

# THE EMPTY SCHOOL.

Le Údar Anaiṭnīo.

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Donar óamra eioir ódoiñb,  
atú anocht zo neamfaoilí:  
am donarían a ccionn cáiz,  
‘r ionn zan doḃarían o’fásáil.

Ní tuis mé an luṭt ro az labra,  
zá tca ar tceadhá mácaró:  
ar n’dor aiṭniz ní léir linn,  
m’ aiṭzin féin ó nac faicim.

Ionann liom zac lonzporit lán  
ir uaiṭnear o’éir mo cōmpán:  
mar rin buó dooiñze óam,  
doiñfile ar tiz óa tceadhá.

Teóra ceapóca ‘nar cledat rinn  
áinear o’ fásáil dom inionn,  
nac tairlim na trí ceapóca,  
to rní fáizlinn m’ aizeanta.

Teac meabhairízte ar mac roirbīó,  
rob áit oirir o’ ózbuíḃnīb,  
zír deairzta azur rí rolar,  
rob í ar zceapóca céadamar.

Teac luize ar locta ramla,  
uiverr na healdóna,  
dánboḃ ór doicealzta rinn,  
roiceapóca ar n-áhrōt innill.

Teac breiṭib zac zréara zloin  
an trear tec dar ttrí cceapócoib,

ὅρι λιὰ ρηᾶτ̄ ρείτ̄λεαηητα ρη,  
‘ναρ̄ ζ̄ηᾶτ̄ εἰη̄σεαρ̄τ̄σα ἀη οηρη.

Τρη̄ ρ̄όμη̄α ἁ η̄ζαδ̄ημοηρη̄ ζρη̄ᾶδ̄α,  
τρη̄ σεαρ̄τ̄σαδ̄α κοη̄ζη̄ᾶδ̄α  
το ὀρη̄εαηηυῖδ̄ οῖλε ρε δ̄ᾶη,  
τιζε̄ σεαη̄ζηυῖλ̄ ηᾶ ζ̄κοηρη̄ᾶη.

Ἦεαηηοῖτ̄ λεῶ ἁ λορ̄ ἁ ραοηρη̄ε,  
ορη̄οη̄ζα ἀρη̄ ἡᾶρη̄ ἑηρη̄ο σεαδ̄ὸλεοη̄ζε,  
ἀη κοη̄η̄τ̄ιοη̄ᾶλ̄ τ̄αρη̄ ἑῶρη̄ ρεαρη̄ε,  
τοη̄ρ̄ἑαδ̄ᾶη̄ τ̄οῖδ̄ ἡρη̄ ὀοη̄ρ̄ἑαδ̄ῑτ̄.

Ἦα η̄αιτ̄ζεαρη̄η̄ εατορη̄η̄α ρηη  
λᾶ εαρη̄η̄αῑζ̄, ἁζ̄αιτ̄ὸ ζ̄εῑη̄η̄η̄η̄ζ̄:  
ἀη λυῑτ̄ τ̄ῆαρη̄ῶ τ̄ο-ἡῖ ἁ-ηοηρη̄  
ἡῖ τ̄οη̄ ἑαη̄λῶ ‘ηᾶ η̄-ἑαζ̄η̄οηρη̄.

λοηρη̄η̄α ἀη τ̄-αη̄ρ̄ᾶοῑτ̄αρη̄ ορη̄η̄α,  
ηᾶῑ ρ̄η̄η̄η̄η̄ο ρηη̄ ρ̄οζ̄λοη̄α  
ζη̄ρ̄ῆαρη̄ ρη̄ᾶτ̄ρ̄ολεαρη̄ ηᾶ ρη̄αδ̄ὸ η̄ζη̄λεη̄η̄,  
τ̄αρη̄ ὀυαλ̄ ρ̄ᾶτ̄ρ̄οη̄αρη̄ ροσαλ̄.

Τοη̄ρη̄η̄αη̄ ἀη τ̄αοῖδ̄ ὀᾶ τ̄ῑᾶη̄η̄η̄η̄  
ἁ ἡ̄οη̄η̄η̄ε ἑ̄ρη̄ᾶ ἑ̄ιοη̄ᾶη̄η̄η̄ο;  
ρ̄αῑτ̄α ρ̄ζη̄αοη̄η̄η̄ο ηᾶ ρ̄ζοη̄η̄ε  
ζη̄αοη̄ῶη̄η̄λ̄ ἡᾶῑτ̄α ἁζ̄ η̄οζ̄ρ̄οη̄η̄ε.

## TRANSLATION.

1. I am alone among men; to-night I am joyless: left desolate after the others, finding no food of gladness.
2. I do not understand these speakers who speak our mother tongue: I can find none that I know, for I see no one like myself.
3. Every full encampment is to me the same as a desert after my comrades, yet it would be crowded to me if there were but one poet within.
4. The three forges wherein I was wont to find mental delight, that I cannot visit these forges wears away the armoury of my mind.

5. The house of memorising of our gentle lads—it was a trysting-place of youthful companies—embers red and shining, that was our forge at the first.
6. The house of reclining for such as we, the university of art, poetic cell that kept us from beguilement, this was the great forge of our trained *ánruith*.
7. The house of the critic of each fine of work was the third house of our three forges, which multiplied the clinging tendrils of knowledge, wherein the very forge of science was wont to be.
8. Three sanctuaries wherein we took rank, three forges that sustained the loving companies of artists, houses that bound comrades together.
9. A blessing on them for their nobility, men to whom hard poems were no perplexity: that gathering worthy of love, dark verse was to them no darkness.
10. In their midst a spring day or a winter's night was brief: lacking them those who have escaped make a month now of a single day.
11. Hard is their toil when men of learning find not the bright-threaded artistry of illustrious scholars, to whom belonged the mystic import of words.
12. Woe to the quarter whence came their slackness in meeting together! The cause of the dispersion of the school is that the Gaels of Macha are in bondage.

*Note.*—The above poem probably belongs to the early part of the 17<sup>th</sup> century. The last of the bardic schools are said to have been closed about 1641. By that time the old profession of poet and man of letters in the traditional style had come to an end. The writings of those who had grown up under the old system, and had seen the downfall of the society on which their livelihood depended, are melancholy reading. The three forges referred to are the three grades or classes through which the students passed. In the second (6) they were taught to compose in the dark, each in his own room, to avoid distractions. There are many indications that the student's life was a pleasant one. The *ánroth* (6) was the poet next in rank to the *ollamh*. Macha—

*Eamhain Mhacha*, the capital of ancient Ulster. There is another stanza in the MS. which is corrupt and unintelligible, and the poem is obviously incomplete.

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