

# KING'S HISTORY

OF

## COUNTY KERRY.

# THE KERRY BARDS.

BY J. KING.

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### KING'S HISTORY OF KERRY

#### THE KERRY BARDS

##### KERRY POETRY.

1.  
All round lie memorials of sadness and  
glory,  
Whose stones have a language, tho' history  
were dumb.  
Shall they want for a record, our frag-  
ments of story?  
Shall this age send no message to ages to  
come?  
The muse of our mountains in fitful strains  
singing,  
Flings leaflets of song forth to float down  
the wind;  
Shall they fade while our ear with their  
music is ringing?  
No! 'tis ours in a green wreath these wild  
flowers to bind.

K. M. 1854.

##### AGHADOE.

Lo! Aghadoe renown'd,  
With ivied spires and hallowed rains  
crown'd!  
Bless'd Aghadoe, a city fam'd of old,  
In sacred books and chronicles enroll'd.

D. R. O'CONNOR, 1800.

3  
Lo! yonder pile, in ivy shroud  
embraced,  
How venerably it surmounts the height:  
Its walls, tho' now by reckless Time laid  
waste,  
Once witness'd choral chant and holy rite.

FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

4  
Within the compass of this narrow spot,  
Remorseless ruin holds her wasting reign  
O'er dungeon-keep, round tower, and holy  
fane;  
The men who made and marred them both  
forgot,  
Their lineage, name, date, place, remem-  
bered not.  
Still fancy deems the lord of fair Lough-  
lein

Might bless and rule from here his wide  
domain,  
At once a priest and chieftain of the Scot.  
T. GALLWEY, 1871.

5.  
There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
Aghadoe,  
There's a green and silent glade in Agha-  
doe,  
Where we met, my love and I, love's fair  
planet in the sky,  
O'er that sweet and silent glen in Agha-  
doe.

J. TODHUNTER, 1883.

6  
Oh, Aghadoe, so sweet, so fair,  
My memory e'er shall wander there,  
Where thy ruined and ancient keep,  
Standing silent, seems to weep.

C. O'L., 1910.

7.  
To rising Aghadoe,  
Whose proud rough rocks appeared with  
blood-stained hue;  
What warklike chiefs (as long traditions  
tell)  
In early days on this fair summit fell!

P. O'KELLY, 1791.

##### VIEW FROM AGHADOE.

8  
Nor wanted peeping hall and castled  
height,  
The bank-divided farm, the ruin brown,  
The mazy river wandering blue and  
bright,  
Like veins on beauty's forehead straying  
down;  
The smoke calm curling from the neigh-  
bouring town,  
Contrasting fair with wild and rugged  
scene,  
Primeval mountains, nature's awful  
throne,  
Vast solitudes, where seldom foot, I ween,  
Save the red-antler'd monarch of the  
wastes, hath been.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

##### AUNASCAUL.

9.  
Oh, beloved spot blest, where the sun  
loves to rest,  
And lingers to kiss last of all,  
Where the blue ocean's tide reflects back  
with pride  
The heather-crowned mountains above  
Aunascaul!

M. O'C., 1910.

##### BALLYNABOOLY, DINGLE.

10.  
The fierce blast that howled over Brandon's

white peak,  
The floods that rolled down from his cloud-  
curtained steep,  
The billows that foamed along Ventry's  
famed shore,  
And mimicked the storm with thunder-like  
roar;  
High cliffs and swift streams, wild heather  
and fens,  
Broad lakes or deep valleys, steep crags  
and dark glens,  
Wove spells round my heart for my lone  
Alpine home,  
Which clings to my memory wherever I  
room.

11

ANON, 1905.

## BALLYLINE.

Happy Milesian happiest of men!  
Then Ballyline is now your own again.  
'Tis large enough, though not a whole  
ploughland,

And has a lovely prospect to the strand.  
M. O'CONNOR, 1719.

12

## BALLYHEIGE.

See Ballyheige! where winds and waves  
engage,

And surges buffet, with eternal rage,  
Here Neptune daily rolls his angry store,  
And ships and sailors scatters on the  
shore!

P. O'KELLY, 1808.

13

Stretches forth the healthy back,  
The fresh and fair old island tract—  
The patrimony of Teigh,  
With Shannon 'bove, the bay below:  
The Maharees and Blaskets; lo!  
The Mucklagh Rock and peaks of snow,  
Are near to Ballyheigue.

M. PRENDEVILLE, 1906.

14.

'Tis Ballyheigue, famed Ballyheigue,  
That nestles near the tide,  
The home of genial Irish hearts,  
The tourists love and pride.

M. O'CARROLL, 1910.

15.

BENAUNMORE (Lough Guitane).  
Now Benaunmore is bathed in summer haze;  
Below, fast-cradled in its rocky dell,  
Loch Carrig-vea sleeps motionless and well.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

I propose to commence the fifth volume of  
my Kerry researches with some samples of  
local poetry, which illustrate the history and  
topography of the county. This collection  
includes 365 specimens, and it will be  
a pleasure to insert any others which readers

of the "Kerry People" may forward to J.  
KING, 54, Ismailia Road, Forest Gate,  
London, Eng.

16.

## BLACK VALLEY.

For here, amid his Alpine solitude,  
The spirit of the mountain sits sublime:  
His arm a cataract, his foot a flood.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

17.

Oh, Coom-a-dhuv! deep vale of beauty stern,  
Like a dark blood-stone set in diamonds  
bright,

Partly o'ershadow'd in thy bed of green,  
Or fall reflected in thy mossy light.

F. FISHER, 1890.

18.

## BLACKWATER BRIDGE.

Romantic pile! the pencil's favourite theme,  
And now wayfaring poet's haunt—his dream  
From earliest days. Lo! with what airy  
grace

Spring thy two arches from their rocky base;  
Fringed by the mountain ash, the oak, and  
larch.

"FITZ ERIN," 1862.

(Rev. John Fitz Gerald Day of Beaufort).

19.

## BONFIRE NIGHT.

With how much glee, in sweet Tralee,  
Ere yet our joys were blighted,  
With mirth and song, when June came on,  
Our bonfires once we lighted.

K. 1855.

20.

## BRANDON HILL.

On to the beach, where Brandon's billows  
roar,

Where the rude torrents still assail the  
shore;

Brandon, which guards this fair Hesperian  
coast,

Whose vast tall height sinks till in ocean  
lost.

P. O'KELLY, 1808.

21.

## SAINT BRENDAN.

Mobhi his name at first  
Given by his parents—fair his face;  
A youth hostful, seeking, slender,  
He was a help to the men of Ireland.  
Braon-find (white mist) his name after that,  
In body and in soul,

From that shower he found

From Bishop Eirc.

Three purple wethers, pleasant the herd,

Baptismal fees for Brenainn,

Sprang—fair was the compact—

Out of the well alone.

The sound of the voice of melodious Brenainn

In the cave at Fenit,  
A thousand paces on every height  
His high delightful voice was heard.

To look on Brenainn's face

No one in Ireland is able,

Save Finan the Bent, dear the champion,

He alone, because of the greatness of his  
grace.

BOOK OF LISMORE.

22.

To write it out, and soothly tell

What to St. Brendan erst befel—

At thy command I undertake

The task right gladly, but will make

No light or silly pleasantrie

Unfit in such grave work to be.

NORMAN POEM, 1121.

23.

I grew to manhood by the western wave

Among the mighty mountains on the shore;

My bed the rock, within some natural cave,

My food whate'er the seas or season bore.

D. F. MACCARTHY, 1850.

24.

Saint Brendan sails the northern main;

The brotherhoods of saints are glad.

He greets them once, he sails again;

So late! such storms!

MATHEW ARNOLD.

25.

Over the crest of the western wave,

Straight in the path of the setting sun,

Breasting that deep that may be his grave,

Brendan, the mariner, saileth on.

For a vision had come in the silent night,

And spake it to Brendan—of the western

land—

Of plain and valley and mountain height,

With lakes and rivers on every hand.

Close by the waves on the sand he stood—

Brendan, the saint, in the morning's light—

He blessed the sea and the air and ground,

And "Ireland the Little" he called that land.

JOHN WALSH, 1860.

26.

## BRICKEEN BRIDGE.

On either hand a spreading lake doth lie.  
Each beautiful, I ween, though not the  
same;

Serenely rests in joy, like matron dame,

For one beneath the kisses of the sky

And one, like virgin coy, seems ruffled o'er

with shame.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

27.

## VALENTINE BROWNE.

The princely chieftain is a protection for

the high and the lowly.

And thousands are welcoming him with love,

The tide is favourable, and a green wood is

growing therein,  
And fields are growing bright without de-  
struction.

EGAN O'RAHILLY, 1720.

28.

## VALENTINE BROWNE.

The wild deer has lost the noble shape that  
was her wont before,

Since the foreign raven nestled in the thick  
wood of Ross;

The fishes shun the sun-lit stream and the  
calm delightful rivulet;

It is this that has caused me ever to have  
recourse to thee,

Valentine Brown.

EGAN O'RAHILLY, 1726.

29.

## JOHN BROWNE.

Magonihy is helpless, without a spouse;

Killarney is querulous and tearful;

On either side of the Maine the foreigners

hold boundless sway,

And Shlahb Luachra is in trouble proclaim-  
ing his death.

EGAN O'RAHILLY, 1706.

30.

## THOMAS BROWNE.

The spacious park and mansion of Kenmare  
Adorn the scene and give a nobler air!

The lordly owner with exalted mind  
Of access easy, free, polite, and kind.

OFFICER IN THE ARMY, 1750.

31.

## HON. MARGARET BROWNE.

Fair daughter of an ancient line!

They bade, in happiest hour,

Thy sweetly-burthened name be thine,

Pearl of the House and Flower!

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

32.

## CAHIR CONRI.

His heart was fashioned in heroic mould

Who fixed his eyrie on this cloud-capped

rock.

Scorning the wild waves' roar and tempest's  
shock;

The better thus in one wide glance to hold

The ocean track, from where full Shannon

rolled,

To that lone isle where first the billows broke.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

33.

We followed on this beauteous lady

Up to the dun of King Conri,

The mountain palace shines before us,

The grandest sight that eye could see.

REV. M. HORGAN, 1860.

34.

See Conri, the chief of his clan,

The highway of glory pursuing,

Never met with his match in a man,  
Till Bland consigned him to ruin.  
WM. DALL HEFFERNAN.  
35.

After that came the Clann Deda  
To seek their king,  
Five score and three hundred,  
Ten hundred and two thousand  
Sad was the struggle together  
Of Blathnait and Ferchertne,  
And the graves of them both are  
In the puissant land of Cenn Bera.  
Death of Curoi MacDari, 10th c. M.S.S.  
56.

## CAHIRNANE

What land is that, which on the south  
confines  
The rapid Flesk, and is renowned for mines?  
'Tis Cahirnaan, exclaims the ravished muse—  
To Cahirnaan who would a song refuse?  
D. R. O'CONNOR, 1800.  
37.

Sweet Carnane fair! thou blooming, blest  
retreat!  
Where learned Herbert holds his blissful  
seat:—

Herbert the kind, the hospitable friend,  
Whose genial virtues all the Nine commend.  
P. O'KELLY, 1808.  
38.

BATTLE OF CALLAN 1261.  
O'Sullivan Mor, of the mountain and valley,  
O'Connor, the chief of the tall masted galley  
O'Driscoll, the scourge of the Sassanach sailor  
Left Cogan's proud daughter a desolate  
wailer.

EDW. WALSH, 1847.  
39.

And now thy dwelling is lonely—  
King of the rushing horde;  
And now thy battles are over—  
Chief of the shining sword.  
And the rolling thunder echoes  
O'er torrent and mountain free;  
But, alas! and alas! Mac Caura,  
It will not awaken thee.  
MARY MacCARTHY DOWNING, 1840.  
40.

## CARAN-TUAL.

I saw the summer sun go down behind the  
sea,  
And o'er the pale moon grow a golden light,  
From lonely Caran-tual's topmost height  
Towering aloft in cloudless majesty;  
The serried hills beneath seem in the night  
Like billowy ocean, heaving in its might  
And turned to stone; while far as eye can  
see  
The lengthening shadows o'er the surface flee.  
T. GALLWEY, 1871.

41.

## CARRIGATFOYLE.

O'Conor Kerry, whom poetic choirs  
From heroes trace, and sage monarchal sires,  
At Carrig-Foyle no more with splendour  
shines,  
Nor loads his tables with the choicest wines.  
D. R. O'CONNOR, 1800.  
42.

The Castle of Corrigafoyle, by the way,  
Is in Kerry, opposite Poulmasherry bay,  
Where reigned long ago with much glory  
and honour,

O'Conor, the King of Irraghtioconnor,  
And there wasn't a merri—  
Er mansion in Kerry,  
From Knockanore Hill to the Portmagee  
Ferry.

With plenty of liquor  
And money to kick, or  
To burn, if you wanted to make it go quicker  
For claret was cheaper than paraffin oil  
In the time of O'Connor of Carrigafoyle.  
THE O'RAHILLY, 1906.  
43.

Upon that spot where Corrig's lofty tower  
A lengthen'd shadow casts along the green,  
The lord of Shanid summons all his power;  
And knights and galloglas and kern are  
seen.

Marking the targe with arrow barbed keen,  
And javelin light, and musket ringing loud.  
GERALD GRIFFIN.  
44.

## CLASHMEALCON.

I would I were in Boherbawn, to view the  
scenes at early dawn;  
The rising sun o'er Knockanore, where  
warriors fought in days of yore.  
How I long to view North Kerry's plains,  
where winds the placid river Feale;  
Or climb the sandhills at sweet Kilmore,  
where Shannon's waters ebb and flow,  
T. O'CONNOR, 1910.  
45.

## COLEMAN'S EYE.

He leaped across to make his speed more  
fleet,  
And on the rock left pressure of his feet,  
By time unworn, still undefaced and new,  
A mighty marvel to the traveller's view.  
C. LUBY, 1822.  
46.

## COLLINS.

The Ui-Conaill of the battalion of Munster,  
Multitudinous is the gathering,  
A great tribe, with whom it is not usual to  
contend,  
Are the battle trooped host of the O'Coilens.  
O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

47.

## CHRISTOPHER CONWAY.

Down by the strand  
Lives a young maiden, bland,  
The fairest,  
The rarest,  
The Flower of the Land.  
She's a bough of perfume  
With ever-bright bloom,  
'Tis my glory,  
Her story  
And deeds to illume.  
(C. Conway of Tighnahala, Killorglin, to  
his wife, Ellen, daughter of MacCarthy Mor).

48.

## CORCA DUIBHNE.

In the west, let us give first place to the host,  
of Corca Duibhne, of great bounty;  
Let us speak of the east as far as the streamy  
Siuir.  
Of every fresh plain of fine cattle.  
O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

49.

## CREDE'S MANSION.

It is destined for me to go there.  
To Crede's, at the Paps of Annan—  
That I be there, awaiting sentence,  
Four days and half a week.  
AGALLAMH NA SEANARACH.

50.

Pleasant is her fortress fair,  
Men and maids and boys are there,  
Druids and the Sons of Song,  
Cupmen, doormen, skilled and strong  
Men for steed, and men for stall,  
Men to rule the roast in hall;  
Supreme o'er all sits Crede  
Bright, beauteous, gold-haired lady.  
CAEL.

51.

## CREDE'S DIRGE.

Moans the bay—  
Billows gray round Ventry roar,  
Drowned is Cael Mac Crimtainn brave,  
'Tis for him sob wave and shore.  
Heron hoar  
Mid the moor of Dromatren,  
Found the fox her young attack,  
Bleeding, drove him back again,  
Sore the sigh  
Sobs the stag from Drumlis nigh;  
Dead the hind of high Drumsalin,  
Hence the sad stag's wailing cry.  
Wild the wail  
From the thrush of Drumkeen's dale;  
Not less sad the blackbird's song,  
Mourning long in LITER's vale.

Woe is me!

Dead my Cael is fair and free:  
Oft my arms would ward his sleep,  
Now it is the deep, dark sea.  
Woe the roar  
Rolling round from sea and shore;  
Since he fought the foreign foe,  
Mine the woe for Cael no more.  
Sad the sound,  
From the beach and billow round;  
I have seen my time this day:  
Change in form and face is found.  
Ever raining  
Fall the plaining waves above;  
I have hope of joy no more,  
Since 'tis o'er our bond of love.  
Dead the swan  
Mourns his mate on waters wan  
Great the grief that makes me know  
Share of woe with dying swan.  
Drowned was Cael Mac Crimtainn brave  
Now I've naught of life mine own:  
Heroes fell before his glaive,  
His high shield has ceased to moan.  
Translation by GEO. SIGERSON, 1907.

52.

## LOUGH CULLIN, GLANBEIGH.

Lough gradh na Glinn Cullin!  
Dear Lake of the Holly Glin!  
Child of the mountains, calmly here reposing  
Deep in their bosom, beetling cliffs beneath;  
The eagle's haunt, around thy cradle closing;  
One outlet leaving, where, thro' rock and  
heath,  
A streamlet steals to the sheer mountain  
brow.  
And thence, with echoing din,  
Tossing from ledge to ledge, a foaming kin,  
It seeks Lough Saharn's basin spread below.  
FITZ ERIN, 1862.

53.

## CURRANE RIVER.

At Inbher Scene they landed.  
The story is not concealed.  
The rapid great stream in which bathed  
Fial, wife of Lughadh.  
LEABHAR GABHALA.

54.

## LOUGH CURRANE (LUGHDACH).

She a man, bare, beheld,  
In sun-shine,  
Shock of death, death's dread power,  
Lowered fell fate,  
Bare I came, hence her shame,  
Stilled she sate.  
[The wife of Lugai (son of Ith, nephew of  
Milesius) died here of fright].

55.

CURRAGH-CAN-A-WEE.  
Nor shall I see you, Curragh-can-a-wee,  
Full often have I made a song for thee,  
Lest some disaster should attend my life,  
My tender children, or my loving wife.  
M. O'CONNOR, 1719.

56.

"THE KERRY DANCE."  
Ye may talk of yer waltzes and lancers,  
Faix for thim I don't care a fig,  
If ye want to make fine scoople dancers—  
Ye can't bate an owld Irish jig.

Yerra man! ye but twisht in yeer shippers  
Ye think our fine brogues a quare rig,  
But ye can't touch the illigant thrippers,  
Who dance to an owld Irish jig.

When ye waltz ye are all the time turnin',  
With lancers ye bob—and look big,  
But bedad with yer twishtin' and twurlin',  
Ye can't bate an owld Irish jig.  
A. S. DUGGAN, 1910.

57.

THE KERRY DANCE.  
Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing!  
Oh, the ring of the piper's tune!  
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness—  
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.  
When the boys began to gather in the glen  
of a summer's night,  
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us  
long with a wild delight.

J. L. MOLLOY.

58

DEAGADS.  
After the tribes of the plain of the keels,  
I speak of the race of Conaire,  
A tribe of the heroes of Breagh, from  
Tulach-an-Trir,  
In Munster, of the smooth flowing streams.  
O'HUIDHREN, 1400.

59.

DARRYNANE.

Scariff there  
I view, and Dinish, and the green Lamb isle,  
While on the dim horizon's furthest verge  
The sister Skelligs lift their pinnacles.  
Nearer to home the Two-Head isle appears,  
And the Old Woman's Rock, and opposite  
The Durseys stretch, while o'er the hills of  
Rath

A glimpse of Kenmare's estuary I gain  
ELLEN FITZ-SIMON, 1863.

60.

Oh! wild Darrynane, on thy ocean-washed  
shore,  
Shall the glad song of mariners echo once  
more?

Shall the merchants, and minstrels, and  
maidens of Spain,  
Once again in their swift ships come over  
the main?

D. F. MacCARTHY.

61.

DERRYNANE ABBEY  
Ye ocean gales, blow gently o'er these lone  
And silent halls! ye ocean waves rejoice  
Low murmuring! for here he tuned his  
voice—

Now soft as notes of lover's lute to one  
Who tarries long to hear; and now a tone  
Fanning the breath of battle.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

62.

DERRYCUNNIHY.  
Oft, oft, when my heart 'mid the dwellings  
of men

In its gloom may repine, will my spirit re-  
call

The brightness and calm of this lone little  
glen,

Where rushes thy foam, Derrycunnihy fall.  
R. A. LYNCH, 1828.

63.

The man who would see Derrycunnihy fall,  
Must come with good whiskey, or not come  
at all;

And a pocket well lined, for minus the  
money, he

May as well stay at home from sweet, sweet  
Derrycunnihy.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

64.

Now the Long Range is passed, with all its  
bending;

O'Donoghue's Leap, and Colman's Giant  
Stride:

The Upper Lake is now its wild charms  
lending;

And a sweet bay invites our oar aside,  
Where Derrycunnihy contracts its tide . . .

While, thro' the opening trees, break on our  
view

The Reeks and Sliabh Caillach, which seem  
to brood

In Alpine majesty, and yet in sullen mood,  
O'er Coom-a-dubb's dark valley deep and  
dusky solitude.

FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

65

DERRYCUNNIHY CHAPEL.  
'Tis here beside this guarding rock.

Thus far upon the height  
Which backwards rolls the tempests' shock,

We mark the chosen site.

Yon gentle child shall turn the sod.  
And lay the parent stone.

For here we build a house to God,

The reflex of His throne.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

66

Upon a grassy mound of velvet sheen,  
A fairy cottage rears its graceful head,  
Sheltered by mountains, purple, white, or  
green,  
As sunset rays, their various colours shed.

F. FISHER, 1890.

67.

DINGLE.

The gates of Glory they erected near,  
Where yet the pillars in their place appear.  
The Beal fires lighted ever since proclaim  
To Eirinn's children that immortal flame

Which lights to victory, which fires each  
breast,

'Tis love and glory make men's bosoms  
blest—

Here and hereafter.

CATH FIONNTRAIG.

68

Resistance can't stay them, nor plunder re-  
tard,

They desolate Stradbally, sweep by Minard;  
They drive the Knight's deer-chase, his fair

Grove they win,  
And harry the Rices of Ballingolin. (1580).

A. B. ROWAN, 1856.

69.

Old Dingle in its shady bower  
Is slumbering at ease:

Imposingly the tall church tower  
Looms up among the trees.

MACILLA, 1905.

70

Onward we stretch to Dingle's dreadful  
main,

Where lies a rock destructive once to Spain;  
Here commerce, spreading all her ample

stores,  
Pours distant wealth on these dread craggy  
shores.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.

71.

Ah! proud Kerry men who roam  
Every land beyond the foam

Boast you know a train at home  
Called the Dingle Express.

From the morn till close of day,  
From the hilltop to the bay,

Troth, she'll whistle all the way,  
Did she ever call a halt

As she clambered Glounagalt?  
And, oh! the merry romp

When you're whirled down to Camp,  
And as a steeplechaser true,

Faith, she'd take a bridge or two—  
Bounding Dingle Express.

ANON, 1904.

72.

DINIS.

To Dinish Island bend we next our way,  
Where feathered songsters tune their sylvan  
lay;

Where Flora spreading all her treasured  
store,

With Syria's spicy sweets embalm the  
shore.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.

73

DOOLAGH, MUCKROSS.

For here, whate'er boon nature could im-  
part,

Sublime or beautiful, is scattered round;  
As if to show her triumph over art,

The goddess planned this favored spot of  
ground.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

74

DROUMCARBIN.

This is a good farm:

You have a riverside below,  
And you have a riverside along it;

It faces the sun, and has its back to the  
snow.

MAUR-NI-DHUIV O'CONNELL.

75.

DUINNEACHA, beside Tonn Toime.

Thou wave below, which dashest from such  
a height,

The senses of my head are overpowered with  
thy bellowing.

Were help to come again to fair Erin,  
I would trust thy discordant clamour down  
thy throat.

EGAN O'RAHILLY.

76.

DUNLO.

Oft o'er Dunlo, swift in the morning dew,  
Fionn urg'd the chase, and Osgur nimbly  
flew:

At Brann's full cry the wolf affrighted broke  
Across the hills—and slumb'ring echo woke.

D. R. O'CONNOR, 1800.

77.

We set off from Killarney one bright sunny  
morn,

With clouds on the mountain that threat-  
ened a storm;

In a jingle we go to the Gap of Dunloh,  
And sometimes drive fast, and sometimes  
drive slow.

For the road was not always quite equable  
there,

But sometimes it was rough, and sometimes  
it was fair;

And the horse he was lame, and the vehicle  
bad,

And the driver a fool, and the passengers  
and.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

78.

That gloomy gorge, whose rocky sides  
Seem seared to prop the arches of the skies;  
That yawning gorge, the gorge of famed  
Dunloe.

Lay spread before me glittering in the snow.  
F., 1854.

79

High on a cliff, thy gray square tower,  
Dunlo!  
O'erhangs the darkly-rolling eddying  
Laine,  
And fronts the mountain-gorge with threaten-  
ing frown

As tho' in menace of the nature foe;  
For hence the stranger dealt out many a  
blow,

And from this stand-point drove the iron  
brand

Home to the heart of a distracted land.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

80.

I'll mount on my pony, though clouds dark  
and sullen,

May weep frowning tears as we go.

Away, honest Robin! sagacious, though  
lowly,

We'll trip through the Gap of Dunloe.

F. FISHER, 1890.

81.

DUNQUIN.

In the cliffs about Dunquin,

Where the hidden caverns are,

And the seas come rolling in.

Charged with wonders from afar.

ANON, 1905.

82.

MOUNT EAGLE, VENTRY.

While India's monarch fled the frowning  
coast;

But Ceitrag tracked him with unerring  
eye—

His bones lie bleaching on yon summit high.

CATH FIONNTRAIG.

83.

MOUNT EAGLE, CASTLEISLAND.

Though often poets have sung in vain  
To praise Killarney and fair Lough Lene,  
Sweet Muckross and the West Demesne,  
With Cahirbane's plantation;

But let them view that rural seat,  
So rare, so rich, so nice, so neat,  
So well secured from cold and heat,  
So blooming bright the darkest night,  
Diffusing radiant beams of light  
Muck like a constellation.

ULICK KERIN.

84.

EAGLES NEST, KILLARNEY.

Row, boatman, row—speed on our pleasure  
skiff;

So, there! Now rest the oar, and let us float  
Calmly awhile afore yon tow'ring cliff,

That echoes to the Eagle's screaming note,  
Now wake, Spillane! thy bugle's brazen  
throat,

To rouse the nymph that sleeps in yonder  
dell,

And let her waft thy strains to cliffs remote,  
To Oread sisters, lodged in hollow cell,

Who may prolong such notes on sweet  
Aeolian shell.

FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

85.

There for ages dwelt Nature's well-assorted  
pair,

'Till low aims and human folly scared the  
bird who rules the air.

Since then Echo sits there lonely, by the  
gently winding stream,

Only in the distance hearing, not for her,  
the Eagle scream.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

86.

ECHOES.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were  
those

To which he had sung Erin's bondage and  
woes,

And the breath of the bugle now wafted  
them o'er

From Dinis' green isle to Glens' wooded  
shore.

He listened—while high o'er the eagle's rude  
nest

The lingering sounds on their way loved to  
rest;

And the echoes sung back from their full  
mountain choir,

As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seemed as if every sweet note that died  
here

Was again brought to live in some airier  
sphere,

Some heaven in those hills where the soul of  
the strain

That had ceased upon earth was awaking  
again.

THOMAS MOORE.

87.

One wild and distant bugle sound,

Breathed o'er Killarney's magic shore,

Will shed sweet floating echoes round

When that which woke them is no more

J. S. LEFANU.

88.

But hark! what heavenly sweet enchanting  
notes,

What tuneful magic o'er each mountain  
floats;

The aerial sounds are wafted to the vale,  
Hark! now they louder quaver on the gale;

And now conveyed to every warbling hill,  
Swell all the vale and through my bosom  
thrill;

From height to height, from vale to vale it  
flies,

And now the music fills the vaulted skies.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.

89.

Echo! the place made vocal by thy strain  
Is hallowed ground whereon our spirits feel  
The thrill of long forgotten joy or pain—

The bugle note, the cannon's deafening  
peal,

The full-voiced chorus, and the wild refrain,  
And ah! one voice that ne'er shall speak  
again.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

90.

What words could speak the heartfelt awe,  
Or what express the pleasing pains,  
Caused by the echo of Glenaw?

Where, save itself, deep silence reigns,  
There where Jove's bird his nest has made,  
What spheric music fills the ear

From a single horn aptly played:  
Where no rude breeze disturbs the air.

How tell that pigmy gun will roar,  
Full sixteen seconds will resound,  
Like cannons of the largest bore,

From mount to mount with thunder sound?  
How express the extactic thrill,

How describe the enraptured soul,  
Excited by the bugle shrill

Or mimic thunders distant roll.

BAGNALL, 1803.

91.

FERMOYLE.

Seven score of strong, wild oxen,  
From Rinn rathach to Fochaoi

Fifty wolves and fifty huge wild boars,  
Were the spoils of our young hounds at  
Formaëil.

Dialogue of Ossian and Patrick.

92.

PIERS FERRITER.

Lay thine arms aside, young maid,  
If thou wouldst not slay us all;

If aside they be not laid  
To the Court for aid I call.

Hide from me thy cheek of rose,  
Be thy lily neck unseen,

Nor for heaven's sake, disclose  
One curve of thy bosom's sheen.

If thou wilt not have us die,  
But with slaves art satisfied,

Then, all-conquering girl! we cry  
These, thy arms now lay aside.

(Piers Ferriter was executed at Killarney  
in 1653, by the Cromwellians).

93.

ST. FINAN.

Finnian of Clonard and his disciples;  
Finan of Innisfallen on Loch Lein;

And Finan of Lochlee (Currane), my patron  
saint,

Who brought Iveragh safe from the plague.  
JOHN O'CONNELL, Iveragh, 1660.

94.

FINN IN KERRY.

Fast and furiously rode he—  
He urged his steed to far Tralee,

On from Tralee to Lerg-duv-glass,  
And o'er Fraegmoy, o'er Finnass,

O'er Moydeo, o'er Monaken,  
On to Shaniber, o'er Shana-glen,

'Till the clear stream of Fleak we win,  
And reach the pillar of Crofinn.

95.

THE GERALDINES.

The Geraldines! The Geraldines!—'tis full  
a thousand years

Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright  
flashed their battle spears;

When Capet seized the Crown of France,  
their iron shields were known,

And their sabre-dint struck terror on the  
flanks of the Garonne:

Across the downs of Hastings they spurred  
hard by William's side,

And the grey sands of Palestine with Moslem  
blood they dyed—

But never then, nor thence, till now, have  
falsehood or disgrace,

Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or  
mantle in his face.

T. DAVIS.

96.

Pity the man who overleaps his horse;  
Let him that likes, my meaning understand,

That from myself my means have taken  
flight;

'Tis best to have nought to do with women.  
As for men who still are single,

'Tis best to have nought to do with women.  
Wrath and vengeance they provoke;

He who does not this proclaim  
Is sure to find a woe himself.

GERALD, 4th Earl of Desmond (1367-98).

97.

Married man with witless wife,  
Falls in strife with foreign foe;

Bad for hart is bellig hind

1791-1863 Uileas Ó Ceirín

Worse the tongue of Womankind.  
Wedded wife from altar rail,  
Pious—pale before the priest,  
After feast shows bitter rind—  
Best beware of Womankind.

EARL GERALD, Lord Justice, 1367.  
98.

THE EARL OF DESMOND, 1583.

They bore the wreck of Geraldine,  
Thro' the wild hills with hurried pace;  
In Ardnamagh's old lonely shrine,  
His relics found a resting place.

By the Feal's wave benighted,  
No star in the skies,  
To thy door by love lighted,  
I first saw those eyes.

THOMAS MOORE.  
100.

From Loughmore to yellow Dun-an-ore  
There was fear: the traders of Tralee  
Gathered up their golden store,  
And prepared to flee.

P. FERRITER.  
101.

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

Speak! speak low—the bean sige is crying;  
Hark! hark to the echo! she's dying! she's  
dying!

What shadow fits dark'ning the face of the  
water?

'Tis the swan of the lake—'Tis the Gerald-  
ine's Daughter.

THOS. DAVIS.  
102.

KNIGHT OF KERRY, 1642.

My woe and my dulness  
For ever and ever  
Oh! Chieftain of Kerry  
Is that death should us sever,  
That in Flanders you're confined  
Far out of my sight—  
Oh Maurice, brave son  
Of the Florentine knight!

PIERCE FERRITER.  
103.

KNIGHT OF KERRY'S BANSHEE.

Aina from her closely hid nest did awake  
The woman of wailing at Gur's voicy lake;  
From Glen Fogra of words came a mournful  
whine,

And all Kerry's hags wept the lost Geraldine  
The Banshees of Youghall and of stately  
Mogeely

Were joined in their grief by wide Immo-  
killy.

Carah Mona in gloom of deep sorrow appears,  
And all Kinadmeaky's absorbed into tears.  
The prosperous Saxons were seized with  
affright,

In Tralee they packed up and made ready  
for flight.

At Dingle, the merchants in terror forsook  
Their ships and their business, they trembled  
and shook.

The Banshee of Danquin in sweet song did  
deplere

To the spirit that watches on dark Dun-an-  
oir;

And Ennismore's maid by the Feale's gloomy  
wave

Did mourn, with clear voice, the death of  
the brave.

T. C. CROKER, 1843.  
104.

RIVER FLESK.

Now once more unto the river! see it  
hastens on amain

To the goal of all its longings, the sweet  
bosom of Loch-lein;

There it courses through the Eden  
Where the pleasant waters throng.

Guarded round by comely mountains,  
lulled by echo's sweetest song.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.  
105.

Ah! oft I strayed to that old mill

In summers that are dead,

By rich Woodlawn and down the lane

'Cross stepping stones I sped.

To Coltsman's Seat and thro' the weir

To verdant Rookery.

Then home again by Lover's Path

To dreaming Sheheree.

106.

Next we through velvet fields our journey  
take,

Where Flesk rolls on impetuous to the lake;  
Delightful views—bewitching scenes ap-  
pear—

There sunny hills, and tall plantations  
here.

Now on his winding flowery bank we tread,  
Where time-crowned trees their hoary hon-  
ours spread;

Through deep-sunk woods we take our pen-  
sive round;

Now through the vale, and now the rising  
ground.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.  
107.

GANDSEY.

He plays Kitty from Athlone,

And Maureen de na Glenna,

And Noreen on the road.

With the flashy rakes of Mallow;

Aughrim overthrown,

The fall of Condon's castle,

Cornelius Lord Mayo,

Who was the boy to wrestle.

He'll give Jackson's morning brush  
And Billy Joy the joker,  
With the famous Kouth Polthogoe,  
Described by Crofton Croker;  
The ball of Ballinafad,  
The song of Bannah Lannah,  
Plounkum Moll in the Wadd,  
And Shaune O'Dwyr na Glenna.

GANDSEY, 1828.  
108.

Old Ganzey sleeps, whose minstrelsy

Has won a world-wide fame;

Whilst with his own Killarney, we

Still wed his cherished name. . . .

And oh, how rich his "Madareen Rue"

With all its variations;

With "Jack O'Connell's Beagles" true—

The Horn, the challenge-view-haloo-o-o!

And "Reynard's Lamentations!" . . . .

The lake in view at Aghadoe,

A bard-befitting pile;

Thither can boatmen point and shew

Ganzey's last domicile.

FITZ-ERIN, 1862.  
109.

Good-morrow, fox; good morrow, sir;

Pray, fox, what are you ating?

A good fat goose I stole from you;

Sir, will you, will you come and taste it?

Then I tell you, I'll make you rue

The goose that you are ating!

Sir, all may see what I've with me,

It's the leg of a salmon I'm ating.

GANDSEY, 1828.  
110.

GLANCAR.

Iveragh, most stern and savage blue;

Glancar, where corn never grew;

Desmond mountain, high and blue;—

Three parts that Patrick never gave his  
blessing to.

RING DOW.  
111.

GLANFLESK.

That darling wit—O'Donoghue the gay,

Who sung these hills, possess'd by warlike  
thanes,

That scorn'd fierce Normans and perfidious  
Danés.

D. R. O'CONOR (1800).  
112.

Farewell to the land of the mountain,

To Glanflesk and its wild hills farewell;

Where Croghane spreads afar its green wood,

And Ruseru nods across to its brother.

And Philadown's cliff, rough and rude,

Still adds to the prospect another.

Where the Loocha and Clydah roll on,

Each down its own glen proud to sally;

Till fondly uniting in one,

As the Flesk, they wind through the green  
valley.

Whers famed Leabig Owen is shown,

And glensters relate the proud story,

Of the outlaw who made him a throne

And a bed on this rock rude and hoary.

R. A. LYNCH, 1828  
113.

GLEANN-NA-COPPULL (MANGERTTON)

Unknown, untrodden by the foot of man,—

Glen of the triple lakes, and barriers high—

Wave-washed below and cloud-capped in the  
sky—

Thy wild flowers bloom where late the tor-  
rent ran,

Thy garden shapes itself by nature's plan.

Like buried gold thy charms unheeded lie,

Save when the mountaineer with wondering  
eye

Pauses to view the rainbow's glittering  
span.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.  
114.

GLENA.

The yew in rich luxuriance dress'd,

That shoots aloft on Dinis' breast,

The green arbutus' mighty shade,

Which weaves its gloom o'er Torc cascade,

The ash of Innisfallen's isle,

The hawthorns gay in Ross that smile,

The holly trees of dread Coome Dhuv.

The pines whose tops so darkly move

By Laune's swift flood, all feast the eye,

In Glenna's fairy scenery!

M. J. GANNON, 1858.  
115.

To grove-crowned Glenna, next the muse takes  
wing.

Where feathered songsters hail eternal  
spring;

Where every prospect animates the soul,  
And fancy banquets free of all control.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.  
116.

Glenna! thy very name would tempt the muse  
Romantic, to explore thy secret haunts—

It smacks of glens and dells, where Wood-  
quest coos,

The throstle carols, and the blackbird  
chants.

Where, when the ox on lowland pasture  
pants,

The stag is wont his noontide thirst to slake  
Hard by cascade, where grows, all ferny  
plants.

Or scares the wild-duck from their sedgy  
brake.

While stalking into some lone inlet of the  
lake.

FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

117.  
Oh! dear Glens bay, with green woodlands  
entrancing,  
With tall mountains crowned by arbutus  
and yew,  
May each coming age all thy glories en-  
hancing,  
Stand out as those rocks, and each wonder  
renew.

F. FISHER, 1890.

118.  
THE HAG'S GLEN, Caran-tual.  
Around each crag and jutting fragments  
tell  
The name and features of the beldam old,  
Potent in herbs and versed in many a spell  
Who dwelt unblest within her mountain  
hold.

Oh, blame not if each shadow as it fell  
Seemed the weird phantom of the haunted  
dell!

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

119.  
GLENAGALT.  
Now Glenagalt full rises to the view,  
The fam'd asylum of the love-sick crew,  
This their resort, in crowds the hapless  
made;

And sought the covert of its dreary shade.  
P. O'KELLY, 1808.

120.  
He sought a desert wood, existing yet,  
Called Gloun-na-Nalt, which lies some miles  
away

From Ventry harbour; and where, people  
say,

All those afflicted with that dread disease.  
The fiends who torment with the notion  
seize

To seek its confines, and on nuts to live  
(corlan).

CATH FIONNTRAIQ.

121.  
GLEN-AISH.

There is a deep joy I cannot speak  
Springs up within me, as again  
Thy fresh breeze strikes upon my cheek,  
My own wild, lonesome mountain glen.

REV. A. B. ROWAN, 1851.

122.  
GLENFAS.

The vale where the lovely Fas fell  
From her, as ancient records tell,  
Obtained the name Glenfas.

G. KEATING.

123.

WILLIAM GOULD.

The cause of their tears—harrassing is the  
tale—  
Is that William Gould the fair, of the blood

of noble chieftains,  
The golden candlestick, the torchlight of  
heroes,

Died at Nantes—it is ruin to the Gaels.

E. O'RAHILLY.

124.

MURTOGH GRIFFIN (1712).

Wicked steward of a barony, who plundered  
deceitfully the MacCarthys,  
And the fair seat of the warrior from the  
land which is called Parthus,  
In reward for this, dear is yonder demesne  
he possesses,

Six scarce feet of the Killarney Church,

EGAN O'RAHILLY.

125

THE KILLARNEY HERMIT

As on Killarney's bank I stood, near to her  
crystal wave,

I saw a holy hermit retired within his cave:  
His eyes he often turn'd to heaven, and thus  
exclaimed he:

Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world—thou  
wert not made for me.

GEO. OGLE.

126.

INCH.

They then proceeded, by the nearest way,  
From Clare's green borders, without halt or  
stay,

O'er Limric pastures, rich with grazing  
kine.

And Kerry's ruggedness, each steep incline;  
And never rested till near Inch they found;

Ten miles from Ventry, a fair camping  
ground;

And there they pitched their tents, as night  
soft spread

Her robes calm shrouding, like to sleeping  
dead.

CATH FIONNTRAIQ.

127.

INNISFALLEN.

Next Innisfallen—in more ancient days,  
Cloyster'd, an abbey to religious praise,  
Where pious saints, with fervent zeal in-  
spir'd,

From the seducing world, and vice retir'd.  
OFFICER IN THE ARMY, 1750.

128.

In mazy rounds of loveliest scenery lost,  
Fair Innisfallen courts us to her coast.

To climb her rocky barrier, and to stray  
Along the path of Kennare's spiry way.

JOHN LESLIE, 1772,

129.

What prospects grace bless'd Innisfallen's  
shore

Round which scarce Nature could assemble  
more!

Were mine this spot—here would I ever  
stay,

Wear golden days, and dream my life away.  
D. R. O'CONOR (1800).

130.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine!

How fair thou art let others tell,  
While but to feel how fair is mine!

THOMAS MOORE.

131.

How I love thee, dear Killarney,  
With thy boatmen's endless blarney;

Monkish tales of Innisfallen,  
Put to flight by Master Callen,

Back return in pleasant vision.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

132.

Come now, soft muse! sweet Innisfallen  
sing.

Come, memory, come, and stretch thy fancy's  
wing;

For filled with all Apollo's young desire,  
We next for thee, fond island, string the  
lyre.

Here sacred monks, of deep-embosomed lore,  
Cloistered an abbey on this woody shore;

Where pious priests with heavenly thoughts  
inspired,

From noise, from care, and from each vice  
retired;

From life's vain baits sequestered in the  
shade,

Spurned tempting pelf, and God alone  
obeyed.

Sweet Innisfallen! beauty's dearest seat,  
Enchanting isle, delicious fair retreat;

Here holy fire devotion warmed the breast,  
And living angels sung the soul to rest.

Here blooming trees through rugged rocks  
are seen,

For ever fragrant and for ever green;  
Soft downy banks, ambrosial beds are found,

And rosy sweets display their blessings  
round;

Promiscuous shades their verdant honours  
spread,

And leafy autumns all their odours shed:  
Tall tops of holly form impervious shades,

And balmy violets beautify the glades;  
The beech, the fir, still here their bloom be-  
stow.

And there the ash, and here the cypress  
glow.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.

133.

In the old, old days of Erin, when her life  
was in its prime, . . .

Innisfallen rested queen-like on her marble-  
founded throne, . . .

There, too workers, meek and holy, bending  
o'er the deathless page,

Garnered up, for future story, fruit from  
each successive age.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

134.

There thither led by voice divine,  
Saint Finan ceased his quest,

And reared to God a votive shrine,  
To man a place of rest.

And ages ere the keep of Ross  
Frowned o'er its land-locked bay,

Or hunter's horn was heard across  
The lake at break of day,

The convent bells rang sweet and clear  
The early morning chime,

While echo from her airy sphere  
Gave back each note sublime.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

135.

Oh! make me a bower of woodbine and  
roses

On green Innisfallen. Oh! make it for  
me,

For here the enchantress of beauty reposes,  
And bound with her garlands my spirit would  
be.

F. FISHER, 1890.

136.

MAOLSUTHAIN O'CEARBHAILL.  
Amid Erin's men of lore, renown'd in days  
of yore,

Was the learned Sage Maelsuhan O'Carroll,  
His fame shone like a star, and bright

gleaming, from afar,  
Attracted many students to his school.

The poor peasant's son was there with the  
monarch's royal heir;

Christian Wisdom shed her smile on all the  
same.

137.

Unmoved by song the ear may be,  
The cynic's heart no love disarm,

But Innisfallen, who can see  
Thy sunset and not own the charm?

A fairer place, say, could man find,  
Wherein to raise devotion's spell,

To elate the heart, inspire the mind,  
With God in nature seem to dwell.

Kind Nature's hand had cloistered thee  
For Saint Augustine's sons of old,

Where 'neath the yew trees' canopy  
Their pious beads in peace were told.

The vandal's hand thy tombs may break,  
The sceptic's tongue our faith divide,

But Erin's sons shall ever seek,  
To guard thy dust with sacred pride.

W.H. O'N. L., 1907.

138.

## THE ABBOT OF INNISFALLEN.

The Abbot of Innisfallen awoke ere dawn of day;  
Under the dewy green leaves went he forth to pray,  
The lake around his island lay smooth and dark and deep.  
And wrapped in a misty stillness the mountains were all asleep.  
The Abbot of Innisfallen arose upon his feet;  
He heard a small bird singing, and O but it sung sweet!  
It sung upon a holly-bush, this little snow-white bird;  
A song so full of gladness he never before had heard,  
It sung upon a hazel, it sung upon a thorn;  
He had never heard such music since the hour that he was born.  
It sung upon a sycamore, it sung upon a briar;  
To follow the song and hearken the Abbot would never tire.  
Then the oldest monk came forward, in Irish tongue spake he:  
"Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress, and who hath given it to thee?"  
"I wear the holy Augustine's dress, and Cormac is my name,  
The Abbot of this good Abbey by grace of God I am.  
I went forth to pray, at the dawn of day, and when my prayers were said,  
I hearken'd awhile to a little bird, that sang  
The monks to him made answer, "Two hundred years have gone o'er.  
Since our Abbot Cormac went through the gate, and never was heard of more.  
They buried his blessed body where lake and greensward meet,  
A carven cross above his head, a hollybush at his feet;  
Where spreads the beautiful water to gav or cloudy skies,  
And the purple peaks of Killarney from ancient woods arise.  
William Allingham.

139.

## IVERAGH.

But I must quit my dear Iveragh and roam  
The world about to find another home:  
To Paris go with satchel cram'd with books,  
With empty pockets and with hungry looks;  
Or else to Dublin to Tim Sullivan  
To be a drawer or a waiting man.  
M. O'CONNOR, 1719.

140.

Elegant Iveragh of the fine hospitable men!  
The crops that grow in it  
Are generals abroad, colonels at large,  
Councillors and spiritual lords at home.

141.

## THE JACOBITES (1690).

Hark, the distant hum!  
The clans of stormy Desmond come  
From their rugged glens and savage hills.  
G. H. SUPPLE.

142

Momonía of Druids—green dwelling of song!—

Where, where, are thy minstrels? Why sleep they so long?  
Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before,  
MacCarthy, — O'Brien, — O'Sullivan More?

143.

## KATE KEARNEY.

Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney,  
She lives on the banks of Killarney,  
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,  
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney;  
For that eye is so modestly beaming.  
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming;  
Yet, oh! I can't tell, how fatal's the spell  
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.  
Lady Morgan.

144.

## THE KEENERS OF THE SEA.

The keeners are keening out of the sea.  
For one of the lordly race of the land,  
The sound comes faint and fitfully,  
Drawing anigh the strand.  
One of the sea-loved race is dead,  
And the coffin lies where the tide comes creeping.  
Waiting the wave with its bowed white head  
To bear it away to the seafolk's keeping—  
Oh, cold through the heart are the sounds that pour  
Over the desolate midnight shore!  
T. E. MAYNE.

145.

## KENMARE.

There stone houses all are weather slated  
with mud,  
And the praties, and women, and whisky is good,  
And the latter small hardware, they call it poteen.  
Small blame to them keeping no lamps there at night,

Because of the girls, whose eyes shows them light;  
You may talk of your lamps, that is all lit with gas,  
Och! give me the black eye of a sweet colleen das,  
Such as light up the cabins in darling Neddeen!  
Long life to the Marquis, I'm glad he's gone down  
To his own little city—a far sweeter town  
Than Bandon, Dunmanway, or Ballyporeen.  
Long life to his honour, till after he's dead,  
May nothing that's teasing e'er run in his head;  
May he give to each tenant a long building lease;  
May their praties, an' butter, an' childer increase,  
Till Dublin looks smaller than darling Neddeen.

That swamped half the host in the trough of the deep.  
And later when MacCarthy and his heroic clan  
Bore the sunburst to victory at the Glen of Callan,  
And the troops of Fitzgerald fell thick in the passes  
Before the quick blows of the fierce gallo glasses.

M. PRENDEVILLE.

146.

## KERRY.

You said there was nothing in Kerry,  
To call for a song or a jest,  
Oh, the boys and the girls of Kerry,  
Are the bravest, the fairest, the best.  
And then there's the turf, and the blarney,  
And both you are certain to find,  
In Dingle, Tralee, or Killarney,  
And each is the best of its kind.  
K., 1855.

J. G. M., 1823

146.

## ROSE OF KENMARE.

I've been soft in a small way  
On the girlsens of Galway,  
And the Limerick lasses have made me feel quare;  
But there's no use denyin',  
No girl I've set eye on  
Could compete with Rose Ryan, of the town of Kenmare.  
Proud that in Kerry we drew our first breath,  
Love her in life, love her on to our death;  
Though we may chance to stray,  
Far from her hills away,  
Ever with pride we'll say,  
Kerry's our home  
K., 1855.

A. P. GRAVES.

147

## KATE OF KENMARE.

Sweet Kate of Kenmare, though I ne'er may behold thee—  
Though the pride and the joy of another you be—  
Though strange lips may praise thee and strange arms enfold thee,  
A blessing, dear Kate, be on them and on thee!  
But, still, I've trust on those who dwell by Laune, Feale and Oageen  
While Brighidin Deas patrols o'er Droum,  
and Owen roams Ranaleen;  
While Shawn O'Reidy lives in Town and Mike by Flesk doth stray,  
And Currow's sons and daughters fair, by Dicksgrove Cross still play;  
For true men still patrol the hill that looks upon the sea,  
Who will help to make "The Kingdom" what dear Ireland yet shall be.  
"JACK BARRY," 1905.

D. F. MacCARTHY.

148.

## THE VALE OF KENMARE.

O! where in the Kingdom dwelleth such beauty  
As is to be found by the banks of the Roughty;  
Green thickets and copses abound all the way  
From old Nedeen up to the hills of Coolea.  
What a sight it hath witnessed in days that are past  
When Milesians rode up in their brigs 'fore the blast  
And Druids of De Dannan caused a storm to sweep  
For the old thatched home of my father,  
the turf fires warm and bright,  
The pleasant song and the story when neighbours dropped in at night,  
The wild bogs purple with heather, the ring of the crossroads set  
For dancin' on summer evenings to tunes that I can't forget.  
Sure all day long I am lookin' at the pictures like these instead  
Of the busy wonderful city where I can earn



my scanty bread,  
Thinkin' 'tis whitewashed cabins I'm seein'  
on Broadway street,  
And the old road down to Killarney under  
my achin' feet.

T. C. BRAYTON, 1910.

We are proud of dear old Kerry, where in  
the days of old,

As the student came within her hills no need  
had he for gold;

His books to him a passport were, no bills  
had he to pay—

He was welcome in each Kerry home as long  
as he would stay.

All this was true of Kerry ere the darksome  
Penal time,

When books were confiscated, and when  
learning was a crime.

To-day among our native hills, in each  
Kerryman's retreat,

A welcome spoken from the heart you're  
ever sure to meet.

M. J. WALSH, 1905.

154.

#### KERRY SCENERY.

Islets, so freshly fair,  
That never hath bird come nigh them,

But from his course thro' air,  
Hath been won downward by them,

Types, sweet maid, of thee,  
Whose look, whose blush inviting,

Never did Love yet see  
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,  
And caves, where the diamond's sleeping,

Bright as the gems that lid  
Of thine lets fall in weeping.

Glens, where ocean comes,  
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,

And harbours, worthiest homes  
Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

MOORE.

155.

#### KILLARNEY.

'Twas on a Summer day some time before,  
When Nature's features all their beauty bore,  
Fionn's gathered forces, by their chieftains  
led,

Were calm reclining near the crystal bed  
Of happy fair Lough Lean, their numbers  
then

Were seven cata of disciplined men,  
The rugged Mangerton was frowning near,  
And Torc rose mirrored from the waters  
clear;

High Tomie mountains echoed far and wide  
The chase swift running for the silver tide.

Ye thoughtless sons of affluence and ease,  
Bewilder'd oft in pleasure's flow'ry maze;  
And ye, who beat the rounds of folly's fields,  
Try what Killarney's blissful region yields.

JOHN LESLIE, 1772.

Beside Loch Lene Killarney neatly lies;  
Her spacious streets in goodly order rise:  
The sage Kennmare's auspicious bounties  
cause

This town to flourish to his vast applause.  
D. R. O'CONNOR, 1800.

When Mangerton's high side you climb,  
Whose head so oft thick clouds enshrine,  
The boundless prospect thence descried—  
The lofty Turk beneath you seen,

Bantry's wide bay, Kenmare's full tide,  
Lakes dark, and woods of varied green.

Vain the attempt fit words to find—  
Vain the attempt tints to produce  
To pourtray to another's mind

The wilds of nature here let loose,  
How insignificant is art

When with grand nature 'tis compared;  
How little interests the heart

By such stupendous sights prepared,  
Thy beauties Muckross how relate,  
Thy magic views, thy sacred shrine

With relics filled of mortal's fate,  
And tombs of true Milesian line;

Islands, cascades, trees evergreen,  
Berries and leaves of varied hue,

Contribute to enrich the scene,  
And give to fancy objects new.

BAGNALL, 1803.

The nobles of Chill Airne are merrily drink-  
ing health

And long life to the wedded pair in love.

EGAN O'RAHILLY.

Hail, sweet Killarney! Queen of Villas hail!  
Thy cloud-topt mountain! and thy flow'ry  
vale!

Thy blooming Groves! and amaranthine  
Shades!

Thy smooth Meanders! and enchanting  
Glades!

P. O'KELLY, 1808.

Thy Muse, bright Flora's blessings lov'd  
to sing,  
Blessings that grac'd fair Lene with constant  
spring:

On fancy's wing her airy flight she takes,  
Sweetly to sing the fair Lough-Lenian  
Lakes.

C. MAGUIRE, 1812.

Killarney hail—alas! unnoticed long,  
But now ennobled by descriptive song;  
First tuneful Leslie caught a Poet's fire,  
And sung that spot which all the world  
admire:

O'Kelly next, but he superior far—  
Fam'd Connaught's pride, and Erin's  
splendid star.

W. W. 1812.

Killarney! elysium, romantic and blooming,  
While thy blue magic waters all sink to  
repose,  
And sweets, like Arabia's, thy gales are  
perfuming,  
The sun his last splendors o'er Mangerton  
throws.

C. LUBY, 1822.

Above, the deep wood's mellow'd shade;  
Below, the lake, whose waters play'd  
Most musical upon that shore—  
Ne'er thought so beautiful before.

AGNES MAHONY, 1825.

Young Leary, skilful at the feathering oar,  
And Darby Connor, trowsered spruce in  
blue;

The heart into the sinews Roberts threw,  
And Teahan stoutly tugged the boat along.

C. HOYLE, 1827.

Dear Killarney, region there is  
None like you, so formed for fairies;  
From the cliff where dwells the eagle,  
In his palace high and regal,  
To the depths thy blue waves under,  
Thou'rt a little world of wonder!

T. CROFTON CROKER, 1828.

Killarney! all hail to thee, land of the  
mountain,  
Where roves the red deer o'er a hundred  
hill tops,  
Or silently views, from the depth of the  
fountain,  
His image reflected at eve when he stops.

Where the monarch of birds from his throne  
on the rock,  
Ere he soars 'mid the storm, sends his wild  
scream afar:

Where the waterfall rushes with fierce foamy  
shock,  
And echo redoubles the sound of its war.

O, who has not heard of thee, land of the  
lake  
And who that has seen, but enshrines in

his heart  
The glow of thy charms, and those feelings  
which wake  
At a scene such as this with a magical  
start.

The rush of thy torrents are sweet to my  
ear,  
Thy lakes and their wooded isles dear to my  
sight,

Thy mountains majestic, thy rivulets clear,  
Alternately flowing 'mid shadows and light.  
Thy wide spreading woods—yonder moun-  
tains green pall,

The mellow tonea bugle, the dip of the oar,  
Sweet sights and sweet sounds, on my spirits  
ye fall,

And wake me to gladness and music once  
more.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

At early dawn I once had been.  
Where Lene's blue waters flow,  
When summer bid the groves be green,  
The lamp of light to glow—

As on by bower and town, and tower,  
And wide-spread fields I stray,  
I meet a maid in the greenwood shade,  
At the dawning of the day.

EDW. WALSH, 1847.

With nose against the window-pane,  
Kept all day captive within doors:—  
"Pray, waiter, does it always rain?"  
"No, sir," quoth John, "it sometimes  
pours."

Cold comfort this,—and so, I think,  
On such a day 'tis just as well,  
With clouds o'er lake as black as ink,  
To keep within the "Lake Hotel."

A. B. ROWAN, 1850.

For, if the morning sun e'er shone  
That dark and stilly well upon,  
Or from his orb one tiny ray  
Upon its water 'gan to play,  
Immediate ruin would assail  
And crush each tenant of the vale!

M. J. GANNON, 1858.

Tired of these sports we pass to yonder  
shades,  
Where foaming flow O'Sullivan's cascades;  
Where rifted rocks rolled by the increasing  
floods,  
And massy fragments seems to rend the  
woods.

171.

O, who has not heard of thee, land of the  
lake  
And who that has seen, but enshrines in

P. O'KELLY, 1791

172  
Angels fold their wings and rest  
In that Eden of the West—  
Beauty's home, Killarney,  
Heaven's reflex, Killarney!

EDM. O'ROURKE (Falconer)

173.  
KILLARNEY CATHEDRAL.

So haply deem the great, wise men who  
rear,  
Within the shadow of the mountain's brow,  
A temple meet for such a spot, severe,  
And inornate, where every knee may bow  
In adoration of the far brought near,  
Or music lift the soul to her harmonious  
sphere.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

174  
Killarney, sweet Killarney, land of spirits  
light and gay,  
Theme of the poets' dream by night, his  
waking thought by day.

F. FISHER, 1890.

175  
Oh! here could I rest, sweet Killarney, for  
ever,  
Entranced thus to gaze on each mountain  
and lake  
Alone amid Mangerton's dark broomy hea-  
ther,  
And listening to tones that thy echoes  
awake.

F. FISHER, 1890.

176  
Alas! on that night when the horses I drove  
from the field,  
That I was not near from terror my angel  
to shield.  
She stretched forth her arms—her mantle  
she flung to the wind,  
And swam o'er Loch Lene, her outlawed  
lover to find.

EDW. WALSH.

177.  
Onward around the middle lake we view,  
What scenes romantic still our bliss renew;  
In every isle are Flora's velvet beds,  
With all the pride that summer's mildness  
sheds.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.

178.  
Such a spot of peerless beauty comes across  
my fancy now,  
Like a gem of faultless lustre sparkling on  
on a queenly brow.  
Low-browed arches, pent-up waters, foaming  
o'er the barrier ridge,  
Named a name which tells its story, named  
of old the Old Weir Bridge.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

179  
The old weir bridge, the old weir bridge,  
To me the sweetest spot on earth,  
Where bright Killarney's rapids flow,  
And dance along in murmuring mirth.  
F. FISHER, 1890.

180.

Shoot not the old Weir, for the river is deep,  
The stream it is rapid, the rocks they are  
steep,  
The sky though unclouded, the landscape  
though fair,  
Trust not to the current—for death may be  
there.

ANON.

181  
Though often I'd rove, through grove, and  
valley, and mount,  
From Shannon to Rath, each path, by fort  
and by fount  
I saw not elsewhere so fair and so beauteous  
a scene

As the little white town, the crown of the  
lovely Loch Lein!

G. SIGERSON, 1907.

182  
OISIN.

And chase and battle are no more. Loch  
Lein  
That mocked the Feinne's trump, and bayed  
with Bran  
Wakes only to the drone of psalming monks,  
The new Christ-druids cowering priests of  
peace.

With muffled feet, that fear the honest  
tread  
Of strong heel on the ground. And Padraig  
chief.

He told me that his God alone is God,  
The God Finn knew lived never, and that  
Finn,

Oscar and Diarmuid sweet-tongued Kealta,  
and all

That race who reigned in battle through the  
land,

And laughed with Finn in Aluin, are in fire,  
So spake the false priest. I had slain him  
then,

But he was less. 'Tis not a Fiann's wont  
To strike a weaker foe. But now, alas!  
There is none worthier for my arm to smite."  
CHARLES J. BRENNAN.

183.

Behold the winding course of yonder lake.  
Not broad, but, like a noble river, crown'd  
With many an island green, whose smiles  
awake

More lovely, from the shadows cast around,  
Of those gigantic hills, dark, rugged, and  
embrown'd.

T. C. CROKER.

184.  
THE LONG RANGE.

Leave we all these, and every varied change  
Of that broad stream, each named and name-  
less rock,  
The long vast, stony, dark, descending range  
Of hills, where rove secure the dun deer  
flock.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

185.  
KILSUGGNEAC (Magharees).  
In phrenzied haste, a cairn they heap;  
And never from that day of fate  
Was burial in Kilshannick known.  
Plague-smit, abandoned, desolate,  
The lone church stands for ever lone.

R., 1855.

186  
KIPPOCH.

Then magical fancy has framed me a bower,  
Far down in the hollow of rocky Kippoch,  
A home of the heart! where no storm-cloud  
should lower,  
Save that which pass'd over the breast of  
the Loch.

R. A. LYNCH, 1828

187.  
LANE OR LEYNE.

O'Laoghain, hero of renown,  
Over Uí-Fearba we have found;  
O'Caithreannaigh obtained the land,  
Hard under the battle-peaks of Cualann.

O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

188.  
SHIELA GAL NI CONNOLAN.

Alone, at dim dawn early,  
I stood within the islet bowers.  
Where Lawin's (Laune) stream flows pearly.  
Mid wavy grass and fragrant flowers;  
Green earth gave fruits unchary,  
And rosy wines, they over-ran  
For me, from nymphs of faery  
Like Shiela gal ni Connolan!

WILLIAM O'LEANAIN, 1750.

189  
LOCH KITTANE.

Loch Kittane! Loch Kittane! amid dark  
mountains pillow'd,  
Where Mangerton meets with the hill of Cro-  
hane,  
Whether sleeping in peace, or by mountain  
breeze billow'd,  
Still dear to my heart is the lone Loch Kit-  
tane.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

190  
KNOCKRIER

Next on the north appear romantic dells:  
Sublime Knockrier his oak-crown'd bosom  
swells.

D. R. O'CONNOR (1800).

191

THE LISTOWEL BANQUET, 1752

The gentlemen then, of the country came  
cap-pring,  
With twenty led horses, and field-clothes a  
vap-pring,—  
The rain it was heavy, the tempest blew so  
well,

It sou's'd them and dou's'd 'em as far as Lis-  
towell,  
"Till they came to an inn, where the Sheriff  
got ready,

An hundred and twenty good dishes,  
But short the repast, there came a courier,  
Who told them a river was rising to drown  
'em;

They mounted their horses, and flew off in  
haste,  
Without saying grace to the High Sheriff's  
Feast.

192

MacAULIFFE.

Far from the bounteous river Ella,  
To the west of Gleann Salchain of smooth  
rods,  
Is a fine land, without concealment, of fair  
nuts,  
It is the land of the noble Mac Amhlaioibh  
O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

193

MacCARTHY.

From that hour a MacCaura had reigned in  
his pride  
O'er Desmond's green valleys and rivers so  
wide,  
From thy waters, Lismore, to the torrents  
and rills

That are leaping for ever down Brandon's  
brown hills—  
The billows of Bantry, the meadows of  
Bear,

The wilds of Evaugh, and the groves of  
Glencar—  
From the Shannon's soft shores to the banks  
of the Barrow—

All owned the proud sway of the princely  
MacCaura!  
D. F. MacCARTHY.

194.

ELEGY ON MacCARTHY OF PALICE.  
They have put 'all Erin in an intense agony  
of grief,

From Leinster to Brefny and to the verge  
of the great Drung;

Beside the Feale, beside Sliab Mish, they  
are in a conflict of mourning;  
And from Beare without pause to Ulster of  
the host.

E. O'RAHILLY.

195.

Eoghan, son of CORMAC RIABHACH  
MacCARTHY, of Headford (1736).  
On the banishment of Eoghan, afflicted, and  
enfeebled,  
Eight noble streams wept,  
The Mague, and the Laune, weak without  
respite  
The Carthach, the Slaney, and the Claodach.  
E. O'RAHILLY.

196.

From Carran Tual even to Galtymore—  
From Thomond's border to the ocean's  
shore,  
From North to South, from East to West  
away,  
MacCarthy Mor is lord of all to-day.  
H. D. SPRATT, 1838.

197.

## MacCARTHY MOR.

The exile reached a foreign shore,  
In camp and court he shone;  
With brave and fair renown he bore,  
Was still he felt alone.  
SAMUEL LOVER.

198.

## MacCARTHY'S GRAVE.

Where weeping birches wildly wave,  
There boatman show show their brother's  
grave,  
And while they tell the name he bore.  
Suspended hangs the lifted oar;  
The silent drops they idly shed  
Seem like tears to gallant Ned;  
And while gently gliding by,  
The tale is told with moisten'd eye.  
No ripple on the slumb'ring lake  
Unhallow'd oar doth ever make;  
All undisturb'd, the placid wave  
Flows gently o'er MacCarthy's grave.  
SAMUEL LOVER.

199.

## MacCAURA.

Away! amid the battle wild  
O'Nial's glittering steel will tell,  
When brandished by MacCaura's child;  
Speed thee, boy! farewell! farewell.  
Mary MacCarthy Downing, 1840.

200.

My grief! in clay lies Callachan,  
By Cormac's side, my sweet-voiced son:  
Anna and Mary, too, my own  
White Loves, beneath the same gray stone.  
FELIM MacCARTHY.

201

## MacCARTHY'S BANSHEE.

She sat beside the haunted stream  
While 'twas crimson'd yet with the sun-set  
beam,  
And her long black hair with the wild  
winds flew,  
And her robe was a robe of snowy hue,  
And she gazed with sad dark glancing eye  
Where MacCaura's towers rose proud and  
high.

But sudden the gaze was past, and the one  
That sat by the lonely stream was gone;  
And aloft, on the misty mountain's height  
Was seen the dark form in snowy white—  
And wild and high, over hill and dale,  
Was heard the loud cry of the Banshee's  
wail.

Mary MacCarthy Downing, 1840.

202

## MacCARTHY CAOINE.

O my love, my heart's love,  
Thou kin of princes,  
The yellow-haired MacCarthy's—  
Of those who went not into exile,  
Or were not drowned in the waves,  
The children whom a countess bore  
To the Earl of Muskerry,  
Carried on two poor sticks  
Throughout thine own territory.

MARY RIORDAN.

203

## KERRY MAGAZINE, 1854-6.

Go forth—and may those who come after  
do better,  
Our part play'd—let others appear on the  
scene,  
Our engagement in spirit fulfilled, if not  
letter,  
Here ends our assay,—Kerry's First Ma-  
gazine.

204.

## CROAGH MARHIN.

The daughter she of Greece's mighty king,  
Whom yet the bard for matchless beauty  
sing,  
Fell down and fainted, in that state ex-  
pired  
Before the foes she had subdued and fired.  
They made her garlands of wild daisies  
spread,  
Plucked scented heather for her martial bed,  
And laid her gently in a tomb high placed  
On steep Craug Martin, looking south by  
east.  
There virgins yearly, on the eve of May,  
To her the homage of true virtue pay.  
CATH FIONTRAIG.

205.

## RIVER MAINE ANGLERS (1905).

And now Kenmare wants thirty pounds  
For the river I love with all its bounds;  
But sooner than pay, we'll follow the  
hounds,  
Les guh vill-ig muh voor-neen slawn.  
E. A. H.

206.

## PARC AN AIFERINN, MANGERTON.

We are landless, we are homeless, our sole  
dwelling in the cave,  
And the shadow of yon Abbey, by the yew-  
tree, in the grave.  
Show us there is balm in Gilead, pour on  
age the light of truth,  
And the flood of clear keen joyance on the  
stainless heart of youth.  
T. GALLWEY, 1871.

207

Great Mangerton, high towering o'er the  
rest,  
With aspect rude, with wild and savage  
breast;  
O'er whose proud peaks the Atlantic va-  
pours fly,  
Whilst in his womb unfathomed waters lie.  
P. O'KELLY, 1791.

208.

High o'er the rest, our steps aspiring tread  
Exalted Mangerton's cerulean head;  
Parent of springs, where nurs'd the dews  
and rains  
Timely descend, to glad the thirsty plains.  
JOHN LESLIE, 1772.

209.

## MEENAGAHANE.

Where an old castle looks on the face o' the  
deep—  
In ruin and decay by the Shannon's broad  
sweep—  
And wild Poulalugga doth rumble and rave  
And re-echo the voice of the bellowing  
wave  
That lash in its fury the stormswept cave.  
Where in th' old fort that crowneth the  
brow of the knoll  
Are heard ev'ry ev'ning the noise and the  
keole,  
The song and the shout of the men o' the  
shee  
That pass all their life in merriment and  
glee  
On the back o' the hill that runs into the  
sea.

M. PRENDERVILLE, 1906.

210.

## THE MILESIAANS.

They came from a land beyond the sea,  
And now o'er the western main,  
Set sail in their goods ships gallantly  
From the sunny land of Spain.  
THOMAS MOORE.  
211.

## THE KERRY MOUNTAINS.

Oh! the high-soaring mountains of Kerry,  
Where the bright sheeny arbutus grows,  
Where the rocks spread romantic confusion,  
And the flashing cascade wildly flows;  
Whose summits sublimely are tow'ring  
Aloft with their mist-shrouded peaks,  
Like sentinels guarding old Erin,  
The glorious, the grand Kerry reeks.  
Then hurrah! for the wild hills of Kerry,  
Where the red deer is bounding right  
free,  
Where the rocks are all draped with  
brown heather,  
So gorgeous and glorious to see.  
212.

The Kerry hills—the Kerry hills,  
They rise before my longing eyes,  
I tread their summits once again,  
I hear the wild birds' frightened cries.  
The snow-capped peaks of Mangerton  
With pleasant thoughts the memory fills.  
I feel their breath upon my cheek:  
They are—they are—the Kerry hills.

M. V. REIDY, 1901.

213.

## MUCRUS.

Of Mucrus fair; her elegance and dress,  
The hand of some superior power confess.  
Her verdant terras, Meditations bow'r,  
The yew-topp'd ruin, and the sainted tow'r.  
JOHN LESLIE, 1772.  
214.

Irreelagh abbey, where the saints oft pray'd,  
Lies half in view—half lost within the shade,  
Beneath whose boughs sage Pilgrims wore  
the sod  
With their bare knees, as they ador'd their  
God.

D. R. O'CONOR, 1800.

215.

Go, view Versailles—go, travel Europe  
round,—  
Returning, own a Mucrus can't be found!  
A monarch's wealth may raise a Fontain-  
bleau!  
But 'tis for Nature Mucrus' pride to shew.  
P. O'KELLY, 1808.

216.

If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,  
Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue lies here.  
M. HARE.

217.  
Dear Mucruss, enchanting! amid thy green  
bowers,  
I'll sing till eternity opens o'er thee,  
And a garland I'll weave from the cypress's  
flowers,  
For that is the garland that's dearest to  
me.

C. LUBY, 1822.

218.  
Thy towers, forsaken Mucruss! to the poor  
Were once of hospitable aid the sign  
And, daily crowding through yon ample door  
In serried files, came pilgrims to the  
shrine.

C. HOYLE, 1827.

219.  
O sweet Mucruss, how I love thee,  
From the hills that rise above thee;  
With thy woods and caves fantastic,  
And thy solemn walls monastic.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

220.  
CARRIG-AN-CEOL, MUCKROSS.  
'Tis found at last! Contrition's tear—  
And music floating on the breeze—  
And childhood's free song ringing clear—  
All mark the spot;—the traveller sees  
Soon, rising from embowering trees,  
Built on the Song Rock tall and gray—  
Meet place for prayer and bended knees—  
The Abbey of the Eastern Way.

A. B. ROWAN, 1853.

221.  
If aught of earthly aid could more enhance  
The sanctity of consecrated aisle;  
If aught could deepen the sepulchral trance  
Of those reposing in thy hoary pile,  
Old Irrelagh! their peaceful domicile.  
Much is there here such sanctities to aid,  
Romantic site—thy solemn gothic style;  
Thy cloister'd yews o'er canopied shade  
And cloister walks and aisle, for lone  
devotion made,  
And mould'ring monuments by "dim religious  
light" surveyed.

FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

222.  
Yes! they were men of a diviner mind,  
Who sought and found ideal beauty here,  
A breathing harmony from Heaven's own  
sphere;

Where the poor, cowed, and cloistered monk  
combined  
The love of heaven with love of his own  
kind  
Such didst thou once, loved Irrelagh! appear,  
Such wert thou still through many a  
changing year,  
'Till the rude spoiler scattered to the wind

Thy gentle sway.

T. GALLWEY, 1871.

223.  
Oh! loveliest ruin, sepulchres of old,  
Yet tell the valour of your ancient chiefs,  
And epitaphs effaced which may have told  
Some of their greatness, but not half their  
griefs.

F. FISHER, 1890.

224.  
Deep in the shade, impervious to the skies,  
A venerable pile in ruin lies;  
To whose dark sides the moss and ivy cling  
And sorrow's notes in plaintive murmurs  
ring.

Within these Gothic walls behold a yew,  
Which on surrounding graves distils its dew;  
P. O'KELLY, 1791.

225.

I stood in the midst of the mouldering pile,  
'Neath the shade of its cloistered yew,  
And the thoughts that filled my mind the  
while  
Round its walls a radiance threw.

Oh! who can stand in this hallowed aisle,  
Nor feel that the story told  
By each sacred sign in this grand old pile  
Is a story that never grows old?

The stones thus chiselled by loving hands  
May crumble into decay,  
But the faith they preach for ever stands,  
Growing stronger day by day.

We may sigh to think of the hapless strife  
That left us such roofless fanes;  
But the faith within receives new life,  
And the heart fresh courage gains.  
J. B. CULLEN.

226.

MULLOGBERT.

I shall no more with brogue boan scribheigh  
climb  
Steep Mulloughbert, enthron'd on top sublime,  
Head of my clan, determine every case,  
To make my vassals live at home in peace.  
M. O'CONNOR, 1719.

227.

HIS DAUGHTER ALICE.

Oh! thou winsome little Fairy.  
Oh! thou balm for all my care!  
With thy motions light and airy,  
And thy beauty fresh and fair.  
W. P. MULCHINOCK, 1851.

228.

A BROTHER DECEASED.

For him of the fair young brow  
I weep.  
Who takes in the church-yard now  
His sleep;  
For he was the star above  
Sun-bright.  
That tinged with the light of love  
My night.  
Wm. Pembroke Mulchinock,  
New York, 1851.

229.

FOR IRELAND I'D TELL NOT HER  
NAME.

One eve, as I happen'd to stray  
By the lands that are bordering on mine,  
A maiden came full on my way,  
Who left me in anguish to pine—  
The slave of the charms, and the mien,  
And the silver-toned voice of the dame,  
To meet her I sped o'er the green;  
Yet for Ireland I'd tell not her name!  
EDW. WALSH, 1847.

230.

O'CARROLL.

O Donnchadha of Loch Lein,  
King of Eoghanaecht is he,  
O'Cearbhaill who is our friend,  
Hawk of the sept of the white strand.  
O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

231.

MRS. O'CONNELL.

Mother of my heart! If you meet the good  
man of my house,  
Tell him since the day he left me  
I have found no pleasure in anything;  
No music raised my heart.

ALICE O'CONNELL SEGGERSON, 1795

232.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

To your bark, brave boys, haste!  
In our haven's deep strait is a sail!  
On through the shallows, and o'er the  
watery waste  
For France, with my blessing on the Gale!  
MAUR-NI-DHUIV O'CONNELL.

233.

Alas! it was not to that leader given,  
To guide his people to the promised land  
Of Freedom! Nor the privilege to stand  
In their own senate won for them.

E. FITZ-SIMON, 1863.

234.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

When O'Connell's voice of power,  
Day by day, and hour by hour,  
Raining down its iron shower,  
Laid oppression low.  
D. F. MacCARTHY.

235.

You true sons of Hibernia, come listen awhile  
to my song,  
And when you will hear it, you won't say  
it's wrong,  
It is of a bold eagle, his age it was over  
three score,  
He was the beauty of the tribe, and the  
flower of Erin's green shore.  
From the green hills of Kerry, so merry the  
eagle took wing,  
With talents so rare, and in chase he began  
for to sing.  
The people admired and delighted at his  
charming air,  
And soon they elected him as a member for  
Clare.  
Old Ballad.

236.

I will sing you a ditty, will cause you to  
smile,  
Concerning O'Connell and Erin's green isle,  
Daniel O'Connell and Erin's green isle.  
He says for my dear native country I'll  
stand  
As long as I live, and my name it is Dan,  
I was bred in sweet Kerry, and trained to  
the law,  
Freedom and liberty, Erin go braugh;  
Here's Daniel O'Connell, and Erin's green  
isle.  
OLD BALLAD.

237.

MAURICE O'CONNELL, 1836.

I saw him in his glory,  
Bewildered in his bliss,  
And every joy that earth could give,  
And every smile was his.

238.

O'CONGHAILE.

O'Conghaile of the slender swords,  
Over the bushy-forted Magh O'g Coinchinn;  
A hazel tree of branching ringlets.  
In the Munster plain of horse-hoats.  
O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

239.

O'CONNOR.

King of Ciarraige over the clans of Ciar,  
O'Conchobhair, it is right for him so to be.  
Chief of the mede-abounding land,  
From the strand to the fair-streamed  
Sionainn.

O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

240.

MAURICE O'CONNOR, OF CARRIGA-  
FOYLE.

My Connor, his cheeks are as ruddy as  
mora.

The brightest of pearls but mimic his teeth;  
Kind nature with ringlets his mild brows  
adorn  
His hair Cupid's bowstrings, and roses his  
breath.

## CAROLAN

(O'Connor was killed during Ireton's assault  
on Carrigafoyle, and was buried in Lis-  
laughtin).

241

AILEEN MacCARTHY O'CONNOR (1731).  
Fair Aileen M'Cartie, O'Connor's young  
bride,  
Forsakes her white pillow with matronly  
pride,  
And calls forth her maidens (their number  
was nine)  
To the bawn of her mansion, a-milking the  
kine.  
They came at her bidding, in kirtle and  
gown,  
And braided hair, jetty, and golden, and  
brown,  
And form like the palm-tree, and step like  
the fawn,  
And bloom like the wild rose that circled  
the bawn.

As the Guebre's round tower o'er the fane  
of Ardfert—  
As the white hind of Brandon by young roes  
begirt—  
As the moon in her glory 'mid bright stars  
outhung—  
Stood Aileen M'Cartie her maidens among.  
Beneath the rich kerchief, which matrons  
may wear,  
Stray'd ringleted tresses of beautiful hair;  
They wav'd on her fair neck, as darkly as  
though  
'Twere the raven's wing shining o'er Man-  
gerton's snow!

A circlet of pearls o'er her white bosom  
lay.  
Erst worn by thy proud Queen, O'Connor  
the gay.\*  
And now to the beautiful Aileen come down,  
The rarest that ever shed light in the  
Laune.†

\*O'Connor, surnamed "Sugach," or the  
Gay, was a celebrated chief of this race,  
who flourished in the fifteenth century.

†The river Laune flows from the Lakes of  
Killarney, and the celebrated Kerry Pearls  
are found in its waters.  
The many-fring'd falluinn\* that floated be-  
hind,

Gave its hues to the sunlight, its fold to the  
wind—

The brooch that refrain'd it some forefather  
bold  
Had torn from a sea-king in battle-field old!

Around her went bounding two wolf-dogs of  
speed,  
So tall in their stature, so pure in their  
breed;

While the maidens awake to the new milk's  
soft fall,

A song of O'Connor in Carraig's proud hall.  
As the milk came outpouring, and the song  
came outsung,

O'er the wall 'mid the maidens a red-deer  
out-sprung—

Then cheer'd the fair lady—then rush'd the  
mad hound,

And away with the wild stag in air-lifted  
bound.

The gem-fasten'd falluinn is dash'd on the  
bawn—

One spring o'er the tall fence—and Aileen  
is gone;

But morning's rous'd echoes to the deep  
dells proclaim

The course of that wild stag, the dogs, and  
the dame!

By Cluain Tairbh's green border, o'er moor-  
land and height,

The red-deer shapes downward the rush of  
his flight—

In sunlight his antlers all gloriously flash,  
And onward the wolf-dogs and fair huntress  
dash!

By Sliabh-Mis now winding (rare hunting I  
ween!)

He gains the dark valley of Scotia the  
queen†

Who found in its bosom a cairn-lifted  
grave.

When Sliabh-Mis first flow'd with the blood  
of the brave!

By Coill-Cuaigh's || green shelter, the hollow  
rocks ring—

Coill-Cuaigh, of the cuckoo's first song in the  
spring.

Coill-Cuaigh of the tall oak and gale-  
scenting spray—

God's curse on the tyrants that wrought thy  
decay!

\* "Falluinn"—The Irish mantle.

†The first battle fought between the Mile-  
sians and the Tuatha de Danans for the  
empire of Ireland was at Sliabh-Mis, in  
Kerry, in which Scota, an Egyptian princess,  
and the relict of Milesius was slain. A  
valley on the north side of Sliabh-Mis, called  
Glean Scoithin, or the vale of Scotia, is

said to be the place of her interment. The  
ancient chronicles assert that this battle was  
fought 1,500 years before the Christian era.

|| "Coill-Cuaigh"—The Wood of the Cuckoo,  
is called from being the favourite haunt of  
the bird of summer, is now a bleak desolate  
moor. The axe of the stranger laid its hon-  
ours low.

Now Maing's lovely border is gloriously  
won,

Now the towers of the island\* gleam bright  
in the sun,

And now Ceall-an Amanach's† portals are  
pass'd,

Where headless the Desmond found refuge at  
last!

By Ard-na greach|| mountain, and Avon-  
more's head,

To the Earl's proud pavilion the panting deer  
fled—

Where Desmond's tall clansmen spread ban-  
ners of pride,

And rush'd to the battle, and gloriously  
died!

The huntress is coming, slow, breathless,  
and pale.

Her raven locks streaming all wild in the  
gale:

She stops—and the breezes bring balm to  
her brow—

But wolf-dog and wild deer, oh! where are  
they now?

On Reidhlan-Tigh-an Earla, by Avonmore's  
well,

His bounding heart broken, the hunted deer  
fell;

And o'er him the brave hounds all gal-  
lantly died,

In death still victorious—their fangs in his  
side!

'Tis evening—the breezes beat cold on her  
breast,

And Aileen must seek her far home in the  
west;

Yet weeping, she lingers where the mist-  
wreaths are chill,

O'er the red-deer and tall dogs that lie on  
the hill!

Whose harp at the banquet told distant and  
wide,

This feat of fair Aileen, O'Connor's young  
bride?—

O'Daly's—whose guerdon, tradition hath  
told,

Was a purple-crown'd wine-cup of beautiful  
gold!

EDW. WALSH.

\* "Castle Island." or the "Island of

Kerry"—The stronghold of the Fitzgeralds.

† It was in this churchyard that the head-  
less remains of the unfortunate Gerald, the

16th Earl of Desmond, were privately in-  
terred. The head was carefully pickled, and

sent over to the English queen, who had it  
fixed on London-bridge. This mighty chief-

tain possessed more than 570,000 acres of  
land, and had a train of 500 gentlemen of

his own name and race. At the source of  
the Blackwater, where he sought refuge from

his inexorable foes, is a mountain called  
"Reidhlan-Tigh-an Earla," or "The Plain of

the Earl's House." He was slain near Castle  
Island on 11th November, 1583.

|| "Ard-na-greach"—The height of the  
spoils or armies.

[The incident related in the ballad hap-  
pened about the year 1731. Aileen, or Ellen,

was daughter of M'Cartie, of Clidane, an es-  
tate originally bestowed upon this respect-

able branch of the family of M'Cartie More,  
by James, the seventh Earl of Desmond, and

which, passing safe through the confiscations  
of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William, re-

mained in their possession until the begin-  
ning of the present century. Aileen, who

is celebrated in the traditions of the people  
for her love of hunting, was the wife of

James O'Connor, of Cluain-Tairbh, grandson  
of David, the founder of the Siol-t Da, a

well-known sept at this day in Kerry. This  
David was grandson to Thomas MacTeige

O'Connor, of Ahalahanna, head of the second  
house of O'Connor Kerry, who, forfeiting in

1666, escaped destruction by taking shelter  
among his relations, the Nagles of

Monaninny].

242.

## A KERRY PASTORAL. 1719.

My old acquaintance, and my dearest friend,  
My Morroghob! what joys on you attend!

Ten thousand blessings seem at once to shine  
Upon your farm and house of Ballvline.

M. O'CONNOR.

(See History of Kerry, pages 12-14, vol. I.)

245.

## O'DONOGHUE.

O'Donnchadha of Loch Lein,  
O'Donnchadha of the full strong Flesc.

Are thus over the Clann t Sealbhaigh.  
Men whose mind is on the sovereignty of

Munster.

O'HUIDHRIN, 1400

244

## O'DONOGHUE OF ROSS

Still as each recurring season ushers in the

halcyon May,  
Milk-White coursers bear the elf-king, bear  
him thro' the silvery spray,  
To the scenes where earth's fair daughter  
shared his more than mortal love,  
While the elf-band scatter favours where his  
light-winged coursers move.  
T. GALLWEY, 1871.

245.  
Like Leda's son, with majesty sedate,  
Springs up the tide O'Donoghue the Great,  
And rides distinguished on his milk-white  
steed,  
Which was engender'd of ethereal breed.  
D. R. O'CONNOR, 1800.

246.  
Who has not heard his deathless fame  
In minstrel's martial strains,  
That name to honour and to justice true,  
The Prince of Ross the great O'Donoghue.  
M. J. SULLIVAN, 1815.

247.  
O'DONOGHUE.  
Once again, on fancy's mission,  
To thy storehouse of tradition,  
Quicker far than thought I travel,  
All its secrets to unravel—  
I would dive into the mystery  
Of O'Donoghue's dark history;  
And the tranquil home discover  
Of that maiden's airy lover.  
T. C. CROKER, 1828.

248.  
O'DONOGHUE'S CALL.  
Sound the Eagle's Whistle,  
Kerry's call to battle,  
Let the Eagle's Nest  
With its echoes rattle!  
Sing the song of yore,  
Raise the ancient banner;  
Once again the breeze—  
The mountain breeze shall fan her.  
Cleave, thou fair Loch Lein,  
Forth thy chieftain sallies;  
Hail him once again,  
Desmond of the valleys!  
Gather, chieftains, gather!  
Come with bucklers clashing,  
Clad in silver mail,  
Like the billows flashing.  
Rise, ye peerless train  
Of Erin's lovely daughters!  
Move like stately swans  
O'er the won'dring waters  
Up! away, away!—

Light as beard of thistle;  
'Tis the morn of May—  
Sound the Eagle's Whistle!  
PLANCHE, 1829.

249.  
O'DONOGHUE'S MISTRESS.  
Of all the fair months, that round the sun  
In light-link'd dance their circles run,  
Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me;  
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,  
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,  
Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes, where day-light  
leaves  
His lingering smile on golden eyes,  
Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou'rt dear to me;  
For when the last April sun grows dim,  
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him  
Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake in  
thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore  
Young plum'd Chiefs on sea or shore.  
White steed, white Steed, most joy to thee  
Who still with the first young glance of  
spring  
From under that glorious lake dost bring  
Proud Steed, proud Steed, my love to me.

Of all the sweet deaths that maids die,  
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,  
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be  
Which under the next May evening's light,  
When thou and thy Steed are lost to sight,  
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,  
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,  
Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free;  
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,  
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,  
Fair Steed, around my love and thee.  
MOORE.

250.  
Another year has past away,  
And brought again the eve of May—  
The time when I am doomed to take  
My ride across Killarney's lake,  
And every year the same must be  
Repeated to Eternity,  
Unless I find a maid and youth  
Both pure in honour, rich in truth,  
Whose love no tempting lure can shake,  
Whose faith no wordly power can break.  
Five hundred years I've sought around,  
Yet none such have I ever found.  
From the Pantomine, O'Donoghue.

251.  
THE VISION OF O'DONOGHUE.  
Onward the ghostly vision stalked,  
High on the tranquil waters deep,  
The stout men gazed with hands tight  
locked:  
I knew not which to laugh or weep,  
With wonder hushed.  
F. FISHER, 1890.

252.  
KILLAHA CASTLE.  
The house of Geoffrey—short seems the  
night to hundreds;  
House of accomplishments, in which songs  
are sung to harps;  
House of festivity and hospitality, in which  
wines are drunk;  
House of bestowing, in which bards are  
rewarded substantially.

EGAN O'RAHILLY.  
253  
The foreigners will not suffer us ever in  
peace in Erin,  
Without enslaving our hearts, and humbling  
them under their sway,  
To reduce our power, and destroy our  
clergy altogether,  
The aim of their evil plan is to expel us  
from it entirely.

GEOFFREY O'DONOGHUE,  
Of The Glen (1679).  
254  
FINNEEN O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLEN  
(1714).  
The only bush of refuge left to the bards of  
Conn,  
A prosperous branch amongst us from Lough  
Lein,  
A star that ripened from the blood of Eib-  
hear Fionn;  
O'Kelly's welcome to the young scion.  
E. O'RAHILLY.

255  
O young maidens, speed quick from me  
forth,  
And watch: can you see my young Art ap-  
proach,  
And his sword with gold hilt in his hand?  
SHEVAUN-NI-DHUIV O'DONOGHUE.

256.  
"O'Donoghue, darling, our chieftain, our  
pride,  
"What honour what glory to stand by thy  
side,  
"Open hand, noble heart, whose kind smile  
makes us merry,  
"Oh! who can compare to the Prince of the  
Kerry?"  
SUSAN BARRETT.

257  
O'DONOGHUE OF THE GLENS, 1808  
What more could Homer's most illustrious  
verse,  
Or pompous Tully's stately prose rehearse,  
Than what this monumental stone contains,  
In death's embrace MacCarthy More's re-  
mains?  
Hence, reader, learn the sad and certain  
fate  
That waits on man, spares not the good or  
great!  
And while this venerable marble calls  
Thy patriot tear, perhaps, that trickling  
falls,  
And bids thy thoughts to other days re-  
turn.  
And with a spark of Erin's glory burn;  
While to her fame most grateful tributes  
flow,  
Oh, ere you turn, one warmer drop bestow.  
If Erin's chiefs deserve thy generous tear,  
Heir of their worth, O'Donoghue, lies here!  
MARCUS HARE.

258.  
O'DUIBHDUIN.  
Ui-Flanansain, extensive the land  
A great land of delightful streams,  
O'Duibhduin is over the warm land.  
He is its king, and his attention is upon  
improving it.  
O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

259.  
THE JACOBITE CHIEFS 1691.  
Obedience is not paid in Ealla to the chief-  
tain of Kantark with military service,  
Nor by any means to the race of Caoimh of  
the hests,  
Nor to the skilful, sprightly, impetuous,  
gentle chieftain of Cluain,  
Nor to any of the tribe from green, smooth  
Tara Luachra.

TADHG O'DUINNIN  
260.  
O'FALVEY AND O'SHEA.  
From the Maing westwards is hereditary to  
them;  
O'Faibhe is owner so far as Fiontraigh;  
O'Seagha has obtained, without denial,  
A country not wretched; he is king of Ui-  
Rathach.

O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.  
261  
HONORA O'MAHONY FALVEY.  
Who is this lady? know ye  
She is Nora, O'Mahony's daughter,  
She lives in the land of Desmond;  
At Faha-na-Fiene  
Is her dwelling place.

262.  
FALVEY.

Here lies interred the treasure of our time,  
In virtue, with wit, and in all parts sub-  
lime,  
Darby Falvey, whom God and man have  
blest  
From his cradle to his eternal rest.  
TOMB AT AGLISH, 1711.

263  
The Flesk's fairy numbers  
Had sung me to slumbers.  
'Neath the wide leafy boughs of the  
wood;

Till I heard sweeter singing  
Than bird-song or harp-ringing,  
And beside me a sky-maiden stood.

DAVID O'HERLIHY of Glenflesk.

264.

O'KEEFFE.

O'Caomh of the just brown brow,  
Lord of Urluachair of fresh pasturage,  
A man who united the warm country,  
Which is constantly like the plain of  
Meath.

O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

265

CAPT. DIARMUID O'LEARY OF  
KILLEEN (1696).

Baile Ui Squire does not cease from her  
tears,  
And Killeen, where there were casks for  
multitudes;  
The Dianach is bitterly weeping without  
cessation;  
And Sgarteen is not neglectful in proclaim-  
ing his loss.

E. O'RAHILLY

266.

DIRGE OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

Beloved of my steadfast heart!  
Could my voice but reach the shores of  
Darrynane Mor or Carhen, where the  
golden apples grow,  
Many a horseman fleet and brave, many a  
stainless maiden veiled in white, would  
hasten at my call.

Would be here to wail above you,  
O Arthur O'Leary, my brave one!

EILEEN O'CONNELL O'LEARY, 1773

267.

O'MAHONY.

Ui-Eachach of the West of Banba,  
Is the great patrimony of O'Mathghamhna,  
Land of fair mounds, irrequous, not undulat-  
ing,

That plain of brown nuts is extensive.  
O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

268.

JOHN O'MAHONY THE RUSTY.

Beneath the great stone lies low a seer, a  
Phoenix, an unblemished author,  
A bright man, the flower of the warriors,  
pleasant, noble well-proportioned,  
Emergy pillar of the land of Erin, high  
humanity and manliness,  
Lie together beneath thy throat in noble  
John O'Mahony.

E. O'RAHILLY.

269.

O'MORIARTY.

Aos Ais-de of the flock-abounding plain,  
The hero O'Muirheartaigh has obtained,  
A fine land with green aspect,  
O'h-Imhasbhain has acquired.

O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

270

Oh! my misery, my woe, my sorrow and my  
anguish,  
My bitter source of dolor is evermore that  
she,

The loveliest of the lovely should thus be  
left to languish

Amid a ruffian horde till the heroes cross the  
sea.

EGAN O'RAHILLY.

271

The hills are all green that of late looked  
so blighted;

Men laugh who for long lay in trouble,  
For Kilcash is, thank Heaven, in friendship  
united

With Browne of Killarney, our Noble.

EGAN O'RAHILLY, 1720.

272.

I could voyage to Egypt across the deep  
water,

Nor care about bidding dear Eire farewell,  
So I only might gaze on the Geraldine's  
daughter,

And sit by her side in some pleasant green  
dell.

EGAN O'RAHILLY.

273

Through wondrous forests the hosts came  
marching,

Through glades that glowed with all berries  
sweet,

The very brambles that rose, o'er-arching,  
Rained scented blossoms before their feet.

'Twas Paradise, methought, in glory,  
With gates thrown wide to the Gael for aye!  
I looked again—ah, the cruel story!

There was naught, my grief! but the Dawn of  
Day!

EGAN O'RAHILLY.

274.

Lore of all Lores, she there swift to me  
imparted,  
Lore of his sailing, from whom we long  
were parted;  
Lore of their wailing, who to wreak his  
ruin started,  
Lore not for song, but a trust for the true-  
hearted!

EGAN O'RAHILLY.

275.

The roaring flood resistless force display'd,  
Each whirling blast the swelling surges  
sway'd,  
The vessel burst—alas! the crew she bore  
Scream'd in the deep, and sank to rise no  
more!

EOGHAN O'RAHILLY.

276.

My shoes are choicest jewels, many are not  
like them;  
They are an ornament on roads of the fresh-  
cut, blue stones;

It will be a relief to my sorrow, sad and  
wretched though I am,  
That Dombnall O'Donoghue has chosen soles  
for me.

E. O'RAHILLY.

277.

O'SHEA.

Three sub-chiefs are hereditary to them,  
The old land of Ui Duibhna of good hosts,  
O'Seagha and O'Failbhe the man,  
Seal of reckoning the districts.

O'HUIDHRIN, 1400.

278.

O'SULLIVAN.

O'Sullivan, who delights not in violence,  
Rules over the extensive Eoghanacht of  
Munster,

About Knockgraffan broad lands he obtained,  
Won by his victorious arms in conflicts and  
battles.

O'HEERIN, 1400.

279.

O'SULLIVAN ARMS.

A robin redbreast perched upon a crown;  
Two lions rampant, with a dreadful frown;  
A stately stag and a grisly boar do stand,  
Beneath a nervous and unconquered hand,  
That grasps a sword, around whose blade  
A shining, sparkling evet is displayed.

Motto: Lamh foistenach an uachtar.

280.

Lo! native arms to union crowd  
Betwixt Barnasna and Ghirameen,  
Down Coom Dhuv as the flood they pour,  
No chief to guide, yet mad for war,  
The country of MacCarthy Mor,  
O'Sullivan, and high Glencar,  
Yea, all Mononia starts to life,  
And breathes but of the coming strife.  
VISCOUNT MASSEREENE, 1844.

281.

O! such things were never known in the  
days of Eibir Mor,  
North or south, east or west, from the centre  
to the shore;  
Men paid not half their taxes with the butter,  
long ago.

When the true and gallant Gael were a  
n-Erinn beo!

Old women did not swagger then in satin  
scarf or cloak,  
Nor tighten up their whalebones till they  
seemed about to choke;

Faith! bonnets, like straw barrels, never,  
never were "the go,"  
When the true and gallant Gael were a  
n-Erinn beo!

DIARMUID MACDONAILL MacFINEEN  
O'SULLIVAN.

282.

O'SULLIVAN MOR.

The Lord of Dunkerron—O'Sullivan Mor,  
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten  
shore?

His barque lies in haven, his hounds are  
asleep,

No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly thee Lord of Dunkerron is known  
On the wild shore to watch and to wander  
alone;

For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 'tis said,  
The Lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hushed  
to repose.

That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;  
Her hair, full of lustre, just floated and fell  
O'er her bosom that heav'd with a billowy  
swell.

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their  
chief;

They sought him with accents of wailing  
and grief.

He heard and he struggled—a wave to the  
shore.

Exhausted and faint bears O'Sullivan Mor!

T. C. CROKER.

283.

## O'SULLIVAN'S RETURN.

O'Suillebhain has come  
 Within sight of his home—  
 He had left it long years ago;  
 The tears are in his eyes  
 And he prays the wind to rise,  
 As he looks towards his castle from the prow,  
 from the prow;  
 As he looks towards his castle from the prow.

Then he sees another scene—  
 Norman churls on the green—  
 "O'Suilleabhain Abu" is the cry;  
 For filled is his ship's hold  
 With arms and Spanish gold,  
 And he sees the snake-twined spear wave on  
 high, wave on high;  
 And he sees the snake-twined spear wave on  
 high.

"Finghin's race shall be freed—  
 From the Norman's cruel breed—  
 My sires freed Bear once before,  
 When the Barnwells were strewn  
 On the fields like hay in June,  
 And but one of them escaped from our shore,  
 from our shore,  
 And but one of them escaped from our  
 shore."

Black and rough was the rock,  
 And terrible the shock,  
 As the good ship crashed asunder;  
 And bitter was the cry,  
 And the sea ran mountains high,  
 And the wind was as loud as the thunder,  
 the thunder,  
 And the wind was as loud as the thunder.  
 There's woe in Beara,  
 There's woe in Gleann-garbh,  
 And from Beanntraighe unto Dun-  
 kiarraien;  
 All Desmond hears their grief,  
 And wails above their grief—  
 "Is it thus, is it thus, that you return, you  
 return—  
 Is it thus, is it thus, that you return?"  
 THOMAS DAVIS.

284.

## MAC FINNEEN DUBH O'SULLIVAN.

The name Mac Finneen Dubh is applied to  
 thee—  
 It is not an empty title—  
 For thy pledged no other name:  
 A name is better than chieftainship.  
 E. O'RAHILLY.

285.

The priests in dark caves hiding,  
 Shall altars raise to heaven's King—  
 The bard, with wolves abiding,  
 Again shall wake sweet music's string.  
 OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.

286.

AN SEOTHÓ.  
 Hush, baby mine, and weep no more,  
 Each gem thy regal fathers wore,  
 When Erin, Emerald Isle, was free  
 Thy poet sire bequeaths to thee!  
 OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.

287.

## DRINKING SONG.

This cup's flowing measure  
 I toast to that treasure,  
 The brave man whose pleasure  
 Is quaffing rich wine,  
 Who deep flagons draining,  
 From quarrels abstaining  
 The morn finds remaining  
 All joyous divine.  
 OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.

288.

One evening late, it was my fate  
 To meet a charming creature,  
 Whose airy gait and nice portrait  
 Excel both art and nature;  
 Whoever views her lovely face,  
 That is bedecked with youth and grace,  
 Must every hour, proclaim the power  
 Of Molly Casey's charms.  
 EOGHAN RUAD O'SUILLEABAIN.

289.

In Fermoy, one day, in an ale-house I  
 chanced to be,  
 And before me on the table plenty of wines  
 were laid;  
 I beheld a babe, soft, comely, mild and  
 meek,  
 Standing most feeble in the street close by  
 the house.  
 EOGHAN RUADH O'SULLIVAN

290.

O! the French and Spanish  
 Soon our foes will banish;  
 Then at once will vanish  
 All our grief and dread,  
 City, town, and village  
 Shall no more know pillage,  
 Music, feasting, tillage,  
 Shall abound instead;  
 Poetry, romances,  
 Races, and long dances  
 Shouts, and songs, and glances  
 From eyes bright with smiles.  
 OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.

291.

## CAPTIVITY OF THE GAEL

I wandered the moorland all weary and  
 worn,  
 Fell sorrow my pathway pursuing;  
 Revolving what fetters our chain'd limbs  
 have borne—  
 Sad sighing at Erin's undoing.  
 EOGAN RUADH O'SULLIVAN.

292.

## THE EXPECTED OF IRELAND.

Go, lead o'er the land a white-bosom'd band,  
 Proclaiming the advent regal,  
 And bring the fair dames to thy true lover,  
 James,  
 Sweet bard of the line of Nagle.  
 OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.

293.

## THE SAXON.

By Blarney's towers I paus'd to ponder,  
 What deep dark curse our land lies under,  
 Chain'd 'neath the foreigner foe—  
 OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.

294.

## OPENING SCHOOL.

Pure learned priest! akin to Neill and Art,  
 Whose power protective cheer'd the poet's  
 heart,  
 The first in danger's van—(so bards have  
 sung them)  
 Pray tell thy flock a teacher's come among  
 them.  
 Well skill'd in ancient Greek and Roman  
 lore,  
 Fame-laden lays since Erin's days of yore,  
 And eke the foeman's tongue, upborne by  
 law,  
 Whose phrase uncouth distorts the Gaelic  
 Jaw.  
 OWEN ROE O'SULLIVAN.

295.

## KING CHARLES.

Like Aongus Oge he bears command,  
 Or Lou's of the trenchant brand,  
 Or Daire's son, the great Conroy,—  
 Brave Irish chiefs, my royal boy!  
 Or Conall, who strong ramparts won,  
 Or Fergus, regal Rogia's son,  
 Or Conor, Ullad's glorious king,  
 Whom harp-strings praise and poets  
 sing.  
 CONOR O'SULLIVAN.

296

## SIGHLE NI GARA.

Alas! that this dame, so noble and queenly,  
 Who spake, and who looked, and who  
 moved so serenely,  
 Should languish in woe, that her throne  
 should have crumbled;  
 Her haughty oppressors abiding unhumbl'd.  
 Oh woe that she cannot with horsemen and  
 swords,  
 With fleets and with armies, with chieftains  
 and lords  
 Chase forth from the isle the vile Sassenach  
 hordes,  
 Who too long in their hatred have trodden  
 us under,  
 And wasted green Eire with slaughter and  
 plunder!

297

Since born was God's Eternal Son,  
 Came fourteen hundred years to an end;  
 Three hundred, four score, ten, and one,  
 Before this lay of mine was penned.  
 TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN.

298

Oh! after life's dark sinful way  
 How shall I meet that dreadful day,  
 When heaven's red blaze spreads fright-  
 fully  
 Above the hissing with'ring sea,—  
 And earth thro' all her regions reels  
 With the strong—shiv'ring fear she feels,  
 When that high trumpet's awful sound  
 Shall send its deep-voiced summons  
 round.

TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN.

299

## PALIS.

Next on the west, on Laune's gay nothern  
 side,  
 Greinagh exulting, rears her sylvan pride,  
 And Palis bounds, where was in days of  
 yore  
 The well-known mansion of MacCarthy Mor.  
 D. R. O'CONOR (1800).

300

## THE PAPS MOUNTAINS.

Would'st trace the past in monumental  
 stone  
 And shadowy outlines of primeval man,  
 These heights ascend, when noon-tide heat  
 has flown,  
 And ruins bleached by countless winters  
 scan;  
 Then sit and muse on Rites and Races  
 gone,  
 As I do now, sad, silent, and alone.  
 T. GALLWEY, 1871.



301.

## PARKNASTLA.

Ocean before, the summer sky above,  
Who could portray the mountains' purple  
smiles—  
And all the opal huts of earth and heaven,  
Foam-ringing forests, heather-tufted isles.  
A. P. GRAVES.

302

## PROSPECT HALL.

West of Knockrier, and northward of Loch  
Lene  
Stands Prospect Hall's low ground, a cool  
domain,  
Where lies a rock, which saintly knees  
have worn,  
Mochuda's rock, o'ergrown with rev'rend  
thorn!  
D. R. O'CONNOR (1800).

303

## THE KERRY RECRUIT.

In Denny Street, in sweet Tralee, one day  
in the month of August.  
Who should I meet going up and down, but  
the recruiting sergeant.  
He said young man, if you take on Mars to  
be your guardian,  
It is better than be digging dykes, or be a  
spalpeen fanagh.

I never could consent to list, and obey so  
many masters,  
My doom would be to face the blacks, and  
there I would be slaughtered.  
I'd sooner sow, reap, and mow, and till a  
fruitful garden,  
And drink a crown amongst my friends,  
and be a spalpeen fanagh.

OLD BALLAD.

304.

## MAC GILLA CUDDY'S REEKS.

Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks  
Of evening on the beauteous Reeks;  
Farewell, ye mists that lov'd to ride  
On Cahir-bearna's stormy side;  
The calm blue waters of Loch Leine  
Still kiss their own sweet isles of green.  
J. J. CALLANAN.

305

Then thy reeks, Mac Gilla Cuddy,  
In the sunset looking ruddy.  
How I long their heights to clamber,  
To find echo's secret chamber.  
T. C. CROKER, 1828.

306.

When erst that cone we scaled you summer  
morn,  
Around, beneath, what visions did we note,  
Ev'n to the coast, by many an inlet worn,  
To Skellig's ocean pyramid remote.  
Beneath us surging cliffs, where scarce the  
goat  
Could climb; and sleeping in the dusky  
dell  
The tarn—and, hark, the bugle's brazen  
throat  
Startled lone echo in her mountain cell;  
Her voice prolong'd in many a dying fall  
and swell.  
FITZ ERIN, 1862.

307.

## STEPHEN RICE.

Stephen Rice, esquire, lies here,  
Late Knight of Parliament;  
A happy life, full four score years,  
Full virtuously he spent;  
His loyal wife, Helena Trant,  
Who died five years before;  
Lies here, also—Lord Jesus, grant  
Them life for ever more.  
(DINGLE) M D C X X I I.

308

## RHINCARAH.

But I, alas, can no such honours boast,  
Since sweet Rhincarah—Dear Ivrah is lost;  
My blood runs low, I'm poor and in dis-  
grace,  
And dare not own I'm of Milesian race.  
M. O'CONNOR, 1719.

309.

## RONAYNE'S ISLAND.

Lone, grief-haunted island, so pensive and  
sad,  
Each smile seems reflected in tears,  
Thy green-tinted haunts, once all merry and  
glad,  
Grow grey with the vanishing years.  
F. FISHER, 1890.

310.

## ROSSBEGH.

Farewell to the Lake of Coom-na-Sahr'n!  
That cradles the Behy's infant tide;  
To Lough Eragh, farewell! and that gem-  
like Tarn  
That lists the scream of the passing Her'n,  
Of wild Glen Cuillin the lonely pride.  
To Lough Caragh, farewell! the lovely  
Queen  
Of our far-west Lakes, where the raptur'd  
eye

Can dwell on many a charming scene  
Of terraqueous beauty, that might, I ween,  
Ev'n with Killarney's graces vie.  
FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

311.

## ROSS.

In rival contrast, lo, the expanded isle  
Of Ross displays her military pile!  
Long since illustrious, and the royal seat,  
As Fame informs, of Donoghue, the great.  
JOHN LESLIE, 1772.  
312.

When there abode a hero dear to fame,  
Killarney's king, O'Donoghue his name;  
By early science and the muses crowned,  
For tuneful speech and lettered lore re-  
nowned.

C. LUBY, 1822.

313

A change, O Ross, o'er thy dismantled castle  
Has come, thine ivied tow'r, and level'd  
moat,  
No more thou echoest to din of wassail,  
But sportive challenge of some passing  
boat.  
When Paddy Blake repeats his task by  
rote;  
Or when Spillane at quiet evening hears  
Thy walls responding to his bugle-note.  
Floating in mellow tone to distant ears,  
Across the charmed lake, like music of the  
spheres.

FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

314

"When the mail-clad warriors float  
With their banners o'er the deep,  
Then the foe shall cross the moat  
And his flag wave o'er the keep."  
Mail-clad warriors leap on shore  
O'er the keep their banners fling;  
Stout Mac Caura shouts no more,  
"Fight for altars, homes, and king!"  
T. GALLWEY, 1871.  
315.

Ross Castle, with its high and ruined walls,  
Whose goblin lore the stoutest heart ap-  
pals,  
Stands proudly by the lake, looks grimly  
round,  
So like a sentinel on battle ground.  
F. FISHER, 1890.

316.

What numbers here untimely met their fall,  
Before this great, this siege-defying wall:  
What thundering cannon on the ramparts  
stood,  
What chieftains fell, what vales were  
stained with blood;  
What shocks has not this bulwark long  
sustained,

What god-like heroes in the castle reigned?  
Here great O'Donoghue, theme of ancient  
bale,

Long awayed the sceptre o'er the happy  
vale;

What herds of deer along this valley strayed,  
What fleecy flocks long decked the prosper-  
ous mead;

What champing steeds, what hunters and  
what hounds,

Dared the strong flood and scoured the  
marshy grounds,

Hailed Mangerton and swept their mazy  
rounds.

Within his walls each day, as poets tell,  
Beneath the steel an ox enormous fell;

To cheer the stranger was his princely board,  
With richest viands hospitably stored;

To bards his generous bounty knew no  
end.

Himself of learning and the muse the friend;  
And all Momonia's kings in days of yore,  
With yearly tribute swelled his regal store.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.

317

## THE HEDGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Mister Byrne was a man  
Of very great big knowledge, sir,  
And behind a quickset hedge.  
In a bog, he kept his college, sir,  
He taught 'Reynard, the sly fox,  
Ay, and more he had to brag on—  
The Irish rogues and rapparees.  
Saint George, sir, and the dragon.  
GANDSEY, 1828.

318.

## GLEN SCOHEEN.

'Tis full three thousand years and more,  
Since Miledh's sons sailed to our shore,  
Led on by Scotia, their Mother Queen,  
To gain the land they, in dreams, had seen.  
What wonder they, such a prize to gain  
Should leave the shores of their native  
Spain.

They fought to gain it, historians tell,  
And in that battle, Queen Scotia fell;  
They laid her down on the mountain side,  
Where like a warrior, she fought and died.  
Meet resting place for such as she.

A warrior Queen! a warrior Queen!  
Where the winds for ever sweep from the  
sea.

In Glen Scoheen! in Glen Scoheen—  
MAY O'CONNOR, 1910.

319

## FRANCIS SEGERSON.

A man has died, in grief all darkens o'er.  
From Scarviff's bay, from Deen, and far  
Timore

To the last sunset isle, no sail I see;

Valentia mourns with tears wept bitterly,  
O bitterly cry Ards and Coom the keene,  
And Ballinskelligs, where no lack hath  
been  
Of sea-borne wine and welcomes as to  
home—  
The giver greeting all who choose to come.  
O handsome hawk, who tower'd the coun-  
try o'er!  
Top-spray of all who sprang from Segerson  
More!  
And pure thy mother's blood, Clann Con-  
nell's old,—  
Thou dashing chief—thou joyous nand with  
gold.

D. O'SHEA.

320.

## SKELLIGS.

See Skellig's chalky sides 'mid surges rise,  
And dreadful waves, in mountains, reach  
the skies;  
Here boisterous-breaking billows ever roar,  
And, in harsh thunder, lash the obstructing  
shore.

P. O'KELLY, 1791.

321

## SKELLIGS.

First where the Scaillig black and threat'n-  
ing, brave  
The fiercer billows that around them rave,  
Where Southern Ocean comes, with winds  
oppress'd,  
To ease its bosom on Valentia's breast.

CATH FINNTRAGA.

322.

The Shrovetide is coming, boys,  
The Shrovetide's coming,  
Don't be in haste a wife to take,  
Don't be in haste a match to make,  
Though the Shrovetide's coming;  
Your dread of Skelligs may be strong,  
Some women's wills are stronger,  
Wait,—You may rue it all your life,  
Wait a little longer.

K., 1856.

323.

Och! tuneful Kerry, of songsters merry,  
Go forth and bury your bardic love,  
For we must sing dumb within the 'Kingdom'  
And keep the Spring glum for evermore.  
No rural rhymers may chant his ditty.  
Nor urban scribe cut his quill a twist,  
For the Rebel City, once sane and witty,  
Has banned the bard and his Skellig list.

That ancient rhyme told its mighty story  
When bards were glory of king's abode;  
Its strains were raised by the Ollamh hoary  
When Whig and Tory were draped in woad.  
But sad the tale now of Inisfail, now

The kind deposed and the bard dismissed,  
While grim yet drolly, the law quacks lowly  
Pronounce unholy our Skellig List.

The wise men tell it (for they can spell it,  
In Ogham brand of the ancient time)—  
Those interpreters of bygone letters  
Tell Scotia's bard wrote a Skellig rhyme,  
And when Curoi from his airy dwellin'  
On Caherconree his queen-love missed  
The bard to jibe him (no king could bribe  
him)  
With Cullen's Hound'' graced the Skellig  
List.

Faith, then the days were, and then the  
lays were,

And loud the praise, sir, of soul and pen,  
When bard would honour Irraghtic Connor  
Or fly his banner o'er Foley's glen.  
When his rhyme reached out to the Feale's  
blue waters,  
Or climbed up Brandon's black mountain  
mist.

And erring sons and forlorn daughters  
Hailed kindred woes in the Skellig List.

From Maine to Mallow, ye bards who follow,  
Go rouse Apollo in lane and glen,  
Breathe forth defiance, ye mental giants,  
On knaves' alliance 'gainst freemen's pen,  
And glorious Hymen who scorns shy men,  
Will ne'er deny men who still resist  
That legion sable, who'd fain disable  
The god's own waybill—Our SKELLIG List.  
DUHALLOW, 1906.

324.

## SLIABH MIS.

By Sliabh Mis now winding (rare hunting I  
ween)  
He gains the dark valley of Scots the  
Queen,  
Who found in its bosom a cairn-lifted grave,  
When Sliabh Mis first flow'd with the blood  
of the brave!

ED. W. WALSH.

325.

The Kerry hills—the Kerry hills,  
Since childhood's days my only wish  
Was, once before I died to feel  
The chastened breath of old Slieve Mish.  
How sweet must Paradise not be,  
That knows not earthly cares nor ills,  
When it can bring more happiness,  
Than gazing on the Kerry hills.

M. V. REIDY, 1901.

326.

## TRALEE SPA.

Behold Tralee! and yonder rising mount  
Where Health's young goddess holds her  
crystal fount!

Whence fell Pandora's numerous evils fly,  
And all return with health—who fear to die.  
P. O'KELLY, 1808.

327.

## SPAILPIN FANACH.

In pleasant Kerry lives a girl,  
A girl whom I love dearly,  
Her cheek's a rose, her brow's a pearl,  
And her blue eyes beam so clearly!  
Her long fair locks fall curling down  
O'er a breast untouched by lover—  
More dear than dames with a hundred pound  
Is she unto the Rover.

BALLAD, 1797.

328.

## THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

Ordained to tread the thorny ground,  
Where few I fear are faithful found,  
Mine be the conscience void of shame,  
The upright heart, the spotless name.  
Counsellor THOMAS SPRING, 1762.

329.

## THE STAG HUNT.

It was the morning of a glorious day;  
At dawn the trackers of the deer were out,  
And mann'd each pass above Glena's lone  
bay,  
To keep the red deer down with frequent  
shout.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

330.

Hark! hark! the jovial huntsman sweeps  
the plains,  
Fills every space with his loud-echoing  
strains;  
The enlivening sound on every mountain  
floats,  
And hills and vales reverberate the notes.  
Roused from his lair, see, up the mountain  
side,  
The fleet young deer displays his ample  
pride;

Proud of his speed, exulting now he mocks,  
Branch-rending coverts and opposing rocks.  
See him in view, and see the deep-tongued  
race,

Wind at his heels and beautify the chase;  
Now deeper notes swift fly on echo's wing,  
The mountains roar and all the valleys ring.  
P. O'KELLY, 1791.

331.

## TOMIES.

Shall Tomies remain unsung—a princely seat  
Of that brave chief, O'Sullivan the great;  
Whose kindly ancestor, by bards admir'd,  
To courtly wit, and martial deeds aspir'd?  
D. R. O'CONNOR (1800).

332.

What blended traits are here!—the soft, the

stern,  
The green and grey, the purple and the  
dark;

How gracefully the Lichens, Moss, and Fern,  
Fringe and adorn you cliff so bold and stark!  
And see you drooping birch of silvery bark,  
Whose slender twigs down to the torrent  
bend.

Like Wood-nymph weeping, if she chance to  
see

Some wilder'd Fawn, by cliffs shut in and  
penn'd,

Hard by her trickling fount its gentle life-  
breath spend.

FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

333.

## TORC.

Yes, gentle are the inmates of thy groves,  
O Torc! once haunted by the wolf and boar;  
Here with her Fawn now safe the red deer  
roves.

At times thy tide is furrow'd by the ear  
That waits the antler'd captive to thy shore.  
FITZ-ERIN, 1862.

334.

From out your craggy cradle freshly bound-  
ing,

Glide out young waters over crystal cells,  
Whose echo soft through brush and brake  
resounding,

Make mystic music in your leafy dells.  
F. FISHER, 1890.

335.

Here Torc looks down with his terrific mien,  
On this fond spot, this ever-sacred scene;  
Nature here placed this rugged rocky pile—  
Ah, what a contrast to each wave-girt isle!  
His awful brows the roaring tempests meet,  
Rocks on his sides, and waters at his feet.  
P. O'KELLY, 1791.

336.

## TRALEE.

All the Alltraighe return  
Two kings of the plain of Cearraighe,  
A tribe which is ready in the point of diffi-  
culty,

O'Neidhe and the Clann-Conaire.  
O'HUIDHRIN, 1406.  
(O'Neidhe and O'Conaire, anglicised Nevills  
and Connery or King).

337.

## THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

The pale moon was shining above the green  
mountain,  
The sun was declining beneath the blue sea,  
When I strayed with my love to the pure  
crystal fountain

That stands in the beautiful Vale of Tralee.  
She was lovely and fair as the rose of the

summer,  
Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;  
O, no, 'twas the truth in her eye ever dawn-  
ing,  
That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle  
were spreading,  
And Mary all smiling was listening to me;  
The moon, through the valley, her pale rays  
were shading,

When I won the heart of the Rose of Tralee.  
Though lovely and fair as the rose of the  
summer,

Yet 'twas not her beauty alone that won me;  
O, no! 'twas the truth in her eye ever  
dawning

That made me love Mary, the Rose of Tralee.  
W. P. MULCHINOCK.

358.

Happy the man who journeys thro' this life  
Stranger to Care and Peace corroding strife.  
Thrice happy yet—supremely so—is he  
Who spends the Summer Season in Tralee!

Bear me, ye Muses, to the Castle Green.  
Celestial place, enchanting blissful scene;  
Here let me gaze in Transport on the Fair  
Who ev'ry Evening to this Walk repair;  
Here Nature blooms in var'gated Dyes,  
And from sweet Flowers delicious odours  
rise:

Here are Parterres, where blushing Roses  
blow.

Where Lilies blossom, and where Tulips  
glow.

Ye sacred Nine, my raptur'd Fancy fire,  
Teach me to praise those Fair Ones all  
admire!

The Hilliards first my ravish'd Eyes delight—  
Generous, genteel, affable, polite;  
These Flood Street Nymphs, of ev'ry charm  
possest,

With Sense refined and blooming Beauty  
blest.

Next comes Miss Day, fair rival of the Nine,  
In whom all Virtues eminently shine;  
Whene'er she sings what harmony I hear,  
Transporting Melody enchants my Ear;  
Like Orpheus fam'd, she leads the woods  
along,

And rapid floods stop list'ning to her song,  
Fraught with each Charm that beautifies the  
face,

Blest with each noble, intellectual Grace.  
Miss McDonough appears, angelic Maid!  
In each best Gift of Mind and Form arrayed.  
Next comes Miss Leyne to animate the scene,  
Beauteous her face and graceful mien;  
Good without Pride, genteel without Conceit,  
In Person lovely, consummate, and neat.  
In Catty Collis every Grace is seen,

Irresistibly fair like Beauty's Queen;  
Her sparkling Eyes Love's mighty joy impart  
They pierce the Soul and Captivate the  
Heart.

Behold Betty McDonough, frank and kind,  
Divine her Face, benevolent her Mind.  
Next comes Miss Yielding, elegantly neat,  
Courteous as fair, in every sense complete.  
Be still my Heart! This way Miss Raymond  
moves.

Her eyes illumined by ten thousand Loves;  
Her modest Glance, like Cupid's Keenest  
Dart,

Enchants the brain, and charms th'  
enamour'd heart.

See Miss McCarthy, elegant, discreet,  
In her Benevolence and Prudence meet.  
ANON, 1783.

339.

In Tralee, you know  
Where we to 'sises and to sessions go,  
And when arrested stand each others bail,  
And spend a cow or two in law and ale.  
M. O'CONNOR, 1719.

340.

TRALEE DANCE, 1799.  
Returned from the Lakes as delighted as  
merry,

And determined to see all the beauties of  
Kerry,

Our little republic was pleased to decree,  
That a ball should assemble this night at  
Tralee.

Let them talk of Killarney, its lovely fine  
shades,

Its woods and its wilds, and its dreadful  
cascades,

Its mountains, its monsters, my passions are  
human,

Give me to contemplate a lovely fine woman.  
C. K. BUSHE.

341.

You may talk of Blarney and the Lakes of  
Killarney,

Of Abbeydorney and Castle Hyde,  
Of nate Rathkeale and sweet Abbeyfeale,

And many a charming place beside.  
But of all the places where the thirteen  
graces

In love's embraces delight to be,  
For recreation and emulation

Shure there's none that plazes like sweet  
Tralee.  
ANON.

342.

"FOR MYSELF I'LL KEEP TRALEE."  
Old Tradition.

With glaring eyes and brazen glee,  
The Devil stood on "Caherconree,  
And glancing round the prospect free,

Mountain, valley, and stream and sea  
The rugged rock, the heather brown,  
And in the distance dark a town  
From which the smoke unwilling rose  
As slow to break the dull repose  
And let the bright light, fair and thorough,  
Illumine the streets of the old borough.  
The Devil glanced around once more,  
From lofty peak to wavy shore,  
His wondering gaze is on the smoke,  
As from the town in curls it broke,  
And thus his attendant he bespoke—  
"All that thou see'st I'll give to thee,  
But for myself I'll keep Tralee."  
VIATOR, 1873.

343.

The Canal so famous,  
Tho' some men blame us,

That we didn't make it more deep and wide;  
But there's cockles found,

In the mud around,  
While the ships are waiting the next spring  
tide.

And there's Denny Street,  
With its houses neat,

Where our ancient castle once reared its  
head;

Where ladies walking,  
And gaily talking,

May now be seen in that castle's stead.  
K., 1855.

344.

## KERRY TRIBES.

O'Donoghue of Gleann-Fleisge!  
I will give his character as it is;

An increase of evil ever comes from him,  
Every day during his life.

Wo to him who slew his brother!  
For the inheritance of Gleann-Fleisge;

And that, unless from stale buttermilk,  
No one ever there was drunk!

The Lord of the Reeks,  
Hates both layman and priest;

As the daisy hates the night.  
He hates mankind.

In Desmond, above all other places,  
They deserve from God to go to heaven;

On account of their fasting for their  
crimes.

They should go dry-footed in.  
The simple Clann-Maurice shall not  
get,

(I forgive them what they have done)  
A verse of praise or satire from me;

They are poor gentlemen.  
Speckled shins in linen rags,

And their hags yoked like bald dogs;  
Until hunger forces them to break their  
gads,

Are in Carrick, which cannot be relieved.  
My supper in the house of Hare,  
The wind carried off through the windows;  
Both the bread and the butter—  
They could not be separated.

I suffered (though hard the case),  
On a small supper in the house of  
Thomas,

From fear that his eyes should injure me  
for my supper,

My bit, without being chewed, stuck in my  
throat.

(Satire by Aenghus O'Daly, 1602, who was  
employed by Sir Geo. Carew to lampoon the  
Irish Chieftains. Trans. by John O'Donovan  
and Jas. Clarence Mangan, Dublin, 1852).

345.

## UPPER LAKE, KILLARNEY.

Behold the winding course of yonder lake,  
Not broad, but, like a noble river, crown'd  
With many an island green, whose smiles  
awake

More lovely, from the shadows cast around,  
Of those gigantic hills, dark, rugged, and  
embrown'd.

T. C. CROKER, 1828.

346.

## VENTRY.

For I will steer you to a harbour near,  
Where all your navy need no danger fear;

There you can anchor, and at leisure land,  
Upon a carpet of bright golden sand.

CATH. FIONN'TRAIG.

347.

Here Darius Don, that mighty monarch fell,  
By Fin M'Cuil (as old historians tell)  
While his huge brother fell'd by Oscar's  
hand,

A lifeless corse ensanguin'd all the strand!  
P. O'KELLY, 1808.

348.

A golden strand where fairies play,  
When moonbeams glisten o'er the bay,  
The bay, where colours glow and pass,  
Where clouds lie mirrored as in glass;

The guardian mountains rising near,  
Now faintly blue, now sharp and clear,  
A scene to fill "the inward eye."

ANON, 1906.

349.

## WHITEBOYS.

Petition to the Marquis Wellesley.  
Your lordship will see by this statement how  
we

Are situate here in the town of Tralee;  
As if milk and honey, and oceans of money,  
Were here as they were under Emperor  
Boney.

Your lordship was told that the Whiteboys  
grew bold  
Ere your stay in this country was many  
months old.

With that terrible docket stuffed into his  
pocket,  
You sent to our country a stupid old block-  
head.

When he first held his court, it is truly  
reported

That a fool and a madman by him were  
transported,

Then how can your lagman recall this old  
bagman,

Who never did more than transport an old  
ragman?

You'll get some fine day, from Botany Bay,  
A remonstrance to keep all those idiots away;  
For idiots and madmen are really sad men,  
To send even to that region of bad men.

For there's scarcely a land under human  
command

Where an idiot orp two are not always-at  
hand;

But the only one here we at present can  
spare

Is old Fungus himself, we are proud to  
declare.

Be it then your behest to grant our request;  
'Tis our prayer when we're rising and when  
we're at rest,

We drink till we're merry, the exports of  
Kerry,

And may Counsellor Fungus be first o'er the  
ferry.

The person alluded to was Mr. Arthur  
Chichester McCartney, King's Counsel, who  
was sent down here to preside with the  
Assistant Barrister and magistrates when  
holding special sessions under the Insurrec-  
tion Act, passed for the purpose of suppress-  
ing the Whiteboy outbreak then rife in the  
southern counties of the Kingdom. This  
court had the power, without the inter-  
vention of a jury, to try and sentence per-  
sons if even found out from their homes after  
sunset, without a reasonable excuse, to seven  
years' transportation.

350.

## WREN BOYS.

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,  
St. Stephen's day was cot in the furze,  
Although he is little his family's grate,  
Put yer hand in yer pocket and give us a  
trate.

Sing holly, sing ivy,—sing ivy, sing holly,  
A drop just to drink it would drown  
melancholy.

And iv you draw it ov vthe best,

I hope in heaven yer sowl will rest;  
But iv you dhrav it ov the small,  
It won't agree wid de wran boys at all."

351.

## ARDEA CASTLE.

And there, within that castle old,  
Which owned Mac Finnian's sway,  
They met, where Spanish royal gold  
Illumined hope's dim ray.

They met to watch for freedom's gleam  
O'er Beara's hills arise,  
For, oh, 'tis grand! the dawning beam  
That brightens Beara's skies.

"BEARA," 1911.

352.

## BALLYBUNION.

It blossomed first at Banna: transplanted  
here, it grew;  
A sweeter flower, or fairer, no mortal ever  
knew.

Tho' Kerry's cliffs are famous, her mountains  
wild and grand,  
Give me that fragile beauty—the Wild Rose  
by the Strand.

## OLD BALLAD.

353.

We scale the cliff, and wander round  
The grand old castle's verdant mound—  
The castle famed in song and story,  
Now shorn of all its former glory.

Like sturdy sentinel and bold,  
Alone it standeth, stern and cold;  
Undaunted on its dizzy rock,  
Unheeding each tempestuous shock,

Its base of jet and golden spar,  
With reckless breakers waging war.

MRS. P. HAYES, 1881.

354.

## BALLYBUNION CASTLE.

O time-scarred veteran of a vanished age!  
Stately sentinel of the pathless sea!  
This widowed wall alone illumes the page  
Of thy departed pomp and chivalry.

Low be the turret, barbican and keep  
The terraced tower where banners flaunted  
high.

And through embrasures deep, the low  
winds weep

In solemn monotone 'twixt sand and sky.

Let no rude, impious hand a stone unplace  
Nor mar the grandeur of thy honoured brow  
But wreathe remembrance roses round each  
trace

Of all thy glorious past—as I do now.

B. MOYNAHAN, 1904.

355.

## BALLYHEIGUE.

My dear native village, my own happy home,

Centre  
French notes

From thy lovely green fields I'd ne'er wish  
to roam;  
Thy long cherished beauties of wood, hill,  
and sea,

Shall be e'er remembered most dearly by me;  
For where is the spot so extensive and wide,  
To rival in beauty with thee, Ballyheigue.

REV. W. LEEN, 1908.

356.

## BALLINPRIOR.

To O'Dorney rock once as I went roaming,  
Where billows foaming do triumphant ride,  
To view the scenes of my native ocean,  
Where, in commotion, I took great pride.

'Tis there Flora lavishes her flowery charms  
And sylvan warblers attune their choir,  
And melodious sirens that sing each morning  
Enchant the harbour of sweet Ballinprior.

THOS. DAY STACK, 1850.

357.

## DUAGH.

Beloved old Duagh, how plain I can see,  
Robed in its emerald sheen,  
And the clear winding Feale gliding peace-  
fully on,

Tranquil and calm and serene  
And peerless old Brosna's daisy clad hills,  
Home of the true lad and lass  
Whom I knew in the days long ago,

At the dance at the Creamery Cross.

ELLA HARNETT, 1911.

358.

## RATTOO.

Its towering relics mounting far on high,  
Speak much unwritten to those who pass it  
by;

Tell of the tales that once old Erin knew,  
When homes were wrecked by Cromwell's  
savage crew.

REV. W. LEEN, 1908.

359.

## FAN FITZGERALD.

Ye can mention if ye will,  
Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill  
Or the Mag'licuddy Reeks renowned for  
crippling all they can;

Still the country-side confesses  
None of all its precipices  
Cause a quarter of the carnage of the nose  
of Fan.

A. P. GRAVES.

360.

## WILLIAM SANDES.

There were noble horses from foreign places,  
Well-trained of course, and of first class  
breed

They came to contest the heavy wager.  
But the "Parlour Maid" did them all exceed.

The "Parlour Maid" is a thorough-bred

race-horse,  
And few can equal her shape so grand.  
She belongs to Tarbert, not far from  
Tarmons,

And the owner's name is William Sandes.  
OLD BALLAD.

361.

THEOPHILIUS YIELDING (d. 6 Nov. 1806)  
Yielding! The Muse devotes to you,  
With flowing tears her last adieu,  
This unassuming lay.

'Twas Heaven indeed the Blessing sent,  
Unfit for us—what Heaven had lent  
'Tis Heaven has called away!

ANON.

362.

Let us leave the race of Conary of battles,  
The Princes of Erna of golden shields;  
We come to our friends, the race of Fergus  
They are entitled to demand our attention.

O'HEERIN, 1400.

363.

## O'DONOGHUE OF THE LAKES.

Once, on a day distinguish'd from the rest,  
Surrounded by his subjects at the feast,  
Cheerful he sat, and in prophetic rhymes  
Darkling rehears'd the fate of future times:

While from his tongue divine prediction  
flow'd,

And firm belief in every bosom glow'd,  
Sudden he rose, and, to the gazing throng,  
As some light vision seem'd to skim along—  
The neighbouring lake wide op'd its willing  
wave,

And quick received him in a crystal grave.  
ANON. 1812.

364.

## KERRY TRIBUTE FROM CASHEL.

Seven steeds to the King of Lein,  
Seven drinking horns; seven swords from  
afar,

Seven shields at the smallest reckoning,  
Seven beautiful hounds at Irr Luachair;  
Seven mantles with clasps of gold,  
And seven horses for careering—  
Seven steeds not used to fatten  
To the King of Ciarraidhe of combats.

365.

## KERRY.

Sure I am haunted for ever with dreams of  
my native land,

My soul is sick for a loving word and the  
grasp of a loving hand;

Oh, Kerry of silver waters, Kerry of moun-  
tains tall.

In all the world I've journeyed round there  
is nowhere like you at all.

THERESA C. BOYLAN, 1905.

Excursion to Arden. Decker area. Noist

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	212—	3. History of the O'Halloran family.	VI.		Vol. VI is appearing serially in the "Kerry People" weekly, and will be issued in book form in 1911. The contents will include History of the O'Sullivan family Legends of Kerry. History of the MacElligott family, Kerry Bibliography, etc. Correspondence on Kerry History invited by the author, Mr. J. KING, 34 Lamalia Road, Forest Gate, London, England.
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