

ΔΩΡΑΙΝ ΑΤΑ ΛΕΛΥΤΑ ΔΡ
ΑΝ ΡΕΔΑΤΪΙΡΕ

OR

SONGS ASCRIBED TO RAFTERY.

BEING THE

FIFTH CHAPTER OF THE SONGS OF CONNACHT
NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED EDITED AND
TRANSLATED

BY

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(ΑΝ ΚΡΑΔΙΒΪΝ ΔΟΙΒΪΝΝ.)

βαίτε ατα κιατ :

Κυρτα αμακ τε ζιλλ αγυρ α θιακ.

1903.

Πᾶσι γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἐπιθονίεσσι ἀείδει
Τιμῆς ἔμμοροι εἶσι καὶ αἰδοῦς, οὐνεκ' ἄρα σφίσι
Δῖμος Μοῦσ' ἐδίδαξε, φίλησ δὲ Φέρον αἰοῖδ'.

—Odys. viii. 479.

ΤΑΙΡΣΙΜ
ΑΝ ΛΕΑΘΑΡ ΣΟ
ΤΕ ΜΕΑΣ ΜΟΡ Γ ΤΕ ΒΥΡΘΕΑΔΑΣ
Ο'Ν
ΘΑΙΝΤΙΞΕΑΡΝΑ ΞΡΕΞΟΡΙ
Ο'Ν ΞΣΥΙΛ.

Α θαϊντιξεαρνα υαφαλ, α "ξυαιμε" να μβάρσ,
τά α θραο ριαρ, 'ραν ξσύιλ ριν να πολύε-δοιλλεαό η-άρσ,
ό ράδάλ τυρα κλύ μο ρεαότυμε ό'ν μβάρ,
Ορμάλιμ ξο η-ύμάλ ουιτ αν ουαιρ ρεο όμ' λάιμ.

Δὲρδῶν δτὰ τεδζτδ δπ δπ
Reδρτῦμε.

ΔΩΡΑΪΝ ΑΝ ΡΕΑΚΤΪΙΡΕ.

Νυαρι καϊτεαρι ελοϛ ι n-υιρζε κομμυιζτεαρι αν τ-υιρζε. Τυτεαnn αν ελοϛ ζο οτι αν τϛιν αζυρ λυιϛ-εαnn ρι ανηριn, αϛτ α βραο ταρι ειρ α τυιτιμε μαριεαnn ζλυαφαϛτ αν υιρζε αζυρ εϊϛτεαρι αρι α βδάρη αν τονn οο εϛζ αν ελοϛ. Σηάμηαnn αν τονn ρο αμαϛ ο'η ζρεαρι-λάρη, μαρι ράινne μϛρι, ζο οταζαnn ρέ ζο οτι αν ηρυαϛ.

Ιρ ε εάιμηζ in mo εεαnn, αρι ζερυιnnυιζαϛ οάητα αν ΡεακτΪιρε οάm, ζο οτυιτεαnn ριλε ο neim in ραν τραοζαλ, κομμ-υαιη, μαρι ελοϛ ι n-υιρζε. Σγιοβϛταρι υαιnn αν ριλε αζ αν mδάρ, τυιτεαnn α κορράν in ραν ταλαm, αϛτ μαριεαnn αν ζλυαφαϛτ οο εϛζ ρέ, αζυρ τϛζαnn α εϛο οάη τονn βεαζ ρέιm ριϛτϛάητα αρι υιρζε αν τραοζαιλ, αζ ρηάm αμαϛ α βραο ο άιτ οϛϛϛάιρ αν ριλε ρέιν. Ιρ αmλαιοϛ εάρηλα ρέ, ζυρι βυαίλεαϛ ορη αν τονn οο εϛζ Αητοηne Ο ΡεακτΪιρε εεϊρre ριϛο mίλε ο n-α άιτ ρέιν αζυρ ηιορ μϛ ηά οά ριϛο βηιαϛθαι ταρι ειρ α κορρ οο βειτ ριητε in ραν τρεαη ροιλιζ ι ζCιλλιηin. Ιρ μαρι ρο εάρηλα ρέ. Ο'έμηζεαρ αμαϛ, λά ηρηεζ ρεαϛ ραν ηγειμηρεαϛ, mo ζαϛοάιηin le mo εοιρ αζυρ mo ζηηna αρι mo ζυαλαηnn, αζυρ ηιορ βραοα εϛαϛϛ μέ no ζο ζεϛαλ-αϛϛ μέ αν ρεαν-ρεαρι αζ ορηαρ α βοϛάηη αζυρ ε αζ ζαβδαι ζο ηηnn οϛ ρέιν,

Αηοιρ αρι οταετ αν εαρηαιζ βέρο αν λά ριηεαϛ
 ηοιρ αρι οταετ na ρέιλ θρηζοε 'ρεαϛ εϛζραο mo εεϛί,
 Ο εϛιρ μέ in mo εεαnn ε ηι ρτορρηαϛ μέ εοιϛϛε
 Ζο ρεαρρηαϛ μέ ριαρ ι λάρη εονοαε mηυιζ-εϛ.
 * * * * *

Ράζαηη le η-ϛϛαϛτα ζο η-έμηζεαnn mo ερηοϛε-ρη
 μαρι άρηυιζτεαρι αν ζαϛϛ no μαρι ρζαρηαρι αν εεϛ
 ηυαρι ρηυαίηηζηη αν εεαρηα αζυρ αρι βαλλα ταοιϛ ριορ οε
 αρι ρεαϛαϛ α' mίλε, no αρι ρηάμηεαϛ mηυιζ-εϛ.

RAFTERY'S POEMS.

When a stone is thrown into water the water is moved. The stone falls to the bottom and lies there, but long after its fall the movement of the water remains, and the wave that the stone has raised is perceived upon the top. This wave swims out from the centre like a great ring until it reaches the bank.

It occurred to me, while collecting Raftery's poems, that occasionally a poet falls from Heaven into the world like a stone into water. The poet is snatched from us by death, his body falls into the earth, but the movement which he has aroused remains, and his poems raise a little, quiet, gentle wave upon the water of life which floats far out from the poet's own native place. And so it chanced that I met the wave that Anthony O'Raftery had raised, some eighty miles from his native place and some forty years after his body being laid in the old churchyard of Killeenin. I had risen out of a fine frosty day in winter, my little dog at heel and gun on shoulder, and it was not long I had gone until I heard the old man at the door of his cottage and he singing sweetly to himself.

Now, on the coming of spring, the day will be a-stretching,
 Now, on the coming of Brigit's Eve (1), it is, that I shall
 raise my music ;
 Since I took it into my head I shall never stop
 Until I stand in the west in the midst of the county of Mayo !

I solemnly (2) declare it, that my heart rises up,
 Even as the wind is lifted, or as the mist is dispersed,
 When I think upon Carra and upon Balla to the north of it (3),
 Upon the Bush of the Mile and upon the planet of Mayo.

(1) The first of February

(2) Literally : " I leave it by testament," a common Irish expression.

(3) Literally : "Down from it." The Irish say "down" for the North, and "up" for the South. The North of Ireland is *íochtar na h-Éireann* i.e., the bottom of Ireland. The South is the top. They say the wind is shifting down, i.e., to the North.

‘Οο έαιτένιζ να βριατέρα λιομ ζο μόρι. ‘Οημιο με άνοηη το’η τρεαη-φέαη, αζυη “αη μύηηεά αη τ-αβηάη ηηη ‘οαη?” αη ηα ηηηε. ‘Οο ηύηη, αζυη ‘ο’ηηέζ ηέ αβάηε, αζυη αηηο ηόρι ηε “‘Οηηοαέ Μηηιζ-Εό” ηε ηεαβαη αζαη. ‘Οο β’έ ηηη ηο έέαο έαηαδ λειη αη ηοηη ‘ο’ήάζ αη Ρεαέτύηε ‘ηα ‘οιαζ. ηηοη έαλαη α αηηη αη ηαηη ηηη, αζυη ηί ηαηβ ηηοη αζαη ζο έεαηη ηόηηαηη ηε βηαδάηηαηβ ‘ηα ‘οιαζ ηηη ζυη β’έ ‘οο έεαη αη ηηοηα ‘οο έαιτέηιζ ηηοη έοηη ηόρι ηηη.

‘Οο βί ηέ λά, έύηζ βηαδύηα ‘οέαζ, ‘ηα ‘οιαζ ηηη, αζ λάηηηυζαδ αζυη αζ ηηυέαδ αηεαηζ ηα ηεαη λάηη-ηζηύβηηη ζαεδύηε ατά ηαη αεα‘οαηηη ηηοζαηάη, 1 ηηβαη-αέ-εηαέ, αζυη εηέαο ‘οο εαηηαδ‘ε οηηη αέτ λεαβαη λάηη-ηζηύβ‘εα α ηαηβ αηηο ηε ‘όάηηαηβ αη Ρεαέτύηε αηη, αζυη ‘οο βί ηο ηεαη-έαηαηο “‘Οηηοαέ Μηηιζ-Εό” ‘ηα ηεαηζ, αζυη η’ αηη ηηη ‘οο ηυαηη ηέ αηαέ ζυη β’έ αη Ρεαέτύηε α ‘ύζ‘οαη, αζυη ζυη β’ηοηάδ αβηάη ηηη ηεηε ‘οο έυη ηέ λειη.

‘Οο βί ηέ λά ηεηε, α β’αο ταη έηη ηηη, αηαηε λειη αη ζεαηηαηζ ‘Οηηβ, 1 ζ‘Οηηοαέ ‘Οηαη-αέ-εηαέ, αζυη ηέ αζ ηηυβαλόηηεαέτ ‘οαη ηέηη αη αη ηβόέαη. ‘Οο βί ηεαη ‘οαηη αη έαηηβ αη βόέαηη, αζυη έ αζ ηαηηαηό ‘έηηηε. ‘Οηυζ ηέ ηηη ‘οό, αζυη ‘ο’ηηέζ ηέ ηηοη. αέτ ταη έηη ηηέ ηέηηηε ηο ηαη ηηη ‘οο βεηέ ηηύβαηα αζαη, έάηηζ ηέ ηη ηο έεαηη ‘ο’αοη ηηεαη αηάηη, ζο ηηα έοηηύηηλ λε ζαεδύηεζέοηη αη ‘οαη ηηη, ζυη έαοαη αζυη βέαλ ζαεδύ-εηηεζέοηηα ‘οο βί αηη, αζυη “εαο έύηε,” αη ηα ηηηε ηηοη ηέηη, “‘ηάη λαβαηη έύ 1 ηζαεδύηεζ λειη?” ηί έύηηε έάηηζ αη ηηυαίηεαηη ηηη έυζαη ηά ‘ο’ηηλ ηέ αη η’αηη αηη’ ζο ‘οη αη ‘οαηη, αζυη λαβαηη ηέ λειη 1 ηζαεδύηεζ. ‘Ο’ηηεαζαηη ηέ ηέ ζο ηηηη βηαηα αηη ηαη τεαηηαηό

The words pleased me greatly. I moved over to the old man, and "Would you learn me that song?" says I. He taught it to me, and I went home, and with me a great part of "The County Mayo" (1) by heart. That was my first meeting with the wave that Raftery left behind him. I did not hear his name at that time, and I did not know for many years afterwards that it was he who had composed the piece which had pleased me so well.

I was, another day, fifteen years after this, handling and poking amongst the old Irish MSS. that are in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin, and what should I meet there but a manuscript book in which were some of Raftery's poems, and amongst them my old friend "County Mayo," and it was then that I learned that Raftery was its author, and that many another sweet song he had composed as well as it.

I was another day, a long time after this, near Blackrock, in the county Dublin, and I strolling on the road by myself. There was a blind man on the side of the road and he asking alms. I gave them to him and went on. But after my having gone about twenty perch it came into my head, of one snap, that that blind man was like an Irish speaker, that he had the face and mouth of an Irish speaker on him, and "why," said I to myself, "did you not speak to him in Irish?" No sooner did the thought come into my head than I returned back to the blind man and spoke to him in Irish. He answered me with melody and taste in the same language, and I remained for a long time

(1) This is also known as the "Song of Killeadan."

céadna, a gúir o'fán mé tamall fada a g caint leir.
 Seághan O Maínnín an t-ainm vo bí ari. Duó ar Chon-
 vadé na Sailleime é. Siolla capall vo bí ann, in a óige.
 a gúir vo cáill ré maóaric a fúl a g léimniú rgonnra ar
 mium cápail; vo buail cmaid é, a gúir vo óall rí é.
 O'innir ré a lán vaim i vtaoib an Reacúiric. Dubairt
 ré liom: "Má b'éidear tú coiróce i mbailc beag vair
 b'ainm Creadúicéol i gConvadé na Sailleime; tá teac ar
 éaoib an bótaric a gúir feilméar vair b'ainm Diaimuro
 O Cluanáin 'na cóimnuice ann. I' ann ran cig rín
 fudair an Reacúiric báir, a gúir bí fíoir aige reacú
 mbliadóna moinne rín, cas é an aít a gúir an teac a gúir an
 lá a gúir an uair vo bí i noán vó báir fáigail." Vo
 éimniú mé ar an méad duubairt an vail liom, acú
 nioir fáoil mé go mbéinn coiróce i gCreadúicéol. Acú
 éarla go b'fudair mé féin i noeirceairt an convadé
 a gúir éaimúg an muo duubairt an vail in mo éimne.
 Chuidó mé cóim fada le Creadúicéol, fudair mé amac
 Diaimuro O Cluanáin, a gúir conndairic mé an teac a
 b'fudair an ríle báir ann. Dubairt an rean-fear liom
 go maib a éuro vánta rígríobta i leabair a g a leicero
 reo o'fear. Chuidó mé ar a vótoir, acú duubairt liom
 gúir tóigad an leabair go vóti an t-Oileán Úir.
 Chuidó mé go cig na gCalnánach vo bí ran gcoimair-
 ranacú rín, óir éualadó mé go maib leabair acá-
 ran a maib vánta an Reacúiric a gúir vánta a n-oncail
 féin ann. Bhí na Calnánais b'ieáig rialmair fairirig,
 o'iarvadair oim an oiróce vo éairéam leó, acú duubairt
 vo maib an leabair ro imcúigce go vóti an t-Oileán
 Úir mar an gcéadna, a gúir b'éigir vaim ríleadó gan é.

Míoir b'fada 'na óidig rín go noeadadó mo éarair,

talking to him. Seaghan O Mainnin was his name. He was from the county of Galway. He had been a groom in his youth, and he had lost the sight of his eyes in leaping a scunse on horseback, a branch had struck him and blinded him. He told me a lot about Raftery (1). He said to me, "If you are ever in a little town called Craughwell, in the county Galway, there is a house on the side of the road and a farmer of the name of Diarmuid O Cluanain living in it. It is in that house that Raftery died, and he knew, seven years before that, what was the place and the house, and the day and the hour that it was fated for him to die." I remembered all the blind man told me, but I never thought that I should be in Craughwell. It happened, however, that I did find myself in the south of the county, and the thing the blind man told me came into my memory. I went as far as Craughwell, found out Diarmuid O Cluanain, and saw the house in which the poet died. The old man told me that such and such a man had his poems written in a book. I went in pursuit of them, but I was told that the book had been taken to America. I went to the house of the Calanans then, that was in the neighbourhood, for I heard that they had a book in which were Raftery's poems and the poems of their own uncle. The Calanans were fine and generous and hospitable, and asked me to spend the night with them, but they said that this book was gone to America also, and I had to return without it.

It was not long after that until Lady Gregory went in pursuit

(1) Turning to English he said something that struck me so that I wrote it down on the back of an envelope. Here are the exact words: "Raftery was an inspired man, and that's all about it, and every word of it correct just as if it was coming out of a dictionary!"

an Úaintigeasina Sreagor, arí cóir leabhair do éualadó
 rí do beic ran gcómarraanacé céadna, agus fuair rí é i
 feilb fean faoir-cloice anaise le Cillín. Do
 rgníobad an leabair go h-an-máir i litreachaibh Saeó-
 eilge ag uinne éigin gan ainm, timcioll leic-céad bliad-
 an ó foir; fuair rí an leabair ro ar iaracé agus tug
 uam-ra é, agus rgníob mé reach n-abháin véas ar.
 Dá abháin rívo leir an Reachúime do bí ann, agus trí
 cinn no ceacair le uainib eile. Tar éir rin éualó mé ar
 cóir an leabhair do éonnac mé ran acasaim níof mó
 ná veic mbliadán roime rin. Chualó mé ar ucúr go
 uti an clár, no index, na leabair acá ran acasaim acé
 ní maib oiread agus ainm an Reachúime ar clár na
 leabair Saeóeilge ann ran acasaim, agus ní maib
 céad líne don uain u'á cuvo uáncuib le rágal ar clár
 na gcéad-linte. Chaic mé uá lá ó máirim go h-oiócé
 ag uul tré na leabhair ful fuair mé é. Acá níof
 mó ná ríce uán leir an Reachúime in ran rgníobinn
 ro, agus iao rgníobca go maic i litreachaibh Saeó-
 eilge le lám fean-uinne, mar mearaim, uocúir
 leigir, b'éoir, óir acá an líne ro, i laisoir, rgníob-
 ca ar uulleóig ve, tollere nodosam nescit medicina
 podagram, agus acá peicéar cinn an Reachúime
 tarraingte go méir le peann ar leacnac eile,
 agus cúpla focal i mbéarla faoi (1) ag tabairt
 uáca a báir, 1835, agus a doir, don bliadán véas
 agus uá rívo! Do rgníob mé amac na h-abháin nac
 maib ran leabair eile, agus minne mé compriao le
 h-airne móir uoir no cóireannuib do bí ran rgníobinn

(1) Ag ro na bmaicra, Anthony Rafferty, Irish Minstrel, died October, 1835. Aet 51.

of a book that she heard was in the neighbourhood, and she found it in the possession of an old stone-cutter near Killeenan. This book was written very well in Irish characters by some nameless person, apparently about fifty years ago. She got a loan of the book and lent it to me, and I copied out of it seventeen songs. There were in it twenty-two poems by Raftery, and three or four by other people. After that I went to look for the book I had seen in the Academy more than ten years before. I first went to the index of the MSS. in the Academy, but there was not even the name of Raftery in the index of the Irish books there, nor was the first line of any of his poems to be found amongst the index of first lines. I spent two days from morning till night going through the books before I found it. There are more than twenty poems by Raftery in this MS., which is well written, in Irish characters, in an old man's handwriting, a doctor's, perhaps, for I found this line written on one of the leaves—

tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram,

and there is a picture of Raftery's head drawn in a rough and ready way, with pen and ink, upon another page, and a couple of words in English underneath, giving the date of his death: "Anthony Rafferty, Irish Minstrel, died October, 1835. Aet 51." I wrote out from this MS. what poems were not in the other book, and I made a comparison with great care between the copies that

ρεο αζυρ ι ρζηβινν αν τραοιη-cloice : αζ ρο ανοιρ μαρ
 ευιρ με να οάντα ειλε le céile.

Οο φυαιρ με οετ ποάντα όμ' έαριαιο Εόζαν
 Ο Νεαέτάν, ι ηζαλλιν, ερειοιμ ζο βφυαιρ ρειρεαν
 αν ευο ιρ μό αα ο φαρ οε μινντιη Chomáin ιη
 ραν ζαεάιρ ριν. Οο φυαιρ με εύζ αβρίαν ειλε
 ό'η Δεάιρ Clement Ο Λύζηαίό, ό'η Μαοιηρτιη ι μβαι-
 loc-μιαέ, οο ρζηιοβ ιαο ό βéal ρεαν-ουιηε ρίε
 βλιαόαν ροιηε ριν. Ταρ ειρ ριν, οο φυαιρ με ρζηβινν
 αι ιαράετ όμ' έαριαιο, Mac Uí Fhloinn, cléipeac
 Thuama, ανη αι ευιρ ρέ ριορ αι ρζηβινν οο βαιη le
 Mac Uí Cheallaiζ έιζιη, αζυρ ό βéal οαοιηε, ευο μόρ
 οε να οάνταιβ οο βί αζαμ έεαηα. Chuaió με τρίο αν
 ρζηβινν ρεο le η-αιηε μόρ, αζυρ β'ύραιοεαέ έ αζ εαρ-
 τυζαό να ζοόιβ ειλε. Νί μαιβ ανη αέτ οά αβρίαν
 αμáιη (1) αζυρ εύρλα μανη ηαέ μαιβ αζαμ έεαηα. Οο
 φυαιρ με αν οán ραοα, "Seancur ηα Szeite," όμ' έαρι-
 αιο, Mac Uí Mhioóáin, αι οτύρ, αζυρ οο έεαριεαίζ με
 έ αι ρζηβινν Mhic Uí Fhloinn. Οο φυαιρ με "An
 Cholera Μορβυρ" ό'η βρεαρ έεαοηα. Οο φυαιρεαρ αν
 "Chúir οά Pléiró" ι ρζηβινν οο μινηε ρεαρ οε να
 η-Οιρηνίζ ι λιρρεαέαιβ Ρόμáηαέα οο μείρ φυαιηε να
 βροαλ, ραν ηβλιαόαιη, 1834, ηο μαρ ριν. Φυαιρ με ιαρ-
 αέτ να ρζηβινηε ρεο όμ' έαριαιο, Mac Uí Fhloinn.
 Φυαιρ με "Φιαόαέ Μηαηευιρ Uí Chálláin" αι αν ρζηβι-
 ιηη έεαοηα, αζυρ αι ρζηβινρ. Mhic Uí Fhloinn. Σζηιοβ
 με ριορ "Μάιηε Νι η-Ειόη" ό βéal Thomáir Uí η-Ειό-
 ιη, αι Chilleapraη, ατά ζαολαέ λειρ αν ζαελίη αλίηηη
 οο βί 'ηα ηυη-άόβαι οο'η αβρίαν, αζυρ ρζηιοβ με αν
 ευο ιρ μό οε'η "Reaéτύηε αζυρ αν βáρ" ό βéal αν

(1) "Cnocán an Eannaíζ" αζυρ "An Sféurμιοε."

were common both to this and the stone-cutter's MS. I collected the other poems as follows:—

I got eight poems from my friend Owen O Neachtain in Galway. I believe that he got most of them from a man of the Comynses near that city. I got five other songs from Father Clement O'Looney, from the Abbey in Loughrea, who had written them down from the mouth of an old man about twenty years before. After that I got the loan of a MS. from my friend Mr. Glynn, Town Clerk of Tuam, in which he had written down out of a MS. belonging to one of the Kellys, and from the mouths of different people, a great number of the poems that I had already. I went through this MS. with great care, and it was useful to me to correct the other versions by. There were in it only two songs and a couple of ranns that I had not got before. I got the long poem, the "History of the Bush," from my friend Mr. Meehan first of all, and I corrected it from Glynn's MS. I got the "Cholera Morbus" from the same man. I got the "Cuis da pleidh" (the "Cause a-pleading") from a MS. that one of the Hessians wrote phonetically in Roman letters in or about the year 1834. I got the loan of this MS. of Hessian's from my friend Mr. Glynn. I got the "Hunt of Marcus O'Callain" from the same source, and from Glynn's book. I wrote down the song of "Mary Hynes" from the mouth of Mr. Thomas Hynes, of Cill-tartan, who was himself related to the handsome girl who was the subject of it. I wrote the most of "Rafferty and the Death"

óuine céadna. Fuaire mé “Cill-dosáin” no “Conradé Mhuig-Eó,” ó Thadóg O Connláin, maori vo míunntiur Mhic Mhághnara, i gCill-dosáin, vo muzaó dγur vo tógad i n-don baile leir an Reacúime féin (c). Fuaire mé an cúro ir mó “o’Anac Cuidin” óm’ éarair, Píoinriar O Concúbdaigh, vo éualaió é dγ rean-míndoi i n-Anac Cuidin féin. Fuaire mé “Bail-loc-miác” ó Sheumair O Maoilóid, ar Omuim Omeirin, vo éualaió dγ a dáiur é. Fuaire mé dbráin eile dγur rγéalta ó óaoimib eile.

Ir mar rin vo cúur mé le céile, cóim maic dγur o’féadur, an méad vo fuaire mé, ve tordó tóruigeadta fada, ve óántaib dγur o’abhránaib an Reacúime, no ve na h-abhránaib vo bí leagta air.

* * * * *

Vo muzaó an Reacúime timcioll na bliadna, 1784, dγ Cill-dosáin, anaise le Coillte-mac, i gConradé Mhuig-Eó. Vo tair-beánaó óam an áit a maib an boctán an dγ muzaó é. Níl ré a bfu ó’n líoir dγro, cnocáimín fdao éirannuib ar cúl tige móir Chill-dosáin, an áit buó mó táitige ríteós o’á bfuil ran tír rin. Nuair bí ré timcioll naoi mbliadna o’aoir vo buailead é leir an ngalar bjeac, dγur cáill ré a maóairc. Thoraidz ré ar an beirlín no an fíoil o’fógluim, dēt nfoir éualaió mé cia míim vó é. Tá don ruo cinnce, nac maib ré maib dēt na ómoó-beirileadóir, dγur níoir maic an beirlín vo bí aige. Níoir féad mé fádail amac cas fád ar éiréiz ré a áit óúicéair i gConradé Mhuig-Eó le vail go Conradé na Sallime. dēt junne ré rin, dγur cáit ré an cúro ba mó o’á fadógal go vti a báf dγ vail ruar ’r

(1) Sγriób reirean é i litreacáib Románaáa vo meir fuaime na bfoal vo ingean mic Mhághnara vo éuz óam-ra e.

from the mouth of the same man. I got "Killeadan" or "County Mayo" from Thady Connlan, a herd of the MacManus family, of Killeadan, who was born and bred in the same townland as Rafterty himself (1). I got the most of "Anach Cuain" from my late friend F. O'Connor, who heard it from an old woman in Anach Cuain itself. I got "Loughrea" from James O'Mulloy, of Drumgriffin, who heard it from his father, and I got other poems from other people. In this way I have put together, as well as I have been able, whatever I have found as the result of long hunting, of the songs and poems of Rafterty, and of the songs attributed to him.

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Rafterty was born about the year 1784 at Killeadan, near Coilltemach, or Kiltimagh (1), in the county Mayo. The place where the little cottage was in which he was born was shown to me. It was not far from Lisard, or the High Liss, a small wooded eminence at the back of Killeadan House, one of the places most frequented by fairies or sheeogues of all that are in that country. When he was about nine years of age he was struck with smallpox and lost his sight. He began then to learn the violin or fiddle, but I never heard who taught it to him. One thing is certain, he was never anything else than a bad fiddler, and the violin he had was not good either. I have not been able to find out for what cause he forsook his native place in the county Mayo to go to the county Galway. He did this, however, and spent the most of his life until his death, going up and down

(1) He wrote down this song in phonetic spelling for my friend Miss MacManus, the novelist.

ανυαρ ι ζConοαέ na ζαλλιμε, ζο μόμ-μόμ ιομ b'λ-άτ-
 αν-μζ αζυρ βαι-loc-μα'έ, αζυρ ζομ Innpe ζυαιpe,
 αζ υέαναν αμαέ ρλιζε βεατα όό ρέιν le n-α curo ceóil
 αζυρ αβρίαν. Bhi τριύμ no ceάτpαμ ve βάpουαib μαίτε
 αν υαιμ ρεο ι ζConναάταib, μαρ το bi Mac Uι Shuibne
 αζυρ αν βαιρέαυαέ, ι ζConοαέ Mhuiz-εό, αζυρ υειμ
 curo ve na ρεαν-υαοιμib ζο mβpεαpμ ιαυ ρο ná αν Reά-
 τήμe. Δάτ τά αν curo ιρ μό υ'ά n-αβρίαναιb-ρεαν
 αιλτε, αζυρ ιρ υοιλιζ, αρ αν άύβαρ pη, comóμταρ το
 υέαναν εατοpμα, αζυρ νιορ cεαpιt é. Όμ ιρ pμ λείζμ
 αζυρ εόλαp αζυρ μαοιμε το bi in ραν mβειμτ pη; άτ
 pύυ cυζαonn αν Reάctύμe, 'na ύαλλ ό n-α όιζε, αζ
 ιοmάp μάλα, ζαν τεαέ, ζαν τέαζαp, ζαν υίοιοonn, ζαν
 άμυρ, ζαν εόλαρ αιζε αρ λείζεαύ ná αρ pζpυόβαύ, ζαν
 τεανζαύ ιζceαpιt αιζε άτ α ζαεύειζ ρέιν, αζυρ υ'ρ άζ
 pé loμζ 'na υιαίζ ζο υτι αν lá ιnoiu, νιορ υοιμne, υαρ
 liom-ρa, ná υ'ρ άζ pιαυ-ραν. Muna mβειt ve μαίτ in
 ραν leάβαρ ρο άτ αβρίαν υαλλ ζαν λείζεαν το épυι-
 μυζαύ, το b'pύ αν τpυοβλόυ é. Δάτ nυαιμ τά pιορ
 αζαonn ζδ pαιb αν υαλλ ρο 'na cύmάct in ραν τpη, αζ
 ζpύοpυζαύ na noαοιμε α-naζαύ ná noεάctμυύ, αζυρ
 ζά mβpοpτυζαύ α-naζαύ α náμαυ, μά'ρ olc μαίτ α
 curo αβρίαν ιρ pύ α ζepυιμμυζαύ αρ α ρον pη ρέιν.

Rinne αν Reάctύμe αβρίαν αζ molaύ na noαοιμε
 το cυρσιζ no το cαιέμζ leiρ, no αζ molaύ na n-άιτεαá
 in αρ cόmμυιζ pιαυ, μunne pé αβρίαν ποιλιτεαá αζ
 ζpύοpυζαύ na noαοιμε α-naζαύ ná ηζαλλ, αζυρ αζ
 cυρυιυζαύ le pάpιτi Όhómμαιλλ Uι Chonaill. Rinne pé
 coμμ αβρίαν ζpιάύ αζυρ coμμ αβρίαν υιαύα, αζυρ ανοιρ
 αζυρ άμύρ αβρίαν αζ cάινεαύ υυιne, no "αερ" μαpιτυζα-
 υαρ na Sean ζhaeúil αιρ. Το b'pεαpμ α αβρίαν-molta

in the county Galway, especially between Athenry and Loughrea and Gort Innse Guaire, or Gort, as it is now called, making out a means of livelihood for himself with his songs and music. There were three or four good poets at this time in Connacht, like MacSweeny and Barrett, in the county Mayo, and some of the old people say that these were better poets than Raftery. But the greater part of their poems are lost, and for this reason it is difficult to institute a comparison between them, nor would it be right to do so. For these two were men of learning and knowledge and means; while here we have Raftery, blind from his youth, carrying a bag, without house, home, shelter, dwelling, without knowledge of reading or writing, without mastery of any other language than his own Irish, and yet he has left his mark behind him to the present day, more deeply, I think, than they have. If this book were of no other use than to collect the songs made by a blind unlettered man it would be worth the trouble. But when we know that this blind man was a power in the country, spurring the people against the payment of tithes and urging them against their enemies, then, whether his songs are good or bad, they are worth collecting for that reason alone.

Raftery made songs in praise of people who helped him, or whom he liked, or in praise of the places in which they lived; he made political songs spurring the people against the Galls, or English enemy, and helping Daniel O'Connell's party. He made an occasional love song, and an occasional religious song, and now and again a song of dispraise, a satire or "aer," as the old Gaels used to call it. His songs of praise are better than his

νά α δβρίαν-κάιντε. Ουβριάς ο'ά έταοιβ, “εία βέ ουινε
 μόλ ρέ, μόλ ρέ ζο μαίτ έ,” άέτ ραν άμ céάονα ουβαίητ
 κυο θε να υάοιμβ νάη β'άόάμδαιλ άη μυο έ βειτ μόλτα
 ι η-άβρίαν. Ουβαίητ ρεαν Όηιαρμυιο Ο Cluανάιν, άη
 ρεαρ α βρβαίη άη ρίλε βάρ ην α έίξ, “οο έίγεαό άη
 Ρεαόόύηε ζο μινις,” άουβαίητ ρέ, “ζο οτι άη τεαό ρο
 άζυρ ο'φαναό ρέ λην, άέτ ηι όεαρηναίό ρέ βέαρηρα 'ηάη
 οταοιβ άμιαμ. Νιοηι μάιτ λε μ'άέαιη ρην, όηη ηφ άόάμ-
 αιλ έ.” Ουβαίητ ρεαρ ειλε, “ηρ μινις έυαλαίό μέ
 μ'άέαιη άζ κάιντ ι οταοιβ Ραιρτερι, βί βυαίό ιcéιντ
 (έίγηη) άίγε, άζυρ βιόεαό ραιτόιορ άη να υάοιμβ μιοιηε.
 ηρ μινις έυαλαίό μέ κάιντ άη υάοιμβ οο βέαρηραό ρυίθε
 άη α ζαάηη υό, άζυρ ηυαίη ο'φιαρμυιζεαό ρέ κάο έ άη
 τ-άηηη βί οηηα ηί ηηηεόόάιοιρ υό έ, λε ραιτόιορ ζο
 ζευηρεαό ρέ ι η-άβρίαν έ.” άζυρ ουβαίητ ρεαρ ειλε,
 “βί ουινε μινητεαίόα οο μ'άέαιη άζ τιομάιντ α
 έάηηη άη άη ηβόόαη, λά, άζυρ έοηηαίη ρέ άη Ρεαό-
 όύηηε άέτ ηιοηι λειζ ρέ άηη ζο βρααίό ρέ έ. άζυρ ηυαίη
 βί ρέ άζ ζαβδαιλ έαιηη ουβαίητ άη Ρεαόόύηηε :

ηί ραιθ ραιζοιύηι μιαμ
 ηάέ βρβυιζεαό α βιλέαο
 άέτ τά ηάμαιο άη έοιηίη
 ηη ραν βρβηέαο.

Ουβαίητ ουινε μινητεαίόα μ'άέαιη άηηηηη άζυρ
 υειρηη άηη, ‘Ο! α Μηάίξηηηηη Ραιρτεριό, ηί ραιθ ριορ
 άζάη ζυη τυρα οο βί άηη. ηάέ η-έηηεόόάιό τυ άζυρ
 ρυίθε άη άη ζαάηη?’” Μηολ ρέ Μάηηε ηι η-έιόηη
 άζυρ βρβυιζοίη βηέαραιζ, άζυρ βί ραοζάλ βυαίόεαίηα άζ
 άη ηβειητ άα. Ρυαίη Μάηηε ηι η-έιόηη βάρ ζο βηιόη-
 άέ ι λάρ ρυηταίζ, άζυρ ουβειητ κόμηαηρα οη, “ηοεάηηαν
 α βραο α βέιόεαη ουινε βεό α ηβέιό άβρίαν έεαρέα
 άηη.” άέτ άη άη ταοιβ ειλε ηηηηε ρέ άβρίαν άζ μόλαό

songs of dispraise. It was said about him "Whoever he praised he praised well," but at the same time some of the people said that it was not a lucky thing to be praised in a song. Old Diarmuid O'Cluanain, the man in whose house Raftery died, said, "Raftery used to come often to this house, and he used to remain with us, but he never made a song about us; my father did not wish it, for it's not lucky." Another man said, "It's often I heard my father talking about Raftery. He had some kind of virtue or gift, and the people used to be afraid of him. I often heard talk of people who would give him a lift on their car, and when he would ask what was their name they would not tell him, for fear he'd put it in a song." And another man said, "There was a relation of my father's driving in his car on the road one day, and he saw Raftery, but he never let on that he saw him. And as he was passing him by, Raftery said:—

There never was soldier
That got not his billet,
But the rabbit has an enemy
In the ferret.

My father's friend said then, all in a hurry, "'O, Mr. Raftery, I didn't know it was you was in it. Won't you get up and sit on the car?" He praised Mary Hynes and Breedyeen Vesey, and both of them had a troubled life. Mary Hynes died miserable in the middle of a bog, and a neighbour of hers said, "The sorra long alive a person will be who has a song composed for them." But on the other hand he made a song praising a young woman

τινά ὄψε το βί μι-γζιαμάδ, ἀέτ βί ρί ριβιάτα κόρη εν-
 εάλτα. Το βιόεαυ ρί αζ ρρεαίταλ αρη, ι οτιζ έίζην,
 'η-άιτ α μβιοσ ρέ αη λóιρτίν, αζυρ φυαρη ρί ρεαη λειρ
 αν δβιάν, αζυρ τά μαε λέι 'να κόμνηυόε ανοιρ ι ζCláρι-
 ζαίλιμ. Ουβαρητ βεαν αορτα λιομ, ι ζCιλλταρταιν, ζο
 βραααίό ρί αν Ρεαέτύηε αον υαρη αμάιν, ι οτιζ υαήρα.
 αζυρ λαβαρη ρέ λέι αζυρ ουβαρητ, "βυό μάιέ αν ρεαη
 αειηοε το μιννε έυρα, α έαίλιν, ιρ ρέιμ το λεαζ ρέ αν
 ρλάνα ορη; βί α έειηο αίζε." "Νιορ ρεαρηι ná τά
 αζαο-ρα," αρηρα μηρε, όρη βί κύπλα τέαο βηρητε ιη α
 βειόλιν. λαβαρη ρέ μυο έίζην αρη "Ο η-Εαόρα να
 cleίεε μόηηε" αζυρ νιορ μάιέ λε μ'αέαρη ρην αζυρ νιορ
 λειζ ρέ όαμ τυίλλεαυ ααιητε βειέ αζαμ λειρ. Μυα
 μβειέ ρην β'είορη ζο ησέαηραυ ρέ δβιάν υαμ ρέην μαρ
 μιννε ρέ το Μήάηηε ηι η-Ειόιν αζυρ το Μήάηηε
 Σταητύν!"

Ρυαρη μμινηηηηι να τίηε α ζυοιο εόλαρη αρη ρταρη
 αζυρ αρη ρεανέαρη ό βεул-οιυεαρη να ρεαν-υαοιηε, αζυρ
 βίσοαρη ζο μόρη νιορ ρόζλαηέα, αζυρ ιαυ ζαν λεαβαρη,
 ζαν λείζεαν, ná μαρη τάιο ανοιρ. Το βί ριορ αα αρη
 ιηόό αρη βιέ ζο μαιβ τίηη ούτέέαρη αα, αζυρ ζο μβα έηη
 αορτα ι, αζυρ ζο μαιβ ρί αον υαρη αμάιν 'να τίηη βρεάζ,
 έλνύαμάιλ, ρόζλαηέα. Νι μαιβ αν Ρεαέτύηηε αέτ αζ
 ταβαρητ αμαέ αν εόλαρη το βί αμεαρηζ να ηυαοιηε ηυαρη
 έυρη ρέ "Σεανέαρη να Σζειέ" λε έέιλε. Σταρη να
 η-Εηηεανη ατά ιη ραν υάν ρην ζο αημιν αζυρ ζο ρο-
 έυηρηεανηαέ. Ριέ αν υάν ρο αρη ρυο να τίηη αζυρ ιρ
 υόιζ ηαέ μαιβ βυαέαίλλ ι ζConυαέ να ζαίλιηηε αν υαρη
 ρην έομ βηύηυεαμάιλ υαλλ αηηεόλαέι υαοιιβ α έηηη ρέην
 λειρ αν ζυοιο ιρ μό υε βυαέαίλλιβ ατά ανη ιηοιυ. Νι
 βρηυίζρεά ι ζConυαέ να ζαίλιηηε αν υαρη ρην αν ηιό υο

who was plain, but she was civil and kind and courteous. She used to attend him in some house where he used to be lodging, "and she got a husband through the song, and there's a son of hers living now in Claregalway." An old woman at Cilltartan told me that she saw Raftery once at a house where there was a dance, and he said to her "He was a good tradesman made you, my girl, it was smooth he rubbed the plane on you, he had his trade." "Better than you have yours," said I, for he had a couple of strings broken in his fiddle. He said something then about O'Hara, of the Big Wattle, and my father did not like it, and wouldn't let me have any more talk with him. If it wasn't for that perhaps he'd make a song for myself, as he did for Mary Hynes and Mary Staunton.'!"

The people of the country obtained their knowledge of the history and antiquities of Ireland in those days from the mouth-instruction of the old folk, and they were a great deal more instructed about it—and they without book or learning—than they are at present. At all events they knew that they had a native country, and that it was an ancient country, and that at one time it was a fine and honourable and learned land. Raftery was only giving out the knowledge that existed among the people when he put together his "Story of the Bush." This poem is a concise and intelligible history of Ireland. It ran through the country, and I have no doubt that there was not a boy in the county Galway at that day as brutally blind and ignorant concerning his own country as are the boys that are in it to-day. You would not find in the county Galway at that time the thing that

ρυαίη ἀν τ-ἀτάιη Ο Καοιάναιζ νυαίη έυιη ρέ αειρε ζο
 σείζεαηναδ άη ύυιηη νε βυαδάλλιβ άρ ηα ρζοιλτιβ
 Καιλκεαδά ιρ ρεαίηη ι Λυμνεαδ, αζ ριαρρυιζε όιοδ,
 “ αια’η β έ μζ σειρεαηναδ ηα η-Ειρεαηηη?” ηαδ ηαιβ
 ριορ αζ ουιηε άη βιέ αα αια η’ βέ, ηο μά βί μζ ι
 η-Ειηιηηη άηηαή. Ουβαιηε ρεαίη αα ζυηβ έ αη Σαιη-
 ρέαλαδ έ, αζυρ ουβαιηε ρεαίη ειλε ζυη β’ο Ριζ Εόιη έ
 ηί ηαη ηηη οο ηά ηα υαοιηηβ ηυαίη βί α ηζαεύειλζ ρέηη
 αα, αζυρ υαοιηε ηαηη αη υαλλ ρο βεό ηα ηεαρζ.

Οήι ταηε άη αη Ρεαδτύηηε ι ζομόηηηοδ αζ ιαηηηαίο
 εόλαη. Ουβαιηε α έαηηαηο αη Καηηάηαδ ηυαίη έυιη ρέ
 αηαδ λειρ αζυρ ηυαίη βί ρέ ’ζά έάηηεαδ

ηί’ι αεαηοα νε’η έύηζε ό ζαίλλιη ζο Ούβηορ
 ηο άρ ηηη ζο βηυαδ ηα ραηηηζε
 Α ηβειέ ααιηε άη βιέ άη ριαρρυα ηά άη ύζαηη
 ηαδ ηβυαίη ρεαδ αη ρζόλα ρο α λαυαηη αηη.

Ουβαιηε ρεαίη υ’ά έαοιηβ ζο βρειαεαδ ρέ έ ζο ηηηι ι
 ρζοιλ-τιηε οο βί αζ α οηαλ ρέηη. Οήι αη τ-οηαλ ’ηα
 ηηάζιηηηηη-ρζοιηε, αζυρ βί ρέ τυζέα ζο ηόρ ηο’ηόλ. ηυαίη
 βιοδ ρέ υαλλ άη ηειηζε οο βαιηεαδ ρέ α έυιη έαυαίζ
 υέ αζυρ ηιέαδ ρέ λοη-ηοέτ άη ρυο ηα τιηε. Δέτ άη
 υαεαέτ ηα η-οιόέε οο βιοδ ρέ αζ ηύηαδ ηα ρζολάηηε
 άη ρυο ηα η-οιόέε, αζυρ υ’ρειαεαδ αη ρεαίη ρο αη Ρεαδ-
 τύηηε ζο ηηηι ’ηα ηιηοδ ηη ραη ρζοιλ άη ρεαδ ηα η-οιόέε
 αζ έιηηεαέτ λειρ αη ηύηαδ.

ηυαίη βί ααιηε αηεαρζ ηα ηυαοιηε ζο ηαιβ αη
 τ-ηαέταρηάηαέτ αζ υυλ ρζοιλτε οο έυιη άη ηυη έυη ηα
 ηυαοιηε οο ηύηαδ ρά ’ηα ηηαζαίλ ρέηη, οο έυη ρέ άη αη
 ηόιηηο ζο ηαιβ ρεαλλ αζυρ οηοέ-βεαηε υυλ υά η-ηηηε
 οηηαηηη, αζυρ έόηαηηλζ ρέ ηα υαοιηε ζαη βαιηε άη βιέ
 οο βειέ αα υόιηβ,

Father Kavanagh found when he lately questioned a dozen of the boys from the best Catholic schools in Limerick, asking them who was the last King of Ireland—that not one of them knew who he was, or if there ever had been a King in Ireland. “Sarsfield,” said one of them. “King John,” said another. The people were not ignorant like this when they had their own Irish language and men like Raftery amongst them.

He was always thirsty for acquiring knowledge. His friend Calanan said after falling out with him and dispraising him:—

There is no corner of the province of Galway to Doorus,
Or from that out to the brink of the sea,
Where there would be any talk of sport or authors,
That this scold would not have his finger (1) in it.

A man said of him that he used constantly to see him in a country school that his own uncle kept. The uncle was a schoolmaster and greatly given to drink. When he would be blind drunk he used to throw off his clothes and run naked through the country. But at the coming of night he would be ready for the boys in the school, and used to teach the pupils throughout the night; and this man used often to see Raftery seated in the school during the night listening to the teaching.

When there was talk amongst the people that the Government was going to found schools to teach them under their own rule he understood instantly that treachery and evil were going to be practised against them, and he advised the people not to touch them at all.

(1) Literally: “Would not strike his spoon in it.”

CUALAIRÉ MÉ, MUNAB BHÉAS, ZO DTUCFAIRÉ RÉ PAN TPAGZAL
 ZO ZCUIPPIÚEARI MÁIZIPTI LÉIZIN INP ZAC CÚINNE,
 NÍ'L IN PAN ZCÁR AÉT PZÉIM AZ MEALLAÓ UAINN AN TPÉRO
 AZUR DÚLTAIZIRÓ VO ZNÓTAIZIB LÚITETI.
 CPHEITIZIRÓ VO'N ÉLÉIP, 'P NÁ TÉIRIRÓ ARI MÁLAIPT PÉIP
 NO CAILLPÉIRÓ PÍB MAC DÉ A'P A CÚMÁCTA,
 'S AN LONG PO CÚAIRÓ I LÉIZ (?) MÁ TÉIRÚEANN PÍB ANN VE LÉIM
 IOMPÓCAIRÓ PÍ, A'P BÉIRÓ PÍB PÚICÍ.

AZUR BA É PÍN ZO DÍNEAC AN MUO VO PUNNE PÍ, O'ÍOMPUIZ
 PÍ AZUR O'FÁZ PÍ NA ZAEÓIL PÚICÍ; AZUR O'FÁZ PÍ NA
 BUACÁILLIRÓ VO MUZAO I N-AON BAILE LEIP PÉIN, Cóm
 BHÚIZTE BHITTE PÍN, ZAN PPIEACAO, ZAN PPIOMIAD, ZAN
 MÈIN, ZAN MÈIPTNEAC, ZAN TUIPZE, ZAN TPI-ZPIÁÓ, ZAN
 BÉAPIA NÁ ZAEÓEILZ, NAC B'PUIL PÍAD ABALTA ARI CÚIZ
 LINTE OÁ ABPIÁNAIB PÉIN—NÍ H-É AMÁIN VO PÍÁÓ, AÉT VO
 CUIZPINT!

Chom ZÉARI AZUR VO BHIOPTAIZ PÉ NA OAOINE A
 N-AZÁIRÓ NA NZOLL AZUR A N-AZÁIRÓ NA N-ÉAZCÓIRI VO BÍ
 O'Á N-IMUIT OPIA, NÍ PÍAIB PÉ ZAN CÉILL MÓAIC. TÁ PZÉAL
 AZ PÉAN-PÉARI I N-AICE LE BAILE-UI-LIAZ ZO PÍAIB CUIPNN-
 IUZAO AZ NA BUACÁILLIB BANA NO AZ OAOIMIB VE'N
 TPÓIT PÍN AON OIRÓE AMÁIN, AZUR O'IAPIADAPARI ARI AN
 BEACÚIPIE VO TEOÉT LEÓ. O'IMICIZ PÉ LEÓ ZO OTI AN
 CUIPNNIUZAO, AZUR PUNNE PÉ CÚPLA PÍANN OPIA. NIOPI
 CUIPNNIÚEAO NA BÉAPIAIRÓ, AÉT OUBAIPT AN PÉAN-PÉARI ZUPI
 B'É PEO AN BPIZ VO BÍ IONNCA: "CUIPNNIZIRÓ," ARI PÉ, "ARI
 AN MÉAO PÁIROOIRI OEPPIZ ATÁ AZ NA SACPANAÓAIB, AZUR
 TÁ A LÁN ZUNNA AZUR ARI AZUR H-UILE PÓIT ACA. PUIARI
 PÍAD AN BUAIÓ ARI AN SPÁIN PÉIN, AZUR BAIPEADAPARI ZIB-
 PIALTARI OI, AZUR PUNNE PÍAD COZAO BLIADÁIN AZUR PICE IN
 PÁN OILEÁN ÚPI, AZUR AN É PÍN LE PÍÁÓ ZO B'PUIL PÍB-PE
 OUIL AMAC A N-AZÁIRÓ NA NZUNNA AZUR NA PÁIZOIRI MARI
 TÁ PÍB, AZUR ZAN AZAIB AÉT CIPÍN MAIOE A BAIPEAP PÍB

I heard, if it be true, a rumour strange and new,
 That they mean to plant schools in each corner ;
 The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
 And to train up the spy and informer.
 Our clergy's word is good, then seek no other food,
 God's Church has his own arm round her ;
 But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark
 It shall turn in the sea and founder.

And this is exactly what it did ; it foundered and left the Gaels underneath it, and it has kept the lads who were born in the one townland with himself so bruised and broken, without fire or spirit, without breeding or courage, without understanding, without patriotism, without English or Irish, that they are unable not only to repeat, but even to understand to-day five lines of his own poems !

Sharply as he spurred the people on against the Galls, and against the injustices that were practised on them, he was not without sound sense. An old man near Ballylea has a story about him that the White Boys, or people of the same sort, had a meeting one night, and asked Raftery to come with them. He went to the meeting, and made a couple of verses for them. The verses were not remembered, but the old man said that this was the sense of them : "Remember," said he, "all the red soldiers that the English have, and they have many guns and weapons, and every sort (of armament). They have got the victory over Spain herself, and they took Gibraltar from her, and they made a war of one and twenty years in the New Island (America), and is that to say that ye are going out against the guns and soldiers as ye are, and without ye're having but a cipoen of a stick that

την αν σκολλ την फिर. ना वदानातुं तुन अद्यु न्ना बिगिठ
 अमुग् अड पुव्वाल रान ओठ्ठे, अत्त त्रिगुठ अमात्तं त्तां तुलुय
 ना ज्ञेने अद्यु मुये मो वानातुं तुं म्बेरात्तुं वेद्यु अद्यु
 ओगि अडात्तं तुं त्तां तुल्ल.” लेअ न्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना ओमात्तुं
 ओगि अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना ओगि अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना
 ओगि अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना
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Innim-ye vātib, mā brāḡann rib vum paḡḡal,
 To bhuiḡḡiḡi “nebelmen” luac a plāinte,
 I leaburō ḡac oirō' vo caitteavari na ruitē
 Paui ḡaoiḡ, paui pēariḡeainn, a'f paui vairteac.
 Saḡaḡaḡiḡo ḡo vliḡ, nā tēiḡiḡo ari ḡcūl,
 Aḡur bhuririrō tḡe luḡt ḡāḡva,
 Vireac aḡur vuarō ḡo vtrirō ḡo luac,
 Aḡur leaḡaḡiḡo māc vō vum nāḡaiḡo

त्तां अन्ना वेद्यु अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना
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तुं वेद्यु अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना त्तां वेद्यु अन्ना
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Bī vā oir paui māri māḡve bacaiḡ
 Aḡur iav oim caol le ḡnāḡaiḡo pācaḡiḡ,
 Loḡ in a lāri ari nōr bacaiḡ,
 'Sē iomḡari an māla v'pāḡvairiḡ cḡuit ari.
 Bī a ēavān tana ḡnāḡaiḡo (?) ḡnāḡiḡe,
 'S ba vūḡve a ḡḡuḡaḡ na ḡual Cill-ōimn
 'S a ḡūḡve ḡḡuḡaḡcḡ māri vā pāḡl vūḡḡe
 Aḡ ḡnāḡiḡ anuḡar le tḡaḡ a pḡuca.

ye'll cut in the wood below? Don't do that, and don't be out night-walking, but come out under the light of the sun and I'll go bail but ye'll get ye're right and justice yet." The people followed this prudent advice when the Tithe War came. But I heard another verse from a man of the M'Dermots, a cardriver in Castlebar, and a man told me that it was Raftery made it, praising the White Boys, as follows:—

I tell ye, if ye get your life (i.e., live to see it),
 That the rebelmen shall yet get the price of their health
 In requital (1) for every night that they spent sitting up
 Under wind, under rain, under flood.
 Standye close, do not go backwards,
 But break through the guardsmen;
 May increase and victory soon come,
 And the Son of God shall overthrow your enemy.

This verse is much more like Raftery's temperament, and if he opposed the people who were gathering in Ballylee he may perhaps have known that they were about to commit some foolish act.

A spare thin man was Raftery. Calnan, or Calanan, when he was making a laughing stock of him, drew him for us thus:—

There were two legs under him like a beggar's stick,
 And they as thin as a packing needle;
 A hollow in his middle like a bacach,
 And he carrying the bag that left the hump on him.
 His face was thin, sallow (?), worn,
 And blacker was his hair than the coal of Kilkenny;
 His eyes moving like two pails of water,
 Swimming down by the side of his cheeks.

(1) Literally: "In the bed," i.e., "in the place of."

ʔhí ré zo h-ionzanṭad lárion. Ní maib ré mo-áno. Cóta
 fada bṛéion aḡur bṛite ve'n córoorái vo bíoð aip.
 ʔubairt fear leir an mbairtígeairna ʔriegorú zup
 innir a dṭairi óð zup ʔubairt an Reacṭúipe féin, leir,
 nac noeadaró ré aḡ cairtígeadṭ le uinne maím nac
 leaḡfadó ré é, aḡur zo maib ré cóm lárion rin in a
 ḡeadaib zo bṛeapfadó ré luíðe air a ʔuim aḡur mála
 a mbeir ceitṛe céad cṛuicṛeadaṭa ann vo cúp ruar or a
 cíonn. Níorí féadó ré ceó na rṛuḡio [rṭim air bit] feic-
 rint. Nuairi buail an ḡalarí bṛeac é, ir in a rṫilíb vo
 focṛuḡ ré, aḡur níorí fás ré adṭ tṛi no ceitṛe baill air
 a éadon, adṭ bairn ré an maðairc vé air fad. Chóm val
 aḡur bí ré vo rṫubláð ré bóitṛe na tṛe zo léir, aḡur
 vo cíonnṭócaðó ré ran áit ceitṛe ó bóṭair zo bóṭair ḡan
 oṛiead aḡur a lám ná a maíve vo leaḡan air an
 mballa. ʔubairt uinne: “ʔhí m'adairi aḡ véanaím ion-
 zanṭairí fad, don lá amám, aḡur ʔubairt reirean leir,
 'ran zo vtiucṛamaðoio zo vti an cṛoir-bóṭair zo
 b'l'áṭ'n-ruḡ, aḡur ná h-innir vdam, adṭ féad, féin, má
 teireann ré oim,' aḡur cóm cinnte a'r tá mé beó nuairi
 táimḡ ré zo vti an cṛoir-bóṭair vo cíonnṭairí ré, zo
 vṫiead i ḡceairt-láir an bóṭair.”

ʔubairt fear eile zo maib an Reacṭúipe aḡur pṫob-
 airíe val le céile i nḡort, aḡur v'fáḡadair an baile-
 móir le céile le vól zo baile-uiríadḡ, adṭ bí ré
 véitḡeannac aḡur níorí féadadair an beairna no an
 rṫairíe vo bí in ran mballa fásair, le vól ríor zo
 baile-uiríadḡ, aḡur níorí táimḡ don uinne le na tair-
 beánt vóib. ʔubairt an Reacṭúipe annir, zo bṫill-
 feadó ré zo ḡort, aḡurí nac vteirfeadó ré air airí.
 Chuairó ré míle air air zo ḡort, aḡur éomáimḡ ré h-uile

He was wonderfully strong. He was not very tall. A long frieze coat and breeches of corduroy he used to wear. A man told Lady Gregory that his father had told him that Raftery once said that he never went wrestling with the man he would not throw, and that he was so strong in his limbs that he could lie on his back and put up over him a bag that would have four hundred of wheat in it. He could not see a stim at all (1). When the smallpox struck him it was in his eyes it settled, and it only left three or four spots on his face, but it took the sight of him entirely. As blind as he was he used to walk the roads of the entire country, and he used to turn at the right place from road to road, without as much as laying his hand or his stick upon the wall. "My father," said a man, "was wondering at him one day, and Raftery said to him, 'Wait till we come to the cross-roads to Athenry, and don't tell me, but see for yourself if it fails me.' And as sure as I'm alive when he came to the cross-road if he didn't turn exactly in the middle of the road."

Another man said that Raftery and a blind piper were together in Gort, and they left the town together to go to Ballylee, but it was late, and they could not make out the gap or style to go down to Ballylee, and nobody came to show it to them. Raftery said then that he would return to Gort and that it would not fail him a second time. He went back a mile to Gort, and

(1) Literally: "A fog or a fleshworm."

“*coir-céim* *ar* *steacht* *amach* *ó*, *asur* *nuair* *éiríonn* *fé* *coim* *rao* *leir* *an* *mbeairneann* *feair* *fé*, *asur* *é* *go* *uirneac* *or* *a* *a* *coimair!*”

“*Tuairt* *na* *uoine*, *i* *gCill-dosáin*, *go* *mbio* *leac* *leazta* *ris* *ar* *bhuac* *na* *bpoll-móna* *in* *ran* *chí* *rin*, *le* *feairm* *uiri* *nuair* *léimead* *uine* *an* *poll-móna*, *asur* *go* *léimead* *an* *Reachtúire* *ias* *coim* *maic* *le* *uine* *ar* *bic* *nuair* *b'éirí* *ó* *oul* *éairta*. *Ó* *coimair* *fé* *a* *cuo* *coir-céim* *ar* *air* *o'n* *leic* *muic* *fé* *asur* *léimead* *fé* *ann* *rin* *go* *ti* *an* *taob* *eile*, *coim* *maic* *le* *uine* *a* *maib* *a* *maóair* *aise*.”

“*Ó* *b'é* *an* *céad* *abrian* *oo* *inne* *fé*, *oo* *méir* *muinn-* *ti* *Chill-dosáin* *abrian* *ar* *hata* *oo* *goir* *ead* *ó* *feair* *éirí* *oo* *bí* *as* *cuir* *coirce*. *Nuair* *cuair* *fé* *ar* *teac* *cum* *a* *óiméir* *o'fás* *an* *feair* *ro* *a* *hata* *choc* *ar* *imáir* *cum* *na* *phéadáin* *oo* *gann* *muic*. *Ó* *air* *an* *Reachtúire* *ós* *ar* *uine* *éirí* *an* *hata* *oo* *éairt* *leir*, *nuair* *bí* *an* *feair* *eile* *ar* *ti* *as* *a* *óiméir*, *le* *griann* *oo* *óéan* *ó* *féin*. *asur* *inne* *fé* *abrian* *ar* *an* *hata*, *as* *maó* *gri* *b'ias* *na* *uoine* *maic* *oo* *tós* *leó* *é*, *asur* *cuir* *fé* *in* *ran* *abrian* *gri* *lean* *an* *feair* *ro* *ias* *ruar* *go* *Cruac* *Mhead* *asur* *ar* *rin* *roir* *go* *Rorcomáin*, *ar* *tóir* *a* *hata*, *asur* *an* *méad* *éair* *ó*. *Ni* *féad* *mé* *an* *abrian* *ro* *fásáil*, *ir* *oí* *go* *buir* *fé* *caillte*. *I* *in* *bheactnuic* *gri* *b'é* *an* *céad* *abrian* *oo* *inne* *Toirdealb* *O* *Cearbhalláin*, *feair* *oo* *caill* *a* *maóair* *mair* *an* *Reachtúire* *asur* *oo* *lean* *ri* *ge-* *bead* *mair* *eir* *an*, *ad* *amear* *na* *uoine* *uar* *nuair* *bí* *an* *Reachtúire* *amear* *na* *uoine* *ir* *oll*—*gri* *b'é* *an* *céad* *abrian* *inne* *fé* *abrian* *ar* *na* *uoinib* *maic*.”

(1) Now Castle Hacket, near Tuam, where Finbheara and Nuala, King and Queen of the Fairy Host of Connacht, dwell.

counted every footstep coming out of him, and when he came as far as the gap he stood, and he was exactly forenent it."

The people in Killeaden said that there used to be a flag laid on the brink of the bog holes in that country to stand upon when a person would be leaping the boghole, and that Raftery used to leap them as well as any man when it was necessary for him to cross them. He used to count his steps backward from the flag, he used to run then, and leap to the other side as well as a man who had his sight.

The first song he composed, according to the Killeaden people, was a song about a hat that was stolen from some man saving oats. When the man was going in to his dinner he left his hat hung upon a stick to frighten the crows. Young Raftery asked some one to take the hat away with him while the other man was within at his dinner, in order to make sport for himself; and he composed a song about the hat, saying that it was the good people lifted it away with them, and he put into the song how this man followed them to Cruach, or Cnoc Meadha (1), and from that east to Roscommon in pursuit of his hat, and all that happened to him. I could not recover this song; probably it is lost. It is remarkable that the first song which Torlough O'Carolan composed (a man who lost his sight like Raftery, and who pursued his livelihood like him, only amongst the upper instead of the lower classes), that the first song which he composed was also a song about the good people (2). A cotter his father was, and his mother was a woman of the Brennans. There are some of the same stock in that country yet. I heard that the Rachtnaoins (Rachtneens) were related to him, but the schoolmasters call them Rochford now! His own name is written variously O Reactuire, O Reachturigh, and O Rachturaigh in Irish, but the English form, "Raftery," is the

(2) I recovered this song, and printed it in the old "Nation."

Σημιόβδαρ Δ Διμμ φέιν Ο Ρεαότύμπε, Ο Ρεαότύμζ, νό
 Ο Ραότύμζ, ι ηζαεθειλζ, άετ ιρ ι αν φοιμν θηεαηλα
 “Ραιρτεμ” ιρ μό ατά cleaόταιζτε, αζυρ cleaότ ρέ φέιν
 έ. Σημιόβαιμ-ρε μαρ Ρεαότύμπε έ, όμ ιρ ιονναν Ρεαό-
 τύμπε αζυρ μαορ νο ρτιύβαιρ αζυρ ιρ υόιζ ζυρ ό’η ομρζ
 έάμνζ αν ρλοινναό. Δότ έυαλαίό μέ υαοιμε υο βί ζαν
 ροαλ θέαηλα αα, αζ ταβαιρ Ραιρτεμ Δμ. Ιρ κορ-
 μύλε ρυαμ αν Διμμε le Ρεαότύμζ ná le Ρεαότύμπε.
 Κοιτέμ υο βί in Δ αέαιρ, αζυρ βί Δ μάταμ υε Μηυιμν-
 τιμ θύαοηάιν. Τά κυο υε’η θυμναό céαοηα in ραν τιμ
 ριν ρόρ; έυαλαίό μέ ζο μαιβ ná Ραόηαομνζ ζαολαό
 λειρ, άετ τυζανη ná μάιζιρτιυόε ρζοιλε Rochford Δμ
 Ραόηαομ Δμοιρ! θυό έ φηαοη Τααρε, υοιμε υαρλ
 ραιόβμρ, υο βί ’να cóμνυιόε ραν τιζ μόμ αζ Cill-αοοάιν
 αν υαμρ ριν. θί κομιατ ζαόαι αιζε, αζυρ υο βιόό ρέ
 αζ ριαόάό leó. Chuiμνιζ ná ρεαν-υαοιμε ζο mbioó Δ
 έαρall-ριαόαιζ αζ léιμνιζ αζυρ αζ ρμιομρδάλ ηυαμρ
 βιόό αν Ρεαότύμπε αζ ρειμνμ Δμ Δ βερóλιν. θήι φηαοη
 Τααρε αμρεαηαό λειρ, ιρ υόιζ, όμρ ταζανη Δ Διμμ Δρτεαό
 ραν Δβηάη “Conoáé Μηυιζ-έό” αζυρ βί ρέ ’να βμειτέ-
 εάμ Δμ αν Δβηάη ριν, όμρ μινναό ζεαλλ υομρ αν Ρεαό-
 τύμπε αζυρ ριλε ειλε Δρ ζηαλλμ, αια αα ιρ ρεαμρ μολ-
 ραό Δ cóηοαέ φέμ, αζυρ υ’φάζαοαι αν βμειτεαμνναρ ρά
 φηαοη Τααρε. Νιομ ράζ αν φηαοη Τααρε ρεο ρλιόότ
 ’να υιαιζ; μεαρΔμ ηαό μαιβ ρέ ρόρτα, αζυρ υειρ ριαο
 ζο mbioηη Δ έαιρ le ρειρμντ ζο μμνιc τιμείολλ αν τιζε
 μόμρ, in ραν ηζάμυοίη αζυρ Δμεαηζ ná ζεμανη. Ιρ in
 ραν τιζ céαοηα υο μμζαό Δ’ρ τόζαό λοταίό ηιc Μηάζ-
 ηαρ, ύμρζευλυόε αζυρ ζαεόιλζτέόμρ, υο μμνε μόμáη
 έμ ηα ζαεόειλζε αζυρ κυμμε αν Ρεαότύμπε υο cóηζ-
 βάλ beó ραν άιτ ριν,

most used, and he employed it himself. I write it as *Reachtuire*, for *Reachtuire* means a herd or steward, and no doubt the surname was derived from the office. But I have heard people who do not know a word of English calling him "Raftery." The sound of the name in Irish is more like *Racht-oor-ee*. It was Frank Taafe, a wealthy gentleman, who was living in the Big House of Killeaden at that time. He had a pack of hounds, and he used to go hunting with them. The old people remembered his hunter to be leaping and prancing when Raftery used to be playing on his fiddle. Frank Taaffe was probably friendly to him, for his name comes into the song of the "County Mayo," and he was a judge of that song, for a bet was made between Raftery and another poet from the county Galway as to which of them would praise his own county best; and they left the judgment to Frank Taaffe. This Frank Taaffe left no descendants behind him; I think he was not married, and they say that his ghost is often to be seen round the Big House, in the garden, and amongst the trees. It was in the same house Miss MacManus, the novelist and *Gaedheilgtheoir*, was born and bred, who has done so much to keep alive Irish and Raftery's memory in that place.

B'olc an cúma do bí ar ár bhíle boct nuair t'fáđ ré
 Cill-dosaín. O nac maib oimeao d'gur acra taláan d'g
 a muinntir, d'gur é féin 'na óall, ir tóig' go maib ré cóim
 boct d'gur bí fear a maib ar an t'raođal ro. D'g ro an
 picteáir do minne an Calnánac ar a t'eact i uoirađ, go
 huactar Conoáe na Gaillimhe.

B'olc é a cáilíoeact ar a t'ieact cum tíme,
 bí cáibín ve hata air, ar óat an t'pírín,
 a maib r'eanzán barraiđ air, carra r'ioiméa,
 d'gur ir r'aoa éat ré, caíte ar an t'earn doilí!

Bí "mappeir" r'earéa air, d'gur níor náir é mínuzao,
 mar ir iomóa oaba éimeao ré i b'óca na taoibe,
 bí trouser r'alađ air go taláir r'ior leir,
 a maib óa éao poll air d'gur zao le r'iora.

Bí r'ean-éiric claoirte ziobađ ar a beirte,
 r'áirzíte ar a iomlácan d'g r'alađ a r'eirte,
 bí beir ar a b'árta, 'ré ar cúma na z'eirte,
 'S nuair bíođ a b'olc [o]muirte leizao ré léite.

Act, cóim boct d'gur bí ré, níor b'rao go b'ruair ré
 mear d'gur onóir d'gur z'iaó amearz :na muinntire
 r'laiteamla féile do cóimnuiz i n-huactar Conoáe na
 Gaillimhe, d'gur ní maib don éarao do b'fearr a d'ze, ar
 fearo tamail ar móo ar bíe, ná an fear do minne na
 linte cruaidíe reo air.

(1) I took down Calnan's verses from a blind piper in the county Galway, whose name I did not learn.

(2) i.e., every second scrap of it was a patch.

Our poor poet was in bad shape when he left Killeaden. Since his people had not as much as an acre of land and he was blind, he was apparently as poor as ever a man was in the world. Here is the picture Callanan drew of him on his first coming to the south of the county Galway (1):—

Evil was his quality on coming to the country ;
 He had a caubeen of a hat upon him of the colour of snuff,
 On which there was a cord of tow, turned and twisted,
 And a long time that hat had spent thrown on the dung hill!

He had a greasy wrapper on him, and it were right to
 explain it,

For it's many's the dab he used to put in its side pocket ;
 He had a dirty trouser on him down to the ground,
 In which there were two hundred holes and every other
 patch (2).

He had an old outworn, untidy rag on his vest,
 Squeezed over his middle covering his pelt ;
 He had a belt on his waist and he in the shape of a geilt (3),
 And when his belly would be full he would let with it (4).

But, as poor as he was, it was not long till he won esteem and honour and love amongst the generous, hospitable people of the upper part (5) of the county Galway, and he had no better friend, for a time at all events, than the man who composed these cruel lines on him.

(3) "A wild lunatic"; pronounced "gelt."

(4) i.e., "open it out a bit."

(5) i.e., the south,

Bhí tuairim a g curo ve na uadoinb go bfuair an
 Reachtúire a curo filioeáda go miuibúilteac.
 Dubhairt sean-bean do minne uaird go minic o'á curo
 ceól: "Nuair luioeáó ré ar a leabaid in rian oioce, ir í
 rin an uair do ghuioeáó ré a curo abhán, a gcur cuirfeáó
 ré iongnáó ort ar maidin a gcur gan fíor a gac cá
 bfuair ré iao." A gcur dubhairt fear eile: "Sin buaid
 fuair ré. Deir ríao go bfuair ré a moíao, cia aca
 b'feair leir a beir aige, an éaint no an ceól, a gcur toí
 ré an éaint. Oá mbuó é an ceól do toí ré, ní beir
 ceóltóir eile ar an uaird coim maic leir, acé toí ré an
 éaint, a gcur éionntaíó ré amac beir na file móir. A gcur
 muna mbeir rin cá bfuairfeáó ré na focail uile do cuir
 ré in a curo abhán?" Dubhairt sean-bean eile: "Ní
 raib ríom raóairic [raóairic ar bí] in a éann, a gcur
 rin é an rác a raib an t-eólar móir rin aige. Thuí
 Oia oó é, a gcur o'iméir a curo abhán ar fuo an
 t-raoíal. Fué mar an gaoó do bí aige."

Dubhairt fear do cóinnuig i n-aice le Mune-beir
 a gcur do bí gan béarla, liom, i uaduib an abhán do
 minne ré i n-aíao Sheáíao a búica. "In rian oioce,
 nuair éaid ré a coulaó, a nairin 'reáó minne ré an
 raimeir ar raó. Ar a leabaid do ghuioeáó ré h-uile
 éaint o'á noeairaid ré aríam; ir ar a leabaid uéan-
 raó ré iao. Éaint an-blaíao, an tabaíao-amac
 éaint Raírteir." (1)

(1) Sin iao a éairic-braíao. Szríob mé ríor iao ó n-a béal.

Some people thought that Raftery had come by his poetry miraculously. An old woman who often danced to his music said: "When he used to lie on his bed at night, that is the time he used to make all his songs, and he would put wonder on you in the morning and you without knowing where he had got them." And another man said "that was a gift he had. They say that he got his choice, which would he best like to have, the talk or the music, and he chose the talk. If it was music he had chosen there would not have been another musician in the world as good as him; but he chose the talk, and he turned out a great poet. And if it were not for that where would he get all the words that he put in his songs?" Another old woman said: "There wasn't a stim of sight in his head, and that's why he had that great knowledge. God gave it to him, and his songs went through the world. A voice like the wind he had!"

A man who lived near Monivea and who had no English told me about the song he made against Shawn a Burke. "In the night when he went to his sleep it was he used to make all the raimeis. It's on his bed he used to make all the talk that ever he made—it's on his bed he used to make them. Very tasteful, very drawn-out talk, the talk of Raftery." (1)

(1) These are the exact words as I wrote them down.

Νη μαιβ μόριαν λε λοῦτυζαὸ ἰ μβεαῖα ἀρῖ βριλε
 βοιῖτ. Ἰρ υῖοῖζ, υἶα μβειῖτ, ναῖ βφαιζφραὸ ρέ ἀν μεαρ
 υο ρυαῖρ ρέ ὀ να υαοιμβ. Ἰρ ριορ ζυρ ἔυιρ ρέ ἀν ιομαρ-
 κυὸ υῖιλ m ραν ὀλ, ἀνοιρ αζυρ ἀρῖρ, ἀῖτ μαρ ουβδιητ
 ρέ ρέιν,

Τά ριορ αζ ἀν ραοζαλ (1)

ναῖ λε υῖιλ ἀνν α βίμ,

ἀῖτ λε ζυρῶ υο να υαοιμβ βιορ να αῖτε!

Αζυρ υειρ ρέ ἰ n-αβιδάν ειλε ζο βφαιζφραὸ ρέ βάρ λειρ
 ἀν νάητε ταρ εῖρ ε βειῖτ ἀρ μειρζε, ἀῖτ μαρ ζεαλλ ἀρ
 ρεο—ναῖ μαιβ ρέ 'να ἀομαρ αζυρ ε αζ αρμιαζεαῖτ
 λειρ να υιρζε-βεαῖα. (2)

ἀῖτ ζυρ ζλεακυρὸ ε βιορ εαομιανν

α βαινεαρ ιομπρὸ ἀρ ρηεαβαῖρμβ

ζο υειμῖν αζυρ ζο υεαρβῖα

υο ρῖνρῖν ριορ λε νάητε.

Ἰρ υῖοῖζ ζο mβα βεαζ ἀν λοῖτ ἀν τ-ὀλαῖάν ἰ γῖιλῖβ να
 νουοινε ἀν υαῖρ ρῖν, αζυρ ταῖρβεάνηαν ἀν υἶα βέαμρ
 ἔυαῖρ, ναῖ μεαρ, ἀῖτ ζυρ ρεαμρ υο βῖ ρέ νά μόριαν
 ειλε, υο ἔυιρφραὸ ἰαυ ρέιν ἀρ μειρζε ζαν ζυρῶ ἀρ βιῖ
 υο'ν ἔομῖλυαυαῖρ, αζυρ ναῖ μβειῖτ ἀοη νάητε ομια ραοι,
 να υῖαῖζ ρῖν.

(1) Τυζρῖὸ ἀν μμῖμνεαῖ ζυρ λαβαῖρ ρέ "ραοζαλ" ἀνηο μαρ
 "ραοιζεαλ" no "ραοιλ." ἀῖτ λαβμῖν ρέ ἀρ ἀμῖνταιῖ ειλε ε μαρ
 "ραῖζεαλ." Τά "αο"="αοι" ἰ ζοannaῖταιῖ.

There was not much to find fault with in the life of our poor poet. No doubt, if there had been, he would not have received the respect which he got from the people. It is true that he now and again gave way to a liking for drink, but, as he himself said,

The whole world knows
That it is not with liking for it I do be ,
But with love for the people who are at it.

And he says in another song that he would die with shame after being drunk, but for this—that he was not alone in wrestling with the usquebagh.

Only that it is a wrestler who is among us,
And who takes a turn out of gallants,
Indeed and assuredly
I would stretch myself down with the shame.

No doubt drinking was a small offence in the eyes of people at that time, and the above verses show that he was not worse but better than many others, who would get drunk without any love for their company, and would not be ashamed of it afterwards.

(2) C. P. Θματμα βέρανζερ, "Je rougirais de mon ivresse / si tu conservais ta raison."

Θειρ πέ πέιν ιη Δ Διτμζε ζο ουγ πέ αν ιομαρκειο
 ζηιάο το ηα ηηάιβ, άετ ηιοι έυαλαγ δον υροό-γζέαλ υ'ά
 έδοιβ ιη γαν ζκούγ ρηη, άζυρ ηί έυηεαηη αν Καλνάηαό
 'ηα λειτ έ. Θειρ πέ πέιν ιη Δ "φδοιρτοιη" ηαό ηαιβ πέ
 λεατ έοη η-ολο λε μόηιάν υαοιηε ειλε ιη γαν τηη, άετ
 άοημυζεαηη πέ ι υταοιβ αν όιλ άζυρ ηα ηβαη.

ηά λαβαη ηηρε 'ζ κοιρ ίρην
 ζο αοιόεαηάιλ λε ηηάιβ υεαγ,
 Σηη Δ θρην ι η'άζαίό ρζηίοδτα,
 άζυρ ζο η-όλαηη ηηρε-βεάτα!

ηρ έ αν λοετ ηρ μό υο έυη Δ ηάηηοε 'ηα λειτ, ζο ηαιβ πέ
 ηό φαηηαό, άζυρ ηό ζέαη άζ έυηηηυζαό άηηζηο,
 άζυρ ηάη υεαηηαο ηέ ηιαη αν ηλάτα υο έηαέαό ταη
 έη υάηηα. ηί'λ δον άηηαγ ανη ζο ηαιβ φαιτέογ άζ ηα
 υαοιηιβ ηοηηε, άζυρ αν τέ ηαό υτιύβηαό υό λε αηηέαη-
 αγ υο βεαηηαό πέ υό λε φαιτέογ. Έυηεαηη αν Κα-
 λνάηαό ρηη ι ζέείλλ υύηηη ηυαη έυη πέ αν Ρεαέτύηη
 ριογ ηαη

άζ ρεαηηάλ ηα τηρε, άζυρ άζ ρζόλαό ηα ηυαοιηε,
 άζυρ άζ τόςβάιλ ηα έοηα ιη ρηα βαητεαέαιβ,
 άζυρ ηαη θράζ' ρεηρεαη υίοιοη άζυρ Δ υολζ υο λιοηάό,
 βείο Δ υειηεαγ ι θραεθαη ά' βεαηηαό άηε!

υοό έ Δ έεαηζα Δ υειηεαγ, άζυρ ό βί ρί έοη ζέαη ρηη ηρ
 ιοηζηαό λιοη ηάη ζέαηηη πέ ηίογ μό λεί. Όαη λιοη-γδ,
 ηρ έηοτυζαό άη ηίηηε άζυρ άη έαοιηε Δ ηαυύηηε, ηαό
 θρηνηηη ηέ δον άβηάη ζέαη ρεαηιβ 'ηα υιαίζ, άετ αν υά
 έεαηη υο ηηηηε πέ ι η-άζαίό ηα ζΚαλνάηαό άζυρ ι
 η-άζαίό Sheáζαηη Δ υύηα άζυρ ι η-άζαίό υηηε υο
 ζοηο Δ έότα μόη. άζυρ ηαιυηη λε η-α υάηταιβ υιαόα
 ηί ρέοηη ηαό ηυεαηηαίό ρηαο ηαιε υό-ηηηηε ιη γαν

He says himself in his Repentance that he liked the female sex too much. But I have never heard anything bad of him on that point, and even Calanan does not accuse him of it. He says himself in his "Confession" that he was not half as bad as many people in that country, but he admits about women and drinking—

If I have spoken, privately,
 Courteously, with pretty women,
 That is all that is written against me,
 That—and that I drink whiskey!

The greatest fault of which his enemies accused him was that he was too greedy, and too sharp in gathering money, and that he never forgot to rattle the plate after a dance. There is no doubt that the people were afraid of him, and he who would not give to him through friendliness would give through fear. This is what Calanan means when he described Raftery as

Charging the country and scolding the people,
 And raising the rent (i.e., rent for himself) in the villages,
 And unless he gets shelter and his belly to be filled,
 He will have his scissors with sharp edge a-cutting.

His "scissors" was his tongue, and since it was so sharp it is a wonder that he did not cut more with it. To my mind it is a proof of the smoothness and gentleness of his disposition that I have never found any cruel, bitter song after him except the two that he made against the Calanans and against Shawn a Burke, and one against somebody who stole his overcoat. And as for his religious poems, it cannot be but that they accomplished untold good in the country. As a

οὐτάρι. Μὰρ ουβαιοτ φεαρ λιομ : “ὀφφαρρι ιαο ριν
 νά ραζαριτ νο βράταιρ αζ τεαζαφζ να ποδοιμε!” Ἰρ
 βεαζ νε νεϊτίβ, υαρι λιομ-ρα, α ὀριρριζαφρ αν εριοθε
 μαρι αν φρεαζριαὸ ιονζανταδ ὀο εϋζ ρέ αρ ὀυιμε εἰζιν
 ὀο ὀονηαιριε ε αζ ρεινμ, αζυρ νάρι αιτέρις ε. Ὀφφαρριζ
 αν φεαρ ρο ι ζκοιρ ἀριο, “Cia h-é αν σεόλτορι?” αζυρ
 ὀφφρεαζαρι ἀρι βεϊοιλεαὸρι οαλλ :—

mise rairteri.

Μιρε ραιρτερι αν ριλε,
 λάν ὀόταιρ αζυρ ζριάὸ,
 Le ρύλιβ ζαν ρολυρ
 Le ciúner ζαν εριάὸ.

Ὀυλ ριαρι αρ μ'αιρταρι
 Le ρολυρ μο εριοθε,
 ρανν αζυρ ταιρρεαδ
 ζο νειρεαὸ μο ρλιζε.

Ρεαδ ανοιρ μέ
 αζυρ μ'αζαριὸ αρ βαλλα (1)
 αζ ρεινμ σεόιλ
 Ὀο ρόκαίβ ραλαίμ.

Ὀχι μάιζιρτρεαδτ μίορι αιζε αρ α τεαηζαριὸ οὐτέταιρ
 αδτ εϋιζ ρέ αν βέαριλα. Ὀειρι ὀδοιμε νάρι εϋιζ, αδτ Ἰρ
 ὀοίζ ζυρι εϋιζ. Ὀυβαιοτ Αντοινε Ο Ὀάλλαιζ λιομ, τὰ
 βεὸ ι μβαίλ-ατ-κλιαδ ρόρ, ζυρι εϋιμνιζ ρέ ζο μαίτ ζυρι
 λείζ α ρεαν-ατάρι λεαβαρι βέαριλα ὀὸ ἀηαιε le βαίλ-
 λοέ-μιαβδε, αζυρ εϋιρι ραιρτερι ζαεϋειλζ αρι ιι ραν
 οιύε. Ὀα ε ριν ραν μβλιαὸαρι, 1830. Ὀυβαιοτ ρέ ζο
 μαιβ ρέ ζλευρτα ζο h-αν-μιαρραίμαιλ αν υαρι ριν, αζυρ
 ζο μαιβ α μίαε λειρ. Ὀφράζ α μίαε, ὀο βι 'να βεϊοιλε-
 ὀορι μαίτ, ε, le ουλ le “ειρκερ” ὀο βι αζ ζαβαίλ να
 τινε.

(1) No μαρ εϋαλαίὸ μέ αζ ρεαρ ειλε ε, “ἀρ μο εϋίλ le βαλλα.”

man once said to me, "They were better than priest or friar for instructing the people!" There are few things, to my mind, which touch the heart like the wonderful answer that he made to some one who saw him playing, but who did not recognise him. This man asked aloud, "Who is the musician?" and our blind fiddler answered him:—

I AM RAFTERY.

I am Raftery the poet,
Full of hope and love,
With eyes that have no light,
With gentleness that has no misery.

Going west upon my pilgrimage (1)
(Guided) by the light of my heart,
Feeble and tired,
To the end of my road.

Behold me now,
And my face to a wall, (2)
A-playing music,
Unto empty pockets.

He had a great mastery over his native tongue, but he understood English. Some people say he did not, but he probably did. Mr. Anthony O'Daly, who is still alive in Dublin, told me that he remembered well his grandfather reading him an English book near Loughrea, and that Raftery put Irish on it during the night. That was in the year 1830. He said that he was dressed very respectably at that time, and his son was with him. His son, who was a good violinist, left him afterwards to go with a circus that was travelling the country.

(1) Or "journey," but he evidently means the journey of life.

(2) Or, as I also heard it, "with my back to a wall."

Ταυρεβάνανν ρέ ζο μαιβ εόλαρ αιζε αρ οιβηεά-
 οιβ Sheatpúinn Céitinz. B'είοιμ ζυμ λέιζεάο ιαο αρ
 λάιμ-ιρξίβιμν νό, le ιρξολάιμ είζιμ, αζυρ ιρ φοιμυ
 α φοιρμτ αρ έυιο σ'ά δβιάναιβ ζο μαιβ τοζά
 αιτέ αιζε αρ όάνταιβ μαρ "Τυμρεάο να η-Ειμ-
 εανν," le Όοctύμ O Conaill, αζυρ λειρ αν "Σιοζυρε
 Románacé" αζυρ le πιοραιβ ειλε σέ'η τπόιτ céaona.
 Ιρ νόιζ ζο ζευαλαιό ρέ ιαο ιο υιλε ό βéal na
 ρεαν υαοιμ, αζυρ σο cum ρειρεαν α όάντα ρέμ αρ α
 λοιζ. Μιομ ράζ ρέ βόταρ να νυαοιμ σο έυαιό μιοιμ.
 Τά ευιο μόρι σ'ά Ζησεύειλζ αν-ζλαν, αζυρ ιαοι ό
 φοκλαιβ ιαφαέτα αρ αν μβέαριλα. Ιρ βεαζ ναέ ραοι-
 ρεά συμνε ζο νυεάειό ρέ ερ α βεαλαέ αζ ιαμιαιό
 ζλαιμ ιμ α έυιο Ζαεύειλζε, άέτ τά ευιο ειλε σ'ά
 δβιάναιβ τρυαλλιζέτε le φοκλαιβ βέαριλα μεαρζέτα τριό
 αν ηΖαεύειλζ. Ιρ ιομύα κομ-καμτε υεαρ άτά αιζε α
 έαιυρεβάναρ α μιάζιρτρεάέτ αρ αν ζκαμτε, αζυρ νί'λ ομ-
 εαυ αζυρ ροκαλ αιζε ναέ βρυαμ ρέ ό να υαοιμιβ ρέμ,
 αζυρ ναέ μαιβ κοιτέιομν αμεαρζ να νυαοιμ αν υαμ
 ρμ. Ταβαιμ ρά υεαμ εομ ζμυμν αζυρ σο έεαρ ρέ ροκαλ
 μαρ "εεαρύα-αν-όμ" αρ αν άιτ α νυέανταρ να βομν
 όμ, αζυρ βμιατρια μαρ "ταυρλιρ σά μβηεααά," "οίρλε
 ενάμ," "Ζαμμ ιρξοιλε," "Cpúoc ράιλ," ιε., αζυρ μαρ
 έυζανν ρέ αρτεαέ αμμνεαέα μαρ "Cnoc αν άμ,"
 "Cac Cluan Ταυιβ," "Conλαό," "Αμυάμ Διλλε
 [Ainle] αζυρ Ναοιρ," "Zoll Mac Múna," αζυρ "αν
 Όεαρζ Μόμ," ιε, ό'η τρεαν-λιτρύεάέτ, σο βί αν υαμ
 ρμ αρ βéal η-υιλε óυμνε.

(1) A common phrase in folk lore for some kind of assembly convened by a person in authority.

(2) i.e., Ireland.

He shows that he had a knowledge of Geoffrey Keating's works. Perhaps they were read for him by some scholar from a manuscript. And it is easy to see from his songs that he had a right good knowledge of such poems as Dr. O'Connell's "Dirge of Ireland," and the "Roman Vision" and other pieces of the same sort. No doubt he heard these from the mouth of the old people, and he shaped his poems in their track. He did not forsake the road of the men who went before him. There is a great deal of his Irish which is very pure and free from English loan-words. A person might almost think that he went out of his way to look for purity in his Irish, but there are others of his songs corrupted by English words mixed with the Irish. He has many a nice idiom showing his mastery of the speech, and he has not as much as a word that he did not get from the people themselves, and that was not in use amongst the people at that time. Observe how finely he shapes a word like *forge-of-gold* for the mint where the gold pieces are struck, and words like "*ta'bles a-speckling*," i.e., backgammon being played, and "*ivory dice*," and a "*calling of the school*" (1) and the *Land of Fail* (2), etc., and how he brings in names like *The Hill of Slaughter* (3), *Conlaoch* (4), *Ardan Aille* (the common pronunciation of *Ainle*), and *Naoise*, *Goll mac Morna* (5) and the *Dearg Mor* (6), etc., out of the old literature that was at that time in the mouth of everyone.

(3) The name of an Ossianic poem.

(4) Cuchulain's son, celebrated in an Irish epic.

(5) One of the Fenians.

(6) The hero of an Ossianic romance.

Ni' l cor'múileadct ar bi'c le véana'm ioiri an Reac-
 túipe ma'ri fíle, a'guy fea'ri ma'ri Eó'gan Ruad' O Súillio-
 báin, a'guy na ríliúe Muimneada' vo bi'c ann, céad
 bliadán ó' foin. Ua'oine r'ó'glam'ca vo bi'c ionnta' ro.
 Má'gír'c'riúe ar an n'gae'úeil'g, fea'n a'guy nuad', vo bi'
 ionnta'. Bhí' fo'cló'irí aca féin, a'guy ní' ma'ib' r'í' mó'
 ná'ú'ir'ú'ad'. I'f' binneaf' o'í'ar'ri' r'ia'vo, a'guy fu'ar'ri' r'ia'vo
 binneaf'. A'ct' ba'ine'as'ar' go' mó' m'nic' ve'n' cé'ill' le' cur'
 le' n-a' mbinneaf'. Ní'oir' í'ar'ri' mo' Reac'tú'ipe' binneaf' ar'
 don' có'ir. Ni' l' ré' gan' é, a'ct' ní' ú'e'ad'ar'ú' o'í'á' t'ó'ir'ú'ig'eadct.
 Ní'oir' é'le'adct' ré' cur'ad'ú' fo'cal' a'ri'ad' le' ce'ól' a' bé'ar'ri'á'
 vo' mé'as'ú'g'ad'. L'ad'ar'ri' ré' a'ma'c' an' mu' vo' bi'c in' a'
 é'ri'ú'ie, go' r'impl'ú'ie a'guy go' ú'ir'eadct, in' a' b'ri'ad'ar'ri'á'ib' féin;
 a'ct' me'all'car' mé, ar' a' f'oin' r'ín, mu'na' o'uir'g'eadct' Muim-
 neadct' féin, in'oiu, é, ní'oir' fea'ri' ná' t'uir'g'eadct' ré' Eó'gan
 Ruad'.

Bhí' ré' t'uir'g'eadct' có'm' ma'ic' le' cur'á'ib'eadct. Tar'
 é'ir' an' U'ó'inn'ad'lá'na'c' vo' m'ol'ad' ar' f'oin' na' t'ri'ú'ie' mu'ne'
 re' le'ir' an' g'cal'na'na'c' (t'ri'ú'ie' vo'ir' vo' bi'c ann, a'guy
 vo'aine' u'ar'le' na' t'ir'ie go' lé'ir' a'g' u'ear'ic'ad' o'ir'ia'), fé'adct'
 có'm' cur'óna' a'guy ve'ir' ré' r'an' no'uir'eadct

Le' b'ri'ad'ar'ri'á'ad' g'ri'nn' r'an' r'g'éal' r'ín
 ná'ir' é'ri'ad'g' r'ín' o'í'á' m'ac' g'ae'ú'e'al'
 U'ó' cur' o'f' co'inne' a' cé'ile'
 Le' fé'ad'ar'ri'nt' c'ia' ú'e'it' r'í'oir'.

Nad' b'ri'uil' ré' feo' ní'oir' u'ar'le' a'guy ní'oir' me'ar'ri'á'la' go'
 mó'ir' ná' iom'c'ar' a'guy innt'inn' na' no'as'oine' u'ar'á' vo'
 cur' cum' t'ri'ú'ie' í'ad'.

There is no comparison at all to be drawn between Raftery as a poet and a man like Owen Roe O Sullivan or the Munster poets who lived a hundred years ago. They were learned men. Masters of the Irish language, old and new, were they. They had a vocabulary of their own, but it was not always a too natural one. It was melody they sought for, and melody they found. But they took away too often from the sense to add to their melody. My Raftery never sought out melody at all. He is not without it, but he never went hunting for it. He never used a "cramp" or hard word in order to increase the mellifluousness of his verses. He spoke out the thing that was in his heart, simply and directly, in his own words; but for all that I am mistaken if even a Munsterman would not understand him to-day better than he would understand Owen Roe.

He was a man of sense as well as of piety. After praising Donnellan for the fight he had fought with Calnan (a boxing match it was, and all the gentry of the country looking on at it), see how sensibly he says at the end:—

To give a close scrutiny into the matter,
 Was it not a pity that two sons of the Gael
 Should be placed, one over against the other,
 To see which of them would go down?

How much more noble and creditable this, than the conduct and mind of the gentlemen who had put them to fight!

Θειπέδαρι, δάτ ní ρίοι έ άρι ραδ, ζυρι έάιτ άη Ρεάδ-
 τύιηε να ρεάδτ μβλιάόνα υέιζεάηναάα υ'ά ραοζάι άζ
 υηηυιζε άζυρ άζ υέάηαή υάη υιαύά μαρι ζεάλλ άρι
 άηρλίηζ υο βί άιζε. άζ ρο άη cuntyr υο έυζ Όιαμυυο
 Ο Cluánáin άρι άη άηρλίηζ ριη (1) :—“ Chualaió mé é
 υ'ά ριάύ λε μ'άέάιρ ζο μαιβ ρέ τινη ι ηζάιλλιη, άζυρ βί
 cupán λεάζέα άρι υοιυο λε ταιυβ να λεαρέαη υό, άζυρ
 υεοό άηη, άζυρ ιη ραη υιόέε έυάλαιό ρέ τοιηαη έιζιη ιη
 ραη τρεοηια, άζυρ ράοιλ ρέ ζυρι β'έ άη εατ υο βί άρι άη
 ηυοιυο άζυρ ζο λεάζραύ ρί άη 'μυζ.' άζυρ έυιη ρέ
 άηαδ ά λάη, άζυρ εηέάυ υο ζεοβάύ ρέ άηη δάτ εηάηηα
 εαολα άη υήάιρ. άζυρ έάιηιζ ά μαιύαριε άρι άηρ έυιζε
 άηίρ, άζυρ έοηηαιηε ρέ άη άιτ ά μαιβ ά έότα μόρι εηοέα
 άρι άη ηβαλλά. άζυρ υυβάιητ άη υάρ ζο υτάιηιζ ρέ λε
 η-ά έάβάιητ λειρ, ηο λε ρεάρι ειλε υε να κόμηάηραηηαίβ
 υο κόμηηυιζ ιη ά λειτέρο ριη υε έιζ, υο έάβάιητ λειρ,
 μυηα υτιυβριάύ ρέ άη Ρεάδτύιηε. άζυρ βίυοαρι άζ
 εαιητ ρζάέαύ λε έέιλε, άζυρ υυβάιητ άη υάρ ζο υτιυβ-
 ριάύ ρέ άιηηρη εηηητε υό, άζυρ ζο υτιυεραύ ρέ ρά η-ά
 υέιη ηυάιρ βειέ ά έάιηυε εαιέτε, άζυρ άηηρη υ'ιηέιζ
 ρέ υαιό. άζυρ ηυάιρ έάιηιζ ά βεαη άρτεαέ άρι μαιυοιη,
 υ'ρφαρμυιζ ρέ υι εια άη άιτ άρι έηοό ρί ά έότα μόρι άη
 υιόέε ηοιηε ριη. άζυρ υυβάιητ ρηρε ζυρι έηοό ρί ιη ά
 λειτέρο ρεο υ'άιτ έ, άζυρ υυό έ ριη ζο υηηεαέ άη άιτ
 έέάυηα 'ηα υραεαιό ρειρεαη έ, άζυρ βί ριορ άιζε άηηρηη
 ζο υτάιηιζ ά μαιύαριε άρι άηρ έυιζε υα ηίηιβ ιη ραη υιόέε.
 άζυρ έυιη ρέ τεαέτáιηε ζο υτι τεαέ ηα κόμηάηραη άρι
 άρι λαβαίη άη υάρ, άζυρ υυβριάύ λειρ ζυρι εαίλλεάύ έ ιη

(1) Όο'η υαιηιζεάηηα ζηεζορι, ιρ υαιέι-ρε ρυάιη μέ ευιυο μόρι
 υο ηι ρζάέαύ ρεο άρι βεαέα άη υηιλε.

It is said, but it is not altogether true, that Rafferty spent the last seven years of his life praying and making religious poems, because of a vision that he had. This is the account that Diarmuid O Cluanain gave of this vision (1) :—"I heard my father saying that he was ill in Galway, and a cup was left for him on the table beside his bed, and a drink in it. And in the night he heard some kind of noise in the room, and he thought it was the cat that was on the table and that she would throw down the mug, and he put out his hand and what should he find there but the thin bones of the Death. And the sight came back to him again, and he saw the place where his great coat was hung upon the wall. And the Death said that he had come to bring him with him, or else to bring another of the neighbours who lived in such and such a house, if he did not bring him. And they were talking for a while together, and the Death said that he would give him a certain time, and that he would come for him when his respite was up. And then he went from him. And in the morning, when his wife came in, he asked her where was the place that she had hung his great coat the night before. And she said that she had hung it in such and such a place. And that was exactly the same place in which he had seen it, and he knew then that his sight had really come back to him in the night. And he sent a messenger then to the house of the neighbour of whom the Death had spoken, and it was told him that he had died (2) during the night. It's well I remember, after

(1) To Lady Gregory, to whose kindness I owe many of these stories about the bard.

(2) Literally: "Was lost."

φαν οὐδέ. Ἴρ μοιτ̄ ἐπιμνήξιμ̄ νυαίμ̄ βί ρέ δ̄ς ράξαιλ
 βάρ̄ 'νᾱ ὀιδίξ̄ ρῖν, ζο ὀτάμῖξ̄ σαίαιτ̄ ὀό, ρεαρ̄ τε να
 Cυαναιξίβ̄, ἀρτεαδέ, δ̄ςυρ̄ ουβαιητ̄ ρέ 'μοιτ̄ ζο λεόρ̄, δ
 Ραιρτεμ̄,' ἀρ̄ ρέ, 'νι'λ̄ ἀν̄ ἐάμῖθε ὀο ἐυξ̄ ἀν̄ βάρ̄ ουιτ̄
 καιτέτε ρόρ̄,' δ̄ςυρ̄ ὀ'ρ̄ηεδ̄ξαιρ̄ Ραιρτεμ̄ δ̄ςυρ̄ ουβαιητ̄
 ρε, 'τά ρέ ὀέαντα ἀμαδέ δ̄ς ἀν̄ Εδ̄ξλαιρ̄ δ̄ςυρ̄ δ̄ςαμ̄
 ρέμ̄ ἀνοιρ̄ ηαδέ ἐ ἀν̄ βάρ̄ ὀό βί ἀν̄, ἐορ̄ ἀρ̄ βιτ̄, ἀέτ̄
 ζυρ̄ β'ἐ ἀν̄ οιαβ̄αλ̄ ἐ ὀο ἐάμῖξ̄ δ̄ς̄ κυρ̄ καέυιξ̄τε ορ̄μ̄.' "

Ἴρ̄ ιομ̄ῶδ̄ ἱξ̄έαλ̄ ἐυαλαῖῶ μέ ἰ ὀταοιβ̄ δ̄ βάρ̄. Ουβ-
 αιητ̄ ρεαν̄ ρεαρ̄ ὀο βί ζαν̄ βέαρ̄ηλα λιομ̄ ζο βρ̄υαίρ̄ ρέ
 βάρ̄ 'νᾱ ἀοηαρ̄, ἰ ὀτεαδέ ρολαίμ̄ ζαν̄ ουιηε ἀρ̄ βιτ̄ βειτ̄
 λειρ̄, δ̄ςυρ̄ ζο μαιβ̄ ἀν̄ τεαδέ υιλε λαρ̄τα ρυαρ̄ ἐομ̄ ζεαλ̄
 λειρ̄ ἀν̄ λά, δ̄ςυρ̄ λαρ̄αίρ̄ ἰν̄ ἱηα ἱρ̄έαρ̄ιτ̄αῖβ̄ ορ̄ δ̄ ἐιοην̄,
 δ̄ςυρ̄ ζυρ̄ β'ἰσ̄ο ρῖν̄ να η-αιηξίλ̄ ὀο βί ἀν̄ δ̄ς ὀέαναιμ̄
 τόρ̄ηαῖῶ ὀό.

Ουβαιητ̄ ρεαρ̄ εἰλε ζο μαιβ̄ ριορ̄ δ̄ς ἀν̄ Ρεαδέτ̄υηε
 μοιμ̄-λαίμ̄, εἰα ἀν̄ λά δ̄ςυρ̄ ἀν̄ υαίρ̄ ὀο βειτ̄ δ̄ ἐέαρ̄ημα
 καιτέτε, δ̄ςυρ̄ ζο ηοεαδέαῖῶ ρέ ζο ζαίλλιμ̄ δ̄ςυρ̄ ζυρ̄
 ἐεανηυῖξ̄ ρέ ἐλάρ̄, δ̄ςυρ̄ ζο ὀουξ̄ λειρ̄ ἐ ζο τῖξ̄ ἐίξῖν,
 δ̄ςυρ̄ ἐυίρ̄ ρέ ἀρ̄ ἀν̄ βρ̄αρ̄ιαῖῶ ἐ. Ουβαιητ̄ ρέ λε μαιηητ̄ηρ̄
 ἀν̄ τῖξε ἐομ̄ηια ὀο ὀέαναιμ̄ ὀό ἀρ̄ ρῖν̄, δ̄ςυρ̄ ρυαίρ̄ ρέ βάρ̄
 ἀν̄ οὐδέ ἐέασηα!

Ἀέτ̄ ηἰ μαρ̄ ρῖν̄ ἐάηλα ρέ. Ρυαίρ̄ ἀν̄ βηαιητ̄ῖξ̄εαρ̄ηνα
 ζηεζοημ̄ cυηταρ̄ ιομ̄λάν̄ ἀρ̄ δ̄ βάρ̄ ὀ ρεαρ̄ ὀο βί ἰ λάτ̄αίρ̄,
 δ̄ςυρ̄ ἐ 'νᾱ ζαρ̄ύν. Ουβαιητ̄ ἀν̄ ρεαρ̄ ἰο ζυρ̄ βυαἰλεαῖῶ
 ἐ λε τῖηηεαρ̄ ἰ ηζαίλλιμ̄, δ̄ςυρ̄ ηυαίρ̄ ὀ'εἰμ̄ξ̄ ρέ ηιορ̄
 ρεαρ̄ημ̄ ὀ'ἰμ̄έῖξ̄ ρέ ἀρ̄ ρυο να ὀυέαῖξ̄ε ἀρ̄ῖρ̄ λε ἱξ̄υἰβῖν,
 βεαδ̄ ἀρ̄ηξῖο ὀο βαιλλιυξ̄αῖῶ, " ἀέτ̄ βυαἰλεαῖῶ ριορ̄ ἀρ̄ῖρ̄ ἐ
 ηυαίρ̄ ἐάμῖξ̄ ρέ ἐυμ̄ ἀν̄ τῖξε ρεο. Ἠἰ μαιβ̄ ρέ ἰῶ ἀορ̄τα

that, when he was dying, that a friend of his, a man of the Cooneys, came in and said, 'Very well,' says he, 'the time the Death gave you is not up yet!' And Raftery answered and said, 'It is now made out by the Church and by myself that it was not the Death who was in it at all, but that it was the devil who came to tempt me.'"

Many is the story I have heard about his death. An old man who had no English told me that he died alone by himself in an empty house without anyone being with him, but that the house was all lighted up as bright as the day and a flame in the heavens above it, and that those were the angels who were there waking him.

Another man said that Raftery knew beforehand what was the day and hour that his term would be up, and that he went to Galway and bought a plank, and took it with him to some house and put it on the loft. He told the people of the house to make a coffin out of that for him, and he died the same night.

But that was not how it happened. Lady Gregory got a full account of his death from a man who was present when he was a boy. This man said that he was struck with illness in Galway, and when he got better he went out through the country again to gather a trifle of money, "but he was struck down again when he came to this house. He was not very old, about 70

timcioll veic mbliaðan a' r tpi ricio (1). Bhi ré tinn
 an leaburó an fead coicéioire. Dubairt m'áair
 anghin ragaire o'ráðail só. Bhi an ragaire parríáirte
 an mbaile, áct fuaríamair ragaire eile agus cúir ré
 an ola úeimeannac air agus éug a'rbolóro só. Ni maib
 pian an bié air, áct a córa so beic fuarí, agus céiteadó
 na buacáillir cloc agus cúimeadó ríad in ran leaburó
 cúige í. Buó mian le mo mááair ríor a cúir an a bean
 agus an a mac so bí i n'Gailim, go uciucraioir le aie
 níorí feairí ábairt só, áct ní leigeadó ré úinn rín a
 óeannam. Feictear óam gur fáoil ré nac noeamadair
 gur mo maic só. Chualaidó mé r'geal gur úilcaig an
 ragaire a'rbolóro so ábairt só, agus é ag ráðail báir,
 muna maicfeadó ré so ná máio éigin so bí aige, agus gur
 úbairt reirean, 'má maic mé só le mo beal níorí
 máictear só le mo éioire,' áct ní' l focal ríunne ann.
 Ni maib maile an bié an an ragaire ag cur an ola air.
 Áct so bí ríunéaríadó 'na cóinnuioe, ríor anghin, an an
 mbóáir, a cúir Raireirí oioó-aighear don uair amáin
 air. Sóir ríle so bí in ran ríunéaríadó ro agus bí gur
 b'ieáig aige ag gabail ábairí, agus táinig ré amac
 agus b'uir ré an beólin an Raireirí. Agus ír maic cúim-
 níim, nuair bí ré ag ráðail báir, go so ag an ragaire
 an ríunéaríadó reo arteaó, agus éug ré o'p'ia maicéam-
 nar ábairt o'á céile agus láim a céile éraéadó. Agus
 úbairt an ríunéaríadó, 'oá mbeic uirí uirí beirte
 óeairbírááir so maicríoir o'á céile, agus casó cúige nac

(1) Ír uóig nac maib ré cóim h-aorta rín. Dubairt Antoine
 O'Óálaig líom gur fáoil ré nac maib ré níor mó ná 50 bliáðan
 ran mbliaðain, 1830.

years (1). He was sick and in bed for a fortnight. My father said, then, to get a priest for him. The parish priest was from home, but we got another priest, and he put the last oil on him and gave him absolution. He had no pain at all—only his feet to be cold—and the boys used to heat a stone and put it into the bed to him. My mother wished to send for his wife and his son, who were in Galway, that they might come to take better care of him, but he would not let them do it. It seems to me he thought they had not done too well by him. I heard a story, that the priest refused to give him absolution, and he dying, unless he would forgive some enemy he had, and that he said, 'If I forgave him with my mouth I did not forgive him with my heart,' but there's not a word of truth in it. There was no delay on the priest anointing him. But there was a carpenter living down there on the road whom Raftery had insulted one time. This carpenter was a sort of a poet, and he had a fine voice singing a song, and he came out and broke Raftery's fiddle. And it's well I remember when he was dying that the priest brought in this carpenter, and he made them forgive each other and shake each other's hands. And the carpenter said, 'If there were to be a differ between two brothers they would forgive each other, and why should not we forgive?' He was buried in

(1) He certainly was not as old as this. Anthony Daly told me he did not look more than fifty in 1830,

maidrimír-ne?' 'Do cuirlead é i gCillínín. Ní maid
 roócraio ró mói aige, áct bí daoine an baile ar fad
 ann. Oirce Fhéil Noolas fuair ré bár, agus tubairt
 ré féin i gcóinnuidé dá mbeic Láim ag Dia ann, gur rá'n
 Noolas ag go fbead ré bár."

Tá fear ahaice leir an uoilis in ar cuirlead é
 agus tubairt ré gur fáoil ré gur cum a tíge féin vo
 bí an Reacúime teact, nuair buairead ríor é "áct
 éadú ré arteac anhirin ran tíg, ríor," ar ré. "Oirce
 Noolas fuair ré bár, agus rin comairta go maid
 ré beannaigíte, bíonn beannaact ar na daoimib fá'gann
 bár rá'n Noolas. In ran oirce vo cuirlead é, óir ní
 óéanraide don obair Lá Noolas, áct éirinnuig
 m'ácair, agus beagán vé cómarraidib eile, rcuibin
 aigro le cóimra vo éannaac nó, agus minlead é le fear
 ran mbairle, Lá San Steapáin, agus tugad é anhir,
 agus leán daoine na mbairte é, óir bí meaf agus gíad
 sca uile ar Rairteir; áct nuair éanraid anhir, bí
 an oirce ag cuirim, agus nuair bíodar ag tocairt na
 h-uairge bí cloc mói rompa innti, agus níor féadodar
 a tógbáil, agus fáoil na buacáillid é vo éadairt
 arteac ran ríoból agus an oirce vo baic ar. Áct
 bí meaf mói ag mo mácair, go n'éadú Dia tíocaime
 uirri, ar Rairteir, agus cúir rí amac dá cóinnil-múnla
 larra, le ríolar vo éadairt uíinn. 'Do bíod a múnla
 féin ag h-uile beán an uair rin, agus vo gíoir a
 gcuir coinneal féin i gcóimair na Noolas. Cóngbuig-
 eamar na coinneal larra or cionn na h-uairge vo bí a
 n-aice le binn an tréipéil le tabairt ríolar uíinn, agus
 éadú mo véairrácair ríor in ran uairg, agus éog ré an
 cloc; agus cúireamar anhirin é. Bhí réroeg máit

Kilteerin. He had not a very big funeral, but all the people of the village were there. On Christmas Eve he died, and he had always said himself if God had a hand in him that it was at Christmas he would die."

There is a man near the churchyard where Raftery was buried, and this man said that he thought it was to his own house Raftery was coming when he was knocked up, "but he went then into the house below," said he. "It was on Christmas Eve he died, and that's a sign that he was blessed. There be's a blessing on the people who die at Christmas. It was at night he was buried, for no work would be done on Christmas Day; but my father and a few of the other neighbours gathered a trifle of money to buy a coffin for him, and it was made by a man in the village on St. Stephen's Day, and it was brought here and the people of the villages followed it, for they all had a love and respect for Raftery. But when they got here the night was falling, and when they were digging the grave there was a big stone before them in it, and they were not able to lift it, and the boys thought they would bring him into the barn and take the night out of him. But my mother—God have mercy on her—had a great respect for Raftery, and she sent out two mould candles lit, to give us light. Every woman used to have her own mould at that time, and they used to make their own candles against the Christmas. We held the lighted candles over the grave, which was near the gable of the church, to give us light, and my brother went down into the grave and raised up the stone and we buried him then. There was a good breeze of wind

ξαιοίτε ἀνν, ἀν υαίη ἰέλινα, ἀετ νίση μύε γέ νά
 κοινλε, ἀξυρ νί μερλαίμ ζυρ κομμυίξ γί ἀν λαγαίη πέμ,
 ἀξυρ κιοτσίξ γέ γην ζο μαίβ λάμ ἀν Τιξερλα ἀνν."

Ὁο γάξαδ ἀν γίλε μαρ γην ιη γαν τρεαν-μοιλιξ ι
 ζCιλλιην ἀξ κοολαδ ζο γάίμ ἀμερξ νά νπαοιη
 ο'αίτηξ γέ ἀξυρ οο ζηιάδουίξ γέ. Cύηξ βλιαδὸνα ἀξυρ
 τη γίετο οό, ἀξ κοολαδ ἀνηγην ζο αίμ, ζαν α ἰέλινα
 βείε βυαίθεαίετα, ζο οτάμυξ ἀν γειρεαδ λά γίεεαο
 λύζηγα ἀνυμμυίξ (19 0). Ὁο κμμινηίξεαδ ἀν λά γην
 γίλαξ μόρ οαοιη λε ἰέιλε ἀρ νά βαιετβ ἰμκιολλ, ἀξυρ
 οαοιη οο ἰάμυξ ὀ βραο, ἀξυρ γαξγαρ οηβθονεαδ νά
 παρμυάηε, ἀξυρ οαοιη μαρ ἑαοβδαο Μάηεαίμ ὀ
 Cηαιηεάν τυλοίξη νά μίλε ὀέαξ ἀρ γην, ἀξυρ ἀν
 βηαιηείξεαίνα ζηεγομ ἀρ ἀν ζCύιλ ι βραο οο'η τεοίβ
 γμαρ οε'η ἰονοαέ, ἀξυρ ἀν τ-ἀεαίη κοηγαίοιη ἀξυρ
 μόγαν οαοιη είλε ἀρ ζηαίλιμ, ἀξυρ ὕξοαη νά λιντε
 γεο μαρ ἀν ζεέλινα. Ὁο κμμινηίξεαδ ιαο ἀνηγην,
 οηη ἱγολλ ἀξυρ υαγαι, οηη γεαν ἀξυρ ὀξ, λε οηόηη οο
 ἰαδαίηε οο'η γίλε μαρβ. Ὁα ι ἀν βηαιηείξεαίνα
 ζηεγομ κιοη-γιοαίη ἀν ἰμμινηίξε. γμαρ γί ἀμαδ ζο
 οηηεαδ ἀν ἀίε ἀρ κμυρεαδ ἑ, ἀξυρ ἀνηγην οο ἰόξ γί κεί
 ἀηο ἀλμυη ογ κιοηη νά η-υαίξε, ἀξυρ ἀηημ ἀν γίλε ι
 ηζαεὀειλξ υηηη ι ληηρεαδαιβ ὀηη. Ὁα ι οο γάοιλ α
 ὀέλιναίμ, ἀξυρ ἱγ υηηη ἰηε ἀν κογταρ, ηο ἀν ἰηο β
 μὀ ὀε. Ὁηι υηηηηίξε νά η-ἑαξλαίηε λείξτε ογ κόμυη
 ἀν τηγυαίξ, ἀξυρ οο μυνηαδ ὀμάιοιό ι ηζαεὀειλξ ἀξ
 μολαδ ἀν Ρεαδτῆηε ().

(1) ἰαλαίό μέ ζυρ ἰμμινηίξ νά οαοιη λε ἰέιλε ι βλιαδὸνα μαρ
 ἀρ ζεέλινα ἰμκιολλ α υαίξε, ηυαίη μυνη ἀν τ-ἀεαίη Ὁ οηαδαιη ἀρ
 λαί-οο-γμαδ ὀμάιη βρεάξ ὀοίβ.

out that same time, but it did not quench the candles, and I don't think it even stirred the flame, itself, and that shows that the Lord had a hand in him."

The poet was left thus, sleeping peacefully in the old churchyard of Killeenin amongst the people whom he knew and loved. Sixty-five years he rested quietly there without his sleep being disturbed until came the 26th day of August last year (1900). On that day there was gathered together a great multitude of people out of the villages round about, and people who came from far, and the reverend priest of the parish, and people like Mr. Edward Martyn, of Tillyra Castle, some dozen miles away, and Lady Gregory from Coole, far on the upper side of the county, and Father Considine and many other people from Galway, and the writer of these lines also. They were gathered there, both low and high, young and old, to do honour to the dead poet. Lady Gregory was the prime cause of the gathering. She raised a high and handsome stone above the grave, with the name of the poet in Irish upon it, in letters of gold. It was she who thought of doing it, and it was upon her the cost, or the most of it, fell. The prayers of the Church were read before the people, and speeches were made in Irish in praise of Raftery (1).

(1) I have heard that the people collected at his grave again this year, and that Father O'Donovan, from Loughrea (many miles away) made a fine oration.

Ní h-í mo bairéamail zuri éruinnig mé dánta uile
 an Reacáitíne ar don cóir. B'éirí naé bfuil mórián
 n or mó ná an leac aca aзам, aсt ir cinnte mé go
 bfuil an dánta ir feairi aca aзам. Ní i n-don áit
 amáin vo bíoó ré, aсt i zcóinnuíde aз ríeáal, aзur vo
 junne ré aβrián vo réiri maí o'éiriз ocáio. Níoir máir
 go uti an lá moiu, ar béal na noaoime, aсt na cinn ir
 clúóamla. Ir íomóa ceann junne ré nári leacnuiзealó
 ar fuo na tíre ar don cóir; vo cuimneócaíve é in ran
 áit a noearnaó, ar feaó tamail, é, aзur ann-
 rin caillríve é. Chualaió mé triáct ar éuro
 ve na h-aβriánaib vo junne ré nári féao mé
 na béairaió fáгаil ar don cóir. Tá aβrián i rзrúβinn
 Mhic Uí Diadaig, an traoir-cloice, naé bfuil i
 rсrúβinn Mhic Uí Fhloinn, tá aβrián in ran rсrúβinn
 ran acaoaim naé bfuil aз ceacáar aca, aзur mórián
 aca-ran naé bfuil innti reo, aзur fuair mé aβrián ó'n
 Neacánaac, ó Phríoiriar O Concúbaí, ó'n Acaí
 Clement O Lúgnaio, aзur ó Sheóiriye Mac Siolla an
 Chloig naé raib aз uime ar bit eile aсt aca féin
 amáin; aзur éualaió mé triáct ar mórián eile naé
 bfuairae. Aсt aoiri an rean-focal Gaéveirz "bíonn
 blaí ar beaгаn" aзur b'éirí go bfuil mo fáic éruinn-
 iзte aзам. Ir oóig go bfuil h-uile aβrián clúóamail
 aзам o'a noearnaio ré, aзur ir leóir rin. B'éirí zuri
 b'iao "briгоin bhéaraig" aзur "Máire Ní h-Eirín"
 (no an Paβraé Glégeal) an oá aβrián, ir mó vo éual-
 aió mé aaeairz na noaoime i zConoaé na Gaillime,
 aзur an t-aβrián ar Chill-aooáin, i zConoaé Mhuig-
 eó. Tá na h-aβrián reo aз h-uile uime a bfuil zue
 aige. Tá an "Aicriзe" le fáгаil inr zac don áit.

I do not imagine that I have collected by any means all Raftery's poems. Possibly I have not much more than the half of them; but I am certain that I have his best poems. It was not in one place he used to be, but constantly travelling, and he composed songs according as occasion arose. Only the most famous of them remained in the mouths of the people until the present day. Many a song he made that never spread throughout the country at all. It would be remembered in the place in which it was composed for a time, and then it would be lost. I have heard tell of certain songs that he made of which I have not been able to find the verses at all. There are songs in the stone-cutter's MS. that are not in Glynn's, and songs in the Academy MS. that are not in either, and these, again, have many that are not in it, and I get songs from Naughton, Francis O'Connor, Father Clement O'Looney, and Seoirse Mac Giolla-an-chloig, or Bell, that nobody else had except themselves alone; and I heard talk of many others that I did not get. But the old Irish proverb says, "There be's a taste on a little," and perhaps I have collected enough. No doubt I have every famous song that he composed, and that is sufficient. Perhaps "Breedyeen Vesey" and "Mary Hynes" (or the Posy Bright) are the two songs that I have heard most from the people in the county Galway, and the song of Killeaden in the county Mayo. Everyone who has a voice knows these songs. The "Repentance" is to be found in

Τά αν αριζύντεαδτ λειρ αν υιρζε βεατα κοιτciονη ζο
λεορι μαρι αν ζεάσθηα. 1r βεαζ ουινη νάρ ευαλαιό
καιητ αρι “Sheanóur [no Caimiur] na Szeice” αζυρ
αρι “Fhidóac Sheáζaiη Bhiáσaiζ” μαρι αν ζεάσθηα.

Νι ρέιυρι λιοη αβριάν αν Ρεαότιυιη έαβαυιη το
ριέρι ηα η-αιυιυιη αρι cumáó ιαο. Νι έιζ λιοη α ριάό
αια η-ιαο ηα η-αβριάν το ριηνη ρέ ι υτοραό, αζυρ ηι
βειτ αση ηάιτ αηη, ιαο το έυι ι η-οιυουζαό αζυρ ι
η-εαζαυι, το ριέρι α ηβυη-άύβαιυι, ηα υάητα υιαόα λεό
ρέιη, ηα υάητα ζυιάό λεό ρέιη, αζυρ μαυι ριη λειρ αν
ζυυο ειλε αα. Β'ρεαυιυι λιοη ιαο το ηεαυιζαό τριό α
έειλε το ριέρι μαυι το έυιη ρειρεαη αζυρ μαυι το ρυαυι
μυη ιαο, αζυρ ιρ έ αν έεαο-αβριάν βέαυιραυι μέ, αβριάν
βυιόιη το ριηνη ρέ αρι βάρ αεόλτόυια, ρεαυι υ'ά εαλαόαιη
ρέιη, ριόβαυιη.

Αη τέ ηαό βυυιλ αεαόταό λε ριλιόεαό ηα
ηζαεόεαλ, ηι ρειρτιό ρέ αζυρ ηι έυιζυιό ρέ ηιηηεαυι
αζυρ αεόλ αν υάιη ρεο. Νι έυιζυιό αν βέαυιλόυι αρι έοι
αρι βιτ έ, όυι τά ριλιόεαό ηα ηζαεόεαλ έαζυραηαιλ αρι
ραο ό ριλιόεαό ηα ζααυιηαό. Βυό έοιυι υο ζαό υιλε
ζαυιύη ι ηειυιηη ριορ υο βειτ αιζε αρι αν υά ρόυιη ριλιό-
εαότα, αότ ραυιαουι! ηι'λ; αζυρ ηι ηύιηυο ηα ρζοιητε
βυαυαόα ατά αζαηηηη αση ριοα το ηα υαοιηηβ ι υαοιηβ α
λιυιυιόεατα ρέιη. Αρι αν άύβαιυι ριη ιαυιυιαηη αρι αν
λειζτέόιυι α έαβαυιηη ρά υεαυια ζο υαυιηεαηηη ηυιζ αν
ζοτα όότ η-υαυιη ηη ραη ζεάαο βέαυιραυι αρι αν λιυιη ά,
αζυρ ρζυιόβαυιη αν ριόλλα ριη μόυι, λε ηα έυι ι η-υίλ
υο'η λειζτέόιυι αρι ηιόό ρο-έυιζυηεαηηαό. Τυιηεαηηη ρέ
μαυι αν ζεάσθηα αρι ά ηη ραη ζεαότρυαηάό έυιζεαό
ρειρεαό αζυρ ρεαότρυαό ηαηηη. Τυιηεαηηη ηυιζ αν ζοτα
όότ η-υαυιη αρι υί ηη ραη υαυια αζυρ ηη ραη ηυηεαυι ηαηηη,

every place. The argument with the whiskey is common enough, too. There are few people who have not heard of the "History of the Bush" and the "Hunt of Shawn Bradach" also.

I am unable to give the songs of Raftery according to the date of their composition. I cannot say which were the songs he first made. Nor would there be any great advantage in putting them in order and arranging them according to their subject matter, the religious poems by themselves, the love poems by themselves, and so on with the rest. I prefer to mix them together as he composed them, and as I found them, and the first poem of his I shall give is a song of grief that he made over the death of a musician, a man of his own art, a piper.

He who is not accustomed to the poetry of the Gaels will not see or understand the melody and music of this poem. The English speaker will not understand it at all, for the poetry of the Gaels is altogether different from the poetry of the English. Every boy in Ireland ought to have a knowledge of the two sorts of poetry, but, alas! they have not; and the miserable schools we have do not teach the people on iota about their own literature. For this reason I ask the reader to observe how the stress of the voice falls eight times, at regular intervals, in the first verse, upon the letter A, and I print the syllable large to make the reader understand it after a more intelligible manner. It also falls upon A in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh verses. The stress of the voice falls eight times upon the letter U in the third

Δξυρ οὐτ n-υαιμε αι Ἐ ραν ρανν νεηυό. 1ρ ρίοι-ρῖλε
εαλαῶναδ νο βι ραν Ρεαῑύημε.

[Σεαρραῑό αν λιτιη C. in ρνα νόταιβ, le cupi i ζεῑλλ
μαρ νο βι ροκαιλ αν δβηῑαῑν Δξ αν ζCománaδ ó Δ βηυαῑη
αν Ρεαῑῑάναδ ιαυ. ζ. μαρ νο βίοσαρ Δξ Mac Uí
Fhloinn, O'L. μαρ νο βίοσαρ Δξ αν Δῑαῑη Clement
Lúghnaῑó, S. μαρ νο βίοσαρ i ρεῑβῑνν ἡῑic Uí Uialaῑz
(αν ραορ cloice), Δξυρ Δ. μαρ βίοσαρ ραν ρεῑβῑνν ραν
Ααυαῑῑῑ.]

CAOINE AR TOMÁS O DÁLAIZ.

1ρ Ἐ Tomáρ O DÁLAIZ

U'fáz FÁN Δξυρ ρζαρ αι αοιρ όιζ,
Δ'ρ ό σ'ῑῑηι αν βÁS αι,

Na ζRÁSA ζο ουζαῑό Uia úó.

Tá αν τιη ρεό αι ραυ CRÁIÓTE,

Δξ ρίοι-ῑRÁCT αι, ό σ'έαζ αι βρεαι-ρρόηη,

Uo βέαρραῑό αν βÁIRE

Αρ ζαῑ CEÁRDA le βρεάζῑα Δ αῑυο ceóil.

Tá na h-ealaῑó αι na cuantaῑb

Naοi n-υαιμε cóῑῑ ουβ leiρ αν ρμέαι,

O σ'έαζ αν ρεαι υαῑῑῑ-ne,

Δ ραῑβ αν ρυαῑηαεαρ αι βάρρηαῑβ Δ ἡμέαι.

Uoú úeipe (1) Δ úá ρῑῑil ζλαρ

Na úῑúct na μαῑοηε αι βάρρη ρέηη,

'S ó ρῑηεαῑ in ραν υαῑῑ Ἐ

Tá'n ρυαῑῑ (2) Δξ ράζαῑλ τῑηηε αι αν ηζῑῑῑm.

(1) ζλαηε C. (2) Uῑúct S.

verse, and eight times upon the letter L in the last one. (My translation of the first verse into rhyme after the metre of the Irish will give the English reader a better idea of it.)

N.B.—In the notes the letter O will stand for Comyn's version as given to Naughton, G for Glynn's, O'L for Father Clement O'Looney, S for the stone-cutter's, Mr. Deely's, MS., and A for that in the Academy.

LAMENT FOR THOMAS O'DALY.

It is Thomas O'DALY

Left ACHING in young hearts and old,
 And since Death has wayLAID him,
 May the GRACES of God be his fold.
 This country is AILING,
 BEWAILING that fingers of gold
 Which made music like ANGELS,
 Should be LAID in the Clay and the Cold.

The swans upon the waves

Are nine times blacker than the blackberry,
 Since the man has died from us,
 On the tops of whose fingers lay the pleasantry.
 Fairer were his two grey eyes
 Than the dew of morning on the top of grass,
 And since he has been stretched in the grave
 The Cold is gaining power over the Sun,

Όά ριύβαλρά να κύζ κύζε,
 Le múnadō (1), cpiuē, veipe, azyr mén,
 Δ ράμδαι, μαρι ουβραδō,
 Νιορι ριύβαιλ ρέ μιδαμ ταλαμ ná ρέαρ,
 Δμο-μιζ να πουλ
 Δ βρuiλ να κύμδάττα ρο αρι ραυ αζαυ ρέιν
 Ó 'ρέ cpiouē naē ραιβ κύμδανζ,
 Ταβδαιρι κύτιυζαδō τō ι βρλαίτεαρ τά ρέιρι.

θυό é ρύο αν έραοβ άλυιιν
 Ιηρ ζαé ceáριτ τά'ρι éλεαéτταδō (2) ρέ αριδαμ
 Σζαραδō ρέ α λάν
 Δ'ρ νιορι έριυιιιιζ ρέ ταca ná μαοιι.
 Χαίτεραδō ρέ ράτα
 Να η'όάλαιζ 'να βεόιρι αζυρ ρίον,
 'S ι ζαάέδοιρι να ηζιάρτα
 ι λάρ ρηάριιτέαιρ ζο ραιβ ρέ 'να ριιιόε.

Szeul epáιote aζ an mbár,
 An pláιζ (3) ζιμάηηα naē é μιιη αν ρεαλλ.
 ηαé στυζ τō λά κάιιιιιι,
 Δ Όηια λάιιιιι, ná βεαζάιιιιι αμ' !
 Τα μνά όζα, α'ρ ní ζαν ράé é,
 Cpiou epáιote ó ράζαδō é ι ζcιλλ,
 Δ ηζιυαζ ρίορ le ράνιιιι
 Να ρτριάcaιτō (4) α'ρ ι αζ λιαéττá αρι α ζcιιιιι.

(1) Δρι cpiouē, μύιιιιιιιιιι, veipe, ζc., C

(2) Σαé ceáριττα τά ηραάcaιτō C.

If you were to travel the five provinces,
 For learning, shapeliness, beauty, and good mien,
 His like (as has been said)
 Never walked earth or grass.
 O, High-King of the Elements,
 Who hast these powers altogether to Thyself,
 Since his was a heart that was never narrow,
 Give him recompense in heaven accordingly.

That was the beautiful branch,
 In every quarter which he used to ever frequent,
 He used to scatter a quantity (of gold),
 And he never gathered hoards or goods.
 He would spend the estate of the Dalys
 In beoir and in wine,
 And in the chair of the Graces,
 In the midst of Paradise, may he be seated.

Misfortune (1) to the Death!

The hateful plague, is it not It did the treachery,
 That never gave him a day's respite,
 O, strong God! or even a little moment of time?
 Young women—and not without cause—
 Are withered and ruined since he was left in the church-
 yard;
 Their hair down and flowing,
 In streaks, and it turning grey upon their heads.

(3) πλαῖτ, C. (4) sic C.; "ρεπάρω," S. αἴσυρ Γ.

(1) Literally: "A miserable story to."

ní'λ πόραιο (1) ι n-δον ζάιμιον,
 'S τὰ ράε εαοιντε ες ουille να ζριονη,
 Δ θείτ τυιτιμ λε ράναδ,
 'S ní'λ βάριη ζλαρ δι βάριαιθ να οτομ.
 Ο έυαιό κόηηα (2) ελάρι
 Δι αν Όάλαδ τά ηιόν δι λυέτ ζριηη,
 Τά ρμύιο δι αν λά ζεαλ,
 'S ní ρνάμηανη δον ημεαε δι να τοιηη.

Οηρπειρ 'r α ελάιηρεαδ
 Δ σ'άριουζ (3) ζαδ ουιηε σ'ά έηιεόηι
 Δ'r αν ζλεαεαιόε οο βί [αζ] ραιηυεαλ (4)
 Δι Δηζυρ ζυη ζοιο ρέ ίό.
 Απολλο μαη λείζτεαρ
 Ό 'rέ έυζ αν τ-οιυεαδαρ οόίθ
 Δ ζυη δι ραυ λε η-α έεηε,
 'S ηφειηη αν Όάλαδ ná'η μέαυ ρύο λυέτ
 ceóil.

Όά ηβειόηηη-ρε μο ελίημεαδ
 ηρ ύμιαλλ έαρζαιό οο βέαρραινη δι ρεανη,
 ζο ρζηίοβραινη-ρε ρζέαλ βεαζ,
 'ηα βέαρραιθ ι λάρι λιε' ορ α έεανη,
 Δ ζηιοήη 'r α υεαζ-έηιέιτρε
 ηα εέαυέα ηί έυηηρεαυ α ζριονη (ρ),
 Δ'r ουβαιηιτ Ρεαέτύηηε αν μέαυ ρηη
 'R έιρ (5) αν Όάλαδ, μαη έαιέηηζ ρέ λιοη (6)

-
- (1) παθραέ, C. Όειη αν Cománac ζυη η'έ ρεο αν έεαυ βέαρρα.
 (2) Cόηηα = cόηηα.
 (3) "Δ σ'άριουζ" = οο άριουζ. Όυβαιηιτ αν Cománac μαη ρεο έ:
 "Sí αν ρηιύτ Δ'r αν ελάιηρεαδ α έαρραινζεαρ," ηε.
 (4) αν ζαυιυόε βί εζ αιηοιυλ (!), C.
 (5) "έειρ," S., recté "αν Όάλαζ."
 (6) ηί'λ αν βέαρρα ρο εζ αν ζCománac, αέτ τά βέαρρα ειτε αιζε.

There is no posy in any garden,
 And the leaves of the trees have cause to weep,
 To be falling downwards,
 And there is no green top on the tops of the bushes.
 Since a coffin of boards has gone
 Upon the Daly, there is grief on men of merriment ;
 There is a shadow on the bright day,
 And no fish swims upon the waves.

Orpheus and his harp,
 Who caused every man to forget his way (1),
 And the clever one who was watching
 Argus, till he stole away Io,
 Apollo as is written,
 Since it was he gave them the instruction,
 And to put them all together—
 The Daly was a better musician than they all.

If I were a clerk,
 It is obediently and rapidly I would seize the pen,
 I would write a little story
 In verses on the midst of a flag over his head.
 His acts and his good accomplishments
 Hundreds would not succeed in telling (2),
 And Raftery has said all that
 After the Daly—because I liked him.

(1) Literally: "Who hoisted every man from his direction."

(2) Literally: "Would not put to a ead," i.e., drive home to the listener.

բան ունի Երբայի մէ ճ ատ Եսնե Եսե. Աճ իճ մար Լեանար :
 Եճ ան Եստար թե Մեճար
 Ունեճարն Եսար մարտարն Եր-Եօճար
 Օ Երուճար-Ե-Ելարն
 'Տ Եր թն ճ Ուրեճար Լեան Եճար (?)
 Եճ Երուճար Ուն Երուճար
 Եճ Երուճար ' Ե Եճ Եճարն Երուճար
 Օ Երուճար ան Երար Երար
 Երարն Երուճար Եճ Երուճար ճ Երուճար.

Το βί αν Όάλας γο νο έαοιν αν Ρεαότύιηε 'να
 ύυιηε-υαράλ. Ό'ιηηιγ Μας υι Φηιηη, αγ Οηάηηόηι, ύαη,
 ζο ηβίοό οαράλλ ηαιε υιαλλαιυε ραοι ι ζοόηηυιόε, αζυρ
 ηαό ρειηηεαό ρέ αεόλ υο ηα υοαοιηβ αοιτόιοηηα αη έοη
 αη βιέ, άέτ αήάιη υο ηα υοαοιηβ υαιρλε, ό βί ρέ ρέιη
 υαράλ. Chuyi βειητ ρίοβαηηε ι ηζαίλλη υύβρλάν ραοι,
 αοη υαιρ αήάιη, αζ ιαηηιαιό αια ααα ιγ ρεαηη υέαηηαο
 ρίοβαηηεαέτ, αζυρ ηηηηεαοαη ηηειτέαη υε'η Ρεαότύιηε,
 όηι βί αλυα ηάιε αιγε, βίοό ηαό ηαιβ ρέ άέτ 'να
 ύηοό-ρειύοιλεαοόηι. Thuz αν Ρεαότύιηε αν βυαιό
 υο'η Όάλας.

Αζ γο αβηάη υο ηηηηε ρέ αζ ηολαό αν Όηύηαοιζ
 υο βί 'να έοήηηυιόε ι ηβέαλ-άέ-ηα-η-αιβηε αν υαιρ ηη.
 Ιγ άιτ βεαζ, τηι ηίλε υο'η ταοιβ έοηι υε Chηεαόήαολ,
 ι. Τά ρεαη-ηυιλεαηη λοιηζέε αηη, α ηαιβ ηυηηητη
 η-Ειόη 'να ηυιλλεόηηυβ αηη, αζυρ ηη έ αν ράέ αυειρ
 ρέ ζο ηρην "έοήηαη ηυιληη αζυρ άέα αηη." Τά αν
 ηυιλεαηη ι ηζοητ Ιηηηε ζυαηηε αζ ρεαη ααα αηοηρ. Ιγ
 ηη ραη άιτ έέαοηα υο ηάηη Μ'ηηαηταέ Ο η-Ειόη α
 ηυεαηηαοό αν Σύηιοβάηαέ αν τ-αβηάη αλύόαήαηλ αηη.
 Chióρτό αν λείζέεόηι ζο υτυητεαηη ηηιζ αν ζότα ζο
 ηηαζάηα υά υαιρ υέαζ ηη ραη ζοέαο βέαηηα αη ρυαηη
 ηα ληηηε "ι";—

The Daly for whom Raftery made this keene was a gentleman. Mr. Finn, of Oranmore, told me that he used always keep a good riding horse, and that that he used never to play music for the common people at all, but only for the gentry, because he was himself of gentle birth. Two pipers in Galway once challenged him to try which of them would pipe the best, and they made Raftery the judge, for he had a good ear although he was only an indifferent fiddler. Raftery gave the victory to Daly.

Here is a song he made in praise of the Burke, who was living in Ballinahevna, now Riverville! This is a little place three miles to the east of Craughwell. There is an old burnt mill there, in which the Hyneses were once the millers. And that is why he says that "there is conveniency of mill and kiln there." One of them has the mill in Gort now. It is in the same place Murty Hynes lived on whom T. D. Sullivan made the famous song. The reader will observe how the stress of the voice falls regularly twelve times in the first verse on the sound of the vowel *i* (ee) :—

béal-áta-na-haibne.

Τά άριυρ in ran tíri reo beiri caδairi vo [na] oaoimib
 'S níoiri bpaoa liom coiróce beie triáct airi,
 Sáruig ré an míogáct le féile 'r le oaoimnacé
 'S oá bpaopaoinn ríriob ríoir airi, béinn rápta.
 An té gluaríreao 'zcoir írioll (1) ar uair an meádon-
 oiróce
 Cloiríreao ré luét ríamra azur óanta,
 Szarao ar fion azur coimn o'á lionao
 'S ní iarííreao reari ríneao ríari mííte ann.

ní' l búrica in ran zóúige reó, blácaé ná búrínacé (2)
 Fhionnraé ná ríreari rí l n'óálaé
 Loimzreaoé ná Núinnhionn ná don oiróie oúítece
 Nári mnan leó zlaoaé zó teaoé p'háomai z (3)
 [Tá] raomíoin 'r lozao [ann], bionn rírearae á' r
 caδairi ann,
 [bionn] cóimzari muilinn azur áta,
 'S oá bpaáoinn-re mo míogann ar áitib an oomáin
 ir i mbáile-na-hamán vo b'feairi liom.

(1) "Co ríoraí," MS., "or írioll" an focal ceart, azur ir corimíil zó n-abairtar "az or írioll" mar "zcoir írioll."

(2) ní' l an béarra ro áct i n-A. amáin.

(3) "zó teaoé páomai z oe búrica" ran MS.

BALLINAHEVNA.

There is a dwelling in this country that gives assistance to people,
 And I should never think it long to be telling of it ;
 It surpassed (all in the) kingdom for generosity and humanity,
 And if I could write down about it I would be satisfied.
 Whoever would proceed secretly at the hour of midnight,
 He would hear there the people of merriment and poems,
 An out-pouring (4) of wine, and goblets being filled,
 And a man would never ask to stretch back (5) for a quarter-
 of-a-year there.

There is no Burke in this province, nor Blake, nor Brown,
 Nor French, nor elder of the seed of the Dalys,
 Nor Lynch, nor Nugent, nor any heir to an estate,
 But would desire to call in at the house of Patrick Burke.
 There is confession (heard there), indulgence (given), there is
 attendance and assistance there,
 There is conveniency of mill and kiln there ;
 And if I were to get my choice of the places of the world,
 It is Ballinahown (6) I would prefer.

(4) Literally : "A-scattering on wine."

(5) i.e., "go to bed."

(6) He calls it now *Dáite-na-h-aman* and now *Dáite-na-h-aibne*.
 The word, *aman*, has the two genitives still in common use.

Τά έιργ in ran δβαιν ανη αζυρ τορεα αρ έριανη ανη (1)

Duille bpeáz zlar azur rmeápta,
Seilínó d' r áirínoe, úbla 'r baláiríó (2)

Αζυρ μεαρ αζ ράρ αρ βάρη ζευς ανη.
Bíonn an éuac' anη αζ λαβαιρε ό Shámáin zo 'oti
Noúlaiz,

Bíonn r mólac' anη, epedáin, azur céirpedé,
An eilit i steannra αζ na zópaib' rna zleannraib'
'S an ríonnac' i ráinn (3) αζ na bléarain [r].

Τά coillte bpeáz péro anη, azur báinte oá péro rin (4)

Τά γελαδέ ανη, zrián azur peultain,
Seazal azur ráib, azur epuitneacé αζ ράρ ανη,
Ατά γεάμαρι αζυρ coirce cóz véir anη (5),
An treirpedé 'ran epirac' r na ríolta oá zpaécáó

'S na bánta o'á rzoilteacó ó céile,
Soitige o'á otollacó, bíonn coic ionnta 'r eocáin,
Αζυρ roiléin o'á bporzailt 'r o'á pérozpacé.

Boirio anη oá lezgan azur cócairíó αζ rpedrtaí

Míara anη 'r zpérore oá (6) óaoirre,
Decanter zo bárii (7) [lán-]líonta αρ an zclári
Le h-uirge le ríon d' r le nezur (8).

Na tancairio (9) anη parzazite r na zloimíó na n-áice,
'S óaoime uairle αζ ol rláinte a céile,

Táirpír o'á mbpedacó, azur oírle o'á zpaécáó,
Αζυρ ceóíta oá reinn αρ téaoaíb.

(1) Aliter, τά έιργ in ran linn, d' r zal-énóα αρ έrioinn.

(2) bláiríóe, G. (3) Reónaríio i steannra, G.

(4) "d' r roillre zan éclirp," A.

(5) "έme véir," A. "S toza véir," G.

(6) Aliter, "míara an velpi azur china." "Zpérozéro," S;
"Zpéro," G. Míre a léizopar "Zpérore." (7) Aliter, "d' r jars."

There are fish in the river there, and fruit upon the tree (10),
 Foliage fine and green, and blackberries,
 Cherries and sloes, apples and damsons,
 And fruit a-growing on the top of branches.
 The cuckoo be's there, speaking from November to Christmas,
 The thrush be's there, the woodcock and the blackbird ;
 The fawn is in straights from the hounds in the valleys,
 And the fox in trouble (?) from the Blazers (12).

There are fine open (13) woods there, and smooth-fields accordingly,
 There (shine) moon and sun and stars ;
 There is rye and rape and wheat a-growing,
 There is young green corn and oats that raised an ear.
 The team-of-six in the spring, and the seeds a-scattering,
 And the open-fields torn asunder (by the plough),
 Vessels being bored, there be's a cock in them and a key,
 And cellars being opened and cleared.

Tables there being laid, and cooks busy attending,
 Dishes there and jewels, no matter how dear ;
 Decanters, to the top full-filled, upon the board,
 With whiskey, with wine, and with negus.
 The tankards there, securely-held, and glasses beside them,
 And gentlemen drinking one another's healths .
 Backgammon being played, and dice being rattled,
 And music being performed on strings.

(8) Aliter, "tumbleer ann, punch a5ur ne5ur."

(9) na h-ancair, S. a5ur G.; "an farca," S.; "farca," G.

(10) Aliter: "Walnuts (literally, "foreign nuts") upon trees."

(11) Céirreac is said to be the cock blackbird, perhaps it is derived from ciar, "black."

(12) The Galway Hunt.

(13) Literally: "Ready" or "even," i.e. easily travelled.

Οινέαρ οά μείη ρη ο'ά υλλήμυζαό 'ρ ο'ά μείζτεαό
 βιονη τυρεαι ανη, πυιέρο α'ρ ζέαοα
 Αν λυαζάν 'ρ αν λαόα αζυρ αοιη-φεόιλ 'να η-αισε,
 Αζυρ μαητε-φεόιλ αι έοραό (1) να μείρε.
 Αν ποητάν 'ρ αν ζλιωμαό αν ανύοάν (2) 'ρ αν ποηηαό
 Αν ημαοάν 'ρ αν τυηαβοηο ζλευρτα,
 Αν λιύρ αρ αν μεαζαό (3), αν τποιρζ αρ αν βαλλαό,
 'ζυρ αν ταηταιρ νί έεαρταιζ[εαηη] ό'η ηρέαρτα.]

Μνά μαητε αν οοηαιη ηε πέηε αζυρ ρεαβερ,
 Αηηρύο ατά'η βεαν αα ηρ πέηε,
 Οά υτοπόόά (4) αζ Κοηαηζ ζαν κόμηνηο ζαν ρτοπαό
 'S οά ριύβαλφά έαηε τιμέιολλ να η-εηηεαηη.
 Ή'ι ναό ηβεηέ τυηηρεαό ό λύζηαρ ζο ηουλαηζ
 'ηα ρεαραιη 'ρ ι αζ ηιαρ αι λυέτ οέηηε.
 Ο έυαιό με ο'ά μολαό κλοηρρύο αν ποβαλλ!
 ζυη ραοα βείοεαρ τεαρταρ α ηηείηηε.

βιονη ρεαηηαό αζ λάηη ανη, α'ρ βαηβ³αζ εηάηη ανη,
 'S λοληζέεαό αι μαηοηη αζ ζέηηηηζ,
 Αραη αρ μύηηό η βράραό ζο ρύηηβ,
 Ηαιη αζυρ αοιηηζ αζ μείοηηζ.
 1 ζούηταρ μαη ρζηίοβ ηα η-ύζοαηη αιη ρίορ,
 Αη ηοόηζ νί όέαηραό με ηηέαζ αιη,
 1 ζεαηηοα να η ζούηζε ηε μέηηη αζυρ ηε μύηηαό
 Έυζ βέαλ-δέ'-ηα-ηαιβηε αν έηηαέβ λειρ.

(1) "Τειρεαό," S., μαη λαβαηηέαρ ζο ηηηηε η ζΟνηηαέταιό έ.

(2) "Ρόν," Α. (3) "ηοηα αζυρ μαοζαό," S.; "μεαηζαό" αν
 φοαλ έεαρ, ραοηηηη.

Dinner according, being prepared and got ready,

There be's turkeys there, pullets and geese,
The little fat lamb, and the duck, and mutton beside it,
And beef on the fore-front of the dish.

The crab and the lobster, the gurnet and the mackerel,
The salmon and the turbot dished up,
The pike and the meagach, the codfish and the ballach,
And the tortoise (turtle?) is not wanting at the feast.

(Talk of) the good women of the world with generosity and
excellence,

It is there is the woman of them who is most generous,
If you were to begin at Cork, without stop or stay,
And were to travel round about Ireland.

It is she who would not be weary from August to Christmas,
Standing and distributing to those who ask alms,
Since I have gone to praise her the people should hear
That long shall last the fame of her virtues.

The mare has a foal there, the sow has a bonham there,
And the milch cow in the morning is lowing,
Asses and mules in the long grass (5) to the eye,
Lambs and sheep a-bleating.

In their account, as the authors have written down about it,
Surely I shall tell no lie about it,
In (every) quarter and in (every) province, for good mien and for
courtesy,
Ballinahevna has taken with it the branch.

(4) "Ὅα ὑπεράνω," S.; "Ὅα ὑπεριόρα ἴσο," A.

(5) Literally: "In a wilderness."

'Do bí mo Reacúirne an méirneamail, áirio-aigean-
 tac, aḡur, maí veiri na Muimniḡ, neam-ḡpleadac. Com
 boct aḡur bí ré níor éiom ré a céann maí moim veine
 ari bit, móri ná beas, aḡur níor mol ré act an veine vo
 bí ion-molta. 'Do fáoil an muinntiri ḡhalloa an uairi
 rin, maí fáoileasari i n-aimrii Irbéil tri céao bliad-
 an moime rin, nac maib don ornam ari an oileán níor
 baogalaidge ná riobairiúe ari reacrán, beirileasóirúe,
 aḡur luct-riubail, óiri bioasari ro uile go léiri ari éaoib
 na nosoine, aḡur bí ré ari a ḡcumar ḡḡealta vo
 éabairt leó ó aic go h-aic ari fuo na tíre; aḡur nuairi
 buailead an olige ḡhalloa a éruca in a leicéio ve
 veine boct, b'ole vo é. Veiri riad ḡur éaic an Reac-
 túirne tri moira i bhriórún i nḡallim maí ḡeall ari
 abrián vo rinne ré i n-aḡaid ná h-eaḡlaire ḡalloa (1)
 aḡur ni' l mé 'maó nac rióir é, óiri tá riór aḡam go maib
 Ciarriúeac boct ann, i n-aimrii an óroó-faoḡail, vo
 cuiread i bhriórún ari read tri mi ari ron abrián vo
 ḡabail ari ḡriáo ḡriáiglige, aḡur ir cinnte nac ḡrói-
 áirúe an Reacúirne. 'Do tugad é, lá eile, i látairi
 lúirtri an tSiocáin i mbail-áe-an-riḡ aḡur éuasari
 v'á ceirtmuḡad. Ni ḡreagórad an Reacúirne aet i
 nḡaeóeilḡ. Ir vóig ḡur tuig ré beairle, aet ní mear-
 aim ḡur labair ré é. Cuiread riór ari míniḡtéoir, óiri
 ní maib don ḡhaeóeilḡ aḡ an lúirtri móri ro. 'Duó é an

(1) B'éirim ḡur v'é reo an "Cúir v'á ple."

(2) Perhaps the song of the Cuis da ple, or "Cause a-plead-
 ing."

(3) The singer, an O'Brien, was thrown into jail for three
 months for singing a harmless enough song, of which the follow-
 ing is one verse. It is a wonderful attempt to rhyme in
 English after the Irish fashion to the air of "Sighle ni Gaidhre":

Rafferty was always very courageous, high-spirited, and independent. As poor as he was he never bowed his head before any man, great or small, and he never praised any one but such as was praiseworthy. The Gallda or foreign party thought at that time, just as they thought in Elizabeth's time 300 years before, that there were no people in the island more dangerous than strolling pipers, fiddlers, and travellers of that kind, for these were altogether on the side of the people, and it was in their power to carry tidings with them from place to place throughout the country, and when once the Gallda law had struck its hook into any such poor man it fared badly with him. They say that Rafferty spent three months in prison in Galway for a song which he made against the foreign Church (2), and I think it quite possible, for I know that there was a poor Kerryman (3) about the time of the great Famine who was thrown into prison for three months for singing a song on the street of Tralee, and it is certain that Rafferty would not have been spared. He was taken another day before a justice of the peace in Athenry, and they proceeded to question him. Rafferty would only answer in Irish. No doubt he understood English, but I do not think that he spoke it. An interpreter was sent for, because the great justice had no Irish. The first question they put to him was,

No misery nor confUsion shall rUin you, dear Patrick,
 Your long persecUtion shall end sUrely next harvest;
 In socious (?) days and bLOOming green gardens,
 You may taste of her frUits but no bOOrs can do harum.
 Be not dismAyed by the Cromwellian black breed,
 They'll vanish like vipers, their fAte is decreed,
 No time shall be spAred them to tAich them the creed,
 When surOUNded by thOUSands of the stOUTest Milaesians,
 We'll banish all scOUNderls OUT of these nations!

δέδο δειρε δειμεσοει αιη, “Cá βρειλ tú το δόμνιουδ?”
 Τά υά δέιλλ λειρ αν βροκαλ πο—Cá δόμνιουζεαν tú,
 αζυρ κά μβιονν tú αζ λειζεαν το ρζιτ? Νιορ φέδο μσο
 αιη βιτ ρζανηιαδ το έυι αιη αν Ρεαδότημε αζυρ
 ο’φμεαζαιρ ρέ αν έύιητ λε μανη :—

1 η-Οριάνμορ δτάιμ ’μο δόμνιουδ

1 ηζαιλλίμ δτά μο έεαδ

1 οCυαίμ

.

Τά αν υά λίνε ρεο δόμ ζάμρδαιλ ηαδ βρέδουαίμ α ζευρ
 ι ζελό. Το μίνιζεαδ αν μανη μι-νάιμεαδ πο, ποκαλ αιη
 ποκαλ, το’η ιύιρτίρ λειρ αν βρεαιρ ειλε, αέτ το ζλαοδ
 αμαδ αν Ρεαδότημε ηαδ μαιβ ριαδ μίνιζέτ ι ζεαριτ
 αιζε. Ουβαιητ αν ρεαιρ ειλε ζο μαιβ; το έυζ αν Ρεαδ-
 ότιμε α μιονηα ηαδ μαιβ. Ιρ ανηηιην ο’έιμζ αν clampαιρ
 αζυρ αν άμζύιητ ιοιη αν υά ρεαιρ. Το βμρ α έυο
 ροιζοε αιη αν ιύιρτίρ ρά οειμεαδ, αζυρ έιομάιμ ρέ αν
 βειητ ασα αμαδ.

Νιορ ρζανηιουζεαδ λε μσο αιη βιτ έ. Οηί ρέ οε
 μειρνεαδ αιζε βεαζάν μαζαίο το οέαηαίμ ανοιρ αζυρ
 αιηρ, ρά ραζαιητ ρέμ. Οηί ρεαιρ ι ζCμιορταδάν ι η-αιε
 λε θαίλ-λοδ-μ’αέ, αζυρ το ζοιρεαδ, αον οιοδε αίμάιμ,
 υά δέδο ερην ζαδάιρτε υαιδ. Το λαβαιρ αν ραζαιητ
 ο’η αλτοίρ αιη αν οβαιρ ζήάηηα ριη, αζ μάδ ζο μβυδ
 μόρ αν ρζανηαιλ έ. Νυαιρ βι ρέ αζ λαβαιητ έυζ ρέ ρά
 οεαιρ αν Ρεαδότημε το βειτ ιη ραν ζεμυιηιουζαδ, αζυρ
 ουβαιητ ρέ: “Cέαιρ’ο οειρ τυρδ, α Ραιρτεμ, λειρ αν
 βρεαιρ το ζοιο αν ζαδάιρτε?”

"Where are you living?" Now this has two meanings—Where do you live? or, Where are you resting or idle? Nothing could frighten Raftery, and he answered the court in a rann:—

In Oranmore I am living,
 In Galway is my house,
 In Tuam

The last two lines are not suitable for print. This shameless rann was interpreted word for word to the magistrate by the other man, but Raftery shouted out that he had not interpreted them rightly. The other man said he had; Raftery swore he had not; and then there arose such a wrangling and an arguing between the two that the magistrate at last lost his patience and drove the pair of them out.

He was never terrified at anything, and he was bold enough to poke a little fun now and again even at a priest. There was a man in Crostachan, near Loughrea, and two hundred heads (1) of cabbage were stolen from him one night. The priest spoke from the altar about this ugly business, saying how it was a great scandal. As he was speaking he observed that Raftery was in the congregation, and he asked: "What do you say, Raftery, of the man who stole the cabbage?"

(1) Literally: "Trees."

Shaoil an Reacúime suir éirí an ragaire an iomaire-
cuibé ruime i muo beas ve'n tróire, agus glaoó ré
amác:—

Δ Δάιρ, ασειμim-re
An té d'it dá éas emann gabáirte
So mbuó móri é a é'ráirte!
Dá mbeit rias bhuitte ar feóil
So muirfadó ré an paráirte!
Ó' r tuar, Δ Δάιρ, wo éait
Cóm raso i zcoláirte,
Ar léiz tú riam
An oimeas rin ar gabáirte?

Bhí ré uil tuilleadó wo éirí leir rin, áct wo bac an
ragaire é.

Bhí ragaire eile, lá, agus múndó óó ráirte wo baír-
teadó, óir wo bí tigéte ragaire ar muo na tíre rin Δ
b'ras ó ragaire ar bí, agus bí an ceairt ΔS uaoimib
rperialta leimb wo baírteadó dá mbeit eazla báir oimia.
Wo éirí an ragaire rean-hata caíte ar láim an Reac-
úime, amáil agus dá mbuó ráirte wo bí ann, agus wo
múim ré wo na focail wo bí aige le ráó. Áct ir é
duubaire an Reacúime:—

Bairrim tú Δ leimb, zan tóin, zan ceann
Zan uirge, zan galann, zan b'raon ve'n leann,
Zri tonna baírte wo buaireadó ar wo éann,
Reite bí i d'áirí, agus caora in wo máirí,
Agus wo leiteir-re le baírteadó ní éimig riam in mo
láirí.

(1) The felt hat was made out of wool. There was not
a county in Ireland but made its own felt hats in those days.

(2) Literally:

Rafferty, who thought that the priest was making too much of a small affair of the kind, cried out:—

Father, I say,
 He who ate two hundred heads of cabbage,
 That great was his courage!
 If they had been boiled with meat
 Sure they would satisfy the parish!
 Since it is you, father, who have spent
 So long in college,
 Did you ever read
 That much about cabbage?

He was going to add more to this when the priest stopped him.

There was another priest, one day, who was teaching him how to baptise a child, for there were houses scattered about in that country far from any priest, and certain people had the right to baptise children if in danger of death. The priest placed an old worn-out hat in Rafferty's hand, as though it were a child that was in it, and taught him the words he had to say. But what Rafferty said was:—

I baptise thee, my child, without bottom or top,
 Without water or salt, or of whiskey one drop,
 The three waves baptismal I pour on thy top;
 A ram was thy father, a sheep was thy mother (1),
 And I never am like to baptise such another (2).

I baptise thee, O child, without bottom, without head,
 Without water, without salt, without a drop of the ale;
 Three waves of baptism have been struck on thy head.
 A ram was thy father, a sheep thy mother,
 And your like to baptise never came in my way (before).

Δὲ γιν μάρι ἐυαλαῖὸ μέ ἀν μανν ὁ ρίοβαίρη 1 ἕConoδῆ
 να ἑαλλίμη, ἀέτ ἡ ἰομῶδ κυρ-γίορ ἀτᾶ ἀρη. Δὲ γο
 ceann eile :—

Βαίρητμ ἐύ, ἀ λεινῖ, ὁ ἐόιν ἕο ceann
 ἕαν ολα, ἕαν ῥαἕαρη, ἕαν ρυίρη, ἕαν λeann,
 Ὀ'ἀέταιρ 'ρ το μᾶέταιρ νί ρέιουρ λιom ῥάξαιλ
 ἀέτ 'ρ ἐύ ἀν ολα ἀ Ὀ'ῥάρ ἀρ ἀν ἕαορη βᾶιν,
 Δἕυρ μαίουρ λε ριαόνυρη νί'λ ἕνοῦα ἀα ἀνη

Δὲ γο κυρ-γίορ eile ἀρη :—

Βαίρητμ ἐύ, ἀ λεινῖ, ἕαν ἀμᾶν, ἕαν βιαῶ,
 1 n-onóρη το'η ῥαἕαρη 'ρ λε ἕμᾶῶ το Ὀια,
 'ἑῆ ἀν τ-αιnm το βειρημ ορη "ἕeαν-ἑάιβίν λια!"

Δὲ γο ἀνοίρ μάρι το ἰνol ἀν ῤεαῑτίμη ῥαἕαρη μαίῑ.
 Chuαλαῖὸ μέ ἕυρ το μυννητιρ Ὀhubῥláinge το βί ἀν
 ῥαἕαρη γο. 1ρ τοῖḡ ὀ'η ἀβμᾶν ἕο μαιῖ ῥῆ 'να ῥαἕαρη 1
 ἕCillcoρηᾶιν, ἀηαιce λε Ομᾶνμῶρη, 1 ηḡαρη το'η ἀιτ m
 ἀρ κυρηαῶ ἀν ῤεαῑτίμη ρέιν, 'να Ὀιαḡ ῥην (1) :—

(1) Το βί ῥῆ 'να ῥαἕαρη ραμᾶρητε ἀḡ Ὀμοῖῑeαο-α-ἑλᾶρηῖν. ἕυαῶ
 "ραμᾶρητε ἑίλλcoρηᾶιν" ἀρ Ὀμοῖῑeαο-α-ἑλᾶρηῖν ἀν υαιρ ῥην. βί ceαῑ

That is how I heard the rann from a piper in the county Galway, but there is many a version of it. Here is another:—

I baptise thee, my child, from bottom to top,
 Without oil, without priest, or of whiskey a drop;
 Your father and mother they cannot be found,
 But you are the wool of the sheep on the ground;
 No witness is wanting for this, I'll be bound.

Here is another version:—

In honour of God and the priest, I mean
 To baptise you, your like, child, I never have seen,
 And the name that I'll call you is "Grey Ould Caubeen."

Here now is how Raftery praised a good priest. I heard that this priest was one of the Delanys (?). Apparently from the song he was a priest in Kilcornan, near Oranmore, close to the place where Raftery himself was buried afterwards:—

an traidair an uair rin as an zClod-áir, áit no dtairigeab zc
 Omoiceas-a-cláirín é tar éir rin.

ΔΗ Τ-ΑΤΑΙΡ UILLIAM.

Σαοζάλ ραο αζ αν λεόμαν το ρζαρραό αν τ-όη,
 'S ní leanann ré áct nóρ α úoime,
 θεαζάν ο'ά ρόρτ το ζεοβρά in ραν τοόηρε,
 Τά α τεαρταρ in ραν Ρόίη έαλλ ρζηιοβέα.
 Το τόζραό α ζλόρ δ η-α ηρεααό να ρλόιζτε
 'S τά [α] ιμτεαάτ ζο μόρ le Μδοιρε,
 'S ζυρ ζεαλλ έ ορ άρ ζομόαιρ ι ζCιλλ-κορηάιν Όια
 Όόμναιζ
 Le η-αιηγιολ ραοι έλόαα Χηριορτα.

Σύο έ αν ρίηευη, ζλαν-έριυιτνεαάτ να ηζαέθεαλ,
 'S ρηανη-ρεαρτα να έλέηε αν ηοόιζ,
 Α ράμαιλ ι λέιζεαν ní ζεοβρά in το ηέιη
 Όά ριύβαλρά ζο λέηη Cηιοό ρόόλα.
 'Sé τεαζαρζ α βέιλ, 'να ρεαράη 'να λέηε
 Το ζλανραό ζο ηέιό αν βόταρ,
 'S ηαά αοιβιηη το'η τηέαο ατά ραοι να ρζέιτ
 Μά έηεηοεαν ριαο Reult αν Εόλυρ.

(1) The Irish pronounce Uilliam (William) like Liam (Leeam), dropping the first syllable.

(2) This is the metre of the original, except that Raftery makes all his rhymes on the O sound, which I have only kept up in the first half of the verse. His second verse is all on the AE sound. Whatever vowel he begins a verse with he keeps it up to the end, making in all twelve rhymes upon it. Literally:—
 Long life to the lion who would scatter the gold, And he only

FATHER LEEAM (1).

He's the priest of the fOld who scatters his gOld,
 'Twas the way of the Old Delanys ;
 There are few of his mOuld in this country, I'm tOld,
 But his name in ROme it is famous.
 When he raises his voice and he pleads in Christ's cause,
 He makes sinners to pause, he looks through us ;
 He seemed in Kilcornin that Sunday morning
 Like an Angel of God sent to us (2).

That is the righteous one, the clean-wheat of the Gaels,
 And the standing prop of the clergy surely ;
 His like, in learning, you would not get in your course,
 If you were to travel altogether the Land of Fodhla (3).
 It is the teaching of his mouth, and he standing in his robes (4),
 That would clear smoothly the road,
 And is it not happy for the flock who are under his shield
 If they believe the Star of Knowledge (5).

follows the custom of his people ; Few of his sort you would find
 in the diocese, His character is written beyond in Rome. His
 voice would lift from their sin the hosts, And his going is greatly
 with Moses, And sure he is the same before us in Kilcornin an
 Sunday, As an angel under the cloak of Christ.

(3) Pronounced "Fola," i.e., Ireland.

(4) Literally : "Shirt."

(5) Or "guiding-star."

Σέ αν τ-Αΰται 'Λιαμ αν τεαΰταιμε ριαλ,
 Όο μίνφραδύ όοίβ ριαλλ αζυρ κόμιαίμε,
 'S ζο ρζαρραδύ ρέ αν ραοζάλ κόιη ραιηρινζ 'r κόιη ριαλ
 Μαη Λαγανηρ αν ζημαν ιη ραν βρόζιμαρ.
 Νιοη οηουιζ να ναοιή άέτ ρεαιτ αζυρ υλιζε
 'S ζαν ταιρζε να μαοιη υο κόμιαίμεαη (1),
 Δ βραααίό ριβ άμιαή αζυρ βίοό ρέ 'η βυη νοιαιζ (2)
 Νι βέιό άρ αν Σλιαβ ριζιη μόμιαιβ υέ.

Δ ροβαιλ ζο λέηη, ρηειυό μο ρζάλ
 Μαη ιη άιζε άτά αν βεул ιη ραοιηε
 Νά ρεηεαβαρ (3) να η-έαν 'r να ρεόλτα να υτευο
 Όά ρειηη ραοι άέυειη να ηοιόέ.
 Ιr έ λεαζραδύ αν ρέαλα ναέ υτεηλζρεαδύ 'r ναέ
 υτρείζρεαδύ,
 Αζυρ ζλανραυέαη Λά αν τΣλέιβε Δ άαοιηιζ,
 1 βρλαυέαη Μηιϋ Όέ ζο μαιβ ρέ 'r Δ έηρευο,
 Μεαηζ άβηταλ άρ ναοιή υά ζαοοίμαη.

(1) Δ κόμιαίμε, S. (2) Αζυρ βέίυεαέ ρε υιαιζ, S.

(3) ρεηιύη, S., ιη μαη ρηη Λαβαηηέαη έ.

It is Father Leeam who is the generous messenger,
 Who would teach them sense and good counsel,
 And he would distribute the world as broadly and generously
 As the sun gives its light in the harvest.
 The saints never ordained anything but right and law,
 And not to be counting up hoards or goods,
 All that ye ever saw, and let it be (left) after ye ;
 There shall not be before ye one penny of it upon the Moun-
 tain (4).

O, ye people, altogether, believe ye my story,
 For it is he who has a mouth more gentle
 Than the warbling of birds, or the music of strings
 Being played beneath the airs of night.
 It is he who would place the seal that would not fly asunder or
 desert,
 And on the Day of the Mountain (5) his sheep shall be
 cleansed ;
 In the Heavens of the Son of God may he and his flock be,
 Amongst apostles and saints, being sheltered.

(4) "On the Mountain" is an Irish equivalent for "at the Judgment Day."

(5) The Judgment Day.

Τά να κατεύγτε μὸ μὸρ ἰ νσίαιζ ἰμῖτε δ' ἄ οίλ,
 ἱρ νονα ' ἢ μσο βῆσο νο οίονμ,
 Δγ μελλὰδ βαν ὄγ, ' ἄ ὅταρμῖαινετ ὄδ ὅτρεοίμ,
 Ὅαμμυζεαην γέ μὸρίαν μῖλτε.
 Δη ὅρεαμ δ ἑέρθεαρ ταβάρτα (1) ὅο ὄρῖμ δ' ἄ ὅο
 ῥοίτ,
 βέρὸ ρῖαυ ζο ροίλ ὄδ ἔδοιμεαδ,
 Δρ ἔδοίβ Chnuic να ηΘεοίμ βέρὸ δαα " ὁόον,"
 ' S Mac Mhuire ὄδ ῥοίμῖζιτε ὄιόβτα [= ὄοίβ].

Ρευδάζαῖὸ υαίβ (2) ρυλ ἔιυερδρ ἀη υαιρ,
 Δ μβέρὸ ἀη ζαυ ρυαῖὸ ἀρ ρευσταίβ,
 ἱ ζοόμῖα ραολ κύμῖανζ, ζαν ἔαρμῖαην νά ρύμν
 Δὲτ ἰομαυ ὅαολ (3) ἀζυρ πέριτε.
 βέρὸ βυῖ λαρὰδ ' ἄ βυῖ ηζμυαδ (4) ὁομ ὅυβ λειρ ἀη
 ηζυαδ,
 Δζυρ ριβ-ρε ζαν μεαβδρ ζαν ἔιρτεαὲτ
 βέρὸ βυῖ ζοορρ ἰη ραν υαίμ δ' ἄ βυῖ λεαα ὁομ ρυαρ
 λειρ ἀη ρνεαὲτα ἀρ κύλ να ζῆρμε.

Sέ ὅερμαδ ὄο ἱζείλ, ἀζυρ ρερῖοιζὸ ἐ,
 Ζο μελλταρ μὸ ὄεαν (5) ἀη ραοζαλ-ρο,
 ' S ζυῖ ὅυινε ζαν ἔείλ ζῆρθεαρ ραὶὸβρεαρ ὄο ρέημ,
 ' S ναὲ λεαναν δ λειρ ζο ὅερμαδ.
 Μαοιη ἀζυρ ἱτόρ, ἀηγεαυ δ' ἄ ὄμ,
 ηῖ' λ ἰοηητα ἀὲτ ρεὸ ἀμεαρζ ὅαοιμε,
 S ζυῖ ριλε ζαν τρεοίμ (6) νάμ ἔρμῖηηζ ριζῖη ρόρ
 Ὅο ἔυζ ὅαοιβ-ρε ἀη ὁόμῖαῖλε ἔρῖοηα.

(1) Pronounced τόρητα. (2) ρευδ αἱζῖὸ, MSS.

(3) ὄιαζαῖλ, MSS. (4) βῖ δ' ἄ μ λαρὰ ' ἄ δ ηζμυαζ, MSS.

(5) Ρο ὄεαν=ζο μὸ ὄιαν. (6) Aliter, "rake ὄ'ρεαρ ρεὸίλ."

(7) i.e., this also means at the Day of Judgment.

(8) Literally: "And the Son of Mary (may He be) to the

The temptations are too great after play and drink,
 Pride and arrogancy are a poor thing ;
 Deceiving young women and drawing them from right-conduct
 Damns many thousands.

The people who are given to adultery and drunkenness,
 They shall yet be bewailing it,
 On the side of the Hill of Tears (7) they shall have "Ochone,"
 And may the Son of Mary relieve them for it! (8)

Look from ye, before the hour shall come,
 In which the hard gad shall be upon the hundreds,
 In a thin narrow coffin, without over us or under us,
 But a quantity of beetles and of worms.
 Ye're blush and ye're countenance shall be as black as the coal,
 And ye without feeling, without hearing,
 Ye're body in the tomb, and ye're cheek as cold
 As the snow is at the back of the sun.

It is the end of my story, and believe ye it,
 That this world is deceived very strongly,
 And that he is a person without sense who makes riches for
 himself

And does not follow his lease (?) directly.
 Goods and store, silver and gold,
 There is in them nothing but a mist among people,
 And sure he is a rake of a musician (9), who never yet put
 together a penny,
 Who has given ye the wise counsel!

relieving of it (i.e., their cry of ochone) for them." "óóib" is pronounced óópa in parts of Galway, in some parts of Connacht óópa.

(9) Another version has "a poet without means." This jest at himself, after all his seriousness, is very characteristic. It is meant to mollify anyone who might be displeased at his preaching.

Νυαίη βί αν Ρεαότύηε ός το βιοό ρέ ζο μινιc ι
 υτις μόνι Chill-δουόιν αζυρ βί μεαρ αζ μάτ αιη
 Φηραίνε Ταρε αιη, όηι ταις ρί ναό βυαόαιλλ κοιτόιν
 το βί ανη. Δότ ní μαη ρην το Θηρίζιο αν κόοαιηε το
 βί in ραν τις μόνι. Όο μίαιό ρί αιη, ζαό ζηειμ αζυρ
 ζαό βλοζαμ [bolζαμ] το β'είζην τί έαβαιηε τοό. Μιορ
 μίαν λέι, ná λειη να ρεαηβρόζαηταιβ ειλε, ζο mbeié αν
 τρεαν-μιάζιητρεαρ όοη ράόβαιαό ρην το ρεαη-ρεαόρίαιη
 μαη αν Ρεαότύηε. Τθάηλα ζο β'βυαίη Θηρίζιο, αν
 κόοαιηε, βάη, νυαίη βί αν Ρεαότύηε ό βαιλε, αζυρ νυαίη
 έάιηις ρέ αιήρ ζο Cill-δουόιν έυαλαίο ρέ ρην. “Cά'υιλ
 ρί κυρτα?” αι ρέ λειη αν μιάζιητρεαρ νυαίη βίοοαιη αζ
 τεαότ αμαό αι αν ρείρβάλ le céile. Ρυζ αν τρεαν
 βεαν-υαηαλ έ ζο υτι αν υαιζ. Chuaió αν Ρεαότύηε
 αι α όά ζλίηη, βαιη ρέ α ηατα όέ, αζυρ λαβαιη ρέ αν
 μανη ρο :—

Μαοιόημ έύ α λειc

Ζαν Θηρίζιο το λειζεαν αμαό (1)

Ζιορμαίζ ρί άη ηνεοό

αζυρ νάιηις ρί άη υτεαό

αζυρ ανοιρ α Θηρίζιο ό έάρηα τυρα ι βρεαρτ

Τημομαό ρίορμυιόε οηε, αζυρ ταηε!

Όο βιοό α βαιηαίαιλ έινητε ρέηη αζ αν Ρεαότύηε
 ι ζοόηηυιόε, αζυρ ηίοη βρεαη έ το λεαηραό βαιηαίηλα
 υοοιηε ειλε ζαν ιαυ το ηεαόάοαιη. Ό'ηηηη ράορμαίζ
 Ο η-Δοιό, ι ζCλάη Chloinne Μηηιηη, υαη, ρζέαλ βεα ζ

(1) Aliter :—

“Μαοιόημ έύ α λειc

Ζαν Θηρίζιο το λειζεαν υαιε,”

όηη λαβαιητέαρ “υαιε” μαη αν βέαηηα weλ ζο μινιc ι ζCοηηαόταιβ;

When Raftery was young he used to be often at the Big House in Killeaden, and Frank Taafe's mother had a wish for him, because she understood that it was no common boy that was in him. But not so with Bridget, the cook who was in the Big House. She grudged him every bite and every sup she had to give him. She did not like, nor did the other servants like, that the old mistress should be so favourable to a wandering stroller like Raftery. It chanced that Bridget the cook died at a time that Raftery was away from home, and when he came back to Killeaden he heard it. "Where is she buried?" said he to the mistress, when they were coming out of the chapel together. The old lady brought him over to the grave. Raftery went on his two knees, took off his hat, and said this rann:—

I order (2) thee, O Flag,
Not to let Bridget out;
She curtailed our drink,
And she disgraced our house.

And now, O Bridget, since thou hast happened beneath the
tomb,
Drought eternal on thyself, and thirst!

Raftery used always to have his own settled opinion, and he was not a man that would follow others' opinions without weighing them. Patrick O h-Aoidh, or Hughes, of Claremorris, told

ἀστ ἢ βοῦντων λέα, — λέα, τεῖα, τεῖα.

(2) μασιότιμ is rather "I proclaim" or "announce." μασιότιμ οἱ ε
é = I grudge it to you.

'd'á éaduib, a gsur é 'na gárún, a éioctuirgear cómh vána
 a gsur bí ré. Bhí fear ann uair b'ainm Concúbairi O Lia-
 váin, i ngarí oo Cíll-dováin, a gsur bí tui bainb aige le
 síol. Thiomáin ré arteaó go Coilltemaó íao, a gsur
 céannuiré feari éigin ceann aca ar oót ríllimib a gsur
 g'eall ré go vtiúbriao ré na h-oót rílline oo Choncu-
 bairi i gcionn cúpla lá. O'iméig mí éaric, a gsur ní bfuairi
 Concúbairi an t-aiugíoo. Dubairic ré annrín, le n-a mác,
 ruzán oo tabairic leir, a gsur vool go teaó an úuine reo
 a maib an banb aige, Oia Oóinnairé, nuairi beicé ré a g
 airmuonn, a gsur an banb oo tabairic abairle leir. Rinne
 an mac amlaio, a gsur ar b'illeao óó, cafaó orieam ga-
 rún oó ar an mbótar, a gsur íao a g caiteam chairíoe. Bí
 an Reaóúiric óg 'na mearg. Leig na buaóallíoe eile
 oo'n gárún an banb oo éiomáint leir, aóit ní mar rín
 oo'n Reaóúiric. Zhlaoo reiréan amac nári céaric a gsur
 nári cóiri an banb oo leigean abairle leir, mar nári b'é
 an banb céavna oo bí ann anoir, aóit banb níor fearri
 a gsur níor maíria oo fuairi biaó a gsur beaóugaó míora,
 ar éorcar an úuine eile. Shaoil ré b'ieic ar an ruzán,
 aóit ríic an Liaovánaó óg uaió. Lean an Reaóúiric é,
 a gsur bí ré teaóit ruzar leir, óiri má bí ré 'na vóall réin,
 bí ré an gárta. Nuairi éonnairic an buaóall eile rín
 oo fear ré go cíum g'an coirugaó coir taoibe an bótarí,
 a gsur leig ré oo'n Reaóúiric ríic a b'rao éairí. Oo
 fear an Reaóúiric a gsur éuirí ré cluar air, a gsur nuairi
 nári éualaió ré vavaió, g'laoo ré amac "huiríar!
 huiríar!" O'f'riaearí an míc é. Chuadaió ré rín,
 ríic ré éuici, ríic ré ar an míora, a gsur níor fear guri
 éuirí ré an banb ar air airí in ran g'rió ar a vóainig
 ré.

me a little story about him when he was a gossoon, which proves how bold he was. There was a man in it called Connor Lyden, near Killeaden, and he had three bonhams (1) to sell. He drove them into Coillemach (2), and a certain man bought one of them for eight shillings, and promised that he would give Conor the money in a couple of days. A month went by, and Conor had not received the money. He said then to his son to take sugaun with him and to go to the house of the man who had the bonham, on a Sunday, when he would be at Mass, and to bring the bonham home with him. The son did so, and as he was returning he met a number of gossoons on the road, and they pitching buttons. Young Raftery was amongst them. The other lads allowed the gossoon to drive the bonham with him, but not so Raftery. He cried out that it was neither right nor just to let the bonham home with him, because it was not the same bonham that was in it now, but a better and a fatter bonham who had received food and nurture for a month at the other man's expense. He thought to lay hold of the sugan, but young Lyden ran away from him. Raftery followed him, and was coming up with him, for if he was blind itself he was very souple. When the other boy saw that, he stood silently, without moving, by the side of the road, and allowed Raftery to run far past him. Raftery stood up and put an ear on himself (listened intently), and when he did not hear anything he cried out, "Hurrish! Hurrish!" The pig answered him. He heard it, ran to it, seized the rope, and never stopped until he had put the bonham back in the sty from which it came.

(1) i.e., "young pigs." (2) This correct spelling of the present ridiculous "Kiltimagh" ought to be revived.

Fada éimeadú do éarriamais an Reachtúime fearis Fhriainc
 Tuarfe ari féin. Do bí pleire d'gurf fearra d'g an t'ig
 mór, d'gurf bí an t-ól d'g éirige zann, d'gurf cuirheadú
 fearib'rózanta d'g marcuigeadú le uul zo uti an baile
 móri le tuilleadú do éabairt amad. U'iarri an fearib-
 rózanta ari an Reachtúime teadú leir. Léimeaduar ari óa
 éapall d'gurf amad leó. Togá capall do bioú d'g Fhrianc
 Tuarfe, d'gurf bioú meaf móri aige oirra. Shaoil an
 fearib'rózanta óa mbeir an Reachtúime uall, féin, nac
 maib' baogal ari, ma' ma'adú an óa éapall le céile,
 d'gurf beir ré féin anaise leir, d'gurf ma'oiri leir an
 Reachtúime ní r'gannriódadú muo ari bir é. U'iméigeaduar
 ma' r'ri an éoir-an-áirve t'riú an oirde, adú ari éuma
 éigin do r'gannriódadú ó céile. Tháinig capall an Reac-
 túime zo caradú obann in ran mbótar, d'gurf é a lán-
 luadaf. Nio' féadú ré tionntóú i n-am, d'gurf éadú ré
 ve léim i bpoll-móna d'gurf báiteadú é. Ari éigin táinig
 an Reachtúime r'aoi, adú nio' éadú mé gur zoircuig-
 eadú, féin, é. Ueir r'áoirais O h-aoiú liom gur b'é reo
 an t-áobair r'á' r' fás ré Cill-aoiúin, óir bí fearis áir-
 béal ari Fhrianc Tuarfe nuair éadú ré gur báiteadú
 a éapall b'eadú, d'gurf ruais ré an r'ile boct ari r'ao ari
 Chill-aoiúin.

Ueir curó gur cum ré abrián Chill-aoiúin tar éir
 r'ri, cum r'ioctáin do uéanám le Fhrianc Tuarfe, d'gurf
 nac'otáinig ré féin aige leir, adú gur míin ré é o'fear
 boct do bioú d'g zabal na t'ire d'gurf d'g ceannadú
 ceirteadú, le n-a r'adú do míinnri' an t'ige móiri. Adú
 ueir uoime eile zo n'uarriadú ré zéall le r'ile éigin
 eile ari Tháillín (éadú mé an t-ainm adú ní éuin-
 nígin ari) zo mol'adú ré a éonadú féin nio' fearri ná

In the end he drew upon himself the anger of Frank Taafe. There was a great feast going on at the Big House, and the drink was getting scarce, and a servant was sent riding to go to the town to bring out more. The servant asked Raftery to come with him. They leapt upon two horses, and off with them. Choice horses Frank Taafe used to have, and a great regard he had for them, too. The servant thought that even if Raftery was blind there was no fear of him, because the two horses would go together, and he himself would be near him; and as for Raftery nothing in the world would daunt him. Accordingly they were off at full gallop through the night, but in some way they separated from one another. Raftery's horse came to a sudden turning in the road, and it going at its full speed. It could not turn in time, but went of a leap into a boghole and was drowned. With difficulty Raftery escaped, but I did not hear that he was even hurt. Mr. Hughes tells me that this was the reason of his leaving Killeaden, because Frank Taafe was dreadfully angry when he heard that his fine horse was drowned, and he banished the poor poet out of Killeaden altogether.

Some say that it was after this he composed the song of Killeaden to make peace with Frank Taafe, and that he did not come himself to him with it, but taught it to a poor man who used to be travelling the country, buying rags, that he might repeat it for the people of the Big House. But others say that he made a bet with a certain other poet from Galway (I heard the name, but I forget it) that he would praise his own county

mólpaó an fear eile Conoáé na Sailleime, agus sup
 fásasas an breiteamhar fá Fhianc Tadafe. Duó é
 an Reáctúipe oo Labairi a dbrán ar otúr, áct nuair
 bí ré máíote aige oo glaoó an fear eile, agus fearis
 air: “Mo cúio tubairte leat, a Rairteir, níor fás cá
 ruo ar bit oo Chonoáe na Sailleime,” agus níor tús ré
 a óán féin uair óor ar bit. Deir ruo mar an gcéona
 go maib Fhianc Tadafe an mí-fárta nuair nac óráimig a
 ainm féin arteaó níor luaithe in ran dbrán, áct sup
 congubigeadó ar gcúl é go oti an line óeimeannac,
 agus nac otug an Reáctúipe esquire air, áct go otug
 ré Fhianc Tadafe air, ar an nóir Saeóealac. Bhi inntinn
 na Sacranac ar ruibal an uair rin féin i gConoáé
 Mhuig-Eó, agus oo íannctuis Fhianc ruo éigin oo
 b’oimeamhaige ó’á onóir, oar leir féin, na rean-foirme
 cnearta cóipe na nSaeóeal. Deir cúio sup tús ré an
 geall oo’n fear ar Chonoáé na Sailleime. Deir cúio
 eile sup óubairt ré leir an Reáctúipe, “oo béarpann
 veic bprúnta óuit, a Rairteir, áct go otug tú m’ainm
 arteaó cóim ciotaó rin.”

Tá clú móir ar an dbrán ro i gConoáé Mhuig-Eó.
 Oo cuimeadó róirt béarila air le oume éigin, agus, mo
 leun! ir fá ómoc-cúlairó bhéarila oo bí ré ag an doir
 óis, áct ir i nSaeóeilis atá ré ag na rean oaoimib,
 agus ir i nSaeóeilis, le congnaim Óé, béirdear ré ag

(1) Literally: “My share of trouble with you,” a very common Irish curse.

(2) I was told it was a man named Pat Gurney, of Newtownclocher, that translated it, but being a tenant of the Blakes of Tower Hill he brought that place into his English version. The following is the verse about Tower Hill, which I took down from a man of the MacDermots in Castlebar:—

better than the other man would praise the county Galway, and that they left the decision to Frank Taafe. It was Raftery who first recited his song, and when he had it spoken the other man called out, and anger on him, "Bad luck to you, Raftery, you have left nothing at all for the county Galway!" (1) and he did not repeat his own poem. They say also that Frank Taafe was very dissatisfied because his own name did not come in earlier in the song, but was kept back till the last line, and because Raftery did not call him "Esquire," but just Frank Taafe, after the Gaelic fashion. The English mind was abroad even at that time in the county Mayo, and Frank coveted something that was more suited to his honour, in his own opinion, than the old, honest, kindly forms of the Gael. Some even say that he awarded the wager to the county Galway poet. Others that he said to Raftery, "I'd give you ten pounds, Raftery, only that you brought in my name so awkwardly." This song is very famous in the county Mayo. A sort of English version was made of it by some one (2), and, alas! it is in its worthless English dress the young people have it, but the old people have it in Irish; and, with the help of God, it is in Irish everyone will have it in future,

Dear knows, like the wind that disperses off vapours,
 My heart it does rise and my sperrits do flow,
 When I think on Loch Carra or Castleburke there benaith it,
 Or sweet Tower Hill in the county Mee-o.
 Tower Hill is that place that greatly invarious (?)
 For secamor, beech, ash, hazel, and dale, etc.

This is a very poor imitation of the original metre, for it has not Raftery's internal assonantal rhymes.

h-uile úinne fearṫa, maṫ iṫ ceapṫ aṫuṫ maṫ iṫ cóiṫ
 Chuadlaṫó mé o'á maṫó ṫo noeaṫaṫó caṫlín, aṫ Chill-
 doṫáin, ṫo oṫi an t-Oileán Ūiṫ, taṫaṫall ṫeaṫiṫ o' foṫn, ṫo
 Siṫaṫo, aṫuṫ ṫo mbuṫó é an céaṫo muṫo 'oó cúṫlaṫó rí in
 ran ṫaṫáṫaṫiṫ rín, fearṫ óṫ, 'oó bí i "oṫṫam-caṫiṫ," aṫ
 ṫaṫbaṫil aṫbṫiṫán Chill-doṫáin o'ó féin ṫo binn aṫuṫ ṫo
 h-áṫo! aṫ ṫo aṫnoiṫ an t-aṫbṫiṫán féin:—

CILL-DOṫÁIN,

no

CONṫAṫÉ MṫUIṫṫ-ÉÓ.

Aṫnoiṫ, teaeṫ an eaṫṫaṫiṫṫ, béiṫ an lá uul 'un ríneaṫó (1)
 A'ṫ taṫi éiṫ na féil-Ūriṫṫoe áṫuṫóeáṫo mo féol (2),
 Ó cúṫi mé in mo céaṫn é, ní ṫoṫṫaṫiṫó mé cóiṫóce
 ṫo fearṫaṫiṫó mé ríoiṫ i láṫi Chonṫaṫé Mṫuiṫṫ-Éó.
 1 ṫCláṫi-cloinne-Mṫuiṫṫiṫ béiṫeaṫiṫ mé an céaṫo oiṫóce,
 'S i mṫálla taṫob ríoiṫ oe, toṫócaṫiṫ mé aṫ ól,
 ṫo Coṫllṫe-maṫ maṫáṫo, ṫo noeaṫṫaṫo cuṫaṫiṫ míoṫa aṫn,
 1 bṫoṫuṫ o'á míle ṫo bṫeal-an-aṫṫ-móṫiṫ (3).

(1) = cum rínte. (2) Aliter: toṫṫaṫo mo ceól. (3) "Baṫle an
 tiṫe móṫiṫ" buṫaṫiṫ taṫós O Coṫnṫeáin aṫuṫ buṫó cóiṫi foṫoiṫ bṫeṫ
 aṫṫe-ṫeaṫn, aṫṫ iṫ bṫeal an aṫṫ móṫiṫ aṫá aṫ h-uile úinne eṫle.

(4) This verse is translated into the metre of the original,
 in the first four verses of which the eight interlined rhymes are
 all on the letter í, and the four final rhymes in the even lines are on the
 letter ó. The whole poem is constructed on the sounds of í (ee), é (aé),
 and ó.

Literally: Now, coming on the spring, the day will be for

as is right and proper. I heard it said that a girl from Killeaden went out not long ago to the New Island (America), to Chicago, and that the first thing she heard in the city was a young man in a tramcar singing the song of Killeaden in Irish, melodiously and loudly. Here is the song itself:—

KILLEADEN,

Or

COUNTY MAYO.

Towards the Eve of St. Brigit the days will be GROWING (4),

The cock will be CROWING and a home-wind shall blow,

And I never shall stop but shall ever be GOING

Till I find myself ROVING through the county May-o.

The first night in Claremorris I hope to put OVER,

And in Balla BELOW IT the cruiskeens shall flow ;

In Coilltemach then I'll be living in CLOVER,

Near the place where my HOME IS and the House that I know.

stretching (lengthening), And after the Eve of Brigit (1st of February) I shall hoist my sail ; Since I have put it into my head I shall not ever stop, Until I stand below in the middle of the county Mayo ; In the Plain-of-the-children-of-Maurice (Claremorris), I shall be the first night, And in Balla down from it I shall be drinking ; To Coilltemach ("Kiltimagh") I shall go until I make a visit of a month there, Within two miles of the town of the Big House (Killeaden House?) ; aliter, Ballinamore.

Ράξαιμ le h-uóδατa zo n-éμηζεανν mo éμοιόε-ρε
 Μαρ έμηζεαννη αν ζάοτ, no μαρ ρξαραρ αν ceó
 Νυαιμ ρμυάιμζιμ αρ Chearria δ' αρ Zhailin (1) ταob
 ρίορ ve
 Αρ ρξεατáδ δ' míle (2) no αρ pláiméao Mhuig-Éo.
 Cill-aosaím αν θαίε α θράραηη ζαé ηιό ανη,
 Τά ρμέαρα 'ρ ρύb-έμιοb ανη δ'ρ μεαρ αρ ζαé ρόμτ,
 'S óá mbéinn-ρε mo ρεαρáη ι ζεαρτ-λάμ mo óδοιηe
 'O'iméóéáó αν αοιρ óiom αζυρ θέιηη αμίρ óζ.

Bionn cμιιτέηεαéτ δ'ρ coimce, ράρ eóμna 'ζυρ lín ανη,
 Σεαζα ι ζεμιοb ανη, 'μáη plúμ, αζυρ ρεóιl,
 Luéτ óéαητα ποιτín ζαη license ó'á óioí ανη,
 Μόμ-υαιη'le ηα τίρε ανη αζ ιμιητ 'ρ αζ ól.
 Τά cμμ αζυρ τρεαbáo ανη, δ'ρ λεαρυζáo ζαη αοιλεαé,
 'ρ ιομóα ριη ηιό ανη ηάμ λαbαιμ μέ zo ρóιl (3)
 Δéαηηα (4) 'ρ μυιλλτε αζ obαμμ ζαη ρζιé ανη
 'Oeáμáη ααιητ αρ ριζιη cíορa ανη ηά óαοαιό ó'á ρόμτ.

(1) Aliter: Balla. (2) Sgeac-a-óá-míle, G.

(3) 'Oeμίτeαρ "ζο ρóιl" ι η-áιτ "ρόρ" ραη τίη τιμéιοιl Cill-aosaím. Νυαιμ θί αν ρεαéτύμe ι ζCoηoαe ηα ζαίλλιηe υεμρεáo ρé "ρόρ."

(4) "Δéαιθ," G:

(5) The Mile-Bush is within a mile of Castlebar. Four of

I solemnly aver it, that my heart rises up,
 Even as the wind rises or as the mist disperses,
 When I think upon Carra and upon Gallen down from it,
 Upon the Mile-Bush (5) or upon the Plains of Mayo (6).
 Killeaden (is) the village in which everything grows ;
 There are blackberries and raspberries in it, and fruit of
 every kind ;
 And if I were only to be standing in the middle of my people,
 The age would go from me and I should be young again.

There be's wheat there and oats, growth of barley and of flax ;
 Rye in the ear (?) there, bread of flour, and meat ;
 People who make " poteen " selling it therewithout a licence,
 The great nobles of the country there playing and drinking.
 There is planting and plowing there, and top-dressing without
 manure ;
 There is many a thing there of which I have not spoken yet,
 Kilns and mills working and never resting,
 " Sorra " talk there is about a penny of rent nor anything of
 the kind.

General Humbert's soldiers were killed there in '98 at the
 " Races of Castlebar."

(6) Mr. Hughes tells me that this, which I took to be the
 Planet or Star of Mayo, means the Plains of Mayo, and nothing
 else. These Plains extend over more than half the parish of
 Mayo. The Plains of Ellestron are twelve miles off.

Τά ζαδὸ υἱε ῥόρε ἄσματος οὐδ' ἴσθι ὀφειρ νο ἔνι ῥόρε ἄνη,
 Βιονν ῥικαμόρ ῥ beech ἄνη, coll, ῥιύβαιρ, δ' ῥ
 ριννηρόξ,

Ἰοχ ἄσρρ εὐλεἄνη, ἴύβαιρ, βειτ, ἄσρρ εδρητἄν
 'S ἄν ῥῆλαρ-οδαιρ οὐδ' ἀ νοἔανταρ βἄο λονξ δ' ῥ ερἄνη
 ρεόιλ.

Ἄν λοξωοο, μαhogἄν, ῥ ζαδὸ ἄσματος οὐδ' οδαιρρρ,
 'S ἄν ῥιορ-ἴμδιον (1) ὀἔανταξ ζαδὸ υἱε ῥῆερρ εεόιλ
 Ὀλτόρρ (?) ῥ ῥεἄδ ῥεἄλ ἄνη οὐδ' ῥεἄρρρρδ ῥ οὐδ'
 ῥνοἰξμεἄδ

'S ἄν τῥλατ ἄνη νο ὀἔανταξ εἰρ ελεἴβ ἄσρρ λóρρ.

Τά ἄν ἔσἄδ ῥ ἄν ῥμόλαδ ἄξ ῥρεἄξαιρτ ἄ ἔεἴλε ἄνη,
 Τά ἄν λονουἔ ῥ ἄν εἔρρρρδἄρρ ῥρρ, οΰ ἄ ῥεοίμἄρρ,
 Ἄν ῥίλο-ρἰρρρ, ῥἰ εἠεἄδἄρρ, ῥ ἄν λἰνnet (2) ἰ ῥεἄξε ἄνη
 Ἄν ηδρηζαδ ἄξ λἔμμνἰξ, δ' ῥ ἄν εἄλα ὄἡ ῥόίμ.

Ἄν τ-ἰορἰἄδ (3) ἄρ Ἄεαἰλλ ῥ ἄν ῥἰαδ ουἔ ὄἡ ῥεἔρρ ἄνη,
 Ἄν ρεἄδἄδ ἄρ λόδ εἰρρρ ῥ ἄν ρἰρρρξ ὄἡ ἴοίμ.

'S οὐδ' ἄ ββεἴτἄ ἄνη ἄρρ ἄρρρρρ ῥοἰμ ἔρρρρρ ἡἄ ῥρἔρρρρ,
 ῥε ῥεοἰρρρρρ ζαδ ἔἄν ἄεἄ ἄξ ρεἰρρρ ρἄν "ἡξρἄδ."

(1) ἄρ G:; "ἄν ταρρἄ wood," A.; ἄν tane wood, mac ἡἰ cunn-
 leáin: Sé "ἄν τερρρρτ" (?) νο ἔυαλαρὸ ἡρρρρρ νυἄρρρρρ βἰ μέ ὄξ: Mr.
 Cormac Dempsey, of New York, tells me ολτόρρρρ ρἰ ἄν ἄ apple tree in full
 blossom.

(2) "Lienóir," G. (3) Ουδαιρτ ῥέ ρἰρρ ἰρρ-ἄἰτ "ἰοἄρρ" ἡἄρρρρρ
 ῥρἄτἄδ ἰ ῥεορρρρρρρ ἡρρρρρρρρρρ.

(4) Literally: "True-stick." I do not know what is meant

There is every sort of timber that it were fit to put down there;

There is sicamore and beech in it, hazel, fir, and ash,

Box and holly, yew, birch, and rowan-berry,

And the green-oak, of which is made boat and ship and mast;

The log-wood, mahogany, and every timber no matter how expensive,

And the fior-mhaide (?) (4) which would make every musical instrument;

Oltoir (?) and white hawthorn a-cutting and a-hewing,

And the rod there that would make basket, creels, and lods (5).

There is the cuckoo and the thrush answering each other there,

The blackbird and the ceirseach hatching over against them,

The goldfinch, the wood-cock, and the linnet in a cage there,

The snipe leaping up, and the swan from Rome,

The eagle out of Achill and the raven out of Kesh Corran,

The falcon from Loch Erne and the lark from the bog,

And if you were to be there in the morning before rise of sun,

Sure you would hear every bird of them a-singing in the grove.

by it. Other versions give "arra-wood," "tane-wood," "thel-ford." Mr. Hughes says "tare-wood," i.e., the wood of which butter barrels were made, which barrels in that country are called "tares."

(5) An old basket-maker tells me that *cipeán* is any basket, *ciṙ* is about the same as a creel, and *lóo* is a huge basket containing over ten stone (of potatoes?). The Irish name for a basket-maker is *caolaoóir*, which is not found in any dictionary.

Τά αν λάρι ανη 'r αν ρεαριμας α βροδαρι α céile,
 αν τρειριμας (1) 'r αν ceuéta, αν τρεαδςάc 'r αν ριολ,
 να ηυαίν ανη αρι μαρισιν ζο ραιριριης ας μέριόλις,
 βιονη καοιρις α'ρ τρέαυα α'ρ leanb ας αν ηηαοι (2).
 ηί'λ τινηαρ, ηί'λ αιοις, ηί'λ ζαλαρι, ηί'λ έαζ ανη,
 άcτ ραζαρι α'ρ cλείρις ας ζυιθε να ηαοίη,
 τά μιονάιν ας ζαβαρι α'ρ βαηηb ας αν ζcείρ ανη,
 'S αν λοιλιζεαc ας ζέιμρις ας τριαλλ αρι αν ηηαοι.

Τά αν τ-υιρζε ραν λοc, αζυρ αβηαcα λιοντα,
 να κοριαcα υέαητα, 'r να λιοντα ι ζcόιρι (3)
 Τά αν λιύρ (4) α'ρ αν ηρειαc α'ρ αν εαριcon 'να λυιθε ανη,
 αν ρυριτάν, αν ραοέαη, αν ηυηαc, 'r αν ηόν.
 Τά αν ηυιαοάν 'r αν βαλλαc να ζcόηηηυιθε ραν οιοcε ανη,
 'S αν λυηβάν ας τριαλλ ανη ό'η η'ραιριριζε ηόηι,
 αν τάριτοιρ 'r αν αν ζλιομαc 'r αν τυριαβοc ηυαδςάc,
 Cηύοαίν α'ρ ιαριζ ανη cοίη ραιριριης le μοίη.

Τά αν ειλιτ 'r αν ριαδ 'r ζαc υιλε ρόριε "ζαém" ανη,
 αν μαοαδ-ηυαδ 'λέιμρις, αν ηυιοc 'r αν ηιολ ηυιθε,
 Cεόλτα να ηζαδςαρι 'r να η-αδςαρια ο'ά ρέιυεαδ
 'S le η-έριριζε να ζηέιηηε υο cόζρά υο cηιοιθε.
 Τά υαοηηε υαριλε αρι εαcηαιβ αζυρ μαρικαις υά
 ηρέαcαίντ
 ας ριαδςάc τριη να céile (5) ζο οτιζιθ αν οιοc'
 σοιλέαρι ζο μαρισιν αριίρ υά ηέαδςαδ
 Όλ ας να cέαυcαιβ α'ρ leαβαιθ le λυιθε.

(1) "αν τρειριμας," υυβαριε ρειρεαν.

(2) Τά αν line ρεο le ράζαί ι η-αβηάηαιβ ειλε, μαρι ατά ραν
 "ζCηοιcίη ηηαοιc" αζυρ ι "η'οοιηηε υι ηηιαηη."

(3) ας ζόλ (i.e., ας ζαβαί) υυβαριε ρειρεαν, άcτ "ι ζcόιρι" ας G.

There is the mare there and the foal, beside one another,
 The team-of-six and the plow, the plowman and the seed,
 The lambs there in the morning numerous bleating,
 There be's sheep and herds, and the woman has a child.
 There is no sickness, no disease, no plague, no death there,
 But priests and clerics praying to the saints ;
 The goat has kids, the sow has bonhams,
 And the milch-cow is lowing as she goes towards the woman.

The water is in the lake, and the rivers filled,
 The weirs are constructed, and the nets in working-order,
 The pike and the trout and the eel lying there,
 The crab and the periwinkle, the mackerel and seal ;
 The salmon and the ballach resting there at night,
 And the liubhan (little eel, or lamprey ?) voyaging thither from
 the great sea ;

The tortoise and the lobster and the grey turbot,
 The gurnets and fish are there as plenty as turf.

The fawn and the deer and every kind of game is there,
 The red-dog (fox) a-leaping, the badger and the yellow
 miol (i.e., the hare),

The music of the hounds, and the horns a-blowing,
 And with the rise of the sun you would lift up your heart.
 There are gentlemen on steeds and horsemen being tried (6),
 Hunting all through other until comes the night,
 (Then) cellar until morning again a-rending,
 Drink for the hundreds and beds to lie down.

(4) ní tuiséann rias an focal ro i tSconadé Rorcomáin, tuiséann rias "ξιορός" αἰψ, αἰσθη φύμ-ξασθεαλαδ. ní'λ an béarira ro as A.

(5) Sic: G., ἀέτ ουβαίρετ an Connlánaδ "τρε plantations."

(6) This may also mean "looking at them."

բճջան ուեւեճՏ՝ ՚ր ԲաւրբեւԾԵՅՏ ԵՑԵՑԻ Տ՚ր ղբի՛տեճԵ
 ՏԼիճե ԵՅ՝ Տ՚ր ԵՃՏՃԻՅ, Տ՚ր ԵՒԼԱԻՄ ՅՈՒ ԵՅՐ,
 ՏՅՈԼՈՒՄՈՒԵ ԵՅՏԵՒ ԻՅԽԻՅՅ, ԻՅՅՈՒԼ, ՏՅՅՐ ԼԵՅՅԵՃՈՒՄ ՏՈՒ,
 ԼՍԵՒ ԻՅԽՐԱԵՒՏ (1) ՆՏ ՎԵՅԻՑԵ ՏՈՒ, ՏՅ ԵՒԻՄԱՅԻՅ Ի՛ ՏՅ
 ԵՒԱԼԼ.

ՏԻՕՒՅԻ ԻՅ ԵՒ ՎՈՒՄՈՒՆ ԻՄ Տ Ի-ՍԻԼԵ (2) ՎԵՃ-ԵՐԵՅՏԻՄԵ
 ՏԻՅ ԵՒՐԵՄԻ ՏՈՒ ԵՐՑԵԵ ՎՕ ՏՐ Ե ԵՐԱԵՅՈՒ ԻՅ ԻՄՏՈՒ,
 ՏԵ ՎԵՅԵՃՈՒ ՆՏ ԵՒՆԵ: ԻՃՅՃՅԼ ԻՄՍ ՏՅ ԻՐԱՆՇ ԵՃՐԵ
 ՏՈՒ

ՏԼԻՕՒՇ ԼՈՒՄՆԻՅ (3) ՆՏ ԻՅԼԵ ՆՏՐ ԵՅԻՅԼ ՏՈՒ ԻՄՃՈՒՅՏ.

ՏՅ ԻՅ ՏԵՐՈՒՅՈՒՆ ՎՕ իՄՆԵ ՏՈՒ ԵՃՏՅՒՄԵ ՏՅ ՄՈԼՏՕ
 ԵՒԼԻՆ, ՆՏՐՈՒՅՈՒ ԵՐԵՃՏՆՏՏ ԵՅԻՄ. ՏԻՃՈՒԼ ՄԻՐԵ ՅՐԻ
 ԵՒԼԻՆ ՏՐ ԵՈՒՅՏՏԵ ՄԻՅԻՅ-ԵՅ Ի, ՎՕ ԵՕԻՄՆՏԻՅ Ի Ն-ՍԻՑԵ ԼԵ
 ԵՒԼԼԵՄՏՏԵՅՏ օՐԻ ՎԵՅԻ ԻՅ ԻՅՄ ՅՕ ՎՅՅ ԻՅ Տ ԾՐՏՕՒՅՈՒ ՎԻ ՅՕ
 ԻՅՅ, ՏՅՅՐ ԵՒՅՈՒՄ ԻՅ ԵՒՄՄ ՆՏ ԼԵՐՏՏ ՄՕՄԵ (ԵՄՈՒՄՈՒՆ
 ՏԵՒ ՏՐ ԵՒԼ ԵՒՅԵ ՄՕՐԻ ԵՒԼԼՏՏՈՒՄ) ՏՅՅՐ ԵՒԼԼԵՄՏՏԵՅՏ
 ՏՐԵՃԵ ԻՅՈՒ ՏԵՐՈՒՅՈՒՆ, ՏԵՒ ՎԵՅԻ ՄՏՇ ՍԻ ԻՐՈՒՆ ԼԻՄ ՅՕ իՄՅԻ
 Ի՛ ՆՏ ԻՅՐԻԵՐՅՅՏՏՏՏ ՏՅ ԾԵՒՏՏ-ՄՕՐԻ Ի ՆՅՏՐ ՎՕ ՎՃԼԵ-
 ԼՕՇ-ԻՄՃՏՏԵՅՏ, ՏՅՅՐ ՅՐԻ ԵՒՐԵՃՏՏ Ի՛ ԵՒՆԵՒԼԵՐ ՄՕՐԻ ՎՕ՛Ն
 ԵՃՏՅՒՄԵ ՏՅ ՆԻՅԵ Տ ԵՒՍ ԵՃՏՃԻՅ, ԻԵ. ՄԻ ԵՕՆՅՒՅՅԵՃՈՒՄ
 ՏՈՒ ԵՃՏՅՒՄԵ ՏՈՒ ՅՏՕ ԵՃՏՈՒՆ ՏՐ ԻՍՕ ՅՏՕ ԵՃՏՐՏՏ օՒ ԵՒՐ
 ՅՕ ՎԵՅԵՃՈՒ. ՄԻ ԵՒՆԵՃՈՒՄ ԵՐԻՅՅ ՏՈՒ ԾԼՕՐԻ ՏՐ ՏՈՒ ԼԵՒԻ օ
 ՏԵՒ ԻՄ ԻՅՈՒ ՅՏՅՏՍ ԼԵՒ-ԻՄՏՈՒ. ԻՐ ՎՕՒՅՅ ՅՐԻ ՏԵՐՈՒՅՈՒ Վ՛Տ
 ՏԵՐՈՒՅՈՒՅԻՅ ԵՒՐՃԻՅ ԵՒ ԻՅՕ:—

(1) ՏԻԵ: ՏՈՒ ԵՒԼՏՏՏՏԵՅՏ, ՏԵՒ “ԼՍԵՒ ԻՅԽՐԱՅՈՒ” ՏՅ Ի-ՍԻԼԵ ԵՕՐԻ ԵՒԼԵ.

(2) “ՏՈՒ ՅՏՕ ՍԻԼԵ ՎԵՃ-ԵՐԵՅՏԻՅ,” ՏՈՒ ԵՒԼՏՏՏՏԵՅՏ. “ԼԵ ՅՏՕ ՍԻԼԵ
 ՎԵՃ-ԵՐԵՅՏԻՅ,” Գ. ՄԻՐԵ Վ՛ՏՐԻՅԻՅ ՏՈՒ ԻՅՕՒԼ ՄՏՐ ԵՒՏ.

(3) ՏԻԵ: ՏՈՒ ԵՒԼՏՏՏՏԵՅՏ. “ՏԼԻՕՒՇ ԻՄՆԻՄ ԾՏՕՒՅՐ ԾԼՐ ԻՅՐ ՆՏՐ ԵՕԻՅԻԼ
 ՏՈՒ ԻՅՏ,” Գ. “ՏԼԻՕՒՇ ԻՄՆԻՄ ԻՅ ԻՅԼԵ,” Ա.; ՏՅՅՐ ԻՐ ՄՏՐ ԻՅՕ ՎՕ
 ԵՒՅՏՏՐՈՒ ՄԻՐԵ ԵՒ օ ԵՃՏՏ ՎՕՍՄԵ ԵՒԼԵ, ՏԵՒ ԵՒՅՏՏՐՈՒ ՄԻՐԵ Ի ՅՕՄՈՒՄՈՒՆ
 ‘ՆՏՐ ԵՕՒՅԻԼ ԵՒ ԻՄՃՏՏ,’ ՏՅՅՐ ԻՐ ՎՕՒՅՅ ՅՐԻ ԵՒՐԵՒ ԻՄ. ՄԻ ԼԵՒԻ ՎՕՄ
 ԵՒՅՈՒ ԵՒ “ՆՏՐ ԵՕՒՅԻԼ ԵՒ ԻՅՏՏ,” ԼՅՅՐԻՅՏՐԻ “ԵՃՐԵ” ՄՏՐ “ԵՒՐ” Ի
 ՄԵՒՅՐԵԼՏ, ՄՏՐ “ԵՒ” Ի ՆՅՏՏՏՏԻՅ.

The orphan and the widow get assistance and redemption,
 A way to get food and clothes, and land without rent ;
 Poor scholars get writing and schooling and learning there,
 And the people who ask alms are drawing and journeying
 thither.

It overcame the world for all its good qualities,
 And Raftery has awarded it the branch, over all that he ever
 saw ;

The end of the talk is this : Long life to Frank Taafe in it,
 The descendant of the Lynch of hospitality, who never spared
 the hunt.

Here is a song that Raftery composed in praise of a girl,
 one Nancy Branach, or Walsh (1). I thought she was
 a girl from the county Mayo who lived near Coilltemach, for
 he himself says that he loved her when young, and he brings
 in the name of Lis Ard (a small hill at the back of Killeaden
 House) and of Coilltemach into the song. But Mr. Finn tells me
 that she was a servant at Geata-mor, near Loughrea, who
 showed great kindness to Raftery in washing his clothes, etc.
 Raftery does not keep up the same vowel throughout
 each verse from beginning to end in this song. The stress of
 the voice falls on the letter "o" only in the first half of the
 verse (my translation of the first verse will show the English
 reader the metre). No doubt this is one of his early songs:—

(1) The Irish name Breathnach (pronounced Bran-ach) is
 always translated Walsh, or Welsh, in English. Breatnach is
 the same as Breatan-ach, i.e., Britain-ish, or Brit-ish. But the
 Irish name for Wales is Breatain (Britain); hence the trans-
 lation of Breatnach into Welsh, or Walsh. All the Irish Walshes
 are, no doubt, descended from Welsh ancestors. I heard an
 Irish-speaking woman make a curious pun on this name to Mr.
 Walsh, a respected merchant in Tuam. Pleased at some bargain
 she had made, she said, "ní b'breathnach tú a'c b'breathnach!"

nansaiō breatnās.

Cóinniuōeann cailin ós taoḃ ríor ve'n gēata mór
 á ocus mé go móru (1) mo ghráó ói,
 Tá a ghruaó ar óat na mór (2) vo óéanraó maib beó,
 Á' r go mbreairi liom léi gḃadil (3) ná i bḃáimḃar.
 Tá a cúilfionn fáinneac rionn 'r a malaió caol veair
 onn
 'S a óá rúil gḃair cóim ciumn le áinne
 Éiréigfionn bean á' r clann, a rḃóru, ná ngluairfeá liom
 go hioirpur (4) no go h-úimall ui mháille.

Laḃair rí liom go cláiḃ, 'ré ouḃairc rí, "a mile ghráó
 "bíóó foigḃo aḃao go veaḃaió an oiróce,
 'S eulócao leat gan rḃár go h-íóctair Chontacé Chláru
 Á' r ni ríllrḃó mé ar mó mḃáḃair cóiróce,
 Óá mbéinn-re ar Shliab Cairn no ar mullac an Leair
 áru (5),
 An áit ar áit mé céao lá rḃinte
 Ir cḃinte a cúilfionn bḃin go n-ólraó mair áru rḃáiḃ
 1 gCoilltemac gḃac don lá donáig.'

(1) "go h-ós," C. (2) "foir ar óat an óru," C.

(3) "Veit aḃ ói léi," C. (4) go h-uirar, MS.

(5) Recte "na leair áruce," aḃ Cill-aosáin, 'n áit a mraó é.

(6) Literally: There lives a young girl on the side down
 from the great gate, To whom I have given my love greatly
 (aliter, when young); Her cheek is of the colour of the roses,

NANCY WALSH.

A girl beyond compARE, a pretty girl lives THERE,
 By Geata-mor the FAIR one is dwelling ;
 Such cheeks, like roses RARE, the dead would rise to STARE,
 I'd rather be with HER than in heaven.
 Around her forehead brown the hair in curls hangs down,
 Grey eyes without a frown, round as berries ;
 We'd leave both wife and child, and house and home behind,
 Would she come to us—to find us in Erris (6).

She spoke to me softly, 'twas what she said, "O, thousand loves,
 Have patience until comes the night,
 And I shall elope with thee without delay to the north of the
 county Clare,
 And I shall not return to my mother for ever.
 If I were on Slieve Carn or on the summit of Lisard,
 The place where I spent a hundred days stretched out,
 It is certain, O white coolun, that we would drink our enough
 In Coilltemach every fair day.

which would make the dead alive, And sure I would rather be
 going with her than in Paradise ; Her coolun is ringletted and
 fair, and her forehead slender, handsome, brown, And her two
 grey eyes round as a sloe ; I would forsake wife and children,
 my store, if you would proceed with me, To Erris or to Umhall
 Ui Mhaille.

ἦρ σιππτε ἃ μίμν-έροιοθε υἷά βρέδουφαιππ-ρε ρζμίοβ ρίορ
 Ζο μελλφαιππ μο μίαν ζαν αἰηραρ,
 'S ζο λεαηφαιππ εὔ τηε ρλιαδ ζαν θεοδ ná ζμειμ θε'η
 βιαδ

'Οἱ μβειρὸ' ρίορ ἄζαμ ζο μβειτεἶἃ (12) ἰ νοἰη υἷαμ.
 Δετ μίλε ζλόρη νο 'Θηια, νίορη εἰαλλ μέ λεατ μο εἰαλλ,
 Τρὸ ζμρ μαίτ ἃ εἰαδὸ μέ ἄρ, ἃ εἰηλίν ράμνεαδ,
 'S νάρ μμζαδ δον ρεαρ μιαἷη νο εἰηρρεαδ ἃ λάν αμιαρ
 Θαρη Παηραἰζ Wαληη ηαδ υἷαἰβμιαδ ζμιάδ υἷ.

Λιθε (13) θε μο ρτόρη υἷά βρεικρεἶἃ τεαδτ ρον ρίοτ,
 βυδ η-ἰ μέαετ ἰ η ρον ζρεδ λά ζμειμρὸ,
 Τά ἃ ρολε ἄρη υἷαδ ἄη ὀρη ἄζ τεαδτ ζο βέαλ ἃ βηρὸζ,
 Ζο τραιολλρεαδ, ροιλλρεαδ, ράμννεαδ, ριλλτε (14).
 Τά ἃ βηολλδ κομιαδ (?), λάν, ἄρη υἷαδ ἄη τρἰύερα βάηη,
 ηο μαρη βειρὸ' υἷηλε εἰαἷη ἄρη εἰάρη ἄζ μππνεε,
 'S ἄη ζηλε ἰ μβηιάζατο μο ζμιάδ μαρη εἰβδρη τμλε ἄρη
 τρἰάζ,
 ηο ἄη εαλα τεαδτ ὀ'η ρηάηη, υἷαρη λιομ-ρα.

(1) "Ἄη τμ βἰ ἰ νοἰη υἷαμ," C. (2) Sic, C.; "ἃ λειτερο," S.

(3) 'ηα υἷαοιρὸεἰβ, ροιλλρεαδ, ρρειλλρεαδ, ραμννεαδ, ριλλτεαδ; C.

(4) Τραιολλρεαδ is a common word applied to fine hair, but its exact

It is certain, O secret-heart, if I were able to write down,
 I would coax my desire without a doubt,
 And sure I would follow thee through mountains, without a drink
 or bite of food,
 If I only knew that thou wouldst be fated for me.
 But, a thousand glories be to God, I have not lost my sense by
 thee,
 Though it was well I escaped from it, O ringletted coolun,
 For sure no man was ever born who would put his hand over
 Across Nancy Walsh, who would not give her love.

One glint of my treasure, if you were to see coming on the road,
 She were a star through the mist on a winter's day;
 Her hair of the colour of gold coming to the mouth of her shoes,
 Exuberant (4), shining, ringletted, twisted.
 Her bosom pointed (?) full, of the colour of white sugar,
 Or, as it were, ivory dice on a table dancing,
 And the brightness in the neck of my love like the foam of a
 flood upon a shore,
 Or as the swan coming from its swimming, methought.

signification seems doubtful. τριπλοῦραν is a plait of three rushlights
 made into one big one, and the adjective may come from this: Others
 say it means "trailing."

Dhénuir, t'réir zác nuó rziúob Homeir ari a zndoi,
 Δζυρ 1o, an bean le'm uallad áriζυρ,
 Καφανορα uo éabaipe na noiaiz, a oubaipe an rzeál
 uo b'fioir,

“Zo rziuorfaioe a maib 'ran Triaoi le páiuir,”
 Iúno, céile an miζ, 'r Mineiúda, nuair uo bí,
 'S an uiair ari don oioé éabaipe i látaip,
 Ni éiueraó a [ζ]cáilleaét rioir le Naηraio Wáiri mo
 miau,
 i noeipe, i nziie, i rzeim, ná i mbieázáét (1).

Dhá mbuo liom-ra an Fhriainc 'r an Spáin, 'r ó'n
 tSiouanna nuar zo bóinn (2)
 Thiúbiainn é ar a beic leat rinte,
 'S zo mbieairi liom uait-pe rós ná a bfuil i zceairca
 an óip,
 Δζυρ é beic of mo cómaip 'na miltib,
 Oá ngluairfeá liom a rtoip zεoófa ceól Δζυρ ipóip,
 Inr zác baile beaz a'r móip u'á bfuil ran miozáéta,
 'S oá mbéioinn mo miζ paoi 'n zcipóip i zcómaét an
 ceátraimad Seóipra,
 Phóirpáinn éú zan baé zan caoiriζ.

(1) “An Fhriainc 'r an Róim, 'r a bfuil ionnta zo toin,” C.

Venus, after everything that Homer has written of her beauty,
 And Io, the woman by whom Argus was blinded,
 And to bring Casandra after her, who spoke the tale that was
 true,

“That all who were in Troy would be destroyed by Paris”;
 Juno, spouse of the King, and Minerva when she was in it,
 And to bring the couple together on one night,
 Their qualities would not compare with Nancy Walsh, my
 desire,
 In prettiness, brightness, beauty, or fineness.

If France and Spain were mine, and from the Shannon to the
 Boyne,

I would give it to be seated by thee,
 And sure I would rather have a kiss from thee than all that is
 in the Forge-of-Gold (mint),
 And it to be before me in its thousands.

If thou were to journey with me, my treasure, thou wouldst get
 music and sport

In every town great and small that is in the kingdom,
 And if I were a king under a crown, with the power of George
 IV.,

I would wed thee, without cows, without sheep.

(2) Aliter: “ὀρεῖξτά,” τὰ ἀπὸ τῶν φοιτῶν ἀπὸ.

Νιορ πέδο μέ δον ευνταρ φάξαι ι ζσεαρτ αρ αν
 ζερμιννιζαδὸ μόρι το βί ας Κατοιλκιβ Chonodé na
 Θαλλιμε, ι mβαιλ-loc-μ'αδ. Τά κυμνε ας na ρεαν
 υδοιμβ ζο μαιβ α λειτέιν δον, ατ ας ριν αν μέλο.
 Ιρ υόιζ ζυρ ας λαιρμιννιζαδὸ λάμ Όθόμναιλλ ιι Chonail
 το ερμιννιζαδὸ έ, αζυρ ζυρ λαβαιρ na ραιπτεόμυθε ι
 η-αξαιὸ na ηομοδ-υλιζτε Θαλλοα αζυρ ι η-αξαιὸ na
 ηοεαδμυθ. Ιρ κορμύιλ ζυρ ηη ραν mβλιαδαιη, 1828, το
 ερμιννιζαδὸ έ, όηρ υοηρ αν Ρεαδτύηηε ζο mβείρ ιοηζ-
 ηαδὸ le ρεαρπτε ας na υδοιμβ αρ υτεαδτ βλιαθηα α
 ηαοι-φίαιο ιρ έ ρηη, ιρ υόιζ, ηαοι-αμ-φίαιο. Φυαιρ μέ αν
 όοηρ ιρ ρεαιρ υε'η αβηιάν ρο ο'η Δταιρ Clement O Λιζ-
 ηαιὸ, το ευαλαιὸ έ ό βεαλ ρεαν-φηρ κύηζ βλιαθηα φίαιο ό
 ροηη. Όηηρ ρέ ι ηζαεοηελζ μαρ λεαναρ: “Οο βί
 ατρμιννιζτε υε'η αβηιάν ρο, ανη, ζαδ δον 'ζα εμαδὸ υό ρέηη
 το ρέηη ηεητε αν λαέ, υε βηηζ α έοίλ. Τά ρέ ρηηιόβτα
 το έοίλ ‘Λά ρέηηη ηηαοιήη ράοηηαιζ’ αζυρ ζυθεαδὸ ηαδ
 βηυιλ μόηιάν υε ρμυαίηηιβ άηο-αιζεαηηαδα ανη, ηί'λ ζο
 εηηηηε αβηιάν εηηε ραν ηζαεοηελζ ηό ραν ζαερβέαηηα α
 έηηοεαρ έοηη μαητ λειρ αν ζσεόλ ρηη. Σηη έ ρηιόηη-βυαιὸ
 αν αβηιάν ρεο.” Τά υά αηηηη αρ αν αβηιάν ρο: “Αη
 Οιορ Κατοιλκεαδ,” αζυρ “Οόηηερμιννιζαδὸ na ζΚατοιλ-
 κεαδ ι mβαιλ-loc-μ'αδ”;—

I have not been able to find any proper account of the great gathering that the Catholics of the county Galway had at Loughrea. The old people remember that there was such a gathering, but that is all. Probably it was to strengthen the hands of Daniel O'Connell that it was held, and that the speakers inveighed against the foreign laws and the tithes. It was apparently convened in the year 1828, for Raftery says that the people will have a wonder to see, coming on the year twenty-nine. I got the best version of this song from Father Clement O'Looney, of Loughrea, who heard it twenty-five years ago from the mouth of an old man. He speaks of it as follows:—"There were changes (i.e., other versions) of this song, everyone shaping it for himself according to the affairs of the day on account of its music. It is written to the air of 'St. Patrick's Day,' and, though there are not many elevated thoughts in it, there is certainly no other song in Irish or in English which goes so well to that air. This is the chief virtue of the song." This piece has two names, the "Catholic Rent" and the "Gathering of the Catholics in Loughrea." I have translated the first verse into something like the metre of the original:—

ΔΗ ΟΪΟΣ ΚΑΤΟΙΚΕΑΔ.

Ἐ πευδάμτ ιη ρνα ριονταιβ ρεό ιρ βδοξάλαδ πο'η
 αικμε (1),
 ηαδ οτριοιγζεαηη δη Δοιμε 'ρ ηαδ ηγείλλεαηη οο
 Κατοικιβ (2),
 ηα ρλαϊτιρ ηί βραιοξρτό ριαο ζαη ρέδα ηα η-εαζλαιρε,
 Ὅο ηέρι ηαρι ουβδαητ ρεοοαη 'ρα ηάιζιητιη;
 Σηρίοβ ραρτορηνί ζο οτιυεραδ δη βεαλαδ-ρ,α,
 Ἐα ζαδ Δοη ηίη ζο ηβειού ρρηννηυζ' ηηρ ζαδ βαηλε Δο,
 Δζ Clonmel-meala βειού (3) οίβηητ αη New Lights Δ'η
 Orangemen,
 'S ι ηβαηλε-λοδ-ηη'αδ (4), 'ρεαδ λέιξεαδ α ηβεατα οόιβ,
 Ο αάηλλεαηαη Clayton τά Daly ηα λαβαοιό 'ζαηηη,
 Ὅο λυέτ βιοβλαο βηέιξε ηα ζέηλληζιό ρεαρτα,
 ηαδ η-ύηηηηαηζεαηη οο ράζαηητ ηά βηάταηη.

(1) "Δζηυό," S. and G. (2) Catholic. (3) "βι οηαβαηητ," S.

(4) "Λοδ ηέαζαδ, ι λέιζηοιό ι ηβεατα οόαοιβ," S.

Literally: On looking into these weathers (times), it is dangerous for the tribe, Who fast not on Friday and submit not to Catholics; The heavens they shall not get without the seal of the Church, As Peter and his Master have spoken; Pastorini wrote that there would come this way, A day in each month in which they would have a meeting in each town; At Clonmel there shall be a banishment of New Lights and Orangemen, And in Loughrea their life was read to them (there is apparently something wrong here). Since we have lost Clayton we have Daly in place of him; To the people of the false Bibles do not submit in future, Who never bow to priest or friar.

THE CATHOLIC RENT.

On observing the SIGNS, I see FEAR for the fanatics
 Who fast not on FRIDAYS but JEER at the Catholics ;
 Success is DENIED them, DEFEAT shall be absolute,

As Peter and JESUS have spoken.

Wrote PastoREENI, you'll SEE it made manifest,

A rascally MEETING each month in each hamlet. But
 Clonmel shall makes PIECES of New Lights (5) and Orangemen,
 And Loughrea shall DEFEAT them and BEAT their rascality ;
 We have lost our good CLAYTON, but DALY'S as bad for them,
 Their Bible's menDACIOUS, we'll SHAME them and
 sadden them,

We'll give them ('twill PLEASE US) a token.

(5) The New Lights seem to have been some religious sect. Burns alludes to them in his poem "The Twa Herds, or the Holy Tulzie." There is a long poem in English on the "New Lights of Askeaton," written by, I think, a carpenter, after the Irish form of versification. I found it in Galway. It consisted of eight verses, of which I here give the first, fifth, and eighth. It is entirely built upon the ae and o sounds. There are 128 rhymes on the ae sound and 32 on the o, and no others :—

Ye muses now come AID me in admonishing the PAGANS,
 The New Lights of ASKEATON, whose FATE I do deplore ;
 From innocence and REASON they are led to CONDEMNATION,
 Their faith they have VIOLATED, the OCCASION of their woe.
 The Mass they have FORSAKEN, their source and RENOVATION,

To free them from DAMNATION and SATAN'S violent yoke ;
 The means of their SALVATION at the great accounting
 TABLE,

When mountains shall be SHAKEN and NATIONS over-
 thrown.

Δέτ κρησιζιό σο'ν έλέην 'γ σο κόμηιάδ να η-θαγλιρε
'S σο'ν τρεανμόρη ναομέα ρζηριόβ ναοίη αζυρ αβρταιλ
ούιηη

νά η-έλιζιό αν θιοβλα, νο τιυεραιό ρέ τρηαρνα ορηαιό(1)
Δρ ταιζιό ναό μαζαό αν κάρ ρο.

Τοραιζ αν ρζέαλ ρο λε ηαβδρ α'ρ λε ταρικυρηε,
Σευν ηανηηαιο α έελε λε ορηύρ αζυρ μαλλάεαν,
Βυό ηαιε conζαή λύτερη ραιο Έρηανμερ 'γ ραιο λατιμερ
Rioly (2) αζυρ Βυλραιό 'γ Σεάζαν Καιλβιν, ορηό-μαέ
ορηα,

Ό έαλληεαμαρ μάρη (3) τά βάηρη λε Σαερραηαιζ,
Δέτ τιυεραιό αν λά α βρμυζρηό ριηη ράραή ηη ραν
ηγεαλλαό

Έυζ Κρηιόρτ σο βρεαοαρ 'γ σο'ν βάρα (4).

(1) "ηρ βαοζαλαέ αν τ-αέμυζαό έ," Α. (2) "Ransomell," G. & S.
(3) "Ό βρμυλμιο ζαν ρυζε," Ό'Λ. (4) "βρεαοαρ αν βαρα," S.

The New Lights' termination is a sad extermination,
Abandoned to ruination and despairing of all hope;
A sad commemoration to constant desolation,
For ever extirpated amongst demons to bemoan.
Without a mitigation or the smallest renovation
From continual vexation and daily reproach,
Bereft of consolation, expelled and renegaded,
To live in reprobation, extermination, and woe.

You scientific sages of classical experience
Restrain your imputation, your favour I implore;
Bereft of true sensation, my intellects do fail me,

But trust ye the clergy and the discourse of the Church,
 And the holy sermon that saints and apostles have written for us ;
 Do not seek the Bible, or it shall come across you (1),

And, understand ye, that this is no mockery.

This story began with pride and disparagement ;
 Henry renounced his spouse through lust and devilment,
 Good was the help of Luther to Cranmer and to Latimer,
 Ridley and Wolsely and Jack Calvin, ill-luck on them ;
 Since we lost Mary (2) the English have the goal,
 But the day will come wherein we will get satisfaction in the
 promise

That Christ gave to Peter and to the Pope.

(1) This seems to mean, "or it shall trip you up," or "be the worse for you." Another reading, "it is a dangerous change," or a "dangerous translation."

(2) Aliter: "Since we are without kingship."

Grammar rules don't aid me, for my learning is but low.
 For had I been dictated by fluent education,

In versification my name you would have known ;
 By ways and occupation I'm a perambulating tradesman,
 Those publicans are shaking and bailiffs at the door.

There are in each of the above verses sixteen vowel rhymes upon the sound of "é" (or ae) and four on the sound of "o." The English reader must understand that the composer pronounced "Askeaton," "reason," "demons," and "experience," in the above lines, as "Askaeton," "raeson," "daemons," and "expaerience."

Ἰννηρεόδαυό μέ γζέελ υαοιβ̄ ἀρ Ἐδύμονν ἴρ ἀρ ἄ ἀέαιρ,
 Ὁ ἴραδ̄ το εὐρ λέαν-γζμιορ ἀρ Ἰθαεῦεαλ ἀἴρ ἀρ
 Χατοιλειβ̄,

Shaoil rias le céile an fíneamhain (1) ro to zearriad̄

Nac̄ zc̄ríonann 1 n-eapriac̄ ná 1 Mária,

Ἡ ζαμεαῖν γέροτε bun-δίτ (2) ἀν βάλλα γο

Τά Ἰρίορτ μαρ [ιρ] λέιζτε, 1 ἀ-έμφεαέτ le p̄eσυαρ
 ραοι,

Obair nac̄ υτρίεζγυό ἴρ nac̄ bpleurzγp̄aυό ἀν ἐάριαιζ γεο,

Shoc̄muis̄ ἀν τ-δον ἴιας το ceurp̄aυό ἀρ ἀν υταλαῖν ὀύιην,

Sé Séamap̄, ní b̄reuz, ἀ υἴῳ Ἐίρε δζ να Sacp̄anais̄,

Δέτ τὰῖν ταιρβέαηαδ̄ (3) ἀηαισε le baile ἴζαιην

Saoilim nac̄ p̄aυa υαιην γάραδ̄.

(1) Sic, O'L.; "plantation," S., and the others.

(2) "Foundation," A.; "fundaméto," O'L.

(3) Sic, O'L.; "revelation," S., and the others. ἴρ cor̄múil ζυρ
 ἐλεαέτ ἀν Raectúipe na focal, "plantation," δζυρ "foundation,"
 δζυρ "revelation" ὀίη ἴρ p̄uaimneac̄ ιαυ.

(4) The Irish Spring begins February 1.

(5) Raftery was probably thinking of a folk verse, which runs
 thus, pithily and truly:—

I shall tell ye a story of Edward and his father,
 Since it was they put complete-ruin on the Gael and on Catholics ;
 They thought, together, to cut down this vineyard,

Which never withers in Spring (4) or in March.

But not of blown sand is the foundation of this wall ;
 Christ, as is read, is beneath it, together with Peter.
 A work that shall not fail and that shall not burst is this Rock ;
 The One-Son set it up, who was Crucified on earth for us ;
 It was James(5), no lie, who left Ireland to the English,
 But we have, near home, the Revelation,

And I think that not far from us is satisfaction.

Sé tigeact Ríḡ Séamar do bain óinn éire,
 le n-a leat-ghóis Gallua, r a leat-ghóis Gaéthealac,
 ní tuḡrao ré buille uaió ná méirteac,
 'S o'fás riu, fáo 'r maiuio, an uonur ar ḡaeóealac.

i.e.—It was the coming of King James that took Ireland from us,
 With his one shoe English, and his other shoe Irish ;
 He would neither strike a stroke, nor yet make a settlement,
 And that has left, so long as they exist, misery upon the
 Gaels.

Ír fada mé aς éirteadé le rígealcaib aς imíteadé
 An naoimadó lá v'edz zo mbéiró céad peapra i gcuro-
 eadé (1),

Aς b'eadnuíadó luét éitíς (2) nac ngeilleann vo míuie
 A v'oil ar a h-uét m'íς na ngrára

Aς an mbreiteamnar v'éigeannadé glaoúpari (3) zac
 uine aca

Béiró zuar aςur géibionn aς luét féala b'urte ann,
 Séamdar ar Seap'ur a v'iompaiz le tubairte,
 A'í r'ibél méim'iead (4) f'aoi leun in ran monbair,
 Béiró Ciomaili ar éill a'í O Néill or a coimne,
 Adé f'aoilim, mar léig'ear, má féadann Uilliam imíteadé
 Nac f'earraíó fé talain le Sáim'réall.

Éirgíóe a v'aoime aςur glaoú méirneadé
 Ói'í f'eir'íó r'ib iongnadó (5), teadé bliadóna an naoi-r'íú
 An té vubairt an méad r'ín ní f'ear é zan tuig'rin
 Mar léig'eadó fé zac úg'uar a'í v'áta,

Níor cóir vo mac f'aeóeil ar bit claoú ná filleadó (6)
 Adé toza Clann Mhílió, O Ceallaiς, ní éir'íó,
 Bhí [an] f'unán[adé] 'í an v'áladé aς léig'eadó an
 comm'irion

Saoz'al f'ao aς v'an doúgán a'í aς Councillor Guthry
 Fíor-í'g'ot na b'p'aoimadé aςur ar noúiz Bob Darcy
 Luét féala oíóce édar'ca bí aς eulóiz 'í aς imíteadé
 'S níor léirí v'óib an v'orur le náir'e.

(1) "Cuadhúman," O'L.

(2) Sic, O'L.; "aς b'eadnuíadó ar luét eir'eadé," S.

(3) "Bliaípari, blaípari," S. and G. blaú=glaoú.

(4) "meall'ac," S. (5) "doúadó," S.; "iongn'antar," O'L.

(6) "mar támuir mic mílió (sic) nac f'inne maí' ceal'z," O'L.

I am listening to stories going about,
That on the nineteenth day there shall be a hundred persons in
company,

Confuting the people of perjury who do not give-in to Mary,
Who reared on her lap the King of the Graces.

At the last Judgment each person of them shall be called,
There shall be danger and chains for the people of the broken
seal there,

James and Charles, who turned with mischance,
And Elizabeth the harlot (7), under misery and murmurs (?);
Cromwell shall be in a leash and O'Neill over against him,
And I think, as is read, if William can get away,

He will not stand his ground against Sarsfield (8).

Rise up, ye people, and take courage,
For ye shall see a wonder coming on the year of 'twenty-nine (?);
He who has spoken all this is not a man without understanding,
For he used to read every author and date.

It were not right for any son of the Gael to twist or turn (9),
But the choice one of the sons of Milesius, O'Kelly, shall not fail;
Gannon and Daly were reading the Commission,
Long life to Dan Egan (10) and to Councillor Guthry,
True flower of the Powers-country, and no doubt Bob Darcy;
The people who eat meat on Good Friday were stealing away and
departing,
And they could not see the door for shame.

(7) Aliter: "Deceitful Elizabeth."

(8) The idea seems to be that Owen Roe O'Neill and Sarsfield will punish Cromwell and William in the other world.

(9) Aliter: "Deceive."

(10) Probably Dan Egan of Limehill, says Mr. Finn. Bob Darcy was Lord Clanrickarde's agent.

Σοιμμ ριβ Δ ὄδοινη ἴρ να βίγιό ραοι ἔαρσιρνε,
 Μολραϊό μέ Δ κοιόθε ριβ, Δγυρ ιοκαϊό αν σιορ Κατοιλ-
 ceac,

Ἰρ beazán ἴραν μί ορηαινη ρεόηλιηζ ἴραν τρεαότμαιν,
 'S ná tuilligió ργανναιλ ná náιηε,

Ἰρ beaz in ραν ζσιόρ é, Δἴ ραοιόόαϊό ρé ταλαμ
 Δη νεαόμáό ní ζλαούρρρ (1) μαρι νεάνταϊόε ορηαιβ
 éεαηα,

Ὀέϊό ceap Δγυρ υλιζε ὄδοιβ 1 υτιρ Δἴ 1 υταλαμ.
 Νί βαοζλαό υύιηη κοιόθε κομ ραο ἴρ μίαιηρεαρ Ο Conaill.
 Cneirió Le ριρinne να ναοιμ Δἴρ να η-αρρταιλ (2),
 'Sé Ραιρτερι οο μίηιζ ἴρ οο κύηι ριόρ αν Διτρηρ ρεο
 Δοειρ ζο μβέϊό ζαλλαιβ λε ράηαϊό (3).

Ὀηί αν ραοζαλ βυαιόεαρτα ζο λεόρ 1 ηέηιηηη 1
 υτορác αν éειο-βλιαόαν κύαϊό ἔαρηαιηη. Βυό ριόρ-
 ηάιηηε υ'ά éειλε αν Ὀλιζε Δγυρ να Ὀδοινη. Νί ζάό Δ
 μάό ζυρ 1 η-Δζαϊό αν Ὀλιζε Δγυρ Δρ ἔαοιβ να ηοδοινη
 οο βί αν Ρεαόττύηε 1 ζκόηηηηε. Ὀο βί ρεαρ ανη, αν
 υαιρ ρη, υαρ β'αιηη Δητοινη Ο Ὀάλαιζ. Ὀηί ρé 'να
 ραορ Δόηηηο, Δγυρ οο βί ρé 'να éαρτιη Δρ να Βυαό-
 αιλλιβ Ὀάηα. Τηυζ υοινη ριαόηηηε 'να Δζαϊό ζυρ
 ρζαοιλ ρé ζηηηα λειρ, áετ ηιόρ βῆσιόρ Ὀό, μαρι éηεο να
 Ὀδοινη, áετ ζο ραιβ ηηρραόρ αν εατοηηα. Δρ λεατ-ἴνιλ
 οο βί αν Ὀάλαό, Δγυρ υυβδαιρ ρé λειρ αν βῆρερ ρο ηη
 ραν ζσύηε: "Ὀά ζκαίτρηηη ηηέαρ λεατ, ná ραοιλ ηαό

(1) "βλιζρρ," S.; "βλαοζρρ," G.

(2) "να ραιρτιηε," O'L.; "αν μέαο οο ρζηηοβ Cobbett!" A (?)

(3) "Δοειρ ζο μβέϊό éηε ραοι λán ηέηη," O'L.

I call ye, ye people, and be not under reproach ;
 I shall praise ye for ever if ye pay the Catholic rent,
 It is very little on us in the month is a farthing a week,

And do not earn for yourselves scandal or shame.

It is a little thing in the rent, and it will free the land,
 Tithes shall be called for, as used to be done to ye before ;
 There shall be right and law for ye in respect to country and
 land,

There is no danger of us forever, so long as O'Connell lives (4) ;

Believe ye with truth, the saints and the apostles,

It is Raftery who has explained and put down this recitation,

Who says the foreigners shall be scattered (5).

The world was troubled enough in Ireland at the beginning of the last century. The Law and the People were the constant enemies one of the other. There is no need to say that Raftery was ever against the Law and for the People. There lived a man at this time called Anthony O'Daly. He was a carpenter, and he was also a captain of the Whiteboys. A man gave evidence against him that he had fired a gun at him, but this was not true for him, as the people believed, but that there was a quarrel between them. One eye only this O'Daly had, and he said to this man in the Court: "If I were to fire a gun at you, don't think that I

(4) This line occurs only in the version given me by Father Clement O'Looney. I hope Raftery did not compose it.

(5) Or "go down hill."

mbuailfínn tú, má tá mé ar leat-fúil féin," aghur ann-
 rin tubairt ré leir an mbreiteam currair no maric vo
 curi ruar or a coinne, " aghur feuc, féin, má buailim é,"
 ar reirean, óir bí toga urdair aige. Níor tubairt ré
 don ruo eile aót rin. Uhi raicior móir ar na buac-
 ailib go leirfead ré amac a n-ainmneaca féin, aót ní
 raib baogal air. Tliged [teilged] é, aghur tugad
 breiteammar criocta air. Uo iunnead cómria úo aghur
 currad an cómria ar éair, aghur vo currad é féin 'nó
 ruibe ar an gcómria lá breidg dibreidin, nuair bí an
 grian ag foillruigad aghur na héanlaic ag reinn, aghur
 tugad é mar rin go uti Suidé-fínn, 'n áit ar currad
 crioct ruar le n-a crioctad. Uo bí an bótar lán uoime,
 ag féacaint air ag uil ann, aghur vo réir mar bí an
 cáit ag ruibal bí raio ag glaoúac air léimnig anuar
 aghur iuc leir, amac criocta féin, aghur go rabáilfoir é,
 aghur bí cur vo na raigtoiruib vo bí in ran ngáiroa na
 n-éireannraigib, aghur tubairt raio leir i nGaeoilig vá
 noéanrad ré rin go rgaoilfoir a gcuio gunna ruar ran
 réir aghur nac marbócad raio don uoime. Aót ní uer-
 naio ré don raigraio ar imteac; cúair ré go rocair gí
 uti an crioct aghur crioctad é. Tubairt rean-feair leir ar
 mbaimrigeairna Greigir, go raib ré ag curi ratar an
 lá rin ag Suidé-fínn, aghur go bracad ré an crioctad,
 ran mbliadain, 1820, aghur go raib an Reacúire ann,
 aghur go noeirnaio ré abrián air, aghur guri tubairt ré
 in ran gcéad béair vo bí in ran abrián, " go mbuó
 maic an curann é nac leirfead u'adon gédag ná u'adon
 éraob u'á raib air, tuirim ar láir." Buó é an áiall vo
 bí leir rin, go mbuó maic an gairgibeac an Uálac
 nuair náir leir ré amac ainmneaca na mbuacailibe

would not hit you, even though I have only one eye." And then he said to the judge to put up an object or mark before him, "and see for yourself if I don't hit it," said he, for he was a choice good shot. He never said anything else but that. The Boys were greatly frightened for fear he might let out their names, but there was no fear of him. He was condemned, and sentence of hanging was passed against him. A coffin was made for him, and the coffin was placed upon a cart, and he himself was put sitting on the coffin, on a fine day in April, with the sun shining and the birds singing, and he was taken in this way to Seefin, where a gallows was erected to hang him. The road was full of people looking at him going there, and as the cart was travelling they were calling on him to jump down and to run off through themselves, and that they would save him. And some of the soldiers who were in the guard were Irishmen, and they told him in Irish that if he did so they would fire their guns in the air and kill nobody. However, he made no attempt to escape, but went quietly to the gallows and was hanged. An old man told Lady Gregory that he was planting potatoes that day at Seefin, and saw the hanging, in the year 1820, and that Raftery was there and made a song upon it, and that he said in the first verse that was in the song, "how he was a good tree that would not let one bough or one branch of all that was on it fall to the ground." The meaning that he had in that was—that Daly was a good hero when he never let out the names of the other Whiteboys,

bán eile; cóim cnuaidh a gair cnuaidh ar é. A gair i nveirneadh an abhán do ghlaoth ré ar Oísa bheirceamhar ceairt do déanamh ar an mbeirte do bheirte go h-éadscóir-
 ad é, no dá stiucraoibh réin raon, gair ré go stiucraoibh
 oiozaltar ar a gair cloinne. “A gair b’fioir do é
 féad id a maid neairt talman a gair gabáltar aca in
 gair uile áit, cá ’uile raon aonir? Chail raon uile go
 léir é, a gair an méad maoinne a gair raibhírt do bí aca,
 do rgaradh é, a gair fuair an cuio ir mó o’á gclonn báir;
 níon rágadh áit beirte aca, a gair tá ceann aca go ’na
 bháitir, a gair tá an ceann eile ’na cóimnuide”
 “Do róradh cailín ve’n bunadh go go veirgeannad le fear
 do cóimnuig a bhadh ó Suirde-rinn, a gair duibhírt uinne
 eile leir an mbeirtegeanna gregoir go mbuadh beag an
 fáilte do bí moimri. O’fuarraig an fear go cao fáit
 náir cuirneadh fáilte níon fearri moimri, a gair ré mo
 duibhírt raon leir, “An cuio rin o’á bunadh do cuaidh
 cóim h-áir rin, ir tmuadh nac nveadhírd raon níon áirve,”
 a gair buadh é an áil do bí leir rin, go mbuadh éirneadh é
 náir cuirneadh id réin! “Nuair cuaidh mé rin,” ar
 reirneadh, “cuimnuig mé ar málldat Raiteiri, a gair con-
 naic mé go maid éirneadh ann go fóill.” Duibhírt an
 fear céadna gur cuaidh ré náir fáir fear maím ó foim
 ar an mball ar cuirneadh an Oálad i n-éadscóir.

Fuair mé cuio ve’n abhán do rinne an Reachtúire
 an uair rin. Bhí beagán ve na beirraoibh ag an
 gComáineadh a gair fuair Mac Uí Neachtáin uaidh id,
 a gair bí cuio eile ag Seoirre Mac Siolla-an-éoir a gair
 ag Mac Uí Floinn. Ag go maím cuim mé le céile id, áit
 ir oioig nac bhíil ann áit bled, óir níil an maím rin

as hard as they put it on him. And in the end of the song he called upon God to pass a right judgment upon the couple who had betrayed him wrongfully, or if they themselves were to come safe, then that vengeance might fall upon their children. "And it was true for him. Look at them who had lots of land and holdings in every place, where are they now? They lost it altogether, and all the goods and riches they had, they were scattered; and the most of their children died. There were only left two of them; one of them is a friar, and the other is living in ——." A girl of this family was lately married to a man who lived a long way from Seefin, and another man told Lady Gregory that small was the welcome was before her. This man inquired why she was not given a better welcome, and what they said to him was: "Those of her family who went up that height, it was a pity that they did not go higher," and the meaning of that was, that it was a pity they were not hanged themselves. "When I heard that," said he, "I remembered Raftery's curse, and saw that it was effectual yet." The same man said that he heard that grass never grew since upon the spot where Daly was unjustly hanged. I recovered a portion of the song that Raftery made at that time. Comyns had some of the verses, and Owen O'Neachtain got them from him, and Seoirse Mac Golla an Chloig and Glynn had others. Here is how I have put them together, but no doubt it is only a fragment, for that verse upon the tree that never let one

ann, ar an gcian, náir leis u'ann u'á curó gédas tuir-
im ar láir. Nac náuirúda trídctar an Reacúirne ar
"Chogadó Daeóel le Dailaib" in ran gcéso béairra!
Tá an fuidim céanna iní gac béairra aige; minne ré gac
ann ar an gcuma céanna, ar "é" i láir na línte, agus
ar "m," "n," no "ll" i nveimeadó na línte coimérom:—

ANTOINE O DÁLAIG.

Tráctnóna Doine an Chéarta,
Bhí na Daeóil faoi miorra (1) as na Dail,
Coimérom an Láe céanna,
Do bí Don-mac Mhuirne in ran gcian.
Tá súil le Mac Dé (2) 'gam,
'Sé mo leun i ar gan maic ar bíc uó ann,
'S gur b'é Cullen (3) 'r a céile
Chioó Daly, ar go tuagair uíol ann.

Áct a bean ós, le m' nade
Cuirim éas ar an mbairle 'mbéirir ann,
Aicío agus éas air,
Ar go n-éirigir an tuile or a céann,
Ní peadó ar bíc an méso rin,
A Dha gléigil, ir é guróim le fonn
Ar an bfeair uó éioó Daly
'S o'fágbair a gaoilte as gol 'r a élan.

(1) "Mercy," Bell. (2) "Súil le long day," Bell.

(3) "Cellin," an Coimáineac; "Cullen," Bell.

(4) Literally: "On the evening of the Friday of the Cruci-
fixion, The Gall had the Gaedheal under mercy (?); On the anni-
versary of the same day, The One-Son of Mary was on the

of all its branches fall, is not in it. How naturally Raftery alludes to the "Wars of the Gael with the Gaill" in the first verse.

My translation in the first verse will give an idea of the metre of the original. All the verses are made with the same rhymes, i.e., the internal rhyme on the "ae" sound, the end rhymes on a vowel followed by "m," "nn," or "ll":—

ANTHONY O'DALY.

On the eve of Good FRIDAY,
 The Gael was LYING, smit by the Gall;
 On the same day, Christ DYING,
 Rose, BUYING the human race from its fall.
 God grant REQUITAL!
 In our CRYING there was no use at all;
 Cullen and his WIFE THERE
 Took the LIFE THERE of Daly. Elack their fall! (4)

But, O young woman, while I live
 I put death upon the village in which you shall be;
 Disease and death upon it,
 And may the flood rise over it.
 All that, is no sin at all,
 O bright God! this is what I pray, with desire,
 Against the man who hanged Daly,
 And left his kindred weeping and his children.

tree. I hope in the Son of God; It is my grief and without any good for him in it; (there is something amiss in this verse; an alternative reading is: Hoping for a long day, i.e., respite, which makes better sense) And sure it is Cullen and his spouse Who have hanged Daly. May they give satisfaction for it!

1r maidé oíogálar Dé
 An té o'féarfaó ranaóct le na am.
 Saó peacaó o'á léigtear
 So h-éas go b'faiuó (P) ar an oream.
 'S ias an oá Séimin
 Le rgeim oo fochuig an plan,
 An méas naó b'faiuó o'ria féin
 An rgeal céasna go b'faiuó ar a gclainn.

Ó ríneadó oo g'éasa
 Tá an t-áer in a múirt or ar gcionn
 Ní lafann na méalta
 A'r na h-éirg, ní p'raobann ar tuinn.
 Ní éasann o'ruóct ar an b'féar
 A'r na h-éanlaic, ní labhair go binn,
 Le cúma oo o'iaig, Daly,
 So h-éas ní éis toiraó ar éioinn.

A'r ríuó é an ríneán
 Náir úmlaig 'r náir írlig oo Shail,
 Antoine O Dálaig (a Mhic Dé!) (1)
 San b'péig oo bíveadó a'gann saó am.
 Aóct o'éas pé 'na Shaeóeal maidé
 A'gur o'áon féar níor élaon pé a céann,
 A'r gur teann-mionnaio éicig
 Chrioc Daly, a'gur neart cloinne Sall.

(1) Sio, Bell; "Sweet Anthony Daly an t'reán féar," an Comáinead.

Good is the vengeance of God
 To him who could wait for its time,
 Every sin (misfortune?) which is read of,
 Till death may it watch for the lot of them.

It was the two Shameens (2)
 Who by a scheme made up the plan,
 And as much (of my curse) as shall not watch them
 The same, may it watch their children.

Since your limbs were laid out
 The air is in corruption over our head,
 The stars do not shine,
 And the fish, they leap not on the waves.
 There comes no dew on the grass,
 And the birds do not sing sweetly,
 With grief after you, Daly,
 There shall never come fruit upon the trees.

And there is the righteous-one!
 Who never humbled himself or bowed to the Galls,
 Anthony O'Daly! Oh, Son of God!
 Whom we used to have (with us) each time without a lie.
 But he has died a good Gael,
 And to no man has he inclined his head;
 And sure it was the thick oaths of perjury
 That have hanged Daly; that and the power of the children
 of the Gall.

(2) A disparaging diminutive of Sheamus (James).

Τά μβέιinn-γε mo éλίμεαé
 Λάξαé, έαοτιom, αιγεαnτα αri πέαnn,
 Ιr veαr vo rγriόβpαinn vo έpείéγε
 1 nγλαν-γθαεéειλγε αri leαc oγ vo éεαnn,
 Mile α'γ oéτ γcέαo
 Δn πέ vέαγ, 'r Δn ceαéαιη 'nα éεαnn,
 Ó έπιηλιγ Mac Όé
 Συri έαγ Daly, 1 γCαιrλεάν Συrié Fιnn (1).

Δγ ro pιoρα γεαrri vo éum Δn Reαééúηie Δγ cυri
 1 γcείλλ vo nα vαoιnιb éom léιγεαnτα Δγυr bi πέ, Δγυr
 éom móri Δγυr bi Δ eóλαr αri vέίéιb Δγυr αri rταιη nα
 nγpέαγac Δγυr nα Rómánaé! Ιr vóιγ γo pαié tuilleαó
 Δnn, Δéτ má bi, ni βpυαιηeαr Δéτ Δn μέαo ro. Τά Δn
 μιοpύri pαoα ro binn γo leóri. Δr leαbαri Δn epαoιri
 éloié vo έαpηpαιng μέ Δn γιοτα ro.

(1) nί'λ Δn vαpα nά Δn epιóμαó βέαpα Δγ G., nά leαé vε'n
 éúγεαó βέαpα; Δéτ τά ceαnn eile αιγε nαé vεγγ me έuar. Τά πέ
 μαri leαnαr :—

Τά nα pαιpειri γεo pυαr
 Δ' pαnαéτ γo vεγγió Δn lá
 Ιαpηaiη αri Rιγ nα nγμάpτα
 Συri γεαrri γo nγαbαió Δnuαr
 γo βpεicpιó μέ Δn lá
 Δ mbéiό oηpα pάpα α'γ pυαιγ
 αri γαé uile mác máταr
 Όαri oηpυiγ éú Daly éυri pυαr.

If I were a clerk,
 Kindly, light-handed, spirited with a pen,
 It is prettily I would write your virtues
 In clean Irish on a flag over your head.
 One thousand and eight hundred,
 And sixteen and four added to it,
 From the time the Son of God descended
 Until Daly died, at the Castle of Seefin (1).

Here is a short piece that Raftery composed to let the people understand how learned he was, and how great was his knowledge of the gods and of the history of the Greeks and Romans. No doubt there was more in it, but this is all I found of it. This long metre is rather musical. I took this piece out of the stone-cutter's book:—

(1) The following curious epitaph upon this Daly, in English, I found in old Hessian's common-place book. It is an inaccurate version of what is inscribed upon his tomb in Kilreacle, four miles east of Loughrea. It is very bad, but once the people turned to English they became deteriorated in almost every way:—

Beneath this speaking slate
 Lies Anthony Daly of the Catholic faith,
 Who went to meet his God with love and free will
 On the eight of April, from Seefin Hill.
 This great country all well know
 That he left his friends in grief and woe ;
 His parents, wife, and loving children,
 Tom, John, and Denis, in the utmost grief for him.
 Let us pray incessant without controul (sic),
 The Lord have mercy on his soul.

ΔΗ ΘΙΑ ΘΑΡ Β'ΔΙΝΗ ΙΟΥΠΙΤΕΡ.

Δη Θία θαρ β'δινη Ιούπιτερ ιη μόρι σο ετιτ ι βρεαδάο
λειρ,

Θηί βεαν αιγε ιηρ ζαό βεαλαό αρ αν ταλαμ δ'ρ ιη
ραν δέρι,

Νεπτιύν ιη ραο ό ουβνιαό ζυρ ρτιύνιαό αν λάν μαρι
λειρ,

Μαρρ σο βί ιηρ ζαό καέ μαρι ιη σο'η έλαίρεαμ (1)
εεραό έ.

Δη τριύρι αυειρι να η-ύζοαρι αρ καίτεαό αν τ-ύβαλλ
εατορηα (2)

Ραριρ 'ρ μόρι σο μεαλλαό έ λε ηelen ιη ραν ηζηρέιζ,
υλιρρέρ δ'ρ α έμιαότα, ιη λε η-α ρταοιη σο μεαλλαό
ρέ (3)

Αcciléρ ζεαρι αν Τιμοι (4)—αζυρ ηί ραοι α ο'ιμετιζ
αν Ζηρέιζ.

Ιη ιομόα ηιοζαότ ραρι σο έυαρταιζ Τελεμεαχυρ
Αρ έόιηζεαότ α αέαρ βί ι ζκοιζρηιόδ βραο ι ζοέιη
ζο η-ιρηιονη έυζ ρέ ευαριε, αζυρ Μινυρ [μόρι] σο
έεαηζημιαιζ λειρ

Θί ρέ αζ εαριτα Θυλκάιη αζυρ οεαριε ρέ αρ α ζλειρ.
Cheiptiηζ ρέ Ραοιμαντυρ αέτ Ρλυτο αν ρηιονηρα
ο'ηρεαζαρι έ,

Ρεαρι δον τριύιη σο υαλλαό λειρ, αν τριά έυηιηιηζ ρέ
ιη ραν έείβ,

Χαριον σο ρζαοιη ρύτα έ σο'η Ζηρέιζ αρ αιρ ζο ηοεαό-
αίό ρέ,

'S ηίορι αιέτιη αέτ α ηιαοαό έ, μαρι ο'αέτιμιαιζ α ηηυαό
'ρ α ρζέιηη.

(1) "Clamé," MS. (2) "Sir ειυηι ριαο," MS.

THE GOD WHOSE NAME WAS JUPITER.

The God whose name was Jupiter, how many fell in love with him,
 He found a wife in every place, on earth and in the air ;
 With Neptune, who PRESIDES over TIDES and over ocean-
 waves,

And Mars, the god of battle-deeds, appointed for the spear.
 The three whom authors TELL US had the JEALOUS apple
 flung to them,

Paris, who was led away to Greece by Helen fair ;
 Ulysses whom they MENTION, for INVENTION he was won-
 derful ;
 Achilles threatened TROY, and, valiant BOY, he perished
 there.

Many is the cold kingdom that Telemachus searched

In pursuit of his father, who was in foreign parts, far away ;
 To hell he paid a visit, and great Minos met him :

He was at Vulcan's forge, and he looked at his implements.
 He questioned Rhadamanthus, but Pluto the prince answered him,
 The man of one eye was blinded by him when he descended into
 the cave ;

Charon let him out to them, so that he went to Greece,
 And nothing but his dog recognised him, for his appearance
 and beauty had altered.

(3) "Συμ μεττ γέ," MS. (4) "ἀν τροίω σο τάλτα τειρ," MS.

Θεσπιμα, αν ὄσ-ῆησαι, αν ποσίς λέ'η κιάδω Hercules
 Centaury γαν βάο α τεληγῆμαίς λειρ, βυθό ειονητάς
 λειρ αν γζέαι,

αν λείνε νίμε γυαιρ γέ τυς γέ α μίλε μαλλαότ σι,
 Όόίτεαό αν γεαι 'γ νί μαίτ λιον έ, no ιρ βηέδζα ουβ-
 αιητ λυότ λείγινν.

αν έαιητ ανοιρ α ουβαιητ μέ, τά υζοαι γιαι ας γεαι-
 αιη λειρ,

homer ὀιηζι, ηοηαιρ, αςυρ τυλλεαό νάη γζηιοβ
 βηέδζ,

File αν βιέ in γαν ζούιζε α σέαιρφαρ α η-αζαίό καιρ-
 τεινó,

Ταζαό γέ λεαό-βεαλαις αςυρ μαέαιό ζοβάν ηα βέαι.

Ας γο μαη το μολ γέ οιβηιόε μαίτ, γαοη δόμουο,
 το κόηηυις ι η-υαέταη Chonouae ηα ζαιλλίηε. ὀηιοό
 ούιλ μόηι ας αν κλαέτύηε ι ζκόηηυιόε ι η-οιβηιόε
 μαίτ, no ι βρεαιρ αηησε μαίτ. ηί γαιβ δον ηυο το έυηι
 γεαιγ αιη μαη οηοό-οβαιη. ὀο έαιημαηζ μέ αν
 τ-αβηιάν γο αν λεαβαη αν τραιοηι-έλοίόε :—

Dejainra, the young woman by whom certainly Hercules was destroyed,

A Centaur in the boat who met him it was who was guilty of the deed ;

The poisoned shirt which he got, he gave it a thousand curses,

The man was burned (and I would not wish it), or else it is lies that learned men have spoken.

This talk now that I have uttered, there are authors behind it, supporting it,

Homer, Virgil, Horace, and more who never wrote a lie,

And any poet in this province who shall contradict Raftery,

Let him come half way (to meet him) and a gag shall go into his mouth (1).

Here is how he praised a good workman, a carpenter, who lived in the south of the county Galway. Raftery always liked a good workman or a good tradesman. There was nothing that angered him like bad work. I have taken this song from the stone-cutter's book :—

(1) i.e., I will gag his mouth, or shut him up, with my superior verses.

ΣΕΔΞΑΝ ΚΟΝΡΟΙΟ.

Τά οιβηιόε ργιορέα τριάταμάιλ ΔΞ βόταρι Χαριρεάιλ
Τάιλλιύη

Δη μάιτ λιομ κοιτόέ' βειτ τριάττ Δηη, μαηι τά ούιλ Διγε
ραν ρρόρη,

Κύμλσοαη (1) έ ηρ άιλλε ι η-έλοαηη γλοηηε Δη κάριτα,
Νιοη έεαηγεβδιζ Δηιαή Δ μάιζιηηηηη οηηη, ι η-άιη Δη
βιτ ζο ρόιλλ.

Νι η-ιοηγεηό Δηη, Δη κάρ ρηη, οο μέηη Δ ζήηιοή, 'ρ Δ
έάιλεάτ,

Τά μύηαό Δηη ό ηάούηη, Δζυρ Δη η-οηηεάτ ηη Δ ρόηη,
έηηηό Δη ρζεул μά'ρ άιλ λιβ, Δζυρ μίηηεόάο οαοιβ Δη
βαλλ έ,

Ξυη οιβηιόε Κοηροίό οο ράριδιζ Δ βρηνι ό Δραιοη
ζο Ούηηόηη.

Σαρη ζο οεαη ι βρηνάμα ι βρηνηηεόζαιβ ηρ έ ο'ράιηη-
ρεαό,

Οοηηηε ηαλλά Δη άιλλε, Δζυρ Δ βρηνιηεαό οο έεάτ
μόηη,

Βοιηηηέηη Δ'ρ ηάλαιό, λε μεαβΔη Δ έηηη 'ρ Δ λάηηηε,
Στοιζηηε Δ'ρ ηηιλάη-ελάη Δζυρ Δ λάη ηάηη ούβΔηηηε μέ
ρόηη.

Οηέαηηαό λση Δη ράιηε, κοηηε Δη ηαοιηόε ηάμα,
Μηιλληε ηλύηη Δ'ρ ηάηηε, ρέ έηηηηεαό ι ζεαοι 'ρ ι
ζεόηηη,

Λε ρηηέάλ ζλαν Δ'ρ ηλάηα Δ έηηόεηηηεαηηη ζαό άιηζε
εεαηηηηη ρέ ζαό άόηηαο λε η-Δζαίό βάηο οο έηηη έηηη
ρεόιλ.

(1) Οοηηηεαηη "κύμλσοαηη" ι ζεοηηηάτταιβ, ι η-άηη "κοηηηεαοαηηηη."

JOHN CONROY.

There's a workman good and GRACEFUL on the road to Castle
TAYLOR,

And it's I would like to PRAISE him, for it's he who loves the
game;

He never yet was ALLING when the glass was on the TABLE,
And he has not got a FAILING that myself at LEAST could
name.

No wonder, what I'm SAYING, for God has made him PLAINLY,
Of honourable NATURE and his people were the same,
Both generous and FAITHFUL, there's no one who can BEAT
him,
Fron here to Aran QUAY, or can COMPETE with him in fame.

It is he who would fit in (literally, "squeeze") a sash nicely in a
frame, in windows,
Hall doors of beauty, and all that would become a big house,
Banister and rails with the quickness (literally, "feeling") of his
head and of his hand,
Stairs and boarded floor, and a lot more I have not mentioned
yet.

He would make a ship on the brine, a cot-boat and the oars,
Flour mills and rape mills, it is he who would set in tune and
order;

With a clean chisel and plane which finishes every thing-of-
beauty (?)

He frames every timber (necessary) to put a boat a-sailing.

Οιβριθε τραδαμάλ ρταμα ε, το υέανραδ οποιρ δ'ρ
 τύηνα,

Αη ρεόλ 'ρ να μαϊοιθε λιαρζεα, αν τρλινη, αζυρ αν
 ρρόλ,

Όο λείζρεαδ λεαδαν δ'ρ νυαιθεαετ μαρ τά ρόζλαιμ αιρ
 αζυρ μύηαδ

Όά ριύβαλφά εαρτ αν Όύιγε ηί ρειορεά ρεαρ υ'ά ρόητ.
 Τά οηοτυζαδ υίηεαδ λάιηηι ηαδ ηηέαζ ατά μέ ηάδ λειρ,
 Μαη ιρ ιοηά ρεαρ ραν άιτ ρεο α ηυεαηηα ρέ οβαηι
 υό,

Αη ευηζ αν ελιαε 'ρ αν ρηάα, βαηηα ηοεα, 'ζυρ λάηηε,
 Εεαετ το ερεαδραδ βάηητε, αζυρ υ'ιοηπόεαδ ρυαρ
 αν ρόο,

'S α λάν ηαδ ζευιήηηζιηιμ τηάετ αιρ, υέανραδ ρέ ζαν
 βάρτα (P)

Ραο αρ ηηόζ υο'η λάιυ, αζυρ λε ρλεαετ ζαδ υιλε ρόητ,
 Όηεανραδ ρέ ζο ρεόλτα αηηι δ'ρ αάηητ δ'ρ αόητε,
 Ζαδ ηυιλε ηιυ υε'η τρόητ ρηη, αζυρ αόηηα υο ρεαρ
 βάηρ.

Ρεαρ [λίεηαρ] λειζετ ρζαοιητε ε αιρ μαηζαδ ηο αιρ
 αοηαε,

Α ράηηαι ηι'λ ραν τηη ρεο, ηη αιρ ααραδ λιοη ζο ρόιηλ.
 Ιρ ηεαζ α ριιημ ι υοίοζβαν αετ ααιεαηι 'ρ ράζαιλ ζο
 ζηαοιυέαηηαι,

Ιρ ιοηά λά αζυρ οηόε υο ηί μέ λειρ αζ όλ.

A timely, clever workman he is, who would make a reel and a spinning wheel,

The loom and the rocking-sticks, the weaver's slay and the shuttle ;

He would read books and news, because he has learning and instruction,

If you were to walk round about the province you would not see (another) man of his sort.

It is a straight and strong proof that it is no lie I am speaking of him,

Since it is many a man in this place that he has done work for ;

The swingles and the harrow, and the drag-rake, wheelbarrow, and hand-barrow,

The plow that would plow fallows, and turn up the sod.

Much more, too, that I cannot think of, he would make without waste,

A handle and a footrest for the loy (Connacht spade), and with neatness, every kind of thing,

He would make cleverly a car and a cart and a coach,

Every thing of the sort, and a coffin for the man of death.

An active, nimble, loose-limbed man is he, at a market or a fair,

His like there is not in this country, of all that I have yet met ;

Small is his respect for housekeeping, but to be spending and earning decently ;

Many is the day and the night that I was with him a-drinking.

A timely, clever workman he is, who would make a reel and a spinning wheel,

The loom and the rocking-sticks, the weaver's slay and the shuttle ;

He would read books and news, because he has learning and instruction,

If you were to walk round about the province you would not see (another) man of his sort.

It is a straight and strong proof that it is no lie I am speaking of him,

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Small is his respect for housekeeping, but to be spending and earning decently ;

Many is the day and the night that I was with him a-drinking.

Ὅλα μβεῖο' ρέ ρυαρ ναοι η-οιόεεεε εια ο'φειρεαδὸ λοηε
[αν] ἔραοιη αιη

Μαι τα ρέ ειαλληαι εηιοηα ρλαίτεαηαιλ ουηεαηαιλ
κόηη,

Ραε δαυρ βαιλ ὁ Χηρῖορ αιη, ατα μο κόηηιάδὸ ὀεαητα (1),
Σηη ε δ εάλληεαετ ρῖορ ὀαοιῖβ, α'ρ ηῖ ὀεαηραῖὸ μέ
ηῖορ μό.

Ὁ εῖητ ηη-άδὸ μῶη αηαε αι λοε Οηηβηη, ἰεConοαέ
ηα εαλληηε, ραη ηηλαῖόαιη, 1828. Chuαῖὸ αοη ουηηε
ὀεαε δαυρ ρῖε αι ηοηο ρεαη-ἔαῖο δε Αηαε Ὅηηη ηο
Αηαε Cυαηη, ἰ η-εηηεαετ λε ααοηαεαῖβ δαυρ λε ηηααῖβ
εηε, λε ουλ εο η-αοηαε ηα εαλληηε. ὀηη ηημῖοηη ὀεε
ηηηε λε ουλ αεα. ηηαηη εάηεαααη ἰ ηροηεαεετ ὀά
ηηηε ὀο εηαλληη ὀο εῖηη ααοηα αεα α αοη ηῖε εῖοη αη
ἔαῖο, δαυρ εοραῖε αη η-ηηε αη εεαετ αηεαε εο ηηαε.
ηηαηη εοηηαηηε ρεαη ὀο ἔη ηη ραη ηηάο αη η-ηηε δε
ηηε αηεαε, λεαε ρέ α εῖοα μῶη αι αη ηποηη, δαυρ
ἔηηῖε ρέ α αοη αιη. αεε ηηηηε ρέ εο ηῖό λῖοηη ε, δαυρ
ἰ η-αῖε αη ηοηη ὀο ρεοαδὸ ηη εαδὸ ηηηηε ρέ αη ελῖη ὀο
εῖοηαῖηη αι ραο αη αη ηηάο. Ὁ οηηαδὸ αη ἔαο λῖη
ηηε αη αη μῖοηηο, δαυρ εῖαῖὸ ρέ ρῖορ, δαυρ ὀ'ῖάε ρέ
αοη ουηηε ὀεαε αι ρῖεῖο δαυρ ὀεῖὸ εαοηηῖε δε ηηοηο
λεηη αη ηηε. ηῖ ηαῖβ ραο αεε ρεαεαῖη εαηηη ὀ'η
εαλαη, αεε 'ηα αηηῖοεῖοη ρηη ὀο ἔαῖεαδὸ ηαοη ηαοηηε
ὀεαε αεα, ὀαοηηε ὀεα, λῖεηαηα, λῖοηηε. ἰ ὀεοηαε ηη
ὀεηηῖὸ αη ρῖεηῖαηη, ηαηοηη ηηεαεε, εῖηηη, ὀο εῖαῖὸ αη
ἔαο εο εῖοη, δαυρ ὀο ἔαῖεαδὸ ηα ὀαοηηε ρεο. Chuαῖὸ

(1) Λαδαιη αη ρηε ηαι "οιαητα" ε:

If he were to be up for nine nights, who would see the signs of a drop on him?

Because he is sensible, wise, princely, humane, courteous, Luck and prosperity from Christ upon him! My discourse is finished.

There is his character (put) down for you, and I shall say no more.

There happened a great misfortune upon Loch Corrib, in the county Galway, in the year 1828. Thirty-one people went aboard of an old boat at Annaghdown, together with sheep and other things, to go to the fair of Galway. They had about eight miles to go. When they came to within two miles of Galway one of the sheep put its foot through the bottom of the boat, and the water began to come in rapidly. When one of the men who was in the boat saw the water running in, he laid his overcoat on the hole, and bruised his foot down on it. But he did it too strongly, and in place of stopping the hole 'twas what he did—to drive the plank out of the boat entirely. The boat was filled with water in a moment and went down, and left thirty-one people and ten sheep fighting with the water. They were only a little piece from land, but in spite of this, nineteen persons of them were drowned—young, strong, active people. It was in the beginning of September, on a fine, calm, sunny morning, that the boat went to the bottom and these people were drowned. The dreadful news

an rḡéal díobéal trío an tír aḡur éuinnig a
 luét ḡaol na uimcioll. Do rrué na corpáin uile
 ar an uirḡe áct don éeann amáin. Ní h-ionḡnadó
 ḡo rúib bhíon aḡur ḡéar-ḡol ar fuo na tíre, aḡur bí
 inntinn na noaoine corruigḡe ḡo mói leir an mi-áó
 vo éuit orra cóin h-obann rin. Dubairt an Reaóúime
 ḡo bḡáḡḡaó ré cuimne ḡo bháct ar an rḡéal, aḡur vo
 éuir ré i béarḡaib é. Fuair mé an éuro ir mó ve na
 béarḡaib reo ó Phríóinḡar O Concúbair vo éualaió
 iao ó fean-ínnaoi vo ruḡaó i n-Anac Cuain í réin, aḡur
 vo éuimig ḡo maic maí vo éuit an mi-áó amaé, aḡur
 bí cuo eile vé aḡ fean-ual i nḡar vo éuaim. Bí cuo
 vé, ve meabair aḡ an ḡCománac maí an ḡeáona, aḡur
 tá cuo vé in ran rḡrúibinn tá ran Acauaim. Do éuir
 mé le céile é cóin maic aḡur o'féaḡar, áct tá ré
 mearḡa ḡo mói trío a céile, aḡur ní' áct buille rá
 éuairm in ran eaḡar vo éuir mé ar na béarḡaib.
 Taḡann béarḡa no vó aca arteaé rá vó rá éularó
 éaḡraimail, maí vo bíoḡar aḡ uaoimib éaḡraimla, áct
 níor maic liom iao o'fáḡbáil amaé. Ir cinnte náe maí
 tá ré anoir vo éáinḡ ré ó béal an Reaóúime réin, áct
 ḡo rúib rlaéct níor feairi ar:—

went through the country, and their relatives gathered round them. All the bodies were found, and taken out of the water, except one. Small wonder that there was grief and piteous crying throughout the country, and people's minds were greatly moved at the misfortune which fell upon them so suddenly. Raftery said that he would leave a remembrance for ever on the story, and he put it into verses. I got the greater part of these verses from Frank O'Connor, who heard them from an old woman who was born in Annaghdown herself, and who well remembered how the misfortune came about, and some more from a blind man near Tuam. Comyn had some of them by heart, too, and there are some of them in the manuscript in the Academy. I put it together as well as I was able, but it is greatly mixed up, and the order in which I have placed the verses is only conjectural. One or two of the verses come in twice under a different dress, as different people had them, but I did not like to leave them out. It is certain that it did not come from Raftery's mouth as it stands now, but that it was more neatly shaped:—

ΑΝΑΘ-ΚΥΔΙΝ.

Μά φάξαιμ-ρε γλάντε η' ραοα βείθεαρ τριάεταό
 Δι αν μέσο το βάιτεαό δι Αναθ-κυδιν,
 'S mo έριμαξ, αμάμαό ζαό άεαιη 'r μάεαιη
 θεαν ά' r πάητε τά ά' ηλεαό ηύλ.
 Δ Ριξ να ηγιάρτα έεαρ νεαιη ά' r Πάηηεαρ
 ηάηι θεαξ αν τ-άόβαεέ (P) ούιηη βειητ ná τηιύη,
 άετ λά έοη βρεάξ λειη, ζαν ζαοιέ ná βάηηεαέ,
 λάν ά' βάηο αα ά' ηζαααό δι ηιύβαλ !

ηάηι ηόηι αν τ-ιηηηαό οη έόηαιη να ηθαοιηε
 Δ βπειηηηηε ηίητε δι έύλ α ζαηηη,
 ζηηεααό ά' r ααοιηεαό το ηζαηηηιόέαό θαοιηε
 ζηηαξ ο'ά αιαηαό 'r αν έηηεαό ο'ά ηιοηη.
 θηι βυαέαιηηιέ όζα ανη, τίζεαέτ αν ηόζηαιη,
 ο'ά ηίηεαό δι έηιόαη, 'r ο'ά οταβαηηε ζο αηλ,
 'S ζυη β'έ ηλεηη α βπόητα το βί ο'ά οτόηαιη,
 'S α οηια να ζλόηηε ηάηι ηόηι αν ηεαλλ !

Αηηήο οηα η-αοιηε έλμηηεά αν ααοιηεαό
 Δξ τεαέτ ζαέ ταοβ, αζυη ζηηεααό βοη,
 Δ' r α λάν έαη οιόέε ηηοηη ηυηηηεαέ έλαοιότε
 ζαν αεό ηε οέαηαιη αα αέτ ά' ηίηεαό αοηη.
 Δ οηια 'r α έηηιόητα ο'ηυλαηηζ ιοόβαηηε
 οο έεαηηηηζ [ζο] ηίηεαηηαέ αν βοέτ 'r αν ηοέτ
 ζο Πάηηεαρ ηαοιηέτα ζο οηυζαηη ηαοηη ηεατ
 ζαέ [αηέαηύη] οίοβ ο'ά'ηι έηηε ηαοηη αν ηοτ.

(1) Literally : If I get health (to finish this song) it is long there shall be talk, Of all who were drowned at Annaghdown, And my grief ! on the morrow each father and mother, Wife and child a-shedding (tears from their) eyes ; O, King of the Graces, who hast shaped Heaven and Paradise, Were it not small the

THE DROWNING OF ANNACH DOON.

If I live to show it, the world shall know it,
 The awful drowning at Annach Doon,
 Left father and mother, and wife and brother,
 In a shudder and smother of tears and gloom.
 O, King of Graces, accursed the place is,
 'Twere no disgrace to us, one or two,
 But a day so fine, without clouds or wind!
 Yet they sank in the tide, a whole boat's crew (1).

Was it not great the wonder, forenent the people,
 To see them stretched on the backs of their heads,
 Screaming and crying that would terrify people,
 Hair a-dishevelling, and the spoil being divided?
 There were young boys there on the coming of harvest,
 Being stretched on the bier and being taken to the churchyard,
 And sure it was the materials for their wedding that served for
 their wake,
 And, O God of Glory, is it not great the pity!

It was on Friday you would hear the keening
 Coming on every side, and the clapping of hands together,
 And numbers of people, after the night, heavy, weary, overthrowu,
 With nothing (2) for them to do but to lay-out corpses.
 O God, and O Christ, who suffered as an offering (?),
 Who hast purchased truly the poor and the naked,
 To holy Paradise, mayest Thou bring free with Thee
 Each creature of them who has fallen beneath the lot (3).

grief (?) to us two or three, But a day so fine as it was, without
 wind, without rain, To sweep away the full of a boat of them!
 (this is what grives us.)

(2) Literally: "Without a fog" (turn) "to do."

(3) This was explained to me as being the English word
 "lot" or "fate." I first took it to be lot or "wound."

Milleán zéarí ar an ionad (1) céanna
 Náir lafaid méilt ann 'r náir éimhíú zhuán,
 Do baid an méad úo do éimhíú n-éimhíú
 Zo zhuáilín ar donad zo moé Oidhreachain.
 Na ríu do zhuéarú claid 'zhuí céadót,
 Do éimhíú bhuéarú 'r do éimhíú ríol,
 A' r na mná dá méir rín do éimhíú zhuéarú don muo,
 Do ríoníarú bhuéarú zhuéarú donad.

Buidé-cláir do bí anáice láime
 Níor leiz an t-áó úóib a zhuáil aníor,
 Bhí an bháí éimhíú láime naé úoiz ré cáirúe
 O' don méad mátarú dá' r muéarú méim.
 Muna rhuéarú a ceardú úóib an lá ro a mbáirúe
 A Ríú na n-zhuáirú náir buéarú an níú,
 Aót a zhuáilúeú uile zhuán loé ná ráile,
 Le ruan-báó zhuáilúna 'r íao láim le tír.

A Ríú na n-zhuáirú éimhíú Níam a' r Páirúar
 A' r a O'hé cia an cáir úóim buéarú na rhuéarú
 Aót lá éimhíú buéarú rín zhuán zhuáilúe zhuán báirúeúe,
 A zhuáilúe [an] báirúe aca do uil zo tíim.
 Bhíur an báó a zhuáilúeú na rhuéarú,
 S zhuáilúe na ceimhíúe anonn ruan tírúam,
 A' r a O'hé! naé aníurú bí an t-áir móir uéarúe
 Ar don rhuéarú uéarúe a zhuáilúeúeú mná (2).

(1) "Lofzao rhuéarú ar an n-zhuáilúe (=ball) céanna," mar do bí rhuéarú an zhuáilúeúe.

A bitter blame be on the same place (where they died),
That star may never shine on it and that sun may never rise
on it!

Which has drowned all those who journeyed together
To Galway, to the fair, early a-Thursday.
The men who used to get-ready harrow and plough,
Who used to turn-up fallows and scatter seed,
And the women according, who would make everything,
Who would spin freize and thin linen.

Ballyclare was nigh hand,
But the luck did not suffer them to go up to it ;
Death was so strong that he gave no respite
To a single mother's son of all that were ever born.
Unless it be a thing that was decreed for them, on this day of
their drowning,
O King of Graces ! was it not a poor thing !
But to lose them all, without (their being on) lake or brine,
Through a vile old boat, and they close to land !

O King of Graces, who hast created Heaven and Paradise,
And O God ! what were the grief (3) to us, two or three,
But on a day so fine, without wind, without rain,
And the full of the boat of them to go to the bottom.
The boat broke and the people were drowned,
The sheep scattered over in the water ;
And O God, is it not there the great slaughter was made
Of eleven men and of eight women.

(2) Τά να θέαμα πο αζυρ να τγυ ρινη 'να θιαξ ό'η τρεαν μησο
σο μυσάό ας αναδ-ουαι ι φείν. (3) Literally: "Case"

Bhí aithe d'f máithe ann, mná 's gur páirtíche,
 Δε γολ 'r δε γάριταοιλ 'r δε ρειλτ να νοεόρ,
 Δ'f mná vά ρέιρ ριν το vέαηραv δον ρυο
 Το ρνίοηραv βρέιοιν Δ'f αηηαιτ [αηαιητ] ααολ.
 Δ Τhόμαϊρ υι Χατταϊλ, βα νόρ αν ργέαλ tú
 Το ερεδβρά βηαηηα το αηηηεά ριολ
 Δ'f α λιαέτα βυαάιλλ το εραϊεραv λάμ λεατ,
 Μο λευν 'r tú βάιvτε ι η-Αηαé-αυαιη.

Δ Σεάξαιη υι Χορζαϊη βα νόρ αν ργέαλ tú
 Συρ ρεαρ tú αηηαιη ι λυηγ να ι μβáv,
 'S α λιαέτα κοιρτέιη λυέηαιη ριύβαϊλ tú
 Ó λονvύν αηαλλ γο vαι Οέαλ-εραέτ;
 Αν υαιη το ραοιλ tú ρηάη το vέαηαιη
 Ρυγ να mnά vγα οητ 'vορ Δ'f έαλλ,
 'S συρ ραοιλ το μάιερην vά μβάιερνε αέαο ρεαρ
 Σο vαιυερά ρέη αηαι 'βαϊλε ρλάν.

Ohi Máιηη Nic Ρυαvάιν ανη, buinneán γλέγεαλ,
 Αν ααιλιν^η ρρέιηεαηαιλ βι αζαιηη ραν αϊτ,
 Σηλευ ρι ι ρέηη γο μοé Όια αέαυαοιη
 Le vυλ αυη αοηαιξ ó Chnoc Όεαλáιν.
 Bhí cóτα υηηηη vε έοξα αν έαυαϊξ
 αáιρην lace Δ'f ριβίηιv bán',
 Δσυρ v'ράξ ρι α μάιερην βηvναé αηαιvτε
 Δε ρειλτ να νοεόρ αηιρ γο βηάέ.

There were fathers and mothers there, women and children,

Crying and calling and shedding tears,

Women accordingly, who would make anything,

Who would spin freize and thin linen.

O Thomas O'Cahill, you were the great pity (1);

You would plough the fallow-land and you would scatter seed,

And the numbers of boys who used to shake hands with you!

My grief, and you drowned in Annaghdown!

O John O Cosgair (Cosgrave) you were the great pity

That you ever stood in ship or boat,

And all the vigorous steps you travelled

From London over to Beltra.

When you thought to make a swimming

The young women caught hold of you on this side and that,

And sure your little-mother thought though a hundred men might
be drowned

That yourself (at least) would come home to her safe.

There was Mary Ruane there, a bright young-shoot,

The sky-like girl that we had in the place;

She dressed herself up, early a-Wednesday,

To go to the fair from Knock Delain.

She had a coat upon her of choice cloth,

A lace cap, and white ribbons,

And she has left her little-mother sorrowful, ruined,

Shedding the tears again for ever.

(1) Literally: "Story."

Λογζαὸ πλείβε αζυρ γγαλλὰὸ κλείβε

Δι ἀν ἀιτ ἀρ ἐαζαυαρ, ἀ' γ milleán κυαισ
Μαρι ' γ ιομὸα κριέατύρι υ' φάξ γέ αζ ζέαι-ζολ,
Αζ γιλεαὸ ' γ αζ ἐαζαοιη ζαὸ μαισοιη λυαιη.

ηι οίοζβὰιλ εόλαιρ νο εὐιρ υ' ἀ σεριέοιρ ιαο

Δατ μι-ἀὸ μόρι βι γαν ζζαιρλεάν ηυαὸ,

'Σέ κριόκνυζαὸ ἀη ἀβριάν ζυρ βάιτεαὸ μόριάν

Ὅ' φάξ ἀὸβδαι υόλαιρ αζ ἀηαὸ-κυαιη.

Αζ γο ἀβριάν νο ηιννε ἀη κρεαὸτύηιε αζ μολαὸ

μηικ υι Cheαλλαιζ νο κόμηηιζ ηη γαν Τηιαη βάν, ἀρρυρ

ατά, γαοιηη, ἀιτ ἐίγηη ι ηζαη νο Τηυαιη Τά ἀη

τ-αβριάν ζο η-ιοηιάν ἀρ ηα ζοαὸηηαιβ "ἀ" αζυρ "ι,"

αὸτ ἀηάιη ἀη γειρεαὸ βέαιηρ, ατά ἀρ "ὀ" αζυρ "ι,"

αζυρ ἀη βέαιηρ. βειρεαηηαὸ, ατά ἀρ "ἐ" αζυρ "ι" :—

υιλλιαη ο κεαλλαιζ.

Ζοιρεαηη ζο η-ἀρηο ἀη εὐαὸ γαν Μάητ

ι λάρ ἀη Τηιαη βηάιη ' γ ηι γταυαηη γί ηι,

Δατ αζ γειηηη ηε η-ἀταρ μεαηζ ουιλλεαβδαι ἀ' γ βλάτ

Δ' γ αζ ἐηηγε ζο η-ἀρηο ι ηβαηηηαιβ ηα ζεριαὸβ.

Μολγαιὸ μέ ἀη τ-ἀρηορ ὀ γέαυαηη α ηιὰὸτε (sic)

β' γειηηη ηιοη-γὰ λά ἀηη, ηά ι η-ἀιτ εηιε, βηιαὸαηη.

Δατ ηη γαὸ ὀ βι κηάατ ἀηη ζυρ βυαιλ γέ Cιλλ-ἀηηηη

ηε ζαὸ υηιε γόηη ηηεδάζαατ, βειρε ' ζυρ ζηαοι.

A mountain-burning and a scalding breast
 Be on the place where they expired, and a hard reproach,
 For it is many is the creature it has left bitterly-weeping,
 Shedding tears, and lamenting each Monday morning.
 It was no lack of knowledge that sent them out of their right-
 direction,
 But great misfortune that was in Caislean-Nuadh,
 And the finishing of the song is—that many were drowned,
 Which has left cause of grief to Annach Doon.

Here is a song which Raftery made in praise of O'Kelly, who lived in Theean Baun (the White Third), a place which I think is somewhere near Tuam. This song is composed altogether on the vowels á and í (ee), except the sixth verse which is on ó and í, and the last which is on é and í.

(My translation of the first verse shows the metre roughly, but without observing the same vowel rhyme all through.)

WILLIAM O'KELLY.

The cuckoo will sing when she scents the Spring
 And flap with her wing on the trees so high,
 For its over the lawn of Treean Baun
 When day does dawn that she loves to fly.
 I praise its grace and its smiling face,
 One day in that place were worth a year ;
 It beats Killarney, though that be charming,
 All here is garnished with such good cheer.

Τα αν ειλιτ 'r α h-άλ ανη, αν ηιοσ 'r αν ριαό βάν
 Αηηρύο ζαό αση λά, α'r αν τρειλζ 'na [η]οιαιζ,
 Ρεόηαρη ανη, 'r να ζάμητα 'r αν τόμη λε η-α ράλαιβ,
 'S οαοηε υαιρ'λε αr ζαό ααρη ανη αζ ηρεατνηζοό
 αη α ριαηρ'.

Ααρηα ηρεάζα ηάρα, α'r εαόρηατό αη ρτάβλα,
 ηηητηρ ανη ράμηιζέτε ααη έηρ οο ηειέ ριαόαό
 Αοηρε μίν βάν ι μαηρηάηη ηρεάζ αλάηη
 Ααα λε ράζαη ανη οά ηραηραοιρ βλιαόαηη.

βοότα, λάν ρηάηοε, ο'φειρεά ζαό λά ανη
 Αζ τηαλλ αη αν άρηρ α ροηηηααη αν βιαό,
 ηί'λ οηύλταό λε ράζαη αζ αση ρεαη ζο ηραό
 Αότ αάο ηηλε ράητε αζρη ηυο λε η-α ηηαη.
 ρά ηοολαιζ βιοηη βλάτ αη να αηαηηαιβ α' ράη ανη,
 Αοηαό βα ζηάταό αζρη ηεαη αη ηάρηη αηαοβ.
 Τά ζαό υηλε ρόηη ηρεάζαότ ανη, ηυό ηόηη αν τηαη
 ρλάηητε
 'S αση ρεαη οο ηειέ λά ανη, ηυό ραο έ αη α ραοζάε.

ηα η-ηοηαηο 'r να η-άρηαη 'r να αοηητε η' ηρεάζαότ[α]
 Τά αν οαηη ζλαη αζ ράη ανη αοηη οίρεαό λε ηηαζαη,
 Λαοι βό ι ζαοηηη τηί ηάητε αζ ηηέ αμη α οάηη,
 'S ηι ρεηρεά ραη ηραραό αότ ηάρηη α οά η-αόαηηα.
 Αη αηηιτηεαότ αοηη η-άρηη α'η ζο ηαόαηραό ρι ράη,
 Αοηηη ζεαλ λειρ αν ζαηάηηη, α'η ι ρζαηηηεαό αη αν
 ζαηαοηβ,
 Αη εαλα αη αν ρηάηηη ανη, αν λαόα α'η α η-άλ ανη,
 Αη τη-υηηε ρααη λάν ανη, α'η έ ρζαηηαό λε η-ηαηζ.

The hind and her brood is there, the badger and the white deer,
 There they be, every day, and the hunt after them ;
 Reynard is there, and the shouts and pursuit at his heels,
 And gentlemen out of every quarter observing the sport.
 Fine racehorses, and steeds in stable,
 Hunters there, tired-out after their being hunting ;
 Smooth white oats in a fine wooden manger
 They have to get, though they should remain for a year.

(As for) the poor, the full of the street of them you would see
 there every day,

Journeying towards the dwelling in which food is divided ;
 There is no refusal to be got by any man ever,
 But a hundred thousand welcomes and something to distribute
 (to him).

At Christmas time there be's blossom on the trees growing there,
 A good return continually, and fruit on the top of boughs ;
 There is every sort of fineness in it, it were a great presage of
 health (to be there),
 And any man who would be a day in it, it were a lengthening
 to his life.

The places (round) and the dwellings, and the woods most fine,
 The green oak is growing there as straight as a rule ;
 The cow's calf at the end of three quarters, runs to be mated,
 And you would not see in the long growth but the top of its
 two horns.

The wheat is so high that it would make a hedge,
 As white as the bone, and it bursting out from its stalk ;
 The swan on the swim there, the duck and her brood there,
 There is water up full there, and it swarming with fishes.

Τά βρωγύιν (?) ἰ γούιν ἀνν, ἀ' ῥ ποταῖο ῥά ῥεῖλ ἀνν,
 Οῦνιτ ἀγυρ μόνταδ ἀγυρ κόβαινιουε [ἀγ] τριῶλλ,
 Νι'λ κλιρεῖδ ἀρ δον τῥόριτ ἀνν ο'ά βρανφάξο νεό ἀνν,
 Δέτ ροιλέαρ ζαν κόμλα (1) ἀγυρ ὀλ ἀγ ἀν ραοξάλ.
 Καέριῖο ἀ' ῥ λυέτ κόριτιουε ἀγ τριῶλλ ἀρ να βόιτμῖβ
 ἀγυρ ἀ λάν θαοινη μόνια ἀνν ἀγ βρεσέτνυξῶδ ἀρ ἀ
 ριανρ,

Decanteir ζο λεόρι ο'ά λιονῶδ ἀρ να βόινο ἀνν
 ἀγ Ο Ceallaiğ ἀν ἐριουε μόνιμ νάρι κόιζιλ ἀν ριῶλ.

Shiúbail mé πορτλάιρζε ἀγυρ cuanta Cinntráile
 Corcaig na mbádo ἀγυρ ριῶρι ζο Τριάιξ-λί,
 Βαντριαιζε 'ῥ Cill-áinne, ἀγυρ [ἀν] cúige le fána,
 Συρ ἐσιτ μέ μο ὀάτα ἰ n-árainn na nsoim,
 ἱρ μόνι βίορ τριάέτ ἀνν ἀρ Βηύιρκαίξ 'ῥ ἀρ Μηάιλλιξ
 ἀν υρεῶν νάρι cúiri cár ἰ ζερuiinnear ἀριαθ,
 Δέτ ἀρ υαιρλε Cuié' fáil ἀ' ῥ é beit ἀρ μο λάιμ
 ἱρ ο' Ο Ceallaiğ ἀν ἔριαιμ Βηάιν νο βέαρφαίν ἀν
 ἐριαοβ.

ἱρ νε τόξα να Μιλέριανρ νο ἐάιμζις le h-Éibiri
 Ο Ceallaiğ 'ῥ ἀ ζῶολτα, ἀ' ῥ ἀ ζευιρμῖο μέ ριορ,
 Ο Ceallaiğ, Ο Néill, ἀ' ῥ Ο Dóinnáill 'na ὀιαιξ,
 Ο Ceairbáill Dúin Éile, Ο Concúbairi ἀ' ῥ Ο Βριαιμ,
 Βηί τριερ ἀρ να ζαεὐελαίβ ἀγυρ μεαρ ἀρ ἀ ρζέαι
 Συρ ζηόταίξ κιονάν ρρέιριοτ ἀν κλιεέε ἀρ ἀν
 βῥιανν,
 Δειρ να h-úξοαιρ, μαρ λέιξτεαρ, νάρι ρζηιορῶδ ἀμαέ
 Éire
 Ζο νεαέαιῖο Riğ Séamar ἰ ζελεáιμναρ le 'Liam.

(1) "Comaltair," MS.

There are brioguns (?) in order there and pots with meat.

Boiled and roast, and cooks moving-about ;

There is no failing of any kind in it though you were to remain
for ever there,

But cellars without doors and drink for the world.

And numbers of great people there observing the merriment ;

Steeds and people in coaches going on the roads,

Plenty of decanters being filled on the tables

By O'Kelly of the great heart, who never was sparing of
generosity.

I have travelled Waterford and the harbours of Kinsale,

Cork of the ships, and westward to Tralee,

Bantry and Killarney and the province downward,

Till I spent my period in Aran of the Saints.

Great be's the talk there about Burkes and Malleys,

The people who never set store in gathering goods ;

But of all the nobility of Innisfail, and it to be in my hand.

It is to O'Kelly of Treean Baun I would give the branch.

It is of the pick of the Milesians who came with Eber

Is O'Kelly and his kindred and all I shall (here) set down ;

O'Kellys, O'Neills and O'Donnells after them,

O'Carroll of Dun Ely, O'Connor and O'Brien.

There was strength in the Gaels and respect for their history

Until the Five of Spades won the game against the Fenians ;

Authors say, as is written, that Ireland was never destroyed out
and out,

Until King James went into a marriage alliance with William.

Nuair fuaire an Mac Uí Cheallais go b'ár, 's
 éadoin an Reachtúire go g'éar é. Fuaire mé an céad leat
 ve'n éadoin go 1 r'gribinn an t'raoim-cloice, agus an
 leat veim in ran Acadaim. 1r 'óig' gur b'é go an
 Mac Uí Cheallais céadna 's óm'nais 1 o'raon b'an,
 a'c' fuaire mé "Caoinne Uí Cheallais Chluain-leatán"
 ma' ainm air 1 gceann ve na lám-r'gribinnib. 1r 'óig'
 gur b'é an áit céadna i, oir ní corinúil go maib' dá
 Uiliam O Ceallais ann. 'Do bi timcioll dá fíer ve
 inuinn'ir Uí Cheallais an uair rin 1 gConradé na
 Gaillimhe agus 1 gConradé Rorcomáin a maib' oúicéide
 b'ead'ga agus t'ic'ce móra aca. Cá b'fuil r'ad' anoir?
 'Do r'grioad' iad leir an "b'feile" agus leir an "b'raim-
 rin'ge" 's inól an Reachtúire agus na báire eile óm'
 h-áir rin. Chuir ainm'ir an oimé-r'ad'ogail veimead leir
 an gcuo buó inó aca, r'airíor!

CAOINEAD UÍ CHEALLAIS.

Ní'l oimé'c' air Cluain-leatán ná fear
 A' ní g'oir'eann ann éan ná cuac,
 Tá'n ouille ag im'ead' 1 léig
 'S na c'raim' ann ag éad'caoin fua'c';
 Ní'l g'raon ná g'ealac' air a'ei' ann,
 'S ní la'ann na me'ltain r'uar,
 Ó r'inead' O Ceallais ran g'raé,
 An fear r'oineanta réim' b'í r'uar'ic.

(1) Literally: "Of the bad life," or "world," i.e., "times." The common name for the Great Famine year.

(2) Literally: There is no dew on Cloonlahan nor grass, And neither bird nor cuckoo calls there; The foliage is going to the

When this O'Kelly died Raftery lamented him bitterly. I got the first half of this keene in the stone-cutter's manuscript, and the latter half in the Academy. No doubt this was the same O'Kelly who lived in Treen Baun, but I found "Lament for O'Kelly of Cloonlahan (i.e., of the Broad Meadow) written over it in one of the manuscripts. Probably they were the same place, for it is not likely there were two William O'Kellys in it. There were about forty of the Kellys at this time in the county Galway and the county Roscommon who had fine estates and great houses. Where are they now? They were destroyed by that "generosity" and open-handedness that Raftery and the other bards praised so highly. Alas! the time of the Great Famine (1) put an end to the most of them!

LAMENT FOR O'KELLY.

No dew on Cloonlahan doth FALL,
 No cuckoo doth CALL this summer,
 The leaves in July grow SMALL,
 And the woods are ALL in a shudder.
 The sun and the moon APPAL,
 And the stars are ALL in a smother,
 For see, 'neath the funeral PALL,
 Lies O'Kelly the TALL, none other (2).

bad, And the trees there are lamenting the cold. There is no sun or moon in the air there, And the stars do not light up, Since O'Kelly was stretched in the clay, The gentle, mild man who was courteous.

My grief, your swathe to be on the ground,
 O boy, whom hardness never hurt,
 Who used to scatter again all thy hand used to receive,
 Who used to supply the wandering and the cold.
 Thou wast the true flower of the blood of the place,
 And the rider in the midst of the multitude ;
 In the Sessions House who used to speak loud,
 And bring the man (doomed to) death out of danger.

There is no fish in flood nor by shore,
 Nor light in the day as there used to be ;
 There is no fruit swelling and growing,
 And to children no breast gives suck.
 There is no profit at all in the grain,
 Nor crotal nor blossom on the branch,
 Since O'Kelly of Treenan Baun (3) has departed,
 Who used to forgive to numbers their rent.

Since the men who were powerful were overthrown,
 The children of Usnach by Deirdre in the North,
 Cuchulain, as the stories have told,
 Who used to gain the victory in every battle step.
 Since he was lost, such a story
 Has not come, of misfortune, in a rush,
 Not since the Gaels were sold at Aughrim
 And since Owen Roe was put to death.

(3) This in one MS., but in the other "O'Kelly of the fair back-hair."

Δ'ῖρ millead (1) Δ'ῖρ bhón ar an mbáir
 'Do táinig Δ'ῖr o'árouis uainn
 O Ceallais rmeair-mullais na h-áite
 Δ mbíod áige Δ lán ar cuairt.
 Δ don-mic mhuiré bí Δ'ῖr tÁ [ann]
 Saor h-uile clann Ádaim don uair,
 ILLIAM bíod ágaib ar lán
 Δ bhlaitear na n-áiríra íuar.

'S ó clonad Clann Lipi ran tḡnám
 Le imeairtar mná, má'ῖr fíor,
 'S ó caillead Solam Mac 'Dáibí
 'Do céangáilead páirt Δ'ῖr ciall.
 Ó minnead an tori 'oo bí áro,
 Δ'ῖr ó báitead clann Ádaim Δ rian,
 Níor facar don márcac ran bḡairic
 'Do cúirfead cúl-báiric ar 'Liam.

'Dá breicfead ríob fhuonḡairis Δ'ῖr blácais
 Lomḡrige Δ'ῖr 'Dálaig Δ' tigeacét,
 bhúnais, búrcas, Δ'ῖr Táiti,
 riarras Δ'ῖr Máillig Δ' ríadac,
 'Dá méad Δ ḡcumar 'ῖr Δ ḡcáil
 Áḡ reilḡ i mbán 'ῖr i rliab
 Reónaró ní cúirfead Δ rán
 Ná Δ bhocair ar fágail ḡan 'Liam.

1) "bhón Δ'ῖr millead,"

Destruction and grief upon Death,

Which has come and hoisted away from us
 O'Kelly, topmost-blackberry of the place,
 To whom numbers used to pay visits.

O One-Son of Mary who wast and is,
 Save all the Clan Adam one time,
 Mayest Thou have William in hand
 In Heaven of the Graces, above.

Since the Children of Lir were changed in their swimming

By the play of a woman, if true,
 And since was lost Solomon, son of David,

Who used to bind friendship and sense ;

Since the Tower was made that was high,

And since Clan Adam were drowned in its track (?),

There was never seen a single horseman in the field

Who would beat Leeam at the goal.

If ye were to see the Frenches and the Blakes,

The Lynches and the Dalys a-coming ;

The Brownes, the Burkes, and the Taafes,

The Persses and the O'Malleys a-hunting.

For all their power and fame,

A-hunting in the open field and mountain,

They would not put Reynard in danger (?)

Nor find out his badger-hole, without Leeam.

Mo leun an flait rialmar ar lár,
 'Sé beiread ó zác ceáru an éraob,
 'S ó éualairé mé tuairirz oo báir
 Zup fáve liom lá ná bliadain.
 Níl riadac ó Síonnainn zo triáiz
 Nác mbeiríde ann triáct ar 'Liam
 Ciann coranta fearaidh Cric' Fáil,
 'S é rzapad ór áru an fion.

Do móil an Reacúipe, zo móil, zairziúeac, vax
 b'ainm Mac Uí Dóinnallain, oo minne trior-oorin le
 fear ve na Calnánaidh i látdair vaoime uaral na típe,
 ait éigin i vtaoib-foir ve Connacéac, coir na Síon-
 nainne, mar éualairé mé.

Níl fíor azam cia h-é an Dóinnallanac ro. Do bí
 zairziúeac móil Connacéac ann, timcioll an ama ro, air
 a vtuzad "Dandille" no "Danalairé" azur éualairé
 mé rzeal ionzantac v'a táoib ó fear vax b'ainm Már-
 tain Ruad O Siollainac, a cóinnuigeax i n-aipe le
 Muine-beit i zConvadé na Zaillime. Do tuz reiréan
 "Danalairé" ar an nZairziúeac ro, ciú nac riad dón
 Déarla aize, azur nuair vubairt mé leir zo mbuó
 foirm Déarla rin, az riarruide vé cao é an fíor-ainm
 Zaebeilz oo bí air, vubairt re zur fáoil re zo mbuó
 O Dóinnall no O Dóinnallain é. Má'r ámlairé acá,
 b'éoiri zur b'é an fear céavna air a nveiridairé an
 Reacúipe an ván. Do rzriob mé fíor focal ar focal

My grief, the generous prince overthrown (5),

It is he who used to bring from every quarter the branch,
And since I have heard tidings of thy death,

Sure I think every day longer than a year.

There is no hunt from the Shannon to the shore

That people would not be talking about Leeam ;

The protecting tree of the men of the Land of Fail,

It is he who used to scatter publicly the wine.

Rafferty praised greatly a hero called O'Donnellan, who fought a pugilistic encounter with a man of the Calanans in the presence of the gentry of the country, some place in the east of Connacht, beside the Shannon, as I heard.

I do not know who this O'Donnellan was. There was, however, a great Connacht hero about this time called O'Donnelly, and about him I heard a wonderful story from a man called Maurteen Rua O'Gillarna (Forde, in English), who lives near Monivea, in the county Galway. He called his hero "Donnelly," although he had no English, and when I said to him that this was an English form, and asked him what was the true Irish name, he said that he thought it was O'Donnell or O'Donnellan. If this is so, perhaps it was the same man about whom Rafferty made the poem. I wrote down the story about this person, word for word from the

an rḡéal i n-*taoib* an *úine* *reo* ó *béal* *mhic* *Uí* *ḡiolla* *na* *nát*, *vo* *bí* *maí* *ou* *bairt* *mé*, *ḡan* *don* *ḡearla* *ar* *bí*, *ḡur* *tá* *an* *rḡéal* *com* *h-ai* *rted* *rin* *ḡo* *mbuó* *ḡruaḡ* *é* *ḡan* *ḡ* *ḡabairt* *annro*. *Cuir* *riú* *ré* *i* *ḡcúinne* *úinn* *an* *rḡéal* *i* *taoib* *máca*, *vo* *riú* *i* *n-ḡaio* *capail* *Concu* *bair*, *riḡ* *Ulaó*, *ḡur* *o'fáḡ* *an* *tinnear* *ionḡantad* *rin* *an* *"cear* *naioean"* *ar* *na* *h-Ull* *taib*. *Nioi* *ḡcúineḡar* *don* *fo* *cal* *amáin* *in* *ran* *rḡéal* *ro* *ḡ* *leanar*. *ḡá* *ré* *cuir* *tá* *rior* *ḡo* *úinead* *maí* *vo* *rḡriobair* *é* *ó* *béal* *an* *úine* *ar* *ḡaillim*.

ḡḡÉAL AR ÚANALAIÓ.

In *ran* *am* *ḡ* *riab* *Úanalaio*, *an* *ḡairḡioed* *móin*, *i* *mbrioinn* *ḡ* *máca*, *ní* *riab* *ḡc* *beirt* *an-ḡo* *ct* *in* *ḡ* *ḡcairi* *ḡur* *in* *ḡ* *mácairi*, *ní* *riab* *rliḡe* *ar* *bí* *ḡca* *ḡc* *ḡ* *n-obair* *ó* *lá* *ḡo* *lá*.

Seáḡan *vo* *bí* *ar* *ḡ* *ḡcairi*. *Carad* *ar* *úine* *uaral* *é*, *ar* *maoin*, *ḡur* *an* *úine* *uaral* *ḡ* *oul* *ḡmac* *ḡ* *riadad*. *ḡeannuiḡ* *ré* *vo* *Seáḡan*, *ḡur* *é* *ḡ* *ḡabail* *airtead* *ar* *an* *ḡriáio* *ar* *maoin*.

"*An* *meairann* *tú*, *ḡ* *Seáḡain*," *ar* *ré*, "*ḡo* *mbéio* *don* *maircad* *in* *ran* *ḡcúineadca*, *ir* *reairi* *ná* *mé* *féin*?"

"*Tá* *'i* *ḡam* *bean*," *ḡveiri* *Seáḡan*, "*tá* *ran* *riáite* *veiriú* *le* *clainn*, *vo* *riúfead* *leat* *féin* *ḡur* *le* *vo* *ḡpall*."

ḡaioi *an* *úine* *uaral*, *ar* *an* *ḡaint* *ḡoubairt* *Seáḡan*, *ḡur* *oio* *meair* *vo* *bí* *ré* *'ḡabairt* *air*. "*ḡar* *riad* [*ar* *ré*] *muna* *reairiú* *tú* *ar* *vo* *ḡlói*, *cuir* *riú* *mire* *ar* *an* *úiteaḡ* *ar* *fad* *tú*. *Cuir* *fad* *mire* *i* *n-iairi* *caire* (?)."

(1) This is a common Irish oath. It has been suggested that *Fiadh*, "a deer," is a corruption of *fo-Dhia*, "good God." *Fo* is

mouth of Gillarna, who was, as I said, a man without any English, and the story is so curious that it were a pity not to give it here. It will remind us of the story about Macha, who ran against the horses of Conor MacNessa, King of Ulster, and who left the wonderful sickness, the "ceasnaidhean," or "childbirth-debility," on the Ultonians. I have not changed a single word in the following story, which is given exactly as I wrote it down from the mouth of the Galway man:—

STORY OF DONNELLY.

At the time that Donnelly, the great hero, was as yet unborn, his father and mother were nothing but a very poor couple, and had no means of livelihood at all, except their work from day to day.

Shawn was the name of his father. He met a gentleman one morning, when the gentleman was going out hunting. He saluted Shawn as he was going out into the yard in the morning. "Do you think, Shawn," says he, "that there will be any horseman in the company better than myself?"

"I know a woman," said Shawn, "who is within three months of the birth of her child who would run against yourself and your horse."

The gentleman thought, from the talk that Shawn had, that it was a disparaging remark he was giving him. "By the Deer," (1) says he, "unless you will stand by your words I'll send you out of the country altogether. I'll put you" . . . (?)

long obsolete. "Dear knows" is a common Anglo-Irish expression.

“Well, τὰ ρί μο ὕδαϊς ραν μβαϊλε,” ἀρ Σεόξαν, “ἢ μο βεαν ἰ,” ἀοειρ ρέ, “ἀζυρ μuna μῆρῶ ρί λεατ τῆρ ἰνίλε ραν μβόταρ ἀζ τεαότ ἀζυρ ἀζ ἰμτεαότ—ρῖν ρέ ἰνίλε—ἀζυρ τυρᾶ ἰν ὅο ρῶσᾶρ ζᾶν σεαο ἀζαο ουλ σορ-αν-ἀῖρσε, ἀζυρ ἢε ἀζ μῖτ σοῖμ τεαῖν ἀζυρ ἢ ρέσῖρ ἰεί, τῖυβῖρᾶῖῶ (1) μῖρε σεαο οῖυτ ὅο μῶζᾶ ὅο ὕεᾶνᾶῖν οῖρμ ρέιν.”

“Μὰ ζῆρῶεᾶνν τῦ ρῖν, ᾶ Σεόξαν,” ἀοειρ ρέ, “τῖυβῖρᾶῖῶ μῖρε κύγ ρῖντα ὕυτ, σοῖμ λυαό ἀζυρ βέιῶ-εᾶρ ᾶν μᾶρᾶ μῖτε.”

Ὅῖομρῖυζ Σεόξαν ἀβᾶϊλε κύγε ρέιν, ἰ ζσοῖνne na μῆᾶ, ἀζυρ ὄῖνῖρ ρέ ᾶν ἢζέᾶλ ῖ—ᾶν ζεᾶλλ ὅο βῖ κυῖτα ὖρῖρ ἔ ρέιν ἀζυρ ᾶ ἰμᾶζῖρτῖρ.

“Ὀρᾶ! ᾶ Σεόξαν, ἢρ μᾶῖτ ᾶν ρῖρῖεᾶρ ᾶ βέιῶ ἀζαο ρέιν ἀζυρ ἀζᾶμ ρέιν ᾶνοότ, ὅ ναό ὅτυζ τῦ σεαο ὅο ουλ ᾶρ ᾶ σορ-αν-ἀῖρσε!”

Ἀνοῖρ, κύᾶῖῶ ρῖαο ζο τεαό ᾶν ὕυῖne υᾶρᾶῖλ, ᾶν βεᾶν ἀζυρ Σεόξαν. Νῖυᾶῖρ κύᾶῖῶ ρῖαο ᾶρτεαό ᾶρ ᾶν τῖρῖᾶῖῶ κύρῖ ρῖ ἢζέᾶλ ἰε μᾶῖῶ ζο μᾶβᾶσᾶρῖ ᾶρ ρᾶζᾶῖλ. Κύᾶῖῶ ᾶν ὕυῖne υᾶρᾶῖλ ᾶμαό ᾶρ ᾶ ἔσᾶρᾶῖλ ἀζ μαρῖκυῖζ-εαότ, ἀζυρ ὄῖρᾶρῖρῖυζ ρέ ὄῖ ᾶν μᾶῖῶ ρῖ ρᾶρῖτα ἀζ ουλ ἀζ μῖτ ᾶν μᾶρᾶ. Ὅυβᾶῖρτ ρῖ ἰεῖρ ζο μᾶῖῶ.

Κῖρῖρ ρῖαο ᾶῖνῖν ᾶρ ᾶν βῖρᾶο ὅο μᾶόᾶσᾶοῖρ ἰν ρᾶν μβόταρ, ὅ n-ᾶ μβαϊλε ρέιν, ἀζυρ νῖυᾶῖρ μᾶόᾶσᾶοῖρ σοῖμ ρεσᾶ ἰεῖρ ᾶν ᾶῖτ ρῖν, ζο βῖρῖλλῖρῖῖρ ᾶρῖρ. Κῖυᾶσᾶῖρ ᾶνῖρ ᾶμαό ᾶρ ᾶν μβόταρ, ἀζυρ ᾶν σεᾶρᾶῖλ ἀζυρ ᾶν βεᾶν, ἀζυρ βῖυᾶῖλεᾶῖῶ βῖυῖῖῖε ὕῖορᾶ [ὕῖῖῖ], ἀζυρ μῖτεᾶσᾶῖρ ἰε ἔῖῖῖε σοῖμ σοῖῖῖρῖομ ἰν ρᾶν μβόταρ ἀζυρ ναό βῖρῖεᾶρᾶῖῶ

(1) Ὅειρ ρῖαο ‘τῖυβῖρᾶῖῶ μέ’ ἰ n-ᾶῖτ ‘βῖεᾶρῖρᾶῖῶ μέ’ ρᾶν ὕῖῖῖᾶῖῶ ρῖν.

Well, she's at home, behind me," says Shawn. "She is my wife," says he; "and unless she runs three miles on the road with you, going and coming—and that's six miles—and you to be trotting without leave to go in a gallop, but she to be running as tight as she can, I'll give you leave to do your choice thing to me."

"If you do that, Shawn," says he, "I'll give you five pounds, as soon as the race will be run."

Shawn turned home to his own house, to his wife, and he told her the story—the bet that was made between himself and his master.

"Ora! Shawn," says she; "it's the fine supper that yourself and myself will have to-night, since you did not give him leave to go in a gallop!"

Now they went to the gentleman's house, the wife and Shawn. And when they went into the yard she sent word to say that they had turned up (2). The gentleman went out, riding on his horse, and he asked her was she content to go and run the race. She said she was.

They named then the distance that they were to go on the road from their own place, and when they should go that far, (they settled) that they should turn back again. Then they went out on the road, both the horse and the woman, and a blow was struck for them (3), and they ran together so evenly in the road that

(2) Literally: "were on finding," i.e., to be found.

(3) i.e., a signal given.

an capall ná an bean an lám láioiri o'fágaíl ar a
 céile. Nuair éadais in ran mbótarí coim fada aghur
 bhosair le uil, aghur nuair o'iompuigeadais aghur teac
 abairle, bí an bean aghur caint leir an marcad aghur é aghur
 teac i mbéal an bótarí. Congbuis rí cúis ríata uair
 amac, aghur níoi iméig rí tar rin uair no go o'cáiois rí
 i bhoisreacac ceatrimisó mile oo'n baile—aghur o'iméig
 rí anhrin uair. “Druil tú ionnann uil níoi láioire ná
 rin in oo fosaí?” ar ríre “Ní’l,” ar pé. ‘Sé oo bí
 aici céad aghur dá ríco ríat moime, aghur o'éiuig pé in a
 cor-an-áioe, i n-iméacac cúis móiois, aghur ní maib i
 n-am le teac riar léi!

Cuair pé ar teac anhrin cúis an teac aghur cúiri pé
 cúis punta amac cúis Seágan aghur cúis a bean. Aghur
 bé [cibé] ar bí an mear bí aghur an uime uairal moime rin
 ar Seágan, bí mear móri ar fad aghur ‘léir rin ari, aghur
 ar an mbean. Dubair pé go maib cineál maic ionnta.

Nuair bí an élan aici oo bí rí aghur iomcáir, anhrin,
 tóg pé bean Seágaím aghur an páirte ar teac cúise féin,
 ar eagla nac bpaigpóir arié máic. Congbuis Cairtín
 O Ceallai—ainm an uime uairal—iad, dá bliadain,
 in ran teac leir féin. Aghur nuair bí an mac dá bliad-
 ain o'aoir, leir pé an mácáir abairle aici féin, aghur
 congubuis pé féin an mac. Tús pé ríoi oo, aghur cúis
 pé fógluim oo, aghur bí an mac aghur éiuige riar ‘na féar
 bpaig; aghur nuair bí pé cúis bliadna véas o'aoir bí
 pé ‘na tóga ríoláioe. Sé m'oo oo bí [i g] Cairtín O
 Ceallai “bulli,” ain-feari gairgíeacac[ta] mar
 véarí. Bí pé aghur tabair an mic amac leir, aghur múnad
 gairgíeacacac oo h-uile éraenóna nuair éiuicraó pé

neither the horse nor the woman could get the upper hand one of the other. When they went on the road as far as they were to go, and when they turned, coming home, the woman was talking to the rider, and he a-coming in the mouth of the road. She kept five yards out from him, and she did not go beyond that from him until she came to within a quarter of a mile of home. "Are you able to go any stronger than that, and you trotting?" said she. "I am not," said he. It was what she had, a hundred and forty yards before him, and he rose then in a gallop for the space of five minutes, and he was not in time to come up with her!

He went in then to the house, and he sent out five pounds to Shawn and to his wife. And whatever regard the gentleman had before that for Shawn, he had a great regard entirely for him after that, and for the wife also. He said that there was a good breed in them.

Then when the child was born he took Shawn's wife and the child into the house to himself, for fear they might not get good care. Captain O'Kelly—that was the gentleman's name—kept them for two years in the house with himself. And when the son was two years of age he let the mother home to her own house, and he kept the son himself. He gave him schooling and learning, and the son was growing up a fine man, and when he was fifteen years of age he was a choice good scholar. It is what Captain O'Kelly was, a bully, that means a great man of valour, as you would say. He was bringing the son out with him, teaching him heroism, every evening when he would come home

αβαίλε ό'η ηγοίλ, αζ πέδάζαντ αν ηυέσηραό πέ ζαιηζιό-
εαό μαίτ όέ. Όι πέ αζ μύναό “boxάλα” όό, ζο ηαιβ
πέ βλιαόαιν αζυη ηίθε σ'αοιη, αζυη ουβαίητ πέ ζο ηλυό
όοιη όό βειτ όοη λαιοιη λειη πέηη.

Αη λά ζαβαοαη αμαό αη αν βράηηε βάηη αζ πέ·ό-
αιητ α όέηε ουβαίητ Καηηίη Ο Οελλαιζ λειη—ζο
ζυηηηεαό πέ αν ηαιτόιοη αεαιη αιη—“μαηόόαιό (1) ηηηε
τύηα,” αθειη πέ, “ηο μαηόόαιό τυηα ηηηε.”

Σεαη αν ηεαι ηειε ηοιήηε, αζυη ηίοη βυαιλ πέ Καηη-
ίηη Ο Οελλαιζ, αότ βι πέ σ'ά όοηαιητ πέηη, ηάη λειη πέ
όό αοη ηυο ύέαηαηη αιη. “Well, α ηλέοτα, όέ [αν έαοι]
ηαό βήηηλ τύ ηοηηάηη ηοηη ηο έαβαίητ σαη?”

“Well τά μέ,” αη Όαηαλαίό, “ηοηηάηη ηοηη ηο
έαβαίητ σαιη, βυαιληιό μέ αηοιη έύ,” αθειη πέ. Όυαιλ
πέ ηοηη, αιη αηηηηη, αζυη έυηη πέ αν ηηηλ αμαό ηη α
ήηόη αζυη ηη α έλυαηαιβ.

“Well,” αθειη Καηηίη Ο Οελλαιζ, “Τά ηο έυηο-
ηε “boxάηλ” ηέαηηα ζο μαίτ λεαη,” αθειη πέ. Έυη ηέ
ηυαη όό αηηηηη ηαό ηαιβ πέ ηοηηάηη αηηε.

Ιηη αν αη ηηη, αηοιη, ηι ηαιβ β'Λ'αόόηιαό αηηαηη
ζαη ζαιηηζιόεαό ηο βι αζ ηοηόαη βειηηε. Έυη ηέ αηηηηη
ζο β'Λ'αόόηιαό έ, αζυη αν ζαιηηζιόεαό ηο βι ηηη β'Λ'αό-
όηιαό, βι άηη-όιοη ηε ηάζαηλ αηηε ό'η ηβαίηε ηόηη. Καηάό
αν ζαιηηζιόεαό αη Ο Οελλαιζ αζυη Όαηαλαίό αζ ηοηηαη
ηηηε όηηα, ηο άηη έηηηη, αζυη βι όοηηλυαοαη ηαοηηε
υαηαλ αζ ααιηη ηε όέηε αηη, ηειηεαη ηο ηόηηηειηεαη
αα. Έάηηηζ αν ζαιηηζιόεαό ηο αν βαιηε ηόηηη ηηηαηηα,
αζυη βι πέ αζ ηαηηαιό ληαό αν όίλ ηο βαιηη σίοβ—ηε
ηα ηαοοηηβ υαιηηε. Αη τέ ηαό σηηηβηαιό πέ ηηηηε τό

(1) = “μαηόόαιό.”

from school, trying would he make a good hero of him. He was teaching him boxing until he was one and twenty years of age, and he said that he ought to be as strong as himself.

One day that they went out on the bare field Captain O'Kelly said to him—that he might put right fear in him—"I'll either kill you now," says he, "or you'll kill me."

The other man stood before him, and he never struck Captain O'Kelly, but he was defending himself in such a way that he never let him do a single thing to him. "Well, you stupid, how is it you are not able to give me a fist?"

"Well, I am," said Donnelly, "able to give you a fist. "I'll strike you now," says he. He struck a fist on him then, and he sent the blood out through his nose and through his ears.

"Well," says Captain O'Kelly, "all my boxing has done well by you," says he. He gave it up to him then that he was not able for him.

Now, at that time, Dublin was never without a fighter who was carrying a belt. He brought him to Dublin, and the fighter who was in Dublin he had an over-rent to get from the city. The fighter met O'Kelly and Donnelly at the door of a house of entertainment or some other place, and there was a company of gentlemen talking to one another there, six or seven of them. This fighter of the city came past, and he was trying to knock the price of the drink out of them—out of the gentlemen. He who would not give him sixpence, the fighter was disparaging and

βί αν ζαιργιόεαδ ας καιτεαμ̄ ομοδ̄-μεαρ̄ αιη, αςυρ̄ ο'ά
 ηιαρ̄λυζαδ̄. Τάιης πέ αιυς Καιρτιν̄ Ο Ceαλλαιζ̄ αςυρ̄
 ο'ιαρη̄ πέ α αιυο αιη, αςυρ̄ ουβαιητ̄ Καιρτιν̄ Ο Ceαλλαιζ̄
 ηαδ̄ οτιυβηαδ̄ πέ ριζην̄ οδ̄. Ο'ινηρ̄ ηα υαοιηε υο Καιρ-
 τιν̄ Ο Ceαλλαιζ̄ ζυρ̄ β'έ "bulli" αν βαιλε έ, αςυρ̄ ζαν
 αση̄ φεαρ̄ης υο αιυη αιη, ηο ζο ηυέαηηαδ̄ πέ ηυο αη
 βεαλαδ̄.

"Μά πέ ρην 'bulli' Ο'λ'ατ̄ελιαδ̄, ιη ρυαηαδ̄ αν
 βαιλε έ ηαδ̄ βηυιλ̄ αση̄ φεαρ̄η ανη ιη φεαρ̄η ηά έ. Τά
 ζαιηηε υε βυαδ̄αιλλ̄ ός αζαη ανηηο," αυειη πέ, "αςυρ̄
 ηεαρ̄αιη ηαδ̄ φεαρ̄ηαδ̄ πέ ηόηιάν καιητε υαιδ̄ ρην."

Ο'φιαρ̄ηυηζ̄ πέ υε Οαηαλαιδ̄ "ηαιβ̄ πέ ράρτα ηουηο'
 υο βειτ̄ αηζε λειρ̄ αν 'mbulli," αςυρ̄ ουβαιητ̄ Οαηαλαιδ̄
 ζο ηαιβ̄, ατ̄ Καιρτιν̄ Ο Ceαλλαιζ̄ υο έαβαιητ̄ ceαο υό.

Ηυαιη̄ cόηηαδ̄ αν ζαιργιόεαδ̄ Οαηαλαιδ̄, ηί έυζ̄ πέ
 αση̄ ηεαρ̄ υό, ηαοιλ̄ πέ ηαδ̄ ηαιβ̄ ανη ατ̄ υυιηε βος̄.

Έυζ̄ Καιρτιν̄ Ο Ceαλλαιζ̄ λεατ̄-έηιόην υ'φιοη̄ αςυρ̄ υε
 βηαηηηαδ̄ le η'όλ̄ υο Οαηαλαιδ̄, αςυρ̄ ουβαιητ̄ λειρ̄ υουλ̄
 αηαδ̄.

Τάιης αν υά ζαιργιόεαδ̄ αηαδ̄ ι η-αζαιδ̄ α έιηε
 αη αν τηηάιδη, αςυρ̄ βυαιλ̄ Οαηαλαιδ̄ υοηη αιη, αςυρ̄
 ηίοηη βυαιλ̄ πέ αν υαηηα υοηη αιη, αςυρ̄ ηί φεαρ̄ηαδ̄ αι
 φεαρ̄ ηιηε λειρ̄ αν υαηηα υοηη υό.

"Αη έ ρην αν φεαρ̄ ιη φεαρ̄η ι ηβ'λ'ατ̄ελιαδ̄?" αη
 Οαηαλαιδ̄.

"Τά πέ υέαητα αηαδ̄ ζυρ̄ β'έ," ουβαιητ̄ ηα υαοιηε
 ηιηε.

"Well! υο βυαιλ̄ρην φεαρ̄η αςυρ̄ ρίε ο'ά ηόηι ι
 ηοιαηζ̄ α έιηε, αςυρ̄ ιαο υο έαατ̄ ιη ηο λάτ̄αιη."

"Ταβ̄αιη ρυαη̄ αν βειητ̄ ρην," αη Ο Ceαλλαιζ̄ [λειρ̄
 αν "mbulli"].

abusing him. He came to Captain O'Kelly and asked his share off him, and Captain O'Kelly said that he would not give him a penny. The people told Captain O'Kelly then that this was the bully of the town, and not to anger him at all, or he might do something out of the way.

"If that's the bully of Dublin, it's a poor town that has not some man in it better than he. I have a gomsha of a young lad here," says he, "and I think he won't stand much talk from that fellow."

He then asked Donnelly was he satisfied to have a round with the bully, and Donnelly said he was—only Captain O'Kelly to give him leave.

When the fighter saw Donnelly he paid him no heed; he thought there was nothing in him but a soft person.

Captain O'Kelly gave Donnelly half-a-crown's worth of wine and brandy to drink, and told him to go out.

The two fighters came out against one another on the street, and Donnelly struck a fist upon him, but he did not strike the second fist upon him, for the man would not stand for him for the second fist.

"Is that the best man in Dublin?" said Donnelly.

"It's made out that he is," said the other people.

"Well, I'd beat one-and-twenty of his sort, after other, only they to come before me."

"Give up that belt," says O'Kelly to the bully.

“ Νί η-εαό, δέτ ιομέλιηι τῦ πέηη, έ. Νί'λ δον ήμερ
 εζαηη αηη ηυαηη ηαέ ηαίβ πέ εζ ηεαη ηο β'ηεαηη ηά τῦ!
 Σηη αηοηρ αη έέαο ηίορα ζαηηζῖθεαέτα ηο ηηηηε
 Όαηαλαίό εζαηρ έοηαίξ πέ, ό ηηη αηαέ, εζ ταβδαηε ηυβ-
 ηλάηη ηο ζαηηζῖθῖβ ηα τῖηε, ζο ηαίβ ζαέ ηηε ηῦηηε
 ηυαίηε αηε, εζαηρ ηυζαό ηυαηρ ηό ζαηη β'έ αη ζαηηζῖ-
 εαέ ηρ ηεαηη ηαη ηοηηαη έ.

Εζ ηο αηοηρ αη ηάη, ηίβέ αηη α ηοεαηηαό έ:—

ΡΑΥΟΡΑΙΣ Ο ΤΟΜΗΝΑΛΛΑΗ.

1 η-υαηη α τῖη Όηα η-Δοηηε

1 ηβηηηβῖῦ η'ηεηεαέ αη η-ηοηεαηηρ (1)

Εζ ηόηη-υαηη'ηῖβ ηα τῖηε

Εζ ηῖηαηη αη ζαέ εεαηηο,

'S ηο ηέηη ηαηη ηεηῖοβ ηα ηαοηηη

βυό ηηό ηάη έόηη α ηέαηαηη,

ζαεηῖη α έαηη αηηη (2) αέ'

Όά ηβηεηεαό δον έεαηη ηε ηάξαηη.

Νί βῖηαηη ηηαο ηράρ ηά ηυίηε (3)

Δέτ αη ταλαηη ηο ζεαηηηαό ηῖοβέτα (4) [οόηβ]

Ό'ηέαέ Ράηο ηυαηρ αη έηῖοητα

Εζαηρ ζῖηό πέ Ρηζ ηα ηεηῖάη,

ηυαηη έαηῖό αη ηεεάη ηε ζηῖοηη

ηῖοηη έηαίε α λάηη ηά α έηῖοηε

Δέτ ηαηη ηεετοηη ηη ηαη ηῖαοη

ηο ζαηη ηάξ ηέ αη λαόέ αη λάηη.

(1) “αη η-ηοηεαό,” C. (2) αηηηη=“έαηηη” ηο “έαηηη.”

(3) “ηαηη έαηηα” (?), C; “ηαοηηηε,” G. Νί τῖηηηηη εεαέταηη αα.

(4) Όεηηεαηη “ηῖοβέτα” ηο “ηῖοηα” η η-άηηεαέαηη η ζεεοηαέ ηα
 ζαηηηηηε.

"No, but wear it yourself, (bully). I have no respect for it when it was not on a better man than you!"

That now is the first feat of valour that Donnelly performed, and he began, from that out, giving challenges to the fighters of the country, until he had every one defeated, and it was given up to him that he was the best hero in the world.

Here now is the poem, whoever it was composed for:—

PATRICK O'DONNELLIAN.

At three of the clock on FRIDAY
In Bellview was the out-RISING,
Gentry in hundreds RIDING

From half the ISLAND come.

Yet saints have said in WRITING

The action was unRIGHTEOUS,

To set two Gaels a-FIGHTING,

If justice had been done.

They never got respite or (?)

But to cut (mark out) the ground for them :

Paudh (2) looked up towards Christ,

And he prayed to the King of the Graces.

When the story went into action (i.e., when it come to deeds),

His hand did not shake nor his heart,

But like Hector in Troy (he was)

Until he laid the hero on the ground.

(1) Literally: At the hour of three on Friday, In Bellview you might see the wonder, With the great nobles of the country Journeying out of every quarter; And according as saints have written, It was a thing which ought not to have been done, To put Gaels to a battle, If there were any right to be had. (2) i.e.. Pat.

Ο σ'ιμείζ Ιουλιρ Καέραι
 Δγυρ Νδοιρε έιυτ λε Όέιηοιη
 Δγυρ Ηδαιβαλ वो ηευβραό
 Δ ζααργαίρε τό ιη ραν τρλίζε,
 Μας Cúμδαιλλ वो έιυη ηα σευστα,
 'S Cucúλλαιηη वो ηινηη ηλέαότα,
 Ηιοη έάιηιζ ό ίοιη ηηε έίηηηη
 Δση ηεαι वो ηηηη (1) Δ ζήηοιη.

Κυριάρε [βί τρέαη] ηα Ξρέιζε
 'S Δ ζουη δη ραο ι η-έηηηεαότ
 Δγυρ Δχιλλέρ μαηι λέιζτεαη
 Δη ηεαι λε'η ηζηηοηαό αη Τηαιοι,
 Ηί έιυβηαό αη τ-ύβαλλ ηά 'η έραοβ λειη
 Ό ηζοό ηα ρολα ιη τρέηηε
 ι ζεαεηαίβ λύτ ηά ι λέιηηηό,
 Ό έαίτ ηέ (2) αη ηεαότ ρό έηί.

Όια λυαηη Δ έάιηιζ ηζέαλα
 Cυιζ Ο Όόηηαλλάηη ηάξδαη ηείό,
 Δ'η ηυηη ηεηεαζηαό ηέ αη ηζέαλ
 Ζο ηβυαηιηέρε Δ αηηη ηίοη,
 Δότ έοηηιζ αη ηηαοηη ζλαη Ζαεόηλ
 Δ'η δη ηηόιζ ηίοη ηηιύ λειη ελαοηαό,
 Ό'έηηιζ ηέ ηε λέιηη
 Δγυρ [ιη άηηο] वो ζειτ Δ έηιοιόε.

(1) "Δ όεαη," S; "βο όεαηραό ζήηοιη," G.

(2) Cαίτ ηέ=λέιηη ηέ. Cαίτ ηέ λοό έίηηηε=λέιηη ηέ ται λοό έίηηηε.

Since Julius Caesar departed,
 And Naiose, who fell through Deirdre,
 And Hannibal, who would tear down

Whatever might meet him in the way,
 The son of Cumhall, who buried hundreds,
 And Cuchullain, who made slaughter,
 There did not come since through Ireland

A single man who performed his deeds.

The champions of Greece,
 And to put them all together,
 And Achilles, who is read of,

The man by whom Troy was destroyed ;
 None (of them) would have brought the apple or the branch
 away

From the flower of the blood most powerful,
 In feats of agility and in leaping,

Since he jumped seven times three.

On Monday there came tidings
 To O'Donnellan to get ready,
 And that if he would not answer the summons

His name would be struck down.

But the clean drop of the Gael moved (in him),
 And surely he disdained finching ;

He rose of a leap,

And it was high his heart bounded.

Δ ὄψεσθε μοι ξηρίων (?) νίον ἐπίεις
 Δ ὄσατ, ἀ ἐπιπύτ, νά ἀ ἴξενίμ,
 Πυαίη ἐάινιξ Σέσμορ ἀ' ἴ Ἐσμονν (1)
 Δξυρ ἴεαρ ἴασο le n-α ἐσοίβ,
 Νίον ἐπάττ δον ἴεαρ ἀρ ἰερότεσθε
 Δέτ τάλαιμ ἴεαίημ ἀδ' ὄ'η ἴείη.
 Σέ ἀη ὀειηεσθὸ βί ἀρ ἀη ἴξέσλ
 Ξυρ ἴάξασθὸ Καλνάν ἴίον.

Ὁ ἴονηεαρ ἴξλαν ἴξασέλυρ,
 Ὅσ ἐπιπύτ ἀ ἴπυτ (2) 'ἴ ἀ ἴξασέτ,
 ἀη τέ λειξέσθε Ὅστέύηρ Κέιτινξ
 Τά ἴε ἀηη τάρημινξτε ἴίον (3),
 Ὅειρ ἴεσβερ νά Μίλερηνρ,
 ἀη τ-ἀμ ἀ ὀσάινξ ἠέβερ
 Ξυρ ἴεσ ὄσ ἴνὸτέιξέσθε ἴίη
 ἀ ἴεασ ἴυλ ὄσ ἐπιπύτξ Κηίον.

Μάσ Κοίλλ, Μάσ Κέσέτ, 'ἴ Μάσ Ξηρίμ.
 ἀ ἴεπυρ ἐμ βάίρ ἴ η-ἐίηεσθε,
 Ὅ'ἀμὄσ ἴξέτ ἀξυρ ἴξέμ
 ἴη ἴον ἀη ἀρ ἴηηεσθὸ ἀ ἴνἴξε,
 Le ἴηεστένυξασθὸ ἴηηη ἴον ἴξέσλ ἴηη
 Νάη ἐπιπύτ ἴηη ὄσ ἴησ ἴεσθεσλ
 Ὅσ ἐπυρ ὄρ κοιννε ἀ ἐέιλε
 ἀξ ἴεσδάιντ ἐιἀ βείτ ἴίον.

(1) eóí = Eyre; "Eyre," G.

"Ὅσατ ἀ ἴνἴηρ νίον ἐπίεις ἴε
 Ὁ ἐπιπύτξέσθε βλάτ νά ἴξέμινε ἀηη
 Πυαίη ἐπύτξασθὸ ἴεἴηη ἀ
 Ὅσ ἴεαρ ἴε νά ἐσοίβ."—C.

His countenance, like a flush (?), did not forsake (him),
 His colour, his form, or his beauty,
 When comes James and Eyre,
 And stood by his side.

No man there spoke of settlement !
 But to cut the ground for the pair ;
 And the end of the story was
 That Callanan was laid low.

From the clean ancestor Gadelus
 Flowed his stream (of blood), and his kindred,
 Whoever would read Dr. Keating,
 It is there drawn down.

According to the Book of the Milesians,
 When Heber came,
 It was by them Erin was won
 Long before Christ descended.

Mac Coill, Mac Ceacht, and Mac Greine (3),
 (On the) putting of them to death together
 Blossoms and beauty were exalted
 At the time their law (sway) was broken.
 To examine closely into the story,
 Was it not a pity, two sons of the Gael
 To be put over-against one another
 To see who would be down ?

(2) "Spuil," MS. (3) "Τὰ γέ ἀν τάλιναὶ ῥίον," S. 45ur G. "ῥιον γέ ταδαίτα ῥιον," ουδαίτε ἀν Κομάνιας.

(3) The three Sovereigns of the Tuatha De Dananns, on the coming of the Milesians, whose wives gave three names to Ireland, Eire, Fodhla, and Banba. Their names mean son of the Hazel, son of the Plough, and son of the Sun.

Dá ndaḡḡad ré rna rḡealaid
 So nduitreáú pát ran rḡeácta
 Ir móri do ḡoilḡeáú ḡaeóil

Aḡur ḡeairḡeáúe a meirneáé ríor,
 Ni laḡmíóáú cuac ná éan,
 Ni fáḡḡadú luib ná réar,
 Ni apóéáú rúḡ ná rḡeáiréa
 Ná mear ar an ḡeairóib (1).

Homeiri do laḡdairi ḡrḡeáir,
 'S an pápa, éurí arí, beáiréa,
 Dá mbéinn marí iáú arí don éorí
 Níorí beáúa liom mo fáoḡal,
 Beiré 'curí ríor arí éaint a' rḡeáiréa
 A' arí rḡeáú ná rḡeá rḡeáiréa,
 Do beáiréáú buairé arí éeáúeáú
 Le neáiré aḡur le ḡníoim.

Dá mbeiré maóim aḡam ran fáoḡal ro
 Úeáiréáirínn rḡeáúe rḡeá éirínn
 Beiré ḡunnaúó móma aḡ rḡeáeáú
 Aḡur teinnéa eanáma ríor,
 Le rḡeáúe móri,—eáúe ná rḡeáúe
 'Do teáéúé ó ḡeáúé an laé rínn,
 Aḡur míle ḡlíoim do'n té rínn
 Do éúḡ éú abáiré rḡeáúe.

(1) B'í an beáiré rḡeáúe aḡur an ceann 'na rḡeáúe áct aḡ an Comáin-
 eáé aḡáirínn. Ní meáú rḡeáúe in rna rḡeáúeáirínn.

If it were to happen in these doings
 That Pat should fall in the slaughter
 It is greatly the Gael would have mourned,

 And their courage would have been cut down.
 No cuckoo would speak-out, nor bird ;
 No herb would grow, nor grass ;
 No sap would ripen, nor blackberries,
 Nor fruit upon the bough.

Homer, who spoke Greek,
 And the Pope (1) who put English on him ;
 If I were at all like them

 I would not think my life long,
 To be setting down the talk and accomplishments
 And the flower of the strong blood,
 Who would gain victory over hundreds,
 With strength and with action.

If I had goods in this world
 I would make sport through Ireland ;
 There would be big guns a-blowing (2),
 And bonfires set down.

With great merriment at the heart of generosity,
 Coming (freed) from the danger of that day,
 And a thousand glories to Him
 Who brought you safe home.

(1) The allusion is to Pope's Homer. Raftery could hardly have thought it was the Pontiff who Englished it!

(2) i.e., cannons being fired.

Δέτ το μίηι μαρι έυιζιμ Ξαεούιζε (1)

Τιύβριαδ βεαλαδ μιερό ύδοιθ,

Ύδαηφαιηη νάν δ'ρ βεαιηφαιό

Δζυρ ιη τημαδ ηαδ υτιζ υιοη ηζηιοθ,

'Se Reaδtύηηε, υά ηφέαφαδ,

Όο ηιοιφάδ Ράιο τηε Θηηε,

Δέτ έοήη φαδ αητεαδ 'r ιη λείη ύαη

Sin é Δ έάηεαδέτ ηιοφ.

Δζ ηο αβηάν ατά αη-έοιηέιοηηηα, αζαλλάηη ηο έοήη-
μάδ υο ηηηηε αη Reaδtύηηε ηοηη έ φέηη αζυρ αη η-υηγε-
βεαέα. Φυαηη μέ η υτοφάδ έ ό η'ηίοηηηαφ Ο Conéυβαηη,
αζυρ αηίφ ό'η ζComάηηεαδ, αζυρ ό Ξέοίηηε Μαο Ξηολλα
αη έλοηζ. Rinne αη βάηο έ αζυρ έ 'ηα λυιόε ηηηη αζ
Cilleήηιοφτα, η ζConυαέ ηα Ξαηληηηε, υε βάηηη αη ηοη-
αηυιό όίη η ζcomήλυαδαη ηε "cυηεαέατα φέηηη."

CAISMIRT AN PÓTAIRE LEIS AN UISGE-DEATA.

AN PÓTAIRE:—

Δ έοηηάηιοθ όίηη αη έαηέ μέ ηο φάοζαλ ηεατ,

Όαη η'φίηηηηη' (2) υο φάοιη μέ βεηέ cηεαητα,

Ξυη β'ιοηόα ηηη οηόέ υο έαηέ μέ ηεατ ηίηηε

'S μέ εαηέηε αη ηο έαοιθ cοηη αη βαλλα.

Αη έοήηαηηε ηα ηίοζαέα ηιοηη ηζαη ηηηε ηηαηη ηεατ

Ξυη όόηζ tú ηο ζηυαδ α'η ηο ηιάηα,

ηη ηαη οηόέ Όια η-Δοηηε λά αοηαηζ Cilleήηιοφτα,

1 Suróe-φηηη (3) αζ ηεαδ φέαδαηη ηη Cαηηέαηζ.

(1) "Δέτ αη τέ ηαδ υηυηεαηη βέαηηα," αη ηαη Comάηηεαδ.

(2) "Όεη η-φαιόηηηηηη," MS. (3) "Sínφηηηηη," C.

But according as I understand Irish (1)

I will give ye a ready road ;

I would make a poem and verses,

And it is a pity I cannot write.

It is Raftery, if he were able,

Who would praise Paudh through Ireland,

But as far inward as it is visible to me,

There are his qualities (for you set) down.

Here is a very common song, a dialogue or discourse which Raftery composed, between himself and the whiskey. I got it first from Francis O'Connor, and again from Comyns and Seoirse Mac Giolla an Chloig. The bard composed it when he was lying sick in Kilcreest, in the county Galway, as the result of too much drink in the society of a "courteous company":—

THE DRUNKARD'S DISPUTE WITH THE WHISKEY.

THE DRUNKARD :—

O comrade of SWEETNESS I've spent my best YEARS WITH,

I though you were CHEERFUL and able ;

But many's the EVENING that, wholly DEFEATED,

You laid me to SLEEP IN some stable.

The life I am LEADING I find not too CHEERING,

See! you burnt my BEARD ON the table

That night I was FEASTING within in KILCREESTHA,

When I lay like a SHEEP BY the gable.

(1) "But he who does not understand English I shall give him," etc., said Comyn.

Σεάκτμιαίν ζο πριακλά (1) ι βρεανναίο 'r ι βριανταίβ
 1 οτιζ τωμαίη υι βλοινν (2) αμ μο λεαβδιό,
 Οο μο ζλευρ ζαό δον οιόσε 'r αμ μαισιν αμίη,
 —Νάμ βοζαίό (3) Όια κοιόσε μο έαμαιο!
 Σελλάμιαίν ζο φίμεαηναό το βειμυμ το έρίοητ
 Ζο νοιύλτόόαίό μέ ο'όλ υηζε-βεάτα,
 'S ζο βφυλ φίοη αζ αν ραοζαλ ναό le ούιλ ανη α βιμ,
 Δάτ le ζηιάό το να οαοιμβ βίοη 'να αίσε.

Ιη οεαρ αν μυο βόλαότ, πέαμ μαίτ αζυρ ζαβαλταη (4),
 Ομυιόνεαότ αζυρ εόμνα le ζεαηηαό.
 Μην ιη ραν ζοόηηα, 'ζυρ τειηε, τηαόηόηα,
 Αζυρ οίοιοηη ο'φέαη βόταη α'ρ βεαλαίζ (5)
 Λέιηε 'ζυρ κότα αζ αν Διημιοηη Όια Όόμηηαίζ,
 Ηατα 'ζυρ βηόζα 'ρην β'ράηημ,
 Δ'ρ ζο ραοιλιμ-ρε, αμ νοόηζ (6) ζυμ ρεαηηι ριη ζο μόη
 Νά βειτ 'ζ ιητέαότ 'r αζ όλ υηζε-βεάτα.

Ιη λιομ-ρα' τίς α μίηιυζαό μαη έαίτ μέ μο ρ'αοζαλ leατ
 Ο βαιηεαό αν έίοό οίομ 'μο leαηβ,
 Ζυμ έρής μέ μο όαοιηε, μο όάιη, α'ρ μο ζαοιτα,
 'S ηί ρέαηηαηηηη έύ αμ έόμιαηηλε να η-εαζλαη'.
 Οο ητόη 'r το ηάοιηη ρ'αοζαλτα 'r αμ ροοημυζεαό
 αμιαηη οητ,
 Αζυρ ααίτ έ ζαν ηζιό αζ ηηάιβ leαηηα
 Μά ηίλλεαηη έύ αμίη α'ρ το ρυηηα βειτ (7) ηηιόητα
 Ηι έυβηιαίό ηηαο βηαοηη ουιτ αμ μαισιηη.

(1) "ζο πριμακλά," S.

(2) Sic, mac υι Concubaiη; aliter, Tom Glynn.

(3) "Λεζαίό," C. (4) Λαβαιηέαηη αν ροαλ ρο μαη "ζόταη."

(5) Aliter, ηίζε μαίτ αμ βόταη αη βεαλαό; "ηίζε β'φέαηη b. 7

For a week in peril, in punishment, in pains,
 In the house of Thomas O'Flynn, on my bed,
 (My wounds) being dressed every night, and again in the
 morning—

(May God never weaken my friend!)

A promise truly do I give to Christ
 That I shall renounce the drinking of whiskey,
 And sure the world knows that it is not with liking for it I do be,
 But with love for the people who are near it.

A nice thing is cattle, good grass, and a holding of land,
 Wheat and barley to cut;

Meal in the chest, and a fire in the evening,
 And shelter to offer the traveller (9);

A shirt and a coat at Mass on Sunday,
 A hat, and shoes in the fashion,

And I think, surely, that that is greatly better
 Than to be going and drinking whiskey.

It's I, too, am able to expound it, because I have spent my life
 with you,

Since I was weaned, and I a child;
 Sure I have forsaken my people, my kith and kin.

And I would not deny you, (and follow) the advice of the
 Church.

(Take) your store and your worldly goods, and all that was ever
 settled upon you,

And spend it without resting with the ale-women,
 (Still) if you return again, and your purse to be despoiled,
 They will not give you one drop in the morning.

b.," mac uí Conchúair. (6) "Δη ηυαδάρ," Bell; "Δη νό," mac uí
 Conchúair. (7) "Δγυρ Δη έοιξ άμιαή οητ," Bell.

(8) "Δγυρ ζο mbi σο ήυηρα," Bell.

(9) Literally: "The man of road and way."

AN T-UIRGE-BEATA.—

Μαιρεσθό! ιρ φαθα μέ δγ εϊρτεσάτ λεατ δγ ργεϊλεδγ-
 αθ βιέδγ λιον,

Δγυρ καιτρίθ μέ πέιν λαβαιοτ φαρτα,
 Δ'γ ζυρ β'ιομθα ριν ναέζαρι δγ ιαριιαθ (1) να σέιπε
 'S ζαν λυαό αιγε λε μ'έιλιυζαθ άτ α waller (2).

Αη τέ έριμνηγεαρ να céαυτα λε εριυαύταιν 'r οίτ-
 céille

Δ'γ ναό β'φιυέφαθ α βέαλ, δγυρ ταρι αιη,
 Τιυεφαθ οίθριε 'να ύείζ δγυρ φαρι-εριοθε ναό
 ηγέιλλριθ

Ζαν βειτ 'ζ όλ κοιρ αν έλαιθε πο αν βαλλα (3).

Ηαό κομλυαυοαρι πέιν μέ αι κομ-έριμνηυζαθ 'r αι
 αουαό

Δγ αν τέ ριυθρεαθ ζο ριαύτα (P4) ρίορ ιμ' αιε.
 Ηι'λ ουιτ-ρε άτ οίτ-έιλλε βειτ ανοιρ το μο ρέαναθ
 Δ'γ ηι έριεοριθ το ρζέαλ άτ φαρι μεαύτα.

Λυάτ ααράότ' Δ'ρ μέυμα 'r μέ το ύέαιηφαθ α ηιέιυτεαό
 Δγυρ τά ρίορ δγ να céαυταιβ αιη ρεο, céαυα,
 'S ζο mbim-ρε δγ να λαοιερ, δγ ρ'αζαριε, 'r δγ κέιριε,
 'S δγ μάιζιρτιη ηε (5) λέιγεαη δγυρ λαοιοη.

(1) "φοιηρεα Bell. (2) "άτ α μάλλατ," Bell.

(3) Λαβαιη αν τ-υιργε-βεατα ζο ζάριραμαιλ ιη ραν λίνε ρεο.
 β'έιζικε οαη α η-αέριυζαθ. άτ οειη μ'ε ιη ηεαύταη

"Ταζαηη οίθριε 'να ύιαιζ ηαό λεαηαη ο'ά έριέτιυθ
 'S ηαό ηγέιλλεαη α ρέιυεαθ λε βαλλα."

THE WHISKEY (answering):—

Musha! it's long I'm listening to you shelling lies at me,
 And myself must speak out in future ;
 Sure it's many's the naygur looking for alms (like you),
 And without his having the price to ask for me, except his
 wallet.
 He who gathers together hundreds (of pounds) by hardship and
 foolishness,
 And who will not wet his mouth, and thirst on him,
 There will come after him an heir, and a man of heart, who will
 not refuse
 To be drinking it beside the fence or the wall (6).
 Am not I courteous company at a gathering or at a fair
 For the man who would sit down shyly (?) beside me?
 It is only want of sense in you to be now refusing me,
 And no man but a poltroon will believe your tale.
 People of coughs and phlegm, it is I who could relieve them,
 And the hundreds know this already ;
 Sure the ladies have me, the priests, too, and the clergy,
 And the masters of learning and of Latin.

(4) Sic. an neactanac ; "peacta," Bell.

(5) Ré=le. Tabairi an treanoacé ro rá veama.

(6) The whiskey speaks too cynically for print in this line. I have altered it slightly. Raftery tells him in the next verse that "he speaks shamelessly"!

AN PÓTAIRE :—

Μαιρεάδ ! σοδαρ δγυρ γρῶν ορι ιρ τῦ λαβιαρ νεαμ-
νάιρεαδ

Δ'γ ní τῦβμῖνν-ρε cáil leaδ cóm μαιτ ορι,
 Όο έσιτ μέ μο όάετα όά οιόε 'γ όά λά leaτ,
 Δγυρ νιορ ζαβ σο έάρ γο μío μαιτ όαμ.
 Όο όοίξ τῦ cláμ m'έαοαμ δγυρ βάρηα (1) μο μέαμ
 'S αμ να τέαοαίβ ní φέαοαμ α leaγαν,
 Νί'λ αον φεαρ ιαν ιαοζάλ ιο έυμλεόέαό μío ζέαρ leaτ
 ηαέ έ α ουαλεγυρ ιεαν-έαοαέ 'γ οιοέ-leaβα.

AN T-UISGE-BEAÉA :—

Όφυιτ ζαβδ-ουβ no ceapouige ηαέ νοέαηφαό οιομ
 ράιιτιό ?

1γ μέ βυαέαίλλ (2) αν βάιηη ιηφ ζαέ beaλαέ,
 Νί'λ γρῆαφιοέ ná ταιλλιύμ ο'ά οτυζ αμιαμ ιάέαό
 ηαέ mbeannuigeaδ m ιαν τηιάο οαμ αμ μαοιου.
 Νί'λ bean όγ όά ηρεάζαέτ ηαέ νοέαηφαό λιου ζάιηη
 αν τηαέ σο leaγραιθε αμ αν ζcláμ μέ 'na h-aice,
 'S γο mbim δγ αν ηράρα, δγ ιαζαηητ, 'γ δγ ηραιέμνβ
 Δ'γ νιορ έάμ ηυαίμ μέ αέτ φεαρ μεαέτα (3).

AN PÓTAIRE :—

Φυαη Ραιτεημ ιγρῖοέτα ι leaβαμ να οαονηαέτ'
 Λυέτ ρόιτε γο mbionn τῦ ο'ά μεάλλαό
 Ξαν λόμ-ζήοιόμ σο όέαηαίμ no ιάραό m ιαν ιαοζάλ ιο
 Σο οτυιτιό ιιαο οαομ m ιαν ηρεααό.
 1 ιγσνηφα ná ι νοίοζα μά έάιλλτεαμ (4) φεαρ έοιόε
 Όε βάμμ α βειτ comiáioeaé leaτ-ι,α,
 Όειμ beaéa να ηαοίμ λιηη ζυμ caimτ ι, ουβαιητ Cηίοιτ
 Σο cinnτε ηαέ ηραιξφίό ιέ να φλαίτηρ.

(1) "βάρη," Bell; "βαιηαιβ," O'Conor. (2) "βοέαιλ." Bell; "βυαλαό,"

THE DRUNKARD:—

Musha, trouble and disgust on you! it's you who speak shame-
lessly,

And I would not give you a character half so good ;
I have spent my term of two nights and two days with you,
And your case has not gone too well with me.
You have burned my forehead and the tops of my fingers,
And on the strings (of the violin) I cannot lay them ;
There is no man in this world who would rub too closely against
you,
But his due will be old clothes and a bad bed!

THE WHISKEY:—

Is there a blacksmith or a tradesman who would not make friends
with me?

I am the lad of the goal in every road ;
There is never shoemaker nor tailor of all who ever gave a stab
(of an awl or needle)

Who would not salute me in the street in the morning.
There is no young woman, however fine, who would not laugh with
me

When I would be laid on the table beside her,
And sure the Pope has me, and the priests and the friars,
And nobody ever dispraised me except a poltroon.

THE DRUNKARD:—

Raftery has found it written in the Book of Humanity
(About) the people of tippling, that you be deceiving them,
And without making their reparation and satisfaction in this
world

That they shall fall grievously into sin.
In some scunce or some dike if a man be ever lost,
Through his being a comrade of yours,
The life of the saints tells us that it is a word what Christ has
spoken,

That certainly he shall not gain the Heavens.

an neacṫanaḁ. (3) "ṫopa," an neacṫanaḁ. (4) "Cumuitceóim" Bell,

Νί'λ σεαριμασ αρι Όοννεαδύ θρινι 1 ζConoαέ Μιιζ-
 Εό σοφοίλλ. Θι ρέ 'να άρισ-φεινιμιαμ αρι αν ζconoαέ
 μι-άδδαιιλ ριν 1 μβλιαδύαιν να βφινιαννεαδέ, αζυρ το έυιι
 ρέ α έορ αρι αν έιμιζε-αμαδέ έοιη έιμαυό ριν ζο μβιοό
 ρεαρι νυαδ έιοότα αιζε h-uile λό, βεαζ-ναδέ, 1 ζCαιρλεάν-
 α-βαριια αρι ράριε αν βαιλε ιμόρι. Τά αν έιανη αρι α
 ζεριοόταυόε ιαο 'να ρεαριαν άνηριη ρόρ. Όειη ριασ ζυι
 αρι αν ζεριαηη έέασηα το έιοό ρέ α ναίηαιο, **Μαε Μι**
ζεαριαιε. Όιιη αν ιόρα αζυρ έιιτ **Μαε Μι ζεαριαιε**
 αρι λαι. Ό'φορζαι ρέ α ρύιλε, ο'φέαδέ ρέ να έιμείοιλλ,
 αζυρ ουβαριε, "τά μέ ράβαλτα." "Νί'λ τυ ράβαλτα,"
 αρι ρα Όοννεαδύ θρινι, "μά τά ιόρα ειλε λε ράζαι 1
 ζConoαέ Μιιζ-Εό!" αζυρ έιοό ρέ αριη έ. Όυό βεαζ
 αν τ-ιοηζηαδ ζο ιαιβ ζιόιη αζ να υαοιηβ αρι. Αζ ρο
 αβριάν το ρυαρι μο έαρια αν ηεαέτάναδ ό βέαλ ουηη
 έιζηι 1 ηζαίλλιη. Ηι βρυαριεαυ αέτ υαυό-ρεαη έ. Ηιοι
 ευιηεαδ αριαιη αρι ράριέαρι έ. Όειτ αν ιομαριευό con-
 ταβαριε ανη. Όυβαριε αν ρεαρι ρο ζυι β'έ αν ηεαέ-
 τύιη το ιηηηη έ. Ό'είοιη ριν, αέτ τά αήριεα ανη. Αζ
 ρο αν ζιοτα ριοόηαρι ρο :—

Denis Brown is not forgotten in the county Mayo yet. He was High Sheriff over the unfortunate county in the "Year of the French," and he put down his foot on the rising-out so vigorously that he used to have a fresh man hanged almost every day in the square at Castlebar. The tree on which they used to be hung if standing there still. They say it was on the same tree he hanged his enemy Fitzgerald. The rope broke, and Fitzgerald fell to the ground. He opened his eyes, looked round him, and said "I am saved." "You are not," said Denis Brown, "if there is another rope to be had in the county of Mayo!" and he hanged him again. It was small wonder that the people detested him. Here is a song that my friend O'Neachtain got from the mouth of some men in Galway. I never got it from anyone but him. It was never placed on paper. That would have been too dangerous. This man said that it was Raftery who made it. Perhaps so, but I doubt it. Here is the savage piece:—

να βυδσαιλλιο βδνα.

Δ Όοννέαδ θριύιμ 'r νεαρ νο έραιέρηνν λάιη λεατ
 Δγυρ λε ζηιάδ ουιτ άετ λε ρονη νο ζάβαιλ (1),
 Οεανγλόόαιην ρυαρ tú λε μόρα ανάιβε,
 Δγυρ έυηρηνν μο " ρριμ " ην νο βολζ μόμ.
 Νυμ ηρ ιομόα βυδσαιλλ μαίε έυημ tú έαρ ράιλε
 Έυεραρ αναλλ ρόρ ά'ρ ανηναίη λεό,
 Ράοι έυλταίβ νεαρηζα Δγυρ ηαταίβ λάρα,
 'S βέιό 'η ορημα Φηαννκαέ ά' ρειημ λεό.

Δ έραιηνν να ηουιλλεός (2) μά έριον νο βλάτ-ρα
 Μο έρεαέ νιορ όαιηζηόζ ο'ρηευήμιαέαιό,
 Μαη έάιηηζ αν οουηρ οημ λε ληηη να β'φηαννκαέ
 'S αν τ-αιημ ζαλλοα 'η ζαέ υιλε έαοιβ.
 Οια'η βηηζ αν ελυίεε ρεο ζο οταζαίό 'η Σραίηηηεαέ
 'S ημτεόόαιό 'η ραηηιαιηεντ ό έύήμαέτ αν ηηζ,
 Σεο έ 'η ηηηηε α β'ρηηζφρómio ράραό
 Βέιό αν ταλαίη βάν αζαηηηη άηη βεαζάν έιορ'

Δζ τεαέτ αν τρέαρυίη ηέαηραμαοιο ηλευέτα
 Μαηβόόαμυιο έέαο Δγυρ οά ηίλε βό,
 Βέιό βυαίηιόε Σαραηα λε βεαζάν ζειηηεαέ
 Δζ τεαέτ αν τρέαρυίη μά βιοηηη μυιο βεό.
 Βέιό λεαέαρ ραιηρηνζ Δζ να ζηρέαραιβ ζαεόαλαέ'
 'S ηί ιαηηηραμαοιο ρέηηε οηηέα ηίορ λύζα ηά έ'ηίόηη,
 Βέιό βηόζα αζαηηηη-ηε ζαν Όια 'ζά μευουζαό,
 'S ηί ιοηηηραμαοιο βέιλε ηίορ μό ζαν ρεόιλ.

(1) Λαβαηη ρέ αν ροαλ ρε μαη " ζόαιη."

(2) " Δ έραιηηη ηυιλλιοέ " ουβαηηε αν ηεαέταηαέ:

(3) Literally: O Denis Brown, it is nicely I would shake hands with you, and not out of love for you, but with desire to take you; I would tie you high up with a hempen rope, And I

THE WHITEBOYS.

If I got your hand, it is I would TAKE IT,
 But not to SHAKE IT, O Denis Brown,
 But to hang you high with a hempen CABLE,
 And your feet UNABLE to find the ground.
 For its many's the boy who was strong and ABLE
 You sent in CHAINS WITH your tyrant frown ;
 But they'll come again, with the French flag WAVING,
 And the French drums RAVING to strike you down (3).

O tree of leaves, if thy bloom has withered,
 Alas! thy roots have not tightened,
 Because the misery came on me at the time of the French,
 With the English army on every side.
 What matters this game, until the Spaniard comes
 And Parliament shall go from under the power of the King ;
 This is the house-removal in which we shall find satisfaction,
 We shall have the open land for a small rent.

On the coming of the season we shall make a slaughter,
 We shall kill a hundred and two thousand cows ;
 The booleys (cattle-resorts) of England shall (hear) little lowing
 Coming on the season, if we be alive.
 The Gaelic shoemakers have leather plenty,
 And we won't ask a pair (of boots) of them for less than a
 crown ;
 We shall have boots, and no thanks to them (4),
 And we shall not eat a meal any more without meat.

would drive my spear through your big paunch ; For 'tis many's
 the good boy you sent across the sea, Who shall yet come over
 and help with them, Beneath suits of red and lace hats, And the
 French drum shall be playing with them.

(4) Literally: "Without God increasing them," i.e., "in
 spite of them," a Galway idiom.

Δ Jonny Gibbonr mo éúig céad rlan leat,
 Ir faoa uaim tú in ra nGedamán
 B'é oo époirde gan éadlguḡad bí maím le ruidicear
 Ár an gcnoc ro ruar tá ár gcongham rann.
 Tá ré o'á diḡur oúinn ó béal an úgḡairi
 So loirgḡo an "rlúp" linn nári bairḡealḡ a úream,
 Muri a ḡadḡairḡ tú oe "melir" oiridinn i n-aimriri
 éruadḡam
 Ir móri an truidiḡ muiro faoi bairre ḡleann.

Tá Jonny Gibbonr aḡur ár n-áḡairi Maol'ie
 Aḡur iad o'á ḡeaoimuit amadé faoi'n móin,
 Faoi éarḡ 'r faoi earḡonóiri, aḡur ruadé na h-oirḡe,
 'S ní' l riu 'n bmaidin o'ige aca, ná riam le n'ól.
 Ní mairi rin oo éleadḡadḡairi adé ruiḡeall na b'ruigeall
 Aḡur hoira o'ioḡḡa naé ḡeug ariie oó,
 Ir ruiḡ-móiri m'faiḡḡairi muna b'ruil [truidiḡ] aḡ rora
 So mbéirḡ riao rior leir, aḡur tuilleadḡ leó.

Tá rior aḡ an raogal nári maibruigear caoira
 In ran oirḡe 'r nári rreiri mé bó,
 Má tá i noán aḡur ḡo n-éireodḡo 'n lá linn
 So b'ruirḡrimio rárḡo in ra éúir reo rór,
 B'ionnann muiro Camur leir an áḡairi Maol'ie
 Aḡur bairḡe'n-maol' le h-aḡairḡ a bó
 ['S ní bérḡmio a coirḡe ariir o'ári noibhriḡ
 Gan biaḡ ḡan o'ioeann amadé rár'n móin] (1).

(1) Ní maib an o'á líne reo aḡ an té o'innir. Mire oo cum iad cum an rann o'iomlánuḡadḡ.

O Johnny Gibbons (2), my five hundred farewells to you,
 You are long from me away in Germany (3);
 It was your heart, without deceitfulness, that was ever (given) to
 joyousness,

And now on this hill, above, we are weak of help.
 It is told us from the mouth of the author
 That the sloop whose crew was not baptised shall fire at us,
 And unless you come for a relief to us in the times of hardship,
 We are a great pity, beneath the tops of valleys.

Johnny Gibbons and our Father Miler
 Are being protected out upon the bog,
 Under thirst, under dishonour, under the cold of the night,
 They have not as much as a drop of drink or a dram to imbibe.
 It was not so they were wont (to live), but (to have) the leaving
 of leavings,

And sorrow to them that gave no attention to it;
 And very great is my fear, unless Jesus takes pity,
 That they will be down by it (or "responsible for it") and
 more with them.

The world knows that I never killed a sheep
 In the night, and that I never houghed a cow;
 If it is fated that the day should prove favourable to us,
 That we may yet get satisfaction in this case.
 We bestow Camus on Father Miler,
 And Ballinweal for his cow;
 (And we shall never again be banished
 Without food, without shelter, upon the bog).

(2) A well-known outlaw.

(3) This is not to be taken literally, I think; it probably meant the bog.

Τά βοτάν βακαέ φαοι βάρη αν τρλείβε
 Δ'ρ υειρ ζαέ δον νεαé ναé μβέρò βραο βεó
 Κοιρνέαλλ Μάιριτιν τά 'να έεανν δρι αν τσοβ ρη
 Δγυρ μεαφαιμ πέιν ζυρ αιγε ιη cóρι.
 Τά céαο φαρι αca έυρι αν τ-αιριζεαο τε céιλε
 Νάρι ζεαριρ [να] πέιτε α'ρ νάρι ιé αν πέóιλ,
 Δέτ α έλανν Μα ζεοόαζαίν, μά τά tú ι η-έιμυιι
 Νά λειγ αν λέαν-ρζμιορ ζο h-ιοηιυρ Μόρι.

Δζ ρο αβριάν το φυαρι μέ ó'η αέαιρι Clement O
 Λύγναιό ι μθαιλε-λοé-μα'έ. Νι βφυαρι μέ αζ ουινε
 αρι βιέ é αέτ αιγε-ρεαν. Φυαρι ρειρεαν é ó βέαλ ρεαν-
 ουινε τιμείολλ cúιγ βλιαóνα ριέτο ó ροιμ. Δζ ρο α
 βριαέτρα πέιν ι ηζαεóειλγ ο'ά μίνιυζαó óαμ. Όειρ
 πέ:—"Όο ριινεαó αν τ-αβριάν ρο ι υcaοιβ ριαóηιυρε
 βριέαζαιζε το έόγ Waterρ Δγυρ Wakeρielo έίγιμ, le
 congnaím cailin μι-έέιλλιόε, α η-αζαίό ραζαιριτ ραν áιτ
 ρεο, αζυρ τυζαó αν 'φιαóηιυρε Όριέαζαέ' αρι αν
 αβριάν. Όυó υε λυέτ ρεαóμα Sacραηαίγ ο'ά ηζοιηέαρι
 Ρολίρ, Waterρ, αζυρ υυó ύοινε υαφαλ ι μθαιλε-να-
 Sluaζ Wakeρielo, αζυρ υυβριαó ζο υτυζαυαρι μόριάν
 αιριζο υο'η έαίλιν ρεο le cúιρ μίμνεαé το έυρι ι η-αζαίό
 αν τραζαιριτ. Όυβριαó ζο ηοεαριηαυαρι ρο αρ αν τηυέ
 υο βι αca υο να Caτοιλειγ, αζυρ έυμ ταριευιρνε υο έυρι
 αρι α ζερηυεαμί. Δέτ ται έιρ α ηοιέέιολλ υο ύέαηαίμ
 ηιορ πέαυαυαρι δον υίοζβáιλ αρι βιέ υο έυρι αρι αν
 ραζαριτ μαίέ. Όο μάρι πέ α βραο 'να υιαίό ρηη αζ
 ρηιτέόλαó ζο υιαóάέ υύέμαέταέ αμεαργ να ηοαοινε."

There is a lame bullock below the top of the mountain,
 And everyone says that he shall not be long alive ;
 Colonel Martin it is who is the head on that side (of the county),
 And I think myself that for him it is just.
 There are a hundred men of them put the money together,
 Who never cut sinew and who never eat meat (1) ;
 But O children of Geoghegan, if ye are (still) in Ireland,
 Do not allow the destruction (to come) to Erris More.

Here is a song which I got from Father Clement O'Looney of Loughrea. I never found it with any other person except himself. He got it from the mouth of an old man about twenty-five years ago. Here are his words explaining it to me in Irish. He says : " This song is made about a false witness which one Waters and one Wakefield gave, with the help of a silly girl, against a priest of this place, and the song was called ' The False Witness.' It was one of the English officials called ' Police ' that Waters was, and Wakefield was a gentleman in Ballinasloe, and it was said that they gave much money to this girl to raise a venemous case against the priest. It was said that they did this out of the grudge which they bore the Catholics, and to put an insult on their religion. But after their doing their utmost they were not able to inflict any damage on the good priest. He lived a long time after that, ministering piously and earnestly amongst the people."

(1) i.e., killed other men's cattle to eat their meat.

Δὲ γο ἀν τ-ἀβρίαν. Τὰ ζαὶ βέαιρα ὅε σεαῖτα ἀν
ἀν ζαοὶ ἐάσθνα, ἀν να ζοῦανθιβ ἄ ἀζυρ ε:—

ΔΗ ΦΙΛΘΝΟΥΙΣΕ ὙΡΕΑΣΑΘ.

Σαμρον λάνοιη, Σολάν δ' ῥ Ὀάιβι,
Ὁ μελλ να μνά ιαο υλε ζο λέιη,
ἱρ λέι νο φάζαὸ ἀν Τριδοὶ 'να φάραὸ (1)
1 η-ἀν εἰτε Ρηιαμυρ 'ῥ Ἡετορι τρέαν.
Le να μνάιβ ἐαλληεαμαρ Δονζυρ ἀρ ἄιλβε
Ἀρ Cuculaῖνη ἀίξ νο φεαῖραὸ céim.
Ὁο νόιτεαὸ Ἡεριουλερ ζο νοι ἀν ἐνάη
Ἀζυρ θαλλὰ ἄριζυρ, ἀοειη λυὲτ λέιζην.
Σηρίοθ να ναοιή νόινη ζο νοιουραὸ νάμηαιο
Ὁο βυαίρεαὸ βάιηε ἀ η-ἀζαὶὸ να ηζαεῖεαλ,
ἱρ φιορ ζο νοάιηιζ Σεάξαν ἀζυρ Μάριταιη
Ἀν ιομπυίεαὸ μὰὸ, ἀζυρ ζηότταίεαο "ζαμε."
Ὁιαρ ἐοή νονα Λεό, Wakefielo δ' ῥ Wατεριρ
Ἀιϋο δ' ῥ πλάιζ οηηα! ηυαίζ δ' ῥ λέαν!
Ἀ' ῥ οιομβυαὶὸ (2) να η-εαζλαίηε le τοιλ ἀν φάρα
Ὁο φαοιλ ῖζανθαιλ δ' ῥ νάιηε ἐαβαίηε ἀν ἀν
ζελέηη.

Τὰ ἀν ποβαλ ἐηαίῶτε, ἀρ ἀ λάν ἀζ τριάτ ἀηη,
Ἀν μαρλυζ' ζηάηηα ρυαη σεαηη ἀν ἐπέηο;
Ἀὲτ ἀ Ριζ να ηζηιάρτα le τοιλ νο μμάτταρ
Ταβαίη νόινη γάραὸ ζαν μοιλλ ραν ῖζεαλ,
Ἀν βεαν νί ἐάηηεαο, μαιβ κατυζαὸ 1 νοάη οί,
Ἀ' ῥ ταιζ ζυη 1 βράηηιτταρ νο μελλὰὸ ἔαβ,
ἱρ ρανηηυζαὸ ἀηηζιο νο ηινηε ἀν ἐαρ ῖο
Ἀ' ῥ μοιηεαρ Wατεριρ νο Ἐλannah ζαεῖεαλ.

(1) "Ἀ' ῥ ηρ le η-α εηεαὸ τυζαὸ Τριδοὶ 'να φάηη." Ἀν τ-ἀάηηη

Here is the song. It is entirely composed, each verse of it, in the same manner, upon the vowels "a" and "e":—

THE FALSE WITNESS.

Sampson the BRAVE one, Solomon, DAVID,

Women ENSLAVED them, one and all ;

'Twas they DISABLED the Trojan GREATNESS,

Made Priam the AGED and Hector fall.

Women made CRAZY Alva and AENAS,

And wrought our BRAVEST Cuchulain's fall ;

Hercules FAMOUS they burn and SLAY HIM,

And Argus they DAZED, as bards recall.

The saints have written for us that there would come an enemy

Who would strike a goal-stroke against the Gael ;

It is true that John and Martin came,

For whom the trump was turned, and the game won.

A couple as bad as they are Wakefield and Waters ;

Disease and plague upon them ! rout and woe !

And defeat from the Church, with the will of thè Pope,

Who thought to bring scandal and shame upon our clergy.

The congregation is tortured, and numbers talking of it,

The disgusting abuse which the head of the flock received ;

But O King of the Graces, by the will of Thy Mother,

Give us satisfaction without delay in this case.

The woman (herself) I shall not blame, for whom temptation was

in store,

For understand that (even) in Paradise was Eve deceived ;

It is greed of money that has wrought this case,

And the enmity of Waters to the Clanna Gael.

Ο Λυγναίς. (2) Λαβαριτέσαι ἀν ποταλ γο μαρι "οιομύς."

Ξετ μο εμοιθε-ριξ, αζυρ νι λε η-αταρ,
 Νυαιρ ευαλαρ τριατ αρ φεαρ αιθε Νε
 Να ρελαιο ταρριαιγτε λε ταβαιρτ ι λαταη,
 Νι βρuiξριτ ριν (1) αμυρ μεαρξ να ναειν.
 Τρεοριυθε μαιτ ροβαιλ ε το ρειρ Δ ααιε
 Αρ ερ να αρ ρατα νιορ υιοι (2) ρε αν ελειρ
 Αετ βαρ ι ριααταναρ, αρ εαρβαιο να ηξιαρτα
 Ξο μβυαλεανν ρε Wατερρ ευρ αιρ αν βρεαξ

υμλαιξ Δ θεαι, 'ρ θεαν αιτιμξε εραιοθεαε,
 Α'ρ τα να ξιαρτα λε ραξαιι ο'η ζελειρ,
 υμλαιξ ραν μαιοιν, αζυρ ριλ αν αυβαρ,
 Οηρ ατα Οια ξιαρραμαιι 'ρ νι θεαηαην Σε βρεαξ.
 Σμυαινο αρ ιυοαρ, ζυρ λε ρινεαυ Δ λαμμε
 Το βραιτ ρε αν τ-αιρρ-ριξ, αι αν ελαιορ το ρειρ?
 Το ευριλιξ ραν οιοε 'ξαιην ι λαρ αν ραβλα,
 Α'ρ ο'φυλαιηξ αν βαρ Ερριρ' αρ αι ρον ζο λειρ.

Ιρ ααρ ε αν αιηεαυ τα υμηνν οολαραε
 Αετ το βι ρε ι νοαν υμηνν τρε αηρο (3) ζεαι,
 Λεαζαυ οηρραιν-ηε ε οε βριξ υβια ι βραρρηταρ
 Αξ αεραυ υμηνν βαρ μαρ γεαλλ αρ εαυ.
 Ρεαυαρ, αν τ-εαρβαλ το ρεαν Δ ηαλιξριτρη,
 Το ρυαιρ ρε ραρρουν ζαν μοιιι 'ραν ρξεαλ,
 Αζυρ ρεαε αν ζαυοιθε ευρηεαυ ι ζορμην να ραιρε
 Ξο βρuiλ ρε ι βρuiατεαρ αμεαρξ να ναοηι.

(1) "ηρ υοιυ νι ραξταρ" αν τ-αταρ Ο λυξηαιυ.

(2) "νιορ υειιι" υυβαιρτ αν τ-αταρ Ο λυξηαιυ, αετ νι ευριμ

My heart within, started, and not with joy,
 When I heard talk about the man-of-God's-commands ;
 (When) the seals are drawn to bring into the presence (of God ?),

Those shall not receive a dwelling among the saints.

A good guide of the people is he, according to his reputation,

For gold or estate he never sold the clergy ;

But a death in want, without the Graces,

May it strike Waters, who put a lie upon him.

Humble thyself, woman, and make a pious repentance,

And the graces are to be had from the clergy ;

Lumble thyself in the morning and shed-tears for the cause,

For God is gracious, and He tells no lie.

Think upon Judas, how with the pointing of his hand

He betrayed the High King—what was the glory to himself ?

Who descended in the night to us in the midst of the stall,

And suffered the death of the Cross for everyone of us.

This disparaging is a case that is for us miserable,

But it was fated for us through bitter misfortune ;

It was laid upon us on account of an apple in Paradise,

Shaping death for us, on Eve's account.

Peter the Apostle, who denied his Master,

He received pardon without delay for his act ;

And behold the thief who was placed upon the tree of the passion,

How he is in Heaven amongst the saints !

Τά εόλαρ ας h-uile ouine ar an rean-abrián
 “bean an fíri Ruad.” Rinnead é níor mó ná céad
 aςur b'éioiri ná óá céad bliadán ó join. Ir rean-focal
 i nGaeóeilg “cáilliúri aerac,” aςur veiri bean le
 cáilliúri i n-abrián eile :

ní veire liom mar ghearrar tú
 ná mar cumar tú na b'réaga.

Αςur conncamar mar ouðairt an Reacúime féin :

Sperruioe ar ról muna noéanraó ré acé b'róg
 Duó mian le mnáib óga veit i ná (1) leir
 no cáilliúri ar bóro 'r a f'arúiri i zcóiir,
 Muir ngearrraó ré acé cóta no cába.

Veiri ríad zo vtaγann an rcairi ar air arír ar an zcumo
 céadna 'na maib rí ioime rin, aςur, nuair máiri an
 Reacúime, éarla zuri éalaidz cáilliúri eile le mnai rir
 ruad eile, amaid éarla céad no óá céad bliadán ioime
 rin nuair iunnead an t-abrián ar vúr, aςur vo cum an
 Reacúime an vaia abrián ar an zcúir, ar an b'ronn
 céadna leir an rean-abrián. Ní órioióinn zuri éarla
 ré óá iúriú zo maib an vaia cáilliúri aςur an vaia
 bean an fíri Ruad an, acé zo b'riairi mé an r'zéal óm'
 óairio an Neacánaó, mar ruiari reirean é ó béal
 ouine i zConamaria. Fuairi ré an t-abrián ó'n zComán-
 acé, aςur bí cuio nac maib aige-rean aς Mac Uí f'loinn.
 Ας io an r'zéal vo bí leir an abrián mar ruiari miie ó'n
 Neacánaó é, in a b'riaómaib féin :—

(1) i. anair leir.

(2) Burns has a song to the old air of “The Tailor fell

Everybody knows the old song of the Red-haired Man's Wife.

It is more than a hundred, or perhaps than two hundred years old. The "airy tailor" is a proverb in Irish (2), and in another song a woman says to a tailor:—

I do not think it prettier how you cut (your cloth)
Than how you shape your lies.

And we saw how Raftery himself said:—

shoemaker on a stool, if he were to make only a boot,
Young women would like to be near him,
Or a tailor on a table and his scissors in order,
If he only were to cut out a coat or a cape.

They say that history comes back again in the same shape that it was before, and so when Raftery was living it chanced that another tailor eloped with another wife of another Red-haired Man, as had happened a hundred or two hundred years before, when the song was first made, and Raftery composed a second song about the matter to the same air as the old song. I would not have believed that there was really a second tailor and a second Red-haired Man's Wife, except that I got the story from my friend, Mr. O'Naughton, as he got it himself from the mouth of a person in Connemara. He got the song from Comyn, and the part that Comyn had not got, I got from Glynn. Here is the story which went with the song, just as I got it from Naughton in his own words:—

through the bed, thimbles and a'" to the same effect:—
"There's some that are dowie I trow wud be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again."

SĠEAL AR ÛEAN AN FIR RUAD.

Ûi teac̃ an firi ruad̃ agur teac̃ ac̃ari an c̃ailin, f̃arfuig̃te ṽa c̃eile, i g̃Convad̃e m̃uig̃-ec̃o. 'Si an c̃eilin agur an tr̃iige m̃arct̃ainn Ûi ag an b̃feari ruad̃, ag ceannac̃ r̃toc̃aiò, agur 'g̃a ñṽiol ar̃ir; agur ṽ'eiug̃ leiŕ go ñveariuaiò r̃e r̃aiòb̃reari m̃ói leiŕ an ob̃ariŕ ŕeo, ac̃t Ûi ac̃ari an c̃ailin boct̃ go leóiŕ. F̃a Ûeilieac̃ c̃ear an ceannuiòe-r̃toc̃aiò go m̃buò c̃óiŕ ṽó curi f̃aroi, agur ṽ'iarri r̃e an inŕean ar̃ a c̃óm̃arriŕain. Sin é 'r̃aiò ò'n g̃cóm̃arriŕain, agur f̃aroi f̃eíl P̃áor̃ar̃ig̃ minneac̃ an cleam̃nar. [Ṽo c̃óm̃nuig̃ táilluiŕ añaice leó].

Seur̃o vo Ûi ŕa táilluiŕ ŕear̃ b̃reac̃g̃, leiŕc̃te, aig̃-ionta, agur le meióŕi agur le ŕiaṽant̃ar̃ ṽ'im̃t̃iŕg̃ leiŕ i n-óiŕe agur lior̃t̃ail r̃e. Agur tar̃ éiŕ ṽa Ûil̃iò̃ain vo c̃ait̃eam̃ ṽó ag ŕaiŕg̃ṽiúŕieac̃t̃ i m̃b̃aile beag̃ i g̃Convad̃e m̃uig̃-ec̃o, ṽ'éal̃ar̃ig̃ r̃e ab̃aile ar̃ir a-g̃an-f̃ior̃. Ir̃ cor̃m̃úil g̃ur̃ mó an ŕean vo Ûi ag an g̃c̃ailin ar̃ an táilluiŕ ña ar̃ aon ṽuine eile, agur, tr̃iáct̃am̃ail go leóiŕ, Ûi r̃e ŕa m̃b̃aile i n-am le Ûeic̃ ag an g̃cleam̃nar. I n-im̃teac̃t̃ na h-oiòc̃e (ir̃ ve ŕiub̃al oiòc̃e minneac̃ an cleam̃nar) c̃ar̃ig̃ an ŕear̃ Ruad̃ g̃laine bioc̃áile ṽo'n c̃ailin ac̃t ṽ'eic̃iŕg̃ ŕiŕe i; agur tam̃all 'na ò̃iaṽiò ŕin c̃ar̃ig̃ an táilluiŕ g̃laine òi agur g̃lac̃ ŕi uaṽiò-ŕean i. C̃uir̃ ŕin euṽóac̃ar̃ ar̃ an b̃feari Ruad̃ ac̃t ñioŕi leiŕ r̃e ar̃i g̃ur̃ g̃oill r̃e ar̃i, agur c̃h̃iòc̃nuig̃eac̃ ṽéañam̃ an cleam̃nar.

An tr̃eac̃t̃m̃ain ṽ'ári g̃cionn Ûi g̃nó ag an b̃feari Ruad̃ go Ûaile-ac̃ta-Ciaṽt̃, mar̃ ir̃ ann vo c̃ug̃ac̃ r̃e na r̃toc̃aiò, agur c̃eannuiŕeac̃ r̃e ear̃riaṽiò eile 'na n-ac̃it, le ṽiol ar̃ ar̃i ar̃ir ar̃i ŕuo na tuac̃it. Ûi r̃e Lá ag ceannac̃ r̃toc̃aiò ó ŕean-m̃ñar̃oi ar̃ an m̃b̃aile, c̃úpla Lá

STORY OF THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S WIFE.

The Red-haired Man's house, and the house of the girl's father, were situated close together in the county Mayo. The trade and livelihood that the Red Man had was buying stockings and selling them again, and he succeeded in making considerable riches out of this work, but the girl's father was poor enough. At last the stocking merchant considered that it was time for him to settle down, and he asked his neighbour for his daughter. That was just what his neighbour wanted, and on St. Patrick's Eve the match was made.

(A tailor lived near them.) The tailor was a fine, souple, lively man, and with pleasantry and wildness he went off in his youth and enlisted, and, after spending two years in a little town in the county Mayo a-soldiering, he deserted again without its being known. It seems probable that the girl had a greater liking for the tailor than for anyone else, and early enough he was at home, in time to be at the match-making. In the course of the night, for it was at a night-ramble the match was made up, the Red Man offered the girl a glass of whiskey, but she declined it, but, a while after that, the tailor offered her a glass, and she accepted it from him. That raised a doubt in the Red Man, but he never let on that it preyed on him, and the match-making was completed.

The week after that the Red Man had some business that was to bring him) to Dublin, for it was there he used to take the stockings and buy other wares in place of them, to sell these again through the country. He was one day buying stockings from an old woman in the village a few days before he was to go

pul bí fé le h-imtēadēt, aḡur maḡi iḡ ionoual le mnáib
 beit caintead cabač, čoruiḡ rí reo aḡ caint aḡ an
 bpópač aḡur aḡ mač zo maib iuñeuso oḡiḡa aḡ pač é
 beit aḡ cuḡ pač iḡ mbaile 'na meapḡ, aḡur ro aḡur
 rúo eile, "ačt," aḡeḡi rí, "reáčain čú řém aḡ an
 táilliúḡ." Niḡi leiḡ řeḡean taḡa aḡi, ačt ouḡaiḡt řé
 leiḡ řém nač maib ḡaḡi aḡiḡe oul zo ḡaile-áča-Cliač,
 aḡur an táilliúḡ řáḡḡaib iḡ mbaile; aḡur čeap řé oá
 bḡéaḡpač řé an táilliúḡ čaḡaiḡt leiḡ zo noéaḡpač řin
 čúḡi oó. Ouḡaiḡt řé aḡḡiḡin le áčaiḡ an čailin ḡuḡi
 čeapḡuiḡ řeapḡ ḡlic uaió i n-éiḡḡeáč leiḡ, aḡur ouḡaiḡt
 an t-ačaiḡ leiḡ, an táilliúḡ iḡiḡaió. O'iaḡi, aḡur
 o'eitḡ řeḡean é. O'iaḡi ačaiḡ an čailin aḡḡiḡin aḡi
 an táilliúḡ oul leiḡ an bḡeapḡ Ruáč, aḡur čuaió.
 Čuaḡaḡi aḡiaḡon zo ḡaile-áča-Cliač, čḡiáčniḡḡeaḡaḡi a
 ḡḡiáč aḡḡ aḡur čuaḡaḡi a čoulač in aḡon ḡḡeomḡa aḡiáin
 řan oióče. Aḡi maḡoiḡn zo moč, liúḡ an řeapḡ Ruáč amač
 ḡuḡi ḡoiḡ an táilliúḡ a čuro aḡiḡro uaió řan oióče, aḡur
 amač leiḡ řá oéin na "bḡoiḡiḡ." ḡabač an táilliúḡ
 ačt čḡiḡčuiḡ řé iḡ ḡaiḡiḡt zo oḡaiḡḡ ḡuač na řḡoačaió
 aḡur ḡuač an eaḡiḡaió oó čeapḡuiḡ řé, le čéile, aḡur
 ḡuḡi euḡčoiḡi oó cuḡieač aḡi-ḡean.

ḡḡaḡiḡeáč amač aḡḡiḡin é, ačt o'innḡiḡ an řeapḡ
 Ruáč aḡḡiḡin zo maib an táilliúḡ 'na řaiḡčoiḡiḡ, aḡur
 ḡuḡi éalḡiḡ řé aḡ an aḡim. ḡabač řeapḡ na řiáčiḡro
 aḡiḡiḡ aḡur řá'n ḡčoiḡi řin cuḡieač i bḡiḡiḡiḡin é zo čeapḡ
 oá bḡiačaiḡ.

Čaiḡḡ an řeapḡ Ruáč aḡaile aḡur pór řé, aḡur
 nuaiḡi bí an oá bḡiačaiḡ iḡḡiḡ aḡ an táilliúḡ, čaiḡḡ řé
 aḡaile, aḡur o'éalḡiḡ beapḡ an řiḡi Ruáč leiḡ, ḡiḡ zo
 naib beḡiḡ čloune aḡiḡ le na řeapḡ. ḡoiḡl řé reo čoiḡ

away (to Dublin), and, as it is the due of women to be talkative and gabby, this one began to talk about the marriage, and to say that they were rejoiced altogether that he was settling himself at home amongst them, and so on, this thing and that thing, "but," says she, "mind yourself of the tailor." He never let on anything, but he said to himself that there was no good his going to Dublin and leaving the tailor at home, and he thought that if he could bring the tailor with him this would do the business for him.

He then said to the girl's father that he wanted a skilful man to be along with him (to Dublin), and the father said to him to try the tailor. He tried him, but he refused him. Then the girl's father (himself) asked the tailor to go with the Red Man, and he went. They departed together to Dublin. They finished their business together there, and went to sleep at night in the one room. Early in the morning the Red Man roared out that the tailor had stolen all his money from him in the night, and out with him for the police. The tailor was seized, but he proved in court that the price (he had got for) the stockings, and the price of the goods he had bought exactly fitted together, and that there was a wrong done to him.

He was let go then, but the Red Man informed that the tailor had been a soldier and had deserted out of the army. The man of the needle was again taken up, and for this crime he was sent to prison for two years.

The Red Man came home and married, and when the tailor had (put) in his two years he came home (also), and the Red Man's wife eloped with him, although she had two children by her

μόρι ριν δι αν β'εαρ ρυαό ζο 'οτάμιγ ραοβ'εαν-σέιλλε
 ρά 'οειρεαό δι, Δζυρ 'ο'ιμ'εϊζ ρέ ι β'ριαόανταρ ι νοιαιό
 Δ εινν μοιμε, Δζυρ ταμαλλ ρυλ σαιλλεαό ε ní αι'νεόσάο
 ρέ Δον ουινε, ná αμιάιν Δ β'εαν ρέιν ε'αρ ι'ηηαοι δι βι'ε
 ειλε.

β'εαν δι ριρ ρυαό.

Σμαοιμιζ ζυρ σευραό
 Δον ι'ηε ι'ηιριε δι αν ζερανν,
 'S ζυρ ι β'ρεααό ριλ ε'ιβ'
 Ζαν β'ρείζ 'ο ρυζαό ρι'νν αν.
 Οέιό μαλλ'ετ να ναοι'η
 Ν'άρι νοιαιό μά ι'μ'εϊζεανν μυρο σαιμ,
 ι'ηι'ηιζ ρεαρτα 'ο'η ε'λείηι
 Δζυρ ná τ'ρείζ-ρε φ'λαι'εαρ λε ζ'ρεανν.

Δ ουινε ζαν άι'ηο
 Ná τ'ριά'ετ-ρα δι ρεα'ετ'ηιαιν ná δι λυαν,
 Νο τιυραιό ο'ητ ζ'ηάιν
 Ο'η ά'ηο ριζ ό φ'λαι'εαρ ανυαρ.
 Οέιό αρ'ηαι'ηζ ό'η μβάρ
 Ιη 'ο λάρ 'ρ τύ 'ζ ο'η'ηαοι'η ζο σ'ηυαιό,
 'S ná τ'ρείζ-ρε να ζ'ηά'ηα
 Λε ζ'ηάό 'ο β'εαν δι ριρ ρυαό.

(1) Literally: "He went into wildness, after his head before him."

husband. This preyed so much upon the Red Man that at last he became light-headed and went wild through the country (1), and for some time before he died (2) he could not recognise any person, nor even his own wife beyond any other woman.

THE WIFE OF THE RED-HAIRED MAN.

The One-Son of MARY

Was NAILED for us on the tree ;

To sin and TEMPTATION

The RACE has been born since Eve.

The curse of the SAINTS

Shall CHASE us and to us shall cleave.

If, Heaven FORSAKING,

We make good ANGELS to grieve.

O, man without heed,

Do not talk of a week or of Monday (3),

Or there shall come disgust on thee

Down from the High King from Heaven.

There shall be a pain from the Death

In thy middle, and thou sighing heavily ;

And forsake not (God's) Grace

Through love of the Red-Man's wife.

(2) Literally : " Was lost."

(3) Or " Doomsday."

Δ ουμε ζαν céill
 ηά τρέις, τυγὰ, φλαίτεαρ να νούλ,
 Smaoinz̄ ζυμ clason
 'S ζυμ βαοζλαέ é peacac̄o να ογύμ',
 βέρο tú ημε ηέμο
 μαμ γέ βέροεαρ αζαο μαμ ουαμ,
 ηαé τμιαζ̄ μμυμε το ηζέαλ
 'S ζαν το ηέροτεαé αζ bean an φ̄ημ Ruac̄o.

Τιυεφαρό ιά'η τηλείβε
 'S βέρο 'η ηζέαλ πο ο'ά εαημιαηζ̄ ανυαμ
 ι βηιαδουμ' an ηιζ̄
 Ουμλ να λιντε πολα (1) αμ α ζ̄ημιαρό
 βέρο λυέτ να μί-ηζνιοή
 Ο'ά νοίβητε ζο η-ηημιοηη ό εταό,
 'S α εάλιλιύμ ηα ζαοιέ
 ηγ θαομ ιοεφαρ tú bean an φ̄ημ Ruac̄o.

Σύο é 'η λά λέμ
 Δ λέμφοό να μαμβ ό'η υαμζ̄,
 βέρο το έοημ αζ να πέητεβ
 Δ'γ τρέιζφοό an λαφαό το ζ̄ημιαό.
 βέρο το έιοηητα (2) ι τ'ευοαν
 ζο λέμ (3) τε λέιζεαό αζ an ηλυαζ̄,
 'S ηαé ηεαηταé an ηζέαλ (4) ουητ
 έαλοζαό τε bean an φ̄ημ Ruac̄o (5).

(1) " να λιντε ηηεάζ̄ ποημυζ̄ε," an ηεαéτáηαé. Ο'αέμυζ̄ μμυε
 é μαμ τά. (2) Aliter, εοηηεαéα. (3) Aliter, πολυποα.
 (4) Aliter, ζνιοή. (5) αζ πο μαμ τά an βεαημια πο αζ G. :

Τιυεφαρό an λά λέμ
 Δ λέμφοό να εοημ αρ an υαμ
 λαφαρό να ηλείβε

O, man without sense,

Do not forsake the heaven of the elements ;

Remember that deceitful

And that dangerous is the sin of lust.

Thou shalt be with Nero,

Since it is he thou shalt have as reward ;

Is it not a pity-of-Mary thy case,

And without the Red-Man's wife having power to relieve thee !

The Day of the Mountain (6) shall come,

And this story shall be drawn down (7)

In the presence of the King,

On whose countenance are the lines of blood.

The people of ill deeds

Shall be being banished to northern hell,

And, O tailor of the wind (i.e., flighty tailor).

It is dearly thou shalt pay for the Red-Man's wife.

That is the day of misery,

When the dead shall leap from the tomb ;

The worms shall have thy body,

And the blush shall forsake thy cheek.

Thy transgressions shall (be written) in thy face

Plainly for the crowd to read,

And is it not a treacherous tale for thee

To elope with the wife of the Red-Man.

Δγυρ πλευρζφαρό cnoic Δγυρ cυαin.
 Cυιcφiό na ηευlεα
 'S βέρό an cαει cοm' ουβ leiη an ηγυαl
 'S βέρό an cάλλiύη Δγ' βοc-λέιμνiς
 μηη Δ cτηέiζφiό ηέ βεαν an φiη ηυαό.

(6) i.e., Judgment Day.

(7) i.e., talked about, published abroad.

1r iomóda lá deiread
 Ar éirigh sí 'mac (1) in rann ngleann,
 Le na cularó (2) breáḡ éasdaḡ
 ḡan breis, a' r a hata ar a ceann.
 Ni éireofinn ó'n raogal
 Naḡ neullta a o'éirigh 'na ceann,
 Le ḡur ranncais sí 'n feucta
 'S ḡur éreis' rí a fear a' r a clann.

'S iomóda rin féirín
 ḡan breis o' fás rí na vialó,
 Capall 'r caoirigh 'r céadcaio
 'O éreabfao tpe rliab.
 Le aḡḡar faoi 'n rḡéal
 Ni féirir ḡo maifró rí bliadain,
 Oul a' rudaḡail rean-éasdaḡ
 Inr ḡaḡ don tead le táillíur na míol.

Ni'l riorúr ná miorúr
 Ná rndaite o' ár oúbail (3) ré maím,
 Naḡ mbéir in a lácair
 An lá úo tarraingte ra rliab.
 Béir mallacḡ éiric' fáil
 Na fáil, a' r náir feiciró ré 'Dia,
 Cus b'riḡro ó'n oá páirre
 'S o' fás fán oirra roir aḡur riar.

(1) *Aliter*: O'éirighsear ḡo moḡ. (2) *Aliter*: mo cularó, ḡc.
 (3) "Oúbail," eudairic ré.

Many is the gala day

That she arose out (and went) into the valley

In her fine clothes ;

No lie ; and her hat upon her head.

I would not believe from the world

That it was not clouds that arose in her head,

Through which she took a fancy for the shrimp

And forsook her husband and her children.

Many is the pretty thing,

No lie, that she has left behind her—

Horses and sheep, and ploughs

That would turn-up-soil through mountain.

With misery at the tale,

It is not possible she shall live a year,

Going sewing old clothes

In every house, with the tailor of the vermin.

There is neither scissors nor tape-measure,

Nor thread that he has ever doubled,

But it shall be in his presence

That day, drawn-up upon the Mountain (4).

The cursè of the Land of Fail (5) at his heels,

And may he never see God,

Who has brought Bridget from her two children,

And has left dispersal on them East and West.

(4) i.e., Judgment Day.

(5) i.e., Ireland, or Inisfail.

O tailor who art wandering,
 If thou desirest in future to be steadfast
 Get a Mass said
 Aloud, and cry to the Lamb.
 Send up a Mass to God,
 And, until death, lower not thy face (from prayer),
 Or the Son of God shall not assist thee
 For ever—nor after thy going into the tomb.

Hercules the strong,
 He was destroyed in fire by a woman ;
 By Helen was burnt
 Greece and the men of Troy.
 Fell they by Deirdre
 The strong sons of Uisneach who never submitted ;
 And Turgesius was lost
 By the daughter of Maoilsheachlain of Meath.

By Blanaid was lost
 The son of Daire and Cuchulain the hardy,
 And Diarmuid by Grainne
 On high Ben Gulbain (4) in the North.
 When comes a great love,
 What is likely is that a cold follows after it ;
 Take henceforth my advice,
 And pursue not ever the Red-Man's wife.

ΣComáineac 50 vci reo.

(3) "Dinn Borb," r an MS.

(4) Ben Borb is an evident mistake for Ben Gulbain, or
 Bulben, as it is now erroneously called, a mountain in Sligo.

Tuis zuri le h-Doire (1)

Do claoiréad Clann Liri in ran rúam,
'S zuri le beairtuisgead d' r' oiraoiréad

Do minnead (2) óioð clúimac eala báim.

Samron le mnaoi

Cáill a bhuí, 'r a rreacacó, 'r a zruas

Cia an éadai a stiucfá-rá raon

'S oo beic rinead le bean an f'ri Ruad

Béid ai ríolruis ó ádam

An lá úo i b'raonuir an uam,

'S zac oune óó féin

Moi cléiréad as inhiric a cúir'.

Zac peacó v'á noéantari

Oul i zcéill 'r i meabari oo'n trluas,

'S béid an táillúir i ngeibionn

Fadai beic 'plé le bean an f'ri Ruad.

Oeir Raipreir féin

Zo h-éas nac maicfeari an oiruir,

Solam bi tréan

In a laéitib, cúir rí ai zcúl.

Muir b'ruil [zruára] as Mac Dé

Sé mo leun, tá [an] peacó ró óruaid,

'S bi an táillúir zan céill

An lá o'éalaidz fé le bean an f'ri Ruad.

(1) eada, G. (2) Zo noéirnad, G

(3) Literally: "Swimming."

Remember that it was by Eefy

The children of Lir were destroyed in the water (3).

And that by trickery and enchantment

Plumage of white swans was made of them.

Samson by a woman

Lost his power and his activity and his hair ;

And how shouldst thou come safe,

And thou to be going with the wife of the Red-Man.

All that descended from Adam

Shall be that day in the presence of the Lamb,

And every person for himself,

Like a clerk telling his case (4).

Every sin that is done,

Going into the understanding and memory of the crowd,

And the tailor shall be in bonds

For his pleading with the wife of the Red-Man.

Rafferty himself says

That adultery shall not be forgiven for ever :

Solomon, who was powerful

In his days, it put backwards.

Unless the Son of God have mercy,

It is my grief! the sin is too hard (to be forgiven),

And the tailor was without sense

The day he eloped with the wife of the Red-Man.

(4) Because each shall bear his own sin written upon his forehead. Rafferty often alludes to this belief.

Νι'λ δον δβιάν ζηιάό τ'ά νθεαρναιό αν Ρεαότύιμε
 ιγ μό κλύ να θρηίξοίν θευραιό. Δγ γο αν κύνταγ το
 έυαλαιό μέ αν άύδαρι αν δβιάν ό'η άταρι Clement
 Ο Λυζηαιό, ι μηδαι-λοό-μη'άό, ι ζConοαέ να Ζαίλλιμε.

“βι θρηίξοίν θευραίξ νο Vérey, 'να η-ιηζην ο'φεαρ
 το έάιηιξ ζο θδαι-λοό-μη'άό le να ηηηαοι, ό άιτ έίζην ι
 ζConοαέ ηηιγ-εό, ό έαιρλεάν-α'-βαηηα, θεηη γιαο. 'Σέ
 αν τρηίξε θεαόα το βι Δγ αν θ'φεαρ γο, ηηιοτόλμη το
 όέηηαη έιμηόιλλ να η-εαζλαηρε παηηάιητε ι μηδαι-λοό-
 μη'άό. Το βι θρηίξιο αν άιηηηη, μαη έαίληη, ι οτιξ έίζην
 γαν τρηάιο ηόηη ατά Δγ ουλ ο'η ταοιθ γίαν ζο οτι αν
 ταοθ γοηη, όηη ηι'λ ι μηδαι-ποό-μη'άό άότ αν δον τρηάιο
 άηάιη, λειό άηηιγ θε ηηάιοηιθ θεαζα Δγυη'όάιτεαόαίθ
 ειλε αν θηηαό αν λοόα. Το έέροεαό Ραιητεηη ζο ηηηιό
 οο'η τιξ ήτο α ηαιθ θρηίξοίν ανη, Δγυη βι θρηίξοίν 'να
 εαηαο ηάιό όό ι ζκόηηηηόε, βι γί φάιτεαηάιη ηιληάηη,
 Δγυη το β'αηηηα λειη ι. άότ το θηηεαό ηαδ αν
 ηηηηηηη ηό α ηαιθ θρηίξιο λεό, Δγυη ταη έηη γηη έυαίό
 γί άητεαό ζο τιξ ηηηηηέηη οαη θ'άηηη ηηελιόττ Δγυη
 το βι γί 'να ηεαηηβρόζαητα ανηηηη. Το άέηηηηεαό αν
 ηηηηηέηη ηεο ζο Cill-όά-λνα, Δγυη ηηζ ηέ θρηίξοίν λειη
 μαη θεαν-τιξε. Αν ζελόγ το Ραιητεηη ζυη φόξ θρηίξοίν
 αν ηηεαν-άιτ Δγυη ζο ηαιθ γί λειη αν ηηηηηέηη, έάιηιξ
 θηιόη άηη, όηη βι γί ζο οίηεαό ταη έηη ηηέαότα ηυαηη
 ηάιηιξ Ραιητεηη αν βαίλε ηόηη. έυαίό ηέ άητεαό ι
 οτεαό θεαζ το βι αν έαοιθ αν έηηιό οο'η άηη οηηη οε'η
 βαίλε, ογ ειοηη αν λοόα, Δγυη ανηηηη το ηζαοιη ηέ άηηαό
 α ηύν εηιοιόε Δγ εαοιηεαό θρηίξοε.

There is none of the love songs that Raftery composed more famous than Breedyeen Vesey." Here is the account I got of the making of this song from Father Clement O'Looney, of Loughrea, in the county Galway.

"Breedyeen Bheusaigh, or Brigit Vesey, was the daughter of a man who came to Loughrea with his wife from somewhere in the county Mayo—from Castlebar, they said. The means of livelihood that the man had was doing jobs of work-and-attendance round the parish church in Loughrea. Brigit was on service, as a servant girl, in some house in the big street that runs from west to east, for outside of small lanes and other places beside the brink of the loch there is only one street in Loughrea. Raftery used often to go to that house where Breedyeen was, and Breedyeen was a good friend to him always; she was welcome-giving and generous, and he liked her. But the family with whom Brigit was, was broken up, and after that she went into the house of a minister named Medlicott, and she was a servant there. This minister was changed to Killaloe, and he brought Breedyeen with him as housekeeper. When Raftery heard that Breedyeen had left the old place and that she was with the minister, there came grief on him, for she was just after departing when Raftery reached the town. He went into a little house that was on the side of the hill to the east of the town, above the loch, and there he let loose the secret of his heart keening for Brigit.

“Μαϊοιη Le Βηιζιο, ο΄φαν ρι λειρ αν μινιη εειη αι
 ρεαυ μοριαν βλιαυαν, αζυρ φα υειρεαυ το ευαυ ρι ζο
 Σαοϋανα, αζυρ ιη ανηιηη ο΄εας ρι. Βι ρι ΄να Κατοι-
 ceac μαιτ ι ζομινυοε. Ώειτεαρ ρορ ζο μαιβ ρι αν
 ρζιαμαε, αετ ζο μαιβ ρι (μαρ βιορ ευο μορι ο΄α λει-
 ειο) μι-αυαμαιλ. Ώ΄α βηιζ ριν αυειη Ραιρτεη ζο
 νοεαεαυ ρε ζο οτι να η-αιτεαεα ιοεταμαεα Le η-α
 η-ιαηηιαυ, αζυρ ζυη ιη ρυο το ρυαιη ρε ι ρα υειρεαυ, ηο
 ζο οτυζ ρε αβαηε αρα ι.

“Ώο βι col-εεαεαιη το Βηιζιοη ηαν αιτ ρεο το
 ευαυ ζο η-Αμερικα ρεαετ ηο οετ οε βλιαυανταιβ ο
 ροη.”

Αζ ριν αν cυηταρ το ρυαιη με υηηη ο΄η αεαιη Ο
 Λυζηαιυ. Αετ ουβαιητ μο εαηα, Μάηεαιη ρ. Μαε α
 Βάηηο, αεα ανοηρ ι Σαν Φραηιςκο, Λιοη, ζυη οε μινυηηηη
 Καεταραιζ το βι αν εαηηη, αζυρ ζυη λειρ αν ραζαητ
 ραηηηαιρτε το βι ρι αι αιηηηη, ρυλ ευαυ ρι ζο τεαε αν
 μινυηηηηη. Ρυαιη με αν τ-αβηηαν ο΄η Λυζηαε, ο Μαε α΄
 Βάηηο, αζυρ ο υαοηηβ ειλε, αζυρ ευηη με Le εειη ε
 εοη μαιτ αζυρ ο΄εαυ με.

βηιζιο βευσαιυ.

Ρορραιηη Βηιζιοη Βευσαιυ

Ζαν οατα βηοιζ ηα λεηηε,

α ρτοηη μο εηοηοε οα μβ΄εηοηηη Λιοη,

Ώο εηοηρζηηηηη ουητ ηαοι οηηαιτ.

Ζαν βιαυ ζαν οεοε ζαν οον ευο

αι οηεαν ι Λοε Εηηηηε,

Ώ΄φοηη με α΄η τυ βειτ ι η-εηηρεαετ

Ζο ηειορμηηρ αι ζεαρ.

* He apparently took βευραιζ to be an adjective, another form of

"As for Brigit, she remained with the minister for many years, and at last she went to England, and there she died. She was always a good Catholic. It is said, moreover, that she was very handsome, and that she was (as a great many of such handsome people are) unlucky in life. For that reason Raftery says that he went to the lower regions in search of her, and that it was there he found her at last, until he brought her home out of them.

"Breedyeen had a cousin in this place who went to America seven or eight years ago."

That is the account that I got about her from Father O'Looney. But my friend Martin P. Ward, who is now in San Francisco, told me that Breedyeen was a girl of the Caseys,* and that it was with the parish priest she was on service before she went to the minister. I got the song from Father O'Looney, from Martin Ward, and from others, and have put it together here as well as I could:—

BREEDYEEN VESEY.

SHOELESS, shirtless, GRIEVING,
FOODLESS, too, my BREEDYEEN,
SURELY I'd not LEAVE YOU ;

Nine MEALS I'd fast for you.
Upon Loch Erne's ISLANDS,
No food nor drink BESIDE ME,
But hoping I might FIND YOU,
My CHILDEEN, to be true.

beupac, "courteous" or "mannerly," and not as the proper name Vesey.

Δ ξημιαὶὸ ἀρι ὄατ να ζαομι-ῶν
 Δ ἑυαίῶν βάιηι ἀν τρλίβε,
 Ὅο γελλὰὸ νά ὄεαν βηέδζαῶ
 Δῶτ ἐημῆ [λειρ ἀν λά]ῃ
 'S ἰ η-αιηὶὲῶν (1) ὄλιζε να κλείηε
 Ὅο ὄτοζφαιηη ἐύ μαρι ῶίηε,
 'S ἰ Ὁέ, νάρι ὄεαρ ἀν ἱζέαλ ἱηη
 Ὅηηε ἀζ ευλόζ' ἑ η-ἰ ξηιάὸ

Ὅο ζεητ μο ῶηοιὲ ἑε βυαὶὶηεαὸ
 Δζηρ ἱζαηηηιαὶὸ μέ ηαοι η-υαηε
 Δη ηηαοηη ἕη ὄο ἑυαλαὶὸ μέ
 ηαῶ ηαιβ τύ ηοῆαη ἑε ἱάζαη
 'S ἰ ηαῶτ λά ἱαοι ἱυαηηεαρ
 ῶαη ηηε 'ἱ τύ ἰ η-υαηεαρ
 'S ζαη ηεαῶ ἀη βηῶ ὄ'ἀη ζεῦηηαῶ (2)
 Δῶτ ἀη ἑηῦηζῆη 'ἱ ἑ ἀη ἀν ζελάη
 Ὅά ἕβράζαηηηη ἀηαῶ ὄο ἑυαηηαηζ
 Ὅά ὄτεῖὲῶτ ὄο ηοηη ἑηυαίῶε
 ἱαῶαὸ ἀη ἱζέαλ ηὸ ῶηυαὶὸ ὄηη
 ηο ἑαηηαηηηηη ὄο μο ξηιάὸ,
 'S ὄο ηβ'ἱεαηηη ηοηη ἱηητε ἱυαρ ἑαε
 'S ζαη ἱῦηηη ἀῶτ ἱηαῶῶ ἀ'ἱ ηυαῶαηη
 ηά [βηεῖτ] 'S ἑηητεαῶτ ἑηρ να ἑυαῶαηβ
 Ἅηοη ἀη ἱῦηβαλ ἀζ ἑηηεζε λά (i.e. λαῑ).

(1) "ἱηζὲῶν" ὄυβαηηε ἱῑ. ἑαβαηηεαη ηαηη ἱηη ἑ ἰ ηεαῶη

O cheek so blush-abounding

O berry of the mountain,

Thy promises are sounding

For ever in mine ear.

And, spite of clerics frowning,

I'd take you if I found you ;

It's I who would go bounding

To see again my dear.

My heart leapt with trouble,

And I frightened nine times,

That morning that I heard

That you were not to be found before me

And all the days with merriment

That you and I spent in solitude,

Without anyone guarding us

But the jug, and it on the table.

If I could find out news of you,

If you were to go to the foot of the Reek (Croaghpatrick);

The story would go very hard with me,

Or I should cling to my love.

And I should rather be stretched beside you,

With nothing under us but heath and rushes,

Than be listening to the cuckoos

Who are moving at the break of day.

'S é dóbair m'orna 'r m'édzcaoim

ḡac mairim móc o'd n-éirigim

Δ cúil na lúb 'r na bveurla

ḡac tú bí óam i noán,

'S ní idirfáinn leat mar féirín

Δct mé d' r tú beic i n-éirfeact

i n-áit icéint (1) 'n ári n-donar

ḡo leazfáinn oit mo láim (2).

ḡeinnfáinn ceól ar teudaiḡ

ḡo binn, le báiri mo meum,

ḡrészáinn mná na h-éiréann oit,

d' r leanfáinn tú 'ran tiháim,

'S oá mbéirínn am' miz na ḡrészé

no im' ḡmuonnra ar na céastaiḡ

ḡo beurfáinn ruar an méas rin

ḡo rveurla an bholldáiz báim.

ḡo d' bfeicfeá reult an eólar

'S i teact i mbéal an bóctair

ḡéarfá ḡo mbuo féso uait

ḡo tózfáó ceó d' r oiaoiḡeact,

Δ ḡruad veary mar rórariḡ

'S Δ rúil mar oirúct an fógáir,

Δ béilín tana ró veary

'S Δ brázdáio ar óac an doil.

(1) Labairtear "éirigim" mar "icéint" i ḡconnactaiḡ asur mar "éirigim" i Muimán.

(2) "ḡo luiríó oirfáinn bári," O'Le

The reason of my moans and my lamenting
 Every early morning that I arise,
 O cool of the curls and the pearls,

Is, that it is not you who were fated for me ;
 And I would not ask with you, for a fairen
 Anything but you and me to be together
 In some place alone,

So that I might lay my hand on thine (thee).

I would play music upon strings
 With the top of my fingers ;

I would forsake all the women of Erin for you,

And I would follow you through the ocean (1).

And if I were King of Greece,

Or a prince over hundreds,

I would give up all that

To the pearl of the white breast.

If you were to see the Star of Knowledge (2)
 And she coming in the mouth of the road,
 You would say that she was a jewel at a distance

Who would lift mist and enchantment.

Her countenance red, like the roses,

And her eye like the dew of harvest,

And her thin little mouth, very pretty,

And her neck like the colour of the lime.

(1) Literally: "In the swimming".

(2) Or "guiding star."

(3) Literally: "From you."

Όι α τὰ εἰς κοίτην κόμη-ἐπιπνῶ
 ἦτολ μέ ἰαο ἴρ νι μόρι λιον,
 ἦν α φερραῖν: ἀξ ὁδανάιν λόφῳ
 Ἵ ἰαο σεαρεῖα οἱ κόμηαι α εἰοιόε,
 Τά μέ ἰ μβρόν ἴρ ἰ νοόξῳαιης (1,
 Ὁ ἴστορη τὺ υαίμ ται τεόρῳαιη,
 Εἰθ ἴρ φαοα ὁ φυαίη μέ κόμηαιηλε
 Ἵο ηστορηπόα αη μο ἴαοξῳαί.

Τοπόαο ἴστορ ἰ μβρέυε-βυιόε
 Αἴρ μαάοο Ἵο Λοε εἴρηε,
 Ὁ σλιζεαε Ἵο bonn εἴρηε
 Θευρραῖο μέ μο ἴστορηο,
 Σιύβαλραῖο μέ Μόιν-εἴλε
 Κοιχαῖξ αἴρ ὀνν-εἴοιη
 Ἵν ἰ φερραῖο μέ ἰ ὀτομ-ἴρῳε
 Ἵο ὀτέο μέ Ἵο τριόξλιξ.
 Νιἴ ζλεανητῳν ενοιε νἰ ἴλεἴθε
 Νἰ βαίλε-ευαἰη ἴραν μέαο ἴη
 Νἰε ριύβαλραῖο μέ, μἰ ἴεαοαἰη,
 Ἵν ἰε ὀτόηεόαἰο μέ μο ἴηαη,
 Μυηα ὀραξ' μέ ὀρηξἰο ἴραν μέαο ἴη
 Νιἴ ἰγαμ λε ἴαό λείθε
 ἰετ βεανηαετ ἴλἰη αἴρ εἰαο ὀο εἴη
 Λε βἰάτ ηα ἴηξ-εἴηαοθ.

(1) Aliter: "Ὀόμἰηη"; "α' ὀεόη-εαοι," Ὀ'Λ.

Her two pointed (?), equal-round breasts,
 I praised them, and I ought to,
 Standing, making a lamp,

And they shapen over against her heart.

I am in grief and anguish

Since you slipped from me beyond the mearing,

Though it is long since I got advice

That you would shorten my life.

I shall begin down in Breaghwy,

And I shall go to Loch Erne,

And from Sligo to the foot of Kesh Corran

I shall take my course ;

I shall walk Moin-Eile (Jog of Allen),

And Cork and Ben Edar (Howth),

And I shall not stand in Tomgraney

Until I go to Tralee.

There is never a hill nor mountain valley,

Nor harbour town, in all that (country),

That I shall not walk if I can,

And that I shall not search for my desire.

And if I do not find Breed in all that

I have nothing to say to her,

But to send a blessing and a farewell and a hundred

To the blossom of the raspberries.

Δ ἰσείη, Δ σμοῖθε, ἴ' Δ βρεάξτα (1)
 Μι ἰσμοῖθεσθ' ἕμιζιλ ἰάιτε,
 Δ σά εἰς γεάλα βάνα
 Μαῖ δη εάλα τὰ δη δη σποινη,
 Δ μαλαῖσθ' εαολα, ταρμασθε,
 'S Δ ἴνιλ εοῖη εμινη λε ἀμινε,
 Δ βιορ ἰ ζσόηηνυθε, τὰ ἴ' ἄσθαινη,
 Δσ φάρ δη βάρη δη τοιη (2).
 ἕυθ' ἰνιλλε βλαρ Δ πόιζε
 ἰλὰ μιλ να μβεαδ' ἴ' ε' μεοῖσθε,
 ἕα ἕαφ' Δ ἴεαφ' ἰ μβιοῖσθ'
 'S Δ εὐλῆσθ' ἰνιη φάηηεαδ' ἴνιη
 'S ἕα μβεῖνη δ' ἴ' βλάτ' να η-οῖζε
 ἰ μβόλλα ηο ἰ μβόσθ' (3)
 Μι ἴδ' σφ' αμμοῖσθ' ζο σμειεαθ' ἴδ' σμῆδαιη ε',
 Δετ' Δσ ἴσθ' ἴ' Δσ σέαηηηηη ζμινη.

Θεηη Μερκυρη ζμρη σόισθ'
 Ζμρη β' ε' Pluto ἴσθ' δη ερεόσθ' λειρ,
 'S ζμρη δβ ἰοησθ' Δ ζάμμοαῖσθ' μόμια
 Τὰ ζαβδαιλ ἰοηη με' ζμρη ἰ,
 ἴ' ε' Jupiter Δ μάιζηρτιη
 Δ' ἴ' τιμάλλαῖσθ' με' σ' Δ λαδαιη,
 Δετ' φανφασθ' ζο σθι δμῆμιαδ'
 Ζο λειζιθ' με' μο ἴσθ'.

(1) "Scein' Δ σμοῖθε εοῖη-βρεάξτε," O'L
 (2) "Βιορ ἰ ζσόηηνυθε τὰ ἴ' ἄσθαινη
 ἠα φάρ δη βάρη να εμμοῖσθ'," O'L.

Her beauty, her heart, and her fineness
 Virgil would not write in a quarter of a year ;
 Her two bright white breasts

Like the swan that is upon the waves.

Her brows narrow, drawn,
 And her eye as round as a sloe,
 Which is always, we know (4),

Growing on the top of the bush.

Sweeter were the taste of her kiss
 Than honey of the bees, and it frozen ;
 Pretty was her standing in a shoe,

And her coolin was ringletted and fair ;
 And if I and the blossom of youth
 Were only in Balla or in Bohola,
 We should not leave it till the end of harvest,
 But sporting and making merriment.

Mercury says that he is certain
 That it was Pluto who swept away the jewel with him,
 And there are many great guards
 Going between me and her.

Jupiter is their master,
 And I shall journey into his presence,
 But I shall wait till to-morrow
 Until I take my rest.

(3) "ἰ γαίλαοι νο ἰ οτῆαιξμορ," O'L.

(4) There is probably something wrong in this line.

Τα μέ τυηρεαδ, βρεόριτε.
 Γιό εαιτ μέ λεατ μο βρόζα,
 Ξο ριορμυιτε ας νεάναϊν βρόϊν,
 Νι έουολαιζιμ νευλλ νε'ν οιοέ.
 'S ό τυς Ηεrculer le ρό-νεαρτ
 Cerberuy νε'ν βόεαρ,
 Δη μεαρζονη ριβ ναέ κόϊη όαμ
 Μο ρτόρι νο λεαηαϊαμ ριορ.

Νιορ ινόρι όαμ congηαϊν λάιοιη,
 Νι'λ μέ μόρι le Charon,
 β'είοιη υό μέ βάεαδ
 Όά υτιζινη in Δ lion.
 Τα Δ βάο 'γ Δ ιηαιοιτε ράϊα
 Ξο ριορμυιτε αηηρύο Δρ ζάηοα.
 Νι εαιεηγεαηη υηεαμ Δη βάρα λειρ,
 Νι ζεϊλλεαηη ρέ υ'ά ηολιζε.
 Νιορ εαβαοιη όαμ ηα Σραμίζ
 Μορ γεαλλ Δρ Όαηηηοζαη Μάηηε,
 Όιοό ας βηύζαδ Δ'γ ας εάηηαδ
 'S ας congβάιλ ηα ηζαλλ ριορ,
 Δέτ υά ηαιηρεαδ Calvin λά 'ειητ (1)
 Σηομαϊλλ, Ηαηηηαοι, Δ'γ Μάηηαηη,
 Όά ηζηιόβραδ ριαδ υαμ εάηοα
 Νι η-έηεοόαητε οηηη ριζιη.

(1) i.e. "λά έιζιη."

I am tired, sick,
 Though I have used up my boots after you ;
 Everlastingly making grief,

 I do not sleep a wink in the night.
 And since Hercules with excessive strength
 Carried off Cerberus from the road,
 Do ye not think that is right for me also
 To follow my love down below.

I require strong help,
 I am not great (on terms) with Caaron ;
 He might drown me

 If I were to come into his net.
 His boat and oars
 Are constantly there on guard ;
 The people of the Pope do not please him.

 He does not submit to their law.
 No help to me would be the Spaniard,
 Because of Queen Mary,
 Who used to be bruising and overthrowing

 And keeping down the Galls.
 But if Calvin were alive, some day,
 Cromwell, Henry, or Martin,
 They would write for me a card,
 And not a penny would be required of me.

'Sé Pluto an pñionnra clampriac
Sziob uaim mo gñiáó aZuy m'annraçt
É péin aZuy Raðamantuy

Ni çariacò tam an oiay,

Þulcan þriúizte tóizte

'S a leat-çor þiuyte þneðióte,

Minoz naç ocuz (1) tñóçaipe,

Na tñuytaz an gñouioç çoióç'.

Iy iomða aðaiñn þáiote

Sin aZuy conaþaipe çñáiote,

Tóimeaçaió aZ çáñnacó

aZuy aZ lozgaó ai gñac tçoiþ,

açt tñiallpaç oññia amáñac

aZuy mañ aomñuz gñac mo gñiáó tam,

gñeþac congnacó láioññi

Naç n-éileóçaióç oññi piññi.

Fiñta Fiññi nióñi móñi tam

Ozgañ 'y gñoll mac Móññi,

'S Cúçullaiññi an laoc çñiáñta

Náñi çñiññi i gñac aññiññi,

Clann Uññiññi çñiþaipe gñi leóñi liom

Þo þaiññeacó aZ çñiþeacññi lóçñiññi,

aZuy heçtoññi an laoc móññi-çñiññi

Fuacññi gñiçñiññi þñeacó gñiññi Tñiññi.

(1) "Þñiññi" çñiþñeacó liom-ññi.

It is Pluto is the disputatious prince
 Who snatched from me my love and my dear ;
 Himself and Rhadamanthus,

Neither of the two are friends to me.

Vulcan, bruised and burnt,
 With his one foot broken and injured ;
 Minos, who gave no mercy,

Do not trust the rogue for ever.

Many is the drowning river (I must encounter)
 That, and the ruinous peril,
 Thunders overwhelming

And burning on every side ;

But I shall journey towards them to-morrow,
 And if they will not admit my love to me
 I shall receive strong help,

So that a penny shall not be required of me.

The Fenians of Finn I would want,
 Oscar, and Goll Mac Morna,
 And Cuchulain the valiant hero

Who never failed in battle.

The children of Uisneach, many have told to me,
 Who used to strike flame from sword,
 And Hector the great-framed hero,

Who found fine learning in Troy.

Ομοίωτά ἢ ὅτι νὰ ἡ-Οἶζε
 Ἔνοιᾶ νὰ ἔπειρα μόρια,
 Ἄν τριᾶτ ἑορταίεσσας ἀ' ἱερύσσῳ
 Ἄς ἔπειραδὸ ἕορτα ἱόρ,
 Ἄττ ἱερύτερι νόρι ἰόρι ὅσῳ
 Οἷρι Μεντορι ἄν ἔπειρ εὐλοῖρι ἱορι,
 Ἠᾶρι λειγ ἄμυξ' ἢ ἡ-δον ὅτῳ με
 Ἔς ὅσῳ με ἄδαιε ὅριζο.

Ἄς ἱο ἄβριᾶν ὅο ἱννε ἄν Ἐλατῦριε ἄς μοῖαδὸ
 ἑριπτε ἄν ἱξεδούρια. Ὅο οἷρι γέ ὅνιλ ἱαῖν ἢ ἔπειρ-
 ἑριπτε μοῖατ. Ὅι ὅά ἱόριπ ἡο μαρι ἱπ ὅ'ἱξεδούριπδ ἄς
 ὅβαιρι ἔαδ ἰά ἢ ἡἄνι-λοδ-ἱι'ἄδ ἡυαῖρι ὅι ἄν Ἐλατῦριε
 ἄνῃ, ἄςῳρ βυῖ ἰαῖ ὅο ἱννε ἔαδαιξ ἡα τῖριε. Ἠῖ ἡἡδῖριπ
 ἔς ὅβριλ ἡίορ ἡό ἡᾶρι ἄἡᾶν ἡο βῖριτ ἄνῃ ἄνῃορ.

Ἄν ἱξεδούριε.

ἡοῖαῖν ἔς ὅεῖ ἄν ἑριᾶν ἄςῳρ ἱ' ἄν ἱεὸλ
 'Ἐ ἄν ἑριῖν ὅο βῖρι λειξεδᾶν ὅ'ἡ ὅνιρ,
 Ἄν ἑ-ἰξεδῳμ ἄ'ἱ ἄν ἱεὸλ ἱ'ᾶν ἰᾶν-ἑἰᾶν ἡίορι ἡόρι,
 Ἄν ἔπειραῖν ἡα ἱννεῖρι (1) ἱ' ἄν ἑἰριᾶ.
 Ἐᾶ ἄν ἡἡριπ ἰε ἱᾶξῳλ, ἄ ἔριπ ἄ'ἱ ἄ ἔᾶλ,
 'Ἐ ἄν ἱξεδούρι, ἡᾶ ἡἡριπ ὅ'ᾶ ὅνιρ;
 'Ἐ ὅνιρῑᾶδ ὅριτ ὅριᾶξῳ ἄρι ἱεᾶριπδ ἱ' ἄρι ἡἡᾶδ,
 ἱἡρ ἔαδ βῖλαδ ἱ'ᾶ ἔριπῳδ ἱ' ἱ'ᾶ ἡἡῖᾶδ.

(1) "Ἄν ἔπειρα ἱᾶριε," G

(2) Literally: I praise for ever the beam and the loom, And the reeds that give the course free-play; The geers and the shuttle and the hand-board is wanted (?), The weaver's beam, the runners,

You would hear in the Land-of-Youth
 The deeds of the great men,
 When they began a-tearing
 And cutting down before them ;
 But Jupiter I required,
 Who sent Mentor the guide with me,
 Who never let me go astray in any road
 Until I brought Breed home.

Here is a poem which Raftery made in praise of the trade of the weaver. He ever loved a good tradesman. There were about a couple of score of weavers working every day in Loughrea when Raftery was alive, and it was they who made the clothes of the country. I do not think there are more than one or two left now.

THE WEAVER.

'Tis the staff that I praise, and the loom and its ways,
 And the reeds with the threads down-flowing,
 The wonderful geers and the hand-board that steers,
 And the beam with the runners going.
 It's a wonderful tool not worked by a fool ;
 God prosper the weaver so knowing !
 The neckerchief fine which he weaves, it shall shine
 On the bosom of women glowing (2).

and the spinning-wheel ; The tools are to be had in love and fame, And the weaver, may the Son of Mary protect him ; It is he would put a neckcloth on men and women, In every road, sleeping and waking.

ní' l bhuinniol dá bhréagá da bhíuinniué' no báime,
 An a capall, nac bpoillfeadú ói, fúiti,
 Pillin bhréag áro, a' r a beilt faoi n-a lár,
 Ribinió, iuffadú, a' r zúna.
 A fallainz bhréag éláit 'r a mbionn an a bhrágaio,
 'Sé ['n] reól oo beiri farzadú o'á glúnaib,
 'S an feari tar éir báir dá úeapuzadú an an zcláir.
 Zup veiriue é rziortá dá éúngnaím.

Amac ar a lár oo éizear zác áilz (1),
 An cappet, an pluro, a' r an rúra,
 An murlin 'r an zaur, reól loingz 'zur báio,
 'S zo ngleurann ré uairle na cúize.
 An cémbhuic 'r an láun, centeri crioir bári (2),
 'S na ríodaid znió habit a' r zúna,
 An ceapamari (3) bán 'r an belbet ir feairi
 'Oá'ri éait ríadím iarla ná viúca.

Znéaradú an reól (4) mur noéanfadú ré áct bhrós,
 buó mian le mnadú óza beit i ná leir (5),
 No táilliúri an bóro 'r a ríriúri i zcóiir
 Mur ngeairiufadú ré áct cóta no cába.
 Ní éainfeadú don tróir, ní' l baite aizam oó,
 áct 'ré 'n rizeadúoir fádaiuz an ríozáct,
 buó maít é i utiuz an óil, feairi-éaitte an rpoil,
 Tá ronar a' r róz ó ériort air.

(1) Aliter, "áizege."

(2) Aliter, "kinton crossbar and centeri crioirbari."

(3) Aliter, "cashmere."

(4) "feairi an ceann reól," C.

There is no damsel, however fine, at meeting or hurling-match,
 On her horse, that there would not fit her, under her,
 A fine high pillion and a belt round her middle,
 Ribbons, ruffs, and gown ;
 Her fine soft-pliant cloak, and what goes upon her neck,
 It is the loom that gives protection to her knees ;
 And the man after death being arranged on the board,
 Sure he is the nicer for a skirt to help him.

Out of its midst there comes every thing-of-beauty (?),
 The carpet, the blanket, the quilt,
 The muslin, the gauze, the sail of ship and of boat,
 And sure it dresses the nobles of the province ;
 The cambric and the lawn, Centon cross-bar,
 And the silks that make habit and gown,
 The white cashmere and the best velvet
 That ever earl or duke wore.

A shoemaker on a stool if he never made but a shoe
 Young women would like to be nigh him,
 Or a tailor at a table and his scissors in order,
 If he only cut out a coat or a cape (6)
 I shall not dispraise any sort, I have no dealing with it,
 But it is the weaver surpassed (all in) the kingdom ;
 Good was he in the house of drinking, the man who throws the
 shuttle,
 There is happiness and prosperity from Christ upon him.

(5) = *anaice teip, táim teip.*

(6) Raftery means to insinuate that women like the weaver,
 the indoor worker, equally, or more.

Νί'λ ρίλε νά βάπο (1) ό'η τσιονναινη ζο τριάιζ,
 Νάε λειζριό μέ αν ρεανόυρ ρύεα,
 'S μυηι βρπιλ ρέ ράιτ άπο ό θυαιλ μέ ανη λάιη,
 Ειλεόόαιό μέ βεαζάνιη κύηζηαιη.
 Νί'λ αζαη λε ριάό αι ραο ιη ραν ζαίρ,
 Δέτ αν θυηαιαό νάηι έρωτάιζ ρέ ριύηταό,
 Αηιρ ζο λά 'η βαιρ έοη ραο 'η ιηαιηρεαι ρλαηη άόαιη,
 Νι ιολραο αση ρεαι (2) αι α ύυιόέε.

Μα έαιηαιηζ ρέ ριαη βι ρεαι αι αν ρλιαβ
 Όο έόζραό ζο ρζιορτα μο ράηιτ-ρε,
 Όε ρλιοέτ έλοηηηε Νιλ' ό έοηαέ α' τραόζαι,
 Νάηι ειτιζ ρεαι ηιαη [ραοι] έάηιτα (3).
 Όειηηη υό 'η έηιαοβ 'η ζο ηαιηιό ρέ ι,
 'S ζο θρειοιό Όια ροηυρ α'η άό αιη,
 'S ζο υειηηηη, α ζυιθηε, τά Ρεαέτιηηε ηυιόεαέ υιοτ,
 Αζυρ όλραό ιηρ ζαέ βαηε υο ρλάηητε.

Νυαιη βι αν Ρεαέτιηηε αση αη αηιόαιη ι ζεαραέ-
 τεαζαι, άιτ ατα λεαέ-βεαλαιζ ιοηη Όαιλ-λοέ-ηια'βαέ
 αζυρ θεαλ-άτ-ηα-ρλυαζ, αζυρ τιηέιολλ εειηηε ιηλε
 ταοβ ριορ υ'θαέ-όηηηηη, ρυαιη ρέ άύβαη ηαιέ αβηάιη αι
 ρόρταό υο βι ανη. Όο βι βειηε αν-βοέτ ιη ραν άιτ ηη,
 αέτ έοηη βοέτ αζυρ υο βιοαη, υο έεαραααι ζο ηρόρ-
 ραό ριαο λε έεηε. Νιοη ζηαέταέ, αν υαιη ηηη, υαοηε υο
 βειτ ρόρτα ιη ραν τεαηποηι, αέτ υο έέηυέαό αν ραζαητ
 ζο τεαέ αν ύυηηη ραιόβηη λε 'ηα ρόρταό, αζυρ υο έηεαό

(1) "ρεαι υάηη υα'η εοηέαιηη ζο ρηά," S.

(2) "ηι έραιορριό μέ ρεαι," C.

(3) "ηαέ η-ιηηηεοό αι ρεαι αι βιέ κάρτα," C.

There is not a poet nor a bard who makes song from the Shannon
to the shore

But I shall let the history (of the weaver) go to them,
And if it be not high (praise) enough, since I have taken a hand
in it,

I shall seek for a very-little help.

I have nothing to say, throughout, in the case,

Except that O'Brien did not prove worthy,
And in future till the day of my death, so long as the clan Adam
shall live,

I shall never praise (4) any man out of his (own) country.

If he had (only) drawn westward there was a man on the mountain
Who would quickly take my part,

Of the race of the clan of Milesius from the beginning of the
world,

Who never refused any man for a quart ;

I give him the branch, and may he live to wear it,

And may God see prosperity and luck upon him,

And surely, O Sweeney, Raftery is thankful to you,

And will drink in every town your health.

When Raftery was once in Cappaghtagle, a place which is half-way between Loughrea and Ballinasloe, and about four miles north of Aughrim, he got good material for a song out of a wedding which took place there. There was a very poor couple in that place, but, as poor as they were, they determined that they would marry one another. It was not usual at that time for people to be married in the churches, but the priest used to go to the sick man's house to marry him, and the poor man used to

(4) Aliter : "I shall never believe." There is here some local allusion which I cannot clear up.

an nuine boct zo teac an trawdair. 'O fadoil ógánaig
 an baile zheann vo óéannaí n'óib' féin ar an bporáó ro,
 agus éirinnig ríao le céile, zo utáinog ríao i n-éin-
 feact leir an lánamain zo teac an trawdair. Nuair
 bí an beirt anghin as rannamaint leir an trawdair, éuaíó
 na buacáilíde zo tig-an-óil vo bí a n-áice leó, agus
 éorúig ríao as ól. 'O bí péire bacac anghin, iompá,
 as íaríad'ó véirice, agus éug na buacáilíde neairt le
 n'ól sóib', zo bpiocfáó ríao zheann arta. Níoir b'fáoa
 zo maib' an cúpla ar meirge, agus éorúig ríao as tpióio
 le céile, agus as bualaó a céile. Nuair éáinog an
 lánamain nuas-óórtá amac ó tig an trawdair tar éir
 an óórtá, vo éirinnig an cómiluaoari na utiméioil, agus
 o'fáóaoari ran mbáile íao, acé mo leun! ní maib' as an
 lánamain boict nuair éónóaoari abáile acé píátaíó
 bpiúite agus íóaoán zoirt le n-a ruipeáir. Nuair
 éuaíó an Reacéúirre tráct air reo, an lá ar na
 máíad, vo bí ré as záiríúe zui iúé an t-uirge ar a
 íúilí, agus níoir íao ré zo noeairíad'ó ré an óán ro
 ar an mbánair.

Tá muo éigin in ran óán ro a óealuirgear é ó'n
 zcuio ir mó o'obair an Reacéúirre. Tá loig na rean-
 béairíáigeadá rin ar a utugéar "Rannáigeadé móí"
 agus "Séáóna" le feicirint fóir ar na líntib' reo. Óá
 ngeairíáiríde ríoir corri-line angho agus anghúo, ní beic
 acé react no oé ríolláir iní zác line ran zcuio ir mó
 ve na ceacéiríamainí, mar acá in ran rean-béairíáig-
 eact. Tá na línte níoir teannta-le-céile, níoir zioiríá,
 níoir olúite ná in ran zcuio ir mó o'á éuo óán. As
 ro é:—

come to the priest's house. The youths of the village thought to make fun for themselves out of the wedding, and they gathered together and came in company, with the couple, to the priest's house. When the pair were there, waiting for the priest, the lads went into a tavern that was near them and began drinking. There were a couple of bacachs, or sturdy beggarmen, there, before them, asking for alms, and the boys gave them plenty to drink that they might pick fun out of them. It was not long until the two were drunk, and they began fighting and beating one another. When the newly-married pair came out of the priest's house after being married, the company gathered round them and left them at home; but, alas! the poor couple when they came home had only boiled potatoes and a salt herring for their supper. When Raftery heard an account of this the next day he was laughing until the water ran from his eyes, and he never stopped till he made this poem about the wedding.

There is something in this piece which distinguishes it from the rest of Raftery's work. There is a mark of the ancient styles of versification, which were called Great Rannaigheacht and Seadhna, to be observed yet in these lines. If an occasional line here and there were cut down there would be only seven syllables or eight syllables in each line, in the most of the quatrains, just as in the old versification. The lines are more compact, shorter, and more condensed than in the most of his poems. Here is the song:—

βαιηφεις αν τσλεαυότάν μοιρ.

φάρτα βι αν αν σλεαυόταν μόρι
 Δζυρ νειρι ζο λεόρι ζυρι μάρι ρέ ρεάτμιαιν.
 'Συινα' μιιναυό ρυαρ νο'ν έεόλ,
 Κύζ ρυντα δ'ρ εριόιν νο ρυαρι αν ραζοριτ.

Ιρ ανη νο ρζαπαυό ρύζ να η-εόιμα,
 "Δλε" δ'ρ ρόριτερ δ'ρ υιρζε-βεάτα,
 Τεάμαρι να ρλόζ (1) βα ράμααι υό
 Αν τριάτ βιοιρ αζ όλ ό οιδό' ζο μαριου.

Ιρ ανη υ'φειρφά αν μάξ-ρτυαζ (2) μόρι,
 Φιρ ζο λεόρι, αρ όζ-μινά νεαρα.
 Ιρ ρεαρι ζαν εριουό ναά λεαηραυό υόιβ,
 Βα ζεαλλ λε "ρ'how" ιαυ ουλ έριε 'η μβαλε.

Υι βιαυό 'ζυρ νεοό νο'η μβεαζ 'ρ νο'η μοιρ,
 'S ζαν ζλαούάε να τόρι αν όόταιζιβ ημεαα.
 Δάτ λυάτ ενοταιζ άηια, bonnetρ, βεάβειρρ,
 Centonρ (3), céimβιρι, δ'ρ ζύναιό ζεαλα.

Ιρ ιομύα εαίλιν βαριμαμαιλ ρρέιμεαμαιλ,
 Όο βι ανη ζλέαριτα ι ζελόυ 'ρ ι ηράιριύν.
 Όάμβειτ α ελεαμναρ ρείζτε ζο μβυό νεαραη ρζέαλ
 Όο βειτ αζ κόμιαύ λέι αν έόλμαυό λεαρταν (4).

(1) "Tavar no slo," Hessian.

(2) "μαρτυαζ," G.; "moléav," R.I.A. I edit as above.

(3) Aliter, "Centish," "kintons," "centonρ," ρόριτ-έαυαιζ.

(4) "A veh da breagave er collo," Hessian.

(5) Literally: "A feast there was at Shlahaun More (the name of the townland?), And many say that it lasted for a week;

THE WEDDING AT SHLAHAUN MOR.

A feast there was at Shlahaun MORE,
 It lasted O'ER six days at least there ;
 The piper got a guinea's STORE,
 A pound and MORE they gave the priest there (5).

It was there the price of the barley was scattered,
 Ale and porter and usquebagh ;
 Tara of the hosts was like it,
 When they used to be drinking from night till morning.

It is there you would see the great cavalcade,
 Numbers of men and handsome young women ;
 He is a man without a heart who would not follow them (6),
 They were all as one as a show, going through the village.

There was food and drink, both for small and for great,
 Without either call for or running-after speckled (i.e., frieze?)
 coats,

But (there were there) only people of high top-knots, bonnets,
 and beavers,
 Kintons (7), cambric, and bright gowns.

Many is the girl fine and sky-like,
 Who was there dressed up in form and fashion,
 Whose match, if it were arranged, it were a nice thing (8)
 To be conversing with her on the side of a couch.

A guinea was made up for the music, Five pounds and a crown
 the priest got."

(6) Or "cling to them."

(7) Some sort of a fabric of the period. It occurs in the
 Song of the Weaver. Centon is a variant, also Kentish.

(8) Literally: "Story."

There were table-cloths, and tables according,

One after another they were laid out,

Bright dishes, pewter plates,

And sharp knives to commence carving.

Automatic-spits and fire over against one another,

And Mary Cane twisting the hand-spit,

Delf and china, turreens, teapots,

And many jewels white and speckled.

Seven sorts of meat were brought upon the table,

Dressed and arranged before the priest,

Pork, beef, roast mutton,

Turkeys, geese, pullets, and hens.

Partridges dressed on platters,

Where is the bird might not be seen there, laid,

Blackbird, golden-plover, wood-cock, thrush (3),

Curlew, snipe, and brace of ducks.

At the time of the feast and sitting together,

To get a fish dressed, no doubt, it would not vex you (4),

Trout and salmon, codfish if possible,

Maidenray, and red gurnet.

Let a turbot be on the front of the dish,

The ling, the bream, the plaice, the rockfish,

The haddock, the mackerel, fresh herrings,

And I shall expect a pike and a pollock.

(3) Or perhaps "blackbird." Some people say this is the cock, others say it is the hen blackbird.

(4) Literally: "It were not anger."

Νί'λ αν βόμιο γάδαό γλέαρτα ι νοιαιό αν ήμιο ρη,
 Ξο βράγμαοιο ζαό αον νιό ι οτρηαίξ 'γ ι ζελαοαό
 Ρυρηάν, ζλιομαό, οηρηιόε (1), ρέοαοιό,
 Α'γ μαρι ρυαηι ρί ζαό αον να ράζαιό αν τάμιοιρ.

Μιαρ αζυρ ρίε le h-αιρ α όεηε,
 Ρεαρ αζυρ αέο α' μιαρ 'γ α' ρηεαροα.
 Δότ μοαοιό αν όηαοό le blaó na ρζέημε,
 'S ι ζλέαρ αν μέοο ήο, Μαηγ Λορτυρ.

Κάαοιό ρόρτα τυζαό αρ βόμιο ανη,
 Αηάη βηεάξ ζαβαλαό, ριον α'γ "οηαοηηηζρ,"
 Δότ αν τ-άο ζο μαιβ αρ αν οίρ το ρόραό,
 Μαη ηρ οηηα οαρ ηοόηξ το ζεοβρα αν βηαβαό (2).

Οι "ζαρ" 'γ ζαό λάηη, le αηοοη λαν,
 Μαη ηρ ρεαη έ αηηαηη το όεαότ αν ραηηηηηζε (3),
 Ρυηηρε 'γ βηαηοαηξ α'γ ζεληηοόε αρ βόμιο,
 ηρ ιοηόα ρηηόηηρε ο'ϕεηορεά ανη λεαζά.

Ρυη α'γ "αηαηη" ι ζαηηηαηβ α' λείμηηξ,
 Ξο λεόηη ηηά ζλέαρτα α'γ "ηέζυρ" αα,
 Μυηα ζαααοαρ βηεαζ, le h-εηηηζε αν λαέ,
 Ο'ϕεηορεά αέο ηαό βρέαοϕαό ρεαηαηη.

Οοηηο ο'ά ζαηαραό, τεαό οά ηείηηυζαό,
 ηρ ιοηόα "ρεατ" (4) το βι le βαλλο,
 Τορρηξ οαηηρα, ηέηο να αεόλτα,
 'S ηάηη ηιό-βηεάξ αν ηρόηε το βεηη 'ηα η-αηε.

(1) "Isree, seakla," Hessian.

(2) "Orrive feane a freeve [ϕηηέ, was found] a brabbach, Hessian.

(3) Pronounced "an αηηηηηηε."

The table is not half-dressed, even after all that,
 Until we get everything by the shore and the strand,
 Crabs, lobsters, oysters, shrimps,
 And since she has got all, do not omit the tortoise.

One and twenty plates beside one another,
 A hundred and one men dividing and attending,
 But praise ye the branch with the blossom of beauty,
 It was she dressed all that—Mary Loftus.

Wedding cakes were brought upon the table there,
 Fine bread with barm, wine and cracklings,
 But may the luck be on the pair who were married,
 For it is on them, no doubt, you would get the brabach (5)

There was a jar in each hand with a full anker,
 For he is a man who ever practised generosity,
 Punch and brandy and glasses on the table ;
 Many is the lubber you would see overthrown there.

Rum and Canary, leaping in cans,
 Plenty of women dressed up, and having negus,
 And, unless it's a lie I heard, when the day rose
 You would see a hundred who were not able to stand.

Tables being bundled-together, house being readied out,
 Many is the seat that was beside the wall ;
 The dance began, the music played,
 And was it not the very fine sport to be near them.

(4) "Shoade" [i.e. *řeóv*], Hessian.

(5) Brabach means "gain," or the margin of advantage in a transaction. Mr. Finn recites "Δ5 Andy Lán" in the next line. "Anker" is not an Irish word.

Δι αν ηγμεανν δι ραο νι τιυδαρρά σεό,
 Συι άρσοιζ αν τ-όλ ι ρτυαι να μβαδαέ,
 Διαδαλ tom να clαιθε ζο βόταρι μόρι,
 Ναέ ζελυνρεά ζλεό αζυρ μύρζαδ βατα.

Βι ρυιρ (?) μνδ (1) ριντε δι αν μσο,
 Αζυρ υαρι μο τόοιζ ζο μδβαυαρι ραλαέ (2),
 Δετ ιη υαμ-ρα υ'είριζ αν μι-άδ μόρι,
 Υο έαιλλ αν ρρόριτ αζυρ μέ δι μο λεαβαυό.

Μι'λ poll να cηό να βοτάν βό,
 Ναέ ζελυνρεά ζλεό ανν δι ριύδαλ le balla,
 Δετ "Ραυαυό the Song" α'ρ Μαέανν (?) μόρι (3),
 Υο βυαιλ ζο λεόρι α'ρ υο μιλ αν βαυλε.

Υουδαριτ αν ρεαρι λιom βι ραν λάταρι,
 Συι β'έ αν ραιυοιρίν ράριτεαέ βι αζ να βακαυζ,
 Έιριζε ρυαρ ζαν ρζιέ ná ρραρ
 Cυαιλλιθε ράζαυ, αζυρ τυρζαδ αζ ζμεαυαδ.

Τριατόνα αν λαέ ριν υ'ρειαρεά ι η-είνρεαέτ
 Ζαβτα ζλέαρτα ναοι ζέαυ βακαέ,
 Δρ άμιαμ-μιαυ-ζεαυηηνα, αρ υμάλλ-υι-μάλλε,
 Δρ υάέταρ άρσο α'ρ αρ Cοναμαρια.

Λιτιρ ραοι ρέαλα έυαυό ραν "μαιλ,"
 Αζυρ ριύδαλ ρι Cηιη ι η-ιμτεαέτ ρεαέτμαιν (4),
 Υεαμιαη βακαέ ρείρεαμιαυ υ'ά ζευαυαυό ρζέαυ αρι,
 Νάρι ζλαυ α ζλέαρ α'ρ α έυαυό ζαιρζε.

(1) "Pushvra," Hessian. Mr. Hughes says it means "a stout coarse women beyond 40." (2) "Συι όλ ριαυ ζμεαυαμ," G. (3) "Paddy Long ague M'Gann Mor, G. I read Macan. (4) "Himpul shaughtan," Hessian

For all the fun (as good as it was), you would not give a
traneen (5)

Until the drink mounted into the pinnacles of the bacachs (6),
The devil a bush there was, nor ditch, as far as Bothar Mor,
That you would not hear the row and the welting of sticks.

There were doarse-looking (?) women stretched out on the road,
And upon my word but they were dirty ;
But it is to me the great misfortune happened,
Who lost all the sport and me in my bed.

There was never a hole, or stye, or cowshed,
But you would hear the row, going by the wall.
But it was Paddy the Song and Big Mac Gann
Who struck plenty and destroyed the village.

The (i.e., a) man that was present told me
That this was the rosary the bacachs had,
To rise up without rest or stop,
To get wattles and to fall to leathering.

On the evening of that day you would see together,
Prepared and dressed up, nine hundred bacachs,
From Abhainn-mac-gCearna and Umhall Ui Mhaille,
From Oughterard and from Connemara.

A letter under seal went into the mail,
And travelled round Ireland for a week ;
The devil a rake of a bacach of all who heard the news
But seized his equipments and his hero's suit.

(5) Literally : "A fog."

(6) i.e., "in the heads of the beggarmen" who were outside
the house and came to get something at the feast.

Cleít naoi uirioige, uíreac, láioir,
 Fáinne 'na b'áirí a' r' bioir 'na íeoirí,
 Coirín eimír (1), íeipara a' r' mála,
 Búcla táirne, 'r' beirt máit leatáir.

Éireall ríao éiríonn ar íac áirí,
 Ó Úríoíeas áta 'r' áirí o íáillín,
 [Ár] bóiríob átaíreac ó'feiríeá a lán,
 Ásur ánuar le íóna, taob íléib úáíte (2)

Deáman cláite ná íál ó Éloc na íáiríe,
 Ná íáit áir lár uo'n éar a' tSeasáil,
 Cíuac ná íeáca, ná leat-éaríob beáiríann,
 Ná ífeiríeá ánn íáiríte, beán, ná bacac.

Sócruig ríao campa or coinne a céile,
 Á' íuáir ríao íeíó le uul éum caéa,
 Caé na b'íunann uo b'íura a íeíóeac,
 Ná a ícup ó céile áirí ío máirí.

Ói "pitcher," "cetter," íacáit, (3) a' r' málaíó
 í mbéal na íráiríe ó'feiríeá íao cáíte,
 Ói íul áir ímúit a' r' málaíóe íeáiríeá (4),
 Á' r' a éuáille í.n-áiríe í lárí íac bacáig.

(1) "Coreen agus erish," Hessian; "curríen táirí," B.I.A.

(2) "Eictíe," G.

(3) This I edit íacáit or íacáite of G. and B.I.A. *Siolta an Éloc* sometimes wrote *íaca* for *íaca*.

(4) "Full er smut agus leckna garay," Hessian.

(5) The *sugan* handles of a creel that pass over the shoulders. The "curríen" was the budget carried on the right hip, with a

A wattle of nine feet long, straight and strong,
 A ferule on the top and a spit standing (out of it),
 A budget with an urrish (5), a strap and bag,
 A buckle made of a nail, and a good leather belt.

They journeyed to us out of every point of the compass,
 From Drogheda, and out of the West from Galway ;
 On the roads of Ahascragh you would see a number,
 And coming down the slope on the sides of Slieve Bachtá.

The devil a ditch or hedge from Cloch-na-pairce
 But was thrown down to Cappaghtagle ;
 Nor a rick, nor a stack, nor the side of a gap,
 That you would not see in it a child or a woman or a bacach.

They ranged their camps over against one another,
 And they got ready to go to battle ;
 It would have been easier to quiet the Battle of the Sheaves (6)
 Than to put them asunder again till morning.

There were pitchers, kettles, packs, and bags,
 In the middle of the street you would see them pitched ;
 There was blood on snouts, and foreheads cut,
 And his wattle on high in the hand of every bacach.

strap over the left shoulder ; the "urrish" is the back-band of the budget.

(6) A battle once fought by the Fenians, called the "Battle of the Sheaves," because Conan, having slain the first of the enemy, said to the other Fenians : "I have reaped the first sheaf ; do ye reap the rest." This, at least, is the story I once heard. I have never seen the name mentioned in literature.

1) ἀνηρην σο τυγαδὸ ἀν “batle” εἰμαῖο,
 ὅι cloigne cluara δ’ ἔρ ἔρμαδ ὄ’ ἀ ἔρμαδδαιε,
 Τριάτ εἰμιννιγὸ ἀν ἔρμαδ ἄρμα ἔρμα ἔρμα ἔρμα,
 ὅα δονταδαιε εἰμαῖο δ ἔρμα ἔρμα ἔρμα.

Μάξηναρ Μόρι τριάτ βι ἔρμα βεό,
 Λοιγ Τεάμδαιη να ἔρμα ἔρμα ἔρμα δ ἔρμα,
 ὅα μβειτ ἔρμα ἀνηρῖτο Le τῦρ ἀν ἔρμα,
 ἔρμα ἔρμα ὄ’ ἀ ἔρμα νι ἔρμαδ ἔρμα.

Εαριεὺλ τρέδαν να ἔρμαδ μβηεαδ,
 ὅο μιννε ἀν εἰμαδ ἔρμα δ ἔρμα ἀν εἰμαδ (1),
 ἔρμαδ ἔρμα ἔρμα δ ἔρμαδδαιε ἀν ἔρμα,
 νι εἰμαδδαιε να βεαδαιε ἔρμα δ ἔρμα.

Κοιλαοὸ, ἄρμαδ, ἀνλε (2), δ’ ἔρμα ἔρμα
 ἔρμαδ εἰμαδ ἔρμα δ ἔρμαδδαιε,
 ἔρμαδ μαδ Μόρινα, ἀν ἔρμαδ Μόρι,
 ἔρμαδ ἔρμαδ μαδ ἔρμαδδαιε σο βειτ ἔρμα ἔρμα.

ἔρμαδδαιε να ἔρμαδδαιε βειτ μβηεαδ ἔρμα μί,
 ἔρμα δ ἀν “ἔρμα” ἔρμα εἰμαδ να ἔρμαδ,
 ἀν δ ἔρμαδδαιε ἀνλε ἔρμα δ μβηεαδδαιε εἰμαδδαιε,
 νι ἔρμαδδαιε ἔρμαδδαιε ἀν ἔρμαδδαιε να μβηεαδ.

Κοιλαοδ-ἀν, βε μόρι ε δ εἰμαδ,
 ἔρμα ἔρμα δ ἔρμα δ ἔρμαδδαιε ἀν ἔρμαδδαιε.
 ἀν δ ἀν τῦ βι ἀνηρῖτο δ’ ἔρμα δ ἔρμαδδαιε ἔρμα,
 νι ἔρμαδδαιε ἔρμαδδαιε ἀν ἔρμαδδαιε ἔρμαδδαιε.

(1) “ἀν εἰμαδ,” G. (2) “ἀνλε,” .; “ala agus neesha,” Hessian.

(3) i.e., Hercules.

(4) Uchulain’s son.

(5) The three children of Uisneach, Ainle is pronounced Aille

It is there the hard battle was delivered,
 There were skulls and ears and hair torn ;
 When the host gathered together and stood up,
 It was desperate danger to be near them.

Manus the Great the time he was alive,
 Who burned Tara of the hosts before he could be overthrown,
 If he had to be there at the beginning of the conflict,
 A hundred men of his sort would not have stood it.

Erkel (3) the Strong of the speckled shields,
 Who wrought the spoil beside the harbour,
 The Fenians of Finn, and they all to b̄e gathered together,
 Would not have made the bacachs retreat.

Conlaoch (4), Ardan, Ainle, and Naoise (5),
 Who used to raise tribute in the time of heroism ;
 Goll, son of Morna, and the Dearg Mor (6),
 And Tailc mac Treoin (7) to be along with them.

The destruction of Troy, ten years and a month,
 That was the seige by which the men fell ;
 But all that ever were or shall be born
 Would not be able to indite the deeds of the bacachs.

The Hill of Slaughter (8), great was its fame,
 Numbers knew that heroism was performed there ;
 But he who was in this battle and came safe out of it
 Would not think the Battle of Clontarf deserving of mention.

(Allia).

(6) An Ossianic hero.

(7) The subject of an Ossianic ballad.

(8) The name of an Ossianic poem.

míle 'guy píce bí ann, ar lár,
 Lán na páirce, bhíúgte, loicte,
 Oimead eile sca múcta a'g báirte,
 Do mit le fána ar Cúl-a'-coirce.

Le h-éirige gíeme, lá ar na máraó,
 Cluirfeá mná aguy páirtíde ag rímeadaó,
 Ag ceairnuáó a gcáir (1) ar a noicéioil báir,
 A'g gan fear le fágaíl o'iomcómaó wallet.

Garim rgoile glaoúó (2) an lá ro,
 Fir vo fágaíl vo cuirfeáó an aicme (3),
 Émáil vo'n tír gan ríge ná áóóar,
 Áct a' mit ar mháib 'r a' mírtaó baó.

Cat vo tugáó i gCíóó Fáil,
 O'fás an áit ar beoáán baóó,
 Áct mire céar aguy junne an óán,
 Bá e mo páig—vo beir gan vaóóó.

Ní mar rúo cíóócuigéóó baiféir Eóáin,
 Ní' l lá go veó náir cóir i mólaó,
 Áct tar éir pléamáca an tSleááááin míóir (4),
 Leig ríao Raiféir an póet gan veóir a cóólaó.

(1) "Ceena gause er a nehil bause," Hessian.

(2) "Cuirfeáó," G.

(3) "A currach an ackna," Hessian; "τακνά," G.

(4) "An thlehan vore," Hessian.

(5) Literally: "A calling of the school." Bothar Mor in

A thousand and twenty there were there on the ground,
 The full of the field were bruised and wounded ;
 As many more of them were smothered and drowned,
 Who ran down the slope of Cul-a-choirco.

With the rising sun on the next day
 You would hear women and children screaming,
 Lamenting their case with a deadly earnestness,
 And not a man to be found to carry a wallet.

A proclamation (5) was cried aloud that day,
 To get men who would bury the tribe
 Who had journeyed to this country without means or cause,
 But running after women and welting with sticks.

A battle was waged in the Land of Fail (Ireland)
 Which has left the place with but few bacachs,
 But I who composed and made the poem,
 My pay was—to be (left) without anything.

It was not so that Owen's marriage was finished,
 There's never a day for ever, but it were right to praise it ;
 But after all the row and merriment of the Shlahaun Mor
 They let Raftery the poet go to sleep without a drop.

this poem meant the old coach road, half a mile south of Cappaghtagel. Abhainn-mac-gcearna is, I think, a river near Scariff, in county Clare. Sliabh Bachtá is a mountain in county Clare, between Lough Cutra and Tulla. Cul-a-choirce, now called "Oatfield," is north of Cappaghtagel.

Δε γο δβρίαν βηίοζμαρ νο ριννε αν Ρεαότιμε δε
 βιορτυζαό να ηζαεθεαλ εum ρεαρτα λε Όόμναλλ Ο
 Conaill, δεγυρ εum cúμαότα να ηΌάλαό δεγυρ να
 οΤρειννρεαό νο βηιρεαό ι ζConoαé να ζαλλιμε. Σαοιλ
 να οαοινη ζο ραιβ αν οά βυναό ρο 'να η-αζαίο ζο μόρ
 ι ζοόμνυθε. Ιρ ρολλυραό ό'η δβρίαν ρέιν ζυρ β'έ Σηρ
 Σεάζαν Όε βύρκα, αρ Μιλεαο, ι η-αίκε λε ζαλλιμ, νο
 βι δε ζεραμ αρ ρον να ηζαεθεαλ, δε ιαηραιοούλ
 αρτεαό ι β'φέιρ Σαοραν δεγυρ εuiοιζ αν Ρεαότιμε λειρ
 ην ραν δβρίαν ρο :—

AR ELECTION NA ΖΑΙΛΛΙΜΕ.

Ατά Jυμπερρ ζο οεαόριαό ην ζαό βαίλε ραοι βυαίοηεαό
 ηάηι οέαηαιο Όια τρυαίζ νο λυέτ βίοβλαίο βηέαζ,
 βυό βεαζ αα ρηηη-ηε βειό τυηιρεαό ραοι υαλαό,
 Ο ρζηίοβ Μάηρταιη λύιτερ ι ηβλιαόοαιη α' ρεαότ-οέαζ.
 η-ημρεαό αν ελνίκε 'ρ βι αν ηυιλιοτ ι η-υαόταρ
 Ο Conaill 'ρ α όονζηαμ εuiη αεανη αρ αν ρζέαλ,
 αέτ εuiηιό ραν ζααόαοιη ούιηηη Σηρ Σεάζαν Όε βύρκα
 'S λαβηίοαίο ρέ [ζο] ελύόαμαι ι β'ράβαρ να
 ηζαεθεαλ.

ηι' Όάλαό ηά Τρειννρεαό ο'ά βρui ην ραν ζεúζε
 ηαό ζεuiηρεαό ι ηοúιέεε ζο ζελιηρεαό να ζαεόιλ,
 ζγέαλ νο ρέηη βαηαμτα αρ ραο, α ζεuiο úζοαη,
 αέτ ι οτρηαλλ να εúηε εuiοιό αεανη αρ αν ρζέαλ.
 ηα Μαηρτίηιζ 'ρ Όαηηραιοίό, να ρηιοηηραιοίζ 'ρ να
 Όηύηαίζ,

Ελιρ αν λάη όονζαητα οηηα αν τ-οότμαό λά οέαζ,
 Τα ρέ λε ρειρην ι βραιοέαρ 'ρ ι ηυαίοεαότ,
 ι η-αιηηηρ αν ερμαόόταη ζυρ ρεαρ να ρηέην.

Here is a forcible song Raftery made inciting the Gaels to stand by Daniel O'Connell and to break down the power of the Dalys and the Trenches in the county Galway. The people thought that these two families were always greatly against them. It is evident from the song itself that it was Sir John Burke, of Mcelick, near Galway, who was standing for the Gaels and trying to get into Parliament, and Raftery helped him with this poem :—

GALWAY ELECTION.

The "Jumpers" are mourning 'neath loathing and scorning,
 The men of false Bibles in sorrow are seen ;
 In their madness and badness they smote us with gladness,
 Since Luther wrote words in the year seventeen.
 The Diamond came up, when the cards, boys, were shuffled,
 But O'Connell has ruffled their wigs on the green ;
 Let us put Sir John Burke in, for us he'll be working,
 We'll choose him, no shirking! his record is clean.

There's neither Daly nor Trench of all that are in the province
 Who would not bet their estate that it would fail the Gael ;
 Their authors (told) the story according to the opinion of all,
 But in trying the case the game came to a head (1).
 The Martyns, the D'Arcys, the Trenches, and the Browns,
 On the eighteenth day the help failed them ;
 It is to be seen in the papers and in the news
 (How) in the time of hardship the righteous-ones stood (fast).

(1) Literally: "These went ahead upon the story."

Βα φαίξοιμιτό φαρμάδα ι Milesac na búrcαιζ,
 ι ζCαιrleán Cille-cúil, δ'ι ι ζConradé Muiζ-Éó,
 'O φαρ αμαñ ταλαñ ι ζερμαόταν ζαó cúipe,
 'S ní παιβ ραν ζαίγε αν τέ ο'úmlαιζοίρ τό.
 Τίγεαρνα na ζαillíne έτοιρο ζο ζλαν, ριύταó,
 ι η-Εαóρμυιζ ζο clúóamail ζυι έιιτ αρ αν β'óó,
 Ζίβέ ο'φειρφαó έ αρ μαίοιη 'ρ έ μαριβ φαοι'η ορúóτ,
 'O ρίρφαó α ρúil τά mbeic ιηητι οεόρ.

Διαρμυρο Λαιγεαν α ο'ιμιο αν έέαο-βεαρτ,
 Δ'ρ φαοιλ ρέ náηι β'έιτοιρ ζο mbaρφαίθε λειρ ραοι,
 'O'áρουιζ ρέ cum bealaiz λειρ bean Τίγεαρνα na
 βηιρνε

Αζυρ cailleáó na céαοτα μαρ ζεαλλ αρ αν ηηαοι.
 Σρiongbow 'ρ α buηαó οε ρζιομαó ζηότοιζ έηιε,
 Βα ηόρ αρ na ζαεóil έ, αóτ ηι παιβ ανη λεαó-β'ηίζ,
 Ζυρ buail ρύρα Cηιομαιλ, λάη ρζιομαοτα na ρέinne
 'O έυιρ cum báρ Séarluρ mac Séαμαιρ, αν ηιζ.

Ο cαιτεαó αν ρηιεηοοερ αρ έρόηη αζυρ οúίóε,
 Τά ζαεóil αρ αν ζαúinne ρεο φαοι ρζιύρρα αζ αν
 ορηαη

'O ρζηιόβ ι η-αζαίό ημυρε ραοιρ ζηάρρα 'ζυρ cúηαóτ,
 'S ι ο'οιλ αν τ-ηαν cúβαρτα ραοιρ báρ αρ αν ζCηιανη.
 'Oíol ηαηηαοι αν cηειοεαñ αρ ρεααó na οηύιρε
 'O ράρα ná úζοαρ ηι úηιλαίγεαó α έεαηη,
 Δαó οιοζαλταρ na ζηόóαιβ λά αν τρλέιθε ρά οúέηραóτ,
 Αρ Cηαηηερ, αρ οτύρ, οο έεαηζαιλ λειρ Anne.

Steadfast soldiers in Meelick were the Burkes,
 In the Castle of Killcool and in the county Mayo,
 Who always stood by the land in the hardship of every case,
 And there was not in the province one to whom they would
 submit.

The Lord of Galway who fought cleanly and worthily,
 In Auhrim illustriously, till he fell upon the sod ;
 Whoever might see him in the morning dead under the dew,
 His eye would shed water if there were a tear in it.

Dermot of Leinster it was who played the first-act,
 And he thought it was not possible that he would be stopped
 in it ;

He hoisted away with him the wife of the Lord of Breffny,
 And hundreds were lost on account of the woman.

Strongbow and his race with one spurt they won Ireland ;
 It was a great (blow) to the Gaels, but there was in it *only*
 half-force

Until Cromwell met them, the hand that destroyed the Fenians,
 And which put to death Charles, son of James the King.

Since the Pretender was thrown out of his crown and estate
 The Gaels in this corner (of the island) are being scourged by
 the people

Who wrote against Mary who got grace and power,
 And who reared the fragrant Lamb who died upon the tree.
 Henry sold the faith for the sin of adultery,

To Pope or to author he would not bow his head ;
 But vengeance for his work on the Day of the Mountain with
 fervour

On Cranmer, first of all, who bound (i.e., married) to him
 Anne.

Féadóiré Fítheir aghur Bluincéad mar léigthead,
 Do tairiaingead ó céile gan riodar ná rligé,
 'S a lán eile caillead le ríadnuire bhéige,
 Dúogalcar dá méir go maib ar luct an dá éiríde.
 Cúig púnta ar ceann ríadairt d'í "Guinea" ar an
 zcléimead,
 U'adúaidgead an t-éirde cum Beadairi d'í Chríort,
 Acé U'adúaidgead na n-Adriol u'oil an miz, céardó
 Cá bfuil an té u'adúaidgead go mbeir innti bhiz?

A buadailiré oíle cuioiz[ir] le céile
 Aghur ríuadúiz ar Éire tá i b'ad i noioó-éad,
 Gan ceannar, gan cumar, gan cuibear, gan éirdeá,
 A móinte 'r a ríeibte le ríglábuigeadt (1) ariam.
 Uí ríad i n-Éad-óruim mari beir caoimz léite
 U'á ríuadúad ó céile gan ceannroir ná miz,
 Acé u'ioimpuiz an ríodá, ní ríardó u'íinn don miz,
 Gan ríardam [le] céile 'r na Sadranáiz 'éladó.

Tá loóim'ad d'í Sallim d'í Sorit Inne Suidie
 Le ríadúimam 'na u'íruigeadó 'r níon éodail ríad
 néall,
 Acé teinteáda larta aghur ríudair u'á ríuadúad
 Aghur ríuadúad 'r aghur u'íruad, le ríodit ríod na n-Éadúil.
 Tá ríadúad U'ínn-ríadúad ríod ríuadúad d'í ríod u'íruad
 d'í na bhunrúicéir buadúadúad mari ríadúad an
 ríadúad,
 M'íruadúad ríadúad marim, go móadúadúad u'íruadúad
 Aghur Sallim u'á ríuadúad in ríadúad cúinne aghur na
 Éadúil.

(1) "Le ceas ríad" gan MS, acé ní éiríim ríin.

See ye Fisher and Plunket as is read,
 Who were drawn asunder without cause or reason,
 And many more who were lost by false witness ;
 May vengeance according to it be on the people of the two
 hearts.

Five pounds for the head of a priest and a guinea for the clerk,
 Who would admit the habit which Peter shaped and Christ ;
 But (as for) the Queen of the Apostles, who nurtured the King
 who was crucified,
 Where is the man who might (venture to) say that there was in
 her any power ?

Ye faithful boys, help one another,
 And think ye upon Ireland, which is long in ill-ease ;
 Without authority, without power, without things-fitting, without
 effect,

Her bogs and her mountains in slavery ever.
 They were in Aughrim as it were grey (?) sheep,
 Being routed from one another without a captain or king ;
 But the wheel has turned, and there is no satisfaction for us,
 Without standing together and destroying the Sassanachs.

Loughrea and Galway and Gort of Innis Guaire
 Are for a week awake and have not slept a wink,
 But (with) lighted fires and firing powder (2),
 Both low and high with joy-sport about the Gael.
 The gates of Dunsandle are under clouds and loneliness,
 And the Brunswickers are troubled because of the news ;
 My request every morning is that we may hear of an awakening,
 And of the Galls being smitten in every corner by the Gael.

(2) Literally: "Powder a-squibbing."

17 minic bí Conradé na Sailleime buairiúigte ag
 togabó uaine le uol arthead i bPailiamead, acé 17
 anam bí an oipead miorghair agur uioé-íola ar riúbal
 agur uo bí nuair cum an Reacúime an t-abhán fuar,
 ran mbliadain 1833 nuair éainis toga zemeairálda ar
 Bille an Reorim. Uo fear Séamar O Dálaig (an céad
 Tigearna Dunfanodail) agur an Triennead ó Béal-át-
 na-rluaidge mar "Tóir," agur bí Sir Seágan a Búica
 agur Séamar Lambert, Criege-élaro, ar ron na Whig.
 Cug an Dairraigeac ó'n zCloán a lán ue bóitéairiú
 leir zo Sailleim agur cuiread iad ar lóirtin i steac-
 bhaice míc Uí Donnáile, acé cuiread an teac ar
 lafad or a zcionn agur uóigead oirra é. Bí long bheadz
 reolta, long pléirúir, ag an mbliacac ó Cairleán
 Órain, air a uugad an Corrair. Bí sí ar ancoime i
 mbairé Órainmóir nuair cuiread le teimó i agur cuairó
 sí zo toin. Tá a fuigleac le feicint fóz ag "Poll a
 Corrair." Bí an Cladac i nSailleim ag Séamar O
 Dálaig an uair rin, acé u'iompuig na h-iarzairiúe 'na
 agair agur zugaodar a zcuio bóca uo'n Whig. Cuir
 rin an oipead rin uéirtinn agur feirge ar an nDálad
 zur uiol fé an Cladac le Hannraoi zmatan, nac
 maimeann. 17 air rin acá an Reacúime triacé nuair
 ueir fé ran abhán "i n-airiur an éruadúain uo fear
 na ríreín," mar éairraing ríad fearz an tigeairna
 talman oirra. 17 óm' éairio Maiciú O Finn ar Órain-
 móir uo fuair mé an cuntaf ro, óir cuimnig fé féin an
 togabó ro zo maicé. Rinne an Reacúime amac zo mbuó
 é an zaeóeal uo bí a n-agair an Saille agur an
 Caidiuleac uo bí a n-agair an Piorcarúim ann.

The county Galway has often been troubled with the election of men to Parliament, but there was seldom so much enmity and ill-feeling going as there was when Raftery made the above song, in the year 1833 when the general election took place over the Reform Bill. James Daly (the first Lord Dunsandle) and Trench of Ballinasloe stood as Tories, and Sir John Burke (of Marble Hill), and James Lambert, of Cregclare, stood for the Whigs. Darcy, of Clifden, brought a number of voters with him to Galway and they were put to lodge in Donnelly's malt-house, but the house was set afire over their heads and burnt on them. Blake of Oranmore had a fine sailing vessel, a pleasure yacht, called *The Corsair*. She was at anchor in the Bay of Oranmore when she was also set on fire and went to the bottom. Her remains are to be seen yet at the place called Poll-a-Chorsair. The Cladagh in Galway was in James Daly's possession at that time, but the fishermen turned against him and gave their votes to the Whig. This put so much anger and disgust on Daly that he sold the Cladagh to the late Henry Grattan. It is of this Raftery speaks when he says in the song that "in the time of hard trial the righteous ones stood fast," because they drew down upon themselves the anger of the landlord. It is from my friend Mr. Mat. Finn of Oranmore I got this account of the matter, for he remembers this election well. Raftery made out that it was the Gael who was against the Gall, and the Catholic who was against the Protestant in it.

Δε γο αν τ-αβραν το μιννε αν Ρεακτύνιε νυαιρ
τοζαδὸ Δόμναλλ Ο Conaill 'να φέιρνε le Conoδέ αν
Éláiρ. Το bí caé cpyaδὸ τοιρ é féin Δεγυρ Véρι Mac
Zeapaitc γαν mbliadain, 1829, Δεγυρ éáινιγ Δόμναλλ
Ο Conaill αμαδὸ ι n-uadéari. Rinne Eozan Ο Coimraδe,
ι γConoδέ αν Éláiρ, αβραν ειλε αι γονη "Σιγλε Νι
Ζαύρια," αι αν οκάιο γεο, οκάιο ο'ράδ, μαρι ουβαιριε
ρέ:—

Ο'ράδ Véρι mac Zeapaitc φαοι éaricuirne αι Láιρ
Δεγυρ Δόμναλ Ο Conaill ι γcumann 'r ι θφειρόμιοδ
Δεγυρ πόρτα le γνόδ leat, α Σιγλε Νι Ζαύρια.

Νίοι μιερα οο'η Ρεακτύνιε, Δεγυρ ο'ιαριι γέ μειρνεαδ
νυαδὸ οο éυι ιη γαν ηΖαεθεαλ, Δεγυρ ο'άμωαίγ γέ
Δόμναλλ Ο Conaill ιη γαν αβραν γο, leanar:—

βυαίρ υι conaill.

Ατά Τύμιαίγ α'γ Σηέαζαίγ Δε γαβαίλ ο'ά ééile,
Δεγυρ caillpéari na céaota α βφογ α'γ éall,
Διμγέόαίρ Saepandaiγ α'γ Φιαννcaίγ α ééile,
Δεγυρ λαγγαίρ Éιριε le γαοθαρι lann.
M'impiode αι γογα, Oia h-Doine céarad,
Náιr ééiré mé ι η-éaγ γο οτιγίό αν τ-αη
Α mbéiré γαδ cuio αca Δε γπανncαδ α ééile,
α'γ γο β'ράγμωοιρ pléiriúιr αι "Oιrangemen."

(1) Literally: The Turks and Greeks are beating one another,
And thousands shall be lost on this side and on that; The
English and the French shall aim at each other, And Ireland

Here is the song which Raftery made when Daniel O'Connell was elected a member of Parliament by the county Clare. He and Vesey Fitzgerald fought a hard battle for it in the year 1829, and Daniel O'Connell came out on top. Owen O'Curry in the county Clare made another song to the air of "Sheela ni Guire" on this occasion, an occasion which he says left

"Vesey Fitzgerald despised and overthrown,
And Daniel O'Connell in love and pride (?)
And wedded in beauty with you,
O Sheela ni Guire."

Raftery also no less endeavoured to put new courage into the Gael, and exalted O'Connell in the following song:—

O'CONNELL'S VICTORY.

The Greek and the Turk are hard at work,
And shall we, boys, shirk in the common weal,
When the French shall smite at the English might,
And Ireland light with a blaze of steel?
Dear God, who suffered for us on Friday,
May I never die till I see them reel.
The Orangemen in an Irish pen,
We shall make them then come in to heel (1).

shall light with the edge of blades. My beseeching to Jesus, who was crucified on Friday (is) That I may never go to death until the time comes When each side of them shall be leathering the other, And till we shall get our pleasure of the Orangemen.

Μά'ρ ρίσι γαέ δον νιό υά'ρ ρηιοβδού αρι έρηνν,
 1ρ φαδα αν τ-έλιυγδού νο έαβδαιρ έυμ cinn,
 "Emancipation" νο τεαέτ φαοι ρέαλα,
 Cεαυ δγ αν ηζαεθεαλ βειέ έοιη η-άιρ λε ζαλλ.
 Το ραοιλ να céαυτα ναέ υτιυρδού αν ρζέαλ ριν,
 Ζο υτορδαιγέαυ ρρηευέαυ α βυρ α'ρ έαλλ,
 Ρυαρι έρνε μίεζτιυγδού κάβδαιρ α'ρ έιρτεαέτ,
 Μυα ριότέάν βρίεζε é νι'λ υοόαρι ανη.

Ρέαέαυ Όριωνlow βί ριόμδαιρην 'ηα ναμίαιρ,
 'ηα céαηρριε α'ρ ορ cionη "Οριανγemen,"
 Ζυρ ιοηρυιγ α ιηηcinn λε τοιλ να ηγιάρα,
 Le linn αν έάιρ ρεο βειέ τεαέτ έυμ cinn.
 Τά αν cιυτέυγδού λάιρην ραν υζοαρι τερηιαηγτε,
 Ζυρ έαλλ ριν Μάηε λε cιρεαύ ζαλλ,
 Όειρ Σιδούιλ α'ρ Λάλαιρ, Ο Cοναλλ α'ρ Ζοημαν,
 Ζο βρυιγ'μυο ράραυ ζαν μόριάν μαλλ'.

1ρ φαδα ζέαρλεαηαίαιη λεαγτά αρι ζαεθεαλ βοέτ,
 'Σε ηαηηαοι αν céαυ-φεαρι έορδαιγ αν κάρ,
 Βα ηεαφα α έρβίεηε ζο μόρι να ηέηου
 Όο έυηι να céαυτα 'ρ να μίλτε έυμ βάιρ.
 Ό'ιοc ρέ αν φέαρναέ νο μίηι μαρ λέηγτεαρ,
 Μά'ρ νιό ζο ηγέιλρμυο νο έοίηριάυ Όαηο,
 Τά ρέ ι ηοαοηβημυο φαοι έύηηαιβ ζέαηα,
 'Σαν άιτ ναέ ρέιρην δον ρυητεαέτ ράγαι'.

If everything that is written about Eire be true,
 It (takes) long to bring the demand to a head :
 Emancipation to come under seal,
 Leave for the Gael to be as high as the Gall.
 The hundreds thought that that thing (1 would never come
 Until a dispersal should commence on this side and on that ;
 Eire has (now) found a settlement, help, and hearing,
 Unless it be a false peace there is no harm in it.

Behold Brownlow who was an enemy in front of us,
 A high captain over the Orangemen,
 How his mind has changed by the will of the Graces,
 While this case was coming to a head.
 The strong proof is drawn out in the (book of the) author
 That Mary lost that (2), by the failure of the Gall ;
 Shiel and Lawless, O'Connell, and (O') Gorman say
 That we shall get satisfaction without much delay.

It is long that persecution is laid upon the poor Gael,
 Henry was the first who began the case ;
 His character was much worse than Herod's,
 Who put to death the hundreds and the thousands.
 He paid for the grazing, according as is read,
 If it is a thing that we agree to the discourse of Ward ;
 He is in captivity (now) beneath a sharp regimen
 In the place where it is not possible to get relief.

(1) Literally: "Story." (2) This verse is not very clear.

Glory be to Christ and to the King of the Graces,

The Rock is strong that never failed ;

John and Martin thought to bring it down-the-hill,

And Henry took part with them on account of a woman.

The thistle shall wither and the blossom shall fall off it,

The lion shall be overthrown and no strength shall remain in
him,

For it is long since it was said that the bright day would come

When the harp would play to us in the year of the Nine (1).

Guns and firing and bonfires

Shall we have to-morrow, and it is time,

Since O'Connell has gained victory over the enemy,

Blossoms shall ripen and there shall be fruit on the trees.

In the county Clare nobility and high chiefs

Are shaking hands and sporting ;

But here with the quart (2) till we drink the health

Of the men from Aran to Inchiquin.

Here is another song that Raftery made against the Galls and the Government. A very respectable person, as I have heard, was Barney Richard. It is evident from the song that he was a Whiteboy or something of that kind, and that he was con-

i.e. when the lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle its vigour, the harp shall play, sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine.

(2) A comic expression. Literally: "Soften (or rock) under the quart."

ῥαοὶλ να ὁλοῖνε ζυμὶ ἰη-ἐδᾶζεοαμτ ὁο τειλζεαὸ ἐ. τὰ
 λεατ ὁε'η βέαμῖρα ὁεμμεαηναδ ἰμῆιζέε, αζυρ νίομ ῥέαο
 μέ α ῥάζαιλ. Αζ αη ῥαομ cloίε αζυρ αζ μαο ἡι ῥλομν
 ὁο ῥαμῖ με αη τ-αβῖρᾶη ῥο:—

βΕΑΡΗΑΝ ΡΙΣΤΕΑΡΟ.

Ἐυζ να η-ύζοαμῖ ναεῖητα κύητηρ ούμνη ῥαη ῥζέαλ ῥο,
 ῥο ὁτιυρᾶὸ ἡυαζ αῖ ζᾶεὸεαλ, ῥ ῥο μβεῖτ' αη
 ὁμεαμ λε ῥάζαιλ,
 ηαδ λεαηρᾶὸ ὁλιζε αη ἀέν-ἡηιϷ ἐυαὶὸ ἡη ῥαη ζεμᾶηη
 ὁ'ά ἐευῖρᾶὸ,
 αῖ ῥοη αη ἐῖνε ὁαοηηα, αζυρ αῖ υαῖη α τηῖ ῥαη λᾶ.
 μαῖη ῥζεατᾶρ αη ζατ ζῖεῖηε, ηο μαῖη ἐυμῖηηζεαρ να
 η-ἐκῖηρ,
 ζαδ ῥλαῖζ ὁο ἐυητ αῖ εῖζηρτ ζο ὁταζαὶὸ ὁῖηα ὁ'ά
 βᾶῖη,
 βεῖηᾶη εῖοῖε να ῥέῖλε, ῥζοτ να ῥοα ἡρ τηῖηε,
 α ἐυῖ α βῖρᾶὸ αῖ εῖηηηη ῥ ἐ ηεαῖ-ἐῖοηηταδ ἡη ῥαη
 ζεαῖρ.

Ὁ οῖύλτηυζ ἡαηηῖαοῖ α ἐέαο-βεαη αῖ ὁτῖρ αη
 “Reformation,”
 τὰ ῥζῖῖηρᾶὶὸ εῖυαὶὸε ζέαῖηα αῖ ζᾶεὸῖλ ῥζαδ η-υῖλε
 αῖτ,
 ὁ'ά ηοῖηε ηῖ ἐυζῆαῖη ζέῖηλεαὸ ἀετ ὁ'ά ζεῖοεαὸ α'ῖ
 ὁά ζεέαῖρᾶὸ,
 ῥδ α Ὅῖα ηαδ μῶῖη αη τ-ῖοηζαηταρ αη ῖῖολ ὁο βεῖτ αῖ
 λᾶῖ!

demned by the Gallda law and banished overseas, but that the people thought he was unjustly condemned. Half of the last verse is wanting, and I could not recover it. It was with the stone-cutter and Glynn that I got this song:—

BARNEY RICHARD.

Wrote authors most undoubted who truth have never flouted

That the Gaels would yet be routed by a sacrilegious foe,

Desirous to enslave us, and trampling on the Saviour

Who gave His blood to save us one Friday, long ago.

God! may their sun be shaded, may clouds and night assail them,

Each plague of Egypt plague them, and smite them as they go.

See Bernard, nought could save him, the noble, generous, brave
one,

Transported over wave, and he not guilty, as we know.

Since Henry denied his first wife, on the beginning of the
Reformation,

There are hard, sharp scourges (laid) on the Gaels in every
place;

No submission is given to their law, but to hang them and to
torture them,

And, Oh God! is it not a great wonder the seed to be on the
ground?

Χειροῦ σεανν να κλέιμε το ρζηνοῦ ἢ το εὔς οὔμν
ρζέδα

Ἐο βρῦλ αν ζηάιν 1 μβάρμ να οέιρε νο ιρ βρέας α
ουβαηιτ η. Σεόξαν,

Ὁ σ'ιομπαιζ κιονάν ρρέιμοτ α η-αζαῖο Ὀοννέαὸ αζυ
Σέαμαη,

Λομαὸ αν κλάι 1 η-έιμφεαέτ α'ρ τὰ ἔιμε ὁ ροιη λε ράν.

Τὰ ρύιλ αζαη λε Χηόρτα Ἐο βρῦλλρῖο Ὀαημῖο αηίρτε
[αηίρ],

Μαη ρζηνοῦ [οὔμν] Ραρτοηίηι ναέ ραοα ηαιηη αν λά,
Ἐο μβέρο Ἐαλλαιβ ρυαῖζτε ρίντε ζαν ουηηε λε η-α
ζαοοηεαὸ,

Αέτ τεηητε κηάη [ου] ρίορ εὔζαηηη αζ λαοὸ ρυαρ
Ἐο η-άηο.

Τὰ αν οηίξε αζ Κλαηηαῖβ ἡηιῖο το οηουῖζ Ρεαοαη
ἢ Χηόρτα,

Αέτ ὁ ἔοραιζ ἡαηηηαοι α ζηόηηαηετὰ τὰ Καηηολεαῖζ
αη λάη,

Αέτ βέρο ρηαο ρυαρ αηίρτε τὰ αν ρράρ α βροζαη οιοῦ-
έτ[οῖβ],

Α μβέρο "Οηηαηγεηηηη" σ'ά ρρῖοηαὸ αζυη ρρῖοεόηηο
λε ράν.

'Σέ ἡαηηηαοι, ηέηη μαη λέῖζτεαη, το ροκηαιζ αη ραο
αν ρζέαλ ρο

Ὁ'ρὰζ ρζηῦηηαῖο κηαῖο αη Ἐαεοῖλ, ηο Ἐο ζαηερεαὸ
ρηαο α ρράρ,

Σ ζυη β'έ ουβαηιτ αν τ-ύζοαη ηαεηέτὰ ἡαοηη Σεόξαν
ρην "ηεηελαηηοηη,"

Συη ουηηε αη βεαζάν κέηηηε ναέ βραηηαὸ λειη αν λά.

(1) Or "gone down the hill." I cannot think who is meant

Believe ye the head of the clergy, who wrote and gave us word
 That the grain is in the top of the ear-of-corn, or else it is a lie
 St. John has spoken ;
 Since the Five of Spades turned against Donnchadh (?) and James,
 The board was cleared-bare altogether, and Erin is ever since
 astray (1).

I have hope in Christ that Bartly may return again,
 As Pastorini wrote that the day is not far from us
 When the Galls shall be shuffled, and stretched out with no one
 to lament them,
 But bonfires put down for us, blazing up on high.
 The clans of the Milesians have the law that Peter and Christ
 ordained,
 But since Henry began his acts the Catholics are on the ground,
 But they shall be up again, the date is near to them,
 In which Orangemen shall be being plucked, and spies
 scattered abroad.

It is Henry, as is read, who altogether settled this history (i.e.,
 who left things the way they are),
 Which has left hard scourges on the Gaels until they shall have
 spent their allotted-time ;
 And surely it is what the holy author St. John, in the Revelation,
 said,
 That he is a person of little sense who would not wait for the
 day.

by "Donnchadh," a nam usually Anglicised "Denis."

Νυαίη ιονηρόδαρ Ξαίλλ Δ έέίλε μαίη υ'ιονηραίξ Σηομοσίλλ
Σέαρλυρ,

Νο Ρομπαίό Ιυλυρ Σέαρμα υο έαμμιαίνξ έαξ Δ'ρ Δη,
Νυαίη υιόηιό ηίβ Δη μέλο ηην τίζεαό Ξαέοίλ ι υτεαηητα
Δ έέίλε,

Δ'ρ ηην ι Δη υαίη μά'ρ ηέιοιη ηηόόόοίό ηίβ Δη Λά.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Δη Ξαοό Δ ηυααρ Ξο ηέιοηιό Δη τεαη Le ηεαηε ηα
Ξηέηε,

Δ'ρ Ξο υτόξηαίό Δρ Δ η-έαυοαη Δη τηηιαίτ υο έιό τύ
Δη Λάη,

Οεόλ ηα ρηυηηε ι η-έηηφεαέτ Δξυρ Οηηέυρ ΔΞ ηειηηη
τέαυα,

Ουό βηηηε ηιοη ηά Δη μέλο ηην ηα Σαοη'αηαίξ βειέ
Δη Λάη*.

*Ψαίηη μέ κόηη είλε, ό φοη, υε'η υάν ηο ό'η ηεαέτ'αηαέ, Δξυρ
έυξ ηειηεαη "Οαηηή Ροχφοηε" Δη. Τά Δη βέαηηα υειηεαηηαέ ηο
Δηξε ηαέ ηαηβ ΔΞαη-ηα :-

Οά βηηεαξηηηηεαό Οαηηή βέίεηη, Δέτ, Δη ηυόίξ, ηί ηαηβ βαοξάλ Δη,
ηαη 'η'ιαο Δ ηηηηηηηη ηέηη, βί υ'ά τηηαξαιλ ηη ηαη Ξεάρ,
Οά μέλο λυέτ Δη έίτίζ ηυαη Δη Δη ηgreen table

[ΔΞ] ηιοηηηηαό ηη ηαη ηΞεάλ ηην, 'η'ιαο Δηη Ξαη ηιοη εια'η ηάτ.
Ο! Δ'Οηιοηε υο ηάβáiλ εέαυτα Δ'ρ ηξοίηε ηιομπα Δη ηηηηη έεαέτ'αηξέε,
Ψαίηη βυαίό ό ηηηηε ηαεήετ'α τά Δα ηηη ηαέ Ξάό,
Ξο υτεαηηό τύ η'λάν Δη ηέηηε Δβαίηε έυξαηηη ηηε έέίλε
Οαηηή Ροχφοηε Δ'ρ ηαε έΞαη, Δη υιαη Δτ'ά μέ 'η'ιάό.

When the Galls shall attack one another, even as Cromwell
 attacked Charles,

Or Pompey, Julius Caesar, who drew death and slaughter (with
 him),

When ye shall see all that, then let the Gaels come close together

That is the hour, if it be possible, that ye shall win the day.

.

 (1)

The south wind, till it shall blow away the heat with the power of
 the sun,

And till it shall lift out of a face (right away) the swathe that
 you see overthrown,

The music of the world altogether, and Orpheus playing harp-
 strings.

Sweeter than it all to me would be the English to be over-
 thrown.

(1) The first half of this verse I have been unable to recover. I have since got another copy of this song from Owen O'Naughton, who calls it "Barney Rochfort." It contains the final verse which I had not got:—

If Barney Blakeney were to have answered, but sure indeed there
 was no fear of him (doing that),

Seeing that it was his own people who were being tried in the
 case,

However great the number of perjurers up on the green table
 might be,

Making oath in the matter, and they without knowing why (he

Ψαρι μέ ό έτοιμάνυθε κάμην, γΨαριλεάν-α-βαρμα,
 ρεαρ νε μινντην Όιαρμασα, κυο νε ύάν ειλε αρ να
 "Ribbonmen," αΨυρ ραρι μέ τυλλεαύ όέ 'να ύιαγ ρην
 όμ' άραιο αν Νεαύτάναύ α ουβαρητ Ψυρ β'έ αν Ρεαύ-
 τύμη υο ριννε έ. Νι'λ ανη άύτ γιοτα βεαγ βρητε αΨυρ
 νι ριντε έ Ψυρ β'έ αν Ρεαύτύμη υο άυμ έ:—

να βυαύαυλλυ βάνα.

Ίρ ραυα λε ράν αν άρημιαγ Ψαν ρλάγ,
 Ναύ Ψαυρρεαύ Ψο βηάτ, 'ρ ναύ βηλέαυΨαύ,
 'S Ψο βρυυλ ρυυτύαύ λε ράγαι, "Revelation" Ναομ
 Σεάγαν,
 Ψυρ β'έ Ρεαυαυ υο λεαγ αν "foundation."
 Μαυρ τά ρηαν η α λάυ βηρηαυ ρυοτύαύ υ'ά λάν,
 Ψυρ β'έ Λύυτευ υο Ψεαυρ αν "plantation,"
 Α'ρ να "ruckery" α υ'ράυ, Ψο Ψρηοναυό α μβλάτ,
 'S Ψο ραυβ ρυβ ραυ αυ λάυ μα'ρ ρέυουρ.
 Τά αν Τρηηνρεαύ Ψο τρηάν η η-αγαιό Clanna Ψαυέαυ,
 Ψο υτυαυό ραυ λάν α' βιοβλα,
 Βευτ υλεαυ υο'η τέ ναύ ηγυυόρυό Μαυ Όέ,
 'S ναύ ηγέυλλρυό υο μάύαυρ άρυορυα.
 έρυγυό ραυρ, αΨυρ ρηεαγρηαυγυό αν υαυρ,
 Τά 'νουρ αγ τεαύτ ορηαυβ ρά λάύαυρ,
 Ψο ρΨαυυλτεαυρ να υαυυλ τά ρυγτε Ψο υλύτ,
 Ό λαυαύ αν άουνηαυυ υο μάυρταυ.

would have saved him).

O Christ, who hast saved hundreds and has split (opened up)
 before them the congealed sea,
 Who hast found victory from Holy Mary, whom they (the
 distressed) have in every peril,
 Mayest thou bring home to us the pair safely together:
 Barney Rochfort and Pat Egan are the two of whom I am

I got from a man of the MacDermots, a car-driver in Castlebar, a part of another poem about the Ribbonmen, and I got more of it afterwards from my friend Mr. Naughton, who said it was Raftery who composed it. It is only a small, broken fragment, and it is not certain that it is by Raftery:—

THE WHITEBOYS.

The Rock unbroken of which was spoken
 By John in the Revelation
 Has long been shrouded in tears and clouded
 (St. Peter's own foundation).
 Luther cut down with unlovely frown
 The trees of our plantation ;
 The suckers grew and they were not few
 In the valley of the faithful.

Trench is strong against the Clanna Gael
 Until they take the full of the Bible (of an oath)
 To be faithful to him who shall not pray to the Son of God,
 And shall not submit to the Mother of Christ.
 Rise ye up, and answer to the hour
 That is now coming upon ye at the present time,
 Until the strands (of the rope) be loosened that are (now) spun
 tightly,
 Since the candle was lit for Martin.

speaking.

Raftery calls the Red Sea here "the curdled or congealed sea," a very interesting expression, as showing how steeped the blind man was in the traditionalism of the Gael, for this is the very expression used in the Children of Uisneach for the magic sea which the druid raised round Deirdre and Naoise. It is evidently from that saga that he took the expression.

Δετ γελλοιμ-ρέ ύδοιβ αν τέ γεοβαρ ραοζαλ,
 Σο βρυιζμιο "Ribbonmen" ιυαδ α ρλάμτε,
 Δι ρον ζαδ h-uile οιοδε υ'ά μαβαοαρι να ρυιθε
 Ραοι ριοσ, ραοι ρ'νεαδτα, α'ρ ραοι βάιρτεαδ.
 Οιορ αν ρυζ νι βερό ρεαρτα λε η'ιοσ,
 Θεαδμιο νά ηιό δι βιτ νι βερό τριάτ διρ,
 Βερό ταλαιη ζαν (1) ιυαδ, α'ρ Ολanna Ζαεθεαλ ρυαρ
 Δσυρ Σαορναιζ βυαιθεαριτα οριάιοτε.

Α τωμαίρην βρεαδηναιζ νάμ λειζιό Δια ρευν ομτ,
 Ηρ ιομθα μιονη'-ειζε τυζ τυ λε μι,
 Ιο' ρεαριη ηη ραν "μβαρμιασ" αζ υιιτ λειρ αν ηζαμε(3)
 Σδοιλ τυ ζο η-έαζ ηαδ βρειρρεά αν Ζομτ-ρμαιοιό (4).
 Μα τέροεαηη τυ αβαίτε ρεαδαιη το ρυιλε
 Δι ζηάμ αζυρ ρύζοαρι [ζο υτέρο τυ ραν ζορμέ,]
 Α'ρ "Mollie Μαζυμμερ," ηρ λάροιη α ζοηηηαη (5)
 'Σιασ ρυύβλαρ ζο κλυόαηηα ιλ ιζοεαμτ-λάρ αν λαδ.

Ιηηρμ-ρε ύδοιβ μα βράζαηη ριβ-ρε ραοζαλ,
 Σο βρυιζμιο "mebelmen" ιυαδ α ρλάμτε
 Ι λεαβαίο ζαδ οιοδ' το εαιτ ριαυ 'ηα ρυιθε
 Ραοι ζαοιτ, ραοι ρεαριεαηηη, α'ρ ραοι βάιρτεαδ.
 Σεαριό ζο ολυτ νά τέρορο δι ζοιλ
 Δσυρ βρυιζιό τρε λυετζάριθα
 Βηρεαδ αζυρ βυαιό ζο υταζαίο ζο ιυαδ,
 Δσυρ λεαζραίο Μασ Οέ άρ ηάμιαο.

(1) "ηα ιυαδ," υυβαμτ ρειρεαη, δετ ηι τυιζμ ρηη.

(2) μιονη'-ειζε = εύτεαδ, υεαμζ-βηέαζ.

(3) "λειρ αν αέηη," υυβαμτ ρέ. ηι τυιζμ ρηη.

(4) "υυβαμτ αν Οιαμμαιοεαδ λιομ ζυμ β'έ αν Ζομτ-ρμαιοιό αιτ
 εδμνηυθε αν ρηυθεαοόμε, δετ ζυμ εαιτ ρέ αν ομρεαυ ρηη υ'ά αιμρην
 'η ραν μβαμμιασ ζο ραοιρρεαυ υμμε ηαδ μβειτ ρέ υυλ αβαίτε εοιόδε.

(5) "Οηηηαη τα λάροιη," άρ ραν Οιαμμαιοεαδ, δετ υ'άμραιοζ

But I promise ye, whoever of ye shall have life,

That the Ribbon men shall yet get the price of the health (they
have lost)

On account of every night that they were sitting up,

Under frost, under snow, and under rain.

There shall not in future be any King's Rent to pay,

Tithes or anything (of the kind) there shall be no talk of,

Land shall be without price and the Clanna Gael shall be up,

And Sasanachs troubled and ruined.

O, Thomaseen Walsh, may God never allow prosperity on you,

Many is the perjured oath you have taken the last month,

Standing in the barrack, hoping for the game,

You thought that you would never see Gort Fraoich (6).

But if you go home let your eyes beware of

Shot and powder, till you go beneath clay,

And Molly Maguires, their help is strong,

It is they who walk with-renown in the middle of the day.

I tell ye that if ye live (to see it) (7)

The rebelmen shall yet get the price of their health

In requital of each night that they spent sitting up.

Beneath wind, beneath rain, and beneath wet.

Stand ye close, do not ye go back,

And break through the guardsmen ;

May betterment and victory come soon,

And the Son of God shall overthrow our enemy.

míre é. Labairtear "congnadh" mar "cúinú."

(6) The narrator explained that the spy who lived in Gort Fraoich had made the police barracks his second home, as though he should never have to return to his own house.

(7) This half verse from MacDermot is substantially the same as Naughton's, and I have had to repeat it.

Ἐπιμιση ἀνοιγῆ ἕο ὅτι ἀν ὅαν ἡ γαίτη ἀγυρῆ ἕο ὅτι
 ἀν ἰαυμιάττ ἡ μό ὅο μιννε ἀν Ῥεατῦμπε ἀγ φιλιῶεαττ.
 Νι μό ἀγυρῆ νι λύγα ἐ ρεο νά ῤταιμ ἕεαυμ ἐμυμν ἀρ
 Ἐμυμν, ἀγυρῆ ἰ κυμῆα ριῶρ ἰ ἔμυμν ὀμυμιάττ ὅμυρ ἐ ρέμ
 ἀγυρῆ ρεαν-ῤεατῦ ἐμυμν. ἡ ἰονγαντατῦ ἰομ μαρ ὅο
 ἐμυμ ὅμνε ὅο βι ἕαν μῶδαμ, ἀγυρῆ ἐ βῶιῶτε ἰ ὅεαμγ-
 βῶττανυρ μαρ ἀν Ῥεατῦμπε, ἀν ὅαν ραῶα ρῶ ὀμ ἕμυμ
 ρμ ἀγυρῆ ἡ ὅμλγῆ ἁ μῶττ ὀ βῤαμ ρέ ἁ ἐμυμ εῶλῶμ ἀρ
 ρεανῦρ ἀγυρῆ ἀρ ρεαν-ῤταιμ νῶ ἡ-Ἐμπεαν. ὀμυμ νι μῶβ
 ἀν ὀμνταρ ἕγανν ρέ ἀρ νῶ ρεαν-ἔμυμνῶμ, ἀγυρῆ ἀρ
 ἐμυμ ὅε'ν ῤεαν-ῤταιμ ἰε ρῶγῶμ ἰ ἡ-ἀον ἰεαἔμ, ἀγυρῆ
 ἡ ὅμγῆ ἕμυρ ἁβ ἀρ βῶελ νῶ ὅεομνε ὅο μῶμ ἀν ἐμυμ ἡ
 μό ὅε'ν ῤεανῦρ ρμ, ἀγ ῤεατῦ ἀμυρ ἀγυρῆ ἐ ἀρ νῶ
 ῤεατῦ ὀ ὅμνε ἕο ὅμνε ὀ'ν ἀμυρμ ἁ μῶβ ἁ ἕμυμ
 ρεανῦρ ὅε ρέμ ἀγ νῶ ἕεῶεαλῶμ. ῤῶ ἁ ἔμυμ ἡμῶ μό
 ῤμῶττῶ ἡ ραν ὅαν ρῶ ἀρ ρεαν-ῤταιμ νῶ ἡ-Ἐμπεαν μαρ
 βι ρι μῶμ ἀμυρμ νῶ ἕεαν-ἕαλλ νῶ ἀτῶ ἀρ ῤταιμ ἡμῶ
 νῶ ῤμπε ὀ ἀμυρμ νῶ ἡἕαλλ ἀμυρ. ἀγυρῆ ἡ ρῶμ-ἕεῶ
 εαλατῦ ἀν ὀδῶμῶεατῦ ἐ ρμ, ὀμυμ βῶ ἐ ἡ ραν ῤεαν-
 Ἐμυμν ὅο ρμῶμ νῶ ῤεατῦμῶμ ἀγυρῆ νῶ φιλιῶε ἀῶβῶμ ἁ
 ἕμυμ ῤεατῦ ἀγυρῆ ἁ ἕμυμ ὅαν ὅο ἕμῶτῦ.

ἡ ἡμνῶεατῦ ἀν ὀαῶι ἀρ ἕμυρ ἀν Ῥεατῦμπε ἁ
 ῤεατῦ. Νι ὀμυμῶεαν ρέ εατῦμ ἀγυρῆ ἡμῶεατῶ νῶ
 ἡ-Ἐμπεαν ὀ'ἡμυμνῦ ἀρ ὅτῦρ, ἀρ ἔαῶαν. Ἐμυμῶεαν ρέ
 ραῶβῶμ ἀρ ἁμ ἡ-Ἐμπεατῦ ἰ ὅμῶε, ἰεμ ἀν ῤεατῦ ὅῶ
 ῤῶμῶ ρέμ, μῶμ μῶμ-μῶτῦ. ἡ ὀ ἡ-ἁ βεατῶ ρέμ, ἡ ὅμγῆ,
 ἀγυρῆ ὀ ἡ-ἁ ρῦλαμγ ἡμῶ ρέμ, ὅο ῤῶμῶμγ ρέ ἀν ὀμυμ-
 ρῶμ ἀρ ἀν ῤμπε ῤμῶμ-ῤεαμῦῤῶμνε ὅο ῤῶμγ ἀρ, ἀγυρῆ
 ἀρ ἀν ὅμῶε-ῤῶμγῶ ὅο ρμῶμ ρέ ἀγ ἔμυμ νῶ ρεαν-
 ῤεατῦ. Νι ἡ-ἁ ἀτῦ ἀν ἰῶ ἀρ ἡ-ἁ ἡμῶμῶ ὅο ἰεαἔμ ἀν
 ἕεατῦ ἰεμ ἡμυμ ἕμγ ρέ ἁ ἡαλλῶτῦ ὅο.

We now come to the longest poem and the greatest effort which Raftery made in the shape of poetry. This is neither more nor less than a short, concise history of Ireland, set down in the form of a conversation between himself and an old withered bush. I think it wonderful how a person without sight, steeped in the extremest poverty, like Raftery, composed this long poem so cleverly, and it is hard to say where he got his knowledge of the history and ancient-story of Erin. Because the account which he gives of the ancient families and part of the ancient history was not to be found in any book, and no doubt it was in the mouths of the people that the most of this history survived, coming down and being filtered from person to person, from the time when the Gaels had their own historians.

There is a great deal more said in this poem about the ancient history of Ireland as it was before the time of the Normans than of the more modern history of the country from the time of the Normans down. And this is a truly Irish characteristic, for it was out of ancient Erin that both story-tellers and poets usually found the material for their stories and poems.

It is clever the way in which Raftery dressed up his story. He does not begin to tell the adventures and happenings of Ireland immediately out of a face (i.e., right away). He first whets our hearing by the story about himself as a preface. It is from his own life, and no doubt his own frequent sufferings, he draws the account of the flood of heavy rain that came upon him, and the bad shelter he got at the foot of the old bush. It is only on the next day that the bush speaks, when he gives it his curse.

The poem is divided thus. There are twenty-three quatrains as a preface about the rain, and his bush, and all he suffered himself. There are thirty-two quatrains from the old bush, telling of Ireland from the time of the Tuatha De Dananns until the coming of St Patrick. There are twenty more quatrains on the history of Ireland from the coming of Patrick until Dismuid of Leinster first brought the English into Ireland, and there are twenty-four stanzas from that to the end, telling of Ireland under the rule of the English.

I first got this poem from my friend Thomas O'Meehan, from a copy written down about twenty years ago from the mouth of a poor old man, one Mehauleen O'Cleary, who used to be going about the country looking for alms. I made a close comparison between this version and the copies of the stone mason and Mr. Glynn, that I got afterwards. And here now is the poem as legible, and as full as I was able to set it down. Meehan and others call the poem "The History of the Bush," but the name it is known by in the county Mayo is "The Dispute with the Bush" :--

THE HISTORY OF (or, DISPUTE WITH) THE BUSH.

Once in August an awful deluge,
As I was walking, met me near Headford ;
I drew back quickly, and sought for shelter
From walls or rocks, from trees or hedges (3).

(3) Literally: Of a time, about August, it was to me it happened, On the borders of Headford, and it raining greatly ; I moved aside, and not without cause, That I might find some hedge or bush that would make shelter for me,

Νί βρυαίη μέ ανη, ι λεατ-ταοιβ̄ βερμιναν,
 Δέτ ρεαν-ῖζεαδ̄ έαιττε, έριαιττε, έριαιόττε,
 Δι έταοιβ̄ αν έλαιόε, 'ρ α η-αζαίρ̄ λε ράναθ̄,
 Όμυιο μέ ρίιτι 'ρ βα ρλιυέ αν άιτ υαμ.

Όι αν ρεαρμ̄ταίνη ζο υιαη, αζ τεαδέτ Δρ ζαδ̄ σεαμτα,
 Ανοιη 'ρ ανιαη, 'ρ ανυαη λε ράναθ̄,
 Α ράμιαι νί ρεαυραίνη έαβαρητ ουιτ, λάιτμεαδ̄,
 Δέτ μοιλλεάν λάν βειτ αζ ρμαδέμυζαθ̄ μάιβε.

Ζο ρεαρζαδ̄, ρμαοόμιαη, ρτοιμιαεάμιαι, μάζαδ̄ (1),
 Μιαη βειτ ραίζεαθ̄ αν λυαη, ηο αζαίρ̄ αν μάρα,
 Όι αν εαηζαρητ αζ τεαδέτ 'ρ ηα τιορητα βάιόττε,
 'S ηάη μηρη αν υίολ̄ τρυαίζε 'ρ μέ ι ζρηυαη ζο ρμαίόττε^a

Παη Δ'ρ σεατρηάμια βί ρέ αζ βάιρηεαδ̄,
 'S ηί μαιθ̄ βηαον (3) ηαδ̄ ζρηυηρεαθ̄ μαολ̄ αν έάρτα,
 Νί'λ μυιλεαηη 'ρ αν ζαίηζε ρλίηη ηο μάιβε,
 Ηαδ̄ ζρηυηρεαθ̄ ρέ αν ριυβαλ̄ ι λάρ̄ ηα ηβάνηα (4).

Ριηη μέ ρμυαίηηε, ηιθ̄ ηάη ηάηη υάη,
 Ηάη βραθ̄ έ μο ράοζαλ̄, 'ρ ζο ηβυθ̄ ζεαρηη μο έάηηοε,
 Ζο υτιυεραθ̄ αν υίλε, Δ'ρ βειτ υαοιηε (5) βάιόττε,
 'S ζο ηβα ολε αν οβαηη βί α ηυιαίζ̄ μο λάιηε.

Όειτ αζ υέαηηαίη ρεααίρ̄ υάη ο βί μέ ηη' ράιρηε,
 Αζ λυαθ̄ μιοηηα-μόηη 'ρ αζ ζεαρηηαθ̄ ηα ηζηιάηα,
 Όυλ̄ έμυ Διηρηηηη ηί ιαρηηραίνηη ηηιδέτ ανη (6),
 [No] ραοιηρηοηη ηοουλαζ υ'ρδ̄ζαίλ̄, ηο Εάηζα.

(1) "Ραιίηηη," G. (2) "ι ζαίρη ζαν ράιηηητ," G.; "ι ζρηυαη ζαν
 έαζαη," αν ηιοσέάηαδ̄. μηρη υ'αέμυιζ̄ αν λίηη μαηη ατά ρυαη,
 (3) "Όμιαον υά ηυεαρηαίρ̄ ρέ," MS,

I found nothing there, on one side of a gap,
 But an old bush, worn, shaken, ruined,
 On the side of the ditch, and its face hanging downwards ;
 I moved under it, and it was a wet place for me.

The rain was powerful, coming out of every quarter,
 From east and from west, and down the slope ;
 A (better) similitude for it I could not give you at present
 Than that it was a full riddle riddling rape seed.

Angrily, furiously, stormily, desperate,
 Like arrows for speed, or one faced for a race,
 The rain-sleet was coming and the lands drowned,
 And was not I the object of pity, and me destroyed with hardship?

For one hour and a quarter it was raining,
 And there was never a drop (that fell) but would put a heap on a
 quart ;

There was never a mill in the province, of flour, or rapeseed,
 That it would not set going in the middle of the open field.

I began to think (1)—a thing that was no shame for me—
 That my life would not be long, and that my respite was short,
 That the flood would come and people would be drowned,
 And that bad was the work that was (left) after my hand.

Me to be committing sin since I was a child,
 Swearing oaths, and cutting the Graces ;
 As for going to Mass, I used not to desire mention of it,
 Or obtaining Confession at Christmas or Easter.

(4) " Δι' ἡμῶν ἀν τὰ υἱὸν καὶ ἡγάμας," ἀν Μισοῦράνας.

(5) " Ἀν σιννε ὄλοσσα," MS.

6) ' Νι ζῆτιόνη ἀον ἐὰρ σέ," G.

Νά Όειό n-Διότνε το βμρεαδ ní ζνιόδινν δον έάρ οέ,
 Ραοι βμυ[εαδ] μο κόμδαμν, αμ ποόίξ (1) ζνιόδινν ζάμπε,
 Ζαό μμυτε, Ζαό όλ, ά'γ Ζαό δον ρλέαμνάα,
 Όά οταζαό τμδρνα ομμ, βίοό μο λάμ δμν.

Όά ράοτε αν τ-αμ τμζ αν κάμπε
 Ζο μβέρό μο "rummonr" δμν ρζμίοβέα ταμμμδμνζτε,
 Τά μέ 1 n-εαρνα (ρ2) 'γ αν τ-μνεαό ζαν ράζαμ δμν,
 Δζμρ "τμδλ" μο έμμρε αμ ρμυβδλ αμάρναό.

Όειό Δζ ουλ ραν άτε ναό μβίομν δον ράμτε δμν,
 Ρομμ ραίοβμμ έαρμ βοότ άέτ μέμμ Δ ζαάμλεαότ,
 Δν τ-ολο 'γ αν μμδμτ ό βμ τύ μ' ράμρτε,
 Σμορ le léζεαό (3) αμ τ'έαοδαν ταμμμδμνζτε.

Δμ άμτμμζε ρμυαμμζεαρ μαρμ ρο ζο εμάμβέαό,
 "Δ Όμ τά ρμδρ ά'γ ζμίοεαρ να Ζμάρνα,
 "Έμζ ρολαρ αμ ζεαλαμζ ά'γ ράρ αμ ράρναό,
 "Δ ρμμμμδμζεαρ αν μμμρ 'γ οο έμμρ ζμμδαν 1 n-άμμπε."

"Έμζ τόμναό αμ έμμδμν Δζμρ longa ό βάααό,
 "Έμζ να h-μμμδελμτμζ ό έορμδβ Δ ναμμδσ,
 "Έμζ Enoc 'γ Elμδρ ζο ζάμμμν μμδμμμδμρ,
 "S μμμνε ρμν οε'ν μμρζε le τομμ οο μμάταμ."

"Ρέαό ανμδρ αμ Ομλεάν ράομμμδμζ
 "Μαμ ο'ρέαό τύ αμ αν ηγδσμμμδε αμ έμμδμν να ράμμρε,
 "Ρμνν τύ Ζαό μμδ ο'ά βρμμλ Δζαμ μμάμτε,
 "Ταβδμρ μμρε μεατ Δζμρ έμμ ραοζάμλ λάμμπε (4)."

(1) "Δμνύ," MS.

(2) "Αμμμζε n-εαρνα ρ α τμναό," αν μμμδμδμναό; "τά μέ αν
 αρνα 'γ α τ-μναό," G. μμρε οο ρζμίοβ να ροαα μαρμ τά ρμδσ ρμδρ.

The breaking of the Ten Commandants I would make nothing of,
 At the breaking of them by my neighbour surely I used to laugh ;
 Every play and drinking and revelry
 That might come across me, my hand would be in it.

No matter how long the time, the day-of-payment arrives,
 In which my summons shall be written and drawn out,
 I am at the rib-end (of the web) and no woof to be got,
 And the trial of my case going on to-morrow.

To be going to the place in which there be's no welcome
 For the rich beyond the poor, but according to their qualities,
 The evil and the good, since the time you were a child,
 (Written) down on your face, drawn-out.

I thought of repentance in this way, piously :

"O God who art above, and performest grace,

"Who hast given light to the moon and growth to plant-life,

"Who steerest the sea and hast set the sun on high.

' Who hast brought fruit on trees, and brought ships from
 drowning,

"Who didst bring the Israelites from under the feet of their
 enemies,

"Who didst bring Enoc and Elias to the Garden of Paradise,

"And didst make wine of the water at Thy mother's will.

"Look down upon the Island of Patrick,

"As thou lookedst on the thief on the tree of the Passion,

"Thou has done everything, of all I have said,

"Bring me with thee, and to life (on thy right (?) hand."

(3) "ἰ βρημονησα," ἀπ Μισοόεάνατ.

(4) "ἀπ παροῦσα λάιμε," MS. ἡ ἰέη ὕαμ ἦν. ἡ ἡμερ ὀαῖμῆς
 ὁ μαρ τὰ ρέ ἦαε.

Οο μινν μέ ρμυδίντιυζαδ άρίρ άρ βαλλ άρι,
 Ζο βρασαδού μέ ραν μβιοβλα ρζηοβδα ταιρμινγε,
 Ζεαλλαδ ζλαν οίρεαδ ό Κιζ να ηΖιάρα
 Κοιη ραο ά'ρ βειτ ρτυατ-σεατα cam νάρι βαιοζαλ ούινν
 βάταδ.

Βυο ζεαρι άη ριον ζυρ λαζ άη βάιρτεαδ,
 Ζηιαη ζυρ λαρ αζυρ ζαοτ ζυρ άρσουλζ,
 Ζυρ ζλυαιρ μέ άρ ριύβαλ ά'ρ μέ μύατα, βάιυτε,
 Ζυρ ταιρμινγε μέ άρ σεάζαη αζυρ βι ρόμιαμ ράιλτε.

Ι'ρ ιομθα ριη κάρτα υίρζε ο'φάιρζ μέ
 Ο μο ρζιορτα ζο οτι μο άβα,
 Έρσοδ μέ μο ηατα ρυατ άρ ταιρμινγε,
 Αζυρ άυιη ρέ μο άοολαδ μέ άρ λεαβυοδ βλάταμαρ (1).

Ηιορ βρασα ζο ραατ μο ρυιυθε άρίρ μέ
 Αζ αυιη μηρε άρ άεόλ, ρρόρτ, ά'ρ ριαμρτα,
 'Σ άρ ηοοίζ λε βηοό [ά'ρ αεόλ ά'ρ αοιβηεαρ],
 Οο άαιτεαμαρ [ρέιη λε ρευν] άη οιοάε ριη (2).

Αρ η-ιομρδού έαρτ υαμ, λά άρ η-α ηάμραδ (3),
 Σιολλα βεαζ υαημ λε αιύμαρ να η-άτα (3),
 Σύο μαρ ηυβδαιρτ μέ άρ τεαατ ι λάταρ
 [ηα ρζειε αέαοηα ραοι α ηαιβ μέ βάιυτε].

“ Α ρεαη-ρζεαδάιη ηηάηηηα ρυαζηαημ ηηάιη οητ,
 “ ηά ηαιβ α-άοιοάε ρηυαδ ηά βλάτ οητ!
 “ Ραοι ηύιρτε Ορκαρ ηο βράζ τυ οο άηηηαδ,
 “ Οο[ο'] βηιύζαδ 'ρ οο[ο'] βηιρεαδ αζ οηο μόρ αεαηο-
 άηη.”

(1) “ ηίη βλάταμαρ,” MS. (2) λεαηαηη οά ηίηη αηηηο ηαά βρπυλ ηιο
 ροιλέηρ: “ άατ αζ ριλιύητ άρ η'αιρ υαμ ηηο ηάρι β'ιοηζηαδ, βι

I began to think again, the moment after,
 That I had seen it in the Bible written and drawn out,
 A clear straight promise from the King of the Graces,
 That as long as there should be the crooked rainbow there was
 no fear of our drowning.

Short was the storm till the rain ceased,
 Till up-lit the sun, and till the wind rose.
 Till I proceeded to walk, and I smothered, drowned,
 Till I drew to Shawn, and for me there was welcome.

Many was the quart of water that I wrang out
 From my skirt to my cape,
 I hung my hat up upon a nail,
 And he put me to sleep upon a smooth warm bed.

It was not long until I was seen up, again,
 Making music, sport, and merriment move quick.
 And surely with pride and music and joy,
 We ourselves spent with happiness that night.

As I turned back on the morrow
 A little way (?) from me, on the brink of the ford,
 Here is how I spoke on coming into the presence
 (Of the same bush under which I had been drowned).

"You ugly old bush, I denouco you with disgust,
 "That neither beauty nor blossom may ever come on you,
 "Under the flail of Oscar may you get the threshing,
 "Bruised and broken by a big smithy sledge hammer.

challenge from ταιρητό : βροχη 'r : βροδαρ," an μισούσανα;
 "βιό φα να κολλητό τε φαρησ ας φαοίδαρ," G.

(3) I havet ransposed these two lines.

“Μαρι β’ολε αν άιτ το έταετ ι νά λεατ (1),
 “Νά οριουοιμ φύτ ας ιαριιαυό ρζάιτ οριτ,
 “Νι’λ βηαιον ο’αρι βυαιλ ραοι το έαμ-ρτοε ζηάηηα,
 “Νάρι ρζαοιλ τυ οριμ λε αιύβαρ το μάρα.”

σζεαέ:—

Μά’ρ φιλε έυρα τά ας ιαριιαυό ράραδ,
 Τά ηιρε ανηγο ρόηιατ, αρι ζάηηα,
 Ιρ ρεανόηι με τά α βραο ραν άιτ ρεο,
 ‘S να ταριιαυίς ηιορ ζοηιε όαμ λε το έλαιόεαη ταρι-
 ηιαηζετ.

Ηυαηι βι ηιρε ός οά ηιβείτεα ι νά λιοη,
 Βυό ροζαρ ουιτ υιοη ό ζαοιέ ’η ό βάηητεαέ,
 ‘Sι αν ζαοέ ανηαη ο’ράς η’αζάιό λε ράηαδ,
 Δ’η το ρζηιουρ (2) με ρίορ ό βάηηη ζο ράλαιβ.

αν ρεαέτυηε:—

Α ρζεαέάηη ηάηηεαέ, ροέλαέ (3), βλάτμαιη,
 Sηυαδ ‘ζυη ρηαη οριτ ό ριζ να ηζηάητα,
 Ηβλα, ρειηυόε, ρλυμαιό, Δ’η βλάηηητιόε (4),
 Δζυη αιηη οαη ρίορ αοιη το όάτα.

αν σζεαέ:—

Οέαο αζυη ηιλε ηιοηη αν να η-αιηιε
 Τύρ αζυη ρηοέυζαδ η’αοιη’ ηη μο όάτα,
 Τά με ό ροηη ηη’ ηυιόε ραν άιτ ρο,
 ‘ζυη ηη ηοηόα ρζέαλ α βρέαοαηη ηηάέτ αιηη.

(1) “ι νά λεατ = ι ηζαη ουιτ.” (2) “SιορS,” G.
 (3) Recte: “ηάηηης ροέλαης.”

"Because a bad place it was to come near you,
 "Or to move under you, seeking shelter from you,
 "There was never a drop that smote your ugly crooked stump,
 "That you did not loose on me down by the verge of your hips.

(THE BUSH SPE AKS).

If you are a poet seeking satisfaction,
 Here am I before you on guard,
 I am an ancient who am a long time in this place,
 And come no nearer to me with your drawn sword.

When I was young if you had to be in my neighbourhood,
 Shelter from wind and from rain had then been near you,
 But it is the wind from the west that has left my countenance
 drooping,
 And has perished me from my summit to my heels.

(RAFTERY ANSWERS).

Handsome, gracious (?), blossomy bush!
 Beauty and trimness on you from the King of the Graces!
 Apples, pears, plums, and damsons on you!
 Only put down for me the date of your age.

(THE BUSH).

One hundred and one thousand (years) before the time of the
 Ark,
 Was the beginning and creation of my age and date,
 I am ever since sitting in this place,
 And many is the story that I am able to talk of.

(4) "Walnuts," an μισοκάνας. "βλάριτε" no "βαλάριτε" is a
 "plum," or according to others a "damson."

Οὐτάρ το ἐπιδαλ ἴ' να μίλτε το βάιτεαδὸ,
 Νοαη, α ἐλανη, α ἐέιλε, ἴ' α ἠάδαρη,
 Δέτ ἀμιάμ ζυρ ἴζηιόβ ἀη τ-εαῖβοζ ζάιβέταδ (ῖ),
 Ζυρ ἠάρη Πάριταλόν μαε Σεαρη ἀη ἐαοιβ Ἐμιαδὶ'
 Ράορηαιζ.

Ἰυαρηαμαρη εμυτῦζοδ εἰτε α η-αζαῖδὸ ἀη ἐάη ῖεο
 Ζυρ ἰ ῖρυετ να μβεόθδαιβ το ἠάρη Πάριταλον (1),
 ἴ'να ῖεαρηαῖ ῖυαρη ῖαν ἔφυαρη-λοδ βάιόυτε,
 ἠάρη ῖέ βεό ἀνη τε τοἰλ να ηζηιάρα.

Ἐμυμ Τυρηε (2) ἀη υαρη ῖη β'αηηη το'η ἀιτ ῖεο,
 Δζυρ ἠί μαιβ ἀνη ἀέτ εοἰλλτε ἀ'ῖ ῖάραδ,
 Κοη ἀλλεα ἀ'ῖ ἔμιοιε (3) αζ ἐμυζε ἰ η-άηηοε,
 Νο ζυρ βυαἰλ να ῖη ἔολζ εμ Ροηελάηηζε.

Ἐόζαοαρη ῖεἰβ ζαν ῖεαρη α μβάρηηεα,
 Ἐμυεαοαρη ῖύρα, ἀ'ῖ ῖηηηεαοαρη ἀρηαιρ,
 Ἐιοαρη ῖαοι ἔμίοο αζυρ λάν ὠ'άεαιρ
 Ζυρ ῖεῖηοε (4) ῖιαο α ζεῖηηρα ο ἐμῖαδέτ α ἠάηηαο.

Ζεαρηηαοαρη εμιοηη, ῖηηη, (ῖ5) ε ζυρ ῖάραδ,
 Δζυρ ἐμυεαοαρη ἀη ῖηοζαδέτ, ἀη ἠοόῖζ, ἰ ἔῖαηηηε,
 Ὁ Ἐῖη Ἐόηηηαἰλλ (6) ζο Ἐρηοῖεαο ἀέα,
 Ὁ Ἐηοε-ἔοἰλζ (7) ὀ εμιαῖε ζο εμιαη Ἐηηη-εῖῖαἰε.

Δζ ῖιαδὸδ ἀη ἐηυἰε ἴ' αζ ῖεἰλζ ἀη ῖῖέἰβεἰβ,
 ἔα ἠῖόρη α ὐεαηηη (8) ἰ ὐεαηηηηα α ἐέἰλε,
 Νο ζυρ βυαἰλεαδὸ ῖύρα ἀη ὐηεαη ἠάρη ἠαοῖηαδὸ,
 Σηιοέτ Τυαέα Ἐέ Ἐαηαηηη ἀη τῖρη να η-Ἐηηηετ.

(1) "ἰ ῖρυετ να μαοἰλε δῖ παῖταλάν ἴ'να ῖεαρηαῖ," ἀη Μῖοῦέαηαδ.

(2) "Ἐηηηη εῖοηηε," ἀη Μῖοῦέαηαδ. (3) "Ἐμιαἰε ἀ'ῖ ἔμιο," Μῖοῦ-
 ἐάἰαδ. (4) "Σεῖηηεαοαρη," ἀη Μῖοῦέαηαδ.

Eight who went, and the thousands who were drowned,
 Noah, his children, his consort, and his mother;
 Only that the (?) Bishop had written
 That Parthalon mac Seara lived on the side of Croagh Patrick.

We got another proof for this matter,
 That it was in the stream of the Living, Parthalon lived.
 Standing up in the cold drowning lake,
 He remained alive there by the will of the Graces.

Druim Tuirc (i.e., Wildboar's Hill) was at that time the name
 of this place,

And there was nothing in it but woods and wild-growth,
 Fierce dogs and badgers rising up,
 Until the Firbolg struck Waterford (and landed).

They took possession without a man to hinder them,
 They settled down and they built dwellings,
 They were proud and full of joy,
 That they had stroked their course away from the power of their
 enemies.

They cut down trees, divisions (?) and wild-growth,
 And they ringed round surely the whole kingdom,
 From Dun Domhnaill to Drogheda,
 And from Cnoc-bhoilg in the north to the Harbour of Kinsale.

Hunting on hills and pursuing game on mountains,
 Great was their stoutness when all together.
 Until the people who were never hallowed met them,
 The race of the Tuatha De Danann from the land of Egypt.

(5) "R13n10 a l4e41n, stone cutter's MS.

(6) "Ó Dún na nGall," an Míochánac.

(7) "Denn Dornb," S. (8) "Δ ζκομνάδ," S.

Μηρε, Σγεαδάν Δέ-έινν (1), νο έονηαιρε αν μεδω ριν,
 Δ'γ έονηαιρε αν οά ρ'λυαξ ας τεαέτ 'να έέιλε,
 Λε ραιξοιβ κατα αςυρ αιρημ ζέαρια,
 Όοητεαδ ρυλ αςυρ αιλλεαδ να έέαυτα.

Ιρ ιοηοδ κατ ι η-αιτ α έέιλε,
 Όο έυξ αν οά ρ'λυαξ τηε μόνιη 'ρ τηε ρ'λείβτιβ,
 Β'έ ρηοένηυξαδ να κύρη α'ρ υειηεαδ να ρζέαλτα,
 Συρ έαιλλ να ρηι βολξ Όρηυημ Τυηρε αι έίγιη (2).

Σλιοέτ Τυαέτα Όέ Όαηαηη ζαν ρηοιθε ζαν υαονηαέτ,
 Νι λε ζηιοήμ να ζαιρηε νο ζηιοιρ δον ηυο,
 'Σέ ρ'ο υειηι Σαλταρη έαιρηλλ α'ρ Όοέτύρη έέιτιηη,
 Λε υιαβλυηεαέτ έλεαρηηεαέτ (3) αςυρ μιονηαιβ ηηίεζε.

Νυαιη ρυαηαυαρη κύμαέτα έάηηηξ έίρηηζηιορ,
 Αν ριολ νο ρηαιτεαδ, ηι έάηηηξ υέαρ αιη,
 Νιορη ραν ρηιοέτ αι ηό να ολαηη αι έαοηαιβ,
 Τοηαδ αι έηιαηηαιβ να μαρηε αι δον ηυο.

Ύυητεαρη ριορ υύηηη νο ηέρη μαρη έίηηζεαρη,
 Συρη β'έ αν έέαυ ρεαρη έηηαιλλ υο'η τιρη, ζαυέλυη,
 Ρηηιοηηηα ηηοζαηηαιβ υε'η ριορη-ρυλ ζαευέαλαέ,
 Όε ρόρη να ηζηιοήμ 'ρ υε ριολ ηηιλέρηυρ (4).

Νυαιη έηηαιλλ αν ηηξ ζο ηβηηαιέρεαδ ρέ έηηηε,
 Νιορη ρηυαίντιξ α έηηοιθε ζο ηυέαηηαιυθε ρζέαλ αιη,
 Νο ζυρη έαζαδ ραοι αν ηηειτεαηηηαυρ νο υέαηηαη,
 Δέτ (5) υειηεαδ να κύρη ζυρη αιλλεαδ έ ρέηη έειρ.

(1) "Δτα έυν," S. Some people call it Δέ-έυνν not Δέ-έινν.

(2) η'λ αν έαεηηαηα ρο ας αν ηηιοέάηαέ. (3) "Ζλεαυηεαέτ," G.

(4) "Όο έυρη ρόρη αι ηζηιοήμ ζυρη έηηαιλλ ηηιλέρηυρ," αν ηηιοέάηαέ.

I, the Bush of Ath-Cinn (Headford) saw all that ;
 And saw, also, the two armies coming together,
 With arrows of battle and sharp weapons,
 Blood was out-poured and hundreds died.

Many was the battle in one another's place,
 That the two hosts gave throughout bogs and mountains,
 But the finishing of the case and the end of the story
 Was that the Fir Bolg lost Druim Tuirc (1) with difficulty.

The race of the Tuatha De Danann, without heart, without
 humanity,
 It was not by deeds or valour they used to accomplish anything ;
 It is what the Saltair of Cashel and Dr. Keating say,
 That it was with devilment and trickery and lying oaths.

When they gained power, there came ruin,
 The seed that was scattered there came no ear on it,
 There remained no progeny with cow, nor wool with sheep,
 No fruit on trees nor beauty on anything.

It is set down for us, as is read,
 That the first man who voyaged to the country was Gadelus,
 A royal prince of the true Gaelic blood,
 Of the seed of the heroic acts and of the race of Milesius.

When the King voyaged that he might spy Ireland,
 His heart never thought that a story would be made of him (2)
 Until it was laid on him to make the judgment.
 But the end of the case was that he himself was lost by it.

(5) "Συη βέ βειμε," G. ; "Συη βέ σμιοένυζαδ," αν μισούσαναε

(6) The old name of the place where the bush stood.

(7) This perhaps means "would be found out."

Δέτ έυαίό πέ βεό (1) το'ν Σράιν αη έίζην,
 Νο ζυη ρζήιοβ πέ ρίοη αη έύηραιοβ (2) έίηεανη,
 Ουβαιοη α έίανη, βέελ αη βέελ λειη,
 Ξο βραιοζραιοη εοηη αζυη ρυιλ ι η-έίηιο.

Ο'άηραιοζεαοαη λεό, ι ζευαλαέτ ζλέζεελ,
 Αζυη βυαίεαοαη ηηυαέ αη έυαη Όηηη έαοαηη (3),
 Έαηηηαηηζ αηαέ α ζευο λανηα ζέαηηα,
 Αζυη ουβαιοη ηαέ ηηλαεραό ηηιοβ ηά αοη ηηο.

Ουβαιοη ηαε εέαέτ (4) ζο ηβυό ηόηη αη έαζοόηη (5).
 Οο έεαέτ αητεαέ α-ζαη-ρίοη ο'αοη ρεαη,
 Οο ούλ ηαοη οτοηηη ηη ραη ηβεαηαέ εέαοηα,
 Α'η οά οταζαό αηίη ζο βραιοζραιοη ζέίηεαο.

Ο'άηραιοζεαοαη α ζευο ρεόλ, λε οη-έέίηε,
 Νο ζυη ροηζλαό λεαβηα οηαοηοεαέτ' α'η βηέηζε,
 Ο'άηραιοζ ροηηηη αζυη ραηηηηζιόε ηηέαηα,
 Οο ηίύε οο βάηε 'η οο βαηζ ηα εέαοα.

Δέτ ηη βεαζ αεα έάηηηζ οε βάηη αη λαέ ρηη,
 Δέτ αη ηέαο οο έυαίό ζο Σράηη λε ρζέαηαιοβ,
 Ξο ηβεαηηηαίό ρηαο ρηαη αη οηηεαο εέαοηα,
 'Σ ζυη βυαίεαοαη αη οαηα υαηη ηηυαέ ηα η-έίηεαηη (6)

ηιοη ζλάεαοαη εαηηε (7) βλαοαη ηά ηηέαζα,
 Δέτ αζ λαηζαό 'η αζ ζεαηηηαό λε λαηηηαιοβ ζέαηηα,
 Δέτ ρύο ι αη ηάηοηηη α ηβεαηηηαό αη ρλέαέτα
 Ξαέ εεαηηηοηηε αζ τεαέτ α'η α βηηηαό (8) ρέηη λειη.

(1) "Έηηαλλ α ηηζ αηίη οο'η Σ," αη ηηοόέάηαέ.

(2) "Αη οηέηζε α'η αη έεαηη," Γ.

(3) "Αη ευαηηαιοβ έίηεαηη," αη ηηοόέάηαέ.

(4) "ηαε αηηε," αη ηηοόέάηαέ.

But he escaped alive to Spain with difficulty,
 Until he wrote down about the condition of Ireland,
 His children said, mouth to mouth with him,
 That they would get heads and blood in eric.

They hoisted (sails) away, in a bright company,
 And they struck the shore at the harbour of Binedar,
 They drew forth their sharp blades,
 And said that they would not accept a bribe or anything.

Mac Ceacht said that it was a great injustice
 To come in without anybody knowing it,
 But to go out nine waves distance in the same road,
 And if they should come in again they would get submission.

They hoisted their sails with lack of sense,
 Until the books of enchantment and lying were opened,
 Storm arose and mighty seas,
 Which quenched, which drowned, which destroyed the hundreds.

But it was few of them escaped, as the result of that day,
 Except as many as went to Spain with tidings.
 Until as many more were made up (got together),
 And until they struck, for the second time, the shore of Ireland.

They accepted neither talk, flattery nor lies,
 But smiting, and cutting with sharp blades,
 And that was the morning the slaughter was made,
 Every captain coming with his own people.

(5) "An foul play rin," an Míochánac.

(6) "Faoi éireann," G.

(7) "Driob," an Míochánac.

(8) "A monam," an Míochánac; "Dunbun," G. I edit as above.

Cinn a gaur cuipr dá ngearraig 1 n-éimfead,
 a gaur fuil a g mteadót 'na tuile rleibe,
 adt rúo é an cad in ar caillead na tréim-rii,
 adt a g criochnugad na cúire bí an lá a g miléirur (1).

Caillead Mac Cuil, Mac Céadót, 'r Mac Shéime
 Le lannaid tana, glana, gáma,
 Uí ceao caoimte a g a uciu céile
 Maí bí fóola, banba, 'r Éime.

Sgoilteaduar tréarua Inir Éilge (2),
 adt bí feara ve'n uír nári éairiúg an rgeal leir,
 Eioiri h-Éber 'r h-Éiemón (3) éuz mionnaró tréana
 Muna bfuigfead a ceairt go bfuigfead dá bfeardad.

Éoraig rlad feall a gaur éizceairt,
 Do úlige na gceairt ní éuzfairde géillead,
 Tioréa a' r cúigirde a g uul trío a céile,
 Guí tós Corimac Mac Airt Láim le h-Éiminn.

Cuip ré milírte (4) 1 gceann a céile,
 'S bí ainm eile oirua fianra (5) Éimeann,
 Luét gnóim a' r gairge, luét lúit a gaur léimniú,
 Nári éuir ariam ar laoc adt don feara (6).

(1) "a g miléirur," an míoúcéanac; "Clain na mile," S. I edit as above. (2) Thus G; "ealga," S; "réile," an míoúcéanac.

(3) Thus S; "éuz ré na mionnaró móra tréana," an míoúcéanac.

(4) "Slóigite 1 rceannta a céile," S.

(5) "fianra," G; "fianraid," S; "fianra," an míoúcéanac.

Heads and bodies being cut, together,
 And blood flowing in a mountain stream,
 And that was the battle in which the strong ones were lost,
 But at the finishing of the Matter Milesius won the day.

MacCuill, MacCeacht, and MacGreine died
 By blades thin, clean, sharp,
 Their three spouses had cause to keene,
 Fodhla, Banba, and Eire (7).

They divided Inis Eilge (Ireland) across,
 But there was one of the two whom the settlement (8) did not
 please,
 Between Heber and Heremon he took strong oaths,
 If he did not get his right that he would get it if he was able.

There began robbery, treachery, and injustice,
 To the law of the rights no submission would be given,
 Lands and provinces going through other,
 Until Cormac, son of Art, raised a hand to Ireland.

He put together a militia,
 And another name for them was The Fenians of Ireland,
 People of deeds and valour, people of activity and leaping,
 Who never sent (to attack ?) a hero but a single man.

(6) Sic, S; "ἐὰν λάσθ ἀμ δον νεαὶ," ἀν μίσοῦράναδ.

(7) Pronounced Fola, Bonba, and Aer-ya, from whom Ireland derives her names, wives of the son of Hazel, the son of Plough, and the son of the Sun.

(8) Literally "Story."

Μαρι βί Σολλ Μας Μόρνα 'r α fάμ-λann λιομήτα,
 Λάμν μισάμ νάρι τειρ ό ζάιρζε μίστεαό (1),
 Flann Δγυρ Δίλλε na n-Δμμ ζέαμια,
 Δγυρ Conán μαοι μαλλυίγτε φεαρι millte na fεinne.

Σοιμεαλλ (2) Δ' r Ορζαμ, Fαολάν Δγυρ Cαοιλτε,
 Δγυρ Οιαμμυιο Ο Ουιβνε νο τόζφαό υμαιοόεαότα,
 Fionn φεαρι φεαφα Δγυρ ceipt νο rζαοιλεαό (3),
 Τοζα na ηζαιρζιόεαό νε Clainn Οαοιρζνε (4).

Clann I Οάιβ Δ βράοι (P5) na νοαοινε
 Δγυρ Δ έραιοιρεαό fέιν ι Λάμν ζαό ταοιριζ,
 Cαιρβνε cηιρζεαλ (6) na n-Δμμ λιομήτα,
 Δγυρ Clanna Οοίμηε (7) Δr Τεαμιάμι na Ριζτεαό.

Ir fúm-γα (8) νο βίοιρ Δζ υέαηαμν ριαμρ
 Δζ ιμιρτ 'r Δζ όλ, ζαό λó 'r ζαό οιόέε,
 Clοζαυα, rζιαότα, 'r clαιόεαμια φαοβάμι,
 Οο βίόεαό fúm-γα Δμ βομσ, Δγυρ cοιμν λιοητα.

Δζ ριαόαό Δμ έηοc, Δμ μίοη, 'r Δμ fλέιβτιβ,
 Δζ μιέ Δμ βμοιc 'r Δμ ειλιτιβ μαοια,
 Δέτ ιε μιρνε (9) na ζcon ζυμ cαλλεαό na τηέμ-fημ.
 Μαρ ναό υτυζαυαμ ριαμν νο Οια ζέλλεαό.

Concúβαρ νο έαμιγ ι ζcηοίη 'na υέιζ ρηη
 Δγυρ na cυμιαό cλιρτε, na ηζαιρζε τηέαηα.
 Clann Ηιρμιζ, έυμν Δλβα φαοι έιορ ιε h-έμμμν,
 Δγυρ cαλλεαό Δη τηιύμ, Δμ νοοίζ, ιε Οέιμρνε,

(1) "Μαρι ζεαλλ Δμ μίγτιβ," Δη Μιούόάηαό.

(2) "Ζεαμιαλ," Δη Μιούόάηαό. "Cαιμιαλλ Δη cεαμτ.

(3) "φεαρι cηιρτε Δγυρ ζαοιρζα (P)," Δη Μιούόάηαό.

(4) "Ο'ιαυ ρηη na ζαιρζιόόό βί Δμ ηc," Δη Μιούόάηαό. I edit as above. (5) "Clineαυαεβ Δγυρ Δ μαοι μαιέ υαοινε," Δη Μιούόάηαό.

Such were Goll son of Morna and his fine polished blade,
 A hand which never failed from the valour of kings,
 Flann and Ainle (10) of the sharp weapons
 And bald cursing Conan the destroying man of the Fenians.

Goireall and Osgar, Faolan and Caoilte,
 And Diarmuid o Duibhne who used to raise (disperse?) en-
 chantment,
 Fionn a man of knowledge and one to resolve questions,
 The choice of the heroes of the Clann Baoisgne.

Clann ui Daibh (?) in the people's hedge (?)
 And his own javelin in the hand of every chief,
 Cairbre the bright-skinned of the polished weapons,
 And the Clanna Doimhne (?) out of Tara of the Kings.

It was under me they used to be making merry,
 Playing and drinking each day and night,
 Helmets, shields, and keen-edged swords
 Used to be on the table beneath me, and goblets filled.

Hunting on hills, on turf, on mountains,
 Running after badgers and hornless hinds,
 But with the swiftness of the hounds the valiant men were lost,
 Because they never gave to God submission.

Conchubhar it was who came to the throne after that,
 And the expert champions of strong valour,
 The children of Uisneach, who put Alba (Scotland) under rent to
 Ireland,
 But surely the three perished through Deirdre.

(6) "Coraanna, críatal," an Míuóánaó.

(7) Sic, S.; "Clíneáúénaósa," an Míuóánaó.

(8) "Fuaimeá," an Míuóánaó. (9) "Le miaim (i.e. meáiam), G.

(10) These names as typical Fenians are new to me, Naoise's
 brother Ainle is pronounced Al-ya.

Τόζαδ ραδρ ι, ι ζείλλ (1) 'ρι ζερμόναδτ
 Λε θεϊτ δζ αν ριζ μαρ έείλε 'ρ μαρ έαοιθεεε,έ,
 Έριέιζ ρι αν έρμόν, α κυρο όρι δζυρ υαοιμε,
 Δζυρ λεαν ρι Δρωάν, Δι[η]λε (2), α'ρ Ναιοιρε.

Ćúculain na zclear, lám bhurte zac bearna,
 Δζυρ Conriód (3) cailleadó leir an mbuinneall blát-
 naid (3),

Α κόμ-οιρε μίντε βιόδ ριαδ τριάτ αιρ,
 Ρεαρζαρ (4) Mac Roudaó Δζυρ Conall Cearnac.

Sin iad ainmne na zcuraidó tá mé ráó leat,
 Βιόδ αι κυανταιβ [αζ] ρεαραιμ ζόρμα,
 Δέτ Concúbair amáin ó tír an dáta,
 Νιοι ναομήαδ ουινε ζο υτάιιζ Ράορμαιζ.

Earball beannuigíte έρμαλλ ζο h-Éirinn,
 Έυζ αν τζαορμαυιτ θεαννουιγτε(5) ι μβείλ ζαδ άοιυνε
 ζυιόεαδ αν μαριβ βεό, 'ρ αν ρεαρ μαλλυιγτε ναειήτα,
 S vo múc Conneall na Cairriaize le n-a ρμέιρεαδ.

Όο έυζ ορμ α'ρ Διρμιοη (6) υο 'ρδζαριτ 'ρ υο έλείμεαδ,
 Δζυρ ρλάυζαδ α n-αναι ραν τζαορμαυιτ Ναιεήτα,
 Σεαέτ ζέαυ μοιιζ υο έυρι ρέ λε έείλε
 Δζυρ βλιαδαιη 'ρ τρι ριέιυ υο ρτιύρι ρέ έιριε (7).

(1) Sic, G.; "ι ζεοιλλ," αν Μιούέάναδ; "ι ζεοιλλ," S.

(2) Λαδαιρτεαρ αν τ-αιμ ρεο ι ζεόμνυιόε μαρ "Διλλε."

(3) "ρλάιυυ," αν Μιούέάναδ; "ευριζ," αν Μιούέάναδ.

(4) "Ραιριτ ηις μοιέιυ," αν Μιούέάναδ; "Ραιριτ mac Ρουαυυ,"

S. Λαδαιρτεαρ ρεαρζαρ ι ζεόμνυιόε μαρ "Ρεαρρ" υο "Ρεαραιρ."

(5) "Αν τρεανμόιρ ναοιήτα," αν Μιούέάναδ.

She was reared up in sense and wisdom,
 To be a consort and bedfellow of the king,
 She forsook the crown, her gold and her people,
 And she followed Ardan, Ainle and Naoise (8).

Cuchulain of the feats, the hound that broke every gap,
 And Conroidh (9) who perished by the Maiden Blanid,
 His fellow-teacher in learning there used to be talk of,
 Fergus mac Rodaidh (10) and Conall Cearnach.

Those are the names of the champions I am speaking of, to you,
 Who used to be at the harbours standing on guard.
 Except Conchubhar alone, from the beginning of the date,
 Not one was hallowed, until Patrick came.

A blessed Apostle who voyaged to Ireland,
 Who gave the Blessed Sacrament into each one's mouth,
 Who used to make alive the dead and make holy the man
 accursed,
 And who quenched the Candle of the Rock by his rod.

Who gave Orders and Mass to priest and cleric,
 And the salvation of their souls in the Holy Sacrament;
 Seven hundred churches (11) did he put together,
 And one year and three score did he steer Ireland.

(6) "OLA 'GUR BAIRTEAD," G.

(7) G. adds a fifth line: "ΔΣ ΘΕΑΝΑΜ ΤΡΟΙΖΕ ΥΠΝΑΙΣΤΕ 'Ρ ΘΕΙΜΕ.".

(8) Pronounced Al-ya and Neesha. (9) recte, Curuidh (10).
 recte Roigh.

(11) Roilig means now a churchyard, but Raftery uses it
 apparently in the sense of church.

Όμεαμ ειλε έάνιγ 1 νοιαίξ αν ρζείλ ρεό,
 Λοέλανηαιξ, έυιη βυαιόμεαό α'ρ αήηζαη (1) αη έιμυηη,
 Τυηζέηηυη μαη έεαηηόρηντ οηηα αζ μεάβαό (2),
 Αν ρεαη βα ηεαφα ολίγε αζυη βέαηα.

Ηάη έαη αν ολίγε βίθεαό αζ αν βρείητε,
 Ζαέ ρεαη όγ νο έιυαφαό έυη ρέαόηα,
 Ηο ηαέαό έυη πόηα λε ηηαοι ηο έέηε,
 Ηιοη λειη α έύη αέτ λε Τυηζέηηυη.

Ηο ζυη ρζηίοβ Ηαοιηεαέλαινη ληηη ηηέαζαό
 Αζυη τεαόταηη έυη λεί λε ρζέαλαιβ,
 Ρύν ηα έύηη νο έέηε 'ρ νο ηέαηαό,
 'S ζυη β'έ ρηίοέηυζαό ηα έύηη ζυη εαίηεαό Τυηζέηηυη.

Ηυαηη εαίηεαό αν εεαηηόρηντ 'ρ οά'η'έαζ βί αηαοη λειη,
 Βι Λοέλανηαιξ 1 ράηη αζ Ηηλέηηυη,
 Ζαέ ουηηε 'ρ α ηυαίξ αη όηεαη Τυηζέηηυη,
 Ηο ζυη ηυαίζεαό α ηοειηεαό αμαό αη έιμυηη.

Αέτ βειηη α ο'φαν αζ ηυααό ρζέαλα (3)
 Έυηη αν ηοηηη 'ρ αν έύηζ 'ρ αν έλνιέε η-έηηεαέτ,
 Α'ρ λε ρέ βαιηε οέαζ (4) νο ηέηη μαη λείζτεαη,
 Αν οαηηα υαηη 'ρεαό έόζ ηυαο έηηη.

Αηηο-έιοη εηυαίό αζυη ρζηύηηαίό ζέαηα
 Όο λεαζαό αηηηηηη αηυαη αη έιμυηη,
 Βυαηηαίθε ηηη ζαέ τεαό λε ραιτέιοη ρζέαλα,
 Ηο ηύν ζαέ οιαη νο ούλ (5) 'ηα έέηε.

(1) "Αζ οέαηαη βηηιβ αη έιμυηη," αν Ηίοόέάηαό.
 (2) "Μαη έεαηη 'ρ μαη λέαοη," αν Ηίοόέάηαό.
 (3) sic, αν Ηίοόέάηαό; G. has "ο'φαν εηηυηη ηα ηοιαίξ αζ βαιη-
 ηυαό ρζέαηα." (4) "Sé βάηη οέαζ," S. (5) "Τηη ηα έέηε," S.

Another lot came after this story,
 Lochlannachs (Norsemen) who put trouble and misery on Erin ;
 Turgesius as captain over them, a-tearing,
 The man of worst laws and morals.

Was it not crooked the law this serpent used to have ?
 Every young man who would come to full age (6)
 Or would go to marry a woman or consort,
 It was not for him she was first, but for Turgesius.

Until Maoilsheachlainn wrote a false letter
 And a messenger was sent with it, with tidings,
 (And orders) to conceal and deny the secret of the case,
 But it was the end of the matter that Turgesius was lost by it.

When the captain was lost and the twelve that were along with
 him,

The Lochlannachs were in peril (?) from the Milesians ;
 Every man in the rout, after the people of Turgesius,
 Until the last of them was routed out of Ireland.

Except two who remained picking tidings,
 Who put the "butt" and the five and the game together (7),
 And with sixteen barks, as is read,
 For the second time they took Ireland.

A hard over-rent and sharp scourges
 Were then laid down upon Erin,
 A foreign-soldier in every house for fear of tidings (being told)
 Or the secret-thought of every two coming together.

(6) Or "to strength-of-deeds."

(7) i.e. who having been only five "to the butt," yet worked from that up to twenty-five in the next deal, and so won the game.

Duálgur eile 1 zceann an méirí rín,
 Unnra ve'n ór beic dhí zác dén tíz,
 'S an fear naó n-íocraó é 1 zceann zác féile
 Bí an tghíon le bainc vé ó élarí (1) a éadain.

No gurí glac dhían dhóimíe tmuíge o'Éimínn
 Beic d'z Loclannaiíz faoi cóimíirí a vaoríca (2),
 Zo nveadáió ré féin 'r O Concubairí (3) 1 n-éimíeac't,
 'S gurí cuireadair a zcongnaím 1 vceannca a céile.

Íreap an Ríogáca ruarí 1 n-éimíeac't,
 Tuzao focal na fairíe 1 mbéal zác dén neac,
 Luéc fairíe vo éac'tao d'gurí ríor vo féiveao (4),
 Oíóce féile San Seázain (5) ínr zác ceapoa o'Éimínn.

Zluairíeodair ó'n Múimáin vo réirí marí léízceap,
 O Ceapbailí 'r a rluáízce ó móin eile (6),
 Cínnéirí d'gurí Lorcánaiíz tréana,
 D'gurí Clann Conamara dhí an zCíreacaláíz glézeal.

O Súilíobáin aníar dhí íarícaí (7) Éireann,
 Moiránaiíz, Dhíógánaiíz, zadb'ca zleurtá,
 O Dónabáin na bhíao, O Meacáirí 'r O D'éarí,
 O Seacnáraíz ó'n nZorí, náir cóirí a r'éanaó.

O Múirí, O Doimn, a'r O Floimn le céile,
 Caéánaiíz, Coclánaiíz, d'gurí Clann Uí M'éilí (?8),
 Mac Cap'tan (9) ó'n r'liab, fearí ríal zan don Luéc,
 O Dhíain 'r O Murcúza oíra marí "léaveirí."

(1) "Zo clár," i.e. "ve élarí," an Míócéanáca.

(2) "Faoi cuire vaoríca," G. (3) "O Cíuáirí," an Míócéanáca.

(4) Aliter, "Luéc fairíe vo éac't d'gurí na ríor a téava!"

Another duty, in addition to all that,
 An ounce of gold to be (for a tribute) on every house,
 And the man who would not pay it at the end of every feast day
 The nose was to be cut off him from the middle of his face.

Until Brian Boróimhe took pity on Ireland
 At the Lochlannachs having it, for its ruination,
 Until he himself and O'Connor went together,
 And put their help along with one another.

The kingdom started up all together,
 Watchmen to strangle the (Danish), and to blow wisps (of fire)
 For watchmen to come, and to blow wisps (of fire)
 On the night of St. John's Eve in each corner of Ireland.

They travelled from Munster, as is read,
 O'Carroll and his hosts from Moin Eile,
 The Kennedys and the powerful Lorcons,
 And the clans of the Macnamaras out of bright Cratloe.

O'Sullivan (came) eastward out of the West of Ireland,
 Morans and Brogans armed and dressed,
 O'Donovan of the deer, O'Meagher and O'Beare,
 O'Shaughnessy from Gort, whom it were not right to refuse (to
 mention).

O'Moore, O'Dunne, and O'Flynn together,
 O'Cahans, Coghans, and Clan O'Malley (?),
 MacCarthan from the mountain, the generous man without a
 fault,
 O'Brian and O'Murphy over them as leaders.

(5) "1012411 Seága11," an míoúcéanaé. (6) "Dún Fíle," S.; "Dun Éile," G. (7) "102241," an míoúcéanaé. (8) "Clannúe Múileaga11," an míoúcéanaé; "Clann u; Meolora," G.; "clann a11ur Meolora," G. (9) "Mac Áb11a," an míoúcéanaé

Ο Ρεαρζαίλλ, Ο Ρυαίη, Ο Σεαλλαιζ, νά ρέανται,
 Ραζαλλαιζ, Ούοαιζ, δ' ἤ ρλαϊτθεαριταιζ τρευνα,
 Ο Concubair (1) δῖ Σλιγεαδ, αν ριοι-ρuil ζαεθεαλαδ,
 Δ' ἤ Clann Donncaó aníor ó bun na Céire.

Μαρι βι Οοάριταιζ, Βειρηιζ, Βηραονάηαιζ, δ' ἤ Céitinz,
 Μαζυιόη, ἤ Mac Ματζαμáιν εός Láim le h-Éirinn,
 Ο Néill ἤ Ο Δóinnaiill ó βηυαδ na h-Éirne,
 Ζαδ ρεαρι ααα τεαδτ ι η-αιηη ἤ ι η-έαυαδ.

Μαρι βειτ ριονναδ ριοιη ζαύαη δη εύηηα ρέιηβε
 Βι Loclannaiζ ι ράιν αζ Clainn Mileriuρ (3),
 Βι Loclannaiζ ι ράιν μαρι βειτ αοοηηγε λέατα (2),
 Δη μαιοιη ηο μοδ, Δοιηε αν Céarτα.

[Δη μαιοιη ηο μοδ, Δοιηε αν Céarτα],
 Ιοηη Δέα na ζCliaδ αζυρ Cuan Binn Éadain (4),
 Βι να míle véαζ, βειη Οοδτύη Céitinz,
 De Loclannaiζ λεαζτα ι ζοοιηη α εέιηε.

Αη ρεαη υο βι ανη ἤ ηάη εηιη ραν ρλέαδα,
 Connaíηε ρέ δη υε δάηη αν λαέ ρηη,
 Δετ Βηιαν ἤ α élanη, βα μίοη é α η-έαζμαη,
 'S ζυη ι ηβηηηεαδ Cluain Tairb υο ααιηεαδ na τρηηηηη.

Σέαυ βηιαύαν ειηε ι ηοιαιζ αν ρζέιη ρεθ
 Ζο υαυζ μαα Ρηζ Λαιγεαν, ηυηαη αηηηεαδ βηέαζ αιη,
 Αη βεαν ó η Ρυαηηεαδ (6), υ' ράζ βυαιόηηεαδ δη ζαεθ-
 εαλαιβ,
 Αζυρ εαηηηαιηηζ Σααηηαιηζ ó τύρ δη Éirinn.

(1) "Ο Οηυέιηη," αν Μιούδάναδ. (2) "Νάη ρευν na ζαεθίη," G.

(3) "αζ Mileriaηη," MS.

(4) "Βειη na να ηε Binn Éadain ηο ηηηι ι η-άιη Binn Éadain.

O'Farrell, O'Rorke, O'Kelly, let it not be denied,
 Reillys, Dowds, and mighty Flahertys,
 O'Conor from Sligo of the true Gaelic blood,
 And Clan Donogh down from the foot of Kesh.

As were Dogherties, Beirnes, Brennans, and Keatings,
 Maguire, and MacMahon who raised a hand (to save) Ireland,
 O'Neill and O'Donnell from the brink of the Erne,
 Each man of them coming in arms and armour.

As it were a fox before a hound, on a mountain course,
 The Lochlannachs were at bay at the hands of the children of
 Milesius ;

The Lochlannachs were at bay, like rotten sheep,
 In the morning early, on the Friday of the Crucifixion.

(In the morning early on the Friday of the Crucifixion)
 Between the Ford of Hurdles and the Harbour of Ben Edair,
 There were twelve thousand, says Dr. Keating,
 Of Norsemen struck-down over against each other.

The man who was there and who did not fall in the slaughter
 Beheld carnage as the result of that day,
 But Brian and his children, great was their loss,
 For in the Battle of Clontarf the strong men were lost.

It was another hundred years after this story
 Until the King of Leinster took, unless lies were put out about
 him,

His wife from O'Rorke, which left trouble on the Gaels,
 And drew Englishmen for the first time to Ireland.

(5) Tá leat-mann eile ann go as an míobéanac nac ceugaim fuar:

"As fear vo bi ann 'r náir fan le rígealaib,
 is i mb'Uachtair tuic tubairce an laé rin" (aliter ar).

(6) Sic G. ; "go nbeirnaib n l cocal ve'n ruarica," M

1 γεαηνν Κιζ Σαοφαν έάνιγ Τιζεαηηνα Εηρη (21),
 Έυγ πέ τό α focal αζυρ μιονηατό τηευνα
 Σο οτιυβηατό πέ ρυαρ α έεαιτ πέην οο Εημνη,
 άέτ ράραό έαθαητ οο 1 η-ιουαο (2) αν ρζείλ ρην.

Τεαέταηεαέτ (3) ο'ιμείζ, α'ρ αόαηε αζ πέηοεαό,
 Συη ευηεαό le céile μόηιάν έέαοτα,
 Τιζεαηηνα Στηουζbow οηηα μαη λέαοαη.
 Συη έόζαοαη Κύηζε λαηζεαη οε'η ηείμ ρην.

.

Τηι έέαο αηηηηη, αζυρ ευηι λειρ έηηε (4),
 Νο ζο ηυζαό 1 Σαοφανα αν ημιοηηα εεπηα, -
 [αζυρ] Μάηηαηη λύηεαη οο έιονηταιζ ηα έέαοτα,
 Όο ηευν αν Ράρα 'ρ αν Σαοηαιμέαο ηαέηηα.

Έ'φαο α'ρ έι πέ 1 ζοονεητ β'ολε ιαο α βέαηα,
 αζ ρζηιόβ α'ρ αζ εαηηαιηηζ λεαβηα ηηείηε,
 αζ ροζλαό τοηαίό 'ρ αζ λεαζαό "ηλανταηιοη,"
 αζ ηεάβαό ζεαταίό βαλλαίό 'ρ " ρουηοαηιοη."

1η ιοηόα κόηηηαό ρηυηεαέ (2) ηηεαζαέ (5),
 Ταηηαιηηζ[εαό] αηαέ αη αν ηηιοβλα ζεαθεαλαέ (6),
 ζαέ ουηε αη α έεαηη αζ ριοαό λείζηη αη,
 αζ οεαηηβυζαό αν έεηητ 1 μυλλαέ αν έίηιζ.

(1) Sic M.; "βηεηηιό," G. (2) "1 λεαβαίό," G.

(3) Sic G.; "express," S.

(4) Sic G.; "τηι έέαοαέ βηιαόαη α ηηαιηζ αν ρζείλ ρο," M.

(5) ηί'λ αν εεαέηηαηηα ρο αζ αν Μιόόέαηαέ.

(6) "αη λάηη αν ηιοβλα ζ," G.

To the King of England came the Lord of Eisin (?),
 He gave him his word and strong oaths
 That he would give up his own right to Ireland,
 Only to give him satisfaction for that wrong (1).

A message went forth and a horn a-blowing,
 Until many hundreds were got together,
 Lord Strongbow over them for leader,
 Until they took the province of Leinster in that course.

: * . . . * * *

Three hundred years then, put more (2) with it,
 Until the cursed (3) prince was born in England,
 And Martin Luther, who caused hundreds to transgress (4),
 Who denied the Pope and the Holy Sacrament.

So long as he was in a convent, evil were his morals,
 Writing and drawing lying books,
 Trespassing on orchards (5) and overthrowing plantations,
 Tearing up gates, walls, and foundations.

Many is the hump-backed lying discourse
 That was drawn out of the Irish Bible,
 Every man out of his own head, picking learning out of it,
 Asserting the right on the top of perjury.

(1) Literally: "Story."

(2) Literally: "Put eric with it," a curious use of the word "eric." (3) Literally: "Tortured."

(4) This seems to be the meaning. It may be "who transgressed (in) hundreds (of things).

(5) Or "spoiling fruit."

Μαρ βί Αναδάρτις, Seeker, Δγυρ Quaker,
 Πρωταρτίμ, Swarler (1), Δγυρ Πρεβιτέριαν,
 In ran am rin ní μαιβ τιάττ αρ Cromptwellian,
 No go utáimz Cromptal, an fearí tós Éire.

míle 'r cúiz céad vo réim mar léiztear,
 Naol Δγυρ Δ h-ócτ vo cúr i zceann an méio rin,
 Ó cúrling Críort i zcoláinn ódonna,
 No zup tóraigí Hanneoi an Reformacion.

Éuz (2) Δ cúl vo Óia Δ' r óiúltaiz Δ céad-bean,
 Δγυρ pór ré Δ ingean réin marí mnaoi 'r marí céile,
 Lúitear Δ' r Calbin vo b'áim vo'n péipe
 Vo rzaoiléad an beirt an poc le céile (3).

Óain ré an ceann oi le lanndib zéarí,
 Δ' r ní oi-re amáim áct ve zúillead léi,
 Nái éam an olige vo bí Δz an té rin,
 Vo cúir Δ bean 'r Δ ingean cum báir i n-éinfeáct.

Δn Óainríozáin Máire, cuing (4) na nZaeóeal,
 Δn máizzean móóamáil, máiread, beapác,
 Réab rí tuim, cpoimn, Δγυρ zéaz,
 'S muna mbeit i caullead éarimócad rí rreámáct.

Eiribél éáimz i zcpióin 'na tóiz rin,
 Nái pór fearí Δγυρ nái épouiz zan céile (5),
 Cúir Δ cúl 'r Δ vpuim le cuing na cléipe,
 No zup cúir rí an μuáiz ar an eazlarí zaeóealáiz.

(1) "Smarvearíléaríde," M. (2) "Éuz ré," MSS. (3) Sic G.;
 "Δ rzaoil an beirt i bpaire Δ céile," M. (4) Sic G.; "cu," M.

Such were Anabaptists Seekers, and Quakers,
 Protestants, Swadlers, and Presbyterians ;
 At that time there was no mention of Cromwellians,
 Until Cromwell came, the man who took Ireland.

One thousand and five hundred, as is read,
 Nine and eight to be added to all that,
 Since Christ came down in a human body
 Until Henry began the Reformation.

Who gave his back to God and denied his first wife,
 And married his own daughter as wife and consort ;
 Luther and Calvin were the names of the pair,
 The couple of them used to let loose together the buck-goat.

He took the head off her with sharp blades,
 And not off her alone, but more along with her ;
 Was it not crooked the law that this man had,
 Who put his wife and daughter to death together !

Queen Mary, the yoke (6) of the Gaels,
 The mannerly, handsome, moral maiden,
 She tore up bushes, trees, and branches,
 And if she had not died (7) she would have pulled up the roots.

Elizabeth, who came to the Crown after that,
 Was one who never married a man, and yet never fasted from a
 consort ;
 She turned her back and her rear to the yoke of the clergy,
 Until she put to rout the Gaelic Church.

(5) Sic G. ; "an bean nár fóir fear 'r nár cuir ruar do céile,"
 M. ; cuir ruar do ruar" is an idiom meaning "to renounce or give up a
 thing. (6) Aliter, "the hound." (7) Literally : "Was lost."

Σέμαρ το είνις ι ζερόν 'να θέις ριν,
 αν ρεαρ βα μέρα ολιζε αζυρ βέρα,
 'Ο ολιζε Στρωρορ τοζ ρέ ζέιλεαό (1)
 Αζ λεαζαν ρλαβρα αρ μόνι 'ρ αρ ρλέιβτιβ (2).

Σ νιορ μέρα αν τ-αέρι-νά αν μαρ Σέριλυρ,
 Αζ λεαζαν ρζύρραιθε ζο ρυαυό αρ έριμν,
 Αέτ νυαιρ β'αίλ le ouine 'ρ le 'Οια αν ρζέαλα (3),
 Καίλ ρέ α έεανν le cionáin Spéirioc (4).

Μαζυριρ 'ρ Μαε Μαεζαμάιν εόζ Λάιη le h-έριμν,
 ι Λονούη το βαμεαό αν έεανν οε'η ρέιηε,
 Εόζαν Ρυαό το είνις ι νοιαίς αν ρζέιλ ρεό,
 Μαρχαέ ρεραμάιλ, βαρραμάιλ, βέραε.

Λύεμαρ, ελεραε, ρύζαε, εαρζα,
 'Ο βαιη λέιη λεαε-εαοιβε αρ Σιουγουέιλιανρ,
 Ο Όροίεαο (5) ηα Σιύιηε ζο Ούν ρέιλε (6),
 Ο Καρπολλ Μύμαν ζο κυαν θινν έαοαη (7).

Ο Έιλλ-οαλα (8) ζο βρυαέ Λοέ Ζιέηηε,
 'S αν οά έύηε Μύμαν το έυη le céile (9),
 Αέτ ζυρ le bean Λορτο Ζολοεν (10) το καίλεαό αν
 ρέαριλα

ι ζκοποαέ έιαρραιθε ι η-ιαρταρ έιηεανν.

(1) "νιορ τοζ ρέ ζέιλεαό αέτ λεαζαν," ετο ραν MS., αέτ ηί κορ-
 μύιλ ζυρ εεαρ ριν. Μιηε ο'αέριις έ.

(2) Sic G.; "αζ λεαζαν ρζυρραιζε ρυαυό ανυαρ αρ έιηε," M.

(3) "αέτ νυαιρ βιού οέαν le 'Οια 'ρ le οαοιμύ αν ρζέαλα," M.;
 ιη νεαμ-ζηάταε "αν ρζέαλα" ι η-αίτ "ηα ρζέαλα" ηο "αν ρζέαλ."

(4) ραει c. ρρ., G

(5) "Ο Καρραίς," G. (6) "Ούνααλαη," M.

James it was who came to the Crown after that,
 The man of worst law and morals ;
 To the law of Strafford he made submission,
 Laying a chain (11) on bog and mountains.

And no worse was the father than the son Charles,
 Laying scourges severely on Ireland ;
 But when man and God desired the news,
 He lost his head through the Five of Spades.

Maguire and MacMahon raised a hand for Ireland,
 In London the heads were taken off the pair ;
 Owen Roe it was who came after this,
 A manly, stately, courteous horseman.

Active, wily, jovial, rapid,
 Who knocked a side-leap out of the Cromwellians,
 From the Bridge of Siuir to Dun Eily,
 From Cashel of Munster to the harbour of Binedar.

From Killaloe to the brink of Loch Greine
 And the two provinces of Munster put together ;
 But through the wife of Lord Golden (12) the pearl was lost
 In the County of Kerry in the West of Ireland.

(7) "Ó cluam-méala go baile Séamair," G.

(8) "Ó Ún Dóinnail," M.

(9) "Δι' ηνδ[=ηνοιξ] δι' ημέριμ λειρ," M.

(10) "Τιξεταιρα ζοιρον," G.

(11) i.e., measuring it for plantation purposes.

(12) Aliter, "Gorden." Gordon is often pronounced "Gore-den" in Connacht.

'Sé bár Cógain Ruaid ó'fás buaidíreáó arí Śaeóealaib,
 Oíro ašur díriúonn ašur Easlaír feuntaé,
 Maí beít líeáíróio arí béal fuaoaio (?) óá caířaíre aš
 céaócaib,
 Bí Cíomailí 'r a íuaaířte ran íuaaíř oíra ar Éííínn (1).

Ba buaidíreáó an tríáé ínn, í mbeal an íóřímaí,
 í -Cáé-óíuim Óia líuaí ve bári an Óóínnaiř,
 Ír íomóá íaac Śaeóí a ó'fás íé bíón arí,
 Śan tríáéé arí arí caílleáó í mÓíreáó ná Óóínné (2).

Áéé Séamaí a' éaca, maílaéé Óé óó,
 Śus a íngean oo 'líam maí ínnáoi 'r maí céíle,
 'Sé ínn an Śaeóealaé Śalla 'r an Śalla Śaeó-
 ealaé,
 Nuáí éuír íé an éíuíéneáéé 'r an éóína tríe ná céíle.

Tríe ímóínn-na-ígalloa 'reáó éíuall líuét Óeáíla (3),
 'S aš Śeata-na-řceann (4) 'reáó ínnéáó a íleuáéar,
 aš Rucaíell Óarí (5) 'reáó óíolaó ná Śaeóealaíř
 arí íříllín (6) a'í íuáéé ámaé an íéíre.

aš Cíllín Ó Śuaíuř (7) bí ná Śalla (8) arí íéaríta,
 No řo óáíuř an Śaíírealaé, cíuíóe ná íéíle,
 léíř íé léíř an tíónnainn (9) a řcuío aríu a'í éáóaiř,
 'S řuír éóř íé líuínneáé an ímaíóínn céáóna.

(1) ní'í an ceáéímaíá ío aš an íuíóéánaé.

(2) "Śan tríáéé arí bíé arí Óíuíreáó ná Óóínné," M.

(3) "Éíuall a íéaóíraéé (?)," M.

(4) "Śceapa," M.

(5) "An Rucaíellaé íallíra oo óíol," G.

It was the death of Owen Roe left trouble on the Gaels,
 Orders and Mass and Church (all) denying,
 As it were a ball in the mouth of the onward rush (?) struck-
 mercilessly by hundreds
 Was Cromwell and his hosts in the rout on them out of Ireland.

That time there was trouble, in the mouth of the harvest,
 In Aughrim on Monday, the result of the Sunday;
 Many is the son of a Gael it left grief on,
 Without talking of all who were lost at the defeat of the Boyne.

But James of the dirt, the curse of God upon him,
 Who gave his daughter to William for wife and consort,
 Who made the Irish English and the English Irish,
 For he put the wheat and the barley through each other.

Through Moin-na-ngallda it was the English-speaking people
 marched,
 And at the Gate-of-the-Heads the slaughter was made;
 At Ruterell Pass it was the Gaels were sold
 For a shilling and sixpence, (paid) out, the pair.

At Killin-O-Guaree the Galls were at a feast,
 Until Sarsfield came, the heart of generosity;
 He let (be swept) down with the Shannon their arms and
 armour,
 And he raised (the siege of) Limerick the same day.

(6) "Ar rḡillín an t-riú mair fuair mé rḡeata," G.

(7) Sic G.; "as rḡilín mágoire," M.

(8) Sic G.; "na rḡeóit," M.

(9) Sic G. áct rḡriobann ré "leir an t-unéainn." "S gur rḡeóit ré le fán," M.

Do not ye be in future without courage, without effectiveness,
 God is stronger than Cromwellians ;
 And sure St. John says in the Revelation
 That in the twenty-ninth year the Irish shall score.

I beseech of Mary with the sharpest beseechings (?)
 May the diamond turn on top of the spade.

—There is how Raftery put down about Ireland :
 Himself and the Bush, both joined together.

Here is a famous song that Raftery made on a pretty girl,
 on Mary Staunton, who lived, as I have heard, upon the quay in
 Galway. This song had always a great reputation. It is im-
 possible to say now at what time it was composed :—

MARY STAUNTON.

There's a lovely POSY lives by the ROADWAY,
 Deirdre was NOWHERE beside my joy,
 Nor Helen who BOASTED of conquests TROJAN,
 For whom was ROASTED the town of Troy.
 Her cheeks like ROSES through lilies GROWING,
 Her mouth MELODIOUS with songs of glee ;
 Such mien and MOTION were never NOTICED
 Since died our POSY was in Ballylee.

(3) "An cúigeacó bí. f. go bfuigeacó mairé réilleacó," G.

(4) "imipt," G. (5) "Órappa a céite," M.

'Dá b'p'eir'eá an r'p'eir'bean a' r' í g'ab'ca z'leurt'a,
 Lá b'p'eá'z' z'p'eime ran t'p'p'á'io, 'r'í r'íú'bdal,
 Solur l'ar't'a a' r' a b'p'oll'ac' z'gl'égeal
 'Do t'íú'bd'io' l'éir'p'gear' 'vo f'ear' z'an r'íú'l.
 T'á z'p'í'á'ó na z'ceus't'a i z'cl'á'p'i a h-é'ad'oin,
 'I' r' z'eall a r'euc'á'io'nt'(1) le p'eult a' l'ua'io,
 'S 'o'á m'beir'e'ad'ó r'í i n-é'ir'p'ead'c't le l'inn na no'éc'ie
 Ní r'uar' 'vo 'D'énur' 'vo b'é'ar'p'á'io'be an t-íú'bdall.

T'á a r'oit' a'z' ca'p'á'ó l'éi r'í'of' z'o z'l'ín'á'ib,
 'A'z' r'ille'ad'ó 'r' a'z' l'ú'bd'á'ó z'o v'e'al a b'p'í'ó'z',
 N'a no'ua'l't'á'ib r'z'ar'p'á'ca, 'r'é c'ó'm' z'lar' le 'o'p'í'ú'c't'a,
 'S na t'p'p'oil'p'í'ú'be a' r'z'ua'bd'á'ó (2) na 'o'ia'z' ran p'í'ó'o.
 A' r' r'í'ú'o i an c'ú'ir'p'í'oinn 'i' r' z'ile m'ú'inte
 'D'á' r'í' f'or'z'ail r'íú'l a'z'ur' 'o'á m'á'p'ieann be'ó,
 'S 'o'á m'bu'ó l'iom-r'a 'o'í'ú'c't'e an t'ig'ear'na l'ú'can
 'D'ar' b'p'í'z' mo c'ú'ir'p'e bu'ó l'iom-r'a an t're'ó'io.

T'á a cum caol cailce 'r' a z'p'p'á'ó m'ar' na p'í'ó'ra'ib
 'S a 'o'á c'í'c' c'ó'm'-c'p'uir'inn o'f' c'ó'm'á'p'i a c'p'í'ú'be,
 A b'p'á'z'á'io a l'e'ad'ca 'r' a c'ú'ir'lin ó'm'p'ia, [r'í.
 A' r' m'ar' 'o'p'í'ú'c't' an f'ó'z'p'á'p'i 'r'ead'ó b'p'ead'c'n'uir'geann
 'D'p'z'il, C'ice'p'io, no c'ó'm'á'c't' h'ó'm'ep'i
 Ní t'íú'bd'í'á'ó i z'c'ó'm'á'p'iear' (3) a r'z'é'ím' 'r' a z'na'oi,
 'T'uit' mé i b'p'ead'ca'ó l'e'ad'c' a b'l'á'c't' na h-ó'iz'g'e
 'S m'una 'o'z'iz' t'ú' a'z' ó'l' l'iom ní m'á'p'ie'ad'ó m'í.

(1) "A 'o'á r'íú'l m'ar' n. a, l.," C. (2) "na b'p'p'eir'p'ead'ain l'ú'bd'á'c'," C.

If you were to see the sky-woman and she prepared and dressed
 Of a fine sunny day in the street, and she walking,
 And a light kindled out of her shining bosom
 That would give sight to the man without an eye.
 There is the love of hundreds in the forehead of her face,
 Her appearance is as it were the Star of Monday,
 And if she had been in being in the time of the gods
 It is not to Venus the apple would have been delivered up.

Her hair is twining with her, down to her knees,
 Twisting and curling to the mouth of her shoe,
 In scattered strands, as shining (4) as the dew,
 And the twists-of-hair sweeping after her up the road.
 And there is the coolun brightest and most mannerly
 Of all who ever opened eye, or live in life ;
 And if I were to have the estate of Lord Lucan,
 By the virtue of my conscience, the jewel would be mine.

Her waist is narrow, chalk-white, and her countenance like the
 roses,
 And her two breasts equal-round over against her heart ;
 Her neck and her cheeks and her amber back hair
 And it is like the harvest dew she appears.
 Virgil, Cicero, or the power of Homer
 Would not bring a comparison for her beauty and mien ;
 I have fallen into sin (desiring) you, O Blossom of Youth,
 And unless you come to drink with me I shall not live a month.

(3) "1 ξ comar," C. and G. I edit as above.

(4) "Glas" must apparently be translated thus.

Δὲ ριῦβαλ νο ἀὲ ὁαίηρα ὁά βρείρεά ἀν πλανῶα
 Ὅρ βέαιρᾶ τ' ἀνηρᾶτ (1) ὅο βλάτ να ζερᾶοβ,
 Ἄ ζρηαὸ τρε λαρᾶὸ 'ρ α εριοῦε ζαν ἀιηζαρ,
 'S ναὲ λάζαὲ ἀν μιο τεαντηζᾶὸ le n-α βρολλᾶὲ
 mīn.

Cómāceta Sampson no Alexandrei
 Δι νοοίξ, νι ρανητόόαινη 1 n-άιτ μο ιήαν,
 'S μυι βρᾶζαὸ ceao cainte le Māiηe Scanton
 Τά μέ 1 n-ἀήηιαρ ζυι ζεαιρι μο ρᾶοζᾶλ.

Ἐυζ ρί "μαρια" (2) ὅαμ ζο μοὲ le πλείρημ,
 Λεαζ ρί ρεατ (3) ἀζαμ ἀζυι νι 'ρᾶ ζελύρο,
 Ὅ'ὀλ ρί ὀεοὲ ορη, β'ι εριοῦε να ρέιλε ι,
 1η ραν ἀμ ἀρ ερηζ μέ le ουλ cum ριῦβαλ.
 Ὅο βυαίλ μέ 'λαβαρητ ἀ'ρ κόμηιόό λέι,
 1ρ μυιντε ὀ'φεᾶὲ ρί ορη, βλάτ να n-ύβαλλ,
 ἀὲτ ρο βανηαῖὸ βέιλ ὀαοιῖβ ζαν ροαλ βρείξε,
 Ζυι ρᾶζ μέ ἀν ἐραοβ ἀιαι (4) ὁ ἡᾶηηε βρηῖν.

Ὅο λαβαρη ἀν Ρεατέύηηε 1η ραν ἀβρηᾶν ρο ἀρ ἀν
 βρῶραε ζλέζεαλ βι 1 μῦαίλε-αι-λιαζ. Ὅο β'ι ρην ἀν
 ηηαιζοεαν ὅο β'άιηηε, ἀοειρ ριαὸ, ὅο μυζαὸ le ceao
 βλιαὸδαν 1 n-ιαρηᾶρ ερημνη. Νι'λ ἀοη τρεαν-ουηηε ἀι.
 ταοὸ ρην ὀε Ἐνοθαὲ να ζαίηηηηε ηᾶρ ἐυαλαῖὸ cainte ἀρ
 ἀν ρρῆμηβεαν ρο, ἀζυι ιαυ-ραη ὅο ἐοηηηηηε ι, νι
 ρέιοιρ λεὸ α ράιτ μοιτα ἐαβαρητ ὀ'ἀ ρζέηηη ἀζυι ὀ'ἀ

(1) "Anno," G.; "fancy," C.; aliter caiteaem. I edit as above.

(2) Sic A.; "moro," G.; it is the English "morrow."

(3) "scól," A.

Walking or dancing, if you were to see the plant (5),

You would give your affection to the blossom of the branches,
 Her countenance lit-up, and her heart without trouble,
 And were it not a lovely thing to be close to her smooth bosom?
 The power of Sampson or of Alexander
 Surely I would not envy in place of my desire ;
 And if I do not get leave to talk to Mary Staunton,
 I am in doubt that my life will be short.

She bade me good-morrow early with pleasure,
 She set a seat for me, and not in the corner,
 She drank a drink on me, she was the heart of generosity,
 At the time that I rose up to go on my journey.
 I began speaking and conversing with her,
 It is mannerly she looked at me, the apple blossom ;
 Here is my bail of mouth for you without a word of lie,
 That I have left the branch with her away from Mauria Brown.

Raftery speaks in this song of the Posy Bright who was in Ballylee. She was the handsomest maiden, they say, who was born for a hundred years in the West of Ireland. There is no old man on that side of the county Galway who has not heard talk of this sky-woman, and, as for those who saw her, they are not able to praise enough her beauty and her courteous manners.

(4) "ḡo stuḡ rí an réim léi." Neither S nor ḡ have these four lines.

(5) A not uncommon appellation in Iris for a young person.

bearaib laḡada. Do cóinnuig fí i n-áice le ḡort-innre-
 ḡuairie, aḡur tá fuigleac an tige in arí máirí fí le feic-
 rinnt ḡo fóill aḡ baile-u-liaḡ, baile beaḡ a bfuil leat-
 óuirín ve tigeib ann, ar bhuac aibne bige áirio-ḡlóraige
 i mbarúntacé Cilltaran. Do baimeó an éuir ír mó
 ve na clocaib ar binn aḡur caob-ballaib an tige le na
 ḡcuri i tigeib eile no le ballaib-cloice vo cóḡbáit,
 aḡur o'fár na rḡeacá aḡur na oirfeóḡa amearḡ an
 méio oíob vo fáḡo, aḡur tá ríao rin fén itte aḡ na
 ḡabhaib, i moct nac bfuil don fáir ionnta, aḡur rin an
 méao acá le feicrinnt ve'n áit ar máirí Máiríe Ní
 h-Eirín 'na bláé aḡur na rḡeím. Máirí léigimio i
 "n-Oíoe Cloinne Lir": "ír amlaio fuairamar an baile,
 fáir folam ar a ḡcionn, ḡan acé maol-ráca ḡlara aḡur
 voiréaoa neannta ann, ḡan tige, ḡan teme, ḡan treib."

"Ní fácaio mé maím don bean cóim brieḡ léi aḡur
 ní feicreao ḡo b'ráḡaio mé báir," aḡur fean-bean leir
 an mBaicitigeairna ḡreḡoiri. Doubaicit fean-ríḡeaoóirí
 vo éuirimig i ḡo maic, "buó é Máiríe Ní h-Eirín an ruo
 ba brieḡa oa'irí cumaó maím. Ní bioó comóircair báiríe
 in ran tír nac mbeic fí ann, aḡur éaoaig bána uirí i
 ḡcóinnuiré. O'iairí don feair véaḡ i le póraó i n-aon
 lá amáin, acé ní pórraó fí feair ar bíé aca. Bí oiréam
 o'feairíab óḡa 'na ruíve aḡ ol don oíoe amáin, aḡur
 ériomaoair aḡ caint ar Máiríe Ní h-Eirín, aḡur o'éal-
 aig feairí aca amac le vol ḡo baile-u-liaḡ le n-a feic-
 eál, acé nuairí éáimig fé ḡo Móin Cluana tuic fé in
 ran uirḡe aḡur báiteao é." Doubaicit fean-feair eile,
 "an feair ír láiríe bí aḡaimn buó é rin Seáḡan O . . .
 ruairí fé báir o'á báirí, aḡ vol treairna na h-abann in
 íon oíoe aḡ ruil le n-a feiceál." Doubaicit fean-bean

She lived near Gort Innse-Guaire, and the remains of the house in which she lived are to be yet seen in Ballylee, a little village of some half-dozen houses on the side of a noisy little river in the barony of Kiltartan. The most of the stones have been taken out of the gable and side walls of the house, to put into other houses or to build stone walls of, and whitethorns and briars have grown amongst those of them there were left, and even these have been eaten by the goats, so that there is no growth in them: and that is all that is to be seen of the place where Mary Hynes once lived in her blossom and beauty. As we read in the Fate of the children of Lir—"It is thus they found the home, full of wild-growth and empty before them, nothing but ruined green ramparts and groves of nettles, without house, without fire, without tribe."

"I never saw a woman as handsome as she, and I never shall till I die." said an old man to Lady Gregory. An old fiddler who remembered her well said—"Mary Hynes was the finest thing that was ever shaped. There usedn't to be a hurling match in the county that she wouldn't be at it, and a white dress on her always. Eleven men asked her in marriage in one single day, but she would not marry any one of them. There were a number of young men sitting up drinking one night, and they fell to talking about Mary Hynes, and a man of them stole away to go to Ballylee to see her, and when he came to the Bog of Cloon he fell into the water and was drowned." Another old man said—"The strongest man that we had, and that Shawn O'——, he got his death on the head of her, going across the river in the night hoping to see her." Another old woman said—"The sun nor the

εἰλε, “ ni fácairṑ an ḡruan ná an ḡealaḡ don ruu coim
 bhréḡ léi. Connairic miḡe i ḡo minic. B́i cniṑṑṑ
 cineálta aici. B́i mé, lá amáin, aḡ uul aḡairle tḡiṑ
 an bhráiric rin éall, aḡur miḡe tuirḡeac ḡo leóir, aḡur
 cia éiucaḡṑ amac éuḡam acṑ an bórae ḡléḡeal aḡur
 éuḡ rí ḡlaine leamnáḡta óam.” Dubairic feari ar
 Cinn-máira, “ ueiri h-uile duine nac bfuil don uime le
 feiceál anoir coim rḡiamac léi. B́i ḡruasḡ bhréḡ uirru
 arí óac an óir. B́i rí 'na cailin boct, acṑ vo bioṑ rí
 ḡléarṑa h-uile lá maḡi an Dóimnac, bí rí coim rḡarṑa
 rin, aḡur óá maḡáṑ rí ḡo báiric no ḡo cḡuinnuḡacṑ
 vo bioṑ na uaoime aḡ ruṑ i mullaḡ a céile le n-a ḡcuro
 rúl vo leaḡan uirru. B́i a lán i nḡruáṑ léi, acṑ fuairi
 rí báḡ aḡur i óḡ. Duime ar bíc a mbíonn aḡbrián uéanta
 airi, ní máiricṑ rḡ a bḡao. auerir ríao.” B́éiric, auub-
 airic fearn-bean le caḡairṑ uam-rḡ, ḡur b́iao na uaoime
 maḡte vo ruḡ leó i, óir auerir rí, “éáiric uaoime ar ḡac
 uile áiric le na feiceál aḡur b́éiric ḡo maib uaoime
 anḡ vo uéairicṑ ‘ baíl ó D́a uirru ’ vo maṑ.”

Fariaoḡ! vo éuḡ uime uaral móir vo bí in rḡan tíḡ
 rin ḡruáṑ ói. Tḡéiricṑ i aḡur fuairi rí báḡ i mboctan-ar
 tamall beaḡ rúl éáiric an uḡiṑ-rḡoḡal.

Vo rḡruíṑḡ miḡe an t-aḡbrián vo ruinne an Reacṑúiric
 ói, aḡ Cillcaḡitan, ó béal Cómair Uí h-Eiríṑn, ḡaeṑeil-
 téoiri bhréḡ cliric, aḡur feari-aḡbrián maḡt, acṑ rḡin
 ḡoalaḡ léi. Éuḡ mé an t-aḡbrián vo Noḡma Boḡcric
 aḡur éuir rḡe in a “ Ceól Síṑe ” é. Aḡ rṑ an t-aḡbrián
 maḡi vo bí rḡe aḡe:—

moon never saw anything as fine as she. I often saw her. She had a kind heart. I was once going home through that field over there, and me tired enough, and who should come out to see me but the Posy Glegal (Bright Posy), and she gave me a drink of new milk." A man from Kinvara said—"Everyone says that there's no one to be seen now as handsome as she was. There was fine hair on her of the colour of the gold; she was a poor girl, but she used always to be every day dressed the same as a Sunday, she was that neat, and if she went to a hurling match or a gathering the people used to be running on top of other to lay their eyes on her. There were a number in love with her, but she died and she young. Anybody who has a song made about them won't live long, they say." Perhaps, said an old woman to a friend of mine, it was the good people who took her with them, for, said she, "people came out of every quarter to see her, and perhaps there were some there who forgot to say 'God bless her.'"

Alas! a great gentleman who was in that county fell in love with her. She was left, and died in poverty a short time before the Famine.

I wrote down the song which Raftery made for her, at Kiltartan itself from the mouth of Tommy Hynes, a fine, clever Irish speaker and a good singer, and who is himself related to her. Here is the song as he had it:—

māire ni h-eirōin

no

an pósaé zlezeal.

Uul cúig an aifhionn nam le toil na nḡmarta,
 'Do bí an lá báirteac, aḡur o'árouis zaoct,
 Carac an ainnir liom le taoib Cilleartain
 Aḡur tuit mé láirteac i nḡmáó le mnaoi.
 Labair mé léi (1) zo múinte mánla
 'S do réiri a cáileacó 'r ead o'fíreḡair rí,
 'Séoubairt rí, "Rairteri tá m'innocinn rárta
 Aḡur zluair zo lá liom zo bair'-ui-liaḡ (2)."

Nuair fuair mé an cairtḡint^a níoir leis mé ar cáirte é,
 Rinne mé záire aḡur zéit mo éiríde,
 Ní maib le uul aḡainn acó triarna páirce
 'S ní euz mair (4) an lá linn acó zo tóin an tige.
 Leḡacó euzainn boiró a maib zloine a'f cáirta air,
 Aḡur cúilfionn fáinneac le m'air 'na ríde,
 'Séoubairt rí, "Rairteri, bí 'z ól 'r céad fáilte,
 Tá'n foileair láirir i mbair'-ui-liaḡ."

I'f doibinn aéireac ar éadib an t'leibe
 Aḡ b'ireacnuḡacó ríor ar bair'-ui-liaḡ,
 Aḡ ríúbal rna zleanncaib 'bairt enó aḡur r'méara.
 'S zeall ceileabair (5) éan ann le ceóltair ríde.
 Cia'n b'riḡ ran méad rín zo b'ráicéac léairḡur,
 Ar bíac na z'raib acá le n-a éadib,
 Ní'l maic o'á feunacó a'f ná ceil ar denne,
 'Si r'péiri na z'réine aḡur z'riáó mo éiríde (6).

(1) Aliter, "lean mé uire." (2) Labairteair an áit mar "bair-leoi."
 (3) i.e. cairtḡint. (4) mair = rínn.
 (5) Aliter, "a'f ceileabair, ḡc." Labairteair ceileabair mar "ceil-

MARY HYNES, or THE POSY BRIGHT.

Going to Mass of me, God was GRACIOUS,
 The day came RAINY and the wind did blow,
 And near Kiltartan I met a MAIDEN

Whose love enSLAVED me and left me low.
 I spoke to her gently, the courteous MAIDEN,
 And gently and GAILY she answered so:
 "Come, Raftery, with me, and let me TAKE YOU
 To Ballylee, where I have to go."

When I got the offer, I did not put off (its acceptance),
 I laughed, and my heart bounded;
 We had only to go across the field,
 And we only brought the day to the back of the house (7).
 There was laid for us a table on which was a glass and quart,
 And the ringletted coolun beside me sitting,
 'Twas what she said, "Raftery be drinking, and a hundred
 welcomes,
 The cellar (8) is strong in Ballylee."

It is lovely and airy on the side of the mountain
 Looking down upon Ballylee,
 Walking in the grass, picking nuts and blackberries,
 The warbling of birds there is all as one as fairy music.
 What is the good of all that, till you would get a sight
 Of the blossom of the branches who is by its side;
 There is no use in denying it, and conceal it from no one,
 She is the sky of the sun and the love of my heart.

τύμ." (6) Aliter, "σο ἠμέρό μό ἐμοίθε.

(7) i.e., daylight just lasted till they reached the house.

(8) Said to allude to a great deep pool in the river, near which the house was.

Σιύβαι με Σατρανα ἴ αν ἴραινε λε céite,
 αν Σραίν, αν ἱρέις, αςυρ αν μ'αιρ αιίρ,
 Ο ἑμιαδ Λοδ ἱρέινε ζο βέαι να Céibe (1),
 'S ní ἴααιό μέ πέιρín αν βιέ μαρ í.
 Θα μβέιιν-ρε πόρτα λε βλάτ να η-όιζε
 Τηέ Λοδ αν Τόριαι οο Λεαηραίνν í,
 Cuaντα α'ρ κόρταιό ζο ριύβαλραίνν α'ρ βόίτρε
 Α νοιαίς αν τρεόιυ-βεαν (2) τά í μβαίλε-υι-λιας.

'Sí Μαίηε Νι η-Ειόιν (3) αν ἴαίυ-βεαν βευραδ,
 Θα ὑείρε μέιν αςυρ β'αίλε ζηαι,
 Θα céαυ cléιηεαδ, ἴ α ζσυρ λε céite,
 Αςυρ τηαν α τηέίτρε ní πέαυραδ ἴζηιόυ.
 Ουαιλ ἴ Όέιηοιηε λε ηρεαζαδτ α'ρ Όένυρ,
 'S οά η-αβραίνν ηέλεν λε'ι ἴζηιοραδ αν Τηαι,
 αδτ ἴρ ἴζοτ βαν Είηυνν αν υδτ αν μέιυ ριη,
 αν Ρόραδέ ζλέγεαι τά í μβαίλ'-υι-λιας.

Α ηέαιταίν αν τρολυρ αςυρ α ἱηυαν αν ἴόζήαιρ,
 Α εúιλφιονν όμηα αςυρ α εúυο υε'η τραοζαί,
 αν ηγλυαιρρεά λιου-ρα ραι όόμαιρ αν Όόίηηαις,
 Νο ζο ηυέαηραμαοιυ όόμαιρλε cá μβέιυδ αν ρυιυδ.
 Ηιοι ηόρι λιου ceól υυιτ ζαδ αν οιόυ Όόίηηαις,
 Ρυιηηε αν βόηυ αςυρ οά η-όλρα ριον,
 Α'ρ α Ρις να ἱλόηε ζο υτηυηίς (4) αν βότδαι,
 ζο ηραζ μέ αν τ-εόλαρ ζο βαίλ'-υι-λιας.

(1) Aliter, "βέαι-άε-αοηεαίνν. (2) Sic, η η-άιτ "να ρεόυ-ήηά."

(3) "Mary Hynes," αουβαίηε τομάρ Ο η-Ειόιν, "όηρ," αν ἴεηεαν λιου, "ναδ υείηε ριη ζο ηόρι ηά 'Μαίηε Νι η-Ειόιν' α ἴαό," αςυρ

I travelled England and France together,
 Spain and Greece and back again,
 From the brink of Loch Greine to the Mouth of the Quay,
 And I never saw a faireen at all like her.
 If I were wed to the Blossom of Youth,
 Through Loch an Toraic I would follow her,
 Harbours and coasts I would walk, and roads,
 After the jewel-woman who is in Ballylee.

It is Mary Hynes is the courteous, stately woman,
 Of nicest mien and most lovely appearance ;
 Two hundred clerks, and to put them together,
 One-third of her accomplishments they could not write.
 She beat Deidre for fineness, and Venus,
 And if I were to mention Helen by whom Troy was destroyed,
 But she is the flower of Ireland on account of all that,
 The Posy Bright who is in Ballylee.

O Star of Light, O Sun of Harvest,
 O Amber Coolun, (my) share of the world,
 Would you proceed with me, against Sunday,
 Until we take counsel where shall our sitting be.
 I would not think it much for you, music every Sunday night,
 Punch upon the table, and, if you would drink it, wine,
 And, O King of Glory, may the road dry,
 Until I find the way to Ballylee.

h-uile óinne eile dá raib an t-ábán aca, buhavadar Mary Hynes, agus
 ir sóis gur ab é buhadar an Reachtúire féin, aet o' átraiis mipe é.

(4) i.e., go stairniis no go stairniis.

Τά βέαρρα εἰλε γαν ἀβράν γο ναέ μαῖβ ας Τομάρ
 Ο h-εἰὸν ἀέτ γυαῖρ μέ ο ἴεαρ εἰλε ἐ. Ὅειρ Τομάρ ναέ
 μβαινεάνν γέ λειρ ἀν ἀβράν αςγυρ ζο ὑτυζανν γέ
 ζῆμας οὐβ ὅο ἡμίηε ἡἰ h-εἰὸν, νυαῖρ βἰ ζῆμας ὀῖρ no
 ζῆμας ὀμῆα υἱῖρ. ἱρ γῖορ ὀό γῖν, ἀέτ βειμῖμ ἀν βέαρ-
 ρα ἀνν γο, ὀῖρ ἱρ μαῖε ἐ εἰβέ μῖννε ἐ :

Τὰ α φολε ας αραῶ λει ἀρ ὀαέ na γμέρῖα.
 Ἥνα γοἰλλῖε μαε-ζεαλ na οἰαιζ γαν ὀμῖετ,
 ἀν γολυρ λαρτα in α βῖολλεαέ ζλέζεαλ,
 α ὀ'ράς na εέαοτα γεαρ ἰ ηζαλαρ οὐβεαέ.
 α βῖαζῆαἰ ἱρ ζἰλε na γνεαέτα γέροτε,
 ἱρ λῦτέμῆαρ (1) εέαοτρομ α κορα ας γῖύβαλ,
 ἀ'ρ mo μῖζ ὀά μβέἰνν-γε μαρ ἱυἱλυρ αεραρ,
 Ὅο ὀέαηραἰνν γέροτεαέ le βλαέ na n-ύβαλλ.

ας γο ἀβράν ἀλυἰνν εἰλε ὅο γυαῖρ μέ γαν ἰάμ-
 γῆῖβἰνν in γαν ἀαοαἰῖ, ἀμεαργ ὀάντα ἀν ῤεαέτύηε.
 Ὅυβαῖηε ἀν γῆῖβἰνν ζυρ λειρ ἀν ῤεαέτύηε ἐ, αςγυρ
 ουβαῖηε μαε ἡἰ γῖνν ἡἰom ζυρ ἰννῖρ γεαν-ἴεαρ ὅε na
 h-Οἱγῖνῖζ ὀό ζο ζευαλαἰὸ γέ ἀν ῤεαέτύηε ὀ'ά ζαβἰλ.
 Τὰ na βέαρραἰὸ ἐοῖμ βἰνν γῖν ζυρ γἰαἰε μέ ζο μβυὸ
 ἐρμαζ ζαν α ζευῖρ γῖορ ἀηηγο εἰβέ μῖννε ἰαο :—

(1) λαβαῖηεαῖ ἀν φοαλ γο μαρ "λύραρ."

There is another verse in this song which Tommy Hynes had not got, but I heard it from another man. Tommy Hynes says it does not belong to this song, for it gives Mary Hynes black hair, whereas it was golden or amber hair was on her. That is true for him, but I give the verse here whoever made it, for it is a good one:—

Her hair is a-twisting with her, of the colour of blackberries,

In a moon-white brightness behind her in the dew,

The lamp lit in her bright breast,

Which has left the hundreds of men in sorrowful sickness.

Her bosom brighter than the blown snow,

Active and light her feet in walking ;

And if I were to be a king like Julius Caesar,

I would make a settlement with the blossom of the apple-trees.

Here is another pretty song which I got in the MS. in the Academy amongst Raftery's poems. The manuscript said that it was by Raftery, and Mr. Finn told me that an old man of the Hessians told him that he heard Raftery singing it. The verses are so melodious that I thought it a pity not to set them down here, whoever made them:—

πεισιὸ mistéal.

ὄαιτ λιὸν βεαν ὀ'ιμπεόεσὸ cleap 'r naé zclirpeasò ap
 Δ ζηρό,

Siubalpaò apceac le zpeann ap fepi 'r naé pearsaò
 λειρ ran tpiáto,

béilin oear ip millpe blaρ ná mil na mbeac paoi Cápz.
 Cúl tpon, tap, pionn, páinneac, zlap, pi pziçtò tá mé
 'páò,

ip míne Δ opeac ná clum mín zeal 'r ná cúbar na
 tuille ap tpiáiz

Cpoidè bpeáz zlap, oo páρ nári meac, map éipuzear
 ouleabari 'r blác.

zo oteió mé 1 bpeapc tá m'innctinn leac, Δ pziçtò Δ
 míle zpiáò,

mo leun 'r mo cepac zan tú 'r mé leac ap éuancaib
 Δ mepicá.

Δ ptoip mo cepoidè ná tpiéiz oo mían acé bpeacnuiz
 'rceac ran zcáp,

nuair éiucpar an tpiize béio ol ap fion 'r ní baogal
 oúinn éoióce báp.

Δ blác na zcpaob naé cpuaio an pzeal munab tú tá
 óam 1 noán,

ap uairle an tpaogail oá mbéinn mo miz ip leac oo
 épaicpinn lám.

PEGGY MITCHELL.

I like a maid who's not afraid, but loves so well a man,
 She goes with him, both out and in, and loves him all she can
 A mcuth fine, small, and sweet withal as honey in the spring,
 And heavy hair flung backward there, 'tis Peggy fair I sing.

Smoothen is her countenance than smooth white down and than
 the froth of the flood on the shore,

A fine green heart of growth that did not wither, (rising) as the
 foliage and blossoms rise ;

Until I go into the tomb my mind is with you, O Peggy, thousand
 loves,

My grief and my destruction that you are not, and I with you,
 on the harbours of America.

Treasure of my heart, do not forsake thy desire, but look into the
 case,

When the means shall come there shall be drinking of wine and
 no danger of death to us for ever ;

O blossom of the branches, is it not a hard story if it be not you
 are laid out by fate for me,

Over the nobility of the world, if I were King, it is with you I
 would shake hands,

Óá b'fáδáinn-ge caoi no áit le fuidé ní r'asófaínn
bliaóuin a' r' lá,

So r'griobáinn fíof le peánn veaf caol 'oo cúma a' r' oo
cáil.

Níofu muzaó muáin don beán fan típ oo béarfaó uait
an báiri,

O r'griofaó an Tíaoi maí g'eall ar mhóoi, a' r' ó cuí-
eao Déirfíre cum báir.

Tá lonniáó an óir i b'foite mo r'óiri 'ré a' r' f'ar so
fáinneac' fionn

So béal a b'róige cóm' glar le veóir 'ré f'igte of a
cionn (1),

A blác na n-úball íf b'péáéa r'nuao ná ouilleabair
báiri na g'craínn,

Fá'g méio Dia Luain so r'óiríeam cum f'úbal a' r' péac'
so b'fuid ré i n-am.

Tá b'péáéac' a' r' g'ile fuid a' r' cuí'le a' r' laíao' veaf óá
féir,

i mblác na rinne íf cuíinne gláire f'úil a' r' leagán
béil,

Ní b'péag ar bit an r'géal tá amuig, nac' feair mé tá
ar mo céill

Le bliaóuin inoiu g'ac' don lá fuidé 'r' mé a' r' f'nuáin-
eam ar blác na g'craíeb.

(1) "Of uáinn a cionn," MS., ní éuigim rin.

If I were to get a way or a place to sit I would not cease for a
day or a year

Until I should write down with a fine thin pen your shape and
your quality ;

There was never born any woman in this country who would take
the sway from you,

Since Troy was destroyed on account of a woman and since
Deirdre was put to death.

The gleam of gold is in the hair of my treasure, and it growing
ringletted and fair

To the mouth of her shoe, as bright (1) as a tear, and it woven
over her head ;

O blossom of the apples, finer in beauty than the foliage of the
tops of the trees,

Get ready on Monday until we go travel, and see that it is time.

There is splendour and brightness, blood and veins, and a pretty
glow accordingly

In the blossom of whiteness, of roundest and brightest eye, and
set of mouth ;

It is no lie at all the story that is about, that I am a man out of
my senses,

For a year to-day, each day of mirth, and I thinking of the
blossom of the branches.

(1) This must be the meaning of glar here.

Mo ghráid fá uó na mna go veó gíó u'fás ríao miye
 tinn
 Δε θεανάη ημίον φαοι λυαέ αν οίλ το υίοξβαίλ ε βειτ
 cpiunn,
 B'feayri liom póg ó pveigíó ar noóig 'ri beít i n-uaiy
 neay liom,
 Ná φαυóβεay (1) Séóiyre gíó buó móy δ leaé uá mbeít
 ré cpiunn.

To b'ait liom uóiytaó beít ay pómtey a'γ cannaio lán
 ve leann,
 Puiyyre ay bóyio a'γ gloyinne i gcoíy coím fáo (2) 'γ beít
 mo póca teann,
 Mo ghráid 'γ mo rtoíy beít oy mo cómáiy Δε caiyt 'γ Δε
 cómíadó liom,
 Iy léi u'ólfaíonn λυαέ na mbyóy uá mbeít mo cóca i
 ngeall.

Δε γο ανοιγ αν uán φαοα το yunne αν Reaétyípe
 nuay bí αν choleya Δε γyíoy na noaoye go tyúy i
 n-éiyinn. Iy é "Aiyúge Raytey," αν t-aynn aca ay
 go coiyóionn. Aét glayóoy-ye αν "Choleya Mo-
 by" ay αν gceáo leit ué ayay αν "Aiyúge" ay αν
 uayá leit, oíy ní i n-aon béayrayígeaét no i n-aon
 toíay aca ríao. Fayy mé cóy ve'n uán γo óm'
 áyayto Tomáy O Míoúéay ayay cóy eile το yunne
 Seáyan O Cuillionáy γan mbyaóay 1838, ayay fayy

(1) "Náy ríobal ay," MS., yuo náé uayíyim.

My love twice over are the women for ever, although they have
left me sick,

Making lament over the price of the drink for the loss of its
being gathered (?);

I would sooner have a kiss from Peggy, surely, and she to be
in solitude with me,

Then the wealth of King George, though great were the half of
it, if it were to gathered together.

I would like an outpouring to be on porter and cans full of ale,
Punch on table and glasses prepared, so long as my pocket should
be stiff (full);

My love and my treasure to be over against me, talking and
discoursing with me,

It is with her I would drink the price of my shoes, (even) if my
coat were in pledge.

Here now is a long poem that Raftery made when the cholera was destroying numbers of the people in Ireland. "Raftery's Repentance" is the name that is commonly on it. But I call the first half the "Cholera Morbus," and the second half the "Repentance," for it is not in one versification nor in one metre they are. I got a copy of this poem from my friend Thomas O'Meehan, and another copy that Shawn O'Callenan wrote in the

(2) Labairtear "cóm fáo" mar "c'ao."

mé cóipeanna eile ó úsaimb éasgraíla, agus cuir mé
 le céile iad com maic agus v'féas mé. Cuir mé an
 píopa ro i gclo i "m'Abriánab Óiada Cúige Connac't,"
 ac't ag ro dhír é:—

AN CHOLERA MORBUS.

A íopa Cúirt 'r a Ríg na ngráda,
 A (1) érucaig talam neam agus Páirtar;
 A úoirc Óo cúo rola i gcraon na páire,
 Sábdáil rinn ar an gCholera Morbus (2).

Ir íomda ragaic bean-maíalta 'r bhácaoi
 Ag dgaic Óe; na h-eaiboig 'r an pápa,
 ac't b'éioin go n-éirfiró an té ir táipe,
 Sílféad (4) a úeóma 'r a éioide beic cráioce

'Sé mo éuaim 'r ir oubdá liom triac't ar,
 Sur usir i réo tá ag íarriaró rárta,
 Surórimio ar rao ar múipe mácaoi,
 Tá feaig ar Óia 'r a rsiúira cairraingce.

(1) Tá an "a" ro i n-áit "uo." Labairítear "uo" mar "a" go
 ró-mion. (2) Aliter, "raon rinn ó oic no den b'ar cráioce.

(3) Aliter, "a' r eaibos cráifead." (4) Aliter, "feifead le mion.

Note.—Some of the verses in this poem are quite simple and
 unadorned. In most of the lines, however, two words occurring
 about the middle make vowel-rhyme, or full-rhyme, with one
 another, as

Swifter is DEATH than the BREATH of the dying
 Or steeds that RACE whose PACE seems flying.

In other verses one word or two words in the middle of the second
 line rhyme with one or two other words in the body of the first
 line, as

When SCATTERED shall LIE each LIMB now restless
 SHATTERED and DRY and GRIM and fleshless.

This, though the most usual tour de force in modern Irish poetry,

year 1838, and I got other copies from various people, and I have put them together here as well as I could. I printed this poem in my "Religious Songs of Connacht," but here it is again:—

THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

O Jesus Christ, high Heir of graces, (1)
 Prince of whate'er in boundless space is,
 Slain by men's hand that life might garb us,
 Save our land from Cholera Morbus.

Though priests of hope, with nun and friar
 And bishop and Pope pray prayers of fire,
 God hears the sigh of the meanest-spoken,
 Who pours his cry from a heart half-broken.

For sure I know it—a sad confession—
 That this is a moment needs intercession,
 We haste down-trod, to the Virgin, praying,
 Anger's on God, He is scourging, slaying.

occurs more sparingly than the other, though I have reproduced it oftener in my translation. In addition to this, Raftery uses another device, one which I have not attempted to imitate in my version, by making the first 28 lines end, each with the sound of the long "a," the next 32 lines with the sound of long "i" (ee), the next 12 with the sound of "e" (ae), and the next 20 with the sound of short "a." This is not an uncommon trick of the modern school of 18th century bards, but it is curious to find an unlettered man like Raftery using it.

(1) Literally: O Jesus Christ, and O King of the graces, Who did'st create earth, heaven, and paradise, Who did'st pour Thy share of blood on the tree of the passion, Save us from the Cholera Morbus.

Many is the priest, nun, and friar, addressing God, the bishops and the Pope (with them), but perhaps he will hear him

Δ λυττ αν ρεασαιτ ταιζιτ αν εαρ πο,
 Τεσσαιτ αν αιτηζε ατα με ρατ λιβ,
 Ουβαιριτ Χριστ ρειν ατα λην οε ζηδρα,
 "Αν τε ο'ιομοτ' λειρ ζο μβετ' ρε ταμητα."

Ιρ μαηρ Δ λειζρεατ Δ λειρ αι εαιρηε,
 Αρ υατ (5) ζο οτιυερατ αν ριοιτοίρ (6) ζηδανν,
 'S Δ λιαετα ζηυαζαε υαιβηεαε οάνα,
 Δ ευη ρε ραοι, οά εαοιλε[Δ] ενάμηα.

Ρευε αν τε βι ινεε λυαε λαιοιρ,
 Δ λειμρεατ ργονηρα ελοιθε 'ζυρ βεαρηα,
 Οι αι τριαετόνα αζ ριύβαλ να ρηάιρη,
 'S αζ ουλ ραοι 'η ζρεαεφοίρ λά'ρ να μήρηα

Ιρ μηρη αν Οάρ να αν τονν βαιότε,
 'S να εαε οά λυαίτε αι εύρηα αν ράρα,
 Δ η-αζαίτ να ρλυαζ οο βυαίρεατ ρε βάιρη,
 'S ηι τύρηε ανηρύο ε να ροήαοινη αι ζόρηα (7).

(5) Aliter, "le φαζταιρ (i.e. φατ ειο

(6) "σιοντοίρ," G.; and another copy.

(7) Οο ρηιοενηυεαε ζαε line ζο οτι ρεο λειρ αν λειρη Δ. Τορ-
 αιζεανν ανοιρ αν λειρη "ι" ηο "αο" τα κορηύιτ λε ι ην α ρυαηι
 ζConnaεταιβ.

who is meanest (of men), who would pour his tears, and his heart
 to be tortured.

It is my supposition, and it is grievous to me to speak of it,
 that this is an hour which is seeking for satisfaction, we will
 pray at large to Mary Mother, there is anger on God and his
 scourge is drawn. O people of sin, understand this case, make

Consider and quake, lest devils scorn you,
 Repentance make, as now I warn you,
 For Christ's words be—they are words to cherish—
 "Who turns to me shall never perish."

Alas for him who puts off repentance,
 Till the Seeker grim come with awful sentence,
 The seeker of all, the gaunt grim-greeting,
 For man must fall, and his vaunt is fleeting.

The man who topped the highest fences,
 Who was not stopped by the widest trenches,
 Who rode to-day without grief or trouble,
 To-morrow the clay upon him they shovel.

Swifter is Death than the breath of the dying,
 Or steeds who race, whose pace seems flying,
 Against millions he plays, and he flays them hollow,
 He is here, he is there, we despair to follow.

the repentance that I am bidding you, Christ himself has said, who is full of grace, "that he who would turn to Him would be saved." Alas for him who would put off his own good, for fear that the hateful seeker (death) may come, and all the proud bold champions he has put beneath him, for all (or despite) the thinness of his bones.

Look at him who was yesterday swift and strong, who would leap scunce, ditch and gap, who was in the evening walking the street, and going under the clay on the morrow. The Death is fleetier than the wave of drowning, or than any steed however fast, on the racecourse. He would play a goal against the multitude, and no sooner is he there than he is on guard before

Ἐὰν πέλυαινεᾶς φυαοῖαδὲ λειζτε ρζαοῖτε (1)
 Νι ρεαρῖ λειρ ἀν λά νά λάρι να η-οιόσε, [οἶρι,
 ἀν τριὰτ ραοῖλεαρ νεαδὲ νὰδ μβιθεανν ἀον βδοξάλ
 Σύο εἰ ἀν μβαλλ ἀρι λάρι (2) λε καοῖνεαδὲ.

Ἴρ μόρι σο εἰτε λειρ ἰ οτριὰτ να οἰλεανν,
 ζαν καοῖτε νο τριὰτταδ ἀρι ἀοιρῖρι μῖαοῖρε,
 ἀετ οἰά μῖαδὲο λε μῖαδὲ ζαδ [α] βρῶζταρ ρῖορ λειρ,
 Νι η-ε τὰ λάοιρι ἀετ ζιῶρᾶ Ἐρῖορτα.

Ἴρ ρλαοαῖδὲ ἀν βάρ ἀ ἐάριναρ (3) ρῖζτε,
 ρῖοιονηρᾶδὲ ἀρῖοα ἀῖρ τιζεαρῖναῖδὲ τῖρε,
 βειρι πέ ἀν μόρι λειρ, ἀν τ-όζ ῖρ ἀν κῖοῖναδ,
 ἀρι ραρτυζαδὲ ρζοῖζᾶ λειρ οῖρ κοῖῖαῖρι να νοαοῖνε.

Ἴρ οἰάνα ἀν οἰνε νά ἀν μακ-τῖρε,
 ἀ μῖαῖρβυῖζεαρ να η-οαῖν ἀρι ρῖύβαλ να η-οιόσε,
 ἀετ ρᾶτ μο βῖοῖν ἀζυρ μο ἐρῖαδὲ ραοξάλτα
 ἀν τ-αῖν βειτ ἐαρτ, ῖρ ζαν ἀν αἰτῖρῖζε οἰεαντα.

Ἴρ μαῖρῖζ ἀ μεαλλταρ τε κατῖαῖζτῖβ ἀν τρᾶοξάλ,
 ἀζυρ λαῖζεαδὲ ἀν λόῖν ἀ κῖοῖρτεαρ ρῖορ λειρ,
 ζαν βῖοῖζ ῖν ἀ λειρ οἰά μαῖρῖρεαδὲ πέ μῖλε
 ἀετ μαρ ρζοῖρῖρᾶδὲ πέ ἀρι κῖαῖρτ ῖρ ἀρι οῖρ ἀρῖρ(4).

(1) "Luaineac, fuaioeac, leizte, rzaioiteac," G.

(2) Aliter, "ar elar." (3) Aliter, "creacannr."

(4) Ἴρ ρολλυραδὲ ὁῖν λῖνε ρεο ζυρ λαβαῖρι ἀν ρεαδὲτῖρῖνε ἀν ροκαλ
 ρο "ἀρῖρ" μαρ "ἀρῖρτε," μαρ ἐλυῖντεαρῖ ζο μῖνῖκ εἰ ζκοῖναδὲταῖβ.

us. He is volatile, rushing, starting, loosed, he does not prefer to have the day rather than the night, when a person thinks there is no fear of him, there he is on the spot laid low with keening.

Great is the number who fell by him in the time of the Deluge, not to speak of or mention the period of Moses, but, however great to mention all who are left low by him, it is not he who is strong but the grace of Christ. The Death is a

He is rushing, racing, rapid, riving,
 Daily chasing, and hunting nightly,
 When man is boldest nor thinks of danger,
 He falls on his shoulders, the awful Stranger.

Though many he slew when the deluge opened,
 And many, too, in the days of Moses,
 Yet in spite of the throng he slays and freezes
 Not he who is strong, but the grace of Jesus.

A spoiler grim, he despoils the princes,
 Kings against him have no defences ;
 He takes through the gate, the young and the aged
 He takes the great, and he takes the naked.

The ravening wolf does not so ravin
 When he tears the lamb on his midnight travel ;
 But my grief, my cup of pain, my sentence !
 The time to be up—and without repentance.

Earth's joys deceive us—the Devil's purpose—
 Till Death shall leave us beneath its surface,
 Though we live for a thousand years in clover,
 It is passed as an hour, and all is over.

despoiler who heaps (together) kings, high princes, and country lords, he brings with him the great, the young and the old, gripping them by the throat before the people. The person (Death) is bolder than the son-of-the-country (i.e., wolf), who slays the lambs, travelling through the night, but the cause of my grief and my worldly torture (is) the time to be up, and no repentance made.

Alas for him who is deceived with the temptations of the world, considering how small the provision buried down with him, with no effect in his lease (of life) if he were to live for a thousand (years) than just as though he slipped over (to one) on a

Ὅα μβυό λεατ-γα ρτόρι δ'ἄ ὀρι να μίξεδάα,
 Μλορι [μλό] ἠόρι 'ἄ ζαό ραυόβμιαρ ραοζαλαα,
 Δ ποιαζ ὀο βάρι ὀά ἠέαο ὀο ἑρέαοτα (2),
 ἠι ρυιλ λε ράζαιλ αζαο αότ υαἰἠ ὀέαητα.

Ἐά νρεαόαιό ὀο ἑραυιλ, ὀο βαό, 'ἄ ὀο ἑαοιμζ?
 Ἐά νρεαόαιό αη τρεόυ ὀο βυόαό ἠ ὀ'φιαόηυι' ?
 Ὅο βεαη 'ἄ ὀο ἑλαηη ὀο βυόαό ἠ α ρυιόε λεατ?
 ἠο αη ελυἠάε ἠἠη ἄηο αηι α μβίτα ρητε?

Ἐά νρεαόαιό αη βόηο α η-όλέαυθε ρἠοη ὀέ?
 Ὅο ἑἠητ, ὀο ἑαό, 'ἄ ὀο ἠαλλαιό ἠηηε,
 Ὅο ἑόηηιό, ὀ'εαόηαιό, 'ἄ ὀο ἑυτα' ρἠοα,
 'S ὀο λυότ εαλαόηα ὀο ζηυόαό ραηη' ουιτ?

Ἐά νρεαόαιό ὀο βηόζα ρἠίοα, ὀαότα?
 ἠο αη ἠέαλτ ὀο βυόό αη ἑαοιβ ὀο ἠατα?
 Ὅο ἑυο ἑαυαζ ὀαοηα βι ὀέαητα ραη βραηηἠἠ?
 Ὅο ἑόηαιη ἠόηι δ'ἄ ὀο ἑυο λυότ ρηιαρταιλ?

ἠυαηι βέρυεαρ ὀο ἑηάηα τηε η-α ἑίηε,
 Ζαη ρυιλ ζαη ρέοιλ αη αζαίό να ζηἠηε,
 Ἐά νρεαόαιό λαραό ἠο ζηε ὀ'ευθαη?
 ἠο αη ἑἠ ζλαρ ζηυαζε βυότα ἠέρυόταε?

(2) "Ἐυό ζο μβυό ἠόηι ὀο ἑάητε," αότ ἠι ἑόηι-φυαη ρἠη; "ταη ἑἠ αη ρυβαλ αηαἠ ὀηε ἠι βρυιλ ὀο ὀά βάρι λε ράιλ αότ ρηε," G.

visit and back again. If yours were the store or the gold of the kingdom, the goods of the world and all earthly riches, after your death however great your flocks, a made grave is the only thing you have to get. Where have gone your horses, your cattle, your sheep, where is gone the jewel that used to be in your presence, your wife and your children, who used to be sitting with you, or the smooth high downy (couch) on which you used to be stretched.

Or had we the gold of the old-time witches,
 Or wealth untold, and a kingdom's riches,
 When Death from our gains to gloom has rolled us,
 There only remains a tomb to hold us.

What then of your folds, your sheep, your cattle,
 Your castles, your holds, your golden metal,
 Your children loved much, who play beside you,
 Your wife and your couch so gay and wide, too!

What then of your halls where guests are laughing,
 What then of your balls where wines are quaffing,
 Horses in throngs, and drink in cellars,
 Men of songs and story-tellers!

What then of your star, your cap, your feather,
 What then of your far-brought Spanish leather,
 Your beautiful clothes so bright and shining,
 And servants in rows to watch you dining!

When scattered shall lie each limb now restless,
 Shattered and dry, and grim, and fleshless,
 Where then the flush and blush and brightness,
 And where the hair in powdered whiteness?

Where has gone the table off which wines used to be drunk!
 your court, your horse, and your smooth halls, your couches,
 your steeds, and your silken suits, and your men of science who
 used to make amusement for you. Where have gone your shoes
 polished, curled, or the star that used to be on the side of your
 hat, your share of expensive clothes made in the fashion, your
 great feast, and your share of attendants? When your bones
 shall be through one another, without blood or flesh in the face
 of the sun, where is gone the flush and brightness of your
 countenance, or the grey back-locks of your hair you used to be
 arranging?

Your ears that moulder no sound shall quicken,
 Your limbs shall gather, your shoulder stiffen,
 The eye in your head, of sight the token,
 Its fire is dead, its light is broken.

Not proud abode, nor land, nor riches,
 Can teach the road to Heaven's blisses,
 Our souls we must care, as God has taught us,
 With fasting and prayer to Christ who bought us.

Betake you to these, with care and sighing,
 And bend your knees in prayer and crying,
 Remember your foe and death's black shadow
 Remember you go to the Dead Men's meadow.

To church and clergy make due submission,
 For their's in mercy is sin's remission,
 Fulfil each thing in the law of Peter,
 Then Death shall bring but existence sweeter.

Prayer should we seek, and for prayer go hunger,
 For a single week in this world is longer
 Than a thousand years where the Tree of Life is,
 Where in God's garden no fear nor strife is.

going to lie down of you, do not be dumb, bend your knees and
 bruise the ground, remember each thing which you let by you
 (neglected), and that you are journeying to the meadow of the
 dead. Submit to the clergy and bow to the church which has got
 power from God to forgive sins, fulfil the law which is in the
 Church of Peter, and there is no danger for you of death, but an
 exchange of life.

Alas for him who does not remember creed and prayer, for
 sure longer in this world is a month or a week than a thousand
 years at the Tree of Life, in the Garden of Paradise, or at the

The heaven of bliss, and of Christ's divinity
 God's kingdom is, with the Blessed Trinity.
 Alas for who sells it, Saints there are biding,
 Who made life fairer when here residing.

No sinful mind can imagine, even,
 The joys he shall find in his home in heaven.
 There music and story, and mirth, surround them,
 Waiting for glory with glory round them.

The estated sort who scoff at small things,
 They shall come short at the end of all things,
 In fetters, for want of a due repentance,
 The traitor's, adulterer's, drunkard's sentence.

The man who for shares of this earth is greedy,
 Who never cares for the dearth of the needy,
 Bad is the bed he is boldly making,
 —Gnashing of teeth, and cold and quaking.

Christ takes His place on the judgment mountain,
 To gather the race of men around Him,
 Writ shall each deed be upon your faces,
 That neighbours can read your worst disgraces.

The people who rise high, of estate and landed-property, they shall come short at the end of the case, without their repentance made, they shall be bruised amongst the people of treachery, of drunkenness, of adultery. The man who covets goods, and land, and who shows no pity for him who is empty, he shall be down, and his bed is not good, gnashing of teeth on him, cold and quaking. When Christ shall come on the side of the mountain, and shall gather to Him the human race, your deeds shall be written upon your face, and the man beside you able to read them.

'Tis a court of state that no lies can darken,
 To the speech of the great it will not hearken,
 Our crimes shall seize us, the judge shall try us,
 The One-Son Jesus, who suffered by us.

Then heaven shall open, and hell shall open
 (The sun and the moon in darkness groping),
 And the men of the world, since man's creation,
 Shall there be hurled from every nation.

And God shall open His book before us,
 The mirror of righteousness shining o'er us,
 Each scrap of goodness that day how precious!
 O brothers, let sin no more enmesh us!

Here is, I believe, the end of the first poem, or perhaps some
 of it is lost, for this is not a well-turned ending. I shall now
 give the other poem called "Raftery's Repentance":—

and all who were born since the first man was created, they shall
 be together in one another's presence. When God shall open the
 Book of Account, and the Mirror of Right (it is) who shall be
 bearing it, very great is the advantage the good which is done (on
 earth (?), refuse sin and listen to me.

(I can hardly believe that this last verse with its lame and
 impotent and unmusical conclusion can be correct, unless indeed
 it is meant as the prologue to the "repentance" which follows,
 and which Raftery after the words "listen to me" may have
 struck up, accompanying himself, as old people say he did, on this
 violin.)

ΔΙΤΡΙΞΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΑΚΤΙΥΡΕ

Δ Ρηξ τὰ ἀν νεῖν ἴρ ἀ ἐρυταῖς ἄδαιν,
 Ἵς ἀ εὐρηεαρ κάρ (1) ἰ βρεααὸ ἀν ὑβαιιλ,
 [O] ρρηεαυαῖμ ορη ἀνοιρ ἴρ ορ ἀρη,
 Ο ἴρ le το ἕρηρα τὰ μέ ἀξ ρύιλ (2),

Τὰ μέ ἰ n-αοιρ, ἀῖρ το ἐρηον μο βλάτ,
 ἴρ ιομὸα λά μέ ἀξ ουλ ἀμύξ',
 Το εὐιτ μέ ἰ βρεααὸ ἀνοιρ ναοι ορηάτ (3),
 Δέτ τὰ na ἕρηρα ἀρ λάιμ ἀν ἕαιν.

Ἰυαιρ βῖ μέ ὄξ β'ολε ἰαο μο ἐρήετε,
 Ουὸ μὸρ μο ρρέιρ ἰ ρεῖιρ ἴρ ἰ n-εαεῖρann,
 Β'φεαρη λιom ἕο μὸρ ἀξ ἰμρητ ἴρ ἀξ ὀλ
 ἀρ μαῖοιn Ὀοῖναιξ nά τηαιλλ ἐum ἀρηρunn.

Νιορ β'φεαρη λιom ρυῖοε ἴn ἀιce καῖλιν ὀιξ
 Nά le mηαοι πόρηα ἀξ céλιυεαέτ τamαιλλ,
 Το ἰηονηαιβ μόρη το βῖ μέ ταδαρηα
 ἀξυρ ορηύιρ no πόιτε νιορ leiξ μέ ἐρηm.

Βεααὸ ἀν ὑβαιιλ, μο ἐράτ ἴρ μο leun !
 ἴρ ἐ μῖλλ ἀν ραοζαl μαρ ἕαλλ ἀρ βειηc
 ἀῖρ ὀῖρ coiρ ἀν ρηαορ ἀτὰ μηρε ριορ,
 Μuna β'ρὸρηρητό ἴορα ἀρ m'αηαm βοέτ

(1) " nár euri kár," G. (2) Aliter, " τὰ μέ [ἀξ] ρυῖβαλ."

(3) Aliter, " ορ cionn naoi breaé," [breaξ] [breaá], nác vtauizim.
 μυανab é = " more than nine fathoms deep."

(1) Literally: O King who art in heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

O King of Heaven who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To thee I cry, oh turn thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me. (1)

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From his mercy's throne can pardon me.

the graces are in the hand of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

1r ορη, παρσοι! τὰ να κοιρεσά μόρια,
 Δέτ ουίτέσάσ ουίθ μὰ μαιριμ ταμολι,
 Ζαέ νιό βυαίλ ανυαγ (1) αρι μο εολαίνη φόρ,
 Δ Ριζ να Γλόριε 'ζυρ τάρηταιζ μ'αναν.

Ό'εαλαιζ αν λά δ'ρ νιορ εόζ με αν φάλ,
 Νο ζυρ ιέσάσ (2) αν βάρι ανη αρι ευιρ τύ ουίλ (3),
 Δέτ Δ Δίρο-μιζ αν εειρε, ανοιρ μείσ μο εάρ,
 Δ'ρ λε ρηυέ να ηζιάρα ρηυέ μο ρύλ.

1r λε νο ζιάρα νο ζλαν τύ Μάιη,
 Δ'ρ ράοι τύ Όάιβιό νο ριννε αν αιτμζε,
 Όο ευζ τύ Μδοιρε ρλάν ό'η μβάεσά,
 'S τὰ εροεζαό λάιοιη ζυρ ράοι τύ αν ζαουιόε!.

Μαρι ιρ πεσασ μέ ναέ νρεαρνα ρτόρι,
 Νά ρόλάρ μόρι νο Όια νά Μυιη,
 Δέτ ράε μο θρόοιμ τὰ μο κοιρεσά ριόηαμ,
 Μαρι ρεσίλ με αν ρεόσ αρι αν μέαρ ιρ ρυιτε

Δ Ριζ να Γλόριε τὰ λάν νε ζιάρα,
 'S τύ ριννε βεόιη δ'ρ ριον νε'η υιρζε,
 Λε βεαζάν αράιμ νο μιαι τύ αν ρηυαζ,
 Οέ! ρηεαρσαίλ ρόρι αζυρ ρλάνηαιζ ηιρε.

(1) Aliter, "λεϊζ ζαέ νιό." (2) "Λού," Connelly and G.

(3) "ό ατε ζο βυη," Δέτ νί'λ αν εομ-ρναίμ εεαρτε ανηριη; "ζο εριόνασ αν ήάρη ό ατε ζο ζλίν," νο ρέιη αν ηιοσάηαιζ αζυρ G. ηιρε σ'ατρηιζ έ μαρι ατά.

(4) Aliter. "'S Δ εριόρε ερόεαιηζ τάρηταιζ ηιρε."

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine.

But grant to me time to repent the whole,
Still torture my body, and bruise it sorely,
Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made.

The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by
O King of the Right forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea.
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
Who madest wine of the common water
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud upon the longest finger (?).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beer and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, Oh, attend to, help, and save me. O

Ο ε Ιορα Χριστε Δ ο'φύλαιγς αν πάιρ,
 Δ'ρ το δόλαδδδ, μαρ το βί tú úμδλλ,
 Cuirim cuimriú (1) m'δναμα Δρ το ρζάδ,
 Δ'ρ Δρ υδρ μο δάιρ ná τδδδρ υδμ cúl.

Δ δαιρηόγδαιρ δάιρητδρ, μάτδρ Δ'ρ μαίγδδδρ,
 Σζάτδν ná ηγνάρα, Διγδδλ Δ'ρ ναοή,
 Cuirim coraict m'δναμα Δρ το λάιή,
 Δ Muipe ná οιδύτδιγς με, 'r βειδ με ρδδρ (2).

'Noir τά μέ ι n-δδρ 'r Δρ δρυσά Δν δάιρ,
 'S ιρ γδδρ Δν ρπάρ ζο υτέιζ[ιμ] ι n-ύιρ,
 Δέτ ιρ ρδδρ ζο υειρεδνναδ ná ζο βρδδ,
 Δζυρ ρυδγρδδρ ράιρ Δρ Ριζ ná n'δύλ.

ιρ cuaille ζδν μαίτ μέ ι γκοιρηδλλ ράιλ (3),
 No ιρ κορμύιλ le βάο μέ Δ δάιλ Δ ρτιύρ,
 Οο βηρηδδδ Δρτεδδ Δ n-δζδδδ κορρηδιγς 'rδ'δρρηδιζ(4)
 'S οο βειδδδδ δά δάτδδ 'rνα τδντδδβ ρυδρ' (5).

Δ Ιορα Χριστε Δ ρυδρ βάρ Όια η-δδμε,
 Δ ο'έιρηζ δρρ' Δνν το ριζ ζδν λοέτ,
 Νάδ tú túγ Δν τρλιζε le Διέριζε το δέδνδμ,
 'S ναδ βεδζ Δν ρμυδνεδδ το ρινηδρ ορτ !

(1) "Cuirimú" ι ζκορναέτδδ, ι n-άιτ "κομδρκε," .γ. οίοιονν.

(2) Aliter, "τόγ μο ράιρ Δζυρ τά μέ ρδδρ."

(3) "ιρ cuaille κορ μέ ι n-έδδδν ράιλ," G.

(4) = ράιρηζε, "Δρ δρυσά ná τρδ," Connolly.

(5) "βειδδδδ 'ζά βάτδδ 'r Δ δάιλρδδδ Δ ρνάμ"; aliter, "ρδδδ" aliter, "ριδδδ"; Δέτ ο'άτρηδζ μέ Δν líne le κομρδδδρ το δέδνδμ."

Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion, and, wast buried because
 inou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy
 protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon
 me.

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces,

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

Now since I am come to the brink of death
 And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
 May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
 From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
 Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
 Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
 While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
 And hast risen again without stain or spot,
 Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
 Ah, why in my day have I sought it not!

angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand,
 O Mary refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short
 is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never,
 and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps "I proclaim that I am
 on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like
 a boat that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a
 rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold
 waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise
 again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way
 to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about

'O éárla ar nótir míle, 'r óct zceuo,
 An ríde zo beáct, i zceann an no-véaz,
 Ó'n am tuirling Críort oo meub an zedatíó,
 Zo nti an bliáóain a noearnaíó Reáctúipe an
 aítiríge.

Δε πο άβράν ειλε το μιννε αν Reáctúipe αν αν
 uisze-beara. Ο Seoipe Mac Ziolla αν Cloiz azur ó
 mac Uí Floinn oo puaipear é. B'éioipi naó Bealac
 acé Balla buó cóipi oo beít in ran céao line, acé ip
 maí rin puaipear é:—

AN PÓTAIRE ΔΕ ΜΟΛΑΘ ΑΝ UISZE-BEATA
 ΔΕ ΤΡΙΑΛΛ ΖΟ Η-ΔΟΝΑΘ ΒΕΑΛΛΑΘ ΟΑΜ
 'S MO CÓP ΔΙ ΛΑΡ ΑΝ ΒÓΔΑΙΡ,
 ΤΥΓΑΘ ΜΕ ΖΟ ΤΙΣ 'ΛΕΑΛΑΙΖ ΔΡΤΕΑΘ
 ΖΟ ΒΡÁΖΑΙΝΝ ΑΝΝ ΘΕΟΘ ΑΝ ΘΟΡΠΙΡ (1).
 "Θεμπρι" oo míun αν bealac óam,
 I' é oo buail αν báipille,
 Maí ba é péin αν pueabaípe,
 Naó utréizpeáó bean αν ó'ros.

(1) "Θοότυρι θορπυρ," Bell.

(2) Mr. Meehan's copy ends with the following curious verses,
 which would seem to show that haffery got his poem translated
 into English by a man named Kelly, to give it a wider vogue. I
 print the verses exactly as they stand. They may serve to show
 the difficulty of transliterating badly-written and half-phonetic
 Irish such as we find in many manuscripts of the last sixty years.

Le crioónuzáó an aítiríge 7 í beít po léizte
 Ta Ceilíó feltaó (?) i aítirízáó zo beupla.
 Le buaó buípeó (?) zrára azur trocaípe
 Beít Δε zac uíne zlacaté a comáipe

Zuide uoneáó ratupin 7 doineáo
 Don te uaróac oo cinne uoíneáo
 Na uon beirt upzáó an aítiríge rin uenptaó
 7 cuíup-pa an acceupínzhoó an íora Críorta. Amen.

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
 And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
 Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
 To the year when Raftery made this Repentance (2).

Here is another song which Raftery made in praise of whiskey. It was from Seoirse Mac Giolla-an-Chloig and from Glynn that I got it. Perhaps it is not Bealach, but Balla, that should be in the first line, but that is how I got it:—

THE DRUNKARD IN PRAISE OF WHISKEY.

To Ballagh Fair while journeying,
 With all the road before us,
 It was brave Lally took me in
 To drink a deoch-an-doruís (3).
 'Twas Dempsey showed me where was he,
 He struck the barrel airily;
 He is a lad of gallantry,
 I'll praise him with a chorus.

G. has the following version of this second verse. It omits the first one.

Ḡuío Dómnaiḡ Sátaínn a'r doine
 So uceió a ucaíube do'n cinne uoanna
 Sé ainm na cainte a u'fás mé rḡríeóta
 décuinge Raíreíuó an íora Cníorta.

i.e., The Prayer of Sunday, Saturday and Friday, May it go to the profit of the human race. The name of the talk I have left written is "The Request of Raftery to Jesus Christ."

(3) i.e., "a door-drink" or "stirrup-cup," pronounced "d'ugh in dhurrish," i.e., "ugh" with the sound of "d" slender before it.

Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

Until the world refuses money,
 May his pocket never be empty!
 I shall leave the name of Bacchus christened on him,
 Who began wine and porter.
 There is no ware so blessed as it,
 Any man who was ever overthrown by it,
 He would not like any better to be stretched by it on a bed
 Than to be thrown by it on the side of the road.

The juice of the grey barley!
 Never has been seen its master;
 There never grew up through the ground
 Such a grain as it.
 It is it would give heart to the gallant,
 And milk to the nurse,
 And would put in tune the miser
 Who never spent twopence for the last quarter.

To a get a dram (?) of it in the morning,
 There is nothing so fine as it;
 It is well a glass of it would suit
 A person who would be out of his health.
 Any person who would taste it,
 There was no fear of cold or cough for him,
 And if a drop of it were given to the old woman
 She would run a race for you.

(2) "Ἄρ' ἔτι-τασις," M.S. (3) "Ἄς δ, Bell.
 (4) "ῥυαῖτ μύαο νό σαράτ," Bell.

Τά υιργε-beaḗta aς τις 'leallaiō,
 'S nioṛ h-ólaō miaṁ a máizirṛir,
 Ir beaς aḗa ar an nglaine óé,
 Cio ζυρ móir ir riu an cápta.
 Τά an bean ir péile faihriṅge aize,
 Zo ḥreiciō an tír raōzal paō' aici,
 'Sí a óeapraō—"Seap a Raipṛeriuō
 Zo mblaṛraō tú ve m' 'cáirioal.'"

Όο ἔριαλλ μέ ἀρ Father Callaghan,
 Ὁδ φαηριṅς ριαλ an aic rin,
 Ὁi Oillon anη aςυρ ζαοthζαιη
 aςυρ O Ceallaiς, cḥoiōe na páirṛe.
 An raōzal ní rṛopraō an ceatṛar rin
 aḗc aς líonāō punch aςυρ cláiréio ruar,
 ζυρ fáςḥaiς ρiao rínṛe Raipṛeriuō
 Όά lá ar a ḗaob-a-n-áirve.

Ní mipe aṁáin vo leaζaō leir
 Ó pecaiz ḗab i ḥpáirṛar,
 Ir iomōa pear vo cailleaō leir
 Ó'n am ar oallaō arζυρ.
 Muna mbeic' ζυρ cleap [ṛá] eaṛaiṁn é (1)
 'S ζυρ ḥain ré iomṛóc ar pṛeaḥaiṛe,
 Zo veirṁn aςυρ zo veapḥca
 Όo rínṛinn ríor le náirve.

(1) Aliter, "aḗc ζυρ ζleacaiōe é aḗa eaṛaiṁn."

(2) G. has another verse which Mac Giolla-an-Chloig had not got. It runs as follows. It is the fourth verse in G. :—

Siudail mé Tuaim a'p Deannaóir,
 Corcaiz a'p Cinn-ṛáile,
 Ir paṛa caic má i nḥaillim,
 aςυρ bí mé i nḥoióeao aḗa,

There is whiskey in Lally's house,
 And its master (3) was never drunk ;
 It is little it costs, a glass of it,
 Though the quart of it is worth much.
 He has the wife most generous and liberal,
 May the country see long life to her ;
 It is she who would say, "Stand, Raftery,
 Until you taste of my cordial!"

I journeyed to Father Callaghan's,
 That was a generous, liberal place ;
 Dillon was there, and Geoghegan,
 And O'Kelly, heart of friendship.
 The world would not stop those four,
 But filling up punch and claret,
 Until they left Raftery stretched
 Two days upside down.

It is not I alone who was overthrown by it,
 Since Eve sinned in Paradise,
 Many is the man who was lost by it
 From the time Argus was blinded.
 Only that it is a trick (or way) that is amongst us (4),
 And that it has often knocked a turn out of a gallant,
 Most surely and certainly
 I would stretch myself down for very shame.

Le fíúinne beirim geallao' úsaoib,
 náir bliar má mair t'earrao' ar bít,
 níor fearr ná bí ag tíg macala
 So geimio' Cnóirt an t-áó air.

(3) i.e., better whiskey than it.

(4) Aliter: Only that it (whiskey) is a wrestler who is amongst us.

‘Ο εὐς μέ δον ἀβιάν θέδξ ἀρ ρίσι το ὅτι ἀμοιρ,
 νε να h-ἀβιάναιβ ὅο μιννε ἀν Ῥεαότιμε, ἀξυρ εὐιρ
 μέ ριόρ ῤεάλ δ θεάτα εὐοι μαίτ ἀξυρ ὀ΄έεο μέ.

Ἄτ τὰ μόριάν εἰλε le ν’ινηριτ ι ὀταοιβ ἀρ ἔριλε,
 ἀξυρ τὰ μόριάν νε ριόραιβ εἰλε ὅο εὐμ ρέ ρέιν, no ἀτά
 λεαξτα ἀρι, le κυρ ριόρ ῤο ρόιλ. Ἄξ ῤο ἀιμνεαδ na
 n-ἀβιάν εἰλε ρεο ὅο ρέρι μαρ εἰμιννιξ μῖρε ινρ ῤαό
 δον ἀιτ ιαο. Ἰρ ἐ ἀν ceann Ἰρ ρυρε ἀα “ῤιαόαό
 Σεάξαν Ὀριανοαίξ,” ὅαν ραοα ὅο μιννε ρέ ἀρ ρεαρ-
 μάλα, Σεάξαν δ Ὀύρια εἰξιν, ὅο βί ρέιν na ρόριτ ριλε.
 Λειξεανν Ῥαιρτερι ἀρι ῤυρ εἰμιννιξ ὅαοινε υαίρλε
 Ῥονναότα ἀξυρ δ ῤεοι ῤαόαρ leό, le Σεάξαν Ὀριανοαό
 ὅο μῖαξαό, μαρ ριονναο, τῖε ἔιμιν, ἀξυρ εὐιρεανν ρέ
 ριόρ na h-ἀίτεαόα τῖε ἀρ μῖαξεαό ἐ ἀξυρ na ὅαοινε
 ὅο μῖαξ ἐ. Τά “Ῥnocán ῤαοβαρι” ἀρι δ ὀτυξαν ὅαοινε
 εἰλε “Ἰνα Νι Ῥαόάν,” ἀξ μολαό ἀίτε, ἀξυρ na μῖα
 υαίρλε ὅο εὐοιμνιξ ἀνηρι. Ἰρ ἀβιάν “Ὀεάλ-ἀτ-ῤάριτα,”
 ἀξ μολαό ἀίτε εἰλε. Ἰρ ἐ “ἀν leατ-βαίλε,” ἀν μῖο
 ceάονα. Ἰρ ἀβιάν “Ὀαίλε-loc-μῖαβαό,” no Ὀαί-loc-
 μῖαό μαρ λαβαίρτεαρ ἐ, ὅο μιννε ρέ ἀρ ρεαρ τὰβαίρνε
 ὅο βαιν δ ἠατα ὅε ἀξυρ ὀ’ιμῖρ cleαρ ἀρι, εὐμ ἀβιάν
 ὅο ριοαό αρ. Ἰρ ἀβιάν “Seóinín Ὀάν,” ἀξ μολαό ρῖ-
 ceιρνε. Τά “ῤεἰξιό Ὀλάτ na ῤξέιμῖε,” ἀξ μολαό
 ceιτῖν. Seo τῖι cinn εἰλε “ῤλαιμῖρτῖ ἀν τῤεἰμῖοσάναίξ,”
 “Seáξαν Ὀ Ὀριανάν,” ἀξυρ “ἀν ῤῖεδῖαῖὀε.” “Ὀιαῖ-
 ρόμῖεαότ Ῥαιρτερι leἰρ ἀν Ὀέαν,” ρῖν ἀβιάν ὅο μιννε
 ἀν Ῥεαότιμε ἀξυρ ἐ ἀξ ἀξαιρτ leἰρ ἀν ραξαιρ ὅο
 εὐιρ βῖεἰτεαἰμῖναρ ἀίτῖμῖε cῖμαοί ἀρι. “ῤιαόά Ἰμα-
 κυρ Ἰι Ῥάλλάν,” ρῖν ὅαν ὅο μιννε ρέ ceἰμῖνῖλ leἰρ ἀν
 ῤεανν εἰλε ἀρ Σεάξαν Ὀριανοαό. “Ἰρ ῤαοα ὀ Cῖμῖεαό
 ριόρ,” ρῖν ὅαν ἀξ ῤῖορμῖξαό na ῤCaτοιλceαό εὐμ

I have given up to this thirty-one songs of the songs of Raftery, that he made, or that are ascribed to him, and I have set down the story of his life as well as I have been able.

But there is much more to tell about our poet, and there are many other pieces which he composed or which are ascribed to him, to be yet set down. Here are the names of these other songs as I collected them in every place I could. The longest of them is the "Hunt of Shawn Bradach," or "John the Thief," a long poem which he made about a man with a bag, a certain John Burke, who was himself a sort of a poet. Raftery pretends that the gentry of Connacht gathered with their hounds to hunt Shawn Bradach like a fox through Ireland, and he describes the places through which he was routed and the people who routed him. The "Onocan Faobhair," or Edged Hill, which some people call "Una O'Kane," is a song in praise of a place and of the lady who lived there. "Beal-ath-gartha" is a song in praise of another place. "Onocan an Eannaigh" is the same. "Lavally" is the same. "Baile-Loch-Riabhadh," or Loughrea, is a song which he made about the man of a publichouse who played a trick on him and took his hat from him to pick a song out of him. "Shoneen Ban," or "Fair-haired Johnny," is a song in praise of a tradesman. Here are three others:— "Sheridan's Planxty," "John O'Brennan," and "The Shoemaker." Raftery's Dispute with the Dean" is a song which Raftery made arguing with a priest who put a hard penance on him. "The Hunt of Mark O Callan," or Callinan, is a poem like the other one which he made on Shawn Bradach. "It is a Long Time Since it was Set Down" is a poem spurring

ρεαρτα ζο υαηγιονν ολύτ le céile. “An Cúir na Pléio,” rin vón eile ar an muo céadna, az bhoirtuζαó na ζConaéταά cum congnaím vo έαδαιρτ vo na Muim-neácaib az tpoio a n-αζαio na n’Deacímuió vo βειρuióir vo na μινιρτεiriúβ ζαλλoa. ‘Oo cúir mé an va δβριαν po i ζcló im’ Óántaib ‘Diaóa Cúige Connaéτ. “Αζαλλαμ Ραιρτερι: Lειρ an m’Dár,” ir é reo an vón vo μinne ré nuair éáιηζ, μαρ φαoil ré, an ‘Dár cúige in fan oioéε, μαρ cúir mé rior éeana.

Tá tuilleaó μαρ an ζcέαona le n’innhinc i vtaoib beaéa an Reacéúιηε i n’ζαillim ó vear, azur i vtaoib na ζCalnánac, azur i vtaoib na n-ιμπεαραν vo βioó eatoιιμα. Ní’l áιτ ná ácaρ azam vóib anoir, áεé b’eiopi ζo βpυιúó mé oηηa uair éιζιη eile.

Ir μιαν liom anoir mo βuióεαéαρ vo έαδαιρτ vo’n “f’reeaman Seacéτmáιneaímáιl” vo cúir na h-αβριáιη reo i ζcló. Ir lειρ na pláταib vo ruair mé uacá-pan acá mé az cur an leaδair reo i ζcló. Fázφαio mé anoir rlan azur beannaéε az luéc léιγτε δβριán an Reacéúιηε.

(crioc.)

the Catholics to stand fast and firm together. "The Cause a-pleading" is another poem on the same subject, urging the Connacht men to help the men of Munster in their fight against the tithes, which they used to pay the "foreign ministers." I printed these last two poems in my Religious Songs of Connacht. "Rafferty's Dialogue with the Death" is the poem which he made when Death came to him, as he thought, at night, as I have already described.

There is also more to be told about his life in South Galway, and about the Callans or Callinans, and the disputes that used to be between them. I have no place nor space for them now, but perhaps I may return to them some other time.

I desire to give my thanks to the Weekly Freeman, which has printed these songs. It is from their plates I print this book. I shall here leave farewell and blessing with the readers of the Poems of Rafferty.

(The End.)

CLAR NA n-ABRAN.

Leatánad.

- 40 Mire Rairteri an Fíle.
 60 Caoine ar Tomás O Dálaigh.
 68 Béal-áda-na-haidne.
 80 Baircead Sean-Óáibín [mann].
 82 An t Achar William.
 88 Ar Bhrígeo [mann].
 96 Conradé Mhuir-Éó, no, Cill-Dotháin.
 106 nanraio Bheátnad.
 114 An Cíor Caotilcead.
 128 Antoine O Dálaigh.
 134 An Oia dá'r B'ainm Iurteri.
 146 Anad Cuan.
 152 William O Ceallair.
 158 Caoine ar William O Ceallair.
 166 SGEAL ar Danalao.
 176 páipais O Dóinnalláin.
 184 Cairnigh ar Bótaire Ieir an Uirge-Beata.
 194 na Duacailiré Bána.
 200 An Fiaónuiré Bheásgad.
 206 SGEAL ar Bean an Fíri Ruad.
 210 Bean an Fíri Ruad.
 222 Bhrígeoín Bheapair.
 236 An Fígeasóir.
 244 Baireir an tSleatáin Múir.
 258 "election" na Seillime.
 264 Duairé Uí Connail.
 272 Beannán Rirteáir.
 278 na Duacailiré Bána [abmán eile].
 284 Seanbur na Seice.
 320 Máire Stanton.
 330 Máire Mí h-Eirín no an Bó-ae Glegeal.
 336 Peiríó Mireáil.
 342 An Cholera Mórbur.
 356 Aitirige an Reactúir.
 362 An Bótaire ag Molad Uirge-Beata.

NOTES.

The exigencies of printing these poems from week to week, and the getting, as a rule, only one revise of the paged copy, has left some misprints in the text, the most important of which, and of other mistakes, I shall try to correct in the following notes, in which also I embody some observations and information which have come to me since I first published the text in the *Weekly Freeman*. I desire to thank in particular my friend Dr. Henry and my friend Mr. John Glynn for the great help they have given me in these notes, and also Mr. Mat Finn of Oranmore, *εὐζαν ὁ νεαῦταιν*, and all the other persons who so kindly helped me.

- P. 2, l. 9, for "cloc" read "cloč." L. 12 for "beaz réim" read "beaz réim." L. 16, for "oá" read "oá."
- P. 4, l. 5, for "b'é" read "b'é;" for "tonn" read "tonn." L. 13, the Irish for Dublin is *Ḃaile-átha-Cliat*, which it would be best to write in full, but it is pronounced by good speakers *Ḃaile-áth-Cliat* as here written, but much more usually *b'lač-Cliat*.
- P. 6, l. 2, I have aspirated after the preposition *ar*, following O'Donovan, who writes *ar mullač an tige*—grammar, p. 282—and Keating, who writes *ar néro*. But the almost universal usage in the spoken language seems to be *not* to aspirate after it, and I do not intend to do so, in future. L. 7, *béirdear* is the relative form, but some Connacht speakers use it ungrammatically as here. The proper form here would be *bionn*.
- P. 8, l. 8, for "ríčro" here, and in similar locutions throughout this book, read "ríčeo," which is the genitive of *ríce* "20." We should write *cúig ábháin ríčeo*, but *cúig ábháin ar ríčro*. L. 15, read "oán" for "oántaib." L. 14, I lost two more days after that in a hunt for the same book, the numbers on the back having been so indistinct that it had been replaced on a wrong shelf. It is a great grievance that the Academy will not catalogue its M.SS. I lost four days over this book alone on account of it.
- P. 10, l. 17, for "rgeite" read "rgeiče."
- P. 12, l. 1, *Cill dooáin* is *Cill liadóin* on O'Donovan's map of Hy-Fiachra, but I have seen and been in the little bee-hive hut there ascribed to St. Aidan. I have usually aspirated broad *o* in the gen. after the article, but it is much better, and, indeed, almost universally, un aspirated after the letter *n*. In Central Connacht *na sean dooine* is pronounced as if written *na sean nooiní*, but this is, as Dr. Henry has pointed out to me, not a case of aspiration but a coalition of letters the *n* and *o* coalescing in one sound, as *céona* is pronounced *céanna*, or as *áine* is pronounced *áinne*. L. 2, this was a mistake of mine

- Thady Conlan is not a herd but a well-to-do and highly respectable farmer, a tenant, I think, of the MacManuses, and a good Irish speaker. I wish we had more like him. L. 4, read "τόζαδ" for "τόζαδ." L. 5, read "ανάδ" for "ανάδ."
- P. 18, l. 4. Clare-Galway is called in Irish *báile-an-éiligh*, and was anciently known, according to Mr. Glynn, as *Clár-an-Óiabail*.
- P. 16, l. 24, for "ἀτάη" read "ἀτάη."
- P. 18, l. 12, for "cleiçe" read "cleiçe."
- P. 20, l. 8, for "να να" read "να." L. 15, for "ῥιαμῖα" read "ῥιαμῖα." L. 16, εόξαν ὁ νεατῶν thinks that ῥζότα may be meant for ῥζύιτε, which in Connemara means "a long, awkward fellow." ῥιξ is really the dat. of ῥί, and ῥίοξ the gen., but it has long been used for all cases, and I see no use in inflecting it when the pronunciation does not vary.
- P. 24, l. 13, φαοὶ δάιρτεῶδες seems to be always used, not φαοὶ δάιρτιξ, though δάιρτεῶδες is a fem. noun.
- P. 26, l. 26, for "οείξεαννας" and "βεαρῖα" read "οείξεαννας" and "θεαρῖα."
- P. 28, l. 12, for "b'é" read "b'é." L. 14, coiῖce is often aspirated after cur. Δξ cur ῥεαα, not ῥεαα (*i.e.*, freezing) seems to be always said in W. Connacht.
- P. 30, l. 10, better bunάδ with one η, as it probably comes from the root bun. L. 30, it is much more likely, as Σεάζαν μας ῥτοινη has since pointed out to me, that the name is really Ὁ νεατῶν, pronounced, of course, Ὁ νεατῶν. He tells me it occurs twice in Duald Mac Firbis's "Genealogies of Hy-Fiachra." I find the name νεατῶν occurs seven or eight times in the "Four Masters," but always as a Christian name, and never later than the tenth century. I think it would have been better to have written always ἄν νεατῶν, or ἄν νεατῶν, and not the ἄν νεατῶν, which I have heard in Roscommon.
- P. 32, l. 1, for "οῦράξ" read "οῦράξ. L. 15, 16, for "ελαοῖτε" and "ιομλεάν" read "ελαοῖτε" and "ιομλεάν." L. 22, οο β'ρεαρῖη is a very usual locution in this sense, but, according to Dr. Henry, it is, strictly speaking, a superlative, and ní β'ρεαρῖη should be used. I have not, however, observed this distinction being made in the spoken language of Central Connacht.
- P. 34, l. 12. In Connacht when a masc. noun and adj. come together, governed by a preposition in the dat. case, the initial of the adj. is not usually aspirated. But an exception seems to be made after the preposition ἠ followed by the pronoun α. Thus we say οο'η ῥίτε μόρ, λειῖ ἄν ῥίτε μόρ, &c., but τὰ ῥέ'να ῥίτε μόρ. Hence the m of μόρ would be better aspirated here. L. 18, read "μαῖ ἄν ηζαοῖτ," though in some places, especially in Ulster, the ζ is not eclipsed but aspirated, L. 1, 19, μῖνε-ἄν-ῖεαόα, "the shrubbery of the mead," is the

- proper form of this name according to Mr. Glynn. L. 22, for "Δ σουλαό" read "Δ σουλαό."
- P. 38, l. 14, for "σο ραίθ" read "ναό ραίθ"; ἀμήμαρ usually takes a negative after it. L. 23, for "βυό έ" better read "βυό ί," "τεανζα" being fem. Yet, "ιρ έ μο θαμαήαι," "ιρ έ ριν αν άιτ," "ριν έ αν έλοι," are almost universally used in Connacht, though in Arran they say ní hí ριν αν έλοι. L. 29, Raftery had two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter, Mr. Glynn tells me, was going about in the neighbourhood of Loughrea up to 30 years ago.
- P. 40, l. 4, for "ρρεαζραό" read "βρρεαζραό." L. 6, "ι ζκοιρ άρσ" is probably a corruption of όρ άρσ, with, perhaps, the prep. άζ before it. L. 21, for "τεανζαό" read "έτεανζαό."
- P. 44, l. 18, and 28, for "τμοιτε" read "τμοσα," though I have heard the other also.
- P. 47, l. 4, for "I heard my father saying," read "I heard him telling my father."
- P. 48, l. 26, for "σ ειμηζ" read "σ έιμηζ."
- P. 52, l. 13, for "έρμυηηηιζ" read "έρμυηηιζ," and for "σέ" read "σe."
- P. 54, l. 3, for "έμοέτιζ" read "έμυέτιζ." L. 20, for "σιον-ριοσαη" read "σιον-ριοσαη." L. 13—according to Mr. Glynn, τυλ-οιζηε should be spelt τυλαιζ-ράε, "pronounced with the accent on the second syllable of τυλαιζ. It is," he says, "an instance of Munster pronunciation on this side of the border line of the province, from which Tullyra Castle is not far distant." The usual form of the Anglicised Tully is τυλαό, a feminine word with gen. τυλαό. But there is also, I believe, another form, αν τυλαιζ, gen. να τυλαό. If this is so, then Tullyra should be in Irish τυλαιζ-ράε, = Hillock-rath. In Irish the name is pronounced τυλ-αιζηα (tul-lyra).
- P. 56, l. 1, see note to p. 28, l. 23, for "ήις τί Όιαλαιζ αν τραοη-έλοίε," better read "ήις τί Όιαλαιζ, αν ραοη-έλοίε. Apposition of cases in such sentences, which used to be common, is scarcely used now. L. 24, for "ζαεόειτς" read "ζαεόειτze." ζαεόειτς would appear to be a substantive, meaning "Irish-language," and "λεαδαι ζαεόειτze" would be a book of Irish-language, *i.e.*, an Irish book. But the Scotch apparently make Gáidhlig, which is their form of the word, an adjective, and always write Leabhar Gáidhlig, = a Gaelic book. In Galway, the word for the Irish language is not ζαεόειτς, but ζαεόειτze in all cases.
- P. 60, l. 4, ό η-α is generally said for ό α; the η can in this case only be euphonic.
- P. 65. Note.—For "Cairteán leam Όόαρ" read, according to Mr. Mat Finn, "Cofán leaim Όεόρ," *i.e.*, William Joyce's path.
- P. 71, l. 8, for "in trouble" read "cornered." There is also a verb, ράιηηηζ, used in Connemara—ράιηηηζ ανοιρ έ, = corner him now.

- P. 74, l. 3, for "óuine" read "óuine." The *mu* is often pronounced *muíne*, which is followed by aspiration. L. 18, *ríotcáin* is usually a feminine noun, but for "Justice of the Peace" I have never heard it otherwise than in the text. I remember hearing of an old woman who brought her master into Court to complain of the treatment he gave her, which she said was "*male upon praties and salt upon that*, *ΔΣΥΡ Δ ΙÚΡΤÍΡ ΔΝ ΤΡΙΟΤCÁΙΝ* (not *να ρίοτcάνα*) *CAO É 'N ΡÓΡΤ* *ihvatement is that ?*" L. 22, "buó é," better "buó í," but see note to p. 38.
- P. 76, l. 2, for "cómnuizeann" read "zcómnuizeann," l. 21. James Cloonan, who was a shopkeeper in Athenry, brother of Darby Cloonan of Leacht, in whose father's house Raftery died, told Mr. Glynn about ten years ago that the cabbage incident happened in the parish of Carrowbane or Lickerrig, in Loughrea barony. The cabbage was stolen from a Protestant resident, and the Priest, a Father Barney Burke, was very angry about it. Dissatisfied with Raftery's impromptu, he said peevishly, "*ní ΔΣ Λέιξεαο Δμ ζαβάιρτε θίοó ριnn.*"
- P. 82, l. 11, for "an noóiz" read "Δμ noóiz."
- P. 88, l. 11, for "ζο" read "ζο."
- P. 90, read "an óuine" for "an óuine." See note to p. 12, l. 1.
- P. 92, l. 10, read "an óá" for "an óá." See last note. This is the usual practice, but there are a few places where the *o* is eclipsed even after the *an*. L. 13, for *Δμ cοιρ-Δη-Áιρσε* read "*να ζCοιρ-Δη-Áιρσε.*" L. 14, *ρζΔμ ó* and *ρζΔμ te* are both used in Connacht.
- P. 100, l. 9. Mr. Glynn also says that *oltóir* is an apple tree. He adds, "it is the name of a place, "Oldtore," in the parish of Donaghpatrick, Barony of Clare. *Cοιμαc Óαλλ Ο Cομάιν*, when asked why he ceased composing songs, said—
- ní 'L Δζαιnn Δνοιρ*
Δct coll cυιλιonn 'r σμυρ,
Ó'ιmctiz Δn oltóir,
- meaning that the gentry (the Burkes of Carrantriala, near Dunmore, etc.) were gone." L. 17. In most parts of Connacht they would say *ó'n móin*, not *ó'n móin*, treating the *m* as though it were an eclipsing letter, as in such words as *ó'n mβmiz*, *ón mβειρc*. In Ulster *ó'n móin* would I think be used.
- P. 102, l. 11, for "an θμεαc" read "Δn θμεαc."
- P. 104, l. 15, *τιορ*, gen. *τεαρα*, is properly masculine. O. I. *τερρ*, gen. *τιρρ*. There is a celebrated air called *ρóna Δn τεαρα*. Coney, in his dictionary, makes it a fem. word. I think I have heard it used both ways. Raftery, in p. 106, makes it masc., hence my note there is wrong.
- P. 105. Note.—In Waterford I have heard the name Walsh called, I think, *θιοιρcαc*, but, the Walshes collectively, called as in Connacht *να θμεαcηαιζ*.

P. 106. The Irish for "her two eyes" appears to vary somewhat, either Δ \omicron á ρ úit, which is the usage I am most familiar with, and which appears the most distinctive, since neither the \omicron á nor the ρ úit is aspirated, or Δ \omicron á ρ úit. In Munster, I believe, they invert the aspirations and say Δ \omicron á ρ úit. The following adjective is usually in the plural, ξ λαρα would be better than ξ λαρ.

P. 110, l. 14, σ ερατα is the usual Connacht pronunciation of σ ερατόεα, the correct dat. of which *should* be σ ερατόεαι.

P. 112, l. 1, for "ρέαο" read "ρέαο." L. 13, for "ρίετο" read "ρίεαο" or "Δρ ρίετο." Mr. John Glynn, of Tuam, has since very kindly furnished me with the following interesting note about the occasion of this poem of Raftery's, which is so curious and valuable as a piece of forgotten history that I print in *in extenso*. The account, may, or may not, be coloured by the prejudices or exigencies of the times, but at all events it throws a vivid light on Raftery's poem, and for that reason chiefly I give it here.

" σ ηθηθηζαὸ μόρι ι μ θατε τοῦ ἡ'αῦ" (p. 112, lines 1, 2, 3). On the 19th of October, 1824, a meeting of the County Galway subscribers of the Hibernian Bible Society, to which Protestants and Catholics had been indiscriminately invited, was held in the Quarter Sessions House, Loughrea, the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Le Poer Trench, occupying the chair. The report of the Committee for the preceding year having been read and moved for adoption, Rev. Peter Daly, Catholic priest of Galway, rose to address the meeting, whereupon the chairman interposed saying that persons who were not members of the Society had no right to take part in the proceedings. Father Daly pleaded, in support of his claim to speak, that the principles of his Church had been assailed, and that the Roman Catholic clergy and laity had been invited to the meeting. Dr. Trench continuing obstinate, the Roman Catholic clergy retired from the Courthouse. Great uproar ensuing during which cries of "turn out the bayonets" were heard, and, at last, finding they had no choice, Dr. Trench and his friends withdrew, egress for flight being easily afforded them. Thereupon a Protestant barrister, a Mr. Guthrie, was voted to the chair, and the following resolutions were passed:—

"1st Resolution—Moved by Robert Power, Esq., and seconded by Matthew St. George, of Kilcolgan, Esq. :—

"Resolved—That a great number of the Catholic clergy, and the laity of different persuasions, of the County of Galway, attended this day at the Courthouse, in pursuance of a circular letter of invitation.

"2nd Resolution—Moved by Daniel McNevin, Esq., and seconded by Robert D'Arcy, of Woodville, Esq. :—

"Resolved—That *the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam* having taken the chair, two Protestant clergymen delivered their sentiments, and were heard with great attention by the meeting, but after the Rev. Mr. Daly, a Roman Catholic clergyman, having presented himself to

the meeting, the Archbishop declared that he came there predetermined not to hear him; and Mr. Guthrie, a Protestant gentleman, having then presented himself, the Archbishop declared he would not hear him, or any other person who was not a member of the Bible Society, and by his order and example procured many of the members of the Bible Society to keep up a most indecent clamour for the avowed purpose of stifling the voices of any persons who might differ in sentiments from the Archbishop; and, at length, his conduct *having become so outrageous*, even in the opinion of some of his own party, that a very general call was heard to appoint another chairman, upon which he declared he would remain there for a month to carry his own object into effect; but, after a considerable time occupied in clamour, *excited by himself*, he vacated the chair and left the meeting. Wherefore we view *with disgust and indignation* the arbitrary conduct of the Archbishop.

“3rd Resolution—Moved by D. McNevin, Esq., and seconded by Matthew St. George, Esq. :—

“Resolved—That we look with indignation and horror at the introduction of a military party of the 10th Hussars into a public assembly of such a nature with drawn swords, countenanced by the *Protestant* Archbishop of Tuam to intimidate, or, perhaps, to massacre, the Roman Catholic clergy and laity who have been insidiously invited to this house, and who came with the hope of expressing their sentiments and promoting any rational measure calculated to improve the morals and condition of society; and, at the same time, we cannot withhold from the military our approbation of their peaceable and orderly conduct, notwithstanding *the intemperance* and bad example of the Archbishop.

“4th Resolution—Moved by Matthew St. George, Esq., and seconded by Robert Power, Esq. :—

“Resolved—That a Committee be nominated to prepare an address to the Government on the improper introduction of the military in this assembly, and to use such other means as may appear best calculated to prevent a recurrence of such conduct; and that such address be the address of this meeting.

“A Committee was then appointed.

“5th Resolution—Moved by Daniel McNevin, Esq., and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Gill :—

“Resolved—That from the accounts which have reached us from various parts of Ireland, regarding the Hibernian Bible Society, and particularly from the manifestation we have this day witnessed, adverse to our principles, we are decidedly of opinion, that the system which insists on the indiscriminate perusal of the Scriptures, has for its declared object the proselytism of the poor, and that we, therefore, cannot co-operate with, or countenance any such measures of the Bible Society.

- Rafertry, but a man named Sweeney who composed this song. I have always heard it ascribed to Rafertry. Sweeney was a native of *Δνάδ* *Cluain*, and wrote several poems, none of which I have got.
- P. 146, l. 8, read “τάβαετ” (importance) for “τ-άόβαετ,” but Mr. Glynn tells me “*αν τ-άόβαη*” is the word he heard. L. 15, for “*έριόεαη*” read “*έριόεαη*.”
- P. 148, l. 19, for “ζαοιτ” read “ζαοτ,” as ζαν takes the accusative. In some cases it seems to aspirate, in others not. It appears always to aspirate in Connacht in the phrase ζαν *μαίε* ζαν *μάοιν*. L. 9. *βαίτε-έλάηη*, *rectè* *βαίτε-αν-έλάηη*, is the Irish name of the place known in English as Claregalway. L. 16. Mr. Glynn tells me that there should be another stanza here, giving the name of the man who owned the boat, *Σεάζαν* *Ο* *Ρυιουεαδάιν*. He heard this verse sung by an old man named Noone, in the Tuam Workhouse, about two years ago, who died soon after. I never heard it. L. 20, for “*ούλ*” read “*ούλ*.”
- P. 150, l. 9, for “*Σεάζάιν*” read “*Σεάζαν* ;” *Σεάζαν* *Ο* *Corζαηη* was the hero of this tragedy. He saved two women, and was returning for the third when he was drowned. The following graphic narrative of the drowning I wrote down exactly, as follows, from the mouth of my friend, *Τομάη* *Ο* *Μιούόέάιν* ;—

Anna *Νί* *Οιρίν* *το* *β'αίηηη* *το* *δ'εηηδ'ρίηη* *το* *μάέαιη* *μ'έαηη* *πάοηαι* *Ο* *Μιούόέάιν*. *Τά* *πί* *εαιίηη* *λε* *τιμείοιι* *όετ* *εμβλαιοάηα* *σέας*. *Βί* *πί* *ιουη* *εύζη* *αζυη* *πέ* *βλαιοάηα* *οη* *ειοηη* *έέαο* *ηυαιη* *ηυαιη* *πί* *βάρ*. *Βί* *πί* *ηαν* *μβάο* *αν* *λά* *ηη* *η* *έυαλαίο* *μέ* *αν* *ηζεηι* *ζο* *ηηηε* *ό* *η-α* *βέαι* *πέηη*. *Ουβαιηη* *πί* *ηιοη* *ζο* *ηαιβ* *μάίηηη* *οηηα* [*Λαβαιη* *μαη* “*οηηα*” *έ*] *αιε*, *σ'ά* *ταβαιηη* *λε* *σίοι* *αη* *αν* *μαηζαό*. *ηυαιη* *έυαιό* *αν* *βάο* *αηηεαό* *ηαν* *ηζεαηηαό* *η* *η-αιε* *λε* *Μιοηηοό* *η* *βροηηζεαό* *εεαηηαίηαό* *μίηε* *τό*—*εεαηη* *σ* *ηα* *εαοηηεζ* *α* *βί* *ηηηαν* *μβάο*, *έυηη* *πί* *α* *εοη* *αμαό* *έηηο* *αν* *ζεέάηη* *α* *βί* *αη* *έαοηβ* *αν* *βάο*, *η* *βαιη* *πί* *αν* *ηαιηείηη* *το* *βί* *έαηη* *αη* *αν* *μυηέαι*, *η* *ηηηηη* *πί* *εηαη* *σ* *έ* *η* *η-α* *έυη* *αηηεαό* *ηαν* *βποηη*. *ηυαιη* *βί* *πί* *αζ* *ευη* *αν* *έηαιη* *αηηεαό* *ηαν* *βποηη* *ευηη* *πί* *αν* *ελάηη* *αμαό* *αη* *ηαο*. *αη* *αν* *βηηηηε* *βοηηη* *έοηαηεζ* *αν* *βάο* *α'* *ηίοναό*. *έοηαηεζ* *ηα* *εαοηηεζ* *α'* *ηηάηη*, *η* *ηα* *ηηη* *α'* *ηα* *ηηά* *βηηε* *αη* *α* *έέηη*. *Σηάηη* *ευη* *σ* *ηα* *ηηη* *αηηεαό* *ζο* *σ'ε* *αν* *μίοηηέαηη*. *Σηυαηηηεζ* *μέ*, *αη* *ηηηη*, *αη* *ηο* *μάίηηη* *οηηα*, *η* *έαιε* *μέ* *αμαό* *έ* *αζ* *ηηίον* *αν* *βάο*, *ηηηαν* *υηηε*, *η* *έαβ* *μέ* *πέηη* *αμαό* *η* *ηαιό* *μέ* *αη* *αν* *οηηα* (sic). *ηυαιη* *έηηηηηηεζαό* *ηα* *σαιοηη* *η* *ζεεαηη* *α* *έέηη* *έέίηεαό* *αν* *βάο* *ηαο* *η* *υηηε* *αν* *ταοβ* *ηηη*, *η* *ηυαιη* *ηηυεαοηη* *αν* *ταοβ* *εηη* *βίοβ* *αν* *ταοβ* *ηηη* *αζ* *ουι* *ηίοη*. *αμαηηηα* *σ'έηηηεζ* *ηηίον* *αν* *βάο* *έοηη* *η-άηο* *ζεηη* *ηαοηη* *μέ* *ζο* *η-ηηηεαό* *αό* *ηάηα* *οηηα* *ηαο* *ηο* *έοηαηβ*, *ηεηη* *αν* *ηηηε*. *αέη* *ηίοηη* *ηεζαοηη* *μέ* *ηο* *ζεηηη* *αη* *ηηίον* *αν* *βάο*, *η* *έοηηεβαιεζ* *οηα* *ηο* *ηάηα* *οηηα* *ζαν* *ηηηεαό*, *η* *ηο* *ηάδάηη*. *βί* *αν* *βάο* *ουι* *ηίοη* *η* *ηαη* *αη* *ηυαηεζαν*. *Connac* *μέ* *αν* *ηηη* *Jacky* *ηί* (sic) *Corζαηηεα* *αζ* *εοηηηεζαό* *ηηηαν* *υηηε* *η* *βεηηη* *ηηηά*, *η* *έαηηηαιηεζ* *ηαο* *ηίοη* *έ*, *η* *ηί* *ηαεαίό* *μέ* *υαιό* *ηηη* *αμαό* *έ*, *ζο* *βηαεαίό* *μέ* *ηα* *έοηηαη* *έ*. *Connac* *μέ* *αν* *ηηη* *βάο* *αζ* *τεαό* *αη* *Μιοηηοό*, *βάο* *ηοηηαίηη*, *η* *έόζ* *ηαο* *αη* *αν* *υηηε* *μέ* *πέηη* *η* *αν* *μάίηηη* *οηηα*.

Ὀί ἀν μάλιν οἶνα ἀγ οὐλ ρίορ ζο ὕψεαδ νυαιρ ἐόζαοαρ ἀρ ἀν
 υἱρζε μέ, ἡ δέιωνν βάρυτε μεῖρηαδ [muna mbeir] ριν. Ὀί Jacky υἱ
 Ὀρζαρτα τ' μείρ βειρτ ἰννά ἐαδαῖρτ ἀρτεαδ ζο ὅτι ἀν βημαδ, ἡ ὅι
 ἀν καίλιν ἀ ὅι ρέ ρέιν λε πόραδ ἰνραν υἱρζε, ἡ νυαιρ ζαδ ρέ ἀμαδ
 ἀν τρηομάδ υαιρ λε η-α ράβαιλ μυζ βειρτ ἰννά ἀιρ ἡ ἐαρρηαιρζ ριαδ
 ρίορ ἔ.

L. 12, for "Ἰονούν" read "Ἰονούιν," and for "Ὀέαλ-τρμάε" read
 "Ὀέαλ-τρμάεζ." L. 20. "Cnoc an vealáin," recte "Cnoc-an-vealláin,"
 known in English as Fair Hill a place within the bounds of the City
 of Galway, where, Mr. Glynn tells me, a fair has been held annually
 since 1613.

P. 152, l. 11, for "ἀιτ" read "ι η-ἀιτ." There is a τρηαν ὀάν in the
 Parish of Kilaan, Barony of Kilconnell, in υἱ μάινη, which is the
 O'Kelly's country. This is, probably, the τρηαν ὀάν of the song.
 There is another τρηαν ὀάν near Tuam, but Mr. Glynn tells me there
 is no trace of an O'Kelly ever having lived there.

P. 154. Δ ὀά η-αῶαιρτ. See note to p. 106.

P. 156, l. 17, for "ἐρηαιρ" read "τρηαιρ."

P. 158, l. 8. ἀιτ, though a fem. noun, takes often, like βαρμαῖαι, the
 masculine pronoun ἔ. See note to p. 38. L. 6. There is a Cluan-
 leáan in the Parish of Killoran, Barony of Longford, in Galway,
 in the O'Kelly country, which is, probably, the place meant.

P. 160, l. 14. Σεάζαν μαδ ρῶιωνν says that κροταί is the kernel of a nut;
 and quotes Collins' line—τά μο ἐρηοῦε να ἐροταί κρο—in the
 soliloquy on Timoleague Abbey. L. 17. ρεαρηαιρ is here an irregular
 nom. plural for ριρ. In Connemara, ρεαρηαιρ is the voc. plural, οἶα
 ὀαοιῖβ' ρεαρηαιρ = "good morning, men," is common. L. 18, for
 "τιρρηαδ" better read "τιρρηεζ," but it was τιρρηαδ I got.

P. 162, for "εἰανν" read "εἰανν"; "η-υιτε" is 'ε υιτε ie ζαδ υιτε. L.
 23, for "ράιν" read "ράιωνν," and see note to p. 71.

P. 164, l. 23, for "ζαεῶειρζ" read "ζαεῶειρζε," and see note to p. 56.

P. 166, l. 10, for "ῶυινη ἀρ ζαίλλιμ" read "ῶυινη ἀρ ζαίλλιμ." L. 20,
 for "μβέιο" read "μβέιό." L. 26, for "ταδαῖρτ" read "εαδαῖρτ,"
 as if a "ο'ά" were omitted. L. 28, for "κυρηρῶ" read "κυρηρῶ."

P. 168, l. 2, for "ιρ" read "ιρ ι."

P. 170, l. 18, for "αζ" read "α."

P. 176, l. 2. Ὀο b'ρφαρρ. See note to p. 144. L. 3, for "ρῶρα" read
 "ρῶρα," and for "ὀ ριν" "ὀ ριν." L. 7. Ὀο b'ρφαρρ would be more
 grammatical, but I give the exact words as I heard them. L. 11.
 Bellview, according to Mr. Glynn, or Lissareaghawn, is in the parish
 of Kiltormer, Barony of Longford, in Galway. L. 18. "ρῶιτε,"
 according to him, is a common word in the Tuam district, meaning
 "ease." Spár ná ρῶιτε means "time or ease."

- P. 178, l. 6, for "Cúcullaínn" read "Cúcúlaínn." L. 24, for "ζειτ" read "ζειτ." Note.—According to Seáξan mac fíoinn, I am wrong in my explanation of *cait ré an reáct fo tñí*; he says that it means he had attained his twenty-first year, and quotes a proverb—"na tñí reáct, doir capall na muinntíre."
- P. 180, l. 1. Seáξan mac fíoinn says the word is probably "ξήίρ," not "ξήίρ," and that "ξήίρ" means inflammation from the heat of the blood. For "níí" read "níoíí."
- P. 182, D. 7, *íúξ* is probably meant here either for *íúξ-talíman*=strawberry, or *íúξ cñaoíðe*=raspberry. L. 18. Seáξan mac fíoinn says that *íróírt* is fem. in the Tuam district, nom. *íróírt*, gen. *íróírt*.
- P. 184, l. 14. Seáξan mac fíoinn says it was at Suríðe-fíinn he was in the house of Tomár mac fíoinn. The *tí fíoinn* in the second verse of this song should be *tñic fíoinn*. The house was pointed out to Mr. Glynn some fifteen years ago when he was in that district. L. 25. Mr. Glynn says he has never heard anything else than "*Teáç páoíais mac Cárta*," which he translates "Paddy Carr's house."
- P. 188, l. 12. Mr. Glynn tells me he has heard this curious word *íáóta* applied to "*óime ar óín a ξoíle anaξaíó bíó, tñe íomarcá íoílle ðeít taoð arcíξ ann!*"
- P. 190, l. 5, for "óáta" read "óáta."
- P. 194, l. 3, for "te ξháó" read, of course, "ní te ξháó." L. 20, for "ξeímnec" read "ξeímnec." L. 22. Mr. Glynn tells me that *ξñeupúðe ξaéðealac* meant a maker of brogues for common people, and *ξñeupúðe ξalíoa*, one who made boots for the gentry.
- P. 196, l. 1. There was one Austin or Affy Gibbons who joined the French, and, after the defeat of Ballinamuck, fled to the island of Innisbofin where, being an excellent scholar, he supported himself by teaching. He was eventually murdered. I have the keene composed for him. I have been unable to make out who Father Miler was. L. 25, *tñóín*, see note to p. 100.
- P. 200, l. 10, read "óóíξealó" for "óóítealó." L. 15, read "ξñóúíξealó." L. 22, read "tñéíó."
- P. 204. *Ruaó* does not seem to be inflected in the gen. masculine, certainly not by *eóξan ó ñeáctain*, from whom I heard this story, nor by any of the many people I have heard sing "*ðean an íñí Ruaó*."
- P. 206, l. 25, for "cñeáíñnar" read "cñeáíñnar." L. 29, for "tñaié" read "tñaié."
- P. 208, l. 3. Both "*ííméao*" and "*ííméao*" are used in Galway.
- P. 210. Mr. Glynn, the Town Clerk of Tuam, has supplied me with the following interesting note:—
 "ðean an íñí Ruaó" (page 210, l. 6). John Burke, a stonemason, and a famous old *íeñacúíðe*, who was a native of *Cñaiξ an ðainne*, in the parish of Cummer, near Tuam, and from whom I wrote down

this song in 1873, told me that having several times heard a coxcomb of a country tailor sing "Bean an fíhí Ruad" (as given in Dr. Hyde's "Love Songs of Connacht"), Raftery asked him at last if the "Red-haired Man" had said anything. The tailor replied that he didn't know. "Well, he did," said Raftery, "and here it is" (reciting the song as on page 210). The tailor implored of him to stop, and offered him a drink by way of a bribe. "Oh," answered Raftery, "I never commenced anything that I wouldn't finish," and so he gave out the whole song."

- P. 212, l. 14, for "éuad" read "éuadó."
- P. 214, l. 7, for "fanncais" read "fanncais." L. 15, for "fuađail" read "fuađail." L. 18. Seáđan Mac fíoinn says that the proper word here is not *uo óúbadail*, but *uo óiomail* = "wasted."
- P. 222, l. 26. Both "đan óuad" and "đan óuad" are used in Connacht. See note to p. 148.
- P. 234, l. 7, for "tíócaise" read "tíócaise." L. 16. Mr. Mat Finn says that the way he heard this line was—"a *đeodag í đan buíóeacag*."
- P. 238, l. 9. Mr. Glynn says the proper word here is *áiđe*, which means "a thing of use." L. 18, for "í ná" read "í nóail." L. 23, for "maid" read "máit."
- P. 240, l. 11, for "fíóct" read "fíóct." L. 18. Dr. Henry thinks that *íóir*, *éíóir* (or, as it is in Roscommon, *eódag*) only aspirates when it means both one and the other; "*íóir óub ađur óán*," "both black and white," and that it does not aspirate when it means "between." But I have never been able to find this distinction observed. L. 20, for "ríor" read "ríar."
- P. 241, l. 23, for "north" read "west."
- P. 244. "Shlahawn-More." On the Ordinance map this name is spelt Slihawmore. This townland, Mr. Glynn tells me, is in the parish of Killallaghan, Barony of Kilconnell. There is near it a "Slihawmbeg." He suggests that the word may be a contraction of *Soiteacán*, a place where sallys or osiers grow. In the Baronies of Clare and Dunmore, the same name is further contracted to *Sylaun*! L. 21, *colúad* or *colúa*, pronounced *colua*, means "the side of a bed." This *ó* or *ó* in the middle of words has the sound of an *ú*, an important fact, which no grammar or dictionary, so far as I know, has ever pointed out. Thus, *calmána*, the gen. of *calam* in central Connacht, is pronounced "*calúna*," *meabail* "*meaúail*," *dagar* "*daúar*," *corúail* "*corúil*"—whence the later and erroneous spelling, which many people have adopted of *corúil*.
- P. 246, l. 6, for "bíora" better read "beira." L. 8, "đéíóe," not "đéíóe" should be the word here, according to Seáđan Mac fíoinn. He says it is a word common in Mid-Galway, meaning earthenware of every description.
- P. 250, l. 5. Seáđan Mac fíoinn agrees with the Mr. Hughes about the

meaning of *puir-bean*, "bean atá ró-dorta le leanb' 'o beit' aici." There is a proverb about "*puir-bean* a bfuil feóil uirri."

- P. 252, for "*uirioige*" read "*uirioigte*." L. 12, for "*na*" read "*nó*." L. 15, *Seághan mac fíoinn* says there is a legend told in the barony of Clare about a cat na b'runann fought near *Cnoc-meadó*, in that barony.
- P. 254. *Tráct*, Dr. Henry has pointed out to me, more usually takes the oblique tense of the verb, and *nuair* the direct, i.e. *tráct' maib' ré*, "when he was," but *nuair' bí ré*. L. 21, *cáil* being feminine, one would expect *í*, but this is how I got it, and *eoigan O néadctáin* tells me that this is how he heard it also. See note to p. 38.
- P. 256, l. 16, better *í* for *é*, but see last note.
- P. 285, l. 12, for "*veacmáct*" read "*veacmact*." L. 14, for "*beit*" read "*beít*."
- P. 260, for "*o'umltuigóir*" read "*a n-umltuigóir*."
- P. 262, l. 11. *éire* is often used as a dat. (in Old Irish *éire*), and even quite incorrectly, as a gen.
L. 22, for "*hshaeóit*" read "*shaeóit*."
- P. 264, l. 3, for "*anam*" read "*annam*." L. 21, *am an nÓláct* is more usual in Munster, *am an Óláct* in Connacht.
- P. 266, l. 6, for "*fonn*" read "*fonn*."
- P. 268, l. 3, for "*teact*" read "*teact*." L. 20, for "*ceannróict*" read "*ceannróict*." L. 22. According to my friend Mr. Glynn, Thomas Ward, a Yorkshireman, born in 1652, wrote a poem in four cantos on "England's Reformation from the time of King Henry the Eight to the end of Oates' plot," which was widely read in Raftery's time, and to which he here alludes.
- P. 270, l. 21, "*bán*," better "*bán*," see note to p. 34. L. 22, "*nóliže*," see note to p. 264. *čeiltž* (pronounced in Connacht *čeiltž*) *an vliže é*, would be a better idiom.
- P. 273. Barney Rochford is the name of the hero of this song, not Richard.
- P. 274. *šallaió* is the dat., put here for the nom. see note to p. 160.
- P. 276, l. 3, for "*am*" read "*ám*." L. 4, for "*cúrfú*" read "*čúrfú*." I recovered half the missing stanza since from Matt Finn, but not the whole—
- Deamraio' 'o čur' i hšéibionn*
meařž Hottentots a'ř néagars
šan feam' a črmaiz' n-éimfeact leir
áct Egan ašur řiž na hšmářt.
- P. 278, l. 17. The *čreirfeact* is, of course, the Archbishop of Tuam. The family, rightly or wrongly, appears to have got a bad name in

old times as proselytizers. Here is a savage epitaph on one of them—
I got it from Seághan Mac Fíomh:—

'Síúo éúgaid anáil é,
Deáman an éorháin,
Dúir noíol ve leanáin
Lé dúir ló.

Frerehic Trench
Na miar 'r na miorcán,
Fuac na marb
'S Sháin na mbó,

'noir ó tárla é 'n a éorhán,
San rúg san rúigean,
A'r zui ríor in írionn
Tá ré 's á sóg,

Deir leat miorcán
Sior éuz butcán,
Cuirfear bártáil
Lé n-a éóm.

P. 280, l. 7. The reading *talán 'na luac* is quite right, according to Mr. Glynn, and means "land at its value," *i.e.*, at a fair rent. L. 16. for "*clúdaíma it*" read "*clúdaímaíl.*" L. 17. In Connemara they would say *má fághan ríó*.

P. 282, l. 10, for "*bunnaóaid*" read "*bunnaóaid.*" L. 19, for "*ba é in ran,*" read "*bé 'ran,*" and for "*é rin*" read "*'í rin.*"

P. 284, l. 1 & 2, 9, for "*riéro*" read "*ar riéro.*" L. 2, for "*fearréainne*" read "*feartanna*" or "*feartéainne.*" L. 14. This *micéáilín* used to partly make his livelihood by journeying from place to place and reciting Raftery's and other poems. Mr. Glynn told me he used to hear him reciting Raftery's Repentance (see page 356) in the Cathedral Road in Tuam on Sundays. He was a native of Moycullen, and his real name was Michael Connolly, but having spent many years as parish clerk at Claregalway, he was always known under the name of *micéáilín cléiréac*. The poor fellow was found dead about ten years ago on the roadside, near the school-house of Ballinderry, parish of Cummer. *Deannaict Dé te n-a anam!*

P. 286, l. 11. *Clarráirt* is another form of this word. In Connemara *sleat* is *pleit-rneacta*, pronounced like *pleit-rneacta*. L. 16. Mr. Glynn says that *rúil*, not *riudal*, is the correct reading. It is the word always used in the Tuam district for working or going on with something, as *tá mé ar rúil* (working) *o maoin zo tráctóna*. L. 22. *As gearraí na nShráma* (literally "cutting the graces") means blaspheming. *As gearraí íora*, etc., means the same thing.

P. 288, l. 2, *dhur*, according to Mr. Glynn, is quite right, and the line means "at my neighbour's loss I used to laugh." L. 7. Glynn

- P. 310, for "ἀτά" read "ἀτ," but that is how I found it.
- P. 312, l. 11. This εἰονηταιξ is, as Dr. Henry has pointed out to me, undoubtedly a mistake for εἰονηταιξ, "turned" or "perverted."
- P. 318, l. 8, for "α ο'ράξ" better read "αη ῥάξ," but I found it as above.
- P. 324, l. 15, for "μυιντε" read "μύιντε." L. 21, for "έριμνη" read "έριμνην". The Mary Brown spoken of here was celebrated in a poem by Raftery's rival, Patsy Calanan, which I took down from a blind piper. I have been told that she was afterwards the mother of Frank Hugh O'Donnell, at one time M.P. for the borough of Galway.
- P. 326, l. 19, for "έ" read "ί." L. 29. Θα λάτομε would be more grammatical, but the other form is common.
- P. 327, l. 17, for "fiddler" read "weaver."
- P. 330, l. 24, better ξο θρυιξτεά. L. 19. There is a large swallow-hole close to the house where the Ballylee river is sucked down, and passes underground on its way to Kinvara. This hole was called Δη Σοιλέαη, and hence Raftery's verse.
- P. 332, l. 15, for "έριμνη" read "έριμνην."
- P. 334, l. 11. One would expect perhaps νίοη ξίλε, but I find the other form used just as often.
- P. 336, l. 4, read ῥιυβαίραό.
- P. 338, l. 15, read ῥιυβαίη.
- P. 340, l. 24. This Σεάξαν Ο Κυλλιονάην was a second cousin of my friend, Σεάξαν Mac Ḥloinn, who tells me that when he first saw his MS. it was a large book, but being constantly lent, and undergoing the hardships attendant on "ιαρατ να η-ιαρατ," it gradually shed its pages, until scarcely a hundred of them were left. He was born at Καητεάν Θυιόε Ἐμνηταιξ (the yellow Castle of Tavnagh, see my story of Τοβαη Θεημε Δη Ὅομαιη), and died in the United States about twenty-five years ago. He was something of a poet himself, but I have not seen any of his compositions. The Καητεάν was built by the Clanrickard Burkes.
- P. 356, l. 1, read Ρεαττίημε.
- P. 358, l. 16. This line, according to Glynn, runs in all the versions he had ever heard or seen—"μαη λειξ μέ Δη ῥξόη Δη Δη μέηη ηη ρυιοε," i.e., "I let my score go on the longest finger." To "put a thing on the long finger" is a common expression both in Irish and Hibernian English, for postponing or procrastinating about a thing.
- P. 362, note 2. Σεάξαν Mac Ḥloinn tells me that the name of the man who translated the "Repentance" was Keely not Kelly. The two poems which I call the "Cholera Morbus" and the "Repentance," but which, according to nearly all the evidence, were originally looked upon as one piece, were printed with Keely's translation either in

Raftery's own lifetime or very soon after his death, and sold as a hymn. The Irish verses in my note, p. 362, were appended to it, and it is said that Raftery was exceedingly angry at Keely having the audacity to couple his name with Raftery's own. Seáξan Mac Flóinn has a printed copy of this poem with the date 1844 on it in writing. Mr. Mat Finn agrees that I did quite right in separating these poems, and adds—"I was told that the late Dr. MacHale of Tuam said that if Raftery was sinning all his life this poem, and 'arrhie an bas' (*sic*) was enough to save him."

- P. 362, l. 12. Mat Finn thinks Ballagh is a mistake for Gallagher, the Irish name for Castleblakeny, but Mr. Glynn says εαναδ-κατα is the proper word—a townland in the parish of Clonfert, barony of Longford. L. 15. Glynn says ροδύρη ρεόμαρ, "the curing drop," as he translates it, is the right word here, but I do not know the expression.
- P. 364, lines 17, 19, 22, for "αδραν" read "αδραν ε."
- P. 368, l. 17. The word is "ρεόταν," according to Seá ξανμαc Flóinn and means "a gust or whiff [of the smell]."

[CRÍÓC.]
