

“ODE TO THE MAGUIRE”

An extract from ‘O’Hussey’s Ode to the Maguire’ by James Clarence Mangan (1803-1849)

Translated from the poem by Eochaidh Ó hEóghasa, written when the chieftain, Hugh Maguire, was away from Fermanagh fighting in Munster.

Where is my chief, my master, this bleak night, mavrone?
O cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh!
Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one thro’and thro’,
Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or was that red vivid light
Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim
The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except hate that persecutes him,
Nothing hath crueler venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems!
The flood-gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been burst wide;
Down from the overcharged clouds, like to headlong ocean’s tide,
Descends grey rain in roaring streams.

Tho’ he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
Tho’ he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea,
Tho’ he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,
This sharp sore sleet, these howling floods.

O mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire!
Darkly as in a dream he strays. Before him and behind
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,
The wounding wind that burns as fire.

“AODH MAG UIDHIR”

Eochaidh Ó hEóghasa

Fuar leam an oidhche-se dh'Aodh!
Cúis toirse truime a ciotbhraon,
Mo thruaighe sein dár seise
Neimh fhuaire na hoidhcheise.

Anocht, is neimh rem chridhe,
Fearthar frasa teintidhe,
I gcomhdháil na gclá seacdhá
Mar tá is orghráin aigeanta.

Do hosgladh ós octaibh néal
Doirse uisgidhe an aiér
Tug sé minlinnte 'na muir,
Do sgé fhirminnte a hurbuidh.

Gémadh fiadhmhiol I bhfiodhbhaidh,
Gémadh eigne ar inbhiormhuir,
Gémadh ealta, is doiligh dhi
Soighidh ar eachtra an uairsi.

Saoth leamsa Aodh Mag Uidhir
Anocht i gcích comhuighidh,
Fá ghrís ndeirg gcaorshoighnéan gceath
Re feirg bhfaobhoirnéal bhfuighleach.