



SLIOCT DUAINAIRE SAEOILSE  
SPECIMENS FROM AN IRISH ANTHOLOGY

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# Σλιοὺτ Ὀυαθαίηε Ξαεὸιλζε

Σλιοὺτ Ὀυαθαίηε Ξαεὸιλζε ἀηηρο ρίορ. Ιρ φαθα ὀομ ‘ζά κύρ ποῖαμ βιννεαρ ζαάα αεὸιλ ἀζυρ υαιρλεαάτ ζαάα ρμαοιντε ὀάρ ράζ εῖζρε Ξαεὸεαλ ἰ η-α ποιαὶὸ το βαιλιυζαὸ λε αέιλε ἀζυρ το αραοῦ-ρζαοιλεαὸ ἰ λεαῖαρ. Ὀο αὐηρρηη ἰ βροηρέαηη ἀη λεαῖαιρ ὕο ααιβηοιλ ἰ η-α ὀοιοηρῶαηηη ἀ ὀαῖηηζ αὐζαηηη ὀ’ρῖοη-ρῖιηὸεαάτ λε βέαλ-οηαεαρ ηα ρεαη ἀρ η-α ααηαὸ ἰ η-αλλῶο ηὸ ηηρ ηα ηαοηρηῖ ὀεηηὸ ρεο λε λυάτ ααηῖα. Ιρ ηοηαῖρῖα αὐηο ὀε’η βρῖιηὸεαάτ ρηη λε ρῖιηὸεαάτ ηα ρῖζ-ρῖιλε, ὀηη ηρ ηηηηα ρέητ ηα ρῖιηὸεαάτ ἰ βρεαρ ἀη βρῖηοῖη.

Μά βῖ ρηρηῖὸη ηα η-αῖηῖαη ἀζυρ ηα ηῶαη ρο ηη’ ὀιαὶὸ ρά αῖὸ αεαηα, ηῖ λυζαηαε ηρ ρηη ἀ ζαυη ἰ ζαῖὸ ἀηηρο. Ιρ εῖ ἀη ηὸρ ὀάρ λεαηαρ ἀζ ὀέαηαῖη ἀη λεαῖαιρ ρεο ὀομ .ι. ηὸρ ηα βεῖαε ηεαλα; ὀηη ηρ εῖ ὀο-ζηῖ ἀη βεαά ηεαλα ζαά ρλαηηα ἀζυρ ζαά ὀορ ὀεαζ-βῖάτ ὀά βρῖηη ραη ηζαρηῖὸα ὀο αὐαηαυζαὸ ἀζ αηοηὸλ ἀζυρ ἀζ αηοηρῖαζαὸ αηααρηῖζ ἀζυρ αηοηαὶὸ ὀη ρέηη, ἀζυρ ηρ ἀῖηλαὶὸ ρηη ὀο αὐαηαυζεαρ ζαά ὀεαζ-λεαῖαιρ ἀζυρ ζαά ηηηρλεαῖαιρ ὀάρ αραοῦρζαοιλεαὸ ποῖαμ ἀζ αηοηὸλ ἀζυρ ἀζ αηοηρῖαζαὸ αηααρηῖζ ἀζυρ αηοηαὶὸ ὀο’η λεαῖαιρ ρο.

## SPECIMENS FROM AN IRISH ANTHOLOGY

The pieces to follow are specimens from the final chapter of an Irish Anthology. Such an Anthology, as I plan it, would include all that has been most nobly said in verse by Irish-speaking men and women from the beginning to our own time. In the concluding chapter of it I would bring together such of the songs of the unknown singers of the hamlets and hillsides as seem to me worthy to be placed by the side of those that have been most finely fashioned by the master-craftsmen among the bards. The wind of poetry bloweth where it listeth, and in Ireland in these latter years it has often blown into the cottage of the peasant.

I have availed myself freely of the harvests of other gleaners, but always with due acknowledgment. The fact that a piece has been often published or translated has not seemed to me justification for excluding it. The only question with which I have concerned myself is the question of literary excellence. I will print here nothing in which I do not find the essential wine of poetry.

In the English prose versions I have tried to preserve something of the march of the originals, an attempt which accounts for most of the not very numerous departures from literalness in the rendering.

# 1

## Σχοινεᾶὸ Μῦθε

‘Δ ῥελοδιρ, Δ Δρρταίλ, Δη ἔρασα τὺ μο ζῆλᾶὸ ζεαλ?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

‘Ḷονηαις μέ Δρ βαλλ έ ι λάρ Δ νάμᾶδο.’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

‘ΖαḶαιὸ ι λειτ, Δ ὀά Μῦθε, ζο ζσχοιηιὸ ριḶ μο ζῆλᾶὸ ζεαλ.’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

‘Ḷέαρτ τᾶ Le σχοινεᾶὸ Δζαιηη μῦηα ζσχοιηηηηιὸ Δ έηᾶμᾶ?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

‘Ḷια ἔε Δη ρεαρ ἔρεαζ ρηη Δρ έρηηη ηα ράιρε?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

‘Δη έ ηατ η-αιτηιζεαηηη τὺ το Μᾶσ, Δ Μᾶτᾶιρ?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

‘Ḷ Δη έ ρηη Δη Μᾶιτῆη ὀ’ιομτᾶιρ μέ τῆι ράιτε?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

Ἡὸ Δη έ ρηη Δη Μᾶιτῆη ὀο ρηζαὸ ρΔη ρτᾶβλα?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

Ἡὸ Δη έ ρηη Δη Μᾶιτῆη ὀο ηοιλεᾶὸ ι η-υττ Μᾶιρε?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

‘Ḷιρτ, Δ Μᾶτᾶιρ, ιρ ηᾶ βί τῆᾶῖτε.’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

‘Ḷ Δη έ ρηη Δη σαρύρ ὀο ἔυαίλ τῆῖοτ ηα τᾶιρηζηή?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

Ἡὸ Δη ί ρηη Δη τῆλεαζ ὀο έυαίὸ τῆι ὀο λάρ ζεαλ?’

(Μ’όσον Δζυρ μ’όσον ό!)

# I

## THE KEENING OF MARY

‘O Peter, O Apostle, hast thou seen my bright love?’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘I saw Him even now in the midst of His foemen.’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘Come hither, two Marys, till ye keen my bright love.’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘What have we to keen unless we keen His bones?’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘Who is that stately man on the tree of passion?’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘Dost thou not know thy Son, O Mother?’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘And is that the little Son I carried nine months?’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

And is that the little Son that was born in the stable?

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

And is that the little Son that was nursed on Mary’s breast?’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful!’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘And is that the hammer that struck home the nails through Thee?’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

And is that the spear that went through Thy white side?

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*



Νό αν ί ρη αν έορδίν ρρίοντα έυαιό αρ το μύλλαέ άλυινη?

(Μ'όέόν άσυρ μ'όέόν ό!)

Έιρτ, ά μάέαιρ, ιρ νά βί έράιότε.

(Μ'όέόν άσυρ μ'όέόν ό!)

Έιρτ, ά μάέαιρ, ιρ νά βί έράιότε:

(Μ'όέόν άσυρ μ'όέόν ό!)

Τά μηά μο έάοιντε λε βρειέ ρόρ, ά μάιέρίη.

(Μ'όέόν άσυρ μ'όέόν ό!)

Ά βεαν άτά άς ζοε, δε βαιρ μο βάιρ-ρε

(Μ'όέόν άσυρ μ'όέόν ό!)

Βείό να έέδοτα ιποιυ ι ηζάιρσίη ράιρταιρ!

(Μ'όέόν άσυρ μ'όέόν ό!)

Ό μήνοι αρ Μυιζ Έυιληη ι ηλαρ-Έοηναέταιβ το έυαλαρ Έάοιηεό Μυιρε. Μάιρε Νίε ρ'λαηηεάόα τοβ' άιηη άσυρ ρλοιηηεό οι, άσυρ ρεαρ δε ημυιηηειρ Έείτοιζ το βί μαρ ρεαρ ρόρτα άιει. Όάο ζρεαηη λεαε βειέ άς έιρτεάέε λέιέι άσυρ ί άς εαηάό αν έάοιντε ζο ευήνάέ εεολήμαρ. Όί δε ηέιό ά τρυάιζε το Μυιρε άσυρ τά Μαε ζυρ ρίλ ρί να ρμαρα θεορ άσυρ ί άς ράό να ραηη ζυρβ' ρ'λυιέ ζρυαόά άσυρ βρολλάέ όι. Νά θέαηεαρ ιοηζαηεαρ δε ρηη, όιρ ιρ ηιηιε ράιρ Έρίορτ τά εάοιηεό ζο θεορμαέ άς ζεάθεάλαιβ.

Όο έυιρεαρ αν Έάοιηεό ι ζεόό ραη ζ'Έλαιόεαηη Σολυιρ,' Μεάόηη ρόζήμαρ 24, 1904. Τά ευιό δε άς αν Έραοιβίη Δοιβιηη ι ζΈάοιηεό να οΈρρί Μυιρε ι μεαρζ άηήρην Όιαόά Έύιζε Έοηηαέε. Ιρ όόιζ λιοη ζο β'ρυιλ όά άηήρην μεαρζέα λε η-ά έέιλε ραη ζΈάοιηεό ύο αν Έραοιβίη .ι. Έάοιηεό Μυιρε άσυρ άηήρην ειλε αρ ά οευζεαρ ράιρ Μυιρε. Τά ράιρ Μυιρε ι η-ά ηιοηλάη άς Μάιρε Νίε ρ'λαηηεάόα.

And is that the crown of thorns that crowned Thy beauteous head?’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

‘Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful!

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

Hush, O Mother, and be not sorrowful!

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

The women of My keening are yet unborn, little Mother.

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

O woman who weepst, by this My death

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

There will be hundreds to-day in the garden of Paradise!’

*(M’óchón agus m’óchón ó!)*

I heard ‘The Keening of Mary’ from a woman of Moycullen, in Iar-Connacht. Her own name was Mary Clancy, and she was married, as she told me, to one of the Keadys. I have heard nothing more exquisite than her low sobbing recitative, instinct with a profoundly felt emotion. There was a great horror in her voice at ‘*S an é rín an cárúir,*’ etc., and with the next stanza the chant rose into a wail. She cried pitifully and struck her breast several times during the recitation. It is a very precious thing for the world that in the homes of Ireland there are still men and women who can shed tears for the sorrows of Mary and her Son.

I published the poem in *An Claidheamh Soluis* for October 24th, 1904. Portion of it is incorporated in ‘The Keening of the Three Marys,’ printed by Dr. Douglas Hyde in his ‘Religious Songs of Connacht.’ I think Dr. Hyde’s poem is an amalgam of ‘The Keening of Mary’ with another poem called ‘The Passion of Mary’ which I also recovered from Mary Clancy.

## Μαριόνα Όονκλάο Βάιν

Ιρ αρ αν μβαίλε γεο όονηαι ριβ αν τ-ιονηαδ  
 Δρ Όονκλάο Βάιν ιρ έ τά όδομαδ.  
 Όί αιρίν βάν αιρ ι η-άιτ α ηατα,  
 Ιρ ρόιρίν ενάιβε ι η-άιτ α άαηαδατα.

Τά μέ αζ τεάτ αρ ρεαδ να ηοιόε  
 Μαρι βεαδ υαινίν ι μεαρζ ρειλβε αομας,  
 Μο βρολλας ρορζαιτε ιρ μο άεανη υιοη ρζαοιτε,  
 Ιρ κά βρuiζιηη μο όεαρβρμάιτρίη ηοηάηη άτ ρίητε?

Άοιη με αν άέαδ ορμαρ αζ ζοβ αν λοά,  
 Δη οαηα ορμαρ αζ βυη το άροιέ,  
 Δη τρiοηάδ ορμαρ ορ αιοηη το άυηρ-ρε  
 Ι μεαρζ να ηζαλλ ιρ μο άεανη τά ρζοιτεαδ.

Όά ηβειτέα αζαη-ρα ραν άιτ αρ άόηρ όυιτ,  
 Άίορ ι Σιζεας νό ι ηθαίλε αν Ρόοβα,  
 Όηηρριόε αν άρος, ζεαρηρραιόε αν ρόρα,  
 Ιρ λειζρριόε Όονκλάο Βάιν α βάιλε αρ αν εολαρ!

‘S α Όονκλάο Βάιν, ηίοηβ’ ί αν άρος βαδ όυαλ ουιτ,  
 Δάτ ουλ άυη αν ρζιοβόιλ ιρ τ’εαραιρ το βυαλαδ,  
 Δη αέάττα ο’ιοηρπόδ οειρμαλ ιρ τυαιτβεαλ,  
 ‘S αν ταοβ όεαρζ οε’η βρφοδ το άυη ι η-υαάτταρ!

Δ Όονκλάο Βάιν, α όεαρβρμάιτρίη οίλιρ,  
 Ιρ ηαιτ ατά α ρίορ αζαη ριύο το βάιν οίοη άυ,  
 Δζ όλ αν άυράιν, αζ οεαρζαδ αν ρίορα,  
 ‘S αζ ριυβαλ να ορμύττα ι ζαυηη να ηοιόε.

## II

# THE KEEN FOR FAIR-HAIRED DONOUGH

It is in this town ye have seen the wonder,  
The dooming of Donough the fair.  
He wore a white cap in place of his hat,  
And a hempen rope in place of his neckcloth.

I have been coming all the night long  
Like a little lamb in the midst of a great flock of sheep,  
My breast all bare, and my hair all streaming,  
And how should I find my little brother but dead before me?

I keened the first bout at the lip of the lake,  
And the second bout at the foot of your gallows,  
The third bout above your corpse  
In the midst of the Gall and my head all throbbing.

If I had had you where you ought to have been,  
Down in Sligo or in Ballinrobe,  
They'd have broken the gallows, they'd have cut the rope,  
And let fair-haired Donough home on his keeping!

O fair-haired Donough, 'tis not the gallows was your due,  
But to go to the barn and to thresh your corn,  
To guide the plough to the right hand and to the left,  
And to turn up the red side of the sod!

O fair-haired Donough, dear little brother,  
Well do I know what has taken you from me,  
Drinking the cup and reddening the pipe,  
And walking the dew in the dead of night.

Δ ἦνιc Uí Ḣulcáin, Δ ρζιύρρα Δη Ḣí-áιò,  
Ní Λαοζ βó βραδοιζε το βί in mo Ḣρίοcάιρ,  
Δcτ buácaillín cpiunn ceap Δρ cπoc ‘ρ Δρ cπocάη  
Ḣo Ḣαιρcaò ρuaim zo βοζ biηη Δρ camáη!

‘S Δ Ḣonncáò Ḣáin, nac é ρin Δη buaiòρcaò,  
‘S Δ ρcaðap ip Ḣ’iomcpióca ρpuiρ Δζup buacaiρ!  
Cuiρpinn éaocá ρaiρcaηca ce’n éaocá baò buaine  
Ip cuiρpinn Δmac cú maρ Ḣac tuine uapail.

Δ ἦνιc Uí Ḣulcáin, ná ρaið το cλann Ḣac i Ḣpocáip Δ céile,  
Ná το cλann inζcaη Δζ iapρaiò ρpρé opc!—  
Cá Ḣá ccaηη Δη Ḣuiρo ρoλaiḢ, ‘ρ Δη c-uρlár líonca,  
Ip Ḣonncáò Ḣáη, mo ḢcaρḢpáicpín, ρínce.

Cá ρpρé ḢonncáòΔ Ḣáin Δζ ceacτ Δ Ḣaile,  
Ip ní ba, caoiρuz é, na capail,  
Δcτ τοbac ip píoρaί ip coinnealla ζcaila,  
Ip ní Ḣá Ḣaoiòcaη é Δρ lucτ Δ ζcaicτe!

Ḣí MaρḢna ḢonncáòΔ Ḣáin i mbélaib ná ρcaη-οaοiηe i nάpaiηηη nuaiρ  
το βίορ Δηη Δζup mé im’ ḢacaοiḢ. Ip ó’n ζCpaoibín ΔoiḢiηη το ρuapap Δη  
ceipciḢiη ρin ρoiḢam Δη c-Δη το βί ‘Δη cΔicpρcaoiρ’ Ḣá cuiρ le céile Δζam-  
pa Δζup Δζ Cáoζ Ó ḢonncáòΔ. Ḣo cuiρcaμαρ i ζcλó ρan ζcéaḢ cuiρ ce’n  
‘Δicpρcaoiρ’ í ρan mbliacáin 1901.

Ḣcaη cρléiḢe éiziη το ρinne Δη MaρḢna Δζ caoiηcaò Connacτaiζ óiz  
το cρocáḢo le ζallaib. Ní ρioρ ciaiḢ’ é Δη Connacτac óζ úo, ná cár cpiocáḢo é,  
ná ciaiḢ’ í beaη Δ cλoiηce ná cuiζceap Δρ ná ρoclaib ‘ceapḢpáicpín,’ γc., ζup  
ceipḢpáicpín Ḣó í, óip ip ζηácaá ‘ceapḢpáicpín’ nó ‘ceipḢpáicpín’ το ζaiρηη ce tuine  
maρ Δiηη ceana.

Cá cρí ceacpρaiḢiηa ce na ceacpρaiḢiηaib ρin ρoiḢam cuiρca i mḢcaρila Δζ  
Δη Yéacpác i ‘Kathleen Ni Houlihan.’

And you, Mullane, ill-omened scourge,  
No calf of a false cow was my brother,  
But a tight comely little lad on hill and hillock  
Who would draw a sound soft and sweet from a hurley!

And O fair-haired Donough, is it not the pity,  
And how well you would carry spurs and boots!  
I might put fashionable clothes on you of the most lasting cloth  
And send you abroad as a gentleman's son.

May your sons, Mullane, never gather together,  
Nor your daughters ever ask you for dowry!—  
The two ends of the table are empty, and the floor crowded,  
And fair-haired Donough, my little brother, laid out.

The dowry of fair-haired Donough is coming home,  
And it is not kine, sheep, or horses,  
But tobacco and pipes and white candles,  
And no man grudges them to those that use them!

‘The Keen for Fair-haired Donough’ was common in Aran when I was there as a lad. In 1901, when Mr. Tadhg O’Donoghue and I were putting *An tAithriseoir* together, Dr. Hyde sent me this Mayo version, and we published it in Part I. of *An tAithriseoir*, with one or two substitutions from my Aran source.

The Keen was made by some mountainy woman for a young Connachtman hanged by the English. Who he was, where he was hanged, or who was his keener we do not know. We are not to assume that she was his sister: the words ‘dearbhrathair,’ ‘deirbhshiur’ (‘brother,’ ‘sister’) are often used by our people as terms of endearment.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has given a beautiful English version of three of these stanzas in his ‘Kathleen Ni Houlihan.’

## Οἶόν, Δ Ὀοννῶδῶ

Οἶόν, Δ Ὀοννῶδῶ! μο μίλε κοζαρέαδ φά'ν ἔφθο γο γίντε,  
 φθο αν ποικίλλ 'ν-Δ λυίξε αρ το ἄλοινν βίς, μο λομα-ρζειμῆλεδῶ!  
 Ὅά μβεαδ αν κοσλαδ γο ι γκιλλ να Ὀρομαδ ορε, νό ι η-υαίξ ραν  
 λαρέαρ,  
 Μο ἔρον το βοςφάδ, cé ζυρ μῶρ μο ὀοῶαρ, ιρ νί βεινν ιθ' ὀιαῖδ αρ.

Ιρ φειοῖτε αῖιτε τὰ να βλάττα ρζαίρεαδ αρ το λεαβαιῶ ἄλοιλ-ρε,  
 Ὅα ἔρεαξ ιαδ ταμλλ ἀτ ἔρείξ Δ οταίτνεαμ, νίλ ρναρ νά βρῖξ  
 ιονητα;  
 'Σ τὰ'ν βλάτ βα ζίλε λιομ ὀάρ ἔάρ αρ ιθιρ μιανῆ νά ὀ'ἔάρφαιῶ κοιῶε  
 Δζ ὀρεοξ' ρα τάλαιμ ιρ ζο θεο νί ἔαεφαιῶ ρέ Δζ κυρ ἔηξε κροῖε ορη.

Οἶ, Δ ἄμμανηαίξ! νάρ μῶρ αν ρζιυραλ ἔ αν τ-υιρξε 'οτ λυαρζαδ,  
 ζαν νεαρ ιθ' αῖιρλεανηαῖβ νά ἔιννε ι ηζοιρε ὀυιτ το ἔαδαραδ  
 ρυαρῆαιη:  
 Σζέαλ νίορ τυζαδ αῖζαμ αρ βαιοζαλ μο λεινῶ νά αρ ὀέινε Δ ἄμυαῶταιη—  
 Ὄ, 'ρ ζο ραζαῖνν ζο ροηηῆαρ αρ ὀοιῆηη-λιε Ιρμυη αῖμ τῦ 'ἔυαρζαῖτε!

Τὰ αν ραε ζο ὀορέα, νί ἔέαοαιη κοσλαδ, το ἔέαν ζαδ ρῶξ μέ:  
 ζαῖβ ὀοιλῶ λιομ αν ζῆαῖοιλζ ορζαῖτε (ιρ ολε αν κοῆαρέα ἔ);  
 ἔυαδ λιομ ρεαλαδ ι ζε'λυαοαρ αρααδ, βίονη Δ ηζρεανη 'ομ ἄιαραδ;  
 Ὄ'ν λά ζο ἔραα-ρα ζο τλάτ αρ αν ηζαῖνιῆ ἄυ' νίορ ζέαλ αν ζῖαιη ὀομ.

Οἶ, μο ἡαίρξ! ααδ το ὀέαηραδ ρεαρτα ιρ αν ραοζαλ 'ομ ἔυαῶαδ,  
 ζαν το λάμῆη αιίλε μαρ λειῖτνε ι ζερῆανηαῖβ αρ μο ἡαλαῖνν ζῖμυαῖαδ,  
 Ὅο βείλῆη μεαλα μαρ ἄεολ να η-αιηζεαλ ζο βῆνν ἡμ' ἄλυαῖαῖβ,  
 'ζά ράδ ζο κνεαρτα λιομ, 'Μο ζῖαῖῶη μ'ἀῆαιη βοῶτ, νά βίῶδ  
 βυαῶαιητ ορη!

### III

## A FATHER KEENS HIS DROWNED CHILD

Ochón, O Donough! my thousand whispers stretched under this sod,  
The sod of sorrow on your little body, my utter anguish!  
If this sleep were on you in Cill na Dromad, or some grave in the West,  
‘Twould soften my suffering, though great my hurt, and I would not  
repine for you!

Withered and wasted are the flowers they scattered on your narrow bed,  
They were lovely for a little time, but their radiance is gone, they have  
no comeliness or life;  
And the flower I held brightest of all that grew in soil or shall ever grow  
Is rotting in the ground, and will spring no more to lift up my heart.

Alas, beloved! was it not a great pity, the water rocking you,  
With no strength in your pulses nor anyone near you that might save:  
No news was brought to me of the peril of my child or the extremity  
of his need—  
Ah, though I’d gladly go to Hell’s deep flag to rescue you!

The moon is dark, I cannot sleep, all joy has left me:  
Rough and rude to me the open Gaelic (‘tis an ill sign);  
I hate a while in the company of friends, their merriment tortures me;  
From the day I saw you dead on the sand, the sun has not shone for me.

Alas, my grief! what shall I do henceforth, the world wearing me,  
Without your chalk-white little hand like a breath through trees on my  
sombre brow,  
Your little mouth of honey like angels’ music sweet in my ears  
Saying to me gently, ‘dear heart, poor father, be not troubled!’



Ó, mo áιιίρ é! ιρ βεαζ το έεαρ-ρα ι τριάτ μο ύόαιρ  
 Νά βεάδ αν λεαηβ ρο ‘η-α λαό ηεαρ έαλμα ι λάρ να ρόηηε,  
 Α ηήιόηαίτα ζαιρζε ιρ α ρηαοιητε μεληηαη αη ροη να ρόοια,—  
 Δάτ αν τέ το ύεαλβυιζ τε έηέ αη αν ταλαη ρηηη, ηί μαη ρηη ο’όρτοιζ!

Le η-αρ ηηη ρέηη το ηηηεάδ αν αοηηεάδ ρηη ηοηάηη, .ι. ‘Όόδη, α  
 ‘Όοηηάδ,’ ηηλ. Ράοηαιζ Ό ηέηεαίταιζ .ι. ηεοηαιόε ζαεόηι ηα έοηηηυιόε ι  
 Springfield, ι Στατ ‘Μαηρ-αχυεττερ ι η-Αηεηηοά, το ηηηηε έ. Μαα  
 ηύηηηεάα λειρ το βάαδ ι η-αοιρ α ηέ βηαδαν ζυη ζάδ αηηα αν τ-άαηη βοάτ  
 ζυη έυη ηέ αν αοηηεάδ ρο. ‘Όο έυη ηέ αν αοηηεάδ έυζαη-ρα, αζυη το  
 έυηηεαρ-ρα ρά έλό έ ραη ζ‘Clareθαη Solυηρ,’ Διβ. 7, 1906. Τυιζεαρ ό ηίηε 3  
 ζυηαβ αη Κύηε Μυηάηη ηο’η άαηη αζυη ζυηαβ αη Κύηε Έοηηάάτ το ηάάαηη  
 αν ηειηβ.

Ah, desolate! I little thought in the time of my hope  
That this child would not be a swift valiant hero in the midst of the band,  
Doing deeds of daring and planning wisely for the sake of Fódla,  
But He who fashioned us of clay on earth not so has ordered!

‘The Keen for the Drowned Child’ was made in America by a poet still living, Patrick Hegarty, of Springfield, Mass. He sent it to me while I was editing *An Claidheamh Soluis*, and I published it in the issue of 7th April, 1906. Cill na Dromad is the Munster churchyard in which the father had hoped his child would be buried—or else in ‘some grave in the West,’ for its mother was from Connacht. I am more conscious in this than in the previous cases of the inadequacy of my English prose to render either the deep melody of the original or the exquisite delicacy of its phrase.



## IV A SLEEP SONG

*Deirín dé, deirín dé!*

The brown bittern speaks in the bog;

*Deirín dé, deirín dé!*

The nightjar is abroad on the heath.

*Deirín dé, deirín dé!*

Kine will go west at dawn of day;

*Deirín dé, deirín dé!*

And my child will go to the pasture to mind them.

*Deirín dé, deirín dé!*

Moon will rise and sun will set;

*Deirín dé, deirín dé!*

Kine will come east at end of day.

*Deirín dé, deirín dé!*

I will let my child go gathering blackberries,

*Deirín dé, deirín dé!*

If he sleeps softly till the ring of day!

The Sleep Song which I add as a pendant to the song of childhood and death I have pieced together from my recollection of a song that I heard in my own childhood from the woman to whom I owe all my enthusiasms. Where my memory has failed I have filled in the lacunae from a version of the same lullaby taken down in West Cork by Mr. Amhlaoibh Lynch. The refrain 'deirín dé' is the name given by children to the last spark at the end of a burning stick used in certain games. With the thought in stanzas 2 and 3 compare Sappho's 'Hesperus, thou bringest back all that daylight scattereth, thou bringest the lamb and the goat to fold, thou bringest the infant to its mother.'

## V

# Ναὶ Δοῖβινη το να hÉiníníḃ

Ναὶ δοῖβινη το να hÉiníníḃ  
 Ὅ'εἰμιζελην ζο hάρτο,  
 'S βίονη Δζ ceilead̄ari le céile  
 Δρ Δον ἐραοῖḃ Δῆλιν!  
 Νί μαρ ριν τοm φέιμιζ  
 'S τοm' céαο míle ζράḃ:  
 Ἰρ φαοα ὁ η-α céile ορμιν  
 Ὅ'εἰμιζελην ζαὶ Λά.

Ἰρ βάιηε ἰ 'νά 'n λιλε,  
 Ἰρ οειρε ἰ 'νά 'n ρζέιḃ,  
 Ἰρ βινηε ἰ 'νά 'n ḃειḃλίν,  
 'S Ἰρ ροιλλριζε ἰ 'νά' n ζρέιη;  
 Ἰρ φεαρρ 'νά ριν uile  
 Δ huairleac̄t 'r Δ μέηη—  
 'S Δ Ὅια Δτά Ἰρ να φλαιτίρ,  
 φυαρζαιλ τοm' ρέιη!

## V

# HOW HAPPY THE LITTLE BIRDS

How happy the little birds  
That rise up on high  
And make music together  
On a single bough!  
Not so with me  
And my hundred thousand loves:  
Far apart on us  
Rises every day.

Whiter she than the lily,  
Than beauty more fair,  
Sweeter voiced than the violin,  
More lightsome than the sun;  
Yet beyond all that  
Her nobleness, her mind,—  
And O God Who art in Heaven,  
Relieve my pain!

## VI

### Τάιο να Ρέλιτα 'ν-α Σεραμ

Τάιο να Ρέλιτα 'ν-α Σεραμ αν αν αν,  
    Αν ζήσαν ιρ αν ζελαδ 'ν-α λυζε;  
Τά αν ράιριζε τράιζτε ζαν βραον,  
    'S níl réim ασ αν εαλα μαρι βίοο;  
Τά αν ευαίειν ι μβαρριαιβ να ηζέας  
    'Σά ρίοι-ράο ζυι έαλυζ ρί υαιη,—  
Α ρτυαιρίν να μβαδάλ μβρεαζ ρέιο  
    'Ο'ράζ έιηε ρά ραοτυιηε ευαδó!

Τρί νίο το είμ τρέρ αν ηζιάο,  
    Αν πελαδó, αν βάρ, ιρ αν ριαη,  
Αζυρ μ'ιητιηη οά ιηηηηηη ζαδ λά όοηη  
    Μ'αιζηηεαδ ζυι έράο ρί λε ειαδ.  
Σέ μο ευαίηα ζέαρ ζο οτυζαρ οι ζηιάο,  
    'S ζο μβ'ρεαρη λιοη ηαδ βφειεφηηη η ριαη,—  
'S α ηάιζοεαν, το ηίλλ τυ ηη' λάρ ηέ,  
    'S ζο βραζαίο τυ να ζηάρα ó Όια!

## VI

# THE STARS STAND UP

The stars stand up in the air,  
The sun and the moon are set,  
The sea has ebbed dry of its tide,  
And the swan has no sway as she used;  
The cuckoo in the tops of the boughs  
Keeps telling me that she is fled,—  
O darling of the brave free tresses  
That left Ireland in the utter unrest!

Three things I see through love,  
Sin, and death, and pain;  
And my mind tells me day by day  
That my soul she has wasted with woe.  
My sharp grief that I e'er gave her love,  
'Twere better I never had seen her,—  
O maiden, my heart you have hurt,  
May you get forgiveness from God!



## VII Neilí b́án

Δ Neilí b́án, ruiò Láimh Liom, Δ ćara zeal mo ćroide,  
Iz leiz mo Láimh ar do b́rázaido nó ní máirfiríò mé beo mí;  
Do ŕnámair an tSiúir leacán ‘zur an tSiobann mór io’ óiaid  
Zo ŕinninn Láimh leat, Δ źrád źil, i m’báile Loça Riác!

Óá mbád liom-ra Þorcomna azur b́aile Loça Riác,  
Luimneac no lonz azur Connacae b́aile Áca Cliac,  
Ar do máinnfir-re do roinnfirinn Δ leac iz Δ óá tcruidh  
Ó’fonn oul i zcleammar leat lá rada azur bliadain!

Ó, iz tcruidh źeair nár cailleadó mé amuisz ar an rliad  
An áit Δ mbeadó mo ćnámia le riodad az an b́riac,  
I nodh zur ćuit mé i nziad leat, Δ Neilí b́án na zciad,—  
‘S mo mállac ar do máicrín nac áil léi mire óuit mar ćliamain!

Iz binn b́ionac iad amháin źráda na nzeoedal. Do ćluirfeá amháin  
źrinn i meaz na nadoine, ac ní áro-filidac acá inr na hamrándið rin,  
azur nil móran meara az luac na zaeoizze oia. Tuizeann luac na zaeoizze  
nac rada ó n-a céile an áilne azur an b́ion, azur má’r áluinn an níó é an  
źrád zur minic b́ion i n-a óiaid. ‘Trí níó do ćim tréir an nziad: an reacad, an  
bár, iz an rian.’ I zCúize Mumhan do minnead ‘Nac Doibinn do na hÉiníð’  
azur ‘Cáid na Réalta ‘n-a Searam,’ ac tá an céad amháin acá ar fuo na  
zeoedaltaca anoir azur Δ ćuma féin az zac ceannair air. I zCúize Connac  
do minnead ‘Neilí b́án.’ Ćirear na trí amháin i z‘Ceol Síde,’ ac tá m’innfirin  
féin azam oia anro.

## VII

# NELLY BHÁN

Sit beside me, Nelly Bhán, O bright friend of my heart,  
Let my hand rest on your bosom or I shall not live a month;  
I have swum the broad Suir and the great Shannon after you  
To be beside you, O bright love, in the town of Loughrea!

If Portumna were mine and the town of Loughrea,  
Limerick of the ships and the county of Dublin,  
Their half or two-thirds I'd share among your kin  
With desire to be joined to you for a long day and a year!

'Tis a bitter pity I did not die out on the mountain  
In the place where my bones would be picked by the raven,  
Since fate has made me love you, O my white ringleted Nelly,—  
And my curse upon your mother who will not have me for a son!

The love of the Irish peasant, if his love songs give it true expression, is not a thing of gladness but a thing of sadness, with a terrible passion at its core. In each of these songs (and while each is distinctive in its beauty they are all characteristic in their atmosphere) there is the same tender melancholy, broken startlingly by a gust of passion. 'How Happy the Little Birds,' and 'The Stars Stand Up,' are from Munster, but I find the first of them among the folk everywhere. 'Nelly Bhán' is from Connacht. In translating 'The Stars Stand Up,' I have doubtless been influenced by Mr. MacDonagh's verse-rendering, though I have not looked at the latter recently. All three songs are well known: versions of them (which, however, I have not followed very closely) will be found in Miss Borthwick's 'Ceol Sidhe.'



## VIII

# YOUNG DONAL

O young Donal, if you go over the sea  
Do not forget to take myself with you,  
And you will have a fairing on fair and market day  
And the King of Greece's daughter to be your bedmate.

If you go across I have a sign to know you by:  
You have a fair *cúl* and two grey eyes,  
Twelve curls in your yellow ringleted *cúl*  
Like a cowslip or a rose in a garden.

'Tis late last night the beagle spoke of you,  
The snipe spoke of you in the deep of the bog,  
But you were gone like a lone barnacle goose among the woods,—  
May you be without mate forever until you get me!

You promised me (and you told me a lie)  
That you would be before me at the sheep pen;  
I sent a whistle and three hundred shouts to you,  
And I heard nothing there but a lamb bleating!

You promised me (a thing that were hard for you)  
A fleet of gold with masts all silver,  
Twelve towns, each one a market-town,  
And a fair lime-white court beside the sea.

You promised me (a thing impossible)  
That you would give me gloves of a fish's skin,  
That you would give me the shoes of the skin of birds,  
And a suit of the costliest silk in Ireland.

Δ Ὀμόνηαιλλ Ὄις, β'φέαρρ ὀυιτ μιρε ΔΣΑΤ  
'Νά βεαν υαράλ υαιῖβρεάδ ιομαρκαδ;  
Ὁο ἐρύῶρδαινη βό ΔΣΥΡ ὀο-ζέαναινη cuiζεανη τυιτ,  
Ιρ, τὰ μβαῶ ἐρυαιῶ ἐ, ὀο βυαιρρην buille leat!

Ὁς οῶδῶ, ΔΣΥΡ ΝΙ LE hocμαρ,  
υηρεαρβα βιῶ, τῶζε, Νά cοοαλτα,  
Ρά ηοεαρρ ὀομ-ρα βειτ ταναιῶ τρυυῶαλῶα,  
Δῶτ ζυάῶ ρη ὀις ιρ ἐ ἔρεοιῶ ζο ρολλυρ me!

Ιρ μοῶ Δρ μαρρην ὀο ἐοηηαδ-ρα Δη τ-ὀιςφέαρ  
Δρ ἡυην ἐαραιλλ ΔΣ ζαῖῶιλ Δη ἔῶτδαιρ;  
Ἠῶρ ὀρμυῶ ρέ λιοη ιρ ἡῶρ ἐυηρ Νά ρτῖῶῶ ορην,  
'Σ Δρ μο ἐαρῶ Δ ἔαιλε ὀομ 'ρεῶῶ ὀο ζοιλεαρ μο ὀῶτδαιη.

Ἠυαιρ ἐείζιμ-ρε ρέην ζο τῶβαρ Δη υαιζηηρ  
Συρῶιη ρῶρ ΔΣ ὀέαναιη βυῶῶαρῶα,  
Ἠυαιρ ἐίη Δη ραῶζαλ ιρ Νά ρειϷιη μο βυῶῶαιλλ  
ζο ραιῖ ρζῶιλ Δη ὀμαιρ ι μβαρρ Δ ζῖρυῶῶηα.

Σιῦῶ ἐ Δη Ὁοῖηαῶ ὀο ἐυζαρ ζυῶῶ ὀυιτ,  
Δη Ὁοῖηαῶ ὀῖρεῶ ροιῖη Ὁοῖηαῶ Cάρζα,  
Ιρ μιρε Δρ μο ζῖλύηηῖ ΔΣ λέιζεῶῶ ηα ρῶιρε  
'Σεῶῶ ἔι μο ὀά ρῖυιλ ΔΣ ρῶρ-ῶῶῶαιρτ Δη ζῖρῶῶῶ ὀυιτ.

Ὁυῖῶαιρτ μο ἡῶιῶρῖηη λιοη ζαη λαῖῶαιρτ leat  
Ἠοιυ ηά ι μβαῖραῶ ηά Ὁια Ὁοῖηαιζ,—  
Ιρ ολc Δη τῖῶῶ ὀο ἐυζ ρῖ ρῶζα ὀομ,  
'Σέ ὀῦηαῶ Δη ὀορμαιρ ἐ ταιρ ἐηρ ηα ρῶζλα.

Ὁ Δ ὀε, Δ ἡῶιῶρῖηη, τῶῶαιρ με ρέην ὀο,  
Ιρ τῶῶαιρ Δ ἔρυιλ ΔΣΑΤ ὀε'η τῖραῶζαλ ζο λέηρ ὀο;  
Ἐηηζ ρέην ΔΣ ιαρρῖῶῶ ὀέηρce  
ΔΣΥΡ Νά ζαῖ ριαρ ηά Δηαιρ 'ομ ἐίλεαῖη.

O young Donal, I were meeter mate for you  
Than a proud overbearing lady;  
I would milk a cow, I would do the churning for you,  
And if it went hard I would strike a blow with you!

Och, ochon! And it is not hunger,  
Want of food, of drink, or of sleep,  
That has caused me to be worn and wan,  
But 'tis love of a young man has plainly wasted me.

'Tis early in the morning I saw the youth  
Mounted on horseback going the road;  
He did not draw near me or speak a word to me,  
And on returning home I wept my fill.

When I go to the Well of Loneliness  
I sit down making lamentation,  
When I see the world and see not my lad,  
Who had the shadow of amber mantling in his cheeks.

Yon is the Sunday I gave you love,  
The very Sunday before Easter Sunday,  
When I was on my knees reading the Passion  
My two eyes were constantly giving you love.

My mother told me not to speak to you,  
To-day nor to-morrow nor on Sunday,—  
It was a bad time she gave me my choice,  
'Twas shutting the door after the theft.

O, little mother, give myself to him,  
And give all that you have in the world to him,  
Go yourself asking alms  
And come not west or east to seek me.

Τά μο έρωδε-ρε κοή τουβ λε ήλιηνε,  
Νό λε ζυαλ τουβ το βεαδò ι ζεαρωδάν,  
Νό λε bonn ηρώζε βεαδò αη ηαλλαιβò βάνη,  
Ιη ζυη όειηη λιονη τουβ όιοη οη ειοηη μο ήλαιντε.

Όο βαιηη ροηη όιοη, ιη το βαιηη ριαη όιοη,  
Όο βαιηη ροήαη ιη το βαιηη ιη όιαιò όιοη,  
Όο βαιηη ζεαλας ιη το βαιηη ζηιαη όιοη,  
‘Σ ιη ρό-ήόη η’εαζλα ζυη βαιηη Όια όιοη!

Ιη έ Ταδòς Ό Όονηάδα το εηη ρίοη αη τ-αήηάη ρηη ροήαη. Όονηάδò  
Ό Όαηζάη, ρεαη-τάιλλιύηη ι ζαηηαηζ ηα βήεαη ι ζαονηεε έοηαηζε,  
ο’αιςηη τό έ. Όο εηηεαηαη ι ζελό ραη ζεέαδò εηηο δε’η ‘Διςηηεοηη’ έ ραη  
ηβλιαδóηη 1900.

My heart is as black as a sloe,  
Or as black as coal that would be in a forge,  
Or as the sole of a shoe on white halls,  
And sure you have wasted my life and health.

You have taken east and you have taken west from me,  
You have taken the path before me and the path behind me,  
You have taken moon and you have taken sun from me,  
And great is my fear that you have taken God from me!

‘Domhnall Og’ was written down by Mr. Tadhg O’Donoghue from the recitation of Denis Dorgan of Carrignavar, County Cork, and was first printed by Mr. O’Donoghue and me in our *Aithriseoir*, Part I., 1900. Mr. Yeats has translated some of it in his ‘Ideas of Good and Evil.’