a n-uaiġneaſ mé.

A Mhuire ḋílis! cread do ḋéanfad má imṫíġean tú uaim,
Ní'l eolus ċum do ṫiġe 'ġam, do ṫeaġlaiġ, ná do ċlúid,
Tá mo ṁáṫairín faoi leaṫ-trom, 'ſ m'aṫair ſan uaiḋ,
Tá mo ṁuintir ar fad a b̓-fearġ liom, 'ſ mo ġráḋ a b̓-fad uaim!

Máſ aġ imṫeaċt a táir uaim anoiſ a ṁúirnín, ġo b̓-filleaḋ tú ſlán!
Iſ dearb̓ṫa ġur ṁairb̓ tú mo ċroiḋe ann mo lár,
Ní'l coite 'ġam do ċuirfin ad ḋiaiġ, ná báḋ;
Tá'n ḟairġe na tuilte eadrainn, 'ſ ní eól dam ſnáṁ!

"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!"

* See the penal enactment against education at page 39.

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

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!

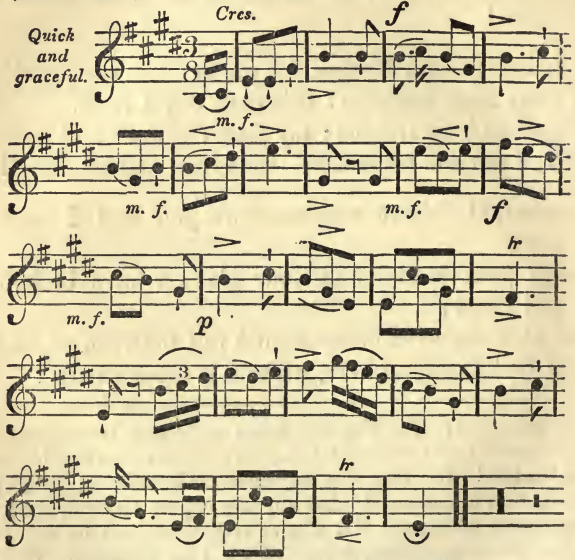
I entreat, O fairest maiden, that you and I may not part,
Though your smiles and your glances have broken my sad heart;
Alas! that the wide ocean should roll between us dark,
And I be left pining here, without a fisher's bark!

---

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 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 see incredible." —*Sketches of the Native Irish*, p. 205. Third edition. 12mo. London: 1846.

aisling eadbhaird do noglaich.

Fonn :—Orzuil an Dorur zo Ciuin O!



[The last two lines of each verse are to be repeated.]

Lá 'zur mé ag taisdiol ar maidin am aonar,
'S taiṫneaṁ na zréine ar an n-drúċt, O
Do ṫárlaiḋ an aingir na seasaṁ le m' ṫaob-sa,
Zo barraṁul, béasaċ, zan ṗúir, O!

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.

Edward Nagle was a tailor; he refers to his profession in the tenth stanza; and it is probable that his friends shared 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!

Ba áluinn a pearsa, ba ṫaiṫneaṁaċ, dréimreaċ,
Ba ċamarsaċ péarlaċ a cúl, O!
Ba ḃláṫṁar a mala mar ġearra le caol-ṗinn,
Ba leaṫan a h-éadan gan smúit, O!

Sgáil ġeal gan sgamal na raṁar-rosg péarlaċ,
Sneaċta 'gus caora 'na gnúis, O!
Ráidte gan asmuilt, aċd laḃarṫa béasaċ,
Blasda, 'gus bréiṫre ċiuin, O!

A bráġaid mar an sneaċta le taiṫneaṁ na gréine,
Searaṁ mar ġeis ar an srúill, O!
Ba ḃláṫṁar a mama 'r a leaḃair-ċroḃ aolda,
Ba ṫaiṫneaṁaċ, ċaol-deas, a cóm, O!

Le na breáġṫaċt do ṁeasas gur pearsa bandéiṫe í;
Pallas, no *Venus*, no *Juno!*
Nó 'n stáidḃean le'r cailliog gan aisioc na céadta,
A g-casmairt na Trae ṙoir go dúḃaċ, O!

No 'n ṁánla do ṫaisdiol tar calaiṫ a g-céin seal,
O Thailc ṁic Tréin na d-triúċ, O!
Nó 'n ḃáin-ċneis dár ḃ' ainim di Taise ba ṫaoḃ-geal,
Leanḃ na Gréige 'r a plúr, 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!

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 Taile obtained a release, O!
Or Taise, the fairest of damosels, she,
Who of old was the glory of Greece, O!

Nó 'n árus an Fhir Deacair ba ḋearḃ na sgéalta,
An aingir do claonaḋ le Fionn, O!
Nó 'n stáid-ḃruingioll ċailce dár ḃ'ainim di Déirdre,
Go h-Albain d'éalaig le triúr, O!

D'árdaiġeas go meanmnaċ m'aigne a néinḟeaċt,
Do laḃaras léiri go ciuin, O!
A ġráḋ ġil na g-caraḋ 's a ṫaisge mo ċléiḃ-si,
Taḃair do ġéag ḋam go dlúiṫ, O!

"Stráille fir magaiḋ ṫu," radas an ḃéiṫ liom,
Measaim gur léiṫis ad ad ċúl, O!
Dáilimsi faire leat! seacainn do ṗlae orm,
Ná sailig m'ėadaċ sa ṗlúid, O!

Is ceárrda fir cealgaiḋ measaim, cé d'aosais,
T-ainimsi, léig ḋam ar d-túis, O!
Is gránа do leacaḋ 's as searḃ do ḃréiṫre,
Mealla na m-béiṫe ann do rúin, O!

Ná cáin-si mo leacaḋ 's na h-abair-si bréag liom,
Taiṫníḋean mo ḃriaṫra 's mo *lute*, O!
Le stáid-ḃruingioll ḃarr-ḟionn do ṁaiṫiḃ na h-Eireann,
M'ainim-si Eadḃard, a rúin, 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!"

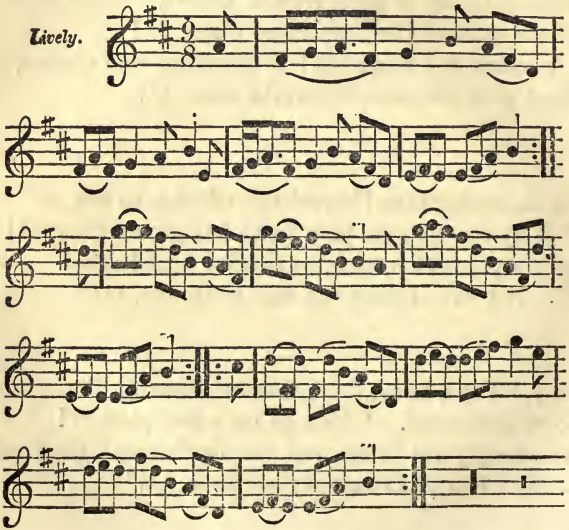
"False flattering man!" cried the maiden to me,
"Why the hair on your head has grown grey, O!
Shame on you, old wretch, to think I could agree
To wed one of your age and your way, O!"

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!"

Ꝫráḋ liom do leaca, do ṁala, do léiṫ-roiſꝫ,
Radaſ an b̓éiṫ liom ann ſúd, O!
Ꝫráḋ liom do ṗeaṛſa, da ṡeaſaṁ, do ṫṛéiṫe,
Taiṫneaṁ mo ċléib̓-ſi do ṫiuin, O!

Fonn:—Toiṛḋealb̓aċ láidiṛ.



"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 Ui Bhrian* (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?"

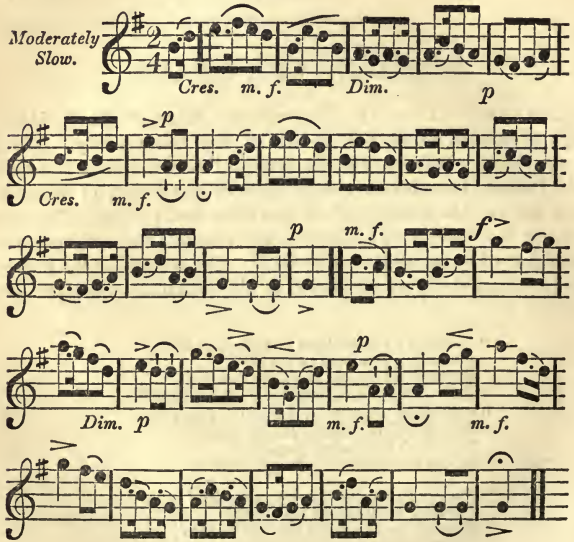
"Why don't you boil up the milk for me?
Why don't you thicken it with butter?
Why don't you hasten to market,
To buy me a pen'orth of eggs there?"

"*Hurroo! ce bhuailfeach mo mhadra?*
Hurroo! ce straefach mo chaba?
Hurroo! ce dhearfach nach gaige me?
'S gur bainim dam Toirdhealbhach Laidir!"

"Hurrah! who'd sneer at my little dog?
Hurrah! who'd tear my old cape off?
Hurrah! who'd say I'm not a gentleman!
For my name is Turlogh the Mighty!"

Aislinʒ Phadruic Cundun.

Fonn :—An Stájcín Eórnad.



Maidion 's me am aonar coir taob coille dulle-ġlaire,
Aʒ déanaṁ mo h-íomannad ba ġnáṫaċ mé ann;
'S mire air luirne Phoebus tré ġéaʒaib le ruṫneġlaine;
A pléiriocṫ ċe criorval-ṙiormad ṙaobraċ na d-tonn;—

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 settled near 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 used to acquire from the instructions of the road-side schoolmaster. Many of the Kerry rustics speak Latin like citizens of old Rome, and 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 in his *Sketches of the Native Irish*.

The evening was waning: long, long I stood pondering
Nigh a greenwood on my desolate lot.
The setting sun's glory then set me a-wondering,
And the deep tone of the stream in the grot.

Ealta iomḋa éanlaiṫ air ċraoḃaiḃ go mioċair-ċlisde,
Ag séiseaḋ 's ag seinne-ḃinne air ġéaga gaċ crann,
Bruic 'r Sionaig claonaḋ roiṁ ḟaol-ċoin ar mireruiṫe,
'S laoċraḋ go h-inniollta dá d-traoċaḋ gaċ am!

Iar g-caiṫeaṁ eiṫneaċ cnó ḋam ḃíḋ buacaċ ar bile ag sile,
Luaḋail laċt gan time rineaḋ faosaṁ do'n ḃ-fann;
Sásaṁ bíḋ gan ġruaim ann, do fuaras, 'r mile-ḃlaise,
Stuaim agus ionnar-ċruiṫe glé-tuigse am ċeann;—
Gur casag tríd an m-buan-doire a nuas ċúġam ar
fuinnioṁ-ruiṫe.
Uaisleaċt na ḃ-finne-ḃan a sgéiṁ-ċruiṫ nár ġann;
Aingir aoiḃinn uamaċ, lán-ḃuacaċ tar ċinne-Scuite,
Buaḋaċ, bínn, milis, mioċair, séiṁ tar gaċ dream.

Do b'ḟada, dlaoiṫeaċ, péarlaċ, a craoḃ-ḟolt a titim-
ḃrisde,
Dréimreaċ, cas, ionannda, a ḃ-fíġ néata é na ceann;
A dearca ḃíḋ mar réalta na spéire le rúiṫne-ġlaine,
Géis-ḋaiṫ no gile an lile, niaṁ-ċrunn a com;
Ba ḋeas, ba ċruinn a déada, le ċéile do cureag suġte
A béal ḃí go friotal-ċlisde a m-bréiṫre lán lonn.
'S bláṫ an draoin tre ċaoraḋ na sgéim 's na deirg-luisne,
Níaṁ siġe friṫ-te oilte a réiġṁeas go bonn.

Do ṡeasaiṁ si liom suas 's do ḃuan-aṁarc mise ise,
A d-tuairim gur bruingioll inniolL déiṫe ḃí ann,
Nó ceaċtar ḃí an spéir-ḃean le caoṁnas na doire-geinte,
A téarnaḋ ċum feiṫiṁ inte tréiṁse gan ḃeann;

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.

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?

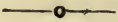
Ꝺ'ḟıoꞅꞃaḋ mé ꝺo ḃꞃéıṫꞃe caoın, néata, ceaꞃt, clıꞅꝺe-
ꞅ̇nuḋte,
" An tu *Calypso* no *Ceres*, no *Hecate* na ꞃann,
Minerva nó *Thetis* ꝺo ṫꞃéın-ḃꞃıꞅeaċ longa aꞃ uıꞅge,
Bateia ṫaıꞅ, no *Hebe* ḋeaꞅ, ón ꞅpéıꞃnıṁ ṫut ꞅann !

Nı ceaċꝺaꞃ ꝺıoḃ ꝺ'áꞃ luaḋaıꞅ aꝺ ḋuantaıḃ aꞃ ıꞅe, mıꞅe,
Aċt aınꞅıꞃ ċlaoıḋte, ṫꞃeaꞅgaꞃṫa, tꞃe ıonaċlann na
n-ꞅall;
'S aꞅ ꞅaıꞃıꝺ ꝺíḃ an uaıꞃ 'na m-beaḋ móꞃ-ḋaċt 'ꞅ mıꞃe
ḃúꞃ n-ꝺlıġṫe,
Sáꞅaṁ cꞃuınn ḃúꞃ n'aınꝺeıꞅe beaḋ ꞅeaꞅꝺa 'ꞅuıḃ ꞅan
ṁeall:
Cuꞃ cúıꞅ a ꞅteaċ neaṁ-ġꞃuama, le ꞅuaımeınt maꞃ ṫulle,
'ꞅ ꞅıṫċe,
le aıꞅ an níḋ ḃúꞃ ḃ-ꞅaıꞅꝺıne ḃí taꞅaꞃṫa leaꞅ tall
'S aꞅ ꝺeaꞃḃ ꝺíḃ naċ buan ḃeıꞅ an ċuaıll ꞅo ꞅa ḃ-ꞅınne
ꞅꞅꞃıoꞅꝺa,
A laċt ꞅa líon beaḋ ꞅꞅaꞃṫa lıḃ, bıoċ m'anam leıꞅ a
n-ꞅeall.

—o—

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?

"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 gloriousness:
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!"



Aisling Chonnchubair ui Shuilliobhain.

Fonn :—"Sean-b̓ean Chríon an Ḋrantáin."

Tré m' aisling a raoir 's me'm ṡuan táṁ,
Do ḋearcasa ríoguin na g-cuaċ m-bán ;
Bhíḋ lasair trí litis, ag ceasnaċ 's a coíṁeasgair,
Na h-aġṫa 's ní 'l ḟios cia fuair bárr !

A carn-ḟolt tríllseaċ is leab̓air d'ḟás,
Go camarsaċ, dlaoiṫeaċ, tiuġ, trom, 'tá ;
'Na m-b̓eartaib̓ a tíġeaċt ḟria, go baċallaċ, buiḋeċas,
O b̓aṫais a cínn ġil go bonn tráċd.

Ba ċailce a déid-ṁion, ba ró b̓láṫ,
A mbéal-tana b'éifeaċtaċ cóṁráḋ ;
A raṁar-roisg ċlaona, 's a mala ḋeas ṁaorḋa,
Mar ṫarraingfeḋ caol-ṗinn a g-clóḋ 'táid.

Ba ṡaṁuil a sgéiṁ-dreaċ, 's a leab̓air-bráġaid,
Fria sneaċta na h-aon-oíḋċe a n-gleann-táin ;
'S a leab̓air-ċrob̓ aolda, ba ċailce lag-ṁéaraċ,
Do spreagaċ air ṫéad-ċruit gaċ streann-cán.

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-arched eye-brows,
She looked most commanding and queenly.

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.

A nuair ṁeasas í ṫeaċt am ċóṁ-ḋáil,
Facaim go h-ísealL le mórḋáil;
Feasaim go caoin disi a h-ainim, 'sbríġ a turais,
Nó 'n baile 'na m-bíon sí gaċ cíuin-tráiṫ.

Do ḟreagair an ríogain go ró ṡáṁ,
'S ba ṫaiṫnioṁaċ bínn-ġuiṫ a cóṁ-ráḋ;
Mise bean dílis na ḃ-flaṫa do díbriog,
A's Albain roiṁe seo, gíḋ beó 'táid!

A ċumainn ná tréig mise a n-dó-lás,
Suig annso taoḃ ḟriom go fóill, má
Is tú 'n ḟinne-ḃean t-Séamuis,—buime na laoċraḋ,
Taḃair cruinneas gaċ sgéil dam, nó ġeaḃad bás!

Dearḃaid draoiṫe 'gus sean dáiṁ,
Tharrangair Naoiṁ 's gaċ dream Fháiġ;
Go d-taistiolfaċ mílte fá armaiḃ líoṁṫa,
Air Charolus Stíoḃard tar mall-tráig.

A ḋalta ná bíoḋ feasda ag cann-rán,
Spreagaċ do ċroiḋe 'nois, ni h-ionn-tráṫ;
An am anfaḋ ċíḋfir an ċaḃair a n-gaoir ḋuit,
Biaḋ sgaipe air gaċ daoiste 'na raṁar-ṁás.

Bowing down now before her so lowly,
With words that came trembling and slowly,
I asked what her name was, and where I might worship
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!

Déinid gáir-ṁaoidte le lúṫġáir,
'S taosgaig tráiṫ fíonta ós cionn cláir;
Déantar cnáiṁ-ṫeinnte, agus séid stoc na píbe,
Agus gléastar gaċ caoin-ċruit 's tiom-páin?

Iar d-teaċtan ċum tire go Cionn-t-Sáil,
Do'n laoċrad sin laoiseaċ na d-trúp láin;
Beid Gaoideil-ḃoċt ag coiṁġlic,—déanad éirlig 's
díoġaltais,
Air ṁéirlioċa 'n ḟéill ḋuiḃ ḋá g-cúrsáil!

Freagradh dhonnchadh ui shuilliobhain air chonchubhar.

Fonn:—"Sean-ḃean ċríon an drantáin."

An ġealṫan-ċruiṫ ċaoin ċailce, ṡeang ṁnáṁuil,
Do ḋearcais tré d' smaointe go leaḃar-ḃláṫ;
A pearsa 's a gníoṁa, 's a mama gíḋ' h-aoiḃinn,
Ní'l tairḃe ḋíoḃ ann aċt ion-tlás.

Is deaṙmad suíġte 'gus feall tráiṫ,
Air Bhanba ċinn-gearṙṫa ċóm-ċáiġ;
Ní ġlacaċ iona cuim tú, ná neaċ eile ḋod' ṡínnsear,
Go g-casaċ sruiṫ-líonta gaċ aḃa lán.

"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!

"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!

Is taiṫnioṁaċ línn gan fóḃat d'ḟáġail
Air ḃanaltra ċíoċ-ġeal na d-tróm-ḋáiṁ;
Thug geallaṁuin díliṡ le ṡeaṡaṁ gaċ n-díreaċ,
Do ġaṡṡaḋ ġroiḋe-ċliṡde an rann-gáiṡ.

Tar calaiṫ glaṡ taoide no a n-gleann-m-báin,
Dá d-tagaḋ do laoiṡeaċ fria Fhrann-cáin;
Biaḋ aguinne taoiṡig ba ċalma a n-gníoṁ-goil,
Do leagfaḋ nearṫ ṡaoiṫe do ġam-ṡáin.

Ag Bratannaig líoṁṫa na n-aḃall m-bláṫ,
Ba ḟearġaċ líoṁṫa 'na lom-dáil;
Go maċaire an ċoíṁeaṡguir dá d-tagaiḋ, do ċíḋfear
Do Charoluṡ Stíoḃard, 'na ṫoll-dáḋ!*

Gé fada ḃeiṫ íṡeall a ḃ-fonn fáġain,
Ag ṡeaṡaṁ le daoiṡṡe gaċ tróm-ċáin;
Do'd ċeangal a n-geiḃlioċ ná ṡgarfaḋ leat ċoíḋċe,
Go d-tagaḋ do ṫaoiṡig go Cionn-t-Sáil!

An ṡgamal ṡo líonta do ċróm cáċ,
An anḃruḋ Muiṁnig, gan *power* tláṫ;
Ba ṁeaṡa ḋuit líne ṡlioċt Chaiṡil a n-íoċtar,
Ná eaṡbaḋ guiṫ píbe, 'guṡ tiom-pán?

* *Toll-dad.* Topsy-turvy.

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!

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!

* An allusion to the battle of Kinsale, A.D. 1601.

aisling an athar padraic ui bhriain.

Tógfaḋ sé atuirse 's brón díḃ,
An aisling do ċonarc air Mhóirín;
An ḃanaltra ḃréagaċ,
Do ṫáil ar gaċ aoin neaċ,
O d'imṫiġ a céile—mo ḃrón í!

A cneas mar an sneaċta ḃa ró ṁín,
A bas faoi na leacain 's í deór-ġuil;
A mama-beag gléigeal,
Ag conairt an ḃéarla;
Dá slamaḋ gan traoċa—gan coṁnuiġe!

Is é dúḃairt an ṁac-allaḋ do ġlór-ċaoin,
An ḃ-fuil tú ad ċodla a Mhóirín?
Eirgiḋ cois toinne,
'Gus deaṙc ar an daoine,
Tá teaċt ċúġainn dar taoide le mór-ḃuiḋin!

Ann-sin beiḋ agad-sa ad ċófruiġe
Airgiod go fairsing 's ór buiḋe,
Mar ċaḃair do na céadta,
Tá 'c cneada 's a béice,
Da g-creaċa 's dá g-céasa le mór-ċíos!

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.

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 trampelled by Tyranny uncontrolled.

Atá éanlaiṫ na coille go ró-b̓inn,
A n-éinḟeaċt a seinnim a nótaiḋe;
Go meanamnaċ, aoraċ,
Dá ínsint dá ċéile,
Ná beiḋ fearg ṁic Dé línn a g-cóṁnaiḋ.!

Do ċualaḋ dá ṡeinnim ar ċeól-píb̓,
Go b̓-fuil Coileaċ 's Fiolar ar deóraiġeaċt;
Do ṗiocas na súile,
As an n-duine nár ḋúṫċas,
Bheiṫ aguinn a lúndain 'na ċoṁnuiġe;

Beiḋ *Hector* 's *Cæsar* go beól-b̓inn,
Bowler 's *Ranger* a geónaiḋil;
'S gearrḟiaḋ 'ca ar saoṫar,
O Chaisioll go Béara,
Go d-ṫitiḋ a n-éinḟeaċt an órluiḋe!

Ann sin go foirneaċ pós-fuiġear,
An duine nár síleaḋ le Móirín;
'S cruinneóċaḋ na céadta,
Do ṁaiṫib̓ na h-Eirionn,
Go mullaċ Chnoic Gréine le ċeól-síṫ!

Tugṫar ċúġainn *Punch* agus beoir ġroiḋe,
'S bioḋtar dá d-tarraing a g-cóṁnuiḋe?
Cuir an ainḋeise ar cáirde
Go maidion a máraċ;
'S gan casaḋ go bráṫ ná go deó ḋí!

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 Berehaven,
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.

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!

Bé faid do b̓éid̓ sgilling am ṗóicín,
Ní sgarfainn le cuideacta Mhóirín;
Olfamaoid slainte,
An ḟir atá n-dán di,
Chum cuidiúġad̓ go brát̓ lé, 's go deó 'rís!

Atá cluit̓ce le h-imirt ag Móirín,
Tuitfead̓ an Curata 's ní brón línn;
Atá aon-a-hart séid̓te,
'S an ríġ dul ar éigin,
'S an b̓an-ríoġain 'na d̓éig sin a tóruiġeact!

Ann sin preabfaid̓ ar bóid síos,
An Cionád̓ is fada fáoi ċeó-draoiġeact;
Sguabfaid̓ a n-éinḟeact,
Na bearta le ċéile,
'S bainfead̓ sgilling gan b̓aod̓aċas, 's c'róinn díob̓!

Beid̓ cnaiṗid̓e dá n-déanad̓ ag Seoirsín,
Faoi t̓uairm an éadaig nár córuid̓eag;
Beid̓ hata mait̓ Béab̓air,
Ar Dhoṁnall na Gréine,
Dá ċat̓aṁ is na spéart̓a le mór-ċroid̓e!

Go m-baintear an brísde dá t̓óin síos,
An duine nár ṁian b̓eit̓ ag ól diġe,
Faoi t̓uairm an sgéil sin,
'S tuille ná déarfad;
Dá m-beid̓inn-ri gan léine! gan cóitín!

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 the Queen—who 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.

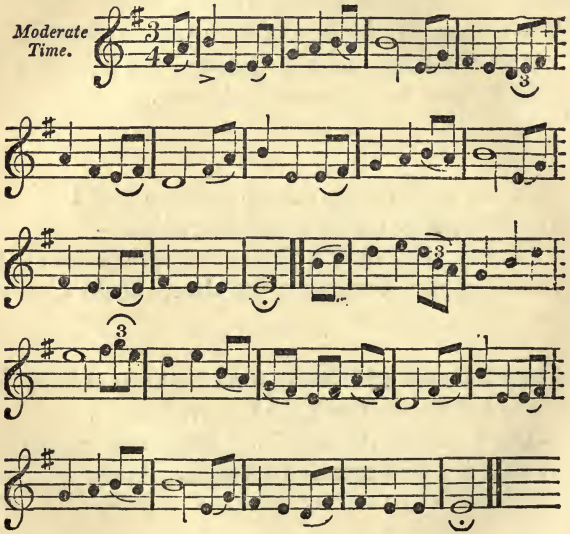
Then Georgey will quake, and shake, and bow,
He is left in the lurch, he discovers now!
But "Dan of the Sun" will fling high his beaver
With a joyous heart and a beaming brow.

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!

an abhainn laoi.

Eóġan (an ṁéiṛín) Mheic Cáṛṛṫaiġ, cct.

Fonn:—Aiṛ. Eiṛe nj 'nesṛainn cia h-j.



A ċumplaċt ġlan ċaoiṁ-ċṛoṫaċ ċaoin,
Uṛ-léiġionta go líonṁaṛ a n-dán;
Bhúṛ n-dúṫṛaċd ag ġéaṛ-ṁolaḋ laoi,
(Ba ṛaoṫaṛ a n-ínntleaċt iṛ feaṛṛ)

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, breoidhte, lag, sinni
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 l'

"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 Muscraidhe (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?

An lúb-ṙroṫaċ, ʒlé-ċrıoʃtal, mín,
Iʃ ƒéıle ar biṫ ƒíor-uıʃʒe cáıl;
Ʒur ṫúırlıng ʒaċ ʃéan le na taoıḃ,
Do b'ḟéıdır ƒá ríġeaċt neıṁe d'ḟáġaıl.

Iʃ cúḃarṫa 'ʃ aʃ craoḃ-ṫorrṫaċ ḃíḋean,
Ʒaċ ʒaorṫa 'na tímċıoll aʒ ƒáʃ;
Ƒá aḃ'laıḃ, ƒá ċaoraıḃ, ƒá ḟíon,
Aʒ claonaḋ ʒo h-íoċtar a tráġa!
Aḃall-ġoırt ƒá ġéaʒaḃ aʒ luıġe,
Ar an ḃ-ƒéar-ʒlaʃ an uaır líonaıḋ a m-bláṫ,
Mar luḃ-ġort *Hesperia* do ḃí,
Dá ċaoṁnaḋ le draoıġeaċt ar ƒeaḋ ʃpáʃ.

Ba ṙúʒaċ ƒlaıṫ ƒéıle aır ʒaċ taoıḃ,
Ʒo ƒéaʃdaċ, ʒo ƒíonṁar do ġnáṫ;
'S túırlıng na cléıre d'íonʃaıġe,
Na ʃaor-ḟear; na tíġeaʃaċa breaġa;
Iʃ dúḃaċ lıom a réım 'ʃ a ʒ-cíoʃ,
Na ʃtéıʒıḃ dá ʃníoṁ ıdır ċách;
'S an prıonnʃa an *Altona* 'na luıġe,
Nár ṫréıʒ creıdıoṁ Chríoʃt ar a ʃtát!

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 Mumha*, or South Munster. The great antiquity of this family has been commemorated by Denis Florence MacCarthy, one of Eire's sweetest bards :—

"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 Guadalquiver, and sunny Garonne—

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!

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!

Ere Venice had wedded the sea, or enrolled
The name of a Doge on the proud book of Gold;
When her glory was all to come on like the morrow,
There were chieftains and Kings of the clan of Mac Caura!
* * * * *
Mac Caura, 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 Caura."

The "Clan of Mac Cartha," by D. F. Mac Carthy.

A most interesting memoir of the Mac Carthys may be seen in the "Green Book," by the late J. C. O'Callaghan, Esq.

Slan chum Padraic Sairseal.*

A Pháḋraic Sáirṡéal ṡlán ʒo ḋ-ti' tú!
O ċuaḋaiṡ ḋo 'n Ḟhrainc 'ṡ ḋo ċampaiḋe ṡʒaoilte,
Aʒ ḋéanaṁ ḋo ġearáin leiṡ na Ríġṫe,
'S ḋ'ḟáʒ tú Eire 'ʒuṡ Ʒaoiḋeil-ḃoiċt claoiḋte
Och! ochón!

* Patrick Sarsfield was descended from an ancient family, consisting of several honourable branches, one of which owned 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. 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

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!

---

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. But 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, for 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 comprised in the words, simplicity, disinterestedness, honour, loyalty, and bravery. In person, he was a man of prodigious size. By his wife Honora 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.

A Pháorais Sáirséal is duine le Dia tú
Is beannaighe an talamh ar siúbail tú riamh air;
Go m-beannaighe an Ghealach gheal 's an Ghrian duit,*
O thug tú an lá o láma Rígh Uilliam leat.
Och! etc.

A Pháorais 'Sáirséal guidhe gach n-duine leat,
Mo guidhe-si féin 's guidhe mic Muire leat;
O thóig tú an t-Ath-Caol† ag gabail trie Bhiorra dhuit,
'S gur ag Cuillinn O' g-Cuanach‡ buadhach leat luimneach.
Och! etc.

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* *Go m-beannaighe an Ghealach gheal 's an Ghrian duit*, i.e., May the bright Sun and Moon bless thee, a mode of salutation not found in ancient Irish compositions.

† *Ath Caol*, Narrow Ford, the name of the castle guarding the passage over the *Little Brosna* river at Birr (or Parsonstown), King's County.

‡ 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 thruip 's a airneise;
Timchioll innill Inse Sionna,
'S Muimhnig uile fa mheala;
Nior fhag bumba, bad na uma,
Na ban bonn da b-pras-ghreithibh,
A m-Baile an Fhaoitig gan a sgaoile,
Mar ghal coinnle a n-dail speire.

"*Do shuil nach crionfadh clu na sgribe,*
Fuigfiod fillte a b-paipearaibh
Tuairm aithne air 'uair na faille'
Fuair an seabhac slan-easgadh
Se chead foghmhar, mile 's nochad,
Aois nach onna tath-eifiocht.
Bliaghna an Chaimhdhe, d'-fhiad san aoine
Pian is ainnsin nach eidir."

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!

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!

---

* 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."

Ʒeaḃaḋ-ʃa ʃiaʃ an ʃliaḃ-ʃa am aonaʃ,
S ʒéaḃaḋ a maʃ a ʃíʃ máʃ ƒéiḋiʃ;
Iʃ ann ḋo ċonaʃc mé an ċampa ʒaoḋ'lach,
An ḋream boċt ʃilte náʃ ċuiʃ le na ċéile.
Och! etc.

Ḃʃiʃe na Cʃuiminne* 'ʃ bʃiʃe na Boinne,†
'S an tʃíṁúʒaḋ bʃiʃe aʒ Móta Ʒhʃáinne óiʒe;‡
An ceaṫʃaṁaḋ bʃiʃe an Eaċ-Ḋhʃuim ḋia-Ḋoṁnaiʒ,
'S buaileaʒ buille ḋʃum oʃuinn aʒ Tobaʃ an Ḋoṁnaiʒ,
Och! etc.

Mo ċúiʒ céaḋ ʃlán ċúʒaiḃ a hallaoi luimniḋ,
'S ċum na buiḋni áluinn ḋo ḃí 'náʃ ʒ-cuiḋeaċtaḋ;
Bhiḋeaċ teinte cnáṁa 'ʒuinn, iʃ cáʃtaiʒe imeaʃṫa,
'S bʃiaṫʃa Ḋé ḋá léaʒaḋ ʒo minic ḋúinn.
Och! etc.

---

* No details of this affair at *Cruimmin* have reached us. It was probably some local event of the Rapparee, or Guerilla warfare, between the campaign 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 honourable 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 at Greenoge, in the spring of 1691, was pro-

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 the bravest of the Brave!
But, alas! they scorned to combine!
Och! ochone!

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!

---

bably 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.

* 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 favour 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* (Tuberdonny), situated in the County of Louth,

A lundain Doire* bolgac̊ c̊úġad-sa
Air nós na sgáile air lasa le púġdar:
'S a liac̊t farraire fada fionn-lúbac̊,
Gan fosg' ó 'n n-gaoit̊, 'ná crıad̊ dá g-cúṁdac̊!
Och! etc.

Do b̊í mé air sliab̊ la breaġa gréine
Do c̊onarc na Sagsannaic̊ a b̊-foc̊air a c̊éile;
An cór capall ba d̊eise b̊í n-Eire,
O'! coiméad d̊am na bodaig go m-bainfead ge asda?
Och! etc.

Is iomd̊a faiġdiuir meaġrac̊, meanamnac̊,
Do ġaib̊ an t-slíġe-si le seac̊t seac̊tṁuine;
Fae ġunad̊, fae ṗicead̊, fae c̊loid̊eaṁ cinn airgid,
Ac̊t tá siad síntе ṡíos an Eac̊-d̊ruim!
Och! etc.

---

about two and a half miles from the towns of Dunleer and Ardee respectively, and nine miles from Drogheda. We cannot name the occurrence which the poet refers to; but in other versions of this song, current in Munster, the line runs thus:—"*Do chailleamair an Franncach an ceannphuirt ba mho 'guinn*"—"We have lost the Frenchman, our greatest bulwark"—which evidently refers to St. Ruth.

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!

I clomb 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!

---

* For an account of the monstrous exaggerations to which the boasted defence of Derry has been indebted for so much unmerited celebrity, see O'Callaghan's *Green Book*, p. 78.

† *Mo bhron*, pronounced *mo vrone*, literally, my sorrow.

Cıa ſúd tall aıṙ ċnoc Bheınn-Eıdıṙ ?*
Sáıġdıuıṙ boċt mé le Rıġ Séamuſ;
Do b́í mé a nuṙṙaıg a n-aṙm 'ſ a n-éadaċ,
Aċt'táım h-blıaġna ag ıaṙṙad déıṙce !
Och ! etc.

Iſ é mo ċṙeaċ maṙ do ċaılleamaıṙ Dıaṙmuıd,
Bhí ceann an ſgaṫfaıṙe aıṙ halbaṙt ıaṙṙuınn ;
Bhí a ṙeoıl dá ſtṙaca 'ſ a b́ṙataċ dá ſtıallad,
'S gan fáġaıl ċaſda 'ge dá b́-faġaċ ſé Dıa aıṙ !
Och ! etc.

Iſ é mo ċṙeaċ-ſa an t-ſṙaıṫ dá tógb́an,
An dá ḟeaṙ ḋéag do b́í óſ cıonn Feóṙach;
Mo ḋıaſ deaṙb́ṙáb́ṙáṫaṙ aſ ıad ıſ gleó lıom,
Aċt mo ċúıg céad díoṫ-ċuıṙ Dıaṙmuıd an t-óıg-ḟeaṙ!
Och ! etc.

Do cuıṙead an ċéad b́ṙıſe oṙuınn ag dṙoıċead na Boınne,
An daṙa bṙıſe ag dṙoıċead na Sláınge †
An tṙíḿúġad bṙıſe an Eaċ-ḋṙuım Uı Cheallaıġ
'S Eíṙe ċúb́aṙṫa mo ċúıg céad ſlán leat !
Och ! etc.

* *Beinn Eidir*, now the Hill of Howth.

† There is no account of any fighting at the Slaney, during the War of the Revolution in Ireland ; perhaps the allusion is but an interpollation, as this was taken down from the lips of the peasantry.

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!

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!

* It is probable that *Diarmuid* was a Rapparee, or Irish Guerilla; for whose head the Williamite government gave two pounds sterling.

An uair las an teaċ b̄í an deataċ dár múċaḋ,
'S clann Bhil b̄radaiġ* dár n-greada le púġdar;
Ni'l aon *Volley-shot* dá sgaoilidis fúinne,
Ná fiafraiḋeaċ *Colonel Mitchel*† ar leagaḋ *Lord Lucan!*
Och! etc.

Tá leasúġaḋ ag O'Ceallaiġ‡ naċ gainiṁ ná fuiġleaċ,
Aċt saiġdiuiríḋe tapa ḋéanfaḋ gaisge le píceaḋ;
A f̄ágfaḋ iad a n-Eaċ-ḋruim na sraṫannaḋ sínte,
Mar b̄eiḋeáċ feoil ċapaill ag madraiḋe ḋá sraoile!
Och! etc.

Ann súd atá ṙiad bárr uaisle Eirionn
Diuicíḋe, Búrcaig,§ 's mac Ríġ Séamus;
Captaoin Talbóid croíḋe na féile,
'S Pádraic Sáirséal! graḋ ban Eirionn.
Och! oċhón!

---

* 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, Castleconnell, Brittas, Bophin, and Galway. The son of royal James alluded to, is

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!

---

the famous James Fitz James, Duke of Berwick, and subsequently Marshal, Duke, and Peer of France.

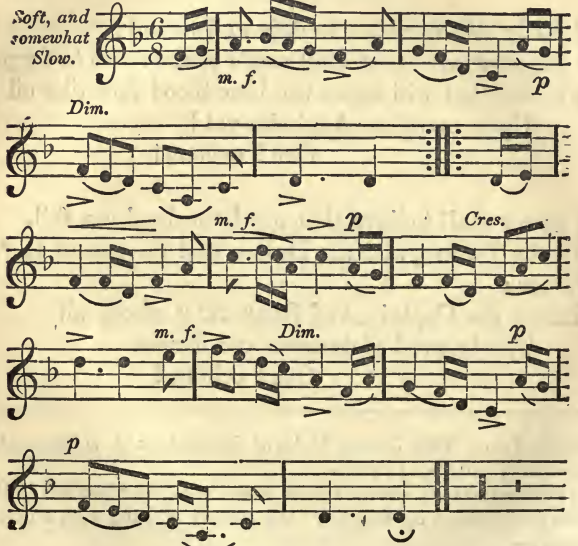
The following stanza, which should come in as the sixteenth in the song, was not versified by Mangan. We subjoin it here, with a literal translation:—

"*Cia sud tall ag dorus na ceardcha?*
Na ceil air Righ Uilliam e, mise Brian laidir,
Fan ad sheasamh a bhodaig go g-caithfiod gran leat,
A ghiolla na praisge ni bh-facfad go brath leat.

"Who is that halting at the forge door?
Hide 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 carraige baine

Fonn:—Bruac na Carraige Báine.



Siar coir abain gan bréig, gan dobat,
Atá'n aingin ciuin-tair, mánlaó;
'Nar gile a com 'ná Ala air an o-tonn,
O bacair go bonn a bróige!

THE BRINK OF THE WHITE ROCK.

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 demesne 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 Stuart, 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.

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. It may be added, however, that the title "Braes of Carrick-Bann," adopted by the translator, does not correctly represent the Irish title, which should be "The Brink of the White Rock."

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.

Is í an stáid-bean í do ċráḋaiġ mo ċroiḋe,
'S d' ḟág m' ínntinn brónaċ,
Leíġios le fáġail, ni'l agam ga brát,
O ḋiúltaiḋ mo ġráḋ geal daṁsa!

Do b'ḟearr liom féin 'ná Eire ṁór,
'S ná saiḋḃrios Ríġ na Sbáinne!
Go m-beiḋinn-si 's tusa a lúb na finne,
A g-coillte a ḃfad ó ár g-cáirde;
Tusa 'gus mise a ḃeiċ póṡda, a ġráḋ,
Le aon-toil aṫar 's máṫar,
A ṁaiġdion óg 's mílse póg,
Grian na Cairge Báine!

Is léanṁar mo ṫurus le tréiṁse gan suċart,
Is baoġalaċ go g-cuirfear ċum fáġain me!
Le géar-ṡearc do'n ḃruingioll is néata san ċruinne,
Do ċuir ceadta air uireasbaḋ sláinte!
Do ḃí a h-éadan mar luisne na gréine tre ċriosdal,
Téid éanlaiṫ ċum suċaird le le gráḋ ḋi;
Tagan tréin-ḟir 's riġṫe tar tréan-ṁuir da h-aṁarc,
Is í Grian na Cairge Báine!

Do b'í *Helen* an aingir ċuir an Trae ṡoir na lasair,
Ba néata mar laḃaraid fáiġe!
Cuir *Ajax* 's *Achill*, 's na tréin-ḟir ċum caṫa,
Mo léan, is lé cailleaḋ na sáir-ḟir!

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.

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),

Do ruz an ſpéirḃean lé an bárr a m-béaſa 'ſ a b-pearſa,
'S dob' éigion dóiḃ caſa tar ſáile,
A ʒéile do 'n aingir a ʒ-clár na Banba,
Air Bhruaċ na Cairʒe Báine!*

Do raċainn le m' ḃuiḋean tar fairʒe a loinʒ,
'S do ċuirfinn mo ſmuainte a d-táċt di;
Dá fáſʒaḋ le m' ċroiḋe air árd-leabaḋ ṁín,
'S ní ſʒarfainn le m' ṙaoġal ar ſtát lé!
Raċad ʒan ṁoill a n-arm an Riġ,
Tá ceannaſ dá druim le fáġail dam,
Fillfead arís fá ċoimirc ná naoṁ
Ʒo Bruaċ na Cairʒe Báine!

A ḃruinʒioll ʒan teiṁiol do ḃuaḋaiʒ taiṫnioṁ mo ċroiḋe,
'Nar ḃinne do laoiḋe 'ná 'n ċláirſioċ;
Nar ġile do ġnaoi ná ſneacṫa ar an ʒ-craoiḃ,
Le d' ṁall-roſʒ ġrinn do ċráḋaiſ me!
Fill orm a ríſ le taiṫnioṁ ʒan ṁóill,
'S taḃarfad cruinn ḋuit ſáſaṁ.
Caiṫfiom ár ſaoiġeal a ḃ-foċar ár n-ʒaoiḋeal,
Air Bhruaċ na Cairʒe Báine!

Iſ méinn liom ſʒaraḋ ó ʒaċ ſaoġaltaċt air talaṁ,
Le ʒéar-ṙearc do d' ṗearſainn a ſtáid-ḃean;
Níor ḃaoġal duit mairʒ, le d' ṙaoġal dá mairfin,
Ní ṫréíʒfin air a ḃ-feacaḋ de ṁnáiḃ tu!

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.
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.

Triall leam tar caire má 'r léir leat mo ṗearsa
Tá reim 'r ceannas a n-dán dam,
Go h-Eire ní ċasam—má ṫréigir do ċaraid,
Air Bhruac na Cairge Báine!

A stuaire an ċínn ċailce más dual go m-beiḋir agam,
Beiḋ cóir ort do ṫaiṫneoċaḋ le d' ċáirde;
Idir ṡíoda 'r hata o ḃonn go baṫas,
'S gaċ níḋ ann sa ċaṫair dá áilleaċt;
Beiḋ do ḃó-laċt dá g-casaḋ gaċ nóin ċum baile,
'S ceol binn ag ad ḃeaċaiḃ air bánta;
Beiḋ ór air do ġlaċaiḃ 'r cóirde ad ṫarruint,
Go Bruaċ na Cairge Báine!

—o—

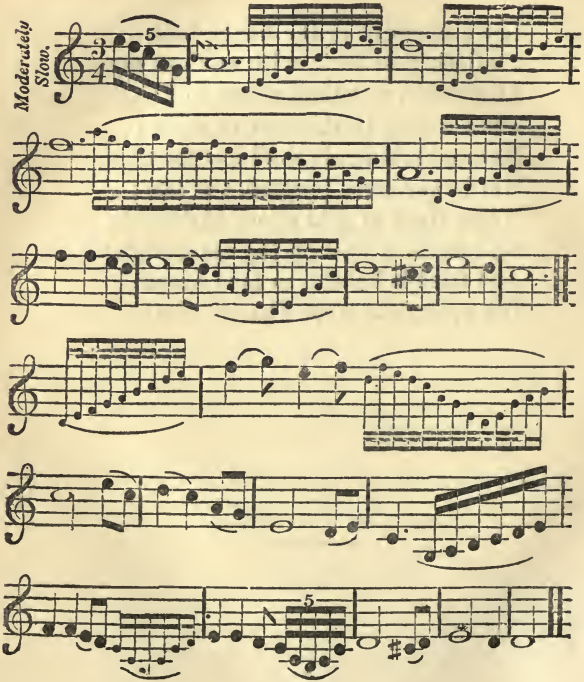
Come, maiden, where, beyond the sea,
Both health and riches wait on thee;
Repress each lingering thought that stays
On home, and friends, and Carrick Braes.

Lov'd charmer of the flaxen hair,
I'll deck thee forth with anxious care;
All dressed 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.

—o—

A naibh tu ag an g-carraig?

Fonn :—A naíbh tu ag an g-Carraig.



A naíbh tú ag an g-Carraig 'r a b-feacaid tú féin mo ghráidh?
A b-feacaid tú gile, 'gus finne 'gus réidhe na mná?

HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK?

The Irish text of this song (slightly altered), together with the translation by the late Edward Walsh, has been copied from Walsh's "Irish Popular Songs." Published by M'Glashan: Dublin, 1847.

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?

A ḃ-ꝼeacaḋ tú 'n t-aḃall ba ċúḃraḋ 'ꝛ ba ṁílꝛe bláṫ?
A ḃ-ꝼeacaḋ tú mo *Valentine*, no a ḃ-ꝼuil ꝛí dá claoiḋ' mar 'táim?

Do ḃíoꝛ aꝫ an ꝫ-Carraiꝫ, 'ꝛ do ċonaiꝛc mé ann do ġráḋ;
Do ċonaiꝛc mé ꝫile, 'ꝫuꝛ ꝼinne, 'ꝫuꝛ ꝛꝫéiṁ na mná;
Do ċonaiꝛc mé 'n t-aḃall ba ċúḃraḋ 'ꝛ ba ṁílꝛe bláṫ,
Do ċonaiꝛc mé do *Valentine*, 'ꝛ ní'l ꝛí dá claoiḋ' mar 'táiꝛ!

* * * * * *

Nuaiꝛ ḃím-ꝛi am ċodla bíon oꝛnaḋ ꝫan ḃréiꝫ am ċliaḃ,
'S mé 'm luiġe idiꝛ ċnocaiḃ ꝫo d-tiꝫeaḋ an ġréin a niaꝛ,
A ꝛúin ḋil 'ꝛ a ċoꝫaiꝛ, ní'l ꝼoꝛtaċt mo ċúiꝛ act Dia,
S ꝫo n-deaꝛnaḋ loċ ꝼola do ꝛ̇oluꝛ mo ꝛ̇úl ad ḋiaiġ!

Nó ꝫo d-tiꝫiḋ an ċáiꝛꝫ aiꝛ láꝛ an ꝼóġṁaiꝛ ḃuiḋe
'S la ꝼeile pátꝛaic lá nó ḋó'na ḋiaiġ;
Ꝫo ḃ-ꝼáꝛaḋ an bláṫ bán tꝛe láꝛ mo ċóṁꝛaḋ ċaoil,
Páiꝛt dod ġráḋ ꝫo bꝛáṫ ni taḃaꝛꝼad do ṁnaoi!

Siúd í ꝛíoꝛ an Ríoꝫ-ḃean áluinn óꝫ,
A ḃ-ꝼuil a ꝫꝛuaiꝫ ꝫꝫaoilte ꝛíoꝛ ꝫo béal a bꝛóꝫ;
Iꝛ í 'n eala í maꝛ lítiꝛ do ꝛ̇íolꝛaiḋ ó 'n t-ꝛáꝛ-ꝼuil ṁóiꝛ,
A ċaꝛaid ꝫeal mo ċꝛoiḋe ꝛtiꝫ, céad míle ꝼáilte ꝛóṁat!

Saw you the most fragrant, flow'ring, sweet apple-tree?—
O! saw you my lov'd one, and pines she in grief, like me?

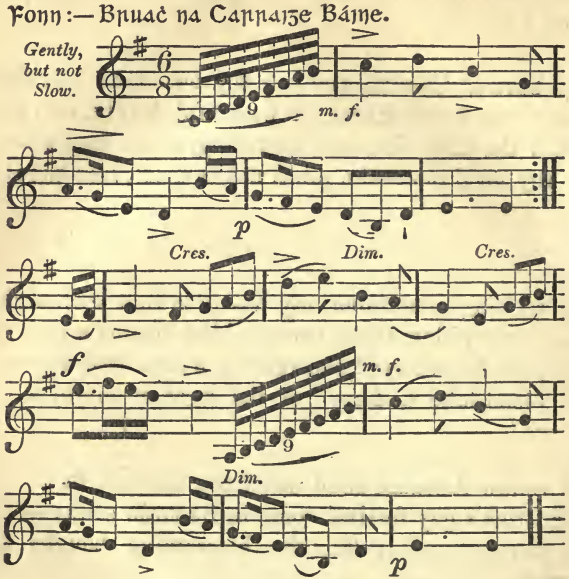
I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true love there;
And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair;
And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—
I saw thy lov'd one—she pines not in grief, like thee!

* * * * * *

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!



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 "Brink of the White Rock"), at p. 336; and with it we take leave of our kind patrons for the present.

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