

Δὐράϊν ἀτά λεγῶντα ἀρ  
ἀν ρεακτῦρε

OR

SONGS ASCRIBED TO RAFTERY.

BEING THE

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

BY

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(ἀν κραοιβῖν δοιβῖν.)

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βαίτε ἀτα κλιατ :

Κυρτα ἀμας τε γῖλλ ἀγυρ ἀ θῖακ.

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1903.

Πᾶσι γὰρ ἀσθροπτοῖσιν ἐπιχθονίεσσιν αἰεδαί.  
Τιμῆς ἐμμορὸς εἶσι καὶ αἰδοῦν, σὺν ἐκ' ἄρα σφῆας  
Θῆμα Μοῦσ' ἐδάδαξί, φίλησιν ἐξ φέρον ἀοιδῶν.

—Odys. viii, 479.

ΤΑΙΡΣΙΜ  
ΑΝ ΤΕΛΘΑΡ ΣΟ  
ΤΕ ΜΕΑΣ ΜΟΡ 7 ΤΕ ΒΥΘΕΑΪΑΣ  
Ο'Ν  
ΘΑΙΝΤΙΘΕΑΡΝΑ ΞΡΕΓΟΡΙ  
Ο'Ν ΞΣΥΙΛ.

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Α θαϊντιθεαρνα υαφαλ, α "Ξυαιρε" να μβάρσ,  
τά α θραο φιαρ, 'ραη ΞΣΥΙΛ ρηη να πολύτ-έοιλλεαό η-άρσ,  
Ο ράβδαιλ τυρα κλύ μο Ρεαότύιρε ό'η μβάρ,  
Ορράιλημ ξο η-έμαλ ουιτ αν ουαιρ ρεο όμ' λάιη.

Δὲρδῶν δτὰ ἰεδζτδ δρ δη  
ρεδδτῦρε.



## RAFTERY'S POEMS.

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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.

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(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 *íodcar 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.

’Ο εαίτηνιζ να βηματριά λιομ ζο μόρι. Όημιο με άνοηη υο’η τρεαη-φεαη, αζυρ “αη μύηηεά αη τ-αβηάη ηηη υαη?” αη γα ηηρε. Όο ηύηη, αζυρ υ’ηηέηζ με άβαιε, αζυρ αηο ηόρι υε “Chonoadé Mhuig-Éó” υε ηεαβαη αζαη. Όο β’έ ηηη ηο έέαο έαηαó λειη αη τσηη υ’φάζ αη Ρεαέτύηε ’ηα ύαηζ. Ηηοη έααλαη α αηηη αη υαηη ηηη, αζυρ ηί ηαηβ φηοη αζαη ζο έεαηη ηόηάηη υε βλαóαηηαηβ ’ηα ύαηζ ηηη ζυη β’έ υο έεαη αη ηίοηα υο έαίτηνιζ ηιοη έοηη ηόρι ηηη.

Όο βί με λά, κύηζ βλαóηα υέαζ, ’ηα ύαηζ ηηη, αζ λάηηηυζαó αζυρ αζ ηηυέαó αηεαηζ ηα ηεαη λάηη-ηζηίβηηη ζαεóηε ατά ηαη άεαυαηηη Ηηοζάηηαη, ι ηηβαι-αέ-αηαέ, αζυρ έηέαο υο ααηηαίθε οηηη αέτ λεαβαη λάηη-ηζηίοβέα α ηαηβ αηο υε ύάηηαηβ αη Ρεαέτύηε αηη, αζυρ υο βί ηο ηεαη-έαηαηο “Conoadé Mhuig-Éó” ’ηα ηεαηζ, αζυρ ηη αηη ηηη υο ηααηη με αηαέ ζυη β’έ αη Ρεαέτύηε α ύζθαη, αζυρ ζυη β’ηοηά αβηάη ηηη ηηη υο έυη ηέ λειη.

Όο βί με λά ηηη, α βηαυ ταη έηη ηηη, αηαηε λειη αη ζαηηηαηζ Όηηηβ, ι ζConoadé Όηαη-αέ-αηαέ, αζυρ με αζ ηηυβαλόηυεαέ υαη ηέηη αη αη ηβόέαη. Όο βί ηεαη υαηη αη έαοηβ αη βόέαηη, αζυρ έ αζ ηαηηαηό υέηηε. Όηυζ με ηηη υό, αζυρ υ’ηηέηζ με ηιοη. Αέτ ταη έηη ηέε ηέηηηε ηο ηαη ηηη υο βεηέ ηηύβαηα αζαη, έάηηηζ ηέ ηη ηο έεαηη υ’αοη ηηεαη αηάηηη, ζο ηηα έοηηύηηλ λε ζαεóηεηζέόηη αη υαηη ηηη, ζυη έαυαη αζυρ βέαλ ζαεó-εηηζέόηηα υο βί αηη, αζυρ “ααυ έυηζε,” αη γα ηηηε ηιοη ηέηη, “ηάηη λαβαηη ηύ ι ηζαεóηεηζ λειη?” Ηί έύηηζε έάηηηζ αη ηηηαηηεαηη ηηη έυζαη ηά υ’ηηη με αη η’αηη αηηη ζο υαη αη υαηη, αζυρ λαβαηη με λειη ι ηζαεóηεηζ. Ό’φηεαζαηη ηέ με ζο ηηηη βλαηα αηη ηαη τεαηηαίό

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

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



céadna, a gúir o'fán mé tamall fada a g caint leir.  
 Seálgan O Mhainnín 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 maóraig a fúl a g léimniúg i gonnra ar  
 muin capall; vo buail cmaid é, a gúir vo óall rí é.  
 O'innir ré a lán uam i udaoib an Reacúir. Dubairt  
 ré liom: "Má b'éidear tú coirde i mbailé beag uar  
 b'ainm Creadúir i gConvadé na Sailleime; tá teac ar  
 éaduib an bódaí a gúir feilméar uar b'ainm Diaimuro  
 O Cluidán 'na cóinnuroe ann. I' ann ran cig rín  
 ruar an Reacúir b'ar, a gúir bí fíor aige reacú  
 mbliadna moime rín, cas é an áit a gúir an teac a gúir an  
 lá a gúir an uar vo bí i noán vo b'ar fáigal." Vo  
 éimniúg mé ar an méad dubairt an uall liom, acú  
 nioi fadóil mé go mbéinn coirde i gCreadúir. Acú  
 éaril go b'uarar mé féin i ndeirceair an convadé  
 a gúir éimniúg an muo dubairt an uall in mo éimne.  
 Chuidó mé cóim fada le Creadúir, fuair mé amac  
 Diaimuro O Cluidán, a gúir conndair mé an teac a  
 b'uar an ríle b'ar ann. Dubairt an rean-feair liom  
 go maib a éuro uánda i gúiróda i leabair a g a leiteir  
 reo o'feair. Chuidó mé ar a uoí, acú dubairt liom  
 gurí tógad an leabair go uoí an t-Oileán úr.  
 Chuidó mé go cig na gCaidánach vo bí ran gcoimair-  
 ranacú rín, óir éadúir mé go maib leabair aca-  
 ran a maib uánda an Reacúir a gúir uánda a n-oncail  
 féin ann. Uhi na Caidánúg b'ieáig rialair fairirig,  
 o'airradair oim an oirde vo éiréam leó, acú dubairt-  
 uar go maib an leabair reo iméirde go uoí an t-Oileán  
 úr mar an gcéadna, a gúir b'éirín uam rilleadó gan é.

Muir b'fada 'na óidúg rín go noeadúir mo éairio,

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 Úaincigeairna Sreogru, arí éoir leabhair do éualadó  
 rí do beic ran zcómairanaóc céadna, a gair fuair rí é i  
 feilb fean fáoir-cloice anáice le Cillín. Do  
 rziobad an leabair zo h-an-níaié i liriadcaib Zaeó-  
 eilge a gairne éirín gan ainm, cimcioll leic-céad bliad-  
 an ó foim; fuair rí an leabair ro ar iarác a gair éug  
 uam-ra é, a gair rziob mé reác n-abrián véag ar.  
 Dá abrián ríio leir an Reacúime do bi ann, a gair rzi  
 cinn no ceacair le uoiuib eile. Tar éirín éualó mé ar  
 éoir an leabhair do éonnaic mé ran acaraím níor mó  
 ná veic mbliadán roimie rín. Chuaic mé ar uir zo  
 uir an clár, no index, na leabair acá ran acaraím acé  
 ní maib oiréad a gair ainm an Reacúime ar clár na  
 leabair Zaeóeilge ann ran acaraím, a gair ní maib  
 céad líne don uáim uá éuir uáncuib le rágáil ar clár  
 na zcáad-linte. Chuaic mé uá lá ó maoin zo h-orócé  
 a gair uir rí na leabhair rí fuair mé é. Acá níor  
 mó ná ríce uán leir an Reacúime in ran rzióinn  
 reo, a gair iao rzióbca zo maic i liriadcaib Zaeó-  
 eilge le láim fean-uime, maic méraim, uocúir  
 leir, b'éoir, óir acá an líne reo, i lirióin, rziób-  
 ca ar uilleóig ve, tollere nodosam nescit medicina  
 podagram, a gair acá reicéar cinn an Reacúime  
 tarriangte zo méic le reann ar leacacá eile,  
 a gair cúpla rícal i mbéarla ríoi (1) a gair tabairt  
 uáca a báir, 1835, a gair a doir, don bliadán véag  
 a gair uá ríio! Do rziob mé amac na h-abrián nac  
 maib ran leabhair eile, a gair minne mé compáic le  
 h-airne móir uir no cóireannaib do bi ran rzióinn

(1) a gair ro na briára, 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



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"

ύμνην ἐλάτωνα. Ψαυι μέ “Cill-δοσάιν” νο “Conoάέ Mhuig-Εό,” ό Θαός Ο Connláin, μαορι νο μιννντιρι Mhic Mhághnara, ι γCill-δοσάιν, νο μυζαό αζυρ νο έόζαό ι n-δον βαιλε λειρ αν Ρεαότύμπε φέιν (c). Ψαυι μέ αν έυιο ιρ μό “σ’Ανας Cυαιν” όμ’ έαμαιο, Ρμοιιν-ριαρ Ο Conóúβδαιρ, νο έυαλαιό έ αζ ρεαν-μινδοι ι n-Αινά Cυαιν φέιν. Ψαυι μέ “βαιλ-λοό-μιαό” ό Sheumai Ο Mοοιλύια, αρ Όρμυι Όρμειρην, νο έυαλαιό αζ α αόαιρ έ. Ψαυι μέ αβριάιν ειλε αζυρ ιγέαλτα ό ύαοιινβ ειλε.

Ιρ μαρ ρην νο έυιι μέ λε έέιλε, έοιι μιαιό αζυρ σ’φέαοαρ, αν μέαο νο ψαυι μέ, νε έορμáό τόρμυζεαότα ραοα, νε ύάνταιβ αζυρ σ’αβριάναιιβ αν Ρεαότύμπε, νο νε να h-αβριάναιιβ νο βι λεαζέα αιρ.

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Όο μυζαό αν Ρεαότύμπε τιμείοιιι να βλιαόνα, 1784, αζ Cill-δοσάιν, αναίκε λε Coillte-μαό, ι γConoάέ Mhuig-Εό. Όο ταιρβείναό ύαμ αν άιτ α μαιιβ αν βοό-αν ανη α μυζαό έ. Μ’λ ρέ α βραο ό’η λιορ Δμιο, ενοο-άινση ραοι έριανηαιιβ αιρ έύιι τιζε μύοιρ Chull-δοσάιν, αν άιτ βυό μύο τάιότιζε ριόέος σ’ά βρμυι ραν τιρ ρην. Νυαιρ βι ρέ τιμείοιιι ναοι μβλιαόανα σ’αοιρ νο βυαίλεαό έ λειρ αν ηγαλαρ βρεαο, αζυρ έαίιι ρέ α μιάομπε. Τορμυζ ρέ αιρ αν βειόλιν νο αν ριόιλ σ’ρόζλμυι, αότ νφορ έυαλαιό μέ οια μύμυι νό έ. Τά δον μυο οινντε, ναό ραιιβ ρέ μιαμ αότ ’να ύμοό-βειύιλεαοόιρ, αζυρ νφορ μιάιό αν βειόλιν νο βι αιζε. Μιορ φέαο μέ ράξαιιι αμαό εαο ράό αιρ έρμειγ ρέ α άιτ ύύέόαιρ ι γConoάέ Mhuig-Εό λε ουι γο Conoάέ να γαίιιμπε. Αότ μυννε ρέ ρην, αζυρ έαιό ρέ αν έυιο βα μύο σ’ά ραοζαλ γο νει α βάρ αζ ουι ρμαρ ’ρ

(1) Σγμίοβ ρειρπαν έ ι λιρμιαόιβ Ρομάναα νο μπειρ ψαυιιιιι να βροαλ νο ινζεαν μνι μιάζμηννα νο έυγ σάμ-ρα ε.

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 Raftery himself (1). I got the most of "Anach Cuain" from my late friend F. O'Conor, 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 Raftery, and of the songs attributed to him.

. . . . .

Raftery 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

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



ανυαρ ι ζConnoδέ na ζαλλινη, ζο μόρι-μόρι ιοιρι β'λ-δέ-  
 αν-μυζ αζυρ βαιλ-loc-μα'ε, αζυρ ζοιτ Innre ζυαιρε,  
 αζ θέαηαηι αμαδ ρλιζε θεατα τό ρέιν le n-α ευιο ceóil  
 αζυρ αβριάν. βηι τριύρι no ceατραι ve βάριουαβ μαίτε  
 αν υαιρι ρεο ι ζConnoδέταβ, μαρι vo bi Mac Uι Shuibne  
 αζυρ αν βαιρέαυαδ, ι ζConnoδέ Mhuζ-εό, αζυρ veip  
 ευιο ve na ρεαν-υαοιουβ ζο mβρεαρι ιαυ ρο na αν Reαd-  
 τήρι. Δέτ τά αν ευιο ιρ μό υ'ά n-αβριάνουβ-ρεαν  
 εαλλτε, αζυρ ιρ υοιλιζ, αρι αν άυβαν ριν, comóιταρ vo  
 θέαηαηι εατοριηα, αζυρ νιορι έεαρι ε. Οιρι ιρ ριη λείζιη  
 αζυρ εόλαιρ αζυρ μαοιηε vo bi ιη ραν mβειρι ριν; Δέτ  
 ρύο ευζαηηη αν Reαdτύιηε, 'na όαλλ ό n-α όιζε, αζ  
 ιomέαρι μάλα, ζαν τεαδ, ζαν τέαζαρι, ζαν υοιοιουη, ζαν  
 άριυρ, ζαν εόλαρ αιζε αρι λείζεαδ na αρι ρζιφοβαδ, ζαν  
 τεαηαδιό ιζεαρι αιζε Δέτ α ζαευείλζ ρέιν, αζυρ υ'ράζ  
 ρέ λοιτ 'na υοιαίζ ζο υτι αν λά ηουιυ, νιορ υοιήηηε, υαρι  
 λιom-ρα, na υ'ράζ ριαυ-ραη. Muna mβειτ ve μαίτ ιη  
 ραν leαβαν ρο Δέτ αβριάν υαλλ ζαν λείζεαν vo έριυη-  
 ηυζαδ, vo β'ριύ αν τριουβλιόυ ε. Δέτ ηυαιρι τά ριορ  
 αζαηηηη ζδ ραίβ αν υαλλ ρο 'na εύμαδτ ιη ραν τήρι, αζ  
 ζριόριυζαδ na ηυαοιηε α-ηαζαιό na ηυεαdήυιό, αζυρ  
 ζά mβριορτυζαδ α-ηαζαιό α ηάηηαυ, μά'ρ ολε μαίτ α  
 ευιο αβριάν ιρ ριύ α ζεριυηηυυζαδ αρι α ρον ριν ρέιν.

Rinne αν Reαdτύιηε αβριάν αζ mολαδ na ηυαοιηε  
 vo ευιοιζ no vo έαίτηιζ λειρ, no αζ mολαδ na η-άιτεαdα  
 ιη αρι εόηηηυζ ριαυ, ηυηηε ρέ αβριάν ροιιιιιτεαdα αζ  
 ζριόριυζαδ na ηυαοιηε α-ηαζαιό na ηζαλλ, αζυρ αζ  
 ευιοιυζαδ le ράιριι Όηόηηηαλλ Uι Chonaλλ. Rinne ρέ  
 κοριη αβριάν ζηαδ αζυρ κοριη αβριάν υιαδ, αζυρ αηοιρ  
 αζυρ άριρ αβριάν αζ εάηηεαδ υυηηε, no "αερι" μαριτυζα-  
 υαρι na Σεαη ζηαευίλ αρι. Όο β'ρεαριη α αβριάν-mολτα

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 MacSweeney 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. Ουβμάσ ο'ά έδαοιβ, "εία θέ ουινε  
 μολ γέ, μολ γέ ζο μαίτ έ," άέτ γαν άμ έάαονα ουβαίητ  
 κυο νε να υάοιμθ νάρι β'άόάμιάιλ άη μιο έ βειτ μολτα  
 ι η-άβρίαν. Ουβαίητ γεαν Όηιαμμιο Ο Ολυάόίμ, άη  
 γεαυ α β'φυάη άη ηίλε βάγ ιη α έίξ, "οο έίγεαό άη  
 Ρεάότίηγε ζο μιοις," άουβάητ ηέ, "ζο οτι άη τεάό γο  
 άζυγ ο'φάναό γέ ληη, άέτ ηι όεαηηαίό γέ βέάηηα 'ηάη  
 οταοιβ άμιάμ. Ηιοη μιάιτ λε μ'άέαιη γηη, όη ηί άόάμ-  
 αιλ έ." Ουβαίητ γεαυ είλε, "η μιοις έυάλαίό μέ  
 μ'άέαιη άζ έαητ ι οταοιβ Ραιγτεη, βί βυαίό ιέείητ  
 (έίγηη) άίγε, άζυγ βιόεαό γαιτέιογ άη ηα υάοιμθ μιοίηε.  
 Η μιοις έυάλαίό μέ έαητ άη υάοιμθ οο βέάηηαό γυίθε  
 άη α ζεάηη υό, άζυγ ηυάη ο'φιαρμυίγεαό γέ έαο έ άη  
 τ-άηηη βί οηηα ηι ιηηηεόόάιοίγ υό έ, λε γαιτέιογ ζο  
 ζευηηεαό γέ ι η-άβρίαν έ." άζυγ ουβαίητ γεαυ είλε,  
 "βί ουινε μιοηητεαηόα οο μ'άέαιη άζ τιομάητ α  
 έάηη άη άη μβόέαη, λά, άζυγ έοηηάηηε γέ άη Ρεάό-  
 τίηγε άέτ ηίοη λείγ γέ άη ζο β'ραάίό γέ έ. άζυγ ηυάη  
 βί γέ άζ ζαβάιλ έάηηγ ουβαίητ άη Ρεάότίηγε :

ηί μιάθ γαιζοιύη μιάμ  
 ηάέ β'φυίγεαό α βιλέαο  
 άέτ τά νάμιάη άη έοιηίη  
 ιη γαν β'φειηέαο.

Ουβαίητ ουινε μιοηητεαηόα μ'άέαιη άηηηηη άζυγ  
 οειηη άη, 'Ο! α Μηάίγίητη Ραιγτεηιό, ηι μιάθ ηιογ  
 άζάη ζυη τυγα οο βί άηη. Ηάέ η-έηηεόόάίό τί άζυγ  
 γυίθε άη άη ζεάηη Ρ'" Μηολ γέ Μάηε Ηι η-Ειόη  
 άζυγ β'μυζοίη β'ηέαγαιξ, άζυγ βί γαοζάλ βυαίθεαηέα άζ  
 άη ηβειητ άεα. Φυάη Μάηε Ηι η-Ειόη βάγ ζο β'ηόη-  
 άέ ι λάη ρυηταίξ, άζυγ ουβαίητ έόηάηηα οι, "ηοεάηηαν  
 α β'ραο α βέιθεαυ ουινε βεό α ηβέιό άβρίαν έεαηέα  
 άη." άέτ άη άη ταοιβ είλε μηηηε γέ άβρίαν άζ μολαό

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

mná óige do b'f mi-rziámáé, áéé b'í r'í r'ibialta cóirí ein-  
 eálta. Do b'íóeáú r'í ág r'iearíal áirí, í v'it'g éigim,  
 'n-áit á mb'ioú r'é áirí lóir'ín, águy r'uaíirí r'í r'earí leir-  
 an áb'rián, águy t'á maé léi 'na cóinnur'óe ánoirí í g'cláir-  
 g'ailíní. Oubáir'it beán áor'ta liom, í g'cill'ar'tain, g'o  
 b'racáíú r'í an Reac'túir'e áon uairí ámáin, í v'it'g v'áir'ra.  
 águy l'abáir'í r'é léi águy v'ubáir'it, "buó máit an r'earí  
 ceir'oe vo minne túra, á áailín, í r'íeím vo leág r'é an  
 plána or't; b'í á áeir'vo áige." "Níor r'ear'íirí ná t'á  
 ágav-rá," áir'ra m'ir'e, óir'í b'í cúpla téáú b'ir'it'e in á  
 b'eir'ólin. L'abáir'í r'é m'uo éigim áir' "O h-Éáúra ná  
 cleir'e móir'e" águy níor'í máit le m'áéáir'í r'in águy níor'í  
 leir' r'é úam tuilleáú cáinte b'eit' ágáim leir'. Muna  
 mb'eit' r'in b'éir'oir'í g'o n'óéáir'áú r'é áb'rián v'am r'éin m'ar'  
 minne r'é vo Mháir'e in h-Éir'óin águy vo Mháir'e  
 Stancún!"

Fuair'í m'uinntir'í ná tír'e á g'cuio eólar'í áir' r'táir'í  
 águy áir' r'eanáar' ó beul-oir'ear' ná r'ean-váoir'ne, águy  
 b'íóv'ar'í g'o móir' níor'í r'óglam'éá, águy íáú g'an leáúáir',  
 g'an léir'g'ean, ná m'ar' t'áir'v ánoir'í. Do b'í f'ior' áca áir'  
 in'óú áir' b'it' g'o maib' tír'í úit'éáir' áca, águy g'o m'ba tír'  
 áor'ta í, águy g'o maib' r'í áon uair'í ámáin 'na tír'í b'ir'eáú,  
 élv'ááimáil, r'óglam'éá. Ní maib' an Reac'túir'e áéé ág  
 tabáir'it ámáé an eólar'í vo b'í ámear'g' ná n'v'áoir'ne nuair'  
 éuir'í r'é "Seanáar' ná g'g'eir'e" le céile. Stáir'í ná  
 h-Éir'ieann ácá in r'an v'án r'in g'o c'uir'inn águy g'o r'o-  
 túir'g'eanáé. R'it' an v'án r'o áir' r'uo ná tír'e águy í r'  
 v'óir'g' náé maib' buáéáill í g'Conv'áé ná g'ailíníe an uair'  
 r'in cóim b'ir'iv'ear'máil v'all ám'eólaéí v'táoir'í á tír'e r'éin  
 leir' an g'cuio í r' mó v'e buáéáillib' ácá ánn in'oiu. Ní  
 b'uir'ig'r'eá í g'Conv'áé ná g'ailíníe ánn uair'í r'in an n'íú vo

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



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.

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



Cuaiairé mé, munab bhéas, go dtiocfaid ré fan tpaogal  
 go gcuirfiréar máisirteir léigim inr gac cúinne,  
 ní'l in fan gcár aét rgeim as meallaó uaimn an tpeio  
 asur viúltairiú vo gnotairiú lúiteir.  
 Creitirú vo'n éléir, 'r ná téirúó ar ímalairt réir  
 no caillfirú ríó mac Dé a' r a cúmaicta,  
 's an long ro éuaró i léig (?) má téiréann ríó ann ve léim  
 iompócairú rí, a' r béirú ríó rúití.

asur ba é rin go díneac an muo vo minne rí, o'iomprúg  
 rí asur o'fás rí na gaeóil rúití; asur o'fás rí na  
 buacáillú vo iusgáó i n-don baile leir réin, cóim  
 bhúigíte bhurte rin, gan rriueacáó, gan rrioiuao, gan  
 inéim, gan meirneac, gan tuirge, gan tiri-gúidó, gan  
 béarila ná gaeóeilg, nac bfuil ríao abalta ar cúig  
 linnte dá abríandúib réin—ní h-é amáin vo máó, aét vo  
 tuisirint!

Chom gdear asur vo bhiorcaig ré na daoine a  
 n-dgáiró na n-goll asur a n-dgáiró na n-éagcóiui vo bí  
 o'á n-omuirt oirua, ní maib ré gan céill maic. Tá rgeal  
 as rean-fear i n-aiice le baile-u-liaig go maib cuinn-  
 iugáó as na buacáillúib dána no as daoimib ve'n  
 t'óirte rin don oiróce amáin, asur o'iarraoair ar an  
 Reacúirte vo éeac leó. O'iomitig ré leo go oti an  
 cuinnuigáó, asur minne ré cúpla man oirua. Nioir  
 cuinnuigéacó na béarirúó, aét oubaire an rean-fear guri  
 b'é reo an bhúg vo bí ionnta: "Cuinnuigiró," ar ré, "ar  
 an méao raiúoirúí veairg acá as na Sacrahaócaib, asur  
 tá a lán gurna asur arim asur h-uile r'óirte aca. Fuaru  
 ríao an buaio ar an Spáin réir, asur baimeaoair Sib-  
 rialtair oí, asur minne ríao cogáó bliadóain asur ríce in  
 ran Oileán Úir, asur an é rin le máó go bfuil ríó-re  
 uil amac a n-dgáiró na ngurna asur na raiúoirúí mar  
 tá ríó, asur gan asraib aét cipín maioe a baimear ríó

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 cipeen of a stick that



ye'll out 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 yo'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 (?), wern,  
 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.

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

ʔhí rḗ zo h-ionzanṗad lḗion. Mí maib rḗ mo-áno. Cota  
 fada bḗreion azur bḗrte de'n córoorí vo bíou ari.  
 ʔubairt fḗar leir an mbairtḗzḗarua ʔreḗorū zur  
 inuḗr a dṗari óo zur ʔubairt an Reacṗúre fḗin, leir,  
 naó nḗeacáio rḗ az cariaḗeacṗ le uine maíu naó  
 leazfáó rḗ é, azur zo maib rḗ cóm lḗion rḗn in a  
 zḗazáib zo bḗeazfáó rḗ luíe ari a ómuim azur mála  
 a mberṗ ceṗre céao cḗuṗneacṗa ann vo cúr ruar or a  
 óionn. Míor fḗeo rḗ ceó na rḗuḗio [rṗim ari bíṗ] fḗe-  
 rḗnt. Nuair buail an zalar bḗeac é, ir in a rḗuṗib vo  
 fócruḗz rḗ, azur nḗor fḗz rḗ acṗ rḗ no ceṗre baill ari  
 a éaon, acṗ bair rḗ an maṗaric vé ari fad. Chomḗ dall  
 azur bí rḗ vo rḗuṗlaó rḗ bóṗre na rḗre zo léir, azur  
 vo óionnṗóacṗ rḗ fan áit ceṗre ó bóṗar zo bóṗar zan  
 oḗreao azur a lḗn ná a maṗe vo leazan ari an  
 mballa. ʔubairt uine: “ʔhí m'áari az véanaḗ ion-  
 zanṗar fad, don lá aḗáin, azur ʔubairt rḗrean leir,  
 'fan zo rḗuṗraḗaio zo rḗ an cḗor-bóṗar zo  
 b'áṗ'n-ruḗ, azur ná h-inuḗr oam, acṗ fḗac, fḗin, má  
 ceṗreann rḗ oim,' azur cóim cḗnṗe a' rḗ tá mé beó nuair  
 áainz rḗ zo rḗ an cḗor-bóṗar vo óionnṗarḗz rḗ, zo  
 oḗreacṗ zḗeṗr-lḗri an bóṗar.”

ʔubairt fḗar eile zo maib an Reacṗúre azur rḗob-  
 aḗre dall le céile i nḗor, azur o'fḗzadari an baile-  
 mór le céile le uil zo baile-u-liaḗ, acṗ bí rḗ  
 véḗeannac azur nḗor fḗeazadari an beḗna no an  
 rḗarḗre vo bí in fan mballa fḗzail, le uil rḗor zo  
 baile-u-liaḗ, azur nḗor áainz don uine le na rḗr-  
 beánt oíob. ʔubairt an Reacṗúre annḗn, zo bḗr-  
 fḗeó rḗ zo ʔor, azur naó rḗeṗreacṗ rḗ ari aḗir.  
 Chuairṗ rḗ mile ari ari zo ʔor, azur éomáruḗz rḗ 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

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

έοιρρέιμι δρι ντεαδέ αμαδέ τό, δζυρ νυαρι έάινιζ γέ έόμ  
 ρατα λειρ αν μβεαριναιονν ρεαρ ρέ, δζυρ έ ζο υίρεαδέ ορ δ  
 δ έόμδαιρ!”

Όυβδαιρτ να υαοινε, ι ζCιλλ-δουδίν, ζο μβιοθ έλεα  
 έεαζέα ρίορ δρι έβρυαδέ να βpoll-μόνα ιν ραν έρι ριν, έ  
 ρεαραιή υιρρι νυαρι έέιμεαθ ουινε αν poll-μόνα, δζυρ  
 ζο έέιμεαθ αν έεαέτύιρε ιαυ έόμ μαίέ έε ουινε δρι βιέ  
 νυαρι β'έιζιη τό ουλ έδαιρτα. Όο έόμδαιρεαθ ρέ δ έυιο  
 έοιρ-έέιμ δρι δαιρ ο'η έειε μίτεαθ ρέ δζυρ έέιμεαθ ρέ  
 ανηρην ζο υτι αν έαοβ ειλε, έόμ μαίέ έε ουινε δ ραιβ  
 δ ραθδαιρ διζε.

Όο β'έ αν έέαυ δβριάν υο μιννε ρέ, υο ρέρι μιννη-  
 τιρε Cιλλ-δουδίν δβριάν δρι ηατα υο ζοιυεαέ ό ρεαρ  
 έιζιη υο βί δζ έυιρ έοιρρε. Νυαρι έυαιθ ρέ δρτεαέ έυμ  
 δ όμείρι υ'έζδ αν ρεαρ ρο δ ηατα έριοέτα δρι ιηάιυε έυμ  
 να ρρέαέάιν υο ρζανηηυαθ. Ό'ιαρι αν έεαέτύιρε όζ δρι  
 όυινε έιζιη αν ηατα υο έαβδαιρ έειρ, νυαρι βί αν ρεαρ  
 ειλε δρτιζ δζ δ όμείρι, έε ζριαονν υο όέαηαή όό ρέιν.  
 δζυρ μιννε ρέ δβριάν δρι αν ηατα, δζ ριάθ ζυρι β'ιαυ να  
 υαοινε μαίτε υο έόζ έεό έ, δζυρ έυιρ ρέ ιν ραν δβριάν  
 ζυρι έεαν αν ρεαρ ρο ιαυ ρυαρ ζο Cρυαέ Μηεαθ' δζυρ  
 δρ ριν ροιρ ζο Κορcomάιν, δρι έόιρ δ ηατα, δζυρ αν μέαυ  
 έάριλα όό. Μιορ ρέαυ μέ αν τ-δβριάν ρο ράζδαι, ιρ υόιζ  
 ζο βρuiλ ρέ έαίλλτε. Ιρ ιν-βρειαέηυιζέτε ζυρ β'έ αν έέαυ  
 δβριάν υο μιννε Τοιρθεαλβαέ Ο Cεαρβδάλλίν, ρεαρ υο  
 έαίλλ δ ραθδαιρ μαρ αν έεαέτύιρε δζυρ υο έεαν ρέιζε-  
 βεαέτα μαρ ειρεαν, αέέ αμεαρζ να ηυαοινε υαρδλ νυαρι  
 βί αν έεαέτύιρε αμεαρζ να ηυαοινε ίριολλ—ζυρ β'έ αν  
 έέαυ δβριάν μιννε ρέ δβριάν δρι να υαοιμβ μαίτε.

(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

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



Σημιόβδαρι Δ Δινημ φέιν Ο Ρεαότύμπε, Ο Ρεαότύμζ, νό  
 Ο Ραότύμζαιζ, ι ηζαεθειλζ, άετ ιρ ι αν φοιμυμ θηέαριΔ  
 “Ραιρτεμ” ιρ μό ατά cleaόταιζτε, αζυρ cleaότ ρέ φέιν  
 έ. Σημιόβαιμ-ρε μαρι Ρεαότύμπε έ, όμ ιρ ιονηαν Ρεαό-  
 τύμπε αζυρ μαορι νο ρτιύβαιμ αζυρ ιρ τόιζ ζυρ ό’η οιμζ  
 έάιμζ αν ρλοηνεαό. Δετ έυαλαιό μέ υαοιμε το βι ζαν  
 ροαλ θέαριΔ αα, αζ ταβαιμ Ραιρτεμ Διμ. Ιρ cor-  
 miúle ρυαμ αν Διμμε Le Ρεαότύμζ ná Le Ρεαότύμπε.  
 Κοιτέαμ το βι ιη Δ Δέαιμ, αζυρ βι Δ ιιάέαιμ υε Μημνη-  
 τιμ θμιαοάιν. Τά κυρ υε’η θυηναό céαθηα ιη ραν τιμ  
 ρη ρόρ; έυαλαιό μέ ζο μαιβ ná Ραόναοιμζ ζαολαέ  
 λειρ, άετ τυζανη ná μάιζιρτιμύε ρζοιλε Rochford Δι  
 Ραόναοιμ Δοιρ! θυό έ Φμιαη Τααρε, υοιμε υαυαλ  
 ραιόβιρ, υο βι ’να cóμνηυόε ραν τιζ μόμ αζ Cill-αοαάιν  
 αν υαμ ρη. Βι conμαιε ζαόαι Διζε, αζυρ υο βιοό ρέ  
 αζ ριαόάέ λέό. Chuiúμζιζ ná ρεαη-υαοιμε ζο mbioó Δ  
 έαυαλλ-ριαόαιζ αζ λέιμμζιζ αζυρ αζ ρμωμρράιλ ηυαμ  
 βιοό αν Ρεαότύμπε αζ ρειηημ Δι Δ βειόλιν. θηί Φμιαη  
 Τααρε αμιέαηαέ λειρ, ιρ τόιζ, όμ ιη τυζανη Δ Διημ Δρτεαέ  
 ραν Δβμάν “Conοαέ Μημζ-έό” αζυρ βι ρέ ’να βμειέ-  
 εαη Δι αν Δβμάν ρη, όμ μηηεαό ζεαλλ υομ αν Ρεαό-  
 τύμπε αζυρ ριλε ειλε Δρ ζηαλλημ, αια αα ιρ ρεαμμ μολ-  
 ραό Δ cóηοαέ φέιν, αζυρ υ’ήζαυαμ αν βμειέαμηηαυ ρά  
 Φμιαη Τααρε. Νιομ ράζ αν Φμιαη Τααρε ρεο ρλιόετ  
 ’να ύιαιζ; μεαυαμ ηαέ μαιβ ρέ ρόρτα, αζυρ υειρ ριαο  
 ζο mbioηη Δ έαιρ le ρειρμηε ζο μμμε τιμείολλ αν τιζε  
 μόμ, ιη ραν ηζάμυοίη αζυρ Δμεαμζ ηα ζμιαηη. Ιρ ιη  
 ραν τιζ céαθηα υο μυζαό Δ’ρ τόζαό λοταιό ηις Μηάζ-  
 ηαυα, ύμυρζευλυόε αζυρ ζαεόιλζτέόμ, υο μηηε μόμάν  
 έμυ ηα ζαεόειλζε αζυρ ευμμηε αν Ρεαότύμπε υο έοηζ-  
 βάιλ βεό ραν Διτ ρη,

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 arí arí b'fíle boct nuair v'fáξ ré  
 Cill-dossáin. O nac maib oíreao aξur acra taláinan aξ  
 a muinnuiri, aξur é féin 'na óall, ir vóisξ zo maib ré óom  
 boct aξur bí feari armaidí arí an t'raoξal ro. Aξ ro an  
 piccéari do minne an Calnánac arí a t'eacé i vtopacé, zo  
 huacéari Conuacé na ξaillíne.

b'olc é a cáilíreacé arí a t'eacéacé cum tíre,  
 bí cáibín ve haca air, arí óac an t'rnírin,  
 a maib r'raeagán barraiξ air, carra r'noíóca,  
 aξur ir r'ava óait ré, caíte arí an ξcarra óoilíξ!

bí "mappex" r'raeareta air, aξur níor náir é míniuξacó,  
 marí ir íomúca vaba óuiracó ré i b'póca na t'aoibe,  
 bí trouser r'alacé arí zo taláin r'ior leir,  
 a maib v'á óeao poll air aξur ξac le r'iora.

bí r'ean-óeirre claoíóte ξiobacé arí a b'eirre,  
 r'áirξte arí a íomlacán aξ r'alacé a r'eirre,  
 bí beirre arí a b'áirra, 'ré arí cúma na ξeirre,  
 's nuairí bíóó a v'olξ [v]muirre leiracó ré léirre.

Acé, óom boct aξur bí ré, níor b'ava zo b'ruair ré  
 mear aξur onóir aξur ξiáó amearξ :na muinnuiri  
 r'laiteamíla féile do óóinnuix i n-huacéari Conuacé na  
 ξaillíne, aξur ní maib don óarmaid do b'fearri aige, arí  
 fearó tamailé arí móó arí bíc, ná an fearí do minne na  
 linte c'ruairre r'eo 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 canbeen 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.

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

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

(5) i.e., the south,



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 raimeia. 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)

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



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.

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



Պէրբ թէ թէրն ԻՆ Ե ԵԻՐԻՅԵ ՅՕ ՄԵՄԵ թէ ԵՆ ԵՕՄԱՐԿԱՐՈ  
 ՅԻԴՈՒ ՄՕ ՆԱ ՄՆԱԻԾ, ԵՇՇ ՆԻՕԻ ՇՅԱԼԱՐ ԵՕԻՆ ՄՐՈՇ-ԲՅՇԱԼ ՄՈՒ  
 ԵՃՕԻԾ ԻՆ ԲԱՆ ՅՇՈՒՐ ԲԻՆ, ԵՅՄԻ ՆԻ ՇՄԻԵԱՆՆ ԵՆ ՇԱԼՆԱԾԵ  
 ՆՈՒ ԼԵԻՇ Է. Պէրբ թէ թէրն ԻՆ Ե “ԲՅՕԻՐՄԻՆ” ՆԱՇ ԲԱԻԾ ԹԷ  
 ԼԵԱՇ ՇՕՄ Խ-ՕԼՇ ԼԵ ՄՕԻԱՆ ՄՅՕԻՆԵ ԵԻԼԵ ԻՆ ԲԱՆ ԵԻՐ, ԵՇՇ  
 ԵՄՄԻՅԵԱՆՆ ԹԷ Ի ՄԵՃՕԻԾ ԵՆ ՕԻԼ ԵՅՄԻ ՆԱ ՄԵԾԱՆ.

ՄԱ ԼԱԾԱՐԻ ՄԻՐԵ ՚Յ ՇՕՐ ԲԻՐՈԼ  
 ՅՕ ՇՕՐԵԱՄԱԼ ԼԵ ՄՆԱԻԾ ՄԵԱՐ,  
 ՏԻՆ Ե ԵՐՄԻԼ Ի ՄՈՒՅԱԻՈՒ ԲՅԻՓՈԾԵ,  
 ԵՅՄԻ ՅՕ Ն-ՕԼԱՐՄ ՄԻՐԵ-ԵԱԵՆԱ!

ԻՐ Է ԵՆ ԼՕՇՇ ԻՐ ՄՕ ՄՕ ՇՄԻ Ե ՆԱԻՄՕԵ ՆՈՒ ԼԵԻՇ, ՅՕ ԲԱԻԾ ԹԷ  
 ԹՕ ԲԱՆՆԵԱՇ, ԵՅՄԻ ԹՕ ՅԵԱՐ ԵՅ ՇՄԻՆՆԻՅՇԱՈՒ ԵՐԻՅՈՒ,  
 ԵՅՄԻ ՆԱՐ ՄԵԱՐՄԱԻՈ թէ ԲԱՄՆ ԵՆ ՔԼԱՇԱ ՄՕ ՇՄԱՇԱՈՒ ԵՐԻ  
 ԷՐ ՄԱՐԲԱ. ՆԻՒ ԵՆ ՇՄԻՐ ԵՆՆ ՅՕ ԲԱԻԾ ԲԱԻՇՇՕՐ ԵՅ ՆԱ  
 ՄՅՕԻՆԻԾ ԲՕԻՄԵ, ԵՅՄԻ ԵՆ ԵՇ ՆԱՇ ՄԵԻՍԻՅԱՈՒ ՄՕ ԼԵ ՇԱՐԵԱՆ-  
 ԵՐ ՄՕ ԵՃԱՐԲԱՈՒ ԹԷ ՄՕ ԼԵ ԲԱԻՇՇՕՐ. ՇՄԻԵԱՆՆ ԵՆ ՇԱԼ-  
 ՆԱԾԵ ԲԻՆ Ի ՅՇԷԻԼ ԵՍԻՆՆ ՆՄԱՐԻ ՇՄԻ ԹԷ ԵՆ ԲԵԱՇՇՄԻԵ  
 ԲՈՐ ՄԱՐ

ԵՅ ԲԵԱՐԲԱԼ ՆԱ ԵՐԻԵ, ԵՅՄԻ ԵՅ ԲՅՇՕԼԱՈՒ ՆԱ ՄՅՅՕԻՆԵ,  
 ԵՅՄԻ ԵՅ ԵՇՅԵԱԼ ՆԱ ՇՕՐԱ ԻՆ ԲՆԱ ԵԱԼԵԱՇԱԻԾ,  
 ԵՅՄԻ ՄԱՐ ԵՐԱՅ՝ ԲԵՐԵԱՆ ՄՕՄՕՆ ԵՅՄԻ Ե ԵՈՒՅ ՄՕ ԼՕՆԱՈՒ,  
 ԵՇԻՈՒ Ե ՄԵԻՄԵԱՐ Ի ԵՐԱԵԾԱՐ ԵՇ ԵՃԱՐԲԱՈՒ ԵՐԵ!

ԵՄՈՒ Է Ե ԵՃԱՆՅԱ Ե ՄԵԻՄԵԱՐ, ԵՅՄԻ Օ ԵԻ ԲԻ ՇՕՄ ՅԵԱՐԻ ԲԻՆ ԻՐ  
 ԻՆՅՆԱՈՒ ԼԻՕՄ ՆԱՐ ՅԵԱՐԻ ԹԷ ՆԻՕՐ ՄՕ ԼԷԻ. ՄԱՐ ԼԻՕՄ-ԲԱ,  
 ԻՐ ՇՐՈՇՅՇԱՈՒ ԵՐ ՄԻՆԵ ԵՅՄԻ ԵՐ ԵՃՕԻՆԵ Ե ՆԱՄՍԻՐԵ, ՆԱՇ  
 ԵՐԱՐԻ ՄԷ ԵՆ ՇՄԻԱՆ ՅԵԱՐԻ ԲԵԱՐԻԾ ՆՈՒ ՄՅՅԱՅ, ԵՇՇ ԵՆ ՄԱ  
 ՇԵԱՆՆ ՄՕ ԲԻՆՆԵ ԹԷ Ի Ն-ԵՅՇԱԻՈՒ ՆԱ ՅՇԱԼԻՆԱԾԵ ԵՅՄԻ Ի  
 Ն-ԵՅՇԱԻՈՒ ՏԻԵՃԱՆ Ե ԵՍԻՐԱ ԵՅՄԻ Ի Ն-ԵՅՇԱԻՈՒ ՄԻՆՆԵ ՄՕ  
 ՅՕՄՕ Ե ՇՕՇԱ ՄՕՐ. ԵՅՄԻ ՄԱՐՄԻ ԼԵ Ն-Ե ՄՅՆԵԱԻԾ ՄԻԱՇԱ  
 ՆԻ ԲԵՐՄԻՐ ՆԱՇ ՄՅԵԱՐՄԱԻՈՒ ԲԻԱՇ ՄԱԻՇ ՄՕ-ԻՆՆԻՐԵ ԻՆ ԲԱՆ

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

ούτατό. Μαρι ουβδαιτε φεαρι λιομ : “ θ’ φεαρι ιαο ρη  
 ηά ραφατε πο ηιδάρι αζ τεαφαρζ να ποαοιμε ! ” ηρ  
 βεαζ νε ηειτίβ, οαρι λιομ-ρη, α όοηηηηζεαζ αη όοιοθε  
 μαρι αη ηηεαζηαό ιοηζαηαό οο όυζ ηέ αη όοιηε έιζηη  
 οο όοηηηηε έ αζ ηειηηη, αζυρ ηάρι αιέηηζ έ. Ό’ φηαηηηζ  
 αη φεαρι ηο ι ζοοηρ άηηο, “ Οηα η-έ αη αεόλτόηη ? ” αζυρ  
 ό’ ηηεαζαηη άηη βειτίλεαοόηη οαλλ :—

ηησε ηαιρτεηι.

ηησε ηαιρτεηη αη ηηε,  
 λάν υόέαιρ αζυρ ηηάό,  
 ηε ηύηηβ ζαη ηολυρ  
 ηε όίηηαη ζαη όηάό.

Όυλ ηηαη αη η’ αηρτεαη  
 ηε ηολυρ ηο έηηοθε,  
 ηαηη αζυρ ηαιρτεαό  
 ζο υειρεαό ηο ηίηζε.

ηεάό αηοηρ ηέ  
 αζυρ η’ αζαίό αη βαλλα (1)  
 αζ ηειηηη αεόη  
 Όο ηόαηηβ ηαλαηη.

Όηη ηάηηηρ ηηεαό ηηόηη αηζε αηη α τεαηηζαίό ούέτέαη  
 αότ όυηζ ηέ αη βέαηηα. Όειηη οαοιηε ηάηη όυηζ, αότ ηρ  
 οόηζ ζυηι όυηζ. Όυβδαιτε αηηοιηε Ο Όάηηαίζ ηηομ, τά.  
 βεό ι ηβαηη-αό-όηηαό ηόη, ζυηι όοηηηηζ ηέ ζο ηαίτ ζυηι  
 λείζ α ηεαη-αόέαηη ηεαβαηη βέαηηα όό αηηαοοο ηε βαηη-  
 λόό-ηηαβαό, αζυρ όοηηη ηαιρτεηη ηαεοοειηζ αηηη ηηη  
 οηόόε. Όα έ ηηη ηαη ηβηηηαόαηη, 1830. Όυβδαιτε ηέ ζο  
 ηαηηβ ηέ ζηεηρτα ζο η-αη-ηηεαηαηηαηη αη ηαηη ηηη, αζυρ  
 ζο ηαηηβ α ηηαο ηειρ. Ό’ φάζ α ηηαο, οο βη ’ ηα βειτίλεα-  
 οόηη ηαίτ, έ, ηε ουλ ηε “ όηηαηρ ” οο βη αζ ζαβαηη ηα  
 όηηε.

(1) ηο ηαηη όοαηηαό ηέ αζ ηεαηη ηηε έ, “ α’ η ηο όύλ ηε 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.

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

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

Եւրբեանոսն թէ չօ լաւն եօլար ալչե ար օրբեաճ-  
 օն Տեաճրնն Շէրտնչ. Ե'երօր չար լեւնչեօճ ւսօ ար  
 լան-լչրնննն սօ, Լե լչոլարն եւչոն, արչար ր թօլար  
 և թեւրտ ար շար ս'ա ճերանաւն չօ լաւն տօճ  
 ալեռն ալչե ար սնտաւն մար "Եւրբեօճ նա Լ-Եւր-  
 բան," Լե Ծօճտնն Օ Կօնալլ, արչար Լեւր ան "Տօչարն  
 Ռօմանաճ" արչար Լե թօլարն եւլե սե'ն շրօրտ շէտօն.  
 Իր սօլն չօ չարաւն թէ ւսօ թօ ււլե օ եալ նա  
 թեան սաօնե, արչար սօ շար թեւրտ և սնտա թեմ ար և  
 Լօրն. Որն թճ թէ եօճար նա ռսաօնե սօ շարն թօնն.  
 Եճ արն թօրն ս'ա Ճիւսեւլչ ան-չլան, արչար լարն օ  
 թօլարն ւարճաճ ար ան թեւրտ. Իր եաչ ռաճ լարն-  
 թեան սօնն չօ ռսեաճարն թէ ար և եալաճ ար լարն  
 չլանն րն և շար Ճաւսեւլչ, ճէտ եճ արն եւլե ս'ա  
 ճերանաւն շարալլչէ Լե թօլարն եալարն մեարչէա շրօ  
 ան ռՃաւսեւլչ. Իր թօնն արն-արնտե սեար ճէաճ ալչե և  
 Եւրբեանար և թնչարչարաճէ ար ան չարտ, արչարն լ  
 արչար արչար թօլալ ալչե ռաճ երարն թէ օ նա սաօնն թեմ,  
 արչար ռաճ լաւն արնտօնն անարչար նա ռսաօնն ան սար  
 թն. Եալարն թա սեարն արն չարն արչար սօ շար թէ թօլալ  
 մար "արնտա-ան-օրն" ար ան ալտ և ռսեանտարն նա եօնն  
 օրն, արչար երարն մար "արնլարն սա թեւրտաճ," "արնլե  
 արն," "արչար լարն," "արնոճ թալ," յւ., արչար մար  
 արչարն թէ արտեաճ աննեաճա մար "արնոճ ան ճար,"  
 "արն Կլան արն," "արնաճ," "արնոճ արն  
 [արն] արչար ռարն," "արն ռաճ թօնն," արչար "ան  
 արն թօնն," յւ, օ'ն արն-արնտեաճ, սօ եւ ան սար  
 թն ար եալ Լ-արն սօնն.

(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 "*tables 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.

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(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 corinúileasc̄t ar bi't le véana'm iorir an Reac̄-  
 túipe mar' fíle, a'gur fear' mar' Eó'gan Ruad̄ O Súillio-  
 báin, a'gur na ríli'oe Muinnea'da vo bi' ann, céad  
 bliad̄an ó' foin. Daoine ró'glam'ea vo bi' ionnta' ro.  
 Mái'gír'c'irí'oe ar an n'Ga'e'oeil'z, fear' a'gur nuad̄, vo bi'  
 ionnta'. Dhí' foclóir' aca féin, a'gur ní' maib' rí' mó'  
 ná'ou'ir'oa. I'f' binnea'f' o'í'ar'ir' rí'ad̄, a'gur fuair' rí'ad̄  
 binnea'f'. Ac̄t' ba'ine'ad̄ar' zo' mó' m'nic' ve'n' céil' le cur'  
 le n-a' mbinne'af'. Ní'oir' í'ar'ir' mo' Reac̄túipe' binnea'f' ar'  
 don' cóir'. Ni'l' ré' gan' é, ac̄t' ní' ve'ac̄a'io' o'á' tó'uir'g'e'ac̄t.  
 Ní'oir' é'lea'c̄t' ré' cur'ad̄-foc'al' a'ri'ad̄m' le' ceól' a' bé'ar'ir'a  
 vo' mé'ad̄ou'g'ad̄. I'ad̄'air' ré' a'ma'c̄ an' mu' vo' bi' in' a'  
 é'ri'oe, zo' r'impl'í'oe a'gur zo' o'ir'ea'c̄, in' a' b'ri'ad̄'ir'aib' féin;  
 ac̄t' meall'car' mé', ar' a' f'oin' r'ir', mu'na' o'uir'g'ea'd̄ Muin-  
 nea'd̄ féin, in'oiu, é, ní'oir' fear'ir' ná' t'uir'g'ea'd̄ ré' Eó'gan  
 Ruad̄.

Dhí' ré' t'uir'g'ea'nn'a'd̄ có'm' maib' le' cur'í'ad̄'ea'd̄. Tar'  
 éir' an' O'ó'inn'all'á'na'd̄ vo' m'ol'ad̄ ar' f'oin' na' t'ri'oe'oe' mu'ne  
 re' leir' an' g'Ca'ln'á'na'd̄ (t'ri'oe'oe' vo'ir' vo' bi' ann, a'gur  
 o'aoine' u'ar'le' na' t'ir'ie' zo' léir' a'g' ve'ar'ic'ad̄ o'ir'ia'), fé'ad̄  
 có'm' cur'í'ona' a'gur veir' ré' fan' no'uir'ea'd̄

Le' b'ra'e't'nu'g'ad̄' g'ri'nn' fan' r'g'e'al' r'ir'  
 ná'ir' é'ru'ag' r'ir' o'á' m'ac' Ga'e'oe'al'  
 O' cur' o'f' coir'ne' a' é'í'le  
 Le' fé'ac̄a'ir'nt' c'ia' de'í' r'í'oir'.

Ná'c' b'fuil' ré' reo' ní'oir' u'ar'le' a'gur ní'oir' me'ar'á'í'la' zo'  
 mó'ir' ná' i'om'c'ar'ir' a'gur in'nt'oinn' na' no'aoine' u'ar'á'le' vo'  
 cur'ir' cum' t'ri'oe'oe' í'ad̄.

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!





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

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

(2) Literally: "Was lost."

φαν οὐδέ. Ἴρ μοιτ̄ ἐυμῆμιζῆμ̄ νυαῖμ̄ βί ρέ αῖ ράξαιλ  
 βάρ 'να ὀιαῖξ̄ ρῖν, ζο ὀτάμῆζ̄ αραῖο ὀό, ρεαρῖ οε να  
 Κυαηαιξ̄ιβ, ἀρτεαδ̄, αῖσυρ̄ ουβαιρτ̄ ρέ 'μοιτ̄ ζο λεόρ, α  
 Ραιρτερῖ,' ἀρ ρέ, 'νι'λ̄ ἀν ἐάμῖοε ὀο ἐυζ̄ ἀν βάρ̄ ουιτ  
 αἰτ̄τε ρόρ,' αῖσυρ̄ ὀ'ρῖεαῖαῖρ̄ Ραιρτερῖ αῖσυρ̄ ουβαιρτ̄  
 ρε, 'τά ρέ ὀέαητα ἀμαδ̄ αῖ ἀν Εαῖλαῖρ̄ αῖσυρ̄ αῖζαμ̄  
 ρέμ̄ ἀνοῖρ̄ ηαδ̄ ἐ ἀν βάρ̄ ὀό βί ἀηη, ἐορῖ ἀρ̄ βιτ̄, ἀετ̄  
 ζυρ̄ β'ε ἀν οιαβ̄αλ̄ ἐ ὀο ἐάμῆζ̄ αῖ συρ̄ αετ̄μῆζ̄τε οῖμ̄.' "

Ἴρ ἰομῶα ἱζέαλ̄ ἐυαλαῖῶ μέ ἰ ὀταοῖβ̄ α βάρ̄. Ουβ-  
 αιρτ̄ ρεαν̄ ρεαρῖ ὀο βί ζαν̄ βέαρῖλα ἰομ̄ ζο βρῦαῖρ̄ ρέ  
 βάρ̄ 'να ἀοηαρῖ, ἰ ὀτεαδ̄ ρολαῖη̄ ζαν̄ ουῖηε ἀρ̄ βιτ̄ βειτ̄  
 λειρ̄, αῖσυρ̄ ζο μῖαῖβ̄ ἀν τεαδ̄ υἰλε λαρ̄τα ρυαρ̄ ἐοῖμ̄ ζεαλ̄  
 λειρ̄ ἀν λά, αῖσυρ̄ λαρ̄αῖρῖ ἰη̄ ἱηα ἱρῖεαρ̄εαῖβ̄ ορ̄ α ἐῖοηη,  
 αῖσυρ̄ ζυρῖ β'ἰσ̄ο ρῖη̄ ηα η-αῖηζῖλ̄ ὀο βί ἀηη αῖ ὀέαηαῖη̄  
 τῶμῖαῖῶ ὀό.

Ουβαιρτ̄ ρεαρῖ εἰλε ζο μῖαῖβ̄ ρῖορ̄ αῖ ἀν Ρεαδ̄τῦηε  
 ἰοῖη-λαῖη̄, εἰα ἀν λά αῖσυρ̄ ἀν υαῖρῖ ὀο βειτ̄ α ἐέαρῖμα  
 αἰτ̄τε, αῖσυρ̄ ζο ηοεαδ̄εαῖῶ ρέ ζο ζαῖλλῖη̄ αῖσυρ̄ ζυρῖ  
 ἐεαηηηῖζ̄ ρέ ἐλάρῖ, αῖσυρ̄ ζο ὀαῖζ̄ λειρ̄ ἐ ζο τῖζ̄ ἐῖζῖη,  
 αῖσυρ̄ ἐυρῖ ρέ ἀρ̄ ἀν β'ραῖαῖῶ ἐ. Ουβαιρτ̄ ρέ ἰε ηῖηηηηηῖρῖ  
 ἀν τῖζε̄ ἐοῖηῖα ὀο ὀέαηαῖη̄ ὀό ἀρ̄ ρῖη̄, αῖσυρ̄ ρυαῖρῖ ρέ βάρ̄  
 ἀν οἰῶε ἐέαηηα !

Δετ̄ ηῖ μαρῖ ρῖη̄ ἐάρῖλα ρέ. Ρυαῖρῖ ἀν βῖαηηηῖζεαρῖηα  
 ζρῖεζοηῖ αηηαρ̄ ἰομ̄λῖη̄ ἀρ̄ α βάρ̄ ὀ ρεαρῖ ὀο βί ἰ λῶτ̄αῖρῖ,  
 αῖσυρ̄ ἐ 'να ζῶρῖη̄. Ουβαιρτ̄ ἀν ρεαρῖ ρο ζυρῖ βυαῖλεαῖῶ  
 ἐ ἰε τῖηηεαρ̄ ἰ ηζαῖλλῖη̄, αῖσυρ̄ ηυαῖρῖ ὀ'εῖμῖζ̄ ρέ ηῖορ̄  
 ρεαρῖη̄ ὀ'ἰμῖεῖζ̄ ρέ ἀρ̄ ρυο ηα οὔεαῖζε̄ ἀρῖρ̄ ἰε ἱζῖηῖβῖη,  
 βεαῖ ἀρῖηζῖο ὀο βαῖλλῖη̄ζαῖῶ, " ἀετ̄ βυαῖλεαῖῶ ρῖορ̄ ἀρῖρ̄ ἐ  
 ηυαῖρῖ ἐάμῆζ̄ ρέ ἐυμ̄ ἀν τῖζε̄ ρεο. Ἴη̄ μῖαῖβ̄ 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 net 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

τιμίολλ υειό μβλιαόδαν δ'ι τρι ριότο (1). Βήι ρέ τινη  
 αι αν λεαβυρό αι ρεαό κοικτίοιρε. Ουβαιρε μ'αταρ  
 ανηριη ραζοιτ ο'ράζαιλ οό. Βήι αν ραζοιτ παρριόιρε  
 αρ αν μβαλε, αέτ ραριαμααι ραζοιτ ειλε αζυρ έυιη ρέ  
 αν ολα ύειρεανναό αιη αζυρ έυζ αρβολόιο οό. Νι ραιβ  
 ριαν αι βιέ αιη, αέτ α έοιρα οο βειέ ρααι, αζυρ έείτεαό  
 να βυαέαιλλιό ελοέ αζυρ έυιρεαό ριαο ιη ραν λεαβυρό  
 έυιγε ι. Ουό ιμιαη λε μο μάέται ριορ α έυι αι α βεαν  
 αζυρ αι α ιμαό οο βι ι ηζαλλιη, ζο οτιυραιοίρ λε αιρε  
 νιοι ρεαρη έαβαιρε οό, αέτ νι λειζρεαό ρέ ούινη ρηη α  
 ύέαηαι. ρειέταρ ύαη ζυρ ι'αοιλ ρέ ηαέ ηυεαηηαοαρ  
 ζυρ ηο ιμαίε οό. Ουαλαίό μέ ρζéal ζυρ ούίλταίζ αν  
 ραζοιτ αρβολόιο οο έαβαιρε οό, αζυρ έ αζ ράζαιλ βάη,  
 ιμυα μαίερεαό ρέ οο ηάηαο έιζηη οο βι αιζε, αζυρ ζυρ  
 ουβαιρε ρειρεαν, 'μά ιμαίε μέ οό λε μο βéal ηιορ  
 ηαιέταρ οό λε μο έραιοε,' αέτ ηί'λ ροαλ ριμυηη ανη.  
 Νι ραιβ μαίλε αι βιέ αιη αν ραζοιτ αζ έυι αν ολα αιη.  
 Αέτ οο βι ριύηέαηαιό 'ηα έόηηηυε, ριορ ανηηηη, αι αν  
 ηιόέται, α έυιη Ραιρτεηη οηιοέ-αιζηεαρ αοη υαιη αηάηη  
 αιη. Σόηη ρηε οο βι ιη ραν ριύηέαηαιό ρο αζυρ βι ζυέ  
 βηεάζ αιζε αζ ζαβαιλ αβηάηη, αζυρ έάηηη ρέ αηαέ  
 αζυρ βηυρ ρέ αν βειόληη αι Ραιρτεηη. Αζυρ ιρ μαίε έυιηη-  
 ηιζηη, ηυαιη βι ρέ αζ ράζαιλ βάη, ζο οτυζ αν ραζοιτ  
 αν ριύηέαηαιό ρεο αρτεαέ, αζυρ έυζ ρέ οηηηα μαίεταηη-  
 ηαρ έαβαιρε ο'ά έείλε αζυρ λάη α έείλε έηαέαό. Αζυρ  
 ουβαιρε αν ριύηέαηαιό, 'οά ηηβειέ οηηηη ιοηη βειηε  
 ύεαηηβηάέταρ οο ηαιέηραιοίρ ο'ά έείλε, αζυρ εαο έυιγε ηαέ

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(1) Ιρ υόιζ ηαέ ηαιβ ρέ έοηη η-αοηα ρηη. Ουβαιρε Antoine  
 Ο Οάλαίζ ηιοη ζυρ ι'αοιλ ρέ ηαέ ηαιβ ρέ ηιορ ηό ηά 50 βηιαόαη  
 ραν μβλιαόαη, 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

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

maidrimir-ne?' 'Do cuirlead é i gcillín. Ni maid  
rochtair nó móir aige, a'c' bí daoine an baile ar fad  
ann. Oid'ce Fhéil Noolag ruairi ré b'ár, a'gur oubairet  
ré féin i gcóinnuidé dá mbeic Láim a'g Dia ann, gur f'á'n  
Noolag vo g'eibead ré b'ár."

Tá fear a'ndice leis an uoilg in ar cuirlead é  
a'gur oubairet ré gur f'aoil ré gur cum a' cíge féin vo  
bí an Rea'ctúire teac't, nuair buailead r'ior é "a'c't  
cúaid ré a'rted' ann'ir fan cig, r'ior," ar ré. "Oid'ce  
Noolag ruairi ré b'ár, a'gur rin coim'p'eda go maid  
ré beannaig'ce, bionn beanna'c't ar na daoimib' f'á'gann  
b'ár f'á'n Noolag. In fan oid'ce vo cuirlead é, óir ní  
d'éanfaid' don obair Lá Noolag, a'c't éirinnuig'  
m'á'c'airi, a'gur beagán vé coim'air'naid' eile, r'uibin  
air'g'vo le cóim'ra vo céanna'c' nó, a'gur iunnead é le fear  
fan mbaile, Lá San Steapáin, a'gur tugad' é ann'ro,  
a'gur lean daoine na mbailte é, óir bí meaf a'gur g'rád  
aca uile ar Rairteir; a'c't nuair tángad'air ann'ro, bí  
an oid'ce a'g tuicim, a'gur nuair bíod'air a'g to'cailt na  
h-uai'ge bí clo'c' móir iompa innti, a'gur níor f'éad'air  
a' tóg'báil, a'gur f'aoil na bua'c'ail'ré é vo éab'airet  
a'rted' fan r'g'oból a'gur an oid'ce vo ba'irt ar. A'c't  
bí meaf móir a'g mo m'á'c'airi, go no'éanaid' Dia t'p'oc'aire  
uirri, ar Rairteir, a'gur cum r'í amac' dá coim'nil-múnlá  
lar'ta, le r'olar vo éab'airet úinn. 'Do bíod' a' muinla  
féin a'g h-uile bean an uair rin, a'gur vo g'ruoir a'  
g'curo coimneal féin i gcóim'airi na Noolag. C'ong'buig'-  
eamar na coim'le lar'ta or cionn na h-uai'ge vo bí a'  
n-áice le binn an t'r'ép'éil le tab'airet r'oluir úinn, a'gur  
cúaid mo d'éair'brá'c'airi r'ior in fan uai'g, a'gur t'óg' ré an  
éloc; a'gur cúim'eamair ann'ir é. Uhi r'éro'ed' m'á'c'ir

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



ἄσοιτε ἀνη, ἀν υαῖνι ἑἕαθνα, ἀέτ νίοι μῦέ γέ νά  
 κολλη, ἀγυρ νι μέγαραιν γυρ κομμυῖς γί ἀν λαγαῖν γέμν,  
 ἀγυρ κροῦνῖς γέ γην ἕο γαῖβ λάμ ἀν Τιζεαῖνα ἀνη.”

Ὁ γάλακ ἀν γίλε μαῖν γην ἢ γαν τρεαν-μοιῖς ἰ  
 ἕCιλλινν ἀγ κοολαδ ἕο γάμ ἀμεαγῖ νά ποδοιμε  
 οὔαιτῖς γέ ἀγυρ νο ἕμῖδουῖς γέ. Cύγ βλιαθνα ἀγυρ  
 τῖν γίεῖνο ὄ, ἀγ κοολαδ ἀνηγην ἕο αῖμν, ἕαν ἀ ἐοολαδ  
 βεῖτ βυαῖθεαῖτα, ἕο ὑτάμῖς ἀν γεῖρεαδ λά γίεαδ  
 λῦγῖναρα ἀνημῖδῖς (19 0). Ὁ κῖμνῖς ἀν λά γην  
 γίλαδ μῖοι ποδοιμε ἑ ἐῖλε ἀρ νά βαῖτεῖβ ἐμκιοῖλλ, ἀγυρ  
 ποδοιμε νο ἐάμῖς ὄ βῖαδ, ἀγυρ γαγῖρε οῖμῖθῖνεαδ νά  
 παῖμῖαῖτε, ἀγυρ ποδοιμε μαῖν ἑαδῖαρο Μάρεαῖν ὄ  
 ἑαῖρεαδν Τυλοῖγῖρε ὄά μῖλε ὄεαδ ἀρ γην, ἀγυρ ἀν  
 ἑαῖντιζεαῖνα ἕρεγοῖν ἀρ ἀν ἕCύῖλ ἰ βῖαδ νοῖν ταοῖβ  
 γῖαδ νοῖν ἐοποαέ, ἀγυρ ἀν τ-ἀῖαῖν Κοηῖαοῖν ἀγυρ  
 μῖοῖαν ποδοιμε εῖλε ἀρ ἕαῖλλῖν, ἀγυρ ἕγῖοαῖ νά λῖντε  
 γεο μαῖν ἀν ἕεἕαθνα. Ὁ κῖμνῖς ἀν ἰαδ ἀνηγην,  
 ἰοῖν ἰγῖλλ ἀγυρ υαῖαλ, ἰοῖν γεαν ἀγυρ ὄγ, ἑ οῖοῖν νο  
 ἐαδῖαῖτε νοῖν γίλε μαῖν. ἑα ἰ ἀν ἑαῖντιζεαῖνα  
 ἕρεγοῖν κῖοῖ-γῖοαῖν ἀν ἐμῖνῖς. γῖαῖν γί ἀμαδ ἕο  
 ὄῖρεαδ ἀν ἀῖτ ἀρ κῖμῖαδ ἑ, ἀγυρ ἀνηγην νο ἐόγ γί κῖε ὄ  
 ἀῖο ἀλῖμν οῖ κῖοῖν νά ἑ-υαῖς, ἀγυρ ἀνηγ ἀν γίλε ἰ  
 ἑαῖεῖβ ἰ γῖνν ἰ ἑῖρεαδῖβ ὄῖν. ἑα ἰ νο γῖοῖλ ἀ  
 ὄεαδῖν, ἀγυρ ἰγ ἰγῖνν ἐῖντε ἀν κοῖταῖ, νο ἀν ἐῖνο βα  
 ἡῖ ὄε. ἑαῖ ἰγῖνῖς νά ἑ-ἑαῖγῖαῖ ἑῖγῖτε οῖ κοῖαῖν  
 ἀν τῖγῖαῖς, ἀγυρ νο γῖννεαδ ὄῖαῖοῖ ἰ ἑαῖεῖβ ἀγ  
 μῖοῖαδ ἀν ἑαῖεῖνῖ ().

(1) ἑαῖαῖο μέ γῖνν ἐμῖνῖς νά ποδοιμε ἑ ἐῖλε ἰ βλιαθνα μαῖν  
 ἀρ ἕεῖεπο ἐμκιοῖλλ ἀ υαῖς, ἡυαῖν γῖννε ἀν τ-ἀῖαῖν Ὁ ὄναδῖν ἀρ  
 ἑαῖ-ἑο-γῖαδ ὄῖαῖο βῖεῖς ὄῖβ.

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).

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(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.

Mí h-i mo bairéannaíl gairí éirinnis mé dánta uile  
 an Reachtúige ar don óir. B'éirí naé bfuil móirán  
 n oí mó ná an leat aca agham, aét ír cinnce mé go  
 bfuil an dánta ír fearr aca agham. Mí i n-aon áit  
 aindín vo bíod ré, aét i gcóinnuirde aghairéad, aghur vo  
 minne ré abrián vo réirí marí o'éirí ocláto. Míorí máirí  
 go vti an lá moiu, arí béad na nuaime, aét na cinn ír  
 clúdaíla. Ír íomóda ceann minne ré náir leatnuigead  
 arí fuo na tíre ar don óir; vo cuimneódaíto é in ran  
 áit a nuaimead, arí fead tamail, é, aghur ann-  
 ríu caillíto é. Chualairé mé trídét arí éuro  
 ve na h-abriánaib vo minne ré náir féad mé  
 na béairíarí fágáil ar don óir. Tá abrián i ríuríonn  
 Mhic Uí Dálaig, an traíurí-clóice, naé bfuil i  
 ríuríonn Mhic Uí Fhloinn, tá abrián in ran ríuríonn  
 ríurí Dcaudáin naé bfuil agh ceatáir aca, aghur móirán  
 aca-ríurí naé bfuil inntí feo, aghur ríurí mé abrián ó'n  
 Neactánaé, ó Phríuríurí O Concúdaíur, ó'n Ádaíur  
 Clement O Lúgnáir, aghur ó Sheóiríur Mac Giolla an  
 Chloig naé ríurí agh uime arí bíe eile aét aca réim  
 aindín; aghur éualairé mé trídét arí móirán eile naé  
 bfuairíurí. Aét aghurí an ríurí-focal Gaeveirí "bíonn  
 bíur arí beagán" aghur b'éirí go bfuil mo fíurí cín-  
 níto agham. Ír vóigí go bfuil h-uile abrián clúdaíla  
 agham o'á nuaimead ré, aghur ír leóirí ríurí. B'éirí gairí  
 b'íad "Bíuríurí bhéairíurí" aghur "Máiríe Mí h-Éirí" (no  
 an ríuríurí Glégeal) an tá abrián, ír mó vo éual-  
 airé mé aghurí na nuaime i ríuríurí na Gailíne,  
 aghur an ríurí abrián arí Chill-aosaín, i ríuríurí Mhuig-  
 eó. Tá na h-abrián feo agh h-uile uime a bfuil gairí  
 aghur. Tá an "Áitíurí" le fágáil iní ríuríurí 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'Conor, 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 αριζύντεαότ λειρ αν υιρζε βεάτα κοιτίοηη γό  
 λέοη μαη αν γρέασηα. 1η βεαζ ουιηε νάρ έυαλαίό  
 ααιητ αι “Sheanáur [no Cairmhuic] na Sgeíche” αζυρ  
 αι “Fhíadac Sheáđaim Bhíaduaig” μαη αν γρέασηα.

Νί ρέιοιρ λιοη αβηάιν αν Ρεαότύιηε έαβαηιηε υο  
 ρέιηι να η-αιηιηιηε αι cumad íao. Νί έιγ λιοη α ριάό  
 αι η-íao να η-αβηάιν υο ηιηηε ρέ 1 υτοραό, αζυρ ηί  
 βειέ αση ηάιτ αηη, íao υο έυη 1 η-οηιουζαό αζυρ 1  
 η-εαζαι, υο ηέιηι α ηηυη-άόβαιη, να υάητα υιαόα λέό  
 ρέηη, να υάητα ηηιάό λέό ρέηη, αζυρ μαη ηηη λειρ αν  
 ηυιυο ειλε αα. Β'ρειαηι λιοη íao υο ηεαηγζαό ηηίο α  
 έίηε υο ηέιηι μαη υο έυη ηειρειαη αζυρ μαη υο ηυαηι  
 ηιηε íao, αζυρ ηρ έ αν έέαο-αβηάιν βέαηιρ ηέ, αβηάιν  
 ηηίοη υο ηιηηε ρέ αι βάρ εεόητόηα, ρεαι υ'ά εαλαόαιη  
 ρέηη, ριόβαιηε.

Αη τέ ηαό ηρuiλ ελεάταό ηε ηιηιόεαότ να  
 ηηαευέαλ, ηί ηειριό ρέ αζυρ ηί έυηηιό ρέ ηιηηεαη  
 αζυρ εεόλ αν υάηη ηεο. Νί έυηηιό αν βέαηιόηηι αι έοη  
 αι ηιέ έ, όηη τά ηιηιόεαότ να ηηαευέαλ έαζηαηαι αι  
 ηαο ό ηιηιόεαότ να ηαηηαηαό. Βυό έοηη υο ηαό υιηε  
 ηαηύν 1 ηειηιηηη ηιοη υο βειέ αηγε αι αν υά ηόηη ηιηιό-  
 εαότα, αότ ηαηαοη! ηί'λ; αζυρ ηί ηιηιηηο να ηζοιητε  
 ηηαυαόα ατά αζαηηηη αση ηιοε υο να υαοηηβ 1 υαοηβ α  
 ληηηιόεαότα ρέηη. Αη αν άόβαιη ηηη ηαηηαηηη αι αν  
 λείητεόηηι α έαβαηιηε ρά υεαηα ηο υηυηεαηηη ηηηζ αν  
 ηοτα ότ η-υαηηε ηηη ηαη ηρέαο βέαηηα αι αν ληηηι ά,  
 αζυρ ηηηηιόβαιηηη αν ηιοληα ηηη ηόηη, ηε να έυη 1 η-ιύλ  
 υο'η λείητεόηηι αι ηόό ηο-έυηηηεαηηηαό. Τυηεαηηη ηέ  
 ηαη αν ηρέασηα αι ά ηηη ηαη ηεαέηηαηάό έυηηεαό  
 ηειρεαό αζυρ ηεαότηηάό ηαηηη. Τυηεαηηη ηηηζ αν ηοτα  
 ότ η-υαηηε αι ũ ηηη ηαηη υαηα αζυρ ηηη ηηηηαι ηηηηη,

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

αξυρ οὐτ n-υαιρε αρι ἔ ραν ρανν υειρῶ. 1ρ ριοι-ρῖλε  
εαλαὸνδᾶ νο βι ραν Reaétúire.

[Seairraíó an litiri C. in rna nótaib, le cum i zcéill  
maí vo bi rocaíl an dbríam az an zCománaé ó a bfuair  
an Neaétánaé iav. S. maí vo bíosaí az Mac Uí  
Fhloinn, O'L. maí vo bíosaí az an Aétair Clement  
Lúghnaíó, S. maí vo bíosaí i rciúibinn ímhc Uí Uiallaí  
(an raor cloícé), αξυρ Δ. maí bíosaí ραν ρciúibinn ραν  
Acavdaím.]

### CAOIME AN TOMÁS O DÁLAIG.

1ρ é Tomár O DÁLAIG  
D'fás FÁN αξυρ ρζαρ αρι αοιρ όιζ,  
A'ρ ό σ'ιμιρ an bAS αρι,  
Na zRASA zo vevzaíó Uia óó.  
Tá an tiri ρeó αρι ρav CRÁIÓTE,  
Az ριοι-TRÁCT αρι, ó σ'έaz αρι bpeari-ρρóιμz,  
Vo béairraó an bÁIRE  
Aρ ζαé CEÁRVA le bpeázeta a cuvo ceóil.

Tá na h-ealaíó αρι na cuavtaib  
Naoi n-υαιρε cóim vub leir an ρméari,  
O σ'έaz an ρeair υaimn-ne,  
A maib an ρυαιρεaz αρι bárimaib a íméari.  
Vuó veyre (1) a óá ρúil zlar  
Ná vruéct na maivne αρι bárim ρéim,  
'S ó ρineav in ραν υaim é  
Tá'n ρυaéct (2) az ρázair tpeire αρι an ηzrim.

(1) zlarre C. (2) vruéct 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 ηιύβαλρά να κύης κύηζε,  
 Le múηαό (1), κυιτ, υειρε, αζηη μέηη,  
 Α ηάηηαι, ηαη υηηηαό,  
 Ηίση ηιύβαη ηέ ηιαηη ταλαηη ηά ηέαη,  
 Δηο-ηηζ ηα ηούλ  
 Α ηηυη ηα κύηηαότα ηο αη ηαο αζαο ηέηη  
 Ό ηέ κυοίηε ηαό ηαηβ κύηηαηη,  
 Ταβαηη κύηηυζαό όό η ηηλαίτεαη υά ηέηη.

Ουό έ ηύο αη έηαοβ άλυηηη  
 Ηη ζαό αέηηο υά ηι έλεαόταό (2) ηέ αηηαηη  
 Σζαπαό ηέ α λάη  
 Α η ηίση έηηηηηηζ ηέ ταα ηά ηαοηη.  
 Χαίτεπαό ηέ ηάτα  
 Ηα η'Όάλαηζ 'ηα ηεόηη αζηη ηίση,  
 'Σ η ζαάταοηη ηα ηζηάηα  
 Η λάη ηηάηηηαη ηο ηαηβ ηέ 'ηα ηυίηε.

Σζηυη έηάηητε αζ αη ηηόαη,  
 Αη ηλάηζ (3) ζηάηηηα ηαό έ ηηηη αη ηεαη.  
 Ηαό ητυζ υό λά αάηηηε,  
 Α Όηηα λάηηη, ηά ηεαζάηηηη αηη!  
 Τα ηηά όζα, α η ηη ζαη ηάτ έ,  
 Κυίση έηάηητε ό ηάζαό έ η ζαηη,  
 Α ηηηαζ ηίση ηε ηάηηη  
 Ηα ηηηάαηό (4) α η η αζ ηιαέταό αη α ζαηηη.

(1) Αη κυοίηε, μέηηηαότ, υειρε, ηα., C

(2) Σαα αεηηα υα ηηεαάηό 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.; "ρεπίου," S. αγρα Γ.

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

ní'ł pórαιò (1) i n-δον ζάιμιον,  
 'S τά ράτ εδουιτε δς ουille να ζουιονν,  
 Δ βειτ ταιτιμ le ράηαò,  
 'S ní'ł βάριη ζλαρ αι βάριηαιβ να οτομ.  
 Ο έυαιò κόηηα (2) ελάρι  
 Δι αν Όάλας τά ηιόν αι λυέτ ζυιην,  
 Τά ρμύιο αι αν λά ζεαλ,  
 'S ní ρνάηηαηη δον ημεεε αι να τοιηη.

Οηφευρ 'γ α ελάιηηεαé  
 Δ ο'άηουαιζ (3) ζαé ουιηε ο'ά έηηέοηι  
 Δ'ρ αν ζηεαεαιòε οο βι [αζ] ραιηηεαλ (4)  
 Δι Δηζυη ζυη ζοιο ρέ ίó.  
 Απολλο μαη λείζτεαρ  
 Ó 'ρέ έης αι η-οιηεαéαρ οóιβ  
 Δ ζυη αι ραυ le η-α έηηε,  
 'S ηφεαιηη αι Όάλας ná'η μέεο ρύο λυέτ  
 εεóιλ.

Όά ηβηιòηηη-ηε μο ελέηηεαé  
 ηρ úηηαλλ έαηηαίò οο βέαιηηαιηη αι ηεαηηη,  
 Ζο ηηηιòβηαιηη-ηε ηηέαλ βεαζ,  
 'ηα βέαιηηαιβ i λάη ηιε' οη α έεαηηη,  
 Δ ζηιòηηη 'γ α όεαζ-έηηέηηε  
 ηα εέαυόα ηι έυηηηεαó α ζυιòηηη (P),  
 Δ'ρ ουβαιηηηη ηεαéτύηηε αι ηέεο ηηη  
 'R έιη (5) αι Όάλας, μαη έαιέηηηζ ρέ ηιòηη (6)

- 
- (1) παθραé, C. Όειη αι Comάηαé ζυη η'έ ηεο αι έέεο βέαιηηη.  
 (2) κόηηηα = κόηηηα.  
 (3) "Δ ο'άηουαιζ" = οο άηουαιζ. Όυβαιηηη αι Comάηαé μαη ηεο έ:  
 "Sí αι ηηιúτ α'γ αι ελάιηηεαé α έαιηηαιηεαη," ηε.  
 (4) αι ηεαυιòε βι δς αηηουιη (I), C.  
 (5) "λέιη," S., recté "αι Όάηαιζ."  
 (6) ní'ł αι βέαιηηη ηο δς αι ηComάηαé, αέτ τά βέαιηηη εηε αηεα.

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.

---

fean naé bfuair mé ó aon uinne eile. Adá ré mar leanaí:  
 Tá an uáiteó seo méámaró  
 Cillléáimín ašur muinnitir tír-eošain  
 O ōmoiceao-a-élaírin  
 'S ar rin šo Cairleán leam uóar (?)  
 Tá tioréa Cill rišéill  
 aš ríom-šol 'r aš uéanaím uobróin  
 O cailleadó an fear riampa  
 b'feairri riobairó uá mušadó šo fóil.



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 í (ee) :—

## béal-áta-na-haibne.

Tá áruir in ran tír seo beir caibairí vo [na] uaoimib  
 'S níoir b'ada liom dóiréce beiré tíáct áir,  
 B'áruig ré an ríogáct le féile 'r le uaoimáct  
 'S dá b'ádaíonn r'gíob' ríor áir, béinn r'ácta.  
 An té gluaif'eadó 'zcoir írioll (1) ár uair an méadon-  
 oiréce  
 Clóir'eadó ré luét r'áruig ázuir dánta,  
 Szaradó ár fíon ázuir coimn ó'á líonadó  
 'S ní íaruir'adó fearí ríneadó r'áru r'áiré ann.

ní' l búircaé in ran zcúige réó, blácaé ná búircaé (2)  
 f'rionnurac ná r'ir'earí r'íl n'óálad  
 Loinz'reac ná níunn'rionn ná don oiréce uáiréce  
 náir r'ínan leó z'laodóac z'o teac r'háruig (3)  
 [Tá] f'aoir'íon 'r loz'ad [ánn], bíonn f'rear'íal á' r'  
 caibairí ann,  
 [bíonn] cóim'z'airí muilinn ázuir áta,  
 'S dá b'ráz'áinn-r'e mo ríogánn ár lír'ib an uoimáinn  
 ír í m'áirle-na-haínan vo b'fearí líom.

(1) "Co ríoral," MS., "or írioll" an focal ceairt, ázuir ír coim'íal z'o n-ábar'air "áz or írioll" mar "'zcoir írioll."

(2) ní' l an dáruig r'o áct í n-A. áháinn.

(3) "z'o teac r'háruig ve búirca" ran MS.

## BALLINAHEVNÁ.

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 *Báite-na-h-áman* and now *Báite-na-h-áibne*.  
 The word, *áman*, has the two genitives still in common use.



Τά έιργ in ran δβαιν ανη αζυρ τορτα αη έριανη ανη (1)

Duille bmeáz zlar azur rmeárita,  
Seilimó d' r áirnióe, úbla 'r baláirrió (2)

Αζυρ μεαρ αζ ράρ αη βάρη ζευς ανη.  
Bionn an éuacé anη αζ λαβαιριε ό Shamíaiη zo uti  
Noúlaiz,

Bionn rmoúacé anη, cpeabaiη, αζυρ céirpeacé,  
An eilit i vceanneta αζ na ζαóριαιβ rna zleannetaib  
'S an rionnacé i ráinn (3) αζ na bléaraiη[r].

Τά coilte bmeáz riéio anη, αζυρ βάιντε οά riéiri rin (4)

Τά ζεαλαcé ανη, ζrriah azur rpeultain,  
Seazal azur riáib, αζυρ cpiuítneacé αζ ράρ ανη,  
Acá ζεamíari azur coiuce cóz oéir anη (5),  
An tpeirpeacé 'ran eapriacé 'r na ríolta oá ζcpiacéó  
'S na bánra o'á rzoilteacé ó céile,  
Soiúige o'á vcollacé, bionn coic ionnta 'r eocáiri,  
Αζυρ roiléiri o'á bporzailt 'r o'á riéizteacé.

Boipio anη oá leazhan azur cócairió αζ rpearital

Miara anη 'r ζriéitpe oá (6) ódoiηpe,  
Decanteη zo báriη (7) [lán-]lionta aη an zclári  
Le h-uirze le rion d' r le nezur (8).

Na tancairió (9) anη ραρταizte r na zloirió na η-aiice,  
'S odoime uairle αζ ól rliáινte a céile,

Táirliη o'á mbpeacacé, αζυρ úirle o'á ζcpiacéó,  
Αζυρ ceóltá oá rpinη aη téacóaiβ.

(1) Aliter, τά έιργ in ran linn, d' r zall-énóα aη έpoinn.

(2) bláirrióe, G. (3) Reónarho i vceanneta, G.

(4) "d' r roilte ζan éclirp," A.

(5) "έme oéir," A. "S cóza oéir," G.

(6) Aliter, "miara an velpi azur china." "ζrriéitíó," S.;  
"ζriéitíe," G. Miara a léizcar "ζriéitpe." (7) Aliter, "d' r jurs."

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,  
 A d the fox in trouble (?) from the Blazers (12).

There are fine open (13) woods there, and smooth-fields according,  
 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, "cumbleir ann, punch a5ur negur."

(9) na h-ancair, S. a5ur G.; "an farcaí," 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 υά μέρη ρη υ'ά υλλήμυζαό 'ρ υ'ά μέιζτεαό  
 βιονν τυριαι ανη, ρυιλέιο α'ρ ζέαυα  
 αν λυαζάν 'ρ αν λαάα αζυρ αοιρη-φεόιλ 'να η-αισε,  
 αζυρ μαιριτ-φεόιλ αι ετοραό (1) να μέιρε.  
 αν ροιταν 'ρ αν ζλιωμαό αν ανύσαν (2) 'ρ αν ρονηαό  
 αν ημασαν 'ρ αν τυμαβορη ζλευρτα,  
 αν λύρ αρ αν μεαζαό (3), αν τρηοιρζ αρ αν βαλλαό,  
 'ζυρ αν ταρταιρ νί εταρτυιζ[εανη] ό'η βρέαρτα.]

Μνά μαιτε αν υομαιν λε ρέιλε αζυρ ρααβερ,  
 ανηρύο ατά'η βεαν αα ηρ ρέιλε,  
 υά υτορρόά (4) αζ αοιραιζ ζαν αόμνηυοε ζαν ρτοραό  
 'S υά ριύβαλρά εαιρ τιμέοιλλ να η-εημεανη.  
 ηρ'ι ναό μβειτ τυηηρεαό ό λύζηαρ ζο ηουλαιζ  
 'ηα ρεαραιη 'ρ'ι αζ ηιαρ αι λυετ υέηιρε.  
 Ο έυαιό με υ'ά μολαό αοιρρυό αν ροβαλλ!  
 ζυρ ρααα βέιυεαρ τεαρταρ α τηέιτρε.

βιονη ρεαηηαό αζ λάηη ανη, α'ρ βανβ'αζ εηαιη ανη,  
 'S λοιλιζτεαό αι μαιριη αζ ζέηηηιζ,  
 αραιλ αρ μύηιό ι βράραό ζο ρύηιβ,  
 υαιη αζυρ αοιρηζ αζ μέιόηιζ.  
 ι ζεύνταρ μαη ρζηίοβ να η-ύζυαηη αιη ρίορ,  
 αι ηυόηιζ νί υέαηραιό με ηηιέαζ αιη,  
 ι ζεαηηυα να ι ζεύηζε λε μέηη αζυρ λε μύηαό  
 εζυρ βέαλ-άέ'-ηα-ηαιβηε αν έηαέβ λειρ.

(1) "Τειρεαο," S., μαη λαβαιρηεαρ ζο ηηηις ι ζαοηηάεταιό έ.

(2) "Ρόηη," A. (3) "ηοηζα αζυρ μαοζαό," S.; "μεαηζαό" αν  
 ροαλ αεαρ, ραοιηηη.

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) "Ὁ ἀστυγάριον," S.; "Ὁ ἀστυγάριον ἔσθ' ἄρα," A.

(5) Literally: "In a wilderness."

Do bí mo Reacúirne an méirneamail, áirio-aigean-  
 taó, aḡur, maí veiri na Muinínig, neamí-pleadúó. Cóin  
 boct aḡur bí fé níor éiom fé a céann maí moim veine  
 ari bí, móri ná beaḡ, aḡur níor níol fé aóct an veine so  
 bí ion-mólda. Do fáoil an níuinnceiri ḡhalloa an uairi  
 rin, maí fáoileasari i n-aímiri Iríbéil ceiri céas bliadó-  
 an moime rin, nác maib don oriam ari an oileán níor  
 baḡalaidige ná riobairiúe ari feacúán, beúileasóirúe,  
 aḡur luóct-ruóbal, óiri bíosari ro uile ḡo léiri ari éasib  
 na noasome, aḡur bí fé ari a ḡcumar rḡeálda so  
 éabairic leó ó áit ḡo h-áit ari fuo ná tíre; aḡur nuairi  
 buaileadó an olige ḡhalloa a éruca in a leitéio ve  
 veine boct, b'olc so é. Veiri maí ḡur éait an Reac-  
 túirne ceiri moira i bhriúrin i nḡallim maí ḡeall ari  
 abrián so minne fé i n-aḡadó ná h-eaḡlaife ḡalloa (1)  
 aḡur ni' l mé 'maó nác riúri é, óiri tá riú aḡam ḡo maib  
 Ciarúirúeac boct an, i n-aímiri an óróc-faoḡail, so  
 cuiréadó i bhriúrin ari feadó ceiri mi ari ron abrián so  
 ḡabal ari íriúo Ériáiglige, aḡur ir cinnte nác írói-  
 áirúe an Reacúirne. Do tugadó é, lá eile, i lácairi  
 lúircir an tSiócáin i mbail-áit-an-riḡ aḡur éuasari  
 o'á éiricnuḡadó. Ní íreagómaó an Reacúirne aóct i  
 nḡaeóeilḡ. Ir oóig ḡur ceiri fé béairla, aóct ní mear-  
 aím ḡur labairi fé é. Cuiréadó riú ari míniḡceóiri, óiri  
 ní maib don ḡhaeóeilḡ aḡ an lúircir móri ro. Duó é an

(1) B'éiriri ḡur b'é reo an "Cúir o'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 harm.  
 Be not dismayed by the Cromwellian black breed,  
 They'll vanish like vipers, their fate is decreed,  
 No time shall be spared them to teach them the creed,  
 When surrounded by thousands of the stoutest Milaesian,  
 We'll banish all scoundrels out of these nations!

δέδο δειρε εὐμεθεοσι δι, “Cά βρουι τὺ το δόμνουθε?”  
 Τά οά ἐελλ λειρ αν βροκαλ πο—Cά δόμνουθεσιν τὺ,  
 αζυρ εά μβιονν τὺ αζ λειρεαν το ρζιτ? Νιορ πέλο μσο  
 δι βιτ ρζανηραδὸ το εὐρ δι αν Ρεαδότημε αζυρ  
 ο’φρεαζαρι πέ αν εὐιρε λε μανν :—

1 η-Ομάνμορ ατάιμ ’μο δόμνουθε

1 ηζαλλιμ ατά μο τεαδ

1 οCυαίμ . . . . .

. . . . .

Τά αν οά λινε ρεο δόμ ζάμραμιαλ ηαδ βρένοαίμ α ζευρ  
 ι ζελδ. Το μίνιζεαδ αν μανν μν-νάμιαδ πο, ποκαλ δι  
 ποκαλ, οο’η ιύιρτιρ λειρ αν βρεαρ ειλε, αετ το ζλαοδ  
 αμαδ αν Ρεαδότημε ηαδ μαιβ ριαο μίνιζεε ι ζεαριτ  
 αιζε. Ουβαριτ αν ρεαρ ειλε ζο μαιβ; το εϋζ αν Ρεαδ-  
 ότιμε α μιοννα ηαδ μαιβ. Ιρ ανηριμ ο’έμυζ αν ελαμραμ  
 αζυρ αν άρζύιητ ιοιρ αν οά ρεαρ. Το βριρ α εὐο  
 ροιζοε δι αν ιύιρτιρ ρά οειμεαδ, αζυρ ειομιάμ πέ αν  
 βειρε ασα αμαδ.

Νιορ ρζανηριυιζεαδ λε μσο δι βιτ ε. Οηι πέ οε  
 μειρηαδ αιζε βεαζάν μαζαδὸ το οέαηαη άνοιρ αζυρ  
 αριρ, ρά ραζαριτ ρέιη. Οηι ρεαρ ι ζCμιορταδάν ι η-αιε  
 λε βαιλ-λοδ-μν’αδ, αζυρ το ζοιρεαδ, άον οιοδσε αμιάη,  
 οά δέδο εμανν ζαδάιρτε υαδ. Το λαβαιρ αν ραζαριτ  
 ο’η αλτόιρ δι αν οβαρι ζήάηηηα ρηη, αζ μάδ ζο μβυδ  
 μόρ αν ρζανηαι ε. Ηυαιρ βι πέ αζ λαβαιρτ εϋζ πέ ρά  
 οεαρη αν Ρεαδότημε το βειτ ιη ραν ζεμυηηιυζαδ, αζυρ  
 ουβαριτ πέ: “Cεαρ’ο οειρ τυρδ, α Ραιρτεμ, λειρ αν  
 βρεαρ 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 Reacúiríe supí cúirí an ragaire an iomaire-  
cúirí rúimé i ruo beas ve'n tróir, agus glaoú ró  
amác:—

Δ Δέαιρ, ασειμim-ge  
An té d'it dá éas ceann gabáirte  
So mbuó móir é a é'ráirte!  
Dá mbeir rias bhuitte ar feóil  
So marraó ré an paráirte!  
Ó' r tuir, Δ Δέαιρ, wo éait  
Ceóh raso i gColáirte,  
Ar léis tú ruam  
An oirleav rin ar gabáirte?

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

Bhí ragaire eile, lá, agus múnadó óó ráirte wo bair-  
teadó, óir wo bí tigíte ragaire ar ruo na tíre rin a  
bhav ó ragaire ar bí, agus bí an ceairt agus daoimib  
rreirialta leimb wo bairteadó dá mbeir eagla báir oirí.  
Wo cúirí an ragaire rcan-hata caíte ar láimh an Reac-  
túiríe, amáil agus dá mbuó ráirte wo bí ann, agus wo  
máim ré óó na focail wo bí aige le róó. Áct ir é  
doudbairt an Reacúiríe:—

Bairrim tú Δ leimb, gan tóin, gan ceann  
Gan uirge, gan rálann, gan bhavon ve'n leann,  
Tá tonna bairte wo buaireadó ar wo ceann,  
Reite bí i d'áirí, agus caora in wo máirí,  
Agus wo leiríe-ge le bairteadó ní éainis ruam 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).

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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).

Δξ ρην μαρι έυαλαϊοΰ μέ αν ρανν ό ρίοβαριε ι ζConoδé  
 να ζαλλίμιε, άέτ ηρ ιομοΰα κυρ-ρίορ ατά αιρ. Δξ ρο  
 ceann eile :—

βαιρτιμ έύ, α λεινθ, ό έόιν ζο ceann  
 ζαν ολα, ζαν ραζαριε, ζαν ρυιρζε, ζαν λεανν,  
 Ό'άέταιρ 'ρ το μάέταιρ ní ρείοιρ λιομ έάξαιλ  
 άέτ 'ρ έύ αν ολα α ο'έάρ αρ αν ζεαορα θάιν,  
 άζυρ μαοιρι λε ριαόηοιρε ní'λ ζποέα αca ανη

Δξ ρο κυρ-ρίορ ειλε αιρ :—

βαιρτιμ έύ, α λεινθ, ζαν αράν, ζαν βιαό,  
 ι η-οηόιρ το'η εραζαριε 'ρ λε ζρμάό το Όια,  
 'ςέ αν ε-αινη το βειρμ οριε "Sean-έλίβιν λιαέ!"

Δξ ρο ανοιρ μαρι το ηολ αν Ρεαέτύριε ραζαριε μαίε.  
 Chuδλαϊοΰ μέ ζυρ οε ηιυινητιρ Όηυβ'ρλίαιζε το βί αν  
 ραζαριε ρο. Ιρ τοίξ ό'η αβιάν ζο ραιθ ρέ 'ηα ραζαριε ι  
 ζCilleοοιρνάιν, αναισε λε Οριάνηόιρ, ι ηζαρ το'η άιτ ιη  
 αρ κυρρεαό αν Ρεαέτύριε ρέιν, 'ηα όιαιξ ρην (1) :—

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(1) Όο βί ρέ 'ηα ραζαριε ραριάριε άξ Όραιοέαο-α-έλίβιήν. Τυζαό  
 "ραριάριε έίλλεοοιρνάιν" αρ Όραιοέαο-α-έλίβιήν αν υαιρ ρην. βί τεαέ

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 t-*ra*gairt an uair rin a5 an 5cloc-áir, a5c vo a*tr*uigead 5c  
 5móicéad-a-cláirín é tair éir rin.

ΔΗ Τ-ΑΤΑΙΡ UILLIAM.

Σαοζάλ φαο αζ αν λεόμαν νο ρζαρραό αν τ-όρ,  
 'S ni leannann ré aét nóρ α ύδοιμε,  
 θεαζάν ο'ά ρόρτ νο ζεοβρά in ραν νεόριε,  
 Τά α τεαρταρ in ραν Ρόιμ έαλλ ρζριόβτα.  
 Το τόζραό α ζλόρ δ n-α bpeacaó na ρλόιζτε  
 'S τά [α] imteaét ζο μόρ le Μδοιρε,  
 'S ζυρ ζεαλλ έ ορ άρ ζομόαιρ ι ζCill-coρνάιν Όια  
 Όόμναιζ  
 Le h-αιηζιολ ραοι έλόα Chρίορτα.

Σίο έ αν ρίρειν, ζλαν-έριυίτνεαέτ na ηζαέθεαλ,  
 'S ρρann-ρφαρτα na έλίριε αν νοοίζ,  
 Α ράμναι ι λέιζεαν ιι ζεοβρά in νο ρέιμ  
 Όά ρύβαλφα ζο λέιρ Cρίοέ ρόόλα.  
 'Sé τεαζαρζ α βείλ, 'na ρφαρám 'na léιne  
 Όο ζλανραό ζο ρέιό αν νόταρ,  
 'S naé αοιόιnn νο'η τριέαο ατά ραοι na ρζέιτ  
 Μά έρπειεαν 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 Anġel 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 "Fela," i.e., Ireland.

(4) Literally : "Shirt."

(5) Or "guiding-star."

Σέ αν τ-Ατάρι 'Λιαμ αν τεαάταιμε ριαλ,  
 Όο μύμπεαό όόιθ ριαλλ αζυρ κόμταιμε,  
 'S ζο ρζαρραό ρέ αν ραοζάλ κόιθ ραιηριηζ 'r κόιθ ριαλ  
 Μαρι λαρannah αν ζηηαν in ραν βρόζήμαρ.  
 Νιοι οριουζ να ναοιή άέτ ααριε αζυρ ολιζε  
 'S ζαν ταιρζε να μαοιη νο κόμταιμεαή (1),  
 Δ βραααίό ριβ αμιαή αζυρ βίοό ρέ 'n βυμ νοιαιζ (2)  
 Νι βείό αμ αν Σλιαδ ριζην μόμταιβ όέ.

Δ ροβαιλ ζο λέηρ, αμειοό μο ρζάλ  
 Μαρι ηρ αιζε ατά αν βευλ ηρ αοοιη  
 Νά αειλααβαι (3) να η-έαν 'r να αείλτα να οτευο  
 Όά ρειηη ραοι αέόειρ να ηοιόαε.  
 ηρ έ λαζραό αν ρέαλα ναό οτειλζραό 'r ναό  
 οτρείζραό,  
 Αζυρ ζλαηραιόααι λά αν τσλείβε α άοοιηζ,  
 1 βρλαιόααι Μηις Όέ ζο μαιβ ρέ 'r α έμειο,  
 Μεαηζ αβηταλ αμ ναοιή όά ζαοοιήαιη.

(1) Δ κόμταιμε, S. (2) Αζυρ βείοαά ρε όιαιζ, S.

(3) Αειλιύμ, S., ηρ μαρι ρηη λαααιηόααι 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 aire 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 κατεύχτε μὸ μόνι ι νοϊαίξ ιμιμτ δ'ῖ οίλ,  
 ἦ ῥονα 'η μιο βιόσ no νόιομυρ,  
 Δξ μελλὰσ βαν ὄξ, 'ῖ ῥά σαρμυαίμζτ ῥ'ά σπρεόμ,  
 Ὀαμμυίξεαμν γέ μόνιάν μιλτε.  
 Δη ῥεαμ δ βέιθεαῖ ταβδαῖτα (1) ῥο ῥύμῖ δ'ῖ ῥο  
 ῥόιτ,  
 Βέιῥ ῖαυ ζο ρόιλ ῥ'ά ἐδοιμεαῦ,  
 Δμ ἐδοίβ Chnuic na η'Θεόμ βέιῥ ἀα "οόση,"  
 'S Mac Mhuire ῥ'ά ῥόμυζιμτ νόιῥτα [=νοίβ].

Φευδάξαιῦ υαίβ (2) ρυλ ἐιυρφαρ δη υαιρ,  
 Δ μβέιῥ δη ζαυ ρυαίῦ δη ρευσαίβ,  
 ι ζοόμῖρα ραολ κύμιαμζ, ζαν ἐαμυαίμν νά ρύμν  
 ἀττ ιομασ ῥαολ (3) δζυρ πέμῖτε.  
 Βέιῥ ῥυμ λαῖαῦ 'ῖ ῥυμ ηζμυαῦ (4) ῥομ ῥοῦβ λειρ δη  
 ηζυαῖ,  
 Δζυρ ῖῖβ-γε ζαν μεαβαι ζαν ἐίῖτεαῖτ  
 Βέιῥ ῥυμ ζοορμ ιη ραν υαίμ δ'ῖ ῥυμ λεαα ῥομ ρυαμ  
 λειρ δη ῖνεαῖτα δη ἐύλ να ζῖεμε.

Σέ ῥεμιαῦ mo ῖζέιλ, δζυρ ρμειοιζιῦ ἐ,  
 Ζο μελλταμ μὸ ῥέαν (5) δη ραοζαλ-ρο,  
 'S ζυμ ουιμε ζαν ἐέιλ ζηῖθεαῖ ραιῦῖθεαῖ ῥό ρέμ,  
 'S ναῖ λεαναν δ λειρ ζο ῥίμεαῖ.  
 Μαοιμ δζυρ ῖτόμ, αμζεαυ δ'ῖ ὄμ,  
 ηῖ'λ ιομντα ἀττ ρεῦ ἀμεαῖζ ῥαοιμε,  
 S ζυμ ριλε ζαν ρμειόμ (6) ἡλμ ἐρμυμνιζ ριζιμ ρόρ  
 Ὀο ἐυζ ῥαοιῖβ-γε δη ῥόμιαμλε ἐμιομα.

(1) Pronounced τόρτα. (2) *φευδαιζιῦ*, MSS.

(3) *οιαζαίλ*, MSS. (4) *βί δ'η λαορα 'ῖ δ ηζμυαζ*, MSS.

(5) *ρο ῥέαν=ζο μὸ ῥιαν*. (6) *Aliter*, "rake ῥ'εαμ ρεῖλ."

(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 hundre<sup>ds</sup>,  
 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!

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

(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.

Νυαρι βί αν Ρεαότύριε ός το βιοό ρέ ζο μιmic ι  
 οτις μόρι Chll-δοοάιν αζυρ βί μεαρ ας μάταιι  
 Φηραίνε Τααρε αρι, όρι ταις ρί ναό βυαόαιλλ κοιόειονν  
 το βί αν. Δότ ní μαρι ριν το Θηρίζιο αν κόοαιριε το  
 βί ιν ραν τισ μόρι. Όο ίνδοιό ρί αρι, ζαό ζηειμ αζυρ  
 ζαό βλοζαμ [bolζαμ] το β'είζιν τί έαβαριε τοό. Μιορ  
 ίνδαν λέι, να λέιρ να ρεαριβρόζαηταιβ ειλε, ζο mbeiό αν  
 τρεαν-μάιζιητρεαρ έοίη ράόβαριαό ριν το ρεαρι-ρεαόρίαιν  
 μαρι αν Ρεαότύριε. Τηάριλα ζο βρυαρι Θηρίζιο, αν  
 κόοαιριε, βάι, νυαρι βί αν Ρεαότύριε ό βαιλε, αζυρ νυαρι  
 έλίμης ρέ αηίη ζο Cll-δοοάιν έυαλαίο ρέ ριν. “Cά'υιλ  
 ρί κυρτα?” αρι ρέ λέιρ αν μάιζιητρεαρ νυαρι βίοοαρι ας  
 τεαότ αμαό αη αν ρέιρπέαλ λε έείλε. Ρυζ αν τρεαν  
 βεαν-υαφαλ έ ζο οτι αν υαίξ. Chuaió αν Ρεαότύριε  
 αρι α όά ζλίμ, βαιν ρέ α ηατα όέ, αζυρ λαβαρι ρέ αν  
 ρανη ρο :—

Μαοιόιμ έύ α λεαο

Ζαν Θηρίζιο το λειζεαν αμαό (1)

Ζιορηαιζ ρί άρι νυεοό

Αζυρ νάιμης ρί άρι υτεαό

Αζυρ ανοιρ α Θηρίζιο ό έάρηλα τυρα ι βρεαρε

Τ'ηιομαό ρίορηυιόε οριε, αζυρ ταρε!

Όο βιοό α βαριαίμιαλ έινητε ρέιν ας αν Ρεαότύριε  
 ι ζοόιηνυιόε, αζυρ νίορι βρεαρι έ το λεαηραό βαριαίμια  
 υαοιμε ειλε ζαν ιαυ το ίμεαύαόαιν. Ό'ιηηιη ράορηαιζ  
 Ο η-Δοιό, ι ζελάρι Chlomme Μηυιηιη, υαμ, ρζέαλ βεαζ

(1) Aliter :—

“Μαοιόιμ έύ α λειο

Ζαν Θηρίζιο το λειζεαν υαιε,”

όρι λαβαριέταρι “υαιε” μαρι αν βέαριλα wel ζο μιmic ι ζοονηαόταιβ;

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

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ἀστ ἢ βοῦνιον λέαε,—λέαε, λέισε, λέιε.

(2) μαοιόιμ is rather "I proclaim" or "announce." μαοιόιμ οἰε  
έ=I grudge it to you.



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.

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

Fada éiríneach do éiríneach an Reachtúire feara Fhianc  
 Taire air féin. Do bí pleire agus feara as an t-  
 mór, agus bí an t-ól as éiríneach gan, agus cuiríneach  
 feara-brógan as marcuíneach le uil go uil an baile  
 móir le tuilleadh do éiríneach amad. Uíairí an feara-  
 brógan air an Reachtúire teacht leir. Léimeadh air ó  
 éiríneach agus amad leó. Togá capall do bíod as Fhianc  
 Taire, agus bíod meir móir aige oirí. Shaoil an  
 feara-brógan ó mbeir an Reachtúire uall, féin, na  
 maib baogal air, maí maíad an ó éiríneach le céile,  
 agus beir fé féin anair leir, agus maíairí leir an  
 Reachtúire ní ríairíneach do air bí é. Uíairíneach  
 maí rí air éiríneach-airíneach trí an oirí, áit air éiríneach  
 éiríneach do ríairíneach ó céile. Tháirneach capall an Reachtúire  
 go capad obann in ríairíneach, agus é air a lán-  
 luairíneach. Níairíneach fé ríairíneach í n-air, agus éiríneach fé  
 ve léir í bpoll-móna agus bíairíneach é. Air éiríneach  
 an Reachtúire ríairíneach, áit níairíneach éiríneach mé ríairíneach  
 éiríneach, féin, é. Uíairíneach O h-airíneach líairíneach ríairíneach  
 an t-airíneach ríairíneach fé ríairíneach Chill-airíneach, óir bí feara  
 bíairíneach air Fhianc Taire nuairíneach éiríneach fé ríairíneach  
 a éiríneach bíairíneach, agus maíairíneach fé an ríairíneach áit air ríairíneach  
 Chill-airíneach.

Uíairíneach curíneach ríairíneach fé airíneach Chill-airíneach air éiríneach  
 ríairíneach, éiríneach ríairíneach do éiríneach le Fhianc Taire, agus  
 na éiríneach fé féin éiríneach leir, áit ríairíneach ríairíneach fé é  
 oíairíneach boit do bíod as ríairíneach na tíairíneach agus ceairíneach  
 ceairíneach, le n-airíneach do maíairíneach an tíairíneach. Áit  
 veiríneach uairíneach eiríneach go nuairíneach fé ríairíneach le ríairíneach  
 eiríneach air Tháiríneach (éiríneach mé an t-airíneach áit ní airíneach  
 níairíneach air) go maíairíneach fé a éiríneach féin níairíneach fearíneach 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 Conoáe na Sailleime, agus gur  
 fádasar an bpeiteamhar fá Fhianc Tóare. Búó é  
 an Reáctúime oo Labairi a dhrián ar otúr, áct nuair  
 bí ré máíóte aige oo gásoó an fear eile, agus fearis  
 ari: “Mo cúo tubairte leat, a Rairteiri, níoi fág cá  
 puo ar bíc oo Chonoae na Sailleime,” agus níoi éis ré  
 a óán féin uair óoi ar bíc. Deiri puo mar an gcéona  
 go maib Fhianc Tóare an níi-fárta nuair nac ótáimig a  
 ainm féin arteaó níoi luaithe in ran dhrián, áct gur  
 congubigeadó ar gcúl é go oti an line óeimeannáó,  
 agus nac ótuig an Reáctúime esquire ari, áct go otuig  
 ré Fhianc Tóare ari, ar an nóir Saeóealáó. Bhi mntinn  
 na Sacraanáó ar puóal an uair rin féin i gConoáe  
 Mhuig-Eó, agus oo íannuig Fhianc puo éigin oo  
 b’oimeamhaige ó’á onóiri, óar leir féin, na rean-foime  
 cnearta cóime na nSaeóeal. Deiri cúo gur éis ré an  
 geall oo’n fear ar Chonoáe na Sailleime. Deiri cúo  
 eile gur óubairt ré leir an Reáctúime, “oo béairainn  
 veic bpúnta óuit, a Rairteiri, áct go otuig tú m’ainm  
 arteaó cóm ciotaó rin.”

Tá clú móiri ar an dhrián ro i gConoáe Mhuig-Eó.  
 Oo cuimeadó íóirt béairla ari le oume éigin, agus, mo  
 leun! ir fá ómoó-cúlaió dhéairla oo bí ré ag an doir  
 óig, áct ir i nSaeóeilg atá ré ag na rean oaoimib,  
 agus ir i nSaeóeilg, le congnaím Óé, béiróar 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 Newtown-clocher, 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 knowa, like the wind that disperses off vapours,  
 My heart it does rise and my aperrits 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 aṫur maṫ iṫ cóiṫ  
 Chuṫlaṫó mé v'á iṫó ṫo nṫeááṫó caṫlṫn, aṫ Chṫll-  
 ṫoṫáṫn, ṫo ṫṫi aṫ ṫ-Oṫleáṫn ṫṫṫ, ṫaṫaṫll ṫeáṫṫí ó ṫóṫn, ṫo  
 ṫṫcaṫo, aṫur ṫo mṫṫó é aṫ céáṫ ṫṫo ṫo cúṫlaṫó ṫí ṫṫ  
 ṫaṫ ṫcáááṫṫ ṫṫn, ṫeáṫí óṫ, ṫo ṫí í “ṫṫṫaṫṫ-caṫṫ,” aṫ  
 ṫeáṫaṫl ṫṫṫṫáṫn Chṫll-ṫoṫáṫn ṫó ṫéṫn ṫo ṫṫnṫ aṫur ṫo  
 h-áṫṫ! aṫ ṫo aṫoṫṫ aṫ ṫ-ṫṫṫáṫn ṫéṫn:—

CILL-ṫOṫÁṫN,

no

CONṫṫÁÉ ṫṫṫṫṫ-Éṫ.

aṫoṫṫ, ṫeááá aṫ eaṫṫaṫṫ, ṫéṫó aṫ lá ṫṫl 'un ṫíṫeáó (1)  
 aṫ ṫaṫí éṫṫ ná ṫéṫl-ṫṫṫṫṫe áṫṫóááṫ mo ṫeáá (2),  
 Ó cúṫṫí mé ṫṫ ṫo céáṫṫn é, ṫí ṫṫoṫṫaṫṫó mé cóṫóáé  
 ṫo ṫeáṫṫaṫṫó mé ṫíṫṫ í láṫ Chonṫṫáé ṫṫṫṫṫ-Éṫ.  
 1 ṫCláṫṫ-cloṫṫṫe-ṫṫṫṫṫṫṫṫ ṫéṫṫeáṫṫ mé aṫ céáṫ oṫóáé,  
 'ṫ í ṫṫálla ṫaṫṫ ṫíṫṫ ṫe, ṫoṫóááṫṫ mé aṫ ól,  
 ṫo Coṫllṫe-ṫaáé ṫaááṫ, ṫo nṫéáṫṫaṫ cuáṫṫṫ ṫíṫoṫa aṫṫ,  
 1 ṫṫoṫṫṫṫṫ ṫá ṫíle ṫo ṫéáṫ-aṫ-áá-ṫóṫṫṫ (3).

(1) = cum ṫíṫe. (2) Aliter: ṫóṫṫaṫṫ mo céáá. (3) “ṫaṫṫe aṫ  
 ṫíṫe ṫóṫṫṫ” ṫṫṫaṫṫ ṫaáṫ Ó Coṫṫṫeáṫṫn aṫur ṫṫó cóṫṫṫ ṫíṫṫ ṫéṫ  
 aṫṫe-ṫeáṫ, ááá ṫṫ ṫéáṫ aṫ áá ṫóṫṫṫ ṫáá aṫ h-uile úṫṫe eṫṫe.

(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.

ԲՃՃԱԻՄ ԼԵ Կ-ՍՕՃՇՇԱ ՇՕ ՈՒՔԻՄՅԵԱՆՆ ՄՕ ԵՐՈՒԾԵ-ԴԵ  
 ՄԱՐ ԵՐՄՅԵԱՆՆԻ ԸՆ ՋՏՕՇ, ՈՍ ՄԱՐ ԴՇԱՐԱՐ ԸՆ ՇԵՕ  
 ՈՍԱՐԻ ԲՄԱՏՈՒՄՅՈՒՄ ԸՐ ՇԵԱՐԻԱ Ը՛Ր ԸՐ ՇԻԱՆԼԻՆ (1) ԷՏՕԾ  
 ԴՐՕՐ ՍԵ  
 ԸՐ ԴՇԵՇՇՇ Ը՛ ԻՆԻԼԵ (2) ՈՍ ԸՐ ՔԼՈՒՄԵՏՈ ՄԻԿՅ-ԵՕ.  
 ՇԻԼ-ՏՕՏՈՒՆ ԸՆ ԵՏԻԼԵ Ը ԵՐՏՐՈՆՆ ՇՏՇ ՈՒՅ ՈՆՆ,  
 ԷՃ ԲՄԵՐԱ Ի՛Ր ԲՄԵՒ-ԵՐԱՕԾ ԸՆՆ Ը՛Ր ՄԵԱՐ ԸՐ ԴՇՇ ԲՐՈՒՄ,  
 ՝Տ ՍՃ ՄԵՒՆՆ-ԴԵ ՄՕ ԴԵԱՐՏՈՒ 1 ՇՇԵԱՐԷ-ԼՈՒ ՄՕ ՍՏՈՒՆԵ  
 Ս՛ԻՄՇԵՕՇՇՇ ԸՆ ՏՕՐ ՍՐՈՄ ԸՇՍՐ ԵՒՆՆ ԸՐԻՐ ՕՇ.

ԵՐՈՆՆ ՇՐԱՒՇՆԵՇՇ Ը՛Ր ՇՐՈՒՇԵ, ԲՈՐ ԵՐՈՒՆ ԸՇՍՐ ԼԻՆ ԸՆՆ,  
 ՇԵՇՇՇ 1 ՇՇՐԱՕԾ ԸՆՆ, Ի՛Ն ՔԼՈՒՄ, ԸՇՍՐ ԲԵՐՈՒԼ,  
 ԼՍՇՇ ՍԵՃՆՇՇ ՔՐՈՒՄ ԴՆ լicense Ս՛Ճ ՍՐՈՒ ԸՆՆ,  
 ՄՕՐ-ՍԱՐԼԵ ՆՃ ԷՐԵ ԸՆՆ ԸՇ ՈՒՄԻՄ Ի՛ ԸՇ ՕԼ.  
 ԷՃ ՇՐԻ ԸՇՍՐ ԷՐԵՇՇՇ ԸՆՆ, Ը՛Ր ԼԵԱՐՍՅՇՇ ԴՆ ՏՕՒԼԵՇՇ,  
 ԻՐ ԻՕՄՕՃ ԲԻՆ ՈՒՅ ԸՆՆ ՆՈՒ ԼՏԵԱՐԻ ՄԵ ՇՕ ԲՐՈՒ (3)  
 ՏՇՏՈՆՆ (4) Ի՛Ր ՄԱՆԼԷՇ ԸՇ ՕԵԱՐԻ ԴՆ ԲՇԻՇ ԸՆՆ  
 ՍԵՏՈՒՆ ԸՆՆՇ ԸՐ ՔԻՇԻՆ ՇՐՈՐՃ ԸՆՆ ՈՃ ՍՏՏՈՒՅ Ս՛Ճ ԲՐՈՒՄ.

(1) Aliter: ՆԱԼԱ. (2) ՏՇԵՇ-Ճ-ՍՃ-ՄԻԼԵ, Գ.

(3) ՍԵՐՇԷԱՐ "ՇՕ ԲՐՈՒ" 1 Ն-ՈՒՄ "ԲՐ" ԲՈՒ ԷՐԻ ՇՐՈՒՇՈՒԼ ԸՐԼ-ՏՕՏՈՒՆ. ՈՍԱՐԻ ԵՒ ԸՆ ԲԵՃՇՇՇՇ 1 ՇՇՈՒՇՇ ՆՃ ՇՐՈՒՆՆ ԵՐԵՇՇՇ ԲԵ "ԲՐ."

(4) "ՃԵԱՐՇ," Գ:

(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.



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 fier-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," "tano-wood," "thelford." Mr. Hughes says "taro-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, *cip* 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 *caolaoí*, which is not found in any dictionary.





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 ríad an focal ro i sConradé Rorcomáin, tuiséann ríad "ξιορός" αὐτῶν, αἰνῶν φύση-ξασθεαλαδ. Νί'λ αν θέαηρα ρο ας Α.

(5) Sic: G., ἀετ τοῦδαίρετ αν Connlánad "τρε plantations."

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



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 :—

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(1) The Irish name *Breathnach* (pronounced *Bran-ach*) is  
 always translated *Walsh*, or *Welsh*, in English. *Breatnach* is  
 the same as *Breatn-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'breathnách tú ácc b'breathnách!"

ΝΑΝΣΑΙΟ ΒΡΕΑΤΗΝΑΪ.

Cómhinnódeann cailín óg taoib' ríor ve'n zεατα mór  
 Δ ουτυς μέ ζο mór (1) mo zhráó ói,  
 Τά Δ ζhrυαó Δρi óατ na mór (2) σο óέαηροó μαrιβ beó,  
 Δ'γ ζο mbφeαρrι liom léi ζαβαιλ (3) ná ι bPάμrιτεαρ.  
 Τά Δ cúilφiόηη rάinneaé ríonn 'r Δ μαλαió caol veap  
 onnn  
 'S Δ οά rúil zhrar cóm cμuinn le áηrre  
 Úrémzφrinn bean Δ'γ clann, Δ rτόrι, ná ηzληαιrρεά liom  
 ζο ηtoμrυr (4) no ζο h-úmáil ιη mhráille.

Λαβαrι rι liom ζο τλάιτ, 'rέ ουβαrιr rι, "Δ míle ζhráó  
 " Úioó φοιζrο Δζαο ζο οταζαió Δη οiόce,  
 'S eulócaσ leat ζαν rράρ ζο h-ιoóταrι Chonταé Chláηrι  
 Δ'γ ηι rίλλrιó μέ Δρi mó mίáταrι cóiόce,  
 Οά mbéinn-rε Δρi Shliab Cαιrηη no Δρi mύλλαé Δη λeαρa  
 áηrο (5),  
 Δη áιr Δρi éαιτ μέ céασ lá rínce  
 Ir cιrηce Δ cúilφiόηη Úáηηη ζο η-óλrαó μuιrο Δρi rάιτ  
 ι ζCoilltemaé ζαé Δοη lá Δοηαίζ.'

(1) "ζο h-όz," C. (2) "ροτε Δρi óατ Δη óηr," C.

(3) "Úeιé Δz ól léi," C. (4) ζο h-υrαιr, MS.

(5) Recte "na λeαρa áηrοe," Δz Cill-Δοοάηη, 'η áιr Δ μrζαó 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.

1η σινητε α μύιν-έμοιθε υά βρέαοφαινη-ρε ρζηόσβ ρίορ  
 Ξο μελλφαινη μο μιναν ζαν αιηραρ,  
 'S ζο λεαηφαινη έύ τηε ρλιαδ ζαν θεός να ζρηιμ θε'η  
 βιαδ

'Οά μβετό' ρίορ αζαμ ζο μβετέα (12) ι νοάν υαμ.  
 Δέτ mile ζλόρη νο Όηια, νιορ έαλλ μέ λεατ μο έιαλλ,  
 Εύ ζρηι μοιτέ α έυαυό με άρ, α έύνλιν ράινηεαέ,  
 'S ηάρι μμζαδ αση ρεαρι μιαή νο έυηρρεαδ α λάιη ασηαρι  
 Θαρι ηαηραζζ Wαληη ηαέ υτιύβμιαδ ζρηάδ ύι.

Λιθε (13) νε μο ρτόρι υά βραιορεά τεαέτ ρση ρόσ,  
 Δυό η-ι ηέαετ ι ηη ρση ζρεό λά ζρηιηιό,  
 Τά α ρολε αρι ύαέ αη όρη αζ τεαέτ ζο βέαλ α βηόζ,  
 Ξο τρηοιλλρεαέ, ροιλλρεαέ, ράινηηεαέ, ριλλτε (14).  
 Τά α βηοιλλεαέ κοημιαέ (?), λάη, αρι ύαέ αη τρηύερα βάιη,  
 ηο μορι βετό' σήλε εηάιη αρι έλάρι αζ μνηηεα,  
 'S αη ζηλε ι μβηιάζζαο μο ζρηάδ μορι έύβαρι ταηε αρι  
 τρηάζζ,  
 ηο αη εαλα τεαέτ ό'η ηηάιη, υαρι ηιομ-ρα.

(1) "Αη τυ βί ι νοάν υαμ," C. (2) Sic, C.; "α λειτερο," S.

(3) 'ηα υλαοιτόέιβ, ροιλλρεαέ, ρρηιλλρεαέ, ραινηεαέ, ριλλτεαέ; C.

(4) Τρηοιλλρεαέ 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. τριπλίρεάν is a plait of three rushlights  
 made into one big one, and the adjective may come from this: Others  
 say it means "trailing."



Dhénur, t'réir zác nuò rziúob hómepi ði ð zñðoi,  
 Δζυρ 1o, ðn ðeðn le'p uðllðò ðpizur,  
 Cαρανοpα uo ððððipic nα noιαiz, ð ouððipic ðn pzeðl  
 uo b'fioi,  
 "Zo pziúopφaiðe ð pðib 'pan Tpidoi le pðipur,"  
 Iúno, céile ðn piz, 'r Mínepðð, nuðip uo bí,  
 'S ðn uiaφ ðp ðon oiuðe ððððipic i láððip,  
 Ní ðiuçpðò ð [z]cáillegðc píoφ le Nðpφaiú Wðlph mo  
 mððn,  
 I noeipe, i ngile, i pzeim, ná i mbpèðzðc (1).

Ohá mbuò liom-pð ðn Ppíðinc 'r ðn Spðin, 'r ð'n  
 cziønnoðin nuðφ zo ðóinn (2)  
 Tliúðpððinn é ðφ ð ðeic leac pínce,  
 'S zo mbpèðpí liom uðic-φe pòz ná ð ðpúil i zceðpica  
 ðn ðip,  
 Δζυρ ð ðeic op mo ðómpðip 'nα milticð,  
 Oð ngliuðipφéð liom ð pçóip zceðφð céol ðζυρ ipóipc,  
 Iñφ zác ðaile ðeðz ð'p móip u'ð ðpúil pðn pφozðcðð,  
 'S uð mbéipðinn mo piz pðoi 'n zepóip i zcómðcð ðn  
 cèðçpðððò Seóipφð,  
 Ppóφpððinn çú zðn ððc zðn cðoipiz.

---

(1) "ðn φpáinc 'r ðn Róim, 'r ð ðpúil ionncα zo çóin," 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: “*ἄνευ βοῶν,*” τὰ ἀπὸ τῶν βοῶν ἀνεῖται.

Νίονι πέδον μέσον εὐνταρ φάξαι, ἰσχεαίτε ἀρὶ ἀν  
 ἔπιμνησθαι μόνι τοῦ βίᾳ ἀγ. Κατοίκοις Χονοδέ να  
 Ἰαλλίμε, ἰμβαι-λοῦ-μ'ἀό. Τὰ κυμῆνε ἀγ να ἔσαν  
 ὁδοιμὲν ἕο παῖς ἀ λειτέον ἀνη, ἀότ ἀγ ἕπον ἀν μέσθον.  
 Ἦρ ὁσίξ ἕπι ἀγ λαιομνησθαι λαιὴ Ὀμόηναίλι ἡ Χονοαίλι  
 ὁο ἐπιμνησθαι ἔ, ἀγυρ ἕπι λαβαίρι να καίτεσθιμῶε ἰ  
 η-ἀξαιὸ να νομοῦ-ὀλιξτε Ἰαλλίνα ἀγυρ ἰ η-ἀξαιὸ να  
 νοεαῖμῶο. Ἦρ κορῆμῆι ἕπι ἡ ἕαν ἡβλιαῖον, 1828, ὁο  
 ἐπιμνησθαι ἔ, ὅρι ὀειρ ἀν ἔαῖτῆρι ἕο ἡβείο ἰοηξ-  
 ηαὸ ἔε ἕριπῆτε ἀγ να ὀδοιμὲν ἀρ ὀεαῖτ βλιαῖνα ἀ  
 ηαοι-ἕίεο Ἦρ ἔ ἕην, Ἦρ ὁσίξ, ηαοι-ἀρ-ἕίεο. ἔυαίρι μέ ἀν  
 ὀοίρ Ἦρ ἕαίρι ὀε'η ἀβηῖαν ἕο ὀ'η ἀῖαίρι Clement O Λίξ-  
 ηαὸ, ὁο εὐαλαὸ ἔ ὁ ἕβαλ ἕαν-ἕρι εὐίξ βλιαῖνα ἕίεο ὁ  
 ἕοην. ὀειρ ἕέ ἰ ηξαιεῖξ ἡαίρ ἔαηαρ: “Ὀο βί  
 ἀῖμῆξτε ὀε'η ἀβηῖαν ἕο, ἀνη, ἕαῖ ἀνη 'ἕά εὐμαῖ ὀό ἕέην  
 ὁο ἕέην ηεῖτε ἀν ἔαῖ, ὀε ἕηνξ ἀ ἔεσίλ. Τὰ ἕέ ἕρηῖοῖα  
 ὁο ἔεσίλ 'ἔά ἕέίλε ἡαοίη ἕάορῆξ' ἀγυρ ἕἕεαὸ ηαῖ  
 ἕἕην μῶμῆαν ὀε ἕμῆαίτιβ ἀρῶ-ἀἕεαηαῖα ἀνη, ἡί'ἔ ἕο  
 εἰηητε ἀβηῖαν εἰλε ἕαν ηξαιεῖξ ἡῶ ἕαν ἕαῖβῆαίρἔα ἀ  
 ῖέηεαῖ ὀοῖη ἡαῖτ ἕειρ ἀν ἕεσίλ ἕην. ἕην ἔ ἕρηῖοῖ-ἕυαῖο  
 ἀν ἀβηῖαν ἕεο.” Τὰ ὀά ἀηηη ἀρ ἀν ἀβηῖαν ἕο: “ἀν  
 εἰορ Κατοίκεαῖ,” ἀγυρ “ἕοῖμῆμνησθαι να ἕκατοί-  
 κεαῖ ἰ ἡβαι-λοῦ-μ'ἀό”;—

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:—



## 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 κρησιγυρό σο'ν ἐλέην 'γ σο κόμημάδ να η-θαγλιηγε  
'S σο'ν τρεανήοιη ναομήα ρηγίοβ ναοίη αγυρ αβρηαιλ  
ούμν

νά η-έλιγυρό αν θιοβλα, νο τιυφαιό ρέ τρηαρηα ορηαιό(1)  
Δρ τυιγυό ναό μαζαό αν κάρ ρο.

Τοραιγ αν ργέαλ ρο λε υαβαρ α'ρ λε ταριυηγε,  
Σεμν ηανηηαιο α έέιλε λε ορηύηρ αγυρ μαλλέααν,  
Βυό ηιαίε conζαή λυίτερη ραιο έρηανμεη 'ρ ραιο λατιμεη  
Rioly (2) αγυρ θυληαιό 'ρ Σεάζαν Καιλβίν, ορηό-μαέ  
ορηια,

Ό έαλληεαμαρι μάηγε (3) τά βάηγε ιε Σαερραηαιγ,  
Δέτ τιυφαιό αν λά α βρηιγυρό ριηη ράραή ηη ραν  
ηγεαλλέό

Τυγ Κυρίορτ σο βεαυαη 'γ σο'ν βάρα (4).

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(1) "ηρ βαοζαλαέ αν τ-αέρηυζαό έ," A. (2) "Ραοήελ," G. & S.  
(3) "Ό βρηιημιο ζαν ριζε," Ό'L. (4) "βεαυαη αν βαρα," S.

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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."

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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," "dcmons," and "experience," in the above lines, as "Askaeton," "raeson," "daemons," and "expaerience."



Ἰησοῦσάτῳ μέ γζέει ὑδοιῖβ ἀρ Ἐδομόνη ἴ ἀρ ἁ δέαιρ,  
 Ὁ ἴριδῶ το εἰρη λέαν-γζῆμορ ἀρ Ἰθαεῦεαι δ' ἄρ ἀρ  
 Χατοιλειβ,

Ἰθαοιλ ῖριδῶ le céile ἀρ ῖνεαμίαιν (1) γο το ζεαμμιάδῳ

Ἰνάδ ζορίοναη 1 η-εαμμιάδ ἡά 1 Μάρτα,

Ἰῖ ζαμεαῖν ῖέροτε bun-δίτ (2) ἀρ βάλλα γο

Ἰά Ἰρίορτ μαρ [ἴρ] λέιζτε, 1 ἁ-έιηφεαδέ le ῖεαοαρ  
 ῖροι,

Ὀβαιρ ἡάδ ὑπρίεζῖρῶ ἴ ἡάδ βῖλευῖζῖρῶ ἀρ ἁρῖρῖαζ ῖεο,

Ἰθορῖυῖζ ἀρ τ-αοη ἡῖαο το εεῖρῶ ἀρ ἀρ ὑαλαῖν ὀύιη,

Ἰέ Ἰέαμαρ, ἡῖ βῖευζ, ἁ ὀ'ῖάζ Ἐῖρῖε ἁζ ἡα Ἰαορῖαηαῖζ,

Ἰάτ τῶ ἡαῖρβέαηαδῶ (3) ἀηαῖε le βαῖλε ἴζαῖη

Ἰαοιλῖη ἡάδ ῖαυα ὑαῖη ῖῖρῖαδῶ.

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

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

(3) Sic, O'L.; "revelation," S., and the others. ἴρ κορῖμῖε ζυρ  
 ἔλεαδέ ἀρ ἡαεέτῖρῖε ἡα ῖοαῖ, "plantation," ἁζυρ "foundation,"  
 ἁζυρ "revelation" ὀῖρ ἴρ ῖυαῖηηαεά ἡαο.

(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 waa 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 túsádt Ríġ Séamar do bain vinn éire,  
 le n-a leat-ghóis Gallua, r a leat-ghóis Saeóealac,  
 ní tuobhad ré buille uaid ná réirteac,  
 'S o'fás rin, fáo 'r maihu, an uonur ar Saeóealac.

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 naoimadú lá véasς ζο mbéiró céasο peapra i ζcuir-  
 eadé (1),

Aς bpeáctnuζadú luéct éictiς (2) nac ngeilleann vo míuie  
 Δ v'oil ari Δ h-uéct iuζ na nζiápa

Aς an mbreiteamnar véiζeannadé ζλαούpa (3) ζadé  
 vaine aca

Béiró ζuaiρ aζup ζéibionn aς luéct réala bhuíte ann,  
 Séamap ari Seapluρ Δ v'iompaiz le tubaipte,  
 Δ'í rírbél iméiupeadé (4) paoi leun in ran monbap,  
 Béiró Ciomaili ari éill Δ'í O Néill or Δ cóinne,  
 Adé paoilim, map léiζteap, má féasann uilliam imíteadé  
 nac peapraió ré calaim le Sáiuíréall.

Éiuíziúe Δ vóaimne aζup ζλαcaió meipeadé  
 Óiu peicpíó ríb ionζnadú (5), teadé bliadóna an naoi-píóu  
 An té vubaipte an méasο rin ní peapí é ζan tuizpin  
 Map léiζeasú ré ζadé úζasap Δ'í váta,  
 Nioi cóiu vo mác ζaeóeil ari bit clasonadú ná pilleasú (6)  
 Adé toζa Clann Mihilú, O Ceallaiζ, ní élipíó,  
 Bhi [an] ζúnán[adé] 'í an vóalac aς léiζeasú an  
 commiρion

Saoζal paó aς vóan doúζán Δ'í aς Councillor Guthry  
 Fioi-íζot na bpaomiac aζup ari noóiz Bob Darcy  
 Luéct peóla oióce céapra bi aς eulóζ 'í aς imíteadé  
 'S nioi léip vóib an voiuρ le náiuie.

(1) "Tuadnúman," O'L.

(2) Sic, O'L.; "aς bpeadnúζadú ari luéct eigeada," S.

(3) "Bliapra, bliapra," S. and G. Bliadú=ζλαóú.

(4) "mealltac," S. (5) "donadú," B.; "ionζantap," O'L.

(6) "Map támuio mic Mihilú (sic) nac pinne maíh cealζ," 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.

Σοιμυ ριβ Δ ὄδοινη ἔρ να βιγιο ραοι ἔαρκυρνε,  
Μολφαιό μέ Δ κοιόθε ριβ, Δγυρ ιοκαίο αν διορ Κατοιλ-  
σεά,

Ἰρ βεαζάν ἔραν μί ορηαινη ρεόηληγ ἔραν τρεαέτμιαμ,  
'S ná tuilligió ἔγανναιλ ná náηρ,

Ἰρ βεαζ ιη ραν γείορ ἐ, Δ' ἔρ ἰαορικόαίο ρέ ταιλαμ  
Αν οεαέτμιαό νί γλαοούραρ (1) μαρ οέανταίο ορηαιό  
έεανα,

Ὁέο σεαρ Δγυρ ολιγε ὄδοιβ ι οτιρ Δ' ι οταλαμ.  
Νι βαογλαέ ούινη κοιόθε κομ ἔαο ἔρ μίαιρρεαρ Ο Κοναιλ.  
Χραιοό λε ριρηννε να ναοιμ Δ' ἔρ να η-αρρταιλ (2),  
'Sé Ραιρτερι οο μίνιγ ἔρ οο κύρι ριορ αν Διέριρ ρεο  
Αοειρ γο μβέο Γαλλαιβ λε ράναίο (3).

Ὁηι αν ραογδαλ βηαιόεαρἔα γο λεόρι ι νέηιμμι ι  
οτορδέ αν έίρο-βλιαόαν κύαίο ἔαρρηαινη. Ὁυό ριορ-  
νδιόμσε ο'ά έίελε αν Ὁλιγε Δγυρ να Ὁδοινη. Νι γάό Δ  
ριδό γυρ ι η-Δγαιό αν Ὁλιγε Δγυρ Δρ ἔδοιβ να ηοαοινη  
οο βι αν Ρεαέττιρ ι γκομνυίο. Ὁο βι ρεαρ Δνη, αν  
υαιρ ριη, οαιρ β'αινη Δητοινη Ο Ὁάλαγ. Ὁηι ρέ 'να  
ἔαορ Δόμυο, Δγυρ οο βι ρέ 'να έαρρτιη Δρ να Ὁυαέ-  
αιλλιβ Ὁάνα. Ἐηγ ουινη ριαόηυιρ 'να Δγαιό γυρ  
ἔγαιοιλ ρέ γυνηα λειρ, Δέτ νίορ βῆορ ὄό, μαρ έίρσο να  
οαοινη, Δέτ γο ραιβ ιμρρεαῖαν εατορρηα. Δρ λεαέ-ἔνιλ  
οο βι αν Ὁάλαέ, Δγυρ ουβδαιρ ρέ λειρ αν βῆεαρ ρο ιη  
ἔραν γέυιρτ : "Ὁά γκαίέρηνη ηυέαρ λεατ, ná ραιοιλ ναέ

(1) "βλιγῆρ," S.; "βλαογῆρ," G.

(2) "να ραιρτιηγε," O'L.; "αν μέαο οο ἔγρηοβ Cobbett!" A (1)

(3) "Αοειρ γο μβέο έίρσε ραοι λάν νέιμ," 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

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(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."

mbuailfíonn tú, má tá mé ar leat-fúil féin," a gair d'ann-  
 rin tubairt ré leir an mbreiteam cuipair no marc vo  
 cupi ruar or a coinne, "a gair feuc, féin, má buailim é,"  
 ar reirfean, óir bí toga upáir aige. Níor tubairt ré  
 don muo eile aét rin. Uhi fuitéior móir ar na buac-  
 ailib go leirfead ré amac a n-ainmneada féin, aét ní  
 raib baogal air. Clirfead [ceirfead] é, a gair tuad  
 breiteamnar crioeta air. Do munnead cóirne óó a gair  
 cuirfead an cóirne ar cáirt, a gair vo cuirfead é féin 'nó  
 fuité ar an gcóirne lá breidé aibreidín, nuair bí an  
 gairne a gair foillirfead a gair na héanlaic a gair reinm, a gair  
 tuad é mar rin go vti Suidé-finn, 'n áit ar cuirfead  
 crioé ruar le n-a crioéad. Do bí an bócair lán uoime,  
 a gair féadaint air a gair vti ann, a gair vo réir mar bí an  
 cáirt a gair ruad bí raio a gair glaoúac air léimneí anuar  
 a gair iúé leir, amac crioeta féin, a gair go rabáirfeoir é,  
 a gair bí cuio ve na fuitéoirraib vo bí in ran ngáir na  
 n-éirneannairib, a gair tubairt raio leir i n-éirneilz vó  
 noéanraó ré rin go rgaroirfeoir a gair cuio gunna ruar ran  
 réir a gair nac marbócaó raio don uime. Aét ní uéar-  
 naio ré don raíraio ar imteadé; éuaio ré go focair gí  
 vti an crioé a gair crioéad é. Tubairt rean-feair leir ar  
 mbairteirfeairne giregair, go raib ré a gair cupi raiaio an  
 lá rin a gair Suidé-finn, a gair go bracaio ré an crioéad,  
 ran mbliadúam, 1820, a gair go raib an Reaétúirne ann,  
 a gair go noéairraio ré abrián air, a gair gair tubairt ré  
 in ran gcéad béairra vo bí in ran abrián, "go mbuó  
 raio an ciraio é nac leirfead v'áon g'éad ná v'áon  
 éraio v'á raib air, tuirim ar láir." Buó é an éiall vo  
 bí leir rin, go mbuó raio an gairreirfead an v'áac  
 nuair náir leir ré amac ainmneada na mbuacailirne

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 cnuasó a gcuir á cur le do dháirí. Agus i nveirnead an abhán do ghlao sé ar Orla bhreicéadainar ceairt do déanadh ar an nbeirte do bhíad zó h-éadgórí-  
 ad é, no dá tciucraoír féin raon, zúid ré zó tciucraoír  
 nozálta ar ar a zcuir cloinne. “Agus b’fíorí do é  
 féad id a maib neairt talman ag zabalta ar aca in  
 zác uile áit, cá ’uil raon anoir? Chail raon uile zó  
 léirí é, ag zcuir an méad maoiné ag raibíor do bí aca,  
 do rzaar ad é, ag zcuir raibí an cúro in mó s’á zcloinn báir;  
 níorí rázad adt beirte aca, ag zcuir tá ceann aca ro ’na  
 bhádaí, ag zcuir tá an ceann eile ’na cóimnuiré . . . .”  
 Do rórad cailín ve’n bunad ro zó véiréadain ad le raer  
 do cóimnuiré a bpad ó Suiré-rinn, ag zcuir tuidairt tuipe  
 eile leir an mbairtígeairna zrezoir zó mbud beaz an  
 fáilte do bí moimprí. O’fíarprí ag raer ro cao rác  
 náir cuiréad fáilte níor raerí moimprí, ag zcuir ré mo  
 tuidairt raon leir, “An cúro rin s’á bunad do cúro  
 cóim h-áirí rin, in tuiad zác nveadad raon níor áiríve,”  
 ag zcuir bud é an áil do bí leir rin, zó mbud áiríve é  
 náir cuiréad id féin! “Nuairí cúrad mé rin,” ar  
 raeréan, “cúimnuiré mé ar málldót Raerterí, ag zcuir con-  
 naic mé zó maib áiréad an zó róill.” Tuidairt an  
 raerí céadna zcuir cúrad ré náir fár raerí maib ó raon  
 ar an mbail ar cuiréad an Oálad i n-éadgórí.

Fuarí mé cúro ve’n abhán do rinne an Raeráirí  
 an uair rin. Bhí beazán ve na beairraoíb ag an  
 zComáinead ag zcuir raerí Mac Uí Neacáin uair id,  
 ag zcuir bí cúro eile ag Seoirí Mac Ziolla-an-éoirí ag zcuir  
 ag Mac Uí Flóinn. Ag ro maib cúirí mé le céile id, adt  
 in tóir zác bfuil an adt bló, óir ní an maon 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

δην, δι δην ζερδην, νάρι λειζ ο'δον ο'ά εἰνο ζέδζ τυτ-  
 ιμ δι λάρι. Νὰς νάοῦῖοῦδὰ ἐπιδέταρ δι Ρεαδέτύριε δι  
 "Chozad̄ Zaeoel le Zallaid̄" ιν ραν ζοέοο βέδριτ! Τά  
 δι ρυδιμ δέδονα ινρ ζαδ̄ βέδριτ αἰζε; ιννε ρέ ζαδ̄  
 δον δι δην ζευμα δέδονα, δι "έ" ι λάρι να λιντε, αζυρ  
 δι "ι," "ιι," νο "λλ" ι νουριεαδ̄ να λιντε κοῖεῖριμ:—

### ANTOINE O DÁLAIG.

Τριάνονα Δοιμε δι Χέαρτα,  
 Bhí na Zadóil ροι μιοιρτ (1) αζ να Ζαλλ,  
 Κοῖεῖριμ δι λαδ̄ δέδονα,  
 'O bí Δον-ῖιδε Μηυριε ιν ραν ζερδην.  
 Τά ρύιλ le Μαδ̄ 'Oé (2) 'ζαμ,  
 'Sé mo leun! δ'ρ ζαν μαιτ̄ δι βιτ̄ οό δην,  
 'S ζυρ β'έ Cullen (3) 'ρ α δέιτε  
 Chioé Daly, δ'ρ ζο οτυζαο οιοδ̄ δην.

Δετ̄ α βεαν̄ όζ, le m' ριδέ  
 Cuirim̄ έδζ δι δην ιμβαιτε 'ιμβέιριμ δην,  
 Διαιτ̄ αζυρ έδζ διρ,  
 Δ'ρ ζο η-έιηζιτ̄ δην τυιτε ορ α δέανη,  
 Ní ρεαδ̄ο δι βιτ̄ δην μέοο ριν,  
 Δ 'Oha glézi, ιρ έ ζυριμ le ρονη  
 Δι δην βρεαρ̄ οο έριό Daly  
 'S ο'ράζβδαιζ̄ α ζαοιτ̄α αζ ζοι 'ρ α δέανη.

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

(3) "Cellin," δι Κοιμάινοαδ̄; "Cullen," Bell.

(4) Literally: "On the evening of the Friday of the Cruci-  
 fixation, 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 maic' uioḡalcaḡ D'é  
 An té o'féadopaḡ ranaóc le na am.  
 Saḡ peacaó o'á léiḡteaḡ  
 So h-éas so b'raipió (P) aḡ an oḡeam.  
 'S ias an o'á Séimín  
 Le rḡéim oo fochuiḡ an plan,  
 An méas naḡ b'raipió oḡia féin  
 An rḡéal céasna so b'raipió aḡ a ḡclainn.

Ó ríneaó oo ḡéasa  
 Tá an t-áer in a ímire oḡ aḡ ḡcionn  
 Ní laḡann na méalta  
 A'ḡ na h-éirḡ, ní p'raebann aḡ tuinn.  
 Ní éasaḡann oḡuóc aḡ an b'féaḡ  
 A'ḡ na h-éanlaic', ní laḡraio so binn,  
 Le cúma oo uiaḡ, Daly,  
 So h-éas ní éis toḡaó aḡ óḡionn.

A'ḡ ríúó é an fíréan  
 Nári úmlaḡ 'ḡ nári íḡlḡ oo ḡhail,  
 Antoine O'Ólaḡ (a Mhic D'é!) (1)  
 Saḡ b'raic' oo bíúeaó aḡainn saḡ am.  
 Aóc o'éas fé 'na ḡhaeúeal ínaic'  
 Aḡur o'áon féaḡ níorí élaon fé a óeann,  
 A'ḡ saḡ teann-mionnaíú éic'ḡ  
 Chrióc Daly, aḡur neaḡic cloinne ḡall.

---

(1) Sio, Bell; "Sweet Anthony Daly an t'féan féaḡ," 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).

Όά μβέιην-ρε μο ελίμεαέ  
 Λάξαέ, έαοτιομ, αιγεαηα αη ρεαηη,  
 Ιη υεαη υο ηξηίοβραιηη υο έρείερε  
 Ι ηξλαη-ηθαευείηγε αη λεαο οη υο έεαηη,  
 Μηλε α'η οέη ηεέαο  
 Αη ρέ υέαξ, 'η αη εεαέαιη 'ηα έεαηη,  
 Ό έυηηηηξ Μαο Όέ  
 Ήυη έαξ Daly, ι ηεαιηλεάη Συηέ ηηηη (1).

Αξ ηο ριοηα ηεαηη υο έυη αη ηεαέέηηηε αξ ευη  
 ι ηεείη υο ηα υαοηηβ έοη ηείηεαηηα αξυη βη ρέ, αξυη  
 έοη μόηη αξυη βη α εόλαη αη υέίεηβ αξυη αη ηαηηη ηα  
 ηηηέαηαέ αξυη ηα Ρόμáηαέ ! Ιη υόηξ ηο ηαιβ τυηηλεαέ  
 αηη, αέη μά βη, ηη βηυαηηεαη αέη αη μέαο ηο. Τά αη  
 ηιοηύη ηαοα ηο βηηη ηο λέοη. Αη λεαβαη αη ηηαοηη  
 ελοίε υο έαηηηαηηξ μέ αη ηιοηα ηο.

(1) ηί'ε αη υαηα ηά αη ηηίοηαέ βέαηηα αξ Α., ηά λεαέ υε'η  
 έύηεαέ βέαηηα; αέη τά εεαηη εηλε αηγε ηαέ υεηξ με έυαη. Τά ρέ  
 ηαη λεααη:—

Τά ηα ραιηεηη ρεο ηυαη  
 Α' ραηαέη ηο υεηηηέ αη λά  
 Ιαηηαηη αη ηηξ ηα ηηηάηηα  
 Ήυη ηεαηη ηο ηηαβαιέ αηυαη  
 ηο βηεηηηέ μέ αη λά  
 Α ηβέηέ οηηα ηάηα α'η ηηαηξ  
 αη ηαέ υηηε ηαε μάέαη  
 Όαη οηηυηξ έύ Daly έυη ηυαη.

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:—

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(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'ΑΙΝΗ ΙΟΥΠΙΤΕΡ.

Δη Θια θαρ β'αίνη Ιούπιτερ ιγ μόρι σο ετιτ ι βρεάδα  
λειρ,

Θηί βεαν αϊγε ιηγ ζαό βεαλαό αρ δη εαλαμ δ'ρ ιη  
ραν δέη,

Νερτιύη ιγ ραο ό ουβηιαό ζυη ρτιύηιαό δη λάν μαρη  
λειρ,

Μαρη σο βί ιηγ ζαό εαό μαη ιγ σο'η ελαϊθεαμ (1)  
εεραό έ.

Δη ετιύηι αυειη ηα η-ύζοαηη αρ εαιθεαό δη ε-ύβαλλ  
εατοηηα (2)

Ραρη 'ρ μόρι σο μεαλλαό έ λε ηelen ιη ραν ηζηιέηζ,  
υλιρρέρ δ'ρ α εύηαότα, ιγ λε η-α ρτααη σο μεαλλαό  
ρέ (3)

Αεελερ ζεαρη δη Τηιαοι (4)—αζυρ ηί ραοη α υ'ημετιζ  
δη Ζηηιέηζ.

Ιγ ιομόα ηιοζαότ ραρη σο εσαρταϊζ Τελεμεαχυρ  
Αρ εόηηηεαότ α αεαη βί ι ζοοιζοηιοό βραο ι ζοέηη  
ζο η-ηρηνηη εηζ ρέ εαηηε, αζυρ Μιηυρ [μόρι] σο  
εεαηηηηαϊζ λειρ

Θί ρέ αζ εαηηα Βυλσαμ αζυρ υεαηε ρέ αρ α ζλειρ.  
Χειρτηζ ρέ Ραοιμαητηρ αότ Ρλυτο δη ρηηνηηα  
υ'ηηεαζαηη έ,

Ρεαη αοη ερúηι σο υαλλαό λειρ, δη εηά εηηηηηηζ ρέ  
ιη ραν εέηβ,

Χηαρη σο ρζαοιη ρύτα έ σο'η Ζηηιέηζ αρ αηρ ζο ηοεαό-  
αϊό ρέ,

'S ηίοη αϊεηη αότ α ηηαοαό έ, μαη υ'αεηηαϊζ α ηηυαό  
'ρ α ρζέηηη.

(1) "Clasme," MS. (2) "Siv ειουηη ηιαο," 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.

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(3) "Συρ μέλλε γέ," MS. (4) "ἄν τρωίῳ ὅσοι κάλλε τειρ," MS.

Θεσπιρια, αν ὄγ-ῆησαι, αν ποοίξ λε'η κιάδω Hercules  
 Centauri γαν βάο α τεληγῆσαιξ λειρ, βυό ειονητὰς  
 λειρ αν γζέαι,

Αν λέιηε νιηε γυαιρ γέ εγξ γέ α μίλε μαλλὰτ οί,  
 Όοίτεαό αν γεαι 'γ νί μαίτ λιον έ, νο ιγ βηέαζα ουβ-  
 αιρτ λυέτ λέιζιηη.

Αν εαιητ ανοιγ α ουβαιηιτ μέ, τὰ ὑζοαι γιαι αζ γεαι-  
 αιη λειρ,

ηομει ὀηιζι, ηομαιρ, αζυρ τυιλλεαό νάρ γζηηοβ  
 βηέαζ,

File αι βιέ ηη γαν ζκούζε α οέαιρφαρ α η-αζαίό καιρ-  
 τειηό,

Ταζαό γέ λεαέ-βεαλαιξ αζυρ γαέαιό ζοβάν ηα βέαι.

Αζ γο μαηι οο ηολ γέ οιβηιόε μαίτ, γαοη δόμυρο,  
 οο εόηηηιξ ι η-υαέταη Chonouae ηα ζαιλιηε. ὀηιόο  
 ούιλ ηόηι αζ αν κλαέτῆηε ι ζκόηηηιόε ι η-οιβηιόε  
 μαίτ, νο ι βρεαιι εηηηε μαίτ. ηί γαιβ αση ηυο οο εῆηη  
 γεαιξ αιη μαηι οηοό-οβαιη. Ὅο εαιρμαιηξ μέ αν  
 τ-αβηιάν γο αη λεαβαη αν τραιοηι-έλοίε :—

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 ΚΟΝΚΟΙΟ.

Τά οιβριόε ργορέα τριάταμάιλ ΔΞ βόταρι Χαιριεάιν  
Τάιλλιύη

Δη μιάιτ λιον κοιτόέ' βειτ τριάττ Δρη, μαρι τά ούιλ Διζε  
ραν ρρόρη,

Κύμλοσαρι (1) έ ιρ άιλλε ι η-έδουαη ζλοινε Δρ κάριτα,  
Νιορι έεαηξβαίξ Δριαμή Δ μιάιξιρτιη ορη, ι η-άιτ Δρ  
βιτ ζο ρόιλ.

Νι η-ιοηξναό Δρη, Δη κάρ ρη, οο μέρη Δ ξηίοηη, 'ρ Δ  
έάιλεάτ,

Τά μύναό Δρη ό πάουίη, Δζυρ Δη τ-οιμαό ιη Δ ρόρη,  
Έιρτιό Δη ρζευλ μά'ρ άιλ λιβ, Δζυρ μίηεόάου οδοιβ Δρ  
βαλλ έ,

Ζυρ οιβριόε Κοηρόιό οο ράριαιξ Δ βρπιλ ό Δριαηη  
ζο Όύνμόη.

Σαρη ζο οεαρ ι βρριάμα ι βρπιηηεόξαιβ ιρ έ ο'ράιρξ-  
ρεαό,

Όοιρρε halla Δρ άιλλε, Δζυρ Δ βρπιρρεαό οο έεαό  
μόη,

Βοιηρτέιη Δ'ρ ράλαιό, λε μεαβαρι Δ έιηη 'ρ Δ λάιηη,  
Στοιξηε Δ'ρ υριλάη-ελάη Δζυρ Δ λάη πάη ούβαηηε μέ  
ρόη.

Όθέαηραό long Δρ ράιλε, κοιτε Δρ μαηιοιόε ράμα,  
Μυιλτε ρλίηη Δ'ρ ράιβε, ρέ έυηρρεαό ι ζεαοι 'ρ ι  
ζόοηη,

Λε ρρéal ζλαν Δ'ρ ρλάηα Δ έηίοόηυιξεαηη ζαέ άιζε  
εεαρηηη ρέ ζαέ άόμαου λε η-αξάιό βάιου οο έυη έυη  
ρεόιλ.

(1) Όειρηέαη "κύμλοσαρ" ι ζκοηηάέταιβ, ι η-αιη "κοήλυαοαη."

## 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 τρατάμαιλ ρτυαμα έ, σο υέαηραδ οποιρ δ'ρ  
 τύρηα,

Αη ρεόλ 'ρ ηα μαριουθε λυαηζτά, αη τρ'ληηη, αζυρ αη  
 ρρόλ,

Όο λείζρεαδ λέαδβαρ δ'ρ ηυαηθεαδτ μαρ τά ρόζλαημ αηρ  
 αζυρ μύηαδ

Όά ριύβαλρά έαητ αη Όύηγε ηί ρεηρεά ρεαρ υ'ά ρόητ.

Τά ρηοτυζαδ υίηεαδ λάηοηρ ηαδ ηηέαζ ατά ηέ ηάδ λειρ,

Μαρ ηρ ηοηάδ ρεαρ ραη άητ ρεο α ηυεαηηα ρέ οβαηρ  
 υό,

Αη έυηγ αη έλιατ 'ρ αη ρηάα, βαηηα ηοτα, 'ζυρ λάηηε,

Έεατ σο έηεαδραδ βάηητε, αζυρ υ'ηοηπόαδ ρυαρ  
 αη ρόο,

'S α λάν ηαδ ζυαηήηηζημ ηηάατ αηρ, υέαηραδ ρέ ζαη  
 βάρτα (?)

Ραο αρ ηηόζ σο'η λάη, αζυρ λε ρεαατ ζαδ υηε ρόητ,

Όηεαηραδ ρέ ζο ρεόλτα ααηρ δ'ρ αάηητ δ'ρ αόητε,

Ζαδ ηυηε ηιό υε'η τρόητ ρηη, αζυρ αόηηα υο ρεαρ  
 βάηρ.

Ρεαρ [λύεμαρ] λείζτε ρζαοηλτε έ αη μαρηζαδ ηο αη  
 ασηαδ,

Α ράηηαη ηί'λ ραη τηρ ρεο, ηη αη ααηραδ ληοη ζο ρόηλ.

Ηρ βεαζ α ρηημ ι υαίόζβαρ αατ ααηεαηή 'ρ ράζαη ζο  
 ζηαοηθεαηηαη,

Ηρ ηοηάδ λά αζυρ οηόαε υο βί ηέ 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 in-  
struction,

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

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

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

The swingles and the harrow, and the drag-rake, wheel-  
barrow, 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  
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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.

Όά mbeιό' ré γυαγ ναοι η-οιτόε εια ο'φειρεαύ λοηζ  
 [δη] ηραοιν αιη  
 Μαρι τα γέ ειαλλιηαι οριονα φλιτεαμίαι ουμεαμίαι  
 κόηη,  
 Ραε άγυρ βαιλ ό Χηρίογ αιη, ατα μο εόηηιάό υέαητα (1),  
 Σηη έ α εάλληεαετ γίογ υαοιβ, ά'γ ηί υέαηηαιό μέ  
 ηίογ μό.

Το εηη ηη-άό μόηη αηαε αιη λοε Οηηηην, η ζConοαέ  
 ηα Ζαηλλιηε, γαν ηηηιαόαιη, 1828. Chuαιό αση υηηηε  
 υέαζ άγυρ ηίεε αιη υοηο ηεαη-βάιο άζ Αηαε Όύηη ηο  
 Αηαε Cυαηη, η η-έηηηεαετ ηε ααοηηαέαιβ άγυρ ηε ηηυαηβ  
 εηηε, ηε υοη ζο η-ασηαε ηα Ζαηλλιηε. Όηη ηηηέηοηη οέε  
 ηίηηε ηε υοη αεα. Ηηαηη εάηηζααη η βροηζηεαετ υά  
 ηίηε υο Ζηαηλλιη υο εηηη ααοηη αεα α αοη ηηέ εόηη αη  
 βάιο, άγυρ εοηαιζ αη η-υηηε αιη εεαετ αηηεαε ζο ηηαε.  
 Ηηαηη εσηηαηηε ηεαη υο βί ηη γαν ηηβάο αη η-υηηε άζ  
 ηηε αηηεαε, ηεαζ ηέ α εόηα ηόηη αιη αη ηποηη, άγυρ  
 βηύηζ ηέ α αοη αιη. Αετ ηηηηε ηέ ζο ηό λάιοηη έ, άγυρ  
 η η-άηη αη ηοηη υο ητοηαό ηη εαό ηηηηε ηέ αη ελάη υο  
 εηοηάηηη αιη ηαο αη αη ηηβάο. Το ηιοηαό αη ηάο λάη  
 υηηε αιη αη ηόηηηο, άγυρ εηαηό ηέ ηίοη, άγυρ υ'φάζ ηέ  
 αση υηηηε υέαζ αιη ηίεηο άγυρ υεηέ ζααοηηηζ άζ εηοηο  
 ηεηη αη υηηε. Ηί ηηαηβ ηηαο αετ ηζαεαίη ηεαηηη ό'η  
 ηαλαίη, αετ 'ηα αηηηέοηη ηηη υο βάηηεαό ηαοη ηοαοηηε  
 υέαζ αεα, υαοηηε όζα, λύεηηαηα, λάιοηε. η υτοηαε ηη  
 υεηηηό αη φόζηηαηη, ηαηοηηη ηηηεάζ, εηύηη, υο εηαηό αη  
 βάο ζο εόηη, άγυρ υο βάηηεαό ηα υαοηηε ηεο. Chuαιό

(1) Λαβαιη αη ηηηε ηαη "οιαηηα" έ:

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

αν ρζέαι άιούβέαι τρίο αν τίρι αζυρ έμυιηηίξ α  
 λυέτ ζαοιλ να υτιηίοιλλ. Όο ρηιέ να κοηρδιν υιλε  
 άρ αν υιρζε άέτ άον έεαηη άηίδιν. Νί η-ιουηηάό  
 ζο ραιβ βηίόη αζυρ ζέαρ-ζοι άρ ρυο να τίριε, αζυρ βι  
 ηηητιηη να ηυδοιηε κοηρρυίξτε ζο μόρι λειρ αν ηι-άό  
 υο έυιτ οηηα έοιη η-οβαηη ρηη. Όυβαιητ αν Ρεαέτιηε  
 ζο βράζφάό ρέ κυιηηε ζο βηιάέ άρ αν ρζέαι, αζυρ υο  
 έυιη ρέ ι βέαρραιβ έ. Ρυαη ηέ αν έυιτ ιρ μό υε να  
 βέαρραιβ ρεο ό Ρηιηίόηηαρ Ο Κοηέυβαιη υο έυαλειό  
 ιάο ό ρεαν-ηηηαοι υο ηυζάό ι η-άηαέ Κυαη ι ρέηη, αζυρ  
 υο έυιηηίξ ζο ηαιέ ηαη υο έυιτ αν ηι-άό άηαέ, αζυρ  
 βι κυο ειλε όέ αζ ρεαν-υαλλ ι ηζαρ υο έυαηη. Όι κυο  
 υέ, υε ηηεάβαρ αζ αν ζΚοηάηαέ ηαη αν ζεέαηηα, αζυρ  
 τά κυο υέ ηη ραη ρζηίβιηηη τά ραη Δεαυαίη. Όο έυιη  
 ηέ λε έέιλε έ έοιη ηαιέ αζυρ υ'ρέαυαρ, άέτ τά ρέ  
 ηεαρζέα ζο μόρι τρίο α έέιλε, αζυρ ηί'λ άέτ βυιλλε ρά  
 έυαηηη ηη ραη εαζαρ υο έυιη ηέ άρ να βέαρραιβ.  
 Ταζαηη βέαρρα ηο υό αεα άρτεαέ ρά υό ρά έυαηιό  
 έαζραήαι, ηαη υο βίουαρ αζ υαοιηίβ έαζραήαι, άέτ  
 ηίοη ηαιέ ηιοη ιάο υ'ράζβάιλ άηαέ. Ιρ ειηητε ηαέ ηαη  
 τά ρέ άηοιη υο έάιηηζ ρέ ό βέαι αν Ρεαέτιηε ρέηη, άέτ  
 ζο ραιβ ρ'λάέτ ηίοη ρεαρρι άρ:—

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-ΚΥΔΗΝ.

Μά φάξωιμ-ρε γλάντε ιρ φαοα βείθεαρ τριόττω  
 Αρ αν μέσο νο βάιτεσθ αρ Αναθ-κυδην,  
 'S mo έριαξ, αμάριαθ ζαθ αττοι 'r μάττοι  
 θεαν α'r πόιτε τά α' rιλεσθ γύλ.  
 Α Ριξ να ηξιάρτα έεαρ νεσιν α'r Ράριτταρ  
 ηάη θεσγ αν τ-άθβαθ (P) ούινη βειητ να τριύη,  
 Αθτ λά κοη ηρεάξ λειρ, ζαν ζασιθ να βάητεσθ,  
 Λάν α' βάιο ασα α' rζυαβαθ αρ rιύβαλ !

ηάη ηόη αν τ-ιονηθσθ οη κόηιαηη να ηοδοιη  
 Α ηρειριητ rιητε αρ εύλ α ζοιηη,  
 Σηηεσθσθ α'r αοιηεσθ νο rζαηηηόσθ οδοιη  
 Σηηασ ο'α αιαησθ 'r αν έηεσθ ο'α ηοιηη.  
 Θηη ηυαέαιληθε όζα αηη, τιζεσθ αν rόζηηιαηη,  
 Ο'α rιηεσθ αρ έηόαηη, 'r οά οταβαηητ ζο αιλλ,  
 'S ζυη β'έ ηλειρ α ηπόητα νο ηι ο'α οτόηηη,  
 'S α Όηια να ζλόηηη ηάη ηόηη αν ηεαλλ !

Αηηηύο Όια η-Δοιηη έλινηηεά αν αοιηεσθ  
 Αζ τεσθθ ζαθ ταοθ, αζυη ηηηεσθσθ ηοη,  
 Α'r α Λάν έαη οιόθε ηηοη ηυηηηεσθ ελαοιόθε  
 Ζαν κεθ λε υέαηηη ασα αθτ α' rιηεσθ κοηη.  
 Α Όηια 'r α Χηηίοητα ο'ηυλαηηζ ιοθβαηητ  
 Όο έεαηηηηζ [ζο] rιηεαηηεσθ αν ηοθτ 'r αν ηοθτ  
 Ζο Ράριτταρ ηαοηηεα ζο οτυζαηηη ηαοηη λεατ  
 Ζαθ [αηεατύηη] οιοθ οά'ηη έηηη ηαοηη αν λοτ.

(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, overthrown,  
 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 zéar ar an ionad (1) céanna  
 Náir laisú meult ann 'r náir éimhíú zhuon,  
 Do b'áit an méad úo do éimhíú n-éimhíú  
 Zo zhuillín ar sonad zo moé Oidhrodoon.  
 Na fir do zhuiradú eliad 'zhuir céadé,  
 Do éimhíúadú b'ímhíú 'r do éimhíúadú ríol,  
 A' r na mná dá ríim rín do éimhíúadú zhuir doon muo,  
 Do ríimhíúadú b'ímhíú adzhuir anairt éad.

Baire-éiláir do bí anairt láime  
 Níoir leiz an t-áó úóib a zhuiradú aníor,  
 Bliú an b'ár éom láimh naé ucuz ré cáimh  
 O'áon m'ac má'air do' r muiradú m'ám.  
 Muna r'zéal a ceiradú úóib an lá ro a mb'áitúte  
 A Ríú na n'zhuiradú náir boé an níú,  
 Aét a zhuiradú uile zhuir loé ná r'áile,  
 Le r'ean-b'áó zhuiradúna 'r íad láim le tír.

A Ríú na n'zhuiradú éimhíú N'eam a' r P'áimhíú  
 A' r a O'hé cia an cáir úóimh b'ímh na r'ímh  
 Aét lá éom b'ímhíú rín zhuir zhuir zhuir b'ímhíúadú,  
 Adzhuir lán [an] b'áit adca do uil zo cóim.  
 B'ímhíú an b'áó adzhuir b'áitúadú na dooime,  
 Szhuir na ceimhíú anonn r'án r'ímhíú,  
 A' r a O'hé! naé aníimh bí an t-áir móir véadna  
 Ar doon r'eam véad adzhuir oéair m'ám (2).

(1) "L'ezadú r'ímhíú ar an n'zhuiradú (=ball) céanna," mar do bí r'ímhíú an zhuiradú.



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 θέσπια πο άσπυρ να τπυ cιnn 'να ύιαίξ ό'η τρεαν mncο  
 νο μυσάθ άσ αναδ-cuain í féin. (3) Literallay: "Case"

Βήι διτρε δ'ρ μάιτρε ανη, μηά 'ζυρ πάιρτιόε,  
 Δξ ζολ 'ρ Δξ ζάμιτάοιλ 'ρ Δξ ρειλτ να ννεόρι,  
 Δ'ρ μηά τά ρέιρ ριη το τέαηραό αση ρυο  
 Το ρυιοήραό βρέιυοιη δ'ρ αηηαιτ [αηαιηε] ααοι.  
 Δ Τηόμαιρ Ηι Χατάιη, βα μόρι αν ρζέαι τύ  
 Το έρεαδρά βηαηηια το έυηηεά ριολ  
 Δ'ρ α λιάτα βυαάιλλ το έρδιτρεαό λάη λεατ,  
 Μο λευη 'ρ τύ βάιότε ι η-Αηαό-αυαιη.

Δ Σεάζαιη Ηι Χοηζαηη βα μόρι αν ρζέαι τύ  
 Ζυη ρεαρ τύ αηιαή ι λυηζ ηά ι μηάο,  
 'S α λιάτα αοιρτέιη λυτέμαρ ρυύβαη τύ  
 Ό λονόυη αηαλλ ζο υει Οέαι-εηάτ;  
 Αη υαιη το ραοιλ τύ ρηάη το τέαηραή  
 Ρυζ ηα μηά όζα οηε 'βορ δ'ρ έαλλ,  
 'S ζυη ραοιλ το μάιτρηη τά ηηβαίτρηόε αέαο ρεαρ  
 Ζο υειυερά ρέηη έυιαι 'βαηε ρλάν.

Οηι Μάιηε ηις Ρυαόάηη ανη, βυηηεάη ζλέζεαι,  
 Αη ααιηή ρρέηηεαηηαι βι αζαηηη ραν άιτ,  
 Ζηλευρ ρι ι ρέηη ζο μοό Όια Αέαυαοιη  
 Λε υοι έυη ασηαηζ ό Χηηοα Όεαλάηη.  
 Βήι αότα υηηηι υε έοζα αν έαυαηζ  
 Αάηρηη λαα δ'ρ ρηβίηιό βάν',  
 Δζυρ υ'ράζ ρι α μάιτρηη βηόηαό αηάιότε  
 Δξ ρειλτ να ννεόρι αηίρ ζο βηάτ.

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 ρλέιβε αζυρ ργαλλαὸ κλέιβε  
 Δι ἀν ἀιτ ἀρ ἐαζαυαρι, ἀ'ρ milleάν κυαιου  
 Μαρι 'ρ ιομῶα κριέατύρι ο'ράζ ρέ αζ ζέαρι-ζοῖ,  
 Αζ ριλεαὸ 'ρ αζ ἐαζαοιη ζαὸ μαριουη λυαιη.  
 Νί οίοζβάλ εὐλαίρ νο κύρι ο'ά οτρεόρι ιαο  
 Δέτ μι-ἀὸ μόρι βι ραν ζαίρλεάν Ηυαὸ,  
 'Σέ κριόκνυζαὸ ἀη ἀβριάν ζυρ βάιτεαὸ μόριάν  
 Ο'ράζ ἀὸβδαρ οὐλάιρ αζ ἀναὸ-κυαιη.

Αζ ρο ἀβριάν νο ριννε ἀη κρεατύριε αζ μολαὸ  
 Mhic Uí Cheallaiḡ νο κόμνυιḡ ηη ραν Τριαν Βάν, ἀρυρ  
 ἀτά, ραοιημ, ἀιτ ἐίγην ι ηζαρι νο Τηυαιη Τά ἀη  
 τ-ἀβριάν ζο η-ιομλάν ἀρ ηα ζοτάνηαιβ "ἀ" αζυρ "ι,"  
 ἀέτ ἀμάν ἀη ρειρεαὸ βέαριρ, ἀτά ἀρ "ὀ" αζυρ "ι,"  
 αζυρ ἀη βέαριρ. ρειρεανηαὸ, ἀτά ἀρ "ἐ" αζυρ "ι":—

### υιλλιαμ ο ceallaiḡ.

Ζοιρεανη ζο η-ἀρι ἀη ἐυαὸ ραν Μάριτ  
 ι λάρ ἀη Τριαιη Βηάν 'ρ ηι ρταυαη ρι μι,  
 Δέτ αζ ρειηη Le η-ἀέαρ μεαίρ υιλλεαβαρ ἀ'ρ βλάτ  
 Δ'ρ αζ ἐηιγε ζο η-ἀρι ι ηβαρρηαιβ ηα ζααοβ.  
 Μολραιο μέ ἀη τ-ἀριρ ὀ ρέαυοιη α ριἀύτε (sic)  
 β'ρεαρι ηομ-ρα λά ἀηη, ηά ι η-ἀιτ ειλε, βλιαῶαιη.  
 Δέτ ηρ ραυ ὀ βι κριάέτ ἀρ ζυρ βυαι ρέ Cill-ἀιριη  
 Le ζαὸ υιλε ρόριτ ηρκαζαέτ, ρειρε '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 ημοc 'r αν ριαθό βάν  
 Ανηρύο ζαc αον λά, α' r αν τρειλζ 'na [η]οιαιζ,  
 Ρεόναρηο ανη, 'r na ζάμμεα 'r αν τόμη le η-α ράλαιβ,  
 'S οαοιηε υαιρ'le αr ζαc ααρηο ανη αζ ηρηαcηυζαθό  
 αη α ριαηρ'.

Ααρηα ηρηάζα μάρα, α' r ααcρηαθό αη ητάβλα,  
 ηυητηρ ανη ράμμηζcηε ταη είρ οο ηειc ριαθόc  
 Αοηρε min βάν η μαηηρηάη ηρηάζ αλάμη  
 Ααα le ράζαηλ ανη οά ηρηηρηαιοηρ ηλιαθάμη.

Βοcτα, λάν ρηάηο, ο' ρειρηά ζαc λά ανη  
 Αζ τημλλ αη αν άμηρ α ροιηητηαη αν ηιαθό,  
 ηη'λ οηύλταθ le ράζαηλ αζ αον ρεαη ζο ηηάc  
 Αcτ cέαο ηηλε ράηλτε αζμηρ ηυο le η-α ηηαη.  
 Ρά ηοοηαιζ βιοηη ηλάc αη na αρηαηηαιβ α' ράρ ανη,  
 Αοηηαθό ηα ζηάcαc αζμηρ ηεαη αη ηάμη αρηαοθ.  
 Αά ζαc υηλε ηόμη ηρηάζαcτ ανη, ηυθό ηόμη αν τηαη  
 ηλάηηε  
 'S αον ρεαη οο ηειc λά ανη, ηυθό ραο é αη α ηαοζαλ.

ηα η-ηοηαηο 'r na η-άμηαη 'r na αοηηηε ηη ηρηάζαcτ[α]  
 Αά αν οαηη ζλαη αζ ράρ ανη cοηη οηρηαc le ηηαζαηλ,  
 Λαοη βό η ζαηοηη τηη ηάηηε αζ ηηc cυηη α οάμη,  
 'S ηη ρειρηά ραη ηρηάηαc αcτ ηάμη α οά η-αθόαηηο.  
 Αη cρηηcηηεαcτ cοηη η-άμη α' r ζο ηηέαηηαθό ηη ράλ,  
 Αοηηη ζεαλ λειρ αν ζαηάηη, α' r η ζαηηηηεαθό αη αν  
 ζαηηαοηβ,  
 Αη ααλα αη αν ηηάηη ανη, αν λαcα α' r α η-άλ ανη,  
 Αη τη-υηηε ηυαη λάν ανη, α' r é ηζαηηαθό le 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.

Τὰ βρωγύιν (?) ἰ γούρι ἀνη, δ' ἴ ποταῖο ῥά ῥεοῖν ἀνη,  
 Οἰσιτ' ἀγυρ ῥόγτωδ' ἀγυρ κόβαιμιθε [ἀγ] τριαλλ,  
 Νι'λ κλυρεαδ' ἀρ δον τῥόριτ' ἀνη ὡδ' ἔβρωγῶδ' ὡδ' ἀνη,  
 Ἀέτ ροιλέαρι γαν κόμλα (1) ἀγυρ ὄλ ἀγ ἀν ῥαοζῶλ.  
 Καέριαιδ' δ' ἴ λυέτ' κόριτιθε ἀγ τριαλλ ἀρ να βόιτιμιθ  
 ἀγυρ ἄ λῶν ὡδοινη μόρια ἀνη ἀγ βρεσ' ἐνουζῶδ' ἀρ ἄ  
 ῥιανη;

Ἐεαντεμῖρ γο λεόρι ὡδ' λιοπαδ' ἀρ να βόιρσ ἀνη  
 ἀγ Ὁ Ceallaiγ ἀν ἐρισιθε ἰθόρι νάρι κόιγιλ ἀν ῥιαλ.

Shiúbail mé Ῥορτλάιρζε ἀγυρ κυαντα Cinntráile  
 Κορκαίγ να μβάτ' ἀγυρ ῥιαρ γο Τρῶιγ-λί,  
 Ὑαντριάιζε 'ῥ Cill-áinne, ἀγυρ [ἀν] εῦιζε le ῥάνα,  
 Συρ εῖσιτ' μέ μο ὡδάτ' ἰ n-árainn na naomh,  
 ἴρ μόρι βίορ τριάέτ' ἀνη ἀρ Ὑήρικαίγ 'ῥ ἀρ Μηάιλλιγ  
 ἀν ὡρεαμ νάρι εῦιρ κάρ ἰ γερμιννεαρ ἀριαθ,  
 Ἀέτ ἀρ υαιρle Cuió' ῥάιλ δ' ἴ é βειτ' ἀρ μο λάιθ  
 ἴρ ὡ' Ὁ Ceallaiγ ἀν ἔριαιν Ὑῶιαν ὡδ' βέαρῥαῖν ἀν  
 ἐρῶδ.

ἴρ ὡε ἔοζα να Μιλέριανη ὡδ' ἔάιμιγ le h-Éibir  
 Ὁ Ceallaiγ 'ῥ ἄ γῶολτα, δ' ἴ ἄ γερμινρὸ μέ ριορ,  
 Ὁ Ceallaiγ, Ὁ Néill, δ' ἴ Ὁ Ὀμόνδαιλλ 'να ὡιαίγ,  
 Ὁ Ceairbail Ὀúin Éile, Ὁ Concúbair δ' ἴ Ὁ Ὑριαῖν,  
 Ὑῆί τριερε ἀρ να γῶεῦελαίθ ἀγυρ μεαρ ἀρ ἄ ῥγῶεῖ  
 Συρ γῆνóτ' αἰγ' cionán ῥπέριμιοτ' ἀν κλυιτέε ἀρ ἀν  
 ἔῥιαν,  
 Ὠερῖ να h-úγῶair, μαρ λείγτεαρ, νάρι ῥγῥιορῶδ' ἀμαδ  
 ἔριε  
 Σο ἡεαδ' αἰδ' Ríγ Séamar ἰ γῶεαῖνναρ le 'Liam.

(1) "Comhaltar," 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,

Twenty 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.



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 Treean 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.

mo leun! vo jpač beič ar lār,  
 Δ γιolla nār čpārō an čpuačar,  
 'O ržapač Δ nglāčao vo lām,  
 'O ppačao lučt řain a'ř řuačt.  
 ba tū řioj-řgoč řola na h-aiče,  
 Δřur mařicač i lār an třlvaig,  
 i očeāč řeiriūin vo lačaipeāč go h-āmo  
 Δřur čeariřao řeari bař ar řuair.

ni'l iarř i očiule nā i očiāig,  
 nā řoluř ar lā mař bioč,  
 ni'l tořaoč Δř bořpačō nā řār,  
 'S ar leinč ni čālann čioč,  
 ni'l čairče ar bič in řan nřian  
 [ni'l] čiočal (?) nā blač ar an řeřioič  
 Ó o'imčig na Čeallaiř an Třiam bāin (1)  
 'O māičeāč vo 'lān an čioř.

Ó leařaoč na řeřioič bi třeun  
 Čiann viřneāč le 'Deiřioje ó čuaič,  
 Čučutain mař oubaiřt na řžeālta,  
 'O beřpeāč 'ř řāč čeim cač-buiāč (2),  
 Ó čaičeoč ē Δ leičēio ve řžeāl  
 Niōj čāniř vo lēan 'na řuaiř  
 Ó oiočaoč i n-Čeāč-ořuiin na řačoič  
 Δřur ó čuipeāč čum ēig Čořan řuačō.

1) "An čūil bāin," S.

(2) "Čeim cač buiāč," S. miře vo leič ē mař tā řuar.

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,  
 Ner 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 Anghrim  
 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'ἦ millead (1) Δ'ἦ bhón ar an mbáir  
 'Do táinig Δ'ἦ o'árouig uainn  
 O Ceallais rmeair-mullais na h-áite  
 Δ mbíod áige Δ lán ar cuairt.  
 Δ don-mic mhuiré bí Δ'ἦ tÁ [ann]  
 Saor h-uile clann ádoinn don uair,  
 I'lliam bíod ágaib ar lánin  
 Δ bflaitear na nSrára fuar.

'S ó clonad Clann líri ran tgnám  
 le imeairtar níná, má'ἦ fíoi,  
 'S ó caillead solam Mac 'Dáibí  
 'Do éangáilead páirt Δ'ἦ ciall.  
 Ó munead an toir oo bí áro,  
 Δ'ἦ ó báitead clann ádoinn Δ rian,  
 Níoir facar don márcad ran bpáirt  
 'Do cúirfead cúl-báirt ar 'Liam.

'Dá breicfead rib fhuonraig Δ'ἦ blácaig  
 lomgrige Δ'ἦ 'Dálaig Δ' tigeadót,  
 bhúnais, búrcais, Δ'ἦ táiti,  
 piarraig Δ'ἦ Máillig Δ' riadóad,  
 'Dá méad Δ gcumar 'ἦ Δ gcáil  
 Ág reilg i mbán 'ἦ i rliab  
 Reónaró ní cúirfead Δ ráin  
 ná Δ bproair ar fágail gan 'Liam.

---

1) "bhón Δ'ἦ 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 Lecam 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 floc' fialmair ar lár,  
 'Sé beimead ó gac ceapto an éraob,  
 'S ó éualairó mé tuairirg do báir  
 Sur faine liom lá ná bliadain.  
 Níl fíadac ó Síonnainn go triáig  
 Nác mbeiríde ann triáct ar 'liam  
 Ciann coranta fearaidh Chrí' Fáil,  
 'S é rgarad ór áro an fion.

'Do mól an Reáctúire, go móir, gairgídeac, dar  
 b'ainm Mac Uí 'Dóinnalláin, do rinne trois-voirn le  
 fear ve na Calnánaidh i láthair daoine uafal na tíre,  
 ait éigin i staoib-foir ve Connáctaidh, coir na Síon-  
 nainne, mar éualairó mé.

Níl fíor agham cia h-é an 'Dóinnallánac ro. 'Do bí  
 gairgídeac móir Connáctac ann, timcioll an ama ro, air  
 a stugaó "Dánaille" no "Dánalairó" aghur éualairó  
 mé rgeal iongantac ó'a taoib ó fearí dar b'ainm Már-  
 tain Ruad Ó Siollairnát, a cóinnuigeaf i n-aice le  
 Muine-beit i gConradé na Gaillíme. 'Do tug seirdean  
 "Dánalairó" ar an n-gairgídeac ro, cío nac maib doir  
 Déarla aige, aghur nuairi dubairt mé leir go mbuó  
 foirm Déarla rin, ag fiafmuíde óe cao é an fíor-ainm  
 Gaedheilg do bí air, dubairt re sur fáoil ré go mbuó  
 Ó 'Dóinnáil no Ó 'Dóinnalláin é. Má'r ámlairó atá,  
 b'éiríur sur b'é an fear céatna air a n-deiridíó an  
 Reáctúire an dán. 'Do rghíob 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-taoib̄ an t-úine reo ó béal m̄hic Uí ḡiolla-  
 nác, vo bí maḡi t-ubairt mé, ḡan don t-éarla ar bit,  
 aḡur ták an rḡéal cōim h-airteac̄ rin ḡo mbuó t-riuaḡ é  
 ḡan a t-ubairt an-ḡo. Cuirir̄ r̄é i ḡcuir̄inne t-úinn an  
 rḡéal i n-taoib̄ Maéc̄a, vo iur̄ i n-aḡaió capail̄ Concu-  
 baḡi, iur̄ ḡ Ulaó, aḡur t-íráḡ an t-innear ionḡantac̄ rin  
 an "cearḡaióean" ar na li-Ulltaib̄. Nioḡi a t-riuaḡear  
 don fōcal am̄áin in r̄an rḡéal ro a leanar. Ac̄a r̄é  
 cur̄ta r̄ioḡ ḡo t-riuaéc̄ maḡi vo rḡrióbar̄ é ó béal an  
 t-úine ar ḡaillim.

### ḡḡÉAL AR t-DANLAIO.

In r̄an am̄ a iur̄ib̄ t-Danlaid̄, an ḡairḡiúeac̄ móri,  
 i mbriomn̄ a m̄ác̄ar, ní iur̄ib̄ ac̄t beirit an-t-úóc̄ in a  
 a t-aiḡi aḡur in a m̄ác̄aiḡi, ní iur̄ib̄ r̄liḡe ar bit ac̄a ac̄t a  
 n-obair̄ ó lá ḡo lá.

Seáḡan vo bí ar̄i a a t-aiḡi. Carac̄ ar̄i t-úine uaral̄  
 é, ar̄i maḡiomin, aḡur an t-úine uaral̄ aḡ uol am̄ac̄ aḡ  
 r̄iaóac̄. t-Deannuiḡ r̄é vo Seáḡan, aḡur é aḡ ḡabail̄  
 aḡteac̄ ar̄i an t-ḡriáio ar̄i maḡiomin.

"An mearann t-ú, a Seáḡain," ar̄i r̄é, "ḡo mbéio  
 don m̄aricac̄ in r̄an ḡcuir̄teac̄ta, iḡ r̄ear̄i ná mé r̄éin?"

"Ták i' aḡam bean," a t-aiḡi Seáḡan, "ták r̄an iur̄ite  
 t-aiḡi le claid̄i, vo iur̄teac̄ leac̄ r̄éin aḡur le vo  
 c̄apall̄."

ḡaóil an t-úine uaral̄, ar̄i an t-ḡcaint a t-ubairt  
 Seáḡan, ḡur t-rioc̄-mear̄ vo bí r̄é 't-ubairt ar̄i. "t-  
 ar̄i r̄iaó [ar̄i r̄é] muna r̄ear̄aió t-ú ar̄i vo ḡlói, cuir̄ir̄i m̄iḡe  
 ar̄i an t-úitaiḡ ar̄i r̄ac̄ t-ú. Cuir̄ir̄ac̄ m̄iḡe i n-t-aiḡi-  
 t-aiḡe (?)."

(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" . . . (?)

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

“Well, τὰ ρί μο ὄλαις ραν μβαίλε,” ἀρ Σεόξαν, “ἢ μο βεαν ἰ,” ἀοει ρέ, “ἀγυρ μuna μῆρῶ ρί λεατ τῆι ἰνίλε ραν μβόταρ ἀγ τεαότ ἀγυρ ἀγ ἰμτεαότ—ρῖν ρέ ἰνίλε—ἀγυρ τυρὰ ἰν το ἴσοδαρ ἡαν αεαο ἀγᾶο οὐλ αορ-αν-ἀίρσε, ἀγυρ ἴρε ἀγ μῆτ αὐῆ τεαῆν ἀγυρ ἴρ ρέιουρ ἰεί, τῖυβῆαιῶ (1) μῖρε αεαο οὐιτ το μοῖα το ὀέανῆν οῖμ ρέιν.”

“Μὰ ἡνῶεαῆν τὺ ρῖν, ἀ Σεόξαν,” ἀοει ρέ, “τῖυβῆαιῶ μῖρε αὐῖγ ρυῆτα οὐιτ, αὐῆ λυατ ἀγυρ βέιῶ-εαρ ἀν ἰάρα μῖτε.”

Ὅῖομρῖυῖγ Σεόξαν ἀβαίλε αὐῖγε ρέιν, ἰ ἡοῖννε na μῆα, ἀγυρ ὀῖννῖρ ρέ ἀν ἴγéal ὀί—ἀν ἡεαῖῖ το βῖ αὐῖτα ὠῖρ ἔ ρέιν ἀγυρ ἀ ἰάῖγῖτῖρ.

“Ὀῖα! ἀ Σεόξαν, ἢ μαιτ ἀν ρῖρῆδαρ ἀ βέιῶ ἀγᾶο ρέιν ἀγυρ ἀγᾶμ ρέιν ἀνοότ, ὀ ηατ ὀτυγ τὺ αεαο ὀό οὐλ ἀρ ἀ αὐρ-αν-ἀίρσε!”

ἀνοῖρ, αὐαιῶ ρῖαο ἡο τεαό ἀν ὀῖννε ὠαῖαῖ, ἀν βεαν ἀγυρ Σεόξαν. ἡῖαῖρ αὐαιῶ ρῖαο ἀῖτεαό ἀρ ἀν τῖῖαῖο αὐῖρ ρῖ ἴγéal ἰε ἰάῶ ἡο ἰαβᾶοδαρ ἀρ ράγᾶῖ. αὐαιῶ ἀν ὀῖννε ὠαῖαῖ ἀμαό ἀρ ἀ αῖραῖῖ ἀγ μαρῖαῖγ-εαότ, ἀγυρ ὀῖῖαῖρῖυῖγ ρέ ὀῖ ἀν ἰαῖβ ρῖ ἴάῖρτα ἀγ οὐλ ἀγ μῖτ ἀν ἰάρα. ὀῖυβᾶῖρῖ ρῖ ἰεῖρ ἡο ἰαῖβ.

αὐῖρ ρῖαο ἀῖνῆ ἀρ ἀν βῖραο το ἰαόαῖοαοῖρ ἰν ραν μβόταρ, ὀ η-α μβαίλε ρέιν, ἀγυρ ἡῖαῖρ ἰαόαῖοαοῖρ αὐῖρ ρεαο ἰεῖρ ἀν ἀῖτ ρῖν, ἡο βῖῖῖρῖοῖρ ἀῖῖρ. αὐαοδαρ ἀῖν-ρῖν ἀμαό ἀρ ἀν μβόταρ, ἀγυρ ἀν αραῖῖῖ ἀγυρ ἀν βεαν, ἀγυρ βῖαῖλεαῶ βῖῖῖῖῖ ὀῖορα [ὀῖῖῖ], ἀγυρ μῖτεαοδαρ ἰε αῖῖῖε αὐῖρ αὐῖῖῖρῖομ ἰν ραν μβόταρ ἀγυρ ηατ βῖῖεαῖραῶ

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(1) ὀειρ ρῖαο ‘ τῖυβῆαιῶ μέ’ ἰ η-ἀῖτ ‘ βέαῖρῖαιῶ μέ’ ραν οὐαῖαῖο 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 lámh láioiri o'fághail ar a  
 éile. Nuairi éadair in ran mbótarí com fada aghur  
 bioairi le uul, aghur nuairi o'iompuigeadair aghur teac  
 abairle, bí an bean aghur cairt leir an marcad aghur é aghur  
 teac i mbéal an bótarí. Congbuis rí cúig r'laata uair  
 amad, aghur níoi iméig rí tar rin uair no go uatáois rí  
 i b'pouigeadt ceat'mairid mile oo'n baile—aghur o'iméig  
 rí anhrin uair. "U'ruil tú ionnán uul níoi láioiríe ná  
 rin in oo foadar?" ar r'ire "Ní'l," ar pé. 'Sé oo bí  
 aicí céad aghur o'á r'ic'io r'laat moiríe, aghur o'éiríug pé in a  
 cor-an-áiríe, i n-imteacú cúig móimio, aghur ní maib i  
 n-am le teac r'uar léi!

Cuair pé ar teac anhrin cúig an teac aghur cuiri pé  
 cúig punta amad cúig Seágan aghur cúig a bean. Aghur  
 bé [cibé] ar bí an meaf bí aghur an uirne uairal moiríe rin  
 ar Seágan, bí meaf mói ar fad aghur 'péir rin aghur  
 ar an mbean. Dubairt pé go maib cimeál maic ionnta.

Nuairi bí an élan aicí oo bí rí aghur iomáir, anhrin,  
 tóg pé bean Seágaím aghur an páirt ar teac cúig péim,  
 ar eadla ná b'páirtíoir aghur máic. Congbuis Cairtín  
 O Ceallais—ainm an uirne uairal—iad, o'á bliadain,  
 in ran teac leir péim. Aghur nuairi bí an mac o'á bliad-  
 ain o'aoir, leis pé an mátarí abairle cuiri péim, aghur  
 congubuis pé péim an mac. Tús pé r'goil oo, aghur cúg  
 pé r'ógluim oo, aghur bí an mac aghur éiríug r'uar 'na fear  
 b'péig; aghur nuairi bí pé cúig bliadna o'ad o'aoir bí  
 pé 'na tóga r'goiláiríe. Sé m'oo oo bí [i g] Cairtín O  
 Ceallais "b'ullí," ain-fearí gairtíeac[ta] mar  
 o'adair. Bí pé aghur tabairt an mic amad leir, aghur m'ad  
 gairtíeacata o'ó h-uile éiríeóna nuairi éiríeac 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

αβαιλε ο'η γωιλ, ας φεαδαινε αν ποδαηφω ρε ζαιφζιό-  
εαδ μαιτ υε. Υι ρε ας μινωδ "βοχάλα" υό, ζο ραιβ  
ρε βλιαδαιν αζυρ ριθε σ'αιοι, αζυρ ουβαιορ ρε ζο μλυδ  
έοιρ υό βειτ έοιμ λατοιρ λειρ φέμ.

Αη λά ζαβασοαι αμαδ αι αν βραιορ βδιν ας φε'ε-  
αινε α έειλε ουβαιορ Καιρτιν Ο Ceλλιαιζ λειρ—ζο  
ζουηφωδ ρε αν ραιτέιορ ceαιρ αιρ—"μαριόεαιό (1) μηρε  
έυρα," ασειρ ρε, "no μαριόεαιό τυρα μηρε."

Σεαρ αν φεαι ειλε μοιμε, αζυρ νιορ βυαιλ ρε Καιρ-  
τιν Ο Ceλλιαιζ, αετ βι ρε σ'ά έοραιντ φέμ, ναρ λειζ ρε  
υό δον ηυο υέαναιμ αιρ. "Well, α ρλεότα, έε [αν έσοι]  
ναέ β'φουλ τυ ίονηάηη σοηη σο έαβαιορ σαιμ?"

"Well τά μέ," αι Όανδαλαό, "ιονηάηη σοηη σο  
έαβαιορ σαιτ, βυαιλριό μέ δνοιρ έύ," ασειρ ρε. Βυαιλ  
ρε σοηη, αιρ ανηηηη, αζυρ έυιρ ρε αν φουλ αμαδ ιη α  
ηηόη αζυρ ιη α έλυαιβ.

"Well," ασειρ Καιρτιν Ο Ceλλιαιζ, "τά μο έυιο-  
ρε "βοχάιλ" υέαινε ζο μαιτ λεατ," ασειρ ρε. Έυζ ρε  
ρυαρ υό ανηηηη ηαέ μαιβ ρε ιονηάηη αιζε.

Ιηρ αν αν ηηη, ανοιρ, ηι μαιβ β'Λ'αέελιαέ αιηαιμ  
ζαν ζαιφζιόεαέ σο βι ας ιομέαι βειτε. Έυζ ρε ανηηηη  
ζο β'Λ'αέελιαέ έ, αζυρ αν ζαιφζιόεαέ σο βι ιμβ'Λ'αέ-  
ελιαέ, βι άηο-έιορ λε φάζαιλ αιζε ό'η ηβαίλε μόμ. Καρδ  
αν ζαιφζιόεαέ αι Ο Ceλλιαιζ αζυρ Όανδαλαό ας σοηαιρ  
τιζε όρτα, ηο άιτ έιζηη, αζυρ βι κοηλυασοαι υαοιηε  
υαφαλ ας εαινε λε έειλε ανη, ρειρεαι ηο μόηφειρεαι  
αα. Έάηηζ αν ζαιφζιόεαέ ρο αν βαιλε ηόηηρ τηαιρνα,  
αζυρ βι ρε ας ιαηηαιό λιαέ αν όιλ σο βαινε υίοβ—υε  
ηα υαοιηηβ υαιρλε. Αν τέ ηαέ στυβηαιό ρε ριζηε τό

(1) = "μαριόεαιό."



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 ζαιρζιόεαδ άζ αιτέαμ υιοό-μέαρ αιρ, άζυρ υ'ά ηιαρλυζάδ. Τάμιζ ρέ έυιζ αιρτιν Ο αιέλλιζ άζυρ υ'ιαρρ ρέ α έυο αιρ, άζυρ ουβαιρτ αιρτιν Ο αιέλλιζ ηαδ υτιυβιαδ ρέ ριζιη υό. Ο'ιηηιρ ηα υαοιηε υο αιρτιν Ο αιέλλιζ ζυρ β'έ "bulli" αν βαιε έ, άζυρ ζαν αον ρεαρζ υο έυι αιρ, ηο ζο ηυέαηραδ ρέ ηυο άρ βεαλαδ.

"Μά ρέ ριη 'bulli' υ'άέαιαέ, ιρ ρυαηαδ αν βαιε έ ηαδ βυηλ αον ρεαρ ανη ιρ ρεαρρ ηά έ. Τά ζαιμρε υε βυαδαιη όζ άζαη αηηρ," αυειρ ρέ, "άζυρ μεαραιη ηαδ ρεαρραδ ρέ ηόηιάν αιητε υαδ ριη."

Ο'φιαρρηιζ ρέ υε Όαηαλαδ "ηαιβ ρέ ράηα ηουηο' υο βειέ αιζε λειρ αν 'mbulli," άζυρ ουβαιρτ Όαηαλαδ ζο ηαιβ, αέτ αιρτιν Ο αιέλλιζ υο έαβαιρτ αιεο υό.

Ηυαηι έοηηαδ αν ζαιρζιόεαδ Όαηαλαδ, ηί έυζ ρέ αον ηέαρ υό, ράοιη ρέ ηαδ ηαιβ ανη αέτ υυηηε υοζ.

Έυζ αιρτιν Ο αιέλλιζ λεαέ-έηιόιη υ'φιοη άζυρ υε βυαηηυαδ λε η'όη υο Όαηαλαδ, άζυρ ουβαιρτ λειρ υοηλ αηαέ.

Τάμιζ αν υά ζαιρζιόεαδ αηαέ ι η-άζαδ α έέιηε άρ αν τηηάιη, άζυρ βυαη Όαηαλαδ υορη αιρ, άζυρ ηίορ βυαη ρέ αν υαηηα υορη αιρ, άζυρ ηί ρεαρραδ αιρ ρεαρ ειηε λειρ αν υαηηα υορη υό.

"Αη έ ριη αν ρεαρ ιρ ρεαρρ ι η'άέαιαέ?" άρ Όαηαλαδ.

"Τά ρέ υέαητα αηαέ ζυρ β'έ," ουβαιρτ ηα υαοιηε ειηε.

"Well! υο βυαηριηη ρεαρ άζυρ ρίε υ'ά ρόηι ι ηοιαζ α έέιηε, άζυρ ιαο υο έεαέτ ιη ηο λάέαιη."

"Ταβαιη ρυαη αν βειητ ριη," άρ Ο αιέλλιζ [λειρ 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-εαδ, δέτ ιομέαιρι εὔ πέιν, έ. Νί'λ δον μέδρ  
 αζαιμ αιρι νυαιρι ναδ μαιβ πέ αζ φεαιρι το β'φεαιρι να εὔ!  
 Σιν ανοιρ αν έέαο ρίορα ζαιγζιόεαέτα το μιννε  
 Όαηαλαίο αζαιρ έοραιζ πέ, ό ρη αμαδέ, αζ ταβαιριε ουβ-  
 ηλάιν το ζαιγζιόηιζιβ να τιηε, ζο μαιβ ζαδ υιλε ύιννε  
 βυαιλτε αιζε, αζαιρ τυζαδ ρυαρ τό ζυι β'έ αν ζαιγζιό-  
 εαδ ιρ φεαιρι ραν νοηιαη έ.

Αζ ρο ανοιρ αν υάη, ειπέ αιρι α ηθεαιρμαδ έ:—

### ΡΑΨΟΔΑΙΣ Ο ΤΟΜΗΝΑΛΛΑΙΝ.

1 η-υαιρι α τρι Όια η-Δομε  
 1 ηβελβιύ ο'φειρεφά αν τ-ιουζαητιρ (1)  
 Αζ μοηι-υαιρ'λιβ να τιηε  
     Αζ τρηαλλ αρ ζαδ εεάηι,  
 'S το μέρι μαρι ρζηιοβ να ηαοιη  
 βυο ηιό ηάρι έοηι α ύέαηαηι,  
 ζαεθιλ α έυι αηη (2) αδ'  
     Όά ηβειρόεαδ δον έεαιρι λε ράζαη.

ηι βφυαιρι ριαο ρράρ να ρυηλτε (3)  
 Δέτ αν ταλαη το ζεαιρμαδ οιοβέτα (4) [οοίβ]  
 Ό'φέαδ ράηο ρυαρ αι έριορτα  
     Αζαιρ ζυιό πέ ηιζ να ηζηιάρ,  
 ηυαιρι έυαδ αν ρζέαλ λε ζηιοη  
 ηιοηι έραιοέ α λάηι να α έραιοέ  
 Δέτ μαρι ηεετορι ηη ραν τρηαι  
     ηο ζυι ράζ πέ αν λαοέ αιρ λάηι.

(1) “αν τ-ιουζαδ,” C. (2) Δηη=“έυη” ηο “έυη.”

(3) “ηαρ έαητα” (P), C; “φαιριτε,” G. ηί έυιζηη εεαέταηι αα.

(4) Όειρτεαιρ “οιοβέτα” ηο “οιορα” η η-άητεαέαιβ η ζουηυαέ ηα  
 ζαηηηηε.

"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.

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(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.

Ó σ'ιμέιξ Ιυλιυρ Καέραι  
 Αξυρ Νδοιηε έυιτ λε Θέιηοιηε  
 Αξυρ Ηαμβαι νο ηευηραό  
     Δ ζααργραιόε τό ιη ραν τρ'ιζε,  
 Μας Cύμδαιλλ νο έυιη να σευοτα,  
 'S Cυέυλλαιηη νο ηυηηε ρλέαότα,  
 Ηιοι έόιηηξ ό ροιη τριε Θίηυηη  
     Δοη ρεαι νο ηυηη (1) Δ ζήηοιη.

Cυηαιόε [βι τρέαη] να Ξιέιζε  
 'S Δ ζευι Δη ραο ι η-έηηφεαότ  
 Αξυρ Αχιλλέρ ηαηι λέιζτεαη  
     Αη ρεαι λε'η ρζηηοηαό Δη Τηαοι,  
 Ηι έυηηραό Δη τ-ύβαλλ ηά 'η έραοβ λειη  
 Ó ρζοό να ρολα ιη τριέηηε  
 ι ζεαεραιδό λύό ηά ι λέιηηηό,  
     Ó έαιό ρέ (2) Δη ρεαότ ρό έηι.

Οια Λυαη Δ έόιηηξ ρζέαλα  
 Cυηξ Ο Θόηηηαλλδαιη ράξδαι ηέιό,  
 Α'η ηυηι θηηηεαζηηαιό ρέ Δη ηζέαλ  
     Ξο ηηβαυιηριόε Δ Δηηηη ρίοη,  
 Δότ έοηηηξ Δη ηηαοηη ζλαν Ξαεοιλ  
 Α'η Δη ηοόιξ ηιοηη θηιύ λειη ελαοηαό,  
 Θ'έιηηξ ρέ ηε λέιηη  
     Αξυρ [ιη Δηηο] νο ζειότ Δ έηιοιόε.

(1) "Δ θεαη," S; "νο θεαηραό ζήηοιη," G.

(2) Cαιό ρέ = λέιηη ρέ. Cαιό ρέ λοό έηηηηε = λέιηη ρέ ται λοό έηηηηε.

Since Julius Caesar departed,  
 And Naoise, 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 ὄμμαδ' ἴδαι ζῆναι (?) ἴδαι ἐπείγῃ  
 Δ ὄδ' αὖ, αὖ ἐπιπύ, ἢ δ' ἰγῆναι,  
 Πυθαγορείου Σέσμοιο δ' ἰγῆμον (1)  
     Ἀγυρ' ἰγῆρ' ἰγῆρ' le n-α ἔδοιβ',  
 Νίον ἐπείγῃ δον ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
 ἄτ' ἰγῆρ' ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ'.  
 Σέ δ' ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
     ἰγῆρ' ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ'.

Ὁ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
 Ὁ ἐπείγῃ δ' ἰγῆρ' (2) ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ,  
 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
     ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ (3),  
 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ,  
 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
     ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ'.

ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ,  
 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
     ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ',  
 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
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 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
     ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ'.

(1) εὐρί = Eyre; "Eyre," G.

"ὄδ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
 Ὁ ἐπείγῃ δ' ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
 ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ  
 Ὁ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ ἰγῆρ' αὖ"—G.



His countenance, like a flush (1), 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) "Spuib," MS. (3) "Τὰ γέ ἄν τάλιναὶ γίον," S. 459r G. "Ἵο  
 ἔφυλ γέ ταδαίτα γίον," συδαίτε ἄν 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.

Ʈά στασφαύ ρέ ρηα ρσάλαιβ  
 Σο στυιτρεάυ ρατ ραν ρλέατα  
 1ρ μόρι σο σσιλλρεάυ Σαεσίλ

Ασυρ σεαρηφαιύε α μειρηεάέ ριορ,  
 Νι λαβηρόάύ αιαέ ηά έαν,  
 Νι φάηφαύ λαιβ ηά ρέαρ,  
 Νι αρόάάύ ρύξ ηά ρηέαρίτα  
 ηά μεαρ αη αν σεηαισίβ (1).

ηομεηι σο λαβαιηι Σηείσιρ,  
 'Σ αν ράρα, έυηι αηη, βέαρηα,  
 Ʈά ηβέηηη ηαη ιαυ αη αον έοη  
 ηιορ ηραυα λιοη ηη ραοξαι,  
 βειτ 'έυη ριορ αη έαιητ α'ρ τηείτμηβ  
 Α'ρ αη ρσοτ ηα ροτα τηέηηε,  
 Ʈο βέαρηφαύ ηυαιύ αη έέαυταιβ  
 Λε ηεαιη ασυρ τε ηηίση.

Ʈά ηβειτ ηασηη ασηη ραν ραοξαι ρο  
 Ʈέαηηφαιηη ηρóriη τηέ έηηηηη  
 βειτ ηηηηαιύ μόηη ας ρέηυεάύ  
 Ασυρ τηηηηε έηάηηα ριορ,  
 Λε ηρóriη ηιόη,—έηοηυε ηα ρέηηε  
 Ʈο έεαέτ ό ζάύ αν λαέ ρηη,  
 Ασυρ ηίηε ηιόηη σο'η τέ ρηη  
 Ʈο έυς έύ αβαιηε ραοη.

(1) βί αν βέαρηα ρο ασυρ αν έεαηη 'ηα ύιαίξ αέτ ας αν Comáin.  
 εαέ αηάηη. ηί ηαιβ ριαυ ηη ρηα ρσηηβηηηηβ.

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 ταιζιμ ζαεύιτζε (1)  
 Τιύβριδ βελαδ μιερό ύδοιθ,  
 Όδαιφαινη νάν δ'γ βεαιφαιό  
     Δζυρ ιη τμιαζ ναδ υτιζ ιιομ ρζμιοθ,  
 'Sé Reaδτύμιε, τά βρέδουφάθ,  
 Όο μιοιφάθ Ράιτ τρε θιηε,  
 Δέτ έομ φάθ αφτεαδ 'γ ιη λείη ύαμ  
     Sin é Δ έάιτεαδτ ριοφ.

Δζ γο αβμάν ατά αν-έοιτεέιοηητα, αζαλλαμ ηο κόμη-  
 μάθ το μιννε αν Reaδτύμιε ιοιη έ φέιν αζυρ αν τ-υιρζε-  
 βεαδτα. Φυαηι μέ ι υτοφάδ έ ό βμίοηηφας Ο Concéυδαιμ,  
 αζυρ αμύφ ό'η ζComάμιαεαδ, αζυρ ό ζέοίμιε Μλας ζιολλα  
 αν έλοιζ. Rinne αν βάμθ έ αζυρ έ 'να λυιθε τινη αζ  
 Cιλλέμιοφτα, ι ζConυαέ ηα ζαλλιμιε, υε βάμμ αν ιομ-  
 αφυιυό όιλ ι ζcomιλυαυαμ λε "cυυεαδτα φέμμ."

### CAISMIRT AN PÓTAIRE LEIS AN UISGE-DEATA.

AN PÓTAIRE:—

Δ έομμιάιυιό ύίλιγ αμ έαίτ μέ μο φάοζαλ λεατ,  
     Όαμ μ'φίμυην' (2) το φάοιλ μέ βειτ ενεαφτα,  
 ζυμ β'ιομύα ρην οιυέε υο έαίτ μέ λεατ γίητε  
     'S μέ εαίττε αμ μο έαοιθ κοιφ αν βάλλα.  
 Αμ έόμμιαμλε ηα μιοζαέτα ηιομ ρζαμ μιοφ μιαμ λεατ  
     ζυμ ύόιζ τυ μο ζμυαζ α'γ μο μιάλα,  
 In φαν οιυέε Όια η-Δοιηε λά αοηαιζ έιλλέμιοφτα,  
     1 Συυε-φινη (3) αζ τεαδ φέαυαμ ηι έαμμιέαιζ.

(1) "Δέτ αν τέ ναδ υταιζεανν βεαμλα," αμ φαν Comάμιαεαδ.

(2) "Όεμ μ-φαιόμμιν," MS. (3) "Sínφινη," 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 EVLNING 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.

Σεάκτῆμαйн ζο рπιαααά (1) ι βρεανηαιο 'γ ι βριανταιβ  
 1 οτιζ Ἰομάιγ υι βλοιν (2) αι μο λεαβαιό,  
 Οο μο ζλευρ ζαά αση οιοάε 'γ αι μαισιν αιίγ,  
 —Νάι βοζαιό (3) Όια αοιόάε μο άαμαιο!  
 Σελλαιμαйн ζο βηρεανηαά οο βειμυμ οο Ἰπίοιγ  
 Ζο νοιύλτόάαιό με ο'όλ υιγζε-βεάάα,  
 'S ζο βημλ βιογ αζ αν γαοζαλ ηαά λε ούιλ ανη α βιμ,  
 Αάτ λε ζηιάό οο ηα οαοιμιβ βιογ 'ηα αιαε.

Ιγ οεαρ αν μυο βόλαάτ, βέαιι μαιέ αζυρ ζαβαλταγ (4),  
 Ἰμυιτνεαάτ αζυρ εόμνα λε ζεαιγαιό,  
 Μην ιη γαν ζοόβηα, 'ζυρ τειμε, τραάτνοία,  
 Αζυρ οιοιοιηη ο'βεαιι βόάαιι α'γ βεαλαίζ (5)  
 Léine 'ζυρ αότα αζ αν αιρμιοηη Όια Όόμηαίζ,  
 ηααα 'ζυρ βηόζα 'γαν β'βάρμυμ,  
 Α'γ ζο γαοιλιμ-γε, αι ηοοίζ (6) ζυμ βεαιμυ γιη ζο μόμ  
 ηά βειέ 'ζ ιμτεαάτ 'γ αζ όλ υιγζε-βεάάα.

Ιγ λιομ-γά'τιζ α ιηιηυζαό μαμ άαιέ με μο γ'αοζαλ λεατ  
 Ο βαιηεαό αν αιοά οιομ 'μο λεανβ,  
 Ζυμ έβείζ με μο ύαοιηε, μο ύάιη, α'γ μο ζαολτα,  
 'S ηι βέανηβαιηη ηύ αι αόμιαμυλε ηα η-εαζλαγ'.  
 Οο γτορί 'γ οο ιηαοιη γαοζαλτα 'γ αι γοαμυζεαό  
 αιμιαη ομτ,  
 Αζυρ ααιέ έ ζαν γζιέ αζ ηηάιβ λεαηηα  
 Μά βιλλεανη ηύ αιίγ α'γ οο βυμγα βειέ (7) γριοντα  
 ηι έυβηιαίό γηαο βηαση ουιτ αιι μαισιη.

(1) "ζο περπιααά," S.

(2) Sic, Mac υι Concubaiη; aliter, Tom Glynn.

(3) "Λαζαιό," C. (4) Λαβαιητεαι αν focal πο μαη "ζόλταγ."

(5) Aliter, γλιζε μαιέ αι βόάαιι αι βεαλαά; "γλιζε β'βεαιμυ β. γ

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 agsin, and your purse to be despoiled,  
 They will not give you one drop in the morning.

b., mac u; conchubair. (6) "Ar nuadair," Bell; "Ar nó," mac u;  
 conchubair. (7) "Δξυρ αρ τοιξ αριαη ορε," Bell.

(8) "Δξυρ το mbi το πυρρα," Bell.

(9) Literally: "The man of road and way."

AN T-UISGE-BEATA:—

Μαιρεάδ! ιρ φαδα μέ δγ εϊρτεαδτ λεατ δγ ρζεϊλεδγ-  
αδ βιέδγ λιον,

Δγυρ καιτφιδ μέ φέιν λαδαιριτ φεαρτα,  
Δ'ρ ζυρι β'ιομδα ριν ναδέζαρι δγ ιαριιαιδ (1) να υέιρισε  
'S ζαν λυαδ αϊγε λε μ'έϊλιυζαδ δατ α waller (2).  
Αη τέ έριυμνιγεαρ να αέαυτα λε εριυαδταιν 'ρ υιέ-  
αέϊλλε

Δ'ρ ναδ β'φιυαφαιδ α βέαλ, δγυρ ταρι αρι,  
Τιυφαιδ οϊφιε 'να υέϊζ δγυρ φεαρι-εριουθε ναδ  
ηγέϊλλφιδ  
Ζαν βειτ 'ζ όλ κοιρ αη έλαυθε πο αη βάλλα (3).

Ναδ κομλυαυαρι ρέϊνι μέ αρι έοιι-έριυμνιυζαδ 'ρ αρι  
αοιαδ

Δγ αη τέ ριυδφεαδ ζο ριαδτα (P4) ριοι ιμ' αϊσε.  
Νι'λ υιυτ-ρε αατ υιέ-αέϊλλε βειτ ανοιρ υο μο ρέαυαδ  
Δ'ρ νι έριουφιδ υο ρζέαλ αατ φεαρι μεαέτα.  
Λυατ εα'ραατ' α'ρ ρέυμα 'ρ μέ υο υέαυφαιδ α ριέιυτεαδ  
Δγυρ τά ριοι δγ να αέαυταιβ αρι ρεο, έεαυα,  
'S ζο μβιμ-ρε δγ να λαυιερ, δγ ραδζαριτ, 'ρ δγ αέϊριε,  
'S δγ μάϊζιρτιρι ριε (5) λέϊγεαη δγυρ λαυιοιη.

(1) "φοιρηα Bell. (2) "αέ α μάλλια," Bell.

(3) Λαδαιρι αν τ-υιργε-βεατα ζο ζάριραμιαλ ιη ραν λιηε ρεο.  
β'έϊζιτ οαμ α η-αέριυζαδ. Δατ υειρι μ'ε τη νεαέταιν

"Ταζανν οϊφιε 'να υέϊαζ ναδ λεαναν υ'ά έριέιφιδ  
'S ναδ ηγέϊλλεανν α ρέιυφαιδ λε βάλλα."



## 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. Tabair an treanocht ro fá veapa.*

(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"!



## THE DRUNKARD:—

Musha, trouble and disgust on you! it's you who speak shamelessly,

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 neacéranac. (3) "Oona," an neacéranac. (4) "Cumuitceóim" Bell,



Denis Brown is not forgotten in the county Mayo yet. He was High Sheriff over the unfortunato 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 βυαδαιλλιο βδνα.

Δ Θοννέαδ θηύιν 'γ θεαρ το έριαιερινν λίνι λεατ  
 Δγυρ λε γριάδ ουιτ άετ λε ρονν το γάβαιλ (1),  
 Θεαηγλόεαιιν ρυαρ έύ λε γόρα ενάιβε,  
 Δγυρ έυηηρινν μο " γρήν " ιν το θολε γόρι.  
 Νυι ιγ ιομθα βυαδαιλλ ιμαίε έυηι έύ έαη ράιλε  
 Έιυεραρ αναλλ ρόγ ά'γ κοηηηαίηι λέό,  
 Ράοι έυλταίβ θεαηγδ άγυρ ηαταίβ λάρα,  
 'S βέιό 'η οηομα β'ηαννκαέ ά' γεινν λέό.

Δ έραιιν να ηουιλλεόγ (2) μά έριον το βλάτ-ρα  
 Μο έρεαέ νιοηι όδαιηηιγ ό'β'ηευήηιαέαιό,  
 Μαη έάιηιγ αν οονυρ οηιη λε λην να β'β'ηαννκαέ  
 'S αν τ-αηιη β'αλλοα 'η γαέ υιλε έαοιό.  
 Βια'η β'ηιγ αν έλυίεε ρεο γο οταγαιό 'η β'ραίννεαέ  
 'S ιμτέόέαιό 'η ραηιλιαηεντ ό έύήηαέτ αν ηιγ,  
 Σεο έ 'η ιηιηιε ά β'ηηηγριόηιό ράραό  
 Βέιό αν ταλαηι β'αν άγαιιν αι β'εαγάν έιογ'

Δγ τεαέτ αν τρέαρηίηι οέαηηαηαοιη η'λευέτα  
 Μαηβόέαηυιηο έέαο άγυρ οά ηιιλε βό,  
 Βέιό βυαίιιόε β'αηαηα λε β'εαγάν γειηνεαέ  
 Δγ τεαέτ αν τρέαρηίηι μα β'ιονη ηυιηο βέό.  
 Βέιό λεαέαιη ραιηηηηγ άγ να γ'ηέαρηαίβ β'αεόδαλαέ'  
 'S ηι ιαηηηαηαοιη ρέηηε οηηέτα ηιορ λύγα ηά έ'ηιόηι,  
 Βέιό β'ηόγδ άγαιιν-ηε γαν Όια 'γά ηευουγδάό,  
 'S ηι ιοηηαηαοιη βέιλε ηιορ μό γαν ρεόιλ.

(1) Λαδαιη ρέ αν ροαλ ρε μαη " γόαιλ."

(2) " Δ έραιιν ηυιλλιοέ " ουδαιηε 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 éúg céad rlan leat,  
 Ir fada uaim tú in ra nGedamán  
 B'é do époite gan cealguḡad bi maím le ruaricear  
 Ár an znoc ro ruar tá ár zcongnaím fann.  
 Tá ré d'á díruir úinn ó béal an úgudair  
 Zo loirgḡó an "rlúp" linn nári baircead a úmeam,  
 Muir a tcaḡadó tú de "melír" oimíonn i n-áimurir  
 éruadótain  
 Ir móri an tmuaidḡ muid fad bairra zleann.

Tá Jonny Gibbonr aḡur ár n-Ádairi Maol'ie  
 Aḡur iad d'á zcaomúint amad fad'ín móin,  
 Fadoi éaric 'r fadoi earonóir, aḡur fudét na h-oiréce,  
 'S ní'le rú 'n bmaoin tige aca, ná oimam le n'ól.  
 Ni maí rín do éladéatadair d'et fúigeall na bfuigeall  
 Aḡur hoia úioḡta naé tcaḡ aie d'ó,  
 Ir muḡ-íóir m'fáitcior muna bfuil [tmuaidḡ] aḡ foia  
 Zo mbéir fad ríor leir, aḡur tuillead leó.

Tá foir aḡ an raogal nári maibunḡear caoia  
 In ran oiréce 'r nári rreir mé bó,  
 Má tá i noán aḡur zo n-éimeócad 'n lá linn  
 Zo bfuḡrúimio rárad in ra éuir reo fóir,  
 Úimíonnann muid Camur leir an Ádairi Maol'ie  
 Aḡur bairé'n-índoir' le h-aḡadó a bó  
 ['S ni béirúimio a éoiréce ariḡ d'ár noibhiric  
 Gan biaḡ gan úimeann amad r'á'n móin] (1).

(1) ní maib an dá líne reo aḡ an té úimur. Mire do cum iad cum an fann d'iomlánuḡad.



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 τρλείθε  
 Α'ρ' υειρ ζαέ δον νεαé ναé μβέρò βραο βεò  
 Κοιρνέαλλ Μάιριτιν τά 'να έεανν αρι αν τασò ρη.  
 Αζυρ μεαφαοιμ πέιν ζυρ αιζε ιρ κόρι.  
 Τά céαο φαρι αca έυρι αν τ-αιριζεαο τε céιτε  
 Νάρι ζεαριη [να] πέιτε α'ρ' νάρι ιέ αν πέοίλ,  
 άct α έλανν Μα ζεοόαζαίν, μά τά tú ι η-έιριμ.  
 Νά λειζ αν λέαν-ρζμορ ζο η-ιοριμυρ Μόρι.

Αζ ρο αβράν το ρυαρι μέ ó'η άταρι Clement O  
 Λύζναοι ι μηαίτε-λοé-μα'έ. Νί βρυαρι μέ αζ ουινε  
 αρι βιέ έ άct αιζε-ρεαν. Ρυαρι ρειρεαν έ ó βέαλ ρεαν-  
 ουινε τιμείοιλλ cúιζ βλιαòνα ριέρο ó ροιμ. Αζ ρο α  
 βριαέτρα πέιν ι ηζαεòειλζ ο'ά μίμουζαò óαμ. Όειρ  
 ρέ:—"Όο ριμνεαò αν τ-αβράν ρο ι οταοιβ ριαòνυιρε  
 βριέαζαιζε το còζ Waterρ αζυρ Wakeρelo έιζιμ, le  
 congnañ cailin μι-έέιλλιòε, α η-αζαίò ραζαριε ρ'αν άιτ  
 ρεο, αζυρ τυζαò αν 'ρ'ιαòνυιρε Όριέαζαé' αρι αν  
 αβράν. Όυò οε λυct ρεαòμα Sacραηαιζ ο'ά ηζοιριτέαρι  
 Ρολίρ, Waterρ, αζυρ βυò óυινε υαφαλ ι μηαίτε-να-  
 Sluaζ Wakeρelo, αζυρ ουβριαò ζο οτιηζαοαρι μίομάν  
 αιριζο το'η έαίλιν ρεο le cúιρ ριμνεαé το έυρι ι η-αζαίò  
 αν τραζαριε. Όυβριαò ζο ηοεαριηαοαρι ρο αρι αν τινεé  
 το βί αca το να Caτοιλειζ, αζυρ έυμ ταριευιρνε το έυρι  
 αρι α ζρειρεοαμ. άct ται έιρ α ηοιτέοιλλ το óεαναιμ  
 ηιορ ρέαοαοαρι δον οιοζβάιλ αρι βιέ το έυρι αρι αν  
 ραζαριε μαιέ. Όο ηάρι ρέ α βραο 'να οιαιò ρηη αζ  
 ρηιτέοίλαò ζο οιαòάé ούέριαέταé αμεαριζ να ηοαοιμε."

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."

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(1) i.e., killed other men's cattle to eat their meat.

Δε γο αν τ-αβραν. Τά ζαδ βέαιρα όέ ceapτα αι  
αι ζcaoi céavna, αι να ζοταηαιβ ά αζυρ'ε:—

### Αη φιαθουise όρέαζαδ.

Sampon λάιτηι, Solam ά'ρ Όάιβι,  
 Όο ημελλ να ηηά ιαο ιηλε ζο λέιηι,  
 Ιγ λέι οο φάζαδ αι Τηαιο 'ηα φάραδ (1)  
 Ι η-αι έιιτ Ρηιαμυρ 'ρ ηετορι τηέαιη.  
 Λε να ηηάιβ έαίλλεαμαι άοηζυρ αι άίλβε  
 Αρ Cúculainn άίζ οο φεαρραδ céιηη.  
 Όο οόίτεαδ ηεηυλερ ζο οτι αν ηηάη  
 Αζυρ οάλλαδ άηζυρ, αοειηι λυέτ λέιζηη.  
 Σηηίοδ να ηαοιηι ούηηη ζο οτιυραδ ηάηηαιο  
 Όο ηυαίφραδ βάηηε α η-αζαίό ηα ηζαεθεαλ,  
 Ιγ φιοη ζο οτάηηηζ Σεάζαη αζυρ Μάηηαιη  
 Αη ιοηηυηζαδ ηάδ, αζυρ ζηόέαιζαο "ζαηη."  
 Όιαρ έοηη οοηα λέό, Wakefielo ά'ρ Watep  
 Διείο ά'ρ ηλάιζ οηηηα! ηηαίζ ά'ρ λέαη!  
 Α'ρ οιοηβυαίό (2) ηα η-εαζλαηηε λε τοιη αν φάρα  
 Όο φαοιη φζαηηαίη ά'ρ ηάηηε έαβαιητ αι άη  
 ζελέηη.

Τά αν ηοβαλ ηηαίότε, αι α λάν δε τηάέτ αιηι,  
 Αη ηαηηυζ' ζηάηηηα ηυαη ceαηηη αν έηέηο;  
 άέτ α ηηζ ηα ηζηάηηα λε τοιη οο ηηάέτ  
 Ταβαιηι ούηηηη φάραδ ζαη ηοιηη φαη φζαέλ,  
 Αη ηεαη ηί έαηηφρα, ηαιβ ceέυζαδ ι ηοάη οί,  
 Α'ρ τηηζ ζυη ι ηβάηηηέτ οο ηεαλλαδ έαδ,  
 Ιγ φαηηηυζαδ αηηηζο οο ηηηηηη αν έάρ φο  
 Α'ρ ηιοηέτ Watep οο έλαηηαίβ ζαεφεαλ.

(1) "ά'ρ ηφ λε η-α cηηεαδ τηζαδ τηαιο 'ηα φάηηη." Αη τ-άέαιη

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 Cuclulain'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 Λυγναίης. (2) Λαβάρτεσσι αν ποσαλ πο μαρι "οιομήξ."

Ζεϊτ μο έπιουθε-ρτιζ, αζυρ νί λε η-άέταρ,  
 Νυαιρ έυαλαρ τριάετ αρ φεαρ αιεθε Όε  
 Να ρεάλαϊό ταρραινγετε λε ταβαιρε ι λάεαιη  
 Νί βρπιζριο ριν (1) άρυρ μεαργ να ναοήν.  
 Τριόριυθε μαϊτ ποβαϊλ έ το ρέρι α άαϊε  
 Αρ έρ να αρ ράτα νιορ όιοι (2) ρέ αν έλείρ  
 άετ βαρ ι ριαάεταναρ, αρ εαρβαϊό να ηζιάρτα  
 Ζο mbuaileann ρέ Wατερρ έυιρ αιη αν βρέαζ

ΰμνλαϊζ α θεαι, 'ρ θέαν αιέριγε έρμιαίθεεάε,  
 Α'ρ τά να ζιάρτα λε ράζαϊλ ό'η ζελέρι,  
 ΰμνλαϊζ ραν μαϊοιη, αζυρ ριλ αν άόβαϊρ,  
 Όιρ ατά Όια ζιάρραμιαϊλ 'ρ νί θέεανανν Sé βρέαζ.  
 Smuainió αρ ίύοαρ, ζυρ λε ρίνεαό α λάιηη  
 Όο βραιέ ρέ αν τ-άιηο-ριζ, αϊα αν ζλόρι το ρέηη?  
 Όο έυιρλιηζ ραν οϊόε 'ζαϊηη ι λάρ αν ράβλα,  
 Α'ρ ο'fulaηηζ αν βαρ Cροιρ' αρ αρ ρον ζο λέιρ.

Ιρ άρ έ αν αϊνεαό τά ούιηη οόλάραέ  
 άετ το βι ρέ ι νοαν ούιηη τριε αηιό (3) ζέαιρ,  
 Λεαζαό ορηαιηη-ηε έ οε βριζ ύβια ι βράρηεταρ  
 Αζ αεραό ούιηη βαϊρ μαϊ ζεαλλ αρ έαδ.  
 Ρεαοαρ, αν τ-εαρβαϊλ το ρέαν α μιάζιρτιρ,  
 Όο ρυαιρ ρέ ράρουήη ζαν μοιλλ 'ραν ρζέαλ,  
 Αζυρ ρεάέ αν ζαοιυθε αυιρεαό ι ζεραιηηη να ράιρε  
 Ζο βρπιλ ρέ ι βρλαϊεταρ αμεαργ να ναοήν.

(1) "Ιρ οόϊό νί ράζεαρ" αν τ-άεαιρ Ο ίύζηαιό.

(2) "Νιορ θέιλλ" ουβαιρε αν τ-άεαιρ Ο ίύζηαιό, άετ νί έυιρμ

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 òuine αρ αν γεαν-αβριάν  
 “bean an fíri Ruad̄.” Rinnead̄ é níor mó ná céad̄o  
 αςυρ β’είρουη ná óά céad̄o βλιαύαν ó ίοη. Ιτ γεαν-íocól  
 ι ηδ̄αεúειλς “τάιλλιύη αειαδ̄,” αςυρ υειη bean le  
 τάιλλιύη ι η-αβριάν ειλε :

ní υειρε liom μαρ γεαρμαρ tú  
 ná μαρ éumar tú ná βρέαγα.

Αςυρ cónncamαρ μαρ ουβαιρτ αν Ρεαδ̄τύημε φέηη :

Σρευριúε αρ φεól muna ηυέαηφά φέ αέτ υρός  
 Duò mían le mnáib̄ óγα υειé ι ná (1) leir  
 no τάιλλιύη αρ βόρο ’r a í-φρίη ι ζοίη,  
 μηη ηγεαρηφά φέ αέτ cóta no cába.

Υειη ριαδ̄ ζο υταζαηη αν ρταηι αρ αιρ αρίρ αρ αν ζευηηα  
 céad̄ona ’na ραιβ̄ ρί ροιήηη ρηη, αςυρ, ηυαηη ηήαηη αν  
 Ρεαδ̄τύηηη, έάρηα ζυη έαλαίξ τάιλλιύη ειλε le ηηηαοι φηη  
 ηυαδ̄ο ειλε, αήηαι έάρηα céad̄o no υά céad̄o βλιαύαν ροιήηη  
 ρηη ηυαηη ηηηηηεαδ̄ αν τ-αβριάν αρ υτύρ, αςυρ υο éum αν  
 Ρεαδ̄τύηηη αν υαηα αβριάν αρ αν ζεύηρ, αρ αν βροηηη  
 céad̄ona leir αν γεαν-αβριάν. Νί έηηηοηηηηηη ζυη έάρηα  
 φέ υά ηήηηηβ̄ ζο ραιβ̄ αν υαηα τάιλλιύηη αςυρ αν υαηα  
 bean an fíri Ruad̄ο ανη, αέτ ζο βρηαηηη ηέ αν ηζέαλ όηη  
 έαηηαηο αν ηεαδ̄τάναδ̄, μαρ ηυαηηη ηειρην αν ó βέαλ  
 ouine ι ζConamaria. Φυαηηη ηέ αν τ-αβριάν όηη ηζComán-  
 αδ̄, αςυρ βί curo ηαέ ραιβ̄ αηγε-ρεαν ας Mac Uí fíoiηηη.  
 Ας ηο αν ηζέαλ υο βί leir αν αβριάν μαρ ηυαηηη ηηηηη όηη  
 ηεαδ̄τάναδ̄ έ, ηη α βρηαέηηαηβ̄ φέηηη :—

(1) i. anaire 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:—

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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."

## SĜEAL AR ÆEAN AN FĪR RUAD.

Bi teac̃ an fĭr ruad̃ aĝur teac̃ ãtãr añ c̃ailĭn, f̃arctuiĝte õã c̃eile, i ĝConoac̃ẽ m̃uiĝ-æõ. 'Si añ c̃eiĭnõ aĝur añ t̃ruiĝe m̃arctainñ bĩ aĝ añ b̃feap̃ ruad̃, aĝ ceannãc̃ r̃tocaiõ, aĝur 'ĝã nõioi ãrĩr; aĝur õ'eiĭuĝ leiĝ ĝo nõeap̃ruad̃iõ r̃ẽ r̃aiõb̃reap̃ m̃õri leiĝ añ ob̃ãrĩ reo, ãc̃t̃ bĩ ãtãrĩ añ c̃ailĭn bõc̃t̃ ĝo leõri. F̃ã ðeiĭeac̃õ c̃eap̃ añ ceannuiõe-r̃tocaiõ ĝo m̃buõ c̃õrĩ õõ cuĭi r̃aoi, aĝur õ'iãrĩ r̃ẽ añ iĝeap̃ ãrĩ ã c̃õm̃ãrĩraĭn. Siĭñ ẽ 'm̃aiõ õ'n ĝcõm̃ãrĩraĭn, aĝur r̃aoi f̃ẽil̃ ð̃ãõraĭĝ m̃inneac̃õ añ cleam̃naĝ. [Oõ c̃õm̃nuĝ t̃ailĭuĭĩ ãnaicẽ leõ].

Seuĭõ oõ bĩ r̃ã t̃ailĭuĭĩĩ r̃eap̃ b̃reac̃ĝ, leiĝc̃e, aĝ-  
ionta, aĝur le m̃eiõrĩ aĝur le f̃iaõ̃ãntap̃ õ'im̃eĭĝ leiĝ i  
n-õiĝe aĝur lior̃t̃ail̃ r̃ẽ. Aĝur t̃ap̃ eĭr̃ õã b̃liaõ̃aĭn oõ  
c̃aiceam̃ õõ aĝ r̃aiĝõĩuĭĩreac̃t̃ i m̃baile beaĝ i ĝConoac̃ẽ  
m̃uiĝ-æõ, õ'æalaĭĝ r̃ẽ ãbaile ãrĩr̃ a-ĝan-f̃ioĝ. Iĝ cor-  
m̃uĭl̃ ĝuĭĩ m̃õ añ ĝeap̃ oõ bĩ aĝ añ ĝc̃ailĭñ ãrĩ añ t̃ailĭuĭĩĩ  
ñã ãrĩ ãoñ ouine eile, aĝur, t̃rãc̃tãm̃ail̃ ĝo leõri, bĩ r̃ẽ r̃ã  
m̃baile i n-am̃ le beic̃ aĝ añ ĝcleam̃naĝ. I n-im̃teac̃t̃  
na h-oiõc̃e (iĝ vẽ f̃iuõ̃al̃ oiõc̃e m̃inneac̃õ añ cleam̃naĝ)  
c̃aĭriĝ añ f̃eap̃ Ruad̃ ĝlaine bioc̃aile oõ'n c̃ailĭñ ãc̃t̃  
õ'eic̃iĝ r̃iĝe i; aĝur t̃am̃all̃ 'nã õiaõ̃õ r̃iñ c̃aĭriĝ añ  
t̃ailĭuĭĩĩ ĝlaine õĩ aĝur ĝlac̃ r̃ĩ uaiõ̃-r̃eap̃ i. C̃uĭĩ r̃iñ  
euoõ̃c̃aĝ ãrĩ añ b̃feap̃ Ruad̃ ãc̃t̃ niõrĩ leiĝ r̃ẽ ãrĩ ĝuĭĩ  
ĝoĭll̃ r̃ẽ ãrĩ, aĝur c̃riõc̃nuĭiĝeac̃õ õeanãm̃ añ cleam̃naĝ.

Añ t̃reac̃t̃m̃aĭñ õ'ãrĩ ĝc̃ionñ bĩ ĝnõ aĝ añ b̃feap̃  
Ruad̃ ĝo ðaile-ãtã-C̃liãc̃, mãrĩ iĝ aññ oõ c̃uĝac̃õ r̃ẽ nã  
r̃tocaiõ, aĝur c̃eannuiĝeac̃õ r̃ẽ eap̃ruad̃iõ eile 'nã n-ãit̃,  
le õiõl̃ ãrĩ ãrĩ ãrĩr̃ ãrĩ r̃uõ nã t̃uac̃ĩc̃. Bĩ r̃ẽ l̃ã aĝ  
ceannãc̃ r̃tocaiõ õ f̃eap̃n-m̃naõĩ ãrĩ añ m̃baile, c̃uĭlã l̃ã

## 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 bi ré le h-imtēadēt, aḡur maḡi ḡ ionoual le mnāib  
 beit cainteadē cabdē, tōruiḡ rī reo aḡ caint aḡ an  
 bḡōrāḡ aḡur aḡ maḡ ḡo maib ḡimheuo oḡiua aḡ rāḡ ē  
 beit aḡ cuḡi rāḡi rā mbāile 'na meaiḡ, aḡur ḡo aḡur  
 rūt eile, “aēt,” aḡeḡi ḡi, “reācāim tū rēm aḡ an  
 tāllliūi.” Niōi leiḡ reḡrean ḡaḡa aḡi, aēt ouḡḡaiḡ rē  
 leiḡ rēm naē maib ḡaḡi aḡḡe ōul ḡo ḡāile-āta-Cliaēt,  
 aḡur an tāllliūi fāḡḡbāil rā mbāile ; aḡur cēap rē ḡā  
 hḡēaḡrāḡ rē an tāllliūi tāḡḡaiḡ leiḡ ḡo nḡēaḡrāḡ rḡn  
 cūiḡ ḡō. Ouḡḡaiḡ rē aḡḡiḡn le ātāiḡ an cāilīn ḡur  
 tēaḡruiḡ rēaḡi ḡlic uaiḡ i n-ēmḡeācēt leiḡ, aḡur ouḡḡaiḡ  
 an t-ātāiḡ leiḡ, an tāllliūi iaiḡaiḡ. Ō'iaḡi, aḡur  
 ḡ'eitḡ reḡrean ē. Ō'iaḡi ātāiḡ an cāilīn aḡḡiḡn aḡi  
 an tāllliūi ōul leiḡ an ḡḡeaiḡ Ruāḡ, aḡur cūaiḡ.  
 Cuaḡaḡi aḡiaḡon ḡo ḡāile-āta-Cliaēt, ēḡiōcḡniḡeāḡaḡi a  
 nḡḡō aḡḡ aḡur cūaḡaḡi a cōḡlāḡ in aḡḡi tḡeḡḡia aḡāim  
 rān oḡōcē. Aḡi maḡiḡon ḡo moē, liūḡ an rēaḡi Ruāḡ aḡaē  
 ḡur ḡoḡo an tāllliūi a cūiḡ aḡiḡḡo uaiḡ rān oḡōcē, aḡur  
 aḡaē leiḡ rā ḡēm na “bḡōiḡiḡ.” ḡāḡāḡ an tāllliūi  
 aēt ēḡiḡtuiḡ rē rā ḡcūiḡ ḡo ḡtāiḡiḡ luāē na rḡocāḡō  
 aḡur luāē an eaiḡaiḡ ḡo cēaḡḡuiḡ rē, le cēile, aḡur  
 ḡur cūḡcōiḡ ḡo cūḡeāḡ aḡi-rēan.

ḡḡaḡileāḡ aḡaē aḡḡiḡn ē, aēt ḡ'ḡḡuiḡ an rēaḡi  
 Ruāḡ aḡḡiḡn ḡo maib an tāllliūi 'na rāiḡḡōiḡi, aḡur  
 ḡur ēalḡiḡ rē aḡ an aḡim. ḡāḡāḡ rēaḡi na rḡāiḡḡo  
 aḡiḡ aḡur rā'n ḡcōiḡ rḡn cūḡeāḡ i bḡiḡiḡrḡn ē ḡo cēaḡḡ  
 ḡā ḡliāḡāim.

Tāiḡiḡ an rēaḡi Ruāḡ aḡāile aḡḡiḡ ḡōiḡ rē, aḡur  
 nuaiḡ bi an ḡā ḡliāḡāim ḡḡiḡ aḡ an tāllliūi, tāiḡiḡ rē  
 āḡāile, aḡur ḡ'ēalāiḡ beaḡn an rḡiḡ Ruāḡ leiḡ, ḡiḡ ḡo  
 naib beḡiḡ cōḡḡḡe aḡi le na rēaḡi. ḡōiḡ rē reo cōiḡ

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 γιν αρι αν β'φειρ Ρυαδ ζο 'οτάινις γαοβ'εαν-σέιλλε  
 ρά' όειμεαδ αρι, αζυρ 'ο'ιμ'τις γέ ι β'ριαδ'ανταρ ι νοιαιό  
 Δ ε'ινη μοιμε, αζυρ ταμαλλ γυλ σαιλλεαδ ε'νι αι'νεοδ'αδ  
 γέ δον ουινε, νά α'νι'α'ιν Δ β'εαν ρέιν ε'αρ 'ι'η'νδοι αρι β'ι'ε  
 ειλε.

### β'εαν αν φ'ιρ Ρυαδ.

Σ'ι'νδοι'ι'ς ζυρ σ'ευ'αδ  
 Δον 'ι'ν'ε 'ι'ν'ι'ε αρι αν ζ'ε'ρ'ανν,  
 'S ζυρ ι β'ρε'α'αδ γ'ιλ ε'ι'β'  
 ζ'αν β'ρ'έ'ις 'οο γυζαδ γ'ι'νν δ'ονν.  
 Β'έ'ι'ο μαλλ'α'ε'τ' να ν'α'ο'ι'ν  
 'N'άρι νοιαιό μά ι'μ'ε'ι'ζε'ανν μ'ι'ο' σ'α'ιν,  
 'ι'ν'ι'λ'ι'ν'ι'ς ρ'ε'αρ'τα 'ο'η' ε'λ'έ'ι'ν  
 Αζυρ νά τ'ρ'έ'ις-γ'ε φ'λ'αι'ε'αρ' λε ζ'η'ε'ανν.

Δ ουινε ζ'αν ά'ι'ρ'ο  
 Νά τ'ρ'ι'α'ε'τ'-ρ'α αρι ρ'ε'α'ε'τ'ι'μ'α'ιν νά αρι λυ'α'ιν,  
 'N'ο τ'ι'υ'ε'ρ'α'ι'ό ο'ρ'ι'ε ζ'η'ά'ιν  
 Ο'η' ά'ι'ρ'ο Ρ'ι'ζ ό φ'λ'αι'ε'αρ' α'ν'υ'α'ρ.  
 Β'έ'ι'ο α'ρ'η'α'ιν'ε'ς ό'η' μ'β'ά'ρ  
 'ι'ν 'οο λ'ά'ρ 'γ' τ'ύ 'ζ' ο'η'ν'α'ο'ι'λ' ζ'ο σ'ρ'υ'α'ι'ό,  
 'S νά τ'ρ'έ'ις-γ'ε να ζ'η'ά'ρ'α  
 Λε ζ'η'ά'ο 'οο β'εαν α'ι' φ'ι'ρ'ι' Ρυαδ.

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(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' ουνε ζαν εέλλ  
 Πά τρέιζ, τυρά, φλωίτεαρ να νοτίλ,  
 Σμαοιμζ ζυρι ελαου  
 'S ζυρι βαοζλαό έ πεααού να οριμίρ ,  
 βέιρ τύ ριε Πέιο  
 Μαρι γέ βέιρδεαρ αζαο μαρι ουαίρ,  
 Ναό τριμαζ Μυιρε οο γζέαι  
 'S ζαν οο πείρτεαό αζ βεαν αν φίρι Ρυαό.

Τιυρφαίρ ιά'η τρλέιβε  
 'S βέιρ 'η γζέαι ρο ο'ά εαριμαίηζ ανυαί  
 ι βριαοθυιρ' αν Ριζ  
 Ουριλ να λίντε ρολα (1) αρι α ζιυαίρ  
 βέιρ λυέτ να μί-ηζνιοή  
 Ο'ά νοίβιητ ζο ηι-ηριονη ό ειαό,  
 'S α εάλιλιύιη να ζαοίτε  
 Ιρ οαοι ίοορφαρ τύ βεαν αν φίρι Ρυαό.

Σίυό έ 'η λά λέιη  
 Α λέιμριό να μαίηβ ό'η υαίζ,  
 βέιρ οο έοιηρ αζ να πέιρτιβ  
 Α'γ τρέιζφιό αν λαφαό οο ζιυαό.  
 βέιρ οο έιονητα (2) ι τ'ευοαν  
 Ζο λέιη (3) τε λέιζεαό αζ αν ρ'λυαζ,  
 'S ναό ρεαίιταό αν γζέαι (4) ουιτ  
 Εαίόζαό τε βεαν αν φίρι Ρυαό (5).

(1) " να λίντε βρεάζ ρολλυιζέ," αν ηεαάτ'άναό. Ο'αέριμζ μίρη  
 έ μαρι τά. (2) Aliter, κοίηεαά. (3) Aliter, ρολυρσα.  
 (4) Aliter, ζνιοή. (5) Αζ ρο μαρι τά αν βεαηρα ρο αζ G. :

Τιυρφαίρ αν λά λέιη  
 Α λέιμριό να κοίηρ αρ αν υαίη  
 λαρφαίρ να ρλέιβτε



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.

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ΔΣΥΡ ΠΛΕΥΡΩΦΑΙΟ ΕΝΟΙΟ ΔΣΥΡ ΕΥΑΙΟ.  
 ΤΩΤΕΡΟ ΝΑ ΠΕΥΛΤΑ  
 'S ΒΕΙΡΟ ΑΝ ΤΑΕΥ ΕΟΜ ΤΟΥ ΛΕΥ ΑΝ ΗΣΥΑΙ  
 'S ΒΕΙΡΟ ΑΝ ΤΑΙΛΙΟΥ ΔΣ ΒΟΟ-ΛΕΙΜΝΙΣ  
 ΜΥΡ Α ΟΥΡΕΙΣΤΕΡΟ ΠΕ ΒΕΑΝ ΑΝ ΠΗ ΚΥΑΟ.

(6) i.e., Judgment Day.

(7) i.e., talked about, published abroad.

1γ 1ομὸς λά ἀειμαδὸ  
 Δι' εἰμιγὲς ρί' μαδὸ (1) ἰν γαν νῆλεαιμ,  
 Le na culaiō (2) ἕρεδῆς ἐάουαιγ  
 Ξαν ἕρεῖς, ἀ'τ ἀ ἡατα ἀρ ἀ ceann.  
 Ni ἕρειοφῖνν ὄ'ν γαοῖαλ  
 ηὰδ neullta ἀ ο'εἰμιγὲς 'να ceann,  
 Le γυρ γανncuig ρί 'η peucta  
 'S γυρ ἕρεῖς'ρὶ ἀ ρεαρὶ ἀ'τ ἀ clann.

'S 1ομὸς ρῖν ρεῖρῖν  
 Ξαν ἕρεῖς ο'ρῶς ρί na οἰαιὸ,  
 Capail 'γ caoiμῖς 'γ ceadcctaiō  
 'Oo ἕρεδῆραὸ τῖε ρῖαδ.  
 Le ἀῆγδαρ ραοὶ 'η γῆαλ  
 Ni ρεῖοῖρ γο μαῖρῖο ρί βῖαδῶδιν,  
 Oul ἀ' ρυαῖαλ ρεαν-ἐάουαιγ  
 1ηρ γαδ ἄον τεαδὸ le τῶιλλῖρ na mīol.

Ní'λ ριορῖρ na μιορῖρ  
 ηὰ ρηδῖτε ο'ἀρ οὔβαλ (3) ρε ρῖαῖν,  
 ηὰδ mbéiō ἰν ἀ λάτῶρ  
 Δη λά ὕο ταρῖαῖνγτε ρα ρῖαδ.  
 βεῖο mallaēt ἕρῖε' ρῶλ  
 ηα ρῶλ, ἀ'τ ἡάρ ρεῖρῖο ρε 'Oia,  
 Ξυγ ἕρῖεῖο ὄ'ν οἶα ρῶρῖο  
 'S ο'ρῶς ρῶν οἰρῖα ροῖρ ἀγυρ ρῖαρ.

(1) *Aliter*: ο'εἰμιγῆαρ γο μεδ. (2) *Aliter*: mo culaiō, γc.  
 (3) "Oúmail," οὔδαῖρτ ρε.

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.

Δ εἰδέναι τὰ ἀνὰ πάν  
 Μὰ ῥ' αἶε λαοὶ φεαῖτα θεῖε θυαυ,  
 Κυρι Διρμιονν σ' ἀ μᾶο  
 ὅσῳ ἡ-ἀρῖο, ἀστυ ρερεαο ἀν ἀν ἡδῶ  
 Κυρι Διρμιονν ἐμῖ Ὀέ  
 'S ὅσῳ ἡ-ἐδῶ νὰ ἡ-ἴρλιξ το ἕμῳαῖο,  
 ἡο νί ῥόμῖρῖο Μὰς Ὀέ οἷε  
 ὅσῳ ἡ-ἐδῶ νὰ ἔ'ρ ἔῖρ ουλ' ῥαν υαῖξ (1)

Hercules λάουῖ (2)  
 Ὅσῳ ἐμᾶοδὸ ῥαν τεῖνε ἡε μῆαοῖ,  
 Λοῖρῶεδὸ ἡε Helen  
 Ἀν ἕμῖεξ ἀστυ φεαῖα νὰ Τηαοῖ.  
 ἕμῖε ρῖαο ἡε Ὀέμῖομῖε  
 Τηευν-ἐλᾶνν ἡῖρῖεξ νὸρῖ ρεμῖος,  
 'S ἕμῖε καῖλλεαδὸ Τηρῶεμῖε  
 ἡε ἡῖρῖε Μᾶοῖλ-φεαδὸλᾶνν νὰ Μῖοε.

Καῖλλεαδὸ ἡε Ὀλᾶνδῖο  
 Μὰς Ὀάμῖε ῥ' Κυκὺλᾶνν ἐμῳαῖο,  
 ἀστυ Ὀἰαμῖομῖο ἡε ἕμῳᾶννε  
 Ἀν ἀρῖο Ὀἰνν ἕμῳλᾶν (3) ὁ ἔμῳαῖε.  
 ἡυαῖρῖ ἐμῳεαῖ ἕμῳαῖο μὸρῖ  
 'S ἔ ἡρ Ὀόῖξ ὅσῳ ἡεαδᾶνν Ὀό ρῳαδὲ,  
 ἕμῳε φεαῖτα μὸ ἐμῳᾶμῖε  
 'S νὰ τὸμῖεξ ἐμῳᾶε θεαυ ἀν ῥῖρῖ Κῳαδὸ.

(1) Aliter:

ἀστυ ρῖν ἔ 'n receipt ἡε  
 ἐμῳ ῥᾶομῖαδὸ ὁ φεααδὸ νὰ Ὀμῖρῖρ'.

(2) τὰ ἀν Ὀέμῖερῖε ρὸ ἀστυ ἀν ἐαδᾶμῖε ἀ ἡεαμῖε ὁ ἕ. Ὀῖ ρέ ὁ'ν

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," ran MS.

(4) Ben Borb is an evident mistake for Ben Gulbain, or  
Eulben, as it is now erroneously called, a mountain in Sligo.

Τυγ ζυρ le h-δοιρε (1)

’Ο ελαιοῦεσὸ Ἰανν Ἰρι in γαν γνάμ,  
 ’S ζυρ le βεαρτυγέσέτ δ’r οἰδοιῦεσέτ

’Ο μιννεσὸ (2) ὀιοῖ εὐίμαδὲ εἰλα βάμ.  
 Σαμπον le μησοι

Ἰαλλ δ βριζ, ’r δ γρηεσασὸ, ’r δ ζιμαδζ  
 Για αν ἔσοι δ οτιουρά-γὰ γσορι  
 ’S οο βειτ γινεσὸ le βεαν αν βῖρι Ρυαὸ

βέρο αἰ γίολμυγὸ ὀ Ἰόδαμ

Αν λά ὕο ι βριδύμυρε αν Ἰαμ,  
 ’S ζαέ ουνε ὀό πέμ

Μορι ἐλέμρεαδὲ αζ ινηριπτ δ ὀύμ’.

Ζαδ πεσασὸ ὀ’ά νοέσνταἰ

’Ουλ ι ζοείλλ ’r ι μεαδαμ ὀο’η τγ’λυαδζ,

’S βέρο αν τάλιλιῦι ι ηζείβιονν

Γσοι βειτ ’plé le βεαν αν βῖρι Ρυαὸ.

’Οειμ Ραιρτερι πέμ

’Οο h-ἔαζ ναδ μαίτρεαἰ εη οριῦι,  
 Σολαῖν βι τρέαν

’In δ λαέτιβ, ὀύμι γι αἰ ζοῦλ.

Μυρι βριυλ [ζηάγὰ] αζ Μαο Ὀέ

Σέ μο λευν, τὰ [αν] πεσασὸ γό ἐμυαὸ,

’S βι αν τάλιλιῦι ζαν ἐείλλ

Αν λά ὀ’ἔαλωιζ γέ le βεαν αν βῖρι Ρυαὸ.

(1) εἰλα, G. (2) ζο νοεαμναὸ, 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 δβιδάν ζηιάδ ο'ά ποεαριναιό αν Κεαότιίηιε  
 ιγ μό ελύ να θμίζοίν θευρατό. Ας πο αν εύνταρ πο  
 εσαλατό μέ αμ δόβδαμ αν δβιδάιν ο'η άταμ Clement  
 Ο Λυζηατό, ι μθαιλ-λοό-μ'άό, ι ζConσαό να ζαλλίηιε.

“βι θμίζοίν θευραίζ πο Vérey, 'να η-ηζην ο'ρεαμ  
 πο έλινις ζο θαιλ-λοό-μ'άό le να ηηαοι, ό άιτ έιζην ι  
 ζConσαό ημυζ-εό, ό έαηλεάν-α'-βαηηα, οειμ ηιαο. 'Σέ  
 αν τρλιζε θεατα πο βι ας αν θρεαμ πο, ημιοτόλαηι πο  
 όεαηαήι έιμείολλ να η-εαζλαηρε παηηάητε ι μθαιλ-λοό-  
 μ'άό. Όο βι θμυζο αμ αηηηηι, μαμ έαηηη, ι οτιζ έιζην  
 ηαν τηηάιο ηόηι ατά ας ουλ ο'η ταοιβ ηάμ ζο οτι αν  
 ταοβ φοηι, όηι ηι'λ ι μθαιλ-ηοό-μ'άό άότ αν δον τηηάιο  
 αηιάιν, λειτ αμυζ όε ηηάιοήμιβ θεαζα αζυη ο'άιτεαόαιβ  
 ειλε αμ θμυαό αν λοά. Όο έέρθεαό Καιητεμ ζο ηηηι  
 οο'η τιζ ύο α ηαιβ θμίζοίν ανη, αζυη βι θμίζοίν 'να  
 αμαιο ηάιτ όό ι ζοόήηηυόε, βι ηι φάιτεαηηαηι ηαληαμ,  
 αζυη πο β'αηηηα λειη ι. άότ πο θμυρεαό ηαοη αν  
 ηηηηηηηι ύο α ηαιβ θμυζο λεό, αζυη ταμ έηη ηην εσαίο  
 ηι αητεαό ζο τιζ ηηηητέηη οαμ θ'αηηη Μεολιόοττ αζυη  
 πο βι ηι 'να ηεαηιβρόζαητα ανηηηη. Όο αέημυζεαό αν  
 ηηηητέηη ηεο ζο Cιλλ-όά-λα, αζυη ηυζ ηέ θμίζοίν λειη  
 ηαμ θεαη-τιζε. Αμ ζελόη πο Καιητεμ ζυη φάζ θμίζοίν  
 αν ηρεαη-άιτ αζυη ζο ηαιβ ηι λειη αν ηηηητέηη, έάηις  
 θηρόη αηι, όηι βι ηι ζο οηηεαό ταμ έηη ηητεαότα ηυαηι  
 ηάηις Καιητεμ αν βαηε μόηι. Έσαίο ηέ αητεαό ι  
 οτεαό θεαζ πο βι αμ έαοιβ αν έηηηι οο'η άηηο φοηι οε'η  
 βαηε, οη ειοηη αν λοά, αζυη ανηηηη πο ηζαοιλ ηέ αηαό  
 α ηύν εηιοιόε ας αοιοηεαό θμυζοε.



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.

“Μαϊοιμ λε θμῖζιο, οἴφαν ρί λειρ αν μινιμ cέιμ αμ  
 ρεαῶ μῶμῖαν βλιαῶαν, αζυρ φα ὄπειρεῶ ὄο εῦαιῶ ρί ζο  
 Σαοϋανα, αζυρ ιρ ανηρην οἴεας ρί. ὄι ρί ἴνα Καοοιλ-  
 ceac μαῖτ ι ζοῶμνυῶε. ὄπειτεαμ ρῶρ ζο μαιῖ ρί αν  
 ρζιαῖῖαῖ, αῖτ ζο μαιῖ ρί (μαρ ὄιορ cυρο μῶρ οἴα λειτ-  
 εῖο) μι-ἀῶῖῖαι. ὄἴ θμῖζ ρην αοειρ Καιρτεμ ζο  
 ποεαῖῖο ρέ ζο οτι να η-ἀιτεαῖῖα ἰοῖταμῖαῖα λε η-α  
 η-ιαμμῖαιῖο, αζυρ ζυμ ιη ρῖο ὄο ρυαιρ ρέ ι ρά ὄπειρεῶ, ηο  
 ζο οτιζ ρέ αῖαιλε αρτα ι.

“ὄο βι col-ceacῖαιρ ὄο θμῖζοῖν ἴφαν ἀιτ ρεο ὄο  
 εῦαιῶ ζο η-Αμερῖα ρεαῖτ ηο οῖτ οε βλιαῶανταῖβ ὄ  
 ροη.”

αζ ρην αν cυνταρ ὄο ρυαιρ μέ υμμῖ οἴη ἀῖαιρ ο  
 λῖζηαιῖο. ἀῖτ ουῖαιρτ μο εῖαμ, Μῖρταμ ρ. Μῖα α  
 ὄῖαμ, αῖα αηοιρ ι Σαν φραηοο, λιομ, ζυμ οε μῖμνντιρ  
 Καῖραῖζ ὄο βι αν εαῖλῖν, αζυρ ζυμ λειρ αν ραζαρτ  
 ραμμῖαιρτε ὄο βι ρι αμ αμμῖρμ, ρυλ εῦαιῶ ρί ζο τεαῖ αν  
 μῖμνντῖρμ. ρυαιρ μέ αν τ-αβρῖαν ὄἴη λῖζηαῖ, ὄ Μῖα α  
 ὄῖαμ, αζυρ ὄ ὄοιομῖβ εῖλε, αζυρ εῦμῖ μέ λε εῖλε ε  
 εῖομ μαῖτ αζυρ οἴεαο μέ.

### θμῖζιο θευσαιῖο.

ῖῶρρῖαιη θμῖζοῖν θευσαιῖο  
 ζαν οῖτα θμῖζ να λῖμε,  
 α ρῖοῖμ μο εῖοιῖο οἴα μῖῖεῖοιρ λιομ,  
 ὄο εῖοιρζρῖηη ουιτ ηαοι οῖμῖαῖ.  
 ζαν βιαῖ ζαν οεοῖ ζαν οον εῦο  
 αμ οῖλεῖν ι λοῖ εῖμνε,  
 ὄῖορ.η μέ αἴρ τῖ βεῖτ ι η-εῖμῖεαῖτ  
 ζο ηῖῖῖομῖρ αμ ζαῖρ.

\* He apparently took θευσαιῖζ 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.

---

beurac, "courteous" or "mannerly," and not as the proper name Vesey.



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 áóðar m'orna 'r m'édzcaoín  
 Ζάσ μαίονι μός ο'ά n-έριζιμ  
 Δ εúιλ na líb 'r na bpeυιλá  
     Nάc tú bι óam ι noón,  
 'S ní ιáυιφáιonn leac μαρι φέιυίν  
 Δάc με á'γ tú βειc ι n-έιμφεδάc  
 ι n-άιc ιcέιnc (1) 'n άρι n-άοναρι  
     Ζο leάzφáιonn oριc mo láin (2).  
 Σειννφίνν ceól άρι ceυoαιβ  
 Ζο binν, le báυι mo μευμα,  
 Τριέzφίνν mnά na h-έιμεánn oριc,  
     Δ'γ leάnφáιonn tú 'pan τi'ηάin,  
 'S oά mbéιóinn άm' μιz na Ζρειze  
 No im' φμιοnnφá άρι na céáocαιβ  
 'O βeυιφáιonn μαφ άn μέáo φιν  
     'Ο φeυιλá άn βρολλáιz βáιν.

'Oά βφειφeά φeυιc άn eóλáιφ  
 'S ι ceάc ι mbéαι άn θócαρι  
 'Oέαρφά zo mbυó φeóυ υάιc  
     'Ο cόzφάó ceó ά'γ oμáοιθεάc,  
 Δ φμυάó veαριz μαρι φóφáιβ  
 'S ά φúιλ μαρι oφúéc άn φόzμáιφ,  
 Δ βeίλιν cαnά φó veαφ  
     'S ά βφάzάιo άρι óάc άn άοιλ.

(1) Λάδαιφeάρι "έιζιn" μαρι "ιcέιnc" ι zconnaécταιβ άzυφ μαρι "έιζιnc" ι μυían.

(2) "Ζο λυιόφιό oφφáιonn βάφ," O'Λ

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 faireen  
 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."

Οὐ δὲ τὰ εἰς κοίτην κόμη-ἐπιπνῶν  
 ἦτολ μέ γὰρ ἵν' ἡ μόρι λιομ,  
 ἢ δὲ φερραῖν: ἀγὲς ὑθέσθαι ἰόφραιο  
     'Σ γὰρ ἀεφρὰς οὐ κοίτην δὲ ἐμοιόθε,  
 Τὰ μέν ἰ μβρόν ἵν' ἰ νοόξιναιος (1,  
 Ὁ ἵστορη τὴν ὑαίμ ταν τεόφραιο,  
 Οὐ ἵφ φραδ ὁ φραδὶν μέ κόμη-ἐπιπνῶν  
     Ἰστορηφρῶς ἀρ μο ἵδοξῶλ.

Τοφρῶς ἵστορ ἰ μβρῶν-ἐπιπνῶν  
 Ἄρ φραδὸς γο ἰόφ φραιο,  
 Ὁ ἰστορῶς γο ἰστορ ἰστορ  
     Ἰστορῶς μέ μο ἵστορ,  
 Σιύφραιο μέ Μοίμ-ἐπιπνῶν  
 Κοίτην ἀρ ἰστορ-ἐπιπνῶν  
 ἢ ἵφ φραδὸς μέ ἰ ἰστορ-ἐπιπνῶν  
     Ἰστορῶς μέ γο ἰστορῶς.  
 ἢ ἵφ φραδὸς ἐπιπνῶν ἰστορ ἰστορ  
 ἢ ἵφ φραδὸς ἐπιπνῶν ἰστορ ἰστορ  
 ἢ ἵφ φραδὸς ἐπιπνῶν ἰστορ ἰστορ,  
     'Σ φραδὸς ἐπιπνῶν μέ μο ἰστορ,  
 Μοίμ φραδὸς μέ ἰστορ ἰστορ ἰστορ  
 ἢ ἵφ φραδὸς ἐπιπνῶν ἰστορ ἰστορ  
 ἰστορ ἰστορ ἰστορ ἰστορ ἰστορ  
     ἰστορ ἰστορ ἰστορ.

(1) Aliter: "Ὁφρῶν"; "ἀρ φραδὸς-ἐπιπνῶν," O'L.



Her two pointed (7), 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 ἰγέμῃ, Δ εἰοῖθε, ἴ' Δ βρεάξτα (1)  
 Μῆ ἰγῆιοβραῦ ὄμῆσιλ ῥάιτε,  
 Δ σά εἰε γεάλα βάνα  
     Μαῖ δῆ εάλα τὰ ἀρῆ δῆ ὄτοινῃ,  
 Δ μαλαῖο εαοῖα, ταρριανῆτε,  
 'S Δ ῥύλ εοῖῃ εἰουῖνν le ἀῖνε,  
 Δ ὄιορ ἰ γκόμῆνυθε, τὰ ἴ' ἄζαινν,  
     Δξ ῥάρ ἀρῆ βάρῃ δῆ τοῖν (2).  
 ὄυθ ἰνῆλε βλαρ Δ ῥόιγε  
 ἰά μῆλ na ἰβεαέ ἴ' εἰ μεῖοῖτε,  
 ὄα ὄεαρ Δ ῥεαρῆῃ ἰ μβῆοῖγ  
     'S Δ εὐῆῖονν ῥάιννεαέ ῥῖονν  
 'S ὄα μβεῖνν ἀ'ῖ βλάε na ἠ-οῖγε  
 ἰ μῄαλλῆ no ἰ μῄοῖόλα (3)  
 Μῆ ῥάξῥαμῆοῖρ ῥο ὄεῖμεαῦ ῥόξῆῃδῆρῆ εἰ,  
     Δέτ Δξ ῥῥόῖε ἴ' Δξ ὄεανῆῃν ῥῖουῖν.

ὄεῖν Μερκυῖρ ῥῖρ ὄοῖγ  
 ῥῖρ β'ε Pluto ἰγῆιοβ δῆ εῖρεῖο leῖρ,  
 'S ῥῖρ ἠβ ἰομῶΔ ῥάῖῃοαῖο μῶμῆ  
     Τὰ ῥαβαῖλ ἰοῖρ μεῖ 'ῥῖρ ἰ,  
 ἴ' εἰ Jυῖτεῖρ Δ μῆῖζῖρτεῖρ  
 Δ'ῖ εῖμαλλῖραῖο μεῖ ὄ'α λῆῆαῖρ,  
 Δέτ ῥανῥαῦ ῥο ὄτι ἀμῆμῆε  
     ῥο leῖζῖο μεῖ mo ἰγῆῖε.

(1) "Scein Δ εἰοῖθε com-βρεαῖξε," O'L

(2) "ὄιορ ἰ γκόμῆνυθε τὰ ἴ' ἄζαινν  
 na ῥάρ ἀρῆ βάρῃ na εἰαοῖβ," 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) "ἡ γαίη καὶ οὐρανὸς ἀστερόεντες," O'L.

(4) There is probably something wrong in this line.

Τὰ μὲ τυρρεὰς, βρεῖοῦτε.  
 Γιὸ εἶτε μέ λεατ μο βρόζα,  
 Ὕο ριορμυῶδε ἀς οὐδανῶν βρόν,  
     Νι εὐολδιζῖμ νευλλ δε'ν οιοῦ.  
 'S ὁ τυζ Hercules le γό-νεατε  
 Cerberus δε'ν βόταρ,  
 Ἀν μεαρενν ριβ ναὶ κόιρ ὅαμ  
     Μο ρτόρ νο λεανδῶν ριορ.

Νιορ ἰνόρ ὅαμ congnañ λάιοιρ,  
 Νί'λ μέ μόρ le Charon,  
 Β'ειοιρ ὅο μέ βάταῶ  
     Ὅα οτιζῖν in Δ lion.  
 Τὰ Δ βὰο 'γ Δ ἰναιοῦτε ράμια  
 Ὕο ριορμυῶδε ἀνηρῦο ἀρ ζάρτα.  
 Νι εἰτεμγεακν ορεακ ἀν ῥάρα λειρ,  
     Νι ζέλλεακν ρέ ο'ά νολιζε.  
 Νιορ εἰβαιορ ὅαμ να Spaimz  
 Μαρ γεαλλ ἀρ Ὀαιμφοζοιρ Μάιμ,  
 Βιοῦ ἀς βρῦζαῶ δ'γ ἀς εἰμναῶ  
     'S ἀς congβάιλ να ηζαλλ ριορ,  
 Δέτ οἶ μαρρεαῶ Calvin λά 'ειτ (1)  
 Σιομαίλλ, ἡανηραοι, δ'γ Μάριταιν,  
 Ὅα ρζηῖοβραῶ ριαῶ ὅαμ εἰμνα  
     Νι η-εἰτεοῦαῖτε ορμ ριζῖν.

---

(1) i.e. "Lá éizim."

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 Canaron ;  
 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.



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.

Ἐπιπράϊ ἡ ὑτίρη να ἡ-Οἴζε  
 Ξησιὸν να βρεαῖα μόρια,  
 Δη τριάτ τοραιοθεοδαρὶ δ' ἱτροόδα  
 Ἀς ζεαῖηιὰδ ἡομπα ἱόρ,  
 Δέτ ἱηριτερὶ νίορ ἡόρ ὅδαι  
 Ἐπιρ Μεντορὶ δη ρεαρὶ εὐλίηρ ἱομ,  
 Ἠάρ ἱεῖς ἀμυζ' ἡ η-δον ὅόδαρὶ μέ  
 Ζο ὅτυς με ἀβαῖε ὅρηζο.

Ἀς ἱο ἀβράν ὅο ἱηνη δη Ρεαέτιηρ ἀς μολαὸ  
 εῖηοε δη ἱζεαὸόρια. Ὅο ἔπιρ ἱε ὅυῖλ ἱαδῖν ἡ βρεαρ-  
 εῖηοε μαιτ. Ὅι ὅά ἱόόο ἡο μαρὶ ἱη ὅ'ἱζεαὸόοριδ ἀς  
 ὅδαρὶ ζαὸ Λά ἡ μ῅δαῖ-λοὸ-ἱη'ἀὸ ἡυαῖρ ὅι δη Ρεαέτιηρ  
 ἀηη, ἀζυρ βυὸ ἱαὸ ὅο ἱηνη ἔαὸαῖς να τῖηρ. Ἠῖ ἡηαρῖαῖ  
 ζο βῖηῖλ νίορ μὸ ἡά ρεαρὶ ἀἡάηη ἡο βηῖητ ἀηη ἀηοῖρ.

### Δη ἱζεαὸόορ.

Μολαῖμ ζο ὅεὸ δη εῖηηη ἀζαῖρ ἱρ δη ἱεὸλ  
 'S δη τῖηηη ὅο βηῖρ ἱεῖζεαη ὅ'η ἔπιρρ,α,  
 Δη τ-ἡζαῖμ ἀ'ρ δη ἱρὸλ ἱρην Λάηη-ἔλδῖρ νίορ ἡόρ,  
 Δη ζαρῖηηηα να ἱηηηηηρ (1) ἱρ δη τῖηηηα.  
 Τά δη ὑῖηῖρ ἱε ἱάζαῖλ, ἀ ζοῖηη ἀ'ρ ἀ ζοῖηλ,  
 'S δη ἱζεαὸόορ, Μὰε ἡῖηηηε ὅ'ἀ ἔπιρρὸδῖ;  
 'Sé ἔπιρρεαὸ ἡῖατ ἡῖάζαῖο ἀρ ἱεαρῖαῖδ ἱρ ἀρ ἡηάῖδ,  
 ἱηρ ζαὸ βεαλαὸ ἡα ζοοολαὸ ἱρ ἡα ἡῖηηεαέτ.

(1) "Δη ζαρῖη ἱηῖηηη," 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 bhruinníol tó á bhréagá da bhruinníu' no báime,  
 An a capall, nac bhóillfeadú ói, rúití,  
 Pillín bhréag áro, a' r a beirt faoi n-a láir,  
 Ribínú, murráid, a' r gúna.  
 A rállainz bhréag éiláit 'r a mbíonn an a bhrádaio,  
 'Sé ['n] feól oo beiri farzadú o'á glúnaib,  
 'S an fearr tarí eir báir tó áeapuzadú an an zcláir.  
 Zup veiríoe é rziortá tó éúngnaíi.

Amad ar a láir oo éizear zác áilz (1),  
 An cappet, an pluro, a' r an rúra,  
 An murlin 'r an zaur, feól loingz 'zup báio,  
 'S zo ngleurann ré uairle na cúize.  
 An cémbrio 'r an láun, centeri crioir bári (2),  
 'S na ríodaid znuó habit a' r gúna,  
 An ceapamari (3) bán 'r an belbet ir fearri  
 Oá'ri éait ríadí iarlá ná oíuca.

Zréaradú an ríol (4) mur noéanfadú ré áct bhrós,  
 Duó mían le mnáid óza beirí i ná leir (5),  
 No táillíurí an bóru 'r a ríurí i zcórí  
 Mur ngeapirfadú ré áct cóta no cába.  
 Ní éainfeadú don tróir, ní' l baínt aizam tó,  
 Áct 'ré 'n rígeadóirí r'áiríaz an ríozáct,  
 Duó maic é i oirz an óil, fearr-éaitte an ríóil,  
 Tá ronar a' r róz ó Óríort air.

(1) Aliter, "áirze."

(2) Aliter, "kinton crossbar and centeri crioibari."

(3) Aliter, "cashmere."

(4) "fearr an ceann ríol," 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 (7),

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 cambrio 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.

Νι'λ ρίλε νά βάρω (1) ό'η τσιονηαινη ζο τριάιζ,  
 Νάε λειζριό μέ αν ρεανόυρ ρύετα,  
 'S μυρι βρπιλ ρέ ράιτ άριό ό θυαιλ μέ ανη λάιη,  
 Ειλεόόαιό μέ βεαζάνηη κύηζηαιηη.  
 Νι'λ αζαηι λε ριάό αη ραο ηη ραη ζαίρ,  
 Δέτ αν θηηαιαό ηάηι έρωτάιζ ρέ ριύηταό,  
 Αηιρ ζο λά 'η βαιρ έοηη ραο 'η ηηαιηρφαρ ελαηη άύαηη,  
 Ηι ηιολρφαο αση ρφαη (2) αη α ύύιτέε.

Μα έαηηαιηζ ρέ ριαη βι ρφαη αη αν ρλιαβ  
 Όο έόζραό ζο ηζιορτά μο ράιητ-ρε,  
 Όε ρλιοέτ έλοηηηε ηηι' ό έοηαό α' τραιοζάι,  
 Ηάηι ειτιζ ρφαη ηιαηη [ραιοι] έάηηα (3).  
 Όειηηηη όό 'η έηιαοό 'η ζο ηαιηηιό ρέ ι,  
 'S ζο βρειαιό Όια ροηηρ α'η άό αηη,  
 'S ζο υειηηηη, α ζυηβηε, τά Ρεαέτιηηε βυηόεάέ υιοτ,  
 Αζυρ όλρφαιό ηηρ ζαό βαιλε υο ρλάηητε.

Ηυαιη βι αν Ρεαέτιηηε αση αη αηηάηηη η ζεαρπαό-  
 τεαζαίλ, άιτ ατα λεαέ-βεαλαιζ ιοηη Όαιλ-λοό-ηηα'βαό  
 αζυρ βεαλ-άτ-ηα-ρληαζ, αζυρ τιηέιολλ εειέηηε ηηλε  
 ταοό ριορ υ'εαό-όηηηηη, ρυαηη ρέ άύθαη ηαιέ αβηάηηη αη  
 ρόρφαό υο βι ανη. Όο βι βειηε αη-βοέτ ηη ραη άιτ ηηη,  
 άέτ έοηη βοέτ αζυρ υο βιοθαη, υο έεαρπαθαη ζο βρόη-  
 ραό ριαο λε έέηηε. Ηιοη ζηηάταό, αν υαιη ηηη, υαοηηε υο  
 βειτ ρόρτα ηη ραη τεαηηοηη, άέτ υο έέηύεαό αν ραζαηητ  
 ζο τεαό αν ύυηηη ραιύβηη λε 'ηα ρόρφαό, αζυρ υο έηεαό

(1) "ρφαη υάηη υα'η εοηέαιηη ζο τριά," S.

(2) "ηι έρειαριό μέ ρφαη," C.

(3) "Νάε η-ηηηηεοό αη ρφαη αη 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 liistory (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

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(4) Aliter : " I shall never believe." There is here some local  
allusion which I cannot clear up.

an nuine boct zo teac an trawdair. 'Do f'aoil ógánaig  
 an b'aire zheann vo óéannaí n'óib' f'ém' ar an b'p'rao' fo,  
 a'guy' é'p'innig' f'ao' le céile, zo v'áinog' f'ao' i n-éim-  
 f'eadct' leir an lánnaíain zo teac an trawdair. Nuair  
 b'í an b'airt an'p'inn a'g' f'annaíaint' leir an f'awdair, é'uaíó  
 na buacáilíde zo t'ig-an-óil vo b'í a n-áice leó, a'guy'  
 é'p'innig' f'ao' a'g' ól. 'Do b'í péipe bacac' an'p'inn, iompa,  
 a'g' í'p'p'iaíó v'éipce, a'guy' é'ug' na buacáilíde nea'p'ic le  
 n'ól v'óib', zo b'p'io'f'ao' f'ao' zheann' a'p'ca. N'io'p' b'f'ao'a  
 zo f'ao'ib' an cúpla a'p' meir'ge, a'guy' é'p'innig' f'ao' a'g' t'p'io'io  
 le céile, a'guy' a'g' bualaó a céile. Nuair' é'áinog' an  
 lánnaíain nuad'p'ó'p'ca amac' ó t'ig' an trawdair t'ap' é'ir'  
 an p'ó'p'ca, vo é'p'innig' an cóm'lu'ava'p' na v'om'í'óll, a'guy'  
 v'f'á'g'ava'p' f'an mb'aire í'ao, a'ct' mo leun! ní f'ao'ib' a'g' an  
 lánnaíain b'oi'ct' nuair' é'ón'g'ava'p' a'v'aire a'ct' p'p'á'caíó  
 b'p'ui'ct'e a'guy' f'g'ava'p' z'oi'p'ic le n-a f'ui'p'é'ap'. Nuair'  
 é'ua'iaíó an Reac't'í'p'ie t'p'á'ct' a'p'p' f'eo, an l'á a'p' na  
 m'á'p'ia'c, vo b'í f'é a'g' z'á'p'p'ú'e z'p'p'í' p'ú'ct' an t-uir'ge a'p' a  
 f'ú'í'lí'b', a'guy' n'io'p' f'ca'v' f'é zo n'v'ea'p'p'iaíó f'é an v'án' fo  
 a'p' an mb'ana'p'.

Tá p'uo é'ig'ín in f'an v'án' fo a v'ea'lu'ig'ea'p' é' ó'n  
 z'cu'io í'p' mó v'ob'ap'í an Reac't'í'p'ie. Tá lo'p'ig' na f'ea'n-  
 b'é'ap'p'ia'ig'ea'c't'a f'ín a'p' a v'cu'g'z'ap'í "Reon'na'ig'ea'ct' n'io'p'"  
 a'guy' "Sé'á'p'na" le f'oi'c'p'inn' f'ó'f' a'p' na l'ín't'ib' f'eo. 'Dá  
 n'g'ea'p'p'ia'í'v'ú'e f'í'of' co'p'p'í-lí'ne an'p'fo a'guy' an'p'p'ú'ó, ní b'ei'c'  
 a'ct' f'ea'ct' no o'ct' f'io'll'iaíó in'p' z'ac' lí'ne f'an z'cu'io í'p' mó  
 v'e na ce'á'p'na'í'na'ib', ma'p' a'c't' in f'an f'ea'n-b'é'ap'p'ia'ig'-  
 ea'ct'. Tá na l'ín'te n'io'p' t'ea'n'nt'a-le-céile, n'io'p' z'p'io'p'ia,  
 n'io'p' v'ól'ú'í'ct'e ná in f'an z'cu'io í'p' mó v'á' é'uo v'án'. A'g'  
 fo 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 τσελαυόταν μοιρ.

φάρτα βι αν αν σλεαυόταν μοιρ  
 Δζυρ νειρ ζο λεόρ ζυρ μάιρ γέ φεάτμιαιν.  
 'Συμεα' μιννεαυό ρυαρ νο'ν έεόλ,  
 Κύζ ρυντα δ'ρ εριόιν νο ρυαίρ αν ρ'αζορτ.

Ιρ ανν νο ρζαραυό ρύζ να η-εόρμα,  
 "Δε" δ'ρ ρόμπερ δ'ρ μρζε-βεάτα,  
 Τεαίμιαρ να ρ'λόζ (1) βα ρ'αίμιαρ νό  
 Αν τριατ βιοίρ αζ όλ ό ορδέ' ζο μαίοιν.

Ιρ ανν ο'φειρφά αν μάξ-ρ'λυαζ (2) μοιρ,  
 Φιρ ζο λεόρ, αρ όζ-μινά νεαρτα.  
 Ιρ φεαρ ζαν εριοθε ναε λεαηραυό νοίβ,  
 Βα ζεαλλ λε "ρ'how" ιαο ουλ έρε 'ν μβαίλε.

Βι βιαυό 'ζυρ νεοε νο'ν μθεαζ 'ρ νο'ν ήμοι,  
 'S ζαν ζλαουάε να τόιρ αρ όόταίξ'β ημεαα.  
 Δετ λυετ ενοταίξ άμια, bonnetρ, βεάβερρ,  
 Centonρ (3), cémbruc, δ'ρ ζύναιό ζεατα.

Ιρ ιοιόα εαίλιν βαρμιαίμιαρ ρρέιμεαίμιαρ,  
 Όο βι ανν ζλέαρτα ι ζελόυ 'ρ ι βρ'αίρμιν.  
 Όάμβειτ δ ελεαίμιαρ ρείγτε ζο μβυό νεαρ'αν ρζέαλ  
 Όο βειτ αζ κόμιαύ λει αρ εόλμιαυό λεαρ'εαν (4).

(1) "Tavar no slo," Hessian.

(2) "μαρ'λυαζ," G.; "mol'evó," R.I.A. I edit as above.

(3) Aliter, "Centish," "kintons," "centonρ," ρόμτ-έαυαίξ.

(4) "A voh 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 usquebaugh ;  
 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 γάδαε ζλέαρτα ι νοσιαιό αν μέιο ρη,  
 Ζο βράγμαοιο ζαε δον νιό ι οτρηαίε 'γ ι ζελαοαε  
 Ρυρτάν, ζλιομαε, οηρτιοε (1), γέαοιαό,  
 Α'γ μαρ ρυαηι ρί ζαε δον να γάγαίό αν τάμιοιρ.

Μιαρ αζυρ ρίε le h-αιρ α έεηε,  
 Ρεαρ αζυρ εέαο α' μιαη 'γ α' ρρεαρτα.  
 Δετ μολαίό αν έμιαοβ le βλατ να ρζέμμε,  
 'S ι ζλέαρ αν μέαο ύιο, Μαηγ Λορτυρ.

Κάοαιό πόρτα τυζαό αρ βόμιο ανη,  
 Αμάν βρεαε ζαδαλαε, ριον α'γ " οιαοκινζρ,"  
 Δετ αν τ-άο ζο μιαιβ αρ αν οίρ το πόραό,  
 Μαη ιρ οημια οαρη νοόιε το ζεοβρα αν βριαδαε (2).

Οί " jaρ " 'γ ζαε λάιη, le ανοοη λαν,  
 Μαη ιρ ρεαηι έ αμιαη το έλεαετ αν ραιηηηηε (3),  
 Ρυηηρε 'γ βηανοαίε α'γ ζλιαηιοε αρ βόμιο,  
 Ιρ ιομόα ρηρίοηηε ο'φειρρεά ανη λεαζεα.

Ρυη α'γ " canαρη " ι ζεανηαιβ α' λέιμνιε,  
 Ζο λεόρ μηά ζλέαρτα α'γ " νέζυρ " αα,  
 Μυηα ζεααλαρ βηέαε, le h-εηηε αν λαέ,  
 Ο'φειρρεά εέαο ναε βρέαοφαό ρεαρταη.

Οοηπο ο'ά ζρηαραό, τεαε οά μείτιυζαό,  
 Ιρ ιομόα " γέατ " (4) το βι le βαλλα,  
 Τοραιε οαηηρα, ρέιο να εεόλτα,  
 'S ηάηι μίό-βρεαεζ αν ρρόηι το βειτ 'ηα η-αιε.

(1) " Isree, seekla," Hessian.

(2) " Orrive feane a freeve [φηιτ, was found] a brabbach, Hessian.

(3) Pronounced " an αιηηηηε."

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 "45 Andy Lán" in the next line. "Anker" is not an Irish word.

Δι αν ηγηεανν δι φαο νι ετιυδαμπα σεό,  
 Ξυρ άμροαιξ αν τ-όλ ι ρευαιε να μβαεαέ,  
 Διαδαλ tom να ελαιυε ξο βόταμ Μόμ,  
 Ναε ζελευννεά ζλεό αζυρ μύρζαδ βατα.

Βι πυρ (?) μννά (1) ριντε δι αν μσο,  
 Αζυρ υαμ μο όοίξ ξο μβαεαμ ραλαέ (2),  
 Δεε ιρ υαμ-ρα υ'είμξ αν μι-άδ μόμ,  
 Όο έαιλλ αν ρρόμτ αζυρ μέ δι μο λεαβατό.

Μ'λ poll να εμó να βοτάν bó,  
 Ναε ζελευννεά ζλεό ανν δι ριύβαλ le balla,  
 Δεε "Ραυατό the Song" ά'ρ Μαέανν (?) μόμ (3),  
 Όο βυαίλ ζο λεόμ ά'ρ υο μίλλ αν βαίτε.

Όυδαμτ αν ρεαρ λιom βι ραν λάεαμ,  
 Ξυρ β'έ αν ραιυμίν ράμτεαέ βι αζ να βαεαιξ,  
 Εμμζε ρυαζ ζαν ρζιέ ná ρράρ  
 Κυαίλλυε ράξαι, αζυρ τορμζαδ αζ ζμεαυαδ.

Τμιαένόνα αν λαέ ρμ υ'ρειαρεά ι n-είννεαέτ  
 Ζαβέα ζλέαρτα ναοι ζεέαυ βαεαέ,  
 Δρ Διιαιμ-μιαε-ζεεαμμνα, Δρ Υμάλλ-μ-Μάιλλε,  
 Δρ Μάέταμ Δμσ ά'ρ Δρ Έοναμαμνα.

Λιτιμ ραοι ρέαλα έυατό ραν "μαίλ,"  
 Αζυρ ριύβαλ ρι Εμμ ι n-μτέαέτ ρεαέτμαιν (4),  
 Όεαμμαν βαεαέ ρείεαμμαιλ υ'ά ζευαλατό ρζεάλ αιμ,  
 Νάμ ζλαε α ζλέαρ ά'ρ α έυλατό ζαιρζε.

(1) "Pushvra," Hessian. Mr. Hughes says it means "a stout coarse women beyond 40." (2) "Ξυρ όλ ριαυ ζμεαυαμ," G. (3) "Paddy Long ague M'Gann Mor, G. I read μαέαν. (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 coarse-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 sty, 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 Uí Mhaill,  
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.

Cleit naoi uerioige, uirioeá, láioir,  
 Fáinne 'na báir d' r bioir 'na fedaíra,  
 Coirín eirir (1), reraíra d' r mála,  
 Búcla tairne, 'r beirt mairt leatair.

Éireall ríao éirioinn ar fad áirio,  
 Ó Úríoíeao áta 'r áirio ó fúillín,  
 [Ar] bóirín átaíraíeá ó' fúiríeá a lón,  
 Ásur áruar le róna, taob Síleib Úaíte (2)

Deamán claiúe ná rál ó Éloé na Ráiríe,  
 Náe raió ar lár uo'n Céar d' r Teazail,  
 Cuiráe ná rtaeá, ná leat-éaoib beairíann,  
 Náe b'fúiríeá ánn ráirte, beann, ná baead.

Socruig ríao campá or comne a céile,  
 Á' r fúair ríao ríeó le uul éum caeá,  
 Caé na b'púann uo b'fúra a ríeóteaeá,  
 Ná a fúur ó céile áirí fú máirín.

Úi " rícheir," " ceitler," raeáíó, (3) d' r málaíó  
 1 mbéal na ríáiríe ó' fúiríeá íao caíte,  
 Úi ríul ar ríuir d' r málaíe Teairíeá (4),  
 Á' r a éuaíle í.n-áiríe í láirín fad baeadíe.

(1) "Coreen agus erish," Hessian; "curréen tairir," B.I.A.

(2) "eirtze," G.

(3) This I edit pucaró or pucaróe of G. and B.I.A. Siolta an Élois sometimes wrote puca for paca.

(4) "Full er smut agus leckna garay," Hessian.

(5) The sugan handles of a creel that pass over the shoulders. The "curréen" 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 rnsnged 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, pscks, 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) ἀνηρῖν σο τυγαδὸ ἀν "battle" εἰσαῖο,  
 ὅι cloigne cluara δ' ἔ γηυαδ ὄ' δ ἔ τρεαδῶιτ,  
 Τριάτ εἰρηνηγῖ ἀν ἔ λυαδ ἄ γυρ ἔ εαρ ἔ ιαο ἔ υαρ,  
 ὅα ὀνταβαῖριτ εἰσαῖο δ βεῖτ 'να n-αισε.

Μάξηαρ Μόρι τριάτ βί ἔε βεό,  
 Λοῖγ Τεαῖαρι να ἔ λόγ ρυλ ἔ εαοαδ ἄ λεαζαν,  
 Ὅα μβεῖτ ἔε ἀνηρῖο le τῦρ ἀν ἔ λεό,  
 Ἐεαο ἔ εαρ ὄ' δ ἔ ὀιτ νί ἔ εαοραδ ἔ εαριῖ.

Εαῖουιλ τρέαν να ἔ γιατ μβῖεαο,  
 Ὅο μιννε ἀν εἰεαδ ἰ n-αισε ἀν εῦαῖν (1),  
 Φιαννα Φινν 'ἔ δ ἔ εἰρηνηγῖαδ ἀρ ἔ αο,  
 Νί εἰρηρεαδὸ να βααῖγ ἰ νοῖαῖγ δ ἔ ουῖλ.

Κοῖλαοδ, Ἄριοαν, Ἀιλε (2), δ' ἔ Ναιοῖρ  
 Ἐόγφαδ εἰορ ἰ n-αιμηρῖν ἔ αῖγζε,  
 ἔ ολλ μαο Μόρινα, ἀν Ὅεαῖγ Μόρι,  
 ἄ γυρ Ἐαῖε μαο Τρεόῖν σο βεῖτ 'να n-αισε.

Ἐγμιορ να Τριαοῖ νεῖο μβῖιαδὸνα 'ἔ μί,  
 Σῦο ε ἀν "ἔεζε" ἔ εἰ εἰτ να ἔ εαῖα,  
 Ἀετ δ ἔ ρυαδ ἄ μῖαῖν 'ἔ δ μβέαῖρηαῖ εοῖούε,  
 Νί ἔ εαοραδ ἔ γηῖοδ ἀρ ἔ ηῖοῖν να μβααδ.

Ἐνοο-ἀν-ἀῖρ, βα μόρι ε δ εῖλ,  
 Ἐά ἔ ορ ἄ γ δ λῆν ἔ ο νεαῖναδὸ ἀνη ἔ αῖγζε.  
 Ἀετ ἀν τε βί ἀνηρῖο δ' ἔ δ εῖαῖγ ρῖλῆν,  
 Νῖορ βῖρῖ ἔ εἰ τριάεαδ ἀρ Ἐατ Ἐλυαῖν Ἐαῖνδ.

(1) "Ἀν οῖν," G. (2) "ἄιλε," .; "ala agus neesha," Hessian.

(3) i.e., Heroules.

(4) Ouchulain's son.

(5) The three children of Uisneach. Aῖνῆ 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 b̄c 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, loitce,  
 Oimeao eile sca múcta a'g báioite,  
 'Do mit le fána ar Cúl-a'-óirce.

Le h-éirige ghréine, lá ar na máraic,  
 Cúirfeá mha aguy páirtíde ag rghreudac,  
 Ag ceairnužad a gcáir (1) ar a noitcioll báir,  
 A'g gan fear le fágaíl o'iomcóirac wallet.

Garim rgoile glaoúac (2) an lá ro,  
 Fir oo fágaíl oo cúirfeac an aicme (3),  
 Tmáil oo'n tír gan rliže ná áóðar,  
 Acé a' mit ar mnaib 'r a' m'uržad baac.

Cac oo tugac i gCúicé Fáil,  
 O'fág an áic ar heagán baacé,  
 Acé mire ceap aguy mune an oán,  
 Bá e mo páig—oo beic gan oaoiáó.

Ní mar rúo cnióciuiržad baiféir eógaín,  
 Níl lá go veó nári cóiri i mólac,  
 Acé tar éir pléaríaca an tSleagácin níoir (4),  
 Leig ríac Raifceiri an póec gan veóir a cóolac.

(1) "Ceena ganse er a nehil bause," Hessian.

(2) "Cúirfeac," G.

(3) "A currach an ackna," Hessian; "tacna," G.

(4) "An thlethane 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 stieks.

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 Loch Cutra and Tulla. Cul-a-choirce, now called "Oatfield," is north of Cappaghtagel.



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."





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 Aughrim 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.

Féadairé Fítheir aghur Bluincéad mar léigthead,  
 'Do tairmairgead ó céile gan riodar ná rligé,  
 'S a lán eile caillead le ríadnuire bhíge,  
 'Dioḡaltar dá míer go maib ar luct an dá éiríde.  
 Cúig rúnta ar ceann rāḡairt a' r "ḡuinea" ar an  
     ḡcléiread,  
 'D'asóidigead an t-éire cum Peadair a' r Chriort,  
 déit bhairíogán na n-Árrol o'oil an ríḡ, céardó  
     Cá bhfuil an té téairfad go mbeir innit bhíḡ?

A buadailiú oíle curíḡ[ir] le céile  
 Aghur rmuáinḡ ar Éire tá i bhfad i noimó-éadai,  
 Gan ceannar, gan cumar, gan cuibear, gan éireadé,  
 A móinte 'r a rleibte le rḡlábuigeadé (1) arimá.  
 'Dí ríad i n-Éad-óruim maí beir cāoiríḡ léite  
 'Dá ríadadó ó céile gan ceannroir ná ríḡ,  
 déit o'iomrúḡ an ríotá, ní ráráó oúinn don ríú,  
 Gan rēardáin [le] céile 'r na Sācrānāiḡ 'éladóir.

Tá loáim'ad a' r ḡailiáin a' r ḡoir Innre ḡuáire  
 Le rēadéimáin 'na noúirúḡadó 'r níoir cōoail ríad  
     néall,  
 déit teinteáca lārta aghur ríúdar o'á rḡuadadó  
 Aḡ iríoll 'r aḡ uārál, le rḡóir rāoir ná nḡeóil.  
 Tá ḡeardáiró 'Dún-rānóail rāoir ríúit a' r rāoir uáigneār  
 A' r ná bhunrwickēir bháirdearíca maí ḡeall ar an  
     rḡéad,  
 M'imiríde ḡad maíoir, go moéáigimó oírḡadó  
 Aghur ḡalláiró o'á ríúḡadó in ḡad cúinne aḡ ná  
     ḡeóil.

---

(1) "Le ceas rāda" ran MS, déit ní éuirim rín.

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 mistic bí Conoasé na Sailleime buairiúigte ag  
 togasó uoime le uul arcead i bPailiameas, acé 17  
 anaim bí an oipeas miorghair agur uioó-fóla ar riúbal  
 agur vo bí nuair cum an Reacúime an t-abrán fuar,  
 ran mbliadain 1833 nuair éainis toga Seimeariáta ar  
 Bille an Reorim. Vo fear Séamar O Dálais (an céas  
 Tigearna Dunpanoail) agur an Triannead ó Véal-áe-  
 na-pluaidge mar "Tóir," agur bí Sir Seágan a Dúica  
 agur Séamar Lambert, Criege-élaia, ar ron na Whig.  
 Cus an Dairraigeac ó'n gCloán a lán ve bóitearais  
 leir go Sailleim agur cuiread ias ar lóirtin i steac-  
 bhaice míc Uí Dónngáile, acé cuiread an teac ar  
 lafaó or a gciann agur dóigead oirna é. Bí long bhaig  
 feóta, long pleirúir, ag an mbliacac ó Cairleán  
 Órain, air a steagad an Corrair. Bí sí ar ancoime i  
 mbairé Órainmóir nuair cuiread le teimó i agur éadú  
 sí go coin. Tá a fuigleac le feicint fóg ag "Poll a  
 Corrair." Bí an Cladac i nSailleim ag Séamar O  
 Dálais an uair rin, acé o'iompuig na h-iarrairúe 'na  
 ágaó agur éugadair a gcuio bóta vo'n Whig. Cuir  
 rin an oipeas rin véirtinn agur feirge ar an nDálac  
 gur díol fé an Cladac le Hanrioi Sraetan, nac  
 maireann. 17 air rin acá an Reacúime triacé nuair  
 veir fé ran abrán "i n-aimirí an éiuadútaim vo fear  
 na ríreín," mar éairraing rias fearg an tigearna  
 talman oirna. 17 óm' éairais Maiciú O Finn ar Órain-  
 móir vo fuair mé an cuntaf ro, óir éuimnis fé féin an  
 togasó ro go maicé. Rinne an Reacúime amac go mbuó  
 é an Seaeal vo bí a n-ágaó an Saille agur an  
 Caitioleac vo bí a n-ágaó an Piorcarcúim 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 Orancastle 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.

Ας γο αν τ-αβραν το μιννε αν Ρεαότύμπε νυαρι  
 τοζαό Όόμναλλ Ο Conaill 'να φέιριπε λε Conosaé αν  
 Έλάρι. Το βι κατ κυριαό ιοιρ έ πέιν αζυρ Véρι Mac  
 Ζεαριαιτ γαν μβλιαόαιν, 1829, αζυρ έάινιζ Όόμναλλ  
 Ο Conaill αμαό ι n-υαόταρ. Ριννε Εοζαν Ο Coniραιόε,  
 ι ζConosaé αν Έλάρι, αβραν ειλε αρ ρονη "Σιζλε Νι  
 Ζαόρια," αρ αν οαίτο ρεο, οαίτο ο'ράζ, μαρ ουβαριε  
 ρέ:—

Ο'ράζ Véρι Mac Ζεαριαιτ ραοι έαριαιριπε αρ Λάρ  
 αζυρ Όόμναλλ Ο Conaill ι ζcumann 'ρ ι βρειόμιοόε  
 αζυρ πόρτα λε ρνόό λεατ, α Σιζλε Νι Ζαόρια.

Νιοι μιαρα οο'η Ρεαότύμπε, αζυρ ο'ιαρι ρέ μαιρνεαό  
 νυαό το έυρ ιη γαν ηΖαεοέαλ, αζυρ ο'άμιοαίζ ρέ  
 Όόμναλλ Ο Conaill ιη γαν αβραν γο, λεαιαρ:—

### βυαίό υι Conaill.

Ατά Τύμιαίζ α'ρ Ζηρέαζαίζ αζ γαβαίλ ο'α έέιλε,  
 αζυρ ααίλλραρι να céαοτα α β'ρογ α'ρ έαλλ,  
 αμυρεόαίό Σαεραναίζ α'ρ Φριανκαίζ α έέιλε,  
 αζυρ λαρραίό έιπε λε ραοθαρι λαηη.  
 Μ'ιμπίοε αρ ίορα, Όια η-Δοιηε céαραό,  
 Νάρι έοίό μέ ι η-έαζ ζο οειζιό αν τ-αη  
 Α μβείό ζαό κυο αα αζ ριανκαό α έέιλε,  
 α'ρ ζο β'ράζμαοιο ρλείριύρι αρ "Οριανζομεη."

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(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 Guiro" on this occasion, an occasion which he says left

"Vesey Fitzgerald despised and overthrown,  
And Daniel O'Connell in love and pride (?)  
And wodded in beauty with you,  
O Sheela ni Guiro."

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 dio 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 besecching 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'ρι ρηιοβασ άρι έρινη,  
 1ρ φασα αν τ-έλιυζασ νο έαβδιρε έυμ εινν,  
 "Εμμανιπασιον" νο τεαέτ φαοι ρέσλα,  
 Σεαυ δγ αν ηζαεθεαλ βειέ έοιη η-άιτο λε ζαλλ.  
 Οο ρασιλ ηα έάουτα ηαέ υτιυραό αν ρζέαλ ριν,  
 Ζο υτοραιζεαό ρρηευέαό α βυρ δ'ρ έαλλ,  
 Ριαρι έιηε ηιέιζτιυζασ εαβαρι δ'ρ έιρτεαέτ,  
 Μυηα ριοτέέάν ηιέιζε έ ηί'λ υοέαρι ανη.  
  
 Ρέεέαίό Υριωνλω βί ηιόμδαινη 'ηα ηάμδαιο,  
 'ηα σεαηηόριε άιηο ορ ειονη "Ομιαηγεμεη,"  
 Ζυι ιοηρυιζ α ιηητιηη λε τοιλ ηα ηηιά'ρα,  
 Λε λιηη αν έάιρ ρεο βειέ τεαέτ έυμ εινη.  
 Τά αν εμυέυζασ λάιηηι ραν υζοαρι ταρμιαηγε,  
 Ζυι έαλλ ρηη Μάιηε λε ελρεαό ζαλλ,  
 Οειη Σιαύαιλ δ'ρ λάλαιρ. Ο Κοηαλλ δ'ρ Ζορμιαη,  
 Ζο ηρυιζ'ηηο ρά'ραό ζαν ηιόμδαν ηαλλ'.  
  
 1ρ φασα ζέαηλεαηηαηηαηη λεαζέα άρι ζαεθεαλ βοέτ,  
 'Σε ηαηηηαοι αν έάαυ-φαοι έοηραιζ αν έάρ,  
 Βα ηιαρα α έηιέιηε ζο ηιόηη ηά ηέηηο  
 Οο έυηη ηα έάουτα 'ρ ηα ηιίλτε έυμ εάιρ.  
 Ο'ιόο ρέ αν ρέαηραέ νο ηιέηη ηαηι λείζτεαηι,  
 Μά'ρ ηιό ζο ηεέιλλρμηο νο έοίηηάό Ψαηηο,  
 Τά ρέ ι ηοαοηβηηηο φαοι έυηηαιβ ζέαηρα,  
 'Σαν άιτ ηαέ ρέηηηι αση ρυητεαέτ ράζαιλ



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.

Ξλόιη υο έπίοιη α'η υο Ριζ να ηΞιάρα,  
 Τά άη έαηηαιζ λάιουη ηάηι έλιη αηιαή,  
 Σάοιη Σεζζαη α'η Μάηηαιη α ταδαιηε λε φάηα,  
 'S έόζ ηαηηηαοι φάηηε λεό ι ηγεαλλ αη ηηηαοι.  
 Εηιοηηαυό αη φόταηάη 'η ταιηηυό αη βλάε υέ,  
 Βέιυό αη λεόηιαη αη λάηι α'η ηί φάηηαυό αηη ηηηζ,  
 Μαη ηη φάοα ό υυβηαυό ληηη ζο υηηηαυό αη λά ζεαλ  
 Υο φειηηηαυό αη έλάηηηαεό υύηηηη ι ηηβλιαυόαη αη  
 ηαοι

Ξηηηαυό α'η Λάηιαέ α'η τειηηε εηάηια,  
 Βέιυό αζαηηη αηάηηαέ, αζηη τά φέ ι η-αη,  
 Ο φηαηη Ο Οαηαλλ βηαυό αη αη ηάηηαυο,  
 Αηηεόέαυό βλάηε α'η βέιυό ηεαη αη έηηαηη.  
 1 ζΟαηοαέ αη έλάηηη τά υαιηε α'η άηη-φλάε  
 Αζ εηαεάυό λάηι α'η αζ υέαηαηη ζηηηη,  
 Αέτ υοζ φαοι αη ζεάηηα ζο η-όλαη ηλάηηε  
 ηά ηηαηη ό άηηαηηη ζο η-ηηηηε έηηηη.

Αζ φο αβηάη εηε υο ηηηηε αη ηεαέτύηηε α  
 η-αζαυό ηα ηΞαλλ αζηη αη ηηαζαλταη. Υηηηε αη  
 ηηεαηαηιαη, ηαη έυαλαη, υο ηί ι ηβηεαηηάη ηηηεάηηο.  
 ηη φολληηαέ ό'η αβηάη ζο ηαιβ φέ 'ηα υυαέαηηλ βάη ηο  
 ηηο υε'η εηόηε φηη, αζηη ζηηη ηεηηαεό έ αζ αη ηοηηζε  
 ζαλλοα, αζηη ζηηη υίβηεαυό έ έαη ηάηηε, αζηη ζηηη

(1) Alluding to the prophecy :

ηηαηη έαηηεαη αη λεόηιαη α ηεαηε  
 'S αη φόταηάη ηηεαε α ηηηζ,  
 Σεηηηηαυό αη έλάηηηαεό ζο ηηηηη, ηηηη,  
 ηοηηη α η-όέτ αζηη α ηαοι.

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 (4).

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."

ἴσαιλ να ὁλοινε ζυμ ι n-ἐδασεαιτ ὁο τειλζεαὸ ἐ. τὰ  
 λεατ ὀε'η ἑάριρα ὀειμεαννάδ ἰπέιζέτε, ἀζυρ νίορι φέαο  
 μέ α φάζαιλ. Ἀζ αν ἴσαιλ cloicé ἀζυρ ἀζ Mac ἰι φλοινν  
 ὁο ριαρι με αν τ-ἀβρῆν ἴο:—

### ΒΕΑΡΝἈΝ ΡΙΣΤΕΑΡΟ.

Ἐυζ να ἡ-ἡζοαρι ναεἰητά cύντυρ ούινν ἴαν ἴζεαλ ἴο,  
 Ἢο ὀτυρφαὸ ριαριζ ἀρ ζαεὸεαλ, 'ἴ Ἢο mβειτ' αν  
 ὀμεαm λε φάζαιλ,  
 Ναδ λεληραὸ ὀλιζε αν ἀέν-ἰηic ἐυαὶὸ ἰν ἴαν ζερῆνν  
 ὀ'ἀ ἐευραὸ,  
 Ἀρ ἴον αν ἐνε ὀαοννα, ἀζυρ ἀρ υαρι α τρι ἴαν λά.  
 Μαρι ἴζεατάρ αν ζατ ζηέιμε, νο μαρι ἐυρῆινγεαυ να  
 ἡ-ἐελῆρἴ,  
 Ζαδ πλάιζ ὁο ἐυιτ ἀρ ἐιζιρτ Ἢο ὀταζαὶὸ οἱμα ὀ'ἀ  
 βάρη,  
 ΒερῆνἈν ερῶιὸε να φέιλε, ἴζοτ να φολα ἴρ τριέιμε,  
 Ἀ ἐυρ α βραο ἀρ ἐηινν 'ἴ ἐ νεαἰ-ἰιονηταδ ἰν ἴαν  
 ζεάρ.  
 Ο ὀυίλτυζ ἡανηιαοι α ἐέαο-βεαν ἀρ ὀτύρ αν  
 "Reformation,"  
 τὰ ἴζιῡρῆαὶὸ ερῶαὶὸε ζέαμα ἀρ ζαεὸιλ ἴζαδ ἡ-υιλε  
 ἀιτ,  
 ὀ'ἀ νοιζε ἡί ἐυζέαρ ζέιλλεαὸ ἀέτ ὀ'ἀ ζερῶαὸ ἀ'ἴ  
 ὀἀ ζεέαρῶ,  
 'S α ὀια ναδ μόρι αν τ-ιονζαιταυ αν ἴοιλ ὁο βειτ ἀρ  
 λάρι!

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?



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 dato 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."

Νυαρι ιονηρόαυ Ξαίλλ Δ έέίλε μαρι ο'ιονηραίξ Σριμοσίλλ  
Σέαρλυρ,

Νο Ρομπαιό Ιυλυρ Σέαρμα το έαμμιαίνξ έαξ Δ'ρ Δρι,  
Νυαρι αιόφιό ριβ Δη μέδο ριν τιξεαό Ξαεσίλ ι οτεαντα  
Δ έέίλε,

Δ'ρ ριν ι Δη υαρι μά'ρ ρέιριμι ζηόόόόιό ριβ Δη Ιά.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

Δη ξαυό Δ ηοεαρ ζο ρέιριπό Δη τεαρ Ιε ηεαρτ να  
ζηέμε,

Δ'ρ ζο οτόξραιό Δρ Δ η-έάοΔη Δη τηριαιέ το έιό τά  
Δρ Ιάρι,

Οεόλ να τηρυννε ι η-έιηφεαέτ Δξυρ Ουρπευρ Δξ ρειηηη  
τέαοΔ,

Ουό έιννε Ιιοη ηά Δη μέδο ριν ηα Σαεραηαιξ βειέ  
Δρ Ιάρι\*.

\*Ρυαρι μέ κόρι είλε, ό ροιη, οε'η οάν ρο ό'η ηεαέταηαέ, Δξυρ  
έυξ ρειρεαη "Οαιηιό Κοχρφορτ" Δρι. Τά Δη όέαριη οειρεαηηαέ ρο  
Διξε ηαέ ηαιθ Δζαη-ρα :-

Οά όρρεαζηηυίξεαό Οαιηιό βλέιηηι, Δέτ, Δρ ηοόίξ, ηί ηαιθ βαοζαλ Δρι,  
ΙηΔη 'ρ'ιαο Δ ηυιηηηηη ρέιη, βί ο'ά τηραζαίλ ιη ραη ζεάρ,  
Οά μέδο Ιυέτ Δη έίηιξ ρυαρ Δρι Δη ηgreen table

[Δξ] ηιουηηυαό ιη ραη ρζέαλ ριη, 'ρ'ιαο Δηη ζαη ριορ εια'η ράέ.  
Ο! Δ'Χριορτ οο ράβáiλ εέαοτα Δ'ρ ρζοίετ ηομπα Δη ηυιηι τέαέταιξέε,  
Ρυαρι ηυαοό ό ηυιηηη ηεηήετα τά Δαα ιηρ ζαέ ζάό,  
Ζο οτυαζαιό τά ρλάν Δη ρέιηη Δβαίλε έυζαηηη ρηε έέίλε  
Οαιηιό Κοχρφορτ Δ'ρ Ρατ έζαη, Δη οιαρ Δτά μέ 'ηάό.



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 Gacls 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



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 faithlul.

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.

Δέτ γελλοιμ-ρέ ὄσοιθ ἀν τέ γεοῦθαρ φαοῦθαι,  
 ὅσο ἔφουζιῖο “Ribbonmen” λυαὲ ἀ ρλάντε,  
 ἀρ ρον ζαὲ h-uile οἰῶε σ’ἀ μαδασαρι να ριῦθε  
 φροι ῖοσ, φροι ῖνεαδέτ, ἀ’ρ φροι βάρτεαδ.  
 Cioῖρ ἀν ριῖζ νι βέιῶ φεαρτα λε ν’ιοσ,  
 Θεαδῖνιῦῶ νά νιῶ ἀρ βιῶ νι βέιῶ τριάδτ ἀρρ,  
 βέιῶ ταλαῖν ζαν (1) λυαὲ, ἀ’ρ Cλαιννα ζαεῦθεαλ ρυαφ  
 Δζυρ Σακραναῖζ βυαῖθεαριῶτ ἀ ριῖδῖοτε.

ἀ ὅμοιῖν βρεαῖπαιζ νάρι λειζιῶ Ὅια ρευν οἰτ,  
 ἱρ ιομῶα μιονν’-εῖζε ἔυζ τῦ λε μι,  
 1ο’ ρεαρῖν ιν ραν “μβαρμιασ” ἀζ οἰῖτ λειρ ἀν ηζαμε(3)  
 ὁσοῖλ τῦ ζο h-εαζ ναὲ βρεῖρεαδ ἀν ζορτ-φραοῖδ (4).  
 Μά ἐτίῶεανν τῦ ἀβαῖλε ρεαδῖαν το ρῖῖλε  
 ἀρ ζῖῖλιν ἀζυρ ρῖῖζοσρ [ζο στέῖῶ τῦ ραν ζεῖρέ,]  
 ἀ’ρ “Mollie Μαζυρρερ,” ἱρ λῖῖοιρ ἀ ζοσζηῖν (5)  
 ’Σιασ ρῖῖβλαρ ζο εῖῖῶῖνῖα ιλ ἱζεαριτ-λῖῖρ ἀν λῖῖ.

Ἰνυρμ-ρε ὄσοιθ μᾶ βράζανν ριῖ-ρε φαοῦθαι,  
 ὅσο ἔφουζιῖο “mebelmen” λυαὲ ἀ ρλάντε  
 1 λεαδαιῶ ζαὲ οἰῶδ’ το εῖῖτ ριασ ’να ριῖθε  
 φροι ζαοῖτ, φροι φεαριῶδῖν, ἀ’ρ φροι βάρτεαδ.  
 Σεαριῶ ζο οῖῖτ νά τέῖῖῶ ἀρ ζοῖλ  
 ἀζυρ βῖῖρῖζιῶ τρε λυῶτζῖῖοσ  
 βῖῖρεαδ ἀζυρ βυαῖῶ ζο σταζαῖῶ ζο λυαὲ,  
 ἀζυρ λεαζαῖῶ Μᾶσ Ὅε ἀρ νάῖῖαῖο.

(1) “να λυαὲ,” οὐβαῖτε ρεῖρεαν, ἀέτ νι ἔυζιμ ριν.

(2) μιονν’-εῖζε = εῖῖεαδ, θεαριζ-βῖῖεαζ.

(3) “λειρ ἀν ἀέῖν,” οὐβαῖτε ρέ. ἡῖ ἔυζιμ ριν.

(4) Ὅυβαῖτε ἀν Ὅιαρμιασθεαδ λιομ ζυρ β’ε ἀν ζορτ-φραοῖσ ἀῖτ  
 εῖῖνιῖθε ἀν ρῖῖθεασῖῖε, ἀέτ ζυρ εῖῖτ ρέ ἀν οἰθεασ ριν σ’ἀ ἀιρῖῖρ  
 ’η ραν μβαρμιασ ζο ραοῖρεαδ οἰῖνε ναὲ μβεῖτ ρέ οἰλ ἀβαῖλε εῖῖῶε.

(5) “Cοσζηῖν τᾶ λῖῖοιρ,” ἀρ ραν Ὅιαρμιασθεαδ, ἀέτ σ’ἀῖῖαῖζ

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.

mire é. labairtear "congnam" 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.

ΤΙΣΜΙΟ ΑΝΟΙΓ ΞΟ ΟΤΙ ΑΝ ΟΑΝ ΙΓ ΡΑΙΟΕ ΔΞΥΡ ΞΟ ΟΤΙ  
 ΑΝ ΙΑΡΙΠΔΑΤ ΙΓ ΜΟ ΟΟ ΠΙΝΝΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΑΤΥΠΙΕ ΔΞ ΡΙΛΙΘΕΑΤ.  
 ΝΙ ΜΟ ΔΞΥΡ ΝΙ ΛΥΞΑ Ε ΡΕΟ ΝΑ ΙΤΔΙΡ ΞΕΔΥΠΙ ΕΡΠΙΝΝ ΔΡ  
 ΕΙΡΠΙΝΝ, ΔΞΥΡ Ι ΟΥΡΕΑ ΡΙΟΓ Ι ΒΡΟΙΠΠΙ ΟΟΜΠΙΔΙΟ ΙΟΠΙ Ε ΡΕΙΝ  
 ΔΞΥΡ ΡΕΑΝ-ΡΞΕΑΔ ΕΡΙΟΝ. ΙΓ ΙΟΝΞΑΝΤΑΔ ΛΙΟΜ ΜΑΡΙ ΟΟ  
 ΕΥΜ ΟΥΙΝΕ ΟΟ ΒΙ ΞΑΝ ΜΑΘΑΡΕ, ΔΞΥΡ Ε ΒΑΙΟΤΕ Ι ΝΟΕΑΡΓ-  
 ΒΟΕΤΑΝΥΡ ΜΑΡΙ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΑΤΥΠΙΕ, ΑΝ ΟΑΝ ΡΑΟΑ ΡΟ ΕΟΙΗ ΞΠΙΝΝ  
 ΡΠ ΔΞΥΡ ΙΓ ΟΟΙΛΞ Δ ΜΑΘ ΕΑ ΒΡΥΔΙΡ ΡΕ Δ ΕΥΡΟ ΕΟΛΑΙΡ ΔΡ  
 ΡΕΑΝΕΥΡ ΔΞΥΡ ΔΡ ΡΕΑΝ-ΡΤΔΙΡ ΝΑ Η-ΕΙΡΕΑΝΝ. ΟΠΙ ΝΙ ΜΑΙΒ  
 ΑΝ ΕΥΝΤΑΡ ΕΥΞΑΝΝ ΡΕ ΔΡ ΝΑ ΡΕΑΝ-ΒΥΝΝΑΙΟΙΒ, ΔΞΥΡ ΔΡ  
 ΕΥΡΟ ΟΕ'Ν ΤΡΕΑΝ-ΡΤΔΙΡ ΛΕ ΡΑΞΑΙΛ Ι Ν-ΑΟΝ ΛΕΑΒΑΡ, ΔΞΥΡ  
 ΙΓ ΟΟΙΞ ΞΥΡ ΔΒ ΔΡ ΒΕΑΛ ΝΑ ΝΟΔΟΜΕ ΟΟ ΜΑΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΥΡΟ ΙΓ  
 ΜΟ ΟΕ'Ν ΤΡΕΑΝΕΥΡ ΡΠ, ΔΞ ΤΕΑΤ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΔΞΥΡ Ε ΔΡ ΝΑ  
 ΡΞΑΞΑΘ Ο ΟΥΙΝΕ ΞΟ ΟΥΙΝΕ Ο'Η ΑΙΜΡΥΡ Δ ΜΑΙΒ Δ ΞΕΥΡΟ  
 ΡΕΑΝΕΥΡΟΕ ΡΕΙΝ ΔΞ ΝΑ ΞΑΕΘΕΑΛΑΙΒ. ΤΑ Δ ΒΡΑΟ ΝΙΟΓ ΜΟ  
 ΤΡΑΔΕΤΑ ΙΝ ΡΑΝ ΟΑΝ ΡΟ ΔΡ ΡΕΑΝ-ΡΤΔΙΡ ΝΑ Η-ΕΙΡΕΑΝΝ ΜΑΡ  
 ΒΙ ΡΙ ΡΟΙΗ ΑΙΜΡΥΡ ΝΑ ΞΕΑΝ-ΞΑΛΛ ΝΑ ΔΤΑ ΔΡ ΙΤΔΙΡ ΝΥΔΙΟ  
 ΝΑ ΤΙΡΕ Ο ΑΙΜΡΥΡ ΝΑ ΝΞΑΛΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ. ΔΞΥΡ ΙΓ ΡΙΟΡ-ΞΑΕΘ  
 ΕΑΛΑΔ ΑΝ ΕΔΙΛΙΘΕΑΤ Ε ΡΠ, ΟΠΙ ΒΑ Ε ΙΝ ΡΑΝ ΤΡΕΑΝ-  
 ΕΙΡΠΙΝΝ ΟΟ ΡΥΔΙΡ ΝΑ ΡΞΕΑΛΤΟΠΙ ΔΞΥΡ ΝΑ ΡΙΛΙΘΕ ΔΘΒΑΡ Δ  
 ΞΕΥΡΟ ΡΞΕΑΛ ΔΞΥΡ Δ ΞΕΥΡΟ ΟΑΝ ΟΟ ΞΝΑΤ.

ΙΓ ΙΝΝΤΕΑΔΤΑΔ ΑΝ ΕΑΟΙ ΔΡ ΞΛΕΥΡ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΑΤΥΠΙΕ Δ  
 ΡΞΕΑΛ. ΝΙ ΤΟΡΑΙΞΕΑΝΝ ΡΕ ΕΑΔΕΡΑ ΔΞΥΡ ΙΜΤΕΑΔΤΑ ΝΑ  
 Η-ΕΙΡΕΑΝΝ Ο'ΙΝΝΡΠΠΤ ΔΡ ΟΤΥΡ, ΔΡ ΕΑΘΑΝ. ΟΥΠΕΑΝΝ ΡΕ  
 ΡΑΟΒΑΡ ΔΡ ΔΡ Ν-ΕΙΡΤΕΑΔΤ Ι ΟΤΟΡΑΔ, ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΡΞΕΑΛ ΟΑ  
 ΕΑΟΙΒ ΡΕΙΝ, ΜΑΡΙ ΡΟΙΠΠΙ-ΜΑΘ. ΙΓ Ο Ν-Α ΒΕΑΤΑ ΡΕΙΝ, ΙΓ ΟΟΙΞ,  
 ΔΞΥΡ Ο Ν-Α ΡΙΛΑΙΝΞ ΜΙΜΕ ΡΕΙΝ, ΟΟ ΕΔΡΠΙΔΙΝΞ ΡΕ ΑΝ ΟΥΡ-  
 ΡΙΟΓ ΔΡ ΑΝ ΤΥΙΛΕ ΤΡΟΜ-ΡΕΔΥΡΠΕΔΙΝΝΕ ΟΟ ΕΔΙΜΙΞ ΔΡ, ΔΞΥΡ  
 ΔΡ ΑΝ ΝΟΠΟΕ-ΡΑΙΡΞΑΘ ΟΟ ΡΥΔΙΡ ΡΕ ΔΞ ΒΥΝ ΝΑ ΡΕΑΝ-  
 ΡΞΕΙΟΕ. ΝΙ Η-Ε ΔΤΤ ΑΝ ΛΑ ΔΡ Ν-Α ΜΑΡΙΑΔ ΟΟ ΛΑΒΑΡ ΑΝ  
 ΞΞΕΑΔ ΛΕΙΡ ΝΥΔΙΡ ΕΥΞ ΡΕ Δ ΜΑΛΛΑΤ ΟΟ.

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 Diarmuid 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).

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(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-έδοιβ̄ βεαηηαν,  
 Δέτ ρεαν-ηγεαδ̄ έαίτετε, έραιτετε, έραιότε,  
 Δι έδοιβ̄ αν έλαιοε, 'ρ α η-αξαιό λε ράναθ̄,  
 Όμυηο μέ ρύτι 'ρ βα ρ̄λυέ αν άιτ υαμ.

Όι αν ρεαηηέαιηη ζο υιαη, αζ τεαδέ αη ζαδ̄ σεαηυα,  
 Αηοηη 'ρ ανιαη, 'ρ ανυαη λε ράναθ̄,  
 Α ράηαιλ νί ρέαυραηη έαβαηηε υηηε, λάιτεαέ,  
 Δέτ ηοιλλέαν λάν βειέ αζ εηιαέηηζεαθ̄ μάιβε.

Ζο ρεαηηαδ̄, ρηαοόηιαη, ητοιημεαήαι, ηάζεαδ̄ (1),  
 Ηλαη βειέ ραίξεαυ αη λυαη, ηο αξαιό αη ηάρα,  
 Όι αν εαηηαηηε αζ τεαδέ 'ρ ηα τιοηέα βάιότε,  
 'S ηάη ηηηε αν υίοι εηηυαίξε 'ρ μέ ι ζεηυαη ζο εηαιότεα

Ηλαη α'ε σεαέηιαηηα βί ρέ αζ βάηηεαδ̄,  
 'S ηί ηαιβ̄ ηηαον (3) ηαδ̄ ζευηηηεαθ̄ ηαοι αη έάρηεα,  
 Ηί'λ ηυιλεαηηη 'ρ αν ζεύηε ηλίηη ηο ηάιβε,  
 Ηαδ̄ ζευηηηεαθ̄ ρέ αη ρηυβαλ ι λάη ηα ηβάνηεα (4).

Ρηηη μέ ρηηυαίηηε, ηυό ηάη ηάηη υάη,  
 Ηάη ηραυ έ ηο ηάοζεαλ, 'ρ ζο ηβυό ζεαηηη ηο έαηηηε,  
 Ζο υηιυραθ̄ αν υίλε, α'ε βειέ υαοηηε (5) βάιότε,  
 'S ζο ηβα ολε αν οβαηη βί α ηηοιαίξ ηο λάηηηε.

Όειέ αζ υέαηηαηηη ηεαααιό υάη ο βί μέ ηη' ράηηε,  
 Αζ λυαθ̄ ηιοηηηα-ηόηη 'ρ αζ ζεαηηηαθ̄ ηα ηζηάρα,  
 Όυλ έυη Διηηηηηη ηί ηαηηηαηηηη εηιάδέ αηη (6),  
 [No] ραοηηηοηη ηηοηλαζ υ'ρ άξαι, ηο Εάηηα.

(1) "ηαιήηη," G. (2) "ι ζεύηη ζαν ρόηηηηε," G.; "ι ζεηυαη ζαν  
 έαζεαη," αν ηίοσδ̄άηηαέ. ηηηε υ'αέηηηηξ αν λίηη ηαη ατά ρυαη,  
 (3) "υηαον υά ηηεαηηαίό 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) " Δὲ γὰρ ἐν τῇ ἐκείνῃ ἡμέρᾳ," ἐν Μισσοῦνι.

(5) " Ἐν τῇ ἐκείνῃ ἡμέρᾳ," MS.

6) ' ἐν τῇ ἐκείνῃ ἡμέρᾳ,' G.

Πά Θεϊά n-Διέne το βιμεεαδ ní ζηνοδινν δον έάρ οέ,  
 Ραοι βιμυ[εαδ] μο κόμιαμυα, αι ποόιζ (1) ζηνοδινν ζάμμε,  
 Ζαά ιμυιτε, Ζαά όλ, ά'ρ Ζαά δον ρλέαμιάα,  
 Όά οταζαδ τμιαρνα ομυ, βιοδ μο λάμ δνυ.

Όά ράιτε αν τ-αμ τιζ αν κάμυτε  
 Ζο μβέρυ μο "rummony" ανη ρζηνοδία ταμμιαμζτε,  
 Τά μό ι n-εαρνα (ρ2) 'ρ αν τ-ιννεαά ζαν ράζαλ αιυ,  
 Αζυρ "τμιαλ" μο έυιτε αι ρυββαλ αμάριαά.

Όειά αζ ουλ ραν άιτ ναά μβίονη δον ράιλτε ανη,  
 Ρομυ ραιόβιμ έαμ βοάτ άέτ μέρυ α ζαάιλεαάτ,  
 Αν τ-ολα 'ρ αν μιάιτ ό βι τυ ιο' ράιρτε,  
 Σίορ le λέιζεαδ (3) αι τ'έαοαη ταμμιαμζτε.

Αι αιέμυζε ρμυαμζεαρ μαμ ρο ζο εμιάιβέοαά,  
 "Α Όια τά ρυαρ ά'ρ ζηνοεαρ να Ζηιάρ,  
 "Έυζ ρολαμ αι ζεαλάιζ ά'ρ ράμ αι ράραά,  
 "Α ραιύμιαμζεαρ αν μυμυ 'ρ οο έυιρ ζμυαν ι n-άμυτε."

"Έυζ τάμιαδ αι έμυαμνη αζυρ λοηζα ό βάααδ,  
 "Έυζ να h-ημιαελιτιζ ό έοραιβ α νάμιαο,  
 "Έυζ Εηγε 'ρ Εμιαρ ζο ζάμυοίη ράμυιέαιρ,  
 "Σ μμυε ρίον οε'η υιρζε le τοιλ οο μιάέαιρ."

"Ρέαά ανυαμ αι Οιλεαν ράομιαιζ  
 "Μαμ ο'φέαά τυ αι αν ηγασυιόε αι έμυανη να ράμυε,  
 "Ρινν τυ Ζαά μύ ο'ά βρυιλ αζαμ μιάίτε,  
 "Ταβαιμ μυρε λεατ αζυρ έμυ ραοζαλ λάμμε (4)."

(1) "Αμνύ," MS.

(2) "Ανειζε n-εαρνα ρ α τιοναά," αν μίοδάναά; "τά μό αν  
 αρνα 'ρ α τ-ιοναά," G. μυρε οο ρζηνοδ να ροαα μαμ τά ριαο ρυαρ,

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 ἡμισοῦάναι.

(4) "Ἄπ παροῦσαι λάιμε," MS. ἡ ἰέη ὕαμ ἡν. ἡ ἡν ὕαμ ὕαμ ὕαμ  
 ὕαμ ὕαμ ὕαμ ὕαμ.

Οο μινν μέ ρμυδίντιυξάο άρίρ άρ βαλλ άρι,  
 Ξο βρασαίο μέ ραν mβιοβλα ρζηιόβτα ταρμιαινγε,  
 Ξελλάο ζλαν υίρεαό ό κιξ να ηξίαρα  
 Κοιη ραο ά'ρ βειτ ρτυατ-σεατα cam náη βαοξάλ υύμν  
 βάταό.

Βυό ξεαρη άη ριον ζυρ λαξ άη βάιρτεαό,  
 Ξμιαη ζυρ λαρ αζυρ ζαοτ ζυρ άμυιξ,  
 Ξυρ ζλυαιρ μέ άρ ριύβαλ ά'ρ μέ μύατα, βάιύτε,  
 Ξυρ ταιρμιαινγ μέ άρ ξεάξαη αζυρ βι ρόμιαμ ράιτε.

Ιη ιομύα ριη αάητα υιρξε ο'άιρξ μέ  
 Ομο ρξιορητα ζο οτι μο άάβα,  
 Ξηοό μέ μο ηατα ρυαη άρ ταιρηνγε,  
 Αζυρ άυη ρέ μο άοολαό μέ άρ λαβυιό βλάταμαη (1).

Ηιοη βραοα ζο ρααη μο ρυιόε άριρ μέ  
 Αξ αυη μηρε άρ αεόλ, ρρόρη, ά'ρ ριαμια,  
 'Σ άρ ηοόιξ λε βηόο [ά'ρ αεόλ ά'ρ αοιβηαηρ],  
 Οο άαιτααμαη [ρέηη λε ρευη] άη οιοόε ριη (2).

Αη η-ιομρσό έαρη οαη, λά άρ η-α ήάηαό (3),  
 Σιολλα βεαξ υαηη λε αιύμαη ηα η-άτα (3),  
 Σύο μαη ουβαηρη μέ άρ τεαατ ι λάταη  
 [ηα ρξείε αέαοηα ραοι α ηαιβ μέ βάιύτε].

“ Α ρεαν-ηξεαόάηη ηηάηηα ρυαξηαηη ηηάηη ορη,  
 “ Ηά ηαιβ α-άοιόε ρηυαό ηά βλάτ ορη!  
 “ Ραοι ηιιρητε Οηαηη ζο βράξ τυ οο άάηηαό,  
 “ Οο[ο'] βηύξάο 'ρ οο[ο'] βηρηαό αξ ορη μόρη αεαηη-  
 άηη.”

(1) “ ηήηη βλάταμαη,” MS. (2) Leannan dá líne aηηηο ηαό βηυη ηιο  
 ροιλέηη: “ άατ αξ ρηιιύηε άρ η'αιρ οαη ηηο ηάη β'ιοηξηαό, 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 lion ταιητιό : βροηημ 'r : βροδδην," αν μισούδανάε;  
 "βιό φα να κοηητιό τε φαρησ ες φαοηηη," G.

(3) I havet ransposed these two lines.

“Μὰρ β'ολε ἀν ἀιτ σο ἐελετ ἰ νά λεατ (1),  
 “Νά ὀραιοιμὶ φύτ αἷ ἰαμμιαὶὸ ἰῖῖαὶὸ οἰτ,  
 “Νι'λ βηαον ὀ'αμ βυαὶλ ἰαοὶ σο ἐαμ-ἰττοε ἡμἰαηα,  
 “Νάμ ἰῖαοὶλ τὺ οἰμ λε αὶὺβδἰρ σο ἰἰά'ἰα.”

σῖαεά:—

Μά'ἰ μἰλε εἰρα τὰ αἷ ἰαμμιαὶὸ ἰά'ἰαὸ,  
 Τὰ μἰρε ἀηηἰο ἰόηηατ, ἀμ ἡά'ἰαα,  
 ἰμ ἰεαηόμἰ μὲ τὰ α ἡβἰα ἰαη ἀιτ ἰεο,  
 'S να τἰμἰαἰῖ ἰἰοἰ ἡοηε ὀαμ λε σο ἐλαἰὲαη τἰμ-  
 ἰαηηετ.

ἡαμ βἰ μἰρε ὀῖ ὀα ἡβἰεἰεα ἰ νά ἡομ,  
 βυὸ ἰοῖαἰ οἰτ ὀιοη ὀ ἡαοἰτ 'ἰ ὀ βά'ἰτἰεαε,  
 'Sἰ ἀη ἡαοτ ἀηαμ ὀ'ἰάῖ μ'αἡαὶὸ λε ἰάηαὸ,  
 ἀ'ἰ σο ἰῖμἰοἰ (2) μὲ ἰἰοἰ ὀ βά'ἰμ ἡὸ ἰά'ἰαἰβ.

ἀη ἰεαεάτἰμἰε:—

Α ἰῖεαεάἰη ἡἰαἰεαε, ἰοεἰαε (3), βἰάεἰἡαἰμ,  
 Sηααὸ 'ῖμἰ ἰηαἰ οἰτ ὀ ἰηῖ να ἡῖμἰαἰεα,  
 ἡβἰα, ἰηηἰε, ἡμἰαἰὸ, ἀ'ἰ βἰά'ἰτἰε (4),  
 αἡμἰ αἰμ ὀαμ ἰἰοἰ αοἰ' σο ὀάεα.

ἀη σῖαεά:—

Εεαο αἡμἰ μἰλε ἡοηἰ ἀμ να ἡ-αἡμἰε  
 Τἰρ αἡμἰ εἡοεἡῖαὸ ἡ'αοἰ' 'ἰ ἡο ὀάεα,  
 Τὰ μὲ ὀ ἰοη ἡμ' ἰμἰε ἰαη ἀιτ ἰο,  
 'ῖμἰ ἡμ ἡοηὸα ἰῖεαἰ α ἡἰεαοαἡμ τἰάετ ἀμἰ.

(1) “ἰ νά λεατ = ἰ ηῖαμ οἰτ.” (2) “Sἰοἰῖ,” G.  
 (3) Recte: “ἡἰμἰἰῖ ἰοεἰαἰῖ.”



“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 SPEAKS).

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,” αν μισοῦσανα. “δλάρτε” no “δαλάρτε” is a  
 “plum,” or according to others a “damson.”

Οέταρ το έριαιλ 'γ' να μίλτε το βάίτεατό,  
 Νοαη, α έίανη, α έέίλε, 'γ' α μιάταρη,  
 άέτ άμιάη ζυρ ηγρίοβ άη τ-εαγβοζ ζάιβέτεάέ (?),  
 ζυρ μάρη βάρηταλόη μαε Σεαηα άη έαοιβ έριαιάέ'  
 βάοηαιζ.

βυαηαμαη έριυέυζόύ ειτε α η-άζαίό άη έάηγ γεο  
 ζυρ ι γριυέ να μβεόόαιβ το μάρη βάρηταλόη (1),  
 'Να βεαγαή βυαρ βαν ββυαη-λοέ βάίυτε,  
 μάρη βέ βεό άηη ιε τοιλ να ηγρίάβ.

Όριυημ Τυηρ (2) άη υαηη βηη β'άηηημ το'η άιτ γεο,  
 άζυρ ηί μαιβ άηη άέτ έοιλτε ά'γ βάραέ,  
 Κοη άλλεα ά'γ βηοιε (3) άζ έηηγε ι η-άηηοε,  
 ηο ζυρ βυαίλ να βηη βολζ έυμ βοηελάηγε.

έόζαοαη βειιβ ζαη βεαρ α μβάρηεα,  
 έυηεαοαη βύβα, ά'γ μηηεαοαη άβαιη,  
 βιοοαη βαι βηόο άζυρ λάν υ'άέαιγ  
 ζυρ βεβίοε (4) βιαο α ζέύηβα ό έύμιάέτ α ηάμιαο.

ζεαηηιαοαη έριοηη, μηηη, (?5) εζυρ βάραέ,  
 άζυρ έυηεαοαη άη βίόζαέτ, άη ηυόίζ, ι βράηηηε,  
 ό Όύη Όόμηαίλ (6) ζο Όβοιέαο άέα,  
 ό έηοε-βοιλζ (7) ό έυαίέ ζο έυαη έηηη-εγρίλε.

άζ βιαόάέ άη έηυιε 'γ' άζ βειιλζ άη βίέιβέιβ,  
 βά ηιόβ α υτεαηη (8) ι υτεαηηεα α έέίλε,  
 ηο ζυρ βυαίλεαό βύβα άη υηεαη ηάβ ηαοηιάό,  
 βηιόέτ Τυαέα Όέ Όαηαηη άγ έηηη να η-έηηγρε.

(1) "ι γριυέ να μαιε βί βάρηταλόη 'να βεαγαή," άη μίούέάηαέ.

(2) "Όριυημ έοηγε," άη μίούέάηαέ. (3) "έυαηιτε ά'γ βηοι," μίού-  
 έάι.άέ. (4) "βεβίοεαοαη," άη μίούέάηαέ.

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.

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(5) " Ριζηριό α λάεταρι, stone cutter's MS.

(6) " Ó Dúin na nGall," an Míochánac.

(7) "Denn Døim," S. (8) " Δ ζκοινατό," S.

Μηρε, Σχεδάμ Δέ-σινν (1), νο έονηαιρε αν μεσο ριν,  
 Δ'γ έονηαιρε αν οά ρ'ηιαξ αγ τελεετ 'να έεηλε,  
 Λε ραιξοιθ έατα αγυρ αιρημ ζέαιια,  
 Όοηρεαο ρυλ αγυρ αιλλεαο να έέαυτα.

Γρ ιοηοά εατ ι η-αιτ α έεηλε,  
 Όο έυξ αν οά ρ'ηιαξ τηε ηόηη 'γ τηε ρ'έηεβτιθ,  
 Β'έ ρηιόεηυξαο να εύηρε Δ'γ υειηεαο να ρζέαλετα,  
 Ζυρ έαιλλ να ρηι υολξ Όηηηημ Τηηε αι έίγηη (2).

Σηιοέτ Τυατα Όέ Όαηαηη ζαη ρηοηε ζαη υαοηηαέτ,  
 Ηι Λε ζηιόη ηά ζαιρηε υο ζηηοίρ αοη ηυο,  
 'Σέ η'ο υειηε Σαλεαιηι έαιρηλ Δ'γ Όοέτύηι έέηηηη,  
 Λε υιαβηιυεαέτ ελεαρηιυεαέτ (3) αγυρ ηιοηηαιβ ηηίεζε.

Ηυαιη ρυαηαυαη εύηηαέτα έαιηηξ έέηηηηοη,  
 Δη ριολ υο ρηαιτεαο, ηι έαιηηξ υέαρ αιη,  
 Ηιοη ραη ρηιοέτ αι ηό ηά ολαηη αι έαοηηαιβ,  
 Τοηαο αι έηαηηηαιβ ηά ηαιρηε αι αοη ηυο.

Ευηηεαη ριοη υύηηη υο ηέηη ηαη έέηηεαη,  
 Ζυρ β'έ αν έέαο ρεαη έηηαιλ υο'η τιη, Ζαυέλυη,  
 Ρηηοηηηα ηιόζαηηαιλ υε'η ριοη-ρυλ Ζαυέαλαέ,  
 Όε ρόηη να ηζηοιόη 'γ υε ριολ ηηιλέρηυρ (4).

Ηυαιη έηηαιλ αν ηηξ ζο ηβηηαιέρεαο ρέ έηηηε,  
 Ηιοη ρηυαίηηηξ α έηηοηε ζο ηυέαηηαιυε ρζέαλ αιη,  
 Ηο ζυρ λεαζαο ραοι αν ηηεηεαηηηαη υο υέαηηαη,  
 Δέτ (5) υειηεαο να εύηηε ζυρ αιλλεαο έ ρέηη λειη.

(1) "ατα ευν," S. Some people call it Δέ-ευνηη ηοτ Δέ-ευνη.

(2) ηι'ε αν εαέηηαηα ρο αγ αν ηιόυόέαηα. (3) "Ζηεαέυηεαέτ," G.

(4) "Όο έυηη ρόηη αι ηζηοιόη ζυρ εηηαιλ ηηιλέρηυρ," αν ηιόυόέαηα.

I, the Bush of Ath-Ciunn (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 Tuire (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) "Συρ βέ βειρε," G.; "Συρ βέ κριοένυζατό," αν μισούσαναε

(6) The old name of the place where the bush stood.

(7) This perhaps means "would be found out."

Δέτ έυαιό πέ βεό (1) υό'η Σράιν δι έίγιν,  
 Νο ζυρ ρζήιόβ πέ ρίορ δι έίηρδιβ (2) έίμεανν,  
 Ουβδιητ α έιανν, βέελ δι βέελ λειρ,  
 Ξο βρηνζρηνρ εινν αζυρ ρυλ ι η-έίηυε.

Ο'άριουζεαυαρ λεό, ι ζευαλαέτ ζλέζεελ,  
 Αζυρ βυαίλεαυαρ ηρυαέ δι έυαη Όινν έαυαη (3),  
 Έαηηαιηζ αμαέ α ζευο λαννα ζέαιηα,  
 Αζυρ ουβδιητ ηαέ ηγλαεραό ηηιοβ ηά αον ηυο.

Ουβδιητ Μαε Εέαέτ (4) ζο ηβυό ηίοη αν έαζοόηι (5).  
 Οο έαέτ αητεαέ α-ζαν-ρίορ υ'αον ρεαι,  
 Οο ύυλ ηαοι υτοινν ιη ραν ηβεαηαέ εέαυηα,  
 Α'ρ υά υααζαό αηίρ ζο βρηνζρηνρ ζέιλλεαό.

Ο'άριουζεαυαρ α ζευο ρεόλ, λε υιέ-έέιλλε,  
 Νο ζυρ ρορζλαό λεαβηα υηαοιυεαέτ' α'ρ βυέηζε,  
 Ο'άριουζ ρτοηηη αζυρ ραηηηηζιύε ηηέαηα,  
 Οο ηίύε υο βάηε 'ρ υο βαρζ ηα εέαυα.

Δέτ ηρ βεαζ ααα έάηηζ υε βάηη αν λαέ ρηη,  
 Δέτ αν ηέαυ υο έυαιό ζο Σράιν λε ηζέαηαιβ,  
 Ξο ηυεαηηαίό ρηαό ρυαρ αν οηηεαυ εέαυηα,  
 'Σ ζυρ βυαίλεαυαρ αν υαηα υαηη ηρυαέ ηα η-έίμεανν (6)

Ηιοη ζλάαυαηι εαιηε (7) βλαυαη ηά ηηέαζα,  
 Δέτ αζ λαηζαό 'ρ αζ ζεαηηαό λε λαηηαιβ ζέαιηα,  
 Δέτ ρύο ι αν ηάηοηη α ηυεαηηαό αν η'λέαέτα  
 Ξαέ εεαηηόρηντ αζ τεαέτ α'ρ α βυηηαό (8) ρέηη λειρ.

(1) "Έηηαλλ α ρηζ αηίρ υό'η Σ," αν ηηιούέάηαέ.

(2) "Αη υηίζε α'ρ αη έεαηε," Γ.

(3) "Αη ευαηεαίβ έίμεανν," αν ηηιούέάηαέ.

(4) "ηαε αηηε," αν ηηιούέάηαέ.

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 nionam," an Míochánac; "Dunbui," G. I edit as above.

Cinn a gaur cuipr dá ngearriab i n-éimfeadé,  
 A gaur fuil a g imteadé 'na tuile r'éibe,  
 Adé rúo é an cad in ar caillead ná tréim-ríi,  
 Adé a g críochuagá ná cúire bí an lā a g míléirur (1).

Caillead Mac Cuil, Mac Céadé, 'r Mac Drieme  
 Le lannaid tana, glana, gáma,  
 B'i ceas ceoimte a g a tpiu céile  
 Mar bí fóola, banba, 'r éime.

Sgoilteadair tpearna Inir Éilge (2),  
 Adé bí feam de'n oír nári taiténiú an r'géal leir,  
 Eioir h-Éber 'r h-Éremón (3) éus mionnaró tréana  
 Muna b'fuisgead a ceairt go b'fuisgead dá b'eadorad.

Éoraig r'ad feall a gaur éigceairt,  
 Do ólige ná gceairt ní éusfaióe géillead,  
 Tioréa a'r cúigíóe a g oul trío a céile,  
 Gaur tós Coimac Mac Airé Láim le h-Éirinn.

Cuir ré mílíte (4) i gceann a céile,  
 'S bí ainm eile oirna r'ianta (5) Éiréann,  
 Luét gníóim a'r gairge, luét lúit a gaur léimniú,  
 Nári cúir ariam ar laoc adé don feam (6).

(1) "a g míléirur," an míóóáaná; "Clam na míle," S. I edit as above. (2) Thus G; "ealga," S; "féile," an míóóáaná.

(3) Thus S; "éus ré na mionnaró móma tréana," an míóóáaná.

(4) "Slóigte i tceannta a céile," S.

(5) "rianna," G; "riannaid," S; "rianta," an míóóáaná.



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 MacGroine 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 λαός ἀμ λον πελά," ἀν μίσιόελάναε.

(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 βι Σολλ Μας Μόρνα 'ρ α ράμ-λανν λιομίτα,  
 Λάμ μιαμ νάρι τειρ ό ζαιρζε μιζτεαό (1),  
 Ρλανν αζυρ Άιλλε να η-αμ ζέαμια,  
 Αζυρ Conán μαοι μάλλυιζέτε ρεαρι μιλλτε να ρέιννε.

Ζοιηελλι (2) α'ρ Ορζαρι, Ραολαν αζυρ Cαοιλτε,  
 Αζυρ Όιαρμυιο Ο Όυιθνε νο τόζραό υμαιοθεαέτα,  
 Ριονη ρεαρι ρεαφα αζυρ ρειρτ νο ρζαοιλεαό (3),  
 Τοζα να ηζαιρζιθεαέ υε Cλαιηη Όαοιρζνε (4).

Cλανη 1 Όάιθ α θράοι (5) να ηυαοιηε  
 Αζυρ α έραιορθεαέ ρέιν ι λάιη ζαέ ταοιρζιζ,  
 Cαιρβηε ρηρζεαλ (6) να η-αμ λιομίτα,  
 Αζυρ Cλανηα Όοίηηε (7) αρ Τεαηηαηι να Ριζτεαό.

Ιρ ρύμ-ρα (8) νο θιόιρ αζ υέαηαμ ριαμρα  
 Αζ ιμηρτ 'ρ αζ όλ, ζαέ λό 'ρ ζαέ οιόθε,  
 Cιοζαυα, ρζιαέτα, 'ρ Cλαιθεαηια ραοθαρι,  
 Όο θιόεαό ρύμ-ρα αη βοηο, αζυρ ροιηη λιοητα.

Αζ ριαόαέ αη έηορ, αη ιηόηη, 'ρ αη ρέιηεθιθ,  
 Αζ ρηέ αη θηοιε 'ρ αη ειηεθιθ μαοια,  
 Αέτ ιε ηηρ (9) να ζοοη ζυρ ραλλεαό να ηηέηη-ϋηη.  
 Μαρι ηαέ υετυζαυαη ριαμ νο Όια ζέιλλεαό.

Concúbar νο έάηηζ ι ζερόηη 'να όείζ ρηη  
 Αζυρ να ρυραιοό Cηρτε, να ηζαιρζε ηρέαηα.  
 Cλανη ηηρηιζ, έυηη Αλβα ραοι έιορ ιε η-έηηηηηη,  
 Αζυρ ραλλεαό αη ηηύηη, αη ηυόιζ, ιε Όέηηοηε,

(1) "Μαρι ζεαλλ αη μιζτεθιθ," αη Μιούέάηαέ.

(2) "Ζεαηαλ," αη Μιούέάηαέ. "Cαιρηεαλλ αη ρεαηρ.

(3) "Ρεαρι ρηη τε αζυρ ζαοιηρα (ρ)," αη Μιούέάηαέ.

(4) "Ό'ιαυ ρηη να ζαιρζιθιό θι αη ηε.," αη Μιούέάηαέ. I edit as above. (5) "Cλινεαυαεθ αζυρ α μαοι μαιέ υαοιηε," αη Μιούέάηαέ.

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 ni 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 Míuócánaç.

(7) Sic, S.; "Clíneavúçraoçra," an Míuócánaç.

(8) "Fuaimeac," an Míuócánaç. (9) "Le miar (i.e. meavair), G.

(10) These names as typical Fenians are new to me, Naoise's  
 brother Ainle is pronounced Al-ya.

Τόζαθ ραδ ι, ι ζαίλλ (1) 'γι ζερίοναδτ  
 Λε θεϊτ δζ αν μιζ μαρ έειλε 'γ μαρ έαοιθεεαδ,  
 Έριέζ ρι αν έριόν, α ευρο όγι δζυρ ναοιμε,  
 Δζυρ λεαν ρι Διουάν, Δι[η]λε (2), α'γ Ναοιρε.

Κύκυλαιν να ζελεαρ, Ιάμ θηιρτε ζαδ θερινα,  
 Δζυρ Κοηιόθ (3) εαιλλεαθ λειρ αν μηριυννεαλλ θλάτ-  
 ναιο (3),

Α κόμ-οιρε μύιντε θιοθ ριαθ τημάτ αιι,  
 Ρεαρζαρ (4) Μαε Ρουαίθ δζυρ Κοηαλλ Θεριναδ.

Σιν ιαθ αιημνε να ζευριαθ τά με ριάθ λεατ,  
 Θιοθ αι ευανταιβ [αζ] ρεαραιη ζάρινα,  
 Δέτ Κοηέυθαρι αιηάιν ό έύιρ αν νατα,  
 Ηιοι ναοήαθ ουιμε ζο τεάινιζ Ράοηιαζ.

Εαρβαλλ θεανηιζέτε έριαλλ ζο η-έιρηνη,  
 Έυζ αν τεζαεριαμυιητ Θεανηιζέτε(5) ι ηβέαι ζαδ αοιηνε  
 ζηιόεαθ αν μαριθ θεό, 'γ αν ρεαρι μαλληιζέτε ηαειηέα,  
 Σ νο ηιύκ Κοιηνεαλλ να Καηιηιαζε λε η-α ρηέροεαθ.

Όο έυζ οηο α'γ Διηηιον (6) νο 'αζαριε 'γ νο έλείηεαδ,  
 Δζυρ ρλάηυζαθ α η-αηαηι ραν τεζαεριαμυιητ Ηαειηέα,  
 Σεαέτ ζαέαθ ηοιηιζ νο έυρι ρέ λε έειλε  
 Δζυρ θλιαθαιη 'γ τηι ριόο νο ρτιύρι ρέ έιηε (7).

(1) Σιο, Γ; "ι ζαοιλλ," αν Ηιοθέάναδ; "ι ζαιλλ," Σ.

(2) Λαθαηίεαη αν τε-αιηη ρεο ι ζεοήηηιόε μαρ "Διλλε."

(3) "ρλάηηυ," αν Ηιοθέάναδ; "επιηζ," αν Ηιοθέάναδ.

(4) "Ραιηιρ ηιε Ηοιέηο," αν Ηιοθέάναδ; "Ρεαηιρ μαε Ρουαηο,"  
 Σ. Λαθαηίεαη Ρεαρζαρ ι ζεοήηηιόε μαρ "Ρεαραρ" νο "Ρεαηοιρ."

(5) "Αη τερεηηόηηη ηαοήέα," αν Ηιοθέάναδ.

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 Bland,  
 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 ΤΡΟΙΓΕ ΥΠΝΑΙΣΤΕ 'Ρ ΘΕΙΜΕ.".

(8) Pronounced Al-ya and Neesha. (9) recte, Ouruidh (10).  
 recte Roigh.

(11) Roilig means now a churchyard, but Raftery uses it  
 apparently in the sense of church.

Όμοιω εἰλε ἐάμωγ ι νοιαῖζ ἀν ἱζέιλ ρεό,  
 Λοέλαννωῖζ, εἰμι βυαῖόμεσδ ἀ'ρ ἀηζαρι (1) ἀμ ἔμμων,  
 Τιμζέριμρ μαρι ἐεανηόριτ ομμῖα ἀζ μῆδδσδ (2),  
 ἀν ρεαρ βα ἠεαῖα ολιζε ἀζυρ βέαῖα.

Ἠάρι ἐάμ ἀν ολιζε βῖδεσδ ἀζ ἀν βπέριτε,  
 ζαέ ρεαρ ὄζ σο ἐιυφρᾶν ἐμ ρέσῶμα,  
 Ἠο μᾶσδσδ ἐμ ρόρτα λε μῆσῶι νο ἐεἰλε,  
 Ἠορι λειρ ἄ τῦρ ἀέτ λε Τιμζέριμρ.

Ἠο ζυρι ἱζηῖσδ Μᾶοιῖρεᾶέλανη λιτιρ βῖεᾶζαέ  
 ἀζυρ τεᾶέτᾶμπε ἐμρ λῆι λε ἱζέᾶλῶιβ,  
 Ῥῦν νᾶ εἰμπε σο ἐεἰλε 'ρ σο ἱέᾶναῖ,  
 'S ζυρι β'έ ρηιοέμωζαδ νᾶ εἰμπε ζυρι εἰλλεᾶδ Τιμζέριμρ.

Ἠυαρι εἰλλεᾶδ ἀν ἐεανηόριτ 'ρ σᾶ'ρ'έᾶζ βῖ ἀμᾶσν λειρ,  
 βῖ Λοέλαννωῖζ ι ῖᾶν ἀζ ἠιλέριμρ,  
 ζαέ ουιπε 'ρ ἄ μωδῖζ ἀμ ὅμῆεμ Τιμζέριμρ,  
 Ἠο ζυρι μωδῖζεᾶδ ἄ νοεμπεᾶδ ἀμᾶέ ἀρ ἔμμων.

Ἀέτ βειμτ ἄ σ'ῖᾶν ἀζ ριυεᾶδ ἱζέᾶλα (3)  
 εἰμι ἀν βωνν 'ρ ἀν ἐῖμζ 'ρ ἀν ἐλῖτέε ν-έμῖρεᾶέτ,  
 ἀ'ρ λε ρέ βᾶμπε σέᾶζ (4) σο μῆρι μαρι λῆῖζτεαρι,  
 ἀν σᾶμῖα υαμρ 'ρεᾶδ ἐὶζ ρῖαδ ἔμπε.

Ἄμω-έοιρ ρμωῖδ ἀζυρ ἱζῖμῖρᾶῖδ ζέᾶμᾶ  
 Ὅο λεᾶζαδ ἀηηριη ἀμωᾶρ ἀμ ἔμμων,  
 βυαηδῖθε ἠμρ ζαέ τεᾶέ λε ρᾶιτέοιρ ἱζέᾶλα,  
 Ἠο μῦν ζαέ σῖαρ σο οὔλ (5) 'νᾶ ἐεἰλε.

(1) "ἀζ σέᾶναῖν βῖνῖδ ἀμ ἔμμων," ἀν ἠῖοῖέᾶναέ.

(2) "Μᾶρ ἐεανη 'ρ μαρ λέᾶσῖρ," ἀν ἠῖοῖέᾶναέ.

(3) sic, ἀν ἠῖοῖέᾶναέ; G. has "σ'ῖᾶν εἰμῖμ νᾶ νοιαῖζ ἀζ βᾶιλ-  
 ἠζαδ ἱζέᾶλτα." (4) "Sé βᾶῖῖ σέᾶζ," S. (5) "Τμ νᾶ ἐεἰλε," 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.

'Duałzuy eile i zceann an méio rin,  
 Uinnea 'de'n ór beic di zac dén tiz,  
 'S an fear nac n-iocraó é i zceann zac féile  
 Bí an ttríón le bainc vé ó élarí (1) a éadain.

No zuy zlac brian bóroime truaige o'Éirinn  
 Beic az loclannaiğ faoi cómairi a uairca (2),  
 Zo nuaéairé ré féin 'r O Concuairi (3) i n-éinfeacé,  
 'S zuy cuireadair a zconznaní i uceannta a céile.

Phear an Riozácéa ruar i n-éinfeacé,  
 Tuzao focal na fairie i mbéal zac dén neacé,  
 Luéc fairie oo éacéao azuy roip oo féiveao (4),  
 Oioce féile San Seazáin (5) inr zac ceapoa o'Éirinn.

Zluairadair ó'n Múmain oo péir mar léizcear,  
 O Ceapbaili 'r a rluaiğce ó móin eile (6),  
 Cinnéioiz azuy loicánaiğ tréana,  
 Azuy Clann Conamara ar an zcraeatalaiğ zlézeal.

O Súliobáin ariar ar iaircaí (7) Éireann,  
 Moiránaiğ, Brioğánaiğ, zadbéa zleurtá,  
 O Donabáin na briaó, O Meacáir 'r O Déara,  
 O Seacáiraiğ ó'n nZort, nári cóiri a réanaó.

O Múroa, O Doinn, a'r O Floinn le céile,  
 Caéánaiğ, Coelánaiğ, azuy Clann Uí mélio (?8),  
 Mac Capáin (9) ó'n rliab, fear rial zan don luéc,  
 O brian 'r O Murcuza oirra mar "léaveir."

(1) "Zo clai," i.e. "ve élarí," an Míouéánaé.

(2) "Faoi cuire uairca," G. (3) "O Cmuéir," an Míouéánaé.

(4) Aliter, "Luéc fairie oo éacé azuy na roip 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 Lorcans,  
 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'Caahans, Coghans, and Clan O'Malley (?),  
 MacCarthan from the mountain, the generous man without a  
 fault,  
 O'Brian and O'Murphy over them as leaders.

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(5) "Iolcain Seágan," an Míobcánac. (6) "Dún Fíle," S.; "Dun Éile," G. (7) "Iolcain," an Míobcánac. (8) "Clannúe Muileartha," an Míobcánac; "Clann uí Meolairí," G.; "clann ásur mélorí," cóip eile (9) "Mac Ábha," an Míobcánac



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) *Ṭá leat-mann eile ann go as an Míodánac naé ceugaim fúar:*

*"As fear vo bí ann 'r nár fan le rígealaib,  
 is mb'lacliaé euit tubairce an lé rín"* (aliter ar).

(6) Sic G. ; *"go nbeairiú R l cocat ve'n ruaricac," M*

1 ζεαηηη ϩηζ ζαϣηαη εάηηηζ Ϯηζεαηηηα εηηηη (?!),  
 Ϯηζ ϩε Ϯό α ϩοϣαλ αζυη ηηοηηηάη Ϯηεηηα  
 ζο ϮηηϮηηάη ϩε ϩηαη α εεαηη ϩεηη Ϯο εηηηηηη,  
 αέϮ ϩάϩάη ϮαβαηηϮ Ϯο 1 η-ηοηαϮ (2) αη ηζεήλ ϩηη.

ϮεαέϮαηηεαέϮ (3) Ϯ'ηηϮηζ, α'η αϮαηϮ αζ ϩεηηεαέϮ,  
 ζυη ϮυηηεαέϮ λε εέηε ηόηηηηηηη εέαϮα,  
 Ϯηζεαηηηα ζϮηοηηζβοη οηηηα ηαη λέαϮαη.  
 ζυη ϮόζαϮαη Ϯήηηε Ϯαηζεαη Ϯε'η ηεηηη ϩηη.

. . . . .

Ϯηη εέαϮ αηηηηηη, αζυη Ϯυη λεηη εηηηϮ (4),  
 ηο ζο ηηζαέϮ 1 ζαϣηαηα αη ηηηοηηηηα ϮεηηϮα, Ϯ  
 [αζυη] ηάηηαηη λήηεαη Ϯο εηοηηηαηηζ ηα εέαϮα,  
 Ϯο ϩεηη αη ηάηα 'η αη ζαϣηαηηεαϮ ηαέηηηα.

Ϯ'αϮ α'η βη ϩε 1 ζϮοηηεη β'ολε ιαϮ α βέαϩα,  
 αζ ηζεηηόβ α'η αζ Ϯαηηηαηηηζ λεαβηηα βηέηηε,  
 αζ ϩοζηαέϮ Ϯοηηάη 'η αζ λεαζαέϮ "ϩλαηηαϮηοηη,"  
 αζ ηεαβαέϮ ζεαϮάη βαλληάη 'η "ϩοηηηαϮηοηη."

1η ηοηηά Ϯόηηηηάη ϮηηηεαέϮ (?) βηεαζαέϮ (5),  
 Ϯαηηηαηηηζ[εαέϮ] αηηαέϮ αη αη ηηηοβηα ζαεϮεαηαέϮ (6),  
 ζαέ Ϯηηηε αη α εεαηηη αζ ϩηοϣαέϮ λεηηηηη αη,  
 αζ ϮεαηηβηζαέϮ αη εεηηϮ 1 ηηλλαέϮ αη εηηηηζ.

(1) Sic M.; "βηεηηηό," G. (2) "1 λεαβηηό," G.

(3) Sic G.; "express," S.

(4) Sic G.; "Ϯηη εέαϮαέϮ βηηαέϮαη α ηηηαηηζ αη ηζεήλ ϩο," M.

(5) ηί'λ αη Ϯεαέϩαηηα ϩο αζ αη ηηηοέαηηαέϮ.

(6) "αη λάη αη ηηοβηα ζ," G.

To the King of England came the Lord of Eisin (1),  
 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."

Μαρι βί Αναδάρτις, Seeker, ΔΣΥΡ Quaker,  
 Πρωταρχίμ, Swadler (1), ΔΣΥΡ Πρεβιτέριανη,  
 In ran am rin ní μαιβ τιάδτ αι Cpromwellian,  
 No zo vátimz Cpromail, an φαρι τός έιμε.

mile 'r cúiz céao vo réir μαρι léiztear,  
 Naoi ΔΣΥΡ Δ h-ocτ vo cúr i zceann an méio rin,  
 Ó túirliuz Cρίοτ i zcolainn óaonna,  
 No zup tοταiz Hanneoi an Reformacion.

τuz (2) Δ cúl vo Όια Δ' r úiltaiz Δ céao-bean,  
 ΔΣΥΡ πόρ ré Δ ingean réin μαρι mnaoi 'r μαρι céile,  
 Lúitear Δ' r Calbin vo b'ainm vo'n péime  
 Vo rzaioleao an beime an poc le céile (3).

Όαιν ré an ceann oi le lannaiβ zéaiμ,  
 Δ' r ní oi-re amáim acτ ve túilleao léi,  
 Nár cam an olizε vo bí ΔΣ an té rin,  
 Vo cúir Δ bean 'r Δ ingean cum báir i n-éimφeacτ.

Αν Όαιμφιοζαιμ Μαιμε, cuiuz (4) na nZaeoel,  
 Αn miazvean móóamail, mairφeac, beapac,  
 Réab rí tuim, cpoimn, ΔΣΥΡ zéazα,  
 'S muna mbeic i caulleao tairimócaó rí rφeáimac.

Ειρβél τάιμz i zcpióin 'na tóiz rin,  
 Nár πόρ φαρι ΔΣΥΡ nár tpoiz zαν céile (5),  
 Cuir Δ cúl 'r Δ oimim le cuiuz na cléime,  
 No zup cúir rí an μuaz αι an Cαzλαir zaeoelaiz.

(1) "Smairφeaiφeaiφe," M. (2) "τuz ré," MSS. (3) Sic G.;  
 "Δ rzaoi an beime i bpaime 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 dean nár fóir fear 'r nár éirir 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 νο εάινις ι ζερóιν 'να όείζ ριν,  
 αν ρεαρ βα μέαρα όλιζε αζυρ βέαρα,  
 Όο όλιζε Στριαρρο ευζ ρέ ζέιλλεαό (1)  
 αζ λεαζαν ρλαβρα αρ νόινι 'ρ αρ ρλέιβτιό (2).

Σ νόιρ μέαρα αν τ-αέοιρ-νά αν μαε Σέαριλυρ,  
 αζ λεαζαν ρζιύρραιόε ζο ριυαίό αρ έιρηνν,  
 άετ нуαιρ β'άιλ le ouine 'ρ le Όια αν ρζέαλα (3),  
 Cail le a éeann le cionáin Spéirioc (4).

μαζυόιρ 'ρ μαε μαεζαμάιν εόζ λάμ le h-έιρηνν,  
 ι λοπóυν νο βαμεαό αν ceann ve'n ρέιριε,  
 εόζαν Ruad νο εάινις ι νοιαίς αν ρζέιλ ρεό,  
 μαρκαε ρεαρμάιλ, βαρριμάιλ, βέαραε.

λύτμαρ, cleapac, rúzac, éapza,  
 Όο δαιν léim λεαε-εάοιβε αρ Cionwellianr,  
 Ό Όροίεαο (5) να Σιύριε ζο Όύν ρέιλε (6),  
 Ό Cairioll Múinan ζο cuan binn éadain (7).

Ό Cill-odalua (8) ζο βρυαε loc ζήριε,  
 'S αν οά εύριζε Múinan νο ευρ le céile (9),  
 άετ ζυρ le bean loim Solven (10) νο cailleaó αν  
 ρέαριλα

ι ζConoae Ciarraióe ι η-ιαρταρ έιρεααν.

(1) "νόιρ ευζ ρέ ζειλλεαό άετ λεαζαν," ετο pan MS., άετ ní cor-  
 múil ζυρ ceapic ριν. Mire v'áiriuz é.

(2) Sio G.; "αζ λεαζαν ρζιυρραιίζε ριυαίόε ανυαρ αρ έιριε," M.

(3) "άετ нуαιρ βιόό véan le Όια 'ρ le ναοιμó αν ρζέαλα," M.;  
 ιη neam-ζηνάεαε "αν ρζέαλα" ι η-άιτ "να ρζέαλα" νο "αν ρζέαλ."

(4) ράοι c. ρρ," G

(5) "Ό Cairraiuz," G. (6) "Όύνααλαιν," 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 cluain-méala go baile Séamair," G.

(8) "Ó Ún Dóinnail," M.

(9) "Δι' νηα[=νηοίξ] δι' ὑπέριμ λειρ," M.

(10) "Τιξέσθηα ζορροεν," G.

(11) i.e., measuring it for plantation purposes.

(12) Aliter, "Gorden." Gordon is often pronounced "Gore-den" in Connacht.

'Sé báf Cógain Ruaid ó'fás buaidíreadó arí Zaeúealaid,  
 Oiro dgyr dirhuoinn dgyr Eadglair feuntaé,  
 Mar beit uatíroio arí béal ruadoid (?) óá caifzairc dgy  
 céatcaid,  
 Bi Cromail 'r a iuaidgte ran muaid oira ar éirinn (1).

Ba buaidíreadó an triác rin, i mbeal an fózímair,  
 1 -Ead-óruim Dia Luain de báfir an Dóimuid,  
 Ir iomóa mac Zaeúil a ó'fás ré bión arí,  
 Zan triác ar ar cailleadó i mDhíreadó na Dóinne (2).

Áct Séamair a' éaca, maiaáct Dè óó,  
 Cug a mgean vo 'Liam mar iinnsoi 'r mar céile,  
 'Sé iunn an Zaeúealac Zalloa 'r an Zalloa Zaeú-  
 ealac,  
 Nuair éuir ré an éruiteaeáct 'r an éóina tpe na céile.

Tpe móm-na-ngalloa 'readó ériall luét béirila (3),  
 'S dgy Zeaca-na-zceann (4) 'readó iunneadó a r'leuctar,  
 dgy Rucapell Pary (5) 'readó óioladó na Zaeúealaid  
 ar r'zillin (6) a' r' maél amac an péipe.

dgy Cillin O Zuarig (7) bi na Zalla (8) ar péarta,  
 No go ótamis an Sdhírealac, eioide na péile,  
 Leig ré leir an tSionnainn (9) a zcuio arim a' r' éadaid,  
 'S zuyr óóg ré Luimneac an máioin céatna.

(1) ní'l an ceatíamá ro dgy an Míóúánaé.

(2) "Zan triác ar beit arí Dhíreadó na Dóinne," M.

(3) "Ériall a méatíacé (?)," M.

(4) "Zceapa," M.

(5) "An Rucapallac fallra vo óiol," 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 Aghrim 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-riúr maḡ fuair mé rḡéala," G.

(7) Sic G.; "as rḡilín máḡoiric," M.

(8) Sic G.; "na rḡeóil," M.

(9) Sic G. áct rḡḡiobann ré "leir an t-unéainn." "'S suir rḡeóil ré le rḡán," 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 cúigeadó bí. f. go bfuigeadó nuio réilleadó," G.

(4) "imirt," G. (5) "barrma a céite," M.

'Dá bfeicfeá an rreimhean a' r í zabhca zleurtca,  
 Lá breáđ zrine gan tinnio, 'r rí ríúbal,  
 Solur lairta ar a bhoillac zlégeal  
 'Do tíúbhíac léirgear 'no fcar gan ríul.  
 Tá zriac na zceucta i zcláir a h-éadain,  
 'r zcall a feucainc(1) le ieuic a' luain,  
 'S dá mbeúeac rí i n-éinfeacé le linn na noéice  
 Ní ruar 'no Dénuir 'no béairfaiúe an t-úball.

Tá a foic az carac léi ríor zo zlíuicib,  
 Az rilleac 'r az líbac zo véal a brios,  
 Na noualcacib rzarica, 'ré éoin zlar le 'ríúca,  
 'S na ríoiríúe a' rzuabac (2) na 'oiac gan mó.  
 A' r ríú i an cúlíonnn 'r zile mínte  
 'Dá' rí forzail ríul azur 'dá maieann beo,  
 'S dá mbuó liom-ra 'uicéce an Tigeanna lícan  
 'Dáir briđ mo cúire buó liom-ra an tpeóro.

Tá a cum caol cailce 'r a zruac maí na míraib  
 'S a dá éic cóm-éruinn or cómíairi a ríoiré,  
 A briađair a leaca 'r a cúlín ómra, [rí.  
 A' r maí 'ríúéce an fógmíairi 'reac bpeacnuigeann  
 Buirzil, Ciceio, no cómíacé hómair  
 Ní tíúbhíac i zcónh-mear (3) a rzeim 'r a znaoi,  
 Tuic mé i bpeacac leac a bléce na h-óize  
 'S muna 'noic tú az ól liom ní ináirpeacó mí.

(1) "Dá ríul maí n. a, l.," C. (2) "na bfeicfeain líbac," 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 twista-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 breasta 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 ξωμαρ," C. and G. I edit as above.

(4) "Glas" must apparently be translated thus.

Δὲ γυῖβαλ νο ἀγ ὠαίη'α ὠά ἡφείρεά ἀν πλανήσα  
 Ὅρ βέαιρᾶ τ'ἀνηρᾶτ (1) ὠο βλάτ να ζρηαοβ,  
 Ἀ ζρηαὸ τρη λαρᾶὸ 'ρ α ερηοῦε ζαν ἀηζαη,  
 'S ναὲ λᾶζαὲ ἀν μυσ τεανητευζᾶὸ λε η-α βηολλᾶὲ  
 μῖη.

Cómhacta Sampson no Alexanthei  
 Δη νοόηζ, νῖ ρανητόέαιηη ἰ η-άητ μο ἡηαν,  
 'S μμη ἡρᾶζαὸ εεαὸ εαιητε λε Μᾶηηε Σαηητωῖ  
 Τά μέ ἰ η-αῖηηαη ζμη ζεαηηη μο ῖ'αοζᾶλ.

Ἐυζ ρῖ "μαηα" (2) ὠαη ζο μοὲ λε πλείρημη,  
 Λεαζ ηῖ ρᾶατ (3) ἀζαη ἀζμη νῖ 'γ'α ζελῦρο,  
 Ὅ'ὀλ ηῖ ὠεὸ ὠηη, β'ῖ ερηοῦε να ρᾶηε ἰ,  
 ἡη ραν ἀη ἀη ἑηηηζ μέ λε σὺλ ἑηηη ρηῖβαλ.  
 Ὅο βυαη μέ 'λαβαιητ ἀ'ρ κόμηαὸ λῆι,  
 ἡη μηηητε ὠ'φῆαὲ ηῖ ὠηη, βλάτ να η-ῖβαλλ,  
 Ἀὲτ ρο βανηαῖὸ βῆηλ ὠαοῖβ ζαν ροαλ ἡρηῖζε,  
 Ζμη ρᾶζ μέ ἀη ἑηαοβ ἀηα (4) ὀ ἡῖάηηε ἡηῖηη.

Ὅο λαβαιη ἀη ρεαὲτῖηηη ηη ραν ἀβηᾶη ρο ἀη ἀη  
 ἡρῶραε ζλέζεαλ βῖ ἰ μῖβαηε-ηη-ηηαζ. Ὅο β'ῖ ρηη ἀη  
 ἡηαῖζῶεαη ὠο β'άηηε, ἀβηηη ρηαὸ, ὠο μηζαὸ λε εεαὸ  
 βηηαὸδαν ἰ η-ηαηῆαη ἑηηηηηη. ἡῖ'λ ἀοη τρηαη-ὠηηηε ἀη.  
 ταοβ ρηη ὠε Ἐοηαὲ να ζαῖηηηηε ηᾶη ἑυαλαῖὸ εαιητ ἀη  
 ἀη ρρηῖηηεαη ρο, ἀζμη ἡαυ-ρην ὠο ἑοηηηηηε ἰ, ἡῖ  
 ρῆηηηη λεὸ α ρᾶῖτ μοῖτα ἑαβαιητ ὠ'ᾶ ρζῆηηη ἀζμη ὠ'ᾶ

(1) "Ἀηηᾶ," G.; "fancy," C.; aliter ταῖηηεαῖη. I edit as above.

(2) Sio 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 Stannton,  
 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.

Rafferty speaks in this song of the Posy Bright who was in Ballylec. 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.

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(4) "ḡo ucuḡ rí an péim léi." Neither S nor ḡ have these four lines.

(5) A not uncommon appellation in Iris for a young person.

βέφαοιβ λαζάδα. Το κόμηνιγ ρί ι n-αισε λε ζορι-ιμπε-  
 ζουαιε, αζυρ τά ρυιζλεαδ αν τιζε ιν αι μιαι ρι λε ρει-  
 ριιιτ ζο ρόιιι αζ βαιλε-ιι-λιαζ, βαιλε βεαζ α βφυιι λεαδ-  
 ουιριι νε τιζτιβ ανη, αι βφυαδ αιβνε βιζε αιι-ζλόριαζε  
 ι ιιβαρύνταατ ειλταριταν. Το βαινεαδ αν ειοι ιρ ιό  
 νε να clocaιβ αι βιιιι αζυρ ταοβ-βαλλαιβ αν τιζε λε να  
 ζουι ι οτιζτιβ ειλε νο λε βαλλαιβ-cloice νο εόζβαιι,  
 αζυρ ο'ράρ να ιρεαδα αζυρ να ομπεόζα αμεαρζ αν  
 ιιέιο οιοβ νο ράζαδ, αζυρ τά ριαο ριι ρέιι ιττε αζ να  
 ζαδβραιβ, ιιιοατ ναε βφυιι αον ράρ ιοιιιτα, αζυρ ριι αν  
 μέαο ατά λε ρειριιιτ νε'η αιι αιι μιαιι Μάιιιε Νι  
 η-Ειριιι 'να βλάε αζυρ να ιρείιι. Μαιι λέιζιιιο ι  
 "n-Οιόε Cloinne Λιι": "ιρ αιιιαιό ρυαριαμαρι αν βαιλε,  
 ράρ ρολαιι αιι α ζοιοιι, ζαν αατ μαοι-ιαάε ζλαρα αζυρ  
 οοιιιεαδα νεαηιιτα ανη, ζαν τιζ, ζαν τειιιε, ζαν τριεβ."

"Νι ραααιό μέ ιιαιι αον βεαν εοιι βιιεάζ λέι αζυρ  
 ηι ρειρρεαο ζο βυάζαιό μέ βάρ," αιιρα ρεαν-βεαν λειρ  
 αν ιιβαριιτιζεαριια ζιιιεζοιι. Δουβαιιιτ ρεαν-ριζεαοοίιι  
 νο εοιιιιιιζ ι ζο ιιαιι, "βυδ έ Μάιιιε Νι η-Ειριιι αν ιιιο  
 βα βιιεάζα οα'ιι εοιιαδ ιιαιι. Νι βιοδ κοιόιιιταρ βάιιιε  
 ιι ραν ειιι ναε ιιβειτ ρί ανη, αζυρ εαοαιζ βάνα ιιιιιι ι  
 ζοιιιιιιιιιι. Ο'ιαριι αον ρεαρι οεαζ ι λε ρόρραδ ι n-αον  
 λά αιιάιι, αατ ιι ρόρραδ ρί ρεαρι αιι βιε αα. Οι οριεαιι  
 ο'ρεαριαιβ όζα 'να ρυιιιε αζ όι αον οιοεε αιιάιι, αζυρ  
 εριοιαοαρι αζ ααιιτ αιι Μάιιιε Νι η-Ειριιι, αζυρ ο'εαλ-  
 αιζ ρεαρι αα αιααε λε ουι ζο βαιλε-ιι-λιαζ λε η-α ρει-  
 εάλ, αατ ιιαιιι εάιιιζ ρέ ζο Μόιιι Cluana ειιι ρέ ιι  
 ραν ιιιιε αζυρ βάιιεαδ ε." Ουβαιιιτ ρεαν-ρεαρι ειλε,  
 "αν ρεαρι ιρ λάιιιιε βι αζοιιιι βυδ έ ριι Σεάζαν Ο . . .  
 ρυαρι ρέ βάρ ο'ά βάριι, αζ ουι τριεαριια να η-αβαν ιι  
 ι αν οιοεε αζ ρυιι λε η-α ρειρεάλ." Ουβαιιιτ ρεαν-βεαν

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

εἶπε, “νὶ ἴακαῖρὸ ἀν ζῆσαν νᾶ ἀν ζεαλαὸ ἀον μῦσ ἐοῖν  
 βρεᾶζ λέι. Ἐονναῖηι μῖρε ἰ ζο μῖνις. Ὀἰ ἐπιοῦθ  
 εἰνεᾶλτα ἀἰσι. Ὀἰ μέ, λά ἀμῖδιν, ἀζ σὺλ ἀθαῖλε τῖπῶ  
 ἀν βράηις ῖν ἐάλλ, ἀζυρ μῖρε τῖπῖρεᾶδ ζο λεόρ, ἀζυρ  
 εἰα ἐπῖρεᾶθ ἀμαὸ ἐυζαμ ἀετ ἀν ῖόρσε ζλέζεαλ ἀζυρ  
 ἐυζ ῖ ἱελαῖνε λεαῖνναὸτα ὄαμ.” Ὀυβῶηις ῖεαρ ἰ  
 Ἐἰνν-ἰᾶρῖα, “ὄειρ ἡ-υἰλε ὄυἰνε νὰὸ βῖνῖλ ἀον ὄυἰνε ἡ  
 ῖεἰρεᾶλ ἀνοῖρ ἐοῖν ῖζῖαῖνᾶδ λέι. Ὀἰ ζῖυαζ βρεᾶζ ῖπῖρ  
 ἀῖ ὄατ ἀν ὀῖρ. Ὀἰ ῖ ἵνα καῖλῖν βοετ, ἀετ ὄο βῖοῦ ῖ  
 ζλέαῖρτα ἡ-υἰλε λά μαῖ ἀν Ὀῖῖνᾶδ, βῖ ῖ ἐοῖν ῖναῖρτα  
 ῖν, ἀζυρ ὄα ῖαὸαὸ ῖ ῖ ζο βᾶηε νο ζο ἐπῖνῖνῖζαθ  
 ὄο βῖοῦ νᾶ ὄαοἰνε ἀζ ῖντ ἰ μῖλλᾶδ ᾶ ἐέἰλε ἡ ν-ᾶ ζεῖο  
 ῖῖλ ὄο ἡεζαν ῖπῖρ. Ὀἰ ᾶ λᾶν ἰ ηζῖᾶδ λέι, ἀετ ῖαῖρ  
 ῖ ἡᾶρ ἀζυρ ἰ ὄζ. Ὀυἰνε ἀῖ βῖε ᾶ μβῖοῖν ἀβῖᾶν ὄεᾶντα  
 ἀῖρ, νῖ ἰᾶῖρῖρὸ ῖε ᾶ βῖαο. ἀὄειρ ῖαο.” Ὀἴοῖρ, ἀουβ-  
 ᾶηις ῖεαν-βεαν ἡε καῖαῖο ὄαῖν-ῖα, ζῖρ βῖαο νᾶ ὄαυἰνε  
 μαῖτε ὄο ῖυζ λεό ἰ, ὀῖρ ἀὄειρ ῖ, “ἐᾶῖνῖζ ὄαοἰνε ἀῖ ζαὸ  
 υἰλε ἀῖπῶ ἡε νᾶ ῖεἰρεᾶλ ἀζυρ βῖοῖρ ζο ῖαῖβ ὄαοἰνε  
 ἀηη ὄο ὄεᾶῖμαο ‘βᾶἰ ὀ Ὀῖα ῖπῖρ’ ὄο ῖᾶθ.”

ῖαῖοῖρ! ὄο ἐυζ ὄυἰνε-υαῖαλ ἡόρ ὄο βῖ ἡ ῖαν τῖρ  
 ῖν ζῖᾶθ ὄἰ. Τῖῖεζαθ ἰ ἀζυρ ῖαῖρ ῖ ἡᾶρ ἰ μβοετᾶν-ῖ  
 ταμᾶλλ βεαζ ῖῖλ ἐᾶῖνῖζ ἀν ὄῖοὸ-ῖαοζᾶλ.

Ὀο ῖζῖᾶθ ῖρε ἀν τ-ἀβῖᾶν ὄο ῖῖννε ἀν ῖεᾶετῖηε  
 ὄἰ, ἀζ Ἐἰλταῖταν, ὀ βῖαλ Ἐομᾶῖρ ἡἰ ἡ-Ἐἰῖν, ζεᾶεἰλ-  
 τεᾶῖρ βρεᾶζ ἐἡῖτε, ἀζυρ ῖεαρ-ἀβῖᾶν μαῖε, ἀτᾶ ῖεἡ  
 ζαοῖαὸ λέι. Ἐυζ μέ ἀν τ-ἀβῖᾶν ὄο ἡοῖμα Ὀοῖτῖς  
 ἀζυρ ἐῖρ ῖρε ἡ ἀ “Ἐεὸλ ῖῖε” ἔ. ἀζ ῖο ἀν τ-ἀβῖᾶν  
 ἡαῖ ὄο βῖ ῖε ἀῖζε:—

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 Glogal (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-erōin

no

## an pósaé zlezeal.

Uul éuis an aifionn oam le toil na nḡmarta,  
 Do bi an lá báirteac, aḡur o'árouis zaoó,  
 Capaó an ainny liom le taoib Cilleaiteain  
 Aḡur éuit mé láirteac i nḡmáó le mnaoi.  
 Labair mé léi (1) zo múinte máinla  
 'S oo réiri a cáileacó 'r eao o'fíreḡairi rí,  
 'Sé oubaire rí, " Rairteiri cá m'ionnoinn ráirta  
 Aḡur zluair zo lá liom zo baíl'-ui-liaḡ (2)."

Nuair fuair mé an cairiḡiunt<sup>a</sup> níoir leis mé ar cáirte é,  
 Rinne mé záire aḡur zéit mo ériote,  
 Ni maib le uul aḡaimn aóó cmarna páirce  
 'S ní éuis muis (4) an lá linn aóó zo cóin an tige.  
 Leḡaóó éuḡaimn boiro a maib zloine a'f cáirta air,  
 Aḡur cúilríonn fáinneac le m'air 'na rúite,  
 'Sé oubaire rí, " Rairteiri, bí 'z ól 'r céao fáilte,  
 Tá'n foilear láiriri i mbaíl'-ui-liaḡ."

I'f doirbinn aéireac ar éaoib an t'leibe  
 Aḡ breacnuḡaó ríoir ar baíl'-ui-liaḡ,  
 Aḡ rúbal rna zleanncaib 'baire enó aḡur r'méara.  
 'S zeall ceileabair (5) éan ann le ceóltair ríre.  
 Cía'n b'ruḡ ran méao rín zo b'ráigéac léairiḡur,  
 Ar blaé na zcraéb acá le n-a éaoib,  
 Ni'l maic o'á r'eunaó a'f ná ceil ar denne,  
 'Si r'péiri na zríoine aḡur zruáó mo ériote (6).

(1) Aliter, "lean mé uire." (2) Labairteair an áit mar "baile-laoi."  
 (3) i.e. cairiḡiunt. (4) muis = rínn.  
 (5) Aliter, "a'f ceileabair, 7c." 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.

---

ύμν." (6) Aliter, "σο ἔμεόρῳ μό ἐμοῖσθε.

(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 Σακρανα 'γ αν φρανε λε céite,  
 Αν Σράιν, αν Ξιρίεζ, αζυρ αμ μ'αιρ αμίρ,  
 Ο βιουαέ Λοέ Ξιέινε ζο βέαι να Céιβε (1),  
 'S ní φααυό μέ φέιμίν αμ βιέ μαρ ι.  
 Όα μβέιινν-ρε πόρτα λε βλάε να η-όιζε  
 Τριέ Λοέ αν Τόριαε νο Λεαηφαιιν ι,  
 Cuaντα α'γ κόρταυό ζο ριύβαλφαιιν α'γ βόιερε  
 Α νοιαίε αν τρεόιν-βεαν (2) τά ι μβαίε-αι-λιαζ.

'Sí Μαίηε Νι η-Ειόιν (3) αν ράιν-βεαν βευραέ,  
 Όα βειρε μέιν αζυρ β'αίε ζηαοι,  
 Όά céαο céηηεαέ, 'γ α ζευρ λε céite,  
 Αζυρ τριαν α τριέιερε νι φέαυραό ρημίοβ.  
 Όυαιρ ρί Όέιηοηε λε ηρεαζαέτ α'γ Όένυρ,  
 'S οά η-αβριαιιν ηέλεν λε'μ ρημιοραό αν Τριαοι,  
 Αέτ ιρ ρζοέ βαν Ειμινν αμ υέτ αν ηιέρο ριν,  
 Αν Ρόραέ ζλέγεαι τά ι μβαίε-αι-λιαζ.

Α ηιέαιεαιν αν ερολυρ αζυρ α ζηιαν αν φόζημάρι,  
 Α céιηφιονν όμια αζυρ α céυο νε'η εραοζαί,  
 Αν ηγλυαιρρεά λιομ-ρα ραοι cóμιαμ αν Όόηηαίε,  
 Νο ζο ηυέαηφαμαοιο cóμιαμλε cá μβέιό αμ ρυιόε.  
 Ηιοι ηόρι λιομ ceól υυιτ ζαέ αον ουόε Όόηηαίε,  
 Ρυιηηε αμ βόμιο αζυρ οά η-όλφά ριον,  
 Α'γ α Ριζ να ζλόηε ζο υεημυιζ (4) αν βόέαρ,  
 Ζο βραζέ μέ αν ε-εόλαρ ζο βαίε-αι-λιαζ.

(1) Aliter, "βέαι-άε-αοηέαιιν. (2) Sic, ι η-άιτ "να ρεόιν-ηηά."

(3) "Mary Hynes," αουβαίηε Τομάρ Ο η-Ειόιν, "όμρ," αμ ρειρεαν λιομ, "ναέ βειηε ριν ζο ηόρι να 'Μαίηε Νι η-Ειόιν' α ηιέ," αζυρ



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-abrán aca, uabruadar Mary Hynes, agus  
 is sí óg gur ab é uabairt an Reachtóire féin, aet d'áiríais míre é.

(4) i.e., go uairníg no go uairníg.

Τά βέαρρα εἰλε γαν ἀβριάν γο παέ μαῖβ ἀς Τομάγ  
 Ο ἡ-Εἰθὶν ἀέτ γυαῖρ μέ ο φεαῖ εἰλε ἔ. Ὅειρ Τομάγ παέ  
 μβαιμεανν γέ λειρ ἀν ἀβριάν ἀσυρ ζο ὑτυζανν γέ  
 ζῆμας οὐβ το μῆδιε Νί ἡ-Εἰθὶν, νυαῖρ βι ζῆμας ὀρῖ νο  
 ζῆμας ὀμῖα υἱρῖν. Ἰρ γῖορ ὀό ρῖν, ἀέτ βειμῖν ἀν βέαρ-  
 ρα ἀνν γο, ὀρῖ Ἰρ μαῖτ ἔ εἰβέ μῖννε ἔ :

Τα ἀ ρολε ἀς ἀραῶ λει ἀρ ὀαέ να ρμέαῖα,  
 Ἰνα γοῖλλῆε ραε-ζέαλ να οἰαῖζ γαν ὑμῖετ,  
 ἀν ρολυρ λαῖτα ἰν ἀ βηολλὰε ζλέζεαλ,  
 ἀ ὀφάε να ἀέαοτα φεαῖ ἰ ηζαλαρ οὐβὰε.  
 ἀ βηιάζαο Ἰρ ζῖλε νά ρνεαέτα ρέοτε,  
 Ἰρ λυέμῖαρ (1) ἔαοτρῖομ ἀ ἀοῖα ἀς ρῖύβαλ,  
 ἀ Ἰρ μο ρῖε ὀά μβέἰνν-ρε μαρ Ἰυῖλυρ ἀεραρ,  
 Ὅο ὀέαηραῖνν ρέῖῖοτεαέ λε βλαέ να ἡ-ύβαλλ.

ἀς γο ἀβριάν ἀλυῖνν εἰλε το ρυαῖρ μέ γαν ἰάμῖ-  
 ρζῆβῖνν ἰν γαν ἀααοαῖμ, ἀμεαῖεζ ὀάητα ἀν ῤεαέτῖμῆ.  
 Ὅυβαῖμῆ ἀν ρζῆβῖνν ζυρ λειρ ἀν ῤεαέτῖμῆ ἔ, ἀζυρ  
 ουβαῖμῆ Μαε ἡἰ ρῖνν ἡομ ζυρ ἰννῖρ ρεαν-φεαῖ ὀε να  
 ἡ-Οἰρῖνῖε ὀό ζο ζααλαῖῖό γέ ἀν ῤεαέτῖμῆ ὀ'ἀ ζαβὰἰλ.  
 Τά να βέαρραῖῖό ἀομ βῖνν ρῖν ζυρ ρ'αοἰλ μέ ζο μβυῖ  
 ἔρμαεζ ζαν ἀ ζαυρ ρῖορ ἀηηῖο εἰβέ μῖννε ἰαο :—

(1) Λαβαῖμῆεαῖ ἀν ροαῖ 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:—



## PEGGY MITCHELL.

I like a maid who's not afraid, but loves so well a man,  
 Sho 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.

Smoother 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,

Ó á b'ráđainn-ge caoi no áit le fuidé ní r'at'rainn  
 bliáúain a' r' l'á,

So r'griobáinn r'iof le peánn ceaf caol' oo cúma a' r' oo  
 cáil.

Niof muzaó muin don beán ran tír oo béarfaó uait  
 an bárr,

O r'grioraó an Triaoi mar' g'eall ar' innaoi, a' r' ó cuir-  
 ead' Déir'ore cum báir.

Tá lonnraó an óir i b'folc mo r'tóir' 'ré a'g f'ár' so  
 fáinnead' r'ionn

So béal a b'róige coim' glar' le ceór' 'ré r'igte of a  
 cionn (1),

A blá'c na n-úball ir' b'rađé'ca r'muad' ná ouilleab'ar  
 bárr' na g'rainn,

Fá'g mé'ú Dia Luain so ceir'oeam cum r'íúbal a' r' r'ead'  
 so b'ruil ré i n-am.

Tá b'rađad'c a' r' g'ile ruil a' r' cuir'le a' r' la'raó ceaf' oá  
 réir,

i mblá'c na rinne ir' cruinne glair' r'íúil a' r' lea'gan  
 béil,

Ni b'rađ'g ar' bit' an r'géal' tá amuig' na'c r'ear' mé' tá  
 ar' mo céill

Le bliáúain moiu' g'ad' don lá ruilc' 'r' mé' a'g r'muain-  
 eam' ar' blá'c na g'raib'.

---

(1) "Of uainn 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  $\text{glar}$  here.

Μο ξριάθ φα όό να μιιά ζο θεό ζιό σ'φάξ ριασ μιρε  
 τινν  
 Δξ σέανσάιη βηόιν φαοι λιαδέ αν όιλ σο ύιοξβαίλ ε βειτ  
 εριμινν,  
 β'φεαίρη λιομ πόξ ό ρβειζιό αν νοόιξ 'ρί βειτ ι η-υαιξ  
 νεαρ λιομ,  
 Νά ραιόβεαρ (1) Σείρηρε ζιό βυθό μόρι Δ λιαδέ σά μβειτ  
 ρέ εριμινν.

Οο β'αιτ λιομ σόμιασ βειτ αν ρόμπερ Δ'ρ εανηαιό λάν  
 σε λιαηη,  
 Ριμινρε αν βόμο Δ'ρ ζλοιννε ι ζεόρι εόμ ρ'αο (2) 'ρ βειτ  
 μο ρόεα τεανη,  
 Μο ξριάθ 'ρ μο ρεόρι βειτ ορ μο εόμιαρη Δξ εαινε 'ρ Δξ  
 εόμιασ λιομ,  
 Ιρ λεί σ'όλφαινη λιαδέ να μβιόξ σά μβειτ μο εόεα ι  
 ηζεαλλ.

Δξ ρο ανοιρ αν σάν ραοα σο μιννε αν Ρεαετύμπε  
 νυαιη βί αν cholepια Δξ ηζμορ να νοοοιηε ζο τιυξ ι  
 η-θρημινν. Ιρ ε "Διέμυξε Ραιρτερι," αν τ-αιηηι αεά αιη  
 ζο εοιτεόιηη. Δετ ζλαοόοιη-ρη αν "Cholepια Μορ-  
 βυρ" αν αν ζεάεο λειτ όε αζυρ αν "Διέμυξε" αν αν  
 σαρια λειτ, όρη ηί ι η-αοη βέαιρηαιζεαετ ηο ι η-αοη  
 εομιαρ αεά ριασ. Ρυαιη με εόρη σε'η σάν ρο όμ'  
 εαρηαισ Τομάρ Ο Μιοόεάιη αζυρ εόρη ειλε σο μιννε  
 Σεζζαν Ο Κυίλλιοιάιη ραν μβλιασόοιη 1838, αζυρ ρυαιη

(1) "ηάρι ρυαβαί αν," MS., ηυσ ηαέ στυηζιμ.



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) *Labairtéal* "cóm fáo" map "c'ao."

mé cóipeanna eile ó údoinn éagsaíla, a gcuir éirí me  
le céile iad cóim maic a gcuir u'féad mé. Cuir mé an  
piora ro i gclo i "m'Abriánaib' Diaúa Cúige Connact,"  
aéit a gcuir é:—

### AN CHOLERA MORBUS.

A íora Cúige 'r a Rí na n-ghara,  
A (1) éiríais talam neam a gcuir páirtai;  
A úoiri Úo éirí ríla i gclo na páirtai,  
Sábdail rinn ar an Cholera Morbus (2).

Iy íomós ríagair bean-ghaíla 'r bhíadai  
A gcuir Úe; na h-earbais 'r an páirtai,  
aéit b'éiríi go n-éiríi an té iy táirtai,  
Sílfaid (4) a úeíra 'r a éiríi beir chíadai

'Sé mo éiríi 'r iy úeíra líom chíadai,  
Suir uairí í féo tá a gcuir páirtai,  
Suiríi ar fáil ar míre máirtai,  
Tá fáirtai ar Úia 'r a ríagair cailíngte.

(1) Tá an "a" ro i n-áit "uo." Labairtear "uo" mar "a" go  
ró-mínic. (2) Aliter, "fáirtai rinn ó oic no an b'ar chíadai."  
(3) Aliter, "a' earbais chíadai." (4) Aliter, "féiríad le míon.

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 oftenest 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 hards, 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



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 πέ λυσιμνεᾶς φυαομαᾶς λειζέτε ρζαοιτε (1)  
 Νι ρεαρρ λειρ αν λά νά λάρι να η-οιόθε, [διρ,  
 αν τριᾶτ ραοιλεαρ νεᾶς ναᾶς μβιθεανν δον βαοζάλ  
 Σύο εᾶρι αν μβαλλ διρ λάρι (2) λε καοινεᾶθ.

Ἴρ μόρι σο εἰτε λειρ ἰ οτριᾶτ να οίλεανν,  
 ζαν καοιτε νο τριᾶτᾶθ διρ διμριρ μᾶοιρε,  
 ἄετ οᾶ νιᾶεο λε μιδό ζαᾶς [α] βρᾶζεαρ ριορ λειρ,  
 Νι η-ε τᾶ λάοιρι ἄετ ζριᾶρα Ἐριόρτα.

Ἴρ ρλαοαιό αν βᾶρ α ἔαρρναρ (3) ριζτε,  
 ρμιοηηραιοᾶς διρνα αᾶρ τιζεαρρραιοᾶς τιρε,  
 βειρ πέ αν μόρι λειρ, αν τ-όζ ᾶρ αν κριόνα,  
 διρ ραρτυζαᾶ ρζόιζᾶ λειρ ορ κόηαιρ να ιοδαοινε.

Ἴρ οάνα αν ουινε νά αν μακ-τιρε,  
 α μαιρβιυιζεαρ να η-υαιη διρ ριύβαλ να η-οιόθε,  
 ἄετ ρᾶτ μο βριόηη αζυρ μο ἔριᾶθ ραοζάλτα  
 αν τ-αη βειτ ἔαρτε, ᾶρ ζαν αν αιᾶριζε οἶαντα.

Ἴρ μαοιρζ α μεαλλεαρ τε καᾶτᾶιζέτβ αν τρᾶοζαίλ,  
 αζυρ λαίζεαο αν λόηη α κυρᾶεαρ ριορ λειρ,  
 ζαν βριᾶζ ᾶρ α λειρ οᾶ μαοιρρεᾶθ πέ μίλε  
 ἄετ μαρ ρζιοιρρρᾶθ πέ διρ κυαιρτε ᾶρ διρ αοιρ(4).

(1) "λυσιμνεᾶς, φυαομαᾶς, λειζέτε, ρζαοιτεᾶς," G.

(2) Aliter, "αρ ἔλαρ." (3) Aliter, "ερεᾶδανηρ."

(4) Ἴρ ρολλυρᾶς ὀᾶρ λῆη ρεο ζυρ λαβαρρ αν ρεᾶᾶτῆρ αν ροκαλ  
 ρο "αρῆρ" μαρ "αρῆρτε," μαρ ἔλυμντεαρ ζο μινε εᾶ ζκοηηᾶᾶταῖβ.

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

Όά μβυό λεατ-γὰ γτόρι δ'γ όρι να μίξεδάτα,  
 Μοοιη [μίο] μίόρι 'γ ζαό γαιόβηιειγ γαοζαλατα,  
 Δ ποιαιζ το βάιγ οά μέαο το έριέαυτα (2),  
 Νι γυιλ λε γάζαιλ αζαο αέτ υαοιη υέαητα.

Σά ηνεαάιό το έαπαιλ, το βάτ, 'γ το έαοιμζ?  
 Σά ηνεαάιό αη τηόυ το βυόεαυ ι ο'φιαύηηηη'?  
 Οο βεαη 'γ το έλαηηη το βυόεαυ 'η α γυιόε λεατ?  
 Νο αη ελυιήταό μηη άηη αηη α μβίτεά γηητε?

Σά ηνεαάιό αη βόηη α η-όλέαυθε γίηη οέ?  
 Οο έύηηε, το έεαέ, 'γ το ηαλλαιό μίηε,  
 Οο έόηηε, ο'εαέγαιό, 'γ το έυητα' γίηηα,  
 'S το λυέτ εαλαύηα το ζηυόεαό γαηηγ' ουητ?

Σά ηνεαάιό το βηόζα γλίηα, υαέτα?  
 Νο αη γέαετ το βυόό αη έαοιβ το ηατα?  
 Οο έυη έαοαζζ υαοηα βι υέαητα γαη βγαιηύηη?  
 Οο έόγαιη μίόηι δ'γ το έυηη λυέτ γηεαηηαίλ?

Νηαηη υέιυόεαγ το έηάμια τηε η-α έέηε,  
 Ζαη γυιλ ζαη γεόιλ αη αζαίό να ζηέηηε,  
 Σά ηνεαάιό λαγάυ ηο ζηε ο'ευθαηηη?  
 Νο αη εύλ ζλαγ ζηηααζε βυόέα μέρυτεαέ?

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(2) "Ειό ζο μβυό μίόηι το έάηητε," αέτ ηι έόηη-γυαηη γηη; "επ  
 έηγ αη γυβαλ αηαη όηη ηι βγυιλ το υά βάγ λε γάιλ αέτ γηε," G.

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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?

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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

1r μαριγ δ υιολαγ μιγεδετ να βηλαίτεαρ,  
 Διαρ Θε ατά 'n δ τιη πεαμραν'  
 'N διτ δ μβιονη ναοιη 'n δ ριυθε αγυρ αβιταλ  
 Βι αη αν τραοζαλ ρο 'ς λεαρυζαο αη μβεατα.

Ηιοη ρανηταίξ αν εμοιθε 'r ηιοη ριμυαίν αν πεααδ  
 Αη ηέαο αν τρλόδιρ (1) ατά 'r να φλαίτιρ'  
 Αξ έιρτεαδτ λε αεόλ αγυρ ηηεαηη ηαν αεαλξ (2),  
 Αξ ρείτεαηη να ηλόηηε ηυρ ι 'ςά ρηεαηηε.

Λυέτ έιρηξ' ι η-αηηοε, ράτα 'r υιύτθε,  
 Τιυραιό ριαο ηεαηη ι ηοειηεαθ να αίηρ,  
 Ήαν δ η-αιέηηξε υέαητα βέιό ριαο βηύηηε,  
 Αηεαηξ λυέτ ρελλη, ρόηε 'r υηύηρ.

Αη ρεαη δ ρανηταίξεαη ηαοηη α'η ταλαηη,  
 'ς ηαδ ηοέαηαηηη ηηυαξ υο'η τέ βιοη ραλαηη.  
 Βέιό ρέ ρίοη 'r ηη ηαιέ ι α λεαβα,  
 Ηιοράν ριααλ αηη, ρυαέτ α'η εηεαταθ.

Ηηαηη έηυραη Εηίοητ αη έαοηβ αν τςέηηβε,  
 Σ εηηηηεόαηό ρέ έηηξε αν εηηε υαοηηα,  
 Βέιό υο ηηίοηηαηηα ρηηηοβέτα αη υ'εηυαη,  
 Α'η αν ρεαη λε υ'αηρ ιοηηαη δ λείητε.

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(1) Aliter, "αη αν ρόλαρ ριοηηυιόε." (2) Aliter, "ρρόηε αγυρ αίτιρ."

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table of the Apostles. Alas for him who sells the kingdom of the heavens, the abode of God who is in three persons, the place where saints and apostles are sitting who were (once) in this world amending our life. The heart never coveted, and the sinner never conceived the amount of satisfaction, hat is in the heavens, listening to music and mirth without deceit, attending on glory, and it answering.

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.

1) ἵν' ἴσθ' ἰ ἀν' ἐμῆς τῆς ἐκκλησίας βρέξω,  
 'S τῆς ἐκκλησίας (1) καὶ ὁ φῶς τῶν ἐπιπέδων,  
 ὁμοίως καὶ ἰσχυρῶς βέβαιον 'S ἂν βρέξωμαι,  
 ἀν' τὸν ἴσον τῶν, ὁφθαλμῶν ἁ δεικνύω.

Ἐπιπέδων ἰσχυρῶν ἵν' ἰσχυρῶν ἰ ἐπιπέδων,  
 ἄλλοι μὲν τῶν [ἐπιπέδων] τῶν καὶ ἐπιπέδων ἵν' ἰσχυρῶν  
 ἰσχυρῶν (2),

'S ἀν' ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν ὁ ἐπιπέδων ἀν' ἐπιπέδων φῶς,  
 ὁμοίως καὶ ἰσχυρῶν ὁφθαλμῶν ἁ δεικνύω.

ἰσχυρῶν ἐπιπέδων ὁμοίως καὶ ἰσχυρῶν,  
 ἄλλοι ἰσχυρῶν ἀν' ἐπιπέδων ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν,  
 ἵν' ἀν' ἰσχυρῶν ἀν' ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν,  
 ὁμοίως ἀν' ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν (3).

ἄλλοι, ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν, ἰσχυρῶν ἀν' ἐπιπέδων ὁμοίως,  
 βέβαιον ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν καὶ ἰσχυρῶν, ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν  
 ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν. ὁμοίως ἀν' ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν, ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν  
 ἀν' "ἰσχυρῶν."

(1) = τῆς ἐκκλησίας; aliter, "τῆς ἐκκλησίας."

(2) "ἰσχυρῶν ἐπιπέδων ἰσχυρῶν," MS.

(3) "τῆς ἰσχυρῶν ἀν' ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν,  
 ὁμοίως ἀν' ἰσχυρῶν ἰσχυρῶν," G.

That is the court that will not accept lies, and that will not  
 listen to the talk of any man, however powerful. (It is) the  
 Judge of Truth who shall be trying us, the One-Son Jesus, who  
 suffered His crucifixion. Heaven and hell shall open together,  
 and the light of the moon and of the sun shall be quenched.

'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":—

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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.)

## ΔΙΤΡΙΧΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΑΚΤΙΥΡΕ

Δ Ρηξ τὰ ἀν νεῖν ἴρ ἀ ἐρυταῖς Ἀδάμ,  
 Ἵς ἀ εὐρηεαρ κάρ (1) ἰ βρεακάθ ἀν ὑβαίλλ,  
 [Ο] ἴξρηεαυαῖμ ορη ἀνοῖρ ἴρ ορ ἀρη,  
 Ο ἴρ le το ξηάρα τὰ μέ ἀξ ρύιλ (2),

Τὰ μέ ἰ n-αοῖρ, ἀῖρ το ἐρηον μο βλάτ,  
 ἴρ ἰομῶα λά μέ ἀξ ουλ ἀμύξ',  
 Το εὐτε μέ ἰ βρεακάθ ἀνοῖρ ναοῖ ορηάτ (3,  
 Δότ τὰ na ξηάρα ἀρ λάμῖ ἀν ἡαῖν.

ἴηαρη βῖ μέ ὄξ β'ολε ἰαο μο ἐρήτε,  
 Ουὸ μὸρη μο ρπέῖρ ἰ ρεῖῖρ ἴρ ἰ n-εαῖρηαν,  
 Β'φεαρη λιον ξο μὸρη ἀξ ἰμῖρητ ἴρ ἀξ ὀλ  
 ἀρ μαῖοῖν Ὀσῖρηαῖξ nά ρηαλλ ἐμ ἀῖρηηη.

Νῖορ β'φεαρη λιον ρυῖθε ἴρ ἀῖρε ααῖλῖν ὀξ  
 Nά le μῖρηαῖ ρόρητ ἀξ εῖληθεαῖτ ραμῖλλ,  
 Το ἰηοηηαῖβ μὸρη το βῖ μέ τὰβρητὰ  
 ἀξρη ὀρηῖρ no ρόῖτε νῖορ leῖξ μέ ἐρηη

Βρεακάθ ἀν ὑβαίλλ, μο ἐρηῶ ἴρ μο leun !  
 ἴρ ἐ μῖλλ ἀν ραοξάλ μαρ ξεαλλ ἀρ βεῖρη  
 ἀῖρ ὀῖρ κοῖρ ἀν ρηαορ ἀτὰ μῖρη ρῖορ,  
 Μῖρηα β'ρὸρηρητὸ ἴορη ἀρ μ'ἀρηαμ βοῖτ

(1) "nár eúrē kár," G. (2) Aliter, "tá mé [áξ] rýðal."

(3) Aliter, "or cionn naoi breac," [breax] [bréá], nac wtuisim. *muanað 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.

17 ορη, παραοι ! τὰ να κοιρεαδα μόρια,  
 Δετ ουύττόδαο σοίβ μά μάριμυ ταμάλλ,  
 Ζαε νιό βυαίλ ανυα7 (1) α7ι μο εολαίην πό7,  
 Α Ριζ να Ζλόιρε 'ζυ7 τάρητταίζ μ'αναμ.

Ο'εαλαίζ αν λα α'7 νιο7 εόζ με αν ράλ,  
 Νο ζυ7 ιτέαο (2) αν βάρη ανη α7 ευ7ι τύ ούιλ (3),  
 Δετ α Δίπο-μζ αν εειρε, ανοι7 μετό μο εάρ,  
 Α'7 λε 77υε να ηζράρα ρλυε μο ρύιλ.

17 λε οο ζράρα οο ζλαν τύ Μάιρε,  
 Α'7 ραοι τύ Οάιβιό οο μιννε αν αιτμζε,  
 Οο ευζ τύ Μαιοιρε ρλάν ό'η ιμβάεαο,  
 'S τὰ ειοεζαοό λάιοιη ζυ7 ραοι τύ αν ζαουιόε ?

Μα7 ι7 πεααεό με ναε νρεα7ηα ρτό7ι,  
 Νά ρόλα7 μό7ι οο Οια να Μυιρε,  
 Δετ ράε μο ηρόοη τὰ μο εοιρεαδα μίόηαμ,  
 Μα7 ρεοίλ με αν ρεόαο α7ι αν μέα7 ι7 ρυιτε

Α Ριζ να Ζλόιρε τὰ λάν οε ζράρα,  
 'S τύ μιννε βεοίηι α'7 ριον οε'η υι7ζε,  
 Λε βεαζάν α7άιη οο μια7ι τύ αν 7λυαζ,  
 Οε ! 77εα7οαίλ ρό7η αζυ7 7λάνηαίζ ηιρε.

(1) Aliter, "λεϊζ ζαε νιό."

(2) "Λοῦ," Connolly and G.

(3) "Ο δετ ζο βυη," δετ νί'ε αν εοη-77υαίη εεα7ε ανη7η7; "ζο ε7ιόηαο αν ηάρη ό δετ ζο ζλύν," οο ρέ7η αν ηηιοόεάηαίζ αζυ7 G. ηιρε ο'ατ7ηιζ ε μα7ι ατά.

(4) Aliter "'S α ε7ιόρε ε7ιόαηηζ τάρητταίζ 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 beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, Oh, attend to, help, and save me. O

O e iora Criorc a o'fulaing an páir,  
 A'f oo adlaeáó, maí oo bí tú úmáil,  
 Cuirim cuimriú (1) m'anama ar oo ríáé,  
 A'f ar uair mo báir ná caóair oam cúl.

o Baimriogaim Bóiréair, máair a'f maigóear,  
 Sgáéán na ngráa, aingéal a'f naoim,  
 Cuirim coraint m'anama ar oo láim,  
 a Muiré ná oúltaié mé, 'f beiré mé raor (2).

'Noir tá mé i n-aoir 'f ar bhuac an báir,  
 'S ir gearr an rpar go o'céig[im] i n-úir,  
 áé ir fearr go veimeannac ná go b'ráé,  
 Agus fuasaim páirt ar Ríé na n'óil.

ir cuaille gan maíé mé i gcoirneall páil (3),  
 No ir corinúil le báu mé a cáil a rciúr,  
 Oo bhuiré arceac a n-agaíó cairriáig 'ra' b'f'ráig (4)  
 'S oo beiréac ó á dácaó 'rna tonntaíó fuair' (5).

A iora Criorc a fuair b'ar Dia h-Aoine,  
 A o'éirig airr ain oo m'ig gan loéé,  
 Náé tú éug an r'rié le aicéiré oo déanam,  
 'S náé beáé an rmuáineac oo rinnear oir !

(1) "Cuimriú" i gConnacáir, i n-áir "comairce," .7. oíoiann.

(2) Aliter, "tós mo páirt agus tá mé raor."

(3) "ir cuaille cor mé i n-éar an páil," G.

(4) = fairrse, "ar bhuac na trá," Connolly.

(5) "beiréac 'gá bácaó 'ra cáilreac a r'nam"; aliter, "reól"  
 aliter, "riúbal"; áé o'áiréig mé an líne le comfuaim oo déanam."

Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion, and, wast buried because  
 thou 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

'Oo tárla ar ucúr mile, 'r oót zceuo,  
 An ríde zo beacót, i zceann an oo-uéaz,  
 Ó'h am tuirling Críort oo meub an zεαταió,  
 Zo oti an bliáðain a noεarnaió Reacótúipe an  
 aiéruige.

Δε πο άβράν ειλε το μιννε αν Reacótúipe ar an  
 uisge-beapa. Ó Seoúipe Mac Siolla an Cloiz azur ó  
 mac Uí Flóinn oo μαμear é. B'éioiri naó Bealac  
 acé Balla buó cóiri oo beic in ran céao line, acé ir  
 maí rin μαμear é:—

AN PÓTAIRE AZ MOLAO AN UISGE-BEATA  
 AZ TUALL ZO H-AONAC BÉALLAC OAM  
 'S mo cór ar lár an bóðair,  
 Tuzao mé zo riz 'lealaz arteaó  
 Zo bράzainn ann oeoó an ooruir (1).  
 "Oempri" oo múm an bealac oam,  
 Ir é oo buail an báimlle,  
 Maí ba é péin an ppeabairie,  
 Naó oεpéizgeao bean an órho.

(1) "Ooótuiri ooruir," Bell.

(2) Mr. Meehan's copy ends with the following curious verses,  
 which would seem to show that Kaitery 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 crioónuζao an aipruige r i beic po léizte  
 Ta Ceilíó feltaó (?) i aiéruζao zo beupla.  
 Le buao bupneó (?) zrára azur trocaipe  
 Beic az zac oúine zlacaió a comairle

Zuide ooneao paturin r aoineao  
 Oon te oaróac oo cinne oaoineao  
 Na oon beirt oρozao an aipruige rin oεuntao  
 r curim-ra an acεcuinζitó ar iora Críort. 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.

Ḡuiré Dómnais Sádaínn a' r doine  
 So ceiré a ceiríbe do'n cinne doonna  
 Sé ainm na cainte a v'áís mé r'ghíobta  
 décuinge Raíreíúó ar íora Cíóíora.

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."

Ξο νοιύλταϊζ αν ραοζαλ νο'η αιρζεαο  
 Folaím ná raib a róca,  
 Fázraio mé "bacchur" baipete air  
 'Do cionrtaíl fion a' r póirteir.  
 [Ni'l] eairraio air bit coim (1) beannuizte leir,  
 Aon fear ariam óa'ri leazao leir,  
 Níor b'fearri leir rínce air leabao,  
 Ná caíte air taoib (2) an bótair.

Súg na h-eóina zlaire,  
 Níor facar riad a míziptir,  
 Níor fáir ré triú an talaim  
 A leiteire ve zriáinne.  
 'Sé béarrao crioite νο'η ppeabairie,  
 Azur bainne oíe' νο'η banalria,  
 A' r vo cuirrao i utiúin an crieazairie.  
 Náir óait óa rígin le ráite.

Feoóan (P) o'fázail air maioin vé,  
 Ni'l ruo air bit coim (3) brieáz leir,  
 Ir maic vo maóao zloine óé  
 'Do úime beic' ar a f'lainte.  
 Úime air bit vo blaírao óé,  
 Níor baózal ruacé no (4) caíacé vo,  
 'S óa utuzraioe briaon νο'η óaillic óé,  
 'Do miteírao ri úuit rára.

---

1 "Ac a," Bell, azur labairteair "coim" zo minic i zConnoe  
 Roícomáin azur i zConnoae míuz-eó maí "acá," i.e., "a-éo."



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) "ἄν ἑν-τασίς," M.S. (3) "ἄς δ, Bell.

(4) "ῥυάει μύειο νό σαράει," Bell.

Τά υιργε-beaḗa aς τις 'leallaiḗ,  
 'S níor h-ólao míam a mídígirtir,  
 Ir beaς aḗa ar an ngloine óé,  
 Cioḗ zur móir ir riu an cápta.  
 Τά an bean ir féile faihriuge aige,  
 So bpeicío an tír raogal raḗ' aici,  
 'Sí a óeapraḗ—"Seap a Raipreimḗ  
 So mblaipraío tú ve m' 'cáipriai."

'O émiall mé ar Father Callaghan,  
 'Ba faihriuge ríal an aic rin,  
 'Bí Dillan ann aςur Saothḗain  
 aςur O Ceallaiς, cpioḗ na páipce.  
 An raogal ní rtopraḗ an ceaprair rin  
 aḗc aς líonaḗ punch aςur cláipéio ruar,  
 Zur fáςbáiς ríao rince Raipreimḗ  
 'Oá lá ar a éaoḗ-a-n-áipce.

Ní mipe amáin vo leaḗaḗ leir  
 Ó pecaíς Éab i bPáiprair,  
 Ir íomḗa fear vo cailleaḗ leir  
 Ó'n am ar oallao arςur.  
 Muna mbeic' zur cleap [ḗa] eapraimn é (1)  
 'S zur baín ré íomproc ar ppeabaipe,  
 So veimín aςur so veapḗca  
 'O rínrimn ríor le náipe.

(1) Aliter, "aḗc zur gleacaiḗ é aḗa eapraimn."

(2) G. has another verse which Mac Giolla-an-Chloig had not got. It runs as follows. It is the fourth verse in G. :—

Síudail mé Tuaim a'p Deannaḗoir,  
 Corcaíς a'p Cinn-tráile,  
 Ir paḗa caic má i nḗailim,  
 aςur bí mé i n'Omioḗeao 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 píunne beimn geallaó óaoib,  
 náir blaír mé maín d'earraó ar bíé,  
 níor fearú ná bí éis tís macala  
 So geimé Críóir an t-áó air.

(3) i.e., better whiskey than it.

(4) Aliter: Only that it (whiskey) is a wrestler who is amongst us.

“Οο τυζ με δον δβιάν νέδζ δρι ρίότο ζο οτι αμοιρ,  
 νε να η-δβιάνδαιβ οο μιννε αν Ρεαότιμπε, δζυρ έυρι  
 μέ ρίορ ρζέαλ δ θεάτα κόμ μαίτ δζυρ ο’φέαο μέ.

Δέτ τά μόριάν ειλε λε η’ινηριπτ ι οταοιβ άρι βριλε,  
 δζυρ τά μόριάν νε ρίορδαιβ ειλε οο έυμ ρέ ρέιν, νο ατά  
 λεαζτα δρι, λε ευρι ρίορ ζο ρόιλ. Δζ ρο αιμνεαδδ να  
 η-δβιάν ειλε ρεο οο μέρι μαρι έμυινηιζ μιρε ιηρ ζαό  
 δον άιτ ιαο. Ιρ έ αν σεανν ιρ ρυιρε ασα “Ριαόάό  
 Σεάζαιν Βιαισδαιζ,” οάν ραοα οο μιννε ρέ δρι ρεαρ-  
 μάλα, Σεάζαν δ Βύμια έιζιν, οο βί ρέιν να ρόριτ ριλε.  
 Λειζεανν Ραιρτερι δρι ζυρι έμυινηιζ οαοινε υαιρλε  
 Κομμαότα δζυρ δ ζευο ζαόδρι λεό, λε Σεάζάν Βιαισάό  
 οο μιαζαό, μαρι ριονηαό, τριε έμυινη, δζυρ ευμπεανν ρέ  
 ρίορ να η-άιτεαόα τριε δρι μιαζεαό έ δζυρ να οαοινε  
 οο μιαζι έ. Τά “Ονοάιν Ραοβδαιρ” δρι δ οτυζανν οαοινε  
 ειλε “Ήνα Νι Αάόάιν,” δζ μολαό άιτε, δζυρ να μηά  
 υαιρλε οο κόμνηιζ ανηριη. Ιρ δβιάν “Βέαλ-άε-ζάριτα,”  
 δζ μολαό άιτε ειλε. Ιρ έ “αν λεαό-βαιλε,” αν μιο  
 αέαοηα. Ιρ δβιάν “Βαιλε-λοό-μιαβδάό,” νο Βαιλ-λοό-  
 μιαό μαρι λαδαιρτεαρι έ, οο μιννε ρέ δρι ρεαρ τάβδαιρνε  
 οο βαιη δ ηατα οέ δζυρ ο’ιμυι κλελρ δρι, έυμ δβιάν  
 οο ρίοαό δρ. Ιρ δβιάν “Σεόινη Βάν,” δζ μολαό ριρ-  
 ευμπε. Τά “Ρειζιό Βλαό να Σζέιμπε,” δζ μολαό  
 αοιηι. Σεο τρι ευμν ειλε “Ρλαιηερτι αν τσειμιοσάηαιζ,”  
 “Σεάζαν Ο Βιαιηάιν,” δζυρ “Αη Ζιέορμιαύε.” “Οιαρ-  
 ρόμπεαότ Ραιρτερι λειρ αν Όέαν,” ριη δβιάν οο μιννε  
 αν Ρεαότιμπε δζυρ έ δζ δζαιρτε λειρ αν ραζαριτ οο  
 έυρι βριεάειηηαρ αιόμυζε ομιαό δρι. “Ριαόάό Μδρι-  
 ευμρ Ηι Αάλλάιν,” ριη οάν οο μιννε ρέ οορηνύιλ λειρ αν  
 ζσεανν ειλε δρι Σεάζαν Βιαισάό. “Ιρ Ραοα ό Ευμπεαό  
 ρίορ,” ριη οάν δζ ζηιορμυζαό να ζαοιλεαό έυμ

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 Faohhair," 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-Riabhach," 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 υαηγιονη ολύτ le céile. “An Cúir na Pléio,” rin tón eile ar an n-uisce céanna, aς bhoιrtyaδo na ζConaδταδ éum congnam̄ vo éaδaιrτ vo na Muim-neadaiδ aς tpoio a n-aζaiδ na n’Deaδm̄uio vo βeιpnoip vo na μioipτείpib ζalloa. ‘O éuip mé an va aδpian po i ζcló im’ ‘Oánraib ‘Diaδa Cúige Connaδt. “Aζallañ Rairteip: leip an m’báir,” ip é pco an tón vo pinne ré nuaii éainiς, map iáoil ré, an b’ar éuige in ran oioce, map éuip mé pioi céana.

Tá tuilleaδ map an ζcáanna le n’innpint i vcaoiδ beaδa an Reaδtúipe i n’ζailim̄ ó deap, aςup i vcaoiδ na ζCalnánadé, aςup i vcaoiδ na n-impapian vo bioδ eaoipia. Ní’l áit ná aδai aζam̄ tóib anoir, aδt b’éioip ζo bpiipio mé opia uaii éiζm̄ eile.

Ip mian liom anoir mo buioeaδap vo éaδaιrτ vo’n “f’preaman Seaδt̄m̄aipaiaip” vo éuip na h-aδpian pco i ζcló. Ip leip na plátaib vo puaip mé uáa-pan aτá mé aς cup an leaδaip pco i ζcló. Fáζpaiδ mé anoir pán aςup beannaδt aς luδt léiζte aδpian an Reaδtúipe.

(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.

### Leatánac.

- 40 Mire Rairteri an Fíle.  
 60 Caoine ar Thomás O Dálaigh.  
 68 Béal-áda-na-haidne.  
 80 Dairteadó Sean-Óláibín [mann].  
 82 An t Ađair William.  
 88 Ar Bhrígeo [mann].  
 96 Conradé Mhuig-Éó, no, Cill-Doúáin.  
 106 nanraió Dheátnac.  
 114 An Cíor Catoilceac.  
 128 Antoine O Dálaigh.  
 134 An Dia dá'ri D'ainm Iurteri.  
 146 Anac Cúain.  
 152 William O Ceallair.  
 158 Caoine ar William O Ceallair.  
 166 SGEAL ar Óanalaíó.  
 176 páorais O Dóinnalláin.  
 184 Cairmhir an bótaire leir an uirge-beata.  
 194 na Duacaillióe Bána.  
 200 An fíadónuire Dhéasac.  
 206 SGEAL ar Deán an Fíri Ruac.  
 210 Deán an Fíri Ruac.  
 222 Dhugóin Déarair.  
 236 An Fígeasóir.  
 244 Dairfeir an tSleatóéáin móir.  
 258 "election" na Saille.  
 264 Duairí na Connail.  
 272 Deáinán Rirteáir.  
 278 na Duacaillióe Bána [adrián eile].  
 284 Seanúr na Sgeíche.  
 320 Máire Stanton.  
 330 Máire na h-Éiríon no an bó ae Sgeíche.  
 336 peiríó Mirtéall.  
 342 An Cholera morbur.  
 356 Aitirge an Reacúir.  
 362 An bótaire as molac 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, *Éógan Ó Neachtáin*, and all the other persons who so kindly helped me.

- P. 2, l. 9, for "cloc" read "cloč." L. 12 for "beas féin" read "beas féin." L. 16, for "óá" read "óá."
- P. 4, l. 5, for "b'é" read "b'é;" for "tonn" read "tonn." L. 13, the Irish for Dublin is *Daite-áta-cliač*, which it would be best to write in full, but it is pronounced by good speakers *Daite-áť-cliač* as here written, but much more usually *b'lať-cliač*.
- P. 6, l. 2, I have aspirated after the preposition *ar*, following O'Donovan, who writes *ar nnullac 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, *bérdear* is the relative form, but some Connacht speakers use it ungrammatically as here. The proper form here would be *bíonn*.
- P. 8, l. 8, for "fíeio" here, and in similar locutions throughout this book, read "fíeao," which is the genitive of *fíe* "20." We should write *cúig ábriáin fíeao*, but *cúig ábriáin ar fíeio*. L. 15, read "óán" for "óántaib." 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 "rgeice."
- 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 pean dooine* is pronounced as if written *na pean naoimí*, 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 *áitle*. L. 2, this was a mistake of mine



- proper form of this name according to Mr. Glynn. L. 22, for "Δ σουλαό" read "Δ σουλαό."
- P. 38, l. 14, for "σο παιδ" read "ναδ παιδ"; ἀμήμαρ usually takes a negative after it. L. 23, for "βυό έ" better read "βυό ί," "τεανζα" being fem. Yet, "ιρ έ μο θαμαμαι," "ιρ έ ριν αν άιτ," "ριν έ αν έαοι," are almost universally used in Connacht, though in Arran they say ní hí ριν αν έαοι. 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 "ρρεαζηαό" read "δρρεαζηαό." L. 6, "ι ζοιρ άηο" is probably a corruption of όρ άηο, with, perhaps, the prep. αζ before it. L. 21, for "τεανζαο" read "έεανζαο."
- P. 44, l. 18, and 28, for "τρηοτε" read "τρηοα," 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 "ο'ειμηζ" read "ο'έμηζ."
- P. 52, l. 13, for "έρηυηηυιζ" read "έρηυηηιζ," and for "οέ" read "οε."
- P. 54, l. 3, for "ρηοέυιζ" read "έρηέυιζ." L. 20, for "σιον-ρηοαηι" read "σιονη-ρηοαηι." L. 13—according to Mr. Glynn, τυλ-οιζηε should be spelt τυλαιζ-ηάε, "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 τυλαδ, a feminine word with gen. τυλθα. But there is also, I believe, another form, αν τυλαιζ, gen. ηα τυλαδ. If this is so, then Tullyra should be in Irish τυλαιζ-ηάε, = Hillock-rath. In Irish the name is pronounced τυλ-αιζηα (tul-lyra).
- P. 56, l. 1, see note to p. 28, l. 23, for "ηις υί Όιαλαιζ αν τραοη-έλοιςε," better read "ηις υί Όιαλαιζ, αν ραοη-έλοιςε. Apposition of cases in such sentences, which used to be common, is scarcely used now. L. 24, for "ζαεθεις" read "ζαεθειςε." ζαεθεις would appear to be a substantive, meaning "Irish-language," and "λεαβηι ζαεθειςε" 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 ζαεθεις, but ζαεθειςε 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 "Cairleán leam Όόαρ" read, according to Mr. Mat Finn, "Cofán leam Όεόρ," *i.e.*, William Joyce's path.
- P. 71, l. 8, for "in trouble" read "cornered." There is also a verb, ράηηιζ, used in Connemara—ράηηηιζ ανοηρ έ, = corner him now.

- P. 74, l. 3, for "óuine" read "óuine." The *uoiné* is often pronounced *uoiné*, which is followed by aspiration. L. 18, *ríotéáin* 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 ΙΪΡΤΙΡ ΔΝ ΤΡΙΟΤΕΆΙΝ (not na ríotéána) CAV É 'n róirte* *ihreatment is that ?*" L. 22, "buó é," better "buó í," but see note to p. 38.
- P. 76, l. 2, for "éóinnuizeann" read "zócóinnuizeann," 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 ΛέιζεΔΟ ΔΓΙ ΞΔΒΆΙΡΤΕ ΒΙΟÓ ΡΙΝΝ."
- P. 82, l. 11, for "ΔΝ ΝΟÓΙΞ" read "ΔΓΙ ΝΟÓΙΞ."
- P. 88, l. 11, for "ΞΟ" read "ΞΟ."
- P. 90, read "ΔΝ ÓUINE" for "ΔΝ ÓUINE." See note to p. 12, l. 1.
- P. 92, l. 10, read "ΔΝ ÓÁ" for "ΔΝ 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 ΔΓΙ ÓΟΙΡ-ΔΝ-ΔΙΡΤΟΕ" read "na zócór-ΔΝ-ΔΙΡΤΟΕ." L. 14, *ρζΔΓΙ Ó* and *ρζΔΓΙ 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. *Coimhac Óal O Comáin*, when asked why he ceased composing songs, said—
- ní 'l ΔζΔΙΝΝ ΔΝΟΙΡ*  
*Δέτ cöll curlionn 'r vóir,*  
*Ó'iméiz ΔΝ οltóir,*
- 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 mbriú, ó'n mbeirte*. In Ulster *ó'n móin* would I think be used.
- P. 102, l. 11, for "ΔΝ ΘΡΕΔ" read "ΔΝ ΘΡΕΔ."
- P. 104, l. 15, *lior*, gen. *leara*, is properly masculine. O. I. *lepp*, gen. *lipp*. There is a celebrated air called *róna ΔΝ leara*. 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, *buóirteac*, but, the Walshes collectively, called as in Connacht *na bheáctáiz*.



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 Sweeny who composed this song. I have always heard it ascribed to Rafertry. Sweeny was a native of *Δνάδ* *Cwain*, and wrote several poems, none of which I have got.

- P. 146, l. 8, read “τάθαετ” (importance) for “τ-άθθαετ,” but Mr. Glynn tells me “*αν τ-άθθδαρ*” is the word he heard. L. 15, for “*ερόδαρ*” read “*ερόδαρ*.”
- P. 148, l. 19, for “*ζαοιε*” read “*ζαοε*,” 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 ματε ζαν μαοιν*. L. 9. *βατε-ελάρη, νετε βατε-αν-ελάρη*, 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 Ρυιθεαδάιν*. 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 “*ουλ*” read “*ούλ*.”
- P. 150, l. 9, for “*Σεάζαίν*” read “*Σεάζαν* ;” *Σεάζαν Ο Κορζαρη* 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, *Τομάρ Ο Μισούεάιν* ;—

*Anna ní Oirín vo b'ainm vo deimhíúir vo mátaim m'atair páorais Ó Miosúeáin. Tá sí cailte le timéoil oé mbliaðana véas. Bí sí iomh cúiz azur pé bliaðanta or cionn céas nuair fuair sí báir. Bí sí ran mbáó an lá rin ḡ éualairé mé an rzeut zo minic ó n-a béal féin. Dubairt sí liom zo maib máilin oina [Ladair mar “oila” é] aici, v'á tabairt le viol ar an marzaó. Nuair éualó an báó arteaé ran nzeairmaó i n-aice le Mionloé i bpoirzeaeé ceatramáó mile vó—ceann ve na caoiriz a bí inran mbáó, éuir sí a cor amac éprio an zcláir a bí ar éaoib an báio, ḡ baín sí an naipicín vo bí éart ar an muinéal, ḡ minne sí cnar vé le n-a éur arteaé ran bpoil. Nuair bí sí az cur an énaip arteaé ran bpoil cur sí an cláir amac ar raó. Ar an bpuinte boire éorais an báó a' líonaó. Éorais na caoiriz a' rinám, ḡ na fir a' r na mná bheir ar a éeile. Snám cur ve na fir arteaé zo vci an móirféar. Smuaintiz mé, ar riré, ar mo máilin oina, ḡ éait mé amac é az ríón an báio. Inran uirze, ḡ éab mé féin amac ḡ fuiré mé ar an oina (sic). Nuair épuinnizéó na vaoiné i zceann a éeile éeiréaeó an báó raó 'n uirze an éaoib rin, ḡ nuair tucaoir ar éaoib eile bíóó an éaoib rin az vól ríor. Amannra v'éimz ríón an báio éom h-áro zur raóil mé zo n-imteóaeó mo mála oila raó mo éoraid, leir an rrué. Aeé ríoir rzaóil mé mo zheim ar ríón an báio, ḡ éongbaiz v'ia mo mála oina ran imteaeé, le mo fábaíl. Bí an báó vól ríor ḡ raar ar luarzáin. Connac mé ann rin Jacky bí (sic) Corzaréa az coruizeaeé inran uirze le beiré inná, ḡ éarriamiz raó ríor é, ḡ ní fácairé mé vaíó rin amac é, zo bpaicairé mé 'na éorpaín é. Connac mé ann rin báó az teaeé ar Mionloé, báó iomraim, ḡ éóiz raó ar an uirze mé féin ḡ an máilin oina.*



Θί αν μάλιν ολνα ας ουλ ρίορ ζο υίρεαδ νυαιη τόζαοαη αρ αν υιρζε μέ, η δέιωνν βάρυτε μειρεαδ [muna mbeiré] ριν. Θί Jacky υί Κορζαρητα ε' ηέιρ βειρη ιννά εαδαρητ αρτεαδ ζο υτι αν θρηαδ, η θί αν αιλιν α θί ρέ ρέιν λε πόραδ ινρηαν υιρζε, η νυαιη ζαδ ρέ αμαδ αν τρηομάδ υαιη λε η-α ράβαίλ ηυζ βειρη ιννά αιη η εαρηαιηζ ριαθ ρίορ έ.

L. 12, for "λονούν" read "λονούν," and for "δέαλ-εραδ" read "δέαλ-εραδ." L. 20. "Cnoc an vealáin," rectè "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 "άιτ" read "ι η-άιτ." There is a Τρηαν θάν in the Parish of Kilaan, Barony of Kilconnell, in υί μάινη, which is the O'Kelly's country. This is, probably, the Τρηαν θάν of the song. There is another Τρηαν θάν near Tuam, but Mr. Glynn tells me there is no trace of an O'Kelly ever having lived there.

P. 154. Α θά η-αθαρητ. See note to p. 106.

P. 156, l. 17, for "ερηαιη" read "ερηαιη."

P. 158, l. 8. άιτ, though a fem. noun, takes often, like βαρηαιη, the masculine pronoun έ. See note to p. 38. L. 6. There is a Cluan-leatán 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 ματ ρλοινη says that ερηατ is the kernel of a nut; and quotes Collins' line—εά μο ερηοθε να ερηατ ανό—in the soliloquy on Timoleague Abbey. L. 17. ρεαρηαιθ is here an irregular nom. plural for ριη. In Connemara, ρεαρηαιθ is the voc. plural, υια υαοιθ 'ρεαρηαιθ = "good morning, men," is common. L. 18, for "υιρηεαδ" better read "υιρηιζ," but it was υιρηεαδ I got.

P. 162, for "ελανη" read "ελανη"; "η-υιτε" is 'ε υιτε ie ζαδ υιτε. L. 23, for "ρηιη" read "ρηιηη," and see note to p. 71.

P. 164, l. 23, for "ζαθευειλζ" read "ζαθευειλζε," and see note to p. 56.

P. 166, l. 10, for "υυινη αρ ζαλλιη" read "υυινη αρ ζαλλιηη." L. 20, for "μβέιο" read "μβέιοη." L. 26, for "εαδαρητ" read "εαδαρητ," as if a "υ'ά" were omitted. L. 28, for "αιρηραδ" read "αιρηριθ."

P. 168, l. 2, for "ιη" read "ιη ιη."

P. 170, l. 18, for "αζ" read "αη."

P. 176, l. 2. Όο θ'ρεαρη. See note to p. 144. L. 3, for "ρηορα" read "ρηοραη," and for "ό ριν" "ό ρινη." L. 7. Όο θ'ρεαρη 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. "ρυιτε," according to him, is a common word in the Tuam district, meaning "ease." Spáη ηά ρυιτε means "time or ease."

- P. 178, l. 6, for "Cúcullainn" read "Cúculainn." L. 24, for "ξείτ" read "ξείτ." Note.—According to Seáðan mac fíoinn, I am wrong in my explanation of εάιτ 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 capaitl na muinntíre."
- P. 180, l. 1, Seáðan mac fíoinn says the word is probably "ξήίτ," not "ξήίτ," and that "ξήίτ" means inflammation from the heat of the blood. For "níτ" read "níoτ."
- P. 182, D. 7, rúξ is probably meant here either for rúξ-cailían=strawberry, or ruξ cmaoibe=raspberry. L. 18. Seáðan mac fíoinn says that rúoít is fem. in the Tuam district, nom. rúoíte, gen. rúoíte.
- P. 184, l. 14. Seáðan mac fíoinn says it was at Suróe-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 "Teáð páoíraíξ mac Cáíτá," which he translates "Paddy Carr's house."
- P. 188, l. 12. Mr. Glynn tells me he has heard this curious word ríáúta applied to "suine ár úín a ξoíte anaξaíú bíú, tñe íomara ca ríúúe beít τaóð árúξ ánn!"
- P. 190, l. 5, for "úáta" read "úáta."
- P. 194, l. 3, for "le ξhíú" read, of course, "ní le ξhíú." L. 20, for "ξeímnεáð" read "ξeímnεáð." L. 22. Mr. Glynn tells me that ξhεuρúúe ξaéúεaúáð meant a maker of brogues for common people, and ξhεuρúúe ξaúúúá, 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 "úóúξεáú" for "úóúεáú." L. 15, read "ξhóúúeúξεáú." L. 22, read "τñéúú."
- P. 204. Ruáú does not seem to be inflected in the gen. masculine, certainly not by εóξan ó neáctáín, from whom I heard this story, nor by any of the many people I have heard sing "úεan an fíín Ruáú."
- P. 206, l. 25, for "ελεáínnáír" read "ελεáínnáír." L. 29, for "τuáúε" read "τuáúε."
- P. 208, l. 3. Both "ríméáú" and "ríméáú" are used in Galway.
- P. 210. Mr. Glynn, the Town Clerk of Tuam, has supplied me with the following interesting note:—  
 "úεan an fíín Ruáú" (page 210, l. 6). John Burke, a stonemason, and a famous old reanáúúúe, who was a native of Cmaíξ an úáínnε, in the parish of Cummer, near Tuam, and from whom I wrote down



meaning of *puir-bean*, "bean atá rú-dorta le leanb' uo beit' aici." There is a proverb about "*puir-bean a bfuil feóil uirri.*"

- P. 252, for "*uoirioge*" read "*uoirigte.*" L. 12, for "*na*" read "*nó.*" L. 15, *Seáizan mac f'loinn* says there is a legend told in the barony of Clare about a cat *na b'runann* fought near *Cnoc-meáda*, in that barony.
- P. 254. *Uíát*, Dr. Henry has pointed out to me, more usually takes the oblique tense of the verb, and *nuair* the direct, i.e. *uáit* *uáib* *uáe*, "when he was," but *nuair* *bí* *uáe*. L. 21, *cáil* being feminine, one would expect *í*, but this is how I got it, and *eoizan O néadéain* 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 "*ueacmá*" read "*ueacmá.*" L. 14, for "*beit'*" read "*beit.*"
- P. 260, for "*u'umluiguir*" read "*a n-umluiguir.*"
- 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 "*u'gaeóil*" read "*gaeóil.*"
- P. 264, l. 3, for "*anám*" read "*annám.*" L. 21, *am an n'óálad* is more usual in Munster, *am an 'óálad* in Connacht.
- P. 266, l. 6, for "*ponn*" read "*ponn.*"
- P. 268, l. 3, for "*ueáct*" read "*ueáct.*" L. 20, for "*ceannróic*" read "*deannróic.*" 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, "*uolige*," see note to p. 264. *ueilge* (pronounced in Connacht *éilge*) *an uolige é*, would be a better idiom.
- P. 273. Barney Rochford is the name of the hero of this song, not Richard.
- P. 274. *Soilaid* is the dat., put here for the nom. see note to p. 160.
- P. 276, l. 3, for "*am*" read "*ám.*" L. 4, for "*cuóiró*" read "*cuóiró.*" I recovered half the missing stanza since from Matt Finn, but not the whole—
- Ueannáir uo éur u'gaeóinn*  
*meáig Hottentots á' r' néagars*  
*San feam a émuáig' n-éinfeáct leir*  
*áct Egan ásur rúg na n'áir.*
- P. 278, l. 17. The *Ueinfeáct* 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 Fíolainn:—

'Síúo éugaid anáil é,  
Deamán an éorhán,  
Duir noíol ve leánán  
Lé duir ló.

Ffeneoric Trench  
Na miar 'r na miorcán,  
Fuaé na marb  
'S sháin na mbó,

'noir ó tárla é 'n a éorhán,  
Shan rúg shan rúigteán,  
A' r shuir ríor in tshíonn  
Tá ré 's á bó,

Deir leat miorcán  
Sior éuis buicán,  
Cuirfear bártáil  
Lé n-a tóin.

- P. 280, l. 7. The reading *talain* '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 il" 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 "ríéio" read "ar ríéio." L. 2, for "fearréainne" read "feartanna" or "feartainne." L. 14. This *míceáilín* 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 *míceáilín cleíreac*. The poor fellow was found dead about ten years ago on the roadside, near the school-house of Ballinderry, parish of Cummer. *Deannaóct* 'Dé le n-a anam!
- P. 286, l. 11. *Clarshairt* is another form of this word. In Connemara *sleet* is *rléirneacra*, pronounced like *rléit-rneacra*. L. 16. Mr. Glynn says that *rrúil*, 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 rrrúil* (working) *o maoin go tráctóna*. L. 22. *As gearraó na nshráma* (literally "cutting the graces") means blaspheming. *As gearraó 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 "δέα" read "δέ," but that is how I found it.
- P. 312, l. 11. This *τίοντταις* is, as Dr. Henry has pointed out to me, undoubtedly a mistake for *τίοντταις*, "turned" or "perverted."
- P. 318, l. 8, for "Δ ο'ράς" better read "Δηράς," but I found it as above.
- P. 324, l. 15, for "μύντε" read "μύντε." L. 21, for "έιμινν" read "έιμεινν". 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 "ι." L. 29. *θα λάρομε* would be more grammatical, but the other form is common.
- P. 327, l. 17, for "fiddler" read "weaver."
- P. 330, l. 24, better *σο θρυίστεά*. 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 Σοιλέα*, and hence Raftery's verse.
- P. 332, l. 15, for "έιμινν" read "έιμεινν."
- P. 334, l. 11. One would expect perhaps *νίοτ ζίλε*, but I find the other form used just as often.
- P. 336, l. 4, read *γυδαίραδ*.
- P. 338, l. 15, read *γυδαίτ*.
- P. 340, l. 24. This *Seázan O Cuillionáin* was a second cousin of my friend, *Seázan Mac Fíoinn*, 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 "*ιαράτ να η-ιαράτ*," it gradually shed its pages, until scarcely a hundred of them were left. He was born at *Caírléán Buiré Cárinnais* (the yellow Castle of Tavnagh, see my story of *Tobán Deire an Dómain*), 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 *Caírléán* was built by the Clanrickard Burkes.
- P. 356, l. 1, read *ρεάττίμε*.
- P. 358, l. 16. This line, according to Glynn, runs in all the versions he had ever heard or seen—" *μάη λειζ μέ αν ηζόρ αν αν μέίη ητ γυροε*," 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. *Seázan Mac Fíoinn* 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. Seáξαν 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 εανac-cala is the proper word—a townland in the parish of Clonfert, barony of Longford. L. 15. Glynn says ροcτúρ ρεóμαρ, "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 "αδρián" read "αδρiαν é."
- P. 368, l. 17. The word is "ρεócan," according to Seá ξανMac Flóinn and means "a gust or whiff [of the smell]."

[CRÍOC.]

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