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ANDRE' CUFFEY
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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,

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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 Inisfallen, 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 (Caelmra), *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'Coibhthaigh, 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,
Coibhthach's region, and Corinnac'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.—COBHACH, signifying victorious, was the proper name of an Irish Chief, from whom the ancient family, called O'COBHACH, 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 *L'ilean*, which forms the harbour of Baltimore, and are called *Cothluighe*, a corrupt contraction of the word *Corca luighe*. It seems the O'COBHACHS, 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'COBHACH na n'ard-ecorn-oir; O'Flain-arda, s'd heitirseccail; triar do chinn air iathaibh sean; triúr nách do chlannaibh míleadh, where the compound word *ard-ecorn-oir*, 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'Coibhthach's great hospitality. Note that the verb *do chinn*, in the above rhymes signifies to reign as king. Vid. *ceann*, *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.]

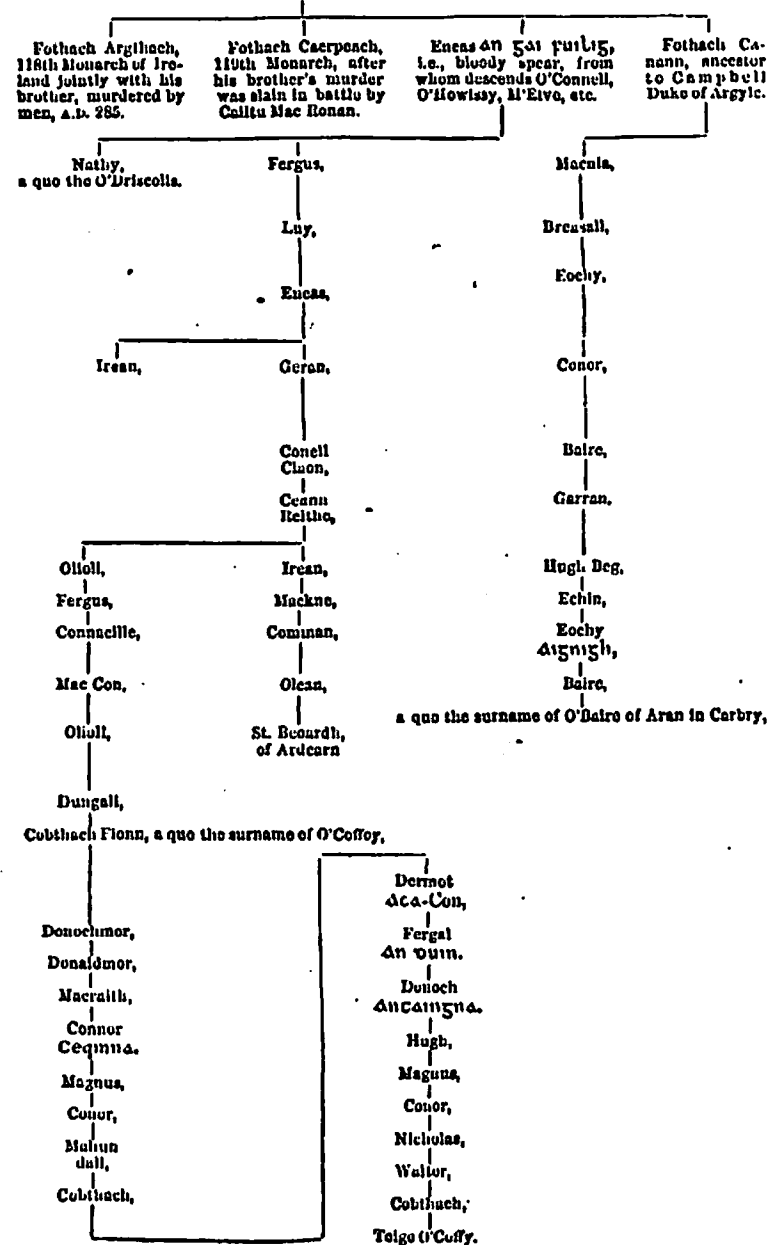
O'Dubhdalcithe, now Dowdall; D. MacFirisigh, makes O'Cothaighs O'Cowhig, the chief of this territory, which he designates by the *alias* name of Triocha Meadhonaigh, i.e. the central cantred, extending from Beal-atha-na-h-Uidhre to Beal-atha-byidhe, and from Gort-na-daibhche to Loch-an-tairbh.

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 Magnus,	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 Ballyrou, anciently called Triocha Meadhonaigh, or the middle or central cantred—See O'Brien's Irish-English Dictionary in voce *CONTRACU*, and *Cambrensis Eversus*, edited by the Rev. M. Kelly, p. 208, note x. Dr. Smith in his History of Cork, book II, 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 Dundecly, Dunowen, Dunoro, Dunoen, Dunocowhig, Dunworley, and Dungenley".

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' Cobbthaigh 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
FIRBISIGH.

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

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

Cobhtac Cuirreac cuireataig,
Dahina pig life leannaig;
Dunran mac moir Muireadach
Dahiac hua caomhonn Ceallach.
Cleto laigean leigirde,
Saoi plan rogann foctac,
Recla nupreac niorpige
Comarba Conlac Cobhtac.

Cobhthach of Cuirrech,³ of races,
Heir apparent of the king of Liffé of tunics;
Alas for the great son of Muireadhach,—
Ah, grief!—the descendant of the fair
Ceallach,
Chief of scholastic Leinster,
A perfect, comely, prudent, sage
Was Cobhthach, the successor of Counlath.

From the MS. Annals of Innisfallen, in the possession of Charles Halliday, Esq.
¹ "A.D. 1233. Domhnall Got Cairbreach, son of Domhnall Mor na-curra, son of Dermot cille buaidhne, came to depose O'Mathghamhna and O'Coslay, 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 Buidhaig, 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 Archaeological 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 Uí 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 Uí 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. Lainé's *Pedigree of the Count MacCarthy*:—

"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. *Sillo daro*; *Ann. Ult.*, 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 Raphoe, 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 Ruteonrath, 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 Tertullagh, 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 éirigh Clann Itha,
faos atá mún no-díta,
ina g-cioróid ceann a g-ceann,
rá ceann oiri na h-Eireann.

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

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

Atá an dóir ag Cloinn Itha,
iomda ádhair éirí, a,
rá éirí éuan-ádhair Chobthair,
ruairadar ó allmóirair.

Móir g-coma náir comá beag,
móir n-éad g-cuair do' cailleas,
rá'n d-tir bán, gealtolair, glain,
ag éadairneair 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 Domhmall 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 *Fonn*, *Alagh*, *Crich*, or *Tir*, to the names of any of her celebrated monarchs, as in the present instance from Cobhthach Cael n-Brongh, A.B. 4699, Four Masters. O'Flaherty, in treating of the different names of Ireland notices this custom in the following words:

"Denique non raro 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 trifling prize,
Many a loss of heroes they sustained
For the green, bright-hilled, fine country,
From the adventurers of Crimlitham'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 tuatán d'oirinn
Cpo cuinn ir fonn Finn-phérlán
Iac uaine ir caoid aic
Cpuoc chobthair, ir élar chormaic".

"Dicta Tuathall domus Eria, regis quinti
Bellini simul, plaga Cobhthaca, et Hugonis arvum;
Arturi regio, vestrum et, Curumce, theatrum".

Ogygia, p. 19.

Móiri maḡ rḡoicḡeamhuac rḡiamḡda,
móiri v-ḡheab álainn fíri-niamḡda,
ó flióct lḡa a ḡ-caḡaib cnióct
ḡuḡ b'fácuin fíoc a n-éirvóicḡ.

ḡan eipḡe a ḡ-combarḡ cogab
v'ér ḡac uile vá b-fuamavari
v'neam nḡo na ḡ-cnoifíocḡab ḡ-cmuin,
nḡ ionḡnab fad a b-fulainḡ.

Vocáirve buairḡ vo b'neit vóib,
ní báiri ainmian, ní h-eaḡcḡoir,
cuḡ vó'n v'hoing-ḡéiri meannaig ḡlain,
boing fá déimeannaib cogairḡ.

A n-ḡuar fém, faticḡar a b-fonn,
cuḡ vóib, ḡiḡ fada a b-fulangḡ,
ḡan labairḡ fíocḡa me feal
avaint fíocḡa na b-féinneav.

Maḡt fuamavari fuil lḡa
cuḡ v'roo, avnab éiríocḡa,
fa comḡuirḡ iacḡa na n-áir;
fíacḡa v'neab a fuiracḡ.

Slíocḡ lḡa fuilnḡear vócarḡ
vóib ar cóira catúḡab
fá'n v-tiri cuiri faimealairḡ feing
vo ḡhaicḡealairḡ fuinn fhéilim.

Ní fuil vóib fein, Dia vo éarḡ,
neac ván h-oirḡiri an oirḡneacḡ,
fearḡab a beann, comḡide a cuirḡ
Iná an v-oirḡne ar fearḡiri v'neab.

Mac Uí Eiriuḡreoir, uct feangḡ,
vó ar cóira v'fearḡab Eiréann,
catúḡab ma ceann a ḡ-cat,
an eang catamairḡ éoḡac.

Concḡobair, cuirḡe Leomair,
ó'ḡ vó ar cóiri, carḡeócarḡ,
fá'n ḡ-cuirḡ úiri teavmannaig ée,
me fean-ḡhallaib bhuné Boimne.

Many a beautiful, shamrock-flowering plain,
Many a noble, bright-shining court,
[Aro 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 Eire,
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 éinead is Conchubair,
 'á n-oiotugad, ní dail t'im,
 ra élaí síodanail Fhélim.

Coirceonair clanna Lúgaid,
 arí bátaib arí éongalaib,
 Corca Laidhe na leas n-élan,
 ceáir do d'aeire do déanam.

Ní córa dóib, 'Dia do éion.
 t'noir um Cóircaig, nó um Caisiol,
 iná cur veabta buó deáct
 pá mág o-Tearta is pá'n o-Tuairceair.

Nó um Nár Laidhean na leas o-re,
 no um Ath-cliaí na g-cuan síte,
 no um tuataib Baci leat arí leat,
 no um Cruachain Aí, nó um Oilead.

Da n-veairntaí ceairt ionna m'ú,
 r'ioct léa doircear donn-chú,
 dóib do reit réairmáig na b-riann,
 do b'ieit Cairlam na h-Éirionn.

Ar amháid fuairtair ro,
 clann Lúgaid m'óiri m'ic léa,
 ceairt arí no dhoinn b'pataig bh'pcaig,
 o'nóiri tarí macaib M'ilead.

Do báiri a dúnair do déin,
 do éi lé an airim pinn-géiri,
 tarí an no-muirí foiléiri páiri,
 páiriul oilein o'n Cairpáin.

Ít mac Bile, mic Breogan,
 gluairtíó ré a rin ambreonaig,
 cuirte síte o'riannaib uile,
 o'iairair na síide ad éonnaire.

¹ The descendants of Lughaidh, i.e. the O'Driscolls and their correlatives.
² Corcaich, 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 Felim.

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 Corcaich,² or for Caiséal
 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 Eire.

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 Clonmacnoise as translated by Connell Maceoghleagan. See also Dr. Todd's Edition of Nennius's *Historia Britonum*, p. 211.
⁴ Ith, son of Bile. This should be Ith, brother of Bile, son of Breoghan.

Ní bean locaó ar a luim,
 go ráimic gan mo mearbuidl,
 roigeaó gáir tocmad ceann,
 go roir-fáil oiriú Eiréann.

Gluairear leir ar u-teact a u-tiú.
 oiriú laeó nar luét fáirbuid,
 ra ceann coinne a g-ceann troma,
 a g-ceann cloinne Cearmud.

Fa ionn Eiréann an feoiri buid,
 oo bí 'sun g-cloinn rin Cearmud,
 fíoc na b-foclaid leat ar leat,
 as teact oo it go h-Oileat.

Fáiltigro na ríoga ionne,
 noctaro fáe a n-oiriú,
 ní ceillig cnié a ionna,
 gur méirig it eadortia.

Ceileaduráir dóib 'na diaig rin,
 beiréar ionéomáre uataib,
 a tuarócan ga mo píúar,
 oo rnuameaó leo a leanúam.

Mearóar leo ar rgaileat a ríel,
 gur guair dóib é oo'n oileán;
 míroé a g-clann cnié a g-coógar:
 ar it ann gur feallóar,

Ar Mhuig ita an fáim buig,
 marbtear é le cloinn Cearmud
 gáir éatnémeat 'ra gléo a sun
 oo b' aitémeileat leo a leanúam.

Deiúo muintiú mic Bile,
 ar éigín ó'n andrúne,
 ceirúm ar ar éirig óle éat,
 coirp an féinnú oo'n Eairpáin.

¹ *Magh Itha*, i.e. the plain of Ith, a level tract of country in the barony of Raphoe and County of Donegal. The river Finn flows through it.

² *Sons of Cearmud*. These were Mac Cuill, Mac Ceclit, and Mac Greina, three Tuatha 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 as 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 Ailceach.

The kings bade 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 Scotie Gadellan 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 bháithe meic Míleá.
 iona g-caerín fluaig féanta,
 do buain a éarca o'ri Eireann.

Ar u-teacht a u-tín, sa ceo bhoro,
 tar marbad, éoinne Chearmad,
 ní ní fíor-lagairí fíoc na b-earr
 gur díoglaodar ít o'igead.

'Na eime rin do fán an fonn,
 aco o'Thuataid De Danann,
 do tá fíocht íta an gearg gear,
 ar éiucaid céo o'a éirgead.

Mar rin ar iao do b-earr ceair
 nó go u-tángair ne u-earreacht
 ra gur fionnaciad na b-fionn
 le h-olo ionaciad Eiuonn.

Eime íta ar iat féin ír,
 na maíead mac Eibhlin,
 ó gear fíor ní fóláir deit,
 do éion o'rágal do'n éime.

Ma tá náe leanfaid lib,
 an éime ri ar fuil Míleá,
 má'í díol duit fan tí toncáir,
 ná léig í le h-ailníoraib.

A íta íta, meic Bile!
 mar éime o'n aindíne
 do geardear duit ceann a g-ceann,
 a g-cuir o'rófoitíud Eireann.

Ionúá éime náe írin.
 gear, a oigre Fíngín,
 gan féana ar geard amraib Gall
 méala an t-amraí ro o'fulang.

Móir fuil do leigread fá Láir,
 móir g-cuirad páir cóir co-éiríad
 do oicadar íonn ne real
 fá fonn gur-abaird Thacrócal.

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 Eibhlin 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 Bile!
 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 Fíngín,
 Without denial from the rough hirclings 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 Gaoidhí of the ripe fields.

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

Dóire-ní fuil is na solais,
 a láim cata, a Chioncobhair,
 ná gab eapca ar a ron roin
 áct gona eadra na n-ágaró.

Smuain ar an bheataib fion Gall;
 tuig mar bíor cealg na gaimann
 nún fuilngead ní véanta de,
 cuminnig a n-éadra aróble.

'Da n-gháturigeam a guróe,
 an Oí vo bí a m-boctúine,
 a h-Oígne dá n-éara mé
 vo geana oígne uairle. [Leo.]

Méinn niochnaróe gan nún tuim,
 Eibhilin ingen Domhnall,
 ní fagtar neac díomúac ói,
 dá m-beit ag ionnlac uiriu.

Lúct imdearigea aigé ban,
 um na h-uirgeadaib iarrtar
 blát togea na g-craeb g-cinil
 buó raer oíra Eibhilin.

Slac vo éoilid epú Shuibne,
 vép ó'uir nunge Moúuirne,
 planva toiraró gan élaen éeire
 craeb toiraró an tuairceire.

Lón vo toga óruim ar óruim
 a cois fogla, a fuat leat tuim
 vneac néir ó'n fhoirige fíob
 a méinn foirvini, a h-uirgíob.

[Leo.]

DOCTUIR CEITING CCT,

VO THAOHG O'COBHCHAIHG, CRUITIRE,

Cia an raol le feinntear an éruic?
 Le nuéar nenu gac nuad luit?
 Tne foirne fuit-binn a g-clár,
 Mar fuit-binn fojar 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 muigi gíal a nglar,
Luit lunnneac a mói méar bharr;
San eirling mar is leoi linn
San ceol féirbhinn aga feinneac.

Sídegaoní príeamhlan poirtac,
Dár leac is e Adhbhartac;
No Aongar leacac ón linn,
Daolgar no Sreacac gúc-binn.

Manannan tairi mói míre,
No Ciaraine an chuitíre;
Nó Maorha mac an Dága,
Slac aobha na h-calaóna.

Fac don neac dári áimíear ann,
Do Thuacaid vealba De Danann;
Noe d'íon on am rin a leit
Do amruig cóir na chuite.

Taóg O'Codairg, chuit éoríra,
Dhannan bhéagac na m-bantíac;
Uairíng uil fúitíri go foinn
Chúitíri an éuil ra éoguil.

Do zeib fac raol a fáram de
Marí a feinneac arí ceól coimíde,
Stairíra ígáimíarí o-tíum o-tíug,
D'íri-íumí vaitígeal aorídeada.

Do mói, do méinn, do maíre,
Thugar anníacac éagímaíre;
Roza leanám chíde Chuinn
A m-beangán írí Slígum.

Mo éúina ímo éirte an íolláire geanamáil gíunn,
Is íúblac, ílígeac, ílan-íeinneac go beac olút binn,
Go lútmair, chíitíri-mearí, íúitíri-ceairí, ííair-tíum íoinn,
Go éúimíra chírte, san mílleac, san mearíúgac póinc.

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.

CRIOCH.

Wild beasts that roam the plains are captivated,
And tamely attend to his insatiating 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 Daclgus or Greasach of the harmonious strains.

For Manannan whilst engaged in his wildest freaks,
For Crairíne 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' Coffey 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 Slighuinn!

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.

END.