

# Εοῖαν Ρυαὸ Ó Súilleabháin

Ἡ Δαισιγί

Vision Poems

Compiled from

Δαισιγί Εοῖαν Ρυαὸ Ὑῖ Σúilleabháin

By Πάουλις Ὑᾶ Οὐιννῖν

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**Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin: Collected Writings,  
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With Notes And English Translations By Pat Muldowney

**Aubane Historical Society**

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## Prologue

Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin was born in the Sliabh Luachra area of Munster in about 1748. There is evidence that he composed poetry from an early age. He worked as an itinerant seasonal labourer and as a schoolmaster. According to popular legend he joined the British navy to escape the consequences of some misdemeanour. On the other hand, a literal interpretation of his poem *Í Sacsaidh na Séad* (page ???) implies he was coerced or pressed into the British forces. (For more information see *Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin: Ōánta*, Aubane Historical Society 2008) He died in 1784 as a result of injuries from a blow he received from an employee of one of the local gentry.

According to a rhyme in English (*Ōánta*, AHS 2008), addressed to Fr. Ned FitzGerald, Eoghan intended at one time to open a school at Knocknagree Cross. And according to T.J. Walsh, in his book *Nano Nagle and the Presentation Sisters*, Eoghan was tutor to the children of Nano's brother-in-law Pierce Nagle of Annakissey near Mallow. Additional biographical details of Eoghan Rua are in *Ōánta* (AHS 2008).

This is a re-publication of the *Aislingí* of Eoghan Rua Ó Súilleabháin, and, like the Aubane Historical Society's 2002 edition, consists of the *Aislingí* contained in the anthologies of Pádraig Ua Duinnín (1901, 1923) and Risteárd Ó Foghludha (1937).

These twenty one Vision Poems of Eoghan Rua should be considered, not as so many distinctly individual pieces, but as twenty one variations on the following theme.

The poet is wandering by some river or wood; pensive, disheartened, reminiscing on the vanished greatness of the Gaels. He sees a vision of a lady who possesses extraordinary beauty of figure, face, and hair. He is smitten by her charms. He asks her if she is one of a number of famous beauties of classical Greek, Roman and Gaelic mythology (or Dervla, a real historical figure, never actually named in the *Aislingí*, whose affair with Diarmuid Mac Murchadha resulted in the arrival of



Strongbow and other Normans in Ireland). She replies that she is Éire, an immortal of the Tuatha Dé Danann, not a common earthly woman such as these; that she was the spouse of each of the great Gaelic kings, and of Charles Stuart; that she is stricken by the overthrow of these nobles by the foreigners; and that she is defiled by the foreigners' possession of her now. But she bears news of the return of her Stuart, with armies of Spaniards and King Louis's French from over the sea; of the imminent destruction of the foreigners in Ireland; and of the ultimate victory and restoration of the Gaels. The poet expresses relief and joy at this revelation.

Some of the poems relate to specific incidents in Eoghan's life, including his time in the English navy, and some make reference to Eoghan's associates in Sliabh Luachra.

This edition of the Aislingí puts the English and Irish lettering on facing pages, with approximate English translation at the bottom. For each of the poems there is a vocabulary giving the range of meanings or usages of many of the Irish words. Many of the poems are sung to traditional airs; and internet addresses are given which, at the time of writing, link to performances of some of these airs. The 2002 edition of this book contains musical notation for some of the airs.

Dinneen's metrical analysis (1901 edition) is included here, along with his literary appraisal of Eoghan Rua.

**Pat Muldowney  
2013**

### **Preface to 1901 Edition**

In this volume the collected songs of Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan are published for the first time. That he is a lyric poet of the very first class, no one whose knowledge of Irish is sufficient to enable him to read these poems with ease, will have the hardihood to deny. That the works of a lyric poet of the first rank which express national sentiment in its highest form, should in modern times remain unedited for 120 years after his death, is a national scandal which has no parallel in the annals of

civilised men, and can be explained only by assuming that the state of slavery in which Ireland subsisted for centuries, did not cease to exist with the Penal Code.

The Editor approached this undertaking *ingenti percussus amore* [driven by a great love], disregarding the immense labour it involved, in comparison with its great importance. At the present moment, thanks to the exertions of the Gaelic League, the publication of this work is not altogether a throwing of pearls before swine, as there is an ever-increasing number of readers who can appreciate some, at least, of the poet's beauties. The Editor is, however, painfully conscious of the fact that the vast majority of those who read and speak Irish in these degenerate days, are incapable of doing justice to the reading of poems like these, while it is well known that when lyric poetry is not properly read, a good deal of its flavour evaporates. It were greatly to be wished that the few to whom the metrical structure and style of these poems are "familiar as their garter", should impart their knowledge orally to others ere it be too late, and the singing and recitation of these masterpieces become a lost art. The difficulty of reading them is increased by means of the orthography in which they are couched, as it was considered convenient to make this volume as far as possible uniform in spelling with the first volume of the series. The true guide to the correct reading of these poems is the metre. When the metrical principles on which they are based are thoroughly mastered, the reading becomes easy and pleasant.

The poet's English poems, except one or two of biographical interest, are not included in this volume, nor are many short extempore stanzas of a witty character. Some of these latter find a place in an Irish Life of the poet which the Editor is about to publish without delay.

The Editor wishes to record his appreciation of the spirit with which the Publication Committee of the Gaelic League, and especially their energetic and self-sacrificing Secretary, Mr. P.H. Pearse, B.L., have entered into his views for the advancement of



Irish Literature, both as regards to the work now issued, and others which are passing through the press.

He also begs to thank Mr. Michael Warren, of Killarney, for refreshing his memory as regards the traditional accounts of the poet which have come down to us. No living man knows more about Eoghan Ruadh than Mr. Warren, and no one has a juster appreciation of his poetical genius. In the preparation of this work, Mr. John J. Farrelly has often been consulted with advantage, as he acquired an extensive and accurate knowledge of Irish in the long period during which he acted as scribe to the Royal Irish Academy.

Finally, the editor desires to thank the Council of the Royal Irish Academy for permission granted to him to examine the valuable MSS. preserved in the Academy Library.

**Pádraig Ua Duinnín**

**1901**

*Tale tuum carmen nobis, divina poeta,  
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum,  
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.*  
Virg. Ecl. V., 45-48.

[Your song, divine poet, is for us like sleep is to the weary in the field, like a bounding stream of sweet water is for quenching our thirst in the heat.]

### **Extracts from Introduction to 1901 Edition**

Never, perhaps, did a poet attain such undoubted celebrity without the aid of printed or written copies. He wrote, indeed, most of his pieces, but manuscript circulation was slow and tedious, and halted far behind the actual career of Eoghan's songs throughout the land of Munster. Other poets there were, his contemporaries, men of great gifts of rhythm and language, whose songs circulated too, but there was something in Eoghan's that caught on. The torrent of his words was, indeed, a world's wonder, but it was not that; in his melody he out-distanced all competitors; but even his marvellous melody was not of itself the key that unlocked for him the people's hearts. It was that behind this avalanche of words, and embedded in, and

indissolubly linked to this melody, there was human feeling, human passion, as strong and as noble as ever swept through a great soul. He was the poet of his country and of her people. Though an alien tyranny despised and crushed them, her people were to Eoghan the true children of the Gael, the true heirs to the soil in which they now toiled as slaves, the inheritors of 3,000 years of a glorious tradition, the incorruptible possessors of a pure faith. Her hills, her vales, her lakes and streams, her men and women, her clergy and friars, her historians and bards, were all dear to his soul. Every wound inflicted on her fair breast, every injustice, every insult hurled at her, roused his indignation, or moved him to tenderness and pity. Whether in a jovial or serious mood, or in the midst of his carouse, he never for one moment forgot his mission, which was an eternal protest against the tyranny of the English and a kindling of the minds of the people into courage and hope. He described their sufferings and wrongs with such pathos that young and old wept as they heard them sung. No trace of condescension or compromise was to be found in his songs. Though a peasant, and living among peasants, he writes in the lofty strain and glowing colourings that bespoke the descendant of the Milesian princes. His colouring is rich, with an oriental richness; his language is precise, yet profuse and lavish. Indeed, language has never been more profuse and lavish, never more deftly wielded, never married to more exquisite harmony, never kneaded into passages of greater pathos, than in the *Aislingí* of Eoghan Ruadh. These pieces deserve the careful study of every stylist, and the language in which they are written deserves to be studied for their sake.

Plato's command of language was great, but Plato's word-weaving was leisurely when compared with Eoghan's. Spenser revelled in swelling periods of the sweetest cadence and ornate with glowing imagery. But Spenser is lumbering and dull when compared with our poet. He seems to be at home in the most elaborate strophe. The very monotony of the machinery employed is almost forgotten in the sweetness of the melody, the vigour of the language, and the unapproachable pathos.

The Aisling, or Vision of Erin, however the monotony of its machinery may offend the critics, became in the hands of Eoghan a powerful means of instructing and delighting the popular mind. His was a time in which the study of Irish history and historical legend was rapidly on the wane, and in which the masses of the people had to rely on songs and stories for their knowledge of the great deeds of their remote ancestors. The *Aisling*, while bringing into prominence the present condition of the country, served to keep alive the leading traditions of the past. The uneducated peasant, while he sang with rapture, did not advert to the fact that he was receiving a lesson in history and historical legend. A popular air was seized upon and wedded to a poetic vision of Erin as a virgin endowed with every grace of mind and with all loveliness, who appears to the poet and enthralls him with her beauty. The vision takes place either as he lies in bed weary and oppressed, or as he saunters by some lonely river in melancholy mood, sorrowing over his country's ills. The poet, lost in wonderment at the queenly figure, reverently inquires of the virgin who she is, whether she is a human being or a goddess, whether Helen or Diana, or Deirdre or Cearnait, or the lady who brought over the Normans to our shores. The queen replies that she is none of these, but the spouse of the banished Stuart. Then she recounts her woes, how she is bruised and torn by foreign wolves, how her children are scattered and pining in chains, or subjected to insult and outrage. There is the inevitable announcement of a speedy deliverance. The Stuart is coming, the French fleet is ploughing the salt foam and making for the Irish Coast. Never, as we have said, was human language wielded with such ease and vigour as in these *Aislingí*, never were words welded so indissolubly to music and rhythm. The peasant was enchanted with their music; he sang then in the midst of his family. The audience listened with rapture or melted into tears. The historical facts were taken on trust, and the promised redemption was duly believed. For the poet was looked upon as a prophet, a *fáidh*, a seer, one who gazed intently on the past, discerning truth from falsehood, who

scrutinized the present, who saw into the future. Nor were the people deceived by the numerous times Louis and the Stuart were announced on the sea. They understood the poetic fiction, and looked beyond it to a certain, if not a speedy, deliverance.

Perhaps there never was a poet so entirely popular - never one of who it could be more justly said "*volitar vivus per ora virum*" [*Nemo me decoret lacrimis nec funera fletu/ Faxit. Cur? Volito vivus per ora virum.* (Quintus Ennius (239-169 BC): Let no one shed tears or lament for me at my funeral. Why? Because I shall still be alive on men's lips.)] His songs were sung everywhere. At the crowded fireside they brought tears to young and old by the intensity of their pathos; in the public street they drew a reverent and attentive audience, that waked the echoes amid the lonely hills. His words naturally melted into music, and that music was no new concoction; it was the identical music that had been heard for generations on Irish uplands, as the cow-herd cheered the lonely hours with some rural ditty, or as the solitary reaper sang "of old unhappy far off things and battles long ago." By the aid of songs like these the stream of Irish music flowed on through long ages of national decadence in undiminished volume, but purified and sadly sweetened in its course by fresh infusions of genius. Munster was spell-bound for generations; she forgot her troubles; her very bitterness was sweetened as she listened to the voice of the syren. The poet was fond of referring to Orpheus, and the power and sweetness of his melody; perhaps, of all singers, he himself comes nearest to the Orpheus of legend. The present generation, to whom the Irish language is not vernacular, in reading these poems should bear in mind that they were all intended to be sung, and to airs then perfectly understood by the people, and that no adequate idea can be informed of their power over the Irish mind, unless they are heard sung by an Irish-speaking singer to whom they are familiar. The *Aisling* did, in an expeditious way, what a systematic literature might be expected to do in times when learning and art flourished.

Eoghan may be compared to Béranger and Burns. Like Béranger, his songs became popular without the aid of printing. But the popularity of Béranger was ephemeral. He struck no deep notes. His touch was light, and his flashy songs brought him wealth and power. Our poet was a contemporary of Burns, and in some respects not unlike him. In the case of both, poverty and its accompanying evils had a chilling effect on genius. But even here Burns had the advantage. He got his works printed. He found his way into educated society. He wrote in a language which was understood throughout Great Britain. Had his fame depended on the extent to which his songs were sung by Ayrshire peasants, he would not have equalled Eoghan Ruadh. Of the two, Burns is of coarser fibre, less spiritual, more practical, more matter-of-fact. He aims his thrusts at more definite objects. His mission was not to sing the wrongs of a fallen and captive land; his gorge rises at vast social inequalities; he attacks the wealthy, those in rank and power; he tells the poor man that, in spite of his poverty, he is "a man for a' that". Eoghan Ruadh lashes blindly and indiscriminately the oppressors of his country. The Stuart becomes a mere poetic dream, convenient for poetic purposes, and for the unification of history, but of no real political importance. Burns, perhaps, excels our poet in the variety of his subjects; his bedside was haunted by no weeping queen, by no vision of a distressed maiden. He has his grievances, but they are such as are the luxuries of the socialist dreamer, and seldom give rise to genuine passion. He is less artistic, more trite and vulgar than our poet; his ideals are less elevated; his pleasantry is grosser; his mind is cast in a more material mould. ...

Eoghan Ruadh is entitled to a supremacy in Irish literature from which he cannot be dislodged. Lyric poetry never flowed with such life and motion and vigour as from his pen. The characteristic vehemence of the Irish Celt - his enthusiasm, his warmth of nature, his tenderness of heart - have in his songs found their highest expression. His lyric range extends from the fierce war-cry of the clans to the softest strains of the lullaby.

Gusts of fierce passion, terrible as Atlantic hurricanes, sweep over his lyre without disturbing its deep-set harmony. He is bold and vehement. But withal soft and tender; terrible in his denunciation, but generous and forgiving. He can say kind words, even of his Saxon tyrants, in the flush of victory. The fact that his very name is still unknown to most Irishmen shows how far we have travelled on the road of national decadence, while the patronising sneers with which even native Irish scholars treat his pretensions to fame afford painful evidence that the effects of generations of slavery are far from being wiped out. He is, nevertheless, the literary glory of his country. His name deserves to be enshrined amongst the few supreme lyric poets of all time. What Pindar is to Greece, what Burns is to Scotland, what Béranger is to France, what nobody in particular, unless it be Mr. Kipling, is to England, that and much more is Eoghan Ruadh to Ireland.

### **Metric**

[Roman numerals refer to poems in the 1901 edition. For ΔΙΣΛΙΝΣΙ, the Roman numeral is followed by the number of the poem in this edition. Thus, for example, II [2]. Line numbering is as follows. The second line of poem number III in the 1901 edition is given as line number 190 by Dinneen, and as [3,2] in this edition; the first number in square brackets being the number of the poem, and the second number giving the line number *within* the poem. Poems (other than the ΔΙΣΛΙΝΣΙ) cited by Dinneen below, can be found in Εοζαν Ρυα Ο Σύνλεαδών: Όάντα (Aubane Historical Society, 2008).]

Irish metres are divided into Syllabic and Stressed. Of the former kind, which requires among other things a fixed number of syllables per line, Eoghan Ruadh has left us no specimen except the alternate stanzas of one poem (XXVII [Ός ρόλλυς δο'ν έλέιρ, 16, Όάντα]).

Of the stressed metres, the Cαοιμεαδ or Mακρόνα forms a distinct class. Of this Eoghan Ruadh affords but one specimen (XXXII, Ις ρίορ τρίμ ΔΙΣΛΙΝΣ - Όάντα, AHS 2008). The Cαοιμεαδ consists of stanzas of four lines each. Every line had four stressed vowels. Of these, the second and third correspond

in sound, while the first is variable, and the final stressed vowel sound is the same throughout the entire poem. Each stress except the final one may *rule* two or three syllables, that is, two or three syllables may be pronounced with dependence on it. The final stress always rules two syllables, on the first of which the stress falls. The lines 2038-9 [Ἰς φίλον κρίναι δισλινῶ - Ὅλητα]

Τυίτε θεὸν τὰρ φίλον ὅλ' ὅταοςκαὶ

Ὅσηδ' ἰς ἄλλ' ἄρ' ἄρ' ἄρ' ἐλεῖ

are specimens of the lines of the *καοιμεῖον*. Marking the unstressed vowels by a horizontal stroke, and giving the stressed vowel, whether diphthong or triphthong, its equivalent simple vowel sound where it is possible to do so, we may write these lines in stress notation as follows:-

ι - ὀ - ὀ - ἑ -

ο - ᾶ - ᾶ - ἑ -

In the first line the stresses fall on the *υι* of *τυίτε*, on *εο* of *θεόν*, on *οι* of *φίλον*, on *αο* of *ταοςκαί*. In the second line they fall on *ο* of *οση*, on *ᾶ* of *ἄλλ' ἄρ'*, and on *εῖ* of *ἐλεῖ*. The final stressed sound is *ἑ* throughout the poem.

The other poems we call by the general name of *Διμήριον*. The *Καοιμεῖον* is an *Διμήριον* in a certain sense. The word *Διμήριον* seems to have had a more restricted sense a few centuries back.

In general the metrical principles of these lyrics is that each line is ruled by a certain number of stresses and has other lines corresponding to it in the same strophe or stanza, that is having the same vowel sounds stressed and in the same order. A strophe consists of a number of typical or base lines, varying in their stress systems, repeated a certain number of times and at varying intervals, so as to produce a complete harmony. The poem consists of a number of such strophes. The simplest case of the *Διμήριον* is where all the lines of each stanza and of the entire poem correspond, and of this we have several instances in these poems, as V [5], XIV [14], XXIX [Θάσμαι' ἰς ἄρ' - Ὅλητα], XXXI [Ἀτὰρ εὐδοκῆα δαδον - Ὅλητα]. The number of lines in a strophe of the simple *Διμήριον* is four; in the more

complex *aṃrán* it far exceeds four and often reaches twenty. Indeed the enumeration of lines in the complex *aṃrán*, such as poems I [1] and XXXIII [῾Οά *mb'éis* *mé* - ῾Οάντα], is somewhat arbitrary. We shall here discuss the metrical structure of the Δισλινζί, as they are the most complex from a metrical point of view.

Poem I [1] consists of strophes of 20 lines each, subdivided into sub-strophes of 8 and 12 lines each. In the first sub-strophe the corresponding lines alternate. In the second sub-strophe the system is more complex, and three short lines are admitted which correspond with no other lines in the strophe. The first two lines are -

Ἰμ λεαβαῖο ἀρέϊρ τρίμ νέαλ το ὀεαρκας-σα  
Δινηῖρ βα ἡαορὸα ταιτμεαῖαδ' κλόο.

In stress notation these are -

- Δ - - é - é - Δ --  
Δ - - é - Δ - - ó

If we call these lines *a* and *b*, the first sub-strophe may be written

*ab ab ab ab.*

The first line of the second sub-strophe is

Ὅϊ λυῖνε τρέ λονηαὸ ἀν λῖλε 'ηα ζηνύῖς ζῖλ,

which in stress notation is

- ι - - ú - ι - - ú ,

which we may call *c*. The next one corresponds to this. The eleventh is

ο - - Δ - - ,

which we may call *d*, and so on.

The entire strophe then may be written

*ab ab ab ab; c c d e e f b e b g h b,*

where we have marked lines 11 [1,11], 14 [1,14], 19 [1,19], as following separate systems, although 14 and 19 differ but slightly. It will thus appear that lines 1, 3, 5, 7 are metrically equivalent; also lines 2, 4, 6, 8, 15, 17, 20; also 9 and 10; and 12, 13, 16.



In II [2] there are but two base lines, so that we write the strophe

*ab ab a a b,*

where *a* represents the system of line 101 [2,1]:

- é - - é - - é - - í,

and *b* the system of line 102 [2,2]:

- é - - í - Δ - - ó.

It should be remarked, however, that in the *a* lines there is a secondary stress and vowel correspondence following the principal stress thus:

- é 1 - é 1 - é 1 - í.

In III [3] there are but two base lines, hence we may write it

*a a a b a a a b a a a b a a a b,*

where *a* represents the system of line 189 [3,1]:

- Á - í - Δ -,

and *b* that of line 192 [3,4]:

Á - - é.

In IV [4] the metrical notation is

*a a a b a a a b c c d d d b,*

where *a* represents the system of line 333 [4,1]:

- é - uΔ - Δ - -,

*b* the system of 336 [4,4]:

- é - - Á,

*c* the system of line 341 [4,9]:

- - o - - - o - - - é - - Á,

*d* the system of line 343 [4,11]:

- Δ - é - Δ - -.

It will be seen that *d* partly corresponds with *a*.

In V [5] there is but one base line, say line 431 [5,1]:

- - ú - - - ú - - Á - é.

In VI [6] there are two base lines. The notation is *ab ab ab ab,*

where *a* represents the system in line 475 [6,1]:

- Δ - - é - - Δ - - é,

and *b* represents the system in line 476 [6,2]:

- Δ - - é - uΔ -.

In VII [7] we have two base lines thus:  $ab\ ab\ ab\ ab$ , where  $a$  represents the system in line 539 [7,1]:

$$-\acute{\alpha} - \Delta - \acute{u} - ,$$

and  $b$  the system in line 540 [7,2]:

$$-\acute{u} - - \acute{e} - \acute{o} .$$

In VIII [8] the notation is  $a\ a\ b\ c\ c\ c\ b\ c$ , hence we have three base lines:  $a$  represents the system in line 603 [8,1]:

$$-\Delta - - \acute{e} - \acute{e} - \acute{u} - ,$$

$b$  the system in line 605 [8,3]:

$$- - \Delta - - \acute{e} - \Delta - - \acute{e} ,$$

$c$  the system in line 606 [8,4]:

$$-\Delta - - \acute{e} - \acute{u} - .$$

The alternate stanzas of VIII [8] may be regarded as sub-strophes, the notation being  $ab\ ab\ ab\ ab$ , where  $a$  represents the system of line 611 [8,9]:

$$-\Delta - - \acute{e} - \acute{e} - \Delta - ,$$

and  $b$  that of line 612 [8,10]:

$$\acute{e} - \Delta - \acute{u} - .$$

In IX [9] the notation is  $a\ a\ b\ c\ c\ c\ b\ c$ ; that is, there are three base lines;  $a$  represents the system of line 723 [9,1]:

$$-\Delta - - \acute{e} - \acute{e} - \acute{i} - ,$$

$b$  the system of line 723 [9,3]:

$$-\Delta - - \acute{e} - \Delta - - \acute{e} ,$$

and  $c$  the system of line 726 [9,4]:

$$-\Delta - - \acute{e} - \acute{i} - .$$

In X [10] the notation is  $a\ b\ b\ c\ a\ b\ b\ c\ d\ e\ f\ g\ g\ c$ , giving 7 base lines;  $a$  represents the system of line 795 [10,1]:

$$\acute{\alpha} - \acute{e} - \acute{\alpha} - \acute{e} ;$$

$b$  the system of line 796 [10,2]:

$$-\acute{\alpha} - \acute{e} - \mathfrak{1} - \mathfrak{1} - ;$$

$c$  the system of line 798 [10,4]:

$$-\acute{e} - \acute{o} ;$$

$d$  the system of line 803 [10,9]:

$$-\acute{e} - \Delta - \acute{\alpha} - \acute{\alpha} - \mathfrak{u}\Delta - ;$$

$e$  the system of line 804 [10,10]:

$$\acute{e} - \Delta - \acute{\alpha} - - \acute{\alpha} - \mathfrak{1} - \mathfrak{o} ;$$

*f* the system in line 805 [10,11]:

- í - é - í - é;

*g* the system in line 806 [10,12]:

- í - é - í - u -.

In XI [11] the notation is *ab ab ab ab*; *a* represents the system in line 865 [11,1]:

- í - - í - - - ó -;

*b* the system in line 866 [11,2]:

- í - - - ó - - é.

In XII [12] the notation is *a a b a a b a a a a b*, where *a* represents the system in line 937 [12,1]:

- á - - - á - á - á -;

*b* the system in line 939 [12,3]:

- ó ó - á - - ó.

In XIII [13] the notation is *ab ab ab ab*; the base lines are *a* representing the system of line 1014 [13,1]:

- á - - - é - - - á - - - é -,

*b* the system of line 1015 [13,2]:

- á - - - é - - - á -.

In XIV [14] there is but one base line, say line 1083 [14,6],

- í - - - í - - - á - - é.

In XV [15] the metre is somewhat irregular, but it is roughly as follows:

*a a a b c c c b d d d b e e e b*,

where the *e* and *d* set of lines almost quite correspond. It should be observed that when we give a base line as above, marking the unstressed vowels, that the other lines of which it is a type do not necessarily follow it in number or order of unstressed vowels. We have given the unstressed vowel system to facilitate the scansion. The Roman numerals refer to the number of the poems respectively in this volume.

We have now analysed the more complex and difficult of the poems, and believe it will not be necessary to go over the entire list, as, after a careful study of the systems we have given, the other poems will present little difficulty.

**Pádraig Ua Duinnín, 1901.**

### 1. Im Leabaidh Aréir.

(Fonn: “Ceasglac Mhic Sheasáin”).

Im leabaidh aréir trím néall do dhearcas-sa  
Ainnir ba mhórda taitneamhac cló,  
'Na seasam rem éad 's í craoirac seanaí  
Déasac béal-tais banamail ó;  
Ba casta cas craoibac d'éimreac fada tiub  
Bacallac léi-se ó baidéas go bróis  
A carn-folt néamrac péarlac camarsac  
Slasodac fadon is é baidé mar ór;

Ói luisne tré lonnradh an lile 'na shúis shil  
Soineanta súis clúnamail mhúirni  
Módamail miodair maiseamail;  
A clon-dearc réidh-glac féis léir treascradh  
Na céadta laoc i bpéin 's i n-ana-bruid,  
A braoidé mar ruibe,  
'S a séis ba séime ná pionna-cruid ceoil;  
A haol-crób néata gléasas beanna-puic,

Éisc is éin, coin allta 'sus leomáin,  
Cruinn-barc tinn is coimeascar macaire,  
Tuitim cloinne uisni,  
Is éad na féinne, ar leathan-brat sróill.

---

### 1. In My Bed Last Night.

*Air: Jackson's Family Piece.*

In my bed last night through my sleep I saw/ A maiden of  
majestic pleasing appearance,/ Standing by my side, pure-bright,  
lovely/ Mannerly, soft-lipped, feminine, fresh;/ It (*her massy  
tresses, below*) was folding, intertwining, red, long, thick/  
Curling with her from the crown of her head to her shoe -/ Her  
massy tresses - brilliant, pearly, curled/ Flowing, delicately soft,  
coloured like gold.

### 1. Im leabaidh aréir.

(Fonn: “Teaghlach Mhic Sheagháin”.)

Im leabaidh aréir trím néall do dhearcas-sa  
Ainnir ba mhaordha taitneamhach clódh,  
'Na seasamh rem thaobh 's í craorac geanamhail  
Béasach béal-tais banamhail óg;  
Ba chasta cas craobhach dréimreach fada tiubh  
Bachallach léi-se ó bhaitheas go bróig  
A carn-fholt néamhrach péarlach camarsach  
Slaodach faon is é daithte mar ór;

Bhí luisne tré lonnradh an lile 'na gnúis ghil  
Shoineanda shúgaigh chlúmhamhail mhúirnigh  
Mhodhamhail mhiochair mhaiseamhail;  
A claon-dearc réidh-ghlas féigh lér treascradh  
Na céadta laoch i bpéin 's i n-ana-bhruid,  
A braoithe mar ruibe,  
'S a séis ba shéimhe ná fionna-chruit cheoil;  
A haol-chrobh néata ghléasas beanna-phuic,  
Éisc is éin, coin allta 'gus leomhain,  
Cruinn-bharc dín is coimheascar machaire,  
Tuitim cloinne Uisnigh,  
Is éacht na Féinne, ar leathan-bhrat sróill.

---

There was a blush through the shining of the lily in her bright  
features/ Serene pleasant, distinguished, amiable/ Elegant, gentle,  
comely;/ Her enticing eye, clear-lustrous, keen, by which was  
overcome/ Hundreds of warriors in pain and great trouble/ Her  
eyebrows as (slender as) a hair/ And her voice more gracious than  
the fair harp of music;/ Her neat lime(-white) hand that prepares  
(=*designs or embroiders on tapestries*) horned bucks,/ Fish and  
birds, wolves and lions,/ (And that paints) perfect defensive ships,  
and battles on the plain,/ The fall of the clan of Uisneach,/ And the  
exploits of the Fianna, on broad banners of satin.

Δ pearsa san béim 's a scéim nuair d'ámarcas,  
 Cailítear liom saotha searca re seol,  
 Do shear mo ghé is do léis mé i n-anaíruí,  
 Tadmá, tréit, san tapad ná treoir;  
 Is adaid do sléachtas féin don mascalai,  
 Aicim den néamh-gein freagra cóir,  
 An d'áicme na ndéite a tréad nó an treabha den  
 Oréim éirt daonna ó'r eascair a póir.

Nó ar b'isi san diúltad an fínné-bean d'úmluig  
 Tuicim i ndruis cuil cugainn-ne stiúruig  
 Crón-ruic so banba;  
 An bé ón shéir don traie nó d'áistri,  
 Déirdre séim nó Céarnait ceannasac,  
 Nó gile na mbuinnéal  
 Bí as don-mac éason seala ar bóir;  
 Do freagair, ní haon den méid sin canais mé,  
 Ait airíteac donair easbuidéac bróin,  
 San buidín dom óion ait dríodar fanatics,  
 Cuimriosc mioscáiseac,  
 Méirteac élaon san taitneamh don Ór.

---

Her person without fault and her beauty, when I saw it,/ Well-  
 aimed arrows of love were thrown at me,/ My appearance  
 withered and I was left in trouble,/ Fretting, feeble, without  
 energy or direction;/Hastily I deferred to the maiden/ I ask the  
 lustrous being for a true answer,/ Is her race of the nature of the  
 gods, or is it from the tribe of/The true human crowd that her kin  
 descended from.

A pearsa gan bhéim 's a scéimh nuair d'amharcas,  
Caithtear liom saoghada searca re seol,  
Do shearg mo ghné is do léig mé i n-anachruth,  
Taomach, tréith, gan tapadh ná treoir;  
Is abaidh do shléachtas féin don mhascalaigh  
Aitchim den néamh-ghein freagra cóir,  
An d'aicme na ndéithe a tréad nó an treabha den  
Dréim chirt daonna ó'r eascair a pór.

Nó ar bh'isi gan diúltadh an fhinne-bhean d'úmhuigh  
Tuitim i ndrúis chuil chugainn-ne stiúruigh  
Crón-phuic go Banba;  
An bhé ón Ghréig don Trae noch d'aistrigh,  
Déirdre shéimh nó Céarnait cheannasach,  
Nó gile na mbruinneall  
Bhí ag aon-mhac Éason sealad ar bórd;  
Do fhreagair, ní haon den méid sin chanais mé,  
Acht airgtheach aonair easbuidhtheach bróin,  
Gan bhuidhin dom dhíon acht dríodar fanatics,  
Cuimriosc mhioscaiseach,  
Mhéirtneach chlaon gan taitneamh don Órd.

---

Or was she, without denial, the fair lady who lowered herself/  
To fall in wicked adultery (and) directed to us/ The swarthy  
bucks to Ireland;/ (Or was she) the beauty from Greece who  
went to Troy,/ Gracious Deirdre or noble Cearnait,/ Or the  
brightness of fair maidens/ Whom the only son of Jason had for  
a while to himself;/ She answered: It is not any of all those you  
related to me/ But a lonely, needy, sorrowful, despoiled person/  
Without a band to protect me, but the dregs of fanatics,/ A  
spiteful rabble,/ Treacherous, deceitful, without (any) liking for  
(sacred) Orders.

IS DEARB I RÉIMEAS SAEDEAL SUR CLEACTAS-SA  
 CEANNAS IS SCLÉIP, LE SEASCAIREACT SOŽMAIL,  
 SRADAM IS SLAOÖAC IS AOL-BRUIŽ FAIRSINGE,  
 CAOINNAÖ TRÉIN-FÉAR, AITEAS IS ÓL;  
 TAISTEAL IS TÉARNAH LAOC DOM AMARC-SA,  
 FLAČA 'ŽUS ÉIŽSE, DRAŽAIN IS LEOMAIN,  
 MEANMA ŠAOR IS RÉIM ŽAN AČRANN,  
 FÉASTA RÉICS SEACT SEACTMAINE AR BÓRO,

SEINN AR ČIUIL-ČRUIT, IOLAR DE ČRÚPAIÖ,  
 IMIRT AR PUNNCAIÖ FIČČILLE, FLÚIRSE,  
 CUMÖAC IS MACANAS;  
 FÉAC 'NA N-ÉAŽMAIS CÉ ŽO MAIRIM-SE  
 FÉIN IM MÉIRÖRIŽ STRAE FÉ ÖANARAIÖ,  
 IS CINEAÖ SCUIT IONNARBČA  
 AS ÉIRINN Ö'ÉIS MO ŠNAIÖMIŽČE LEÖ;  
 A ČARA NA RÍÖB, DO RÍÖMAS ŽO FREASTALAČ  
 RANNA 'ŽUS LAOIÖČE I BPRATAINN NA ŽCÓMAÖ,  
 IS FÍOR ŽO BPIŁPIÖ TRÍ ŽAC ANACRA  
 AN RUIRE SEO Ö'IMČIŽ  
 I ŽCÉIN, 'S ŽO MBÉIÖ I MÖREATAIN PAOI ČORÓIN.

---

It is certain in the era of the Gael that I was accustomed to/  
 Friendship and enjoyment, with merry conviviality,/ Respect  
 and regard and spacious lime(-white) mansions,/ The protection  
 of strong men, merriment and drinking;/ Travelling and  
 approaching of warriors to see me,/ Chieftains and bards, heroes  
 and champions,/ Freedom of spirit and authority without  
 dispute,/ Kingly feast seven weeks at table.



Is dearbh i réimheas Gaedheal gur chleachtas-sa  
Ceannas is scléip, le seascaireacht shoghmhail,  
Gradam is glaodhach is aol-bhruigh fhairsinge,  
Caomhnadh tréin-fhear, aiteas is ól;  
Taisteal is téarnamh laoch dom amharc-sa,  
Flatha 'gus éigse, dragain is leomhain,  
Meanma shaor is réim gan achrrann,  
Féasta réics seacht seachtmhaine ar bórd,

Seinm ar chiuil-chruit, iolar de thrúpaibh,  
Imirt ar phunnaibh fithchille, flúirse,  
Cumhdach is macanas;  
Féach 'na n-éagmais cé go mairim-se  
Féin im mhéirdrigh strae fé dhanaraibh,  
Is cineadh Scuit ionnarbtha  
As Éirinn d'éis mo shnaidhmighthe leo;  
A chara na ríobh, do ríomhas go freastalach  
Ranna 'gus laoidhthe i bpratainn na gcómhad,  
Is fíor go bhfillfidh trí gach anacra  
An ruire seo d'imthigh  
I gcéin, 's go mbéidh i mBreatain faoi choróin.

---

Playing on musical harps, abundance for troops,/ Debating of  
fine points of chess, plenty,/ Neighbourliness and good nature;/  
See, in their absence, how I live/ Myself as a vagabond  
concubine under (the rule of) savages,/ And the Irish race  
banished/ Out of Ireland after my being married to them;/ O  
friend of maidens, I composed plentifully/ Verses and poems in  
the parchment of poetry,/ Truly, (he) will return despite every  
hardship/ This sovereign who went/ Far away, and (he) will be  
in Britain crowned.

Cioð fada treib Ñaeòil Ñluis faon pé éarcuisne,  
 I n-easbaid, Ñan réim, Ñan raómas, Ñan sóÑ,  
 Δñ treabao Ño treic do óaoscar Cailbinists,  
 Céim o'fúiz daol-duib daicte mo Ñnóð,  
 Is Ñac calmac craosaé léioíneac lannaímar  
 Fearóa fpaóóa i dtreasaib na dtreon,  
 Ño dealb, mo léan, Ñan péis mar éleactadar,  
 Séise téad ná beac-uisce ar bóro;

Is Ñac duine de cómplacé cuiripe lúiteir,  
 Suióte Ño súÑac truiopinneac trúmpac  
 fórsaé i bfeardannaib  
 Saor-éleacta éibir éactaiz is éalm-éuirc,  
 Saesar glé buaid réimeas éaisil lúirc,  
 Cuizió Ño dtiocfaid  
 An té le faoðar do scaipfid mo brón;  
 Ní blaðar ná bréas mo scéal mar éarnéair  
 Éizse dréacé na bearta so romáinn,  
 Ñan moill beid deizilt re saibbreas seasmaé,  
 Milleao 'Ñus dailleao  
 Ar Ñac beár nár géill do bratainn na hÓizé.

---

Though long the tribe of illustrious Irish are weak and insulted,  
 In want, without power, without wealth, without ease,/ In lowly  
 service to the rabble of Calvinists,/ A case that left my  
 countenance coloured jet-black,/ And every stout warrior,  
 wrathful, valiant, battle-ready,/ Manly, fierce, in the ranks of the  
 chiefs,/ Destitute, my sorrow, without feasts as they were  
 accustomed,/ (Without) the music of strings or whiskey on the  
 table;

Ciodh fada treibh Ghaedhil Ghluais faon fé tharcuisne,  
I n-easbaidh, gan réim, gan rachmas, gan sógh,  
Ag treabhadh go tréith do dhaoscar Cailbhinists,  
Céim d'fhúig daol-dubh daithte mo shnódh,  
Is gach calmach craosach léidmheach lannamhar  
Feartha fraochda i dtreasaibh na dtreon,  
Go dealbh, mo léan, gan féis mar chleachtadar,  
Séise téad ná beath-uisce ar bórd;

Is gach duine de chomplacht chuiripe Lúiteir,  
Suidhte go súpach truípinneach trúmpach  
Fórsach i bhfearannaibh  
Saor-shleachta Éibhir éachtaigh is chalm-Chuirc,  
Saesar glé bhuaidh réimeas Chaisil Luirc,  
Tuigidh go dtiocfaidh  
An té le faobhar do scaipfidh mo bhrón;  
Ní bladhar ná bréag mo scéal mar tharngair  
Éigse dréacht na bearta so romhainn,  
Gan mhoill beidh deighilt re saidhbhreas seasmhach,  
Milleadh 'gus dailleadh  
Ar gach béar nár ghéill do bhratainn na hÓighe.

---

And every man of the vicious company of Luther,/ Settled  
contentedly, well-defended, victorious/ Forceful in the lands/ Of  
the noble seed of heroic Eibhear and brave Corc,/ The bright  
Caesar who won the sovereignty of Caiseal Luirc -/ Understand  
that (he) will come -/ The person with arms who will scatter  
your sorrow;/ My report is not flattery or lies, as you prophesy -/  
(You) poets - in verse these facts before us,/ Without delay there  
will be separation from lasting wealth,/ Destruction and  
blinding/ On every bear that does not yield to the title of the  
Virgin.

beíð teine şan múcað i rič na şcúis şcúişeað  
 is sinn-ne şo súşrač conşantač cúrsač  
 Ðó-ðriste i şcaismearcailb;  
 Aş taoscað ðaor-þuins éil is beač-uisce  
 is léişeað şač éis a ðréačt im þarrað-sa,  
 Aş şuiðe cum Muire  
 Séarlas Réics ðo cósnañ i şcoróin,  
 'S an Rí seo aş şuiðe le ðíomas ð'ionnarbað  
 Aş saoirse ríóşacra ðreatan na slóş,  
 Şan meirir şan şreiðin şan raðairse cumais nirt  
 Şo singil şan ciste  
 Şan còmnað laoc 'n-a seasañ 'n-a còmair.

23

I mainistir naomh beidh céir ar lasadh againn,  
Is Eaglais Dé go salmach fós,  
Ag canadh Té Deum gan baoghal ná eagla,  
Cé do bhéir gur searbh an sceol;  
Is gach mangaire méith den tréid seo d'atharruigh  
Fearta an tSoiscéil, le taitneamh don phóit,  
Gan fearann ná féasta, gléas nár chleachtadar,  
Tréith fá léan ag grafadh 's ag rómhar;

Béidh teine gan mhúchadh i rith na gcúig gcúigeadh  
Is sinn-ne go súgrach congantach cúrsach  
Dó-bhriste i gcaismearthaibh;  
Ag taoscadh daor-phuins éil is beath-uisce  
Is léigheadh gach éigs a dhréacht im fharradh-sa,  
Ag guidhe chum Muire  
Séarlas Réics do chosnamh i gcoróin,  
'S an Rí seo ag suidhe le díomas d'ionnarbadh  
As saoirse ríoghachta Breatain na slógh,  
Gan mheidhir gan ghreidhin gan radhairse cumais nirt  
Go singil gan chiste  
Gan chaomhnadh laoch 'n-a seasamh 'n-a chomhair.

---

There will be fire without quenching the length of the five  
provinces,/ And ourselves playful, disposed to help, well-  
travelled/ Unbeatable in battle;/ Drinking punch of great price,  
ales and whiskey/ And let every poet read his verse along with  
me/ Praying to Mary/ To protect King Charles in his reign,/ And  
to expel this King, who sits in pride,/ From the tenure of the  
kingdom of Britain of the hosts,/ Without merriment, without  
love, without abundance of the power of strength/ Wretched,  
without treasure,/ Without the protection of warriors standing in  
attendance on him.

## 2. 1 γκαολ-δοιρε.

1 γκαολ-δοιρε craob-éluimmar néam-óuilleac bíos,  
Im donar gan suim i n-aiceas ná i sceol,  
So féit-singil tréit-éirseac faon-misniú tím  
Gan éomnaict ó don cois ábann ar neoin;  
Craob linn-ne fé bile gné-élaise tigeann,  
Spéir-bruinneall saor-oiniú scéim-éruicac éoin,  
As caosc-éilead tréan-tuile déara so fuideac,  
Éis daol-teimeal caoiúe ar a h-aiúce ciú ós.

Óo bí céib éionna réit-ólaitéac péarlaac a cinn,  
'Na slaoth-érit ar bis ó éaitéas so bróis,  
Is mar éol-ruibé ar élaon-ruitne réaltaac a braoi  
Le saothad-millead élaio mo éapa is mo éreoir;  
Caor-luisne tré éile an éom-lile suidead  
I ngréar-iomaio pléit-éiosma spéirlinge i ngnaoi  
Na réitceanna éréact-éiorrbuiú céad curad is laoiú  
I tcaomaiú gan érit le éaitéam dá cló.

---

## 2. In a graceful oakwood

I was in a graceful oak-wood, sheltered by branches, of bright foliage/  
By myself, without interest in delight or in music/  
Solitary, weakly afflicted, faint-spirited, ill/  
Without kindness from anyone, by a river at noon/  
By my side, under a tree of green appearance there comes/  
A beautiful maiden of noble countenance, with appearance of (high) degree, gentle/  
Copiously shedding tears in strong floods/  
That gave a dark blemish of weeping to her face, though youthful.

## 2. I gcaol-doire.

I gcaol-doire craobh-chluthmhar néamh-dhuilleach bhíos,  
Im aonar gan suim i n-aiteas ná i gceol,  
Go féith-singil tréith-thuirseach faon-misnigh tím  
Gan chaomhnacht ó aon cois abhann ar neoin;  
Taobh linn-ne fé bhile ghné-ghlaise tigheann,  
Spéir-bhruinneall saor-oinigh scéim-chruthach chaoín,  
Ag taosc-shileadh tréan-tuile déara go fuidheach,  
Thug daol-teimheal caoidhe ar a h-aighthe ciodh óg.

Do bhí céibh fhionna réidh-dhlaitheach péarlach a cinn,  
'Na slaod-chrith ar bís ó bhaitheas go bróig,  
Is mar chaol-ruibe ar chlaon-ruithne réaltach a braoi  
Le saoghad-mhilleadh chlaoídh mo thapa is mo threoir;  
Caor-luisne tré ghile an chaomh-lile suidheadh  
I ngéar-iomaidh pléidh-shiosma spéirlinge i ngnaoi  
Na réilteanna chréacht-chíorrbhuigh céad curadh is laoich  
I dtaomaibh gan bhrígh le taitneamh dá clódh.

---

The fair, smooth-curling, pearly hair of her head was/ Spiralling  
in trembling layers from her crown to her shoe/ And her  
eyebrow was like a slender hair over the starry, enticing flashing  
(*of her eyes*)/ That, with destruction by darts, laid low my vigour  
and my purpose/ The berry-red blush, through the brightness of  
the fair lily, was entrenched/ In sharp conflict of stormy struggle  
for mastery in the countenance/ Of the fair maiden who  
destroyed by wounding a hundred heroes and knights/ In fits (*of  
love*), powerless, enthralled by her appearance.

bA sAOR-oilte téacs-snuióte a géar-íriotal fuinn,  
 I séis-binneas sióe aS ceart-cánao sgeoil,  
 Is a déio miona sléigeda léir-cúrtá i scír  
 'Na béal míochar mín san mazaó san móio;  
 Mar laom cuipe fraoc-linne a héadan 'sa píop,  
 Is mar gréin-ghloine tré criosal léiríste a ghaoi,  
 Léir géilleadar éise Inis Éilse oi míor  
 Tar dénus i briochar, i maise 's i sclóó.

Géar-cruinne is néamh-ghle doncuiste bí  
 Néamh-léanuište i scic ban-cárad na leomán,  
 Is le haon-oideas léigean-cuise is éiréactac sgríobad  
 Sac téacs-foirm laoióe i n-easár 's i nós;  
 Réim-ciste daeóal-Ríste i n-éirinn do ríomáó  
 Le tréan-truime a mbéimeann i spéirlingsib cloióm  
 O'fúis créactuíste i n-éas-cricib méirlis an fill  
 Ná r'éarnuis ó maióm Cluain Cairb na tcreon.

---

Her pleasing, keen words were nobly educated, in polished  
 phrases/ Her magical, melodious sweetness, correctly relating  
 facts/ And her fine, bright teeth completely set in rows/ In her  
 gentle, affable mouth, without mockery or imprecation/ Her face  
 and her throat were as (*white as*) the sparkling foam of the  
 stormy sea/ And her countenance was of the purity of the sun  
 (*seen*) through a displaying crystal/ To whom the poets of  
 Ireland granted supremacy/ Over Venus in outline, in beauty and  
 in form.



Ba shaor-oilte téacs-snuidhte a géar-fhriotal fuinn,  
I séis-bhinneas sidhe ag ceart-CHANADH sgeoil,  
Is a déid mhiona ghléigeala léir-churtha i gcír  
'Na béal mhiochair mhín gan mhagadh gan mhóid;  
Mar laom chuipe fraoch-linne a héadan 'sa píop,  
Is mar ghréin-ghloine tré chriostal léirighthe a gnaoi,  
Lér ghéilleadar éigse Inis Éilge di míor  
Tar Bhénus i bhfioghair, i maise 's i gclódh.

Géar-chruinne is néamh-ghile aontuighthe bhí  
Néamh-léanuighthe i gcích bhan-charad na leomhan,  
Is le haon-oideas léigheann-tuigse is éifeachtach sgríobhadh  
Gach téacs-fhoirm laoidhe i n-eagar 's i nós;  
Réim-chiste Gaedheal-Ríghthe i n-Éirinn do ríomhadh  
Le tréan-truime a mbéimeann i spéirlingibh cloidhimh  
D'fhúig créachtuighthe i n-éag-chrithibh méirligh an fhill  
Nár théarnuigh ó mhaidhm Chluain Tairbh na dtreon.

---

Keen roundness and pale beauty were united/ In the unviolated  
breasts of the consort of the heroes/ And with unique learning  
and understanding of knowledge she would write effectively/  
Every formal phrase of poetry in (*good*) and in traditional style/  
She would enumerate the dynasties of the native kings of  
Ireland/ (Who,) with the powerful weight of their storm of  
swords/ Left wounded, in death-tremors, those treacherous  
villains/ Who did not escape destruction in Clontarf of the  
heroes.

Le baot-sceinm éadtruime éirísim-se im súide  
 Is sléadtaim do ríð na scarn-íolt n-óir,  
 Do cuir éiclips ar réilteannaið maoròd na scríoc,  
 Is do sáotruis glan-éraið 'na maíse is 'na clód;  
 Fios éirime scéil-éruinne a déar-síleat is caoið,  
 Fios faellsíchte créad tuis oi téarnaí im slíse,  
 Is fios saol-íne a créad-ínið i nÉilse na Ríó,  
 San éarað do ríomáð dam aicim don óis.

I tórad-binneas béal-oidis bréictre san púmp  
 Dam doncuiseann an Ríósan freasra moðmaí,  
 I scaom-éanjal éomnais le hÉibear do luiseas,  
 Fé réim-íon so síotac i scaiseal na sló;  
 Sur léir-éruinnið clon-íope o'lon-íonaið nime,  
 So faobar-íulaíteac éaduischte im éileam tar tuinn,  
 Tuis béim-briseat léanuischte maomma ar mo éloinn,  
 O'fúis déar-íliuc mé as caoi le sealað san só.

---

In a frightened start of lightness I rise to a sitting position/ And I  
 make obeisance to the fair lady of golden, massy tresses/ Who  
 eclipsed the stately fair ladies of (*all*) the territories/ And who  
 won clear victory in her beauty and her form/ (I beseech, (*see  
 last line*)) knowledge of cause and exact account of her tear-  
 shedding and lamentation/ Knowledge of the explanation of  
 what caused her to approach in my path/ And knowledge of her  
 family of relatives and her race in Royal Ireland/ Without  
 refusal, to relate to me, I beseech the maiden.

Le baoth-sceinm éadtruime éirighim-se im shuidhe  
Is sléachtaim do ríbh na gcarn-fholt n-óir,  
Do chuir éiclips ar réilteannaibh maordha na gcríoch,  
Is do shaothruigh glan-chraoibh 'na maise is 'na clódh;  
Fios éirime scéil-chruinne a déar-shileadh is caoidh,  
Fios faellsighthe créad thug di téarnamh im shlighe,  
Is fios gaol-fhine a tréad-chinidh i nÉilge na Ríogh,  
Gan éaradh do ríomhadh dam aitchim don óigh.

I dtéad-bhinneas béal-oidis bréithre gan phuimp  
Dam aontuigheann an Ríoghan freagra modhamhail,  
I gcaomh-cheangal chaomhnais le hÉibhear do luigheas,  
Fé réim-chion go síothach i gCaiseal na slógh;  
Gur léir-chruinnigh claon-choipe d'aon-chonaibh nimhe,  
Go faobhar-chulaitheach éaduighthe im éileamh tar tuinn,  
Thug béim-bhriseadh léanuighthe maodhma ar mo chloinn,  
D'fhúig déar-fhliuch mé ag caoi le sealad gan sógh.

---

In musical sweetness of learned speech of words without  
ostentation/ The queen grants to me a modest reply/ "In a gentle  
union of affection I lay with Eibhear/ In a course of love in  
Cashel of the hosts/ Until a treacherous band of venomous  
leaders gathered completely/ Armoured in steel suits, seeking  
me from over the sea/ Who achieved the crushing with  
wounding defeat by blows on my people/ (And) left me wet with  
tears, lamenting without ease for a time.

ΤΑΡ ΕΙΣ ΕΙΒΗΡ ΟΙΛ ΕΑΧΤΑΙΣ ΠΕΙΛ-ΟΙΝΙΣ ΠΙΝΝ  
 ÍR, NÉILL ΑΣΥΣ CUINN, ΟΟ ΣΝΑΙΘΜΕΑΣ ΛΕ ΗΘΟΪΑΝ,  
 'S IM ΣΑΟΡ-ΕΙΣΤΕ ΑΟΜΝΗΙΤΕΛΑΚ ΚΛΕΙΡΕ ΟΟ ΒÍΟΣ,  
 ΑΣΥΣ ΕΪΣΣΕ ΞΑΝ ΚÍΟΣ ΞΥΡ ΑΙΛΛΕΑΣ ΑΝ ΕΟΡÓΙΝΝ;  
 ΑΟΡ-ΜΙΛΛΕΑΘ ΚΛΑΟΝ-ΙΝΝΕΑΛΛ ΚΛΕ-ΕΜΑΙΝΝ ΠΙΛΛ  
 ΔΟΝ-ΜΗΚ ΜΟ ΚΛΕΙΒ-ΒΥΙΜΕ Ο'ΕΙΡΛΙΞ ΝΑ ΡÍΞΕ,  
 ΙΜ' ΣΑΟΒ-ΕΙΜΕ ΚΕΙΜ-ΒΡΙΣΤΕ 'ΣΕ ΕΥΙΡ ΜΕ ΙΤ ΣΛÍΞΕ,  
 ΞΑΝ ΑΟΘΑΙΡÍ ΟΟΜ ΟÍΟΝ ΑΞ ΑΞΑΛΛ ΜΟ ΣΕΟÍΛ.

ΜΟ ΞΑΟΛ ΡÍΞΤΕ Ι ΟΥΤΡΕΑΘ ΡÍΞΤΕ ΗΞΑΕΘΕΛΑΔΑ ΒÍ,  
 ΠΥΑΙΡ ΚΕΙΜΕΑΣ ΙΣ ΚÍΟΣ ΝΑ ΘΑΝΒΑ ΑΡ ΟΥΟÍΣ,  
 ΝΕΙΜΕΑΘ 'ΞΥΣ ΠΕΙΡÓΙΜ, ΜΙΛΕΣΙΥΣ ΙΣ ÍΤ,  
 'S ΞΑΚ ΔΟΝ ΒΙΛΕ ΡΙΟΜΑΣ ΛΕΡ ΣΕΑΛΒΑΣ ΕΟΡÓΙΝΝ;  
 'S ΑΝ ΣΑΕΣΑΡ ΟΙΛ ΣΕΑΡΛΑΣ ΜΑΚ ΣΕΑΜΑΙΣ, ΜΟ ΟÍΤ,  
 ΕΥΙΡ ΘΑΟΣΚΑΡ ΑΝ ΕΙΤΙΞ ΛΕ ΚΛΑΟΝ-ΡΕΑΚΤ ΞΑΝ ΡÍΟΞΑΚΤ,  
 ΣΕΟ ΑΝ Τ-ΕΪΣΣΕΑΝ ΤΡΕ ΟΥΑΟΛΑΙΜ-ΣΕ ΣΑΟΡ-ΕΥΙΣΛΕ ΠΥΙΝΝ  
 'Η-Α ΟΥΑΟΣΚ-ΣΡΥΚ ΟΜ ΚÍΚ ΑΡ ΟΘΑΝΑΙΡ, ΜΟ ΒΡÓΝ!

---

After beloved, generous, noble, fair Eibhear of the great deeds/  
 Ír, Niall and Conn, I united with Eoghan/ And I was the noble,  
 protective guardian of clerics/ And poets were untaxed until I  
 lost the crown/ Destruction by fire, evil machinations, wicked  
 company of treachery/ Wrought havoc on the kings, the only  
 sons of my dear nurse / A foolish captive, my power broken, -  
 that is what brought me your way/ Without guardians sheltering  
 me, relating my story.

Tar éis Éibhir dhil éachtaigh fhéil-oinigh Fhinn  
Ír, Néill agus Cuinn, do shnaidhmeas le hEoghan,  
'S im shaor-chiste chaomhnuitheach cléire do bhíos,  
Agus éigse gan chíos gur chailleas an choróinn;  
Caor-mhilleadh claon-inneall clé-chumainn fhill  
Aon-mhic mo chléibh-bhuime d'éirligh na ríge,  
Im' shaobh-chime réim-bhriste 'sé chuir mé it shlighe,  
Gan aodhairí dhom dhíon ag agall mo sceóil.

Mo ghaol fighthe i dtréad righthe nGaedhealacha bhí,  
Fuair réimeas is cíos na Banba ar dtóis,  
Néimheadh 'gus Féidhlim, Milésius is Íth,  
'S gach aon bhile riomhas lér shealbhas coróinn;  
'S an Saesar dil Séarlas mac Shéamais, mo dhíth,  
Chuir daoscar an éithigh le claon-reacht gan ríoghacht,  
Seo an t-éigean tré dtaolaim-se saor-chuisle fuinn  
'N-a dtaosc-shruth óm chích ar dhanair, mo bhrón!

---

My kindred were entwined with the company of Irish kings/  
Who at first enjoyed the sovereignty and revenues of Ireland/  
Neimheadh and Feidhlim, Milesius and Íth/ And every  
champion I told you of, with whom I possessed the crown/ And  
the beloved Caesar, Charles, son of James, my loss!/ Whom the  
perjured dregs dethroned by crooked laws/ This is the unique  
cause that I bestow a free stream of pleasure/ In streaming  
floods from my breasts on the savages, my sorrow!

Δ ἡλέ-ḃruinneall ḡné-ḡnoiōte ḡlé-ḡuigseá ḡrinn,  
 'Oo ḡéar-ḡoineas sinn le haiḡris do sceoil,  
 Is go ḃruil ḡaeōilḡ-ḡriotaíl ḡréáḡtuirḡḡa céille ḡá ríom  
 ḡo réiō-scaipḡir ḡíot do scamall ḡobrón,  
 ḡlac réiō-misneá ḡéarnuirḡḡeá ḡcléipe áḡus fuinn,  
 'Oíō ḡéiō-ḡinneas caol-ḡruite i n-áol-ḡruirḡ na ḡcríóc,  
 An éirise uile ḡ'áon-ḡuḡ 'ḡus ḡaoḃar ar a ḃrinn  
 'S an ḡléir ḡeart áḡ ḡuīde cum áḡar na hÓigē.

Ḥré ḡéim ḡroise an áon-leinḃ ḡaomḡa ḡo ḃí  
 I ḡáonḡáḡt 's i ḡoiáḡáḡt ar ḡalaḡ ḡo hóg,  
 ḡlais-ḡéiḃeann an ḡréim-ḡiniō ḡáorḡa ḡo scaoil  
 Is réiḡis an ḡliḡe ḡo caḡair na ḡcómáḡt,  
 Spéir-ḡoinneal réiō-ḡolais Éilḡe ḡo ḡíḡeáḡt,  
 I saor-ḡeilḃ Éireann ḡé ḡéile na ḡaom,  
 Is claon-sḡroit an éiḡis ḡo ḡéiḡeáḡ ḡar tuinn,  
 ḡan ḡéasta, ḡan ḡíon, ḡan ḡeáranḡ, ḡan ḡoróinn.

---

O bright, comely-featured, delightful, beautiful lady of clear  
 understanding/ Who wounds me sharply in the relating of your  
 story/ There are verses of Irish words of reason being composed/  
 In steady courage, contentedly, of delight and of pleasure/ Their  
 will be musical sweetness of graceful harps in the lime-white  
 mansions of the territories/ The bards as a whole with one voice  
 and fierceness in their pens/ And the true clergy praying to the  
 Father of the Virgin.

A ghlé-bhruinneall ghné-shnoidhte ghlé-thuigseach ghrinn,  
Do ghéar-ghoineas sinn le haithris do sceoil,  
Is go bhfuil Gaedhilg-fhriotail dréachtuightha céille dá ríomh  
Go réidh-scaipfir díot do scamall dobróin,  
Glac réidh-mhisneach téarnuighthach scléipe agus fuinn,  
Bíodh téid-bhinneas caol-chruite i n-aol-bhruigh na gcríoch,  
An éigse uile d'aon-ghuth 'gus faobhar ar a bpinn  
'S an chléir cheart ag guidhe chum Athar na hÓighe.

Tré phéin chroise an Aon-leinbh Naomhtha do bhí  
I ndaonnacht 's i ndiadhacht ar talamh go hóg,  
Glais-ghéibheann an chréim-chinidh dhaortha so scaoil  
Is réitigh an tslighe go Cathair na gcómhacht,  
Spéir-choinneal réidh-sholais Éilge do thígheacht,  
I saor-sheilbh Éireann fé fhéile na Naomh,  
Is claon-sproit an éithigh do shéideadh tar tuinn,  
Gan féasta, gan fíon, gan fearann, gan choróinn.

---

Through the pain of the cross of the Blessed Only-Son who was/  
Born on earth in humanity and in divinity/ Release (us from) the  
locked bondage of this damned, malicious race/ And make ready  
the way to the City of the Powers/ That the bright candle of the  
clear light of Éilge may come/ In free possession of Ireland by  
the blessing of the Saints/ And the perverse rabble of perjury be  
blasted over the sea/ Without feasting, without wine, without  
lands, without crown.

Δη ταν δ'είστ σισε séimh-fhriotal bréithre mo laoidhe  
 Is fras-aerach do sginn 's is tapaidh le scóip  
 I n-éadtromacht aon-gheilte d'éirigh le gaoith  
 Fá néall-scamall draoidheachta ar m'amharc 'na ceo;  
 'Na dhéidh sin do claochluiḡ mo thréine 's mo bhríḡ;  
 Do thréigear le daol-duibhe scéimh-chruic mo ḡnaoi,  
 Gur scéaluiḡeadh aréir dom don réim sin gur scíord  
 Cois caol-tsruic na Mínteach sealad cum Seoghain.

An tan d'είστ σισε séimh-fhriotal bréithre mo laoidhe  
 Is fras-aerach do sginn 's is tapaidh le scóip  
 I n-éadtromacht aon-gheilte d'éirigh le gaoith  
 Fá néall-scamall draoidheachta ar m'amharc 'na ceo;  
 'Na dhéidh sin do claochluiḡ mo thréine 's mo bhríḡ;  
 Do thréigear le daol-duibhe scéimh-chruth mo ḡnaoi,  
 Gur scéaluiḡeadh aréir dom don réim sin gur scíord  
 Cois caol-tsruith na Mínteach sealad chum Seoghain.

---

When she heard the pleasing recital of the words of my lay/ As  
 light as a shower she started, with dexterity and joy/ In the  
 lightness of one truly possessed she arose with the breeze/ Under  
 a magical, cloudy mist out of my sight/ Whereupon my strength  
 and power returned/ I shed the jet-blackness of my countenance/  
 When these affairs were related to me last night, and I made  
 haste/ To the graceful stream of Meentogues for a while, to  
 Seán.



### 3. Mo éas! mo éaoi! mo éasna!

(Fonn: “Seán Ua Duibhir an Ghleanna”.)

Mo éas! mo éaoi! mo éasna!  
An fáct éuz claoiöte i n-easbaiö  
Fáíöe, öraoiöe, sasairt,  
Öáim äzus cléir,  
Šan öán öá ríom le haiteas,  
Šan ráiöte šrinn öá n-aiöris,  
Šan sáim-öruic öinn öá spreasö,  
I mbán-örošaiö réiöe;  
Šac ráib ö’fuil Míleö ceannais,  
Láir, laööä, tapä,  
Öä šnáöäc rinnceäc, reäcäc,  
Lán-oilte äR faöäR.  
Šan stäc, šan maoim, šan fearann,  
ÄR is míle measa  
’Nä Seán Ua Duibhir an Ghleanna  
Fäšcä šan game.

---

### 3. My trouble! My lament! My torment!

*Air: Seán Ó Duibhir an Ghleanna - Seán O’Dwyer Of The Glen.*

My trouble, my lament, my torment!/ The cause which left  
broken, in want/ Seers, bards, priests/ Poets and clerics/ Without  
a poem being composed with pleasure/ Without pithy sayings  
being recounted/

### 3. Mo chás! mo chaoi! mo cheasna!

(Fonn: “Seán Ua Duibhir an Ghleanna”.)

Mo chás! mo chaoi! mo cheasna!  
An fáth thug claidhte i n-easbaidh  
Fáidhe, draoithe, sagairt,  
Dáimh agus cléir,  
Gan dán dá ríomh le haiteas,  
Gan ráidhte grinn dá n-aithris,  
Gan sámh-chruit bhinn dá spreagadh,  
I mbán-bhroghaibh réidhe;  
Gach ráib d’fhuil Mhíleadh ceannais,  
Láidir, laochda, tapa,  
Ba ghnáthach rinnceach, reathach,  
Lán-oilte ar faobhar.  
Gan stát, gan mhaoín, gan fearann,  
Ár is míle measa  
’Ná Seán Ua Duibhir an Ghleanna  
Fágtha gan game.

---

Without calm, gentle harps being plucked/ In staunch, white  
mansions/ Every scion of the ruling race of Míleadh/ Strong,  
chivalrous, capable/ Customarily given to dancing and racing/  
Accomplished in weaponry/ Without estates, without wealth,  
without landholdings/ Slaughter and a thousandfold worse/ Than  
Seán Ó Duibhir of the Glen/ Left without game.

ΤΡΑῚ ἈΡΑΟΙΡ ἰμ λεαβαιοῖ,  
 Ἀς κάσαιμ οἰοῖο ἡα σεαῖα,  
 Ἐάμινς scím ζαν σαιπεαῖο  
 Ὁ λάμαιοῖ Μορπέυς,  
 ἔαμ ὁαῖλ ζο σῖλεαῖ σεασαιρ  
 Ἐάμιαῖ τίμ le ταισε,  
 Ὅ'ράς μέ αῖ οῖτ μο ἔαπαιο  
 Is ὁ'άρουις μο νέαλλ;  
 Ζαν spás ας τίζεαῖτ το θεαρκας  
 ἔαμιαῖ ζρινν τρίμ αῖσλινς,  
 Ζο hálainn ἰοζμάαῖ αβαιοῖ  
 Ἐάιτε lem ἔαοῖ;  
 Ὁα ὅρεαῖζα λινν, ζαν ὅλαοαῖ,  
 Scáil is ἰοζαῖ α λεααν,  
 ἡα αη μάνλαῖ μῖν lér λεαζαῖο  
 Ζάρτα ἡα τῖαε.

---

A while last night in my bed/ Bewailing the slaughter of the  
 champions/ There came a fairy mist, unscattered,/ From the  
 hands of Morpheus,/ In my presence, silently, stealthily (?)/  
 Motionless, spiritless, ghostly (?)/ It left me in want of my  
 senses/ And it deepened my swoon/

Tráth araoir im leabaidh,  
Ag cásamh oidhidh na seabhac,  
Táinig scím gan scaipeadh  
Ó lámhaibh Morphéus,  
Fám dháil go síleach seascair  
Támhach tím le taise,  
D'fhág mé ar díth mo thapaidh  
Is d'árduigh mo néall;  
Gan spás ag tígheacht do dhearcas  
Fánach grinn trím aisling,  
Go hálainn íogmhar abaidh  
Táithte lem thaobh;  
Ba bhreághtha linn, gan bhladar,  
Scáil is íoghar a leacan,  
Ná an mhánlach mhín lér leagadh  
Gárda na Trae.

---

Without delay I saw approaching/ A wanderer - clearly in my  
dreaming/ Beautiful, impressing, lively/ Adjoining me by my  
side/ More beautiful to me, without bombast,/ (Was) the  
brightness and shape of her face/ Than the fine lady through  
whom was broken/ The defence of Troy.

ὅα ἑάβλας κίοντα καστα  
 τάκλας ὀλοϊτεὰς ὀαῖα,  
 σκάιννεας τριλλσεὰς φαῶα  
 φαῖιννεας σο φέαρ  
 ἀ βλάτ-φοῖτ βίνσεας βεαρταῖς  
 κάρνας βίσεας σναιῶμεαῖς  
 ὅ ἀρὸ ἀ κίην νὰ ὀλαῖαιῶ  
 τῆιτ-λεῖδαιρ λέι;  
 ὅι σκάιλ νὰ σκαορ ἀρ λασαῶ  
 τρέ ὀάινε ἀν λί 'ν-α λεακαῖν,  
 μάνλατ, μίνε ἰς μαῖσε  
 τῆιττε 'ν-α σκέιμ;  
 ἀρ ῥάμ-ροσκ ρίνν λέρ λεαζαῶ  
 τῆιντε λαοὺς ζαν ταπα,  
 ἰς σῆστα σίνεαῶ μαλα  
 ῥάρ-σνυῖστε ἑαοῦ.

---

(Her hair (*below*) was clustered, combed, twisted/ Curling, in  
 locks, lustrous/ In skeins, plaits, long/ Ringletted to the grass/  
 Her blooming hair, in peaks/ In heaps, swirling, folding/ From  
 the top of her head in tresses,/ Sweeping gracefully for her/ The  
 brightness of glowing embers/

Ba cháblach cíortha casta  
Táclach dlaoitheach dathach,  
Scáinneach trillseach fada  
    Fáinneach go féar  
A bláth-fholt bínseach beartach  
Cárnach bíseach snaidhmeach  
Ó árd a cinn na dhlathaibh  
    Táith-leabhair léi;  
Bhí scáil na gcaor ar lasadh  
Tré bháine an lí 'n-a leacain,  
Mánlacht, míne is maise  
    Táithte 'n-a scéimh;  
Ar shámh-rosc rinn lér leagadh  
Táinte laoch gan tapa,  
Is sásta síneadh mala  
    Shár-shnuighthe chaol.

---

Through the whiteness of the lily in her cheeks/ Mildness,  
gentleness and beauty/ Were joined in her countenance/ On her  
keen, tranquil eye, - by which was laid low/ Hosts of knights,  
powerless -/ Pleasingly stretched an eyebrow/ Excellently hewn,  
gracious.

Δ βράζα μαρ ζηαοι να heαλα,  
 Δη τράτ το λυζεαηη αρ αῖαιηη  
 ηό ας snám na ταιοδε μαρα  
 I mbárr conha tréan;  
 Δ bán-ćroḃ aoḷḷa leaḃair,  
 Is sám το ríomáḃ αρ ḃραταιḃ  
 Cáis is míolḷa zearra,  
 ḃánta 'zus éisc,  
 Cárnaḃ is coiméascar seaḃac,  
 Śáir na ścloiḃeām ḃá ηςρεαḃáḃ,  
 ḃlác na ścraoḃ is eaḷḷa  
 I mbárr ścluḷmár ηςéas;  
 ḃa śáime linn śac aiste  
 Ḣáin śan fuiśeall ḃá ścanaḃ,  
 Δ ráiḃḷe śrinn le blaiseaḃ,  
 'Ná sár-ćruit Orpheus.

---

Her throat like the appearance of the swan/ The while he alights  
 on a river/ Or swimming in the sea-tide/ Atop mighty waves/  
 Her graceful, lime-white hands/ Would gently design on  
 tapestries/ Jackdaws and hares/ Meadows and fish/

A brágha mar ghnaoi na heala,  
An tráth do luigheann ar abhainn  
Nó ag snámh na taoide mara  
    I mbárr tonna tréan;  
A bán-chrobh aolda leabhair,  
Is sámh do ríomhadh ar bhrataibh  
Cáig is míolta gearra,  
    Bánta 'gus éisc,  
Cárnadh is coimheascar seabhac,  
Gáir na gcloidheamh dá ngreadadh,  
Bláth na gcraobh is ealta  
    I mbárr gcluthmhar ngéag;  
Ba sháimhe linn gach aiste  
Dáin gan fuigheall dá gcanadh,  
A ráidhte grinn le blaiseadh,  
    'Ná sár-chruit Orpheus.

---

The massing and conflict of champions/ The tumult of clashing  
swords/ The blossom of branches and swans/ In the sheltered  
tops of branches/ More pleasing to me every verse,/ Recited (by  
her) without defect,/ Than the excellent harp of Orpheus.



Δη τράτ το σίν αν ξαίλτεανν  
 Άλαινν έαοιν im aice,  
 Έάινις βίοϋζαϑ is creac̃a  
     Τάμα̃α im aeòib̃;  
 Όο ράζαϑ σαιζιϑ is dearta  
 Σράϑα, σο slípeac̃ sleam̃ain,  
 Τάιττε im éroiðe le ceañsal  
     Ράιρτε don bé;  
 Σαν spás do smuaineaϑ aзам  
 ράσcaϑ cruinn do éabhairt,  
 Λάιτρεac̃ boill don aiñnir  
     M̃añla ar a léiζim;  
 Σαν éáirðe linn zur labhair  
 Όλάτ na ríozan scneasta,  
 Stán ón ñgníom̃ σο scañpaϑ  
     Ράτ ρios mo scéil.

---

Whenever lay the lady/ Beautiful, tender, beside me/ There  
 came excitement and tremors/ Quietly in my entrails/ There  
 were left arrows and darts/ Of love, piercing, smooth/ Driven in  
 my heart, with joining/ Of affection for the woman/

An tráth do shín an ghailteann  
Álainn chaoin im aice,  
Táinig bíodhghadh is creatha  
Támhacha im aedhibh;  
Do fágadh saighid is dearta  
Grádha, go slípeach sleamhain,  
Táiththe im chroidhe le ceangal  
Páirte don bhé;  
Gan spás do smuaineadh agam  
Fáscadh cruinn do thabhairt,  
Láithreach boill don ainnir  
Mhánla ar a léighim;  
Gan cháirde linn gur labhair  
Bláth na ríoghan gcneasta,  
Stán ón ngníomh go gcanfad  
Fáth fios mo scéil.

---

Without delay I considered/ Giving complete embrace/  
Immediately to the gentle (*next line*) maiden/ Of whom I recite/  
Without giving way to me she spoke/ The flower of princesses  
modestly/ “Refrain from the deed that I may relate/ The cause  
and knowledge of my story.

Τάιμ, ἀρ σί, λε σελαο  
 ράστὰ ἀρ ὀίτ μο ἄραο,  
 ρά ἔαιρ ἀς ὀρίοδαρ ὀαναρ,  
 Ὀ'άρουις μο λέαν,  
 Σαν ἔαιν, σαν ἔρίε, σαν ἔεαννας,  
 Σαν ἄρυσ ρίοξ, μαρ ἔλεάκτας,  
 Σαν τάιν, σαν βυῖοιν, σαν ρεαρανν,  
 Ἄρο-μέας νά réim,  
 Im ἔράιν βοίετ ἐναοιοῖτε ἐαίετε,  
 Ἀς τάλ σο ρυῖοεάκ ὀμ ἔαλλαιῖ,  
 Ἀρ ἄλ ζαε ὀαοιστε ὀ'αίεμε  
 Σάταν, ειοῖο ελαον;  
 'S σο βράετ ní cuiḃe ὀοτ ḡaḡaíl,  
 Ράιρε εὐμ ζρινν ὀο ḡλαεαῖ  
 Lem ὀεάλλεαḡ ὀ'ρῑεḡεαεά αἑrm,  
 Σάρτα 'sus μαοr.

---

“I am”, she said, “For a while/ Left in want of my relatives/  
 Overthrown by the dregs of savages/ That increased my grief/  
 With revenues, without countr, without power/ Without royal  
 palace, as I was accustomed/ Without herds, without hosts,  
 without landholdings/ Without high respect or authority/

Táim, ar sí, le sealad  
Fágtha ar dhíth mo charad,  
Fá tháir ag dríodar danar,  
D'árduigh mo léan,  
Gan cháin, gan chrích, gan cheannas,  
Gan árus ríogh, mar chleachtas,  
Gan táin, gan buidhin, gan fearann,  
Árd-mheas ná réim,  
Im chráin bhoicht chnaoidhte chaithte,  
Ag tál go fuidheach óm bhallaibh,  
Ar ál gach daoiste d'aicme  
Shátan, ciodh claon;  
'S go bráth ní cuibhe dot shamhail,  
Páirt chum grinn do ghlacadh  
Lem dheállramh d'fhuighleach airm,  
Gárda 'gus maor.

---

A poor, wasted, withered female/ Issuing (sustenance) freely  
from my organs/ To the brood of every churl of the race/ Of  
Satan, though perverse/ And further it is unseemly for the like of  
you/to take part in pleasure/in the absence of armies/guards and  
officers reckoned to me (*previous line*).

'DAR PÁDRAIS DAIIB DO MEASAS  
 SUS PLÁS ZAC NÍO DÁR LABAIR,  
 MAR FÁL ÓN HGHÍOMH 'N-AR BEARTAS  
 PÁIRTEAC BEIC LÉI,  
 SAN SPÁS DEN RÍB SUR AITCEAS  
 FÁC A TÍGEACÉT DOM LEABAIÖ,  
 A RÁS, A CRAOIB 'SA HAINM  
 FÁ FUIRM BÉAS;  
 O'ÉIS LÁN-TOÉT CAOIDE SUR AITRIS  
 ÁR NA SDOIÇE SHAIÖMEADÖ  
 I N-AITREAB CRÍÇE ČAISIL  
 ČAIÖ ČUMAIS LÉI,  
 IS TAR SÁIL JO SCÍOROPADÖ AICME  
 ÖÁHA ÖÍOMSAČ ABAIÖ  
 ΔΣ CRADÖ 'S ΔΣ OÍOČUR DANDAR  
 CRAC AS A RÉIM.

---

By Saint Patrick to you, I judged/ That everything she said was  
 deceit/ As defence against the deed by which I intended/ To be  
 affectionate to her? Without delay I enquired of the lady/ The  
 reason for her coming to my bed/ Her race, her pedigree and her  
 name/

Dar Pádraig daoibh do mheasas  
Gus phlás gach nídh dár labhair,  
Mar fhál ón ngníomh 'n-ar bheartas  
Páirteach bheith léi,  
Gan spás den ríbh gur aitheas  
Fáth a tígheacht dom leabaidh,  
A rás, a craoibh 'sa hainm  
Fá fhuirm béas;  
D'éis lán-tocht caoidhe gur aithris  
Ár na saoithe snaidhmeadh  
I n-áitreabh críche Chaisil  
Cháidh chumais léi,  
Is tar sáil go scíordfadh aicme  
Dána dhíomsach abaidh  
Ag crádh 's ag díochur danar  
Tráth as a réim.

---

In customary form/ After a full fit of weeping she related/ The  
slaughter of the nobles who were united (to her, *below*)/ In the  
habitation of the territory of Cashel/ - Noble, powerful/ And  
over the sea there would speed a tibe/ Bold, proud, ready/  
Tormenting and subduing savages/ In time, out of their course.

Im páirt-se suíodas d'ac seadac  
 Acá san éiric le seala,   
 Fá d'rá na daoirse as seasam  
 Sámtoile Dé,  
 D'ac trác cum Críost fuair peannaid  
 Páis is íosbairt searbh,  
 Cráó le ríoc is gearrad  
 Cnám agus géas,  
 An pánaic Ríog san ainm,  
 Acá do shíor fá scamall,  
 San spás do éiríocht i ngradam  
 Áitribh na n-áeóeal,  
 'S an t-áir-sprot coimhícteach meabail,  
 Acá na suíde na mbailcibh,  
 Le cárnas cloíom do scaipead  
 As clár leathan Néill.

---

Let every champion pray on my behalf/ Who is without lands  
 for a while/ Under the heel of despotism withstanding/ The  
 benign will of God/ Every day to Christ who endured pain/  
 Passion and bitter sacrifice/ Fierce torture and laceration/ Of  
 bones and limbs/

Im pháirt-se guidheadh gach seabhac  
Atá gan chrích le sealad,  
Fá dhrá na daoirse ag seasamh  
    Sámhthoile Dé,  
Gach tráth chum Críost fuair peannaid  
Páis is íosbairt shearbh,  
Crádh le fíoch is gearradh  
    Cnámh agus géag,  
An fánach Ríogh gan ainm,  
Atá do shíor fá scamall,  
Gan spás do thígheacht i ngradam  
    Áitribh na nGaedheal,  
'S an tár-sprot coimhighteach meabhail,  
Atá na suidhe na mbailtíbh,  
Le cárnadh cloidhimh do scaipeadh  
    As clár leathan Néill.

---

That the lost King without name/ Who is ever in darkness/  
Without delay may come back to pre-eminence/ Of the  
habitations of the Irish/ And the mad, foreign, mean creatures/  
Who are esconced in their households/ Be scattered with  
slaughter of swords/ On the broad plain of Niall.



Ξο háitreadh Cuinn dá deasadh  
 Spáinniú ghoirde le ceannas  
 Is gárda laoisí farrá,  
 Táin de luét faobair;  
 Níl sráid san ríogácht ná caithir,  
 Nár b'áró a deinte ar lasadh,  
 Lán-cuid fíonta 'á scaipeadh  
 Is gáirdeácas piléar,  
 Dánta as buíoin na leabhar  
 Rás is rinne fada  
 Cláirseac éoin dá spreasadh,  
 Gárta 'sus scléip,  
 As fáiltiúadh an Ríog tar éalait,  
 Ní tráctar linn ar a ainm,  
 'S a éirde díogaid feasta  
 Sláinte mo Réics.

---

If there came to the abode of Conn/ Brave Spaniards with  
 leadership/ And the guard of Louis with them/ A host of armed  
 men/ There is not a street in the kingdom or a city/ Whose fires  
 would not be lit on high/ Full portion of wine distributed/ And  
 celebratory volleys/

Go háitreabh Chuinn dá dtagadh  
Spáinnigh ghroidhe le ceannas  
Is gárda Laoisigh farra,  
    Táin de lucht faobhair;  
Ní'l sráid san ríoghacht ná cathair,  
Nár bh'árd a dteinte ar lasadh,  
Lán-chuid fíonta 'á scaipeadh  
    Is gáirdeachas piléar,  
Dánta ag buidhin na leabhar  
Rás is rinne fada  
Cláirseach chaoín dá spreagadh,  
    Gártha 'gus scléip,  
Ag fáiltiughadh an Ríogh tar chalaith,  
Ní tráchtfar linn ar a ainm,  
'S a cháirde díogaidh feasta  
    Sláinte mo Réics.

---

Poems by the literary folk/ Racing and long dancing/ Gentle  
harps being plucked/ Laughter and delight/ Welcoming the King  
from over the sea/ His name will not be mentioned by me/ -  
And, my friends, drink forever/ The health of my King!

#### 4. Mo Léan Le Luad.

Font: An Spealadóir.

Mo Léan Le Luad 'sus m'áctuirse!  
'S ní féar do buaint ar téascannaið  
O'fúis céasta buaiðearcá m'aisne  
Le tréimse, so cláç,  
Áct éigse 's suaða an tseanúis  
I ngéibheann cruaio 's i n-anacra,  
So tréit i dtuadaið leatán luirc  
San réim mar ba gáç;  
Is gac lonna-bile borb-úctais tréan-cumais o'fás  
Do brolla-stoc na sona-con do préamuis ón Spáinn,  
So canntlaç faon las easbaiðceac,  
Fé gail-smact géar as dhanaraið,  
An cam-sprot claoon do sealbuis  
A saor-bailte stáit.

---

#### 4. My Woe To Relate

Air: An Spealadóir - The Scytheman (Mower, Reaper).  
*Composed when Eoghan was labouring near Mallow.*

My woe to relate, and my affliction!/  
And it is not cutting hay on piece-rate/  
That left my mind tormented and grief-stricken/  
For a while, powerless/  
But the poets and bards of ancient learning/  
In dire bondage and in hardship/  
Weak, in the broad lands of Lorc/  
Without the authority that was their traditional right/

#### 4. Mo léan le luadh.

Fonn: An Spealadóir.

Mo léan le luadh 'gus m'athtuirse!  
'S ní féar do bhuaire ar theascannaibh  
D'fhúig céasta buaidheatha m'aigne  
Le tréimhse, go tláth,  
Acht éigse 's suadha an tseanchuis  
I ngéibheann chruaidh 's i n-anacra,  
Go tréith i dtuathaibh leathan Luirc  
Gan réim mar ba ghnáth;  
Is gach lonna-bhile borb-chuthaigh tréan-chumais d'fhás  
Do bhrolla-stoc na sona-chon do phréamhuigh ón Spáinn,  
Go canntlach faon lag easbaidhtheach,  
Fé ghall-smacht ghéar ag danaraibh,  
An cam-sprot claon do shealbhuigh  
A saor-bhailte stáit.

---

And every strong champion of fierce wrath and strong powere  
who descended from/ The true race of the blessed chiefs who  
originated in Spain/ Sorrowful, faint, weak, in want/ Under  
severe foreign rule by savages/ - That crooked, perverse rabble  
who took possession/ Of their noble household estates.

So fann aréir 's mé ag maicneam ar  
 Sác plannad 'en Saeöeal-fuil cálmá,  
 An dream ba créine i sceannas cirt  
     'S i réim Inis Fáil,  
 Le feall-beart clao is gancaid uile  
 Sác samairle is sméirle Sasanaigh,  
 So fallsa séan an tAifreann,  
     Is saor-staid na hGrás,  
 I n-anacra, pá tarcuisne 's i ngréar-broimib zábda  
 Ag camas-šlioct na malluigthead an éicis 's an smáil,  
     Tré buaidirt na scéal seo cealg sinn  
 So duairc is léir mar aicrisid,  
 Le suan-brioct créit sur treascrao mé  
     Im créan-cotlaò spás.

---

Weakly, last night, and I pondering on/ Every scion of the brave  
 Gaelic blood/ The band who were strongest in true leadership/  
 And (were) sovereign in Ireland/ By crooked, treacherous deeds  
 and evil deceit/ Every boor and villain of the English/ Who  
 falsely denied the Mass/

Go fann aréir 's mé ag machtnamh ar  
Gach plannda 'en Ghaedheal-fhuil chalma,  
An dream ba thréine i gceannas chirt  
    'S i réim Inis Fáil,  
Le feall-bheart chlaon is gangaid uilc  
Gach samhairle is sméirle Sasanaigh,  
Go fallsa shéan an tAifreann,  
    Is saor-staid na ngrás,  
I n-anacra, fá tharcuisne 's i ngéar-bhroidibh gábhadh  
Ag cama-shliocht na malluightheacht an éithigh 's an smáil,  
    Tré bhuidhirt na scéal seo chealg sinn  
Go duairc is léir mar aithrisid,  
Le suan-bhriocht tréith gur treascradh mé  
    Im thréan-chodladh spás.

---

And the noble state of grace/ In trouble, slighted, and under dire  
oppression of danger/ By the crooked breed of the accursed  
(tribe) of perjury and disgrace/ By the woefulness of this story I  
was wounded/ Sadly it is clear, as is related/ By a deep swoon I  
was overcome/ In heavy sleep for a while.

Τρίμ νέλλ αῤ κυαιῤ 'σεῶ ὀ'αῖμαῤcas  
 Réilteann uasal taitneáíac,  
 So béasac buacac ceannasac,  
     Δς τέαρναῖm im ὀáil;  
 ὅα ὀréimreac duacac daíte tiub  
 Δ craob-íolt cuacac camarsac  
 Δς τέacτ so scuabac bacállac  
     Léi i n-éiníeacτ so sáil;  
 'Na leacain gíl do ceapao ὀraoiće, éise 'sus ὀáim,  
 Sur seasaim Cúipio cleasac glic is gaeće 'n-a láim,  
     αῤ tí gac tréin-íir cáima  
     Ὅo éiseῶ 'n-a gaor do cealgῶ,  
 Τρέ'ῤ claoiῶeῶ na céadta faraire  
     I noaor-creacáiḃ báis.

---

Through my sleep, around (and about) I saw/ A noble, beautiful  
 lady/ Dignified, lofty, commanding/ Approaching in my  
 presence/ Wavy, curling, lustrous, thick was/ Her twisting,  
 folding, branching hair/ Embellishing (her, *next line*), sweeping  
 in ringlets/ In harmony to her heel/

Trím néall ar cuaird 'seadh d'amharcas  
Réilteann uasal taitneamhach,  
Go béasach buacach ceannasach,  
    Ag téarnamh im dháil;  
Ba dhréimreach dualach daithte tiubh  
A craobh-fholt cuachach camarsach  
Ag téacht go scuabach bachallach  
    Léi i n-éinfheacht go sáil;  
'Na leacain ghil do cheapaid draoithe, éigse 'gus dáimh,  
Gur sheasaimh Cúipid cleasach glic is gaethe 'n-a láimh,  
    Ar tí gach tréin-fhir chalma  
    Do thigheadh 'n-a gaor do chealgadh,  
Tré'r claoidheadh na céadta faraire  
    I ndaor-chreathaibh báis.

---

In her bright cheek, bards, poets and seers would suppose/ That  
playful, clever Cupid would lay siege, with darts in his hand/  
Against every strong, brave man/ That would come near her, to  
pierce/ By whom hundreds of warriors were smitten/ In dire  
tremors of death.



bA binne séis a tana-ǵuib  
 'Ná fuinneam méar as spreasao puirt,  
 'S 'ná cruic an té do creascair Mis,  
 Cioo baot dam a ráo;  
 'S ba ǵile a héadan sneactamail  
 'Ná an lile caom 's 'ná an eala ar sruic,  
 'S ba snuiste caol a mala suioite  
 Ar réal-óearc ǵan cáim;  
 A mama cruinne ar seanǵa-cruic nár léanao le práisc,  
 A leabhar-croo do beartaio loingear, éanlaic is bláic,  
 bA mionla maoróa maiseamail  
 A hioǵar 's a scéim 's a pearsa-cruic  
 Do ǵríosuiǵ mé cum labarta  
 Ins na bréicrib seo im' óéǵaio:

---

The music of her delicate mouth was sweeter/ Than the vigour  
 of fingers playing a tune/ And than the harp of the person who  
 defeated Mis/ Though it is (*seems*) foolish for me to say it/ And  
 her snow-white face was brighter/ Than the gentle lily and than  
 the swan on a stream/ And her eyebrow was well-hewn, slender,  
 seated/ Over her starry eyes without blemish/

Ba bhinne séis a tana-ghuib  
'Ná fuinneamh méar ag spreagadh puirt,  
'S 'ná cruit an té do threascair Mis,  
    Ciodh baoth dham a rádh;  
'S ba ghile a héadan sneachtamhail  
'Ná an lile caomh 's 'ná an eala ar shruth,  
'S ba shnuigte caol a mala suidhte  
    Ar réalt-dhearc gan cháim;  
A mama cruinne ar sheanga-chruth nár léanadh le práisc,  
A leabhar-chrobh do bheartadh loingeas, éanlaith is bláth,  
    Ba mhíonla maordha maiseamhail  
    A hógchar 's a scéimh 's a pearsa-chruth  
    Do ghríosuih mé chum labhartha  
    Ins na bréithribh seo im' dhéaghaidh:

---

Her round breasts of graceful shape that were not defiled by  
wantonness/ Her graceful hands that created ships, birds and  
flowers (*on tapestries*)/ Mild, dignified, beautiful was/ Her  
figure, her countenance and her person/ (So) that I was  
emboldened to speak/ In these words following.

Δ ΡΙΟΞΑΝ ΒΕΑΣΔĆ, ΔΙĆΡΙΣ ΘΑΜ  
 Δη τĆ Δη ΔΟΙΛ-ĆΝΕΙΣ ΤΡΕ Ν-ΔΡ ΤΡΕΔΣΑΡΑΘ  
 ΝΑ ΜΙΛΤΕ 'ΕΝ ΨΕΙΝΝ ΛΕ ΣΑΙΣΣΕ ĆΑΙΛ  
 ΜΙC ĆΡΕΙΝ ĆΥΣ ΔΗ Τ-ΆΡ;  
 Νό Δη ΒΡΙΪΘΕΔĆ ΗΕΛΕΝ, Θ'ΑΙΣΤΡΙΪ  
 ΤΑΡ ΤΙΝΝ ΟΝ ΗΣΡΕΙΣ ΛΕΡ ΑΙΛΛΕΔΘ ΤΡΥΡ  
 Ι ΣΙΕΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΑΕ ΜΑΡ ΒΕΑΡΤΑΙΘ ΘΡΑΟΙĆΕ  
 Ι ΛΕΙΡ-ΡΑΝΗΔΙΘ ΘΑΝ;  
 Νό Δη ΜΑΣΑΛΑĆ Ó ΑΛΒΑΙΝ ĆΥΣ ΛΑΟĆ ΛΕΙΣ 'ΝΑ ΒΆΡC;  
 Νό Δη ΔΙΝΝΙΡ ΛΕΡ ĆΥΙC ΚΛΑΝΝ ΥΙΣΝΕΔĆ ΜΑΡ ΛΕΙΪΣΤΕΑΡ ΣΑΝ ΤΑΙΝ;  
 Νό Δη ΡΙΟΞΑΝ ΔΕΡΑĆ ĆΑΙΤΝΕΔΜΑĆ  
 Θ'ΨΥΙΣ ΣΑΟΙĆΕ ΣΑΕΘΕΔΛ Ι Ν-ΑΝΑ-ΒΡΥΙΘ,  
 ΘΑ Θ'ΡΥΙΜ ΣΥΡ ΨΡΕΔΜΥΙΪ ΘΑΝΑΙΡ ΥΙΛC  
 Ι ΡΕΙΜ ΙΝΙΣ ΨΑΙΛ?

---

O exemplary princess, tell me/ Are you the fair lady through  
 whom was defeated/ Thousands of the Fianna by the great deeds  
 of Talc/ Mac Tréin who wrought the slaughter/ Or the maiden  
 Helen who travelled/ Over the sea from Greece, through whom  
 was lost an army/ In the siege of Troy, as bards relate/ In clear  
 verses of poems/

A ríoghan bhéasach, aithris dam  
An tú an aoil-chneis tré n-ar treascaradh  
Na mílte 'en Fhéinn le gaisge Thailc  
Mhic Thréin thug an t-ár;  
Nó an bhríghdeach Hélen, d'aistrigh  
Tar tuinn ón nGréig lér cailleadh truíp  
I siege na Trae mar bheartaid draoithe  
I léir-rannaibh dán;  
Nó an mhascalach ó Albain thug laoch leis 'na bhárc;  
Nó an ainnir lér thuit clann Uisneach mar léightear san Táin;  
Nó an ríogan aerach thaitneamhach  
D'fhúig saoithe Gaedheal i n-ana-bhruid,  
Dá dhruim gur phréamhuigh danair uile  
I réim Inis Fáil?

---

(Or) the maiden from Scotland that a knight took with him in his  
ship/ Or the maiden through whom the clan of Uisneach fell, as  
is read, in the hosting/ Or the sprightly, beautiful maiden/ Who  
left Irish nobles in great difficulty/ Because of her evil savages  
took root/ In command of Ireland.

Is béasac stuamóda d'freaḡair mé,  
 Is í aḡ déanaḡ uaille is caḡuiḡce,  
 Ní haon dár luadais it starḡaiḡ mé,  
     Cioḡ léir dam an táin;  
 Is mé céile is nuac̃ar Caroluis,  
 Tá déaraḡ duairc, fé t̃arcuisne,  
 ḡan réim ná buaiḡ mar c̃leaḡtas-sa,  
     Mo laoc̃ ó tá ar fán;  
 Le fearḡaiḡ cirt an araḡo-mic, fuair peannaḡo c̃roise is  
 páis,  
 Beirḡ scaipeaḡo is riḡ ar ḡalla-puic do seallbuiḡ ar stáḡ,  
     Ní dannaḡo liom an aicme c̃uḡ  
     Mo dearca aḡ sileaḡ laḡta tiub̃,  
     I n-ana-b̃ruir fé an amaḡo aḡ  
     ḡac saor-b̃ile sáḡ.

---

She answered me with dignity and modesty/ And she making  
 wailing and lamentation/ I am not one of those you mentioned in  
 your stories/ Though I know of the hostings/ I am the spouse  
 and consort of Charles/ Who am tearful, grieving, slighted/  
 Without power or authority as I was accustomed/ Since my  
 knight is astray/

Is béasach stuamdha d'fhreagair mé,  
Is í ag déanamh uaille is cathuighthe,  
Ní haon dár luadhais it starthaibh mé,  
Ciodh léir dam an táin;  
Is mé céile is nuachar Charoluis,  
Tá déarach duairc, fé tharcuisne,  
Gan réim ná buaidh mar chleachtas-sa,  
Mo laoch ó tá ar fán;  
Le feartaibh cirt an araid-mhic, fuair peannaid chroise is páis,  
Beidh scaipeadh is rith ar ghalla-phuic do shealbhuigh ár stát,  
Ní danaid liom an aicme thug  
Mo dhearca ag sileadh lachta tiubh,  
I n-ana-bhruid fé an amadh ag  
Gach saor-bhile sámh.

---

By the virtues and truth of the Divine Son who suffered the  
torment of the cross and passion/ There will be scattering and  
rout of the foreign bucks who took possession of my estate/ It is  
no grievance to me, the gang who caused/ My eyes to shed  
dense tears/ In great difficulty under the yoke/ Of every  
contented, noble champion.

FÉ MAR LUADADAR SEAN-DRAOIĊE,  
 DO DĊANADŲ TUAR IS TARNĖADIREAĊT,  
 BEIŲ FLĪT I ĖCUANTAIĲ ŲANBA  
 FĀ FĖILE NAOIŲ ŠĖĀIN,  
 AĖ TADAIŲT SCEIŲLE IS RUADADŲ AS FEARANN ĆUIŲC,  
 TAR LINŲCIĲ RUADŲ NA FAIRĖĖE,  
 AR ĖADĲ SMĖIŲLE MŲR-ĆUIŲP SASANAIĖ,  
 'S NĪ LĖAN LIOM A BPRĀŲĀINN;  
 BĖIŲ ĖEARRADŲ CLOIŲŲITE IS SCAIPEADŲ TRUIP IS TRĖAN-  
 TREASĖAIŲT NĀŲADŲ  
 AR ĖADĲ AIŲP ADA DO ĆLEAĖTADŲ PUINCH IS FĖASTA 'SAN PĖĀIS,  
 DO B'AIŲE SULT NA REAŲAR-PŲOC  
 AĖ CNEADŲ 'S AĖ CRIĲ LE HEAĖLA  
 'NĀ AN RACAIŲREAĊT SO ĆEAPADAR  
 LUĲT FĖAR-LEADADŲ AR PĖĀĖ.

---

As ancient bards relate/ That made portents and prophecies/  
 There will be a fleet in the harbours of Ireland/ By the feast of  
 Saint John (*June 24, mid-summer*)/ Inflicting terror and rout out  
 of the lands of Corc/ Over the bloody (?) waves of the ocean/ On  
 every big-bodied churl of the English/ And their crisis is no  
 sorrow to me/

Fé mar luadhadar sean-draoithe,  
Do dhéanadh tuar is tarngaireacht,  
Beidh flít i gcuantaibh Banba  
Fá fhéile Naoimh Sheáin,  
Ag tabhairt sceimhle is ruagadh as fearann Chuirce,  
Tar linntibh ruadha na fairrge,  
Ar gach sméirle mór-chuirp Sasanaigh,  
'S ní léan liom a bprádhainn;  
Béidh gearradh cloidhmhte is scaipeadh truíp is tréan-  
treasgairt námhad  
Ar gach ailp aca do chleachtadh puinch is féasta 'san Pháis,  
Do b'aite sult na reamhar-phoc  
Ag cnead 's ag crith le heagla  
'Ná an racaireacht so cheapadar  
Lucht féar-leagadh ar phágh.

---

There will be slashing of swords and rout of troops and heavy  
defeat of enemies/ On every fat person of them who practised  
punch and feasting during the Passion (*Holy Week*)/ More  
delightful is the sport of (seeing) the fat bucks/ Running and  
trembling in terror/ Than these pastimes that they devise/ (Who  
engage in) mowing hay for pay!



### 5. Mairdean Drúcta le hais na Siúraí.

Font: An Clár Bog Déil.

Mairdean drúcta le hais na Siúraí, is mé cáimac las fionn,  
Do dearcas cuilfionn maiseac muinte gráomhar séim,  
'N-a raib lile as súgrao tré luisne lonnraic mar scáil na  
SCAOR,  
San time i ngnúis zil an leinb ionnraic do b'áilne scéim.

Is blasta búio beact do beannuis dúinn-ne, 's is páirteac  
SAOR;  
'S is tapa d'umlas lem hata cúinneac im láim go féar,  
Ar amarc gnúise is pearsan cúmta na báibe, is léir  
Sur cealg cúipio le deartaib tiusa mé tré lár mo éleib.

Is milis muinntearó d'fiosruigeas-sa de gráó mo éleib,  
Ar b'ise an doil-éneis trér tuzaó líonruic is ár na trae,  
Nó an míochar mionla do cuir na mílte le fán an tsaosail,  
'S gaila-smístis nár ceaduis íosa 'na stáit fíoi réim.

Freasair sinn, a bean mo croide, an tú an báb do tréis  
An fear do bí aici i sceanjal éinne le gráó don féinn,  
Nó an gailteann grinn do baile náois tar sáil i scéin,  
Cus treascairt laoc i scaic na Craoibe is ár na scéad.

---

### 5. On A Dewy Morning By The Suir-side.

*Air: An Clár Bog Déil - The Soft Deal Table.*

By the Suir on a dewy morning, and I feeble, weak, faint/ I  
beheld a beautiful, decorous, lovable, tender maiden/ In whom  
the lily was playing through the lustrous blush of the brightness  
of embers (*or berries*)/ Without fear in the bright countenance of  
the noble girl of loveliest appearance.

## 5. Maidean drúchta le hais na Siúrach.

Fonn: An Clár Bog Déil.

Maidean drúchta le hais na Siúrach, is mé támhach lag faon,  
Do dhearcas cúilfhionn mhaiseach mhúinte ghrádmhar shéimh,  
'N-a raibh lile ag súgradh tré luisne lonnrach mar scáil na  
gcaor,  
Gan time i ngnúis ghil an leinbh ionnraic do b'áilne scéimh.

Is blasta búidh beacht do bheannuigh dúinn-ne, 's is páirteach  
saor;  
'S is tapa d'umhlas lem hata cúinneach im láimh go féar,  
Ar amharc gnúise is pearsan cúimtha na báibe, is léir  
Gur chealg Cúipid le deartaibh tiugha mé tré lár mo chléibh.

Is milis muinnteartha d'fhiosruigheas-sa de ghrádh mo chléibh,  
Ar bh'ise an aoil-chneis trér tugadh líonruith is ár na Trae,  
Nó an mhiochair mhíonla do chuir na mílte le fán an tsaoghail,  
'S galla-smístigh nár cheaduigh Íosa 'na stáit faoi réim.

Freagair sinn, a bhean mo chroidhe, an tú an bháb do thréig  
An fear do bhí aici i gceangal chinnte le grádh don Fhéinn,  
Nó an ghailteann ghrinn do bhailigh Naois tar sáil i gcéin,  
Thug treascairt laoch i gcath na Craoibhe is ár na gcéad.

---

She greeted me elegantly, graciously, correctly, and affectionately, nobly/  
Hastily I made obeisance down to the grass with my cornered hat in my hand/  
At sight of the countenance and well-formed person of the girl, truly/ Cupid  
wounded me with dense darts through the centre of my heart.

Sweetly, friendly I enquired of the love of my heart/ Was she the fair lady  
through whom was accomplished the rout and slaughter of Troy/ Or the  
gentle, tender lady who put thousands astray in the world/ And every foreign  
churl who did not honour Jesus in power in their estates.

Answer me, O love of my heart, are you the girl who abandoned/ The man  
who was in certain union with her for love of the Fianna/ Or the true, fair

maiden who swept Naoise over the sea afar/ Who wrought the overthrow of  
knights in the battle of the Branch, and the slaughter of hundreds.

Nó an maiseac mîn mar beartaio draoiçe, fáide is cléir,  
le hais an flíós eus scaeta laoc tar sáil don šréis,  
Nó an sib do olísiò le cumann díošrais páirt is zéill,  
Ar Conall ríošda cumas ríošacta a šadbáil io óéiò.

O'freasair sí zo blasta sinn is í aš tál na noéar,  
Ní ceactar díob dár ainmnišis io ráiòtiò mé,  
Act bean do bí pé šradam ríošda trác dem šaošal  
I zceannas críçe sean is sinnsear árd-scoť šaeóeal.

An tan feasao linn cia an bean do bí liom trác aš pléiòe,  
Do šlacas bíošao ar mactnam innste stáit a scéil,  
Šur labair sí zo cheasda caoin, šan clás, i nšaeóilš  
Seacain caoi 'šus šlacaiò inntinn árd is réim.

Is gearra an moił zo bpaicfir buiòean tar sáil aš téact  
Šo lannac líonta i mbarcaiò dín šan scác roim piléar,  
Aš šlanaò críçe Clanna šaoiòil le hármac tréan  
Ón aicme claoim nár šreannuiš Críost 's an lá lem Réics.

---

Or the fine lady, as bards, seers and clerics relate  
Who, with the (*Golden*) Fleece, took a band of knights over the  
sea to Greece  
Or are you she who imposed, with zealous love, affection and  
submission,  
On royal Conall to assume royal power after you?

She answered me elegantly and she issuing tears  
I am neither of those you named in your utterances  
But a woman who was held in regal esteem for a time in my life  
In command of the land of the antiquity and ancestors of the  
noble Gaelic race.

Nó an mhaiseach mhín mar bheartaid draoithe, fáidhe is cléir,  
Le hais an fhlíos thug scata laoch tar sáil don Ghréig,  
Nó an sibh do dhlíghidh le cumann díoghrais páirt is géill,  
Ar Chonall ríoghdha cumas ríoghachta a ghabháil id dhéidh.

D'fhreagair sí go blasta sinn is í ag tál na ndéar,  
Ní ceachtar díobh dár ainmnighis id ráidhtibh mé,  
Acht bean do bhí fé ghradam ríoghdha tráth dem shaoghal  
I gceannas críche sean is sinnsear árd-scoth Gaedheal.

An tan feasadh linn cia an bhean do bhí liom tráth ag pléidhe,  
Do ghlacas bíodhghadh ar mhachtnamh innste stáit a scéil,  
Gur labhair sí go cneasda caoin, gan tlás, i nGaedhilg  
Seachain caoi 'gus glacaidh inntinn árd is réim.

Is gearra an mhoill go bhfaicfir buidhean tar sáil ag téacht  
Go lannach líonta i mbarcaibh dín gan scáth roimh piléar,  
Ag glanadh críche Clanna Gaoidhil le hármach tréan  
Ón aicme chlaoin nár ghreannuigh Críost 's an lá lem Réics.

---

When I understood who was the woman who was for a while  
addressing me  
I felt arousal on pondering the relating of the state of her affairs  
And she spoke gently, findly, firmly, in Irish  
“Abstain from lamentation and partake of high resolve and  
intent.

“The delay is brief till you see a band coming over the sea  
Abounding in ships, filled in protective vessels with no fear of  
volleys  
Cleansing the land of the clan of Irish with powerful armies  
Of the perverse gang that did not honour Christ, and my King  
will (win) the day.

Is fada sinn as laetao cíoc, cíoc cráite an scéal,  
Do clannaið daoiçe greamuiḡ críocá is stáit ḡac réim,  
Do snaiðmeað linn i ḡcaiseal Cuinn 's i n-áitreab Céin,  
Is táim scaréa arís le haicme an fíll eus ár mo laoc.

Ar aicris suiðim ḡac aiste ríomás don bān-ēneis séim,  
Ba blasta laoið, ba ḡreanneta ḡnaoi, is do b'áilne scéim,  
Is tapaið scíora cum reatá arís is o'pás mé i bpéim,  
An tan beartað linn ḡur b'aislinḡ oraoidéatá a ráite  
béil.

Aicim íosa ceannuiḡ sinn is fuair páis is péim  
ḡo ocaḡaið an níð 'na ceart cum críce i ocrát ḡan baosáil,  
Le na bpaiceam oíbirt, scaipeað is sceimle is ár le faobar  
Ar aicme an fíll tar n-ais arís, sin oát mo scéil.

---

I am a long time milking from the breast, though tormented the  
story  
For the race of churls who seized the lands and estates of every  
dynasty  
That was united with me in Cashel of Conn, and in the  
habitation of Céin  
And I am separated again from the gang of treachery who  
wrought the slaughter of my knights.

On reciting the resolution of every verse I composed for the  
gentle, fair lady  
Of most perfect lays, of most elegant countenance, and of most  
beautiful appearance  
Swiftly she fled away again and left me in pain  
And then I understood that her utterances were a mystical  
vision.

Is fada sinn ag lachtadh cíoch, ciodh cráidhte an scéal,  
Do chlannaibh daoithe ghreamuigh críocha is stáit gach réim,  
Do snaidhmeadh linn i gCaiseal Chuinn 's i n-áitreabh Chéin,  
Is táim scartha arís le haicme an fhill thug ár mo laoch.

Ar aithris suidhimh gach aiste ríomhas don bhán-chneis séimh,  
Ba bhlasta laoidh, ba ghreannta gnaoi, is do b'áilne scéimh,  
Is tapaidh scíord chum reatha arís is d'fhág mé i bpéin,  
An tan beartadh linn gur bh'aisling draoidheachta a ráidhte béil.

Aitchim Íosa cheannuigh sinn is fuair páis is péin  
Go dtagaidh an nídh 'na cheart chum críche i dtráth gan baoghal,  
Le na bhfaiceam díbirt, scaipeadh is sceimhle is ár le faobhar  
Ar aicme an fhill tar n-ais arís, sin dát mo scéil.

---

I beseech Jesus who redeemed us and who endured passion and  
agony  
That the matter will come aright in the end, in a time without  
peril  
That we may see the expulsion, scattering, rout and slaughter  
with arms  
On the gang of treachery back again. That is the end of my  
story.

## 6. Cois Aðann i nðé.

ƿonn: An síoda atá ið bhaillet?

Cois Aðann i nðé is mé aʒ taisteal i ʒcéin,  
ʒo haɬuirseal ƿaon ʒan suaiceas,  
O'amaucas-sa bé 'na reatib aʒ téat,  
ba ʒeanaíal ʒné 'ʒus snuað-ðreac;  
ba ƿuinneaíal tapaið, ba hinnealta a taisteal,  
aʒ ɔruioim ɔom aice ɔen ruais sin,  
is ɔeimin ʒur beartas náR ðruinneall ɔon aicme  
Oo ʒeineað aR talaim mo stuaire.  
ba camarsac léi ʒo haltaib a craob-ƿolt  
ba callac néamrac ɔualað,  
ba ðaitte 'ná an séaɔ le ʒaisce ɔon ʒréis  
ʒus calm-mac éason uaibreac;  
is ise ba ʒasta, ba snuiðte, ba snasta,  
Oo b'oilte, ɔo b'aice, ɔo b'uaisle,  
ba ðinne, ba blaɔta, ba cliste, ba cneasta,  
ba suiðte ɔáR ðearcas im cuarðaið.

---

## 6. By A River Yesterday.

*Air: An síoda atá it bhaillet? - Is it silk that's in your wallet?*

By a river yesterday and I travelling afar  
Feeble, faint, without pleasure  
I beheld a lady approaching at a run  
Who was lovely in form and appearance of countenance  
Her movement was vigorous, swift, graceful  
Closing on me in that rush  
I determined with certainty that (my maiden - *next line*) was not  
a girl of that class  
That are begotten on earth.

## 6. Cois abhann i ndé.

Fonn: An síoda atá id bhaillet?

Cois abhann i ndé is mé ag taisteal i gcéin,  
Go hatuirseach faon gan suairceas,  
D'amharcas-sa bé 'na reathaibh ag téacht,  
Ba gheanamhail gné 'gus snuadh-dhreach;  
Ba fuinneamhail tapaidh, ba hinnealta a taisteal,  
Ag druidim dom aice den ruaig sin,  
Is deimhin gur bheartas nár bhrinneall don aicme  
Do geineadh ar talamh mo stuaire.

Ba chamarsach léi go haltaibh a craob-fholt  
Bachallach néamhrach dualach,  
Ba dhaithe 'ná an séad le gaisce don Ghréig  
Thug calm-mhac Éason uaibhreach;  
Is ise ba ghasa, ba shnuidhte, ba shnasta,  
Do b'oilte, do b'aite, do b'uaisle,  
Ba bhinne, ba bhlasta, ba chliste, ba chneasta,  
Ba shuidhte dár dhearcas im chuardaibh.

---

Her branching hair was curled to the roots  
(It was) wavy, shining, in locks  
It was more lustrous than the jewel, (that,) with exploits, to  
Greece,  
Proud, valiant Jason brought  
She was most clever, most pleasing, most noble  
Sweetest, most elegant, most witty, modest  
Most sedate that I saw in my travels.



ʙᴀ ʙᴀḃᴀɪʀ ʒʟᴀɴ sḗɪm̃ ʟḗ ʙᴀɪm̃ᴀʀc ᴀ ʙḗᴀḃᴀɴ  
 m̃ᴀɪsḗᴀm̃ᴀɪʟ ʒnḗ-ʒḗᴀʟ sʟᴀm̃ḃᴀ,  
 'S ᴀ m̃ᴀʟᴀ ḃḗᴀs ḗᴀʟḗ ᴀʀ ʀḗᴀm̃ᴀʀ-ʀḓsʟ ḗʟᴀʟɴ,  
 ʔḓ ḗᴀʟʒ ʟḗ ʒᴀḗʟḃ sʟᴀɪʒʟḗ;  
 ʔḓ ʒɪʟḗ nᴀ ʙḗᴀʟᴀ ʒᴀɴ ʟḗɪm̃ḗᴀʟ ʟḗ ʟᴀsᴀɪʀ  
 ᴀʒ sɪʟs mᴀ 's ᴀʒ ḗᴀɪs m̃ɪʀʟ 'n-ᴀ ʒʀᴀḃḃᴀɪḃ,  
 ɪs nḓ ʟɪʒʟḗḗᴀʀ ʟḓ ḗᴀḗʟḗᴀʀ ʟɪʟḃ ḃʀʀᴀɪm̃ nᴀ ʒʀᴀḃᴀm̃,  
 nᴀ ɪʟnᴀḃ 'nᴀ ʙᴀɪʒʟḗ ḗʟm̃ sᴀɪm̃nɪs.

ʙᴀ ʙḗᴀsʟᴀ ʙḗᴀʟʟ sᴀʟʀ ʒᴀɴ ʙḗᴀḃᴀʀ ʒᴀʟʟ ḗḗɪʟs  
 ʔḓ ḗᴀnᴀḃ ᴀ ḗᴀʟʀ-ʒḓḓ ḃᴀsᴀʟ,  
 ᴀʒ ᴀɪʟʀɪs nᴀ n-ḗᴀʟʟ ʟḓ ʙᴀʟḃᴀɪʒ ḗɪʒsḗ  
 ɪ ʒḗᴀḗʟḗᴀɪḃ ʟḗn ʒᴀḗḓɪʟʒḗ ʙḃᴀḗᴀɪʒ;  
 ʟḗɪʟɪm̃ ḗʟm̃ ʟᴀɪɪm̃ ʒᴀɴ ʀḃɪnnḗᴀm̃ ɪm̃ ʙᴀʟʟᴀɪḃ  
 ɪs ḗʀɪʟɪm̃ ʟḗ ʙᴀnᴀɪʟḗ ɪs ḃᴀm̃ᴀn  
 ᴀʀ ʙʀḗɪʟsɪnʟ ᴀ ʟḗᴀḗᴀ ḗʀḗʀ ḗḃɪʒḗᴀs ʒḃʀ ḗᴀɪsʟɪ  
 ʟ ʀɪnnḗḃʀʟʒ ʀḗᴀɪʟs ᴀn ḗsᴀɪm̃nɪs.

---

Her face was graceful, pure, mild to behold  
 (She was) beautiful, of bright appearance, modest  
 And her lovely, slender eyebrow (was) on inviting, wide eyes/  
 That wounded hosts with darts (*glances*)  
 The flawless brightness of the swan, with flame  
 Was struggling and contending in her cheeks  
 And neither of them was permitted honour or pre-eminence  
 Or a place in her features for rest.

Ba leabhair glan séimh le hamharc a héadan  
Maiseamhail gné-gheal stuamdha,  
'S a mala dheas chaol ar reamhar-rosc claon,  
Do chealg le gaethibh sluaigh;  
Bhí gile na heala gan teimheal le lasair  
Ag siosma 's ag caismirt 'n-a gruadhnaibh,  
Is ní dlightheas do cheachtar díobh urraim ná gradam,  
Ná ionad 'na haighthe chum suaimhnis.

Ba bhlasta beacht saor gan bhladar gach téics  
Do chanadh a caor-ghob uasal,  
Ag aithris na n-éacht do bhalbhuigh éigse  
I gceachtaibh den Ghaedhilge bhuacaigh;  
Tuitim chum tailimh gan fuinneamh im bhallaibh  
Is critim le hanaithe is uamhan  
Ar bhfeicsint a dreacha trér thuigeas gur thaistil  
O fhinnebhog fhlaithis an tsuaimhnis.

---

Every verse was elegant, perfect, free, without exaggeration  
That her noble red lips uttered  
Recounting the exploits that struck poets dumb  
In lessons of supreme Irish  
I fall to the ground without force in my limbs  
And I tremble with fear and terror  
On sight of her countenance, by which I understood that she  
came  
From the fair mansion of heaven of bliss.

bA cAilce 's bA gÉAR A mAMa 'S A DÉIO,  
 'S A seANgA-ÇORP séim nÁR trUAilleAð,  
 A pEARSA gO lÉIR Ó bAITEAS gO fÉAR  
 gAn eASbAIO, gAn bÉim, gAc buAIO ruS;  
 fionnAIM IS AITCÍM A hIONAð 'SA hAinm,  
 A cINEAð, IS A CARAIO 'SA cUALLAcT,  
 A fUIREAnn, A fEARAnn, A OLIgCe 'S A REAcTA  
 Oo bRuinneALL nA gCARn-fOLT nOUALAc:

fREAgAIR-se mé AN tÚ AN AinnIR ón nShRéis  
 TAR cAlAIC DON TRAE DO scuAbAð,  
 Oo cARRAINg 'n-A DÉIO I mBARCAIO AN tRéAð,  
 Oen cAcAIR gO lÉIR rinn' lUAIcREAð;  
 NÓ AN fínne-bEAn gREAnnTA nOc o'imcig Le gAIClIO,  
 Oo b'fUinneAmAil fEARg I tCUARgAin,  
 Oo mIlleAð I n-EmAin TAR cOmAIRce A CARAð,  
 Le hinneALLAIO ceALg IS cRUAIð-CLIS.

---

White and fine were her breasts and her teeth  
 And her delicate, graceful body that was not defiled  
 Her whole person, from the crown (*of her head*) to the grass  
 Without defect, without flaw, achieved every supremacy  
 I ask and entreat her place and her name  
 Her race, her relatives and her company  
 Her people, her lands, her laws and her charters  
 Of the girl of the curling, massy tresses.

Ba chailce 's ba ghéar a mama 's a déid,  
'S a seanga-chorp séimh nár truailleadh,  
A pearsa go léir ó bhaitheas go féar  
Gan easbaidh, gan bhéim, gach buaidh rug;  
Fionnaim is aitchim a hionad 'sa hainm,  
A cineadh, is a caraid 'sa cuallacht,  
A fuireann, a fearann, a dlighthe 's a reachta  
Do bhruinneall na gcarn-fholt ndualach:

Freagair-se mé an tú an ainnir ón nGréig  
Tar chalaith don Trae do scuabadh,  
Do tharraing 'n-a déidh i mbarcaibh an tréad,  
Den chathair go léir rinn' luaithreach;  
Nó an fhinne-bhean ghreanta noch d'imthigh le gaithlibh,  
Do b'fhuinneamhail fearg i dtuargain,  
Do milleadh i n-Eamhain tar chomairce a carad,  
Le hinneallaibh cealg is cruaidh-chlis.

---

“Answer me, are you the maiden from Greece  
Who was swept over the sea to Troy  
Who drew after her a host in ships  
Who turned the whole city into ashes  
Or (are you) the elegant beauty [*Meadhbh*] who went with  
warriors  
Of fierce rage in slaughtering  
Who was destroyed in Eamhain, despite the protection of her  
friends (?)  
By machinations of treachery and dire deceit.”

'Do f'reasair an bé, ní haidnío duit mé,  
 Ní ceachtar den méir seo luadais mé,  
 Acht seachtallach strae le fada tá i bpéin,  
 San sradam, san réim, san suairceas,  
 San ciste, san ceannas dom ite 's dom gearradó  
 Le mioscais as gallaibh an uadair,  
 Tus millead 'sus meascadó san time, san taise,  
 Slan-ionnabhadó is scaipeadó ar mo cuallaacht.

Is lannamhar léirimeach fearfach fíoróda  
 Treallamach tréan i dtuarraig  
 As cearraing fám óein an aicme do béradó  
 Scaipeadó dom péin is fuascailt;  
 Riúro na dandair ar mire 'na ngealtaið  
 As ionad na bflaça do b'uaisle,  
 Ar bpilead na seadac ar buile cum caça,  
 'S ní singil mo sáirm-se an uair sin.

---

"O friend of my heart, I am unknown to you  
 I am neither of those you mentioned  
 But a neglected wanderer, long-suffering  
 Without honour, without authority, being consumed and  
 lacerated  
 By the malice of arrogant foreigners  
 Who caused destruction and affront, without fear or mercy  
 The complete expulsion and dispersal of my company.

Do fhreagair an bhé, ní haithnid duit mé,  
Ní ceachtar den mhéid seo luadhais mé,  
Acht seachmallach strae le fada tá i bpéin,  
Gan ghradam, gan réim, gan suairceas,  
Gan chisde, gan cheannas dhom ithe 's dhom ghearradh  
Le mioscais ag gallaibh an uabhair,  
Thug milleadh 'gus meascadh gan time, gan taise,  
Glan-ionnabhadh is scaipeadh ar mo chuallacht.

Is lannamhar léidmheach feargach fraochda  
Treallamach tréan i dtuargain  
Ag tarraing fám dhéin an aicme do bhéaraidh  
Scaipeadh dom phéin is fuascailt;  
Rithfid na danair ar mire 'na ngealtaibh  
As ionad na bhflatha do b'uaisle,  
Ar bhfillleadh na seabhac ar buile chum catha,  
'S ní singil mo ghairm-se an uair sin.

---

“Valiantly, bravely, fiercely, furiously  
Aggressively, strong in slaughtering  
- Drawing near to me is the band who will bring  
Relief of my pain, and release  
The savages will flee madly, out of their minds  
Out of the place of the most honourable nobles  
On the return of the heroes thirsting for battle  
- And my voice will not then be solitary!

Ó á fí cío seál-bé, san raice ar a dtaoib,  
    Δ māscaíac, léigim uaim leac  
'S ná dearmaido glaoóac cois abhann cum Séamus,  
    Ó'eascair do préimh-šlioct nuaglac;  
Siollaire seasaíac someandā searcaíail  
    bīleaíail blasta bleaēt-tuantaē,  
Tuine do šlacfas le muirinn do šaíail,  
    'S tá cliste cum baillet do cuaróac.

---

“Forty bright ladies, without a stitch on their bodies  
[*beannacht* – *blessing*; *bean nocht* – *naked woman*]  
O sturdy youth, I shall release to you  
And do not forget to call on Séamus beside the river  
Who is descended from the root-stock of Nagle  
An amorous, pleasant, staunch smiter  
- Heroic, elegant, poem-producing  
A person who would accept such as you into his household  
- And who is quick to search his wallet!”

### 7. Im aonair seal as siubal bíos.

ƿonn: An Bínsín Luachra (Móirín Ní Chuilleanáin)

Im aonair seal as siubal bíos  
I dtúis oíche i nḡaorta ceoiḡ,  
Lem áob ḡur ḡearcas ƿionn-ríoḡan,  
Ḍom ionnsuiḡe ḡo séim ar seol,  
A céibe ar ƿao 'na mbúclaiḡib  
As taḡairt síos ar scéim an óir,  
ḡo craobac casta ciuḡas-buiḡe,  
'Na ƿonnsaiḡib ḡo béal a brós.

bA mḡorḡa, maiseac, múinte í,  
bA ciúin í, bA séim a clóḡ,  
bA áom a ḡreac 's a súil ḡrinn  
mar ḡrúct ḡlinn as ḡeanaim spóirt;  
A ḡeio mar áile 'na ḡlúic-čír  
ḡan smúit bí ḡo néata i ḡcóir,  
'S a haol-ḡorp seascair súḡac síoḡac,  
Nár ḡlúciḡeao le céile ƿós.

---

### 7. Alone A While I Was Walking.

*Air: An Bínsín Luachra -The Little Rushy Bench or Móirín Ní Chuilleanáin.*

Alone a while I was walking  
At nightfall in a misty wooded glen  
When I beheld beside me a beautiful princess  
Approaching me, gliding gently  
Her hair all in curls/ Falling (?), of the appearance of gold  
Branching, twisting, yellow-tinted  
Spiralling to her shoe-tips.



## 7. Im aonar seal ag siubhal bhíos.

Fonn: An Bínsín Luachra (Móirín Ní Chuilleanáin)

Im aonar seal ag siubhal bhíos

I dtúis oidhche i ngaortha ceoigh,  
Lem thaobh gur dhearcas fionn-ríoghan,  
Dom ionnsuidhe go séimh ar seol,  
A céibhe ar fad 'na mbúclaidhibh  
Ag tabhairt síos ar scéimh an óir,  
Go craobhach casta ciumhas-bhuidhe,  
'Na fonnasaidhibh go béal a bróg.

Ba mhaordha, maiseach, múinte í,  
Ba chiúin í, ba shéimh a clódh,  
Ba chaomh a dreach 's a súil ghrinn  
Mar dhrúcht ghlinn ag déanamh spóirt;  
A déid mar chailc 'na dlúith-chír  
Gan smúit bhí go néata i gcóir,  
'S a haol-chorp seascair súghach síothach,  
Nár dlúthuigheadh le chéile fós.

---

She was majestic, beautiful, mannerly  
She was reserved, she was finely-formed  
Her countenance was fair, her eye was keen  
Like pure dew, at play  
Her teeth were white, in close array  
Without blemish they were neatly in order  
And her white body, composed, pleasing, calm,  
Never yet held in embrace.

ΤΑΙΩ ΔΑΟΡΑ ΙΣ ΣΗΕΔΑΤΑ ΔΡ ΛΥΤ ΣΙΟΡ  
 'ΝΑ ΣΗΝΙΣ ΜΙΝ ΒΑ ΜΑΟΡΩΔ, ΜΟΘΑΜΑΙΛ,  
 Δ ΗΕΔΩΝ ΛΕΑΤΑΝ ΎΡ ΜΑΟΙΘΙΜ  
 ΣΑΝ ΣΜΥΙΤ ΡΙΙΝΝ ΣΟ ΣΕΑΝΜΑΡ ΣΟΞΑΔ;  
 ΒΑ ΔΑΟΛ Δ ΜΑΛΑ ΘΛΥΤ-ΔΑΟΙΝ,  
 'Σ Δ ΛΕΑΒΑΙΡ-ΡΙΟΡ ΜΑΡ ΞΕΙΣ ΔΡ ΣΕΟΛ,  
 'Σ Δ ΒΕΙΛΙΝ ΒΛΑΣΤΑ ΒΥΤ ΒΙΝΝ  
 ΣΙΟΝΝΣΑΙΘΕ, ΝΑΡ ΔΑΟΒΥΙΞ ΜΟΙΩ.

Δ ΣΠΕΙΡ-ΒΕΑΝ ΔΝΕΑΣΤΑ, ΔΙΙΙΝ, ΔΑΟΙΝ,  
 ΔΑΡ ΣΤΙΥΡΥΙΞΕΛΘ Ι ΞΕΙΝ ΘΟ ΣΟΡΤ?  
 ΝΟ ΔΝ ΛΕΙΡ Δ ΜΕΑΣ ΣΥΡ Β'ΙΟΝΝΤΑΟΙΘ  
 ΘΟΜ ΙΟΝΝΣΥΙΘΕ ΙΘ ΞΑΟΡ ΙΜ ΔΛΟΘ?  
 ΔΝ ΤΥ ΔΝ ΒΕ ΤΥΣ ΣΕΑΡΚ ΙΣ ΡΥΝ ΔΡΟΙΘΕ  
 ΘΟΝ ΔΥ ΞΡΟΙΘΕ ΒΙ ΔΡΕΑΝ Ι ΘΕΟΙΡ,  
 'Σ Δ ΔΕΙΛΕ ΔΕΑΡΤ ΣΥΡ ΡΥΙΣ ΣΙ  
 ΣΟ ΘΥΘ-ΔΡΟΙΘΕΑΔ ΛΕ ΞΕΙΛΛ ΘΟΝ ΣΠΟΡΤ?

---

The embers and snow were ever-playing  
 In her fine, majestic, elegant countenance  
 Her fresh, broad face, I assert  
 Without the slightest flaw, content, cheerful  
 Her eyebrow was slender, gently-compact  
 And her graceful throat like a swimming swan's  
 And her sweet, joyous, tasty little mouth/ Loving, not given to  
 imprecation.

Táid caora is sneachta ar lúth shíor  
'Na gnúis mhín ba mhaordha, modhamhail,  
A héadan leathan úr maoidhim  
Gan smúit puinn go séanmhar sóghach;  
Ba chaol a mala dhlúth-chaoín,  
'S a leabhair-phíop mar ghéis ar seol,  
'S a béilín blasta búch binn  
Cionnsaidhe, nár thaobhuigh móid.

A spéir-bhean chneasta, chiuín, chaoín,  
Cár stiuruigheadh i gcéin do shórt?  
Nó an léir a mheas gur bh'ionntaibh  
Dom ionnsuidhe id ghaor im chlódh?  
An tú an bhé thug searc is rún chroidhe  
Don Chú ghroidhe bhí thréan i dtóir,  
'S a céile ceart gur fhúig sí  
Go dubh-chroidheach le géill don spórt?

---

“O gentle, tender, modest, fair lady  
From whence afar was directed such as you?  
Or is it clear to suppose it safe  
For me to approach near you in person?  
Are you the lady who gave love and her heart's desire  
To the brave Hound (*Cuchulainn*?) who was strong in pursuit  
And her true spouse she forsook  
(Him) broken-hearted, in abandonment to pleasure?

Δη τὺ Δείρδρε ἡμίσεαδ' βύς βῖνν  
 Ὅοι κρύπτεισθεο δε πρέιμ' νὰ λεομάν  
 Λε νὰρ τραοάδ' φλαῖτ' ἰς φιονν-ρί  
 Σοι τοῦδ' ἐκροῖθεαδ' ἰ ν-εῖζεαν ὅλεοδ'  
 Ἡό δ' ἂν βέ λέρ καλλεαδ' Κύραοι  
 Σαν ἰονηταοῖδ' ἀς θέαναν πόιτ',  
 Ἡό δ' ἂν σπείρ-θεαν ἐνεαστα δ' ὑμῖν λυγέαδ'  
 'Νὰ σμύιτ' ἔρῃνν ἀρ' εἰρῇνν κεο?

Ἰς βέασαδ' βλάστα βύς βῖνν,  
 Δουβδαῖρτ' σί σοι σείμ' σαν ἔο:  
 Ἡί ἡον δετ' ἡεας, ἀ ρύιν, σῖνν,  
 Ἰς διύλττιζῖμ' σοι ἡεας δον τσόρτ,  
 Ἰς βέ μέ ἀς ταῖστεαλ οὐτταῖζε  
 Σοι τοῦδ' ἐκροῖθεαδ' ἰ ποείρ' μοι λεομάν,  
 Ἰς μοι ἐρέαττα ἀρ' λεατταδ' ἀς βύραοῖδ',  
 Ὅοι σὺζαδ' βίτο 'νὰ σλαοο δον ὅεοι.

---

Are you sweet, joyous, beautiful Deirdre  
 Who was created from the root-stock of the heroes  
 By whom was laid low nobles and fair kings  
 Sadly in the violence of battle  
 Or the lady (*Bláthnait*) through whom was lost *Cúraoi* (*ally, then foe, of Cúchulainn*)  
 Treacherously in his cups(?)  
 Or the modest beauty (*Dervla*) who stooped  
 (To inflict) sorrow on Ireland in sharp defeat.

An tú Déirdre mhaiseach bhúch bhinn  
Do crúthuigheadh de phréimh na leomhan  
Le nar traochadh flaith is fionn-rí  
Go dubh-chroidheach i n-éigean gleodh?  
Nó an bhé lér cailleadh Cúraoi  
Gan ionntaoibh ag déanamh póit',  
Nó an spéir-bhean chneasta d'umhluigheadh  
'Na smúit ghrinn ar Éirinn ceo?

Is béasach blasta búch binn,  
Adubhairt sí go séimh gan ghó:  
Ní haon det mheas, a rúin, sinn,  
Is diúltuighim go héag don tsórt,  
Is bé mé ag taisteal dúthaighe  
Go dubh-chroidheach i ndéidh mo leomhain,  
Is mo chréachta ar leathadh ag búraidhibh,  
Dom shúghadh bhíd 'na slaod dom dheol.

---

Sweetly, joyously, elegantly, graciously  
She said tenderly without falsehood  
I am not one of those you surmise, my dear  
And I shall deny to the death any such thing  
I am a woman travelling the districts  
Grief-stricken in the absence of my hero  
And my wounds agape with churls  
Sucking at me, they are draining me of deluges.

Τά Σέαρχας μεα' 's α' τρύιρ ζροιò  
 Όάρ η-ιονησνιòε ζο ήέσσαιò άρ σεολ,  
 Is ρέιòρπιο seal mo κύρσαιòε  
 Δς βύραιοιò le ραοòαρ ζλειοιò,  
 Όέιο σέιòεαò is cαρταò is βρυζαò σίορ  
 Δρ ήύραιοιò όά οτραοάò άρ ρεοò,  
 'S ní léan liom λας ζαν λút puinn  
 Ζαé τρύ όίοò ηάρ ζέιλ don Όρο.

Όέιο cléir na ζεαάτ ζαν πύιcín  
 Δς úr-ήαιοιòεαή άη Éin-ήic cóir,  
 Is éiζε éeαρτ άς ταòαιρτ σίος  
 Ζαé ριονη-λαοιò ζο νέατα ι ζclóò;  
 Δη τρέαò το éρεασcαιρ ούòαé sinn  
 Ζαν lionηταιòε, ζαν ρέαστα άρ bóρò,  
 Is ζαεòιλ ζο σεασcαιρ σύζαé σίοéαé  
 'Na ηούéαιζε ζο σέανήαρ σοζαήαιλ.

---

Swift Charles and his brave soldiers  
 Are approaching me readily by sea  
 And my affairs will be settled soon  
 Against the churls, in armed battle  
 There will be exploding and violent overthrow and casting down  
 On churls, exhausted, withering  
 And it is no sorrow to me (to see them) weak, without the  
 slightest vigour  
 Every wretch of them that did not honour (Holy?) Orders.

Tá Séarlas mear 's a thrúip ghroidhe  
Dár n-ionnsuidhe go héascaidh ar seol,  
Is réidhfídh seal mo chúrsaidhe  
Ag búraidhibh le faobhar gleoidh,  
Béidh séideadh is cartadh is brughadh síor  
Ar bhúraidhibh dá dtraochadh ar feodh,  
'S ní léan liom lag gan lúth puinn  
Gach trú dhíobh nár ghéill don Órd.

Béidh cléir na gceacht gan púicín  
Ag úr-mhaoideamh an Éin-mhic chóir,  
Is éigse cheart ag tabhairt síos  
Gach fionn-laoidh go néata i gclódh;  
An tréad do threascair dúbhach sinn  
Gan lionntaidhe, gan féasta ar bórd,  
Is Gaedhil go seascair súghach síothach  
'Na ndúthaighe go séanmhar soghamhail.

---

The clergy of lessons will be unhooded  
Praising afresh the true Only Son  
And true poets writing down  
Every fair lay, neatly in letters  
The gang who overthrew me in grief  
Without ales, without feasting at table  
And the Irish secure, content, peaceful  
In their (own) native places, prosperous, happy.

## 8. 1 SACSADIB NA SÉAD.

1 SACSADIB NA SÉAD 1 SCÉIN ÓM ÚÚCCAS  
FÁ BARRA NA SCRAOB COIS CÉIO NA STIÚR-BARC,  
Is mé AS MACTHAM AR ÉAS NA BFLAÇA IS NA LAOC  
1 BFEARANN CÉIN DO TÚRNAO,  
Le DANAIR 1 SPÉIRLING CONNCAIS,  
ÓA SCADAIR CIOO TRÉAN MÉ 1 BPIONNTAR,  
AS FEARAÓ MO OÉAR SO LACTMAR LE LÉAN,  
SAN AITEAS, SAN RÉIM, SAN SUCCAS,

DO OEARCAS-SA RÉILTEANN JRÉASAC, JREANTA,  
JLÉ, BÍ ZASTA, JNÚIS-JEAL,  
BANAMAIL, BÉASAC, BÉAL-TAIS, BLASTA,  
CÉIMEAC, CNEASTA, CÚMCA,  
MAISEAMAIL, MÉINNEAC, MAORÓD, MEASTA,  
DERAC, ABAD, UHALLAC,  
'NA REACADIB AS TÉACÓ DO B' ÉADOTROM AISTEAR,  
CAOB LIOM SEAL SUR CÚIRLING.

---

## 8. In England Of The Treasures.

In England of the treasures far from my homeland  
In the shadow of masts by the quay of the tall ships  
And I pondering on the passing of the nobles and heroes  
Done to death in the land of Céin  
By savages in a whirlwind of conquest  
Helpless (?) though I am valiant in ventures  
Shedding my tears copiously in sorrow  
Without delight, powerless, without pleasure.



## 8. I Sacsuibh na séad.

I Sacsuibh na séad i gcéin óm dhúthchas  
Fá bharra na gcrabha cois céidh na stiúr-bharc,  
Is mé ag machtnamh ar éag na bhflatha is na laoch  
I bhfearann Chéin do túrnadh,  
Le danair i spéirling chonncais,  
Dá gcabhair ciodh tréan mé i bhfionntar,  
Ag fearadh mo dhéar go lachtmhar le léan,  
Gan aiteas, gan réim, gan sughchas,

Do dhearcas-sa réilteann ghréagach, ghreanta,  
Ghlé, bhí gasta, gnúis-gheal,  
Banamhail, béasach, réal-tais, blasta,  
Céimeach, cneasta, cúmtha,  
Maiseamhail, méinneach, maordha, measta,  
Aerach, abaidh, umhalach,  
'Na reathaibh ag téacht do b' éadtrom aistear,  
Taobh liom seal gur thúirling.

---

I beheld a lady, Grecian, elegant  
Bright, clever she was, of fair appearance  
Feminine, well-bred, soft-lipped, elegant  
Dignified, modest, well-shaped  
Beautiful, of fair mien, majestic, estimable  
Lively, mature, courteous  
Coming in haste, light of gait  
She descended next to me a while.

bA cAmARsAc léi-si A céiBe tOlúčA,  
 Ó bAičEAS so pÉAR Aš sLAOTAO AR Lúic-čRič,  
 A mAŁA bA čAOŁ, A DEARCA bA čŁAON,  
 A hAiščE 's A scEim bA lonnRAč;  
 bA ōEARš AN čAOR AR úR-lil  
 'NA leACAIN Aš DEANAM connCAIS,  
 Is bA bŁASTA šAc tÉACSA O'AičEASC A bÉAL  
 'NA spreAšAIREAcT méAR AR číúin-čRUIT;

bA sAmAIL A DEIO le šné NA heALA  
 AR pRAOc NA mARA cuBdAIR-čliuč,  
 'S A mAMA bA šÉAR nAR léAnuiš cLEASA  
 ČŁAONA cAMA Cúipio;  
 A leADAR-čROb RÉIO Is RÓ-šLÉ DO ōEARAO  
 bÉIR Is bARCA sTIúRAč,  
 CAISMIRT NA šCÉADTA, PAOL-čoin ALLTA,  
 ÉISC Is eALTA cLúmAc.

---

Her thick hair was twisting  
 From the crown (*of her head*) to the grass, flowing in swift  
 tremors  
 Her eyebrow was slender, her eyes were inviting  
 Her face and her appearance were lustrous  
 The ember was red on the fresh lily/ In her cheek seeking  
 supremacy  
 And more elegant was every verse her voice uttered  
 Than the plucking of fingers on a gentle harp.

Ba chamarsach léi-si a céibhe dlútha,  
Ó bhaitheas go féar ag slaodadh ar lúith-chrith,  
A mala ba chaol, a dearca ba chlaon,  
A haghthe 's a scéimh ba lonnrach;  
Ba dhearg an chaor ar úr-lil  
'Na leacain ag déanamh conncais,  
Is ba bhlasta gach téacs a d'aitheasc a béal  
'Ná spreagaireacht méar ar chiúin-chruit;

Ba samhail a déid le gné na heala  
Ar fraoch na mara cubhair-fhliuch,  
'S a mama ba ghéar nár léanuigh cleasa  
Claona cama Cúipid;  
A leabhar-chrobh réidh is ró-ghlé do dhearadh  
Béir is barca stiúrach,  
Caismirt na gcéadta, faol-choin allta,  
Éisc is ealta clúmhach.

---

Her teeth were of the likeness (*whiteness*) of a swan's  
appearance  
On the foam-wet fury of the sea  
Her keen breasts were undefiled by the (wanton, devious - *next  
line*) tricks  
of Cupid  
Her ready, slender hand inscribed very clearly (*on tapestries*)  
Bears and tall ships  
The battles of hundreds, savage wolves  
Fishes and feathered flocks.

Δ σεληνα-κόρη σείμ μο πείν το ούβαιλ,  
 Ó δαιτεας σο πέαρ σο νέατα ι σελύτο cirt,  
 Τρέρ σεαρς μο ζνέ ις το δαλβυιζ μέ;  
 Όο λεαζαο μο ζέαζα λύτα,  
 Όο οαλλυιζ μέ ο'είς ζαc cúrsa,  
 Cé λαδαρας léι σο cúcail,  
 Ις ο'αιτceας den βέ α hainm 's α scéal,  
 Δ τρεαδα 's α τρέαο το cαδαιρτ oam;

Όο ζλαcas-σα réim ταρ éις α ηαζαιλ,  
 Ό'είστεας seal ις ο'umluiζεας,  
 Όο cαρας α scéim, α méinn 's α pearsa,  
 Céim nár masla oúinn-ne;  
 βα cαpanail, τρέαν, ζαc ζέαζ oem βαλλαιb,  
 Pαon níor b'pαα ι bpuoair mé,  
 Δη ταν beartas surab aon an βέ το ζρεannuiζ  
 Ζνέιτε ις peacaο oρύise.

---

Her fine, graceful body doubled my pangs  
 From the crown of her head to the grass in correct proportions  
 From which my appearance crumbled and I was struck dumb  
 My vigorous limbs were enfeebled  
 I was blinded after all these events  
 So that I spoke to her timidly  
 And I enquired of the lady her name and her story  
 Her tribe and her company to tell me.

A seanga-chorp séimh mo phéin do dhúbail,  
Ó bhaitheas go féar go néata i gclúid chirt,  
Trér shearg mo ghné is do bhalbuigh mé;  
Do leagadh mo ghéaga lútha,  
Do dhalluigh mé d'éis gach cúrsa,  
Cé labharas léi go cúthail,  
Is d'aitcheas den bhé a hainm 's a scéal,  
A treabha 's a tréad do thabhairt dam;

Do ghlacas-sa réim tar éis a hagaill,  
D'éisteas seal is d'umhluigheas,  
Do charas a scéimh, a méinn 's a pearsa,  
Céim nár mhasla dhúinn-ne;  
Ba thapamhail, tréan, gach géag dem ballaibh,  
Faon níor bh'fada i bpudhair mé,  
An tan bheartas gurab aon an bhé do ghreannuigh  
Gnéithe is peacadh drúise.

---

I took heart after her words  
I was silent a while, and I deferred (to her)  
I desired her beauty, her mien and her person  
A circumstance that was no disgrace to me  
Every organ of my limbs was active, strong  
I was not long faint and at a loss  
Whenever I supposed that the woman was one who was devoted  
to  
The forms and sin of lust.

F̃REASAIR-se mé an tú an réilteann lonnrað  
 Ćus fear̃s is maðom na tr̃ae san ċionta,  
 Nó an ainm̃ir ċus léan is leas̃að na ñsaeðeal,  
 I b̃eap̃annaið Céin is Iũgoine,  
 O'f̃úis f̃laċa is éis̃' na otriúċ sain,  
 F̃aoi an ama so tr̃éiċ as búraið,  
 Nó an ġailteann i ġcéin tar ċalaiċ do léim  
 Ó Eam̃ain as laoc̃ 'n-a lonn-b̃arc.

O'f̃REASAIR, ní haon den méio sin ċanais  
 F̃éin ic st̃artċaið lúb mé,  
 Is ní ċañpað-sa scéal do str̃ae 'et s̃am̃ail,  
 ġeas̃ do ċlañnaið lúiteir,  
 Oañar i méinn, i ġcéill 's i ġceals̃,  
 Réice is ġaise ó lonñd̃ain,  
 ċá i n-arm̃ 's i n-éiðe ġléas̃ta as ġearrað  
 ġeas̃ is f̃asc mo p̃rionnsa.

---

“Answer me, are you the illustrious lady  
 Who brought about the fury and war of guiltless Troy  
 Or the maiden who wrought the grief and overthrow of the Irish  
 In the lands of Céin and Iughoin  
 That left the nobles and bards of those lands  
 In weakness under the yoke of churls  
 Or the lady who leaped(?) afar over the sea  
 From Eamhain, with a knight in his strong ship?”

Freagair-se mé an tú an réilteann lonnrach  
Thug fearg is maodhm na Trae gan chionta,  
Nó an ainnir thug léan is leagadh na nGaedheal,  
I bhfearannaibh Chéin is Iughoine,  
D'fhúig flatha is éigs' na dtriúch sain,  
Faoi an ama go tréith ag búraibh,  
Nó an ghailteann i gcéin tar chalaith do léim  
Ó Eamhain ag laoch 'n-a lonn-bharc.

D'fhreagair, ní haon den mhéid sin chanais  
Féin it startthaibh lúb mé,  
Is ní chanfad-sa scéal do strae 'et shamhail,  
Géag do Chlannaibh Lúiteir,  
Danar i méinn, i gcéill 's i gcealg,  
Réice is gaige ó Lonndain,  
Tá i n-arm 's i n-éide gléasta ag gearradh  
Géag is fasc mo Phrionnsa.

---

She answered, "I am none of those you relate  
Yourself, in your lying (?) stories  
And I shall not relate a story to a vagrant such as you  
A scion of the clan of Luther  
A savage in mien, in outlook and in treachery  
A rake and a coxcomb from London  
Who are in arms and armour arrayed, lacerating  
The limbs and shelter of my Prince."

Νά τarcuisnġ mé, α ḡeal-scéimġ na ḡcúil-ḡionn,  
 Όar an leab̃ar so im ḡéiḡ, ní haon oá ḡcrú mé,  
 Δct taistealać tréić tar c̃aise le ḡraoć,  
 Όo stracaō i ḡcém ar úrla,  
 Δḡ caḃair don tē nár ḃ'ronn liom,  
 I mbarcaib̃ na ḃpiléar ar cuḃar-muir,  
 Is ḡur scaḡaō mo tréao as c̃aise o'ḡuil ḡaeoēal  
 I ḡc̃aiseal ba réacs̃a cúḡiō.

Ó's dearb̃ ḡuraḃ aon oo réacs̃-ḡuil c̃aisil  
 Tréim̃se snaiōmeaō liom tú,  
 Δićrisḡeao ḡéin duit éaćta m'Δistir,  
 Is scéalf̃ao m'Δinm ionnraic;  
 ḡairm̃io éiḡs' oíom éire meab̃ail,  
 Méir̃oreac̃ cealḡ-c̃ursac̃,  
 C̃uḡ masla 'ḡus béim tré c̃laon le ḡallaiḃ  
 Όo tréio mo ḃailte oúćc̃ais.

---

“Do not insult me, O bright countence(d lady) of fair hair  
 By this book in my hand, I am not one of their blood  
 But (I am) a feeble traveller who goes over the raging ocean  
 Who was torn far away by the hair of my head  
 Aiding the person I was not of a mind to  
 In the gunships on the foaming ocean  
 And my tribe is of the strain of the bloodstream of the Irish  
 In Cashel of the provincial kingship.”



Ná tarcuisnigh mé, a gheal-scéimh na gcúil-fhionn,  
Dar an leabhar so im ghéig, ní haon dá gcrú mé,  
Acht taistealach tréith tar chaise le fraoch,  
Do stracadh i gcéin ar úrla,  
Ag cabhair don té nár bh'fonn liom,  
I mbarcaibh na bpiléar ar cubhar-mhuir,  
Is gur scagadh mo thréad as caise d'fhuil Ghaedheal  
I gCaiseal ba réacsá cúigidh.

Ó's dearbh gurab aon do réacs-fhuil Chaisil  
Tréimhse snaidhmeadh liom tú,  
Aithrisfead féin duit éachta m'aistir,  
Is scéalfad m'ainm ionnraic;  
Gairmid éigs' díom Éire mheabhail,  
Méirdreach chealg-chúrsach,  
Thug masla 'gus béim tré chlaon le gallaibh  
Do thréid mo bhailte dúthchais.

---

“As it is true that you are one of the royal blood of Cashel  
To whom I was once united (in marriage)  
I shall myself relate to you the exploits of my travels  
And I will tell you my noble name  
Poets call me mad Éire  
A harlot of deceitful ways  
Who gave insult and injury, through deceit with foreigners,  
To the company of my native homesteads.

Ó fearannaib̃ Céin is Éib̃ir f̃iúntaiḡ,  
 Tar̃ calaiṯ na t̃éad̃o ḡo héascaiṯo sciúr̃oas,  
 Le t̃eac̃tairead̃t sc̃eíl ó Cl̃annaib̃ na ñḡaeṯeal,  
 ḡur ḡair̃io ḡo ñṯéañf̃aiṯo conñcas,  
 ḡo scaip̃f̃io ḡaṯ béar̃ de c̃ompl̃aṯt  
 Na ñ-aĩas de p̃réam̃-stoc̃ Loñnoan,  
 As beaṯa na laoc̃, is ḡo ḡcastar̃ i réim̃  
 Mo ḡaile 'ñ-a récs̃ ḡo Dúñ Luirc̃.

'Do c̃arñḡair̃ éiḡse t̃réac̃ta is f̃easa  
 A t̃éac̃t̃ ḡo t̃reasaṯ tr̃úipeaṯ,  
 Laññmar̃ léiṯm̃eac̃ laoc̃ṯa aḡ leaṯair̃t  
 Méiṯ-poc̃ ḡalla-p̃oñncaṯ;  
 As scañaṯ ḡaṯ sc̃eíl t̃á a t̃cr̃éim̃se c̃aiṯte,  
 Tr̃é na ḡc̃aiṯf̃io um̃laṯ,  
 Is aṯarraṯ béas̃ ciṯṯo léañ leo a c̃eapaṯṯo  
 'ḡus réim̃ do c̃aḡair̃t o'úḡṯair̃.

---

“From the lands of Céin and worthy Éibhear  
 Over the ocean of (ships’) ropes I fled easily  
 With a message of news from the clans of the Irish  
 That soon they would make a conquest  
 That they would scatter every bear of the company  
 Of the mercenaries of the root-stock of London  
 Here’s to the life of the heroes, and may he return in power  
 - My champion, as king, to Dún Luirc.

Ó fhearannaibh Chéin is Éibhir fhiúntaigh,  
Tar chalaith na dtéad go héascaidh sciúrdas,  
Le teachtaireacht scéil ó Chlannaibh na nGaedheal,  
Gur gairid go ndéanfaid conncas,  
Go scaipfid gach béar de chomplacht  
Na n-amhas de phréamh-stoc Lonndan,  
As beatha na laoch, is go gcastar i réim  
Mo ghaile 'n-a récs go Dún Luirc.

Do tharngair éigse dréachta is feasa  
A théacht go treasach trúipeach,  
Lannmhar léidmheach laochda ag leadairt  
Méith-phoc galla-phonnacach;  
As scanadh gach scéil tá a dtréimhse caithte,  
Tré na gcaithfid umhladh,  
Is atharrach béas ciodh léan leo a cheapadh  
'Gus réim do thabhairt d'úghdair.

---

“Bards of verse and knowledge prophesy  
His coming, abounding in battle-ranks and troops  
Strong, valiant, chivalrously, thrashing  
Fat bucks of foreign manners  
From the examining of every story their time is spent  
By which they must submit  
And change their manners, though it bitter for them to accept it  
And to grant authority to authors.”

Is easal liom féin, a réilteann lonnraç,  
 Sur reacaireadct bréas an scéal so ñionnschais  
 Δαίτδ θαναιρ ró-éran i mbarcaib san spéis  
 I sCarolus réics do prionnsa,  
 Δτά i n-easbaio sác céime conganca,  
 Is aicme na nSaeðeal so cútaíl,  
 San fearanncas saor mar éleactaò a scléir  
 Oo beir neartmar in Éirinn ionnraic.

Caidreao-sa éisteact tré ðuib-smacta  
 Ar éaoð na nSalla mbrúideac,  
 Ó teasmás féin le tréimse i nSlaib,  
 Céim o'fúiz dearb ðuðac mé;  
 Aicris mo scéal don éigse as baile,  
 Is léigriò aiste cuşam-sa,  
 Oo scaipriò mo léan cioð léir le lacta  
 Oéar sur ðallaò úir mé.

---

I fear, O illustrious maiden  
 That this tale you devise is a lying pastime  
 The savages are too strong in their ships that have no care  
 For king Charles, your prince  
 Every measure of assistance is wanting  
 And the Irish people are cowed  
 With freehold lands as their clerics were accustomed  
 Who waxed strong in noble Ireland.

Is eagal liom féin, a réilteann lonnrach,  
Gur reacaireacht bhréag an scéal so thionnscnais  
Atáid danair ró-thréan i mbarcaibh gan spéis  
I gCarolus réics do phrionnsa,  
Atá i n-easbaidh gach céime conganta,  
Is aicme na nGaedheal go cúthail,  
Gan fearanntas saor mar chleachtadh a gcléir  
Do bheir neartmhar in Éirinn ionnraic.

Caithfead-sa éisteacht tré dhubh-smachta  
Ar thaobh na ngalla mbrúideach,  
Ó teagmhas féin le tréimhse i nglasaibh,  
Céim d'fhúig dearbh dubhach mé;  
Aithris mo scéal don éigse ag baile,  
Is léigfidh aiste chugham-sa,  
Do scaipfidh mo léan ciodh léir le lachta  
Déar gur dalladh dúr mé.

---

“I must keep silent, perforce  
In the land of the beastlike foreigners  
Since I happen to be a while in bondage  
A circumstance that left me truly downcast  
Tell my story to the poets at home  
And they will send a verse to me  
That will scatter my grief, though full of streams  
Of tears so that I am blinded senseless.

Cois abhann an tsleíbe tá an féimics fiúnta  
 fearamail féiseaí féastaí flúirseá,  
 Taca re téics do scanáí so glé,  
 Is easnaí léigeannta ponncaí  
 Do ceapaí saí dréaí saí dúire,  
 Ná dearmáí glaoí 'na óin sain  
 Is taisceí so séim tú in' farráí so léigí  
 I rannaií saí céim doí cúrsa.

De dearb-stoc saeóal 'seáí an glé-saí saí,  
 réarla dearb dúicáí,  
 O'eascair o'fuil éigse is laoi nár meáí  
 I maómaií caí cuímantraí,  
 Seán seasaí saí do préim-sliocí Eadáí,  
 Is é do glacraí tú i scion,  
 Is taí do féin tar don dem áraí  
 Mo bé saí taisce cuímaí.

---

By the river of the moor [*river of Sliabh (Luachra) – Blackwater?*] is the worthy phoenix  
 Manly, festive, feasting, generous  
 A support in clearly analysing texts  
 And wise, learned, subtle  
 Who would compose every verse without stupidity  
 Do not forget to call in his house  
 And he will protect you kindly in his company while he reads  
 In verses every step of your adventures.

Cois abhann an tsléibhe tá an féinics fiúntach  
Fearamhail féiseach féastach flúirseach,  
Taca re téics do scanadh go glé,  
Is eagnach léigheanta ponncach  
Do cheapadh gach dréacht gan dúire,  
Ná dearmaid glaodhach 'na dhún sain  
Is taiscfidh go séimh thú in' fharradh go léighfidh  
I rannaibh gach céim dod chúrsa.

De dhearbh-stoc Gaedheal 'seadh an glé-ghas gasta,  
Péarla dearbh dúthchais,  
D'eascair d'fhuil éigse is laoch nár mheathta  
I maodhmaibh catha cumhangraigh,  
Seán seasamhach saor do phréimh-shliocht Eachaidh,  
Is é do ghlacfaidh tú i gcion,  
Is tabhair do féin tar aon dem charaid  
Mo bhé gan taisce cumhdaigh.

---

Of the true stock of the Irish is the keen, pure scion  
A true pearl of his native land  
Who is descended from the blood of bards and knights who  
were not cowardly  
In conflicts of hard-fought battles  
Noble, sturdy Seán of the root-stock of Eachaidh  
It is he who will take you in in affection  
And grant to himself, above any of my kin  
My lady without store of protection (?).

### 9. ΔΡ ΜΑΙΩΙΝ ΙΝΘΕ ΟΙΣ ΚΕΙΘ ΝΑ ΣΛΙΜ-ΘΑΡΚ.

ΔΡ ΜΑΙΩΙΝ ΙΝΘΕ ΟΙΣ ΚΕΙΘ ΝΑ ΣΛΙΜ-ΘΑΡΚ  
ΔΥ ΜΑΪΤΗΝΑΨ ΖΟ ΡΑΟΝ 'Σ ΔΥ ΘΕΑΝΑΨ ΣΜΑΟΙΝΤΕ,  
    'ΟΟ ΘΕΑΡΚΑΣ ΑΗ ΒΕ ΒΑ ΞΕΑΝΜΗΔΪ ΖΗΕ  
        ΔΥ ΤΑΙΣΤΕΛ ΙΜ' ΞΑΟΡ ΤΑΡ ΤΑΟΙΘΕ,  
        ΖΟ ΛΕΑΝΘΑΪ ΛΕΙΞΕΑΝΤΑ ΛΙΟΜΤΑ  
        ΛΑΝΝΜΑΡ, ΛΕΙΟΜΕΔΪ, ΛΙΟΝΜΑΡ  
    ΙΣ ΒΑ ΘΛΑΣΤΑ Α ΖΥΤ ΒΕΙΛ 'ΝΑ ΚΑΝΤΑΙΝ ΝΑ Ν-ΕΑΝ,  
'Σ 'ΝΑ ΣΠΡΕΔΞΑΘ ΝΑ ΜΕΔΑΡ ΔΡ ΕΑΟΙΝ-ΕΡΥΙΤ.

ΘΑ ΕΑΜΑΡΣΑΪ ΛΕΙ Α ΚΕΙΘ ΖΟ ΘΛΑΟΙΤΕΔΪ,  
Ο ΘΑΙΤΕΑΣ ΔΥ ΤΕΔΑΤ ΖΟ ΡΕΔΑΡ ΔΡ ΣΙΡ-ΕΡΙΤ,  
    Α ΜΑΛΑ ΒΑ ΕΑΟΛ, Α ΘΕΑΡΚΑ ΒΑ ΕΛΑΟΝ,  
        Α ΡΕΑΡΣΑ 'Σ Α ΣΚΕΙΡΗ ΘΟ Β'ΑΟΙΘΙΝΗ,  
        Α ΜΑΜΑ 'Σ Α ΘΕΙΘ ΜΑΡ ΛΙΤΙΣ;  
        'ΝΑ ΛΕΑΚΑΙΝ ΞΙΛ ΜΑΟΡΘΑ ΜΙΟΝΛΑ  
    ΘΙ ΑΗ ΣΝΕΑΪΤΑ ΛΕ ΕΑΟΡ ΔΥ ΕΑΙΣΜΙΡΤ ΖΟ ΤΡΕΑΝ,  
ΙΣ ΝΑΡ Β'ΡΕΔΑΪ ΕΙΑ ΑΗ ΕΑΘΘ ΘΟ ΣΤΕΡΙΟΕΡΑΘ.

---

Yesterday morning by the quay of the graceful ships  
Pondering, in feebleness, and reflecting  
I beheld a woman of modest countenance  
Coming close to me over the water  
Innocent, learned, elegant  
Strong, valiant, perfect (?)  
And her voice was more perfect than the singing of the birds  
And than the plucking of fingers on a gentle harp.



## 9. Ar maidin indé cois céidh na slím-bharc.

Ar maidin indé cois céidh na slím-bharc  
Ag machtnamh go faon 's ag déanamh smaointe,  
Do dhearcas an bhé ba gheanmnach gné  
Ag taisteal im' ghaor tar taoide,  
Go leanbhach léigheanta líomhtha  
Lannmhar, léidmheach, líonmhar  
Is ba bhlasta a guth béil 'ná cantain na n-éan,  
'S 'ná spreagadh na méar ar chaoín-chruit.

Ba chamarsach léi a céibh go dlaoitheach,  
Ó bhaitheas ag téacht go féar ar shír-chrith,  
A mala ba chaol, a dearca ba chlaon,  
A pearsa 's a scéimh do b'aoibhinn,  
A mama 's a déid mar lítés;  
'Na leacain ghil mhaordha mhíonla  
Bhí an sneachta le caor ag caismirt go tréan,  
Is nár bh'fheasach cia an taobh do stríocfadh.

---

Her hair, in locks, was twisting  
From the crown of her head to the grass, ever-trembling  
Her eyebrow was slender, her eyes were inviting  
Her person and appearance were beautiful  
Her breasts and her teeth were white  
In her majestic, gentle, bright cheek  
The snow with the ember was struggling strongly  
And it was unknown which side would yield.

Δ λεαῖδαρ-ἰροῖ ῥεῖο ἰς νέετα σκρίοδαο  
 Λαῖαι ἰς ναοσκα ἰς εἰσ ἀρ μῖν-τςρυτ,  
 ὅαρεα νὰ ὀτέαο ἰ γκαῖαιῖ νὰ βπιλέαρ  
 Καῖσμῖρτ ἰς ἐάτ νὰ τῤαοι ἰοῖρ,  
 Σεανγὰ-ῖυῖ, βεῖρ ἰς μῖοιτα,  
 ἰς ἄ ὀταρραῖγς ἀρ ὀαορ-ῖρατ σῖοδα,  
 ἰς λε ταῖτνεαῖν ὀά σέῖν γυρ τρεασκῤαῖο μέ  
 ἰ γκρεαῖαιῖ γο ῤαο γαν ῖρῖγς ἀρ βῖτ.

ῤαῖταῖν γο σέῖν ὀεν σῤεῖρ-ῖεαν μῖονλα,  
 Δ τρεαῖδα 'ς ἄ γαοι-τςλῖοῖτ ῤεῖνῖε ὀ'ἰννσῖντ  
 Ἀν τῦ Ἀν εαλα ὀεας σέῖν, βα ἰαλμα σέῖν,  
 ἰτς ταῖτνεαῖν ἄ κλέῖῖ ὀο ἡαοῖσε,  
 ἰερ τρεασκαῖαῖο τῤεῖτ νὰ μῖλτε,  
 Μαῖῖ λαγ ῤαο γαν ῖρῖγς ἀρ βῖτ,  
 ἡό Ἀν ἀῖννῖρ ἰτς λέαν ἰς λεαγῤαῖο νὰ ἡγῤεῖαῖ  
 ἰ ῖρεαῖαῖαῖῖ ἡεῖλλ ἰς ἰῖνν ῖνῖρ?

---

Her graceful, ready hand would write neatly  
 Ducks and snipe and fishes on a smooch stream  
 Ships in full rigging in battles of volleys  
 The conflict and exploit of Troy to the east  
 Graceful bucks, bears and hares  
 And their embroidering on rare silken tapestries  
 And for love of her appearance I was overcome  
 In tremors and faintness without any vigour.

A leabhar-chrobh réidh is néata scríobhadh  
Lachain is naosca is éisc ar mhín-tsruith,  
Barca na dtéad i gcathaibh na bpiléar  
Caismirt is éacht na Traoi thoir,  
Seanga-phuic, béir is míolta,  
Is a dtarraing ar dhaor-bhrat síoda,  
Is le taitneamh dá scéimh gur treascradh mé  
I gcreathaibh go faon gan bhrígh ar bith.

Fachtaim go séimh den spéir-bhean mhíonla,  
A treabha 's a gaol-tslíocht préimhe d'innsint  
An tú an eala dheas shéimh, ba chalma scéimh,  
Thug taitneamh a cléibh do Naoise,  
Ler treascaradh tréith na mílte,  
Marbh lag faon gan bhrígh ar bith,  
Nó an ainnir thug léan is leagadh na nGaedheal  
I bhfearannaibh Néill is Chuinn mhir?

---

I enquire meekly of the gentle lady  
To tell her tribe and her pedigree  
“Are you the tender beauty, of splendid appearance  
Who gave the love of her heart to Naoise  
Through whom were overcome in weakness thousands  
Deathly weak, feeble, without any vigour  
Or the maiden who accomplished the grief and defeat of the  
Irish  
In the lands of Niall and valiant Conn?

ΔΙΪΡΙΣ ΣΟ ΣΕΙΜ ΉΑΜ, Α ΚΕΙΒ-ΨΙΟΝΝ ΜΙΟΝΛΑ,  
 ΑΝ ΤΥ ΞΥΣ ΜΕΑΣΚΑΘ ΪΣ ΜΑΘΟΜ ΝΑ ΤΡΑΕ ΜΑΡ ΙΝΝΣΤΕΑΡ  
 ΝΟ ΑΝ ΨΙΝΝΕ-ΘΕΑΝ ΨΛΕ ΒΑ ΣΟΙΝΕΑΝΘΑ ΣΚΕΙΜ  
 ΉΟ ΞΥΡ ΜΥΙΛΕΑΝΝ ΣΟ ΚΑΘΗ ΑΡ ΜΗΟΝ-ΤΣΡΥΤ;  
 ΝΟ ΑΝ ΔΙΝΝΙΡ ΉΕΑΣ ΜΑΘΟΡΘΑ ΜΗΝ ΤΑΙΣ  
 ΒΑ ΨΕΑΝΑΜΑΙΛ ΨΛΕΨΕΑΛ ΨΗΟΜΑΔ  
 ΉΟ ΤΑΙΣΤΙΛ Ϊ ΨΚΕΙΝ Ο ΤΑΙΛΚΕ ΜΗΚ ΤΡΕΙΝ  
 ΛΕΡ ΚΑΙΛΛΕΑΘ ΉΕΝ ΨΕΙΝΝ ΝΑ ΜΗΛΤΕ?

ΉΟ ΨΡΕΑΣΨΑΙΡ ΑΝ ΒΕ ΉΕΑΣ ΜΑΘΟΡΘΑ ΜΗΝ ΤΑΙΣ  
 ΪΣ ΉΕΑΡΒ ΝΑΔ ΔΟΝ ΉΕΝ ΜΗΕΘ Α ΜΑΘΟΙΘΙΣ ΜΕ  
 ΔΑΤ ΔΙΝΝΙΡ ΨΑΝ ΒΡΕΑΣ ΉΟ ΤΑΙΣΤΙΛ Ϊ ΨΚΕΙΝ,  
 ΛΕ ΤΕΔΑΤΑΙΡΕΑΔΑΤ ΣΚΕΙΛ Ο ΛΑΟΙΣΕΑΔ:  
 ΨΥΡ ΨΑΙΡΙΘ ΨΟ ΝΘΕΑΨΑΙΘ ΉΙΟΨΑΛΤΑΣ  
 ΉΟ ΨΛΑΨΑΙΘ ΛΕ ΨΑΘΒΑΡ ΝΑ ΨΑΘΙΛ-ΞΟΙΝ  
 ΑΣ ΨΕΑΡΑΝΝΤΑΣ ΨΑΕΘΕΑΛ ΨΑΝ ΡΑΔΜΑΣ, ΨΑΝ ΡΕΙΜ,  
 ΨΑΝ ΤΑΛΑΜ, ΨΑΝ ΤΡΕΑΘ, ΨΑΝ ΣΑΘΙΡΣΕ.

---

Tell me kindly, O gentle, fair lady  
 Are you she who wrought the confusion and crushing of Troy as  
 it is told  
 Or the pure, fair lady of most pleasant appearance  
 Who put a mill gently on a calm stream  
 Or the gentle, mild, majestic, lovely maiden  
 Who was amiable, pure-bright, feat-performing  
 Who travelled far from Talc Mac Tréin  
 By whom were lost thousands of the Fianna.

Aithris go séimh dam, a chéibh-fhionn mhíonla,  
An tú thug meascadh is maodhm na Trae mar innstear  
Nó an fhinne-bhean ghlé ba shoineanda scéimh  
Do chuir muileann go caomh ar mhíon-tsruth;  
Nó an ainnir dheas mhaordha mhín tais  
Ba gheanamhail glégeal gníomhach  
Do taistil i gcéin ó Thailce mhic Tréin  
Lér cailleadh den Fhéinn na mílte?

Do fhreagair an bhé dheas mhaordha mhín tais  
Is dearbh nach aon den mhéid a mhaoidhis mé  
Acht ainnir gan bhréag do thaistil i gcéin,  
Le teachtaireacht scéil ó Laoiseach:  
Gur gairid go ndéanfaidh díoghaltas  
Do ghlanfaidh le faobhar na faoil-choin  
As fearanntas Gaedheal gan rachmas, gan réim,  
Gan talamh, gan tréad, gan saoirse.

---

The kind, gentle, majestic, lovely lady answered me  
“Truly I am not one of those you mentioned  
But an honest maiden who travelled afar  
With a message of news from Louis  
That shortly he will exact retribution  
He will sweep the wolves with arms  
From the territories of the Irish, without power, without  
authority  
Without land, without herds, without freehold.

Is easal liom féin, a spéir-bean míonla,  
 Sur reacaireadát bréige an scéal so d'innsis  
 Táio galla ro-éireán i mbarcaibh gan spéis  
 Ar éaise go fíaoctha nínnead;  
 Is Carolus Récs go claoite,  
 O'fúis aicme na n-geódeál fá d'aoirse,  
 As fearaó na ndéar go lacthár le léan  
 I n-ácrann baogail as smísti.

A fíir gasta o'fúil féil is léigeannta i laoióibh,  
 Ná tashair sur baot an méio so d'innseas,  
 Is sur shairio ón léas, cíoó fada dó téadát,  
 Beic caicte do réir gac scríbhinn,  
 Do éarshair éise is draoite,  
 Is dearb an scéal mar cítear,  
 Go bfuil feartha míc Dé dá gcartaó go raon,  
 'S as treascairt na bpaolcon sínte.

---

"I myself fear, O gentle lady  
 That this news you relate is a lying jest  
 The foreigners are too strong, having ships which are heedless  
 Of venomous, raging waters  
 And King Charles is overthrown  
 Leaving the clan of Irish in bondage  
 Shedding tears copiously in sorrow  
 In perilous conflict with oppressors."

Is eagal liom féin, a spéir-bhean mhíonla,  
Gur reacaireacht bréige an scéal so d'innsis  
Táid galla ro-thréan i mbarcaibh gan spéis  
Ar chaise go fraochda nimhneach;  
Is Carolus Récs go claidhte,  
D'fhúig aicme na nGaedheal fá dhaoirse,  
Ag fearadh na ndéar go lachtmhar le léan  
I n-achrann baoghail ag smístigh.

A fhir ghasa d'fhuil fhéil is léigheanta i laoidhthibh,  
Ná tagair gur baoth an méid so d'innseas,  
Is gur gairid ón léas, ciodh fada dó téacht,  
Bheith caithte do réir gach scríbhinn,  
Do tharngair éigse is draoithe,  
Is dearbh an scéal mar chítear,  
Go bhfuil feartha Mhic Dé dá gcartadh go faon,  
'S ag treascairt na bhfaolchon sínte.

---

O lively man of noble blood and learned in poetry  
Do not say that what I relate is foolish  
And it is soon the lease, though long in coming  
Will be expired, according to every manuscript  
That poets and bards prophesied  
It is a true story, as is seen  
That the powers of the Son of God are clearing them away in  
feebleness  
And destroying the wolves, prostrate.

'Do òarnḡair éigse, dréacḡa is laoiḡce  
 Ar òarraing an léas ḡní an téarma roimhe seo,  
 'So dtiocfaḡ an t-éacḡ so ar ḡallaibḡ an bhréas  
 'Do ḡreadfaḡ so haeiḡibḡ an croidhe aca;  
 Is do ḡlanfaḡ ḡac béar den líne,  
 A bhfearanntas ḡaeḡeal an riḡneas  
 Is aicim-se is ḡlaodhaim ar fheartaibḡ Mhic 'Dó  
 'So dtagaidḡ mo scéal cum críce.

Do tharngair éigse, dréachta is laoidhthe  
 Ar tharraing an léas ghní an téarma roimhe seo,  
 Go dtiocfadh an t-éacht so ar Gallaibh gan bhréag  
 Do greadfadh go haeidhibh an croidhe aca;  
 Is do glanfadh gaic béar den líne,  
 A bhfearanntas Gaedheal gan riḡneas  
 Is aicim-se is glaothaim ar fheartaibh Mhic Dé  
 Go dtagaidh mo scéal cum críce.

---

Poetry, verses and lays foretell  
 Clauses of the lease whose term is expired (?)  
 That this catastrophe will truly befall the foreigners  
 That will crush their heart to the core  
 And which will clear every bear of the gang(?)  
 Out of the lands of the Irish without sluggishness  
 And I beseech and entreat the grace of the Son of God  
 That my story will come to conclusion.



10. Τράτ ι νδέ ις μέ τνάιòτε ι βρέιν.

Τράτ ι νδέ ις μέ τνάιòτε ι βρέιν,  
Δρ ράν ι γσέιν γαν ουινε ιμ γοιρε,  
Έάρλα τρέιμσε ι ποοιρε coille  
Im ραon-luige Δρ neóin,  
Δς cásam éasa ις áir na laoc  
Ó'fuiL Éáil ις Céin ba éliste ι siosma,  
Δς τάλ na πδέαρ le hiomad tuirse  
I ηςέαρ-śnaiòm ðróin;  
Is léir γur ðearcas báb mím cáiò cain snuað-jeal  
MaoRða maiseac lám linn do b'áilne ríogar ις clóð,  
Ba éioRta léi, ba scaoilte réið,  
Ba ériLLseac néamRac triopall-élučmar,  
Δ cíop γo ρéar 'na πολαιτε ρίγτε  
Δρ don lí an óir.

An τράτ lem éaoð do éainis an ðé  
Ba ðreáγta scéim óar ρionnað linn-ne,  
LáitReac sléacTaiM oise ι ðfuirM,  
Cé bíos oóðac;  
'S níor ð'ρeairRoe mé Δ τράct im γaoðar,  
Ba éamac laς τρέit le time mise,  
IaR lámac γlan-γaece Cuipio éliste  
ÉRéacT-mill slóγ;  
Le héigeaR searc ις báRR γRinn don ðán-ríð uasail,  
RéilTeaRn maiðne ÉLáir Cuinn ις bláC na ríogán óγ,  
Cuγ saoirse ις réim do śaoicib ðRéacT,  
Is míor don éléir re hurraim cuibe,  
Ba óion-ðRaC éiγse, buime ríγce,  
Is caomnaiðe treón.

Δ βᾱin-ēneis séim̃, φαḡaim φαḡ na n-éaḡt  
 Noḡ o'fáḡ so haonm̃ar singil sib-se,  
 ḡan ḡárṑa léiom̃eac̃ oĩlte ḡliste  
 Δoṑaraioḡte ic̃ ṑeoioḡ,  
 No bárr mo léin an tām̃ ṑon tē  
 O'ib̃ sár-laḡt séin ṑo m̃ilis-ḡioḡa,  
 Sásaim̃ mé ḡan tuilleaṑ moille,  
 Is tréiḡ caoi ṑeor;  
 ṑo scréac̃, ṑo scairt, ṑo ḡáir sí aḡ ráṑ is trí truaḡ liom  
 Réim̃eas ḡaisil ḡaio ḡaoin le spás ḡan Ríḡ ṑem pórr,  
 Fā ḡuim̃ na mbéar o'fúis saoiḡe ḡaeṑeal,  
 Na míleaṑa ḡlé ba m̃imic suiṑte  
 I ḡcríḡ lem ḡaob̃ so fionna-ḡruipeac̃  
 F̃raoḡaiḡe i ṑoṑir.

Le sām̃-ḡoil ṑé fuair páis is péin,  
 Tā an báire aḡ téaḡt 'n-a ḡcoinne ar buile,  
 Fāḡfaiṑ, séanfaiṑ, riḡfaiṑ sin  
 Δs ḡaom̃-ḡríḡ ḡoḡain;  
 Δtā Δrhoṑo laoḡ nár stān i mbaṑḡal,  
 Δḡ φαḡáil an lae ar an ḡfuirinn uile,  
 Δḡ māl so aḡ maṑom̃ 's aḡ milleaṑ-ḡriseaṑ  
 Δn ḡlaon-ṑliḡe nua;  
 Tā aḡ téaḡt i mbarḡaiṑ sár-ṑín so maḡ m̃ín ḡuailḡne  
 Δḡ traoḡaṑ an tsleaḡta ḡráio sin, na tainte ríḡ-ḡas óḡ  
 ḡlaioṑfear créim̃fear ṑíosḡar tréaṑta  
 Δn f̃ill 's an ṑéarla i n-iomaioḡ ḡiosma,  
 Is ḡífear ḡaeṑil 'n-a n-ionao suiṑte  
 I saor-ḡliḡe soḡa.

Ní támh don don so atá shan réim  
 Ó éainis dréam an uile tar uisce,  
 Le sháirdeas gléasfaid cuşam curad  
 Céad ríog-leóman;  
 Is aóbal fhaoc shac ársa éréin  
 As cárnao béar 's as cur an éluice  
 Le ráis as céasao an éinió éiorrbuiz  
 Féill-oligeao póil;  
 Réabfaid reat is rácaide an táir-ríz éuaéail  
 Méirleac meabail tá faoi blac i ríogac mo stóir;  
 Is so críc mo shaoşail ní luisfeao féin  
 Le smírle coimíşceac cuil i n-íomaid,  
 Ar éişeac dom Şaesar óil is şuióid  
 É şuóe i şcoróin.

## 10. Tráth i ndé is mé tnáidhte i bpéin.

Tráth i ndé is mé tnáidhte i bpéin,  
Ar fán i gcéin gan duine im ghoire,  
Thárla tréimhse i ndoire coille  
Im fhaon-luighe ar neóin,  
Ag cásamh éaga is áir na laoch  
D'fhuil Tháil is Chéin ba chliste i siosma,  
Ag tál na ndéar le hiomad tuirse  
I ngéar-shnaidhm bhróin;  
Is léir gur dhearcas báb mhín cháidh chaoín shnuadh-gheal  
Mhaordha mhaiseach lámh linn do b'áilne fíoghar is clódh,  
Ba chíortha léi, ba scaoilte réidh,  
Ba thrillseach néamhrach triopall-chluthmhar,  
A cóp go féar 'na ndlaithe fighte  
Ar aon lí an óir.

---

## 10. A While Yesterday And I Tormented In Agony.

A while yesterday and I tormented in agony  
Wandering afar in an oak wood  
Lying supinely at noon  
Bewailing the demise and slaughter of the heroes  
Of the blood of Tál (?) and Céin who were gifted in conflict  
In a sharp knot of sorrow (- *from first line?*);  
I saw clearly a maiden - fine, noble, gentle, bright-countenanced  
Majestic, beautiful, beside me, of loveliest figure and shape  
It was combed, free-floing  
Ringletted, lustrous, in sheltering bunches  
Her hair in twining locks to the grass  
Of the same colour as gold.

An tráth lem thaobh do tháinig an bhé  
Ba bhreághtha scéimh dár fionnadh linn-ne,  
Láithreach sléachtaim dise i bhfuirm,  
Cé bhíos dóbhach;  
'S níor bh'feairrde mé a trácht im ghaobhar,  
Ba thámhach lag tréith le time mise,  
Iar lámhach ghlan-gaethe Chuipid chliste  
Chréacht-mhill slógh;  
Le héigean searc is bárr grinn don bhán-ríbh uasail,  
Réilteann maidne Chláir Chuinn is bláth na ríoghan óg,  
Thug saoirse is réim do shaoithibh dréacht,  
Is míor don chléir re hurraim chuibhe,  
Ba dhíon-bhrat éigse, buime ríghthe,  
Is caomhnaidhe treón.

---

Whenever the woman came to my side  
Of the most beautiful appearance I ever saw  
Immediately I make formal obeisance to her  
Though I was gloomy  
And I was not better off for her coming near me  
I was still, faint, feeble with terror  
After the clear shooting of the darts of playful Cupid  
That destroyed hosts by wounding  
With force of passion and excess of love for the noble beauty  
The morning star (*Venus*) of the Plain of Conn, and the flower of  
young princesses  
Who gave nobility and authority to poets of verse  
And portion to the clergy, with due esteem  
She was the protective shelter of bards, the nurse of kings  
And the protector of heroes

A bháin-chneis shéimh, faghaim fáth na n-éacht  
Noch d'fhág go haonmhar singil sibh-se,  
Gan gárda léidmheach oilte chliste  
Aodharaidhthe it dheoidh,  
No bárr mo léin an támh don té  
D'ibh sár-lacht séin do mhilis-chíocha,  
Sásaimh mé gan tuilleadh moille,  
Is tréig caoi deor;  
Do scréach, do scairt, do gháir sí ag rádh is trí truagh liom  
Réimheas Chaisil cháidh chaoín le spás gan Rígh dem phór,  
Fá chuing na mbéar d'fhúig saoithe Gaedheal,  
Na míleadha glé ba mhinic suidhte  
I gcrích lem thaobh go fionna-thruipeach  
Fraochaighe i dtóir.

---

O gentle, fair lady, I enquire the cause of the events  
That left you solitary and lonesome  
Without a wise, skilled, audacious guard  
Of protection looking after you  
Or, my excess of grief! is that person dead  
Who sucked the supreme liquid of happiness from your sweet  
breasts?  
Satisfy me without more delay  
And leave the weeping of tears  
She screamed, she wailed, she shouted, saying, "It is three pities  
for me  
The dynasty of gentle, noble Cashel for a time without a king of  
my seed  
Under the yoke of the bears who left the noble Irish  
- those true warriors who were often placed  
In lands beside me, abounding in fair troops  
- fiercely pursued.

Le sámh-thoil Dé fuair páis is péin,  
Tá an báire ag téacht 'n-a gcoinne ar buile,  
Fágfaid, séanfaid, rithfid sin  
As chaomh-chrích Eoghain;  
Atá Arnold laoch nár stán i mbaoghal,  
Ag fagháil an lae ar an bhfuirinn uile,  
Ag mál so ag maodhm 's ag milleadh-bhriseadh  
An chlaon-dlighe nua;  
Tá ag téacht i mbarcaibh sár-dín go magh mhín Chuailgne  
Ag traochadh an tsleachta chráidh sin, na táinte rígh-ghas óg  
Claoidhfear créimfear díoscfa tréadta  
An fhill 's an Bhéarla i n-iomaidh shiosma,  
Is chífear Gaedhil 'n-a n-ionad suidhte  
I saor-shlighe sogha.

---

“By the benign will of God who endured passion and pain  
The game is going madly against them  
They will leave, they will quit, they will flee from  
The beautiful land of Eoghan  
Arnold (?*Benedict Arnold, American military leader who had initial success against the British, and subsequently defected?*),  
a warrior who did not yield in face of peril, is  
Winning the day on the whole gang  
This prince is crushing and breaking to destruction  
The new, crooked law  
There is a-coming in highly protective ships - to the smooth  
plain of Cuailgne,  
Harassing the race that tormented us - hosts of excellent youths  
They will be subdued, gnawed at, expelled - that gang  
Of treachery and of English (speech) - in excess of conflict  
And the Irish will be seen seated in their place  
In a noble way of contentment.

Ní támh don aon so atá gan réim  
Ó tháinig dréam an uile tar uisce,  
Le gáirdeas gléasfaid chugham curadh  
Céad ríogh-leómhan;  
Is adhbhal fraoch gach ársa thréin  
Ag cárnadh béar 's ag cur an chluiche  
Le ráig ag céasadh an chinidh chiorrbhuigh  
Féill-dligheadh Phóil;  
Réabfaidh reacht is ráthaide an táir-rígh thuathail  
Méirleach meabhail tá faoi bhláth i ríoghacht mo stóir;  
Is go crích mo shaoghail ní luighfead féin  
Le smírle coimhightheach cuil i n-iomaidh,  
Ar thígheacht dom Shaesar dhíl is guidhidh  
É shuidhe i gcoróin.

---

There is no repose for this one who is without authority  
Since the evil gang came over the sea  
With pleasure he will array for me champions  
A hundred royal heroes  
And with terrible fury every valiant veteran (?)  
In pursuit, tormenting the gang who destroyed  
The holy law of (Saint) Paul  
They shall destroy the charter and customs of the false, base  
king  
- A disgraceful miscreant who is blossoming in the kingdom of  
my love  
And to the end of my life I myself shall not lie  
With the foreign, cowardly (?) boor  
On the arrival of my bright Caesar, and pray ye  
That he be seated in the throne.



### 11. Ceo draoiðeácta (Rasairne an tsaisiúra).

Ceo draoiðeácta i scoim oíðce do sheol mé  
Tré tíorḱaib mar óinmíḱ ar strae,  
San príomh-ḱaraid oíḱraib im ḱomḱar,  
Is mé i ḱcríḱaib tar m'eolas i ḱcéin;  
Do síneas go fíor-ḱuirseáḱ deoraḱ  
I scoil ḱluḱmair, ḱnóḱmair, liom féin,  
As suiðeáctain cum Rí ḱil na ḱlóire,  
Is san nío ar biḱ áḱt tróḱaire im béal.

Ói líon-riḱ im ḱroide-se, san ḱó ar biḱ,  
'San ḱ<sup>3</sup>oil seo, is san ḱlór òuine im ḱaor,  
San doibneas, áḱt binn-ḱuḱ na smólaḱ  
As síor-ḱantain ceoil ar ḱáḱ ḱéis;  
Lem ḱaib ḱur suiḱ síoḱ-bruinneall moḱmaraḱ,  
I bḱíḱair is i ḱclóḱ-ḱruḱ mar naomh,  
'Na ḱnaoi do bí an lí ḱeal le rósaib  
As coimeascaḱ, is náḱ b'eol dam cia ḱéill.

---

### 11. An Enchanted Mist (The soldier's carouse).

An enchanted mist at midnight sent me  
Wandering foolishly through countries  
Without a diligent bosom friend near me  
And I far away in lands unknown to me  
I reclined, truly exhausted, weeping  
In a sheltered, nut-bearing wood, by myself  
Praying to the bright King of glory  
And with nothing but pity in my speech.

### 11. Ceo draoidheachta (Ragairne an tsaighdiúra).

Ceo draoidheachta i gcoim oidhche do sheol mé  
Tré thíorthaibh mar óinmhid ar strae,  
Gan príomh-charaid díoghrais im chomhgar,  
Is mé i gcríochaibh tar m'eolas i gcéin;  
Do shíneas go fíor-thuirseach deorach  
I gcoill chluthmhair, chnómhair, liom féin,  
Ag guidheachtain chum Rí ghil na glóire,  
Is gan nídh ar bith acht trócaire im bhéal.

Bhí líon-rith im chroidhe-se, gan gó ar bith,  
'San choill seo, is gan ghlór dhuine im ghaor,  
Gan aoibhneas, acht binn-ghuth na smólach  
Ag síor-chantain ceoil ar gach géig;  
Lem thaoibh gur shuidh síodh-bhruinneall mhodhmharach,  
I bhfíoghair is i gclódh-chruth mar naomh,  
'Na gnaoi do bhí an lí gheal le rósaibh  
Ag coimheascar, is nár bh'eol dam cia ghéill.

---

My heart was fully-stirred, without any lie  
In this wood, and without the voice of a person near me  
Without pleasure, except the sweet voice of thrushes  
Ever-singing music on every branch  
By my side there sat a gracious fairy maiden  
In figure and in shape of form like a saint  
In her countenance the bright lily with roses  
Was contending, and I do not know which yielded.

ʋǎ ɕrɪllseǎɕ ɕɪuʋ buɪðe ɕǎstǎ ǎr ɔr-ʋǎɕ  
 ǎ ʋlǎoɪ-ɕʊlt ʒo brɔɪʒ leɪs ǎn mbé,  
 ǎ brǎoɪɕe ʒǎn ɕeɪmǎl 's mǎr ɔmra,  
 ǎ clǎoɪn-rɪɪsc ʋo ðeo-ʒoɪn ʒǎɕ lǎoɕ;  
 ʋǎ ʋɪnn blǎstǎ ɕɪor-mɪlɪs ceolmǎr,  
 mǎr ʒɪoʋ-ɕruɪɕ ʒǎɕ nɔɕǎ ɔ n-ǎ béǎl,  
 ɪs ʋǎ mɪn ɕǎɪlce ǎ ɕɪoɕ ɕruɪnne ɪ ʒcɔɪr ɕɪɕɕ  
 ʋǎr lɪnn-ne nǎr leonǎð le hǎon.

ɕeǎɕɕ roɪmǎ sɪn ɕé ʋɪos-sǎ ʒǎn ɕɕeɔɪr ɕeǎɕɕ,  
 ʋo ʋɪoʋʒǎs le rɔ-ʒeǎɕɕ ʋon ʋé,  
 ɪs ʋo ʒɪleǎs ʒur ʋ'ǎoɪʋneǎs rɔ-mɔr ʋǎm  
 ǎn ɕʒɪð-ðeǎn ʋo ʒeolǎð ɕǎm ʋéɪn;  
 ɪm lǎoɪɔɕɪʋ ʋo ʒɕɪɪðɕǎð ɪm ʋeoɪð ʋuɪɕ  
 mǎr scǎoɪleǎs mo ðeol seǎl ǎr strǎe,  
 ɪs ʒǎɕ ɕǎoɪn-stǎɪɪr ʋǎr rɪoɪmǎs ʋon ɔɪʒ ʋeɪs  
 ɪs sɪnn sɪnɕe ǎr ɕeɔɪɪnn ǎn ɕʒléɪðe:

---

It was tressy, thick, yellow, twisted, golden-coloured  
 The woman's hair in locks to her shoe  
 Her eyebrows without flaw like amber  
 Her inviting eye that wounded to death every warrior  
 It was melodious, perfect, truly sweet, musical  
 Like a fairy harp every note of her voice  
 And smooth, white were her round breasts in good order  
 In my opinion, never defiled by anyone.

Ba thrillseach tiubh buidhe casta ar ór-dhath  
A dlaoi-fholt go bróig leis an mbé,  
A braoithe gan teimheal 's mar ómra,  
A claoín-ruisc do bheo-ghoin gach laoch;  
Ba bhinn blasta fíor-mhilis ceolmhar,  
Mar shíodh-chruit gach nóta ó n-a béal,  
Is ba mhín cailce a cíoch chruinne i gcóir chirt  
Dar linn-ne nár leonadh le haon.

Feacht roimhe sin cé bhíos-sa gan treóir cheart,  
Do bhíodhgas le ró-shearc don bhé,  
Is do shíleas gur bh'aoibhneas ró-mhór dam  
An tsídh-bhean do sheoladh fám dhéin;  
Im laoidhthibh do sgríobhfid im dheoidh dhuit  
Mar scaoileas mo bheol seal ar strae,  
Is gach caoin-stair dár ríomhas don óigh dheis  
Is sinn sínte ar fheorainn an tsléibhe:

---

Though I was at a loss before that  
I started up in great love of the woman  
And I thought that it was too great pleasure for me  
The fairy woman who was sent to me  
In my verses that I will write anon for you  
How I set free my voice for a while uncontrolled  
And every genial narrative that I recounted to the beautiful  
maiden  
And I reclining at the edge of the moorland.

Δ βρίθεαὶ καὶ ρινν-ροσὶ τοῦ βρεοῖο μέ  
 Ἐ τοῖοῖς τοῦ σνόο ἰς τοῦ σέιν,  
 Ἀν τὺ ἀν ἀοιλ-ἔνεῖς τρέρ τοῖοσκαὶ καὶ μόρ-τρουῖ,  
 Μὰρ σκρίοῦται ἰ σκώρκα καὶ τρε;  
 Νό ἀν ρίοῖ-βρυννεαλλ μόνλα τοῦ εῖς κόμ-λας  
 Κατ-μίλεαὶ καὶ βόιρμε 'ς ἀ τρέαο,  
 Νό ἀν ρίοῖαν τοῦ ὀλίγιο ἀν καὶ μόρ-ῖλαῖ  
 Ὅν μὲν οὐλ τὰ τεορῖεαὶ ἰ σέιν?

Ἰς βινν βλασκα καὶν τοῦ ῖρεαῖαῖ δαῖν-σα,  
 Ἰς ἰ ἀς σίορ-σίλεαὶ τοῦρα τρέ πείν,  
 Νί καὶν-ῖεαν τὰρ καὶοῖς μῖσε ἰτ ἰλὸρκαῖ,  
 Ἰς καὶ ἔμ-σε νί ἡεὺλ οὐτ μοῦ τρέαο;  
 Ἰς μέ ἀν βρίθεαὶ τοῦ βί σεαλαὶ πόστα  
 ῖα καὶνεαὶ ἰ σκώρκα ἔρτ καὶ ρέις,  
 Ἀς ρίξ καὶς ἰ καὶν ἀς ἰ τοῖαν,  
 ῖα καὶ μίρ-ῖεαν καὶ πόλα καὶ πλέοε.

---

“O maiden of the keen eyes that smote me  
 With passion for your form and your beauty  
 Are you the beauty through whom the great army was dissipated  
 As is written in the conflict of Troy  
 Or the gentle, royal maiden who left equally enfeebled  
 The battle-leader of Bóirmhe and his company  
 Or the princess who enjoined on the great noble  
 From Howth to go afar in pursuit?”

A bhrídeach na rinn-rosc do bhreoidh mé  
Le díoghrais dot shnódh is dot scéimh,  
An tú an aoil-chneis trér díoscadh na mór-truip,  
Mar scríobhtar i gcomhrac na Trae;  
Nó an ríogh-bhruinneall mhíonla d'fhúig cómh-lag  
Cath-mhíleadh na Bóirmhe 's a thréad,  
Nó an ríoghan do dhlíghidh ar an mór-fhlaith  
Ón mBinn dul dá teorúigheacht i gcéin?

Is binn blasta caoin d'fhreagair damh-sa,  
Is í ag síor-shileadh deora tré phéin,  
Ní haoin-bhean dár mhaidhis mise it ghlórthaibh,  
Is mar chím-se ní heol duit mo thréad;  
Is mé an bhrídeach do bhí sealad pósta  
Fá aoibhneas i gcoróin chirt na réics,  
Ag rígh Chaisil Chuinn agus Eoghain,  
Fuair mír-cheannas Fódla gan phléidhe.

---

Sweetly, elegantly, gently she answered me  
And she ever-shedding tears in pain  
"I am none of those women you mentioned in your utterances  
And as I see it, you do not know my kind  
I am the maiden who was a while married  
In happiness in the true crown of the kings  
To the kings of the Cashel of Conn and of Eoghan  
Who held pre-eminence in Ireland without contest.

Is dúbhc boct mo cúrsa 's is brónac,  
 Dom úr-creimead as cóirniḡ ḡac lae,  
 Fác olúic-smact as búraiḃ, ḡan sóḡacac  
 Is mo ḡrionnsa ḡur seolad i ḡcén;  
 Tá mo súil-se le húr-mac na ḡlóire  
 So ttiubraiḃ mo leomáin faoi réim  
 'Na nouin-bailciḃ dúccais i ḡcóir maiḃ  
 As rúscad na ḡcrón-ḡoc le faobar.

A cúil-ḡionn tais múnice na n-ór-ḡolt,  
 Do crú cirt na coróinneac ḡan bréis,  
 Do cúrsa-sa as búraiḃ is brón liom,  
 Fác smúic, caḡac, ceomár, ḡan scléip;  
 'Na nolúic-bruḡaiḃ dúccais dá seolad  
 Mac conḡanac na ḡlóire do Réics,  
 Is súḡac do rúscáinn-se crón-ḡuic  
 So humal tapa scópmár le piléir.

---

Dejected, poor and sorrowful is my case  
 Being sullenly gnawed at by ospreys every day  
 In dire bondage to churls, without pleasure  
 And my Prince banished far away  
 My hope is with the Noble Son of Glory  
 That he may restore my hero to power  
 In his well-ordered fortified homestead  
 Routing the swarthy bucks with arms.

Is dúbhach bocht mo chúrsa 's is brónach,  
Dom dhúr-chreimeadh ag cóirnigh gach lae,  
Fá dhlúth-smacht ag búraibh, gan sóghachas  
Is mo Phrionnsa gur seoladh i gcéin;  
Tá mo shúil-se le hÚr-mhac na glóire  
Go dtiubhraidh mo leomhain faoi réim  
'Na ndún-bhailtibh dúthchais i gcóir maith  
Ag rúscadh na gcrón-phoc le faobhar.

A chúil-fhionn tais mhúinte na n-ór-fholt,  
Do chrú chirt na coróinneach gan bhréig,  
Do chúrsa-sa ag búraibh is brón liom,  
Fá smúit, cathach, ceomhar, gan scléip;  
'Na ndlúth-bhrughaibh dúthchais dá seoladh  
Mac conganach na glóire do Réics,  
Is súgach do rúscfainn-se crón-phuic  
Go humhal tapa scópmhar le piléir.

---

O gentle, gracious maiden of the golden hair  
Of the right, royal blood, truly  
Your persecution by churls is grief to me  
In defeat, sorrowful, gloomy, without delight  
If (the Merciful Son of Glory - *next line*) restored (your king -  
*next line*) to his native strong residences  
Then cheerfully I would rout the swarthy bucks  
Willingly, swiftly, wholly, with volleys.



ÁR STÍOBHARD DÁ DTÍGEAD CHUGAINN TAR SÁILE,  
 GO CRÍCH INIS FÁILBHE FAOI RÉIM,  
 LE FLÍT D'FHEARAIBH LAOISIGH, IS SPÁINNIGH,  
 IS FÍOR LE CORP ÁTHAIS GO MBÉINN  
 AR FHÍOR-EACH MHEAR GHROIDE THAPA CHEÁFRACH,  
 AG SÍOR-CHARTAID CÁICH LE NEART FAOBHAIR,  
 IS NÍ CHLAOIDFINN-SE M'INNTEINN 'NA DEÁGHAD SIN  
 CHUM LUIGHE AR SHEASAMH GÁRDA LEM RAE.

Ár Stíobhard dá dtíghead chugainn tar sáile,  
 Go crích Inis Fáilbhe faoi réim,  
 Le flít d'fhearaibh Laoisigh, is Spáinnigh,  
 Is fíor le corp áthais go mbéinn  
 Ar fhíor-each mhear ghroide thapa cheáfrach,  
 Ag síor-chartaíd cáich le neart faobhair,  
 Is ní chlaoidfinn-se m'inntinn 'na deághaid sin  
 Chum luighe ar sheasamh gárda lem rae.

---

If our Stuart returned to us from over the sea  
 In power, to the land of Ireland  
 With a fleet of Louis's men, and Spaniards,  
 Truly with sheer delight I would be  
 On a nimble, active, strong, swift, sterling steed  
 Ever-crushing all with strength of arms  
 And I would not slacken my resolve after that  
 To persist in standing guard in my time.

## 12. ΔΣ ΤΑΙΣΤΕΑΛ ΝΑ ΘΛΑΡΝΑΝ.

Font: ΣΤΑΑ ΑΝ ΜΑΡΣΑΙΘ.

ΔΣ ΤΑΙΣΤΕΑΛ ΝΑ ΘΛΑΡΝΑΝ ΛΑ ΙΣ ΜΕ ΔΣ ΜΑΧΤΝΑΜ  
ΔΡ ΑΡ ΝΑ ΘΡΕΑΡΑΘΟΝ ΘΡΑΙΛΤΕΑΘ ΘΡΑΙΡΣΙΝΣ,  
Θεν ΡΟΡ ΤΡΕΟΝ ΒΑ ΘΑΛΜΑ Ι ΝΣΛΕΘ,  
ΙΣ ΜΑΡ ΝΕΑΘΥΙΣ ΑΝ Τ-ΑΛ ΣΟ ΘΑΙΝΙΣ Θ ΣΑΣΑΝΑ  
Ι ΣΤΑΙΤ 'Σ Ι ΘΡΕΑΡΑΝΝΤΑΣ ΡΑΙΛΘΕ ΙΣ ΑΙΜΕΙΡΣΙΝ,  
ΘΟΞΑΙΝ ΜΟΙΡ ΙΣ ΘΑΙΡΒΡΕ ΑΝ ΤΣΛΟΙΣ;  
ΝΑ ΡΛΑΘΑ ΒΑ ΣΗΑΘΑΘ ΤΑΡΘΑΘ, ΤΡΕΑΣΑΜΑΙΛ,  
ΘΑ ΣΑΡΤΑΘ 'Σ ΘΑ ΣΑΡΑΘ 'Σ ΘΑ ΣΑΡΝΑΘ ΔΣ ΡΑΝΑΤΙΣ  
ΤΑΙΝ ΝΟΘ Θ'ΑΒΑΙΣ ΡΑ ΣΡΑΙΝ ΝΑ ΗΕΑΣΑΙΝΕ  
ΣΡΑΣΑΡ ΘΕΑΛΣΑΘ ΜΑΡΤΑΙΝ ΜΑΛΛΥΙΣΘΕ,  
ΑΝ ΘΡΟΝ-ΘΟΙΡ ΘΥΣ ΜΑΣΛΑΘ ΘΟΝ ΘΡΟ.

Θο ΘΑΙΤΕΑΣ-ΣΑ ΣΡΑΣ ΣΟ ΘΑΣΜΑΡ ΘΑΘΑΘ,  
ΣΑΝ ΑΙΡΘ, ΣΑΝ ΑΙΤΕΑΣ, ΣΟ ΘΡΑΙΘΤΕ ΘΕΑΣΝΥΙΣΘΕΑΘ  
ΡΑ ΘΡΟΝ ΜΟΡ ΔΣ ΡΕΑΡΑΘ ΜΟ ΘΕΟΡ;  
ΣΥΡ ΘΕΑΡΚΑΣ-ΣΑ ΛΑΙΜ ΛΙΟΜ ΒΑΝ-ΘΝΕΙΣ ΘΑΝΑΜΑΙΛ  
ΜΑΝΛΑ ΜΑΙΣΕΑΜΑΙΛ ΣΡΑΘΜΑΡ ΣΕΑΝΑΜΑΙΛ  
ΡΟ-ΜΟΘΑΜΑΙΛ ΒΑ ΘΑΙΤΝΕΑΜΑΘ ΣΝΘΘ;  
ΘΑ ΘΑΜΑΡΣΑΘ ΘΑΒΛΑΘ ΡΑΙΝΝΕΑΘ ΡΑΘΑ ΤΙΥΣ,  
ΔΣ ΡΕΑΘΑΘ 'Σ ΔΣ ΡΑΣ ΣΟ ΣΑΙΛ ΛΕΙ ΑΡ ΒΑΙΛΛΕ-ΘΡΙΘ  
Α ΒΛΑΘ-ΡΟΛΤ ΒΑΘΑΛΛΑΘ ΣΘΑΙΝΝΕΑΘ ΘΡΑΡΑΝΑΘ  
ΤΑΘΛΑΘ ΣΗΑΙΘΜΙΣΘΕ ΒΑΡΡ-ΘΑΣ ΘΑΙΤΤΕ ΛΕΙ  
Ι ΣΛΟΘ ΑΝ ΘΟΙΡ ΣΑΝ ΣΑΜΑΛΛ ΣΑΝ ΘΕΟ.

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## 12. Travelling Through Blarney.

*Air: Stáca an Mhargaidh - The Marketplace Idler, The Butt of the Fair.*

Travelling through Blarney, one day, and I pondering/ On the slaughter of the  
generous, welcoming warriors/ Of the stalwart breed who were valiant in battle/  
And how this brood who came from England nested/ In the estates and lands of  
Fáilbhe and Aimheirgin/ Of Great Eoghan and Cairbre of the hosts/ The nobles  
who were customarily protective and abounding in battle-ranks/ Being crushed  
and tormented and slaughtered by fanatics/ While (the treacherous rabble of  
accursed Martin (Luther) - *next line*) ripened in the disgrace of excommunication/  
/ The swarthy band who insulted the (true) clergy.

## 12. Ag taisteal na Blárnan.

Fonn: Stáca an Mhargaidh.

Ag taisteal na Blárnan lá is mé ag machtnamh  
Ar ár na bhfearachon bhfáilteach bhfairsing,  
Den phór treon ba chalma i ngleó,  
Is mar neaduigh an t-ál so tháinig ó Shasana  
I stáit 's i bhfearanntas Fhailbhe is Aimheirgin,  
Eoghain Mhóir is Chairbre an tslóigh;  
Na flatha ba ghnáthach tártach, treasamhail,  
Dá gcartadh 's dá gcrádh 's dá gcarnadh ag fanatics  
Táin noch d'abaigh fá ghráin na heascaine  
Gráscar cealgach Mhártain mhalluighthe,  
An chrón-chóip thug masladh don Órd.

Do chaitheas-sa spás go cásmhar cathach,  
Gan áird, gan aiteas, go cráidhte ceasnuightheach  
Fá bhrón mhór ag fearadh mo dheor;  
Gur dhearcas-sa láimh liom bán-chneis bhanamhail  
Mhánla mhaiseamhail ghrádhmhar gheanamhail  
Ró-mhodhamhail ba thaitneamhach snódh;  
Ba chamarsach cáblach fáinneach fada tiugh,  
Ag feacadh 's ag fás go sáil léi ar baille-chrith  
A bláth-fholt bachallach scáinneach crapanach  
Táclach snaidhmighthe bárr-chas daithte léi  
I gclódh an óir gan scamall gan cheo.

---

I spent a while, lamenting, sorrowful  
Without happiness, without delight, tormented and perplexed  
In great sorrow shedding my tears  
Until I beheld beside me a feminine beauty  
Stately, beautiful, lovable, modest  
Very elegant, of pleasing countenance  
It was twisting, clustering, ringletted, long, thick  
Sweeping and flowing to her heel, trembling in every part  
Her waving, blooming hair, curling in skeins  
Spiralling, plaited, twisted at the tip, lustrous  
Golden-formed, without flaw or blemish.

'Oo bí deaðað na mbláć le scáil ba ðearǵ  
 ǵan tlas 'na leacain ba ðreáǵća lasað,  
 'S a rós-beól ǵan mǵað ǵan móio;  
 A mała ǵan cáim ar a sáim-ðearc abaið  
 'O'-fmuíz támać le deartaið na táinte seadac,  
 ǵo ró-mór do ǵreannuiǵ a clóð;  
 Mar eala ar an tcráiz a bráǵa 'sa ǵeala-ćruć,  
 'S a mama deas bláćmar o'fás ar ǵeang-a-ćorp,  
 A bán-ćroð leabdar noć o'fáǵað tarrainǵće  
 Baid is baccanna, cáiz is cairrřiǵće,  
 Is ǵleo treon ar leacain-ðrac sróill.

Ba ǵasta, ba cáio, ba sáim do čanað  
 ǵac prás i bpratainn na noám ǵan easbaið,  
 'S ba sóǵac sóǵamail a labarća beoil;  
 Ó baidcas ǵo sáil ní'l cáim ná aineam,  
 Le fǵáil 'na pearsain ćirt áluinn ǵreanta,  
 Čuir ceo ar clóð na mascalac óǵ;  
 'Oo ðeannuiǵ ǵo tlać tais ǵáireac ǵreannmar  
 'S an teangain do b'feárr i ǵclár luirc ðanban;  
 Le ǵráð don aidcas sain láicreac preabaim-se,  
 Is fǵać a haistir don bán-ćneis aidćim,  
 ǵan móir-ślóǵ ar eadaið 'n-a comair.

---

There was a contest of flowers of red hue  
 Without defect in her cheeks of loveliest blush  
 And her rosy lips without ridicule or imprecation  
 Her flawless eyebrow over her sprightly, pleasing eye  
 That left prostrate with darts hordes of heroes  
 That loved her appearance too greatly  
 Like the swan on the sea-shore her throat and her bright form  
 And her pretty breasts that grew like flowers on her graceful  
 body  
 Her graceful white hands that would leave designed  
 Boats and ships, jackdaws and deer

And tumult of battle on broad, silken tapestries.  
Do bhí deabhadh na mbláth le scáil ba dhearg  
Gan tlás 'na leacain ba bhreághtha lasadh,  
'S a rós-bheól gan mhagadh gan mhóid;  
A mala gan cháim ar a sámh-dhearc abaidh  
D'~fúúig támhach le deartaibh na táinte seabhac,  
Go ró-mhór do ghreannuigh a clódh;  
Mar eala ar an dtráigh a brágha 'sa geala-chruth,  
'S a mama deas bhláthmhar d'fhás ar sheanga-chorp,  
A bán-chrobh leabhar noch d'fhágadh tarraingthe  
Báid is barcanna, cáig is cairrfhigthe,  
Is gleo treon ar leathan-bhrat sróill.

Ba ghasa, ba cháidh, ba shámh do chanadh  
Gach prás i bpratainn na ndámh gan easbaidh,  
'S ba shóghach sóghamhail a labhartha beoil;  
Ó bhaitheas go sáil ní'l cáim ná aineamh,  
Le fagháil 'na pearsain chirt áluinn ghreanta,  
Chuir ceo ar chlódh na mascalach óg;  
Do bheannuigh go tláth tais gáireach greannmhar  
'S an teangain do b'fheárr i gClár Luirc Banban;  
Le grádh don aitheasc sain láithreach preabaim-se,  
Is fáth a haistir don bhán-chneis aitchim,  
Gan mhór-shlógh ar eachaibh 'n-a comhair.

---

Cleverly, nobly, pleasantly she would recite  
Every poem in parchment of the academies, without defect  
And cheerful, happy, were the utterances of her voice  
From the crown of her head to her heel there was not blemish or  
defect  
To be found in her neat, lovely, well-formed person  
To give fault to the appearance of the young maiden/ She  
greeted me amiably, gently, pleasantly, wittily  
In the best language of Ireland  
With admiration of that utterance I immediately started up  
I enquire of the fair lady the reason for her journey

Without a great host of cavalry in attendance on her.  
 MÀR mĕASAIM, A BĀB, 'S A BLÁIC NA MBARR-ċionn  
 Is áilne peARSA 'S IS breáċta seASAM ċruiċ  
 Clóð 'ċus snóð DĀR ðeARCAS-SA fós,  
 Is tú an mĀSCALAC mĀnLA ċĀRðAC ċeALA-ċneis  
 ĊÁine i mBARCAIB mċ DÁIRE Ó ALbain,  
 I ċCÓmAIR leomĀin is ċailċe le ċleo;  
 NÓ an ainmċ ċus ĀR NA DĀINTE AR EamĀin,  
 NÓ an ċailċeann 'na ðeáċaið CAR SÁIL DO ċARRAINċ  
 ċAC ÁRSA ċAISCE ċAN D'fĀċ fĀ mĀIRċ  
 PRIAM 'SA ċĀċA BA DĀNA I DċREASAIð,  
 NÓ an óiċ seoið BÍ AS AicċILL NA slóċ.

Do fċREASAIR sí, AS RĀD: BÍ LĀN DE mĕanmĀin,  
 TĀim-se AS CAðAIRċ mo LĀm MĀR ċACA ðuit,  
 fÓ'n BfóċmĀR ċO n-amĀRCfAIR ċleo;  
 Is aicċRIS D'fĀiðIB fĀIL an t-aicċeASC SO  
 ċAN PRÁISC DO ċANAIM le páIRċ IS taitneamċ  
 DOn óċ-leomĀn DO ŃealBuiċ m'óċACċ;  
 AR TALAM 'S AR SÁIL TĀ an BĀIRE CASTA,  
 NÍ'L seASAM A ċCÁS le fĀċÁIL AS ċALLA-puic,  
 NÍ fĀċfĀR ainm DĀ n-ÁL i mDREACAIN  
 AR ċRĀċT DON BĀILE DON BĀN-fċLAIċ, AS CASAD  
 le seol cóIR ċO fĕARANNaið Eoċain.

---

As I suppose, O maiden and O flower of beauties  
 Of loveliest person and of finest shape,  
 Form and appearance that I have ever beheld  
 You are the gentle, joyful (?), bright-skinned maiden  
 Who came with (?) Mac Dáire from Scotland in ships  
 With heroes and champions for battle (?)  
 Or the maiden who wrought the slaughter of hosts on Eamhain  
 Or the lady who drew over the sea after her  
 Every valorous veteran who left in despondency  
 Priam and his battalions who were bold in line of battle

Or the young jewel of Achilles of the hosts.  
Mar mheasaim, a bháb, 's a bhláith na mbarr-fhionn  
Is áilne pearsa 's is breághtha seasamh chruith  
Clódh 'gus snódh dár dhearcas-sa fós,  
Is tú an mhascalach mhánla ghárdach gheala-chneis  
Tháine i mbarcaibh mhic Dáire ó Albain,  
I gcómhair leomhain is gailthe le gleo;  
Nó an ainnir thug ár na dtáinte ar Eamhain,  
Nó an ghailteann 'na deághaidh tar sáil do tharraing  
Gach ársa gaisce gan d'fhág fá mhairg  
Priám 'sa chatha ba dhána i dtreasaibh,  
Nó an óigh seoid bhí ag Aichill na slógh.

Do fhreagair sí, ag rádh: Bí lán de mheanmain,  
Táim-se ag tabhairt mo lámh mar thaca dhuit,  
Fó'n bhfóghmhar go n-amharcfair gleo;  
Is aithris d'fháidhibh Fáil an t-aitheasc so  
Gan práisc do chanaim le páirt is taitneamh  
Don óg-leomhan do shealbhuigh m'óghacht;  
Ar talamh 's ar sáil tá an báire casta,  
Ní'l seasamh a gcás le fagháil ag galla-phuic,  
Ní fhágfar ainm dá n-ál i mBreatain  
Ar thrácht don bhaile don bhán-fhlaith, ag casadh  
Le seol cóir go fearannaibh Eoghain.

---

She replied, saying, "Be full of courage  
I am giving you my hand in support  
By autumn you will see battle  
And tell the bards of Ireland this message  
That I relate in love and affection without extravagance  
To the young hero who possessed my virginity  
On land and on sea the game is turned on them  
Defence of their position is not to be had by the foreign bucks  
The name of their brood will not be left in Britain  
On the journeying home of the fair prince, turning  
In good sail to the lands of Eoghan (*Eoghan Mór, King of Munster*).

'Dá gcabhair atá na Spáinnigh chalma,  
 Ar magh 's ar machaire d'fhág fá tharcuisne  
 Ar feodh cóip na Sacsan gan treoir;  
 Is cath-mhíleadh an Chláir de rás na seana-stoc,  
 D'fhás i mBanbain ársa treasamhail,  
 An flós leomhan is taca le tóir;  
 Ní leagfaid ar lár go bráth a n-arma  
 Go nglanfaid Whitehall ó ál na ndanara  
 Gan trácht ar chasadh ná fagháil ar aiseag  
 A stáit ná a mbeatha, is go gárdac canaidh  
 Le mór scóip céad amén le hEoghan.

Dá gcabhair atá na Spáinnigh chalma,  
 Ar magh 's ar machaire d'fhág fá tharcuisne  
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 Le mór scóip céad amén le hEoghan.

---

Helping him are the brave Spaniards/ Who left in disgrace on  
 (battle-)field and plain/ - Withering, lost - the dregs of England  
 And the battle-leader of Clare (*Lord Clare?*) of the race of the  
 ancient stock  
 Who stemmed from ancient, war-like Ireland  
 The flower of heroes who is a support in putting to rout  
 They will never lay down their arms  
 Until they cleanse Whitehall of the brood of savages  
 Without prospect of return or chance of recovery/ Of their  
 estates or livelihoods, and let ye yoyously recite,/ With great  
 spirit, a hundred Amen's for Eoghan! (*Eoghan Ruadh*).



### 13. Δε ταϊστεαλ να σλέϊβτε.

ῤonn: Seán Buidhe.

Δε ταϊστεαλ να σλέϊβτε ὀαμ σεαλαὀ im aonap,  
Ṗo haṭuirseac céasta, Ṗan áirṭ Ṗrinn,  
Is mé δε μαάτναṡ ar éle-bearṭaib ṖanṖaioe an tsaṭṭail,  
Ṗo seapṖ mo Ṗné is Ṗo cráio sinn,  
Ár ḃṖlaṭa mar éreṖeapṭar Ṗalla-Ṗuic élaona,  
'S a mbailte puirt aolṭa mar ṖásuṖeapṭ,  
'S an Ṗonas le céile Ṗá Ṗortaṭ Ṗac lae oraṡn,  
Ó ceapṖlaṭ éire le SeapṖán Buidhe.

Cois aḃann i Ṗcaol-Ṗoire staṖas-sa tréimse  
Ṗom reaṭannaib Ṗéara Ṗ'Ṗúis támaṭ sinn,  
Lán Ṗ'aitas δε éisteapṭ le canṭain na n-éanlaṭ,  
Ṗá spreapṭ ar na ṖéapṖaib Ṗo sár-binn,  
Ṗ'amarcas spéir-bṖuinneall Ṗeanaṡail Ṗéio-Ṗeal  
Caoim carṭanaṭ séim δε teaṭ lám linn  
I maise 's i maorṭaṭ Ṗuair barra Ṗan ḃréapṖaṭ  
Ó n-a ḃṖeaca-sa 'e béicibh i Ṗclár Cuinn.

---

### 13. Travelling The Mountains.

*Air: Seán Buidhe - Yellow John.*

As I was travelling the mountains a while alone  
Afflicted, tormented, depressed in spirits  
And I pondering on the perverse, deceitful ways of the world  
That withered my countenance and tormented me  
On the nobles, as the crooked foreign bucks betrayed them  
And their lime-white fortified mansions in ruins  
And every every combined evil deluging us every day  
Since Ireland was joined with Yellow John.

### 13. Ag taisteal na sléibhte.

Fonn: Seán Buidhe.

Ag taisteal na sléibhte dam sealad im aonar,  
Go hatuirseach céasta, gan áird ghrinn,  
Is mé ag machtnamh ar chlé-bheartaibh gangaide an tsaoghail,  
Do shearg mo ghné is do chráidh sinn,  
Ár bhflatha mar thréigeadar galla-phuic chlaona,  
'S a mbailte puirt aolda mar fásuigheadh,  
'S an donas le chéile dá dhortadh gach lae orainn,  
Ó ceangladh Éire le Seaghán Buidhe.

Cois abhann i gcaol-doire stadas-sa tréimhse  
Dom reathannaibh géara d'fhúig támhach sinn,  
Lán d'aiteas ag éisteacht le cantain na n-éanlaith,  
Dá spreagadh ar na géagaibh go sár-bhinn,  
D'amharcas spéir-bhruinneall gheanamhail dhéid-gheal  
Chaoín charthanach shéimh ag teacht láimh linn  
I maise 's i maordhacht fuair barra gan bhréagnadh  
Ó n-a bhfeaca-sa 'e bhéithibh i gClár Chuinn.

---

By a river in a graceful oakwood I desisted a while  
From my keen exertions that left me still  
Full of delight listening to the singing of birds  
Bursting forth very sweetly on the branches  
I beheld an amiable beautiful maiden with white teeth  
Tender, loving, mild, coming near me  
In beauty and in majesty she was truly the greatest  
Of all the women I have seen in the plain of Conn.

bA cAmARsAc dRÉimReAc dAítte tIuB péARlAc  
 bOz bAcAllAc néAmRAc 'n-A tÁcLáíB,  
 Δ cARn-foLT cRAObAc, Δz fEAcAò 's Δz sLAcOΔAò,  
 Ó bAítEAs zO mÉARAIb Δ bAn-ctROIze;  
 DeARbAIò éIzse, ΔR ΔmARc Δ céIbe,  
 Sur sAmAil Δ zné 'zUs Δ cÁilIòEAcT,  
 Leis an lomRAò i zcÉin leAR le zAisce don ŠRÉIz ruz  
 mAc cAlmA ÉAsOn do bARR cLoIòim.

Δ peARsA bA séimE, Δ mAmA bA žÉIRE,  
 'S Δ seAnzA-cORp ΔOŁDA zAn fAžÁil teimil,  
 nÍ'l zAnzAIò nÁ cLAcOn-bEART i dTAisce 'nA cAOm-čRuč,  
 'S is tAIctHeAmAc sAOB-žlAn Δ cÁilIòEAcT;  
 'n-A leAcAm Δz plÉIòREAcT, bÍ lAsAò nA zcAOB,  
 tRé sneAcTA nA slÉIbte zO sÁm sÍOčAc,  
 'Sé čEAlz zO hAEòIb mé, nuAIR bEARTAs nA óEÍò sin,  
 Δ beíT snAIòmIžče i zclÉIREAcT le Seán ŮuIòE.

---

It was ringletted, wavy, lustrous, thick, pearly  
 Soft, curling, brilliant, in wisps  
 Her branching, massy tresses, sweeping and sliding  
 From the crown of her head to the toes of her fair feet  
 Poets assert, on sight of her hair  
 That it was like, in form and quality,  
 The fleece that (the brave youth Jason - *next line*) brought far  
 over the sea to Greece  
 With force of arms.

Ba chamarsach dréimreach daithte tiubh péarlach  
Bog bachallach néamhrach 'n-a táclaíbh,  
A carn-fholt craobhach, ag feacadh 's ag slaodadh,  
Ó bhaitheas go méaraibh a bán-troighe;  
Dearbhaid éigse, ar amharc a céibhe,  
Gur samhail a gné 'gus a cáilidheacht,  
Leis an lomradh i gcéin lear le gaisce don Ghréig rug  
Mac calma Éason do bharr cloidhimh.

A pearsa ba shéimhe, a mama ba ghéire,  
'S a seanga-chorp aolda gan fagháil teimhil,  
Ní'l gangaid ná claon-bheart i dtaisce 'na caomh-chruth,  
'S is taitneamhach saor-ghlan a cáilidheacht;  
'N-a leacain ag pléidhreach, bhí lasadh na gcaora,  
Tré shneachta na sléibhte go sámh síothach,  
'Sé chealg go haedhibh mé, nuair bheartas na dhéidh sin,  
A bheith snaidhmighthe i gcléireacht le Seán Buidhe.

---

Her person was most tender, her breasts were most keen  
And her lime-white, graceful body without blemish  
There was not deceit or crooked deed in the treasure of graceful  
form  
And pleasing and nobly-pure were her qualities  
In her cheeks sporting was the glow of embers  
Through the snow of the mountains, mildly, peacefully  
This is what wounded me to the core, when I discovered  
afterwards  
That she was joined in partnership with Yellow John.

B'á maiseac a héadan tais cneasta ar aol-dac,  
 Is ba samail le caol-ruipe a óa braoi,  
 Carrainge ar réal-óearcaib reamara réir-ślasa  
 Ceals na céadta le lámác saigeas;  
 Ar amarc a scéine ó baidéas go caol-croiš  
 O'feasras péimó don báibín,  
 A hainm le héipeac't 's na bearta cuir réilteann  
 Óa samail i gcéin leas 'na fánaíde.

Is cartanac béasac dam o'freadair an spéir-bean,  
 Fios m'anma béar óuit go sár-crúinn,  
 Is mé ban-cara donšuis, Cuinn cálmá, is Néill Duib,  
 Fuair gradam na hÉireann im páirtídeac't;  
 Seo an t-aóbar tuš mé-si go hairge im donar,  
 Slíocht Áisil i ndaor-broio faoi áro-cíos,  
 As gallaib an óearla, do sealbuiš aol-bruš  
 Is fearann sac doinne óar áirmígeas.

---

Her gentle, mild, lovely face was lime-white  
 And like slender hair her two eyebrows  
 Drawn on wide, fresh, steady, starry eyes  
 That wounded hundreds with shooting of darts  
 On sight of her beauty from the crown of her head to her slender  
 feet  
 I myself enquired of the darling girl  
 Forcefully, her name, and the circumstances that sent a beauty  
 Such as she wandering afar over the sea.

Ba mhaiseach a héadan tais cneasta ar aol-dath,  
Is ba shamhail le caol-ruibe a dhá bhraoi,  
Tarraingthe ar réalt-dhearcaibh reamhara réidh-ghlasa  
Chealg na céadta le lámhach saighead;  
Ar amharc a scéimhe ó bhaitheas go caol-troigh  
D'fheasras féinidh don bháibín,  
A hainm le héifeacht 's na bearta chuir réilteann  
Dá samhail i gcéin lear 'na fánaidhe.

Is carthanach béasach dam d'fhreagair an spéir-bhean,  
Fios m'anma bhéar dhuit go sár-chruinn,  
Is mé ban-chara Aonghuis, Chuinn chalma, is Néill Duibh,  
Fuair gradam na hÉireann im páirtidheacht;  
Seo an t-adhbhar tug mé-si go hairgthe im aonar,  
Slíocht Chaisil i ndaor-bhroid faoi árd-chíos,  
Ag gallaibh an Bhéarla, do shealbhuigh aol-bhrugh  
Is fearann gach aoinne dár áirmhigheas.

---

Lovingly, modestly the fair lady answered me  
"I shall grant you knowledge of my soul (?) very exactly  
I am the woman-friend of Aongus, of brave Conn, and of Niall  
Dubh  
Who had pre-eminence in Ireland in partnership with me  
This is the cause which made me despoiled, solitary  
The seed of Cashel in dire bondage under heavy tribute  
By the foreigners of the English tongue who took possession of  
the lime-white mansions  
And landholdings of every one of those I mentioned.

Cúis caíuigíte is léim liom, an ceanḡal 's an daor-smaḡt  
 Ar ḡlannaiḡ mīléisis ḡaḡ lá cīm,  
 Dá nḡreaddo, dá ḡcéasdo, dá ḡcartad, 's dá dtraoḡdo,  
 Faoi an ama aḡ béaraiḡ an ḡnāḡ-fīll;  
 Is dearbḡ ḡur baḡḡalaḡ daoiḡ fearḡ an Éin-Mīc,  
 Do bar ḡcasnamḡ ḡo héaḡ mar aḡáḡaoi  
 Is ná scarfar mé ar don-ḡur, 'sé o'abaidḡ mo d'éara,  
 Le leabaidḡ an sméirle sin, Seán Duīde.

Ar aiḡris an scéil sin, ḡan bḡadur, don réilteann,  
 Is caḡaḡ boḡt taomaḡ fliuḡ o'fáḡ sinn,  
 Is mo d'earca aḡ saor-sīleaḡ laḡta tiuḡ d'éara,  
 ḡo habaidḡ, 's níor b'féidur a dtraḡḡad linn;  
 Aiḡcīm ḡo héiḡneaḡ ar aḡair na naoimḡ nḡeal,  
 ḡo scaipidḡ an daor-scamall pláḡa dīnn  
 Do fearadḡ ar ḡaeḡealaiḡ 's ḡo b'raiceam-sa Éire  
 Aḡ aiḡearraḡ céile tar Seán Duīde.

---

The cause of sorrow and grief to me, the binding and dire  
 oppression  
 Of the clan of Milesius that I see every day  
 Being put down, tormented, crushed, exhausted  
 Under the yoke of the bears of constant treachery  
 It must be we are in peril of the wrath of the Only Son  
 Our protection to the death as He is  
 And that I may not be separated at all, - it increased my tears -  
 From the bed of that churl, Yellow John.

Cúis cathuighthe is léin liom, an ceangal 's an daor-smacht  
Ar chlannaibh Mhiléisis gach lá chím,  
Dá ngreadadh, dá gcéasadh, dá gcartadh, 's dá dtraochadh,  
Faoi an ama ag béaraibh an ghnáth-fhill;  
Is dearbh gur baoghalach daoibh fearg an Éin-Mhic,  
Do bhar gcasnamh go héag mar atáthaoi  
Is ná scarfar mé ar aon-chur, 'sé d'abaidh mo dhéara,  
Le leabaidh an sméirle sin, Seán Buidhe.

Ar aithris an scéil sin, gan bhladar, don réilteann,  
Is cathach bocht taomach fliuch d'fhág sinn,  
Is mo dhearca ag saor-shileadh lachta tiubh déara,  
Go habaidh, 's níor bh'fhéidir a dtraghadh linn;  
Aitchim go héigheach ar Athair na naomh ngeal,  
Go scaipidh an daor-scamall plágha dinn  
Do fearadh ar Ghaedhealaibh 's go bhfaiceam-sa Éire  
Ag aithearrach céile tar Sheán Buidhe.

---

On the telling of that story, without exaggeration, by the fair  
lady  
It left me grieving, poor, fitful, wet (with tears)  
And my eyes ever-shedding thick floods of tears  
Plentifully, and I was unable to stem them  
I beseech grievously the Father of the bright saints  
That he may scatter the oppressive cloud of plague from us/  
That was inflicted on the Irish, and that I may see Ireland  
With a spouse other than Yellow John.



#### 14. Cois tSaoiḃe aḃann sínte.

Ḣonn: Ṣráinne Ṣḃaol.

Cois tSaoiḃe aḃann sínte is mé tráḃ 1 noé,  
Aṣ smuaineamḃ ar ḃlaoin-ḃeartaibḃ ṣnáis an tsaoṣail,  
Ḣuir síol Ḣlaḃa is saoiḃe o'Ḣuil ársa Ṣaeḃeal,  
Tar tSaoiḃe Ḣá ḃaoirse ṣan scáḃ ná réim.

Ṣis ríṣan lem ḃaoibḃ-se do b'áilne scéimḃ  
Ḣár síolruibḃ ó Ḣríomḃ-ṣleáḃtaibḃ Áḃaim is Éibḃ;  
Ḣí a ḃlaoiḃe léi ar mím-ḃriḃ ṣo bárr an Ḣéir,  
Is í aṣ caoi Ḣasa caoinḃeáḃa cráibḃe déar.

Ṣílim ṣur síḃ-ḃean í ḃárla 1 ṣcéim,  
Ar innḃinn mo mílḃe tar ḃáḃ ṣo léir,  
Ḣíṃṣaim le líon-riḃ, noḃ o'Ḣáṣ mé 1 ḃpéim,  
Ṣan ḃriṣ ar biḃ im ḃoilḃ-se ṣo támaḃ laṣ tréibḃ.

Smuainim le n-innsint ṣur náir an scéal  
Mé ḃlaoibḃean le mḃaol ar biḃ ṣan Ḣáḃ ná baṣṣal,  
Líonaim de ḃroiḃe-misneáḃ árḃ, is éibḃim  
Ar ḃríḃeáḃ an doil-ḃneis, ba ḃreáṣḃa scéimḃ.

---

#### 14. Lying By A River-side.

*Air: Gráinne Mhaol.*

I was stretched out by a river-side yesterday  
Pondering on the habitual crookedness of the world  
That sent the seed of ancient Irish lords and nobles  
Over the sea in bondage, without protection or power.

A princess of most beautiful appearance came beside me/ That  
descended from the original stock of Adam and Eve/ Her locks  
were delicately trembling to the tips of the grass/ And she  
weeping mournful, tormented showers of tears.

#### 14. Cois taoibhe abhann sínte.

Fonn: Gráinne Mhaol.

Cois taoibhe abhann sínte is mé tráth i ndé,  
Ag smuaineamh ar chlaoin-bheartaibh gnáis an tsaoghail,  
Chuir síol flatha is saoithe d'fhuil ársa Gaedheal,  
Tar taoide fá dhaoirse gan scáth ná réim.

Tig ríoghan lem thaoibh-se do b'áilne scéimh  
Dár shíolruigh ó phríomh-shleachtaibh Ádhaimh is Éibh;  
Bhí a dlaoithe léi ar mhín-chrith go bárr an fhéir,  
Is í ag caoi frasa caointeacha cráidhte déar.

Sílim gur sídh-bhean í tharla i gcéin,  
Ar inntinn mo mhillte tar chách go léir,  
Bíodhgaim le líon-rith, noch d'fhág mé i bpéin,  
Gan bhrígh ar bith im bhoill-se go támhach lag tréith.

Smaoinim le n-innsint gur nár an scéal  
Mé chlaoidhchean le mnaoi ar bith gan fáth ná baoghal,  
Líonaim de chroidhe-mhisneach árd, is éighim  
Ar bhrídeach an aoil-chneis, ba bhreághtha scéimh.

---

I supposed she was a fairy woman who chanced afar  
Intending to destroy me more than anyone else  
I start up in full flight, which left me in pain  
Without vigour in my limbs, still, weak, feeble.

I reflect to say it a shameful case  
That I am subdued by any woman without cause or danger  
Then I am full of high courage of heart, and I call upon  
The maiden of the pale skin, of most beauteous appearance.

Δ innsint le díograis san plás ná bréas,  
Δr b'í an gailteann Clíodhna í, nó Áine séim,  
Doibheall bain-ríogán ón árd-Ćraiz léit,  
Nó ríob cáilce i scoimeascar eus ár na t-rae?

Nó Aoife le draoidéact eus i mbán-Ćruċ éan,  
Δr linn-tsruc na Maoile, a cáirde saol,  
Nó an mín-maiseac ríogda faoi éair, mo léan,  
O'fuis príom-šleacta saoismeara tál is Céin?

Nó an aoil-Ćruċac mionla eus ár na laoc  
I ríog-bruš na Craoibe, trér fásad faon  
Šac mior-Ćurað is mílead do b'arsa céim,  
Le faobdar-lannaið naoise is a bráicre cléib.

Is binn o'freašair sí ðam as ráð ní haon  
Den buiðin sin do maoiðis mé act fánac t-rae,  
Atá im díbirteac coimšteac le spás san réim,  
'S gur b'í m'ainm oílis duit Šráinne Maoil.

---

To tell earnestly without flattery or deceit  
Was she the lady Clíodhna, or gentle Áine  
Queen Aoibheall from high Carraig Liath  
Or the beautiful maiden who wrought the slaughter of Troy in a  
conflict?

Or Aoife who, with enchantment, put in the fair shape of birds  
On the sea-stream of Moyle, her kith and kin  
Or the gentle beauty (who left - *next line*) abased, my sorrow!  
The fine, gifted seed of Tál and Céin?

A innsint le díoghrais gan phlás ná bréag,  
Ar bh'í an ghailteann Clíodhna í, nó Áine shéimh,  
Aoibheall bain-ríoghan ón árd-Chraig Léith,  
Nó ríobh chailce i gcoimheascar thug ár na Trae?

Nó Aoife le draoidheacht chur i mbán-chruth éan,  
Ar linn-tsruith na Maoile, a cáirde gaol,  
Nó an mhín-mhaiseach ríoghdha faoi tháir, mo léan,  
D'fhúig príomh-shleachta gaoismheara Tháil is Chéin?

Nó an aoil-chruthach mhíonla thug ár na laoch  
I ríogh-bhrugh na Craoibhe, trér fágadh faon  
Gach míor-churadh is míleadh do b'ársa céim,  
Le faobhar-lannaibh Naoise is a bhráithre cléibh.

Is binn d'fhreagair sí dham ag rádh ní haon  
Den bhuidhin sin do mhaidhis mé acht fánach strae,  
Atá im dhíbirteach choimhightheach le spás gan réim,  
'S gur b'í m'ainm dílis duit Gráinne Mhaol.

---

Or the stately beauty who wrought the slaughter of the knights  
In the royal palace of the (Red) Branch, through whom was  
rendered feeble

Every supreme champion and warrior of most ancient degree  
By the true swords of Naoise and his beloved brothers.

Sweetly she answered me, saying, "Not one  
Of that band you mentioned am I, but a vagrant wanderer  
Who am a foreign exile for a while without authority  
And my beloved name to you is Gráinne Mhaol.

‘Do bíos-sa fa mír-čion i mblác mo šaošail,  
I b’fíor-šradam ríošrao ‘s i b’fáðar réics,  
Nó sur líonadur šaill-šleácta i n-áitreadb šaeðeal,  
Čus díč-čreadta a dtíorča ‘šus cárnao a laoc.

Maoiðtear i laoi-scarčaið dán le héižs’,  
Šur innseadur drdoiče is fáide dréáct,  
Šo b’fíllfeao ar Stíobdarc šo háitreadb Čém,  
O’fíor-scaipeao a ndaoirse do rás na nšaeðeal.

‘Dá ríomáo daoið le fírinne ráðaim is léižim,  
Šur dísceao mo buiðean čácta i šcáil ‘s i šcéim,  
Lučt millte na hdoine noč o’fáz mé faon,  
Is dočt íocfaið an šníom sain fé lá na nlaom.

Níl taoiðe dá líontáct ná trášann šan braon,  
Is šac f’raoič-stoirm čoiimíšteac, bíonn trác šan šaoč,  
‘Dá innsint le díošrais don tár-sprot clé,  
‘Dá doirðe a ngoill-puimp šo mbiaio tláč ‘na òéið.

---

I was in highest regard in the flower of my life  
In true royal esteem and in the favour of kings  
Until the foreign breed filled the homesteads of the Irish  
That left their lands ruinously plundered and their warriors  
slaughtered.

It is related in historical verses of poems by bards  
That seers and prophets spoke verses  
That our Stewart would return to the habitation of Céin  
To truly scatter bondage from the race of the Irish.

Do bhíos-sa fa mhír-chion i mbláth mo shaoghail,  
I bhfíor-ghradam ríoghradh 's i bhfábhar réics,  
Nó gur líonadar gaill-shleachta i n-áitreabh Gaedheal,  
Thug díth-chreachta a dtíortha 'gus cárnadh a laoch.

Maoidhtear i laoi-starthaibh dán le héigs',  
Gur innseadar draoihe is fáidhe dréacht,  
Go bhfillfeadh ar Stíobhart go háitreabh Chéin,  
D'fhíor-scaipeadh a ndaoirse do rás na nGaedheal.

Dá ríomhadh daoibh le fírinne rádhaim is léighim,  
Gur dísceadh mo bhuidhean chatha i gcáil 's i gcéim,  
Lucht millte na hAoine noch d'fhág mé faon,  
Is docht íocfaidh an gníomh sain fé Lá na Naomh.

Níl taoide dá líontacht ná trághann gan braon,  
Is gach fraoich-stoirm choimhightheach, bíonn tráth gan gaoth,  
Dá innsint le díoghrais don tár-sprot clé,  
Dá aoirde a ngoill-phuimp go mbiaid tláth 'na dhéidh.

---

Relating to you truth, I announce and proclaim  
That my war-band was emptied of fame and honour  
The gang who destroy (Good) Friday, that left me enfeebled  
That deed will be paid for dearly by the day of All Saints.

There is no tide, no matter how full, that does not ebb without a drop  
And for every wild, fierce storm, there is a while without wind  
Tell it with zeal to the sinister, contemptible rabble  
No matter how high the foreign pride, they will be powerless after.

An ceangal.

Mo mhíle creach, ba chneasta an stríapach í,  
Do bhí sí i bhfad ag Art ag Niall 's ag Naois,  
Do bhí sí seal ag flaith na mBrianach ngroidhe,  
Is ba mhín a cneas, gur chaith an t-iasacht í.

An ceangal.

Mo mhíle creach, ba chneasta an stríapach í,  
Do bhí sí i bhfad ag Art ag Niall 's ag Naois,  
Do bhí sí seal ag flaith na mBrianach ngroidhe,  
Is ba mhín a cneas, gur chaith an t-iasacht í.

---

**Envoi:**

My thousand plunderings, she was a fine harlot!  
She was possessed for a long time by Art, by Niall and by  
Naoise  
She was for a while at the feasting of brave Brian  
And her skin was smooth, until foreignness wore it out.

### 15. ΤΡΆC IS MÉ COIS LEASΔ.

Ɔonn: Seán Ó Duibhir an Šleanna.

ΤΡΆC IS MÉ COIS LEASΔ,  
Šo tLΆC ΔS ΘΈΔHΔH MΆCΤHΔH  
ΔR ΔR HΔ ΘΤΡΈΔH ΘO Θ'ƆEARRΔ,  
ΔR ĆLΆR LUIRC ƆUΔIR RÉH.  
ΘOŠΔH MÓR HΔ ΘƆLΆCΔ,  
IS Conn HΔ ŠCΈΔOΤA CΆCΔ,  
ΘΔ ŠLUΔŠHΔR ΤΡΈΔH IΔO SEΔΔO,  
ΘΔ NÁHΔHΔO NΔR CTΔOH;  
ŠO ΘƆUIL Δ HŠΈΔŠΔ 'Δ ŠCRAƆO  
ŠΔH SÓŠ, ŠΔH RÉH, ŠΔH ΔITEΔS,  
ŠΔH ŠPÓRT ŠΔH SCLÉIP MΔR ĆLEΔĆTΔO  
ΔRO-SCTOĆ HΔ ΛOĆ;  
Δ HÓYĆΔIŠE, Δ H-ΔOLBRUIŠ ĆΔILCE  
ΔS CTÓN-ƆUIC, IS Δ ŠCEΔLLΔ,  
IS ΔR ŠĆΔIRΘE ŠΔOIL ΘΔ SCΔIPEΔO  
IS ΘΔ ŠĆΔIBLEΔO ŠΔĆ ΛΔE.

MO ƆUΘΔIR, MO SCÍOS, MO ΘΔHMO,  
IS CÚIS MO ĆΔOI 'S MO ĆEΔSHΔ  
HΔ SΔIR-ƆIR ŠROIΘE ΘΔ ĆPA  
'S HΔ CTΔHƆΔO I HŠLÉIO,  
ΘΔ ĆRÓΘΔ MΔHOM IS ŠΔISCE  
I HŠLEO HΔ ŠCLOIΘEΔH ΔS CTREΔSCAIRCT,  
ΘΔ LEOMΔNTΔ I HŠHÍOM 'S I ŠCΔĆΔIΘ  
'S I H-ΔR ĆNUIC ΘΔ ĆRΈΔH,  
ŠUR LÍON Δ HÓLIŠE 'S Δ REΔĆTΔ  
ΔHΔLL CTΔR TUINN IS CΔΔAIĆ  
ΔH BUÍΘEΔH ΘOH ORO ĆUS MASLΔ  
IS ŠΔH CTΔĆT ΔR ΔH ŠCRAOS;  
'S HΔ MAIREΔHH ΔOH ΘΔR ŠCΔRAIO  
HΔ CΔIĆEΔHH ŠÉILL ΘOH ΔICME  
ŠΔĆ CTΔĆ ƆÁ'H UŠΔIM ΘΔ OTARRΔHNS  
'S ŠΔH ƆΔŠΔLTΔS ΔĆT ŠO ƆΔOH;



Is ar mbeir d'am tréir l'as ainneas,  
 As caoi na ndéar go frasac,  
 Sínte raon raoi ceasna  
 Is mé cráirte as an saogal,  
 'Do éarnuig taob' liom ainneir  
 Moðamrac, náireac, maiseac,  
 Ba snó-ghlan, gréine, cailce,  
 Is do b'áilne ar bit scéim.  
 'Bí a hór-fólc cíorcha casta,  
 Go trillseac, olaoisíteac, daihte,  
 Go búclac, péarlac, fada,  
 As fás léi go féar,  
 Go prínseac, néamrac, olaac,  
 Go fáinneac, cáblac, craac,  
 Go duallac dréimreac greanta,  
 As ban-éneis na scraob.

Ríafriugim scéal den ainneir  
 Caoim-tais, éiríteac, cailce,  
 An tú lúno caom no Pallas  
 Nó Vénus gan smól,  
 'Do pléir an t-uball raoi mairg,  
 O'féadaint áilne a pearsan,  
 Nó bláchnaio niamrac cailce  
 Cúis ár-foim na sló?

Nó Casandra réirfead ceasna,  
 Nó Diana 'n-a ndéir 'san anac,  
 Nó Helen mairda maiseac,  
 O'múig trae coir raoi brón.  
 Nó Céarnait caom rinn' muileann  
 'Do céad-cúir fíor ar srotaib,  
 Nó an bé lér claoitead Clann Uisnig  
 Is a laocráirde gan treoir?

Is caoin 's is caomh an friotail  
 'Do éan an tsíó-bean mhochair,  
 Ní haon mé is fíor dá dtíoir,  
 Ach Éire san só,  
 Ach san ghéill san urraim,  
 I ndiaid na laoc tá tuirseach,  
 Ba bhrónach déaracach d'imeis,  
 Is ba ghlóimhach i ngleo.  
 Ach go bfuil mo súil go dtiocfaid  
 Cuimhneach ar tréan-mhuir fuireann  
 'Do d'ibreoich san fuireach  
 Na méirleach ar tuinn;  
 Is go mbeid mo éilinn san tuirse,  
 Ach anois fá easbaid,  
 Go séanmhar sám 's go sulmhar  
 Go lá deiridh an tsaothail.

Má's tú-sa an spéir-bean mhochair,  
 'Do gab clúid na laoc san teimeal,  
 'San críoch seo Éibhir oimh  
 Aicris cruinn an scéal:  
 Cá ntabann an Réics 's a fuireann  
 Ná tígidh as réabaid bhuide,  
 Is dlígeadh na méirleach a bhriseadh  
 Is do d'ibirt san treoir?  
 'Sé adubhairt an spéir-bean cáilce,  
 Tá an trúp ar tuinn as caisteal,  
 Go líonmhar, buidheannmhar, neartmhar,  
 Cum coimeascair is gleo;  
 'S is geárr an moill go mbeid scaipeadh  
 Ar slíocht lúiteir éilinn is cáilbh,  
 A bfeadann claoimh dá dtreascairt,  
 Is na laoisigh i scoróin.

### 15. Tráth is mé cois leasa.

Fonn: Seán Ó Duibhir an Ghleanna.

Tráth is mé cois leasa,  
Go tláth ag déanamh machtnaimh  
Ar ár na dtréan do bh'fhearra,  
    Ar Chlár Luirc fuair réim.  
Eoghan Mór na bhflatha,  
Is Conn na gcéadta catha,  
Ba shluaghmhar tréan iad sealad,  
    Dá námhaid nár staon;  
Go bhfuil a ngéaga 'á gcrapadh  
Gan sógh, gan réim, gan aiteas,  
Gan spórt gan scléip mar chleachtadh  
    Árd-scoth na laoch;  
A ndúthaighe, a n-aolbruigh chailce  
Ag crón-phuic, is a gcealla,  
Is ar gcáirde gaoil dá scaipeadh  
    Is dá gcáibleadh gach lae.

---

### 15. Once And I By A Fairy-fort.

*Air: Seán Ó Duibhir an Ghleanna - John Dwyer of the Glen.*

Once and I by the a fairy-fort/ Pondering in feebleness/ On the  
slaughter of the chiefs who were the greatest/ Who ever  
exercised power in Ireland/ Great Eoghan of the chieftains/ And  
Conn of the hundreds of battles/ They were mighty, abounding  
in hosts for a while/ They did not yield to their enemies/ That  
their ar now being withered/ Without joy, without power,  
without pleasure/ Without sport, without activities as used to  
practise/ the very best of the warriors/ Their homelands and their  
white mansions/ And their churches (taken) by swathy bucks/

And their kith and kin being scattered/ And taken in bondage  
every day.

Mo phudhair, mo scíos, mo dhainid,  
Is cúis mo chaoi 's mo cheasna  
Na sáir-fhir ghroidhe ba thapa  
'S ná stánfadh i ngléidh,  
Ba chródha maidhm is gaisce  
I ngleo na gcloidheamh ag treascairt,  
Ba leomhanta i ngníomh 's i gcathaibh  
'S i n-ár chnuic ba thréan,  
Gur líon a ndlighe 's a reachta  
Anall tar tuinn is calaith  
An buidhean don Ord thug masla  
Is gan trácht ar an gcraos;  
'S ná maireann aon dár gcaraid  
Ná caitheann géill don aicme  
Gach tráth fá'n ughaim dá dtarraing  
'S gan fagháltas acht go faon;

---

My loss, my weariness, my grievance!  
It is the reason for my lamentation and my great need  
The great, brave men who were active  
And who would not yield in battle  
Who were brave in valour and feats of arms  
Destroying in the tumult of swords  
Lion-like in deeds and in battles  
And strong in great slaughter  
Until their laws and charters crowded  
Across over waves and ocean  
- The gang who profaned (Holy) Orders  
Not to mention the gluttony (*avarice? meat-eating on Fridays?*)  
So that not one of my relatives lives  
Who is not obliged to submit to the gang  
Forever being compelled in harness  
And without means, but poorly.

Is ar mbeith dam tréith lag aindeas,  
Ag caoi na ndéar go frasach,  
Sínte faon faoi cheasna  
Is mé cráidhte ag an saoghal,  
Do théarnuigh taobh liom ainnir  
Mhodhamhrach, náireach, mhaiseach,  
Ba shnódh-ghlan, gréine, cailce,  
Is do b'áilne ar bith scéimh.  
Bhí a hór-fholt cíortha casta,  
Go trillseach, dlaoightheach, daithte,  
Go búclach, péarlach, fada,  
Ag fás léi go féar,  
Go frínseach, néamhrach, dlathach,  
Go fáinneach, cáblach, crathach,  
Go dualach dréimreach greanta,  
Ag ban-chneis na gceasna.

---

And after being prostrate, weak, wretched  
Weeping tears in showers  
Lying feebly sighing  
And I tormented by the world  
There approached near me a maiden  
Polite, modest, beautiful  
Of pure countenance, sun-bright, pale  
And of the most beautiful appearance in the world  
Her golden hair was combed, twisting  
In tresses, in locks, lustrous  
In ringlets, pearly, long  
Growing down to the grass  
Fringed, coloured, in locks  
Curling, in thick clusters, trembling  
In locks, in strands, sculpted  
With the fair beauty of branching hair.

Fiafruighim scéal den ainnir  
Chaoín-tais, thréitheach, chailce,  
An tú Iúno chaomh no Pallas  
Nó Bhénus gan smól,  
Do phléidh an t-ubhall faoi mhairg,  
D'fhéachaint áilne a pearsan,  
Nó Bláthnait niamhrach chailce  
Thug ár-ghoin na slógh?  
Nó Casandra réidhfheadh ceasna,  
Nó Diana 'n-a ndéidh 'san anach,  
Nó Hélen mhaordha mhaiseach,  
D'fhúig Trae thoir faoi bhrón.  
Nó Céarnait chaoín rinn' muileann  
Do chéad-chur fíor ar shrothaibh,  
Nó an bhé lér claidheadh Clann Uisnigh  
Is a laocraidhe gan treoir?

---

I ask the maiden her story  
- Gentle, tender, virtuous, pure –  
“Are you fair Juno or Pallas  
Or flawless Venus  
Who contested (?) the apple (?) in despondency  
In a trial of (?) the beauty of her person  
Or pure, lustrous Bláthnait  
Who wrought bloody slaughter on hosts?  
Or Cassandra who would sooth troubles  
Or Diana after them in the path  
Or majestic, beautiful Helen  
Who left eastern Troy in grief  
Or gentle Cearnait who caused a mill  
To be first truly put on a stream (?)  
Or the lady through whom the clan of Uisneach was subdued  
And their warriors perplexed?

Is caoin 's is caomh an friotal  
Do chan an tsídh-bhean mhiochair,  
Ní haon mé is fíor dá dtigir,  
Acht Éire gan gó,  
Atá gan ghéill gan urraim,  
I ndiaidh na laoch tá tuirseach,  
Ba bhrónach déarcach d'imthigh,  
Is ba ghníomhach i ngleo.  
Acht go bhfuil mo shúil go dtiocfaidh  
Chugainn tar tréan-mhuir fuireann  
Do dhibreochaidh gan fuireach  
Na méirligh tar tuinn;  
Is go mbéidh mo chlann gan tuirse,  
Atá anois fá easbaidh,  
Go séanmhar sámh 's go sultmhar  
Go lá deiridh an tsaoghail.

---

Calm and gentle were the utterances  
That the kindly fairy woman related  
"I am truly none of these you suppose  
But Éire, without a lie  
Who am without homage, without respect  
After the knights who are defeated  
Who left (me?) sorrowfully, tearfully (?)  
And who were active in battle  
But it is my expectation that there will come  
To us across the mighty sea, a band  
That will expel without delay/ The miscreants over the waves  
And my clan will be without oppression  
Who are now in want  
Prosperous, comfortable, joyous  
To the last day of the world.

Má's tú-sa an spéir-bhean mhiochair,  
Do ghabh clúid na laoch gan teimheal,  
'San chrích seo Éibhir oinigh  
Aithris cruinn an scéal:  
Cá ngabhann an Réics 's a fhuireann  
Ná tíghid ag réabadh bruide,  
Is dligheadh na méirleach a bhriseadh  
Is do dhíbirt gan treoir?  
'Sé adubhairt an spéir-bhean chailce,  
Tá an trúp tar tuinn ag taisteal,  
Go líonmhar, buidheanmhar, neartmhar,  
Chum coimheascair is gleo;  
'S is geárr an mhoill go mbeidh scaipeadh  
Ar shliocht Lúiteir chlaoín is Chailbhin,  
A bhfearann claidhimh dá dtreascairt,  
Is na Laoisigh i gcoróin.

---

If you are the kindly beauty  
Bright protector of the warriors without blemish  
In this land of noble Éibhear  
Relate exactly the story  
Where has the King and his army gone  
That he does not come destroying our predicament  
And to break the rule of the miscreants  
And to expel them in confusion?"  
Said the bright, fair lady,  
"The army is travelling over the sea  
Plentifully, abounding in hosts, strongly  
For conflict and tumult/  
It is short the delay until there will be scattering  
On the seed of perverse Luther and Calvin  
In the field of swords being destroyed  
And the allies of Louis enthroned."



**16. AR MAIDIN INDE IS ME AS TAISTEAL I SCÉIN.**

(FREASRA AR AN BAILLET LE SÉAMUS DE NÓGLA.)

AR MAIDIN INDE IS ME AS TAISTEAL I SCÉIN  
I MOCHAR GLAS CRAOBH SO HUAINNEAC,  
SAN DUINE SAN TSAOZAL IM ZOIRE DÁR LÉIR DAM  
ACHT CANTAIN NA N-ÉAN SO BUACA  
CRÉ IOMAD MO GLAIR AS TUIRSE DOM ÉAFANN  
IS POLLUS DON AINDEIS SUR SLÉACTAS,  
TUITIM I DTAISE IS NÍ TUISIM CÁ RAÐAS  
SUR FIONNAS AN AINNIR DO CÉAS MÉ.  
'S AR ÉARRAINZ FÁ'M DÉIN DON MASCALAC SÉIM  
IS DEARBH SUR ÉRAOC MO DUAIRCEAS  
LE TAITNEAM DÁ ZHÉ BA SOLASTA SCÉIM  
CÚZ SPIONNAD AN MO ZÉAZA IS LUADAIL NIRT.  
BA DLUITÉAC A DLAIZIB BA DRUITÉAC BA DRAMAC;  
BA DUBREAC TAISCE MHC ÉASON  
SEOC FIONNALL FIONN FRASAC D'FÚIZ TAOMA 'NA N-AMARC  
AR LAOCRA 'S AR FLAITIB DEN ÉIZSE.

---

**16. Yesterday morning and I travelling afar.**

(*Reply to the (Wallet? Ballad?) of James Nagle*)

Yesterday morning and I travelling afar  
In a green leafy grove, lonesome  
Without a person in the world near me that I could see  
But the singing of the birds aloft  
Through excess of my trouble, tiring of my searching  
Clearly I succumbed to wretchedness  
I fall in a weakness and I do not understand where I am  
Until I discovered the maiden who tormented me.

**16. Ar maidin indé is mé ag taisteal i gcéin.**

(Freagra ar an Bhaillet le Séamus de Nógla.)

Ar maidin indé is mé ag taisteal i gcéin  
I mothar ghlas craobh go huaigneach,  
Gan duine san tsaoghal im ghoire dár léir damh  
Acht cantain na n-éan go buacach  
Tré iomad mo ghalair ag tuirse dom thafann  
Is follus don aindeis gur shléachtas,  
Tuitim i dtaise is ní thuigim cá rabhas  
Gur fhionnas an ainnir do chéas mé.  
'S ar tharraing fá'm dhéin don mhascalach shéimh  
Is dearbh gur thraoch mo dhuaiceas  
Le taitneamh dá gné ba sholasta scéimh  
Thug spionnadh ann mo ghéaga is luadhail nirt.  
Ba dhluitheach a dlaighthibh ba dhruithleach ba dhramach;  
Ba dhuibhreach taisce mhic Éason  
Seoch fionnall fionn frasach d'fhúig taoma 'na n-amharc  
Ar laochra 's ar fhlaithibh den éigse.

---

And as the fine maiden drew near to me  
Truly my sadness ebbed  
In affection for her appearance of shining beauty  
That gave strength to my limbs, and strong motion  
Her locks were thick, bright, plentiful (?)  
The lover of Jason's son was darker(?)  
Than the fair, generous beauty (?) who caused floods (of tears)  
in the eyes  
Of knights and noble bards.

'Do bí deaḃaḃ na ḡcaor aḡ caismirt 's aḡ bruiḡean  
 'San lile ḡan stríoc ḡan séanaḃ  
 'Na leacain tais mín fá málainn mar scríḃ  
 Ar mearram slím le caolpíonn;  
 Ba céadaḃ do céaduiḡ mac ḃénus 'na dearcab  
 'Sa déad snoiḡte snasta ar dolḃaḃ,  
 'Sa béal tana blasta le bréiḡre ba cneasta,  
 Ba néata do sheasaim sí taobḃ liom.  
 Fionnaim den ríḡḡain míoḡarḃa mín tais  
 ḃileamail ḃinn ḃleaḡt ḃéasaḃ,  
 Créad ó ḡeinead a craoibḡe ḡeineamail ḡaoḃalaḃ,  
 A cine 's a críoc 's a caomnas;  
 Nó ar ḃ'féirḡur ḡur ḃ'ise an taobḃ-leaḃair míoḡair  
 ḡus ḡéilleadḃ 'o mac Cumail is ḡéar-séarc,  
 O'éaluis is o'imḡiḡ ó laḡra na cruinne  
 I ḡcén lear fá cḡmairc na fénne?

---

The conflict of embers struggling and fighting  
 And the lily without submission or abstaining  
 In her fine, gentle cheek under an eyebrow like a stroke  
 Of a slender pen on elegant parchment  
 She was foremost in giving leave to the son of Venus (*Cupid*) in  
 her eyes(?) (*Try cneadaḡiḡ instead of céaduiḡ* - Hundreds were  
 wounded by Cupid ?)  
 And her dainty, fine teeth were the colour of lime  
 And her delicious, slender lips were modest in speech  
 Neatly she stood next to me.

Do bhí deabhadh na gcaor ag caismirt 's ag bruighean  
'San lile gan stríoc gan séanadh  
'Na leacain tais mhín fá mhalainn mar scríob  
Ar mheamram slím le caolphionn;  
Ba chéadach do cheaduigh mac Bhénus 'na dearcaibh  
'Sa déad snoighte snasta ar aoldath,  
'Sa béal tana blasta le bréithre ba chneasta,  
Ba néata do sheasaimh sí taobh liom.

Fionnaim den ríoghain mhiochardha mhín tais  
Bhileamhail bhinn bhleacht bhéasach,  
Créad ó geineadh a craoibhe gheineamhail Ghaodhalach,  
A cine 's a críoch 's a caomhnas;  
Nó ar bh'fhéidir gur bh'ise an taobh-leabhair mhiochair  
Thug géilleadh 'o mhac Cumhaill is géar-shearc,  
D'éaluigh is d'imthigh ó laochra na cruinne  
I gcéin lear fá chomairc na Féinne?

---

I enquire of the gentle, mild, loving princess  
- Stately, sweet, generous, dignified  
From whence was begotten her Irish genealogical descent  
Her clan, her country and her company  
Or was it possible she was the gentle beauty  
Who won submission from (Fionn) the son of Cumhall, with  
keen love,  
Who fled and left the heroes of the (whole) world  
Afar across the sea under the protection of the Fianna?

Διτσίμ ις ζυϊόιμ ις ριονναιμ ρά έρί  
 Le ταιτνεαή ποτ ρίοζαιρ ις ποτ έαζςκρυτ  
 Αν τυσα ζαν ρυιζεαλλ έυιρ μυιλεανν αρ λινν  
 Σαν ρυιρεανν σαν έρίε σιν έιβιρ;  
 [Ατά ράτ ό η-α μεασαιμ ιτ όάιλ-σε ζυρ ρρασάε  
 Ράρβον πον εαρραό βυς έαλζάε  
 Ις τάρνοετ ζυρ ζλάκαις α ζσάιλ σιν όη ζαααίτ  
 Έυς σπάς ρεάετ ό ποαρκαιβ αν έαζα]

Σαν ρυιρεάε ná ρυιζεαλλ 'σεαό ο'ρρεαζαιρ σί σινν  
 Ι βρριοταλ βρεας βινν πον Σαεοεαλ-ζυτ,  
 Νί αιτνιό τυιτ ρυινν πομ έοσναή αζ τιζεαέτ  
 Cé ριτεας lem λαοιό ποτ ρέάεαιντ;  
 Le humlaéτ ποη τραζαν πο έρύ-σλιοέτ μο έαααο  
 Όί ιμ έλύιτ-σε κοις αβανν ζο ποίρεαηναέ  
 Αουβαιρτ λιομ αν βαιλλετ πο έαβαιρτ τυιτ le hañarc  
 'Sis τυβάε λιομ ζυρ ποηαιρ πο έλέέυιρ.

---

I entreat and pray and ask thee three times  
 For love of your figure and for your sad plight  
 Are you she (*Cearnait*) who flawlessly put a mill on a stream  
 Without assistance in that land of Éibhear  
 There is a reason why I think, in your presence, that it is  
 generous??  
 ? (noble gift *from Séamus de Nógl*a)?  
 And (in naked shamelessness ?) you accepted their state (?)  
 (stole ?) from the relative (of mine) (*Séamus de Nógl*a)?  
 Who once spent a while (?) out of the eyes of death (?).

Aitchim is guidhim is fionnaim fá thrí  
Le taitneamh dot fhíoghair is dot éagchruth  
An tusa gan fuigheall chuir muileann ar linn  
Gan fuireann san chrích sin Éibhir;  
[Atá fáth ó n-a measaim it dháil-se gur frasach  
Fárbon den earradh bhus éalgach  
Is tárnócht gur ghlacais a gcáil sin ón gcaraid  
Thug spás feacht ó dhearcaibh an éaga]

Gan fuireach ná fuigheall 'seadh d'fhreagair sí sinn  
I bhfríotal bhreas bhinn den Ghaedheal-ghuth,  
Ní aithnid duit puinn dom chosnamh ag tigheacht  
Cé ritheas lem laoidh dot fhéachaint;  
Le humhlacht don dragan de chrú-shliocht mo charad  
Bhí im chlúid-se cois abhann go déidheannach  
Adubhairt liom an bhaillet do thabhairt duit le hamharc  
'Sis dubhach liom gur danair do chléchuir.

---

Without waiting or delay she answered me  
In sweet, beautiful words of the Irish tongue  
“You know nothing of my protection (authority?) coming (here)  
Though I made haste with my story to see you  
In obedience to the champion of the blood-kin of my kin  
Who was my protector by the river (*Meentogue?*) lately  
He told me to give you the wallet (ballad?) to see  
And I am sorry that savages have falsely buried (? nearly killed?  
defeated? tricked? him).

Δ μῆυριννεὰς μῆν νᾶ ζοιντεὰρ λεὰτ sinn  
 Is go pollus gur fríť mé ó Séamus  
 Is nać miste do síolrać fois̃se do ǵaoil  
 Oon fáćać ba rí san Éisipt.  
 Δ śluaiǵte cé cailleāó i ruāóćonnetaib̃ mara  
 Ba buāóać slíoćť a śleāćta le naom̃ćaćť,  
 Is náR ōual tuit-se aic̃is cōm̃ mōR soim do ćaďairt  
 Oon ćé buaiōreāó tré mās̃laó do ćéio-f̃ir.

Oá oćaǵaó i oćír cūm calaóǵuirt laoiseać  
 Oronǵaćać oaoineāć oéib̃ćeāć,  
 An curaó cać-buiōeanać cineāćać coim̃irseāć  
 Le n-AR snaiōmeāó tú roim̃e seo tréim̃se,  
 Le hum̃laćť do raćraim̃n aǵ crústaó do nam̃aó,  
 Oá oćúr̃naó, oá oćreasc̃airt, oá oćraoćāó,  
 Is go mbeāó tiuin AR do bailet is scrúdaó le haiteas  
 Is búraiib̃ fá'n ama aǵ ǵađelians.

---

O gentle, lovable one, let you not be wounded by me  
 And clearly you are sent to me (?) from Séamus  
 And your race is no worse for the nearness of your relation  
 To the Pharaoh who was king in Egypt  
 His hosts though lost in the waves of the Red Sea  
 The seed of his seed were elevated in sanctity (*apotheosised?*)  
 And it was not your custom such great triumph to grant  
 To those who afflicted through offences your foremost spouse.

A mhuirinneach mhín ná gointear leat sinn  
Is go follus gur fríth mé ó Shéamus  
Is nach miste do shíolrach foigse do ghaoil  
Don fhathach ba rí san Éigipt.  
A shluaigh cé cailleadh i ruadhthonntaibh mara  
Ba bhuadhach sliocht a shleachta le naomhthacht,  
Is nár dhual duit-se aithis chómh mór soin do thabhairt  
Don té buaidhreadh tré mhasladh do chéid-fhir.

Dá dtagadh i dtír chum caladhphuirt Laoiseach  
Drongathach daoineach déibhtheach,  
An curadh cath-bhuidheanach cineathach coimhirseach  
Le n-ar snaidhmeadh tú roimhe seo tréimhse,  
Le humhlacht do rachfainn ag crústadh do namhad,  
Dá dtúrnadh, dá dtreascart, dá dtraochadh,  
Is go mbeadh tiuin ar do bhaillet is scrúdadh le haiteas  
Is búraibh fá'n ama ag Gadelians.

---

If Louis came on shore to the harbor  
Abounding in armies and in people, contentious  
The affable warrior with many battle hosts and relatives  
With whom you were united for a while before  
In obedience I would go fighting your enemies  
Destroying the, crushing them, pressing on them  
And your wallet (ballad?) will be in good order, and  
examination (of it) merrily  
And churls under the yoke of Gadelians (*Gaels*).



Mo bheannacht dot dhíon an fhaid mhairfí, ar sí,  
Agus scaram go síteach le céile,  
'Sis tapa do ling tar mhachaire mhín  
Is d'imthigh gan fuigheall fá néallaibh;  
Bíodhaim is screadaim is múscailt ba ghar damh  
Ba dhubhach chaitheas sealad ag géar-ghol  
Cé smaoinim is beartaim gach íorghoil do canadh  
Lem rún-sa gan bhladar gur féidhmeadh.

Mo bheannacht dot dhíon an fhaid mhairfí, ar sí,  
Agus scaram go sítheach le chéile,  
'Sis tapa do ling tar mhachaire mhín  
Is d'imthigh gan fuigheall fá néallaibh;  
Bíodhaim is screadaim is múscailt ba ghar damh  
Ba dhubhach chaitheas sealad ag géar-ghol  
Cé smaoinim is beartaim gach íorghoil do canadh  
Lem rún-sa gan bhladar gur féidhmeadh.

---

“My blessing on your shelter (house) so long as you live”, said  
she,  
“And let us part from each other in peace”  
And swiftly she swept across the smooth plain  
And disappeared completely (*leaving nothing behind*) into the  
clouds  
I start up and shout and soon awakened  
Sadly I spent a while weeping bitterly  
Though I ponder and resolve that every exploit that was sung,  
To my sweetheart without deception, was accomplished.

### 17. Sealad dem šaošal.

Sealad dem šaošal so haerač ionžantač ,  
Δς θέαναη̃ tuirse 's Δς riarad̃ an bróin,  
So ceasnuižteac̃ céasta créactac̃ cunail̃-boct̃  
I nšaort̃aiḃ coille 's šan don im cōmair,  
’Oo ðearcas ainm̃ir búiõ míñ ciuiñ čaoim̃ čart̃annač  
’Oom̃ ionnsuiðe ðearbč̃a Δς téact̃ ar seol,  
’ba ðeise žlaise Δ súil̃ žrinñ ’ná drúct̃ laoĩ sam̃raið,  
’ba šušac̃ síoac̃ seasaḃac̃ Δ žné šan smól.

’Oo stadas seal so řaon-las řeizeam̃ail̃ anḃřainneac̃,  
’le héizeañ taitnim̃ dí Δς žéarðearec̃’ Δ clóð̃a,  
Δ malã šuiðtẽ čaol̃ ðeas̃ ar Δ héad̃añ tarraiñžte,  
’So sédom̃ar snastã snuižtẽ i n-éipeact̃ cōir;  
’ba častã cluč̃mar̃ ciuḃas-čaoim̃ Δ cūil̃iñ camarsac̃,  
’’Nã cūirñíñ čačaiseac̃ ar scéim̃ añ óir,  
’’Nã ḃřol̃taiḃ řižte řionñbuiðẽ i ñóuil̃ žrinñ žreanñmar,  
’’Nã lonñrað̃aiḃ lasam̃ail̃ Δς téact̃ so řeor.

---

### 17. A While In My Life.

A while in my life, eerily, strangely  
Suffering affliction and feeling grief  
Troubled, tormented, afflicted, pitiful  
In wood-groves and no one attending me  
I beheld a maiden, gracious, mild, gentle, tender, loving  
Approaching me truly swiftly  
Her bright eye was lovelier, fresher than the dew of a summer’s  
day  
Her flawless countenance was cheerful, calm, resolute.

### 17. Sealad dem shaoghal.

Sealad dem shaoghal go haerach iongantach ,  
Ag déanamh tuirse 's ag riaradh an bhróin,  
Go ceasnuightheach céasta créachtach cunail-bhocht  
I ngaorthaibh coille 's gan aon im chomhair,  
Do dhearcas ainnir bhúidh mhín chiuin chaoín charthannach  
Dom ionnsuidhe dearbhtha ag téacht ar seol,  
Ba dheise glaise a súil ghrinn 'ná drúcht laoi samhraidh,  
Ba shughach síothach seasamhach a gné gan smól.

Do stadas seal go faon-lag féigeamhail anbhfainneach,  
Le héigean taitnimh dí ag géardhearc' a clódha,  
A mala shuidhte chaol dheas ar a héadan tarraingthe,  
Go séadmhar snasta snuigte i n-éifeacht chóir;  
Ba chasta cluthmhar ciumhas-chaoín a cúilín camarsach,  
'Na chúirnín chathaiseach ar scéimh an óir,  
'Na bhfoltaibh fighthe fionnbhuidhe i ndúil ghrinn ghreannmhar,  
'Na lonnradaibh lasamhail ag téacht go feor.

---

I stopped a while, feebly, weakly, in exhaustion  
With force of love for her, inspecting keenly her appearance  
Her neat, graceful, lovely eyebrow drawn  
Richly, elegantly, well-hewn, in right order (?)  
Her curly head of hair was twisting, sheltering, finely trimmed  
(?)  
In cleverly made circlets, of the appearance of gold  
In fair, yellow, intertwined tresses in a clear, pleasing creation  
In brilliant lustrousness sweeping to the grass.

bA bLAsTA mIočAIR bÉASAc Δ brÉiċre bAnAmAIL  
 Δ bÉAl binn bALSAmAc nÁR ċAoċuiġ móro,  
 Δ leAcA leAbAIR doLda mAR ġÉIS AR leAcAn-ċSRuċ,  
 'Oo ċLaoċLuiġ i n-ANAcRA nA cÉAdTA AR feoċ;  
 bA lASmAR ceART Δ ġnÚIS búro mín bAnAmAIL,  
 mAR lonnRAċAiċ sneAcTAmAIL Δ scÉim ġAn ċeo,  
 Δ mAmA ōeAS AR úR-ċLÍ i nOúliġeAcT seASCAIREAcT.  
 Δ cúimín cAILce suiċTe cAoim ġo cÓIR.

fOċTAim feAcT ōen bÉ-bRuinnILL mÁORċA mAScALAIġ  
 Δ ġÉASġA seAnċAIS ōo śLÉAcTAd im cOmAIR,  
 An tú An eALa ċruċAc ōÉiRċRE lÉR TRAOċAd nA feARA-ċoin  
 'S Δ cÉile cALmA bA ōÉine i nġleo?  
 NÓ An AinNIR mILIS búC mín ō'ionnsuiċeAd ġARb-ċruip,  
 Is ō'fúġeAd ceAnġAILce An fÉinn ġAn Treoir,  
 NÓ An fInne-bEAn ōo ōúbluiġeAd cúRSaiċe i nAlbain  
 NÓ An ċuin-rÍoċ ċARċAnnAc ōo ċRéiġ mAc Treoin.

---

Her womanly words were elegant, kindly, dignified  
 Her sweet, fragrant lips that did not lean to imprecation  
 Her graceful, pale cheek as (white as) a swan on a wide stream  
 That transformed hundreds in difficulties, withering (for love of her)  
 Truly bright was her feminine, gentle, gracious, earnest countenance  
 Like snowy brilliance was her unblemished beauty  
 Her lovely breasts on a pure body in comforting arrangement  
 Her little fair body settled in pleasant order.

Ba bhlasta miochair béasach a bréithre banamhail  
A béal binn balsamach nár thaobhuigh móid,  
A leaca leabhair aolda mar ghéis ar leathan-tsruth,  
Do chlaochluigh i n-anacra na céadta ar feodh;  
Ba lasmhar ceart a gnúis bhúidh mhín bhanamhail,  
Mar lonnradhaibh sneachtamhail a scéimh gan cheo,  
A mama dheas ar úr-chlí i ndúiligheacht seascaireacht.  
A cúimín cailce suidhte caomh go cóir.

Fochtaim feacht den bhé-bhruinnill mhaordha mhascalaigh  
A géaga seanchais do shléachtadh im chomhair,  
An tú an eala chruthach Déirdre lér traochadh na feara-choin  
'S a céile calma ba dhéine i ngleo?  
Nó an ainnir mhilis bhúch mhín d'ionnsuidheadh garbh-thruip,  
Is d'fhúigeadh ceangailte an Fhéinn gan treoir,  
Nó an fhinne-bhean do dhúbluigheadh cúrsaidhe i nAlbain  
Nó an chiuin-ríobh charthannach do thréig mac Treoin.

---

I ask once of the beautiful, majestic, stately lady  
To lay down before me her historical branches (of family)  
“Are you Deirdre (of) swan-like (beauty) by who the man-  
hounds (*heroes*) were defeated  
And her brave spouse who was strong in battle  
Or the fine, kind, sweet maiden who besieged rough soldiers  
And left the Fianna bound, perplexed (with love) (?)  
Or the fair lady who increased troubles in Scotland  
Or the loving, gentle lark who fled from (Talc) Mac Treoin.

ΔΙΪΡΙΣ ΘΑΜ Ι Ν-ΕΙΡΕΑΪΤ ΙΣ ΞΕΙΛΛ ΞΟ ΞΑΣΤΑ ΞΛΙϸ,  
 ΔΝ ΤΥ ΗΕΛΕΝ ΘΑΝΑΜΑΙΛ ΜΑΘΟΡΘΑ ΜΟΘΑΜΑΙΛ  
 ΛΕΡ ΤΡΕΑΣΚΡΑΘ ΛΑΟΪΚΡΑΘ ΤΡΕΑΝ Ι ΞΑΪΤΑΙΘ ΘΝΥΙϸ  
 'Σ ΔΝ ΤΡΑΕ ΞΥΡ ΛΑΣΑΘ ΛΕ ΤΡΕΙΝ-ΝΕΑΡΤ ΣΛΩΞ?  
 ΝΘ ΔΝ ΛΕΙΡ Δ ΜΕΑΣ ΞΥΡ ΤΥ ΒΙ ΔΞ ΙΟΝΝΣΥΙΘΕ ΞΡΕΑΝΝΗΑΡ  
 ΛΕ ΙΥΝΟ ΔΝ ΕΑΛΑ-ΘΕΑΝ ΚΡΑΘΘ ΝΑ Ν-ΘΞ,  
 ΝΘ ΜΙΝΕΡΒΑ ΔΝ ΘΥΙΛ ΘΥΙΘΕ Θ'ΡΪΥΞ ΡΑΟΙ ΑΪ-ΤΥΙΡΣΕ  
 'ΝΑ ΞΪΨΛΑΙΘΙΘ ΤΡΕΑΣΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΑ ΚΕΑΥΤΑ ΔΡ ΡΕΘΘ?

Θ'ΡΕΑΞΑΙΡ ΣΙΝΝ ΔΝ ΣΡΕΙΡ-ΘΡΥΙΝΝΕΑΛΛ ΘΕΙΛ-ΜΙΛΙΣ ΚΑΡΤΑΝΝΑΪ,  
 ΝΙ ΗΑΘΝ ΘΕΝ ΔΙϸΜΕ ΣΙΝ ΜΕ ΣΛΕΑΪΤΑΙΣ ΡΟΣ,  
 ΚΙΟΘ ΞΥΡ ΡΑΘΑ ΜΕ ΞΑΝ ΚΕΙΛΕ, ΘΟΜ ΚΡΑΟΪΑΘ ΔΞ ΞΑΛΛΑ-ΚΡΥΠ  
 ΘΟ ΚΛΑΟΚΛΥΙΞ Μ'ΑΙΞΝΕ ΔΞ ΘΕΑΝΑΜ ΒΡΟΙΝ.  
 ΙΣ ΜΕ ΘΥΙΜΕ ΚΕΑΡΤ ΝΑ ΒΡΥΙΟΝΝΣΑΙΘΕ ΙΣ ΡΥΝ ΚΡΟΙΘΕ ΚΑΡΟΛΥΙΣ,  
 ΑΤΑ ΘΥΒΑΪ ΡΑΟΙ ΑΪ-ΤΥΙΡΣΕ Ι ΝΞΕΙΘΕΑΝΝ ΡΟΣ,  
 ΔΞ ΤΕΑΪΤ ΑΝΟΙΣ ΘΑΡ Ν-ΙΟΝΝΣΥΙΘΕ Ι ΝΘΥΙΛΙΞΕΑΪΤ ΣΚΑΡΑΜΑΙΝ  
 ΛΕ ΒΥΡΑΙΘΙΘ ΜΑΛΛΥΙΞΤΕ ΘΟ ΚΡΑΟΪ ΑΡ ΘΥΤΡΕΘΙΝ.

---

Tell me, to the point, and give (me my) way, cleverly, smartly  
 Are you feminine, gracious, modest Helen  
 Through whom were defeated brave knights in hill-side battles  
 And set Troy aflame with strong force of hosts  
 Or is it true to suppose that it was you who were in a strong  
 attack (?)  
 With Juno, the swan-like lady, the garland of the young (??)  
 (ΘΑΙΝ ΚΡΑΘΘ ΝΑ Ν-ΘΞ - won supremacy over all the maidens?)  
 Or Minerva of the yellow hair who left in affliction  
 In beaten multitudes (?), hundreds withering.

Aithris dam i n-éifeacht is géill go gasta glic,  
An tú Hélen bhanamhail mhaordha mhodhamhail  
Lér treascradh laochradh tréan i gcathaibh chnuic  
'S an Trae gur lasadh le tréin-neart slógh?  
Nó an léir a mheas gur tú bhí ag ionnsuidhe ghreannmhar  
Le Iúno an eala-bhean craobh na n-óg,  
Nó Minerbha an chúil bhuidhe d'fhúig faoi ath-tuirse  
'Na gcúplaidhibh treascartha na céadta ar feodh?

D'fhreagair sinn an spéir-bhruinneall bhéil-mhilis charthannach,  
Ní haon den aicme sin mé shléachtais fós,  
Ciodh gur fada mé gan chéile, dom thraochadh ag galla-thruip  
Do chlaochluigh m'aigne ag déanamh bróin.  
Is mé buime cheart na bprionnsaidhe is rún croidhe Charoluis,  
Atá dubhach faoi ath-tuirse i ngéibheann fós,  
Ag teacht anois bhar n-ionnsuidhe i ndúiligheacht scaramhain  
Le búraidhibh malluighthe do thraoch ár dtreoin.

---

The beautiful lady of the loving sweet voice answered me  
"I am not one of that number you set down yet  
Though I am long without a consort, being oppressed by foreign  
troops  
That transformed my spirit in expressing grief  
I am the true nurse of the princes and the sweetheart of Charles  
Who is despondent in defeat and still in bondage  
(But) is now coming towards us parting and separating (us)  
From the accursed churls who defeated our chiefs.

ΔΤΑ ΗΑΝΟΒΕΡ ΣΕΙΩΤΕ ΛΕ ΤΡΕΙΜΣΕ Ι Ν-ΑΝΑΚΡΑ  
 ΙΣ ΝΑ ΜΕΙΡΛΙΣ ΜΑΛΛΙΣΤΕ ΤΑ ΤΕΤΡΑΟΨΑΔΟ ΑΡ ΡΕΟΘ,  
 ΔΤΑ ΗΟΛΟΝΤΟ ΞΑΝ ΞΕΙΛΛΕΑΘΟ ΞΟ ΡΡΑΟΨΜΑΡ ΡΕΑΡΞΑΨ,  
 'Σ ΙΣ ΤΑΟΜΑΨ ΤΡΕΑΨΑΝ-ΛΑΞ ΡΑΟΝ ΛΙΣΒΟΝ.  
 ΞΕΑΛΛΑΙΜ ΤΑΟΙΒ ΞΑΝ ΨΥΝΣΙΟΕ ΞΟ ΒΡΥΙΞΡΙΟΕΑΡ ΣΑΣΑΝΑ  
 'ΝΑ ΜΥΡΨΑΙΟΙΒ ΛΑΣΡΑΨ ΞΑΝ ΞΕΙΛΛΕΑΘΟ 'ΟΝ ΨΟΙΡ;  
 ΒΕΙΟ ΣΚΡΙΟΣ ΑΡ ΡΑΘ ΑΡ ΨΡΥΡΑΙΟΙΒ ΑΝ ΨΜΑΝΞ-ΨΛΙΞΙΟ ΨΕΑΛΞΑΙΞ  
 'ΝΑ ΝΟΛΥΨ-ΛΙΞΕ ΑΡ ΜΑΨΑΙΡΕ ΛΕ ΤΕΑΨΤ ΑΝ ΡΨΞΜΑΙΡ.

ΒΕΙΟ ΔΙΡΡΕΑΝΝ ΝΑΟΜΨΑ ΑΞ ΚΛΕΙΡ ΝΑ ΣΑΛΜ ΣΥΙΤ  
 ΞΟ ΣΕΙΣΜΕΑΡ ΣΕΑΝΜΝΑΨ ΞΟ ΣΕΑΨΜΑΡ ΣΨΞΑΨ,  
 ΙΣ ΚΑΡΟΛΥΣ ΡΕΙΨΣ ΡΑ ΡΕΙΜ Ι ΝΑΛΒΑΙΝ,  
 ΙΣ ΞΑΕΨΙΛ ΞΟ ΡΛΕΑΨΔΑΜΑΙΛ 'ΝΑ Ν-ΑΟΛ-ΒΡΥΙΞ ΡΨΣ;  
 ΒΕΙΟ ΑΝ ΔΙΜΕ ΣΕΟ ΤΟ ΒΡΥΙΞ ΣΙΝΝ ΤΟΥΒΑΨ ΡΑΟΙ ΑΨ-ΤΥΙΡΣΕ,  
 'ΝΑ ΞΨΥΡΛΑΙΟΙΒ ΤΡΕΑΨΚΑΡΨΑ ΛΕ ΡΑΟΒΑΡ Ι ΝΞΛΕΟ,  
 ΒΕΙΟ ΣΚΡΙΟΣ ΑΡ ΡΕΑΘ ΝΑ ΤΥΨΑΙΞΕ ΑΡ ΑΝ ΞΚΛΥΙΤΟ ΨΛΑΟΙΝ ΨΕΑΛΞΑΙΞ,  
 ΙΣ ΗΟΛΔ ΘΙΕΦ ΡΕΑΨΤΑ ΟΡΨΑ ΤΑ ΤΕΤΡΑΟΨΑΔΟ ΑΡ ΡΕΟΘ.

---

Hanover is blown in trouble this while  
 And the accursed miscreants are weakened and withering  
 Holland is (*The Dutch are*) unyielding, furious, fierce  
 And Lisbon is diseased, vastly-weak, feeble  
 I promise you without reservation that England will be found  
 In sheets of flame without yielding to the rabble  
 There will be total destruction of the troops of the deceitful,  
 mean rule  
 Lying thickly on the battlefield by the coming of autumn.  
 (*Portugal was allied to the Hanoverian kings of England who  
 occupied the position previously held the Stuart monarchy and  
 who were in competition with Holland for imperial possessions,  
 leading to Anglo-Dutch war 1780-1784.*)



Atá Hanóbher séidte le tréimhse i n-anacra  
Is na méirligh mhalluighthe dá dtraochadh ar feodh,  
Atá Holónd gan ghéilleadh go fraochmhar feargach,  
'S is taomach treathan-lag faon Lisbón.  
Geallaim daoibh gan chúinsidhe go bhfúigfidhear Sasana  
'Na múrthaidhibh lasrach gan géilleadh 'on chóip;  
Beidh scrios ar fad ar thrúpaidhibh an chumhang-dhlighidh  
chealgaigh  
'Na ndlúth-luighe ar machaire le téacht an fhóghmhair.

Beidh Aifreann naomhtha ag cléir na salm suilt  
Go séismhear seanmnach go séadmhar sóghach,  
Is Carolus Réics fá réim i nAlbain,  
Is Gaedhil go fleadhamhail 'na n-aol-bruigh fós;  
Beidh an aicme seo do bhrúigh sinn dubhach faoi ath-tuirse,  
'Na gcúplaidhibh treascartha le faobhar i ngleo,  
Beidh scrios ar feadh na dúthaighe ar an gclúid chlaoín  
chealgaigh,  
Is Hold thief feasta ortha dá dtraochadh ar feodh.

---

The sacred mass will be said by the clergy of joyous psalms  
Music-playing, prosperous, merry  
And King Charles ("*Bonnie Prince Charlie*", died 1788) in  
power in Scotland  
And Gaels feasting yet in their lime-white mansions  
This gang who were oppressing us in gloomy exhaustion  
Defeated in multitudes (*doubly defeated?*) by arms in battle  
There will be destruction throughout the land on the perverse,  
treacherous crowd  
And HOLD THIEF on them thereafter, oppressed and withering.

Is carċannaċ caom-ġlan caomna ceannasac  
    Ħeirō Sĕarlas calma fā rĕim ʒan ċeo,  
Is clanna Mĭlĕsius fĕastac fleadhamail,  
    ʒo sĕanmar seasaġac ʒan ʒĕilleaō 'on ċōip;  
ʒabaiō seal is cabruigĭō, a ċlann ċaoim Ħanba,  
    fā Šamain daoib ʒeallaim-se ʒo dtraoċfar an pōr,  
'S dā ħfeicinn-se mar šamluiġim na samhairlidhe treascarċa,  
    Do ðeaō lampaiōe ar lasaō aʒam le h-ĕigean spōirt.

Is carthannach caomh-ghlan caomhna ceannasach  
    Bheidh Sĕarlas calma fā rĕim gan cheo,  
Is clanna Mhĭlĕsius fĕastach fleadhamhail,  
    Go sĕanmhar seasamhach gan gĕilleadh 'on chōip;  
Gabhaidh seal is cabhruighidh, a chlann chaoim Bhanba,  
    Fā Shamhain daoibh geallaim-se go dtraochfar an pōr,  
'S dā bhfeicinn-se mar shamhluighim na samhairlidhe treascartha,  
    Do bheadh lampaidhe ar lasadh agam le h-ĕigean spōirt.

---

Amiable, kindly, pure, protective, powerful  
Brave Charles will be enthroned without doubt  
And the clans of Milesius will be feasting, festive  
Prosperous, steadfast, unyielding to the rabble  
Take a spell and help out, O kindly clans of Ireland  
By Hallowe'en I promise you the brood will be defeated  
And if I saw, as I suppose, the churls overthrown  
I would have lamps lighting by dint of merriment.

### 18. Do rinneadh aisling beas aerac.

Do rinneadh aisling beas aerac dam fain san oidce,  
Is me fion-las sinne, trach ar neoin  
Sur casad i scain me as deanaim smaointe  
I ngleannan doibinn san don im comhair;  
Mar a raib canain na n-ean ar seaduib crainn glais,  
Lachain is eisc as sceithead on tsaoidhe,  
An eala so gle as tach ar tuinn ann,  
'S an pearla i n-oidcar trach as a scomhair.

Do bi beanna-puic meice le grein don tair ann,  
Painc mioleta banta is leomhain,  
Siomhaig ar saotar laocrao is rioj-cain  
As tachar fe coilctib breasga ar neoin;  
Do b'aithe do Phoebus an seas do b'aoirde,  
Is neam na cli mar scail an oir,  
Beaca 'sus ein as sceit im timceall,  
San breas do b'aoibinn glair is seoin.

---

### 18. An Eerie Little Vision Appeared.

An eerie little vision appeared to me in the night  
And I faint, weak, prostrate, in the evening  
I returned afar pondering  
In a lovely little glen with no one attending me  
Where there was birdsong on branches of green trees  
Ducks and fishes sprang from the water  
The swan clearly alighting on the wave there  
And the pearl (*oyster?*) at the bottom a while before them(?).

### 18. Do rinneadh aisling bheag aerach.

Do rinneadh aisling bheag aerach damh féin san oidhche,  
Is mé faon-lag sínte, tráth ar neoin  
Gur casadh i gcéin mé ag déanamh smaointe  
I ngleanntán aoibhinn gan aon im chómhair;  
Mar a raib cantain na n-éan ar ghéagaibh crainn ghlais,  
Lachain is éisc ag scéitheadh ón dtaoide,  
An eala go glé ag téacht ar tuinn ann,  
'S an péarla i n-íochtar tráth as a gcómhair.

Do bhí beanna-phuic mhéithe le gréin don tír ann,  
Paintir míolta bánta is leomhain,  
Sionnaigh ar saothar laochradh is ríogh-choin  
Ag téacht fé choilltibh breághtha ar neoin;  
Do b'aithnid do Phoebus an ghéag do b'aoirde,  
Is néamh 'na clí mar scáil an óir,  
Beacha 'gus éin ag scéith im thimcheall,  
Gan bhréag do b'aoibhinn gáir is geoin.

---

There were fat antlered bucks basking on the ground (?)  
Panthers, animals, meadows, and lions  
Foxes being hunted by warriors and royal hounds  
Coming through fine woods at evening-tide  
Phoebus was known from the highest branch  
And the colour of her body like the brightness of gold  
Bees and birds flowing round me  
Truly the noises and humming were delightful.

Δὺ μαῖτῆν ἄν φῆν ἄρ ἐρέιτε ἄν τσαοῖαι,  
 ῥᾶν σπείρ το β' αἰῶν ἴα ἄς ἄ γκόμῃαι,  
 'Σεῶ ὁεῖρας-σά βέ βεῖς ἡλὸρ ὁά ἡν-ῆνῃς,  
 ἡῖρ ὁ' αὐστὰ γῆαι ἰς το β' αἰῶν σῶδ;  
 'Ἡ-ἄ ραῖβ ἴσαδ ἡ γῆαι 'ἡ σῆν τρέ ἴτῃς,  
 'Σ βᾶ ἄοι ἄ βῆαιτε βῆῖτᾶ ἰ γῆδῶ,  
 ἄ γῆν-ῖοιτ νέμῃτᾶ ἴει γο βῆῖτᾶ  
 ἡῖρ ῥέῖτᾶ ῖς ἄς ῥᾶς γο ῥῆοι.

Ὁ β' εἰς μέ-σι ἡ ἄναι ροῖμῃ,  
 ἄρ ῥέῖτᾶ ἡ ἡῖτῃ τῆτᾶ ἄρ ἡνῃ,  
 ἰς ῥαῖνῃ ὁν ἄρ ὁγ βᾶτ 'ἡ τῖμῃαι,  
 ἰς ῥέῖτᾶ ἡνῃ ἄρ ὁεῖτᾶ ῥοῖτ;  
 ῥᾶν ῥῆῖτᾶ ὁν ὁῖτᾶ ἴει ὁά ὁῖτᾶ,  
 ἄτ ῥοῖτᾶ γᾶτ ἰς ἴ το ἡν μέ,  
 Ὁ β' αἰῶ ἄ βῆῖτῃ τρέ ἡ-ἄ ῥῆῖτᾶ  
 'Σ ἰς ῥᾶν το ῥᾶοι τῆῖοι ἴῖρ ἄν ῥῆοι.

---

Pondering to myself the ways of the world  
 Under the sky ...(?)/ I beheld a majestic, beautiful young lady  
 Her countenance was unworn, her appearance was lovely  
 The embers glowed through the whiteness of her face  
 And her beautiful eyebrows were slender in appearance  
 Her lustrous massy tresses were spiraling  
 Like the jewels of (the Golden) Fleece growing down to the  
 grass.

Ag machtnamh dam féin ar thréithe an tsaoghail,  
Fán spéir do b'aoibhinn lá as a gcómhair,  
'Seadh dhearcas-sa bé bheag mhaordha mhín-chneis,  
Nár bh'aosta gnaoi is do b'álainn snódh;  
'N-a raibh lasadh na gcaor 'na scéimh tré lítis,  
'S ba chaol a braoithe breághtha i gclódh,  
A carn-fholt néamhrach léi go bíseach  
Mar shéadaibh flís ag fás go feor.

Do b'eaglach mé-si im aonar roimpe,  
Ar théacht na hoidhche tráth ar neoin,  
Is falaing den aer bhog bhaoth 'na timcheall,  
Is éadach uimpe ar dheallradh sróill;  
Gan pearsa den daonnacht léi dá coimhdeacht,  
Acht siollaire caoch is é do mhill mé,  
Do b'abaidh a bréithre tré n-a saigheadaibh  
'S is claon do scaoil tríom lár an sword.

---

I was fearful, alone before her  
On the coming of night at evening time  
And a soft, tender cloak of air around her  
And clothing on her of silken appearance  
Without a human person accompanying her  
But a blind, sturdy fellow (*Cupid*), and it is he who destroyed  
me  
And her words had effect in between her darts (*glances*)  
And treacherously she drove through my heart the sword (*of*  
*love*).

Níor cealg mé an séitlead cé sur mill mé,  
 Le héigeán grinn is gráda don óig,  
 Sur cugas beannaíct is céad dí i mbréictre milse  
 Mar is é ba cuibhe go hárt d'á sórt;  
 Sur f'reasair mé an spéir-bean cé nár síleas,  
 I labarthaibh Saeóilge séimh san coimhísteaíct,  
 Sur blaiseas a béal beag éadrom íosartha.  
 San séanao óm croíde le táinte pós.

A cara mo cléib, ca scéal 'san tsliúio leat  
 Nó an réiðfí Críost ár gcás go deo?  
 Nó an mbeid clanna na nSaeóeal fá réim 'na scríocaið,  
 Nó go héag arís faoi b'ráca an b'róin,  
 'Na b'fearannaið saora as déanaí cíosá,  
 Do s'allaibh an b'earla do céas an croíde asáinn,  
 Is san asáinn 'san tsaozal áct don den líne,  
 Go noéarfaíois nár b'fuláir sur leo.

---

I did not wound the wretched fellow, though he destroyed me  
 With force of affection and love for the maiden  
 And I gave her a hundred blessings in sweet words  
 As that was highly fitting for such as her  
 And I answered the lady though I did not expect (?)  
 - In fine words of Irish, without shyness –  
 That I tasted her shapely, light little lips  
 Without refusal from my heart, with multitude of kisses.

Níor chealg mé an séithleach cé gur mhill mé,  
Le héigean grinn is grádha don óigh,  
Gur thugas beannacht is céad dí i mbréithre milse  
Mar is é ba chuibhe go hárd dá sórt;  
Gur fhreagair mé an spéir-bhean cé nár shíleas,  
I labharthaibh Gaedhilge séimh gan coimhghtheacht,  
Gur bhlaiseas a béal beag éadtrom íoghartha.  
Gan séanadh óm chroidhe le táinte póg.

A chara mo chléibh, ca scéal 'san tslighidh leat  
Nó an réidhfídh Críost ár gcás go deo?  
Nó an mbeidh clanna na nGaedheal fá réim 'na gcríochaibh,  
Nó go héag arís faoi bhráca an bhróin,  
'Na bhfearannaibh saora ag déanamh cíosa,  
Do Ghallaibh an Bhéarla do chéas an croidhe againn,  
Is gan againn 'san tsaoghal acht aon den líne,  
Go ndéarfáidís nár bhfuláir gur leo.

---

O friend of my heart, what is the story of your travels (?)  
Or shall Christ ever make good our troubles  
Or will the clans of the Irish be in power in their territories  
Or until death again be under the impediment of grief  
In their noble landholdings earning revenues  
For the foreigners of the English tongue who tormented our  
hearts  
And we with nothing in the world but one of the line  
(?Charles?)  
So that they (*the foreigners*) may say (the victory ?) must be  
with them.



Ní chanaim aon scéalta bréige coitíche,  
Is faonuiḡ t'inntinn sámḡ go fóill,  
Go bhfuil taisteal na laocḡ aḡ téadḡ tar taoide,  
Is an ḡaoḡ oá ḡcoimídeadḡ i n-áird 's i ḡcóir;  
Go mbeid aicme na nḡaeḡeal 'san réim is aoirde,  
'Na bhfearanaibḡ féin ḡan aon rad cíosa,  
Is Carolus ḡlégeal Réics, mo Stíobhard,  
Aḡ téadḡ arís faoi Cháisc i ḡcoróinn.

Ní chanaim aon scéalta bréige choidche,  
Is faonuigh t'inntinn sámḡ go fóill,  
Go bhfuil taisteal na laoch ag téacht tar taoide,  
Is an ghaoth dá ḡcoimídeacht i n-áird 's i ḡcóir;  
Go mbeid aicme na nGaedeal 'san réim is aoirde,  
'Na bhfearannaibḡ féin gan aon rad cíosa,  
Is Carolus ḡlégeal Réics, mo Stíobhard,  
Ag téacht arís faoi Cháisc i ḡcoróinn.

---

I do not ever relate lying stories  
And calm your mind peacefully yet  
The warriors are travelling, arriving over the sea  
With the wind helping them in direction and in order  
That the Irish people may be in supreme power  
In their own homesteads, with no issue of rent  
And pure, bright Charles, my Stuart,  
To be enthroned again by Easter.

### 19. 1 sleasaiḃ na haḃann.

1 sleasaiḃ na haḃann is mé aḡ maḃtnam̃ 's aḡ éiḡeamaḃ  
Ar síomanna is claonḡala an tsaḡḡail ḡo tuiḃaḃ,  
'S eaḃ òearcas-sa ainm̃ir cois leasa 'na haonar  
ḃa suaimeḃaḃ ba haeraḃ ba clé caile ḡñuis;  
A carnḡolt cruipinneḃaḃ pionna-ḃas péarlaḃ;  
A braoiḃe ḡanna, a reaḡmar-rosc réiḡḡlas,  
'Na leacain ḃí luisne aḡ iomaḃo le caom̃lil,  
'S a leaḃair-ríp aolḡa ar ḡlé-ḡaḃ a cúim.

Ḣo staḡas-sa sealaḃ trém̃ maḃtnam̃ aḡ féaḃaint  
Ar maḃteas ar maḡorḡaḃt ar scéim̃ ó n-a ríom̃aḃ;  
Níor ḃian ḡam̃ le creaḃa ḡur ḃraiḃeas ḡo ḡaon mé  
'S is anḃḡann tréiḃ-ḃara ḃréiḡeas mo ḃríḡ;  
Spreaḡas suas m'aigne, measaḡ ḡur ḃaoḃḃeart  
Le n-a sam̃ail ḡan laḃairt 's í im̃ ḡoḃair 'na haonar;  
An tan ḃaḡair an banba ḃarḃannaḃ ḃéasaḃ,  
A òuine, suiḃo taḡḃ liom̃ ḡo nḡeanaḡair ḡo scíḃ.

---

### 19. By The Banks Of The River.

By the banks of the river and I pondering and bewailing  
Mournfully on the tricks and perverse spite of the world  
I beheld a maiden alone by a fairy-fort  
Her countenance, it was calm, it was sprightly, it was clear and  
bright  
Her massy tresses were wavy, fair, twisting, pearly  
Her eyebrows slender, her wide eyes steady, fresh  
In her cheeks the blush was contending with the tender lily  
Her graceful throat was pale, her body a clear colour.

### 19. I sleasaibh na habhann.

I sleasaibh na habhann is mé ag machtnamh 's ag éigheamhach  
Ar shíomanna is claonfhala an tsaoghail go dubhach,  
'S eadh dhearcas-sa ainnir cois leasa 'na haonar  
Ba shuaimhneach ba haerach ba chlé cailce gnúis;  
A carnfholt cruipinneach fionna-chas péarlach;  
A braoithe ganna, a reamhar-rosc réidhghlas,  
'Na leacain bhí luisne ag iomaidh le caomhlil,  
'S a leabhair-phíp aolda ar ghlé-dhath a cúim.

Do stadas-sa sealad trém mhachtnamh ag féachaint  
Ar mhaitheas ar mhaordhacht ar scéimh ó n-a ríomhadh;  
Níor chian damh le creatha gur bhraitheas go faon mé  
'S is anbhfann tréith-thapa thréigeas mo bhrígh;  
Spreagas suas m'aighe, mheasas gur bhaothbheart  
Le n-a samhail gan labhairt 's í im fhochair 'na haonar;  
An tan thagair an banba charthannach bhéasach,  
A dhuine, suidh taobh liom go ndéanfair do scíth.

---

I stopped a while in my pondering to see  
The goodness, the majesty, the beauty of her likeness  
It was not long until I felt myself tremulously faint  
And my vigour fled, feeble, swiftly weak  
I started up in spirit, I judged it would be a foolish deed  
Not to speak to such as her, and she alone with me  
When the modest, amiable, fair lady spoke  
“Sir, sit beside me and take your rest.”

Is tapra den bhrinnill d'fiosruigeas go héisneac,  
 An tusa an dé-bean lér claoclaó an t-uðall;  
 Nó an mascalac míochar den borb-fuil šréasais  
 Čus loscaó na Trae toir 's a léir-čur ar šcúl;  
 An duit-se do ceapao an lomra aerda  
 Tar tonnaib na oile 'na luing čus mac Éason;  
 Nó Déirdre čailce lér cailleao na laocra,  
 Nó Aoibheall ón léitčrais an bé maiseac búč?

[An tú Eilbean cōrac ón fōračris aerais,  
 Nó Maoilin ón laocrais nó an spēir-bruinneall čaió  
 Méadōb čručac Čruacann ba mōr čail le fēile  
 Nó Clíodna ón réiōcnoc an spēirlingeac mná.  
 An tú ūna nó Doife nó Íce cnis aosta,  
 Nó Fionnacāorh ní hanšana ó līfe na šcaolbārc,  
 Nó Doife ler doirteaó clann līre san tréanmuir,  
 Nó mōr čluanač ón šclaoŋšlais a bfuil a laocra ar lār?]

---

Swiftly I enquire of the maiden, forcefully  
 “Are you the good woman by whom the apple was transformed  
 (*Eve?*)  
 Or the mild maiden of the brave blood of the Greeks  
 Who caused the burning of Troy to the east, and its total  
 destruction  
 Was it for you the aerial (magic?) Fleece was seized  
 That the son of Jason brought over the waves of the ocean in his  
 ship  
 Or fair Deirdre, through whom the knights were lost  
 Or Aoibheall of Carraig Liath (Carraiglea), the beautiful, kind  
 lady. (*Aoibheall was the bean sidhe of Dál gCais, the dynasty or  
 clan of Brian Boru.*)

Is tapa den bhruinnill d'fhiosruigheas go héigheach,  
An tusa an dé-bhean lér claochladh an t-ubhall;  
Nó an mhascalach mhiochair den bhorb-fhuil Ghréagaigh  
Thug loscadh na Trae thoir 's a léir-chur ar gcúl;  
An duit-se do ceapadh an lomra aerdha  
Tar tonnaibh na díle 'na luíng thug mac Éason;  
Nó Déirdre chailce lér cailleadh na laochra,  
Nó Aoibheall ón Léithchraig an bhé mhaiseach bhúch?

[An tú Eilbhean chórach ón Fhórathris aeraigh,  
Nó Maoilin ón Aolchraig nó an spéir-bhruinneall cháidh  
Méadhbh chruthach Chruachann ba mhór cáil le féile  
Nó Clíodhna ón réidhchnoc an spéirlingeach mná.  
An tú Úna nó Aoife nó Íthe cnis aosta,  
Nó Fionnachaoimh ní Hangana ó Life na gcaolbharc,  
Nó Aoife ler doirteadh clann Lire san tréanmhuir,  
Nó Mór chluanach ón gClaonghlais a bhfuil a laochra ar lár?]

---

[*This verse is given in parentheses in Ua Duinnín, 1923.*]  
Are you fair Eilbhean of airy Fóraitheas  
Or Maoilin from Aolchraig, or the noble beauty  
Shapely Maeve of Cruachann, greatly famed for hospitality  
Or Clíodhna from the open hill, the woman from the skies  
Are you Úna or Aoife or Íthe of the worn skin  
Or Fionnachaoimh Ní Hangana from the Liffey of the graceful  
ships  
Or Aoife by whom the children of Lir were put in the mighty  
ocean  
Or deceitful Mór from Claonghlas [*killed her husband Mahon  
O'Collins in a jealous rage in 1266*] whose knights are laid low?

An tú Ceárnait cuir muilt 'na rochaib ar linnib,  
 Nó Blánaid an réilteann le scéim do ruib bárr,  
 Nó Sadhbh seil san éosal ón nSorm-bros mbráonaic,  
 Nó Sorcha ó Féile na nGéaraise is árd.  
 Aitcím ort, a ainneir, tabair t'ainm le léigean dain,  
 An easal uim dainio ót ainnarc it donar?  
 Ná fulaigh mé i bpeannaid mo éasna-sa réitit;  
 Le taise, le donnaic beir saor mé ón mbás.

Beirim go dearbhaic naic doinneac den buidín mé,  
 Cionn-mháic naic bruidne cé bit síad im páirt,  
 Ní cian duit a n-ainnarc má fannair im cuimneac  
 Go bfeicfir na ríona im timcheall as práisc;  
 Binneas tar binneas leat foirm a laoi  
 [Ó eitneim an tinnis seo an nOileis seo foillsic]  
 An Féile Eoin sul a dtiocfaid mar do scriosfar na millit,  
 Cuimnithe an feil as críoc leis fáil.

---

Are you Ceárnait who put mills turning on streams  
 Or the fair lady Blánaid who was supreme in beauty  
 Or bright Sadhbh without shelter, of the leaking blue house (?)  
 Or noble Sorcha from the swift stream of the Feale  
 I beseech you, O maiden, give me your name to read  
 Must I fear a calamity from seeing you alone  
 Do not make me suffer in pain, relieve my torment  
 With pity, free me humanely from death.

An tú Ceárnait chuir muilte 'na rothaibh ar linntibh,  
Nó Blánaid an réilteann le scéimh do rug bárr,  
Nó Sadhbh gheal gan chogal ón ngorm-bhrog mbraonach,  
Nó Siorcha ó Fhéile na ngéarchaise is árd.  
Aitchim ort, a ainnir, tabhair t'ainm le léigheamh damh·,  
An eagal liom dainid ót amharc it aonar?  
Ná fulaing mé i bpeannaid mo cheasna-sa réidhtigh;  
Le taise, le daonnacht beir saor mé ón mbás.

Bheirim go dearbhtha nach aoinneach den bhuidhin mé,  
Cionn-mhná gach bruidhne cé bhíd siad im pháirt,  
Ní cian duit a n-amharc má fhanair im chuimhdeacht  
Go bhfeicfir na ríoghna im thimcheall ag práisc;  
Binneas tar bhinneas leat foirm a laoithe  
[Ó eitnamh an tinnis seo an Nodlaig seo foillsigh]  
An Fhéile Eoin sul a dtiocfaidh mar do scriosfar na milltigh,  
Cuainighthe an fheill as críoch Inis Fáil.

---

I give my word in certainty that I am none of that crowd  
The foremost women in every conflict, though they are on my  
side  
Sight of them is soon if you remain in my company  
You shall see these queens disporting themselves  
Sweetness beyond sweetness to you the form of their lays  
From the pain (?) of this disease this Christmas announce (?)  
*[Dinneen (1923) has this line in parentheses]*  
Before the Feast of Saint John arrives when the destroyers will  
be wiped out  
This gang of treachery in the land of Ireland.

ÉIRE IS EADH M'AINM, AG BÚRAIBH AN BHÉARLA  
DOM MHÚCHADH IS DOM THRAOCHADH, DOM CHÉASADH IS DOM LOT;  
FÓDLA 'GUS BANBHA MO GHAIM AG ÉIGSE  
CÉ FADA MÉ IM MHÉIRDRIGH AG BÉARAIBH NA GCOR;  
LE BRIAN GEAL NA SOLAS-BHRAT CHEANGLAS CAOMHNADH  
IS 'NA DHIAIDH BHEIRIM CUMANN DO CHINE SCUIT ÉIBHIR,  
Ó RÁNGA MÉ I NGAIM AG GRATHAIN AN BHÉARLA  
LE SCIGE GO NGLAODHAID ORM PÁINTEACH NA N-UBH.

Éire is eadh m'ainm, ag búraibh an Bhéarla  
Dom mhúchadh is dom thraochadh, dom chéasadh is dom lot;  
Fódla 'gus Banbha mo ghairm ag éigse  
Cé fada mé im mhéirdrigh ag béaraibh na gcor;  
Le Brian geal na solas-bhrat cheanglas caomhnadh  
Is 'na dhiaidh bheirim cumann do chine Scuit Éibhir,  
Ó ránga mé i ngairm ag grathain an Bhéarla  
Le scige go nglaodhaid orm Páinteach na n-Ubh.

---

Éire is my name, by the churls of the English tongue  
Being smothered and oppressed, being tormented and destroyed  
I am called Fódla and Banbha by poets  
Though I am kept a long time in harlotry by the bears of iniquity  
I was united in protection with bright Brian of the flaming  
banners  
And after that I kept company with the Gaels of Éibhear  
Since I came to be at the disposal of the rabble of the English  
tongue  
In mockery they dub me the Fat One of the Eggs!



## 20. CRÍM AISLING ARAOIR.

CRÍM AISLING ARAOIR DO SMUADINEAS-SA,  
Is mé ar leabaid m'ín go clúdaíche,  
Go raib' ainnir 'na lúise go cneasta lem éaduib,  
Sur éitne a ghaol 'sa hiomáir liom;  
Do bí a folca dar linn go húr ar crí  
Ó bádas a cinn go slúin as rí  
A mama 'sa píop 'sa pearsa ar sac slí  
Rug barra ar an mhaol fuair uall mar shí.

Corruig' id' síde 'sus tionnlaic mé,  
Is ceangail do píop go huíal doo éirí,  
Ar fáilce glais doirí i ndoras an f'rainn,  
Béir bainnis is rinne ar siubal asainn.  
Mo scallad an té éiríad trúp annsinn,  
'S a n-airm gan teineal ar lúc ada,  
'S sur binne sac laoió dá gcanad sí linn,  
'Ná racairead' pípe an tsíúcaire.

---

## 20. Through My Dreaming Last Night.

Through my dreaming last night I supposed  
- And I covered up in a fine bed –  
That a maiden lay gently by my side  
That her countenance and carriage appealed to me  
Her tresses, I thought, were fresh, tremulous  
Flowing from the crown of her head to her knee  
Her breasts and her throat and her person in every way  
Excelled the woman (*Eve*) who received an apple as a gift.

## 20. Trím aisling araoir.

Trím aisling araoir do smuaineas-sa,  
Is mé ar leabaidh mhín go clúdaighthe,  
Go raibh ainnir 'na luighe go cneasta lem thaoibh,  
Gur thaitnigh a gnaoi 'sa hiomchar liom;  
Do bhí a folta dar linn go húr ar crith  
Ó bhathas a cinn go glúin ag rith  
A mama 'sa píop 'sa pearsa ar gach slighidh  
Rug barra ar an mnaoi fuair ubhall mar ghift.

Corruigh id shuidhe 'gus tionnlaic mé,  
Is ceangail do phíop go humhal dod chríos,  
Ar faithche ghlais aoid i ndoras an Fhrainng,  
Béidh bainnis is rinnce ar siubhal againn.  
Mo scalladh an té chídheadh trúip annsoin,  
'S a n-airm gan teimheal ar lúth aca,  
'S gur bhinne gach laoidh dá gcanadh sí linn,  
'Ná racaireacht phípe an tsiúcaire.

---

“Stir yourself up and attend to me  
And tie your pipe obediently to your belt  
On a noble, green field on the boundary of France  
We shall have feasting and dancing going on  
My scalding (? *avenger* ?) the one who would see troops there  
(?)  
And their flawless arms in action”  
And sweeter was every lay she recited  
Than the playing of the pipe of sugar (? *sweet(ly-sounding)*  
*pipe*?).

A fhir úd na pípe, dlúthaigh liom,  
Ó's tusa do bhí im churam-sa,  
Ná dearmaid maoidheamh le clanna na nGaidheal  
Go bhfuil fearann a sinsear chuca anois;  
Gach duine do bhí aca múchta i mbruid  
Do chaitheadh bheith síos i sconnsa fhliuch  
Caithfid sin díobh an donas gan moill  
Is béidh aithearrach dlíghidh le cúinse aca.

A fhir úd na pípe, dlúthaigh liom,  
Ó's tusa do bhí im churam-sa,  
Ná dearmaid maoidheamh le clanna na nGaidheal  
Go bhfuil fearann a sinsear chuca anois;  
Gach duine do bhí aca múchta i mbruid  
Do chaitheadh bheith síos i sconnsa fhliuch  
Caithfid sin díobh an donas gan moill  
Is béidh aithearrach dlíghidh le cúinse aca.

---

“You man of the pipe [*double entendre?*], embrace me  
As you are in my care  
Do not forget to tell the clans of the Irish  
That the lands of their ancestors are returning to them  
Every one of them who was smothered in trouble  
(And) who used to be (laid low) in a wet drain  
He will soon be without any harm  
And there will be a change of law as protection for them.”

## 21. Críom smuainte.

Ponn: Cáitlín Críall

Críom smuainte do beartas ar maidin inóe  
Sur glacas mar éirim taitneamh do rian,  
Cois laoi mé sur casaó i scaiteamh an lae,  
Ar éarrac na gréine fá scamallaió siar;  
Le haoibneasaió aitis do raideas do scléip,  
Ba binn suí na n-ealtan, ba taitneamhac glaoó,  
Ói im éimceall as cantain ar barra na ngeas  
Sur leasaoó so raon mé i taitneamh im niall.

San moill dam im ainm do shairmeaoó mé,  
So harcainneac éascaio i scarannas bias,  
Im suíde annsoin sur preabas as faire ar sac taoó  
Cár labair an saor-suí cneasta san scian;  
Tairóbsižeaoó dam so braca-sa maise sac bé  
Óár síolruiz ón aóir do ceapaoó roim don,  
Do soillsiž dom amarc an talamh 'san spéir  
Le dačanna séao ba taitneamhac niamh.

---

## 21. Through My Thoughts.

Air: Kathleen Tyrrell

Through my thoughts [*In my imagination?*] I resolved yesterday  
morning  
So that I assumed the intention to seek out pleasure  
By the Lee I chanced during the day  
When the sun drew back behind clouds  
In transports of delight I gave myself up to merriment  
The voice of the birds was sweet, their call was pleasing  
They were singing around me on the tops of the branches  
Until I fell in exhaustion in a swoon of sleep.

## 21. Tríom smuainte.

Fonn: Cáitlín Triaill

Tríom smuainte do bheartas ar maidin indé  
Gur ghlacas mar éirim taitneamh do rian,  
Cois Laoi mé gur casadh i gcaitheamh an lae,  
Ar tharrac na gréine fá scamallaibh siar;  
Le haoibhneasaibh aitis do raideas do scléip,  
Ba bhinn guth na n-ealtan, ba thaitneamhach glaodh,  
Bhí im thimcheall ag cantain ar bharra na ngéag  
Gur leagadh go faon mé i dtaiteamh im niall.

Gan mhoill damh im ainm do gairmeadh mé,  
Go harthainneach éascaidh i gcarthannas bias,  
Im shuidhe annsoin gur phreabas ag faire ar gach taobh  
Cár labhair an saor-ghuth cneasta gan scian;  
Taidhbhsigheadh damh go bhfaca-sa maise gach bé  
Dár shíolruigh ón athair do ceapadh roimh aon,  
Do shoillsigh dom amharc an talamh 'san spéir  
Le dathanna séad ba thaitneamhach niamh.

---

Soon I was called by name  
Piously (?), agreeably (?), in a manner of kindness (?)  
I jumped up looking all round to see  
Whence this kind, noble voice spoke, without anger  
It appeared to me that I saw the beauty of every woman  
Who is descended from the father who was created before all  
(Adam)  
The land and sky grew brighter to my eyes  
With colours of jewels of pleasing lustre.

Δ οἰοί-φοιτ τιυῖο δαιῖτε σο camarsac réiò  
 'Na slamaraiḃ slaoḃmāra 's peacaò so fīar,  
 mar fīiosaiḃ tar éaise éus oraḃain 'on nḡréis  
 fā noēara do mēdia taisteal leo i ḡcian;  
 Δ braoiῖte ba éarraingῖte ar a haiḡῖte ḡan bēim,  
 Δ claoḃ-rosca ḡlasa mar ḡeāmāra ar fēar,  
 Δ haolcōrp ba leaḃair éus masla don ḡréin,  
 'Sa pearsa dā réir ó bāiῖeas so fīar.

O'fiosruigēas dí le tarant a seanḡas saor  
 Δḡ aῖḡaint so tréan ar ainḡir na ḡiaḃ,  
 Oúinn fīos a hainme o'aiḡris ḡan bréas  
 Nó an ḡḡacraò mé tréimse so cneasta dā riār.  
 An tú bríoeac Éamna do b'eaḡanta léiḡeann  
 Ó riḡῖḃ an tailim fuair ceannas ban-oé?  
 Muna n-innsir so taraiò cār ḡaḃais dom éaoḃnaò  
 Is ḡairiò mo ḡaoḡal le haῖtuirse it óiaiò.

---

Her thick, lustrous locks in regular loops  
 Twisting to the grass in soft, flowing masses  
 As the (Golden) Fleece, that heroes brought over the sea to  
 Greece,  
 Causing Medea to travel afar with them (?)  
 Her eyebrows were drawn flawlessly on her face  
 Her fresh, glancing eyes like new growth of grass  
 Her graceful, white body put the sun to shame  
 And her (whole) person accordingly, from the crown of her head  
 to the grass.

A dlaoi-fholt tiubh daithte go camarsach réidh  
'Na slamaraibh slaodmhara 'g feacadh go fiar,  
Mar fhlíosaibh tar chaise thug dragain 'on nGréig  
Fá ndeara do Mhédia taisteal leo i gcian;  
A braoithe ba tharraingthe ar a haighthe gan bhéim,  
A claon-rosca glasa mar gheamhar ar féar,  
A haolchorp ba leabhair thug masla don ghréin,  
'Sa pearsa dá réir ó bhaitheas go fiar.

D'fhiosruigheas dí le tafant a seanchas saor  
Ag athchaint go tréan ar ainnir na gciabh,  
Dúinn fios a hainme d'aithris gan bhréag  
Nó an nglacfadh mé tréimhse go cneasta dá riar.  
An tú brídeach Eamhna do b'eaganta léigheann  
Ó righthibh an tailimh fuair ceannas ban-dé?  
Muna n-innsir go tapaidh cár ghabhais domh chaomhnadh  
Is gairid mo shaoghal le hathtuirse it dhiaidh.

---

I asked of her with urgency her noble history  
Strongly entreating the maiden of the curling hair  
To relate truly to me knowledge of her name  
Or should I spend a while paying attention to her  
“Are you the maiden from Eamhain of most wise learning  
Who was granted the supremacy of godhead by earthly kings  
Unless you tell me swiftly from whence you came to protect me  
My life after you will be grief because of sorrow.”

NÁ SMUAIN-SE IT AIGNE AR BEARTAIÐ CÓM BAOT  
 AGUS M'SAMAIL ZO NGÉILLPEAD CAITNEAM DUT SCIAL,  
 Cé élaoidéas-sa le malluigítead seala doem sáozal  
 O'fúis m'ainm dá sáozad i dtarcuisne i sáian;  
 le cinnteat 's le cleasaið do tarraingead mé  
 léir díolas mo éaraid o'fúis dealb mo éréad,  
 fá fíorsmaet as sallaib san éannus san réim,  
 as teacsanna daora dá scartad sácl bliadain.

Timceall le cleasaið mo beata is mo sáozal,  
 do b'fada le léigean dá n-aicrisinn iad,  
 Óm naoidéan mé san taitéac sur fánas le haos  
 dom éasairt mar céile do fílaib na dtrian  
 Ón scíia sur éistealas seala don sáreis  
 is timceall níor stadas zo talam hespéiria,  
 arís dam im ainm do éasas tar éis  
 le nsaírmio éis' díom caiclin triail.

---

“Do not think in your mind of such foolish deeds  
 Nor that one such as I should yield regard to your words (?)/  
 Though I surrendered to wickedness for a while in my life  
 So that my name was held in ignominy far and wide  
 By design and trickery I was drawn  
 So that I betrayed my kinsman (*Charles?*) leaving my tribe  
 destitute  
 Under dire bondage of foreigners, without supremacy or power  
 Under severe taxes, being expelled every year.



Ná smuain-se it aigne ar bheartaibh chómh baoth  
Agus m'shamhail go ngéillfeadh taitneamh dot scial,  
Cé chlaoidheas-sa le malluightheacht sealad dem shaoghal  
D'fhúig m'ainm dá ghlaodhach i dtarcuisne i gcian;  
Le cinnteacht 's le cleasaibh do tarraingeadh mé  
Lér dhíolas mo charaid d'fhúig dealbh mo thréad,  
Fá fhíorsmacht ag Gallaibh gan cheannus gan réim,  
Ag teacsanna daora dá gcartadh gach bliadhain.

Timcheall le cleasaibh mo bheatha is mo shaoghal,  
Do b'fhada le léigheamh dá n-aithrisinn iad,  
Óm naoidhean mé gan taitheac gur fhanas le haos  
Dom thagairt mar chéile do fhlaithibh na dtrian  
Ón Scythia gur thaistealas sealad don Ghréig  
Is timcheall níor stadas go talamh Hespéria,  
Arís damh im ainm do chasas tar éis  
Le ngairmid éigs' díom Caitlín Triail.

---

A roundabout game (long story) are my existence and life  
They are lengthy to read if I relate them  
Without substance from my infancy until age came upon me  
Destined (*from infancy*) to be the spouse of chieftains of  
baronies  
From Scythia I travelled a while to Greece  
And I did not cease wandering until (I arrived in) the land of  
Hisperia  
And afterwards again I changed my name  
So poets call me Kathleen of the Journeying.  
[Cáitlín Triaill: *Kathleen of the Journeying, Wandering  
Kathleen, Kathleen Tyrrell in the O'Carolan poem.*]

bA líonmáir im aice mo clanna is mo cléir,  
 bA lannamail faobrac saisceamail trian,  
 Sác namáir orca dá tacaó le barracas baosail  
 le haitris scéil ní casfaó a trian;  
 Sur síolruiš slíocht Cailbín a ndanair 'sa scraos  
 I n-intleact, i mbeacta 's i mbailte mo laoc,  
 As oíbir tar caise le dearbair clon  
 Sác pearsa bí tréiteac carctannaic fial.

Dá druim sin beir racmas as clanna na nSaeóeal  
 So fairsing i réim 's i sceannas dá riad,  
 Beir saoirse aca ar talamh sa bpearrannaið réir  
 Agus galla-þuic tréit fá'n ama dá sciap  
 As síolrac na bflača cá dealb ó scléip,  
 I n-dolbrošaið geala 's ar eacaið so tréan,  
 Fionta aca is beacuisce 'á scaipeað gan spéis,  
 Sin aicriste an scéal ar Cailín Triail.

---

My clans and my clerics were plentiful about me  
 Who were valiant, arms-wielding, feat-performing, strong  
 Any enemy coming on them (would be) in excess of danger  
 I shall not begin to relate (even) a third of their story  
 Until the seed of Calvin took possession, with their savagery and  
 avarice,  
 For the souls, the livelihoods, and the homesteads of my heroes  
 Expelling them over the sea with treacherous treaties  
 - Every person who was gifted, affable, generous.

Ba líonmhar im aice mo chlanna is mo chlér,  
Ba lannamhail faobhrach gaisceamhail trian,  
Gach namhaid ortha dá dtagadh le barrachas baoghail  
Le haithris scéil ní chasfadh a dtrian;  
Gur shíolruigh sliocht Chailbhin a ndanair 'sa gceas  
I n-intleacht, i mbeatha 's i mbailte mo laoch,  
Ag díbirt tar chaise le dearbhaidh claon  
Gach pearsa bhí tréitheach carthannach fial.

Dá dhruim sin beidh rachmas ag clanna na nGaedheal  
Go fairsing i réim 's i gceannas dá riar,  
Beidh saoirse aca ar thalamh sa bhfearannaibh réidh  
Agus galla-phuic tréith fá'n ama dá gciap  
Ag síolrach na bhflatha tá dealbh ó scléip,  
I n-aolbhroghaibh geala 's ar eachaibh go tréan,  
Fíonta aca is beathuisce 'á scaipeadh gan spéis,  
Sin aithriste an scéal ar Chaitlín Triail.

---

Because of that ((*Putting*) *that to the back* ? *In the future* ?) the  
clans of the Irish shall have wealth  
Generous, in authority, in supreme control  
They shall have freedom in their land and ready holdings  
And foreign bucks weakened, harassed under the yoke  
Of the seed of the nobles who are (now) bereft of pleasure  
Their wines, their whiskey, distributed without restraint  
Thus is told the story of Kathleen of the Journeying.

*In mythology, the Gaels are descended from Fenius Farsa, a Scythian king who settled in Egypt, where his son Niul married the daughter Scota of the Pharaoh; who had a son Goidel; whose great-grandson was called Eber Scot. These personal names give rise to the various collective names by which the Gaels are known. The proto-Gaels were expelled from Egypt for refusing to join in the persecution of the Israelites, and their resulting wanderings through Africa and the Middle East, on to Spain and ultimately to Ireland, are referred to in this poem.*

## 1. Im leabaidh áréir - In my bed last night.

néall: cloud, mist, swoon, trance; clóo: figure, appearance; glé: bright pure; geanaí: amiable, smiling, affectionate, modest; béal-tais: soft-lipped; óg: young, new, fresh; casta: rolled, folded; cas: intertwined; craoir: purple, scarlet, blood-red; óréim: climbing, contending, expecting, thinking; óréimire: ladder; óréimreac: scaling, waving, in long strands; báclac: curled; baiceas: crown of the head; carn: heap; folc: head of hair; mair: brilliant; péarlac: pearl-bright; camarsac: twisted, curled; slaothaim: I flow in loose masses (of the hair); fionn: inert; tais: damp, fresh, soft, tender; fionn-tais: delicately soft.

luisne: blush; lonnrao: a mass of brightness; someana: serene, pleasant, innocent; súgac: pleasant, merry; clúmaí: renowned, distinguished; múirneac: amiable; moðmaí: polite, elegant; miochar: affable, gentle; maiseamail: comely; clao: deceit, intrigue; dearc: eye; clao-dearc: enticing eye; réir: ready, smooth; glas: green, grey, bluish-grey, silvery, bright, lustrous; réir-glas: of soft, bright colour; réig: sharp (of the eye); péim: pain; broir: difficulty; braoi: eyebrow; ruibe: hair; séis: a strain of music, voice, conversation; séim: mild, gentle, modest, gracious; fionn: fair; crob: hand; gléasaim: I set in order, prepare; beanna-poc: horned buck; com: plural of cú = dog, hound; allta: wild, fierce, savage; cú allaid: wolf (? also mountain spinach (a kitchen garden plant)?); cruinn: round, complete, gathered-up, perfect; cruinn-bair: sound ship; oíon: shelter, defence; coméasc: conflict, contending; maíre: plain, field, battlefield; brat: mantle, banner, layer (of paint); sról: satin.

Saoth: saige, dart; seol: sail, direction, guidance; seargaim: I wither; gne: outward appearance; anachair: distress, misery; taom: drop (e.g. of water), torrent, fit, disease; taomac: fitful, vexed; creic: prostrate, weak; tap: swift, activity;

αβαιῶ: sprightly, mature; σλέαῖται: I bow in reverence; μάσκαλαῖ: maiden; αἰτῶμαι: I entreat; νέαι: ναι, colour, brightness; -ζέω: (*in compounds*) a person, being; αἰμα: class, kind; τρέω: flock, tribe, race; τρεῶ: race, tribe; ὄρεω: ὄρεω, crowd, company, class; εἰσκαίμαι: I spring from, descend from; πόρ: race, family.

ὀύλω: refusal, rejection; ῥινη(ε)-θεῖαι: fair lady; ὑμῶμαι: I bow down in reverence; ὀύς: lust, adultery; κυλ: impediment, prohibition, sin, lust, wickedness, incest, blood relationship; κρόν: any dark shade of red; κρόν-ῥυς: swarthy bucks, the English; βέ: lady; νοῖ: who; αἰσκαίμαι: I change, move residence; σέω: mild, pleasing, graceful; κίον: affection; κεῖναι: fond, beloved; κεῖναι: powerful, commanding, haughty, noble; ζέω: brightness; βρυνη: fair lady, beautiful maiden; σεῖω: a space of time; ἀρ βόρ: on board, in one's possession; αἰσκαίμαι: I ravage, spoil; αἰσκαίμαι: a plundered person; εἰσκαίμαι: needy; ὀύς: dregs; κυμῶς: rabble; κίω: spiteful; μέω: traitorous; κίω: crooked, deceitful.

ῥέω: time, period, phase, lifetime, reign; κεῖναι: κεῖναι, κίοναι, love, friendship; σκίω: joy, pleasure; σεῖω: comfort; ῥέω: esteem, pre-eminence; ῥέω: attention, demand; κίω: protection; αἰμα: mirth; τέω: I approach; ὄρεω: dragon, warrior; ὄρεω: lion, hero, champion; μέω: spirit, courage; ῥέω: course, power, authority.

ἰώω: abundance; πύω: πύω, a difficult point in debate (e.g. mathematics, grammar), turning point; ῥέω: ῥέω, worthiness; κυμῶς: help, protection; μάω: μάω, endearment, fondling; μέω: harlot, hussy, a country ruled by a usurper or changing its ruler often; ὄρεω: dane, savage; κίω: Scuit: descendants of Scotus, the Irish race; ὄρεω: I banish; σκίω: I bind, unite, knot;

ῥεασταλάδ: ready, free, provident, generous; πραιταινν: preatann, parchment; κοῖναδ: *last two lines of quatrain in ὁᾶν* οἶρεάδ, *hence* verse, poetry; ρυρε: over-king, knight, lord.

Κιοῶ: κίοῶ, although; γλυς: light, brightness, halo; τάρκυσνε: insult; τρεαῖαιμ: I plough, serve, act; τρέιτ: prostrate, weak; ὁασκαρ: dregs, rabble; céim: degree, deed, task, circumstance, adventure; ὁαοῦ: beetle (*abusive*); σνῶδ: σνυαῶ, countenance; κάλμαδ: stout, brave; κραοσαδ: ferocious, wrathful; λέτορμεαδ: valiant, strong; λαννῖμαρ: strong, brave (*from* λανν: spear); τρεας: battle, battle-rank; τρεον: τρέαν, strong, virile, powerful, brave, intense; ὁεαῖβ: empty, poor, destitute; πέις: feast; σέις: strain of music.

Compláct: company; cuiripe: cuirpe, vicious; τρυπινneaδ: ?; τρύπεαδ: abounding in troops; τρύμπαδ: ? victorious?; ῥόρσαδ: forceful, strong; γλέ: bright, pure; ῥαοῖαρ: edge, steel, weapon arms; τάρησαραιμ: I prophesy; βλαῖαρ: flattery; βεαρτ: fact; εἰσεας: poet; εἰσε: the body of poets; ὁρέαδ: a poem, poetry; ὁειγίλτ: separation; βέαρ: bear, Englishman; βραταινν: standard, aegis; ὀίξ: virgin.

Μανσαρε: pedlar, dealer, retailer; μέιτ: fat; τρέαδ: herd, tribe; ῥεαρτ: virtue, power, merit, miracle; πόιτ: drink.

Conṣantáδ: helpful; cúrsaδ: given to travelling; ταοσκαίμ: I drain, drink up; ῥαρραῶ: a company; ἰμ ῥαρραῶ: with me; οἶomas: pride; ἰονναρβαιμ: I expel; σαοιρσε: freedom, independence, franchise, immunity, freehold; γρεῖοιμ: love; ραῶαιρσε: abundance; σιγίλ: wretched, unheeded; ciste: chest, store, treasure.

## 2. 1 γκαοῦ-δοιρε - In a graceful oakwood.

Καοῦ: narrow, slender, graceful; δοιρε: oakwood; κλυτάρ: shelter, recess; κλυτῖμαρ: well-sheltered. comfortable; νέαιμ:-

niam-, bright, glossy, lustrous; ouille: leaf; ouilleac: leafy; féc: quiet, bashful, shy; singil: single, alone, lonely; féc-singil: greatly distressed (*Dinneen*), very lonely; tréc: weak, disabled, faint, feeble; tuirse: fatigue, affliction, grief; raon: weak, faint; caomnas: caomneas, kindness, gentleness; bile: tree, champion; glas: green, verdant, grey, fresh; spéir: sphere, firmament, sky, air, brightness, beauty; bruinne: breast; bruinneall: bruinn-šeal, beautiful woman, girl; omeac: emeac, face, countenance, honour, hospitality, mercy; céim: step, degree, dignity; caom: gentle, tender, tranquil; taosc: flowing; fuídeac: free, copious, fluent; daol-: black, gloomy; teimeal: darkness, defect, tarnish; ácáð: ášaið, face.

Céib: ciab, hair; réir-: smooth, loose; olai: lock (of hair), wisp; slaoth: swath, layer, pile, sliding mass; slaoth-criú: in a trembling layer; bís: vice (*mechanical*), curl; ar bís: in spirals, spiralling; caol: narrow, slender, graceful; ruibe: a single hair, a blade (of grass); ruinn: rinn, point, apex; ruicéan: ray, flash, gleam; claoon-ruicne: wanton flames; braoi: eyebrow; saóšao: saíšeao, arrow, dart; claoiríom: I defeat, destroy, oppress; tapad: tapad, alertness, speed, vigour; treoir: guide, direction, conduct, purpose, initiative; luisne: blaze, sheen, blush; caor-luisne: berry-red blush; caom: gentle, fair; suíde: sitting, besieging; suíom: I sit, encamp; séar-íomad: sharp contention; pléiríom: I plead, contest, fight; síosma: schism, quarrel, opposition; pléir-síosma: struggle for mastery; spéirliug: storm, violence, combat; réilteann: star, fair lady; créac: wound, scar; ciorrbáim: I cut, hew, destroy; créac-ciorrbáim: I destroy by wounding; curad: warrior, champion; taom: drop, flow, overflow, fit.

Snoiríom: I hew, chisel, sculpture; téacs-snoicte: with polished sentences; friotal: expression, word (*esp. spoken*); géar-friotal: acute saying; caom: gentle, mild, pleasing; séis: science, skill, music, conversation; séis-binneas: melodious sweetness, sweet melody; síoð: abode of fairies; síde: *adjectival genitive of*

síōð, fairy, magic; sīðe: blast, gush, rush, (cf. sīðe ζαοιτ̃e, sheegee, whirlwind); canaim: I sing, chant, recite, say; ðéað: tooth; léir-çuirim: I set completely; cíor: comb, row, set; miočair: kind, affable, mild; mín: smooth, gentle, delicate; maζað: mockery, jibe, ridicule, absurdity; móið: pledge, oath, imprecation; λaom: blaze (*of fire*); coip: froth, fermentation; λaom-çuirp: sparkling foam; fpaoc: storm, fury; linn: pool, water, sea; fpaoc-linn: stormy sea; píop: throat; ζlan: clear, pure, bright; ζloine: ζlaine, brightness; ζréin-ζloine: refulgence; léiriζim: I give rise to, set, arrange; criostal léiriζt̃e: displaying crystal?, telescope?; míor: supremacy; fíoζar: figure, outline, shape, appearance; clóð: form; maíse: benefit, goodness, beauty, (cf. “*masher*”).

ζéar: sharp, sharp-pointed, keen, well-defined; cruinn: round, full, complete, perfect; néam̃: niam̃, colour, brightness; zeal: bright, white, translucent (*esp. of the skin*); néam̃-ζile: colour brightness; néam̃-léanuiζt̃e: neam̃-léanuiζt̃e, unwounded, inviolate, untouched; ban-čara: female friend, wife, consort; leom̃an: lion, champion, hero; aon-oíðeas: unique learning; léiζεann-tuizse: learned acuteness; téacsá: text, sentence; téacs-fóirm: sentence; λaorð: lay, poem, lyric, song; nós: custom, manner, style, practice; réim: course, authority, power, period; ciste: chest, store, treasure; ríom̃aim: I compose, set in order, explain, enumerate; tréan-truime: powerful weight; béim: flaw; béimim: I cut, strike at; béimneac̃: béimeannač̃, striking, violent, cutting; spéirliuζ: storm; creáctaim: I wound; creáctnuizim: I wound; méirleac̃: thief, villain; téarnuizim: téarnaim, I escape, escape death, recover from; maíom̃: crushing, fighting.

ðaoč: “soft”, foolish, weak; sceim̃: start, flight, escape, jump; ðaoč-sceim̃: quiet leap (*Dinneen*); éaðtrom̃: light; éaðtruime: in lightness, lightly(?); sléáctaim: I bow, submit; ríob̃: lark, fair lady; folc̃: hair; çarn-folc̃: massy tresses; maorðá: majestic; críoc̃: furrow, boundary, territory, land;



ΣΑΟΤΡΥΙΪΜ: I labour, cultivate, get, earn; ΨΛΑΝ: pure, fair, clear;  
 CΡΑΟΒ: branch, garland, palm of victory; ΜΑΙΣΕ: beauty; ΡΙΟΣ:  
 knowledge, insight; CΑΟΙ: weeping, lamenting, mourning; ΕΪΡΙΜ:  
 course, combat, force, tendency, ability, skill, point or substance  
 of an argument; CΡΥΙΝΝ: round, exact; ΘΕΛΑΡ: ΘΕΟΡ, tear; silim: I  
 shed; CΑΟΙΘ: lament; ΡΟΙΛΣΙΪΜ: I show, reveal, publish,  
 explain, describe; ΤΥΨΑΙΜ ΘΟ: I give to, enable to, cause to;  
 ΤΕΛΑΝΝΑΗ: escaping, recovering, approaching; ΡΙΝΕ: family,  
 tribe, nation; ΨΑΟΛ-ΡΙΝΕ: relatives; ΤΡΕΛΑΘ: flock, herd, crowd,  
 race, generation, family; ΕΔΑΡΑΙΜ: I refuse, deny; ΡΙΟΜΑΙΜ: I  
 count, tell, explain, recite, set in order, weave, compose (a  
 poem); ΟΙΪ: virgin.

ΤΕΛΑΘ: rope, musical string; ΟΡΘΕ: tutor; ΟΡΘΕΑΣ: instruction,  
 counsel; ΠΥΜΠ: pomp, pride, ostentation; ΔΟΝΤΥΙΪΜ: I grant;  
 ΡΙΟΪΑΝ: queen, fair maiden (*often pronounced* ΡΙΟΪΑΝ);  
 ΜΟΘΑΜΑΙΛ: mannerly, gracious, modest; CΑΟΗ-CΕΑΝΨΑΛ: fair  
 union; CΑΟΗΝΑΣ: CΑΟΗΝΕΑΣ, kindness, gentleness; ΕΪΘΕΑΡ:  
*leader of first Gaels in Ireland*; ΡΕΙΜ: course, sway, authority;  
 ΡΕΙΜ-CΙΟΝ: a career of affection; ΣΙΟΤΑC: peaceful, calm; ΛΕΙΡ-  
 CΡΥΙΝΝΙΪΜ: I gather completely; CΟΙΡ: band, army; CΛΑΟΝ-  
 CΟΙΡΕ: CΛΑΟΝ-CΟΙΡ, wicked band; ΔΟΝ-CΥ: chief hound  
 (*derogatory*), leader, ruler; ΡΑΟΒΑΡ: edge, blade, weapon;  
 ΡΑΟΒΑΡ-CΥΛΑΙΤΕΑC: steel-suited, armoured; ΕΔΤΥΙΪΜ: I clothe,  
 dress in armour; ΕΙΛΕΑΗ: plea, cause, charge, demand; ΒΕΙΜ-  
 ΒΡΙΨΕΑΘ: defeat with blows; ΛΕΑΝΑΙΜ: ΛΕΟΝΑΙΜ, I damage,  
 afflict, injure, violate, ruin, destroy; ΜΑΟΘΜ: ΜΑΙΘΜ, crushing,  
 fighting; ΣΕΑΛΑΘ: a space of time.

ΘΙΛ: beloved, fond, loyal; ΕΔCΤ: deed, exploit; ΕΔCΤΑC: deed-  
 doing, powerful, magnificent; ΘΑΟΝΝΑCΤ: the human race,  
 human nature; ΘΑΟΝΝΑCΤΑC: humane, clement; ΡΙΟΝΝ: fair,  
 white, beautiful, happy; ΣΝΑΙΘΜΙΜ: I bind, unite, unite with;  
 CΙCΤΕ: treasure; ΣΑΟΡ-CΙCΤΕ: noble treasure; CΑΟΗΝΥΙΪCΤΕΑC:  
 protecting, protective; CΑΟΡ: red berry, flame; CΑΟΡ-ΜΙΛΛΕΑΘ:

destruction by fire; *inneall*: machine, device; *cláon-inneall*: evil machination; *clé*: left, sinister; *clé-cúmann*: perverse company; *clíab*: basket, ribs, chest, breast; *búime*: nurse, mother; *éirliúim*: I slaughter, wreak havoc on; *címe*: captive; *saoib-címe*: foolish captive; *asail*: discourse; *aoðaire*: herdsman, guardian.

*ḡaol*: kindred; *riúim*: I weave; *riúte*: intertwined, bound up with; *ar tóis*: *ar tús*, in the beginning; *bile*: tree, champion; *sealbhúim*: I possess; *ríomás*: that I enumerate; *tí*: want, ruin; *daor*: ignoble; *daorscar*: dregs (of people); *éicead*: perjury, falsehood; *cláon-read*: perverse law or custom; *ríogad*: kingdom; *don-cás*: sole cause; *éigean*: force; *taolaim*: I shed, drop; *cúisle*: vein, pulse; *saoir-cúisle*: free stream; *ponn*: pleasure, desire, longing, intensity, energy, eagerness; *saoir-cúisle púinn*: a free tear-stream of longing (*Dinneen*); *taoscaim*: I drain; *taosc-sru*: full-tide; *danair*: Danes, savages.

*bhrinneall*: beautiful lady; *glé*: bright, pure; *gné*: outward appearance; *snoir*: I hew, sculpture; *gné-shu*: of well-cut or comely features; *glé-tuiscead*: of clear understanding; *greann*: fun, humour, affection, esteem; *riotal*: word, speech; *oread*: a part or division, piece, song, poem, tale; *oreadaim*: I tell, report; *ríomaim*: I count, explain, narrate; *caol-chru*: graceful harp; *aol-brú*: lime-white mansion; *críoch*: boundary, territory; *óí*: virgin.

*Créim*: *creim*, gnawing, corrosion, bite, pain; *créim-cinead*: malicious race; *daoraim*: I condemn; *daorad*: damned; *spéir-cóinneal*: a bright candle; *Éilze*: *Eilze*, *genitive of Eilze*, Ireland; *sprot*: sprat, mean creature; *cláon-sproit*: treacherous or perverse rabble; *éicead*: perjury, falsehood.

*An t-an*: *an t-am*, when; *séim*: mild, tender, pleasing; *riotal*: expression, (spoken) word; *pras*: abundant, free, nimble; *pras-*

ΔΕΡΑĆ: light as a shower (*Dinneen*); SCEINNIM: I jump away; ΤΑΡΑΘ: alertness, speed; ΤΑΡΑΙΘ: quick, dexterous; SCÓIP: scope, stretch, freedom, joy; ΞΕΛΤ: mad person; ΔΟΝ-ΞΕΛΤ: uniquely mad person; ΝΕΛΛ-SCΑΜΑΛΛ: dark cloud; ΘΑΟΛ: beetle; ΘΑΟΛ-ΘΟΥΘ: jet-blackness; SCΙΑΜ: outline, face, beauty; SCÉIM-ĆRUĆ: beauty of appearance; ΞΗΑΟΙ: countenance, appearance; SCÉΛΛUÍŹIM: I announce, relate; SCÍOΚΘΑΙΜ: I flee, rush; CΑΟΛ-ΤSRUĆ: narrow stream, graceful stream; SEΛΛΑΘ: a while, a (space of) time.

### **3. Μο ĆΑΣ! μο ĆΑΟΙ! μο ĆΕΑΣΝΑ! - My trouble! My lament! My torment!**

CÁS: cause, case, trouble; CΑΟΙ: lament; CEΑΣΝΑ: difficulty, great need; ΕΑΣΒΑΙΘ: want, need, necessity; ΡΑΙΘ: prophet, learned man, poet; ΘΡΑΟΙ: druid, augur, magician, poet; ΘÁM: tribe, company, academy (*of bards, artists etc.*); CLÉIK: clerics, poets, clergy; ΡÍΟMΑΙΜ: I enumerate, relate, compose; ΑΙΤΕΑΣ: repose, pleasure, fun; ΞΡΕΑΝΝ: fun, mirth, humour; SPREΔΞΑΙΜ: I admonish, exhort, incite, speak with fluency, play with verve; ΒÁN-ΘΡΟŹ: white mansion; ΚÉΡΘ: clear, ready, calm, agreeable; ΡÁIB: a strong, generous person, a hero, scion; CEΑNNΑΣ: headship, authority, power; CEΑΝΑΣ: CIONΑΣ, love, friendship; ΤΑΡΑΙΘ: quick, dexterous; ΡΑΟΘΑΡ: edge, weapon; ΣĆΑΤ: estate.

CÁSΑΙΜ: I bewail, complain; ΟΙΘΕΑΘ: slaying, death (by violence), tragedy, doom, fate; SEΔΘAC: hawk, champion; SCÍM: a fine covering, a fairy mist, a film of sleep, a doze, vision; ΘÁIL: pouring out, distributing, conferring, convention, meeting; SÍLM: I think; ΞΟ SÍLEAC: ? thought-provoking?, causing to blink, eye-closing (*Dinneen*); SEΔSCAIK: pleasant, comfortable; ΤÁM: rest, sleep, trance; ΤÁMÁĆ: still, motionless; ΤÍM: spiritless (*Dinneen*); 'ΤÍM: I see; ΤΑΙΣ: damp, fresh, tender; ΤΑΙΣΕ: moistness, tenderness, pity, sympathy, (*also* – a mark or sign, shadow or ghost); ΘÍĆ: want, absence, ruin; ΤΑΡΑΘ: alertness, swiftness, activity; ΝΕΛΛ: cloud, mist, swoon, trance; SPÁS: a

period of time; ƿǻnāc: (*adjective*) wandering, (*noun*) wanderer; ʒrinn: sharp, accurate, clear; aīslinʒ: vision; íoʒmāR: íoʒaīR, sharp, acute, enthusiastic, emotional; aībīrō: ābāīrō, ripe, mature, vigorous, lively; tǻčaim: I join together; blāðāR: flattery, coaxing; scāīl: brightness, a shade of colour; íoʒāR: ƿíʒāR, figure, outline (of the face); leāca: cheek, any flat sloping surface; mǻnla: mild, affable; mín: fine, gentle.

Cǻbla: cable, chain, rope; cǻblāc: in thick clusters (of the hair); cíoraim: I comb, set in order; casaim: I twist, twine, plait; tǻclā: tackle, cable, anything twisted; tǻclāc: curled, falling in tresses; ōlāoi: lock, tress; ōāčāc: (strong- *or* bright-) coloured; scāīne: crack, fissure, skein; scāīnneāc: fissured, in skeins or locks; trīllseāc: trīllseāc, in tresses, illumined, in plaits; ƿáīnneāc: ringletted; blāč-ƿōlc: blooming or beautiful hair; beann: point, peak; bīneāc: beannaāc, peaky, in flounces (*of the hair*); beārt: fact, deed, bunch, heap; beārtāc: in clusters or heaps; cārnaāc: cārnaāc, in heaps (*of the hair*); bīs: vice, spiral, curl; bīseāc: curled, ringletted; snāīrōmim: I knot, unite; snāīrōmeāc: knotted; ōlāč: ōlāʒ, ōlāoi, lock, tress; leāðāR: tenuous, long, limber, svelte, free, graceful; tǻč: act of welding, joining, compressing; tǻīč-leāðāR: in long locks, long and loose (*Dinneen*); scāīl: brightness; mǻnla: mild, affable; mín: fine, gentle; maīse: benefit, goodness, success, agreeableness, beauty; tǻčaim: tǻčuiʒim, I weld, unite; scēīm: scīāīn, outline, appearance, face, beauty; sāīn: tranquil, pleasant; rosc: eye; rīnn: sharp, keen; tapāð: alertness, speed, vigour; sāsta: contented, pleasing; sīnim: I extend; māla: eyebrow; snoīrōim: I hew, carve; caol: slender, graceful.

ðrǻʒā: neck, throat; ʒnāoi: pleasure, love, beauty, countenance; eāla: swan; cƿōð: hand; loīða: lime-white; leāðāR: long, smooth, graceful; rīōīnaim: I weave, count, compose; brāc: cloak, garment, cloth, flag; cǻʒ: jackdaw; mīol: animal; mīol mōR: whale; mīol ʒeāRƿ: hare; bān: plain, dry pasture land, river-side pasture; cārnað: heaping up, massing; coīneāscar:

conflict; *seabac*: hawk, warrior; *ḡair*: cry, noise; *ḡreadaim*: I burn, whip, press upon, urge, excite, strike; *ḡreadað*: wringing, beating; *ealca*: flock, crowd, (*also* hilt); *cluṡmar*: close, warm, well-sheltered; *cluṡar*: *clioṡar*, shelter, recess; *sáṡ*: tranquil, pleasing; *aiſce*: metre, poem, composition, pattern; *ḡiḡeall*: remainder, an excess in metre; *ḡrinn*: sharp, accurate, clear; *blasaim*: I taste, test, relish.

*ḡailceann*: *ḡeal-ḡionn*, fair lady; *bíothaim*: I start, rouse, startle; *bíothað*: start, leap, vigour; *crioṡ*: quaking, trembling, (*plural* *creaṡa*); *ṡáṡ*: rest, repose; *ṡáṡac*: still, motionless, invisible(?); *ae*: liver, heart; *ṡaiḡeao*: arrow; *ṡeart*: dart; *slípeac*: *slíobac*, polished, edged, piercing; *sleamain*: smooth, slippery; *ṡáṡaim*: I join together; *ráirt*: part, side, behalf, friendship, love; *bé*: maid, woman; *spás*: period of time, delay; *ḡascað*: embrace; *crum*: round, exact, proper(?); *láireac*: immediately; *ball*: limb, spot, place; *láireac bail*: then and there; *ainnir*: maiden; *máil*: mild, affable; *léiḡim*: I read, proclaim, recite; *cáirde*: respite, delay, credit, “tick”; *ṡánaim*: *ṡaomaim*, I bend, yield, refrain.

*Sealao*: space of time; *ṡíṡ*: want, lack; *ṡár*: *ṡarr*, lower part (*of something*), belly; *ṡríṡar*: dregs; *ṡannair*: Danes, savages; *árouiḡim*: I cause to rise, am the cause of; *léan*: sorrow; *cráin*: general name for a female, connoting prolific motherhood; *cráin*: *cráin ṡuice*, sow; *cnaoiṡim*: I pine away; *cnaoiṡce*: spent; *ṡál*: issue (*e.g. of milk*); *ḡiṡeac*: free, copiously; *ball*: limb, place; *ál*: progeny, brood, litter; *ṡaoiſce*: churl, boor; *clao*: inclined, prejudiced, perverse, evilly inclined, wicked; *cuiḡe*: proper, seemly; *ṡaṡail*: copy, like, likeness; *ḡlacaim* *ráirt cum ḡrinn*: take part in pleasure(?); *áiream*: reckoning; *áiream ḡiom*: reckoning on my behalf (?); *ḡiḡleac*: leavings, balance, remnant, more than what is required; *arm*: weapon, armour, army; *mao*: officer.

ΠΛΑΣ: flattery, deceit; ΠΑΛ: hedge, protection; ΠΑΙΡΤΕΛΑÇ: affectionate, intimate; ΣΠΑΣ: length of time, delay; ΡΙΘΒ: lark, fair lady; ΑΙΤÇÌΜ: I beg, ask, beseech; ΡΑΣ: race, tribe; ΚΡΑΘΒ: branch, genealogical branch, House; ΠΥΙΚΜ: form, fashion, style; ΒΕΑΣ: custom, habit, what is usual; ΤΟÇΤ: fit; ÇΑΟΙΘ: weeping; ΣΑΟΙ: expert, master of art, cultured person; ΣΝΑΙΘΜΙΜ: I join, unite; ΑΙΤΚΕΛΒ: dwelling, abode; ÇΑΙΘ: noble; CUMAS: power (*genitive used as adjective*); ΣÇΙΟΡΘΑΙΜ: I fly quickly; ΑΙCME: sort, kind, class, tribe, battalion; ΘΙΟΜΑΣ: pride; ΘΙΟΜΣΑÇ: haughty, proud; ΛΒΑΙΘ: ripe, mature; ΤΡΑÇ: time, occasion, opportunity; ΘΙΟ-ÇΥΙΡΙΜ: I put down, subdue; ΡΕΙΜ: course, sway, authority.

ΙΜ ΠΑΙΡΤ: on my behalf; ΣΕΛΒΑÇ: hawk, champion; ΣΥΙΘΙΜ: I pray, request, beseech; ΘΡΑ: ΘΡΑΘ, drawback, disability, oppression; ΠΑ ΘΡΑ ΝΑ ΘΑΟΙΡΣΕ: under the heel of despotism; ΣΕΑΣΑΜ: standing, standing guard, staying constant; ΤΡΑÇ: time, opportunity; ΠΕΑΝΝΑΙΘ: pain; ΣΑΜ-ÇΟΙΛ: benign will; ΙΘΘΒΑΙΡΤ: offering, sacrifice, immolation; ΙΣΒΙΡΤ: ΙΟΣΒΑΙΡΤ, hardship, abuse; ΠΙΟÇ: rage; ΠΑΝΑÇ: wandering (*adj.*), wanderer (*noun*); ΣÇΑΜΑΛΛ: cloud, darkness; ΣΡΑΘΑΜ: esteem, pre-eminence; ΣΠΑΣ: period of time; ΑΙΤΚΕΛΒ: dwelling, abode; ΤΑΡ: ΤΑΡΡ, end, bottom, lower part; ΣΠΡΟÇ: sprat, sprats mean creatures, rabble; ΤΑΡ-ΣΠΡΟÇ: contemptible tribe; ΜΕΛΒΑΛ: deceit; ÇΑΡΝΑΘ: slaughter; ΝΑ: Ι Ν-Α, in their (?).

ΑΙΤΚΕΛΒ: dwelling, abode; ΣΡΟΙΘΕ: great, brave, spirited, generous, hearty; ÇΕΑΝΝΑΣ, ÇΕΑΝΑΣ, ÇΙΟΝΑΣ, love, friendship; ΠΑΡΡΑ: with them; ΤΑΙΝ: a company (*of heroes*); ΠΑΘΒΑΡ: edge, weapon; ΣÇΑΙΡΕΛΘ: dispersion; ΣΑΙΡΘΕΛÇΑΣ: joy, gladness; ΣΑΙΡΘΕΛÇΑΣ ΠΙΛΕΑΡ: volley in salute (?); ÇΑΛΑΙÇ: channel, ferry, sea, (*Dinneen*: shore, port, harbour, haven, ferry); ΘΙΟΣΑΙΜ: ΘΙΥΣΑΙΜ, I drink, drain.

4. mo léan le luad̥ - My woe to relate.

Ἰέαν: woe, affliction; Ἰαυῖοιμ: I speak, utter; ἀτυῖρσε: distress, sorrow, weariness; βυαῖντ: baint; τεῖασc: task; céαστα: tortured, tormented; τῶῶc: weak, powerless; συῶδ: seer, poet; σεῖνῶc: historiographer, genealogist, recorder; σεῖνῶc: history, lore, ancient law, minute description, pedigree, story; ζείβεῖν: fetter, prison; ἀνακαῖρ: affliction, calamity, distress; ἀνα-ῶν: bad shape or appearance, (“ἀν” sometimes signifies accentuation, sometimes negation); κῆιμ: course, power, authority; βῖλε: tree, champion; ἰόνν: strong, ardent, brave; κυῶῶc: madness, rage, fury; βοῖρ-ῶν: fierce wrath; τρέαν-ῶν: great power; βῶν: βῶν, breast, bosom; βῶν-στοc: genuine race or stock; σῶν-ῶν: (*lit.* prosperous hound), blessed chief, chieftain; καῖνῶν: cranky, morose, sorrowful; εῖν-ῶν: in want; καῖν-ῶν: perverse rabble; ῶν: deceitful, perverse; σῶν-ῶν: noble households; σῶν: estate.

ΠΛΑΝΘΑ: plant, scion; ΟΡΟΝΣ: race of people; ΚΕΑΝΝΑΣ: headship, authority, power; ΠΕΛΛ: treachery, falsehood, fraud, wrong, evil; ΚΛΑΟΝ: sloping, inclined, partial to, evilly inclined, perverse, wicked; ΞΑΝΞΑΙΟ: deceit; ΣΑΜΑΙΡΛΕ: pup, whelp, churl, boor, fat person; ΣΜΕΙΡΛΕ: ΜΕΙΡΛΕΑĆ, villain, malefactor; ΠΑΛΛΑ: false, unreliable, slothful; ΣΑΟΡ-ΣΤΑΙΟ: free state; ΑΝΑΚΑΙΡ: distress, misery; ΤΑΡΚΟΥΙΣΝΕ: insult; ΒΡΟΙΟ: difficulty; ΞΕΑΡ-ΒΡΟΙΟ: keen trouble, oppression; ΞΑΒΑΟ: want, need, peril; ΚΑΜ-ΣΛΙΟĆ: perverse progeny; ΜΑΛΛΥΓĆ: cursed, vicious; ΕΙĆΕΑĆ: perjury, falsehood; ΣΜΑΛ: ash, ashes, stain, blemish, cloud, decay, obscurity, insult, disgrace; ΚΕΑΛΞΑΙΜ: I sting, annoy, wound; ΒΡΙΟĆ: incantation, spell; ΣΥΑΝ-ΒΡΙΟĆ: sleeping spell; ΤΡΕΙĆ: prostrate, weak; ΤΡΕΑΣΚΑΙΜ: I destroy, overthrow; ΤΡΕΑΝ-ĆΟΟΛΑΟ: heavy sleep, (*sleep of the strong warriors?*).

ΝΕΛΛ: cloud, mist, swoon, trance; CΥΑΙΡΘ: CΥΑΙΡΤ, circle,  
 circuit, tour, visit; ΘΕΑΡCΑΙΜ: I behold; ΔῖMΑΡCΑΙΜ: I see, look

at; RÉILTEANN: star, beauty; BÉASAĆ: well-mannered, correct, exemplary; BUACAĆ: high-headed, lofty, proud, buxom; CEANNASAC: powerful, commanding; CEANASAC: (*from cion*) fond, beloved; SCUADAĆ: in sweeping masses (*of the hair*); BAĆALL: shepherd's crook, curl, ringlet; BAĆALLAC: ringletted (*of the hair*); TAŞAIM le: TEAŞAIM le, TIŞIM le, I come with, agree with, harmonise with, correspond to; CEAPAIM: I capture, stop, catch, seize, control, think, compose, imagine; BEARTUIŞIM: BEARTAIM, I brandish, wield, say, pronounce an opinion, think, suggest, decide; LEACA: slab, cheek, brow; OĀM: tribe, following, company (*of bards etc.*), academy; FĀIŌ: prophet, seer, poet, learned man; SEASAIM: SEASUIŞIM, I stand, maintain; AR CÍ: pending, about to attack, on the point of, on the track of; FARAIRE: brave strong man, warrior; OĀOR-ĆRIĆ: violent trembling.

SÉIS: strain of music; TANA-ŞOB: fine or delicate mouth; FUIINNEAM: force, energy, vigour; SPREAŞAO: urging, exciting; TREASCRAIM: I overthrow, lay low, defeat; BAOĆ: foolish, simple, reckless; CAOĀM: gentle, beautiful, noble; SNUIŞIM: I cut; SNUIŞTE: delicately cut, finely wrought, neat, comely; RÉALT-ŌEARC: star-bright eye; CĀIM: blemish, fault; MAMA: bosom, breast; SEANŞ: graceful; SEANŞ-ĆRUĆ: graceful shape; LÉANAIM: I damage, ruin, violate; PRĀISC: filth, extravagance; LEABĀR: long, limber; LEABĀR-ĆROĀ: long pliant hand; BREACAIM: I speckle, embroider, carve, decorate; BEARTAIM: I brandish, wield, think, suggest; LOINŞEAS: fleet; ÉANĀIĆ: bird-flocks; MĀONĀ: gentle, mild, amiable; MAORŌA: majestic; MAISEAMĀIL: comely; ÍOŞAR: FÍOŞAR, figure, outline; PEARSA-ĆRUĆ: bodily shape; PEARSA: person, body; CEART: exact, right, symmetrical.



Ρίοξαν: queen, fair maiden; βέας: customary way of behaving;  
 βέαςα: well-mannered, correct, exemplary; αολ-ένας: lime-  
 white skin; αοι-ένης: fair lady; άρ: slaughter; βρίξοεα: bride,  
 maiden; αιστριξίμ: I alter, flit, travel, journey; τριπ: τριπ,  
 troop, flock, crowd; σιγ: σιγ, ιονσιγ, siege; βεαρταίμ: I  
 brandish, threaten, say, express opinion; λείρ-ραν: full or  
 perfect stanza; μάσκαλα: maiden; βάρ: bark, boat; αινιρ:  
 maiden; τάν: a company (*of heros*), tribe, (Τάν βό  
 Κυαίλγνε?); τριτρίμ σαν τσηάμ: I fall into the sea; ρέιλτεαν:  
 star, maiden (*Diarmuid Mac Murchadha's lover, Dervla*);  
 αερα: airy, light, sprightly; σοι: savant, expert, noble; αν-  
 βροιο: great slavery or depression.

Στυαμόα: possessing high mental qualities, modest, dignified;  
 υαίλλ: wail, cry, lamentation; αέκυζα: act of mourning; σταίρ:  
 story, history; λείρ: plain, clear, perceptible; τάν: company;  
 céile: mate, companion; νυάαρ: spouse, sweetheart; οέαρα: tearful;  
 ουαίρ: sorrowful, morose; τάρκυσνε: insult; réim:  
 course, sway, authority; βυα: victory, virtue, attribute; αρ φάν:  
 astray, wandering, in exile; φεαρτ: virtue, merit, power; σεαρτ:  
 right, honest, proper, certain; αρα: high, noble; Αρα-μ: divine son;  
 πεανναί: punishment, penance, torment; οανναί: grievance, sorrow;  
 λατ: liquid, tears; βρυο: βρυο, difficulty; αμα: yoke; βίλε: tree, champion, scion;  
 σάν: composed, tranquil, comfortable.

Τυαρ: omen, sign, portent; τανγαιρεατ: prophecy; σεμίλε:  
 dread, terror, rout; ρυαζα: expulsion; φεαραν: land, country;  
 λιν: pool, water; ρυα: red, (blood-red?); σμέιλε: clownish  
 person; πράδαίν: haste, precipitation; τριπ: troops; αίλ: protuberance,  
 high mountain, stout person; αίτ: pleasant; βοc: poc, buck, billy-goat,  
 playboy, cad; ρεααίρεατ: sale, auction, reciting (stories), sport, pastime.

## 5. ΜΑΙΘΕΑΝ ΘΡΥΨΤΑ ΛΕ ΗΛΙΣ ΝΑ ΣΙΥΡΑĆ - On a dewy morning by the Suir.

ΤΆΜΑĆ: dull, sluggish, still, weak; ρΑΟΝ: supine, subdued, weak, void; CÚIL-ḤIONN: fair lady; ΜΑΙΣΕΑĆ: beneficial, decorous, beauteous, graceful, well-dressed, decorated; ΜÚΙΝΤΕ: instructed, polite, mannerly; ΣΕΐΜ: mild; ΛΙΣΝΕ: blush; ΙΟΝΝΡΑĆ: shining; ΣCÁIL: brightness, shade of colour; ΤΙΜΕ: fear, terror; ΛΕΑΝḆ: babe, fair lady; ΙΟΝΝΡΑΙC: noble, faithful.

ḬΛΑΣΤΑ: elegant, perfect; BÚRḐ: gentle, gracious; ΒΕΑĆΤ: correct; ΡÁΙΡΤΕΑĆ: “partial to”, affectionate, fond of; ΣΑΟΡ: free, noble, generous, unrestrained; CÚΜΝΕΑĆ: (three?)-cornered; CÚΜĆΔ: cumĆΔ, shaped, well-shaped; CΕΛΨΑΙΜ: I pierce; ΤΙΥḆ: thick, thick-set, close, dense, plentiful.

ΜΥΝΤΕΑΡḐΔ: friendly; ΔΟΙΛ-ĆΝΕΑΣ: lime-white skin; ΔΟΙΛ-ĆΝΕΙΣ: fair lady; ΛΙΟΝΡΥİĆ: ΛΙΟΝ-ΡΙĆ, full flow, rout, (great distress - *Dinneen*); ΜΙΟĆΔΙΡ: affable, gentle; ΜÁΝΛΑ: mild, affable; ΡÁN: waywardness, wandering; ΛΕ ΡÁN ΔΗ ΤΣΑΟΨΔΙΛ: adrift in the world; ΣΜÍΣΤΕΑĆ: smiter, thuggish person; ΨΑΛΛΑ-ΣΜΕΐΡΛΕ: foreign boor; CΕΛΘΥΐΨΙΜ: I permit, consult, wish, am agreeable with; ?CΕΛΗΑΙḐ: love?; ΣΤÁΤ: estate.

1 ΨCΕΑΝΨΔΛ: united; CΙΝΝΤΕ: fixed, definite, appointed; ΨΔΙΛΤΕΑΝΝ: ΨΕΔΛ-ḤIONN, fair lady; ΨΡΙΝΝ: sharp, accurate, clear, earnest, thorough; ΨΡΙΝΝ: *perhaps genitive of* ΨΡΕΑΝΝ, fun, humour, affection, love; ΤΡΕΔΣCΑΙΡΤ: overthrow, defeat.

ΜΑΙΣΕΑĆ: beautiful woman, “masher”; ΜΐΝ: gentle, mild, delicate, smooth; ΒΕΑΡΤΑΙΜ: I think, reflect, imagine, plan, conceive, design; ΘΡΑΟΙ: druid; ΡÁRḐ: prophet, learned man; CΛΙΑΡ: band, company, the clergy, the bards; ΔΙΣ: verge, side, back; ΛΕ ΗΛΙΣ: with; ḐΛΐΨΙΜ: I impose (*as a command*), appoint; CUMΔΑΝΝ: affection, love, society, club, acquaintance; ḐΙΟΨΡΔΙΣ:

affection, enthusiasm, passion; πάρις: part, side, friendship, love; ζέλλε: ζέλλεαδ, submission, yielding, obeying.

Τράδ: time, opportunity, occasion, period; πλέρομ: I struggle, deal with; ζλας: fist; ζλασαιμ: I grasp, catch (*disease etc.*); βίοϋζαδ: start, jerk, bounce, sudden rousing, vigour; στατ: state; σκέαλ: story, tale, event, portent, cause, explanation; cneαστα: modest, polite; καομ: gentle, genial; τλάς: defect, weakness; σεάσαιμ: I shun, avoid, reject, abstain from; καοι: weeping, lamenting, mourning; ινντινν: spirit, courage, resolution; άκτο: a height, hill, top, high ground; κέιμ: course, sway, authority.

λανν: spear; λανναδ: armed; λιοντα: crowded; οίν: (*genitive singular of οίον*), protective, staunch, watertight; σκάτ: shelter, protection, need for protection, fear; άρρηαδ: scene of slaughter, battlefield, slaughter; ζρεαννυζιμ: I love, make pleasing; λά: day, period, life, era.

λαάταδ: lactating, milking, dripping, weeping; είοϋ: breast; οαοι: churl; ζρεαμυζιμ: I grip, fasten, gain, obtain; σναιρόμιμ: I bind, unite (with); άιτρεαδ: dwelling, abode; σκαραιμ: I separate, part from.

Συιζεαμ: συιζεαμ, position, settling, bearing witness to, proof, argument, (*technical term in poetry, perhaps?*); ζαδ: each, every, any; αιστε: metre, poem, composition, example; κίομαιμ: I weave, compose; βλαστα: elegant, perfect; λαοιό: poem; ζρεανντα: neat, elegant; σέιμ: σκιαμ, appearance, beauty; σείορταμ: I flee; κίτ: running, fleeing; βεαρταμ: I think, imagine.

Сеανнυζиμ: I buy, redeem; нίό: thing, matter; κρίοϋ: termination, result; βαιοζαλ: danger, apprehension, point open to attack, unguarded moment, opportunity to attack; σειμλε: dread, terror, rout; οάτ: date, period.

## 6. Cois Ἀδανν ἰ νῶέ - By a river yesterday.

ΔΤΥΙΡΣΕΔĆ: sad, afflicted; ϣΑΟΝ: supine, prostrate, subdued, quiet; ΣΥΔΙΡC: agreeable, contented, joyous; βέ: woman; ζΕΑΝΔῆΔΙΛ: amiable; ΣΝΥΔΘ: appearance, aspect, face, form; ΘΡΕΔĆ: countenance, expression, surface; ΣΝΥΔΘ-ΘΡΕΔĆ: expression of countenance; ἰΝΝΕΔΙΤΔ: neat; ΤΔΙΣΤΕΔΙ: journeying; ΡΥΔΙΣ: swoop, charge, rout, incursion, raid; ΒΡΥΙΝΝΕΔΙΛ: girl, beautiful maiden; ΣΤΥΔΙΡΕ: maiden.

ΔΑΜΑΡΣΔĆ: twisted, curled; ΔΙΤ: joint, juncture, interval, paragraph; CΡΑΘΒ: branch, bough, garland, wreath, badge; ΒΔĆΔΙΛΔĆ: curled; ΝΕΔῆΡΔĆ: ΝΙΔῆΡΔĆ, brilliant, variegated; ΘΥΔΙΔĆ: in locks; ΣΕΔΘ: article of value, jewel; ΖΔΙΣCΕΔΘ: valour; ΔΑΙΜ-ῆΔC: brave son; ΥΔΙΒΡΕΔĆ: proud, high-minded; ΖΑΣΤΔ: wise, clever, brisk, neat; ΣΝΥΙΖΤΕ: delicately cut, finely wrought, comely; ΣΝΑΣΤΔ: neat; ΟΙΛΤΕ: nurtured, well-bred, cultured; ΔΙΤ: pleasant; ΒΙΔΑΣΤΔ: elegant, perfect; CΝΕΔΑΣΤΔ: modest, polite; ΣΥΙΘΤΕ: staid, settled.

ΛΕΔΒΔΡ: long, limber; ΖΙΔΑΝ: clean, clear, pure; ΣΕῆῆ: mild, soft; ΕΔΘΔΝ: front, face, façade; ΜΔΙΣΕΔῆΔΙΛ: comely; Ζῆ-ΖΕΔΙ: of bright complexion; ΣΤΥΔΜΘΔ: modest; ΜΔΙΔ: eyebrow; ΡΟC: eye; ΔΙΔΟΝ: perverse, wanton (*of the eye*); CΕΔΙΖΔΙΜ: I sting, wound, deceive; ΕΔΙΔ: swan; ΤΕῆῆΔΙΛ: cloud, shadow, stain, flaw; ΙΔCΔΙΡ: blaze, red colour; ΣΙΟCΜΔ: contending; ΔΑΙCΜΙΡC: contending; ΥΡΡΔΙΜ: honour, respect, regard, homage, veneration; ΖΡΔΘΔΜ: esteem, pre-eminence; ΣΥΔΙῆῆΝΕΔC: tranquillity.

ΘΕΔĆΤ: round, perfect, exact; ΔΑΟΡ-ζΟΒ: red(-lipped) mouth; ΔΝΔΙΤΕ: ΔΗΡΔΘ, heavy storm, terror; ΥΔῆΔΑΝ: fear, terror, amazement.

Cailce: chalk-white, beautiful; zéar: sharp, well-defined, shapely; seahz: graceful; séirín: fine, mild, tender, slender, pleasing, graceful; cruailiúim: I corrupt, defile, pollute, adulterate; báireas: crown of the head; easbairò: defect; béim: flaw; buairò: victory, virtue, excellence, attribute; pionnam: I ask; aicim: I entreat; cuallaót: sept, clan, band, company; foireann: troop of people, complement, due number, faction, team, army; fearann: field, land, farm, ploughland, country, territory; carn-fólt: heap of tresses; duallaót: in locks.

Ainne: maiden; scuabaim: I sweep, snatch away; tréad: herd, crowd, party; luairéas: ashes, cinders; finne-bean: fair lady; greannta: neat, elegant, lovely; zairle: spear, warrior; funneamail: active, vigorous; fearz: anger, wrath, fury; tuaršaim: slaughter; comairce: comirce, protection, safeguard, patronage; inneall: plot, snare; cealz: deceit, treachery; cruairò-éleas: dire deceit or plot.

Seácmall: passing by, neglect, omission; seácmallaót: wanderer, careless person; strae: wandering; mioscais: malice, ill-will; uabair: pride; meascaót: disturbance, confusion, strife; time: fear, terror; tais: pity; ionnarbaót: expulsion; cuallaót: sept, party, company.

Lannmar: strong, brave; léirneas: valiant, strong; praoída: raging, furious; treall: turn, pause, fit, effort; treallamas: industry, impudence, forwardness; fá óeim: towards; scaipead: dispersion; zealt: madman; sinzil: wretched, unheeded; zairm: call.

Zeal-bé: beautiful woman; fairce: tatter, rag; taoib: side, flank, breast, body, (*This may be a pun on ban noct = beannad = blessing.*); mascaiaót: maiden, *also* youth; léisim le: I concede; leisim ó: I let go, put away; léisim uaim leat: I concede to

you; eascair: budding, descending from; préim-šlioct: root-stock; siollað: striking, smiting; siollaire: smiter; seasañac: preserving, constant; someann: good weather; someannoð: fair (*of weather*), pleasant, serene, guiltless, guileless, innocent; bile: tree, champion; bileañail: tree-like, champion-like; blasta: elegant, perfect; bleactaim: I coax, produce; bleact-ouantaç: poem-producing; muireann: burden, family.

# **7. Im donar seol aš siubal ðios - Alone a while I was walking.**

šaořa: a wooded glen; ceo: fog, mist, sorrow; ionnsuirim: I approach; séim: fine, mild, tender, pleasing, gracious; ciað: lock of hair; búcla: wisp or ringlet (*of hair*); beirim suas ar: I overtake; beirim síos: I surpass(?); scéim: appearance, beauty; craoðac: branching; ciuñas-ðurðe: with yellow tips or borders; řúnsa: řonsa, hoop, band, circlet (*of the hair*).

maořa: majestic; maiseac: beautiful, graceful; múnte: mannerly; ciúim: quiet, gentle; séim: fine, mild, tender, gracious; caom: gentle, mild, fair; řrinn: sharp, accurate, clear; ōrúct: dew, drop; řlunn: clear, pure, plain, visible; ōlúř-ćior: tightly-set comb *or* array (*of the teeth*); smúic: mist, defect, sorrow; seascair: pleasant, comfortable; súžac: pleasant, cheerful, merry, comfortable; síoćac: peaceful, calm; ōlúćuiřim: I press, press close to, embrace.

Caor: fire; red berry; lúć: activity; ar lúć řior: in constant motion; mín: mild, gentle; maořa: majestic; moðañail: polite, elegant; maořim: I mention, relate, boast; smúic: defect; puinn: point, particle; séan: omen, charm, good luck, success; séanmā: happy, prosperous, contented; sóžac: cheerful, pleasant; ōlúć-ćaom: gently compact; leaðair-říop: long (*graceful*) neck; řéis: swan; búć: buaðac, joyous, victorious; ceannsaide: ceannsa, beloved, affectionate; taoðuiřim: I give out; móio: oath.

Spéir-ḃeān: beautiful woman; cneasta: modest, polite; ciuim: quiet, gentle; cāoin: gentle, mild, tender; ionntaoid̃: trust; ionnsuid̃im: I approach; ḡaor: nearness, proximity; clóð: figure, appearance; bé: woman; searc: love; rūn: secret, mystery, inclination, disposition, love; ḡroide: great, brave; tóir: pursuit, chase, uproar, fracas; duḃ-ḡroideāc: sad at heart; ḡéill: ḡéillead̃, yielding, submission; spórc: sport, pleasure.

Maíseāc: beautiful, graceful; búc: buadāc, joyous, victorious; crúcuīḡim: cručuiḡim, I create, form, mould; prēām̃: offshoot, scion, stock, tribe; traočaim: I exhaust, destroy; p̃ionn-rīḡ: fair king; duḃ-ḡroideāc: sad at heart; éirgeān: violence, compulsion, contest; ḡleo: noise, tumult, battle; ionntaoid̃: iontaoid̃, trust, confidence, a person who may be trusted; póir: drink; ḃéanað: ḃéanaām̃, making; porc: tune, jig; porc: bank, earthwork, harbour; dúbluiḡim: I double, fold, repeat; um̃luiḡim: I humble, stoop, submit; cneasta: modest, polite; smúir: smúir, smoke, dirt, defeat, sorrow, sleep; ḡrinn: clear, sharp, steadfast; ceo: fog, mist, dust, sorrow, illusion.

ḃéasaāc: mannerly; blasta: elegant, perfect; búc: buadāc, joyous, victorious; séim̃: fine, mild; ḡó: lie; bé: woman; duḃ-ḡroideāc: sad at heart; crēāc̃r: wound, injury; ar leāc̃ad̃: open, gaping; búr: boor; súḡad̃: sucking; slaod̃: sliding mass (*of milk*); ḃeołaim: I suck, drain out.

Meār: swift, active, valiant; trúip: troops; ḡroide: sturdy, spirited, hearty, generous; ionnsuid̃im: I approach; éascaid̃: swift, quick; cúrsa: course, career, difficulty; curað: warrior, hero; cúrað: act of chastising, punishing, torturing; raod̃ar: edge, weapon; ḡleo: battle; séirdeāð: blowing, expelling; carčaim: I overthrow violently, clear away; traočaim: I exhaust, oppress; p̃eoð: decaying; lúc̃: activity; trú: condemned man, moribund person, wretch.

Ceac̃t: lesson, text; púicín: hood, veil; úR-m̃aoiðim: I praise nobly; cóir: proper; tuḡaim síos: I set down; rionn-laoið: fair lay, good poem; néac̃a: neat, tasty, nice; clóð: cló, stamp, print, form, appearance; tReasc̃airim: I overthrow, defeat; uúðac̃: uúðac̃, sad, melancholy, dejected; lionn: liquid, liquor; seasc̃air: pleasant, comfortable; síoçac̃: peaceful, calm; súḡac̃: súḡac̃, pleasant, merry; séanm̃ar: prosperous; soḡam̃ail: delicious, pleasant.

## 8. 1 Sac̃saib̃ na séad̃ - In England of the treasures.

Séad̃: (1) track, path, course, (2) likeness, equivalent, (3) article of value; uúçc̃as: native land; cRaob̃: branch, (pole?, mast?); céið: quay; stiúr-b̃arc: piloting or steering ship, (sailing ship?, tall ship?); fearann: land, territory; túrnam̃: tormenting or torture to death; spéirliḡ: storm, violence; connc̃as: conquest; oá ḡac̃b̃air:? cf. oá m̃éið, oá fear̃as; rionnc̃ar: venture, struggle, risk; fearaim: I pour out, bestow; lac̃t̃m̃ar: with fluidity; léan: grief; aiceas: mirth; réim: course, authority, power; suðac̃as: pleasure.

Réilceann: star, fair lady; ḡréiḡeac̃: Grecian; ḡreannac̃a: neat, elegant, lovely; ḡlé: bright, pure; ḡac̃ta: wise, ingenious, clever; béal-t̃ais: soft-lipped; blac̃ta: elegant, perfect; céimeac̃: dignified; cneac̃ta: modest, even-tempered, courteous; cúmc̃a: cumc̃a, shaped, well-shaped; maiceam̃ail: comely; méin: mien, beauty, character; méinneac̃, méimeac̃, of fair mien, kindly disposed; maor̃ð̃a: majestic; measaim: I aim at, endeavour; meac̃ta: estimable; aerac̃: airy, light, sprightly; ab̃aið: ripe, sprightly, mature; um̃lac̃: submissive; aisteac̃: journey, way; seail: for a while.

Camarsac̃: twisted; ciab̃: lock; olúç: thick; slaoðaim: I flow in layers; lúç: activity, motion; lúç-çriç: vigorous trembling; aḡaið: face; béim: fault, defect; ðeac̃: eye; scéim̃: appearance; lonnac̃: shining; caor: fire, red berry; úR-lil: fresh lily;



conncas: conquest, struggle; blasta: elegant, perfect; téasca: text, sentence; aiteascam: I deliver (- *as a lecture*); spreasaireacht: urging, pressing; ciúin-creit: gentle harp.

Samail: likeness, equivalent; gne: outward appearance; eala: swan; fdao: storm, fury; cuðar: foam; cuðar-fulu: moist-foamed; mama: mammarys, bosom; gear: sharp, well-defined; léanuighim: I injure, violate; claon, inclined, perverse; leaðar: long, graceful; crob: hand; réir: free, pliant, supple; dearam: I draw, design; bea: bear; barc: bárc, ship, bark; stiúrác: stiúireac, steering, piloting, guiding; caismirt: contending; faol-ú: wolf; allta: wild, savage, beastly; all-ú, allta-ú: alien hound (*derogatory term for the English*); ealta: flock; clúmac: feathered.

Seang: graceful, slender; séim: fine, mild, tender, placid, slender, graceful; clúir: corner, angle; i gclúir éir: at a proper angle, correctly proportioned; searaim: I grow withered; balbuihim: I make dumb; leaaim: I overthrow; lú: nimble; cúrsa: course, event, fate, difficulty, adventure; cúta: bashful, timid, humble; aicim: I entreat; bé: woman; tread: herd, company.

glacaim réim: I take courage (?); aiall: discourse; umluighim: I bow down in reverence; caraim: I love; scéim: beauty; méinn: mien; céim: degree, dignity, step, deed, event, circumstance, task; masla: insult; tapamail: active; faon: supine, dull; puðar: damage, injury, loss, sense of insult, grief; greannuighim: I love; gne: character, mark, kind; peacá: sin; orúis: adultery, lust.

Réilteann: star, fair lady; lonnra: shining; fearg: fury; meascá: confusion; maom: maom, contest, fighting, crushing; cionta: *plural of cion*, transgression, guilt, passion; ainm: maiden; léan: sorrow; leaá: overthrow; triú: triú, cantred, district, stronghold; fearann: land, territory;

αμαδ̄: yoke; τρέιτ̄: weak, subdued; búr: boor; ζαίλτεανν: fair lady; lonn-ḃarc: strong ship; lonn: strong, ardent.

Ḳúb: curve, maze, *genitive plural as adjective*; στραε: wanderer; σαḡαίλ: likeness, equivalent; ζέας: branch, off-shoot, scion; μέιnn: mien; cιλλ: sense, understanding, intellect, motive; cealς: deceit; réice: rake; ζαιζε: coxcomb, frivolous person; in airm is in éiðe: in arms and in armour; ϣasc: shelter, protection.

Ταιrcuisn̄gim: I insult; ζεαλ-scéim: fair beauty; cúλ-ḡionn: fair lady; crú: cró, gore, blood, race, family; στραcaim: I tear, drag, extract; αρ úrla: by the hair of the head; ϣραoc̄: storm, fury; cuḃar: foam; caise: stream, current; scaζaim: I strain; scaζað mé as: I am derived from.

Snaiðmim: I join, unite with; ionnraic: noble, faithful; ζairmim ðe: I name designate; meḃal: shame, disgrace, female pudenda, fraud; méiððeac̄: harlot; cealζac̄: deceitful; béim: flaw; claoñ: deceit, perversity; τρέað: flock, tribe, race, company.

Ḳeapann: land, territory; ḡúntac̄: worthy; calaiτ̄: channel, ferry, the sea; éascað: swift, quick; sciúðaim: I fly quickly; conncas: conquest; complac̄t: company; aḡas: mercenary, wild fierce man; ḡréam-stoc: ancestral stock; beac̄a: life, food, estate, means of livelihood; casaim: I turn back; ζaiτ̄le: warrior, hero.

Ταρnζairim: I prophesy; ðréac̄t: poem, poetry; téac̄t: τεac̄t, coming; treas: battle, battle-rank; treasac̄: abounding in battle-ranks; τρύpeac̄: abounding in troops; lanmḡar: strong, brave; léiðmeac̄: valiant, strong; laoc̄ða: heroic; laðram: I beat, wound; méiτ̄: fat; méiτ̄-ḡoc: fat buck; ponnc: point, detail, theme; ζalla-ponncac̄: of foreign manners; canaim: I sing, recite, relate; scanaim: I compose, scan; umḲuigim: I bow down in deference.

Ῥεακαιρεάτ: auction, telling stories, sport, pastime;  
τιοννσχαίμ: I begin, plan, devise; κύτταιλ: bashful, modest,  
timid; ῤεαρανντας: ῤεαραννας, landed property, occupation of  
land; ιοννραϊκ: noble, faithful.

Έϊστιμ: I listen, I keep silent; ουβ-σματ: sad bondage; ταοβ:  
direction, region; βρύθεατ: beastly.

Σλιαβ: mountain, mountain-range, upland moor, moor; ϖύντατ:  
worthy; ϖέϊς: feast; ϖέϊσεατ: fond of assemblies/feasts;  
ϖλύρσεατ: generous; ταχα: stay, support; γλέ: clear, accurate;  
εαγνα: wisdom, science, knowledge; εαγνατ: prudent, wise;  
λέϊγεαντα: learned, knowing; ποννκ: point, detail, theme;  
ποννκατ: precise, exact; ορέατ: poem, poetry; ούϊρε: gloom,  
sorrow, harshness; ταϊσχιμ: I treasure, protect; σέϊμ: mild, kind;  
ῤαρραο: nearness, company; ιμ ῤαρραο: along with me, in  
addition to me; λέϊγιμ: I read, declare, recite; κύρσα: course,  
difficulty, adventure.

Θεαρβ-στοκ: genuine stock or race; γας: stem, stalk, scion; γλέ-  
γας: bright scion; γαστα: wise, brave, spruce, quick; θεαρβ:  
real, genuine, true; ούττςας: native land; εασχαιμ: I spring  
from; μεαττα: decayed; μαοομ: μαϊομ, contest, fighting,  
crushing; κυμανγ: narrow; κυμανγρατ: close-pressing;  
σεασαμνατ: persevering, constant; σαορ: free, noble; πρέϊμ-  
σλιοτ: root stock; cion: regard, attention, affection; βέ: maid,  
woman, wife, fairy, muse; ταϊσσε: treasure, store; κυμθατ:  
protection, covering.

#### **9. Δρ μαϊοιμ ινθε cois céið na slím-ḃarc - Yesterday morning by the quay of the graceful ships.**

Céið: quay; slím: graceful; slím-ḃarc: graceful ship; ϖον:  
supine, weak; smuaineao: thought, reflection; γεανμνατ:  
modest; γαορ: nearness, proximity; ταοιθ: tide, sea; λεανθατ:

childlike, artless; *léiḡeantā*: learned; *líomčā*: polished, elegant; *lanm̃mār*: strong, brave; *léiōmēac*: valiant, strong; *líonm̃mār*: abounding in, full, complete; *blasatā*: elegant, perfect; *spreaḡaō*: urging, pressing; *caom-čruīc*: gentle harp.

*camarsac*: twisted, in ringlets; *cīāb*: lock; *olāoi*: lock of hair; *sír-črič*: constant trebling; *dearc*: eye; *clāon*: wanton; *pearsa*: person, body; *lītis*: (*in heraldry*) the white colour of skin or fur (“*čom ḡeal le lītis*”); *leaca*: cheek; *maorōa*: majestic; *míonla*: gentle, mild, amiable; *caor*: fire, red berry; *caismīrc*: struggling; *scríocaim*: I yield, submit.

*leābār*: long, limber; *crob*: hand; *réiō*: free, pliant; *nēatā*: neat; *lača*: duck; *naosca*: snipe; *mín-sruč*: smooth stream; *bārc*: ship; *tēaō*: rope, rigging; *caismīrc*: struggle; *éac*: deed, exploit, catastrophe; *seanḡ*: slender, graceful; *seanḡa-poc*: graceful buck; *bēār*: bear; *míol*: animal, hare; *daor-brat*: costly cloth; *síōda*: silk; *treascraim*: I overthrow, defeat utterly; *ḡaon*: supine, weak; *bríḡ*: life, energy.

*ḡacraim*: *počraim*, I ask, enquire, demand; *sém̃*: mild, placid, tender, meek; *spéir-bean*: beautiful woman; *míonla*: gentle, mild, amiable; *ḡaol-šliočt*: ancestry; *doił-čneis*: (*genitive as adjective as noun*) woman of lime-white skin, fair lady; *calm*: calm; *calma*: brave, fine, splendid; *treascraim*: I overthrow, defeat; *tréič*: weak, faint, feeble; *ḡaon*: subdued, supine, weak; *bríḡ*: force, vigour; *ainnīr*: maiden; *léan*: sorrow; *leaḡaō*: overthrow; *ḡeārann*: land, territory; *meār*: swift, mad, active, valiant.

*Sém̃*: mild, tender, placid; *céiḃ-ḡionn*: fair-haired lady; *míonla*: gentle, affable; *meascaō*: confusion; *maoōm*: *maiōm*, contest, fighting, crushing; *ḡinn(e)-bean*: fair lady; *ḡlé*: bright, pure, clear; *someann*: fair weather; *someanntā*: serene, quiet, pleasant; *caom*: gentle, mild, fair, beautiful; *míon-sruč*: *mín-tsruč*, smooth stream; *ainnīr*: maiden; *maorōa*: majestic; *mín-*

ταῖς: mild and gentle; ζεῖναιμι: amiable; ὑλέ-ζεα: very bright, clear, white, beautiful; ὑνίωμα: feat-performing.

ῥέ: woman; μαοροῖα: majestic; μίνταις: mild and gentle; μαοιῖοιμι: I mention; βρέαζ: lie, deceit, falsehood; τεῖαταῖρεα: message; ὀίοζατα: avenging; ῥαοῖα: edge, blade, weapon, arms; ῥαοῖα: wolf; ῥαοῖα: ῥαοῖα, landed property; ῥαοῖα: power, wealth, enjoyment; ῥέιμι: sway, authority; ῥαοῖα: freedom, freehold, rights, deliverance, exculpation, cheapness.

Σπείρ-ῥεαν: beautiful woman; μίοντα: gentle, affable; ῥεαταῖρεα: sport, pastime; ῥαο: ship; σπείρ: heed, care; ῥαο: stream, channel, sea; ῥαοῖα: furious, raging; ῥαοῖα: deadly, poisonous, peevish; ῥαο: sort, tribe, class, family; ῥαοῖα: I provide; ῥαο: fluid, tears; ῥαοῖα: copiously; ῥαοῖα: contest; ῥαοῖα: smiter.

ῥαο: wise, ingenious, brave, brisk, quick; ῥαο: generous, liberal, warm-hearted, noble; ῥαοῖα: learned; ῥαοῖα: lay, poem; ῥαοῖα: I plead, refer to; ῥαοῖα: foolish; ῥαο: lease, fixed period of time; ῥαοῖα: I spend, must, wear out; ῥαοῖα: I prophesy; ῥαοῖα: virtue, merit, power, miracle; ῥαοῖα: I clear away, overthrow violently; ῥαοῖα: I destroy, overthrow; ῥαοῖα: wolf; ῥαοῖα: I stretch, slay; ῥαοῖα: prostrate.

ῥαοῖα: I prophesy; ῥαοῖα: poem; ῥαοῖα: lay, poem; ῥαοῖα: I draw, design, stretch; ῥαο: lease, fixed period of time; ῥαοῖα: I do, make, practise, beget, generate, become, show; ῥαοῖα: term, limit, period, fixed period, speech, plan, notion; ῥαοῖα: event, catastrophe; ῥαοῖα: I press upon, urge, excite; ῥαο: liver, entrail; ῥαοῖα: bear; ῥαοῖα: line, tribe; ῥαοῖα: land holding, occupation of land; ῥαοῖα: tough; ῥαοῖα: stiffness; ῥαοῖα: virtue, power.

**10. ΤΡΆĆ ı ηνέ ıς μέ τñάıŕŕe ı ηπέıη - A while yesterday and I tormented in agony.**

ΤΡΆĆ: time, occasion, time of day, period of three hours; τñάıŕŕe: oppressed, tormented; řán: wandering; řar: short, near, soon; řaon: supine, weak, subdued; cásaim: I bewail; clıste: skilled; sıosma: contending, contest; τάλaim: I pour forth; snarıŕm: knot; řéar-śnarıŕm: sharp binding, slavery; báb: maiden; mín: smooth, fine, gentle; cário: noble; caoin: gentle, mild, tender, kind, pleasing; snuaŕ: countenance; maorŕa: majestic; maıseac: beneficial, decorous, handsome, graceful; řıořar: figure, shape; clŕŕ: figure, appearance; cíoraim: I comb, set in order; scaoıłŕeac: falling loosely; kéıŕ: free; τñıłŕeac: τñıłŕeac, in tresses, plaited; néamŕac: nıamŕac, brilliant, variegated; τñıŕaıı: cluster, festoon; τñıŕaıı-clúćmār: in sheltering bunches; cíŕ: hair of the head, head of hair; ŕlaoi: lock; řıřıı: I weave; řıřŕe: intertwined; aon-lı: same colour.

řıonnam: I know, try, examine, invent, discover; sléacćaim: I bow in reverence; řıırm: form, fashion; ı ηřıırm: in style; ŕŕŕac: ŕuŕac, sad, sorrowful; τñáć: journeying, mention; řaŕŕ: nearness, proximity; τām: rest, repose; τāmāć: still, motionless; ŕıme: fear, terror; clıste: skilled; créacć: wound, scar, furrow; créacć-mııııı: I destroy by wounding, I wound to death; éıřean: violence, compulsion, force; le bārř řıııı: through sheer love; bān-řıŕŕ: a fair lark; saoiŕe ŕréacć: learned men of poems; mıŕ: mıř, portion, highest portion, supremacy; cuıŕe: cuı, becoming, suitable; ŕıŕŕ-ŕrać: defensive covering; buıme: nurse, mother; caŕınnarıŕe: companion, friend, attendant, protector.

řařııı: I get; řacćaim: řocćaim, I ask, enquire, demand; léıŕe: act of daring, audacity; léıŕmeac: daring, audacious, strong, brave, mettlesome; ıŕııı: I drink, suck, soak; τñáĆ: time,

occasion, opportunity, period; τάρη: rest, trance, death, plague; σκαίριμ: I shout, call, cry aloud, bawl; ρέιμεας: reign of king, dynasty; cάιρò: noble; cαοιμ: gentle, mild, pleasing, unruffled, tranquil; pòρ: race, family; cuιης: yoke, bondage; mίle: (*plural* mίλεαδà *or* mίλί) warrior, soldier (*Latin* “*miles*”), hero; γλέ: clear, pure; ριονη(α)-τρειπεαδ̐: having fair troops; ρραοcάιρòe: angry, furious, fretful.

Σάρη-τσιλ: benign will; βάιρε: game; buίle: madness; cαοη-cρίoc̐: fair land; σtάν: σtαον, *from* σtαοναίμ, I yield (to); ας ραζάιλ αη λαε: winning the day; ροιρεαηη: team, crew, the whole crew of them; ας mάλ: mauling, bruising, crushing; αη mάλ: the prince, champion, poet; μαοòμ: contending, crushing; mίλλιμ: I destroy; mίλλεαδò-βρισεαδò: crushing to destruction; cλαον-ολιζεαδò: perverse law; sάR-òίon: strong protection; sάR-òín: strong protectors (?); sin: sinn ?; γας: stem, scion; ρίζ-γας: royal scion; cλαοιòιμ: I subdue; cρέιμιμ: I bite, gnaw; òíoscaίμ: I drain out; ιομαιò: contest; σιοςμα: contest; σαοR-òλιζεαδò: free law; σαοR-òλιζε: way, manner, mode; sόζ: good cheer, pleasure, (sόζα, *genitive as adjective*).

Τάρη: rest, repose; γάιρòeας: pleasure, joy, pastime; γλέασαιμ: I set in order, prepare; cυραδò: warrior, hero, champion; ρίος-λεοηαν: kingly hero; λòβαλ: ? awful?; ρραoc̐: storm, fury; άρσα: (*adjective*) ancient, (*noun*) veteran; cάρηαίμ: I slay in heaps; ράις: pursuit; céασαιμ: I torture; ciοRRβuiζίμ: ciοKpòαίμ, I cut, hew, shed, take away, destroy, overlook; ρéιλ(λ)-ολιζεαδò: ordinance about holy-days; ρéαβαιμ: I destroy, demolish; ρεαc̐t: custom, law; ράc̐α: custom, regulation; ρεαc̐t ις ράc̐αιòe: laws and customs; ράc̐: surety, guarantee, *plural* ράc̐α; ράc̐α: rate (*e.g. of pay*); Tυαc̐αλ: - *a personal name*; τυαc̐αλ: tyrant; τυαc̐αλ: a turn to the left, a turn in wrong direction, error; méιρleαc̐: wretch, miscreant; meαβαλ: deceit, disgrace, shame; smísteαc̐: smiter, sméιρle: clownish person; coιηιζc̐eαc̐: strange, foreign, wild; cuίλ: venomous aspect (*noun*), wicked (*adj.*); ιομòα: many; ιομòαδò:





a poem); óiḡ: virgin; ꝥeorðinn: green sward; sliað: mountain, moor.

Ḃríḡðeac: bride, girl; rinn: sharp, keen; rinn-rosc: piercing eye; breoðaim: I enfeeble, oppress, sicken, decline, wither; oioḡrais: affection, snóð: snuað, countenance; scéim: sciam, scheme, outline, form, beauty; loil-čneis: woman of lime-white skin, fair lady; oioscam: I drain away; mór-črúp: great army; comrac: contest, combat; rioḡ-bruinneall: royal maiden; mionla: gentle, mild, amiable; o'fúis: o'fás, left; cóm-las: equally prostrate; mīle: warrior, hero; cac-mīleað: cac-mīle, leader in battle; trelað: herd, tribe, company, army; olíḡim: I impose as a command; mór-rlait: great chieftain; teoruiḡeact: tóruisḡeact, act of pursuing.

Síor-silim: I constantly shed; maioðim: I mention; ḡlor: voice, sound, talking; bríḡðeac: bride, girl; sealað: a space of time; loibneas: delight, contentment; coróin čeart: true crown; mīr: part, highest part; mīr-: (*in compounds*) distinguished, champion; mīr-čeanas: pre-eminence, high kingship; plérð: struggling, dealing with, contesting.

Ḃúðac: sad, melancholy; cúrsa: course, career, event, adventure, difficulty; úr: dull; úr-čreimim: I sullenly gnaw; cóirneac: osprey (*foreign bird = English person?*); ouð-smact: sad bondage; búr: churl, boor; sóḡ: good cheer; sóḡacac: pleasure; seolaim: I direct, send; úr-mac: Noble Son; oučac: native land; rúscam: I rout, make an onslaught on; crón: swarthy; crón-þoc: swarthy buck; ƿaoðar: edge, blade, weapon, arms.

Cúil-þionn: fair lady; tac: gentle; múnce: manerly; crú: gore, blood, race; cúrsa: course, career, event, adventure, difficulty; smút: mist, defeat, sorrow; cacac: sorrowful; ceomar: foggy, dim, gloomy; scléip: delight; bruḡ: mansion; olúč-bruḡ: firmly set residence; seolaim: I sail, direct, steer; conḡantac:

helpful; *mac conḡantač*: merciful son; *súḡač*: pleasant, merry; *rúscaim*: I rout, make an onslaught on; *crón-ḡoc*: swarthy buck; *umhal*: willing; *taḡa*: active; *scóḡmaḡ*: long-reaching.

*flít*: fleet; *corp*: corpse, body, main part; *corp áčais*: genuine pleasure; *ḡíor-eač*: sterling steed; *ḡroíḡe*: great, brave; *taḡa*: active; *céaḡrač*: active, nimble; *caḡtaim*: I overthrow violently, clear away; *síor-čartaḡ*: completely overthrowing, casting aside; *neart ḡaḡḡaḡ*: strength of arms; *claoiḡim*: I subdue; *innḡim*: spirit, courage, resolution; *luiḡe aḡ*: encroachment on, lying down on, neglect of; *luiḡe*: oath, imprecation, propensity, desire, tendency, control, influence; *ḡáḡḡa*: guard, garrison; *aḡ šeasaḡm ḡáḡḡa*: standing guard (*as a soldier*), sentry duty(?); *lem raḡ*: *lem ré*, in my (allotted) time.

## 12. Δḡ taisteal na blárnaḡ - Travelling through Blarney.

*ḡear(Δ)-čú*: man-hound, warrior; *ḡáilteač*: welcoming, hospitable; *ḡaḡsḡḡ*: generous; *ḡór*: race, breed; *ḡleo*: noise, battle; *neaoiḡim*: I nestle, settle down; *ál*: brood; *stát*: estate; *ḡearannačas*: land holding; *slóḡ*: *sluaḡ*, company; *čárčāč*: protective; *ḡreač*: battle, battle-rank; *ḡreaḡmaḡil*: abounding in battle-ranks; *caḡtaim*: I overthrow completely, sweep away; *čárnaim*: I slay in heaps; *ḡḡaḡḡ*: ripe, sprightly, mature; *ḡḡaḡim*: I cause, bring to maturity; *ḡḡáin*: disgust, disgrace, reproach; *eačsaine*: curse, excommunication; *ḡḡáscar*: rabble; *cealḡač*: deceitful, venomous; *crón*: swarthy; *cóip*: band of men, army; *óro*: clergy.

*Čásaim*: I bewail; *čásmaḡ*: lamenting; *cačāč*: sorrowful; *áirḡ*: a place, direction; *áirḡ*: happiness, self-esteem; *ḡaḡ áirḡ*: depressed (*Dinneen*); *áiteas*: mirth; *ceasnuḡḡāḡ*: want, perplexity; *ceasnuḡčteač*: troubled; *ḡearaim*: I provide; *ḡán-čneis*: (woman) of white skin, fair lady; *ḡanaḡmaḡil*: feminine, womanly; *mánla*: sedate, stately, pleasant, affable, gentle; *maiseaḡmaḡil*: comely, handsome, elegant; *ḡeanaḡmaḡil*: lovely,

loveable, acceptable, decent, respectable; μοῦδαῖναι: mannerly, gracious, modest, well-bred; ῥό-ῖοῦδαῖναι: very elegant; σνῶ: snuaō, countenance; κάμῤῥα: twisted, curled; κάβλα: in thick clusters; ῥάινῥα: ringletted; ῥεακαίμ: I bend back; σάλ: heel; ball: limb; βαίλλ(ε)-ῥκίτ: limb-trembling, completely tembling; βλάτ-ῥοιτ: beautiful hair; βαῥάλλα: curled; σκάινῥα: in skeins; κῥαῥῥα: curled; τάκλα: curled; τάλαιμ: I pour forth; ταῶαλλ: approaching, touching; ταῶλα: pleasant to touch; σῥαῖομ: I knot; βάῤῥ-ῥας: curling at the tips (of the hair); ὠαῖτε: coloured, bright-coloured, variegated; κλό: appearance; σκαμλλ: cloud, darkness; ceo: fog, mist, sorrow.

Ῥεαῶ: contest; σκαί: brightness, shade of colour; τλά: defect, weakness; λαα: blush, bright red colour; ῥός-ῥεο: ῥός-ῥεα, rose-like mouth, red lips; μάλα: eyebrow; κάμ: blemish, fault; σάμ-ῥεα: pleasant eye; ἄβαιο: ripe, sprightly, mature; τάμ: still, motionless; τάμ: company; σεαῶ: hawk, champion; ῥεανῥαίμ: I love; κλό: form, appearance; εαλα: swan; βράζα: neck, throat; ῥεα(α)-ῥκίτ: bright appearance; μάμα: breast, bosom; βλάτῥα: flowery, blooming, beautiful, young; σεαῶ: slender, graceful; κροῦ: hand; λεαῶ: long, limber; ταῤῥαῖντε: drawn; κάζ: daw; ceαῥα: cattle; καῖῥ-ῥα: hart, wild deer; ῥεο: noise, tumult, strife, battle; κρεον: κρέαν, strong, strong man, hero; λεαῥ-ῥα: broad cloth; σρόλλ: satin.

ῥασα: wise, ingenious, clever, brave; κάρο: noble; σάμ: pleasant; ῥάσ: brass, money; ῥάσ: poem; ῥατῥαν: parchment; ὠάμ: tribe, company (of poets), academy; εασβαῖο: metrical defect; σόζ: good cheer, pleasure; σόζα: happy, comfortable; σόζαῖναι: cheerful, prosperous, comfortable; λαῶαῖτ: saying, utterance, speech; beoil: βείλ, of the mouth; βαῖτεας: crown of the head; σάλ: heel; κάμ: blemish, fault; ἀμεαῖν: blemish; ῥεανῥα: neat, elegant, lovely; ceo: fog, mist, sorrow; κλό: appearance; μάσκαλα: maiden; τλάτ: τλάιτ,

weak, powerless, languid, docile, amiable; ταις: damp, fresh, gentle, tender, compassionate, weak; ζάιρεα: laughing, pleasant; ζρεαννηδρ: witty, amiable, pleasant; αιτεασ: speech, utterance; πρεαβαιμ: I start up; βάν-čneis: (woman) of white skin, fair lady; αιτчим: I entreat.

ῶαb: maiden; βάρρ-ῑionn: fair-headed (lady); πεαρσα: person, form; σεαση: standing; σεαση cruic: shape, figure; clōō: form; snōō: snuaō, appearance; mascalac: maiden; mánla: sedate, stately, affable, gentle; ζάρτα: ? ζαιρτα?, joyful?; γεαλ(α)-čneis: (woman of) bright skin, bright-skinned; βαrc: ship; ζαιl: valour; ζleo: tumult; αινηρ: maiden; τάιμ: company; άρσα: veteran; ζαιsce: valour; άρσα ζαιscio: valorous veteran; τλάs: defect, weakness; αιριζιμ: I heed, obey; κατ: battle, battalion; ὀάνα: bold; τρεας: battle-rank; όιζ: virgin; σεοο: jewel, ornament, pretty girl, pet.

μεανμα: courage, spirit; ταca: support; ϑαιō: seer, poet; αιτεασ: speech, utterance, lecture; πράisc: unlawful pastime, wildness, extravagance; πλάs: flattery; πάιrc: love, friendship; ταιrneah: love; όζ-leomah: young champion; σεαlβυζιμ: I possess; όζατ: virginity; sáil: sáile, sea-water, sea; βάιρε: game, contest; caςaim: I turn, turn round, turn back; σεαση α ζcás: defence (perseverance, maintenance) of their position; ζαλλ(α)-poic: foreign bucks; άλ: brood; τράτ: journeying; βάν-ῑlai: fair chieftain; μάl: act of bruising; μάl: prince, noble, champion; seol: sail; cóiR: in order; πεαραnn: land, territory.

μαζ: plain, field; μαcαιρε: plain, low-lying country, race-course, battle-field; ταrcuisne: insult; πεοθαμ: I wither, decay; cóip: band, army; τρεοiR: direction; caiτ-míleaō: caiτ-míle, caiτ-bíle, leader in battle; ϑás: race, tribe; σεαν(α)-stoc: old stock; άρσα: ancient; τρεασημαil: abounding in battle-ranks; ῑlós: flower; ῑlós leomaim: flower of a hero; ταca: support; τóiR: pursuit, charge, attack; λάR: the middle, the ground; αρ λάR: prostrate; άλ: brood; τράτ: mention; caςaō: turning,

recovery; ΔΙΣΕΑΣ: recovery of health; ΣΤΑΤ: estate; ΞΑΡΘΑΔ: ΞΑΙΡΘΕΑΔ, joyous, laughing; ΜΟΡ-ΣΟΡ: great pleasure, freedom.

### 13. ΔΞ ΤΑΙΣΤΕΛ ΝΑ ΣΛΕΪΒΤΕ – Travelling the mountains.

ΔΤΥΙΡΣΕΑΔ: sad, afflicted; ΚΕΑΣΤΑ: tormented; ΔΙΡΘ: happiness, self-esteem; ΞΑΝ ΔΙΡΘ ΞΙΡΙΝ: depressed in spirits; ΚΛΕ: sinister; ΒΕΑΡΤ: deed; ΞΑΝΞΑΙΘ: deceit; ΣΕΑΡΞΑΙΜ: I grow withered; ΞΝΕ: outward appearance; ΤΡΕΪΣΙΜ: I betray; ΞΑΛΛ(Δ)-ΠΟC: foreign buck; ΚΛΟΝ: perverse; ΠΟΡΤ: bank, fort(?); ΒΑΙΛΕ ΠΟΙΡΤ: fortified house?; ΡΑΣΑΪΣΙΜ: I turn into a desert; ΘΟΝΑΣ: harm, evil.

ΚΑΟΛ-ΘΟΙΡΕ: graceful oakwood; ΡΙΤ: course, running, exertion(?); ΞΕΑΡ: sharp, keen; Θ'ΡΪΥΙΞ: Θ'Ρ'ΑΣ; ΤΑΜΑΔ: still, motionless; ΔΙΤΕΑΣ: mirth, happiness; ΣΠΡΕΑΞΑΙΜ: I urge, incite; ΣΠΕΪΡ-Θ ΚΥΝΝΕΑΛΛ: beautiful maiden; ΞΕΑΝΑΜΑΙΛ: amiable; ΘΕΪΘ-ΞΕΑΛ: possessing white teeth; ΚΑΟΙΜ: gentle, tender, kind, genial; ΚΑΡΤΑΝΑΔ: loving; ΣΕΪΜ: mild, gentle; ΜΑΙΣΕ: beauty; ΜΑΟΡΘΑΔΤ: majesty; ΒΑΡΡ: top, supremacy; ΒΡΕΑΞΑΘ: falsehood; ΒΕ: woman.

ΚΑΜΑΡΣΑΔ: twisted, ringletted; ΘΡΕΪΜΡΕ: ladder; ΘΡΕΪΜΡΕΑΔ: in long wisps; ΘΑΙΤΤΕ: coloured, variegated; ΠΕΑΡΛΑΔ: pearl-white; ΒΑΔΑΛΑΔ: curled; ΝΕΑΜ: ΝΙΑΜ, colour, brightness; ΝΕΑΜΡΑΔ: brilliant, variegated; ΤΑΚΛΑ: curl; ΚΑΡΝ-ΡΟΛΤ: heap of tresses, mass of hair; ΚΡΑΘΒΑΔ: branching; ΡΕΑΚΑΙΜ: I bend back; ΣΛΑΘΑΙΜ: I flow in layers; ΘΕΑΡΒΑΙΜ: I assert; ΚΙΑΘ: lock; ΣΑΜΑΙΛ: like; ΞΝΕ: outward appearance; ΚΑΙΛΥΘΕΑΔΤ: quality; ΛΟΜΡΑΘ: ΛΟΜΡΑ, fleece; ΛΕΑΡ: sea; ΞΑΙΣΚΕΑΘ: arms, feat of arms, heroism; ΘΕ ΒΑΡΡ ΚΛΑΪΘΙΜ: by means of the sword.

ΣΕΪΜ: fine, mild, tender, placid, pleasing; ΜΑΜΑ: mammary, bosom; ΞΕΑΡ: sharp, pointed, well-defined; ΣΕΑΝΞ: slender, graceful, not pregnant, virginal; ΔΟΛΘΑ: limed, white as lime; ΤΕΜΠΕΛ: cloud, shadow, stain, flaw; ΞΑΝΞΑΙΘ: deceit; ΚΛΟΝ-



ὄαοῤ-σκαμαλλ: oppressing cloud; πλάιζ: plague, ϑεαράμ: I pour out, bestow.

#### 14. Cois ταιοῖβε δῶανν sínte - Lying by a river-side.

Sínim: I stretch, stretch out, lie; smaoinim: I think; cḷaon-ḃeart: perverse deed; ζḡás: fashion, habit; saoi: master of art(s), cultured person, noble, savant; ársa: ancient; scác: shelter, protection.

Scéim: beauty; síolruísim: I spring from; príom-ślioct: original race or stock; ḡlaoi: lock; mín-črič: gentle trembling; caoi: weeping; ϑras: shower; caoincead: mournful; cráiocte: tormented.

ḃíoðζaim: I start, start up; líon-rič: full flood; bríz: force, vigour; bałl: limb; τάḡad: still, motionless; τρέιč: prostrate, weak.

ḡár: shameful; cḷaoiōim: I subdue; croiōe-mísnead: courage of heart; éiζim: I call upon, appeal to; brízdead: bride, girl; aoil-čneas: lime-white skin.

ḡíoζrais: affection, ardour; plás: flattery; ζailceann: fair lady; ríob: lark, fair lady; cailce: chalk-white; coimeascar: conflict.

ḡinn-śruč: sea current; mín-máisead: gently beautiful; mionla: gentle, mild, amiable; τarr: lower point, bottom, belly; ϑé čarr: underneath; τár: contempt, disgrace, wickedness; τáir: base, vile, wretched; príom-ślioct: original race or stock; ζaois: wisdom, skill, power; ζaoismear: wise, talented.

Δoł-čručad: of lime-white appearance; mionla: gentle, mild, affable; ríob-ḃruζ: royal mansion; ϑaon: supine, dull; mír: portion, prize, supremacy; curaō: warrior, hero; mír-čuraō: supreme champion; míleao: míle, warrior, champion, hero;

céim: degree; lann: spear; paoðar-lann: edged spear; lann(Δ): strong; fíor-lann: true sword (*Dinneen*); cliað: breast; bráícre cléið: bosom friends.

Μαιριόim: I mention; pánac: vagrant; oíbirkεac: exile, refugee; coimhíçεac: strange, foreign, wild; spás: period of time; réim: course, sway, authority; oílis: oíleas, own, owned, special, genuine, native, reserved for, worthy, safe, dear, fond, loyal.

Μίρ: portion, prize, supremacy; mίr-çion: highest regard, great fondness; fíor-çradam: true esteem; ríοçradò: dynasty, line of kings, kings; çail-çlioçt: foreign tribe or progeny; áitρεað: habitation, residence; oíç: want, ruin; oíç-çρεacτα: ruinously plundered; cárnam: I slay in heaps.

Μαιριόim: I mention, relate, boast; λαιο-σταιρ: historical poem; οραι: bard; páio: seer, prophet; oreac: poem, poetry; áitρεað: abode; fíor-scaipim: I truly scatter; oaiorse: bondage, slavery.

Ríoimam: I weave, compose; ráðam: I say; oíoscam: I drain out; cáil: fame, repute; céim: degree, dignity; slioçt: tribe; mílum: I destroy, wound deeply; Δοime: Friday's feast; pao: supine, weak, dull; ooc: tight, strict, stiff, hard, dear, profitless.

Ταιορε: tide, flood; lionταct: fullness; τραçam: I dry up, ebb; fíor-stoirm: real storm; p-raoiç-stoirm: fierce or raging storm; coimhíçεac: foreign, strange, wild; oíoçrais: affection, loyalty, zeal, determination; τάρ: contempt; sprοt: sprats, mean creatures, rabble; τάρ-sprοt: contemptible rabble; clé: sinister; λαιρε: elevated; çoil-çoiimp: foreign pride or pomp; τλάç: weak, powerless.

Ταιορε: tide, sea; tuinn-muir: rolling ocean; béim: blow, stroke, cut, scar, flaw, blemish; σcρίocam: I yield, submit;



SCRÍOB: career, progress; MAOR: officer; MAOIRSEACHT: sovereignty.

CEANḠAL: envoi; CREAC: plunder, booty, cattleprey, raid; CNEASTA: modest, polite; STRIAPAC: harlot, fornicator; PLEAO: feast; ḠROIÖE: great, brave, hearty; MÍN: gentle, mild, tender, smooth; CAITIM: I wear out, spend; IASACHT: lending, being given away to strangers, strangeness, foreignness, a foreign thing.

### 15. CRÁC IS MÉ COIS LEASA - Once and I by a fairy-fort.

CRÁC: once (upon a time), while; LEASA: *a place-name or river-name?*; LEASA: *genitive of LIOS*, enclosure, courtyard, fairy-fort, rath; TLÁC: weak, feeble; RÉIM: course, sway, authority; FLAIC: chieftain; SLUAḠMAR: abounding in hosts; STAOHAM: I yield (to); CRAPAM: I wither, shrink; SÓḠ: joy, ease, luxury, prosperity, good cheer; SPÓRT: sport, pleasure; AITEAS: mirth; scléip: revelry; LUAO: moving, stirring, mentioning, betrothing; scoC: tip, top, reef, flower, choicest part; SÁR-scoC: truly best; OÚCAIḠ: country; AOL-ḠRUḠ: lime-white mansion; CAIICE: chalk-white; CRÓN-ḠOC: swarthy buck; CIL: church; CÁIROE ḠAOIL: relatives; CÁBLAM: I bind in bondage.

PÚÖAR: loss, injury; scíos: weariness, fatigue, grief; ÖAINIO: ÖAHAIÖ, grievance, pity; CAOIO: weeping, lamentation; CEASNA: difficulty, great need; ḠROIÖE: great, brave; TAPAC: active, swift; STÁHAM: STAOHAM, I yield, submit; ḠLIAÖ: battle; MAIÖM: contest; ḠAISCE: hero, champion; ḠAISCEAO: valour, feats of arms, exploits; ḠLEO: noise, tumult, battle; TREASCARICT: destruction, overthrow; ÁR: slaughter; CNOC: hill, mountain, anything large, impediment, difficulty, (*in stock phrases* – woe, bad luck, defect); ÖRO: clergy; CRAOS: maw, gluttony, fierce anger; UḠAIM: harness, plough-traces, care, worry, tyranny; PÁḠÁICTAS: gain, profit, means; PAON: supine, weak, dull.

ΤΡΕΪ: weak, prostrate, defeated; ΔΙΠΘΕΑΣ: (*neg. of* ΘΕΑΣ), wretched; ΠΡΑΣΑ: in showers; ΣΙΝΤΕ: stretched, prone; ΟΣΝΑΘ: sigh; CEASNA: difficulty, great need; ΤΕΔΡΝΥΙΖΙΜ: I approach; ΔΙΝΝΙΡ: maiden; ΜΟΘΑΜΡΑ: polite, refined; ΝΑΙΡΕΑ: modest; ΜΑΙΣΕΑ: beautiful, decorous; ΣΝΥΑΘ: countenance; ΣΝΥΑΘ-ΖΛΑΝ: of pure countenance; ΣΡΕΙΝΕ: ? ΣΡΙΑΝΑ, bright, shining?; CAILCE: chalk-white; SCÉIM: SCIAM, form, beauty; CÍORČA: combed; CACTA: twisted, curled; ΤΡΙΛΛΕΑ: ΤΡΙΛΣΕΑ, in tresses, plaited; ΟΛΑΟΙΪΤΕΑ: ΟΛΑΟΙΤΕΑ, in locks; ΘΑΙΤΤΕ: coloured, variegated; ΒÚCLA: a wisp or ringlet of hair; ΒÚCLΑ: in ringlets; ΠΈΑΡΛΑ: pearly white; ΠΡΙΝΣΕ: ΠΡΑΙΝΣΕ, fringe, flange, groove; ΠΡΙΝΣΕΑ: fringed, grooved; ΝΕΑΜΡΑ: ΝΙΑΜΡΑ, coloured, bright; ΟΛΑΤΑ: ΟΛΑΪΤΑ, in locks; ΠΑΙΝΝΕΑ: ringletted, curled; CÁBLA: in thick clusters; CΡΑΤΑ: trembling; ΘΥΑΛΑ: in locks; ΘΡΕΙΜΡΕΑ: in long wisps or strands; ΣΡΕΑΝΑΙΜ: I carve, engrave, sculpt; ΣΡΕΑΝΤΑ: sculpted, adorned, neat, elegant, lovely; BÁN-ČNEIS: (woman) of white skin; CΡΑΘΘ: branch, branch or palm of victory, trophy, *fig. for* house, mansion.

ΔΙΝΝΙΡ: maiden; CΑΟΙΜ: gentle, kind; ΤΑΙΣ: moist, soft, tender; ΤΡΕΪΤΕΑ: accomplished, virtuous; CAILCE: chalk-white, beautiful; CΑΟΙΜ: gentle, fair; ΣΜÓΛ: snuff of a candle, flaw, stain; ΠΛΕΙΘΙΜ: I defeat, crush, contest; ΥΒΑΛΛ: ball, globe, round fruit, apple, a choice thing, choicest part; ΜΑΙΡΣ: woe, pity, despondency, oppression; ΠΈΑCΑΙΜ: I watch, appear, test, attempt, explore, visit, attend to; ΠΈΑCΑΙΝΤ: (1) examining, (2) consideration, pity; ΝΙΑΜΡΑ: bright, coloured; CAILCE: chalk-white, beautiful; ΔΡ: slaughter; ΔΡ-ΖΟΙΝ: deadly wound; ΡΕΙΘΙΜ: I settle; CEASNA: difficulty, trouble; ΑΝΑ: ΕΑΝΑ, path, pass, road, watery place, pond, lake; ΜΑΘΡΘΑ: majestic; ΜΑΙΣΕΑ: beautiful, graceful; CΑΟΙΝ: gentle, kind; CÉΑΘ-ČΥΙΡΙΜ: I first put; ΠÍΟΡ: fact, truth, trial, ordeal; ΜΥΙΛΛΕΑΝΝ: mill, water-mill; BÉ: woman; ΛΑΟCΡΑΘ: band of heroes or champions; ΤΡΕΟΙΡ: direction, sense.

CΔOIM: gentle, kind; CΔOM: mild, fair; PPIOTΔΛ: word, speech, utterance; MIOČAIR: kind, affable; OTIZIR: OTUIZIR; ZÓ: lie, falsehood; ZÉIL: submission, obedience; URRΔIM: esteem, respect, honour; TUIRSEΔČ: tired, oppressed, anguished; ZHÍOMΔČ: active, feat-performing; ZLEO: tumult, battle; SÚIL: eye, eye to, expectation; TPÉΔN-MUIR: mighty sea; POIREANN: team, band, army; PUIREΔČ: delay; MÉIRLEΔČ: wretch, miscreant; TUIRSE: oppression; EΔSBAIÖ: defect, flaw, need, want; UIREΔSBAIÖ: deficiency, need, poverty; SÉΔN: omen, charm, good luck, prosperity, happiness; SÉΔNMΔR: happy, prosperous, contented; SÁM: tranquil, comfortable; SULC: delight, fun, savour; SULCΜΔR: jolly, joyous.

SPÉIR-ĐEΔN: beautiful woman; MIOČAIR: kind, affable; CLÚIO: covering; ZEΔL-ČLÚIO: fair protector, foster-nurse; TEMEΔΛ: cloud, shadow, stain, flaw; OMEΔČ: hospitable; PUIREANN: band, army; RÉΔBΔIM: I destroy, demolish; BROID: difficulty; MÉIRLEΔČ: wretch, miscreant; SMÉIRLE: clownish person; TREOIR: direction, leadership; ČAILCE: chalk-white, beautiful; TPÚIP: troops, army; LÍONMΔR: plentiful; BUÖĐEΔNMΔR: with abundant forces, with a large following; NEΔRTMΔR: strong; COMEΔSCΔR: conflict; ZLEO: noise, tumult, battle; CLΔON: perverse; PEΔRΔNN CLOIÖIM: field of the sword, battle-field; TREΔSCRAIM: I destroy, overthrow.

# **16. ΔR MAIÖIM INÖÉ IS MÉ ΔZ ČAISTEΔΛ I ZČÉIM - Yesterday morning and I travelling afar.**

MOČΔR: clump, cluster, grove; BUΔCΔČ: lofty, gay, buxom, luxurious; ZΔΛΔR: disease, distress, trouble; ČΔPΔNN: hunting, chasing, barking at, driving, routing; ΔINÖEIS: *opposite of* ÖEΔS, untidy, wretched, miserable; ΔINÖEISE: wretchedness; SLÉΔČTΔIM: I bow, submit, hang down; ČAISE: moistness, softness, pity, faint-heartedness; PIONNΔIM: I know, try, see, recognise, discover.

Soλaσta: bright, radiant, brilliant; σπionnaõ: strength, force, prowess, vigour; λuaõail: motion, stirring; õlúit̃eac̃: close, compact; õrič̃le: spark, flash; õrič̃leac̃: sparkling, bright, beautiful; õramaac̃: ?; õreamac̃: abounding in companies; õuib̃reamac̃: ? darkness?; τaiσce: treasure, hoard, stake, pledge; seoc̃: seac̃, by, beside, compared with, rather, better than; p̃ionnal̃l: ? p̃inn-ž̃eal?, bright, fair lady?; p̃raσac̃: showery, bedewed, fruitful, generous, eloquent; τaom: drop, torrent, fit, disease; am̃arc̃: sight, vision, scene.

Θeadõ: conflict, strife; σt̃ríocaim: I fall, submit, desist from; séanaim: I deny, refuse, abstain from, avoid; scríb̃: scríob̃, scrape, track, line; meam̃ram: parchment, scroll, manuscript; slím: slim, smooth, graceful; céaõac̃: hundred-fold; céaõ: hundred, first, choicest; céaõ-: first-, fundamental; ceaõuigim: I permit, dismiss, wish, consent, consult; cneadõaim: I wound; snoĩõce: hewn, chiselled, delicately carved, neat; snasta: glossed, polished, elegant, neat; blaσta: delicious, tasty, elegant, fluent.

p̃ionnaim; I know, discover; miõcar̃õa: ? miõcar̃, kind, friendly, mild; bileam̃ail: tree-like, distinguished, stately; bleac̃t̃: milk, abundance; bleac̃t̃: (*adjective*) milky, copious, generous, hospitable, productive; ž̃emeam̃ail: genealogical?; caoĩm̃neas: gentleness; caoĩm̃nac̃t̃: company, protection, nurture; taõb̃: side, body; taõb̃-leadõair̃: graceful body, beauty(?).

Éaž̃crut̃: absence of form, deformity, dismay, terror, sad plight; p̃uiž̃eal̃l: remnant, defect, bad result; p̃raσac̃: showery, fruitful, generous, eloquent; p̃ár̃bon: ? p̃ác̃ ar̃b̃ ann, the reason why (something) should exist (*an tAth Pádraig Ó Fiannachta*), p̃or̃bann, excess (*Canon Michael Manning – the earr̃aõ being liquor or uisce beac̃a*); earr̃aõ: property, materials, dress, armour; eal̃ž̃a: noble; Eal̃ž̃: Ireland; eal̃ž̃ac̃: Irish; t̃air̃: base,

vile; cáil: quality, reputation, fame, means, state, sort, amount, share, quantity.

Ḫreas: great, beautiful; cosnam: protection, defence, championing; Ḫraḡan: dragon, hero; cuirim: I put, fix, set, sow, bury, shed, send, cause.

Muirinneac: muirneac, lovable person; príc: was found; síolrac: progeny, race, tribe; foise: nearness; račac: giant; aiceas: triumph, success.

Ḫéibceac: ? deabčac, quarrelsome; curao: warrior; cineacac: cineaočac, cineaoac, having many relatives; comirseac: sociable, affable; crústálaim: I throw missiles at, I fight; túrnaim: toirnim, I descend, lower, humble, destroy, defeat; tuin: tune, humour, mood.

linim: I leap, spring, rush away, escape; íoršoil: ?, íoršail, attack, battle, battlefield, armour; peromim: I accomplish.

### 17. Sealaḡ dem šaoḡal - A while in my life.

Δerac: airy, eerie, weird, haunted; ionḡanac: wonderful, surprising; tuirse: fatigue, affliction; riarao: serving, ruling, sharing, complying with, experiencing, submitting to; ceasnuicac: troubled, concerned; connail: discreet, worthy, thrifty; connail-ḡočt: poor though worthy, pitiful; búro: gentle, affable, gracious; cium: calm, gentle, quiet; suḡac: pleasant, merry, comfortable.

Feiceamail: weak, defective, *also* keen, sharp; suroce: seated, placed, settled, certain, staid, neat; séamrar: rich in jewels or ornaments, wealthy; éipeac: force, point, substance, avail, sense, wisdom, maturity, prodigy; cúrnín: ? ; cuar: hoop, ring, circle, curve; cačais: guard, sentinel; cačaiseac: vigilant,

valiant, clever, quick, amiable; οὐλ: element, creature, anything created, being; ὕμν: sharp, accurate, clear.

ὄλσδμ: balm, fragrance; ρεοζδμ: I wither, decay, droop, perish; ὕμν: sharp, clear, steadfast, close, earnest; βύρδ: gentle, affable, gracious; κλί: chest, ribs, heart, body; οὐλίρδεαδτ: οἰλίρδεαδτ, distributing, partition, division; σεασκαίρ: comfortable, easy, quiet, sheltered, snug, pleasant; cúmín: ?; cumín: coimín, little waist ?; cúm: form, body, waist.

ῥεαδτ: turn, time, occasion; μάσκαλαδ: masculine, manly, muscular, firm, strong, proud, stately; σεανδ: history; σλέαδτδμ: I bow, worship, submit, deign; σλέαδτδμ: I cut, fell, clear, destroy; búδ: buδδ, free, liberal, kind; οὐβλνζμ: I double, fold, repeat.

lonnsurδe: lonnsaíδe, approaching, setting about, attacking, enterprise; ὕρεανν: fun, humour *also* incitation, challenge, *also* fur, beard, hair; ὕρεαννῆδρ: witty, pleasant, amiable, strange, strong, vigorous, fierce; κραοβ: branch, garland, palm of victory.

Οὐλίρδεαδτ: disributing, partitioning, dividing.

Τρεαδαν: vast; cúmse: protection, trick, plan, understanding, alternative, condition; múr: wall, fortification, cloud of dust, abundance; cuῖδανς: narrow, tight, narrow-minded, miserly.

Σείς: science, skill, music; κλύρδ: corner, recess, protection, society.

Σαῖνδρλε: cub, whelp, boor, fat person.

**18. Όο ρινneað ðisliŋs þeas ðerað- An eerie little vision appeared.**

ðerað: airy, eeries; nóm: noon, evening; τράτ νόνα: evening; casaim: I twist, return, cause to turn back, begin, raise; scéicim: I spew, overflow, betray; comair: presence; ós comair: in front of; as comair: ?

méic: fat; paincīr: ? panthers?; míol: animal, hare; míol bán: ?; geom: shout, hum.

þeas: small, *can also mean* young; aosta: old, worn-out.

þaoč: foolish, soft, weak, tender; siollaire: smiter, sturdy fellow; ðaioim: I cause to ripen.

Séicleač: weakling, old person, lazy person, *a term applied to Cupid*; blaisim: I taste, sip, begin to enjoy; íoşarča: říoşarča, shapely.

þrāca: rake, harrow, impediment, incubus.

řaonuişim: I mollify, soothe, calm; áirð: point of compass, direction, region; rað: giving, casting, discharging, (*could be ruð, amount*).

**19. I sleasaið na haðann - By the banks of the river.**

Éimneač: éiŋeaŋ, crying aloud, bawling, groaning, complaining, fairy-crying; síomanna: tricks, pranks, pretences, pretended illness; řala: grudge, spite, treachery, displeasure; cruipinneač: wavy; şann: scarce, stunted, thin, narrow; cúm: form, body, waist.

Δηβρανν: weak, feeble; Διγνε: heart, mind, intention, desire; τασρανν: I plead for, reason, argue, dispute, mention, refer to; βανβα: poetic name for Ireland, fair lady.

Έιγαν: violence, force, necessity, distress; έιγνεα: violent, distressful; υέ-βαν: good woman; κυριμ αρ ζκυλ: I put back, abolish, cancel, postpone; σεραμ: I stop, catch, seize, control, think, compose; λομρα: λομραο, shearing, a fleece, the Golden Fleece; αερδα: aerial, airy; υίλε: deluge, ocean; βύ: free, liberal, kind.

(This verse is given in parentheses in *Ua Duinnín, 1923*.)

Κόρα: just, fair, even, well-proportioned, handsome, tidy; κυτ: well-formed, shapely; κέρ: clear, cleared, open; αν σπέρλινγεα: mná: the woman from the skies (*Dinneen*); κλυαν: flattery, dissimulation, deceit; κλυανα: deceitful.

Κοζαλ: cowl, shell, hiding, protection, *also* corn-cockle; βροζ: house, mansion; βραονα: dewy, dropping, rainy, tearful; άρο: high, loud, noble, mighty; καίσε: stream, current, flood; υαμνο: grief, loss, regret.

Πράισ: dirt, wildness, extravagance, wantonness; ειτνεαμ: ?; ειτεα: perjury, lie; ειτεα: refusal, denial; φοιλλσιγμ: I show, reveal, explain, publish, describe; σκρυσανν: I scrape clean, remove, cancel, blot out; μιλτεα: (*adjective*) destructive, deceitful (μίλτε, thousands?); κυαν: pack of dogs or wolves, tribe, company, retinue.

Μέιρορεα: harlot; κορ: throw, cast; κοίρ: sin, crime; cine Scuit: Scots, Gaels; ζρατμ: flock, multitude, mob, low tribe; σκιζε: jeering, buffoonery; πάντεα: a sleek, well-developed person or animal.



## 20. **Ἐν τῇ ἀνιδρῶνι - Through my dreaming last night.**

Ἀνιδρῶν: dream, vision, apparition.

Ἐκπαρακολουθεῖν: I accompany, escort, attend; πῖπλον: pipe, tube, neck, throat, bagpipe; θύρα: doorway, door, gateway, breach, entrance, boundary; σκαλλᾶν: scalding, burning, scolding; ῥαχαῖρε: sport, pastime; σιύχαῖρε: sugar.

Ἐλκύειν: I draw close to, press together, embrace; σκῶν: drain; κύμνη: protection.

## 21. **Ἐν τῇ σφαιρίᾳ - Through my thoughts.**

Ἐκδρομή: course, aspiration, importance; ῥαχῆ: I mark, trace out, walk, journey; ῥαχῆ: ῥαχῆ, I give, send, deliver, bestow, fling; ταχῆ: sleep, rest; νέφος: νέφος, cloud, swoon.

Ἐκστασία: quick, nimble, ready, willing, agreeable; ῥαχῆ: ὀρεῖα, prayer, curse; ῥαχῆ: charity, kindness, gentleness; βίος: ?βίος, custom, form, manner; σκῆ: knife, dagger, edge, angry note in speech; ταχῆ: I dream; ταχῆ: I appear, show, represent, portend; σκῆ: I show, shine, brighten.

Σφαῖρα: heavy mass, soft mass, luxuriant growth; ῥαχῆ: I bend, bow, twist; ῥαχῆ: ῥαχῆ, grass; ῥαχῆ: observing, causing; ῥαχῆ: green blade of corn, green grass.

ῥαχῆ: hunting, barking at, pressing, urging; σφαῖρα: history, lore; ῥαχῆ: entreaty, petition, requesting; ῥαχῆ: service, attendance, management; ῥαχῆ: wisdom, prudence; ῥαχῆ: ?; ῥαχῆ: wise, prudent, discreet.

Σκῆ: ? σκῆ; ῥαχῆ: I fix, resolve; ῥαχῆ: I pay, sell, betray; ῥαχῆ: ? taxes; ῥαχῆ: I discharge, spill, clear away.

Τιμῶελλ: circuit, detour; cleas: play, game, feat, trick, craft;  
ταίθεελε: strength, substance; τριαν: third, portion, barony,  
(τριύε, cantred, district), *could be alt. form of* τρέεη; casaim: I  
turn, return, begin (*a song or recitation*); τριαλλ: journeying,  
march, attempt, plot; Κάιελίν Τριαλλ: Kathleen of the  
Journeying, Wandering Kathleen, *Kathleen Tyrrell in the  
O'Carolan poem.*

Τριαν: ? τρέεη ?; βαρραεας: surplus, excess, supremacy, sway;  
θεαρβα: genuineness, certainty; τρέιθεελε: clever, talented.

Όρουμ: back; οε όρουμ: over; οά όρουμ sin: on account of  
that; φαίρσιγγ: wide, plentiful, generous.

## **Some of the Airs to which the Poems are sung**

Seán Ó Duibhir an Ghleanna

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pQKoOm9g34A>

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CSX\\_-\\_wj7Bk&noredirect=1](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CSX_-_wj7Bk&noredirect=1)

An Spealadóir

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tHUsi2hC-xU>

An Clár Bog Déil

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6x3hB7Kx\\_T8](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6x3hB7Kx_T8)

An Binsín Luachra

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xDZyZp1f9ZI>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bjmqsgkvubc&feature=related>

Seán Buí

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=W6QJRMtWR4w>

Cáitlín Triail

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h13\\_GpLOcJk](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h13_GpLOcJk)



## Conflicting Views Of Ireland In The 18th Century:

### Revisionist History Under The Spotlight

There is an account of the death of Fr. Thade O'Sullivan in the *Catholic Bulletin* for September 1934:

"Never again shall we hear the great songs of the poets of the Clann Ruadh O'Sullivan—Eoghan and Tomás—sung with such weird effect—*Taisteal na Blarnan*, *Amhrán na Leabhar* and *Sean Buidhe* will only be coldly rendered lyrics from Tonic Solfa text-books for evermore. When the doctors of the Mater Nursing Home, in the last days of his earthly sojourn pronounced his memory a blank for ever, he opened his great eyes—already misty by Divine decree—on the entrance of an old Iveragh friend, and burst into

*Go Cuan Bhéil—Inse casadh mé*  
*Cois Góilín aoibhinn Dairbhre.*

He sang through some half-a-dozen lines with his old enthusiasm, and having failed to take a higher note, exclaimed in anguish, quoting the last remark of Eoghan Ruadh: '*Sin é an file go fann*'—there is the poet played out."

Thade O'Sullivan was born in Cahirciveen in 1859, but spent the greater part of his life in Hounslow, London, having been seconded on ordination to the Diocese of Westminster. One of his duties was to act as Catholic chaplain to regiments based at Hounslow Barracks. He was a supporter of the Gaelic revival and was a member of the Irish Texts Society, and when the time came for Republicanism, he was a Republican. Having served the cause of religion and nationality in foreign parts for half a century, he retired to Dublin to die. He died with Owen Roe on his lips. And the *Catholic Bulletin* (a very earnest publication at a time when religion was a very earnest preoccupation of the country) did not think it was a bad way for a priest to die—even though Owen Roe was an utterly wayward and wilful scapegrace who gave scandal by word and deed at every turn.

#### ***Slieve Luacra.***

Owen Roe, the O'Sullivan who became a poet in Slieve Luacra, was the supreme product of the culture of the Hedge Schools. He was made possible by the combination of Slieve Luacra and Hedge Schools.

Slieve Luacra was where many important families of Gaelic Ireland found refuge after they were broken by Cromwell or by William of Orange. It is

an ill-defined region extending around a triangle of villages (Knocknagree, Gneevaguilla and Ballydesmond) in Cork and Kerry. It is not a mountain at all, but a kind of plateau. What grows best there is rushes, and there is bogland in plenty, but within it there are patches of quite good land.

According to Dinneen, the O'Sullivans retreated into Slieve Luacra after they were dispossessed in Kenmare, and they brought with them their "hereditary labourers", the Cullotys. My grandmother was a Culloty, in the townland of Glencollins, close to the townland of Meentogues where Owen Roe was born, and to O'Rahilly's Meenganine. I presume that my ancestors lost their hereditary status soon after arriving in Slieve Luacra, if only because the O'Sullivans lost theirs. Slieve Luacra assimilated its immigrants and forged them all into a vigorous, democratic, egalitarian Gaelic *mélange*, and was a civilisation unto itself for a great many generations thereafter.

The village of Ballydesmond did not exist in Owen Roe's time. It was constructed by the British administration after the suppression of the last Whiteboy rising in 1830, when a military road was built through the region. The village was named Kingwilliamstown. A 'model farm' was established on the outskirts, in Glencollins, for the purpose of showing the cultured Gaels how to become industrious serfs of the landlord system. But that never happened. And the pair of lions displayed at the gates of the model farmhouse are now decorating the entrance to my sister Sheila's house down the road.

I shouldn't think that Gneevaguilla existed in Owen Roe's time either. It is still a very small village, though bigger than it was when I knew it.

Knocknagree was the urban centre. I say "urban centre" because the term says itself in the English language, moulded on a civilisation where the countryside is boorish and such sociability as exists is to be found in towns. But that tight association of ideas, "urban centre", is not one that I would make on the basis of my own experience of living in Slieve Luacra into my twenties. Anyhow Knocknagree was some kind of centre in Owen Roe's time. And it is where he was killed by the servants of a person from Rathmore, a village on the highway connecting two parts of the other civilisation.

(There is a description of Slieve Luacra in a biography of Fr. Dinneen, *An Duinnineach*, by Proinsias O Conluain and Donncha O Ceileachair, published in 1958. It must be quoted, if only because the region is so rarely mentioned in published material:

"The Dinneens were historians and storytellers to the O Donoghues in ancient times... They owned eight acres of rough ground in Sliabh Luacra, which is an area of raised bogland... The poets Aodhagan O Rathaille and Eoghan Rua O Suilleabhain had belonged to Sliabh Luacra, and Gaelic culture

remained strong in the area up to Dineen's time... Sliabh Luacra translates as Bog of Rushes. The word "sliabh" has the alternate meaning of "moor, a piece of moorland, often low-lying". Sliabh Luacra had been the refuge of Gaelic leaders who, after the Cromwellian defeat, retreated there rather than to Connacht. Ulstermen and Scots had fled there after the battle of Knocknanoss. Whiteboyism—a system of self-defence against the new rulers—remained common. It is an inhospitable and barren country, whose boggy character made drinking water scarce. For historical reasons it was densely populated, the typical smallholding having three or four cows. The people there are known for their industry and thrift, and a certain quality of determined individuality. While the area was poor, it was not backward or parochial, but had a tradition of scholarship and learning, often associated with particular families. The Sliabh Luacra area, including the Dinneen family, was in the process of switching from the Irish to the English language during Patrick's childhood.")

### ***Role Models—Hodge or Cincinnatus?***

The Hedge Schools were the great obstacle to the peasantising of the Irish. The culture of the Os and Macs—marked down for destruction by Spenser, the *Gauleiter*/poet—was preserved by them throughout the century of the Molyneuxs and Floods, and the Smiths and Turners. William O'Brien, the agrarian revolutionary cum constructive statesman, discovered that the English peasant idea of Heaven was "Swinging on a gate munching bread and cheese", and saw that fact as destining Ireland to part company with England. West Britain had no secure base in rural Ireland because the Gaels were never trained to chew the cud (*Irish Ideas*, 1893, p2).

They were excluded from the educational structures of Anglo-Ireland (Penal Law Ireland). The intention was to reduce them to ignorance and make them malleable. The effect was that they kept on educating themselves within a culture that took no account of utilitarian economics.

Two generations after the death of Owen Roe, a classical Hedge School in Kerry was described, disapprovingly, by the Rev. William Hickey, Protestant Rector of Mulrankin, Co. Wexford, in *Hints Addressed To The Small Holders And Peasantry Of Ireland* (1837). The Rev. Hickey published under the pseudonym of "Martin Doyle". He wrote in the guise of a progressive and philanthropic gentleman farmer who was anxious that the mass of the people of Ireland should accomplish their true destiny by becoming an industrious, ant-like, peasantry, such as the rural English were. In various booklets he aspired to teach them how to become peasants. He instructed them in the growing of Potatoes, Turnips and Mangel Wurzel, in the handling of cows and the folly of keeping horses, in manures, and in the usefulness of bee-keeping. The bee had a two-fold usefulness—making honey and setting a moral example:

"Regard the labours of the *Bee*  
Example meet of industry;  
Although he roves through Summer flowers,  
'Tis not to waste in play his hours."

The Rev. Hickey approved of education as he approved of dress. Clothes should be worn, but "I like to see people dressed according to their rank in life". And he regretted a tendency observable in the lower classes to dress above themselves.

"When the idea of educating the lower classes was first entertained and considered, it was opposed by many as likely to substitute vain and unsatisfying knowledge, in the place of sober industry and necessary labour. But this was over-ruled (for who with any heart and feeling, could agree to keep his fellow-man, created in the image of the Almighty, in the disgraceful state of blind and unassisted ignorance)".

But a dangerous error was prevalent, "considering education as the great *end*", when, properly considered, it would be seen as a means towards an appropriate end. And the appropriate end of education for the lower classes was not statecraft: "You don't want by education to become *statesmen* or *privy counsellors*". What the aspiring peasant needed was to have his moral character trained so that he "recommends himself to his landlord... as improved in steadiness and propriety"—and a better payer of rent.

The Rev. Hickey used a rather unfortunate example when trying to show this feckless people that it was a worthy ambition to aspire to become a peasant whose horizon was bounded by his landlord:

"A great *dictator* found more pleasure in guiding the plough, than the state: and when called upon to do so, left his farm, cultivated by his own hands, with bitter regret. I need not trouble you with his name, which is a very hard one, and Latin besides".

If Cincinnatus could be called from his plough to the helm of state, that must mean that, as a ploughman, he had the qualities of a statesman. The Rev. Hickey subverted his entire case with this mention of a ploughman who was called from the plough to run the government. Withholding his name was neither here nor there. If you were told on good authority that there was once a ploughman who governed a state, why should you heed the same authority when he told you that, because you were to become a ploughman, you should not have the education of a statesman?

A little over a century later I grew up amongst ploughmen—or at least amongst men who could plough—and who had taken part in the formation of a state. And I even ploughed a field myself just before horses became obsolete. (The State being then already formed, free, wilful energy expressed itself in other unprofitable ways.)



The capacity for statecraft, that was found to be widespread in parts of Ireland, when the British Government attempted to overrule the 1918 Election result, undoubtedly owed its existence to the rejection of the practical advice given by the Rev. Hickey and many other philanthropic gentlemen. The peasantry refused to become peasants. All too often they submitted their children to "bad education that I would have you avoid"—education in Greek or Latin, which is "a nuisance among you". This impractical strain in the cultural make-up of those who were peasants to their betters, though not to themselves—and who were unable to recognise their betters as better—proved in the end to be a very great nuisance indeed. In 1919-21 it caused them to emulate the Roman of the Rev. Hickey's unfortunate example by combining ploughing with statecraft.

"Martin Doyle" supplied examples of bad education from—

"...*the kingdom of Kerry*, where rich and poor are, or were some time ago, classical scholars. I recollect some years back, riding through a valley in that country, and seeing a ragged fellow on a high rock, herding goats: I beckoned him to come down, and asked him some question about the romantic spot on which he stood. He did not understand one word I said, but addressed me very fluently in Latin. I was as badly off there—it being a little out of Martin's line—and we parted as wise as we met; for the *native* language, which he also tried on me, was thrown away upon a *Wexford* man. It struck me that he must have been taught the Latin in Irish, for not a word of English could he speak, or, I believe, understand. Not so another Latinist whom I fell in with the same day, and who answered me in tolerable English (but with a little more of the brogue than I am accustomed to) all the questions I put to him. This was a schoolmaster who had emerged from his little school-room of sods, at the edge of a turf-bog, and had collected his boys around him under a sunny bank by the road side.

"I asked him what he taught those fine boys? He answered that he taught them Latin and Greek, and that he hoped I would let him put them through their *construin'* and *parsin'* for me. I told him I was a bad judge of these matters, and was hurrying on to Dingle. He pressed hard; and I at length compromised, by letting one boy be put to *his author*.

"Will you please to let him do Homer or Virgil?" he inquired.

"Indeed, my friend", answered I, 'it is pretty much the same to me'.

"Well, Shane", said the master, tapping one of his boys on the shoulder, 'take this Virgil in your hand, an' go on there, an' mind now—do you hear?—attintion—do it handsome for the gentleman—none of your dirty, mane, close, conthtracted thranslations, but free and lib'ral—do you mind me Shane?"

"He then directed my eye to the passage: I could read, but not understand it: but when all was over, he wrote it down for me to take home."

With the help of the translation, the Rev. Hickey reconstructed Shane's performance. When it was done the master said to him:

"Oh, Sir, it does one's heart good to hear a little jockey of this sort doing

the thing as grand as Dryden. That's the way I tache my boys; I'd not give a sod of turf for any thing else. I'd rather they missed the since altogether, than not consthroe freely'.

"I told him again that I was but a bad judge, patted Shane upon the head... pocketed his copy of the passage and translation, and proceeded to my dinner and bed at Dingle.

"Now, notwithstanding all this, I am still of opinion that this kind of education is not only useless, but injurious for the lower classes. One in ten thousand may possess great and decided talent, and rise through many difficulties to some eminence in a learned profession; but a smattering of that sort of knowledge is dangerous, and always sure to end in disappointment. Such knowledge creates pride; a certain degree of it makes a man think he is born to be a learned man, and that the handles of the plough, or the business of the counter, would disgrace him; but either of these is safe for him who attends to them, while the former is uncertain and deceitful."

The Rev. Hickey was undoubtedly a kindly man, concerned to minimise suffering within the order of things established by his kind. He wanted the dispossessed people to have a utilitarian education that would increase their usefulness as a labouring 'lower class', supplemented by a sort of Christian doctrine that resigned them to their fate. Anything else would both diminish their market value as tenants and burden them with existential discontent. The difficulty was that the dispossessed people were not disposed to mould themselves into the 'lower classes' of the Williamite colony.

### ***Existence vs Utility.***

Classical education for people whose destiny is to become peasants is not utilitarian. But what is to be done about people who do not know their destiny?

Destiny is thought. And thought is inseparable from language. And the language of the disrupted Gaels was not conducive to the realisation of the destiny conceived for them by others.

Language is loaded with destiny. You cannot accomplish the destiny that others have objectively set out for you if your subjective world, determined by your habitual language, is at variance with it. The disrupted Gaels did not speak a language which predisposed them to become industrious servants of "the dull plodding plunderer, Sean Buidhe" (Edward Walsh's translation of a line of Owen Roe's).

Perhaps the language they did speak was charged with a lost destiny which could never be recovered. Cromwell and William and Anne and the Georges had broken up their world so diligently that it could never be put together again, and had blotted them out with Penal Laws. But when, in their blotted-out condition, they spoke a language that was loaded with an

unrealisable destiny, that language also made the destiny conceived for them by Sean Buidhe unrealisable.

And so they dreamed their Gaelic dreams and cultivated classical learning uselessly. For what is the use of Homer or Virgil to a shepherd? Indeed, what is the use of Homer or Virgil at all? The Rev. Hickey sees it as having utility in a "learned profession", which Shane will certainly not enter. And why has it got utility in a learned profession? Because it brings in a salary. The professor of Latin or Greek could make a living instructing young gentlemen. But, what would be the utility of such instruction to the young gentlemen, apart from giving them a handful of Latin tags in common? Well, one in a thousand of them could become a professor of Latin.

It did not occur to the Rev. Hickey that the shepherd might have felt that his sheer existence was rendered immensely satisfactory by the fact that Homer and Virgil were buzzing around in his head. How could it? Existential satisfaction has no utility—no market value.

### ***Two 18th Centuries.***

I had got this far with this effort to present Owen Roe's historical setting, and was wondering how best to approach the 18th century—an era to which much whitewash has been applied in recent decades—when I chanced to hear an interview with Professor Marianne Elliott on the Jeremy Paxman show on BBC Radio 4 (*Start The Week*) about her book, *The Catholics Of Ulster*. His introductory selling point, the hook to whet the hearer's appetite, was that she had demonstrated that the Penal Laws—the regime of oppression supposedly directed against the Irish Catholics for many generations, and supposedly the source of all that has happened in Irish-English and Catholic-Protestant relations ever since—were, if not a total invention of nationalist propagandists, at least a very great exaggeration of something slight. And what she said in the interview confirmed that this was in fact the message of her book.

Here is what I had written when I heard this interview:

"Eighteenth century Anglo-Ireland has been so extensively touched up and improved in retrospect in recent decades that Egan O Rahilly and Owen Roe can have no place in the new version. That is why it is necessary to re-assert some of the crude, elemental facts of life about it.

"Anglo-Ireland—the English ruling caste in Ireland—was an active participant in the life of the English state which had slavery at its economic base, and religious bigotry at its crown. And the 'culture' of which we hear so much—what was that but the flowers on the dunghill?

"England devotes considerable resources to cleaning up its past, and through its very effective patronage system it has been recruiting Irish talent for the work. (The extreme case is a Drogheda historian, Tom Reilly, who

in 1999 wrote *Cromwell: An Honourable Enemy*, cleaning up Cromwell, and was given prime-time coverage on the BBC *Today* programme.)

"As the English past is massaged into shapes that are more pleasant to contemplate by the English present, other societies are deprived of any credible past, insofar as they had been interfered with by England. They are required to deny the past, so that England in the present might indulge in unlimited self-righteousness. Ireland is, of course, the prime case. And revisionist Ireland is Ireland in denial."

Having written that much, I hesitated, thinking that I might be overstating the case. That was when the message came to me over the airwaves from the horse's mouth that I was, if anything, understating it. I procured Marianne Elliott's book to make quite certain that she had not been led on by the BBC to make rash statements beyond what she had said in print after careful academic consideration. She hadn't.

She tells us that there was no Penal Code, though there were some laws, "piecemeal and erratic, produced by genuine political crises", and usually not enforced. And that: "in terms of social relations Ireland differed little from contemporary Europe" (p164). "It was not that Catholics were being denied freedom of conscience" (p166). "...the 18th century was a period of opportunity for Irish Catholics" (p180).

Professor Elliott's theme is that English rule in Ireland in the 17th and 18th centuries was benevolent, enlightened, progressive, and in the interest of the mass of the people, and that it was unjustly condemned by an overthrown elite of Gaelic aristocrats, the real oppressors of the people.

Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien has revealed that, at the heart of the English regime of slavery and bigotry in the 18th century, there was "the English Enlightenment". This was an admirable Enlightenment—discriminatory, controlled, particular, and socially hierarchical—ininitely preferable to the French Enlightenment, with its baneful egalitarianism and its generalised Rights of Man.

The writing of these comments was interrupted by a journey to Kilkenny for a weekend celebration of the life of Hubert Butler, on the centenary of his birth. The celebration was sponsored by the British Council and the *Irish Times*. Three collections of his articles were on sale. One of them (*In The Land Of Nod*) included his Election Address in 1955 when he was a candidate in the local elections. His message to Kilkenny voters was: "We live in a democracy but the democratic principles which we obey were not developed by a Roman Catholic majority except under Protestant leadership... most of our free institutions in Ireland were evolved by Protestants or men of Anglo-Irish or English stock and it would be very surprising if we had not a particular gift for making them work". They

worked poorly in Ireland "because the heirs of the men who invented them and have a sort of hereditary understanding of how they work play no part in them. Most of us can act independently because we have independence in our blood".

Eminent academics on the platform and in the audience praised Butler for his courageous condemnation of religious and racial bigotry—in Croatia and in Catholic Ireland. They did not comment on Butler's own religious and racial bigotry at home. They did not welcome it when Jack Lane, shrugging off the atmosphere of unthinking goodwill, read out this passage to them and asked for their comments. Their reluctant comments failed to show that Butler's Election Address was not an expression of religious and racial bigotry, but fell short of being an admission that it was. The attitude was one of embarrassment that the matter had been raised, and of stoical endurance until the end of the Conference, when it could be forgotten. A report of the Conference in the *Times Literary Supplement* by Geoffrey Wheatcroft [29.12.2000] made no mention of it. The cultured mentality that gave rise to the Penal Laws and maintained them for a century and a half is taking a long time to die.

Insofar as there is factual ground for Butler's statement that English Protestants established democracy in Ireland, it is that Ireland was ruled by English Protestants, on the mandate of force, during the century and a half of the Penal Laws and for most of a further century thereafter, and that the structures of government in Ireland were in that period established by those who ruled it. Whatever the mode of government was (and it was undemocratic and, what is more to the point, unrepresentative), it was of necessity the work of English Protestants who had taken the business of government into their exclusive control. The system of government of the "English Enlightenment" was anti-democratic, both in detail and in spirit, all through the 18th century and for most of the 19th. Parliament represented the gentry until 1832, the middle-class from 1832 to 1867, and the middle- and lower-middle classes from 1867 to 1918. The Reform Act which established substantive democracy was enacted in 1918 as an emergency measure in a war that had got out of hand. Ireland voted itself independent in the first democratic election held in the United Kingdom Of Great Britain And Ireland, and it was subjected to military rule by the first democratically elected British Parliament, supported by most of the Protestant minority in Ireland.

The ethos of British Parliamentary government was anti-democratic until late in the 19th century. That is to say that stable Parliamentary government was held to be impossible on the basis of a democratic franchise. But, after the 1867 Reform, the word 'democratic' began to be applied to an electorate which, though greatly increased, was still a small minority of the adult

population. And, once 'democratic' became the in-word, it was projected backwards over the centuries when Parliament had specifically repudiated democracy.

Modern democracy is neither English nor Protestant in origin, and least of all is it the product of English Protestantism in Ireland. It has its origin in the unruly, uncontrolled French Enlightenment and Revolution.

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The "English Enlightenment" was a function of the unstable Reformation state, its ambitions and dilemmas. And Monarchy, Oligarchy and Democracy were matters of expediency to it, to which it was in principle indifferent.

A grasping middle class was fostered by the Tudor state as an element in its Reformation project. It would be misleading to call them bourgeois—a name which properly applies to cultured town life in parts of Europe: orderly, smug, sedate, pretentious perhaps, but a thing of its own, with its own inertia. One of the peaks of the 19th century European art-culture is the representation of a rapprochement between a free-ranging aristocrat and the burghers of Nuremberg. It necessarily appears quaint to the English Protestant view, even though Nuremberg was a Protestant town, because nothing like it could have occurred in Protestant England. The great Tudor revolution of destruction, through which the Tudor middle class was created, put an end to autonomous bourgeois life in English towns. There was extensive cultural and social continuity across the watershed of the Reformation in Germany, where the Reformation was a popular event. In England the Reformation was an event in the continuous life of the Tudor state, but it was accomplished through a fundamental rupture in social and cultural life.

The Tudor state proclaimed itself an Empire—an absolute sovereignty which would do just as it pleased in the world—when Henry merged Church and state by making himself his own Pope.

Traditional bourgeois life—which, being traditional, had cultural connections with Rome—was disrupted by Henry's demonically energetic Minister, Thomas Cromwell. A new middle class, beholden to the state, was created through the privatisation of Church property. And a hundred years later the remnants of traditional social life were scotched by Oliver Cromwell and the theocratic Republicans.

The absolute state became the general condition of social life in England in the mid-16th century. The new middle classes, the new gentry (who were only successful middle class types a generation on) and the monarchy combined in making the state absolute and dynamic. These elements experienced some difficulty in working out a generally acceptable Constitutional routine, and the middle classes had to fight and win a war against the monarchy in order to discover that they did not have it in them to

conduct the state as a Republic. The Restoration of the Monarchy in 1660 by the Republicans who, though still dominant, were at their wit's end, was a conclusive demonstration that the middle classes produced out of the English Reformation were not a functional bourgeoisie. John Milton, a stubborn Republican to the bitter end, made a grandiloquent claim on their behalf when he said: "Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live". But the truth was that England itself no longer knew how to live—only how to conquer.

The components of the absolute English sovereignty had their difficulties with each other, but they were all pretty well agreed about what needed to be done with the Irish.

### ***The Faerie Queen—The True Aisling?***

It has recently been revealed that the greatest North Cork poet was Edmund Spenser. On my only visit within the precincts of Cork University I heard a lyrical description of a picnic-pilgrimage to the ruins of Kilcolman Castle to do him honour. It was there that he wrote *The Faery Queen*. But the only reason he was there was that he was given a large estate in County Cork out of the confiscations, in reward for services rendered in the war of 1580. And he did not only write a long poem while he was there, but took a part in the governing of the country. And he did not only govern the country: he analysed it, discerned the "evils" which diminished its usefulness to England, and devised a scheme for making it useful: *A View Of The Present State Of Ireland*. I do not know if it was the first general analysis of its kind. But I know that those who came after him, whatever their views were on how the internal affairs of the English state should be arranged, acted in Ireland as if they were implementing his programme. And, if his programme for Ireland was OK, I do not see how there could be very much wrong with Hitler's programme for the Ukraine as set out in *Mein Kampf*.

A biography attached to the 1887 edition of his *Works* remarks that "there was in him a certain great self-containedness, that he carried his world with him wherever he went". And so, unlike many Englishmen before him, he never went Irish in the slightest degree.

Among the ingratiating verses prefaced to *The Fairie Queen* there is the following, addressed to the Lord Chancellor:

"Those proudest heads, that with their counsels wise  
Whylom the pillars of the earth did sustaine,  
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise  
And in the neck of the world to reign;  
Oft from those grave affairs were wont to abstain,  
With sweet Lady Muses for to play..."

All work and no play makes John a dull tyrant! More than that—even in play something can be done for tyranny.

The *Faerie Queen* is a series of tales of chivalry, each drawn out at great length. I read it during a month spent in institutional Limbo towards the end of my brief military career, when I had nothing else to read. But I still gained no insight into the psychology of post-Reformation England in which "faery", and rustic idylls, accompany an irresistible imperialistic urge to reduce the world to a drab utilitarian hinterland serving English needs. I only know that it is always there, from Spenser to Kipling.

*The Present State Of Ireland*, written in 1596, discusses how the "goodly and commodious soil" of Ireland can be put to better use than the Irish are making of it. And also, of course, the "reducing of a savage nation to better government and civility". English Imperialism has always been human rights Imperialism. And the "evils" which Spenser saw as depriving the Irish of their human rights were of three kinds: "the first in the Laws, the second in the Customs, and the third in Religion".

What would be left of the Irish when those three "evils" that stood between them and their rights were abolished by the totalitarian action of the Tudor state? Laws, customs and religion were to go. What was there beyond them that might remain?

As things turned out it was Spenser himself who had to go. Two years after he wrote his scheme for the reduction of the savages they reclaimed their own, burned Kilcolman Castle and let him escape home to England, where he died in 1599, four years before Elizabeth, his Faery Queen. But his scheme for extensive plantation, garrison towns and the suppression of the Irish "evils" by force and law, lived after him. It is the history of Ireland during the next two centuries.

Professor Elliott quotes him a few times, usually as confirming some point of her own. But she never gives the reader a comprehensive view of him. She never lets it out that Spenser develops in systematic form the very scheme that she denies the existence of.

### ***The Ethos Of Outcast Education.***

Owen Roe wrote satires against Grattan's Volunteers, who established 'Irish independence' during the last years of his life. He held Grattan's Parliament in contempt. It would follow from Marianne Elliott's theme that he did so from the viewpoint of a dispossessed Gaelic noble, who saw the last possibility of recovering his ancestral possessions disappearing with the consolidation of the Williamite colony into a national regime.

Grattan's Parliament had nothing whatever to do with democracy. That much should still be obvious, despite all the 'revisionist' obfuscation of recent times. But neither had it anything to do with government. The hereditary



Protestant aptitude for government did not manifest itself during the twenty years of legislative independence of the Protestant Ascendancy Parliament — its twenty years of sovereignty. That Parliament might have formed its own government. There was no external power that could have stopped it from doing so during the American War. It chose not to do so.

Was Owen Roe delinquent in heaping ridicule on the colony when it presented itself as the nation? Was he the voice of the people, or was he nursing the grievance of an obsolete social stratum which had been discarded by 'history', and retarding the development of the people through the charm his words exercised on them?

Two generations after his death, Slieve Luacra entered the mainstream of national development proper, in politics, economics and culture, and ever since it has usually been to the fore in all three. When it became economically enterprising (and it was bustling when I grew up there), it did not look back on Owen Roe as somebody who had held it back. It revelled in the memory of him.

(I do not know if that is still the case, now that its economic enterprise has become multi-national. On the narrow road between Ballydesmond and Knocknagree, in a townland close to Meentogues, there is a factory, developed entirely by local enterprise, in which a thousand people work. Its economic range has extended overseas, not only to Britain, but to Asia. Perhaps Owen Roe will be forgotten and in future business will be all that people think about. I can only say that the memory of him was very much alive half a century ago, when the economic ground, from which the spectacular growths of recent times have sprung, was well developed.)

Here is a view of things which the 'revisionists' would put down as romantic, and which certain of them would therefore describe as evil:

"From the decade of the Boyne and Aughrim down to the decade of the Famine, ... the work done [in general education] was essentially the product of the people, by the people, for the people.

"They were the real organisers and controllers of the schools, the teachers, the curriculum, and the aims of the studies undertaken in the Hedge Schools. These schools made the Irish people, the people that kept coolly aloof from the persecutors alike and the posturing patriots of the sham nation that sold itself every session in their political mart in College Green, until in the end, as Hottentot Salisbury said with due contempt a generation ago, the English Executive of the day found it cheaper and better business to buy out, once for all, the fee-simple of chronic corruption.

"The people who worked the Hedge School system had nothing to do with that alien-minded gentry and their shoddy culture... Hence... the bitter complaints of the alien Castlemen... from 1800 onwards. The Hedge Schools

were, they complained, not under 'control' at all: they were outside ascendancy influence: these unfettered teachers were potent in their complete intimacy with the people: they were essentially the ministry of 'a foreign power' confronting the Castle, the Ascendancy, and the various Protestant battlefronts in Ireland. This absolutely popular school organisation rested on the working classes, remained with, in, among them, and so served powerfully to strengthen our people in their stand against tremendous odds. As a result, the people of Ireland were, at the opening of the last century, a highly educated and fully cohesive nation, fit to confront all the forces of England and the English garrison in Ireland, and to beat them. To all the silly squabbles and sordid schemes of the English Colonial Debating Club on College Green, Dublin, whether in the years 1778-1783 or in the years 1797-1800, the real Irish people remained indifferent...

"Arthur Young, as early as 1777... noted the complete and separate popular culture of the real people, strictly set apart, both in education and in recreation, from the Protestant Bashaws who were, by mortgages and by 'big houses', by tawdry extravagance of every kind, the active architects of their own dependence and ruin...

"...the climax of the work of the Hedge Schools... was the Waterford Election of 1826, with its sequel, the Clare Election of 1828... Both of them were the direct result of the splendidly combined energies, educated intelligence and fully trained capacities of our own people, the plain people of the countryside farms, the plain people of the towns. The work of these two elections, we affirm, owed nothing whatever to the Protestants of any colour or class in Ireland; owed nothing either to the genteel Catholic class that was, in all its ignorance, ineptitude and self-conceit, assuming that it was to serve as a purveyor of leaders and advisers to the plain people... To be even more explicit, the thoroughly educated electorate of Catholic Ireland, 1825-28, owed much less than nothing to the Catholic Association Committee. They even led O'Connell to see what it was his plain duty to do. The lesson that the men of Waterford most determinedly taught in 1826, was very slowly, very reluctantly and very imperfectly learned by 'the leaders'... The said 'leaders' had, of course, the drawback that they had not received the benefits of normal Hedge School education" (Dermot Curtin, *The Hedge Schools in Catholic Bulletin*, April 1935).

It seems to me that what happened in Ireland in the 19th and early 20th centuries was possible on the assumption that the *Catholic Bulletin* description of things is substantially accurate, while it was not possible on the basis of Professor Elliott's description. And, since what happened did happen, any account of it which makes a mystery of it cannot be accurate.

I suppose the most suspect thing in the *Catholic Bulletin* account is the assertion that O'Connell was influenced in the right direction—or at least in the direction he eventually took—by the Hedge School culture which predated him and continued to exist independently of him (eventually feeding

into the Young Ireland development). It hardly fits in with the generally prevalent idea of O'Connell—the 'image'. But it is undoubtedly the case that O'Connell underwent a profound change, under popular influence, as he approached middle age. Around 1800 he was an atheist, rationalist, utilitarian gentleman, embarking on a brilliant legal career and shaping himself to the ways of the Ascendancy. What he started to become about ten years later was not a development of what he was then. An external force—a force outside the culture on which he moulded himself when he paraded with the Yeomanry—was brought to bear on him.

Walter Cox's *Irish Magazine* was certainly an instrument of that force. Although Cox had been a United Irishman, the United Irish leaders had disapproved of him, and the explosive content of his *Magazine* (which began publication in 1807) was not forged from the better-known United Irish ideologies produced by the Ulster Presbyterians and the gentry.

It is with Cox that the voice of the people begins to be the public voice. And it was after Cox that O'Connell began to be the voice of the people.

Somebody—I forget who—referred to the 18th century as "the silent century" in Ireland. If one thinks of the Irish 18th century as being constituted by Swift and his multitude of successors, a more appropriate description of it would be the voluble century. But silence occurs when you do not hear what you are listening for. It is when you listen for the voice of the people in the public domain that the 18th century becomes silent.

The state in Ireland in the 18th century was an annex of the English state and its public life, conducted by the colony, was an extension of English public life. The Irish were excluded from the English State in Ireland and from the public life connected with it—and there was no other public life.

Irish cultural life, comprehensively excluded from the realm of the State, did not wither. It continued beyond or beneath the ideological parameters of the State, and eventually it thwarted the designs of the State.

### ***O'Sullivan, Viewed From Poland.***

I grew up in the Jacobite culture of Slieve Luacra—the culture which in Owen Roe's time was powerful as sentiment but which was reinvigorated and re-politicised by the Young Ireland movement. And Young Ireland was the first political movement in which Slieve Luacra took an active part. But Slieve Luacra was only a medium of existence for me, not a subject of thought. I never spent a day outside it all through my teens, and did not even submit to such educational structures as reached into it from the outside. When I left in my twenties—squeezed out by encroaching urban influences—it was not with the intention of becoming something different from what I had become there. I had already become whatever it is that I became, and that was that.

Slieve Luacra did not reflect on itself. It reflected on the world at large from its own secure vantage point, but took its own existence unreflectingly for granted. When I began to think about it, I did so from the vantage point of an outside observer—not the vantage point of an emigrant however (I was never an emigrant, only an outcast), but from that of a Pole. It happened like this. I set out to locate James Connolly in European politics and found that his only European counterpart was Josef Pilsudski, a socialist in a nationalist medium, who founded the modern Polish State while fighting as an ally of Germany and Austria in the 1914-18 war. Pilsudski led me on to Adam Mickiewicz (pronounced Mitskievitz), the poet who reinvigorated traditional Poland in a modern setting under the Russian conquest around 1830, and whose epic of traditional Polish life, *Pan Tadeusz*, is still the centrepiece of Polish culture. I became a virtual Pole for a time, due to an impulse towards understanding generated by the culture of Slieve Luacra. And then, seeing that Connolly would willingly have conducted his political affairs within a national movement of renascent Gaeldom, I asked how such a renaissance might conceivably have come about. I asked as a virtual Pole, but the materials for an answer were to hand within myself as an actual product of Slieve Luacra. Thus, pursuing a line of political thought, I found myself led, by way of a "vicus of recirculation" through Poland and Lithuania, back to Slieve Luacra. And here is how I saw things fifteen years ago.

"Owen Roe O'Sullivan was the last major Gaelic poet. He was the first and last major Gaelic poet who was of the people. And, by general consensus, he was one of the greatest of the Gaelic lyric poets.

"Owen Roe straddles Gaelic and modern Ireland. He was extraordinarily articulate in Irish and English, as well as being well up in Latin and Greek, but he was spiritually a Gael. He wrote poetry in Irish and doggerel in English. He is the Gael who appears most human to the modern view. And he lived in stirring times.

"O'Rahilly lived in the immediate aftermath of the Flight of the Wild Geese, and during the high tide of the Penal Laws. Nothing was stirring in the land.

"But Owen Roe lived in stirring times. In his lifetime the Patriot Parliament flexed its muscles, the Volunteers were organised throughout the country, legislative independence was achieved, Grattan orated to the mass of his countrymen, the Catholic Committee was taken over from timid aristocrats by a middle class which had imbibed the spirit of the French enlightenment through being educated on the Continent, and Nano Nagle was pioneering popular Catholic education of a liberal variety.

"Owen Roe, therefore, lived at a moment when an Irish *Pan Tadeusz* might have been produced to good effect, making Cromwellian/Williamite society comprehensible to the Gaels, making an end of their crippling, stylised dismissal of that society as "*Sean Bui*" (Yellow Jack), involving them in the

national politics of the period (which originated from "Sean Bui"), representing Gaelic society to the other societies on the island (Anglo-Irish and Ulster Scots), and laying the basis for a Gaelic renaissance in the modern world. And the finger of destiny points unwaveringly at Owen Roe O Sullivan—the poet who lived in both worlds, the classical scholar, the labourer, the disputer with priests, the school-master, the voyager around the world, the seducer of virgins—as the only possible Gaelic Mitskievitz. As one investigates this period one sees destiny pointing at Owen Roe, like the Kitchener poster in World War I, and one hears it saying '**Your Country Needs You!**'.

"Dinneen writes of him:

*"From chieftains degraded to husbandmen and bondsmen sprang Eoghan Ruadh, the great glory of the common people of Ireland. Though rejoicing in a liberal education he did not disdain to dig and reap and mow, and while engaged in agricultural pursuits he broke into poetry as by a necessity of existence. He composed poetry in a language which was to such an extent the poetic cultivation of the spoken idiom that the ordinary speaker revelled in it: He built his house from the stones that lay around him. He had a keen eye for the best materials. He excelled in arranging them; in hewing them; in welding them together with appropriate cement. He presses into service the conventions of the traditional poets, but only as a means to float his melody and add distinctiveness to the outlines of his picture. His Aislingidhe, or poetical visions, have had a profound influence on the social and political outlook of the people. They found their way into the dwellings of rich and poor:*

*"To our fathers and grandfathers and to some of those of us who have passed into middle age, the Eoghan Ruadh tradition has been vivid and inspiring. His name is a household word not only in Kerry but throughout the greater part of Munster" (P.S. Dinneen, Four Notable Kerry Poets, 1929, p23-5).*

"How, then, could Owen Roe—the brilliant, innovating traditionalist: the supreme poet of a society which lived through its poetry—have failed to be the Irish Mitskievitz? Did Gaelic Ireland, near the end of its tether, not renew itself through him to become the cultural medium of modern Irish social development?

"Obviously not. What Catholic Ireland is today, is proof positive that a Gaelic renaissance was not the medium of 19th century social development. But it does not follow that Owen Roe failed in an attempt to make the Gaelic spirit functional in the politics of the Volunteers. He did not fail because he did not make the attempt. The great events of his time left him cold.

"The finger of destiny is an illusion of retrospect. Owen Roe escaped his destiny with a sublime ease that was only possible to someone who was entirely oblivious of it. There was an hour, and there was a man. Looking backwards one wonders how the the man failed to be the man of the hour. In historical actuality that man and that hour had nothing at all to do with one another" (*James Connolly: The Polish Aspect*, Athol Books, 1985, p122-4).

That is certainly one way of seeing it. And, considering that I had then been deeply immersed in Six County politics for almost twenty years—and on what most people thought was the wrong side—it is surprising that it is now worth reprinting. But, since Pat Muldowney says it is, there it is.

There was, of course, sufficient reason in the differences between the Irish and Polish situations to explain why Owen Roe missed what appeared to have been his destiny. The Russian mode of oppression did not begin to compare with the English for comprehensiveness, durability and ingenuity. The sprawling Polish nobility, the *szlachta*, had not been pulverised and scattered to the four winds as the Irish had been. There was not a sympathetic English or Anglo-Irish intelligentsia with which Owen Roe might have communicated, as Mitskiewitz communicated with Pushkin and others in St. Petersburg for a time. And Poland itself had not begun to produce Professor Elliotts who enrolled themselves in the service of the empire and conjured away oppression enacted in the cause of Progress.

### ***The People As "Trappings".***

The gist of Professor Elliott's case against the Irish version of Irish history is that what England did was to enact "a major revolution in land ownership" in the 17th and 18th centuries (p91), undermining the "elitism and social snobbery of Gaelic society" (p95).

"It was the Gaelic system of overlordship and all its trappings which England sought to destroy. Bringing the Irish into the benefits of the common law, granting rent relationships and leases in place of the customs tying man to lord in the Gaelic system was as important as planting settlers in the early colonial schemes" (p86).

A similar case might have been argued with regard to the Russian conquest of Poland. Russia, like England, was above all else a State and was intent on subjugating as many peoples as possible to its apparatus of state. Poland at the best of times was only very slightly a State, its vigorous internal life being lived in the medium of custom. Progress, in the sense of objectivisation and regularisation of relations between standardised and regimented individuals, is the work of an apparatus of state. The human spirit must be "house-trained and brought to heel" in order that this kind of progress can be accomplished. (I am indebted to Ulster Unionist Leader David Trimble for this striking way of putting it.)

But Poland is still Poland only because it did not succumb to Progress. *Pan Tadeusz* might be described as romantic nostalgia—a nostalgia which preserved the spirit of the traditional world as a medium of future existence and action. It celebrates the life of the village in the social medium of the *szlachta*—the sprawling traditional nobility which encompassed rich and poor—and it culminates in the arrival of Napoleon's army in 1812 on its

way to Russia. It was through "the system of overlordship and all its trappings" that the Polish spirit outlasted Tsarist progress and two subsequent forms of progress, and played a major part in undoing the United Nations settlement of Europe made in 1945.

The "trappings" are, in matters like this, of as much consequence as the "overlordship". They are human beings after all and, if they are constrained by the overlords, they also exercise constraint on the overlords. The Gaelic and Polish societies can be described from the modern middle class viewpoint as systems of aristocratic oppression from which the masses ought to have been yearning to be liberated. But that is a 'moral' position. The factual position is that the life of the mass of the people in those societies was quite obviously experienced as being satisfactory over long periods of time in a way that life in societies of regimented individuals structured by the commercial middle class has not yet been.

But, in the 'moral' view, morality has precedence over existential fact, and it is beside the point that greater contentment was actually experienced in those traditional societies than is experienced in progressive middle class society today. The paradoxical 'morality' of the middle class world view says that only Progress is good. It is paradoxical because 'moral' is the Latin for customary, and the description of a society as progressive means that it is driven by an essential discontent with itself to be always subverting any momentary equilibrium it may have established. A progressive society might be described as being always in flight from itself, always disrupting itself, and also disrupting other societies to the extent that it has the power to do so. Morality in both the literal and historical meaning (action in accordance with established custom) is alien to it.

There is no vantage point beyond humanity—at least none to which humanity has access—from which an objective judgment can be passed on these two ways of living. The way of the regimented mass of essentially depersonalised individuals, held together by commercial competition and functioning through the power structure of a state-apparatus, is now dominant, and it is intent on crushing the life out of all else in the name of progress towards global uniformity. And it is the business of its historians to write defamatory accounts of the social forms that had to be destroyed in the cause of progress, as Professor Elliott has done.

### ***Language Suppressed?***

Was the Irish language suppressed by the English state, or did it die a natural death through feelings of inferiority in the presence of the English language? I have heard it said in the English media in recent times that the triumph of English over so many other languages was due to its superior qualities as a language. Professor Elliot does not go quite as far as that. But

she writes:

"The Irish language goes into rapid decline from the 17th century, not because of oppression but because the new legal system [the mythical Penal Laws?] required the populace to come to terms with the English word and the written document" (p126).

This is one of the many false antitheses with which her discourse is littered. She says the Irish language was not oppressed by the English regime, but went into decline because English was made the language of the English administration of Ireland. But was not the exclusive use of English in the governing of a predominantly Irish-speaking population, by an administration based on military conquest, a form of oppression? It is indisputable that the English administration in Ireland—the Cromwellian administration and its Williamite successor—was founded on military conquest, and that it was viable after the end of the wars only because it continued to be backed by overwhelming physical force.

In earlier times—before the Irish had ceased to play a part in Irish affairs—there had been English laws against the use of Irish. But, in the new circumstances brought about by the Williamite wars and the establishment of a stable totalitarian administration, a more effective means of establishing the supremacy of English was at hand. The laws had been comparatively ineffective. Administrative practice was more easily controlled. And: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The English ruling class of the Glorious Revolution knew that prudence had its place alongside boldness in the long campaign for world conquest. The language of the Irish was left free under the law when administrative means of stifling it had been achieved by the thoroughness of the military conquest.

About a century and a quarter after the Treaty of Limerick, Slieve Luacra, through a voluntary internal movement, became English-speaking. I made that observation in the Polish pamphlet and was criticised for it. That was in the days, before 'revisionism' had become utterly dominant in academic life and publishing, when an apparent softening of explanation in terms of English oppression elicited condemnation. How the times have changed!

But, in describing the change as having been made voluntarily, i.e., by an act of will, I did not deny that systematic oppression brought about the conditions in which the act of will was made. My object was to distinguish what happened in Slieve Luacra from what happened in a region of Donegal which I knew fairly well in the 1960s, and from what Douglas Hyde described as happening in Roscommon in the 1880s. Here is what I wrote:

"Walsh, in an Introduction to his Irish Popular Songs, gives an account of how Gaelic was suppressed by the Munster Gaels. He deplores, excuses, and partly explains the occurrence. He makes no mention of the priest. [It



was fashionable in 'radical' circles a generation ago to blame the decline of the Irish language on Rome and O'Connell.] And it should be borne in mind that the hedge schoolmaster was an entrepreneur who depended on the fees paid by parents...

"The society which Owen Roe had enchanted freed itself from enchantment by a powerful act of will in the early 19th century and saved itself from Gaeltacht misery and demoralisation in the late 19th and 20th centuries. And, consequently, what little carry-over there has been of Gaelic spirit into modern Ireland occurred in that region where Gaelic Ireland Anglicized itself. The region became neither Gaeltacht nor Gaelteacht but something new—the Gaels who enacted a cultural revolution of a kind without parallel in modern centuries quickly absorbed the culture of the modern world and assimilated the regional Gaeltacht into their developing world...

"The grandsons of Owen Roe [and who, if the stories were true, could be sure that he was not a grandson?] embarked on a fruitful interaction with Sean Bui while maintaining a sentimental regard for Owen Roe" (p139-40).

When British world domination after Waterloo made progress on the English pattern inevitable, Slieve Luacra enacted a change within itself instead of waiting to be progressively eroded by external forces.

Douglas Hyde describes the alternative process—the internal demoralisation caused to passive traditional life by the irresistible encroachment of the English world. He was told by an old man in Achill that the young men, even while still Irish-speaking, had come to the point where they would rather listen to "*geimneach na mbo*", the lowing of the cows, than to the stories of Irish life. And, when they left for Boston, they became Americanised on the boat going over (see *Beside The Fire*, 1890 and *The Necessity For De-Anglicizing Ireland*, 1892).

Professor Elliott's remark, as well as being mistaken in the particular, carries the suggestion that England did not see language as an instrument of its Imperialist project. The truth is that linguistic Imperialism was there at the start, and that it remained there after the formal Empire was lost. Churchill's *History Of The Second World War* is the story of how England, having in 1918 made itself the greatest Imperial power the world had ever seen, bungled its affairs so badly that only a generation later the formal Empire was undermined. He followed it up with his *History Of The English-Speaking Peoples*. The speaking of English is seen as being both commercially and politically advantageous to British interests. The British Council is now active in Irish life, working to make the Irish an English-speaking people in more than the narrowly linguistic sense. And the bloody wars in Central Africa in recent times have been Anglicizing wars on the Francophone region left behind by the French Empire—wars waged by proxy, of course, with the Ugandan Government and the aristocratic Tutsi

tribe as instruments, and the Hutus as victims who tried to defend themselves by genocide, as the Irish were alleged to have done in 1641. Information control in the British media—of which the Irish media are now little more than an offshoot—makes it possible for there to be indignant denials that the wars have this commercial/linguistic purpose, on the very rare occasions when the French view breaks through the linguistic and moral barriers and gets an airing.

Language is the medium of actual human life. And it was this ultimate medium of human life that England sought to monopolise in Ireland as the ground for everything else.

Reflections on language are rare in the literature of England, partly because literary participants in English culture do not care to dwell on the events which brought it to world dominance, and partly because the linguistic usage by means of which those events were swept under the mental carpet as they occurred makes it all but impossible to dwell on them. Euphemism, ellipsis, and "*the argot of the Upper Fourth Remove*" are the linguistic means by which the English not only kept themselves virtuous, but kept themselves *nice*, while doing things which—if registered in language expressive of the experience of the victims—would have made them monsters, even to themselves. (Heinrich Himmler, an Anglophile, did his best to reproduce the English way of doing things. He took all possible measures to keep what he was doing to the Jews hidden from the German people because, while he thought it was good for them that it should be done, he thought they would not remain such nice people if they knew it was being done. But his secret speech to leaders of the SS in 1943, in which he said this, shows how badly he failed to realise his Anglophile aspirations. If he had actually grasped the secret of British success, he would have used language which suggested to the SS, and perhaps even to himself, that what they were really doing was nothing as vulgar and commonplace as killing Jews for their own benefit.)

Euphemistic usage in all that pertains to oneself and demonisation in all that pertains to the enemy became habits of language in England, and those who failed to acquire those habits were eccentrics. The linguistic capacity to think about language atrophied.

But American existence is different in kind from English existence, even though it began as an English offshoot. The English nation used itself up centuries ago in the construction of the Imperial state, the people becoming individualist materials of the state. But America, even when becoming a world power, continued to live a substantial national life of its own—a coherent national life, even though fed by a score of other nationalities, including the Irish. Its world power might be seen as an expression of its

own national exuberance—whereas the expansion of the English state was driven by the impossibility of making a post-Reformation national settlement. American literature, with its source in a live national culture, tends to have an unembarrassed philosophical dimension, which is never found in the literature of England, where the substance of philosophy long ago gave way to military/commercial utilitarian calculation and to the brain-dead academic form which consists of mere logic-games.

The following reflection on language (written by the fundamentalist feminist, Andrea Dworkin) could only have been thought in America:

"Humans are animals of meaning and meaning requires a rigorous but nuanced linguistic palate; language is the fragile but brilliant bridge between reality and human subjectivity; language is not endlessly elastic—if it were it could not carry meaning; language is not indestructible—if it were it could not have become a totalitarian tool because bad use would destroy it, wrong meaning would make it break. Like the law, which begins with words, language can be a sword or a shield—it can wound, cut, kill, or it can save; but language, like the law, can also console, provide dignity in an inner soliloquy, convey experience outside the bounds of propriety or acknowledged commonplaces; even in silence language can run through one like a river" (*Scapegoat*, p133).

It is, however, not merely a bridge between reality and subjectivity. It is a component of reality as experienced. It is a determinant of experience. With regard to human existence, reality is not something which can be observed apart from language and a language then found to express it. One does not go far beyond the reality experienced in bumping into things before one arrives at realities which cannot exist without the language through which they are experienced. And, while many experiences which are constituted through language can be reproduced in different languages, many can not.

The tendency of English language, and therefore of English life, since the abortive Reformation launched by the Tudor state, has been to diminish the range of subjective experience made possible by language. Conjugation and declension have been discarded in general, but a few were retained for pretentious purposes (the use of "whom", for example). And, in foreign translations, experiences hingeing on the personal pronoun, second person singular, are untranslatable and can only be lectured about. The linguistic ideal expressed in the final fling of English philosophy around 1900 was of a kind of algebra, or propositional logic, in which words were unambiguous symbols for purely objective things—appropriate for buying and selling and for military activities.

Irish and English stand poles apart in the kinds of experience which they

make possible and encourage. The English administration in Ireland did not simply require the people to say things in English instead of Irish. It abolished a universe. The reality constituted by the one language was incapable of existing in the other. And, in the generations which were compelled to stop speaking Irish and start speaking English, the feeling of many was that, for certain purposes, they had simply been deprived of language.

When Spenser said that, "it hath been ever the use of the conquerors to despise the language of the conquered, and to force him by all means to learn his", he knew that much more was at issue than technical convenience in administration. He was a conqueror whose second line of business was language, and he understood that, "words are the Image of the mind, so as, they proceeding from the mind, the mind must needs be affected with the words. So that the speech being Irish, the heart must needs be Irish; for out of the abundance of the heart, the tongue speaketh" (p638).

There is, of course, another side to the matter. The closing of one universe opened another. If the Irish remained locked up in the Gaelic language, they could not have become functionaries of progress in the British Empire throughout the world, and they would not have responded in their hundreds of thousands to the Imperial call to defend civilisation against barbarism in 1914.

Progress, being a secularised form of Puritanism, always requires the sacrifice of things that are merely pleasant or merely sacred. The Gaelic and Puritan visions of life are absolutely irreconcilable. In the Gaelic vision, the other world was a kind of spice added to the affairs of this world. The Puritan impulse subordinated everything in this life to the requirements of the other world, conceiving an abhorrence of pleasure and finding every tangible form to sacredness to be superstition. The Puritan vision of the other world as the Kingdom of God evaporated about a hundred years ago, just as the Puritan social stratum (the middle class) was becoming dominant in English political life, but the practices connected with it in this life continued to flourish in the service of Empire. The Great War was the first middle-class war since Cromwell's Irish campaign. It was hailed by many eminent literary men of the time (John Buchan, for example) as marking the arrival of the middle class to the position of dominance in the state. And the fanatical recklessness of the war propaganda was a reversion to the 17th century mode. It was, in short, the wrong British war for the Irish to have supported—as the *Freeman's Journal* (the Redmondite paper) discovered late in the day:

"*Hottentots.*

"General Sir Bryan Mahon is the bearer of an old Irish name which traces

its origin back to the dawn of civilisation in Europe. It is a name bearers of which have won high honour, not in Irish history alone, but in European history... Great, therefore, must have been the surprise of the gallant soldier in hearing from a military tribunal that the name he has inherited and the Christian name bestowed upon him are of a language that is comparable only to the language of the Hottentots. A prisoner brought before this typical courtmartial spoke a few words of Irish whereupon the presiding officer said: 'I don't understand the Hottentot language'. Later on, more Irish having been used, the President said: 'I am not going to sit here and be insulted by any man, I don't care whether he is a Hottentot or a Sinn Feiner'... As no member of the tribunal dissociated himself from the language of the President, it must be assumed that there are people who think that such language addressed to Irishmen does not matter, even if the expression necessarily includes in its sweep the Munster Fusiliers, the Connaught Rangers, the Royal Irish, and other Gaelic-speaking regiments who have spilled their blood and given their lives for the cause of Great Britain in this war" (21st November 1917).

But consistency lies with the military tribunal. If Hottentot might be sacrificed to Progress, why not Gaelic?

### ***Rebellion, Revolution and Progress.***

It has become a standard theme of the Imperialist critique of national development in Ireland (otherwise known as 'revisionism') that it was socially backward. At the point of national revolution in 1920-21 the Imperialist propaganda tended to depict Sinn Fein as a catspaw of Bolshevism, but in retrospect it has been judged more advantageous to condemn it for being socially unadventurous. The only operative test of truth is the calculation of what will best serve the interests of the State at a particular moment in a particular situation. And it is calculated that the charge of social backwardness is what will activate the inferiority complex of the Irish middle class at this juncture.

The middle-class inferiority complex in the face of Imperial power and progress had little scope in Polish life. A Polish gentleman of the late 19th century could be as venomous in his attitude towards the civilizing conqueror as any Gaelic poet of the 18th century. Joseph Conrad's father marked his birth with a poem: *To My Son In The 85th Year Of The Muscovite Oppression*. It begins:

"My child, my son,  
If the enemy calls you a nobleman and a Christian  
Tell him that you are a pagan  
And that your nobility is rubbish."

Apollo Korzeniowski was a leader of the rebellion of 1863. His son,

Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski, having become the English novelist, Joseph Conrad, found himself described admiringly as "the son of the revolutionist". He repudiated the description as misrepresenting his father's position:

"Why the description 'revolutionary' should have been applied all through Europe to the Polish risings of 1831 and 1863 I really cannot understand. These risings were purely revolts against foreign domination. The Russians themselves called them 'rebellions', which from their point of view was the exact truth. Amongst the men concerned in the preliminaries of the 1863 movement my father was no more revolutionary than the others, in the sense of working for the subversion of any social or political scheme of existence. He was simply a patriot in the sense of a man who believing in the spirituality of a national existence could not bear to see that spirit enslaved" (Preface to 1919 edition of *A Personal Memoir*).

The Poles, simply by insisting on being Poles, and by refusing to make that insistence depend on the adoption of some social scheme brought to bear on them by the conqueror, have been the most durable nationality in Europe and the sharpest thorn in the side of the Empires. And that means, of course, that they have been the most reactionary, the least progressive, people in Europe—because what progress means in practice in this connection is adaptation to the schemes of the conqueror and thereby submission to him.

Finding myself being returned to Slieve Luacra in the sphere of political thought, by way of the Polish system and its trappings, I was not inclined to dismiss the trappings of Gaelic/Jacobite Ireland as things of no consequence. I doubt that I would have done so in any case, since I am myself a piece of those trappings and am comprehensible as nothing else. But, returning by way of the reactionary Polish obstruction of Russian progress—Tsarist and Soviet—made doubly certain that I would not do so.

### **[Digression:Pushkin and Pomeroy.**

Before we leave Poland, notice must be taken of a recent cultural event in Pomeroy, which is one of the places where I have never been, but which I have known about all my life from the song about the "outlawed man in a land forlorn". A *Pushkin Prize* was awarded to a child in the school at Pomeroy. A Lady Bountiful was to come along to award the prize. Pomeroy showed that it had not lost the spirit of the outlawed man by telling her she was not welcome. But this Lady Bountiful turned out not to be just any common or garden aristocrat. She was a direct descendant of Pushkin, the Tsarist Court-poet. If she had come as Pushkin's great- great etc.-granddaughter to award a prize in his name, I don't suppose Pomeroy would have taken offence. But she came as the Duchess of Abercorn. And Pomeroy treated her accordingly. The family of which she was a representative for

the time being was responsible for making Pomeroy a land forlorn and driving its people abroad or into the mountains. And Pomeroy, which was now coming back into its own, was not inclined to forget who the Abercorns were. Barry McElduff, the Sinn Féin Councillor, explained why the Duchess was not welcome. The Duchess (egged on by the *literati* and artists of Dublin 4) told Pomeroy that it was time for it to "move on" and "re-imagine" itself and not be living in the past. But it is precisely because Pomeroy is moving on that it rebuffed the Duchess. The aristocratic scheme for people who are ill-treated so that great families might exist is that they should be held within the event of their subjugation, passing through resentment, demoralisation and hopelessness to passive acceptance. That is not "moving on". It is resignation. Moving on is what Pomeroy has done—surviving on its own ground and making a comeback. And telling the Abercorns to bugger off is a natural part of moving on.

I know nothing about the Duchess beyond the fact that she is a Duchess and I see no reason to find out. These great aristocratic families are corporate bodies within which individuals come and go. The Duchess confronted Pomeroy as a Duchess. When Pomeroy treated her as befitted a Duchess, she revealed that she was not only a Duchess, but was Pushkin's great etc.-granddaughter. But, if her Duchess role were discounted and her Pushkin dimension gone into, I don't see that her situation would have been much improved.

Pushkin was the Tsarist court poet. At first he was Byronic and rebellious, and in that phase he was a friend of Mickievitz. But he matured into a Court poet. And, when the Poles rebelled against the Tsar in the 1830s, he denounced them in verse as reactionaries. In *Klevetnikam Rossii* (To The Slanderees Of Russia) he challenged the rebellious poets of Poland: "*You threaten us with words— but just you try to act! Send us your embittered sons, O Bards ; we will find room for them in Russian fields, amidst graves that are not unknown to them*". And he wrote a particularly venomous poem (which he left untitled) in denunciation of Mickievitz: "*He lived amongst us... and we loved him... We shared pure dreams and songs with him... He often spoke of a future time when nations, forgetting their discords, would unite in a great family... He departed for the West with our blessing, But our gentle guest has become our enemy. And in order to please the unruly rabble he injects venom into his verses. His spiteful voice comes to us from afar... O God, enlighten his heart with thy truth and restore peace to his soul!*"

And make him a Tsarist internationalist!

If Ireland had the kind of relationship with Poland which it ought to have, there would surely be a Mickiewicz Prize for striking literary expression of the kind of spiritual 'moving on' that Pomeroy shares with Poland.]

### *Leggo Sociology.*

The destruction of "a system of overlordship and all its trappings" is not the slight thing that Professor Elliott appears to think it is. And it is not at all realistic to suppose, as she does, that "the vast majority of the Catholic population remained unaffected by dramatic changes at the top" (p110).

The notion implied here of what constitutes a society is a particularly unimaginative variation of the most vulgar Marxist notion. I do not know that Professor Elliott ever participated in any of the Marxist tendencies that dominated British academic life in the sixties and seventies when she was in the early stages of her career, but the evidence of her book leaves little room for doubt that her mind was heavily influenced by the variant of Marxist ideology which saturated the academic atmosphere in those years.

Her argument (or her dogmatic assertion) assumes that the elements of a society exist in essential independence of each other in such a way that the removal of one of them leaves the others essentially unaffected — "The vast majority of the Catholic population remained unaffected by the dramatic changes at the top, and in many ways their position was a strong one".

The idea that comes across in her confused discourse is that the mass of the people in Irish society were oppressed, plundered and humiliated by "Gaelic overlords"; that England "dismantled" Gaelic society in the 17th century (pp89,117); that progressive legal and economic arrangements were set up in place of the Gaelic structures; that the mass of the people "remained unaffected by the dramatic changes at the top" on the one hand, while on the other hand, "the bulk of the people adapted as they had always done" (p117); but, whether remaining unaffected or adapting, the people, in their new "rent relationships", continued to be influenced in their basic world outlook by the Gaelic ideas of social status. Despite "the elitism and snobbery of Gaelic society" (p95), the "churls" who had been liberated from it, continued to live imaginatively in it, instead of moulding themselves spiritually to their new legal and economic status of free men making contracts with their new landlords: "The 'churls' may well have fared a good deal better under the new dispensation than under the Gaelic land system. But the elite did not, and it is their voice we hear" (p84).

Professor Elliott's narrative is diffuse, intellectually fragmented, littered with false antitheses, and her generalisations are often contradicted by her factual observations, but the whole acquires a kind of implicit coherence by the sheer crudity of her class conception of social affairs. That crudity is starkly expressed in her description of what the English state did to Irish society as "dismantling".

Irish society was disrupted, or destroyed, and it was thereby thrown into flux. Something which is a combination of distinct bits might be dismantled or disassembled. A society can be disrupted or broken up but not dismantled.



When it is broken up the result is not that distinct bits lie around ready for re-assembly into new combinations in which some of the bits need not be used. Destructive activity applied to a society throws the entire society into flux, because social connections are not mechanical but organic.

Half a century ago Stalin, a reluctant revolutionary in 1917, published a book on Linguistics, in which he took issue with the notion that the different classes in a society existed in such a degree of independence of each other that they spoke virtually separate languages. It appeared unlikely to me that such an idea should exist so forcefully that it needed such refutation. Even the English, amongst whom there is extreme cultural differentiation between those who use the Latin dimension of the language and those who are confined to the Anglo-Saxon, do ultimately participate in the same language, and the English lower classes would not remain unaffected by a surgical removal of the upper classes (such as Professor Elliott describes the English ruling class as enacting in Gaelic Ireland). I thought Stalin was labouring the obvious when he wrote:

"Language exists... in order to serve society as a whole... The superstructure is the product of one epoch... The superstructure is therefore short-lived... Language on the contrary is the product of a whole number of epochs in the course of which it takes shape, is enriched, develops and is polished" (*Concerning Marxism In Linguistics*, 1950, p5-6).

But clearly I was mistaken. Because here is an eminent middle class academic, an official Member of the British Empire, who imagines that society is an assembly of independent bits and pieces, rather than an organically interconnected whole.

"What necessity is there, after every revolution, for the existing structure of the language to be destroyed and supplanted?", Stalin asked. Spenser saw a fundamental necessity for it in connection with what Professor Elliott describes as having been in essence a revolution in land ownership.

(Stalin on the relationship of language and thought: "It is said that thoughts arise in the mind of man prior to their being expressed in speech, that they arise without language material... in, so to say, naked form. But this is absolutely wrong. Whatever the thoughts that may arise in the mind of man, they can arise and exist only on the basis of language material. Pure thoughts, free from 'the natural matter' of language—do not exist. 'Language is the direct reality of thought' (Marx). The reality of thought manifests itself in language" (p29, Athol Books edition).

### ***Coercion As A Remedy For Priestcraft And Poetcraft.***

It follows logically from Professor Elliot's argument, as formally laid out, that the history of Ireland in the 19th century did not happen. If what

happened around 1700 was that the snobbish and oppressive Gaelic overlords were removed by the agents of England's Glorious Revolution, while the mass of the people, unaffected by this event, were not only let be but had reforms made in its interests, and if the 18th century was a century of freedom and opportunity for the liberated Gaels, who enjoyed freedom of conscience in their Catholic dimension—and that is what she says—what ground could there have been for a great struggle for religious, economic and political freedom in the 19th century?

Was Irish history after 1800 the product of an intense popular struggle against non-existent oppression? That was certainly the prevailing English view. And it was frequently argued that, because the oppression against which Irish agitations were directed was delusory, the only realistic policy was to suppress these agitations by whatever means were necessary. An agitation against real oppression might be ended by removing the oppression. But, where the oppression was illusory, reform would be futile. Irish agitations should therefore be dealt with by Coercion Acts rather than Reform Acts—the purpose of coercion not being to preserve injustice, but to bring people to their senses, so that they could see that they had been duped by irresponsible agitators into feeling a sense of grievance where there was no objective ground for it. Good government was taken to require the coercing of the people out of their delusions.

Who were these influential agitators—these magicians who could cause great masses of people to experience what did not exist? They were the dispossessed and degraded lords of the snobbish Gaelic elite, who became priests and poets and infected others with the frenzy which was an authentic growth from their own experience, but which stood in the place of authentic experience for the others:

"The culture transmitted in these poems is that of a declining elite for whom loss of land, status and the Gaelic order is a searing experience. Poetic language is often stark and exaggerated, concepts and images pared down to their suggestive minimum. Yet the language of such poems had become stereotyped by the 19th century, and poets and priests were often one and the same" (p127).

The Gaelic overlords, metamorphosed into poets and priests, created "pseudo-histories", and generations of us lived in pseudo-history, instead of registering in authentic experience the liberating reforms which the regime of the Glorious Revolution had enacted in our interest.

This is not the place to discuss the empirical detail of that argument. But Professor Elliott's explanation of why the mass of the Gaels, liberated by the Williamite conquest, thought they were oppressed by it, blows apart her assertion that "the vast majority of the Catholic population remained

unaffected by the dramatic changes at the top". On her account of things, the majority, whose interests were advanced by the Williamite system, experienced life under that system in a way that conflicted with their own interests, and corresponded with the interests of the overthrown Gaelic elite. Is it possible to be less "unaffected by changes at the top" than that?

Professor Elliott's vision, or dogmatic scheme, assumes that there was an embryonic capitalist society lying within Gaelic society in a stifled condition, that it was liberated by the Williamite conquest, and that it was prevented by the insidious cultural influence of the snobbish Gaelic overlords (whose political and economic power had been broken) from availing of the opportunities opened up to it by the conquest. An alternative view—which does not require convoluted, and often mutually inconsistent, explanations—is that Gaelic society was a coherent whole, whose various strata were not the stifled classes of capitalist society, but the organic components of the Gaelic mode of life, who shared a common experience of the catastrophe which overtook that way of life.

There was not a will to capitalist freedom lurking within Gaelic society—at least I could find no trace of it. And, if there had been, English policy in Ireland was not designed to draw it out.

What Professor Elliott's account of English policy in Ireland puts me in mind of is Bolshevik policy which, in the 1920s and 1930s, developed or constructed elements within the various social entities around the USSR as bases for the Bolshevik state. Bolshevism presented itself to the lower social strata of the various nationalities as a force which was aligned with them against their tribal/feudal/bourgeois overlords, and its presentation was so persuasive that elements drawn into the activity of the State from this multitude of nationalities held firm against the Nazi assault of 1941-42 and carried Bolshevik power to dominance in central Europe in 1944-45. If England's Glorious Revolution had come to Ireland with a comparable policy, it might be that Ireland's 18th century would have been as Professor Elliott describes it. But the factual truth of history is that it came as an oppressor and was responded to as an oppressor. The reason the Irish did not respond favourably to the advent of the Glorious Revolution regime is no more mysterious than the reason the Ukrainians did not respond favourably to the Nazi regime.

Professor Elliott elaborates her theoretical scheme of the 18th century in fine disregard of the actual condition of the Irish under the Williamite regime, but the reality of things makes regular appearances in her discourse, in the form of factual sub-clauses which stand in gross contradiction with her generalisations. For example: "the image of the suppressed Gael stoking up thoughts of revenge is far-fetched. Participation in the new system, where permitted, was more likely" (p132).

This is a statement in dual mood, indicative-cum-subjunctive. It says that the Irish were not suppressed, because they would have participated in the system if they had been permitted to. The discourse as a whole is subjunctive, describing what would have been the case if English policy had been different—if Irish participation in the system had been encouraged instead of forbidden. But the Irish *were* forbidden to participate. (If they had not been forbidden, 1688 would have been Jacobite, rather than Glorious, in Ireland.) And they lived amidst the facts as stated in indicative mood. It was not open to them in the actual 18th century to live in the subjunctive glow cast over it a couple of hundred years later by an Imperialist historian. (As I write it is announced that Professor Elliott has attended a function at Buckingham Palace at which she was enrolled in membership of the Order of the British Empire.)

The Irish lived in the immediate presence of a system from which they were excluded, and which presumed in its administrative and judicial ideology that they did not exist. A judge ruled that the legal presumption was that the Catholics did not exist. Their existence was illegal. They were not subjects. They were only subjugated.

The Catholics did not respond to this system which confronted them—and affronted them—at every turn by living in it subjunctively, vicariously, in a mode of sympathetic delusion, such as Adam Smith declared to be the way the poor lived in the presence of the rich. They were not even sufficiently admitted to the system to behave as its poor. And so they withheld themselves imaginatively from the system which pressed down on them as an external power, and continued to live imaginatively in cultural remnants of the system which had been theirs from time immemorial until the regime of English Enlightenment set about wrecking it.

The priest, Nicholas Sheehy, was executed for impertinence in 1766. Art O'Leary was killed in 1773 because he would not acknowledge his disqualification as a Catholic for owning a horse worth more than £5 (by Abraham Morris of Hanover Hall). And Charles O'Connor, the Connacht historian, was apprehensive about making any improvements on the bit of poor land that had somehow been saved from the Williamite confiscations, lest his boldness should provoke 'discovery' (see notes to *Athol Books* reprint of *Bolg an Tsolair*, p168).

The Sheehy and O'Leary killings stand out as unusual events. The execution of respectable Catholics was not a routine occurrence in the mid-18th century. But these killings, though unusual, were not anomalous. They were exemplary events, designed to let Catholics understand that a degree of practical toleration of them did not mean that they had secured a framework of legal right. They were topping-up events of persecution, directed at

eminent figures in the community, designed to maintain the community as a whole in an intimidated condition. Fr. Sheehy was a Parish Priest. Art O'Leary had for many years been a gentleman of consequence in Europe, and on returning home he would not accept that he did not have the right to own a horse worth £10—a gift from the Empress of Austria.

It was hardly realistic to criticise Owen Roe because, while these events were still in the air, he did not effect a rapprochement between Jacobite Ireland and the Volunteers—many of whom, a decade after he had written his satires against them, demonstrated how well they merited the epithet of *Sean Buidhe* by becoming Orangemen.

But at least I did not criticise him for the part he played in holding the Caribbean slave camps for Britain.

### **The Inconvenient Denys Scully.**

Professor Elliott simplifies her task of denying the existence of a system of Penal Laws by ignoring the major legal writings on the subject. Her extensive Bibliography does not include the *History Of The Penal Laws* by Henry Parnell (also known as Lord Congleton) published in the 1820s, or the *Statement Of The Penal Laws Which Aggrieve The Catholics Of Ireland* by Denys Scully, published in 1812. (Neither Parnell nor Scully was a poet or a priest. The one was an Anglo-Irish Protestant gentleman, the other a rather smug Catholic bourgeois.) And she doesn't mention Edmund Burke's description of the Penal Laws as a uniquely perverse system.

The way things went in Irish history from the 17th century to the 19th has usually been explained by the existence of a Penal Law system directed against the Catholic population, and by the effects of this system on the Catholic population. The existence of a system of Penal Laws was asserted close to the alleged time of origin of that system by those who purported to be its victims. And the existence of the system was not denied by those who were alleged to be maintaining it.

That the Catholic population, by and large, was in a degraded condition in the 18th century was also an idea that was generally held in the 18th century. Such few Catholic writers as contrived to express views publicly (usually under pseudonyms) held that the degradation was an effect of the Penal Laws. Ascendancy writers, when they chose to address the coincidence of anti-Catholic laws and the social degradation of Catholics, often denied that there was any causal connection between the two things. George Berkeley, the famous philosopher, was the Bishop of Cloyne. He addressed a pamphlet to the Catholic priests operating in his Diocese and told them to instruct their flocks that their degraded social position was due to their own laziness, fecklessness and improvidence, and that the remedy was that they should become industrious, obedient and thrifty. But Berkeley would not

have dreamt of denying that there existed a system of Penal Laws directed against Catholicism. He insisted that the system should be maintained because it was indispensable to progress (*A Letter To The Roman Catholics Of His Diocese*, 1746).

The Penal Law system was alleviated following the accession to the throne in 1760 of George III, the first English monarch since 1714 who spoke English. George aspired to re-establish the monarchy as a governing institution. He had the ambition of becoming a "Patriot King", actively involved in government, instead of merely stamping the Crown on decisions of the republic of aristocrats as his grandfather and great-grandfather had done, and that required that he should attempt to establish a direct relationship with the mass of his subjects. He embraced the mass of his Irish subjects, so to speak, merely by recognising that they existed. Under the untrammelled regime of the English Enlightenment, affairs of state were conducted on the presumption that there were no Catholic subjects. This was a presumption indicative of destiny. The condition which the laws were designed to achieve was made a working assumption of the Constitution.

The only right accorded to Catholics as recognised subjects in the first instance was the right to address Humble Petitions to the Crown—and since the Crown did not actually succeed in seizing power back from the aristocracy and gentry, Catholic petitions had to be very humble indeed.

Some years later, Catholics were accorded the legal right to own land for the first time in two generations. In 1793 they were admitted to the practice of law and to the Parliamentary franchise as electors (but under conditions which gave them very little actual electoral power)—though they continued to be banned from Parliament.

In 1812, after more than thirty years of reform of the Penal Law system, Denys Scully, a Catholic barrister, drew up a summary of the Penal Laws still in force. It was published anonymously, under the title, *A Statement Of The Penal Laws Which Aggrieve The Catholics Of Ireland: With Commentaries*. Because he believed in the accuracy of what he wrote, and was a prudent man, Scully did not put his name to the book. The Government proved his case by prosecuting the printer, Hugh Fitzpatrick, for seditious libel. Fitzpatrick was convicted, fined heavily, and imprisoned. (The operative principle in those days was: the greater the truth the greater the libel.)

Scully was the last person who would have fed an illusory complaint against the British administration of Ireland. He was the son of a prosperous Tipperary farmer, one of the first Catholics admitted to Trinity College in the 1790s, following the repeal of the Penal Law excluding Catholics from Trinity, and one of the first Catholics admitted to the legal profession following the repeal of the Penal Law excluding them. He became a

successful barrister, specialising in commercial law; married an English Catholic aristocrat; and was on visiting terms with the Viceroy. He supported the Act of Union. In 1803, after Emmet's Rebellion, he published a pamphlet urging Irish Catholics to have nothing to do with the French, ridiculing the French Revolution, and treating the United Irishmen as the dupes of France: *An Irish Catholic's Advice To His Brethren, How To Estimate Their Present Situation, And Repel French Invasion, Civil Wars, And Slavery*. He supported the movement for Catholic Emancipation, but disagreed with O'Connell's policy of blending religious grievance with national aspiration, publishing in 1824, *A Letter To Daniel O'Connell, Esq. by A Munster Farmer*. He was a moderate, respectable, middle class Catholic, loyal to Britain, and yet he saw fit to publish a statement of the Penal Laws *still in force in 1812*, after twenty years of reform. And what makes his book particularly relevant to Professor Elliott's thesis is that it deals with the extensive effects of the Penal Laws in the sphere of life not formally subject to them—the commercial sphere—in what she describes as "a period of opportunity for Irish Catholics" (p186).

In an earlier generation Professor Elliott's omission of Burke, Scully and Parnell would have incurred the ridicule of reviewers. But the era of historical revisionism is also the era of profound historical ignorance among the official intelligentsia.

### ***Snobbery, Clans And Classes.***

The "elitism and social snobbery of Gaelic society" is asserted by Professor Elliott when depicting English conquest and Plantation as liberating and progressive. The implication here is that the English brought the spirit of equality to Ireland. Was Margaret Thatcher then entirely mistaken when she asserted that inequality was of the essence of English life, and of progress? When Professor Elliott was writing Chapter Four she must have thought so. But, when she came to write Chapter Six, she understood that Irish backwardness did not lie in the elitism of clan life, but in its egalitarianism:

"For some three hundred years after 1500 a process had been developing in Europe which historians call the emergence of polite society. This saw the gradual moving apart of the social classes from the shared rough lifestyle of the middle ages to the pursuit of refinement, good taste and social codes of restraint which would set the upper classes apart after the seventeenth century... " (p163).

There was a "new definition of property and wealth, by which political and social status and power would be defined thereafter". Under this new definition, "even the great warlords of the sixteenth century would have been found wanting". But the Gaelic elite was broken "before this new

definition entered into popular currency", and therefore they "retained their status in the popular mind" (p159).

The thrust of this element of her argument appears to be that, if the mores of "polite society" had got a grip on Irish life before the overthrow of the Gaelic nobility, we (I write as a descendent of the Cullotys who were brought to Slieve Luacra by the O'Sullivans as their labourers) would not have sympathised with our Chiefs in their misfortune, but would have despised them for it.

And what would we have done with ourselves then? Gaped in awe at our new, polite, betters? Shaped ourselves into industrious serfs for them, become the raw materials of Empire, and entered the lower reaches of the infinitely graded hierarchy of snobbery and "class distinction" that was still the pattern of English social life when I first went there, and remains so to a considerable extent.

As befitted my Culloty ancestry, I was a labourer in Slieve Luacra all through my teens. That I went to England and discovered snobbery and class distinction. In Slieve Luacra equality in social intercourse was simply taken for granted. It was not made a virtue of, because nothing else was conceivable. I presume that "class distinction" as a cultural force emigrated with the Anglo-Irish landlords after 1903. (I gather from my sister that there was a particular family which attempted to slot itself into the place of the departed gentry and give itself airs, but it had such slight success that I was simply unaware of it.)

In London I encountered the social culture of class distinction, and I gravitated naturally towards the only authentically classless elements that were to be found—the cultured casual labourers, largely Irish, who existed below the respectable working classes and had their base in the Rowton House in Camden Town, and the West Indian community, which was then in its first generation. The West Indians were entirely oblivious of the culture of class distinction then and, as far as I can see, they have only very slowly and minimally been broken into it. The Irish were somewhat more susceptible to English influence and many sought to integrate into the English culture of class snobbery, making their way steadily up through the respectable working classes into the lower middle classes, with an eye to a future in the middle classes for their children—and then who knows what?

Mary Colum, wife of Patrick Colum, the poet, was a high-powered Euro-American intellectual from a traditional Irish background. She was educated in Ireland and on the Continent a little under a hundred years ago, and she makes the following observation in her memoirs:

"...the middle classes from whom so many of the students came had imbibed some of the worst as well as some of the best elements of British civilisation... among the worst was that fantastic English snobbery



widespread in Irish towns... But in other respects we were more like young Continental girls than English girls. We had little if any of that affectation which so many young English people seem to have imbibed with their mother's milk. The foreigners who occasionally came to study were very much like ourselves, and the young English girls of our age were not very like us" (*Life And The Dream*, 1947).

"*Class distinction*" in Irish life has invariably been connected with the Anglicizing tendency. There was no basis for it in "*the shared rough lifestyle*" of Irish society. The hereditary pre-eminence of certain families on the grounds of genealogy is grossly misconceived as snobbery. Snobbery is a phenomenon of English society, which Professor Elliott somehow conceives as egalitarian, and it is quintessentially a phenomenon of what are known as the lower middle classes in their struggle to distinguish themselves from the 'respectable' stratum of the working class or to climb into the middle class.

The English culture of "*class distinction*" has had its moments in Ireland, but something always happened to upset it. The pretentious world of the Home Rule middle class lost itself in its Great War on Germany. There was a perceptible move towards "polite society" in the 1920s when, after the death of Michael Collins, social elements which had played no part in the independence movement attached themselves to the Treaty party, but the culture of the "*shared rough lifestyle*" was restored in the 1930s.

Within the authentic culture of "*class distinction*", class accent is an effective stabilising (i.e. stratifying) influence. The Englishman carries his class about with him in his mouth, and there is an intricate network of conditioned reflexes connected with class accents. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything actually exists in the way of English national culture, apart from the network of class accents and the attitudes which they generate.

The 1945 Labour Government, which commanded more actual power to change things than any other British Government of the 20th century, operated with an ideology of classlessness in a national medium of class culture. Halfway through its Parliamentary term it suddenly realised that it was in danger of abolishing the aristocracy and it took immediate measures to halt the process. And where, in the restructuring of the educational system, it might have undermined the reproduction of middle class culture and fostered egalitarian culture, it chose not to do so. The function of the education reform therefore was to provide a step ladder into the middle class for bright and ambitious working class youth through the Grammar Schools, where they were trained to talk proper and to endure with fortitude the boredom of what was decreed to be high culture.

One of the great difficulties of consolidating a culture of class distinction in Irish life was the lack of authentic class accents. I recall that, when Radio Eireann in the early fifties tried to cultivate a national middle class accent

(as the BBC had done very effectively), the response was popular ridicule. The new accent was heard only as "posh". And posh effectively meant imitative Anglo. (As I recall, it sounded something like Brian Farrell's accent today.) So Radio Eireann prudently gave up on the attempt to cultivate amongst us a manner which is surely indispensable to the development of "polite society". Because of the persisting influence of the "shared rough lifestyle", which we had as Gaels, we remain only slight stratified, in the cultural medium of life, into the layers of class distinction which Reformation England sought to confer on us.

### ***Individualism Versus Individuality.***

Perhaps what Professor Elliott is trying to say, but falls into gross self-contradiction in the saying of it because of the conceptual inadequacy of her language, is that Gaelic society was not individualist, that it is the destiny of the human race to become individualist, and that England was the providential agent of progress towards individualisation in Ireland.

It remains to be seen whether there is a necessary tendency towards individualism in human affairs. But England was, at least in ideological form, an agent of individualism in Ireland, while being an enemy of egalitarianism.

Spenser's programme for the Irish might be summed up in one word: *Individualism*. Through individualism the Irish were to be comprehensively subordinated to England.

The governing motive for the subordination of the Irish was, no doubt, a concern for the military security of England. (But security concerns based on the possibility that neighbours might become enemies grow rather than diminish when neighbours are subjugated into friends. The state whose frontiers are expanded in search of security acquires even more neighbours to be potential enemies. The security concerns of England grew with the Empire. The only conceivable end was world dominance. Two hundred years after England was made absolutely secure to the West, its safety was endangered on the other side of the globe, in the Himalayan mountains! The line of English development which began in Ireland could only have reached a natural conclusion in total world Empire.)

But Protestant England has always acted morally in pursuit of its interests. It has always conceived a genuine moral horror of whatever it is that is obstructing it at any given moment. The specific content of the moral horror is not constant over time. The abomination which needs rooting out might be democracy at one moment and monarchy at another, but each is berated with genuine moral feeling.

Spenser had a genuine moral horror of the way the Irish lived. It was for him a moral imperative that they should be stopped from living like that and

compelled to live in some other way. Half a century later this attitude was crisply expressed by Cromwell's Secretary of State, Milton: "Let England not forget her precedence in teaching the nations how to live".

Spenser was pained by the thought that there were regions, beyond the reach of English oversight, where the Irish were living contentedly in their own way—where "whole nations and septs of the Irish together, without any Englishman amongst them, ...may do what they list, and compound or altogether conceal amongst themselves their own crimes, of which no notice could be had by them which would and might amend the same, by the rule of the laws of England" (*Works*, 1877 edition, p610).

England was under obligation to manage "this stubborn nation of the Irish, to bring them from that delight of licentious barbarism into the love of goodness and civility" (p613).

But the Irish could not be civilised merely by dispersing Englishmen amongst them. Unfortunately, "it is the nature of all men to love liberty" (p675), and the Englishmen who in earlier times had been placed amongst the Irish, despite "having been brought up at home under a strict rule of duty and obedience, being always restrained by sharp penalties from lewd behaviour", quickly succumbed to Irish influence and became libertines. The King had given his Laws (the Common Law) to his Irish colonists, "the same laws under which they were born and bred, the same which it was no difficulty to place amongst them, being formerly well-enured thereunto". But, "inured" to English law though they were, these law-bred people felt the urge of liberty rise up in them under the influence of the licentious barbarians amongst whom they had been placed, and they were now part of the problem.

So what was to be done?

Spenser's programme for civilising Ireland and making it useful amounted to the destruction of Irish society. While it rules out the physical extermination of the Irish, it only does so on practical grounds. (England did not have the population resources for a complete colonisation of Ireland.) And the alternative he proposes is social-cultural colonisation—the Irish were to be stripped of their existing social and cultural attributes and reconstituted with attributes which were serviceable to English requirements.

Spenser's tract is written in the form of a dialogue between Eudoxus, who would like the required "reformation" to be done by law, and Irenaeus, who is better informed and more hard-headed. Irenaeus explains that—

"...the Irish do strongly hate and abhor all reformation and subjection to the English, by reason that, having been once subdued by them, they were thrust out of all their possessions. So now they fear, that if they were again brought under, they should likewise be expelled out of all... Therefore the

reformation must now be the strength of a greater power" (p649).

Eudoxus asks: "How then do you think is the reformation thereof to be begun, if not by laws and ordinances?"

Irenaeus: "Even by the sword, for all those evils [i.e. Laws, Customs, Religion] must first be cut away with a strong hand before any good can be planted..."

Eudoxus: "...I said by the halter [i.e. the law] and you say by the sword. What difference is there?"

Irenaeus: "There is surely great difference when you will understand it; for by the sword... I mean the royal power of the Prince, which ought to stretch it self forth in the chiefest strength to redressing and cutting off of all those evils, which I before blamed, and not of the people which are evil. For evil people by good ordinances and government may be made good; but the evil that is of it self evil will never become good" (p650).

It's the system, as we say nowadays.

The application of English laws to individuals bred within the Irish way of life would not accomplish the required reformation. Law is effective when applied—within a system where its content is generally supported—to individuals who can be judged to be evil in a particular sense because they break it. But English law was fundamentally at variance with Irish life. The system of Irish life bred people who acted in ways that English law judged to be evil. And that system would continue to breed such people, even though English law was meted out to a handful of individuals.

What was required was the destruction of the system of Irish life by main force, holding the people in abeyance while a new system was constructed to fit them into. It is a very modern project of social engineering indeed—and it includes what Stalin called "the engineering of human souls".

How was it to be done? Eudoxus asks: "Would you lead forth your army against the Enemy, and seek him where he is to fight?"

Irenaeus: "No, Eudoxus; ...for it is well known that he is a flying enemy, hiding himself in woods and bogs... Therefore to seek him out were vain and bootless; but I would divide my men in garrison upon his country, in such places as I should think might most annoy him."

The apparatus of the English state would be extended throughout Ireland in the form of garrisons. The garrisons would be the basis of corporate towns—towns which were arms of the state. Official markets would be established in these towns, and buying and selling would be forbidden elsewhere "upon pain of great penalty". Highways would be cut through woods. Bridges would be built over all rivers, "and all fords marred and spoilt, so as none might pass any other way but by those bridges, and every bridge to have a gate and a small gatehouse set thereon" (p681).

"Also that in all straits and narrow passages as between two bogs... there should be some little fortillage, or wooden castle set, which should keep and command that strait". And "all high ways should be fenced and shut up on both sides, leaving only forty foot breadth for passage, so as none should be able to pass but through the high ways" (p681).

With the entire country thus brought under its supervision, the state could get a grip on things.

Although he has explained that, in the past, Captains "specially employed to make peace through strong execution of war" had dallied, "as if they would not have the enemy beaten down", and that these English-Irish "need a sharper reformation than the very Irish, for they are much more stubborn", Irenaeus proposes that they should nevertheless play a crucial part in the new scheme of things. Eudoxus, having gathered that the English-Irish were "worse than the wild Irish" ("Lord! how quickly doth that country alter men's natures!"), is surprised that they are again to be "sprinkled" amongst the Irish under the new scheme. Irenaeus is of the opinion that the new state apparatus will determine a very different outcome of English/Irish interaction: "where there is no good stay of government, and strong ordinances to hold them, there indeed the few will follow the more, but where there is due order of discipline and good rule, there the better shall go forward, and the worse shall follow" (p675).

In the new order the population was to be organised into hundreds, each hundred to be headed by an Englishman, and to meet annually before the Justices of the Peace to renew their pledges. (The old Saxon hundreds are mentioned in this connection, but the idea, rather than being a throwback, is a precursor of a device used by revolutionary states of the 20th century — the Street Committee.)

The Irish would have to be remade in order to be functional as units of these Hundreds. An important element in the re-making was re-naming. They were in future to have the names of things rather than people:

"...since Ireland is full of her own nation, that may not be rooted out, and somewhat stored with English already, and more to be, I think it best by an union of manners and conformity of minds, to bring them to be one people" (p675).

It went without saying that the "one people" was to be an English people. And, to make the Irish ready for Englishing, they must be "withdrawn from their lords, and subjected to their Prince": meaning that the Irish form of social existence, the sept, had to be broken up, so that the Irish could be reduced to atoms for re-assembling in the English Hundreds:

"...for the better breaking of those heads and septs, which... was one of

the greatest strengths of the Irish, methinks, it should do very well to renew that old statute in Ireland that was made in the realm of England (in the reign of Edward the Fourth), by which it was commanded, that, whereas all men that used to be called by the name of their septs, according to their several nations, and had no surnames at all, that from thenceforth each one should take unto himself a several surname, either of his trade or faculty, or of some quality of his body or mind, or the place where he dwelt, so as every one should be distinguished from the other, or from the most part, whereby they shall not only depend upon the head of their sept, as now they do, but also shall in short time learn quite to forget this Irish nation. And herewithal would I also wish all the Oes and Macks, which the heads of the septs have taken to their names, to be utterly forbidden and extinguished; for that the same being the old manner (as some say) first made by O'Brien for the strengthening of the Irish, the abrogating thereof will as much enfeeble them" (p677).

It would thus be arranged that "every man standeth upon himself", and that there would be no ground of communal action available to the ill-disposed:

"For by this the people are broken into many small parts, like little streams, that they cannot easily come together into one head, which is the principle regard that is to be had in Ireland" (p673).

That is the vision of the other Slieve Luacra poet. (He does actually mention the place, reporting a complaint by the citizens of Cork City that the conflicts of the English-Irish—Geraldines and Butlers—"greatly encouraged and enabled the Irish, which till that time had been shut up within the Mountain of Slewloghir", p636.)

This programme of Spenser's was the basis of *ad hoc* actions by various English administrations in subsequent generations.

*Individualise and conquer!* Establish chasms of class distinction between the layers of the individualist former Irish. That was (and one might almost say *is*) the programme of the English Reformation state in Ireland.

Individualism is the general mode of existence in the modern English state—the Reformation state. The word has somehow acquired romantic liberal overtones of an almost Renaissance kind, as if it signified the ground for a flourishing of personality. What it signifies in actual fact is the condition of the individual as a closed, self-sufficient little world, living in a routine which is almost automatic. The individualist individual is self contained. He is absolutely distinct from, but virtually identical with, the multitudes of other distinct individuals. He lives in a formal ideology of individual free choice, but what he chooses has the appearance of being pre-ordained. Whether this is the outcome of a consistent working out of Calvinism I do not know, but it is evident that the individualists of English life three centuries

after they adopted of the *Westminster Confession Of Faith* is not a practical rebuttal of the doctrine of predestination.

When Margaret Thatcher observed that there was no such thing as society, only the nuclear family, the remark was judged to be imprudent, rather than inaccurate.

The individualist participates in society in the way that a perfectly formed single tooth in a cog-wheel participates in the functioning of a great machine. Society is out there somewhere, beyond the parameters of ordinary life, experienced only on Royal Jubilees and in wartime. Society is the state. And it somehow ensures that the individualist individual in the exercise of free choice chooses to be a cog in a cog-wheel.

I read about English individualism in a Canon Sheehan novel (*Luke Delmege*) long before I saw it at close quarters. When I did see it I could not understand how millions of human beings could choose to live like that. But it was clear that they did choose it, that if they had not chosen it the history of the English state could not have happened, and that over generations and centuries they had experienced profound satisfaction in serving the purposes of the state as individualist cogs in the great machine.

Underlying the individualist regimentation was the conviction that the Reformation state served a cosmic purpose. That was the residual outcome of centuries of intense theological conflict operating through revolution and counter-revolution. The conviction became so habitual that it survived the formal collapse of theology as the medium of public life. It was the transcendental condition which gave wider meaning to the otherwise arid life of the individualist—the cog in the great mechanism of the state.

One way of putting it would be that the individualist is the negation of the individual. The "ist" is the brand of mass production.

Resourcefulness is the outstanding quality of the individual who stands at the source of modern European culture, Odysseus—who bears little resemblance to our modern "Ulysses". In the culture of individualism the quality of resourcefulness belongs to the great mechanism that sets the multitudes of individualists in motion—the state. The culture of individualism leads to the anthill—to the form of society in which each atom is perfectly motivated to play the part in the life of the state for which his antecedents and/or particular qualities fit him.

Perhaps it is inevitable that the kind of society in which individuality flourishes will be obliterated by the massed ranks of individualists functioning as a state. But, even if that proves to be the case, it is not a reputable reason for surrendering, or for describing the matter in false categories, as Professor Elliott does.

(The negation of individuality by the system of individualism is a fact

one can hardly fail to observe in moving between Slieve Luacra and England, but it is not much discussed by political or social theorists. I know of only one book on the subject. It was published in Milwauki in 1926. I came across it entirely by accident, noticing it in the British Library catalogue while making a survey of the writings of Major C.J.C. Street, the official British Government apologist of the Black-and-Tan War. The author is C.L. Street. The title is *Individualism And Individuality In The Philosophy Of John Stuart Mill*. The gist of the argument is as follows:

"The early Utilitarians had much to say about 'the individual'... But for them the individual was an abstraction. Jeremy Bentham and James Mill were not interested at all in real individuals or individuality. Bentham was looking for a philosophy of legal reform and for a safe and businesslike government. James Mill was looking for general principles on which an objective science of government and economics and psychology might be based".

Bentham, who had studied chemistry, adopted the idea of the individual as a social equivalent of the atom: "'The individual' was for them simply the atom of their social chemistry".

John Stuart Mill, who was brought up by his father and Bentham to be the perfect Utilitarian, soon began to yearn for a social system which would "help the development of individuality in the sense of spontaneity and diversity". But he could not let go of the system to which he had been bred. And anyway the idea of a *system* of spontaneous diversity doesn't bear much thinking about.)

### ***Of Slaves & Ships & Colonies & Things.***

Owen Roe ran away to sea to escape a personal predicament and found himself part of a great naval battle in the West Indies that brought fame to Admiral Rodney—and he celebrated *Rodney's Glory* in English verse in the hope that flattery would bring him an early release from His Majesty's Service. Rodney's task was to defend England's slave colonies in the Caribbean from the French who, having declared war on England in support of the American struggle for independence, were lawfully entitled to take any English possession they could conquer.

Why is it that our revisionists, who are dedicated to certain kinds of progress, have not denounced Owen Roe, the Jacobite reactionary, as an upholder of slavery? Because the slavery in question was English, and the fact that England was the major slave state in the world throughout the 18th century is not something they care to dwell upon.

It would of course be more pleasant to contemplate Owen Roe's naval escapade if it had not placed him at the service of the English slave system.



But those who have been comprehensively dispossessed by a great Empire have to live somehow, and it is hardly reasonable to hold them morally responsible in the slightest degree for the condition of the world brought about by that Empire. And the right of those who have nothing, because they have been dispossessed by force and law, to run away to sea would appear to be an elemental right of existence.

He might of course have had a comparatively virtuous naval career outside the slave system if he had gone to sea in a pirate ship. But that was the only way he could have done so. And pirate ships did not have recruiting offices in Fermoy.

The year of *Rodney's Glory* was also the year when the Colonial Parliament in Ireland asserted its independence and the British Parliament recognised it. Owen Roe left the Royal Navy and returned to Slieve Luacra, where he ridiculed the patriotism of the Volunteers in English verse. Living an unprogressive life in the obscurity of Slieve Luacra, he severed his connection with the great slave system on which progress was based. Slieve Luacra was obscure in the sense that it was content to live its own life. It was unprogressive in that it did not engage in international trade. If it had been an economically progressive region, and had participated in the world market established by England, it would have been a participant in the slave system.

There were three distinct Colonial components of the British Empire in the 1770s—the group of Colonies on the American mainland, the group of Colonies in the Caribbean islands, and the Cromwellian/Williamite colony in Ireland. All had their subordinate Colonial Assemblies, and the settlers represented by these assemblies saw themselves as participants in the great world enterprise of the British Empire. (India was an Imperial possession but not an area of colonial settlement.)

England fought its first World War in 1756-63 (the Seven Years' War) and won it, becoming the dominant world power. This led to the adoption of Imperial attitudes by the English Government in its relations with all and sundry, including the Americans. But the Americans were Britons who never would be slaves—though as Britons they were of course the owners of slaves. They were Imperialists—partners in Empire—makers of Empire. (George Washington fought his first battles in the service of the Empire in the World War.) And, when they found themselves subjected to Imperialist attitudes by their countrymen who had stayed at home to enjoy the fruit of Empire, well, they wouldn't stand for it. And, when the Government at home would not be reasonable, they disowned their homeland, formed their own government, and defended it in arms.

There was at the same time some friction between the Crown and its Colonial Assemblies in the Caribbean and in Ireland. In both cases these

Colonial Assemblies asserted their privileges and sought to enhance them. The one in Ireland even indulged in the extravagance of declaring itself a sovereign Legislature, and the Mother of Parliaments, being at war with its American Colonies and with France, had little choice but to recognise the Declaration as valid. But neither the Irish nor the West Indian Colonial Assemblies followed the American precedent by forming independent governments. The limit of their ambition was to preserve their Colonial privileges, or to increase them a little. The reason they did not aspire to independence—that in fact they did not want independence—was that the maintenance of their position as ruling elites depended absolutely on the power of the Westminster Government. They were in effect privileged protectorates of the Crown. They wished to maximise their privileges under the protection of the Crown, knowing that they could not preserve themselves without the protection of the Crown.

Ireland, America and the Caribbean were *Lebensraum* for the expansion of England—the expansion of the English—in the 17th and 18th centuries. Hundreds of thousands of the English migrated to each of them. The colonies in America and the Caribbean relied economically on imported slave labour, while the Irish colony relied on the labour of the subjugated native population, which had been reduced to a kind of serfdom. The American Colonies flourished despite the slavery—and the genocide that preceded it. The native population was destroyed. The imported slave population was employed—or deployed—in comparatively small agricultural undertakings; and the white settler population formed a large majority of the total population.

In the Caribbean Colonies, on the other hand, the English colonisers did not even reproduce themselves. The English migration went in roughly equal quantities to the Caribbean and the American mainland, but in the Caribbean it never took on the quality of a settlement. The Caribbean English—the West Indians, as they were called—took on the character of overseers of slave-labour camps. They did not reproduce themselves, much less expand. They were minority overlords of large slave-labour populations. The slave majorities were deployed in large-scale, regimented industrial undertakings. They were in certain respects the unfree forerunners of the free (unowned) industrial proletariat of the Manchester capitalism of later times.

The American colonists did not see themselves as protected from their dispersed slave minority by English state power. Slavery does not appear to have been a factor which influenced their relations with England one way or the other. But it was a major factor influencing relations between the overseers of the slave labour camps in the Caribbean and the mother-state. The Caribbean Colonists, the white West Indians, had to live with the possibility of rebellions by their regimented slave majorities. They did not

rate their chances of independent survival very high. Therefore, while defending their privileges within the British State, they never considered leaving its protection. And they supported Britain in its war against the Americans—while at the same time making a dishonest buck by trading illegally with the Americans when the opportunity arose.

At first glance it appears that the Colony in Ireland resembled the American Colony rather than the Caribbean Colony. Expressions of sympathy with the Americans were heard from the Volunteers, and England's difficulty in America was the opportunity for asserting Legislative independence in Ireland. But this appearance does not survive a second glance. The military function of the Volunteers was to free the regular British army for the American war. And the declaration of Legislative independence, deliberately dissociated from the establishment of independent government, was merely an enhancement of Colonial privilege within the British state and under its protection. The Anglo-Irish Colony, with its subjugated native majority, was no more inclined to strike out on a course of independent statehood than the West Indian colony with its imported slave majority. Each considered that the power of the British state was necessary to its long-term survival.

(Twenty years later the British State revoked colonial privilege in Ireland with the *Act Of Union* (though its withering took most of a century thereafter), and fifty years later it revoked the privileges of the West Indian colonies—initiating the long, painful process through which the name West Indian came to signify a descendent of the slave population.)

The white West Indian colony, like the Anglo-Irish colony but unlike the American colony, kept up cultural/social/educational contacts with the mother-state. The Caribbean slave-owning gentry, like the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy, were members of the Church of England—religiously sceptical perhaps, but politically diligent members of it. (The "Church of Ireland" was, of course, a department of the Church of England—as the Irish Government was a department of the English Government—and its Bishops were English appointees.) And the sons of the Anglican overseers of slavery were educated at Eton and Harrow. (I believe that the Ascendancy gentry did not, for the most part, receive their education in England itself, but in an adjunct of the English educational system in Ireland.)

The American colony, by contrast with the Irish and Caribbean colonies, began to live its own life culturally and spiritually from an early stage, even while in politics it was contentedly a part of the British Empire, and it had therefore the internal resources to force its disagreement with Britain to a parting of the ways when the enhanced Imperial style of Crown government after the Seven Years' War became obnoxious to it.

The Colonial Assembly of the Anglo-Irish acted the part of the

Assemblies of the West Indian slave-owners, rather than that of the free-spirited Americans, even though it carried the privileged status of its Assembly to the extreme of getting it recognised as a sovereign legislature. A handful of bolder spirits within it proposed that the colony should gradually relinquish its position as an Ascendancy lording it over the Irish majority and constitute itself the nucleus of a functional national development. That was certainly a practical possibility for the Anglo-Irish Colony, though not for the Colonies of overseers of slave-labour camps in the West Indies. But the Irish Parliament chose to go the West Indian way.

[PS: The difference in kind between the British colonies in the Caribbean and on the American mainland with regard to the character of the slave system and the political orientation of the colonists, which I have asserted here, must appear self-evident to anybody who knows the general history of both and reflects on it. But I give below a few brief extracts from a couple of books to assure others that I have not simply dreamed up the idea. The influence of British historical propaganda in Ireland at present is so great that people who do not go out of their way to find out about the matter might easily get the idea that what Britain did with regard to slavery was abolish it:

*America:* "Cruel, unjust, exploitative, oppressive, slavery bound two peoples together in bitter antagonism while creating an organic relationship so complex and ambivalent that neither could express the simplest human feelings without reference to the other...

"The Old South, black and white, created a historically unique kind of paternalist society. To insist upon the centrality of class relations as manifested in paternalism is not to slight the inherent racism or to deny the intolerable contradictions at the heart of paternalism itself... Southern paternalism... grew out of the necessity to discipline and morally justify a system of exploitation...

"The slaveholders of the South, unlike those of the Caribbean, increasingly resided on their estates and by the end of the 18th century had become an entrenched ruling class... Of all the slave societies of the New World, that of the Old South alone maintained a slave force that reproduced itself. Less than 400,000 imported Africans had, by 1860, become an American black population of more than 4,000,000...

"Paternalism created a tendency for the slaves to identify with a particular community through identification with its masters; it reduced the possibilities for their identification with each other as a class. Racism undermined the slaves' sense of worth as black people and reinforced their dependence on white masters...

"The slaveholders had to establish a stable regime with which their slaves could live. Slaves remained slaves... But masters and slaves, whites and

blacks, lived as well as worked together. The existence of the community required that all find some measure of self interest and self respect...

"Half the slaves in the South lived on farms, not on plantations as defined by contemporaries—that is, units of twenty slaves or more. Typically a twenty-slave unit would embrace only four families. If a big plantation is to be defined as a unit of fifty slaves, then only one-quarter of the Southern slaves lived on big plantations. The slaveholders of the Caribbean or Brazil would have been amused by this definition, for their own plantations usually had more than one hundred slaves..." (Eugene Genovese, *Roll, Jordan, Roll: The World The Slaves Made*, 1975 edn, pp3-7).

*The Caribbean:* "In 1760, Charles Townshend favorably contrasted [white] West Indians to North Americans because they 'never consider themselves at home' in the islands and they sent 'their children to the Mother Country for education..."

"West Indian whites... treated the islands as little more than temporary abodes to facilitate their spectacular reentry into British society... In the last two decades of the seventeenth century, some three hundred West Indians were annually going back to Britain 'with this advantage that their fathers went out poor and the children came home rich'. Over one-third of Jamaican planters were absentees by 1740..."

"The most enduring visible monument to the presence of the British in the Caribbean were those commemorating the deaths of individuals who died before achieving their ambition of returning home..."

"The migration of a little under half a million Europeans to the British Caribbean was roughly comparable to that of British North America before the American Revolution. Yet there were fewer than fifty thousand whites in the British Caribbean, compared to two million in North America, in 1776..."

"Whites became a besieged minority in a majority black population [in the Caribbean]... On the eve of the American Revolution three-quarters of the English slave trade was destined for the Caribbean..."

"The rise in the proportion of blacks and the frequency of slave rebellions created a garrison mentality among the whites, who became more dependent for their protection on Britain. The white population on the islands was too small to effectively police the slaves..."

"Absenteeism created a special bond with the mother country by establishing a large West Indian community in Britain... West Indians dominated parts of London, Bath and Bristol... They inhabited the fashionable new developments north of Oxford Street in Marylebone, including Wimpole Street, Welbeck Street, Portman Square, Portman Street and Montague Square..."

"West Indians possessed impressive landed estates which adorned the British countryside..."

"West Indians were painted by the foremost British portrait artists. Harewood House in Yorkshire contained a seventy-five-foot-long gallery

to display family portraits of the Lascelles of Barbados by Sir Joshua Reynolds...

"Charles II created five baronetcies in Barbados alone, which was almost twice the number created among North Americans before 1776. West Indians successfully intermarried with the nobility... including... the earl of Abercorn...

"...Stephen Fuller, the agent for Jamaica, ...listed forty-eight West Indian 'colony' members of the House of Commons in 1781...

"...In Jamaica, three-quarters of the planters sent some three hundred children a year to be educated in Britain...

"...There were no universities in the British Caribbean, in contrast to the thirteen mainland colonies' nine colleges at the end of the colonial period and in contrast to the Spanish Caribbean, where the University of San Domingo was the oldest in the Americas... West Indians went primarily to Oxford and Cambridge at a time when the social composition of those universities was becoming more exclusively aristocratic. The Codrington Library at All Souls College (Oxford)... was endowed by Christopher Codrington of Barbados and the Leeward Islands" (*An Empire Divided: The American Revolution And The British Caribbean*, by Andrew Jackson O'Shaughnessy, University of Pennsylvania Press, 2000, Chapter I, *British Sojourners*).

### ***An Irish Slave Empire!***

D.A. Akenson, Professor of History at Queen's University, has published a book with the title, *If The Irish Ran The World: Montserrat, 1630-1730* (1997). I quote from the blurb:

"What would have happened if the Irish had conquered and controlled a vast empire? Would they have been more humane rulers than the English? Using the Caribbean island of Montserrat as a case study of 'Irish' imperialism, Donald Akenson addresses these questions... Montserrat, although part of England's empire, was settled largely by the Irish and provides an opportunity to view the interaction of Irish emigrants with English imperialism in a situation where the Irish were not a small minority among white settlers. Within this context Akenson explores whether Irish imperialism in Montserrat differed from English imperialism in other colonies. Akenson reveals that the the Irish proved to be as effective and as unfeeling colonists as the English and Scottish... *If The Irish Ran The World* provokes interesting insights into whether ethnicity was central to the making of the colonial world..."

Akenson writes in the Ulster Unionist interest, and is heavily blinkered by that interest. I do not recall that, when some of us attempted to shift the ground of conflict in Northern Ireland from "ethnicity" to the structures of British party politics, he expressed any support. But, when that attempt had been brought to nothing by Ulster Unionism, he published a hagiography of

Conor Cruise O'Brien, whose irrational and impossible object was to secure a Unionist victory by strong measures within the confines of the Six County hothouse—a victory which, given the circumstances of the case, could only be "ethnic".

The communities in the North are sometimes called religious and at other times ethnic. I have always called them national. I do not know what ethnic, as distinct from national, means if it does not mean racial. As a naive reader of Aristotle when I was very young, I have always held Aristotle's maxim that man is by nature a political animal to be an indisputable truth with far-reaching implications. And I have taken its meaning to be what it clearly is in the book, that the conduct and thought of the human is very heavily influenced by the Constitution, in the sense of the effective political framework within which he lives.

The massive disruption of life in Ireland by the English state in the mid-17th century, coming after a series of disruptions going back to Spenser's time, resulted in a great many Irish finding themselves in the Caribbean. Some were transported by Cromwell, some apparently sold themselves as indentured labour, and there were some adventurers. When a society is treated in the way that the English state treated Ireland, it is to be expected that chips will fly off in all directions. Akenson concedes this obliquely: "Ireland's putative empire in the West Indies, the island of Montserrat, was a fragment kicked lose by the cultural equivalent of a nuclear blast" (p12—a strange figure of speech: the Cromwellian blast, which had cultural effects, was itself no more cultural than the atomic bomb, whose use also had cultural effects). The chapter in which this is said is titled, *Ireland's Neo-Feudal Empire*. But the state was indisputably the English state. The Irish in Montserrat were a population displaced from Ireland by the destructive activity of the English state there and moved to another location where the English state had a use for them. The Irish in Ireland were a nuisance to England, but they were useful in bulking out the white population in Montserrat and were better treated there. Those who remained Catholics were subject to the Penal Laws, though in much milder form than in Ireland, and were therefore excluded from the governing circle of the British state on the island. Excluded from administration, they concentrated on economic activity within the system laid down by the English state, which was the slave system.

Akenson's assumption that the conduct of fragments of Irish society, which were coerced or seduced into the expansionist activity of the English state abroad, demonstrates what an Irish state would have done if the English state had allowed one to exist, is a bizarre flight of fancy with racist implications. It would be reasonable only on the assumption that social conduct is biologically determined. It is a negation of Aristotle's view, which

would lead to the conclusion that those fragments, plucked out of Irish life by the English state and required to survive in an English slave labour camp across the ocean, had their conduct determined by their new framework of life—the English Constitution. But the determining factor was the actual Constitution of the English state: not the pretty one the Constitutional commentators write about.

While it seems likely that some of the Irish felt a sense of affinity with the blacks and mixed with them, they would not be the ones who flourished. But it would be remarkable if many of them had not adapted to the respectable influences of their new conditions of life and become the grasping slave-drivers described by Akenson. They were racists. But the determinant of their racism was the English Empire.

The very notion of the Irish running the world is in any case a historical absurdity. They found their own life too enjoyable and absorbing to subordinate it to the requirements of forming the kind of bureaucratic/militaristic state that might even attempt to rule others.

Professor Akenson's book is published by Liverpool University, where Professor Elliott operates, and it is of a kind with hers.

The colony which ran Ireland was, of course, an active participant in the British attempt to run the world, but nobody seems to want to write up *that*. Many years ago, while I was discovering that Glorious Revolution Britain was one of the greatest and most ruthless slave states known to history, I came across an 1820s magazine that surveyed Caribbean affairs, and one of the slave camps it looked at was called Dublin Castle.]

### ***A Great (Unwritten) Historical Novel.***

In Connolly: *The Polish Aspect* I wrote:

"The incident which led to Owen Roe's naval career did not at the time appear to be a historic event. Indeed, it was not in actuality a historic event. But it might have become the subject of a historical novel which would have become a historical event. Around 1779 he became tutor to the children of the Nagle family. It appears that he seduced a servant girl, and that Dr. Nagle went looking for him with a gun. He escaped to Fermoy barracks and enlisted in the navy.

"Now, the Nagles produced one very influential historical figure at that time. Nano Nagle, having gone to Paris to be educated, graduated into the licentious court of Louis XV and spent ten years indulging in its pleasures before feeling the urge to do good works. She returned to Cork and decided to educate the poor. To assist with this she got the Ursuline nuns introduced into Ireland. Finding the Ursulines unsuitable, (they were a closed order dedicated to the education of upper class females), she founded her own order—the Presentation Order—though it is not at all clear that she actually became a nun herself. The Presentation Order is the oldest institution of modern Ireland.



"Nano—who was well launched in her educational work in Cork city when Owen became a tutor in the Nagle family—was a first cousin of Edmund Burke. And North Cork was Burke's homeland more than anywhere else was.

"The fact that Owen Roe, Nano and Burke have not been brought into interaction even in a bad attempt at a novel shows what a trifling thing the dominant trend in Irish national culture has been."

The thoroughly civilized member of the trio would be Nano, since to be civilized was to be French (or Austrian or Italian or Spanish). The Irish who went to the Continent found civilization unproblematical, from which it is reasonable to deduce that there was a quality in the Irish way of life which predisposed it to civilized development. Nano Nagle in France lived as a lady within the spectrum of urbane pleasure which included at its other end Louisa O'Murphy, the most famous nude of the century, whose celebrated nakedness made her a King's mistress.

Owen Roe lived according to his own impulse at home, in the medium of his Gaelic and Graeco/Roman cultural inheritance, and he would no doubt have found a congenial line of development if he had happened to find himself in France.

Burke, the most powerful pamphleteer of British statecraft in the last third of the 18th century, was a kind of lost soul, half-civilized and half-English, who had grown up in the society of the Blackwater Catholics and yearned to incorporate it into a British state; who projected an ideology of romance and chivalry onto the life of the calculating and mercenary upstart aristocracy of England; who would have no truck with the French Enlightenment view that thought should not be subject to authority but should be free (or should be wild, as he saw it); and who abhorred the Penal Laws and spent many years harassing Warren Hastings for improper conduct in India, while maintaining absolute silence on the major British atrocity of the century—the West Indian slave-labour camps.

An interaction between those three would be worth overhearing. But, instead of that, what we have got is *Ulysses*.

### ***Edmund Burke's Two Blind Spots.***

Burke, who made no pretensions to Gaelic overlordship, denounced the Penal Law system in categorical terms that would shock Professor Elliott if she knew of them. Her "*monster*" of resentment against imagined wrongs springs into snarling life in his pages. And it was clearly the waste of it, rather than the injustice, that roused such fury in him. He saw a large body of people, who might have been advantageously included within the particular Liberty of the English, being wantonly turned into enemies by exclusion from it. He kept quiet about Slavery because he knew that the

Liberty and prosperity of England depended upon it, but he failed to see the relevance to English Liberty of the lesser evil of the anti-Catholic system.

The fact that Burke never uttered a word about the great English slave labour camps in the Caribbean should tell us all that we need to know about the quality of the English Enlightenment. He knew that they existed. Everybody did. He might have denounced them without risking his life, but he chose not to. Slavery was at least as vital to the well-being of 18th century England as control of the sources of oil was to the 20th century. And it was not some traditional form of slavery that somehow hung on for a century and a half after the inauguration of the regime of Liberty by the Glorious Revolution of 1688, but a new form of slavery, specifically designed to meet the requirements of the regime of Liberty.

Both the slave trade and the system of slave production were modernised and greatly expanded in the 1690s by the Revolution. It was a hundred years before even an ineffectual protest movement arose in England, and it was fifty years after that before slavery was abolished—with handsome compensation to the slave-owners, but none to the slaves. The evangel of Liberty, John Locke, was an investor in the slave trade, but in his chapter on Slavery in his *Second Treatise On Civil Government* (169) he dealt only with traditional forms of slavery, making no mention of the new slavery where his money was. And that set the pattern.

Maria Edgeworth, author of long novels on social themes (*Castle Rackrent*, *The Absentee* etc.), was an Anglo-Irish liberal intellectual with a position in the vanguard of English civilisation. A century after Locke she wrote a story, set in the Jamaican slave-labour camp, about Mr. Jeffries and Mr. Edwards:

"Mr. Jeffries considered the negroes as an inferior species, incapable of gratitude, disposed to treachery, and to be roused from their natural indolence only by force: he treated his slaves, or rather suffered his overseer to treat them, with the greatest severity.

"Jeffries was not a man of a cruel but of a thoughtless and extravagant temper. He was of such a sanguine disposition, that he always calculated upon having a fine season, and fine crops on his plantation; and never had the prudence to make allowance for unfortunate accidents: he required, as he said, from his overseer, produce and not excuses.

"Durant, the overseer, did not scruple to use the most cruel and barbarous methods of forcing the slaves to exertions beyond their strength. Complaints of his brutality, from time to time, reached his master's ears; but, though Mr. Jeffries was moved to momentary compassion, he shut his heart against conviction: he hurried away to the jovial banquet, and drowned all painful reflections in wine.

"...Mr. Edwards... treated his slaves with all possible humanity and

kindness. He wished that there was not such thing as slavery in the world; but he was convinced, by the arguments of those who have the best means of obtaining information, that the sudden emancipation of the negroes would rather increase than diminish their miseries. His benevolence therefore confined itself within the bounds of reason. He adopted those plans for the melioration of the state of the slaves, which appeared to him the most likely to succeed without producing any violent agitation, or revolution. For instance, his negroes had reasonable and fixed daily tasks; and, when these were finished, they were permitted to employ their time for their own advantage, or amusement".

When Mr. Jeffries' imprudence led him into debt he decided to sell an exceptionally industrious slave named Caesar, separating him from his woman. The matter came to the attention of Mr. Edwards, who, knowing what a good slave Caesar was, purchased them both. While making the bargain he discussed with Mr. Jeffries the possibility of getting the slaves to work for a wage and leaving them to look after themselves:

"Does any negro, under fear of the overseer, work harder than a Birmingham journeyman, or a Newcastle collier; who toil for themselves and their families?"

Transferred to Mr. Edwards' plantation, "Caesar now considered a white man as his friend". But Caesar had another friend, Hector, who had been brought with him from Africa. And, Hector was organising a general conspiracy of slaves in Jamaica, leaving aside those belonging to Mr. Edwards, who had been too well treated to be revolutionary.

Caesar tried to persuade Hector to make an exception of Mr. Edwards. Hector insisted that Mr. Edwards must be treated as part of the system, and he tried to reason Caesar out of his foolishness. But—

"The principle of gratitude conquered every other sensation. The mind of Caesar was not insensible to the charms of freedom: he knew the negro conspirators had so taken their measures that there was the greatest probability of their success. His heart beat high at the idea of recovering his liberty; but he was not to be seduced from his duty, not even by this delightful hope; nor was he to be intimidated by the dreadful certainty that his former friends and countrymen, considering him as a deserter from their cause, would become his bitterest enemies".

Caesar betrayed the conspiracy to Mr. Edwards, who armed his loyal slaves and nipped the rebellion in the bud. In the course of the nipping, Hector "plunged his knife into the bosom of Caesar. The faithful servant staggered back a few paces: his master caught him in his arms. 'I die content', said he". But it turned out to be a flesh wound. And so all lived happily ever after—except for Mr. Jeffries, whose nerve was broken by the affair:

"At length, he and his lady returned to England; where they were obliged to live in obscurity and indigence. They had no consolation, in their misfortune, but that of railing at the treachery of the whole race of slaves.— Our readers, we hope, will think that at least one exception may be made, in favour of *The Grateful Negro*".

That's the title of the story—*The Grateful Negro*. It was written in 1802—ten years after the French Revolution in its Jacobin phase had decreed the abolition of slavery on the grounds that it was essentially incompatible with the rights of man and should not be tolerated. Maria Edgeworth's view of the matter would seem to be that attributed to Mr. Edwards—that it would be pleasant if slave labour could be reformed into wage labour, but that precipitate action should be avoided for fear of revolutionary consequences—and of course that the moral right to decide and act in the matter lay with the state, which had instituted the slave labour camps and supplied the power to maintain them, and not with the slaves.

The British slave system was maintained for a further thirty years. In 1832 Parliament voted to abolish it in 1838. But, in the very Act of abolition, it treated the slaves as chattels by voting money to compensate the slave-owner for the loss of their property, while making no compensation of any kind to the slaves for having been made into property.

And it was not through the growth of fellow-feeling between kind-hearted slave-masters and grateful Negroes that abolition came about, but through the obstinate wilfulness of thousands of Hectors who kept on launching hopeless rebellions and being executed by the hundred for them until Parliament found it easier to abolish the system than to continue doing what was required to maintain it.

Towards the end of the 19th century (1898) John Kells Ingram (author of *Who Fears To Speak Of '98?*) published a *History Of Slavery*. He described the economic function of slavery in the ancient world, but it appears that his mind, so scientific in other directions, refused to engage with the actuality of the system of slavery established by the Glorious Revolution. He treats it as an inexplicable aberration which had no economic function—

"...not very long after serfdom had begun to disappear in the most advanced communities, comes into sight the new system of colonial slavery, which, instead of being the spontaneous outgrowth of social necessities and subserving a temporary need of human development, was politically as well as morally a monstrous aberration, and never produced anything but evil" (p141).

That is both a condemnation and a denial of what is condemned. The system of Glorious Revolution slavery, maintained over a century and a

half, produced the system of industrial capitalism. One could construct a speculative argument that the capitalist system might have been developed without going through the phase of slave-labour camps. But, in actual history, the Glorious Revolution progressed to capitalism through a massive expansion of slavery. (It is not often realised that the great South Sea Bubble stock market speculation, in which most of the upper classes, from Royalty downwards, were implicated, had slavery at its core.)

The only major English public figure of mid-18th century who was unequivocally opposed to English slavery was Dr. Johnson. And Johnson, of course, was not on the side of progress. He was a Tory reactionary.

Boswell records:

"He had always been very zealous against slavery in every form in which I with all deference thought that he discovered 'a zeal without knowledge' (Romans x.21). Upon one occasion, when in company with some very grave men at Oxford, his toast was, 'Here's to the next insurrection of the negroes in the West Indies'. His violent prejudice against our West Indian and American settlers appeared whenever there was opportunity. Towards the conclusion of his 'Taxation no Tyranny', he says 'how is it that we hear the loudest *yelps* for liberty among the drivers of negroes?' (23rd September, 1777).

But Boswell, who was a progressive, could not let Johnson's reactionary rant go unchallenged: "I record Dr. Johnson's argument fairly... But I beg leave to enter my most solemn protest against his general doctrine with respect to the *Slave Trade*", which was a "very important and necessary branch of commercial interest".

Boswell's assertion of the commercial importance of the slave trade is indisputable. The civil prosperity of England rested on the slave system. But Boswell was not an amoral cynic who would support Slavery merely on the grounds that it was necessary to English economic life:

"To abolish a *status* which in all ages *God has* sanctioned and man has continued, would not only be *robbery* to an innumerable class of our fellow-subjects; but would be extreme cruelty to the African Savages... To abolish trade would be 'to shut the gates of mercy on mankind'."

To condemn a system of Slavery after it has served its purpose, as Ingram did, was no great matter. But to write what purports to be a history of it without even hinting that, while it was serving its purpose, all the virtuous men in English public life—and as far as I can discover all the Nonconformists, with their famous conscience, supported it—that is whitening the sepulchre. (It is not often realised that the great South Sea Bubble stock market venture, in which nearly all the upper classes, from Royalty down, were implicated, concerned a slave investment.)

During the forty years between *Who Fears To Speak?* and the *History Of Slavery* Ingram developed into a Unionist. And it shows.

To describe Glorious Revolution Slavery as aberrant when it was purposeful and consequential, and to fail to connect the slave system with the Glorious Revolution, is falsification of history on a grand scale. But falsification of history is of the essence of English history writing. And it is so easily done because so much of English history is external to England.

If one takes a bird's-eye view of all that went on under the authority of the English state, the oppression of the Irish as Catholics must appear amongst its lesser evils. And it certainly appeared to Burke to be an evil which might be eradicated without damage to English Liberty and prosperity. In fact, the obsessive anti-Catholicism of England struck him as a damaging point of irrationality in English public life. For all that he prided himself on understanding the vital importance of irrational things in human affairs, including affairs of state, he proved in this matter to be as great a rationalist as the King of Prussia—though lacking the command of power that enabled Frederick to give practical effect to his rationalism in the form of actual religious tolerance. If he was sceptical of the general principles of Enlightenment which liberal enthusiasts projected onto the Glorious Revolution, he was blind to the ongoing necessity to the State of the anti-Catholic bigotry which had been the actual ideological medium of the Revolution.

Anti-Catholicism was the only strong cultural bond between the antagonistic tendencies produced by the failed English Reformation—a Reformation in which the King broke with Rome for dynastic reasons but failed to devise an effective national substitute for the religion he rejected. The English Reformation as a national event consisted only of the rejection of Rome, and therefore Rome had to be rejected continuously, century after century, regardless of whether Rome constituted any kind of external danger to England.

The 'Papist' danger lay within England itself—and not in the continuing presence within the English state of a handful of Catholics, but in English Protestantism itself, in its uncertainty and inadequacy as a national religious event, and in the multiform theocratic obsessiveness to which this inadequacy gave rise.

Protestant England could never settle into a routine of its own, because of extensive internal disagreement about what it was. It fought internal wars in search of a settlement (from which Ireland, an innocent bystander, suffered heavily), but the victorious party could neither crush the defeated party, nor secure its consent to terms of settlement. Its only certainty related to what it was not, and therefore the immediate presence of what it was not

was a condition of united action and, when that presence ceased to be actual, it had to be imagined. The hostile Protestant tendencies were at one while they were engaged in virtuous Penal Law business against Papists. If they stopped jointly whipping Papists they were likely to resume the activity of trying to destroy each other, denouncing one another as virtual Papists.

England could not be at rest. It had to torment others as the condition of not tormenting itself. It achieved a semblance of national unity through joint action against an imaginary external danger. 'Toleration' meant in practice that the unresolvable antagonism within the English Reformation was contained within the English state by having its energy directed outwards against third parties. This is what fuelled the demonic activity of England in the 18th century, and long afterwards.

[PS: Burke's silence about Slavery embarrasses modern admirers and they stay virtually silent about it. His American biographer, Ross Hoffman, understands a paragraph in the 1765 *Annual Register* (produced by Burke) as a condemnation of Slavery, and Conor Cruise O'Brien follows suit in his hagiography, but they read far too much into it.

Burke is probably best known for telling the electors of Bristol, who had just sent him to Parliament, that he was not their delegate, but their representative—and, indeed, scarcely their representative in the modern sense because he had little to do with them during his six years as the Member for Bristol. He told them, what they had not known when voting for him, that they had sent him to Parliament to use his own judgment in deciding the affairs of the nation.

Bristol was the slave centre of the world. It was, says Ernest Barker, "a city which had come to be identified with negro slavery". Barker (a uniquely straightforward and worthwhile writer amongst all the Professors of Political Science that I know of) lamented "the sad and paradoxical chance which made Burke, with his ways of thinking, the Member for Bristol, with its ways of living" (*Burke & Bristol*, 1931, p77).

Having exercised his judgment independently for six years, Burke came to a parting of the ways with the electors of Bristol in 1780. He had come into disagreement with them on America, Free Trade with Ireland, and Religious Tolerance, and he told them at the parting that he opposed "any kind of oppression, on any grounds whatsoever". But Slavery did not figure in the list of wrongs which he would not support on any grounds.

His 1765 comment, written about the time of his first election to Parliament, was made in the context of the debate on whether Parliament had the right to tax the American colonies, which were not represented in it. Burke upheld the right of taxation without representation, while arguing that the way it was being done was disadvantageous to Britain itself. He

urged that the taxing should be done in ways that encouraged trade, which benefited Britain, instead of ways that must encourage the Americans to develop their own industries, instead of buying from Britain. But he would not admit the claim that there should be no taxation without representation:

"We are still further from admitting the claim of the British colonies to be represented in the British parliament, at least as fully as the people of Great Britain are. Common sense, nay self-preservation, seem to forbid, that those who allow themselves an unlimited right over the liberties and lives of others, should have any share in making laws for those, who have long renounced such unjust and cruel distinctions. It is impossible that such men should have the proper feeling for such a task. But then we could wish, that, since it was resolved to make the colonies contribute to their defence by taxes imposed on them without their concurrence, instead of abiding by the good old methods heretofore pursued for that purpose, these disqualifications in them to be fully represented in a British parliament had been assigned as the reason for the mother country's taxing them unrepresented. Then her doing so, instead of carrying an appearance of arbitrariness, considering her own claims to liberty, would manifest her best title to that invaluable blessing, and even of absolute empire over her colonies" (*Annual Register* 1765, p37).

The argument is against colonial representation, not against the representation of slave-masters. Maybe that was because Slavery was unmentionable, and maybe not. The main trouble over taxation was with the North American colonies, where the great majority of the population was white and free, and everything was not based on Slavery, and not with the Caribbean slave-labour camps, where the great majority were slaves and those who were free did not constitute a society.

British Slavery existed in accordance with the will of Parliament, the supreme authority in the British state. It would be misleading to say that the Slavery interest was well-represented in Parliament, because that might suggest that there was also an anti-Slavery interest, which there was not. But the Caribbean slavers, who never ceased to be a functional part of English society, were well-represented in Parliament. They were not represented in their colonial capacity. (And, in fact, they never became colonial in substance). They were represented as English gentlemen who conducted slave-labour camps, and they looked after the slavery business in Parliament, in which they sat as the owners of property acquired in England by the profits of Slavery.

If Burke objected to colonial representation because it would be overt representation of the slave system, he was a humbug. He knew very well that slave-production and the slave trade—what Adam Smith called "the roundabout trade"—was the source of English prosperity. And, ten years later, when elected for Bristol, he might be fairly described as the Member



for Slavery.

If he had somehow acquired the power to abolish the slave system, I am sure he would not have done it. Civilisation depended on it—not the least element of which was the "unbought grace of life" which he so admired in the aristocracy.

\*]

Thomas Erskine, a famous barrister and Whig MP of the late 18th century and the early 19th, who rose to the position of Lord Chancellor, acted for the defence when the Crown prosecuted the printer of Tom Paine's *Rights Of Man* in the 1790s, introduced a Bill for Prevention Of Cruelty To Animals in 1809, which passed in the Lords, but failed in the Commons, but he declared himself against the abolition of Slavery. He had spent some time in the Caribbean and had "formed a favourable opinion of the condition of the West Indian slaves, which determined his course on the emancipation question till near the end of his life". But, towards the end, "he altered his early views on slavery, and inclined more and more to emancipation" (Entry in *Dictionary Of National Biography*).

A Bill against cruelty to animals was enacted in 1822, the year before Erskine's death. An Act for the abolition of Slavery was passed ten years later.

The multi-volume DNB is the most informative and truthful history of Britain that I know of. It was published a little over a hundred years ago, when the Imperialist intelligentsia felt that the world was falling into line with Britain and that frankness and truthfulness were affordable luxuries. I have never come across a specific history of the involvement of Glorious Revolution intelligentsia with slavery. It was through looking up John Locke's associates in the DNB that I first began to suspect the extent of it.]

### ***Poetry & Politics.***

Ireland in the 18th century was a piece of England superimposed on a large Catholic population as a ruling and exploiting stratum. The suggestion that Owen Roe might have functioned in that situation as a kind of Irish Mitskievitz, reinvigorating the old as a medium for new development, was obviously misconceived, in that it involved a blending of Gaelic/Catholic Ireland with the English colony. The Polish development was something quite different from that.) But, when I made it, it was not patently absurd in terms of the prevailing ideas of what England and Anglo-Ireland were. There is no Irish history of England, and English histories are invariably written in the light of some current political purpose. I had to figure out the history of modern England for myself—with some invaluable assistance from Joe Keenan—and in doing so I undermined what I had said about Owen Roe.

But that is not the end of the question. Allowing that it was not within the realm of practical possibility that an organic combination could have been made between the Irish who were being pulverised and the English who, warding off domestic instability, were pulverising all who came within their reach, and that any bold overture from the Irish side was likely to be met with capital punishment, there remains the matter of what the Irish were to do since, in the face of the brute power of English hostility, it was not possible for them to stay as they were.

In my book on James Clarence Mangan I contrasted a plodding translation of O'Rahilly's *Gile na Gile* given in the *Faber Book of Irish Verse* (1974) with another translation that I found in a revolutionary newspaper of 1849, Mitchel's *The Irishman*, and commented:

"Slieve Luacra cast a spell on itself in the 18th century by means of linguistic lusciousness: and that lusciousness begins with *Gile na Gile*. If a translation is to give any idea of why those Gaels turned up their noses at the Patriot Parliament, Grattan's Volunteers, and the United Irish, it must convey something of the richness and movement of the language in which they lived. I chose *The Irishman* version because it does that. If the original had been more in the style of the Poets & Poetry [Faber] version, I think Slieve Luacra would have escaped from enchantment into politics much earlier" (p145, *James Clarence Mangan*).

(The version put into circulation by Faber begins:

"The Brightest of the Bright met me on my path so lonely;  
That Crystal of all Crystals was her flashing dark-  
blue eye."

The *Irishman* version begins:

"The loveliest of the lovely  
I met upon my path, with honeysuckles rich bestrewn,  
And million daisies all as bright  
As the rayed stars that round the moon  
'Mid Heavens blue well of light  
Above lie."

The translation of poetry into poetry is a rare art. Mangan sometimes produced miracles of translation, while at other times he was merely routine, as is shown by these two versions. And, unfortunately, he was not sparked into miraculous mode by Owen Roe.)

The idea that, in the latter part of the 18th century, Slieve Luacra lived in the marvels of language is, I think, sound enough. But, if it had not had marvels of language to live in, what politics might it have escaped into? Politics is the business of governing a state, and that was exclusively English

business in Ireland throughout the 18th century. The body politic consisted of members of the Church of Ireland, which was an Irish branch of the Church of England. A certain amount of public activity was allowed to Presbyterians on the ground of Protestant toleration. But public activity by the Catholic body was treated by the governing authorities as sedition—as an attempt to usurp the functions of the state. Sedition can only succeed as rebellion. But the Irish capacity for rebellion on a scale that might be successful had been broken by the destructive effects of the Williamite conquest and the totalitarian system founded on it.

Slieve Luacra began to engage in political activity as soon as it became possible to do so without engaging in rebellion—that is to say, during O'Connell's political campaigns. Until then it maintained its internal distance from the Ascendancy by living in its exuberant culture of political nostalgia.

The first voice from Slieve Luacra heard on the national state was that of Edward Walsh, who contributed to the Young Ireland newspaper, *The Nation*. By this time the region had become English-speaking. It must have been bilingual to a considerable extent even in Owen Roe's time, even though it lived through Irish. After 1830, when it began to engage in political activity within the existing state structure, it lived the political part of its life through English, and the speaking of Irish even in familiar life declined sharply in the course of a couple of generations.

(I have never regarded myself as anything but English-speaking. The grammar of the spoken language was English with some Irish modification, but many hundreds of the words in the most common use were Irish—many more than I realised until I went to England. But the Irish words did not exist in place of English words. Both were present, and so there was no need to acquire an English word when an Irish word was discarded. It was only that the Irish words were felt to be more expressive. The word '*generous*' somehow lacked the overtones of '*flahoolach*'. During my brief encounter with the educational system I found it easier to write in Irish than in English, but that might have been because the critical faculty was more developed with regard to English—not that I ever took education seriously enough to apply any deliberate thought within it. But somebody has given the useful definition of culture: as what remains when everything that was consciously learned has been discarded. And I have gone through life with a headfull of Irish verse that I somehow acquired. (I squirm whenever I hear the words of *Danny Boy* because the tune is fixed in my mind to the words: "*Is é mo chaoi gan mise maidean aereach*".) It is evident that, though we took ourselves to be English-speaking, we were still in the mid-20th century poised between the two languages and might have gone either way.

I also have a considerable amount of German verse and some Russian verse in my head. I assume that it stuck because of a quality in the language

similar to Irish and dissimilar to English. The German verse I acquired largely in connection with music and philosophy. And, in my experience, a predisposition towards German culture arose naturally out of life in Slieve Luacra, both through musical affinity—music lying at the source of both cultures—and through a residue of the Young Ireland connection with German literature. The Goethe novels I read in my teens did not come from libraries or bookshops, but from farmhouses. And it was a natural progression—though in retrospect it may appear a freakish one—from listening to John MacCormack singing *The Old House* or *The Kerry Dances* to listening to him singing *Schlafendes Jesuskind* or *Ganymede*—and he was incomparable in the latter, as in the former.

### ***When Ireland Ceased To Be European.***

I suppose the fundamental breach with German culture at the philosophical level came with John Redmond's declaration of war on Germany on behalf of Home Rule Ireland for British Imperial purposes, and the removal of Kuno Meyer's portrait from public buildings. And I suppose it was because Slieve Luacra had comprehensively broken with Redmondism long before 1914—the North Cork seat was not even contested by the Home Rule Party in 1910—that the German connection too so long to wither there.

It might have been expected that the German connection would have been resumed when Redmondism was rejected. The reason it wasn't probably had to do with the Civil War. Whatever the reason, the last flickering of official Irish interest in German culture that I know of is the publication by Professor Tadg O Donnacatha of Cork University of a collection of Irish translations of German poems, *Fíon Gearmánach*.

By rejecting its German dimension, nationalist Ireland rejected the philosophical ground on which it might have understood its past unapologetically. Traditional Ireland preserved itself through music and poetry throughout the era of the Penal Laws, but it never developed philosophical understanding out of itself. It looked to Germany in the 1840s. When it turned away from Germany, it became philosophically bereft.

English philosophy is little more than a rationalisation of military/commercial utilitarianism—a calculus of egoism. Its function with regard to other ways of life is to destroy them. George Berkeley, who could only get an Irish Bishopric, is sometimes described nowadays as an Irish philosopher—an absurdity which the hard-thinking *Catholic Bulletin* would never have tolerated. He was a Penal Law fanatic who in an address of 176 blamed the victims for their distress.

The most famous English philosopher since Berkeley was Bertrand Russell, who was also the ultimate utilitarian. One of his prime objects was

to reduce language to a kind of semaphore system. This was entirely in accordance with the long-term Imperial project of establishing English as the universal language for purposes of commercial advantage. Under the concept of "logical positivism", the subjective dimension of language, through which the variegated existence of humanity developed, is decreed to be mere delusion and is marked down for extinction.

The modern philosophy which sought to understand the different ways of human existence on their own ground is the German philosophy that began with Kant. Schopenhauer (who I read long ago in Slieve Luacra), was the most English of the German philosophers, but he was still so little English that he took music to be a fit subject for philosophical understanding. Canon Sheehan's novels are shot through with German ideas. James Connolly with his sense of what was vital, put Rudolf Eucken in the pages of *The Workers' Republic* in 1915-16. And the writings of Martin Heidegger—the latest and possibly the last of the German philosophers—deal almost entirely with language as the subjective medium of human existence.

Human existence differs from the existence of other animals in the subjective dimension in which it is lived. Even those who are least given to thought live in the medium of ideas, and it is impossible for those who are least reflective not to reflect. And thought is language.

Dostoevsky (whom I first came across in a rudimentary public library in Boherbue almost half a century ago) was a Russian progressive who responded to the reduction of progress to things—to improved material environment—by asserting that human environment is people. And people are language. Words start going into the child almost as soon as milk, and it is not the milk that distinguishes him from a calf or a bonham.

Things are in flux. Artefacts come and go. The constant amidst the flux is the intangible, inexplicable, inescapable subjectivity of human existence. There are many different ways in which it is coped with, but coping with it is always the central subject of culture. And the effectiveness of the coping is what gives durability to particular societies.

Gaelic society was durable. Half a millennium after the English conquest it was still not in flight from itself. The example of English life had not thrown it into existential discontent. It was still content to live as it had always lived—in a kind of vigorous activity of mind and body which confirmed the established framework of life rather than subverting it, and which was therefore not progressive.

It lived vigorously amidst a wealth of appearances which were sources of profound satisfaction. And there was no tendency within it to undermine the sources of satisfaction by reducing appearance to the status of delusion. Whether this was because the possibility of doing so had not been thought

of, or because it had been thought through to the conclusion that it led nowhere, I do not know. All I know is that it was so.

A poet in Ruhill, a townland between Boherbue and Knocknagree, celebrated the village of Boherbue in a poem of which I remember only two remarkable lines:

"With truth and pretence as a mixture  
This world is a puzzle profound".

The mixture is so closely blended that the project of breaking it down and living in one of its elements is not practical. And I do not recall that it was entertained as a possibility, or that it was felt that life would be more enjoyable if it were accomplished.

The saying, *Mol an oige agus tiocfaid se* ("Flatter the youth and he'll flourish" is close enough to it, provided that the flattery is done with a degree of insight) was still in common use when I was young. It was an applied maxim in the part of society that I related to, and I am in some degree a product of it. And there is a passage in Heidegger's *Introduction To Metaphysics* which put me in mind of it. He is discussing the word *doxa* (the source word of the Christian orthodoxy) as used by the ancient Greeks to mean fame and glory with relation to the modern idea of fame:

"To glorify, to attribute regard to, and disclose regard means in Greek: to place in the light and thus endow with permanence, being. For the Greeks glory was not something additional which one might or might not obtain; it was the mode of the highest being. For moderns glory has long been nothing more than celebrity and as such a highly dubious affair, an acquisition tossed about and distributed by the newspapers and radio—almost the opposite of being" (Anchor Books, Yale University translation, 1961, p87).

The experience of being unknown is not something which might be easily had in Gaelic society. But the evolution of what is called individualism has been towards a state of affairs in which individuals, distinct and separate from each other, are both uniform and unknown, and in which personality is therefore retarded and stilted, and in which an insuppressible yearning simply to be known leads to the kind of fame which is detached from existence.

"Glory is in Greek *doxa*. *Dokes* means: I show myself, appear, enter into the light. Here the emphasis is on sight and aspect, the regard in which a man stands; in the other Greek word for glory, *Kleos*, it is on hearing and calling. Thus glory is the fame... in which one stands".

And, if one lives in a society in which to be is to be known by sight and hearing in one's own proper existence, and in the singular character which one has little choice but to develop and display openly, what attraction can

there be in a progressive society where obscurity is the common lot and fame is sought through role-playing?

Having flourished after my fashion in the unprogressive dimension of the life of Slieve Luacra, I was nudged out by the encroaching progressive element. I had by then read all of Bernard Shaw's plays, along with much else that he wrote. He was then only a few years dead and was still the most famous English writer of the era. I wondered if I should do something with myself, as the saying goes. Those were the days of the Angry Young Men, and Colin Wilson had become famous as a kind of Shaw-substitute. I took a look at some of these people and the kind of fame in which they lived and the kind of behaviour it induced. I recoiled from it and knew that the destiny of becoming a literary man in London was one which would not be realised in my case. Being a creature of impulse—as befitted a product of Slieve Luacra—I did not question the impulse on which I acted. And I did not reflect on it afterwards. But, when I came across Heidegger's dissection of the words, 'fame' and 'being', I thought it must be the explanation, not only of my instantaneous retreat from the possibility of modern fame, but of the unattractiveness of English progress to Gaelic Ireland and to a hundred other societies which had devised satisfactory modes of life for themselves.

The fame of a Slieve Luacra fiddler was an attribute of his existence, which was known independently of his fame. Fame in the medium of progress is the attribute of an image and is gained at the cost of existence.

Coercion is indispensable to progress. I do not know of a single society which was inspired by the example of England to discard its own way of life and remake itself in the image of England. When Marx said that force was the midwife of history, he only stated half of it. In the progressive order of things, what the midwife delivers is something that was conceived by force.

### ***Gaelicised Christianity.***

Heidegger describes the rupture in Greek thought which happened in the fifth century BC:

"It was in the Sophists and in Plato that appearance was declared to be mere appearance and thus degraded. At the same time being, as idea, was exalted to a supersensory realm. A chasm, *chórismas*, was created between the merely apparent... here below and real being somewhere on high. In that chasm Christianity settled down, at the same time reinterpreting the lower as the created and the higher as the creator. These refashioned weapons it turned against antiquity (as paganism) and so disfigured it. Nietzsche was right in saying that Christianity is Platonism for the people" (p89).

But, when Ireland became Christian, it did so under the hegemony of the Gaelic culture. Christianity was added to the pre-existing culture. The

range of impulses for which there was an outlet was thereby increased without destroying the coherence of the whole. The chasm between appearance and idea, by means of which the world can be reduced to a Vale of Tears, did not open up within it.

I took issue in the Polish pamphlet with Dinneen's view that the Irish under the Williamite tyranny concentrated themselves on their Christian side. He wrote:

"The ancient faith, they felt, was the embodiment of what was highest in their civilisation and what was at the same time developable... Their ancient civilisation was departing from them under the pressure of unspeakable tyranny. But some of its seeds were still unspilled, and it behoved them to see that they were duly planted and watered. There was, however, very little planting or watering outside the organisation of their ancient creed" (*Four Notable Kerry Poets*).

I commented:

"Social development through the '*ancient creed*' of Ireland would not have occurred at the expense of the '*ancient civilisation*'. The old creed could only have developed through a development of the old civilisation. If under pressure of the Penal Laws the society had concentrated on its Christian elements as the highest expression of the old culture, and the '*developable*' part of it, the old culture would have undergone a renaissance, and the national development of Ireland would probably have occurred in a Gaelic form. What happened was that Gaelic culture retreated from Christianity in its 18th century flowering, that it broke down internally around 1800, and that a Catholic Church such as had never existed in Gaelic Ireland was established in the 19th century and functioned as the ideological medium of social development in modern nationalist Ireland" (p118).

I based this argument largely on Dinneen's edition of O'Rahilly's poems, and on his remark in his Introduction that Irish poetry remained Homeric in kind right to the end, even when, as in the case of Keating, the poet was a priest in a regular order.

O'Rahilly's *Elegy* on Diarmuid O'Leary describes what must be a unique baptism:

"When our hero was baptized as a child,/ Mars bestowed on him a spear  
for the fight;/ .../ And Diana gave him a ring of gold// Jupiter gave him a  
suit of satin/ .../ Venus gave him great gifts",

and Pan, Bacchus, Vulcan, Sybil, Juno and Neptune were also in attendance. And, when O'Rahilly decided that the time had come to take his leave from a country which had fallen "In pledge for a penny to a band from the land of Dover", he wrote: "I will follow the beloved among heroes to the grave./ Those princes under whom were my ancestors before the death of Christ".



I commented on this:

"...he put Christianity in its true Gaelic perspective, as one of those novelties which a man may flirt with in his prime but which he cannot take seriously at the hour of death".

Mitskievitz by contrast was a Christian as well as a Pole—a Catholic Christian in the Polish manner, who did not need to make theological inquiries in order to know what was Christian; and who, while according all due precedence to the Pope, did not see why he should always have the last word in contentious matters. And he produced a kind of additional book of the Bible for Poles—a sort of Polish Catholic counterpart of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It was *The Books Of The Polish Nation And The Polish Pilgrimage*. Neither O'Rahilly nor O'Sullivan could have conceived of such a thing for Ireland.

The popular development of Ireland on its Christian side begins with O'Connell's political agitations, and Christianity as "Platonism for the people" gets a firm grip around the time of the Famine.

It used to be customary to condemn O'Connell for putting an end to Irish as the generally spoken language, and it has become the thing to condemn his friend, Cardinal Cullen, for imposing a kind of theologically overdeveloped Catholicism, which appears in many ways to be a mirror image of English Puritanism. I do not think either criticism is well-founded in actual historical terms—in terms of the circumstances of time and place within which each of them acted.

The Irish spirit was broken when O'Connell came on the scene. The tyranny had got a grip on the soul, fragmented it, and precipitated the fragments into the line of progress. Progress had become inescapable. And, since progressive societies flee from themselves, Gaelic Ireland was in flight from itself, and all that was in question was the direction of its flight.

### ***O'Connell In A Polish Perspective.***

The military/commercial power of England, applied destructively over many generations, was what overcame the inertial force of Gaelic society and made progress inescapable. Social progress—social disruption—in England fed energy into the construction of an expansionist Imperial state. English society in flight from itself formed itself into the materials of a state. English continuity over hundreds of years has been political, not social. Continuous social disruption provided a continuous source of energy for the construction of worldwide state power. All that existed deserved to perish except for the English state. The English state was taken to be the purpose of human existence—tacitly so by all and sundry, and explicitly so in J.R. Seeley's influential *Expansion Of England*—and progressive

significance was conferred by it on all the forms of human existence it destroyed if, in the course of perishing, those forms gave up their energy to the English state, whose appetite for power was insatiable.

When the Editor of *The Nation* wrote of the English people that they were a "mild and generous people, who happened every twenty years since we first knew them to butcher and rob us", he was not giving routine expression to an inherited passion (see Athol Books collection, *The Nation*, Volume 1, 2.3.1844, p165). He was concerned to know what England was, and this was one of the things he found it to be—a state whose people were its willing agents in all that it chose to do in the world.

Gaelic Ireland was very much a social rather than a political existence—a nationality rather than a state. It was, when O'Connell began his demagogic career, a nationality at the end of its tether. Four generations later Pearse described it as having been a mob at that time. The distinguishing feature of a mob is not that it is uncultured, but that it is unregimented and cannot sustain purposeful action in the face of regimented opposition. Gaelic Ireland had been worn down by the unrelenting pressure of the regimented power of the English state and it did not have within its own culture the elements of fanatical, regimented, bureaucratic statehood which might have enabled it to mount a defence out of its own resources. English power had reduced it to the condition of a mob, or a series of mobs, and it could only confront that power by making a kind of submission to it—by emulating it to the extent of adopting its methods.

It had to give up a considerable part of itself in order to survive. It formed itself in the first instance into a regimented political party designed to function in the English Parliament, and therefore English-speaking. And its success in the course of the 19th century depended on it being possible for the English power structure to see Irish developments as being a completion of the conquest, rather than a means of effective resistance.

English authority was puzzled by the English-speaking political movement, embracing the mass of the people, but using 'Constitutional' language, that arose in Ireland under O'Connell's leadership. If O'Connell had drawn a political movement from the elements of Gaelic culture and developed it into a mass movement, there would have been no puzzlement in the English state. It would have been seen that a matter which was taken as having been settled by the battle of Aughrim and the surrender of Limerick had become unsettled, and appropriate measures would have been taken.

It was only through apparent submission to the authority of the English state and by the adoption of English political methods that Irish resistance could be mounted in the early 19th century. The mere advocacy of Irish independence was treason. Open political activity could therefore only be conducted within the ambience of British hegemony. O'Connell, who

imbibed the ideology of English utilitarian radicalism in London in the 1790s and who served in the Lawyers' Corps of Yeomanry on his return to Ireland, was perfectly cut out for the function of developing Irish popular politics under the Union. He was to all appearances a loyal subject of the Crown, whose concern was that Ireland as an entity should again take part as a distinct Kingdom in the affairs of the Empire, as it had done in the 18th century, but this time with the general population as a political base, instead of the small protestant colony. Whether appearances were deceptive was something that was never put to the test. With Poland in mind, I incline to see him as a potential Konrad Wallenrod or General Jaruzelski. Mitskievitz, with his acute sense of what Poland required in the way of role models, produced a second epic about Wallenrod, an ambiguous mediaeval figure who joined the Teutonic Knights in order to gain the power to secure their defeat by the Poles. When Jaruzelski declared military rule in Poland in 1981 in alliance with the Kremlin, I judged that he was playing a Wallenrod role, holding the ring so that the Solidarity movement might survive. By appearing to secure Poland within the Soviet system, he made it possible for the Kremlin not to undertake direct rule, which the Solidarity movement would not have survived.

In the ideology or mythology of Irish political history there is no Wallenrod figure, which is a weakness since it restricts the sense of what is possible. And there is no such figure in historical fact, aside from Hugh O'Neill, who is almost pre-history. The calculated deception has been the other way about. Perhaps that is why I incline to the view that the moving spirit of O'Connell's loyalty was disloyal. But, whether or not that was the case, O'Connell's way was in O'Connell's time the only possible way, given the totalitarian proclivities of English power in Ireland. You not only had to join them to beat them: you had to appear to join them in order to be able to do anything at all. And the way things worked out over four generations was as if England's trust had been gained for the purpose of leading it to destruction. The Home Rule Party, which dominated Irish national life everywhere outside County Cork, placed itself in the forefront of the propaganda and military assault of the British Empire on Germany in 1914. Four years later it renounced Britain and the Empire and fought its own war in support of its Declaration of Independence. It encouraged the British war mania in 1914-15, and the Redmondite elite participated in it with reckless abandon. Then in 1917-18 it withdrew itself from British hegemony, largely because of the necessary measures taken by the British Government to win the war—the first British war supported outright by the elected representatives of the people of Ireland. And then it was able to make good its vote for independence in the face of British intransigence because Britain over-reached itself in that Great War. It had placed itself in hock to the

United States, and for the first time in three-quarters of a millennium it was not entirely free to deal with Ireland as it pleased.

This is a long way from Owen Roe. That point is that there was no master-mind and no master-plan, and yet a keenly-interested outside observer looking at the sequence of events over the eight or nine political generations between O'Sullivan and De Valera might be forgiven for thinking that there was. And of course there *was* such an observer. The Ulster Protestant community, which became increasingly Orange in outlook in the course of the 19th century, was convinced that what it saw in operation was a general conspiracy of Catholics implementing a master plan and using whatever means were practicable at any given moment. If that is a mistaken view—if there was no master-plan—what was the constant element on the Irish side which resisted the constant purpose of the English state?

That there was such a constant element, and that it was cultural—subjective—seems beyond serious philosophical dispute. I came to this conclusion about thirty years ago after considering the suggestion that there was no human continuity in history—that history was "ahuman", was a "process without a subject". That idea, called Althusserianism, dominated academic life then. It was put to me by one of the leading 'revisionist' academics of today with whom I was briefly associated then. It struck me at once as being absurd, if only because I found Sophocles more interesting than Shakespeare or Shaw, despite the intervention of thousands of years and numerous modes of production, but I gave it a try in Irish history before rejecting it outright and publishing a long criticism of it. With the collapse of Marxism as a power-structure, the Althusserian academics relapsed into the "category of the subject", mine becoming close adviser to the fundamentalist leader of the Ulster Unionist Party.

There is no difficulty in locating the ground of continuity sustaining English activity in Ireland. English social life has centred on the state ever since its internal Protestant antagonisms were overcome three centuries ago by being turned outwards against the world. English memory, which sustains English politics, is bureaucratic and administrative. It is, in that sense, regimented—which, in view of the crucial part played by the Navy and the Army in the life of the state, can be taken as more than a figure of speech. The shibboleths of regimental life provide moral and historical orientation within the routines of power, and Kipling describes them (in *The Puzler*) as being the functional form of thought at the highest level:

"Being void of self-expression they confide their views to none;  
But sometimes in the smoking room, one learns why things were done,  
Yes, sometimes in the smoking room, through clouds of 'Ers' and 'Ums',

Obliquely and by inference, illumination comes,  
On some step that they have taken, or some action they approve —  
Embellished by the argot of the Upper Fourth Remove.  
In telegraphic sentences, half nodded to their friends,  
They hint a matter's inwardness—and there the matter ends."

The shibboleths which take a power structure for granted are spiritually and mentally effective in the habitat of the public school, the regiment and the smoking room of the Pall Mall Club. They make for constancy of purpose. But what was there on the Irish side under the Penal Laws to sustain a purposeful resistance over the generations without institutions, and even without ideas for the most part? There was music and words floated on music.

Oisín lived contentedly in the timelessness of *Tir na nOg*—a luxury flat, let us say, in a millionaire's row in some part of Dublin 4 where only rich and cosmeticised people were ever encountered—until one day the wind happened to blow a few notes on the harp, which put him in mind of things he had all but forgotten and compelled him to return to them. And if the music could recall Oisín from Utopia, how could it fail to fill the lives of people who had been deprived of almost everything else? And what is music? In the realm of ideas, it is only German philosophy that gives it its true weight. In Slieve Luacra I lived amidst music made by people who did not make money from it and who had no concern with fame (except in the sense described by Heidegger, which is obsolete in the world of progressive ideology), and it was there that I read Schopenhauer.

To save writing it again I will quote what I said in *Spotlights On Irish History* (a book about a series of meetings held at Newmarket, a town on the edge of Slieve Luacra):

"...Music, to a musical people, is the most insidiously influential of all the arts. England lost the art of music, except for hymns, hundreds of years ago. It was one of the effects of the state-orientated English Reformation. Ireland could almost be said to have lost all the arts except music. It survived and recreated itself through the art which it prized most and England prized least. Perhaps it was fortunate for it that England had made itself so unmusical...

"The Germans are the other extraordinarily musical people in Europe. But they were never put in the condition to which England reduced Ireland in the 18th and early 19th centuries. Their musical activity was therefore able to broaden out, while the Irish had to contract and concentrate. And there has also been a continuity of language and literary activity in Germany...

"One of the books I read in the mid-fifties in Gneevies was Arthur Schopenhauer's *The World As Will And Idea*. (It was got for me on loan by Mary Mulcahy of Boherbue, who was then a librarian in Dublin.)

"Schopenhauer attempted a classification of the fine arts in terms of his scheme of the world as Will and Idea. All the other arts he could explain as variants of the Idea of the world. But music wouldn't fit. He therefore concluded that music was an art of a unique kind: that it was an expression of the will itself, and did not belong with the objectified, petrified ideas, of which the other arts consisted.

"By Will he meant the basic, continuous impulse of life. The Will constructed particular sets of ideas which took on an objective existence over against itself. People might live in these detached structures, but in the course of time they were subject to decay. But the Will itself was on-going.

"That way of looking at things strikes me as being very appropriate to the condition of Ireland after 1690. It was deprived of its own ideas. They were destroyed by British ideas with the aid of the British army and the British apparatus of state. Being stripped of ideas and reduced to bare will, it took refuge in the fiddle, and re-emerged from nothingness a long time later--proving Schopenhauer's point that music 'could still exist even if there were no world at all'. Because the music surged on for many generations with little or no support from the world of ideas.

"Anyway, here are some bits of Schopenhauer.

'We have now considered the fine arts in a general way... But we find that there is one fine art that was left out of consideration, and was bound to be left out, because in our systematically connected discussion there was no fit place for it: this is the art of music. It stands apart from the others. We do not recognise in it any copy of any Idea of the inner nature of the world. But it is such an extraordinarily fine art, and its effect on man's inner nature is so powerful, and it is so completely and profoundly understood by him in his inner being as a universal language, whose clarity surpasses that of the world of perception, that we certainly must look in it for something more than "the unconscious exercise in arithmetic..." that Leibniz took it to be.'

'The inexpressible profundity of music, by which it flows past us as a familiar, yet eternally remote, Paradise, and is so easily understood though inexplicable, arises from the fact that it reproduces the emotions of our inner being.'

'Men have always practised music without being able to explain it. They have been content to understand it in its immediacy'.

'The aim of the other arts is to picture individual things... Therefore they all objectify the will indirectly... Because music passes over the Ideas, it is independent of the phenomenal world, bypasses it, and could still exist to some extent even if there were no world at all... Music therefore is not, like the other arts, an expression of the Ideas, but is an expression of the will itself... That is why music has a more powerful and penetrating effect than any other art' (*The World As Will And Idea*, Section 52)."

O'Sullivan however was not a musician. He was a poet. And the business of a poet is words. But his words seem as if they had sprouted from music.

Nevertheless, words express ideas. So what were his ideas? Being pedantic, one might say that he reasserted the Jacobite political programme a generation after Jacobitism as a political position within the British state became defunct. Or one could say that he produced luscious descriptions of women as seductresses in a lost cause, whose purpose was to enable the people to refrain from making a spiritual submission to the Williamite conquest, dominant though it was in every sphere of life connected with the state—and few spheres of life were not connected with the state in that totalitarian system. His illusory goddesses were the conscience of the people.

I quoted some of Edward Walsh's English versions of the *Aislings* in the Polish pamphlet, and commented as follows:

"Owen Roe did not interfere with the content of the *Aisling*. His innovations were in the language. And he dwelt more sensually on the women of his visions than earlier writers did. While there was some prospect of an actual restoration of the Stuarts, the message was the thing in the *Aisling*. But as that prospect receded, the messenger increased in importance. Owen's visions may still have been virgins, but they are in no danger of being confused with the Blessed Virgin:

"White bosomed, heavenly fair!  
Her thick, luxuriant ringlets fell,  
Or streamed, the soft-wing'd zephyr gracing,  
Or clustered o'er her paps' round swell,  
Like sun-wreaths hills of snow enchasing  
Light, bright, and beautiful there."  
(*Ag Taisteal Na Blarnan*, from *Irish Jacobite Poetry*)

"All his Visions had noticeable breasts, and they were usually said to be high, firm and pointed. And if he remarked that they never knew the clasp of a lover, the purpose was to raise the idea of them being clasped by a lover."

That the princesses exuded a sexual aura was unmistakeable. But it is not unknown for a sexual appearance to be associated with a sexless interior. Such, however, was not the case with O'Sullivan's women. I am informed by Pat Muldowney that they compelled O'Sullivan to give expression to *their* feelings, which were not satisfied by mere admiration, in a pornographic *Aisling*. I presume that this *Aisling*, though considered unfit for publication in later times, was well known to O'Sullivan's contemporaries in Slieve Luacra and that it informed the hearing of the other *Aislings*. [We hope to reproduce it in a future volume of this series: Editor.]

Insofar as something like O'Sullivan's poetry was produced in English, I do not think it was either Burns or Kipling who produced it. Dinneen compares him with both of these, though on other points than the quality of the verse. In point of spirit and language I think his only English counterpart is Shelley—the "beautiful angel vainly beating his wings in the void", as the industrious pedant of mid-Victorian culture, Matthew Arnold, called him. The beautiful angel was almost as charming, almost as wicked, and almost as free a spirit as O'Sullivan, and he had an equal appetite for sensuous language. ("Like a rose embowered/ In its own green leaves/ By warm winds deflowered/ Tell the scent it gives/ Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-weighted thieves"—and that's only about the skylark.)

Edward Walsh, too compared O'Sullivan to Burns:

"Owen Roe was to Ireland what Robert Burns was at a somewhat later day to Scotland—the glory and shame of his native land. I know of no two characters in my range of observation that so closely resemble each other as Burns and Owen Roe. The same practical temperament—the same desire of notoriety—the same ardent sighings for woman's love—the same embracing friendship for the human family—the same fatal yearnings after 'cheerful tankards foaming'... Like Burns, Owen Roe first turned his reed to the charms of nature and the joys of woman's love—like Burns, the irregularity of his life obliged the clergymen of his persuasion to denounce him, and like him, he lashed the priestly order without ruth or remorse—like Burns, he tried the pathetic, the sublime, the humorous, and like him succeeded in all. Nor does the parallel end here; they were both born in an humble cottage—both toiled through life at the spade and plough; and both fell, in the bloom of manhood, in the pride of intellect, the victims of uncontrolled passion!" (*Irish Popular Songs*, p27-8).

But Burns was 'discovered'. The Whig elite in Edinburgh noticed him, fêted him, and provided him with a Government job in Dumfries where he spent the end of his life as a slightly unruly bourgeois and where his house can still be visited. O'Sullivan was never 'discovered'. I doubt that he was discoverable. There are people whose existence is such that it does not lend itself to discovery because it is absolute. The practical meaning of discovery is patronage, and the patronising of absolutes is problematical. The discovered poet of the era of Grattan's Parliament was Thomas Dermody from Clare. Lady Moira took him into her entourage and he performed his part for her—and he disappeared without trace when the Parliament and its social milieu went. Lady Moira never heard of O'Sullivan; his existence did not depend to the slightest extent on her knowing about him; and, if she had known about him, she could have made nothing of him for her purposes.

Charlotte Brooke, an altogether more substantial person than Lady Moira in existential terms, did not know about him either. He was comprehensively



unknown everywhere except where he was famous. And that kind of undiscovered fame—of fame which was indifferent to discovery, as were the virtuoso Slieve Luacra fiddlers when I lived there—was the source of the unexpected turn of events in Irish affairs under the Act of Union.

When O'Sullivan was eventually discovered, in the sense of being noticed in English, the discovery was made within Slieve Luacra itself, as a function of the change of language, by the first 'progressive' intellectual produced by the region, Edward Walsh. Which is to say that Slieve Luacra, where he had never been unknown, discovered him in the sense of carrying him with it when it began to take part in political activity in the English language. (And, with Owen Roe as a central figure in its communal memory, Slieve Luacra could never participate wholeheartedly in the Puritanism of post-Famine Christianity. The story of how, after the fracas in Knocknagree in which he was killed, a young woman lay down with him and tempted him to make sure he was really dead, was passed on with relish.)

### ***Power And Morality.***

Wilhelm Dibelius, a German Anglophile writing in the 1920s, held that Glorious Revolution England conducted itself admirably in its relations with other peoples, leaving aside the Irish. I did not see how it could be more reasonable to leave aside the treatment of the Irish by the English state over a couple of centuries than it would be to leave aside the treatment of the Jews by the German state over a period of twelve years. Even if the English state had behaved admirably towards other peoples in distant regions—which as a matter of fact it did not—its treatment of the Irish should still be taken as the litmus test of its character.

The Jews survived the twelve years of the Nazi regime and their considerable talents and influence have ever since been dedicated to ensuring that Germany will forever be judged by the doings of the Nazi state during those twelve years, and particularly by its doings in occupied Poland between 1939 and 1945. Prior to 1933 Germany was the European state where the Jews had the greatest freedom and influence. Since 1945 Germany has again become the European state where the Jews are most welcome. Nevertheless, Jewish influence continues to ensure that Germany is characterised by the Nazi aberration in its history.

The English system in Ireland was not an aberration in English dealings with foreign parts.

The peoples of the North American continent were successfully exterminated by the English settlement. Because the exterminating state had the power to enact a thorough genocide, the culture of those who disappeared counts for nothing and their disappearance does not figure in the moral concerns of the world.

The multiple genocide systematically enacted over a period of centuries in Anglo-America cannot be justified on any moral grounds which would not also justify the Nazi genocide—and indeed the Nazi regime took its moral justification for this aspect of its activities from the precedent of the British Empire.

Why is it that the extensive North American genocide, inaugurated by Britain and continued under the powerful successor-state, is a moral irrelevance in the contemporary world? Why, despite the moral pretensions which saturate our world, can that great genocide, and certain others, never be raised as anything stronger than a debating point? The only answer I can think of is that the state in which they were enacted never suffered a defeat in war—at least not a defeat which led to its collapse as a state—and that the victims were comprehensively snuffed out.

An alternative answer is that the peoples who were exterminated were racially inferior and that their extermination was a moral requirement of progress. That is a view which was expressed openly by very respectable members of the British establishment at one time. It is not a view which could be openly expressed in the present atmosphere of moral pretension. Though I have no doubt that it remains the substantive opinion of many respectable people, it has been ruled out of order for purposes of public reasoning. We are therefore left with effectively accomplished fact as the thing which distinguishes genocides which are morally bland, or even praiseworthy, from genocides which arouse fierce moral indignation for generations after the event. And this would mean that there is a very special relationship indeed between power and morality.

The position of Ireland within the British sphere of influence provides an interesting variant on the power/morality relationship. The Irish are 'natives' who survived through their own wilfulness. Despite the close attention of the British state apparatus over four centuries they were never quite remade. In the end they rejected the 'progressive' evolution as voluntary subordinate participants in Empire, which Britain prepared them for, and asserted an atavistic separatism so forcibly that Britain found it expedient to give way.

I have seen the independence movement described as 'atavistic' by revisionists and I see no need to quibble about it. It was certainly not an event within the line of progress mapped out by Britain. And it was undoubtedly a throwback in the sense of connecting up with the traditional culture of Ireland which Britain thought it had aborted. And, while Britain did not lose the Irish War of Independence to the extent of itself collapsing as a state, neither did it win it to the extent of preventing a new power structure with alien features from being formed on its doorstep—indeed, within what it had taken to be its house. And the new power structure

brought a new moral perspective—or reopened an old one.

The mode in which Ireland was governed in the 18th century established the foundations on which modern Ireland was erected. The general understanding until very recently has been that the core of 18th century government—the Constitution—was the system of anti-Catholic Penal Laws, under which the agents of the Glorious Revolution of 1688 consigned the great bulk of the actual people of Ireland to oblivion, with the result that, when that people eventually rescued itself from oblivion in defiance of the Protestant Ascendancy, it saw Liberal England in much the same way that Jews see Germany, and that the Palestine Arabs see the Jews.

Owen Roe's poetry is an expression of the will through which the remnant of Irish society lying beneath the colony still denied the legitimacy of the colony three-quarters of a century after the Boyne and Aughrim. It was a refusal to accept the Boyne and Aughrim as the last word on Irish existence. It was a negation which helped to preserve the basis for a future affirmation.

If morality is an attribute of power—and that is the only conclusion that can realistically be drawn from the way of the world—then there is an obligation on power to assert the morality of its being *vis a vis* other powers. If lesser powers, which have survived the attempt of great Empires to snuff them out, do not make a virtue of the means by which they survived and present their past as a running indictment of the Empires, then there will be very little morality in the world.

**Brendan Clifford**

2002

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