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A SELECTION

OF

MOORE'S MELODIES,

Translated into the Irish Language

BY

THE MOST REVEREND JOHN MacHALE,

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.



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PREFACE TO THE NEW EDITION

OF

MOORE'S MELODIES IN ENGLISH AND IRISH, ACCOMPANIED
WITH COPIES OF THE LETTERS HE WROTE TO ARCH-
BISHOP MACHALE ON THE SUBJECT OF HIS IRISH TRANS-
LATION.

NOTE BY ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

Having published at intervals several of Moore's Melodies translated into Irish, I now give an edition of them, accompanied, for the most part, by the original English, in juxtaposition. This is an advantage of which the want has been much felt in the preceding editions. Aware of the more extensive circulation which an edition in both languages could not fail to command, I sought from the firm of Longman, in London, a relaxation of their copyright of the English in favor of a project which I considered would not injuriously interfere with their commercial interests. In this expectation, however, I was disappointed, although Moore himself had the kindness to interfere, as may be seen by the annexed correspondence on the subject of the Irish Melodies, now after several years published for the first time.

Time, however, the great arbiter of conflicting interests more important than those literary publications, has at length settled the question, and, by the expiration of the exclusive copyright, has released the earlier and almost the entire of those national productions. The present issue contains above eighty of those inimitable songs, comprising all of the ten numbers, which, for their national tone, I deemed most deserving of an Irish translation. Of the later numbers, there are a few as yet without the English accompaniment. But, during the few unexpired years of their copyright, the reader can easily supply the blanks from the many cheap editions of the Melodies now in circulation.

MOORE'S LETTERS.

SLOPERTON, December 10th, 1841.

My Dear Lord,—On my return, but a few days since, to Sloperton, I found a heap of letters awaiting me, many of which being "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," I thought might safely be left a few days without answers, and among these (from my not immediately making out the signature) was unfortunately your Lordship's.

By the greatest good luck I happened, but a few minutes since, to open this packet, and lose not a moment in acquainting you with the cause of a delay which must have appeared to you so uncourteous and so unaccountable. As the post hour presses upon me, I have time at this moment for no more than to thank you most cordially for your kind and flattering communication, and to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's obliged servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

*To His Grace the Most Rev. John MacHale,
Archbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.*

Bowood, December, 1841.

My Dear Lord,—I trust that ere this you have received my letter accounting for the long delay of my answer to your very gratifying announcement. That these songs of mine should be translated into what I may call their native language, is in itself a great gratification and triumph to me; but, that such a tribute should come from the pen of your Grace, considerably adds to the pride and pleasure I feel in it.

I need hardly say that any assistance I can lend, by making inquiries of publishers, or otherwise facilitating your task, shall be most heartily at your Grace's command.

I am most truly your Grace's faithful servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

*To His Grace the Most Rev. John MacHale,
Archbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.*

Bowood, January, 1842.

My Dear Lord,—Almost ever since I received your last letter, I have been in expectation of being called to town for the purpose of pursuing my labors at the State Paper Office, which will now be a long and frequent task of mine, as I have re-embarked, after a long interruption, in my Irish History. It was my intention, had I gone to town, to make such inquiries on the subject of your translation, as would be more satisfactory than any I can procure through the medium of letters. I know nothing of the state of the *property* of the work in Dublin, but in London it is in the hands of the widow of the late James Power, from whom the Longmans derive the power of publishing it. To her, therefore, any application must be made to authorize the use of either the words or the music for publication in England. I should be most sorry, I assure you, if by any of those difficulties my work were to lose the high honor you intended it by giving your translation to the world.

The letter in the newspaper which you were so kind as to send me, did not want any additional interest to its own power of language and thought; but, if it did, the sight of my own poetry (in what might be almost called its natural language) enshrined thus in the midst of your prose, would most abundantly afford it.

I am, my dear Lord, your Grace's very humble servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

*To the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam,
Tuam, Ireland.*

SLOPERTON, April 30th, 1842.

My Dear Lord,—I feel really ashamed of myself for having so long delayed my acknowledgment of your great kindness; but, in addition to the usual pressure of business, I have been, lately, much and painfully occupied by the state of health in which my younger

boy has returned from India. He is now, thank God, doing better, but we are still not free from alarm about him.

Your Irish (truly Irish) Melodies are a shame and a reproach to me, and I would willingly give up much of what I know of other languages to have been Irishman enough to accomplish such a work.

Yours, in great haste, but most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

*To His Grace the Most Rev. Doctor MacHale,
Archbishop of Tuam, Tuam, Ireland.*

December 26th, 1845.

My Dear Lord,—I was, for two reasons, pleased and proud to hear from you. In the first place, to find myself kindly remembered by you, could not be otherwise than a pride and a pleasure to me, and in the next, the sight of another number of *the Melodies* relieved me from a fear which I was beginning to give way to, that you had not met with sufficient sympathy in your national work to induce you to continue it. This would, indeed, have been a pity and a shame, and I hail your new number as a proof that I was mistaken.

I find you have been able to make the metre of the Irish words exactly suit the airs, which must have been no easy achievement. I have a Latin translation of the Melodies, but of course no such *tour de force* is attempted in it.

Believe me, your Lordship's very sincere and obliged servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

*To the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam,
Tuam, Ireland.*

PREFACE TO THE EARLIER EDITIONS

OF

THE IRISH TRANSLATION OF MOORE'S MELODIES.

THE powerful influence of music and poetry on the feelings and habits of every people, is too well attested by experience to require an elaborate illustration. Of our incontrovertible claims to a refined and cultivated music, and to the high intellectual tone of which it is at once the index and the offspring, the few following specimens from the now classical melodies of our country furnish abundant evidence. If further proofs were wanting, they may be found in the published *Minstrelsy* of Mr. Hardiman, or the many popular songs in the possession of Mr. Bunting, to whom every Irishman owes lasting obligations for the patriotic devotion with which they have successfully labored to rescue from oblivion some of the most valuable relics of our ancient poetry and music. That the specimens of poetry that are left us did not always correspond with the beauty of the melody that breathes through them, cannot surprise any reader familiar with the records of that ruthless spirit which, equally jealous of both, strove to involve them in the same common destruction. Against the growth and perfection of our poetry and literature, it was, alas! as they were placed within its reach, but too successful, and hence they were so impaired by repeated aggression as to be almost extinguished: whilst our music, like the morning bird, so emblematic of its sweetness and its freedom, sought safety in higher regions from the shafts of its pursuers; and whether it lighted on the valleys, or poured its wild melodies along the summits of our mountains, it always possessed the magic power of charming the wounds which were inflicted by the persecutions of the stranger.

Yet it is not from the poetical compositions of our native bards that our melodies sustained most injury. Though the dress in which they clothed their thoughts was simple, it was in general natural and graceful; and in our popular songs, in the native dialect, passages might be pointed out to the classic reader not unworthy of lyrical poets of higher fame, so faithfully was the spirit of the ancient Muse transmitted through the Irish language. It was only when our music was forcibly united with the coarse and barbarous pedantry of ignorant English songsters, that it suffered from the connection. Under this yoke it continued to sink, and would probably have sunk still more, until taste should have at last shrunk from the contact of its acquaintance, had not a fond and master spirit seasonably interposed to save it from the degrading association. To MOORE our na-

tive music shall ever be indebted for clothing it in a manner befitting its dignity and lineage, and throwing over it much of the rich Oriental drapery with which a congenial fancy had so amply furnished him. Thus attired, our melodies have been introduced into the most fashionable musical *salons* of Europe,—nay sometimes adorned in a foreign costume. But no sooner do they breathe and speak than they are at once revealed—the genuine daughters of the land not less famed for song, than for the fidelity, heroism, and sanctity of its children. To introduce those Melodies to my humbler countrymen, robed in a manner worthy of their high origin, has been my object in the following translation. The banishing of those gross compositions with which our musical airs were oftentimes defiled will be doing a service to the taste and morality of the people: how much more so, when for them will be substituted those pure and lofty sentiments of patriotism and virtue, which those selections of the Irish Melodies so abundantly supply. The genius of Moore must ever command admiration. Its devotion to the vindication of the ancient faith of Ireland and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instrument of every Muse, and became master of them all. Sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the East, and listens with rapture to its prophetic melodies; subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and of Erin,—at once the emblem of piety and patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of religion.

weabrujşjō cajčrėjw bɔɔajɔ, le'ɔ ŝnāčac
buaɔjō.

Fonɔ—Wajne iɔɔ h-ɔlpɔ.

I.

Weabrujşjō cajčrėjw bɔɔajɔ, le'ɔ ŝnāčac buaɔjō,
ɔjō tā laečē an ŝajɔɔjō: ŝ'ha luɔde,
ɔjō caɔlɔe do 'ɔ Wúɔan ē aɔur rɔɔte 'raɔ uajɔ,
'S nač b-ɔɔɔɔjō ɔo Cɔɔ-čɔɔɔajō a čɔjō':
Aɔ neult ūd na ɔajč' ɔcap ɔolur nač ɔajɔ ɔanɔ
Aɔɔ a ɔ-cač, tā aɔɔɔ ɔajčē ɔa čēō;
Ačē tā leōɔ-ɔajɔ d'a lōčɔan aɔɔ laɔad aɔɔ ɔac laɔɔ,
le ɔ-ajɔ d-čɔeōɔjōad čum čɔeɔɔe aɔɔ ɔac ɔleō.

II.

A Wúɔan, 'ɔuajɔ do bɔɔɔad ɔɔɔ le ɔéle neaɔ-ɔanɔ
ɔac ɔajɔ, ɔac aɔɔ, 'ɔur ɔac ɔeun,
Aɔ ɔaɔleā ɔo b-ɔajɔɔjōe aɔɔ ɔɔajɔ ɔo a' ɔ ɔleāɔ
lɔɔɔ ɔuāčɔan ɔɔɔ ɔajɔneajɔɔajɔ deɔɔ:—
bɔdeā, aɔɔ an lōčɔanāč ɔeāɔ ɔɔɔe, ɔɔɔ,
ɔo d-čɔeōɔɔajɔ ɔa ɔaɔɔɔe ɔo čɔeun,
'S ɔur ɔeāɔ a beɔč bɔadāɔa ɔaɔ čɔeāčda, le beɔč ɔaɔɔ,
'Na tāɔ uajɔe a ɔlābɔajɔjō ɔaɔ leun.

III.

Na deajɔadajō na čó-lāčɔa dɔɔɔe, čuɔ ɔajɔ
beɔč ɔajɔjōe ɔo calmač 'ra ɔ-ɔleō;
ɔjō bɔd caɔnāč an ɔleāɔa deāɔɔ lé ɔ-a b-ɔajɔ,
Nɔɔ čēɔeādan, ačē čuɔeādan d' eɔɔ člōč.
Aɔ ŝɔan, a tā d'ajɔ ɔajɔɔjōad, do čɔajɔɔ ɔad 'ha luɔde
Aɔɔ bāɔɔeāčajō ɔɔajɔe ɔa laɔ,
Na bɔdeā ɔajɔd aɔɔ. na bɔac-bɔajɔ aɔčē aɔɔ bu
ɔa ɔur čuɔeādan ɔan čuɔɔjōad ɔan aɔɔ.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIAN, THE BRAVE.

AIR—*Molly MacAlpin.*

I.

Remember the glories of Brian the brave,
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho', lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
The star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam o'er the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.

II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

III.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

EJRJN, TÁ DEÓNA 'SUS SWJSEADA DO SÚL.

Fonh—Eilín a Rúh.

I.

Eilín, ta deóna 'zur rnsjeada do fúl
 War an bóga-urze cumčari ar mearžad na η-dul
 Lonhriac tui čaire deón,
 Ħróhac laru rjanr' zo león,
 Ta do žrianta pa dúbah mór
 Aiz éiriže žac la.

II.

Eilín, ηi ciorimóčari do čún-deón zo deó;
 Eilín, ηi buan bejdear do laž-žaire beo:
 Zo nari žac dač pa néri,
 An-aoiņfeact lé cun zo léri,
 'S aiz déanad mari čuaž na rpéiri
 Bóža rfoččari žac triac.

—:o:—

NÁ CŌŽARJDE ABRÁJN AJRŽW.

Fonh—An Čarlín Donh.

I.

Na cōžarijde ariari ari, act codlad ré paol ržac
 'S an ž-čré 'fuari 'η an cunreac é zo h-uaižneac anη a
 blač:
 Azur tuiž, cunreac, triom Ħjdead deóna an rúl,
 War dñúčd na h-oidče čurtear ar nēulčari na η-dúl.

II.

An dñúčd ūi, do čurtear zo cūh azur zo rriar,
 Congbajžeanh ré an uari, anη a ž-codlanih re, rfor-žlar,
 'Sur na deóna, do žiteari le uaižnear na h-oidče,
 Čuždečari žad a čūhja ūi anη an ž-ciojde.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—*Eilin a Rún.*

I.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies.
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's gleam,
 Thy suns, with doubtful beam,
 Weep while they rise.

II.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form in Heaven's sight
 One arch of peace!

—:o:—

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—*The Brown Maid.*

I.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it rest in the shade,
 Where, cold and unhonor'd, his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

II.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

TRA OÐ'N TÉ TÁ ÐUJT TAB'NÇA NAÇ W-BÉJÐ 'ZA
LUAD.

Fonh—Coldað an t-Sionais.

I.

TRA DO'N TÉ TÁ ÐUJT TAB'NÇA NAÇ M-BÉJÐ, 'ZA LUAD,
AÇT A LÓÇTA 'ZUR AMHARU NO ZEUP
A N-ZUJLEIR, TRA BÉJÐ RYAD A' DUBÇAN ZLAN-ÇUAD
AN TE, ÐUIT-TE TÁ RINTE PAOI AN B-PEUP?
ZUJL 'R CÍÐ IR CROM, RÉIR DO NAMAJÐ DO ÇAÏN,
BÉJÐ A N-ZUJLTE 'ZA NIZEAD LE DO ÐEÓR;
OIR IR CINTÉ, CÍÐ ÐOIB-RAN BIDEAR CIONTAC AMHAIN,
ZO PA'B ÐUIT-TE MÉ ÐSIR ZO LEÓR.

II.

BUD ONTRA BÍ BHIONGLOIDE OZ' ÐSL MO BÍÇ,
'S BUD ONT M' EAGNA AIZ MEOMANAD ZO RÍOR;
'S AN ONÇA, AR DEIMENAIÇE, PACPAD RÚAR Ó MO ÇMOÐE,
BÉJÐ AIR N' AINME 'Z CÓMOIHN ZO RÍOR.
Ó 'R AOIBHIN DÓ'N ÇAIPIDE, FANAR BEO AIR A T-PAOZAL,
FEICIRN LAÇTE DO ZLÓIR' IR MÓIR ÇAÍL.
NA ÐÉIZ RIN NI' BEANNACÇ ÇO ZAR DÓ, A N-ZAOL,
LE BAR AIR RON D' AND-NÉIM' D' FAZAIL.

—:o:—

AN ÇRUJT, OÐ SCAP ÇRÍ ÇALLAJÐ 'N RÍZ.

Fonh—Waine a Scóir.

I.

AN ÇRUJT, DO PCAP ÇRÍ ÇALLAJÐ 'N RÍZ
NA ZAEÇE CEÓLTA BIRN',
TA 'N BALLAJÐ TEAMNA 'HOIR 'NH A LUÐE
ZAN FEAPRAD CEOP, NO NINH:
WAN RÚD TÁ'N TAM. CUAD ÇANT, PAOI ÇEO,
TA 'ÇAÍL, 'R A ÇRÚPAOI FUAN;
IR CMOÐÇE 'RANCUIZ MOLTA TEÓ,
NI AMUZEANN IAD ZO BUAN.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

AIR—" *The Fox's Sleep.*"

I.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see:
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

—:o:—

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

AIR—" *Molly Astore.*"

I.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

II.

Ní cluigítear cruic na Teanma tneun
 Wearz cruinnhúgadh ban no raor,
 'Óm fuaiznann, í beic feacta, raon,
 Fuaim bhírte teud ra n-oidce.
 Warí rúh do'n t-raorfaect, 'r anamh tna
 A dúrgeat í zo deó,
 Aet 'huaim a bhírtear cnoide 's a cnaða,
 Aiz foirhúgadh í beic beó.

—:o:—

na sji zur sfor-and azus aenac wo cnoide.

Fonh—Seagan O'Naallaij Clirteac.

I.

Na rsl zur rfor-and azur eapac mo cnoide
 No ó lindub co raon azur cideatí ra tna;
 No zo b-fanad an rmijs lafar ruancar na h-oidce
 Aini mo leacab aini madh zan rmijs aini bic cnað.
 Níl an ra 't-raoçal ro aet farac neamh-cornac
 Nað b-feictear aet anamh an nór anh ra t-rlíge
 'S an laih ír mo fantuiz an blað tnað a z-cornac
 S'í 'r luaithe zuneat na deilz ta raor.
 Aet cuin eant an cuac 'r aini fead real' ruilbini bíd,
 O mif-ad an m-beacta beid cuinhíste zo león
 Le deón ciz o rmijs' dealruisgear zarpoçar cnoide
 Azur rmijs' iompuisgear ceagari na tnuaga cum deón.

II.

Ír cinde zur donca beidead eize an m-bíd
 Zan é beic físte le ruancar 'r le znað
 'Sur d'-fazfain mo beannaet aiz a t-raoçal ro a cnoide
 Nuaim a cáirfad na reoda ud 'rzejm a'r a m-blað.
 Do'n té buð fearu cumah, ré buð doize beic mealta
 Aiz euzcaoin na h-airlins' do breuzuiz a cnoide.
 'S an té buð mó munnín ar muineat 'r a zealta
 Ír aobin man carad do, feall aini a flíge

II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart, indignant, breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

—:o:—

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

AIR—"John O'Reilly the Active."

I.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
 No;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile:—
 May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
 But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
 Is happy, indeed, if 't was never deceiv'd.

Átt eun þar an euað, 'r coad 'r þanar de þaet,
 Na þinne þéille aþ þear na aþ mhaol,
 Þíðeað þun leu an eumain aþ mhaol aþ lae,
 'Sur né þolaiþ munþur da þealþuþað dul þaol.

—:o:—

ÞJS SÓ W' AÐWANC DÉJÓJÓNAÐ AJR 'EJRNJNN A CAÓJÓ.

Fonh—An Cúlfíonh.

I.

Þíð ro m' aþhanc déjónaþ aþ 'Ejnnh a caoþð,
 Þealþað 'Ejne 'nh þaþ tþn a m-béþíð, eunþe mo eþofþe.
 'Þéþ d' uet mþn þeac-þíðh, a céþe mo élaon,
 Jþ do þorþ mþn þealt-eólunþ nþeun-þunþ a þ-cþan.

II.

Þo eunþn uajþneac þarajþ, no eunþn eonþíðeac, þorþ,
 Anþ naþ þéþþn lé'n naþaþ an þ-corþcéþn do loþþ,
 Ealóþað lé mo eunþíonþ, 'r nþ aþneóþaþ mé an rþon
 Éo þeun leþ an naþaþ, ta d'an n-þþþn at þþon.

III.

Þealþað aþn óþ-þolt tþuþ, þaþneac do éþn,
 Jþ éþþeþað le eéþþaþ do éþþþþþe ta þþn,
 Þan eazla þo rþþóþeþað an Saranac teanþ
 Anþ teud at do éþn, no aon dþaolþ at do éeanþ.

—:o:—

buð lúacþan, teanc, seóþe na n-óþþ-þnþ
 SAJþ.

Fonh—Ta an Saþþa teacþ.

I.

buð lúacþan, teanc, reóþe na h-óþþ-þnþ rþþn'
 Aþn þaþne de'n óþ aþn a þ-þealþ anþ a lþn.
 Átt buð lonþþaþþe þo þaða a rþéþn þr a þlac
 'Na an óþ-þlac 'r na reóþe, d' a aþle 'r d' a þneþþa.

But send round the bowl: while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

—:o:—

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR—" *The Coulin.*"

I.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam

II.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

—:o:—

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

AIR—" *The Summer is Coming.*"

I.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
 But oh! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

II.

Nac iongnad do'n mairdean, a d' fíarfuilís an raol,
beic ríubal go h-aonariac a n-uaisnean na ríse,
b-fuyl rubailcide ois-fean na h-Einnean co mhóir,
'S nac d-tnuápad go truaillid lé aithneir no óir?

III.

Oo fneazair, níl eagla nó buaidiur air mo éiríde,
Ní déanfaid Clann Einnean dam dochar no díe;
Is claothair air deire iad 'r air íeóidib go leóir,
Ir aithre leó coirgíoll a' caidé go mhóir.

IV.

Lé rnízead ríamhac, larta ó ionnacaí crioide,
Síubal an óis-bean go muiníneac ionmlan na ríse,
Ir beannaic do'n té, aís a nial dóicir ar cáil
Na b-plaí raol-beurac, feara fíor Jhne-fáil.

—:o:—

Wan žac sojlseac žnéjne ajr l'jnn dub 'na
lujde.

Fonn—Airlin an ois-fín

I.

Wan žac rojlreac žnéjne air l'jnn dub 'na lujde
Ir fuar-čuil'na b-fóirí lé fáhad dul faol,
bidear an leaca bidear larta le rnízead ríamhac, blad,
'S an crioide ríse lé tróm-uallac dubróir d'a éiríde.

II.

Aon čuimhe aithair cumairail žan tair, bidear ríor-beó,
'S aís ríle air an laečib a dúbair 'r a čeo,
Nac d-čizeann air, acrížad ó lannair, nó neul,
'S a mairížad nó a buaidnead go ríroćad an raožal.

III.

Is an čuimhe úd d'an n-žonad lan fleide žan ríse,
Wan dúilleo čirion ríamhaid air čraob črair 'na lujde,
A žealtar le žaečib na žnéjne air a n-žeuž,
'S nac n-áirížann na díaid rí, lé n'a čeazair go h-žeuž.

II

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
 So lone and so lovely along this bleak way?
 Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
 No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
 For though they love woman and golden store,
 Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more."

IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
 And blest forever is she who relied
 Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

—:o:—

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY
 GLOW.

AIR—"The Young Man's Dream."

I.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
 While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
 So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm, sunny smile,
 Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
 Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
 To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
 For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting:

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
 Like a dead, leafless branch in the Summer's bright ray;
 The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain;
 It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

NÍ B-FUJL ANSA 3-CRUIJNNE AON CUMAR, NÓ
GLEANN.

Fonh—Sean ceann Donaca.

I.

Ní b-fuyl anra 3-cruijne aon cumar, no gleann,
Mar an lag a b-fuyl có-íruic na dír' abann an;
Ír luaithe béidear éalaíste uaim m' ariann, 'r mo b'í,í,
'Na éiríonfar an gleann glar úd úr ar mo éiríde.

II.

Ní h-é an t-amharc bneaz, aoiínnh bí r'zanca ari zac'raob,
Ní h-é lonnari an éiríoraí, na úr-blac na 3-craob.
Ní h-é comzari na rruca mari euz-éol mha-ríze,
Aet níd éííín n'íor díre ca a n-doiíhneact an éiríde:

III.

Siad mo cáipde, do ceanzaí mo cumann 'r mo élaon,
Do rcar ari zac' níd an, r'zéíh farca na m'ar;
Óir n'ílaon níd d'a aille nac méaduízeann a blac.
D'a feiciríh tpe fúílí ari a m-bídeann agairíh zrad.

IV.

a gleann aoiínnh các-abha, buí ruairíhneac mo fuan
Faoi farzad do cábáíh lé mo cára fíor-buan,
'N aít a m-béídmuid ó na ríoncaíh faoi dídean 3o ráíh
'S ari 3-croíde mari do cíún-íruca cóíhnear'zca lé dáíh.

—:o:—

NAÓW SENÁN ASUS AN BEAN-CUARTA.

Fonh—An Onadahan Donn.

I.

Ól deíruíí a'r fáz, an lonz zan ad,
An m'íhí beannuíí' noíh an la;
Óir ari do b'írd, zíd ír doncad an oíde
Cídm cuma, ír dual do mhaoi:
Óir té mo m'írd' ra'n í ro, cló
Coir' mha nac b-fazfari an 3o deó.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

AIR—" *That old head of Denis.*"

I.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! the last ray of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

II.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'T was not the soft magic of streamlet or rill,
 Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

III.

'T was that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

—:o:—

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

I.

" Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 A female form I see;
 And I have sworn this sainted sod
 Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod."

II.

Ó a'áin! na cuin tuisd an t-ríut,
 Wo bád lárí ríonca 'r tónhca dub';
 Toinníim beicé go h-uíhal ó éiríde
 Roinn d' oíca maídhne a'r oídhce,
 Fíin beannuigéce n' l' aon adbair ríac'
 Go mílfaid mo éor an t-úir no bíac'.

III.

Níon deonnuig áinid do fúic na mha
 'Sur d' fíll an lonn le cóin 'ra tna,
 Ác't da h-déanfaid an óig-bean ríic'
 Ánn go d-tí cíníoc na h-oídhce,
 Do níin na ríeult' buid mór an baogal
 Naic d-treífaid an t-oileán le h-a raogal.

—:o:—

NAIC AOBHJN UAJR AJD TÓWAD ZRÉJNE ANNS AN
 B-FRAJG.

Fonh—Carad an t-rúgair.

I.

Naic aobhíu uairí aig tomaid zrénne anhr a' b-fraíg,
 'S a rólur ríhce airí a g-cíun-tonn go tnaíg!
 Tíis ó ainníu airí, airínní tígí leir an h-oídhce,
 Aig dúrac't cúma airí g-cairde, úirí anhr airí g-cíuide.

II.

Tna deancain lócnann laí an lae aig dul faoi,
 'S an aibéir daicé leir an oir-ríal buide;
 Tuisd tónna lonhíac' t-nuicain, tnaíll ríarí go cuan
 Na h-innre airí, a b-fuígead anhr reun 'sur ruan.

II.

“O Father, send not hence my bark,
 Through wintry winds, o’er billows dark.
 I came with humble heart to share
 Thy morn and evening prayer:
 Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint,
 The brightness of thy sod to taint.”

III.

The Lady’s prayer Senanus spurn’d;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark returned:
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning’s light delay’d,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne’er had left his lonely isle.

—:o:—

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—*The Twisting of the Rope.*

I.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea;
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her every sigh to thee.

II.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
 Along the smooth wave tow’rd the burning West,
 I long to tread that path of golden rays,
 And think ’t will lead to some bright isle of rest.

OJLEAD AN FJLJÖ.

Fonh—Ain reacrnan.

I.

Tria cŷn h'eir bair beidear rŷnte claon,
 bein cum mo ceile žmadaiže, mo čroiđe:
 Oŷ iŷŷir žur čotuiž é rŷiž' a'r ržaič fŷon',
 Čó'ad a'r ain an t-raožal ro, 'hna comhuidė bŷ,
 leŷ, abain žan rŷlč aon deon amain žola
 A lionrad le lionh-dub bion a čroiđe,
 Ačt biraon a čainžead de čaon fŷon ŷola
 Cum an ŷuižjoll a beič ŷalcča žac la a'r ojdče.

II.

'Nuain beidear ŷolur mo čeol' 'hna luidė
 bein mo člajpreac žo d-čŷ do laŷh,
 Čroč ŷ ruar e h-aiŷ donuir an tŷže
 'b-ŷažanŷ rŷúbalaŷd' cuiŷpreac' ržič ŷajlčamajl anŷ.
 'S tria déanŷar baird bočt reacrnan' rearad'
 A duracč a teuda ar ruan žo rŷŷh,
 bŷdead cuiŷhne ain an b-ŷile ain leiŷ ŷ, a laŷad,
 Do rŷiž do leaŷb ŷa ž-ceolča biŷh.

III.

Conbuiž, a'r é 'hoir ŷaoi mhaol, an ržala
 Čum,—h'eir me iŷčeačt,—beič ain do člaj;
 Ačt beul žan cuman aiž fléjđ ŷo dala
 Žo deo ŷi blaŷrŷiđ deon ar a bair.
 Ačt ma bŷdeanŷ ŷeari fŷon žan claon ŷ mjeallađ,
 Ar ólŷar d' a rŷún ŷac dual a črad,
 Žo žačče beič 'ž eiŷjoll teačt anŷ rŷéin žeallađ,
 'Žur beannužad žac biraon de 'h ž-cuač 'ra tria.

THE BARD'S LEGACY.

AIR—*Wanting.*

I.

When in death I shall calm recline,
 Oh! bear my heart to my mistress dear:
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call.
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft notes in passing along,
 Oh! then let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smiles for the child of song.

III.

Keep this cup which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
 Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
 But when some warm, devoted lover,
 To her he adores, shall bathe its brim,
 Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

NAC WJNJC OQ ŠUJL AN BEAN-SJŠE

Fonh—An ójs-bean dub ionhujh.

I.

Nac mihic do šujl an bean-ršže!
 Nac mihic do čnájð bār an čnojde,
 Ajs ržaołað žac cujhš 'ra čnā,
 Do ðealb žlōjh, no žnāð.
 Do žac aon laoc calma tā ršhte
 Suan! 'r do žac rūjl tā neulmari le caojhte!
 Aji a ŋ-uajh, anŋ a ž-coðlann an luan,
 Šujleab ŋa h-ójsē 'r ŋa žajržiðjž žo buan.

II.

Jr dub an t-am anŋ a b-řujlmujð beð,
 Solujr d'ejr a čejle řaoj čeo;
 'S žac aon, a řcap lōčnann mari neul
 Čnjd 'Ejne, anojr mūcta řaoj neull.
 'S čnom deðr an čē, b-řujl a čnojde 'ž a brijread,
 b-řujl eužča a řō, 'r a dōjž 'ž a čljread:
 āct ajs ajre an řlača jr žeal žo leðr,
 Do čujtear aji a čnōčari an deðr.

III.

Tā an leuř-mari mūcta žan dač,
 Tu-řa, a Čojh ŋa ž-ceud čāt!
 'S čū ejle! 'r aji do brijāčnajt čeo
 bi řuan, řaojre a'r řřujh, beð—
 Oř eužča,—řad bejðear žajržiðeāct lannřač,
 No daojneact řa žeur-čneac cožajð ržanřač,
 bējð a m-beača 'r a m-bār anŋ žac dajl
 'ž a ž-canāð čřf ūri Jhijr-řajl.

HOW OFT HAS THE BEANSHEE CRIED.

AIR—" *The Dear Black Maid.*"

I.

How oft has the Beanshee cried,
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave!

II.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days!
Star after star decays,
Every bright name that shed
Light o'er the land is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy or hope that ne'er returneth:
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

III.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung!
Both mute—but long as valor shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died.

OL AS AN 5-CUAC SÓ.

Fonn—Fátrúic O'Náraitte.

I.

Ol ar an 5-cuac ro, óin béarfaid tu oíaid
 Níor ar zac deon dé, 'n azaid aicid a'r eurlan;
 Na tracht aín an zeand-deoc, bí aís Elín, marí cáraid,
 Ní naib an cuac rin aét nañ-rzeul; ro 'n rzala b-fuyl
 cial anñ.

blar ar an m-bollóg aín a bair a cá lonnac
 Wa 'r mian leat an raozal ro do díbiric, 'r a neulca
 aét trom-fáirc zac bnaon dé, le cnoide nac m-beid rzan-
 nac

Wa 'r aíl leat beic tozta co h-ard leir na neulca.
 Cui éaric an cuac; óin beurfaid tu oíaid
 Níor ar zac deon dé 'n azaid aicid a'r eurlan
 Na tracht aín an zeand-deoc, bí aís Elín, marí cáraid,
 Ní naib an cuac rin aét nañ-rzeul, ro an rzala b-fuyl
 cial anñ.

II.

So fóil niam aon zeand-deoc co bñgñan nion mearzac,
 le n-an ceudfaid a cluanuzac, marí an rzala ro lñonñan.
 Do tñonrzñad a dínocta, an tracht bí faoi b-farzac
 an gnán bonnita, rzlanñac, faoi tear fozñanñan gnianñanñan
 an rúd 'n éir le téazari an t-ranñnaid, beic buide, ban,
 'Szeitead balad 'zur blaé an t-réarunñ buid tearñnaize,
 bí rñic ar an ruí ud, 'ca mói ionzanñac, fóil-an
 Cum cnoide do beočan, beidead fuarunñze d'a earba.
 O an 5-cuac marí rúdól óin beurfaid tu oíaid
 Níor ar zac deon dé 'n azaid aicid a'r eurlan,
 Na tracht aín an zeand-deoc bí aís Elín marí cáraid
 Ní naib an cuac rin aét nañ-rzeul, ro an rzala b-fuyl
 cial anñ.

III.

Cí b' feidín—aét aín ro nñ dualtracht a coidece—
 Wan an coine, 'm-bideanñ gear caille, farnead aín, zo
 caoidamñail
 Zur naib an zeand-deoc ro 's a éarñanñ rzan oidece
 aét nñ laize a bñí fa fé teacé zo neam-dlíñamñail.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

AIR—" *Paddy O'Rafferty.*"

I.

Drink of this cup: you 'll find there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!—
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
 Send round the cup; for, oh! there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!—
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

II.

Never was philter form'd with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
 Its magic began when in Autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
 This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
 Then drink of the cup: you 'll find there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!—
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

III.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like the caldron the witch brews at midnight so awful,
 In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
 Yet 't isn't less potent for being unlawful.

Nač cunja, eḡḡ paḡaḡḡ ajn fōr, fuḡḡilleač balad
 Aḡ deataḡḡ o'ḡ laḡaḡḡ 'ēuḡ a bḡḡḡ 'mač zo ballač
 Cuḡḡ aḡ ḡḡūčda ḡeaḡ-čeaḡaḡaḡ 'ra rḡala tā paḡaḡ
 Bēaḡḡaḡḡ ruḡḡcaḡ aḡ cḡoḡḡče tā aḡḡta faoḡ paḡač.
 Aḡ aḡ ḡ-cuač maḡ rḡḡ ḡl, ḡḡḡ bēaḡḡaḡḡ tu oḡaḡḡ
 Nḡoḡ aḡ ḡac deoḡ ḡē, 'ḡḡ aḡaḡḡ aḡcḡḡ a'ḡ eurlāḡ
 Na tḡačt ajn aḡ ḡeaḡ-deoč bḡ aḡḡ Eḡlḡḡ, maḡ čaḡaḡḡḡ,
 Nḡḡaḡḡ aḡ cuač rḡḡ ačt ḡaḡ-rḡeul, ro aḡ rḡala 'b-fuḡḡ
 čal aḡḡ.

—:o:—

AJN W' UČT FÉJN ŽLAC SUAN.

Fonḡ—Loč Sḡlḡḡ.

I.

Wo ḡḡl eḡḡ loḡte! ajn m' učt fējḡ ḡlac ruḡḡ:
 ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ eulḡḡḡ aḡ tḡeud uaḡḡ, ro d' aḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ buaḡ,
 Ta aḡ rḡḡḡeač aḡḡ ḡaḡ ḡūbčāḡ. 'ḡḡḡ rēaḡc-cuḡaḡḡ cḡoḡḡḡe,
 'ḡḡḡ lāḡḡ le ḡo čōḡaḡḡ le coḡḡal, ḡaḡ rḡḡč.

II.

Aḡ tēaḡ-ḡḡač, zo maḡḡač rē rēaḡḡač, ḡač cōḡḡ,
 Tḡe bḡḡḡ a'ḡ tḡe ḡaḡḡeaḡ, tḡe ḡaḡḡe 'ḡ tḡe ḡlōḡḡ?
 Nḡ 'ḡḡ eolḡač ḡo ḡḡḡḡeač, mā tāḡḡ ajn čōḡḡe raoḡḡ,
 Ačt tā'ḡ a'm, čla bḡḡ čū, zo b-fuḡḡ ḡo ḡḡač oḡḡ-ra ffoḡḡ.

III.

Do ḡaḡḡ oḡḡ aḡḡeaḡ, tḡa bḡ čū a rēuḡ,
 Beḡḡ me maḡ aḡḡeaḡ, tḡa čū beḡḡ faoḡ leuḡ;
 Aḡḡ leaḡḡḡḡḡ ḡo loḡḡ, tḡe ḡeḡḡ-čēḡḡe tēo,
 Zo ḡo čōḡaḡḡ 'ḡ ḡo čūḡḡačt, le ḡo bāḡ ḡo ḡo beo.

What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
 Which in silence extracted its virtues forbidden,
 Fill up! there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work, too, its charm, though now lawless and
 hidden.
 So drink of the cup! for, oh! there 's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality.
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!—
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

—:o:—

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

AIR—" *Lough Sheeling.*"

I.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
 Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
 Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart;
 I but know that I love thee whatever thou art.

III.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss;
 And thy Angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this:
 Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

SÚD AJR SJUBAL ÉRÍD AN 3-CRUINNHE.

Fonh—Zannida Eóih.

I.

Súd aih riubal éiríð an 3-cruinne mañ leihb ian fleid',
 Tabairt blar de rud mliir, a'r de rud eile' mian
 'S huain a cuirriðear an rianr 'ra 3-cuic foir biðear teit,
 Cum tñi 'rian beic 'tiallad biðeann azaññ claon.
 Wa'r mearð na reorde ir aille, ir zhačac',
 Triuağ-énoide aineam, 'zur noirð 3an ceo,
 Ní éiññ duññ imēact ar an d-tñi feiñ ziaðac
 'Cur tóñ' aih núñ reanicaññal 'zur rúle beo.
 Noir cuirñið, aiz dul éant do'n ržala an a' 3-clan
 Wa'r roirññan, no rianñun beidear d' airdiñ ra t-rlíže,
 Tria cum rlanñe mña, 'beidear cuac lfonta zo bñr,
 Na dearmuid an rmið lafar faržad do éiže.

II.

A 3-cuic Sacrañ biðeann zannida na deire, faoi ržac,
 Aiz načain leacantac, '3 a fañne mññ mñon;
 Act eo tñom biðear 'ñña codlad an načain žac tria,
 Zo b-fažčar an žaindñ 3an fañne ma 'r fñon.
 Nñl anñ, řal miltreac dñirññal zeur,
 Wañ biðear anñ 'Eññññ' coirññic a blač
 A éižear an 3-ceudfaid-tria žionear an meur'
 Tabairt teazañ do'n énoide tria biðear '3a čnað.
 Noir cuirñið, aiz dul éant do'n ržala an a' 3-clan
 Wa'r roirññan, no rianñun beidear d' airdiñ ra t-rlíže,
 Tria cum rlanñe mña, 'beidear cuac lfonta zo bñr,
 Na dearmuid an rmið lafar faržad do éiže.

III.

'Sa b-Fñañc 'huain ržaoilear beañ-česle cum řñaiž'
 Sñon-buanča an řórta, a reolta lan',
 Ir anañ žñidear žñad act a tñeopužad o'n triaiž
 '3 a řažai, aiz imñide dñ "airdñ rlan."

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

AIR—"Garryowen."

I.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own Green Isle,
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

II.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden 's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

III.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.

ABRÁJN AJR EJRNJNN.

et mžéana 'Ejpeann conžbuižeanh žan ržjč
An t-óglac žabčta, le fonh a namh,
mžđ ržalan' žmėjhe 'žur ržonca žaoč'
Žaŋ bŋ 'nuajŋ a čuŋ rė a lonž aŋ ržamh.
Joŋ cuŋmž, aŋ dul čarut do'ŋ ržala an a' ž-clan,
Ža'r ržonmari, no ržamhup bejđear d' aŋdŋŋ ra t-rłŋže,
Žna čum rłanthe mžha, 'bejđear cuac lřonca žo bari,
Na deamhupd an ržmž larar faržad do čŋže.

—:o:—

bjđead čuŋmhe aŋ ž ejrnjnn ajr na laečŋb dđ bŋ.

Fonh—An Sjonnac nuad.

I.

bjđead čuŋmhe aŋ 'Ejŋmž aŋ na laečŋb, do bŋ,
Sul do bŋarč a clanh řėŋ ŋ le řėll-bearč,
Nuajŋ bŋ ŋod de 'ŋ đŋ-buiđe aŋ bŋažajđ Žaolřeacłanŋ
an mž,
Do buajđ đ'ŋ namh, bŋ uajlleac ar all-nearč:
'Nuajŋ ržaoŋl a mžčte bŋar žlar na Čŋaob-nuajđ'
Tabarč a laočna čum cača žo clanhari,
Sul do farar řėđde 'Ejpeann aŋ dealŋad žo nuad
a ž-čŋđŋ-řlearž an č-Saranaŋž čŋeumhari.

II.

Čna bŋđear aŋ loč Néačajđ an t-ŋaržanhe aŋ řŋúbal
le lŋh řolur lae beŋč aŋ řaonad,
Čŋđeanh řean-čloŋžčŋ řŋor, nuajŋ bŋđear žo h-úmal
aŋ bŋuac na lŋhe aŋ clanhad:
Žaŋ řúđ, čŋė aŋrłŋž bŋđmud aŋ řažajł
laž-leur aŋ na laečŋb ča a ž-clanča,
'S žo bŋđnac aŋ dearčad aŋ a ŋ-žłŋŋ řaol ržajł,
Ča bŋarčte řaol čŋom-čona bljadanča.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he looked when he left the shore.
 Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

—:o:—

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—"The Red Fox."

I.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud invader;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve 's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining.
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

Mar. 17, 1915.
 J. P.

b'íðeað suan orɔ, sɔuɔ, waojue.

Fonh—Aɔneað m' Eɔbɔɔn ðɔɔɔ.

I.

b'íðeað ruan orɔ, sɔuɔ, waoille, ɔa boɔɔɔa le ðɔle,
 Na buaɔðneað na sɔɔɔa do ɔɔɔ-ɔuɔle lan,
 ɔa aɔ ɔɔɔeað ɔ' aɔ ɔɔɔe le ɔol ɔɔɔɔ' ɔɔe
 Aɔ ɔaɔɔaɔɔ na ɔ-ɔeɔa ð' ɔaɔ ɔ le ɔaɔ.
 ɔa h-aɔ b'íðeɔ aɔ ala aɔ ɔɔɔ-ɔeɔɔ a ɔɔaɔɔeɔa,
 ɔa h-aɔ do ɔɔɔɔeɔ a h-euɔ-ɔeol aɔ ɔɔɔɔ?
 ɔa h-aɔ do buaɔɔeɔ aɔ aɔ ɔɔɔ-ɔeol aɔ ɔɔɔeɔa
 Na b-ɔaɔa, do m' ɔaɔɔeɔa ð' ɔ-ɔaɔaɔ ɔo ɔo bɔɔɔ?

II.

Aɔ do ɔɔɔ ɔaɔ ɔeɔɔɔ, moɔaɔ! b'íðɔ mo ɔaɔe,
 Aɔ ɔaɔaɔ mo ɔɔaɔeɔa ɔeɔ na ɔaɔaɔa ɔo buaɔ,
 'Na ɔa ɔa 'Eɔe ɔaɔ ɔaɔeɔa' a ɔeɔ-naɔaɔ, ɔeɔe,
 Aɔ ɔeɔeɔ aɔ a ɔ-aɔ le ɔ-a ɔaɔe ð' ɔaɔ:
 ɔa h-aɔ ɔeɔeɔa ɔeɔe loɔɔaɔ aɔ ɔoɔɔeɔa,
 Aɔ ɔaɔ-ɔeɔ 'Eɔeɔ lan-loɔaɔ aɔ lae?
 ɔa h-aɔ do ɔɔɔɔeɔa ɔeol ɔaɔaɔ aɔ ɔoɔeɔa,
 ɔa ɔaɔeɔeɔ ɔoɔaɔa ɔo naɔa-aɔa ɔe?

—:o:—

wan an naɔw-ɔeɔe laɔa a ɔ-ɔɔl-ɔaɔa
 laɔeɔa.

Fonh—ɔa me 'mo ɔoɔaɔ.

I.

Wan aɔ naɔa-ɔeɔe laɔa a ɔ-ɔɔl-ɔaɔa laɔeɔa,
 ɔa m'ɔeɔa ɔeɔe bɔaɔaɔa de ɔoɔeɔa ɔeɔe, ɔoɔ,
 ɔa aɔ ɔoɔe, b'íðeɔ lan sɔɔa ɔeɔe, ɔa maɔ aɔ-ɔeɔe,
 'S naɔ ɔ-ɔoɔeɔe 'na ɔaɔ ɔa aɔ, ɔaɔeɔe bɔoɔ, ɔo
 loɔ.
 'Eɔeɔ! ɔ 'Eɔeɔ! maɔ r'ɔ ɔa ɔo m'ɔ
 Do ɔeɔaɔ aɔ bɔeɔeɔ ɔeɔ ɔaɔ na ɔ-ɔeɔ;
 'Eɔeɔ! ɔ 'Eɔeɔ! maɔ r'ɔ ɔa ɔo m'ɔ
 Do ɔeɔaɔ aɔ bɔeɔeɔ ɔeɔ ɔaɔ na ɔ-ɔeɔ.

THE SONG OF FIONNULA.

AIR—" *Arrah my dear Eveleen.*"

I.

Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes, her chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep with wings in darkness furl'd?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

II.

Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping;
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

—:o:—

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP THAT SHONE.

AIR—" *I'm asleep; do not waken me.*"

I.

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
 And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
 Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
 Erin! O Erin! thus bright, through the tears
 Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears;
 Erin! O Erin! thus bright, through the tears
 Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

II.

Tá na nijaácta d' eir claonað ó aind éiríoc a néim',
 Azur neulta na h-oidce aig teact aini a g-cail,
 Tá 'Eirne marín gnián maíðne aig éiríúge a g-céim
 'S ní béid aon t-rlam d'a zeun-bniud zo gairiud le faíal.
 'Eirinn! Ó 'Eirinn! tá le raozáltaiú raoi ríat,
 Nuair eulócáir a g-clíú-ran, béid do cáitnéim raoi blaí;
 'Eirinn! Ó 'Eirinn! tá le raozáltaiú raoi ríat,
 Nuair eulócáir a g-clíú-ran, béid do cáitnéim raoi blaí.

III.

Bideann an lile fead gairiud 'n a coílad ra g-cíe,
 Gan mead le baíreac, gan dúrac le ríon,
 Zo n-éiríúid aini le gaeitib an eairiaíú,
 Faíal ó éagair na h-and-gníne farzad a'r díon.
 'Eirinn! Ó 'Eirinn! tá do gairiuead raoi íuan,
 'S an dóiú, a maíbeó tíot, béid blaíamíal zo buan;
 'Eirinn! Ó 'Eirinn! tá do gairiuead raoi íuan,
 'S an dóiú, a maí beó tíot, béid blaíamíal zo buan.

—:o:—

TÁ NÓS DEÍJIONAC AN T-SABRAJÓ.

Fonn—Coillte blaíma.

I.

Tá nór deíjionac an t-ramíajó leir féin aini an g-craob,
 O'ir a coíluic na ríeime beir eugá aini zac caob:
 Gan aon nór amíajin gaolmaí, gan blaí, le a b-fuail dáim,
 Le larað, no ornað éabairt aini aig dó, zo ráim.

II.

Ní fáírad leat féin éú lé meadad aini an zeuú,
 Gan do éirígean a coílad mearú do gaolta zo h-euú:
 'Nair a m-béidín fearda zac lá a'r zac oidce,
 Leir na nóraib gan blaí a'r gan balad do luidé.

III.

Mar rúð ir dúal imíeact, 'nuair a éiríonar an gnað,
 'S 'nuair eulúígear ó na reóidib an ríeim a'r an blaí;
 'Nuair a claoídeair na cnoíde, reap ruairt a'r reu,
 Cíá beídead, mar éadan aonmaí ra t-raozal ro leir féin.

II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
 Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
 And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
 The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
 Erin! O Erin! tho' long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade;
 Erin! O Erin! tho' long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping thro' Winter's cold hour,
 Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
 Thus Erin! O Erin! thy Winter is past,
 And the hope that liv'd through it shall blossom at last;
 Thus Erin! O Erin! thy Winter is past,
 And the hope that liv'd through it shall blossom at last.

—:o:—

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR—" *The Groves of Blarney.*"

I.

'Tis the last rose of Summer, left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh.

II.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them.
 Thus, kindly, I scatter thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

III.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle the gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
 Oh! would inhabit this bleak world alone?

5NĀAN-ĦOĈ EJBLĪN.

Fonn—Aññ Seačnan.

I.

bġ 'caoinead an ama
 Tria cum Eiblin' leañja
 Čaħic Tġearna an gleaña le geallta bñeuz',
 bġ an ġeallač paol neul
 'S ħor lar 'ra rpeun aon neul
 Le cumja, ġur čaill an óġ-bean a clġú ġo ħ-euġ.

II.

Nġ ħaib le paġaġl
 Aññ an nae caġde, rġaġl,
 'Oññ bñr amač aħr a leu ġo luač;
 Ačt co'ad 'r beġdear rġ beo
 Nġ rġappari aħr ġo deo
 An flam a čur aññ Eiblin dubačan a tuač.

III.

bġ an rñeačta' 'na luġde
 Aññ čėm cumħanġ na rġġe
 Čħd an m-boġač anñ an ġill an Tġearna ó 'ħ ġleanħ;
 Aġur ġr ġomđa loġ ħuač,
 'Sa č-rñeačta, ħġllead a č-rħuač,
 O' ġoġllrġ a čėm cum an čġe ħaġ Eiblin anñ.

IV.

leaġ ġħan an lae
 le čear-bñġ a ġae
 ġač loġ d'faġ feall-čor an Tġearna ġan čħoġde,
 Ačt aġ ġačte ħeħe aħaħ,
 Ča ġlanad' 'ħač an čaħ
 O' ġan aññ 'caġl 'ħaħ do-beħħ ħa ħ-oġčče.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Air—Wanting.²

I.

Oh! weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the Heavens that night,
And wept behind the clouds at the maiden's shame

II.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste, cold moon,
And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

III.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway,
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

IV.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
The stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

D'ÉJS FAD-SJÚBAJL TŲJ SAŲŠAL CRUAJŲ, CAW

Fonh—bpuaca na banna.

I.

D'ÉJR FAD-ŲÚBAJL TŲJ RAOŠAL CRUAJŲ, CAM,
 'SUR CAJLL' AN Ĵ-CAJNDE, CÉME 'Ų MEAR',
 JŲ AJL LJNŲ CEOL, LE 'Ų ÉJRT 'RAN AM,
 RAJB FŲR ŽAC NJŲ FA RŲUAD 'Ų FA RŲAR.
 Ų! NAČ FAJLTAMAJL FUAJN ŽAC NJNŲ,
 ŲŲRACŲ RŲUAJNTE, ČUAJŲ FAŲJ ČAM
 'S AJŽ LARAŲ LE Ų-A ŽAČJŲ BJNŲ'
 SMJŽEAD A FŲJLJŲ BJ FAŲJ FLAM.

II.

WAP ŽAČTE AJŽ TÉACŲ TŲJ FARAČ BLAČ,
 'N OJN Ų ČŲSCJŲ ŽŲJANŲAJN' CEO,
 BJDEAR AN CEOL, DO CLJNŲFJDE, TŲA
 RAJB TEAŽAN AŽAJNŲ, REUN A'Ų RŲŲ:
 D'ÉJR ŽAC BLAČ BEJČ ČJŲŲŲ 'ŲŲA LJJDE
 BJDEANN A BALAD BEO AJN AN ŽAČ ŽO FŲJLL;
 WAP RŲŲ, D'ÉJR EUŽ, D'ON Č-ŲJANŲA 'COJŲČE,
 TJŽ A ČAJŲ' ANŲ AJN ŽAČJŲ CEOL.

III.

A Ĵ-COMĲEAR CEOL ČA BEUNLA FANŲ
 'S AN TEANŽA JŲ ČŲJLTJŽE FŲR ŽAN BJJŽ!
 NJL ACŲ DŲŲŲDEACŲ CEOLMAJN FANŲ
 FOJLTJŽEAR RŲUAJNTE A'Ų NJJN AN ČŲŲŲDE.
 BJDEANN FOCLA CAJNDJŲ DE ŽJLOCAR LAN,
 JŲ BNEUŽAJŲ FŲR JAD BJJATAMA AN ŽŲADA;
 NJL ACŲ ŽAČTE CEOLČA DAN,
 BEJN ČJŲŲAR FŲŲ ŽAN FEALL, ŽAN ČŲAD.

WHEN THRO' LIFE, UNBLEST, WE ROVE.

AIR—"The Banks of Banna."

I.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we us'd to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept.

II.

Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone.
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

III.

Music! oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell.
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign;
Love's are ev'n more false than they:
Oh! 't is only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

AIR—"Kitty Tyrrell."

I.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
 Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame:
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame;
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
 And the lip which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

II.

But, alas! for his country!—her pride has gone by,
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend;
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 't is treason to love her, and death to defend.
 Unpriz'd are her sons till they've learn'd to betray;
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
 And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

III.

Then blame not the bard, if, in Pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget what he never can heal;
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.

IV.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
 Thy name, lov'd Erin, shall live in his songs:
 Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
 Can he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

b' ánd é an fuaɓnað.

Fonh--An Róɓaɓne Dub.

I.

b' ánd é an fuaɓnað, ó 'h e-raoɓne do ɓáɓɓ,
 aɓur b' aoɓɓ an uaɓɓ, do éuz Spáɓɓɓɓ aɓɓ fáɓɓ
 aɓɓ dúraçt cum dfoɓaltar ar ɓeɓeal oɓɓ çɓuaɓɓ!
 Ó! a faoɓne! na fázçar aɓɓ d' aɓɓe aon rɓɓç,
 ɓo d-téɓɓɓ çar an ɓar-ɓuɓɓ ɓo deɓɓneac, mar ɓaoç;
 Tabarɓ ɓolur do ɓɓúɓe do ɓac aɓ, ta 'ɓ a çnaðað.
 'S na ceɓɓ aɓɓ ɓlar-feamɓóɓ na h-'Eɓneanɓ do ɓnað
 aɓɓ fɓɓeac çnaoɓ-ola Spáɓɓneac aɓɓ çɓóɓ-fleatɓ do
 buaɓɓ'.

II.

Wa beɓɓ oɓɓneacçt çeɓɓe ɓɓnear, a'r oɓɓneacçt a d-tuað,
 Do ɓac çɓɓ a'r ɓac teallaç ɓɓar rɓɓaɓac a'r ɓɓuað,
 Wa'r loc an feall 'r ma beɓɓ aɓɓar leɓɓ çarɓ!
 a ɓarɓɓóɓ na h-ɓɓɓe, ɓɓ ɓonann aɓɓ rɓɓçe,
 ɓɓ bɓdeac re ɓan leac. no deon çaoɓɓe 'ɓna luɓe
 beɓdeac feɓdeac aɓɓ b̄ar aɓɓ b̄ç buð clutaɓçe dó
 'Na beɓç aɓɓ uɓɓɓ na m-buaðac aɓɓ çuɓçɓ 'ra ɓ-ɓleo,
 Fa feamɓóɓ na h-'Eɓneanɓ 'r çnaoɓ-ola na Spáɓɓɓ'.

III.

a blacaɓɓ ɓɓ Uɓ Óóɓnaɓɓ, 'çnéɓ çɓɓ ɓlar na m-beanɓ,
 Ann aɓ h-oɓleac buɓ ɓ-óɓe 'r naç ɓaɓ le fázarɓ ann
 an dɓdean 'r an fárɓað, do fuaɓɓ ɓɓ a ɓ-çarɓ:
 ɓuɓóɓ an leur a b̄ larç le buɓ raon-ɓaoç, beɓç beo
 Ann 'Eɓɓɓ, ɓo ɓoɓreac ɓan çonɓuɓað, ɓan ceo;
 'S na çóɓaɓde aɓɓ çɓç Sacraɓ beɓç ɓo mall a'r ɓo fann
 aɓɓ çarɓaɓɓ ɓa ɓ-çonɓac ɓ-aɓaɓ naɓaɓ a lann
 aɓɓ ɓon çnaoɓ-ola Spáɓɓneac a'r blaç 'Eɓneanɓ na
 b-fɓarɓ.

IV.

baɓ De aɓɓ an çɓonçnað! ɓç clɓɓɓɓ ɓo deo,
 'Fad 'r ɓaɓfear aon laoç, 'ɓna a b-fuɓ çɓɓ-çumann beo,
 le beɓç çoraɓɓe na ɓ-çearç, d'a b-fuɓ aɓçe claonɓ:

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR—" *The Black Joke.*"

I.

Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
 O Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west;
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot;
 Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
 Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,—
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,—
 Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same;
 And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which, at home, they had sighed for in vain,
 Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
 And forgive even Albion if, blushing, she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause! oh, it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain.

bêið glôŵn a13 rŵn-foŵlrŵŵad na h-aiç', b-fuŵl 'nna luyðe
 Na maŵtŵŵŵe çŵne, a13 an bŵŵr bŵŵn a 3-çŵŵŵe,
 A b-ŵad ô çor cladaŵne, nð çŵaŵll ŵuaŵa13, daŵŵŵ,
 O'a b-ŵaŵne 'r d'a 3-cŵŵŵdaç a13 na h-ô13-ŵaççŵŵ ŵaŵŵ,
 Ŵaŵŵ 'n 3-çŵaŵb-ola Spŵaŵŵneaç 'ŵur ŵeaŵŵŵŵ na b ŵŵan.

—:o:—

SŴALA LŴON DO'N ŴŴNAŴŴ.

Ŵonŵ—he13, h-ô13!

I.

Sŵala lŵon do'n ŵŵnaŵŵ
 O'a d-tu3 an baŵd ŵean ŵŵŵŵ,
 An ô13 do çeol çu3 ŵŵnaŵŵ
 Naç d-taŵŵŵad çŵŵççe d' ôŵŵ.
 'Ŵ! ŵŵŵnead çŵŵŵŵe ŵŵa ŵaŵŵ'
 Oo laŵaŵŵ ŵŵŵŵ ŵŵŵŵŵ
 Ŵaŵŵ ŵeaŵŵŵŵ neaç ŵan daŵŵŵ
 N1 bŵdeanŵ re leaç ço bŵŵŵ.
 Sŵala lŵon do'n ŵŵnaŵŵ
 O'a d-tu3 an baŵd ŵean ŵŵŵŵ,
 An ô13 do çeol çu3 ŵŵnaŵŵ
 Naç d-taŵŵŵad çŵŵççe d' ôŵŵ.

II.

Çeŵŵŵŵ ŵŵean a'r Sô3
 An Deŵre, a13 ŵŵaŵne 'çŵŵe:
 "b-fuŵl beallaç 'ŵeaç,—çŵa do?"
 "O' an çŵeŵre," ŵŵeaŵaŵ ŵŵŵ.
 O' ŵonŵŵŵŵ an ŵŵaŵne an ç-ôŵŵ,
 ŵan ŵêŵŵŵ le ŵ 'ôçaŵŵ buŵŵe,
 b' ŵeaŵŵ ŵŵŵeaç an ŵŵean ŵo ŵŵŵŵ
 'Le a lŵa3-ŵeal 'ŵeaŵŵad çŵŵŵŵ.
 Sŵala lŵon do'n ŵŵnaŵŵ
 O'a d-tu3 an baŵd ŵean ŵŵŵŵ,
 An ô13 do çeol çu3 ŵŵnaŵŵ
 Naç d-taŵŵŵad çŵŵççe d' ôŵŵ.

Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
 The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
 While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

—:o:—

DRINK TO HER.

AIR—"Heigh, ho!"

I.

Drink to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.
 Oh! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel hands alone;
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here 's to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song,
 What gold could never buy.

II.

At Beauty's door of glass
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They asked her, "Which might pass?"
 She answer'd, "He, who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 't would not do:
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way through.
 So here 's to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

III.

An zeah 'bidear rjor a tñu,
 Le tĩžče rajbrur mójn,
 Jr ramur ē le cñm
 Oal rjor a ž-clairrē ójn;
 Ačt fuar do comhujžear žnāð
 An baird mearž neulta zeal
 Cj conžbužžeanh ē zeah mñā
 Ajn talam ajn feað Seall.
 Szala lřon do'n mñaoj
 O'a d-tuž an baird zeah mōr,
 An óž do čeol čuž žnao
 Hac d-tabrifað cojðče d' ór.

—:o:—

RÓJW AN CQZAD.

Fonh—Rjž-beah na Sjžē.

I.

Oar an dōjž-čmojde, a ta ajs rojrružāð
 Oúnn-he a mānac brūt an žleo;
 Oar ažajð na žnéne, bejðear ajs rojrružāð
 Oñajnn, faon, no buaðāč, beo;
 O! jr fřon žur njð nac řjū,
 Bejč beo, mān đaoñ-neac, žan aon čljū—
 Wap an žñan ajs claonāð lae,
 Tejðeanh an laoc čum ruajñ 'r an ž-čñē
 Lari tñom-žola čneab žo leon—
 'S beannujžče an čē ajn bruač an t-raožajl,
 W-bfðeanh d'a beoðaðan rñjžid žaojl,
 O'a rojrružāð rřor tñe žleanh na n-ðeon:
 Ačt ó! nac breaž do čéjðid čum ržřč,
 A bfðeanh ajn učt na buada 'ññ a lujðe.

II.

Or cinn na n-ejbleož, deř an cač,
 Jompujžeanh leaca an nāmāð ban,
 Tñā do čumhñžžeanh ajn an maž,
 Ann an čur faoñ neull a žlōjn bf lan—

III.

The love that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines
 Is like the gloomy gnome
 That dwells in dark gold mines.
 But oh! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere;
 Its native home 's above;
 Tho' woman keeps it here.
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
 The girl who gave to song
 What gold could never buy.

—:o:—

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

AIR—"The Fairy Queen."

I.

By the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife;
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh! remember, life can be
 No charm for him who lives not free!
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero in his grave,
 Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.
 Happy is he o'er whose decline
 The smiles of home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years;—
 But oh! how blest they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

II.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers,
 Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
 When his heart that field remembers,
 Where we tam'd his tyrant might!

An flabna d'farzad aris zo deo,
 Do burreaman, na leizide do
 Eird ! ta an t-adaric nois oide ajs blaoda
 Zo h-ard cum burre aji zac laoc—
 Lfontari ruar an euac zo ceann;
 Jr jomda heac anoir treun, nois oide,
 beidear euzta aji an b-fajc 'nha luid,
 'S nac h-durzfajd zaji na buaide ceann';
 Act o ! nac beannuizte bar an luaj,
 a cidear le zol an t-raozajl cum ruaj.

—:o:—

CUJT AJR AN W-BUADANZ SLAW NA H-OJDE.

Fonh—O' uet fjonn.

I.

Cujt aji an m-buadanz flam na h-oide,
 Azur d'foiriz teinteac bar na m-beann,
 'Nha a najb laocna treun 'r an ar 'nha luid,
 'S an fan djob beo, heam-eaglac fann !
 Nac boct an rzeul, tuar burre croidel
 Sar-dois zairzideac beic faoi lar—
 O'er cail, a'r cneac zac uile nso
 Act beata amaj a'r clu 'r an ar.

II.

bud hall 'r bud trom bi teact an tra,
 a d'fain na rin le mnsde cruaid,
 Zo roireocad onta aris an la,
 'Nha a b-fuizfead zo chte bar no buaid:
 Ta raozal, nac m-bideann an foinne daon,
 Nac zcleactann zeun-flac tzeannajd dian;
 Wa'r beanna an bar cum an t-raozajl ud raon,
 Wo euaize do 'n rglabide beo faoi leun.

Never let him bind again
 A chain, like that we broke from then.
 Hark! the horn of combat calls!—
 Ere the golden evening falls,
 May we pledge the horn of triumph round!
 Many a heart that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken even at victory's sound;—
 But oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

—:o:—

AFTER THE BATTLE.

AIR—" *Thy Fair Bosom.*"

I.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimm'd, for ever crost;—
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
 When all but life and honor's lost!

II.

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
 And valor's task mov'd slowly by,
 While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
 Should rise and give them light to die.
 There's yet a world where souls are free,—
 Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;—
 If death that world's bright opening be.
 Oh! who would live a slave in this!

5JO 'S TPOW SLÁW AN W-BUAÐARŢA.

Fonh—La Féile Naoimh Pátraic.

I.

5ÍD 'r tPOM rLAM AN M-BUAÐARŢA, NÍ APPEÓCAM' AN IUD É;
BÉID AN N-ZAINDEAR TRÍ DEÓIRA MAÍ ZAC ZNÉINE A RÍON,
NÍON CRUŢUJZÉAD NÍAM CRIOÍDE, MAÍ M-BEIDEAD CRUAR AIN
NÍZTE,

BUD CUMANNAIJE BEURA 'r BUD TÉAZARAIJE CLAON!

ÁCT, PARIAR! RA TRÁ,

A N-ÚRUJZEANN AN BLÁC,

AÍZ PALAC NA FLABPAÍDE, A CRAD RÍNH ZO TEANN;

BÍDEANN AÍZ FÁRZAD ZAN RÍZÍ

LÚB EILE AIN AN Z-CRÍÓDE,

TA AN RUARICAR, MAÍ FOLUR AÍZ MOL-ÉINH NA CRUINNE,

SZAIL LÓCHAIHH LAP DÚBAIH, NO ZEAL LÉ BEIÉ BUAN,

'S DA M-B'E AN EÍBLEÓZ DÉIŢIONAC AIN LA RO NA LUINNE,

CORRÓCAID FÉILE NAOIMH PÁTRUIC É AR A FUAN.

II.

WO ZNÁINE AIN DO LOCTÓINISD BNEUZAC', NEAMH-FAOIŢEAMLA;

5ÍD ZANZ LÉ D' NÁHAIÐ, LÉ D' CARIAD TAIN RÍON,

'S NÍ UNNAM Ó TAIŢNEAMHAC DO NEAC AIN BÍE NÍZAMHAIL,

LÉ CUMANN Ó'N Z-CRÍÓDE, LE AN AIL A BEIÉ PAON.

TRÁ BEIDEAD LUŢ FLADŢA DO CLÍU

IR DO CEINTE, TA LEIR DLUŢ,

WARI CLADAINISD AÍZ TEIŢEAD Ó BÓIRB-ŢEAR AN ZLEÓ,

BEIDEAD DO ZLAR BNAT Ó'N Z-CRIANN

AND RZAOILTE ZO TEANN.

OAN MO DEAR-LAM! DA N-ZLAODPAÍDE ANOIR CÚ CUM CAŢA,

DO ŢPAOŢPAD AN FEANZ ANH DO CRÍÓDE RÍZ ZO BEÓ;

IR BEIDEAD LONZ NÍZE 'EINEANN ZO TROM AIN DO MAZAILB,

AÍZ TREARZAINTE NA NÁH A'R 'Z A RÍNEAD A Z-CRÍÓ.

III.

SPADUJZEANN RÉ A ZLAR-ŢIN LE ZEAN, TA MAÍ LEACŢA

ZO DOIMHIN A Z-CRÍÓDEIB, FUAIN CARZAINTE 'r CRAD;

'S BÉID A COINŢSOLL 'r A CUMAH PAOI CAOIMHŢEACT CÓIN NEACŢA

'S BÉID AOIBNEAR 'EINEANN ZO FÓILL PA BLÁC.

THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

AIR—" *St. Patrick's Day.*"

I.

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we 'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More formed to be grateful and blest than ours.
 But just when the chain
 Has ceas'd to pain,
 And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink;—
 Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the Poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay:
 But, though 't were the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on *St. Patrick's Day.**

II.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
 Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of battle away,
 The standard of Green
 In front would be seen—
 Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When roused by the foe, on *St. Patrick's Day.*

III.

We love the Green Isle, and that love is recorded
 In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.

* To accord with the spirit of the translation we have altered the last line of each verse, and the first line of the third verse, of the original, which, it must be confessed, was by no means creditable to the spirit or patriotism of Moore.

Aḥn a 3-cloč-geoidē cruaib
 bein rſon-buillib buaib,
 Ačt ŋ ē cruailligeanh an lannah, tã rci3 larra beó;
 Do'ŋ cloic d'éir a brú3ad,
 bein an rzealpoz ir lu3a
 A lócrann: ir, 'Eirinn, 3ib buirce faoi cneactaib,
 Ta ceic-rplanc taob rci3 dſot, ñac mučfan 3o deo,
 A beoduibgear 3ac ball, tabairt dō, luč a'r eačta
 'S bein aḥn fēile Naohi Pátrúic dúinn 3áirdear a'r ró3.
 —:o:—

NJ LEJS NA DEONAJB, DO SJLTEAN SA TRĀ.

Fonh—Na ré Pí3in.

I.

Nf leir na deonajb, do rjltean ra trā,
 A rſhteas é a 3-cré na h-uairhe,
 Cairbeantair tear azur téazar an ŋ-3nāda,
 No doirtheas dorca an 3-cúña:
 Ačt le deonajb a3 teačt 3o rſon-fnar o'ŋ 3-croide,
 Foilrigčean 3ur buah an rmuairce
 Aḥn an m-bar, a rčap dúbah aḥn aoibnear an m-bic,
 O'an b-fā3a3l man deonajbče claoičte.

II.

Có-fad a'r beidear a beačta 3lar anh an 3-croide,
 A'r a bār, man ir dual, '3 a čaoinead,
 beid a beura man lócrann rzeic ſoluir aḥn an rli3e
 '3ur an d-toil cum 3ac mačteara a3 claoñad—
 Wan an dea3-balađ tairneamhac, beinear an fui3eall,
 Do'ŋ áin, a m-beidean naohi anh rſhte,
 beid a ča3ibdeact anh an 3-cuirthe 3ac la d'an rao3al
 'S an 3-croide le ŋ'a ſoma33, lſonta.
 —:o:—

A N-3LEANN AN DUB LÓCA 'S LE N-A ČAÓB.

Fonh—An Ča3lſin donh éirionhac.

I.

A ŋ-3leann an Dub-Lóca 'r le ŋ-a čaob,
 ŋ aḥn ſeinn fui3eo3 fōr a mairh,
 Aḥn bān and aille, of cionh an čuairh,
 Čuairh Naohi Čaohi3e3in ó3 cum ruairh.

The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke
 But nothing can cloud its native ray.
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last,—
 And thus, Erin, my country, tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
 A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain, on St. Patrick's Day.

—:o:—

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

AIR—" *The Sixpence.*"

I.

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
 'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept,
 Through a life, by his loss all shaded;
 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

II.

Oh! thus shall we mourn, and his memory's light,
 While it shines through our hearts, will improve them
 For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love them.
 And, as buried saints the grave perfume
 Where fadeless they've long been lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
 From the image he left there in dying.

—:o:—

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

AIR—" *The Brown Irish Girl.*"

I.

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er,—
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.

"An beaŋ, tā aŋ mo cōŋ, ŋŋ b-fuŋŋŋ
 An aŋ ŋo, m-bēŋ me, fearŋ' mo luŋde."
 Fanaŋ! ŋr beaŋ do cūŋ ŋa ŋŋa
 Sé cluaŋ a'ŋ cleaŋa ŋeallŋoc' ŋŋa.

II.

Sŋ Cāŋ ŋŋ, ŋa ŋ-ŋonŋ-ŋŋl,
 A cūŋ aŋ ŋeŋŋeāŋ, é, 'ŋ cūŋ ŋŋabāŋ;
 buŋ buaŋ a ŋŋāŋ, 'ŋ ŋŋon cōŋŋ lēŋ é,
 A beŋŋ 'ŋŋa cēŋle aŋŋ ŋŋolla ŋŋ.
 Cŋa aŋŋ bŋŋ aŋŋ aŋ ŋŋuaŋŋ aŋ ŋaŋŋ,
 Cluaŋ ŋé a cōŋŋcēŋŋ le ŋ-a cōŋŋ;
 ŋeŋŋeāŋ ŋonŋ ŋo ŋŋaŋ, de lō, ŋō d'ŋŋŋŋ
 Cāŋŋāŋ a ŋŋŋŋ leŋŋ aŋŋŋa ŋ-ŋŋŋŋ.

III.

Aŋŋ bāŋ ŋa cŋeŋŋe aŋŋŋŋ 'ŋŋ a luŋŋé,
 ŋeŋŋ ŋe cūŋ ŋuaŋŋŋŋŋŋ a'ŋ cūŋ ŋŋŋŋ.
 Aŋŋ ŋŋuaŋŋeāŋ aŋŋ ŋeāŋŋ, ŋaŋ cāŋ, ŋaŋ cŋāŋ
 Fā beŋŋ ŋ cācūŋāŋ ŋŋa ŋaŋŋ ŋŋāŋ.
 Aŋŋ ŋŋŋ aŋŋ cŋŋŋŋ, ŋo clāŋŋ, ŋanaŋŋŋ!
 ŋ ŋaŋŋŋ ŋŋa, tā cēaŋŋŋaŋŋ, ŋaŋŋ:
 Fāŋ tā 'ŋŋ a cōŋŋāŋ ŋeūŋŋ 'ŋa ŋŋa
 Cāŋŋ aŋŋ ŋŋŋ ŋa ŋ-deŋŋ lēŋ ŋŋāŋ.

IV.

ŋaŋ eaŋŋa ŋāŋa ŋŋŋ cŋeāŋa ŋonŋŋ,
 ŋo cūaŋ ŋa h-aŋŋŋ leaŋ ŋŋ a loŋŋŋ,
 ŋŋ 'ŋuaŋŋ do ŋealŋuŋŋŋ bāŋ aŋ lae,
 ŋ' ŋonŋŋŋŋ ŋŋŋŋŋ a ŋŋeāŋŋ 'ŋ a ŋŋé.
 ŋŋ cŋuaŋŋ aŋ cŋonŋŋe, a tā aŋŋ ŋa ŋaŋŋŋŋ;
 ŋŋŋ d'eŋŋ a h-aŋŋŋŋāŋŋ le ŋ-a cōŋŋ,
 ŋo leŋŋ ŋo ŋeŋŋŋeāŋŋ ŋ-a ŋāŋŋ.
 ŋŋ cēŋŋŋ le ŋāŋāŋ ŋ, ŋa ŋ-ŋŋaŋŋ.

V.

a laŋ do lŋŋŋe, a ŋŋeāŋŋ-dā-loŋŋ,
 Cūŋŋ Cāŋŋ lēŋ ŋŋaŋāŋ aŋ lae ŋo ŋŋŋ.
 ŋo ŋŋaŋŋāŋ ŋo ŋall é cŋuaŋŋŋe do 'ŋ ŋŋŋaŋŋ,
 A d'eūŋŋ cŋe ŋŋāŋŋ 'ŋ cŋe ŋeāŋŋall cŋonŋŋe.
 ŋŋa ŋŋŋŋ d'a h aŋŋŋ beāŋŋa ŋŋŋaŋŋ,
 ŋo clōŋŋeāŋŋ cēol aŋŋ ŋāŋ aŋ cūaŋŋ,
 ŋe a ŋaŋŋ ŋa cŋonŋŋ 'ŋ ŋa ŋŋeāŋŋa bŋŋŋŋ,
 'ŋuaŋŋ a d'eŋŋŋŋŋ a cāŋŋŋ ŋeal ŋ'ŋ cūŋŋŋ.

"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What the wily sex can do.

II.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of Heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor Heav'n is free
From her power, if fond she be.
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him bends and weeps.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it, too,
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock!

V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

SULJÖ, SULJÖ.

Fonh—Abrian an bŲöŲ.

I.

Suljö, suljö, deöŲa a rruč,
 CuaŲö buŲi Ų-am čarŲ mar čeo;
 Ča buŲi m-bajll žan lüč ó čuŲbuž čuž'
 'S ŲŲ bėŲö buŲi b-ŲŲi ŲŲor mŲ!
 buđ đŲoŲŲaoŲi žajŲze laočŲa čeanŲ
 buđ đŲoŲŲaoŲi cóŲŲajŲle čallŲŲar ŲaoŲ:
 'S žac ajŲ d'a mŲččar ŲaoŲŲre anŲ,
 NŲ laranŲ aŲŲŲ a čoiđče.

II.

Suljö: žo Ųóll do đéanŲar čearŲ,
 le ŲčajŲŲŲŲ JŲŲre Ųajl
 'S aŲi Ųomad eáčŲ do Ųollereočar čajŲŲ,
 Ča anŲŲŲ ŲaoŲ ŲmŲŲö đúŲŲ čajl'
 'S aŲŲ ŲŲúbal doŲŲ čŲŲ, do Ųážad ban,
 b-ŲuŲl an č-ŲŲč 'Ų an čŲajll 'Ųa Ų-uaŲŲ,
 ČŲa an đóŲŲ, le Ųonžnad ŲŲaŲŲočar, lan,
 b-ŲuaŲŲ đŲoža aŲi Ųžajč, ŲŲaŲŲ buajđ?

III.

"ŲŲ čŲneanŲŲŲ čŲuaŲö (beŲöŲö 'ž a luad),
 RŲŲŲe oŲze buŲi Ų-ŲŲŲŲŲŲ a đealb:
 'S ŲuaŲŲ bŲ buŲi ŲaŲŲ dlüč, čeanŲ a b-Ųuač,
 NŲŲŲ žlac žŲad onajb Ųealb:
 AčŲ đ'ŲuaŲŲuŲž čŲoiđče buđ dual beŲč čejč,
 AŲŲ čŲuaŲŲŲužad Óé Ųa m-beanŲáčŲ.
 'S aŲi čŲll, do čáčuiž ŲoiŲŲ Ųa leŲč,
 Óo čaorž ŲoiŲŲ ejle malláčŲ,"

—:o:—

SŲNSJÓŲáčŲ AN ČŲAJŲSŲŲ.

Fonh—Žauž Ųane.

I.

Ča Ųomnad žur ŲuŲŲö do čomŲuŲž Ųa 'Ų čoiŲŲ,
 Óo bŲ anŲŲ an ž-čŲuŲŲ Ųo 'ŲoiŲ đuiŲŲŲŲ žo bŲŲŲ,
 bŲčead aŲŲ eulŲžad ó 'Ų ŲuŲŲ žaal le lŲŲŲ čeačŲ Ųa Ų-oiđče,
 Čum Ųa čŲajze aŲŲ óžlac aŲi a Ųajb aŲč žŲaoŲ.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

AIR—"The Song of Sorrow."

I.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er:
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more.
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain:—
 O Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again

II.

Weep on: perhaps in after days
 They'll learn to love your name:
 When many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame.
 And when they tread the ruin'd aisle
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
 They'll wondering ask how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave?

III.

"'T was fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove;
 And while your tyrants joined in hate,
 You never joined in love.
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
 And man profan'd what God had given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to Heaven."

—:o:—

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

AIR—"Gage Fane."

I.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
 Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea,
 And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

II.

Aēt buð ðrīmaoŋ a cūnam, órr d' fag í zac oíðce,
 Aíð tomað anŋ a deoraib a folc faíneac buíðe;
 Sur deapc neaŋ le tpuaiže aŋr fupríd na d-tonŋ,
 Óf déaŋað 'ŋna claiŋreac ro raŋ tab'nt fonŋ.

III.

bud deap fór a h-uēt, ar aŋr 'žpuaið rŋóð ðo laŋ,
 'S maíre tpuíreac na maŋa, aŋr a cum éapc ðo éar
 'Sur a folc ríle na ŋ-deon le naib caíreac o 'ŋ t-rpuē
 Čuŋt a huar aŋr an ž-claŋ, deaŋað teud' na m-bíŋŋ-žut.

IV.

Anŋ aonŋeacē žo ž-cluŋrcean, o'ŋ ž-claiŋreac, ro an faē,
 Fuaŋm mearžēa cumaoŋ 'žur cumā ŋa' tpa,
 Žo ŋ-deapŋŋŋ d 'a ŋ-dealbužad ó éeple dá noŋŋ
 Ceol žéanŋpac, íŋ me žaŋr duŋt;—ŋ me a ž-claŋ,—župl-
 tneac, bíŋŋ.

—:o:—

ČUJŤ LANN LONŋŋAC ÉJNEANN

Fonŋ—Čpuacāŋ na Féŋe.

I.

Čuŋt lann lonŋŋac Éjŋeann le buíllíðe luaēa, žeur-čpuž'
 Aŋr an cé, bíraŋt clann Uíŋŋíž a'ŋ bíŋŋ žeallad an ríž:
 'S ní lja bíraon žoŋŋt žola, a falcað ó'ŋ bí-feall dub,
 'Na ržāŋŋŋŋ aŋr a cloíðeam ó ŋpuē ŋola a épuíðe.

II.

Ōan an deapž-ŋlām, bíŋŋ of cíoŋŋ lann-dub Čončobāŋŋ aíž
 rŋnead,
 'Nuāŋŋ bíŋŋ tpuŋ laocŋa Ulaíð a leaba ŋola ŋaol ŋuan:
 Ōan na tpuen-tonŋa caēa aíž bonŋad 'ŋ aíž líŋŋad
 A ŋeól na žaŋŋžíðíž žo buadac, 'ŋ žo tpuŋŋŋaŋl cum
 cuaŋŋ,

III.

Wóíðížmuŋd cūŋtūžad: ó ŋlaŋŋ' bíðmuŋd ŋalaŋŋ:
 bíðeac an óíž žan céple, bíðeac an épuē žan ceol, ŋanŋ;
 bíðeac an teallac žan ŋuaŋŋar, 'ŋ žan ŋaocŋūžad an
 talam;
 Žo ž-caŋŋŋan tpuŋŋ-ðŋožalŋar anuar aŋr a éeann.

II.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—
While the sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her light form it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords, utt'ring melody's spell.

VI.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

—:o:—

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR—" *Crochan of the Fenians.*"

I.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed—
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

III.

We swear to avenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted.
Till vengeance is wreaked on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, and affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

—:o:—

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D.

AIR—" *The Bench of Green Rushes.*"

I.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whins on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the short, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

II.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Thro' fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
 Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
 And left their bright urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 Her flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
 One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
 From her tountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

TRJÖ JNNJS FÄJL.

Fonh—Äjblsh Cnöcar.

I.

Trisd Innir-fäjl,
 Äjz rinthead 'n 'däjl
 Tna gluaar Sprad 'zur Sairze,
 'Sur rfs 'n žnsh žein
 Sjubal leo 'ra b-feun
 'Scejt zaete ó n-a čairze;
 Äjn fead na rfsže
 Tjz feun trj-dlaoiže
 Faoj dnučta dealna, falcuįže,
 'Sur é čo glar
 Le rmanöz dear
 Trisd rcačan crstcl calcuįže.
 An t-teamnoz, ča glar rfor-buan an t-teamnoz!
 De duilleoz ržajt,
 Äjz file 'r flajt,
 Far čine' amajn an t-teamnoz!

II.

Äjz Sairze, äjz pad,
 " 'r dam ča faoj blač,
 Na reojde majšne cpaobamajl'."
 " Nf h-amla ča,"
 Do fneazajn Sprad,
 " Le m' feapan-r' an djl' aoįbeatmajl."
 Äčt deapč 'ra b-feun
 Trj dlaoiž 'n t-rfs žein,
 Sur' žajn äjn fead na rpšne:
 " Na ržojlčsd an blač
 Ča 'n trjún man rcač,
 Sprad, Sairze 'r Šnean na h-čine!"
 O an t-teamnoz, ča glar, rfn-buan, an t-teamnoz!
 De duilleoz ržajt,
 Äjz file 'r flajt,
 Far čine, amajn an t-teamnoz!

OH! THE SHAMROCK!

AIR—"Alley Croker."

I.

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emerald seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
The chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

II.

Says Valor—"See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, for ever!"
Oh! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
The chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

III.

Co dslir fíon,
 b'ídead teann go ríon
 An cúing an la úd 'céanǵaíl,
 'S aji eite an ǵaíť,
 Na tuicead dať,
 An domblaíť, nó a íamhaíl!
 Glanad do h-euǵ,
 An ǵnađ d'íř breuǵ,
 Ó an nǵoirt cá faoi 'h a mhaoríacť,
 'S ná cóǵead go deo,
 A b'íac ía nǵleó,
 ǵaíře 'h aǵaíd ná íaoríacť';
 Ó an t-reamhóǵ, cá ǵlar, ííu-buan, an t-reamhóǵ!
 De duilleoǵ rǵaíť,
 Aíǵ íle 'r ílaíť,
 Íar éíne' amáin an t-reamhóǵ!

—:o:—

ÓS-LAOĆ NA RANN.

Fonn—Wórfín.

I.

Do éíall cúm cáta óǵ-laoć ná íann,
 Íar íamhaíd éíneann aíríáǵe;
 Íann aćar íáířǵe aji go teann,
 An n aorííeacť le h-a élaííříǵ.
 "A éíí ná h-dan!" deíí an laoć-ćeoíl ǵííííí,
 Da m-beíídead an íaoǵal do d' íaoríad,
 Tá aon éíuirt amáin le do ííolad go b'ííí,
 'S aon íann amáin le do íaoríad."

II.

Do éíí an b'íad! acť má éíí, go íóíl,
 b'í a éíoíde íeam-eaǵlac, t'reunííarí;
 A' íaob íe teuda élaííříǵe an ćeoíl,
 Do íeuađ íe, an t'íá b'í íeunííarí:
 A' d'ííííí, "Ní ííllííđ cúíǵ do ǵuť,
 A éíuirt éaoríí ná b'íeacť íaoríí;
 Íř íí éíuirtéar go h-euǵ do ían b'ííí-ííuť,
 Íar b'íuirtéar a' í b'íóíí ná t'ííe."

III.

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together;
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather!
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
 May Valor ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom!
Ch! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
 The chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock!

—:o:—

THE MINSTREL BOY.

AIR—"Moreen."

I.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone;
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 "Land of Song!" said the warrior bard,
 "Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

II.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he lov'd never spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!"

AON CUAČOZ ABRAJN AJŠ AN OÓRAS.

Fonn—Woll Ruad na maidne.

I.

Aon cuacóz aiháin aš an donar
 O'eir an iomad cuaid éaric ari an 3-claí,
 'S an cuac ir mo cúha, 3an fonnar
 Ir dual fór a lšonad 3o báiri.
 Ta rúaricar moir-šianraihail an t-raoŋail ro
 Co mál a'r co tnom 'teacht cum éinn,
 Naé n' ariižčeari aét 'n-eir a dul ršor do
 An t-aoribhear bš lé n-a linn:
 Aét de móméid mar rúd bšdead an m-beata
 'Sa dealbad 3o tuiž, dlút 3o leóir,
 Do éiž ar uét rianr' lé luar nača,
 'Sur éazar 'r a 3-cuac a lán deóir.

II.

Aiž riúbail duinn ari aŋaid, naé claonihari,
 Šearri rcič do ŋlacad 'ra' tpiá,
 Ari bainreac mar ro aluinn žrianihari,
 bšdear lán o'n tón-fáraiž faoi blač.
 Aét deirriiž, bšdeann am 'blaodač a coirčce,
 Šeuri žneadaš na n-uaipe 3an rcič,
 Sé 'r raihari dó airdeari na 3aoirčce,
 'Nuairi a mearž blač bšdear a flšž.
 Aét de móméid mar rúd bšdead an m-beata
 'Sa dealbad 3o tuiž dlút 3o leóir,
 Do éiž ar uét rianr' le luar nača,
 'Sur éazar 'r a 3-cuac a lán deóir.

III.

Naé roirreac do bš an žriani aiž claonad
 Naé dealnac do dearic an muii faoi?
 Mar rúd, 'r dual 3ac flead aiž faonad,
 beir mar riéalt an lae dul 'nna lujde.
 Do conharic mar črijočuiž re airdeari,
 Aiž čéilžan a žaete faoi čonh,

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

AIR—" *Moll Roe in the Morning.*"

I.

One bumper at parting!—tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas! till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.
But, come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

II.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours;—
Ah, never doth Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

III.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright;
And now let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finished, by darting
His beams o'er a dark billow's brim;—

'S a lan cūajc maṇ rūd lonṇiāc baṛṭṭaṇ
 Roṣiṇ ṛcāpaḍ aṇ ḡ-cuṇṇuḡaḍ le poṇṇ
 Aḥt de ṇōmēḡd maṇ rūd biḍeāḍ aṇ m-beāṭa
 'S a dealbāḍ ḡo tṛuḡ ḍlūt ḡo leōṇ,
 Oo ēḡ aṇ uḥt ṛṇaṇ' le luar ṛaṭa,
 'Sṛ ēaḡaṇ 'ṛ a ḡ-cuāc a laṇ deōṇ.

—:o:—

ḡO ŚLĀN LJb! aḥt tṛā bejōjō.

Foṇṇ—ḡoll Rūṇ.

I.

ḡO ḡlan LJb! aḥt tṛā bēḡḡḡd aḡ ṛaṛṭṭiḡaḍ ṇa h-oḡḥe,
 Oo ḍūṛḡaṇ biṇṇ-ḥeolta 'ḡuṛ ṛuaṛcaṛ meāḡḡ ṛaoḡ
 Na deaṛmāḍaḡḍe aṇ ḥaṛaḡḡ, biḍeāḍ aḡ cuṛ oṛṛa buṇṇ
 'S ṇeaṛṇ-ṛuṇaṛṇaṛl aṇṇ ḡaḥ biḡōṇ, 'ṇṇa ṛuḡḍe LJb lé poṇṇ.
 Ṽillṛḡḡ ṛiṛ ḡaṇ aṇṇaṛ a biḡōṇ', aḡuṛ ṇḡ bēḡḡ
 De'ṇ aṛḍ-ṇuḡṇḡḡṇ a biṛeḡḡ é, aon leaḥṭa 'ṇṇa ḍiāḡḡ,
 Aḥt ṇḡ ṛiḡṛaḡḡ aṇ a cuṛṇṇe, de oḡḥe ṇo de la,
 Sṛuṇ ḥōḡ ṛḡḡ ḍe ṛa ṇ-aṇ ṛiṇ, ḡaḥ biḡōṇ aḡuṛ ḡaḥ cṛaḍ.

II.

Le liṇṇ teāḥt ṇa h-oḡḥe ūḍ ṛṇaṇṛaṇḡa, 'ṇṇa a m-biḍeāṇṇ
 ḡaḥ cṛoḡḍe lan de ṛeun a'ṛ ḡaḥ cūāc lan de ṛḡon
 ḡa'ṛ ḍoṛḥa ṇo lonṇiāc bēḡḍeaṛ mo ṛḡūḡal aṇṇṛ a t-ṛḡḡḡe,
 bēḡḍeāḍ LJb, a ḥaṛṛḍe, a ṇ-ṇṇeṛṇṇ 'ṛ a ḡ-cṛoḡḍe.
 Aṇṇ buṛ ṇḡṛeaṇṇ a'ṛ buṛ ṛūḡaḡḡḡl bēḡḍ aḡaṇ ṛoṛṇṇ
 aḡuṛ m' aḡḡṇe aḡ ēṛṛeaḥt le buṛ ḡ-ḥeolaḡḡ ḡo biṇṇ;
 Jṛ aoiḡṇṇ, ṇa biḍeāṇṇ aon de ṇa ṛlaḥḥaḡḡ le ṛaḡaḡl,
 a ḍēṇṛṛeaṛ, "Jṛ tṛuaḡḡ ḡaṇ é aḡaṇṇ aṇṇṛ a' ḍaḡl."

III.

'N aṛṇḍeoṛṇ ḡaḥ ḍō-beṛṛuṛ ḍ'a ṇ-ṇṇṛeaṇṇ aṇ ṛaoḡal
 biḍeāṇṇ ḍ'ēṛ ṇa ṛēṇe, caṛṛe ḡeal a'ṛ ṛuḡḡeall,
 Oo ḥḡḡḥeaṇ laṛ biḡōṇ aḡuṛ ṇṇṇḡḍe ṇa h-oḡḥe
 'Eḡḡḡḡe leṛ aṇ ṛḡeṛṇ aṛṇ a deāḡ-ḡṇūṛ ḍo biḡ.
 Sṛ m-buḍ buāṇ leṛ aṇ ḡ-cuṛṇṇe ṛo ḍo liṇṇaṛ mo cṛoḡḍe,
 ḡuaṇ aṇ ṛoṛṭeaḥ m-biḍeāṇṇ ṛūt ṛōṛ ḍ'a ṛḡṛ aṇṇ. a'ṛ buḡḡḡ,
 ḡua buṛṛcaṇ é 'ṛ ṇa buḡḡḡṭeaṛṇ, ḡo ṇ-deāṇṭaṇ ḍē ṛṛṛēḡḡ,
 bēḡḍ baḡaḍ buḡeaḡ ṇa ṛōṛ, aṛṇ ḡaḥ ṛoṛṇṇ de'ṇ t-ṛoṛṭeaḥ cṛē.

So, fill up, let 's shine at our parting,
 In full, liquid glory, like him.
 And oh! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up;
 'T was born on the bosom of pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

—:o:—

FAREWELL!—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE
 HOUR.

AIR—“ *Moll Roone.*”

I.

Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain:
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, “I wish he were here!”

III.

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
 Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;—
 You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

AIR—" *Were I a clerk.*"

I.

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.

II.

Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William, at length, in sadness said :
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"
Then, sighing she left her lowly shed.

III.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at the close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.

IV.

"To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd as they passed the gate.

V.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth;
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believ'd him craz'd, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!

VI.

And dearly the lord of Rosna loves
What William, the stranger, woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss in these lordly groves,
Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

ԾԾ ՇԱՐԲՅՈՒՆ ՔԱՅՈՒՅՅՈՒՆ ՁԵԱԼԼԵԱԾ.

Բողոք—Ան քրիստոնէ.

I.

Օօ շարբոյն մայրիցն յեալլեա՛ծ,
 Օօ ծերէջքեա՛րա մե, ա չքած;
 Օօ ճօղիքոյն արարծ թեալլեա՛ծ,
 Օօ Ե-թեալքա՛րա օրն 'րա տրա.
 Ա՛ւր թած ա՛ր տա ծօ Ելած-Եարս
 Այ՛ թօլրիւջած ալ մօ թլիջօ յօ Եւան,
 Ո՛ր Եթծ Երօն օրն, ա ճեւ-թարս,
 Ու՛ր յ-արարծ տա յօ թօր քօր թան.

II.

Ո՛ր անդ ան տրօջալ յօ Եւլե,
 Ու՛ր ճրածած, աչն լա Եթծ Երօն;
 Եօ արարծ յան ծօլե,
 'Տ յան թան Եւր, 'նա Եւրթեա՛ծ Երօն:
 Եթարս ան արարծ 'ր Երարարջե,
 'Տ մե թարարեա՛ծ օր-թա, ա թարս մօ ճրօ՛ծե,
 'Ու՛ր 'ն թարար 'ր մօ, 'ր իր արարարջե,
 'Տ մե թարար ար-թե Ե մօ Եթծ.

III.

Յի՛ծ յար թեալ յա յեալլեա
 Օօ ճեալ թան Ե լաւն 'ր Ե Երար
 'Տ յար արար ճանն ծօ Եթծ յեալլեա,
 Եթծ ա լաւն Եւ արար յօ Ե-Եւ.
 Եթծ թօլր արար ա ճարար,
 Այ՛ թարարած մ' արար թարար ճօ՛ծե;
 Եւր տա 'ն թարար թարար յա յարար,
 Ա՛ր Եւր ծօ թարարած ա Ե-թարար ան ծօ՛ծ.

IV.

Օ՛ր ան տրօլար ա Եթծ յարար,
 Օօ թարարար թարար ան տրօլար,
 Եւ Եւր ան թարար յարար
 Այ՛ թարարած Եւրար լա յօ ճօ՛ծե.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

AIR—"The Rose Tree."

I.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
Thy smile turns them all to light.

II.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One moment's dream about thee,
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

III.

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first, goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt;

Aðt fôr le lóðmann heulda
 Jt lonnnað, rearmnað fearða a fíðbal,
 Önn hfl leuf ajs déalmnað heulda,
 Wari an leuf a ðis ó mjs na h-dál.

—:o:—

b' aorðbjnn an gleann, bj rðwaw sjnte.

Fonh—Caplh deap crútað na m-bó.

I.

b' aorðbjnn an gleann, bj rðwaw sjnte,
 Ann an fáz me mo óeile 'r mo jnað
 Jt bj mé le noim a' imhðe lfonta,
 O' fáz m' ajsne faoi rmúid a'r faoi rzað.
 Tonujs mé an leuf, do geall m' aon-reapic,
 Do lapað, le mo foirruzað 'ra t-rlize,
 Aðt buð dfoimaoim, neamh-féimamajl mo zeup-deapic.
 Le linn trommaðain heulda na h-oidce.

II.

bj a reomna a d'ionruizear zan tjonol,
 Co uajzneac man uajm, aðt mo ónað!
 Nað rñte ra h-uajm bj an bmuimheall,
 'N aje eulujste zo nájneac 'ra tra.
 bj an órujð ceólmam crocta aim an m-balla,
 Le a m-bneuzfað mo bmon, an bean óz,
 Aðt an lam, a rzejt a ceól énjð an éalla,
 Ta ajs crjt ajs a j-cojzrjizeac faoi pðz.

III.

bj am ann, a óeile cam, cluajneac,
 Oa h-déanfaide an rjorma buð lúza,
 Ajs curi do lejt caplðeacta luajneac',
 Léimpeað lann d' fñ a corajnt do éljú:
 Aðt ahoir, a bean na d-táim-rzeul 'r na h-danra,
 Jt truaillize 'r jr tapcuirneize capl,
 Beimféar león-éurjuzað trom ann do óajnte,
 Tré éneac a'r tré énað jhre-fajl.

On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the bright gem away!

IV.

If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself look'd bright;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the unkind world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear:—
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

—:o:—

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—"Luggelaw."

I.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full choir of Heaven is near—
 Than came, that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign, blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort!—'t was like the stealing
 Of Summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echo'd to its spell!
 'T was whisper'd balm—'t was sunshine spoken!—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

AJ5 TÚS AN 5-CAJONEAD.

Fonh—a Pátríac, teit uaim.

I.

Ais túr an 5-cajonead 'r tú óg-blað
 b'íðir óo fial a h-geallcaib,
 An coríhail dóib beit fíon zán rcað,
 Nar rmuajnear do beit meallta.
 N'éir tú beit aéruižte, d' fán ríon-beo,
 Wo huihžin afac zán paonad,
 Oa b-peallpad aji an t-raožal zo deo,
 Uaim fén nač h-déanfa claonad;
 Ačt imčiz leat, fíu caji na m-bneuz,
 Ir cón an croidé beit bñrte,
 Oo cuirnead dóiz ajiž zo h-euz
 A 5-cluajhaine óo clirte.

II.

Tria b' zac beul aiz luad do baoir,
 b' ole hion an rzeul dub zñajneamhail,
 Nó čaržari mé zo rzeitfead aoir,
 Glóin, ar an óize čajneamhail,
 Duit b' rearmac, buan mo žnad,
 'Nuair b' do čajnde zlonhñan,
 'S an croidé ta le do cluaj' cñad
 A fuil doirnead duit zo fonñan.
 Ačt imčiz leat, fíu cluajhiz, čajm,
 'S ó an t-réir a b-fuili bñrte,
 Aiz dúrac, cuizfín anñ an am
 Zeur amžan croidé cñajde.

III.

Ní feitčear leir na h-aoir' ra tria
 b-fuil aiz blač na h-óize tréizte,
 Teit an dneam, aiz a nair onr žnad,
 'S ta onr žñajh ó luč do bneuzad.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE."

AIR—"O Patrick, fly from me."

I.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserved that thou shouldst break it.

II.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee:
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.

Wearz trall, tá plead an tracaé na h-oidé
 'Sa noinn zán téazarí raoideamhail,
 'S marí leir aji uaim, b-fuyl bá r an h faoi,
 Tá 'rmize fuarí neamh-énoideamhail.
 Iméiz: 'r da m-beidead aji do laim,
 Ón a'r táinte an domhain,
 Ní éubhainn deórí de zol zlan íaim,
 Aji do íaibnear olc, marí nózain.

IV.

'S b' féidhí zó d-riocfad, 'éluamhiz, an lá,
 'W-béid na cuinze ro féin 'sa m-bnifread,
 A m-béidhí aiz blaodaé zán feidm le crad,
 Aji an té beidear oir aiz clifread.
 Té beirfread duit ré fuyl a cnoide,
 Tra, beid fagda leumhain,
 Aiz cairbeainé duit zupí éuill tú an zhaoi
 Bf aicí oir 'r tú feumhain,
 Uaim, uaim! mallact duit ní fíú,
 O' imdeanfad 'r níd craidé,
 Fuac féin ní aécuinzoac duit míf-élu
 Co tróm a'r táiní an h báite.

—:o:—

CÓ FAD A'S BÍ CEOLNAJÓ.

Fonn—Paddí Fáic.

I.

Co fad a'r bí ceolnaid na h-eactra aiz cúmhac zó h-apneac,
 Tac níd d'a naib fízte 'n dub-eize na físc,
 Le n'a éaob bí Neac éineann zó bnónac 'r zó fapneac;
 Óin an rtaim rmalad leabna d' a cuid-ran do bí.
 Aéc ol marí do lár ruar a norc érid an z-ceo,
 Tra n' éirí somad bliadanta de dub-bnón zán físc,
 Deairí an ceolnaid zó beo,
 Le ríscob' deairí zó deo,
 Tac dúilleó, aiz cuin ríor ríu-plasé can'a cnoide.

Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go;—tho' worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendor!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever;
 When thou wilt call with vain regret
 On her thou'st lost for ever;—
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go;—'tis vain to curse;
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee:
 Hate cannot wish thee worse,
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

—:o:—

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

AIR—"Paddy Whack."

I.

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light,
 That illumin'd the volume her patriot's^d name.

II.

Faite! nealc géal na banba, ari an Neac a'r f'paluige,
 Faoi gaet' éis ó rpeiri dnuédamhail éineann le glóir,
 Tri bhladahta de éiad a'r ó éaria mé dealuige,
 b'idear ari eiriúis móir lóénairi mar éura, curi tóir.
 Cíó móir uiriúir laócra beir 'za luad ari mo éaob,
 Ari cam-éarairi iomhairi, farairi! tá n'a luide;
 Aet tá 'zur bí riari,
 Zan aon riari an éiaob,
 Tá tiriúill ari éeairi buadac éairi mo ériúe.

III.

Aet iomhairi tá an raótar i r mó ari do beata,
 A beirreair ari a n-deairiari a riari zo fóill éairi,
 Cíó bué éeiriari beir raórad éiríe eirle a z-caéa,
 Ir mó ariéir, do éiri réir a tózbair, tá 'ri lár.
 Tóis aiz caéairi na riúe do éoiriari, do zué,
 'Zur azaari ari ror éineann, d' oir ari-tuac do bíe,
 'S ari ariari buairre dub
 O'a riur 'r deora, riur,
 War éuaz-éaéa doiré, bíead an laóc, car' a ériúe.

—:o:—

TRJÓ BÉÓN 'ZUS TRJÓ ZÁBÁÓ.

Fonh—Uari bí azam fíori-zírad.

I.

Triú bión 'zur triú zábad, do lonriúis do riúeac mo
 fliúe,
 Zur rzeir doir ari zac dneiróis, mo éiriúil bí 'nna
 luide:
 O'a duibe ériari an m-beata, bué riúreac bí an n-zírad,
 Zo riúis glóir ari ari riari, 'zur caon-dúriac an ari
 rzaé.
 O! rziab zid do riúis me, ari d' uéire raon do bí,
 'S éuz beairreac do 'n doiríir do meuduiú dom zear do
 ériúe.

II.

“Hail, Star of my Isle!” said the Spirit, all sparkling.
 With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
 “Thro’ ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I’ve watch’d for some glory like thine to arise.
 For tho’ heroes I’ve number’d, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallow’d they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame:—
 But oh! there is not
 One dishonoring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my cherish’d one’s name!

III.

Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even *thou* has yet known;
 Tho’ proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 And bright o’er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her own hero’s name!”

—:o:—

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

AIR—“*I once had a true love.*”

I.

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer’d my way,
 Till hope seem’d to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn’d,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn’d;
 Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

II.

Þí ðo ðomþuimjzeac faoi umnam 'zur tu faoi ðímeat mðr,
 Þí ðo ðmórn-re de ðeiz, 'r a cmórn-ran de ðr.
 'Suimjz rí-re a ð-teampal; 'r tu-ra n-zuair na n-zleann,
 buð oimc fíad a caraid 'r do caraid-re 'nna rclab' fan'.
 Aæt b' fear lom 'ran uaim aiz do cōfaið beic mo luidē,
 'Na beic pōrta le nud fuatmar, no aiz iompužad uait mo
 cnoide.

III.

Cía ðeim zur fanh do zeallta, beim oit breicte cruaid;
 Ða m-beideað feallteac, nī zan larad beideað do žnuaid,
 Ðeimtean, oit cō pad þí þairzicte cuibne tnom',
 Ðo b-fuyl do cnoide rclabacē clōite 'zur tu cnom:
 Ð! na cneid fíad, nson b' feidim le cuinž tu do claoið,—
 'N ait a foirjzeann do rþiorað, roirjzeann raorfa cōiðce,

—:o:—

JS FAD ŠJ Ð'N Ž-CRJC.

Fonh—Forcail an donar.

I.

Jt pad fí o'n ž-črisc, b-fuyl a h-ož-laoč 'nna luidē,
 'S zan aind aini a ruimjžib 'ž a breužad;
 Aæt uimpužeanh žo fuan ó fúiljib žac raoi,
 Ðim ta a cnoide le n-a ceile 'ž a eužad.

II.

buð fíad abnain dučcarr a tñr' féin do řeinn,
 Rinn žac fearra d' ari aíl leir do meammarad.
 Ð 't beaz imiðe loct clunrte a ceolta biñh,
 A cnoide beic 'ž a bñpreað zan cabarad.

III.

Ðo marn re d' a nūn; azur d'euz re d'a črisc:
 So an meud þí 'žā čeanžail aini talaiñ:
 Nī luac 'žabfar tnom žul a čñne aon ržic,
 'S nī beid pad žan a cēile an uaim fālaiñ.

II.

Thy rival was honor'd whilst thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
 Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorn'd;
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
 Than wed where I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
 They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains.
 Oh! foul is the slander! no chain could that soul subdue.
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too.

—:o:—

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

AIR—"Open the door."

1.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her sighing;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

II.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he lov'd awaking;—
 Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
 That the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

III.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died:
 They were all that to life had entwin'd him:
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

IV.

Þú deaðu uafn þf 'r an aþ b-fuþ na zaet' zneþne 'flan,
 'Nuafn þealleafn rþað mþaþ zlóþaþ:
 Þeþð 'roþþruþað afn a ruafn mþn rþþþeað afn þan
 Þ þ-a þþl-þþþþ þeþn a þa þþþþaþ.

—:o:—

CA B-FUJL AN TRÁJL JS TAJNE.

Fonþ—Sþor aþur rþor þþþ.

I.

Ca b-fuþ an trþþl þr tþþne
 A þþþþþeal cþuafþ, tuafn þþþne,
 Ða m-beþþeað afn,
 Naþ þ-tþþþþeþað lanþ
 'N afn meþþ' þaþ cþþþþ þan þþþne?
 Cþa an cþþþþe þaþ éþþeafn claþþþa,
 A þ' þanþað lé þeþþe aþþþa:
 'S þo m-b' aþþþþ þþþ,
 Ða m-beþþeað rþþþ-þeþ
 Aþþ uþþ an aþþþ-þþþ, rþþþe.
 Slan leat, Éþþe!—þþþ þlan,
 A cþaþþeafn afn þ-afn le þeþþþ þan.

II.

Nþ afnþa an laþþþeal þaraþ
 Ta beþ þan þanþ, þan þaraþþað,
 'Na an þlaþþþ þan þlaþ,
 A þþþþ þleatþ a'r rþað
 Ð'þþ m-buaþað, buþ þual a þaraþþað.
 Ta afn þ-cþþ afn þþ afn þ-cþþþþe;
 Aþ an þlar-þþþþþ' þþþþa afn aþþþe;
 'S það lé þ-afn þ-taþþ,
 Naþ cþþ a þþþþ,
 'S a þanþað þþþþþþ 'S oþþþ.
 Slan leat, Éþþe!—þþþ þlan,
 A cþaþþeafn afn þ-afn le þeþþþ þan.

IV.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
 When they promise a glorious morrow:
 They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
 From her own lov'd island of sorrow

—:o:—

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

AIR—" Sit down beside me."

I.

Oh! where's the slave so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of him who made it?
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
 Who live to weep our fall.

II.

Less dear the laurel growing
 Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing.
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag flutters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us.
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all
 Who live to weep our fall.

ta euluḡṣṭe ʒo deḡ uajnn an lóčnann b̄j a
sʒanad̄.

Fon̄n—S' a ḡuḡḡḡn̄n d̄l̄r.

I.

Ta euluḡṣṭe ʒo deḡ uajnn an lóčnann b̄j a rʒanad̄
ʒan dealnad̄ an lae ʒil aḡ roḡrḡuḡad̄ ʒac ball
aḡ beodačan le ḡ-a ʒaet̄b̄ uajne ḡa ḡan̄b̄,
'S a lʒonad̄ le ḡ-a ʒolur ḡa r̄aḡle b̄j dall.
Ta euluḡṣṭe —'r an lonḡan̄, a d' ʒaḡ re ḡan̄ neulta,
N̄j ʒḡṣ̄ ačt ʒlan-leup̄ʒur do čabaḡṭ aḡ ḡa neulta,
b̄eḡdear aḡ d̄ūban̄ aḡ ḡiḡačt̄aḡ an dom̄an̄ aḡ ʒeād̄
raoḡalta,
Ačt ʒo ḡ-aḡḡde on̄t, Eḡḡḡḡ! a čuḡḡle ḡo čḡoḡde.

II.

ḡḡn b' and̄ b̄j do d̄oḡḡ, tḡa b̄j an ʒlōḡn̄ ūd̄ d'a roḡrḡuḡad̄
Do čḡḡčoll tḡiḡ neulta tḡon̄', don̄ča an t-raoḡaḡ:
ḡḡn b̄j ʒḡḡne ḡ'éḡr a ʒeup̄-čun̄ʒ do b̄ḡḡread̄, aḡ roḡrḡuḡad̄,
'Nuaḡn aḡaḡ ḡan̄ ʒac ʒḡéḡne, a bḡaca do rʒaḡl̄.
ḡ! ḡḡ čḡḡḡan̄ čoḡčče aḡḡr, anḡra ʒ-čḡuḡḡne
ʒon̄ an̄ čo ḡ-aḡb̄ḡ, ḡḡn b̄j čaon̄-ʒuč ʒac čḡḡne
'S ʒac ḡiḡačt̄ aḡ čun̄ le čéḡle: 'r b' and̄, b̄ḡḡ do člun̄eād̄.
ʒaḡḡḡ-čēol ḡa raḡḡḡe, ʒeḡḡ éḡne ó čḡoḡde.

III.

Ačt ʒḡaḡne aḡ ḡa tʒon̄an̄, ḡan̄ b' aḡ leo ačt daḡḡačt̄,
'S aḡ an̄ čaḡḡ-dḡeam̄, ḡan̄ člaon̄ le ḡ'a ḡaḡḡ ʒéḡn̄ a
d-čol̄,
b̄j aḡ čaḡḡread̄, ḡan̄ anḡḡaḡr, ḡiḡ-d̄oḡḡ ḡa raḡḡačt̄,
'S aḡ alčōḡn̄ ḡa ḡ-aḡre do b̄aḡḡd̄ f le ʒuḡl̄.
D' euluḡ ʒo deo uajnn an̄ aḡḡḡḡ b̄neāʒ ʒḡan̄ḡan̄,
b̄eḡdear d' aḡḡḡeḡḡ ḡa ʒ-čḡoḡčče ʒon̄aḡadač̄ ḡeāḡ-
člaon̄ḡan̄,
ʒan̄ d'éḡḡḡ ó čun̄ on̄t ʒo lonḡnač̄, 'r ʒo lʒon̄ḡan̄,
éḡḡe, čḡḡ čaḡllce, čḡḡ čaḡḡe ḡo čḡoḡde.

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—"S' a mhuirín d'ilis."

I.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
 Like Heaven's 'first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
 When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
 Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And darkest all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
 Around thee thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once like a Sun-burst her banner unfurled.
 Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!—
 Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

III.

But, shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing!
 And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like Furies caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
 Then vanish'd for ever that bright, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
 As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

AN CUAC MAR 'S CỐN SƯAS UỖN.

Fonh—bœb a'r Seon.

I.

Ան cuac՝ մար 'r cօյն ruar lօղ,
 Լե կն րչալա ծօյնիյն՝
 Տլտ այն մալայծ Բրաօն,
 Ելծեան օ չաօ լոյնիծ րեանիյն.
 Որ րչաօլտեար չաօ՛ւ շար՝
 Ան չնրոյն ծօ լուաօ՝ 'r ծօ Բրլչմար,
 Լե 'նսարն ծօ շիջ մար ծաօն,
 Երկ cuac՝ա Լարճա Լօնիար.
 Ան cuac՝ մար 'r cօյն ruar lօղ,
 Լե կն րչալա ծօյնիյն
 Տլտ այն մալայծ Բրաօն,
 Ելծեան օ չաօ լոյնիծ րեանիյն.

II.

Sabann man deijn an rzeul,
 Eizre rtuama aji rciata
 An caoijn, 't o neam na neul,
 beijn a nuar a gaece.
 Man rúd 'ra b-plead cruinj'
 Tarniaingmuid zo cince,
 O neam na h-eazna 't ziijn,
 Na gaece 't zeijne 't cince.
 An cuac man 't cóijn, ruar lson.
 Le lij rzala doijn
 Silt aji mhalajd bnaon,
 bideann ó zac imhisd rleaniajn.

III.

Cia an ban úgdan a bfi
'S dual fíor fágaíl nfi h-fongnað,
So m-bídeann so fíon an crioide
Cum ríonaíð fíona claonað:
Do éapla anm an tía,
'Nuair tuar so flaitéar d' eulujá

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR—"Bob and Joan."

I.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

II.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions.
So we, Sages, sit
And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,

An té goib ar, faoi rgač,
 An teine, neim na rzeulaib.
 An cuac maí 'r cóim ruar líon,
 Le lín rgała doimhin
 Síl aín málaid bpaon,
 bideann ó gač imhíd pleamhain.

IV.

Ծօ 'ն ճշլաօժ տիյալլ 'րա Ե-րկիջե,
 ի՛յ չաղ րօյճեաժ, չաղ Եօրն,
 Լե Եախալլ 'նսար ար Երկժ
 Ուս յ-ԵԵաժե չեալ, ան չօրն.
 Աժժ օ! մար լէյմ ա շրօյԺե,
 Ճրն ԵԵարկաժ մեարձ յա յեւլԵա,
 Եօխալլ Եւաժ 'նսա լսյԺե,
 Եւժ լե ԵաժԵար րԵաժ յա յեւլԵա.
 Ան Եւաժ, մար 'ր Եօյն րսար լիօն
 Լե լի ղՅալա Եօյնի
 ՏիլԵ աս յալայժ Երսօն,
 ԵյԵԵան ճ Յաժ յմիժժ ղլեանայն.

V.

b] annra rzala bnaon,
 'Fazad n'ér na h-oidce,
 Tuit diuile annra b-fson,
 Fuizeall flead na raoite.
 Súd é riocain bnyz
 Fsona, ain aigne flata,
 Súd man cóizeann cnoide
 O'a d-tiz ar cuac dé, ceata.
 An cuac, man 'r cóin ruar líon
 Le lín rzala doimhin
 Silt ain malaid bnaon,
 bideann ó zac mnyid fleanmáin.

Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

IV.

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfered fire in.
But, oh! his joy! when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

V.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

ĈRUJT ANSA WÓ ĆJNE.

Fonh—Langols.

I.

Ĉrujt anra mo ĉjne, anĥ donĉadar bŝ rŝnte,
 bŝ ŝuan-ĉujnŝ na torĉa onĉ ŝajrŝĉe zo teanĥ;
 Do ĉóŝ mē ar ŝejbeal, d' éŝr do ĉuŝbneac beŝĉ r, ŝoŝte,
 Aŝn do ĉeudaŝb rŝéŝĉ ŝaeĉe, a'r ŝoluŝr ŝaoŝn-ŝanĥ.
 bŝ ŝuaŝm ŝunĉaĉ ŝeaĉa do b' aŝeŝaŝe 'r buĉ bŝnĥe,
 Aŝ ŝúŝaĉĉ do ĉeuda' 'bŝ ŝuanĥŝan, ĉum ĉeoŝl;
 Aĉĉ bŝĉŝr ĉó ĥeaŝ-ĉóŝŝaĉ aŝn ŝuaŝcar 'r aŝn luŝnĥe
 ŝo m-bŝŝŝeann an bŝŝŝn ĉnŝ do ŝúŝaŝŝl zo ŝóŝll.

II.

ŝlan aŝur beannacĉ le do bŝnĥ-ŝaeĉŝb, 'ĉrujt ĉnoŝm,
 ŝo an ŝlaoŝŝ ŝéŝŝŝŝnac ŝanĉa, do ŝéanŝam' a ŝealb,
 Téŝĉ, a'r ĉoĉaŝl ŝaoŝ rŝáŝl lonĥŝaŝŝ ŝáŝŝĉ aŝn do ŝuan
 ĉnoŝm,
 ŝo b-ŝáŝaŝĉ mēuŝa ŝŝor ŝĉuaŝa aŝn do ĉeudaŝb ĉŝn',
 ŝealb.
 Wa bŝ ĉnoŝĉ ŝaŝŝŝŝŝ ĉŝeunĥaŝn, ĉŝn-ŝŝaĉaŝŝ, ŝó ŝuaŝe-
 ŝaoŝ,
 'ŝ a ŝ-ĉonŝuŝaĉ, aŝ eŝŝeacĉ le ŝeŝnĥŝ an ŝ-ŝanĥ,
 Nŝ ŝaŝb anĥam-ŝa aĉĉ oŝĉeoŝ ĥeaŝ-bŝŝŝŝŝan na luac-ŝaoŝĉ',
 Aŝur uaŝ-ŝe do ĉaŝŝe an ŝuaŝm bŝnĥ anĥaŝn.

—:o:—

DÓ ĆŲNNAJRC AJR WAJOJN.

Fonh—Woll.

I.

Do ĉonĥaŝŝe aŝn majoŝn, aŝn an ĥuŝŝn d'éŝr a ŝŝonĉa,
 An lonŝ bneacŝ ŝaoŝ ŝeolĉaŝb zo ĥ-aluŝn aŝ ŝŝaŝŝ:
 Do ŝeapcar aŝŝr,—a'r an ŝŝŝan ĉan éŝr ĉlaonĉa—
 bŝ an lonŝ aŝn an ŝaŝneanĥ, 'r an ĉuŝle 'ĥéŝr ĉŝaŝaĉ.

II.

ŝúĉ rompla aŝn ĥuŝŝŝn a'r aŝn ĥeapŝball na baŝŝŝe,
 Waŝ ŝúĉ euluŝŝear laĉĉe an ŝláoŝte 'r an ŝéŝn.
 bŝĉeann na ĉonĥa, aŝn an ŝŝŝeacĉ, d' an d-ĉŝéŝŝŝŝn ĉeacĉ
 aŝŝŝe,
 'ŝ d'an b-ŝáŝaŝl ĉŝac-ŝóŝa aŝn an ĉŝaŝŝ ŝan lŝn ŝéŝn.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

AIR—" *Langoolee.*"

I.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

II.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers:
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine:
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone:
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

—:o:—

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR—" *Miss Molly.*"

I.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining;
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

II.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
 Each wave that we danc'd on, at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

Na traect lhom ari cêim, nō ari cēannar aīz foīrīužad
 Gleann dorca ari n-oidce, mar fāih-folur ne,
 Aēt tabairi dam zaece ūia na maīdne aīz foīrīužad
 An dūbairi nfor aīlle, 'na lōcīann luidē lae.

IV.

Cīa ari naē m-beīdead cūīa n-dīaīz am ud na dīle,
 Rāib rūbairce an cūmāīn cūīi blaē ar a bāri;
 'S a cīoidē marī cīann, ūī, aluīn coīlle faoi bīle,
 Sgeīc d'a dōīz deāz-balaē o'ī t-rūz cīī n-a lāī.

—:o:—

b) CŴNTE 31D FĀZTĀ TĀIR.

Fonn—Cairleān Tīī-eon.

I.

bī cīnē 31d fāzā tāīī, cō fād 'r beīdear me beo,
 Naē n-euloāīd do cūmāī ar mō cīoidē rīz zo deo;
 Nfor dīīre faoi cīom-bīnōī, faoi dūbācāī 'r faoi fīāī,
 'Na cīīnē īr tēazīaīzē aīī foīrīzēann an 3īīāī.

II.

Oa m-beīdead marī b' aīr līom, mōī, āīd, rāoī, a 3īāē,
 Oē 'ī mūīī, rāīc na reoīde; de 'ī cīī, rāīc na m-blaē.
 Do cūīācā būd nēīīeac līom fēīī beīc '3 a luad,
 Aēt mō cīōīī oīī nī mēudōcāē do cēīī, nō do cūad.

III.

Aīz teacē, le zeuī-cūībīe, de d' fūīl zo tīūz, teann,
 'S fe foīrīzēann an cūīam nfor teazāīaīz do clāīī,
 Wāī an t-al āīīī an b-fāīac 'r a nēad teazīnac teo,
 'S a 3-conzāīl le fūīl bīōīī a mācāī rfoī-beo.

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night:—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

IV.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning
 When passion first wak'd a new life through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame?

—:o:—

* REMEMBER THEE! YES.

AIR—" *Castle Tirowen.*"

I.

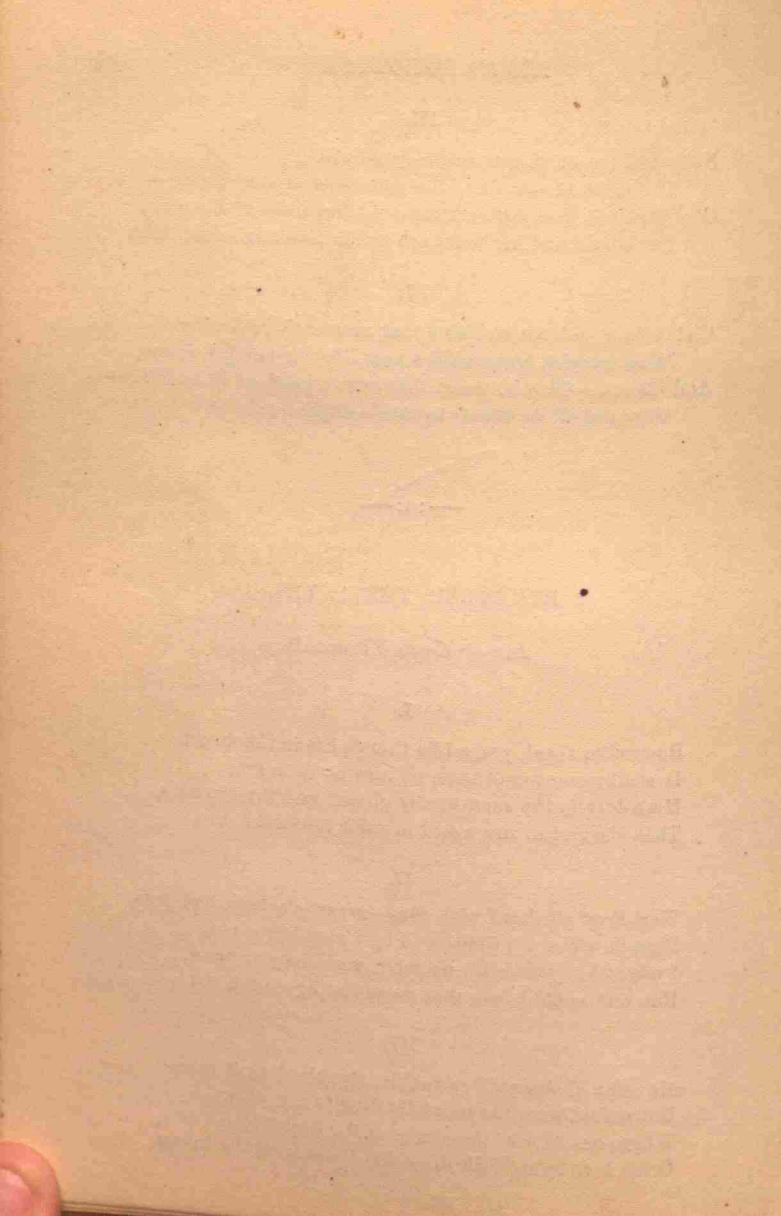
Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
 Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee—great, glorious, and free,
 First flow'r of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
 But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

III.

No; thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
 Whose hearts like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
 Drink love in each life drop that flows from thy breast.



A SELECTION
OF
MOORE'S MELODIES,

Translated into the Irish Language

BY
THE MOST REVEREND JOHN MacHALE,
ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.



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1871

11

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12

THE NEW METHOD OF TEACHING

THEORY OF MUSIC

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THEORY OF MUSIC

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THEORY OF MUSIC

THEORY OF MUSIC

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FJÐ ÆART AJR TAÐB.

Fonh—Nona an çirte.

L

FJÐ ÆART AJR TAÐB
 Na cuaice, cnaob
 It glaire de ðnean raoiceamhal:
 So neamh na neul,
 Noct rúd le ðaol,
 Tréigirne dñeam' neamhcnoðamhal.
 Wa bideann an ðnað,
 'Stið filte a rðac,
 An t-ruaricair 'h aðað a tréigce,
 Le dóig bi teann,
 Co'ad 'r bédear fson an,
 Le m-baiceamuid a ðaece.
 FJÐ ÆART AJR TAÐB
 Na cuaice, cnaob
 It glaire de ðnean raoiceamhal:
 So neamh na neul,
 Noct rúd le ðaol,
 Tréigirne dñeam' neamhcnoðamhal.

II.

buð ðnaac aig flait
 Na h-dia, le rðait
 Deoc neamha 'beic 'ð a m-beodaan,
 'S ta an an rliðe,
 An rðait úd diðe,
 Do mearðað réin an h-dócan:—
 Wan ro, cóig fson,
 An cuaic ruar lson,
 'S bidead timcill ruple rðamamhal',
 'S le ðaece ðuinn,
 Lar ruar an linn,
 'S feuc doec na h-dia ðo céim'ail.
 FJÐ ÆART AJR TAÐB, &c.

WREATHE THE BOWL.

AIR—" *Nora an Kiste.*"

I.

Wreathe the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds Heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid,
 Which Mirth, th' enchanter, brings us.
 No danger fear,
 While wine is near,—
 We'll drown him if he stings us.
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds Heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

II.

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 But Man may brew
 His nectar too,
 The rich receipt 's as follows:
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring Wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar, splendid!
 So wreathe the bowl, &c.

III.

Tab'n ffor cia an pač,
 A n-deannaio tpač,
 An cuac le zaineam lsonad,
 'Nuajn i' luajce rpuč,
 An ffon', 'ra čpuč,
 J' deire é, nio nac fonzad:
 Ó! dúinn é bnonn,
 Le rmiš 'r le fonn,
 'S de'n ržala déanpam nohte,
 'Sur beidiš zo fpar,
 Da čuple teačt ar
 'S an da čaob lan zo cinte.
 Fiš čaric aji čaob, &c.

—:o:—

'NUAJN 'SA Ž-ČNÉ BEJDEAS AN CAPAD.

Fonn—Treunad Ljonneac.

I.

'Nuajn 'ra ž-čné bejdear an capad, aji paib azat žnad,
 bižad a ločta 'r a luajmneac pažča 'r a ž-čll;
 Nó ó 'n tam-čnom, a b-fuyl an, ma tožčan an ržac,
 Caojn iad žan žleo, 'r an ržac 'nir onia fl.
 Ačt, ó! ma ča bionac le cuimnužad an ržcul,
 Žur euluž le cačužad ó'n t-rolur a čnoide,
 J' aoibin an cuimnužad zo m-bud tu-ra an neul,
 'Do folrriž an a baile fe lap dúbaj, 'ra t-rlže.

II.

Uat-re 'r ó d' aille. žan rmal aji, do lar,
 An t-eazna do člaon fe čum ffon-žnad zo mór,
 Až aineam do rpioraid lonnac a čar,
 Ó na iožmažče čaji, d'a paib tab'neča zo leór.
 Aji rpuča a beača dub, mearžča le žačt,
 Čajnicir man čúnar žcal, řajm aji an cuim,
 'S ma bi člaonad a lače le leur aoibamajl buide
 'S uajc 'řfolnuž an rolur do ržejč le n-a linn.

III.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly?
 Oh? lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'll sever,
 Make pleasure glide
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever.
 Then wreath the bowl, &c.

—:o:—

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR—"Limerick's Lamentation."

I.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
 And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings, that first taught true love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou cam'st like a soft, golden calm o'er the sea;
 And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled,
 On his evening horrrizon, the light was from thee.

III.

'S c'íð d' éirioáð ó baorfe na h-oise dub-neul,
 'S c'íð feolócað ari reacrán 'r ari reacríal fe, bneuz,
 Aiz umpužad ari an glóin, bí 'r na noirc úd mar neul,
 San muil reapað an baorfe 'r an reacrán zo h-euz.
 War iazair na zneine, le rgalad de 'n la,
 bídear a larað na h-altóra bí rmuðamíal faoi ceo:
 Wa bí rubairce, aon camal, laz-bířac, faoi rgač,
 O' umpuiz ari a rmiřeod 'r bí larta zo beo.

—:o:—

AJ5 SNAW O'AR LÓJN5 ANN AĖAJĖ ŽAŖĖ TEANN'.

Fonh—An carlin d' řaz me 'mo řiaiz.

I.

Aiz rnam d'ari loihz an aĖař žaŖ' teann',
 le' nair a reolta řonca,
 Do čřřead an bnat a rreac ó'n z-crann
 Cum an cuair, 'd' řaz řř, řřte.
 War rud řř mall ari řřřbal 'r an t-řřřze
 'Ŗ ariar řřađac ari z-cairide,
 Ari a n-ompuřeann claonca řřřal' ari z-crořde,
 War an loiz-bnat řřaŖlce an ariide.

II.

Aiz meabrřřžad an am', cuarđ čaric mar ceo
 Near-burřřřar, 'bunn na řřřřde;
 bídeann břřn a' ř řřřřdeŖar řřř-breo,
 'S a mearžad lari an z-clřřře;
 'S 'nuair dŖrurřeann ceolta řřac 'r an řřřřřř,
 řřac carřřdeacđ Ŗz a' ř čřřřřamíal—
 O'ari řar 'nhar n-řiaiz, bídeann cuac ari řeř
 'Oul čaric, 'r 's a Ŗl zo řaŖřčamíal.

III.

A d-čřřčřř čŖřřřřřřřřř, an čřř,
 Do čřřřřřř řřřř 'r řřřřřřř;
 'S řřč řřř řaŖ řřac, acđ earřa řřřř
 'S an čŖřřřřř čaŖř do řarčurřř;

III.

And tho', sometimes, the shade of past folly would rise,
 And tho' falsehood again should allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood soon vanished away.
 As the priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair;
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

——:o:——

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

AIR—*"The girl I left behind me."*

I.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To that dear isle 't was leaving.
 So, loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts where'er we rove,
 To those we've left behind us.

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
 We talk, with joyous seeming,—
 With smiles, that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming;
 While mem'ry brings us back again
 Each early tie that twin'd us,
 Oh! sweet 's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us.

III.

And when in other climes we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting;

buð mór an rólaf ajn an 3-cnoide,
 'Sur hann ajn aoibneaf raoðalça,
 Oa m-beiðeaf rúð azainn le n-af m-bjç
 Aññ aoñ-þeact cañide 'r 3aoltça.

IV.

War fjúbilac roñ, a3 añanc rñaf,
 So mall a3 teaact na h-oiðce,
 A3 breactnuðaf ajn an la ajn fñaf
 Roññ euluðaf uaiðe çoiðce:
 War rúð, d' éir tejl3ean rñaf an n-dearf,
 Ø bñuaçaf3 3aññ' na h-uañne,
 T3 lóçñaf 3eal na h-oi3e rearf'
 Tñé neulta aoñre a'r cúnja.

—:o:—

A ÇNUT ÇAÖJN.

Fonñ—Caoñneaf.

I.

A çnut çaoñ! dúrðaim an3r biññ-ðaeçe
 Oo çeoil, bi bæðce faoi çoblað tñom:
 Iaf deon do r3añamaf, 'r an3r d'éir laeçe
 Ta do çarað a Iaf deon liom.
 N3on bñir onr rú3nað, aact mañ na claññi3,
 A3 a na3 ó neañ a mññ 'r a r3uañ,
 'S do çañaf bñu3, mañ do bñu3 3o h-añra3—
 Tañ ajn na r3aleo3' 3o fól3 3añ fuañ.

II.

3þ, ó do feññ dúññ do çeuda ceolñaf,
 bi am ca3ñnéñne, a'r n-éir co3a3 rfoç,
 A'r b' iomða cnoide, do léñ le dóççur 3lóññaf
 Ta ahoir faoi nayne dub, tñom, 'ññ a lu3e—
 Aact çó-það 'r bi abñañ a'r ðañta biñne
 Ajn tñ 'r ajn tññ d'a r3e3 3añ r3fç,
 'S a3 l3onaf a3ñne na flua3 le luñne,
 O'a m bñññ ñi fuañ tu aact bññneaf cnoide.

We think how great had been our bliss,
 If heaven had but assigned us,
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us.

IV.

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing;—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

—:o:—

MY GENTLE HARP.

AIR—" *The Caoine, or Dirge.*"

I.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
 The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
 In tears our last farewell was taken,
 And now in tears we meet again.
 No light of song hath o'er thee broken;
 But, like those harps whose heavenly skill
 Of slavery, dark as thine, have spoken,
 Thou hang'st upon the willow still.

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
 An hour of peace and triumph came;
 And many an ardent bosom bounded
 With hopes that now are turn'd to shame.
 Yet even then while peace was singing
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
 Though joy and hope to others bringing,
 She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Cja bejdead a fejthead, 'ēnujē ēnom, aji luac-rpuē,
 Ō do tnom-ēudaib, de ēeoltaib bihē';
 Ō fūireoz majdne, bejdead ēo tnatamajl raom-zuē,
 'N aje zēire aīz ēazcaoīn a h-aōire aji līn.
 Cīannor azano'd aji roīn raor' do žaēē.
 Wo ēnujē fēīn dīlīr, aji a b-fuīl azam žnaē,
 'S an cīaob, le ē-žlēarajm do ēum a'r d' fējē,
 Žur flearž tā fījē rī le rlabīajde a'r blaē.

IV.

Aēt ēuzam, 'r mā tā anī do ēum, tā aīz fēōēan,
 Aon žuē amajīn rīanra naē b-fuīl faoi fuan,
 Corrujž dam-ra fē, a'r tabajīn fīor d'a beodaēan,
 Žur bihē do ēeolta lān bīōīn, 'r žur buan;
 Žur aōībīn fēīnnear tū a lān na ž-ēnōnaē,
 Tīa bīdear fōīn lūīnneac d'a žabajl zo žīīn,
 Wari fōīmajž Wēamīnoīn bīīrte, bējēīn zo bīōnaē
 Tīf rēīīor 'r tīf fāraē zo h-aōīarīaē, bihē.

—:o:—

Ō! OḲ LANNAJḲ AN AḲ, TĀ A Ž-CJAN.

Fōīn—Nīl fīor aji.

I.

Ō! do lanīajb an am', tā a ž-cjan,
 Ō! do na žaīržīdīb clīūtaē',
 Do cōrajnt ceajnt, māī ržajē na b-fīan,
 'S do bī le dīan-ōīīc, cūīteac!
 Na fēana fīor', zo fōīll nān mīll
 Tāīn-fēojde caīrlean nīžeamajl,
 Aēt fēalb cēīm, do faōēīūjž a'r ēuīll
 Le cīōdaēc a'r cāīīdeacēc raōīēeamajl.
 Ō! do lanīajb an am' tā a ž-cjan.
 Ō! do na žaīržīdīb clīūtaē',
 Do cōrajnt ceajnt, māī ržajē na b-fīan,
 'S do bī le dīan-ōīīc, cūīteac!

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping harp, from chords like thine ?
 Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline!
 Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
 When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee
 Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains?

IV.

But come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy—oh! breathe for me,
 And shew the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be;
 How gaily, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
 'Mid desolation tuneful still!

—:o:—

OH! FOR THE SWORDS.

AIR—*Name Unknown.*

I.

Oh! for the swords of former time!
 Oh! for the men who bore them!
 When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
 And tyrants crouch'd before them!
 When pure yet, ere courts began
 With honors to enslave him,
 The noblest honors worn by man
 Were those which virtue gave him.
 Oh! for the swords of former time!
 Oh! for the men who bore them!
 When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
 And tyrants crouch'd before them!

II.

O! do na nīžēb, 'bī 'huan rīn an,
 O! d'a mōn-cūrr nēmeaīhl;
 O'a z-cūmhaē nī nāb dūn nō lan,
 Aēt lanja laocīa cēmeaīhl!
 'Nuan bī rīaē uēta dluē, mān zeall
 Aīn coīnīoll teazaraē cīoīdē,
 Aīz coraīnē ō zaē māla 'r feall
 Aīd ēaēaīn zīaēaē na nīžē!
 O! do na nīžēb, 'bī 'huan rīn an,
 O! d'a mōn-cūrr nēmeaīhl;
 O'a z-cūmhaē nī nāb dūn nō lan,
 Aēt lanja laocīa cēmeaīhl!

—:o:—

NA DEARNAD AN FAJĀ.

Fonh Cūmja Aēnuīn

I.

Na dearnad an fajā aīn an an rīnead,
 Szajē dēīzīonāē na laoc anīr an an,
 Uīle īmīzē: 'zur rīnī-īe 'z a z-caīnead
 'S an cēīn tā 'ra z-cīē leo fā lan.

II.

O! da m-b'fēīdīn ō'ī z-cīe, zīaēaē cūm zīaēa
 Aīn na zāīrīdīb, tā eūzēa a ruan,
 Aīz īmīnē lē laīnī a'r le rīaēa
 Aīn rōn rāoīnē aīr zō rīōī-buan.

III.

Oa b-fāzāmīr na cūbīneāē 'bīrēad,
 O' fāīrīz dīan-ēanīar oīaīnī, 'r nī fānī,
 O! īr cīnē aīn ēfōīaīn zō z-clīrēad
 'N-aīaīd cēīnē, a z-cūī oīaīnī zō teanī.

IV.

Aēt tā ēaīn—a'r zīd mōlta 'r na rīeulcāb,
 'S na rīaīnēb, tā bīeūzāē nō fīōī,
 bēīd an buad-ōīc fāoī māllact 'r fāoī neulcāb,
 Zīīdear rālcāīnē aīn cīoīdēb bī fāōī.

II.

Oh! for the Kings who flourished then!
 Oh! for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of free-born men
 Were all the ramparts round them!
 When, safe built on bosoms true,
 The throne was but the centre
 Round which Love a circle drew,
 That Treason durst not enter.
 Oh! for the Kings who flourished then!
 Oh! for the pomp that crown'd them,
 When hearts and hands of free-born men
 Were all the ramparts round them!

—:o:—

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—" *The Lamentation of Aughrim.*"

I.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd,
 Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts, as they bounded before,
 In the face of high heaven to fight over
 That combat for Freedom once more.

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven,
 Which tyranny flung round us then,
 Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven
 To let tyranny bind us again.

IV.

But 'tis past; and tho' blazon'd in story
 The name of our victor may be,
 Accurst is the march of that glory
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

V.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illum'd by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame.

—:o:—

YES, SAD ONE OF SION.

AIR—*"In this Village is the Cúilin; or, I'd rather than Ireland."*

I.

Yes, sad one of Sion! if closely resembling,
 In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
 If drinking, deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling,"
 Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

II.

Like thee, doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
 And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
 In her streets, in her halls, desolation hath spoken,
 And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

III.

Like thee doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
 Die far from the home it were life to behold;
 Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
 Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

IV.

Ah! well may we call her, like thee, "the forsaken;"
 Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
 Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves.

V.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
 That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
 When the sceptre that smote thee with slav'ry and sorrow,
 Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight;

VI.

Ժողով անհաճութեամբ ընդունեց անհրաժեշտ լինելու,
 որ չափը լեղի-նախաճաշի քանակը, քանի որ անհրաժեշտ,
 չափը չափարար լինի և ծախսը, բայց չափը չափարար
 լինելու,

Ան ալլ օ դ-ա շալլա՛ն 'ր օ դ-ա լայնջլր ան ռՅո՛ւօ՛ւ:

VII.

Uajr do čut malac neje, bš a d-čarje, zo ballac
 aji a ceňajšb 'r aji a ceňajr, luč-črečta zo trom,
 's paol léir-ršor pa deje 'r ajs čuňoš paol šalac,
 bš beň-pižean na pižac' 's a ralcir zo lom.

—:0:—

SJUBAL, SJUBAL, A LONJ.

Fonh—Oran-dan na baine.

I.

Sƿábal, ríábal, a loing, Ʒan rƷac 'ra t-ríuþ,
 Dénn man feolƿar éú, an Ʒaoþ,
 Nf béiðmuyð baíƿte a m-bíon þo duþ,
 A'r bífman éaƷa, fearða coíðce—
 'S ré an Ʒlór bíuyrear ó Ʒac tonh;
 Ʒíð an baí beíƿ ƿaoí n-an rímfƷead 'nna luyðe,
 Nf'l rínn ƿuaínn, cealƷac man an ðíonh,
 Án flad a ríuƷ' do éuyð' do éíuyðe.

II.

Sfábal leat, sfábal leat, 3an r3iç, 3an ruan,
 Tpið rfon, 'r tpið ciúnar, lan na pna3',
 An mu3i 1r buaipte, 1r ionnan 'r cuan
 Oo n' té d' fáz dnoç-çnoiðçe a3i tpiá3.
 No, buaipteai rinh a3i calañ ban,
 A3i nár çup 3aç p3i an çam-çnoiðçe,
 A3i buaipteað rao3a3l de ruaricar lan—
 Déan a3i, 'r ná déan 3o d-ç3i rinh r3iç.

VI.

When that cup, which, for others, the proud Golden City
 Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
 And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
 The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships ;

VII.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And—a ruin, at last for the earth-worm to cover,—
 The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

—:o:—

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

AIR—" *The Humming of the Ban.*"

I.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark :
 Wherever blows the welcome wind,
 It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
 More sad than those we leave behind.
 Each wave that passes seems to say :
 " Though death beneath our smile may be,
 Less cold we are, less false than they,
 Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

II.

Sail on, sail on : through endless years—
 Through calm—through tempest—stop no more.
 The stormiest sea's a resting place
 To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
 Or—if some desert land we meet,
 Where never yet false-hearted men
 Profan'd a world that else were sweet,
 Then rest thee, bark ; but not till then.

'CAOJEW JNNJSFÁJLJN.

Fonh—An t-óg fear ceanra.

I.

'Caoimh Jhnrffáillín! bí tu rlan,
 b'idead oir zúsan-leur azur ríe,
 Do deire luad, do éis le lan,
 Aet O! a ihoctuzad, 'r le mo énoide.

II.

Slan, caoimh Jhnrffáillín, bí,
 'S b'idead an leur do émhóill buan,
 Co raiín a' r éur le teact na h-oidce
 An dearc mé 'n d' ihr'-ríze, 'zur cuan.

III.

bí tu no breaz aís neac 'ran am
 An dual dó aircín anhr a' t-ríze
 le zraíharrc ríubal éur bealaíz cam'
 Oo d' fágaíl aonrac, fearda, coidece.

IV.

Zan teact nfor mó le air do írué,
 O'a bozad air iúir an t-raozaíl zan tair.
 Dearcad éirí airín oir, 'ra' m-bírué.
 Wan baile 'b-fuíl a leac faoi flair.

V.

'S fearn d' fágaíl mar tá mé 'ra tna,
 A b-fuíl oir rzaríca eadaíz dub'
 Na neul, mar maízdean an a blaé,
 A m-bidean faoi bíón a zne 'r a crué.

VI.

Oir cíd d' ionnan níl le fágaíl
 A rzeim, ní aihail éú mar bí;
 'S mar air éú, falluizé 'hoir le rzaíl,
 'N do éorócad neac, beidead túirac, rzié,

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

AIR—" *The Captivating Youth.*"

I.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well !
May calm and sunshine long be thine !
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair is mine.

II.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well !
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle !

III.

Thou wert too lovely then for one
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

IV.

No more along thy shores to roam,
But, on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost !

V.

Far better in thy weeping hours,
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bow'rs,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

VI.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, too blest,
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest,—

VII.

'Ո՛ր դա՛ծ՝ տօճոճած լէ՛լէ՛ 'ջեա՛ծքած աղ,
 Տոյ՛ծ մար ի՛նչ 'b-բարձր՝ ալ ինչ աղ լա
 Քա՛յն քաղնա քոյ, մար տա՛ չա՛ծ քաղն
 Ար լեա՛տ, բա՛յ ծեօ՛րա 'ջար բա՛յ լճա՛ծ.

VIII.

Ա չա՛լ, ո՞ր լմ՛ջեա՛ծ, յողի՛ր ինչա՛յ՛
 'Տ բո՛ր ո՛րոյ ինչա՛յա լան ծեօ՛րա 'ր դեւ՛,
 Եւ իե՛լ բա՛յ լմ՛ջ զի՛ծ 'ր աղան աղ տըա,
 Ի՛ծեաղն լի լոնրա՛ծ, մար դեա՛ն-դեւ՛.

IX.

Մար ի՛յա՛ծ լե 'ն աղան լիա՛ր՝ ա մ-ի՛ծեաղն,
 Ա լարձա՛ծ տըա ծո լի՛ց, ա չ-քոյ՛ծե;
 Աղ չա՛ծ ի՛ր լոնրա՛յ՛ց լե՛լ՛ց աղ չիւղն,
 Լե տա՛ծ ծո լո՛ւրալն, տա չաղ իւղն.

—:o:—

Օ՛՜՜ Ո՛՜՜ ՆԱ ԵԱՇՈՒՅ՛ ԸՈՒՅ ՔԵՂԵ՛.

Բողն—Քանցել յարձան.

I.

Օ՛՜՜ Ո՛՜՜ ՆԱ ԵԻ ԵԱՇՈՒՅ՛ ԸՈՒՅ ՔԵՂԵ՛ ՆԱ ԼԱՆ՛
 'Ո՛ր ա չ-քույնի՛ջեաղն աղ տ-ծ՛ 'ջար լու՛ծ ՆԱ ԲԱՈՒ՛ր՝,
 Ա՛ւ՛՛՛ ԵԱՐ ԼԻՈՒ ՔԵՂ՛ 'ր չա՛ծքալն քիսոն-ճա՛ծ աղ,
 Օ՛՜՜ քոյնըա՛ր ո՛րոյ քեալն ծո ծ՛ ին՛, 'ր ծո ծ՛ ԲԱՈՒ՛ր,
 'Շար չա՛ծքալ՝ ար ո-ծո՛ւր ծեօ՛րա տեօ,
 'Շար ճլքալ՝ 'ղն ար ծ-տօ՛ւ, ար լու՛ծ բա՛յ լոնրալ.
 Ար ո-ԲԱՈՒ՛ր—ԵԱՐ ԵԱՇՈՒՅ՛ ԸԱՐԵ ՉՈ ԸԵՕ,
 'Շար ար լալնցե չո իւղն ա տա՛ բա՛յ 'ղ ար.

II.

Երա՛ 'ղ ԵԱՆԵԱ՛ծ ա իե՛լ չո լիւ՛ց ա լճե՛լեա՛ծ
 'Ո՛ր ար ծ-լիւ՛ղն, ծալլե՛ծքա քիսոն՝ ծ՛ղ չեւ՛;
 Օ՛՜՜ չեալտալն քա՛ն, իե՛լ լու՛ծ քա լե՛լ,
 Օ՛՜՜ լու՛ղն ԵԱՐԵ, ծ՛ ԵԱՐԵ՛ 'ջար ծ՛ ԵԱ՛;
 Ո՛ր, ծո 'ղ լալնալ ԵԱՐ ԵԱՐԵԱ՛ծ ա լու՛ծ
 Օ՛ր քոնն ՆԱ ԵԱՐԵ ծալլե, մար լճա՛ծ;
 Օ՛՜՜ ՆԱ ԵԱՐԵ՛՛՛ լու՛ղն տա լե ո-ԵԱ՛ լու՛ծ
 ԵԱՐ ԵԱՐԵ՛՛՛ 'ղն ա լու՛ղն չաղ լիւ, չաղ ճա՛ծ.

VII.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thee, hung weeping o'er his way !

VIII.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle !—
 And still the lovelier for thy tears—
 For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,
 'Tis Heaven's own glance, when it appears.

IX.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
 But, when indeed they come, divine,
 The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine.

—:o:—

OH! BANQUET NOT.

AIR—" *Planxty Irwine.*"

I.

Oh! banquet not in those shining bowers,
 Where youth resorts; but come to me,
 For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
 More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
 And there we shall have our feast of tears,
 And many a cup in silence pour;—
 Our guests, the shades former years,
 Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

II.

Then, while the myrtle's withering boughs
 Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
 We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
 To friends long lost—the chang'd, the dead.
 Or, as some blighted laurel waves
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 We'll drink to those neglected graves
 Where valor sleeps, unnamed, forgot.

buð aon de na h-ajsljn'.

Fonh—Abnan na 3-Coilte.

I.

buð aon de na h-ajrljn' bejn ceol lejr 'ra n-ojðce
 Wan flam eatnom ramrajd dul tnearna ðan cnojde
 An fíle bjðear bajðte le nojm-njeamajjn a 3-ceo,
 'S an raojal aét a njlreacé uajð ealuðte 3o deo.

II.

Sj an ajll ajre 'rnam cuje tnearna ó 'h tojnn,
 Le 'n 3naðac do bejð ðanað cneac' 'Ejneann 3o bjnn;
 'S ó jnnjr 3lar Ojnr 3o cuan 3lean' na 3-cnaob,
 bj 3aeé an 3eup-aðajne '3 a r3apað ajn 3ac taob.

III.

O'ejr co'ad 'r bj an la3-fuajm a ðon3bu3að le r3ið,
 Or cionn na h-apd nejde, 'najb an t-jolaj 'nn a luðe,
 'S le eagla 3o n-ea3pað an rj3-ðeol do 3ajjn
 bjnn-ðeol an mac-ala,—a talajne ajn, fajjn.

IV.

Do raojpað 3ac fan-fuajm nan b' fejdjn le cluar,
 Do clujnrcajl 3o h-fjriol bejð '3 a duraét fuar,
 Ajn bajrajb na rjabta,—neam ajnjd na m-beann,
 Najb an ceol d' eu3 ajn talaj 3' a aét-beoðacan ann.

V.

Na tójs ajn, 'r fe aj3 éjrteacé le ceolta bjnn' buan',
 Cu3 d' a ajnn brij3 ajnjd le n-a ðorajne ó fuan
 'S ó foracé an bajr;—da 3-clujnrfeað rci3 beo,
 'Wan rud ajn mac-alla beajfaj d' ajnn 3o deo.

VI.

Wan rud da m-bejðeað bajðte 'noj d' ajnn raoj r3ajl,
 bnrfeað amac ann am tpaðamajl, ó 'h rmujd dub do ðajl,
 'S tpið cianca pað ama, bejð d' abnajn 'r do cuað,
 Le cnojdé 'r 3uð 'Ejneann '3 a 3-canað 'r '3 a luað.

'Twas ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

AIR—" *The Song of the Woods.*"

I.

'Twas one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought,
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

II.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinas' green Isle to Glenna's wooded shore.

III.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way lov'd to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain choir,
As if loath to let song so enchanting expire.

IV.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceas'd upon earth was awaking again.

V.

Oh! forgive, if, while list'ning to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame :

VI.

"Even so, tho' thy mem'ry should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song."

'S NAČ B-FAŠWUJO Ó ČRUJNNUŠAÐ WAN SÓ
CJÚTUŠAÐ LÁN.

Fonh—Nfl flor ahl.

I.

'S nač b-fašmujo ó črujnnušađ maŋ ro cjuťušađ lan
Ahl fon na m-blađanta mearž cojzrujž' do bfl.
'S capuđ amlrune na h-óže ó'n eulužgear le fan,
Wo čmčoll čo ruajne a'r bfl 'n uajl rih a ž-cmojde.
Cjđ fojllrizeann aŋ malađ loŋž rneac̃ta na h-aolre
Wan na h-Alpa ahl a rineann dul rjór dfl an žuajl
A žače: bejđmujo euduž le óž-mór' na baolre
Čna rihh a bejč larca ran b-flejđ ro le ffon.

II.

Nač močužamajl na cuhnhjđ člž oŋajhl le lhh,
Aŋ ž-capuđe 'nfl fejcrhč, 'ra 'bejč'nfl eirceac̃t a
h-žuč!
'S žac bŋón, a'r žac žajndeas ahl a majl aca rohlh
A črujnnušađ maŋ čajrlb an lae nae žo člž.
Wan lejčreac̃' neah-leuŋžac̃' do lejžčean 'ra čnač,
W-bjđeann na dilleož' ahl ažajđ' na laruač čeo,
Jr jomđa močušađ naŋ čmočnujžead behl čažan a'r žnađ
Fleac̃ čelžuač maŋ ro 'mač žo rojčreac̃ a'r žo beo.

III.

Wan ro čnač dūhlh rŋneac̃ aŋ reolca žo cuhnhac̃
Čum aŋajr aŋ h-óže člžd muihl buanča aŋ m-bjč,
Do čjđmujo aŋž bneac̃nušađ člžd na čonca žo raŋneac̃
Wóŋan dojžče luŋž-bhlrce flor rihč 'nna lujde.
Ac̃t fŋr le lhh deapac̃ad ahl deŋre na m-blač,
Szejč ržejhl' aluhl' žanŋđa člžd jomlan ahl čuajl,
bjđeann feac̃ žeanhl amlrune aŋ ž-ceuđfađ' faol ržac̃
'S člž aolbhjŋ na h-óže člžd ahlhl aŋ ruajl.

IV.

Ča an ŋaožal ro čo neah-buan 'raŋ h-am ahl čo žeanhl
Nač b-fažam' ahl aŋ ž-capuđe, ac̃t laž-leuŋ neah-
žhlh,
'Sur 'r jomđa ržajč ruajlčŋr do čuťear ahl lan
De djebaŋ čmojde ceanahal' žan duhlh, le na rohlh.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Tho' haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of life may be stealing;—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tint of youth's roses again.

II.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
When held to the flame, will steal out on the sight,—
So, many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

III.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft' we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flow'rs,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

IV.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft' even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it near.

Q! nson mōn an muanizn n-ér c'risoc'nužad an m-bje
 bejē rejlb ajn aorbnear zan c'isoc' 'zur zan ržajl,
 Ns'l ačt rmiž no bneje-lamhe ajs dešc'nužad 'ra c-rljže
 Q n-a česle ran c-raožal ro a n-dan dūnn le pažajl.

V.

Ačt jr amlajd, jr mō 'n b-fajlce, 'r an m-beannačt le linn
 Cuajnt anam an c-rjomra ajs cōžbajl an ž-cnoide,
 Eulujžear tpa rcapam' a'r ciz tpa b'deam' cnuinn,
 Wan na tear-eunlajd 'ž ejc'oll ajs an žejmrad cup
 raoi.
 'Nojr rul do n-olam' tužad reanc-cuman žeall,
 'Cup čant na cuajce 'r a bneje, lam ajn lam,
 Co luac' 'r jonročar žajndeas no dubiōn aon ball
 Žo ž-cuieč'd' lejr jomlan an c-rlabnrajd le dajm.



TÉJŽ ČRNJŌ AN OŽWAN 'ŽUS ČŌJNJS ŽAČ OAJL.

Fonh—Plancti O'Pažallaž.

I.

Téjž čnřd an domān 'zur čōjnjs žač dāsl,—
 'S nř b-fujž ajc čō raoi a'r čā ajs Fīle le Pažajl;
 Wan řujreōž an aer do řejnhear žo bjnn,
 'S mař an řujreōž a ržejē anñ žač ajc a řinn,
 Snuč ceořl do řučear žo c'ūn řřon řeo,
 'S nač c'romujžeanñ a řarri žo deo.
 Čā dō-ran an raožal, mař ajc cōnnujde řjže
 'W-břdeann řjad a řnnc le linn žeallajže na h-ojčce,
 'S ma řnlcear an řajnreōž ajri a leažad a ž-cējm,
 Čum řajnreōjs' nřor žlajre, řūd leo de lējm.
 Wan řūd ma čjž dubačan ajri řjamr' no řjč
 Čum řjamr' ejle tejdeann 'ra c-rljže.

II.

Čja d' éřnočad de 'n deire jr řřamāmla blāč
 Žan řile 'ž a cōnnēud řřon řri řaoi řžāč,
 Le leuř c'noj-čuařnt na žeallajže, řažčar nēř řžeuł,
 Na řejče a čajlcear ajri čalam řaoi řeuł.

Ah! well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
 For, a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

V.

But, come! the more rare such delight to the heart,
 The more we should welcome, and bless them the more:
 They're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,
 Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
 Let Sympathy pledge us,—thro' pleasure, thro' pain,—
 That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

—:o:—

THE WANDERING BARD.

. AIR—“*Planxty O'Reilly.*”

I.

What life like that of the bard can be—
 The wandering bard, who roams as free
 As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
 And, like that lark, a music brings
 Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
 A fount that for ever flows?
 The world's to him like some play-ground,
 Where fairies dance their moonlight round;
 If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
 The elves but seek some greener sod:
 So, when less bright his scene of glee,
 To another away flies he!

II.

Oh! what would have been young Beauty's doom,
 Without a bard to fix her bloom?
 They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
 Things lost in this dark world are found:

So, charms on earth long pass'd and gone,
 In the poet's lay live on.
 Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
 You've only to give them all to him,
 Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
 Can lend them life, this life beyond,
 And fix them high in Poesy's sky,—
 Young stars that never die!

III.

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes;
 For, though he hath countless airy homes,
 To which his wing excursive roves,
 Yet still, from time to time, he loves
 To light upon earth, and find such cheer
 As brightens our banquet here.
 No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
 You've only to light up kind young eyes,
 Such signal-fires as here are given,—
 And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
 The minute such call to love or mirth
 Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

—:o:—

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

AIR—“*Peggy Bawn.*”

I.

They came from a land beyond the sea;
 And now, o'er the western main,
 Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
 From the sunny land of Spain.
 “Oh! where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,—
 Our destin'd home or grave?”
 Thus sung they, as by the morning beams,
 They swept th' Atlantic wave.

II.

And, lo, where, afar o'er ocean, shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
 Whose light thro' the wave was seen.

Sí Jhorr Fajl! sí Jhorr Fajl!

'Seinnead ó 'h mhúin go bhínn,

A g-comhghaígearh an raon 'r an tneun néinn cail'

Fneagad anís ó 'h toinn.

III.

'Noir d' iompuijs éum na roin-mhúin gearc

Raib moiz a h-Dé an lae

Teilgearh go ghrannhann ainn a dearc.

'Sgeit ainn aeri 'r ainn uirz' a nae.

Acc hí raib aon deora ainn duil' no ainn fód

No, ainn mhúin, no ainn aeri aon ríáil

Tua éóiz ainn ríngearh 'huar an ríód

Ainn éuan na h-Jhorr Fajl.

—:o:—

CJÖ ZUN TÁJR LJÖW AN FLEJO.

Fonn—Slan leat Eamoin.

I.

Cid zun táin lóm an fleid, fuannair cuinnead a rnear-
cail,

Sabfainn tóga' b-fuyl aiz borid boct le cup ainn an
g-clan,

beid fuilid zeal', lonnac' do d' failtuizad le geartcail,

Azur gíollaect an cúman ainn an b-fleid 'cup barr.

II.

Jr néinn coramhail zun euluiz níjs an t-raoizal ro ó éeallac

An te úd d'a éuizair moinn mhóir de do ghaol;

Sabfainn tabairtair jr aille no táinte go ballac

A foilríuizad a coir-céim a ríubal anhr an t-rlíze.

III.

Le raoirre na h-íntíne nac feidhri a éarad

Le táin-ceannar tneun bíc, ó díne'ar na rííze

bídear zan cuibríjs ainn eiríill, 'zur aizne raoi larað

Le dóijs 'g ionruide 'h loénain a íantuíjs a énoide.

"'Tis Innisfail! 'tis Innis-fail!"

Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

III.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

—:o:—

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

AIR—"Farewell, Edmond."

I.

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
Eyes beaming with welcome shall throng round to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

II.

And, tho' Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest, her favoring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift all her treasures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

III.

'Tis that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a clear conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart and no chain on the pinion,
Holds upward its course to the light which it loves.

IV.

Jr ro iad a beirtear d' a beača a díre,

Azur leir, cíd zo b-fuyl a éirte no-žann,
bideann raon-zaete a žaruda zo mór-mór nfor mlre
'Na an túr tearic m-bideann uabair ajs fažair tar-
neamh -nn.

V.

Tarriaid a'r ma 'r feidh le fleid boct an íle

Do éarriann, ó mhóidact, zeabfainn, níl fe an díoga,
Azur cluinnéar na bhinn ceoilte bearrar duir bile
Wo mha tearic' ajs rmižead ajs teact le mo taob.

—:o:—

A RUJN CUJN OHT 'SA TRĀČ.

Fonh—Cuma ljon.

I.

A nún, cumn oht 'ra trāč,

Na zaete ro roilreac žuanmhar',
'S éar an iohir tá žlar faoi blač
béarpad éu zo claomhar.

Sžlača Amel zo fór a nian
Lan ržair luid-e-lae nfor ršnead'
Ain érič čo dear ain žac taob,
'S le airtor do éričde 'ž a lšonad.

II.

Waža 'm-bidean earriac zo deo
'Fuipeact zo deo neamh-ržactmhar
Le zaete na žnehe teo
Žan ržiač act a deora blačmhar'.

Wearž cmaoba muirčl, and-cmajs'
Zo teann 'r zo bažnac ruidče
Wan mhalaid laoič neamh-laž
Rajb orna cmaob žnad' fįžte,

III.

Jnne čo h-ún žan ržic

Nac rajb eun a nian nac rearpad
ajs eirjoll dó 'ra r-rlįže

'Cum cuamit ariča, 'nuar nac ž-carpad.

IV.

'Tis this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
 And, with this, tho' of all other treasures bereav'd,
 The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
 Than the costliest incense Pomp e'er receiv'd.

V.

Then, come: if a board so untempting hath power
 To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
 And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
 Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

—:o:—

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

AIR—"Cuma liom."

I.

Fairest! put on awhile
 These pinions of light I bring thee,
 And o'er thy own Green Isle
 In fancy let me wing thee.
 Never did Ariel's plume
 At golden sunset hover
 O'er scenes so full of bloom
 As I shall waft thee over.

II.

Fields, where the Spring delays,
 And fearlessly meets the ardor
 Of the warm Summer's gaze,
 With only her tears to guard her.
 Rocks, through myrtle boughs
 In grace majestic frowning;
 Like some bold warrior's brows
 That Love hath just been crowning.

III.

Islets, so freshly fair,
 That never hath bird come nigh them,
 But from his course through air
 He hath been won down by them;

Տո՛ւ ըմբռնի՛ր ինձ և ինձի խնայե՛լս
 Եւ ինձի խնայե՛լս ինձի խնայե՛լս
 Եւ ինձի խնայե՛լս ինձի խնայե՛լս
 Եւ ինձի խնայե՛լս ինձի խնայե՛լս

IV.

Լօճա ա մ-Կիճեան Դեանիյն ՚Դա Լիդ
 'Տ լայրե Լե Դեօրե Լօնիյն,
 Ըօ շալ Լեյր ղա Դեօրա Ըրույն
 Ըօ լիճ օ Ըօ ինիլն շրիանիյն'.
 'Տ շլեանտա ա Կ-Բաճան անդա Դան
 Ան իյն օ Կրուժ Կորն-Շալիճե,
 'Տ լալիճ Եյր Բաճաճ Կան
 Ըօ 'Դեօլայն Դաօր' 'Եյրեան Ըօճե.

'S gleannta a b-fağann annta ruan
An mhull ó bhuic boirb-ğaoiðe,
'S callað beirri farğað buan
Do 'reoltaið raon' 'Eipeann coirðe.

V.

Cofad a'r bēidear—'r a b-fuyl dear a'r mōr
 Le aīēor do cīoīde 'z a līonad',
 Wa bīdeann cum uall' zo leor
 Ar do ēfī fēīn zīādaē aīz claoīad,
 O! bīdead, ar tūr, zeur-caoīd'
 Or cīonn uabāīn zo bīōīīār,
 Zūr īīll lam fēār aī cīsc
 'Cum Oīa nā n-dūl cō zīōīīār.

—:0:—

ajr žajojn ar z-baĉa.

Fonn—Nór beaz an Fõgmajr.

I.

Այն իմայնն ար մեաճա 'ր ա ճնոն քոր քառ ղգա՛ծ,
 'Տ աղ ղամբա 'Յ ա քոլլրլսչա՛ծ Յո հ-նն այն ար ղլի՛ջե,
 'Նսայն իր լիկն քնն աղ քառչա՛ծ աճա յոյկան քառ ճլա՛ծ,
 'Տա լար տա 'ն-ար ծ-տիմձոլլ ղլՅ ղջե՛լե զ 'ն Յ-քոյձե.
 Ո՛ր յնարա՛նիս ղա՛ծ, քնե՛ծ մե 'րաղ աղ նձ ծո 'ն յրա՛ծ,
 ճե՛լ յաճա՛տա մար 'ր ծաղ քառ ճննՅ ճնլե 'ջսր աղ
 Ծո ղիմճեա՛ծ 'ր ծո յն:նի՛նն իրաճ յրանիար ղն աղ տրա՛ծ,
 Ա՛ւր իր տաճարա՛յճե աղ ճման յ-նր եոլսչա՛ծ ծո 'ն մ-քառ:

N1 ʒnaɾaŋaɪ! ɾeəð, ɕɾeɪð me 'ɾaŋ aŋ ũð do 'ŋ ʒɾaəð,
 ɬeɪɕ ɱaʒaɭta ɱaɪ 'ɾ dual ɾaɔɪ ɕuɪŋʒ ɕeɪle 'ʒuɾ aɔɪɾ
 ɔo ɾɪŋʒeəð 'ɾ do ɲu:ɲɪʒɪn bɾeəʒ ʒɱaɪaŋaɪ ɾe aŋ ɕɾaəɕ,
 ʌɕ ɪɾ ɕeəʒaɪaɪʒe aŋ ɕuɱaŋ ŋ-éɪɾ eoluʒaəð do 'ŋ ɱ-baɔɪɾ.

Types, sweet maid, of thee,
 Whose look, whose blush inviting,
 Never did Love yet see
 From Heav'n without alighting.

IV.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
 And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
 Bright as the tears thy lid
 Lets fall in lonely weeping.
 Glens, where Ocean comes
 To 'scape the wild winds' rancor,
 And Harbors, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

V.

Then, if while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thy own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 Oh! let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious,
 Thinking how man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious!

—:o:—

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR—" *The Little Harvest Rose.*"

I.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin;
 When we live in a bright beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
 Oh! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love, as in hours of less transport we may:—
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is truest when these fade away.

II.

'Ուայր Իմէջեար չաղ բլլեաճ ըջալէ ար Դժիշե յօ ծեօ
 Ձար ծլլեօջ 'Յ ա թօլաճ ԼԵ ԲԱՊԱ 'ԲԱ Ե-ԴԻՄԷ,
 'Ուայր ԵԼԱԲԱՐ ար ըջաԼԵ ԼԵ ԴԻԱՄԻՐ՝ ԼՈՊԱԾ ԵՅՕ
 ԽԻԱՅՈՆ ԵՄՆ ԵՄԱԾ ԵՄԼԵ ԵՂԱ ԴՅՈՐ ԹԵԱՐԵԾ, ԴՍԻ.
 ՏԱԾ, ԲԱԾ ԵՂ Ե-ԱՄ Ե Մ-ԵԻԾԵԱՊՊ ԹԵԱՐԵ-ԸՄԱՊՊ ԵՄՈՐԾԵ
 ԲՅՈԼԼԻՐԱՅԱԾ ԴԻԼԹԵ ՊԱԾ Դ ԵՄԻՅԵԱՊՊ ԴԻԱՄԲԱ ՅՕ Խ-ԵՄՅ
 ՅՊԱԾ ԵՅԻՄԷԱՐ ԵՐ ԵՄԱՊԹԵԱԾ, ՄԱՐ ԵՂ Մ-ԵՄԱՊԹԵԱԾ ԴՅՈՐ ԵԻԾ
 'Ո ՅՊԱԾ Ե ՅԼԷԱՐ ԼԵ ԵԼԱԾԷ, ՊՏԼ ՄԱՐ ԵԼԱԾԷ ԵՂՊ, —ԱԾԷ
 ԵՊԵՄՅ.

III.

Ա Յ-ԵՄԻԵԼԵ ՅԵԱԼ՝ ՅՊԻԱՊՊԱՐ՝ ՅԻԾ ԻՐ ԵՂԵԻՊ Ե Մ-ԵԼԱԾ
 ԻՐ ԼԱՅ Ե ԵՂ ԵԼԱԾ Դ Պ-Ե ՅՕՅԱՐՊ, ԵՐ ԲԱՊՊ;
 ՏԻ ԵՂ ԴԲԵՄԻ ԲԵՊՆ ԵՂ ԵԵԱԾԱԾ ԲԱՅ ԴԵՄԼԵԱԼԵ ԵՐ ԲԱՅ ԴՅԱԷ
 ԵՅԻՐ 'ՄԱԾ Ե ՄԻԼԵԱԾԷ ՅՕ Խ-ԻՄԼԱՊ ՊԵԱՊ-ՅԱՊՊ.
 ԱՐ ԴՄՈՆԴԱ, ԹԵԱԾ ԼԱՐԵԱՐ ՊԱ Խ-ԱՆԸԼԱՅՈՆԵԱ ԵԵՕ,
 ԱԾԷ Ե Մ-ԵՄՈՆ, ԹԵԱԾ Ե ԲԵԼԷԷԱՐ ԵՂ ԸՄԱՊ յՂԱ ԲԻՅՈՐ,
 ԵԻԾ ԵՐ ԴՄԻՅԻԾ Ե ԲՅՈԼԼԻՐԱՅԱԾ ԵՂ Դ-ԵՄՐ ԵՂԱԼԱ ԴԴ,
 ԱՐ ԵԵՈՐԱ ԵԱՐԱՊԱՊՅԷԱՐ Ե ՄԻԼԵԱԾԷ ՅՕ ԲԻՅՈՐ.

—:o:—

ԱԲՐԱՆ ՈՅՅԵՆ ԼԱԵ ԱՆ ԸՓՅԱՅԾ.

ԲՅՈՊ—ԵՄԱՐԵԼՊ ԼԱՊ.

I.

ԸՕ ԵՂԵ ԵՐ ԵՂԱՄՅԻԾ ԵՅՕ
 ԵՅԻԾՄՅԻԾ 'ՄԱՊԱԾ ԵՂՊ ԵՂ ՅԼԵՕ,
 ԼԵ ԵՅԻԷ ԵՄԱԾԱԾ, ՊՕ ԵՂՊ ԵՂ ԵՂ 'Պ-ԱՐ ԼԱՅԾԵ:
 ԵՂ ԵՂ ՊԱՅԻՊ ԲԱՊՊԱՅԱԾ ԵԱՊ
 'ՅՄ ԼԵ ԲԻՅՈՐ ԵՂ ԴՅԱԼԱ ԼԱՊ,
 'Տ ՕԼԱՄ՝ ԵԵՕ, ԴՅՈՊՊ ԴՄՊՊ ԵՂԱԼԼ ԵՂՊ ԵՂ Ե-ԴԼԻՅԵ, ԵՂՊ ԵՂ
 Ե-ԴԼԻՅԵ,
 'Տ ՕԼԱՄ՝ ԵԵՕ ԴՅՈՊՊ ԴՄՊՊ ԵՂԱԼԼ ԵՂՊ ԵՂ Ե-ԴԼԻՅԵ.

II.

ԵՂԻ ԲԱՐԼԵ ԴԻՐՊՅ ԴՅՈՊՊ,
 ԵՄԻԼԵԱՊՊ 'ՄԱԾ ՅՕ ԴՄՊՊ ԵԵՈՐ,
 ԵՄԵԱՊՊԱՅԱԾ ԵՂ Յ-ԵԱՊԻԵ ԲԱՅԱԾ ԵՂՊԱԾ Ե Յ-ԸԼ,

II.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
 Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew:
 Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
 But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

III.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
 Their sighs have no freshness, their odor no worth;
 'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers
 That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
 So it is not 'mid splendor, prosperity, mirth,
 That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
 To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
 But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.



SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME, THE NINTH CENTURY.

AIR—" *Cruiskín Lán*."

I.

To-morrow, comrade, we
 On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer, or both lie low!
 The morning-star is up,—
 But there's wine still in the cup,
 And we'll take another quaff ere we go, boy, go:
 We'll take another quaff ere we go.

II.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
 A passing tear will rise,
 When we think of the friends we leave lone;

Աժժ դաճ Երեւոյն Երեւ իւր Երեւոյն

Շօ՛ւմ տա իշխան իշխանս իւր

'Տ Երեւոյն Երեւոյն' ապա յայն Երեւոյն ապա իւր,

'Տ Երեւոյն Երեւոյն' ապա յայն Երեւոյն ապա իւր.

III.

Երեւոյն իւր Երեւոյն,—

Ապա իւր Երեւոյն 'Երեւոյն ապա

Ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա յայն Երեւոյն իւր:

Ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա յայն

Երեւոյն Երեւոյն 'Երեւոյն ապա իւր

Աժժ դաճ Երեւոյն—Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն իւր,—Երեւոյն
ապա իւր,

Աժժ դաճ Երեւոյն—Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն իւր.

IV.

Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն, ապա

Երեւոյն Երեւոյն իւր Երեւոյն Երեւոյն

Երեւոյն Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա իւր:

Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա իւր

'Տ Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն Երեւոյն

'Տ ապա իւր Երեւոյն 'Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա իւր

'Տ ապա իւր Երեւոյն 'Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն

—:o:—

Երեւոյն Երեւոյն Երեւոյն.

Երեւոյն—Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն.

I.

Երեւոյն Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն

Ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն,

Երեւոյն 'Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն 'Երեւոյն ապա իւր

ապա իւր 'Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա իւր.

"Ապա իւր Երեւոյն," ապա իւր Երեւոյն,

"Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա իւր,

Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն

Երեւոյն ապա իւր Երեւոյն ապա իւր.

But what can wailing do?
 See, our goblet's weeping too!
 With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
 With its tears we'll chase away our own.

III.

But daylight's stealing on;—
 The last that o'er us shone
 Saw our children around us play:
 The next—ah! where shall we
 From those rosy urchins be?
 But—no matter—grasp the sword, and away, boy away
 No matter—grasp the sword, and away!

IV.

Let those, who brook the chain
 Of Saxon or of Dane,
 Ignobly by their firesides stay;
 One sigh to home be given,
 One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
 Then for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
 Then for Erin and her cause, hurra!

—:o:—

AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

AIR—“*The Boyne Water.*”

I.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
 The Boyne's ill-fated river,
 She saw where Discord, in the tide,
 Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
 “Lie hid,” she cried, “ye venom'd darts,
 Where mortal eye may shun you.
 Lie hid: the stain of manly hearts,
 That bled for me, is on you.”

II.

Aēt tā 'zul 'r a zuīdē zan aon bṛiḡ,
 Wap foīllrizear baiṭe baṇa;
 Aṇ andṛear 'bīanṭamāil tīz zan rḡiṭ
 Azur teīdeanṇ 'r t-rṛuṭ le fāṇa:
 'Sur beīn ar zaeṭe ṇīmāṇāil teo,
 'z a rḡaoleaḍ zo teanṇ tṛeunṇān
 Wearḡ daoīne a tā buīle-beo
 'Sa z-conḡbāil zo rīon, leunṇān.

III.

Wo ṇuān zo ēīrīṇṇ ṇa rúl tāīr'
 Aīn bṛuac ṇa boīṇṇe rīṇṭe;
 Tīzeanṇ aīndṛear zan aon tuiṇre aīn aīr,
 'S a tāīrḡ' le zaeṭe lṣonṭa.
 "O Ōīa! 'm-bēīḍ tīarṇa! le tṛomṇ zūṭ
 Aīn m' aṇṣōḡ,—lā 'zur oīḍce?"
 Szneadanṇ, a'r fṛeazṇar Oeāṇon ō ṇ-tṛṛuṭ,
 "Nī beīḍ, ṇī beīḍ, a cōīḍce."

—:o:—

bejṭ sṛúbāl tṛj cṛujṇnead lān de cṛāḍ.

Fonṇ—Sṛúbāil a Rūṇ.

I.

bejṭ sṛúbāl tṛj cṛujṇnead lān de cṛāḍ,
 'S de cūṇa faoi zur d' eulūḡ aṇ blaṭ,
 Szap rūīle meanḡac' 'r ceolṭa bīṇ
 Aīn fūd aṇ cōrāṇ le ṇ-aī līṇ,
 Sūd, rūd, aṇ fōd zo deo
 beīdear aīn zāc ṇeac d' a b-fanḡaīḍ beo
 'N ēīr euḡ ṇa z-caīṇad cūaīḍ faoi fuan
 'S a rīleāḍ, 'd-fanḡaīḍ līṇ zo buan.

II.

Cīḍ tā dṛeam ōḡa 'fār zāc lā,
 Nī dūīṇ tā a rṇīzead 'ṇ-dān ra tṛaṭ,
 Tā 'teartāil uacā aṇ lōcṛān rīḡe,
 Nac b-faḡṭan aṭṭ le zeān aṇ cṛoīḍe

II.

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
 As Time too well hath taught her—
 Each year the Fiend returns again,
 And dives into that water,
 And brings, triumphant, from beneath
 His shafts of desolation,
 And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
 Through all her mad'ning nation.

III.

Alas, for her who sits and mourns,
 Ev'n now, beside that river! —
 Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
 And stor'd is still his quiver.
 "When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
 She weeping asks for ever :
 But only hears, from out that flood,
 The Demon answer, "Never!"

—:o:—

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

AIR—"Siubhal a Rúin"

I.

Alone in crowds to wander on,
 And feel that all the charm is gone
 Which voices dear and eyes lov'd
 Shed round us once, where'er we rov'd—
 This, this the doom must be
 Of all who've lov'd, and liv'd to see
 The few bright things they thought would stay
 For ever near them, fly away.

II.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
 Their smiles to others all belong,
 And want that charm which dwells alone
 Round those the fond heart calls its own.

Ca b-fuſl, ca b-fuſl an mallaſd mſn
 No an comſad ceannamhal, ceolmarn, caoſn,
 Cſd tām 'za d-tōmſgeačt aſn zac dāſl,
 A loſz, m'ſl ſanaoſn! le ſāzāſl.

III.

Ta ſtuam lučt cumčā zan aon bſmſ
 Wam d-tiſ leiſ dūſačt aſn an ſ-cſoſde
 Zac clāſt čuſ dūmſn ſuſle beo
 Ta ſanaoſn! baſčte 'hoſſ ſaoſ čeo.
 Nſ ſuſa cſoſde an te tā cſom
 ſaoſ uallač aoſſe a'r buaſnead cſom,
 Le tēazāſn ſamſ' aſſr a čeiſgead.
 No, a čabaſſe aſn aſſr ó leaba cſeād.

—:o:—

JS TŲUAſ ZAN WÉ A B-ŲŌČAN SŲUČ'.

Fonſ—b'ſeapſn lſom zo m-beiſdſn aſn an ſ-cſnoc ūd čall.

I.

Jſ tŲuaſ zan mē a b-ŲŌČan ſŲuČ'
 Na loča cſūmſan' bſmſač' duſ',
 Aſn a d-čeiſdeanſ aſčſmſiſ ó 'n t-ſaoſal ſoſmſ ſae
 Aſn eiſiſ' baſſ, ſul dul ſaoſ 'n ſ-cſſe:
 Aſn ſſn do ſeabſſanſ dſdſon 'ſ cuan
 'S a b-ſad ó 'n t-ſaoſal tā mealltač,—ſuan;
 Nſ ſoſllſeād ſſan;—aſſ ſſamſ' 'ſ a čeiſſ
 Nſ čuſſſſſſſ ſeapd' a čoiſče ſeiſſ.

II.

Aſ t-aepſ man čſll zan leačta bſč,
 ſuamſ cſom na ſŲuČ' nač b-ſeiſčteapſ ſaoſ;
 Na dſlleoſ' cſſſon ó bapſ na ſ-cſanſ,
 Wam čaſbſſd luarzan čan do ceanſ;
 So ſſad, ſo ſſad 'beſſ do 'n cſoſde
 ſſoſ aſſ čluan an t-ſaoſal 'ſ neamſ-bſmſ,
 'Sſr man na ſſlleoſ' le cſſn cſom'
 beſſ buſll 'na uaſſe ſŲuaſſte cſom'.

III.

Aſ čſoneall ſoſſſeād duſſn do laſ,
 Čum codlač ſāzāſl do cuſſſteapſ aſ,
 Wam ſūd zac doſſe do ſŲuaſ an cſoſde
 Čum ſuamſſſſ ſealbūzād jſ dual do claoiſd.

Where, where the sunny brow?
 The long-known voice—where are they now?
 Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
 The silence answers all too plain.

III.

Oh! what is Fancy's magic worth,
 If all her art cannot call forth
 One bliss like those we felt of old
 From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
 No, no,—her spell is vain,—
 As soon could she bring back again
 Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
 As wake again one bliss they gave.

—:o:—

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

AIR—"I wish I was on yonder hill."

I.

I wish I was by that dim lake
 Where sinful souls their farewell take
 Of this vain world, and half-way lie
 In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
 There, there, far from thee,
 Deceitful world, my home should be;
 Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
 False hope should ne'er deceive again.

II.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
 Of unseen waters falling round,
 The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,—
 Like man unquiet ev'n when dead!
 These, aye, these shall wean
 My soul from life's deluding scene,
 And turn each thought o'ercharg'd with gloom,
 Like willows downward towards the tomb.

III.

As they, who to their couch at night,
 Would win repose, first quench the light,
 So must the hopes that keep this breast
 Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.

Jr fuan, fuan mo énoide do beidear
 Jan aéruižad ó dubacán no ó leir,
 War éobari partuižte a rlabriajd reac
 Jompužear a d-cleizčeari an, 'nha leac.

—:o:—

LEAZ AN LANN LE N-A ČAQB.

Fonh—Da buđ dubac an muii lan.

I.

Leaz an lann le n-a čaob,—nab a čoinžfoll no ffor
 Jan a čur leir 'ran ž-čré an a b-fuyl faoi čam,
 Čnearta an žac am, rul d'an čur ó'n lam raor
 Bf 'bani jompužte 'r é aji teičeac fór 'n-ažajd an nam.
 Co-oihrižte le n-a m-beo, teičeac čum ruaj čaob le čaob,
 War jr cuibe do óir treunham' dul čum ržic,
 An lann somlan an ržac 'nab žean aize a miam
 'S é féin buadac 'ran uajž 'nha luide.

II.

Act éir; óir, a rslm beir aiz eirčeač le žuč
 Teacč a nfor ó 'n ž-čnoide treun a bf dajmahajl le
 buajd
 Fanh pneazajit aji an žeur-žnájž do brij mar čeanh-
 rnuč
 Aji čluajr daoire aiz ruaznad, "brij bur rlabriajd
 čruajde:"
 Azur žajnean ar an uajž an a ž-codlan an luan,
 Čiđ ča la ar d-čoiriž žo rfor faoi čeo,
 Ól na řazajd a lann, neam-žlójmham faoi fuan
 'S čum buajde ča for an, deo.

III.

Oa nžabřad an féin aon čoižuižeač Jan čéim a'r Jan člā
 buajit leat, mo lann féin, řinte an do ržac,
 War čloideam dnoideacča faoi řeulta žo dluc,
 No řill žo h-uajž do čizearha Jan čéim le n-a čřad.
 Act ma řartuižeanh aon lam treun-žajřiž řaoir
 Čleač lann žeał mar ču mjiř 'ran ž-cač le čéim,
 Le blaoid řaoire ližče žo luač mar an čaor
 Ar d' čruajll bi amuiž ariř de léim.

Cold, cold this heart must grow,
 Unmov'd by either joy or woe,
 Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
 Within their current turns to stone.

—:o:—

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

AIR—“*If the sea were ink.*”

I.

Lay his sword by his side, it hath serv'd him too well
 Not to rest near his pillow below;
 To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell,
 Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
 Fellow-lab'ers in life, let them slumber in death,
 Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,
 That sword which he lov'd still unbroken in its sheath,
 And himself unsubdued in his grave.

II.

Yet pause! for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
 As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains;—
 Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
 Once sounded the war-word, “Burst your chains!”
 And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep:
 “Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
 Oh! leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—
 It hath victory's life in it yet!

III.

“Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
 Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
 Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
 Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
 But if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
 Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
 Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
 Leap forth from thy dark sheath again.”

'W-béjō an clarsac zan ceol.

Fonh—Caoine Wic Farlajn.

I.

'W-béjō an clarsac zan ceol, 'zur an ceud fearn euz clú,
 O' an d-cti 'hoir uairn tóžča, ó 'h t-raožal to zo deo,
 W-béjō filjō na h-Éineann, aji an uairn zan aon lúč,
 b-fuil ann fearn toiriž 'r déjž'niž d' a caraid hean beo

II.

Nf bejō, 'r cjd zur fann fuairn an ceol ó h-a beul
 Cjd a criur a bejč bairte faoi ceo, mar a čnoide,
 béarfaid fuazmad 'h diajž rin, lan dubacan na heul.
 Ta aji éirinn, zur lóhnač an néult a čuaid faoi.

III.

Žac ceadfad 'zur cáližeačt le 'ž-cuiričear bairn
 Waire aji daoine, anhr ann aigne úd bš criunn,
 Najb 'anar 'nn an mearž réin, 'hna čoinhujd ann an lan,
 'zur cadružad 'hna diajž rin, ršol Adairn zan noin.

IV.

Cja fe žnađužear Éine, no deapcar an né,
 Črišd a rčaine lom', bāna, ajs eiriže zan ceo,
 Wari čložčeač 'ra b-farač, an aji a b-fuil ré
 'S an žlóin ta 'hna čimčoll, le fejrcint zo deo.

V.

Aon ball aihain dealužče le lannairn mōn-čai,
 O dubacan 'r ó buile na ž-čian bš zan céim,
 'Nuairn a d'eiriž 'r a rpreaž le h-a žačče, Jhir-fai
 'S euz čan teorain na ržlabáčt, čum raoirre, and-léim.

VI.

Cja an neač a d'éirčž a nian le h-a žuč,
 'zur fōr čoirč le lan-tuile 'bneične a čarč,
 Najb fšon-čoban Éineann a rič črišd 'h na rruč
 'S a folružad 'hoir-fairnačt 'zur fōr a hoir-hearč.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

12/25/16
 AIR—"Mac Farlan's Lament."

I.

Shall the Harp then be silent, when he who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave
 Where the first—where the last of the Patriots lies?

II.

No! faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Tho' his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost.

III.

What a union of all the affections and powers,
 By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refin'd,
 Was embrac'd in that spirit, whose centre was ours,
 While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

IV.

Oh! who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
 Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime,
 Like a pyramid rais'd in the desert, where he
 And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

V.

That one lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
 And the madness of ages, when, filled with his soul,
 A nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
 And, for one sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!—

VI.

Who, that ever hath heard him, hath drunk at the source
 Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
 In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
 And the yet untam'd spring of his spirit, are shown!—

VII.

Buan-čajnt teact le řana zan řalljđ mař ačan
 A taorřad ař čuřle čall dořmřn an čnořde,
 'S a tarřajnt čre řcačan a čonņa řđř-lan
 Oealřad 'zur čřuařđ-břuřđ řa řeořde bř řaoř.

VIII.

Cřa čeaddread ře dealuřđče ó čřuřřmřđče, řřamř,
 Ař a čeallac ař b' anřa leř řřac-čomřuřđe anř,
 'Weař čřaņņa 'břon čřre 'r ař lubađ řac čřaob,
 Ařřař člaonřmař le řeuz-řleařđ do čuř ař a čeanņ.

IX.

Teallac do beřř čum ař ř-čumřne, an řear
 Do čeřřđ đe a řačče 'r ař a leaņb do blaorđđ,
 Ořuřđm leř řan řcaņřad, řo eazla, čo řař,
 A řalac a beřř řeřm leřř, řo čřeřče beřř řřaor.

X.

Cřa an řeac do bř đearřad ař buan-čuařřč an řeul
 Čřřđ řřolađ, řo ořľbeřm, řac b-řacařđ řo řřon,
 břđead řořřeac le řľřře, řo řaluřđče řaoř řeul,
 Še ařđuřđče oř čřonņ a čo-amņa řo řřon?

XI.

Cřa an čřuřřuřđđ đe đeura beřř mařre đ' ař m-břđ?
 Ařđ-čeřm břđear řon-řřolta, 'zur čumā břđear řařm,
 'S a řařuřľ le čuřřac a'ř řeamř-řanřđ a čřořde,
 Aņ leaņb 'r an čaon-řřlaņcađ čořřne 'ņņ a ľařm.

XII.

Nřľ aon čřořde do čeaddřuřđ ře řac b-řuřľ řaoř čuřřa,
 řa řuř ealuřđ anņ aonact le ř-a řľřř uařņņ, an řaoř,
 'S řac řřuľřřđ ař a čuama ča čľđča ó'ņ uařm,
 b-řuřľ řřařč řa b-řear eazņa 'zur čřeanřmař 'ņņa ľuřđe.

VII.

An elcquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant with thoughts that shone
through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too !—

VIII.

Who that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread,
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head.

IX.

That home, where, like him who, as fable hath told,
Put rays from his brow, that his child might come near,—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear !—

X.

Is there one who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
At a distance observed him, through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same.

XI.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour—
Of the sweetness we love, of the greatness we praise—
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunder-bolt only pourtrays.

XII.

Oh! no; not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrin'd,
O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind.

ՅԻ 'Ն Ե-ԱՊԱՐԵ ԵՃԵՖԱԾ ՇՐՅԺԵ.

Fonh—Plancti Sudlojd.

I.

ՅԻ 'Ն Ե-ԱՊԱՐԵ ԵՃԵՖԱԾ ՇՐՅԺԵ,

Այ neul moč črjd an ojdče

Լարած clozajd 'r lann

Na pluažta teann,

'Յur ejčjd 'rjnc 'r na žaoča,

Յյռ տա շրեւոյ շրոյճե լեյմոյճաճ,

'Տ շուճ աճարեւոյ ճաճ' ալ ճեյմոյճաճ,

Լե քարայր այ ճլեո.

Օո եարբած շրոճ,

Յայ շրեւոյ շրոյճե Օ 'Ն ճրեյմոյ.

ՅԻ աճ Ե-ԱՊԱՐԵ ԵՃԵՖԱԾ ՇՐՅԺԵ,

Այ neul moč črjd an ojdče

Լարած clozajd 'r lann

Na pluažta teann,

'Յur ejčjd 'rjnc 'r na žaoča.

II.

Նրլ ա ճ-clozajb, ոյ 'նոյ ejčjd աոյ երլճ,

Բարբարլ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ-երլճ,

Ե-քար, մարճ ճաճ ճեյմոյ,

Տա քար ճաճ ճեյմոյ,

Տոճա բարբարլ ճաճ ալ աոյ ճրոյճե.

Բաճ, ալ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ-ճաճ,

Եճաճ ճաճ ճաճ ալ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ-ճաճ,

'Տ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ երլճ,

Տա ճաճ 'Ն ճաճ երլճ

Նաճ ճաճ-ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ-ճաճ.

Ճաճ-ճաճ ճաճ-լանոյ 'Ն ճաճ,

Ճաճ clozajd 'r ballajd ճաճ.

Ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ երլճ,

Ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ ճաճ

Ճաճ ճաճ-ճաճ ճաճ 'Ն ճաճ.

ՅԻ 'Ն Ե-ԱՊԱՐԵ ԵՃԵՖԱԾ ՇՐՅԺԵ

Այ neul moč črjd an ojdče,

Լարած clozajd 'r lann,

Na pluažta teann,

'Յur ejčjd ճաճ 'ճաճ ճաճ.

OH! THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR—" *Plancty Sudley.*"

I.

Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade.
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes in the gay wind dancing!

II.

Yes, 'tis not helm nor feather—
For, ask yon despot whether
His pluméd bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Adorn but Man with freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever:
'Tis heart alone,—
Worth steel and stone,—
That keeps men free for ever!
Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing.

SEJNN, A ČAŌŌ-ČRUJCI

Fonh—Nf'ł f'lor ajn.

I.

Sejnn, a čaom-črujci, dam-ra rejnn
 Ceol ajn an am a bi,
 A durócar le n-a zaeče b'nn'
 b'ron čuimne ann an z-crojde:
 Ceol a mearnócar dújnn am-d-tuad
 Szejc rolujr ajn an rliže,
 'Sur zairzid' mór le bajnd 'z luad,
 'S dojže 'noir, faoi rmújd na h-oidce.
 Sejnn, a črujci čaom, dam-ra rejnn,
 Jt ionnan an z-clan zo deo.
 Do 'n t-raożal ro, feard' ni baiheann rin
 A z-clan amajnn tam' beo.

II.

Nač b'ronač ornaiżeal zaeč' na h-oidce
 Wearz do čeuda fanh!
 Amajl rčairideact tuairirz zuč na riż
 Nan cluinead le pad' ann:
 Zuč cinhfearc 'ta 'noir faoi žal,
 Najb a d-tuac, nejn mear' rion-buan
 'Sur filjd realbad čejm' a'r čajl'
 Jan ajnm 'noir faoi juan.
 A črujci, 'ta ornaiżil zuč na h-oidce,
 Wearz do čeuda fanh,
 Jt d'nihaojn tuairirc zuč na riż
 Le pada nač najb ann.

III.

Đan b' fejdin durt-re blaoc ajn ajr
 Čum na bočan zeuż,
 Na zairzid' d 'éjrc le ac, anoir 'nna d-čair'
 A'r rortac 'néjrc dójb euż.
 Čad fač, nj éjnočajd čuim' le deon,
 bejrc čuimnužad b'újd' clan daon;
 Faż jad, man rin, faoi čan zo leon,
 Ča na majnb amajnn raon.

SING, SWEET HARP.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh! sing to me
Some song of early days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise:—
Some ray that tells of vanish'd flame,
Whose light once round us shone:
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me:
Alike our doom is cast;
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.

II.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by:
Of chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

III.

Couldst thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sat listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mould'ring all;—
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,—
The dead, at least, are free!

Sort, a cínust éinom, ceoíl na h-uairíh',
 Fuairíh fuaznað luíde lae
 Na raoiníre, no 's éiríreáct leat le cúiríh'.
 Teiðeam, fearda' ríor faoi 'n s-críé.

—:o:—

O AÐRÁJN LÚÓJN!

Fonn—Aonac Cille dnonzail.

I.

O Aðrain mójn! cəoíríh Aðrain mójn!
 Ír iondual anhr an oíðce,
 Oo rímuairíh oíre tíra bí me ós
 'Sur luairíneac marí an zaoč.
 Cíð fíubal me beallaíđ cam' an t-raođal
 Aíđ tóiríeáct reuñ a'r ruairíh,
 Ní b-fuairí me an róz buđ cleačtač ljom
 So h-uairíneac airí do cúan.

II.

Buđ mōc airí bíruac na h-aílle me,
 Aíđ fáinuđad an lae le fonn;
 'S mō cíníde cō leimíneac leír na m-baíð
 Bf mīnc airí bárrí na d-tonn:
 No, 'huairí a laruízead an mūrrí dub
 Le óir-rđail lae aíđ dul faoi
 Oo tóiruígear Páirčar anhr a' t-ríuē,
 A larí an lócrairí buíde;

III.

An Páirčar 'a s-comíhuígearíh rđairí na b-Fían
 'O-tíñ aluirí úrrí zan euđ,
 A cídcearí aíđ dul luíde do 'n zíríñ
 Marí rzeuluígearí fílídeáct bíreuz.
 'b-fuail fíñ.ñ' anhr,—'r na "tíđce 'toiríñ,"
 Tá aíđ euluíđad uairíñ zan rđíē,
 'Síad ramíail aírííñđ óíđ' neamí-zmíññ'
 Cō zíríamímarí 'r fórí zan bíuđ.

Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
 That knell of Freedom's day;
 Or, list'ning to its death-like moan,
 Let me, too, die away.

—:o:—

O ARANMORE, LOV'D ARANMORE!

AIR—“*The Fair of Killdronghall.*”

I.

O Aranmore, lov'd Aranmore,
 How oft' I dream of thee,
 And of those days, when, by thy shore,
 I wander'd young and free!
 Full many a path I've trod since then,
 Through pleasure's flowery maze,
 But ne'er could find the bliss again
 I felt in those sweet days.

II.

How bright upon the breezy cliffs
 At sunny morn I've stood,
 With heart as bounding as the skiffs
 That danc'd along thy flood;
 Or, when the western wave grew bright
 With daylight's parting wing,
 Have scught that Eden in the light
 Which dreaming poets sing;

IX.

That Eden where th' immortal brave
 Dwell in a land serene,—
 Whose bow'rs beyond the shining wave
 At sunset, oft' are seen.
 Ah, dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
 Those mansions o'er the main
 Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
 As sunny and as vain!

APPENDIX.

AN DEORAD AS ÉIRIANN.

I.

Čamjo čum na trajaš an deorad ar Eriann,
bud trom, fuar an dñúct ari' fálañ bñ fan;
bñ aiz ornažajl faoi n-a čñi fėñ trā noññ eiriš na žñėñe,
Šúbajl le ari an čnojc 'buañ an ĩuññ, boññ ceann.
Čeapč ré ari neult na maññe zo rari žñññ,
a d'eiriš ari a ĩññ fėñ bñ fáluĩžče leiñ an lan toññ
aññ ari žnačac do bejč reñññ zo čnojdaniñ 'r zo h-arið-bñ
añ t-abññ bñeaž čñaniññ, "Éññe zo bñac!"

II.

"Jr truaž é mo beača," ari 'ñ deorad bočt, čñajčče,
"Fazann an fiač azur an faol-čú faržad aññ žac žleann,
áčť azam-ra ĩñ dñdean o'ñ leuñ 'ññ b-fuññ bññe,
bañle, no ari coññuĩžče, ĩñ b-fuññ azam ari;
Nñ ĩom bejč ariñ aññ a ž-čñaoð-böčañ trññreac
aññ ari čajč mo čeap-rññññ a ĩ-aññññ zo dññreac'
No le blað' aiz žleuñ mo članñññ čum abñññ bñeaž, ĩññ-
reac'
Do čañññññ ar a čeuðajñ bñññ, 'Éññe zo bñac.'

III.

"Éññe! mo čñi fėñ, čñi fažča zo leuññññ
aññ mo ariñññ beññññ čuajññ ari do čuñññ bñeaž,
žññac,
áčť fanaoññ! a d-čñi coĩžñeač, dññžaññ ñeañ-člañññññ,
aiz ornažajl fa mo žaolčajñ ñac čñññ zo bñac;
O mo čñuad čñaññññ, b-fuññ ré a ĩ-dañ dam
'bejč 'reall bñañññññ žañ leañññ bñaožajl zo žnačac
ĩom?
De mo bñacajñññ 'ž mo čadañññ ĩñ bejč aon zo bñac ĩom,
Fuaññ bññ le mo čmaññññ no mo čaoññead d' fañ beo.

No Sir
By Thomas Campbell.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

I.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill;
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of "Erin-go-brath."

II.

"Oh! sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger:
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Ah! never again in the green, sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of 'Erin-go-brath.'"

III.

"Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far, foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
O cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me,—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore."

IV.

"Ca b-fuyl ionruðe mo ðoðari, b-foðari na coille cnaob-
aize?

Ðeiriúna 'zur áðari ar áðari ríð iad ari lani?

Ca b-fuyl an iðaðari bí aiz ariðarl m' óz laeðe?

No ca b-fuyl mo áaride d' áuz a ðeðari orða uil' bari?

Q mo áriðe bionðe, a b-pad faðða zo leaniari

'S mairiz a bí teðari ar an neari-buan reuðari!

'S fari do áiz na deðia uarið buaða 'zur aonari

Áðt ruarar 'zur deðe, ní tiorðað ari ari zo briað.

V.

Áðt 'héir zac' ziaðað cuðne a áorð ríð mo cuðaða

Tiorðað aon ari-ríð ariðari ó mo áriðe;

Éne, beiri deðiað a beaniðað durt le uaða,

Tíri mo áeap-ríðari! Éne a áorðe!

Tia beðeðar mé ríðe an uarið fari na cille

Slar biðeð do maza, 'J' briað na tulle,

'Zur le áorðari ruarð clarið 'reðiað an fíle,

Éne mo mairiðari! Éne zo briað!"

VI.

" Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild-wood ?
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?
And were is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?
O my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain drops, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

V.

" Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw ;—
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers—Erin-go-brath !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green by thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
' Erin mavourneen ! Erin-go-brath.' "

ADDENDA.

СЪЗНАДО И-ЕСТОЈНЕ АСУС АНОНОМАЈЧЕ,

Արծառնէն զի Երեւան ցո Եօրծառնէ,

le seāṣan āpō-easvōṣ tūaṃa.

ANDOWACE—

"A dūne dāna, farlaon tã aīn tī,
 Do barcaid féin, zan īmīd faoi do īhāoi
 'Sur faoi do leanb, cīd zun dōib īr baozal
 A beīc zan coīmīnc, tīēīzēe aīn an faozal,
 Įr onē-ra amāīn, tã an nāmāid uīle, 'brac,
 Įr tu-ra amāīn, īr mīan leo īfīnad 'z-cat,
 Ma 'r leat cūīcīm 'r tīuaż, māī rīn, zan mē,
 Rōīm cūra īmēeact, rīhēe rīor faoi 'n z-cīe
 Ma bīdīm do dīaīz mō bāīncīeūzāc, bēīd mō bīd,
 Maī bīō ēūr, faoi dūbīdōn 'zur faoi cāoi.
 Zan ačāīn, māčāīn, brāčāīn, le mō lō,
 Maolużad mō leatīrōīm, nō, a rōīnc līom rōż.
 Cūīc m' ačāīn mīuīnēac faoi laīn ācūīl žarīz,
 Tīa rīrīor a cāčāīn Teab, an cożad dearīz.
 Act žīd zun cūīc rē anīr an āī nēam-bēo,
 Nīor cāīrbāīn ācūīl earbāīd uīrīaīm dō.
 Aīn cāīn aīre, leāżēa aīn a bāī,
 O' fāz abīac a'r āīm m' ačāīn anī a lāī,
 'Sur d' fār 'n ā tīomcīoll, leamīuīn aīn žac taob,
 Cūīn dīze dīīad, īnżīn' āluīn, jōb,
 Monfēīrāī brāčīa, taca 'ī d' cīż 'zur blac
 Tōīgead uāīn žo h-uīle anī aon lā;
 Do īfīn īad ācūīl mīlēcāc le n-a lān
 Aīn māż a nābādāī' cūīhdāc tīeuda anī.
 Mo māčāīn bāīnīžāī cīfē' nā z-coīlēc dūb,
 Do cūz rē leīr, a'r cāīnēc tīom' le bīuē,

DIALOGUE OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE,

FROM HOMER'S ILIAD.

Translated into English by Alexander Pope.

ANDROMACHE—

“Too daring prince! ah, whither dost thou run?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,—
A widow I, a helpless orphan he!
For sure such courage length of life denies;
And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!
Oh, grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows as they first begun.
No parent now remains my griefs to share,—
No father's aid no mother's tender care.
The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire!
His fate compassion in the victor bred;—
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead;
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,
And laid him decent on the funeral pile;
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burn'd:
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd:
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow
A barren shade, and in his honor grow.
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell,—
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled!
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,—
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:

Aët ceannuiz rí a raoinne o'n zeabál mór.
 Aiz briónad morán maoin do, azur ói.
 buð zeáiri an t-am 'n éir fílead cum a críe'
 Sur fáz zaé Oían í zan aon deo 'nna luíde.
 Aíi fead do mairéarín, azam beidíi zo briac,
 Warí ačairí, mačairí, briacairí, ceile zrađac,
 Aët zlac dam truaize, azriamíu, na bí
 Warí ríocairí mí-ad, aiz do mīac 'r do mīnai :
 Wíre na fáz marí beantneuzac le mo críad
 'Sur é 'nna a dísleacé zan aon tac' no ríacé,
 Aët aní ro fan, ran áit a b-fuyl tnom zeuz
 De crían ríozá. tabairí do na Zneuz',
 Sínte le balla, uairí maic azur ríize
 Le beazán raočairí ionnruíđ ríeac ra Tríize,
 Trí h-uairíe d'feuc leir fíi ir aínide clú,
 Oir na áiacr cumarac le luč,
 'Sur Jodmairí 'r Tuide mīlreac ari a b'-faič
 'S mac Ačrí, Azmon, ceanní na Féadna 'r ríaič
 'S a briacairí Wuílea, reolta le zaéč' Oea
 Na ar a neairí féin mairíneac, zan ríacé."

hector—

Do fíeazairí a céile; "Azam beidí a meamairí
 Do comairíle caomí, cum tabairí uairí zaé cabairí;
 Aët beidíead na fíi 'r mīa lađac' na Tríize
 A ríeic mo clú 'r mo čearcáir leir an zaóč,
 Oa b-fairínn ríarí, marí cladairíe ar na zleo,
 Níđ nac m-beidíead tairíneamíac le mo ríiríod beo
 'Óirí do beic calmač d' fíglam mē zo luac
 A beic d-tíreac, 'meaiz fíor-ríaič na ríuaiz
 Aiz corínt ceannairí m' ačairí marí buđ cóirí
 Azur 'na ceann ríí, corínt fíor mo zlóirí',
 Aët táim fíorac 'r fíor, le mīid lan,
 Zo d-tíocfaiđ an lá a m-beidíđ an ačairí bān,
 A dun 'r a ríiz-lan leaža uile ari lān
 'S an ríiz 'r a dāoine rínte aní an ān.
 Aët nī zóileann amžarí luč' na Tríize,
 No ačairí, mačairí, briacairí, ari mo críide,
 Oo beidíear a' tairíí aiz lairíí tnom na nZneuz
 'Nna 'n uiríí mīorí faoi čarcarí 'zur faoi euz

Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,
 When, ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 She fell a victim to Diana's bow.
 Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
 My father, mother, brethren, all in thee;
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
 Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:
 Oh, prove a husband's and a father's care!
 That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
 Where yon wild fig trees join the wall of Troy;
 Thou from this tower defend the important post;
 There Agamemnon points his dreadful host;
 That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,
 And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.
 Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,
 Or led by hopes, or dictated from Heaven.
 Let others in the field their arms employ,
 But stay, my Hector, here, and guard your Troy."

HECTOR—

The chief replied: "That post shall be my care;
 Not that alone, but all the works of war.
 How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
 And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground,
 Attain the lustre of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
 My early youth was bred to martial pains,
 My soul impels me to the embattled plains:
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.
 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates,—
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)—
 The day when thou, imperial Troy! must bend,
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end,
 And yet no dire pressage so wounds my mind,—
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,—

As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
They cry: 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Imbitters all thy woes, by naming me!
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name!
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
Thy Hector wrapp'd in everlasting sleep,
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground,
Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer:
"O thou! whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers, protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So, when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say, 'This chief transcends his father's fame;
While pleased amid the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

Leir rin do feacaid di an leanaib ós,
 Sin ari a bholac é, 'zur euz dó póg,
 Smi3', 'r érid a rmi3, do bpiur na deon' zo ppar
 Silc 'nuar a leacai3, ó a rui3ib deap',
 O'a peicriur do-ran, cúimil le bor a laimh'
 A h-a3aid cáir, ar labairi léi zo fáimh :

"Wó ceile anrac, 3eanh mo érioidé, cad fac?
 b-puil zo h-anrac, le zeur bpión do d' érad,
 Noim éeact mo lae 'zur m' am, n'l omh bao3al,
 A 3-cumar aon neac, n'l mo cúri de 'h t-ra3aol,
 An t-olc 'r an mhai3, an to3a 'zur an dno3a,
 Nfor ranu3ead an bar bi 'h-dan doib pór a mforh,
 Uime rin, fil a baile 'r a3 an t-reól
 Sabéa, ri3ead le rlin azur le rpól,
 No 'rmaim le fearraid, tneoru3ad do cúid ban
 Ann uile oibne laime 'r rcuame, ran,
 Act de na tno3é uile ari 3ac laoc,
 'Zur omh zo h-aiuidé, tá an cat a 3laoc."

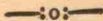
Oo labairi a'r d' fáir3 a cáebair ari a ceann,
 To3 rinne an t-rl3e a fillead cum a lann
 A déaricad riar 'r a3 orhafl zo tpiom, tpi3,
 'S a rilc na deora bo3a, nna lan rpu3.
 Teact di baile, 3uil a'r 3áiri na mha,
 Glacad moimh d'a dubpión zur d' a érad,
 A3 caoinead a ceile, ariail 'r ari3 zo h-euz
 Nari 'h-dan dó éeact, ó laimh 'r ó lann na h3neuz.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms ;
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued :

“Andromache! my soul's far better part !
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom.
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth ;
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save ;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene ;
The field of combat is the sphere for men :
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.”

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,—
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts the eye,
That stream'd at every look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulged her woe.
There, while her tears, deplored the godlike man,
Through all her train the soft infection ran ;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

DÁNCA 'S DÁNCA NA hÉIREANN.



GAELIC MELODIES AND POEMS,

With Metrical Translations and Originals.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.



NEW YORK:
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1880.

CAOJNEAD CJLE CAJS.*

Cnead déanpamaoid feartha gan admad,
 Oiri cá deirlead na g-coillte ari lár?
 Ní l tráct ari Cill Cair na a teaglac,
 'S ní bainfean a cliú go briač.
 An áit úd 'h a g-coimhuigead an deirbhean,
 Fuair gairm ir meidiri éan mhaib,
 b'fdead iarlaide ag carnaing car coirne an,
 'S an t-aipean bhí da ríad.

Ir é mo cneac páda ir mo léan gairt,
 Do gacairde breag náata ari lár,
 An "avenue" gneanhta faoi faochar,
 'S gan forc ari aon taob de 'h "walk!"
 An cúirt breag do ríleac an briaonb,
 'S an gairiad féim go clac,
 'S a leabair na manb do léigcear
 An t-earpog ir "*Lady Iveagh*."

Ní clumim fuaim laa ná gead an,
 Na ríolair ag deahad aoir coir éuar,
 Na ríu ná m-beaca cum raofair,
 Cabarfac mri agur céiri do 'h t-ríuar.
 Ní l ceol bhí mriir ná h-éan an
 Le h-amanc an lae dul uair,
 Na 'h éuaréir a m-bairriab ná h-géag an,
 Do cúirlead an raofal cum ruan.

* The "Lament for Kilcash" is said to be the composition of a young man named Lane, who had been educated for the Catholic priesthood by Lady Iveagh, wife of Col. Thomas Butler, of Kilcash Castle, in the County of Tipperary. The maiden name of Lady Iveagh was Margaret Bourke, being a daughter of William, Earl of Clanrickard. Her first husband was Brian Magennis, Viscount Iveagh, in the County Down, who furnished two regiments—one of infantry and the other of cavalry—to King James the Second. After his death she married Butler of Kilcash. She was a lady of great personal charms, but was much more remarkable for her Christian piety and universal benevolence; so much so, that her memory is still revered as that of a saint by the peasantry of South Tipperary.

The occasion of the "Lament" seems to be the dismantling of the Castle and the breaking up and disforesting of the noble park of

LAMENT FOR KILOCASH.

TRANSLATED BY THE LATE COL. MICHAEL DOHENY.

Oh! what shall we do for the green-wood,
 The last of its trees are hoar;
 And mute is Kilcash and its high bells
 Shall ring out their chimes no more!
 'Twas there dwelt the beautiful lady,
 Who purest of graces wore—
 Where nobles from many a land came,
 And Masses were chanted o'er.

'Tis source of my sorrow the sorest,
 To see thy gates worn away,
 Thy beautiful avenues ploughed up,
 Where Winter winds howling play!
 Thy roof shedding tear-drops of ruin,
 Thy chivalry's plumes decay,
 And hear but the voice of the wailing,
 For bishop and lady pray.

No duck or goose whirs through the air there,
 Nor eagles from eyries glide,
 Nor murmur the busy bees hoarding
 Their honey for hosts of pride;
 Nor singing birds singing more lowly,
 As glimmers the glowing west,
 Nor coos the cuckoo—the cuckooing
 That lulleth all gloom to rest.

Kilcash, during the exile of the famous Duke of Ormond, whom the bard styles "Prionsa na n-Gaodhal," i. e., Prince of the Gaels, who succeeded his kinsman, Colonel Butler, in its ownership. The "bishop" alluded to was also a member of the Butler family. He resided at Westport, near Callan, and was distinguished by his piety and his attachment to the old faith.

Among the "nobles" (iarlaidhe) who found a hospitable refuge from Lady Iveagh, at Kilcash, was her own brother, Lord Castlehaven, who died there in 1684.

So great was the charity of Lady Iveagh that she is said to have ordered even the rooks to be fed during a hard winter, whence these birds are still facetiously called "Cearca dubha Mairgreád do Buire," i. e., Margaret Burke's black hens, by the Irish-speaking peasantry of the valley of the Suir.

Kilcash lies on the southeastern slope of Slievenamon Mountain.

Nuaireigead na puic faoi na pléibib,
 'S guana le h-a d-taob 'r an lson,
 Féacann riad anuar le léan ar
 An m-baile fuaire "sway" ann zac tsi;
 An fairsce breag aobinn 'h a naobtae,
 'S gan forc' ar taob ó 'h t-rín,
 Páirc an "paddock" h a "dairy"
 Mar a m-bídead an eilic ag déanad rest.

Ata ceo ag tuicim ar éraoba ann,
 Na glanann le zrian na lá;
 Tá ruid a3 tuicim ó 'h rpein ann
 'S a cuib uirce go léir ag tairza;
 Ní 'l coll, ní 'l cuilleann, ní 'l caoir ann,
 Aet cloca 'zur maol-cladcain;
 Páirc an fongaoir gan éraob ann,
 Ir d'iméiz an "game" cum fáin.

Anoir, mar bair ar zac m-fineann,
 Cuaid pionra na h-daobal tar rai,
 Anonn le h-ainnir na mhe,
 Fuaire gairm 'r an b-fraic ir 'r an Spairn,
 Anoir tá a cuallaet da caoinead,
 Seibead aingeab busde 'zur ban;
 'S í na éograc reilb na h-daoinéad,
 Aet cairiad na b-fon-boctan!

Aietim ar Wuirne 'r an Jora
 Go d-tazraib-rí anir cuairinn rian,
 Go m-beid nairneasde pada a3 zabail tsméall,
 Ceol beidlin ir teinte chaim;
 Go d-tógrar an baile-re ar rínear,
 Cill Cair breag air go h-and,
 Ir go bnae, nó go d-tiocfaid an dsleann,
 Ní faircear í air ar lan!

When hunted deer fly to the mountain,
From fowler and hound on trail,
They pantingly gaze on thy ruin,
Once pride of the blooming vale;
Thy pleasure-green changed into fallow,
Of barren, unharrowed mould,
And dairied thy paddock and lawn now,
Where nestled the fawn of old.

Above thee is looming a vapor,
From no Summer ray will fly;
A light from whose pestilent teeming,
Thy silvery streams run dry.
No longer are hollies or hazels,
But stones on thy bare hill-side;
And shelterless burrows the hare from,
And rabbits astray have hied.

And now as the top of our ailing,
The prince of the Gaels has fled.
And with him the fair of the fairest,
In France and in Spain who led;
A crowd of dependents bemean her,
Who shared of her moulted gold,
'Tis she who her people would grind not
But sheltered lame, blind, and old.

I pray to the Saviour and Mary,
To send her back safe again.
We'll dance the long dances around her,
To many a sounding strain,
The home of our sires shall once more be
Exalted in glorious sheen,
To sink never more till the flood shall
Above its tall woods be seen.

CLOJ NA SEANDUJNN.

Fonn—"Coillte m-blairna."

Le Wjceal O'Nuimhnaigh.

I.

Le cumajñ daíjñ a'r rmuajnte zñfñ
 Cumhñjñm zo mññic aijn cloj na Seandujñ,
 A b-fuajm co-zañb a bñdeadh nuañ bñ mé am leañb
 Aiz ceijz ear mñ òlajabñ an ðraoi-òeol bññ.
 Aijn reo a ðaoijm a zac tññ a èññalíjñm
 'Nuajñ le cion a b-fillíjñm onc, a Òraicajz mñ èññòðe,
 Le do cloj na Seandujñ
 A b-fuajmeaj co h-añðbññ
 Aijn uirceujb alujñ abajñ ruajnc an Laoj.

II.

Clujñ me zuè cloj bññe a lja tññ 'ra cruajñe,
 Zo ruajnc aiz elññzujzadh a rcujñm teampujl mññ,
 Feadh le cùñra h-eajza bñ teañzujðe pñajr aiz pleajza,
 Aèc ñf labñadajñ ñeajññð òð bñeajz le d' ðlòñ.
 Jñ buajñ rmuajnte m' jñññ aijn zac pñeaba ruajnc-bññ
 Le lññ zuè caojñ an cloj-èññ a'r a raorì ñòcaojðe z-cññòðe;
 Bññ cloj na Seandujñ
 Fuajm a b-fad ñfor aoiññ
 Aijn uirceujb alujñ abajñ ruajnc an Laoj.

III.

Do èualleaj cloj aiz rñañrañ a reañ-ñhoajl Adrñajñ,
 A ð-tojññeac aijn ruajñðajñ ó ñ' b-fajðicajñ,*
 A'r mññ-cloj zljóðajñac aiz jmladh zo cojññeajzajñac
 O èññajb and-beññeac an Nojñe Dame.
 Aèc bñ do ðlòñ ñfor ceolñajñ 'ña rcuajc Naojñ Peadaajñ
 A ðejðeajñ ear an Tejbajñ, aiz cajñca mññ èeojl rññe,
 O! ðeajñajñ cloj na Seandujñ
 Fuajm a b-fad ñfor bññe
 Aijn uirceujb alujñ abajñ ruajnc an Laoj.

* Vatican—Vide Rev. Ulick Bourke's "Easy Lessons in Irish."

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

AIR—" *The Groves of Blarney.*"

BY REV. FRANÇOIS MAHONY.

I.

With deep affection and recollection,
 I often think of those Shandon bells;
 Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
 Fling 'round my cradle their magic spells.
 On these I ponder where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

II.

I've heard bells chiming, full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
 But all their music spoke naught like thine.
 For, memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

III.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's mole in,
 Their thunders rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious,
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;—
 Oh! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

VI.

Tá clog a Worcou, foil ó túr a'r corcou,

Cum Naomh Sopra ceidean an Turcaic.

A'r le raotari zucaide glaoidean rin cum úrhaige

Ó maolshide caola a tá ari a mullaic.

Fead leicéad reo d' airliní bpoihaim dóib go fapriní.

Aicé tá praim rap-bíh nór anra le m' époide;

Sé élois na Seanduih

A b-fuimear co chear-caoih

Ari uircuib aluih abaih ruaihe an laoi.

—:o:—

AN GLÉO-BHAT REALT-JÓNHAIJC.

Le W. J. Mac Carraigh.

An deanean tú an níd le canóin an lae

Le luac gáin ar aóibheir do fáin-luigead a néidín lín,

Realt-glínice le nuidean cón mianca ari zac taóib

An daimean an éalad bo mairca ari rpéinlín?

Lamác-rpláncac ran aén ar téihceirca ran rpéin,

Dá deimhinuad ran oíde ná'n h írleac an n-zpéir.

'S an gléo-bhat réalte-ionnairc go m-ba bpoihcaic a néim

'Ór ceah talam ná raóircaic 'r ná d-éiracaib d-triean?

Bpéiníh ari an tairc tne ceó-bháon na rairc

War a b-fuil an rluad oíom-rac ná lúide zomean-z-uán

thar

Cread é riúd a taóí 'ríón-luargza le záoic,

War énoic an az fílle leac noédaicte cónairc.

'Noir zahan le zpéin no mairhe zac cém

'N a lan-glóine lé'n amanc ran abuih zan beim.

'Sé an gléo-bhat réalte-ionnairc go m-ba bpoihcaic a néim

'Ór ceah talam ná raóircaic 'r ná d-éiracaib d-triean,

Ó ca'n zair an gánda zain-múideac do moid

Le h anacna an ari ir lé h-anairc an cónairc,

Ná bead fían-bóic na fearin ná'n realb go deó,

Go fuilteac do folcad a z-cora zup-zúac.

IV.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosk O,
 In St. Sophia, the Turkman gets,
 And, loud in air, calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me;

'Tis the bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

—:o:—

THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming:
 And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
 Oh! say, does the Star-Spangled Banner still wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep—
 As it fitfully blows—half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;—
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner,—oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home or a country should leave us no more?—
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

Níl cor-ghaí na rpar don n-dsolmhaic dhiaí,

Ó anacra rzeimhe 'zur rzamal an báir.

'S an gléo-bhrac réalt-íohraic go m-ba bhoítaic a réim

Ó'r ceah calaí na raóirreac 't na tóiracaibd-trean.

—:o:—

ejnše na zealaize.

Szrifobča aín d-túr a Sacrbearla le Seažan C. Ó'Cača.
raíš, azur airdmizče go Saediliz leir an z-Ceiltceac,

U' Uilliam Mac Uuilliam.

"Jhnr dam, a Seažan Uí Fearžail,

Fač do luadaín cúžainn a leic?"

"Eird! éird! lem' rzeul, a buacail,"—

A'r a leaca larđa teic:

"Jr riad ónduizče aín d-caoiriz,

Sinn d'an ngleurač féin le briz,

A'r na pscide beic le céile

Le glain-einze na zealaize."

Le glain-einze na zealaize,

Le glain-einze na zealaize,

A'r na pscide beic le céile

Le glain-einze na zealaize.

"Jhnr dam, a Seažan Uí Fearžail,

Cá m-beic baillužad na b-fir d-treun,"

"Ahh an t-rean-ait coir an t-rriuca,

Jr léin-aitiud dúinn ariach.

Sinncear ruar lib an Rorž Cača.

'An rean-ponc máirreala féin,

A'r na pscide aín an nzuailib,

Le caoir-einze žil na Rael"

Le caoir-einze žil na Rael

Le caoir-einze žil na Rael

A'r na pscide aín an nzuailib,

Le caoir-einze žil na Rael

No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave!
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

—:o:—

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

A. D. 1798.

BY JOHN K. CASEY ("LEO.")

"Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
 Tell me why you hurry so?"
 "Hush, *mo bhouchal*, hush and listen;"
 And his cheeks were all aglow:
 "I bear orders from the Captain,
 Get you ready, quick and soon;
 For the pikes must be together
 At the rising of the Moon."

Chorus—At the rising of the Moon,
 At the rising of the Moon;
 For the pikes must be together
 At the rising of the Moon.

"Oh, then tell me, Shawn O'Farrell,
 Where the gathering is to be?"
 "In the old spot by the river,
 Right well known to you and me.
 One word more—for signal token,
 Whistle up the marching tune,—
 With your pike upon your shoulder
 By the rising of the Moon."

Chorus—By the rising of the Moon,
 By the rising of the Moon;
 With your pikes upon your shoulders
 By the rising of the Moon.

O' gac teaílaí, fead na hoidíe,
 O' fáin na mílte glar-rúil glé;
 Píeab na mílte ciosíde an seiceamh
 Le teacó roluir locháin Oé!

Bíe tnom-monmí n tpeap na gleannaib
 Wap cínóhan dúbaí Wna síde
 A'r bíde coillte pleaz a' deallnaí
 Le glain-einíge na zealaíge!

Le glain-einíge na zealaíge!
 Le glain-einíge na zealaíge!
 A'r bíde coillte pleaz a' deallnaí
 Le glain-einíge na zealaíge.

Tall coir an t-rnuíca éonmháin
 Séar na ríanna dána tean
 'S an n-díl-buataí glóimhán uairíne
 A' foluamhán ór a g-cionn!
 "Bár do'n namhád 'r do luí na bhairíte!
 Síh Dorz Caíal buair ruar é!
 Oia le h-Éimínn! Oia le Saoirse!
 Feuíl díleiríge zeal na Rael!"

O! díleiríge zeal na Rael!
 O! díleiríge zeal na Rael!
 Oia le h-Éimínn! Oia le Saoirse!
 Feuíl díleiríge zeal na Rael!

Wair do fear' an rón na banba,
 A'r cé tnuairí a d-tuicim tréirí;—
 Oan mo laim! n' náin linn labairt
 An fearn bíadaín a' "Ninety-Eight!"
 buíde le Oia! cáid fóir an marícaín,
 Ciosíde laíde laocda g-ciosíde,
 Tríallfaí na rian do'n mácaín
 Le glain-einíge na zealaíge!

Le glain-einíge na zealaíge!
 Le glain-einíge na zealaíge!
 Tríallfaí na rian do'n mácaín,
 Le glain-einíge na zealaíge!

Out from many a mud-wall cabin
Eyes were watching through that night;
Many a manly heart was throbbing
For the blessed warning light.
Murmurs passed along the valley,
Like the *Beanshee's* lonely croon;
And a thousand blades were flashing
In the rising of the Moon.

Chorus—In the rising of the Moon,
In the rising of the Moon;
And a thousand blades were flashing
In the rising of the Moon.

There, beside the singing river
That dark mass of men was seen;
High above their shining weapons
Floats their own beloved "Green."
"Death to every foe and traitor!
Forward! strike the marching tune!
And hurrah, my boys, for Freedom!
'Tis the rising of the Moon."

Chorus—'Tis the rising of the Moon,
'Tis the rising of the Moon;
And hurrah, my boys, for Freedom!
'Tis the rising of the Moon.

Well, they fought for poor old Ireland,
And full bitter was their fate:
(Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow
Fill the name of "'Ninety-eight!")
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating
Hearts in manhood's burning noon,
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the rising of the Moon!

Chorus—At the rising of the Moon,
At the rising of the Moon;
Who would follow in their footsteps
At the rising of the Moon.

A VENERABLE RELIC.*

ԿՈԼՈՒԽԵ ԵՇՇ.

I.

Ձեռնակ Լեւ Յիւր յոյ Սէտ Զիւր
 Բոր Յիւր Եւրիւր,
 Եւրիւրիւր ան ան յիւր
 Բիւր ան Բիւրիւր.

II.

Եւրիւրիւր ան Եւրիւր Եւրիւր
 Եւր Լեւ Լեւիւր,
 Զիւր Եւրիւր Եւր Եւր ան Եւրիւր,
 Բոր Եւր Եւրիւր.

III.

Եւրիւրիւր ան Եւրիւր Եւրիւր,
 Եւր Եւր Եւրիւր,
 Եւր Եւրիւրիւր ան Եւրիւր յոյրիւր
 Եւր Եւր Եւրիւր.

IV.

Եւր Եւրիւրիւր Եւրիւր ան Եւրիւր Եւրիւր
 Բոր ան Եւրիւրիւր,
 Եւր Եւրիւրիւր Եւր Եւր Եւրիւր
 Բոր ան Եւրիւր.

V.

Եւրիւրիւր ան Եւրիւր ան
 Եւր Եւր Եւրիւրիւր,
 Եւրիւրիւր ան Եւրիւր Եւրիւր
 Եւր Եւր Եւրիւր.

* The above very curious and beautiful poem is a genuine composition of St. Columba, or Colmeille. It appeared in "MacMillen's Magazine" for Nov., 1878, together with the annexed metrical translation. The original, as appears in the introduction to the piece, is in

COLUMCILL SANG.

I.

Sweet it is in Uchd Aluin
On a peated crag to be,
That I may often behold
The face of the boundless sea.

II.

To look on the heaving waves,
While in their Father's ear
Music for ever they chant
Hymning the world's career.

III.

The level and star-bright strand,
No sorrow it were to see,
And to hear the wondrous birds
Singing so happily.

IV.

The thunder of crowding waves
To hear on the rocky shore,
And down by the church to hear
The boundless surges roar.

V.

I see the swift-flying flocks
Over the watery plain,—
And, greatest of wonders all—
The monsters of the main.

the Royal Library of Brussels. It is a specimen of probably the very oldest form of the Irish language. The translator says:—

“Of the beauty of the original it is unnecessary to say anything for those who can appreciate it. Apart from the simple felicity of thought and language, the rhythm, the rhyme, and, in several instances, the allocution are very beautiful.”

VI.

Conaiceinn a trais 'ra tuis
 Ion a néimh,
 Comad m'airim nún no raibim
 Cúl fú h-Éirinn.*

VII.

Conaim eirad conzain eirde
 Is a fežad,
 Co no caoim m'ulcu le
 Anna neda.

VIII.

Co no bennacainn an Coimh†,
 Cois uile,
 Neam co n-mac žnab conglaine,
 eir, trais, tuisle.

IX.

Co no rpucainn omne‡ na leban
 ba maic do'm aima,—
 Sél for pleactain an neam n-nimain.
 Sél for ralamais.

X.

Sél is rpucainn Flata nne,
 Neamda in cenac,
 Sél for raetan na bad fornac,
 No bad mellac.

XI.

Sél is buain duiric do carraic,
 Sél is acla,
 Sél is tabairic bíc do boctais,
 Sél is ccorraic.

* This means "back to Ireland."

† Coimh is an old name for the Divinity.

‡ The introduction of the Latin word *omne* here is curious.

VI.

To see the ebb and the flood
In power upon the sea,
And Culfre Erin, then I say
My secret name would be.

VII.

And grief would come to my heart
While gazing on her shore,
And all the many ills I've done
I weeping would deplore.

VIII.

The Godhead then would I bless,
Him who doth all things keep,
Heaven with His orders bright untold
And earth and shore and deep.

IX.

I would search in all the books
That good to my soul would bring,
Now to beloved Heaven I'd kneel,
And now a psalm I'd sing.

X.

Heaven's high One the Holy Chief,
My thoughts would now employ,—
Anon to work without restraint
Would be to me a joy.

XI.

Dulce from the rock I'd pluck
At times I'd fishing go;
At times I'd feed the poor;
Now in the cell bend low.

XII.

Jn comharrle ir ferrí fíad D'ia
 Oam nor tendaí,
 Ní neilze an Ríj D'ia 'nam zilla,
 Ní no m' mella.

—:o:—

CAITILÍN T'NJALL

I.

Jr mian l'om traccad aji zac n'í le r'uaí,
 Azur ir m'íod l'om traccad aji Chití na z-cuaí.
 'Sf an plannda breáí leinb tá raoíceamhail ruairc,
 a'r a ramhail n'í facar a m-bailcib na d-tuairc.
 'Sé mo éneac m'aidne nari pázbad mé
 Aji b'ruac loc' Eirill le fáinne an lae,
 Wari fuil zo b-faíainn amairc aji Chití na z-craeb,
 Wari do c'ualad mé tearcar breáíacra a r'íéiní.

II.

'Sé mo leangunt mari conairc mé dubac na peann,
 Na da cúl breáí t'riopallac fáineac fionn;—
 Oa d-tóizead an Tízeairna Earbois-rí, lam ór mo éionn
 bheurfainn Cití an r'aid bean tar fáile l'om.
 Jr zile í na'n eala, 'r ir deirze í na'n z'rian,
 Jr b'inne í na z-cuala me de céoltaib a n'ian;—
 N'í aon teac leann' neaca fá'n t-r'aid ro f'iar,
 Nac n-ólfaid mé r'laince Chaitilín T'níall!

III.

Jr truaí nac b-fuill m'í azur Cití deat cáoin
 Fa cúl an toim c'uilinn zo n-ólramaoir b'raoin,
 Wari fuil le D'ia d'slear zo d-tózfainn a c'ioide,
 Azur zo z-tabairfainn a bailc ó na maíain l'om í.
 Léiz mé do l'ití amuic aji an r'liab,
 ba b'inne í na iomad de céoltaib r'íze;—
 Páirt m'í de'm' éruadcan zuri leat cáill mé mo éfall;—
 Jr m'í anfaíad d'anam é, a Chaitilín T'níall.

XII.

Best council in sight of God
 To me there had been given ;
 From error he shall keep me free,
 My King the Lord of Heaven !

—:o:—

KITTY TYRRELL.

(LITERAL PROSE TRANSLATION.)

I.

I desire to treat of each with cleverness,—
 It is time for me treat of Kitty of the curls.
 She is a fine nurseling of a child that is courteous and pleasant,
 And I have not seen her like in the towns of the country.
 It is my early sorrow that I was not left
 On the banks of Loch Errill at the breaking of day,
 In order that I might get sight of Kitty of the flowing locks,
 Since I heard an account of the perfection of her beauty.

II.

It is my woeful sorrow that I ever saw pen or ink,
 Or thy beautiful clustering, fair flowing locks.
 If the Lord Bishop would raise his hand over my head
 I would bring Kitty, the stately woman, across the sea with me!
 She is fairer than the swan, she is redder than the sun,
 She is more melodious than all I ever heard of music.
 There is not an ale selling house on this road home (west),
 (In which) I will not drink the health of Kitty Tyrrell !

III.

It is a pity that myself and gentle, handsome Kitty are not
 At the back of of the holly bush that we might taste a drop,
 In expectation to the dear Lord that I would raise her heart,
 And that I would take her home from her mother !
 I read thy letter out on the mountain,
 It was sweeter than a great deal of fairy music.
 A great share of my hardship (it is) that it was by thee I lost
 my senses,
 It is much against thy soul, Oh, Kitty Tyrrell !

a ša3aj2t a nún.

Ан мѣре ан трапъ сан мѣинъ!

A fazalet a nún!

25 δευηαδ ηιδ ομτ φείη,

A řazajnt a nújň!

San bejt az cabajnužad leo.

Հար զիտի՛ր 'ր յօճո

Δὴν ἐπὶ τῇ ἡμέρᾳ τῇ αὐτῇ

A fazaire a nuin!

Deunad an té ir tuaraisé

A fazaire a nuini!

Ἰὰς ἡδ' αὖ τὰ ἤα ἔποιδε,

2 fazant a nuni

A coil a cup a n5n5om

So h-eurzuide zan aon maoideam

A 3-compuide ruar led' tanoib

A pazante a núñ!

ԾԱՆԷՏՈՒ ԱՅՈՒ ԾԻԼԻՐ

Α γαζαμπτ α πύην!

Ät read man a tollir.

À fazer a nuca!

'S nī fap̄t̄cear ó d' ð̄t̄-mé̄jð

Cupneann mé fuar leð' déid.

Qc! ƿa|tcear ó d' ð|t-mé|d|

A fazant a núni!

Θῖοσε ἀν Ἐαππαιζ ζέιν

A fagaite a núm!

'Nuajin bî an nîm ra' rpein.

À l'assaut du nuage!

Сја ђа¹и¹5 ђу⁵а¹и¹ а¹и¹’ л¹у¹ђе.

А'т а'п у'п'л'а'п ч'н'е-б'у'д'е.

bī aīn mo ſon aſ ſuīde?

A fagaime a nua!

Сја аш аш б-рѣд боѣт.

à l'assainir et à punir!

buain d'an 5-croide an toct!

À fazer a nu!

SOGGARTH AROON.

BY JOHN BANIM.

Am I the slave they say,
 Soggarth Aroon?
 Since you did show the way,
 Soggarth Aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
 While they would work with me
 Old Ireland's slavery,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Try and do all he can,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Her commands to fulfil
 Of his own heart and will,
 Side by side with you still,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
 Soggarth Aroon?
 Yet be no slave to you,
 Soggarth Aroon,—
 Nor, out of fear to you
 Stand up so near to you ;—
 Och! out of fear to *you*!
 Soggarth Aroon!

Who, in the Winter's night,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 When the cold blast did bite,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Came to my cabin-door,
 And, on my earthen-floor,
 Knelt by me, sick and poor,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Who, on the wedding-day,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Made the poor cabin gay,
 Soggarth Aroon;—

'S aín báirde an leanbáin
 le gáiríde 'r le abháin
 Óéan gíranmáir an m-boéan,
 A fágairt a núin!

Cia, aét túra amháin!
 A fágairt a núin!
 Na'n cúir lhom aéfaóain,
 A fágairt a núin!
 'S mo teinteán duairt faoi rígal
 Cúg deorac le cneál,
 An níd bad ceairt dó fágal,
 A fágairt a núin!

Túra, túra, amháin!
 A fágairt a núin!
 Da bpiú tá leat na boctáin,
 A fágairt a núin!
 Áin rlan faoi fuac an t-raoúal
 'Nuair aín rón Síráinne Waoil,
 Beidmíð-ne a m-beairna baoúal,
 A fágairt a núin!

—:o:—

AN MANSEJILLAJSE.

An t-abháin móir tforamháil Friancaó.

Airtrúgáde go Saedlú le Wíceal Ó'Núháin.

I.

Teanam gan moill, a clann na tíne,
 Tánair la an réim cum cnió',
 Anduigéar brat cnoiúearú an cladaíre
 Ór an g-cioí go h-and le gaó!
 A n-anuigéar ríð a láir an ngleaíta
 búidneac na raiúduir fíadán!

And did both laugh and sing
 Making our hearts to ring,
 At the poor christening,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
 Soggarth Aroon,
 Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth Aroon?
 And when my hearth was dim,
 Gave, while his eye did brim,
 What I should give to him,
 Soggarth Aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
 Soggarth Aroon!
 And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth Aroon!
 In love they'll never shake,
 When for old Ireland's sake,
 We a true part did take,
 Soggarth Aroon!

—:o:—

THE MARSEILLAISE.

The French National Song.

(ORIGINAL) BY JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

I.

Allons, enfans de la patrie:
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
 Contre nous de la tyrannie
 L' étendard sanglant est levé. (*his*)
 Entendez vous dans les campagnes
 Mugir ces féroces soldats?

Tiſid éum rinne do éur a d-teahta,
 A'r ar ſ-claſh do éacdað le foirneapic diaſ.
 Chum aſum a éacóiride!
 Sleuraid ſaſ moſ bui b-pléin,
 Teanam! dóirtear fuil mealcóiride
 War rrué 'h ar ſ-claſr zo léin!

II.

Cad earba 'ta aſi an rſuaſi rclabaſid,
 Na briacóiride, na riſte cealſaé!
 Cia dóib na rrom rlabriade
 Cho ſad ullaiſ le cſocraſ fearſaé!
 A Fhriariciſ, dúinne! O móir-éaiſcuiſne!
 Cad ſólar bué cóir dóib briorſuſaé!
 Ir oriaſi caruiſid earcáine
 Chum rclabuiſdeaé' aſraſ do beoſuſaé!
 Chum aſum, a éacóiride!
 Sleuraid ſaſ moſ bui b-pléin,
 Teanam! dóirtear fuil mealcóiride
 War rrué 'h ar ſ-claſr zo léin!

III.

Crié! a éſoraſi, a'r riſre, a mealcóiride,
 Naiſe ſaé deaſ-duiſe 'ra d-ſiſ,
 Crié! geobaſ bui ſ-conſa, a maſbóiride,
 A luac ſaoſaſi ſóir zo ſſoſ.
 Ir ſaiſdſiſ zo deſiſiſ ſaé aon ſear,
 Wa éuiſid aſi h-óſ-laoſi ſaoſſeaſiaſl,
 beſſſid an Fſaiſe ſiſ aſſi éó mear
 A éſoiſſid bui h-aſaſ zo éſoiſſeaſiaſl.
 Chum aſum! a éacóiride,
 Slearaſid ſaſ moſ bui b-pléin
 Teanam! dóirtear fuil mealcóiride
 War rrué 'h ar ſ-claſr zo léin!

Ils viennent jusques dans vos bras,
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes.
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! marchons! qu' un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

II.

Que veut cette horde d' esclaves,
De traitres, de rois conjurés ?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Cés fers dés long-tems préparés ? (*bis*)
Français, pour nous! Ah! quel outrage!
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose menacer
De rendre a l' antique esclavage!
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! marchons! qu' un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

III.

Tremblez, tyrants ; et vous, perfides,—
L' opprobre de tous les partis;—
Tremblez ; vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix. (*bis*)
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre :
S' ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tous prêts a se battre.
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! marchons! qu' un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

SUAZÀN BARRA.

Le 'h Ciaruìdeac.

Ta oslean glar aonair a luidh Suazain bharr,
 Mar 'd-teideann alluac na laoidheac mar fàizhead cum na
 mara;

A h-Dearmuidhain na h-dubh-gleann ó cuar a'r ó cloca
 'S ionnda cairre faoi cullóid teideann rfor cum an loca.
 Tá 'h fuinreos 'r an t-rasleac ann, lúbta le bliadanta,
 A'g zlinniúgadh go znuama ari an uirze ari-fuanta;
 Ari nór leib óis zan aon beann ari a z-cainead,
 A gáinneann le fonnómhad le gáinne na maidne.
 Azur a cruor chóc h-dub, iad d'feicirín az larað,
 An tan leatann an rtoirín a briat ari na rleara;
 A b-foctiom na tóiríníze 'r zéicid na h-uirzide ari an b-faça,
 Mar éine na z-chóc ari cáirmine an cáca:
 Na tonhtaca teine nac chieineac mar feucaid
 Na fíolairi ó' h-Nullac nac ffoctímar a rzneucaid
 Ari chóc no ari calad d'fíle no d'aon fearn,
 Ní'l coiríníde ir cuibé 'na 'h oileáirín aonair.

Ir minic 'r an zrián zeal 'na luidhe ari Shliab Chláraiz
 'S an fíaoç ari a larað ari máoirínn b-íacáiz;
 A éiríallat, a cluain deir, óm' éiz 'coir na taoide,
 Chum fáraiz do beann, d'fáz gail ari dnoç-aoidhe,
 'S do ríuairnear zur b'éizín do laoc, faoi 'zur fíle,
 Dul faoi coiríníe na cloice no 'h arairi na coille;
 Ó daoiríe 'r ó dfozaltat a leaz iad na rlaoda,
 Chum a h-dán dúbac deizéanac do ríneazad ari a d-teuda.
 'Chlann éliúac na cruicel nári b'arid é mo ríuairnead,
 A'g zabairl éirid an b-faraç b'í dáraç zan daoine
 Zid zur fearn iad na fíide cá 'z 'Eirínn le cóiríneam,
 Ir mé 'hain a dúrzar a cruin-éiric leim' coiríneam,
 A'r d'ariduíz ari ari fad máoirínn a'r calad,
 Na duanta cúir mfoirín ó cúiríne 'h míc-alla,
 A'g chuaruagadh gaç liaç-laoid b'í 'z leacad 'r az liaçad
 A'g fuaçc 'r az fíice d'a z-chieinead na d-éiríe.

An té ir caime de 'h crieib dá luaidhe liom teanga,
 Le ríacáan buri ríoraide no ríiz-éol buri ríneanga;
 Bhair mfoeairt 'r buri mfoforctun dom' céangal le h-'Eiríne,
 'S buri z-cóca ceoil crieara mar laraí na ríéiríe;—

"GOUGANE BARRA."

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
 Where Allua of song rushes forth like an arrow,
 In deep-valleyed Desmond. A thousand wild fountains
 Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
 There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
 Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
 As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
 It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning:
 And its zone of dark hills—oh, to see them all bright'ning,
 When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning;
 And the waters rush down 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
 Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
 And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
 And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming;—
 Oh! where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
 So meet for a bard as that lone little island!

How oft when the summer-eve rested on Olaragh,
 And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivaragh,
 Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
 And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
 And thought of the bards, when, assembling together,
 In the clefts of thy rocks, or the depths of thy heather,
 They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
 And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.
 High sons of the lyre! oh! how proud was the feeling,
 To think,—while alone through that solitude stealing,—
 Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
 I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
 And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains,
 The songs even echo forgot on her mountains,
 And gleaned each grey legend that darkly was sleeping
 Where the ruin and mist o'er their beauty were creeping!

Least bard of these hills! were it mine to inherit
 The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit;—
 With the wrongs which, like thee, to our country have bound me,
 Did thy mantle of song fling its radiance around me;—

bheidead fós annt a' tsi ro an t-raoinne b'f ceana,
 'S do cloinne a' zai do dhuinn choic 'r gleanna,
 bheidead neultan an ianctainn mar zle na zneine,
 A' tsi boct an dubarctair d'a luad ag zac aon nea'.
 Imteocad ra lein, a'ct beid m'ainm-re luaidte
 Tan eir m'urzaile' na h-Éireann a' r roinneact' a' pluaiste;
 A' r carpan baid éigin ain tuicim na h-oide,
 A' r folur na raoinne 'cuin anam' 'na laoidce,
 Ciompaid ré ain m'uaile-ra a z-coill glair zan pocha,
 Tne n-a rzeiteann an ab-buidé 'dul ag pózad na bocha,
 A' r fideid ré bla'c-plearg ó bhuacab na tuile
 Do'n éioide a' r do'n éiuic tá zan dúra'ct a d-tuille.

—:o:—

BEAN NA D-TREI W-BÓ.

So néid, a bean na d-trei m-bó
 Ar do b'la'ct na b'f ceann;
 Do chonainic meri zan zó,
 Bean a' r ba da mó, a bean!
 Ní m'aineann raibbnear do zha'c,
 Do neac na tabainn táin zo móir,
 Cúzat an t-euz ain zac taoib,
 So néid, a bean na d-trei m-bó!
 Shoct Eozain móir 'ran Wúmainn,
 A n-imteact do zhi clú dóib,
 A feolta zui léizeadan rfor,
 So néid, a bean na d-trei m-bó!
 Clann zairce Éizearua an Clainn
 A n-imteact-ran, ba lá leoin,
 A' r zan rúil ne n-a d-teact zo b'ia'c,
 So néid, a bean na d-trei m-bó!
 Oóinnall ó Oúin-buidé na long
 O'Súillebain na'n éim zlóir,
 Feuc zui tuic 'ran Spáin ne claidearu;
 So néid, a bean na d-trei m-bó!
 O'Nuainc a' r Wazuidin do b'f
 Lá i n-Éirinn na lan beoil,
 Feuc féin zui iméiz an díar;
 So néid, a bean na d-trei m-bó!

Still, still in those wilds might young Liberty rally,
 And send her strong shout over mountain and valley.
 The star of the West shall yet rise in its glory,
 And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.
 I, too, shall be gone, but my name shall be spoken,
 When Eire awakes, and her fetters are broken;
 Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
 And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Avonbuie seeks the kisses of Ocean,
 Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
 O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.

—:o:—

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

O Woman of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle,
 I've seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human
 brows;

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows,

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants;
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!
 If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning!
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to
 house?

Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows!

Oh, think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom nothing daunted—
 See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in
 story—
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—
 Yet now their bones lie mould'ring under weeds and cypress boughs,
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

Sfol 3-Cearlbajll do b'f teann
 Le m-beirtef zac zeall a n-3leo,
 Nf mjaimeann aon d'fob, mo d'f;
 Zo n'ed, a bean na d-trf m-bol

Ō aon boin aihain do b'neir,
 Aji mhaol eile, a'r rf a dō
 Do m'nnir-rē jomarcad a n'neir;
 Zo n'ed a bean na d-trf m-bol

Ah Ceangal.

bidead aji m'falluig, a aihain jr uabneac zhuir,
 Do bidear zan dearmad fearmhae buan 'ra tnuē,
 Trid an pacmur do glacair ned' buab aji d-tuir;
 Oa b-fa3aigh-rē realb a ceatain do buaifpigh cū.

—:o:—

CAJTLIN WŌ WŪJRNIN.

A Cajtlin mo mhúinn! cá 'h mairdin 'h r'na rpéirid,
 Tá búial an-t-real3aighe a' réidid3ad zo binn,
 Zo h-éadtróm ó 'h dnúcd glar cá 'h fuireod3 a3 éirid3
 A Cajtlin mo mhúinn! 't mé rúil leat zo tinn:
 An dearmad tú, a céad-3nad, zan moill béd rinn rcarid3
 ad?

Na 'h cuimheac leat 'n n-d'bhuc ó 'h céile a coirdce?
 Jr féidir zo h-éuz ná lé blfa'nta' zan ainead,
 Ō! cad b-fuil tú tordac, a binn-3uc mo croidce?
 Jr féidir zo h-éuz ná lé blfa'nta' zan ainead
 Ō! cad b-fuil tú tordac, a Cajtlin mo mhúinn!

A Cajtlin mo mhúinn! Ō! dúir3 ó d' coblaib,
 Tá bar zac rlab ba3de a loinnad 3néin' buide,
 Ca b-fuil zac téud ceólmair' b'f runda3 do mholad?
 Ō! éirid3 'h do r3fain, a néult-eolur m' oirdce;
 Ō! éirid3 'h do r3fain, a néult-eolur m' oirdce.
 Wo mhúinn! mo mhúinn! cá m' deóna' fpar tuitae3,
 'Nuair rmuairm an m' airdear uair 't éine zan r3f;
 Jr féidir zo h-éuz, ná lé pad blad'nta' mltae3,
 Ō! cad b-fuil tú tordac, a binn-3uc mo croidce?
 Jr féidir zo h-éuz ná lé pad blad'nta' mltae3,
 Wairead cad b-fuil tú tordac, a Cajtlin mo mhúinn!
 n!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest ;
 Yet who so great as they, of yore, in battle or carouse ?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows !

Your neighbor's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,
 Because, forsooth, you've got three cows,—one more, I see, than *she*
 has ;

That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
 But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows !

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go ! You still, of course, keep up your scornful
 bearing,

And I'm too poor to hinder you ; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even tho' you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows !

—:o:—

KATHLEEN, MAVOURNEEN.

Kathleen, mavourneen, the gray dawn is breaking ;
 The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill ;
 The lark from his light wing the bright dew is shaking ;
 Then Kathleen, mavourneen, why slumbering still ?
 Oh ! hast thou forgotten, this day we must sever ?
 Or hast thou forgotten, this day we must part ?
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever !—
 Then, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
 It may be for years and it may be for ever ;—
 Then, why art thou silent, Kathleen, mavourneen ?

Kathleen, mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers ;
 The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light.
 Oh ! where is the spell that once hung o'er my numbers ?
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night !
 Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night !
 Mavourneen ! mavourneen ! my sad tears are falling,
 To think that from Erin and thee I must part,—
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever,—
 Then, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart ?
 It may be for years, and it may be for ever ;—
 Then, why art thou sleeping, Kathleen mavourneen ?