Cuig' Uladh.

An Craoibhín Aoibhinn

From Shan Van Vocht, December 4, 1896.

Ta Cuig' Uladh anois
Go súgach, mar is fois,
Gan buaidhreadh gan sgrios
O a námhad
Ní chluintear aon "ochón!"
Anois ó chloinn na dtreón
Do bhi le fad fá bhrón
Ann a n-árus.

A's ní'l an t-Sean-bhean-bhocht
I g-cuig' Uladh anocht
Go dona ná go-docht
Mar do bhi sí,
Acht í i gclúid on bhaic
Ag glaodhach ar a mac
"Caith uait a mhic an leac
As do chroidhe-'stigh."

Ní'l congnamh dúinn i ndán
'O'n bh-Frainc ná fós ó'n Spáin
Cidh go bhfacamar a lán
Ag súil leis,
Acht, tuig, gur ionnainn féin
Tá meisneach láidir treun
Mar Sholus geal ó'n ngréin
Ar an drúchta.

Atámaoid mar an feur
Bhi brúighte sios areir,
'S do sheas sé suas go léir
Tar éis cáirde,
Tamaoid mar tromán ann
Do gearradh ag an mbonn

Agus d'fhás arís na chrann
Dul I n'áirde.

Béidh Uladh fós gan bhrón,
Ag cuimhniughadh ar Wolf Tóne,
Gan dearmad na sean-chróin
Bhí i n-Eirinn,
Ag seinm ceóil go binn,
'S go síor ag cabhrughaidh linn,
Chomh fad 's bhéidheas breac ar linn
Tir no Spéir ann.

ENGLISH

Douglas Hyde

Through the realm of Uladh wide, mirth reigns on every side,
Ruin no more we'll tide from the hand of the foeman;
For our clans that long made moan, their grief away have thrown,
And the sound of a sad "Ochón," is heard from no man.

And the *Shan Van Vocht* our queen, shall mourn no more I ween,
Nor be scorned as she hath been in the days departed,
For a stronghold firm she hath found in heroic Northern ground,
Whence she calls on her sons around to be dauntless-hearted.

We will wait not help again, from France nor out of Spain,
Though for hosts from o'er the main there are many pining,
For in native hearts we deem, fresh fires of courage gleam,
Like the sunburst's morning beam upon dewdrops shining.

And as grass blades trampled low, when the footsteps further go
Leap up, our hearts leap so, all danger braving,
And like new sprung shoots we see from the stricken Alder tree,
Our undying strife shall be for our country's saving.

Still in Uladh is honour shown to the memory of Wolfe Tone,
For his vow by the ancient throne that we hailed kings herein,
And, nor sword nor song shall sleep while the trouts through the torrents leap,
And the hills soar blue and steep up to heaven from Erin.