

ῬΑΝΣΥΡ ΒΑΝ

Ῥανσυρ Βάν is an 9th-century Old Irish poem believed to have been written at Reichenau Abbey in modern-day Germany by an Irish monk. The poem is about the author's cat. The original Old Irish is taken from *Irische Texte*, Vol. 1 by Ernst Windisch in 1880, and an English translation by Robin Flower is taken from *The Poem-Book Of The Gael* published in 1912.

ῬΑΝΣΥΡ ΒΑΝ.

Merre ocur Ῥανσυρ Βάν, cechtar náthar fua rainoán
bíth Δ menma-ram fua feilss, nu menma céin im raincheimto.

Caraim-re for ferir cach clú, oc mu lebrán leir ingnu
ni forimtech fimm Ῥανσυρ Βάν, caraid ceirin Δ maccoán.

O iu bíam rcél cen rcír, innar tezdair ar no-ocnoír
taichuinn dichrichíoe cliur, ni fuitarodam arnátchiur.

Snáth huairib ar zierraig zál, zlenaid luch inna lín-ram
Or mé oufuit im lín chéin, olizeo n-doraid cu n-dhronchéill.

Fuachaido-rem fua fresa fál, Δ porc angléire comlán
fuachimm chein fua fezi fir, mu porc feil ceiru imoir.

Ɔaelio-rem cu n-dene dul, hi n-zlen luch inna zerchruib
hi tucu cheirt n-doraid n-dil, or me chene am Ɔaelio.

Cia beimmí amin nach ré, ni derbdan cách Δ chele
caraid cechtar náir Δ oán, rubaizchiur Δ óenuirán.

He ferin ar choim rto oáú, in muidoun zní cach oen láu
ou thadairt doraid ou zlé, for mu muid cein am merre.

THE STUDENT AND HIS CAT.

I and Pangur Bán, my cat,
‘Tis a like task we are at;
Hunting mice is his delight,
Hunting words I sit all night.

Better far than praise of men
‘Tis to sit with book and pen;
Pangur bears me no ill-will,
He, too, plies his simple skill.

‘Tis a merry thing to see
At our tasks how glad are we,
When at home we sit and find
Entertainment to our mind.

Oftentimes a mouse will stray
In the hero Pangur’s way;
Ofentimes my keen thought set
Takes a meaning in its net.

‘Gainst the wall he sets his eye
Full and fierce and sharp and sly;
‘Gainst the wall of knowledge I
All my little wisdom try.

When a mouse darts from its den,
O! how glad is Pangur then;
O! what gladness do I prove
When I solve the doubts I love.

So in peace our task we ply,
Pangur Bán, my cat, and I;
In our arts we find our bliss,
I have mine, and he has his.

Practice every day has made
Pangur perfect in his trade;

I get wisdom day and night,
Turning darkness into light.

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