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SLIOCT Duanair e Jaethlze

pádraic mac piaraís do tiomraí

II.

marbha donncad bân

Ir ar an mbaile reo donnaic rib an t-ionghad

Ar Donncad bân ir é dá d'aoir.

Ói cairín bân air i n-áit a hata,

Ir n-áit a hata i n-áit a hata.

Tá mé a's teacht ar feadh na hoíche

Mar bheo uainín i meafg feilbe caora,

Mo bhoillad fofgailte ir mo ceann liom fgaolte,

Ir cá bfuiginn mo d'earbhaíctín noiam a't rínte?

Caoin mé an céad oiread a's fob an loch,

An d'ara oiread a's bun do choice,

An t'ioimad oiread of cionn do cuip-re

I meafg na n'gail ir mo ceann dá fgaoltead.

Dá mbeitead a'gam-ra ran áit ar chóir duit,

Óir i Sligeac nó i mBaile an Róda,

Buipre an éirí, fgaipre an éirí,

Ir leigpre Donncad bân a baile ar an eolair!

'S a Donncad bân, nioir' i an éirí ba't d'ual duit,

A't d'ual cum an fgaolóir ir t'earair do d'ual,

An céadta d'iompa'd veirial ir tuaitheal,

'S an cao'd veirg de'n éirí do éirí i n-uachtar!

Specimens from an Irish Anthology

By P. H. PEARSE

II.

THE KEEN FOR FAIR-HAIRED DONOUGH

It is in this town ye have seen the wonder,
The dooming of Donough the fair.
He wore a white cap in place of his hat,
And a hempen rope in place of his neckcloth.

I have been coming all the night long
Like a little lamb in the midst of a great flock of sheep,
My breast all bare, and my hair all streaming,
And how should I find my little brother but dead before me ?

I keened the first bout at the lip of the lake,
And the second bout at the foot of your gallows,
The third bout above your corpse
In the midst of the Gall and my head all throbbing

If I had had you where you ought to have been,
Down in Sligo or in Ballinrobe,
They'd have broken the gallows, they'd have cut the rope,
And let fair-haired Donough home on his keeping !

O fair-haired Donough, 'tis not the gallows was your due,
But to go to the barn and to thresh your corn,
To guide the plough to the right hand and to the left,
And to turn up the red side of the sod !

THE IRISH REVIEW

Δ Όοννκάδ Όάιν, Δ θεαρδράιτερν οίλιρ,
Ιρ μαίε ατά Δ φίορ αζαμ ριύο वो δαιν οίομ έυ,
Αζ όλ αν έυράιν, αζ θεαρζαδ αν πίορα,
'S αζ ριυδάλ να ορμέτα ι ζευιμ να ηοιόδε.

Δ ήις υι ήυλτάιν, Δ ρζιύρρα αν ήι-άιό,
ήι λαός βό οραοαίζε वो όι in mo όρίοτάιρ,
άέτ δυαάυίίιν έρμινν θεαρ αρ έnoc 'r αρ έnocάν
Όο δαινρεαδ ρυαίμ ζο βοζ βινν αρ camán!

'S Δ Όοννκάδ Όάιν, ναέ έ ριν αν δυαίόρεαδ,
'S Δ ρεαδάρ ιρ ο'ιомέρόέτá ρρμρ αζυρ δυαταίρ!
Έυρρμινν έάοαέ ραίρεαητα θε'η έάοαέ δαδ δυαίηε
Ιρ έυρρμινν αμαέ έά μαρ ήας δυίηε υαράι.

Δ ήις υι ήυλτάιν, να ραίδ वो έλανν ήας ι όροάιρ Δ έέίλε,
ήα वो έλανν inζean αζ ιαρραδ ρρρε όρτ!—
τά όά έean αν υμρο ρολαή, 'r αν τ-υρλάρ λιοντα,
Ιρ Όοννκάδ Όάιν, mo θεαρδράιτερν, ρίντε.

τά ρρρε Όοννκάδα Όάιν αζ τεαέτ Δ δαίλε,
Ιρ ήι βα, έαοιρς έ, να έαράιίι,
άέτ τοβας ιρ πίοραί ιρ κοιννεάλλα ζεάλα,
Ιρ ήι όά ήαοιόεαή έ αρ λυέτ Δ ζαίεττε!

ΣΛΥΔΙΣ.—Όί μαρδνα Όοννκάδα Όάιν ι μβέάλαίδ να ρεαν-οαοίηε ι ηάμαινν ηυαίρ वो όίορ
ανη αζυρ μέ im' ήααοή. Ιρ ό'η ζέμαοίβιν άοιόινν वो ρυαμαρ αν τειρτιόμην ριν ηοήαμ
αν τ-αη वो όί αν ταιέμραιοιρ υά έυρ le έέίλε αζαμ-ρα αζυρ αζ τας ό Όοννκάδα. Όο
έυρρεαμαρ ι ζέλό ραν ζέάο έυο θε'η άιέμραιοιρ ι ραν μβλιαόαιν 1901.

Όean τρléide έίζιν वो ηινηε αν μαρδνα αζ έαοίηεαδ κοηναέταίς όίς वो έροάδ le
ζαίίλδ. ήι φίορ έιαρδ' έ αν κοηναέταέ ός υό, να έάρ έροάδ έ, να έιαρδ' ι όean Δ έαοίητε.
ήα τυίζτεαρ αρ να ροάίδ "θεαρδράιτερν," ηέ., ζυρ υειρδρμύρ υό í, όιη ιρ ζηάέαέ
"θεαρδράίταιρ" νό "υειρδρμύρ" वो ζάιημ θε όυίηε μαρ άιηη έeana.

τά τρί έαέτραήηνα θε na έαέτραήηναίδ ριν ηοήαμ έυρτα ι μβέαρλα αζ αν Υέατραέ ι
"Kathleen Ni Houlihan."

AN IRISH ANTHOLOGY

O fair-haired Donough, dear little brother,
Well do I know what has taken you from me,
Drinking the cup and reddening the pipe,
And walking the dew in the dead of night.

And you, Mullane, ill-omened scourge,
No calf of a false cow was my brother,
But a tight comely little lad on hill and hillock
Who would draw a sound soft and sweet from a hurley!

And O fair-haired Donough, is it not the pity,
And how well you would carry spurs and boots!
I might put fashionable clothes on you of the most lasting cloth
And send you abroad as a gentleman's son.

May your sons, Mullane, never gather together,
Nor your daughters ever ask you for dowry!—
The two ends of the table are empty, and the floor crowded,
And fair-haired Donough, my little brother, laid out.

The dowry of fair-haired Donough is coming home,
And it is not kine, sheep, or horses,
But tobacco and pipes and white candles,
And no man grudges them to those that use them!

NOTE.—“The Keen for Fair-haired Donough” was common in Aran when I was there as a lad. In 1901, when Mr. Tadhg O'Donoghue and I were putting “An tAithriseoir” together, Dr. Hyde sent me this Mayo version, and we published it in Part I. of “An tAithriseoir” with one or two substitutions from my Aran source.

The Keen was made by some mountainy woman for a young Connachtman hanged by the English. Who he was, where he was hanged, or who was his keener we do not know. We are not to assume that she was his sister: the words “dearbhráthair,” “deirbhshiúr” (“brother,” “sister”) are often used by our people as terms of endearment.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has given a beautiful English version of three of these stanzas in his “Kathleen Ni Houlihan.”