







Om. 215.

33/-



R E L I Q U E S
O F
I R I S H P O E T R Y:

CONSISTING OF
HEROIC POEMS, ODES, ELEGIES, AND SONGS,
TRANSLATED INTO
E N G L I S H V E R S E:
W I T H
NOTES EXPLANATORY AND HISTORICAL;
AND THE
ORIGINALS IN THE IRISH CHARACTER.
TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED
A N I R I S H T A L E.
B Y M I S S B R O O K E.

Ḃ Oífin, aḡ bhí bhí do fheala.
Cat Gabra.

GEORGE BONHAM, PRINTER,
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M.DCC.LXXXIX.



P R E F A C E.

IN a preface to a translation of ancient Irish poetry, the reader will naturally expect to see the subject elucidated and enlarged upon, with the pen of learning and antiquity. I lament that the limited circle of my knowledge does not include the power of answering so just an expectation; but my regret at this circumstance is considerably lessened, when I reflect, that had I been possessed of all the learning requisite for such an undertaking, it would only have qualified me for an unnecessary foil to the names of O'CONOR, O'HALLORAN and VALLANCEY.

My comparatively feeble hand aspires only (like the ladies of ancient Rome) to strew flowers in the paths of these laureled champions of my country. The flowers of earth, the *terrestrial* offspring of Phœbus, were scattered before the steps of victorious WAR; but, for triumphant GENIUS are reserved the *cælestial* children of his beams, the unfading flowers of the Muse. To pluck, and thus to bestow them, is mine, and I hold myself honoured in the task.

“ THE esteem (says Mr. O'HALLORAN) which mankind conceive of nations in general, is always in proportion to the figure they have made in arts and in arms. It is on this account that all civilized countries are eager to display their heroes, legislators, poets and philosophers—and with justice, since every individual participates in the glory of his illustrious countrymen.”—But where, alas, is this thirst for national glory? when a subject of such importance is permitted to a pen like mine! Why does not some *son of Anak* in genius step forward, and boldly throw his gauntlet to Prejudice, the avowed and approved champion of his country's lovely muse?

IT is impossible for imagination to conceive too highly of the pitch of excellence to which a science must have soared which was cherished with such enthusiastic regard and cultivation as that of poetry, in this country. It was absolutely, for ages, the vital soul of the nation*; and shall we then have no curiosity respecting the productions of genius once so celebrated, and so prized?

TRUE it is, indeed, and much to be lamented, that few of the compositions of those ages that were famed, in Irish annals, for the *light of song*, are now to be obtained by the most diligent research. The greater number of the poetical remains of our Bards, yet extant, were written during the middle ages; periods when the genius of Ireland was in its wane,

* See the elegant and faithful O'CONNOR upon this subject; (*Dissertations on the History of Ireland*, p. 66.) and he is supported by the testimonies of the most authentic of antient and modern historians.

“ ————— Yet still, not lost

“ All its original brightness————.”

On the contrary, many of the productions of those times breathe the true spirit of poetry, besides the merit they possess with the Historian and Antiquary, as so many faithful delineations of the manners and ideas of the periods in which they were composed.

WITH a view to throw some light on the antiquities of this country, to vindicate, in part, its history, and prove its claim to scientific as well as to military fame, I have been induced to undertake the following work. Besides the four different species of composition which it contains, (the HEROIC POEM, the ODE, the ELEGY, and the SONG) others yet remain unattempted by translation:—the ROMANCE, in particular, which unites the fire of Homer with the enchanting wildness of Ariosto. But the limits of my present plan have necessarily excluded many beautiful productions of genius, as little more can be done, within the compass of a single volume, than merely to give a few specimens, in the hope of awakening a just and useful curiosity, on the subject of our poetical compositions.

UNACQUAINTED with the rules of translation, I know not how far those rules may censure, or acquit me. I do not profess to give a merely literal version of my originals, for that I should have found an impossible undertaking.—Besides the spirit which they breathe, and which lifts the imagination far above the tameness, let me say, the *injustice*, of such a task,—there are many complex words that could not be translated literally, with-

out.

out great injury to the original,—without being “ false to its sense, and false to its fame.”

I AM aware that in the following poems there will sometimes be found a sameness, and repetition of thought, appearing but too plainly in the English version, though scarcely perceivable in the original Irish, so great is the variety as well as beauty peculiar to that language. The number of synonyms * in which it abounds, enables it, perhaps beyond any other, to repeat the same thought, without tiring the fancy or the ear.

It is really astonishing of what various and comprehensive powers this neglected language is possessed. In the pathetic, it breathes the most beautiful and affecting simplicity; and in the bolder species of composition, it is distinguished by a force of expression, a sublime dignity, and rapid energy, which it is scarcely possible for any translation fully to convey; as it sometimes fills the mind with ideas altogether new, and which, perhaps, no modern language is entirely prepared to express. One compound epithet must often be translated by two lines of English verse, and, on such occasions, much of the beauty is necessarily lost; the force and effect of the thought being weakened by too slow an introduction on the mind; just as that light which dazzles, when flashing swiftly on the eye, will be gazed at with indifference, if let in by degrees.

BUT, though I am conscious of having, in many instances, failed in my attempts to do all the justice I wished to my origi-

* There are upwards of forty names to express a *Ship* in the Irish language, and nearly an equal number for a *House*, &c.

nals, yet still, some of their beauties are, I hope, preserved; and I trust I am doing an acceptable service to my country, while I endeavour to rescue from oblivion a few of the invaluable reliques of her ancient genius; and while I put it in the power of the public to form some idea of them, by clothing the thoughts of our Irish muse in a language with which they are familiar, at the same time that I give the originals, as vouchers for the fidelity of my translation, as far as two idioms so widely different would allow.

HOWEVER deficient in the powers requisite to so important a task, I may yet be permitted to point out some of the good consequences which might result from it, if it were but performed to my wishes. The productions of our Irish Bards exhibit a glow of cultivated genius,—a spirit of elevated heroism,—sentiments of pure honor,—instances of disinterested patriotism,—and manners of a degree of refinement, totally astonishing, at a period when the rest of Europe was nearly sunk in barbarism: And is not all this very honorable to our countrymen? Will they not be benefited,—will they not be gratified, at the lustre reflected on them by ancestors so very different from what modern prejudice has been studious to represent them? But this is not all.—

As yet, we are too little known to our noble neighbour of Britain; were we better acquainted, we should be better friends. The British muse is not yet informed that she has an elder sister in this isle; let us then introduce them to each other! together let them walk abroad from their bowers, sweet ambassadresses of cordial union between two countries that seem formed by nature

to be joined by every bond of interest, and of amity. Let them entreat of Britain to cultivate a nearer acquaintance with her neighbouring isle. Let them conciliate for us her esteem, and her affection will follow of course. Let them tell her, that the portion of her blood which flows in our veins is rather ennobled than disgraced by the mingling tides that descended from our heroic ancestors. Let them come—but will they answer to a voice like mine? Will they not rather depute some favoured pen, to chide me back to the shade whence I have been allured, and where, perhaps, I ought to have remained, in respect to the memory, and superior genius of a Father—it avails not to say how dear!—But my feeble efforts presume not to emulate,—and they cannot injure his fame.

To guard against criticism I am no way prepared, nor do I suppose I shall escape it; nay, indeed, I do not wish to escape the pen of the *candid* critic: And I would willingly believe that an individual capable of no offence, and pretending to no pre-eminence, cannot possibly meet with any severity of criticism, but what the mistakes, or the deficiencies of this performance, may be justly deemed to merit; and what, indeed, could scarcely be avoided by one unskilled in composition, and now, with extreme diffidence, presenting, for the first time, her literary face to the world.

It yet remains to say a few words relative to the TALE which is annexed to this volume: for that I had no original; the story, however, is not my own; it is taken from a revolution in the history of ancient Ireland, Anno Mundi 3649. And no where

will

will the Muse be furnished with nobler subjects than that neglected history affords. The whole reign of CEALLACHAIN is one continued series of heroism, and high-wrought honor, that rises superior to all the flight of Romance, and defies Poet or fable to surpass it. Also, the reign of BRIAN BOIROIMH, and the famous retreat of the glorious tribe of DALGAIS; besides many other instances too numerous for detail; amongst which I selected the story of MAON, as a subject more suited to my limited powers, than those which demand a "Muse of fire," to record them.

I CANNOT conclude this preface without the gratification of acknowledging the favours with which I have been honored, since the commencement of my work.

FROM the judgment and taste of DOMINICK TRANT, Esq; (a gentleman too well known to need my panegyric) I have received much information and assistance.

TO the Right Honorable the Countess of MOIRA I am indebted for some valuable communications; as also to the learned WILLIAM BEAUFORD, Esq; of Athy; to RALPH OUSLEY, Esq; of Limerick; and to THEOPHILUS O'FLANAGAN, Esq; of Trinity College, Dublin.

TO the learning and public spirit of SYLVESTER O'HALLORAN, Esq; I owe innumerable obligations; and JOSEPH C. WALKER, Esq; has afforded every assistance which zeal, judgment, and extensive knowledge, could give.

BESIDES the literary favours of my friends, there are others which I cannot omit to acknowledge. as they equally tend to evince their wishes for the success of this undertaking.

THE accomplished family of CASTLE-BROWNE, in the county of Kildare, have exerted all the influence of taste, and character, to extend the subscription to this work. The learned author of the HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF THE IRISH BARDS, and his brother, SAMUEL WALKER, Esq; late of Trinity College Dublin. have also been equally zealous and successful; and to these two families I am indebted for the greater number of my subscribers, in this kingdom. For the rest, I am obliged to the influence of the Honorable Justice HILLEN; DOMINICK TRANT, Esq; RICHARD GRIFFITH, Esq; the Reverend EDWARD RYAN, D. D. the Reverend T. B. MEARES, and several other friends.

AMONGST those of our sister country who have exerted themselves to promote the success of this work, the liberal spirit of WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq; has been most particularly active. From the height of his own pre-eminence in literary fame. he is ever ready to reach, unasked, the voluntary hand to those who come to pay their vows at the shrine of his favourite Muse. I have also the same obligations to the Reverend Doctor WARNER, the son of him whose historical justice, superior to modern prejudices, so generously asserted the dignity and character of Ireland, in a work which must ever reflect the highest honor on the candour, and philanthropy, as well as the abilities of its author.

[*The Publication of this Work has been delayed some Time, for the purpose of being enabled to give the following List complete ;—still there are several Subscribers whose Names are not yet come to hand, and the List is therefore necessarily, though reluctantly, printed without them.*]

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HEROIC POEMS.

I.

C O N L O C H:

A

P O E M.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

I HAVE not been able to discover the Author of the Poem of CONLOCH, nor can I ascertain the exact time in which it was written; but it is impossible to avoid ascribing it to a very early period, as the language is so much older than that of any of my Originals, (the War Odes excepted,) and quite different from the style of those Pieces which are known to be the compositions of the middle ages.

With equal pride and pleasure, I prefix to it the following Introduction, and regard it as an ornament and an honor to my work. For many other valuable communications, I am also indebted to Mr. O'Halloran; and am happy in this opportunity of returning my public acknowledgments for the kind zeal with which he has assisted me in the course of my undertaking; besides the information which (in common with his other admiring readers) I have received from his inestimable Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland; a work fraught with learning, rich with the treasures of ages, and animated by the very soul of Patriotism, and genuine Honor!

A N

INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE

TO THE

P O E M O F C O N L O C H.

By SYLVESTER O'HALLORAN, Esq; *M.R.I.A.*

HAD the ancient history and language of Ireland been regarded in the very important light which both most assuredly merit, our accounts of the Laws, Customs, Legislation and Manners of the early Celtæ would not now be so imperfect and confused; nor would modern writers presume so flatly to contradict the facts recorded of them by the ancient Greek and Roman historians. But this is not the place to expatiate on so interesting a subject: As an introduction to the following Poem, I shall only say a few words relative to the antiquity of Chivalry in Europe.

It is a fact unanimously subscribed to, that the custom of creating Knights in Europe originated not from the Romans, but amongst the Celtæ themselves. The Romans, wherever they carried their arms, waged war against arts and sciences, as well as against mankind; and hence it partly proceeds that our accounts of the greatest nations of antiquity are now so meagre and mutilated. The ancient Celtæ were amongst the number of those states that experienced this sad truth; for though the early Greeks confess how much they were indebted to them for Letters and Philosophy, though Pausanias bears testimony to their Knights, and though Cæsar—an eye witness—confesses that these Knights were the second order amongst the Gauls; yet, because the succeeding Romans were so industrious in the destruction of their records, that scarce a trace remains behind, our writers of the present, and of the two last centuries, agree that the first institution of chivalry in Europe was about the time of the croisades. But though all the other nations in Europe were overrun, and of course their annals destroyed, yet Ireland still remained free and independent, receiving into her fostering arms the distressed, and the proscribed of Britain and of the Continent. *Here* did those Arts and Sciences flourish, which *there* were annihilated by war and rapine; and *here* it is that Pezron, Menage, Bochart, Aldrite, &c. should have appealed for a satisfactory explanation of the feudal laws and customs; the want of which has led them to represent their early ancestors as a rude and illiterate people, (notwithstanding the fullest Greek and Roman testimonies to the contrary,) and that the feudal system and military tenures were
instituted,

instituted, *for the first time*, after the expulsion of the Romans from Gaul; whereas *these*, as well as chivalry, flourished among the Celtæ in those days of politeness and erudition, which long preceded the conquests in Gaul, and were always in force in Ireland.

WITH us chivalry flourished from the remotest antiquity: there were five orders of it; four for the provinces, and one confined to the blood-royal; and so highly was this profession respected among us, that a Prince could not become a candidate for the monarchy, who had not the GRADH-GAOISGE, or order of Knighthood, conferred upon him. At a very tender age, the intended cavalier had a golden chain hung round his neck, and a sword and spear put into his hands. At seven years old he was taken from the care of the women, and deeply instructed in Philosophy, History, Poetry and Genealogy. The using his Weapons with judgment, elegance and address, was also carefully attended to; principles of Morality were sedulously inculcated, and a reverence and tender respect for the Fair, completed the education of the young hero. By his vows he was obliged to protect and redress the injured and the oppressed. He was not to reveal his name or his country to any uncourteous Knight, who seemed to demand it as a right. He was not to go out of his road for any menace. He could not decline the combat with any knight, how intrepid soever. And still further to shew to what a pitch of elevation they carried their ideas of military glory; even in death, they were to face this destroyer of mankind,

kind, *armed*, and ready to oppose force to force. This is so true, that on Cuchullin's being mortally wounded at the battle of Muirthievne, he had his back placed against a rock, with his sword and spear in his hands, &c. And Eogain-more, after the battle of Lena, was laid out completely armed, as our history has recorded. See also how these accounts illustrate later periods: De Saint Palaye, in his MEMOIRS OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY, tells us, that always, on the decease of a Knight, he was laid out in complete armour. And Hume mentions an English Knight, who, dying, ordered himself to be armed, with his lance and sword by him, as if ready to encounter death! The Chevalier Bayard, one of the bravest and most accomplished Knights of France, during the reign of Francis the first, finding himself mortally wounded in battle, ordered his attendants to place his back against a tree, with his sword in his hand, and died thus facing his conquering, though commiserating, enemies.

THE history of the following Poem is briefly this:—In the reign of Conor Mac-Nessa, King of Ulster, (about the year of the world 3950) Ireland abounded in heroes of the most shining intrepidity; inasmuch that they were all over Europe, by way of eminence, called the HEROES OF THE WESTERN ISLE. Amongst these were Cuchullin, the son of Sualthach; Conal- Cearach, and the three sons of Uisneach, Naoise, Aine, and Ardan, all cousins-german. Cuchullin, in one of his continental expeditions, returning home by way of Albany, or modern Scotland, fell in love, at Dun-Sgathach, with the beautiful Aife, daughter to Aird-genny.

genny. The affairs of his country calling him home, he left the lady pregnant; but, on taking leave, he directed, in case his child should be a son, to have him carefully brought up to arms, at the academy of Dun-Sgathach: He gave her a chain of gold to be put round his neck, and desired that he should be sent to Ulster, as soon as his military studies were completed, and that he should there recognize him by means of the golden chain. He also left the following injunctions for his conduct: That he should never reveal his name to a foe; that he should not give the way to any man, who seemed to demand it as a right; and that he should never decline the single combat with any Knight under the sun.

THE youth (his education completed,) came to Ireland to seek his father; but it appears that he arrived in armour; a manifest proof, according to the etiquette of those days, that he came with an hostile intention, and to look for occasions to signalize his valour. On his approaching Emania, the royal residence of the Ulster Kings, and of the Croabh-ruadh, or Ulster Knights, Conor sent a herald to know who he was? A direct answer, and he armed, would have been improper; it would have been an acknowledgment of timidity: In short, the question was only a challenge; and his being asked to pay an eric, or tribute, implied no more than that he should confess the superiority of the Ulster Knights. On his refusal to answer the question, Cuchullin appeared: they engaged, and the latter, hard pressed, threw a spear, with such direction at the young hero, as to wound him mortally.

mortally. The dying youth then acknowledged himself his son, and that he fell in obedience to the injunctions of his mother. It appears, however, from the poem, that when Cuchullin left her those injunctions, he was far from expecting that his son should have put them in force upon his arrival in Ireland. On the contrary, it appears the effect of jealousy in the lady, and of revenge, hoping that Cuchullin (now advanced in years) might himself fall in the conflict; for, though a gallant and most intrepid knight, yet our history proves that he was by no means constant in his attachments to the fair.

As to the numbers of knights engaged and vanquished by Conloch, previous to his conflict with Cuchullin, it is all poetic fiction, to raise the characters of the two heroes. Even Conall-Cearnach, Master of the Ulster Knights, is made to submit to Conloch, who then falls the greater victim to the glory of his own father.

CONLOCH:

C O N L O C H :

A P O E M^a.

CONLOCH, haughty, bold, and brave,
Rides upon Jerne's wave!—
Flush'd with loud-applauding fame,
From Dunfcaik's walls he came;
Came to visit Erin's coast;
Came to prove her mighty Host!

C

Welcome,

^a It is feared the measure chosen for the translation of this Poem, may appear greatly out of rule: but, in truth, I tried several others, and could succeed in none but this. I am conscious that the measure of an irregular Ode is not strictly suited to an Heroick Poem; the reader, however, as he advances, will perhaps find reason to acquit me; as he will perceive that the variety in the subject, required a variety in the measure; it is much too animated for the languid flow of Elegy, and too much broken by passion for the stately march of Heroicks:—at least it exceeded my limited powers to transfuse into either the spirit of my original.

Welcome, O youth of the intrepid mien,
 In glittering armour drest !
 Yet, *thus* to see thee come, I ween,
 Speaks a stray'd course, illustrious Guest ^b !
 But now, that safe the Eastern gale
 Has given thee to our view ;
 Recount thy travels, give the high detail
 Of those exploits from whence thy glory grew.

Do not, like others of Albania's land,
 Reject our fair demand ;
 Nor from its sheath the sword of conquest call,
 To cause thy youth, like theirs, to fall :
 Should'st thou, like them, with fruitless pride, delay
 The usual tribute of the bridge to pay.

“ If such, (the youth replied) ere while,
 “ Has been the practice of your worthless Isle ^c ;
 “ Yet never more a Chief shall it disgrace,
 “ For this right arm shall your proud Law efface.”

Thus

^b It is here evident that the Herald only *affects* to mistake the meaning of Conloch's martial appearance, with a view, perhaps, to engage him to change his intention ; or, possibly, through politeness to a *Stranger*, he would not seem to think him an enemy, until he had positively declared himself such. But, be this as it may, we cannot avoid perceiving the extreme elegance and delicacy with which the Herald addresses him, and makes his demand.

^c The fierceness of this reply plainly denotes the impression which Conloch had received of Ireland, from the jealousy and resentment of his Mother, and that he came firmly purposed to evince it by all his actions.

Thus, while he spoke, collecting all his might,
 Fierce he addrest his conquering arms to fight ;
 No stop, no stay his furious faulchion found,
 Till his dire hand an hundred warriors bound :
 Vanquish'd they sunk beneath his dreadful sway,
 And low on earth their bleeding glories lay.

Then Conor^d to his blushing host exclaim'd,
 " Of all our Chiefs, for feats of prowess fam'd,
 " Is there not one our glory to restore ?
 " So cold is then become our martial heat,
 " That none will dare yon haughty youth to meet,
 " His name and errand to explore,
 " The slaughter of his dreadful arm restrain,
 " And force his pride its purpose to explain !"

'Twas then the kindling soul of Conall^e rose,
 Victorious name ! the terror of his foes !
 His threatening arm aloft the hero rais'd,
 And in his grasp the deadly faulchion blaz'd !

Secure of conquest, on he moved,
 The youthful foe to meet ;
 But there a force, till then unknown, he proved !
 Amazed we saw the strange defeat ;

^d Conor Mac-Nessa, King of Ulster.

^e Conall Cearnach, Master of the Ulster Knights, cousin-german and intimate friend to Cucullin.

We saw our Champion bound ;
 Subdued beneath fierce Conloch's arm he lay ;
 No more, as erst, to boast unvanquished sway,
 A name, till then, for victory still renown'd.

“ Quick let a rapid courier fly !

(Indignant Auliffe cried,)

“ Quick with the shameful tidings let him hie,

“ And to our aid the first of heroes call,

“ From fair Dundalgan's^f lofty wall,

“ Or Dethin's^g ancient pride !”

“ Welcome, Cucullin !^h mighty chief !

“ Though late, O welcome to thy friend's relief !

“ Behold the havoc of yon deadly blade !

“ Behold our hundred warriors bite the ground !

“ Behold thy friend, thy Conall bound !

“ Behold—nor be thy vengeful arm delay'd !”

“ No

^f Dundalgan, (now Dundalk,) the residence of Cucullin.

^g Dun-Dethin, the residence of Dethin, the mother of Cucullin.

^h This passage exhibits a species of beauty that has been often, and deservedly admired : Here is the poet's true magical chariot, that annihilates space and circumstance in its speed ! We scarce know that the messenger of Conor is gone, until we find him returned ; and without the tedious intervention of narrative, the bard places his hero at once before our eyes.—Thus, in the inimitable ballad of *Hardyknute* :

The little Page flew swift as dart,

Flung from his Master's arm ;

“ Cum down, cum down Lord Hardyknute,

“ And red your King frae harm !”

“ No wonder (he replied,) each foreign knight

“ Should now insult our coast !

“ Lost are the fowls of martial might,

“ The pride of Erin’s host !

“ Oh! since your deaths, ye fav’rite sons of fame¹ !

“ Disinay, defeat, distress, and well-earn’d shame,

“ Alike our loss, and our reproach proclaim !——

“ For

¹ Cucullin here alludes to the death of his kinsmen, the three sons of Uisnoth, (or Uisneach,) who were cut off some time before by the perfidy of Conor. As their story may perhaps be acceptable to my readers, I will here present them with it, in all its fabulous array.

Deirdre, the beautiful daughter of Feidlim Mac-Doill, secretary to Conor king of Ulster, had, from her infancy, been shut up and strictly guarded in a fortress, to frustrate the prophecy of a Druid, who had foretold at her birth, that she should be fatal to the house of Ulster. On a day, as she looked abroad from her prison, she perceived a raven feeding on the blood of a calf, that had been killed for her table, and had tinged with crimson some new-fallen snow.—Immediately turning to Leavarcam, (her governess,) she asked, if there was any one in the world so beautiful as to have hair black as that raven’s wing; cheeks of as bright and pure a red as that blood; and a skin of the same dazzling fairness as that snow? Leavarcam replied, that there was; and that Naoise, the son of Uisnoth, more than answered the description.

Deirdre, curious to behold this wonder, entreated her governess to contrive some means by which she might procure a sight of him; and Leavarcam, pitying her situation and confinement, and thinking this a good opportunity to effect her deliverance from it; went directly to the young and gallant Naoise, informed him of the circumstance, extolled her pupil’s charms, and promised to indulge him with an interview, provided he would, on his part, engage to free the fair captive, and make her his wife. Naoise joyfully accepted the invitation:—they met;—mutual astonishment and admiration concluded in vows of the most passionate love! Naoise, with the aid of his brothers, Ainle and Ardán, stormed the fortress, and carried off his prize; and escaping thence to Scotland, they were there joined in marriage.

But

“ For me, my friends, what now remains,
 “ When I behold yon mighty Chief in chains?

“ With

But the fatal beauty of Deirdre prevented the peaceable enjoyment of her happiness:—a Prince of great power in Albany saw her and was enamoured; and finding that it was vain to sue, he had recourse to arms, to force her from the protection of her husband. But Naoise, with a few faithful followers, cut his way through all opposition, and made good his retreat to one of the adjacent islands; where expecting to be again attacked, he dispatched messengers to Ulster, to entreat the aid of his friends.

The nobility of that province, on being informed of his situation, went in a body to the King, requesting that Naoise might be assisted and recalled; and Conor now trembling for the event of the prophecy, and perceiving that he could not by open force effect the deaths of those whose lives he feared would fulfil it, veiled his treacherous purpose under the masque of generous forgiveness to the rashness of a youthful lover; he affected to engage with pleasure in the cause of the unhappy pair; he granted the desired repealment, and sent a ship to convey them back to Ireland, and a body of troops to wait their arrival on the shore, and escort them to the palace of Emania. But Eogain, the commander of this body, had received private orders from the King to cut off the little band of Naoise on their landing; and particularly not to let Deirdre and the three sons of Uisnoth escape. His commands were too successfully obeyed, and in spite of the most gallant resistance, the unhappy brothers were slain. But Deirdre was reserved for still further woe: the murderous Eogain, struck with her beauty, could not lift his arm against her; he therefore brought her back a prisoner to the palace, and requested her from the King, as the reward of his guilty service. The base and inhuman Conor consented to his wishes, on obtaining a promise that she should be kept confined, and strictly watched, to prevent the accomplishment of the prediction. The wretched victim was accordingly placed in the chariot, and by the side of her husband's murderer, who aggravated her anguish by the most brutal raillery; and convinced her that death alone could free her from horrors, yet worse than any she had hitherto endured. Inspired with the sudden resolution of despair, she watched a moment favourable to her purpose, and springing with violence from the chariot, she dashed herself against a rock and expired.

But the cruel Conor drew down on his house the denunciation that he dreaded, by the very means through which he sought to avoid it. The friends of the unhappy lovers, enraged

" With such a hero's conqueror should I cope,
 " What could my humbler boast of prowess hope^k?
 " How should you think *my* arms could e'er prevail,
 " Where Conall-Cearnach's skill and courage fail?"——

" And wilt thou then decline the fight,
 " O arm of Erin's fame!
 " Her glorious, her unconquered knight,
 " Her first and fav'rite name!
 " No, brave Cucullin! mighty chief
 " Of bright victorious steel!
 " Fly to thy Conall, to thy friend's relief,
 " And teach the foe superior force to feel!"

" Then,

enraged at his perfidy, assembled all their forces, and took ample vengeance on the tyrant for his cruelty and breach of faith. His whole army was routed; his palace of Emania was seized upon, and given up to the plunder of the soldiery; and his favourite son, together with the chief officers of his household, and all who were supposed to be his friends, fell in the carnage of that day, as so many victims to the manes of the murdered sons of Ufnóth.

Whatever part Cucullin had taken in revenging the deaths of his young kinsmen, it appears that a kind of sullen reconciliation was afterwards effected between him and the King of Ulster; since we here find him (though reluctantly) consenting to fight his battles, and obey his commands. But the severity of reproach, and the bitterness of recollection, which is implied in the speech before us, plainly demonstrate that his grief and his injuries were still keenly felt, and warmly repented.

^k Cucullin had been once a candidate for the Mastership of the Ulster Knights, but voluntarily resigned his claim to his kinsman Conall, as to one who had exhibited greater proof of soldiery than he himself had, at that time, been happy enough to have an opportunity of evincing.

Then, with firm step, and dauntless air,
Cucullin went, and thus the foe address'd :

“ Let me, O valiant knight, (he cried)

“ Thy courtesy request !

“ To me thy purpose, and thy name confide,

“ And what thy lineage and thy land declare ?

“ Do not my friendly hand refuse,

“ And proffer'd peace decline ;——

“ Yet, if thou wilt the doubtful combat chuse,

“ The combat then, O fair-hair'd youth ! be thine !”

“ Never shall aught so base as fear

“ The hero's bosom sway !

“ Never, to please a curious ear,

“ Will I my fame betray !

“ No, gallant chief ! I will to none

“ My name, my purpose, or my birth reveal ;

“ Nor even from *thee* the combat will I shun,

“ Strong though thine arm appear, and tried thy martial

“ steel.

“ Yet hear me own, that, did the vow

“ Of chivalry allow,

“ I would not thy request withstand,

“ But gladly take, in peace, thy proffer'd hand.

“ So

“ So does that face each hostile thought controul !

“ So does that noble mien possess my foul !”

Reluctant then the chiefs commenc'd the fight,
Till glowing honor rous'd their slumbering might !
Dire was the strife each valiant arm maintain'd,
And undecided long their fates remain'd ;
For, till that hour, no eye had ever view'd
A field so fought, a conquest so pursu'd !
At length Cucullin's kindling soul arose ;
Indignant flame recruited fury lends ;
With fatal aim his glittering lance he throws,
And low on earth the dying youth extends.

Flown with the spear, his rage forfook
The hero's generous breast,
And, with soft voice, and pitying look,
He thus his brave unhappy foe address'd.

“ Gallant youth ! that wound, I fear,

“ Is past the power of art to heal !

“ Now then, thy name and lineage let me hear,

“ And whence, and why we see thee here, reveal !

D

“ That

Deeply, as it is evident, that Conloch had been prepossessed against Cucullin, yet nature here begins to work ; and the sight of the paternal face raises strong emotions in his breast. This is finely introduced by the masterly poet, to heighten the distress of the catastrophe.

“ That fo thy tomb with honor we may raife,
“ And give to glory’s fong thy deathlefs praife!”

“ Approach!”—the wounded youth reply’d^m:—

“ Yet—yet more clofely nigh!

“ On this dear earth—by that dear fide

“ O let me die!—

“ Thy hand—my Father!—haplefs chief!—

“ And you, ye warriors of our ifle, draw near,

“ The anguish of my foul to hear,

“ For I muft kill a father’s heart with grief!

“ O firft of heroes! hear thy fon,

“ Thy Conloch’s parting breath!

“ See Dunfcaik’s early careⁿ!

“ See Dundalgan’s cherifh’d heir!

“ See, alas! thy haplefs child,

“ By female arts beguil’d,

“ And by a fatal promife won,

“ Falls the fad victim of untimely death!”

“ O my

^m From this line, to the end of the poem, my readers will perceive the neceffity of an irregular meafure in the tranflation.

ⁿ Dun-Sgathach (i. e. the fortrefs of Sgathach) in the Ifle of Sky.—It took its name from a celebrated Albanian heroine, who eftablifhed an academy there, and taught the ufe of arms.

“ O my lost son!—relentless fate!—

“ By this curst arm to fall!—

“ Come wretched Aifè, from thy childless hall,

“ And learn the woes that thy pierc’d soul await!

“ Why wert thou absent in this fatal hour?—

“ A mother’s tender power

“ Might sure have sway’d my Conloch’s filial breast!

“ My son, my hero then had stood confest!

“ But it is past!—he dies!—ah woe!—

“ Come, Aifè, come, and let thy sorrows flow!

“ Bathe his dear wounds!—support his languid head!

“ Wash, with a mother’s tears, away the blood a father shed!”

“ No more (the dying youth exclaim’d,)

“ No more on Aifè call!

“ Curst be her art!—the treacherous snare she fram’d

“ Has wrought thy Conloch’s fall!

“ Curse on the tongue that arm’d my hand

“ Against a father’s breast!

“ That bound me to obey her dire command,

“ And with a lying tale my soul posselt;

“ That made me think my youth no more thy care,

“ And bade me of thy cruel arts beware!

“ Curst be the tongue to whose deceit
“ The anguish of my father’s heart I owe.
“ While thus, to bathe his sacred feet,
“ Through this unhappy tide,
“ He sees the same rich crimson tide
“ That fills his own heroic bosom flow !

“ O yes ! too surely am I thine !
“ No longer I the fatal truth conceal.
“ Never before did any foe
“ The name of Conloch know ;
“ Nor would I now to thee my birth reveal,
“ But safety, even from thy dear hand decline,
“ Did not my ebbing blood, and short’ning breath,
“ Secure thy Conloch’s honor—in his death.

“ But, ah Cucullin !—dauntless knight !—
“ Ah !—had’st thou better mark’d the fight !
“ Thy skill in arms might soon have made thee know
“ That I was only *half* a foe !
“ Thou would’st have seen, for glory though I fought,
“ Defence,—not blood I fought.
“ Thou would’st have seen, from that dear breast,
“ Nature and love thy Conloch’s arm arrest !

“ Thou

“ Thou would’st have seen his spear instinctive flay ;

“ And, when occasion dar’d its force,

“ Still from that form it fondly turn’d away,

“ And gave to air its course °.”

No answer the unhappy fire return’d,

But wildly thus, in frantic sorrow mourn’d.

“ O my lov’d Conloch ! beam of glory’s light !

“ O set not yet in night !

“ Live, live my son, to aid thy father’s sword !

“ O live, to conquest and to fame restor’d !

“ Companions of the war, my son, we’ll go,

“ Mow down the ranks, and chase the routed foe !

“ Ourselves an host, sweep o’er the prostrate field,

“ And squadrons to my hero’s arm shall yield !

“ Not mighty Erin’s self, from wave to wave,

“ Not all her chiefs could our joint prowess brave !

“ Gone !—art thou gone ?—O wretched eyes !

“ See where my child ! my murder’d Conloch lies !

“ Lo !—in the dust his shield of conquest laid !

“ And prostrate, now, his once victorious blade !

“ O let

° Here is one of those delicate strokes of nature and sentiment, that pass so directly to the heart, and so powerfully awaken its feelings !—Sympathy bleeds at every line of this passage, and the anguish of the father and the son are at once transfused into our breasts !

“ O let me turn from the foul-torturing fight!

“ O wretch! deserted and forlorn!

“ With age’s sharpest anguish torn!—

“ Stript of each tender tie! each fond delight!

“ Cruel father!—cruel stroke!—

“ See the heart of nature broke!—

“ Yes, I have murder’d thee, my lovely child!

“ Red with thy blood this fatal hand I view!—

“ Oh, from the fight distraction will ensue,

“ And grief will turn with tearless horror wild!——

“ Reason!—whither art thou fled?—

“ Art thou with my Conloch dead?—

“ Is this lost wretch no more thy care?

“ Not one kind ray to light my soul;

“ To free it from the black controul

“ Of this deep, deep despair!——

“ As the lone skiff is tofs’d from wave to wave,

“ No pilot’s hand to save!

“ Thus, thus my devious soul is borne!

“ Wild with my woes, I only live to mourn!

“ But all in death will shortly end,

“ And sorrow to the grave its victim send!

“ Yes

- “ Yes, yes, I feel the near approach of peace,
 “ And misery soon will cease !
 “ As the ripe fruit, at shady autumn’s call,
 “ Shakes to each blast, and trembles to its fall ;
 “ I wait the hour that shall afford me rest,
 “ And lay, O earth ! my sorrows in thy breast.
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Here ends the Poem of CONLOCH : the subject is indeed continued in the following pages ; but it is in a distinct and separate piece, of which I have seen a number of copies, all in some degree differing from each other, and none of them connected with the above, except in this one copy, which I got from Mr. O’HALLORAN. The following poem, however, is possessed of considerable merit ; and, besides the pathos that it breathes, it exhibits a species of originality in its way, that is *unique*, and striking to a very great degree.

The above translation is made from Mr. O’HALLORAN’s copy, but the original of the poem here subjoined, being rather fuller than the one which was annexed to his, I have for that reason adopted it.

T H E
LAMENTATION OF CUCULLIN,
OVER THE
BODY OF HIS SON CONLOCH.

ALAS, alas for thee,
O Aifè's hapless son!
And oh, of fires the most undone,
My child! my child! woe, tenfold woe to me!
Alas! that e'er these fatal plains
Thy valiant steps receiv'd!
And oh, for Cualnia's^a wretched chief
What now, alas, remains!
What, but to gaze upon his grief!
Of his sole son, by his own arm bereav'd!

O had

^a Cucullin was called, by way of pre-eminence, the HERO OF CUALNIA, that being the name of his patrimony, which it still retains, in the county of Louth.

O had I died before this hour!—

My lost, my lovely child!

Before this arm my Conloch's arm oppos'd;
 Before this spear against him was addrest;
 Before these eyes beheld his eye-lids clos'd,
 And life's warm stream thus issuing from his breast!
 Then, Death, how calmly had I met thy power!
 Then, at thy worst of terrors, had I smil'd!

Could fate no other grief devise?—

No other foe provide?—

Oh!—could no arm but mine suffice

To pierce my darling's side!—

My Conloch! 'tis denied thy father's woe
 Even the sad comfort of revenge to know!—
 To rush upon thy murderer's cruel breast,
 Scatter his limbs, and rend his haughty crest!—
 While his whole tribe in blood should quench my rage,
 And the dire fever of my soul assuage^b!
 The debt of vengeance, then, should well be paid,
 And thousands fall the victims of thy shade!

E

Ultonian

^b What a picture of a heart torn with sorrow is here exhibited, in these wild startings of passion!—the soul of a hero, pressed down with a weight of woe,—stung to madness by complicated aggravations of the most poignant grief, and struggling between reason, and the impatient frenzy of despair!—How naturally does it rave around for some object whereon to vent the burstings of anguish, and the irritations of a wounded spirit!

Ultonian knights '! ye glory of our age!
 Well have ye scap'd a frantic father's rage!
 That not by *you* this fatal field is won!
 That not by *you* I lose my lovely son!—
 Oh, dearly, else, should all your lives abide
 The trophies from my Conloch's valour torn;
 And your RED-BRANCH, in deeper crimson dy'd,
 The vengeance of a father's arm should mourn!

O thou lost hope of my declining years!
 O cruel winds that drove thee to this coast!
 Alas! could Destiny afford
 No other arm, no other sword,
 In Leinster of the pointed spears,
 On Munster's plains, or in fierce Cruachan's^a host,
 To quench in blood my filial light,
 And spare my arm the deed, my eyes the fight!

O had proud India's splendid plain
 Beneath thy prowess bled,
 There, sunk on heaps of hostile slain,
 Had thy brave spirit fled,

That

^a These were the famous heroes of the RED-BRANCH.

[†] In Connaught.

That then EMANIA^e might the deed pursue,
 And, for thy fate, exact the vengeance due!
 Expiring millions had thy ransom paid,
 And the wild frenzy of my grief allay'd!

O that to Lochlin's land of fnows
 My fon had steer'd his course!
 Or Grecian^f shores, or Persian^g foes,
 Or Spain, or Britain's force!

There

^e By EMANIA he means the knights of the RED-BRANCH, as a considerable part of that palace was occupied by this celebrated body. The part appointed for their residence was called *Teagh na Craobke-ruadh* (i. e. the palace of the RED-BRANCH), where there was also an academy instituted for the instruction of the young knights, and a large hospital for their sick and wounded, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Warriors' Sorrow. See O'HALL. *Int. to the Hist. of Ireland*, p. 40. See also KEATING.

The palace of Emania, or Eamania, stood near Armagh. Some ruins of it were remaining so late as the time of Colgan. Vide *Collect. de Reb. Hib.* vol. III. p. 341.

^{f g} The anti-hipernian critic will here exclaim—"What knowledge could Cucullin "possibly be supposed to have had of Greece, or Persia, or of proud India's splendid "plain?—Does not the very mention banish every idea of the antiquity of this "poem, and mark it out at once as a modern production?" It is granted that this would indeed be the case, had our early ancestors been *really* such as modern writers represent them:—*Barbarians, descended from barbarians, and ever continuing the same*; but their Phœnician origin of itself sufficiently accounts for their knowledge of the situation, inhabitants, manners, &c. of the various nations of the earth; since the Phœnicians, a maritime and commercial people, traded to every port, and were acquainted with every country.

Besides this, the literary and intellectual turn of the ancient Irish, frequently sent them, in quest of knowledge, to different parts of the globe. "Our early writers " (says Mr O'HALLORAN) tell us, (and Archbishop USHER affirms the same,) that

There had he fallen, amidst his fame,
 I yet the loss could bear ;
 Nor horror thus would shake my frame,
 Nor sorrow be—Despair !—

Why was it not in Sora's barbarous lands
 My lovely Conloch fell ?
 Or by fierce Pictish chiefs^b, whose ruthless bands
 Would joy the cruel tale to tell ;
 Whose souls are train'd all pity to subdue ;
 Whose savage eyes unmov'd that form could view !

Rejoice, ye heroes of Albania's plains !
 (While yet I live, my conquering troops to lead,)
 Rejoice, that guiltless of the deed
 Your happy earth remains !

And

“ the celebrated champion Conall Cearnach, Master of the Ulster Knights, was actually at Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion of our Saviour, and related the story to the King of Ulster on his return.” He also adds that one of our great poets, in the fifth century, traversed the east, and dedicated a book to the Emperor Theodosius. Many similar instances and proofs could also be here subjoined ; but the limits of my design oblige me to refer my readers to the learned works of O'CONOR, O'HALLORAN and VALLANCEY, names dear to every spirit of liberality and science, but by *Irishmen* peculiarly to be revered.

^b The period, when the Picts first invaded North-Britain, has not (I believe) been exactly ascertained.—We *here* find that country divided between the PICTS and the ALBANIANS, and the former mentioned as a bloody and cruel people.—It was not till two centuries after this that a *third* colony from Ireland, under Carbry Riada, was established there.

And you, ye chiefs of Galia's numerous host;
Bless the kind fate that spar'd your favour'd coast!

But what for me—for me is left!
Of more, and dearer far than life, bereft!
Doom'd to yet unheard of woe!
A father, doom'd to pierce his darling's side,
And,—oh! with blasted eyes abide
To see the last dear drops of filial crimson flow!

Alas!—my trembling limbs!—my fainting frame^k!—
Grief!—is it thou?—

O conquering Grief!—I know thee now!
Well do thy sad effects my woes proclaim!
Poor Victor!—see thy trophies, where they lie!—
Wash them with tears!—then lay thee down and die!

Why

ⁱ I had nearly forgotten to acknowledge, that some stanzas of the original of this poem are omitted in the translation; Cucullin, before this, enumerates the heroes of the RED-BRANCH; viz. Conal Cearnach, Loire Buahach, Cormac Conluingeas, Dubthach, Forbuidh, &c. &c. and tells them, one by one, that they happily escaped being guilty of the death of his son, and the vengeance that he would have exacted. In some other copies of the poem I do not find these stanzas; I therefore took the liberty of leaving them out, as I thought they broke the pathos of the composition; and, besides, they were (in point of poetry) rather inferior to the rest of the piece.

^k The beautiful lines, in my original, from which the three following stanzas are translated, were not in Mr. O'HALLORAN's copy.

Why, why, O Aife! was thy child
 Thus cruelly beguil'd!
 Why to my Conloch did'st thou not impart
 The fatal secret of his father's art?
 To warn him to avoid the deadly snare,
 And of a combat on the waves beware!

Alas, I sink!—my failing fight
 Is gone!—'tis lost in night!
 Clouds and darkness round me dwell!
 Horrors more than tongue can tell!
 See where my son, my murdered Conloch lies!
 What further sufferings now can fate devise!
 O my heart's wounds! well may your anguish flow,
 And drop life's tears on this surpassing woe!

Lo, the sad remnant of my slaughter'd race,
 Like some lone trunk, I wither in my place!—
 No more the sons of USNOTH to my fight
 Give manly charms, and to my soul delight!

No

¹ Some of our romances and poems ascribe to Cucullin the property of being invulnerable in water, and in relating this circumstance of his life, say, that (when hard pressed by Conloch) he took the refuge of a ford, and *then* threw the fatal GATHBOLG, with which he was sure of killing his antagonist. The preceding poem makes no mention of this fable, perhaps through tenderness for the honor of Cucullin; and from this, and some other circumstances, I am tempted to think they were not written by the same hand.

No more my Conloch shall I hope to see;
 Nor son, nor kinsman now survives for me!
 O my lost son!—my precious child, adieu!
 No more these eyes that lovely form shall view!
 No more his dark-red spear shall Ainle^m wield!
 No more shall Naoise thunder o'er the field!
 No more shall Ardan sweep the hostile plains!—
 Lost are they all, and nought but woe remains!—
 Now, cheerless earth, adieu thy every care:
 Adieu to all, but Horror and Despair!

^m Ainle, Naoise, and Ardan, were the three sons of Ufnath, whose tragical story is related in the notes to the preceding poem.

II.

M A G N U S T H E G R E A T :

A

P O E M.

F



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE language of the following Poem, as it now stands, is certainly too modern to be ascribed to an earlier period than the middle ages;—but, whether it did or did not exist, prior to those times, in a dress more ancient than that in which we now find it, is a matter which I confess myself unqualified to determine: for, though there be many reasons to suppose that this is really the case; yet there are also some circumstances in the Poem, which seem to contradict the supposition. If, by the Magnus of our Bard, he means the King of that name, who made some descents on Ireland about the latter end of the eleventh century, he is then guilty of a great anacronism, in synchronising heroes, who flourished at such different periods; and we must fix the date of his composition at some time in the twelfth, or thirteenth century. This, however, is mere conjecture, upon the strength of which, it would be unfair to judge, much less to condemn our Bard. Magnus is a name so common amongst the Northern princes, that it cannot determine our opinion.

According to the accounts that Irish history gives of Danish Invasions in this kingdom, the earliest was about the end of the eighth century; we therefore cannot safely rest upon the credit of our Bards, who tell us of numberless descents, which that fierce and warlike people made upon our coasts, wherein they were opposed and beaten back by kings and heroes, who flourished here in the earliest ages of Christianity. Yet, small as is the faith to be placed in mere poetical authority, it ought

not to be wholly disregarded : it seems to me that they must have had some foundation for their perpetual allusions to the early period of Danish depredations in Ireland ; nor is the silence of our history a sufficient reason for concluding that all their accounts are founded in fiction only. The greater part of our historical records are lost, and, doubtless, amongst them, many authentic accounts of events much more interesting than this now in question ; and which are not mentioned in the few of our annals that yet remain. Besides this, an invasion, such as that recorded by our Bard, might easily have passed unnoticed by either a concise or a careless historian. The Danes, under his hero, acquired no footing, gained no victory in our island ; they were only just landed, and beaten back : so fruitless an attempt might have been purposely omitted by the historian, as not of sufficient consequence to take up room in his annals ; or it may perhaps have been noticed in some of our more voluminous records, which are lost. Add to this, that numbers of the Latin writers (from the commencement of the fourth, to the close of the tenth and eleventh centuries) speak fully of an intercourse between the old Inhabitants of Ireland, and the Northern nations. All these circumstances considered, it is left to the judgment of the reader, whether to acquit our Bard of anachronism, or not.

There are numberless copies of this Poem in the hands of the learned and curious. The one from which I have translated is in the collection of Mr. Joseph C. Walker. The author (or perhaps only the moderniser of the piece) is said to have belonged to the family of the O'Neils ; but, what his name was, I have not been able to learn.

M A G N U S ^a T H E G R E A T :

A P O E M.

OISIN. ST. PATRICK.

OISIN. **I** Care not for thee, senseless clerk!
Nor all thy psalming throng,
Whose stupid souls, unwisely dark,
Reject the light of song :

Unheeding, while it pours the strain,
With Finian glory swell'd ;
Such as thy thought can scarce contain,
Thine eye has ne'er beheld !

PATRICK.

^a *Magur* is pronounced in the Irish, *Manor* ; but the name being a foreign one, is here purposely written according to the spelling of the original. The Irish names are, in general, given in such spelling as will convey the sound of the original.

PATRICK. O son of Finn! the Fenii's fame
Thou gloriest to prolong;
While I my heav'nly King proclaim,
In psalm's diviner song.

OISIN. Dost thou insult me to my face?
Does thy presumption dare
With the bright glories of my race
Thy wretched psalms compare?

Why did my folly let thee live,
To brave too patient age,
To see how tamely I forgive,
And preach me from my rage!

PATRICK. Pardon, great chief!—I meant no ill;
Sweet is to me thy song;
And high the themes and lofty skill
Its noble strains prolong.

Sing then, sweet bard! thy purpos'd tale,
While gladly I attend,
And let me on thy grace prevail
Its lovely sounds to lend.

OISIN.

OISIN. Once, while we chac'd the dark-brown deer ^b,
 Along the sea-girt plain,
 We saw a distant fleet appear,
 Advancing on the main.

Quick ceas'd the hunt :—to east, to west
 Our rapid mandate hi'd ;
 With instant march the Fenii prest
 To join their leader's side.

Beneath the chief of mighty fame,
 Whom lovely Morna ^c bore,
 Seven warlike bands ^d to join us came,
 Collected on the shore.

Then

^b “ These hunting matches (says O'CONOR) continued several days; and, in some seasons, several months: at night they encamped in woods, and reposed in booths, “ covered with the skins of the animals they hunted down.” The chase was also, to them, “ a sort of military school, which rendered toil easy, and annexed pleasure to “ the rudest fatigue. It gave them great muscular strength, and great agility and “ firmness against the severity of the most rigorous seasons. It besides taught them “ vigilance; skill in archery, and great patience under long abstinence from food. “ They came out of the forest expert foldiers; and no nation could excel them in “ rapid marches, quick retreats, and sudden sallies. By these means it was, that they “ so often baffled the armies of South-Britain, and the Roman legions, united.” O'CONOR's *Dissertations*, p. 71, 101.

^c Morna, or Muirne monchaoimh, (i. e. the beloved maid, with the gentle, or engaging wiles,) was the mother of Finn, and it was in right of her that he possessed his palace of Almhain. Vide KEATING, p. 271.

^d These were the *Fiana Eireann*, the celebrated militia, so renowned in the annals
 of

Then Finn, the foul of Erin's might,
 With fame and conquest crown'd;
 To deeds of glory to incite,
 Address'd the heroes round.

“ Which

this country, and in the songs of her Bards. Dr. Warner gives the following account of that formidable body.—

“ The constant number of this standing army in times of peace, when there were
 “ no disturbances at home, nor any want of their assistance to their allies abroad, were
 “ nine thousand men, divided equally into three battalions. But in case of any apprehensions of a conspiracy, or rebellion against the monarch, or if there was any
 “ necessity for transporting a body of troops to Scotland, in order to defend their
 “ allies, the Dalriada's, it was in the power of Finn, the generalissimo, to encrease
 “ his forces to seven battalions, of three thousand each. Every battalion was commanded by a Colonel; every hundred men by a Captain; an officer, in the nature of
 “ a Lieutenant, was set over every fifty; and a Serjeant, resembling the Decurio of
 “ the Romans, was at the head of every five and twenty. When they were drawn
 “ out for action, every hundred men were distributed into ten files, with ten (of
 “ course) in each; and the leader of the file gave the word to the other nine. As it
 “ was thought a great honor to be a member of this invincible body of troops, their
 “ General was very strict in insisting on the qualifications necessary for admission
 “ into it.”

“ The parents, (or near relations) of every candidate for the militia, were to give
 “ security that they would not attempt to revenge his death, but leave it to his fellow-
 “ soldiers to do him justice. He must have a poetical genius, and be well acquainted
 “ with the twelve books of poetry. He was to stand at the distance of nine ridges
 “ of land, with only a stick, and a target; and nine soldiers were to throw their
 “ javelins at him at once, from which he was to defend himself unhurt, or be re-
 “ jected. He was to run through a wood, with his hair plaited, pursued by a com-
 “ pany of the militia, the breadth of a tree only being allowed between them at
 “ setting out, without being overtaken, or his hair falling loose about him. He was
 “ to leap over a tree, as high as his forehead; and easily stoop under another that
 “ was as low as his knee. These qualifications being proved, he was then to take

" Which of my chiefs the first will go
 " To yon insulted shore,
 " And bravely meet the daring foe,
 " Their purpose to explore !"

Then

" an oath of allegiance to the King, and of fidelity to Finn, his commander in chief.

" The reader will judge of the propriety of most of these qualifications ; but this was not every thing that was required, in order for admission into this illustrious corps. Every soldier, before he was enrolled, was obliged to subscribe to the following articles. That, if ever he was disposed to marry, he would not conform to the mercenary custom of requiring a portion with his wife ; but, without regard to her fortune, he would chuse a woman for her virtue, and courteous manners. That he would never offer violence to any woman. That he would be charitable to the poor, as far as his abilities would permit. And that he would not turn his back, nor refuse to fight with ten men of any other nation.

" In the times of peace, they were required to defend the inhabitants against the attempts of thieves and robbers ; to quell riots and insurrections ; to levy fines, and secure estates that were forfeited for the use of the crown ; in short, to suppress all seditious and traitorous practices in their beginning ; and to appear under arms, when any breach of faith required it. They had no subsistence money from the monarchs but during the winter half year, when they were billeted upon the country, and dispersed in quarters. During the other part of the year, from the first of May to November, they were encamped about the fields, and were obliged to fish and hunt for their support. This was not only a great ease to the monarch and his subjects, but it inured the troops to fatigue, preserved them in health and vigour, and accustomed them to lie abroad in the field : and in a country which abounded so much with venison, fish, and fowl, as Ireland did, it was no other hardship than what was proper to the life of soldiers, to be obliged to draw their subsistence in the summer season from those articles.

" They made but one meal in four and twenty hours, which was always in the evening ; and besides the common method of roasting their meat before the fire, they had another very remarkable, and which they seem most to have practised.

Then Conan^c of the froward mind,
 The bald M'Morni spoke,
 And as his spleenful soul inclin'd,
 His sneering accents broke.

“ O chief

“ The places, which they chose to encamp in, were always in the neighbourhood of water, where great fires were made, in order to heat some large stones, for roasting of their meat; here large pits were dug, into which they threw a layer of stones, when they were hot, and then a layer of flesh, covered up in sedges or rushes; then another course of stones, and another of flesh, till the pit was full, or their quantity of meat was finished. While their food was stewing in this manner, they washed their heads, necks, &c. till they had cleansed themselves from the dust and sweat, occasion'd by hunting; and this contributed as much to take off their fatigue as it did to promote their health and cleanliness. When they were dressed, and their meat was ready, they uncovered the pits, and took out their food, of which they eat large quantities with great cheerfulness and sociability.

“ If their exercise led them, as it often did, to too great a distance to return to the camp, as soon as dinner was ended they erected little temporary tents or booths, in which their beds were laid out, and constructed with great exactness. Next the ground were placed the small branches of trees, upon which was strewed a large quantity of moss, and over all were laid bundles of rushes, which made a very commodious lodging, and which, in the old manuscripts, are called ‘ The Three Beds of the Irish Militia.’ The marks of their fires continue deep in the earth, in many parts of the island, to this day; and when the husbandman turns up the black burnt clay with his plow, he immediately knows the occasion of it; and even now that soil is called by the name of ‘ Fullacht Finn.’ The militia were as much under discipline, when encamped thus in the summer, as when they were at quarters, and they were at stated times obliged to perform their military exercise. Besides these regulations for the army, the celebrated Finn, who was as great a philosopher as a general, drew up several axioms of jurisprudence, which were incorporated into the celestial judgments of the state.” *WARNER'S Hist. of Ireland*, p. 289.

^c Conan, wherever he is mentioned, or wherever he appears, always bears the same character for insolent perverseness; but, like Homer's Therſites, he was endured; and probably for the same reason.

“ O chief of Erin’s batt’ling hoſt !
 “ Whom ſhould yon navy bring ?—
 “ Haply ſome Prince, or hero’s boalt,
 “ To match our *wond’rous* King !

“ Let Fergus, *peaceful* Bard, advance
 “ To meet their haughty lord ;
 “ He, with accuſtom’d art, perchance
 “ The threaten’d blow may ward ‘.”

“ Peace, tongue accurs’d, bald, froward fool !”
 (The graceful Fergus cry’d)
 “ Think’ſt thou I move beneath *thy* rule,
 “ To go or to abide ?——

“ Yet, for the Fenii, I will go
 “ To yon infulted ſhore,
 “ And meet, for them, the daring foe,
 “ Their purpoſe to explore.”

G 2

Bright

^f In the tranſlation of this paſſage, more is given than is abſolutely expreſſed in the original, but not more than is implied : the words of Conan here are very few ;—he only ſays “ Who, O mighty Finn of battles ! who ſhould there be but ſome great “ chief, or prince, coming againſt thee ?—let Fergus then, with his conſummate art, “ go and meet him ; he is accuſtomed to ſuch errands.” From the epithet *perverſe*, or *froward*, being beſtowed on Conan, immediately before ; and from the angry reply of the uſually gentle Fergus, I collected the full force of the intended irony, and underſtood whatever my tranſlation has added.

Bright in the glittering blades of war,
 The youthful Fergus goes ;
 Loud sounds his martial voice afar †,
 And greets the distant foes.

“ Whence are those hosts ? Come they the force
 “ Of Finian arms to brave ?—
 “ Or wherefore do they steer their course
 “ O’er Erin’s guarded wave ?”

“ Mac-Mehee, of the crimson shields^b,
 “ Fierce Magnus heads our bands,
 “ Who Lochlin’s mighty sceptre wields,
 “ And mighty hosts commands.”

“ Why

‡ “ With us (says Mr. WALKER) as with the ancient Greeks, (Iliad, b. v.) before
 “ the use of trumpets was known in our armies, it was the business of those Herald-
 “ bards, (who had Stentoric lungs,) to sound with the voice the alarm, and call the
 “ squadrons together.” *Hist. Mem. of Irish Bards.*

A loud and well-toned voice was, indeed, peculiarly necessary to the Bard ; since,
 without it, it was impossible that the animated exhortations of his *Roſc-aca*
 could be heard, amidst the din of arms.

^b The shields of the Danes were usually coloured crimson. We find in HOLIN-
 SHED’s Chronicle, where he describes the army led by Hasculphus against Dublin, in
 the reign of Henry II. that “ their shields, bucklers and targets, were round, and
 “ coloured red, and bound with iron.” Perhaps, however, it is only in a figurative
 sense, that the *red shield* is here mentioned by the poet, as having been often dyed in
 the blood of the enemy ; it is in this sense that we frequently read of the *red spear*,
 the *red sword*, &c.

“ Why does he thus our coasts explore,
 “ And hither lead his power ?
 “ If peace conducts him to our shore,
 “ He comes in happy hour.”

The furious Magnus swift reply'd,
 With fierce and haughty boast,
 (The King whose navy's speckledⁱ pride
 Defied our martial host.)

“ I come (he cried) from Comhal's son
 “ A hostage to obtain ;
 “ And, as the meed of conquest won,
 “ His spouse and dog to gain*.”

“ His

ⁱ *Breac*, speckled.—I have nothing but conjecture to offer upon this epithet ; and must leave it to those who are better versed in Northern antiquities, to determine what kind and degree of ornament is here meant.

* It is not certain, whether such a demand as that of “ the spouse and dog” was usual, upon similar occasions, amongst the Scandinavian, or Celtic nations. Among the Asiatics and other ancients, it was the custom to demand “ earth and water,” as a token of submission. The “ spouse and dog” are here insisted on, evidently in the same sense ; and perhaps it was the practice of the Northerners to do so.

“ His Bran¹, whose fleetness mocks the wind,

“ His spouse of gentle love :

“ Let them be now to me resign’d,

“ My mightier arm to prove.”

“ Fierce will the valiant Fenii fight,

“ And thin will be their host,

“ Before our Bran shall, in their fight,

“ Perform thy haughty boast ;

“ And Finn will swell green Erin’s wave

“ With Lochlin’s^m blood of pride,

“ Before his spouse shall be thy slave,

“ And leave his faithful side.”

“ Now by that generous hand of thine,

“ O Fergus ! hear me swear,

“ Though bright your Finian glories shine,

“ And fierce you learn to dare ;

“ Or

¹ This Bran is much celebrated in many of the Finian tales and poems, for fidelity and extraordinary endowments.

^m Lochlin is the Gaelic name for Scandinavia in general.

“ Or Bran shall soon the dark-brown deer

“ O’er Lochlin’s hills pursue ;

“ Or soon this arm shall teach you fear,

“ And your vain pride subdue.”

“ Though strong that valiant arm you deem,

“ Whose might so loud you boast ;

“ And high those martial troops esteem,

“ Whose numbers hide our coast ;

“ Yet, never with thy haughty will

“ Shall Erin’s chief comply ;

“ Nor ever deer, o’er Lochlin’s hill,

“ Before our Bran shall fly.”

Mild Fergus then, his errand done,

Return’d with wonted grace ;

His mind, like the unchanging sun^a,

Still beaming in his face.

Before

^a The reader’s attention is particularly called to the peculiar beauty of this image, and indeed of the whole preceding passage. How exquisitely is the character of Fergus supported ! He greets the enemy with courtesy : he is answered with insolence ; yet still retains the same equal temper, for which he is every where distinguished. We see his spirit rise, but it is with something more noble than repentment ; for his reply to Magnus breathes all the calmness of philosophy, as well as the energy of the patriot, and the dignity of the hero.

Before bright Honor's generous chief,
His noble fire, he goes ;
And thus unfolds, in accents brief,
The message of his foes.

“ Why should I, from the valiant ear,
“ The words of death withhold ;
“ Since, to the heart that knows no fear,
“ All tidings may be told.

“ Fierce Magnus bids thee instant yield,
“ And take the granted hour ;
“ Or soon the dire contested field
“ Shall make thee feel his pow'r ;

“ Fleet-bounding Bran, his deer to chase,
“ And prove his mightier arm ; .
“ And thy soft love, his halls to grace,
“ And his fierce soul to charm ;

“ These are his proud, his stern demands,
“ Or soon, from shore to shore,
“ His spear shall desolate thy lands,
“ And float thy fields with gore.”

“ From

“ From me shall my soft love be torn,

“ A stranger’s halls to grace?—

“ Or my fleet Bran away be borne,

“ A stranger’s deer to chase?—

“ Oh ! first shall cease this vital breath,

“ And useless be this blade ;

“ And low in earth, and cold in death,

“ This arm be powerless laid !

“ O Gaul ! shall these redoubted bands

“ Stand cold and silent by ;

“ And hear such insolent demands,

“ And not to vengeance fly !

“ Shall we not chase yon vaunting host,

“ With rout and death away,

“ And make them rue their haughty boast,

“ And rue this fatal day?——”

“ Yes, by that arm of deathful might,

“ O Comhal’s noble son !

“ Soon shall our swords pursue their flight,

“ And soon the field be won ;

“ Yon King, whose ships of many waves
“ Extend along our coast,
“ Who thus thy power insulting braves,
“ And dares our gallant host.

“ Soon shall this arm his fate decide,
“ And, by this vengeful blade,
“ Shall that fierce head of gloomy pride
“ In humble dust be laid !”

“ Not so ! (with eager warmth exclaim’d
“ My generous son of Love)
“ Yon King, though fierce, though widely fam’d,
“ Thy Osgur’s arm shall prove !

“ Soon his twelve Judges’ tribe^p before
“ My valiant troop shall flee ;
“ And their proud King shall fall, no more
“ His isle of boars to see.”

“ No,

^p In the original, *clan an da còmhaglae òdaigh*. (tribe of the twelve Counsellors or Judges). “ Odin, the conqueror of the North, established in Sweden a supreme court, composed of twelve members, to assist him in the functions of the priesthood, and civil government. This, doubtless, gave rise to what was afterwards called the senate ; and the same establishment, in like manner, took place in Denmark, Norway, and other Northern states. These senators decided, in the last appeal, all differences of importance ; they were, if I may so say, the
“ assessors

“ No, mine” (the famed Macluya^a cry’d)

“ Mine be yon vaunting foe !

“ Mine be the talk to check his pride,

“ And lay his glories low !

“ Dark Norway’s King myself will meet,

“ And well his arm employ :

“ For danger, in thy cause, is sweet,

“ And life is risqu’d with joy.”

“ No, I to glorious fame will spring !

(Brown Dermid^r cry’d) “ or die ;

“ Mine be to meet yon stranger king,

“ His boasted arm to try :

H 2

“ Strong

“ assessors of the prince ; and were in number twelve, as we are expressly informed
 “ by Saxo, in his *Life of King Regner Lodbrog*. Nor are there other monuments
 “ wanting, which abundantly confirm this truth. We find in Zealand, in Sweden,
 “ near Upfal, and, (if I am not mistaken) in the county of Cornwall also, large
 “ stones, to the amount of twelve, ranged in the form of a circle, and, in the midst
 “ of them, one of superior heighth. Such, in those rude ages, was the hall of
 “ audience ; the stones that formed the circumference were the seats of the senators ;
 “ that in the middle was the throne of the King.” MALLETT’S *Northern Antiquities*,
 p. 44, note ^c.

^a Mac Luigheach.

^r For an account of Dermid ; see notes on *The Chase*.

“ Strong though it be, it soon shall yield,
“ While in thy cause I fight;
“ Or soon these eyes, on yonder field,
“ Shall close in endless night.”

“ My vision now I call to mind !
(The starting Fallan * cry’d)
“ I dream’d that with the Moorish * King,
“ Alone the fight I try’d :

“ At length, methought, one lucky aim
“ Struck off his gloomy head ;
“ And thence my soul forebodes our fame,
“ And sees our glories spread !”

“ Blest be your souls, ye arms of war ^u !
(The blooming Finn exclaim’d)
“ May victory bear your triumphs far,
“ To distant nations fam’d !

“ But,

* Fœlan.

^t Ἡ δὲ ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία τῆς χώρας τῶν Μορρίων.—Literally “ the King of the country of the Moors.” This seems a strange passage, and I must confess myself unable to conjecture whence it could have taken rise, or what connection there could have been between the Irish and the Moors.

^u How natural and how beautiful is this burst of feeling ! We see the affections of Finn exult still more in the attachment of his heroes, than his pride does in their prowess.

“ But, my brave troops ! your chief alone,
“ Shall chief in danger be ;
“ And Magnus shall be all my own,
“ Whate’er the fates decree.

“ Strong though his arm, the war to wage,
“ I mean that arm to try ;
“ Nor from his might, nor from his rage,
“ Shall Erin’s chieftain fly *.”

Then, girding on each warlike blade,
And glorying in their might,
Our martial host advanc’d, array’d,
And ardent for the fight.

Auspicious arms around us blaz’d †,
Each thigh its weapon grac’d ;
And, on each manly shoulder rais’d,
A spear of war is plac’d.

Each

* There is not one of the heroes who speaks with so much modesty as Finn, the greatest of them all. The rest promise, with confidence, a certain success to their valour ; he alone speaks without a boast, and is modest, though determined.

† The pagan Irish had a custom, which was introduced by the Tuatha-de-Danans, of using charms, to enchant their weapons, previous to their going to battle ; but perhaps, by the word *auspicious*, the poet only means that their weapons had been tried and victorious in fight.

Each chief with ardent valour glows,
 To prove the faith he swore;
 And forth we march, to meet the foes
 Encamp'd upon the shore.

No mirth conducts the night along;
 No wax^z illumines our board:
 Nor saffron^a, banquet, wine or song,
 The darksome hours afford.

At length we see grey morning rise
 Upon its early dew;
 And the first dawn of eastern skies
 Gives Lochlin's host to view.

Before us, on the crowded shore,
 Their gloomy standard rose,
 And many a chief their navy bore,
 And many princely foes.

And

^z It appears strange to meet with *wax-lights* amongst the antient Irish, but those mentioned in this passage were probably a part of the plunder of the Roman provinces.

^a I cannot conjecture the reason why *saffron* is here introduced, and must therefore dismiss the passage without any thing more than a faithful adherence to my original.

And many a proud and bossy shield,
 And coat of martial mail ^b,
 And warlike arms of proof they wield,
 To guard, or to assail.

And

^b We here see a marked difference between the arms and appearance of either host. The troops of Magnus are covered with steel; but we meet with no *coats of mail* amongst the chiefs of the Fenii.

“ It should seem (says Mr. WALKER) that body armour of any kind was unknown to the Irish previous to the tenth century, as we find King Muirkertach, in that century, obtaining the ascititious name of *Muirkertach na geachall croceann*, for so obvious an invention as that of the leathern jacket. Yet coats of mail are mentioned in the Brehon laws, and the word *mail* is supposed to be derived from *mala* in Irish. Though the poets * of the middle ages describe the heroes of Oisín, as shining in polished steel, no relic of that kind of armour has escaped the wreck of time in Ireland; nor has there even a specimen of the brass armour, in which it is said the Danes so often met the Irish, fallen under my observation. Smith indeed tells us that corselets of pure gold were discovered on the lands of Clonties in the county of Kerry †; but these might have been left there by the Spaniards, who had a fortification called *Fort del Orè*, adjoining those lands.

“ That the bodies of Irishmen should have been totally defenceless with respect to armour, during their several bloody contests with the Danes, I am neither prepared to admit nor deny; but I confess myself inclined to think, that their inflexible attachment to their civil dress would not yield to the fashion of the martial garb of their enemies, though it gave those people an evident advantage over them in the field of battle. It is however certain that the English did not find them cased in armour ‡.” *Hist. Essay on the Dress and Armour of the Irish*, p. 106.

* The poet before us is, however, (as well as many others) an exception.

† *Nat. and Civ. Hist. of Kerry*, p. 187. One of these corselets was purchased by Mr. O'HALLORAN, the gold of which was so ductile, as to roll up like paper. *Introd. to Hist. of Ireland*, p. 210.

‡ Vide SPENCER'S *State of Ireland*.

And many a sword with studs engrav'd^c
 In golden pomp was there ;
 And many a filken standard wav'd
 Its splendid pride in air.

And many a chief in fight renown'd,
 Finn of the banquets led,
 And many a helmet^d darkly frown'd
 On many a valiant head.

And

^c I am not certain whether these four lines relate to the troops of Magnus, or those of Finn, and have therefore purposely given to the translation, the same ambiguity which is found in the original. It is, however, most probable that the poet here speaks of the Fenii, because the two lines from which this verse is translated begin a stanza in the original, and in the third line, " Finn of the banquets " comes in. However, " Golden-hilted swords have been found in great abundance in this kingdom ; and " we are told, in the Life of St. Bridget, that the king of Leinster presented to Dubtachus, her father, a sword ornamented with many costly jewels, which the pious " virgin purloined from Dubtachus, and sold for the charitable purpose of relieving " the necessities of the poor." *Hist. Essay on the Dress and Armour of the Irish*, p. 118.

^d At what period helmets were first worn in Ireland, is a matter of mere conjecture. That they were in use, previous to the tenth century, is certain, from some coins, discovered in the Queen's county, in the year 1786 ; (*Trans. of the Royal Irish Acad.* 1787. See also SIMON'S *Essay on Irish Coins*.) But how much earlier, or of what kind of metal they were formed, I have never been able to discover. Mr. WALKER'S memoirs of our ancient armour, give an account of a golden helmet, which was found in the county of Tipperary ; it is described as resembling in form a huntsman's cap, with the leaf in front divided equally, and elevated, and the scull encompassed with a ribband of gold crimped. Golden helmets are sometimes, but seldom, mentioned in the Irish poems which have fallen under my observation ; but with helmets of some sort, all their warriors are armed. *Clogad* in general they are called,

And many a warlike axe^e was there,
 To hew the ranks of fight;
 And many a glittering spear^f in air
 Arose with stately height.

And

called, but hardly ever described; and when they are, it is in such figurative language, that one can neither determine on the form, nor the material of which they are composed. "The strong helmet," and "The dark frowning helmet," are the most common; but sometimes we meet with "The golden helmet," "The helmet entwreathed with gold," and "The helmet blazing with gems of the East." These latter are in general described as a part of the armour of foreigners, not of Irish.

^e The Irish were particularly expert in the use of the *Ṭuaṣṣ-àṣṣa*, or battle-axe. Cambrensis, in speaking of this dreadful weapon, as wielded by our countrymen, says, "They make use of but one hand to the axe, when they strike, and extend their thumb along the handle, to guide the blow, from which neither the crested helmet can defend the head, nor the iron folds of the armour, the body; whence it has happened, in our time, that the whole thigh of a foldier, though cased in well-tempered armour, hath been lopped off by a single blow of the axe, the whole limb falling on one side of the horse, and the expiring body on the other."

^f A great number, and a variety of spear-heads have been found, in different parts of this kingdom. The *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis* has furnished drawings of several, and several more are given in Mr. WALKER's *Memoir on the Armour of the Irish*.

STANIHURST has described the dexterous manner in which the Irish use the spear or lance. "They grasp (says he) about the middle, heavy spears, which they do not hold pendant at their sides, under their arms, but hurl with all their strength over their heads." In spite of the incommodious length of these weapons, HARRIS tells us, that the Irish usually cast them with such might, as no Haubergeon or coat of mail were proof against their force, but were pierced through on both sides. *Hibern.* p. 52.

And many * a chief of martial fame,
 And prince of mighty fway,
 All rang'd beneath our banners came
 That memorable day.

Bright waving from its staff, in air,
Gall-grena ^b high was rais'd,
 With gems that India's ⁱ wealth declare,
 In radiant pomp it blaz'd.

The

The helmet, the sword, the axe, and the spear, are the only arms with which the poet before us has furnished the Irish troops *, though to the enemy he has given coats of mail, and shields; and this circumstance so far confirms the most correct ideas that we have been enabled to form of the arms of our ancient countrymen. This, however, does not invalidate the authority and antiquity of other poems, in which we find some of the most distinguished chiefs of the Fenii possessed of shields; not the wicker target, but of metal, and sometimes embossed with gold. These we may very well suppose were trophies borne away from vanquished enemies, and therefore, though we should find them still more frequently mentioned, it would not be a matter of wonder.

* The repetition of the word *many* is exactly literal; it had an admirable effect in the original, and, I thought, also, appeared well in an English dress.

^b *The blazing fun.*—This was the celebrated standard of the Finian general.

ⁱ The words in the original are *éilocháib éinne a nOgla*, i. e. precious stones from the country of the east.

* Even the target is not mentioned; but this appears only an omission of the poet, for it is certain that it was universally in use amongst the ancient Irish.

The next in rank, and next in name,
 Gaul's *Fuillaing-torrigh*^j rose,
 Attendant on its master's fame,
 And dreadful to his foes ;

Oft, while the field of death he brav'd,
 Triumphant in his might,
 High o'er the ranks its beauty wav'd,
 And led the rage of fight !

At length we mov'd ;—then was the shock !
 Then was the battle's roar !
 Re-echoing shouts from rock to rock
 Resounding, shook the shore !

With tenfold might each nerve was strung ;
 Each bosom glow'd with flame !
 Each chief exulting, forward sprung,
 And rush'd to promis'd fame !

The foe recoil'd ?—fierce on we prest,
 For freedom or for death !—
 Each arm to vengeance was addrest,
 And victory gasp'd for breath.

^j The standard of the tribe of Morni.

Almost the bloody field was won,
When through the ranks of fight,
Dark Lochlin's king, and Comhal's son,
Rush'd forth, like flame, to fight.

Round on their falling hosts, their eyes
With rage and grief they threw ;—
Then, swift as bolts from angry skies,
They fierce to vengeance flew !

Each Chief, with the collected rage
Of his whole host was fir'd ;
And dire was the suspense, O Sage !
That dreadful fight inspir'd !

As when two fiery fons of flame
At the dark anvil meet ;
With thundering found, and ceaseless aim
Their mighty hammers beat :

Such are the fierce contending kings !
Such strokes their fury sends ;
Such thunder from their weapons rings,
And sparkling flame ascends !

Dire

Dire was the rending rage of fight,
 And arms that stream'd with gore ;
 Until dark Lochlin's ebbing might
 Proclaim'd the combat o'er.

Beneath the ~~mighty~~ ^{conquering} Finn he lay,
 Bound¹ on the blood-stain'd field ;
 No more to boast his martial sway,
 Or hostile arms to wield.

Then, bafe of foul, bald Conan spoke—
 “ Hold now the King of Spears,
 “ Till, with one juft and vengeful ftroke,
 “ I ease our future fears !”

“ Ungenerous chieftain that thou art !
 (The hapless Magnus cry'd)
 “ With thee no mercy can have part ;
 “ No honor can abide !

“ Not

¹ From this, and many fimilar paffages, it appears that our ancient countrymen, in their martial contefts, thirfted rather for honor than for blood. In the heat and confufion of a mixed engagement, numbers were neceffarily slaughtered ; but, where-ever mercy could be fhewn, we find that the conqueror fpared the life of even his bittereft enemy, and was content with the honor of laying him “ bound on the “ field.”

“ Not for thy favour e’er to call

“ My foul shall I abase;

“ Beneath a hero’s arm I fall,

“ Beneath a hero’s grace.”

“ Since then to me the glory fell

“ Thy valour to subdue,

“ My arm shall now thy foes repel,

“ Nor injure those who sue.

“ For thou thyself an hero art^m,

“ Though Fortune on thee frown;

“ Rise therefore free, and free depart,

“ With unimpair’d renown.

“ Or chuse, strong arm of powerful might!

“ Chuse, Magnus, now thy course:

“ With generous foes in peace unite,

“ Or dare again their force.

“ Better

^m The ancient Irish have been repeatedly stigmatized with the name of *Barbarians*. Their souls, their manners, and their language, were thought alike incapable of any degree of refinement. The reader will easily judge how little of the marks of barbarism appear in the passage before us; yet this poem has been the favourite of many centuries; and its antiquity has never been questioned, though the date cannot be exactly ascertained. Here, however, it may be urged, that we do not contend for its being of prior date to the middle ages. Does *this* then invalidate the proof? and were we less barbarians, when torn with civil broils, and foreign invasions, than when we were a conquering and flourishing people?

“ Better our friendship to engage,
“ And be in peace ally’d,
“ Than thus eternal warfare wage,
“ Defying and defy’d.”

“ O never more my arm, through life,
“ Against thee, Finn, shall rife !
“ O never such ungrateful strife
“ Shall Mchee’s son devise !

“ And O ! that on their hills of snow
“ My youths had still remain’d,
“ Nor thus against a generous foe
“ Unprosperous war maintain’d !

“ Exulting in their conscious might,
“ And glorying in their fame,
“ And gay with spoils of many a fight,
“ And flush’d with hope they came !

“ (O sad reverse ! O fatal hour !
“ In mangl’d heaps to die !)
“ Too mighty Erin ! to thy power,
“ Pale victims, here they lie.”

Thus

Thus was the mighty battle won
 On Erin's founding shore ;
 And thus, O Clerk ! great Comhal's son
 The palm of valour bore !

Alas ! far sweeter to my ear
 The triumphs of that day,
 Than all the psalming songs I hear,
 Where holy zealots pray.

Clerk, thou hast heard me now recite
 The tale of Lochlin's shame,
 From whose fierce deeds, and vanquish'd might,
 The battle took its name.

And by that hand, O blameless sage !
 Hadst thou been on the shore,
 To see the war our chiefs could wage ;
 The sway their prowess bore :—

From Laogare's sweetly flowing stream,
 Hadst thou the combat view'd,
 The Fenii then thy thoughts would deem
 With matchless force endued.—

Thou

^a In hopes of being able to ascertain the scene of this battle, I have endeavoured to find which of our rivers was anciently called by the name of *Laogare's Stream*,
 but

Thou haft my tale,—Tho' memory bleeds,
 And forrow wafes my frame,
 Still will I tell of former deeds,
 And live on former fame !

Now old,—the freams of life congeal'd,
 Bereft of all my joys !
 No fword this wither'd hand can wield,
 No fpear my arm employs °.

Among thy clerks, my laft fad hour
 Its weary fcene prolongs ;
 And pfalms muft now fupply the pow'r
 Of victory's lofty fongs.

but in vain. I can difcover nothing more of it than what the poem points out, that it is near to and within fight of the fea.

° How beautifully pathetic is the clofe of this poem ! Surely every reader of fenfibility muft sympathife with a fituation fo melancholy, and fo very feelingly defcribed !

III.

T H E C H A S E :

A

P O E M.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

MY curiosity respecting the Poem of The Chase, was first awakened by a long extract from it, which I saw in Mr. WALKER'S Memoirs of the Irish Bards. I accordingly wrote to that Gentleman, to request an entire copy of it, and also his opinion respecting the age in which it was composed; together with any anecdotes upon the subject, which his knowledge of Irish Antiquities might enable him to afford me. To this request I received an answer, from which I have obtained Mr. Walker's permission to give the following extract, as an introduction to the Poem.

" I am happy to find that my work has been the means of introducing the Poem of The Chase to your notice. It is indeed eminently deserving of the judgment you have passed upon it. The story is extremely interesting, and admirably well conducted; and for brilliancy of fancy, and powers of description, we may almost rank the author with Ariosto himself."

" I am sorry I cannot afford you all the information I could wish upon the subject of this beautiful Poem: indeed I have little more to offer than vague conjecture."

" The legend which either gave rise to, or was taken from the Poem of The Chase, is frequently alluded to, in many of the written, as
" well

“ well as traditional tales of the Irish. It is also ingeniously interwoven
 “ with the romance of *ṢḂḂ ṢḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂ*. Of its antiquity I cannot
 “ speak with any certainty; all my enquiries concerning the author, and
 “ the age in which it was written, have been unsuccessful. Nor can
 “ we give it (at least in its present dress,) either to Oisín, or to any
 “ other poet of the age in which he lived. The marks of a classical
 “ hand appear frequently throughout the whole; and the mention of
 “ bells also seem to bring it forward to more modern times; so that
 “ I fear we should risk an error in ascribing it to any period earlier than
 “ the middle ages.”

“ I have never had an opportunity of visiting the scene of this
 “ Poem, though I often saw Slieve Guillen, at some distance, as I
 “ travelled through the county of Armagh. But a friend, whose
 “ business often leads him to that mountain, drew up, at my request, the
 “ following description of it, in which you will find mention of the
 “ lake where the poet tells us the gallant Finn paid so dearly for
 “ his complaisance, when he sought the Enchantress’s ring; and also
 “ of the cave whence she issued, when pressed by the Finian heroes to
 “ restore their beloved chief to his pristine form.”

‘ I am tenant to a lady for Slieve Guillen, (says my correspondent,)
 ‘ and often visit it, during the summer, to see my cattle. In July last,
 ‘ (1788) I went over the extent of this mountain: From bottom to top it
 ‘ is reckoned two miles. On the summit there is a large heap of stones,
 ‘ which is called *CAILLEACH BIRN*’s House; in which it is said that
 ‘ Finn Mac Cumhal lies buried; and, at an hundred paces distance, on
 ‘ nearly

‘ nearly the same level, there is a circular lake, the diameter of which
 ‘ is about one hundred feet; and is about twenty deep. On one side of
 ‘ this lake, another heap of stones is piled; and round it, at all sea-
 ‘ sons, is a beaten path, leading to the Old Lady’s, or Witch’s House.
 ‘ Lately, some peasants, expecting to find out this old woman, (who,
 ‘ however, has at no time thought proper to appear,) threw down her
 ‘ house, and came to a large cave, about twenty feet long, ten broad,
 ‘ and five deep, covered with large flags, in which either the dame,
 ‘ or money was expected, but only a few human bones were found.
 ‘ From the summit of this mountain, if the day happens to be clear, you
 ‘ command an extensive view of Lough-Neagh, and all the circum-
 ‘ jacent country.’

Mr. Walker, after this description of the mountain by his friend,
 adds his regret that he was not possessed of a complete copy of *The*
Chafe; but I afterwards procured one from Maurice Gorman, of
 this city (a professor of the Irish language), and from that copy I have
 made my translation.

T H E C H A S E :

A P O E M.

^a OISIN. ST. PATRICK.

OISIN. O SON of Calphruin !—fage divine !
Soft voice of heavenly song,
Whose notes around the holy shrine
Sweet melody prolong ;

Did

^a There are numberless Irish poems still extant, attributed to Oisín, and either addressed to St. Patrick, or like this, composed in the form of a dialogue between the Saint and the Poet. In all of them, the antiquary discovers traces of a later period than that in which Oisín flourished ; and most of them are supposed to be the compositions of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries. But be they of what age they may, as productions abounding with numberless beauties, they plead for preservation, and recommend themselves to taste : and as, (at the very latest period to which it is possible to ascribe them,) they must certainly relate to an age of much antiquity,

Did e'er my tale thy curious ear
 And fond attention draw,
 The story of that Chafe to hear,
 Which my fam'd father saw ?

The Chafe, which singly o'er the plain,
 The hero's steps pursu'd ;
 Nor one of all his valiant train
 Its wond'rous progress view'd.

PATRICK. O royal bard, to valour dear,
 Whom fame and wisdom grace,
 It never was my chance to hear
 That memorable Chafe.

But let me now, O bard, prevail !
 Now let the song ascend ;
 And, thro' the wonders of the tale,
 May truth thy words attend !

OISIN.

and reflect much light on manners, customs and events that, in consequence of modern pyrrhonism, have been doubted to have ever existed, they surely have a high and serious claim to attention, and call equally upon the poet, the historian, and the public-spirited, to preserve these reliques of ancient genius amongst us ! But *Irishmen*—all of them at least who would be thought to pride themselves in the name, or to reflect back any part of the honor they derive from it ;—*they* are *particularly* called upon, in favour of their country, to rescue these little sparks from the ashes of her former glory.

OISIN. O Patrick!—to the Finian race
 A falsehood was unknown;
 No lie, no imputation base
 On our clear fame was thrown;

But by firm truth, and manly might
 That fame establish'd grew,
 Where oft, in honorable fight,^b
 Our foes before us flew.

Not thy own clerks, whose holy feet
 The sacred pavement trod,
 With thee to hymn, in concert sweet,
 The praises of thy God;

Not thy own clerks in truth excell'd
 The heroes of our line,
 By honor train'd, by fame impell'd
 In glory's fields to shine!

O Patrick of the placid mien,
 And voice of sweetest sound!
 Of all thy church's walls contain
 Within their hallow'd round,

L 2

Not

^b The heroes of ancient Ireland were sworn never to attack an enemy at any disadvantage. O'HALLORAN.

Not one more faithful didst thou know
 Than Comhal's noble son,
 The chief who gloried to bestow
 The prize the bards had won^c !

Were Morni's valiant son^d alive,
 (Now in the deedless grave,)
 O could my wish from death revive
 The generous and the brave !

Or

^c In all these poems, the character of Oisín is so inimitably well supported, that we lose the idea of any other bard, and are for a time persuaded it is Oisín himself who speaks. We do not seem to read a narration of events, wherein the writer was neither a witness, nor a party:—it is the *Son*,—the *Father*,—the *Hero*,—the *Patriot* who speaks; who breathes his own passions and feelings on our hearts, and compels our sympathy to accompany all his griefs; while, in a strain of natural and impassioned eloquence, he descants on the fame and virtues of a parent whom he describes as at once so amiable, and so great; and bewails the loss of all his former friends, kindred, and companions, and laments his own forlorn and disconsolate state, in apostrophes that pierce the very soul of pity!—Besides passages which occur in this, and the two poems of MAGNUS and MOIRA BORE, the αἰτῶν οἰνὴν ἡ πατρίδος exhibits a very pathetic instance, where, lamenting the loss of his father and his celebrated Fenii, he exclaims, “To survive them is my depth of woe! the banquet and
 “the song have now no charms for me! Wretched and old,—the poor solitary rem-
 “nant of the Fenii! Why,—O why am I yet alive?—Alas, O Patrick! grievous is my
 “state!—the last of all my race!—My heroes are gone! my strength is gone!—
 “Bells I now hear, for the songs of my birds; and age, blindness and woe are all
 “that remain of Oisín!”

^d The celebrated Coll, or Gaul Mac Morni. He is a favourite hero, in most of the Fian tales; and is in general ranked next to Finn Mac-Cumhal, and equal to Osgur, in point of prowess. Great as is Oisín's partiality in favour of the heroes of his own race, yet we find him, on all occasions, doing ample justice to the character

Or Mac-O'Dhuivne^c, graceful form,
 Joy of the female fight ;
 The hero who would breast the storm
 And dare the unequal fight.

Or he whose sword the ranks defy'd,
 Mac-Garra, conquest's boast,
 Whose valour would a war decide,
 His single arm an host ^f,

Or could Mac-Ronan ^g now appear,
 In all his manly charms ;
 Or—Oh my Ofgur ^h ! wert thou here,
 To fill my aged arms !

Not

rather and valour of a chief, who was not allied to his family, and whose tribe had even, at different times, been their very bitterest enemies.

^c Diarmad, or Dermot Mac O'Dhuivne. This hero was celebrated for his extraordinary beauty, and the graces of his form:—but we find he was not less brave than beautiful.

^f Possibly this was the Mac Garraidh Mac Morni, king of Connaught, mentioned in the War-Ode to Ofgur at the battle of Gabhra. His having been, at that time, the enemy of the Fenii, would not be a reason sufficient to prevent the poet from making Oisín speak thus highly of him here;—on the contrary, the Irish heroes were instructed, from their youth, to respect a brave enemy; and made it a point of honor to speak of them in honorable terms. It is very seldom that an instance to the contrary occurs, as the attentive reader will perceive, through the whole course of these poems.

^g Caoilte Mac Ronain; he is a very distinguished chief amongst the Fenii, and a favourite with all their poets.

^h Ofgur, the son of Oisín, who was killed at the battle of Gabhra.

Not then, as now, should Calphruin's son,
 His sermons here prolong ;
 With bells, and psalms, the land o'er-run,
 And hum his holy song !

If Fergusⁱ liv'd, again to sing,
 As erst, the Fenii's fame ;
 Or Daire^k, who sweetly touch'd the string,
 And thrill'd the feeling frame ;

Your bells, for me, might found in vain,
 Did Hugh the little, live^l ;
 Or Fallan's^m generous worth remain,
 The ceaseless boon to give ;

Or

ⁱ Fergus, the brother of Oisín, and chief poet of the Fenii. See *Diff. on the*
 WAR-ODE.

^k We find nothing particular related of this Daire, further than his skill in music.
 This enchanting science, as well as poetry, was cultivated by the chiefs of antient
 Ireland.

^l Hugh, or Aodh beag Mac-Finn.

^m We meet this hero again, in the poem of Magnus.

Or Conan bald^a, tho' oft his tongue
 To rage provok'd my breast ;
 Or Finn's small dwarf^o, whose magic song^o
 Oft lull'd the ranks to rest.

Sweeter to me their voice would seem
 Than thy psalm-singing train ;
 And nobler far their lofty theme,
 Than that thy clerks maintain !

PATRICK. Cease thy vain thoughts, and fruitless boasts ;
 Can death thy chiefs restore ?—
 Son of the King of mighty hosts,
 Their glories are no more.

Confide

^a For the character of Conan, see the notes on the preceding poem.

^o It is not easy to determine whether the poet, here, only means, that this dwarf had a voice of that particular cadence, as naturally to incline his hearers to sleep ; or whether he means to ascribe to him the actual powers of magic. Upon the subject of the dwarf, I have only conjecture to offer. In the learned and curious work of Mons. MALLET, we find that, amongst the nations of the North, the Laplanders were considered as dwarfs, on account of the comparative lowness of their stature ; and also, that their extreme ingenuity in the mechanic arts, which a disposition of mind, naturally pacific, gave them leisure and inclination to pursue, had acquired them the reputation of being skilled in magic. Perhaps the little Being here mentioned might have been one of those. Oisín, we see, piqued at the insinuation of St. Patrick, takes pains to shew him, that, from the first of the heroes, down to the last ; even the very dwarf that belonged to Finn, was dearer, and more acceptable to him than he was.

Confide in him whose high decree
O'er-rules all earthly power ;
And bend to him thy humble knee,
To him devote thy hour ;

And let thy contrite prayer be made
To him who rules above ;
Entreat for his almighty aid,
For his protecting love !

Tho' (with thy perverse will at strife,)
Thou deem'st it strange to say,
He gave thy mighty father life,
And took that life away.

OISIN. Alas ! thy words sad import bear,
And grating sounds impart ;
They come with torture to mine ear,
And anguish to my heart !

Not for *thy* God these torrents spring,
That drain their weeping source,
But that my Father, and my King,
Now lies a lifeless corse !

Too much I have already done,
 Thy Godhead's smile to gain;
 That thus each wonted joy I shun,
 And with thy clerks remain!

The royal robe, the social board,
 Musick and mirth are o'er,
 And the dear art I once ador'd
 I now enjoy no more;

For now no bards, from Oisín's hand,
 The wonted gift receive^p;
 Nor hounds, nor horn I now command,
 Nor martial feats atchieve!

M

O Innisfail!

^p All Irish Histories, Chronicles and Poems, concur in testimony of the high respect in which the office of the Bard, and the favours of the Muse, were formerly held in this kingdom. Oisín, at once a Hero and a Bard, is supposed to have felt equally for both; as a Bard, to have felt the dignity and importance of those talents, which had power to confer the immortality of fame, that, as a Hero, he so ardently desired. We, therefore, are not to wonder if we find him frequently recurring with a pleased, yet melancholy retrospection, to those happy days, when he joined, to the luxury of bestowing, the glory of encouraging an art, of which he was himself a master.

O Innisfail! thy Oisín goes
 To guard thy ports no more^q;
 To pay with death the foreign foes
 Who dare insult thy shore^r!

I speak

Cumhal

^q Dr. HANMER, in his *Chronicle*, gives us a long list of the chieftains, under the command of Finn-Mac-Cumhal, who were particularly appointed to the care of the harbours of Ireland; at the end of which he adds, "These were the chiefe commanders " by direction from Fin McKoyll, who tooke farther order that beacons should be set " up in sundrie places of the land, where, in time of danger, they might have " direction for reliefe, and to draw a head for their defence.

^r We find Oisín, in this passage, does not appear so old, or so infirm, as he is represented in many other of the Fian Poems; on the contrary, he laments—not his inability—but the religious restraints which detain him from the field. Perhaps the poet here means to shew the over strained zeal of the early Christian missionaries, who, finding the Irish chiefs so passionately devoted to military glory; so haughty, high spirited and impatient of injury; thought it impossible ever to bow their minds to the doctrine of meekness, without carrying it absolutely to an extreme, that exceeded the reasonable bounds prescribed by its divine Teacher. They were, however, successful:—the same enthusiasm that led our heroes to the field, soon after plunged them into cloisters. Still it was a sense of duty; the object only was changed; through an unhappy error, they thought themselves performing an acceptable service to heaven, by contradicting the very purposes for which heaven designed them; by refusing to fulfil the obligations of active life, and withdrawing alike from the spheres of domestic and public duty, to devote themselves to the austerities of secluded penitence, productive only of *individual*, instead of *general* advantage. Still, however, they were impelled by an ardour to perform, in its fullest extent, that service which they conceived to be their duty; and therefore, for the consequences of such a mistake, they were more to be pitied than condemned.

Of the same nature were the motives that influenced the hosts of Israel (considering only the *letter* of the law,) to submit themselves tamely to the swords of their enemies, rather than defend their lives, at the hazard of offending heaven, by what, they

I speak not of the fast severe
 Thy rigid faith has taught;
 Compar'd with all the rest I bear,
 It is not worth a thought.

PATRICK. O! Oisín of the mighty deed!
 Thy folly I deplore;
 O! cease thy frenzy thus to feed,
 And give the subject o'er.

M 2

Nor

they conceived, would be a breach of the sabbath day. But Mattathias, and his heroic sons, more enlightened—not less religious than their mistaken countrymen, stood forth and said, “ If we all do as our brethren have done, and fight not for our “ lives and our laws, against the heathen; they will now quickly root us out of “ the earth. Whoever shall come to make battle with us, on the sabbath day, we “ will fight against him; neither will we die all, as did our brethren!”—And the consequence was, that “ the work prospered in their hands, and they recovered the law “ out of the hands of the Gentiles, and out of the hands of Kings, and suffered “ not sinners to triumph.” *Maccabees*, b. 1. ch. 2.

But the Irish, less instructed in the *spirit* of true religion than the sons of Israel had been, did not so soon perceive, and recover from their error; an error to which, Mr. O'HALLORAN thinks, we may in part attribute the success of Danish invasions, and of English arms in Ireland; for, while such numbers of their princes and chiefs abandoned the government, and the defence of their country, for the barren duties of a cloister, the remaining patriots, who said, “ Let us fight for our lives and our laws “ against the heathen,” were not always sufficient to the task. Those of their princes and nobility, who were led away by a noble, but unhappy mistake, had they entertained the true sense of what Christian duty demanded, would have been the bravest defenders, the firmest friends of their country; but, deprived of them, she remained, for the most part, a prey to foreign invaders; or else, torn by the tumults of her own factious sons,—too few of her nobler offspring remaining for her defence.

Nor Finn, nor all the Finian race,
Can with his power compare,
Who to yon orbs assigns their place,
And rules the realms of air !

For man yon azure vault he spreads,
And clothes the flow'ry plains ;
On every tree soft fragrance sheds,
And blooming fruit ordains !

'Tis he who gives the peopl'd stream,
Replete with life to flow ;
Who gives the Moon's resplendant beam,
And Sun's meridian glow !

Would'st thou thy puny King compare
To that Almighty hand,
Which form'd fair earth, and ambient air,
And bade their powers expand ?

OISIN. It was not on a fruit or flower
My King his care bestow'd ;
He better knew to shew his power
In honor's glorious road.

To load with death the hostile field ;
 In blood, his might proclaim ;
 Our land with wide protection shield,
 And wing to heaven his fame !

In peace, his tranquil hours to bless,
 Beneath soft beauty's eye ;
 Or, on the chequer'd field of chefs *,
 The mimic fight to try ;

Or

* *Fíchéall*, is the Irish name for Chefs. “ I have not been able to find the Irish names of the *men* of this game, but it was universally played by the ancient nobility of Ireland. Dr. HYDE says, the old Irish were so greatly addicted to chefs, that, amongst them, the possession of good estates has been often decided by it : and, adds he, there are some estates, at this very time, the property whereof still depends upon the issue of a game at chefs. For example, the heirs of two certain noble Irish families, whom we could name, (to say nothing of others,) hold their lands upon this tenure, viz. that one of them shall encounter the other at chefs, in this manner ; that which ever of them conquered, should seize and possess the estate of the other. Therefore, (says the doctor,) I am told they manage the affair prudently among themselves ; once a year they meet, by appointment, to play at chefs ; one of them makes a move, and the other says, I will consider how to answer you next year. This being done, a public notary commits to writing the situation of the game ; by which method, a game that neither has won, has been, and will be continued for some hundred of years.

“ I find, in the old BREHON LAWS, that one tax, levied by the Monarch of Ireland, on every province, was to be paid in chefs-boards, and complete sets of men : and that every *bruigh* (or inn-holder of the states,) was obliged to furnish travellers w.th salt provisions, lodging, and a chefs-board, *gratis*.” VALLANCEY'S *Irish Grammar, Essay on the Celtic Lang.* p. 85.

Or Sylvan sports [†], that well befeem
 The martial and the brave;
 Or; plung'd amid the rapid stream,
 His manly limbs to lave.

But, when the rage of battle bled!——
 Then—then his might appear'd,
 And o'er red heaps of hostile dead
 His conquering standard rear'd!

Where was thy God, on that sad day,
 When, o'er Ierne's wave,
 Two heroes plough'd the wat'ry way,
 Their beauteous prize to save [‡].

From Lochlin's King of Ships, his bride,
 His lovely Queen they bore,
 Through whom unnumber'd warriors dy'd,
 And bath'd in blood our shore [¶].

Or

[†] See O'CONOR'S *Dissertations*, p. 101.

[¶] A note for this passage was furnished from Λασιό Αἰργεανῆ ἡρόστ, (i. e. the Poem of Airgean the Great) in the collection of J. C. WALKER, Esq; the story of which is briefly this.

[‡] Two heroes, (Mac-Connacher and Ainlè,) were forgotten by Finn at his feast: They repented the neglect of their chief, deserted from his standard, and went over to that of his enemy, Airgean, King of Lochlin.

The

Or on that day, when Tailk's * proud might
 Invaded Erin's coast;
 Where was thy Godhead in that fight,
 And where thy empty boast?

While

The graceful beauty of Airlè's form, inspiring the young Queen of Lochlin with a guilty and fatal passion, she fled with him and his friend to Ireland, whither they were pursued by the furious King, who determined, if possible, to sacrifice all the Fenii, for the crime of a single hero. The poet expressly tells us, that Finn would have compelled the guilty pair to make all the reparation which the nature of the case would admit of; and further, offered from himself such conditions of peace, as he thought might prevent the necessity of his fighting in so dishonorable a cause:—but his overtures were rejected with disdain, and he was constrained to the issue of a battle. The slaughter on each side was dreadful; the Irish, in the end, were victorious. Airlè himself was killed in the engagement; but the poet does not deign to take any further notice of the unhappy partner of his crimes.

* Tailk or Taille Mac Trein.—A Poem on this subject is in the same collection with that of *Airgean the Great*; there is also another copy of it, entitled *Ἰασηδὲ ἐπὶ τοῦ ἀβύσσου* (i. e. the Poem of the Hill of Slaughter). It contains some beauties, but, upon the whole, is scarce worth translation. The story, however, is here extracted, to gratify any curiosity that may be excited by the line to which this note refers.

A Grecian Princess flies, in disgust, from the brave, but fierce and deformed Tailk Mac Trein, whom her father had compelled her to marry, and solicits the protection of the Finian commander. He grants it, of course, but his generosity costs him dear. Tailk pursues his wife, and fights the Fians, who refuse to give her up to him. After an incredible slaughter, he is at length subdued, and killed by Osgur, the grandson of Finn.

The Princess beholds the havoc she has occasioned, and overcome by the emotions of grief, terror, and suspense, which she had suffered, during the conflict, and shocked to see the numbers of her generous protectors, that had fallen in her defence, she sinks beneath the pressure of her feelings, and expires in the midst of her surviving deliverers.

While round the bravest Fenii bled,
 No help did he bestow;
 'Twas Osgur's arm aveng'd the dead,
 And gave the glorious blow!

Where was thy God, when Magnus came^y?
 Magnus the brave, and great;
 The man of might, the man of fame,
 Whose threat'ning voice was fate!

Thy Godhead did not aid us then;—
 If such a God there be,
 He should have favour'd gallant men,
 As great and good as he!

Fierce Anninir's wide-wasting son,
 Allean^z, of dreadful fame,
 Who Tamor's treasures oft had won,
 And wrapt her walls in flame;

Not by thy God, in single fight,
 The deathful hero fell;
 But by Finn's arm, whose matchless might
 Could ev'ry force repel!

In

^y Vide Poem of *Magnus the Great*.

^z No connected, or probable account, has been learned of this hero, and his conquests.

In ev'ry mouth *his* fame we meet,
 Well known, and well believ'd;—
 I have not heard of any feat
 Thy cloudy King atchiev'd.

PATRICK. Drop we our speech on either side,
 Thou bald and senseless fool^a!
 In torments all thy race abide^b,
 While God in heaven shall rule.

OISIN.

^a It must be owned, this railing is rather of the coarsest; but our poet seems more partial to his heroes than to his saints, or he would hardly have put this language into the mouth of the good bishop.

^b In the *Algallam Oisín 7 pádras* (i. e. Dialogue between Oisín and St. Patrick), the Saint gives his reason for supposing what he here asserts.

P. Is angeall le meadóir na ccon,
 S'le njar na sluas saé lá,
 Agus gan smuadheo ar dja,
 Uta fjon na b'fian alaim.
 Ta se n'fion alaim,
 Uu f'ear buo f'aim ag b'fion o'f.
 Unefje eafumubas ar dja,
 Ta se ates na b'fian fa b'fion.

In English,—“ It is because his whole time, and delight, were engrossed by the pleasures of the chase, and the pomp of warlike hosts; and because he never bestowed a thought upon God, that Finn of the Fenii is in thralldom.—He is now confined in

OISIN. If God then rules, why is the chief
Of Comhal's gen'rous race
To fiends consign'd, without relief
From justice, or from grace?

When, were thy God himself confin'd,
My King, of mild renown,
Would quickly all his chains unbind,
And give him back his crown.

For

“ torment ; nor does all his wealth, or generosity avail him, for the want of piety to—
wards God :—for this he is now in forrow, in the Mansion of Pain.”

To these lines, immediately follows a passage, that very much resembles this part of
The Chase.

Da mairneadh faolan, agus Söll,
Dharmuigh don, agus Osgur aig,
Ag dhine, no ag Dha
N' beir fion na beir an aig!

Da mairneadh clanna Ghoirne fadh,
No clanna boirne fadh fion ba tairne,
Do beir fion aig,
No beir an tairne aca fion!

In English,—“ If Fallan and Gaul now survived, Dermot of the dark-brown
“ locks, and Osgur of the mighty arm ;—nor man,—no nor even Deity, should have
“ power to detain their King in bondage !—If the tribe of Morni yet lived, or the
“ heroes of Boishne's gallant race ;—forth from thence their mighty Finn would they
“ bring, or rend the infernal dominion from its immortal ruler !”

For never did his generous breast
 Reject the feeling glow ;
 Refuse to succour the distressed,
 Or flight the captive's woe.

His ransom loos'd the prisoner's chains,
 And broke the dire decree ;
 Or, with his hosts, on glory's plains,
 He fought to set them free ^c !

O Patrick ! were I senseless grown,
 Thy holy clerks should bleed,
 Nor one be spar'd, to pour his moan
 O'er the avenging deed !

Nor books, nor crossiers should be found,
 Nor ever more a bell ^d,
 Within thy holy walls should sound,
 Where prayers and zealots dwell.

^c What a beautiful idea of the character of Finn, these wild stanzas convey ?

^d “ Small bells, (such, we mean, as were appended to the tunic of the Jewish
 “ high priest, and afterwards employed by the Greeks and Romans, for various reli-
 “ gious purposes, but particularly to frighten ghosts and demons from their temples,)
 “ —were undoubtedly introduced with Christianity into this kingdom ; being then
 “ universally, as now, tingled occasionally at the altars of the Roman Catholics, by
 “ the officiating priest. Their use amongst the Christian clergy is supposed to be
 “ coeval

PATRICK. O Oifin, of the royal race !
 The actions of thy fire,
 The king of finiles, and courteous grace,
 I, with the world, admire ;

Thy

“ coeval with their religion ; and the missionaries who were sent to convert the
 “ pagan Irish, would not omit bringing with them an appendage of their profession
 “ which is still thought so necessary.

“ But the period at which large bells, for belfries, were first used here, is not so
 “ easy to determine. Primate Usher informs us, that bells were used in the churches
 “ of Ireland in the latter end of the seventh century ; but as he does not ascertain
 “ the size of the bells, nor mention belfries, we may conclude he only means the
 “ small bells alluded to above. Sir John Hawkins, on the authority of Polyd.
 “ Virgil, ascribes the above invention of such bells as are suspended in the towers,
 “ or steeples of churches, to Paulinus of Nola, about the year 400 ; but W. Strabo
 “ assures us, that large suspended bells were in his time (in the ninth century) but
 “ a late invention. Now, as the persecuted Christians, in the infancy of the church,
 “ dared not openly avow their profession, much less publicly summon a congregation
 “ by the sound of a bell, we are inclined to lean to Strabo’s assurance ; so that we
 “ cannot venture to give an higher antiquity to large suspended bells in this kingdom,
 “ than the calm which immediately succeeded the expulsion of the Danes ; at which
 “ time, according to Walsh, the Christian clergy converted the round towers into
 “ steeple-houses, or belfries ; ‘ from which latter use of them (continues he,) it is, that
 “ ever since, to this present time, they are called, in Irish, *Clogbteachs* ; that is,
 “ belfries, or bell-houses, *clog* and *bteach* signifying a bell, and *teach*, a house, in
 “ that language.” *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, p. 93.

Of the large suspended bell, Mr. WALKER certainly supposes the poet to speak, when he says, that “ the mention of bells seems to bring the poem forward to more modern
 “ times.” But this gentleman, not having the original of the passage now before us to
 consult, did not perfectly recollect the precise words that must determine the distinction.
 There is not the least mention of a steeple or belfry ;—the words are simply these—*no clog na tpeacht a h-vo éistl* (literally) “ nor a bell of prayer time in
 “ thy church ;” *tpeacht* is in the genitive case, yet I conceive that it must mean
 “ a bell at prayer time,” (*of* or *during* the time of prayer). The reader is, however,
 at liberty to decide.

Thy story therefore I await,
 And thy late promise claim,
 The Chase's wonders to relate,
 And give the tale to fame.

OISIN. O Patrick ! tho' my sorrowing heart
 Its fond remembrance rend,
 I will not from my word depart,
 Howe'er my tears descend !

Full joyous past the festive day
 In Almhain's stately hall*,
 Whose spears, with studded splendours gay,
 Illum'd the trophy'd wall.

The

* Almhain, or Almuin (pronounced Alwin) the palace of Finn Mac-Cumhal, in Leinster : It was built on the top of the hill called, from it, "The Hill of Allen," in the county of Kildare.

In the *bhíle Oisín* (i. e. Rhapsody of Oisín) wherein he gives an account of the seven celebrated battalions of the Fenii, there is a passage, partly descriptive of the palace of Almhain, its œconomy, feasts, &c.

Do ònaige me mo lán,
 aige fíon me sae nol,
 deie ceada coru go bpleaig
 go na ceheafnib óir.

Do

The feast was for the Fenii spread^r;
 Their chiefs, assembled round,
 Heard the song rise to praise the dead,
 And fed their souls with sound.

Or

Do b́j da b́mnǵm d́eag
 ga leóir anéad anuín,
 ag mac mnǵme éadog,
 O almoim na b́fáin ur.

Do b́j da f́e éeime
 go ćhite an f́gaé t́g,
 f́ear 7 ceád gan f́aíne
 ga gaé teime d́oib́ f́m.

In English,—“ I have seen, when I banqueted in the halls of Finn, at every
 “ banquet, a thousand cups, (corm) bound with wreaths of wrought gold.

“ There were twelve palaces, filled with the troops of the son of the daughter of
 “ Tages, at Almhain of the noble Fenii.

“ Twelve constant fires flamed in each princely house; and each fire was sur-
 “ rounded by an hundred of the mighty Fenii.”

Many of our romances, and poems, give accounts of splendid entertainments at
 this palace of Almhain.

^r In this description of the feast at Almhain, the poet accords exactly with the
 accounts which our history and annals have given, of the manner in which the early
 Irish held their entertainments. See O'CONOR on this subject. “ Conformable
 “ (says he) to the spirit of hospitality, their entertainments were frequent, and
 “ rational; seldom disorderly. Every subject of the *Filacht* entered into their con-
 “ vivial associations; peace, and war; science, and law; government, and morals.
 “ These serious speculations gave way, in their turn, to sports and pastimes, wherein
 “ they sung the actions of their ancestors, and the exploits of their heroes. Nothing
 “ could

Or on the chequer'd fields of chefs
 Their mimic troops bestow'd ;
 Or round, to merit or distress,
 Their ample bounty flow'd.

At length, unnotic'd of his train,
 The Finian king^s arose,
 And forth he went where Almhain's plain
 With neighbouring verdure glows.

There, while alone the hero chanc'd
 To breathe the fragrant gale,
 A young and beauteous doe advanc'd,
 Swift bounding o'er the vale.

He call'd his fleet and faithful hounds,
 The doe's light steps to trace ;
 Sgeolan and Bran^h obey'd the founds,
 And sprung upon the chafe.

Unknown

" could animate their youth more. From these recitations they derived intrepidity
 " of mind, and many noble feelings, which counteracted the treachery and malevo-
 " lence to which our human nature is otherwise subject." O'CONOR'S *Dissertations*
on the Hist. of Ireland, p. 100.

^s Finn was not a king, though, indeed, few kings were possessed of more authority
 and power. *Ríis na bFian* (king of the Fenii,) means no more than general, or
 military sovereign over that formidable body.

^h Sgeolan, and Brann, were the two famed and favourite dogs of Finn.

Unknown to us, no friend to aid,
 Or to behold the deed ;
 His dogs alone, and Luno's bladeⁱ,
 Companions of his speed.

Swift on to steep Slieve Guillin's foot^k,
 The doe before him flew ;
 But there, at once, she mock'd pursuit,
 And vanish'd from his view !

He knew not whether east or west
 She past the mountain's bounds,
 But east his random course he prest,
 And west his eager hounds !

At

ⁱ In the original, *mac an lvin*, (the son of Luno). This sword, tradition tells us, was made by a smith of Lochlin, named Luno, and therefore it was called after him, poetically, the son of Luno. What makes this account the more probable is, that we do not find the swords of the Irish heroes distinguished by names, as amongst those of the northern nations, and also of ancient Britain.

Anecdotes have been sought for, in vain, of this famous Lun, or Luno ; but, from the wonders recited, of the product of his art, it seems probable that he was one of those people, whom the Norwegians denominated dwarfs, and complimented with the reputation of Magic. See *Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 46.

“ Give me out of the tomb, (says Hervor) the hardened sword, *which the dwarfs made for Suafurlama*.” *Five Pieces of Run. Poetry*, p. 13.

^k Here the muse has led our poet and his hero a very long dance indeed ; and so beguiled the way with the melody of her song, that he appears to have been quite insensible of the distance between Ahmhain in Leinster, and Slieve Guillin in Ulster, and in the county of Armagh.

At length he stopp'd,—he look'd around,
 To see the doe appear ;
 When soft distress, with plaintive sound,
 Affail'd his gentle ear.

The plaintive sound, quick to his breast,
 With wonted influence sped ;
 And on he follow'd in its quest,
 Till to Lough-Shieve it led.

There he beheld a weeping fair,
 Upon a bank reclin'd,
 In whose fine form, and graceful air,
 Was every charm combin'd.

On her soft cheek, with tender bloom¹,
 The rose its tint bestow'd ;
 And in her richer lip's perfume,
 The ripen'd berry glow'd.

O

Her

¹ The Irish poets, both antient and modern, abound, and excel in descriptions of female beauty. The one before us, though exquisitely charming, is not *finely so* ; for the collection of songs, contained in this volume, exhibit many instances of the same species of excellence ; and many more are to be found in other songs and poems, in the Irish language.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,
 Or like the cygnet's breast,
 With that majestic, graceful air,
 In snow and softness drest :

Gold gave its rich and radiant die,
 And in her tresses flow'd ^m;
 And like a freezing star, her eye
 With Heaven's own splendour glow'd ⁿ.

Thyself, O Patrick ! hadst thou seen
 The charms that face display'd ;
 That tender form, and graceful mein,
 Thyself had lov'd the maid !

My

^m A learned friend remarked, on this passage, that the poet here drew from his store of Eastern imagery, for that golden hair was unknown in these cold climates. It is certain that the mention of yellow, or golden hair, though it sometimes occurs, yet is not very common in the descriptions of our poets ;—the “ fair waving tresses ” are most general ; sometimes we are told of “ hair like the raven's wing,” and often of locks “ of shining brown,” which, from the brightness ascribed along with the colour, we may conclude to have been auburn.

ⁿ For this description of eyes, the poet has indeed left our world—and every one in it—far behind him.

In one of CAROLAN's songs, composed for Miss Mary O'Neil, he has given the following beautiful simile, which, though indeed not equal to the above, is yet well entitled to preservation.—“ Her eyes (says he) are, to her face, what a diamond is “ to a ring, throwing its beams around, and adorning the beauty of the setting.”

- My king approach'd the gentle fair,
 The form of matchless grace.—
 “ Haft thou, sweet maid of golden hair !
 “ Beheld my hounds in chafe ?”
- “ Thy chafe, O king, was not my care ;
 “ I nothing of it know ;
 “ Far other thoughts my bosom share,
 “ The thoughts, alas, of woe !”
- “ Is it the husband of thy youth,
 “ O fair-one, that has died ?
 “ Or has an infant pledge of truth
 “ Been torn from thy soft side ?
- “ White-handed mourner ! speak the grief
 “ That causes thy distress ;
 “ And, if it will admit relief,
 “ Thou may'st command redress°.”

° We cannot too much admire the elegance and delicacy of this address !—Such tender refinement could not surely have existed amongst a nation of barbarians. The character of the Finian commander appears uniformly the same in all the Irish poems ; and whether our bards, when they gave it, drew a faithful picture, or not, it is still a proof that they must have had *some* good and perfect models before them, to shew what Nature ought to be ; since, in their favourite character, we see all the mildness and tenderness of female disposition, united with the ardour of the warrior, the firmness of the patriot, and the calmness of the philosopher. In the son of Comhal we see every quality that is either interesting, amiable, or great.

“ Alas, my ring, for whose dear sake
“ These ceaseless tears I shed,
“ Fell from my finger in the lake !”
(The soft-hair’d virgin said).

“ Let me conjure thee^p, generous king !
“ Compassionate as brave,
“ Find for me now my beauteous ring,
“ That fell beneath the wave !”

Scarce was the soft entreaty made,
Her treasure to redeem,
When his fair form he disarray’d,
And plung’d into the stream.

At

^p It has been already shewn that, amongst the ancient Irish, each knight was bound, by his military vows, to the protection and respectful service of the fair: this is expressly recorded by our history; and our poetry and romances throw further light on the subject. According to them, no danger or difficulty was to deter an hero from the assistance of a distressed female, and her request was to be a law.

In the romance of *Григорий Канашин*, where the story of this poem is related, Finn tells his chieftains, that he had a kind of instinctive horror at the thoughts of entering that lake; yet he instantly obeyed the injunction of the damsel, “for (says he) “it was a matter that no hero could refuse.” Many similar instances of this respect and devotion to the fair occur in our old romances and poems.

At the white-handed fair's request,
 Five times the lake he try'd ;
 On ev'ry fide his fearch addrefs'd,
 Till he the ring defcry'd.

But when he fought the blooming maid,
 Her treasure to reftore ;
 His powers were gone,—he fcarce could wade
 To reach the neareft shore !

That form where ftrength and beauty met,
 To conquer, or engage,
 Paid, premature, its mournful debt
 To grey and pallied age^a.

While

^a Our Irish poets inform us that Finn was married extremely young ; yet even fo, he muft have been advanced in life at this period, fince we find his grandfon Ofgur introduced in the following pages of the poem : 'Tis true he is mentioned only as a boy : yet ftill, one would think his *grandfather* old enough to be grey, without the operation of forcery, to make him fo. At the very leaft, he muft have been now, fome years above fifty ; yet he is reprefented as retaining all the bloom, as well as the ftrength and activity, of youth. But we may well overlook a few faults of inadvertance, in favour of the numerous beauties with which this poem abounds. Our magical bard conjures up fuch delightful enchantments, that our attention fhould be too much engroffed by the grace and grandeur of his images, to count the knots on his poetical wand.

While magic thus our king detain'd,
 In hateful fetters bound ;
 We in fair Almhain's halls remain'd,
 And festal joy went round.

The mirthful moments danc'd along
 To music's charming lore ;
 And, to the sons of lofty song,
 Wealth pour'd her bounteous store !

Thus fled the hours, on heedless wing,
 From every care releas'd ;
 Nor thought we of our absent king,
 Nor miss'd him from the feast :

Till Caoilte, struck with sudden dread^r,
 Rose in the Hall of Spears :
 His words around strange panic spread,
 And wak'd misgiving fears !

“ Where

^r We learn, from Irish romance, that the Fenii, and the chiefs of the Dananian race, were enemies, (see $\Upsilon\epsilon\text{---}\text{I}\Upsilon\text{---}\tau\text{---}\text{I}\text{---}\text{C}\text{---}\text{C}\alpha\text{---}\text{H}\alpha\text{---}\text{J}\text{H}$); and as these people were supposed to be skilful in magic, the heroes of Finn were naturally alarmed for the safety of their general, when they missed him from the feast, and recollected the determined enmity and supernatural power of the Tuatha de Danans.—Caoilte, in the passage before us, seems to apprehend that Finn was snatched away by enchantment from amongst them. For a particular account of these Tuatha de Danans, the reader is referred to the antient History of Ireland.

“ Where is the noble Comhal’s son,
“ Renown’d assembly ! Say ?—
“ Or is our arm of conquest gone,—
“ Our glory pass’d away !”

We stood aghast.—Conan alone,
The rash Mac Morni, spoke ;
“ O joyful tidings ! I shall groan
“ No more beneath his yoke.

“ Swift Caoilte¹, of the mighty deed !
“ On this auspicious day,
“ I, to his fame and power, succeed,
“ And take the sovereign sway.”

We laugh’d to scorn his senseless boast,
Tho’ with a grieving heart ;
And Almhain saw our numerous host,
With headlong haste depart.

The van myself and Caoilte led,
The Fenii in the rear ;
And on our rapid march we sped,
But saw no king appear.

We

¹ Caoilte was remarkable for his speed in running.

We follow'd, where he led the chase,
 To steep Slieve Guillin's foot ;
 But there we could no further trace,
 And stop'd the vain pursuit.

North of the mount our march we stay'd,
 Upon a verdant plain,
 Where conquest once our arms array'd,
 Tho' bought with heaps of slain !

Hope threw each eager eye around,
 And still'd attention's ear,—
 In vain,—for neither fight or sound
 Of our lov'd chief was near.

But, on the borders of a lake,
 A tall old man we spy'd,
 Whose looks his wretched age bespake
 To want and woe ally'd !

Bare wither'd bones, and ghastly eyes,
 His wrinkl'd form display'd ;
 Palfy'd and pale, he scarce could rise,
 From age and strength decay'd.

We

* The battle here alluded to is described in a Poem, entitled *Λαογὸν αἱ Θῆβ
 μακ Τῆς ἡβ*.—The terrible Mac-Dirive, after an obdurate combat, is at last slain
 by the hand of Ofgur.

We thought, perchance, that famine gave
 That wan and wasted frame,
 Or that from far, adown the wave,
 A fisherman he came.

We ask'd him, had he seen in chase,
 Two hounds that snuff'd the gale,
 And a bold Chief, of princely grace,
 Swift bounding o'er the vale.

The head of age in silence hung,
 Bow'd down with shame and woe,
 Long e'er his hesitating tongue
 The cruel truth could shew^u.

At length, to Caoilte's faithful ear,
 The fatal change he told,
 And gave our raging host to hear
 The dreadful tale unfold!

P

With

^u It is but proper to acquaint the reader, that in this passage, the sense of the poem is a little extended, and brought nearer to that of the romance.—In the poem, we are only told that Finn, when questioned by his chieftains, did not, at first, give a direct answer; but, after some time, imparted the secret to the ear of Caoilte. In the romance, Finn himself tells the story, and says, that “*he felt it grievous to his heart to acquaint them, that he was the object of their search; nevertheless, when his faithful bands surrounded him, he at last informed them of his fatal adventure.*”

With horror struck, aghast and pale,
Three sudden shouts we gave.—
Affrighted badgers fled the vale,
And trembling fought the cave !

But Conan glory'd in our grief;
Conan the bald, the bafe ;
He curs'd with rage the Finian chief,
And all the Finian race.

“ O, were I fure (he fiercely faid)
“ Thou wert that heart of pride,
“ Soon fhould this blade thy fhaking head
“ From thy old trunk divide !

“ For never did thy envious mind
“ Bestow my valour's meed ;
“ In fecret has thy foul repin'd
“ At each heroick deed.

“ I grieve not for thy ftrength decay'd,
“ Shrunk form, and foul difgrace ;
“ But that I cannot wave my blade
“ O'er all thy hated race.

“ Oh,

“ Oh, were they all like thee this day,
 “ My vengeance, as a flood,
 “ Should sweep my hated foes away,
 “ And bathe my steel in blood !

“ Since Comhal of the Hosts was slain *
 “ Upon the enfanguin'd field,
 “ By Morni's son, who ne'er in vain
 “ Uprear'd his golden ^y shield ;

“ Since then, our clan in exile pine,
 “ Excluded from thy fight ;
 “ And the fam'd heroes of our line
 “ But live in thy despight.”

CAOILTE.

* Comhal, or Cumhal, the father of Finn. He was killed in a battle against the tribe of Morni; we find, however, that this tribe were afterwards reconciled to the Fenii, and obedient to their chief, who treated them with the utmost kindness. This complaint of Conan's is therefore to be ascribed to his own perverse humour, and not to any injustice that he or his clan had met with from the Finian general.

^y Here we find mention of a golden shield; but it is not supposed that such were common in Ireland, because they do not often occur in our MSS. and very few of them have been found in our bogs. But we are not, from this, to conclude that the metal itself was scarce in the kingdom.—CAMBRENSIS and STANIHURST bear testimony to the riches of our mines. Doctor BOAT also, in his *Natural History*, mentions the gold and silver mines of Ireland; and DONATUS, Bishop of Fesham, a poet of the 7th century, in a beautiful description of our island, does not omit to celebrate the natural wealth of its soil.

CAOILTE. " Did not my soul too keenly share
 - " In our great cause of woe,
 " On aught like thee ² to waste its care,
 " Or any thought bestow ;

" Bald, senseless wretch ! thy envy, soon
 " This arm should make thee rue ;
 " And thy crush'd bones, thou base buffoon,
 " Should bear thy folly's due !"

OSGUR. " Cease thy vain bab'ling, senseless fool !
 " Bald boaster ², stain to arms,
 " Still forward to promote misrule,
 " But shrink at war's alarms !"

CONAN.

The *Leabhar Lécán*, (or Book of Sligo) informs us, that in the reign of Tighearnmas was first introduced the boiling and refining of gold ; that the refiner's name was Inachadan, and he carried on the art at the east side of the Liffey. Besides the testimony of foreign writers, and our domestic annals ; numbers of utensils, arms, collars, chains, &c. of pure gold, have been dug up in different parts of the kingdom. But it would be endless to multiply proofs upon this subject. If the reader wishes any further testimonies, he will find them at large in Mr. O'HALLORAN'S *Introduction to the Hist. and Antiq. of Ireland*.

² We are here, at once, let into the character of Conan, and see that contempt alone is the cause of the forbearance with which his insolence is suffered to pass.

² We could wish that this dialogue were not so coarsely conducted ; but the heroes of Homer are still less acquainted with good breeding, than those of our Irish Bard ; and Conan is only the *Thersites* of Oisín. In justice, however, to the Finian chiefs,

it

- CONAN. " Cease thou, vain youth ^b, nor think my foul
 " Can by thy speech be won,
 " Servile to stoop to the controul
 " Of Oifin's beardless fon.
- " Even Finn, who, head of all thy line,
 " Can best their boasts become,
 " What does he do, but daily dine,
 " Upon his mangl'd thumb ^c.
- " 'Twas not the sons of Boishne's clan,
 " But Morni's gallant race,
 " That thunder'd in the warlike van,
 " And led the human chafe.

" Oifin,

it should be observed, that it is the insolent folly of Conan which provokes abusive language, because they will not raise their arm against an idiot. To an enemy they are never abusive; but, on the contrary, polite to a degree that might afford improved example, even to modern refinement. See *Magnus*.

^b Conan, afraid to reply to Caoilte, yet ventures to discharge his spleen upon " Oifin's beardless fon."

^c This strange passage is explained by some lines in the Poem of *Dub-mac-Diſſin*, where Finn is reproached with deriving all his courage from his foreknowledge of events, and chewing his thumb for prophetic information. The reader will easily perceive the source of this ridiculous mistake of the wonder-loving multitude; a habit taken up, when deep in thought, was construed into divination; and we may conclude how great that wisdom, and that heroism, must have been, which was supposed no other way to be accounted for, than by gifting the possessor with inspiration.

" Oifin, this filken fon of thine,
 " Who thus in words excels,
 " Will learn of thee the pfalming whine,
 " And bear white books and bells ^d.

 " Ceafe Ofgur, ceafe thy foolifh boaft,
 " Not words, but deeds decide ;
 " Now then, before this warlike hoft,
 " Now be our valour try'd !"

My fon high rais'd his threat'ning blade,
 To give his fury fway ;
 But the pale Conan fhrunk difmay'd,
 And fprung with fear away :

Amid

In the romance of *Ælfis 7 156 Canan*, among other curious particulars, Finn is faid to have derived a portion of his knowledge from the waters of a magical fountain, in the poffeffion of the Tuatha-de-danans ; a fingle draught of which was fold for three hundred ounces of gold.

^d From this paffage, it appears, that Oifin was fupposed to have been won over, at leaft in part, by fome of the miffionaries who preceded the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland.—Here alfo we feem to have proof that the bells, mentioned in the courfe of the poem, were not, nor could have been, the large fufpended ones ; but only the finaller ones, that were borne by the priefts, and tingled at the altars, in the very firft ages of Chriftianity. Conan could not poffibly mean any other than thefe, when he fays that Ofgur would learn in time to *bear* or carry them ;—that is, leaving the profeffion of arms, to become a prieft, by which he plainly intends to reproach him with cowardice, as defirous to excel in *words alone*.

Amid the scoffing host he sprung,
To shun th' unequal strife;
To 'scape the forfeit of his tongue,
And save his worthless life.

Nor vainly did he importune;
The host, as he desir'd,
Engag'd my son to give the boon
His cowardice requir'd.

Once, twice, and thrice, to Erin's chief
The forrowing Caoilte spoke:
" O say, lov'd cause of all our grief!
" Whence came this cruel stroke?

" What curst Tuathan's^e direful charm
" Has dar'd that form deface?
" O! who could thus thy force difarm,
" And wither ev'ry grace?"

" Guillen's

^e In the original, *Tuatha Dē* (i. e. Tuatha-de-danan). Most of the Irish Romances are filled with Dananian enchantments; as wild as the wildest of ARIOSTO's fictions, and not at all behind them in beauty.

“ Guillen’s fair daughter, (Finn reply’d,) ”

“ The treacherous snare design’d †, ”

“ And sent me to yon magic tide, ”

“ Her fatal ring to find.”

Conan who, penitent of tongue,

Would now his guilt revoke,

Forward, with zeal impatient sprung,

And vengeful ire bespoke.

“ May

† This apparent malice, and ingratitude of the Enchantress, is fully accounted for in the romance. Finn had ever been the servant and protector, and of course, the favourite of the fair: he is scarce ever mentioned, without some epithet, expressive of amiable attraction, such as “ the majestic—the graceful—the courteous—the generous—the gentle—the smiling—the blooming—son of Comhal.” He surpassed his cotemporaries as much in the manly beauty, and majestic graces of his countenance and form, as he did in the superior strength of his arm, and the extraordinary endowments of his mind.

Miluachra, and Aine, the two fair daughters of Guillen Cualgne, of the Danaian race, saw, and fell in love with him. Miluachra was jealous of her sister’s charms; and hearing her, one day, take an oath, that she would never marry any man whose hair was grey, she determined, if possible, to make this rash vow a bar to her union with Finn. She assembled her friends of the Tuatha-de-danans; and, by the power of their enchantments, they called forth a magical lake, on the side of Slieve-Guillen, which had the property of rendering any person grey-headed, who should enter the waters thereof. This done, she assumed the form of a beautiful doe, and appeared to Finn, as already related: then followed the chase; but the romance gives only three days and nights to the destruction of the Enchantress’s cave; the poem gives eight. Also, in the romance, the magical cup, which restored our hero to his former shape, endowed him, at the same time, with added wisdom, and knowledge. His hair, however, remained grey; but the Enchantress, after acknowledging, in much confusion and terror, the reason of the trick she had played him, offered to restore that also: this offer, we are told, he declined, chusing to continue grey; but the reason of his refusal does not appear.

" May never from this hill (he cry'd,)
 " Our homeward steps depart,
 " But Guillen^s dearly shall abide
 " Her dark and treacherous art!"

Then our stout shields with thongs we bound^a,
 Our hapless King to bear;
 While each fond chieftain press'd around,
 The precious weight to share.

North of the mount, to Guillen's cave,
 The alter'd form we bore;
 Determin'd all her art to brave,
 And his lost powers restore.

Eight nights and days, without success,
 We tore the living tomb,
 Until we pierc'd the last recess
 Of the deep cavern's gloom.

Q

Then

^s Her name, as we have seen, was Miluachra, though she is here called Guillen, as being daughter to the Enchantress Guillen.

^a This passage seems to throw some light on the size of the Irish shield.—It is spoken of in the plural number here, by which it should seem that it must have been the target; for, otherwise, one alone would have been sufficient to have borne Finn from the field.

Then forth the fair Enchantress came,
Swift issuing to the light,
The form of grace, the beauteous dame,
With charms too great for fight.

A cup quite full she trembling bore
To Erin's alter'd chief,
That could his pristine form restore,
And heal his people's grief.

He drank.—O joy! his former grace,
His former powers return'd;
Again with beauty glow'd his face,
His breast with valour burn'd.

Oh, when we saw his kindling eye
With wonted lustre glow,
Not all the glories of thy sky
Such transport could bestow!

The Hero of the Stately Steeds,
From magic fetters free,
To Finian arms, and martial deeds
Thus—thus restor'd to see!—

Scarce could our souls the joy sustain!—

Again three shouts we gave ;

Again the badgers fled the plain,

And trembling fought the cave !

Now, Patrick of the scanty store,

And meager-making face !

Say, did'st thou ever hear before

This memorable Chafe ?

IV.

M O I R A B O · R B :

A

P O E M.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE original of this poem is in the hands of Maurice Gorman : there is also another copy in Mr. Walker's collection, but not altogether so perfect as the one from which this translation has been made. Neither of these copies are dated, nor can we discover the author. Like most of the Finian poems, it is ascribed to Oisín ; but, though it may, possibly, have originated with him, it has certainly assumed, since that period, a different form from any that he could have given it. The poetry, indeed, breathes all the spirit of the Finian Bard ; but the language is evidently not earlier than that of the middle ages.

M O I R A B O R B :

A P O E M.

A Tale of old,—of Finian deeds I sing :
Of Erin's mighty hosts, the mighty King !
Great Comhal's son the lofty strain shall swell,
And on his fame the light of song shall dwell.

Oft have I seen his arm destruction wield ;
Oft, with its deadly prowess, sweep the field !
Then did the world his matchless deeds proclaim,
And my ear drank the music of his fame.

Once, while the careless day to sport we gave,
Where fierce Mac-Bovar ^a rolls his headlong wave,

With

^a The words of the original are *Eas nrad mac bovar na miosl*,
literally, *the fiercely rushing Cataract, deafening son of the heap!* This is a very beautiful

With deaf'ning clamour pours upon the plain,
Foams o'er his echoing banks, and seeks the main.

Careless we rang'd along the founding shore,
And heard the tumbling of the torrent's roar;
Thin was our host, no thought of danger nigh,
When the near ocean caught our roving eye.

A white sail'd boat, that swiftly fought the shore,
On its light plank, a lovely female bore;
To meet our host her rapid course was bent,
And much we question'd on this strange event.

Fifty brave chiefs, around their braver King.—
Ah, why to mind, their deeds, their glories bring!
Since anguish must on bleeding memory wait,
Comparing former fame with present fate.

Alas! with them is quench'd the hero's flame,
And glory, since, is but an empty name!
Oh, after them, 'tis Misery's dire decree
The chiefs of these degenerate days to see.

Oh,

fall of the river Erne, at Ballyshannon, and the principal salmon leap in Ireland. The scenery is extremely picturesque; a bold coast of perpendicular rocks is covered to the very edge with the richest verdure, and projects, in unequal promontories, as it opens to the sea. This salmon leap is let at 400l. a year.

Oh, loft companions ! once your mighty fway
 Made the proud princes of the earth obey ;
 Your conqu'ring powers through every region led,
 And wide around victorious triumphs fpread !

But to my tale.—Our wondering chiefs arofe,
 To fee the bark its beauteous freight difclofe :
 Swift glanc'd its courfe through the divided wave,
 And the near fream a ready harbour gave.

As morn from ocean lifts her lov'ly light,
 Frefh from the wave, with gentle splendours bright ;
 So rofe the maid, as fhe approach'd the fhore,
 And her light bark to land its burden bore.

Deck'd by foft Love with fweet attractive grace,
 And all the charms of mind-illumin'd face ;
 Before our hoft the beauteous ftranger bow'd,
 And, thrown to earth, her eyes their glories fhroud.

Her foft falute return'd, with courteous air,
 Finn, by the hand of fnow, conducts the fair.
 Upon his left, the valiant Gaul was plac'd,
 And on his right, her feat the ftranger grac'd.

And, oh, to tell the charms her form array'd !
 The winning sweetness that her face display'd !
 On her alone we could or think, or gaze,
 And our rapt souls were lost in sweet amaze !

“ Soft Mariner ! (the son of Comhal cry'd,
 “ What chance has torn thee from protection's side ?
 “ Why com'st thou here, and from what happy earth ?
 “ And whose the noble race that gave thee birth ?”

“ Truth, O great chief ! my artless story frames :
 “ A mighty King ^b my filial duty claims.
 “ But princely birth no safety could bestow ;
 “ And, royal as I am, I fly from woe.

“ Long have I look'd that mighty arm to see,
 “ Which is alone of force to set me free :
 “ To Erin's far fam'd chief for aid I fly,
 “ And on that aid my trembling hopes rely.”

“ Say,

^b This passage is not translated literally, as it was difficult to know what turn to give it: the words in Irish are *Ṭṛí mē ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ*. *I am the daughter of the King under Waves*: or it may be rendered, *King of Waves*, or *King of Ṭḡḡ*, (in the genitive) *Ṭḡḡ*. Literally, a *wave*; but it may also mean some country, anciently called by that name; or possibly it may be a metaphorical phrase, to imply either an island, or some of the low countries.

" Say, wherefore, loveliest! art thou thus distressed?
 " Whom dost thou fly?—by whom art thou oppressed?
 " Why dost thou seek me, o'er the rolling sea,
 " And from what peril shall I fet thee free?"

" And art thou, then, that gen'rous son of fame,
 " Whose aid the wretched, and the helpless claim?
 " O then, to me that needful aid extend!
 " And, oh, thy strength to guard my weakness lend!"

With soothing speech, the pitying King reply'd,
 " Fear not, sweet maid! thy cause to me confide.
 " Speak but thy sorrows! whom dost thou accuse?
 " Who persecutes thee, Fair One?—who pursues?"—

" O! I am follow'd o'er the rolling wave!
 " O! mighty Finn! thy trembling suppliant save!
 " The son of Sora's^c King with wrath pursues,
 " The Chief of Spears, whose arm the host subdues!

" Dark

^c Tradition inform us, that *Moirá*, or (as some write it) *Boiry Borb*, was a Lusitanian Prince, of great fame and prowess, but cruel, and extremely fierce, as the word *borb* (i. e. *fierce*) implies. This admitted, it follows, of course, that *Sora* (in the original, *Sorcha*,) must have been, anciently, the Irish name for Portugal.

“ Dark Moira-borb is his tremendous name,
“ And wide o’er earth extends his dreadful fame !
“ From him I fly, with these unhappy charms,
“ To shun the horror of his hateful arms !

“ To one delay his fullen soul agreed,
“ Nor can he from his promise now recede ;
“ He will not force me to become his bride,
“ Until thy pow’r shall in my cause be try’d.”

Then spoke my Osgur, Erin’s lovely boast,
Pride of her fame, and glory of her host !
With generous zeal his youthful bosom glow’d ;
His fervent speech with rapid ardour flow’d.

“ Fear not (he cry’d) no power shall force thee hence ;
“ My arm, my life, O maid ! is thy defence !
“ No hateful union shall thy vows compel,
“ Nor shalt thou with the dreadful Sora dwell !”

Then, by his side, the son of Morni rose ;
Each champion equal to an host of foes !
Proudly they strode, exulting in their might,
The fierce, triumphant Deities of fight !

Before the host they stood, in arms array'd,
 To guard, from her approaching foe, the maid ;
 For now, swift riding on the subject wave,
 A wond'rous chief to fight his terrors gave !

In the same path the princess took, he came,
 And more than human seem'd his monstrous frame ;
 A magic steed its giant burden bore,
 And swiftly gain'd upon the trembling shore !

Fierce did he seem, as one in fight renown'd ;
 Dark on his head a gloomy helmet frown'd :
 Emboss'd with art, he held a mighty shield,
 And well his arm its ponderous orb could wield !

Two spears of victory, on its front engrav'd,
 Stood threat'ning, as if every foe they brav'd !
 Never our eyes had such a sight beheld,
 Nor ever chief so dreadfully excell'd !

His heavy sword, of more than monstrous size,
 Next struck with wonder our admiring eyes ;
 When, bending forward, from his mighty thigh
 He drew, and wav'd its massy weight on high !

Of princely sway the cloudy champion seem'd,
 And terror from his eye imperial stream'd !
 A soul of fire was in his features seen,
 In his proud port, and his impetuous mien !

His wond'rous steed was like the torrent's force ;
 White as its foam, and rapid as its course !
 Proud, the defyer of our host he bore,
 And sprung with fury to the hostile shore.

A fight like this had never met our eyes,
 Or struck our senses with a like surprize ;
 To see a steed thus courting on the wave,
 And his fierce rider thus the ocean brave !

My King, whose arm would every peril dare,
 Then calm demanded of the trembling fair,
 " Is this the chief of whom thy terror spoke,
 " Against whose power thou didst our aid involve ?"

" O that is he ! that is my deadly foe !
 " Too well, alas ! his dreadful face I know !
 " O Comhal's generous son ! I grieve for thee,
 " Against thy host that at all arm to see !

" He

“ He comes ! he comes to tear his victim hence !

“ No power, alas, can now be my defence !

“ No force, no courage can that sword abide,

“ And vainly will your generous aid be try'd !”

While thus to Comhal's noble son she spoke,

Fierce through the host, the foreign champion broke !

Glowing with rage, in conscious might array'd,

Forward he rush'd, and seiz'd the trembling maid !

Swift flew the spear of Morni's wrathful son,

And to the foe unerring passage won :

Through his pierc'd shield the aim its fury guides,

Rends its proud bosses, and its orb divides.

Impatient Osgur glow'd with ardent fire,

With raging scorn, and with indignant ire ;

And, darting fate from his impetuous hand,

He stretch'd the dying courser on the strand !

Unhors'd, and furious for his wounded steed,

And breathing tenfold vengeance for the deed ;

With wrath augmented the fierce champion burn'd,

And mad with rage, on his assailants turn'd.

Dauntless he stood, with haughty ire inflam'd,
 And loud defiance to our host proclaim'd :
 Against us all his single arm he rais'd,
 While in his hand the dreadful faulchion blaz'd !

Enrag'd, our hosts the proud defiance hear,
 And rush to vengeance with a swift career.
 Finn and myself alone our arms withhold,
 And wait to see the strange event unfold.

When lo ! amazement to our wondering eyes !
 In vain each spear with rapid fury flies !
 In vain with might, the nearer swords assail,
 No spears can wound, no weapons can prevail.

Those chiefs, who every foe till then excell'd,
 Foil'd by his force, his single arm repell'd.
 Low on the blood-stain'd field with shame they lay,
 Bound by his hand, and victims of his sway !

Great Flan Mac-Morni fell beneath his sword ;
 By valour, friendship, and by song deplor'd !
 Of all the champions who his arm sustain'd,
 Not one unwounded on the field remain'd.

Had not our chiefs been all well arm'd for fight,
 They all had funk beneath his matchless might !
 Or had each, singly, met his dreadful force,
 Each, in his turn, had fall'n a mangled corse !

Now Gaul's brave bosom burns with frantic ire,
 And terror flashes from his eyes of fire !
 Rending in wrath, he springs upon the foe !
 High waves his sword, and fierce descends its blow !

Dire as when fighting elements engage,
 Such is the war the dreadful champions wage !
 Whoever had that fatal field beheld,
 He would have thought all human force excell'd.

Loud was the clash of arms that stream'd with gore,
 And deep the wounds each dauntless bosom bore !
 Broke are their spears, and rent each massy shield,
 And steel, and blood bestrew the deathful field !

Never again shall two such chiefs contend,
 Nor ever courage, as did theirs, transcend !
 So great the havock of each deadly blade !
 So great the force each valiant arm display'd !

At length they slack'd the fury of the fight,
 And vanquish'd Sora own'd superior might :
 No more he could the sword of Gaul sustain,
 But gash'd with wounds, he sunk upon the plain.

Woe was the day in which that strife arose,
 And dy'd with blood the harbour of his foes !
 Woe to the champions of that lovely dame !
 Woe to the land to which her beauty came ^d !

The valiant Sora by the stream we laid,
 And while his last and narrow house we made,
 We on each finger plac'd a glitt'ring ring ^e,
 To grace the foe, in honor of our King.

Thus fell the foreign champion on our coast,
 And gave a dear-bought conquest to our host.
 The royal maid our courtesy embrac'd,
 And a whole year the Finian palace grac'd.

Six

^d It is probable that this passage alludes to some subsequent consequences of the death of Moira-borb.

^e It has not been found that any particular custom of antiquity is here alluded to : the passage is translated literally, and it appears that, by placing rings on the fingers of Moira-borb, they meant to shew the generosity of their chief, in honouring a gallant foe.

Six following months, beneath the leeches hand,
The wounds of Gaul our constant care demand :
The valiant Gaul, unvanquish'd in the fight,
Gaul of the weapons of resistless might.

With Finn, the chief of princely cheer, he lay,
Whose friendly tendance eas'd the tedious day.
Finn, who was ever to the brave a friend,
Finn, who the weak would evermore defend † !

But

† In the *Óráil Oisín*, (Rhapsody of Oisín) we find the following beautiful character, and personal description of this celebrated hero.

Íomh fairsing fál
bar saigse fhearnib fál
níš mórdaia cōim.
fa mór aōiol dān.

Alémoide ofsaite mear.
afhjan fa mōr.
íomí íomēljce faíō
a aša fa mōr bōan.

fa glan zom amof.
do bī afholc mar anōr.
íseim níš fa bōan
do bī ašruaíō mar an nōf.

Do bī gaē bean lan da fēape
aēnef mar an ceajle baín.
mac ívime fa cōim.
íomh, níš na nam naíš.

In

But why of heroes should I now relate ?
 Chang'd is my form, and chang'd is my estate !
 These alter'd looks, with age and sorrow pale,
 Should warn to cease from the heroic tale !

In English,—“ Finn of the large and liberal soul of bounty ; exceeding all his
 “ countrymen in the prowess and accomplishments of a warrior. King of mild
 “ majesty, and numerous bards.

“ The ever-open house of kindness was his heart ; the seat of undaunted courage !
 “ great was the chief of the mighty Fenii ; Finn of the perfect soul, the consummate
 “ wisdom ; whose knowledge penetrated events, and pierced through the veil of futu-
 “ rity. Finn of the splendid and ever-during glories.

“ Bright were his blue-rolling eyes, and his hair like flowing gold ! Lovely were
 “ the charms of his unaltered beauty, and his cheeks like the glowing rose.

“ Each female heart overflowed with affection for the hero whose bosom was like
 “ the whiteness of the chalky cliff, for the mild son of Morna ; Finn, the king of
 “ the glittering blades of war.”

O D E S.

A N

I N T R O D U C T O R Y D I S C O U R S E

T O T H E

W A R O D E.

THE military Odes of the ancient Celtæ have been noticed by numberless historians ; nothing amongst those people was left unsung : Poetry was their darling science, and they introduced it into every scene, and suited it to every occasion. One of the duties of the Bard was, to attend his chief to battle, and there exert his poetic powers, according to the fluctuations of victory, and the fortune of the fight. This fact is well attested by antient Greek and Roman writers ; also, Du Cange, Mezeray, and many other antiquaries and historians affirm, that this custom continued amongst the Gauls, many centuries after their dereliction by the Romans. Even at the battle of Hastings, the troops of Normandy were accompanied by a Bard, animating them to conquest with warlike odes. The great number of Troubadours retained

T

by

by the French noblesse, in the different invasions of the Holy Land, prove how well this custom was supported by civilized nations of the middle ages.

BUT it will, no doubt, appear singular, that, while France and Germany suffered no ruin or subversion of their states, from that epocha, yet so little care has been taken, by their antiquaries, for the preservation of antient documents, that it is affirmed, there is not one of these Odes now extant amongst them; while Ireland,—harrassed by war and rapine; and her records plundered by foreign invaders, and envious policy,—yet still has preserved a number of these original productions, which throw many rays of light on the obscurest periods of Celtic antiquity.

BUT the WAR ODE was not peculiar to the Celtæ alone; Scandinavia, too, sent her Scalds to battle, and her Chiefs were animated by their military songs; although indeed many centuries later than the period in which we find our Bards possessed of this office in Ireland. “Hacon, Earl of Norway (says Monf. MALLET) had five celebrated poets along with him in that famous battle of which I have been speaking, when the warriors of Jomabourg were defeated; and history records that they sung each an Ode, to animate the soldiers, before they engaged^{a b}.”

WE

^a See TORF BARTHOLIN, p. 172, who produces other instances to the same purpose; particularly that of Olave, king of Norway, who placed three of his scalds

WE see here a remarkable difference between the Scandinavian and Celtic poet, in the execution of this military duty : The Ode of the Scald was composed for the purpose, and sung *before the engagement* : while the Irish Bard, glowing with the joint enthusiasm of the poet, and the warrior, frequently rushed amidst the ranks, and following his Chief through all the fury of the fight, continued, to the last, those sublime and elevating strains, which, inspired by the sight of heroic valour, and called forth by, and suited to the instant occasion, wrought up courage to a pitch of frenzy, and taught the warrior to triumph even in the pangs of death. But it was only when victory was doubtful, and occasion required the Bards to exert all their powers, that we find them thus rushing through the carnage of the field. At other times “ marching at the head of the armies, “ arrayed in white flowing robes, harps glittering in their hands, “ and their persons surrounded with ORFIDIGH, or instrumental “ musicians ; while the battle raged, they *flood apart*, and “ watched in security (for their persons were held sacred) every
T 2 action

scalds about him to be eye-witnesses of his exploits : these bards composed, each of them, a song upon the spot, which BARTHOLIN has printed, accompanied with a Latin version. Other songs of the same kind may be found in the same author.

Here is one instance wherein we find a Scandinavian war ode composed (as it appears) either *during*, or *after* the engagement ; but their established custom was, to sing the ode (as is related above) *before* the battle joined.

^b *North. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 386.

“ action of the Chief, in order to glean subjects for their
“ lays.”

INDEED, the enthusiastic starts of passion ; the broken, unconnected, and irregular wildness of those Odes which have escaped the wreck of ancient literature in this kingdom, sufficiently and incontestibly point out their true originality to every *candid* reader. It need not here be objected, that the character in which we find the copies now extant of these Odes, is different from that which was in use among the pagan Irish, and that the language of them, also, is too intelligible to be referred to so remote an æra. With the beauties of these singular compositions, every Irish reader, of every age, must have been eager to acquaint himself ; and when acquainted with them, to communicate to others the knowledge, and the pleasure they afforded him : of course, when a word became too obsolete to be generally understood, it was changed for one more modern ; and, for the same reason, when the ancient character was exploded, every ensuing copy of these Odes was written in the character of the times. Indeed there are still a sufficient number of obsolete words among them, to make the language extremely difficult ; but I conceive that it is in the structure of the compositions, and the spirit which they breathe, rather than in a few unintelligible epithets, that we are to look for the marks of their antiquity.

THE

THE copies from which the two following Odes are translated, I procured from Maurice Gorman; there is also a copy of them in the collection of Mr. O'Halloran of Limerick, and another, as I am informed, in the College collection. An accomplished proficient in the learning and antiquities of this country, whose name (had I permission) I should be proud to reveal, made the following elegant, and spirited remarks, on a literal translation of the first of these Odes, upon which I had requested his judgment. " It is (says he) in my opinion, a very fine specimen of " that kind of poetry, and carries genuine originality on the face " of it. It seems not only to have been composed on the occasion, but as if it was actually sung by the bard during the " heat of the battle; which supposition is quite consonant with " the accounts we have of the antient Celtic warriors, and the " office of their Bards. The extreme simplicity of it is no small " part of its merit, and has more in it of the true sublime, than " all the flowers and images with which a modern poet would " have embellished it. Imagination may follow it through all " the changes that may be supposed to have attended an obstinate engagement, in which the hero was exerting his valour " to the utmost; with his bard standing close at his back, " exhorting him to persevere, and giving, as it were, fresh " energy and effect to every stroke of his sword."

It may appear strange to see a Bard rushing, fearless and unhurt, through the midst of contending warriors; his hand encumbered with the harp, and unprovided with any arms for
either

either defence or attack : but the character of the *Filea* was held so sacred amongst the ancient Celtæ, that they wanted no other defence, and were so protected and revered by foes, as well as friends, that even “ the very whirl and rage of fight ” respected the person of the Bard.

IRISH history, indeed, affords one, and *but one*, instance of a sort of sacrilege offered to the life of a Bard ; the circumstances, however, which accompany the fact, as well as the manner in which it is told, present us with the strongest idea of the horror that so unusual a crime then excited. The *Leabhar Leacan*, (or *Book of Sligo*) has thus preserved the relation : Fierce wars were carried on, about the middle of the fourth century, between Eochaidh, Monarch of Ireland, and Eana, the King of Leinster. Cetmathach, the Monarch’s laureat, had satyrized so severely the enemy of his King, as to provoke the bitterest resentment of Eana, who vowed unsparing revenge. In the battle of Cruachan, the Monarch was defeated ; and Cetmathach, pursued by the furious King of Leinster, fled for safety amidst the troops of the victor, who, though the enemies of Eochaidh, would have protected his Bard : but the brutal Eana was not to be appeased, and the life of the laureat fell a sacrifice to his art. Eana, for this atrocious deed, was ever after branded with the opprobrious name of *Cin-falach*, (foul, or dishonorable head). It has descended down, through his immediate posterity, to the present day ; numbers of his race, of the name of *Cin* or *Kin-falach*, now existing in Ireland.

OF the first of the following Odes, Osgur, the son of Oifin, is the hero, but we are not told who the Bard was that composed it. We have, however, sufficient reason to conclude, that it was sung by Fergus, the uncle of Osgur; first, because he was the appointed *ARD-FILEA* of the Fenii; and also because that, in an ancient poem on the battle of Gabhra, he is introduced as exhorting the troops, on that occasion, to the fight, surrounded by his *Orfidigh*, or band of musicians.

bj ʒeagʒuʒ ʒʒe,
aʒuʒ opʒʒeacʒ na ʒlaʒa,
ʒaʒ mbʒoʒʒaʒ ʒan ʒʒonʒʒʒ
ʒol ʒʒonʒʒʒ an ʒhaʒa.

MR. WALKER, in his *MEMOIRS OF THE IRISH BARDS*, takes particular notice of Fergus. “ Oifin (says he) was not Finn’s chief
“ Bard, or Ollamh-re-dan. This honorable station was filled by
“ Fergus *Fibbeoil*, (of the sweet lips) another son of the great
“ Finian commander; a Bard on whom succeeding poets have
“ bestowed almost as many epithets, as Homer has given to his
“ Jupiter.—In several poems, still extant, he is called Fergus
“ *Fir-glic*, (the truly ingenious); *Fathach*, (superior in know-
“ ledge); *Focal-geur*, (skilled in the choice of words) &c. &c.
“ So persuasive was his eloquence, that, united with his rank, it
“ acquired him an almost universal ascendancy.

“ BUT

" BUT it was in the field of battle that Fergus' eloquence proved of real utility. In a fine heroic Poem ^a called " the *Caṭ ḡṡṡ-ṡṡṡṡ* (The battle of Ventry), Finn is often represented as calling on Fergus, to animate the drooping valour of his officers, which the Bard never fails to do, effectually. In this battle, Oifin was beginning to yield in single combat; which being observed by Fergus, he addressed some encouraging strains to him, in a loud voice: These were heard by Oifin, and his foe fell beneath his sword ^b.

" SEVERAL admirable poems, attributed to Fergus, are still extant; Dargo, a poem ^c, written on occasion of a foreign prince of that name invading Ireland. Dargo encountered the Fenii, and was slain by Goll, the son of Morni.—*Caṭ ḡabṡṡ* (the battle of Gabhra). This battle was fought by the Fenii against Cairbre, the monarch of Ireland, whose aim in provoking it, " was

^a This composition is not written in verse, but it does indeed abound with all the ornaments of poetry.

^b O'HALLORAN's *Hjst. Irel.* vol. i. p. 275.

^c A copy of this poem is now in my possession, and it glows with all the fire of genius; but at the same time is debased by such absurd impossibilities, that, as I could not venture to omit any part of the piece, I did not think it would answer for translation. From the character given of this poem, I am tempted to suppose that my copy is a corrupt and bad one; perhaps a future day may enable me to procure a better.

“ was to suppress the formidable power of that legion. Cairbre’s
 “ life fell a sacrifice to this bold attempt.

“ THESE Poems abound with all the imagery, fire, and glow-
 “ ing description of the ancient Gælic, and justify the praises
 “ bestowed on Fergus. Each poem concludes with Fergus’ at-
 “ testation of his being the author. Besides these, there are, A
 “ Panegyric on Goll, the son of Morni^d, and another on Osgur^e.
 “ In the latter, the poet has interwoven an animating harangue
 “ to the hero, who is the subject of it, in the battle of Gabhra.”

IN most of the Finian poems that I have seen, Fergus is ho-
 norably noticed, both for his poetical powers, and the peculiar
 sweetness of his temper and disposition: Thus in THE CHASE,

“ Did Fergus live, again to sing,
 “ As erst, the Fenii’s fame!”

Also in MAGNUS.

“ Mild Fergus then, his errand done,
 “ Return’d with wonted grace ;
 “ His mind, like the unchanging sun,
 “ Still beaming in his face^f.”

THE

^d See the second War Ode in this collection.

^e This I suppose is the same with the original of the following Ode.

^f Probably this extreme gentleness of Fergus’ temper, was the reason why he was
 chosen ARD-FILEA, or chief poet to the Fenii, though his brother Oifin was so emi-

THE ANNALS OF INNISFALLEN, and other ancient records, and poems, inform us, that the battle of Gabhra was fought in the year of our Lord 296. The cause of this battle (as well as I can collect from various accounts) was pretty nearly as follows:—The celebrated body of the Fenii had grown to a formidable degree of power. Conscious of the defence they afforded their country, and the glory they reflected upon it, they became overweening and insolent, esteeming too highly of their merits, and too meanly of their rewards; and this the more, as they perceived the Monarch disposed to flight their services, and envy their fame.

IT would be tedious here to relate the various causes assigned by different writers for the discontents which occasioned this battle: Historians, in general, lay the chief blame upon the Fenii; and the poets, taking part with their favourite heroes, cast the whole odium upon Cairbre, then Monarch of Ireland. The
fault

nently distinguished for his poetical talents. Oisín, most likely, would not have accepted of the laureatship: his high and martial spirit would not be confined to the duties of that station, as they would often have necessarily withheld him from mixing in the combat, and taking a *warrior's* share in the victory. The character of Fergus was much more adapted than that of Oisín, to fill the place he held, even supposing the poetic powers of Oisín superior to those of his brother.—Oisín, like the Caractacus of the inimitable MASON, felt too much of

“ ————— the hot tide

“ That flushes crimson on the conscious cheek

“ Of him who burns for glory!”

And he would never have borne to hold the harp, in battle, while able to wield a sword.

fault most likely was mutual, and both parties severely suffered for it. Cairbre himself was killed in the action, and a dreadful slaughter ensued among his troops; but those of the Fenii were almost totally destroyed^b; for, relying upon that valour which they fondly deemed invincible, they rushed into the field against odds, that madness alone would have encountered. In an ancient poem upon this subject, Oisín, relating the events of the battle to St. Patrick, tells him, that “few in number were the Fenii, “on that fatal day, opposed to the united forces of the kingdom, headed by their Monarch! Finn and his heroes were “not there to assist them; they were absent on a Roman expedition.”—Osgur, the grandson of Finn, commanded the little body that remained, and led them on to the attack; fired with the hope of increasing glory, and wrought up to a frenzy of valour, by the animated exhortations of his Bard, he performed prodigies, he slew numbers, and Cairbre himself at length fell by his hand. Victory then seemed to declare for the Fenii, till Osgur, covered with wounds, sunk upon the field. He died; with him died the hopes of his adherents. And Epic story gives no further account of the few who survived the field.

SEVERAL poems have been composed upon the subject of this battle. I have never yet seen that one which is said to have been written by Fergus; but I have now before me two that bear the

U 2

name

^b *The Book of Heath* affirms, that they were *all* destroyed, Oisín excepted; and that he lived till the arrival of St. Patrick, to whom he related the exploits of the Fenii.

name of Oifin, and are possessed of considerable merit: I would gladly, with the following Ode, have given a translation of one of the many poems which this celebrated battle gave rise to; but as I am told there are more perfect copies extant, than those in my possession, I am unwilling to give an inferior one to the public.

I.

W A R O D E

T O

O S G U R.

W A R O D E
T O
O S G U R, T H E S O N O F O I S I N,
I N T H E F R O N T O F T H E B A T T L E O F G A B H R A.

R I S E, might of Erin! rise ^a !
O ! Ofgur, of the generous soul !
Now, on the foe's astonish'd eyes,
Let thy proud ensigns wave dismay !
Now let the thunder of thy battle roll,
And bear the palm of strength and victory away !

Son of the fire, whose stroke is fate ^b,
Be thou in might supreme !
Let conquest on thy arm await,
In each conflicting hour !

Slight

^a Ḃḡḡḡ ! literally, *arise* !—It means here, *rouse thyself ! exert all thy powers !*

^b Oifin, the father of Ofgur, was as much celebrated for his valour, as for his poetical talents.

Slight let the force of adverse numbers seem,
Till, o'er their prostrate ranks, thy shouting squadrons pour !

O hear the voice of lofty song !—

Obey the Bard !——

Stop—stop M'Garaidh^c ! check his pride,
And rush resistless on each regal foe !
Thin their proud ranks, and give the smothering tide
Of hostile blood to flow !

Mark where Mac-Cormac^d pours along !—

Rush on—retard

His haughty progress !—let thy might

Rife, in the deathful fight,

O'er thy prime foe supreme,

And let the stream

Of valour flow,

Until thy brandish'd sword

Shall humble ev'ry haughty foe,

And justice be restor'd^e.

Son

^c This son of Garaidh was then King of Connaught, and he led a chosen band to the battle of Gabhra.

^d Cairbre, Monarch of Ireland ; he was son to Cormac, the preceding Monarch, and it was in his quarrel that the allied Princes were assembled in this day's battle, against the little band of the Fenii. He was also nearly related to the chiefs of the party he opposed, his sister having been the wife of Finn-Mac-Cumhal.

^e Injustice was the complaint, and the cause of quarrel, assigned both by the King's forces, and the Fenii : *The Book of Hoath* has preserved a speech of Osgur's on this

Son of the King of spotless fame^f,
 Whose actions fill the world!
 Like his, thy story and thy name
 Shall fire heroick song,
 And, with the prowess of this day, the lofty strain prolong!
 Shall tell how oft, in Gabhra's plain,
 Thy dreadful spear was hurl'd^g:
 How high it heap'd the field with slain,
 How wide its carnage spread,
 Till gorg'd upon the human feast, the glutt'd ravens fed.

X

Refistless

this occasion; probably just as authentic as most other speeches of the kind, that history gravely tells us have been spoken at such times. It sets forth the gross injustice and ingratitude with which they had been treated by the Monarch; and that they only fought to maintain those privileges which they had honorably won, and which were granted to their ancestors by those faithless Princes, now in arms against them. That they and their predecessors had been the guardians of the nation, protecting its harbours, and repelling its invaders; and also increasing its glory by the splendour of foreign conquests, and the rich trophies of foreign tributes to its power; but that now, after so many battles fought, and so many honors and advantages derived to the Monarch by their valour, he wished to acquit himself of the obligation, by putting his benefactors to the sword, or banishing them for ever from the land.

^f It is uncertain, here, *what* King the poet means, whether the father, or the grandfather of his hero; either of them might have been called *King* by the Bard, as the word *Righ* is frequently made use of for any great commander, or military sovereign; and Osgur might have been stiled *son* to either, because *Mac* (son) signifies also grandson, and often only a descendant.

^g The poets tell us of an incredible slaughter, made in this battle by the sword of Osgur: the brave and fierce Mac-Garaidh, King of Connaught, of the tribe of Morni, and Cairbre, Monarch of Ireland, besides numbers of inferior chieftains, fell by his single arm.

Resistless as the spirit of the night,
 In storms and terrors drest,
 Withering the force of ev'ry hostile breast,
 Rush on the ranks of fight!—
 Youth of fierce deeds, and noble soul!
 Rend—scatter wide the foe!—
 Swift forward rush,—and lay the waving pride
 Of yon high ensigns low!
 Thine be the battle!—thine the sway!—
 On—on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,
 And let thy deathful arm dash safety from his side!
 As the proud wave, on whose broad back
 The storm its burden heaves^b,
 Drives on the scatter'd wreck
 Its ruin leaves;
 So let thy sweeping progress roll,
 Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong,
 Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming might along!

From king to kingⁱ, let death thy steps await,
 Thou messenger of fate,
 Whose awful mandate thou art chosen to bear:

Take

^b It is impossible that the utmost stretch of human imagination and genius could start an image of greater sublimity than this!—Had Fergus never given any further proof of his talents than what is exhibited in the ode now before us, this stanza alone had been sufficient to have rendered his name immortal!

ⁱ The monarch, and the provincial kings, who were united against the Fenii.

Take no vain truce, no respite yield,
 'Till thine be the contested field ;
 O thou, of champion'd fame the royal heir !
 Pierce the proud squadrons of the foe,
 And o'er their slaughter'd heaps triumphant rise !
 Oh, in fierce charms, and lovely might array'd !
 Bright, in the front of battle, wave thy blade !
 Oh, let thy fury rise upon my voice !
 Rush on, and glorying in thy strength rejoice !
 Mark where yon bloody ensign flies¹ !
 Rush !—seize it !—lay its haughty triumphs low !

Wide around thy carnage spread !
 Heavy be the heaps of dead !
 Roll on thy rapid might,
 Thou roaring stream of prowess in the fight !
 What tho' Finn be distant far¹,
 Art thou not *thyself* a war ?—

X 2

Victory

¹ The taking of the enemy's standard was, we find, an object of great importance ; for we see the bard repeatedly point it out in the battle, and urge his hero to the capture of it. The striking of a standard among the Irish troops was in general a token of defeat. See O'HALLORAN.—“ The duty of the hereditary standard-bearer “ was, to preserve the royal banner ; to be amongst the foremost of the troops in “ action, and in the rear on a retreat ; for the troops had ever their eye on the “ standard, and when the prince was killed (for their princes seldom survived a “ defeat) the standard was struck, which was the signal for a retreat.” Thus, had Ofgur been able to seize upon the enemy's banner, they might have mistaken its disappearance for the usual signal, and so been thrown into confusion.

¹ Finn, at the time of this battle, was absent on a Roman expedition, and Cairbre took advantage of this circumstance, to hasten the issue of the contest. A beautiful and

Victory shall be all thy own,
 And this day's glory thine, and thine alone !
 Be thou the foremost of thy race in fame !
 So shall the bard exalt thy deathless name !
 So shall thy sword, supreme o'er numbers, rise,
 And vanquish'd Tamor's ^m groans ascend the skies !

Tho'

and most affecting poem (ascribed to Oisín) on this subject, informs us, that Finn, with his troops, returned on the eve of the battle, and that he arrived just time enough to take a last adieu of his dying grandson. Their meeting is described, and is deeply pathetic. The poet also adds, that " Finn never after was known to smile : Peace, after that, had no sweets, nor war any triumphs that could restore joy to his breast, or raise one wish for ambition or for glory, even though the empire of Heaven itself were to be won by his arm, or were offered to his acceptance !"

^m Tamor, or Teamor, the royal seat of the monarch of Ireland. " Its chief court, (says O'CONOR) was three hundred feet in length, thirty in height, and fifty in breadth. It had access by fourteen doors, which opened on their several apartments, fitted up for the kings and deputies of each province : The royal seat was erected in the middle of the house, where the monarch sat in state, with his *Afonn*, or imperial cap on his head. The kings of the two Munsters took their seats on his left ; those of Ulster, on his right ; the king of Leinster, in his front ; and the king of Connaught, together with the *Ollambain*, behind the throne. The particular reasons for such a disposition are not set down in any MSS. come to our hands.

" This high court of convention was surrounded by four other large houses, fitted up for the lodging and accommodation of the several provincial kings and deputies, during the session ; close to these were other houses ; one for state prisoners, another for Fileas, and another for the princesses, and the women who attended at court.

" Teamor was the royal seat of the kings of Ireland, and the principal court of legislation, from the days of Ollamh Fodla, down to the reign of Dermot Mac Cervail ;

'Tho' unequal be the fight,
 Tho' unnumber'd be the foeⁿ,
 No thought on fear, or on defeat bestow,
 For conquest waits to crown thy cause, and thy successful might !
 Rush, therefore, on, amid the battle's rage,
 Where fierce contending kings engage,
 And powerless lay thy proud opponents low !

O lovely warrior ! Form of grace,
 Be not disinay'd^o !
 Friend of the Bards ! think on thy valiant race !
 O thou whom none in vain implore,

Whose

" Cervail ; so that the Fees of Teamor continued, from time to time, through a
 " series of more than eleven hundred years." *Dissertations on the Hist. of Ireland*,
 p. 108.

The fear of extending this note to too great a length has obliged me, though
 reluctantly, to give only extracts from Mr. O'CONNOR's description. For a more
 enlarged account of this celebrated palace, see *Colleeanea*, vol. i.

ⁿ The Fenii were greatly out-numbered in this battle. In another poem on the
 subject, attributed to Oisín, and addressed to St. Patrick, we find this passage.
 " There was Cairbre Liffecar, at the head of Erin's mighty hosts, marching against
 " our forces, to the field of Gabhra, the battle of fatal strokes ! There was also
 " Mac Garaídh, and a thousand champions, assembled against the powers of my
 " son :—Nine battalions also from Ulster, and the Munster troops, against our
 " Leinster legion ; besides the king of Connaught, and his valiant bands, who joined
 " with the monarch against us, in that day's engagement. Unfair, and unequal was
 " that division of our forces, for finally was the band of the Fenii."

^o Here it appears that Osgur begins for a moment to yield ; but quickly after,
 animated, and renovated by the exhortations of his bard, we find him again dealing
 death around.

Whose soul by fear was never sway'd,
Now let the battle round thy ensigns roar !

Wide the vengeful ruin spread !
Heap the groaning field with dead !
Furious be thy griding sword,
Death with every stroke descend !

Thou to whose fame earth can no match afford ;
That fame which shall thro' time, as thro' the world, extend !

Shower thy might upon the foe !
Lay their pride, in Gabhra, low !
Thine be the sway of this contested field !
To thee for aid the Fenii fly * ;
On that brave arm thy country's hopes rely,
From every foe thy native land to shield !

Aspect of beauty ! pride of praise !
Summit of heroic fame !
O theme of Erin ! youth of matchless deeds !
Think on thy wrongs ! now, now let vengeance raise
Thy valiant arm !—and let destruction flame,

Till

* The Irish in general were frequently called *Fenians*, or *Phenians*, from their great ancestor *Phenius Farfa*, or, perhaps, in allusion to their Phœnician descent. But the Leinster legions proudly arrogated that name entirely to themselves, and called their celebrated body, exclusively, *Fenii*, or *Fiana Eireann*.

'Till low beneath thy sword each chief of Ulster lies !
O prince of numerous hosts, and bounding steeds !
Raife thy red shield, with tenfold force endu'd !
Forfake not the fam'd path thy fathers ^a have pursu'd !
But let, with theirs, thy equal honours rise !

Hark !—Anguish groans !—the battle bleeds
Before thy spear !—its flight is death !—

Now, o'er the heath,

The foe recedes !

And wide the hostile crimson flows !—

See how it dyes thy deathful blade !—

See, in dismay, each routed squadron flies !

Now !—now thy havoc thins the ranks of fight,

And scatters o'er the field thy foes !—

O still be thy encreasing force display'd !

Slack not the noble ardour of thy might !

Pursue—pursue with death their flight !—

Rise, arm of Erin !—Rise !—

^a All of the tribe of Boishne were particularly famed for prowess, and celebrated by our ancient poets.

II.

O D E

T O

G A U L.

Y

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TO throw light on the subject of the following Ode, I have endeavoured, in vain, to procure a copy of the legend of bpujſan be-aſ na h'almuſne, mentioned in Mr. WALKER's Irish Bards; in which, he ſays, is related the "celebrated contention for precedence between "Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhain. The attending "Bards, (continues he) obſerving the engagement to grow very "ſharp, were apprehenſive of the conſequences, and determined, if "poſſible, to cauſe a ceſſation of hoſtilities. To effect this, they ſhook "The Chain of Silence, and flung themſelves among the ranks, ex- "tolling the ſweets of peace, and the achievements of the combatants' "anceſtors. Immediately both parties, laying down their arms, liſtened, "with mute attention, to the harmonious lays of their Bards, and in "the end rewarded them with precious gifts".

I regret much that I have never ſeen this legend, and therefore can only conjecture that the Ode before us was compoſed, or rather recited, extempore, upon the ſame occaſion. There is frequent mention made, in our romances and poems, of a memorable conteſt between the rival tribes of Morni and Boihne, of which Gaul and Finn were the leaders; and that, by the mediation of the Bards, it was finally concluded in peace: but I have never ſeen any particular account of the diſpute, or deſcription of the combat: nor been able to obtain any further information upon the ſubject, than the little I have here given to the public.

^a *Hiſt. Mem. Irifh Bards*, p. 44. The legend here alluded to is not in the poſſeſſion of Mr. WALKER; if it was, his politeneſs and public ſpirit would not have ſuffered him to reſuſe it.

O D E
T O
G A U L,
THE SON OF MORNI.

HIGH-minded Gaul, whose daring foul
Stoops not to our Chief's^a controul!
Champion of the navy's pride^b!
Mighty ruler of the tide!
Rider of the stormy wave,
Hostile nations to enslave^c!

Shield

^a Finn Mac-Cumhal, then general of the Irish militia.

^{b c} " Besides their standing armies, we find the Irish kept up a considerable naval force, whereby, from time to time, they poured troops into Britain and Gaul, which countries they long kept under contribution. To this, however, many objections have been made; as if a people who invaded Ireland in thirty large ships could ever be condemned to make use of noevogs, and currachs!—Their migrations from Egypt to Greece, and from thence to Spain, have also been doubted, from the supposed difficulty of procuring shipping; whilst at the same period of time no objections have been made to the accounts of the Phœnicians, " the

Shield of freedom's glorious boast !
 Head of her unconquer'd host !
 Ardent son of Morni's might !
 Terror of the fields of fight !
 Long renown'd and dreadful name !
 Hero of auspicious fame !
 Champion, in our cause to arm !
 Tongue, with eloquence to charm !
 With depth of sense, and reach of manly thought ;
 With every grace, and every beauty fraught !

Girt with heroic might,
 When glory, and thy country call to arms,
 Thou go'st to mingle in the loud alarms,
 And lead the rage of fight !
 Thine, hero ! thine the princely sway
 Of each conflicting hour ;

Thine

“ the Tyrians, and, after them, the Greeks, having very considerable fleets, and making very distant settlements.” O'HALL. *Introd. to the Hist. and Antiq. of Ireland*, p. 125.

The same learned author proceeds to bring forward such proofs of the naval power of our early ancestors, as must do away every doubt, in minds of any reason or candour ; but a quotation of them at large would exceed the limits of a note ; my readers are therefore referred to the valuable work from which the above is taken. In many parts of Colonel VALLANCEY's inestimable *Collectanea*, they may also find proofs of the knowledge of the early Irish in naval affairs :—indeed, the astonishing number of names (no less than between forty and fifty) for a ship, in the Irish language, appears to give ground for concluding that there must have been some degree of proportionable variety in their structure.

Thine ev'ry bright endowment to display,
 The smile of beauty, and the arm of pow'r !
 Science, beneath our hero's shade,
 Exults, in all her patron's gifts array'd :
 Her Chief, the soul of every fighting field !
 The arm,—the heart, alike unknown to yield !

Hear, O Finn ! thy people's voice !
 Trembling on our hills^d we plead ;
 O let our fears to peace incline thy choice !
 Divide the spoil^e, and give the hero's meed !
 For bright and various is his wide renown,
 And war and science weave his glorious crown !

Did all the hosts of all the earth unite,
 From pole to pole, from wave to wave,

Exulting

^d This alludes to a custom which prevailed, amongst the early Irish, of holding all their public meetings, and frequently their feasts, on the tops of lofty eminences. In the few prefatory lines, annexed to this ode, I have hazarded a conjecture that it was one of the extemporaneous compositions, so celebrated in the romance of *брътжанъ бѣахъ на б' алмуицѣ* ; yet this passage seems an objection, unless we suppose that an entertainment, or a peaceable meeting, ended in a battle, (which indeed might have been the case) for the mention of " hills" here, implies peace, and the quotation from the romance expressly tells us, that the ode was sung *at the combat*.

^e Possibly it might have been about the division of the booty, gained in some British, or perhaps Continental expedition, that the tribes of Morni and Boishne were at variance: at least it appears by this passage that a part of their discontents arose from some such occasion.

Exulting in their might :
 His is that monarchy of foul
 To fit him for the wide controul,
 The empire of the brave !

Friend of learning ! mighty name !
 Havoc of hofts, and pride of fame !
 Fierce as the foaming ftrength of ocean's rage,
 When nature's powers in strife engage,
 So does his dreadful progrefs roll,
 And fuch the force that lifts his foul !

Fear him, chief of Erin's might !
 And his foe no longer be ;
 Sun of honor's facred light,
 Rending ftorm of death is he !

Finn of the flowing locks¹, O hear my voice !
 No more with Gaul contend !
 Be peace, henceforth, thy happy choice,
 And gain a valiant friend !

Secure

¹ The natural and beautiful ornament of *hair* was much cherifhed and efteemed amongst the ancient Irifh. I know not whence the idea of their *matted* locks (fo often mentioned by Englifh chroniclers) had its rife :—certain it is that we meet with no fuch expreffion, in any of our Irifh annals, legends, or poems :—on the contrary, the epithets “ flowing—curling—waving locks,” perpetually occur, and are apparently efteemed as effential to the beauty of the warrior, as to that of the fair.

Secure of victory, to the field
 His conquering standard goes ;
 'Tis his the powers of fight to wield,
 And woe awaits his foes !

Not to mean insidious art⁵
 Does the great name of Gaul its terrors owe ;
 But from a brave, undaunted heart
 His glories flow !

Z

Stature

⁵ “ What added lustre to the native valour, was, the extreme openness, candour, and simplicity of this people (the Irish) ; not even to gratify that insatiable thirst for power, the source of such devastations, do we often read of indirect or dishonorable means used. Heralds were sent to denounce fair, open war, and the place, time and action were previously settled. If any unforeseen accident disappointed either party, as to the number of troops, &c. notice was sent to his opponent, and a further day was appointed, and generally granted.” O'HALL. *Int. to the Hist. and Antiq. of Ireland*, p. 223.

Indeed, for a spirit of honor, and a natural rectitude of mind, the Irish were remarked even by the writers of a nation, *once* their bitter enemies. Their love of justice, and attachment to the laws, was thus acknowledged by Baron FINGLAS, in the days of Henry the Eighth. “ The laws and statutes made by the Irish, on their hills, they keep firm and stable, without breaking them for any favour or reward.” Baron FINGLAS's *Breviate of Ireland*. Sir JOHN DAVIS too, (Attorney General in the reign of James the First) acknowledges that “ there is no nation under the sun that love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish ; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves.” DAVIS's *Hist. of Ireland*. Also COOKE, treating of our laws, says, “ For I have been informed by many of them that have had judicial places there, and partly of mine own knowledge, that there is no nation of the Christian world, that are greater lovers of justice than they are ; which virtue must of necessity be accompanied by many others.” COOKE's *Institutes*, chap. 76.

Stature fublime^b, and awful mien !
Arm of ftrengh, by valour ftel'd !
Sword of fate, in battle keen,
Sweeping o'er the deadly field !

Finn of the dark-brown hair ! O hear my voice !
No more with Gaul contend !
Be peace fincere henceforth thy choice,
And gain a valiant friend !
In peace, tho' inexhausted from his breaft
Each gentle virtue flows,
In war, no force his fury can arreft,
And hopelefs are his foes.

Leader of the flock of arms,
Loudeft in the loud alarms !
Friend of princes, princely friend,
Firft in bounty to tranfcend !
Patron of the fchoolsⁱ encreafe !
Sword of war, and fhield of peace !

Glory

^a Amongft our early anceftors, not only perfonal ftrengh, and courage, but alfo beauty,—a graceful figure, an elegant addrefs, and majestic ftature, were requifite in the candidates for knighthood. See O'HALLORAN. KEATING.

ⁱ To be efteemed the patrons of fcience, was (next to military renown,) the chief object of ambition, with the princes, and chieftains of the ancient Irifh.

Glory of the fields of fame!
 Pride of hosts ! illustrious name !
 Strength of pow'r ! triumphant might !
 Firm maintainer of the fight !
 Fierce in the conflicting hour ;
 Bulwark of the royal pow'r !

O generous charm of all-accomplish'd love !—
 Locks of bright redundant shade !
 Breast where strength and beauty strove !
 White as the hue the chalky cliffs display'd * !
 To thee glad Erin should her homage pay,
 And joy to own thy glorious sway !
 Spirit resolute to dare !

Z 2

Aspect

* “ The breast like the chalky cliff.”—“ The hero with the breast of snow.”—
 “ The side, white as the foam of the falling stream,”—frequently occur in our Irish
 poets' descriptions of their youthful warriors. The ideas which these passages convey,
 are rather inconsistent with the disgusting ones that must be conceived of the early
 Irish, by those who give credit to the accounts of writers who tell us, *they wore*
shirts dyed in saffron, for the convenience of hiding the dirt, and further add, that
they never pulled them off until fairly worn out.—In this case, whatever nature might
 have done in the blanching of their skins—habit must have counteracted all her
 good intentions. Whence then did the bard derive his idea?—So false a compli-
 ment, one would think, must rather have drawn resentment upon him than thanks,
 by reminding his slovenly heroes what filthy creatures they were. But indeed the
 assertion seems too absurd for argument, and is most worthily answered by a smile.
 The fact is, that the antient Irish were so *remarkably cleanly*, as never to rest from
 fatigue, or sit down to meat, after exercise, until they had first refreshed and cleansed
 themselves by ablutions. See KEATING, WARNER, &c.

Aspect sweet beyond compare,
 Bright with inspiring soul ! with blooming beauty fair !
 Warrior of majestic charms !
 High in fame, and great in arms !
 Well thy daring soul may tow'r,
 Nothing is above thy pow'r !

Hear, O Finn ! my ardent zeal,
 While his glories I reveal !
 Fierce as ocean's angry wave',
 When conflicting tempests rave ;
 As still, with the encreasing storm,
 Increasing ruin clothes its dreadful form,
 Such is the Chief, o'erwhelming in his force,
 Unconquer'd in his swift, resistless course !

Tho' in the smiles of blooming grace array'd,
 And bright in beauty's every charm ;
 Yet think not, therefore, that his soul will bend,
 Nor with the Chief contend ;
 For well he knows to wield the glittering blade,
 And fatal is his arm !

Bounty

¹ Here we find a repetition of the same image that occurs a few stanzas before: the language is indeed a little varied, yet still the image is the same. I have already apologized for this frequent repetition, and entreat my readers to recollect what has been said upon the subject. But an extemporaneous composition, like this, ought to be exempt from that severity of criticism which may with justice be exercised on the productions of study, and the labours of time.

Bounty in his bosom dwells;
 High his soul of courage swells!
 Pierce the dreadful war to wage,
 Mix in the whirl of fight, and guide the battle's rage!
 Wide, wide around triumphant ruin wield,
 Roar through the ranks of death, and thunder o'er the field!

Many a chief of mighty sway
 Fights beneath his high command;
 Marshals his troops in bright array,
 And spreads his banners o'er the land.

Champion of unerring aim!
 Chosen of Kings, triumphant name!
 Bounty's hand, and Wisdom's head,
 Valiant arm, and lion soul,
 O'er red heaps of slaughter'd dead,
 Thundering on to Glory's goal!

Pride of Finian fame, and arms!
 Mildness^m of majestic charms!
 Swiftness of the battle's rage!
 Theme of the heroic page!

Firm

^m "The knowledge of arms was but a *part* of the education of the Celtic warrior. "In Ireland, they were well informed in history, poetry, and the polite arts; they were sworn to be the protectors of the fair, and the avengers of their wrongs; and "to be polite in words and address, even to their greatest enemies." O'HALLORAN.

Firm in purpose ! fierce in fight !
 Arm of slaughter ! foul of might !
 Glory's light ! illustrious name !
 Splendour of the paths of fame !
 Born bright precedent to yield,
 And sweep with death the hostile field !

Leader of Sylvan sports ; the hound, the horn,
 The early melodies of morn !—
 Love of the fair, and favourite of the muse^a.
 In peace, each peaceful science to diffuse :
 Prince of the noble deeds ! accomplish'd name !
 Increasing bounty ! comprehensive fame !

Ardent, bold, unconquer'd Knight !
 Breaker of the bulwark's might !
 Chief of war's resistless blade,
 With spears of wrath, and arms of death array'd !
 Heroic Gaul ! beneath thy princely sway,
 The earth might bend, and all her host obey !

Hear, O Gaul ! the poet's voice !
 O be peace thy gen'rous choice !

Yield

^a Irish history informs us, that those of their Monarchs or Chiefs who, besides the accustomed patronage of science and song, were *themselves* possessed of the gifts of the muse, obtained, on that account, from their Fileas, and from their countrymen in general, a distinguished portion of honor, respect and celebrity.

Yield thee to the Bard's desire !
 Calm the terrors of thine ire !
 Cease we here our mutual strife ;
 And peaceful be our future life !

GAUL. I yield, O Fergus ! to thy mild desire ;

Thy words, O Bard ! are sweet ;

Thy wish I freely meet,

And bid my wrath expire.

No more to discontent a prey,

I give to peace the future day :

To thee my soul I bend,

O guileless^c friend !

The accents of whose glowing lip well know that foul to sway,

BARD. O swift in honor's course ! thou generous name !

Illustrious Chief, of never dying fame !

^c A character *Ga n fheall*, (without *guile* or *deceit*), was esteemed the highest that could be given, amongst the ancient Irish : and the favourite panegyric of a Bard, to his favourite hero, would be, that *he had a heart incapable of guile*.

III.

O D E

O N A

S H I P.

A a

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following descriptive Ode was written by a gentleman of the name of Fitz-Gerald, in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears from passages in some other pieces, composed by the same author. The subject of it, we see, is a voyage to Spain; but the idea of thus celebrating the subject, was probably suggested by the third Ode of Horace: for though the Irish poet can by no means be said to have copied the Roman one, yet he seems to have, in some measure, adopted his design.

I should be accused of treason to the majesty of Horace, did I say that he is surpassed by our Irish bard upon this subject:—I shall not, therefore, risk the censure:—but, my readers are at liberty to do it, if they please.

For the original of the following Ode I am indebted to Mr. O'Flanagan of Trinity College.—There is also another copy of it in Mr. O'Halloran's collection.

ODE, BY FITZ-GERALD,

Written on his setting out on a VOYAGE to SPAIN.

BLESS my good ship, protecting pow'r of grace!
And o'er the winds, the waves, the destin'd coast,
Breathe benign spirit!—Let thy radiant host
 Spread their angelic shields!
Before us, the bright bulwark let them place,
And fly beside us, through their azure fields!

 O calm the voice of winter's storm!
 Rule the wrath of angry seas!
The fury of the rending blast appease,
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform!
 O check the biting wind of spring,
 And, from before our course,
Arrest the fury of its wing,
 And terrors of its force!
So may we safely pass the dang'rous cape,
And from the perils of the deep escape!

I grieve

I grieve to leave the splendid feats
 Of Teamor's ancient fame !
 Mansion of heroes, now farewell !
 Adieu, ye sweet retreats,
 Where the fam'd hunters of your ancient vale,
 Who swell'd the high heroic tale,
 Were wont of old to dwell !
 And you, bright tribes of sunny streams, adieu !
 While my sad feet their mournful path pursue,
 Ah, well their lingering steps my grieving soul proclaim !

Receive me now, my ship !—hoist now thy sails,
 To catch the favouring gales.
 O Heaven ! before thine awful throne I bend !
 O let thy power thy servants now protect !
 Increase of knowledge and of wisdom lend,
 Our course, through ev'ry peril to direct ;
 To steer us safe through ocean's rage,
 Where angry storms their dreadful strife maintain ;
 O may thy pow'r their wrath assuage !
 May smiling funs, and gentle breezes reign !

Stout is my well-built ship, the storm to brave,
 Majestic in its might,
 Her bulk, tremendous on the wave,
 Erects its stately height !

From

From her strong bottom, tall in air
 Her branching masts aspiring rise ;
 Aloft their cords, and curling heads they bear,
 And give their sheeted ensigns to the skies ;
 While her proud bulk frowns awful on the main,
 And seems the fortrefs of the liquid plain !

Dreadful in the shock of fight,
 She goes—she cleaves the storm !
 Where ruin wears its most tremendous form
 She sails, exulting in her might ;
 On the fierce necks of foaming billows rides,
 And through the roar
 Of angry ocean, to the destin'd shore
 Her course triumphant guides ;
 As though beneath her frown the winds were dead,
 And each blue valley was their silent bed !

Through all the perils of the main
 She knows her dauntless progress to maintain !
 Through quicksands, flats, and breaking waves,
 Her dang'rous path she dares explore ;
 Wrecks, storms, and calms, alike she braves,
 And gains, with scarce a breeze, the wish'd-for shore !
 Or in the hour of war,
 Fierce on the bounds, in conscious might,
 To meet the promis'd fight !
 While, distant far,

The fleets of wondering nations gaze,
 And view her course with emulous amaze,
 As, like some champion'd son of fame,
 She rushes to the flock of arms,
 And joys to mingle in the loud alarms,
 Impell'd by rage, and fir'd with glory's flame.

Sailing with pomp upon the watery plain,
 Like some huge monster of the main,
 My ship her speckl'd bosom laves,
 And high in air her curling ensigns waves;
 Her stately sides, with polish'd beauty gay,
 And gunnel, bright with gold's effulgent ray.

As the fierce Griffin's dreadful flight
 Her monstrous bulk appears,
 While o'er the seas her towering height,
 And her wide wings, tremendous shade! she rears.
 Or, as a champion, thirsting after fame,—
 The strife of swords,—the deathless name,—
 So does she seem, and such her rapid course!

Such is the rending of her force;
 When her sharp keel, where dreadful splendours play,
 Cuts through the foaming main its liquid way.
 Like the red bolt of Heaven, she shoots along,
 Dire as its flight, and as its fury strong!

God of the winds ! O hear my pray'r !
 Safe passage now bestow !
 Soft, o'er the slumbering deep, may fair
 And prosperous breezes blow !
 O'er the rough rock, and swelling wave,
 Do thou our progress guide !
 Do thou from angry ocean save,
 And o'er its rage preside.

Speed my good ship, along the rolling sea,
 O Heaven ! and smiling skies, and favouring gales' decree !
 Speed the high-masted ship of dauntless force,
 Swift in her glittering flight, and sounding course !
 Stately moving on the main,
 Forest of the azure plain !
 Faithful to confided trust,
 To her promis'd glory just ;
 Deadly in the strife of war,
 Rich in ev'ry gift of peace,
 Swift from afar,
 In peril's fearful hour,
 Mighty in force, and bounteous in her power,
 She comes, kind aid she lends,
 She frees her supplicating friends,
 And fear before her flies, and dangers cease !

Hear, blest Heaven ! my ardent pray'r !
My ship—my crew—O take us to thy care !
O may no peril bar our way !
Fair blow the gales of each propitious day !
Soft swell the floods, and gently roll the tides,
While, from Dunboy, along the smiling main
We sail, until the destined coast we gain,
And safe in port our gallant vessel rides !

E L E G I E S.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

OF the Irish Mairbhna, or Funeral Elegy, I have been able to procure but few good originals; however, there are, doubtless, many of them still extant; as also, many other beautiful compositions of our ancient country-men, which I have never seen.

The Irish language, perhaps beyond all others, is peculiarly suited to every subject of Elegy; and, accordingly, we find it excel in plaintive and sentimental poetry. The Love Elegies of the Irish are exquisitely pathetic, and breathe an artless tenderness, that is infinitely more affecting than all the laboured pomp of declamatory woe.

The public are here presented with a few specimens of both kinds. To the following, on the Daughter of Owen, the foremost place is assigned, because (though without a date) it bears the appearance of belonging to an earlier period than any other of the Elegies contained in this volume. The original of it is in the hands of Mr. O'Flanagan, who has in vain endeavoured to procure some anecdotes of the author, and of the fair subject: that it was written by a poet of the name of O'Geran, is all that can be collected from enquiry.

In the Irish, it is one of the most beautiful compositions I have ever seen: it is, of all my originals, the one I most wished to give in its expressions, as well as its thoughts, to the English reader; but in this, notwithstanding all my efforts, I am conscious that I have failed.

Either

Either I am very unhappy in my choice of words, or it is next to impossible to convey the spirit of this poem into a literal translation ; I tried, to the utmost my power, but, to my extreme regret, I found myself unequal to the task, though I chose an irregular measure, that I might be more at liberty to adhere closely to the expressions of my original, which are comprehensive, and striking, beyond the power of any one to conceive, who is unacquainted with the genius of the Irish language. In some passages, a single word conveys the meaning and force of a sentence ; it was, therefore, impossible to translate it without periphrasis, and, of course, many of its native graces are lost : I shall be most happy to see some abler pen restore them, as I really lament sincerely my inability to do all the justice I wished, to that tender simplicity, and those beautiful expressions, which I read with so much delight.

Determined, however, to give the Poem, in the best manner I could, to the public, I have conveyed its thoughts into the following version ; and, for those passages wherein the language is thought to be too diffuse, I rely on the candour of my readers to accept of this apology.

In the original there are some repetitions, and also a few entire lines, which are not given in the English version. I apprehended it might, otherwise, be too long, and have therefore omitted what I thought could best be spared.



I.

E L E G Y

T O T H E

DAUGHTER OF OWEN.



DAUGHTER of Owen! behold my grief!

Look soft pity's dear relief!

Oh! let the beams of those life-giving eyes

Bid my fainting heart arise,

And, from the now opening grave,

Thy faithful lover save!

Snatch from death his dire decree!

What is impossible to thee?

Star of my life's soul-cheering light!

Beam of mildness, soft as bright!

Do not, like others of thy sex,

Delight the wounded heart to vex!

But

But hear, O hear thy lover's sighs,
 And with true pity, hither turn thine eyes !
 Still, tho' wasted with despair,
 And pale with pining care,
 Still, O soft maid ! this form may meet thy sight,
 No object yet of horror, or affright.

Long unregarded have I sigh'd,
 Love's soft return deny'd !
 No mutual heart, no faithful fair,
 No sympathy to soothe my care !
 O thou, to every bosom dear !
 Universal charmer !—hear !—
 No more sweet pity's gentle power withstand !
 Reach the dear softness of thy hand !
 O let it be the beautiful pledge of peace,
 To bless my love, and bid my sorrows cease !

Haste, haste !—no more the kind relief delay !
 Come, speak, and look, and smile my woes away !
 O haste, e'er pity be too late !
 Haste, and intercept my fate !
 Or soon behold life, love, and sorrow end,
 And see me to an early tomb descend !—
 For, ah, what medicine can my cure impart,
 Or what physician heal a broken heart ?

'Tis thine alone the sovereign balm to give,
 Bind the foul's wound, and bid the dying live!
 'Tis thine, of right, my anguish to assuage,
 If love can move, or gratitude engage!
 For thee alone, all others I forsake!
 For thee alone, my cares, my wishes wake,
 O locks of Beauty's bright redundant flow,
 Where waving softness, curling fragrance grow!

Thine is the sway of soul-subduing charms,
 That every breast of all defence disarms!
 With thee my will, enamour'd, hugs its chain,
 And Love's dear ardours own thy potent reign!
 Take then the heart my constant passion gave,
 Cherish its faith, and from its anguish save!
 Take the poor trembler to thy gentle breast,
 And hush its fears, and soothe its cares to rest!

For all I have, in timid silence borne,
 For all the pangs that have this bosom torn,
 Speak now the word, and heal my pain,
 Nor be my sufferings vain!
 For now, on life itself their anguish preys,
 And heavy on my heart the burden weighs!

O first, and fairest of thy sex!
 Thou whose bright form the sun of beauty decks!

Once more let Love that gentle bosom sway,
 O give the dear enchantment way!
 Raise,—fondly raise those snowy arms,
 Thou branch of blooming charms!
 Again for me thy fragrance breathe,
 And thy fair tendrils round me wreath!

Again be soft affection's pow'r display'd,
 While sweetly wand'ring in the secret shade:
 Reach forth thy lip,—the honey'd kiss bestow!
 Reach forth thy lip, where balmy odours grow!
 Thy lip, whose sounds such rapture can impart,
 Whose words of sweetness sink into the heart!

Again, at gentle Love's command,
 Reach forth thy snowy hand!
 Soft into mine its whiteness steal,
 And its dear pressure let me feel!
 Unveil the bashful radiance of thine eyes,
 (Bright trembling gems!) and let me see them rise.
 Lift the fair lids where their soft glories roll,
 And send their secret glances to my soul!

O what delight, thus hand in hand to rove!
 To breathe fond vows of mutual love!
 To see thee sweet affection's balm impart,
 And smile to health my almost broken heart!
 Ah! let me give the dear idea scope!
 Ah! check not yet the fondly-trembling hope!—

Spent is the rock by which my life was fed,
 And spun by anguish to a sightless thread!
 A little more,—and all in death will end,
 And fruitless pity o'er my grave will bend!

When I am dead, shun thou my cruel fate,
 Left equal harms on equal perils wait.
 Hear my last words, their fond request declare,
 For even in death, thy safety is my care!
 No more, O maid! thy polish'd glass invite,
 To give that fatal beauty to thy sight!
 Enough one life its dangers to intrall!
 Enough that I its hapless victim fall!—
 O thou, more bright, more cheering to our eyes,
 Than the young beams that warm the dawning skies!

Hast thou not heard the weeping muse relate
 The mournful tale of young Narcissus' fate?—
 How, as the Bards of ancient days have sung,
 While fondly o'er the glassy stream he hung,
 Enamour'd he his lovely form survey'd,
 And dy'd, at length, the victim of a shade.

Sweet! do not thou a like misfortune prove!
 O be not such thy fate, nor such thy love!
 Let peril rather warn, and wisdom guide,
 And from thyself thy own attractions hide!

No more on that bewitching beauty gaze,
Nor trust thy sight to meet its dazzling blaze!

Hide, hide that breast, so snowy fair!
Hide the bright tresses of thy hair!
And oh! those eyes of radiant ruin hide!
What heart their killing lustre can abide?
Slow while their soft and tender glances roll,
They steal its peace from the unwary soul!

Hide the twin berries of thy lip's perfume,
Their breathing fragrance, and their deepening bloom;
And those fair cheeks, that glow like radiant morn,
When sol's bright rays his blushing east adorn!
No more to thy incautious sight display'd,
Be that dear form, in tender grace array'd!

The rosy finger's tap'ring charms;
The slender hand, the snowy arms;
The little foot, so soft and fair;
The timid step, the modest air;
No more their graces let thine eyes pursue,
But hide, O hide the peril from thy view!

This done,—in safety may'st thou rest,
And peace possess thy breast.
For who can with thy charms compare,
And who but thee is worth a care?—

O! from

O! from thyself thine eyes, thy heart protect,
And none beside, thy quiet can affect.

For thee, while all the youths of Erin sigh,
And, struck beneath thine eye-beam, die;
Still peace within thy bosom reigns,
Unfelt by thee their pains!
O graceful meekness! ever new delight!
Sweet bashful charm of captivated sight!
Why, while my heart (fond subject!) blest'd thy sway,
Why did'st thou steal its vital soul away?
Ah! with the theft the life of life is fled,
And leaves me almost number'd with the dead!

While thus, in vain, my anguish I bewail,
Thy peace no fears assail;
None in my hapless cause will move;
Each partial heart is fetter'd to thy love!
Thou whose fair hand bids the soft harp complain,
Flies o'er the string, and wakes the tender strain,
Wilt thou not some—some kind return impart,
For my lost quiet, and my plunder'd heart?

O thou dear angel-smiling face!
Fair form of fascinating grace!

Bright

Bright as the gentle moon's soft splendours rise,
To light her steps of beauty through the skies!
O turn!--on me those tender glances roll,
And dart their cheering lustre on my soul!
Be dear compassion in their beams exprest,
And heal with love the sorrows of my breast!

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE original of the following pathetic little elegy, was taken down from the dictation of a young woman, in the county of Mayo, by Mr. O'Flanagan, who was struck with the tender and beautiful simplicity which it breathes. No account can be obtained, either of the writer, or of the period in which it was written.

This elegy was translated long since, without any view to publication, and the language is, therefore, rather more diffuse, than that of my other translations.

II.

E L E G Y.

WHEN oaths confirm a lover's vow,
He thinks I believe him true :—
Nor oaths, nor lovers heed I now,
For memory dwells on you !

The tender talk, the face like snow
On the dark mountain's height ;
Or the sweet blossom of the snow,
Fair blooming to the sight !

But false as fair, alas, you prove,
Nor aught but fortune prize ;
The youth who gain'd my heart's first love,
From truth—to wealth he flies !

Ah

Ah that he could but still deceive,
 And I still think him true !
 Still fondly, as at first, believe,
 And each dear scene renew !

Again, in the sequester'd vale,
 Hear love's sweet accents flow,
 And quite forget the tender tale,
Had ~~That~~ fill'd my heart with woe !

See this dear trifle,—(kept to prove
 How I the giver prize ;)
 More precious to my faithful love,
 Than all thy sex's sighs !

What tears for thee in secret flow,
 Sweet victor of the green !—
 For maiden pride would veil my woe,
 And seek to weep unseen.

Return ye days to love consign'd,
 Fond confidence, and joy !
 The crouded fair, where tokens kind
 The lover's cares employ !

Return once more, mine eyes to blest
Thou flower of Erin's youth!
Return sweet proofs of tendernefs,
And vows of endless truth!

And Hymen at Love's altar stand,
To sanctify the shrine,
Join the fond heart, and plighted hand,
And make thee firmly mine,

Ere envious ocean snatch thee hence,
And—Oh!—to distance bear
My love!—my comfort!—my defence!—
And leave me—to despair!

Yes,—yes, my only love thou art!
Whoe'er it may displease,
I will avow my captive heart,
And speak its master's praise!

Ah, wert thou here, to grace my side
With dear, protecting love!
Envy might rage, and spight deride,
And friends in vain reprove!

May pangs unnumber'd pierce the breast
That cruel envy arms,
That joys in constancy distress'd,
And sports with its alarms !

Bright star of love-attracting light !
For thee these terrors sway ;
Grief sleeps in tears the sleepless night,
And clouds the joyless day !

Ah God !—ah how, when thou art gone,
Shall comfort reach my heart !
Thy dwelling, and thy fate unknown,
Or where thy steps depart !

My father grieving at my choice !
My mother drown'd in woe !
While friends upbraid, and foes rejoice
To see my sorrows flow !

And thou, with all thy manly charms,
From this sad bosom torn !
Thy soothing voice,—thy sheltering arms,
Far—far to distance borne !

Alas !—my dim and sleepless eyes
The clouds of death obscure !
And nature, in exhausted sighs,
No longer can endure !

I can no more !—sad world farewell !
And thou, dear youth ! adieu !
Dear, tho' forsworn !—yet, cruel ! tell
Why fallhood dwells with you ?

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following Elegy was written, nearly a century ago, by a very celebrated personage, of the name of Edmond Ryan, concerning whom many stories are still circulated, but no connected account has been obtained, further than that he commanded a company of those unhappy free booters, called Rapparees, who, after the defeat of the Boyne, were obliged to abandon their dwellings and possessions, “ hoping (says Mr. O’Halloran) “ for safety within the precincts of the Irish quarters; but they were too numerous to be employed in the army, and “ their miseries often obliged them to prey alike upon friend and foe: “ at length some of the most daring of them formed themselves into independent companies, whose subsistence chiefly arose from depredations “ committed on the enemy.

“ It was not choice, but necessity, that drove them to this extreme; “ I have heard ancient people, who were witnesses to the calamities of “ these days, affirm, that they remembered vast numbers of these poor “ Ulster Irish, men, women and children, to have no other beds but “ the ridges of potatoe-gardens, and little other covering than the “ canopy of heaven; they dispersed themselves over the counties of “ Limerick, Clare and Kerry; and the bardness of the times at length “ shut up all bowels of humanity, so that most of them perished by “ the sword, cold, or famine!”*

From

* O’HALLORAN’S *Int. to the Hist. and Ant. of Ireland*, p. 382.

From passages in this Elegy, we may infer, that, to the misfortunes of its author alone, the desertion of his mistress was owing; but I have not been able to discover the name of this fair inconstant.

After the translation was made from the copy first obtained of this pathetic little poem, a friend transmitted to me the following stanzas, as a part of the original Elegy.—They appeared well entitled to preservation, and are here given to the public, who may admit or reject them at pleasure.

Nac damfa deşmş an fgeal af meaf a fao an şpşjn
 an majojn aguf mē trş mşşge
 H şup şearb şac en alabpa leş şejn
 an cşppaş no an şacb mşşnte
 Do şunnead mo cşneac, ş şūpnşead mo nead
 ş şaşşgead mē şan en neac
 şma şū şjn aşeaet aşuaet anşejş aşeaş
 aşrn şearc mo beannaet şejn leat.

TRANSLATION.

Ah! what woes are mine to bear,
 Life's fair morn with clouds o'ercaſting!
 Doom'd the victim of deſpair!
 Youth's gay bloom, pale ſorrow blaſting!

Sad

Sad the bird that sings alone,
 Flies to wilds, unseen to languish,
 Pours, unheard, the ceaseless moan,
 And wastes, on desert, air its anguish!

Mine, O hapless bird! thy fate!—
 The plunder'd nest,—the lonely sorrow!—
 The lost—lov'd—harmonious mate!—
 The wailing night,—the cheerless morrow!

O thou dear hoard of treasure'd love!
 Though these fond arms should ne'er possess thee,
 Still—still my heart its faith shall prove,
 And its last sighs shall breathe to bless thee!

I am told there are several beautiful elegiac Songs still extant, composed by Edmond Ryan, or Edmond of the Hill, (as he is called, from his roving life,) but the following is the only one of them that I have ever met with. The air to which it is sung “dies in every note,” and the Poem, though usually styled a Song, I have here classed under the title of Elegy, because it seemed more properly to belong to that species of composition.

III.

E L E G Y.

BRIGHT her locks of beauty grew,
Curling fair, and sweetly flowing;
And her eyes of smiling blue,
Oh how soft! how heav'nly glowing!

Ah! poor plunder'd heart of pain!
When wilt thou have end of mourning?—
This long, long year, I look in vain
To see my only hope returning.

Oh! would thy promise faithful prove,
And to my fond, fond bosom give thee;
Lightly then my steps would move,
Joyful should my arms receive thee!

Then

Then, once more, at early morn,
Hand in hand we should be straying,
Where the dew-drop decks the thorn,
With its pearls the woods arraying.

Cold and scornful as thou art,
Love's fond vows and faith belying,
Shame for thee now rends my heart,
My pale cheek with blushes dying!

Why art thou false to me and Love?
(While health and joy with thee are vanish'd)
Is it because forlorn I rove,
Without a crime, unjustly banish'd?

Safe thy charms with me should rest,
Hither did thy pity send thee,
Pure the love that fills my breast,
From itself it would defend thee.

'Tis thy Edmond calls thee love,
Come, O come and heal his anguish!
Driv'n from his home, behold him rove,
Condemn'd in exile here to languish!

O thou dear cause of all my pains !
With thy charms each heart subduing,
Come,—on Munster's lovely plains,
Hear again fond passion suing.

Music, mirth, and sports are here,
Chearful friends the hours beguiling ;
Oh wouldst thou, my love ! appear,
To joy my bosom reconciling !

Sweet would seem the holly's shade,
Bright the clust'ring berries glowing ;
And, in scented bloom array'd,
Apple-blossoms round us blowing.

Cresses waving in the stream,
Flowers its gentle banks perfuming ;
Sweet the verdant paths would seem,
All in rich luxuriance blooming.

O bright in every grace of youth !
Gentle charmer !—lovely wonder !
Break not fond vows and tender truth !
O rend not ties so dear asunder !

For thee all dangers would I brave,
Life with joy, with pride exposing;
Breast for thee the stormy wave,
Winds and tides in vain opposing.

O might I call thee now my own!
No added rapture joy could borrow:
'Twould be, like heav'n, when life is flown,
To cheer the soul and heal its sorrow.

See thy falsehood, cruel maid!
See my cheek no longer glowing;
Strength departed, health decay'd;
Life in tears of sorrow flowing!

Why do I thus my anguish tell?—
Why pride in woe, and boast of ruin?—
O lost treasure!—fare thee well!—
Lov'd to madness—to undoing.

Yet, O hear me fondly swear!
Though thy heart to me is frozen,
Thou alone, of thousands fair,
Thou alone should'st be my chosen.

Every scene with thee would please !
Every care and fear would fly me !
Wintery storms, and raging seas,
Would lose their gloom, if thou wert nigh me !

Speak in time, while yet I live ;
Leave not faithful love to languish !
O soft breath to pity give,
Ere my heart quite break with anguish.

Pale, distracted, wild I rove,
No soothing voice my woes allaying ;
Sad and devious, through each grove,
My lone steps are weary straying.

O sickness, past all med'cine's art !
O sorrow, every grief exceeding !
O wound that, in my breaking heart,
Cureless, deep, to death art bleeding !

Such, O Love ! thy cruel power,
Fond excess and fatal ruin !
Such—O Beauty's fairest flower !
Such thy charms, and my undoing !

How the swan adorns that neck,
There her down and whiteness growing ;
How its snow those tresses deck,
Bright in fair luxuriance flowing.

Mine, of right, are all those charms !
Cease with coldness then to grieve me !
Take—O take me to thy arms,
Or those of death will soon receive me.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following funeral Elegy was composed by Cormac Common, “ who (says Mr. Walker) “ was born in May, 1703, at Woodstock, near Ballindangan, in the county of Mayo. His parents were poor, and honest; remarkable for nothing but the innocence, and simplicity of their lives.

“ Before he had completed the first year of his life, the small-pox deprived him of his sight. This circumstance, together with the indigence of his parents, prevented him from receiving any of the advantages of education; but, though he could not read himself, he could converse with those who had read; therefore, if he wants learning, he is not without knowledge.

“ Shewing an early fondness for music, a neighbouring gentleman determined to have him taught to play on the harp: a professor of that instrument was accordingly provided, and Cormac received a few lessons which he practised con amore; but his patron dying suddenly, the harp dropped from his hand, and was never after taken up.—It is probable he could not afford to string it.

“ But poetry was the muse of whom he was most enamoured. This made him listen eagerly to the Irish songs, and metrical tales, which he heard sung and recited around the “ crackling faggots” of his father, and his neighbours. These, by frequent recitation, became strongly impressed upon his memory. His mind being thus stored, and having no other avocation, he commenced a Man of Talk, or a Tale Teller. “ He left no calling, for the idle trade,” as our English Montaigne observes of Pope.

“ He

“ He was now employed in relating legendary tales, and reciting genealogies, at rural wakes, or in the hospitable halls of country squires. Endowed with a sweet voice, and a good ear, his narrations were generally graced with the charms of melody; (I say were generally graced, because at his age, ‘ nature sinks in years,’ and we speak of the man, with respect to his powers, as if actually a tenant of the grave.) He did not, like the Tale Teller mentioned by Sir William Temple, chaunt his tales in an uninterrupted even-tone; the monotony of his modulation was frequently broken by cadences, introduced with taste, at the close of each stanza. In rehearsing any of Oisín’s poems (says Mr. Ousley) he chaunts them pretty much in the manner of Cathedral Service.

“ But it was in singing some of our native airs that Cormac displayed the powers of his voice; on this occasion his auditors were always enraptured. I have been assured that no singer ever did Carolan’s airs, or Oisín’s celebrated Hunting Song, more justice than Cormac.

“ Cormac’s musical powers were not confined to his voice; he composed a few airs, one of which is extremely sweet. It is to be feared that those musical effusions will die with their author.

“ But it was in poetry Cormac delighted to exercise his genius; he has composed several songs and elegies that have met with applause. As his muse was generally awakened by the call of gratitude, his poetical productions are mostly panegyrical, or elegiac^a; they extol the living, or lament the dead. Sometimes he indulged in satire, but not often, though richly endued with that dangerous gift.

“ Cormac

^a I have never been so fortunate as to meet with any of Cormac’s compositions, except the following elegy.

“ Cormac was twice married, but is now a widower. By both his
 “ wives he had several children ; he now resides at Sorrell-town, near
 “ Dunmore, in the county of Galway, with one of his daughters, who is
 “ happily married. Though his utterance is materially injured by dental
 “ losses, and though his voice is impaired by age, yet he continues to practise
 “ his profession : so seldom are we sensible of our imperfections. It is probable
 “ that where he was once admired, he is now only endured. One of his
 “ grandsons leads him about to the houses of the neighbouring gentry, who
 “ give him money, diet, and sometimes clothes. His apparel is commonly
 “ decent, and comfortable, but he is not rich, nor does he seem solicitous about
 “ wealth : his person is large and muscular, and his moral character is
 “ unstained.”

IV.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN BURKE CARRENTRYLE, Esq.^a

YES, Erin, for her Burke, a wreath shall twine,
And Britain own the honors of his name !
O hence with tasteless joy !—with mirth and wine !
All thoughts, but those of woe, I now disclaim !

Ye sons of science !—see your friend depart !
Ye sons of song !—your patron is no more !
Ye widow'd virtues ! (cherish'd in his heart,
And wedded to his soul) your loss deplore !

F f

Grief

^a “ This gentleman (says Mr. WALKER) was pre-eminent in his day, as a sportf-
“ man, and in his private character there were many amiable traits.”—*Hist. Mem. of*
the Irish Bard., App. p. 58.

Grief sheds its gloom on every noble breast,
 And streaming tears his worth,—his death proclaim,
 Gen'rous and brave ! with every virtue blest !
 Flow'r of the tribes of honorable fame !

Alas ! to the cold grave he now is borne !
 No more to wake the huntsman to the chase ;
 No more, with early sports, to rouse the morn,
 Or lead the sprightly courser to the race.

The learn'd, and eloquent in honor's cause !
 Of soul enlighten'd, and of fame unstain'd !
 The friend of justice,—to expound our laws,
 Or yield the palm, by song or science gain'd !

O death !—since thou hast laid our glory low ;
 Since our lov'd Burke, alas ! is now no more ;
 What bliss can now each rising morn bestow ;
 The race, the chase, and every joy is o'er !

O grave !—thy debt, thy cruel debt is paid !
 No more on earth shall his fair virtues bloom !
 Death ! thou hast hewn the branch of grateful shade,
 And laid its fragrant honors in the tomb !

Sublime

Sublime his foul!—yet gentle was his heart ;

His rural sports, his gay convivial hour
Avow'd each elegant, each social art ;

Each manly grace, and each attractive power.

Friend of the friendless, patron of distress ;

Ah, none, like him, the poor man's cause would plead !
With sweet persuasion to ensure success,
Or soothe his sorrows, or supply his need !

O tomb that shroudest his lov'd remains !

O death, that didst our dearest hope destroy !
Thy dreary confine all our bliss contains,
And thy cold gates are clos'd upon our joy !

Who, now, will to the race the courser train ?

Who gain, for Connaught, the disputed prize ?
From rival provinces the palm obtain ?—
Alas ! with him our fame, our triumph dies !

Our light is quench'd, our glory pass'd away,

Our Burke snatch'd from us, never to return,
Whose name bright honor's fairest gifts array,
And science hangs her wreath upon his urn.

Eternal pleasures fill'd his social hall,
And sweetest music charm'd, with magic sound ;
Science and song obey'd his friendly call,
And varied joys still danc'd their endless round !

But now, alas ! nor sport, nor muse is there !
No echoes now the brightly notes await ;
But wailing sounds of sorrow and despair,
That mourn the stroke of unrelenting fate !

He is for ever gone !—weep, wretched eyes !
Flow, flow my tears !—my heart with anguish bleed !
In the cold grave the stately hunter lies,
Chief in the manage of the bounding steed !

O bitter woe !—O sorrow uncontroll'd !
O death remorseless that has seal'd his doom !
Thy plains, O Munster ! all our glory hold,
And fame lies buried with him, in the tomb !

Thy rival, thou (Sir Edward *) wilt not mourn :
His death, to thee, shall now the plate resign ;
His laurel, else, thou never should'st have worn,
Nor had the prize of manly sports been thine.

See

* Sir Edward O'Brien, father to the present Sir Lucius.

See Munster pour her horsemen from their plains,
 To the lov'd dead the last sad rites to pay;
 Nor Thomond one inhabitant contains,
 To guard her treasures on this fatal day!

Respectful sorrow guides their solemn pace,
 (Their steeds ^b in mourning, slow procession led :)
 'Till in the tomb their much-lov'd Burke they place,
 And o'er his earth their copious anguish shed.

The seventeen hundred six and fortieth year
 Of him who died a sinful world to save,
 Death came, our Burke from our fond arms to tear,
 And lay, with him, our pleasures in the grave!

How oft his loss pale memory shall regret!
 How oft our tears shall flow, our sighs ascend!
 The social band, where mirth convivial met,
 Now meet to mourn for their departed friend!

No more the melody of hounds he leads!
 No more morn echoes to their chearful cries!
 A gloomy stillness through the land succeeds,
 For low in earth the soul of pleasure lies!

To

^b In the original,—they came leading their steeds,—or more literally, the horsemen came, but not mounted on their steeds.

To the dear spot my frequent steps I'll bend,
Which all my joy,—which all my woe contains ;
My tears shall, each returning month, descend,
To bathe the earth that holds his lov'd remains !

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following is the Elegy mentioned in Mr. WALKER's Life of Carolan, composed on the death of that Bard, by his friend M'Cabe^a.

M'Cabe was rather of a humorous, than a sentimental turn ; he was a wit, but not a poet. It was therefore his grief, and not his muse, that inspired him, on the present occasion.

The circumstances which gave rise to this Elegy, are striking, and extremely affecting. M'Cabe had been an unusual length of time without seeing his friend, and went to pay him a visit. As he approached near the end of his journey, in passing by a church-yard, he was met by a peasant, of whom he enquired for Carolan. The peasant pointed to his grave, and wept.

M'Cabe, shocked and astonished, was for some time unable to speak ; his frame shook, his knees trembled, he had just power to totter to the grave of his friend, and then sunk to the ground. A flood of tears,
at

^a Vide *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, Append. p. 97.

at last, came to his relief; and, still further to disburden his mind, he vented its anguish in the following lines. In the original, they are simple and unadorned, but pathetic to a great degree; and this is a species of beauty, in composition, extremely difficult to transfuse into any other language. I do not pretend, in this, to have entirely succeeded, but I hope the effort will not be unacceptable;—much of the simplicity is unavoidably lost;—the pathos which remains, may, perhaps, in some measure, atone for it.

V.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

C A R O L A N.

I CAME, with friendship's face, to glad my heart,
But sad, and sorrowful my steps depart!
In my friend's stead—a spot of earth was shown,
And on his grave my woe-struck eyes were thrown!
No more to their distracted fight remain'd,
But the cold clay that all they lov'd contain'd:
And there his last and narrow bed was made,
And the drear tomb-stone for its covering laid!

Alas!—for this my aged heart is wrung!
Grief choaks my voice, and trembles on my tongue.
Lonely and desolate, I mourn the dead,
The friend with whom my every comfort fled!

G g

There

There is no anguish can with this compare !
 No pains, diseases, suffering, or despair,
 Like that I feel, while such a loss I mourn,
 My heart's companion from its fondness torn !
 Oh insupportable, distracting grief !
 Woe, that through life, can never hope relief !
 Sweet-singing ^a harp !—thy melody is o'er !
 Sweet friendship's voice !—I hear thy sound no more !
 My bliss,—my wealth of ^b poetry is fled.
 And every joy, with him I lov'd, is dead !
 Alas ! what wonder, (while my heart drops blood
 Upon the woes that drain its vital flood,)
 If maddening grief no longer can be borne,
 And frenzy fill the breast, with anguish torn !

^{a b} Both of these expressions are exactly literal—*mo četol čmte mjet !—*
mo šajčbne-aš daju !

S O N G S.



T H O U G H T S
O N
I R I S H S O N G.

IT is scarcely possible that any language can be more adapted to Lyric poetry than the Irish. The poetry of many of our Songs is indeed already Musick, without the aid of a tune; so great is the smoothness, and harmony of its cadences. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the advantage the Irish has, in this particular, beyond every other language, of flowing off, in vowels, upon the ear.

I WILL just instance the two following lines :

Sa éirí ální deas, na b'áinísb cceairt,
Is b'nead jað, as glas do fáile !

Here

Here, out of fifty-four letters, but twenty-two are pronounced as consonants, (the rest being rendered quiescent by their aspirates) whereas, in English, and I believe in most other languages, the Italian excepted, at least two-thirds of poetry as well as prose, is necessarily composed of consonants: The Irish being singular in the happy art of cutting off, by aspirates, every sound that could injure the melody of its cadence; at the same time that it preserves its radicals, and, of course, secures etymology.

BUT it is not in sound alone that this language is so peculiarly adapted to the species of composition now under consideration; it is also possessed of a refined delicacy of descriptive power, and an exquisitely tender simplicity of expression; two or three little artless words, or perhaps only a single epithet, will sometimes convey such an image of sentiment, or of suffering, to the mind, that one lays down the book, to look at the *picture*. But the beauty of many of these passages is considerably impaired by translation; indeed, so sensible was I of this, that it influenced me to give up, in despair, many a sweet stanza to which I found myself quite unequal. I wished, among others, to have translated the following lines of a favourite song; but it presented ideas, of which my pen could draw no resemblance that pleased me:

Aléan dub d'íleas d'íleas d'íleas!
 Cuir do éan d'íleas do nam anall!
 Albeáljn meala, abéil balað na Thyme agh,
 Is dhine gan éiríde naé πjúbpað dhic gnað!

I NEED not give any comment upon these lines ; the English reader would not understand it, and the Irish reader could not want it, for it is impossible to peruse them without being sensible of their beauty.

THERE are many Irish songs, now in common use, that contain, in scattered passages, the most exquisite thoughts, though on the whole too unequal for translation. This, I suppose, is chiefly occasioned by the ignorance, or inattention of those who learn them, and from whom alone they are to be procured. They are remembered and sung by the village maid, perhaps merely for the sake of the tunes that accompany them ; of course, if recollection fails, it is made up with invention ; any words, in this case, will serve, if they answer to the air of the Song ; and thus, often, not words alone, but entire lines, are substituted, so totally unlike the rest of the composition, that it is easy to see whence the difference proceeds. Sometimes too, if a line or a stanza be wanting to a silly song, the first of any other one that occurs, is pressed into the service ; and by this means, among a heap of lyric nonsense, one often finds a thought that would do honor to the finest composition.

IN these incongruous poems, where a line seems to plead for its rescue, it would be a pity to refuse it. Among many others, the following is an image rich in beauty : A forsaken maid compares her heart to a burning coal, bruised black ; thus retaining the heat that consumed, while it loses the light that had cheered it.

it. In another Song, a Lover, tenderly reproaching his Mistrefs, asks her, Why she keeps the morning so long within doors? and bids her come out, and bring him the day. The second of the two following stanzas struck me, as being so particularly beautiful, that I was tempted to translate them both for its sake.

Sj blač zeal na fmeŋ 1
 14 blač deaŋ na fubernaeb 1
 15 planto bŋhearn meŋn maeŋ
 le hamape aŋrl.

Sj mo enŋle 15 mo mŋn 1
 aŋ blač na nuball eŋmŋa 1
 14 fampae anŋan fhuacŋ 1
 eŋŋn notlŋŋ 7 caŋŋŋ.

TRANSLATION.

As the sweet blackberry's modest bloom
 Fair flowering, greets the sight;
 Or strawberries, in their rich perfume,
 Fragrance and bloom unite:
 So this fair plant of tender youth,
 In outward charms can vie,
 And, from within, the soul of truth
 Soft beaming, fills her eye.

Pulse of my heart!—dear source of care,
 Stol'n sighs, and love-breath'd vows!
 Sweeter than when, through scented air,
 Gay bloom the apple boughs!
 With thee no days can winter seem,
 Nor frost, nor blast can chill;
 Thou the soft breeze, the cheering beam
 That keeps it summer still!

THE air of these stanzas is exquisitely charming. But the beauties of the musick of this country are, at present, almost as little known as those of its poetry. And yet there is no other musick in the world so calculated to make its way directly to the heart: it is the voice of Nature and Sentiment, and every fibre of the feeling breast is in unison with it.

BUT I beg pardon for this digression;—Musick is not the subject now under consideration.

I REGRET much that I have not been able to diversify this collection with some pieces of a sprightlier strain; but I have sought in vain for songs of wit and humour, that were worthy of the public eye.

It has been often observed that a strain of tender pensiveness is discernible throughout, in most of the musick of this nation: a circumstance which has been variously accounted for; and the

same remarks, and the same reasons hold good in regard to its poetry.

“ WE see (says Mr. WALKER) that music maintained its
 “ ground in this country, even after the invasion of the Eng-
 “ lish, but its style suffered a change; for the sprightly Phry-
 “ gian gave place to the grave Doric, or soft Lydian measure.
 “ Such was the nice sensibility of the Bards, such was their
 “ tender affection for their country, that the subjection to
 “ which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the
 “ heaviest sadness. Sinking beneath this weight of sympathetic
 “ sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy: hence the plain-
 “ tiveness of their music; for the ideas that arise in the mind
 “ are always congenial to, and receive a tincture from, the in-
 “ fluencing passion. Another cause might have concurred with
 “ the one just mentioned, in promoting a change in the style of
 “ our music: the Bards, often driven, together with their
 “ patrons, by the sword of oppression, from the busy haunts
 “ of men, were obliged to lie concealed in marshes, in gloomy
 “ forests, amongst rugged mountains, and in glynns and vallies
 “ resounding with the noise of falling waters, or filled with
 “ portentous echoes. Such scenes as these, by throwing a
 “ settled gloom over the fancy, must have considerably increased
 “ their melancholy; so that when they attempted to sing, it
 “ is not to be wondered at that their voices, thus weakened
 “ by struggling against heavy mental depression, should rise
 “ rather by minor thirds, which consist but of four semitones,
 “ than

“ than by major thirds, which consist of five. Now, almost all
 “ the airs of this period are found to be set in the minor
 “ third, and to be of the sage and solemn nature of the music
 “ which Milton requires in his *IL PENSEROSO*.”

To illustrate his position, Mr. WALKER introduces the following anecdote:

“ About the year 1730, one Maguire, a vintner, resided near
 “ Charing-Cross, London. His house was much frequented,
 “ and his uncommon skill in playing on the harp, was an additional incentive: even the Duke of Newcastle, and several of
 “ the ministry, sometimes condescended to visit it. He was one
 “ night called upon to play some Irish tunes; he did so; they
 “ were plaintive and solemn. His guests demanded the reason,
 “ and he told them, that the native composers were too deeply
 “ distressed at the situation of their country, and her gallant sons,
 “ to be able to compose otherwise. But, added he, take off the
 “ restraints under which they labour, and you will not have
 “ reason to complain of the plaintiveness of their notes.

“ OFFENCE was taken at these warm effusions; his house became gradually neglected, and he died, soon after, of a broken
 “ heart. An Irish harper, who was a cotemporary of Maguire,
 “ and, like him, felt for the sufferings of his country, had this
 “ distich engraven on his harp:

H h 2

‘ Cur

^a *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, p. 12.

“ Cur Lyra funestas edit percussa sonores ?

“ Sicut amissum fors Diadema gemit !

“ BUT perhaps the melancholy spirit which breathes through
 “ the Irish music and poetry may be attributed to another
 “ cause ; a cause which operated anterior and subsequent to the
 “ invasion of the English : We mean the remarkable susceptibility
 “ of the Irish of the passion of love ; a passion, which the
 “ munificent establishments of the bards left them at liberty
 “ freely to indulge. While the mind is enduring the torments
 “ of hope, fear, or despair, its effusions cannot be gay. The
 “ greater number of the productions of those amorous poets,
 “ Tibullus, Catullus, Petrarch, and Hammond, are elegiac.
 “ The anonymous traveller, whom we have already had occasion
 “ to mention, after speaking of the amorous disposition of the
 “ Irish, pursues the subject, in his account of their poetry.
 “ The subject of these (their songs) is always love, and they seem
 “ to understand poetry to be designed for no other purpose than
 “ to stir up that passion in the mind ².”

I HAVE never read the Travels here cited, but it should seem that their author intended not to extend his remarks beyond that species of poetry which may be classed under the title of songs. So far his observations are perfectly just ; but the heroic poetry of our countrymen was designed for the noblest purposes ;—love indeed was still its object,—but it was the sublime love of country that those compositions inspired.

BESIDES

² *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, p. 125.

BESIDES the reasons and remarks I have quoted, and which are, of themselves, amply sufficient to account for the almost total absence of humorous poetry in our language, there are still further reasons, which appear to me to deserve attention, and which I therefore beg leave to lay before the reader.

I AM not sufficiently conversant in the state of the antient music of this country, to say what that might once have been, or what degree of change it might have suffered; but it does not appear to me that the antient poetry of Ireland was *ever* composed in a very lively strain. I by no means would assert that this is *certainly* the case; for, as yet, I am but young in researches: I only conceive a probability of its being so, from my never having met with an instance to the contrary.

LOVE and War were the two favourite objects of passion and pursuit, with our antient countrymen, and of course, became the constant inspirers of their muse.—In love, they appear to have been always too much in earnest to trifle with their attachments; —and “the strife of swords”—“the field of death”—presented no subject to sport with. To them, also, both art and nature came arrayed in simple dignity; and afforded not that variety of circumstance, and appearance, so calculated to call forth fancy, and diversify ideas.

THIS seems to me to be one cause, why scarcely any thing but plaintive tenderness, or epic majesty, is to be found in the
 compositions

positions of our Bards; another reason still occurs, which I will give to the reader's indulgence.

The true poet is ever an enthusiast in his art, and enthusiasm is seldom witty. The French abound in works of wit and humour;—the English are more in earnest, and therefore fall short of the vivacity of the Gallic muse, but infinitely excel her in all that tends to constitute the vital spirit of poetry. In Ireland, this fascinating art was still more universally in practice, and still more enthusiastically admired. The muse was here the goddess of unbounded idolatry, and her worship was the business of life. Our Irish Bards, “in the fine frenzy of exalted thought,” were lost to that play of fancy, which only sports with freedom when it is not interrupted by the heart, or awed to silence by the sublime conceptions of the soul.

FANCY is, in general, the vehicle of wit; imagination that of genius. The happiest thoughts may flow in the most harmonious, and highly adapted measure, without one spark of poetic fire. At least one half of those who bear the title of *English Poets*, are merely men of wit and rhyme; and I believe it will be acknowledged that those amongst them who possessed the sublimest genius, descended but seldom to sport with it. Young, Rowe, Thomson, Gray, &c. are instances of this. It is by no means supposed necessary for a poet to be always pensive, philosophical or sublime; he may sport with Fancy,—he may laugh with Humour, he may be gay in every company,—except that of
the

the Muse : in her awful presence, her true adorer is too much possessed by his passion to be gay ; he may be approved,—happy, —eloquent,—but hardly witty.

PERHAPS there are few subjects that afford a more copious field for observation than that of Irish song, but the limits of my work confine me to a narrow compass, and will not allow these few remarks to assume the title of ESSAY. The subject of song, in general, has been already so well, and copiously treated of by the pens of Aikin, and Ritson, that it has nothing in store for me ; but that of Irish song seemed to demand some notice, and had never before received it.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE two first of the following Songs are the compositions of Turlough O'Carolan, a man much and deservedly celebrated for his poetical talents, as well as for the incomparable sweetness of all his musical pieces.

As his life has been already given to the public by Mr. WALKER, in his Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, I have nothing left to say upon the subject: However, for the benefit of such of my readers as have not yet had the pleasure of perusing that learned and elegant work, I will insert a few extracts from it, to gratify immediate curiosity; and the public will doubtless be better pleased to see them in Mr. WALKER's words than in mine.

“ Carolan was born in the year 1670, in the village of Nobber, in the county of Westmeath, on the lands of Carolanstown, which were wrested from his ancestors by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in this kingdom, in the reign of Henry the Second. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which yielded him a scanty subsistence; of his mother I have not been able to collect any particulars.”

“ He must have been deprived of sight at a very early period of his life, for he remembered no impression of colours. Thus was ‘ knowledge at one end quite shut out,’ before he had taken even a cursory view of the creation. From this misfortune, however, he felt no uneasiness; he used merrily to say, ‘ my eyes are transplanted into my ears.’”

“ His musical genius was soon discovered, and his friends determined to cultivate it ; about the age of twelve, a proper master was engaged to instruct him in the practice of the Harp ; but though fond of that instrument, he never struck it with a master’s hand. Genius and diligence are seldom united ; and it is practice alone that can perfect us in any art. Yet his harp was rarely unstrung : but, in general, he only used it to assist him in composition ; his fingers wandered among the strings, in quest of the sweets of melody.”

“ At what period of his life Carolan commenced itinerant musician, is not known, nor is it confidently told whether, like Arnould Daniel, ‘ Il n’eut abond d’autre Apollon que le Besoin ;’ or whether his fondness for music induced him to betake himself to that profession. Dr. Campbell indeed seems to attribute his choice to an early disappointment in love^a ; but we will leave these points unsettled, and follow our Bard in his peregrinations.”

“ Wherever he goes, the gates of the nobility and gentry are thrown open to him. Like the Demodocus of Homer, he is received with respect, and a distinguished place assigned him at the table. Near him is seated his harper, ready to accompany his voice, and supply his want of skill in practical music.” Carolan (says Mr. Ritson^b) seems, from the description we have of him, to be a genuine representative of the ancient Bards.”

“ It was during his peregrinations that Carolan composed all those airs that are still the delight of his countrymen. He thought the tribute of a Song due to every house where he was entertained, and he never failed to pay it ;
choosing

^a Phil. Survey of South of Ireland.

^b Hist. Essay on National Song.

“ choosing for his subject, either the head of the family, or one of the loveliest of its branches.”

The Biographer of our Bard, after informing us of many curious and interesting particulars, for which (fearing to exceed the limits of my work) I must refer my readers to the book from which these extracts are taken, proceeds to acquaint us, that in the year 1733 he lost a beloved, and tenderly lamented wife; and he subjoins a beautiful Monody, composed by the mourning Bard on the occasion: he also adds, that Carolan did not long survive her.—“ He died “ in the month of March, 1738, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was “ interred in the parish church of Kilronan, in the diocese of Ardagh; “ but ‘ not a stone tells where he lies!’ His grave indeed is still known to “ his few surviving friends, and the neighbouring hinds; and his skull is “ distinguished from the other skulls, which are promiscuously scattered about “ the church-yard, by a perforation in the forehead, through which a small “ piece of ribband is drawn.

“ Though Carolan died universally lamented, he would have died unsung, “ had not the humble muse of M^cCabe poured a few elegiac strains “ over his cold remains. This faithful friend composed a short Elegy on “ his death, which is evidently the effusion of unfeigned grief: unadorned “ with meretricious ornaments, it is the picture of a mind torn with an- “ guish.”

Mr. WALKER here subjoins a character of our Bard, from the elegant pen of Mr. O’Conor.

° The Elegy here mentioned, will be found among the modern Poems in this collection.

“ Very few have I ever known who had a more vigorous mind, but a mind
 “ undisciplined, through the defect, or rather the absence of cultivation. Ab-
 “ solutely the child of Nature, he was governed by the indulgencies, and at
 “ times, by the caprices of that mother. His imagination, ever on the wing,
 “ was excentric in its poetic flight ; yet, as far as that faculty can be employed
 “ in the harmonic art, it was steady and collected. In the variety of his musi-
 “ cal numbers, he knew how to make a selection, and was seldom content with
 “ mediocrity. So happy, so elevated was he, in some of his compositions, that
 “ he excited the wonder, and obtained the approbation, of a great master, who
 “ never saw him ; I mean Geminiani.”

“ He outstripped his predecessors in the three species of composition used
 “ among the Irish ; but he never omitted giving due praise to several of his
 “ countrymen, who excelled before him in his art. The Italian compositions he
 “ preferred to all others : Vivaldi charmed him ; and with Corelli he was
 “ enraptured. He spoke elegantly in his maternal language, but had advanced
 “ in years before he learned English ; he delivered himself but indifferently in
 “ that language, and yet he did not like to be corrected in his solecisms. It need
 “ not be concealed that he indulged in the use of spirituous liquors : this habit,
 “ he thought, or affected to think, added strength to the flights of his genius ;
 “ but, in justice, it must be observed that he seldom was surprized by in-
 “ toxication.

“ Constitutionally pious, he never omitted daily prayer, and fondly imagined
 “ himself inspired, when he composed some pieces of church musick. This idea
 “ contributed to his devotion, and thanksgiving ; and, in this respect, his enth-
 “ siasm was harmless, and perhaps useful. Gay by nature, and cheerful from
 “ habit, he was a pleasing member of society ; and his talents, and his morality,
 “ procured him esteem and friends every where.”

Besides

Besides the two following Songs, there are more of the compositions of Carolan possessed of considerable merit ; but as it was not in my power to give them all a place in my collection, I have selected, for translation, two that appeared to be the best amongst them ; which, together with some other songs of modern date, I give, to shew of what the native genius and language of this country, even now, are capable ; labouring, as they do, under every disadvantage.

I.
S O N G.

FOR GRACEY NUGENT^a.

BY CAROLAN.

OF Gracey's charms enraptur'd will I sing!
Fragrant and fair, as blossoms of the spring;
To her sweet manners, and accomplish'd mind,
Each rival Fair the palm of Love resign'd.

How blest her sweet society to share!
To mark the ringlets of her flowing hair^b;

Her

^a "The fair subject of this Song was sister to the late John Nugent, Esq; of Castle-Nugent, Culambre. She lived with her sister, Mrs. Connec, near Belanagar, in the county of Roscommon, at the time she inspired our Bard." *Hjß. Mem. of Irish Bards. Append. p. 78.*

^b Hair is a favourite object with all the Irish Poets, and endless is the variety of their description:—"Soft misty curls."—"Thick branching tresses of bright redun-
"dance."

Her gentle accents,—her complacent mien!—
 Supreme in charms, she looks—she reigns a Queen!

That

“ dance.”—“ Locks of fair waving beauty.”—“ Tresses flowing on the wind like the
 “ bright waving flame of an inverted torch.” They even affect to inspire it with
expression :—as “ Locks of *gentle* lustre.”—“ Tresses of *tender* beauty.”—“ The Maid
 “ with the *mildly* flowing hair,” &c. &c.

A friend to whom I shewed this Song, observed, that I had omitted a very lively
 thought in the conclusion, which they had seen in Mr. WALKER's Memoirs. As
 that version has been much read and admired, it may perhaps be necessary, to vindicate
 my fidelity, as a translator, that I should here give a *literal* translation of the
 Song, to shew that the thoughts have suffered very little, either of encrease or diminution
 from the poetry.

“ I will sing with rapture of the Blossom of Whiteness! Gracey, the young and
 “ beautiful woman, who bore away the palm of excellence in sweet manners and accomplishments,
 “ from all the Fair-ones of the provinces.”

“ Whoever enjoys her constant society, no apprehension of any ill can assail him.—
 “ The Queen of soft and winning mind and manners, with her fair branching tresses
 “ flowing in ringlets.”

“ Her side like alabaster, and her neck like the swan, and her countenance like the
 “ Sun in summer. How blest is it for him who is promised, as riches, to be united
 “ to her, the branch of fair curling tendrils.”

“ Sweet and pleasant is your lovely conversation!—bright and sparkling your blue
 “ eyes!—and every day do I hear all tongues declare your praises, and how gracefully
 “ fully your bright tresses wave down your neck!”

“ I say to the Maid of youthful mildness, that her voice and her converse are
 “ sweeter than the songs of the birds! There is no delight or charm that imagination
 “ can conceive but what is found ever attendant on Gracey.”

“ Her

That alabaſter form—that graceful neck,
 How do the Cygnet's down and whitenefs deck !—
 How does that aſpect ſhame the cheer of day,
 When ſummer ſuns their brighteſt beams diſplay.

Bleſt is the youth whom fav'ring fates ordain
 The treaſure of her love, and charms to gain !
 The fragrant branch, with curling tendrils bound,
 With breathing odours—blooming beauty crown'd.

Sweet is the cheer her ſprightly wit ſupplies !
 Bright is the ſparkling azure of her eyes !
 Soft o'er her neck her lovely treſſes flow !
 Warm in her praiſe the tongues of rapture glow !

Her's is the voice—tun'd by harmonious Love,
 Soft as the Songs that warble through the grove !
 Oh ! ſweeter joys her converſe can impart !
 Sweet to the *ſenſe*, and grateful to the *heart* !

Gay

“ Her teeth arranged in beautiful order, and her locks flowing in ſoft waving curls !
 “ But though it delights me to ſing of thy charms, I muſt quit my theme !—With a
 “ ſincere heart I ſill to thy health !”

The reader will eaſily perceive that in this literal tranſlation, I have not ſought for elegance of expreſſion, my only object being to put it in his power to judge how cloſely my verſion has adhered to my original.

Gay pleasures dance where'er her foot-steps bend;
 And smiles and rapture round the fair attend:
 Wit forms her speech, and Wisdom fills her mind,
 And *sight* and *soul* in her their object find.

Her pearly teeth, in beauteous order plac'd;
 Her neck with bright, and curling tresses grac'd:—
 But ah, so fair!—in wit and charms supreme,
 Unequal Song must quit its darling theme.

Here break I off;—let sparkling goblets flow,
 And my full heart its cordial wishes show:
 To her dear health this friendly draught I pour,
 Long be her life, and blest its every hour!—

II.

S O N G.

FOR MABLE KELLY.

BY CAROLAN.

THE youth whom fav'ring Heaven's decree
To join his fate, my Fair! with thee;
And see that lovely head of thine
With fondness on his arm recline:

No thought but joy can fill his mind,
Nor any care can entrance find,
Nor sickness hurt, nor terror shake,—
And Death will spare him, for thy sake!

For the bright flowing of thy hair,
That decks a face so heavenly fair;
And a fair form, to match that face,
The rival of the Cygnet's grace.

• When

When with calm dignity she moves,
 Where the clear stream her hue improves ;
 Where she her snowy bosom laves,
 And floats, majestic, on the waves.

Grace gave thy form, in beauty gay,
 And rang'd thy teeth in bright array ;
 All tongues with joy thy praises tell,
 And love delights with thee to dwell.

To thee harmonious powers belong,
 That add to verse the charms of song ;
 Soft melody to numbers join,
 And make the Poet half divine.

As when the softly blushing rose
 Close by some neighbouring lilly grows ;
 Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,
 And such their bright and blended hues !

The timid lustre of thine eye^a
 With Nature's purest tints can vie ;

K k 2

With

^a It is generally believed that Carolan, (as his Biographer tells us) "remembered no impression of colours."—But I cannot acquiesce in this opinion: I think it must have been formed without sufficient grounds, for how was it possible

With the sweet blue-bell's azure geni,
That droops upon its modest stem !

The Poets of Ierne's plains
To thee devote their choicest strains ;
And oft their harps for thee are strung,
And oft thy matchless charms are sung :

Thy voice, that binds the list'ning soul;—
That can the wildest rage controul ;
Bid the fierce Crane its powers obey,
And charm him from his finney prey.

Nor doubt I of its wond'rous art ;
Nor hear with unimpassion'd heart ;
Thy health, thy beauties,—ever dear !
Oft crown my glass with sweetest cheer !

Since the fam'd Fair of ancient days,
Whom Bards and Worlds conspir'd to praise,
Not one like thee has since appear'd,
Like thee, to every heart endear'd.

How

ble that his description could be thus glowing, without he retained the clearest recollection, and the most animated ideas, of every beauty that sight can convey to the mind ?

How blest the Bard, O lovely Maid !
 To find thee in thy charms array'd !—
 Thy pearly teeth,—thy flowing hair,—
 Thy neck, beyond the Cygnet, fair !——

As when the simple birds, at night,
 Fly round the torch's fatal light,—
 Wild, and with extacy elate,
 Unconscious of approaching fate.

So the soft splendours of thy face,
 And thy fair form's enchanting grace;
 Allure to death unwary Love,
 And thousands the bright ruin prove!

Ev'n he whose hapless eyes^b no ray
 Admit from Beauty's cheering day;
 Yet, though he cannot *see* the light,
 He feels it warm, and knows it bright.

In beauty, talents, taste refin'd,
 And all the graces of the mind,

In

^b Every Reader of taste or feeling must surely be struck with the beauty of this passage.—Can any thing be more elegant, or more pathetic, than the manner in which *Carolan* alludes to his want of sight !—but, indeed, his little pieces abound in all the riches of natural genius.

In *all* unmatched thy charms remain,
Nor meet a rival on the plain.

Thy slender foot,—thine azure eye,—
Thy smiling lip, of scarlet dye,—
Thy tapering hand, so soft and fair,—
The bright redundance of thy hair!—

O blest be the auspicious day
That gave them to thy Poet's lay!
O'er rival Bards^c to lift his name,
Inspire his verse, and swell his fame!—

^c How modestly the Poet here introduces a prophecy of his future reputation for genius!

III.

S O N G.

By PATRICK LINDEN.

O FAIRER than the mountain snow,
When o'er it north's pure breezes blow !
In all its dazzling lustre drest,
But purer, softer is thy breast !

Colla^a the Great, whose ample sway
Beheld two kingdoms homage pay,
Now gives the happy bard to see
Thy branch adorn the royal tree !

No foreign graft's inferior shoot
Has dar'd insult the mighty root !
Pure from its stem thy bloom ascends,
And from its height in fragrance bends !

Hadſt

^a He was monarch of Ireland in the beginning of the fourth century. By the second kingdom, we must suppose the poet means the Dal-Riadas of Scotland.

Hadst thou been present, on the day
 When beauty bore the prize away,
 Thy charms had won the royal swain,
 And Venus 'felf had fu'd in vain !

With soften'd fire, imperial blood
 Pours through thy frame its generous flood ;
 Rich in thy azure veins it flows,
 Bright in thy blushing cheek it glows !

That blood whence noble SAVAGE sprung,
 And he whose deeds the bards have sung,
 Great CONALL-CEARNACH^b, conquering name !
 The champion of heroic fame !

Fair offspring of the royal race !
 Mild fragrance ! fascinating grace !
 Whose touch with magic can inspire
 The tender harp's melodious wire !

See how the swan presumptuous strives,
 Where glowing Majesty revives,
 With proud contention, to bespeak
 The soft dominion of that cheek !

Beneath

Beneath it, fure, with fubtle heed,
 Some rofe by stealth its leaf convey'd;
 To fhed its bright and beauteous dye,
 And fill the varying bloom fupply.

The trefles of thy filken hair
 As curling mifts are foft and fair,
 Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
 Its pure and tender fnow to deck !

But O ! to fpeak the rapture found !
 In thy dear voice's magic found !
 Its powers could death itfelf controul,
 And call back the expiring foul !

The tide that fill'd the veins of Kings,
 From whom thy noble lineage fprings ;
 The royal blood of Colla, fee
 Renew'd, O charming maid ! in thee.

Nor in thy bofom flacks its pace,
 Nor fades it in thy lovely face ;
 But there with foft enchantment glows,
 And like the bloffom's tint it fhows.

How does thy needle's art pourtray
Each pictur'd form, in bright array !
With Nature's self maintaining strife,
It gives its own creation life !

O perfect, all-accomplish'd maid !
In beauty's every charm array'd :
Thee ever shall my numbers hail,
Fair lilly of the royal vale !

IV.

S O N G.

THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

HAVE you not seen the charmer of the vale?
Nor heard her praise, in Love's fond accents drest?—
Nor how that Love has turn'd my youth so pale!—
Nor how those graces rob my soul of rest!—

That softest cheek, where dimpling cherubs play!
That bashful eye, whose beams dissolve the heart!—
Ah, gaze no more, fond wretch!—no longer stay!—
'Tis death!—but ah, 'tis worse than death to part!

My blessings round the happy mansion wait,
That guards that form, in tender beauty drest!
Those lips, of truth and smiles the rosy seat!
Those matchless charms, by every bard confessed!

That slender brow!—that hand so dazzling fair,
 No silk its hue or softness can express!
 No feather'd songsters can their down compare
 With half the beauty those dear hands possess!

Love in thy every feature couch'd a dart!
 O'er thy fair face, and bosom's white he play'd;
 Love in thy golden tresses chain'd my heart,
 And heaven's own smile thy 'witching face array'd!

Not *Deirdre's* charms that on each bosom stole,
 And led the champions of our isle away;
 Nor she whose eyes threw fetters o'er the soul,
 The fam'd Blanaide^b like thee the heart could sway!

Of

^a See notes to the poem of *Conloch*.

^b As the story to which this passage alludes is striking to a great degree, and related in a few words, I will quote it at large for the reader.

“ Feircheirtne was OLLAMH FILEA to Conrigh, a celebrated chieftain, who lived
 “ in splendour on the banks of the Fionnglaife, in the county of Kerry. This
 “ warrior was married to Blanaide, a lady of transcendent beauty, who had been the
 “ meed of his prowess in single combat with Congculionne, a knight of the red
 “ branch. But the lady was secretly attached to the knight; and in an accidental
 “ interview which she had with him, offered to follow his fortunes, if he would, at
 “ a certain time, and on receiving a certain signal (both of which she mentioned)
 “ storm the castle, and put her husband, and his attendants, to the sword. Congcu-
 “ lionne promised to follow her directions, and did so, inundating the castle with the
 “ blood of its inhabitants. Feircheirtne, however, escaped the slaughter, and pur-
 “ sued, at a distance, Blanaide and her paramour, to the court of Concovar Mac-
 “ Neffa,

Of beauty's garden, oh thou fairest flower !
 Accept my vows, and *truth* for *treasure* take !
 Oh deign to share with me Love's blissful power,
 Nor constant faith, for fleeting wealth, forsake !

My muse her harp shall at thy bidding bring,
 And roll th' heroic tide of verse along ;
 And Finian Chiefs, and arms shall wake the string,
 And Love and War divide the lofty song !

“ Nessa, determined to sacrifice his perfidious mistress to the manes of his patron.

“ When the Bard arrived at Emania, he found Concovar, and his court, together
 “ with the amorous fugitives, walking on the top of a rock, called *Rinehin Beara*,
 “ enjoying the extensive prospect which it commanded. Blanaide, happening to
 “ detach herself from the rest of the company, stood, wrapped in deep meditation,
 “ on that part of the cliff which overhung a deep precipice. The Bard, stepping up
 “ to her, began an adulatory conversation; then suddenly springing forward, he
 “ seized her in his arms, and throwing himself, with her, headlong down the
 “ precipice, both were dashed to pieces.” *Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards*, p. 32.
 See also KEATING.

I R I S H O R I G I N A L S

O F T H E

H E R O I C P O E M S.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THESE originals are copied, with the utmost exactness, from the different collections whence they were taken: the Translator, therefore, is not answerable for any supposed incorrectness in orthography, &c. which may possibly be discovered in many parts of them, as it was not thought expedient to make the smallest alteration whatever, not even so much as the addition of a point, or an accent.

T H E
I R I S H O R I G I N A L S
O F T H E
H E R O I C P O E M S.

I.

Teac̃t Cõnlaoc̃h go h̃ẽj̃m̃m̃.

Та́нн̃г т̃р̃жа̃т а̃н во̃р̃блао̃с̃
а̃н еу̃ра̃я̃ò е̃р̃ò̃а̃ Cõñлао̃с̃h
а̃ñ ҫ̃на м̃р̃п̃а̃ г̃а̃р̃п̃а̃ г̃р̃м̃м̃
ò ò̃р̃н ҫ̃га̃а̃а̃г̃ go h̃ẽj̃m̃m̃
f̃ãr̃t̃e ò̃ũг̃ а̃лао̃с̃h l̃ṽm̃m̃
ãm̃ãc̃ò̃j̃m̃ ãl̃ũj̃m̃ ãj̃m̃g̃m̃m̃
ҫ̃ cõҫ̃m̃ṽl l̃e do t̃ẽãҫ̃ nãr ñò̃ãj̃
go nãb̃ñҫ̃ ҫ̃eal ãr ҫ̃ẽãc̃r̃ãj̃m̃
Ãnõj̃ ò̃ c̃ãm̃g̃j̃ ãnõj̃r̃
õ c̃r̃j̃c̃h õj̃m̃c̃ẽãr̃ ãn dõm̃m̃m̃
do ò̃ẽõp̃b̃ãò do g̃ãj̃g̃ẽ g̃r̃m̃m̃
ãr ҫ̃ẽãò c̃j̃m̃c̃ẽãҫ̃ã ãnẽj̃m̃ñ
Cõj̃m̃ẽãd ãn nãò̃n ãc̃a nõm̃ãj̃b̃
l̃ẽr c̃ṽt m̃ò̃p̃лао̃c̃ãj̃b̃ ãnãl̃b̃ṽñ
no t̃ò̃g̃ҫ̃ãm do l̃j̃ò̃g̃ ò̃ҫ̃ l̃ẽãҫ̃
ãnẽj̃m̃c̃ c̃j̃ò̃ҫ̃ã ãn dõj̃ẽc̃j̃õ

M m

91aҫ

Mo mallaí ari mo maíarín
 Óf íf éirí mífé fa éaíarín
 agaoífa a Cuérlín
 aís fíeúeáin le do élaíarín
 Mo mallaí doo maíarín
 Óf iunte do b́f aníomao do éalíarín
 íf íurab é meádo do b́f dona híle iunte
 do beirí don beirí deaíarín
 Is me Conlaoch íf ííóir len aíríní
 narí éeíbe ííam ó beál tíroa
 naé ííug ííéala do neaé íán íígréín
 muna mbéirí éíéaífa na coín íígleíe
 2l Cuéúrlín na narín ííglíe
 íf maííng óííe narí aíríní me
 an tíráe do éaírííín an tííleag go íííar ííáí
 aníarín abun, íf aburíóín
 Da mbéíííe 7 mo Chonlaoch cáom
 aís ííííe élaí 4 aoníaoí
 ííí íííeann o éííí go tííí
 do ííeabamíaoí araóí eadurííí.
 Maíí ehíí aírín an laóíí
 íííííí aguf íann Chonlaóí
 íf maíí ííí do b́íííe ag ead
 maíí ííeap ían ííac ían íííaoí.
 Is me an íaíarín do maííí anííac
 íf narí éaíríeao me eíroí na íííííí
 íf me an eííííí naé íííí íe íííííí
 an dá láíí do b́í íe íííí doíííí.
 Is me an b́ííe ó éúíí go tíííí
 íf me an íong íar íííí da íííííí
 íf me an tíball ambarr an éííííí
 íf beag do íííííííeao de do éííííí.

Tírāḡ ḡin a aóḡnḡhe ar ḡloḡḡe
 do ḡoḡḡ doḡn éḡḡḡe Ulaḡh
 do éomḡac ḡe coḡnecuaḡḡḡne
 uch! uch! ca tḡuāḡḡe tuḡaḡ
 Tḡuāḡ naé neach oḡle ar doḡian
 atá ar ḡollaḡ do ḡoḡḡḡe
 ḡo maḡbḡnḡn atēḡaḡe
 céḡ ar céḡaḡb do ḡoḡḡḡḡ
 Tḡuāḡ ḡin a Chonḡḡḡé éalma
 aḡaḡina ḡḡḡ ḡan áonḡoḡ
 nach émo báḡ do deaḡbaḡ
 ḡul do éḡeāḡḡoḡ do éoméomḡ
 ḡaḡḡ doḡ teāḡlach ón éḡāobḡuaḡḡ
 'ḡdo éeann eaomḡḡuāḡ na ceuaḡḡ
 naé neac ḡḡobḡ do maḡbh mōmḡac
 ḡn tḡoḡḡḡlat ca mō puḡar
 ḡaḡḡ do Laoḡḡḡe bḡuāḡach
 naé bḡḡaruaḡ é doḡ éromḡḡn
 maḡḡ doḡ éuaḡḡ do Chonall
 naḡ maḡb éḡ accom érom comḡḡe
 ḡaḡḡ do éumḡḡḡaḡḡ meano macha
 naé tuḡ ḡam ḡacéḡn euma
 maḡḡ o'fḡoḡbhḡḡḡé éaom épuḡach
 maḡḡ do ḡhubḡḡach ḡaol ulaḡ
 ḡaḡḡ do Chomḡac éonḡḡḡeas
 naé laḡ do poḡn haḡmḡa
 naé é do ḡuāḡn muḡ bḡall ḡona
 ḡn ḡḡáé éoreḡa, no ḡn laḡmḡa

Tḡuāḡ

Do jač rman cēo cūmajō
 mo bhejē dubhach nī hōngnaō
 tapējē comraje nē mēnmac
 mo ērēchta anōf īf jomōa
 Nī hōngnaō mo bhejē tūpfeacē
 fgan meje uxfneacē do lačajr
 aš fīn mē dēf na pōgxfear
 gan mac dōleaf gan bpačajr.
 Gan Conlāocē ca nī īf dajmē
 gan Nōfīf gan Alunle armpūaō
 bhejē gan Alrdan īf jonnfa
 noēa ljomfa naē lāntpūaš

T - p - u - a - g - h f 1 - n.

II.

Lāojō Mašnuj mōjī

Alēlējīš chanrf na Sajlm
 dā ljom xējn nī majē an ēfāl
 Naē ēfōjonn tē tallan beag fgejl
 ar an bfejn naē bfačaf arjam
 Dar mo ērbaf a dēfšmeje xhīnn
 ge bīnn leat teaf ar an bfejn
 nī na falm ar xeaō mo bēojl
 ffead fīn īf cēol dām xējn
 Ma tōjī aš jomarpāō do falm
 le fāna gaōjdeal na narm noē
 oē! aēlējīš īf lān olc ljom
 nar fcaruf do čeañ nē do čopp

Sabam

Sabam do eumajne oglaoje mōjn
 ƿn̄gle do bēojl ƿ b̄jnn ljom ƿējn
 an tallan̄ tōgaſ ajr ƿhjonh.
 ƿ romaje ljom tēaſ ajr an b̄ƿējn
 Lā ōrjñ ag ƿlāðac na leaſg
 naē tēapla ſealſ ajr an n̄gar
 go b̄ƿacamar mōpan bāſc
 ag tēaſ ſan t̄rūjſ taji leaſ
 Tjſmāojd anojr aguſ anſar
 ƿr̄m̄jſd an ƿh̄jān aſ ſac aſrō
 ſeaēt ccaēa anojr̄gojl go ƿr̄ab
 t̄jſmāojd ƿo māc jn̄jne tājōſ
 Al̄ ē glōr do chan ƿjnn
 ƿjōñ ƿējñjðe ƿlajē an t̄rlōjſ
 ſe be ƿacāð t̄jāſſajd ſſēal
 go b̄ƿujſeād ƿējn ablāc ſa b̄r̄ajd
 Al̄ ſjn do ƿājð Conān māol
 māc Mōjſne ƿa claðñ gn̄jom
 aſār meſc Cūbaſll na ccaē
 ƿja b̄jād ann aſ ƿlajē, no ƿjſ
 Aloubajſc leſſ Conān aſjſ
 aðjſƿh̄jnn ƿjaſacāð ann
 aſ ſeaſguſ ƿlōr̄ſljc do māc
 o ƿē ēleaēt ðol na c̄ejonn
 Oſc mo mallaſ a Chonaſn m̄aojl
 do ƿajð ſeaſguſ ƿa caojñ ƿr̄uē
 ƿacāðſa t̄jāſſajd na ſſēal
 4 ſr̄āð na b̄ƿjan 'ſn̄j 4 do ſuē
 Tl̄raſjſoj ſeaſguſ aſmac ōſ
 añ ſa ƿōð aſcojſne na b̄ƿeaſ
 ƿ ƿlāƿraſjſoj do ſuē mōr
 ƿja b̄jēd na ſlōjſ t̄ajñjſ taji leaſ?

O.

Altā Māgnaſ opriui map ēriſat
 mac an Mhejōſ na ſſiūt nreapſ
 ājroſiſ loēlann ceañ na ceſjōē
 ſjoila ſa mōr ſjōch iſ ſearſ
 Creao d'ſlraſ an bñdean boſb
 ſa iſſ loēlann na long mōſeac
 map dſāpſaſ cūmoſi an ann
 iſ ſomajē attāſſſ taji leaſ
 Do ſhſeagaji ſſi Māgnaſ ſo boſb
 ājroſiſ loēlann na longmōſeac
 do beāſa mē abean ō ſhjoſi
 dajmōeōſi aſi tſiui, agūſ bſan
 bheāſaſo an ſhſān comſac cſſaſō
 dot ſlraſ ſul aſeſrōſaſo bſan
 iſ cūſſſſō ſhjoſi caē andlſſ
 ſul ſa tſuſaſō uajō abean
 Dap do lāſiſe aſheapſſſſ ſhēſl
 aſ an bſſſſi ſe mōr do ēeann
 do beāſad hjoſi bſan
 no comſac dſāſi ſear da cjoſi
 Alſ do lāſiſ ſe mōr do dōſſ
 aſ do ſlōſ ſe mōr do mſſſi
 an hjoſi aēaſiſſ tſ taji leaſ
 nſ beāſa tu bſan ēaji tuiſi
 Tſlleaſ ſearſūſ mo bſaēaji ſeſi
 ſa ſamalſa le ſſſſi aēſuſh
 ſſſſſeaf ſē na ſſēala ēall
 abſſſſſſſſ ſhjoſi nap ēvill ſuē
 Alſroſiſ Loēlann ſſſſ ſa tſſaſſ
 cao ē an ſūē ta dōſiſi aēſſſ
 nſ ſēabaiſo ſan bſſalaō lann
 no do bean ſdo ēſ ſo na bſeſē

Nj ċjrðrað mje mo ðean
 ð'fhearj zo.ðacæð me aȝerē
 'ŋnċ ċjrðrað meðran ð'aŋ
 zo nðeacæ an būŋ rm ðēal
 Do ðaŋð mac Cūbaŋll ŋe ŋoll
 ŋ mōr an ȝloñ ð'ŋñ beŋē ȝ poŋ
 ȝan comŋac ŋðŋeŋŋeacē teann
 do ðabaŋŋe do ŋŋð Loēlañ na naŋm noŋ
 Ðā an lāŋŋŋŋ onŋŋa aŋhŋŋŋ
 ō do chċ tŋ mar tōŋm anoŋ
 ŋŋð tonnbareacē na ccomlann teañ
 ŋȝarŋa me acēann ŋe na cōŋp.
 Do ðaŋð Oŋear zo mōŋŋð
 comŋŋŋoŋŋa ŋŋð ŋŋe toŋe
 ŋ clann an dā cōmaŋŋeacē ðeūȝ
 bŋðð mo mŋñŋŋŋ ŋeŋñ da ccoŋȝ
 Do ðāð mac lŋȝðeacċ anāŋȝ
 ŋŋð ŋŋonmlōclann dāŋl ȝan ȝð
 comŋŋŋoŋŋa ē ð'on bŋeŋñ
 no da bŋēaŋŋŋŋ ŋŋ būŋ mō
 Earlanñ na hŋŋe ȝe teann
 do ðāð Ðŋarŋŋŋð donn ȝan on
 comŋŋŋeacōŋŋa ē ton bŋeŋñ
 no tŋŋŋeacō ŋeŋñ aŋŋ aŋon
 Ðŋŋŋŋŋ do cōnnaŋŋe aŋeŋŋ
 aŋ ŋa ŋāōlan ŋa lēon acēarŋe
 ŋŋð ċŋŋe na bŋear ŋȝorŋ
 ȝur ŋȝaraŋ acēann ŋe na cōŋp
 beŋŋŋð beannaŋ, beŋŋŋð būāŋð
 do ðaŋð mac Cūbaŋll na ŋȝŋuāŋð nðeȝȝ
 ȝŋāŋŋŋ mac mŋeŋðŋŋ na ŋluāŋȝ
 comŋŋŋe mje ȝe mŋŋ aŋhearŋȝ

Їґґо ann ҕн an fһjān
 теannaґо орtha anam ājš
 ҕleaš 4 ґrālaґнн ґaē ҕнн moґн
 'ґто ēuāoap rompa ґо тpājš
 2noґdōche ҕнн duґнн ґо lā
 nґōp ґnaē lґнн abejē ґan ēēol
 ҕleaō, 7 fһōn cрōch nґ cēґн
 ҕe bґ aґaґнн ҕeґн ҕān ol
 ґnar ҕнн duґнн ґuґ an oapa lā
 ґо bґacamaґ na ґloґš nē purc
 meґnґe nґš Loēlann anājš
 oā ēōḡbaґl ґan тpājš nē an nuґ
 Јomōa cotaнн Јomōa тpґaē
 Јomōa ґḡjāē, 7 luґnēach oēapḡ
 Јomōa тōґҕeach nґ mac nґoḡ
 nґ nаjō lāoch oґoḡ ґan am.
 Dob Јomōa cloґdґom ґо nдоpнēlao oґн
 tob Јomōa ґpōl oā ēur nē cpaнн
 accaē fнlteach fһнн na bґleaō
 tob Јomōa ґleaš of ap cēґнн.
 Dob Јomōa ann cloґao cpaajō
 tob Јomōa tuāē aḡuґ ґa
 ann ґa cōmḡac oо bґ ann
 tob Јomōa nґš aḡuґ ґlaґē
 Noґap ґeal ґpēґne nē cpaнн
 bḡatach fһнн ґa lēop aḡpēaґ
 lān oо ēloēajō ēḡnē anōґн
 oḡ lґom ҕeґн ґa mōp amēaґ
 Noґap oḡḡnne ґulang topaјō
 bḡataē ґuґll moґн meґc Moґнne
 nґ mґnē aґuāґн an ґpōl cpoґaē
 tḡґ, nґ oēpēaō ґḡomajґeach

213 epomað accynn fan ceat
 do myne gað flajð mar do geall
 fjana Eþreann na ccomlann ceprajð
 byrjð aþr fhluað jnnfe Gall.
 Thaþla mac cubajll na ceuach
 le þjð Loðlann na puðg naþð
 þe ðeþle aþr twtynn nafluðð
 och! aðleþjðð, þ tpruðð an dajl.
 Do mynneatjþr jnþeafajnn ðeann
 so mað coþamajl þe dū opð
 comþac fntteac an da þjð
 ға zontac ambþjð ға ecolg
 Ceangaltar þjð Loðlann fan tþeaf
 þe mac Cubajll na celeaf mborþ
 eþþon aþ geþ mðr an þmðm
 do ðeangajl fþonn ð þe na ðolg
 Is ann þjn do þajð Conān māol
 þjolla do þj þām þe holec
 cwnþbþð ðam Māgnuf na lann
 so fþaþfat acþeann þe na ðopp
 Nj þþujl þāþþe ðamþa, no þāol
 þjot aðonaþn maol gan ðeþll
 o ðāþla mē ғo þþāþajþ fþjnn
 þ fþeapþ lþom ann, no ғā do mēþn
 O ðāþla tþ ғo mo þþāþujþ fþjnn
 'fnaach deapna mē fāþ aþ fþlajð
 ғuāþfþeolad tþr ðn þþjnn
 alamþ ðþjnn na mðr ceach
 Þab do poþa a 9þāþmuf mþnn
 mar þaðajþ flān jo ðþn fþjnn
 cumonn, caðþreaf aþuf þþāð
 no do flān aþeþt ғān þþjnn?

III.

Lōjgh na Sealga.

Ojghn. Alpādrus an ceūala tu an tʒealʒ?
 anje Chalprvnn na pʒajlm ʒaʒmh
 do rojineað an ðnar le fjonh
 ʒan ēn neach ann d'ʒʒanasb
 Nj ēualaʒ anje an Rjʒ
 Ojghn ʒljc na nʒnʒom nʒarʒ
 jnnjʒ ðuʒnn jʒ na can ʒb
 cjonnaʒ arojinneað lēo an tʒealʒ?
 Nj ēanamōjgne an ʒhjañ ʒo
 anjām leo njōr luajðeað brēuʒ
 aʒ le ʒjnnne jʒ le neapc ʒlām
 ʒjgmōjʒ ʒlām aʒ ʒach mōjðm
 Njor jʒnʒ elejneac accjll
 ʒe ʒūr bjnn njb acanajo pʒajlm
 tob ʒhjnnnnjʒ no an ʒhjañ
 ʒjn nap loc angjað ʒarʒ
 Njor jʒnʒ commaʒc ðn neac accjʒc
 apādrnʒ ēōjm jʒ bjnnne ʒlōr
 tob ʒhjnnnnjʒ no ʒjonn anaʒʒ
 ʒear an ðaʒm do bjonnað bʒ
 Da majneað mac ʒjonna meap
 no ʒoll cʒbða nap ēap ʒeāð
 no mac J ðvðne na mban
 laoc do ēujneað caʒ ajn ēeāð
 Da majneað mac ʒapajð na lañ
 ʒear nap ʒann aʒ cup an ūjn
 Oʒear no mac Roñajn ʒjnn
 do ērðnan ʒan ējll njōr ʒaʒm

Da

- Ბ. ᲕᲉᲗᲗ ᲑᲓᲙᲁᲛᲑᲁᲗᲔ ᲁᲑ
 ᲐᲗᲗᲓᲛ ᲙᲔᲗᲗᲓ Მᲁ ᲛᲑᲑᲁᲑ ᲛᲑᲑᲁᲛ
 ᲕᲓᲙᲓᲛ Მᲁ ᲑᲕᲗᲁᲗᲑ Ბᲁ ᲑᲕᲑᲛᲓ Ბᲁ ᲑᲔᲗᲑᲑ
 ᲛᲗ ᲑᲙᲓᲙᲔᲑᲁᲔ ᲑᲗᲓ ᲛᲑ ᲛᲗᲗ Მᲁ ᲛᲑᲗᲓ
 ᲐᲕᲑ ᲑᲓᲁ ᲑᲑᲓᲛ ᲛᲑᲁᲛ ᲁᲑᲕᲑ ᲑᲁᲗᲁᲛ
 ᲁᲑᲑᲑ ᲑᲔ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲛᲑᲁᲑᲑ Მᲁ ᲗᲁᲑᲑᲑ
 ᲁᲑᲑᲑ ᲑᲔ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲑᲗᲁᲑ Მᲁ ᲑᲑᲁᲙᲓ
 ᲐᲕᲑ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲑᲑᲁᲗᲁᲑ ᲁᲑᲕᲑ ᲑᲑᲗᲓᲛ
 ᲁᲑᲑᲑ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲗᲁᲑᲗ ᲁᲑ ᲗᲓᲛᲓ
 ᲁᲑᲑᲑ ᲑᲔ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲗᲑᲑᲑᲁ ᲗᲑ ᲑᲗᲁᲑ
 ᲛᲓᲙᲓ ᲑᲓᲙᲁᲛᲓ ᲑᲑᲁᲑ ᲁᲑᲕᲑ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲕᲓᲛᲓ
 Ა. ᲛᲗ ᲁᲑ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲑᲑᲗᲓ ᲛᲔ ᲑᲗᲁᲑ ᲛᲔ ᲑᲗᲁᲑ
 ᲑᲑᲗ ᲙᲔ ᲛᲗᲗ ᲕᲑᲑᲓ ᲁᲑᲕᲓᲗᲓ
 ᲁᲑ ᲁᲑ ᲑᲁᲑᲑᲁᲑᲑ ᲑᲙᲑᲑᲁ ᲗᲁᲑᲑᲑ
 ᲁᲑᲑᲑᲛᲛ ᲑᲑᲗᲑᲑ Ბᲁ ᲑᲑᲗ ᲁᲑᲗᲓᲗᲑᲔ
 ᲐᲗ ᲗᲁᲑᲗᲑᲑ ᲁᲑᲓ ᲗᲑᲁᲑᲑ ᲁᲑ ᲗᲑᲗᲗᲗ
 ᲁᲑ ᲛᲔᲑᲁᲔ ᲙᲑᲗᲗᲗ ᲁᲑᲑᲑᲑ ᲕᲗᲗᲗᲗ
 Ვ ᲗᲓᲙᲗᲑ ᲕᲑᲑᲑᲗᲗᲗ ᲁᲑᲓ ᲕᲓᲛᲓ
 Ვ ᲑᲙᲓᲙᲑᲁᲔ ᲑᲁᲑᲑ ᲗᲓᲙᲗᲗᲗ ᲑᲗᲑᲗᲑᲔ
 ᲐᲗᲑᲁᲑᲗᲗᲗ Ბᲁ ᲗᲁᲑᲑ ᲑᲔ ᲑᲓᲁ
 ᲁᲑ Თᲁ ᲑᲁᲗᲗᲗ ᲁᲑ ᲑᲗᲑᲑ ᲑᲑᲑᲁᲗᲓ ᲑᲁᲑ ᲗᲑᲁᲑ
 ᲛᲑ ᲙᲓᲛᲁᲑ ᲛᲗᲗ ᲗᲑᲑᲗᲗᲗ Მᲁ ᲗᲗᲗ
 ᲗᲑ ᲁᲑ Თᲁ ᲑᲁᲗᲗᲗ ᲑᲁᲗᲗ ᲙᲁᲑ ᲑᲑᲑᲗᲗ
 ᲕᲑᲑᲁᲑ ᲁᲑ ᲁᲑ ᲑᲕᲑᲗᲓ ᲑᲔ ᲑᲑᲗ ᲁᲑ
 ᲛᲗ ᲗᲑ ᲛᲗᲗ ᲑᲔ ᲑᲑᲗ ᲁᲑ ᲕᲑᲁᲑ
 ᲁᲑ ᲛᲑ ᲗᲁᲗᲓ ᲐᲑᲑᲁᲑ ᲁᲙᲑᲁᲑᲗ ᲑᲁᲑᲑ
 ᲛᲔ ᲁᲑ Თᲁ Ბᲁ ᲑᲁᲗᲗᲗ ᲙᲁᲑᲗᲗᲗ ᲙᲔᲑᲑ
 ᲕᲑᲁᲑ Ბᲁ ᲑᲙᲑᲑ ᲑᲗᲗᲓ ᲕᲓᲛᲓ ᲑᲗᲓ
 ᲗᲑ ᲑᲑᲑᲑᲑᲁᲔ Ბᲁ ᲗᲁᲑᲗᲗ ᲑᲔ ᲑᲓᲁ
 ᲑᲔ ᲑᲑᲑᲑᲑᲁᲔ Ბᲁ Თᲁ ᲕᲓᲛᲓ ᲕᲓᲛᲓ

2lilleann mac an dōnfhair mōir
 fearr ne ndōrōide teamair na flog tpean
 n lām ar laim do gab do dja
 dol da elōjō af fionn fējn
 2l jomda cleaf gñjōm h gleō
 maojōtjō ne fjana fāj
 n eualaf go ndēanaō ēaf

- Rjō na nēull gur dearg alām
 p. Sgñrjm dar mōmarbajō ar gac tōjō
 afeanojm maojl ata gan ēējl
 ata dja q neam na nāom
 h ta an fhjan nle jbpējn
 o. 2lpatmrg naē trāg naē ccojgjoñ dja
 lu f na bñān achur ar fhjonn
 7 dja fējn da mbjāō anajne
 go tpoiofēaō an flajē da ējonn
 Nj mjne adfrlajng mō na bñjan
 ēn neaē arjam anajne no nguāj
 gan fhja fga jle le hajngjo no ne hōr
 no tpoac flōjō go mbejneāō brājō
 2lpatmrg da mbejñf, gan ēējl
 fearfajñ le do ēlējn nle accjnn
 n bejē bacall no leabap bān
 no clog na tpeāē añ do ējl
 p. 2l h jnn leam abejē tlf ar an bñējn
 amejē an mō af ājne tealb
 naē crmair leat mar gēallm f dñjnn
 cjonna f afñōnaō leō an tfealg.
 o. 2lpatmrg jō ādōap caōj
 dām abejē mōm anēu f āpō
 ajēneofad ge tōjm fa bñōn.
 cjonna f do jñneāō leō an tfealg

La da pajbeamſne fjana fjun
 analmvin ſilm na fleag ſero
 az mure ſteſll 'ſajſ ol
 clojſojon eoſl ʒ az broſaō ſero
 ʒlſ gur eprge fjonni an flajē
 ajr an bſajē of ʒlmvin ſjr
 go bſacajō eugge ann ſa pō
 an eſjo ōg ajr aleſm luſth
 ʒhojr ēvge ſeēolan ʒ bran
 to leſſ ſeao opna apaoſ
 ʒan ſhjoſ to ēāch ſo an ol
 gur leaſ ſa pō an eſjo maol.
 Nʒ pajb leſſ aſ mac an luj
 aōā chojr aguſ e ſejn
 ajr loſſ na heſjode go ojan
 go ſljab ʒnljn na pōſ pējō
 ʒlr ſool don eſjo ſa tſljab
 fjonni na ojaſſ ſa oā chojr
 mojr bſjoſ oō ſojr, no ſjar
 cap ʒab an ſaſth ſa ceſoc.
 Do ʒab fjonni ſojr ſa tſljab
 ſa oā chojr ſjar ap lſth
 'ſa paoſmſ nar bole le oja
 mar eug apſjar aōā ceſl
 Chualajō fjonni 'ſmōr ējan uāō
 ʒul ap bpuac an locha ſhējm
 aſ ann to bʒ an maēaoſi mna
 oōb ſheāſr cāſl da bſacajō ſē
 Do bʒ aʒruajō mar an Rōſ
 aguſ abēōl ap oac na ceāēſ
 to bʒ acneſſ mar an mōlāth
 ſa leaca bān mar an āel.

Do énarɛaɣ̃s an loch ɣe é̃rɣ̃s
 m̃ɔr ɣhaɣ̃s ann cl̃ṽo no ceap̃ñ
 no go tuɣ an ɣaɣ̃nne c̃ɔjn an aɣ̃
 do é̃ṽt o m̃ɔg̃ṽn na nɣruaɣ̃o nɔeap̃s
 Traɛ ɣuaɣ̃n an ɣaɣ̃nne c̃ɔjn an aɣ̃
 ñɣ̃ ɣaɣ̃nne leɣ̃ aɛabap̃t go bɣuaɛ
 an tɣaɛ ɣɣnne aɔ ɣeanoɣ̃n c̃ɣ̃on l̃j̃aɛ
 do m̃ɣ̃ na b̃ɣ̃an é̃ja ɣur é̃r̃ṽaɣ̃
 Do b̃ɔ̃ɔm̃aɣ̃nne ɣ̃j̃ana ɣ̃j̃nn
 anñl̃ñṽn ɣ̃l̃j̃m na ɣ̃l̃uaɣ̃ ɣ̃é̃j̃m
 aɣ̃ m̃j̃nɛ ap̃ ẽañl̃aɣ̃ɔ̃ ɣ̃ aɣ̃ ó̃l̃
 acloɣ̃ɔ̃j̃on ceoɣ̃ ɣa b̃ɣoñnaɔ̃ ɣ̃é̃aɔ̃
 É̃j̃ñɣ̃j̃uɣ c̃ɔ̃j̃l̃te am̃eap̃s é̃aɣ̃é̃
 ɣ̃ ɔ̃ɣ̃aɣ̃ɣ̃aɣ̃ɔ̃ ɔ̃ɣ̃ aɣ̃ɔ̃ do ɣ̃aɛ ɣ̃é̃ap̃
 an b̃ɣacabap̃n mac Chubajl̃ ɣ̃eɣ̃j̃l̃
 a b̃ṽɔ̃e an ɣ̃é̃j̃m na ɣ̃l̃eap̃s ɣ̃e an ?
 No é̃j̃ñɣ̃e Conan mac ɣ̃l̃ɔ̃ɣ̃na
 ɣ̃j̃ é̃uaɣ̃a ap̃j̃am̃ cẽó̃l̃ do b̃ ɔ̃j̃b̃ne
 ma t̃a ɣ̃j̃onn ap̃n ɣ̃aɣ̃ɣ̃aɣ̃ɔ̃
 go ɣ̃aɣ̃ɔ̃ amb̃j̃aɔ̃na ac̃ɔ̃j̃l̃te
 ɣ̃lac Chubajl̃ ma t̃eap̃ɔ̃aɣ̃ɔ̃ ũaɣ̃t
 a Ch̃ɔ̃j̃l̃te é̃ruaɣ̃ɔ̃ na ceoɣ̃ cẽó̃l̃
 ɣ̃abap̃n op̃am̃ do laɣ̃m̃b̃
 ɔ̃ɣ̃ é̃j̃onn é̃aɣ̃ch ab̃eɣ̃t mo ɣ̃j̃s
 Do b̃j̃maɣ̃ an ɣ̃h̃jan ɣ̃a b̃r̃ɔ̃n
 ɣ̃a é̃j̃onn ap̃ ɣ̃l̃oɣ̃s ab̃eɣ̃t ɔ̃ɣ̃ ñɔ̃j̃t
 no ɣ̃ur m̃ɔ̃j̃ɔ̃ op̃m̃nn é̃j̃on ɣ̃aɣ̃nne
 ɣ̃ ɔ̃ṽj̃nne b̃aɔ̃ɔbap̃ ab̃eɣ̃t c̃ɔ̃j̃.
 ɣ̃l̃uaɣ̃ɣ̃teop̃ l̃j̃nn o al̃m̃ṽn am̃ach
 buɣ̃ɔ̃e an é̃al̃ma na ceap̃t é̃ruaɣ̃ɔ̃
 ɣ̃ loɣ̃s aɔ̃ũ é̃hon aɣ̃uɣ̃ ɣ̃h̃j̃nn
 t̃ɣ̃j̃ṽr̃ ɣ̃j̃j̃nn do b̃eɣ̃ɣ̃e aɔ̃ buaɣ̃ɔ̃

Da mbejê xhjoſ agam gur tr fjonni
 bajnſjini an ſean çjoni ſji tojot
 of tr nar miaojò anojſ no mſjani
 mo ſal aſjani no mo ſnjoni
 2lfе maoniòet 4 do çruç
 ſan an xhjan nle bejê mar tãjn
 zo ntearſajñ mo ſleaz ſmo lani
 zo tſſeato mjom do leaeta, ſdo lã
 On lã marbatò Crball na celſar
 ne mac 9jorua na ſſjaç nõjn
 nj xhnlmaojone o ſji aſ 4 nojê
 ſa bxn̄l beò òſjini nj da nteòjn
 2lf mtr mbejê an çruç abxn̄l fjoñ
 ſgur puðar mñ ē bejê mar tã
 a Chonaji miaojl ata ſan çejll
 bñſſjini do beal zo enãjni
 Eñſjoſ Ofſar ſear ſa teani
 ſſnr dot çajnt nſ ſa mō
 açonaji miaojl ata ſan çejll
 naç nuſ bejm anaſajò gleojò.
 2lf beaz mo ſpēſ añ do ſlōr
 amje Ojſjn ba mōr baofſ
 ſnaç rajò do mājè abſjoni xējn
 aſ acoſnaò amējn zo ſmōjſ
 JS ſjine xējn do mājè an ſnjoni
 j nj hjaò clanna baofſſne boſ
 bejò do mac Ojſjn do òeojſ
 aſ jomçar leabar ban jſ cloſ
 Ofſajr ſenr do do ſlōr
 nj çajnt do òearbaſ aſ ſnjoni
 xeuemaojò aſ comaji çajch
 neart ar lãmh 'ſar mbrjſ

Thus Ofgar an fjoðeað þræp
 fto lējm Conan ameargð cājch
 fuaargraſ ermarice apan bſhējm
 ʒ fupraſ dō fējm aſ pējm būjſ
 No eprge an fhjan go garg
 acofð Ofgarj na narm nājð
 ejojr mo macfa 7 Conān maol
 gur ceanglað fʒðh aguf pājne
 fjaſſraſgeaſ Caojlce an tpeaſ ſeaſ
 do mac Cumajll nap cēleaſ tāp
 cja haea do cūācā dē
 do nʒll do gne mar atā ?
 Ingean ghvrljnn (do pājð fjoann)
 geaſa um cēann do cēp fʒ
 dul ſa bprāc an locha fñāmh
 d'fāſajl an fhājmne do cēc fʒoſ
 Nap fhjllmaojone flān on cenoc
 do pājð Conan nap bole mējm
 go mʒocſajð gvljnn ē gan mojl
 mar ccujpʒð fjoann aḡ acpuc fējm
 Chrujmngſeamajrne anojr ſa mār
 cēpreamar ſonn fʒʒāc ſaoj go deoſ
 go fhjāb gvljnn o cūājch
 go wugamar fjoann aʒ ſuājljſ ſear
 ʒlj ſeað oſ naojðcē aguf oēt lā
 būmar gan ſpāſ ag tocajlce na hrām
 go wanjc cugajnn amach
 ſuʒljonn apneſb aſ an rajm
 Cuaē ceapnaē ʒ ē lan
 do bʒ flājmi gvljnn cōjr
 do mac Cumajll nap maeð gne
 gur cōjrbʒj fʒ an tofgar aʒj

Չի ըլ օյճե ծծ աք an աօրն
 Իք e na Լոյճե ք քհօժ ցօ քան
 շայնք աճրութ քէյն քա նյան
 ք քյճ na Բքյան քna քեաճ քեանց
 Ծօ Լէյճեամար տրի ցարժա ցրօ
 քժօ շնրքիտք քրնք աք ցաճ ցլեան
 քա քաժօրնք nach քյալ քօն միյաժ
 an քսալա քօյնք քյան an տքալց
 a - p - h - a - ժ - ք - u - յ - ճ .

IV.

Լաօյծ an Գիօյճքե Բօյնք. քօն anօք.

Տքալ քեաք աքս an քիօն
 նի քճլ nach քսյնքիժ աքն ք
 an քաք Կւայլ քa քաճ ցօլ
 քa քանայն քյն քե mo քաճ
 Ծօ քանայնք քեան քլօյճ
 an քաքրժաժ նիք քօբայն na մօյլ
 տիք քսայն քa քթօլ an քեան
 an քրաճ քեաք ք քեան an
 Կօցաժ Լաօճ ժրնն mun Ռի
 քa քաճ an նիշօն քար նգար
 քյն տար քժէք աք մայնք աժ քի
 քօ քաքամօյք ք քաք քիքի քեարք
 Էյնքեամօյտ քլե ցօ տյան
 աք քիօն na քքյան աքս Ծօլ
 ժքայքյն an քրաք քa քիժ քէյն
 na քէյն աք քքալքեաժ na քօն

N'jor xhan an cupach gan teaf.
 Sur gab calad fan bporc buo gnae
 'fmar do eajnyg ayn an eaf
 ad eynge af macaom mna
 Dob jonann deallad o' f'odon eynen
 dob xheayn ameyn nof adealb
 an yngean foye tainye jecceyn
 do bamar xeyn roympe ann
 Nainye f'j poball fhynn
 'f'oo beannayg f'j go gynyn do
 do xheagayn mac Cumastl nary eyn
 go humal bynn j gan tog
 Sugeaf abxagmuyge Shustl
 ar laim dary fhynn naye Cubvll
 gae aon o' dar adeare
 ayn aceyle n'jor eumneae
 f'jafmaygeaf f'joh xa dearyg dreae
 ca haryo don ynghn alayn uyn
 ca tpeab af atangayf abean
 jnnys f'geel go maych d'ynn?
 Al f' me yngean n'jg fo eynn
 jnnedofad go eynn mo d'ayl
 n'jor xhagayf talam xa n'jadayn gynan
 nary jaryaf xeyn do xhlaych f'ayl
 byng mo f'ubayl ann gae noo
 a yngean og af maych dealb
 an t'adba fo t'angayf jecceyn
 tabayn dam xeyn xhoyf go dearyb
 No eoymyge oye of tu f'jonn
 do n'ayd nynn an macaom mna
 f' xheabayf hynlyge 'f'oo b'rad
 gab mo eoymyge go l'rae t'rae

Do nājō mo nīj ba majē xjox
 tabajr xhox cja tōj 4 do thj
 sabajmxe do čojmijxe abean
 4 gach xear da bxfjrl jcelj
 Alta njom jē xjoch do muij
 laoc af majē zoxl 4 mo lojz
 mac nīj na Sorcha jx gēr aym
 dō ba hajnm an 9loxjē borb
 Seaxa do čujneaf na čjonn
 no zo mbejymn an fhjōh do jal
 nac bēymnj ajze do mināoj
 gēr majē aghjōm aguf āgh
 Do nājō Oxfar do glōr mjr
 xear čojzčē fjn gac lōj
 no zo bxfjrlējō fjonn do gēj
 nj načxa tuja nj do mināoj
 Eñjōj Oxfar aguf Goll
 borb accoxgar lonn na ccač
 na xearam gar don tqlōš
 čjōj an xear mōr 'fan bean
 Alo čjmōjō čuzajnn 4 fdeu
 laoc fa mēu of gach xear
 afjōbal na xajjze zo djan
 fa njomhal čēona 4 gab an bean
 Clogao čeann čejmijxe xo ačeann
 ag an xhear nar čjm 'fdo bj tpe-n
 an xgjač jomlan bj ajr ačēj
 tpojmlān accleaf ajr an celē
 Zhā manōjx gajze zo mbrāō
 na xearam jngablann afgējē
 ar neart 4 gajze, ar gōjl
 nj xhaca xear mar fjn af ē

Ձև լոյծօյն տրոտ տօյրտեանիւ նար չա՞ն
 Բի լալլ ար լաօ՞ծ ան քիյր ո՞ծր
 'հայ յայր լեա՞հ օհ ա՛նօն
 աչ տեա՞ր ըօ յեւօն ան տփօյճ
 Եի՞ նեւլ լա՛ւա, Ի ուփճ ո՞յօճօ
 Կօ ան քիյր ի՛նչ քա լաօյն քրու՛
 մայ՛ զիւրա՞ծ, քա չեալ ա՞ծեւ
 Բա ի՛րայ՛ զտեւո ու չա՛հ քրու՛
 Պար ըօ լայն ան զտեւ յա՞յր
 քա քար նար ո՞յն լե՞ք ան Եփեյն
 Ի քաւա՞հ իմայլ ան քիյր
 տեա՞ր չօ ուօ՛հ քի յեւեյն
 օն տայն մար լայն յա՞յր
 Ծ'իյաքայճ ու Քի՛ ծա մայ՛ լիւծ
 ան ալեւնեան տա՞ւա ա՛ն
 ան է՛ քրօ ան քար ա՛ն քր?
 Ալեւնեյն անեյ լա՛ւալ չիյն
 ահ քրու՞ք ոյն է՛ ըօն քիւյն
 լայնքի՞ծ միք ըօ Երեյն ու
 լա մօր ըօ Երեյք քիյն քիւյն
 Այն ան լաօ՞ծ քօ քա մայ՛ լա՞հ
 ու քիօ՞ծ 'քի նար ան լաօն
 Ի Ծ'քիւրա՞յն ա՛ն ան լա
 ըօ Են ան ըօ չիւրալն քիյն
 Եւ չա՞հ Պօրնա քիւր ըօն
 չօ քրու՞ք ան ըօն ըօ իւյն
 ոյն քիւր ան լաօն ըօ Են
 ըօ չիւյն չօ քիւրնա ըօ լա՞ծ
 Ծօ լայն ըօն ան լաօն քիւր
 ա՛ն լաօն ըօն ըօ լայն ըօ
 ու չա՞հ քի լաօն ան քիյն
 մօր ան լաօն ըօ ոյն լե՞յ :

91an do tujt an fteo sa leijn
 jompojdeaf ne fejng, 'ne fjoē
 h o'fōgajn ger boib an tōm
 comrac ajn an cōgao lāoch
 Ne mujtch ōjomfa fējn af o'fjoē
 cāogao laoc nar tjm na dājl
 cja 4 tēann angajgde fa ppofo
 do geall accofo ne na lājm
 Do ceangajl tñj mōnbajn go mbvājō
 fan jomgvl cñvājō fvl do fgujn
 cja 4 dōcān ceangal na ccvīg ccōl
 4 gac ōn o'jōb fjm do cñr
 flann mac Mōrma cñvājō an cāf
 fuajn bāf gēr mōr an tēuf
 nī najb lāoc da pajng af
 gan acneaf lān do cñeuf
 91an mbejt an caogao laoc garb
 ag gabajl anarm dō go lēon
 do bejtmōj gan cabajn o neac
 da bḡāgād uājñ an ceart cōjn
 Do bejnead dā bējm go mear
 go o'jan ar gac fear o'jōb fjm
 do bejtmāoj uīle fan uājg
 da bḡhāgād rājnn comrac fjm
 Do cūajō fōll an ajgnjō mījn
 do leaoraō an fhjn ba gar o'hō
 cja be ad cīfcaō fad ann fjm
 do ba garb aḡojl fa nglēo
 bhādar acclojōmche gan tofo
 ag fnaojdead cōrp aguf fḡjāc
 acōmmajc cōmrac ag o'fj
 nī fhajcfo do arjaf nem pūe

Do torèpaò ìe zoll na napm nájš
 mac rjš na Sorcha gèr èáf epuaşò
 af mǎş talam jtaşnje an ðean
 jèr ènt anşear şjn ға eeřan
 2lòlajetear njnn eş an Eaş
 an laoc ғаr ðeann tpejşe j şnjom
 cupřar ajr ға břaşajò gaè mēojr
 řajnnē őjr anonőjr mo Rjš
 Dēş tntjm an řhjr mőjr
 4 borò an euajr, trřaş an èějm
 to bj jnşean Rjš řo ejjnn
 bljaòajr ajş řjonn řan břějn
 Leş bljaòajr to Şholl na napm nájš
 laoc donn nap èlájè jecath
 na lujşe řo ðeaşřhjoş njnn
 va lejşear ajş řjonn na břleaş
 9lačajr řějn ға deařş ořeacš
 njor eur neoè trřaş no trēn
 anoş ő tāmčajş mo èřuch
 af mjche ðam řşur dom řşēl.

S-g-e-u-l b-e-a-g a-g-u-m. ୧୯.

THE
IRISH ORIGINALS
OF THE
O D E S.

[illegible]

II.

Roſs Shojll mac Mórna.

Uir aſgneach ſoll. fear cogad' ſhinn
 laoc leabair lonn. foghair naé tinn
 ſoll cruicé caom. Saor ejneach ſráo
 ſaorſnaoſdaé a'aoib. maraſe na ſlraſ
 ſlac Mórna meap. fa cru'oa aſal.
 a éſr fa fear. fear ſejneanail ſhinn.
 laoc ſejnne'oe ſjal. ſ ſile ſlór.
 in ſaob a'éſall. laoc áob'oa móir.
 N'ſaſ do nſ. mar éſo accaé
 nſim ſlaéa ſaor. ce mſn a'éneaf.
 Uinſin in mſon, fa ſſejm ſan ſron
 ſ ſé ſ ſloine tſhſor. oſe na ſſol.
 N'ſor lag alám. fear tſejtſeal caom.
 naé tſſejſean Dáſin. accoga'ó nſam.
 Oſ barraſb beann. ſarraſ oſt noſh.
 fa heagal linn. a'éſra nſot ſhinn.
 ſe tſrom a'éſr. ſmaſ ſoll um nſó.
 ſſo móir in tſſejt. ſáſ ſluafſ do nſ.
 Caſſeam na noám. leaſraé na ſlſſſ
 conn ſaſſſſe éſſen. ſoll meanmnaé móir.
 bu' heagaſl ónt aſhinn. laoc ejnne'oe ceap.
 ſſaoc inſſſte aneap.
 U tſejm nſot. aſhinn an ſhuſt ſaſ
 ar ſoll na bſſſ. anejſſe in ſaſ.
 ſ maſſſ éaſſſſ nſ.
 ſlaſ ſan ſheall. ſſáſ éſad ar ſoll
 aſſ méad ar éeann. accaé in tſinn.

U tſejm

Ածեցիս յոտ ափսիս. Եւ զիս ի Զեալ.
 Դի՛ս Բան Եւ Զոլ. Զան Կի՛րա՛ն. Զան Կի՛րալ
 Դի՛ս Զեալ Զո Երոմ. Ածեցիս յոտ ափսիս
 ըն յոյճիկ յոմոմ. Եւ ար Եաճա Զսլ
 Զե Բան յե մայ՛. աճա՛ն յ Եոյճ.
 Եոյճ Դի՛ս Զեալ Զո. Եոյճ Դի՛ս Զեալ.
 Ասալ Դի՛ս. Ե Երեալ յ յոյճ
 Կսլ Զեալ Ե Կեալ.

Զաճա ըն Զոլ. Երեւոյճ յե Կի՛րալ
 Երեւոյճ Երեւ. Եոյճ Եաճա ի Բան.
 Դի՛ս Կաճ Ե. Դի՛ս Կալ Եոմալ Ե Կեալ
 Եոյճ յա Կի՛րալ. Երեւոյճ մար Եալ
 Եոմալ Եոյճ.

Երե Կա Եոյճ. Ե Եոյճ Ե Եոյճ.
 Ե Եոմալ Ե Եոյճ. Ե Եալ Ե Եոյճ.
 Ան Դի՛ս Զեալ Զո. Ե Եսլ յ Ե Զոլ.
 յ Եսլ յ Ե Կի՛րալ. Ե Երեւ Ե ըն Եոյճ
 Կալ Եոմալ Ե Կի՛րալ. Ե Եոմալ Ե Եոյճ.
 Ե Զոլ ըն Ե. յ Կի՛րալ Ե Երեւ.

Երեւոյճ Ե. Երեւոյճ Ե Եալ.
 Եոյճ Ե Երեւ. Ե Կի՛րալ Զո Երեւ Ե.
 Դի՛ս Ե Ե Եոմալ Ե Ե Եալ.

Եալ Ե Ե Ե. Ե Ե Ե Ե.
 Եոմալ Ե Ե. Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե
 Ե Ե Ե Ե.

Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե. Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե
 Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե. Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե
 Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե. Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե.
 Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե. Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե.

Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե. Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե.
 Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե. Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե.
 Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե Ե.

Ծօ ճնա՛ւ նա ճար. օրճան նա ԵԵՈՒ
 ո՞ր ճրա՛ծ նա մեան. Եյօն Ծա՛յն մար դի
 Բլայ՛է Լեպճա՛ւ Եաօյն. Գլա՛ւէ Լեա՛ւ ար.
 Կեար Էլի՛ք Գաօր. Կեար Երի՛կ մի.
 Մա ԵԵրաօյճա՛ւ ԵԵՕր. Լեա՛ւն ալան.
 Եա՛ւար Ծոլլ. յի՛ւաօյճա՛ւ ԵԵան.
 Երե՛յճ շի՛յօ՛ւ աճալլ. Եյ դի՛ւ՛ւ՛՛՛՛՛ Եյն
 ու Ծօ յի՛յծ ճան մեյն. Եր՛յան Կյօ՛ւ՛՛՛՛՛ օ Կիյօն
 Մի Կրար մօ մեյն. Երե՛յճմի՛ք մի՛յօւ.
 Ծի՛ծ աԿեարճալի Կի՛ւլ.
 Ծօ Գիւր մօ ճրար. ա՛ւար ճան շի՛լ.
 ա Եալ Եանա Եար. Ծօ Էլի՛ր օր ալ.
 Ծօ Էլի՛ր օր ալ. Ծօ Էլի՛ր օր ալ.

Ծօ Էլի՛ր օր ալ. Ծօ Էլի՛ր օր ալ.

III.

Միւրի Պա՛ւ Ծա՛յն Ծնի՛ Պա՛ւ Ծարալ՛ ԵԵ.
 ար նա Կերիօ՛ւ՛՛՛՛՛ ար Լու՛ն աճ Ծօ Ծօ Եաճարն.

Եաճարն ան Լու՛ն, ա Էրիօ՛ւ՛՛՛՛՛ Եա՛յն.
 Ծն Երիօն ան Ծօն Գան Եր.
 Եյօն Եայնճօլ 'նար ԵԵլի՛ Ծար ԵԵր,
 ումայն մար ԳԵլի՛ Ծայնճի Ծն.
 Տի՛լն ճարնի՛ն ճարն Ծա ճլ.
 միւր ճա՛ւ մար այնի՛ն Կիւր.
 Կա՛ւ ան Եարնճ Եր ար ԵԵլ,
 Ծնն ճօ Ծօ Ծա Եաճարն Եան

Զօյլց մե քամ' ընլ տօ ըսր.
 քե մսր տե 'հիք Զօյլց ծամ,
 մսր քյա՞նօժա՞նք նա քեալց քեան,
 տրեան նա քեանք նշխանիքօժա՞նք նշխան
 Ըսյր մե ծօ քեաքեայր ըսմ քեօյլ,
 ա Չի՞ք, ճան քաքծայծ այր նիսլ.
 Օ'ն Երջօն ճարն քիսայր մսյր մոծր,
 քե Եծյր ճլօյն ծօ ԵԵՈՒՄՆԻ ԵԵԴՆԻ.
 Պայժ մօ ըօրա՞նք այծծքեա՞նք Եր,
 Եայծծքեա՞նք ա տօրած 'քա Եաօծ,
 Լօնց ճեգա՞նք ծօնծգա՞նք Երան,
 Դէսած ըէստա՞նք ըրօնծգա՞նք ըսմ.
 Լօնց ճան Ելաք ա ԵԵԱՅԻՐ արմ,
 ճան քեա՞նք ա քեաժան նա քտօրմ.
 քեօլԵայր տրե ըլար նա ԵԵԵԱՆ ղարն
 մար Եսծ քալ մարն ճա՞նք ճլեան ճօրմ.
 Երե ճիսանծա՞նք ճա՞նք Երիք Երա՞նք,
 այր քյարլան Եա ճայիք ան ճաօ՞ն
 Լիսքեած Եայր ըստա՞նք նա ԵԵԴՅՈՒՅ,
 արմա՞նք ա քյօք ք' ա քրաօք
 Տիլօք քաԵԴր քօյլեյմեա՞նք Երեան
 քօյլեյմեա՞նք մար Երաճօն ԵԴր,
 ԵրեալԼօնց նա քեօլԵրաժա՞նք քաօր,
 Եաօծ քրեալԼօմ օրիլա՞նք Եր.
 Երիք ըէստա՞նք նաժրա՞նք նշխօծա՞նք
 ճարք Եեանծալա՞նք ըյօքրա՞նք նա ԵԵՈՅ,
 քիլօք քիսքըսմ ք' քաօծրա՞նք քեարք,
 նա քքրաք ըսօր քրեարք մԵաօճա՞նք մԵօրմ.
 Եյօժալայց քիլ արի՞նք նա քալ
 Եար Լիլ ք' ճա՞նք նի՞ծ Եսք Եեան
 ճան Եաօճալ Եար Եօլգայն նա քօլ.
 ա քօլ քեաք ԵօրԵայն նա մԵԵԱՆ.

Ան տաճրան շեանդայի.

Եւանայժ ան լոնցսո անոնն տար դալե այժ Ծուլ
 Եւեւալե շրմբալե լրնորալե լան-ժիլոժ,
 ան շրեւտալե դժոնդալե իրնեալե լան շրջոյմալե
 մարեւալե ծրոննալե շւծարեալե ալեւալե.

Ալեւոյն այր յոգա շրջոյտ նեալե Ծ'քւալայժ ան իւրայժ,
 նար Երիւթեար ծոն Երիւթն նա (Ծոն) լոնցսո նա Երիւթն ծո Երիւթ.
 Երիւթ մայր ծոյթե յ շաւրթե յ շաւրթե յ շաւրթե 'նա շաւրթե
 օ շաւրթայժ Ծ'քն Երիւթ ծո Երիւթ նա Երիւթ ծոն 'քրայն.

THE
IRISH ORIGINALS
OF THE
ELEGIES.

T H E
I R I S H O R I G I N A L S
O F T H E
E . L E G I E S .

I.

O Ḥarān cēt.

fēac̃ oram a inḡean Eoḡan, me ḡ'n ēaḡ ar naḡbeoḡaḡo
 cḡ nḡḡo ḡ doḡḡeanta ḡnḡḡ a noḡnealta ḡḡor ḡnḡḡ
 Na baḡ mar cāc̃ a'm' ēnḡe, fēac̃ ḡar' ḡḡḡe orḡḡe,
 nḡ ḡurab inḡheāc̃ta ar noḡeac̃, a ḡe ēeḡnēalta ēraḡḡeac̃.
 Oḡ ḡaḡa an tḡeḡmḡe ac̃āḡ ḡoḡ. ḡan aḡe aḡ aonḡḡaḡo oram,
 a nḡan ḡlḡḡ baḡc̃ana ḡneāḡ, ḡḡor mēaḡbaḡḡḡ ḡ mēḡḡean.
 ḡḡana ḡḡḡḡḡear nḡo ḡneḡ ḡnḡ ḡac̃ anḡuaḡ ḡa ḡḡil orḡḡ,
 ḡul ḡa ēḡaḡ ḡ ēḡḡoē ḡom ēeāḡ, nḡ ḡḡḡoē o ḡaḡḡ mo leḡḡeāḡ.
 Coḡaḡḡe ḡḡe leḡḡḡoḡ mo lḡc̃, ḡo ēḡeḡḡeāḡ ḡac̃ ḡḡ orḡḡḡe,
 orḡ ḡēḡ ḡḡḡḡeāḡmar ne cāc̃ a ḡholc̃ ḡhoḡḡeāḡac̃ ḡḡḡḡḡac̃.
 ḡhaḡḡḡ, ḡḡḡ a ḡḡaḡear mār, ḡo ḡaḡaḡ ḡoḡ aḡ tḡomḡḡāḡ,
 coḡneāḡ mo ēḡḡḡe ne a ēḡḡ, tḡḡ me ḡeḡḡ, le ḡḡḡḡḡḡ.
 Rḡn nar noēḡamar ḡo neac̃, a ēḡl ḡholc̃raḡmar ḡḡḡḡeac̃
 a loḡ a nḡeapḡa ḡnḡ, ḡḡḡḡḡor nḡḡ (ḡraē) mo ēḡeāḡlḡḡ
 ḡ, uar an ēḡḡeantaḡ ḡo, a ḡḡaḡ ḡnḡḡealtaḡ ḡḡḡḡḡlan.

Cvii

[illegible]

Pó nap bolc leij é, molfað mje gráð mo epojðe ;
 jf pó nap bolc leij é, fuyðfe mé le na éaojb ;—
 pó nap bolc leij é, mje ajeijne tuj lap a épojðe,
 'fa péalz an tfolajf am béal a íobajl, jf tu breojð mo épojðe.
 'Sa ója ójljf epeao o ðjonfaf, ma jmijn tu uajm ?
 mjl eolaq éum do éjje agum, éum do éijnð na do élujo :
 tá mo óájoj faoj leatpom aguf mo máimj faoj brón ;—
 tá mo faolta go mor a ffeijnz hom, aguf mo gráð bfað uajm.
 Tá fmíje ajr mo ííjle 'fmjor éoasj me néal,
 ac a fmíjneam opfa, ééao gráð ; má bfhao an oje a jeir ;
 faoj do éupfajðefe do ójulta me an domian ule go leir ;—
 'fa épaebjn évbapca cao af a habarfafa do leabar am brejs ?

III.

Almpeatajn jf mjeijnm fhaéapajð an tárofhlaje elv
 bachuf gan éjfeacht, jf gēar thu atpācht ar cevl
 Alchapajð na hējfe do ífapath óáimh go hír
 mjo bajtpeabbach an fhēle gur eag tu a Sheajn de bupe
 Al dubbach do dhejghe atájo tjaagheapajð lan do chímhajð
 aphlv na tpeabh buð gaolmhan cájl aguf elv ;
 buð fvgāch fjal an tárofhlaigh Seāan de bupe
 'fgo Dvñ-mór ó thjall fe ta an fjadh fa Rúf ajr gevl
 An fjalphear fāimh jf fēam do thujgeadh gach évj
 anjar gach óáimh buð gnāth leij ejneach jf elv
 fjalgh chíhehe fūjl, 'fna Rúf ao jmghjð ajr cevl
 O thjall an báf ajr Sheāan mhac^{en} chojmejl bīpe

Mleac ata do ghearr-chlár do ari gheis uir chumafas bhreath
 ann aló bhí fíneamhuil. fíoríre, chlud-fíais aguf Ráir
 is leat abheith pléideamhuil ceimeamhuil mar af follas do chách
 'fíur ari do thaisírdh go láeéamhuil tá pléifur chonnaí ar lár
 Cja do chuipíeaf cluithmhíde na Ráir ar fíubhal?

cja bhéaríeaf buaíó an chuipíais go connacht no báir gach clí
 cja bhéaríeaf chugairín le cumaí an pláta ón munnáin
 o téag uáin coinnéal nacuídeachta Seáan de buir
 Alrochlait mhóir bheir ceannaí a eelí fa fíoríre
 is ann do lán halla buidh gnath aiteaf is nuairdeacht-céol
 níl ann áit aca ach gáir fíneadaisí fíoríre is bírdh
 fímo chraith deapach an fíadmaireach abheith na lúghe an-
 duinní

910 ghearr-chlár an té rí chuipí an báir ar eelí
 o léis rí go céir eelírdh go eelí na Munnáin
 mri ach gur éag uáin an gearr fíneamhuil Seáan de buir
 m bheiríeaf Sír Eudáir coinníeí rí an pláta 4 fíubal
 Tá ceat ag gach maireach ó eelí na mrián
 éacht le na neaíeírdh gan gearraí fírdh
 tá ariírdh gan allas le fíaisí a tuairín
 níl gearr abacaí nuair naé mairíeaf agafí Seáan de bíre
 Seáit ceat deag gan bíeírdh is dá fíeírdh 4 bíre
 go ceair a Sé, do mri an dáta nuith
 o éacht mri Dé dá fíeírdh o eelí an ubail
 go teaf an lae fírdh éag éir Sheáin de bíre
 Alí dubháir an Green club ag caoineat o báiríeaf éir
 aguf íeaf na tíre éóirdehe an fíeírdh chinn
 tá an fíeírdh fírdhírdh fírdh mo éírdh gan bírdh
 aguf fírdh eírdhírdh mírdh do mriírdh ari Sheáan de bíre.

och! h̄ t̄āac̄ lag abjom, fmo f̄lajnte uajm da f̄m̄ðem,
 le gn̄ad̄ ceapc̄ don m̄n̄oj̄ d̄o ēp̄ej̄ me.
 f̄go d̄ob̄aj̄ l̄jom da m̄oj̄ðeam: ac̄ f̄lan leat am̄oj̄n!
 o d̄f̄āgaj̄ me aj̄ d̄j̄c̄ na c̄ej̄lle.
 S̄oo beap̄m̄n̄n̄ aleabar gan b̄p̄ej̄ḡ ònt̄ le f̄d̄ub̄on̄n,
 go n̄ðeap̄m̄n̄n̄ tu do c̄oḡad̄ aj̄ ceat̄ beap̄.
 f̄go nāc̄aj̄n̄ leat an̄on̄n̄ taj̄n̄ t̄p̄ēn̄m̄n̄r̄ na t̄on̄n̄,
 “ f̄go t̄p̄ej̄ḡf̄m̄ an̄ d̄on̄ian go l̄ej̄n̄ op̄c̄*.”
 map̄ an̄ðap̄ tu an̄ am̄ go n̄ēl̄od̄ tu l̄jom
 h̄ t̄p̄ej̄c̄ m̄j̄f̄e f̄ann̄ gan ēj̄p̄eac̄t̄,
 map̄ ēn̄ḡej̄c̄ anḡleann̄, gan ēj̄m̄ gan meab̄aj̄
 f̄oj̄ ḡeaga na ceap̄m̄ um̄ āe-nap̄.
 Staj̄m̄f̄j̄ lag, h̄ m̄m̄ ēp̄oj̄ðe ta an̄ ēneat̄
 f̄af̄ dejn̄j̄n̄ nāc̄ gar̄ d̄am̄ f̄āe-f̄jom̄!
 le h̄jom̄ap̄c̄aj̄ð̄ f̄eap̄c̄ do p̄l̄r̄ na m̄ban̄,
 f̄a p̄j̄ob̄ map̄ eola aj̄ āen̄l̄oc̄.
 āol̄oj̄ðe d̄aj̄c̄e c̄j̄op̄c̄a ca-f̄da,
 f̄l̄āe-j̄mac̄ f̄na-f̄da c̄p̄āe-b̄ac̄!
 f̄m̄up̄ b̄f̄h̄n̄ḡe me o ceap̄c̄ bej̄c̄ map̄ c̄ej̄le leat,
 h̄ t̄ēj̄j̄n̄ gur̄ gar̄ āt̄ēūḡ d̄am̄

* This, and another line, marked with inverted commas, were wanting in the copy when it was first obtained; but as the sense was perfect without them, it was translated, and sent to press.—Since that, these lines were supplied from recollection, and are here given to the Irish reader.

V.

Thug me an òuàjre 7 bajreac' hóm, m'as-tar fme aji ejf mo
 òr'basl,

aji uàjś mo òaraò fto meapajś fji paòapc mo òr'l
 nj b'fuaji me agum 7 me falcac' na nteor' so h'v',
 ac' epuaò leac' òajngcan aji leabajò na ep'ab' po'cunāñ.

Nj tpean mo labajre fe meafom nac' èv'f nājre,
 aen bo'et f'gajce me 7 èojlleaf mo èr'l bājre,

njel pjon, njl peanajò, njel galpa co tptom ep'ajce,
 le heug na ccarac', no f'garac' na ccompānac'.

9Jo leun! mo òeacaji! mo mjlleac'! mo b'ron, f'mo èrac'!

mo èeol èr'v'c mjlf! mo b'juneaf! mo f'ajòb'poj' vāji!

cja hojg'èac' aji òvne bej'c aji bujleac', no b'peji mar' tajm!
 no t'èopa fola to òjleac' to òejś sac' lā.

THE
IRISH ORIGINALS
OF THE
SONGS.

T H E
I R I S H O R I G I N A L S
O F T H E
S O N G S.

I.

Alf mjan lhom tpař ap blac na xinne
Šnueřj an ajnnjř ģ řřřařđ
řřupab ř řuř bāřř accařl řa tñřřj
ařř mnařb břāađ řļce na ccvřgeađ
Cja be bjađ na hařce đaořđce řđo lōj
nj baōřal đo ađtñřře đaořđce no břōn
ařře an řřořřn třřřm ģ aōřbne mēřj
řř cřl na ccpaebh řna břhāřnnjř
Altaōb mup ael řa řřōb mřř řēřř
řa řnaōj mřř řřēřj ađřamřařđ
naē tapařđ đon te đř řeallađ mař řřře
bheřē ajeřře řeug na ccamđlaōj
ař řuařře řař řāřm đo řāřce řřnařmřl
ař ālřnn đeāř đo řřřlřlař
ře ēlřnnjř gaē lā ařř cūch đa ajeřř
řup řāřnnēāē cař đo cřltařř

Sjro mar adejpm lej anōjgmnaoj řějñ
 b̄xujl azlōr njoř b̄jñe no cēol nanēñ
 n̄l řjanř no řreann d̄ř řmrajm̄ř cēāñ
 naē b̄xhřřčear go c̄jñte az řracey
 Alrb na řerō ar oluřčōear dēar
 aērl na cēraēb řna b̄xh̄ajm̄ř
 řjō jonm̄m̄ñ h̄om řejñ ēr
 řdadajm̄ don řřēal. aēh dōlřajm̄
 řan b̄řēř dō řlājñte.

II.

Ce be ab̄xujl ře andāñ dō
 alāmh ab̄ejch řaoj na c̄jññ
 meafujm̄ nach eagal b̄āř dō
 go b̄rāch no ann ab̄ēo b̄ejt c̄jññ
 2lehrl dēar na mbachall řājñneach řjññ
 achom m̄r̄ eala řle řnāmh ajr ac̄ññ
 řrādh 7 řrēř dōñ řařrajō; M̄ājble řějñ n̄ Čheallajō
 dēud ar dēře ar leagāō anāruř c̄jññ
 Sn̄el cēol d̄ar b̄jñe āřeolaō an d̄ujne
 nach ar bēol dō t̄ujře arāō an řgaē cējm̄
 řa řruajō mar Rōř an d̄rjēle. ar bran na cōmarřa an
 h̄le
 arořř ar m̄jñe řlajře blāč no an ērāēbh

Se dejn ɣac ollam molað elār iʃol nējll
 ɣo ceujpēa na corpa collað le ɣārɣuɛ bējll
 njei amruɣ ljom ann. aʃām lābrach bjnn
 ach olcar lynn ɣo ɣynn do iʃlājnte ɣējn
 Odeagadar na mna mānla
 ajr aɣāɛtaɣɔɣ an doṃan ɣo lējn
 meafnm nach ɣuɣl na nāɣt ann
 ach Mājble le cljr ɣɔach cējm
 2ln ɣacht ɣac dujne accājɣeacɛ ɣa ceējll
 aɣ āɣimrɔ don ɣhje aɣāɣajl ōn tējɣ
 cɣl na ceɣaeb jɣ ɣjune, lɣb na tēaɔ aɣ bjune
 ɣnuad na ɣeɣe ɣjle bɣājɣe ɣa tāeb.
 Njei aen da bɣeje naɛ jonɣantaɛ acleas
 nach nējɣɣɔɣ aɣeɣt ambarr na ceɣaeb
 ɣa tē nach lējn do an cōjuneal
 lān do ɣpejɣ alejmbh
 ɣj aɣ ɣearr mējn jɣ tɣɣɣ do nājɣrn ɣaɛdeal
 Sj aɣ deɣe coɣɣa boɣɣa lāmb ɣ bēal
 pējne moɣɣ jɣ ɣnlt aɣāɣ ɣo ɣēj
 ta an bājne ɣo lynn
 aʃāruɣaɔh luɛt ɣynn
 ɣa pāð ɣo bɣuajr me aɣ ɣhojll. aɣ āɣimr ljom ē

III.

Inġeant tazz na mbānējōch jf ājlne no laējge b'xuaēē
 do p'pōnīxhujl cōlla dā ērjōē adxāf t'jōd a'xhēāma māf
 don t'pāoj da pa'gmaō nōān do bejē nōājl na mbajj nōēēē
 4 cuājre

do mōjēx'ō lea'fa an tājleagan xar xāf g'nī an ēuda uāf
 Ta cōjri ar la'faō dāpōxhujl na sāb'x'faē dēanta jo
 g'n'f'ajō

7 on lōch meap Conall cēapnaē ēn'p āpēāē ne'jriin uājri
 f'zan b'pōn doo g'ōl njo' tājne a blājē ēōjri na mēuplag luāē
 do p'jōg'xhujl Cholla p'jōg'pajō lonna ō g'ae'ōeal g'la'f do g'luā'j
 Ta dāē na heala eelō'ōjōn ne bēo g'n'j'f na cēōp a'f'pā'ri
 jna leaca g'lojri na hōjg jn'j'ne jf p'ōf l'jōnta b'pāon a'xāf
 g'ae' planōa tēaf da cōp'n'ōlōjē xop'g'ōj'le x'ōntaj'f t'lājē
 f'g'ae' pab'pāō tēaf da bēol cāōjri dēōbap'ēāō f'jri d'ōj'ne
 ōn mbāf

Ta dēap'g'xhujl cēap'f f'jōl Rōjg 7 mōp'cōlla an p'jg tuz bā'ri
 gan f'ap'p'g'āō ap'p'g'āō g'ae' nō'p'ajg don p'ōm'jōnla mōjēg'jl blājē
 af dēal'baē o'j'p'jōg'āō amēōp m'jri ar f'jōl f'jōf le f'pāōnaō
 lām

f'g'ae' m'jri ōj v'le ar l'j na l'jle ō b'pōjg'ējō g'o lār.

IV.

bean dub an gleaḡa.

Abḡacaḡ tu? no an ceḡala tu an ḡtuine dob aille ḡnaoḡ?
 iḡgleanta duba ḡme iḡ uaḡḡioḡ, ḡan ḡuaḡiḡioḡ do lá no
 ḡiḡḡe,

beḡiḡ caoḡi acḡuaḡioḡḡ do buaḡi me ḡdo énaḡaḡḡ mo érioḡḡe,
 mo beaḡaḡḡ ḡheḡi ḡo buaḡ lei ḡa ḡi an ceuaḡ ḡḡ be aḡe iḡbiḡḡ
 Aba ḡe ḡḡioḡḡa iḡriḡioḡḡa do éom ḡeaḡḡ ḡdo iḡala éael
 ḡdo beḡiḡ taḡuḡḡ ḡaoḡ ḡiḡ na ḡaoḡḡḡiḡ do neaḡaḡ beaḡḡ,
 do éroḡ aḡ ḡiḡe ḡaḡ iḡḡe, ioḡa an ḡḡoḡa ḡiḡa eluḡi na iḡean,
 ḡaḡ buaḡḡa éraḡḡḡe bḡiḡḡe iḡaḡi aḡmaoḡiḡiḡ aḡ ḡḡaḡuḡiḡ lei.
 Nuaiḡ aḡeaḡeaḡ i do éḡiḡ me, le ḡḡi ḡeaḡe ḡa ḡiḡaḡ ḡoḡa
 ḡiḡḡ.

aḡioḡa éḡoḡa ḡleḡal, aḡḡoḡḡeaḡ, ḡa ḡlaoḡ ḡhoḡc oḡi,
 ba ḡiḡe aḡeaḡ na Deḡroḡe éuiḡ láeḡa na ḡiḡḡe aḡ ḡḡoḡḡ,
 ḡna blánaḡ iḡiḡ na ceḡáeḡioḡḡ le aḡ tḡaḡeḡaḡ na iḡiḡḡe
 tḡḡon.

Abḡuḡ na iḡban, na tḡḡḡ me a baéḡlaḡ le ḡaḡḡe ḡá ḡoḡi,
 ḡan éui ḡan iḡeaḡ ḡan beaḡa aḡ blaéḡeaḡaḡḡ iḡ bḡuḡḡean
 iḡ ḡleḡ,

iḡ éuiḡ do ḡiḡḡḡiḡ tḡeaḡḡa bḡeaḡa ḡaoḡḡeḡḡe ḡuḡe oḡḡḡe an
 ḡhoḡiaḡiḡ,

ḡdo ḡḡuḡḡuḡiḡ ḡoḡiḡ na ḡeḡe ḡo leiḡḡeaḡe ḡna iḡleḡaḡ iḡoḡi.

M Ä O N ;

A N

I R I S H T A L E.

T t

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE story of the following Tale is to be found in the ancient history of Ireland, and is related by KEATING, O'HALLORAN, WARNER, &c.

T O

Mr. and Mrs. T R A N T,

T H I S

T A L E

Is respectfully addressed,

By their obliged,

And most obedient Servant,

Charlotte Brocke.

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

ACcomplish'd Pair ! these simple lays,
With favour's eye peruse ;
And take from me, in artless phrase,
The message of the Muse.

A Muse, who ne'er, on Pindus' mount,
Trode inspiration's ground ;
Nor drank sweet frenzy from the fount,
Where raptures breathe around.

But a bright Power, whom Nature forms,
And Nature's scenes inspire ;
Who mounts the winds, and rides the storms,
And glows with Heaven's own fire !

Who train'd, of old, our fires to fame,
And led them to the field ;
Taught them to glow with Freedom's flame,
And Freedom's arms to wield.

With the wild WAR-SONG fir'd the foul,
And sped the daring blow !—
Or, bow'd to Pity's soft controul,
Wept o'er a dying foe.

Or

Or search'd all Nature's treasures round,
 To deck a favourite fair;
 Or tun'd to love a tender found,
 And fang a faithful pair.

This power, while late my couch I prefs'd,
 To mental fight appear'd;
 To my charm'd soul sweet words address'd,
 By waking Fancy heard.

Shrin'd in the form of reverend age,
 The friendly vision came;
 Rob'd as of old, a Bardic Sage,
 And took ^a Craffiné's name.

" O thou, (he cry'd) whose timid mind
 " Its purpose would delay!
 " Half shrinking from it,—yet inclin'd,—
 " Half daring, to essay.

" Let not the frown of critic wrath,
 " Or smile of critic scorn,
 " Affright thee from the splendid path,
 " Fame and the Muse adorn.

" The

^a C^{ra}ffⁿⁱné, a celebrated Irish Bard who flourished in A. M. 3648. *Vide*
 KEATING.

- “ The critic storm, that proudly rends
“ The oaks of Learning’s Hill,
“ Will pass thy shrub, that lowly bends,
“ Nor deign its growth to kill.
- “ Shine, while thou can’st, pale trembling beam,
“ Ere sun’s eclipse thy ray ;
“ Thy little star awhile may gleam,
“ ’Till Phœbus brings the day.
- “ For oft the Muse, a gentle guest,
“ Dwells in a female form ;
“ And patriot fire, a female breast,
“ May sure unquestion’d warm.
- “ No more thy glorious task refuse,
“ Nor shrink from fancy’d harms,
“ But, to the eye of Britain’s Muse,
“ Present a sister’s charms.
- “ Thee hath the sweet enchantress taught
“ The accents of her tongue ;
“ Pour’d on thine ear her lofty thought,
“ Celestial as the song.
- “ Now let her see thy grateful heart
“ With fond ambition burn,
“ Proud if thou can’st, at least in part,
“ Her benefits return.

- “ Long, her neglected harp unstrung,
 “ With glooms encircl'd round;
 “ Long o'er its silent form she hung,
 “ Nor gave her soul to found.

 “ Rous'd from her trance, again to reign,
 “ And re-assert her fame,
 “ She comes, and deigns thy humble strain
 “ The herald of her claim.

 “ Swells not thy soul with noble pride,
 “ This honor to embrace,
 “ Which partial fates for thee decide,
 “ With such distinguish'd grace?—

 “ Coward!—from the bright path assign'd,
 “ Thy feet had turn'd away,
 “ From the bright prize thine eye declin'd,
 “ Too weak for Glory's ray:

 “ Did not a steadier soul exhort,
 “ A steadier counsel guide,
 “ With zeal thy timid mind support,
 “ And its vain terrors chide.

 “ I know the Pair by Genius lov'd,
 “ By every Muse inspir'd,
 “ Who thy unpractis'd strains approv'd,
 “ And thy ambition fir'd!

“ To

“ To *them* the Muse^b of ancient days

“ Avows the tribute due ;

“ To *them* her grateful thanks she pays,

“ And—coward!—not to you.

“ What should she do her love to shew?—

“ From all her ample store,

“ What favours can her hand bestow

“ That were not theirs before ?

“ Yes, she can add those generous joys,

“ That sympathy of hearts,

“ Which kindred sentiment employs,

“ And worth to worth imparts.

“ Go then to thy accomplish’d friends ;

“ The Muse commands thee go ;

“ Bear them the grateful gift she sends,

“ ’Tis all she can bestow.

“ Bear them the pride of ancient days ;

“ Truth, science, virtue, fame ;

“ The lover’s faith, the poet’s praise,

“ The patriotic flame !

U u

“ All

^b The mention of *the Muse*, in this place, may appear rather too classical, but the ancient Irish had their Muse, as well as the Greeks and Romans, and her name was *bē-ḡubá*.

- “ All in the royal Pair confefs'd,
“ Whose TALE the Bard purfues ;
“ Like them, united, grac'd and blefs'd
“ By Virtue, and the Mufe,
-

T H E

T A L E.

BOW'D to dark Cobthach's fierce command,
When struggling Erin groan'd ;
And, crush'd beneath his bloody hand,
Her slaughter'd sons bemoan'd ;

Of all whose honest pity dar'd
One tear humane to shed ;
My life alone the savage spar'd,
Nor touch'd the sacred head.

Protected by the Muse's pow'r,
And the Bard's hallow'd name,
I scap'd the death-devoted hour,
The hour of blood and shame !

When Nature pleaded, Pity wept,
 And Conscience cry'd in vain ;
 When all the powers of vengeance slept
 Upon a monarch slain.

Shock'd History, from the dreadful day,
 Recoil'd with horror pale,
 And, shrinking from the dire display,
 Left half untold the tale !

But I, sad witness of the scene !
 Can well its woes attest ;
 When the dark blade, with murder keen,
 Spar'd not a brother's breast^b.

When Nature, precient as my soul,
 With earthquakes rock'd the ground ;
 Air bade its deepest thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash'd around !

While,

^b Cobthach, a prince of an envious and aspiring temper, repining at the greatness of his brother, Laoghaire Lork, then monarch of Ireland, determined to wade through murder to the throne. To effect this purpose, he pretended illness, and was constantly and affectionately visited by his unsuspecting brother ; but finding that he still came attended, and, therefore, gave no opportunity for the meditated blow, he requested a private interview with him ; it was granted, and the following day appointed for the purpose ; Laoghaire came, but found his brother apparently dead ; and bending over him, in the bitterness of his sorrow, was stabbed, by the perfidious and ungrateful Cobthach, to the heart. See KEATING, WARNER, &c.

While, on each blasting beam, ^{thin} ~~their~~ forms,
 (The fons of death) were rear'd ;
 And, louder than the mingling storms,
 The shrieks of ghosts were heard !

Till, Oh ! dark, cheerless, slow and late,
 The burden'd morn arose ;
 When forth, to meet impending fate,
 Alone the monarch goes.

In vain some guard do I conjure ;
 No heed will he bestow :
 I follow to the fatal door,—
 I hear the deadly blow !—

Hold, villain, hold !—but short'ning breath
 Arrests my feeble cries ;
 And seals awhile, in transient death,
 My light-detesting eyes.

Yet soon, to further horrors doom'd,
 I rais'd my sickening head ;
 And Life her languid pow'rs resum'd,—
 To see Life's comfort fled.

The groans of Death around me rise,
 Scarce yet distinctly heard !
 While Fate, to my unclosing eyes,
 In bloody pomp appear'd !—

As when the Spirit of the Deep
 His dreadful course maintains ;
 While his loos'd winds o'er Ocean sweep,
 And gloomy horror reigns !

Satiate with groans, and fierce with blood,
 The dark malignant power
 Rides, in grim triumph, o'er the flood,
 And rules the deathful hour !

So the dire Cobthach, drunk with gore,
 And glorying to destroy ;
 Aloft victorious horrors bore,
 And smil'd with hideous joy.

Cloſe by the murder'd Monarch's ſide,
 The earth brave Ollioll ^c prefs'd ;
 A dagger, bath'd in life's warm tide,
 Yet quivering in his breaſt.

Clasp'd round the dying Prince's neck,
 His little Maon ^d lay ;
 While the third dagger roſe to ſtrike
 Its unrefiſting prey.

Rous'd

^c Ollioll Aine, ſon to Laoghaire Lorc, who was thus murdered by his brother Cobthach.

^d Maon, ſon to Ollioll Aine.

Rous'd at that fight ; to madness flung,
 I rush'd amid the foe ;
 And, o'er the trembling victim flung,
 I met the destin'd blow.

O happy wound ! close to my breast,
 (Tho' streaming from the knife)
 My precious charge, thus sav'd, I press'd,
 And guarded him with life.

Shock'd at the sacrilegious stroke,
 The arm of death recoil'd ;
 While from the croud the passions broke
 That in their bosoms boil'd.

The royal blood, that round them stream'd,
 They could with calmness view ;
 But, for the Bard, their frenzy deem'd
 The fiercest vengeance due !

A thousand swords to guard me rose,
 Amid the conflict's roar ;
 While safe, from his surrounding foes,
 My trembling charge I bore.

Long while he seem'd, with life alone,
 To scape that fatal day ;
 For Reason, from his little throne,
 In terror fled away.

While

While thus bereft of sense he grew,
 No fears the court invade,
 And safe in the Ufurper's view,
 The beauteous maniac play'd.

Reason, at length, a second dawn,
 With cheering lustre, shèd ;
 And, from the Tyrant's pow'r withdrawn,
 To Munster's King we fled.

There, long conceal'd from every foe,
 Beneath the royal care,
 I saw my lovely scion grow,
 And shoot its branch in air.

Oh, while I view'd his blooming face,
 And watch'd his opening mind ;
 While, in a form of matchless grace,
 I saw each virtue shrin'd ;

With more than a parental pride,
 My throbbing heart o'erflow'd ;
 And each fond thought, to hope ally'd,
 With sweet prediction glow'd !

One daughter, bright in beauty's dawn,
 The royal cares beguil'd ;
 All sportive as the gladfome fawn,
 And as the moon-beam mild.

Like

Like the first infants of the spring,
 Sweet opening to the view ;
 Fann'd by the breeze's tender wing,
 And fresh with morning dew.

Such were fair Moriat's growing charms,
 So bright her dawning sky ;
 And beauty, young, with early harms,
 Was cradled in her eye.

By ties of sweet attraction drawn,
 And pair'd by infant love,
 Oft, lightly sporting o'er the lawn,
 The royal children rove ;

Together chase the gilded fly,
 Or pluck the blooming flower ;
 Or boughs, with busy hands, supply,
 To weave the little bower.

But now, as years and stature grow,
 Maturer sports arise ;
 Now Mäon bends the strongest bow,
 And Moriat gives the prize.

Light dance the happy hours along,
 To love's enchanting lay ;
 And pleasure tunes ~~her~~ sweetest song !
 And every scene is gay.

But soon each beauteous vision flies

That blissful fancy forms ;
As the soft simile of azure skies
Is chaf'd by chiding storms.

Again fate frowns, and dangers frown—

The bloody Cobthach hears—
Once more the dagger threatens to drown
In Mäon's blood his fears.

And must we fly?—must Mäon's heart

Its Moriat then forego?—
Must he with every comfort part,
To shun his cruel foe?—

He must ; there are no other means

Of life or safety nigh ;
Our only hope on Gallia leans,
And thither must he fly.

What tears!—what anguish!—what despair!—

At length he bade adieu ;
Ah when again his faithful fair,—
His native land to view?—

“ Yes, soon again ! (he proudly cries ;)

“ In vengeance too array'd !

“ On this right arm my hope relies,

“ And Gallia's friendly aid.”

But

But Mäon knew not yet, how near,
 How tenderly ally'd,
 To his own blood ;—how very dear
 The victims that had dy'd.

First, his weak health, and tender years,
 Bade the dire truth conceal,
 Which after, (though from different fears,)
 We did not dare reveal.

For when, 'as strength and knowledge grew,
 He heard the tale unfold ;
 But half its horrors giv'n to view,
 And half his wrongs untold :

When, but as kindred to his fire,
 The Monarch's death he heard ;
 Then, in his soul's quick mounting fire,
 His royal race appear'd.

Indignant passions fill'd his eye,
 And from his accents broke ;
 While the pale lip, and bursting sigh,
 His burden'd soul bespoke.

In vain, his fury to assuage,
 I every art bestow'd ;
 Still, with the rash resolves of rage,
 His restless bosom glow'd.

In such a cause, his arm alone
 Of ample *force* he deems ;
 And, to pluck murder from its throne,
 A slight adventure seems.

His youth, his rashness I bewail'd,—
 I trembled to behold ;
 And fear, and pitying love prevail'd
 To leave dire truths untold.

To Gallia now fate call'd—still, still
 His birth we dar'd not shew ;
 We dreaded lest some fatal ill
 Should from the knowledge flow.

Youth's headlong passions mov'd our fears
 The secret to secure,
 Till practis'd thought, and manlier years,
 His mind and arm mature.

When, from his weeping Moriat torn,
 He bade the last adieu ;
 When from her sight—her palace borne,
 He ceas'd its walls to view ;

Then fresh distractions fill'd his breast,
 The fears of anxious love ;
 Ah !—by some happier youth address'd,—
 Should Moriat faithless prove !

He stopp'd—his frame with anguish shook ;
With groans his bosom rose ;
The wildness of his air and look
My soul with terror froze.

“ Dear guardian of my orphan state !
(At length he faltering cry'd,)

“ Thee too—thee too his cruel fate
“ From Mäon must divide !

“ To tend thy lovelier pupil's youth,
“ Do thou behind remain ;
“ Remind her of her Mäon's truth,
“ His constancy, his pain.

“ Thou who hast form'd my Moriat's heart,
“ With sweet and happy skill ;
“ Obedient to thy gentle art,
“ And fashion'd to thy will :

“ O still that heart, those wishes guide
“ Beneath soft Love's controul ;
“ Whate'er in absence may betide,
“ To shake me from her soul.

“ Should ever, from that beauteous breast,
“ Its fond impression stray ;
“ Should aught e'er chase the tender guest,
“ With thoughtless mirth away ;

“ Then

“ Then let thy sweet and melting hand

“ On the soft harp complain,

“ More skilful than the magic wand,

“ Awake the powerful strain.

“ To call, like spirits from their sphere,

“ Each trembling passion round,

“ Its spellful potency to hear,

“ And sigh to ev'ry sound !

“ The mournful sweetness soon will bring

“ To mind her Mäon's woe ;

“ And mem'ry, o'er the tender string,

“ In faithful tears will flow.

“ Alas, thine eye rejects my prayer !

“ O yet, let pity sway !

“ Or see vain life no more my care,

“ Or now consent to stay !”

Distracted,—shock'd at his command ;

In vain all arts I try'd,

His cruel purpose to withstand,

And with him still abide :

In vain all arguments addrest,

In vain did I implore ;

He wept—he strain'd me to his breast,—

But left me on the shore.

Sad,

Sad, devious, carelefs of their courfe,
 My lonely fteps return'd,
 While forrow drain'd its weeping fource,
 And age's anguifh mourn'd.

Bereft of him for whom alone
 Life deign'd to keep a care,
 For him I heav'd the ceafelefs groan,
 And breath'd the ceafelefs pray'r.

I only liv'd at his request,
 His bidding to obey;
 And chear his Moriat's faithful breaft,
 To wafting grief a prey.

From her fair eye to wipe the tear,
 Her guardian and her guide:
 Dear to my heart! but doubly dear,
 As Mäon's deftin'd bride.

O, abfence! tedious thy delay,
 And fad thy hours appear;
 While numbering fighs recount each day
 That fills the long, long year.

Yet not devoid of hope we griev'd,
 For oft glad tidings came;
 Oft our reviving foulds receiv'd
 The news of Mäon's fame.

The prince of Gallia's fertile land,
 To Erin's throne ally'd,
 Grac'd his young kinsman with command,
 And plac'd him near his side.

Together o'er the martial field
 They chase the routed foe ;
 Together war's fierce terrors wield,
 And strike the glorious blow !

At length, to him the sole command
 Of Gallia's armies fell,
 For now, his train'd and valiant hand
 Well knew her foes to quell.

The terror of the Gallic arms
 To east,—to west he spread,
 And, safe return'd from fierce alarms,
 His conquering powers he led.

All tongues his prowess now attest ;
 Exulting Moriat hears ;
 The sounds bring rapture to her breast,
 And musick to her ears.

“ Now, now, (she cry'd) what hinders now
 “ The work his virtue plan'd ?
 “ What hinders to perform his vow,
 “ And free his captive land ?”

“ Ah

“ Ah Moriat ! bright in every charm

“ That Nature’s power could give !

“ Ah, haste thy tender breast to arm,

“ Hear the dire news—and live !

“ Prepare thy Mäon to disown ;

“ Thy thoughts from love divide ;

“ The daughter of the Gallic throne

“ Is destin’d for his bride.”

Ah sounds of death !—she faints, she falls !

Down sinks the beauteous head,—

At length our care to life recalls,

But peace, alas ! is fled.

“ Where now is Virtue ?—where is Love ?

“ O Faith ! O Pity !—where ?

“ Can Mäon cruel,—perjur’d prove,

“ And false as fondly swear ?

“ Ah no, ah no !—it cannot be !—

“ Too well that heart I know !—

“ Alas !—now, now the cause I see

“ Whence all my sorrows flow !

“ Fly, fly Craftinè !—to thy Lord

“ My foul’s entreaty bear !

“ And O ! may Heaven calm seas afford,

“ And swiftest winds prepare !

- “ Tell him, it is my true request,
“ It is my firm command,
“ That Love, a fond imprudent guest,
“ No more restrain his hand.
- “ Tell him, he freely may espouse
“ My happy rival’s charms ;
“ Tell him, I give him back his vows,
“ I yield him to her arms.
- “ So may the strength of Gallia’s throne
“ Attend a filial prayer,
“ And force our tyrant to atone
“ For all the wrongs we bear.
- “ Alas ! I fear it will not be !—
“ Too faithful is his heart !
“ From vows so dear,—from Love and me
“ He never will depart.
- “ Even now, perhaps, his softening soul
“ The fond ideas move,
“ And yield it to the sweet controul
“ Of—ah, too mighty Love !
- “ Friends, kindred, country, honor, fame,
“ And vengeance are forgot ;
“ And, with a fond, ill-omen’d flame,
“ His fighting soul is fraught.

“ O haste

“ O haste thee then, ere yet too late,

“ To shield thy pupil's fame ;

“ To snatch it from impending fate,

“ And from impending shame !

“ Tell him his country claims him now.—

“ To her his heart he owes ;

“ And shall a love-breath'd wish, or vow,

“ That glorious claim oppose ?—

“ Tell him to act the patriot part

“ That Erin's woes demand ;

“ Tell him, would he secure my heart,

“ He must resign my hand.—

“ Haste, haste thee hence !—tell him—yet stay !—

“ O Heaven ! my heart inspire !

“ O what—what further shall I say,

“ His soul with fame to fire ?—

“ Soft—soft—'tis mine !—O happy hour !

“ It cannot fail to move !

“ O blest be Erin's guardian pow'r !

“ And blest be patriot love !”

While thus the sweet Enthusiast speaks,

She seems o'er earth to rise ;

Sublime emotions flush her cheeks,

And fill her radiant eyes !

In her soft hand the style she takes^f,
 And the beech tablet holds ;
 And there the soul of glory wakes,
 And all her heart unfolds.

“ ’Tis done !—now haste thee hence, (the cry’d)

“ With this to Gallia fly ;—

“ And O ! let all thy power be try’d,

“ To gain him to comply !

“ O fire his soul with glory’s flame !

“ O fend me from his heart !

“ Before his country, and his fame,

“ Let blushing love depart !—

“ For me,—on duty I rely,

“ My firm support to prove ;

“ And Erin shall the room supply

“ Of Mäon and of love.”

“ Blest be thy soul ! O peerless maid !

“ Bright sun of virtue’s heaven !

“ For O ! to thee, her light, her aid,

“ And all her powers are given !”

I went :

^f “ Before the use of paper or parchment, the matter on which the Irish wrote their letters was on tables cut out of a beech tree, and smoothed by a plane, which they inscribed with an iron pencil, called a *style* ; the letters themselves were anciently termed *Feadba* (woods) from the matter on which they were written, as well as because they were the names of trees ; and this was the practice of other nations before paper and parchment were discovered.” WARNER’S *Hist. Irel. Int.* p. 65.

I went :—I bounded o'er the wave,
 To Gallia's verdant shore ;
 The winds a swift conveyance gave,
 And soon to harbour bore.

And soon, at Gallia's splendid court,
 I lowly bent the knee,
 While fondest hopes my heart transport,
 Again my Prince to see.

My hopes were just.—Sublime he came,
 Array'd in glory's charms !
 I panted to unfold my name,—
 To rush into his arms !—

It must not be ;—a close disguise
 My face and form conceals ;
 No token, to my Mäon's eyes,
 As yet, his Bard reveals.

Patient, as Moriat bade, I wait,
 Collecting all my power,
 'Till, to the busy forms of state,
 Succeeds the festive hour.

The feast is o'er :—the light'ned board
 With sparkling shells is crown'd ;
 And numbers next their aid afford,
 And give new soul to found.

Then,

'Then, then my harp I trembling take,
 And touch its lofty string,
 While Moriat's lines its powers awake,
 And, as she bade I sing.

Mäon ! bright and deathless name !
 Heir of Glory !—son of fame !
 Hear, O hear the Muse's strain !
 Hear the mourning Bard complain !—
 Hear him, while his anguish flows
 O'er thy bleeding country's woes.
 Hear, by him, her Genius speak !
 Hear her, aid and pity seek !

- “ Mäon, (she cries) behold my ruin'd land !
 “ The prostrate wall,—the blood-stain'd field :—
 “ Behold my slaughter'd sons, and captive fires,
 “ Thy vengeance imprecate, thy aid demand !
 “ (From reeking swords and raging fires
 “ No arm but thine to shield.)
 “ Come see what yet remains to tell
 “ Of horrors that befell !
 “ Come see where death, in bloody pomp array'd,
 “ Triumph'd o'er thy slaughter'd race !
 “ Where murder shew'd his daring face,
 “ And shook his deadly blade.

“ Hark !

- “ Hark !—hark !—that deep-drawn sigh !—
“ Hark !—from the tomb my slaughter’d Princes cry !
“ Still Attention ! hold thy breath !—
“ Listen to the words of death !—
“ Start not Mäon !—arm thy breast !
“ Hear thy royal birth confess.
“ Hear the shade of Laoghaire tell
“ All the woes his house befell.”
- “ Son of my son ! (he cries,) O Mäon ! hear !—
“ Yes, yes,—our child thou art !
“ Well may the unexpected tale
“ Thus turn thy beauty pale !
“ Yet cheer, my son, thy fainting heart,
“ And silent, give thine ear.
- “ Son of Ollioll’s love art thou,
“ Offspring of his early vow.
“ One dreadful morn our fall beheld,
“ One dagger drank our kindred blood ;
“ One mingling tide the slaughter swell’d,
“ And murder bath’d amid the royal flood.
- “ Again,—again they rise to fight !—
“ The horrors of that fatal day !—
“ Encircling peril ! wild affright !
“ Groans of death, and deep dinay !

“ See Erin’s dying Princes prefs the ground !

“ See gasping patriots bleed around !

“ See thy grandfire’s closing eye !

“ Hear his last expiring sigh !

“ Hear thy murder’d fire, in death,

“ Bless thee with his latest breath !—

“ Tears !—shall tears for blood be paid ?—

“ Vengeance hopes for manly aid !

“ There—to yon tomb direct thine eyes !—

“ See the shade of Ollioll rise !

“ Hark !—he groans !—his airy side

“ Still shews the wound of death !

“ Still, from his bosom, flows the crimson tide,

“ As when he first resign’d his guiltless breath !

“ Mäon ! (he cries,) O hear thy fire !

“ See, from the tomb, his mangled form arise !

“ Vengeance !—vengeance to inspire,

“ It meets thine aching eyes !

“ Speak I to an infant’s ears,

“ With shuddering blood and flowing tears ?—

“ Rouse thee !—rouse thy daring soul !

“ Start at once for glory’s goal !

“ Rush

“ Rush on Murder’s blood-stain’d throne !
“ Tear from his brow my crown !
“ Pluck, pluck the fierce barbarian down !
“ And be triumphant vengeance all thy own !”

Ha !—I behold thy sparkling eyes !
Erin !—’tis done !—thy Tyrant dies !
Thy Mäon comes to free his groaning land !
To do the work his early virtue plann’d.
He comes, the heir of Laoghair’s splendid crown !
He comes, the heir of Ollioll’s bright renown !
He comes, the arm of Gallia’s host ;
Valour’s fierce and lovely boast !
Gallia’s grateful debt is paid ;
See, she gives her generous aid !
Her warriors round their hero press ;
They rush, his wrongs, his country to redress.

But, ah ! what star of beauty’s sky
Beams wonder on my dazzled eye ?
What form of light is here ?
And wherefore falls that softly trembling tear ?—
Fair vision ! do thy sorrows flow,
To balm a stranger’s woe !—

Those dear drops that Pity brings,
 How bright, how beauteous they appear !
 The radiance of each tender tear
 Might gem the diadems of kings !

Ah, 'tis Gallia's royal fair !—

Her sole and lovely heir !—

O Nature ! see thy power confest !

See that dear, that beauteous breast

Beat with thy mystic throb !

Hear the big sob

Heave the soft heart, and shake the tender frame !

O bright abode of Pity's power !

Sweet altar of her trembling flame !

Well (fairest !) in this fateful hour,

Well may thy tears thy kindred race proclaim !

Well may'st thou weep for Erin's woes,

Since, in thy veins, the blood of Laoghair flows !

Monarch of the Gallic throne,

Lift to my voice !—

An union that might make the world thy own,

Now courts thy choice.

See the bright daughter of thy love !

Yet unmated is thy dove.

Can that soft hand a scepter wield ?—

Can that fair breast a nation shield ?—

No,

No,—but with our prince ally'd,
 Erin's lov'd and lovely bride,
 Then, our joint empire, how might it extend!
 And wide our glittering standards be unfurl'd!
 To our united power the earth might bend,
 And our high sceptre, then, should sway a world!

Thus, delegated, while I spoke,
 My mandate to obey;
 Swift on my words the Princess broke,
 And rapt my powers away.

“ Never will I consent (she cry'd)
 “ To wear thy country's crown;
 “ Nor ever be thy Mäon's bride,
 “ Tho' splendid his renown!

“ Yet think not, Bard, my senseless breast
 “ Quite dead to Glory's flame;
 “ Think not I slight a Prince, confess
 “ The favourite son of fame.

“ Once, Bard,—I do not blush to own,
 “ Tho' Gallia's royal heir,
 “ I would have given the world's high throne,
 “ A Cot with him to share.

" But, when I heard the tender tales

" His gentle accents told ;

" How sweet a rose the royal vales

" Of Fearmorka^a hold ;

" I shrunk from the ungenerous thought

" That might their loves destroy ;

" And, in his dearer peace, I fought

" To find reflected joy.

" Nor now could world's my heart persuade

" To be thy Maon's bride,

" Or, from his blest Momonian maid,

" His faithful vows divide.

" But who art thou, whose wishes tower

" Wide empire, thus, to wield ;

" Who, to Ambition's haughty power,

" Would Love a victim yield?"—

" O maid of Heaven!"—I could no more,

For tears my words arrest ;

And joy the garb of sorrow wore,

Big heaving in my breast.

With rapture mute, the close disguise

Quick from my limbs I threw ;

And

^a In the west of Munster.

And straight, to Mäon's wondering eyes,
Craftinè flood to view.

Forward, with lightning's speed, he sprung,
And caught me to his heart ;
While eager round my neck he clung,
As if no more to part.

Then sudden, starting from my breast,
His eye my form survey'd ;
Its searching beams his doubts exprest,
And struggling soul display'd.

“ And is it then Craftinè speaks ?
(At length he fault'ring cry'd,)
“ Is it that honour'd sage who seeks
“ His pupil to misguide ?

“ Can then Craftinè bid me fly
“ From Virtue's firm controul ;
“ And bid the breath of fame supply
“ Her empire in my soul !

“ Does the sage guide of Mäon's youth
“ Now teach the traitor's art ;—
“ Teach, with the smiles of seeming truth,
“ To veil a venal heart ?

“ One

“ One lovely maid of heavenly charms,

“ Bethroth’d, and won, to leave ;

“ And, wedded to another’s arms,

“ Her generous soul deceive !

“ A double traitor shall I prove,

“ And stain with guilt my name !—

“ Lost both to honour, and to love,

“ To virtue, and to shame !—

“ No, royal Aidé, form’d to blest !

“ Thou would’st disdain the art ;

“ And charms like thine should sure possess

“ An undivided heart.

“ Sweet maid ! with each endowment blest

“ That favouring Heaven could give,

“ O ! never, in my grateful breast,

“ Shall thy dear image live !

“ But further, by a form so bright,

“ Had my fond soul been won ;

“ Won by thy charms, thou lovely light

“ Of Virtue’s sacred sun !

“ To thee had changing passion stray’d

“ From vows of earlier youth ;

“ Thy bright example, glorious maid !

“ Had sham’d me into truth.

“ Yet

“ Yet think me not, tho’ true to love,

“ So dead to virtuous fame,

“ To prize a selfish joy above

“ The patriot’s hallow’d flame.

“ O Erin ! that I hold thee dear,

“ This arm shall soon attest ;

“ For now revenge—revenge draws near,

“ In death and terrors drest !

“ And, O rever’d and royal shades !

“ Ye dwellers of my soul !

“ Whose memory this sad heart pervades,

“ With limitless controul !

“ Bend from your clouds each radiant face,

“ While, firm as fate’s decrees,

“ I swear, the manes of my race,

“ With vengeance to appease !

“ But Moriat !—never from my breast

“ Shall thy mild virtues part !

“ There ever shalt thou reign, confess

“ The sov’reign of my heart !

“ Say Bard, who thus thy soul has sway’d ?

“ Who could thy sense misguide,

“ To bid me leave my lovely maid,

“ And seek another bride ?”

“ No

“ No art, O Mäon, fway’d my breast,

“ But POWER the mandate gave ;

“ Deny’d my age its needful rest,

“ And sped me o’er the wave.”

“ What haughty power could thus assume

“ An empire o’er my soul ?—

“ O’er Love and Virtue thus presume

“ To arrogate controul ?”——

“ A power, to whom thy humble vow

“ E’er long shall be addrest ;

“ A power to whom thy soul shall bow,

“ And stoop its lofty crest.”

“ Ha ! tell me then,—who, who shall dare

“ To dictate to my heart ?

“ To bid it from its wish forbear,

“ And from its love depart ?”——

“ Earnest, O Prince ! was my command,

“ And urgent was my speed ;

“ A mandate from thy Moriat’s hand

“ This fruitless voyage decreed.”

“ Moriat !—away—it cannot be !

“ Shame on thy cruel art !—

“ Hence, hence away, while yet thou’rt free,

“ And with thy tale depart.”——

“ Unjustly,

“ Unjustly, Prince, am I disgrac’d,

“ And guiltless do I stand ;

“ Behold the characters she trac’d ;

“ Behold her well known hand.”

“ Ha !—blindness to my tortur’d sight !

“ O hope ! behold thy grave !—

“ O death to every fond delight

“ That Love to promise gave !

“ Say, Bard, while sense yet lives to hear,

“ Whence came this cruel change ?

“ O what, from vows so fond, so dear,

“ Could such a soul estrange ?

“ What happy rival, in her heart,

“ Now holds her Mäon’s place,

“ Who thus, with such successful art,

“ His image could efface ?

“ Mistaken Prince ! no second flame

“ Thy Moriat’s heart can prove ;

“ And it is only Mäon’s *fame*

“ Can rival Mäon’s *love*.

“ O haste, (she cry’d) haste, to thy Lord,

“ My soul’s entreaty bear !

“ And O may Heaven calm seas afford,

“ And swiftest winds prepare !

“ Tell him his country claims him now,

“ To *her* his heart he owes ;

“ And shall a love-breath'd with or vow

“ That glorious claim oppose ?

“ Tell him to act the patriot part

“ That Erin's woes demand ;

“ Tell him, would he secure my heart,

“ He must resign my hand.

“ For me, on duty I rely

“ My firm support to prove,

“ And Erin shall the room supply

“ Of Mäon and of Love.

“ Tell him he freely may espouse

“ My happy rival's charms ;

“ Tell him I give him back his vows,

“ I yield him to her arms.

“ So may the strength of Gallia's throne,

“ Attend a filial prayer,

“ And force one tyrant to atone

“ For all the wrongs we bear.”

“ Now Prince,—now judge thy Moriat's heart ;

“ Now blame her dear command ;

“ Now, if thou wilt, condemn the part

“ Her patriot virtue plan'd !”

With

With rapturous wonder's sweet alarm,—
 With speechless joy oppress'd,
 The trembling Mäon reach'd his arm,—
 And sunk upon my breast.—

Dissolv'd in the applauding tear
 That heart to virtue pays,
 The wondering melting croud appear,
 While on the scene they gaze.

Low at the feet of Gallia's throne
 The lovely Aidé bow'd;
 Sweet in persuasive charms she shone,
 And thus her suit avow'd:

“ Now, now a boon, my royal fire!
 “ If ever I was dear,
 “ O grant me now one sole desire,
 “ One fond petition hear.

“ Let now the flower of Gallia's host
 “ Our Mäon's arm attend,
 “ And speed him hence to Erin's coast,
 “ His country to defend.

“ To tear the murderer of his race
 “ From his insulted throne,
 “ His wrongs, with vengeance, to efface,
 “ And blood with blood atone.”

Propitious to the warm request
Of his enchanting child,
Her suit the royal Father blest,
And with acceptance finil'd.

Then rising, on the Prince she turn'd
Her more than angel face ;
Her eye with heav'nly radiance burn'd,
And beam'd benignant grace.

“ Now go ;—to Erin's happy shore
“ Direct thy course, (she cry'd)
“ Peace to thy native land restore,
“ And o'er its realms preside ;

“ And tell that sister of my foul,
“ Thy lov'd Momonian Maid,
“ Like her, I strain to Virtue's goal,
“ On Glory's wing convey'd.

“ Tell her, though oceans roll between
“ Our shores, at distance plac'd,
“ Yet is she by my spirit seen,
“ And by my heart embrac'd.

“ And say,—when death dissolves our frames ;—
“ When free to Æther's wing,
“ And borne aloft on purest flames,
“ Our souls exulting spring :

“ Rivals

“ Rivals no more, we then shall meet ;
 “ In air’s bright chariots move ;
 “ And joyful join in union sweet,
 “ And everlasting love.—”

Thus while she spoke, tears dimm’d her sight ;
 Her cheek its rose withdrew ;
 And quick as lightning’s radiant flight,
 She vanish’d from our view :

Mäon, pale, mute, o’erwhelm’d, distress’d,
 Had sunk before the Maid,
 And, to the spot her feet had press’d
 His grateful lips he laid.

A while the pitying Monarch gaz’d,
 And dropt a tender tear ;
 Then from the earth the youth he rais’d,
 His drooping soul to cheer.—

Now, snatch’d from every trophied wall,
 Bright standards float in air,
 And, to their Champion’s glorious call,
 The Gallic Chiefs repair.

Fate wing’d, along the rolling wave,
 Their ships exulting flew ;
 And Erin soon her harbours gave
 To our enraptur’d view.

Then

Then Retribution's dreadful hour
 Appall'd the guilty breast!
 Stern frown'd the terror-giving power,
 In blood and vengeance drest.

As when fierce NEITH^a mounts his car,
 With dreadful splendours bright;
 And, thundering in the front of war,
 Sweeps o'er the fields of fight!

Dismay'd before the withering God,
 The routed armies fly;
 Death in his arm, fate in his nod,
 And battles in his eye!

So his bright car our Mäon grac'd,
 In martial charms array'd:
 So his young arm, by vengeance brac'd,
 Shook high its deadly blade!

But the soft muse, of war no more
 Will undelighted tell:
 She loves the calm, the peaceful shore,
 Where gentler virtues dwell.

Haste

^a The God of Battles of the Pagan Irish.

Haste we from the avenging powers
Of Justice and of fate ;
Haste we to Fearnorka's bowers,
With Love's fond hopes elate.

Ah Moriat ! how will thy soft breast
The mighty joy sustain ?
Ah gently, rapture !—see, oppressed
She sinks upon the plain.

She sinks—but Love's extended arms
From earth her beauties raise ;
And Love's soft voice awakes her charms,
And cordial cheer conveys.

Speechless awhile, she looks,—she sighs
Unutterable joy ;
Nor memory yet a thought supplies
The transport to destroy.

At length, her recollected breast
Recalls the Gallic Bride,
When shuddering, back she shrinks distressed,
Nor seeks her foul to hide.

“ Ah Mäon ! go ! (she trembling cries,)
“ Another claims thee now :
“ Go, go where fame with love allies
“ To plight thy nobler vow.”

“ No, my foul's treasure ! never more

“ From thy dear arms to part ;

“ Here will I kneel, and here adore

“ With a devoted heart.

“ Ah, could'st thou think with empty fame

“ Thine image to efface ?—

“ Or bid me, with another flame,

“ This bosom to disgrace !

“ Bright Aidé would with scorn have view'd

“ The wretch, to honor dead ;

“ And shame and hatred had purfu'd

“ This base and guilty head.

“ Come, dearer than the world's renown !

“ (And now, at length, my own !)

“ Come, with thy virtues gem my crown,

“ And consecrate my throne !”—

How shall the Muse the Tale pursue ?—

What words her strain shall swell ?—

Or paint to sympathy's fond view

What language fails to tell ?

Think all that Glory can bestow !

That Virtue's soul imparts !

Conceive the nameless joys that flow

From Love's selected hearts.

Conceive

Conceive the Patriot's glowing breast
Whom grateful nations crown!
With virtue, love, and empire blest,
And honor's clear renown.—

Here let me end.—And now, O Maid!
Receive the Bard's adieu;—
Invoke the favouring Muse's aid,
And still thy task pursue.

'Twill give new objects to thy ken;
Of care thy breast beguile;
And, on the labours of thy pen
Thy country's eye will smile.

I came thy ardour to excite.—
Once more, O Maid! adieu.—
He spoke, and lost in splendid light
He vanish'd from my view.

T H E E N D.



E R R A T A.

- Page 6, line 22, for Conal-cearach, read Conall-cearnach.
- 61, line 5, for mighty, read conqu'ring.
- 82, line 2 of the note, for Cumal, read Cumhal.
- 169, lines 14 and 17 of the note, for DAVES, read DAVIES.
- 185, line 4, for flow, read blow.
- 201, line 8, for That, read Had.
- 333, line 1, for their, read thin.
- 337, line 23, for the, read her.
- 340, line 2, for force, read force.





