

CRÉACHTA CRÍCH FÓDLA.

(THE WOUNDS OF THE LAND OF FODLA.)

By Aogán Ó Rathaille (1670-1726)

IRISH.

Ír a tuirfead zeur liom créadta críic fódla
Fá rzamall zo daor 'ra zaoilta clí-breóizte;
Na cranna bad érine az déanamh oín oíob rin
Do zearrad a nzeaza 'ra b-breáma crín-feoiizte.

Cé rada ouic, Éire, máoróa, mín-nórmar,
Do' banaltuain t-réim le féile ir ríor-eóluir,
Deir fearoa do' méirioiz fé zac críon-cóirir,
'S zac laorann comáideac b'éir do clí deóiltad.

Ír mar bairia air mo méala, feuc zur díol deóra,
Zo nzaðann zac récr don réim rin roinn Eoruir
A bairríonn cair féin zo rasoalta rícheóilte,
Acht banba a b-réin zan céile ir í poroa!

Áilleamair rréim-ríiocht Néill ir ríol Eozain,
Ír na fearacoim tréana, laocrad ríozac óóirne,
Don Áraac' fuil féil, mo léun, ní'l puinn beo azuinn!
Ír rada rinn tréic fá léir-rzior buíon Leóralo.

Ír dearb zur b'é zac éizion íozcóra,
Zanzuro ir éicéac, claoir ir díoc-cómáil,
Zan ceanzal le céile, acht maobad rínn-rzórnaac,
Do éarriainz zo raobrac rraoc an Ríoz comáctais.

Ó áilleamair Éire ir méad ár mío-comérom,
Ír trearzarit na laoc meair, treun, náir mí-treórac,
Air Arao-Mac Dé 'r air treun na Tríonóide
Zo mairriob bá n-éir an mead ro díob beo azuinn.

Áilleadar zaoóail a o-tréicé caoim córac,
Caréanaac, féile, beura, ir bínn-céóilte;

Ἀλλὰ-τυχεῖς ἐλασὸν τὸ ἔραός ρῖνη φάσι μὲν-ρμαῖς;
Ἀλλάλαιμ Δον-Ἰᾶς Ὅε Διη Σαοῖοις ὁ'ρῶιρῖν.

ENGLISH.

Woeful and bitter to me are the wounds of the land of Fodla,
Who is sorely under a cloud whilst her kinsfolk are heartsick;
The trees that were strongest in affording them shelter
Have their branches lopped off and their roots withering in decay.

Long though thou hast been, O majestic, gentle-mannered Erin,
A fair nursing-mother with hospitality and true knowledge;
Henceforth shalt thou be an unwilling handmaid to every withered
band,

While every foreign boor shall have sucked thy breasts.

And to crown my sorrow, behold it is a fit subject for tears,
That every king of the dynasties who divide Europe amongst them
Possesses his own fair, gentle spouse in prosperity and peace,
While Banba is in pain without a consort, wedded though she be.

We have lost the root-stock of Niall and the seed of Eoghan,
And the bold champions, the warriors of the kingdom of Borumha;
Of the hospitable race of Carthach, woe is me! we have not many
alive,

And long have we been helpless under the devastation of Leopold's
band.

In sooth it is every violence of injustice on our part,
Deceit and falsehood and treachery and dishonesty,
Our want of union, and, instead, the tearing of each other's throats,
That have drawn down on us keenly the rage of the Mighty King.

Since we have lost Erin, and because of the extent of our
misfortunes,

And because of the overthrow of the nimble, strong warriors, who
were not wanting in vigour,

We entreat the noble Son of God and the Might of the Trinity,
That those of them who are alive with us may thrive after them.

The Gaels have lost their gentle, comely qualities;
Charity, hospitality, manners, and sweet music;
Wicked, alien boars it was that forced us under great oppression;
I beseech the Only Son of God to grant relief to the Gaels.