





THE
MUSEUM OF
ARTS AND
SCIENCE



Fac-simile of a pen and ink sketch, by some unknown person, in one of the many uncatalogued MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy, marked 23/09. Underneath it is written "ANTHONY RAFFERTY, Irish Minstrel, died October, 1835. Aet. 51."

ΔΩΡΑΪΝ ΑΤΑ ΛΕΛΥΤΑ ΔΡ
ΑΝ ΡΕΔΑΤΪΡΕ

OR

SONGS ASCRIBED TO BATTERY.

BEING THE

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

BY

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(ΑΝ ΚΡΑΟΪΒΪΝ ΔΟΪΒΪΡΗ.)

βαϊλε ατα κλιατ :

Κυρτα αμαε λε ζιλ αγυρ α ιμαε.

1903.

PHELAN

Πᾶσι γὰρ ἄνθρωποισιν ἐπιχθονίοισιν ᾄδοι
Τιμῆς ἔμμοροι εἴσι καὶ αἰδοῦς, σὺνεκ' ἄρι σφέας
Οἷματ Μοῦσ' ἔδιδαξε, φίλησε δὲ φῶλον ἀοιδῶν.

—ODYSS. viii. 479.

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R3A63
-1903
MAIN

ΤΑΙΡΓΙΜ
ΑΝ ΤΕΛΘΑΡ ΣΟ
ΤΕ ΜΕΑΣ ΜΟΡ 7 ΤΕ ΒΥΘΘΕΑΔΑΣ
ΤΟ'Ν
ΘΑΙΝΤΙΓΕΑΡΝΑ ΣΡΕΖΟΡΙ
Ο'Ν ΣΚΥΙΛ.

Α θαίντιγεαρνα υαράλ, α "Συαίρε" να μβάρο,
Τά α θραο φιαρ, 'ραν ΣΚΥΙΛ ριν να πολύτ-κοιλίτεαθ π-άρο,
Ο ράδάλ τυρα ελύ μο θεαέτύρε ό'ν μβάρ,
Ορράιλίμ σο η-ύμαλ ουιτ αν ουαιρ ρεο όμ' λάιμ.

810286

THE
GARDEN

Δὲρμῶν ἀτά λευκὰ ἀμ ἀν
ρεαίτιμη.

RAFTERY'S POEMS.

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

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

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

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

(1) The first of February.

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

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

‘Do taitneis na briaicra liom go móir. ‘Thruir mé anonn do’n tsean-íear, agus “an múnraé an t-abrán rin doam?” ar ra mife. ‘Do mún, agus o’imtis mé abairle, agus cuir móir ve “Chonradé Mhuig-Eó” ve meabair agus. ‘Do b’é rin mo céad cairaó leir an tonn o’rág an Reachtúire ‘na óidig. Níor éualar a ainm an uair rin, agus ní raib íor agus go ceann móirín ve bliadantaib ‘na óidig rin gur b’é do céar an píora do taitneis liom com móir rin.

‘Do bí mé lá, cúig bliadna déas, ‘na óidig rin, ag lámruigadó agus ag ruicadó amearg na sean lám-
rgríbinn Seóilge atá ran Acadaim Riosáinail, i mBail-at-cliait, agus cieraó do cairraíde oim áit leabair lám-rgríobta a raib cuir ve óantaib an Reachtúire ann, agus do bí mo sean-íearaio “Conradé Mhuig-Eó” ‘na mearg, agus ir ann rin do ruair mé amac gur b’é an Reachtúire a úgair, agus gur b’iomó abrán bin eile do cum ré leir.

‘Do bí mé lá eile, a bfaó tar éir rin, anice leir an gCairraig ‘Thuib, i gConradé Bhaíl-at-cliait, agus mé ag ruibalóieacó doam féin ar an mbótar. ‘Do bí sear doall ar éarib an bótar, agus é ag iarraio véirice. Thus mé rin oó, agus o’imtis mé liom. Áit tar éir ríce péirre no mar rin do beit ríubalta agus, táinig ré in mo céann o’áon íreap áinín, go mba córmúil le Seóeilgíteoir an doall rin, gur éadan agus béal Seóeilgíteóra do bí air, agus “cao cúige,” ar ra mife liom féin, “ná raibair tú i nSeóeilg leir?” Ní túirge táinig an rmuáineam rin cúgam ná o’fíll mé ar m’air air go do an doall, agus labair mé leir i nSeóeilg. O’íreagair ré mé go bin blaíra ann ran teangadó

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

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

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

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

céadna, agus o'fan mé tamall fada as caint leir.
 Seáđan O Maínnín an t-ainm do bí air. Buó ar Chon-
 vadé na Sailleime é. Siolla capall do bí ann, in a óige,
 agus do cáill fé maóairic a fúl as léimniđ rzonhpa ar
 muin ápaill; do buail cpaob é, agus do óall rí é.
 O'innir fé a lán uam i uadaib an Reacáúipe. Dubairt
 fé liom: "Má béirdear tú coiróce i mbairle beas uar
 b'ainm Cpeacámaol i gConvadé na Sailleime; tá teac ar
 áoib an bótair agus feilméar uar b'ainm Uairmuio
 O Cluanáin 'na cóimnuie ann. Ir ann ran tiđ rin
 fuair an Reacáúipe bár, agus bí fíor aige reacá
 mbliadóna muine rin, cas é an áit agus an teac agus an
 lá agus an uair do bí i noán uó bár fáđail." Do
 cuimniđ mé ar an méas duubairt an uall liom, acá
 níoir fáoil mé go mbéinn coiróce i gCpeacámaol. Acá
 tárla go bfuair mé féin i noircdear an convadé
 agus táinir an fuo duubairt an uall in mo cuimne.
 Chuidó mé cóim fada le Cpeacámaol, fuair mé amac
 Uairmuio O Cluanáin, agus conuairic mé an teac a
 bfuair an file bár ann. Dubairt an rean-fear liom
 go maib a cuio uánta rziobá i leabair as a leiceio
 reo o'fear. Chuidó mé ar a uóir, acá duubairt liom
 gur tóđad an leabair go uá an t-Oileán Úr.
 Chuidó mé go tiđ na gCalnánach do bí ran gcomair-
 ranacá rin, óir cuaidó mé go maib leabair sca-
 ran a maib uánta an Reacáúipe agus uánta a n-oncail
 féin ann. Bhí na Calnánair bpeáđ rialmair fairrinir,
 o'airmair oim an oiróce do cáiteam leó, acá duubairt
 uar go maib an leabair ro imáirte go uá an t-Oileán
 Úr mar an gcéadna, agus b'éigin uam filladó gan é.

Muir b'fada 'na uáir rin go noeacáio mo ápaio,

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

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

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

an bhaintigeanna Sreaghu, ar chóir leabhair do chuidiú
 rí do beir fan gcómharfanaóct céadna, agus fuair rí é i
 feilb fean fáoi-cloíde anáice le Cillín. Do
 rghriobad an leabhar go h-an-máit i litreachaibh Saeó-
 eilge agus uine éigin fan ainm, timcíoll leir-céad bliad-
 an ó foim; fuair rí an leabhar go ar iaróct agus eug
 nam-rá é, agus rghriob mé reáct n-abháim véas ar.
 Dá abháim fíctio leir an Reáctúime do bí ainm, agus trí
 cinn no ceádar le daoimib eile. Tar éir rin euidó mé ar
 chóir an leabhair do connaic mé fan Acadaim níof mó
 ná veic mbliadóan moime rin. Chuidó mé ar uir go
 uir an clár, no index, na leabhar atá fan Acadaim áct
 ní maib oimeas agus ainm an Reáctúime ar clár na
 leabhar Saeóeilge ainm fan Acadaim, agus ní maib
 céad líne don dáin o'á cuir dántaib le fágaib ar clár
 na gcéad-línite. Chait mé dá lá ó máirín go h-oiróce
 agus uir tré na leabhairib rui fuair mé é. Atá níof
 mó ná fíctio dáin leir an Reáctúime in fan rghriobinn
 reo, agus ias rghriobéda go maic i litreachaibh Saeó-
 eilge le láim fean-uine, maic imearaim, uóctúim
 leigir, b'éirín, óir tó an líne reo, i láirín, rghriob-
 éda ar uilleóig ve, tollere nodosam nescit medicina
 podagram, agus tó peictéar cinn an Reáctúime
 cairmáingte go méir le peann ar leádanac eile,
 agus cúpla focal i mbéarla faoi (1) agus tabhairt
 dáta a báir; 1835, agus a doir, don bliadóan véas
 agus dá fíctio! Do rghriob mé amac na h-abháim nac
 maib fan leabhar eile, agus minne mé compháir le
 h-áiré móir uir no cóireannuib do bí fan rghriobinn

(1) agus go na bhiaéna, Anthony Rafferty, Irish Minstrel, died October, 1835. Aet 51.

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

tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram,

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

ρεο αζυρ ι ρζνίβινν αν τραοιη-cloicé : αζ ρο αιοιη μαρ
 ευιη μέ να τάντα ειλε le céile.

Όο ρυαηι μέ οετ νοάντα όμ' έαηαιο Εόζαν
 Ο Νεαέτάν, ι ηζαλλιν, επειοιη ζο βρυαηι ρειρεαν
 αν έυιο ιη μό ααα ό ρεαηι οε μινννηηηι Chomáin ιη
 ραν ζααάηηι ρη. Όο ρυαηι μέ κύηζ αβηάηη ειλε
 ό'η Δάηηι Clement Ο Λύζηηαηό, ό'η Μαηηηηηηι ι ηηθαί-
 loc-ηαέ, οο ρζνίοβ ιαο ό βéal ρεαν-ουιηηε ρίε
 βλιαόαν ροιηηε ρη. Ταη έιη ρη, οο ρυαηι μέ ρζνίβινν
 αη ιαηάετ όμ' έαηαιο, Μαε υι Φηλοηη, ελέηηεαέ
 Thuama, ανη αη έυιη ρέ ρίοη αη ρζνίβινν οο βάηη ηε
 Μαε υι Cheallaiζ έιηηη, αζυρ ό βéal οαοιηηε, ευιο μόηη
 οε να τάνταίβ οο βί αζαη έεαηα. Chuaió μέ τηίο αν
 ρζνίβινν ρεο ηε η-αηηε μόηη, αζυρ β'ύηάηηεαέ έ αζ εαη-
 ηυζαό ηα ζοίβ ειλε. Ηί ηαίβ ανη αέτ οά αβηάηη-
 αηάηη (I) αζυρ εύηλα ηαηη ηαέ ηαίβ αζαη έεαηα. Όο
 ρυαηι μέ αν τάν ραοα, "Seanéυη ηα Σζειτε," όμ' έαη-
 αηο, Μαε υι Μηοοόάηη, αη οτύη, αζυρ οο εαηηαίζ μέ
 έ αη ρζνίβινν Μηηε υι Φηλοηη. Όο ρυαηι μέ "Αη
 Cholera Μοηηυη" ό'η βρεαηι έέαηα. Όο ρυαηηεαη αν
 "Chúηη οά Πέηό" ι ρζνίβινν οο ηηηηηε ρεαη οε ηα
 η-Οιηηηζ ι ηηηηεαέαίβ Ρόμáηηαέά οο ρέηηη ρυαηηε ηα
 βροαλ, ραν ηηβλιαόάηη, 1834, ηο μαη ρη. Ρυαηη μέ ιαη-
 αέτ ηα ρζνίβιηηηε ρεο όμ' έαηαιο, Μαε υι Φηλοηη.
 Ρυαηη μέ "Ριαόάέ Μηαηηευη υι Chálláηη" αη αν ρζνίβ-
 ιηηη έέαηα, αζυρ αη ρζνίβιηηη. Μηηε υι Φηλοηη. Σηηίοβ
 μέ ρίοη "Μάηηη ηη η-Εηόηη" ό βéal Thomáηη υι η-Εηό-
 ηη, αη Chillaηηηαη, ατά ζαοηαέ ηειη αν ζααίηηη αλυηηη
 οο βί 'ηα ηηη-άόβαηη οο'η αβηάηη, αζυρ ρζνίοβ μέ αν
 έυιο ιη μό οε'η "Reaéτύηηε αζυρ αν θάηη" ό βéal αν

(I) "Cnocán an Eannaiz" αζυρ "Αη Σηέυηηηόε."

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

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

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

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

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

ανυαρ ι ζConoαέ na ζαλλιμε, ζο μόρι-μόρι ιοιρι β'λ-άε-
 αν-μιζ αζυρ βαιλ-λοε-μα'ε, αζυρ ζοιτ Innre ζυαιμε,
 αζ οέαναιμ αμαε ριζε βεαεα οό ρέιν le n-α ευιο ceóil
 αζυρ αβριάν. Όχι τριύρι no ceαετραι ve βάρισαιβ μαιτε
 αν υαιι ρεο ι ζConnaεαειβ, μαρι το bi Mac Uι Shuibne
 αζυρ αν βαιριέαοαε, ι ζConoαέ Mhuig-εό, αζυρ υειι
 ευιο ve na ρεαν-οαοιμιβ ζο mbρεαρι ιαο ρο na αν Reαe-
 τήιιι. Δεεε τά αν ευιο ιρ μό ο'ά n-αβριάναιβ-ρεαν
 ααλλτε, αζυρ ιρ υοιλιζ, αρι αν άοβδαρ ριν, comóιταρ το
 οέαναιμ εατοριια, αζυρ νιοιι εεαριε ε. Όιι ιρ ριι λέιζιν
 αζυρ εόλαιρ αζυρ μαοιιιιι οο bi in ραν mβειιτ ριν; δεεε
 ρύο ευζαιιιι αν Reαeαύιιιιι, 'na οάλλ ό n-α όιγε, αζ
 ιοιέαρι μάλα, ζαν τεαε, ζαν τέαζαρι, ζαν οίοιοιιι, ζαν
 άρυρ, ζαν εόλαρ αιγε αρι λέιζεαο na αρι ρζιριβδαο, ζαν
 τεανζαιό ιζεαριε αιγε δεεε α ζαεοειιζ ρέιν, αζυρ ο'ράζ
 ρέ λοιιζ 'na οιαιζ ζο οτι αν λά ιιιου, νιοιρ υοιιιιιιι, υαι
 λιοιι-ρα, na ο'ράζ ριαο-ρα. Muna mβειε ve μιαιε ιι
 ραν leαβδαι ρο δεεε αβριάν οαλλ ζαν λέιζεαν οο εριιιι-
 νιυζαο, οο β'ριύ αν τριοβλόιο ε. Δεεε νυαιι τά ριορ
 αζαιιιι ζο ραιβ αν οαλλ ρο 'na εύιμαεε ιι ραν τρι, αζ
 ζριοριυζαο na υοαοιιιι α-ναζαιό na υοεαεάιιιι, αζυρ
 ζά ιιβριορτυζαο α-ναζαιό α naίμαο, μά'ρ ολε μιαιε α
 ευιο αβριάν ιρ ριύ α ζεριιιιιιιιιιι αρι α ρον ριν ρέιν.

Rinne αν Reαeαύιιιιιι αβριάν αζ μολαο na υοαοιιιι
 οο ευιοιζ no οο εαιετιοιζ leiρ, no αζ μολαο na n-άιτεαεα
 ιι αρι cóιιιιιιζ ριαο, ριιιιιι ρέ αβριάν ροιιιιιιιιιι αζ
 ζριοριυζαο na υοαοιιιι α-ναζαιό na nζαλλ, αζυρ αζ
 ευιοιυζαο le ράιιιιι Όοιόιιιιιιιι Uι Chonaiιι. Rinne ρέ
 κοριι αβριάν ζιιάο αζυρ κοριι αβριάν οιαοα, αζυρ ανοιρ
 αζυρ αριρ αβριάν αζ αάιιιιιιιιιιιιιι, no "αερ" μαριεζα-
 οαρι na Sean ζηαεοιλ αρι. Όο β'ρεαριι α αβριάν-μοιτα

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

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

νά δ αβρίαν-κάιντε. Ουβριάς ο'ά έταοιβ, "για βέ ουνε
 mol ré, mol ré zo μαιτ έ," άστ ραν αμ κάδονα ουβαριτ
 κυρο νε να ταοιμβ νάρι β'άοάμδαιλ αν ρυο έ βειτ μοιτα
 ι n-αβρίαν. Ουβαριτ ρεαν Όηιαρμυρο Ο Cluanáin, αν
 ρεαρ δ βρυαρι αν ριλε βάρ ιν δ έις, "οο έιζεαδ αν
 Reac'túipe zo minic," αουβαριτ ré, "zo οτι αν τεαδ ρο
 αζυρ ο'φαναδ ré linn, άστ ní óεαρηαιό ré βέαρηα 'νάρι
 οταοιβ αριαίν. Νιορι μάιτ le m'άτδαιρ ρην, όρι ní άοάμ-
 δαιλ έ." Ουβαριτ ρεαρ ειλε, "ιρ minic έυαλαιό μέ
 m'άτδαιρ ας καιντ ι οταοιβ Ραιρτερι, βί buaió icéint
 (έιζην) αιζε, αζυρ βιόεαδ ραιτćοιρ αρι να ταοιμβ ροιιηε.
 ιρ minic έυαλαιό μέ καιντ αρι όταοιμβ οο βέαρηαδ ρυιόε
 αρι δ ζαρίρι όό, αζυρ νυαρι ο'φιαρρυιζεαδ ré καο έ αν
 τ-αινη βί ορηα ní ινηρεόόαοιρ οό έ, le ραιτćοιρ zo
 ζευιρρεαδ ré ι n-αβρίαν έ." Αζυρ ουβαριτ ρεαρ ειλε,
 "βί ουνε μυνντεαριόα οο m'άτδαιρ ας τιομάιντ δ
 έάιρρ αρι αν ιμβόταρ, λά, αζυρ έοηηαιρ ρέ αν Reac-
 túipe άστ νιορι λειζ ré αρι zo βρακαιό ré έ. Αζυρ νυαρι
 βί ré ας ζαβαιλ έαιρρ ουβαριτ αν Reac'túipe :

ní ραιβ ραιζοιύρ ριαίν
 ηαέ βρυιζεαδ δ βιλέαο
 άστ τά náμαιο αν έοιίν
 ιη ραν βρεηέαο.

Ουβαριτ ουνε μυνντεαριόα m'άτδαιρ αηηρην αζυρ
 οειρρην αρι, 'Ο! δ Μηάιζιρτιρ Ραιρτεριό, ní ραιβ ριορ
 αζαμ ζυρ τυρα οο βί αηη. ηαέ n-έιρηεόόαιό tú αζυρ
 ρυιόε αρι αν ζαρίρι?" Μηολ ré Μάιρη ηι h-Ειόην
 αζυρ βρυζοίν βηέαραιζ, αζυρ βί ραοζαλ buaióεαρητα ας
 αν ιμβειρτ ασα. Ρυαρι Μάιρη ηι h-Ειόην βάρ zo βιόη-
 αέ ι λάρι ρυιρταιζ, αζυρ ουβειρτ cóηαριρα οι, "ηοεάμδαν
 δ βραο δ βειόεαρ ουνε βεό δ ιμβέιό αβρίαν έαρητα
 αρι." άστ αρι αν ταοιβ ειλε ριηηε ré αβρίαν ας μοιαδ

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

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

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

ιηνά όιζε το βί μι-ρζιαμάς, άέτ βί ρί ριβιαλτα κόρη εν-
 εάλτα. Το βίοςάο ρί άζ ρρεαρταλ άρη, ι οτιζ έιζην,
 'η-άιτ ά μβίοό ρέ άρη λóιρτίν, άζυρ ρυάρη ρί ρεάρη λειρ
 άη άβιάν, άζυρ τά μαε λεί 'ηά κόμνηυόε άνοιρ ι ζClάρι-
 ζαίλιη. Ουβάηιτ βεαν άορτα λιομ, ι ζCιλλταρταη, ζο
 βραααίό ρί άη Reάάτύηιε άση υάρη άηάίν, ι οτιζ υάηηα,
 άζυρ λαβάηι ρέ λεί άζυρ ουβάηιτ, “βυό ηάιτ άη ρεάρη
 αειρθε το ρηνηε έυρα, ά έάιλη, ηρ ρέηη το λεάζ ρέ άη
 ρλάνα οηι; βί ά έειρθε άιζε.” “Νίορ ρεάρη ηά τά
 άζαο-ηα,” άηηα ηηρε, όηι βί κύπλα τέαο βηητε ηη ά
 βειόλιν. Λαβάηι ρέ ρυο έιζην άρη “Ο η-Εάόηα ηη
 αλειέε μόηιε” άζυρ ηίορ ηάιτ λε η'άέάηι ρηη άζυρ ηίορ
 λειζ ρέ όάη αυίλλεάό ααιηε βειτ άζαη λειρ. Μυηά
 ηβειτ ρηη β'έιοηι ζο ηόέαηηάό ρέ άβιάν υάη ρέηη ηαρη
 ρηνηε ρέ το Μήάηιε ηη η-Ειόηη άζυρ το Μήάηιε
 Σταητύη!”

Ρυάρη μυηηηηι ηηά τήηε ά ζευο εόλαη άρη ρταρη
 άζυρ άρη ρεανάαρ ό βευλ-οηυεαρ ηη ρεαν-υάοηηε, άζυρ
 βίοςάρη ζο μόρη ηίορ ρόζλαηέα, άζυρ ιάο ζαη λεάβαρη,
 ζαη λείζεαη, ηά ηαρη τάιό άνοιρ. Το βί ρίορ άα άρη
 ηόό άρη βιτ ζο ηαίβ τήηι όύέέάηι άα, άζυρ ζο ηηά έηη
 άορτα ί, άζυρ ζο ηαίβ ρί άση υάρη άηάίν 'ηά έηη βηεάζ,
 έλύόάηαι, ρόζλαηέα. ηη ηαίβ άη Reάάτύηιε άέτ άζ
 ταβάηιτ άμαέ άη εόλαη το βί άμεαρζ ηηά ηυάοηηε ηυάρη
 έυρη ρέ “Seαάααρ ηηά ζηείε” λε έέηε. Σταρη ηηά
 η-Εηηεαηη άτά ηη ραη υάη ρηη ζο έηηηηη άζυρ ζο ρο-
 έηηηηεαηηάέ. Ριτ άη υάη ρο άρη ρυο ηηά τήηε, άζυρ ηρ
 υόίζ ηαέ ηαίβ βυάέάιη ι ζConοάέ ηηά ζαίλιηηε άη υάρη
 ρηη έοηη βηύηυεάηαι υάη άηεόλαέ ι υταοίβ ά έηηε ρέηη
 λειρ άη ζευο ηρ μό υε βυάέάιηηβ άτά άηη ηοηυ. ηη
 βρηνζηεά ι ζConοάέ ηηά ζαίλιηηε άη υάρη ρηη άη ηιό το

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ουαλαρό μέ, μυνάβ ηρέας, ζο οτιοφαιό πέ ραν τραοζαλ
 Ζο ζουηφιόεαη μάξιριτιη λέιζην ιηη ζαό κύιννε,
 ηί'λ ιη ραν ζαόρ άότ ρζέιη αζ μεαλλαό υαινη αν τηέιο
 αζυρ ούλταίζιό το ζηόόταιζιό λύιτεη.
 Οηοιζιό το'η όλέηη, 'ρ ηά τέριόό αη ηαλαηητ πέηη
 ηο ααλληριό ριό ηλας όέ ά'ρ α όύμαότα,
 'S αν long ρο όυαίό ι λέιζ (?) μά τέιόεαη ριό ανη οε λέιη
 ιοηπόόαίό ρί, ά'ρ βέιό ριό ρύιτι.

αζυρ βα έ ρηη ζο οίηεαό αν ηυο το ηηνη ρί, ο'ιοηρπιζ
 ρί αζυρ ο'ράζ ρί ηα ζαεόιλ ρύιτι; αζυρ ο'ράζ ρί ηα
 βυαόαλληό το ηυζαό ι η-αοη βαίηε λειρ πέηη, όοη
 ηρύιζτε ηηητε ρηη, ζαη ρρηεααό, ζαη ρριοηαο, ζαη
 ηιέηη, ζαη ηειρηεαό, ζαη τuiρζε, ζαη τίη-ζηιάό, ζαη
 βέαηηα ηά ζαεόηηζ, ηαό ηρπυι ρηαο αβαλτα αη όύηζ
 ληητε οά αβηράηαίβ πέηη—ηί η-έ αηιάηη οο ηιάό, άότ οο
 όυηζηηη!

Οηοη ζέαη αζυρ οο ηηοηταιζ πέ ηα οαοηηε α
 η-αζαίό ηα ηζαλλ αζυρ α η-αζαίό ηα η-έαζαόηη οο βί
 ο'ά η-ηηηητ οηηα, ηί ηαίβ πέ ζαη όέιηλ ηαίτ. Τά ρζέαλ
 αζ ρεαη-ρέαη ι η-αίηε λε βαίηε-υι-λιαζ ζο ηαίβ ρηιηηη-
 ηυζαό αζ ηα βυαόαλληβ βάηα ηο αζ οαοηηβ οε'η
 τρόηη ρηη αοη οιόόε αηιάηη, αζυρ ο'ιαηηαοαη αη αν
 ηεαόόηηηε οο όεαόό λεό. Ο'ηηόιζ πέ λεο ζο οτι αν
 ρηιηηηυζαό, αζυρ ηηνη πέ όύρλα ηαηηη οηηα. Ηιοη
 ρηιηηηζεαό ηα βέαηηαίό, άότ ουβαηητ αν ρεαη-ρέαη ζυρ
 β'έ ρεο αν ηηυζ οο βί ιοηητα; “Ουηηηηζιό,” αη πέ, “αη
 αν ηέαο ραίόοιύηη οεαηζ ατά αζ ηα ζααηηαηαόαίβ, αζυρ
 τά α λάν ζυηηά αζυρ αηηη αζυρ η-υιηε ρόηητ ααα. Φυαηη
 ηαο αν βυαίό αη αν ζράηη πέηη, αζυρ βαιηεαοαη ζιβ-
 ηαλταηηοι, αζυρ ηηνη ηαο αοζαό βηιαόαηη αζυρ ρίόε ηη
 ραν Οηηέαη ηίη, αζυρ αν έ ρηη λε ηιάό ζο ηρπυι ριό-ρ
 ουι αηηαό α η-αζαίό ηα ηζυηηα αζυρ ηα ραίζοιύηη ηαη
 τά ριό, αζυρ ζαη αζαίό άότ ρηηηη ηαηοε α βαιηεαη ριό

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

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

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

iní an gcóill rin síor. Nà déanaió rin aghur na bígíó
 amuig ag ruidal ran oíóce, áct tígíó amac íá solur
 na ghréine aghur mire mo banaió go mbéiό ceapit aghur
 cóirí aghaib go fóill." Lean na daoine an cóimáirle
 éiriona go nuair éamig cogad na n-eadómuió. Áct
 éualaió mé iann eile ó éiománuióe cáirri de Mhuinntir
 Uthairmáda, í gCairleán-a-bairia, aghur tubairit fear
 eile liom gur b'é an Reactúirle minne é, ag molaó, na
 mbuacáillíóe bána mar leanaí .

Innrim-pe óaoib, má bráigann ríó buí raoíal,
 Go bhuigíó "rebelmen" luac a pláinte,
 í leabuió gac oíóce' no cáiteadair na ruióe
 faoi gaoit, faoi fearmáinn, a' r faoi bairteac.
 Seapagaió go olúe, ná téiόiό ar gcúl,
 aghur bhurígíó tpe luét gáirí,
 bíreac aghur buaió go oíóce go luac,
 aghur leagfaió mac Dé buí námaíó

Tá an béairí go nór corimúile le inntinn an Reactúirle
 ná an cóimáirle eile, aghur má cúir íé a n-aghaió na
 n-aoine no bí ag cruinnuigad í mbáile-uí-liaí, b'éiríir
 go maib síor aige go maíadair ar tí gníom amadánta
 éirín no déanaim.

Óuine fearag caol no bí in ran Reactúirle. Óo
 éairíing an Calnánac óuinn mar go é, nuair bí íé ag
 déanaim ball-magaió óé.

Bí dá éoir faoi mar máire bacais
 aghur íad cóim caol le rnáitíó pácais,
 los in a láir ar nór bacais,
 'Sé íomcáir an mála o'rágbaig cruic air.
 Bí a éadán tana rnalaió (?) rnaoigce,
 'S ba óuibe a gmuag na gual Cill-óinríí,
 'S a íúile gluapáct mar dá páil uirge
 ag rnam anuar le taob a pluca.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ὅτι πέ σο ἡ-ιονξανταὶ λάρουι. Νί μαιβ πέ μο-άρι. Cότα
 πασα βρείουι αζυρ βιυτε δε'ν κόροοιμί το βσοῦ διη.
 Ουβαιητ περι λειρ αν μβαητιζεαρινα Ξιεγορι ζυρ
 ιννιρ α ατάρι τό ζυρ ουβαιητ αν ῥεακτίμηε πέιν, λειρ,
 ναὶ πνεαδαὶο πέ αζυρ αριαιζεακτ λε ουινηε μαιμ ναὶ
 λεαζφαὸ πέ ε, αζυρ σο μαιβ πέ κοίμ λάρουι ριη ιη α
 ζέαζαὶβ σο βρέαοφαὸ πέ λυιθε αρι α ὀριυιμ αζυρ μάλα
 α μβειτ αειτμηε αέαο αριυιτνεακτα ανη το αυι ρυαρ ορ α
 αιονη. Νίοι πέαο πέ αέο να ριυζιο [ῥτιμ αρι βιτ] ρειο-
 ριητ. Νυαρι βυαὶλ αν ζαλαρι βρεακ ε, ιρ ιη α ρύιλιβ το
 ροαριυιζ πέ, αζυρ νίοι ράζ πέ ακτ τριη ηο αειτμηε βαὶλλ αρι
 α έαοαν, ακτ βαιη πέ αν μαῶαριε θε αρι παο. Chom̄ οαλλ
 αζυρ βί πέ το ριυβλαὸ πέ βόιτμηε να τίμηε σο λειρ, αζυρ
 το αιονητοάο πέ ραν αἰτ αειητ ὁ βόταρι σο βόταρι ζαν
 ομηαο αζυρ α λάιη να α ιμαηοε το λεαζαν αρι αν
 μβαλλα. Ουβαιητ ουινη: "ὅτι μ'ατάρι αζυρ θέαηαμ̄ ιον-
 ξανταρι παοι, αον λά αμ̄άιη, αζυρ ουβαιητ ρειρεαν λειρ,
 'ραν σο οτιυαφααοιο σο οτι αν αριοιρ-βόταρι' σο
 β'λ'άτ'η-μ̄ιζ, αζυρ να ἡ-ιηνιρ οαμ, ακτ πέακ, πέιν, μά
 αειρεανη πέ οημ,' αζυρ κοίμ αηητε α'ρ τά μέ βεό νυαρι
 αάιηζ πέ σο οτι αν αριοιρ-βόταρι το αιονηταἰζ πέ, σο
 οηηακ̄ ι ζααριτ-λάρι αν βόταρι."

Ουβαιητ περι ειλε σο μαιβ αν ῥεακτίμηε αζυρ ριὸβ-
 αριε οαλλ λε αέιλε ι ηζοιητ, αζυρ ο'ράζαοαρι αν βαηλε-
 μόρι λε αέιλε λε ουλ σο βαιλε-υι-λιαζ, ακτ βί πέ
 οείζεαηηακ αζυρ νίοι πέαοαοαρι αν βεαρινα ηο αν
 ρταῶριε το βί ιη ραν μβαλλα ράζαὶλ, λε ουλ ρίορ σο
 βαιλε-υι-λιαζ, αζυρ νίοι αάιηζ αον ουινηε λε να ταιρ-
 βεάντ οόιβ. Ουβαιητ αν ῥεακτίμηε ανηριη, σο βριλλ-
 πεαὸ πέ σο ζοιητ, αζυρ ναὶ οτειρπεαὸ πέ αηι αηιρ.
 Chuαὶο πέ μιλε αρι αηιρ σο ζοιητ, αζυρ αέμ̄αηιηζ πέ ἡ-υιλε

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

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

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

coir-céim ar tteadct amac úd, agus nuair éaduis ré com
 fada leir an mbeairnainn fear ré, agus é go tmeac or a
 a cómaidir!

Tuairic na daoine, i gCill-dosáin, go mbios leac
 leacda ríor ar bhuac na bpoll-móna in ran tsi rin, le
 fearain uiriu nuair léimead tuine an poll-móna, agus
 go léimead an Reactúirie iad com mairt le tuine ar bit
 nuair b'éigin do uil tairra. Do cómaidre ad ré a cuio
 coir-céim ar air o'n leic mtead ré agus léimead ré
 anhin go dti an taob eile, com mairt le tuine a mairt
 a maóairc aige.

Do b'é an céad abrián do minne ré, do réir muinn-
 tije Chill-dosáin abrián ar haia do goiread ó fear
 éigin do bí agus coirce. Nuair cuairt ré ar teac cum
 a óiméir o'rág an fear ro a haia criocta ar mairte cum
 na rreacáin do rghannuigad. O'air an Reactúirie óg ar
 tuine éigin an haia do tairic leir, nuair bí an fear
 eile ar tige ag a óiméir, le gmeann do óeandm do réin.
 agus minne ré abrián ar an haia, ag máo gur b'iad na
 daoine mairte do tóg leó é, agus cuir ré in ran abrián
 gur lean an fear ro iad ruid go Ciuac M'head' agus
 ar rin roir go Roicomáin, ar tóir a haia, agus an méad
 tárla do. Nior féad mé an t-abrián ro rágail, ir oíge
 go bfuil ré caillte. Ir in-breacnuigete gur b'é an céad
 abrián do minne Toirdealbac O Ceairballáin, fear do
 cáill a maóairc mar an Reactúirie agus do lean rligé-
 beada mar eirdean, acit amearg na noaine uaird nuair
 bí an Reactúirie amearg na noaine irioll—gur b'é an
 céad abrián minne ré abrián ar na daoimé mairte.

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

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

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

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

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

Sgríobhtar a ainm féin O Reachtúire, O Reachtúirí, nó
 O Reachtúirí, i nGaeilge, a dtéir í an foirm bhéarla
 “ Rairtí ” ir mó atá cleachtáir, agus cleacht ré féin
 é. Sgríobaim-re maí Reachtúire é, óir ir ionann Reac-
 túire agus maí no rtiúdar agus ir oíge gur ón oifig
 táinig an fíorinneas. A dtéir cuairt mé do do bhí gan
 focal béarla aca, agus tabhairt Rairtí ari. Ir cor-
 múnle fuaim an ainme le Reachtúirí ná le Reachtúire.
 Coitíar do bhí in a dtí, agus bhí a máthair de Mhuinn-
 tír Úrsonáin. Tá cur de’n bunna do céanna in gan tír
 rin fóir; cuairt mé go maí na Rachtóirí gaoil
 leir, a dtéir tu gan na máirírtí de ríole Rochford ar
 Rachtóir anoir! Duó é Fhanc Taire, uine uair
 ríóir, do bhí na cóinní de gan tír móir agus Cill-dóin
 an uair rin. Bhí conair gáir aige, agus do bhí ré
 agus ríadac leó. Chuirí na rían-doine go mbíod a
 cparall-ríadac agus léimí agus ríompáil nuair
 bíod an Reachtúire agus ríinn ar a beirín. Bhí Fhanc
 Taire caríadac leir, ir oíge, óir tagann a ainm aréad
 gan abhán “ Conadé Mhuirí-É ” agus bhí ré na bheir-
 eam ar an abhán rin, óir rínn do gail ríir an Reac-
 túire agus ríle eile ar Sháilín, aca agus ir ríir mól-
 rad a conadé féin, agus o’rágáir an bheiríam ar fá
 Fhanc Taire. Níor ríag an Fhanc Taire ríe ríocht
 na oíge; meairí na ríadac ré rírt, agus ríir ríad
 go mbíonn a táir le ríir go minic rííol an tíge
 móir, in gan ríírt agus amair na rííann. Ir in
 gan tír céanna do rííad a’ rí rííad lóirí Níe Mháir-
 náir, úirígeulí de agus Gaeilgeóir, do rííne móirí
 cum na Gaeilge agus cumíne an Reachtúire do cong-
 bál beó gan áir rin.

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

B'olc an cúma do bí ar ár bpile boct nuair o'rág ré Cill-dubháin. O nác maib oimead aghur acra talman ag a muinntir, aghur é féin 'na óall, ir oíog go maib ré cóim boct aghur bí fear amháin ar an traozáil ro. Ag ro an pictéar do minne an Calnánac ar a t'eact i uoiraó, go huadcar Conoac na Sailleime.

B'olc é a cáilíóeact ar a tígeact cum tíme,
 bí cáibín ve hata air, ar óac an trnín,
 a maib rmeangán barraig air, carra rníomta,
 aghur ir fada caic ré, caicte ar an zcarra doilic!

Bí "mappe" rmearta air, aghur níom náim é mínuzáó,
 mar ir iomóa vada cuimead ré i bróca na taoibe,
 bí trouser palac air go talam ríor leir,
 a maib óa céad poll air aghur zac le píora.

Bí fear-céim cloicóte zioac ar a beirte,
 fáirgce ar a iomlacán ag palac a péirte,
 bí beirt ar a bára, 'ré ar cúma na zeirte,
 'S nuair bíó a bolz [o]muirte leizead ré léite.

Act, cóim boct aghur bí ré, níom b'rao go b'raur ré mear aghur onóim aghur zráó amearz :na muinntire flaitéamla féile do cóimnuig i n-uadcar Conoac na Sailleime, aghur ní maib don cáraio do b'fearri aige, ar fearó tamail ar móó ar bic, ná an fear do minne na linte cruaióe reo air.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(5) i.e., the south,

Bhí tuairim aḡ curt ve na uoimib̄ zo b̄ruair an
 Reaóúime a cúro r̄ilúeac̄ta zo míorbúilteac̄.
 Dubairt fean-bean uo minne uáir̄a zo minic u'á cúro
 ceóil: "Nuair luid̄eac̄ r̄é ar̄ a leabair̄o in r̄an oir̄ce, ir̄ í
 rin an uair̄ uo ḡn̄úeac̄ r̄é a cúro ab̄rián, aḡur cúir̄eac̄
 r̄é ionḡnac̄o oir̄t ar̄ mair̄oin aḡur ḡan r̄ior̄ aḡac̄ cá
 b̄ruair̄ r̄é iac̄." Aḡur dubairt feair̄ eile: "Sin buair̄
 ruair̄ r̄é. Ueir̄ r̄iac̄ zo b̄ruair̄ r̄é a moḡa, cia ac̄a
 b'feair̄r̄ leir̄ a beir̄ aige, an c̄aint no an ceól, aḡur t̄oḡ
 r̄é an c̄aint. Uá mbuó é an ceól uo t̄oḡ r̄é, ní beir̄
 ceóltóir̄ eile ar̄ an uoim̄an c̄om̄ mair̄t̄ leir̄, ac̄t̄ t̄oḡ r̄é an
 c̄aint, aḡur t̄ionntaiḡ r̄é amac̄ beir̄ na r̄ile móir̄. Aḡur
 muna mbeir̄ rin cá b̄ruiḡreac̄o r̄é na r̄ocail uile uo cúir̄
 r̄é in a cúro ab̄rián?" Dubairt fean-bean eile: "Ní
 r̄air̄b̄ r̄rim r̄iáúair̄c̄ [r̄iáúair̄c̄ ar̄ bir̄] in a c̄eanh, aḡur
 rin é an r̄áct̄ a r̄air̄b̄ an t-eólar̄ móir̄ rin aige. Thuḡ
 Uia uó é, aḡur u'im̄c̄iḡ a cúro ab̄rián ar̄ ruo an
 t̄raoḡail. ḡur̄ mair̄ an ḡac̄ot̄ uo bí aige."

Dubairt feair̄ uo c̄óim̄nuiḡ i n-aice le Muine-beir̄
 aḡur uo bí ḡan Uéar̄la, liom, i uac̄oir̄b̄ an ab̄riáin uo
 minne r̄é i n-aḡair̄o Sheáḡain a Uúir̄ca. "In r̄an oir̄ce,
 nuair̄ cúair̄o r̄é a c̄oolac̄o, anhr̄in 'reac̄o minne r̄é an
 r̄aim̄eir̄ ar̄ r̄ac̄o. Ar̄ a leabuir̄o uo ḡn̄úeac̄o r̄é h-uile
 c̄aint u'á n̄oeair̄nair̄o r̄é ar̄iáin; ir̄ ar̄ a leabuir̄o uéan-
 r̄ac̄o r̄é iac̄o. C̄aint an-b̄lar̄ta, an t̄abair̄ta-amac̄
 c̄aint Rair̄teir̄." (1)

(1) Sin iac̄o a c̄ear̄c̄-b̄riáir̄a. ḡr̄iúob̄ mé r̄ior̄ iac̄o ó n-a béal.

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

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

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

Μι μαιβ μόριαν λε λοῦτυζαὸ ἰ μβεαῖτα ἄρι βριλε
 βοιότ. Ἰρ ὀοίξ, ὀά μβειῖ, ναῖ βρυιζφραὸ γέ αν μεαρ
 ὀο φυαιρ γέ ὀ να ὀδοιμιβ. Ἰρ ρίορ ζυρ ἄυρι γέ αν ιομαρ-
 κυρὸ ὀύιλ ιη γαν ὀλ, ἀνοιρ ἄζυρ ἄριρ, ἀῖτ μαρι ουβδαιρτ
 γέ ρέιη,

Τά ρίορ ἄζ αν ραοζαλ (1)

ναῖ λε ὀύιλ ανη ἄ βίη,

ἀῖτ λε ζυρἄὸ ὀο να ὀδοιμιβ βίορ να ἄιτε!

ἄζυρ ὀειρ γέ ἰ η-ἄβριάν ειλε ζο βρυιζφραὸ γέ βάρ λειρ
 αν νάιρε ταιρ ἔιρ ἔ βειῖ ἄρι μειρζε, ἀῖτ μαρι ζεαλλ ἄρι
 ρεο—ναῖ μαιβ γέ ἴνα ἀοηαιρ ἄζυρ ἔ ἄζ ἄρυιζεαῖτ
 λειρ να υιρζε-βεαῖτα. (2)

ἀῖτ ζυρ ζλεακυρὸε ἔ βίορ εαῖρμινη

ἄ βαινεαρ ιομπρό ἄρ ρηεαβαιριβ

ζο ὀειρμιν ἄζυρ ζο ὀεαιρβῖτα

ὀο ρίηρμιν ρίορ λε νάιρε.

Ἰρ ὀοίξ ζο μιβα βεαζ αν λοῖτ αν τ-ὀλάῖάν ἰ ρύιλιβ να
 ηοδοιμε αν υαιρ ρη, ἄζυρ ταιρβεάνηαν αν ὀά βέαιρμ
 ῖυαιρ, ναῖ μεαρμ, ἀῖτ ζυρ ρεαιρμ ὀο βί γέ να μόριάν
 ειλε, ὀο ἄυιρφραὸ ἰαῖ ρέιη ἄρι μειρζε ζαν ζυρἄὸ ἄρι βιῖ
 ὀο ἴν ἄοιηλυαῖταιρ, ἄζυρ ναῖ μβειῖ ἀοη νάιρε οημια ραι,
 να ὀύιαιξ ρη.

(1) Τυιζφρὸ αν Μυιμνεαῖ ζυρ λαβαιρ γέ “ ραοζαλ ” ανηο μαρ
 “ ραοιζεαλ ” ηο “ ραοιλ.” ἀῖτ λαβρμν γέ ἄρι ἀμανταιβ ειλε ἔ μαρ
 “ ραῖζεαλ.” Τά “ ἀο ” = “ ἀοι ” ἰ ζκοηηαῖταιβ.

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

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

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

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

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

(2) C. ρ. θριαττα θέρανγερ, "Je rougirais de mon ivresse / si tu conservais ta raison."

Όειρ γέ πέιν in Δ αιτμιζε ζο ουζ γέ αν ιομαρτσιού
 ζριάδ' οο na mnáib, áct níοι cúalaf áon oπoc-γζέαλ' ο'ά
 έαοιb in γαν ζούιρ ριν, áζυρ ní cúipeánn an Calnánaé
 'na leic é. Όειρ γέ πέιν in Δ "φαιοιρσιν" naé maib γέ
 leac cóin h-olc le móián' oáοine eile in γαν τίρ, áct
 áomúζεánn γέ ι οταοιb an óil áζυρ na mban.

má labair mipe 's coir írioll
 ζο caoúeámai le mnáib veapa,
 Sin Δ bfuil ι m'ázair' rζrióbta,
 áζυρ ζο n-ólam uirze-beáta!

Ιρ é an loct ιρ mó' oο cúιr Δ náimhe 'na leic, ζο maib γέ
 ró' rannrac, áζυρ ió' ζέαρ áζ cμimniuzáó áιrzió,
 áζυρ nári' oεapmáio γέ maib an pláca' oο épacáó' tap
 éir' oáimra. Níl áon áimraf ánn ζο maib' φαicéiof áζ na
 oáοimib' moimé, áζυρ an té naé' otiúbriáó' oó' le caipéan-
 af' oο' bεaprafó' γέ' oó' le φαicéiof. Cúipeánn an Cal-
 nánaé' ρin ι ζcéill' oúinn nuair' cúιr γέ an Reacéúipe
 ríof' mar

áζ' pεaprál' na típe, áζυρ áζ' rζólaó' na' noáοine,
 áζυρ áζ' tóζbáil' na' cíora in' rna' baiteacáib,
 áζυρ mar' b'fáz' rεirpεan' oúoion' áζυρ Δ' bolz' oο' líonaó,
 béio' Δ' oéimeaf' ι' b'pεoáar' Δ' beaprafó' áize!

Όυó' é Δ' tεanζa Δ' oéimeaf', áζυρ' ó' bí' rí' cóin' ζέαρ' ρin' ιρ
 ionζnaó' liom' nári' ζέapri' γέ' níof' mó' léi. Όari' liom-ρα,
 ιρ' cμoctuzáó' ári' míne' áζυρ' ári' cáοine Δ' na' oúime, naé
 b'fuair' mé' áon' ábrián' ζέαρ' pεaprib' 'na' oúiaiz, áct' an' oá'
 éánn' oο' minne' γέ' ι' n-áζaió' na' ζCalnánaé' áζυρ' ι
 n-áζaió' Sheáζain' Δ' búpca' áζυρ' ι' n-áζaió' oúine' oο'
 ζoió' Δ' cóta' móri. áζυρ' maioiri' le' n-á' oúanraib' oiaó'a
 ní' péioiri' naé' noεapriáio' ríao' maic' oó-irripte' in' γan

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

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

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

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

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

ούτέαιό. Μαρ ουβαιρε φεαρ λιομ: “Ὀφείημι ἰδοῦν τὴν
 πὰ γαστρι no βιάταιμ δὲ τεσγάρτ na ποδοιμε!” Ἰρ
 βεσγ νε νεϊτίβ, οὐαρ λιομ-γὰ, δ κομηυιγέαρ ἀν εφοῖθε
 μαρ ἀν φρεσγιάθ ἰονταντὰς το εὔγ γέ ἀρ ὄυιμε εἰζιν
 το ἔονταμικ ἐ δὲ γεινμ, ἀγυρ νάρι διτνίς ἐ. Ὀφείημι
 ἀν φεαρ ῖο ἰ γκοῖρ ἀρσο, “Για ἡ-ἐ ἀν κεόλτόμ?” ἀγυρ
 Ὀφείηταιμ ἀρ βεῖθιλεαυόμ ὡλλ:—

mise καιρτερι.

Μιρε καιρτερι ἀν φιλε,
 Λίν ούόαιρ ἀγυρ γράθ,
 le ρύιλίβ ζαν ρολυρ
 le ciúnar ζαν κράθ.

Ὀυλ ριαρ ἀρ μ'αιρτεαρ
 le ρολυρ mo ἐφοῖθε,
 ρανν ἀγυρ τυρρεαέ
 ζο νερρεαθ mo ρλίζε.

φέαέ ανοῖρ μέ
 ἀγυρ μ'αζαῖθ ἀρ βαλλὰ (1)
 ἀγ ρεινμ κεβίλ
 το ρόκαίβ ραλαμ.

Ὀὴ μάλιγυρτεαέτ ἰόρμ διζε ἀρ δ τεανγαιθ ούτέαιρ
 ἀέτ εὔγ γέ ἀν θέαρλα. Ὀειρ ποδοιμε νάρι εὔγ, ἀέτ Ἰρ
 οῖγ ζυρ εὔγ. Ουβαιρε Ἀντοῖνε Ὀ Ὀάλαῖς λιομ, τὰ
 βεθ ἰ μβαῖλ-αέ-κλιαέ ρόρ, ζυρ εὔμνιγ γέ ζο μαίε ζυρ
 λείγ δ ρεαν-αέαιρ λεσβαρ θέαρλα ὄο ἀναίε le βαῖλ-
 loc-μαδβαέ, ἀγυρ εὔμνι καιρτερι ζαεθεῖλγ ἀρ ἰν ραν
 οῖθε. Βα ἐ ριν ραν μβλιαθδαιν, 1830. Ουβαιρε γέ ζο
 μαίβ γέ ζλευρτα ζο ἡ-ἀν-ἰμεαρᾶμᾶιλ ἀν υαιρ ριν, ἀγυρ
 ζο μαίβ δ ἰμαε λαρ. Ὀφείη δ ἰμαε, το βί 'na βεῖθιλεα-
 υόμ μαίε, ἐ, le ουλ le “εὔμνι” το βί δὲ ζαβαῖλ na
 τῖνε.

(1) no μαρ εὔαλαῖθ μέ ἀγ φεαρ εἰλε ἐ, “ἀρ mo εὔλ le βαλλὰ.”

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

I AM RAFTERY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ταιρβεάνανν γέ γο μαιβ εόλαρ αίζε αρ οιβρεα-
 αιβ Sheatúinn Céitng. Β'είοιη ζυρ λέιζεαδó ιαο αρ
 λάιη-γζπιβιηνν οό, le γζολάιηε έιζιη, αζυρ ιγ φορυρ
 α φειρπιητ αρ έυιο ο'ά δβράηαιβ γο μαιβ τοζα
 αίηηε αίζε αρ όάηηαιβ μαρ "Τυηεαδó ηα η-Εη-
 εαηη," le Οοότύηη Ο Οοηαίη, αζυρ λειρ αη "Σίοςυηε
 Ροηάηαδó" αζυρ le πίογαιβ ειλε οε'η τγόητ έέαηηα.
 Ιγ οόίζ γο ζυαλαίό γέ ιαο γο υιλε ό βéal ηα
 ηεαη ηαοιηε, αζυρ οο έυη ηειηεαη α όάηηα φέηη αρ α
 λοηγ. Ηίοη φάζ γέ βόόταη ηα ηηαοιηε οο έυαίό ηοιηηε.
 Τά έυιο ηόρ ο'ά Σηαεύειηζ αη-ζλαη, αζυρ γαοη ό
 φοαίβ ιαφαάτα αρ αη ηηβέαηηα. Ιγ βεαζ ηαό γαοιη-
 ηεαό ουηηε γο ηηεαόαίό γέ εγ α βεαλαό αζ ιαηηαίό
 ζλαηηε ηη α έυιο Σηαεύειηζε, αάτ τά έυιο ειλε ο'ά
 δβράηαιβ τρυαίηηίζετ le φοαίβ βέαηηα ηεαγζέα τρίο
 αη ηηαεύειηζ. Ιγ ιοηόα κοη-ααιηε οεαγ ατά αίζε α
 έαιρβεάηαρ α ηάίζιηηηεαάτ αρ αη ζααιητ, αζυρ ηί'λ οηη-
 εαο αζυρ φοαί αίζε ηαό βρυαηη γέ ό ηα ηαοιηηβ φέηη,
 αζυρ ηαό μαιβ κοιτέιοηη αηεαγζ ηα ηηαοιηε αη υαηη
 ηηη. Ταβαηη φά οεαηα έοηη ζυηηη αζυρ οο έεαρ γέ φοαί
 μαρ "εεαηηόα-αη-όηη" αρ αη άιτ α ηηέαηηαη ηα βοηηη
 όηη, αζυρ βρυαάηα μαρ "ταηηίη οά ηηηεααδó," "οίηε
 εηάηη," "ζαηηηη γζοιηε," "εηίοό φάίη," γε, αζυρ μαρ
 έυζαηη γέ αηηεαό αηηηηεαόα μαρ "εηηοό αη άηη,"
 "εαέ ελυαηη ταηηβ," "εοηηαό," "αηηόαη άιηηε
 [άηηηε] αζυρ ηαοιηηε," "ζοηη ηαό ηόρηηα," αζυρ "αη
 οεαηη ηόρ," γε, ό'ηη τρεαη-ηιηηηόεαάτ, οο βι αη υαηη
 ηηη αρ βéal η-υιηε όυηηε.

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

(2) i.e., Ireland.

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

(3) The name of an Ossianic poem.

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

(5) One of the Fenians.

(6) The hero of an Ossianic romance.

Ní'le corinníleasct ar bíct le déanaim ionn an Reasctúipe mar fíle, agus fear mar Eógan Ruad O Súillio-báin, agus na fíliúe Muinneasca vo bí ann, céas bliasdan ó foin. Daoine fóglamta vo bí ionnta fo. Máizirtríúe ar an nDaeóeilg, fear agus nuad, vo bí ionnta. Bhí foclóir sca féin, agus ní maib rí mó ná súiríú. Is binnear o'iarri rias, agus fuair rias binnear. Act baineasdar go mó mionic de'n céill le cur le n-a mbinnear. Níor iarri mo Reasctúipe binnear ar don cor. Ní'le ré gan é, act ní deasdaíú o'á córuigeasct. Níor éleasct ré cruas-focal ariam le ceól a béairra vo méasúgá. Labair ré amac an mu vo bí in a éiríúe, go simplíúe agus go úipeac, in a bmaicmaib féin; act mealltar mé, ar a foin rin, muna tuisreasó Muinneasca féin, inoiu, é, níor fearri ná tuisreasó ré Eógan Ruad.

Bhí ré tuisreasnac com maic le cráibteac. Tar éir an Dóinnallánac vo mólaó ar fon na triúe minne re leir an gCalánac (tríúe voim vo bí ann, agus daoine uairle na tíre go léir ag veaircaó oim), féac com críona agus veir ré ran noireasó

le breaicnuasó ginn ran rgeal rin
 náir émasg rin o'á mac Daeóeal
 vo cur of coime a céile
 le féacaint cia veit ríor.

Nac bfuil ré reo níor uairle agus níor meairmíla go móri ná ioncáir agus ionntinn na nooime uairal vo cúir cum triúe ias.

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

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

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

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

Όειπτεσαι, ἀὲτ νί φίοι ἐ ἀι ραυ, ζυρ ἐαίτ ἀν Κεαὲ-
 τύμει να ρεαὲτ μβλιαδὸνα ὀείζεαηναδὰ ὀ'ἀ ραοζαλ ἀζ
 υρηνιζε ἀζυρ ἀζ ὀέαηαιὶ ὀάν υιαὸα μαρ ζεαλλ ἀι
 ἀιρλιγ ὀο βί ἀιζε. Ἀζ ρο ἀν cuntyr ὀο ἐυζ Ὀιαρμυιο
 Ο Cluadán ἀι ἀν ἀιρλιγ ριν (1):—“ Chualaidò mé é
 ὀ'ἀ ράὸ le m'ἀταρ ζο ραιβ ρέ τινη ι ηζαλλιη, ἀζυρ βί
 cupán leazta ἀι ὀορτο le ταιοιβ να leapταν ὀό, ἀζυρ
 veoc' ἀηη, ἀζυρ ιη ραν οιοὲε ἐυαλαὶὸ ρέ τορμη ἐιζιη ιη
 ραν τρεομμη, ἀζυρ ραοιλ ρέ ζυρ β'ἐ ἀη κατ ὀο βί ἀι ἀη
 μβορτο ἀζυρ ζο leazpαὸ ρί ἀη 'μυζ.' Ἀζυρ ἐυρ ρέ
 ἀμαὲ ἀ λάηη, ἀζυρ κρέαυ ὀο ζεοβαὸ ρέ ἀηη ἀὲτ κηάμηα
 καολα ἀη ὀηάιρ. Ἀζυρ ἐάμηγ ἀ ραὸδαιε ἀι ἀιρ ἐυιζε
 ἀρῖρ, ἀζυρ ἐοηηαιε ρέ ἀη ἀιτ ἀ ραιβ ἀ ἐὸτα μὀρ κρὸετα
 ἀι ἀη μβαλλα. Ἀζυρ ὀυβαρητ ἀη ὀάρ ζο ὀτάμηγ ρέ le
 η-α ἐαβαρητ leir, ηο le ρεαρ eile ὀε να ἐὸμηαρηηηαιβ
 ὀο ἐὸμηηυγ ιη ἀ leicéio ριη ὀε ἐιζ, ὀο ἐαβαρητ leir,
 μμηα ὀτιυβριαὸ ρέ ἀη Κεαὲτύμει. Ἀζυρ βίοοαρ ἀζ
 καητ ρζατὰὸ le ἐέιλε, ἀζυρ ὀυβαρητ ἀη ὀάρ ζο ὀτιυβ-
 ριαὸ ρέ ἀιρρη ἐηηηε ὀό, ἀζυρ ζο ὀτιυεραὸ ρέ ρά η-α
 ὀέηη ηυαρη βειτ ἀ ἐάμηε καίττε, ἀζυρ ἀηηρη ὀ'ημηγ
 ρέ υαὶὸ. Ἀζυρ ηυαρη ἐάμηγ ἀ βεαη ἀρτεαὲ ἀι μαηοηη,
 ὀ'ρῖαρηηυγ ρέ ὀι κια ἀη ἀιτ ἀι ἐρὸὲ ρί ἀ ἐὸτα μὀρ ἀη
 οιοὲε ηοηηηη ριη. Ἀζυρ ὀυβαρητ ρηε ζυρ ἐρὸὲ ρί ιη ἀ
 leicéio ρεο ὀ'ἀιτ ἐ, ἀζυρ βυὸ ἐ ριη ζο ὀηηεαὲ ἀη ἀιτ
 ἐέαηηα ἠα βρακαὶὸ ρειρηαη ἐ, ἀζυρ βί ριορ ἀιζε ἀηηρη
 ζο ὀτάμηγ ἀ ραὸδαιε ἀι ἀιρ ἐυιζε ὀα ρῖρμη ιη ραν οιοὲε.
 Ἀζυρ ἐυρ ρέ τεαὲταρηε ζο ὀτι τεαὲ να ἐὸμηαρηηαι ἀιη
 ἀι λαβαρη ἀη ὀάρ, ἀζυρ ὀυβριαὸ leir ζυρ καλλεαὸ ἐ ιη

(1) Ὀ'ἠ ὀαιηηιζεαηηα ζηεζορη, ιρ υαίτῖ-ρη ρυαρη μέ κυρ μὀρ
 ὀο ηα ρεατταὸ ρεο ἀι βεατὰ ἀρ ὀρῖλε.

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

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

(2) Literally : "Was lost."

φαν οιοθε. 1ρ μοιτ̄ cúmniḡim nuaii bí ré aḡ fázaii
 báir 'na úiaiḡ rin, ḡo utáinis caraiio tó, feari ve na
 Cuanaiḡib, arteaḡ, aḡur'oubaiit ré 'μοιτ̄ ḡo leóiri, a
 Rairteiri,' ari ré, 'ní' l an cáimoe no tuz an báir' uuit
 caitte fór,' aḡur' ú'fmeaḡairi Rairteiri aḡur'oubaiit
 re, 'tá ré véanta amac̄ aḡ an eazlair aḡur' aḡam
 féin anoir naḡ é an báir' tó bí ann, cóiri ari bit̄, ac̄t
 ḡur' b' é an oiaḡal é vo t̄áinis aḡ cur' caḡuiz̄te oim.' "

1ρ iom̄ta rḡeal cúalaid̄ mé i utaiob̄ a báir. 'Oub-
 aiit feari feari vo bí ḡan véaiila liom ḡo b'ruairi ré
 báir 'na donair, i uteaḡ folaim̄ ḡan' uine ari bit̄ beit̄
 leir, aḡur' ḡo maib̄ an teaḡ uile larta ruar' cóim̄ ḡeal
 leir an lá, aḡur' larairi in rna r'péaiḡaiḡ ob̄ a cionn,
 aḡur' ḡur' b'is̄o rin na h-aiḡzil vo bí ann aḡ véanaim̄
 tóim̄aid̄ tó.

'Oubaiit feari eile ḡo maib̄ fíor aḡ an Reaḡtúim̄e
 ioim̄-láim̄, cia an lá aḡur' an uairi vo beit̄ a t̄eairma
 caitte, aḡur' ḡo noeaḡaiḡ ré ḡo ḡaillim̄ aḡur' ḡur'
 éannuiz̄ ré cláiri, aḡur' ḡo utuz leir é ḡo tiz̄ éiz̄in,
 aḡur' cúiri ré ari an b'raiaḡ é. 'Oubaiit ré le muim̄tir
 an tiz̄e cóim̄ia vo úéanaim̄ tó ari rin, aḡur' fuairi ré báir
 an oiothe éeana!

Ac̄t ní mairi rin t̄áirila ré. fuairi an bhaintiz̄eairna
 ḡreḡoiri cuntar' ioml̄án ari a báir' ó feari vo bí i láḡairi,
 aḡur' é 'na ḡairún. 'Oubaiit an feari ro ḡur' buaileas̄
 é le tinnear' i nḡaillim̄, aḡur' nuairi' ú'eiriḡ ré níor
 feariri' ú'im̄t̄iz̄ ré ari fuo na t̄úḡaiḡe ariir' le rḡuibin,
 beaḡ ariḡio vo bailliuḡaḡ, "ac̄t buaileas̄ fíor ariir' é
 nuairi' t̄áinis ré cum an tiz̄e reo. Ní maib̄ ré ió aor̄ta

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

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

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

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

τιμίολλ νεϊό μβλιαόαν δ'ι τμη ριότο (1). Βήι ρέ τιμη
 αν λεαβυιό αν ρεσό κοϊκτιόιρε. Ουβαιτε μ'αταρ
 ανηρη ραζαρε ο'ράζαιλ οό. Βήι αν ραζαρε παρηαιρτε
 αν αν μβαλε, ατ ρυαμαμαρ ραζαρε ειλε αζυρ ουη ρέ
 αν ολα οειμεανναό ανι αζυρ ουζ αρβολόιο οό. Νι ραιβ
 ριαη αν βιό ανι, ατ α όορα οο βειό ρυαμ, αζυρ τέιτεαό
 να βυαόαλλιό cloó αζυρ ουιμεαό ριασ ιη ραν λεαβυιό
 ουιγε ι. Ουό ιμιαη λε μο ιμάταρ ριορ α ουι αν α βεαν
 αζυρ αν α ιμαό οο βι ι ηζαλλιμ, ζο οτιυεραιόιρ λε αιμε
 νίορ ρεαρηι ταβαιτε οό, ατ νι λειζρεαό ρέ ούιμη ρηη α
 οέαηαμ. Ρεικτεαρ οαμ ζυρ ραοιλ ρέ ηαό ηοεαρηαοαρη
 ζυρ ηο ιμαιό οό. Chuαλαιό μέ ρζεαλ ζυρ οίυλταιζ αν
 ραζαρε αρβολόιο οο ταβαιτε οό, αζυρ έ αζ ράζαιλ βάιρ,
 μνα μαιτρεαό ρέ οο ηάηηαιο έιζηη οο βι αιζε, αζυρ ζυρ
 ουβαιτε ρειρεαη, 'μά ιμαιό μέ οό λε μο βεαλ νίορ
 ιμαιτεαρ οό λε μο όριοθε,' ατ νί'λ ροαλ ρίμηηηε ανη.
 Νι ραιβ μαλλε αν βιό αν αν ραζαρε αζ ουι αν ολα ανι.
 Ατ οο βι ριύηεαρηαιό 'ηα όόηηηυιόθε, ρίορ ανηρηη, αν αν
 ηβόταρ, α ουι ραιρτερη οηοό-αιζηηεαρ αση υαιη αηάηη
 ανι. Σόιτε ριλε οο βι ιη ραν ριύηεαρηαιό ρο αζυρ βι ζυό
 ηιεάζ αιζε αζ ζαβαιλ αβηάηη, αζυρ ταίηιζ ρέ αμαό
 αζυρ ημηρ ρέ αν βειόληη αν ραιρτερη. Αζυρ ιρ μαιό ουιηη
 ηιζιηη, ηυαρη βι ρέ αζ ράζαιλ βάιρ, ζο οουζ αν ραζαρε
 αν ριύηεαρηαιό ρεο αρτεαό, αζυρ ουζ ρέ οηηηα μαιτεαηη
 ηαρ ταβαιτε ο'ά όέιλε αζυρ λάηη α όέιλε όηαταό. Αζυρ
 ουβαιτε αν ριύηεαρηαιό, 'οά ηβειό οηρηη ιορη βειτε
 οεαρηβηάταρ οο ιμαιόρτοιρ ο'ά όέιλε, αζυρ ααο ουιγε ηαό

(1) Ιρ οόιζ ηαό ραιβ ρέ όοηη η-αορηα ρηη. Ουβαιτε Αηοιηη
 Ο Οάλαιζ ηιοηη ζυρ ραοιλ ρέ ηαό ραιβ ρέ ηίορ μό ηά 50 βλιαόαν
 ραν μβλιαόαηη, 1830,

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

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

maidrimir-ne?' 'Do cuirhead é i gCillínín. Ní maib
rochruid nó móir aige, aót bí daoine an baile ar fad
ann. Oirde Fhéil Noctas fuidir ré bár. a gair vubairt
ré féin i gcóinnuidé dá mbeic láim ag Dia ann, gur fá'n
Noctas do gairhead ré bár."

Tá fear ahaice leir an uoilis in ar cuirhead é
a gair vubairt ré gur fáoil ré gur cum a tige féin do
bí an Reacáitme teacé, nuair buairead ríor é "aót
cuidó ré arthead annsin ran tige, ríor," ar ré. "Oirde
Noctas fuidir ré bár, a gair rin comairta go maib
ré beannaigéte, bíonn beannaót ar na daoimib fá'gann
bár fá'n Noctas. In ran oirde do cuirhead é, óir ní
óeairaidé don obair lá Noctas, aót éruinnuig
m'áitir, a gair beagán dé cóimairtandib eile, ruidin
airis le cóimra do ceannaót do, a gair minhead é le fear
ran mbairle, lá San Steapáin, a gair tugad é annro,
a gair lean daoine na mbairte é, óir bí meaf a gair gíad
aca uile ar Rairteir; aót nuair éangadair annro, bí
an oirde ag tuirim, a gair nuair bíodair ag tocait na
h-uairge bí cloc móir rompa imti, a gair níor féadadair
a tógbáil, a gair fáoil na buacáillid é do éabairt
arthead ran rgioból a gair an oirde do baite ar. aót
bí meaf móir ag mo máitir, go noeandó Dia tríoairme
uirir, ar Rairteir, a gair cuir rí amad dá cóinnil-múila
larra, le folair do éabairt óinn. 'Do bíod a múila
féin ag h-uile bean an uair rin, a gair do gíoir a
gair coinnle féin i gcóimair na Noctas. Congbair-
eamar na coinnle larra or cionn na h-uairge do bí a
n-aice le binn an tréipéil le tabairt foluir óinn, a gair
cuidó mo óeairbáitair ríor in ran uairge, a gair tóg ré an
clóc; a gair cuirheadair annsin é. 'Bhi féirdeós maid

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

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

ξοδοίτε δην, αν υαινι céadonna, áct níoní míúc ré ná
 conñle, ásur ní mēaraim suri cóimuiḡ rí an laraíri réin,
 ásur crioctuíḡ ré rin ḡo maib lám an Tíḡearna δnn.”

Do fáḡadó an ríle maí rin in ran tpean-íoiñiz i
 ḡCillimn áḡ cooladó ḡo ráim ámeaḡ ná noadoinē
 o'áictuíḡ ré ásur vo ḡimáduiḡ ré. Cúiz bliadóna ásur
 tri ríctio nó, áḡ cooladó ánnirin ḡo ciúin, ḡan á cooladó
 beic buaidēaríca, ḡo utáimiz an rēireadó lá ríccēao
 lúḡnarā ánuimuiḡ (19 0). Do cūimniḡeadó an lá rin
 rílaḡ móri noadoinē le céile ar ná baíctib tímcíoll, ásur
 noadoinē vo táimiz ó bḡao, ásur rāḡaric oimḡíoneadó ná
 paíimáirte, ásur noadoinē maí Eadōbaro Mártain ó
 Chairleán Tuloiḡne oá míle oéadḡ ar rin, ásur an
 bháimtiḡearna ḡreḡoim ar an ḡCúil i bḡao nó'n tadoib
 rúar ve'n cónoadé, ásur an t-áctair Conḡaríoin ásur
 mórián noadoinē eile ar ḡhállim, ásur úḡoari ná línte
 reo maí an ḡcéadonna. Do cūimniḡeadó íao ánnirin,
 íoir íróll ásur uaral, íoir rēan ásur óḡ, le onóim vo
 tábdairc vo'n ríle maírb. Ba í an bháimtiḡearna
 ḡreḡoim cion-íocair an éimniḡe. Ruarí rí ámac ḡo
 oíreacó an áit ar cuíreadó é, ásur ánnirin vo tóḡ rí clí é
 ário álunn of cionn ná h-uaiḡe, ásur áinn an ríle i
 nḡaeóeilḡ uíim i lítreacóib óim. Ba í vo ráoil á
 oéadann, ásur ír uíim cúit an corḡar, no an cúit ba
 mó oé. Bhí uíimáḡe ná h-eaḡlaíre léiḡte of cóimair
 an tḡluidḡ, ásur vo íunneadó óriáioíó i nḡaeóeilḡ áḡ
 molaó an Reacḡáire ().

(1) Cúaladó mé suri éimniḡ ná noadoinē le céile i mbliadóna maí
 ar ḡcéadonna tímcíoll á uaiḡe, nuair íunne an t-áctair O Donadán ar
 baí-loc-íac óriáio bḡeáḡ oóib.

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

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

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

Ní h-i mo bairnídail zup éirinnis mé vánta uile an Reachtúire ar don cóir. B'éirir na c' bfuil mórián n or mó ná an leat aca a sham, a c't ir cinnite mé zo bfuil an vánta ir fearir aca a sham. Ní i n-don áit a m'áin vo bíod ré, a c't i zcómnuiré a z ruc'bal, a zup vo minne ré a b'rián vo réir mairi o'éiriz ocáir. Níoir mairi zo vti an lá inoiu, ar béal na noaoime, a c't na cinn ir clúoánila. Ir iomóda ceann minne ré náir leatnuiréad ar fuso na tíre ar don cóir; vo cumneócairé é in ran áit a noearnao, ar fead tamail, é, a zup ann-rin cailliré é. Chualair mé triáct ar éir vo na h-abriánair vo minne ré náir féad mé na béairairé fágaíl ar don cóir. Tá a b'rián i rziubinn Mhic Uí Diailis, an traoir-clóice, na c' bfuil i rziubinn Mhic Uí Fhloinn, tá a b'rián in ran rziubinn rai ácaoim na c' bfuil a z ceactar aca, a zup mórián aca-rar na c' bfuil innti reo, a zup fudair mé a b'rián ó'n Neactánac, ó Phroinriar O Conéubair, ó'n ácair Clement O Lúgnair, a zup ó Sheoirre Mac Ziolla an Chlois na c' mair a z uime ar bit eile a c't aca réin a m'áin; a zup éualair mé triáct ar mórián eile na c' bfuilreair. A c't aoir an rean-focal Zaeveilz "bíonn blas ar beagán" a zup b'éirir zo bfuil mo fáit éirinnis a sham. Ir oóiz zo bfuil h-uile a b'rián clúoánil a sham o'á noearnao ré, a zup ir leóir rin. B'éirir zup b'íad "Briúoir Bhéairis" a zup "Mairre Ní h-Eirín" (no an Rabrúe Zlégeal) an o'á a b'rián, ir mó vo éualair mé ameairz na noaoime i zConoacé na Ziailime, a zup an t-a b'rián ar Chill-aosáin, i zConoacé Mhuiré. Tá na h-abrián reo a z h-uile uime a bfuil zuc áize. Tá an "Aitirge" le fágaíl inr zac don áit.

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

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

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

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

αξυρ οὐτ n-υαιμε αρι ἔ ραν μανν υειμῶ. 1ρ ρίοι-ῤίε
εαλαῶναδ ὅο βι ραν κλαῶτύμε.

[Σεαρραιοῦ ἀν λιτιμ C. in ρνα νόταιβ, le cym i γσείλλ
μαρ ὅο βι ροκαίλ ἀν ἀβριάιν αζ ἀν ζComάναδ ὁ α βρυαρι
ἀν κλαῶτάναδ ιαυ. ζ. μαρ ὅο βίσοαρι αζ Μαδ υι
ϕηλοινν, Ο'Λ. μαρ ὅο βίσοαρι αζ ἀν Δῆαρι Clement
λύζηαιῶ, S. μαρ ὅο βίσοαρι i ρεμῖβιnn mhc υι Οιαλαίξ
(ἀν ραορ cloice), αξυρ Δ. μαρ βίσοαρι ραν ρεμῖβιnn ραν
Δαυαίμ.]

ΚΑΘΜΕ ΔΡ ΤΟΜΑΣ Ο ΤΑΛΑΙΞ.

1ρ ἔ Τομάρ Ο ΤΑΛΑΙΞ

Ο'ῤάξ ῤΑΙΙ αξυρ ρζαρ αρι αοιρ ὀιζ,
Δ'ρ ὁ σ'ιμρι ἀν βΑΣ αρι,

Να ΖΡΑΣΑ ζο υτυζαιῶ Οια ὀό.

Τά ἀν τιρ ρεό αρι ραυ ΚΡΑΙῶΤΕ,

Αζ ρίοι-ῤΡΑῶΤ αρι, ὁ σ'ἔαζ αρι βρεαρ-ρρόιμ,
Ὅο βέαρραῶ ἀν βΑΙΚΕ

Δρ ζαδ ΚΕΑΡῶΔ le βρεάξτα α εῦρο κεῶιλ.

Τά να h-εαλαῶ ἀρι να κυανταῖβ

Ναοι n-υαιμε κοῖμ ουβ λειρ ἀν ρμέαρι,

Ο σ'ἔαζ ἀν ρεαρι υαῖnn-ne,

Δ ραῖβ ἀν ρυαρικεαρ αρι βάρηαιβ α μῆαρι.

βυῶ υειρε (1) α ὀά ρῖιλ ζλαρ

Νά υμῖῶτ να μαῖοne αρι βάρηι ρῆι,

'S ὁ ρῖνεαῶ in ραν υαῖμ ἔ

Τά'η ρυαῶτ (2) αζ ράξαιλ τρειρε αρι ἀν ηζριέμ.

(1) ζλαρε C. (2) υμῖῶτ S.

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

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

LAMENT FOR THOMAS O'DALY.

It is Thomas O'DALY

Left ACHING in young hearts and old,

And since Death has wayLAID him,

May the GRACES of God be his fold.

This country is AILING,

BEWAILING that fingers of gold

Which made music like ANGELS,

Should be LAID in the Clay and the Cold.

The swans upon the waves

Are nine times blacker than the blackberry,

Since the man has died from us,

On the tops of whose fingers lay the pleasantry.

Fairer were his two grey eyes

Than the dew of morning on the top of grass,

And since he has been stretched in the grave

The Cold is gaining power over the Sun,

Όά ριύβαλρά να κύγ κύγε,
 Le μίναό (1), ριυέ, ρειρε, αζυρ μέιν,
 Δ ράμδαιλ, μαρι ουβριαό,
 Νίοι ριύβαιλ ρέ ριαμ τάλαιμ ná ρέαρ,
 Άιιο-μυζ να νούλ
 Δ βρuiλ να κύμαάτα ρο αρι ροο αζαο ρέιν
 Ó 'ρέ ριοιόε ναό ραιβ κύμαηζ,
 Ταβδαιρ κύτιυζαό όό ι βρλαιτέαρ τόά ρέιρ.

Ουό έ ρύο αν έραοβ άλιυν
 Ιηρ ζαό αέάμο τόάρι έλεαάταό (2) ρέ αριαιμ
 Σζαοαό ρέ α λάν
 Δ'ρ νίοι έριυνηιζ ρέ τααα ná μαοιη.
 Χαίτεαό ρέ ρτάτα
 Να ν'Οάλδαιζ 'να βεόιρι αζυρ ρίση,
 'Σ ι ζαάταοιρι να ηζιμάρτα
 Ι λάρι ρηάριτέαρ ζό ραιβ ρέ 'να ριυόε.

Σζεул ριάιότε αζ αν μθάρ,
 Αν ρλάιζ (3) ζιάνηα ναό έ ριυν αν ρεαλλ.
 Ναό ουγζ τόό λά αάιρθε,
 Δ Όηια λάιριι, ná βεαζάιηιη αμ' !
 Τά μνά όζα, α'ρ νί ζαν ράτ έ,
 Ριόη ριάιότε ό ράζαό έ ι ζαλλ,
 Δ ηζιμαζ ρίορ le ράνυό
 Να ρτράααιό (4) α'ρ ι αζ λιαάταό αρι α ζαιηη.

(1) αρι ριοιόε, μίντεαάτ, ρειρε, γα., C.

(2) ζαα αεαρτα όα ηοεαάιό C,

If you were to travel the five provinces,
 For learning, shapeliness, beauty, and good mien,
 His like (as has been said)

Never walked earth or grass.

O, High-King of the Elements,

Who hast these powers altogether to Thyself,
 Since his was a heart that was never narrow,
 Give him recompense in heaven accordingly.

That was the beautiful branch,

In every quarter which he used to ever frequent,
 He used to scatter a quantity (of gold),

And he never gathered hoards or goods.

He would spend the estate of the Dalys

In beoir and in wine,

And in the chair of the Graces,

In the midst of Paradise, may he be seated.

Misfortune (1) to the Death!

The hateful plague, is it not It did the treachery,
 That never gave him a day's respite,

O, strong God! or even a little moment of time?

Young women—and not without cause—

Are withered and ruined since he was left in the church-
 yard;

Their hair down and flowing,

In streaks, and it turning grey upon their heads.

(3) πλαίσι, C. (4) sic C.; "περίαιό," S. αζυρ G.

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

ní' l pópaio (1) i n-don záiipoiin,
 'S tá pát caoimte az ouille na zcraonh,
 Δ beic tuicim le fánadò,
 'S ní' l báipi zlar ai báipiab na ucom.
 O cúaid cónna (2) cláir
 Δi an 'Dálad tá bión ai luic zjunh,
 Tά imúio ai an lá zedl,
 'S ní f'námánn don b'peac ai na toinn.

Oip'eur 'r Δ cláirpeac
 Δ o'áipoiiz (3) zác ouine o'á t'peóip
 Δ' r an zleacaidé do bí [az] f'airpeal (4)
 Δi Δrizur zup zioio ré ló.
 Apollo maiz léiztear
 Ō 'ré tuz an τ-oiueacáir oóib
 Δ zcup ai fad le n-Δ céile,
 'S b'peairi an 'Dálad ná'n méao rúo luic
 ceóil.

'Dá mberóinn-re mo cláirpeac
 Ir úmáll éozaidó do béairfainn ai péann,
 Zo r'zriobfainn-re r'zéal beaz,
 'Na béairfaiβ i lár lic' or Δ céann,
 Δ zniom 'r Δ óeaz-éiréit'pe
 Na céao'ca ní cúirpeadó Δ zcraonh (?),
 Δ' r ouβairt Reac'túipe an méao rin
 'R éir (5) an 'Dálad, maiz t'aitiuz ré liom (6)

(1) παρρά, C. Δειν an Cománac zup b'é peo an céao béairra.

(2) Cónna = cónna.

(3) "Δ o'áipoiiz" = do áipoiiz. "Oubairt an Cománac maiz peo é:
 "Sí an fliúe Δ' r an cláirpeac Δ t'airraingear," 7c.

(4) Δn z'airé do bí az airpoul (l), C.

(5) "Léir," S., recté "an 'Dálaiz."

(6) ní' l an béairra po az an zCománac, ac't tá béairra eile aize-

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

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

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

(1) Literally : " Who hoisted every man from his direction "
 (2) Literally : " Would not put to a ead," i.e., drive home
 to the listener.

fean naé dhruair mé ó don tuine eile. Atá fé mar leanar :
 Tá an tuitiú seo Meámaró
 Cillcáimín agus muinntir Tír-Eoigain
 O throidéad-a-éiláirín
 'S ar rin go Cairleán leam Dóar (?)
 Tá tioréa Cill Rígeill
 As ríor-foi 'r as véanaí vobróin
 O cailleadó an fear riampa
 b'feair ríobair ó'á ruzaó go fóil.

ʉo b́i an ʉáladé ro ʉo éaoin an Reaéúime 'na
 úuine-uafal. ʉ'innir Mac Uí Fhinn, ar Oimánmór, úam,
 ʉo mbioú oafall maic úiallaioe faoi i ʉcómnuioe, aʉur
 nac feinneadó ré ceól ʉo na ʉaoinib coitcíoanna ar éoi
 ar bit, áct amáin ʉo na ʉaoinib uairle, ó b́i ré féin
 uafal. Chuir beirt ríobairne i nʉaillin úúbhlán faoi,
 don uair amáin, aʉ iarriaió eia aca ir feairi úéanfad
 ríobairneadé, aʉurinneadair bheicéam de'n Reaéúime,
 óir b́i cluar maic aʉe, bioú nac maib ré áct 'na
 úmoó-feiúileadóir. Thuʉ an Reaéúime an buaió
 ʉo'n ʉáladé.

aʉ ro abrián ʉo minne ré aʉ moiaó an ʉhúicaiʉ
 ʉo b́i 'na éóinnuioe i mbéal-áct-na-h-aibne an uair rin.
 Ir áit beaʉ, ʉu mîle ʉo'n ʉaoin éoi oe Chreacímáol,
 i. ʉá fean-muilleann loirʉé an, a maib muinntir
 h-eiúin 'na muilleóirib an, aʉur rin é an fáct aoeir
 ré ʉo bfuil "cómʉar muilinn aʉur áéa an." ʉá an
 muileann i nʉoir Innre ʉuairne aʉ feair aca anoir. Ir
 in ran áit éaéona ʉo maier m'riairadé O h-eiúin a
 noeairnaió an Súilobánadé an ʉ-abrián clúóamail air.
 Chioiró an léiʉéóir ʉo ʉuairneann bhuʉ an ʉóca ʉo
 maʉálda ʉá uair úéaʉ in ran ʉcáeo beairfa ar fuaim
 na litre "i":—

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

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

bēal-āta-na-haiḅne.

Τά άριυρ in ran τiri ρeo βειρi caβairi vo [na] vaomib
 'S nōri βpaoa liom coiōce beit tpaēt ari,
 βάριυγ ρέ an ρioγaēt le ρéile 'r le vaonnaēt
 'S va βpéaopaonn ργiōb ρioγ ari, βéinn pápta.
 An té γλυαιρpaō 'γcoip iρioll (1) ari uairi an meāōn-
 oiōce
 Cloippaō ρé luēt piampa aγup vaōta,
 Sγapaō ari pion aγup coipin o'á lionaō
 'S ni iariupaō pēari pīneaō piam pāite ann.

ni'l būpcaē in ran γcūγe ρeō, blācaē ná βpūnaē (2)
 pmonnpaē ná pinpēari pīl n'ōālaē
 loingpēaē ná nūinnpionn ná don oiōpē vūitēce
 nāp mīan leō γλαoōaē γo teāē p'pāomaiz (3)
 [Tá] paoipioin 'r loγaō [ann], bionn ppeap'oaē Δ'p
 caβairi ann,
 [βionn] cōmγari muilinn aγup áta,
 'S va βpáγaonn-ρe mo pogaonn ari áitib an voimain
 ir i mβaile-na-haiman vo b'pēari liom.

(1) "Co pīopat," MS., "op iρioll" an focal ceapē, aγup ir corimūl γo n-abapēap "aγ op iρioll" map "γcoip iρioll."

(2) ni'l an βéapra ρo aēt i n-A. amāin.

(3) "γo teāē p'pāomaiz ve būpca" ran MS.

BALLINAHEVNA.

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

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

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

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

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

Τά έίργ in ran αδαιν ανη αζυρ τορτα ει έριαν ανη (1)

Ouille bpeáz zlar αζυρ ρμέαριτα,

Seilinió α'ρ άιριουε, úbla 'r βαλάιριτιό (2)

Αζυρ μεαρ αζ ράρ ει βάρη ζευς ανη.

Bionn αν έυαé ανη αζ λαβαιριε ó Shaññain zo οτι
 νοουλαις,

Bionn ρμόλαé ανη, ειραβαιρι, αζυρ céιριεαé,

Αη ειλιε ι οτεανητα αζ ηα ζαόριαιβ ρηα ζλεανηταιβ

'S αν ριονηαé ι ράιανη (3) αζ ηα βλέαριαιρι [r].

Τά coilite bpeáz ηιέριό ανη, αζυρ βάιντε οά ηιέρι ρηη (4)

Τά γεαλαé ανη, ζηυαν αζυρ ηευλταιη,

Seazal αζυρ ράιβ, αζυρ ειυιτέηαéτ αζ ράρ ανη,

Ατά γεαñαιρι αζυρ coiice τός οίρι ανη (5),

Αη τρειριεαé 'ran ειαριαé 'r ηα ριόλτα οά ζεαηαéό

'S ηα βάητα ο'ά ρζοιλτεαó ó céιλε,

Soiτίζε ο'ά οτολλαó, bionn coiε ιονητα 'r ειόαιρι,

Αζυρ ροιλέρι ο'ά βρορζαίιτε 'r ο'ά ηιέιζτεαé.

Boiηo ανη οά λεαζαν αζυρ cócαιριό αζ ρηεαριταλ

Μιαρα ανη 'r ζηιέιτιηε οά (6) όδοιηιηε,

Oecantei zo βάρη (7) [λάν-]λιοντα ει αν ζελάρι

Le h-uirge le ριον α'ρ le neguy (8).

ηα τανcαιηο (9) ανη ραριταίζτε ρ ηα ζλοηιό ηα η-αιce,

'S οαοιηε υαιριε αζ όλ ρλάιντε α céιλε,

Τάιριλιρ ο'ά ηβηεααó, αζυρ οίριε ο'ά ζεαηαéό,

Αζυρ ceóλτα οά ρειηη ει τέαοαίβ.

(1) Aliter, τά έίργ in ran linn, α'ρ ζαλλ-έηόα ει έριανη.

(2) βλάιριτιόε, G. (3) Reññaiηο ι οτεανητα, G.

(4) "α'ρ ροιλτε ζαν éclipr," A.

(5) "έηε οίρι," A. "S τοζα οίρι," G.

(6) Aliter, "μιαρα αν οελφ αζυρ china." "ζηιέιτιό," S.;
 "ζηιέιτε," G. ηιηε α λείζαη "ζηιέιτιηε." (7) Aliter, "α'ρ jars."

There are fish in the river there, and fruit upon the tree (10),

Foliage fine and green, and blackberries,
Cherries and sloes, apples and damsons,
And fruit a-growing on the top of branches.

The cuckoo be's there, speaking from November to Christmas,
The thrush be's there, the woodcock and the blackbird ;
The fawn is in straights from the hounds in the valleys,
And the fox in trouble (?) from the Blazers (12).

There are fine open (13) woods there, and smooth-fields accordingly,

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

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

(8) Aliter, "τumbleer ann, punch αsur negur."

(9) να η-ανταρισ, S. αsur G.; "an παρται," S.; "παρτα," G.

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

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

(12) The Galway Hunt.

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

Οινέαρ οά πέρι ριν ο'ά υλλίνυζαό 'ρ ο'ά πέιζτεαό
 Βιονν τυικαι ανν, ρυιλέιο α'ρ ζέαόα
 Αν λυαζάν 'ρ αν λαόα αζυρ αοιη-φέοιλ 'να η-αισε,
 Αζυρ μαηιτ-φέοιλ αι έοραό (1) να μέριε.
 Αν ροητάη 'ρ αν ζλιομαό αν ενύοάν (2) 'ρ αν ηονηαό
 Αν ηιαοάν 'ρ αν τυηαβοηο ζλευρτα,
 Αν λιύρ αι αν μεαζαό (3), αν ηηοιηζ αι αν βαλλαό,
 'ζυρ αν ταηταιρ ηί έαηταιζ[εαηη] ό'η ηρέαητα. |

Μηά μαητε αν οοήαιη ηε πέηλε αζυρ ρεαβοη,
 Αηηήυο ατά'η ηεαη αα ηρ πέηλε,
 Οά οτοηόά (4) αζ Κοηκαηζ ζαη κοήηηυόε ζαη ητοραό
 'S οά ηυόβαηρά έαηη τιηέοιηη να η-Εηηεαηη.
 Ηρ ηί ηαό ηηεηέ τυηηηεαό ό λύζηαη ζο ηιοηαιζ
 'Να ηεαηαηη 'ρ η αζ ηιαη αι ηυέτ οέηησε.
 Ο έυαιό με ο'ά ηολαό έλοηηηό αν ροβαλλή
 ζυρ ραοά ηέηόεαη τεαηταη α ηρέηηηε.

Βιονη ηεαηηαό αζ λάηη ανη, α'ρ βαηη²αζ εηάηη ανη,
 'S λοηηζέεαό αι ηαηοηηη αζ ζέηηηηζ,
 Αηαι αι ηύηηό η ηέηαηαό ζο ηύηηη,
 Ηαιη αζυρ αοηηηζ αζ μεηόηηζ.
 Η ζούηταη ηαη ηζηηίοη να η-ύζοαηη αιη ηίοη,
 Αη ηυόηζ ηί οέαηηαίό με ηηέαζ αιη,
 Η ζεαηηοα ηά η ζούηζε ηε μεηηη αζυρ ηε ηύηαό
 Έυη βέαη-άέ'-ηα-ηαιβηε αν έηαέη ηειρ.

(1) "Τεηηεαό," S., ηαη ηαβαηηέαηη ζο ηηηηε η ζοηηαέταηε έ.

(2) "Ρόηη," Α. (3) "ηοηα αζυρ ηαοζαό," S.; "ηεαηηαό" αν
 ροαίη αεαηη, ραοηηηη.

Dinner according, being prepared and got ready,
 There be's turkeys there, pullets and geese,
 The little fat lamb, and the duck, and mutton beside it,
 And beef on the fore-front of the dish.
 The crab and the lobster, the gurnet and the mackerel,
 The salmon and the turbot dished up,
 The pike and the meagach, the codfish and the ballach,
 And the tortoise (turtle?) is not wanting at the feast.

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

It is there is the woman of them who is most generous,
 If you were to begin at Cork, without stop or stay,
 And were to travel round about Ireland.
 It is she who would not be weary from August to Christmas,
 Standing and distributing to those who ask alms,
 Since I have gone to praise her the people should hear
 That long shall last the fame of her virtues.

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

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

(4) "Ὁ ἀ στυράτῳ," S.; "Ὁ ἀ στυρόφειά σο," A.

(5) Literally: "In a wilderness."

Το βί μο Reacútúipe an mheirneamail, áir-o-aizean-
 tac, azyr, maí veiri na Muimniúg, neam-rypleadóc. Com
 boct azyr bí ré níor éiom ré a céann yiam moim ouine
 ari bit, móri ná beaz, azyr níor mol ré aót an ouine vo
 bí ion-molta. Vo íaoil an muinntiri Thalloa an uair
 rin, maí íaoileodar i n-daimpíri Iribéil trí céao bliadú-
 an moime rin, nac maib don oíeam ari an oileán níor
 baogálaige ná ríobairiúe ari reacrían, beoileadóiriúe,
 azyr luét-riubail, óri bíodar ro uile zo léiri ari táoib
 na noaome, azyr bí ré ari a zcumar rzeálda vo
 tábairt leó ó, áit zo h-áit ari ruo na tíre; azyr nuair
 buailead an olige Thalloa a éruca in a leitéro ve
 ouine boct, b'olc vo é. Veiri ríao zyri éait an Reac-
 túipe trí móra i bpríorún i nThallim maí zeall ari
 ábrián vo yinne ré i n-azaió na h-Eazlaire Thalloa (1)
 azyr ní'l mé 'iáó nac ríor é, óri tá ríor azam zo maib
 Ciarriúeac boct ann, i n-daimpíri an ómoc-íaozail, vo
 cuíead i bpríorún ari fead trí mi ari ron ábrián vo
 zadbail ari íriáio Tríáiglige, azyr ir cinnte nac ríor-
 áilríoe an Reacútúipe. Vo tuzad é, lá eile, i látairi
 lúirtíri an tsíotéáin i mbail-át-an-yig azyr éuodar
 o'á éirtíuigad. Ní íreazóriad an Reacútúipe aót i
 nThaeóeilz. Ir oóig zyri túiz ré béaríla, aót ní meaf-
 aim zyri labairi ré é. Cuíead ríor ari míniúteóiri, óri
 ní maib don Thaeóeilz az an lúirtíri móri ro. Duó é ar

(1) D'éirim zyri b'é roo an "éiri o'á plé."

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

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

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

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

δέαο έειρε έυμεαοαρ αι, “ Cά βρπυλ τύ το έόμνυιόε ?”
 Τά τά έείλλ λειρ αν βρφαλ ρο—Cά έόμνυιζεαν τύ,
 αζυρ εά μβιονη τύ αζ λειζεαν το ρζιτ? Νιορ φέαο μυο
 αι βιτ ρζασηηαδό το έυρ αι αν Ρεαδτύμπε αζυρ
 ο'φρεαζαιρ ρέ αν έύμπε λε μανη :—

1 η-Οηάνηόμ ατάμ 'μο έόμνυιόε

1 ηζαιλλιή ατά μο έεαέ

1 οτυαιμ

.

Τά αν τά líne ρεο έόμ ζάμρδαιήαιλ ηαέ βρέαοαιμ α ζυρ
 ι ζελό. Το μίνιζεαδό αν μανη μι-ηάμπεαέ ρο, ροαλ αι
 ροαλ, το'η ύίρτιρ λειρ αν βρεαρ ειλε, αέτ το ζλάοδ
 αμαέ αν Ρεαδτύμπε ηαέ μαιβ ριαο μίνιζεε ι ζεαμπε
 αιζε. Ουβαιμπε αν φεαρ ειλε ζο μαιβ; το έυζ αν Ρεαδ-
 τύμπε α μιονηα ηαέ μαιβ. Ιρ ανηημ ο'έμμζ αν ελαμπαρ
 αζυρ αν άμζύμπε τομ αν τά φεαρ. Το βμρ α έυο
 ροιζεο αι αν ύίρτιρ φα όεμπεαδό, αζυρ έιομάμ ρέ αν
 βειμπε ααα αμαέ.

Νιορ ρζασηημυιζεαδó λε μυο αι βιτ έ. Οηί ρέ οε
 μειρνεαέ αιζε βεαζάη μαζαιό το όεαηάμ ανοιρ αζυρ
 άμρ, φα ραζαμπε φέμ. Οηί φεαρ ι ζεμιορταέάν ι η-αιζε
 λε βαιλ-λοέ-μ'αέ, αζυρ το ζομπεαδό, αον οιόέ αμάμ,
 τά έέαο εμανη ζαβάμρτε υαιό. Το λαβαιμ αν ραζαμπε
 ό'η αετόμ αι αν οβαμ ζμάηηα ρμ, αζ μάδ ζο μβυό
 μόμ αν ρζασηαιλ έ. Νυαιμ βί ρέ αζ λαβαιμπε έυζ ρέ φα
 οεαμ αν Ρεαδτύμπε το βειτ μ ραν ζεμμμνμυζαδó, αζυρ
 ουβαιμπε ρέ: “ Cέαρ'ο οειμ τυρδ, α Ραιρτεμ, λειρ αν
 βρεαρ το ζοιο αν ζαβάμρτε ?”

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

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

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

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

(1) Literally: “Trees.”

Shaoil an Reacúirne suir éirí an rathar an iomair-
cuid rime i muo beas de'n tróirt, agus glaoú ré
amác:—

Δ Δάρι, αδειμι-ρε
An té σ'ιτ' οά έεαο emann zabáirte
So mbuó móri é a é'ráirte!
Oá mbeic' riao bhuicte ar feoil
So marpaó ré an paráirte!
Ó' r' tuca, a Δάρι, πο έαιτ'
Com' raso i zcoláirte,
Ar léig tú miám
An oiréao rin ar zabáirte?

Bhí ré uul tuilleao' vo éirí leir rin, ac't vo bac an
rathar é.

Bhí rathar eile, lá, ag múnao' oó ráirte vo bair-
teao', óir vo bí tig'te rathar'eo ar fuo na tíre rin a
brao ó rathar ar bit', agus bí an ceairt ag odoiuib'
rperialta leinb' vo bairteao' oá mbeic' eazla báir oirra.
Oo éirí an rathar rean-hata caicte ar láim' an Reac-
úirne, amáil agus vo mbuó ráirte vo bí an, agus vo
múin ré oó na focail vo bí aige le ríao. Ac't ir é
duubairt an Reacúirne:—

Bairtim tú a leinb', zan tóim, zan ceann
Zan uirge, zan ralan, zan braon de'n leann,
Zmi tonna bairte vo buaileao' ar vo ceann,
Reite bí i σ'άδαιρ, agus caora in vo máδαιρ,
Agus vo leic'iu-ge le bairteao' ní éaimiz miám in mo
láδαιρ.

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

(2) Literally:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ας ριν μαρι εὐαλαῖο μέ αν ρανν ὁ ρίοβαιμε ἰ ζConοαέ
 να ζαλλιμε, ἀέτ ιρ ιομῶα κυρ-ρίορ ἀτά αιρ. Ας ρο
 ceann eile :—

Βαιρτιμ εὐ, α λεινῶ, ὁ εῶιν ζο ceann
 ζαν ολα, ζαν ραζαριτ, ζαν ρυιρζε, ζαν λεανν,
 Ὀ'άταιρ 'ρ το μάταιρ νί ρέιοιρ λιομ ράζαι
 ἀέτ 'ρ εὐ αν ολα α Ὀ'ράρ αιρ αν ζαοοα βάιν,
 Αζυρ μαιοιρ λε ριαῶνυιρ νί'λ ζνοῦα αα ανν

Ας ρο κυρ-ρίορ eile αιρ :—

Βαιρτιμ εὐ, α λεινῶ, ζαν αιράν, ζαν βιαῶ,
 ἰ η-ονόιρ το'ν τρᾶζαριτ 'ρ λε ζηῶῶ το Ὀια,
 'Σέ αν τ-αινη το βειρτιμ οριτ "Sean-εάιβίν λιαῖ!"

Ας ρο ανοιρ μαρι το μολ αν Ρεαέτύιρ ραζαριτ μαιέ.
 Chuαλαῖο μέ ζυρ νε μιννητιρ Ὀhubῖλάνγε το βί αν
 ραζαριτ ρο. ἰρ τοίξ ὀ'ν αβηῶν ζο μαιῶ ρέ 'να ραζαριτ ἰ
 ζCιλλκορηνάιν, αναιε λε Ορῶνημόρ, ἰ ηζαρ το'ν ἀιτ ιη
 αιρ κυρρεῶ αν Ρεαέτύιρ ρέιν, 'να ὀιαῖζ ριν (1) :—

(1) Το βί ρέ 'να ραζαριτ ραμῶριτε ας Ὀμοιδαο-α-έλαίρην. Τυζαῶ
 "ραμῶριτε εἰλλκορηνάιν" αιρ Ὀμοιδαο-α-έλαίρην αν υαιρ ριν. Βί τελεῶ

That is how I heard the rann from a piper in the county

Galway, but there is many a version of it. Here is another:—

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

Here is another version:—

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

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

an trasairte an uair rin as an zClod-áru, ácc ro átruirgeab zc
 Dhoiceab-d-cláirín é tar éir rin.

ΑΝ Τ-ΑΤΑΙΡ υΙΛΛΙΑΜ.

ΣΑΟΞΔΛ ΡΑΘ ΔΞ ΑΝ ΛΕΟΜΑΝ ΤΟ ΡΞΑΡΡΑΘ ΑΝ Τ-ΘΙ,
 'S ΝΙ ΛΕΑΝΑΝΝ ΡΕ ΔΑΤ ΝΟΡ Δ ΎΔΟΙΝΕ,
 ΒΕΑΞΑΝ Τ'Α ΡΟΙΤ ΤΟ ΞΕΘΡΑ Μ ΡΑΝ ΤΕΘΙΡΕ,
 ΤΑ Δ ΤΕΑΡΤΑΡ Μ ΡΑΝ ΡΟΙΜ ΤΑΛΛ ΡΞΗΘΒΕΤΑ.
 ΤΟ ΤΟΞΡΑΘ Δ ΞΛΟΙ Ο Ν-Α ΒΡΕΑΘΑ ΝΑ ΡΛΟΙΞΤΕ
 'S ΤΑ [Δ] ΙΜΤΕΑΔΤ ΞΟ ΜΟΡ ΛΕ ΜΔΟΙΡΕ,
 'S ΞΥΡ ΞΕΑΛΛ Ε ΟΡ ΑΡ ΞΟΜΑΙΡ Ι ΞΥΙΛ-ΟΡΗΑΙΝ ΤΙΔ
 ΤΟΜΗΑΙΞ
 ΛΕ Η-ΑΙΝΓΙΟΛ ΡΑΟΙ ΕΛΟΑ ΧΗΙΟΡΤΑ.

ΣΥΟ Ε ΑΝ ΡΗΜΕΥΝ, ΞΛΑΝ-ΕΡΜΙΤΗΝΕΑΔΤ ΝΑ ΝΞΑΕΎΘΕΑΛ,
 'S ΕΡΑΝΝ-ΡΕΑΡΤΑ ΝΑ ΕΛΕΙΡΕ ΑΝ ΝΟΟΙΞ,
 Α ΡΑΜΑΙΛ Ι ΛΕΙΞΕΑΝ ΝΙ ΞΕΘΡΑ Μ ΤΟ ΡΕΙΜ
 ΤΑ ΡΥΒΑΛΡΑ ΞΟ ΛΕΙΡ ΕΡΙΟΘ ΡΟΎΛΑ.
 'SΕ ΤΕΑΞΑΡΞ Δ ΒΕΙΛ, 'ΝΑ ΡΕΑΡΑΙΜ 'ΝΑ ΛΕΙΝΕ
 ΤΟ ΞΛΑΝΡΑΘ ΞΟ ΜΕΡΘ ΑΝ ΒΟΤΑΡ,
 'S ΝΑΘ ΔΟΙΒΗΝΝ ΤΟ'Ν ΤΡΕΑΘ ΑΤΑ ΡΑΟΙ ΝΑ ΡΞΕΙΤ
 ΜΑ ΕΡΕΙΤΕΑΝΝ ΡΙΑΘ ΡΕΥΛΤ ΑΝ ΕΎΛΥΡ.

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

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

FATHER LEEAM (1).

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

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

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

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

(4) Literally : "Shirt."

(5) Or "guiding-star."

Σέ αν τ-Αἰῶνι Ἰαμ αν τεαῖταιμε ριαλ,
 Το μύνηφασὸ ὀοῖβ̄ ριαλλ̄ αἷυρ̄ κόμηαιλε,
 Ὅς ἔο ρῆσφασὸ ρέ αν ρασῶδαῑ κόμη̄ ραιρῖνῆς ἴ̄ κόμη̄ ριαλ
 Μαρῑ λαρῶνῆρ̄ αν ἕμῶν in ραν̄ ἑρόξῆμαρ̄.
 Νιορ̄ οἰουῖς̄ νᾱ ναοῖν̄ ἀῖτ̄ ρεαιρ̄ αἷυρ̄ ὀλιῖε
 Ὅς ἔαν̄ ταιρῆε̄ νᾱ μαοῖν̄ το̄ κόμηαιρεαῖν̄ (1),
 Δ̄ ἑφασαῖὸ ρῖβ̄ ἀμῶν̄ αἷυρ̄ βῖσὸ ρέ ἴ̄ν̄ ἑυρ̄ νοῖαιῖς̄ (2)
 Νί̄ ἑείὸ̄ ἀρ̄ αν̄ Σλιαῖβ̄ ριῖῖν̄ μῶμῶῖβ̄ ὀέ.

Δ̄ ροβαῖλ̄ ἔο̄ λείρ̄, ρρῖσῖὸ̄ μο̄ ρῆῖαλ̄
 Μαρῑ ἴρ̄ αἷε̄ ἀτά̄ αν̄ beυλ̄ ἴρ̄ ραοῖνε
 Νᾱ ρεῖλεαῖβ̄αρῑ (3) νᾱ n-έαν̄ ἴ̄ρ̄ νᾱ ρεῖλτᾱ νᾱ ὀτευῶ
 Ὅδ̄ ρεινῆ ραοῖ̄ ἀέυειρ̄ νᾱ ἡοῖῶε.
 ἴρ̄ ἑ̄ λεαῖφασὸ̄ αν̄ ρέαλᾱ ναῖ̄ ὀτεῖλῆφασὸ̄ ἴ̄ρ̄ ναῖ̄
 ὀτῖῖῖφασὸ̄,
 Αἷυρ̄ ἕλανφαιῖῶεαρῑ λά̄ αν̄ τῆῖῖβε̄ ἀ̄ ῖαοῖμῖς̄,
 ἴ̄ ἑφῖαιῖτεαρῑ Μῖιῖε̄ Ὅέ̄ ἔο̄ μῖαιβ̄ ρέ ἴ̄ρ̄ ἀ̄ ῖρῖευῶ,
 Μ̄ ἁρῆ̄ ἀβῖταλ̄ ἀρ̄ ναοῖν̄ ὀά̄ ἕαοῖμῶν̄.

(1) Δ̄ κόμηαιρε, S. (2) Αἷυρ̄ βεῖφασὸ̄ ρε̄ ὀῖαιῖς̄, S.

(3) Ceilium, S., ἴρ̄ μαρῑ ρῖν̄ λαβῖαιῖτεαρῑ ἑ̄,

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

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

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

(5) The Judgment Day.

Τά να κατ'αυξήτε πρό μόνι ι νοιαίξ' ιμμητ' α'ρ' όιλ,
 Ιρ' υονα 'η μυσ' βηόο νό υίονμρ,
 Δξ μελλάο βαν όξ, 'ρ' οά' οταρμιαίνξτ' ο'ά' οτρεόμ,
 Όαμνυίξεδανν πέ μόνιάν μιλτε.
 Δη' υμεαμ' α' βέιόεαγ' ταβδαίτα (1) υο' ύρμυρ' α'ρ' υο
 ρόιτ,
 Βέιό' ριαο' ζο' ρόιλ' ο'ά' έαοιμεαό,
 Δμ' έδοιβ' Chnuic' να' η' Θεόμ' βέιό' α'α' "ο'όόν,"
 'S' Mac' Mhuir' ο'ά' ρόιμυξίντ' υίοβ'τα [=ο'όίβ'].

Ρευέδαζαίό' υαίβ' (2) ρυλ' έιυρ'αγ' αν' υαμ,
 Α' μβέιό' αν' ζαο' ερμιαίό' Δη' εευοταίβ',
 Ι' ζο'όμια' εαοι' εύμιαηξ, ζαν' έαρμιαίνν' να' ρύιην
 Δ'έτ' ιομαο' υαοι' (3) α'ζυρ' πέιρτε.
 Βέιό' βυρ' λαφαό' 'ρ' βυρ' ηξμιαό' (4) έομ' υοβ' λειρ' αν'
 ηγυαλ,
 Α'ζυρ' ριβ'ρε' ζαν' μεαβ'αμ' ζαν' έιρτεα'έτ'
 Βέιό' βυρ' ζο'ομρ' ιη' ραν' υαίμ' α'ρ' βυρ' λεα'α' έομ' ρυαμ'
 λειρ' αν' ρνεα'έτα' Δη' εύλ' να' ζρ'ιμε.

Sé' υειμεαό' μο' ρζέιλ, α'ζυρ' ερ'ειοιζιό' έ,
 Ζο' μεαλλ'ταμ' πρό' υέαν' (5) αν' ραοζ'αλ-ρο,
 'S' ζυρ' υοιμε' ζαν' έέιλ' ζη'υόεαγ' ραιόβ'ηεαγ' υό' ρέμ,
 'S' ηα'έ' λεα'ηανν' α' λειρ' ζο' υίμεα'έ.
 Μαοιη' α'ζυρ' ρτόμ, αμ'ηζεαο' α'ρ' όμ,
 Ηί'λ' ιοηητα' Δ'έτ' εεό' αμ'εαγ'ζ' υαοιηε,
 S' ζυρ' ριλε' ζαν' τρεόμ' (6) η'άμ' έρμυηηηξ' ριζίν' ρόρ'
 Όο' έυξ' υαοιβ'ρε' αν' έομ'αμ'ηλε' έρ'ιηονα.

(1) Pronounced τόμ'τα. (2) ρευέ' α'ιζιό', MSS.

(3) Όιαζαίλ, MSS. (4) βί' α'μ' λαφα' 'ρ' α' ηξμιαόξ, MSS.

(5) Ρο' υέαν' = ζο' πρό' υίαν. (6) Aliter, "rake ο'ρ'εαμ' εεόιλ."

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

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

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

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

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

It is the end of my story, and believe ye it,
 That this world is deceived very strongly,
 And that he is a person without sense who makes riches for
 himself
 And does not follow his lease (?) directly.
 Goods and store, silver and gold,
 There is in them nothing but a mist among people,
 And sure he is a rake of a musician (9), who never yet put
 together a penny,
 Who has given ye the wise counsel!

relieving of it (i.e., their cry of ochone) for them." "óóó" is pronounced óíopa in parts of Gal'way, in some parts of Connacht úafa.

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

Νυαίη βί αν Ρεαότύηε ός το βίοό πέ ζο μινιc ι
 υτις μόρι Chill-δουάιν αζυρ βί μεαρ ας μάτταιη
 Φηραίνc Ταδρε αιη, όηι έυις ρι ναό buαόαλλ coιτcίonn
 το βί ανη. Δέτ ní μαρ ρηη το θηρίζιo αν cócαιηε το
 βί ιη ραν τις μόρι. Το μάοιό ρί αιη, ζαό ζηειη αζυρ
 ζαό blozam [bolzam] το β'έιζιη οί έαβδαιηε τό. Νιορ
 ιηιαη λέι, ná λειρ να ρεαυβρόζαηταιβ eile, ζο mbeic αν
 τρεαη-μάιζιητρεαρ cóη ράόβαηαό ρηη το ρεαυ-ρεαόρiαιη
 μαρ αν Ρεαότύηε. Τήάηλα ζο βρυαηη θρυζιo, αν
 cócαιηε, βάρ, νυαίη βί αν Ρεαότύηε ό βαιε, αζυρ νυαίη
 έάιηις πέ αήρ ζο Cιλλ-δουάιν έυαλαιό πέ ρηη. “Cά'υιη
 ρι cυρτα?” αιη πέ λειρ αν μάιζιητρεαρ νυαίη βίοοαι ας
 τεαότ αμαό αιη αν ρέιπέαλ le óeile. Ρυζ αν τρεαη
 βεαη-υαηαλ é ζο υτι αν υαίς. Cηυαιό αν Ρεαότύηε
 αιη α όά ζλύν, βαιη πέ α ηατα όέ, αζυρ λαβαιη πέ αν
 ηαηη ρο :—

Μαοιόηημ έύ α λειc

Ζαη θρυζιo το λειζεαη αμαό (1)

Ζιοηηαις ρί άη ηυεοό

Αζυρ ηάιηις ρί άη υτεαό

Αζυρ αηοιη α θρυζιo ό έάηλα τυρα ι βρεαρη

Τηιομαό ρίοηηυιόε οηη, αζυρ ταηη!

Το βίοό α βαιηαίηαη έιηηηε πέηη ας αν Ρεαότύηε
 ι ζοόηηηυιόε, αζυρ ηιορ βρεαρι é το λεαηραό βαιηαίηλα
 υαοιηe eile ζαη ιαο το ηιεαόδαόαιη. Ο'ηηηηη Ράοηηαις
 Ο η-Δοιό, ι ζCλάρη Chloinne Μηυιηη, υαη, ρζέαλ βεαζ

(1) Aliter:—

“Μαοιόηημ έύ α λειc

Ζαη θρυζιo το λειζεαη υαιη,”

όηη λαβαιητέαη “υαιη” μαρ αν βέαηηα ηωé ζο μινιc ι ζCοηηαόταιβ;

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

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

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

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

ἀγγεῖον ἢ βοήθειον λέω.—λέω, λέω, λέω, λέω.

(2) μαρτυρῶμαι is rather "I proclaim" or "announce." μαρτυρῶμαι οἱ μὲ ἐ=I grudge it to you.

ο'ά ε'δοιθ, αζυρ ε'να ζ'αρύν, α ε'ιοτ'ιζεαρ ε'ομ'ι ο'άνα
 αζυρ β'ι ρέ. Ο'η'ι ρεαρ ανν ο'αρ β'α'ινμ Concú'βα'ι'ι O Λι-
 ο'ά'ιν, ι ηζαρ οο Cill-αοοά'ιν, αζυρ β'ι τ'ι'ι β'αι'ν'θ α'ιζε le
 ο'ιολ. Thiomá'ιν ρέ αρτεα'ε ζο Coilltema'ε ιαο, αζυρ
 ε'εαν'νι'ιζ ρεαρ ε'ιζ'ιν ε'εαν'ν α'εα αρ ο'ε'τ ρζ'ι'ι'ι'ν'θ αζυρ
 ζ'εα'λλ ρέ ζο ο'τι'υ'β'ια'ε ρέ να η-ο'ε'τ ρζ'ι'ι'ι'ne οο Choncu-
 β'αι'ι ι ζ'c'ion'ν cú'p'la lá. O'im'ε'ιζ μ'ι ε'αρ'ι, αζυρ ν'ι β'ρ'υα'ι'ι
 Concú'βα'ι'ι αν τ-α'ι'ρ'ζ'ιοο. Oυ'β'αι'ι'ε ρέ αν'η'ι'ν, le η-α μ'α'ε,
 ρ'υζά'ν οο τ'α'β'αι'ι'ε le'ι'ρ, αζυρ ο'υ'λ ζο τεα'ε αν ο'υ'ι'ne ρεο
 α ρ'ο'ι'θ αν β'αν'θ α'ιζε, O'ia O'ó'ι'ν'ναι'ιζ, ν'υα'ι'ι β'ei'ε ρέ αζ
 α'ι'ρ'μ'ον'ν, αζυρ αν β'αν'θ οο ε'α'β'αι'ι'ε ο'β'αι'le le'ι'ρ. Rinne
 αν μα'ε α'ι'η'λα'ι'ε, αζυρ αρ β'ρ'illeα'ε ο'ό, ε'αρ'α'ε ο'ι'εα'μ ζα-
 ρ'ύν ο'ό αρ αν μ'β'ό'ε'αρ, αζυρ ιαο αζ ε'αι'ε'ε'α'ι'ι ε'να'ι'ρ'ι'ε. O'ι
 αν Rea'ε'c'ú'ι'ne óζ 'na me'αρζ. Le'ιζ να β'υα'ε'α'ι'ι'ε e'ile
 οο'η ζ'αρ'ύν αν β'αν'θ οο ε'ι'omá'ι'ν'τ le'ι'ρ, α'ε'τ ν'ι μα'ρ ρ'ι'ν
 οο'η Rea'ε'c'ú'ι'ne. Zh'la'ο'ε ρ'e'ι'ρ'ε'α'ν α'μα'ε νά'ρ ε'ε'αρ'ι αζυρ
 νά'ρ ε'ο'ι'ρ αν β'αν'θ οο le'ι'ζε'α'ν ο'β'αι'le le'ι'ρ, μα'ρ νά'ρ β'έ
 αν β'αν'θ ε'ε'α'ο'να οο β'ι αν'ν α'νο'ι'ρ, α'ε'τ β'αν'θ ν'ι'ο'ρ ρεα'ρ'ι
 αζυρ ν'ι'ο'ρ μ'α'ι'η'μ'α οο ρ'υα'ι'ι β'ια'ε αζυρ β'ea'ε'c'ú'ζ'α'ε μ'i'ο'ρ'α,
 αρ ε'ο'ρ'τ'αρ αν ο'υ'ι'ne e'ile. Sh'ao'ι'l ρέ β'ρ'ei'ε αρ αν ρ'υζά'ν,
 α'ε'τ μ'ι'ε αν Λ'ια'ο'ά'να'ε óζ υα'ι'ε. Le'α'ν αν Rea'ε'c'ú'ι'ne é,
 αζυρ β'ι ρέ τεα'ε'ε'τ ρ'υα'ρ le'ι'ρ, ó'ι'ι μ'ά β'ι ρέ 'na ο'α'λλ ρ'ε'ι'ν,
 β'ι ρέ αν ζ'αρ'τ'α. Nu'α'ι'ι ε'ο'nn'α'ι'ι'ε αν β'υα'ε'α'ι'ι'l e'ile ρ'ι'ν
 οο ρ'ε'αρ ρέ ζο c'í'ú'η ζ'α'ν e'ο'μ'υζ'α'ε e'ο'ι'ρ τ'α'ο'ι'β'e αν β'ό'ε'α'ρ,
 αζυρ le'ιζ ρέ οο'η Rea'ε'c'ú'ι'ne μ'ι'ε α β'ρ'α'ο ε'α'ι'μ'ρ. Oο
 ρ'ε'αρ αν Rea'ε'c'ú'ι'ne αζυρ ε'υ'ι'ρ ρέ e'lu'α'ρ α'ι'ι, αζυρ ν'υα'ι'ι
 νά'ρ ε'υα'λα'ι'ε ρέ ο'α'ο'α'ι'ε, ζ'λα'ο'ε ρέ α'μα'ε "h'υ'ρ'μ'α'ι'ρ!
 h'υ'ρ'μ'α'ι'ρ!" O'ρ'p'p'ea'ζ'α'ι'ι αν μ'uc é. Ch'ua'λα'ι'ε ρέ ρ'ι'ν,
 μ'ι'ε ρέ e'ú'ic'ι, μ'υζ ρέ αρ αν μ'ó'ρ'α, αζυρ ν'ι'ο'ρ ρ'ε'αρ ζ'υ'ρ
 ε'υ'ι'ρ ρέ αν β'αν'θ αρ α'ι'ρ α'ι'η'ρ ι'ν ρ'αν ζ'c'ι'ó αρ α ο'ε'á'ι'ν'ιζ
 ρέ.

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

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

ʔα ὀειρεᾶὸ ὄο ἔαρρηῶινῖς ἀν Ρεαῶτῦιμε ʔεαρῖς ʔηριᾶινε
 Ἐαῖʔε ἀιη ʔέιν. Ὁὸ βί ʔλειὸ ἄῖυρ ʔέαρῖα ἄῖς ἀν τῖς
 μὴ, ἄῖυρ βί ἀν τ-ὄλ ἄῖς ἔιριῖῖε ῖανν, ἄῖυρ κυιρεᾶὸ
 ʔεαρβῖρόῖῖαντα ἄῖς μαρικυῖῖεαῶτ le ὄυλ ῖο ὄτι ἀν βαίλε
 μὴ le τυιλλεᾶὸ ὄο ἔαβαῖιτ ἀμαῶ. Ὁῖαρη ἀν ʔεαρβ-
 ῖρόῖῖαντα ἀι ἀν Ρεαῶτῦιμε τεαῶτ λειʔ. Λέιμεαῶδαρ ἀι ὄά
 ἔαπαλλ ἄῖυρ ἀμαῶ λεὸ. Ἐοῖῖα ἔαπαλλ ὄο βίὸὸ ἄῖς ʔηριᾶινε
 Ἐαῖʔε, ἄῖυρ βίὸὸ μεαʔ μὴ δῖῖε οῖρηα. Ἐαῶοιλ ἀν
 ʔεαρβῖρόῖῖαντα ὄά μβεῖτ ἀν Ρεαῶτῦιμε ὄαλλ, ʔέιν, ηαῶ
 ηαῖβ βαοῖῖα ἀιη, μαρι ηαῶῶὸ ἀν ὄά ἔαπαλλ le ἔέιλε,
 ἄῖυρ βειῶ ʔέ ʔέιν ἀηαῖῖε λειʔ, ἄῖυρ μαῖοιη λειʔ ἀν
 Ρεαῶτῦιμε ηί ʔῖαρηηῖὸῶὸ ηυὸ ἀι βῖῶ ἔ. Ὁῖμῖῖῖεαῶδαρ
 μαρι ʔη ἀι ἔοιʔ-ἀν-ἀιηοε ῖηῖὸ ἀν οῖῖῖε, ἄῶτ ἀι ἔυμα
 ἔῖῖη ὄο ʔῖαρηαῶδαρ ὄ ἔέιλε. Ἐῖῖηῖς ἔαπαλλ ἀν Ρεαῶ-
 τῦιμε ῖο ἔαῖᾶὸ ὀβαηη ηη ʔηη μβὸῶῖα, ἄῖυρ ἔ ἀι ἄ λᾶν-
 λυαῶῖα. Ἠῖοη ʔέαῶ ʔέ ῖῖοηηῖὸὸ ἰ η-ἀη, ἄῖυρ ἔυαῖὸ ʔέ
 ὄε λέηη ἰ ηπολλ-μὸηα ἄῖυρ βαῖῖεαῶ ἔ. Ἀι ἔῖῖη ἔῖῖηῖς
 ἀν Ρεαῶτῦιμε ʔαοη, ἄῶτ ηῖοη ἔυαῖαῖὸ μέ ῖυη ῖοηῖῖῖ-
 εαῶ, ʔέιν, ἔ. Ὁειη ʔᾶῖοηῖς Ὁ η-ἄοῖὸ λῖοη ῖυη βῖῶ ʔεο
 ἀν τ-ἄῶβαῖη ʔᾶῖη ʔᾶῖῖ ʔέ Ἐῖῖ-ἄοῶῖη, ὀηη βί ʔεαρῖς ἄῖῖ-
 βέαῖ ἀι ʔηριᾶινε Ἐαῖʔε ηυαηη ἔυαῖαῖὸ ʔέ ῖυη βαῖῖεαῶ
 ἄ ἔαπαλλ ηηεᾶῖῖ, ἄῖυρ ηυαῖῖς ʔέ ἀν ʔηλε βοῶτ ἀι ʔαῶ ἀʔ
 Ἐῖῖ-ἄοῶῖη.

Ὁειη κυῖὸ ῖυη ἔυη ʔέ ἄβηῖᾶη Ἐῖῖ-ἄοῶῖη ῖαη ἔη
 ʔηη, ἔυη ʔῖῖῖῖῖῖ ὄο ὄέαηηη le ʔηριᾶινε Ἐαῖʔε, ἄῖυρ
 ηαῶῖῖῖῖῖ ʔέ ʔέιν ἔυηῖε λειʔ, ἄῶτ ῖυη ηῖῖηη ʔέ ἔ ὄῖῖαη
 βοῶτ ὄο βίὸὸ ἄῖς ῖαβαῖη ηα ῖηη ἄῖυρ ἄῖς ἔεαηηᾶῶ
 ἔηηῖεαῶ, le η-ἄ ηᾶὸ ὄο ηηηηηῖηη ἀν ῖῖῖε μὴηη. ἄῶτ
 ὄειη ὄαοηη εῖλε ῖο ηῖεαηηηῖὸ ʔέ ῖεαῖῖ le ʔηλε ἔῖῖη
 εῖλε ἀʔ ῖηῖῖῖῖῖ (ἔυαῖαῖὸ μέ ἀν τ-ἄηηη ἄῶτ ηί ἔυηη-
 ηῖῖηη ἀιη) ῖο μὸῖῖᾶὸ ʔέ ἄ ἔῖῖῖῖ ʔέιν ηῖοη ʔεαηη ηᾶ

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

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

mólpaó an fear eile Conoáé na Sailleime, agus gur fásadodar an bheiteamhar fá Fhianc Tadafe. Duó é an Reactúime do Labair a abhán ar úr, áit nuair bí ré máíóte aige do ghlaoó an fear eile, agus fearg air: “Mo cúio tubairte leat, a Rairteir, níor fás tú muo ar bit do Chonoáe na Sailleime,” agus níor éug ré a óán féin uairó cóir ar bit. Deir ríad mar an gcéadna go raib Fhianc Tadafe an mí-fárta nuair nac ótáinig a ainm féin arteaó níor luaithe in ran abhán, áit gur congáigeadó ar gcúl é go dti an líne beimeannaó, agus nac ótug an Reactúime esquire air, áit go dtug ré Fhianc Tadafe air, ar an nóir Saeóealac. Bhí inntinn na Sacraoac ar riubal an uair rin féin i gConoáé Mhuig-Eó, agus do íanntuis Fhianc muo éigin do b’oimeamhaige o’á onóir, oar leir féin, na rean-foirme cnearta cóime na nSaeóeal. Deir cúio gur éug ré an geall do’n fear ar Chonoáé na Sailleime. Deir cúio eile gur óubairt ré leir an Reactúime, “do béairfainn oeió bpúnta óuit, a Rairteir, áit go dtug tú m’ainm arteaó cóim ciotaó rin.”

Tá clú móir ar an abhán ro i gConoáé Mhuig-Eó. Do cuimeadó fóirt béairla air le uime éigin, agus, mo leun! ir fá ómoc-cúlaió bhéairla do bí ré ag an doir óig, áit ir i nSaeóeilg atá ré ag na rean oaoimb, agus ir i nSaeóeilg, le congnaí Oé, béirdear ré ag

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

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

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

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

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

h-uile úinne fearfa, maí uí ceapfa aghur maí uí cóir
 Chualaid mé u'á máó go nreacáid cáilín, ar Chill-
 doosaín, go uí an t-Oileán úí, tamall gearru ó foim, go
 Sícaí, aghur go mbuó é an céad muo uo cúaidí rí in
 ran scáidíu rín, fearu ós, uo bí i "uiriom-cáir," agh
 scáidí abháin Chill-doosaín uó féin go binn aghur go
 h-áir ! agh ro anoir an t-abháin féin :—

CILL-DOOSAÍN,

no

CONRADÉ MHUIZ-ÉO.

Anoir, teacá an earráidí, béir an lá uil 'un rínead (1)
 A' r tar éir na féil-bhuígeae áirócaeo mo feól (2),
 Ó cúir mé in mo ceann é, ní rtorraíó mé cóiróce
 Go fearraíó mé ríor i láir Chonradé Mhuiz-Éo.
 I scáir-cloinne-Mhuiriu béiréar mé an céad oiróce,
 'S i mbálla taob ríor ue, cóirócar mé agh ól,
 Go Coillte-mac mácaeo, go nreanrao cuairt míora an,
 I bfozur uá míle go béal-an-áir-móir (3).

(1) =cum rinte. (2) Aliter: córaeo mo ceól. (3) "Baile an
 tize móir" uabairt taos O Coimleáin aghur buó cóir ríor beir
 aige-rean, áir uí béal an áir móir atá agh h-uile úinne eile.

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

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

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

KILLEADEN,
Or
COUNTY MAYO.

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

The cock will be CROWING and a home-wind shall blow,
And I never shall stop but shall ever be GOING

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

The first night in Claremorris I hope to put OVER,

And in Balla BELOW IT the cruiskeens shall flow;
In Coilltemach then I'll be living in CLOVER,

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

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

Ἔξωδαίμ le h-uóδαῖτα ἕο n-έμυζεάνν μο ἐμοιόε-ρε

Μαί έμυζεάννῃ αν ἕδοῦ, no μαί ἤξωραῖ αν ceó

Ἡυαίμ ἤμυαίμζίμ αν Cheaῖμια ἀ' αν ἕθαιλλίμ (1) ταοῦ

ῥίοῖρ ve

Αί ἤξεδαῖ ἀ' míle (2) no αν ἤλδίνέδο Μῃυῖ-εό.

Ἐίλλ-αοοάίμ αν baile ἀ ἕβ'άῖανν ἕδαῖ nῶ αν,

Ἐά ἤμέδα ῥ ἤῦῦ-έμιοῦ αν ἀ' ἤ μεαῖ αν ἕδαῖ ῥόῖρ,

'S ῶά μβέιμν-ρε μο ἤεαῖάμ ἰ ἕεαῖρ-λάμ μο ῶδοίμ

Ῥ'ímteóδαῖ αν αοίρ ῶίom ἀἕυῖ ἕέιμν ἀῖῖρ ὄἕ.

Ḃíomn ceῖῖteῖeáῖ ἀ' ῥ ceῖῖce, ῥάῖ εόῖμια ῥἕυῖ lín αν,

SeáḂal ἰ ἕεῖαῦ αν, ῥίαῖ ἤλῖμ, ἀἕυῖ ῥεóίλ,

Luῖῖ ῶέαῖτα ῥοίῖm ἕαν license ῶ'ά ῶίol αν,

Μόῖμ-υαίῖle na tíῖe αν ἀἕ ἰμῖῖρ ῥ ἀἕ ὄl.

Ἐά ceῖῖ ἀἕυῖ ῥῖeḂaῖ αν, ἀ' ἤ leaῖῖḂáῖ ἕαν αοίῖeáῖ,

ἤ ἰomῶa ῖm nῶ αν nάῖ leḂaῖm mé ἕo ῥóíλ (3)

Δῖάῖμια (4) ῥ μῖllῖte ἀἕ obaῖm ἕαν ἤἕῖῖ αν

ῬeáḂmān caῖῖῖ αν ῥῖḂm ceῖῖῖ αν nά ῶaῖḂáῖ ῶ'ά ῥόῖρ.

(1) Aliter: baíla. (2) Sgeáῖ-a-ῶá-míle, G.

(3) Ῥeῖῖῖeῖῖ "ἕo ῥóíλ" ἰ n-áῖῖ "ῥόῖρ" ῖm tíῖm ῖmceῖῖll Ἐίλλ-αοοάίμ. Ἡυαίμ Ḃí αν ῖeáῖῖῖῖῖ ἰ ἕConῖe na ἕaῖllíῖmῖe ῖeῖῖeáῖ ῖe "ῥόῖρ."

(4) "Δῖάῖῖ;" G:

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

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

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

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

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

Τά ζαε υιλε γόριε άόμαιο οά'γυ όόριε το όυρι γίορ άνη,
 θιονη ρικαμόρι 'γ beech άνη, coll, ζυύβαρι, ά'γ
 ρυνηρεός,

βοx άζυρ ουλεάνη, ιύβαρι, βειτ, άζυρ εαοριεαν
 'S άη ζύλαρ-οαρι ο'ά ηοέαηταρι βάο λοηζ ά'γ εριανη
 ρεόιλ.

Άη λοζwood, μαηοζαηι, 'γ ζαε άόμαο ο'ά οαοιηρε,
 'S άη ρίορι-μάριοε (1) όέαηφαό ζαε υιλε ζέυρ εεόιλ
 ολτόρι (?) 'γ ρζεαε ζεαλ άνη ο'ά ζεαηηαό 'γ ο'ά
 ρηοίζμεαό
 'S άη τρλατ άνη το όέαηφαό οηρ ελέιβ άζυρ λόιο.

Τά άη όυαε 'γ άη ρμόλαε άζ ρηεαζαηηε & όέιλε άνη,
 Τά άη λοηουβ 'γ άη εέηηρεαε άη ζυρι, οηρ & ζοόμηαιη,
 Άη ζύλο-ρηνε, 'η εηεαβαρι, 'γ άη linnet (2) ι ζααζε άνη
 Άη ηαοηζαε άζ λέιμηηζ, ά'γ άη εαλα ό'ηη Róim.
 Άη τ-ιοηλαε (3) άη άκαλλ 'γ άη ριαε ουβ ό'ηη ζCέηη άνη,
 Άη ρεαβαε άη λοε έηηηε 'γ άη ρηηρεός ό'ηη ηόιηη.
 'S οά ηβεητεά άνη άη μαηοηηη ηοιηη έηηηζε ηα ζηέηηε,
 ζο ζελοηηρεά ζαε έαη αα άζ ρεηηηη ραη "ηζηοβ."

(1) άη G.; "άη ταηηα wood," A.; an tane wood, mac tíí Cúinn-
 léain: Sé "άη τεηφοη" (?) το όυαλαίό ηηηε ηυαηη δί μέ όζ: Mr.
 Cormac Dempsey, of New York, tells me ολτόρι is an apple tree in full
 blossom.

(2) "Λιηόιο," G. (3) Ουβαηηε ρέ ρηη ι ηη-άη "ιολαη" μαη ηη
 ζηάεαε ι ζCοηοαέ ηηηηζ-εό.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The blackbird and the ceirseach hatching over against them,

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

The snipe leaping up, and the swan from Rome,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Τά αν λάρι ανη ἴ αν ρεαριμαδ̄ α βροδ̄αρι α céile,
 αν τρειρρεαδ̄ (1) ἴ αν ceuéc̄ta, αν τρεαδ̄baδ̄ ἴ αν ρίol,
 ηα huain ανη αρι μαρισιν ζο φαριρρηγ̄ ας μερίolιγ̄,
 βιονη caoιμυγ̄ αἴ ρ̄ τρέααα αἴ ρ̄ leanb̄ ας αν ηηαοι (2).
 ηίἴ τινnear, ηίἴ αicío, ηίἴ γαλαρι, ηίἴ éαγ̄ ανη,
 áct ραγ̄αρ̄ αἴ cléιμυγ̄ ας ζυιúe ηα ηαοιη,
 Τά μιονάη ας γαδ̄αρι αἴ baηb̄ ας αν γcείρ̄ ανη,
 ἴ αν loιλιγ̄eaδ̄ ας γέιμμυγ̄ ας τμαλλ̄ αρι αν ηηαοι.

Τά αν τ-υιρ̄γε ραν loc, αςυρ̄ αβηαδ̄α λιοντα,
 ηα coραδ̄α véαητα, ἴ ηα λιοντα ι γcóιη (3)
 Τά αν λιύρ̄ (4) αἴ ρ̄ αν βρεαc αἴ ρ̄ αν eaρcon ἴ ηα λυιúe ανη,
 αν ρυιτάν, αν ραoc̄αη, αν ηυηαδ̄é, ἴ αν ρόν.
 Τά αν βηαδ̄án ἴ αν βαλλαδ̄ ηα γcóιημυúe ραν οιúce ανη,
 ἴ αν λυυδ̄án ας τμαλλ̄ ανη óἴ η βφαριρρηγε ηόιη,
 αν τάρ̄τοιρ̄ ἴ αν αν γλιομαδ̄ ἴ αν τυηαδοc̄ ηαδ̄baδ̄,
 Cηύαδ̄αη αἴ ρ̄ ιαργ̄ ανη cοιη φαριρρηγ̄ le μóη.

Τά αν ειλιτ ἴ αν ριαδ̄ ἴ γαδ̄ uile ρόιη "γαém" ανη,
 αν μαααδ̄-ηααδ̄ ἴ léιμμυγ̄, αν βηoc̄ ἴ αν ηιολ̄ buiúe,
 Ceólta ηα ηγ̄αδ̄αρι ἴ ηα η-αύαηica ὄά ρέιυeaδ̄
 ἴ le η-éιμυγε ηα ζηέιηe υo éόγ̄ρά υo éιυιúe.
 Τά υαοιηe υαιρ̄le αρι eaδ̄αιb̄ αςυρ̄ μαηicaγ̄ ὄά
 βρέαδ̄αηητ
 ας ριαδ̄αδ̄ τηe ηα céile (5) ζο οτιγ̄ιú αν οιúc̄'.
 Soiléαρι ζο μαρισιν αηίρ̄ ὄά ηέαδ̄baδ̄
 Ól ας ηα céααδ̄αib̄ αἴ ρ̄ leαδ̄baδ̄ le λυιúe.

(1) "αν τρειρτρεαδ̄," υυβαηητ ρειρeαη.

(2) Τά αν line ρeo le ράγ̄αη ι η-αβ̄ηάηαib̄ ειλε, μαηι ατά ραν
 "γCηοic̄iη ηρ̄αοic̄" αςυρ̄ ι "ηCοιρ̄e υι β̄ηαιη."

(3) ας γól (i.e., ας γαδ̄αη) υυβαηητ ρειρeαη, áct "ι γcóιη" ας G.

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

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

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

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

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

(4) ní tuiséann ríad an focail ro i gConradé Rorcomáin, tuiséann ríad "ζιορός" αη, αηηη ρίση-ζαεθελαδ. ní'λ an béarpa ro ας A.

(5) Sic: G., áct ουδαρητ an Cennlánaδ "the plantations."

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

Fágann uileáda 'r baintriedbac cabairi a'f méirtead
 Sliže bió, a'f éadaiz, a'f talaim gan cíor,
 Sgoláimíe bocta rzióib, rzióil, a'gur léizeann ann,
 Luét iarríada (1) na veínce ann, a'z tarríadiz 'r a'z
 tpiall.

Shóimíe ré an uimian m̄ a h-uile (2) uedz-éiréitib
 Thuē Rairteim an éiríab nó ar a b'acairó ré uimian,
 Sé veiríeáó na cainte: ríozáil ríoz a'z f'ianc Tárpe
 ann

Slióct Loinniz (3) na féile nári cóizil an ríadáó.

A'z ro abrián vo uinne an Reáctúime a'z moláó
 cailin, Nahiráó Ureáctnac éizim. Shaoil míre zup
 cailin ar Chonradé Mhuiz-Éó í, vo cóimniz i n-aice le
 Coilltemad óim veim ré féin zo vuz ré a'z g'ráó úi zo
 hós, a'gur tuzann ré ainm na Léara Móime (enocáimín
 atá ar cúl Tíže Móim Chillíadain) a'gur Coilltemad
 artead ran abrián, a'ct veim Mac Uí f'inn liom zo uiaib
 rí 'na ríarib'rózanta a'z Zeada-móim i n'zari vo Uaile-
 loó-madac, a'gur zup éiríbeán rí cineálar móim vo'n
 Reáctúime a'z míze a' cuio éadaiz, 7c. Mí cóngbuzíeann
 an Reáctúime an zut céadna ar ríoz zác b'éaríra ó túr
 zo veiríeáó. Mí éuiteann b'uz an z'lóim ar an lirim ó
 a'ct m ran z'éad leat-mann. Ir vóiz zup abrián v'á
 abriánáib toráiz é reo:—

(1) Sic: an Conlánaó, a'ct "luét iarríad" a'z h-uile cóip eile.

(2) "Ann zác uile uedz-éiréitib," an Conlánaó. "le zác uile
 uedz-éiréitib," G. Míre v'áimíe an focal marí tá.

(3) Sic: an Conlánaó. "Slióct ríimíe z'aoúail z'lar nári cóizil
 an ríal," G. "Slióct ríimíe na féile," A.; a'gur ir mar ríoz vo
 éualaró míre é ó béal uoime eile, a'ct éualaró míre i z'cóimniz
 'nári cóizil an ríadáó," a'gur ir vóiz zup ceapíe ríim. Mí léim uam
 cao é "nári cóizil an ríal." Labairteari "Tárpe" marí "Tárp" i
 mbéaríla, marí "Tá" i n'z'aeóeilz.

The orphan and the widow get assistance and redemption,

A way to get food and clothes, and land without rent;

Poor scholars get writing and schooling and learning there,

And the people who ask alms are drawing and journeying
thither.

It overcame the world for all its good qualities,

And Raftery has awarded it the branch, over all that he ever
saw;

The end of the talk is this: Long life to Frank Taafe in it,

The descendant of the Lynch of hospitality, who never spared
the hunt.

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

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

ΝΑΗΣΑΙΘ ΒΡΕΑΤΗΑΪ.

Cómnuiròeann cailín ós taobh ríoir ve'n zεατα mór
 Δ ουγ μέ σο μόρι (1) mo zriáo ói,
 Τά Δ zriuaó αι óατ na mór (2) το όέαηφεό μαριβ beó,
 Δ'ρ σο mbpeayri liom léi zαβαιλ (3) ná ι bpaipéar.
 Τά Δ cúilfionn ráinneac rionn 'r Δ μαλαιό caol veap
 uonn
 'S Δ τά rúil zlar cóm ciuinn le áinne
 Tríezfionn bean Δ'ρ clann, Δ rtoiri, ná ngluairpeá liom
 Zo htoppur (4) no zo h-úimall uι mháille.

Labair ri liom zo tlaít, 'ré ουβαιρι rí, " Δ mite zriáo
 " bíoó roizro azao zo uαzaió an oíóce,
 'S eulócao leat zan rpar zo h-uoctar Chontacé Chláir
 Δ'ρ ní rillrío mé αι mó máctairi córoce,
 Τά mbéinn-re αι Shliab Cairn no αι muillac an leapa
 áiro (5),
 An áit αι éait mé céao lá rínte
 Ir cinnce Δ cúilfionn báin zo n-ólpaó muio αι ráit
 .. 1 zCoilltemac zác aon lá aonaiz.'

(1) "Zo h-ós," C. (2) "poit αι óατ an óiri," C.

(3) "Beit az ól léi," C. (4) Zo h-uipar, MS.

(5) Recte "na leapa áiroe," az Cill-douáin, 'n áit Δ rugaó é.

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

NANCY WALSH.

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

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

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

17 ειντε Δ μύμ-έροιθε υά βρέδωφαινη-ρε ρζηιόβ ρίορ
 Ζο μεδλφαινη μο μίωη ζαν αήηαρ,
 'S ζο λεδηφαινη εύ τρε ρλιαδ ζαν θεοό νά ζηειμ θε'η
 βιαδ

'Οά μβειδ' ρίορ Δζαμ ζο μβειτεά (12) ι νοάν υαμ.
 Δότ μίλε ζλόρη υο 'Οηια, νίορη έαιλλ μέ λεατ μο έιαλλ,
 Ειό ζυρ μαίτ Δ έυαίθ μέ αρ, Δ έύίλιν ράιμνεαέ,
 'S νάμ μυζαδ άοη ρεαρ μιαμ υο έυηρφαδ Δ λάμ άηιαμ
 Θαμ Ναηραιζ Wαληη ναέ υτιύβριαδ ζηιάδ υί.

Λιθε (13) θε μο ρτόρη υά βρείρφαέ τεαέτ ραν μίθε,
 θυθ η-ί μέαλε ι ηη ραν ζεοό λά ζειμμυθ,
 Τά Δ ρολε αρ υάέ άη όρη Δζ τεαέτ ζο βέαλ Δ βηιόζ,
 Ζο τραιολλρεαέ, ροιλλρεαέ, ράιμνεαέ, ριλλτε (14).
 Τά Δ βηοιλλαέ κορηιαέ (?), λάν, αρ υάέ άη τρηύερα βάμ,
 ηο μαμ βειθ' υίρλε εηάμ αρ έλάμ Δζ μηηνε,
 'S άη ζηλε ι μβηιάζαρο μο ζηιάθ μαμ έύβαμ τυηλε αρ
 τριάιζ,
 ηο άη εαλα-τεαέτ ό'η ρηάμ, υαρ λιομ-ρα-

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

(3) 'ηα υλαοιότιθ, ροιλλρεαέ, ρρειλλρεαέ, ραιμνεαέ, ριλλτεαέ; C.

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

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

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

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

Dhénuir, t'méir zác nuò rziúob hómepi ar Δ zñaoi,
 Δzup lo, an bean le'ri uallao áirzup,
 Caranora uo éabhairc na noiaiz, Δ uubairc an rzéal
 uo b'íoiri,
 "Zo rziúorffaiúe Δ uaiú 'ran Triaoi le páir,"
 lúno, céile an muz, 'r Mhineúba, nuair uo bí,
 'S an uiaf ar don oiúce éabhairc i láéair,
 Ni éiucaú Δ [z]cáilleacé ríor le nairaiú Walrh mo
 iúan,
 i noeiré, i nziúe, i rziúin, ná i mbreázaéc (1).

Dhá mbuú liom-ra an fhraic 'r an Spáin, 'r ó'n
 tSiønnain nuaf zo bóinn (2)
 Thiúúbiann é ar Δ beic leat rínte,
 'S zo mbreair liom uait-re póz ná Δ bfuil i zcairca
 an óir,
 Δzup é beic or mo cóirair 'na milcúib,
 Dá ngluairféá liom Δ rúoir zéúfá ceól Δzup rúoir,
 Inz zác baile beaz ar móir u'á bfuil ran ríozacéa,
 'S uá mbéirúinn mo muz raoi 'n zcúoir i zcóiracé an
 céatráicú Seóirra,
 Phóirrainn tú zan bac zan caoiriz.

(1) "An fraic 'r an Róim, 'r Δ bfuil ionnta zo tóin," C.

Venus, after everything that Homer has written of her beauty,
 And Io, the woman by whom Argus was blinded,
 And to bring Casandra after her, who spoke the tale that was
 true,
 "That all who were in Troy would be destroyed by Paris";
 Juno, spouse of the King, and Minerva when she was in it,
 And to bring the couple together on one night,
 Their qualities would not compare with Nancy Walsh, my
 desire,
 In prettiness, brightness, beauty, or fineness.

If France and Spain were mine, and from the Shannon to the
 Boyne,
 I would give it to be seated by thee,
 And sure I would rather have a kiss from thee than all that is
 in the Forge-of-Gold (mint),
 And it to be before me in its thousands.
 If thou were to journey with me, my treasure, thou wouldst get
 music and sport
 In every town great and small that is in the kingdom,
 And if I were a king under a crown, with the power of George
 IV.,
 I would wed thee, without cows, without sheep.

Νίονι πέδον μέ δον εύνταρ φάξαιλ ι ζσεαριε αρ αν
 ζερμνννυζαδού μόρι το βί ας Κατοιλειβ Chonodé να
 Ζαλλινε, ι μβαιλ-λοσ-μ'αδ. Τά κυιννε ας να ρεαν
 υαοινιβ ζο μαιβ α λειτέω ανη, αςτ ας ριν αν μέδον.
 Ιρ υόιζ ζυρι ας λάρομυζαδού λάιν Όθόμιναιλλ ιι Chonodill
 το ρμνννυζαδού έ, αςυρ ζυρι λαβαιρι να ραιντεοίριυθε ι
 η-αζαίό να νομοσ-όλιζτε Ζαλλοα αςυρ ι η-αζαίό να
 νοεαδίνιυθ. Ιρ ρορμίνιλ ζυρι ιη ραν μβλιαδύδιν, 1828, το
 ρμνννυζαδού έ, όρι υειρι αν Ρεαδτίριε ζο μβέρο ιονζ-
 ναδού λε ρειρριε ας να υαοινιβ αρ υτεαδτ βλιαδύνα α
 ναοι-φίόιο ιρ έ ριν, ιρ υόιζ, ναοι-αρ-φίόιο. Ξυαιρι μέ αν
 εόιρ ιρ ρεαιρι υε'η αβριάν ρο ο'η Δεαιρι Clement O Λύζ-
 ναίό, το ειαδαιό έ ό βεαδ ρεαν-φίρι εύιζ βλιαδύνα ρίόιο ό
 ροιη. Υειρι ρέ ι ηΖαεθειλζ μαρι λεαναρ: “Οο βί
 ατμυζτε υε'η αβριάν ρο, ανη, ζαδ δον 'ζά εύνταδού υό ρέιν
 το μέρι ηειτε αν λαέ, υε βρυζ α εεσίλ. Τά ρέ ρζριόβτα
 το εεσίλ ‘Λά ρέιλε ηαοιήν Ράοιριαιζ’ αςυρ ζυδεαδού ναε
 βρυιλ μόριάν υε ρμυαίντιβ άιη-αιζεανταεά ανη, ηί'λ ζο
 εινντε αβριάν ειλε ραν ηΖαεθειλζ ηο ραν Σαερβέαριλα α
 τέιυεαρ εόιη μαίτ λειρ αν ζσεσίλ ριν. Σιν έ ρηιόιη-βυαίό
 αν αβριάν ρεο.” Τά υά αιηη αρ αν αβριάν ρο: “Αη
 Cioρ Κατοιλκεαδ,” αςυρ “Cóιηεμνννυζαδού να ζΚατοιλ-
 κεαδ ι μβαιλ-λοσ-μ'αδ”;—

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

AN CÍOS CATOILCEAD.

Le feúdaínt in rna ríontaid feó ir baogálad vo'n
aíome (1),

Naó uíochteann an Aíome 'r naó ngéilleann vo
Cátoilcib (2),

Na fíadair ní bfuigíró ríad zán féala na h-Eaglaire,
Do méirí maí uídhairt Peardair 'ra Máigírtir;
Sgíob Pástoríní zo uíochrad an bealac-rá,
Lá zác don mí zo mbeiró' cuimniuz' iní zác baile aca,
Ag Cluain-meala beiró (3) uídhairt air New Lights a' r
Orangemen,

'S i mbaile-loc-m'ac (4), 'readó léigead a mbeada uóib,
Ó cáilleamair Clayton tá Daly na leabairó 'zainn,
Do luét bíoblaíó bfeigz na zéillíró feardá,
Naó n-uímlaigean vo íadhairt ná bíadair.

(1) "Aíome," S. and G. (2) Catholic. (3) "Bí uídhairt," S.

(4) "Loc féalac, i léigíró i mbeada uóib," S.

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

THE CATHOLIC RENT.

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

As Peter and JESUS have spoken.

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

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

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

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

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

When mountains shall be SHAKEN and NATIONS over-
 thrown.

Δέτ κρησιγιοῦ σο'ν ἐλέην 'ῖ το κόμηιάδ να η-εαγλιυρε
 'S σο'ν τρεαηιόφι ναομήτα ρηγιοῦ ναοή αδυρ αβηται
 ούμην

ηά η-έιλιγιοῦ αν θίοβλα, νο τιυεφαῖο ρέ τρηρνα ομηαιῖ(1)

Αρ ταιγιοῦ ναῖ μαζαῦ αν κάρ ρο.

τοραιῖ αν ργέαλ ρο λε υαῖαρ α'ῖ λε ταρκυρνε,
 Σευν ηανηηαι α ἐέιλε λε ορῖυρ αδυρ μαλλαῖαν,
 θυῖο ηαιε congam λῖυτερ ραι Ἐριανμερ 'ῖ ραι λατιμερ
 Riosly (2) αδυρ θυλφαιῖ 'ῖ Σεάξαν Καίλβιν, οροῖ-ραῖ
 ομηα,

Ὁ ἐαίλλεαμαρ Μάηε (3) τὰ βάηε τε Σαεραναῖξ,

Δέτ τιυεφαῖο αν λά α ἔφυῖγιοῦ ριην ράραῖ η ραν
 ηγεαλλῖο

τυξ Ἐρῖορτ σο ῖεαυαρ 'ῖ σο'ν ῖάρα (4).

- (1) "ῖρ βαοζαλαῖ αν τ-αῖμυζαῖ ἐ," A. (2) "Ραομήηη," G. & S.
 (3) "Ὁ ἔφυῖημιο ζαν ρηξε," Ὁ L. (4) "ῖεαυαρ αν ραρα," S.

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

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

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

And, understand ye, that this is no mockery.

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

That Christ gave to Peter and to the Pope.

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

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

Grammar rules don't aid me, for my learning is but low.
 For had I been dictated by fluent education,
 In versification my name you would have known ;
 By ways and occupation I'm a perambulating tradesman,
 Those publicans are shaking and bailiffs at the door.

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

Ἰννηφεόδαῖο μέ ἵξέει ὑδοῖβ δῖ Ἐδὸμονν ἴ δῖ δ ἄτῶν,
 Ὁ ἴηδὸ ὑο εἰρη λέαν-ἵξῆιορ δῖ Ἰθαεὺεαλ δἴ δῖ
 Χατοῖλεῖβ,

Ἰθαοῖλ ἴηδὸ λε céile δῖ ἵνεαῖῖδῖν (1) ἴο ὑο Ἰεαῖῖδὸ

Ἰὰδ Ἰξῖῖονδῖν ἰ η-εαῖῖδὸ νὰ ἰ Μάρτα,

Ἰῖ Ἰαῖνεαῖ ἴέῖοτε bun-άιτ (2) δῖ Ἰάλλῖ ἴο

Τὰ Ἰῖῖορτ μαῖ [ἵῖ] λείῖτε, ἰ δ-έῖῖεαῖτ λε Ἰεαῖῖδῖ
 ἴδοι,

Ὀδαῖ Ἰὰδ ὑῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἴ Ἰὰδ Ἰῖῖῖῖῖῖδὸ δῖ εῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἴο,

Ἰηοῖῖῖῖ δῖ τ-δῖν Ἰὰδ ὑο εῖῖῖῖδὸ δῖ δῖ ὑῖῖῖῖῖ ὑῖῖῖῖ,

Ἰέ Ἰέαῖῖῖ, Ἰῖ Ἰῖῖῖ, δ ὑἴῖῖῖ Ἰῖῖῖ δῖ Ἰῖ Ἰῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ,

ἄτ τὰἵ τῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ (3) ἀῖῖῖε λε Ἰῖῖῖ Ἰῖῖῖῖ

Ἰῖῖῖῖῖ Ἰὰδ ἴῖῖῖ ὑῖῖῖῖ ἴῖῖῖῖῖ.

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

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

(3) Sic, O'L.; "revelation," S., and the others. ἵῖ Ἰῖῖῖῖῖ Ἰῖῖῖ
 Ἰῖῖῖῖ δῖ Ἰῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ Ἰῖ ἴῖῖῖῖ, "plantation," Ἰῖῖῖ "foundation,"
 Ἰῖῖῖῖ "revelation" ὅῖῖ ἵῖ ἴῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ Ἰῖῖῖ.

(4) The Irish Spring begins February 1.

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

I shall tell ye a story of Edward and his father,

Since it was they put complete-ruin on the Gael and on Catholics ;

They thought, together, to cut down this vineyard,

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

But not of blown sand is the foundation of this wall ;

Christ, as is read, is beneath it, together with Peter.

A work that shall not fail and that shall not burst is this Rock ;

The One-Son set it up, who was Crucified on earth for us ;

It was James(5), no lie, who left Ireland to the English,

But we have, near home, the Revelation,

And I think that not far from us is satisfaction.

Sé tigeaíct Ríḡ Séamar uo bain uinn éire,
 le n-a leat-ḡrḡis ḡallua, r a leat-ḡrḡis ḡaeḡealaḡ,
 ní tuḡraḡ ré buille uairḡ ná réirḡeac,
 'S o'fás rin, fás 'r maipis, an uonur ar ḡaeḡealaib.

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

ἴρ φαθα μέ αἷ εἴρτεαὶετ le rḡealcaib̄ αἷ imceac̄e
 Δη ναοῖμαὶο λά θέααἷ ḡο mbeíro céao peap̄ra i ḡcuio-
 eac̄e (1),

Αἷ bpeágnuzáō luēt̄ éitiz̄ (2) naē ngéilleann̄ vo m̄mupe
 Δ ο'oil̄ Δρ̄ Δ h-uēt̄ m̄iz̄ na nḡrára

Αἷ Δη m̄breíteam̄nar̄ θείḡeannaē ḡλαοῦφαρ̄ (3) ḡαē
 ouine Δca

Θείro ḡuaip̄ αἷḡur ḡéib̄ionn̄ αἷ luēt̄ réala b̄urte Δnn̄,
 Séam̄ar̄ Δρ̄ Seap̄lur̄ Δ ο'iom̄paiz̄ le tubaip̄te,
 Δ'ḡ Iribél̄ m̄éim̄opeac̄ (4) φαoi leun in φαn mon̄b̄ar̄,
 Θείro C̄iom̄aill̄ Δρ̄ éill̄ Δ'ḡ O Néill̄ oḡ Δ c̄oinne,
 Δēc̄ φαoilim̄, μαρ̄ léiz̄teaip̄, má féaoann̄ Uilliam̄ im̄ceac̄e
 Naē φαap̄raiō ré talam̄ le Sáip̄réall̄.

Éip̄ḡíroē Δ ṽaoime αἷḡur ḡlac̄aiō m̄eip̄neac̄
 Οἴρ̄ φαic̄p̄rō p̄ib̄ ionḡnaō (5), teaēc̄ b̄liaōna Δη ναοi-φic̄i
 Δη τέoub̄aip̄t̄ Δη μέaō p̄in ní φαep̄ é ḡan̄ tuaḡp̄in̄
 M̄ar̄ léiz̄eaō ré ḡaē ṽḡoap̄ Δ'ḡ oáta,
 Nioi c̄oip̄ vo m̄ac̄ ḡaeoēil̄ Δρ̄ biē cl̄aonaō ná p̄illeaō (6)
 Δēc̄ τοḡa cl̄ann̄ Mih̄il̄ō, O Ceallaiz̄, ní c̄lip̄p̄rō,
 B̄hi [Δη] ḡúna[n̄] [Δē] 'ḡ Δη θáλαē αἷ léiz̄eaō Δη
 c̄ommip̄p̄ion̄

Σαοḡal̄ φαθ αἷ ṽΔη Δοῦḡán̄ Δ'ḡ αἷ Councillor Guthry
 φioip̄-ḡḡoē na b̄p̄aop̄iaē αἷḡur Δρ̄ nooiz̄ Bob Darcy
 Luēt̄ φαóla oioēc̄e céap̄ra bi αἷ eulōḡ 'ḡ αἷ im̄ceac̄e
 'S̄ nioi léip̄ oioib̄ Δη oop̄ur̄ le náip̄e.

(1) "Tuaoimunan," O'L.

(2) Sic, O'L.; "αἷ bpeágnuzáō Δρ̄ luēt̄ eiz̄eac̄a," S.

(3) "b̄liaḡφαρ̄, b̄liaḡφαρ̄," S. and G. b̄liaō = ḡlaō.

(4) "mealltae," S. (5) "Δonaō," S.; "ionḡantap̄," O'L.

(6) "μαρ̄ tám̄uiō mic̄ Mih̄il̄ō (sic) naē p̄inne p̄iam̄ cealḡ," O'L.

I am listening to stories going about,
 That on the nineteenth day there shall be a hundred persons in
 company,
 Confuting the people of perjury who do not give-in to Mary,
 Who reared on her lap the King of the Graces.
 At the last Judgment each person of them shall be called,
 There shall be danger and chains for the people of the broken
 seal there,
 James and Charles, who turned with mischance,
 And Elizabeth the harlot (7), under misery and murmurs (?);
 Cromwell shall be in a leash and O'Neill over against him,
 And I think, as is read, if William can get away,
 He will not stand his ground against Sarsfield (8).

Rise up, ye people, and take courage,
 For ye shall see a wonder coming on the year of 'twenty-nine (?);
 He who has spoken all this is not a man without understanding,
 For he used to read every author and date.
 It were not right for any son of the Gael to twist or turn (9),
 But the choice one of the sons of Milesius, O'Kelly, shall not fail;
 Gannon and Daly were reading the Commission,
 Long life to Dan Egan (10) and to Councillor Guthry,
 True flower of the Powers-country, and no doubt Bob Darcy;
 The people who eat meat on Good Friday were stealing away and
 departing,
 And they could not see the door for shame.

(7) Aliter: "Deceitful Elizabeth."

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

(9) Aliter: "Deceive."

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

Σοιμim ριβ Δ ὄδοιne 'r na bigiò ραοι ταρκυρνε,
 Molραιò μέ Δ coiòce ριβ, Δγυρ iocaiò an ciop Catoil-
 ceacé,

Ir beazán 'ran mí oρραινν ρeóρpling 'ran tpeacémαιν,
 'S ná tuilligió ργανναιil ná náιpe,

Ir beaz in ran γciop é, Δ'ρ ραορiόcαιò ρé ταλαm
 An veacímav ní γλαoύρρα (1) μαρ veantaiòe oρραιò
 ceana,

Deiò ceapc Δγυρ vliçe ὄδοιò i ocip Δ'ρ i ocalam.
 Ni baoglac oúinn coiòce com ρav 'r μαιρρεαρ O Conail.
 Cpeioiò le ρipinne na naomí Δ'ρ na h-αρρταil (2),
 'Sé Ραιρτερι vo iminig 'r vo ciup ρiop an aiçup ρeo
 Δveip γo mbéiò γallaib le ρánaìò (3).

Ohí an ραογal buaiòeapca γo leóp i nÉipinn i
 ocopac an céio-bliavòan ciavìò ταρραινν. Buò ρiopi-
 náimve v'á céile an vliçe Δγυρ na vaoiue. Ni γáv Δ
 ρiáv γυρ i n-αγαιò an vliçe Δγυρ αρ ταιοιò na vaoiue
 vo bí an Reacéúipe i γcoμμυiòe. Vo bí ρεαρ ann, an
 uair ρin, vaρi b'ainn Antoiue O vóλαιγ. Ohí ρé 'na
 ραορ áomuo, Δγυρ vo bí ρé 'na cairtin αρ na buac-
 aillic bána. Thug ouine ρiavònuipe 'na αγαιò γυρ
 ργαιòil ρé γunna leiρ, acé niop bρiop vó, μαρ cpeio na
 vaoiue, acé γo ραιò impepán eacoppa. Ar leac-fúil
 vo bí an vóλac, Δγυρ oubaipc ρé leiρ an bpeap ρo in
 ran γciupc: "vó γcαιéρinn upéap leac, ná ραιòil nac

(1) "bliçpip," S.; "blaogpap," G.

(2) "na ρaipviniçe," O'L.; "an méav vo ργiob Cebbett!" Δ (1)

(3) "Δveip γo mbéiò éipe ραοι lán néim," O'L.

I call ye, ye people, and be not under reproach ;

I shall praise ye for ever if ye pay the Catholic rent,

It is very little on us in the month is a farthing a week,

And do not earn for yourselves scandal or shame.

It is a little thing in the rent, and it will free the land,

Tithes shall be called for, as used to be done to ye before ;

There shall be right and law for ye in respect to country and
land,

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

Believe ye with truth, the saints and the apostles,

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

Who says the foreigners shall be scattered (5).

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

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

(5) Or "go down hill."

mbudilfynn tú, má tá mé ar leat-fúil féin," agus ann-
 rin tubairt ré leir an mbreiteam cuipair no marc vo
 éur ruar or a coinne, " agus feuc, féin, má budilim é,"
 ar reiréan, óir bí toḡa uréair aige. Nioir tubairt ré
 don muo eile áct rin. Bhí faitéior móir ar na buac-
 ailib go leigfead ré amac a n-ainmneaca féin, áct ní
 maib baogal air. Tliged [teilged] é, agus tugad
 breiteamnar criocta air. Do munnead cóimra bó agus
 cuiread an cóimra ar cáirt, agus vo cuiread é féin 'nó
 fuidé ar an gcóimra lá breadḡ Aibreáin, nuair bí an
 ḡruan ag foillruḡad agus na héanlaic ag reinn, agus
 tugad é mar rin go dti Suidé-Finn, 'n áit ar cuiread
 crioct ruar le n-a crioctad. Do bí an bótar lán daoine,
 ag féadaint air ag vol ann, agus vo réir mar bí an
 cáirt ag ruabál bí ruad ag ḡlaodac air léimniḡ anuar
 agus iuc leir, amac criocta féin, agus go rabáilfioir é,
 agus bí cuio ve na raigsiúmaib vo bí in ran nḡarva na
 n-Éireannaiḡib, agus tubairt ruar leir i nḡaeóeilḡ dá
 núbairt ré rin go rḡaoilfioir a ḡcuio ḡunna ruar ran
 rḡeiri agus nac marbócad ruar don uine. Áct ní óear-
 naic ré don iairnaic ar imteáct; éuair ré go rocair ḡi
 dti an crioct agus crioctad é. Tubairt rean-feair leir ar
 mbairtḡearna ḡreḡoir, go maib ré ag cur ratair an
 lá rin ag Suidé-Finn, agus go bḡacair ré an crioctad,
 ran mbliadain, 1820, agus go maib an Reacáirne ann,
 agus go nveairnaic ré abrián air, agus ḡuir tubairt ré
 in ran ḡcéad béairva vo bí in ran abrián, " go mbuó
 maic an ciraon é nac leigfead v'áon ḡeag ná v'áon
 éraob v'á maib air, cuirim ar láir." Buó é an áil vo
 bí leir rin, go mbuó maic an ḡairḡideac an Dálac
 nuair náir leir ré amac ainmneaca na mbuacáilire

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

Bán eile; cónn cnuaidh agus cúireadair di é. Agus i nveireadh an abhainn do ghlaoth ré ar Ohia breiteamhar ceart do déanam ar an mbeirt do bhaic go h-éagsóir-
 ac é, no dá dtuicfairéir féin riar, gúth ré go dtuicfeadh
 oisgaltar ar a gcuid cloinne. “Agus b’fíor tó é
 féad id a maid neart talman agus gabáltar ac a n-
 gac uile áit, cá ’uile ríad anoir? Chail ríad uile go
 léim é, agus an méad maoinne agus ríadhbhar do bí ac,
 do ríadadh é, agus ríad an cúit ir mó d’á gcloinn bá;
 níor fásadh ac beirt ac, agus tá ceann ac go ’na
 bráidair, agus tá an ceann eile ’na cóinnuidé”
 Do ríadadh cailín de’n bunadh go go déigeanac le fear
 do cóinnuidé a bhí ó Suidé-rinn, agus dubhairt duine
 eile leis an mbairetígearna Sreagor go mbuadh beag an
 fáilte do bí moimpi. D’fíadair go an fear go cas fáit
 náir cuireadh fáilte níor fear moimpi, agus ré r’o
 dubhairt ríad leis, “An cúit rin d’á bunadh do cúit
 cónn h-áirí rin, ir triad nác noeadair ríad níor áiríe,”
 agus buadh é an áil do bí leis rin, go mbuadh éiríe
 náir cuireadh id féin! “Nuair cúit mé rin,” ar
 reiríe, “cúit nác ar málac Rairíe, agus cón-
 nairíe mé go maid éiríe an go fóill.” Dubhairt an
 fear céadna gur cúit ré náir fáir fear maím ó foim
 ar an mbail ar cuireadh an Dálac i n-éagsóir.

Ríad mé cúit de’n abhainn do rinne an Reachtúir
 an uair rin. Bhí beagán de na béairíadhb ag an
 gComáineac agus ríad Mac Uí Neactáin uair id,
 agus bí cúit eile ag Seóiríe Mac Siolla-an-clois agus
 ag Mac Uí floinn. Ag go maím cúit mé le céile id, ac
 ir ois nác bhí an ac blot, óir ní an maím rin

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

ann, an an gcroann, náir leis u'ann u'á cuio gédz tuic-
im an lár. Nac náuúirda éiréat an Reacúirne an
"Chogadó Gaedheal le Gallaid" in ran gcéad béaird!
Tá an fuaim céadna iní gac béaird aige; minne ré gac
ann an an gcuma céadna, an "é" i lár na línte, agus
an "m," "n," no "ll" i ndeiread na línte comérom:—

ANTOINE O DÁLAIS.

Tráchnóna Doine an Chéarta,
Dhí na Gaedhil fadó moirra (1) agus na Gall,
Comérom an Láe céadna,
Do bí Don-mac Mhuirne in ran gcroann.
Tá fuil le Mac Dé (2) 'gam,
'S mo leun! a' r gan maic an bít uó ann,
'S gur b'é Cullen (3) 'r a céile
Chrioc Daly, a' r go cruaidio uíol ann.

Act a bean óg, le m' radé
Cuim éas an an mbairle 'mbéirí ann,
Aicío agus éas an,
A' r go n-éiríod an tuile or a céann,
Ní peadad an bít an méad rin,
A Dha gléigil, ir é guríom le fonn
An an bfeair uo crio Daly
'S o'ráidhaid a gaolta agus gol 'r a éann.

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

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

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

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

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

ANTHONY O'DALY.

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

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

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

1r maid v'ioḡaltar Dé
 An té o'féadaraḡ ranaḡt le na am.
 ḡac peacaḡ o'á léiḡtear
 ḡo h-éaḡ ḡo b'raimḡ (?) ar an tpeam.
 'S iad an o'á Séimín
 Le rḡeim oo rocmuiḡ an rlan,
 An méad naḡ b'raimḡ o'ra féin
 An rḡeal céadnaḡ ḡo b'raimḡ ar a ḡclainn.

Ó ríneaḡ oo ḡéaḡa
 Tá an t-áer in a muiḡt or ar ḡcionn
 ní laḡann na méalta
 Ár na h-éirḡ, ní ríneaḡann ar tuinn.
 ní táḡann o'ruḡt ar an b'rair
 Ár na h-éanlaic, ní laḡairḡo ḡo binn,
 Le cúma oo o'iaḡ, Daly,
 ḡo h-éaḡ ní éiḡ toiraḡ ar érionn.

Ár ríua é an ríneaḡ
 Náir úmlaḡ 'r náir írliḡ oo ḡhail,
 Antoine O Dálaḡ (a Mhic Dé!) (1)
 ḡan b'rair oo bídeaḡ aḡainn ḡac am.
 áct o'eaḡ ré 'na ḡhaeḡeal maic
 aḡur o'adon f'eari níor élaon ré a ceann,
 Ár ḡur teann-mionnaḡo éiciḡ
 Chrioc Daly, aḡur neaḡt cloinne ḡall.

(1) Sic, Bell; "Sweet Anthony Daly an tpeam f'eari," an Comáinead.

Good is the vengeance of God

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

It was the two Shameens (2)

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

Since your limbs were laid out

The air is in corruption over our head,
The stars do not shine,
And the fish, they leap not on the waves.

There comes no dew on the grass,

And the birds do not sing sweetly,

With grief after you, Daly,

There shall never come fruit upon the trees.

And there is the righteous-one!

Who never humbled himself or bowed to the Galls,
Anthony O'Daly! Oh, Son of God!

Whom we used to have (with us) each time without a lie.

But he has died a good Gael,

And to no man has he inclined his head;

And sure it was the thick oaths of perjury

That have hanged Daly; that and the power of the children
of the Gall.

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

Ἄ μβέιην-ρε μο ελίρεαδ

Λάξαδ, έδουτομ, αἰζεατα αἰ ρεαηη,

ἱρ θεαρ το ρημίοβραιν το ερείερε

ἱ ηηλαν-Ἷηαεθειλζε αἰ λεαο ορ το έαηη.

Mile α'ρ οέτ ζεάο

Αη ρέ οέαζ, 'ρ αη αεάταιρ 'ηα έαηη,

Ὁ εὐηηηηζ Μαο Ἄε

Ἷυρ έαζ Daly, ἱ ζαηρλεάη Σηθε Ἷηηη (1).

Αζ ρο ρίορα ζεαηη το εὐηη αη Ἷεαέτιηε αζ εὐη
ἱ ζεέηηη το ηα οαοηηβ έοηη λείζεατα αζυρ βἱ ρέ, αζυρ
έοηη μόηη αζυρ βἱ α εόλαρ αη οέηεἱβ αζυρ αη ραηη ηα
ηἿρεαζαέ αζυρ ηα Ἷόηηαηαέ! ἱρ οόηζ ζο ηαἱβ ηηηηεαδ
αηη, αέτ μά βἱ, ηἱ βρμαηεαρ αέτ αη μέαο ρο. Ἷά αη
ηηορῆη ραοα ρο βἱηη ζο λέοη. Αρ λεαδαρ αη ηραιοη
έλοἱέε το έαηηηαηηζ μέ αη ζἱοτα ρο.

(1) ηἱ'λ αη οαηα ηά αη ηρἱοηαδ βέαηηα αζ Ἷ., ηά λεαέ οε'η
έύηζεαδ βέαηηα; αέτ Ἷά έαηη εἱηε αἰζε ηαέ οευζ με ηυαρ. Ἷά ρέ
μαρ λεααρ:—

Ἷά ηα ραηρἱη ρεο ρυαρ
Α' ραηαέτ ζο οεηζἱδ αη λά
ἱαηηαηη αη Ἷηζ ηα ηζηάηα
Ἷυρ ζεαηη ζο ηζαδαἱδ αηυαρ
ζο βρἱεηρἱδ μέ αη λά
Α μβέἱδ οηηα ηάρα α'ρ ηηαηζ
αη ζαέ ηηε ηάο μάταρ
Ὁαη οηηοηἱζ έύ Daly εὐη ρυαρ.

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

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

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

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

ΑΝ ΘΙΑ ΘΑΡ Β'ΑΙΝΗ ΙΟΥΠΙΤΕΡ.

Αν Θια θαρ β'αίνη Ιούπιτερ ιφ μόρι το τσιτ ι βρε δαδὸ
λειρ,

Θήι βεαν αἰγε ιμφ ζαδ βεαλαδ ἀι αν ταλαμ δ'ρ ιν
ραν δέρι,

Νεπτιόν ιφ φαο ό ουβνιαδ ζυρι ρτιύιαδ αν λάν μαρια
λειρ,

Μαριρ το βί ιμφ ζαδ κατ μαρι ιφ το'η ελαϊόεαμ (1)
σεραδὸ έ.

Αν τριύρι αθειη να η-ύξοαρι ἀι καίτεαδ αν τ-ύβαλλ
εστορια (2)

Ραριρ 'ρ μόρι το μεαλλαδ έ Le Helen ιν ραν ηθριέιζ,
υλιηρέρ δ'ρ α εύμαετα, ιφ Le η-α ρτυαμ το μεαλλαδ
ρέ (3)

Αccilér ζεαρι αν Τηαοι (4)—αζυρ νί ραοι α ο'ιμτίζ
αν θηριέιζ.

Ιφ ιομὸα ριοζαδτ ραρι το εσαριταιζ Telemeachur

Αι εόριηζεαδτ α αταρ βί ι ζκοιζεριόδ βραο ι ζεείν
ζο η-ιφιονη ευζ ρέ εσαριτ, αζυρ Μιμυρ [μόρι] το
τεανζιμαίζ λειρ

Βί ρέ αζ εσαριτα Vulcani αζυρ οεαρι ρέ ἀι α ζλευρ.
Cheirtniζ ρέ Ραοιμαντυρ ατ Pluto αν ρριονηρα
ο'ηρεαζαρι έ,

Ρεαρι δον τριύλ το θαλλαδ λειρ, αν τριά τσιρλιηζ ρέ
ιν ραν εείβ,

Χαριον το ρζαοιλ ρύτα έ το'η θηριέιζ ἀι αιρ ζο ηοεαδ-
αίό ρέ,

'S ριορι αίτιη ατ α ιμαθαδ έ, μαρι ο'ατριάιζ α ρηναδ
'ρ α ρζείμη.

(1) "Clairé," MS. (2) "Sir ειουρ ριαο," MS.

THE GOD WHOSE NAME WAS JUPITER.

The God whose name was Jupiter, how many fell in love with him,

He found a wife in every place, on earth and in the air ;

With Neptune, who PRESIDES over TIDES and over ocean-
waves,

And Mars, the god of battle-deeds, appointed for the spear.

The three whom authors TELL US had the JEALOUS apple
flung to them,

Paris, who was led away to Greece by Helen fair ;

Ulysses whom they MENTION, for INVENTION he was won-
derful ;

Achilles threatened TROY, and, valiant BOY, he perished
there.

Many is the cold kingdom that Telemachus searched

In pursuit of his father, who was in foreign parts, far away ;

To hell he paid a visit, and great Minos met him :

He was at Vulcan's forge, and he looked at his implements.

He questioned Rhadamanthus, but Pluto the prince answered him,

The man of one eye was blinded by him when he descended into
the cave ;

Charon let him out to them, so that he went to Greece,

And nothing but his dog recognised him, for his appearance
and beauty had altered.

(3) "Συη μεαλλ' γέ," MS. (4) "Αν τριόιο σο κατα τειρ," MS.

Θεζιμια, αν ός-μναιοι, αν ποός le'η οράοαο Hercules
Centauri γαν βάο α έεαηζμδαίς λειρ, buò éιονηταό
λειρ αν ηζέαλ,

Αη léine nime γυαηι γέ έυζ γέ α mîle μαλλαότ οι,
Όόίτεαό αν ηεαη 'η ní μαίτ λιom é, no η η βηέαζα ουβ-
αιητ luóτ léιζιnn.

Αη έαιητ αηοιη α ουβαιητ μέ, τά ύζοαη ηιαη αζ ηεαη-
αη λειρ,

homer Όηηζιλ, ηοηαη, αζυη αυλληαό ηάη ηζηηοó
βηέαζ,

ηile αηηιό ηη γαν ζαύηζε α οέαηηφαη α η-αζαίό Ραιη-
τεηιό,

Ταζαό ηέ λεαό-βεαλαίς αζυη ηαόαίό ζοβάν ηηα βέαλ.

Αζ ηο μαη οο ηιολ ηέ οιβηιόε μαίτ, γαοη άοημιο, οο
όόιηηηίς η η-ηαόταη Chonοαε ηα ζαίλληηε. Όηιοó ούιλ
ηόηη αζ αν Ρεαότύηηε η ζοόιηηηιόε η η-οιβηιόε μαίτ,
no η βηεαη ηειηοε μαίτ. Νί ηαιβ άοη ημσ οο έυη ηεαηης
αηη ηαη ηηοό-οβαηη. Όο έαηηηαηης μέ αν η-αβηιάν
ηο αη λεαβαη αν ηηαοηη-έλοίόε :—

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

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

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

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

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

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

And any poet in this province who shall contradict Raftery,

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

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

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

ΣΕΔΞΑΝ ΟΟΗΟΙΟ.

Τά οιβηιόε ρζιορτα τριάταμιαλ αζ βόταρι Χαιρλεάιν
Τάιλλιύρ

Αρ μιάτ λιομ έοιούέ' βειτ τριάτ αιρ, μαρ τά ούιλ αιζε
ραν ρρόριτ,

Ούμλόσαρ (1) έ ιρ άιλλε ι η-έασαηη ζλοιηε αρ κάρτα,
Νιορ έεαηζβαιζ άρμιαμ α μιάζιρτιμ οημ, ι η-άιτ αρ
βιτ ζο ρόιλλ.

Μι η-ιοηζηαό αιρ, αη κάρ ρηη, το μέρι α ζήοιομ 'ρ α
έάιλεαέτ,

Τά μύηαό αιρ ό ηάούρη, αζυρ αη τ-οιηεαέ ιη α ρόρι,
Έιρτιό αη ρζευλ μά'ρ άιλ λιβ, αζυρ μίηεόέαο οαοιβ αρ
βαλλ έ,

Ζυρ οιβηιόε Οοηιόιό το ράμιαζ α βρμιλ ό Άρμιαη
ζο Ούηηόρι.

Σαρη ζο οεαρ ι βρμάμα ι βρμινηεόζαιβ ιρ έ ο'ράιρζ-
ρεαό,

Οοιρηε ηάλλα αρ άιλλε, αζυρ α βροιληεαό το έεαέ
μόρι,

Οαηιρτέρι α'ρ μάλαιό, λε μεαβαρ α έιηη 'ρ α λάιηε,
Στοιζρη α'ρ ηυιλάρ-ελάρ αζυρ α λάν ηάρ ούβαρη με
ρόρ.

Οηέαηραό λοηζ αρ ράιλε, κοιτε αρ μαηιοιόε μιάηα,
Μυιλλτε πλύρη α'ρ μάιβε, ρέ έυιρηεαό ι ζαοοι 'ρ ι
ζοόρι,

Λε ριρέαλ ζλαη α'ρ πλάηα α έρίοέηυιζεαηη ζαέ άιιζε
Οεαρηη ρέ ζαέ άόμαο λε η-αζαίό βάιο το έυρ έυμ
ρεόιλ.

(1) Οειρηέαρι "ούμλόσαρ" ι ζΟοηηαέταιβ, ι η-αη "οομληαααρι."

JOHN CONROY.

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

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

He never yet was AILING when the glass was on the TABLE,

And he has not got a FAILING that myself at LEAST could
name.

No wonder, what I'm SAYING, for God has made him PLAINLY,

Of honourable NATURE and his people were the same,

Both generous and FAITHFUL, there's no one who can BEAT
him,

Fron here to Aran QUAY, or can COMPETE with him in fame.

It is he who would fit in (literally, "squeeze") a sash nicely in a
frame, in windows,

Hall doors of beauty, and all that would become a big house,

Banister and rails with the quickness (literally, "feeling") of his
head and of his hand,

Stairs and boarded floor, and a lot more I have not mentioned
yet.

He would make a ship on the brine, a cot-boat and the oars,

Flour mills and rape mills, it is he who would set in tune and
order ;

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

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

Οιβριότε τρατάμαιλ ρτυαμα ε, νο θέαηφάο ρμοιρ δ'ρ
 τύρηα,

Δη ρεόλ 'ρ να μαιοιότε λυαρζτά, δη τρλινη, αζυρ δη
 ρρόλ,

Όο λείζφραό λεαβαρ δ'ρ νυαιότεαότ μαρ τά ρόζλαιη αιη
 αζυρ μύηαό

Όά ριύβαλφά έαητ δη έύιγε ηί ρειρφά ρεαρ υ'ά ρόητ.
 Τά ρμοτύαό υίρεαό λάιοηη ηαό ηιέαζ ατά μέ μιάό λειρ,
 Μαη ηρ ιοηόα ρεαρ ραν άιτ ρεο α ηθεαηηα ρέ οβαηη
 όό,

Δη έυιηζ δη έλιαό 'ρ δη ρηάαα, βαηηηα ηοάα, 'ζυρ λάιηηε,
 Εάαότ νο έρεαβφάό βάηητε, αζυρ υ'ιοηρόαό ρυαρ
 δη ρόο,

'S α λάν ηαό ζευιήηηζιηη τράότ αιη, υέαηφάό ρέ ζαν
 βάρτα (?)

Ραο αρ ηιόζ νο'η λάιό, αζυρ λε ρλεαότ ζαό υιλε ρόητ,
 Όθέαηφάό ρέ ζο ρεόλτα ααηη δ'ρ αάητ δ'ρ αόητε,
 Ζαό ηυιλε ηιό υε'η τρόητ ρηη, αζυρ αόηηηα νο ρεαρ
 βάηρ.

Ρεαρ [λύέηαη] λειζτε ρζαοιητε έ αι ηαηηζαό ηο αι
 αοηαό,

Α ράηηαη ηί'λ ραν τηη ρεο, ηη αι ααφαό λιοη ζο ρόιη.
 Ηρ βεαζ α ρυηη ι υτιόζβαρ αότ ααιέαηη 'ρ ράζαη ζο
 ζηαοιόεαηηαη,

Ηρ ιοηόα λά αζυρ οιόέε νο βί μέ λειρ αζ όλ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His like there is not in this country, of all that I have yet met ;
Small is his respect for housekeeping, but to be spending and earning decently ;

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

Ὅα mberò' γέ γυαρ ναοι η-οιούε εια ὄ'φειρεαὸ λογ
[Δη] ἔραοιη αιη

Μαη τα γέ ειαλλιηαι ερίονα φλαίτεαμδαι ουνεαμδαι
κόη,

Κατ αζυρ βαιλ ὁ Χηρίοτ αιη, ατά μο κόμηιάὸ ὀέαητα (1),

Ση ε δ κάλληαὸτ γίορ ὀαοιβ, ἀ'γ ηί ὀέαηφαιὸ μέ
νίορ μό.

Ὅο εἰτε μι-ἀὸ μόη αμαὸ αι λοὸ Οηβηηη, ἰ ζConοαὸ
ηα Ζαίλλιηε, γαν μβλιαὸαη, 1828. Chuαὶὸ αση ουνη
ὀέαζ αζυρ φίε αι βοηο γεαη-ἔαίη αζ Δηαὸ Ὀύηη ηο
Αηαὸ Cυαη, ἰ η-έηηφεαὸτ λε ααοηαὸαιβ αζυρ λε ηυααιβ
εηε, λε ουλ ζο η-ασηαὸ ηα Ζαίλλιηε. Ὀηί ηημὸιολ ὀατ
μητε λε ουλ αα. Ἡυαηι ἔαηζαααη ἰ ἔφοηζφεαὸτ ὀά
μηε ὀο Ζηαίλλιη ὀο εἰηη ααοηα αα α αοη ηηέ ἔοηη αη
ἔαίη, αζυρ ἔοραιζ αη η-ηηηε αι ἔεαὸτ αητεαὸ ζο λυατ.
Ἡυαηι εσηηαηηε φεαη ὀο ἔη ηη γαν μβάὸ αη η-ηηηε αζ
μητ αητεαὸ, λεαζ γέ α ἔότα μόη αι αη ηπολλ, αζυρ
ἔηηίηζ γέ α αοη αιη. Ἀὸτ ηηηηε γέ ζο ηὸ λάηηηη ε, αζυρ
ἰ η-άηη αη πολλ ὀο ητοραὸ ἰη εαὸ ηηηηε γέ αη ελαη ὀο
ἔηομάηηη αι φαὸ αη αη μβάὸ. Ὅο ληοηαὸ αη ἔαὸ λάη
ηηηε αι αη μὸηηηο, αζυρ εἰαὶὸ γέ γίορ, αζυρ ὄ'φάζ γέ
αση ουνη ὀέαζ αι φίεἰη αζυρ ὀεηὸ ζααοηηηζ αζ ηηοηο
λεηη αη ηηηε. Ἡί ηαηβ ηηαὸ αὸτ ηζατὰμ ζεαηηη ὀ'η
ταλαμ, αὸτ 'ηα αηηὸεόηη ηηη ὀο ἔαίητεαὸ ηαοη ηηαοηηε
ὀέαζ αα, ὀαοηηε ὀζα, λύτμηαηα, λάηηηε. ἰ ὀτοραὸ ηη
ὀεηηὸ αη φὸζμηαηη, μαηοηηη ἔηεαζ, εἰύηη, ὀο εἰαὶὸ αη
ἔαὸ ζο ἔοηη, αζυρ ὀο ἔαίητεαὸ ηα ὀαοηηε φεο. Chuαὶὸ

(1) Λαβαηη αη φηε μαη "οιαητα" ε:

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

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

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

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

ΔΗ ΓΓΕΔΛ ΔΙΟΒΕΔΛ ΤΗΙΟ ΔΗ ΤΗΙ ΔΖΥΡ ΕΓΓΙΝΝΙΖ Δ
 ΛΥΕΤ ΖΔΟΙΛ ΝΑ ΟΤΙΜΕΙΟΛΛ. Οο γγυε ΝΑ ΟΟΡΡΑΙΝ ΟΙΛΕ
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 ΖΟ ΡΑΙΒ ΒΙΟΝ ΔΖΥΡ ΖΕΔΡ-ΖΟΛ ΔΡ ΡΥΟ ΝΑ ΤΗΙΕ, ΔΖΥΡ ΒΙ
 ΙΝΗΤΙΝΝ ΝΑ ΝΟΔΟΙΝΕ ΟΟΡΡΟΙΖΕΤΕ ΖΟ ΜΟΡ ΛΕΙΡ ΔΗ ΜΙ-ΔΟ
 ΟΟ ΤΥΙΤ ΟΡΡΙΑ ΕΟΜ Η-ΟΒΑΝΝ ΓΙΝ. ΟυΒΔΙΡΤ ΔΗ ΚΕΔΕΤΥΗΙΕ
 ΖΟ ΒΡΔΖΡΑΘ ΡΕ ΟΥΙΝΝΕ ΖΟ ΒΡΔΤ ΔΡ ΔΗ ΓΓΕΔΛ, ΔΖΥΡ ΟΟ
 ΕΥΙΡ ΓΕ Ι ΒΕΔΙΡΡΑΙΒ Ε. ΡΥΔΙΡ ΜΕ ΔΗ ΕΥΙΟ ΙΡ ΜΟ ΟΕ ΝΑ
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 ΟΟ ΕΥΙΝΝΙΖ ΖΟ ΜΑΙΤ ΜΑΡ ΟΟ ΤΥΙΤ ΔΗ ΜΙ-ΔΟ ΔΜΔΕ, ΔΖΥΡ
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 ΟΕ, ΟΕ ΜΕΔΒΑΡ ΔΖ ΔΗ ΖΟΜΑΝΔΕ ΜΑΡ ΔΗ ΖΕΕΔΟΝΔ, ΔΖΥΡ
 ΤΑ ΟΥΙΟ ΟΕ ΙΝ ΡΑΗ ΡΖΓΙΒΙΝΝ ΤΑ ΡΑΗ ΔΟΑΟΔΙΜ. Οο ΟΥΙΡ
 ΜΕ ΛΕ ΕΕΙΛΕ Ε ΕΟΜ ΜΑΙΤ ΔΖΥΡ Ο'ΡΕΔΟΔΡ, ΔΕΤ ΤΑ ΡΕ
 ΜΕΔΡΖΕΤΑ ΖΟ ΜΟΡ ΤΗΙΟ Δ ΕΕΙΛΕ, ΔΖΥΡ ΝΙ'Λ ΔΕΤ ΒΥΙΛΛΕ ΡΑ
 ΤΥΔΙΡΜ ΙΝ ΡΑΗ ΕΔΖΑΡ ΟΟ ΟΥΙΡ ΜΕ ΔΡ ΝΑ ΒΕΔΙΡΡΑΙΒ.
 ΤΔΖΑΝΝ ΒΕΔΙΡΡΑ ΝΟ ΟΟ ΔΟΑ ΔΡΤΕΔΕ ΡΑ ΟΟ ΡΑ ΟΥΔΑΙΟ
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 ΝΙΟΡ ΜΑΙΤ ΛΙΟΜ ΙΔΟ Ο'ΡΔΖΒΔΙΛ ΔΜΔΕ. ΙΡ ΟΙΝΝΤΕ ΝΔΕ ΜΑΡ
 ΤΑ ΡΕ ΔΝΟΙΡ ΟΟ ΕΔΙΜΙΖ ΡΕ Ο ΒΕΔΛ ΔΗ ΚΕΔΕΤΥΗΙΕ ΡΕΙΝ, ΔΕΤ
 ΖΟ ΡΑΙΒ ΡΛΔΕΤ ΝΙΟΡ ΡΕΔΙΡ ΔΡ :—

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

ΑΝΑΘ-ΚΥΔΙΝ.

Μά φάξοιμ-ρε γλάιντε ηρ φαοα βείθεαρ τριάτταό
 Δρ αν μέσο το βάιτεαό αρ Αναθ-κυδιν,
 'S μο τρυαξ, αμαριαό ζαό ατδαιη 'r μάτδαιη
 θεαν α'γ πάιρτε τά α' ριλεαό ρύλ.
 Δ Ριζ να ηγιάρτα έεαρ νεαμ α'ρ Πάριτταρ
 Πάρι θεαζ αν τ-αύθαότ (?) ούινη βειητ ná τριύη,
 Δότ λά έομη βρεάξ λειρ, ζαν ζαοιτ ná βάιρτεαό,
 Λάν α' βάιο αα α' ρζυαβαό αρ ριύβαλ!

Πάρι μόρι αν τ-ιονζηαό ορ κόμηαιη να ηθαοιη
 Δ βφειρηντ ρίντε αρ έύλ α ζοινη,
 Σηρεααό α'ρ αοιηεαό το ρζαηηιόαό θαοιηη
 Ζηυαζ ο'ά αιαιαό 'r αν έρεαό ο'ά ροινη.
 Bhi buáδαιλλιθε όζα ανη, τιζεαότ αν ρόζμηαιη,
 Ο'ά ρίηεαό αρ έριόαη, 'r ο'ά οταβαηητ ζο αλλ,
 'S ζυη β'έ ζλειρ α βπόρτα το βι ο'ά οτόμηαιη,
 'S α Όηια να ζλόηηη náρι μόρι αν ρεαλλ!

Αηηρύο Όια η-Αοιηη έλινηφά αν αοιηηεαό
 Δζ τεαότ ζαό ταοβ, αζυη ζηρεααό βοη,
 Α'γ α λάν έαη οιοέε τροη τυηηρεαό έλαοιοέε
 Ζαν αέο le θέαηαηη αα αότ α' ρίηεαό αοηρ.
 Α Όηια 'r α Χηιόρτα ο'φύλαηηζ ιοόβαηητ
 Όο έεαηηηζ [ζο] ρίηεαηηαό αν βοότ 'r αν ηοότ
 Ζο Πάριτταρ ηαομηά ζο οτυζαηη ραοη λεατ
 Ζαό [αριέατύη] οιοβ ο'ά'η έυητ ραοι αν λοτ.

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

THE DROWNING OF ANNACH DOON:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Milleán gáiri ar an ionad (1) céanna
 Náir lafaid meult an n' r' náir éimhíú zhuian,
 Do báit an méad úo do tmuall i n-éimhíad
 So gáillim ar donad go moó Daoirdoin.
 Na rin do g'leuraó eliaó 'zuz céadé,
 Do éreabáó b'réanna 'r' do éimhíad ríol,
 A' r' na mná dá réir rin do éreabáó gáó don muo,
 Do íníomhíad b'réo aguz anairt éol.

Baile-éilair do bí anairt láime
 Nior leig an t-áó úóib a gáibáil aníor,
 Bhí an báir éom láirir naó ruz ré cáirve
 O' don mác mácáir dá' r' muzaó maím.
 Muna r'géal a ceapáó úóib an lá ro a mbáirte
 A Ríó na n'gáira náir boét an nuó,
 Aét a gáilleaó uile gan loé ná ráile,
 Le rean-báó g'rána 'r' iao láim le tír.

A Ríó na n'gáira éimhíú Néam a' r' Páiríar
 A' r' a O'hé cia an cáir úóinn beirte na trímí
 Aét lá éom b'réáó rin gan gáoió gan báirteadé,
 Aguz lán [an] báio aca do vul go tóin.
 Bhirir an báó aguz báirteadé na odoine,
 Szar na caoiríú anonn ran trínám,
 A' r' a O'hé! naó anhirin bí an t-áir móir véanta
 Ar don réar véag aguz oétar mná (2).

(1) "Lofzaó r'leibe ar an n'gíobán (=ball) céanna," mar do bí ré ag an gCománac.

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

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

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

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

(2) Τά να βέαιρα πο άσυρ να τριu cinn 'na öiaix ó'n tpean mnao
vo puzao άs αναc-cuain í péin. (3) Literallay: "Case"

Bhí aicne a' r mairne ann, mná 'gus páirtíe,
 Δε γολ 'r δε γάριταοιλ 'r δε γειλε να νοεόρι,
 Δ' r mná vά μείρι γιν νο vέαηραδv δον μυσ
 Το γνιομπραδv βρέοιν a' r αηιαιτ [αηαιτ] αολ.
 Δ Τhómáιr υι Χατάοιλ, βα μόρι αν γζέαλ tú
 Το έρεαδβρά βηαηηρα νο αειηραδv γιολ
 Δ' r α λιαάτα βυαάαιλλ νο αηιαίτρεαδv λάμ λεατ,
 Μο λευν 'r tú βάιvτε ι η-Αηαά-αυαη.

Δ Σεάζαη υι Χοηζαηη βα μόρι αν γζέαλ tú
 Συη γεαρ tú αηιαίη ι λυηγ να ι μβάο,
 'S α λιαάτα αοιηάειμ λυάηαη γνύβαιλ tú
 Ó λονvύηη αηαλλ γο vτι Οέαλ-αηιάτ;
 Αν υαηι νο γαοιλ tú γηάηη νο vέαηαη
 Ρυγ να mnά όγα οητ 'βοη a' r έαλλ,
 'S γυη γαοιλ νο μάιτρηη vά μβάιτρηε αέαο γεαρ
 γο vτιυαρά γέηη αυιαι 'βαηλε γλάν.

Bhí Máire Nic Ruadháin ann, buinneán glézeal,
 An cailín rpremeamail bí aζaηηη γαη áιτ,
 Zhleuy γí í γέηη γο μοά Όια αέαυαοηη
 Le vúl cum αοηαηζ ό Chnoc Θεαλάηη.
 Bhí cóτα υηηηη vε έοζα αν έαυαηζ
 Cáipín lace a' r γηβίηvό βάν',
 Δγυη v' r áγ γí α μάιτρηηη βηvόηαά αηιαίvτε
 Δε γειλε να νοεόρι αηίη γο βηάά.

There were fathers and mothers there, women and children,
 Crying and calling and shedding tears,
 Women accordingly, who would make anything,
 Who would spin freize and thin linen.

O Thomas O'Cahill, you were the great pity (1);
 You would plough the fallow-land and you would scatter seed,
 And the numbers of boys who used to shake hands with you!
 My grief, and you drowned in Annaghdown!

O John O Cosgair (Cosgrave) you were the great pity
 That you ever stood in ship or boat,
 And all the vigorous steps you travelled
 From London over to Beltra.
 When you thought to make a swimming
 The young women caught hold of you on this side and that,
 And sure your little-mother thought though a hundred men might
 be drowned
 That yourself (at least) would come home to her safe.

There was Mary Ruane there, a bright young-shoot,
 The sky-like girl that we had in the place;
 She dressed herself up, early a-Wednesday,
 To go to the fair from Knock Delain.
 She had a coat upon her of choice cloth,
 A lace cap, and white ribbons,
 And she has left her little-mother sorrowful, ruined,
 Shedding the tears again for ever.

(1) Literally: "Story."

Λογσάδ ρλέιβε αζυρ ρζαλλαδὸ κλέιβε
 Δι αν άιτ δι έαζαοαρι, α'ρ milleán κυαιδὸ
 Μαι ρ'ι ιομὸα κρέατύρι ο'ράζ ρέ αζ ζέαι-ζολ,
 Αζ ριλεαδὸ ρ' αζ έαζαοοιη ζαδ μαοιοη λυαιη.
 Νι οιοζβάιλ εόλαιρ το έυιρ ο'ά οτρεοίρι ιαο
 Δετ μι-αδὸ μόρι βι ραν ζCαιρ'λεάν Νιαδ,
 'Σέ κρίοκνυζαδὸ αν αβριάν ζυρ βάιτεαδὸ μόριάν
 Ο'ράζ άόβαιρ οόλαιρ αζ Αναδ-ευαιη.

Αζ ρο αβριάν το ριννε αν Ρεαδτύριε αζ μολαδ
 Μηιc υι Cεαλλαιζ το έόμνυιζ ιη ραν Τριαν Βάν, άριυρ
 ατά, ραοιλιη, άιτ έιζιη ι ηζαιρ το Thusiη Τά αν
 τ-αβριάν ζο η-ιομλάν δι ηα ζοάκναιιβ “ά” αζυρ “ι,”
 άετ άιηάιη αν ρειρεαδὸ βέαιρρα, ατά δι “ό” αζυρ “ι,”
 αζυρ αν βέαιρρα οειρεακναιδ, ατά δι “έ” αζυρ “ι” :—

υιλλιαη ο Cεαλλαιζ.

Ζοιρεακν ζο η-άριη αν έυαδ ραν Μάρι
 ι Λάρι αν Τριαιη Βηάιη ρ'η ηι ρταοακν ρι μι,
 Δετ αζ ρειηηη λε η-άταρ μεαρζ ουιλλεαβαιρ α'ρ βλάτ
 Δ'ρ αζ έιριζε ζο η-άριη ι ηβαρρμιαιβ ηα ζαοιαοβ.
 Μολραιδὸ μέ αν τ-άριυρ ό ρέαοακν α ριάροτε (sic)
 β'ρεαιρρ λιομ-ρα λά αηη, ηά ι η-άιτ ειλε, βλιαδαιη,
 Δετ ιρ ραο ό βι τριάετ αιρ ζυρ βυαιλ ρέ Cιλλ-άιηηε
 λε ζαδ υιλε ρόριε βρεάζαετ, οειρε 'ζυρ ζηαοι.

A mountain-burning and a scalding breast

Be on the place where they expired, and a hard reproach,
For it is many is the creature it has left bitterly-weeping,
Shedding tears, and lamenting each Monday morning.

It was no lack of knowledge that sent them out of their right-
direction,

But great misfortune that was in Caislean-Nuadh,
And the finishing of the song is—that many were drowned,
Which has left cause of grief to Annach Doon.

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

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

WILLIAM O'KELLY.

The cuckoo will sing when she scents the Spring

And flap with her wing on the trees so high,

For its over the lawn of Treen Baun

When day does dawn that she loves to fly.

I praise its grace and its smiling face,

One day in that place were worth a year ;

It beats Killarney, though that be charming,

All here is garnished with such good cheer.

Τα αν ειλιτ 'r α h-άλ ανν, αν βιοc 'r αν ριαδὸ βάν
 Ανηρύο ζαc δον λά, α' r αν τρειλζ 'na [n]οιαιζ,
 Ρεόναρο ανν, 'r να ζάριιcα 'r αν τόρι le n-α ράλαιβ,
 'S οδοιμε υαιρle αρ ζαc ceαρο ανν αζ βρεαcτнуζοδὸ
 αρι α ριαη'.

Capla βρεάζα ράρα, α' r εαcριαδὸ αρι ρτάβλα,
 Ηunterr ανν ράριιζcτε ται είρ οο βειc ριαδὸαc
 Coirce min βαν ι μαηρέαρι βρεάζ cλάρη
 Δca le ράζαιλ ανν οά βραηραιοίρ βλιαδὸαιη.

Bocta, λάν ριάρη, ο' ρειcρεά ζαc λά ανν
 Αζ τριάλλ αρι αν άριυρ α ριοηητεαρι αν βιαδὸ,
 ni' l οιύλταδὸ le ράζαιλ αζ δον ρεαρι ζο βιάρc
 Δcτ cέαο mile ράιλτε αζυρ ηυο le n-α ηιαρι.
 ρά ηοολαιζ βιοηη βλάc αρι να cραηηαιβ α' ράρ ανη,
 Τοηαδὸ βα ζηάcαc αζυρ μεαρ αρι βάρηη cραοβ.
 Τά ζαc υιλε ρόριc βρεάζαcτ ανη, βυδὸ ηόρι αν τυαρι
 ρλάρητε
 'S δον ρεαρι οο βειc λά ανη, βυδὸ ραο é αρι α ραοζάλ.

ηα h-ιοηαιο 'r να h-άριαιρ 'r να coιλλτε ιr βρεάζαcτ[α]
 Τά αν οαρι ζέλαρ αζ ράρ ανη cοηι οίρεαc le ηιαζαιλ,
 Λαοι bó ι ζcιοηη cρί ράιcτε αζ ηιc cυη α οάρια,
 'S ηι ρειcρεά ραη βράραc αcτ βάρηη α οά h-αδαιρc.
 Αη cρυιcηεαcτ cοηι h-άριο α' r ζο ηοέαηραδὸ ρί ράλ,
 Choim ζεαλ λειρ αν ζcηάριη, α' r ι ρζεηηηεαδὸ αρ αν
 ζcριαοιβ,
 Αη εαλα αρι αν ρηάριη ανη, αν λαcα α' r α h-άλ ανη,
 Αη τ-υιρζε ρυαρ λάν ανη, α' r é ρζεαριcαδὸ le h-ιαρζ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Τά βηιοζύμ (?) ἰ γκόρη ἀνη, ἀ' ῥ ποταῖο ῥά ῥεόιλ ἀνη,
 Οῦιτ' ἀγυρ πόρταῶ ἀγυρ κόσαιμηθε [ἀγ] τριαλλ,
 Νι'λ ελιρεῶ ἀη δον τρόρε ἀνη ὡά βρανῥά|γο θεό ἀνη,
 Δέτ φοιλέαη ζαν κόμλα (1) ἀγυρ ὄλ ἀγ ἀη ῥαοζάλ.
 Καέρηιῶ ἀ' ῥ λυέτ κόρητιῶ ἀγ τριαλλ ἀη να βόιτρηῶ
 ἀγυρ ἄ λάν ὡαοιη μόρη ἀνη ἀγ βρεσῥνουζῶ ἀη ἄ
 ῥιαη,

Decanteηη γο λέοη ὡ' ἄ λιοηῶ ἀη να βόηρη ἀνη
 ἀγ Ο Ceallaig ἀη ἐρηθε ἰόρη νάη κόρηγιλ ἀη ῥιαλ.

Shnúbail mé Þorcláirge ἀγυρ cuanta Cinntráile
 Coircag na mbáto ἀγυρ ῥιαη γο Τριάγ-λί,
 Bantraige 'ῥ Cill-áinne, ἀγυρ [ἀη] éirge le ῥána,
 Συη εἰτ' μέ μο ὡάτα ἰ η-Árainn na naoim,
 ἰη μόρη βίοη τριάετ ἀνη ἀη Bhúicag 'ῥ ἀη Mháillig
 ἀη ὡρεαη νάη εἰρη κάη ἰ ζερuiinnear ἀρηαῖη,
 Δέτ ἀη υαιρηε Cúic' ῥáil ἀ' ῥ é beit' ἀη μο λάηη
 ἰη ὡ' Ο Ceallaig ἀη ῥμαῖη Bháin ὡο βέαρῥαηη ἀη
 ἐρηῶβ.

ἰη ὡε ῥοζῶ να Μιλέρηηη ὡο ῥάηηγ le h-Éibηη
 Ο Ceallaig 'ῥ ἄ ζῶολτα, ἀ' ῥ ἄ ζουηηῥῶ μέ ῥίοη,
 Ο Ceallaig, Ο Néill, ἀ' ῥ Ο Dóinnail 'na ὡιῶγ,
 Ο Cearbhaill Dúin Éile, Ο Concubáηη ἀ' ῥ Ο Bpáηηη,
 Bhi tpeire ἀη να ζαεῶελαηῶ ἀγυρ μεαη ἀη ἄ ῥζέαι
 Συη ζηόῥῶγ ῥιονάη ῥῥέηηοτ ἀη ελιῥῥέε ἀη ἀη
 βῥιαηη,
 ὡεηη να h-úγῶαηη, μαη λέηγῥεαηη, νάη ῥζηηοηῥῶ ἀμαῥ
 Éire
 Ζο ὡεαῥῶηῶ Ríγ Séaμαη ἰ ζελεῖηηηαη le 'Liam.

(1) "Comaltair," MS.

There are brioguns (?) in order there and pots with meat,
 Boiled and roast, and cooks moving-about ;
 There is no failing of any kind in it though you were to remain
 for ever there,
 But cellars without doors and drink for the world.

And numbers of great people there observing the merriment ;
 Steeds and people in coaches going on the roads,
 Plenty of decanters being filled on the tables
 By O'Kelly of the great heart, who never was sparing of
 generosity.

I have travelled Waterford and the harbours of Kinsale.
 Cork of the ships, and westward to Tralee,
 Bantry and Killarney and the province downward,
 Till I spent my period in Aran of the Saints.
 Great be's the talk there about Burkes and Malleys,
 The people who never set store in gathering goods ;
 But of all the nobility of Innisfail, and it to be in my hand
 It is to O'Kelly of Treean Baun I would give the branch.

It is of the pick of the Milesians who came with Eber
 Is O'Kelly and his kindred and all I shall (here) set down ;
 O'Kellys, O'Neills and O'Donnells after them,
 O'Carroll of Dun Ely, O'Connor and O'Brien.
 There was strength in the Gaels and respect for their history
 Until the Five of Spades won the game against the Fenians ;
 Authors say, as is written, that Ireland was never destroyed out
 and out,
 Until King James went into a marriage alliance with William.

Nuairí fuaire an Mac Uí Cheallaiḡ reo báir, 's do
 éadoin an Reacúime go ḡeair é. Fuaire mé an céad leat
 ve'n éadoin reo i ḡḡrībinn an tḡair-cloice, aḡur an
 leat veiríó in ḡan Acaḡaim. Ir 'sóig ḡur b'é reo an
 Mac Uí Cheallaiḡ céadoin do cóinuiḡ i tḡrian b'an,
 aót fuaire mé "Caoinne Uí Cheallaiḡ Chluain-leatán"
 maí ainm air i ḡceann ve na Láim-ḡḡrībinnib. Ir 'sóig
 ḡur b'é an áit céadoin í, oir ní corínúil go maib 'sá
 Ulliam O Ceallaiḡ ann. 'Do bí timéoll 'sá fíeio ve
 inuinnḡir Uí Cheallaiḡ an uair ḡin i ḡConḡáe na
 ḡaillime aḡur i ḡConḡáe Ropcomáin a maib 'súicéioe
 bḡeáḡa aḡur tiḡce móra aca. Cá bḡuil ḡiádo anoir?
 'Do ḡḡmoraó 'sá leir an "bḡeile" aḡur leir an "bḡair-
 ḡinḡe" do inól an Reacúime aḡur na báiro eile cóin
 h-áiro ḡin. Chuir ainḡir an tḡoó-ḡaóḡail veireadó leir
 an ḡcuro buó inó aca, fḡairíor!

CAOINEADÓ UÍ CHEALLAIḡ.

Ní' l tḡrúót ar Chluain-leatán ná fḡair

A' r ní ḡoirneann ann éan ná cuac,

Tá'n ouille aḡ imteacót i leir

'S na cḡairn ann aḡ éaḡcaoin fuaót;

Ní' l ḡḡian ná ḡealaót ar aḡer ann,

'S ní laḡann na méaltaín fuaí,

O fíneadó O Ceallaiḡ ḡan ḡcḡé,

An fḡair ḡoineanta fíeín bí fuaíre.

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

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

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

LAMENT FOR O'KELLY.

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

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

Mo leun ! 'o íματ βεῖτ ἀρ λάρ,
 Ἀ γιόλλα νάρ ἐρίαι ἀν ἐμιαῶαρ,
 'O γζαπαῶ Ἀ ηγλαεῶ 'o λάρ,
 'O μαπαῶ λυέτ ράιν ἀ'γ ρυαέτ.
 Βα τύ ριορ-γγοῦ ρολα να η-άιτε,
 Ἀγυρ μαρκαέ ἰ λάρ ἀν τρ'λυαῖς,
 ἰ οτεαέ ρειρ'ύιν 'o λαβαρκαῶ γο η-άρο
 Ἀγυρ βέαρκαῶ ρεαρ βάρ ἀρ ζυαῖρ.

η'ρ' λαρς ἰ οτευλε νά ἰ οτρίαις,
 νά ρολυρ ἀρ λά μαρ βιοῶ,
 η'ρ' τορκαῶ Ἀγ βορκαῶ νά ράρ,
 'S ἀρ λεινῆ νί ἐάλανν κίοέ,
 η'ρ' ταιρθε ἀρ βιῦ ἰν ραν ηγρίαν
 [η'ρ'λ] κροταλ (?) νά βλάε ἀρ ἀν ζεραοιβ
 Ὁ ο'ιμτις ἠα Σελλαις ἀν Τημαν Ὁάιν (1)
 'O ἠαίτεαῶ 'o 'λάρ ἀν κίορ.

Ὁ λεαζαῶ να ρεαρκαῖβ βί τρευν
 Κιανν ἠιρνεαῶ λε Ὁεηροπε ὁ ἐυαῖτ,
 Κυκουλαιν μαρ ουβαρτε να ρζεάλτα,
 'O βειρκαῶ 'γ ζαέ κέιμ κατ-βυαῖῶ (2),
 Ὁ καυτεαῶ ἐ Ἀ λειτέρο 'ο ρζεάλ
 ἠίορ ἐάιμγ 'ο λέαν 'να ρυαῖς
 Ὁ οἰολαῶ ἰ η-εαέ-ὀρμυμ να ζαεῶιλ
 Ἀγυρ ὁ κυρκαῶ ἐμ εῖς εῶζαν Ρυαῶ.

1) "Ἀν ἐύιλ βάιν," S.

(2) "Κέιμ κατ βυαῖῶ," S. ἠιρτε 'ο λέιξ ἐ μαρ τὰ ρυαρ.

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

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

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

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

Ár millead (1) ár bion ar an mbár

Do táinig ár v'árouig uainn

O Ceallais rmeár-mullais na h-áite

A mbíod aige a lán ar cuairt.

A don-mic Muiré bí ár tA [ann]

Saor h-uile clann ádaim don uair,

William bíod aghaid ar lán

A bflaitear na n-áirí ruar.

'S ó clonad Clann Lín ran tgnám

Le imearcar mhá, má'r fíor,

'S ó caillead Solam Mac Uáibí

Do ceanglailead páirt ár ciall.

Ó rinnead an tori do bí áro,

Ár ó báitead clann ádaim a rian,

Níor fadar don márcac ran bráir

Do cuirfead cúl-báir ar 'Liam.

Dá breicfead rib fhuonraig ár blácaig

Loingrige ár Uálaig a' tigeadct,

Brúnaig, búrcraig, ár Táití,

Riarrraig ár Máillig a' fiaodac,

Dá méad a gcumar 'r a gcáil

Aghail 1 mbán 'r 1 rliab

Rednaro ní cuirfead a ráin

Ná a bhuair ar fágail gan 'Liam.

1) "bion ár millead,"

Destruction and grief upon Death,

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

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

Since the Children of Lir were changed in their swimming
 By the play of a woman, if true,
 And since was lost Solomon, son of David,
 Who used to bind friendship and sense ;
 Since the Tower was made that was high,
 And since Clan Adam were drowned in its track (?),
 There was never seen a single horseman in the field
 Who would beat Leeam at the goal.

If ye were to see the Frenches and the Blakes,
 The Lynches and the Dalys a-coming ;
 The Brownes, the Burkes, and the Taafes,
 The Persses and the O'Malleys a-hunting.
 For all their power and fame,
 A-hunting in the open field and mountain,
 They would not put Reynard in danger (?)
 Nor find out his badger-hole, without Leeam.

Mo leun an flait fialmair ar lár,
 'Sé beimead ó gac ceáir an éiríob,
 'S ó éualair mé tuairirg oo báir
 Sur faine liom lá ná bliadain.
 Ni'l fíadac ó Sionnainn go triáig
 Ná mbeiríde ann triác ar 'Liam
 Ciann coranta fearaib Chri' Fáil,
 'S é rgarad ór áir an fion.

Do móil an Reacúime, go móir, gairgídeac, dar
 b'ainm Mac Uí Dóinnalláin, oo rinne trioir-ooirn le
 fear ve na Calnánáib i láthair daoine uasal na tíre,
 áit éigin i udaoib-foir ve Connacáib, coir na Sion-
 nainne, mar éualair mé.

Ni'l fíor agham cia h-é an Dóinnallánac ro. Do bí
 gairgídeac móir Connacáac ann, timcíoll an ama ro, air
 a uugad "Danaile" no "Danalair" aghur éualair
 mé rgeal iongantac ó'a taob ó fear dar b'ainm Máir-
 tain Ruad O Giollairnác, a cóinnuigeaf i n-aice le
 Muine-beit i gConradé na Gailime. Do tug reiréan
 "Danalair" ar an ngairgídeac ro, ció nac maib air
 Déarla aige, aghur nuair uubairt mé leir go mbuó
 foirm Déarla rin, ag fiafuiríde óe cao é an fíor-ainm
 Gaedheilg oo bí air, uubairt ré sur faoil ré go mbuó
 O Dóinnáil no O Dóinnalláin é. Má'f ámlair acá,
 b'éiríur sur b'é an fear céanna air a nveairnair an
 Reacúime an uán. Do rgríob mé fíor focal ar focal

My grief, the generous prince overthrown (5),

It is he who used to bring from every quarter the branch,
 And since I have heard tidings of thy death,
 Sure I think every day longer than a year.

There is no hunt from the Shannon to the shore
 That people would not be talking about Leeam ;
 The protecting tree of the men of the Land of Fail,
 It is he who used to scatter publicly the wine.

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

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

ΔΗ ΓΣΕΔΛ Ι ΟΥΔΑΟΙΒ ΔΗ ΟΥΙΝΕ ΓΕΟ Ο ΒΕΔΛ ΜΙΟΙ ΟΙ ΣΙΟΛΛΑΡ-
 ΝΑΤ, ΟΟ ΒΙ ΜΑΡ ΟΥΒΑΙΡΤ ΜΕ, ΣΑΝ ΔΟΝ ΘΕΑΡΛΑ ΔΡ ΒΙΤ,
 ΔΣΥΡ ΤΑ ΔΗ ΓΣΕΔΛ ΟΟΜ Η-ΔΙΡΤΕΔΕ ΡΙΝ ΣΟ ΜΒΥΘ ΤΡΙΑΔΣ Ε
 ΣΑΝ Δ ΤΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΔΝΗΡΟ. ΟΥΙΡΡΟ ΡΕ Ι ΣΟΥΙΝΝΕ ΟΥΙΝΝ ΔΗ
 ΓΣΕΔΛ Ι ΟΥΔΑΟΙΒ ΜΑΔΑ, ΟΟ ΜΙΤ Ι Ν-ΔΣΑΙΘ ΟΑΡΑΙΛ ΟΝΟΟΥ-
 ΒΑΙΡ, ΜΙΣ ΟΛΑΘ, ΔΣΥΡ Ο'ΡΑΣ ΔΗ ΤΙΝΝΕΑΡ ΙΟΝΣΑΝΤΑΕ ΡΙΝ
 ΔΗ "ΟΕΔΡΝΑΙΘΕΑΝ" ΔΡ ΝΑ Η-ΟΛΛΤΑΙΒ. ΝΙΟΡ ΔΤΡΑΙΣΕΑΡ
 ΔΟΝ ΦΟΑΛ ΑΜΑΙΝ ΙΝ ΡΑΝ ΓΣΕΔΛ ΡΟ Δ ΛΕΑΝΑΡ. ΔΤΑ ΡΕ
 ΟΥΙΡΤΑ ΡΙΟΡ ΣΟ ΟΙΡΕΔΕ ΜΑΡ ΟΟ ΡΣΗΙΟΒΑΡ Ε Ο ΒΕΔΛ ΔΗ
 ΟΥΙΝΕ ΔΡ ΣΑΙΛΛΙΜ.

ΣΣΕΔΛ ΔΡ ΟΑΝΑΛΑΙΘ.

ΙΝ ΡΑΝ ΔΗ Δ ΜΑΙΒ ΟΑΝΑΛΑΙΘ, ΔΗ ΣΑΙΡΣΙΘΕΔΕ ΜΟΙ,
 Ι ΜΒΥΟΙΝΝ Δ ΜΑΤΑΡ, ΝΙ ΜΑΙΒ ΔΤ ΒΕΙΡΤ ΔΗ-ΒΟΟΤ ΙΝ Δ
 ΔΤΑΙΡ ΔΣΥΡ ΙΝ Δ ΜΑΤΑΙΡ, ΝΙ ΜΑΙΒ ΡΛΙΣΕ ΔΡ ΒΙΤ ΔΟΑ ΔΤ Δ
 Ν-ΟΒΑΙΡ Ο ΛΑ ΣΟ ΛΑ.

ΣΕΔΣΑΝ ΟΟ ΒΙ ΔΡ Δ ΔΤΑΙΡ. ΟΑΡΑΘ ΔΡ ΟΥΙΝΕ ΟΑΡΑΛ
 Ε, ΔΡ ΜΑΙΟΙΝ, ΔΣΥΡ ΔΗ ΟΥΙΝΕ ΟΑΡΑΛ ΔΣ ΟΥΛ ΑΜΑΕ ΔΣ
 ΡΙΑΘΑΕ. ΘΕΑΝΝΑΙΣ ΡΕ ΟΟ ΣΕΔΣΑΝ, ΔΣΥΡ Ε ΔΣ ΣΑΒΑΙΛ
 ΑΡΤΕΔΕ ΔΡ ΔΗ ΤΡΗΑΙΘ ΔΡ ΜΑΙΟΙΝ.

"ΔΗ ΜΕΔΡΑΝΝ ΤΥ, Δ ΣΕΔΣΑΙΝ," ΔΡ ΡΕ, "ΣΟ ΜΒΕΙΘ
 ΔΟΝ ΜΑΡΚΑΕ ΙΝ ΡΑΝ ΣΟΥΟΕΔΕΤΑ, ΙΡ ΡΕΑΡΡ ΝΑ ΜΕ ΡΕΙΝ?"

"ΤΑ 'Ρ ΔΣΑΜ ΒΕΑΝ," ΔΟΕΙΡ ΣΕΔΣΑΝ, "ΤΑ ΡΑΝ ΜΑΙΤΕ
 ΟΕΙΡΟ ΛΕ ΟΛΑΙΝΝ, ΟΟ ΜΙΤΡΕΔΟ ΛΕΑΤ ΡΕΙΝ ΔΣΥΡ ΛΕ ΟΟ
 ΟΑΡΑΛ."

ΣΑΟΙΛ ΔΗ ΟΥΙΝΕ ΟΑΡΑΛ, ΔΡ ΔΗ ΣΑΙΝΤ ΔΟΥΒΑΙΡΤ
 ΣΕΔΣΑΝ, ΣΥΡ ΟΡΟΕ-ΜΕΑΡ ΟΟ ΒΙ ΡΕ 'ΤΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΔΡ. "ΟΔΡ
 ΡΙΑΘ [ΔΡ ΡΕ] ΜΑΝΑ ΡΕΑΡΑΙΘ ΤΥ ΔΡ ΟΟ ΣΛΟΙ, ΟΥΙΡΡΟ ΜΙΡΕ
 ΔΡ ΔΗ ΟΥΙΤΑΙΣ ΔΡ ΡΑΘ ΤΥ. ΟΥΙΡΡΑΘ ΜΙΡΕ Ι Ν-ΙΔΡ-
 ΤΑΙΡΕ (?)."

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

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

STORY OF DONNELLY.

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

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

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

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

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

“Well, τὰ ρί μο ὀϊαῖς ραν μβαίλε,” ἀρ Σεάξαν,
 “ἴρ μο βεαν ἰ,” ἀπειρ ρέ, “ἀζυρ μuna μῆρῖο ρί λεατ
 τῆρ ἰνῖλε ραν μβότῶρ ἀζ τεαέτ ἀζυρ ἀζ ἰνῆεαέτ—ρῖν
 ρέ ἰνῖλε—ἀζυρ τυρᾶ ἰν ὄο ἴσοῶρ ζαν ceαο ἀζαο ουλ
 κορ-αν-ἀῖρθε, ἀζυρ ἴρε ἀζ μῆτ κοῖν τεανν ἀζυρ ἴρ ρέῖοῖρ
 λέῖ, τῖυβῖαιὸ (1) μῖρε ceαο ουῖτ ὄο ἰοζᾶ ὄο ὀέανᾶῖ
 οῖρμ ρέῖν.”

“Μὰ ζῆνὸεανν τὺ ρῖν, ᾶ Σεάξαν,” ἀπειρ ρέ,
 “τῖυβῖαιὸ μῖρε κύῖς ρυντα ὄουῖτ, κοῖν λυαέ ἀζυρ βέῖο-
 εᾶρ ᾶν μᾶρα μῖττε.”

Ὅῖομπυῖς Σεάξαν ἀβαίλε κύῖζε ρέῖν, ἰ ζκοῖνne να
 ἰνᾶ, ἀζυρ ὄῖνῖρ ρέ ᾶν ρζέαλ τῖ—ᾶν ζεαλλ ὄο βῖ κυρῆα
 ἰοῖρ ἔ ρέῖν ἀζυρ ᾶ ἰνᾶῖζῖρτῖρ.

“Ὀῖα! ᾶ Σεάξαν, ἴρ ἰμαῖτ ᾶν ρυῖρέᾶρ ᾶ βέῖο ἀζαο
 ρέῖν ἀζυρ ἀζαμ ρέῖν ᾶνοέτ, ὄ ναέ ὄτυζ τὺ ceαο ὄο ουλ
 ᾶρ ᾶ κορ-αν-ἀῖρθε!”

Ἀνοῖρ, κύαιὸ ρῖαο ζο τεαέ ᾶν ὄουῖne υᾶρᾶῖ, ᾶν
 βεαν ἀζυρ Σεάξαν. Νυαῖρ κύαιὸ ρῖαο ᾶρτεαέ ᾶρ ᾶν
 τῖρᾶῖο κύῖρ ρῖ ρζέαλ le μᾶῖ ζο μᾶβᾶῖοᾶρ ᾶρ ρᾶζᾶῖ.
 Κύαιὸ ᾶν ὄουῖne υᾶρᾶλ ᾶμαέ ᾶρ ᾶ ἐορᾶλλ ἀζ μαρῖκυῖ-
 εᾶέτ, ἀζυρ ὄῖρᾶρμῖυῖς ρέ ὄῖ ᾶν μᾶῖβ ρῖ ρᾶρτα ἀζ ουλ ἀζ
 μῆτ ᾶν μᾶρα. Ὅυβᾶῖρτ ρῖ λειρ ζο μᾶῖβ.

Κύῖρ ρῖαο ᾶῖνῖ ᾶρ ᾶν βῖαο ὄο μᾶέᾶῖοᾶοῖρ ἰν ρᾶν
 μβότᾶρ, ὄ n-ᾶ μβαίλε ρέῖν, ἀζυρ νυαῖρ μᾶέᾶῖοᾶοῖρ κοῖν
 ρεῖα λειρ ᾶν ᾶῖτ ρῖν, ζο βῖλλῖρῖοῖρ ᾶῖρ. Κύαοᾶρ ᾶν-
 ρῖν ᾶμαέ ᾶρ ᾶῖν μβότᾶρ, ἀζυρ ᾶν ἐορᾶλλ ἀζυρ ᾶν βεαν,
 ἀζυρ βυαῖλεᾶῖ buῖlle ὄῖορᾶ [ὄῖῖβ], ἀζυρ μῖτεᾶῖοᾶρ le
 ἐέῖle κοῖν κοῖνῆρῖοῖμ ἰν ρᾶν μβότᾶρ ἀζυρ ναέ βῖέᾶῖορᾶῖ

(1) Ὅειρ ρῖαο ‘ τῖυβῖαιὸ μέ ’ ἰ n-ᾶῖτ “ βέᾶρῖαιὸ μέ ” ρᾶν ὄύῖᾶῖο
 ρῖν.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

an capall ná an bean an lám láioiri o'fágoil ar a céile. Nuairi cúasair in ran mbótarí com fada agus bíodair le uil, agus nuairi o'iompuigeadair as teacé abairle, bí an bean as caint leir an marcadé agus é as teacé i mbéal an bótarí. Congbuis rí cúig ríata uair amac, agus níoir iméig rí tarí rin uair no go uairínis rí i bfoisreacé ceatramáto míle do'n baile—agus o'iméig rí anhrin uair. “Óruil tú ionnán uil níoir láioire ná rin in do fódair?” ar ríre “Ní’l,” ar ré. ‘Sé do bí airi céad agus dá fíció ríat moime, agus o'éirig ré in a cor-an-airíoe, i n-imteacé cúig móimio, agus ní uair i n-am le teacé ruar léi!

Cuair ré ar teacé anhrin cúig an teacé agus cúir ré cúig punta amac cúig Seágan agus cúig a bean. Agus bé [cibé] ar bit an mear bí as an uaine uairal moime rin ar Seágan, bí mear móir ar fad aise 'méir rin air, agus ar an mbean. Dubairt ré go uair cineál maic ionnta.

Nuairi bí an élan airi do bí rí as ioméair, anhrin, tós ré bean Seágan agus an páirte ar teacé cúige féin, ar eagla nac bfaigfóir airie maic. Congbuis Cairtín O Ceallairg—ainm an uaine uairal—iad, dá bliadain, in ran teacé leir féin. Agus nuairi bí an mac dá bliadain o'airí, leis ré an mátarí abairle cúir féin, agus congbuis ré féin an mac. Tús ré ríoil do, agus tús ré fógluim do, agus bí an mac as éirige ruar 'na fear breá; agus nuairi bí ré cúig bliadain o'éas o'airí bí ré 'na tós ríoláire. Sé m'ó do bí [i g] Cairtín O Ceallairg “bulli,” ain-fear gairgíoeac[ta] mar oéairí. Bí ré as tabairt an míc amac leir, as múná gairgíoeacáta ó h-uile éiríóna nuairi éiríoe ré

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

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

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

αβαίλε ό'η γχοιλ, αζ πέδαίμτ αν ποέσηρσθ πέ ζαιγχιό-
εαδ μαίτ όέ. Όί πέ αζ μύναθ "βοχάλα" όό, ζο γ'αίθ
πέ βλιαθόαιν αζυρ ρίσε σ'αοιρ, αζυρ ουβαίμτ πέ ζο μβυθ
όόιρ όό βειτ όοιμ λάιριμ λειρ πέιν.

Αη λά ζαθασθαρ αμαδ άρ αν βράιμτ βάιν αζ πέ δέ-
αίμτ α όέίλε ουβαίμτ Καίρτιν Ο Ceλλαιζ λειρ—ζο
ζσυμπεαθ πέ αν ραιτόιορ ceαίμτ άρ—“μαρτόόαιό (1) μίρε
τύρα,” άπειρ πέ, “no μαρτόόαιό τυρα μίρε.”

Σεαρ αν ρεαρ ειλε ποίμτ, αζυρ νόοι βυαίλ πέ Καίρ-
τιν Ο Ceλλαιζ, άότ βί πέ σ'ά όοραίμτ πέιν, ναρ λειζ πέ
όό αση μυσ όέαηαίμ άρ. “Well, α ρλεότα, cé [αν έαοι]
ναδ έρμυλ tú ιονηάηη σοηη σο έαβαίμτ σαμ?”

“Well τά μέ,” άρ Όαηαλαίό, “ιονηάηη σοηη σο
έαβαίμτ ουιτ, βυαίλρθό μέ άνοιρ έύ,” άπειρ πέ. Όυαίλ
πέ σοηη, άρ άηηηη, αζυρ έυιρ πέ αν ρμυλ αμαδ ιη α
ήηόη αζυρ ιη α έλυαγαιβ.

“Well,” άπειρ Καίρτιν Ο Ceλλαιζ, “Τά μο έυο-
γε “βοχάιλ” σέαητα ζο μαίτ λεατ,” άπειρ πέ. Έυζ πέ
γυαρ όό άηηηηηη ηαδ μαιβ πέ ιονηάηη αιζε.

Ηηρ αν άμ ρηη, άνοιρ, ηί μαιβ β'λ'ατέχιαδ άμιαίμ
ζαη ζαιγχιόεαδ σο βί αζ ιομέαρ βειλτε. Έυζ πέ άηηηηηη
ζο β'λ'ατέχιαδ έ, αζυρ αν ζαιγχιόεαδ σο βί ιμβ'λ'ατέ-
χιαδ, βί άρπο-όίορ λε ράζαίλ αιζε ό'η μβαίλε μόρι. Καρσθ
αν ζαιγχιόεαδ άρ Ο Ceλλαιζ αζυρ Όαηαλαίό αζ σοηιαρ
τιζε όρτα, ηο άιτ έίζηη, αζυρ βί κοίμλυασθαρ σάοιμ
υαγαλ αζ κάητ λε όέίλε άηη, ρειρεαρ ηο μόρρρειρεαρ
αα. Έάιμτς αν ζαιγχιόεαδ ρο αν βαιλε μίοιη τηαρηα,
αζυρ βί πέ αζ ιαρηαιό λυαδ αν όίλ σο βαιητ σίοβ—σε
ηα σάοιμθ υαιρλε. Αη τέ ηαδ στυβημσθ πέ ριζηε τό

(1) = “μαρτοόαιό.”

from school, trying would he make a good hero of him. He was teaching him boxing until he was one and twenty years of age, and he said that he ought to be as strong as himself.

One day that they went out on the bare field Captain O'Kelly said to him—that he might put right fear in him—"I'll either kill you now," says he, "or you'll kill me."

The other man stood before him, and he never struck Captain O'Kelly, but he was defending himself in such a way that he never let him do a single thing to him. "Well, you stupid, how is it you are not able to give me a fist?"

"Well, I am," said Donnelly, "able to give you a fist. "I'll strike you now," says he. He struck a fist on him then, and he sent the blood out through his nose and through his ears.

"Well," says Captain O'Kelly, "all my boxing has done well by you," says he. He gave it up to him then that he was not able for him.

Now, at that time, Dublin was never without a fighter who was carrying a belt. He brought him to Dublin, and the fighter who was in Dublin he had an over-rent to get from the city. The fighter met O'Kelly and Donnelly at the door of a house of entertainment or some other place, and there was a company of gentlemen talking to one another there, six or seven of them. This fighter of the city came past, and he was trying to knock the price of the drink out of them—out of the gentlemen. He who would not give him sixpence, the fighter was disparaging and

bí an gairgíóeac aς caiteam uioó-mear ari, aςur o'á mairluξáó. Táinig ré cúig Cairtín O Ceallaiξ aςur o'iarri ré a cúio ari, aςur ouðairt Cairtín O Ceallaiξ nac uoiubiaó ré riξin oó. O'innir na uoioine uo Cairtín O Ceallaiξ gur b'é "bulli" an baile é, aςur gan aon fearg uo cúri ari, no go noéanfaó ré nuu ar bealaó.

"Má ré rin 'bulli' U'ácliaó, ir ruadaó an baile é nac bful aon feari ann ir fearri ná é. Tá gaimre uo buacáill óς aςam annro," aueir ré, "aςur meafaim nac fearfaó ré mórián cainte uaió rin."

O'farruiξ ré uo Uanalaio "uiaib ré rára uouuo' uo beic aige leir an 'mbulli,'" aςur ouðairt Uanalaio go uiaib, aó Cairtín O Ceallaiξ uo ábaairt ceau uó.

Nuair connaic an gairgíóeac Uanalaio, ní cúg ré aon mear uó, fáoil ré nac uiaib ann aó uoine boς.

Tug Cairtín O Ceallaiξ leaó-éioin o'fion aςur uo brianuoió le n'ól uo Uanalaio, aςur ouðairt leir uul amaó.

Táinig an o'á gairgíóeac amaó i n-aξaió a céile ar an ttriáo, aςur buail Uanalaio uoiri ari, aςur níoir buail ré an uarua uoiri ari, aςur ní fearfaó ari feari eile leir an uarua uoiri uó.

"An é rin an feari ir fearri i mb'ácliaó?" ar Uanalaio.

"Tá ré uéanta amaó gur b'é," ouðairt na uoioine eile.

"Well! uo buailfionn feari aςur rice o'á fóit i noiáiξ a céile, aςur íau uo áeaó in mo láóairi."

"Tábairi ruar an beic rin," ar O Ceallaiξ [leir an "mbulli"].

abusing him. He came to Captain O'Kelly and asked his share off him, and Captain O'Kelly said that he would not give him a penny. The people told Captain O'Kelly then that this was the bully of the town, and not to anger him at all, or he might do something out of the way.

"If that's the bully of Dublin, it's a poor town that has not some man in it better than he. I have a gomsha of a young lad here," says he, "and I think he won't stand much talk from that fellow."

He then asked Donnelly was he satisfied to have a round with the bully, and Donnelly said he was—only Captain O'Kelly to give him leave.

When the fighter saw Donnelly he paid him no heed; he thought there was nothing in him but a soft person.

Captain O'Kelly gave Donnelly half-a-crown's worth of wine and brandy to drink, and told him to go out.

The two fighters came out against one another on the street, and Donnelly struck a fist upon him, but he did not strike the second fist upon him, for the man would not stand for him for the second fist.

"Is that the best man in Dublin?" said Donnelly.

"It's made out that he is," said the other people.

"Well, I'd beat one-and-twenty of his sort, after other, only they to come before me."

"Give up that belt," says O'Kelly to the bully.

“ Ní h-eadó, déct iomédairi tú féim, é. Ní’l don imear
 Δζαm δiri nuairi naé maib fé Δζ φεαρι vo b’φεαρι ná tú!

Sim ανοιρ αν έεαο ρίορδ ζαιρζιόεαέτα vo μinne
 Όαηαλαιό Δζυρ έορδαιζ ρέ, ό ρin αμαέ, Δζ ταδδαιρι ουβ-
 ρλάin vo ζαιρζιόιζib na τίρι, ζο maib ζαέ uile óuine
 buailte αιγε, Δζυρ τυζαό ρυαρ νό ζυri b’έ αν ζαιρζιό-
 εαέ ir φεαρι ραν νοiηαν έ.

Δζ ρο ανοιρ αν οάν, cibé δiri Δ νοεαμναό έ:—

ΡΑΥΟΡΑΙΖ Ο ΟΟΙΗΝΑΛΛΑΙΝ.

1 n-uairi Δ τρι Όια h-Δοime

1 mbellbiú’ ó’φειρεά αν τ-ιονζαντυρ (1)

Δζ μόρ-uairib na τίρι

Δζ τιηαλλ δr ζαέ ceárho,

’S vo ρέρι μαρι ρζιόib na ηαοiη

buó no nári cóiri Δ όέαηαiη,

ζαεóil Δ έυri ανη (2) caé’

Όά mberióeáo don έεαρι le ράζαil.

Ní bφuairi ριαο ρράρ ná ρuίlte (?3)

Δέτ αν ταλαiη vo ζεαμριαό όιοβέτα (4) [οóib]

Ό’φέαέ ράιο ρυαρ δiri έρiόρτα

Δζυρ ζυιό ρέ Riζ na ηζιάρ,

ηυairi έυαιό αν ρζέαλ le ζηiόiη

ηiόri έραιέ Δ λάiη ná Δ έριοiύε

Δέτ μαρι ηεαορι in ραν Τιηαοi

No ζυri ράζ ρέ αν λαοέ δiri λάri.

(1) “An τ-ιονζαό,” C. (2) ανη=“έum ” no “έun,”

(3) “ηαρ έαλτα” (?), C; “ραιιlte,” G. Ní έυiζim ce-έταμ sca.

(4) Όειρταρ “όιοβέτα” no “υιορδ” i η-άιτε-έαιδ i ζConuae ná
 Sailiúne.

“No, but wear it yourself, (bully). I have no respect for it when it was not on a better man than you!”

That now is the first feat of valour that Donnelly performed, and he began, from that out, giving challenges to the fighters of the country, until he had every one defeated, and it was given up to him that he was the best hero in the world.

Here now is the poem, whoever it was composed for:—

PATRICK O'DONNELLAN.

At three of the clock on FRIDAY

In Bellview was the out-RISING,

Gentry in hundreds RIDING

From half the ISLAND come.

Yet saints have said in WRITING

The action was unRIGHTEOUS,

To set two Gaels a-FIGHTING,

If justice had been done.

They never got respite or (?)

But to cut (mark out) the ground for them ;

Paudh (2) looked up towards Christ,

And he prayed to the King of the Graces.

When the story went into action (i.e., when it come to deeds),

His hand did not shake nor his heart,

But like Hector in Troy (he was)

Until he laid the hero on the ground.

(1) Literally: At the hour of three on Friday, In Bellview you might see the wonder, With the great nobles of the country Journeying out of every quarter ; And according as saints have written, It was a thing which ought not to have been done, To put Gaels to a battle, If there were any right to be had. (2) i.e.. Pat.

Ο σ'ιμτίξ Ιουλιρ Καέραρ
 Αξυρ Ηαοιρε έιυτ λε Όείριοιε
 Αξυρ Ηαοιβαλ υο ρευβραό
 Α ζσαρραϊόε υό ιη ραν τριζε,
 Μας Cúμδαιλλ υο έιυι να σευστα,
 'S Cucúλλαινη υο ριννε ρλέσάττα,
 Ηίοι έάιμιξ ό ροιη τριε έιυινη
 Αση ρεαρ υο ρινη (1) Δ ζήοιομ.

Κυριδιόε [βί τριέση] να ζριέζε
 'S Δ ζσυι αρ ρασ ι η-έιηρσαότ
 Αξυρ Αχιλλέρ μαρι λέιζτεαρ
 Αη ρεαρ λε'ρ ρζιμορσάυ αν Τριδοι,
 Ηί έιυβριάυ αν τ-ύβδαιλλ νά 'η έριδοβ λειρ
 Ό ρζοότ να ρολα ιρ τριέιηε
 Ι ζσελαρδιόβ λύτ νά ι λέιμνιό,
 Ό έαιτ ρέ (2) αν ρεάότ ρό έρι.

Όια λυαη Δ έάιμιξ ρζέδα
 έιυξ Ο Όόμναιλλάη ράξαιλ ριέυ,
 Α'ρ μυι βριεαζιριδιό ρέ αν ρζέαι
 Ζο μβυαιλριόε Δ αιηη ρίορ,
 Δότ έοιυιξ αν βριαση ζλαν ζαεούι
 Α'ρ αρ ηυόιξ ηίοι βριύ λειρ ελαοηαό,
 Ό'είμιξ ρέ υε λέιμ
 Αξυρ [ιρ άριυ] υο ζειτ Δ έριοιόε.

(1) "Δ όεαν," S; "υο όεανραό ζηίοιμ," G.

(2) έαιτ ρέ=λέιμ ρέ. έαιτ ρέ λοό έιμνη=λέιμ ρέ ται λοό έιμνη.

Since Julius Caesar departed,
 And Naoise, who fell through Deirdre,
 And Hannibal, who would tear down

Whatever might meet him in the way,
 The son of Cumhall, who buried hundreds,
 And Cuchullain, who made slaughter,
 There did not come since through Ireland
 A single man who performed his deeds.

The champions of Greece,
 And to put them all together,
 And Achilles, who is read of,

The man by whom Troy was destroyed ;
 None (of them) would have brought the apple or the branch
 away

From the flower of the blood most powerful,
 In feats of agility and in leaping,
 Since he jumped seven times three.

On Monday there came tidings
 To O'Donnellan to get ready,
 And that if he would not answer the summons
 His name would be struck down.

But the clean drop of the Gael moved (in him),
 And surely he disdained flinching ;
 He rose of a leap,
 And it was high his heart bounded.

Δ ὄμεσά μοι ξηρίη (?) νίη ἐπίεῖς
 Δ ὄσά, α ἐπιεῖ, νά α ῥξείη,
 Πυαίη ἐάμης Σέσμοῦ α' ῥ Ἐάμονν (1)
 Δξυῖ ῥεαρ ῥιασ le n-α ἐδοιβ,
 Νίση ἐπιάτ σοη ῥεαρ αῖ μείροσεσά
 Δέτ τάλαιη ἔεαρμιάσ ὄσ' η ῥέηη.
 Σέ αν οειρεσά ἔι αῖ αν ῥξέσλ
 Ξυῖ ῥάξασά Καλνάν ῥίση.

Ὁ ῥινηρεαρ ἔλαν ἔδοελυ,
 Ὅσ ἐπιεῖ α ῥπιεῖ (2) ' ῥ α ἔδοετα,
 Αν τέ λειξρεσά Ὅσέτιηι Σείτηῖς
 Τά ῥέ αν ταρμωιηῖτε ῥίση (3),
 Οειῖ λεσδοῖη να Μιλέριση,
 Αν τ-αμ α ὄτάμης ἠέβη
 Ξυῖ λεσ ὄσ ἔνότιηῖσεσά ἔηη
 Α ἔξασ ῥυλ ὄσ ἐπιεῖηῖς Ἐπίση.

Μασ Coill, Μασ Σέσάτ, ' ῥ Μασ Ξηρίη.
 Α ξυῖ ἐμ ἔαῖη ἰ n-ἐπιεσάτ,
 Ὅ' ἀρῳαῖς βλάτ αξυῖ ῥξείη
 In ῥαν αμ αῖ ἔμπεσά α ἠολίηε,
 Le ἔπεσάτῖσεσά ἔπιηη ῥαν ῥξέσλ ῥη
 Νάη ἐπιεσά ῥη ὄσ μασ ἔσεσά
 Ὅσ ἐμ ὄσ coinne α ἐίηη
 Δξ ῥεσάιητ εῖα ἔειτ ῥίση.

(1) εὐρί = Eyre; "Eyre," G.

"Ὅσά α ἔξήηη ἠίση ἐπίεῖς ῥέ
 Ὁ ἐπιεῖηῖσεσά βλάτ να ῥξείηηη αν
 πυαίη ἐσάσάσ ῥεῖρεαν ε
 Ὅσ ῥεαρ ῥέ να ἐδοιβ."—C.

His countenance, like a flush (?), did not forsake (him),
 His colour, his form, or his beauty,
 When comes James and Eyre,
 And stood by his side.

No man there spoke of settlement!
 But to cut the ground for the pair;
 And the end of the story was
 That Callanan was laid low.

From the clean ancestor Gadelus
 Flowed his stream (of blood), and his kindred,
 Whoever would read Dr. Keating,
 It is there drawn down.

According to the Book of the Milesians,
 When Heber came,
 It was by them Erin was won
 Long before Christ descended.

Mac Coill, Mac Ceacht, and Mac Greine (3),
 (On the) putting of them to death together
 Blossoms and beauty were exalted
 At the time their law (sway) was broken.
 To examine closely into the story,
 Was it not a pity, two sons of the Gael
 To be put over-against one another
 To see who would be down?

(2) "Sruib," MS. (3) "Τὰ γέ ἄν τὰμναῖο γίορ," S. 457 G. "Ἐο
 θρῖν γέ τὰδαίτᾱ γίορ," οὐδαίτᾱ ἄν Κομάινοαζ.

(3) The three Sovereigns of the Tuatha De Dananns, on the coming of the Milesians, whose wives gave three names to Ireland, Eire, Fodhla, and Banba. Their names mean son of the Hazel, son of the Plough, and son of the Sun.

'Dá uatagrad ré rna rgealaid
 So utuitreadú pad ran rleácta
 Ir móir 'do góillreadú Saedil

Agus gearrghairde a meirneac ríor,
 Ní labrócadú cuac ná éan,
 Ní fárfadú luib ná féar,
 Ní apócadú rúg ná rmeáirta
 Ná meaf ar an gearraoib (1).

homeir 'do labhair ghréigir,
 'S an pára, cúir dia, béarla,
 'Dá mbéinn maí iad ar don éoir
 Níoir bfaoa liom mo fáogal,
 Beit 'cúir ríor ar éaint a' r tréitrib
 A' r ar rgoe ná foia tréime,
 'Do béarfadú buaidú ar céadtaib
 Le neairt agus le gníom.

'Dá mbeit maoin agam ran fáogal ro
 'Déanraimh rróit tré éimh
 Beit gunnaidú móra ag réitreadú
 Agus teimnte enáma ríor,
 Le rróit níoir,—choide ná féite
 'Do éadct ó gáó an iadé rin,
 Agus míte glóir 'do'n Té rin
 'Do éug tú abairte raor.

(1) B'i an béarla ro agus an ceann 'na úiaig acé ag an Comáin-
 eac amáin. Ní maib ríad in rna rghíobinnib.

If it were to happen in these doings
 That Pat should fall in the slaughter
 It is greatly the Gael would have mourned,
 And their courage would have been cut down.
 No cuckoo would speak-out, nor bird ;
 No herb would grow, nor grass ;
 No sap would ripen, nor blackberries,
 Nor fruit upon the bough.

Homer, who spoke Greek,
 And the Pope (1) who put English on him ;
 If I were at all like them
 I would not think my life long,
 To be setting down the talk and accomplishments
 And the flower of the strong blood,
 Who would gain victory over hundreds,
 With strength and with action.

If I had goods in this world
 I would make sport through Ireland ;
 There would be big guns a-blowing (2),
 And bonfires set down.
 With great merriment at the heart of generosity,
 Coming (freed) from the danger of that day,
 And a thousand glories to Him
 Who brought you safe home.

(1) The allusion is to Pope's Homer. Raftery could hardly have thought it was the Pontiff who Englished it!

(2) i.e., cannons being fired.

Δέτ το μείρι μαρι τειγim Ξαεούιγε (1)
 Τυύβριαο βεαλαδέ μείρο ύδοιβ,
 Όέαηραιηη οάν α'ρ βέαηραιό
 Δγυρ ιη τμιαζ ηαέ οτιγ υιοη ηγμίοβ,
 'Σέ Ρεαδέτιηη, οά βρέαοραό,
 Το ηιοιραό Ράιο τμη Εηηε,
 Δέτ εοηη ηαο αητεαέ 'η ιη λείηι ύαη
 Σηη ε α εάηηεαέ ηίοη.

Δγ ηο αβηάη ατά αη-έοιτέέιοηηηα, αζαλλαη ηο κόηη-
 ηαό το ηηηηε αη Ρεαδέτιηηε ιοηηι ε ηέηη αζυρ αη τ-υηγε-
 βεατά. Ήυαηη ηέ η υτοηαέ ε ό Ρήιόηηηαη Ο Concéυβαιη,
 αζυρ αηίη ό'η ζComάηηεαέ, αζυρ ό Ξεόηηηε Μαε Ξιόλλα
 αη έλοηζ. Ρηηηε αη βάηηο ε αζυρ ε 'ηα λυιόε τηηη αζ
 Cιλλέηίοηηα, η ζConοαέ ηα Ξαηλληηηε, ηε βάηηη αη ηοη-
 αηεαυό όηη η ζοοηηηααοαη ηε "εαηηεαέτα ηέηηη."

CAISMIRT AN RÓTAIRE LEIS AN UISGE-DEATA.

AN RÓTAIRE:—

Α έοηηάηοιό ύίηηη αη έαηέ ηέ ηο ηαοζαη ηεατ,
 'Οαη η'ήηηηηη' (2) το ηαοηη ηέ βεηέ εηεαηηα,
 Ξυη β'ιοηόα ηηη οηόέε το έαηέ ηέ ηεατ ηίηηε
 'Σ ηέ εαηέτε αη ηο έαοηβ εοηη αη βάλλα.
 Αη έοηηαηηηε ηα ηίοζαέτα ηίοη ηγδαη ηηηε ημιαη ηεατ
 Ξυη ύόηζ τύ ηο ζηηαοζ α'η ηο ηάλα,
 ηη ηαη οηόέε 'Οηα η-Δοηηε λά αοηαηζ Cιλλέηίοηηα,
 1 Συηόε-ηηηη (3) αζ ηεαέ Ρεααοαη ηη Cαηηηέαηζ.

(1) "Δέτ αη τέ ηαέ υηηηεαηη βέαηηα," αη ηαη Comάηηεαέ.

(2) "Όεη η-ηαηόηηηη," MS. (3) "Σηηηηηηη," C.

But according as I understand Irish (1)

I will give ye a ready road ;

I would make a poem and verses,

And it is a pity I cannot write.

It is Raftery, if he were able,

Who would praise Paudh through Ireland,

But as far inward as it is visible to me,

There are his qualities (for you set) down.

Here is a very common song, a dialogue or discourse which Raftery composed, between himself and the whiskey. I got it first from Francis O'Connor, and again from Comyns and Seoirse Mac Giolla an Chloig. The bard composed it when he was lying sick in Kilcreest, in the county Galway, as the result of too much drink in the society of a "courteous company":—

THE DRUNKARD'S DISPUTE WITH THE WHISKEY.

THE DRUNKARD:—

O comrade of SWEETNESS I've spent my best YEARS WITH,

I though you were CHEERFUL and able ;

But many's the EVLNING that, wholly DEFEATED,

You laid me to SLEEP IN some stable.

The life I am LEADING I find not too CHEERING,

See! you burnt my BEARD ON the table

That night I was FEASTING within in KILCREESTHA,

When I lay like a SHEEP BY the gable.

(1) "But he who does not understand English I shall give him," etc., said Comyn.

Seactmáin go ppiacclá (1) i bpeannaido 'r i bpiantaidib
 1 uisig tómaidir uí fíoinn (2) ar mo leabaid,
 'Do mo gheur gac don oíche 'r ar maidoin arís,
 —Náir bogaid (3) 'Dia cóiríche mo cámaid!
 Seallamáin go fipeannac do beirim do éiríort
 Go noiúltócaid mé o'ól uirge-beacta,
 'S go bfuil fíort ag an rasoğal nac le uínl ann a bim,
 Act le ghráid do na daoimib bíort 'na aice.

Ir dear an muo bólaact, féar maidt agur gabadair (4),
 Cuictneact agur eóina le gearrad,
 Min in ran gcóirid, 'zur teime, triactnóna,
 Agur oíoinn o'féar bócair a' bealaig (5).
 Léine 'zur cóta ag an Airíoinn 'Dia 'Dóimnaig,
 Hacta 'zur bíoga 'ran b'áiríun,
 A' go raolim-fe, ar noóig (6) zur feairi rin go móir
 Ná beic 's imteact 'r ag ól uirge-beacta.

Ir liom-ra eigs a míniuğad maidt cáit mé mo rasoğal leat
 Ó baimead an eioé oiom 'mo leand,
 Zur éreig mé mo ódoime, mo ódím, a' mo gdoilta,
 'S ní féanraimn tú ar cóimairle na h-eaglaír'.
 'Do rtor 'r do máoin rasoğalta 'r ar rocmuigead
 armaid ort,
 Agur caic é gan rgit ag mnáib leanna
 Má fillleann tú arís a' do púirra beic (7) ipíonta
 Ni éuibraic ríad braidon uuit ar maidoin.

(1) "Go ppiacclá," S.

(2) Sic, Mac Uí Concubair; aliter, Tom Glynn.

(3) "Lagaid," C. (4) Labairtear an focal ro maidt "gólair."

(5) Aliter, rlighe maidt ar bócair ar bealaic; "rlighe b'féairi b. 7

For a week in peril, in punishment, in pains,

In the house of Thomas O'Flynn, on my bed,
(My wounds) being dressed every night, and again in the
morning—

(May God never weaken my friend!)

A promise truly do I give to Christ

That I shall renounce the drinking of whiskey,
And sure the world knows that it is not with liking for it I do be,
But with love for the people who are near it.

A nice thing is cattle, good grass, and a holding of land,
Wheat and barley to cut;

Meal in the chest, and a fire in the evening,

And shelter to offer the traveller (9);

A shirt and a coat at Mass on Sunday,

A hat, and shoes in the fashion,

And I think, surely, that that is greatly better

Than to be going and drinking whiskey.

It's I, too, am able to expound it, because I have spent my life
with you,

Since I was weaned, and I a child;

Sure I have forsaken my people, my kith and kin.

And I would not deny you, (and follow) the advice of the
Church.

(Take) your store and your worldly goods, and all that was ever
settled upon you,

And spend it without resting with the ale-women,

(Still) if you return again, and your purse to be despoiled,

They will not give you one drop in the morning.

b.," mac uí Concúbair. (6) "Ar nuadair," Bell; "Ar nó," mac uí
Concúbair. (7) "Aḡur ar tóis áriam ort," Bell.

(8) "Aḡur so mbí so púirta," Bell.

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

AN T-UISGE-BEATA:—

Μαινεσθό! ιρ φαθα μέ ας έιρτεαδτ λεατ ας ρζειλεαδ-
αδδ βιέαδς λιον,

Αδςυρ εαιτρεθό μέ πέιν λαβδαιρτ φεαρτα,
Α'ρ ζυρ β'ιομθδ ριν ναέζαρι ας ιαριαιθ (1) να θέιρτε
'S ζαν λυαδ αιγε λε μέιλιυζαδδ αδδ α waillet (2).
Αν τέ έριυνηγεαδρ να εέαυτα λε εριυαδύταιν 'ρ οίτ-
céille

Α'ρ ναδ β'ρλιυεραθδ α βέαδ, αςυρ ταρτ αιρ,
Τιυεραθδ οίθρε 'να θέιζ αςυρ φεαρ-εριοθε ναδ
ηγέιλλεθό
Ζαν βειτ 'ς όλ κορ αν ελαίθε νο αν βαλλα (3).

Ναδ κοιλυαυαρι πέινι μέ αιρ εοιμ-εριυνηυζαδδ 'ρ αιρ
αοναδ

Ας αν τέ ριυθρεαδδ ζο ριαδύτα (?4) ριορ ιμ' αιρε.
Νι'λ ουιτ-ρε αδδ οίτ-εέιλλε βειτ ανοιρ νο μο ρεαηαδδ
Α'ρ νί ερειοθρεθό νο ρζεάλ αδδ φεαρ μεαδύτα.
Λυέτ εαφαδτ' α'ρ μέυμα 'ρ μέ νο θέαηραδδ α μερότεαδδ
Αςυρ τά ριορ ας να εέαυταιβ αιρ ρεο, εεαηα,
'S ζο μβιμ-ρε ας να λαοιερ, ας ραζαριτ, 'ρ ας ελέιρε,
'S ας μάιζιρτιρ με (5) λέιγεαη αςυρ λαοιον.

(1) "Ροιρρεα Βελλ. (2) "Αδ α μάλλετ," Βελλ.

(3) Λαβδαιρ αν τ-υιργε-βεατα ζο ζάριραμειλ ιν ραν λίνε ρεο.
θ'έιζιρ οαμ α η-αέριυζαδδ. αδδ βειρ Μας ιι νεαδύταιν

"Ταζανν οίθρε 'να θέιζ ναδ λεαναν θ'ά έρειεθρεθό
'S ναδ ηγεέιλλεαν α φέιυε.αδδ λε βαλλα."

THE WHISKEY (answering):—

Musha! it's long I'm listening to you shelling lies at me,
 And myself must speak out in future ;
 Sure it's many's the naygur looking for alms (like you),
 And without his having the price to ask for me, except his
 wallet.
 He who gathers together hundreds (of pounds) by hardship and
 foolishness,
 And who will not wet his mouth, and thirst on him,
 There will come after him an heir, and a man of heart, who will
 not refuse
 To be drinking it beside the fence or the wall (6).
 Am not I courteous company at a gathering or at a fair
 For the man who would sit down shyly (?) beside me?
 It is only want of sense in you to be now refusing me,
 And no man but a poltroon will believe your tale.
 People of coughs and phlegm, it is I who could relieve them,
 And the hundreds know this already ;
 Sure the ladies have me, the priests, too, and the clergy,
 And the masters of learning and of Latin.

(4) Sic. an noáctanác ; "peácta," Bell.

(5) Ré=le. Ταβαρη an τρεανθαάτ το pá θεαμα.

(6) The whiskey speaks too cynically for print in this line. I have altered it slightly. Raftery tells him in the next verse that "he speaks shamelessly"!

an rótaire :—

Μαίρεδó! σοδαί δζυρ ζηάιν οητ ιη τύ λαβμιαρ ηεάιη-
νάηρεά

Δ'η ní τινβηαιηηη-γε κάιλ λεάτ κόηη μαίτ οητ,
Όο άαιτ μέ ηο ύάτα ύά οηόε 'η ύά λά λεάτ,
Δζυρ ηίοη ζάβ σο άάρ ζο ηό ηηαιτ ύάη.

Όο ύόηζ τύ άάηη η'έάσάηη δζυρ βάρηηα (1) ηο ηέαηηα
'S άη ηα τέάσάηηβ ηί φέάσάηη δ λεάζαη,
ηί'λ άοη φεαη ηαη ηαόζαλ ηο άηηηεόάτ ηό ζέαη λεάτ
ηάέ έ δ ύαλζυρ ηεαη-έάσάέ 'η οηοό-λεάβα.

an τ-uisge-beáta :—

Όφηη ζάβα-ουβ ηο άεαηουίγε ηάέ ηνέάηηαύ όίοηη
ράηηηό?

1η μέ βυάάηλλ (2) άη βάηηε ηηζ ζάέ βεάλαέ,
ηί'λ ζηέαηηηόε ηά άαηληύηη ύ'ά οηυζ άηηάηη ηάάτ
ηάέ ηβεάηηηηέαύ ηη ηαη ηηηάηο ύάηη άη ηαηοηη.
ηί'λ βεαη όζ ύά βηεάζάέτ ηάέ ηνέάηηαύ ληοη ζάηηε
άη ηηάέ σο λεάζφάηε άη άη ζάάηη μέ 'ηα η-άηε,
'S ζο ηβίηη άζ άη βφάρα, άζ ηαζαηηε, 'η άζ βηάηηηηβ
Δ'η ηίοη άάηη ηηάηη μέ άέτ φεαη ηεάάτα (3).

an rótaire :—

Φυάηη Ραηηεηη ηζηηόβέτα ι λεάβαη ηα ύάοηηάέτ'

Λυέτ πόηε ζο ηβίοηηη τύ ύ'ά ηεάλλάτ

Ζαη λόηη-ζηηόηη σο ύέάηηηη ηο ηάάτ ηη ηαη ηαόζαλ ηο
ζο οηηηηηό ηηάτ ύάοη ηη ηαη βηεάάτ.

1 ηζοηηηά ηά ι ηνóηζα ηά άάηηηεαη (4) φεαη άοηόε
Όε βάηηη δ βεητ άοηηάηηεάέ λεάτ-ηα,

Όεηη βεάτα ηα ηάοηη ληηη ζυηη άαηητ ι, ουβάηηε άηόηητ
ζο άηηηε ηάέ βφαιζφηό ηέ ηα φλαιηη.

(1) "βάρηη," Bell; "βαηηηαηβ," O'Connor. (2) "βοάάη," Bell; "βυάάτ,"

THE DRUNKARD:—

Musha, trouble and disgust on you! it's you who speak shame-
lessly,

And I would not give you a character half so good ;
I have spent my term of two nights and two days with you,
And your case has not gone too well with me.
You have burned my forehead and the tops of my fingers,
And on the strings (of the violin) I cannot lay them ;
There is no man in this world who would rub too closely against
you,
But his due will be old clothes and a bad bed!

THE WHISKEY:—

Is there a blacksmith or a tradesman who would not make friends
with me?

I am the lad of the goal in every road ;
There is never shoemaker nor tailor of all who ever gave a stab
(of an awl or needle)

Who would not salute me in the street in the morning.
There is no young woman, however fine, who would not laugh with
me

When I would be laid on the table beside her,
And sure the Pope has me, and the priests and the friars,
And nobody ever dispraised me except a poltroon.

THE DRUNKARD:—

Rafferty has found it written in the Book of Humanity
(About) the people of tippling, that you be deceiving them,
And without making their reparation and satisfaction in this
world

That they shall fall grievously into sin.
In some scunce or some dike if a man be ever lost,
Through his being a comrade of yours,
The life of the saints tells us that it is a word what Christ has
spoken,
That certainly he shall not gain the Heavens.

Νί'λ θεαίμαδο ἀρι Ὀοννέαδ Ὀρύν ἰ ὕConοδέ Μῆιξ-
 Εὐό ὅροίλλ. Ὀί ρέ 'να ἀρι-ῖειημιαμ ἀρι ἀν ὕConοδέ
 μι-ἀὸδαίηαι ριν ἰ μβλιαδῶαιη να βῖῖαννκαδ, ἀῖυρ'οο εῖυρ
 ρέ ἄ ἄορ ἀρι ἀν Ἐιηῖε-αμαδὲ εὐὸν εῖυαδῖο ριν ὅ μβῖοῦ
 ρεαρ νυαδὲ εῖοῦτα ἀῖε h-uile λῶ, βεαῖ-ναδ, ἰ ὕCαιρλεάν-
 α-ἄαιηα ἀρι ῖάηιε ἀν βαιε ἰόηι. Τά ἀν εῖρῶν ἀρι ἄ
 ὕεῖοῦταῖοε ἰαδ 'να ῖεαῖῖῖ ἀνηρῖν ρόρ. Ὀειη ριαδ ὕη
 ἀρι ἀν ὕεῖῖῖῖ εῖαδῖῖῖ ὅο εῖοῦ ρέ ἄ νάῖῖῖῖ, Μῖαε ἠ
 ὕεῖῖῖῖ. Ὀηρ ἀν ῖόρα ἀῖυρ εῖυτ Μῖαε ἠ ὕεῖῖῖῖ
 ἀρι λῖη. Ὀ'ῖορῖῖῖ ρέ ἄ ῖῖῖῖ, Ὀ'ῖεδὲ ρέ να εῖμῖῖῖῖ,
 ἀῖυρ οὐβῖῖῖ, “ τῶ μῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ. ” “ Νί'λ τῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖ, ”
 ἀρι ρῶ Ὀοννέαδ Ὀρύν, “ μῖ τῶ ῖόρα εῖε le ῖῖῖῖ ἰ
 ὕConοδέ Μῆιξ-Εὐό! ” ἀῖυρ εῖοῦ ρέ ἀηῖρ ἔ. Ὀυὸ βεαῖ
 ἀν τ-ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ὅο ῖῖῖῖ ὕῖῖῖῖ ἄῖ να ὀαοῖῖῖῖ ἀη. ἄῖ ρῶ
 ἄβῖῖῖῖ ὅο ρυαηι μο εῖῖῖῖ ἀν ἠεαδῖῖῖῖ ὀ βῖῖῖ ὀυηε
 εῖῖῖῖ ἰ ἠῖῖῖῖῖῖ. ἠῖ βῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἄετ ἠαῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἔ. ἠῖοη
 εῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἄηῖῖῖῖ ἀρι ῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἔ. Ὀεῖτ ἀν ἰομαῖῖῖῖῖ
 ταδῖῖῖῖ ἀν. Ὀυβῖῖῖῖ ἀν ρεαρ ῖο ὕη β'ἔ ἀν ῖεαδ-
 τῖῖῖῖ ὅο ῖῖῖῖ ἔ. Ὀ'ῖῖῖῖ ριν, ἄετ τῶ ἄῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἀν. ἄῖ
 ρῶ ἀν ὕῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ρῶ :—

Denis Brown is not forgotten in the county Mayo yet. He was High Sheriff over the unfortunate county in the "Year of the French," and he put down his foot on the rising-out so vigorously that he used to have a fresh man hanged almost every day in the square at Castlebar. The tree on which they used to be hung if standing there still. They say it was on the same tree he hanged his enemy Fitzgerald. The rope broke, and Fitzgerald fell to the ground. He opened his eyes, looked round him, and said "I am saved." "You are not," said Denis Brown, "if there is another rope to be had in the county of Mayo!" and he hanged him again. It was small wonder that the people detested him. Here is a song that my friend O'Neachtain got from the mouth of some men in Galway. I never got it from anyone but him. It was never placed on paper. That would have been too dangerous. This man said that it was Raftery who made it. Perhaps so, but I doubt it. Here is the savage piece:—

NA BUACÁILLIÖ BANA.

Δ Όοννέσθό βρυύιν 'r veap vo éμαιτφινν λάμ λεατ
 Δζυρ le ζριάό όυιτ άέτ le ρονν vo ζάβαιλ (1),
 Θεανζλόόαινν ρυαρ tú le μόρα ενάιβε,
 Δζυρ έυιρφινν μο " ρρίρ " ιη vo βολζ μόρ.
 Νυρ ιρ ιομόα buacáill μαίτ έυιρ tú έαρ ράιλε
 Έιυεραρ αναλλ ρόρ ά'ρ congnaim leó,
 Ράοι έυλταίβ veapza Δζυρ ηαταίβ λάρα,
 'S béiö 'n oíoma φμαννεαό ά' ρεινν leó.

Δ έραινν na nouilleós (2) μά έρίον vo βλάτ-ρα
 Μο έρεαό níορ όαιηζνιζ ό'φρευήμαόάιό,
 Μαρ έάιηζ αν οονυρ οημ le linn na βφμαννεαό
 'S αν τ-αρμ ζαλλοα 'ι ζαό υιλε έάοιβ.
 Cíá'n βηιζ αν έλυιτέ ρεο ζο οταζαίό 'n Spáinneαό
 'S ιμτέόόάιό 'n ραριλιament ó έύίμαότ αν ηιζ,
 Seo é 'n ιμηιc Δ βφυιζφρόμίο ράραό
 Βέιό αν ταλαίμ βάν Δζαινν Δρ βεαζάν έίορ'.

Δζ τεαότ αν τρέαρύηρ véanφamaoio ρ'λευέτα
 Μαηβόόαμυο céαο Δζυρ οά míle bó,
 Βέιό buailiöe Σάραηα le βεαζάν ζειμνεαό
 Δζ τεαότ αν τρέαρύηρ μά βιονν μυο βεό.
 Βέιό λεάταρ ραιρρηζ Δζ ηα ζηέαραιβ ζαεόαλαό'
 'S ní ιαρφφamaoio ρέηηε οηηέτα níορ λύζα ηά έ'ρίοιη,
 Βέιό ηηόζα Δζαινν-ne ζαν Όια 'ζά μευουζάό,
 'S ní ιορφφamaoio βέιλε níορ μό ζαν ρεóιλ.

(1) Λαβαίρ ρέ αν ροαί ρο μαρ "ζόαίλ."

(2) " Δ έραινν ουίλλιό " ουβαίρτ αν ηεαόταναό:

(3) Literally: O Denis Brown, it is nicely I would shake hands with you, and not out of love for you, but with desire to take you; I would tie you high up with a hempen rope, And I

THE WHITEBOYS.

If I got your hand, it is I would TAKE IT,
 But not to SHAKE IT, O Denis Brown,
 But to hang you high with a hempen CABLE,
 And your feet UNABLE to find the ground.
 For its many's the boy who was strong and ABLE
 You sent in CHAINS WITH your tyrant frown ;
 But they'll come again, with the French flag WAVING,
 And the French drums RAVING to strike you down (3).

O tree of leaves, if thy bloom has withered,
 Alas! thy roots have not tightened,
 Because the misery came on me at the time of the French,
 With the English army on every side.
 What matters this game, until the Spaniard comes
 And Parliament shall go from under the power of the King ;
 This is the house-removal in which we shall find satisfaction,
 We shall have the open land for a small rent.

On the coming of the season we shall make a slaughter,
 We shall kill a hundred and two thousand cows ;
 The booleys (cattle-resorts) of England shall (hear) little lowing
 Coming on the season, if we be alive.
 The Gaelic shoemakers have leather plenty,
 And we won't ask a pair (of boots) of them for less than a
 crown ;
 We shall have boots, and no thanks to them (4),
 And we shall not eat a meal any more without meat.

would drive my spear through your big paunch ; For 'tis many's
 the good boy you sent across the sea, Who shall yet come over
 and help with them, Beneath suits of red and lace hats, And the
 French drum shall be playing with them.

(4) Literally: "Without God increasing them," i.e., "in
 spite of them," a Galway idiom.

Δ Jonny Gibbonr mo éúγ céad r'lán leat,
 I r'faoa uaim tú in ra n'Gearmáin
 B'é do éioiúe gan céalguúad bí maíin le ruaircear
 Ar an gcnoc ro ruar tá ár gcongnamí rann.
 Tá ré o'á aicéir oúinn ó béal an úgúair
 Go loirgúe an "r'úp" linn náir baircead a úream,
 Muir a otaúad tú ve "reir" oiríainn i n-áimhir
 éruadútain
 I r'móir an triúid muid r'aoi bairre gleann.

Tá Jonny Gibbonr aúur ár n-áear Mael'ie
 Aúur iad o'á gcaomúint amac r'aoi'n móin,
 R'aoi éairt 'r r'aoi eapónóir, aúur ruacé na h-oiúe,
 'S ní' r'ú 'n b'raoin oige aca, ná oiam le n'ól.
 Ní maí rin do éleacúadair acé ruigeall na b'ruigeall
 Aúur hoia úioúe na c' otaú aie úó,
 I r'ruú-móir m'f'airéoir muna b'ruil [triúid] aú íora
 Go mbéir r'ao r'ior leir, aúur tuillead leó.

Tá r'ior aú an r'aoúal náir máirúigeair caoia
 In ran oiúe 'r náir r'peir mé bó,
 Má tá i noán aúur go n-éireóúe 'n lá linn
 Go b'ruigimú r'árad in ra éúir reo r'ór,
 B'ionnann muid Camur leir an áear Mael'ie
 Aúur b'áile'n-íaoir' le h-aúad a bó
 [S ní béirúio a éoiúe aúir o'ár noúbir
 Gan bíad gan úioeann amac r'á'n móin] (1).

(1) ní maí an o'á line reo aú an té o'innir. Múe do éum iad éum an r'ann o'iomlánuúad.

O Johnny Gibbons (2), my five hundred farewells to you,
 You are long from me away in Germany (3);
 It was your heart, without deceitfulness, that was ever (given) to
 joyousness,

And now on this hill, above, we are weak of help.

It is told us from the mouth of the author

That the sloop whose crew was not baptised shall fire at us,
 And unless you come for a relief to us in the times of hardship,
 We are a great pity, beneath the tops of valleys.

Johnny Gibbons and our Father Miler

Are being protected out upon the bog,
 Under thirst, under dishonour, under the cold of the night,
 They have not as much as a drop of drink or a dram to imbibe.
 It was not so they were wont (to live), but (to have) the leaving
 of leavings,

And sorrow to them that gave no attention to it;
 And very great is my fear, unless Jesus takes pity,
 That they will be down by it (or "responsible for it") and
 more with them.

The world knows that I never killed a sheep

In the night, and that I never houghed a cow;
 If it is fated that the day should prove favourable to us,
 That we may yet get satisfaction in this case.

We bestow Camus on Father Miler,

And Ballinweal for his cow;
 (And we shall never again be banished
 Without food, without shelter, upon the bog).

(2) A well-known outlaw.

(3) This is not to be taken literally, I think; it probably meant the bog.

Τά βοῶν βακαὶ φαοὶ βάρη ἀν τρῆιβε

Δ'ῖρ σερὶ ζαὶ ἀον νεαὶ ναὶ μβείρῳ βραυ βεό
 Κοιπέδλλ Μάριτιν τὰ 'να ἔεανν ἀρὶ ἀν τσοῦβ ριῖ

Δζυρ μεαφαῖμ φέιν ζυρ ἀιζε ἡρ κόρη.

Τά ἔεαυ φεαὶ ἀα εὐρη ἀν τ-αιριζεαυ τε ἔελε

Νάρι ζεαρη [να] φέιτε Δ'ῖρ νάρι ιτ ἀν φεόιλ,
 Δέτ Δ ἔλανν Μα Ζεοόδζαῖν, μά τὰ τὺ ἰ η-ἔρημν.

Νά λειζ ἀν λέαν-τζρηορ ζο η-λορηυρ Μόρ.

Δζ ρο ἀβριάν το φυαρι μέ ό'η Δέαιρ Clement O
 Λύζηαιό ἰ μθαιλε-λοῦ-ρια'έ. Νί βφυαρι μέ Δζ ουινε
 ἀρὶ βιτ ἔ Δέτ ἀιζε-ρεαν. Φυαρι ρεηρεαν ἔ ό βέαλ ρεαν-
 ουινε τιμείολλ εὐιζ βλιαῶνα ριέτο ό ροιν. Δζ ρο Δ
 βριαῦτρα φέιν ἰ ηζαεῶειλζ σ'ά μίνιυζαῶ ὅαμ. Σερὶ
 ρέ:—“Οο μιννεαῶ ἀν τ-ἀβριάν ρο ἰ σκαοιβ ριαῶνυρε
 βριέαζαίζε το ῥόζ Wατερρ Δζυρ Wakeφελσ ἔιζμ, le
 congnañ καίλιν μι-ἔέιλλιῶε, Δ η-αζαῶ ῥαζαριτ ραν ἀιτ
 ρεο, Δζυρ τυζαῶ ἀν ‘φιαῶνυρε ὀριέαζαὶ’ ἀρὶ ἀν
 ἀβριάν. Βυῶ το luct φεαῶμα Sacραηαίζ σ'ά ηζοιητέαρι
 Ρολίρ, Wατερρ, Δζυρ βυῶ ὅυινε υαφαλ ἰ μθαιλε-ηα-
 Sluaζ Wakeφελσ, Δζυρ ουβριαῶ ζο στυζαυαρι μόριάν
 ἀιριζο σσ'η ἔαίλιν ρεο le εὐρη νομνεαὶ το εὐρη ἰ η-αζαῶ
 ἀν τρῆαζαριτ. Ουβριαῶ ζο ησκαρηηαυαρι ρο ἀρ ἀν τρυῦτ
 το βί ἀα το ηα Κατοιλειζ, Δζυρ εὐμ ταριευρη το εὐρη
 ἀρὶ Δ ζρηεσκαῖν. Δέτ ταιρ ἔηρ Δ ηοιτέίολλ το ὀέαηαῖν
 νιορ φέαυαυαρι ἀον ὀιοζβάιλ ἀρὶ βιτ το εὐρη ἀρὶ ἀν
 ραζαριτ μαίτ. Οο μῖαιρ ρέ Δ βραυ 'να ὀιαῶ ρηη Δζ
 ρηιτεῶλαῶ ζο υιαῶαὶ ὀύτρηαῦταὶ Δμεαριζ ηα ησκαοινη.’

There is a lame bullock below the top of the mountain,
 And everyone says that he shall not be long alive ;
 Colonel Martin it is who is the head on that side (of the county),
 And I think myself that for him it is just.
 There are a hundred men of them put the money together,
 Who never cut sinew and who never eat meat (1) ;
 But O children of Geoghegan, if ye are (still) in Ireland,
 Do not allow the destruction (to come) to Erris More.

Here is a song which I got from Father Clement O'Looney of Loughrea. I never found it with any other person except himself. He got it from the mouth of an old man about twenty-five years ago. Here are his words explaining it to me in Irish. He says :
 "This song is made about a false witness which one Waters and one Wakefield gave, with the help of a silly girl, against a priest of this place, and the song was called 'The False Witness.' It was one of the English officials called 'Police' that Waters was, and Wakefield was a gentleman in Ballinasloe, and it was said that they gave much money to this girl to raise a venemous case against the priest. It was said that they did this out of the grudge which they bore the Catholics, and to put an insult on their religion. But after their doing their utmost they were not able to inflict any damage on the good priest. He lived a long time after that, ministering piously and earnestly amongst the people."

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

Δὲ πο ἀν τ-ἀβρίαν. Τὰ γὰρ βέριρα ὀέ σεαρεῖα ἀν
ἀν γκαοι céaona, ἀν να γοτάννοιβ Ἄ Δγυρ Ε:—

ΔΗ ΦΙΑΘΟΥΙΣΕ ΒΡΕΑΖΑΚ.

Sampon λάιοιη, Solam ἀ'ρ Όάιβι,

Όο μέλλ να μνά ιαο υλε γο λέιη,
1η λέι οο φάγαδ ἀν Τριαοι 'να φάρακ (1)

1 η-ἀν εἰτε Ρηιαμυρ 'ρ Hectori τρέαν.
Le να μνάιβ ἐάιλλεαμαρ Δονζυρ ἀρ Ἄιλβε

Δρ Cuculainn ἀιγ οο φεαργαδόμεν.
Όο οόιτεαδ Herculor γο οτι ἀν ἐνάιη
Δγυρ οάλλαδ Ἄμγυρ, ἀοειη lucr léigim.

Σγρίοδ να ναοιή ούιηη γο οτιυεφαδ νάμαιο

Όο βυαίρεαδ βάιηε α η-αζαίὸ να ηζαεῶεαλ,

1η φίοη γο οτάιηη Σεάζαν Δγυρ Μάριταιη

Δη ιομπυιζεαδ μάδ, Δγυρ γηότταίγεαο "ζαμε."

Όιαρ ἐοιη οοηα λέο, Wakefielo ἀ'ρ Watep

Διείο ἀ'ρ πλάιγ οηηα! ηυαίγ ἀ'ρ λέαν!

Δ'ρ οιομβυαίὸ (2) να η-εαζλαίηε le τοιη ἀν φάρα

Όο φαιοιη φγανηαίη ἀ'ρ νάιηε ἐαβαίηε ἀη ἀη
ζελέηη.

Τά ἀν ποβαλ ἐμιάυτε, ἀρ α λάν αζ τιάκτ ἀηη,

Δη μαρλυζ' γηάηηηα φυαηι σεαηη ἀη ἐπέο; ;

Δέτ α Ριγ να ηζιάρτα le τοιη οο μμάταη

Ταβαίηη ούιηη φάραδ ζαν ηοιηηη φαν φγέαλ,

Δη βεαν ηί ἐάηηεαο, ηαίβ κατυζαδ ι ηοάη οί,

Δ'ρ ταιγ ζυη ι βφάηηιταρ οο μεάλλαδ Ἐαδ,

1η φανηηυζαδ ἀηηγίη οο ηυηηηη ἀη ἐάρ πο

Δ'ρ ηιοφκαρ Watep οο Ἐλαηηαίβ ζαεῶεαλ.

(1) "ἀ'ρ ηη le η-α εηηεαδ τυζαδ Τριαοι 'να φάηηη." ἀη τ-ἀέαιη

Here is the song. It is entirely composed, each verse of it, in the same manner, upon the vowels "a" and "e":—

THE FALSE WITNESS.

Sampson the BRAVE one, Solomon, DAVID,
 Women ENSLAVED them, one and all ;
 'Twas they DISABLED the Trojan GREATNESS,
 Made Priam the AGED and Hector fall.
 Women made CRAZY Alva and AENAS,
 And wrought our BRAVEST Ouchulain's fall ;
 Hercules FAMOUS they burn and SLAY HIM,
 And Argus they DAZED, as bards recall.

The saints have written for us that there would come an enemy
 Who would strike a goal-stroke against the Gael ;
 It is true that John and Martin came,
 For whom the trump was turned, and the game won.
 A couple as bad as they are Wakefield and Waters ;
 Disease and plague upon them ! rout and woe !
 And defeat from the Church, with the will of the Pope,
 Who thought to bring scandal and shame upon our clergy.

The congregation is tortured, and numbers talking of it,
 The disgusting abuse which the head of the flock received ;
 But O King of the Graces, by the will of Thy Mother,
 Give us satisfaction without delay in this case.
 The woman (herself) I shall not blame, for whom temptation was
 in store,
 For understand that (even) in Paradise was Eve deceived ;
 It is greed of money that has wrought this case,
 And the enmity of Waters to the Clanna Gael.

Ξεῖτ μο ἐπιούε-ρτιξ, ἀξυρ νί λε h-άτσαρ,
 Νυαῖρ ἐυαλαρ τιάέτ ἀρ φεαρ διτνε Όέ
 Να φέλαῖο ταρριαιηγετε λε ταβδαῖρτ ι λάτσαρ,
 Νί βρυιξφιο ριν (1) ἀρυρ μεαρξ να ναιμ.
 Τριόρυιόε μαῖτ ροβαῖλ ἐ το ρέρι α εάιλε
 Αρ ἐρ νά ἀρ ράτα νιορ ὀιολ (2) ρέ ἀν ἐλέρι
 Δέτ βάρ ι μιάέτσαρ, ἀρ εαρβαῖο να ηξιαρτα
 Ξο mbuαλεανν ρέ Wατεῖρ εῖρι ἀρι ἀν βρέαξ

Ὑῖνλαιξ α βεαι, 'ρ ὀεαν διτμῖγε ἐριαιβέεαέ,
 Α'ρ τά να ξιαρτα λε φάξαι ἐ'η ζελέρι,
 Ὑῖνλαιξ ραν μαῖοιη, ἀξυρ ριλ ἀν ἀῖβαι,
 Οῖρ ἀτά Όια ξιαρραῖαιλ 'ρ νί ὀεανσανν Σέ βρέαξ.
 Smυαῖο ἀρ λύσαρ, ζυρ λε ρίνεαῖ α λάιηε
 Όο βριαιτ ρέ ἀν τ-αιηο-μῖξ, εια ἀν ḡλόρι το ρέιν?
 Όο εῖριηηξ ραν οῖόε 'ζαῖηη ι λαι ἀν ράβλα,
 Α'ρ ο'φυλαηηξ ἀν βάρ Cῖοιρ' ἀρ ἀρ ρον ζο λέρι.

Ἦρ εάρ ἐ ἀν εάιηεαῖ τὰ οῖῖηη ὀόλάραέ
 Δέτ το βί ρέ ι ηῖαν οῖῖηη τριε ἀηιό (3) ζέαι,
 Λεαζαῖ ορριαιηη-ηε ἐ οε βριξ ὕβλα ι βρῶριτσαρ
 Αξ εεραῖο οῖῖηη βάιρ μαῖ ηεαλλ ἀρ Ἐαβ.
 Ρεαῖσαρ, ἀν τ-εαρβαλ το ρέαν α ἡάιξιρτιρ,
 Όο ρυαῖρ ρέ ράρουῖη ζαν ἡοιλλ 'ραν ρζέαι,
 Αξυρ φέαέ ἀν ζαουῖοε εῖριηεαῖ ι ζορῖανηη να ράιρε
 Ξο βρυῖλ ρέ ι βρυαῖτεαρ ἀμεαρξ να ηαοῖη.

(1) "Ἦρ οῖῖηη νί ράξταῖ" ἀν τ-ἀεαιη Ο λύξηαιό.

(2) "Ἦιοιη ὀεῖλλ" ουβαῖρτ ἀν τ-ἀεαιη Ο λύξηαιό, ἀέτ νί εῖριηη

My heart within, started, and not with joy,
 When I heard talk about the man-of-God's-commands ;
 (When) the seals are drawn to bring into the presence (of God?),
 Those shall not receive a dwelling among the saints.
 A good guide of the people is he, according to his reputation,
 For gold or estate he never sold the clergy ;
 But a death in want, without the Graces,
 May it strike Waters, who put a lie upon him.

Humble thyself, woman, and make a pious repentance,
 And the graces are to be had from the clergy ;
 Humble thyself in the morning and shed-tears for the cause,
 For God is gracious, and He tells no lie.

Think upon Judas, how with the pointing of his hand
 He betrayed the High King—what was the glory to himself?
 Who descended in the night to us in the midst of the stall,
 And suffered the death of the Cross for everyone of us.

This disparaging is a case that is for us miserable,
 But it was fated for us through bitter misfortune ;
 It was laid upon us on account of an apple in Paradise,
 Shaping death for us, on Eve's account.

Peter the Apostle, who denied his Master,
 He received pardon without delay for his act ;
 And behold the thief who was placed upon the tree of the passion,
 How he is in Heaven amongst the saints !

Τά εόλαρ ας h-uile ðuine ar an rean-abrián
 “Bean an fíri Ruad.” Rinneadh é níor mó ná céad
 aghur b'éioim ná óá céad bliadhán ó foim. Is rean-focail
 i nGaeóeilg “cáilliúr aemac,” aghur veim bean le
 cáilliúr i n-abrián eile :

ní veire liom mar ghearrar tú
 ná mar cumar tú na bheaga.

Αghur conncamar mar tubairt an Reactúire féin :

Sheuruiúe ar ról muna n'éanraó ré aet bhós
 Duó mian le mnáib óga veit i ná (1) leir
 no cáilliúr ar bóro 'r a f'orúir i gcóir,
 mar ngearrraó ré aet cóta no cába.

Veim ríad go 'stadann an rairi ar air arír ar an gcuma
 céadna 'na maib rí roime rin, aghur, nuair máir an
 Reactúire, tárla gur éalaig cáilliúr eile le mnaoi fir
 maó eile, aimaíl tárla céad no óá céad bliadhán roime
 rin nuair rinneadh an t-abrián ar 'túr, aghur 'oo cum an
 Reactúire an 'oara abrián ar an gcúir, ar an bhonn
 céadna leir an rean-abrián. Ní éireofinn gur tárla
 ré óá m'uib go maib an 'oara cáilliúr aghur an 'oara
 bean an fíri Ruad ann, aet go bhfair mé an r'geal óm'
 cáraio an neactánac, mar fuair reirean é ó béal
 ðuine i gConamara. Fuair ré an t-abrián ó'n gComán-
 ac, aghur bí cuíó nac maib aige-rean aς Mac Uí f'loinn.
 Ας ro an r'geal 'oo bí leir an abrián mar fuair mire ó'n
 neactánac é, in a bhmaímaib féin :—

(1) i. anaire leir.

(2) Burns has a song to the old air of “The Tailor fell

Everybody knows the old song of the Red-haired Man's Wife. It is more than a hundred, or perhaps than two hundred years old. The "airy tailor" is a proverb in Irish (2), and in another song a woman says to a tailor:—

I do not think it prettier how you cut (your cloth)
Than how you shape your lies.

And we saw how Raftery himself said:—

A shoemaker on a stool, if he were to make only a boot,
Young women would like to be near him,
Or a tailor on a table and his scissors in order,
If he only were to cut out a coat or a cap.

They say that history comes back again in the same shape that it was before, and so when Raftery was living it chanced that another tailor eloped with another wife of another Red-haired Man, as had happened a hundred or two hundred years before, when the song was first made, and Raftery composed a second song about the matter to the same air as the old song. I would not have believed that there was really a second tailor and a second Red-haired Man's Wife, except that I got the story from my friend, Mr. O'Naughton, as he got it himself from the mouth of a person in Connemara. He got the song from Comyn, and the part that Comyn had not got, I got from Glynn. Here is the story which went with the song, just as I got it from Naughton in his own words:—

through the bed, thimbles and a' " to the same effect:—

"There's some that are dowie I trow wud be fain
To see the bit tailor come skippin' again."

SGEAL AN BHEAN AN FHR RUAD.

Bí teadé an fhrí muadé a gaur teadé a dár an cáilín, farrtuigíte uá céile, í gConradé múig-Éó. 'Si an céirín a gaur an truíge márcáinn bí a g an bfeair muadé, a g ceannadé rtoadú, a gaur 'gá nuíol arír; a gaur o'éirig leir go nveairnadió ré raió bfeair móri leir an obairí reo, a cét bí a dárí an cáilín boct go leóir. Fá o'éiríeáó céap an ceannuioe-rtoadú go mbuó cóirí uó curí rdoi, a gaur o'iaríí ré an in geadan ar a cómáirraim. Sin é 'raib ó'n gcomáirraim, a gaur rdoi féil Bádairis ginníeáó an cleammar. [Uó cómnug táillíur anáice leó].

Seurto uó bí ra. táillíurí feair bfeá g, leiríte, a g-ionta, a gaur le meioirí a gaur le ríadántar o'iméig leir í n-óige a gaur líortáil ré. a gaur tarí éir uá blíadain uó cáiteam uó a g rai gtoíuimeáct í mbáile beag í gConradé múig-Éó, o'éaláig ré abáile arír a-gan-fíor. Ir cor-múil gur mó an geadan uó bí a g an gcailín ar an táillíur ná ar don uaine eile, a gaur, trádaímáil go leóir, bí ré ra mbáile í n-am le beir a g an gcleammar. Í n-imteáct na h-oióce (ir ué ríubál oióce ginníeáó an cleammar) táirig an feair Ruadé glaine bioáile uó'n cáilín a cét o'eirig ríre í; a gaur tamall 'na uoió rín táirig an táillíur glaine uó a gaur g'lac rí uaió-rean í. Cuirí rín euidócar ar an bfeair Ruadé a cét níor leir ré arí gur goill ré arí, a gaur chíócnuígeáó uéanám an cleammar.

An treáctímáin o'árí gíonn bí gnó a g-an bfeair Ruadé go báile-a d-a-Cuidé, marí ir ann uó túgáó ré na rtoadú, a gaur ceannuígeáó ré eairíadú eile 'na n-áit, le uíol ar arí arír arí ríu na tuáit. Bí ré lá a g ceannadé rtoadú ó fean-ínnáoi ar an mbáile, cúpla lá

STORY OF THE RED-HAIRED MAN'S WIFE.

The Red-haired Man's house, and the house of the girl's father, were situated close together in the county Mayo. The trade and livelihood that the Red Man had was buying stockings and selling them again, and he succeeded in making considerable riches out of this work, but the girl's father was poor enough. At last the stocking merchant considered that it was time for him to settle down, and he asked his neighbour for his daughter. That was just what his neighbour wanted, and on St. Patrick's Eve the match was made.

(A tailor lived near them.) The tailor was a fine, souple, lively man, and with pleasantry and wildness he went off in his youth and enlisted, and, after spending two years in a little town in the county Mayo a-soldiering, he deserted again without its being known. It seems probable that the girl had a greater liking for the tailor than for anyone else, and early enough he was at home, in time to be at the match-making. In the course of the night, for it was at a night-ramble the match was made up, the Red Man offered the girl a glass of whiskey, but she declined it, but, a while after that, the tailor offered her a glass, and she accepted it from him. That raised a doubt in the Red Man, but he never let on that it preyed on him, and the match-making was completed.

The week after that the Red Man had some business that was to bring him) to Dublin, for it was there he used to take the stockings and buy other wares in place of them, to sell these again through the country. He was one day buying stockings from an old woman in the village a few days before he was to go

pul bi ré le h-imtēadēt, aḡur maḡi iḡ ionoual le mnáib
 beit caintēadē cabadē, tōriuz ḡi reo aḡ caint aḡ an
 bpórōdō aḡur aḡ mādō zo maib juimeuo oḡiḡa aḡi fōdō ē
 beit aḡ cupi fōoi fō mbaiḡe 'na meafḡ, aḡur fō aḡur
 ḡiḡo eile, "adēt," adēiḡi ḡi, "reācāin tū fēm aḡi an
 táliliḡi." Niōi leiḡ reirean oadō aḡi, adēt ouḡbaiḡt ré
 leiḡ fēm naē maib ḡaḡi aḡiḡe ōul zo ḡaiḡe-áta-Cliaē,
 aḡur an táliliḡi fāḡḡbáil fō mbaiḡe; aḡur cēap ré oá
 bḡeāofōdō ré an táliliḡi tábaiḡt leiḡ zo noēanḡōdō ḡin
 cúḡi oó. Ouḡbaiḡt ré anḡḡin le adēiḡi an cāilín ḡur
 tēapḡiuz fēaḡi ḡlic uaiō i n-ēinḡeācēt leiḡ, aḡur ouḡbaiḡt
 an t-adēiḡi leiḡ, an táliliḡi iḡiḡiadiō. O'iaḡi, aḡur
 o'eitiḡ reirean ē. O'iaḡi adēiḡi an cāilín anḡḡin aḡi
 an táliliḡi oul leiḡ an bḡeāi Ruadō, aḡur cūadiō.
 Cūadōaḡi aḡiāon zo ḡaiḡe-áta-Cliaē, cḡiōcniḡeāoḡaḡi a
 nḡiō anḡ aḡur cūadōaḡi a cōḡlāō in aon tḡeomḡiā aḡiāin
 ḡan oiōcē. Aḡi maioin zo moē, liúḡ an fēaḡi Ruadō amaē
 ḡur ḡoiro an táliliḡi a cūio aḡiḡiḡo uaiō ḡan oiōcē, aḡur
 amaē leiḡ fā ōēm na "bpóilioḡ." ḡadōdō an táliliḡi
 adēt cḡiḡtūiḡ ré fō ḡcūiḡt zo oḡáinḡi luadē na ḡḡocāiō
 aḡur luadē an eāḡiadiō oo cēanḡiuz ré, le cēile, aḡur
 ḡur euzcōiḡi oo cupiēadō aḡi-ḡeān.

ḡḡaioḡeāō amaē anḡḡin ē, adēt o'innḡi an fēaḡi
 Ruadō anḡḡin zo maib an táliliḡi 'na fāiḡoiúḡi, aḡur
 ḡur éaluz ré aḡ an aḡim. ḡadōdō fēaḡi na ḡiāiḡiḡe
 aḡiḡi aḡur fā'n ḡcōiḡi ḡin cupiēadō i bpḡiōḡiḡin ē zo cēanḡi
 oá bliāōāin.

Tāinḡ an fēaḡi Ruadō abaiḡe aḡur ḡōḡi ré, aḡur
 nuāiḡi bi an oá bliāōāin iḡiḡi aḡ an táliliḡi, tāinḡ ré
 abaiḡe, aḡur o'ēalāiḡ beān an fḡi Ruadō leiḡ, ḡiō zo
 naib beḡt cōimne aḡi le na fēaḡi. ḡoiḡi ré reo cōim

away (to Dublin), and, as it is the due of women to be talkative and gabby, this one began to talk about the marriage, and to say that they were rejoiced altogether that he was settling himself at home amongst them, and so on, this thing and that thing, "but," says she, "mind yourself of the tailor." He never let on anything, but he said to himself that there was no good his going to Dublin and leaving the tailor at home, and he thought that if he could bring the tailor with him this would do the business for him.

He then said to the girl's father that he wanted a skilful man to be along with him (to Dublin), and the father said to him to try the tailor. He tried him, but he refused him. Then the girl's father (himself) asked the tailor to go with the Red Man, and he went. They departed together to Dublin. They finished their business together there, and went to sleep at night in the one room. Early in the morning the Red Man roared out that the tailor had stolen all his money from him in the night, and out with him for the police. The tailor was seized, but he proved in court that the price (he had got for) the stockings, and the price of the goods he had bought exactly fitted together, and that there was a wrong done to him.

He was let go then, but the Red Man informed that the tailor had been a soldier and had deserted out of the army. The man of the needle was again taken up, and for this crime he was sent to prison for two years.

The Red Man came home and married, and when the tailor had (put) in his two years he came home (also), and the Red Man's wife eloped with him, although she had two children by her

μόρι ριν αρι αν βφεαρι Ρυαδ ζο οτάινιζ ραοβόαν-σέιλλε
 ρά οειρεαδ αρι, αζυρ ο'ιμτίζ ρέ ι βριαδονταρ ι νοιαιτ
 α είνν ροιμε, αζυρ ταμλλ ρυλ σαίλλεαδ é ní διτνεόδου
 ρέ δον ουιμε, ná αμáιν α βεαν ρέιν έαρ ιμνδοι αρι βιτ
 ειλε.

βεαν αν ριρ ρυαδ.

Σμαοιμιζ ζυρ σευραδ

Δον μάσ μμυρε αρι αν ζερωνν,

'S ζυρ ι βρεααδ ριλ έιβ'

Ζαν βρείζ ου μυζαδ ρινη ανν.

Οέιρ μαλλάστ να ναοιμ

η'άρι νοιαιτ μά ιμτίζεανν μμυρ σαμ,

Ίμλμιζ ρεαρτα οο'η έλείρ

Αζυρ ná τρείζ-ρε φλαίτεαρ λε ζρεανν.

Α ουιμε ζαν άιρ

Νά τράστ-ρα αρι ρεαέτμωιμ ná αρι λυαν,

Νο τιυεραιό οριτ ζιάιν

Ο'η άιρ Ριζ ό φλαίτεαρ ανυαρ.

Βέιρ αμμωιμζ ό'η μβάρ

Ιη'οο λάρι 'ρ tú 'ς ορηδοιλ ζο ερυαιό,

'S ná τρείζ-ρε να ζιάρ

Λε ζιάδ ου βεαν αν ριρ Ρυαδ.

(1) Literally : "He went into wildness, after his head before him."

husband. This preyed so much upon the Red Man that at last he became light-headed and went wild through the country (1), and for some time before he died (2) he could not recognise any person, nor even his own wife beyond any other woman.

THE WIFE OF THE RED-HAIRED MAN.

The One-Son of MARY

Was NAILED for us on the tree ;

To sin and TEMPTATION

The RACE has been born since Eve.

The curse of the SAINTS

Shall CHASE us and to us shall cleave.

If, Heaven FORSAKING,

We make good ANGELS to grieve.

O, man without heed,

Do not talk of a week or of Monday (3),

Or there shall come disgust on thee

Down from the High King from Heaven.

There shall be a pain from the Death

In thy middle, and thou sighing heavily ;

And forsake not (God's) Grace

Through love of the Red-Man's wife.

(2) Literally: "Was lost."

(3) Or "Doomsday."

O, man without sense,

Do not forsake the heaven of the elements ;

Remember that deceitful

And that dangerous is the sin of lust.

Thou shalt be with Nero,

Since it is he thou shalt have as reward ;

Is it not a pity-of-Mary thy case,

And without the Red-Man's wife having power to relieve thee!

The Day of the Mountain (6) shall come,

And this story shall be drawn down (7)

In the presence of the King,

On whose countenance are the lines of blood.

The people of ill deeds

Shall be being banished to northern hell,

And, O tailor of the wind (i.e., flighty tailor),

It is dearly thou shalt pay for the Red-Man's wife.

That is the day of misery,

When the dead shall leap from the tomb ;

The worms shall have thy body,

And the blush shall forsake thy cheek.

Thy transgressions shall (be written) in thy face

Plainly for the crowd to read,

And is it not a treacherous tale for thee

To elope with the wife of the Red-Man.

Δεῦρ πλεῦρζφαῖο ενοῖε δεῦρ εὐαῖν.
 Τυτφρὸ να μευλτα
 'S βέρο ἀν ταεμ κομ ουβ λειρ ἀν ηγυαλ
 'S βέρο ἀν τάλλιύη δε βοc-λέιμνιζ
 μημ ε σερβέιζφρὸ ρέ βεαν ἀν φηη Ρυαό.

(6) i.e., Judgment Day.

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

1r 10m0a lá depeadé
 Δι έμης ρί 'μαδ (1) in ρον ηγλεανη,
 Le na culaió (2) hpeáz éaduaiž
 Ξαν hpeíz, a'p a hata δι a ceann.
 Ní épeiofínn ó'n ρaožal
 Naé neullta a o'émis 'na ceann,
 Le sur íanntauiz ρί 'n reucta
 'S sur épeíz ρί a peap a'p a clann

'S 10m0a ρin pépín
 Ξαν hpeíz o'fáz ρί na uiaió,
 Capail 'r caoiuiz 'r céadéaió
 Oo épeabfaoé tpe íliab.
 Le aínžap ρaoi 'n ržéal
 Ní féioip žo maiupió ρί bliadain,
 Oul a' ρuazail pean-éaduaiž
 Inp žac don teac le táilliúri na miol.

Ní'L ρiofúri ná moofúri
 Ná ρnáite o'ári oúbai (3) ré maín,
 Naé mbéio in a láctairi
 An lá úo tapmoinžte pa íliab.
 Béio mallacé épié' fáil
 Na fáil, a'p nári feiofio ré Oia,
 Cuz hpižio ó'n oá páipoe
 'S o'fáz fán oipia ρoip ažup ρiap.

(1) *Aliter*: O'eiupžear žo moé. (2) *Aliter*: mo culaió, γc.

(3) "Oúmaí," oubaip ré.

Many is the gala day

That she arose out (and went) into the valley
In her fine clothes ;

No lie ; and her hat upon her head.

I would not believe from the world

That it was not clouds that arose in her head,
Through which she took a fancy for the shrimp
And forsook her husband and her children.

Many is the pretty thing,

No lie, that she has left behind her—

Horses and sheep, and ploughs

That would turn-up-soil through mountain.

With misery at the tale,

It is not possible she shall live a year,

Going sewing old clothes

In every house, with the tailor of the vermin.

There is neither scissors nor tape-measure,

Nor thread that he has ever doubled,

But it shall be in his presence

That day, drawn-up upon the Mountain (4).

The curse of the Land of Fail (5) at his heels,

And may he never see God,

Who has brought Bridget from her two children,

And has left dispersal on them East and West.

(4) i.e., Judgment Day.

(5) i.e., Ireland, or Inisfail.

Δ εάλλιύρι τά αρι φάν
 Μά'γ' αιλ λεατ φαρτα βειτ βυαη,
 Κυρι Διρμουνη ο'ά μιάο
 Ξο η-άρι, αζυρ ρερεαο αρι αν υαη
 Κυρι Διρμουνη cum Όέ
 'S ξο η-έας να η-ίρλιξ το ξηυαίο,
 Νο νί φόηριό Μας Όέ οητ
 Ξο η-έας νά ε'η έιρ ουλ' ραν υαίξ (1)

hercules λάριη (2)
 Όο κιάοάο ραν τεμε λε μηδοι,
 Λοιρζεαό λε ηέλεη
 Αν ξηέιξ αζυρ φερια να Τηδοι.
 Τυιτ ριαο λε Όέηροηε
 Τηευν-έλανη υηριηξ νάρι ρηήοο,
 'S ζυρ ααλλεαό Τηηξέριυρ
 Λε ηηξηη μδοιη-φεαέλανηη να Μηόε.

ααλλεαό λε βλάηαηο
 Μας Όάηηε 'γ Cuculaνηηη κηυαίο,
 Αζυρ Όιαρμυιο λε Ξηάηηηε
 Αη.άριο Όηηηη Ξυλβαηη (3) ό έυαηέ.
 Νυαηη έηηζεαρ Ξηάό μόηη
 'S έ ηρ οόίξ ζο λεαηαηη οό ρυαέτ,
 Ξλαο φαρτα μο κόμηαηηλε
 'S νά τόηηηξ κοηόεε βεαη αν φηη Ρυαό.

(1) Aliter:

αζυρ ρηη έ 'η receipt λε
 έύ ραοηαό ό φεααό να οημύη'.

(2) τά αν βέαρρα ρο αζυρ αν αεαταη α λεαηαρ ό G. Όί ρέ ό'η

O tailor who art wandering,
If thou desirest in future to be steadfast

Get a Mass said

Aloud, and cry to the Lamb.

Send up a Mass to God,

And, until death, lower not thy face (from prayer),

Or the Son of God shall not assist thee

For ever—nor after thy going into the tomb.

Hercules the strong,

He was destroyed in fire by a woman ;

By Helen was burnt

Greece and the men of Troy.

Fell they by Deirdre

The strong sons of Uisneach who never submitted ;

And Turgesius was lost

By the daughter of Maoilsheachlain of Meath.

By Blanaid was lost

The son of Daire and Cuchulain the hardy,

And Diarmuid by Grainne

On high Ben Gulbain (4) in the North.

When comes a great love,

What is likely is that a cold follows after it ;

Take henceforth my advice,

And pursue not ever the Red-Man's wife.

ḡComáineac ḡo uci reo.

(3) "binn-borb," ran MS.

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

Τυγς ζυμ le h-δοιφε (1)

Όο ελαιοθέαό ελανν λιμ in γαν γνάμ,
 'S ζυμ le βερτυγθεαότ δ'γ ομοιοθέαότ
 Όο μιννεαό (2) όιοβ ελίμδác εελα βάιν.
 Σαμρον le μηδοι

Έδιλλ δ βηγ, 'γ δ γρηεαό, 'γ δ ζηυαζ
 Για αν έαοι δ οτιυαά-γα γαορι
 'S οο βειτ ρίνεαό le βεαν αν ρ'ρι Ρυαό

βείο αι ρίοληυιζ ό άόαμ

Αη λά ύο ι βριαόνηυιρε αν υαη,
 'S ζαό ουινε όό ρέμ
 Μορι ελίμιαό αζ ινηγινε α έυιρ'.

Ζαό πεααό ο'ά νοέανταρ

Όυλ ι ζαέιλ 'γ ι μεαβαρ οο'η τηλυαζ,
 'S βείο αν τάλλιύρι ι ηζείβιονη
 Ραοι βειτ 'πλέ le βεαν αν ρ'ρι Ρυαό.

Όειρ Ραιρτερι ρέμ

Ζο h-έαζ ηαό μαίερεαρ εη ομύιρ,
 Σολαμ βι τηέαν

In δ λαέτιβ, έυιρ ρί αι ζαύλ.

Μυρ β'ριλ [ζηάργα] αζ Μαε Όέ

Σέ μό λευη, τά [αν] πεααό ηό έριυαίό,
 'S βι αν τάλλιύρι ζαν έείλλ
 Αη λά ο'έαλαιζ ρέ le βεαν αν ρ'ρι Ρυαό.

(1) εαδα, G. (2) Ζο ηοεαηηαό, G
 (3) Literally: "Swimming."

Remember that it was by Eefy

The children of Lir were destroyed in the water (3)

And that by trickery and enchantment

Plumage of white swans was made of them.

Samson by a woman

Lost his power and his activity and his hair ;

And how shouldst thou come safe,

And thou to be going with the wife of the Red-Man.

All that descended from Adam

Shall be that day in the presence of the Lamb,

And every person for himself,

Like a clerk telling his case (4).

Every sin that is done,

Going into the understanding and memory of the crowd,

And the tailor shall be in bonds

For his pleading with the wife of the Red-Man.

Rafferty himself says

That adultery shall not be forgiven for ever :

Solomon, who was powerful

In his days, it put backwards.

Unless the Son of God have mercy,

It is my grief! the sin is too hard (to be forgiven),

And the tailor was without sense

The day he eloped with the wife of the Red-Man.

(4) Because each shall bear his own sin written upon his forehead. Rafferty often alludes to this belief.

Νί'λ δον δβρίαν ζριάό υ'ά ποεαριναιό αν Ρεαότύμε
 ιγ μό ελύ να βρίζοίν θευραιό. Ας πο αν κύπταρ το
 έυαλαιό μέ αν δόβαρ αν δβρίαν ό'η Δέταρ Clement
 Ο Λυζηαιό, ι μβαιλ-λοό-μι'αό, ι ζConοαέ να Ζαλλίμε.

“ βί βρίζοίν θευραιζ νο Vérey, 'να η-ινζίν υ'φεαρ
 το έλίμης ζο βαιλ-λοό-μι'αό λε να ίνναοι, ό άιτ έίζιν ι
 ζConοαέ ίμυιζ-εό, ό έαιρλεάν-α'-βαρμια, υειρ ριαο. 'Σέ
 αν τριζε θεαέα το βί ας αν βρεαρ πο, ρμοόόλαμ το
 υέανδμ έιμείολλ να η-εαζλαίρε παρμιάιρε ι μβαιλ-λοό-
 μι'αό. Το βί βριζιο αν αιμρμ, μαρ έαίλιν, ι υτιζ έίζιν
 ραν τριάιο μόρι ατά ας ουλ ό'η ταιοιβ ριαρ ζο υτι αν
 ταιοβ ροιρ, όρι νί'λ ι μβαιλ-μοό-μι'αό άέτ αν δον τριάιο
 αιμάιν, λειέ αμυιζ υε ριάιυοίμβ θεαζα αζυρ υ'άιτεαέαιβ
 ειλε αν βρυαό αν λοά. Το τέιυεαό Ραιρτεμ ζο μινιό
 υο'η τιζ υό α ριαιβ βριζοίν ανη, αζυρ βί βριζοίν 'να
 εαριαο ίμαίε υό ι ζκόίμνυιυε, βί ρί ράιλτεαίμαιλ ριαλίμαρ,
 αζυρ υο β'ανηρα λειρ ι. άέτ υο βμυρεαό ρυαρ αν
 ίμυινητιρ υό α ριαιβ βριζιο λεό, αζυρ ταρ έίρ ριν έυαιό
 ρί αρτεαό ζο τιζ μινιρτέιρ υαρ υ'αίμμ Μεολιόττ αζυρ
 υο βί ρί 'να ρεαριβρόζαητα ανηρμ. Το άέμυιζεαό αν
 μινιρτέιρ ρεο ζο Cill-υά-λυα, αζυρ μυζ ρέ βριζοίν λειρ
 μαρ θεαν-τιζε. Αν ζελόρ υο Ραιρτεμ ζυρ ράζ βριζοίν
 αν τρεαν-άιτ αζυρ ζο ριαιβ ρί λειρ αν μινιρτέιρ, έλίμης
 βριόν αιρ, όρι βί ρί ζο υίρεαό ταρ έίρ ιμτέαέτα νυαιρ
 ράιμης Ραιρτεμ αν βαίλε μόρι. έυαιό ρέ αρτεαό ι
 υτεαέ θεαζ υο βί αν έαιοιβ αν ένυιό υο'η άμιο ροιρ υε'η
 βαίλε, ορ ειοηη αν λοά, αζυρ ανηρμ υο ρζαοιλ ρέ αμαό
 α μύν εριοιυε ας εαοιηεαό βριζυε.

There is none of the love songs that Raftery composed more famous than Breedyeen Vesey." Here is the account I got of the making of this song from Father Clement O'Looney, of Loughrea, in the county Galway.

"Breedyeen Bheusaigh, or Brigit Vesey, was the daughter of a man who came to Loughrea with his wife from somewhere in the county Mayo—from Castlebar, they said. The means of livelihood that the man had was doing jobs of work-and-attendance round the parish church in Loughrea. Brigit was on service, as a servant girl, in some house in the big street that runs from west to east, for outside of small lanes and other places beside the brink of the loch there is only one street in Loughrea. Raftery used often to go to that house where Breedyeen was, and Breedyeen was a good friend to him always; she was welcome-giving and generous, and he liked her. But the family with whom Brigit was, was broken up, and after that she went into the house of a minister named Medlicott, and she was a servant there. This minister was changed to Killaloe, and he brought Breedyeen with him as housekeeper. When Raftery heard that Breedyeen had left the old place and that she was with the minister, there came grief on him, for she was just after departing when Raftery reached the town. He went into a little house that was on the side of the hill to the east of the town, above the loch, and there he let loose the secret of his heart keening for Brigit,

“Μαγοι Le Βριζιο, ο΄φαν ρι λειρ αν μιμητερι αν
 ρεαδ μόριαν βλιαδαν, αζυρ φα θεμεαδ το ευαδ ρι ζο
 Σαερانا, αζυρ ιρ ανηριν ο΄εαζ ρι. Βι ρι ΄να Κατοιλ-
 cead μαιτ ι ζοόμνιυε. Θεμητερι φορ ζο μαιβ ρι αν
 ρζιαμδ, δετ ζο μαιβ ρι (μαρ βιορ ευο μορ ο΄α λειτ-
 ειο) μι-άδαμδιλ. Ο΄α βριζ ριν αθειρ Ραιρτερι ζο
 ηθεαδαιδ ρε ζο οτι να η-άιτεαδ ιοεταμαδεα Le η-α
 η-ιαρμαδ, αζυρ ζυρ ιη ρυδ το ρυαιρ ρε ι ρά θεμεαδ, ηο
 ζο οτυζ ρε αβαιε αρτα ι.

“Οο βι col-ceadαιρ το Βριζοιν ΄ραν άιτ ρεο το
 ευαδ ζο η-Αμερικα ρεαδετ ηο οετ οε βλιαδανταιβ ο
 ρομ.”

Αζ ριν αν cunταρ το ρυαιρ με υηρη ο΄η Αεαιρ Ο
 Λύζηαιδ. Δετ ουβαιρτ μο εαμα, Μάριταιη ρ. Μαε α
 Βάηη, ατα ανοιρ ι San Φραναιρκο, λιομ, ζυρ οε μιμητηρ
 Καεραζιζ το βι αν εαλιν, αζυρ ζυρ λειρ αν ραζαιρ
 ραιρμαρτε το βι ρι αν αιμηρ, ρυλ ευαδ ρι ζο τεαδ αν
 μιμητερι. Ρυαιρ με αν τ-αβηαν ο΄η Λύζηαδ, ο μαε α΄
 Βάηη, αζυρ ο οδοιμη ειλε, αζυρ ευηρ με Le εειλε ε
 εοιη μαιτ αζυρ ο΄ρεαδ με.

ΒΡΙΖΙΟ ΒΕΥΣΑΙΟ.

Ρόρραινη Βριζοιν Βευραιδ
 Ζαν κότα βριδζ να λέμε,
 Α ρτόρη μο εμοιθε οά μβ΄φειρη λιομ,
 Οο ετοιρζρην ουιτ ηαοι οτριατ,
 Ζαν βιαδ ζαν θεοδ ζαν δον ευο
 Αν οιλαν ι λοε εηηε,
 Ο΄φορη με α΄ρ τυ βειτ ι η-εμπεαετ
 Ζο μειόρμηρ άη ζεάρ.

* He apparently took βευραιζ to be an adjective, another form of

“As for Brigit, she remained with the minister for many years, and at last she went to England, and there she died. She was always a good Catholic. It is said, moreover, that she was very handsome, and that she was (as a great many of such handsome people are) unlucky in life. For that reason Raftery says that he went to the lower regions in search of her, and that it was there he found her at last, until he brought her home out of them.

“Breedyeen had a cousin in this place who went to America seven or eight years ago.”

That is the account that I got about her from Father O’Looney. But my friend Martin P. Ward, who is now in San Francisco, told me that Breedyeen was a girl of the Caseys,* and that it was with the parish priest she was on service before she went to the minister. I got the song from Father O’Looney, from Martin Ward, and from others, and have put it together here as well as I could:—

BREEDYEEN VESEY.

SHOELESS, shirtless, GRIEVING,
 FOODLESS, too, my BREEDYEEN,
 SURELY I’d not LEAVE YOU ;

 Nine MEALS I’d fast for you.
 Upon Loch Erne’s ISLANDS,
 No food nor drink BESIDE ME,
 But hoping I might FIND YOU,
 My CHILDEEN, to be true.

beurác, “courteous” or “mannerly,” and not as the proper name Vesey.

Δ ζῆμαῖο ἀρι ὄατ να ζεδομ-όν
 Δ ἐυδιόν βάιρι ἀν τρλίβε,
 Το ζεαλλοὺ νά ὄεαν βιέδζαδ
 Δὲτ ἐίμιζ [λεῖρ ἀν λά]
 'S ι n-αιμὸεόιν (1) ὀλιζε να κλέιμε
 Ζο ὀτοζφαινην τὺ μαρ κέιλε,
 'S α ὄέ, νάρι ὄεαρ ἀν ρζέαλ ριν
 'Quine αζ ευλόζ' le n-α ζῆμάο

Το ζεῖτ μο ἐμοῖοε le βυαῖομεαὸ
 Δζυρ ρζασημαῖο μέ ναοι n-υαιμε
 Δη ἡαῖοιν ὕο το ἐυαλαῖο μέ
 ἡαδ μαιβ τὺ μὸμδαι le ράζαῖ
 'S α λιὰτ λά ραοι ρυαῖρεαρ
 Ἐαῖτ μιρε 'ρ τὺ ι n-υαιζνεαρ
 'S ζαν νεαδ ἀρι βιτ ὄ'αρι ζεῖμὸαδ (2)
 Δὲτ ἀν ἐρῖιρζῖν 'ρ ε ἀρι ἀν ζελάρ
 ὄά βρὰζαῖνη ἀμαδ ὀο τῖαμαιρζ
 ὄά ὀτεῖὸτεά ζο bonn ἐμυαῖε
 Ραδὰὸ ἀν ρζέαλ μὸ ἐμυαῖο οῖμ
 ἡο λεαηρῖαῖνη ὀο μο ζῆμάο,
 'S ζο mb'φεαῖρι λιομ ρῖντε ρυαρ λεατ
 'S ζαῖ ρῖννη δὲτ ρυαοδ ἀ'ρ λιαδῖαῖρ
 ἡά [βειτ] 'ζ ἐητεαδὲτ λεῖρ να ἐυαδῖβ
 ὄιορ ἀρι ρῖνβαλ αζ ἐίμιζε λά (i.e. λαέ).

(1) "ἡζὸεόιν" ὀυβαῖρε ρέ. λαβαῖρεαρ μαρ ριν ε ι μεαδον

O cheek so blush-abounding,
 O berry of the mountain,
 Thy promises are sounding

For ever in mine ear.

And, spite of clerics frowning,
 I'd take you if I found you ;
 It's I who would go bounding

To see again my dear.

My heart leapt with trouble,
 And I frightened nine times,
 That morning that I heard

That you were not to be found before me
 And all the days with merriment
 That you and I spent in solitude,
 Without anyone guarding us

But the jug, and it on the table.

If I could find out news of you,
 If you were to go to the foot of the Reek (Croaghpatrick);
 The story would go very hard with me,

Or I should cling to my love.

And I should rather be stretched beside you,
 With nothing under us but heath and rushes,
 Than be listening to the cuckoos

Who are moving at the break of day.

'S é áóðari m'orua 'r m'édzcaoim
 ζαó μαισοim iioó σ'ά n-éιμizim
 Δ áúil na lúb 'r na bpeuila
 ηαó tú bi óam i noán,
 'S ní ιαμμφαimn leat μαρι φείμim
 Δάτ μέ ά'r tú βειτ i n-éimφεάτ
 i n-áit icéimτ (1) 'n άρι n-áouar
 ζο leazφaimn oim mo lám (2),
 Σéimμφimn ceól άρι τευοαib
 ζο bimn, le báμim mo íμeuμα,
 Τρίεμφimn mnά na h-éimφeáimn oimτ,
 ά'r leamφaimn tú 'ran τimnάim,
 'S σά mbéimimn am' μiz na ζiméizε
 No im' φimomμφa άρι na céoσταib
 'O βeuμφaimn μuar άn μέαο im
 'Ο φeuuila άn βimlláizζ báim.

'Oά βφeicφeά μeuιτ άn eóλaιφ
 'S i τεάτ i mbéaι άn βóτaιφ
 'Oéamφά ζο mbuó φeóo uáit
 'Ο éozφáó ceó ά'r omáomφeáτ,
 Δ ζimuoó ueamφζ μαρι μóφaib
 'S ά μiml μαρι omúéτ άn φóζmáimφ,
 Δ béimlín τana μó ueaφ
 'S ά βimázáio άρι óáτ άn áoim.

(1) Λαβαμφeαρι "éizim" μαρι "icéimτ" i ζConnάeταib áζup μαρι "éizimτ" i μuφan.

(2) "ζο λuιόφimó omφaimn báφ," O'Λ

The reason of my moans and my lamenting
 Every early morning that I arise,
 O cool of the curls and the pearls,

Is, that it is not you who were fated for me ;
 And I would not ask with you, for a faireen.

Anything but you and me to be together
 In some place alone,

So that I might lay my hand on thine (thee)
 I would play music upon strings

With the top of my fingers ;

I would forsake all the women of Erin for you,

And I would follow you through the ocean (1).

And if I were King of Greece,

Or a prince over hundreds,

I would give up all that

To the pearl of the white breast.

If you were to see the Star of Knowledge (2)

And she coming in the mouth of the road,

You would say that she was a jewel at a distance

Who would lift mist and enchantment.

Her countenance red, like the roses,

And her eye like the dew of harvest,

And her thin little mouth, very pretty,

And her neck like the colour of the lime.

(1) Literally : " In the swimming".

(2) Or " guiding star."

(3) Literally : " From you."

Όί Δ τὰ εἰς κοίτην κόμ-έριων
 ἦτολ μέ 1 αὐ ἴρ νί μόρι λιον,
 Ἴη Δ φερται: Δξ ὑένηαμ λόφωιν
 Ἵ 1 αὐ σεργά ογ κόμωιη Δ εριοῦε,
 Τά μέ 1 μβρόν ἴρ 1 νοόξωινε (1,
 Ο ἴξωιη τύ υαοιμ τωι τεόρωινη,
 Οἶο ἴρ φαα ὁ φυαηι μέ κόμωιηε
 Ἵο ηξωιηιόέα αη μο ἴαοξάε.

Τοπόέα ἴοη 1 μβρέυε-βυῖοε
 Δἴρ μαέαο Ἵο λοέ θηηε,
 Ο ἴλγεαέ Ἵο bonn Céηε
 Θευρφαῖο μέ μο ἴξωιηοβ,
 Σιύβαλφαῖο μέ Μόιν-έιηε
 Κοιτωῖξ Δἴρ ὕοιν-έιωηι
 Ἵ 1 νί φερφαῖο μέ 1 ὕτομ-Ἵηέινε
 Ἵο ὕτέρο μέ Ἵο Τηάιξλιξε.
 Νίἴ ζλεανητάν ενοικ νά ρέιβε
 Νά βαίηε-εωαη ἴραν μέαο ρη
 Νάε ριύβαλφαῖο μέ, μά φέαοαη,
 Ἵ 1 ναέ ὕτοίηεόέαῖο μέ μο ἴηαη,
 Μυηα ὕφάξ' μέ ὕηηξω ἴραν μέαο ρη
 Νίἴ Δξαμ λε μάο λέιτε
 Δέτ βεανηαέτ ρλάν Δἴρ céαο ὕο έηη
 Le blát na ρηξ-έηαοῦ.

(1) Aliter: "ὕομωη"; "Δ' ὕέοη-έαοι," Ο'Λ.

Her two pointed (?), equal-round breasts,
 I praised them, and I ought to,
 Standing, making a lamp,

And they shapen over against her heart.

I am in grief and anguish
 Since you slipped from me beyond the mearing,
 Though it is long since I got advice
 That you would shorten my life.

I shall begin down in Breaghwy,
 And I shall go to Loch Erne,
 And from Sligo to the foot of Kesh Corran

I shall take my course ;

I shall walk Moin-Eile (3og of Allen),
 And Cork and Ben Edar (Howth),
 And I shall not stand in Tomgraney
 Until I go to Tralee.

There is never a hill nor mountain valley,
 Nor harbour town, in all that (country),
 That I shall not walk if I can,

And that I shall not search for my desire.
 And if I do not find Breed in all that
 I have nothing to say to her,
 But to send a blessing and a farewell and a hundred
 To the blossom of the raspberries.

Δ ἰσείμι, ἀ εἰοῦε, ἴ ῥ ἀ βρεάξτεα (1)
 Νι ἰσῖοβραῦ Ὀμῖσι μῖαίτε,
 Δ οἶ εἰς γεαλα βᾶνα

Μαῖ ἀν εἰλα τᾶ ἀν ἀν ὄτοινη,
 Δ μαλαῖο εἰοῦε, ταρμῖαῖντε,
 Ἵ ῥ ἀ ἰνῖλ εἰοῖν εἰοῖν ἰε ἀῖνε,
 Δ βῖορ ἰ ἰσῖοῖν, τᾶ ἴ ῥ ἀσῖαῖν,
 Δσ ἴ ῥ ἀν βᾶρῖ ἀν τοῖν (2).

Ἡὺ ἰνῖλε βλαρ ἀ πόῖζε
 ἰα μῖλ ἰα μβεᾶδ ἴ ῥ ἰεῖοῖτε,
 Ὀα ὄεαρ ἀ ἴεαρᾶν ἰ μβῖοῖς

Ἵ ῥ ἀ εἰνῖοῖν ἴεῖν ἀδ ἴεῖν
 Ἵ ῥ οἶ μβεῖν ἀ ἴ βλαῖ ἰα ἠ-οῖζε
 ἰ μβᾶλλα ἰο ἰ μβῖοῖα (3)

Νι ἴσῖοβραῦ ἰο ὄεῖαδ ἴεῖν ἰε,
 Δεῖ ἀσ ἴεῖν ἴ ῥ ἀσ ὄεῖαδ ἰεῖν.

Ὀεῖν Μερκυῖ ἰεῖν ὄοῖς
 ἰεῖν β'ἰε ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἀν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν,
 Ἵ ῥ ἰεῖν ἀβ ἰοῖα ἰεῖν ἰεῖν
 Τᾶ ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν,
 ἴ ῥ ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἀ ἰεῖν ἰεῖν
 ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν,
 Δεῖ ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν
 ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν ἰεῖν.

(1) "Sceim ἀ εἰοῦε εἰοῖν-βρεῖζε," O'L

(2) "βῖορ ἰ ἰσῖοῖν τᾶ ἴ ῥ ἀσῖαῖν
 ἰα ἴεῖν ἀν βᾶρῖ ἰα εἰοῖν," O'L.

Her beauty, her heart, and her fineness
 Virgil would not write in a quarter of a year ;
 Her two bright white breasts

Like the swan that is upon the waves.

Her brows narrow, drawn,
 And her eye as round as a sloe,
 Which is always, we know (4),

Growing on the top of the bush.

Sweeter were the taste of her kiss
 Than honey of the bees, and it frozen ;
 Pretty was her standing in a shoe,

And her coolin was ringletted and fair ;
 And if I and the blossom of youth
 Were only in Balla or in Bohola,
 We should not leave it till the end of harvest,
 But sporting and making merriment.

Mercury says that he is certain
 That it was Pluto who swept away the jewel with him,
 And there are many great guards
 Going between me and her.

Jupiter is their master,
 And I shall journey into his presence,
 But I shall wait till to-morrow
 Until I take my rest.

(3) "ἡ ἄσπετος οὐκ ἔστιν ἀσπίς," O'L.

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

Τά μέ τυιρεαό, βρεόιρτε.
 Γιό εαιτ μέ λεατ μο βιόζα,
 Ξο ριορμυιρτε αζ οέαθαίη βιόίη,
 Νι οοσλαιζίηη νευλλ οε'η οιτόε.
 'Σ ό τυζ Ηεrculeρ le ριό-νεαριτ
 Cεrβερυρ οε'η βόόταρ,
 Αη μεαρεηηη ριβ ηαό οίηη όαη
 Μο ρτόη οο λεαηαίηαη ριορ.

Ηιορ ηόρη όαη οοηηαίη λάιοηη,
 ηί'λ μέ μόρ le Χαδιοη,
 Β'ειοηη τό μέ βάταό

 Όά οτιζίηη ηη α λιοη.

Τά α βάο 'γ α ηάιοιρτε ηάίηα
 Ξο ριορμυιρτε αηηρύο αρ ζάηοα.
 Ηι έαίτηηζεαηη ορεαη αη ηάρα λειρ,
 Νι ζέιηηεαηη ρέ ο'ά ηολιζε.

Ηιορ έαβδαηη όαη ηα Σράηηηζ
 Μαη ηεαλλ αρ Όαηηηοζάηη Μαηηε,
 Όιοό αζ βηύζαό α'γ αζ εάηηαό
 'Σ αζ οοηεβάηη ηα ηηαλλ ριορ,
 Δότ οά μαηηρεαό Calvin λά 'ειητ (1)
 Cηιομαίηη, ηαηηηαοι, α'γ Μαηηεαηη,
 Όά ηηηηιοβρεαό ριασ οαη εάηηα
 Νι η-έηηεόεαηηε οηηη ριζίηη.

(1). i.e. "Lá éizim."

I am tired, sick,
 Though I have used up my boots after you ;
 Everlastingly making grief,

 I do not sleep a wink in the night.
 And since Hercules with excessive strength
 Carried off Cerberus from the road,
 Do ye not think that is right for me also
 To follow my love down below.

I require strong help,
 I am not great (on terms) with Charon ;
 He might drown me

 If I were to come into his net.
 His boat and oars
 Are constantly there on guard ;
 The people of the Pope do not please him.

 He does not submit to their law.
 No help to me would be the Spaniard,
 Because of Queen Mary,
 Who used to be bruising and overthrowing
 And keeping down the Galls.
 But if Calvin were alive, some day,
 Cromwell, Henry, or Martin,
 They would write for me a card,
 And not a penny would be required of me.

'Sé Pluto an pñionnra clampriac
 Sxiob uaim mo žriáo dšur m'annraót
 É féin dšur Radoamantur

 Ni cariaio uam an uiar,
 Vulcan bñúigte uóigte
 'S a leat-cór bñurte bñeóirte,
 Minor nac utuz (1) trócañie,

 Na triurtaiz an žaouiré éoiré'.
 Ir ionuá dñainn bñáirte
 Sin dšur concañait éñáirte,
 Tóipneacáir dš carinaó

 dšur dš lořžao ár žac taoib,
 Acé triallrao oñia amáñac
 dšur mañ adñuiz riáo mo žriáo uam,
 Žeobao conññao Láirui

 Nac n-éileócairé oñm pižin.

Fianta Finn níoi níoi uam
 Oržar 'r Žoll mac Móñna,
 'S Cúcullainn an laoc cñóžanta

 Nár éñr i žcaé aññam,
 Clann uññiz uññairt žo leóñ liom
 Uo bñañraó ar clairéam lócañ,
 dšur Hectori an laoc móñ-éñué
 Fuairi róžluim bñeáž ran Triaoi.

(1) "Uññair" uññraó liom-ra.

It is Pluto is the disputatious prince
 Who snatched from me my love and my dear ;
 Himself and Rhadamantbus,

Neither of the two are friends to me.

Vulcan, bruised and burnt,
 With his one foot broken and injured ;
 Minos, who gave no mercy,

Do not trust the rogue for ever.

Many is the drowning river (I must encounter)
 That, and the ruinous peril,
 Thunders overwhelming

And burning on every side ;

But I shall journey towards them to-morrow,
 And if they will not admit my love to me
 I shall receive strong help,

So that a penny shall not be required of me.

The Fenians of Finn I would want,
 Oscar, and Goll Mac Morna,
 And Cuchulain the valiant hero

Who never failed in battle.

The children of Uisneach, many have told to
 Who used to strike flame from sword,
 And Hector the great-framed hero,
 Who found fine learning in Troy.

Ἐλμπεά ἰ οἴτιν να ἡ-Θιζε
 Ξνιοῖν να βρεαῖα μόρια,
 Δη τριάτ τοραιοθεοδαι δ' ἱτριόκαῶ
 Δξ ζεαῖμιαῶ μομπα ἱοῖρ,
 Δέτ ἱυριτεῖν νιοῖν ἰμόρ ὄδαι
 Ἐυῖν Μεντοῖν δη φεαῖν εὐλοῖν ἱοῖν,
 Νάμ ἱεῖζ ἀμυζ' ἰ η-δον βότδαι μέ
 Ξο οἴυζ με ἀβαῖλε βῖμζιῶ.

Δξ ἱο ἀβῖάν το μιννε δη Ρεαῶτύμπε Δξ μολᾶῶ
 εῖμπε δη φῖζεαῶοῖα. Το εῖμπε φέ οῖν ἱμιαῖν ἰ βρεαῖ-
 εῖμπε μαῖτ. Ὅι οἶά φῖοῖν νο μαῖν ἱοῖν ο'φῖζεαῶοῖμῖβ Δξ
 οδαιν ζαῶ Λά ἰ μῖβαῖλ-λοῶ-μῖ'αῶ νυαῖν βῖ δη Ρεαῶτύμπε
 ἀνη, Δξυῖν βυῶ ἱαῶ το μιννε ἑαῶαῖζ να τῖμπε. Ἰῖ ἱμεαῖφαιμ
 ζο βῖμῖλ νιοῖν μό να φεαῖν ἀῖμῖαῖν νο βεῖμπε ἀνη ἀνιοῖν.

ΔΗ ΦΙΖΕΑῶΟῖΡ.

Μολᾶμ ζο θεῶ δη εῖμᾶνη Δξαιμ ἱ δη φεῶλ
 'Σ δη τῖλινν το βεῖν ἱεῖζεαῶν το'η εῖμῖφᾶ,
 Δη τ-ύζαῖμ δ'ῖ δη ἱφῶλ ἱραν Λάμ-ἑλᾶν νιοῖν ἰμόρ,
 Δη ζαῖμμνα να μιννεῖν (1) ἱ δη τῖμῖνα.
 Τά δη υῖμῖν ἱε φάζαῖλ, ἀ ζοῖον δ'ῖ ἀ ζαῖλ,
 'Σ δη φῖζεαῶοῖν, Μᾶε Μῖμπε ο'ά εῖμῖμῖαῶε;
 'Σε εῖμῖφεαῶ βῖατ βῖαῶζαῖο ἀρ φεαῖμῖαῖβ ἱ ἀρ μῖμῖαῖβ,
 ἱηρ ζαῶ βεαῖαῶ ἱνα ζοοῖαῶ ἱ ἱνα νοῖμῖφεαῶτ.

(1) "Δη ζαῖμ μῖμῖμπε," G

(2) Literally: I praise for ever the beam and the loom, And the reeds that give the course free-play; The geers and the shuttle and the hand-board is wanted (?), The weaver's beam, the runners,

You would hear in the Land-of-Youth
 The deeds of the great men,
 When they began a-tearing
 And cutting down before them ;
 But Jupiter I required,
 Who sent Mentor the guide with me,
 Who never let me go astray in any road
 Until I brought Breed home.

Here is a poem which Raftery made in praise of the trade of the weaver. He ever loved a good tradesman. There were about a couple of score of weavers working every day in Loughrea when Raftery was alive, and it was they who made the clothes of the country. I do not think there are more than one or two left now.

THE WEAVER.

'Tis the staff that I praise, and the loom and its ways,
 And the reeds with the threads down-flowing,
 The wonderful geers and the hand-board that steers,
 And the beam with the runners going.
 It's a wonderful tool not worked by a fool ;
 God prosper the weaver so knowing !
 The neckerchief fine which he weaves, it shall shine
 On the bosom of women glowing (2).

and the spinning-wheel ; The tools are to be had in love and fame, And the weaver, may the Son of Mary protect him ; It is he would put a neckcloth on men and women, In every road, sleeping and waking.

There is no damsel, however fine, at meeting or hurling-match,

On her horse, that there would not fit her, under her,

A fine high pillion and a belt round her middle,

Ribbons, ruffs, and gown ;

Her fine soft-pliant cloak, and what goes upon her neck,

It is the loom that gives protection to her knees ;

And the man after death being arranged on the board,

Sure he is the nicer for a skirt to help him.

Out of its midst there comes every thing-of-beauty (?),

The carpet, the blanket, the quilt,

The muslin, the gauze, the sail of ship and of boat,

And sure it dresses the nobles of the province ;

The cambric and the lawn, Centon cross-bar,

And the silks that make habit and gown,

The white cashmere and the best velvet

That ever earl or duke wore.

A shoemaker on a stool if he never made but a shoe

Young women would like to be nigh him,

Or a tailor at a table and his scissors in order,

If he only cut out a coat or a cape (6)

I shall not dispraise any sort, I have no dealing with it,

But it is the weaver surpassed (all in) the kingdom ;

Good was he in the house of drinking, the man who throws the
shuttle,

There is happiness and prosperity from Christ upon him.

(5) = *anaice teip, lám teip.*

(6) Raftery means to insinuate that women like the weaver, the indoor worker, equally, or more.

There is not a poet nor a bard who makes song from the Shannon
to the shore

But I shall let the history (of the weaver) go to them,
And if it be not high (praise) enough, since I have taken a hand
in it,

I shall seek for a very-little help.
I have nothing to say, throughout, in the case,
Except that O'Brien did not prove worthy,
And in future till the day of my death, so long as the clan Adam
shall live,
I shall never praise (4) any man out of his (own) country.

If he had (only) drawn westward there was a man on the mountain
Who would quickly take my part,
Of the race of the clan of Milesius from the beginning of the
world,

Who never refused any man for a quart ;
I give him the branch, and may he live to wear it,
And may God see prosperity and luck upon him,
And surely, O Sweeney, Raftery is thankful to you,
And will drink in every town your health.

When Raftery was once in Cappaghtagle, a place which is
half-way between Loughrea and Ballinasloe, and about four miles
north of Aughrim, he got good material for a song out of a
wedding which took place there. There was a very poor couple
in that place, but, as poor as they were, they determined that
they would marry one another. It was not usual at that time for
people to be married in the churches, but the priest used to go
to the sick man's house to marry him, and the poor man used to

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

an nuine boct zo teac an traghairt. Do fadail ógánaig
 an báiie ghréann do óéannaím doíib fein ar an bpórfad ro,
 agur éruinnig riad le céile, zo utáinig riad i n-éin-
 feact leir an lánnaímáin zo teac an traghairt. Nuair
 bí an beirt anghin ag fanáimáint leir an raghairt, cúaid
 na buacáilíúe zo tig-an-óil do bí a n-áice leó, agur
 éoruisg riad ag ól. Do bí péire bacac anghin, pompa,
 ag iarriaidó déirice, agur éuz na buacáilíúe neairt le
 n'ól doíib, zo bpiocfad riad ghréann arta. Níoi brada
 zo maib an cúpla air meirge, agur éoruisg riad ag tpioid
 le céile, agur ag bualaó a céile. Nuair éáinig an
 lánnaímáin nuad-póirta amac ó tig an traghairt tarí éir
 an póirta, do éruinnig an cómluadair na utimcioll, agur
 o'fághadair fan mbáile iad, acé mo leun! ní maib ag an
 lánnaímáin boict nuair éónghadair abáile acé ppiatáid
 bpiúcte agur rghadán zoirt le n-a ruipeáir. Nuair
 cúaidó an Reactúire triacé air reo, an lá air na
 máriac, do bí ré ag gáilíúe guri iúé an t-uirge ar a
 fúilíib, agur níoi rtao ré zo noeairinaidó ré an dán ro
 air an mbánair.

Tá muo éigin in fan dán ro a úealuigeair é ó'n
 gcuio ir mó o'bdair an Reactúire. Tá loig na rean-
 béairraigeacéta rin air a utuzéair "Rannáigeacé mór"
 agur "Séadna" le feicrint fói air na linteib reo. Dá
 ngeairraíúe ríoi corri-line angho agur anghúo, ní beic
 acé reacé no oé ríolláid in rghacé line fan gcuio ir mó
 do na ceactriáimnaib, marí atá in fan trean-béairraig-
 eacé. Tá na linte níoi teannta-le-céile, níoi gíoiúia,
 níoi olúite ná in fan gcuio ir mó o'á cúio dán. Ag
 ro é:—

come to the priest's house. The youths of the village thought to make fun for themselves out of the wedding, and they gathered together and came in company, with the couple, to the priest's house. When the pair were there, waiting for the priest, the lads went into a tavern that was near them and began drinking. There were a couple of bacachs, or sturdy beggarmen, there, before them, asking for alms, and the boys gave them plenty to drink that they might pick fun out of them. It was not long until the two were drunk, and they began fighting and beating one another. When the newly-married pair came out of the priest's house after being married, the company gathered round them and left them at home; but, alas! the poor couple when they came home had only boiled potatoes and a salt herring for their supper. When Raftery heard an account of this the next day he was laughing until the water ran from his eyes, and he never stopped till he made this poem about the wedding.

There is something in this piece which distinguishes it from the rest of Raftery's work. There is a mark of the ancient styles of versification, which were called Great Rannaigheacht and Seadhna, to be observed yet in these lines. If an occasional line here and there were cut down there would be only seven syllables or eight syllables in each line, in the most of the quatrains, just as in the old versification. The lines are more compact, shorter, and more condensed than in the most of his poems. Here is the song:—

βαινεῖς ἀν τσεαυότάν μοι.

Ἔφατο βί ἀν δὴν σλεαυότάν μοι
 Ἀζυρ' οὐρὶ ζο λέοι ζυρ' ἴμαρὶ γέ ρεαότῆμα. ◀
 'Συνεα' μιννεαυό ρυαρ' οὐ'ν ἐεόλ,
 Κύζ ρυαυα δ' ἴ ἐμῶν το ρυαυρὶ ἀν ραζαυρ.

Ἴρ' ἀνν το ρζαυαυό ρύζ' να η-εόρῆα,
 " Δε " δ' ἴ ρόμτερὶ δ' ἴ υρζε-βεαότ,
 Τεαῖμαρὶ να ρλόζ (1) βα ἴαῖμαρὶ οὐ
 Ἀν τρῖαυε βῖοῖρ' αζ' ὅλ' ὁ οἰόε' ζο μαυοῖν.

Ἴρ' ἀνν ο' ρεῖρ' ρεά' ἀν μάζ-ἴλυαζ (2) μοι,
 Ἴρὶ ζο λέοι, ἀρ' ὄζ-ἴνῆά' οὐαρῆα.
 Ἴρ' ρεαρὶ ζαν ἐμῶντε ναε' λεαυαυό οὐοῖβ,
 Βα ζεαλλ' λε " ἴhow " ἰαυ' οὐλ' ἐρῆ' ἴν' μβαῖτε.

Βί βῖαυό' ζυρ' οὐεό' οὐ'ν μθεαζ' ἴρ' οὐ'ν ἴμοι,
 'S ζαν ζλαουάε' να τῶμ' ἀρὶ ἐόταυζῖβ' βρῆεα.
 Δέτ' λυέτ' ἐνοταυζ' ἀρῶα, bonnet, βεάβερῖ,
 Centon (3), ἐέμβρῖε, δ' ἴ ζῦναυό' ζεαυα.

Ἴρ' ἰομῶα ἐαῖλῖν βαρῖμαῖμαρὶ ρρῆρῆεαῖμαρὶ,
 Οὐ βί ἀνν ζλέαρῆα ἰ ζελόό' ἴρ' ἰ βρῖαυρῖν.
 Οὐάμβερῖ δ' ἐλεαῖμαρὶ ρεῖζτε ζο μβαυό' οὐαρῆα' ἀν ρζεαυ
 Οὐ βεῖτ' αζ' ἐόμῖαυό' λέῖ' ἀρὶ ἐόλῖμαυό' λεαρῆα' (4).

(1) "Tavar no slo," Hessian.

(2) "μαρλυαζ," G.; "moltao," R.I.A. I edit as above.

(3) Aliter, "Centish," "kintons," "centonr," ρόμτ-εαυαυζ.

(4) "A veh da breagave er collo," Hessian.

(5) Literally: "A feast there was at Shlahaun More (the name of the townland?), And many say that it lasted for a week;

THE WEDDING AT SHLAHAUN MOR.

A feast there was at Shlahaun MORE,

It lasted O'ER six days at least there ;

The piper got a guinea's STORE,

A pound and MORE they gave the priest there (5).

It was there the price of the barley was scattered,

Ale and porter and usquebagh ;

Tara of the hosts was like it,

When they used to be drinking from night till morning.

It is there you would see the great cavalcade,

Numbers of men and handsome young women ;

He is a man without a heart who would not follow them (6),

They were all as one as a show, going through the village.

There was food and drink, both for small and for great,

Without either call for or running-after speckled (i.e., frieze?)
coats,

But (there were there) only people of high top-knots, bonnets,
and beavers,

Kintons (7), cambric, and bright gowns.

Many is the girl fine and sky-like,

Who was there dressed up in form and fashion,

Whose match, if it were arranged, it were a nice thing (8)

To be conversing with her on the side of a couch.

A guinea was made up for the music, Five pounds and a crown the priest got."

(6) Or "cling to them."

(7) Some sort of a fabric of the period. It occurs in the Song of the Weaver. Centon is a variant, also Kentish.

(8) Literally: "Story."

Έσσαις κλάη, α'ρ βοήσο τὰ μέρη ρη,
 1 νοιαίς α' céile bi ρασ λεγζτα.
 Μιαρα γελα αζυρ πλάταιό πέσταιη,
 Αζυρ ρζεαηνα ζέαηα le ουλ αζ ζεαηηαθ.

βηιοζύμη α'ρ teime ορ comne α' céile,
 Α'ρ Μαηηε α-Cém αζ αραθό αν βιοηα.
 Οελρ α'ρ chuna, τυηηeen, ταέροτ,
 Αζυρ μόηιαν ζηέιτρε βάηα α'ρ βηεαα.

ζεαέτ ρόηητ ρεόλα τυζαθό αν βόηηο ανη,
 ζλέαητα κόηηζέτε ορ κόηηαηη αν τραζαηητ.
 Μυητ-ρεόιλ, μαηητ-ρεόιλ, ααοηη-ρεόιλ ρόρτα,
 Τηρκαίς ζέαθό ρυιέηο α'ρ αεαηα.

Ρατρηαθό (1?) υηηζε αν ρλάταιβ ζλέαητα,
 Αά 'ουλ αν τ-έαν ηαέ βρειαρβηε ανη, λεαζέτα,
 Λοηουβ, ρεαθός, ρηεαβαη, αέηηηεαέ,
 Ρηοταέ, ηαοηζαέ, α'ρ ρέηηε λαάηηη.

1 η-αηηηηη κόηηηη ρυηέ le céile,
 1αηζ ράζαιλ ζλέαητα ααη ηυόίς, ηίοη ρεαηζ.
 βηεαα α'ρ βηααάηη, τριοηζ μά'ρ ρέηοηη,
 Μαέοεη ηαέ (2) αζυρ αηύαηη αεαηζ.

Τοηαβοηηο βιοθό αν έοηαέ μέηηε,
 Αν λαηζ, αν βηέαηη, αν ρλάρ 'ρ αν βαλλαέ.
 Ααθός, ηιοηηαέ, ρζαααίηη ύηηα,
 Α'ρ βέηθό μέ αζ ρύιλ le λυήρ α'ρ μαηηζαέ.

(1) "Patree iska," Hessian. "Ρατρηαηαζα" αν ροαλ αεαητ.

(2) "Meadin Re agus crodane," Hessian.

There were table-cloths, and tables according,

One after another they were laid out,
Bright dishes, pewter plates,
And sharp knives to commence carving.

Automatic-spits and fire over against one another,

And Mary Cane twisting the hand-spit,
Delf and china, tureens, teapots,
And many jewels white and speckled.

Seven sorts of meat were brought upon the table,

Dressed and arranged before the priest,
Pork, beef, roast mutton,
Turkeys, geese, pullets, and hens.

Partridges dressed on platters,

Where is the bird might not be seen there, laid,
Blackbird, golden-plover, wood-cock, thrush (3),
Curlew, snipe, and brace of ducks.

At the time of the feast and sitting together,

To get a fish dressed, no doubt, it would not vex you (4),
Trout and salmon, codfish if possible,
Maidenray, and red gurnet.

Let a turbot be on the front of the dish,

The ling, the bream, the plaice, the rockfish,
The haddock, the mackerel, fresh herrings,
And I shall expect a pike and a pollock.

(3) Or perhaps "blackbird." Some people say this is the cock, others say it is the hen blackbird.

(4) Literally: "It were not anger."

ηί'λ αν βόητο γάτταό γλέαρτα ι ποιαιό αν ηέιο ρηη,
 Ξο βράγμαοιο ζαό αον ηηό ι οηραιόγ 'ρ ι ζελαοαό
 Ρυητάν, ζλιομαό, οηηηιόε (1), γέαααίό,
 Α'ρ μαη ρυαιη ρί ζαό αον ηά γάγαίό αν τάητοιρ.

Μιαρ αζυρ ρίε le η-αιρ α όείλε,
 Ρεαη αζυρ αόαο α' ηιαη 'ρ α' ηηεαηοαλ.
 Δότ μοαίό αν όηαοό le βλαό ηα ρζέηηε,
 'S ι ζλέαρ αν μέαο ηίο, Μαηη λοηηυρ.

Κάααιό ρόηα τυζαό αη βόηο αηη,
 Αηιάν βηεάζ ζαβαλαό, ριον α'ρ " αηαααηηηρ,"
 Δότ αν τ-άό ζο ηαιβ αη αν οίρ οο ρόηαό,
 Μαη ηρ οηηα οαη ηοόιζ οο ζεοβρα αν βηαβαό (2).

Βι " ηαη " 'ρ ζαό λάηη, le αηαοη λάη,
 Μαη ηρ ρεαη έ αηηαίη οο όλεαότ αν ράηηηηηηε (3),
 Ρυηηηε 'ρ βηαηοαηζ α'ρ ζλαηηιόε αη βόηο,
 Ηρ ιοηόα ρηιόηηε ο'ρειαηεά αηη λεαζά.

Ρυη α'ρ " ααηαηη " ι ζααηηαίβ α' λέηηηηη,
 Ξο λεόη ηηά ζλέαρτα α'ρ " ηέζυρ " αα,
 Μυηα ζαααλαρ βηέαζ, le η-εηηηζε αν λαέ,
 Ο'ρειαηεά αόαο ηαό βρέαοηαό ρεαηαίη.

Βοηηο ο'ά ζαηαηαό, τεαό οά ηέηηηηηαό,
 Ηρ ιοηόα " ρέατ " (4) οο βι le βαλλα,
 Τοηαιζ οαηηα, ρέηο ηα αεόλτα,
 'S ηάη ηιό-βηεάζ αν ρρόηητ οο βειε 'ηα η-αηα.

(1) " Isree, seakla," Hessian.

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

(3) Pronounced " αν αηηηηηε."

The table is not half-dressed, even after all that,
 Until we get everything by the shore and the strand,
 Crabs, lobsters, oysters, shrimps,
 And since she has got all, do not omit the tortoise.

One and twenty plates beside one another,
 A hundred and one men dividing and attending,
 But praise ye the branch with the blossom of beauty,
 It was she dressed all that—Mary Loftus.

Wedding cakes were brought upon the table there,
 Fine bread with barm, wine and cracklings,
 But may the luck be on the pair who were married,
 For it is on them, no doubt, you would get the brabach (5)

There was a jar in each hand with a full anker,
 For he is a man who ever practised generosity,
 Punch and brandy and glasses on the table ;
 Many is the lubber you would see overthrown there.

Rum and Canary, leaping in cans,
 Plenty of women dressed up, and having negus,
 And, unless it's a lie I heard, when the day rose
 You would see a hundred who were not able to stand.

Tables being bundled-together, house being readied out,
 Many is the seat that was beside the wall ;
 The dance began, the music played,
 And was it not the very fine sport to be near them.

(4) "Shoade" [i.e. *peóu*], Hessian.

(5) Brabach means "gain," or the margin of advantage in a transaction. Mr. Finn recites "*as Andy lán*" in the next line. "Anker" is not an Irish word.

Δι αν ηγρεσση δι ραυ νί τιυδαρρα σεό,
 Ξυρ άρσοδιξ αν τ-όλ ι ρτυαιε να μβακαέ,
 Οιαβαλ tom να ελαιε σο βόταρ Μόρ,
 Ναε ζεclumφεά ζλεό αζυρ μύρζαυ βατα.

Βί πυρ (?) ηνά (1) ριντε δι αν μσο,
 Αζυρ υαρ μο υόιξ σο μβαδαυρ ραλαέ (2),
 Δετ ιρ υαμ-ρα υ'έιμυξ αν μι-άυ μόρ,
 Οο εαιλλ αν ρρόρτ αζυρ μέ δι μο λεαδαυό.

Νι'λ poll να εριό να βοτάν βό,
 Ναε ζεclumφεά ζλεό ανη δι μύβαλ λε βαλλα,
 Δετ "Ραυοιό the Song" α'ρ Μαεάνη (?) μόρ (3),
 Οο δυαιλ σο λεόρ α'ρ υο μιλ αν βαιλε.

Ουδαρτε αν ρεαρ λιom βι ραν λάταρ,
 Ξυρ β'ε αν ραιουηίν ράιρτεαé βι αζ να βακαίξ,
 Ειμυξε ρυαρ ζαν ρζιέ να ρράρ
 Cυαιλλιυε ράξαιλ, αζυρ τορμζαυό αζ ζρεαυαυό.

Τριαέτνόνα αν λαέ ριν υ'φειρφεά ι η-έιμφεαéτ
 Ζαβέα ζλέαρτα ναοι ζεέαυ βακαέ,
 Δρ Δάμδαιη-μδ-ζεαυρρηα, Δρ Ημάλλ-υι-μάλλε,
 Δρ Ηαέταρ Δρυ α'ρ Δρ Cοναμαρμια.

Λιτιμ ραοι ρέαλα ευαιό ραν "μαιλ,"
 Αζυρ μύβαλ ρι Ειρε ι η-ιμτέαéτ ρεαéτμδαιη (4),
 Όεαμδαν βακαέ ρείεαμδαιλ υ'ά ζευαλαυό ρζέαλ αιη,
 Νάρ ζλαε α ζλέαρ α'ρ α ευλαυό ζαιρζε.

(1) "Pushyra," Hessian. Mr. Hughes says it means "a stout coarse women beyond 40." (2) "Ξυρ όλ ριαυ ζρεαυαμ," G. (3) "Paddy Long agus M'Gann Mor, G. I read μαεάν. (4) "Himpul shaughtan," Hessian

For all the fun (as good as it was), you would not give a
traneen (5)

Until the drink mounted into the pinnacles of the bacachs (6),
The devil a bush there was, nor ditch, as far as Bothar Mor,
That you would not hear the row and the welting of sticks.

There were coarse-looking (?) women stretched out on the road,
And upon my word but they were dirty ;
But it is to me the great misfortune happened,
Who lost all the sport and me in my bed.

There was never a hole, or styne, or cowshed,
But you would hear the row, going by the wall.
But it was Paddy the Song and Big Mac Gann
Who struck plenty and destroyed the village.

The (i.e., a) man that was present told me
That this was the rosary the bacachs had,
To rise up without rest or stop,
To get wattles and to fall to leathering.

On the evening of that day you would see together,
Prepared and dressed up, nine hundred bacachs,
From Abhainn-mac-gCearna and Umhall Ui Mhaille,
From Oughterard and from Connemara.

A letter under seal went into the mail,
And travelled round Ireland for a week ;
The devil a rake of a bacach of all who heard the news
But seized his equipments and his hero's suit.

(5) Literally : "A fog."

(6) i.e., "in the heads of the beggarmen" who were outside the house and came to get something at the feast.

Cleit naoi ttrioige, viread, láioir,
 Fámne 'na báiri a' r bioir 'na fceardáin,
 Coirín eirir (1), rtrapa a' r mála,
 Búcla táirne, 'r beirt máit leatáir.

Tmáll ríad cúgáinn ar gac áirio,
 Ó Dhoicéad áta 'r áiriar ó gáillín,
 [Áir] bóitirib átargráde o'ficead a lán,
 Agus ánuar le fóna, taob sléib bdaíte (2)

Deamán claióe ná fál ó Cloc na Báirce,
 Naó raióe ar lár do'n Céar a' tSeagáil,
 Ciuad ná rtaóe, ná leat-táoirib beairnann,
 Naó bfeicead ánn ráirte, beán, ná bacáe.

Socruig ríad campá or coinne a céile,
 Á' r fuair ríad méió le oul cum caóe,
 Caóe ná bPunann do b'fura a méiótead,
 Ná a gcuri ó céile áirir go máirín.

Bí "ritcheir," "cettler," pacáio, (3) a' r málaio
 I mbéal na rriáioe o'ficead íad caíte,
 Bí fuil ar rmuir a' r málaioe geadiréa (4),
 Á' r a cúaille i.n-áirioe i lánin gac bacáig.

(1) "Coreen agus erish," Hessian; "curréen táirir," R.I.A.

(2) "eictze," G.

(3) This I edit pucaró or pucáioe of G. and R.I.A. Siolla an Clois sometimes wrote puca for paca.

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

(5) The sagan handles of a creel that pass over the shoulders. The "curréen" was the budget carried on the right hip, with a

A wattle of nine feet long, straight and strong,
 A ferule on the top and a spit standing (out of it),
 A budget with an urrish (5), a strap and bag,
 A buckle made of a nail, and a good leather belt.

They journeyed to us out of every point of the compass,
 From Drogheda, and out of the West from Galway ;
 On the roads of Ahascragh you would see a number,
 And coming down the slope on the sides of Slieve Bachtá.

The devil a ditch or hedge from Cloch-na-pairce
 But was thrown down to Cappaghtagle ;
 Nor a rick, nor a stack, nor the side of a gap,
 That you would not see in it a child or a woman or a bacach.

They ranged their camps over against one another,
 And they got ready to go to battle ;
 It would have been easier to quiet the Battle of the Sheaves (6)
 Than to put them asunder again till morning.

There were pitchers, kettles, packs, and bags,
 In the middle of the street you would see them pitched ;
 There was blood on snouts, and foreheads cut,
 And his wattle on high in the hand of every bacach.

strap over the left shoulder ; the "urrish" is the back-band of the budget.

(6) A battle once fought by the Fenians, called the "Battle of the Sheaves," because Conan, having slain the first of the enemy, said to the other Fenians : "I have reaped the first sheaf ; do ye reap the rest." This, at least, is the story I once heard. I have never seen the name mentioned in literature.

Ír anghin do tuḡad̃ an "battle" cḡuad̃,
 B̃i cloigne cluad̃a d'í ḡuad̃ ḡ'á r̃reac̃áil̃t,
 Tríá̃t̃ c̃ḡuinñiḡ̃ an r̃luad̃ ḡḡur̃ í̃eaf̃ r̃iá̃o r̃uad̃,
 Bã c̃ont̃ãb̃air̃t̃ c̃ḡuad̃ ḡ̃ bẽit̃ 'na n-áice.

Máḡnar̃ Mór̃ tríá̃t̃ b̃i r̃é bẽo,
 Loir̃ḡ Tead̃air̃i na r̃lóg̃ r̃ul r̃éad̃ã ḡ leaḡan,
 Oá mbẽit̃ r̃é angh̃úo le túr̃ an ḡléo,
 Céad̃ r̃eaf̃i ḡ'á í̃óit̃ ní r̃éad̃ãõ r̃eaf̃ãm̃.

Eaf̃c̃ũil̃ t̃r̃éañ na r̃ḡiá̃t̃ mb̃reac̃,
 Oo ḡinne an c̃r̃eac̃ ḡ n-áice an c̃uad̃in (1),
 F̃ianna F̃inñ 'r̃ ḡ ḡc̃ḡuinñiḡḡãõ ar̃ r̃ão,
 Ní c̃ũir̃fead̃ na b̃ac̃aḡ̃ ḡ ñoiaḡ̃ ḡ ḡc̃ũil̃.

Conl̃aoc̃, Á̃r̃oañ, Áinle (2), d'í Naoir̃e
 T̃óḡḡãõ c̃íof̃ ḡ n-áim̃r̃iḡi ḡair̃ḡe,
 Soll̃ mac̃ Mór̃ina, an Oeaf̃ḡ Mór̃i,
 ḡḡur̃ T̃ãilc̃ mac̃ Tríeó̃iñ do bẽit̃ 'na n-áice.

ḡḡuof̃ na Tríá̃oĩ õeic̃ mb̃liá̃õna 'r̃ mí,
 Súo é an "riege" le'í c̃ũit̃ na r̃eaf̃ã,
 Ác̃t̃ ḡ ḡuḡãõ ar̃uad̃iñ 'r̃ ḡ mb̃éaf̃r̃ãĩ c̃õĩú̃ce,
 Ní r̃éad̃ãõõ r̃ḡḡiú̃õb̃ ar̃ ḡñiú̃õiñ na mb̃ac̃ãc̃.

Cnoc-an-áir̃, bã mór̃i é ḡ c̃áil̃,
 Tá r̃iof̃ ḡḡ ḡ lán ḡo ñoeaf̃r̃nãõ anḡ ḡair̃ḡe,
 Ác̃t̃ an t̃é b̃i angh̃úo d'í ḡ c̃áim̃iḡ̃ r̃l̃án,
 Níof̃i b̃r̃iú̃ leir̃ tríá̃c̃t̃ãõ ar̃ C̃ãt̃ Cluad̃iñ T̃ãir̃b̃.

(1) "An úin," G. (2) "Áille," .; "ala agus neesha," Hessian.

(3) i.e., Hercules.

(4) Ouchulain's son.

(5) The three children of Uisneach, Ainle is pronounced Aille

It is there the hard battle was delivered,
 There were skulls and ears and hair torn ;
 When the host gathered together and stood up,
 It was desperate danger to be near them.

Manus the Great the time he was alive,
 Who burned Tara of the hosts before he could be overthrown,
 If he had to be there at the beginning of the conflict,
 A hundred men of his sort would not have stood it.

Erkel (3) the Strong of the speckled shields,
 Who wrought the spoil beside the harbour,
 The Fenians of Finn, and they all to b̄ gathered together,
 Would not have made the bacachs retreat.

Conlaoch (4), Ardan, Ainle, and Naoise (5),
 Who used to raise tribute in the time of heroism ;
 Goll, son of Morna, and the Dearg Mor (6),
 And Tailc mac Treoin (7) to be along with them.

The destruction of Troy, ten years and a month,
 That was the seige by which the men fell ;
 But all that ever were or shall be born
 Would not be able to indite the deeds of the bacachs.

The Hill of Slaughter (8), great was its fame,
 Numbers knew that heroism was performed there ;
 But he who was in this battle and came safe out of it
 Would not think the Battle of Clontarf deserving of mention.

(Allia).

(6) An Ossianic hero.

(7) The subject of an Ossianic ballad.

(8) The name of an Ossianic poem.

mile 'zur ríce bí ann, ar lár,
 Lán na páirce, bhíúgte, loitce,
 Oimead eile sca múcta d'f báitce,
 Do míc le fána ar Cúl-d'-cúirce.

Le h-éimge gíeme, lá ar na mímaic,
 Cluirfeá mná agur páirtíde ag rímeadaic,
 Ag ceafnuḡad a ḡcáir (1) ar a noítcioll báir,
 A'f ḡan fear le fáḡail o'iomcóríad wáillet.

ḡairm rḡoile ḡladodó (2) an lá ro,
 Fíi vo fáḡail vo cúirfead an dicme (3),
 Tíall vo'n tíi ḡan ríḡe ná dóbair,
 Adc d' míc ar míndib 'r d' m'ḡadó bada.

Cad vo tugad i ḡCíicó fáil,
 O'fáḡ an óit ar beaḡán bacac,
 Adc mire ceap agur mune an odn,
 Bá é mo páiḡ—vo beic ḡan vadodó.

Ní mar rúo cíicónuḡead bainfeir Cógain,
 Níl lá ḡo veó nári cóiri í móladó,
 Adc tar éir píedríaca an tSleazḡáin míoir (4),
 Leis ríad Rairteri an róet ḡan veóiri a cóuladó.

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

(2) "Cuirfead," G.

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

(4) "An thlethane vore," Hessian.

(5) Literally: "A calling of the school." Bothar Mor in

A thousand and twenty there were there on the ground,
 The full of the field were bruised and wounded ;
 As many more of them were smothered and drowned,
 Who ran down the slope of Cul-a-choirco.

With the rising sun on the next day
 You would hear women and children screaming,
 Lamenting their case with a deadly earnestness,
 And not a man to be found to carry a wallet.

A proclamation (5) was cried aloud that day,
 To get men who would bury the tribe
 Who had journeyed to this country without means or cause,
 But running after women and welting with sticks.

A battle was waged in the Land of Fail (Ireland)
 Which has left the place with but few bacachs,
 But I who composed and made the poem,
 My pay was—to be (left) without anything.

It was not so that Owen's marriage was finished,
 There's never a day for ever, but it were right to praise it ;
 But after all the row and merriment of the Shlahaun Mor
 They let Raftery the poet go to sleep without a drop.

this poem meant the old coach road, half a mile south of Cappaghtagel. Abhainn-mac-gearna is, I think, a river near Scariff, in county Clare. Sliabh Bachta is a mountain in county Clare, between Loch Cutra and Tulla. Cul-a-choirce, now called "Oatfield," is north of Cappaghtagel.

Δε πο δβρίαν βρίοζμάρι το μιννε αν Ρεαότιμπε δε
 βιορτυζαδ να ηζαεθεαλ cum ρεαρτα λε Όόμναιλ Ο
 Conaill, δεγυρ cum cúmácta να ηΌάλαό δεγυρ να
 οΤρειννρεαό το βιμρεαδ ι ζConoαέ να ζαλλιμπε. Σδοιλ
 να οδοινε ζο ραιδ αν οά βυαδο πο 'να η-αζαίο ζο μόρι
 ι ζκόμνυιθε. Ιρ πολλυραό ό'η δβρίαν ρέιν ζυρ β'έ Ση
 Σεάζαν Θε βύμκα, αρ Mileac, ι η-αιεε λε ζαλλιμ, το
 βι δε ρεαρταιν αρ ρον να ηζαεθεαλ, δε ιαμραιό ουλ
 αρτεαό ι β'φείρ Σαορην δεγυρ έυιοιζ αν Ρεαότιμπε λειρ
 ιη ραν δβρίαν πο :—

AR ELECTION NA ΖΑΙΛΛΙΜΕ.

Ατά Jumpery ζο οεαόμαό ιη ζαό βαίλε ραοι βυαίομρεαδ
 Ναρ όέαηαιό Όια τρυαιζ το λυότ βίοβλαιό βιέαζ,
 βυδ θεαζ αα ριηη-ηε βειό τμμρεαό ραοι υαλαό,
 Ο ρζριόβ Μάρταιν Λύτερ ι μβλιαόοαην α' ρεαότ-οέαζ.
 η-Ιμρεαδ αν ελυίε 'ρ βι αν μυιλιοτ ι η-υαόταρ
 Ο Conaill 'ρ α έονζηαίη έυιρ εαηη αρ αν ρζέαλ,
 Δότ έυιριό ραν ζαόταοιρ όύιηη Σηρ Σεάζαν Θε βύμκα
 'S λαβριόαίο ρέ [ζο] ελύόαίηαιλ ι β'ράβαρ να
 ηζαεθεαλ.

Νι'λ Όάλαό να Τρειννρεαό ο'ά β'φυιλ ιη ραν ζέυιζε
 Νάε ζέυιμρεαδ ι ηνύιόεε ζο ζελμρεαδ να ζαεοιλ,
 Σζέαλ το ρέμ βαραίηλα αρ ραο, α ζέυιο ύζοαρ,
 Δότ ι οτμιαλλ να έυιρε έυαίο εαηη αρ αν ρζέαλ.
 Να Μαιρτίμζ 'ρ Όαμρταζιό, να Φμιοηηραιζ 'ρ να
 βρύηαζιζ,

Έμρ αν λάη έονζαητα ομμ αη τ-οότμάδ λα οέαζ,
 Τά ρέ λε ρειρην ι βραμρέαρ 'ρ ι ηυαίοεαότ,
 Ι η-αιμμρ αν έμυαδόταην ζυρ ρεαρ να ριρέιν.

Here is a forcible song Raftery made inciting the Gaels to stand by Daniel O'Connell and to break down the power of the Dalys and the Trenches in the county Galway. The people thought that these two families were always greatly against them. It is evident from the song itself that it was Sir John Burke, of Meelick, near Galway, who was standing for the Gaels and trying to get into Parliament, and Raftery helped him with this poem :—

GALWAY ELECTION.

The "Jumpers" are mourning 'neath loathing and scorning,
 The men of false Bibles in sorrow are seen ;
 In their madness and badness they smote us with gladness,
 Since Luther wrote words in the year seventeen.
 The Diamond came up, when the cards, boys, were shuffled,
 But O'Connell has ruffled their wigs on the green ;
 Let us put Sir John Burke in, for us he'll be working,
 We'll choose him, no shirking! his record is clean.

There's neither Daly nor Trench of all that are in the province
 Who would not bet their estate that it would fail the Gael ;
 Their authors (told) the story according to the opinion of all,
 But in trying the case the game came to a head (1).
 The Martyns, the D'Arcys, the Trenches, and the Browns,
 On the eighteenth day the help failed them ;
 It is to be seen in the papers and in the news
 (How) in the time of hardship the righteous-ones stood (fast).

(1) Literally : "These went ahead upon the story."

Βα ἰαῖζουιμιὸ ρεαρμάδα ἰ Milesac na búrcαιζ,
 ἰ ζCαιρλεάν Cille-cúil, ἀ'ρ ἰ ζConoάέ muiζ-εό,
 Το ἰεαρ αριαῖν ταιαιῖν ἰ ζεριαδύταν ζαδ cúipe,
 'S ní μαιβ ραν ζαίγε αν τέ ο'úmluιζοιρ οό.
 Cιζεαρνα na ζαillime εῖροιο ζο ζλαν, ρúνταδ,
 ἰ n-εαδóρuium ζο elúδαῖαι ζυρ εῖτε αρ αν β'όο,
 ζibe ο'φειρφαδó é αρ μαιοιῖν 'ρ é μαιβ ραοι'η ορúέτ,
 Το ἰilρφαδó α ἰúil οά mbeit innti οεόρ.

Oιαρuiuo λαιζεαν α ο'ιμιρ αν δέαο-βεαρτ,
 Α'ρ ἰαοil ρέ nάρ β'είοιρ ζο mβαρφαοε leiρ ραοι,
 O'áρουιζ ρέ cum bealaiz leiρ bean Cιζεαρνα na
 bρειρne

Αζυρ cailleadó na céαοτα μαρ ζεall αρ αν mηαοι.
 Cρionζbow 'ρ α bunadó οε ρζιορiαδó ζηότuiζ éipe,
 Βα mόρ αρ na ζαeóil é, αέτ ní μαιβ ανη leaé-βρiζ,
 ζυρ buail ρύρα Cριομαill, láῖn ρζμορτα na ρéinne
 Το éυρ cum báιρ Séarluρ mac Séamair, αν ριζ.

O caitéadó αν ρρietenοει αρ éρiόin αζυρ οúιέce,
 Tά ζαeóil αρ αν ζcúinne ρeo ραοι ρζiύρρα αζ αν
 ορeam

Το ρζρiόb ἰ n-αζαio muiρe ρυαρi ζρiάρα 'ζυρ cúῖnaéτ,
 'S ἰ ο'oil αν τ-uan cúβαρiέα ρυαρi báρ αρ αν ζCρiann.
 Oíol ηανηαοι αν cρειοeαῖn αρ ρεαcaδó na ορiύρe
 Το ράρα na úζοαρ ní úmlaiζεαδó α éeann,
 Δέτ οioζαlταρ na ζηόταib lá αν τρléibe ρά οúέρμαéτ,
 αρ éρiανmeρ, αρ οτύρ, οο éeανζαil leiρ Anne.

Steadfast soldiers in Meelick were the Burkes,
 In the Castle of Killcool and in the county Mayo,
 Who always stood by the land in the hardship of every case,
 And there was not in the province one to whom they would
 submit.

The Lord of Galway who fought cleanly and worthily,
 In Aughrim illustriously, till he fell upon the sod ;
 Whoever might see him in the morning dead under the dew,
 His eye would shed water if there were a tear in it.

Dermot of Leinster it was who played the first-act,
 And he thought it was not possible that he would be stopped
 in it ;

He hoisted away with him the wife of the Lord of Breffny,
 And hundreds were lost on account of the woman.

Strongbow and his race with one spurt they won Ireland ;
 It was a great (blow) to the Gaels, but there was in it only
 half-force

Until Cromwell met them, the hand that destroyed the Fenians,
 And which put to death Charles, son of James the King.

Since the Pretender was thrown out of his crown and estate
 The Gaels in this corner (of the island) are being scourged by
 the people

Who wrote against Mary who got grace and power,
 And who reared the fragrant Lamb who died upon the tree.

Henry sold the faith for the sin of adultery,
 To Pope or to author he would not bow his head ;
 But vengeance for his work on the Day of the Mountain with
 fervour

On Cranmer, first of all, who bound (i.e., married) to him
 Anne.

Féadaió Fítheir a gair Pluincéad mar léigtear,
 'Do tarraingeadó ó céile gan riosar ná rliže,
 'S a lán eile caillead le ríadnuire bréige,
 'Diođaltar dá réir go raib ar luét an dá éiríoc.
 Cúig púnta ar ceann ríđairt a' r "Guinea" ar an
 zcléiread,
 'D'admaidígead an t-éiríoc cum ríadair a' r Críort,
 Aét 'Dainríogán na n-Árrol o'oil an ríđ, céadad
 Cá bfuil an té déarfad go mbeir innti bhuđ?

A buadailiú oíre curiđ[íú] le céile
 A gair rímadíng ar Éire tá i b'rad i noíoc-éadai,
 Gan ceannar, gan cumar, gan cuibeas, gan éiríad,
 A moínte 'r a rleibte le rglábuígead (1) aríad.
 Bí raó i n-Éad-óruim mar beir caoimúđ léite
 'Dá ríadadó ó céile gan ceannroir ná ríđ,
 Aét o'iomrúđ an ríotá, ní ríradó oúinn don ríú,
 Gan ríadair [le] céile 'r na Sadranaíđ 'éladó.

Tá Lođm'ad a' r 'Dailim a' r 'Dort Inne 'Dairie
 Le ríadéimam 'na noúiríuđad 'r níorí cósad ríad
 néall,
 Aét teinteada larta a gair ríúdar o'á ríuabáó
 Ađ írill 'r ađ uafal, le ríóirí ríoi na n'Đadéil.
 Tá zéadaió 'Dún-ríadad ríoi ríúit a' r ríoi uadigneas
 A' r na 'Dunrwickerr buadéaríta mar zéall ar an
 ríéad,
 M'impíúe zad máirín, go mođadígmíú oúirzad
 A gair 'Dallaió o'á ríúad in zad cúinne ađ na
 Đadéil.

(1) "le ceas ríad" ran MS., aét ní éiríim ríin.

See ye Fisher and Plunket as is read,

Who were drawn asunder without cause or reason,
 And many more who were lost by false witness ;
 May vengeance according to it be on the people of the two
 hearts.

Five pounds for the head of a priest and a guinea for the clerk,
 Who would admit the habit which Peter shaped and Christ ;
 But (as for) the Queen of the Apostles, who nurtured the King
 who was crucified,

Where is the man who might (venture to) say that there was in
 her any power ?

Ye faithful boys, help one another,

And think ye upon Ireland, which is long in ill-ease ;
 Without authority, without power, without things-fitting, without
 effect,

Her bogs and her mountains in slavery ever.
 They were in Aughrim as it were grey (?) sheep,
 Being routed from one another without a captain or king ;
 But the wheel has turned, and there is no satisfaction for us,
 Without standing together and destroying the Sassanachs.

Loughrea and Galway and Gort of Innis Guaire
 Are for a week awake and have not slept a wink,
 But (with) lighted fires and firing powder (2),
 Both low and high with joy-sport about the Gael.

The gates of Dunsandle are under clouds and loneliness,
 And the Brunswickers are troubled because of the news ;
 My request every morning is that we may hear of an awakening,
 And of the Galls being smitten in every corner by the Gael.

(2) Literally: "Powder a-squibbing."

1r minic bí Conradé na Sailleime buaidóirígte ag
 toḡadḡ oḡoine le oul arthead ἰ bḡairliméad, áct 1r
 anam bí an oiréad miorḡair agur oiró-fola ar ríúbal
 agur vo bí nuair cum an Reacḡúme an t-abrián ruar,
 ran mbliadain 1833 nuair táinig toḡa zeinearálta ar
 Ville an Reform. Vo fear Séamar O Dálaiḡ (an céad
 Tigearna Dunranodail) agur an Treinnthead ó Héad-á-
 na-rluaidḡte mar "Tóir," agur bí Sir Seáḡan a Búica
 agur Séamar Lambert, Cneige-cláira, ar ron na Whig.
 Cus an Dairaidḡeac ó'n ḡCloán a lán ve bóitéarib
 leir ḡo Sailleim agur cuiréad idḡ ar lóirín ἰ vthead-
 braidé mic Uí Donnḡaile, áct cuiréad an teac ar
 lafadḡ or a ḡcionn agur oḡigeadḡ oiría é. Bí long briedḡ
 reóltá, long pléiríú, ag an mbliacac ó Cairleán
 Orán, air a vtheadḡ an Corrair. Bí rí ar ancoiré ἰ
 mbairé Oránmóir nuair cuiréad le teimḡ ἰ agur cúadḡ
 rí ḡo tóim. Tá a ruigthead le feicirnt fḡr ag "Poll a
 Corrair." Bí an Cladac ἰ nSailleim ag Séamar O
 Dálaiḡ an uair rin, áct o'iompuig na h-iarḡairíde 'na
 aḡairḡ agur cúḡadair a ḡcuis bóta vo'n Whig. Cuir
 rin an oiréad rin véirḡinn agur feirige ar an nDálac
 gur oíol ré an Cladac le Hannriaoi ḡraḡtan, nac
 maréann. 1r air rin atá an Reacḡúme triacḡ nuair
 veir ré ran abrián "ἰ n-airíir an éruadḡtain vo fear
 na ríreim," mar éarriainḡ ríad fearḡ an Tigearna
 talíman oiría. 1r óm' éaríad Mairiú O Finn ar Orán-
 móir vo ruair mé an cuntas ro, oir cúimnig ré réin an
 toḡadḡ ro ḡo marc. Rinne an Reacḡúme amac ḡo mbuḡ
 é an ḡaeḡeal vo bí a n-aḡairḡ an ḡaill agur an
 Cairiolacac vo bí a n-aḡairḡ an ḡmiorḡairḡim an.

The county Galway has often been troubled with the election of men to Parliament, but there was seldom so much enmity and ill-feeling going as there was when Raftery made the above song. in the year 1833 when the general election took place over the Reform Bill. James Daly (the first Lord Dunsandle) and Trench of Ballinasloe stood as Tories, and Sir John Burke (of Marble Hill), and James Lambert, of Cregclare, stood for the Whigs. Darcy, of Clifden, brought a number of voters with him to Galway and they were put to lodge in Donnelly's malt-house, but the house was set afire over their heads and burnt on them. Blake of Orancastle had a fine sailing vessel, a pleasure yacht, called The Corsair. She was at anchor in the Bay of Oranmore when she was also set on fire and went to the bottom. Her remains are to be seen yet at the place called Poll-a-Chorsair. The Cladagh in Galway was in James Daly's possession at that time, but the fishermen turned against him and gave their votes to the Whig. This put so much anger and disgust on Daly that he sold the Cladagh to the late Henry Grattan. It is of this Raftery speaks when he says in the song that "in the time of hard trial the righteous ones stood fast," because they drew down upon themselves the anger of the landlord. It is from my friend Mr. Mat. Finn of Oranmore I got this account of the matter, for he remembers this election well. Raftery made out that it was the Gael who was against the Gall, and the Catholic who was against the Protestant in it.

Δὲ γο ἀν τ-ἀβραν το μιννε ἀν Ρεαότύμπε νυαίρ
 τοῖσδὸ Δόμινδλλ Ο Conaill 'ἠδ φέιρμπε λε Conoαέ ἀν
 Ἐλάιρ. Το βί κατ κυαιὸ τοιρ ἐ φέιν αἰγυρ Véρι Mac
 Ξεραιλτ γαν μβλιαόδαιν, 1829, αἰγυρ ἔδαιμζ Δόμινδλλ
 Ο Conaill ἀμαδ ἰ η-υαδταρ. Ριννε Εοῖξαν Ο Conmπαίρε,
 ἰ ζConoαέ ἀν Ἐλάιρ, ἀβραν εἰλε ἀρ γονη "Σίγλε Μι
 Ξαύρια," ἀρ ἀν οαίτο γεο, οαίτο ο'φάξ, μαρ ουβδαίτ
 γέ:—

Ο'φάξ Véρι Mac Ξεραιλτ φαοι ἔαμκυρνε ἀρ λάρ
 αἰγυρ Δόμινδλλ Ο Conaill ἰ ζcumann 'r ἰ βφερόμιοδ
 αἰγυρ πόρτα λε γνόδ λεατ, α Σίγλε Μι Ξαύρια.

Μιορ ἰμεαγὰ το'η Ρεαότύμπε, αἰγυρ ο'ιαίρμ γέ μείρνεαδ
 νυαδὸ το ἐυρ ἰν γαν ηΞαεούεαλ, αἰγυρ ο'άρμοαίξ γέ
 Δόμινδλλ Ο Conaill ἰν γαν ἀβραν γο, λεαδαρ:—

βυαίρὸ υἱ ἰ Conaill.

Δατά Τύμκαίξ ἀ'ρ Ξιρέαζαίξ αἰζ ζαβδαίλ ο'ά ἐέιλε,
 Αἰγυρ καίλλρεαρ ἠα ἐέαυτα α βροφ ἀ'ρ ἔαλλ,
 Αἰμπεόαίρὸ Σακραναίξ ἀ'ρ Φιαννεαίξ α ἐέιλε,
 Αἰγυρ λαγγαίρὸ ἔιμπε λε φαοδαρ λαμν.
 Μ'ιμπρόε ἀρ ἴοφα, Οἰα η-δοιμπε ἐέαφαδ,
 ἠαίρ ἐείρὸ μέ ἰ η-έαζ ζο οτιγίρὸ ἀν τ-αμ
 Α μβείρὸ ζαδ κυο αα αἰζ πλαννεαδὸ α ἐέιλε,
 ἀ'ρ ζο βράζμαοιο πλείρμμ ἀρ "Ομανζεμεν."

(1) Literally : The Turks and Greeks are beating one another,
 And thousands shall be lost on this side and on that ; The
 English and the French shall aim at each other, And Ireland

Here is the song which Raftery made when Daniel O'Connell was elected a member of Parliament by the county Clare. He and Vesey Fitzgerald fought a hard battle for it in the year 1829, and Daniel O'Connell came out on top. Owen O'Curry in the county Clare made another song to the air of "Sheela ni Guire" on this occasion, an occasion which he says left

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

Raftery also no less endeavoured to put new courage into the Gael, and exalted O'Connell in the following song:—

O'CONNELL'S VICTORY.

The Greek and the Turk are hard at work,
And shall we, boys, shirk in the common weal,
When the French shall smite at the English might,
And Ireland light with a blaze of steel?
Dear God, who suffered for us on Friday,
May I never die till I see them reel,
The Orangemen in an Irish pen,
We shall make them then come in to heel (1).

shall light with the edge of blades. My beseeching to Jesus, who was crucified on Friday (is) That I may never go to death until the time comes When each side of them shall be leathering the other, And till we shall get our pleasure of the Orangemen.

Μά'ρ ρίον ζαό δον νιό υά'ρ ρζιόβδσ δρ Θιμιν,

 1ρ ραδσ δν τ-έλιυζαό νο τσβδριτ cūm cinn,

 “Emancipation” νο τεαότ ραοι ρέαδσ,

 Cεσθ δζ δν ηζσεόεαλ βειτ cōm h-άιπο Le ζαλλ.

 Το ραοιλ να cέαυτα ναό οτιυρσάδ δν ρζέαλ ριν,

 ζο νοτορδίζεαό ρρριευέαό δ βυρ δ'ρ έαλλ,

 ρυαρι Θιηε ριέζτιυζαό σαβδρι δ'ρ έιρτεαότ,

 Μυα ριότcάν βρiέζε é ní'λ νοcάρι δνν.

ρέαcάιό υριownlow βι ριόμδινν 'να νάμδαισ,

 'Να cεανηρριτ άιπο ορ cιονη “Οριανζεμεν,”

 ζυρ ιομπυιζ δ ινντινν Le τοιλ να ηζιόρσ,

 Le linn δν cάιρ ρεο βειτ τεαότ cūm cinn.

Τά δν cριυτυζαό λάιρι ραν υζοδρι τσρριδινζτε,

 ζυρ cάιλλ ριν Μάιηε Le cλιρεαό ζαλλ,

 Όειρ Σιδύδαι δ'ρ λάλαιρ. Ο Cοναλλ δ'ρ ζορμαν,

 ζο βρυιζ'μιο ράραό ζαν μίριάν μαιλλ'.

1ρ ραδσ ζέαρλεανδαιμιν λεαζτς δρ ζσεόεαλ βοcτ,

 'Σε Ηανηιδοι δν cέαυ-ρδαρι cορδαιζ δν cάρ,

 υδ ιμεαρσ δ cρiέιτρε ζο μίρι νά Ηέροσ

 Όο cυρι να cέαυτα 'ρ να μιλτε cūm βάιρ.

Ό'ιοc ρέ δν ρέδριαc νο ριέρι μαρι λiέζτεδρι,

 Μά'ρ νιό ζο ηζέιλλριμιο νο cόιηιόό Wδρισ,

 Τά ρέ ι νοδοριβριυο ραοι cύριρδιβ ζέαρι,

 'Σαν άιτ ναc ρέοιρι δον ρυριτcάτ ράζδαι

If everything that is written about Eire be true,

It (takes) long to bring the demand to a head :

Emancipation to come under seal,

Leave for the Gael to be as high as the Gall.

The hundreds thought that that thing (I would never come

Until a dispersal should commence on this side and on that ;

Eire has (now) found a settlement, help, and hearing,

Unless it be a false peace there is no harm in it.

Behold Brownlow who was an enemy in front of us,

A high captain over the Orangemen,

How his mind has changed by the will of the Graces,

While this case was coming to a head.

The strong proof is drawn out in the (book of the) author

That Mary lost that (2), by the failure of the Gall ;

Shiel and Lawless, O'Connell, and (O') Gorman say

That we shall get satisfaction without much delay.

It is long that persecution is laid upon the poor Gael,

Henry was the first who began the case ;

His character was much worse than Herod's,

Who put to death the hundreds and the thousands.

He paid for the grazing, according as is read,

If it is a thing that we agree to the discourse of Ward ;

He is in captivity (now) beneath a sharp regimen

In the place where it is not possible to get relief.

(1) Literally: "Story." (2) This verse is not very clear.

Glóirí do Chríost a' r' do Rí na nGriáda,
 Tá an éarraig lárí nárí éirí armaid,
 S' doil Seádan a' r' Máirtain a tabairt le fána,
 'S éóg Hanhrioi ráirt leó i ngeall ar mnaoi.
 Críonfaió an fócanán 'r tuitirí an bláé dé,
 Béirí an leóman ar lárí a' r' ní fáirfaió an bhig,
 Marí ir fáda ó duibhíó linn go tuicraó an lá geal
 Do íenníreáó an éláiríreáó túinn i mbliadóan an
 Naoi

Sunnairí a' r' Láimé a' r' teinte enáimé,
 Béirí a gáinn amáiré, a gur tá ré i n-am,
 Ó fuairí O Conaill buairí arí an náimíó,
 Aipeócairí bláirí a' r' béirí meaf arí érimí.
 I gConradé an éláirí tá uairle a' r' áirí-pláca
 A g crácaó láim a' r' a g véanaim gíinn,
 Aét bog fáoi an gáiríta go n-ólam pláinte
 Ná b'fearí ó árimínn go h-Innre éinn.

A g r' o abríán eile do múnne an Reacáiríe a
 n-a gáirí na nGall a gur an Ríagáirí. Dúinne an
 meafáimí, marí éualar, do hí i mbeairínán Rírtáirí.
 Ir pollíreá ó'n abríán go mairí ré 'na Duacáirí b'án no
 m'uo ve'n tróirí rín, a gur gurí teilgeáó é a g an n'olige
 Gallí, a gur gurí víbireáó é éarí fáile, a gur gurí

(1) Alluding to the prophecy :

nuairí éairleaf an leóman a neairí
 'S an fócanán b'ieac a bhig,
 Seinníreó an éláiríreáó go binn, binn,
 íoirí a h-óét a gur a Naoi.

Glory be to Christ and to the King of the Graces,

The Rock is strong that never failed ;

John and Martin thought to bring it down-the-hill,

And Henry took part with them on account of a woman.

The thistle shall wither and the blossom shall fall off it,

The lion shall be overthrown and no strength shall remain in
him,

For it is long since it was said that the bright day would come

When the harp would play to us in the year of the Nine (1).

Guns and firing and bonfires

Shall we have to-morrow, and it is time,

Since O'Connell has gained victory over the enemy,

Blossoms shall ripen and there shall be fruit on the trees.

In the county Clare nobility and high chiefs

Are shaking hands and sporting ;

But here with the quart (2) till we drink the health

Of the men from Aran to Inchiquin.

Here is another song that Raftery made against the Galls and the Government. A very respectable person, as I have heard, was Barney Richard. It is evident from the song that he was a Whiteboy or something of that kind, and that he was con-

i.e, when the lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle its vigour, the harp shall play, sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine.

(2) A comic expression. Literally: "Soften (or rock) under the quart."

ἴσοις να ὁδοίη ζυμῖν-έδωζεαι το τεύχεαδ' ἐ. Τά
 λεατ' οὐ'ν βέαιρα οὐμεαυαδ' ἰμπίγτε, αζυρ νίση φέαο
 μέ α φάξαι. Αζ αν ἴσοις ελοίε αζυρ αζ Μαε ἡι φλοιν
 το ρυαη με αν τ-αβρῆν πο :—

ΒΕΑΡΗΑΝ ΡΙΣΤΕΑΡΟ.

Τυς να η-ύξοαιρ ναεμίτα κύντυρ ούινν ραν ἴγέαλ πο,
 Ζο οτιυραδ' ἡυαίς αν ζαεὐεαλ, ἴρ ζο μβείτ' αν
 ομεαμ λε φάξαι,
 Ναε λεαυραδ' ολίγε αν Δέν-ἡίε εὐαίθ ἡ ραν ζρηαν
 ο'ά εευραδ',
 Αν ρον αν είνε οαοννα, αζυρ αν υαη α τηί ραν λα.
 Μαη ἴγεαταρ αν ζατ ζηέιηε, νο μαη εὐηπλινγεαρ να
 η-έεληρρ,
 Ζαε πλάις το εὐιτ αν εἴγρητ ζο οταζαίθ οηηα ο'ά
 βάρη,
 Βερῆαν ερηοθε να φέιλε, ἴζοτ να ρολα ἡρ τηέιηε,
 Α εὐη α βραο αρ εἴηυνν ἴρ ἐ νεαῖν-έιονηταδ' ἡ ραν
 ζεάρ.
 Ο οὐίλτυις ἡαηηηαοι α εέαο-βεαν αν οτύρ αν
 “Reformation,”
 Τά ἴζιύηηαίθ ερηαίθε ζέαιρα αν ζαεὐίλ ἴζαε η-υίλε
 αίτ,
 Ο'ά ηοιίγε ηί εὐγταρ ζέιλλεαδ' αετ ο'ά ζρηοάθ α'ἴ
 οά ζεέαυραδ',
 'S α Οἶα ναε μόη αν τ-ιουζαηταρ αν ρίολ το βείτ αν
 λάρ!

condemned by the Gallda law and banished overseas, but that the people thought he was unjustly condemned. Half of the last verse is wanting, and I could not recover it. It was with the stone-cutter and Glynn that I got this song:—

BARNEY RICHARD.

Wrote authors most undoubted who truth have never flouted
 That the Gaels would yet be routed by a sacrilegious foe,
 Desirous to enslave us, and trampling on the Saviour
 Who gave His blood to save us one Friday, long ago.
 God! may their sun be shaded, may clouds and night assail them,
 Each plague of Egypt plague them, and smite them as they go.
 See Bernard, nought could save him, the noble, generous, brave
 one,
 Transported over wave, and he not guilty, as we know.

Since Henry denied his first wife, on the beginning of the
 Reformation,
 There are hard, sharp scourges (laid) on the Gaels in every
 place;
 No submission is given to their law, but to hang them and to
 torture them,
 And, Oh God! is it not a great wonder the seed to be on the
 ground?

Crieorò ceann na cléire do ríob 'r do éus úinn
 rḡéala

So bfuil an ríam i mbáru na véire no ir bréas a
 oubarit n. Seáḡan,

Ó o'iomraíḡ cionán ríemot a n-ḡaíó Donnáó ḡur
 Séamair,

Lomáó an cláir i n-éinfeadct a' r tá Éire ó foin le fán.

Tá ríul ḡam le Crieorta so bfillrío bairmíó aríte
 [aríte],

Mar ríob [úinn] ríaromíní naó ríarúainn an lá,
 So mbéíó ḡallab ríaríte rínte ḡan oume le n-a
 ḡaoimead,

Adt teinte cnám [oul] ríor éusainn ḡ laráó ríar
 so h-áru.

Tá an ríḡe ḡ Clannab mílío do omraíḡ ríar
 'r Crieorta,

Adt ó ríaríḡ ḡannabíó a ḡníoimáiréa tá Cairiolabíḡ
 ar láir,

Adt béíó ríar ríar aríte tá an ríar a b'ḡar ríob-
 tá[ríob],

A mbéíó "Omangemen" o'á ríaríó ḡur ríaríomíó
 le fán.

'Sé ḡannabíó, méirí mar léiḡtear, do ríaríḡ aríar
 an rḡéal ro

O'fás ríaríaríó ríaríó ar ḡaríó, no so ḡaríaríó
 ríar a ríar,

S ḡur b'é oubarit an ríaríó naemíá ḡannabíó
 ríar "revelation,"

ḡur oume ar b'aríó céille naó b'aríó leir an lá.

(1) Or "gone down the hill." I cannot think who is meant

Believe ye the head of the clergy, who wrote and gave us word
 That the grain is in the top of the ear-of-corn, or else it is a lie
 St. John has spoken ;

Since the Five of Spades turned against Donnchadh (?) and James,
 The board was cleared-bare altogether, and Erin is ever since
 astray (1).

I have hope in Christ that Bartly may return again,
 As Pastorini wrote that the day is not far from us
 When the Galls shall be shuffled, and stretched out with no one
 to lament them,
 But bonfires put down for us, blazing up on high.

The clans of the Milesians have the law that Peter and Christ
 ordained,

But since Henry began his acts the Catholics are on the ground,
 But they shall be up again, the date is near to them,
 In which Orangemen shall be being plucked, and spies
 scattered abroad.

It is Henry, as is read, who altogether settled this history (i.e.,
 who left things the way they are),

Which has left hard scourges on the Gaels until they shall have
 spent their allotted-time ;

And surely it is what the holy author St. John, in the Revelation,
 said,

That he is a person of little sense who would not wait for the
 day.

Νυδιμ ιονηρόδαρ Ζαίλλ Δ céile μαρι ο'ιονηραϊζ̄ Cιμοσιλλ
 Séarluγ,
 Νο Ρομπαιό Ιυλιυρ Séarar το ταμμιαινζ̄ έδζ̄ Δ'ρ Δρ,
 Νυδιμ ειόριό ριβ̄ αν μέδσ ριν τιζεαό Ζαεόιλ ι οτεαντα
 Δ céile,
 Δ'ρ ριν ι αν υδιμ μά'ρ ρέιοιμ ζηόόοόσιό ριβ̄ αν λά.

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

Αν ζ̄αοό Δ ησδαρ ζο ρέιοριό αν ταρ le ηδαρτ να
 ζηέμε,
 Δ'ρ ζο οτόζφαϊό Δρ Δ η-έδσδαν αν τημαϊέ το ειό τύ
 Δρ λάρ,
 Σεόιλ να σρυννε ι η-είηφεδάτ Δζυρ Οηρβευρ Δζ ρειμμ
 τέδσδ,
 Βυό βιννε λιομ ná αν μέδσ ριν να Σαορδανδϊζ̄ βειτ
 Δρ λάρ*.

*ρυαμ μέ κόιρ ειλε, ό ροιμ, υε'η οάν ρο ό'η ηεαότάναό, Δζυρ
 έυζ ρειρεαν "Βαηινί Rochfort" Δρ. Τά αν βέαηρα υειρεανναό ρο
 Διζε ηαό ηαιβ Δζαμ-ρα :—

Οά θρηεαζηηιζεαό Βαηινί βλέιχη, Δέτ, Δρ ηοόίζ, ηί ηαιβ βαοζαλ Δρ,
 Μαη 'ρ,ιασ Δ ημυηητιη ρέιμ.βί ο'ά τημαζαιλ ηη ραν ζσάρ,
 Οά μέδσ λυέτ αν έιέιζ ρυαρ Δρ αν ηgreen table

[Δζ] μιοηηυζαό ηη ραν ρζéal ριν, 'ρ,ιασ ανη ζαν ριορ εια'η ράέ.
 Ο! Δ.Ορφορ το ράβδαιλ εέαοτα Δ'ρ ρζοιτε ηομπα αν ημυηι τέαόταιζτε,
 ρυαμ βυαιό ό ημυηη ηαεηίτα τά ασα ηηρ ζαό ζάό,
 Ζο οτυζαϊό τύ ρλάν αν ρέιηε αβαίλε έυζαηηη ηηε céile
 Βαηινί Rochfort Δ'ρ Ρατ έζαν, αν υιαρ ατά μέ 'ηάό.

When the Galls shall attack one another, even as Cromwell
 attacked Charles,

Or Pompey, Julius Caesar, who drew death and slaughter (with
 him),

When ye shall see all that, then let the Gaels come close together

That is the hour, if it be possible, that ye shall win the day.

.

 (1)

The south wind, till it shall blow away the heat with the power of
 the sun,

And till it shall lift out of a face (right away) the swathe that
 you see overthrown,

The music of the world altogether, and Orpheus playing harp-
 strings.

Sweeter than it all to me would be the English to be over-
 thrown.

(1) The first half of this verse I have been unable to recover. I have since got another copy of this song from Owen O'Naughton, who calls it "Barney Rochfort." It contains the final verse which I had not got:—

If Barney Blakeney were to have answered, but sure indeed there
 was no fear of him (dóing that),

Seeing that it was his own people who were being tried in the
 case,

However great the number of perjurers up on the green table
 might be,

Making oath in the matter, and they without knowing why (he

I got from a man of the MacDermots, a car-driver in Castlebar, a part of another poem about the Ribbonmen, and I got more of it afterwards from my friend Mr. Naughton, who said it was Raftery who composed it. It is only a small, broken fragment, and it is not certain that it is by Raftery:—

THE WHITEBOYS.

The Rock unbroken of which was spoken

By John in the Revelation

Has long been shrouded in tears and clouded

(St. Peter's own foundation).

Luther cut down with unlovely frown

The trees of our plantation ;

The suckers grew and they were not few

In the valley of the faithful.

Trench is strong against the Clanna Gael

Until they take the full of the Bible (of an oath)

To be faithful to him who shall not pray to the Son of God,

And shall not submit to the Mother of Christ.

Rise ye up, and answer to the hour

That is now coming upon ye at the present time,

Until the strands (of the rope) be loosened that are (now) spun
tightly,

Since the candle was lit for Martin.

speaking.

Raftery calls the Red Sea here "the curdled or congealed sea," a very interesting expression, as showing how steeped the blind man was in the traditionalism of the Gael, for this is the very expression used in the Children of Uisneach for the magic sea which the druid raised round Beirdre and Naoise. It is evidently from that saga that he took the expression.

Δέτ γελλαιμ-ρέ ὄδοιῖδ αν τέ γεοβαρ φαοζαί,
 Ζο βρυιζιρὸ “Ribbonmen” λυαέ α ρλάιντε,
 Δι ρον ζαέ h-uile οιοῦε ο’ά μαβανσιν να ριυῖε
 Φαοι ριου, φαοι ρνεαέτα, α’ρ φαοι βάιρτεαέ.
 Οιορ αν ριζ νί βέιρὸ ρεαρτα λε ν’ιου,
 Θεαέμιορὸ νά νιὸ δι βιέ νί βέιρὸ τριάέτ διη,
 Βέιρὸ ταλαιμ ζαν (1) λυαέ, α’ρ Clanna Ζαεῦεαί ρυαρ
 Δζυρ Σαερσιναιζ βυαιῖεαίρτα αριάῖτε.

Α Τομάιρην βρεαέτναιζ νάρι λειζιὸ Οια ρευν ορι,
 Ιρ ιομῶα μιονν’-έιζε ευζ τύ λε μί,
 Ιο’ ρεαραιν ιν ραν “μβαρμιαε” αζ ούιτ λειρ αν ηζαμε(3)
 Σαοιλ τύ ζο h-έαζ ναέ βρειερεά αν Ζοιρ-ρμαιοίε (4).
 Μά τέιῖεαην τύ αβαίλε ρεαέαην οο ρύιλε
 Δι ζιάνιν αζυρ ρύζοαρι [ζο οτέρὸ τύ ραν ζοιρέ,]
 Α’ρ “Mollie Μαζυιρερ,” ιρ λάιουιρ α ζοαηζαην (5)
 ’Σιαο ριύβλαρ ζο αλύῖαηα ιλ ιζαερτ-λάρι αν λαέ.

Ιηηιμ-ρε ὄδοιῖδ μά βράζαην ριῖ-ρε φαοζαί,
 Ζο βρυιζιρὸ “rebelmen” λυαέ α ρλάιντε
 Ι λεαβαιο ζαέ οιοῦέ’ οο ααιε ριασ ’να ριυῖε
 Φαοι ζαοιέ, φαοι ρεαρτέαηη, α’ρ φαοι βάιρτεαέ.
 Σεαραιὸ ζο ολύετ νά τέιῖῖῖο δι ζοῦλ
 Αζυρ βρυιζιὸ τρε λυέτζάρινα
 Βιρεαέ αζυρ βυαιῖὸ ζο οταζαῖὸ ζο λυαέ,
 Αζυρ λεαζαῖὸ Μαε Οέ άρι νάηαηο.

(1) “να λυαέ,” ουβαίρε ρειρεαν, αέτ νί ευιζιμ ριν.

(2) μιονν’-έιζε = έίτεαέ, οεαρζ-βρεάζ.

(3) “λειρ αν αέη,” ουβαίρε ρέ. νί ευιζιμ ριν.

(4) Ουβαίρε αν Οιαρμαιοεαέ λιομ ζυρ β’έ αν Ζοιρ-ρμαιοίε άιε
 κόηηυῖε αν ρριῖεαοόηα, αέτ ζυρ ααιε ρέ αν οιρεαο ριν ο’ά αηηιρ
 ’η ραν μβαρμιαε ζο ραοιρρεαὸ ουιηε ναέ μβειέ ρέ ουλ αβαίλε έοιῖεε:

(5) “αοηζαην τά λάιουιρ,” άρι ραν Οιαρμαιοεαέ, αέτ ο’άερμιαζ

But I promise ye, whoever of ye shall have life,
That the Ribbon men shall yet get the price of the health (they
have lost)

On account of every night that they were sitting up,
Under frost, under snow, and under rain.

There shall not in future be any King's Rent to pay,
Tithes or anything (of the kind) there shall be no talk of,
Land shall be without price and the Clanna Gael shall be up,
And Sasanachs troubled and ruined.

O, Thomaseen Walsh, may God never allow prosperity on you,
Many is the perjured oath you have taken the last month,
Standing in the barrack, hoping for the game,

You thought that you would never see Gort Fraoich (6).
But if you go home let your eyes beware of
Shot and powder, till you go beneath clay,
And Molly Maguires, their help is strong,
It is they who walk with-renown in the middle of the day.

I tell ye that if ye live (to see it) (7)

The rebelmen shall yet get the price of their health
In requital of each night that they spent sitting up,
Beneath wind, beneath rain, and beneath wet.

Stand ye close, do not ye go back,
And break through the guardsmen ;
May betterment and victory come soon,
And the Son of God shall overthrow our enemy.

míre é. Labairtear "congnam" mar "cúú."

(6) The narrator explained that the spy who lived in Gort Fraoich had made the police barracks his second home, as though he should never have to return to his own house.

(7) This half verse from MacDermot is substantially the same as Naughton's, and I have had to repeat it.

ΤΙΣΜΟ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΖΟ ΟΤΙ ΑΝ ΟΔΝ ΙΡ ΡΑΙΘΕ ΔΖΥΡ ΖΟ ΟΤΙ
 ΑΝ ΙΑΡΜΙΔΕΤ ΙΡ ΜΟ ΟΟ ΠΙΝΝΕ ΑΝ ΚΕΔΕΤΥΜΕ ΔΖ ΡΙΛΙΘΕΔΕΤ.
 ΝΙ ΜΟ ΔΖΥΡ ΝΙ ΛΥΖΑ Ε ΡΕΟ ΝΑ ΙΤΑΙΡ ΖΕΑΡΜΙ ΕΡΜΙΝΝ ΔΡ
 ΕΙΜΙΝΝ, ΔΖΥΡ Ι ΟΥΡΕΤΑ ΡΙΟΡ Ι ΒΡΟΙΜ ΚΟΜΡΙΑΘ ΙΟΥΡ Ε ΡΕΙΝ
 ΔΖΥΡ ΡΕΑΝ-ΡΖΕΔΕ ΕΡΙΟΝ. ΙΡ ΙΟΝΖΑΝΤΑΕ ΛΙΟΜ ΜΑΡ ΟΟ
 ΟΥΜ ΟΥΙΝΕ ΟΟ ΒΙ ΖΑΝ ΜΑΘΑΡΕ, ΔΖΥΡ Ε ΒΑΙΘΤΕ Ι ΝΘΕΑΡΜΖ-
 ΒΟΕΤΑΝΥΡ ΜΑΡ ΑΝ ΚΕΔΕΤΥΜΕ, ΑΝ ΟΔΝ ΡΑΘΑ ΡΟ ΟΟΙΜ ΖΥΜΝΝ
 ΡΙΝ ΔΖΥΡ ΙΡ ΟΟΙΛΙΖ Α ΜΑΘ ΟΑ ΒΡΥΔΑΡ ΡΕ Α ΟΥΡΟ ΕΘΛΑΡ ΔΡ
 ΡΕΑΝΟΕΥΡ ΔΖΥΡ ΔΡ ΡΕΑΝ-ΡΤΑΙΡ ΝΑ Η-ΕΙΜΕΔΑΝΝ. ΟΥΡ ΝΙ ΜΑΙΒ
 ΑΝ ΟΥΝΤΑΡ ΕΥΖΑΝΝ ΡΕ ΔΡ ΝΑ ΡΕΑΝ-ΒΥΝΝΑΙΘΙΒ, ΔΖΥΡ ΔΡ
 ΟΥΡΟ ΘΕ'Ν ΤΡΕΑΝ-ΡΤΑΙΡ ΛΕ ΡΑΖΑΙΛ Ι Ν-ΑΟΝ ΛΕΑΒΑΡ, ΔΖΥΡ
 ΙΡ ΟΟΙΖ ΖΥΡ ΑΒ ΔΡ ΒΕΔΑΛ ΝΑ ΝΘΑΟΙΝΕ ΟΟ ΜΑΡ ΑΝ ΟΥΡΟ ΙΡ
 ΜΟ ΘΕ'Ν ΤΡΕΑΝΟΕΥΡ ΡΙΝ, ΔΖ ΤΕΔΕΤ ΑΝΟΥΡ ΔΖΥΡ Ε ΔΡ ΝΑ
 ΡΖΑΖΑΘ Ο ΟΥΙΝΕ ΖΟ ΟΥΙΝΕ Ο'Ν ΑΙΜΡΥΡ Α ΜΑΙΒ Α ΖΟΥΡΟ
 ΡΕΑΝΟΕΥΡΕ ΡΕΙΝ ΔΖ ΝΑ ΖΑΕΘΕΑΛΑΙΒ. ΤΑ Α ΒΡΑΘ ΝΙΟΡ ΜΟ
 ΤΡΙΑΕΤΑ ΙΝ ΡΑΝ ΟΔΝ ΡΟ ΔΡ ΡΕΑΝ-ΡΤΑΙΡ ΝΑ Η-ΕΙΜΕΔΑΝΝ ΜΑΡ
 ΒΙ ΡΙ ΜΟΙΜ ΑΙΜΡΥΡ ΝΑ ΣΕΑΝ-ΖΑΛΛ ΝΑ ΑΤΑ ΔΡ ΡΤΑΙΡ ΝΥΔΙΘ
 ΝΑ ΤΙΜΕ Ο ΑΙΜΡΥΡ ΝΑ ΝΖΑΛΛ ΑΝΟΥΡ. ΔΖΥΡ ΙΡ ΡΙΟΡ-ΖΑΕΘ-
 ΕΑΛΑΕ ΑΝ ΟΑΙΛΙΘΕΔΕΤ Ε ΡΙΝ, ΟΥΡ ΒΑ Ε ΙΝ ΡΑΝ ΤΡΕΑΝ-
 ΕΙΜΙΝΝ ΟΟ ΡΥΔΑΡ ΝΑ ΡΖΕΑΛΤΟΙΡΙ ΔΖΥΡ ΝΑ ΡΙΛΙΘΕ ΔΘΒΑΡ Α
 ΖΟΥΡΟ ΡΖΕΑΛ ΔΖΥΡ Α ΖΟΥΡΟ ΟΔΝ ΟΟ ΖΝΑΕ.

ΙΡ ΙΜΠΤΕΑΕΤΑΕ ΑΝ ΟΑΟΙ ΔΡ ΖΛΕΥΡ ΑΝ ΚΕΔΕΤΥΜΕ Α
 ΡΖΕΑΛ. ΝΙ ΕΤΟΡΑΙΖΕΑΝΝ ΡΕ ΕΔΕΤΡΙΑ ΔΖΥΡ ΙΜΤΕΔΕΤΑ ΝΑ
 Η-ΕΙΜΕΔΑΝΝ Ο'ΙΝΝΡΙΝΤ ΔΡ ΟΤΥΡ, ΔΡ ΕΑΘΑΝ. ΟΥΙΜΕΔΑΝΝ ΡΕ
 ΡΑΘΒΑΡ ΔΡ ΔΡ Ν-ΕΙΡΤΕΔΕΤ Ι ΟΤΟΡΑΕ, ΛΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΡΖΕΑΛ ΟΑ
 ΕΑΟΙΒ ΡΕΙΝ, ΜΑΡ ΜΟΙΜ-ΜΑΘ. ΙΡ Ο Ν-Α ΒΕΑΕΤΑ ΡΕΙΝ, ΙΡ ΟΟΙΖ,
 ΔΖΥΡ Ο Ν-Α ΡΥΛΑΙΝΖ ΜΙΜΙΕ ΡΕΙΝ, ΟΟ ΕΑΡΜΑΙΝΖ ΡΕ ΑΝ ΟΥΡ-
 ΡΙΟΡ ΔΡ ΑΝ ΤΥΛΕ ΤΙΟΜ-ΡΕΑΡΜΙΕΤΑΙΝΝΕ ΟΟ ΕΔΙΝΙΖ ΔΡ, ΔΖΥΡ
 ΔΡ ΑΝ ΝΟΡΟΕ-ΡΑΡΖΑΘ ΟΟ ΡΥΔΑΡ ΡΕ ΔΖ ΒΥΝ ΝΑ ΡΕΑΝ-
 ΡΖΕΙΘΕ. ΝΙ Η-Ε ΑΕΤ ΑΝ ΛΑ ΔΡ Ν-Α ΜΑΡΙΑΕ ΟΟ ΛΑΒΑΡ ΑΝ
 ΣΖΕΔΕ ΛΕΙΡ ΝΥΔΑΡ ΕΥΖ ΡΕ Α ΜΑΛΛΑΕΤ ΟΟ

We now come to the longest poem and the greatest effort which Raftery made in the shape of poetry. This is neither more nor less than a short, concise history of Ireland, set down in the form of a conversation between himself and an old withered bush. I think it wonderful how a person without sight, steeped in the extremest poverty, like Raftery, composed this long poem so cleverly, and it is hard to say where he got his knowledge of the history and ancient-story of Erin. Because the account which he gives of the ancient families and part of the ancient history was not to be found in any book, and no doubt it was in the mouths of the people that the most of this history survived, coming down and being filtered from person to person, from the time when the Gaels had their own historians.

There is a great deal more said in this poem about the ancient history of Ireland as it was before the time of the Normans than of the more modern history of the country from the time of the Normans down. And this is a truly Irish characteristic, for it was out of ancient Erin that both story-tellers and poets usually found the material for their stories and poems.

It is clever the way in which Raftery dressed up his story. He does not begin to tell the adventures and happenings of Ireland immediately out of a face (i.e., right away). He first whets our hearing by the story about himself as a preface. It is from his own life, and no doubt his own frequent sufferings, he draws the account of the flood of heavy rain that came upon him, and the bad shelter he got at the foot of the old bush. It is only on the next day that the bush speaks, when he gives it his curse.

The poem is divided thus. There are twenty-three quatrains as a preface about the rain, and his bush, and all he suffered himself. There are thirty-two quatrains from the old bush, telling of Ireland from the time of the Tuatha De Dananns until the coming of St Patrick. There are twenty more quatrains on the history of Ireland from the coming of Patrick until Diarmuid of Leinster first brought the English into Ireland, and there are twenty-four stanzas from that to the end, telling of Ireland under the rule of the English.

I first got this poem from my friend Thomas O'Meehan, from a copy written down about twenty years ago from the mouth of a poor old man, one Mehauleen O'Cleary, who used to be going about the country looking for alms. I made a close comparison between this version and the copies of the stone mason and Mr. Glynn, that I got afterwards. And here now is the poem as legible, and as full as I was able to set it down. Meehan and others call the poem "The History of the Bush," but the name it is known by in the county Mayo is "The Dispute with the Bush":—

THE HISTORY OF (or, DISPUTE WITH) THE BUSH.

Once in August an awful deluge,
As I was walking, met me near Headford ;
I drew back quickly, and sought for shelter
From walls or rocks, from trees or hedges (3).

(3) Literally: Of a time, about August, it was to me it happened, On the borders of Headford, and it raining greatly ; I moved aside, and not without cause, That I might find some hedge or bush that would make shelter for me.

Νί βρυαίη μέ ανη, ι λεατ-ταοιβ̄ βεαμιαη,
 Δέτ ρεαν-ρζεαδ̄ έαιττε, έμιαττε, έμιάρτε,
 Δη̄ τ̄δοιβ̄ αν̄ έλαιυε, 'ρ̄ ᾱ η-αζαιϑ̄ λε ρ̄άηαϑ̄,
 Όμιο μέ ρύιτι 'ρ̄ βᾱ ρ̄λιυέ αν̄ άιτ̄ υαη.

Όί αν̄ ρ̄εαμιαίνη ζο υιαη, αζ̄ τεαέτ̄ ᾱρ̄ ζαδ̄ σεαμια,
 Ανοιη 'ρ̄ ανιαη, 'ρ̄ ανυᾱρ̄ λε ρ̄άηαϑ̄,
 Ᾱ ρ̄άηαιλ̄ νί ρ̄έαυοαίνη έαβ̄αιητ̄ υοιτ̄, λ̄άιτ̄ηεαδ̄,
 Δέτ̄ μοιλεάν̄ λ̄αν̄ βειτ̄ αζ̄ εμιατ̄μιαζαδ̄ μ̄άιβε.

Ζο ρ̄εαμιαδ̄, ρ̄μιαοίμιαη, ρ̄τοιημιαίμιαλ̄, μ̄άζαδ̄ (1),
 Μιαη̄ βειτ̄ ρ̄αιζεαῡ ᾱρ̄ λυᾱρ̄, ηο αζ̄αιϑ̄ ᾱρ̄ μ̄άρ̄α,
 Όί αν̄ ᾱρ̄ζεαιητ̄ αζ̄ τεαέτ̄ 'ρ̄ ηᾱ τ̄ιοιτ̄ᾱ β̄άιρτε,
 'S̄ η̄άη̄ μ̄ηε αν̄ υίολ̄ τ̄μιαιζε 'ρ̄ μέ ῑ ζ̄εμιᾱρ̄ ζο εμιαίρτεᾱ

Υαη̄ ᾱ'ρ̄ σεατ̄μιαίηᾱ β̄ί ρ̄έ αζ̄ β̄άιρτεαδ̄,
 'S̄ νί μ̄αιβ̄ β̄μιαση (3) ηαδ̄ ζ̄εμιαρ̄εαῡ μαολ̄ ᾱρ̄ έάρ̄ηα,
 ηί'λ̄ μ̄υιλεαηη 'ρ̄αν̄ ζ̄εύιζε ρ̄λίμ̄η ηο μ̄άιβε,
 ηαδ̄ ζ̄εμιαρ̄εαῡ ρ̄έ ᾱρ̄ ρ̄μυβαλ̄ ῑ λ̄άη̄ ηᾱ μ̄β̄άντα (4).

Ριηη μέ ρ̄μυαίντε, ηιϑ̄ η̄άη̄ η̄άη̄ ῡαη,
 η̄άη̄ β̄ραῡ έ̄ μο̄ ρ̄άοζαλ̄, 'ρ̄ ζο μ̄βυϑ̄ ζ̄εαμιᾱ μο̄ έάη̄ηοε,
 Ζο ῡοιηεραῡ αν̄ υίλε, ᾱ'ρ̄ βειτ̄ ῡαοηη (5) β̄άιρτε,
 'S̄ ζο μ̄βα ολ̄ε αν̄ οβ̄αιη̄ β̄ί ᾱ η̄οιαιζ̄ μο̄ λ̄άη̄ηη.

Όειτ̄ αζ̄ ῡέαηαίη̄ ρ̄εαααιϑ̄ ῡαη̄ ό̄ β̄ί μέ η̄μ' ρ̄άη̄ητε,
 Αζ̄ λυαῡ μ̄ιοηηα-μ̄όμ̄η 'ρ̄ αζ̄ ζ̄εαμιαῡαῡ ηᾱ η̄ζ̄μ̄άρ̄α,
 Όυλ̄ έμ̄ Ᾱρ̄μ̄ηηη νί ιαμ̄μ̄αίηηη τ̄μιαέτ̄ ᾱρ̄η̄ (6),
 [No] ρ̄αοιηοιηη̄ η̄οοιλαζ̄ ῡ'ρ̄άζαλ̄, ηο̄ Ᾱρ̄ζα.

(1) "Ραιηερ," G. (2) "ῑ ζ̄εύιρ̄ ζ̄αν̄ ρ̄όημ̄ητ̄," G. ; "ῑ ζ̄εμιᾱρ̄ ζ̄αν̄ έαζαρ̄," αν̄ μ̄ιςοδ̄άηαδ̄. Μ̄ηε ῡ'ᾱτ̄μιαζ̄ αν̄ λ̄ίηη̄ μαη̄ ατ̄ά ρ̄μιαρ̄.

(3) "Όμιαση ῡά η̄υεαμιαῡ ρ̄έ," MS.

I found nothing there, on one side of a gap,
 But an old bush, worn, shaken, ruined,
 On the side of the ditch, and its face hanging downwards;
 I moved under it, and it was a wet place for me.

The rain was powerful, coming out of every quarter,
 From east and from west, and down the slope;
 A (better) similitude for it I could not give you at present
 Than that it was a full riddle riddling rape seed.

Angrily, furiously, stormily, desperate,
 Like arrows for speed, or one faced for a race,
 The rain-sleet was coming and the lands drowned,
 And was not I the object of pity, and me destroyed with hardship?

For one hour and a quarter it was raining,
 And there was never a drop (that fell) but would put a heap on a
 quart;

There was never a mill in the province, of flour, or rapeseed,
 That it would not set going in the middle of the open field.

I began to think (1)—a thing that was no shame for me—
 That my life would not be long, and that my respite was short,
 That the flood would come and people would be drowned,
 And that bad was the work that was (left) after my hand.

Me to be committing sin since I was a child,
 Swearing oaths, and cutting the Graces;
 As for going to Mass, I used not to desire mention of it,
 Or obtaining Confession at Christmas or Easter.

(4) "Δη γρηύτ αν λά υπ να μάρμαδ," αν μισούσαναδ.

(5) "Δη σιννε θαοννα," MS.

(6) ' Ni ζητιώνη δον έάρ τέ," G.

The breaking of the Ten Commandants I would make nothing of,
 At the breaking of them by my neighbour surely I used to laugh ;
 Every play and drinking and revelry
 That might come across me, my hand would be in it.

No matter how long the time, the day-of-payment arrives,
 In which my summons shall be written and drawn out,
 I am at the rib-end (of the web) and no woof to be got,
 And the trial of my case going on to-morrow.

To be going to the place in which there be's no welcome
 For the rich beyond the poor, but according to their qualities,
 The evil and the good, since the time you were a child,
 (Written) down on your face, drawn-out.

I thought of repentance in this way, piously :

"O God who art above, and performest grace,

"Who hast given light to the moon and growth to plant-life,

"Who steerest the sea and hast set the sun on high.

'Who hast brought fruit on trees, and brought ships from
 drowning,

"Who didst bring the Israelites from under the feet of their
 enemies,

"Who didst bring Enoc and Elias to the Garden of Paradise,

"And didst make wine of the water at Thy mother's will.

"Look down upon the Island of Patrick,

"As thou lookedst on the thief on the tree of the Passion,

"Thou has done everything, of all I have said,

"Bring me with thee, and to life (on thy right (?) hand."

(3) "ἡ βρῆμονησα," ἀπὸ Μισοῦκάνας.

(4) "Ἀνὰ παροῦσα λάμπε," MS. Νὶ λέιμ ὕαμ ρῖν. ἱρ μῖρε ὁ ἀέρις
 ὁ μαρ τὰ ρέ ρυαρ.

Το μινν μέ ρμυαίντιυζαὺ ἀρίρ ἀρ βαλλ ἀρι,
 Ζο βρασαὶὸ μέ ραν mθιοβλα ρζηιοβέτα ταρμιαινζτε,
 Ζεαλλαὸ ζλαν οίμεαὶ ὁ Ριζ να ηΖιάρα
 Κομ ραυ ἀ'ρ βειέ ρτυαὶ-σεαὶτα cam νάρι βαιοζαλ ούμιν
 βάταὸ.

Βυὸ ζεαρι ἀη ριον ζυρ ιαζ ἀη βάιρτεαὶ,
 Ζιμαν ζυρ λαρ αζυρ ζαοὶ ζυρ ἀριουίξ,
 Ζυρ ζλυαίρ μέ ἀρ ριύβαλ ἀ'ρ μέ μύετα, βάιότε,
 Ζυρ ταρμιαινζ μέ ἀρ σεάζαν αζυρ βί ρόμδαμ ράιλτε.

Ἰρ ιομὸα ριν κάιτα υιρζε ο'ράιρζ μέ
 Ὁ μο ρζηοιρτα ζο οει μο κάβα,
 Ἐμοὶ μέ μο ηατα ρυαρ ἀρ ταρμινζε,
 Αζυρ εὐιρ ρέ μο εουλαὸ μέ ἀρ λεαβυιὸ βλάετμαρ (1).

Νιορ βραυα ζο ρακαρ μο ριυιὸε ἀρίρ μέ
 Αζ κυρ μιμε ἀρ εεὸλ, ρρόιρ, ἀ'ρ ριαμια,
 'S ἀρ νοοίξ le βιόο [ἀ'ρ εεὸλ ἀ'ρ δοιβνεαρ],
 Το εαίτεαμαρ [ρέιν le ρευν] ἀη οιοὶε ριν (2).

Αρ η-ιομρὸὸ εαρτ υαμ, λά ἀρ η-α μάριαὶ (3),
 Σιολλα βεαζ υαίμ le ειύμιαρ να η-άετα (3),
 Σύο μαρ ουβαίρτε μέ ἀρ τεαεὶτ ι λάεταρ
 [Ἠα ρζειε εέαυα ραοι α μαιβ μέ βάιότε].

“ Α ρεαν-ρζεαεάιν ζιάννα ρυαζιμαίμ ζιάνιν οριτ,
 “ Νά μαιβ α-εοιοὶε ρνυαὸ νά βιάε οριτ!
 “ Ραοι ριύιρτε Ορκαίρ ζο βράζ τί το εάιρναὸ,
 “ Οο[ο'] βιύζαὸ 'ρ οο[ο'] βιρμεαὸ αζ οριτ μόρι εαμιο-
 εαν.”

(1) “ m̄in βλάετμαρ,” MS. (2) λεανανν οά λίνε ανηρο ναε βρυν ρο
 ροιλέρι: “ αετ αζ ριλιύντ ἀρ μ'αιρ υαμ νρω νάρι β'ιονζναὸ, βί

I began to think again, the moment after,
 That I had seen it in the Bible written and drawn out,
 A clear straight promise from the King of the Graces,
 That as long as there should be the crooked rainbow there was
 no fear of our drowning.

Short was the storm till the rain ceased,
 Till up-lit the sun, and till the wind rose.
 Till I proceeded to walk, and I smothered, drowned,
 Till I drew to Shawn, and for me there was welcome.

Many was the quart of water that I wrang out
 From my skirt to my cape,
 I hung my hat up upon a nail,
 And he put me to sleep upon a smooth warm bed.

It was not long until I was seen up, again,
 Making music, sport, and merriment move quick.
 And surely with pride and music and joy,
 We ourselves spent with happiness that night.

As I turned back on the morrow
 A little way (?) from me, on the brink of the ford,
 Here is how I spoke on coming into the presence
 (Of the same bush under which I had been drowned).

"You ugly old bush, I denounce you with disgust,
 "That neither beauty nor blossom may ever come on you,
 "Under the flail of Oscar may you get the threshing,
 "Bruised and broken by a big smithy sledge hammer.

challenge τὸν ταιρνιὸ ἰ βροίτην ἢ ἰ βραοδαρ," ἀν μισοῦάναδ;
 "Ἐνὸ φα να κοινρὸ τε φαρις ἀς φαοίμαρ," G.

(3) I havet ransposed these two lines.

“Μαρι β’ολε αν αιτ το τεαετ ι να λεατ (1),
 “Νά ορηοιμι ριτ δε ιαρηαιό ρζαίε ορη,
 “Μι’λ βρηαον ο’αρι βυαιλ ραοι το εαμ-ρτοε ζρηάηηα,
 “Νάρι ρζαοιλ τύ ορη λε ειύβαρ το ιιάρα.”

σζεαέ:—

Μά’ρ ριλε ετιρα τά δε ιαρηαιό ράραδ,
 Τά μηρε αηηρο ρόηιατ, αρι ζάρουα,
 Ιρ ρεαηόρι με τά α βραο ραν αιτ ρεο,
 ‘S ηα ταρηαιζή ηιορ ζοηηε ο’αμ λε το ελαίθεαμ ταρη-
 αιηγετ.

Ηυαρη βι μηρε όζ οά ηβειτεά ι να ηιομ,
 Ουό ροζαρ ουιτ οιοη ό ζαοιτ ‘ρ ό βάηητεαέ,
 ‘Sι αν ζαοε αηιαρι ο’ράζ η’αζαίό λε ράηαδ,
 Δ’ρ το ρζημορ (2) με ριορ ό βάηη ζο ράλαιβ.

αν ρεαέτιηε:—

Α ρζεαέαμ ηαιηεαέ, ροέλαέ (3), βλάτιμαρη,
 Sηυαδ’ ζηρ ρηαρ ορη ό ριζ ηα ηζρηάρτα,
 Ηβλα, ρειηηοε, ρλυμαίό, Δ’ρ βλάηητιοε (4),
 Δζηρ εηηρ οαμ ριορ αοιρ το οάτα.

αν σζεαέ:—

Εέαο αζηρ μηλε ροιημ αμ ηα η-αιηε
 Τύρ αζηρ εηιοεηζαδ η’αοιρ’ ‘ρ ηο οάτα,
 Τά με ό ροιη ιη’ ηηιθε ραν αιτ ρο,
 ‘Ζηρ ηρ ιοηοα ρζεαε α βρεαοαοιη τηάέτ αιη.

(1) “ι να λεατ=ι ηζαη ουιτ.” (2) “Sιορζ,” G.
 (3) Recte: “ηαιηιζή ροέλαιζή.”

“Because a bad place it was to come near you,
 “Or to move under you, seeking shelter from you,
 “There was never a drop that smote your ugly crooked stump,
 “That you did not loose on me down by the verge of your hips.

(THE BUSH SPEAKS).

If you are a poet seeking satisfaction,
 Here am I before you on guard,
 I am an ancient who am a long time in this place,
 And come no nearer to me with your drawn sword.

When I was young if you had to be in my neighbourhood,
 Shelter from wind and from rain had then been near you,
 But it is the wind from the west that has left my countenance
 drooping,
 And has perished me from my summit to my heels.

(RAFTERY ANSWERS).

Handsome, gracious (?), blossomy bush!
 Beauty and trimness on you from the King of the Graces!
 Apples, pears, plums, and damsons on you!
 Only put down for me the date of your age.

(THE BUSH).

One hundred and one thousand (years) before the time of the
 Ark,
 Was the beginning and creation of my age and date,
 I am ever since sitting in this place,
 And many is the story that I am able to talk of.

(4) “Walnuts,” an μισοῦάναξ. “βλάριτε” no “βαλάριτε” is a
 “plum,” or according to others a “damson.”

Οὐτάρι το ἐπιαιλ 'ῖ na mίλτε το βάιτεαῶ,
 Νοαη, α ἐλανη, α ἐέιλε, 'ῖ α μάταρη,
 Δέτ ἀνάιν ζυρ ἰζηίοβ αν τ-εαρβοζ ζάιβεέδδ (ῖ),
 Ζυρ ἡαρη Πάρεαλόν μαε Σεαρη ἀρ ἔαοιβ Ἐμωιδό
 Πάοηαιζ.

Ἰυαηαμαρη εμυεζυζό ειτε α η-αζαίο αν ἐάιρ γεο
 Ζυρ ἰ ρμυε na μβεόοαιβ το ἡαρη Πάρεαλον (1),
 'Na ἴεαρημ ρμυρ ραν βῖμωι-λοε βάιῶτε,
 ἡαρη ρέ βεό ανη τε τοιλ na ηζημάρα.

Ἐμωιμ Τυηιε (2) αν υαρη ρη β'αηημ το'η άιτ γεο,
 Δζυρ ηί μαιβ ανη δέτ κοιλτε α'ῖ ράρδε,
 Κοιη αλλεα α'ῖ βηοιε (3) αζ ἐηηζε ἰ η-άιμωε,
 Νο ζυρ βυαιλ na ρηι βολζ εμ Ροιηεάηηζε.

Ἐόζαοαρη ρειλβ ζαν ρεαρη α μβάρηεα,
 Ἐμωεαοαρη ρύρα, α'ῖ μηηηεαοαρη ἀηαιρ,
 Βίοαρη ραοι βηόο αζυρ λάν ο'άεαιρ
 Ζυρ ρεηίοε (4) ριαο α ζεόμρηα ο ἐμμάετ α ηάμωο.

Ζεαρημωαρη εμωιηη, μηηη, (?5) εζυρ ράρδε,
 Δζυρ ἐμωεαοαρη αν ηίοζαέτ, αη ηοόιζ, ἰ βῖάηηηε,
 Ο Ὀύν Ὀόμηαιλλ (6) ζο Ὀμωιέεαο Ἄεα,
 Ο Ἐηοε-βοιηζ (7) ο εμαιε ζο εμωη Ἐηηη-εῖαηε.

Δζ ριαόαε αη ἐηηιε 'ῖ αζ ρειλζ αη ἴείβεειβ,
 Βα ηίορ α ὀτεανη (8) ἰ ὀτεανητα α ἐέιλε,
 Νο ζυρ βυαηεαῶ ρύρα αν ὀμωεαμ ηάη ηαομωῶ,
 Σηιοέτ Τυαεα Ὀέ Ὀαηαηη ἀρ εῖη na η-εηζηρτ.

(1) "ἰ ρμυε na μαοιηε βί παρεαλάν 'na ἴεαρημ," αν ηίοεάηαε.
 (2) "Ὀμωη εῖηηε," αν ηίοεάηαε. (3) "Ἐμωηιηε α'ῖ βηοιε," ηίοε-
 ἐάηαε. (4) "Σεηοιέεαοαρη," αν ηίοεάηαε.

Eight who went, and the thousands who were drowned,
 Noah, his children, his consort, and his mother ;
 Only that the (?) Bishop had written
 That Parthalon mac Seara lived on the side of Croagh Patrick.

We got another proof for this matter,
 That it was in the stream of the Living, Parthalon lived.
 Standing up in the cold drowning lake,
 He remained alive there by the will of the Graces.

Druim Tuirc (i.e., Wildboar's Hill) was at that time the name
 of this place,

And there was nothing in it but woods and wild-growth,
 Fierce dogs and badgers rising up,
 Until the Firbolg struck Waterford (and landed).

They took possession without a man to hinder them,
 They settled down and they built dwellings,
 They were proud and full of joy,
 That they had stroked their course away from the power of their
 enemies

They cut down trees, divisions (?) and wild-growth,
 And they ringed round surely the whole kingdom,
 From Dun Domhnaill to Drogheda,
 And from Cnoc-bhoilig in the north to the Harbour of Kinsale.

Hunting on hills and pursuing game on mountains,
 Great was their stoutness when all together.
 Until the people who were never hallowed met them,
 The race of the Tuatha De Danann from the land of Egypt.

(5) " Ριζηνό α λάτται, stone cutter's MS.

(6) " Ó Dún na nGall," an Míó-óánaé.

(7) "Denn borb," S. (8) " Δ ζοώννάο," S.

Μηρε, Σγεαάν Δέ-έινν (1), το έοννημικ αν μέδου ριν,
 Δ'ρ έοννημικ αν οά ρλυαξ αγ τεαέτ 'να έέιλε,
 Λε ραιξοιβ έατα αγυρ αιημ ζέαμα,
 Όοητεαδ ρυλ αγυρ έαλλεαδ να έέαυτα.

Ιρ ιομδσ έατ ι η-αιτ α έέιλε,
 Όο έυζ αν οά ρλυαξ τηε μδιν 'ρ τηε ρλέιβτιβ,
 Ό'έ έηιόένηζαδ να έύηρε Δ'ρ υειηεαδ να ρζέαλτα,
 Ζυρ έαλλ να ρηι υολζ Όηημμ Τηηικ αι έίζην (2).

Σηιοέτ Τυαέτα Όέ Όαηαηη ζαη έηιοιθε ζαη υαονηαέτ,
 Ηι Λε ζηιόημ να ζαιρζε υο ζηηοίρ αση ηυο,
 'Σέ η'ο υειηι Σαλταηη έαηηλλ Δ'ρ Όοέτύηηι έέιτιηη,
 Λε υιαδβλυηγεαέτ έλεαρυηζεαέτ (3) αγυρ μιονηαιβ ηηίεηζε.

Ηυαηη ρυαηαυαηι έύμαέτα έάηηζ Λέηηρζηηορ,
 Δη ριολ υο έηαιτέαδ, ηι έάηηζ υέαρ αιη,
 Ηιοη ραη ρηιοέτ αι υό να ολαηη αι έαοηαιβ,
 Τοηαδ αι έηιαηηαιβ να μαηρε αι αση ηυο.

Έυηητεαη ριορ υύηηη υο ηέηη μαη Λέηζτεαη,
 Ζυρ β'έ αν έέαυ ρεαη έηηαλλ υο'η τιη, Ζατέλυ,
 Ρηιονηηα ηηοζαηηαη υε'η ριοη-ρυλ ζαευέαλαέ,
 Όε ρόηη να ηηηιόημ 'ρ υε ριολ Ηιλέηηυρ (4).

Ηυαηη έηηαλλ αν ηυζ ζο ηηηαιτέρεαδ ρέ έηηε,
 Ηιοη ρηυαίητιζ α έηιοιθε ζο ηυέαηηαηοηε ρζέαλ αιη,
 Ηο ζυη Λεαζαδ ραοη αν ηηηεαηηηαη υο υέαηαημ,
 Δέτ (5) υειηεαδ να έύηρε ζυη έαλλεαδ έ ρέηη Λειρ.

(1) "Δέα έυν," S. Some people call it Δέ-ευνν not Δέ-εινν.

(2) ηί'λ αν έαετμαμα ρο αγ αν Ηιόυέάηαέ. (3) "Ζλεαέυζεαέτ," G.

(4) "Όο έυηη ρόηη αι ηηηιόημ ζυη έηηαλλ Ηιλέηηυρ," αν Ηιόυέάηαέ.

I, the Bush of Ath-Cinn (Headford) saw all that ;
 And saw, also, the two armies coming together,
 With arrows of battle and sharp weapons,
 Blood was out-poured and hundreds died.

Many was the battle in one another's place,
 That the two hosts gave throughout bogs and mountains,
 But the finishing of the case and the end of the story
 Was that the Fir Bolg lost Druim Tuire (1) with difficulty.

The race of the Tuatha De Danann, without heart, without
 humanity,
 It was not by deeds or valour they used to accomplish anything ;
 It is what the Saltair of Cashel and Dr. Keating say,
 That it was with devilment and trickery and lying oaths.

When they gained power, there came ruin,
 The seed that was scattered there came no ear on it,
 There remained no progeny with cow, nor wool with sheep,
 No fruit on trees nor beauty on anything.

It is set down for us, as is read,
 That the first man who voyaged to the country was Gadelus,
 A royal prince of the true Gaelic blood,
 Of the seed of the heroic acts and of the race of Milesius.

When the King voyaged that he might spy Ireland,
 His heart never thought that a story would be made of him (2)
 Until it was laid on him to make the judgment.
 But the end of the case was that he himself was lost by it.

(5) "Συρ βέ οειρε," G. ; "Συρ βέ σμιοόβνυζαό," an μισοόβαναό.

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

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

Δέτ έυδιό πέ βεό (1) νο'η Σπάιν δι έίγιν,
 Νο ζυρ ρζήιοβ πέ ρίορ δι έύηρδιβ (2) έίρεαηη,
 Ουβδιητ α έιαιηη, βέαλ δι βέαλ λειρ,
 Ξο βφειζφιορ ειηη αζυρ ρυιλ ι η-έιηηε.

Ο'άηουιζεαυοαη λεό, ι ζευαλαέτ ζλέζεαλ,
 Αζυρ βυαίλεαυοαη βηυαέ δι έυαη Όιηη έαυοαη (3),
 Έαηηαηηζ αμαέ α ζευο λαηηα ζέαηα,
 Αζυρ ουβδιητ ηαέ ηγλαεφαό βηιοβ ηά αση ηυο.

Ουβδιητ Μαε Εέαέτ (4) ζο ηβυό ηίορ αη έαζείορ (5),
 Το έεαέτ αητεαέ α-ζαη-ήιορ ο'αση ρέαη,
 Το ούλ ηαοι υτοιηη ηη ραη ηβεαλαέ έέαυοα,
 Α'η οά υταζαό αηίρ ζο βφειζφιορ ζέιλλεαό.

Ο'άηουιζεαυοαη α ζευο ρεόλ, λε υιέ-έέιλλε,
 Νο ζυρ ρορζλαό λεαβηα υηαοιόεαέτ' α'η βηέιζε,
 Ο'άηουιζ ρτοιηηη αζυρ ραιηηζιόε ηρέαηα,
 Το ηιύέ υο βάιέ 'η υο βαηζ ηα έέαυοα.

Δέτ ηρ βεαζ αεα έάηηζ υε βάηη αη λαέ ρηη,
 Δέτ αη ηέαυο υο έυδιό ζο Σπάιν λε ρζέαλαίβ,
 Ξο ηυεαηηαίό ριαυ ρυαη αη οηηεαυο έέαυοα,
 'Σ ζυρ βυαίλεαυοαη αη υαηα υαηη βηυαέ ηα η-έίηεαηηη (6).

Ηίορ ζέλαεαυοαη εαηηε (7) βλαυαη ηά βηέαζα,
 Δέτ αζ λαηζαό 'η αζ ζεαηηαό λε λαηηαίβ ζέαηα,
 Δέτ ρύο ι αη ηηαηοιηη α ηυεαηηαό αη ρέαέεα
 Ξαέ εεαηηορ ηε αζ τεαέτ α'η α βυηηαό (8) ρέηη λειρ.

(1) "Έηηαλλ α ηιζ αηίρ υο'η Σ.," αη ηιούέάηαέ.

(2) "Αη υιιζε α'η αη έεαηη," Γ.

(3) "Αη ευαηηαίβ έίηεαηηη," αη ηιούέάηαέ.

(4) "Μαε αηηε," αη ηιούέάηαέ.

But he escaped alive to Spain with difficulty,
 Until he wrote down about the condition of Ireland,
 His children said, mouth to mouth with him.
 That they would get heads and blood in eric.

They hoisted (sails) away, in a bright company,
 And they struck the shore at the harbour of Binedar,
 They drew forth their sharp blades,
 And said that they would not accept a bribe or anything.

Mac Ceacht said that it was a great injustice
 To come in without anybody knowing it,
 But to go out nine waves distance in the same road,
 And if they should come in again they would get submission.

They hoisted their sails with lack of sense,
 Until the books of enchantment and lying were opened,
 Storm arose and mighty seas,
 Which quenched, which drowned, which destroyed the hundreds.

But it was few of them escaped, as the result of that day,
 Except as many as went to Spain with tidings.
 Until as many more were made up (got together),
 And until they struck, for the second time, the shore of Ireland.

They accepted neither talk, flattery nor lies,
 But smiting, and cutting with sharp blades,
 And that was the morning the slaughter was made,
 Every captain coming with his own people.

(5) "An foul play rin," an Míóóáanáć.

(6) "ῤαοι έρεανν," G.

(7) "Dpíob," an Míóóáanáć.

(8) "A monam," an Míóóáanáć; "ḃunbuḃ," G. I edit as above.

Cinn aḡur cuipr oá nḡearrao i n-éimfeaoct,
 aḡur fuil aḡ imteaoct 'na tuile rleíbe,
 aoc rúo é an cao m ar cailleao na tpeim-ḡir,
 aoc aḡ epioónuḡao na cúipe bi an lá aḡ miléiriur (1).

Caillao Mac Cuil, Mac Céaoct, 'r Mac ḡpéime
 le lannaib tana, ḡlana, ḡéara,
 oí ceao caoince aḡ a oḡm céile
 Maḡ bi fóola, banba, 'r éipe.

ḡsoilteaoar tpeara na Inir éilḡe (2),
 aoc bi peari oe'n oír naḡi taoicniḡ an rḡéoi leir,
 éioir h-éber 'r h-érimon (3) éuḡ mionnaio tpeana
 Muna bfuigpao a ceairt ḡo bfuigpao oá bpeaofoao.

ḡoraḡ rlaoo pao ll aḡur éiḡcairit,
 o oúliḡe na ḡcairit ní éuḡpaoe ḡéilleao,
 Taoicna a'r cúigroe aḡ oul tpioo a céile,
 ḡur oḡ Coḡmac Mac Aoit laim le h-éimn.

Cuir pé milírte (4) i ḡcaonn a céile,
 'S bi ainm eile oḡma piana (5) éipeann,
 luoc ḡnoim a'r ḡairḡe, luoc lúic aḡur léimniḡ,
 Naḡi cúir aḡiaim ar laoc aoc don peari (6).

(1) "aḡ milérianp," an mioúánaoc; "Clain na mile," S. I edit as above. (2) Thus G; "ealḡa," S; "féile," an mioúánaoc.

(3) Thus S; "éuḡ pé na mionnaio móma tpeana," an mioúánaoc.

(4) "ḡlóigce i oḡeanna a céile," S.

(5) "piana," G; "pianaib," S; "piana," an mioúánaoc.

Heads and bodies being cut, together,
 And blood flowing in a mountain stream,
 And that was the battle in which the strong ones were lost,
 But at the finishing of the Matter Milesius won the day.

MacCuill, MacCeacht, and MacGroine died
 By blades thin, clean, sharp,
 Their three spouses had cause to keene,
 Fodhla, Banba, and Eire (7).

They divided Inis Eilge (Ireland) across,
 But there was one of the two whom the settlement (8) did not
 please,
 Between Heber and Heremon he took strong oaths,
 If he did not get his right that he would get it if he was able.

There began robbery, treachery, and injustice,
 To the law of the rights no submission would be given,
 Lands and provinces going through other,
 Until Cormac, son of Art, raised a hand to Ireland.

He put together a militia,
 And another name for them was The Fenians of Ireland,
 People of deeds and valour, people of activity and leaping,
 Who never sent (to attack ?) a hero but a single man.

(6) Sic, S; "ἐὰν λαός ᾖ δὸν νεᾶς," ἀπὸ Μίσοῦ Ἄναξ.

(7) Pronounced Fola, Bonba, and Aer-ya, from whom Ireland derives her names, wives of the son of Hazel, the son of Plough, and the son of the Sun.

(8) Literally "Story."

Μαρι βί Σολλ Μασ Μόρνα 'ρ α ράρι-λανν λιοιότα,
 Λάιη μιαιή νάρι τειρ ό ζάριζε μίστεαό (1),
 Ρλανν αζυρ Άιλλε να η-αριμ ζέαρια,
 Αζυρ Conán μαοι μαλλιζίτε ρεαρι μιλλτε να ρέιννε.

Ζοιμεαλλ (2) α'ρ Ορζαρι, Ραολάν αζυρ Cαοιλτε,
 Αζυρ Όιαριμυιο Ο Όυιβνε το τόζραό υριαοιόεαότα,
 Ριονν ρεαρι ρεαφα αζυρ ceirt το ρζαοιλεαό (3),
 Τοζα να ηζαριζιόεαό δε Cλαινν Όαοιρζνε (4).

Cλαινν 1 Όάιβ α βράοι (5) να ηοαοινη
 Αζυρ α έριαοιρεαό ρέιν ι λάιη ζαό ταοιριζί,
 Cαιριβηε cηιρζεαλ (6) να η-αριμ λιοιότα,
 Αζυρ Cλαννα Όόιμηε (7) αρ Τεαήαρι να Ριζίτεαό.

Ιρ ρύμ-ρα (8) το βίοιρ αζ υέαηαή ριαηρα
 Αζ ιμυιρ 'ρ αζ όλ, ζαό λó 'ρ ζαό οιοόε,
 Cιοζαοα, ρζιαότα, 'ρ cλαιόεαήα ραοβαρι,
 Όο βιόεαό ρύμ-ρα αρι βοηο, αζυρ cοιηη λιοητα.

Αζ ριαόαό αρι έηοc, αρι μήοιη, 'ρ αρι ρλέιβτιβ,
 Αζ μιέ αρι βηοιc 'ρ αρι ειλιβ μαοοα,
 Αότ ιε μηε (9) να ζcον ζυρι cαλλεαό να τρέιη-ριη.
 Μαρι ναό υτυζαοαρι μιαιή το Όια ζέιλλεαό.

Concúδaρι το έάιηιζ ι ζcηόιη 'να όείζ ριη
 Αζυρ να cυραιοό cλιρτε, να ηζαριζε τρέαηα.
 Cλαινν Ηιρηιζ, cυρι Άλβα ραοι έιορ ιε η-έιηιηη,
 Αζυρ cαλλεαό αη τριύρι, αρι ηοόιζ, ιε Όέιρθηε,

(1) "Μαρι ζεαλλ αρι μίζτιβ," αη Μιούόάηαό.

(2) "Ζεαριαλ," αη Μιούόάηαό. "Cαιριεαλλ αη cεαριτ.

(3) "Ρεαρι cιη τε αζυρ ζαοιλεα (P)," αη Μιούόάηαό.

(4) "Ό'ιαω ριη να ζαριζιόιό βί αρι ηc," αη Μιούόάηαό. I edit as above. (5) "Clineαοαό αζυρ α μαοι μήαιε υαοινη," αη Μιούόάηαό.

Such were Goll son of Morna and his fine polished blade,
 A hand which never failed from the valour of kings,
 Flann and Ainle (10) of the sharp weapons
 And bald cursing Conan the destroying man of the Fenians.

Goireall and Osgar, Faolan and Caoilte,
 And Diarmuid o Duibhne who used to raise (disperse?) en-
 chantment,
 Fionn a man of knowledge and one to resolve questions,
 The choice of the heroes of the Clann Baoisgne.

Clann ui Daibh (?) in the people's hedge (?)
 And his own javelin in the hand of every chief,
 Cairbre the bright-skinned of the polished weapons,
 And the Clanna Doimhre (?) out of Tara of the Kings.

It was under me they used to be making merry,
 Playing and drinking each day and night,
 Helmets, shields, and keen-edged swords
 Used to be on the table beneath me, and goblets filled.

Hunting on hills, on turf, on mountains,
 Running after badgers and hornless hinds,
 But with the swiftness of the hounds the valiant men were lost,
 Because they never gave to God submission.

Conchubhar it was who came to the throne after that,
 And the expert champions of strong valour,
 The children of Uisneach, who put Alba (Scotland) under rent to
 Ireland,
 But surely the three perished through Deirdre.

(6) "Corauna, cmaçal," an Míóccánač.

(7) Sic, S.; "Clireasouémasa," an Míóccánač.

(8) "Fuaimeac," an Míóccánač. (9) "Le miam (i.e. meáóam), G.

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

Τόζαδ ρυαρ í, í ζσείλλ (1) 'ρi ζερíοναδτ
 Le βειτ Δζ αν ριζ μαρι céile 'ρ μαρι έδοιβτεαδ,
 Έρρείζ ρí αν έρμόν, Δ κυρο όρι Δζυρ 'δαοιμε,
 Δζυρ lean ρí Δρiόάν, Δι[η]λε (2), Δ'ρ Ναιοιρε.

Cúculain na ζσλεαρ, lám βριητε ζαδ βεαρíνα,
 Δζυρ Conríóτ (3) cailleadó leir αν mbriunneall blát-
 naio (3),

Δ cóm-oiue míunte βiότ ρiαδ τρiάτ αιρ,
 Ρεαρζαρ (4) Mac Rοοαíτ Δζυρ Conall Ceapíναδ.

Sin iad αιημne na ζσυρiατ τά μέ ρiάτ leat,
 Βiότ αιρ cuantaiβ [Δζ] ρεαρρiη ζάρρα,
 Δτ Concúβαι αιμάιν ό έύρ αν ράτα,
 Nioi naomáτ 'uine ζο υτάιηιζ Ράυρiαιζ.

Εαρβαλλ βεανηιζτε έρiαλλ ζο h-Έιρηηη,
 Έυζ αν τζαερiαμυιητ βεανηιζτε(5) í mβείαι ζαδ δοιηne
 ζηιόεαδ αν μαρiβ βεό, 'ρ αν ρεαρi μαλληιζτε ηαειήτα,
 S oo míc Coιηneall na Ceapíαιζε le η-Δ ρμέιυεαδ.

Όο έυζ ορiο Δ'ρ Διρηιουη (6) oo ράζαριτ 'ρ oo έλείρηεαδ,
 Δζυρ ρlάνυζαδ Δ η-Αηαη ραν τζαερiαμυιητ ηαειήτα,
 Σεατ ζσέαδ μοιηιζ oo έυρi ρέ le céile
 Δζυρ βλιαδύαιη 'ρ τρi ρiότ oo ρτιύρ ρέ Έιρηε (7).

(1) Sic, G.; "í ζσείλλ," αν Μiόυδάναδ; "í ζσείλλ," S.

(2) Labairteapí ηη τ-αιηη ρεο í ζσóηηυiόε μαρi "Διλλε."

(3) "ρláιηι," αν Μiόυδάναδ; "ευρiζ," αν Μiόυδάναδ.

(4) "Ραιρη ηiηc Μοιέιιο," αν Μiόυδάναδ; "Ρεαρρi mac Ροοαίι,"

S. Labairteapí Ρεαρρiζαρ í ζσóηηυiόε μαρi "Ρεαρρi" ηο "Ρεαρροιρ."

(5) "Αη τρεσηηόηρi ηαοiήτα," αν Μiόυδάναδ.

She was reared up in sense and wisdom,
 To be a consort and bedfellow of the king,
 She forsook the crown, her gold and her people,
 And she followed Ardan, Ainle and Naoise (8).

Cuchulain of the feats, the hound that broke every gap,
 And Conroidh (9) who perished by the Maiden (Blaid),
 His fellow-teacher in learning there used to be talk of,
 Fergus mac Rodaidh (10) and Conall Cearnach.

Those are the names of the champions I am speaking of, to you,
 Who used to be at the harbours standing on guard.
 Except Conchubhar alone, from the beginning of the date,
 Not one was hallowed, until Patrick came.

A blessed Apostle who voyaged to Ireland,
 Who gave the Blessed Sacrament into each one's mouth,
 Who used to make alive the dead and make holy the man
 accursed,
 And who quenched the Candle of the Rock by his rod.

Who gave Orders and Mass to priest and cleric,
 And the salvation of their souls in the Holy Sacrament ;
 Seven hundred churches (11) did he put together,
 And one year and three score did he steer Ireland.

(6) "Ola 'sur baircead," G.

(7) G. adds a fifth line: "As véanam tpoige urnaighe 'r véimec."

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

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

Όρεαμ ειλε τάνιγ ι νοιαίγ αν ρζείλ ρεό,
 Λοόλανναιγ, cúρι buαίόμεαδ δ'ρ δάηζαρι (1) αρι έιμινν,
 Τιμζέριυρ μαρι έεαηηροικ ορηα αζ μέαδαδ (2),
 Αν ρεαρι βα μεαφα ολιζε αζυρ βέαφα.

Νάρι έαμ αν ολιζε βίθεαδ αζ αν βρείρτε,
 Ζαδ ρεαρι όζ το έιυρφαδ έυμ ρέαδμα,
 Νο ραδάδ έυμ ρόρτα le μηαοι νο έείλε,
 Νιορι λειρ α τύρ αέτ le Τιμζέριυρ.

Νο ζυρι ρζηίοδ Μαιοιρφαέλαμν λιτιρι βρέαζαδ
 Αζυρ τεαέταηιε έυρι λεί le ρζέαλαιβ,
 Ρύν να cúριε το έείλετ 'ρ το ρέαηαδ,
 'S ζυρι β'έ ερηόεηυζαδ να cúριε ζυρι ααίλεαδ Τιμζέριυρ.

Νηαηι ααίλεαδ αν εεαηηροικ 'ρ οά'ρ'έαζ βι άμιαον λειρ,
 Βι Λοόλανναιγ ι ράμ αζ Μιλέριυρ,
 Ζαδ ουμε 'ρ α ρηαίγ αρι όρεαμ Τιμζέριυρ,
 Νο ζυρι ρηαίγεαδ α ηοειηεαδ αμαδ αρι έιμινν.

Αέτ βειριε α ο'φαν αζ ριυαδ ρζέαλα (3)
 Έυρι αν bonn 'ρ αν έύιγ 'ρ αν έλιυίέε η-έιηρφαέτ,
 Δ'ρ le ρέ βαιηε οέαζ (4) το ρέρι μαρι λείζτεαρι,
 Αν οαριηα υαηι 'ρεαδ έόζ ριαδ έιηε.

Άηηο-έιορ ερηαίο αζυρ ρζηύριραιο ζέαρι
 Το λεαζαδ άηηριη αηυαρι αρι έιμινν,
 Βυαηαίοε ηηρ ζαδ τεαδ le ραιτέιορ ρζέαλα,
 Νο ρύν ζαδ οιαρ το ουλ (5) 'να έείλε.

(1) "Αζ οέαηαη βιηιβ αρι έιμινν," αν Μίοοόάηαδ.

(2) "Μαρι έεαηη 'ρ μαρι λέαοηη," αν Μίοοόάηαδ.

(3) sic, αν Μίοοόάηαδ; G. has "ο'φαν ερηυρι να ηοιαίγ αζ βαίλλ-
 ηυζαδ ρζέαλα." (4) "Sé βάηη οέαζ," S. (5) "Τηι να έείλε," S.

Another lot came after this story,
 Lochlannachs (Norsemen) who put trouble and misery on Erin;
 Turgesius as captain over them, a-tearing,
 The man of worst laws and morals.

Was it not crooked the law this serpent used to have?
 Every young man who would come to full age (6)
 Or would go to marry a woman or consort,
 It was not for him she was first, but for Turgesius.

Until Maoilsheachlainn wrote a false letter
 And a messenger was sent with it, with tidings,
 (And orders) to conceal and deny the secret of the case,
 But it was the end of the matter that Turgesius was lost by it.

When the captain was lost and the twelve that were along with
 him,

The Lochlannachs were in peril (?) from the Milesians;
 Every man in the rout, after the people of Turgesius,
 Until the last of them was routed out of Ireland.

Except two who remained picking tidings,
 Who put the "butt" and the five and the game together (7),
 And with sixteen barks, as is read,
 For the second time they took Ireland.

A hard over-rent and sharp scourges
 Were then laid down upon Erin,
 A foreign-soldier in every house for fear of tidings (being told)
 Or the secret-thought of every two coming together.

(6) Or "to strength-of-deeds."

(7) i.e. who having been only five "to the butt," yet worked from that up to twenty-five in the next deal, and so won the game.

Όσα λγυρ ειλε ι ζσεανν αν μίετο ριν,
 Unnra ve'n óri beit' ari zac' dén tiz,
 'S an peari nac' n-iocpað é ι ζσεανν zac' féile
 bí an tpión le bainc vé ó élarí (1) a éadain.

No zyri zlac bpián bópoime tpiuazge o'Éiynn
 Beit' az loclannaiç paoi cómairi a oapota (2),
 Zo noeacáio fé féin 'r O Concubairi (3) ι n-éinfeac't,
 'S zyri éuipaeoari a ζconçnaim ι oteannca a céile.

Þpeap an Rioçac'ta puaç ι n-éinfeac't,
 Tuzað pocal na paime ι mbéal zac' dén neac',
 Luc't paime oo taçtað azuy poip oo féioeað (4),
 Oioçe féile San Seaçain (5) inç zac' ceapota o'Éiynn.

ζλυαιρεοari ó'n Múimain oo péiri maç léizteap,
 O Ceapibairi 'r a þλυαιçte ó móim Eile (6),
 Cinnéioiz azuy loicánaiç tpiéana,
 Azuy Clann Conamara ar an ζCpeac'talaz zlézeal.

O Súilioðain amari ar iapcari (7) Éipeann,
 Moçánaiç, bpióçánaiç, çabca zleypca,
 O Oonabáin na bpiað, O Meacáiri 'r O Dépna,
 O Seac'napaziz ó'n nçopit, nári cóiri a féanað.

O Múipóa, O Ooimn, a'r O floimn le céile,
 Caçánaiç, Coçlánaiç, azuy Clann th'íméio (?8),
 Mac Capcán (9) ó'n þliab, peari þial çan don luc't,
 O bpiain 'r O Myrcuça opna maç "léapery."

(1) "Zo elar," i.e. "ve élar," an Míouéánaç.

(2) "paoi eupe oapota," G. (3) "O Cpuçúri," an Míouéánaç.

(4) Aliter, "Luc't paime oo taçtaç azuy na peip a téapal"

Another duty, in addition to all that,
 An ounce of gold to be (for a tribute) on every house,
 And the man who would not pay it at the end of every feast day
 The nose was to be cut off him from the middle of his face.

Until Brian Boroimhe took pity on Ireland
 At the Lochlannachs having it, for its ruination,
 Until he himself and O'Connor went together,
 And put their help along with one another.

The kingdom started up all together,
 Watchmen to strangle the (Danish), and to blow wisps (of fire)
 For watchmen to come, and to blow wisps (of fire)
 On the night of St. John's Eve in each corner of Ireland.

They travelled from Munster, as is read,
 O'Carroll and his hosts from Moin Eile,
 The Kennedys and the powerful Lorcans,
 And the clans of the Macnamaras out of bright Cratloe.

O'Sullivan (came) eastward out of the West of Ireland,
 Morans and Brogans armed and dressed,
 O'Donovan of the deer, O'Meagher and O'Beare,
 O'Shaughnessy from Gort, whom it were not right to refuse (to
 mention).

O'Moore, O'Dunne, and O'Flynn together,
 O'Canans, Coghlans, and Clan O'Malley (?),
 MacCarthan from the mountain, the generous man without a
 fault,

O'Brian and O'Murphy over them as leaders.

(5) "loictain Seáigam," an míoúcéanaic. (6) "Dún Fíle," S.; "Dun Éile," G. (7) "leictar," an míoúcéanaic. (8) "Clinníe Muileamha," an míoúcéanaic; "Clann uí Meolairí," G.; "clann asur mélorí," cóip eile (9) "Mac Abraí," an míoúcéanaic

Ο Φεαρζαίλλ, Ο Ρυαίηιϋ, Ο Σεαλλαιζ, νά ρέανταρ,
 Ραζαλλαιζ, Όύοαιζ, α'ρ Φλαϊτ'βεαιταιζ τρευνα,
 Ο Concubairi (1) αρ Sligeac, αν ρίον-ρuiλ ζαεθελαδ,
 Α'ρ Clann Donncaò ανιορ ó bun na Céire.

Μαρι βί Όοαριταιζ, βειρηιζ, Όριαονάηαιζ, α'ρ Céitinzr,
 Μαζυιόηι, 'ρ Μαc Ματζαμáιν τός Λάμ le h-Éirinn,
 Ο Néill 'ρ Ο Όóμναιλλ ó βρυαδc na h-Éirne,
 ζαc ρεαρι αca τεαcτ i n-aiim 'ρ i n-éaòac.

Μαρι βειτ ριονναc ροιή ζαόαρι αρι cύρρα ρλέιβε
 Βι Loclannaiζ i ράιν αζ Clainn Mileriuρ (3),
 Βι Loclannaiζ i ράιν μαρι βειτ caoiriζε λέαcα (?),
 Αρι μαριοιν ζο μοc, Δοιηε αν Cέαρτα.

[Αρι μαριοιν ζο μοc, Δοιηε αν Cέαρτα],
 Ιοιρι άcα na ζCliac αζυρ Cυαη Όιηην Έαοαηη (4),
 Βι οά mile οέαζ, οειρ Όοcτύηι Cέιτιηζ,
 Όε Loclannaiζ λεαζcα i ζcoinne α céile.

Αη ρεαρι οο βί ανη 'ρ νάρι cιητ ραη ρλέαcα,
 Cονηαιηιϋ ρέ αρι οε βάηηη αν λαέ ρηη,
 Δcτ Όηηαν 'ρ α cλανη, βα ηόηι é α η-έαζμαηη,
 'S ζυη i ηβηηηεαó Clυαη Ταηηβ'οο cailleaó na τρέηηηη⁵.

Cέαο βλιαóαη eile i ηοιαιζ αν ρζέιλ ρεó
 ζο οτυζ μαc Ριζ Λαιζεαη, ηυηαηι cυηηεαó βηέαζ αηη,
 Αη βεαη ó'η Ρυαηηιϋcαc (6), ο'ρ'αζ βυαιόηηεαó αρι ζαεó-
 εαλαιβ,
 Αζυρ cάηηηαιηζ Sacpáηαιζ ó túρ αρι Éirinn.

(1) 'Ο Cρυcύηη," αν Μιούcάηαc. (2) "νάηη ρευν na ζαεóηλ," G.

(3) "αζ Mileriaηη," MS.

(4) Όειηη na οαc ηe Όιηηην Έαοαηηη ζο ηηηιc i η-άη Όιηηην Έαοαηηη.

O'Farrell, O'Rorke, O'Kelly, let it not be denied,
 Reillys, Dowds, and mighty Flahertys,
 O'Conor from Sligo of the true Gaelic blood,
 And Clan Donogh down from the foot of Kesh.

As were Dogherties, Beirnes, Brennans, and Keatings,
 Maguire, and MacMahon who raised a hand (to save) Ireland,
 O'Neill and O'Donnell from the brink of the Erne,
 Each man of them coming in arms and armour.

As it were a fox before a hound, on a mountain course,
 The Lochlannachs were at bay at the hands of the children of
 Milesius;

The Loohlannachs were at bay, like rotten sheep,
 In the morning early, on the Friday of the Crucifixion.

(In the morning early on the Friday of the Crucifixion)
 Between the Ford of Hurdles and the Harbour of Ben Edair,
 There were twelve thousand, says Dr. Keating,
 Of Norsemen struck-down over against each other.

The man who was there and who did not fall in the slaughter
 Beheld carnage as the result of that day,
 But Brian and his children, great was their loss,
 For in the Battle of Clontarf the strong men were lost.

It was another hundred years after this story
 Until the King of Leinster took, unless lies were put out about
 him,

His wife from O'Rorke, which left trouble on the Gaels,
 And drew Englishmen for the first time to Ireland.

(5) Tá leat-mann eile ann go ag an Míodcánac naé ceugaim fuar:
 "Ag fear uo bí ann 'r nár fan le rgealaib,
 ir i mb'Uachtair éur tubairte an tsé rin" (aliter ar).

(6) Sic G.; "go nbeairtú R l cocat de'n Ruairc," M

1 ζσεανη Κιζ Σακραν εάμινζ Τιζεαρνα Ειριν (?1),
 ζυζ πέ τό α focal αζυρ μιονηαιό τρευνα
 ζο οτιυβιαό πέ ρυαρ α έδαριτ πέιν το Ειριν,
 Δέτ ράραό εαδαριτ το ι η-ιοναο (2) αν ηζείλ ημ.

Τεάεταμεαόε (3) ο'ιμείζ, α'ρ αόαριε αζ πέινεαό,
 ζυρ κυρεαό le έίλε μόριαν έεαοτα,
 Τιζεαρνα Στριονζbow ορηα μαρ λέαοαρι.
 ζυρ έόζαοαρι Κύζε λαζεαν οε'η ηέιμ ημ.

.

Τηι έεαο ανηηηη, αζυρ κυη λειρ έηηε (4),
 ηο ζο ηυζαό ι Σακρανα αν ηηιονηηα εεηρτα,
 [αζυρ] Μάρταηη Λύιτεαη το έιονηηαίζ,ηα έεαοτα,
 το ηευν αν Ράρα 'ρ αν Σακραημέαο ηαέμίτα.

Ε'φαο α'ρ έι πέ ι ζconvent β'ολε ιαο α έέαρα,
 αζ ηζηίοβ α'ρ αζ ταηηαιηζ λαδβια βηέιζε,
 αζ ροζλαό τοηαιό 'ρ αζ λαεζαό "ηπλαηηαηιουη,"
 αζ ηέαδαό ζεαταίο βαλλαιό 'ρ " ρουηοαηιουη."

ηρ ιοηόα κόμηαιό εηυιτεαέ (?) βηέαζαέ (5),
 Ταηηαιηζ[εαό] αμαέ αη αν ηθιοβλα ζαεοεαλαέ (6),
 ζαέ ουηηε αη α έεανη αζ ριοαό λέιζηη αη,
 αζ οεαηβυζαό αν έεηηε ι μυλλαέ αν έίηιζ.

(1) Sic M. ; "βρεφνιό," G. (2) "ι λεαααό," G.

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

(4) Sic G. ; "τηι έεαοαέ βλιαοαη α ηηοιαίζ αν ηζείλ ρο," M.

(5) ηί'λ αν εαάηηαηηα ρο αζ αν Μίοοέαηαέ.

(6) "αη λάη αν θιοβλα ζ." G.

To the King of England came the Lord of Eisin (1),
 He gave him his word and strong oaths
 That he would give up his own right to Ireland,
 Only to give him satisfaction for that wrong (1).

A message went forth and a horn a-blowing,
 Until many hundreds were got together,
 Lord Strongbow over them for leader,
 Until they took the province of Leinster in that course.

• • • • •

Three hundred years then, put more (2) with it,
 Until the cursed (3) prince was born in England,
 And Martin Luther, who caused hundreds to transgress (4),
 Who denied the Pope and the Holy Sacrament.

So long as he was in a convent, evil were his morals,
 Writing and drawing lying books,
 Trespassing on orchards (5) and overthrowing plantations,
 Tearing up gates, walls, and foundations.

Many is the hump-backed lying discourse
 That was drawn out of the Irish Bible,
 Every man out of his own head, picking learning out of it,
 Asserting the right on the top of perjury.

(1) Literally: "Story."

(2) Literally: "Put eric with it," a curious use of the word "eric." (3) Literally: "Tortured."

(4) This seems to be the meaning. It may be "who transgressed (in) hundreds (of things)."

(5) Or "spoiling fruit."

Such were Anabaptists Seekers, and Quakers,
 Protestants, Swadlers, and Presbyterians ;
 At that time there was no mention of Cromwellians,
 Until Cromwell came, the man who took Ireland.

One thousand and five hundred, as is read,
 Nine and eight to be added to all that,
 Since Christ came down in a human body
 Until Henry began the Reformation.

Who gave his back to God and denied his first wife,
 And married his own daughter as wife and consort ;
 Luther and Calvin were the names of the pair,
 The couple of them used to let loose together the buck-goat.

He took the head off her with sharp blades,
 And not off her alone, but more along with her ;
 Was it not crooked the law that this man had,
 Who put his wife and daughter to death together !

Queen Mary, the yoke (6) of the Gaels,
 The mannerly, handsome, moral maiden,
 She tore up bushes, trees, and branches,
 And if she had not died (7) she would have pulled up the roots.

Elizabeth, who came to the Crown after that,
 Was one who never married a man, and yet never fasted from a
 consort ;

She turned her back and her rear to the yoke of the clergy,
 Until she put to rout the Gaelic Church.

(5) Sic G. ; "an bean náir póir fear 'r náir cuir ruar do céite,"
 M. ; cuir ruar do ruar" is an idiom meaning "to renounce or give up a
 thing. (6) Aliter, "the hound." (7) Literally : "Was lost."

Σέμαρ το τάμης ι ζερόιν 'να όείξ ριν,
 Αν ρεαρ βα μέαρα όλιζε αζυρ βέαρα,
 Όο όλιζε Στραφορο έυζ ρέ ζέιλλεαό (1)
 Αζ λεαζαν ρλαβρα αρ μόιν 'ρ αρ ρλείβτιβ (2).

Σ νίορ μέαρα αν τ-αέοιρ ná αν μαε Σέαρλυρ,
 Αζ λεαζαν ρζιύρραιθε ζο κυαιό αρ έηινη,
 Αέτ νυαιρ β'άιλ le ouine 'ρ le Όια αν ρζέαλα (3),
 Κάιλλ ρέ α έεανη le cionáim Spéimioe (4).

Μαζυιόιρ 'ρ Μαε Μαεζαίμαιν έός λάιη le η-έηινη,
 ι Λονούη το βαίνεαό αν έεανη νε'η ρέιηε,
 Εόζαν Ρυαό το τάμης ι νοιαίξ αν ρζέιλ ρεό,
 Μαρεαέ ρεαραίμαι, βαρραίμαι, βέαραέ.

Λύέμαρ, cleapaé, ρύζαέ, έαργα,
 Όο βαιη léim leaé-έαοιβε αρ Cromwelliaηρ,
 Ό Όροίεαο (5) να Σιύιηε ζο Όύν ρέιηε (6),
 Ό Κάιρöll Μύιμαν ζο κυαν Όιηη έαοαηη (7).

Ό Κάιη-οαλυα (8) ζο βρυαέ Ιοέ Ζρέιηε,
 'S αν οά έύιζε Μύιμαν το έυι le έέιηε (9),
 Αέτ ζυι le βεαν Ιοηο Ζολοηη (10) το κάιλλεαό αν
 ρέαηλα

ι ζConoαέ Κάιρραιθε ι η-ιαρτέαρ έηιηεανη.

(1) " Νίορ έυζ ρέ ζέιλλεαό αέτ λεαζαν," etc ραν MS., αέτ ηι κορ-
 μύιλ ζυι έεαρ ριν. Μιηε ο'αέρμιξ έ.

(2) Sic G.; " αζ λεαζαν ρζιύρραιζε κυαιόηε ανυαρ αρ έηιηε," M.

(3) " Αέτ νυαιρ βιού νεαν le Όια 'ρ le οαοιηό αν ρζέαλα," M.;
 ιρ νεαη-ζηάέαέ " αν ρζέαλα" ι η-άιτ " να ρζέαλα" ηο " αν ρζέαλ."

(4) ραοι c. ρρ., " G

(5) " Ό Κάιρραιξ," G. (6) " Όύηααλαηη," M.

James it was who came to the Crown after that,
 The man of worst law and morals ;
 To the law of Strafford he made submission,
 Laying a chain (11) on bog and mountains.

And no worse was the father than the son Charles,
 Laying scourges severely on Ireland ;
 But when man and God desired the news,
 He lost his head through the Five of Spades.

Maguire and MacMahon raised a hand for Ireland,
 In London the heads were taken off the pair ;
 Owen Roe it was who came after this,
 A manly, stately, courteous horseman.

Active, wily, jovial, rapid,
 Who knocked a side-leap out of the Cromwellians,
 From the Bridge of Siuir to Dun Eily,
 From Cashel of Munster to the harbour of Binedar.

From Killaloe to the brink of Loch Greine
 And the two provinces of Munster put together ;
 But through the wife of Lord Golden (12) the pearl was lost
 In the County of Kerry in the West of Ireland.

(7) "Ó cluain-meala go baite Séamair," G.

(8) "Ó Ún Dóinnaiti," M.

(9) "Δι νυα [= νηοιξ] δι νηέμ λειρ," M.

(10) "Τιξεσμηα Σορσεν," G.

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

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

'Sé bár Eógain Ruaid ó'fás buaióiread arí ḡaeḡealaib,
 Oim ḡsur Airmonn ḡsur Eḡḡair feuntaé,
 Mar beit uatróio arí béal fuadaió (?) dá carḡairt ḡs
 céadtaib,
 Bí Cromail 'r a fhuaiḡte ran muaiḡ oim arí Éiminn (1).

Da buaióiread an tmiat rin, i mbéal an fógmair,
 i -Cac-óruim Dia Luain de báiri an Dóimnais,
 Ir iomóda mac ḡaeóil a ó'fás ré bion arí,
 ḡan tmiat arí arí caillead i mbuairéad na bóinne (2).

Áct Séamar a' éaca, maillact Dé óó,
 ḡus a ingean do 'liam marí nnaoi 'r marí céile,
 'Sé munn an ḡaeḡealaé ḡalla 'r an ḡalla ḡaeó-
 ealaé,
 Nuairí éuirí ré an éuictneact 'r an éóina tpe na céile.

Tpe móim-na-ḡalla 'readó tmiat luét béarla (3),
 'S ḡs ḡeata-na-ḡeann (4) 'readó munead a fleuétar,
 ḡs Rutarpeil Papp (5) 'readó óíolaó na ḡaeḡealaig
 arí rḡilllin (6) a' r mael amac an péipe.

ḡs Cillín O ḡuairiḡ (7) bí na ḡalla (8) arí féarta,
 No ḡo ḡaimis an ḡairéalaé, cioróe na péile,
 Leis ré leir an tSionnainn (9) a ḡcuro arim a' r éadaisḡ,
 'S ḡur óḡ ré luimneac an mairim céadna.

(1) ní' l an ceatmaia ro ḡs an míoúéanaé.

(2) "ḡan tmiat arí bit arí buairéad na bóinne," M.

(3) "Émiall a mēaoraéct (?)," M.

(4) "ḡCeapa," M.

(5) "an Rutarpeilac papp ro óíol," G.

It was the death of Owen Roe left trouble on the Gaels,
 Orders and Mass and Church (all) denying,
 As it were a ball in the mouth of the onward rush (?) struck-
 mercilessly by hundreds
 Was Cromwell and his hosts in the rout on them out of Ireland.

That time there was trouble, in the mouth of the harvest,
 In Aughrim on Monday, the result of the Sunday ;
 Many is the son of a Gael it left grief on,
 Without talking of all who were lost at the defeat of the Boyne.

But James of the dirt, the curse of God upon him,
 Who gave his daughter to William for wife and consort,
 Who made the Irish English and the English Irish,
 For he put the wheat and the barley through each other.

Through Moin-na-ngallda it was the English-speaking people
 marched,

And at the Gate-of-the-Heads the slaughter was made ;
 At Ruterell Pass it was the Gaels were sold
 For a shilling and sixpence, (paid) out, the pair.

At Killin-O-Guaree the Galls were at a feast,
 Until Sarsfield came, the heart of generosity ;
 He let (be swept) down with the Shannon their arms and
 armour,
 And he raised (the siege of) Limerick the same day.

(6) "Ar rḡillín an tḡiúir mar rḡair mé rḡéalá," G.

(7) Sic G. ; "as ḡilín máḡoiré," M.

(8) Sic G. ; "na ḡaeóit," M.

(9) Sic G. aét rḡrióbann ré "leir an tuncáinn." "'S ḡuḡ rḡaóit
 pé le rán," M.

Πά βίγιθε [ρεαρτα] ζαν μεϊρνεά [ζαν] έίρεάτ (1),
 1r τρειρε le Όια ná le Cιomwellianr,
 'S ζο νπειν San Σεάζαν (2) in ran "Revelation
 An ναοιμάθ βλιαύδιν ρίεαθ ζο mbeic an ρζόρ le ζαεθ-
 εαλαιβ (3).

Ιαριμαυ-ρε αρ Μυιρε ιnr an ιμιρε (4) ιρ ζέιρε
 ζο n-ιονηταίξ an μυιλιοτ ι μυλλαό να ρρέιμοτ,
 —Sin μαρ έυιρ Ραιρτερι ριορ αρ έίρυνη,
 έ ρέιν 'r an ρζεαόάν ι βράιητ le έέιλε (5).

Αζ ρο αβριάν ελύοαμάιλ οο μιννε an Ρεαότύιρε αρ
 έαιλίν νεαρ, Μάιρε Σταντον έίζιν, οο κόμηνυίξ, μαρ
 έυαλαιό μέ, αρ an ζεέιβ ι ηζαίλλιη. Όί κάιλ μίορ αρ
 an αβριάν ρο ι ζκομηνυίθε. Νί ρέοιρι 'α μάό ανοιρ εια
 an υαηι μιννεαό έ :

ΜΑΙΡΕ ΣΤΑΝΤΟΝ.

Τά ρόραιό ζλέζεαλ αρ βρυαό να έέιθε
 Αζυρ βυαίλ ρί Όέιρσιρε le ρζέιμ α'ρ ζηαοι,
 'S οά n-αβριαυη ηέλεn an βαιμνιοζαιν ζιπέαζαό
 Αρ έυιτ να έέαυτα ο'ά βάριρ 'ran Τραοι.
 Τά λαφαό αρ ζιλ' ιηητι, ρέιρ' α έέιλε,
 1r binne α βέιλιν ná ευαό αρ έριαοιβ,
 'S α μέιν ná α τρέιτρε νί ζεοβραιύθε ι ναεν βεαν
 Ό ο'έαζ an ρέαριλα βί ι mβαιλε-υι-λιαζ.

(1) "ná βίγιθε ζαν μεϊρνεά ι βροάειρ α έέιλε," G.

(2) "Όυδαίητ ναοίη Σεάζαν," G.; "San Iohn," M.

Do not ye be in future without courage, without effectiveness,
 God is stronger than Cromwellians ;
 And sure St. John says in the Revelation
 That in the twenty-ninth year the Irish shall score.

I beseech of Mary with the sharpest beseechings (?)
 May the diamond turn on top of the spade.
 —There is how Raftery put down about Ireland :
 Himself and the Bush, both joined together.

Here is a famous song that Raftery made on a pretty girl,
 on Mary Staunton, who lived, as I have heard, upon the quay in
 Galway. This song had always a great reputation. It is im-
 possible to say now at what time it was composed :—

MARY STAUNTON.

There's a lovely POSY lives by the ROADWAY,
 Deirdre was NOWHERE beside my joy,
 Nor Helen who BOASTED of conquests TROJAN,
 For whom was ROASTED the town of Troy.
 Her cheeks like ROSES through lilies GROWING,
 Her mouth MELODIOUS with songs of glee ;
 Such mien and MOLLION were never NOTICED
 Since died our POSY was in Ballylee.

(3) "An cúigeadó bl. p. 50 brúigeadó mairé réilleadó," G.
 (4) "imiret," G. (5) "ὄρασμα ἀ céite," M.

'Oá bpeicpeá an rpeírbean a' r í zαβcα zλευpta,
 Lá bpeáξ zpeíne ran tpeíno, 'rí ríúβαl,
 Solur lapta ar a bpollac zlézeal
 'Oo tíúβuo léipear vo feapí zan rúil.
 Tά zpiáo na zceuyota i zclári a h-éavoin,
 Ir zeall a feucáint(1) le peult a' luain,
 'S oá mbeioeáθ rí i n-émpeáct le linn na noéite
 ní ruar vo θénuv vo θéapíaiθe an t-úβαll.

Tά a potc az capáθ léi ríor zo zlíuαiθ,
 Az rilleáθ 'r az líuαáθ zo véal a bpióz,
 na noualcaíθ rzaríca, 'ré coim zlar le opúcta,
 'S na tpeoilpíθe a' rzuαbaθ (2) na oiαiz ran róo.
 A' r rúo i an cúilpionn ir zile múinte
 'Oá'pí forzaril rúil azur o'á maípeann beo,
 'S oá mbuo liom-ra oúitee an Tigeapna lícan
 'Oap bpióz mo cúipe buo liom-ra an tpeóio.

Tά a cum caol caílce 'r a zpuαáθ marí na piópaiθ
 'S a oá cíc cóm-épuinn or cómáipi a cpioiθe,
 A bpiázaro a leaca 'r a cúilin ómpa, [rí.
 A' r marí opúct an pógmáipi 'peáθ bpeactnuigeann
 θiuzil, Cicero, no cómáct Hómei
 Ní tíúβuo i zcoim-miear (3) a rzeim 'r a znoi,
 Tuit mé i bpeacaθ leat a bláct na h-óize
 'S muna otiq tú az ol liom ní maípeavo mí.

(1) "A oá rúil marí n. a, l," C. (2) "na bpeilpeain líuαáθ," C.

If you were to see the sky-woman and she prepared and dressed
 Of a fine sunny day in the street, and she walking,
 And a light kindled out of her skinning bosom
 That would give sight to the man without an eye.
 There is the love of hundreds in the forehead of her face,
 Her appearance is as it were the Star of Monday,
 And if she had been in being in the time of the gods
 It is not to Venus the apple would have been delivered up.

Her hair is twining with her, down to her knees,
 Twisting and curling to the mouth of her shoe,
 In scattered strands, as shining (4) as the dew,
 And the twists-of-hair sweeping after her up the road.
 And there is the coolun brightest and most mannerly
 Of all who ever opened eye, or live in life ;
 And if I were to have the estate of Lord Lucan,
 By the virtue of my conscience, the jewel would be mine.

Her waist is narrow, chalk-white, and her countenance like the
 roses,
 And her two breasts equal-round over against her heart ;
 Her neck and her cheeks and her amber back hair
 And it is like the harvest dew she appears.
 Virgil, Cicero, or the power of Homer
 Would not bring a comparison for her beauty and mien ;
 I have fallen into sin (desiring) you, O Blossom of Youth,
 And unless you come to drink with me I shall not live a month.

(3) "1 γcomαρ," C. and G. I edit as above.

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

Walking or dancing, if you were to see the plant (5),

You would give your affection to the blossom of the branches,
Her countenance lit-up, and her heart without trouble,

And were it not a lovely thing to be close to her smooth bosom?
The power of Sampson or of Alexander

Surely I would not envy in place of my desire ;
And if I do not get leave to talk to Mary Staunton,
I am in doubt that my life will be short.

She bade me good-morrow early with pleasure,

She set a seat for me, and not in the corner,
She drank a drink on me, she was the heart of generosity,
At the time that I rose up to go on my journey.

I began speaking and conversing with her,

It is mannerly she looked at me, the apple blossom ;
Here is my bail of mouth for you without a word of lie,
That I have left the branch with her away from Mauria Brown.

Raftery speaks in this song of the Posy Bright who was in Ballylee. She was the handsomest maiden, they say, who was born for a hundred years in the West of Ireland. There is no old man on that side of the county Galway who has not heard talk of this sky-woman, and, as for those who saw her, they are not able to praise enough her beauty and her courteous manners.

(4) “*ḡo ṽṽṽ ṽṽ ḡí an ṽṽṽm léi.*” Neither S nor ḡ have these four lines.

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

beasraib lágada. Do cóinnuiḡ rí i n-áice le ḡort-innre-
 ḡuairie, aḡur tá fuigleac an tige in ar n-áirí rí le feic-
 rint go fóill aḡ baile-uí-liag, baile beag a bfuil leac-
 duirim ve tigeib an, ar bhuac áibne bige áir-ḡlóiraiḡe
 i mbarúntac̄t Cilltaran. Do baimeac̄ an cúro ír mó
 ve na clocaib ar binn aḡur taob-ballaib an tige le na
 ḡurí i tigeib eile no le ballaib-cloice vo tógbáir,
 aḡur o'fár na rḡeac̄a aḡur na oirfeóḡa amearḡ an
 méio oíob vo rḡac̄o, aḡur tá ríac̄o rin rēin ícte aḡ na
 ḡabraib, i moct nac̄ bfuil don fár ionnta, aḡur rin an
 méac̄o ac̄a le feicrint ve'n áit ar n-áirí Máire Ní
 h-Eiríon 'na blac̄ aḡur na rḡeim. Mar léigmo i
 "n-Oíde Cloinne Lir": "ír amlaic̄o fuaramar an baile,
 fár folam ar a ḡcionn, ḡan ac̄t maol-rac̄a ḡlar aḡur
 voirac̄o naannta an, ḡan tíg, ḡan teime, ḡan treib."

"Ní fācaic̄o mé maím don bean coim briedḡ léi aḡur
 ní feicreac̄o go b'fāḡaic̄o mé bār," aḡur rēan-bean leir
 an mbaic̄tḡeairna ḡregorí. Dubairc̄ rēan-rḡeac̄oim
 vo cūimniḡ i go maic̄t, "buo é Máire Ní h-Eiríon an ruo
 ba briedḡa o'í cumac̄o maím. Ní bioo comóirac̄a báire
 in ran tír nac̄ mbeic̄t rí an, aḡur éac̄oiḡ bána uirí i
 ḡcoimnuic̄e. O'áirí don fear veaḡ i le pórac̄o i n-don
 lá amáin, ac̄t ní pórac̄o rí fear ar bic̄ ac̄a. Bí oirac̄m
 o'fearaib óḡa 'na ríve aḡ ol don oirce amáin, aḡur
 éromac̄o aḡ caic̄t ar Máire Ní h-Eiríon, aḡur o'éal-
 aiḡ fear ac̄a amac̄ le vol go baile-uí-liag le n-a feic-
 eál, ac̄t nuair táiniḡ rē go Móm Cluana tuit rē in
 ran uirḡe aḡur báiteac̄o é." Dubairc̄ rēan-fear eile,
 "an fear ír láiríe bí aḡainn buo é rin Seáḡan O . . .
 ruair rē bār o'á báir, aḡ vol t'rairna na h-ábann in
 íon oirce aḡ ríul le n-a feiceál." Dubairc̄ rēan-bean

She lived near Gort Innse-Guaire, and the remains of the house in which she lived are to be yet seen in Ballylee, a little village of some half-dozen houses on the side of a noisy little river in the barcny of Kiltartan. The most of the stones have been taken out of the gable and side walls of the house, to put into other houses or to build stone walls of, and whitethorns and briars have grown amongst those of them there were left, and even these have been eaten by the goats, so that there is no growth in them: and that is all that is to be seen of the place where Mary Hynes once lived in her blossom and beauty. As we read in the Fate of the children of Lir—"It is thus they found the home, full of wild-growth and empty before them, nothing but ruined green ramparts and groves of nettles, without house, without fire, without tribe."

"I never saw a woman as handsome as she, and I never shall fill I die." said an old man to Lady Gregory. An old fiddler who remembered her well said—"Mary Hynes was the finest thing that was ever shaped. There usedn't to be a hurling match in the county that she wouldn't be at it, and a white dress on her always. Eleven men asked her in marriage in one single day, but she would not marry any one of them. There were a number of young men sitting up drinking one night, and they fell to talking about Mary Hynes, and a man of them stole away to go to Ballylee to see her, and when he came to the Bog of Cloon he fell into the water and was drowned." Another old man said—"The strongest man that we had, and that Shawn O'——, he got his death on the head of her, going across the river in the night hoping to see her." Another old woman said—"The sun nor the

eile, "ní fácaíod an ghrádh ná an gceolac don muo com
 breágh léi. Connadhic mihe í go minic. Uí crioire
 cineálta aici. Uí mé, lá ainéin, ag vul abairle trío
 an bpaíic rin éall, agur mihe tuirreac go leói, agur
 cia tuicrao amac cúgam acé an pórae glégeal agur
 éus rí glaine leainnacéa óam." Dubhairt fear ar
 éinn-mara, "veir h-uile óuine nac bfuil don uine le
 feiceál anoir com rghainac léi. Uí ghuag breágh uiriu
 ar óac an óiu. Uí rí 'na calin boét, acé vo bioó rí
 gléarta h-uile lá mar an dóinnac, bí rí com rnarra
 rin, agur dá macaó rí go báire no go cruinnuagáó
 vo bioó na uoime agur i mullac a céile le n-a gcuio
 rúl vo leagan uiriu. Uí a lán i ngráó léi, acé fuair
 rí búr agur í óg. Duine ar bic a mbionn abrián véanta
 air, ní máiriró ré a bpaó, avoir ríao." U'éoiri, avub-
 airt fear-bean le cairio uain-ra, gur b'iao na uoime
 maite vo rug leó í, óiu avoir rí, "éainis uoime ar gac
 uile áiu le na feiceál agur b'éoiri go maib uoime
 ann vo véarimao 'baíl ó Uia uiriu' vo máó."

Faiaoi! vo éus uine-uairal móiu vo bí in ran tíu
 rin ghróó úi. Tréigeaó í agur fuair rí búr i mboctanar
 tamall beag rúl éainis an uioó-ráoagal.

Vo rghioó mihe an t-abrián vo iunne an Reacúme
 úi, ag Cilltaritan, ó béal éomáir Uí h-Éiríon, Gaéuil-
 téoiri breágh clirte, agur fear-abrián maic, acá réin
 gaolac léi. Éus mé an t-abrián vo Noimao boiruc
 agur éuir ríhe in a "Ceól Síde" é. Ag ro an t-abrián
 mar vo bí ré aige:—

moon never saw anything as fine as she. I often saw her. She had a kind heart. I was once going home through that field over there, and me tired enough, and who should come out to see me but the Posy Glegal (Bright Posy), and she gave me a drink of new milk." A man from Kinvara said—"Everyone says that there's no one to be seen now as handsome as she was. There was fine hair on her of the colour of the gold ; she was a poor girl, but she used always to be every day dressed the same as a Sunday, she was that neat, and if she went to a hurling match or a gathering the people used to be running on top of other to lay their eyes on her. There were a number in love with her, but she died and she young. Anybody who has a song made about them won't live long, they say." Perhaps, said an old woman to a friend of mine, it was the good people who took her with them, for, said she, "people came out of every quarter to see her, and perhaps there were some there who forgot to say 'God bless her.' "

Alas! a great gentleman who was in that county fell in love with her. She was left, and died in poverty a short time before the Famine.

I wrote down the song which Raftery made for her, at Kiltartan itself from the mouth of Tommy Hynes, a fine, clever Irish speaker and a good singer, and who is himself related to her. Here is the song as he had it:—

máire ni h-eiðin
no
an pósdé zlézeal.

Oul éuis an airmionn uam le toil na n-ghárta,
Do bí an lá báirtead, aghur o'áruisg zaoé,
Carad an ainnir liom le taoib éilltaruain
Aghur éuit mé láirtead i n-ghrád le mnaoi.
Labair mé léi (1) zo múinte mánla
'S do péir a cáileadé 'r ead o'fheagair rí,
'Sé subairt rí, " Rairteir tá m'innuinn rárta
Aghur zluair zo lá liom zo baid'-ui-liaḡ (2)."

Nuair fuair mé an cairuigint* níoir leis mé ar cáirve é,
Rinne mé záire aghur zéit mo éiríde,
Ni raib le oul aghainn déit triarna ráirce
'S ní éuz muid (4) an lá linn déit zo tóin an tige.
Leagad éuzainn boiro a raib zloine a'f cáirca air,
Aghur cúilfionn fáinnead le m'air 'na ruidé,
'Sé subairt rí, " Rairteir, bí 'z ól 'r céad fáilte,
Tá'n foilear láirir i mbaid'-ui-liaḡ."

I' doibinn déiread ar taoib an t-léibe
Ag bheadnuḡad ríor ar baid'-ui-liaḡ,
Ag riúbal rna zleannuadib 'baint enó aghur rmeáira,
'S zeadl ceileabair (5) éan ann le ceóluadib ríde.
Cia'n bhig raí m'éad rin zo bháirgēá léaragur,
Ar blát na zcraéb atá le n-a taoib,
Ni'l maic o'á feunad a'f ná ceil ar denne,
'Sí rpeir na zréine aghur zrád mo éiríde (6).

(1) Aliter, "Lean mé uire." (2) Labairtear an áit mar "bairle-leoi."
(3) i.e. cairuigint. (4) Muid = rinu.
(5) Aliter, "a'f ceileabair, 7c." Labairtear ceileabair mar "ceil-

MARY HYNES, or THE POSY BRIGHT.

Going to Mass of me, God was GRACIOUS,

The day came RAINY and the wind did blow,

And near Kiltartan I met a MAIDEN

Whose love enSLAVED me and left me low.

I spoke to her gently, the courteous MAIDEN₂

And gently and GAILY she answered so :

"Come, Raftery, with me, and let me TAKE YOU

To Ballylee, where I have to go."

When I got the offer, I did not put off (its acceptance),

I laughed, and my heart bounded ;

We had only to go across the field,

And we only brought the day to the back of the house (7).

There was laid for us a table on which was a glass and quart,

And the ringletted coolun beside me sitting,

'Twas what she said, "Raftery be drinking, and a hundred
welcomes,

The cellar (8) is strong in Ballylee."

It is lovely and airy on the side of the mountain

Looking down upon Ballylee,

Walking in the grass, picking nuts and blackberries,

The warbling of birds there is all as one as fairy music.

What is the good of all that, till you would get a sight

Of the blossom of the branches who is by its side ;

'There is no use in denying it, and conceal it from no one,

She is the sky of the sun and the love of my heart.

ύμ." (6) Aliter, "σο θμερότό μό έμοιθε.

(7) i.e., daylight just lasted till they reached the house.

(8) Said to allude to a great deep pool in the river, near which the house was.

Σιύβαι με Σατρανα ἦ αν φῆαινε le céile,
 An Spáin, an ḡriús, aḡur ar m'air arir,
 Ó bhuac loc ḡriéine zo béal na Céibe (1),
 'S ní f'acaió mé féirín ar bit mar í.
 Dá mbéinn-re pópta le bláct na h-óige
 Tríe loc an Tóraitic vo leathrainn í,
 Cuanta a'ḡ cóptaio zo riúbalrainn a'ḡ bóitpe
 A noiaig an tpeóio-bean (2) tá i mbai-le-u-liaḡ.

'Sí Máire ní h-Eiðin (3) an rtaio-bean beupaé,
 Bá veipe méin aḡur b'áille ḡnai,
 Dá céad cléipeac, ἦ a ḡcup le céile,
 Aḡur tman a tpeítpe ní féarfaó rḡriob.
 Bual rí Dáirpe le bpeḡḡacé a'ḡ Benuy,
 'S dá n-abrainn Hélen le'ḡ rḡriopaó an Triaoi,
 Acé ir rḡoé ban Éirinn ar uéct an méio rin,
 An póraé ḡlégeal tá i mbail'-u-liaḡ.

A méalcaín an tpoluy aḡur a ḡman an f'óḡmáir,
 A cúilpionn ómra aḡur a cúio ve'n tpaóḡal,
 An nḡluairpeá liom-ra faoi cómair an Dóimnaig,
 No zo noéairamaioio cómairle cá mbéio ár ruiðe.
 Nioy móy liom ceól vuit ḡac don oioce Dóimnaig,
 Punnipe ar bóio aḡur dá n-ólfa rion,
 A'ḡ a Riḡ na ḡlóipe zo vḡmuis (4) an bótar,
 Zo b'páḡ mé an t-eólar zo b'ail'-u-liaḡ.

(1) Aliter, "béal-át-caoréainn. (2) Sic, i n-áit "na reóio-ínná."

(3) "Mary Hynes," αυθαίρετ Tomár O h-Eiðin, "óir," ar raircan liom, "nac veipe rin zo móy ná 'Máire ní h-Eiðin' a páó," aḡur

I travelled England and France together,
 Spain and Greece and back again,
 From the brink of Loch Greine to the Mouth of the Quay,
 And I never saw a faireen at all like her.

If I were wed to the Blossom of Youth,
 Through Loch an Toraic I would follow her,
 Harbours and coasts I would walk, and roads,
 After the jewel-woman who is in Ballylee.

It is Mary Hynes is the courteous, stately woman,
 Of nicest mien and most lovely appearance ;
 Two hundred clerks, and to put them together,
 One-third of her accomplishments they could not write.
 She beat Deidre for fineness, and Venus,
 And if I were to mention Helen by whom Troy was destroyed,
 But she is the flower of Ireland on account of all that,
 The Posy Bright who is in Ballylee.

O Star of Light, O Sun of Harvest,
 O Amber Coolun, (my) share of the world,
 Would you proceed with me, against Sunday,
 Until we take counsel where shall our sitting be.
 I would not think it much for you, music every Sunday night,
 Punch upon the table, and, if you would drink it, wine,
 And, O King of Glory, may the road dry,
 Until I find the way to Ballylee.

h-uile úine eile dá maib an t-abrán aca, buhmasar Mary Hynes, agus
 ir sóis̄ gur ab é buhairt an Reachtúire féin, aet o'acrais̄ mire é.

(4) i.e., go stiomaís no go stiomaís.

Τά βέαρρα εϊλε γαν δβιάν γο ναό μαιβ άς Τομάγ
 Ο η-Εϊθίν άότ γυαρι μέ ο φεαρι εϊλε έ. Όειγ Τομάγ ναό
 μβαινεαυνν γέ λειγ αν δβιάν άςγυρ ζο οτυζανν γέ
 ζγυαδς ύυβ το Μάγμε Νι η-Εϊθίν, νυαρι βί ζγυαδς όγμ no
 ζγυαδς όμγμ υγγμ. Ιγ γίογ όό γιν, άότ βειγμμ αν βέαρ-
 ρα ανν γο, όγμ ιγ μαϊτ έ cibé μυννε έ :

Τά ά γολτ άς αραθ λει άρι ύάτ να γμέαρμ,
 'Να γοιλλε γαε-ζεαλ να υιαϊζ γαν ογμύότ,
 Αν γολυρ λαργα in ά βγολλαό ζλέζεαλ,
 Α υ'ράς να céαυτα φεαρι ι ηζαλαγ ούβόό.
 Α βγιάζαυο ιγ ζγίλε να γνεάότα γέγυτε,
 Ιγ λύτμιαγ (1) έάυτγμμ ά αοργ άς γιύβαλ,
 Α'γ μο μγζ οά μβέγνν-γε μαγ Ιυλιυρ Αεργαγ,
 Όο ύέαηγαινν γέγύτεαό le blaó na η-ύβαλλ.

Άς γο δβιάν άλυγνν εϊλε το γυαρι μέ γαν λάγν-
 γζγίβγνν in γαν Αααυαίμ, άμεαργς οάγτα αν Ρεαότύγμε.
 Όυβαγργ αν γζγίβγνν ζγυρ λειγ αν Ρεαότύγμε έ, άςγυρ
 ουβαγργ Μάο υι γίνν λγμ ζγυρ γννγρ γεαυ-φεαγ υε να
 η-Ογργμγζ όό ζο ζαυαλαγύ γέ αν Ρεαότύγμε υ'ά ζαβάιλ.
 Τά να βέαρραϊό αόμ βγνν γγν ζγυρ γάογλ μέ ζο μβυό
 έγμυαζ ζαν ά ζαυγ γίογ ανηγο cibé μυννε ιάυ :—

(1) Λαβαγρτέαγ αν γοαλ γο μαγ "λύραγ."

There is another verse in this song which Tommy Hynes had not got, but I heard it from another man. Tommy Hynes says it does not belong to this song, for it gives Mary Hynes black hair, whereas it was golden or amber hair was on her. That is true for him, but I give the verse here whoever made it, for it is a good one:—

Her hair is a-twisting with her, of the colour of blackberries,

In a moon-white brightness behind her in the dew,

The lamp lit in her bright breast,

Which has left the hundreds of men in sorrowful sickness.

Her bosom brighter than the blown snow,

Active and light her feet in walking ;

And if I were to be a king like Julius Caesar,

I would make a settlement with the blossom of the apple-trees.

Here is another pretty song which I got in the MS. in the Academy amongst Raftery's poems. The manuscript said that it was by Raftery, and Mr. Finn told me that an old man of the Hessians told him that he heard Raftery singing it. The verses are so melodious that I thought it a pity not to set them down here, whoever made them:—

πεισιὸ μιστέλλι.

β'αιτ λιον βεαν ο'ιμπρεόδαὸ cleaf 'r naç zclirpeað ðr
 Δ ζηάὸ,

Siubalpað arteaç le zpeann ðr feap 'r naç rearpað
 λειρ ran τηάιο,

βείλιν veap ir millpe blaρ na mil na mbeaç paoi çáirz
 Cúl trom, ταιρ, pionn, fáinneaç, zλαρ, rí peizirò τά μέ
 'ράὸ,

Ir mine Δ ορεαç ná clum mín zeal 'r ná cúðar na
 tuille ðr τηάιζ

Cpoidε bpeáç zλαρ, vo fár nári meaç, μαρ éμυζεαρ
 ουλεαβαρ 'r blaç.

Zo océirò mé i βρεαρτ τά m'innctinn leat, Δ βείσιὸ Δ
 míle ζηάὸ,

Mo leun 'r mo çpeaç zan tú 'r mé leat ðr éuanταιβ
 America.

Δ ρόρι μο çpoidε ná τηάιζ vo mian açt bpeaçnuiz
 'rteaç ran zçár,

nuar éucpaρ ðn τηλιζε βείρ όλ ðr fion 'r ní baozal
 úinn çoitóce báp.

Δ blaç na zcpaðoð naç cpuaio ðn rzeal munab tú τά
 ðam i noán,

ðr uairle ðn τpaozail ðá mbéinn mo μiz ir leat vo
 çpaicépinn láin.

PEGGY MITCHELL.

I like a maid who's not afraid, but loves so well a man,
 She goes with him, both out and in, and loves him all she can
 A mouth fine, small, and sweet withal as honey in the spring,
 And heavy hair flung backward there, 'tis Peggy fair I sing.

Smother is her countenance than smooth white down and than
 the froth of the flood on the shore,

A fine green heart of growth that did not wither, (rising) as the
 foliage and blossoms rise ;

Until I go into the tomb my mind is with you, O Peggy, thousand
 loves,

My grief and my destruction that you are not, and I with you,
 on the harbours of America.

Treasure of my heart, do not forsake thy desire, but look into the
 case,

When the means shall come there shall be drinking of wine and
 no danger of death to us for ever ;

O blossom of the branches, is it not a hard story if it be not you
 are laid out by fate for me,

Over the nobility of the world, if I were King, it is with you I
 would shake hands.

If I were to get a way or a place to sit I would not cease for a
day or a year

Until I should write down with a fine thin pen your shape and
your quality ;

There was never born any woman in this country who would take
the sway from you,

Since Troy was destroyed on account of a woman and since
Deirdre was put to death.

The gleam of gold is in the hair of my treasure, and it growing
ringletted and fair

To the mouth of her shoe, as bright (1) as a tear, and it woven
over her head ;

O blossom of the apples, finer in beauty than the foliage of the
tops of the trees,

Get ready on Monday until we go travel, and see that it is time.

There is splendour and brightness, blood and veins, and a pretty
glow accordingly

In the blossom of whiteness, of roundest and brightest eye, and
set of mouth ;

It is no lie at all the story that is about, that I am a man out of
my senses,

For a year to-day, each day of mirth, and I thinking of the
blossom of the branches.

(1) This must be the meaning of *star* here.

Mo ghráð fá óo na mná go ceó go ó'fás riad miye
 tinn
 Δε θεάναιμ βρόιν φαοι luac an óil vo óiozβail é beic
 cruinn,
 B'feapri liom póg ó pveigro ar noóiz 'ri beic i n-uais
 neap liom,
 ná paioβear (1) Séoirre go buo móri a leac óá mbeic
 ré cruinn.

Oo b'ait liom ópicaó beic ar pópcepi a'r cannaio lán
 ve leann,
 Puinnre ar bópo a'r gloinne i zcoipi coim fáo (2) 'r beic
 mo póca teann,
 Mo ghráð 'r mo rtoipi beic or mo cómaidri Δε caint 'r Δε
 cómriáó liom,
 Ir léi o'ólpaonn luac na mbpóg óá mbeic mo cóta i
 ngeall.

Δε go anoir an óán φαοα vo μinne an Reacóúipe
 nuair bí an cholera Δε rziop na noaoine go tiuz i
 n-Éipinn. Ir é "Διέπιζε Ραιφερι," an τ-ainm acá air
 go coitcáionn. Acé zλαοóοim-re an "Cholera Mor-
 buy" ar an zcéao leit óé Δεyur an "Διέπιζε" ar an
 oapia leit, óiri ní i n-aoon βéapriδiζεacé no i n-aoon
 toimar acá riad. Fuair mé cóip ve'n óán go óm'
 óapiao Tomár O Mioóóain Δεyur cóip eile vo μinne
 Seázon O Cuillionáim ran mbuaóóaim 1838, Δεyur fuair

(1) "ná r riuβal ar," MS., μuo náé vtuizim.

My love twice over are the women for ever, although they have
left me sick,

Making lament over the price of the drink for the loss of its
being gathered (?);

I would sooner have a kiss from Peggy, surely, and she to be
in solitude with me,

Then the wealth of King George, though great were the half of
it, if it were to gathered together.

I would like an outpouring to be on porter and cans full of ale,
Punch on table and glasses prepared, so long as my pocket should
be stiff (full);

My love and my treasure to be over against me, talking and
discoursing with me,

It is with her I would drink the price of my shoes, (even) if my
coat were in pledge.

Here now is a long poem that Raftery made when the cholera was destroying numbers of the people in Ireland. "Raftery's Repentance" is the name that is commonly on it. But I call the first half the "Cholera Morbus," and the second half the "Repentance," for it is not in one versification nor in one metre they are. I got a copy of this poem from my friend Thomas O'Meehan, and another copy that Shawn O'Cullenan wrote in the

(2) Λαβαριτζεαρ "κοιν παο" μαρι "c'αο."

mé cóipeanna eile ó úsaimb éasraimla, agus éirí mé
le céile ias com maic agus o'féad mé. Éirí mé an
piora ro i gclo i "m'Abrianaib' Oiaús Cúige Connacht,"
áct ag ro air é:—

AN CHOLERA MORBUS.

Δ ίορα Cμιορτ 'r Δ Riς na ηγηάρα,
Δ (1) έριυταίς τολαμ neam agus Παρηταρ,
Δ τόμτ Το έιυτο ρολα i γεραnn na páipe,
Sábdail rinn ar an Cholepa Morbur (2).

Ir iomós ραζοιτ bean-μαζαλτα 'r bpaéon
Δς αζοιτ Θε; na h-εαρβοις 'r an pápa,
áct b'έιουη zo n-έιρτρó an té ir τάμe,
Sílpead (4) Δ έεόρα 'r Δ έροιυε beic epáiréte

'Sé mo έυαμμ 'r ir ουβαé liom τμαάτ αιη,
Συρ υαιη i γεó τά ας ιαρηαιó ράρτα,
Συρόριμιο αι ραο αι μμυη μιάταη,
Τά ρεαις αι Όια 'r Δ ρσιύμρα ταρηαιηςτε.

(1) Tá an "a" ro i n-áit "oo." Labairtear "oo" mar "a" zo ró-mínic. (2) Aliter, "ραοη rinn ó olc no áon báp epáiréte.

(3) Aliter, "Δ' r εαρβος epáipead." (4) Aliter, "féipead le míon.

Note.—Some of the verses in this poem are quite simple and unadorned. In most of the lines, however, two words occurring about the middle make vowel-rhyme, or full-rhyme, with one another, as

Swifter is DEATH than the BREATH of the dying
Or steeds that RACE whose PACE seems flying.

In other verses one word or two words in the middle of the second line rhyme with one or two other words in the body of the first line, as

When SCATTERED shall LIE each LIMB now restless
SHATTERED and DRY and GRIM and fleshless.

This, though the most usual tour de force in modern Irish poetry,

year 1838, and I got other copies from various people, and I have put them together here as well as I could. I printed this poem in my "Religious Songs of Connacht," but here it is again:—

THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

O Jesus Christ, high Heir of graces, (1) :
 Prince of whate'er in boundless space is,
 Slain by men's hand that life might garb us,
 Save our land from Cholera Morbus.

Though priests of hope, with nun and friar
 And bishop and Pope pray prayers of fire,
 God hears the sigh of the meanest-spoken,
 Who pours his cry from a heart half-broken.

For sure I know it—a sad confession—
 That this is a moment needs intercession,
 We haste down-trod, to the Virgin, praying,
 Anger's on God, He is scourging, slaying.

occurs more sparingly than the other, though I have reproduced it oftenest in my translation. In addition to this, Raftery uses another device, one which I have not attempted to imitate in my version, by making the first 28 lines end, each with the sound of the long "a," the next 32 lines with the sound of long "i" (ee), the next 12 with the sound of "e" (æ), and the next 20 with the sound of short "a." This is not an uncommon trick of the modern school of 18th century bards, but it is curious to find an unlettered man like Raftery using it.

(1) Literally: O Jesus Christ, and O King of the graces, Who did'st create earth, heaven, and paradise, Who did'st pour Thy share of blood on the tree of the passion, Save us from the Cholera Morbus.

Many is the priest, nun, and friar, addressing God, the bishops and the Pope (with them), but perhaps he will hear him

Δ λυττ αν πεσσαιτ ταιγιτ αν εαρ ρο,
 Τεσσαιτ αν διτμιζε αττ με ροτ λιβ,
 Ουβαιριτ Χρισττ ρειν αττ λαν οε ζιμαρα,
 "Αν τε ο'ιομοτ' λειρ ζο μβειτ' ρε ταιριτα."

Ιρ μαριζ α λειτρεττ α λειρ αν εαιριτε,
 Αρ υατ (5) ζο οτιυερατ αν ριοιττοιρ (6) ζιρδαννα.
 'S α λιαττα ζιρυαζατ υαιβιρεατ οααν,
 Α ευιρ ρε ροι, οα εαοιτε[α] ενδαννα.

Ρευτ αν τε βι ινοε λυατ λαιριρ,
 Α λειμρεατ ρζονηρα ελοιτε 'ζυρ βεαρινα,
 Οι αν τριατνονα αζ ριυβαλ να ριαιριτε,
 'S αζ ουλ ροι 'η ζορεαφοιζ λα'ρι να ιμαρια.

Ιρ μιριε αν Οαρ να αν τονν βαιριτε,
 'S να εατ οα λυαιτε αν ευιρα αν μαρα,
 Α η-αζοιτ να ρλυαζ οο βυαιλρεατ ρε βαιριτε,
 'S ηι τυιρζε ανηριυτ ε να ρομδαννη αν ζοριτα (7).

(5) Aliter, "le ραζταιρ (i.e. ραιτ ειο

(6) "σιονττοιρ," G.; and another copy.

(7) Οο ερσοενυιζεατ ζαε λινε ζο οτι ρεο λειρ αν λειρι α. Τορ-
 αιζεανν ανοιρ αν λειρι "ι" ηο "αο" τα εορμυιλ λε ι ην α ρυαμ ι
 ζοοναεταιβ.

who is meanest (of men), who would pour his tears, and his heart to be tortured.

It is my supposition, and it is grievous to me to speak of it, that this is an hour which is seeking for satisfaction, we will pray at large to Mary Mother, there is anger on God and his scourge is drawn. O people of sin, understand this case, make

Consider and quake, lest devils scorn you,
 Repentance make, as now I warn you,
 For Christ's words be—they are words to cherish—
 "Who turns to me shall never perish."

Alas for him who puts off repentance,
 Till the Seeker grim come with awful sentence,
 The seeker of all, the gaunt grim-greeting,
 For man must fall, and his vaunt is fleeting.

The man who topped the highest fences,
 Who was not stopped by the widest trenches,
 Who rode to-day without grief or trouble,
 To-morrow the clay upon him they shovel.

Swifter is Death than the breath of the dying,
 Or steeds who race, whose pace seems flying,
 Against millions he plays, and he flays them hollow,
 He is here, he is there, we despair to follow.

the repentance that I am bidding you, Christ himself has said, who is full of grace, "that he who would turn to Him would be saved." Alas for him who would put off his own good, for fear that the hateful seeker (death) may come, and all the proud bold champions he has put beneath him, for all (or despite) the thinness of his bones.

Look at him who was yesterday swift and strong, who would leap scunce, ditch and gap, who was in the evening walking the street, and going under the clay on the morrow. The Death is fleetier than the wave of drowning, or than any steed however fast, on the racecourse. He would play a goal against the multitude, and no sooner is he there than he is on guard before

Τά γέ λυαινεαὶ ψαυσαὶ λειγτε γζαοιλτε (1)
 Νι ψεαρνι λειρ αν λά νά λάρι να η-οιούσε, [αιρ,
 Αν τραῦτ ῥαοιλεαρ νεαὶ ναὶ μβιθεανν δον βδοζαλ
 Σύο ε αι αν μβαλλ αι λάρι (2) λε цаοιμεαὶ.

Ἰρ μόρι σο τωιτ λειρ ι στριάτ να οίλεανν,
 Ξαν цаиτ no τραῦταὶ αι αιμννι μῆδοιρε,
 Δετ ο'ά μέαυο λε μιάυ ζαὶ [α] βῥάγεται ριορ λειρ,
 Νι η-έ τὰ λάιουρι δετ ζηόρα Ἐρίορτα.

Ἰρ ρλαυαίὸ αν βάρ α ἄρηναρ (3) μίγτε,
 Ρμιονηραίὸ ἀρσα δ'ῖρ τιζεαρηναιὸ τειρε,
 Βειρι γέ αν μόρι λειρ, αν τ-όγ 'ῖρ αν ερίονα,
 Αι φαρτυζαὶ γζοίγ' λειρ οῖρ κόμαρι να ησαοινη.

Ἰρ οάνα αν ουινη νά αν μαε-τιρε,
 Α μαιρβυιζεαρ να η-υαιη αι ριύβαλ να η-οιούσε,
 Δετ ράτ μο βιόιν αζυρ μο εριάυ ραοζαλτα
 Αν τ-αη βειτ ἔαριτ, 'ῖρ ζαν αν αιτμυζε οέαντα.

Ἰρ μαηγ α μεαλλταρι λε цаτταγῆτ αν τραοζαλ,
 Αζυρ λαίγεαυ αν λóη α цаиτεαρ ριορ λειρ,
 Ξαν βμυζ 'η α λειρ οά μαηρεαὶ γέ mile
 Δετ μαρ ρζιοηρφαὶ γέ αι цаиτ 'ῖρ αι οηρ αιρίρ(4).

(1) "Lyaineadé, psavsaí, leigte, gzaoiltead," G.

(2) Aliter, "αι ελάρι." (3) Aliter, "ερεαῶανηρ."

(4) Ἰρ ρολλυραὶ δ'η τειρε ρεο ζυρ λαβαιη αν ρεαῶυιρε αν ροαλ
 ρο "αιρίρ" μαρ "αιριτε," μαρ ελμιντεαρ ζο mimie é ι ζαοηαῶταιβ.

us. He is volatile, rushing, starting, loosed, he does not prefer to have the day rather than the night, when a person thinks there is no fear of him, there he is on the spot laid low with keening.

Great is the number who fell by him in the time of the Deluge, not to speak of or mention the period of Moses, but, however great to mention all who are left low by him, it is not he who is strong but the grace of Christ. The Death is a

He is rushing, racing, rapid, riving,
 Daily chasing, and hunting nightly,
 When man is boldest nor thinks of danger,
 He falls on his shoulders, the awful Stranger.

Though many he slew when the deluge opened,
 And many, too, in the days of Moses,
 Yet in spite of the throng he slays and freezes
 Not he who is strong, but the grace of Jesus.

A spoiler grim, he despoils the princes,
 Kings against him have no defences ;
 He takes through the gate, the young and the old,
 He takes the great, and he takes the naked.

The ravening wolf does not so ravin
 When he tears the lamb on his midnight travel ;
 But my grief, my cup of pain, my sentence !
 The time to be up—and without repentance.

Earth's joys deceive us—the Devil's purpose—
 Till Death shall leave us beneath its surface,
 Though we live for a thousand years in clover,
 It is passed as an hour, and all is over.

despoiler who heaps (together) kings, high princes, and country lords, he brings with him the great, the young and the old, gripping them by the throat before the people. The person (Death) is bolder than the son-of-the-country (i.e., wolf), who slays the lambs, travelling through the night, but the cause of my grief and my worldly torture (is) the time to be up, and no repentance made.

Alas for him who is deceived with the temptations of the world, considering how small the provision buried down with him, with no effect in his lease (of life) if he were to live for a thousand (years) than just as though he slipped over (to one) on a

Ὁὰ μβυὸ λεατ-ἰα ἰτόρι ἀ'ἰ ὀρι να μίξεαῶτα,
 Μαιοιμ [μίο] μίορι 'ἰ ζαῶ ἰαιὸβῆμαρ ἰαοζαῶτα,
 Ἀ ποιαῖζ το βάιρ ὀά μέαυ το ἑμέαυτα (2),
 Νί ἰυιλ λε ἰάζαῖλ αζαυ ἀῶτ υαῖμ βέαντα.

Ἐά ποεαῶαῖὸ το ἑαπαῖλλ, το βαῶτ, 'ἰ το ἑαοῖμῖζ?
 Ἐά ποεαῶαῖὸ ἀη τρεῶυ το βῖῶεαῶ ἰ ὀ'ἰαῶῖμῖμῖ?
 Ὁο βεαν 'ἰ το ἑῶανν το βῖῶεαῶ 'η ἀ ἰυῖῶε λεατ?
 Νο ἀη ἑῶμῖῶῶῶ μῖν ἀῖμῖ ἀῖμῖ ἀ μβῖῶεῶ ἰῖντε?

Ἐά ποεαῶαῖὸ ἀη βόῖμῖ ἀ η-ὀῶῶῶῶῶ ἰῖον ὀέ?
 Ὁο ἑῶμῖτ, το ῶεαῶ, 'ἰ το ηαῶῶῶῶ μῖνε,
 Ὁο ἑῶῖῖῖῖ, ὀ'εαῶῖαῖὸ, 'ἰ το ἑῶῖῖῖῖ 'ἰῖουα,
 'S το λυῶῶ ἑαῶῶῶνα το ζῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἰαμῖρ' ὀυῖτ?

Ἐά ποεαῶαῖὸ το βῖῖῖῖῖ ἰῖῖῖῖ, ὀαῶῶῶ?
 Νο ἀη μέαῶτ το βῖῖῖῖ ἀῖ ῶαῖῖῖ το ηαῶῶ?
 Ὁο ἑῶῖῖ ἑαῶῶῖζ ὀαοῖα βῖ βέαντα ἰαν βῖαῖῖῖῖῖ?
 Ὁο ἑῶῖῖαῖ μῖομῖ ἀ'ἰ το ἑῶῖῖ λυῶῶ ἰαεῖῖῖῖῖ?

Νυαῖμῖ βῖῖῖῖῖ το ἑῖῖῖῖῖα τῖε η-α ἑῖῖῖῖ,
 Ζαν ἰυιλ ζαν ἰεῖῖῖ ἀῖ αζαῖὸ να ζῖῖῖῖῖῖ,
 Ἐά ποεαῶαῖὸ λαῖῖῖῖ νο ζῖῖῖ ὀ'εῖῖῖῖῖῖ?
 Νο ἀη ἑῶῖῖ ζῖῖῖῖ ζῖῖῖῖῖῖ βῖῖῖῖῖ μῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ?

(2) "Ἐῖῖ ζο μβυὸ μῖομῖ το ῶῖῖῖῖῖ," ἀῶτ νῖ ἑῶῖῖ-ἰαῖῖῖ ἰῖῖ; "ταῖ
 ἑῖρ ἀῖ ἰυῖῖῖῖ ἑῖῖῖῖ ὀῖῖ νῖ βῖῖῖῖ το ὀά βῖῖῖ λε ἰῖῖῖ ἀῶτ ἰῖῖῖῖ," G.

visit and back again. If yours were the store or the gold of the kingdom, the goods of the world and all earthly riches, after your death however great your flocks, a made grave is the only thing you have to get. Where have gone your horses, your cattle, your sheep, where is gone the jewel that used to be in your presence, your wife and your children, who used to be sitting with you, or the smooth high downy (couch) on which you used to be stretched.

Or had we the gold of the old-time witches,
 Or wealth untold, and a kingdom's riches,
 When Death from our gains to gloom has rolled us,
 There only remains a tomb to hold us.

What then of your folds, your sheep, your cattle,
 Your castles, your holds, your golden metal,
 Your children loved much, who play beside you,
 Your wife and your couch so gay and wide, too!

What then of your halls where guests are laughing,
 What then of your balls where wines are quaffing,
 Horses in throngs, and drink in cellars,
 Men of songs and story-tellers!

What then of your star, your cap, your feather,
 What then of your far-brought Spanish leather,
 Your beautiful clothes so bright and shining,
 And servants in rows to watch you dining!

When scattered shall lie each limb now restless,
 Shattered and dry, and grim, and fleshless,
 Where then the flush and blush and brightness,
 And where the hair in powdered whiteness?

Where has gone the table off which wines used to be drunk!
 your court, your horse, and your smooth halls, your couches,
 your steeds, and your silken suits, and your men of science who
 used to make amusement for you. Where have gone your shoes
 polished, curled, or the star that used to be on the side of your
 hat, your share of expensive clothes made in the fashion, your
 great feast, and your share of attendants? When your bones
 shall be through one another, without blood or flesh in the face
 of the sun, where is gone the flush and brightness of your
 countenance, or the grey back-locks of your hair you used to be
 arranging?

Béiré do éluara boðarí gan meámarí gan éirteáct,
 Siocraíó do gúailne 'r cnapraíó do gúeua,
 Béiré do dá íúil gúinn gan maðaric gan leuigear,
 Do bí in do céann gan camadó gan claonadó.

Ní bailte, fearmána, ríoc, ná tréna,
 A múnear an tréige go fúaitear Dé úinn,
 Áct leaíuáó ói n-anma méir mar léigtear
 A' véannaí cnapraíó uínaí g' r' déice.

Azoul a' luíóe úuit ná bi-re balb,
 Fearc do glúna 'r brúg an talam,
 Cumhniú' ar gáó nío do leig tú éaríao [i.e. éaríao],
 'S go bfuil tú az tríall go cluain (1) na marb.

Úinlaig do'n éleirí azur géill do'n eazlaí,
 Fuairí cúmaáct ó' Óia na peacraíó máiteam,
 Comhion an úlige tá i steampoll p'eadarí,
 A' r' ní baogal úuit báí áct malíait (2) beáta

I' marí g' naé meabmaígeann eíé azur raíoirí,
 'S gúir faíoe ar an tráoal go mí no peáctmáin
 Ná míle bliadóain az Cíann na beáta
 I n'gáíraí p'áíraí no az boíro na n-ábíral.

(1) "Go fúuá na marb" marí fuairíar é ó'n míóúéaáé.
 Aliter, "arí fúuá." (2) = malíait.

Your ears shall be deaf without feeling or hearing, your shoulders shall stiffen-up, and your limbs shall gather (contract), your two clear eyes (shall be) without sight or vision, which were in your head without twist or turn.

It is not towns, lands, stock, nor herds, which teach us the way to the Heaven of God, but the amending of our souls according as is read, making fasting, prayer, and alms. On

Your ears that moulder no sound shall quicken,
 Your limbs shall gather, your shoulder stiffen,
 The eye in your head, of sight the token,
 Its fire is dead, its light is broken.

Not proud abode, nor land, nor riches,
 Can teach the road to Heaven's blisses,
 Our souls we must care, as God has taught us,
 With fasting and prayer to Christ who bought us.

Betake you to these, with care and sighing,
 And bend your knees in prayer and crying,
 Remember your foe and death's black shadow.
 Remember you go to the Dead Men's meadow.

To church and clergy make due submission,
 For their's in mercy is sin's remission,
 Fulfil each thing in the law of Peter,
 Then Death shall bring but existence sweeter.

Prayer should we seek, and for prayer go hunger,
 For a single week in this world is longer
 Than a thousand years where the Tree of Life is,
 Where in God's garden no fear nor strife is.

going to lie down of you, do not be dumb, bend your knees and bruise the ground, remember each thing which you let by you (neglected), and that you are journeying to the meadow of the dead. Submit to the clergy and bow to the church which has got power from God to forgive sins, fulfil the law which is in the Church of Peter, and there is no danger for you of death, but an exchange of life.

Alas for him who does not remember creed and prayer, for sure longer in this world is a month or a week than a thousand years at the Tree of Life, in the Garden of Paradise, or at the

Ἦ μαίηξ ἀ υἱολαί μίξεδάτ να βῆλαίτεαρ,
 Ἄμαρ Ὀέ ἀτά 'ν ἀ ἔμυ πεαρραν'
 'Ἡ ἀίτ ἀ μβιονν ναοιῖν 'ν ἀ ρυιῶε ἀγυρ ἀβῆταιλ
 Βί ἀρ ἀν τραοξάλ ρο 'ξ λεαρμυξάο ἀρ μβεατά.

Ἡοιρ ἴανηταιξ ἀν εραιοῶε 'ρ νιοιρ ρμυαίν ἀν πεααά
 Ἀρ μῆαο ἀν τῆόλδιρ (1) ἀτά 'ρ να ῤλαίτιρ'
 Ἀξ εῖρτεαάτ λε αεόι ἀγυρ ζῆεανν ζαν αεαλξ (2),
 Ἀξ ρεῖτεαμ να ζλόμπε ζυρ ἰ 'ζά. ῤπεαζαμτ.

Λυάτ εῖμυξ' ἰ η-ἀμπε, ράτα 'ρ οῦίτῶε,
 Τιυαῤαῖῶ ριαῶ ζεαμμ ἰ ηπειρεαῶ να αῦρε,
 Ζαν ἀ η-αίτμυξε οἶαητα βεῖῶ ριαῶ βῤύιγτε,
 Ἀμεαρξ λυάτ ρεῖλλε, ρόιτε 'ρ οῤύμπε.

Ἀν ρεαρ ἀ ἴανηταιξεαρ μαοιη ἀ'ρ ταλαῖη,
 'S ηαά ηοἶαηαηη τμυαξ οο'η τέ βιορ ῤαλαῖη.
 Ὀεῖῶ ρέ ῤιορ 'ρ ηῖ μαίτ ἰ ἀ λεαβα,
 Ζιορῶαη ριαααλ ἀμ, ρυαάτ ἀ'ρ αρεατάῶ.

Ἡυαμμ εῖυαῤαρ αῤμιορτ ἀμ ἔαοιβ ἀν τσλεῖβε,
 S αμμνηοῶαῖῶ ρέ αῦιξε ἀν αιηε οαοηηα.
 Ὀεῖῶ οο ζηιοῖηαμῖτα ρζμιοβῶτα ἀμ ο'ευοαη,
 Ἀ'ρ ἀν ρεαρ λε ο'αῖρ ἰοηηἄη ἀ λείγτε.

(1) Aliter, "ἀμ ἀν ρόλάρ ριορμυῖῶε." (2) Aliter, "ρῥόρτ ἀγυρ αῖτιρ."

table of the Apostles. Alas for him who sells the kingdom of the heavens, the abode of God who is in three persons, the place where saints and apostles are sitting who were (once) in this world amending our life. The heart never coveted, and the sinner never conceived the amount of satisfaction, hat is in the heavens, listening to music and mirth without deceit, attending on glory, and it answering.

The heaven of bliss, and of Christ's divinity
 God's kingdom is, with the Blessed Trinity,
 Alas for who sells it, Saints there are biding,
 Who made life fairer when here residing.

No sinful mind can imagine, even,
 The joys he shall find in his home in heaven.
 There music and story, and mirth, surround them,
 Waiting for glory with glory round them.

The estated sort who scoff at small things,
 They shall come short at the end of all things,
 In fetters, for want of a due repentance,
 The traitor's, adulterer's, drunkard's sentence.

The man who for shares of this earth is greedy,
 Who never cares for the dearth of the needy,
 Bad is the bed he is boldly making,
 —Gnashing of teeth, and cold and quaking.

Christ takes His place on the judgment mountain,
 To gather the race of men around Him,
 Writ shall each deed be upon your faces,
 That neighbours can read your worst disgraces.

The people who rise high, of estate and landed-property, they shall come short at the end of the case, without their repentance made, they shall be bruised amongst the people of treachery, of drunkenness, of adultery. The man who covets goods, and land, and who shows no pity for him who is empty, he shall be down, and his bed is not good, gnashing of teeth on him, cold and quaking. When Christ shall come on the side of the mountain, and shall gather to Him the human race, your deeds shall be written upon your face, and the man beside you able to read them.

'Tis a court of state that no lies can darken,
 To the speech of the great it will not hearken,
 Our crimes shall seize us, the judge shall try us,
 The One-Son Jesus, who suffered by us.

Then heaven shall open, and hell shall open
 (The sun and the moon in darkness groping),
 And the men of the world, since man's creation,
 Shall there be hurled from every nation.

And God shall open His book before us,
 The mirror of righteousness shining o'er us.
 Each scrap of goodness that day how precious!
 O brothers, let sin no more enmesh us!

Here is, I believe, the end of the first poem, or perhaps some of it is lost, for this is not a well-turned ending. I shall now give the other poem called "Raftery's Repentance":—

and all who were born since the first man was created, they shall be together in one another's presence. When God shall open the Book of Account, and the Mirror of Right (it is) who shall be bearing it, very great is the advantage the good which is done (on earth (?), refuse sin and listen to me.

(I can hardly believe that this last verse with its lame and impotent and unmusical conclusion can be correct, unless indeed it is meant as the prologue to the "repentance" which follows, and which Raftery after the words "listen to me" may have struck up, accompanying himself, as old people say he did, on 'is violin.)

ΑΙΤΗΣΗ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΩΤΙΥΡΕ

Α Ρηγ τὰ ἀν νεῖν ἴρ ἀ ἐπιταῖς Ἀδάμ,
 Ἵ ἀ εὐμεταρ κάρ (1) ἰ βρεσάθ ἀν ὑβαῖλ,
 [Ο] ἴσηραδαῖμ οἴτ ἀνοῖρ ἴρ οἴρ ἀνο,
 Ο ἴρ le το ἴηρα τὰ μέ ἀς γυῖλ (2),

Τὰ μέ ἰ n-δοῖρ, ἀἴρ το ἐπίον μο βλάτ,
 ἴρ ἰομόα τὰ μέ ἀς του ἀμύγ',
 Το εὐτ με ἰ βρεσάθ ἀνοῖρ ναοῖ στράτ (3),
 Δέτ τὰ na ἴηρα ἀν λάμῃ ἀν ὑαῖν.

Ἵυαῖρ βῖ μέ ὄς β'ολε ἰαο μο ἐπέτε,
 Ὑοῦ μόρ μο ἴπέρ ἰ ἴεῖρ ἴρ ἰ n-εαδῆαν,
 Ὑἴεαρρ ἰομ ἴο μόρ ἀς ἰμῖτ ἴρ ἀς ὀλ
 ἀρ μαῖοῖν Ὑόμῃαις nά τῖαλλ ἐμ Διῖμν.

Νῖορ Ὑἴεαρρ ἰομ γυῖθε ἴν ἀῖε καῖλῖν ὀῖς
 Nά le μῃαι πόρτα ἀς ἐεῖλεσετ τὰμῖλ,
 Το ἴιονῃαιβ μόμῃα το βῖ μέ ταβῃαῖς
 ἀγυρ ὄμῖρ nό πότε νῖορ λειγ μέ ἐορῖμ

Βρεσάθ ἀν ὑβαῖλ, μο ἐπάθ ἴρ μο leun!
 ἴρ ἐ μῖλλ ἀν ἴαογῃλ μαρ ἴεαλλ ἀν βεῖντ
 ἀἴρ ὀἴρ κοῖρ ἀν ἐραοῖρ ἀτὰ μῖρε ἴοῖρ,
 Μῖνα βῖοῖμῖο ἴοῖα ἀν m'ἀναμ βοέτ

(1) "nám éur cáρ." G. (2) Aliter, "τὰ μέ [ἀς] γυῖβαλ."

(3) Aliter, "οἴρ εἰοῖν naοῖ βρεατ," [βρεαῖς] [βρεά], naς στραῖσμ. μῖναβ ἐ="more than nine fathoms deep."

(1) Literally: O King who art in heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

O King of Heaven who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To thee I cry, oh turn thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me. (1)

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From his mercy's throne can pardon me.

the graces are in the hand of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ἰρῶμι, παρῶρι! τὰ να κοιρεὰς μόρια,
 Δέτ οὐλτόσασ οὐὶδ μά μαιριμ ταμαλλ,
 Ζαέ νιὸ βυαὶλ ανυαρ (1) αρι μο ἐολαινη φόρ,
 Δ Ριζ να ζλόιηε 'ζυρ τάρηταιζ μ'ανασ.

Ὁ'έδλαιζ αν λα δ'ρ νιορ ἐόζ με αν ράλ,
 Νο ζυρ ιτέσθ (2) αν βάρη ανη αν ἐυρη τύ οὐίλ (3),
 Δέτ Δ Διηο-μιζ αν ἔειρε, ανοιρ ηεὶὸ μο ἐάρ,
 Δ'ρ λε ρρυέ να ηζηάρα ρλυέ μο ρύιλ.

Ἰρ λε οο ζηάρα οο ζλαν τύ Μάιηε,
 Δ'ρ ῥαορ τύ Ὁάιδιὸ οο ηιννε αν αὶτρηζε,
 Οο ἐυζ τύ Μαιοιρε ρλάν ὄ'η μβάεας,
 'S τὰ εριοτυζαὸ λάιοιη ζυρ ῥαορ τύ αν ζαουιὸε ?

Μαρι ιρ πεαεαέ με ναέ ηοεαρινα ρτόρ,
 Νά ρόλαρ μόρι οο Ὁια να Μυιηε,
 Δέτ ραέ μο βηόμ τὰ μο ἐοιρεαέας μόνιαν,
 Μαρι ηεὶὸίλ με αν ρεόασ αν αν μεαρι ιρ ρυιουε

Δ Ριζ να ζλόιηε τὰ λάν οε ζηάρα,
 'S τύ ηιννε βεόηη δ'ρ ριον οε'η υιρζε,
 Λε βεαζάν ανάιη οο ηιαρ τύ αν ρλυαζ,
 Οέ! ηηεαρσοαίλ ρόηη αζυρ ρλάναιζ ηιρε.

(1) Aliter, "λεῖζ ζαέ νιὸ." (2) "lob," Connelly and G.

(3) "Ο αλε ζο bun," δέτ νί'ε αν ἐομ-ρυαημ ἐεαηε ανηηη; "ζο ερῖοναὸ αν βάρη ὄ αλε ζο ζλῆη," οο ηεῖη αν ηηῖοῦέαηαιζ αζυρ G. ηιρε ο'αέηηηζ ἔ μαρ ατά.

(4) Aliter, "'S Δ ἔρῖορτ ἐρῖόαηηζ τάρηταιζ ηιρε."

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,

But grant to me time to repent the whole,
Still torture my body, and bruise it sorely,
Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,

The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
O King of the Right forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,

And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store

By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea.
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,

Who madest wine of the common water
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud upon the longest finger (!).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, Oh, attend to, help, and save me. O

Θ ε ίορα Cρίορτ α ο'ρfulαινζ αν ράιρ,
 Δ'ρ οο α'ολαάο, μαρ οο βί tú úmáll,
 Cuirim cuirpíò (1) m'ana ma ari oo rζάτ,
 Δ'ρ αν υαιρ μο βαιρ ná ταβαιρ oam cúl.

α θαιρηόζαιν βάρρηταιρ, μάταιρ α'ρ μαίζοεαρ,
 Száctan na nζηάρα, αινγεαλ α'ρ ναομ,
 Cuirim coraint m'ana ma ari oo láim,
 α muipe ná oiúlταιζ mé, 'r βεíò mé ραοι (2).

'Hoiρ τά mé ι n-αοιρ 'r αν θρυαά αν βάιρ,
 'S ιρ ζεαρη αν ρράρ ζο οτείζ[ιμ] ι n-ύιρ,
 áct ιρ ρεαρη ζο οειρεαnnaá ná ζο βιάτ,
 Δζυρ ρυαζυαιμ πάιρτ αν Ριζ ná n'Óúl.

ιρ cuaille ζαν máit mé ι ζκοιρηéalл ράιλ (3),
 No ιρ corínúil le báo mé α áaill α ρτιύιρ,
 Oo bhuirpíòe αρτεαά α n-αζαíò ααρηαίζ 'rα' β'ρηάίζ(4)
 'S oo βειθεαó οά βάταó 'rna·tonnταιβ ρυαρι' (5).

α ίορα Cρίορτ α ρυαιρ βάρ Όια h-Δοιμε,
 α ο'είρηζ αριρ ánn oo μιζ ζαν loct,
 ηαά tú éyζ αν τρλιζε le αιτριζε οο óéanaμ,
 'S ηαά beαζ αν ρμυαíneaó οο ηinneap oit !

(1) "Cuirpíò" ι ζConnaáctαιβ, ι n-áit "comairce," .7. oíoionn.

(2) Aliter, "tós mo páιρτ αζυρ τά mé ραοι."

(3) "ιρ cuaille cori mé ι n-éaυan ράιλ," G.

(4) = ραιρηζε, "αν θρυαά na τρά," Connelly.

(5) "θεíθεαó'ζά βάταó 'r α áaillpeaó α ηnáμ"; aliter, "ρεóτ" aliter, "ρiúbal"; áct ο'άτραιζ mé an líne le com'puaim oo óéanaμ."

Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion, and, wast buried because Ihou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces,

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

Now since I am come to the brink of death
 And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
 May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
 From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
 Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
 Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
 While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
 And hast risen again without stain or spot,
 Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
 Ah, why in my day have I sought it not!

angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand,
 O Mary refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short
 is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never,
 and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps "I proclaim that I am
 on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like
 a boat that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a
 rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold
 waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise
 again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way
 to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about

'Oo tárla an ucúr míle, 'r oót zceuo,
 An ríce zo beacót, i zceann an oo-uéas,
 Ó'n am cúrling Cmuort oo meub an zεαταιό,
 Zo oti an bliáóain a nveapnαιó Reacótúipe an
 aítμζε.

Δε πο άβριάν ειλε oo μινne an Reacótúipe an an
 uisze-beapa. Ó Seoúipe Mac Ziolla an Óloiz άzur ó
 mac uí floinn oo puaipeap é. B'éioipi naó Bealaó
 acó Balla buó cóipi oo beic in ran céao líne, acó ip
 maí pin puaipeap é :—

AN PÓTAIRE ΔΕ ΜΟΛΑΘ ΑΝ UISZE-BEATA
 Δε τριλλ zo h-αonaó Beallaó óam
 'S mo cóp an lári an bóταip,
 Tuzaó mé zo τiz 'lealaiz άrteaó
 Zo bράζαinn an nveoó an ooμuir (1).
 "Oempri" oo inúin an bealaó óam,
 Ip é oo buail an báμulle,
 Maí ba é péin an ppeabaípe,
 Naó oτpéizpeáo bean an ópoo.

(1) "Ooótuip ooμuir," Bell.

(2) Mr. Meehan's copy ends with the following curious verses,
 which would seem to show that haffery got his poem translated
 into English by a man named Kelly, to give it a wider vogue. I
 print the verses exactly as they stand. They may serve to show
 the difficulty of transliterating badly-written and half-phonetic
 Irish such as we find in many manuscripts of the last sixty years.

Le cmioénuζáo an aítμζε 7 í beic po léizte
 Ta Ceilió peltac (?) i aítμζáo zo beupla.
 Le buáo biμpeó (?) znpápa άzur τpocaipe
 Beic άz zac ouine zλαcaic a comáipe

Ziube voneáo pαtuip 7 doineáo
 Oon te oapóac oo cinne oaoineáo
 Na oon beipc oφάζao an aítμζε pin oeunταó
 7 cuipm-pa an acceuinζnó an iopa Cmuortα. Amen.

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
 And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
 Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
 To the year when Raftery made this Repentance (2).

Here is another song which Raftery made in praise of whiskey. It was from Seoirse Mac Giolla-an-Ohloig and from Glynn that I got it. Perhaps it is not Bealach, but Balla, that should be in the first line, but that is how I got it:—

THE DRUNKARD IN PRAISE OF WHISKEY.

To Ballagh Fair while journeying,
 With all the road before us,
 It was brave Lally took me in
 To drink a deoch-an-dorus (3).
 'Twas Dempsey showed me where was he,
 He struck the barrel airily ;
 He is a lad of gallantry,
 I'll praise him with a chorus.

G. has the following version of this second verse. It omits the first one.

Συνοε Ὁόμνηαις Σάταιρη ἀγ' ἄοιη
 Σο ὡτερό ἀ ὡταιρηε ὡ'ν σιννε ὡαονη
 Σέ αινηη ηα σαητε ἀ ὡ'ράς μέ ηζηήεβτα
 Ἀτέουηγε Ραιητεηιό ἀη ἰορα Ḳηἰοητα.

i.e., The Prayer of Sunday, Saturday and Friday, May it go to the profit of the human race. The name of the talk I have left written is "The Request of Raftery to Jesus Christ."

(3) i.e., "a door-drink" or "stirrup-cup," pronounced "d'ugh in dhurrish," i.e., "ugh" with the sound of "d" slender before it.

There? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

Ἰο νοιύλταιζ ἀν ραοζάλ νο'ν διρζεαο

folam ná ραιβ α ρόσα,

ῤάστραιό μέ "bacchur" βαίρτεε διρ

Ἐο τιονρζαίλ ριον δ'ρ ρόρτερ.

[Ní'λ] εαρηαιό διρ βιτ εόμ (1) beannuizte leir,

Δον ῤεαρ διμαím οά'ρι λεαζαó leir,

Νιον β'ῤεαρρι leir ρίντε διρ λεαβαίό,

Νά цаίτεε διρ εαοιβ (2) ἀν βόταρρ.

Súζ na h-eóina ζλαίρε,

Νιον ραααρ μιам α μάιζιρτιρ,

Νιον ῤάρ ρέ τρίο ἀν ταλαím

Δ λειτείρε οε ζμίαννε.

'Sé béarφαó ριοιόε νο'ν ῤρλεαβαίρε,

Δζυρ βαίinne ειέ' νο'ν βαναλτιρα,

Δ'ρ νο ευιρφαó ι οτιύιν ἀν ρλεαζαίρρ.

Νάρ цаίτ οά ρίζιν le ράίτε.

ῤεοόαν (?) ο'ῤάζαίλ διρ μαίρριν οέ,

Νι'λ ρυο διρ βιτ εόμ (3) βρλεάζ leir,

Ιρ μαίτ νο ριαόαó ζλοινε οέ

Ἐο ούινε βειτ' δρ α ῤλαίιντε.

Ἐυινε διρ βιτ νο βλαρφαó οέ,

Νιον βραοζάλ ρυαότ νο (4) цаραότ νο,

'S οά οτυζραιοε βρμαον νο'ν цаίλλιζ οέ,

Ἐο ριτρεαó ρι ούιτ ράρα.

1 "αέ α," Bell, αζυρ λαβαίρτεαρ "εόμ" Ἰο minic ι ζConθαέ
 ρορcomáin αζυρ ι ζConθαε μνιζ-εό μαρ "αέα," i.e., "α-εο."

Until the world refuses money,

May his pocket never be empty!

I shall leave the name of Bacchus christened on him,

Who began wine and porter.

There is no ware so blessed as it,

Any man who was ever overthrown by it,

He would not like any better to be stretched by it on a bed

Than to be thrown by it on the side of the road.

The juice of the grey barley!

Never has been seen its master;

There never grew up through the ground

Such a grain as it.

It is it would give heart to the gallant,

And milk to the nurse,

And would put in tune the miser

Who never spent twopence for the last quarter.

To a get a dram (?) of it in the morning,

There is nothing so fine as it;

It is well a glass of it would suit

A person who would be out of his health.

Any person who would taste it,

There was no fear of cold or cough for him,

And if a drop of it were given to the old woman.

She would run a race for you.

(2) "Δη ἐντ-ταοις," M.S. (3) "Δε δ, Bell.

(4) "ῥυαῖτ μύκατό νο σαῖατ," Bell.

There is whiskey in Lally's house,
 And its master (3) was never drunk ;
 It is little it costs, a glass of it,
 Though the quart of it is worth much.
 He has the wife most generous and liberal,
 May the country see long life to her ;
 It is she who would say, "Stand, Raftery,
 Until you taste of my cordial!"

I journeyed to Father Callaghan's,
 That was a generous, liberal place ;
 Dillon was there, and Geoghegan,
 And O'Kelly, heart of friendship.
 The world would not stop those four,
 But filling up punch and claret,
 Until they left Raftery stretched
 Two days upside down.

It is not I alone who was overthrown by it,
 Since Eve sinned in Paradise,
 Many is the man who was lost by it
 From the time Argus was blinded.
 Only that it is a trick (or way) that is amongst us (4),
 And that it has often knocked a turn out of a gallant,
 Most surely and certainly
 I would stretch myself down for very shame.

Le píunne beirim geallaó ósoid,
 ná m' b'laip mé maím v'earraó ar bit,
 níor fearu ná bí ag tíg macala
 So scuipió Cníort an t-áó air.

(3) i.e., better whiskey than it.

(4) Aliter: Only that it (whiskey) is a wrestler who is amongst us.

‘Oo tuz mé don abhán déag ar fíorú go dtí anoir,
 ve na h-abhánaiḃ vo minne an Reacúirne, agur cúir
 mé ríor rḡéal a beada cóim mairt agur o’féad mé.

Ácṡ tḡ mórián eile le n’innriṡ 1 uṡaiḃ ári ḃriḡe,
 agur tḡ mórián ve ríoraiḃ eile vo cum ré féin, no atḡ
 leagṡa air, le cur ríor go fóil. Ág ro ainmneada na
 n-abhán eile reo vo réiri marí cḡuinnig mife inṡ gḡc
 don áit iad. Ir é an ceann ir fuirve aca “Fiaṡac
 Seágan Ḃriadaig,” vḡn fḡaṡa vo minne ré ar fḡar-
 mála, Seágan a Ḃúirca éigin, vo bí féin na ríorí ríle.
 Leigeanṡ Rairṡerí air gḡir cḡuinnig vḡoime uairle
 Connaṡta agur a gḡuio gḡoḡar leó, le Seágan Ḃriadaṡ
 vo muagḡo, marí rionnac, tḡie éirinn, agur cuirlean ré
 ríor na h-áiteada tḡie ar muagṡeḡ é agur na vḡoime
 vo muagṡ é. Tḡ “Cnocán Fḡoḡair” air a uṡgḡann vḡoime
 eile “Úna Ili Cḡáin,” ág molaṡo áite, agur na mnḡ
 uairle vo cóimnuiḡ anníon. Ir abhán “Ḃéal-áṡ-gḡarṡa,”
 ág molaṡo áite eile. Ir é “an leaṡ-baile,” an muo
 céanna. Ir abhán “Baile-loṡ-maḃaṡ,” no Baile-loṡ-
 maṡ mḡir laḃairṡearí é, vo minne ré ar fḡarí tḡḃairne
 vo baín a haṡa vḡe agur o’imíri cleair air, cum abhán
 vo ríocaṡ ar. Ir abhán “Seóinín Ḃán,” ág molaṡo rḡi-
 ceirve. Tḡ “Reigíṡ Ḃláṡ na Sḡéime,” ág molaṡo
 caíin. Seo tḡir cunn eile “Plainṡrṡí an ṡSeiriuoḡándaig,”
 “Seágan O Ḃrianaín,” agur “An ḡriḡaríve.” “Ḃiar-
 póirveaṡ Rairṡerí leir an Ḃéan,” ríin abhán vo minne
 an Reacúirne agur é ág agairṡ leir an rḡgairṡ vo
 cúir bḡeirṡeáimnar áicḡe cḡuaidṡ air. “Fiaṡac Máir-
 curí Uí Cḡalláin,” ríin vḡn vo minne ré corimúil leir an
 gḡeann eile ar Seágan Ḃriadaṡ. “Ir fḡaṡa ó Cuirveḡ
 ríor,” ríin vḡn ág ḡríoṡgḡaṡ na gḡaṡoilcead cum

I have given up to this thirty-one songs of the songs of Raftery, that he made, or that are ascribed to him, and I have set down the story of his life as well as I have been able.

But there is much more to tell about our poet, and there are many other pieces which he composed or which are ascribed to him, to be yet set down. Here are the names of these other songs as I collected them in every place I could. The longest of them is the "Hunt of Shawn Bradach," or "John the Thief," a long poem which he made about a man with a bag, a certain John Burke, who was himself a sort of a poet. Raftery pretends that the gentry of Connacht gathered with their hounds to hunt Shawn Bradach like a fox through Ireland, and he describes the places through which he was routed and the people who routed him. The "Cnocan Faobhair," or Edged Hill, which some people call "Una O'Kane," is a song in praise of a place and of the lady who lived there. "Beal-ath-gartha" is a song in praise of another place. "Cnocan an Eannaigh" is the same. "Lavally" is the same. "Baile-Loch-Riabhach," or Loughrea, is a song which he made about the man of a publichouse who played a trick on him and took his hat from him to pick a song out of him. "Shoneen Ban," or "Fair-haired Johnny," is a song in praise of a tradesman. Here are three others :— "Sheridan's Planxty," "John O'Brennan," and "The Shoemaker." Raftery's Dispute with the Dean" is a song which Raftery made arguing with a priest who put a hard penance on him. "The Hunt of Mark O Callan," or Callinan, is a poem like the other one which he made on Shawn Bradach. "It is a Long Time Since it was Set Down" is a poem spurring

ρεαρτα ζο τσινγιονν ολύτ le céile. “An Cúir τὰ
 Πλείο,” ριν τάν ειλε αν αν μυσ céadna, αγ βιορτυζαδ
 να ζConadac cum congnam το τσβαριτ το να Μυιμ-
 νεαδαιβ αγ τριοιο α η-αζαϊο να ηΘεαδμυιτ το βειμυιρ
 το να μινιρτέιμιβ ζαλλοα. Το κύρι μέ αν τὰ δβμάν ρο
 ι ζολό ιμ’ Οάνταιβ Διαδα Κύιζε Connadct. “Αζαλλάν
 Ραιρτερι λειρ αν μθάρ,” ιρ é ρεο αν τάν το μιννε ρέ
 νυαιρ τάνιζ, μαρ ραοιλ ρέ, αν θάρ κύιζε ιν ραν οϊόε,
 μαρ κύρι μέ ριορ céana.

Τά τuillead μαρ αν ζcéadna le η’ινηριτ ι οταοιβ
 βεαδα αν Ρεαδτύιμε ι ηζαλλιμ ό θεαρ, αγυρ ι οταοιβ
 να ζCalnánac, αγυρ ι οταοιβ να η-ιμρεαράν το βιοτ
 εστομια. Ηι’λ άιτ ná αδαρ αγαμ τóιβ ανοιρ, ατ
 β’ειοιρ ζο βριμριό μέ ομια υαιρ έιζιη ειλε.

Ιρ μιαν λιον ανοιρ μο βυιθεαδαρ το τσβαριτ το’η
 “Freeman Σεαδτμδινεαμδαι” το κύρι να η-αβμδιν ρεο
 ι ζολό. Ιρ λειρ να πλάταιβ το ρυαιρ μέ υαδα-ρακ
 ατά μέ αγ κυρ αν λεαβαιρ ρεο ι ζολό. Ράζραιο μέ
 ανοιρ ρτάν αγυρ βεαηναδτ αγ λυτ λείζτε δβμάν αν
 Ρεαδτύιμε.

(CRIOC.)

the Catholics to stand fast and firm together. "The Cause a-pleading" is another poem on the same subject, urging the Connacht men to help the men of Munster in their fight against the tithes, which they used to pay the "foreign ministers." I printed these last two poems in my Religious Songs of Connacht. "Raftery's Dialogue with the Death" is the poem which he made when Death came to him, as he thought, at night, as I have already described.

There is also more to be told about his life in South Galway, and about the Oallans or Callinans, and the disputes that used to be between them. I have no place nor space for them now, but perhaps I may return to them some other time.

I desire to give my thanks to the Weekly Freeman, which has printed these songs. It is from their plates I print this book. I shall here leave farewell and blessing with the readers of the Poems of Raftery.

(The End.)

CLÁR NA n-ADHRAN.

Leatánad.

- 40 Míre Rairteri an Fíle.
 60 Caoine ar Tomás O Dálaigh.
 68 Déal-áta-na-haibne.
 80 Dairceadó Sean-Áibín [mann].
 82 An t-Ádair Uilliam.
 88 Ar Bhigín [mann].
 96 Conradé Muiğ-Eó, no, Cill-Duáin.
 106 Nanraió Bheádnad.
 114 An Cíor Catoilcead.
 128 Antoine O Dálaigh.
 134 An Dia dá' n-áinn Iurteri.
 146 Anad Cuain.
 152 Uilliam O Ceallaiğ.
 158 Caoine ar Uilliam O Ceallaiğ.
 166 SGEAL ar Dánaíaró.
 176 pádraiğ O Dóinnalláin.
 184 Cairmire an bótaíre leir an uirge-beata.
 194 na Duacáillíe Dána.
 200 An fíadnuire Bhéaga.
 206 SGEAL ar Bean an Fíri Ruad.
 210 Bean an Fíri Ruad.
 222 Bhigín Béaraiğ.
 236 An Fígeadóir.
 244 Bainfeir an tSleatáin Móir.
 258 "Election" na Gaillíne.
 264 Duaró Uí Connáill.
 272 Beannán Rirteáir.
 278 na Duacáillíe Dána [adhrán eile].
 284 Seanbur na Sgeíche.
 320 Máire Stanton.
 330 Máire Ní h-Eirín no an bó ae SGEAL.
 336 peiríó Mirtéal.
 342 An Cholera Moibur.
 356 Aitíre an Reactúire.
 362 An bótaíre ag Molad uirge-beata.

NOTES.

The exigencies of printing these poems from week to week, and the getting, as a rule, only one revise of the paged copy, has left some misprints in the text, the most important of which, and of other mistakes, I shall try to correct in the following notes, in which also I embody some observations and information which have come to me since I first published the text in the *Weekly Freeman*. I desire to thank in particular my friend Dr. Henry and my friend Mr. John Glynn for the great help they have given me in these notes, and also Mr. Mat Finn of Oranmore, Εόξαν Ο Πεδάττιν, and all the other persons who so kindly helped me.

- P. 2, l. 9, for "ctoc" read "ctoc̄." L. 12 for "beas réim̄" read "beas réim̄." L. 16, for "oá" read "oá̄."
- P. 4, l. 5, for "b'é" read "b'é̄;" for "tonn" read "tonn̄." L. 13, the Irish for Dublin is baite-dá-da-cliaḁ, which it would be best to write in full, but it is pronounced by good speakers baite-dá-cliaḁ as here written, but much more usually b'laḁ-cliaḁ.
- P. 6, l. 2, I have aspirated after the preposition ar, following O'Donovan, who writes ar mullaḁ an tige—grammar, p. 282—and Keating, who writes ar méio. But the almost universal usage in the spoken language seems to be *not* to aspirate after it, and I do not intend to do so, in future. L. 7, béioeap̄ is the relative form, but some Connacht speakers use it ungrammatically as here. The proper form here would be bioinn.
- P. 8, l. 8, for "ríciḁ" here, and in similar locutions throughout this book, read "ríceao," which is the genitive of ríce "20." We should write cúig adháin ríceao, but cúig adháir ar ríciḁ. L. 15, read "oán" for "oántaiḁ." L. 14, I lost two more days after that in a hunt for the same book, the numbers on the back having been so indistinct that it had been replaced on a wrong shelf. It is a great grievance that the Academy will not catalogue its M.SS. I lost four days over this book alone on account of it.
- P. 10, l. 17, for "rgeite" read "rgeicē."
- P. 12, l. 1, Cill doḁáin is Cill Liaḁáin on O'Donovan's map of Hy-Fiachra, but I have seen and been in the little bee-hive hut there ascribed to St. Aidan. I have usually aspirated broad o in the gen. after the article, but it is much better, and, indeed, almost universally, un-aspirated after the letter n. In Central Connacht na rean doḁoiné is pronounced as if written na rean doḁoiní, but this is, as Dr. Henry has pointed out to me, not a case of aspiration but a coalition of letters the n and o coalescing in one sound, as céaoḁna is pronounced céanna, or as áitne is pronounced áitte. L. 2, this was a mistake of mine

proper form of this name according to Mr. Glynn. L. 22, for "α σουλαδὸ" read "α σουλαδὸ."

- P. 38, l. 14, for "ζο μαῖδ" read "ναδ μαῖδ"; ἀήμαρ usually takes a negative after it. L. 23, for "βυδὸ ἐ" better read "βυδὸ ἰ," "τεανζα" being fem. Yet, "ἱρ ἐ μο βαραμῆαι," "ἱρ ἐ ριν ἀη λίτ," "ρῖν ἐ ἀη ἐδοί," are almost universally used in Connacht, though in Arran they say ní hÍ ρῖν ἀη ἐδοί. L. 29, Raftery had two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter, Mr. Glynn tells me, was going about in the neighbourhood of Loughrea up to 30 years ago.
- P. 40, l. 4, for "ρρηεζμαδὸ" read "δρρηεζμαδὸ." L. 6, "ἰ ζοιρ ἄρσο" is probably a corruption of ὄρ ἄρσο, with, perhaps, the prep. εζ before it. L. 21, for "τεανζαδὸ" read "ἐτεανζαδὸ."
- P. 44, l. 18, and 28, for "τριοιθε" read "τριοθα," though I have heard the other also.
- P. 47, l. 4, for "I heard my father saying," read "I heard him telling my father."
- P. 48, l. 26, for "ο'εἰρῖζ" read "ο'έἰρῖζ."
- P. 52, l. 13, for "ἐρῖννῖζ" read "ἐρῖννῖζ," and for "οέ" read "οε."
- P. 54, l. 3, for "εριοῦτῖζ" read "ἐρῖνῖζ." L. 20, for "εἰονη-ρῖοκαῖη" read "εἰονη-ρῖοκαῖη." L. 13—according to Mr. Glynn, τυλ-οἰζῖρ should be spelt τυλαῖζ-ράτ, "pronounced with the accent on the second syllable of τυλαῖζ. It is," he says, "an instance of Munster pronunciation on this side of the border line of the province, from which Tillyra Castle is not far distant." The usual form of the Anglicised Tully is τυλαδ, a feminine word with gen. τυλέα. But there is also, I believe, another form, ἀη τυλαῖζ, gen. να τυλαδ. If this is so, then Tullyra should be in Irish τυλαῖζ-ράτ, = Hillock-rath. In Irish the name is pronounced τυλ-αῖζῖρα (tul-lyra).
- P. 56, l. 1, see note to p. 28, l. 23, for "ἡνῖ τῖ Ὀδαῖζ ἀη τραοῖη-εἰοῖε," better read "ἡνῖ τῖ Ὀδαῖζ, ἀη ραοῖη-εἰοῖε. Apposition of cases in such sentences, which used to be common, is scarcely used now. L. 24, for "ζαεοῖετῖζ" read "ζαεοῖετῖζε." ζαεοῖετῖζ would appear to be a substantive, meaning "Irish-language," and "λεαβαῖη ζαεοῖετῖζε" would be a book of Irish-language, *i.e.*, an Irish book. But the Scotch apparently make Gáidhlig, which is their form of the word, an adjective, and always write Leabhar Gáidhlig, = a Gaelic book. In Galway, the word for the Irish language is not ζαεοῖετῖζ, but ζαεοῖετῖζε in all cases.
- P. 60, l. 4, ὄ n-α is generally said for ὄ α; the n can in this case only be euphonic.
- P. 65, Note.—For "Cairteán leam Ὀδάρ" read, according to Mr. Mat Finn, "Córán leam Ὀεór," *i.e.*, William Joyce's path.
- P. 71, l. 8, for "in trouble" read "cornered." There is also a verb, ράιννῖζ, used in Connemara—ράιννῖζ ἀνοῖρ ἐ, = corner him now.

- P. 74, l. 3, for “*óuine*” read “*óuine*.” The *uoin* is often pronounced *uoinne*, which is followed by aspiration. L. 18, *ríotcéain* is usually a feminine noun, but for “Justice of the Peace” I have never heard it otherwise than in the text. I remember hearing of an old woman who brought her master into Court to complain of the treatment he gave her, which she said was “*male upon praties and salt upon that*,” asur a úirtíur an tríotcéain (not na ríotcéana) cas é 'n róirt *threatment is that?*” L. 22, “*buó é*,” better “*buó í*,” but see note to p. 38.
- P. 76, l. 2, for “*céinnuizeann*” read “*zómnuizeann*,” l. 21. James Cloonan, who was a shopkeeper in Athenry, brother of Darby Cloonan of Leacht, in whose father's house Raftery died, told Mr. Glynn about ten years ago that the cabbage incident happened in the parish of Carrowbane or Lickerrig, in Loughrea barony. The cabbage was stolen from a Protestant resident, and the Priest, a Father Barney Burke, was very angry about it. Dissatisfied with Raftery's impromptu, he said peevishly, “*ní as léizeas ar zabadárte bíod rínn*.”
- P. 82, l. 11, for “*an noííz*” read “*ar noííz*.”
- P. 88, l. 11, for “*zo*” read “*zo*.”
- P. 90, read “*an uoine*” for “*an óuine*.” See note to p. 12, l. 1.
- P. 92, l. 10, read “*an óá*” for “*an óá*.” See last note. This is the usual practice, but there are a few places where the *o* is eclipsed even after the *an*. L. 13, for *ar chóir-an-áiríoe*” read “*'na zcoir-an-áiríoe*.” L. 14, *rzár ó* and *rzár te* are both used in Connacht.
- P. 100, l. 9. Mr. Glynn also says that *oltóir* is an apple tree. He adds, “it is the name of a place, “Oldtore,” in the parish of Donaghpatrick, Barony of Clare. *Commac Óall O Comáin*, when asked why he ceased composing songs, said—
- ní 'l asainn anoir*
áct coll eurlionn 'r ómir,
Óimcíz an oltóir,
- meaning that the gentry (the Burkes of Carrantriala, near Dunmore, etc.) were gone.” L. 17. In most parts of Connacht they would say *ó'n móin*, not *ó'n móin*, treating the *m* as though it were an eclipsing letter, as in such words as *ó'n mbriíz*, *ón mbairt*. In Ulster *ó'n móin* would I think be used.
- P. 102, l. 11, for “*an bneac*” read “*an bneac*.”
- P. 104, l. 15, *úoir*, gen. *teara*, is properly masculine. O. I. *teir*, gen. *úir*. There is a celebrated air called *póna an teara*. Coney, in his dictionary, makes it a fem. word. I think I have heard it used both ways. Raftery, in p. 106, makes it masc., hence my note there is wrong.
- P. 105. Note.—In Waterford I have heard the name Walsh called, I think, *bíortnac*, but, the Walshes collectively, called as in Connacht *na bneactaíz*.

P. 106. The Irish for "her two eyes" appears to vary somewhat, either $\Delta \text{ } \text{v}\acute{\alpha} \text{ } \text{r}\acute{\iota}\text{u}\text{I}$, which is the usage I am most familiar with, and which appears the most distinctive, since neither the $\text{v}\acute{\alpha}$ nor the $\text{r}\acute{\iota}\text{u}\text{I}$ is aspirated, or $\Delta \text{ } \text{v}\acute{\alpha} \text{ } \text{r}\acute{\iota}\text{u}\text{I}$. In Munster, I believe, they invert the aspirations and say $\Delta \text{ } \text{v}\acute{\alpha} \text{ } \text{r}\acute{\iota}\text{u}\text{I}$. The following adjective is usually in the plural, $\xi\lambda\alpha\text{r}\alpha$ would be better than $\xi\lambda\alpha\text{r}$.

P. 110, l. 14, $\text{ce}\alpha\text{r}\tau\alpha$ is the usual Connacht pronunciation of $\text{ce}\alpha\text{r}\text{t}\acute{o}\alpha$, the correct dat. of which *should* be $\text{ce}\alpha\text{r}\text{t}\acute{o}\alpha\text{in}$.

P. 112, l. 1, for " $\text{r}\acute{\epsilon}\alpha\text{v}$ " read " $\text{r}\acute{\epsilon}\alpha\text{v}$." L. 13, for " $\text{r}\acute{\iota}\acute{\epsilon}\text{r}\text{o}$ " read " $\text{r}\acute{\iota}\acute{\epsilon}\alpha\text{v}$ " or " $\Delta\text{r}\text{r}\acute{\iota}\acute{\epsilon}\text{r}\text{o}$." Mr. John Glynn, of Tuam, has since very kindly furnished me with the following interesting note about the occasion of this poem of Raftery's, which is so curious and valuable as a piece of forgotten history that I print in *in extenso*. The account, may, or may not, be coloured by the prejudices or exigencies of the times, but at all events it throws a vivid light on Raftery's poem, and for that reason chiefly I give it here.

" $\text{C}\text{r}\text{i}\text{st}\text{i}\text{a}\text{n}\text{i}\text{u}\text{s}\text{d}\acute{\alpha}\text{o} \text{ m}\acute{o}\text{r}\text{i} \text{ } \text{m}\text{b}\alpha\text{i}\text{t}\text{e} \text{ } \text{t}\acute{o}\text{c}' \text{ } \text{m}'\text{d}\acute{\epsilon}$ " (p. 112, lines 1, 2, 3). On the 19th of October, 1824, a meeting of the County Galway subscribers of the Hibernian Bible Society, to which Protestants and Catholics had been indiscriminately invited, was held in the Quarter Sessions House, Loughrea, the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Le Poer Trench, occupying the chair. The report of the Committee for the preceding year having been read and moved for adoption, Rev. Peter Daly, Catholic priest of Galway, rose to address the meeting, whereupon the chairman interposed saying that persons who were not members of the Society had no right to take part in the proceedings. Father Daly pleaded, in support of his claim to speak, that the principles of his Church had been assailed, and that the Roman Catholic clergy and laity had been invited to the meeting. Dr. Trench continuing obstinate, the Roman Catholic clergy retired from the Courthouse. Great uproar ensuing during which cries of "turn out the bayonets" were heard, and, at last, finding they had no choice, Dr. Trench and his friends withdrew, egress for flight being easily afforded them. Thereupon a Protestant barrister, a Mr. Guthrie, was voted to the chair, and the following resolutions were passed;—

"1st Resolution—Moved by Robert Power, Esq., and seconded by Matthew St. George, of Kilcolgan, Esq.;—

"Resolved—That a great number of the Catholic clergy, and the laity of different persuasions, of the County of Galway, attended this day at the Courthouse, in pursuance of a circular letter of invitation.

"2nd Resolution—Moved by Daniel McNevin, Esq., and seconded by Robert D'Arcy, of Woodville, Esq.:—

"Resolved—That *the Protestant* Archbishop of Tuam having taken the chair, two Protestant clergymen delivered their sentiments, and were heard with great attention by the meeting, but after the Rev. Mr. Daly, a Roman Catholic clergyman, having presented himself to

the meeting, the Archbishop declared that he came there predetermined not to hear him; and Mr. Guthrie, a Protestant gentleman, having then presented himself, the Archbishop declared he would not hear him, or any other person who was not a member of the Bible Society, and by his order and example procured many of the members of the Bible Society to keep up a most indecent clamour for the avowed purpose of stifling the voices of any persons who might differ in sentiments from the Archbishop; and, at length, his conduct *having become so outrageous*, even in the opinion of some of his own party, that a very general call was heard to appoint another chairman, upon which he declared he would remain there for a month to carry his own object into effect; but, after a considerable time occupied in clamour, *excited by himself*, he vacated the chair and left the meeting. Wherefore we view *with disgust and indignation* the arbitrary conduct of the Archbishop.

“3rd Resolution—Moved by D. McNevin, Esq., and seconded by Matthew St. George, Esq.:—

“Resolved—That we look with indignation and horror at the introduction of a military party of the 10th Hussars into a public assembly of such a nature with drawn swords, countenanced by the *Protestant* Archbishop of Tuam to intimidate, or, perhaps, to massacre, the Roman Catholic clergy and laity who have been insidiously invited to this house, and who came with the hope of expressing their sentiments and promoting any rational measure calculated to improve the morals and condition of society; and, at the same time, we cannot withhold from the military our approbation of their peaceable and orderly conduct, notwithstanding *the intemperance* and bad example of the Archbishop.

“4th Resolution—Moved by Matthew St. George, Esq., and seconded by Robert Power, Esq.:—

“Resolved—That a Committee be nominated to prepare an address to the Government on the improper introduction of the military in this assembly, and to use such other means as may appear best calculated to prevent a recurrence of such conduct; and that such address be the address of this meeting.

“A Committee was then appointed.

“5th Resolution—Moved by Daniel McNevin, Esq., and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Gill:—

“Resolved—That from the accounts which have reached us from various parts of Ireland, regarding the Hibernian Bible Society, and particularly from the manifestation we have this day witnessed, adverse to our principles, we are decidedly of opinion, that the system which insists on the indiscriminate perusal of the Scriptures, has for its declared object the proselytism of the poor, and that we, therefore, cannot co-operate with, or countenance any such measures of the Bible Society.

"6th Resolution—Moved by the Rev. Mr. Gannon, and seconded by J. Nicholson, Esq. :—

"Resolved—That, being thoroughly convinced of the great advantage to be derived from the blessings of a moral and religious education to the poor of this country, we shall continue to promote, by every means in our power, so desirable an object."

- P. 114, l. 13. This, says Mr. Glynn, was the Rev. Peter Daly, P.P. of Galway, who in his day took a prominent part in the affairs of the town. L. 10. Mr. Glynn told me that when he was a boy he saw this song of the "New Lights" printed and sold as a street ballad.
- P. 118, l. 7, for "α-είηφεαῖτ" read "η-είηφεαῖτ."
- P. 120, l. 2. This was the 19th of October, 1824. L. 20, "αν ζύνάναῖ," *rectè* "αν 'ς φιοννάναῖ." According to Mr. Glynn, he was the Rev. Mr. Gannon. L. 22. Ὁαν Δουδαζαίν, should be, says Mr. Glynn, Dan Nevin or MacNevin. Bob Darcy was Robert D'Arcy, of Woodville.
- P. 124, l. 28, for "ζέας" read "ζέις," and for "ἐραοῖ" read "ἐραοιῖ."
- P. 125. Mr. Mat Finn tells me: "my father often told me that he was going to Galway to market, which was on Saturday, when he met the cavalcade at Merlin Parke with Anthony Daly, sitting on his coffin on the car. I was on the Hill of Seefin myself two years ago. The holes where the posts of the derrick were, are plainly to be seen yet, and the place between them, for whatever reason, is as bare of grass as the palm of my hand. Daly is buried in Kilreacle, four miles east of Loughrea, with a flag that was intended to be laid over his grave erected at his head. . . . It is now nearly sixty years since I rubbed up that flag and read it. As far as my recollection goes, it runs thus: "Underneath this speaking slate | lies Anthony Daly of merciless fate, | who parted this life by good free will | in 1820 on Seefin Hill." It says, later on: "In Dunsandle my Hukey (*sic*) fell." As for Raftery's curse, that is potent. After the hanging, planted a wood to screen Daly's house from his. It looked like a guilty conscience."
- P. 132, l. 4, *rectè* "αη τειc," but τεαc is what I found.
- P. 134. Cεαητα. See note to p. 110.
- P. 136, l. 5, for "οόιτεαῖ" read "οόιζεαῖ."
- P. 138, l. 6, better έαοαν.
- P. 140, l. 2, "τύηηηε" is a more usual form than "τύηηα" in Connacht. L. 16, and "φεαc" is more used than "φαc."
- P. 144, last line. Some people would write ní b'φεαηηη after the past tense, but this, though more grammatical, is not, so far as my observation goes, at all usual. L. 13, for "μεαῖαη" read "μεαῖαηη."
- P. 146, l. 1. James Costello, now aged seventy years, and living at Fiaracha, the next parish to Δηαῖ Cυαηη, told Mr. Glynn that it was not

- P. 178, l. 6, for "Cuéullainn" read "Cúculainn." L. 24, for "ζεῖτ" read "ζεῖτ." Note.—According to Seáðan mac fíloinn, I am wrong in my explanation of *éait ré an reacht fo tír*; he says that it means he had attained his twenty-first year, and quotes a proverb—"na tír reacht, doir caraitl na muinntire."
- P. 180, l. 1, Seáðan mac fíloinn says the word is probably "ζήρ," not "ζήρίρ," and that "ζήρ" means inflammation from the heat of the blood. For "níρ" read "níορ."
- P. 182, D. 7, *ρύξ* is probably meant here either for *ρύξ-ταλίμαν*=strawberry, or *ρύξ-χραιοίθε*=raspberry. L. 18. Seáðan mac fíloinn says that *ρρόριτ* is fem. in the Tuam district, nom. *ρρόριτ*, gen. *ρρόριτε*.
- P. 184, l. 14. Seáðan mac fíloinn says it was at *Suiré-ḡinn* he was in the house of *Tomár mac fíloinn*. The *uí fíloinn* in the second verse of this song should be *ḡic fíloinn*. The house was pointed out to Mr. Glynn some fifteen years ago when he was in that district. L. 25. Mr. Glynn says he has never heard anything else than "*Teac ḡárraḡ mac Cárrta*," which he translates "Paddy Carr's house."
- P. 188, l. 12. Mr. Glynn tells me he has heard this curious word *ḡáotta* applied to "*ḡuine ar óun a ḡoile anaḡaró bíó, ḡre iomaḡca ḡoille beít taob arḡḡ ann!*"
- P. 190, l. 5, for "ḡáta" read "ḡáta."
- P. 194, l. 3, for "le ḡḡáó" read, of course, "ní le ḡḡáó." L. 20, for "ḡeimneac" read "ḡéimneac." L. 22. Mr. Glynn tells me that *ḡreupóe ḡaeóealac* meant a maker of brogues for common people, and *ḡreupóe ḡalloa*, one who made boots for the gentry.
- P. 196, l. 1. There was one Austin or Affy Gibbons who joined the French, and, after the defeat of Ballinamuck, fled to the island of Innisbofin where, being an excellent scholar, he supported himself by teaching. He was eventually murdered. I have the keene composed for him. I have been unable to make out who Father Miler was. L. 25, ḡóin, see note to p. 100.
- P. 200, l. 10, read "ḡóḡeacó" for "ḡóíteacó." L. 15, read "ḡóótuḡeacó." L. 22, read "ḡréio."
- P. 204. *ḡuacó* does not seem to be inflected in the gen. masculine, certainly not by *eóðan ó neacóain*, from whom I heard this story, nor by any of the many people I have heard sing "*ḡean an ḡir ḡuacó*."
- P. 206, l. 25, for "cḡeáḡḡair" read "cḡeáḡḡair." L. 29, for "ḡuacít" read "ḡuacíte."
- P. 208, l. 3. Both "*ḡiméac*" and "*ḡiméac*" are used in Galway.
- P. 210. Mr. Glynn, the Town Clerk of Tuam, has supplied me with the following interesting note:—
- "*ḡean an ḡir ḡuacó*" (page 210, l. 6). John Burke, a stonemason, and a famous old *ḡeanaóuóe*, who was a native of *Cḡarḡ an ḡainne*, in the parish of Cummer, near Tuam, and from whom I wrote down

this song in 1873, told me that having several times heard a coxcomb of a country tailor sing “*Bean an fíri Ruad*” (as given in Dr. Hyde’s “*Love Songs of Connacht*”), Raftery asked him at last if the “*Red-haired Man*” had said anything. The tailor replied that he didn’t know. “*Well, he did,*” said Raftery, “and here it is” (reciting the song as on page 210). The tailor implored of him to stop, and offered him a drink by way of a bribe. “*Oh,*” answered Raftery, “*I never commenced anything that I wouldn’t finish,*” and so he gave out the whole song.”

- P. 212, l. 14, for “*cuad*” read “*cuaid*.”
- P. 214, l. 7, for “*íanntauis*” read “*íanntauí*.” L. 15, for “*íuaíáil*” read “*íuaíáil*.” L. 18. *Seághan Mac Fíoinn* says that the proper word here is not *uo úbáil*, but *uo úiomáil* = “wasted.”
- P. 222, l. 26. Both “*ían bíad*” and “*ían bíad*” are used in *Connacht*. See note to p. 148.
- P. 234, l. 7, for “*trócaire*” read “*trócaire*.” L. 16. Mr. Mat Finn says that the way he heard this line was—“*a íeobair í ían buíbeácar*.”
- P. 238, l. 9. Mr. Glynn says the proper word here is *áiríge*, which means “a thing of use.” L. 18, for “*í ná*” read “*í nuáil*.” L. 23, for “*maic*” read “*maic*.”
- P. 240, l. 11, for “*ílióct*” read “*ílióct*.” L. 18. Dr. Henry thinks that *íoir*, *íoir* (or, as it is in *Roscommon*, *íoir*) only aspirates when it means both one and the other; “*íoir úb ásur bían*,” “both black and white,” and that it does not aspirate when it means “between.” But I have never been able to find this distinction observed. L. 20, for “*íoir*” read “*íoir*.”
- P. 241, l. 23, for “north” read “west.”
- P. 244. “*Shlahawn-More*.” On the Ordinance map this name is spelt *Slihawnmore*. This townland, Mr. Glynn tells me, is in the parish of *Killallaghan*, Barony of *Kilconnell*. There is near it a “*Slihawnbeg*.” He suggests that the word may be a contraction of *Solteacán*, a place where *sallys* or *osiers* grow. In the Baronies of *Clare* and *Dunmore*, the same name is further contracted to *Sylaun*! L. 21, *colúad* or *colúad*, pronounced *colúad*, means “the side of a bed.” This *ú* or *í* in the middle of words has the sound of an *ú*, an important fact, which no grammar or dictionary, so far as I know, has ever pointed out. Thus, *calúana*, the gen. of *calúan* in central *Connacht*, is pronounced “*calúna*,” *maíúail* “*maíúil*,” *arúair* “*arúair*,” *corúail* “*corúil*”—whence the later and erroneous spelling, which many people have adopted of *corúil*.
- P. 246, l. 6, for “*bíora*” better read “*beára*.” L. 8, “*íhéiríe*,” not “*íhéiríe*” should be the word here, according to *Seághan Mac Fíoinn*. He says it is a word common in *Mid-Galway*, meaning earthenware of every description.
- P. 250, l. 5, *Seághan Mac Fíoinn* agrees with the Mr. Hughes about the

meaning of *puir-bean*, “*bean atá mó-dorta le leanb' oo beit' aici.*”
There is a proverb about “*puir-bean a b'puil feóil uirri.*”

- P. 252, for “*o'p'oi'ge*” read “*tp'oi'gte.*” L. 12, for “*na*” read “*nó.*”
L. 15, *Seá'gan mac f'loinn* says there is a legend told in the barony of Clare about a *ca't na b'p'unnann* fought near *Cnoc-meá'oa*, in that barony.
- P. 254. *Tp'at*, Dr. Henry has pointed out to me, more usually takes the oblique tense of the verb, and *nuair* the direct, i.e. *tp'at maib' ré*, “when he was,” but *nuair b'i ré*. L. 21, *ca'it* being feminine, one would expect *í*, but this is how I got it, and *eo'gan O neá'c'táim* tells me that this is how he heard it also. See note to p. 38.
- P. 256, l. 16, better *í* for *é*, but see last note.
- P. 285, l. 12, for “*oea'c'ma'c*” read “*oeac'ma'c.*” L. 14, for “*beit'*” read “*beit.*”
- P. 260, for “*o'um'luig'oir*” read “*a n-um'luig'oir.*”
- P. 262, l. 11. *é'ne* is often used as a dat. (in Old Irish *é'ne*), and even quite incorrectly, as a gen.
L. 22, for “*n'gae'oil*” read “*gae'oil.*”
- P. 264, l. 3, for “*ana'm*” read “*anna'm.*” L. 21, *ar an n'ó'ala'c* is more usual in Munster, *ar an 'ó'ala'c* in Connacht.
- P. 266, l. 6, for “*ponn*” read “*ponn.*”
- P. 268, l. 3, for “*tea'c't*” read “*tea'c't.*” L. 20, for “*ceann'p'ort*” read “*é'ceann'p'ort.*” L. 22. According to my friend Mr. Glynn, Thomas Ward, a Yorkshireman, born in 1652, wrote a poem in four cantos on “England's Reformation from the time of King Henry the Eight to the end of Oates' plot,” which was widely read in Raftery's time, and to which he here alludes.
- P. 270, l. 21, “*b'an*,” better “*b'an*,” see note to p. 34. L. 22, “*nu'ige*,” see note to p. 264. *teit'g* (pronounced in Connacht *éit'g*) *an 'u'ige é*, would be a better idiom.
- P. 273. Barney Rochford is the name of the hero of this song, not Richard.
- P. 274. *g'allaib'* is the dat., put here for the nom. see note to p. 160.
- P. 276, l. 3, for “*ar*” read “*á'.*” L. 4, for “*ci'p'io'*” read “*ci'p'io'.*” I recovered half the missing stanza since from Matt Finn, but not the whole—

Deap'nai'ó oo éur i n'gé'bhionn
mea'g' Hottentots a'r né'agars
gan fear a é'rua'ig' n-éin'feá'c't leir
á'c't Egan a'g'ur Ri'g na n'g'má'rt.

- P. 278, l. 17. The *tp'iein'feá'c* is, of course, the Archbishop of Tuam. The family, rightly or wrongly, appears to have got a bad name in

old times as proselytizers. Here is a savage epitaph on one of them—
I got it from Seáξan mac Ftoinn:—

'Siúo cugaid anáil é,
Deáman an corráin,
Duir noíol ve leánán
Lé duir ló.

Frederic Trench
Na miar 'r na miorcán,
Fuad na marb
'S zhráin na mb.ó,

'noir ó tárla é 'n a corráin,
Zan rúξ zan rúξteán,
A'r zhir rior in rhrionn
Tá ré 'z á sóξ,

Duir leat miorcán
Síor éuis Dultcán,
Cuirreap bártáil
Lé n-a tóin.

P. 280, l. 7. The reading *talain 'na luac* is quite right, according to Mr. Glynn, and means "land at its value," *i.e.*, at a fair rent. L. 16. for "*clúdáma il*" read "*clúdámaid.*" L. 17. In Connemara they would say *má fáξann ríð.*

P. 282, l. 10, for "*bunndóaid*" read "*bunaóaid.*" L. 19, for "*ba é in ran,*" read "*bé 'ran,*" and for "*é rin*" read "*í rin.*"

P. 284, l. 1 & 2, 9, for "*ricro*" read "*ar ricro.*" L. 2, for "*rearrtainne*" read "*rearranna*" or "*rearrtainne.*" L. 14. This *míceáilín* used to partly make his livelihood by journeying from place to place and reciting Raftery's and other poems. Mr. Glynn told me he used to hear him reciting Raftery's Repentance (see page 356) in the Cathedral Road in Tuam on Sundays. He was a native of Moycullen, and his real name was Michael Connolly, but having spent many years as parish clerk at Claregalway, he was always known under the name of *míceáilín Cléirneac.* The poor fellow was found dead about ten years ago on the roadside, near the school-house of Ballinderry, parish of Cummer. *Deannaet Dé le n-a anam!*

P. 286, l. 11. *Clargairt* is another form of this word. In Connemara sleet is *rléirneacta*, pronounced like *pleit-íneacta.* L. 16. Mr. Glynn says that *rrúl*, not *riuðal*, is the correct reading. It is the word always used in the Tuam district for working or going on with something, as *tá mé ar rrrúl* (working) *o maroin zo tráctóna.* L. 22. *Aξ zearrao na nZhráma* (literally "cutting the graces") means blaspheming. *Aξ zearrao iora*, etc., means the same thing.

P. 288, l. 2, *duir*, according to Mr. Glynn, is quite right, and the line means "at my neighbour's loss I used to laugh." L. 7. Glynn

explained this line to me as follows; To weave a piece of cloth, two balls of thread, equal in weight, are procured. The thread in each ball should also be equal in length, which is seldom the case. When the thread of one falls short of that of the other, the want is called *arua*, *i.e.*, *ar rnat*, "out of thread," or *earbaid* *o* *rnat*, "want of thread." It was the woof-ball (Raftery himself) that ran short in this case. L. 24. Mr. Glynn says he got a MS. in the year 1863 from one Michael Spelman, near Loughrea, which was written down from Raftery's own mouth, and this line ran—*Tabair mure leat asur an ríol 'adaim*—which is evidently correct. L. 5, for "cáirne" read "cáirne," and for "rummonr" read "rummonr." L. 32, for "ráite" read "ráite."

- P. 289, for "I would" read "I used to," these, however, are both used in about the same sense in Hibernian English.
- P. 290, l. 4, perhaps *ruaξ*. *Tuar-ceata* is the common word. I have also heard *tuaξ ceata*. In Connemara they say *boξ-ceata*, *boξ* rhyming to English "cow." L. 6, for "báirteac" read "báirteac." *Seázan mac fíoinn* says that *an ríon* should be *ann rín*, "then." L. 14, for *zo facar* "Zur facar" would be said in Connemara.
- P. 292, l. 1, for "b'" read "b'"; for "ná" read "nóait." L. 11, *id.* L. 14. Glynn says that *riorξ* is correct here, and that it means "made channels or tracks" down its sides. *Siorξad* means "lockspitting." L. 16, *roclac* = "discreet," says Mr. Glynn.
- P. 294, *na mbeoðað*, corrupt for *na mbeó*. Mr. Mat Finn says the correct word as he heard it is *rput na maol(e)*. L. 16, for "áitar" read "áitar." L. 3. Glynn says *zárðteac* should probably be *cráíðteac*, "pious," which would make sense.
- P. 296, l. 1, for "Að-cinn" read "Að-cinn." Mr. Glynn says his versions all read *áta-con*. The bush is also, he says, called "Szeicín ðaile uí Ódmnalláin," or the Little Bush of Ballydonnellan. There are two townlands of this name, one in the barony of Clare, the other in that of Kilconnell. Part of a castle built by an ancestor of the O'Donnellans in the year 936 is still standing in this last one. A man named Fahy, of Duniry parish told Glynn that it was in this same townland, in the Parish of Killallaghan, that the bush was. My own opinion is that Raftery varied the locality of the bush from time to time according to the part of the country in which he found himself, and this is also Mat Finn's view.
- P. 304, l. 8, for "com-oroe" read "com-oroe," and for "bíod" read "ambíod."
- P. 305, l. 5, for "hound" read "hand." L. 17, for "rod" read "nod."
- P. 306, l. 14, for "ráin" read "ráinn."
- P. 309, l. 10, 11, read "The watchword was given into every one's mouth to strangle the watchers [*i.e.*, the Danish Guards], and to blow wisps" [of fire, for a signal].

- P. 310, for "ἀτά" read "ἀτ," but that is how I found it.
- P. 312, l. 11. This ἐιονηταιξ is, as Dr. Henry has pointed out to me, undoubtedly a mistake for τιονηταιξ, "turned" or "perverted."
- P. 318, l. 8, for "α ο'ράξ" better read "αη ράξ," but I found it as above.
- P. 324, l. 15, for "μυιντε" read "μύιντε." L. 21, for "έιρινν" read "έιηεανν". The Mary Brown spoken of here was celebrated in a poem by Raftery's rival, Patsy Calanan, which I took down from a blind piper. I have been told that she was afterwards the mother of Frank Hugh O'Donnell, at one time M.P. for the borough of Galway.
- P. 326, l. 19, for "έ" read "ί." L. 29. Θα λάτομε would be more grammatical, but the other form is common.
- P. 327, l. 17, for "fiddler" read "weaver."
- P. 330, l. 24, better ξο θρυιξτεά. L. 19, There is a large swallow-hole close to the house where the Ballylee river is sucked down, and passes underground on its way to Kinvara. This hole was called Δη Σοιλέαρ, and hence Raftery's verse.
- P. 332, l. 15, for "έιρινν" read "έιηεανν."
- P. 334, l. 11. One would expect perhaps νφορ ζιτε, but I find the other form used just as often.
- P. 336, l. 4, read ριυθαλφαδ.
- P. 338, l. 15, read ριυθαλ.
- P. 340, l. 24. This Σεάξαν Ο Κυλλιονάιν was a second cousin of my friend, Σεάξαν μακ ρλοινν, who tells me that when he first saw his MS. it was a large book, but being constantly lent, and undergoing the hardships attendant on "ιαραετ να η-ιαραετ," it gradually shed its pages, until scarcely a hundred of them were left. He was born at Καρτεάν θυιθε έάμνηαιξ (the yellow Castle of Tavnagh, see my story of Τοδαη Όειηε Δη Όομάιν), and died in the United States about twenty-five years ago. He was something of a poet himself, but I have not seen any of his compositions. The Καρτεάν was built by the Clanrickard Burkes.
- P. 356, l. 1, read Ρεαετύιηε.
- P. 358, l. 16. This line, according to Glynn, runs in all the versions he had ever heard or seen—"μαη λεις μέ Δη ρζόρ Δη Δη μέηη ιρ ρυιθε," i.e., "I let my score go on the longest finger." To "put a thing on the long finger" is a common expression both in Irish and Hibernian English, for postponing or procrastinating about a thing.
- P. 362, note 2. Σεάξαν μακ ρλοινν tells me that the name of the man who translated the "Repentance" was Keely not Kelly. The two poems which I call the "Cholera Morbus" and the "Repentance," but which, according to nearly all the evidence, were originally looked upon as one piece, were printed with Keely's translation either in

Raftery's own lifetime or very soon after his death, and sold as a hymn. The Irish verses in my note, p. 362, were appended to it, and it is said that Raftery was exceedingly angry at Keely having the audacity to couple his name with Raftery's own. Seáξan Mac Ftoinn has a printed copy of this poem with the date 1844 on it in writing. Mr. Mat Finn agrees that I did quite right in separating these poems, and adds—"I was told that the late Dr. MacHale of Tuam said that if Raftery was sinning all his life this poem, and 'arrhie an bas' (*sic*) was enough to save him."

- P. 362, l. 12. Mat Finn thinks Ballagh is a mistake for Gallagh, the Irish name for Castleblakeny, but Mr. Glynn says εανδ-κατα is the proper word—a townland in the parish of Clonfert, barony of Longford. L. 15. Glynn says ροετύρι ρεόμαρ, "the curing drop," as he translates it, is the right word here, but I do not know the expression.
- P. 364, lines 17, 19, 22, for "αδραν" read "αδραν ε."
- P. 368, l. 17. The word is "ρεόσαν," according to Seáξ ανμαξ Ftoinn and means "a gust or whiff [of the smell]."

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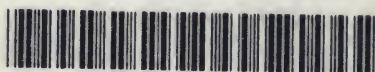
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