

# ΔΙΣΙΜΝΣ

ΔΟΥΔΗ Ο ΡΑΤΑΙΛΛΕ

Foilsithe ag an gCartlann



Μαισιον pul rmaoin Titan Δ έορα το Λαδδαιλλ  
Διη μνλλδδ ένουε δοιηο δοιβινη το Λοδαμαη ρυαρ;  
Ταρμαρταη λινη ρζαοδ δρμυινηζιοι ροιλβιη ρυαιηε  
Ζαρμαδ δβι Δ Σιο Σεληαιδ ρολαρ-δρμυιζ έυαιδ.

Ρεαρμαρταη ρζιμ τομαοιδεδδτα ηδρ δορκα ρηυαδδ,  
Ο ζδαιλλιμ ηα λιοζ λι-ζεαλ ζο Κοηκαιζ ηα ζ-ευαη,  
Θαρμα ζαδ ερμυινη ριοη-έυιηεαρ τομαδ δζυη εηυαρ,  
Μεαρ θαηηε αιη ζαδ κοιλλ, ριη-μυιλ αιη ελοδαιδ ζο ευαη.

Λαραιο ριη ερι κοιηηλε ζο ρολαρ ηαδ Λυαιδωιη  
Διη μνλλδδ Ένουε δοιηο Ριηυηηε Κοηαλλαιζ ηυαιδδ,  
Λεαηαρ εαρ τυιηηη ρζαοδ ηα η-βαη ζ-κοδαιλλ ζο Τυαηιυιη,  
Ιη ραδδαιη-ρε διοδδ διοζηαιη Δ η-οιηιζε αιη ευαιηο.

Ο ρηεαζαιη αη Θριζιο Δοιβιλλ, ηδρ δορκα ρηυαδδ,  
Ραδδαιη ηα ο-ερι ζ-κοιηηλε το Λαρδδ αιη ζαδ ευαη,  
Δ η-αιηη αη ριζ διοζηαιη βεαρ δζυιηηη ζο Λυαδ.  
Δ ζ-εαηηηαρ ηα ο-ερι ριοζαδδτα, ιη θα ζ-κοηηαηη ζο ευαη.

Δη η'αιηλιηζ το ριημ-βιοδδζαρ ζο η-αδδυηαιη ρυαρ,  
Ιη το ηεαηαρ ζυη δ-ριοη ο'Δοιβιλλ ζαδ ροηαρ θαη Λυαιδδ;  
Ιη αηηλαιδδ βιοη εηημ ερεδδταδ, τοιλβιη, τυαιηε,  
Μαισιον pul rmaoin Titan Δ έορα το Λαδδαιλλ.

One morning, ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet,  
I went up to the summit of a high pleasant hill,  
I met a band of charming, playful maidens—  
A host who dwelt in Sidh Seanaibh of the bright mansion in the north.

A magic prosperity of hue not dark spread itself around,  
From Galway, of the bright coloured stones, to Cork of the harbours;  
The top of every tree ever bears fruit and produce;  
In every wood are acorns, and sweet honey continually on stones.

They light three candles with a blaze I cannot describe  
On the top of high Cnoc Firinne in Red Conollo;  
I followed the band of hooded women over the waves to Thomond,  
And ask the secret of the function they were performing in their rounds.

The maiden Aoibhill, not dark of aspect, gave in reply  
The reason for lighting the three candles over every harbour;  
In the name of the king for whom we yearn, and who will soon be with  
us  
Ruling the three kingdoms and defending them long.

I started up from my reverie without delay,  
And I fancied that Aoibhill had spoken truth in all she had said;  
The way with me was that I felt weak, oppressed, sad, and troubled  
One morning ere yet Titan thought of stirring his feet.