

Tuar guil, a cholaim, do cheol!

Tuar guil, a cholaim, do **cheol!**
mo chroidhe ní **beo** dá *bhíth*;
do bhréagais mo dheor óm **rosc**;
is truagh nach id **thost** do *bhís*.

A fhágbháil ‘na aonar **fúibh**,
iostadh fairsing **múir** uí *Róigh*
an é do-bheir meanma **ort**
ag nach éidir **cosc** do *ghlóir*?

Nó an í an chumha dod **chrádh**,
a cholaim cheannsa, is **fáth** *dhaoibh*,
ó nach faice an úrbhas **fhial**
do chleachtais dod **riar** gach *laoi*?

Cosmhail nach den tírse **thú**
a cholaim **bhúidh** thig ón *Spáinn*,
in ionad ar thárbhaidh **dhúin**
nach faiceam acht **tú** a-*mháin*.

An múr ‘na aonar a-**nocht**
‘na gcluinn gáir **chrot** is *chliar*,
gáir na bhfleadh bhfairsing fó **fhíon**,
gáir bhrughadh ag **diol** a *bhfiach*.

Gáir laoch ag líomhadh a n-**arm**,
gáir na stoc in **am** na *gcean*,
gáir rámhadh isteach san **gcuán**,
gáir fhaoileann in **uaimh** na *sreabh*.

Gáir fhithcheall dá gcur i **luas**
gáir na **suadh** as leabhraibh *sean*
gáir bhionnfhoclach na mban **séibh**,
dream do thuigeadh **céill** ar *gceast*.

Inghean Domhnail do mhear **mé**
‘s do chuir mo **chéill** ar mo *mhuin*;
a bheith gan oighre, gan **ua**,
cá beag dhamh-sa mar **thuar** *guil*?

A **choilm** an **cheoil** **bhrónaig** san *dúna thall*,
Is **doilbh** an **róibh** **nósmhar** so *fúibh go fann*;
Tulach Uí **Róigh mhórga** na *múrtha mbeann*,
gan **choirm**, gan **cheol seolta** ná *lúbadh lann*!

O dove, your song is cause for tears.
My heart is lifeless after it.
You have drawn tears from my eye.
Pity you were not silent.

The great rooms of Ó Róigh’s house
abandoned to you alone
– is it this that fired your soul
so your voice will not be checked?

Or the pain that troubles you,
beloved dove, is this the cause:
you see no more the noble lady
who nurtured you each day?

It is clear you are not from here,
gentle dove that came from Spain,
here where we behold you
and see but you alone.

Tonight the walls are lonely
where we once heard harps and poets,
ample feasting round the wine,
guestmasters about their duties,

sounds of soldiers sharpening weapons,
sounds of cattle in times of plunder,
the sound of oars entering harbour,
the sound of gulls in the sea-cave,

the sounds of *fithcheall* fought hard,
wise men’s voices over old books,
sweet word-murmur of gentle women
(they would understand our grief)

Domhnall’s daughter distracted me
and set my senses wild.
That she has neither heir nor offspring
– have I not full cause for tears?

Dove of the doleful music there on the fortress,
sad is that splended Rome powerless below you:
stately Tulach Uí Róigh, of towering walls,
without ale, or the music of sails, or blades flexing.

“A great number of castles and mansions were razed or abandoned in Ireland during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The castle in this fine elegy is probably that of Shanmuckinish near Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare. The O’Loughlin family (known here to the poet as the descendants of ‘Róigh’) were still in possession of the castle until about 1621. ‘Domhnall’s daughter’ was an O’Brien, married to the last of the O’Loughlins to live in his ancestral home after the Elizabethan conquest.

“The catalogue of beloved sounds (stanzas 5, 6 and 7) which once enchanted the poet is a feature of Irish poetry from the earliest times, and occurs frequently in lays and lyrics of the Fianna.” [Seán Ó Tuama, *An Duanaire 1600-1900: Poems of the Dispossessed*, Dolmen Press, 1981, 20-22; translation by Thomas Kinsella.]