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Genealogical and Historical

RECORDS

OF THE

SEPT COBHTHAIGH,

NOW

COFFEY.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY H. A. COFFEY.

DUBLIN:

JOHN O'DALY, 9 ANGLESEA STREET.

1863.

Bonnie Culley

HS. 20

P R E F A C E .

THE following sheets have been carefully reproduced from the authorities mentioned, the purpose being to give something like a historical record of a sept, of which the writer is a descendant. The name Coffey often, from its peculiarity, having given rise to various conjectures as to its origin or derivation, has been to the bearers of it (at least in the writer's case) a question of discussion.

Occupation and circumstances prevented any member of the writer's family from entering on the subject, although the matter, to all, has been a source of considerable interest, and is now—for the benefit of the descendants of the grand old clan, who, at one time, were the lords of nearly all the south of Ireland, descended, too, from Ith, of the royal family of Spain,

28 03

and, through the female line, from the royal family of Gaul—put forward merely for the information of all those who, from occupation or absence from the country, may not have an opportunity of obtaining the desired information for themselves.

Through the many records in existence, both printed and manuscript, the task has been comparatively easy.

It is not attempted to go beyond merely giving the extracts as they occur, from their various sources, arranged in something like chronological order.

Access has been kindly permitted the writer to various manuscripts in the Royal Irish Academy, and also a manuscript copy of the annals of Inghisfallen, in the possession of Charles Haliday, Esq., through that gentleman's courtesy.

He has also obtained from Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, an official copy, authenticated by him, of the pedigree of the Coffey family, from the records preserved at the Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, and where every facility of investigation was afforded by Sir Bernard Burke, with the usual courtesy extended by that gentleman in the discharge of his duties.

The first mention of the name in Irish history is Cobhthach Caelmbreagh (Caclura), *i.e.*, Coffey the Slender, of Bregia. From the time of this monarch, down-

wards, there are frequent references to princes, poets, and sages, bearing the name—especially the latter, one of whom, a Druid, is referred to in the late Eugene O'Curry's paper in No. VI. of the *Atlantis*.

Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Cloyne, who published his Dictionary at Paris in 1768, says, that there is not, to his knowledge, a single member of this sept occupying the position of a gentleman; and, judging from the records of his time and the period immediately succeeding, there is little doubt he was, in the main, correct in that statement; but it is a fact worthy of record, as exhibiting the vicissitudes of old and distinguished families, that a direct lineal descendant of the Cobthaich, from whom the writer's family descends, possessed a considerable tract of the most beautiful part of the county of Kerry under the Mac Carthy More, with whose ancestors the O'Cobthaighs were allied, as appears by the pedigree set forth—and held this possession so late as 1703, and for fifty years subsequent to that date. But yet it is not too much to say, that in the present generation, when the ban of religious and national prohibition no longer exists, that some of the descendants of that old clan, who fought, died, and were beggared for their country and religious opinions, have again come to the surface in various parts of the world, and some of them rank once more as men of position and

station in the lands of O'Cobhthaigh, according to the poet:

"Ireland is called the House of Tuathal,
The Court of Con, the land of Feidlim Fair,
The ground of Hugony, the field of Arth,
Cobhthach's region, and Cormac's plain".

Ogygia, p. 19.

Generations have passed away, and still the name has come down, Anglicised, as the language and circumstances of the country necessitated; but its identity has been preserved to the present hour.

H. A. COFFEY.

DUBLIN,

April, 1868.

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL
RECORDS
OF THE
SEPT COBHTHAIGH,
NOW
COFFEY.

[From the Irish-English Dictionary, Paris, 1768.]

COBHACH, stout, brave, valiant.

COBHACH, victorious. Hence it became the proper name of many of the Irish kings, and answers very nearly to the Latin word victorious.

N.B.—COBHTHACH, signifying victorious, was the proper name of an Irish Chief, from whom the ancient family, called O'COBHTHACH, derive their name and descent. They were Dynasts or chief lords of the territories now called Barryroe, east and west, in the county of Cork. They were of the Lugadian race, which gave the ancient name of *Corca-Luighe* to all the south-west parts of the county of Cork, a name that is now reduced to only two parishes separated by the River *Lilean*, which forms the harbour of Baltimore, and are called *Cothluighe*, a corrupt contraction of the word *Corca luighe*. It seems the O'COBHTHACHES, English O'Cowhig, were originally the most distinguished of the Lugadian families, since their chief is mentioned in the first rank, and with high distinction, particularly with regard to his hospitality, before the *O'Flains* and the *O'Driscols*, in the following ancient rhymes: O'COBHTHACC na n'ard-ccorn-óir; O'Flain-árida, s'ó heidirsceáil; triar do chinn air iathaibh sean; triúr nách do chlainnaibh míleadh, where the compound word *árd-ccorn-óir*, signifying tall and large drinking cups of massy gold, and not inferior, in sublime combination of ideas, to any compound epithet in Homer, is pompously expressive of O' Cobthacc's great hospitality. Note that the verb *do chinn*, in the above rhymes signifies to reign as king. Vid. *ccann*, *cinn*, supra; but a melancholy remark which remains to be made, is, that of the two families first mentioned in the just recited rhymes, there is not, to my knowledge, one individual now existing that may be held in the light of a gentleman, having

been all dispossessed long since of their very ancient and large properties; which, indeed, is the case of many other Irish families not less illustrious in former times, who are now either quite extinct, or reduced to a state of perfect obscurity, for the reason now mentioned.

MISCELLANY OF THE CELTIC SOCIETY, AND OTHER MSS.

[Edited by JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A.; Dublin, 1849.]

[The Mearings of the middle cantred, viz., O'Cothaigh's Territory.]

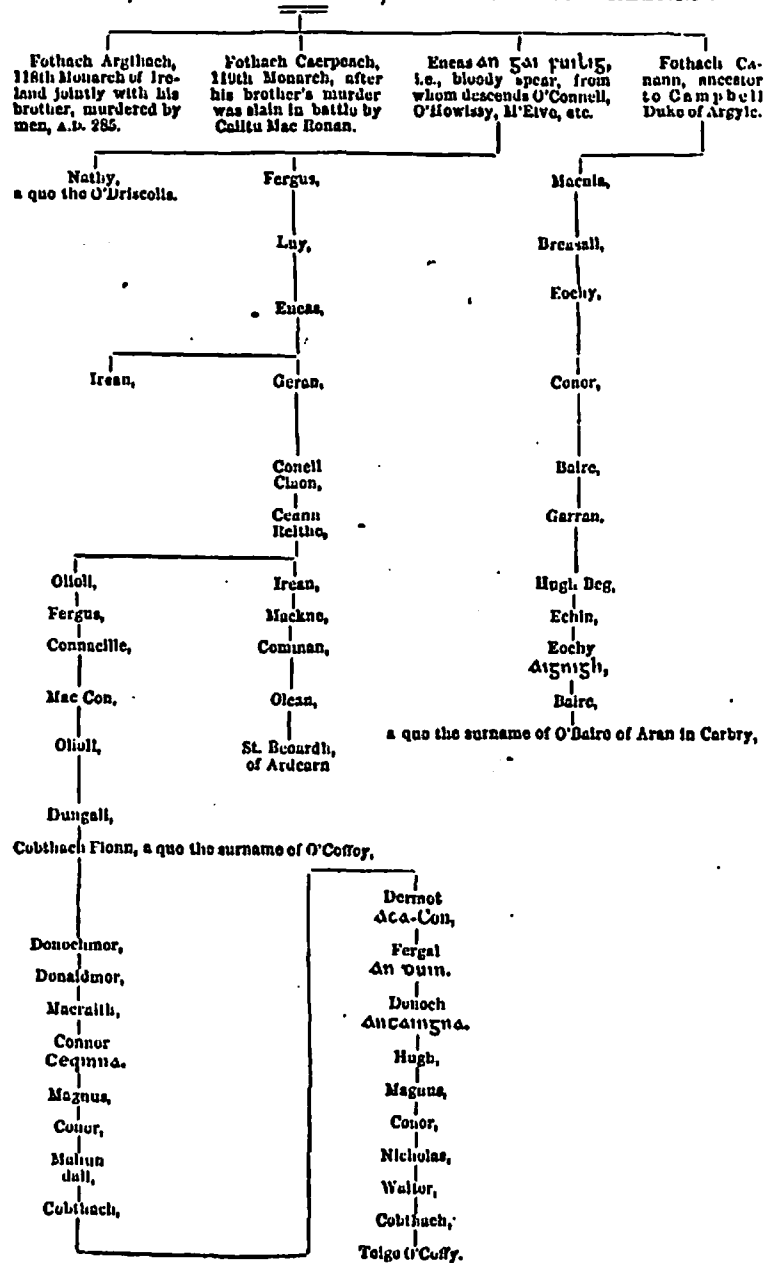
O'Dubhdalcithe, now Dowdall; D. MacFirbisigh, makes O'Cothaighs O'Cowhig, the chief of this territory, which he designates by the *alias* name of *Triocha Meadhonaigh*, i.e. the central cantred, extending from *Beal-atha-na-h-Uidhre* to *Beal-atha-buidhe*, and from *Gort-na-daibhche* to *Loch-an-tairbh*.

GENEALOGY OF UA COBHTHAIGH.

[Taigh Coffey,	son of Donnchadh Mor,
son of Cobhthach,	son of Cobhthach Finn,
son of Walter,	son of Dunghalach,
son of Nichol,	son of Ailill,
son of Conchobhar,	son of Maccon,
son of Maghnus,	son of Connad of Cillen,
son of Hugh,	son of Fearghus,
son of Donnchadh of Daingean,	son of Ailill,
son of Ferghal of Dun,	[inlaic, son of Macreithe,
son of Diarmaid of Achadh-con-	son of Gearan,
son of Conchobhar,	son of Duach,
son of Mathghamhain,	son of Maicniadh,
son of Conchobhar Cearmna,	son of Maccon,
son of Macraith,	son of Lughaidh,
son of Domhnall,	son of Ith].

Ua Cobhthaigh, now O'Cowhig and Coffey. This line of pedigree inserted in brackets is taken from the Book of Ballymote. This family was seated in the Barony of Ballyroe, anciently called *Tricho Meadhonaigh*, or the middle or central cantred—See O'Brien's *Irish-English Dictionary in voce CONTRAECU*, and *Cambrensis Eversus*, edited by the Rev. A. Kelly, p. 208, note x. Dr. Smith in his *History of Cork*, book 11, c. 3, says, "Almost on every headland of this barony were castles erected by the Irish, seven of which belonged to the sept of O'Cowhig, as Dundedy, Duowen, Dunore, Dunoon, Dunocowhig, Dunworley, and Dungleary".

LUY, *alias* MAC CON, MONARCH OF IRELAND.



The above Pedigree is faithfully extracted from the Books of Ulster's Office.
ROBERT SMITH, Registrar, etc.

FROM THE MISCELLANY OF THE CELTIC SOCIETY,
1849.

[JOHN O'DONOVAN.]

A.D. 1232, Domhnall God' Mac Carthaigh was taken prisoner by his own brother Cormac Mac Carthaigh, but he was set at liberty by him at the end of a quarter; and immediately after this Domhnall went, at the instance of Magnus O'Cobhthaigh and the daughter of O'Muircheartaigh (O'Moriarty), to commit an un-neighbourly act against Muircheartaigh O'Mathghamhna (O'Mahony), a thing which he did, for he slew the three sons of O'Mathghamhna, and plundered himself; and in consequence of this, Domhnall Cairbreach and his race remained in the south from that forth.

From Annals of Ireland.

THREE FRAGMENTS,

COPIED FROM ANCIENT SOURCES BY DUBHALTACH MAC
FIRBISIGII.

Edited, etc., by JOHN O'DONOVAN for the Irish Archeological Society. 1860, p. 187.

Cobhthach,² son of Muircadhach, Abbot of Cill-dara (Kildare), a sage doctor [dormoit], of whom is said:—

Cobhtac Cuirreac cuireataig,
Dairna ríú lífe loannaig;
Dunran mac moí Muireadaig
Dairiac hua caomhíonn Ceallaig.
Cléto laigean leigirde,
Baol rian ríganm rícláe,
Recla ríreac ríróríge
Comarba Conlath Cobhtac.

Cobhthach of Cuirrech,² of races,
Heir apparent of the king of Liffé of tunic;
Alas for the great son of Muircadhach,—
Ah, grief!—the descendant of the fair
Ceallaigh,
Chief of scholastic Leinster,
A perfect, comely, prudent, sage
Was Cobhthach, the successor of Conlath.

From the MS. Annals of Innisfallen, in the possession of Charles Halliday, Esq.
"A.D. 1233. Domhnall Got Cairbreach, son of Domhnall Mor na-curra, son of Dermot cille bunaidhne, came to depose O'Mathghamhna and O'Colley, and

A.M. 3618. COBTHACH CAOLMBREAG (Coffey, Cael-mra, *i.e.* the slender, of Bregia), after the death of his brother Laóghaire Lorck, ascended the throne and reigned thirty years. He was the son of Eacharch Buaidhaig, of the royal line of Heremon. His mother was the daughter of the King of Gaul, *i.e.* France. Her name was Ceasair Chuarthich.

Nine hundred and fifteen years afterwards, the death of Cobhthaig Caolmbreagh is referred to on the eve of the battle which took place at Dinn-risk, in Leinster, by the state poet of Fergal, then King of Leinster. *Vide Irish Archæological and Celtic Society*, vol. 1860, p. 39.

The portion of the County of Cork belonging to this sept now belongs to the Barrymore family, the title-deeds of which are in the Lambeth Library, in MS., xx. fo. 25.—Dr. Smith's *History of Cork*.

NOTE FROM THE IRISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S VOLUME FOR THE YEAR 1844.

[Edited by J. O'DONOVAN. p. 263.]

Dun Ui Chobhthaigh, *i.e.* Coffey's fort, now Anglicised Decnycoy, a townland verging on the coast in the north of the Parish of Templeboy, in the barony of Tíreragh. It adjoins the territory of Muirseá, and still contains the remains of the ancient *dun* or fort, originally called Dun Ui Chobhthaigh, which is shown on the Ordnance Map of Sligo, sheet 12, as in the north of the townland, and thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea.

engaged at the wood of Scalbaigh, where he slew the three sons of O'Mathghamhna, son of Murtagh, son of Donnchadh na H-imreio Tiompro O'Mahony".

It is thus noticed, on the authority last quoted, in Mons. Laine's *Pedigree of the Count Mac Carthy*:—

"Donall Got-Ogue, Mac Carthy Mór, 3^e fils de Donall-Mór-na-currad Mac Carthy, souverain de Thomond, eut en apanage le principauté de Carbery. En 1233 il leva une armée pour de trouver Dermot O'Mahony. Trois fils de ce dernier périrent dans cette guerre ainsi qu' à Coffey de Coillkealvy. Moins heureux dans la guerre qu'il commença contre le FitzGerald, en 1248, Donall fut tué, en 1251, par Jean de Callan, fils de Thomas FitzGerald" (p. 79).

¹ *Cobhthach*—Princeps. Cillo daru; *Ann. Ul.*, A.D. 869—comp. *F. M.*, 868.

² *Currech*—now the Curragh of Kildare.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS.

[O'DONOVAN'S Edition.]

1030. Domhnall Gott, King of Meath, was slain by Cucaratt Ua Cobhthaigh, one of his own soldiers. This name is still common in Meath, but anglicised Coffey without the prefix of Ua or O.

1094. Gilla na Meughean, son of Ua Cobhthaigh, Lord of Umhall, died.

1173. Murray Coffey, Bishop of Derry and Raphoc, a son of chastity, a precious stone, a transparent gem, a brilliant star, a treasury of wisdom, and a fruitful branch of the canon, after bestowing food, education, and assistance to the poor—after ordaining many priests, deacons, and men of every *ecclesiastical* rank—rebuilt many churches, founded many monasteries and regles (*i.e.* abbeys)—and having the palm of piety and repentance, resigned his spirit at the Dubhregles of Columbkille in Derry, on the 10th of February. A great miracle was performed on the night of his death, namely, the dark night was illuminated from midnight to daybreak, and the people thought that the neighbouring parts of the world which were visible were in one blaze of light, and the likeness of a large globe of fire arose over the town, and moved in a south-easterly direction, and all arose from their beds, imagining that it was daylight: it was also thus on the east side of the sea.

1193. Mulpatrik Coffey died.

1213. Aimmire Coffey, Abbot of the Church of Derry-Columbkille, a noble ecclesiastic, died this year.

1415. The Classach Coffey died, a man eminent for poetry and humanity.

1429. Coffey, *i.e.* Melaghlin, the son of Classach Coffey, was slain by Edmond, the son of Hubert Dalton.

[*Note*.—The Coffeys are still numerous in the barony of Ruteconrath, which was Dalton's country, Westmeath.]

1446. Domhnall Coffey, a good captain, with his two sons, were slain on an Island in Lough Innell, Westmeath.

1452 Coffey, *i.e.* Hugh Mac an Classach, a learned poet, who kept a hospitable house, died of the plague at Tertullugh, Westmeath.

1464. Murtagh, the son of Art O'Melaghlin, and his wife, daughter of Coffey, and three others, died of the plague.

1465. Thomas, the son of Donnell Coffey, died.

1478. Coffey, i.e. Murtagh, Bacagh, died.

1546. Coffey, preceptor of the schools of Ireland in poetry, was taken prisoner by the English, and confined for eighteen weeks in the king's castle, for his attachment to the Irish. It was intended to put him to death, but he escaped at length,

FEARFEASA O CAINTE CECINIT

Leo féin éiriu Clann Itha,
rao aca nún no-dita,
na g-cioróib ceann a g-ceann,
rá ceann oiri na h-Eireann.

Ni le ríocht Eibhir na Ir,
éirítear leo ne linn éirí,
cuaine ríog, ir tiom tionól,
ná le ríol oll Eireamhón.

Ni b-fuil d'ádhair acu rin
ra cois rí, ra éir cogair,
áit d'agra ceir Clann Lúgar
le báir neir a n-ollamh.

Aca an dóir ag Cloinn Itha,
iomda ádhair éirí, aca,
rá éir éuan-ádhair Chobtaig
ruaradar ó allmóir.

Móir g-coma náir coma beag,
móir n-éat g-cuair do' cailleas,
rá'n d-tir bán, geatolair, glain,
ag cáitriannair élar Chiuiméainn.

¹ *Fearfeasa O'Caite*. For some account of this poet and some of his other productions the reader is referred to O'Reilly's Catalogue of Irish Writers, A.D. 1617. This poem was composed by him for Conchobhar or Cornelius O'Driscoll (son of Sir Flughin or Florence), and his wife Eibhlín, the daughter of Domhnull son of Eoghán Mac Suibhne of Muskerry.

² *The Race of Ith*, i.e. the O'Driscolls and their correlatives.

³ *Country of Cobhthach*, i.e. Ireland. The Irish poets were accustomed to form names for Ireland by prefixing *Finn*, *Magh*, *Crich*, or *Tír*, to the names of any of her celebrated mountains, as in the present instance from Cobhthach Caul in-Brough, A.M. 4609, Four Masters. O'Flaherty, in treating of the different names of Ireland notices this custom in the following words:

"Denique non raró a poetis patriis quorundam celebriorum Insule regum

1554. Teige Coffey, son of Hugh, chief preceptor of poetry and learning, died.

1556. Owny, the son of William Coffey, the most learned in Ireland, was treacherously slain at night, three miles north of the town of Moate.

FEARFEASA O'CAINTE' SANG THIS.

By themselves [alone], the Clann Itha' make war,
(Long has the desire of extirpation been
In their hearts one and all),
For the sovereignty of the land of Eire.

It is not on the race of Eibhear or Ir
They make war in unpeaceful times,
The offspring of kings of heavy muster,
Nor on the great progeny of Eireamhon.

These have no other cause
For checking peace or waging war,
But to assist the rights of the race of Lughaidh
At the powerful incitement of their ollamh.

The race of Ith have the right,
Many is the cause of their disquietude,
On account of the harbour-full country of Cobhthach' [Ireland]
Which they won from strangers.

Many a prize, not a trilling prize,
Many a loss of heroes they sustained
For the green, bright-hilled, fine country,
From the adventurers of Crimlthamm's Plain [Ireland].

adjectis nominibus, hujus, vel illius regis (expresso nomine) regio, plaga, terra, campus, regia, curia, aut quid, simile cognominatur; ut in sequentibus ex Hugone O'Donnelli filio.

"Foirtear Teac Tuatar d'Ghinn
Cpo Cunn ir ponn Finn-Flórdán
Iac ugame ir Caoid aipe
Cpoc Chobtaig, ir élar Chormaic".

"Dicta Tuathall domus Erin, regis quinti
Fellinii fundus, plaga Cobhthaca, et Hugonis arvom
Arturi regio, vestrum et, Corumec, theatrum".

Ogygin, p. 19.

Móin maḡ rḡoicḡeamhac rḡiamḡa,
 móin o-creabḡ álainn rḡi-miamḡa,
 ó fliocḡ tḡa a ḡ-caḡaibḡ cniocḡ
 ḡur b'faduin fliocḡ a n-éirioicḡ.

ḡan eirḡe a ḡ-combarḡ cogabḡ
 o'ér ḡac uile oá b-fuarabadan
 oream nóo na ḡ-cnoicḡoóbabḡ ḡ-cmuinn,
 nó ionḡnabḡ fad a b-fulainḡ.

Doḡaroe buairḡ oo b'heirḡ oóibḡ,
 ní báirḡ ainmian, ní h-eaḡcóirḡ,
 tugḡ oo'n o'hoingḡ-ḡéirḡ meannairḡ ḡlain,
 boingḡ fá déimeannaibḡ cogairḡ.

A n-ḡuarḡ féin, faticḡear a b-romn,
 tugḡ oóibḡ, ḡiḡ fava a b-fulangḡ,
 ḡan labairḡ fliocḡa me real
 adaint fliocḡa na b-féinneabḡ.

Maicḡ fuarabadan fuil tḡa
 curḡ troo, adnabḡ éirioḡa,
 fa comḡuirḡ iata na n-áirḡ,
 fíacḡa oirḡaibḡ a fupitacḡ.

Shiocḡ tḡa fuilḡear oóearḡ
 oóibḡ ar córa catúḡabḡ
 fá'n o-tirḡ éuirḡi faeirealaigḡ fainḡ
 oo ḡhacidealaibḡ fuinn fhéilim.

In fuil oíobḡ fein, Dia oo éearḡ,
 neacḡ oán h-oirḡéirḡ an oirḡeacḡ,
 faerabḡ a beann, comḡide a cmuibḡ
 Iná an o-oigḡe ar feáirḡ oirḡuibḡ.

Mac Uí Eiruirḡeoil, uéḡ feangḡ,
 oó ar córa o'feairḡaibḡ Eiréann,
 catúḡabḡ ma ceann a ḡ-cat,
 an eangḡ catamail éogḡac.

Conchobairḡ, cmuibḡ leomian,
 ó'f oo ar cóirḡ, caiteoóearḡ,
 fá'n ḡ-cuicḡ úirḡ éavmannaigḡ éo,
 me fean-ḡhallaibḡ b'puidḡ boimne.

Many a beautiful, shamrock-flowering plain,
 Many a noble, bright-shining court,
 [Are lost] from the Race of Ith and in the hands of knights
 So that it would be a sufficient cause of fury to hear them
 [numbered.]

Not to rise up in warlike alliance,
 After all the evils which they have sustained,
 The tribe of the land of round-nutted woods;
 'Tis wonderful how long their forbearance.

It is hard if victory they gain not,
 For it is not excessive ambition, it is not injustice,
 That drove this noble tribe of sharp spears
 To take to steps of war.

['Twas] their own danger, the fear for their lands,
 That contributed, though long their forbearance,
 ([And] peace not having been spoken of for some time)
 To kindle the fire of the heroes.

Well it becomes the blood of Ith
 To fight battles, to kindle wars,
 For the prize of the land of the nobles
 They were bound to relieve it.

The race of Ith, who suffer injury,
 'Tis they who have the best right to make battle,
 For the smooth, well-placed, far-stretching land
 Of all the Gacidhil of the land of Felim (Ireland).

There is not of them, by the justice of God,
 One to whom the heirship is more fitting,
 To free her mountains, protect her cattle,
 Than the best heir which is of them.

The son of O h-Eidirsecoil, of smooth breast,
 For him it is the most becoming of all the men of Eiru,
 To fight for its sake in the battles,
 The land famed for battling and wars.

Conchobhar, heart of a lion,
 Will fight, as for him it is right,
 For the fertile, warm, music-loving land,
 With the old English at the bank of Boimne¹

¹ Boimne, i.e. the river Boyne, in the region traversed by which the old English were exclusively seated.

Eagal dóib, 'Dia do rúdaí,
 a cinead ír Conchubair,
 'ó á n-oiotugad, ní dail tím,
 ra élaí fíochamail fhélim.

Coirceonair clanna Lúghaid,
 arí tatarb arí congalairb,
 Corca Laidhe na leas n-élan,
 ceáir do ar daeire do déanam.

Ní córa dóib, 'Dia do éion.
 cioro um Cóircaí, nó um Cairiol,
 iná cur veabta buró deact
 fá maí o-Tearta ír fá'n o-Tuairceair.

Nó um Nár Laidhean na leas o-te,
 no um At-cliaí na f-cuan ríte,
 no um tuataib Baci leat arí leat,
 no um Cruachain Aí, nó um Oilead.

Da n-veairntai ceairt ionna mú,
 ríocht íca veairntai donn-éirí,
 dóib do reid réairntaí na b-riann,
 do bveit Earlam na h-Éirionn.

Ar amlaíó ruaradair ro,
 clann Lúghaid míoim míc íca,
 ceairt arí no Bhoimn bveairntaí
 o'onóim tarí macaib Mílead.

Do báim a dúnaid bo déin,
 do éi íc an airim pinn-éirí,
 tarí an no-muim roiléim fáim,
 fáimuil oileim o'n Earpáin.

Íc mac Bile, mic Breogain,
 gluaríó ré a rín ainbveonair,
 cuire ríte o'riannaib uile,
 o'iaimíad na cuíde do éonnaire.

¹ The descendants of Lughaidh, i.e. the O'Driscolls and their correlatives.
² Corcach, i.e. the City of Cork. The poet here argues that the race of Lughaidh were entitled to the monastery, and that therefore they had as much right to Cashel, Naas, and Dublin, as they had to Cork or Dunboy.
³ His own fortress. There are various accounts of this discovery of Ireland by

Well may they fear, 'tis God that wills,
 His tribe and Conchobhar,
 Who will extirpate them, no trifling deed,
 For the warlike plain of Felin.

The descendants of Lughaidh¹ will defend,
 In battles and in conflicts,
 Corca-Laidhe of the fine plains,
 A deed which is most difficult to perform

It is not more right for them, God has ordained it,
 To fight for Corcach,² or for Caiseal
 Than to make battle in becoming manner,
 For the plain of Teathbha, or for the North

Or for Nas of Leinster, of the warm plains,
 Or for Ath-cliaith, of breezy harbours,
 Or for the lands of Baci, one and all,
 Or for Cruachain-aci, or for Ailcach.

Were a just division made with them,
 With the race of Ith, who shed crimson blood,
 To them would come the grassy plain of the fair men
 By the judgment of the patron of Éire.

The manner in which they obtained
 The race of great Lughaidh, son of Ith,
 Right to the great Boinn of Breagh of the banners,
 As an honour beyond the sons of Milidh (Milesius).

From the top of his own fortress³
 Ith of the sharp-pointed weapons perceived
 Over the great clear culin sea
 The semblance of an island from Spain.

Ith, son of Bile,⁴ son of Breogan,
 Set out in temperate weather
 With a select party of heroes, of evil,
 To seek for the country which he saw.

Ith, the uncle of Milesius of Spain given in Irish MSS., as in the Book of Leacan, fol. 12, and in the Book of Ballymote (fol.), and in the Annals of Clonmac-nois as translated by Connell Magesoughgan. See also Dr. Todd's Edition of Nennius's *Historia Britanica*, p. 211.
⁴ Ith, son of Bile. This should be Ith, brother of Bile, son of Breoghan.

Ní bean locad ar a luim,
 go páinic gan mo meabhuill,
 roigead gáir tocmad teann,
 go roir-ráil oirir Eireann.

Gluairear leir ar v-teacr a v-ciu.
 oim laeé nar luét fairbhug,
 ra teann coimne a g-ceann troma,
 a g-ceann cloimne Cearmuda.

Fa moim Eireann an feoir buid,
 oo bí 'sun g-cloimn rin Chearmud,
 fioc na b-poclairb leat ar leat,
 ag teacr oo it go h-Oileac.

Fáiltigro na míoga moimie,
 noctaro fáé a n-oibhíre,
 ní ceillig eimé a ionna,
 gur méirig it eatorra.

Ceileadhair dóib 'na diaig rin,
 beirear iondoimie uataib,
 a tuarcan ga mo píúair,
 oo rinnamead leo a leanmian.

Measrair leo ar gaeilead a ríel,
 gur gair dóib é oo'n oileán;
 míroe a g-clann eimé a g-cozarir:
 ar it ann gur fealladarir,

Ar Mhuig ita an faduin burg,
 maibdar é le cloimn Cearmud,
 gáir dáiréimead 'ra gléo a gúin
 oo b' airméilead leo a leanmian.

Beim muintir mic bile,
 ar éigin ó'n andhíne,
 ceim ar ar éimig ole dáic,
 corp an féimú oo'n Earráin.

¹ *Magh Itha*, i.e. the plain of Ith, a level tract of country in the barony of Raphoo and County of Donegal. The river Finn flows through it.
² *Sons of Cearmad*. These were Mac Cuill, Mac Cecht, and Mac Greine, three Tuathla De Danann chiefs who had governed Ireland alternately year about,

No delay happened to his ships
 Until he arrived without much of error,
 [Until] he reached, and it was a perilous adventure,
 The briny harbours of the land of Eire.

He proceeded upon his coming to land
 With a band of heroes, not great in number,
 Firm was their advance us if to give battle
 Unto the sons of Cearmad.

About the division of Eire of the sweet grass,
 These sons of Cearmad had come
 To fierce words on either side
 On Ith's arrival at Ailcach.

The kings badé him welcome,
 They disclose the cause of their dispute,
 Wisdom had not governed their distribution,
 Until Ith made peace between them.

He bids them farewell after this,
 He takes from them their [good] words,
 From the north, what greater pity,
 They [then] meditated to pursue him.

They considered after disclosing his adventure,
 That his coming to the island was dangerous to them;
 Their children were disgraced by their conspiracy;
 Towards Ith they acted treacherously.

On Magh Itha¹ of the soft pasture
 He is slain by the sons of Cearmad,²
 Though they exulted having slain him in the conflict,
 It repented them [soon] that they pursued him.

The people of the son of Bile carry
 By force from the stranger tribes,
 (An event from which evil to them all arose),
 The body of the hero to Spain.

immediately preceding the Scotch Gaelic or Milesian invasion. See Keating's *History of Ireland* (Haliday's Edition, p. 213, 265); the *Leabhar Gabhala* of the O'Clery's and *Annals of the Four Masters*, A.M. 3500, Ed. J. O'D., p. 25.

Gluairear lúgaró na Lann sean,
 is a bháitíe meic Míleáó.
 iona g-caeip fluaig féanta,
 do buain a éarca o'íri Eireann.

Ai o-teact a o-tíh, sa teo bhoro,
 laí maíbad, éoinne Chearimoro,
 níh fíor-logais fíoc na b-feap
 gur díogladar it o'oisead.

'Na eimic rin do fán an fonn,
 aco o'Thuataid De Danonn,
 do tá flíocht ita an gaez geal,
 ar éiuocad céo o'a éoisead.

Maí rin ar iao do b-feáip ceapic
 nó go o-tángair ne o-tíreacat
 fa gíoc fíonnaciac na b-fionn
 le h-olo iomacac Eiuonn.

Eimic ita ar iac fém íh,
 na maíead mac Eibhílin,
 ó gac fíor níh fóláir veit,
 do éion o'fágail do'n éimic.

Ma tá náe leanfaidé líb,
 an éimic í ar fuil Mhíleáó,
 má'í viol vuit fan tí toícaip,
 ná léig í le h-ailmíoraib.

A íla ita, meic Bíle!
 maí éimic o'n aindíne
 do gaidéarí vuit ceann a g-ceann,
 a g-cuid o'fófoitíub Eireann.

Iomá éimic náe írin.
 agao, a oígne Flíngín,
 gan féana ar gaid amíad Fall
 méala an t-amígar fo o'fulang.

Móí fuil do leigreao fá Láir,
 móí g-cuipad fáí cóíí to-éíad
 do oícaoarí fonn ne feal
 fá fonn gíoc-abard Shacídéal.

Lughaidh¹ of the ancient swords sets out
 And his relatives the sons of Milidh
 In a compact consecrated host
 To force his *eirie* from the men of Eire.

On coming to land, what more dangerous exploit;
 After killing the sons of Cearmad
 The fury of the men was not fully abated
 Until they had avenged the death of Ith.

In *eirie* for him the land remained,
 With them from the Tuatha-De-Danann,
 From thence the race of Ith the fair scion
 Are the chiefs of a cantred of a province.

Therefore they had the best right
 (Until their power was opposed)
 On account of the fair-acred land of the heroes
 To the great evil of [all] Eire.

The *eirie* of Ith on the land of old Ir,
 Let not the son of Eibhílin forgive;
 From every man it is due to thee
 To obtain thy share of the *eirie*.

If it be that you seek not
 This *eirie* from the sons of Milidh,
 If it be compensation to thee for the person slain,
 Let it not go with the foreigners.

O descendant of Ith, son of Bíle!
 As an *eirie* from this stranger tribe,
 Take you, one and all,
 Their share of the woody lands of Eire.

Many an *eirie* besides this,
 Due to thee O heir of Flíngín,
 Without denial from the rough hirelings of the English;
 It is a pity to brook the grievance.

Much of blood have they shed on the plain,
 Many heroes, who should be lamented,
 They have slain for a long time back
 Throughout the land of the Gaicídíil of the ripe fields.

¹ *Lughaidh*, i.e. the son of Ith. See Keating's History of Ireland (Malloy's Edition, p. 285, 303, et sequen.

Dóire-ri fuil is na solais,
 a láim cata, a Chonchobair,
 ná faib earca ar a ron roin
 áct gona eadta na n-ágaró.

Smuain ar andbreataib fion Gall;
 tuig mar bhor cealg na gamann
 iún fuilngeat ní véanta de,
 cuminig a n-éadta aróble.

Óa n-ghácuigeam a gurde,
 an Oí vo bí a m-boctume,
 a h-Oighe dá n-éara mé
 vo geana oime uairle. [Leo.]

Méinn móghairde gan iún tuim,
 Eibhilin ingen Domhnall,
 ní fágtar neac diomhad ói,
 dá m-beit ag ionnlae uiriu.

Luct imdeairgea aighe ban,
 um na h-airgeadaib iairtar
 blát togea na g-craeb g-cinil
 buó faer oira Eibhilin.

Slac vo éoilid epú Shuibhne,
 vép ó'uir iunge Moúuirne,
 planva toirad gan élaen éiric
 craeb toirad an tuairceiric.

Lón vo toga óruim ar óruim
 a cois fogla, a fuat leat tuim
 vneac méid ó'n fhoircege fíod
 a méinn foirvini, a h-airmuod.

[Leo.]

DOCTUIR CEITING CÉT,

VO THAOHG O'COBHCHAIGH, CRUITIRE,

Cia an faoi le feinntear an éruic?
 Le muéar nenu gac nuad luit?
 Tne foiric fuit-binn a g-cláir,
 Mar iuiré-binn foigair oisán?

Spill thou blood for these bloods,
 O hand of battles, O Conchobhar!
 Accept no circ for them
 But equal slaughter in lieu of them.

Think of the false judgments of the English horde;
 Understand how there is treachery in their friendship;
 A passive secret should not be made of it;
 Think of their enormous slaughters.

If we but continue to beseech her,
 The virgin who was in poverty,
 (If her heir should refuse us)
 She would raise us to dignity.

A Queenly disposition, without blemish,
 Eibhilin, the daughter of Domhnall
 Not one is found unthankful to her,
 Of those who would otherwise abuse her.

From those who cause woman's face to blush
 On account of the money which they seek;
 The chosen flower of the family trees,
 Eibhilin is ever free.

A scion of the woods of the blood of Suibhne
 A sprout from the soil of the fertile plain of Modhuirn,
 A fruitful plant which distorts not justice,
 The rich bearing tree of the north.

She is sufficiently distinguished from every side.
 By her checking of plunder, her hatred of injustice,
 By her serene countenance, which causes the trees
 To bend with fruit; by her tranquil mind.

Composed by Rev. Dr. Geoffry Keating, author of the History of
 Ireland, etc., for Teige O'Coissey, Poet, about the year 1644.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN O'DALY.

What sage is he who sweetly toucheth the harp-strings,
 And by whose skill every woe is dispelled,
 When he performs on the melodiously-sounding board
 A tune like the stream of melody of the fascinating organ?

Muca mairgí gíal a nglar,
Luit lunnneac a móir méar bharr;
San eirling mar ir leoir linn
San ceol réirbhinn aza feinnead.

Sídegaoid réamánlan postac,
Darr leat ir e Adhbortac;
No Dongar leatac ón linn,
Daolgar no Sinearac gúe-binn.

Manannan tarí mób míre,
No Craoine an cruicire;
Nó Maordha mac an Dága,
Slac aobda na h-calaóna.

Fac don neac dáir áirneac ann,
Do Thuacáid vealva De Danann;
Noe d'fiorí on am rin a leit
Do amruig cóir na cruicite.

Taóg O'Coibearg, cruic éorcha,
Dhannan bhéagtae na m-bantrae;
Uairneig uil fhuicir go foinn
Cruicir an éuile ra éoguil.

Do feib fac raol a fáram de
Marí a feinneac arí ceól comhóe,
Sianra rgaemair o-tium o-tiug,
D'fuir-iunn vaitegal aorbeada.

Do mób, do méinn, do máire,
Thugar annaet éagmáire;
Roga leanám cruicé Chuinn
A m-beangán ríci Sligúin.

Mo éúma rmo éirte an ríollaire geanamail gúinn,
Ir rúblac, rligteac, slan-feinneac go beact olúe binn,
Go lútmair, cruicir-mear, fhuicir-ceair, fhuicir-tium foinn,
Go cúmhra clirte, san millead, san meairúgac poine.

¹ Aengus was the illustrious Aengus Og who conducted the Druidical academy at Brugh over the Boyne, now supposed to be the monumental temple of Now-grange.

Wild beasts that roam the plains are captivated,
And tamely attend to his infatuating strains;
No visionary being is he, we feel convinced,
Who awakeneth such enchanting melody.

A pure primeval wondrous spirit is he;
We are apt to mistake him for Adhbhartach,
Or for Aengus' the invincible from the water,
For Daelgus or Greasach of the harmonious strains.

For Manannan whilst engaged in his wildest freaks,
For Craoine the world-famed harpist,
For Maordha, son of Dagdae²
He, the enchanting wand of musical artists!

Every genius I have enumerated here
Were of the race of the comely Tuatha Dedanans;
Who, from their times to the present day,
Have supported the fame and dignity of the harp.

Teige O'Coiffey of the rose-red cheeks,
The bosom friend and entrancer of female bands,
Singular is his skill, his melody is inimitable,
He is the fountain of music, and its guardian spirit!

To him every musical artist must yield the palm [harpstring,
When he awakeneth entrancing unheard-of music on the
His strains are spell-binding, faultless, copious,
He produceth the true music of nature.

To his manners, to his mien, to his noble deportment,
I have attached my undivided affection;
He is the most choice companion found in the land of Conn,
The ravishing sprite from the síghe of Slighuín!

My care, my treasure, is he the merry performer,
Whose fingers steal softly, melodiously, quickly and sweetly over
the harpstring,
With delicacy, with taste, with the utmost god-like skill:
Inimitable for correctness he never yet missed a single point.

² Dagdae was a Tuatha Dedanan deity. He was invoked by bards and musicians, who were sometimes styled *Clann an Dagdae*, i.e., Children of Dagdae. His daughter Brigit was goddess of bards and musicians.