

D'AITHLE NA BHFILEADH

(GONE ARE ALL THE NOBLE POETS)

By Dáibhí Ó Bruadair (1625-1698)

IRISH.

D'aithle na bhfileadh n-uasal,
Truaghsan timheal an traoghail
Clan na n-ollamh go n-eagna
Folamh gan freagra faobhair.

Truagh a leabhair ag liatha
Tiacha nach treabhair baoise
Ar ceal níor choir a bhfoilcheas
Toircheas bhfear n-óil na gaoise

D'aithle na bhfileadh bár ionnmhas éigsi is iul
Is maire do chonnairc an chinneamhain b'éirigh dúinn
A leabhair ag tuitim i leimhe 's is léithe i gcúil
Sag macaibh na droinge gan siolla dá séadaibh rún.

ENGLISH.

Gone are all the noble poets,
Sad the darkness of the world;
The children of those learned ollamhs
Now are void of keen retorts.

Sad their books with grey dust covered,
Satchels ne'er in folly versed;
Mystic lore forgotten wrongly,
Born of wisdom-drinkers' minds.

After the death of the poets, whose riches were poems and wits;
Woe unto him who hath seen the fate that hath come upon us;
Their books, now unheeded in corners, lie mouldering, covered with
dust,
While of their mystical treasures no whit is possessed by their sons.

