

SWEENEY: AN INTERTONGUING

**(A practice-based creative-critical translation in a new paradigm of *Buile Shuibhne*
with comprehensive annotation and commentary)**

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DECLARATION

I hereby certify that this material, which I now submit for assessment on the programme of study leading to the award of Doctor of Philosophy is entirely my own work, and that I have exercised reasonable care to ensure that the work is original, and does not to the best of my knowledge breach any law of copyright, and has not been taken from the work of others save and to the extent that such work has been cited and acknowledged within the text of my work.

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ABSTRACT

RODY GORMAN

SWEENEY: AN INTERTONGUING

(A practice-based creative-critical translation in a new paradigm of *Buile Shuibhne* with comprehensive annotation and commentary)

Sweeney: An Intertonguing is a practice-based creative-critical translation into English, Irish and Scottish Gaelic, in a new paradigm, of the Late Middle and (mainly) Early Modern Irish Gaelic prosimetric text, *Buile Shuibhne*, in the form of a new and full annotated edition with comprehensive analytical commentary. It goes some way to address the question posed by Flann Mac an tSaoir ‘Cé dhéanfas aon scéal amháin fileata as Fleadh Dhún na nGé, Cath Maighe Rath agus Buile Shuibhne?’ (Mac an tSaoir 1951: 8).

It employs a transformative methodology for literary translation, by applying the stratagem of ‘intertonguing’/‘Sweenese’. The method is without serious precedent and may be utilised as an exemplary approach by subsequent researchers and practitioners.

In the accompanying commentary, I employ translation and literary theory, to analyse the artistic decisions – auditory, semantic, imagistic and cultural – taken in developing intertonguing/Sweenese. The work develops André Lefevere’s formulation in *Translating Poetry: Seven Strategies and a Blueprint* (Assen: Van Gorcum, 1977), as refined through the translation theories of subsequent commentators, including Kwame Anthony Appiah, Susan Bassnett, Itamar Even-Zohar, James Holmes, Philip Lewis, Eugene Nida, Maria Tymoczko, Gideon Toury and Lawrence Venuti.

Lingua gadelica is also employed in the text as a further innovation.

Sweeney: An Intertonguing is presented as an exemplary, useful and unprecedented text, and as a unique substantive intellectual contribution establishing a priority and warranting publication as such. It should contribute to the study of translation theory and practice, Gaelic/Celtic Studies, and creative writing. The beneficiaries of it may include literary and, perhaps, official translators working in any language in what may be considered a new model and an alternative method.

It includes a select bibliography, and a glossary of literary, critical and linguistic terms. The referencing system employed is that of Harvard.

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TITLE

SWEENEY: AN INTERTONGUING

CHAPTER 1: INTRODUCTION

1.1 Introduction

The objective of this dissertation is to provide a creative-critical translation and version, in English, Irish and Scottish Gaelic, of the classical Late Middle/Early Modern Irish Gaelic prosimetric saga *Buile Shuibhne/The Frenzy of Sweeney*. The critical aspect consists of the literature review in Chapter 2, the methodology in Chapter 3, and the commentary, annotation and analysis in a literary close reading in Chapter 5. The creative work consists of translations of the text into English, Scottish Gaelic and Modern Irish, as well as new material inspired by the original texts, involving translocations and domestications, recontextualisations or adaptations, in Chapter 4. These creative versions, some of which, as creative work, accord more to instinctual choice than to editorial principles or methods, utilise, *inter alia*, what I call ‘intertonguing’, and ‘*lingua gadelica*’. Intertonguing, from the Scottish Gaelic ‘eadar-theangachadh’ (‘translation’) – and in the context of the current work, Sweenese – is the designation I have given for the unprecedented form of polysemantic translation employed throughout the dissertation. *Lingua gadelica* denotes a hybrid form of the two main Gaelic languages. The methodology for intertonguing and *lingua gadelica* is discussed in Chapter 3. Some texts – and others responding to the original and, indeed, to responses to the original – are rendered (or re-rendered through a form of Gaelic) – as ‘round-trip’ or recursive versions back into English. The translated and most of the original texts presented in Chapter 4 utilise the methodology of intertonguing/Sweenese, which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, has not been applied by anybody other than myself in previous publications or tested except to the limited degree detailed in Chapter 3.

I have chosen, as what André Lefevere calls an ‘autocommission’ (Bassett & Lefevere 1990:14), and as ‘elective affinity’ (Munday 2012: 398), the text of *Buile Shuibhne/The Frenzy of Sweeney*, as it involves, amongst other things, Gaelic, language, poetry and connections between Ireland and Scotland. My response to the text is primarily but by no means exclusively creative. Lefevere (1992: 92) says that ‘translations should be considered works of creativity *and* scholarship’. While *Buile Shuibhne* has inspired imaginative responses by canonical writers, I believe it lacks a thorough and comprehensive version in English. In the literature review in Chapter 2, I attempt to

analyse the adequacy or otherwise of how *Buile Shuibhne* is represented in its various, mostly partial, translations.

1.2 Intertonguing/Sweenese

Intertonguing/Sweenese is my neologism for the verbal sign system and linguistic approach to the literary construct, *Suibhne: An Intertonguing* and is, as such, the theoretical basis for this dissertation. In intertonguing, the synonyms, homonyms and associations of a word in the original Gaelic are represented in a composite word in English. As far as I am aware, this approach to translation of poetry, or anything else, has not been taken before in any language.

The rationale of a text in Sweenese/intertonguing includes the introduction of new paradigm for translating literary texts, the enlargement of existing versions and to increase literary language contact by applying the new paradigm as a linguistic tool to any texts in any other languages as well as through collaborative investigation and translation. Through investigation, I hope to derive more general principles of the processes of translation, especially of work from a markedly different culture. There are certain culturally specific references in the text, for example: the types of madness, as well as *buile* (§11); cultural practices involving calves (§36) and riding stags (§40); the funereal custom of placing a stone on a cairn (§84); and concepts and objects denoted by words such as *aithghealtacht*, *beannadán*, *eadarfhásach*, *eol*, *eolchaire*, *éiric*, *fuathróg*, *geilt*, *oidhe*, *toice*, *talach*, and *tásc* (many of which have undergone semantic shifts). These, and others, are discussed in the commentary in Chapter 5.

1.3 Buile Shuibhne

Buile Shuibhne is distinguished by reference to it as a work of Gaelic literature *par excellence* in the debate to establish the legal concept of the Gaeltacht in Dáil Éireann in 1927. In the context of Irish literature, it is fair to say that it is a canonical or central text, or, as Maria Tymoczko (Bassnett and Lefevere 1990: 54) puts it, a ‘paradigmatically-fixed text’. A scholarly edition and English translation by James O’Keefe was published by the Irish Gaelic Texts Society in 1913 (O’Keefe 1931 [1913]). O’Keefe’s normalised text derives from one major and two minor manuscript sources. A reasonably faithful or second-hand translation, mode/version, or retranslation in English verse, *Sweeney Astray*, by Seamus Heaney, (‘a version from the Irish’) was published in 1983 (Heaney 1983). A

translation (or transmodernisation) into Modern Irish by Seán Ó Sé was published in 2010, and another shorter version in Irish, *Mé Suibhne*, by Feargal Ó Béarra in 2021.

The text of *Buile Shuibhne* consists of c.18,000 words, some 8,000 of which are uttered by Sweeney, the majority of which are first-person descriptive and/or meditative narratives forming part of exchanges with other *dramatis personae*. The rest may be considered to be apostrophes to a notional readership. There are in total 2,385 lines and 379 quatrains in the text. The 56 prose sections are given in the third-person omniscient point of view/narrative. There are 31 poems (§§6, 16, 26, 28, 35, 38, 42, 68, 70, 72, 79 and 82), with 26 by or involving Sweeney. There are 9 dialogues: §16 (between Donald Mackay and Congal), §32 (Sweeney and Erin), §36 (Lynchehaun and Sweeney), §§38 and 40 (Sweeney and the Hag of the Mill), §43 (Sweeney and the Steward's wife), §47 (Sweeney and Allan), §71 (the Cleric and Sweeney) §75 (Moling and Sweeney) and §83 (Sweeney, Mangan and Moling). The sections in which Sweeney's voice is absent are: §§6, 10, 16, 80 and 85. Many of these verses are in the form of a *láid/laoi* (a non-syllabic poem according to eDIL www.dil.ie). 'Both ballad and speech-poem are in Irish commonly known as *laíd* (Modern Irish *laoidh*); and Irish ballads, unlike those of the rest of Europe, are hardly ever told in the third person ... They are, as it were, overgrown dramatic lyrics, in which the narrator of the story either takes parts in its action or is closely connected with those who did so' (Murphy 1955: 21). About a third of the poems have trees as their *locus poesis*.

There are 10 metres and 11 quatrain forms, not quite the 'great variety' claimed by O'Keefe (1913: vi), including a rare form, in §45, only found elsewhere in the 'Children of Lir' narrative discussed in Carney 1950. According to Ruth Lehmann (1955: 304-305), §§6, 21, 27, 43 and 67 are the oldest poems in the text and §§10, 16 and 54 are almost as old. The commonest metrical form is *deibhidhe*, a heptosyllabic type of quantitative verse with sometimes a wrenched accent in the final word of the second line, usually end-stopped like a closed couplet. Flower (1978 [1947]: 160) has described *deibhidhe* as 'that most Irish of measures' with 'complex harmony of alliteration and assonance and consonance'. Variety, alliteration, and internal rhyme are discussed in Lehmann (1955: 293-297). There are, however, metrical inconsistencies in the text in, for instance, §§23, 27, 40 and 43, where the same metre is not retained throughout. As an instance of such metrical irregularity, 4 of the 13 quatrains in §27 are in the form known as *deibhidhe gairid*. I would argue, however, that these inconsistencies and lack of total unity are

productive in a creative sense and even that they inform my own approach to translating sections in metrical form from and in the overall sequence.

Sailer (1999: 193, n.7) says that ancient sagas and works like this ‘frequently alternate between prose and poem’ and cites as an example of this alternation ‘section 60 gives a prose summary of the action which, in section 61, is elaborated upon in the form of poetry’. Of the distribution between prose and verse in the text, Ó hÁinle (1987: 330) writes: ‘In comparison with other medieval Irish texts the prose of *Buile Shuibhne* is very restrained. There are some passages in rather inflated style ... For the most part, the prose of the text is quite unselfconscious, the author probably being satisfied that the verse compensated for this’. Carson (1994: 142) says that ‘It might be said that the prose delineates the outward events of the story; the verse recounts an inward, psychological journey; and certainly, much of the effect of the original is gained by this creative interplay’ and that Sweeney ‘is also the product of the tension between paganism and Christianity, between the natural world and linguistic order’.

Buile Shuibhne was composed (or compiled) ‘no later than the middle of the thirteenth century’ (Ó Béarra 2014: 276). Its place of composition has been given variously as Dál Riata (Jackson 1940), Strathclyde (Carney 1955), and Leinster (Nic Dhonnchadha 2014). The uncertainty adds to its elusive nature, but references to it have been found in the 10th century. The text, according to the Royal Irish Academy <https://www.ria.ie/node/92374> ‘is the product of a late twelfth-century monastic scriptorium, possibly that of Armagh’. David H. Greene writes that ‘The Frenzy of Suibhne ... belongs to the Historical Cycle or the “Cycles of the Kings” as these tales are frequently referred to. Although the action in these stories ... revolves around historical personages, the blending of history and legend is frequently so complete as to make it impossible for the modern reader to distinguish fact from fiction. Certainly the author of *The Frenzy of Suibhne* found the historical framework of his story no deterrent in utilizing legendary material or in exercising his imagination’ (Greene 1954: xxi). Sweeney is unhistorical, ‘a totally fictitious king’ (Byrne 1973: 113), who is ‘panfictional’ (Ó Béarra 2014: 260). The account of his wanderings corresponds to a mythological paradigm involving such elements as a leave-taking, crossing the sea, slaying a hag, and ultimate redemption. Downum (2007: 56) quotes Anne Clune: ‘the story of Sweeney is mythical and that what has been going on since the publication of ‘The Bright Temptation’, has been a process of mythologising, of a making relevant to the

cultural consciousness of contemporary Ireland'. Padraic Colum (1943: 183) says that it is 'quite an amazing work ... its distinctive material stands all by itself in mediaeval literature'. Nevertheless, the formulaic constructions and reoccurrences of segments throughout the text, as detailed in the commentary in Chapter 5, are employed to such an extent as to suggest that the narrative is not quite as unique as has been claimed. It includes common literary tropes of the period such as pseudo-history, *dinnseanchas*, kingship and hagiography.

Buile Shuibhne is a 'text very much in the spirit of the Renaissance' (Ó Béarra 2014: 280), and 'a real avant-garde text' (Benozzo 2004: 20), presenting an artist alienated from the established order, against which he asserts his own authority until his decision (in §62) to entrust himself to his own people. As a modernist – or even paleomodernist or ur-modernist – text it is full of intertextuality, intratextuality, indeterminacy, repetition, inconsistencies, psychological awareness, and confessionality. It is, however, difficult to assign a specific genre to the text. (See Tatyana Mikhailova 1999, cited in Fomin 2019: 68). It is also, for instance, what may be described as a tragic farce – by turns comic, horrifying and absurd. Alternatively, it may be considered a sort of Noh play representing aristocratic values, archetypal personalities, the otherworld, and repetitions (as a form of dementia). The repetitions seem to me to be a particularly significant element with both psychological and literary aspects. As a praxis it is more common in the sections in prose. Recalling Sailer, there are instances of verse repeating text already given in prose from §6 onwards. The instances between verses are less frequent and include, for example 'ó gach dinn go dinn' in §39, deriving from §27. A few other instances may suffice. Sweeney laments the fact that he was not killed at Moira in §§20, 27, 67 and 83. The structure of §24 is very similar to that of §20. §33 is replete with repetitions: 'réim' (§12); Ros Béaraigh (§12), 'a bhí sa gcill' (§24), appearance of church-steward (§20) and recognition of person (§15). §§39 and 48 are two other notable instances where texts similarly derive from previous sections. The prophetic reference to 'reilig fíréin' in §50, relating to Allan, is repeated in §77, relating to Sweeney, in an interesting temporal combination. There is a play on words in §27 where 'ní hionann' ('not like') is repeated, i.e. it is precisely like. Certain verses, such as in §§29 and 67 restate previous textual material, as noted by Sailer above. Glenbalkan is praised again and again – §§17, 40, 54 and 58. Ronan's curse upon Sweeney is repeated, §§5/6 and 9/10; Sweeney considers the rout at Moira to be a 'double

pity’ (§19) and Sweeney dies not once but twice – or, at least, lives on after death – (§§78 and 86). Repetition, as will be seen, is part of intertonguing also.

There are other elements associated with schizophrenic psychosis: hallucination (‘Na Cúig Cinn’, §64), delusion (about Erin, §55), paranoia (about the Ophelians, §39, and about Lynchehaun, §42, after being instrumental in the death of the hag of the mill). The extent of the nouns and adjectives expressing negative emotions, none of them particularly specific, is impressive, and includes: ‘dubhach dobrónach’ (sad and sorrowful), §4; ‘triamhain’ (sad), §19; ‘dursan’ (sad), §§25, 35; duairceas’ (harshness), §45; ‘duairc’ (wretched), §§45, 61, 82; ‘mairg’ (alas), §§25, 43 x 3, 45, 55, 56 x 3, 67 x 3, 80, 83 x 2; ‘mioscais’ (disgust), §§11, 54; ‘mo lot’ (wound), §27; ‘dócúl’ (anxiety), §59; ‘brón’ (sorrow), §19, etc.; ‘tuirse’ (grief), §§24, 59, 68; ‘sníomh’ (grief), §24; ‘imní’ (trouble), §§21, 24, 26, 32 x 2, 36, 59; ‘saoth’ (sorrow), §32; ‘léan’ (affliction), §45; ‘múiche’ (misery), §§59, 61; ‘cumha’ (grief), §§36, 83; ‘monuar’ (alas), §§19, 27, 32, 43 x 3; ‘dochma’ (gnawing grief), §§69; ‘ochón’ (alas), §§53, 69; ‘anó’ (misery), §20; ‘trua’ (pity), §§15, 19, 20, 21, 28, 30, 35 x 2, 42, 45 x 5, 47, 53, 55, 61, 67, 71, 75, 80, 83 x 2; ‘olc’ (bad), §§6, 19, 25, 37, 40 x 3, 43, 61, 66 x 2, 67, 80, 82, 83; ‘deacair’ (hard), §§18 x 2, 21, 39 x 2; ‘doiligh’ (dreadful), §§19, 43, 45; ‘crá’ (torment), §§30, 83, 85; ‘céasadh’ (suffering), §59; ‘pian’ (pain), §75 and ; ‘ochtach, mairgneach, éagaoineadh’ (lamenting, moaning and wailing), all §46.

The text is not complicated by biographical details. The anonymity of its composer(s) – as distinct from its scribes or redactors – corresponds to the invisibility of the translator, as propounded by Venuti (1995), but Sweeney, as a literary figure, is no longer anonymous after the publication of Heaney’s version of the text. It is a sort of composite *Aeneid*, combining the wanderings of Odysseus with the wars of the Iliad, where Troy becomes Moira, Odysseus Sweeney, Ronan Poseidon, and the hag of the mill Calypso. Like the original, my version is massively and unrepentantly repetitious, replete with leitmotifs, and fuguistic. But like the original, it is also full of lexical inconsistencies, as though it were a work of translation by many scribes (and also as a form of relief to the reader, if not the scholar).

1.4 Scottish Gaelic

It may be asked what relevance Scottish Gaelic has to this undertaking. The Sweeney narrative has long been familiar to Gaelic Scotland, as the reference in Chapter 2 to verses in the *Book of the Dean of Lismore* demonstrates. The text is also known to readers of the language, although in a disappointingly truncated paraphrase, as *Buile Shuibhne*, by William Neill in 1974, and parts of it are recounted in prose and verse by Norman Campbell (Caimbeul 2015: 77-80). Both of these works are considered in more detail in the literature review in Chapter 2.

Certain lexical items in the original text may be elucidated by a knowledge of Scottish Gaelic, either because of conservatism in the case of Scottish Gaelic or semantic change and obsolescence in Irish. Specific examples of this which may be adduced include *tachair* (Sc. G *happen*) for *tercómhnaccair* in §1, *air sgàth* (*for the sake of*) for *ar sgàth* in §2, *siridh* (*seeking*) for *sirfidh* in §6, *càch* ('the rest', O'Keefe) for *cách* in §§7 and 9, *cumha* (*condition*) for *comha* in §10, *neafann* (*fury, madness*) for *nemhain*, and *dubhar* (*gloom*) for *dobhar* in §11, *bannal* (*group of women*) for *bandáil* in §14, *ealamh* (*nimble*) for *athlumha*, *casnaid* (*split wood*) for *casnaidhe* and *cubhar* (*large carnivorous bird*) for *cubar*>*cuifir* in §16, *tearbadh* (*separating*) for *tearbadh*, and *creic* (*selling*) for *creic* in §19, *fàrdach/fasadh* (*hovel*) for *faisteach* in §26, *clò* (*rest*) for *cló*, and *foiteag* (*cold*) for *fuit* in §27, *theirig* (*go*) for *eirg* in §30, *liagh* (*blade of oar*) for *láoi*, and *boinne* (*drop*) for *banna* in §35, *cadadh* (*tartan*) for *cadúdh* (queried by O'Keefe); *airis* (*firebrand*) for *oireas*; *urbhaidh* (*destruction*) for *urbaidh*, *snomhach/snodhach* (*sap*) for *snomh* and *taigheadas* (*residence*) for *tigedhus* in §36, *earb* (*trust*) for *roherbadh* in §37, *biathadh* (*baiting*) for *bíathadh* in §38, *uirigh* (*couch*) for *airide* in §39, *a ghnàth* (*always*) for *go gnàth*, *earradh* (*armour*) for *earradh*, *mu seach* (*in turn*) for *ma seach* in §40, †*sist* (*a while*) for *sís* and *síst* in §52, 67 and 84, *uideal* (*restlessness*) for *udmhaille*, etc., *sireadh nam beann* (*wandering the hills*) for *sireadh na mbeann* and *binnean* (*small peak*) for *beinnín* in §40, *ga ionnsaigh* (*towards him*) for *dhá ionnsaighe* in §46, *athach* (*gust, blast of wind*) for †*athach* in §50, *fòrdal* (*straying, delay*) for *fordal* in §56, *maille* (*want*) for *malle* in §58, *grinn* (*neat*) for *grinn* in §61, *ataich* (*entreat*) for *aitchim*, and *idir* (*at all*) for *itir* in §63, *seid* (*truss*) for *seit* (cf *seid-luachrach*, Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, "Cuachag an Fhàsaich", p. 84), *cluiche* (*playing*) for *cluithe*, and *sùrdalaich* (*jumping*) for *surdlaigh* in §67, *dochann* (*hurt*) for *dochná(i)dh* in §69, *cuartachadh* (*circling*) for *cúartugadh* in §72, *cuin* (*when*) for *cuin* in §75, *adhbrann* (*ankle*) for *adhbronn*, *banachag* (*dairymaid*) for *banchaig*, *banarach* (*dairymaid*, in O'Cleary's MS only) for *banairgheach* in §77, *tocha*

(prefer) for *docha* and *ealchainn* (*peg*) for *alchuing* in §78, *lighe* (*grave*) for *lighe* in §8, *aircill* (*lying in wait*) for *aicill* in §85 and *ursainn* (*doorpost*) for *ursoinn* in §86. These and other more general variant Scottish forms such as *cheana*, *can*, *ruig*, *gus*, *a Dhè*, *truagh*, *ràinig*, *dèidh*, *fèis*, *bràthair*, *lùchairt*, *sibh*, *each*, *cas*, *dithis* and *fois* are, if not in wide use currently, to be found in Dwelly's English-Scottish Gaelic Dictionary, www.faclair.com. Some of the Irish versions cited here are glossed as 'rarer' by O'Keefe.

The gnomic phrase *mac mo sheathar is mo chú / nocham ttréigfittís ar bhú* in §36, translated by O'Keefe as 'my sister's son and my hound, / they would not forsake me for wealth' is echoed in a citation in Dwelly's dictionary www.faclair.com under the headword *trèig*: 'an dithis mu dheireadh a thrèigeas thu, do chù is mac do pheathar' ('the two last to desert you, your dog and your sister's son'). It may be significant that the phrase appears in the section of the story most distinguished by the use of simile, metaphor and proverbial utterances. The phrase *gusan mBealltine ar Samhuin* in §54, rendered by O'Keefe as 'at Samhuin, up to May-day' becomes quite a different matter if rendered literally in current Scottish Gaelic usage as *gus a' Bhealltainn air Samhain* ('until Mayday after/at November time').

In Meg Bateman and John Purser's *Window to the West*, the Sweeney narrative is compared with certain Scottish Gaelic texts, starting with the 16th-century 'Òran na Comhachaig' in terms of 'coincidences of subject matter, style and sensibility' (Bateman & Purser 2020: 327). Common elements such as alliteration in toponymic verses referencing trees and lakes spoken in the voices of birds are considered (p. 330), and the motif of sacerdotal intervention (p. 331). 'Bùirean an daimh' recalls §§39 & 54, 'crònanaich an daimh-allaidh' §36 and 'càit' an cualas ceòl bu bhinne ... na ... daimh sheanga nan ruith le gleann' §§22 & 40. The persona in 'Òran na Comhachaig' is that of a hunter, unlike Sweeney who now runs with the hunted. Further comparisons are made with the songs 'Seathan' and 'Cò siud thall air sràid na h-eala?' (p. 333). In 'Seathan' the subject is the son of a king, constantly travelling in wild country – 'iomadh beinn is gleann' ('many a mountain and glen') – in Ireland and Scotland, with allusions to religion and some wrongdoing, and there is a specific textual similarity between Cill Chumha in the song and Cill Chua in §21. While none of these analogues, particularly the last, is as strong as those discussed in Chapter 2, they provide reference points for the narrative within the historical corpus of Scottish Gaelic literature.

The 12th century Gaelic Scottish poem ‘Arran’ (Clancy 1998: 187) has certain resonances with *Buile Shuibhne*. The reference in the poem to ‘Mónainn mhaotha’ is similar to that in §58; ‘meas ar a dairghibh donnaibh’ recalls §58, ‘airne dubh’ §17 and ‘doimh ag deabhaidh na doiribh’ §23.

It is possible that the Ossianic piece by James MacPherson which includes the line ‘S a’ choille chiar mun cuairt a’ boillsgeadh’ has its origins in §40 (*i gcoill chiar*) or §54 (*i ngach coill chiar*) of *Buile Shuibhne*. The phrase also appears in Sorley MacLean’s ‘An Tè dhan tug mi’ (Whyte and Dimmock 2011: 174-175).

Ach tric an smuaintean na h-oidhch’
nuair a bhios m’ aigne na coille chfair,
thig osag cuimhne a’ gluasad duillich
a’ cur a furtachd gu luasgan.

But often in the thoughts of night
when my mind is a dim wood,
a breeze of memory comes, stirring the foliage,
putting the wood’s assuagement to unrest.

The phrase then reappears as the title of a poetry collection by Catriona and Morag Montgomery in 1974.

Buile Shuibhne is, in a sense, a pan-Gaelic text, located as it is in both Ireland and Scotland. (I have failed to find any reference to it in Manx Gaelic). The multilingual approach which I have taken in regard to the modernisation of texts may have the corollary of extending a common corpus, increasing mutual intelligibility, and encouraging further research into connections between Scottish Gaelic and the originating text.

In Chapter 2 a review is presented of selected literature, creative, critical and academic, relating to *Buile Shuibhne*.

CHAPTER 2: *BUILE SHUIBHNE*: A LITERATURE REVIEW

Abstract

The Late Middle/Early Modern Irish prosimetric romance *Buile Shuibhne* has inspired multiple verbal and literary responses, creative, critical and academic. In this chapter consideration is given to some of these responses, emphasising creative translations in particular. The primary area of investigation is the relationship between the originating text and receptor text(s), and to historical translations and versions in English, Irish and Scottish Gaelic and to how they have informed – or not – my own extended creative version of the narrative in various combinations of those languages. Susan Sailer concludes that the next step in scholarship on the subject of *Buile Shuibhne* should be ‘a gathering of scholarship new since O’Keefe’s translation, as well as a new translation’ (Sailer 1998: 129). The current work addresses that issue.

2.1 Introduction

In this chapter consideration is given to two literary discourses: (a) the creative literature deriving from *Buile Shuibhne* and (b) academic works relating to the narrative. In the first instance, a detailed chronological account is given of creative responses, in the form of poetry in particular. Some of these creative versions have not been considered in detail before (Colum 1943; Finlay 2014; Kinsella 2020; Hewitt 2020; Ó Béarra 2021). In the second instance, consideration is given to critical and academic reception. The objective of the literature review is to put my own extensive work relating to the text in the context of creative and critical work to date.

2.1.1 Scope of literature review

This review is selective and inexhaustive. It does not consider versions or responses except in English, Irish and Scottish Gaelic or, indeed, intersemiotic responses in other art forms. (Responses and versions have been recorded in French, German, Italian, Russian and Spanish, for example.)

The edition of *Buile Shuibhne* edited by O’Keefe 1913, which is now hosted at <https://iso.ucc.ie/Buile-shuibhne/Buile-shuibhne-text.html#top>, is considered as the primary literary source in 2.2. In 2.2.1, an overview, summary and evaluation is offered of

creative work from, in particular, O'Brien (1939), Joyce (1976) and Heaney (1983), as well as partial responses by Clarke (1925), Graves (1961) and others.

In 2.3 critical and academic reception is analysed and evaluated, drawing on the work of, for instance, Alexandra Bergholm, John Carey, James Carney, Nora Chadwick, Brian Frykenberg, Kenneth Jackson, Gerard Murphy, Joseph Nagy, Feargal Ó Béarra and Pádraig Ó Riain. It is organised thematically under subheadings from 2.3.1 to 2.3.11 as Origins, *Geilt*, Shamanism, Liminality, Analogues, and Tripartition.

2.2 O'Keefe (1913)

James O'Keefe's edition of *Buile Shuibhne* in 1913 includes a translation that is 'good but not faultless' (Dottin 1913) and 'generally speaking fairly adequate' (Ó Béarra 2014: 242). Pádraigín Riggs (in Carey 2014: 12) says that 'O'Keefe had been working on *Buile Shuibhne* from as early as 1907' with the encouragement of scholars such as Kuno Meyer, who said of it 'there is certainly material for investigation. What a big *dissertation à l'américaine* could be made of it!!' (p. 122) and that it 'could be improved here and there. Try to find out exactly the meaning of some rare words, e.g. *fualang*, which is not the same as *folaing* or *fulaing* ... Also the plant names ... You have done excellently in the translation, but by working away at it you can still improve it. Remember whenever the English does not come out well it is our fault, not the author's' (p. 123).

O'Keefe (1931 [1913]: vi) refers to 'a great variety of beautiful verse metres' – ten in all, in fact – and 'simple straightforward prose'. The work, according to him, is 'rich in imaginative qualities' and is the 'unique product of the medieval mind'. O'Keefe's aesthetic was essentially – in his versification at least – Victorian, not even Edwardian or Georgian. It is worth bearing in mind that his essentially antiquarian edition is contemporaneous with movements such as Cubism, Imagism, the remnants of the Celtic Twilight, Modernism, etc. and, on the other hand, that his translation dates from the pre-linguistic/scientific translation theory, rendering it, it seems to me, appropriate for modernising.

O'Keefe's prose versions are serviceable throughout but the versification perhaps less so. Examples of this may be adduced: §6 'loth was I'; §10 'Thou hast slain'; §14 'O warriors, come hither'; §16 'thy noble countenance after feasting; not powerful methinks was thy

chieftainship'; 'eagerly (?) thou hast come into the plain; thy daughter and thy eye blue-starred'; §19 'it was doubly piteous'; §21 'Sad forever is my cry'; §23 ''tis true though 'tis I be heard'; §25 'Alas that I was detained for the tryst'; §27 'Frequent is my groan'; §29 'O Loingseachan, thou art irksome' ... and so on.

Some questionable usages by O'Keefe may be also cited: certain misinterpretations/mistranslations – e.g. 'don mhnaoi' and 'do gach leith' in §22, 'baol' in §33, 'do aill' in §41, 'Carraig Alasdair' in §45, 'inne' in §56, 'léim ghlé' in §67, etc. – and omissions – e.g. 'talach' in §52 – in O'Keefe's version need to be addressed and are noted in Chapter 5. There are, however, lexical inconsistencies in the original text also – the two forms *olc/ulc*; Suibhne's name (§6 *Suibniu/Suibhne* – because of loss of distinction between short unstressed vowels); the forms of the place name which I have rendered as *Glenbalkan* and; *Dál Araidh/Aruidhe* – reflected in the variant English forms of Dalaradia, Dalaray, Dalnaria, and so on.

The edition, which for the most part is based on a manuscript by Daniel/David O'Duigenan from 1671-74, includes as an appendix the text of Brussels MS. 3410, written by Michael O'Cleary in 1629, and, as such, the first recorded textualisation of part of the narrative that is *Buile Shuibhne*. As a 'text, at just over 2,000 words, O'Cleary's work equates to just over 11%' (Ó Béarra 2014: 257) of the entire narrative and just three quatrains out of the 379 in the text. It is essentially a work of hagiography which may, however, form part of a lost text, *Eachtra Shuibhne* (p. 259). Bergholm (in Carey 2014: 102) says that 'the scribe ... left out all the poetry apart from a few stanzas and first lines, and the prose sections are likewise heavily abbreviated, omitting in total 50 out of the 87 sections'. The full text of *Buile Shuibhne* is not hagiographical but it incorporates hagiographical themes. O'Cleary privileges in the title the *vita* of Saint Ronan and describes the Sweeney material as a mere secondary 'eachtra' ('adventure') and also refers to a 'stair' ('history'). The text, unlike that in O'Keefe, begins and ends with reference to Saint Ronan (who is described not as a saint but as a cleric throughout the originating text).

2.2.1 Secondary Literature: Creative responses to *Buile Shuibhne*

There had been occasional references in literature to *Buile Shuibhne* before the publication of O'Keefe's edition in 1913, the first comprehensive and reliable text to appear in print. In addition to references in Ó Béarra's description to poems ascribed to Sweeney (2014: 250-

251), there is a quatrain in Common Classical Gaelic by Giolla Críost Brúilingeach, a Galbraith poet-harper from Leum (*fl.* 1440) (Thomson 1983: 116):

Fear mar Shuibhne nach beir buadh
is fear mar Ioruath armruadh;
saoi nach sgreadach go lámhach
is daoi meathach míolámhach

Discussing this, Ó Béarra says: ‘The occurrence of a poem in a Scottish manuscript points to the presence in that part of the pan-Gaelic world of shards of the Suibhne tradition’ (2014: 250). On p. 251, Ó Béarra quotes a reference to Gleann Bolcáin in *Cath Fionntrá/The Battle of Ventry* from the 15th century, (O’Rahilly 1962), and on p. 252 to events from *Buile Shuibhne* in *Beatha Cholm Cille* (O’Kelleher and Schoepperle 1918). Ó Cuív quotes a quatrain from the 18th century (1964-66: 291):

Is mé Suibhne Ghlinne Fearna;
is dom cheardaibh bheith luaimneach;
bím lá i Sliabh gCuilinn,
is lá i gCuilinn Ó gCuanach

where verses in §§71, 21 and 76 of *Buile Shuibhne* are echoed. At p. 292 in the same piece, extracts are given from a poem by Seán Mac Riagáin, ‘Is mé Suibhne ar díoth mo chéille’ (from 1712) and O’Rahilly (1968: 272) quotes from Muiris Ó Gormáin in 1748-1749:

Teithidh mo lucht aoinleapa
uaim iar scaradh lem chuimhne;
tógíad romham le baoithghealtacht
go mbeirdis barr ar Shuibhne.

Pádraigín Haicéad (c.1604-1654) also shows familiarity with the legend in the lines ‘Im Shuibhne luath ar buaireamh céille atáim’ (Ní Cheallacháin 1962: 48).

In John O’Donovan’s edition of *Fleá Dhún na nGé* – translated into English by Ruth Lehmann as *The Banquet of the Fort of the Geese* in *Lochlann* 4 pp. 131-159 (1969) – and *Cath Mhaigh Rath/The Battle of Moira* (1842), Sweeney appears as a marginal figure in preliminary narratives describing his madness. A Middle Irish commentary on a law tract states that there were three virtues associated with the battle, the chief of which was Sweeney’s madness but adds that the virtue consisted not in ‘the fact of his going mad but

rather in all the stories and poems he left after him in Ireland'(O'Keefe 1931 [1913]: iv). On p. 85 of O'Donovan's edition, it is stated that one of the 'remarkable events' of the Battle of Moira is 'The going mad of Sweeney, in consequence of the number of poems written upon him' and in a note on pp. 84-85 it says that the story 'is valuable, as preserving the ancient names of many remarkable places in Ireland, and as throwing curious light upon ancient superstitions and customs'. Similarly, on p. 89 O'Donovan says that the battle is celebrated because of Sweeney and 'the number of stories and poems he left after him'. The link between madness and creativity, oral and literary, is introduced here. The text includes elements of the extended debilitation described – 'gráin', 'gruamacht', 'buairt', 'mearaí' (ll. 231-237); 'horrible aerial phantoms' (l. 231); 'bradáin i mbuaile'; 'éan i gcarcair cliabháin' (ll. 232; 234). The text also has Sweeney leaping before §28 (implied in §13). Travelling to every lofty place was part of the curse on Sweeney, according to O'Donovan's edition of the *Battle of Moira*, (ll. 174-175): 'Sweeney shall be a lunatic / He shall be acquainted with every fort'. A note on p. 175 alludes to his 'constant roving from one place to another' where Sweeney in his madness made three 'léim lúfar'/'supple leaps' followed by three 'furious bounces' (ll. 234-235). The relationship of these texts with *Buile Shuibhne* is discussed in Sailer (1998: 115-116). Following antiquarian references to the narrative by scholars such as Eugene O'Curry and P. W. Joyce (Pehnt 1995: 164), and based on a reading of O' Donovan's edition, Samuel Ferguson, in the epic *Congal* (1872), 'presents his story as a moral illustration' of 'quite simply a moral wrongdoer, a murderer who must suffer God's punishment' (Pehnt 1995: 164). Ferguson's work appears to be the first treatment in English of the subject of Sweeney, as king of Dalaray (p. 3), Dalaradian Sweeney (p. 31), Mad Sweeney's Flight (p. 95), etc. He was 'singled out and reshaped quite vigorously' by Ferguson (Pehnt 1995: 164). In Book IV, we have 'the line of battle stood renewed / While Sweeny o'er the distant plain his lonely flight pursued'(p. 120). He is 'doomed to perpetual wanderings' (p. 141) and says: 'But not alone I course the wild, although apart from men, / Shapes of the air attend my steps' (p. 170). Ferguson's '[re]writing is creative in the sense that he not only selects or fills in aspects of the given Sweeney ... but he also chooses a reading and 're'-writing hardly suggested by what is found in the original tale' (p. 165).

Leah Richards Fisher writes of Sweeney: 'Both his role as the wild man of the woods and that of poet-madman make him an ideal character for the Celtic Twilighters, and the absence of Suibhne works in their canon is interesting' (Richards Fisher 1998/1999: 392).

After Ferguson's work, 'The Madness of King Goll' by W. B. Yeats, from *The Wanderings of Oisín/Crossways*, in 1889 – Sweeney was 'unmistakably the model for Goll' (McKillop 1998: 250) – appears alongside 'The Stolen Child', 'Down by the Salley Gardens' and other poems redolent of the Celtic Twilight, the Pre-Raphaelites and Yeats's own posturing. Voiced for the mad king, it contains few elements recognisable from the original text:

I wander in the woods ...
The grey wolf knows me ...
I lead along the woodland deer;-
The hares run by me growing bold (Yeats 1992: 15)

and

I must wander wood and hill
Through summer's heat and winter's cold (p.16)

This is all very sylvan and ethereal and not in the spirit of the original at all. In a note to the poem, Yeats writes: 'King Goll hid himself in a valley near Cork where it is said all the madmen of Ireland would gather' (p. 462). Yeats however, is invoked in the poem 'Curse' (§10 of the sequence in my version) where the line 'mar aon leis na héanaibh' (O'Keefe §29) is translated as 'one among the birds of the air' from his poem 'The Three Monuments' (Yeats 1990: 234). If the connection is limited, that with John Millington Synge is more considerable, and Kiberd (1979) discusses parallels between *Buile Shuibhne* and Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* in terms of, for instance, plot, poetry and prophecy.

Austin Clarke's poem 'The Frenzy of Suibhne' (1925) is not a translation but a response to the narrative. Clarke's work is informed by the Gaelic bardic tradition, with craft privileged over art and introduces several elements – sailmaker, canvas, candle, (Saint) Kieran, furnace, vats, Glenveigh, boar, hawk, fences, Achill, dolmen, shovels, Tara, etc. – which are extraneous to the original text. There are references, however, which might have been taken directly from the originating text: 'a house where the women mull / ale', 'nest in the ... ivy', 'the clean tops of wells', 'I heard the heads talking', 'dogheads were barking', 'I fed on ... cowdung' and so on. For all Clarke's putative obsession with the

subject (perhaps because of his own experiences of mental illness), his response does not represent the spirit of the original in a way in which O'Brien (1939) does.

There is also a manuscript of Clarke's *The Frenzy of Sweeney: A lyrical play* in the National Library of Ireland, MS 38,684/1,2,3, undated but written on the back of a document from March 1965. Pre-eminent amongst its lines is an address from Sweeney to the hag:

I won't ride
An old gee-gee. Men would deride
That mount.
With every leap your twattle
Is noisier. Ugly your twuzz, your twat.
I will not tweak or tweedle it
Because you're in your jumping fit.
No diddled hag will diddle me

Clarke also employs the Sweeney narrative – relating specifically to the madmen of Glen Bolcan – in the prose romance, *The Bright Temptation* (Clarke 1932: 218-221). In *A Visit with George Moore* (Schirmer 1995: 171-172), Clarke quotes the following from the novelist about the influence of the Sweeney narrative on their respective work (the novel *Ulick and Soracha* in the case of Moore): '*The Frenzy of Sweeney* is one of the greatest stories of the world and yet how many know of its existence? There is no more local colour in it than in Theocritus – yet was Nature ever so near, so wild and so tender?' Talking about Sweeney's relationship to *Ulick and Soracha*, Moore said: 'That tale inspired half my own book and none of the critics noticed the fact' (Wall 1988: 141, n.3), and writes that 'Clarke's own work in both poetry and prose shows almost obsessive preoccupation with the Sweeney myth'.

Regarding the matter of T. S. Eliot and Sweeney, I have not found any evidence, as adduced by Knust (1985), Pehnt (1995) and others, that Eliot ever read *Buile Shuibhne*, and recognise only a tenuous connection between the two Sweeneys. B. C. Southam says that 'Eliot said that he thought of Sweeney ... "as a man who in younger days was perhaps a pugilist, mildly successful; who then grew older and retired to keep a pub"'. Conrad Aiken, recalling his Harvard days with Eliot, has suggested that Sweeney is based upon the ex-pugilist, with a name like Steve O'Donnell, with whom the poet took boxing lessons in Boston' (Southam 1977: 53). Eliot's poems 'Sweeney Erect' (Eliot 1969: 42), 'Sweeney

Among the Nightingales' (p. 56), and 'Sweeney Agonistes' (p. 115) are not relevant to the tale. If anything, Eliot's 'Burnt Norton' affords more interesting similarities – bird as guide, mediation between Christianity and paganism, redemption through faith, the natural word and so on. In any event, the matter of Eliot is discussed at some length in Downum 2009. Another work with a tenuous connection is George Saroyan's *Sweeney in the Trees* (1941). Saroyan 'came across Sweeney in a conversation with Brian O'Nolan. He was simply fascinated by the name and Sweeney's connection to trees' (Pehnt 1995: 168). Others include 'Suibhne Redivivus' and 'The Return of Suibhne', in Robin Skelton's *An Irish Album* (1969); Frank Herbert's *White Plague* (1982); Stewart Parker's *The Traveller* (1984); James Simmons' 'Mad Sweeney's Vision of Ulster', in *From the Irish* (1985); Paula Meehan's *Mrs Sweeney* (1994); Frank McGuinness' *Mutabilitie* (1997); Joseph O'Connor's *The Salesman* (1999); Neil Gaiman's *American Gods* (2001); Dermot Bolger's *A Second Life* (2010) and; Peter Murphy's *Shall We Gather at the River* (2013). I include these to indicate the broad interest in the narrative among creative practitioners, and also the extent to which that influence has been developed or not.

Flann O'Brien 's novel *At-Swim-Two-Birds* (1939) was originally to be called *Sweeney Among The Trees*, according to the author. The published title references a place name in the original text (§22), toponymy being a significant aspect of the work generally. The Sweeney narrative, or parts of it, forms a story within the novel. 'The story ... is about this fellow Sweeney that argued the toss with the clergy and came off second-best at the wind-up. There was a curse – a malediction – put down in the book against him. The upshot is that your man becomes a bloody bird' (O'Brien 1939: 85).

Ó Conaire's assertion (in Carey 2014: 158) that 'O'Brien subsumes and manages to incorporate the entire story into his narrative, preserving its continuity, characters, events and prose structure, vocabulary and style' is not entirely accurate. Out of the 87 numbered sections in the original text, 33 are omitted, either wholly or substantially: §§1, 6, 8, 16, 21, 23, 24, 25, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 42, 43, 47, 48, 51, 52, 55, 56, 57, 67, 70, 71, 75, 79, 80, 81, 86 and 87. None of the verse sections are rendered in their entirety. The version consists of about 5,300 words (out of 18,000 words in *Buille Shuibhne*, and c.80,000 words in *At Swim-Two-Birds*). This, however, does not necessarily represent a serious diminution of the text, as many of the omitted passages relate to historical and hagiographical material, and the work concentrates on O'Brien's abiding interest, the representation of nature in

earlier Gaelic verse, which informed his academic research (O' Nolan 1935). As shall be seen, Trevor Joyce's response is not strictly speaking a translation, William Neill's Scottish Gaelic translation is inadequate (as will be discussed later), Seamus Heaney's is the nearest to being complete but O'Brien's for all its omissions – for instance, references to Sweeney's wife, or the battle regalia section – may be the best because of its strong response to the descriptions of nature. O'Brien, as Brian Ó Nualláin (like Sweeney, a great shapeshifter), understood better than most the language, and therefore the spirit, of the original text, informing the style accordingly. He does, however, take narrative liberties from the start, describing Ronan as living in a 'cave ... taping out the wall-steads' (from §§2 and 3, p. 64) and clerics 'walking in the field' (§9, p. 65) 'being besieged with nets and hog-harried by the caretaker of the church' (§33, p. 69); 'a needle for the heart is an only sister' (§§35 and 36, p. 70); 'a concourse of hospitallers and knights and warriors' (§37, p. 70) and; 'honey-tongued recital' (§84, p. 91). This is compensated for by O'Brien's diction, which re-presents the original to a large degree. The following may be adduced in comparison with versions by Heaney (whose work will be considered *infra*): 'clack of the clergyman's bell' (§3 p. 64 v. Heaney 1983: 13 'clink of Ronan's bell'); 'wind-swift stride', 'big storm-voiced hoarse shout', (§4, p. 64 v. Heaney: 14 'cry of alarm'); 'the weaving of concord and peace' (§7, p. 65 v. Heaney:16 'peace'); 'three audible world-wide shouts', 'three great shouts' and 'hollow reverberations in the sky-vault' (§11, p. 66 v. Heaney: 17-8 'howls and echoes assumed into the travelling clouds and amplified through the vaults of space'); 'fettors and handcuffs and manacles and locks and black-iron chains' (§37, p. 70 v. Heaney: 37 'manacles'; 'the encompassing gullet of the storm-wracked sea' (§46, p. 83 v. Heaney: 53 'the stormy maw of the sea'); 'fine pulp and small-bits' (§41, p. 82 v. Heaney: 52 'pieces'); 'the blue-watered green-watered water' (§49, p. 83 v. Heaney: 55 'blue-green waters'); 'Sweeney fared again in the upper air on his path across sky-fear and rain squalls' (§53, p. 83 v. Heaney: 57 'wandering freely'; 'rising stealthily nimbly lightly' (§57, p. 83 v. Heaney: 60 'Sweeney rose lightly and stealthily' and; 'a concourse of honourable clerics' (§81, p. 90 v. Heaney: 74 'his community'). O'Brien uses some of the tropes of the original. Alliteration is employed in, for example, 'naked nudity', (§3, p. 64 v. Heaney p. 14 'stark naked'); 'saint-bell of saints with sainty-saints' (§10, p. 65 v. Heaney: 17 'my bell's holiness'); 'fury and fits and frenzy and fright-fraught fear' (§11, p.66 v. Heaney: 18 'Vertigo, hysteria, lurchings / and launchings'); 'toetracks' (§26 p. 68 v. Heaney: 27 'footprints'); 'snore-sleep' (§27, p. 68 v. Heaney: 27 'fast asleep'); 'hunched huddle' and 'hog-harried' (§33, p. 69 v. Heaney: 33 'went into the yew

tree' and 'trap and catch'); 'branching brooklime' (§40, p. 78); 'clear call of a cormorant' (§49, p. 83 v. Heaney 'clear note'); 'crack-crackle' (§49, p. 83 v. Heaney 'crackle'); 'haws of the prickle-hawy hawthorn' (§58, p. 84 v. Heaney: 61 'haws of the sharp, jaggy hawthorn', 'beleaguering and besetting him' (§64, p. 88 v. Heaney: 65 'pursuing him') and; 'melling and megling' (§83 p. 91 v. Heaney: 74 'the sheepish voice of a cleric / bleating out plainsong'.

O'Brien also employs reduplicative or pleonastic constructions: 'madly mad-gone' (§10, p. 65 v. Heaney: 17 'bird-brain'); 'wretch-wretched' (§19, p. 68 v. Heaney: 23 'grieving and astray'); 'cress-green cresses' (§40, p. 78 v. Heaney: 43 'its tall brooklime, its watercress'); 'yewy yew-yews' (§40, p. 79 v. Heaney: 42 'the solemn yew'); 'if I were on each little point / littler points would there be on every pointed point' (§40, p. 81 v. Heaney: 45 'mazy antlers') and; 'bell-belling' (§45, p. 82 v. Heaney: 50 'the stag's belling'). O'Brien has composite versions of poems also. Page 125 is substantially a version of §14; the verses at the start of p. 127 are from §§10 and 69 plus new material; §§54 and 40 are combined on pp. 127-128, and the verses on pp. 128-129 are from §§40 and 27 and new. The longest section, §40, is represented by 32 or so of its 65 quatrains.

O'Brien's version manages to be both modern and traditional and in terms of the English language, unlike those by Ferguson and Yeats, and, even, by O'Keefe, is post-Romantic, if not anti-Romantic or 'pre-Byronic' (White 1972). Ó Conaire (in Carey 2014: 157-158) says that O'Nolan 'was particularly taken by the verses which expressed the mental anguish, bewilderment, exhaustion, weariness and derangement suffered by Suibhne in his constant journeying throughout the forests of Ireland, and quotes from O'Nolan's thesis from 1935: 'nuair a bhíonn gearán á dhéanamh aige agus ag casaoid ar an fhuacht nó ar chruas agus maslacht a bheatha mar dhuine mire amuigh faoi dhoineann aimsire gun mullach os a chionn agus gan cara lena thaobh, bíonn cuma mhearaí, cuma bhriste sháraithe neamhchoitianta ar an fhilíocht, ag cur ina luí ar an léitheoir; idir aisteacht meadarachta agus ciotacht ráite, an staid ina bhfuil intinn Shuibhne. Is iontach an obair í nuair a chuimhnítear chomh luath an tráth a cumadh an fhilíocht'. On pp. 158-159, Ó Conaire writes: 'His adoption of the *Buile Shuibhne* story ... is not an act of direct appropriation/naturalisation. Inevitably, his decision presents him with a challenge to engage creatively with the original tale, fashioning, enhancing, and moulding it to the contours of the (post-)modernist text which he is generating and designing. This he

endeavours to achieve in a variety of ways: by abbreviation, segmentation, cross-talk, synopsis, excision and amalgamation, including the elision of nuances'. Both the original Irish text and O'Keefe's translation were consulted by O'Brien in this work. If it is the case that the ecclesiastical matter is an intrusive interpolation (and which O'Brien excluded), the version of *Buile Shuibhne* in *At-Swim-Two-Birds* may be the closest of all to the original.

In Padraic Colum's *The Frenzied Prince*, 'two mediaeval narratives [are] used to make a story in which older tales are placed ... the second being an offshoot from the conflict the first recounts' (Colum 1943: 182), and are 'very freely treated' (p. 183). The two narratives are, of course, O'Donovan (1842) – Colum uses the forms Math Rath and Moy Rah – and O'Keefe (1913). Sweeney is described throughout as 'Prince of Dal Arahee'. The sections of *The Frenzied Prince* which directly relate to *Buile Shuibhne* include text deriving substantially from O'Keefe's version, for example 'Even as the women beat the flax so my folk were beaten by Donald's army at Moy Rah' from §22 (p. 10), with extraneous material of Colum's own composition which, however, is recognisable as closely resembling original texts as in 'As he ran on he took such leaps into the air as made his going seem like the flight of the bird' (p. 10), relating to §12. Like O'Brien (1939), Colum's version does not strictly adhere to the sequence of the original narrative. It begins, for example, with an account of §22 before that of §15 (pp. 10-11). Unlike O'Brien, Colum's version tends not to be exuberant and, accordingly, humorous elements are not well represented. But the concision that this effects is adequate, as in the initial description of Glenbalkan from §17 (p. 13). The juxtaposition of disparate elements from the original text is another method employed by Colum as when Sweeney makes the speech 'Your voice is gentle', the text comprising original composition and intertextual borrowings from §§49, 70 and 40 (p. 15). In a passage ostensibly referring to the first instance of Sweeney's sanity being restored, from §37, the description of how he is dressed derives from §8. Text on p. 68 has Sweeney in an environment at once familiar and novel: drinking 'at a well', not, as might be expected, in a churchyard but at the 'bothie' of his estranged wife. When he subsequently parts from her, the text borrows from §§ 39, 15 and 12.

The renderings of sections in verse show similar slight variations and slight originality, as of §14 (p. 11):

God has vouchsafed to me
A bare and narrow place;
No music nor no rest,
Nor woman's company.

and §54 (p. 36):

Water of bright Glen Bolcain,
Birds I have listened to,
Streams that make a murmuring,
From you I will go.

In another recontextualisation, the 'Madman of Britain' appears in text relating not to Scotland in §§46-50 but to Alternan (or 'Farannan Cliff') from §§73-74 (p. 73). In that section also, the Madman of Britain is described as being by the waterfall in that glen, where he subsequently drowns, and not in Britain in §50, and Sweeney's sectional verses about the place are addressed to the seals (p. 73). Instead of Sweeney going over to Britain, it is the Briton who crosses the 'storm-swept sea' (as in §46) to Alternan and when Sweeney describes his plight to the British comrade, as in §50, he invokes utterances from §11 (p. 74). After the Briton's death, Sweeney hears some of the sounds described in §49 (p. 106). In a passage preceding a description of the Battle of Moira, corresponding to §16, his 'proper form' is invoked with references from §35. Moling, to whom Sweeney has been sent by Donald Mackay, is described as being associated not with St. Mullins (from §74-) but Tuam Inver (from §32) (p. 152). There, Moling's 'deacon was at the gate of the churchyard ringing the bell for prime', anticipating §79. Moling suffers the indignity of having his psalter, and not that of Ronan's, thrown into a lake by Sweeney, from §4 (pp.154-155), and he is given an account by Sweeney of his woes corresponding to the lament to the cleric of Drumeerin in §70, after which an otter appears to retrieve the psalter as in §4 (pp.178-179). In what appears to be a traditional frame tale in simple diction, Colum's text, while selective, employs such tropes as allusion, fragmentation, resequencing of events, intertextuality and intratextuality, in a surprisingly modernist interpretation of the old tale. It has relevance, as such, to the creative methodologies adapted in this thesis.

In an enlarged edition of *The White Goddess* (Graves 1961), Robert Graves gives an unreliable account of the narrative. His work is tendentious and thesis-based about the muse and the secret of trees, and the poet as archetypal critic, and a 'parable of the poetic

nature' (Montague 1974: 24). *The Faber Book of Irish Verse*, from which this quotation is taken, includes a version by the editor of §23, which is more concise and faithful than any other of that section which I have read (pp. 85-86). The version by Graves begins unpromisingly when he mistakes a lake for a stream and a spear for a javelin (Graves 1961: 451), and describes the cleric Ronan as 'an ollave, or sacrosanct poet' and attributes Sweeney's madness to 'a madman's wisp' (p. 455) (but see 'dlaoi foluaineach fulla' in the description of Sweeney in O'Donovan's *Battle of Moira*, l. 234), where he also describes the entire sequence as 'the most ruthless and bitter description in all European literature of a possessed poet's predicament'. On the same page, Graves writes: 'This impossible tale conceals a true one; that of the poet obsessed by the Hag of the Mill, another name for the White Goddess ... Towards the end of his tale Suibhne has lost even the Hag of the Mill, who snaps her neck-bone in leaping along with him; which means, I suppose, that he breaks down as a poet under the strain of loneliness.' Graves writes on in his introduction that 'no expert in ancient Irish or Welsh has offered me the least help in refining my argument, or pointed out any of the errors which are bound to have crept into the text, or even acknowledged my letters' (Graves 1961: 9). That might well be a matter of regret as the dialogue of two such distinct polarities as Graves and a fusty old academic like Kenneth Jackson might have been interesting. Graves is not alone in speculations like this. Chadwick writes of 'Glen Bolcain, bearing the significant meaning, 'Glen of the Drop' i.e., undoubtedly the drop of poetic inspiration, especially heathen inspiration' (Chadwick 1941: 150). The wisp of madness, as above, is, at least, an attested (literary) phenomenon.

The text is known to readers of Scottish Gaelic, but in a paraphrased form, with versions of some of the prose sections only (nothing between sections 50 and 72), as *Buile Shuibhne* by Uilleam Nèill/William Neill in 1974. It may be categorized as a gist translation, a partial translation, a rephrasing and an under-translation. As it translates from an earlier form of Irish into contemporary Scottish Gaelic, it may also be considered to be what Gianfranco Folena calls a horizontal translation 'between languages with a similar structure and a strong cultural affinity' (in Shuttleworth 1997: 71). The version consists of c.10 pages of A5 text of selected prose sections only and as such is quite inadequate. Notwithstanding the omission of all the poems, which may be considered the basis of the whole work, it also omits the following 23 prose sections (out of the total of 56): §§8, 13, 15, 20, 22, 24, 30, 31, 33, 42, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 68, 70. It therefore includes only 33 sections out of the 87 texts which comprise the original *Buile*

Shuibhne. There is no reference to Sweeney’s battle-dress, Swim-Two-Birds, his wife and family, his visits to wells, his exile on Ailsa Craig, his encounters with women and stewards, his praise of the trees of Ireland, the Mournes or his encounter with the heads in Slieve Foy, and scarce reference to the c.150 place names. It is categorised as ‘a short story’ in the records of the Beaton Institute in Cape Breton: <https://beatoninstitute.com/ca-bi-g7>. In the matter of lexical choices exercised by the translator, the text is excessively domesticated or familiarised, and in attempting to domesticate the text the translator has exoticized or foreignized it. It may be considered as what George Steiner called an overtranslation. A bit more foreignization – paradoxically, by fidelity to the original text – might have been contemplated by him. To quote some of the more egregious examples (in basic form and with normalized orthography in the case of both Late Medieval/Early Modern Irish in the originating text and modern Scottish Gaelic in the receiving text: p. 5: ‘brat’ (rendered as ‘cleòc’), ‘tarraing’ (‘slaod’), ‘cill’ (‘eaglais’), ‘éamh’ (‘glaodh’), ‘scéala’ (‘naidheachd’), ‘cléireach’ (‘duine diadhaidh’), ‘lomnocht’ (‘dearg-rùisgte’); p. 7: ‘buí’ (‘taing’), ‘rinn’ (‘gath sleagha’), ‘síth’ (‘rèite’), ‘néalta neimhe’ (‘sgòthan na h-iarmailt’); p. 9: ‘dalta’ (‘deisceabol’), ‘búir’ (‘èigh’), ‘gáir’ (‘iolach’), ‘fuaim agus freagairt’ (‘glaodh is mac-talla’), ‘céim’ (‘ruaig’), ‘inbhear’ (‘linne’), ‘geilt’ (‘fear-cuthaich’), ‘doras’ (‘bealach’), ‘fothlacht’ (‘failtean-fionn’); p. 11: ‘ó bhonn go baithis’ (‘bho mhullach gu bonn’), ‘lorg’ (‘tòir’), ‘fáisteach’ (‘taigh fàs’), ‘cailleach’ (‘seanabhean’), ‘míreanna’ (‘criomagan’); p. 13: ‘ionad’ (‘ceàrn’), ‘éadach’ (‘trusgan’), ‘each’ (‘steud’), ‘tír’ (‘dùthaich’); p. 15: ‘marbh’ (‘caochail’), ‘muintir’ (‘teaghlach’), ‘aithne’ (‘òrdugh’), ‘comhrá’ (‘bruidhinn’); p. 17: ‘gáir’ (‘gairm’); p. 21: ‘briathra’ (‘cainnt’), ‘teitheadh’ (‘deann’), ‘scaradh’ (‘dealachadh’), ‘cromadh’ (‘lùbadh’), ‘alla’ (‘fiadhaich’), ‘firean’ (‘duine diadhaidh’); p. 23: ‘taithigh’ (‘tadhail’); ‘goin’ (‘leòn’); p. 25: ‘ionad’ (‘àite’), ‘baint’ (‘bualadh’), ‘rèilig’ (‘eaglais’) and ‘síl’ (‘beachdaich’). The text also contains mistranslations: ‘am fianais nan cléireach’ for ‘i bhfianaise an chléirigh’ (p. 21) ‘am fear leis an leis an leac seo’ for ‘an té sa leacht seo’ (p. 24), not to mention grammatical errors and typos: p. 5: ‘staf’ (*recte* ‘stad’), ‘daomh’ (‘naomh’); p. 11 ‘oidhchan’ (‘oidhchean’), etc. The translation is inadequate primarily because it represents only fragments of the narrative, and paraphrases as itemised above and has not been subjected to proper editorial rigour. William Neill also has a poem ‘Aisling Shuibhne’ in *Gairm* vol. 73, pp.58-59 (1970).

Trevor Joyce's sequence 'The Poems of Sweeney, Peregrine', in the collection *Courts of Air and Earth* (Joyce 1976), is not strictly speaking a translation. John Goodby (2010: 150) describes it as 'a creative, exploratory 'working' rather than a translation. 'The most striking textual intervention perpetrated by Joyce's version is the recording of the original mixed-genre text into the bipartite structure of a compact prose narrative followed by a collection of 22 of Sweeney's songs (lyrics in the voices of other characters are omitted)' (p. 160). Joyce uses both domesticating and foreignising strategies and modes 'to produce a destabilised, postmodern 'working' which exploits the original's gaps, scribal interpolations and narrative contradictions, as well as poignantly rendering its expressivist lyrics ... Some verse from the original becomes prose in Joyce's version, while some prose mutates to verse ... separating the prose and Sweeney's lyrics into two sections, one of prose narrative, the second a suite of twenty-two lyrics, dropping some material in the original entirely' (p.155). Joyce is clearly comfortable with the original material and represents the essence of Sweeney's misery adequately. Poem 'I', for instance, is an adequate translation of §14 (Joyce 1976: 21), 'XXI' of §73 (p. 46) and 'IX' renders elements from §27 (p. 29). The poems, however, sometimes deviate too far from the spirit of the original and the liberties taken with it can be jarring as 'cave of pain' (p. 35) as an egregious example of inappropriate metaphor or the introduction of extraneous material such as 'I ... crack the frost from my beard' (p. 29). I have taken a version of mine of a poem from the sequence as an example and illustration of a recursive or round-trip translation, mediated through Scottish Gaelic, in the chapters on methodology and commentary.

Seamus Heaney's *Sweeney Astray* (Heaney 1983) is essentially a naturalised retranslation of O'Keefe (1931 [1913]) and also, to an extent, a retranslation of his own earlier version. Heaney used the Irish text second time round and describes his *modus operandi* in *Earning a Rhyme*: 'First time round ... I was actually taking off from O'Keefe's parallel translation more than I was attending to the Irish itself ... the first draft was mostly in free-verse' (Heaney 1989: 14). In 1979, he 'suddenly started one morning to reshape stanzas from scratch, rhyming them and keeping my eyes as much to the left, on the Irish, as to the right, on O'Keefe's unnerving trot. I was this closer inspection of the thickets of the Irish that made the second stint a different kind of engagement ... Instead of the rhythmic principle being one of lanky, enjambed propulsion, the lines hurdling along for fear they might seize up, the unit of composition now became the quatrain itself and the metrical pattern became

more end-stopped and boxed in ... The closer, line by line, stanza by stanza, end-stopped, obedient, literal approach finally yielded more' (p. 15). Heaney's version is a partial retranslation or a re-version translation but also an intralingual version from O'Keefe after Heaney revised his version from 1972 as the basis for the final published text (which he subsequently revisited as the sequence 'Sweeney Revidivus' in *Station Island* (Heaney 1984) and as 'out-takes' in *Human Chain* (Heaney 2010)). 'Sweeney's Flight' (Heaney 1992) is a revision of 'Sweeney Astray' and not a translation as such. These later versions 'voiced for Sweeney' (Heaney 1984: 123) do not bear an immediate resemblance, however, to the original text. Maurice Harman says that 'Heaney succeeds in lending his version of *Buile Shuibhne* a remarkable unity of tone ... composing 'bare' lines that recreate the stripped-down quality of the Gaelic original, while also making Sweeney's plight emotionally palpable' (Harman 1991: 125). That Heaney composed his version of the Sweeney narrative after his exile from tribal and religious conflict and violence in Ulster is not insignificant.

Certain sections are omitted, however, as purely historical material (seven verses out of 13 in §16 for example), verses in §§40 and 43, plus all of §§82 and 83a. He's right, I think, about §16 but historical material is a part, if minor, of this version and repetition in §83b and elsewhere is an essential part of the text, in my opinion, as an illustration of an aspect of Sweeney's insanity, as several of his utterances throughout the narrative are repetitions or reiterations, particularly in relation to his mental condition. Four consecutive verses (out of 32) in §45 are omitted without acknowledgement. Heaney also omits prose elements in §5 that are repeated in verse in §6.

There are certain lexical choices which I consider questionable, inasmuch as they do not represent the original text adequately when compared with O'Brien discussed above and, of course, the originating text: §11 'dreamed strange migrations' (the notion of dreaming is alien in the original); §12 'hurtling visitant'; §16 'poppy in the gold of harvest'; §17 'unsettling falls of pebbles'; 'philander over the surface'; 'nature's pantry'; §19 'No surge of royal blood'; §21 'a fasting spittle'; §23 'I am ravished. Unearthly sweetness shakes my breast'; §25 'peopled the dark // with a thousand ghosts'; §32 'my crazy dote'; 'a rickle of skin and bones'; §34 'your hawk eye'; §36 'your family has fed no grave'; §40 'like a scared musician'; 'some milk of kindness / coursing in its sap'; §43 'now memory's an unbroken horse / that rears and suddenly throws me down'; §47 'I made a tombstone of my

tongue / to keep my story’; §59 ‘the inviting slopes of Aughty’; §61 ‘a derelict doomed to loneliness’; §65 ‘a swirling tongue of low cloud’ and; §67 ‘the bare figure of pain’.

In formal terms, metre (*deibhidhe* being prominent throughout the original) is retained in pairs like in §6:

So I offered thanks and praise
for the merciful release (p. 15)

and:

Through the will of God the son/
an otter gave me it again (p. 15)

§16:

Sweeney, what has happened here?/
Sweeney who led hosts to war (p. 20)

§36:

Woods and forests and wild deer,
now these things delight you more
Near a quick mill-pond, your perch
on a dark green holly branch (p. 36)

§54 all of verse:

in November (p. 58)

§58:

frost casts me ... my refuge ... all night there. (p. 61)

These renderings are an attempt at partial formal translation, inasmuch as the form as well as the content of the original is replicated and is of significance to the current work as it is a strategy which I have attempted in, for example, the poem from §34, and which is discussed as part of both methodology and commentary. They also represent, in terms of prosody, a ‘mimetic form’ (Holmes 1988: 26) and may be categorised as being ‘form-derivative’ according to the formulation by the same author (1988: 26).

Jack Foley's *Sweeney Adrift* (Foley 1985) is, according to its author (p. 27), 'a fantasia' which uses 'the Irish poem as the basis for themes and variations of my own'. There are elements of polysemantics (even Sweenese) or what Carson (1994: 146) calls 'word-clumps':

Sweeney picked himself up off the hardbitterdesolatefrozen ground ... (p. 21)

Pehnt says of *Sweeney Adrift*: 'what it gives us are fragments of Sweeney's story – for example, his violent attack on the cleric, his complaints about the hardships of his restless life, his life – intermingled with other segments ... disorientation and failure connect Sweeney the outcast with the other lyrical voices' (Pehnt 1995: 169). This accords with Pehnt's stated declaration (p. 163) 'to show that the literary figure of Sweeney is not a stable entity handed down from text to text. Rather, one can speak of a cluster of characteristics, newly assembled in every 're'-writing. Some of these take *Buile Shuibhne* as a point of departure, but some of them are only connected with it in the loosest sense'.

Foley exoticises – or, perhaps, from his own perspective, domesticates – the narrative with references to bears, the Yakut, fish-dragons, pueblos, Orpheus, porcupines, behemoths, panthers, Paul de Man, Los Angeles and lynxes but he does provide a succinct account of the tale (pp. 17-18):

what sweeney what
have you done and
where have you done it?
sweeney clubbed the man
not once but twice; bashed his head in, hurt
him badly. Oh,
Sweeney they'll
not stand for that surely
surely that's
no way to behave—
Sweeney
ended his tirade
his wild life then—
They all said, Enough, enough, Sweeney,
surely that's
no way
for a man to behave
Sweeney
kicked his eyes out hurt him broke his ribs twisted the tongue not once but twice
bones broke, brittle for Sweeney, his trophy, taken, the life taken, the balls

bashed
the life
ended
oh Sweeney
she bespoke him sorely oh
and Sweeney repented then
turned churchman spoke vows made retreats novenas bled holy water ended his
wild life
told tales made miracles believed end-
ed his wild life turned goodman churchman died of age and
soul
now surely turned—
to
heav'n.

Certain lines do recall the originating text as §§20 and 24 in the lines: 'The night came, and a storm, and Sweeney's misery and mania were so great that he cried out'; §36 in: Sweeney returns, and the lies about his son's death have caused him to

All day, all night,
Sweeney clings
to the branch (p. 19)

and *passim*:

'I am Sweeney alas!
my wretched body is utterly dead—
A year have I been on the mountain
without music, without sleep—
Madman

am I – ' (p. 21).

Sections of the narrative relating to Moling (§§74-87) are considered in *Near St. Mullins (to Suibhnes everywhere)* by John Ennis (2002), a collection of poems, according to its blurb, 'without recourse to original texts or previous translations or versions, which speaks of the fate of Suibhne Gelt' and 'focuses and enlarges on some aspects of the original' including 'his severance from his partner ... the poisonous tongue of the mill-hag which blights all hope of familial reconciliation ... and finally his individual resolve' and 're-tells an old story, whose human reverberations are as contemporary as they are timeless'. In addition to the poems connected with Moling, and apart from those voiced for Sweeney, there are sections of poems about Sweeney's wife and the Mill Hag. The work, however, is

in no sense a translation. Even tangential references to the originating text are scant enough: ‘After the debacle / in Ulster/I took to the trees. // I went clean mad’ (p. 9); ‘I // Settled in the ivied fork of a tree for warmth’ (p. 27); ‘The yelping of hounds after the dog fox, // Torrents from a hillside in a wintry glen’ (p. 40); ‘Come from the woods out into this bright foliage with me’ (p. 50); ‘I feed on tender watercress around the madman’s well’ (p. 51); ‘Wild barnacle geese cry out overhead’ (p. 56) and; ‘my humiliation was complete / To drink my morning gruel from a cowpat’ (p. 57). More engaging perhaps are the addresses to Guaire, from §31, (p. 48) and to the psalmist, from §9, (p. 44):

You would have ...
 Long ceased to be old Ronan’s young psalmist.
 Everywhere I see your face and the hurt I caused you
 When my spear pierced you deep below the breastbone.

Psychological aspects of the narrative with specific reference to war are dealt with in Patricia Monaghan’s ‘Soldier’s Heart: The Song of Sweeney’, in *Homefront* (Monaghan 2005: 79-98). The section contains composite prose poems, using intratextuality, and introduces extraneous elements: candlelight (p. 79); hawk (p. 81), drums and pipes (p. 83), oil and bronze lamps (p. 90); eagle (p. 94), snowdrops (p. 97), etc. §64 is invoked in ‘Into the Sky’:

Five boulders flew out of the sky at me. Not boulders.
 Heads. Faces twisted in anger //
 A king, one screamed. A northern king, screamed the next.
 The third said, not a king but a madman. The fourth said, let us torment the mad king. And the fifth, let us torment him until he drowns.(p. 83).

The initial description of Glenbalkan in §17 is referenced in ‘The Ivy-Tops’:

‘a four-gapped glen tumbling with waterfalls’ (also recalling Alternan in §§72-3), ‘green with cress and sorrel, black with sloe. Clean banks where I can nest, great ivy-topped trees where I can perch.’. (p. 85).

The glen is described in ‘Flights of praise’ as a ‘sweet refuge of ivy-topped oaks’ (p. 89); ‘Dark of the Moon’ invokes §35 (p. 90); ‘Invasion’ § 40 (p. 91) and; ‘At Brigit’s Well’ various sections (p. 95).

‘The Woman’ is perhaps the most evocative of the pieces, with specific reference to §43:

‘watercress and cool well water, this is my feast ...
... watercress my meat, water my mead. This is the way a king lives, in the forest.
This is the way a mad king lives.
... I grow hungry when cresses die back. But this is my home, this ivy-topped oak.
Here, daughter, a gift from mad Sweeney who has only feathers.’ (pp. 97-98).

Seán Lysaght’s collection *The Mouth of a River* (Lysaght 2007) includes the sequence ‘Bird Sweeney’, which is a work of sustained meditation on Sweeney’s avian nature rather than a translation or meaningful version, and Paul Batchelor’s ‘Suibhne Changed’, in the collection *The Sinking Road* (Batchelor 2008), contains direct fragments in addition to what the author has ‘translated and invented freely’ (p. 64). §§22 and 83 are invoked in ‘Suibne Plays Houseboy to the Hag of the Mill’ (p. 57); §23 in ‘Suibne Recalls his Freedom, and His Wife Eorann’ (p. 58) and; §§4 and 5 in ‘Suibne Recalls How He Came to be Cursed with the Flying Madness’ (p. 62). ‘Suibne in the Trees’ (pp. 60-61) is, according to the author, ‘fairly faithful to one of the 12th-century additions’ (p. 64), referring to §40. However, Batchelor’s approach to that section – and others – is seriously mitigated by the fact that it includes only ten of the sixty seven verses in the originating text and cannot therefore be considered to be an adequate rendering of the totality of the original.

One of Sweeney’s frequent itineraries is described in §44 in O’Keefe’s edition where it relates how he spent six weeks in the cave of Donan in Eigg, which is the recontextualised subject of Alec Finlay’s *Sweeney on Eigg* (Finlay 2014). It is fragmentary, consisting of only c.10 unnumbered pages of A2 text. Its final section contains the lines:

My bidie-in
is the wilderness;

only a thrawn mind
and ragged endurance

have kept me alive,
dragging my flesh
out the blackthorn
into the brambles.

... I swear, I’ll never

come off the mountain
to live again
in the township of men.
You'll never house
Suibhne's feral feelings,
never find me warm
under your cosy duvets.

Something of an ecocritical perspective is taken by John Kinsella in *The Wound* (Kinsella 2020), the title of which appears in §§82 and 83 of the originating text in O'Keefe's translation. The subject with its emphasis on the natural world lends itself to this approach but has not been taken in other creative responses before now, to the best of my knowledge. Kinsella imagines an immortal Sweeney, who has been wandering aimlessly for centuries following on from the curse placed upon him. Describing his objectives, he writes that he has reimagined Sweeney 'suffering as a bird but also bizarrely visionary in a world of warfare and vengeance, emerging out of the wound with visions, epiphanies, revelations, and insistences. The Sweeney poems are entirely my own poems but bounce off the original Irish (anti) epic poem, playing with cycles of motifs and plot mechanisms, with allusions to early Irish poetry in form and gesture' (p. 9). Sweeney like Kinsella, of course, privileges and is sensitive to, the natural world as exemplified in §83b, and has a global perspective, referring as he does to the ridge of the world in §§42 and 82 and the mountains of the brown world in §40 and renounces kingship but it does look as though he has been misappropriated for Kinsella's polemic. The character (or prototype) portrayed by Kinsella in the poems is occasionally recognisable: 'no watercress / to hand' ('Sweeney the Vegan', p. 21); 'They say I am mad, / out of my tree, as I eat / fruits' (p. 22); 'becoming even // more disorientated than he had/over the limitless oceans, where he'd / found himself uttering shouts frighteningly / close to prayers' ('Sweeney's Flight of Exile', p. 33); 'Sweeney can't abdicate because he's renounced kingdoms / and property and borders. His old mates call him 'bird brain'. // He hovers, just hovers. He's lost the art of aerial transversal / He exercised his Irish right of residence in Britannia // to vote 'remain'. ('Sweeney – Bird Brain Dissembler', p. 40) and; 'They are okay with my / having killed holiness, they are okay with my / having been a war-mongering vengeance-seeking royal'. (Sweeney's Last Will and Testament', p. 54). Sweeney here has been recontextualised, politicised and radicalised, an approach that can be said to be effective, interesting and relevant in keeping with more contemporary trends.

Sean Hewitt in *Tongues of Fire* (Hewitt 2020) includes a set of versions of *Buile Suibhne* ... half translations of the original, half inventions of his own. Harry Cochrane, writing in the *Times Literary Supplement*, described them as ‘propulsive little lyrics’ (TLS 16-10-2020, p. 11). Hewitt says of his version of the narrative: ‘When I placed them after the book’s first section, which is set mostly in Sweden (where I lived for some years), the poems from *Buile Suibhne* took on echoes, and the Middle Irish tale came to seem much more queer than it did when it was in its original context. *Suibhne*, at one point, flies to Britain and meets another madman, *Fer Caille*, and the two spend a year caring for each other. *Fer Caille* sings, ‘O *Suibhne*, let’s keep guard/ over each other, now/ that we have found ourselves.’ I thought there was something so beautiful in that – finding another person who didn’t ‘complete’ you (as the old cliché goes) but who let you find yourself; the idea that we become whole in community not by outsourcing ourselves, but by deepening ourselves. Unlike other translations of this text, mine is not complete. Instead, I wanted to lift the lyric moments from the narrative, the moments in which *Suibhne* feels most isolated, most in love, most regretful. In fact, some of the poems are completely invented, and are not translations at all; others are amalgamations of pieces of text which I’ve sewn together in my own way. In one of them, *Suibhne* realises he is dying, and sings a song that walks along the tightrope of love and selfhood:

I used to think
that the chanting of the mountain-grouse
at dawn had more music than your voice,
but things are different now. Still,
it would be hard to say I wouldn’t rather
live above the bright lake, and eat watercress
in the wood, and be away from sorrow.’

<https://www.irishtimes.com/culture/books/se%C3%A1n-hewitt-i-would-give-all-my-poems-to-have-my-father-back-1.4218852>

(*The Irish Times* 23-04-2020)

‘*Suibhne in the Glen*’ (Hewitt 2020: 21-2) like most of the poems, comprises composite pieces with occasional slightly jarring extraneous elements, e.g. ‘trees whose names / were lost between the lips of the men’. ‘*Suibhne Visits Eorann*’ (p. 23) is taken from §§31 and 32 and ‘*Suibhne Goes Over the Sea, etc.*’ (p. 27) from §§49 and 50, where the ending is somewhat spoiled by ‘and so with mournful tears and sweet tears they parted’ (p. 28). The

untitled piece (p. 29) synopsis §63 to the end of the narrative in two short paragraphs and ‘Suibhne is Wounded, and Confesses’ (p. 30) takes extracts from the anaphoric litany in §83. ‘Moling Mourns for Suibhne’ (p. 31) is taken from §85 and ‘Suibhne Dreams of Eorann’ (p. 24) is, one must surmise, in the category of ‘lyric invention’ and bears no relation to the original narrative. Perhaps the most effective resonance is in ‘Suibhne Escapes, and is Set Wandering’ (p. 25) from lines 1152-1159 in §40:

the starry frost will fall
at night onto every pool,
and me left out in it, straying

on the mountain. And then
the herons will be crying
in the cold of Glen Aighle,
and the flocks of birds
will be leaving overhead.

How these versions might be distinguished from or what they might add to the original translation by O’Keefe (on which they are based) or from similar sequences by Joyce (1976), Heaney (1983) and Batchelor (2008) – in descending order of volume and, in my opinion, importance – is difficult to say.

The following responses to the text have appeared in Irish Gaelic: ‘a poem from *Buile Shuibhne* with accompanying gloss’ (O’Leary 1995: 241) by Peadar Mac Fhionnlaoich; S. Ó Laoghaire (1940); the drama, *Ar Aghaidh Leat, a Longadain* by Seán Ó Tuama in 1959 (as well as an essay by him in *The Irish Press* mentioned in Ó Fiannachta 1982: 120); Seán Ó Ríordáin’s poem, ‘In Absentia’, from his collection, *Brosna* (1964), in the lines: ‘Cad is fiú clú is cáil? / Cé bheadh ag éisteacht leat? / Cé thabharfadh breith ar dhán / Is iad go léir amuigh / Ach amháin Suibhne Geilt?’ (Ó Ríordáin 1964: 20); ‘Paidir Eile’ by Ó Fiannachta:

Mo lingí do léimfinn
Le Suibhne ar fud Éireann
Ag scaipeadh an tSoiscéil sin
Le bainne bualtraí mar luach saothair

(1982: 121) and; Cathal Ó Searcaigh’s, ‘Súile Shuibhne’ (1983: 27). Another poem, ‘An Damhsa’ by Ó Searcaigh, who has described himself as ‘a leafy, shapeshifting Sweeney’

contains the lines: ‘Tá an damhsa i mo ghéaga / Damhsa fiáin na ndéaga / Dannsa Buile Shuibhne / Thart ar thine Bealtaine’ (‘The dance is in my limbs / The wild teen dance / The dance of the Frenzy of Sweeney / Around a Beltane Fire’) (Ó Searcaigh 2000: 289), and in ‘Gealach’, he writes of a woman ‘ag tabhairt/brionglóidí buile/do Shuibhne Geilt (giving/frenzied visions/to Mad Sweeney) . Other poems related to Sweeney are the feministic ‘Muirghil ag Cáiseamh Shuibhne’ (Ní Dhomhnaill 1993: 128) and ‘Ar Bhruacha na Bearú’, concerning St Mullins and the Barrow (Brennan 2000: 45-46). These are cited not out of any sense of cohesion but as illustration of the variety of creative responses to an inviting text.

The first full version of the narrative in contemporary Irish is that by Seán Ó Sé (1939-1995), a work completed by his brothers Tomás and Séamas and published in 2010 (Ó Sé 2010). It is an adequate faithful translation, characterised by intratextual hyperdomestication, use of dictionary words sometimes to the point of hyperarchaism, over-translation and prosaic licence. It may also be categorized as a ‘gloss translation’ as ‘the translator attempts to reproduce as literally and meaningfully as possible the form and content of the original’ (Nida 1969, in Venuti 2002: 156). The tale had been interlingually translated by O’Keefe, of course, but Ó Sé’s version is intralingual (if we accept the assumption or premise that Late Middle/Early Modern Irish is not unintelligible to a user of Modern Irish, the receptor language of the text). It may, alternatively, be considered to be a transmodernisation of the text in an earlier form of the language in question. Generally speaking, it is a straightforward retelling of the originating text.

The work is characterised by an admixture of archaisms (retained forms such as ‘dá éis’, ‘eadhon’, etc.) and lexical/verbal choices creating an unnecessary infantilising domestication. Retaining a usage such as ‘donáil’ *per contra* Ó Sé’s verbal choice ‘geoin’ is both a domesticating and foreignising strategy. ‘Fothair is dionn’ in §39 could, I would argue, have been retained by Ó Sé’s instead of his own respective choices, ‘cnoc’ and ‘fearann’, without a significant lack of transparency. The same, however, could be said of the original. (See Ó Béarra 2014: 272). Examples of the strategy where a contemporary usage is needlessly imposed (because, in my opinion, the original usages are intelligible enough) include: §1 – ‘trácht’ (for ‘faisnéis’); §2 – ‘céasadh’ (‘crochadh’), ‘cosaint’ (‘dídean’), ‘ionsaí’ (‘amas’), ‘drochbhéas’ (‘duáilce’), ‘tráth’ (‘ionú’), ‘luaigh’ (‘abair’), ‘ceistigh’ (‘fiafraigh’), ‘talamh’ (‘críoch agus fearann’), ‘torann’ (‘guth’); §3 –

‘mórshuaitheadh’ (‘fearg’), ‘clóca’ (‘brat’); §4 – ‘os a chomhair’ (‘ina fhianaise’), ‘scréach’ (‘éamh’), ‘seirbhíseach’ (‘giolla’); §6 – ‘scaitreamh’ (‘atha’), ‘tráth’ (‘lá’), ‘deonaigh’ (‘de dheoin’); §7 – ‘imigh’ (‘téigh’), ‘theip’ (‘níor fhéad’); ‘stop’ (‘toirmeasc’), ‘uair’ (‘tráth’); §9 – ‘cas’ (‘tarlaigh’), ‘fairis’ (‘ina fharradh’), ‘fonóid’ (‘fochaid’), ‘buille’ (‘urchar’), ‘labhair’ (‘abair’), ‘aithris’ (‘abair’); §11 – ‘buail’ (‘comhraic’), ‘béic’ (‘búir’, ‘gáir’), ‘macalla’ (‘freagairt’), ‘íor’ (‘fraigh’), all the types of madness, ‘fuath’ (‘mioscais’), ‘fonn’ (‘searc’), ‘neamh-mheabhair’ (‘ginideacht’); §12 – ‘talamh’ (‘lár’), ‘coiscéim’ (‘céim’), ‘maolchnoc’ (‘maolshliabh’), ‘móinteán’ (‘móin’), ‘crann’ (‘iúr’), ‘díorma’ (‘buíon’), ‘cur síos’ (‘iomrá’), ‘ait’ (‘iontach’), ‘fios’ (‘dearbh’), ‘mallacht’ (‘eascaine’), ‘scéala’ (‘fios’); §14 – ‘saol’ (‘beatha’); §15 – ‘muinín’ (‘taobh’), ‘crann’ (‘bile’), ‘díorma’ (‘drong’), ‘arm’ (‘slua’), ‘tosaigh’ (‘gabh’), ‘cur síos’ (‘tuarascáil’), ‘duine’ (‘fear’), ‘mallacht’ (‘eascaine’), ‘troid’ (‘cuir’), ‘ógánach’ (‘giolla’), ‘coinne’ (‘aghaidh’), ‘Albain’ (‘rí Alban’), and so on.

Hyperarchaism is employed also, as in, for example: ‘udmhaille’ and ‘anfhoistine’ in §11; ‘biathadh’ in §37; ‘a haithle’ in §41; ‘imtheacht’ in §45 and; ‘go haraile’ in §57. Reading these in conjunction with the domesticating instances cited above creates a disjointed textual experience for the reader. I have quoted at length from the translation to emphasise how it differs from my own methodology for interlingual translation, as detailed in Chapter 3. I illustrate in Chapter 3 also how I have employed judicious archaism and how that differs from Ó’Sé’s approach.

The narrative is creatively interpreted and expanded in *Mé Suibhne* by Feargal Ó Béarra (Ó Béarra 2021), a [reshaping, reimagining and rethinking adapted for contemporary understandings and readers] (p. 138), in the first person singular (rare in itself in prose texts of that period in the language). Whilst most of the prose sections are rendered/transmodernised into contemporary Irish – but not at all without archaism, and unproductive archaism at that – the verse sections do not follow the sequence of the originating text (as was the case with O’Brien 1939). The sequence of the poems in Ó Béarra is §§ 10 (five verses out of seven), 58 (eight verses out of eleven) with 54 (three verses out of five), 19, 32 (ten verses out of thirteen), 27, 29, 36, 38, 67 (eight verses out of nineteen), 73, 43 (thirteen verses out of twenty three), 45 (twenty four verses out of thirty two), 58 (last four verses), 61, 67 (six more verses out of nineteen, with five not rendered), 69, 71, 21, 23, 25 (one verse out of four), 40 (forty verses out of sixty five), 80, and 85.

The poem sections omitted are: 6, 14, 16, 25 (apart from one verse), 34, 47, 52, 56, 75 and 83 (apart from one verse). Two verses out of three from the poem in praise of the hut in Toominver ar given on p. 112. While some of these omitted sections are merely versified reiterations or historical material, and notwithstanding Ó Béarra’s explanations on p. 154, those relating to the dialogue with Allan (‘Ealaíon’ in Ó Béarra) in §47 and the praise of nature and the hermetic life in §83 are, it seems to me, an important part of the text and should as such be included. Other significant omissions are the reduction of the conceptual unit of a ‘fortnight and a month’ to that of a ‘fortnight’ (pp. 55, 80, 81 and 86) and that of Sweeney’s double death (§§78 and 86). Some of the locations given on the map accompanying the text – such as Carraig Alasdair, Cill Ria and, in particular, Críoch Breatan – are questionable also.

Ó Béarra renders strict verse forms, and *deibhidhe* in particular, more adroitly than Ó Sé or the present writer, as well as alliteration and adjectivalism – perhaps to garrulous excess in some of the prose sections – and internal rhyme, and may be considered to be faithful to the original text in terms of form. It is notable that §45 in the rare verse form of *blogbhairdne* is rendered in *Mé Suibhne* in the more generic form of *deibhidhe*. Intertextuality is also included with, for example, the translation of §51 containing elements from §§40 and 77, and elements from §§38 and 78 incorporated in the prose rendering of §§79 and 80. Perhaps the most significant neologism in the text are those of ‘sirtheachas’ (p. 21-) and ‘seachnóineachas’ (p. 140).

The tale is also recounted briefly in Scottish Gaelic (prose and verse) in “Seann Chrònan” from the collection *Sgeulachdan sa Chiaradh* (Caimbeul 2015: 77-80). Sample composite verses 78-79 (from §§83 and 85) compare favourably with, for example, Joyce (1976), Batchelor (2008) and Hewitt (2020), in terms of fidelity to the original and the felicitousness of contemporary natural – not to mention, native – Scottish Gaelic.

Bu mhìlse leam uair
na fuaim glaig rim thaobh
ceileireadh an loin sa bheinn,
bùirich an daimh duinn sa ghailleann.
Ged is mìlse leatsa sa chill ud thall
briathran mìn d’ oileanach,
nas mìlse leamsa agus nas uaisle
fuaim nan con-seilge an Gleann Bholcain.

Agus beannaicht' gun robh gach sruthan fuar
sam fàs am biolair uaine;
beannaichte gach tobair den uisge fhìor-ghlan
air na thadhail Suibhne.

2.2.2 Conclusion

The creative versions emanating in English, Irish and Scottish Gaelic from *Buile Shuibhne* are fragmentary and incomplete, deriving for the most part, from the translation produced by O'Keefe over a century ago. Despite its obvious attractions, it is still awaiting a comprehensive annotated edition with translation and critical commentary. Downum (2007: 82) observes that it is 'open to endless reinventions as the numerous twentieth-century versions of his myth attest', and Sailer (1998: 115) praises its 'inventive translations'. The approach adopted in this current work is an attempt to enlarge and develop those processes.

2.3 Secondary Literature: Academic and critical responses organised thematically

2.3.1 Introduction

Academic responses to *Buile Shuibhne* have been many and varied. In addition to O'Keefe's introduction (1913) as developed by Nagy (1996), the origins, material of *Buile Shuibhne* and the provenance and distribution of the *geilt* have been investigated by authorities such as Chadwick (1942), Carney (1955), Lehmann (1955-56), and Ó Riain (1972). Nagy's comprehensive introduction from 1996 introduces important new material including a development of his discussion the shamanic nature of Sweeney's madness (see also Nagy 1982: 48), the role of the *sacerdos* and that of women. Regarding the origins of the text, this introduction and the work of Ó Béarra (2014), in particular, may now be considered the current authority on the matter of *Buile Shuibhne*, superseding that by Ó Riain (1974), regarding its origins (itself a development of the work of Carney (1955).

2.3.2 Origins

Ó Riain describes the scribal methods employed to bring disparate elements together in a 'coherent and highly artistic composition' (1974: 173), and emphasises the significance of saints' genealogies (p. 183). He quotes Mac Cana's suggestion that the legend originated in the monastery of Bangor (p. 175), and emphasises the clerical influence (p. 188). In the absence of further evidence, and as an indication of the lack of consensus, the tale may

originate variously in Dál Riada, (Jackson 1940, 1953-1954) or in what is now Strathclyde in Scotland (Carney (1955). As regards the material relating to Moling (§§74-86), Ní Dhonnchadha contends that it may relate not to St Mullins but Timolin (2014: 1-39). Lehmann (1955), in attempting to date the text, examines the language of the text and her comprehensive findings, although limited, support the general opinion that the tale is composite in nature. Her work has been developed by Hamilton (1972) and in an unpublished paper by Patricia Kelly, delivered as part of the proceedings of a symposium held at University College Cork (Carey 2014).

2.3.3. Geilt

Ó Riain (1972) also contributes to an understanding of *geilt* (madman) as a type of literary novice (as distinct from a legal entity such as *óinmhid* or *dásachtach*) and, from chronologically disparate sources, tabulates the tropes and motifs of: battlefield experience; loss of lover; taking to the wild; perching on (the tops of) trees; levitation; fleetness; restlessness; hallucinations; sacerdotal intervention; separation from society; and the state of novice as deposed ruler. He also draws on the work of Arnold Van Gennep on rites of passage involving separation, transition and incorporation (p. 205). The method evinced by Ó Riain may be described as comparative thematic literary criticism and has recently been reassessed in terms of mythology and epistemology (Matheson 2019).

Partridge analogises the *geilt* with wailing women and concludes that the *geilt* ‘is a sort of literary archetype, for there is a curious consistency about the picture of the madman in all parts of the tradition which suggests that here we have to do not with descriptions of actual psychotics or neurotics but with a literary theme’ (1980: 25). She adds that ‘Rites of separation cut the person off from his previous status, rites of transition keep him in a sort of limbo as he awaits his new status, and rites of incorporation receive him back into society in his new role’ (p. 35).

Sailer considers the intersections between pagan and Christian beliefs; the avian nature, form and characteristics of Sweeney himself (1997: 192-194); comparison of descriptions of Sweeney’s avian nature (pp. 192-194); the Battle of Moira (pp. 194-196); insanity and Glenbalkan (p. 196); weightlessness (p. 197); flight (pp. 198-200); shamanism (p. 199); levitation (pp. 200-203); Moling (pp. 202-204) and retribution (p. 206). She further examines the significance of places and of the *geilt* as oral poet (1998: 122).

2.3.4 Shamanism

The relationship between paganism – and Neo-pagan reception – as represented through Sweeney and eastern shamanism with specific reference to Russian and Byzantine societies is discussed in Bergholm (2005). In another work by her, she considers the concept of the holy fool, saintly madman or mad novice, as Sweeney is described by clerics in §§80 and 85, for example, and draws analogies with and between the Desert Fathers and the Culdees of ancient Gaelic society. She cites previous works comparing Sweeney’s state with that of the holy madness of ascetics in Eastern practices but finds the comparisons unsatisfactory, as Sweeney’s derangement does not ostensibly involve feigning the fool (Bergholm 2007: 11) or of communal benefit (p. 12), seeing it as a form of ‘divine punishment’ (p. 13), and meriting consideration in relation to a wider paradigm. The analogy is extended by the association of the word *geilt* with grazing and the grazing hermits (*boskoi*) of the Desert. Similarly, aspects of shamanism and certain exotic rituals and cults involving, for example, riding on the back of a young doe in §40 are considered by Bouchet (2008), again with reference to aspects of Russian society and tradition. The shamanistic aspects are also considered by Chadwick (1942); Benes (1960-1961); Ó Riain (1972, 1974); Cohen (1977); Nagy (1982; 1996); Carey (1984); Frykenberg (1984); Sailer (1997); Slavin (2007) and; Eson (2019). Nagy, in particular, examines shamanism with reference to Mircea Eliade (Nagy 1982: 48-51) and the sacerdotal (pp. 51-57). When one considers the overall work of these various commentators, the consensus that emerges is that Sweeney possesses supernatural knowledge and the art of prophecy in common with Ronan §§5, 9 and 63; Allan §50, and Moling §76, etc. My response to the narrative in my own versions employs the literal meaning of ‘supernatural’ as ‘above nature’ as so much of Sweeney’s peregrinations involve flight in an aerial realm above the natural world in, for example, §§15, 49 and 57.

2.3.5 Liminality

Bergholm (2008), in reflecting on the significance of the text, also explores the work of van Genepp and the concept of liminality – separation, transition and incorporation – as well as liminality as a marginal stage before incorporation. Other considerations include, *inter alia*, wildness, *gealtacht* as a journey to the otherworld, and supernatural powers in a sacred environment. Slavin (2007) develops Ó Riain’s work on liminality where the boundary between soul and body is blurred and represented in avian form, liminal

transformation, bird symbolism in native and Christian iterations, Sweeney as an Unholy Wild Man, and divine inspiration.

2.3.6 Analogues

Scholarship on Suibhne Geilt positions him as a descendant of the wild man tradition (Jackson 1940, Ó Riain 1972 and Partridge 1980). He is, more importantly, directly related to the Celtic variation of this theme, which includes Myrddin of Middle Welsh poetry, the Scottish Lailoken (identifiable with the character Allan in §§46-50) who appears in *The Life of St Kentigern*, and Merlin in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Vita Merlini*. Another of Sweeney's *comparanda*, Tuan mac Cairill, is discussed by Carey as a hairy wanderer; his places of refuge and fleeing from people and function as prophet (Carey 1984: 102) and; his regaining his sanity three times as Lynchehaun effected with Sweeney as described in §26, p. 103.

The analogy with Mis who, in another Irish medieval romance goes mad when she finds her father's body after the Battle of Ventry (see 2.2.1) and lives on Slieve Mish (see §21, etc. in *Buile Shuibhne*) as a madwoman (as in §53), is invoked by Bidy Jenkinson in the book-length poem of that name:

ar eadarbhuas
ar bhaothréim siúil
ag lingeadh léimeanna
... go hiúr
...
im ghealt
...
san idirfhásach
idir ghealtacht geilte
is gealtacht duine (Jenkinson 2001: 33).

Chadwick compares Sweeney with John the Baptist in his practising of mortification of the flesh (Chadwick 1942: 109), Sweeney as Coptic Hairy Anchorite is discussed in Frykenberg (1984: 109), and Nebuchadnezzar is discussed in Sayer (1997) in relation to St Paul's Fools for Christ (from 1 Corinthians 4:10), and Matheson (2019: 218) considers James the Penitent and Macarius the Roman. These specific typological analogues help to contextualise the tale, and more general ones such as King Lear (see the discussion of the *Children of Lir* by Carney 1950) and the character in the play thereof, Poor Tom (Heaney

1983: viii), and Yossarian (Heller 1961) enlarge the understanding, it may be argued, of Sweeney's nature, and are invoked in versions that form part of the new iteration of the text. Other less obvious analogues are given in Nagy (1996: 10-19).

2.3.7 Tripartition

Tripartite aspects of the text are considered by Jackson (1940). He concludes that the motif of drowning occasioning the death of the Scottish madman in §50 of *Buile Shuibhne* originates from British tradition. The other aspects covered include 'trí gártha' in §§11 and 48; time 'ar gealtacht' in §26; three residences in §35 and; analogies with Merlin. The last verses uttered by Sweeney, in §83, are as part of a trio (with Moling and Mangan). The subject is also considered in relation to the motif of the three sins motif against the *sacerdos*, the warrior and chastity in Indo-European society formulated by Georges Dumézil (Cohen 1977). In Sweeney's case there are the curse of Ronan, §4 *et seq*; fleeing from battle (§11) and the Moling episode (§§74-87). The three periods of madness are also discussed in Carney (1950). The primary analogy in his study is the *Children of Lir* which he claims is 'based directly' on *Buile Shuibhne* (Carney 1950: 129). The analogous aspects discussed include the epigraph 'duairc an bheatha' which Sweeney utters in §45; the use of the metre known as *blogbairdne*; the assumption or imposition of an avian form; being cursed to have 'goiride saoghail (§83 Sweeney, §69 Lir) is ifreann' and; death caused by husband and wife. Comparison of the two texts forms only a small part of Carney's essay, however, and the resemblances are slightly superficial. Notes are given in Chapter 5 of this dissertation of analogies between the two texts which Carney might also have mentioned, specifically relating to §§3, 15, 25, 26, 28, 48, 61, 62, 67, 68 and 68. Carney also discusses the origins of the specific narrative of Suibhne Geilt, developing Chadwick's understanding (1942) of the *geilt* in Irish (*Buile Suibne*, *Cath Almhaine*, etc.), Welsh and early Norse literature. Frykenberg (1984: 108-109) examines death by drowning as part of the Threefold Death motif. There is a comprehensive bibliography on the subject of tripartition in *Buile Shuibhne* in Nagy (1996: 8).

2.3.8 Conclusion

While a great deal of scholarship exists in respect of this manifestly attractive text, there are obvious lacunae: the composer and date of the tale, as well as the whereabouts of the other manuscripts O'Donovan mentioned in 1842. In addition to this, Neville (2014: 229) makes reference to a translation and commentary of *Buile Shuibhne* by Joseph Vendryès,

and Ó Dónaill (1978: 8) mentions attempting a new arrangement of the tale. Other questions relating to the origins of the work are raised in Sailer (1998: 129). Ó Béarra (2014: 242) notes that ‘The tale awaits a modern-day edition’ and, as has been pointed out, neither the works of Joyce or Heaney are translations of *Buile Shuibhne*, and O’Keefe’s translation ‘uses the English that was current at the turn of the century’ and, accordingly, that the work ‘merits a translation on its own terms, one which would gain immeasurably with the addition of scholarly annotation as well as language that reflects the English language in its current usage’ (Sailer 1998: 128). These are matters which are addressed in other chapters of this thesis.

CHAPTER 3: METHODOLOGY

3.1 Introduction

In this chapter, the methodological processes and strategies – creative, editorial, critical, academic, and theoretical – that have been adopted to provide an innovative version of the text of *Buile Shuibhne* as *Sweeney: An Intertonguing* are categorised and described with examples.

Sweeney: An Intertonguing is a practice-based creative-critical translation of the Late Middle/Early Modern Irish Gaelic prosimetric saga text *Buile Shuibhne*. It takes the form of an edition, in English, Irish and Scottish Gaelic (and, occasionally, a synthetic *lingua gadelica*, discussed in 3.3.1(g)), with textual annotation and analysis. The translated and, in some instances, new texts are presented in Chapter 4 with the annotations and analysis in Chapter 5. Many of the translated pieces – in and from verse and prose, with verse being the predominant form in the text – are in the representative form which I have chosen to call intertonguing (and, in the context of the current work, Sweenese). Intertonguing may, accordingly, be considered to be the theoretical basis for the study and is discussed in 3.2. It may also be considered as an exemplar for use by other translators (as, for example, Giles (2021)). This linguistic approach addresses a common issue, as described by James S. Holmes: ‘A root problem of all translation is the fact that the semantic field of a word, the entire complex network of meanings it signifies, never matches exactly the semantic field of any one word in any other language. It is primarily for this reason that, on the ideal level, all translation is distortion, and all translators are traitors’ (Holmes 1988: 9).

Sweeney: An Intertonguing responds not merely to the originating text but also to previous translated versions, of which there has been a relative abundance for such a short text, (c.18,000 words). Details have been given in Chapter 2 of responses to *Buile Shuibhne* (or, in some cases, of retranslations or responses to translations of the text, and particularly to the literal version by O’Keefe (1931 [1913])), and subsequently to *Sweeney Astray* (Heaney 1983). *Sweeney Astray* is a retranslation, as it is a translation of a work previously translated into the same language, English – by O’Keefe as the first known translation. It may be considered a reasonably adequate or second-hand translation in English verse. It may also be considered to be an indirect translation, based on an existing translation, although in the same language. In *Earning a Rhyme*, Heaney (1989) has described how his

initial response was to the translation and that only subsequently as a process of revision did he devote the same (if not more) attention to the Gaelic text. The trajectory of transposition, as it were, has, therefore, been an interlingual retranslation in the first instance, and translation proper thereafter. The translations by O'Brien (1939, in English), and Ó Sé (2010, intralingually, from the historical variant of Middle Irish to Modern Irish, and also a transmodernisation) are those that respond most directly to the original. The version by O'Brien, while omitting certain not insignificant sections, is, in my opinion, the most faithful and the nearest in spirit to that of the original. This relates in particular to playfulness and linguistic exuberance, examples of which have been cited in Chapter 2. The translator-poet Ciaran Carson compares the 'playful weightiness' of the original, the 'playfulness' of O'Brien, and 'psychological seriousness' of Heaney (Carson 1994: 146). This has all been superseded by Ó Béarra's accurate translation (2021) – intralingually, from Middle to Modern Irish – as discussed in Chapter 2. To distinguish Ó Béarra's work from that of his predecessors, his work may, I think, be considered to be a literary translation and that by Ó Sé to be merely a translation of literature.

3.2 Intertonguing in the context of translation theory

3.2.1 Intertonguing

'Intertonguing' is the literal translation of 'eadar-theangachadh', Scottish Gaelic for 'translation', and it corresponds to the less familiar Irish Gaelic form 'idirtheanga' ('interlanguage'). Intertonguing is a non-normative, idiosyncratic – if not extreme – translation praxis from a fresh perspective. It is an experimental form which I have developed for the purpose of translating (primarily) poetry from Irish and Scottish Gaelic which compensates for – in my opinion – inadequate representation in the receiving language, in as full a translation as possible. This means not having to resort to paratextual material such as glosses or explication or thick translation as advocated by Appiah (2002: 389-401), as discussed in 3.2.8. In other words, a word in Irish or Scottish Gaelic may in many cases, be represented in translation by a composite word with several, sometimes quite disparate, elements in English. A new form of language paradigm is established by the methodology of intertonguing whereby, it may be argued, translation creates, as much as interprets, language. In challenging dominant ideologies, intertonguing also represents a possibility of developing a new model in its receiving culture.

Translations in the form of intertonguing comprise polysemantic lexical items. The fullest translations in this form give in English all (in most cases) the semantic, etymological and auditory elements associated with each (Gaelic) word translated (some with a lot more elements than others) in an analytical expression. The elements – synonyms, homonyms, connotations and associations – of a word in the original are represented in a composite word in English to resonate with or expand the original text. It is important to emphasise that the equivalences given in a multiple English-based translation are not synonyms (unlike in Giles (2021)). The multiple receiving language words are compounded in a syntactic sequence or hierarchy corresponding to content determined creatively by aesthetic, semantic, imagistic, cultural, stylistic, phonemic and other imperatives in context. Long compound English words, of course, are not uncommon in poetry. What is unusual, however, in the case of intertonguing is that the separate elements in the compound have a common origin but are not synonyms of each other, e.g. ‘ni’ (‘washing’ + ‘girl’ + ‘daughter’ + ‘thing’ + ‘knee’) in §32. Where not all the potential lexical definitions or equivalents are given in the intertonguing (e.g. for ‘cuach’, *passim*), what is offered may be categorised as a partial or overlapping translation (Shuttleworth and Cowie 1997: 118) or as facultative equivalence (Bassnett and Lefevere 1990: 81), creating, it must be admitted, some inconsistency. Many Gaelic words, as might be expected, however, have a precise one-word equivalent, and as such may be categorized as monosemes. Such words have a single denotation without multiple connotation. In such cases in the current work, the originating language word is translated by one receiving language word, (e.g. ‘death’ for ‘bás’ in §78 of *Buile Shuibhne*) in a direct concordance of terminology.

As a process of translation, intertonguing is neither primarily formal nor dynamic. It is ‘content-derivative’ and ‘deviant’ (Holmes 1988: 27), creative, and simultaneously a reinforcement and a subversion (meaning both an abuse and an inferior rendering) of the originating text. It is, however, formal in the sense that I have preserved in my version such indicators as punctuation and breaks. The version is both direct (from the Middle Irish), indirect (from versions in English/Irish), intralingual (from one form of Irish to another and one form of Gaelic to another, as well as *lingua gadelica*), and interlingual (from Gaelic to English as well as from English to Gaelic).

The variant polysemantic forms of a single word relate also to the theme of shape-shifting throughout the narrative. This relates to Sweeney’s translocation (which also has a

linguistic connotation) and crossing of frontiers from, for example, Tyrconnell to Bannagh in §20, or the wide sea in §46, and his assumption of avian or bestial forms. It might also be said that this shape-shifting and language shift correspond to the different aesthetic or intellectual levels of the texts and, in particular, the poems. The constant revision of the text on my part, as translator, creator and editor mediating between (a) two texts and, (b) text and notional readership, may also be considered a form of shape-shifting. In the version I have devised of the sequence, Sweeney is presented as being bipolar, bisexual (having relations with his wife Erin, and males such as Allan and Moling), bi-religious (pagan and Christian), and polylingual (in English, Irish and Scottish Gaelic). As regards gender, it is noteworthy that the Irish noun ‘geilt’ < ‘gealt’ (madman) is feminine. In addition, the ludic possibilities – and those for irreverence – afforded by intertonguing, both of which are relevant, I believe, to *Buile Shuibhne*, are considerable.

The basic rationale for intertonguing the text is the inadequacy, in my opinion, of versions that have appeared before. In addition to this: (a) a full and corrected critical edition of the text is needed, and (b) notional norms – as described by Toury (1980: 51-62) – rules and expectations change and texts age. I have, accordingly, adopted an expedient patent solution to what I have identified as a need. For all the abuses and subversions, however, I have been faithful to the original text with no loss of meaning, in a sort of ‘reverent emulation’ (Davie 1975: 102), motivated partly by the extent to which other versions deviate from it. My version may be said, accordingly, to contain fidelity and abusiveness simultaneously.

The methods which I employ in *Sweeney: An Intertonguing* – intertonguing and, to a lesser extent, *lingua gadelica* – seem to be without precedence, unless one considers constructions employed by Foley (1985), examples of which are presented in Chapter 2, as establishing a priority and prefiguring intertonguing/Sweenese. These, however, probably do not represent a conscious attempt at experimenting with the sort of expression created by intertonguing, but the similarity is worth noting. It is certainly underdeveloped and was not further pursued as a translation strategy by Foley.

More recently, the verse novel *Deep Wheel Orcadia* by Harry Josephine Giles employs a technique similar to intertonguing for the Scots dialect of Orcadian, with, in the poem ‘Astrid docks’, ‘tirlan’ rendered as ‘turntwistwhirlspinning’, ‘teddert’ as

‘ropemoormarried’, ‘trang’ as ‘fullactiveintimate’ (Giles 2021: 3) and so on. In this case, however, the similarity between the words from the originating and receiving texts is transparent, and the elements in the translated version seem much nearer in sense to each other – because of the relationship between Orcadian, Scots and English – than do those in a typical intertonguing construction. The author acknowledges in the accompanying notes that ‘the combinatory translation method [is learned] from Rody Gorman’ (Giles 2021: 165).

Intertonguing conveys the sense of language better than translation (literally, ‘transferring’) but as ‘eadar-theangachadh’ it does pose difficulties of its own. As an instance, ‘interlingual/intralingual translation’ would be, in Scottish Gaelic, ‘eadar-theangachadh eadar-theangach/eadra-theangach’ which is clearly absurd. Regard should also be given that interlanguage is also used as a synonym for translationese (Shuttleworth 1997: 81), and a transition between originating and receiving language (Toury 1980: 71). By situating intertonguing more fully within the body of research on translation theory, I believe it will make a significant transferable and adaptable addition to the discipline as a permanent reference for subsequent users.

An illustrative example of intertonguing/Sweenese is given here, from §1:

‘Aboutlike the daily circumstances of Sweeney, the son of Coleman Corr, king of Dalaradia, we have already given a pre-account (in the Battle of Moira) of his going fannelflutterloitering and full-on floathovering in catbattalionbattle. Here is the fightingcrycause and motivereason that the plentydeservingnoble-personsymptoms and phrasetricks of frenzydistractionfooling and full-on floathovering came underabout him beyond the everypersonrest in common and what garnermethappened him west-thereafter’.

The concept of intertonguing is further explored in individual instances in the textual commentary in Chapter 5.

3.2.2 Intertonguing and translation theory

As writing a doctoral dissertation by the mode of creative artefact is necessarily restrictive both in terms of the word count allowable for commentary and the space available to engage in analysis, I have had to curtail the range of translation theorists on whose work I

have been able to draw. I have included consideration, therefore, of a limited number of authorities only as part of this chapter and have used these works as a basis for analysing some of my own creative processes, as detailed further in the commentary in Chapter 5.

Intertonguing is, as per Lawrence Venuti, a type of ‘resistant translation’ which uses ‘forms that are not frequent in the target language’ (Venuti, in Pym 2010: 21). This resistancy ‘involves including unidiomatic usage and other linguistically and culturally alienating features in the translated text so as to create the impression of foreignness’ (Shuttleworth 1997: 144). Intertonguing, as per W. V. Quine, formulates ‘a new set of correspondences which would challenge the one which had been traditionally accepted’ (Quine 1959, in Shuttleworth 1997: 74). The resultant unfamiliar forms may accordingly also be described as ‘translation-specific lexical items’ (Toury 1977, in Venuti 2002: 210). Intertonguing also corresponds to Toury’s description of a translation that ‘is made into a model language’ which ‘may eventually carve a niche for itself’ (Toury 1997, in Venuti 2002: 210).

3.2.3 Lefevere and poetological manipulation

Of the seven paradigms described by Lefevere (1975), the following, as will be demonstrated in later commentary, are employed in *Sweeney: An Intertonguing*: phonemic; literal (Holmes (1988: 31) questions this designation and proposes the alternative form ‘lexical translation’); metrical; prose; verse and; version. In addition to these typologies, Lefevere proposes a blueprint, and intertonguing is an attempt – or essay – on my part to introduce another such blueprint. Lefevere says that ‘particular emphasis must be given to the fact that the translator has to replace all the variations contained in the source text by their equivalents’ (Lefevere 1975: 95). The use of the plural number in this context is of particular relevance to *Sweeney: An Intertonguing*. Intertonguing, in the context of Lefevere’s work, may be considered to be a new paradigm or strategy enhancing the poetics of the receiving system (Lefevere 1992: x), and as a target norm and ‘innovatory translational norm’ (Even-Zohar, in Venuti 2002: 202). There is, in addition to the typologies described in 1975, Lefevere’s formulation and consideration of refraction (later ‘rewriting’) (Lefevere, in Venuti 2002: 252): ‘It is through translations combined with critical refractions (introduction, notes, commentary accompanying the translation, articles on it) that a work of literature produced outside a given system takes its place in that “new” system ... nothing is ever new; the new is a combination of various elements

from the old, non-canonised, imports from other systems and the poetics of the receiving system and poetological manipulation' (Lefevere, in Venuti 2000: 253).

3.2.4 Holmes and metapoetry

In the matter of the specific translation of poetry, which forms the greater part of *Sweeney: An Intertonguing*, James M. Holmes considers verse translation as a metaliterary form (metapoetry). As Edward Genzler observed 'Holmes argued that verse translation is different from other forms of commentary or metalanguage because it uses the medium of verse to aspire to be a poem in its own right. While verse translation is a kind of metaliterature because it comments upon and interprets another text, it also generates a new corpus of metaliterature about its own literariness' (Genzler (2001: 92). Holmes himself says that 'there are some translations of poetry which differ from all other interpretive forms in that they have the aim of being acts of poetry ... it might be if for this specific literary form, with its double purpose as meta-literature and as primary literature, we introduced the designation "metapoem" (Holmes1970: 93). (Holmes acknowledges its prior usage in another sense by John MacFarlane in 1953 (Holmes 1988: 31). *Sweeney: An Intertonguing* may be considered to be a metapoem. Genzler (2001: 96) also says that Holmes 'argued that translation establishes a hierarchy of correspondences, dependent upon certain initial choices, which in turn predetermine subsequent moves'. The translator 'casts the metapoem into a form that is in no way implicit in either the form or the content of the original' (Genzler 2001: 96). It is, he says, 'deviant' (Homes 1988: 27). Holmes (1988: 11) has also written: 'It is frequently said that to translate poetry one must be a poet. This is not entirely true, nor is it the entire truth. In order to create a verbal object of the metapoetic kind, one must perform some (but not all) of the functions of a critic, some (but not all) of the functions of a poet, and some functions not normally required of either critic or poet. Like the critic, the metapoet will strive to comprehend as thoroughly as possible the many features of the original poem ... the literary traditions of the source culture, and the expressive means of the source language. Like the poet, he will strive to exploit his own creative powers, the literary traditions of the target culture, and the expressive means of the target language to produce a verbal object'. If metapoetry may also be considered to mean poetry written about writing poetry, the piece 'An Saothar Mór' in §22, for example, may be considered to be a metapoem (as well and as much as its commentary).

3.2.5 Lewis and abusive fidelity

Philip Lewis proposes a type of translation that ‘tampers with usage, seeks to match the polyvalencies or plurivocalities ... of the original by producing its own’ (Lewis 1985: 41). This is an adequate description of Sweenese except that it abuses in a way not described by Lewis (or Derrida before him). As a transgressive translation practice, it ‘acknowledges the abusive, equivocal relationship between the translation and the foreign text and eschews the prevailing fluent strategy in order to imitate in the translation whatever features of the foreign text abuse or resist dominant cultural values in the foreign language ... we can glimpse the possibility of an experimentalism in which the translator works with various aspects of the translating language, not only lexicon and syntax ... the resulting strategy might be called *resistancy*’. By abusive fidelity, Lewis ‘means that the translator seeks to reproduce those very features of the foreign text that “abuse” or resist the prevailing forms ... in the receiving culture, thereby allowing the translator to be faithful to aspects of the source text’. Lewis might have anticipated intertonguing when he notes: ‘integration that is achieved escapes, in a vital way, from reflection and emerges in an experimental order, an order of discovery, where success is a function not only of the immense paraphrastic and paronomastic capacities of language, but also of trial and error, of chance. The translation will be essayistic, in the strong sense of the word’ (Lewis 1985: 41). ‘Abusive fidelity can be achieved by various strategies of resistancy worked by various formal techniques, but more often than not the techniques surface accidentally as possibilities are tested, their effects evaluated only after the fact, when rationalization occurs’ (Venuti 1995: 296).

3.2.6 Appiah and thick translation

Kwame Anthony Appiah’s writing on thick translation follows that of the anthropologist Clifford Geertz’s development of thick description. Appiah writes of an object-text (in Venuti 2002: 395) and ‘a different notion of a literary translation; that, namely, of a translation that aims to be of use in literary teaching; and here it seems to me that such “academic” translation, translation that seeks with its annotations and its accompanying glosses to locate the text in a rich cultural and linguistic content, is eminently worth doing. I have called this “thick translation”’ (Venuti 2002: 399). Thick translation refers to the translation act during which translators seek, through interpretations, supplementations, explications, annotations, glossaries, foreword or/and afterword, to locate the text in a rich cultural and linguistic context. While these practices are not new, the concept of thick

translation has not been expressed in those terms previously. This accounts for certain practices in the commentary in Chapter 5. The thickness lies in the extra-textual interpretations and explanations, not in the text proper. In Sweeney, the lexical thickness of the translation is in the receiving text and is not dependent on paratextual data.

3.2.7 Translator-poetry

By translator-poetry, I mean translation of poetry by (non-linguist) translator-poets, that is to say, translators who are poets, and poets who are translators, if they are not necessarily one and the same thing. Robert Lowell, for example, as a poet-translator is more poet than translator, however, and the opposite applies to, for example, James S. Holmes. There does seem to be a general lack of coincidence between the work of translator-poets and translation theory and Daniel Weissbort's *Translating Poetry* (Weissbort 1989) has a distinct shortage of writing by translator-poets.

In a description of proper translation of poetry, Jackson Mathews (1959, in Venuti 2002: 158) states: 'One thing seems clear: to translate a poem whole is to compose another poem. A whole translation will be faithful to the *matter*, and it will 'approximate the form' of the original; and it will have a life of its own, which is the voice of the translator'. Ultimately, the translation of poetry is 'a re-creation, not a reproduction' (Lattimore 1959, in Venuti 2002:161) and this is something which informs *Sweeney: An Intertonguing* also. It is worth bearing in mind, however, as per Peter Newmark that 'no general theory of poetic translation is possible and all a translation theorist can do is to draw attention to the variety of possibilities and point to successful practice' (Newmark 1988: 166).

Walter Benjamin (in Venuti 2002: 79) writes 'Not even literary history suggests the traditional notion that great poets have been eminent translators and lesser poets have been indifferent translators ... As translation is a mode of its own, the task of the translator, too, may be regarded as distinct and clearly differentiated from the task of the poet' and that 'Fidelity in the translation of individual words can almost never fully reproduce the meaning they have in the original. For sense in its poetic significance is not limited to meaning, but derives from the connotations conveyed by the word chosen to express it' (Benjamin, in Venuti 2002: 80).

It should be borne in mind that poets when translating poetry, by which I mean not of their own composition but often canonical, or classical texts, as much as a development of their own work as a development of the originating text and as such the receiving text should be considered as much as literature as translation (Venuti 2002: 158).

Translations in the main by translator-poets may also be variously described as out-takes (Seamus Heaney, as in “Sweeney Revidivus”, an enlargement of *Sweeney Astray*); cover versions (Gearóid Mac Lochlainn); versions (Don Paterson); overdrafts (Basil Bunting); imitations (Robert Lowell, as distinct from this formulation as described by Lefevere); Scots owersettins; French *traduction*; variation; reversal; Michel Garneau’s tradaptations; Valerio Magrelli and *aistriú/flitting*; remix; mash-up; subversion and; transformation (Barbara Goodard *et al.*) In adopting intertonguing, I am consciously positing intertonguing for comparison with that of these and other translator-poets as a creative strategy. Intertonguing, however, differs from all these practices and is something I consider to be my own innovative and unique contribution to (literary) translation generally.

3.3 Editorial approach

Consideration is given here to editorial aspects, to emphasise that part of a creative-critical response and edition. Creative elements are presented as the text(s) in Chapter 4 and critical elements in Chapter 5.

3.3.1 Methodology for texts

The text follows the structure of the original in numbered sections of prose or verse from §1 to §87 inclusive. Titles are given to the sections in verse, and prefaced by a bracketed reference to the relevant *dramatis persona(e)*. This section from (a) to (o) represents an attempt at codification of the various elements and typologies presented in the texts.

All sections from 1-87 are translated, those in prose predominantly in intertonguing into English only (as prose). Sometimes, through subjective aesthetic and interpretive choices and preferences, and formal decisions by myself as individual translator, text is translated into English versification with elements of intertonguing. The first instance of this is ‘A Fair Man’, in §2. It may also be rendered into Gaelic verse (as, in the first instances, ‘An Clèireach agus an Dòbhran’, §5, in Scottish Gaelic, and ‘Cathanna’, and §11, in Irish

Gaelic). All the sections in verse have been rendered in verse in a form of Gaelic and sometimes, as an enlargement of the text when in a form of English also (as in ‘Curse’, in §11). On the subject of decision-making, Vilen Komissarove (in Baker and Sanfhana 2009: 253) says that a ‘translator’s decision-making process may seem subjective and intuitive, but it is ultimately governed by correlated linguistic and cognitive patterns in the source and target languages’. As a purely creative strategy, I have rendered the prose sections in intertonguing (1) to illustrate an application of that translation practice, and (2) to avoid some of what I consider to be unseemly archaisms, as appear, for example, in the work of Ó Sé 2010, as detailed in Chapter 2.

3.3.1(a) Section in prose rendered as intertonguing

For those numbered sections in prose in the originating text, the (English-language) intertonguing is presented in the form of prose or an untitled prose poem as centred text. The first instance of this is in §1. In this and in all other cases, the texts are presented in Chapter 4 and relevant commentary in Chapter 5.

3.3.1(b) Section in verse rendered as intertonguing

In the case of numbered sections in verse in the originating text – from §6 onwards – there is no instance of such versed sections being rendered into intertonguing without having first been translated into Modern Irish or Scottish Gaelic or a synthesised form of both or in another category itemised below as the version in the receiving text. Such translations may be considered to be either interlingual (from Irish to Irish/Scottish Gaelic) or transmodernisations (from Late Medieval/Early Modern to Modern Irish). In such cases the intertonguing of the poemed or lineated version is presented in the form of a prose poem – or, perhaps, prosaic poem – as justified text. Titles are given to the versions of the verse sections, both in the version in Irish/Scottish Gaelic, etc. and the intertonguing thereof, the first instance of which is from §6.

3.3.1(c) Poemed version (with or without intertonguing)

Certain sections or parts of sections in prose in the originating text have been rendered in the form of verse in the receiving text. This practice, as indicated in 3.2.5, has been described by Lefevere (in Venuti 2000: 253) as ‘poetological manipulation’. Where such versified – or Ersified – versions of prose text are in Irish (as in, as the first example, ‘Tadhall’ in §12) or Scottish Gaelic (as in, as the first example, ‘An Clèireach agus an

Dòbhran’ in §5), an intertonguing of the entire sectional receiving text is also presented. In sections where the versified version is in English (as in ‘A Fair Man’ in §2), there is no accompanying intertonguing. In that case, however, the poemed version may contain elements of intertonguing and such versions may be considered to be more or less conventional translations as part of a section of intertonguing. The poemed version may render the section in its entirety (as in ‘Regaelia’ in §8, in English intertonguing) or in part (as in ‘My Will’ in §5). This practice has been adopted in *Sweeney Astray*, the first instance of which relates to §8 (Heaney 1983: 16).

3.3.1(d) Direct translation

Certain sections in the form of verse in the originating text have been rendered in verse in the receiving text, as in, as the first complete example, ‘Young Men’ in §14. This category also includes versions of versions, as in the Scottish Gaelic version in §35 ‘Snàthad a’ Chridhe’ of the poem ‘Heart’s Needle’ by W. D. Snodgrass (<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/42794/hearts-needle>), which itself is a reasonably faithful version of part of the sectional text (as well as part of §36). The literal translations are formal, and those in intertonguing dynamic (Nida 1964) or functional (de Waard and Nida 1986), as in e.g. §34. In such cases, both versions are given for comparison and also as an attempt at emulation of versions by others. Poems, it seems to me, can generate multiple, valid translations, no two of them equal and none of them perfect.

3.3.1(e) Phonemic translation

Phonemic or homophonic translations in this sequence attempt to recreate the sounds, rhythm and syntax of the originating language in the receiving language in a phonic parallelism without trying to transfer the meaning. Commenting on this, Gentzler (2001: 94) says that ‘phonemic translation ... shatters meaning’. Examples of this phonic parallelism occur in ‘Ogie’ (§14), ‘O So Rosemary!’ (§34) and ‘Unwilling Howl’ (§38). In all such cases there is a translation (into Gaelic, *lingua gadelica*, etc.) of the originating text, and an intertonguing. There are also several instances of individual lexical items being represented phonemically, as noted in this commentary. Sweeney’s name is also rendered phonemically: Swine, Sivna, Senna, Suibhre and so on.

3.3.1(f) Recursive/round-trip translation and *Variae lectiones*

In certain instances, the receiving text, in Gaelic or whichever language applies, has been translated back (i.e. in back-translation) into the originating language as intertonguing. Such translations are also called additional instances, as distinct from prime instances, as a description of the originating text (see Raymond van den Broeck in Gentzler 2001: 97), and intralingual back-formation (Wolfram Wiulss, in Gentzler 2001: 63). Examples of this type include (in Scottish Gaelic) ‘Gun Fhois’ in §14 (from Joyce 1976: 21), and ‘Spailpean’ in §34 (Heaney 1983: 33) and ‘Mis’ An-diugh!’ (Heaney 1983: 38). Translations of this type may also be considered to constitute the form of *varia lectio*, which I have also used for versions by myself such as ‘Dán Doiligh’, in §10. Sweeney’s mad career is also, in a sense, a round trip also. It takes him from the ecclesiastical site of Ronan’s church (where he kills one of the cleric’s subordinates) to that of Moling’s community (where he is killed by one of the cleric’s subordinates), and to several others in between. And he frequently returns to Glenbalkan, as well as other locations such as Rossberry, Erin’s house, Figile, Slieve Aughty and Slemish.

3.3.1(g) *Lingua gadelica*

Lingua gadelica is a synthetic and macaronic form of language which I have devised that combines elements of both Scottish and Irish Gaelic in a single (PanGaelic) text, sometimes in alternate lines. I first employed it in book form in *Tóithín ag Tláithín-teacht* (2004) and subsequently in *An Duilleog agus An Crotal* (2004) and *Flora From Lusitania* (2005). This, I believe, represents a contribution to translation practice, as it increases the range and understanding of both languages involved. This praxis is first employed in *Sweeney: An Intertonguing* in ‘Mo Bheannacht is Mo Mhallachd’ in §6. These synthetic versions are then rendered into intertonguing in the same way as if they were discrete Irish or Scottish Gaelic texts with no elements of the alternative form of Gaelic language. Wilson McLeod says of this praxis: ‘Rody Gorman has striking practices ... he uses a sort of hybrid ... which mixes aspects of the Scottish and Irish forms in the same poem and even in the same line ... The poet moves back and forth between the two forms of Gaelic, using not just words and phrases not found in the other form ... but also, little things such as variation in the use of accents and aspiration or lack of aspiration’ (McLeod 2020, translated). The narrative referent of *lingua gadelica* is, it need hardly be said, that Sweeney’s peregrinations take him to both Ireland and Scotland.

3.3.1(h) Interlingual and intralingual translation

Roman Jakobson defines an interlingual translation, or translation proper, as ‘an interpretation of verbal signs by means of some other language’ (Jakobson 1959, in Venuti, 2002: 139). In the context of *Sweeney: An Intertonguing*, an interlingual translation means a translation into English or Scottish Gaelic from the originating language of Late Medieval/Early Modern Irish. An intralingual translation is defined by Jakobson as ‘an interpretation of verbal signs by means of other signs of the same language’ (Jakobson 1959, in Venuti 2002: 139). In the current context, it may be taken as meaning a translation into Modern Irish. However, as the originating text contains elements not necessarily familiar to a notional contemporary Irish Gaelic readership and may be, therefore, as much foreign as native, aspects of such translations may also be considered to be interlingual and horizontal, representing a temporal and linguistic resistant difference between Middle Irish and Modern Irish. (See Gianfranco Folena, in Shuttleworth and Cowie 1997: 71). Both these types of translation are employed throughout the sequence and are noted as such in the commentary. Certain archaic forms have been retained (although not, I submit, to the extent of those in Ó Sé 2010, as described in Chapter 2). Lawrence Venuti says: ‘A translator can signal the foreignness of the foreign text ... by using a discursive strategy that deviates from prevailing discourses (e.g. dense archaism as opposed to transparency dependent on current standard usage)’ (Venuti 2001: 125). Archaisms retained by me – such as, in the first instance, ‘ó’ (in the sense of ‘when’) and ‘feithid’ (in the sense of ‘beast’) in ‘Cathanna’ in §11, are, however, to be found in current dictionaries. Such dictionary words, are usually marked as literary, archaic or obsolete, but are not wholly unintelligible. In a sense, such archaism may also be considered to be an epical device or contrivance, in diction refined and elevated for the level of an epic text, (while *Buile Shuibhne* does have epical properties, it may be more accurate to categorise it as an epyllion). It might be argued that in (technically) definitely endangered languages such as Irish, its entire lexicon is becoming obsolete, archaic and literary.

3.3.1(i) Intertextual and intratextual borrowing

Textual and lexical borrowings are an aspect of both the originating text and the text of *Sweeney: An Intertonguing*, and are noted as such in the commentary. An intertextual borrowing is one made from an external text, such as the borrowings from Nèill (1974) in ‘An Clèireach agus an Dòbhran’ in §5. An intratextual borrowing, employed more frequently, is when a receiving text includes elements from another section of the

originating text. By combining these elements, a composite text may be produced, as discussed in relation to, for example, §§78, 79, 83 and 85 in 2.2.1.

3.3.1(j)

Recontextualisation

This category applies to versions of, for example, ‘Encounter’ by Czesław Miłosz (not included in the dissertation) where the elements in the originating text are placed in the context of the receiving text as though they had derived from *Buile Shuibhne* and not, as is the case, from the poem translated, using what Lefevre calls ‘analogous illocutionary devices’ (Lefevre 1992: 19). This also corresponds to what Holmes (1988: 37) calls ‘re-creative translation’.

3.3.1(k) Interpolation

Examples of this include material supplementary but relevant to the originating text in ‘Mo Dhealbh’ in §14 in the French of Natalie Stalmans (1999), and Spanish of Khelil respectively.

3.3.1(l) Song-poems

Songs and poems were, to a large extent, undifferentiated in both Irish and Scottish Gaelic tradition. As they rely on the use of often strict metre and rhyme for their aesthetic effect, they are untranslated here as songs (or anything else). The first instance in this sequence is the macaronic song ‘Èigh’, in §4. Other auditory stratagems are the use of vocables – more common in Scottish than in Irish Gaelic – using a verbal medium that is articulate in terms of emotion without denotative or semantic significance.

3.3.1(m) Onomastic flourishes

Onomastic, and specifically toponymic (reinforcing the significance of place-names to the narrative, some of which are not found in any other source) flourishes represent one of the literary stylistic conventions adopted in the originating text and appear in, for example, §§ 41, 44, 59 and 77.

3.3.1(n) Composite MS elements

Certain sections include elements not found in O’Keefe’s version – in other words, not found in MS B IV I (O’Duigenan) – except as notes, deriving, therefore from either 23

K44 (Mac Muirghiosa) or Brussels 3410 (O'Clery). Examples of this type are to be found in: §§2, 3, 7, 9, etc. and are noted as such in the commentary.

3.3.1(o) Footnotes

Footnote 1 to §12 in O'Keefe has been rendered in verse as 'Gluais an Chléirigh, 1629'/'O'Cleary's Clerical Gloss, 1629', and the poem 'San Imeall'/'Marbhan'/'In the Margin' in §39 derives from note 1 in O'Keefe relating to that section. As footnotes they are not, strictly speaking, part of the originating text but have been redeployed as part of the receiving text.

3.4 Methodology for commentary

The commentary in Chapter 5 describes the translation methods, strategies and procedures that have been adopted and any translation problems that have arisen, as well as critical annotations and analytical commentary. The text does lend itself to critical theory but only, I believe, to a limited extent. Historical aspects might be considered under cultural materialism, for instance, or Sweeney's fortunes under psychoanalytic criticism. Sweeney's evocation of nature – in, §40, for example – as one co-existing biophilically as a forager within it (with deer, for instance) might be addressed according to the orientation of ecocriticism. Matters of form might be addressed in relation to linguistic criticism – such as the use of transposed speech in 'he said he never would' in §15. The wider context of the tale – for example, as part of what is known as the *Cycle of Kings* – with intertextual connections and recurrences, might be considered in terms of structuralism. The multiple, sometimes incongruous meanings and significations of certain words, suggesting unconscious aspects of the text, might prompt a poststructuralist approach.

However, I have used the practice of close analysis – if not ultra close-up reading – or explication as the theoretical basis for the commentaries, in a literary-historical context. Explication, interpretation and close reading enhance the thickness of the translation as discussed in 3.2. It is worth noting that 'Literary translation is often viewed as a form of close reading/explication' (Gentzler 2001: 11).

The commentaries include, where relevant, factual and contextual information indicating sources and analogues examined. The work is thick, in the sense applied by Appiah, therefore, inasmuch as the texts, where applicable, have an explication and interpretation.

The texts are preceded by an inventory in Anglicised form of *dramatis personae* to whom narrative is ascribed and each section of text is preceded with an indication in brackets of such *dramatis personae*. The initial narration is by a covert recorder, the Unstable Narrator, as a variant of the Unreliable Narrator, and the instability corresponds to Sweeney's changeable psychological nature and the changeable nature of language(s) throughout the sequence.

3.4.1(a) Titles

Titles of poems are not insignificant – on the contrary, they are literally significant and may be considered as part of the creative interpretation. Titles as such do not form part of the originating text (apart from the title of the whole work) or any translations (Joyce 1976 may be considered a version as distinct from a translation) although Heaney (1998: 191-211) has a satisfactory composite piece – discrete but untitled and un-numbered – in prose and verse entitled 'Sweeney in Flight'. In the version forming the subject of this study, titles are given for sections or parts of sections in verse in upper case and bold type, and reference is also made to number. Reference is made to prose sections by number only. The titles may be in the form of direct textual borrowing (e.g. 'A Bhean a Bhainneann an Biolar', §43), intertonguing ('Brightlightsatin and Sergesilk', §35), connotation ('Dán Doiligh', §10) or 'Soldier's Heart', §11), or word association 'Regaelia', §8 or 'Rí-rá', §17).

3.4.1(b) Publication history

In the case of published material, publication details are cited, as follows, for example:

§8 'Regaelia', published as 'Smoothshining Studbeadbuttons' in *Poetry Review* 102:4, December 2012.

3.4.1(c) Place-names

Placenames, as mentioned in 3.3.1(i), are an important element of the text. Writing on the subject, Francesco Benozzo says: 'Considering only the cases in which place-names are mentioned, Suibhne changes places 37 times, and every new place coincides usually with the beginning of a new part in prose. This indicates that they have a structural narrative purpose' (Benozzo 2004: 121-122).

In the essay 'Untapped Sources' by Caoimhghín Ó Brolcháin, it is claimed that 'Few of the 147 place-names used in the saga can be identified today.' (Ó Brolcháin 1997: 15), and

many are recorded on <https://iso.ucc.ie/Buile-shuibhne/Buile-shuibhne-names.html> as ‘not identified’. This in itself is indicative, I think, of a certain toponymic creativity on the part of the text’s scribe(s). My researches have enabled the possible disclosure of some of these unidentified names, including the Barr Mouth, Black Head, Byrneshill, Carn Hill, Carnearney, Clashacrow, Duffy’s Falls/Falls of Duich, Galey, Glanworth, Lough Dollard, Pennyburn and Slievenanee. Other names are based on informed and/or imaginative speculation. Generally speaking, placenames have been Anglicised.

In addition to all this, I have also toponymised, as it were, elements in the originating text corresponding to official placenames (as a sort of creative academic exercise), mainly by reference to the on-line resource www.logainm.ie. Examples of this practice include the flourish in §12 and the rendering of ‘críoch’ and ‘fearann’ (both in normalised orthography) as Creagh and Farran respectively in §3. Other instances are referenced in the commentary in Chapter 5.

3.4.1(d) Personal names

Personal names have been familiarised into an Anglicized form, e.g. Erin (from §3), Allan (§48), and Enda McBracken (§79). This familiarisation offers creative, not to say ludic, possibilities as in the case of the names of the various erenaghs’ wives encountered in the text.

3.5 Summary

In this chapter a description has been given of the methodologies employed with regard to the research in this study. An initial reiteration of the research topic is followed by a description of the primary methodology to be employed in translation, namely that of intertonguing or Sweenese. The organising structure of the sequence and the differing categories of intertonguing are then individually described with citation or quotation, some of which relate to material which, although part of the sequence of *Sweeney: An Intertonguing*, do not form part of this dissertation. Reference is then made to relevant translation theory and the work of authorities, supplementing the literature review in Chapter 2, and how this work has been utilised as part of the process of presenting and analysing the creative product. Finally, a methodology is described for the analytical commentary in Chapter 5 accompanying the texts which form Chapter 4. In Chapter 4 results of the methodologies described in this chapter are presented.

CHAPTER 4: TEXTS

SWEENEY'S SUPERNATURAL POETRY-INSPIRING REVELATION VISION FRENZY

Dramatis Personae

The Unstable Narrator

Sweeney's Men

Ronan Finn

Sweeney Gelt

Donald Mackay

Columba

Congall McScanlon

Lynchehaun

Hag of the Mill

Erin

Mrs. McInerney

Fing Shang Findalay

Allan

The Women of Erin

The Five Heads

O'Cleary, the Clerk, Sexton

and Altar-boy from Cape Clear

Moling

Muriel

Moira

Enda McBracken

Mangan

Sweeney's retinue

Cleric

Deranged ex-king

King of Ireland

Gaelic saint

King of Ulster

Sweeney's half-brother

Lynchehaun's mother-in-law

Sweeney's estranged wife

Steward's wife

Wife of steward Forbes Forde-Daly

Scottish lunatic

Hoodlums from the Fews

Cleric

Mangan's wife

Mangan's sister

Church warden

Moling's swineherd

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

1

Dála Shuibhne Mhic Cholmáin Chuair, rí Dhál Araidhe, d'fhaisnéis muid romhainn (i gCath Mhaigh Rath) a dhul ar fáinneáil agus ar foluain i gcath, seo ann fachain is tucaid trína tháingadar na hairíonna is na habairtí fualaing is foluana sin faoi siúd thar chách i gcoitinne is *to hell with that for a game of soldiers*. So that's some of the stories and of the goings-on of Sweeney, the son of MacColman from Corr, king of Dalnaria so far. *Finis*.

BILLY SWEENEY ON SHOW HERE!

1

Aboutlike the daily circumstances of Sweeney, the son of Coleman Corr, king of Dalaradia, we have already given a pre-account (in the Battle of Moira) of his going fannelflutterloitering and full-on floathovering in catbattalionbattle. Here is the fightingcrycause and motivereason that the plentydeservingnoble-personsymptoms and phrasetricks of frenzydistractionfooling and full-on floathovering came underabout him beyond the everyonerest in common and what battletravelmet with him west-thereafter.

2

There was a certain *cetera* ornery adornenthroneorderordained noble holypatronagepatronsaint-saint in the ruraldry-landstate of Ireland, viz. Ronan Finn McBerry of Dromiskin, Primate of All Ireland, (and with a long pedigree, including Creedons, Faircloughs, Macarkleys, McKernans, Crohans, Shaughnessys, McColum of Coole, Murrays and O'Learys, going back to the O'Neills and Niall of the Nine Hostages).

Aye, he was a fair man that fulfilled

The Daygod's swear-wordtestamentcommand

And kept the neck-of-land-narrow championsupportobligation

Of piety and propendured inbitegraspoppression

For the fearshadowprotectionsake of Coifi's co-god.

He was a deargenuinefaithful confirmedworthy bond-man for God

As he would pot-hookhangcrucify his corpsehulkbody

For God's charitylovedegree and earn recompense for his lifebreathsoul.

He was a wingshield of abodeprotection
Faceagainst evil grabattacks of the devil
And joylessvices, that finefamiliarfriendly
Fair-miened gentlegenial industrious man.

3

One hostingjourneyflowtime, fact, he-it was roodmarking a cellchurch-yard in Dalanaria, viz. conamed Killalooony, in the fifth province of Ulster. The king of Dalaradia at that time was, aye, the Sweeney, the son of Coleman, that we saidmentioned. Then Sweeney heard where he was the reproachvoice-sound of Ronan's blisterclockbell as he roodmarked the cellchurch-yard and asked his countrycommunityretinue whatwho it was they heard. 'Ronan Finn McBerry', they said 'that's beating the bounds and roodmarking his cellchurch-yard in your sovereign state endboundaryterritory and quarterland from Creagh Demesne to Farran, it's the reproachvoice-sound of his blisterclockbell that you're hearing now'. (It's clear from that that the holy saint didn't tip-catpermit Sweeney to try and establish the gizzardchurch in Aglish.)

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

Your man Sweeney was boastgreatly hauntangered and he gotupwent impatientfastfuriously to eject the altar-boycleric from the cellchurch-yard. His wifewomanpartner, Erin, one of the McQueens/Quinns from Keenaght, diffibulates the featherwing or bannerend of Corkery's purple-lilacbordered curtainmantle which was around him, hiretrapping him, so that the moneysilver buckle or broochspinespike all brightwhite and finely put together in gold in the curtainmantle round his womb-belly escapebouncefly-upsprung underaround the house-holdhouse. With that he failingbequestleaves his curtainmantle with the queenlady, he became barenaked in his racerun to put out the altar-boycleric from the cellchurch-yard until he reached a place where Ronan was.

4

It phantom-markhappened that the altar-boycleric was in headendfront of Sweeney that time mollyjudgepraising the highking of non-skyheaven and dry-landsurface-earth, viz. flamelightbright solaceclear-reciting his psalms and his tidefull lovely linenlined tramplepsalter in witnesspresence before him. Sweeney got hold of the tramplepsalter and

soundcondemnthrew it into the underworld infradepths of the phlegmale-cold pondlake that was beside him and it sympathybayquenchedrowned in it. Sweeney got hold of Ronan's hand westafter that and drewpulled him for all that after him outpast the cellchurch-yard and didn't let go of the altar-boycleric's hand from him forby till he heard a bah!complaintcry. The one who made the bah!complaintcry was aye viz. the gillieboy belonging to squint-eyed Congall McScanlon from Clane, king of Ulster, who holdcame from Congall himself for Sweeney to snow-fallburywage catbattalionbattle at Moira. Fromsincewhen the gillieboy reached the place of multicolloquy with Sweeney he tells him the storynews from choiceforwardbeginning to laststernend. Sweeney goes with the gillieboy and perishleaves the churchman in darkmelancholy and blackafflicted after the sympathybayquenchedrowning of his tramplepsalter and the contempt and hardshipindignity done to him.

(RONAN)

5

An Clèireach agus an Dòbhran

An dèidh là 's oidhche,
Thàinig dòbhran a bha san loch
Nam fhianais agus breac bàn
Agus mo shaltair leis gun mhilleadh
Loinne no litreach innte,
Lìneach, làn, àlainn.

Agus thug mi altachadh-buidhe
Don dòbhran gun choire
Trìd na mìorbhaile sin
Agus an dèidh sin mo ghuidhe
'S mo mhallachd air Suibhne
'S mo bheannochna air Èirinn.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

At the end of a psalmday and a night backwest after that a Doverhound waterrotter that was in the pondlake came to Ronan with his tramplepsalter without a linenline or letter

contraryruined in it. Ronan gave tanboythanks to the Daygod for that miracle and cursed Sweeney then, saying:

(RONAN)

My Will

My will with the will of Coifi's powerful co-god,
As he came barenaked to put me out,
That he shall be likewise forever skyclad
Fannelflutterloitering and full-on floathovering throughout the world
And that death by a last-wordplanetpoint of a spear
Bears him off to Ring or Ringsend in the end.

My curse attend Sweeney again and my blessing on Erin
Who trywent to hiretrap him and stillagain
I failingleave for Coleman's clanchildrenfamily
The day that they see this tramplepsalter
That was sympathybayquenchedrowned by Sweeney
That destruction-need and extinction is their lot.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

And he recitesang the Leerudderexhortationlay:

(RONAN)

6

Mo Bheannacht is Mo Mhallachd

Suibhne Mac Colmáin gam chràdh,
Tharraing e mi ar leith de láimh
Gus Cille Luinne fhágáil leis
Gus a bhith atha ina héagmais.

Thàinig e thugam ina rith grod
Nuair a chuala sé mo chlog,

Thug sé leis fearg aibhseach
Gam chur a-mach, dom ionnarbadh.

Ba leasc liom mo chur a-bhos
Bhon chiad bhall ina rabhas,
Ged gur leamsa ba leasc,
Do Dhia tháinig a thoirmeasg.

Cha do leig e mo làmh as a láimh
Gus an cuala e an t-éamh
'S gun abradh ris: 'Tar don chath,
Shroich Dòmhnall Magh Rath'.

Chaidh math domsa de,
Ní ris a rugas buidhe,
Nuair a shroich fios mun chath
Esan a dhol leis an bhflaith.

D'ionsaigh sé 'n cath bho chéin
Dar chlaon a chiall is a chonn,
Siridh e Èirinn ina gheilt ghlas
Agus de rinn gheibh e bàs.

Mo shaltair ghabh e na làimh,
Dhiúraic sé í fon linne làin,
Thug Críost thugam e gan choir
Is cha bu mhiste 'n saltair.

Là gus oidhche faoin loch lán
Is cha bu mhiste 'n breac bán,
Dòbhran de dheòin Mhic Dé,
Thug e thugam arís é.

An tsaltair a ghabh e na làimh,

Fàgaidh mi sin ag Clann Cholmáin,
Gheibh Clann Cholmáin olc
An lá a chífidh siad an saltair.

Tháinig sé anseo lom nochd
Gam chràdh is dom thafann,
Is e a nì Dia de,
Bidh Suibhne lom nochd de shíor.

Ghabh ga fhastadh a bhrat,
Èirinn iníon Choinn Chiannacht,
Mo bheannachd ar Éirinn
Is mo mhallacht air Suibhne.

My Blessing and My Curse

Sweeney's paintormenting me, he pulled me to one side by the hand to leave Killaoney with him and be missing away from it a long time. He came to me in a mad rush when he heard my blisterbell, he was angry, he surrenderexpelled and banished me. I didn't want to be put out from the place where I was first and so God saw to it to prevent that. He didn't let go of my hand from his hand until he heard the bah!cry saying to him 'Come to catbattalionbattle, Donald has reached Moira'. Good became of it for me, no yellowthanks to him, when word arrived of the catbattalionbattle and that he was to go with the high prince. He attackapproached the theatre of war from afar in which he lost his wits, he'll seekwander Ireland as a green fool and die by the point of a spear. He took my tramplepsalter in hand, he threw it into the tidefull generationpond, Christ brought it back to me without a blemish and the psalter was none the worse for it. A day and a night under the tidefull loch and the copybook like a white trout was none the worse for it, by God's will a dim-witotter brought it back to me. The psalter which he took in his hand, I'll leave that with Sweeney's Klanchildren, they'll see the evil day the day they see the psalter. He came here stark naked tormenting and harassing me, God will see to it that Sweeney is stark naked forever. She tried to hold him in his bratcloak, Erin daughter of Quinn of Keenaght, my blessing on Erin and my curse on Sweeney.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

7

Ronan went backwestafter that to Moira to engage in the peace process between Donald MacKay (Hanberry) from Dungay, viz. king of Ireland, and squint-eyed Congall McScanlon from Clane, king of Ulster, but he couldn't peacify them so there was no deal. The altar-boycleric would be brought however as a frith-and-grith patronagesecurity between them every layday so that not one apparitionperson would be deadkilled from the hourtime the temptationlonging catbattalionbattling would be mischiefstopped to when they were tip-catpermitted again. But Sweeney would temerate the securityprotection of Ronan the go-between otter-boycleric and exceeded his handpart before rising mealtime every day for every fairyforgivenesspeace and relieftruce-eirenicon that Ronan would make, he would deadkill a man before the mealtime of the fight every layday and another man at the final rock-pinnacleslashcessation every noonevening. On the day it was stepsurpassdetermined to givedo boastgreat catbattalionbattle royal, Sweeney came into the theatre of war ahead of all the others.

8

Regaelia

He was decorated like this: a filmy tulle silk alb shirt
Next to his bright white handsome body skin
And a royal ruced satin loin kilt around it
Congall had made for a sovereign and gave him at the battle
Of Moira that day for overthrowing the army
Of L. L. Phelan, Olav of Keady,
And a lilac purple innertunic layer
Coloured with warp close stripselvage well plait woven
With delight beautiful findrinny gold gold burnished
In layers of dear smooth gemstones of carbuncles cab mesh-husk
From one headend of that stripselvage to the other
With arc billow loops of silk velveteen over
Smooth shining stud bead buttons to rally dam close
And open it and a glebe cutting troutspeckling
Variegation of all white bright money silver

Everywhichway and every havenjourneywaypass
He went and a needlenarrow spearpointhard
On that innerlayertunic, two exceedingly long
Broadflatsurfaced splinterspears in his hands,
A speckledtroutpoxyellow buffalohornbugle
Corniculated wingshield on his topvineback
And a fistgolden glaivesword on his left chestside.

9

He went on and came before him in that proceedgaitmanner and haulgarnerhappened on Ronan and eight psalmreciters of his countrypeoplecommunity beside him shakesprinkling churchconsecrated rainurinetearswater on the fairyarmycrowds and they shakesprinkled on Sweeney in the same form, no matter, as every other Christperson. As he thought that they were casting aspersion on him, he gambolkickthrew his branchfinger in the amentum of the riveted splinterspear that was in his hand and dartshot a psalmreciter of Ronan's countrypeoplecommunity and deadkilled him with that one shot. He gambolkickthrew the second tanist shot of the keenedged sharpangled shortdashdart at the altar-boycleric himself and foraminated the blisterclockbell that was on the face of his lapchest and the treestocklotshaft of it escapebouncefly-upsprang out of it uphigh in the air and the saved-by-the-bell altar-boycleric said: 'I pray to powerful Coifi's co-god' he said 'the co-height that the treestocklotshaft of the shortdashshot went in the air and the trancenebulae of non-skyheaven that you go in paniclunacy like every tinywildserpentinsectbeast and may the death that you inflicted on my dearnovicefosteracolytestudent be what you get in the end, viz. death by the last-wordplanetpoint of a spear off Ring or Ringsend and my curse on you and my blessing on Erin and I invoke Oran and Telly for me faceagainst your seedrace and the clanchildren of Coleman Corr', and he said the Leerudderexhortationlay:

(RONAN)

10

Cionta

Mo mhallachd air Suibhne,
Rium is mòr a chionta,
Shàth e gath na sleagh' aige

Tro mo chaolach-aifrinn.

An clag sin a rinn thu a ghonadh,
Cuiridh e thu ri craobhan
Gus am bi thu mar-aon ris na h-eòin,
An clag naomh ro naoimh.

Mar a chaidh 'n craosach
Air an uair an-àirde,
Gun tèid thu fhèin, a Shuibhne,
Ri gealtachd gun chàirdean.

Ghoin thu mo dhalta,
Dhearg thu do ghath na bhroinn,
Bidh agad mar chumha dheth
Dol bàs de rinn.

Mas e 's gun tig rium fhìn
Sìol Eòghainn an teinne,
Thèid an cur an cranndaidheacd
Le Òdhran 's an tè eile.

Òdhran 's an tè eile,
Chuir iad an cranndaidheacd iad,
'S e mo ghuidhe tron t-siorraidheachd:
'S leatsa mo mhallachd.

Beannachd bhuam air Èirinn,
Èirinn chaomh gun charachd,
Gun donas is gun duilghe
'S air Suibhne mo mhallachd.

Transgressionguiltblame

Curses on Sweeney, he's guiltblame transgressed me greatly, he thrust the dartshaft of his spear through my mass-bell. That clackbell you lanceblasted will send you among the treebranches till you're one with the birds, the saintholy holysaint clackbell saintholy to holysaints. As the dartshaft went straight up, so may you, Sweeney, go in cowardskittishness without friends or relations. You've wounded my disciplechild, you woundreddened your dartshaft inside his breast, your lamentreward for this will be death by the planetpoint of a spear. If I should be opposed by Clan MacEwan, they'll be exposed to the severewithering blast by Oran and the other woman. Oran and the other woman have put them out in the coldwithering blast, my cursewish through eternity is to curse you. I bless Erin, dear Erin without wrestledeceitfulness or devilbadness etc. and on Sweeney my curse.

Dán Doiligh

Mo mhallacht ar Shuibhne,
Chuir sé ó chion mé go mór
Nuair a thug sé fogha
Le ruibhne buile faoi mo chloigín.

An clog caoin a rinne tú a ghoin
Is ba naofa ná na naoimh,
Cuirfidh sé mar a dhéanfadh dlaoi fulla
Le craobhacha thú ag Snámh dhá Éan.

Mar a chuaigh ar dtús báire
Crann an fhogha in airde,
Go dtite sé ar do chrann, a Shuibhne,
Tú imeacht ar gealtacht gan chairde.

D'imir tú an bás ar mo dhalta,
Dhearg tú é d'aon fhogha,
Is éard is dán duit féin dá bharr

Dul i gcré de rinn, a chrandacháin.

Má thagann ann i mo choinne,
Sliocht Eoghain úd na gaile,
Is iad Uarán agus an té eile
A sciúrsfaidh iad uile.

Beannacht uaim ar Erin,
A bhean dhil de shliocht Uí Chaoimh
Agus go deo na díleann,
Gan bhláth gan bhiseach ar Shuibhne.

A Distressfulhard Dawnfategiftpoem

My curse on Sweeney, he-it loveshareoffencedestroyed me the hourtime he javelindashattacked my little clusterclockbell in a javelintroopray frenzy. The gentlekeency blisterclockbell you wool-wasteddeathwanestabbed which was saintholier than the holysaints will burysend you like a delusionmadness thatchnoosewisp into the branchtrees as a nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic at Swim-Two-Birds. As the tall handleshaft of the splinterjavelin rose up at the start of contestplay to the lotshafttreestockvaults of non-skyheaven, may it befall you as your treelot, Sweeney, to go and become a nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic without fast friends without respite. You played death with my darlingdalitnovicefosterstudent, you bare-redwounded him in a javelindashattack, your dawnpoemgiftfate is to claydie at last-wordplanetweapon-point off Ring or Ringsend, you witherling. If anyone there from the warfitvapour Clan MacEwen should stand faceagainst me, Oran and the other one will flog them. God bless Erin, dear wifewoman of the passagetraceline of O'Keefe and until the inexhaustible chattelDeluge comes, no blossomprospering for Smashall Sweeney.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

11

Cathanna

Ó chuala Suibhne na cathanna

Agus na trí gártha móra
Agus a bhfuaimheanna
Is a bhfreagraí i néalta neimhe,
D'fhéach sé suas in airde
I bhfraitheacha na firmiminte
Go ndeachaigh sé sna glinnté
Amhail gach feithid aerga.

Soldier's Heart

Since when the cat battle battalions on every both sides encounter fought
They once thunders low roared like a vast
Dowry herd of champion ox-stags back and forth
And pummelled three heavy haka shouts on high.
From since when Sweeney heard those boast great cries
And their sounds and outcrop reverberations in the transcenebulae
Of non-sky heaven and in the welkin rafter
Of the firmament he tried to look up in the hallucinations spheres sky
And was filled with nemeton war-goddess torment in battle-fury
And doubt and nubilation and sudden violent madness
And flutter loitering and float hovering and fumble restlessness
And double unsteady restlessness and strife malice for every place
Where he used to be and *Sehnsucht* for everywhere he hadn't reached.
His branch fingers were deadened, his leg feet trembled,
His heart quickened, his bodily senses and perceptions
Were cleave-subdued, he lost the power of vision,
His arms fell sky clad from his hands
And he *verda-at-gjaltied* with the word curses of Ronan
In double wood panic madness and goblin likeness
Like any tiny wild serpent insect beast of the air.

12

Tadhall

Ansin i ndiaidh dó teitheadh
As an gcath amach
Níor mhinic dá chois
An lár a thadhall ar luas
A réime is an t-am a thadhladh féin
Ní bhainfeadh drúcht d'uachtar an fhéir
Ar éadrom is ar aeracht a chéime.

Níor fhan sé den réim reatha sin
Nár fhág sé machaire ná maoil sléibhe
Ná móin ná muine ná mothar,
Cnoc ná cabhán ná coill
Chluthar dhlúth in Éirinn gan taisteal
An lá sin gur ráinigh Ros Earcáin
Go ndeachaigh san iúr sa ngleann.

Then when he came out of catbattalionbattle, his legfeet veryunoften transientvisit-touched the dry-landearth and the centreground for the Luas-like earlyspeed of his runningsway and when he did transientvisit-touch it he wouldn't remove the dewdrops from the cropcreamhindrancetop of the haygrass in Barrougther for the lightness and airiness of the rabbetravinehiketrackstep he'd surpass-step. He didn't stintstop on that headlong runningsway and didn't fail-leave a pithplain from the Moy to the Maze or linksbattle-field in Maghera or mamelon in Moyle or Jovemoormountain in Moolieve or turfbog in Moor or Jovecoverthicket in Muineagh or blunder-busscloudclusterclumpswampthicket-tanglejungle in Moher, a hill in Knock and Knockan and Knickeen or a maimcavity in Cavan and Navan or dargle and dingle in Dingle and Dargle, a wold in Oldbawn or a knob or knoll in Nobber or Naul and knowe in Knowth and Dowth and Howth or a secretivewarmwarp-solid Kalendscastrationwood in the Irelandworld unhackletravelled

that day¹ till he came to in Rossberry in Glendarken and went into a yewtree that was in the smoke-cloudhollowglen.

13

The turfwar was won by Donal Magee that day *amhail a dúramar agus a d'fhaisnéis muid romhainn*. There was yea verily a male clown relative-in-law of Sweeney's in the catbattalionbattle, viz. Aeneas McArdle of the northcountryfarmpeople the MacNees or McNeeneys in Dalaradia. He came in defeateruption rangerouteflight out of catbattalionbattle with a band of his house-holdcountrypeople with him via a havenjourneywaypass in Glendarken. He and his house-holdcountrypeople were famediscussing Sweeney and were saying it was most strange that he wasn't to be seen quickalive or numbdead since the catbattalionbattle was encounterfought but still they were sure that it was because he was bell-shocked by Ronan's swearcurse that there was no fortuneknowledge of his violentdeathtragedyfate. Sweeney heard what they chantsingsaid in the Newry yew above them and said this piteous *lai*:

(SWEENEY)

14

Ogie

Ah, Ogie! jiggy a lay!

Ah, Errigal! are ye?

Fuck Havey is in villa I will,

¹ **Gluais an Chléirigh, 1629:** Agus chaith sé a aois is a aimsir ar gealtacht / In Éirinn agus i mBreatain i gcéin / Gur mhair gan fortacht gan fóirithint / Gan taobh a thabhairt le duine / Amhail a dhearbhaíonn an leabhar a scrítear air féin / Darb ainm *Buile Shuibhne*.

Gluais a' Chléirich, 1629: Agus chaith e aois is aimsir air ghealtachd / Ann an Éirinn 's ann am Breatainn an cèin / 'S gun do mhair e gun fhòirinn gun fhurtachd / Gun taobh a thoirt ri daoine / Amhail a dhearbhas an leabhar a sgrìobhar air fhèin / Dham b' ainm *Boile Shuibhne*.

(O'Cleary's Clerical Gloss, 1629: And he hankercompulsionthrowspent his agetime and weathertime in paniclunacy in Ireland and in Britain faroff and lived without help or healing, without trustsiding with menpeople (as is confirmed by the book written about himself reputation-named *Sweeney's Supernatural Poetry-inspiring Revelationvisionfrenzy*.)

Unfair for settee eeri e.
Duh! Y'oney! she a goose, a son,
Better I'm not him, coon!

Gone Cole is, gone Colla same,
Gone Banchory, gone band all.
Miss so soon egg, Rosemary?
Dumb red rowan on foe vole.
Rooms cardiac ray, not roe.
Scary rave owl! Ah, ogre!

Mo Dhealbh

Tagaigí i leith, òganachaibh,
Ó guerreiros, venham para cá,
A fhearaibh Dhail Àirigh,
'S ann a gheibh sibh anseo sa chraoibh
Vós encontrareis na árvore na qual está
An fear a tha sibh 'g iarraidh.

Dheonaigh Dia dhomh
Beatha nocht is cumhang fhèin
Gun cheòl is gan chodladh sámh
Sans musique et sans sommeil paisible,
Gan bean óg agam air mo bhilean
Sans compagne, sans rencontre de femme,
Sem mulheres, sem encontros.

Mise anseo sa Ros Barrach,
Rinne Rónán Fionn, mo mhilleadh,
Mo mheabhal, scar Dia mi rim dhealbh,
Dieu m'a pris mon aspect, qui n'est pas
Scaraigí rim eol, ògaibh,
Vós não me conheceis mais, ó guerreiros,
Séparez-vous de moi, o guerriers.

My Poorspectre form statue image

Come on out here to me in friend trust, bough branch twig young scion *guerriers*, manones of Dalaradia, you will find in this rich foam cloud relation branch tree the man you're try wanting. God will granted me a sustenance life appearance naked and powerful narrow indeed without song music without silent peaceful delays sleep without a young woman wife on my tree blossom beard lips. I'm barred and banned from the Dáil, not allowed to meet with Cumann na mBan. Here I am in Rossberry, Ronan shamed deceived me, my starving-with-cold baned destruction, my cunts seduced disgrace, God wound torment separated me from my poorspectre statue image form, decognise and disappear me from where I know best, young Okie *yokaigurriers* sodgers.

Young Men

Young men, come hither!

Men of Dalaray!

You'll find in the sacred tree

The man you're looking for.

God has condescended to grant me here

A bare narrow existence

Without music and without rest,

Without lady friends, without gynotrust.

Here I am at Rossberry,

Ronan has brought me disgrace,

God has warped my appearance,

Gurriers, you don't know me.

Varia Lectio: Gun Fhois

(Bhon Bheurla aig Trevor Joyce)

Thug Dia beatha dhomh

Gun cheòl gun fhois

Gun chuideachd nam ban,
Gun ghràdh.
Thug e dhomh beatha.

Seo mi 'n-dràsta nur fianais
A' fuireach fo nàire san Ros Bhearrach
Is a' bheatha thug Dia
Rudeigin às an alt, chanadh neach.

Chan eil sibh 'g iarraidh bhith eòlach orm ann.

Dwellingrestless

(From the Gaelic from the English of Trevor Joyce)

God gave me a welcomefoodlife without songmusic, dwellingrestless, without the contactcompany of wifewomen also, without charityloverlove, he gave me welcomefoodlife. Here I am now in your witnesspresence, waitliving in shamedisgrace in Rossberry and the welcomefoodlife God gave somewhat-thing out of leaphillvalleyfeedingtimeactionjoint, an apparitionperson might say. You don't trywant to adeptknow me at all there.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

15

Fromsincewhen the men heard Sweeney goreciting the poetree they commandmentrecognised him and said to him to sidetrust them. He said he wouldn't for all eternity. Fromsincewhen they were penning him in about the sacredscionbordertree, gallant Sweeney rose up so lightairily out of it to Kilrean in the parish of Killybegs Lower and he alighted in the cellchurch-yard sacredscionbordertree. And at that sacredscionbordertree it so garnerhappened was Donal Magee and his fairyarmycrowd after the catbattalionbattle and fromsincewhen they saw the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic going into the scionbordertree a throngbody of the fairyarmycrowds came and meadowcountrydamshutunitegathered all around it; then they go and give a description of the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic straight up out loud; one man saying it was a wifewoman, another man saying that it was a man until Donal himself commandmentrecognized him. 'It's Sweeney the king of Dalaray, that Ronan cursed on the day of catbattalionbattle in Moyra. He's the real Mackay', he said 'and if he wanted to get tittlejewels and wealthtreasuregifts from us he'd get them if he sidetrusted us. 'It's a pity', he said 'that the remains of Congall's people are come to this because my poemprotectionties with Congall were noblegood and boastgreat', he said, 'before the catbattalionbattle was buryfought and noblegood too, Danno, was Columba's counsel to that gillieboy himself when he went with Congall to beseech the king of Scotland for a funeralprocessionhost faceagainst him. And then Donald said this Leerudderexhortationlay:

(DONALD MACKAY; COLUMBA; CONGALL)

16

Manadh

[Dòmhnall] Ur samhla Mac an Tòisich mòr seang,
A Shuibhne, an latha a thugadh an cath
No MacRath Chluainidh ud

No Mac Uí Chaoimh ann an Èirinn thall
Agus ur gnùis na corcair
An dèidh dhuibh a bhith 'g òl.

Ur cùl coltach ri clòimh no casnaid
Is ur corp gun char mar shneachda
Fuar na h-aon oidhche,

Mar ghlainne do ghnè 's gorm do rosg
Is do shnuadh mar an eighre shèimh
Is b' àlainn cumadh do dhà làmh is chois.

Fàidh 's fiosaiche na firinn, Calum Cille,
'S e chaidh 'n urra 's a chuir air mhanadh:
A lìon a thig thar tuil

De dh'fhir Èireann air cho treun,
Chan fhaic iad, mo bheannachd orra,
Tìr na h-Èireann a-chaidh.

[Colmcille] Seo mo chomhairle, Calum Chille
Fáidh na firinne, dhut fhèin, 'ille:
Na tigeadh thar tuile

Go hÉirinn aon allúrach
A' triall as Albain don chath
Mór claon le Dòmhnall MacAoidh

Sa mhadainn air Magh Rath
Mus tèid thu le craobhacha, le buile,
Ar ginideacht is air mhìre

Nad gheilt gan chiall gun chadal a-chaidh
Sa bheinn, sa ghleann, san iúr iúrach
Gur truagh leam iarsma do mhuintire.

Ar leam gur nì treun t' urras,
T' arm rathail a leigeas fuil

Is a tha ealamh luath gu gonadh.

Fàidh mòr nèimh 's talmhainn,
Calum Cille, thairg e dhut nèamh
Agus rìoghachd anns a' Mhagh.

Thairg mi gu Congall is sinn mar-aon
Beannachd fir na h-Èireann gu lèir,
Bu mhòr an t-ioc air aon ugh.

Mura gabh sibh sin, a Chonail,
Dè bhreith a bheir sibh, mòr am modh,
Ormsa, mas eadh, nur n-aonar?

[Congall] Gabhaidh mi bhuaibh mas math leibh
Ur dà mhac agus ur bean mhath,
Ur nighean is ur rosg rìghinn glas.

[Dòmhnall] Bidh mi ri faiceall oirbh gu bràth
Is cha toir sibh ach rinn ri rinn
Bhuam agus mo mhallachd làn

Agus na cubharan is na fithich a' breith
'S a' gabhail air ur corp anns a' mhachair
Is braon air ur claidheamh glas

Is iomadh màthair mhìn gu dubhach
Is iomadh bean is nighean an teinn
Is a' mollachd eadar seo 's an Coingheal.

Fateomenowlapparitionincantation

DONALD:

Your eveningspectrelikeness, Sweeney, is boastgreat leanmean MacIntosh the day of the
catbattalionbattle or MacRae of Cluanie or your man O'Keefe in Ireland overby and your

loveappearanceface grogblossom crimsonpurple. Your hairback is like wooldown or split wood and your corpsebody without a brittletrickbend like the stingingcold one-night snow, like pure glass your naturetinctureappearance and greenbluegrey your dawnwarproseode-eyelidlasheyes and your riverbeautyhairappearance like the quietdelicate frostice. The seer and soothsayer Columba, it was him-it cautionwarranted and owlomenapparitionincantationvaticinated: as linen-netfullmany that come over the floodtide of the men of Ireland however championstrong, will not see, bless them, the ruraldry-landstate of Ireland ever lamentagain.

DONALD:

Your boldness is assured, your army auspicious, quick to woundstab and spill blood. The seer of heaven and earth, Columba, offered you heaven and a kingdom on the plain at Moira. I offered Congall when we were alone the blessing of all the men of Ireland, a big mulct for just one egg. If you don't take that from me, Congall, what boastgreat birthjudgement will you deliver, massa, on me alone?

CONGALL:

I'll take from you, if you don't mind, your two sons and your good ladywife, your girldaughter and your lock-greengrey dawnwarproseode-eyelidlasheye.

THE DONALD:

I'll be lying in wait for you forever, all you'll get from me is glaivesword for glaivesword and my curse and the lammergeiers and an unkindness of ravens judgementholding and eat-taking your bodycorpse in the lowlandfarmbeachmachairplain and a drizzledrop on your lock-greengreen glaivesword and many a mother blacklamenting and many a womanwife and daughtergirl in sicknessdistress and cursing between here and Connel.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

Rí-rá

Fromsincewhen Sweeney heard the *rí-rá* hubbub-buzzclamourtalk
Of the communityhost and lovecaresstumult
Of the boastgreat fairyarmycrowd he rose up

From the sacredscionbordertree to the showerabundant trancenebulae
Of the firmaments above the tops of everywhere from Mullagh to Mayne,
Above the ridgepolerooftrees of every quarterland-domain in Farren.
For a melancholylong moonspacetime backwestafter that he *Robin-sonnered*
Through Ireland, transient-touchvisiting and griefshockrushfallsearching
In rock-hard spelldefilesodshelterclefts in Carrick and the Scalp

And in minor-poetdronebushthickets of tall ivy lotshaftstocktrees
And in kyletwignarrow covehollows in Coose among
The isleshorecastletesticlestones from estuaryspit to estuaryspit

In Inver and in Binn from sweetcliffgablepeak to sweetcliffgablepeak
And cloudhollowglen in Glan to cloudhollowglen in Glin
Till he came to the eternally delightbeautiful Glenbalkan.

There the grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatics of Ireland
Would hauntgo after a fullsafe year of grazingnakedwoodmadness
For it is a wonderplace of eternal delight for grazingnakedwoodmadmen.

Glenbalkan

For it is the case, Olaf, that Glenbalkan is like this:
Four dooropenings to the estuarywisewinds
And too fabulous and keenmild castrationscrubcoppicewoodhead-lands
And abstergent wells and balneary springs coldspringy and sabulous Clearcleanrainwater
arenaceous glassgreengrey boglandstreams
And greengreycroptop blood-tracewatercress and faint
Brooklime long-trailing on the groundcentre.
Lots of sorrel too and rivetmutterwood-sorrel
Going spare and herbage viands and Bergin's shave-grass
And glowingsheepberries and garlic growing wild
And atriplex and esculent sea-breezedulseintoxicant
And darkblack glandsloes and Jovenobletimberbrown eyeberries.
Every one of the *gjalti* used to colaphizetudiculatepoundpummel

Each other - *Kapow! Vronk! Zwapp!* - for the pick of the mess
O' mulligan and fools' watercress and the choicest bed
In that smoke-cloudhollowdaleglen there.

18

Sweeney was forby a giantlong time in that smoke-cloudhollowglen until he garnerhappened one night to be in the rooftop of a tall hedraceous hawthorn in the smoke-cloudhollowglen. It was distresshard for him to propendure that bed for every reelturn and temporeturn he putgave an abundantshower of broochpinprickles and *Pailiurus spinachristi* and branchthick jaggles of briarbraced tanglebrambled Skeagh-hawthorniness and a spissitude of aculeate spinosity and senticousness and jaculiferous *urdé* veprecosity and *fan go fóill* would happentouch him, buttock-holeforaminating and transverberating and woundspearing his side and co-slaystinging his handsomebodyskin. So the *dormeur du val* changemoved from that libken to another wonderplace. In that wonderplace it so happened, Eve, was a mohair Jovecoverthicketbrushwoodjungle, boastgreat Drish-turnbriary and fine Delgany-broochpinprickly and one plentiful Dreen-boorblackthorn treebranch growing on its ownone up through the Jovecoverthicket. Sweeney came off the cropcreamhindrancetop of that branchtree and the oh so kyletwigslender branchtree bowed and recesshoopstitchbent under him so that a notchbreachbeatblow on the armpitshouldergussetrecess happentouched him through the Jovecoverthicket and he accidentfell to the centreground of the dry-landsurface-earth and there wasn't as much as an inchbit of Orlagh of him from his coinheelbase to his bashcrown not fully woundbleeding or suprareddening. He got up weakly then and went out through the Jovecoverthicket and said: 'Holy shamrocks, MacCuish!' he said 'it's distresshard to propendure this sustenancelife after a good sustenancelife, by my conscience, yea verily, Eve, and I've been living that sustenancelife for a year since last night' and he sayrecited this Leerudderexhortationlay:

(SWEENEY)

19

Bliadhna Gus A-raoir

Bliadhna gus a-raoir dhomh

Fo chiamhaire chraobh
Eadar tuil is tràigh
Gun tughadh mu mo thaobh.

Gun cearchall fo mo cheann,
Am measg clann fir Fhinn,
Baoghal, a Dhè mhòir, dhuinn
Gun fhaobhar gun rinn.

Gun chuideachd le mnathan
Ach lochal nam fiann
Na lòn 's na cuid glan,
Biolar, 's e ar miann.

Gun ruathar gu rìgh
Nam uath nam eòl
Gun rìbhinn an àigh
Gun chàirdean gun cheòl.

Gun chadal mo chreach
Gun abrar gu fìor
Gun chobhair bho neach,
'S e doraidh mo dhìol.

Gan taigh lom no làn
Gun chòmhradh fhear fial
Gun rìgh rium ga ràdh
Gun leann is gun bhiadh.

Truagh mar a thearbadh sinn
Ri ar sluagh treamant trom,
Nam gheilt gheur thar ghleann
Gun chèill is gun chonn.

Gun a bhith air cuairt rìgh
Ach ruaig air gach raon,
'S i a' mhire mhòr
A rìgh nèimh naomh.

Gun aos còmhlán-ciùil
Gun chòmhradh ri mnathan
Gun tiodhlacadh sheud,
A thug m' eug, Nì Math.

Bha mi uair a bh' ann
Ged as bochd mi a-nochd
Is mo neart nach b' fhann
Air fearann gun lochd.

Air eachraidh glan geal
Am beatha gun bhròn
Nam rìoghachd fo rath
Nam rìgh math mòr.

Bhith mar tha mi na dhèidh
Gad reic, Thì 'n Àigh,
Nam bhochdan gun bhrìgh
An Gleann Bhalgain bàn.

An sgitheach nach maoth bàrr
Gam tholladh gun cheann,
Cha mhòr nach tug mo dheò
A' chraobh-droighinn dhonn.

Cath Chòmhghaill cliùiteach
Nuair a chailleadh na seòid,
Dimàirt anns a' mhaoim
Bu mhòr ar mairbh na ar beò.

Air fiaradh gu fìor
Ged a bha mi sèimh saor
Na mo thruaghan gun treòir
Bliadhna gus a-raoir.

A Year to Last Night

A year to last night I've been lonelywailing under richfoamcloudrelationbushbranchtrees between tideflood and shorebeachebbing without a thatch roundby my side. Without a pillow under my endhead among the Fingalian manclanfamilychildren, it's a lullhazard, o great God exalted, to be without ridgeswords or planetmusicpoints. Without ancestorcompany with wifewomen but the Fingalian heroes' brooklime, a cleargreat pondlunch, aye, watercress, that's our molehungerlovelongwish. Without a heatskirmishrush with a king, all alone like an oghamUhawthorn in the place I know best, without herself, without friendrelations or neighbours or songmusic. Angrypniac, without help from an apparitionperson, all I get is grief. Without a househome bare or full, without the conversation of the liberalgood manones, not being addressed as the special one, without ale or aliment. Sadpity we were weanseparated from our strong hostfolk, I'm a sharpbitter wildwoodcowardbirdmaniac crossing the cloudglenhollows without headsense or bodyreason. No more royal circuits but showerdefeatbanishmentpersecuted in every uplandgreenturnfield, aye, that's the boastgreat rapturemadness. Without music or gynotryst or herojewels' burialgifts, I'm a nomates Norman nomad in nomansland. Though I'm poorly tonight once I was fullstrong in a pure land. On cleargreat brightwhite far-from-sweenyed brutehorses in a sustenancelife without perpetualsorrow, a high-born high king in my own kingdom. And now after wasteselling you, Lord, a pithless meaningless pauper in fallow-whitecleared Glenbalkan. The hawthorn thickets in Skeagh with harvestcropcreambranchtops far-from youngsmooth buttockholepiercing me without headend, the bilebrown lumberbrambles have nearly taken the lifebreath from me. The catbattle at Cowal was a double pity, Tuesday in the fearonset, our numbdead greater than our cattlequickalive. Wreathastray and no mistake though I was once a freeseersayerartificer and an elder and an alderman, I've been a sad powerless directionless truant a year to last night.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

20

Anó

Bhí sé amhlaidh i nGleann Balcáin
Gur thóg sé air go Cluain Cille Thír Chonaill.
Chuaigh sé ansin ar shraith an tobair
Gur chaith biolar is uisce.

Chuaigh sé ansin i mbile na cille
Is tháinig doineann mór dearmháil
Gur chuir ar Shuibhne trua go mór
Méid anó na hoíche sin.

Ah No!

He was like that in Glenbalkan until he *subtilitas*-tookrose, fact, and reached Clonkilly in the neighbouring territory and strange country bothbetween Banagh in Donegal and Tyrone. There and then he went to the spreading-groundstratumbrink of the well and castspentate blood-tracebrooklimewatercress and rainurinetearswater that night. Westafter that he went into the cellchurch-yard's sacredscionbordertree. The stewarderenagh of the church there was Fallon O'Dea from Bruff. A frightful stormwintriness came there that night and the extent of the discomfortmisery of the night buryaffected Sweeney boastgreatly and he said: 'More's the pity howeverindeed' he said 'I wasn't deathkilled at Moira rather than be suffering this traumatic stress' and he recitesaid this Leerudderexhortationlay wretchpiteously:

(SWEENEY)

21

An Gealtan Gealtach

A-nochd is fuar an sneachda,
Am-feast is buan mo bhochdainn,
Chan eil neart agam san deabhadh
Nam gheilt ghoirt air a ghonadh.

Chì càch mi gun chumadh,
Is lom i snàth mo cheirtean,
Suibhne m' ainm à Ros Arcain,
Is mise 'n gealtan gealtach.

Mi gun fhois nuair a thig oidhche,
Cha thadhail mo chas conairean,
Cha bhi mi 'n seo cianail fada
'S mi fo iall aig an uamhann.

Mo bhàir thar bàrcannan
Air a dhol thar an t-sàil làin,
Ghabh an t-eagal mo neartan,
Is mi gealtan Ghleann Bhalgain.

Gaoth an reothaidh gam reubadh
Is an sneachda gam leòn,
Bheir an sìon mi gu eug
Bho gheugan gach gèige.

Geugan glasa gam ghonadh
Is a' reubadh mo bhasan,
Cha do dh'fhàg na drisean
Damhnadh criosa dham chasan.

Tha crith air mo làmhan,
Anns gach bad fàth buairidh,
Bho Shliabh Mis gu Sliabh Cuillinn,
Bho Shliabh gCuillinn gu Cuailgne.

'S truagh mo nuallan a-chaidh
Am mullach na Cruaiche,
Bho Ghleann Balgain gu Ìle,

Bho Chinn Tìre gu Boirche.

Beag mo chuid nuair a thig latha
Air mo sgàth air a h-ùire,
Bàrr de bhiolar Chluain Cille
Le gleòrann Chille Chua.

Don neach san Ros Arcach
Cha tig olc no dosgainn,
'S e na dh'fhàg mi gu lag
Bhith ri sneachda gu nochdaidh.

The Skittishjealous Madharlequin

Tonight the snow is windcold and my sickdevilpovertytrouble is tougheternal, I don't have the abundantmiraclestrength in a dregsfight, I'm a sourwershbittersad wildwoodcowardbirdmaniac bewitchstarvingwounded. All the others see me without trunkshape, the thread of my appletreerags is calmpillageplainleanbare, Sweeney from Rasharkin is my moniker, I'm the skittishjealous madharlequin. Without resthabitation when nightface comes, my steepgapewrinklefoot never haunt-touching rosarycrownpaths, I won't be here long, I'm under the flockleash of horror. My goal across the burstboatbillows gone across the tidefull heelbrinesea, fear has taken my abundantmiraclestrength, I'm the jaynaked brambler Yossarian of Glenbalkan. The freezing seadartpainwind gorebendwounding me and the snow grievemaiming me, the elements have taken me fordeathever from the sun-raynymphman-armsprigbranches of every sun-raynymphman-armsprigbranch. Geoghegan's sun-raynymphman-armsprigbranches bewitchstarvinMarvinwounding me and gorebendwounding my hollowspokepalms, the ClanMacLeanbrakebrambles haven't left belt-tiematerial for my steepgapewrinklefeet. My hands have a tremorshake, in every flocktuftplace ambuscadefieldglenvista-objects of passiontemptationtrouble, from Slemish to Slieve Gullion, from Slieve Gullion to Cooley. My roebuck-crymoan – *moi?* Nolan? – is pitysad forever, on the roofpondsummit of Croagh Egli, from Glenbalkan to Islay, from Kintyre to the bison-elk Mourne. Nothing much as my lot when day comes for my fearsake no

matter how freshnew, a branchtopcreamharvestcrop of bittercress from Clonkilly and cuckoonasturtiumangelicasmockflower from Kilcoo. To the apparitionperson in Rosserkagh no evil or cattle-lossmisfortune will come, what's left me hollow-weak is being in the snow all bleaknaked.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

22

Sweeney came and went on before him till he reached the cellchurch-yard at Swim-Two-Birds on the Shannon, which is conamed Cloonburren this weather; it was on Friday the last refugefastday that he happened there to be precise. That was where the cellchurch-yard altar-boyclerics were observing their eveningnones sledge-hammerarrangementrule and wifewomen pummelpounding fullflowflax and lintlinelinen and a wifewoman giving judgementbirth to a child. 'It's not right, Eve,' said Sweeney 'for the wifeoman to contrarydesecrate the Fridayfast of Coifi's co-god'. 'Just as the wickie-kickiewoman paikpevils the fullflowflax and lintlinelinen' he said 'is apparitionlike how my householdcountrypeople were pummelpounded in the battalionbattle at Moira.' He heard westafter that the espartovespers clogbell being reaprun and the blisterclock strike. He said: 'It were sweeter to me, Eve, to hear the reproachvoice-sound of the altofalsettodomegobletcurlsongcuckoos on the swollensulkbank of the Bann on every halfside than the cawcrycacklecroak of that change-ringingblisterclockbell I'm hearing tonight'.

(SWEENEY)

23

Mo Chuach!

Binne liom i mbarr na toinne,
M'ingne anocht cé cranda,
Ná gráice gráige clogán cille
Cuach chuach na Banna.

Sa díthreabh os cionn na haille
Damh donn sa doineann ag dord
Agus cléirigh na cille

Ag déanamh a n-ord

Ag saothrú ag Snámh dhá Éan
Thar ceann trua is tréan
Is mé gan fear tuaithe ná fine
Dé hAoine na dídine.

A bhean, ná toirbhir do pháiste
Dé hAoine na dídine,
Lá nach longann Suibhne Geilt
Le searc ar rí na fírinne.

Amhail is a thuirgníonn na mná an líon,
Is fíor cé gur uaim a chluintear,
Amhlaidh a tuairgeadh sa gcath
Ar Mhaigh Rath mo mhuintir.

Ó Loch Diolair sna hAille
Go Doire Cholm Cille,
Ní deabhaidh a chualas
Ó ealaí ar bhuaic na linne.

Dord daimh díthreibhe os cionn aille,
Dar Duach, i nGleann na Muine,
Níl ceol ar talamh
Im anam féin ach a bhinne.

*Nach gcluin tú mé, a Chríost,
A Chríost, a chara, a dhuine gan bhine,
A Chríost, Mac Dara, tabhair dom gearn,
Ná scartar mé le do bhinneas.*

I Love You, my Tuftembracequachbundlefalsettocuckoo!

Cliffpeakgablesweeter to me on the harvestcropcreamtop of the skinsurfacewaves, though my talonhoofnails are withered tonight, than the ugly grating tree-stumpraven-croaking of a cellchurch-yard vesicleclusterclockbell is the *hototogitsu* of the tuftembracequaichbundlefalsettocuckoo of the Bann. Wifewoman, don't deliver your pagechild on protection fastFriday, a day on which Sweeney Guilt doesn't gulletvesseleat for belovedlove of the king of truth. Apparitionlike the wifewomen poundpummel the fullflowflax, it's true though you heard it from me, so in the *Battle of Moira* were my countrypeoplecommunity poundpummeled. From aliencliffy Lough Dollard and Aille to the Naul to Columban Derrylondonderry, I didn't hear rushfighting from the nobleswans drifting on the prowcrest of our generationpool. The bassdronechant of the championoxstag in the wild hermitage above the cliff, by the Holy Gael, in Glenameeny, there's no ringvigoursongmusic on dry-landsurface-earth in my animist lifebreathsoul but its melisonance. *Can't you hear me, Christ, manperson, Christ impeccable, I'm harmless, o sweet Christ, my friend, hare krishna, hare krishna, give me love, don't let me be spreadseparated from your sweetbliss.*

Cuckoo!

What's sweetest for me by the waves
Although my limbs are stunted tonight
Is not the tintinnabulation of a church-bell
But the cuckoo of the cuckoo of the Bann.

Wifely woman, don't give birth
To your son of a Friday,
A fasting day for Mad Sweeney
For the love of the true God.

As the women beat the flax, it's true,
Though it's from me you're hearing it,
So were my people and retinue
Beaten at Moira in the battle.

From the cliff at Lough Dollard

To Derry where Columba was,
I never heard of any troubles,
Just a sweet swansong.

A stag in the wilderness bellowing
Above the cliffs in the glen,
There's no music on earth
Sweeter to my soul.

O Christ, Christ, hear me,
O Christ, sweet Christ impeccable,
O Christ, Christ, my friend, give me love,
Don't let me be parted from your sweetness.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

24

Éagmais

Tháinig Suibhne arna mhárach go Cill Deirbhile
Gur chaith biolar an tobair
Is an t-uisce a bhí sa gcill
Agus tháinig doineann dearmháil
San oíche gur ghabh tuirse mhór
Is sníomh croí Suibhne
Is imní faoi olcas a bheatha is eile
Is a bheith in éagmais Dhál Araidhe
Gur dhúirt sé na ranna:

Ní bheidh mé ag ceilt mo dhochonáigh:

Ní bheidh mé i nDál Araidhe feasta.

Ní bheidh mé i Ros Béaraigh,

I dTeach Mhic Ninnidh ná i gCluain Creamha.

Ní bheidh mé i nDál Araidhe feasta.

Absencelonging

The morrowday after that Sweeney came to the church of Kildervila in the West of Erris and castspentate blood-tracebrooklimewatercress from the well and rainurinetearswater in the cellchurch-yard and a frightful stormwintriness came in the night and a great *tedium vitae* and worrygrief took hold of him for the evilmiseryscarcity of his sustenancelife and all that and he was dejected and evilscaarcitymiserable with absencelonging for Dalaradia and he recitesaid these ErrisErseverses: *I won't Celthide my grief: I won't be in Dalaradia anymore. I won't be in Rossberry, in Taghmacninny or in Clooncraft. I won't be in Dalaradia.*

(SWEENEY)

25

Mo Dhiol

M' oidhche 'n Cille Dearbhail,
'S i na bhris mo chridhe,
Dursann dhomh sgaradh,
A mhic mo Dhè, ri Dail Àirigh.

Deichnear is deich ceud laoch de shluagh
A bh' agam an Druim Fraoich an là sin,
Ged as beò mi, a mhic Dè, gun treisead,
Ba mhise 'n ceann-comhairle.

Mùiche m' oidhch' a-nochd
Gun ghille 's gun lùchairt ann,
Cha b' i m' oidhche 'n Druim Dhamh,
Mise 's MacFhionnlaigh 's MacDhòmhnaill.

Mairg mar a dh'fhuirich mi ris an dàil
Mar dhàn, a Rìgh nan Dùl,
Ged nach d'fhuair mi gu bràth de dhìol
Ach m' oidhche 'n Cille Dearbhail.

My Sellweaningrevengefate

My facenight in Kildervila has burstbroken my heart, it's my unhappymishap to be tormentparted, o son of my God, from Dalaradia. Ten and then ten hundred warriors I had as a fairyarmycrowd in Druim Fraoich that day, though I live, son of God, without strength, I was their can coca coalyer, their speaker and presiding officer. My nightface tonight is dawngloom without a batchelorgillieploughmanservantlad or a castlepalacefortcourt there at all, not like my night in Druim nan Damh, myself and Finlayson and McDonald. Oftwoeforever that I waited for the delaytryst in the as my poemfate, king of the desirecreature-elements, though all I've got as sellweaningrevengefate forever is my nightface in Kildervila.

My Night In Kildervila

My night in Kildervila,
That's what broke my heart,
It's hard for me, son of God,
Parting from Dalaradia.

Ten hundred active young men and ten,
That was my army crowd at Drumfree
Though, Christ, I'm a spent force alive,
I was their can coca coalyer then.

My night is gloomy tonight
Without the camp serving-boy from Longford,
Not like my night at Drumdaff,
Myself and McGonagle and Wolf.

A pity that I waited for the tryst,
O my *regulus* of the true pre-eminent kingdom,
Even if it does me no harm
Forever except this night.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

26

For seven tidefull years Sweeney peregrinated around every perch of Ireland from one airtheightdirection to another with O'Reilly until one night he came to Glenbalkan as that's where his Dinglesecurityfortress and constantfortreserveresidence were always. And it was more sweetdelightful to him to stayrest and inhabitate there than in every wonderplace in Ireland; he would go to there from every airtheightdirection of the Mylesian world and he wouldn't stintquit but from dread and boastgreat fear. Sweeney stayed there that facenight until Lynchehaun came trylooking for him in the morrowmorning. Some say that Lynchehaun was a son of his mother, others say that he was a uterine brother, a fosterbrother, fellow student and co-articulated member of Comhaltas but, Hannah Kenna, whatever he was he had a boastgreat defendlovecare for him for he went woodcrazy three times and three times he cicurated him. Lynchehaun was trylooking for him that goingtime in the smoke-cloudhollowglen and found the progenytrackextractmark from off his legfeet barecreamcrophindrancetops in the swollensulkbank of the greengrey boglandstream in Broagh and Glashagh Water where he'd eat blood-tracebrooklimewatercress and also found the treebranches that used to break under his legfeet as he flitchanged from the barecreamcrophindrancetop of one lotshaftstocktree to another. He didn't find the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic that day and so he went into a destitutemissedempty house in the smoke-cloudhollowglen and fell into a torpid Sweeneyswoonsleep there after his boastgreat birth-bowelevacuation-achievement-travails rearprogenyfollowing and trylooking for Sweeney. Then Sweeney came on his progenymarktrack to where there was a habitationhouse and then he heard Lynchehaun's soughsnore and then sayrecited this Leerudderexhortationlay:

(SWEENEY)

27

An Fear le Fraigh is an Duine le Dia

An fear le fraigh le srann,
Suan mar sin ní leomhainn,
Seacht mbliana ón Máirt i Maigh Rath
Ní bhfuair mé tionnúr codlata.

Go cath grod, a Dhé neimhe,
Chuaigh mé, mo lot,
M'ainm ina dhiaidh sin Suibhne Geilt,
I m'aonar i mbarr eidhinn.

Biolar thobar Dhroim Chearbán,
Is é mo shásamh nuair a thig teirt,
Is aithne dom gnúis a ghné,
Is fíor, is mé Suibhne Geilt.

Gu dearbh is mise Suibhne Geit,
Fear a chodlaíonn faoi chaomhnadh ceirte
Faoi Shliabh Liag ar lom an mhachaire
Is na fir seo faoi mo dhéin.

An t-am ba shruith é Suibhne,
Bhínn i mboth fhuar,
I sliabh, i seisc, i seascann;
Mé thar m'eol faoi láthair i gcéin.

Nuair a b'fhearr, och, gnúis mo ghné,
Bheirinn daighear don ghaoth ghlé
Sula ndeachas le mire
Faoi dhoineann mhór aimsire.

Buíochas don rí seo thuas,
Nach gnáth leis iomarca den chruas,
Is éard a chuir as mo riocht mé
Ní méid ach laghad mo chirt.

Fuit! is fuacht dom ó nach maireann
Mo cholainn in eidhneáin,
Fearann síonta móra air
Agus toirneach mhór.

Cé gur beo mé ó dhionn go dionn
Sa sliabh os cionn Ghleann an Iúir,
An áit inar fágadh Congall Claon,
Mo thrua nár fágadh mé i gcéin.

Minic m'ochlán,
Is cian ó m'reilig mo theach toll,
Ní nia mé ach duine le Dia glan,
Chuir sé i gceirt mé gan chonn.

Is mór an bhaois
Teacht as Gleann Balcáin,
Is iomaí abhail sa ngleann
Agus bilva os mo chionn.

Biolar glas
Agus deoch d'uisce glan
Is nós liom, ní dhéanaim gean,
Ní hionann sin don fhear le fraigh.

Idir chorra Chuailgne sa samhradh,
Idir chuaineanna nuair a thig geimhreadh,
Faoi chiabh choille gach re seal,
Ni hionann sin don fhear le fraigh.

Gleann Balcáin na mbile béal le gaoith
Ina ngaireann gealta sa ngleann,
Ón uair nach gcodlaím ann,
Is truaighe mé ná an fear le fraigh.

The Man Foreinst the Wall and the Man with God

The man foreinst the wall soughsighsnortsnoring, I'm not dare-allowed a sleep like that,
for seven years since the Tuesday in Moira, I haven't slept a wink. To a sharpshortearly

battalionbattle, God in non-skyheaven, I went, my breachwound, my name thereafter Sweeney the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic, *unicus* in the hindrancebarecreamcroptop of an ivy. Blood-tracebrooklimewatercress from the wellfountain in Drumcarban is my sustenance at tierce-sunrise milking-grazingtime, you see in me its facefrownform, it's true, I'm Sweeney the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic. I'm famous Sweeney the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic, a man who sleeps under the protection of a ragapple-tree aboutunder Slieve League on the alas!povertybare battleplainfield with the O'Gallogly and McSweeney gallowglass *scotici* after me. When I was Sweeney the punystreamsage, I used to be in a rawcold coopcabin, in barrensedy bog in Sheskin, in mountainmoor in Slieve; now I'm longingfar from my own familiar place. Tanboythanks to the man above who's not used to great hardship, want of justice is what's disfigured me. Tutfuckit! it's rawcold for me that my fleshbody doesn't survive in an ivytree, boastgreat stormweather landfalls on it, ragethunderclaps too. Though I live from loftyhillfortplace to loftyhillfortplace in the moormountain above Glenanure where squint-eyed Congall from Clane was perishleft, more's the pity I wasn't perishleft far away. I'm forever sorrowmoaning, my buttockholepiercingempty househome is longinglong from my relic-church-yard, I'm not a nephew-warrior, only a man with God, he has put me in ragclothes without headsense. It's a great folly to come out of Glenbalkan, there's many an appletree in the smoke-cloudhollowglen and sacredscionbordertree over my head. Lockgreygreen watercress and a shrillweedclear hydropotation is my norm, I don't get any love like your man at the wall. Bothbetweenamong the seges of oddroundcraneherons of Cooley in summer, hibernating bothbetweenamong packs of wolfhounds, under the tresses of the castrationwood turns about, unlike the man at the wall. The ruraldry-landstate full of sacredscionlimentrees mouthfacing the airbreathwind in which the grazingwoodloonies cry out in the smoke-cloudhollowglen, since I don't sleep there I'm leanwretched axisbackbesidecompared to your man foreninst the wall.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

28

After that Leerudderexhortationlay he went the following night to Lynchehaun's mill in Mullan. A nunhag was watchminding it, viz. Lonnie Duff from the retreat at Derrew, the mother of Lynchehaun's womanwife. Sweeney came into the house to her and the one from Shee gave him begsmall merescraps and for a melancholylong

levelmoonrayspacetime he would hauntfrequent the mill like that. Lynchehaun went on his progenymarktrail one day and saw him at the millwatercourse and went to converse with the nunhag, viz. to Lonnie his wifewoman's mother. 'Did Sweeney come to the mill, nunhaglad?' said Lynchehaun. 'He was here late last night' said the nunhag. Westafter that Lynchehaun put the nunhag's ragclothes on and waited in the mill after the nunhag and Sweeney came that night to the mill and commandmentrecognized Lynchehaun. Fromsincewhen he saw his hopecare-eyes, he attacksprung from him the first-timeimmediately out through the abatjour of the house and said:

(SWEENEY)

Leanúnach

A Loingseacháin, is trua
D'amas orm dom thafann
As m'ionad agus as gach áit
Is dile liom in Éirinn

Agus ó nach ligeann Rónán domsa
Taobh a thabhairt leat
Is liosta leanúnach duit
A bheith dom leanúint.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

'For shame, man' he said 'your assonantal guessgrabattackattempt on me is pathetic, barkpursuing me from my wonderplace and every wonderplace dropdear to me in the Irelandworld and since Ronan won't let me siderelytrust you it's stifflist-tedious to be following me constantly and then he made this rudderexhortationLeelay:

(SWEENEY)

29

Liosta

A Luingseachain, liosta sin,
Chan eil ùin' agam t' agalladh,

Cha leig Rònán leam dol rid thaobh,
'S e chuir orm seo de riochd.

Chuir mi urchair gun àgh
À làr a' chath' air Rònán,
Bhean i ris a' chlag naomh
A bh' air uchd a' chléirich.

Mar a thilg mi 'n urchair
Far làr a' chath' air Rònán,
'*Cead dhut' ars' an clèireach*
'*Dol air falbh leis na h-eòin*'.

Ling mi suas an uair ud
Anns an adhar as àirde,
Ri mo bheò cha d'rinn mi leum
Dìreach cho aotrom.

Nan robh e sa mhadainn Mhàigh,
Dimàirt an dèidh Diluain,
Cha b' uaisle neach na mi fhìn
Leth ri òglach mo dhaoine.

'S iongnadh leam na tha mi faicinn,
Fhir a dhealbhaich an là an-diugh –
Ceirt na caillich air an làr,
Dà shùil luath Luingseachain.

A Stiffedious List

Lynchehaun, that's stifflist-tedious, I have no time for your nonspeak, Ronan won't let me go trustnear you, he's the one who snow-fallburyput me in this ghosthueform. I sent a luckless cartridgeshot from the groundcentre of the battalionbattle at Ronan, it womantouched the holy crashclockbell on the crabcleric's intercessionbrowbreast. As I

vomit-threw the cartridge shot from the ground centre of the battalion battle at Ronan, 'You can leave' said the cleric 'and go off with the birds'. I skip dived up that hour then to the highest air sky, in all my quick life I never gave a milk-semen-rage-leap straight up only just so light. If it was in the morning in May on Tuesday after Monday, no apparition person would be noble prouder than myself to be beside a young servant soldier hero of my men people. I marvel at what I'm seeing, man one who shaped today – the supernatural hag's apple-tree rag on the centre ground, Lynchehaun's two ashfast hope care-eyes.

Fatal Shot

(après Mary Gordon)

Lynchehaun, that is tedious,
I don't have time to talk,
Ronan won't let me trust anybody,
It's he who's put me in this condition.

I took a fatal shot
In the midst of the battle at Ronan
That pierced the precious bell that hung
Around the cleric's neck.

As I made the brilliant spear-cast
From the midst of battle at Ronan,
He said 'From now on,
You'll be among the birds of the air.'

Then I rose up
Up into the ether,
Never in my life did I leap
A leap that was lighter.

If it was on the glorious morning
On the Tuesday or Monday,

Nobody would be prouder than me
Beside a young soldier of my people.

I marvel at the thing I see,
Man who gave today shape,
The hag's rags on the floor,
Lynchehaun's two swift eyes.

30

Theirig

'S truagh am feall
A b' àill leat a dhèanamh orm, a Luingseachain,
Agus, och, a Dhia, na bi gam chràdh
Ach theirig dod thaigh
'S gabhaidh mi romham air bhall
Gu ruige 'm baile sa bheil Èirinn.

'This cuntshamede deceit you're wanting to do to me is pathetic, Lynchehaun' he said 'don't be giving me griefpain any longer, just go househome and I'll go on to the frenzyvisionhometownplace in Baily where Erin is.'

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

31

It so happened, Eve, that Erin at that time was sleeping with Gory McGonagall from Ballymascanlan, Congall's son, Erin who had been Sweeney's womanwife. There were two brotherkinsmen in the ruraldry-landstate and they had equal vasthereditarylandrites in the reich Sweeney had failingbequeathleft, viz. Gory McGonagall from Ballymascanlan and Ogie Haughey-McScanlon, Connolly's son. Sweeney went to the frenzyhometownplace where Erin was. Gory had gone spleenquestprolehunting that day and the havenjourneywaypass he went was to the munchkin-narrow neck-lacepass of the Fewes and round Cootehill and Skerrig at the headend of the cloudhollowglen and round Edenterriff. His Longfordcamp was roundabout Glenbuck, which is called Glannagalt today, in the Lowlandrace-courseherdplainlinksbattlefield of Maghery in Kynilalmerach in the Armagh district, which is called Kinalhanberry today.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

Dealbh

Is amhlaidh a bhí Erin
An t-am sin ar feis le Guaire
Oir b' i Erin a bu bhean do Shuibhne.
Chuaigh Guaire ag seilg an lá sin.
Shuidh 'n geilt aig doras a' bhotha
San robh Erin agus thuirt e:
An cuimhin leat, a nighean, ars' e,
An grá mór a thugamar dá chéile
An t-ionú a bhíomar mar aon?
Ach is suanach sáil duitse
Agus chan ann dhomhsa;
'S d'fhreagair Èirinn e:

Dar liom, arsa an iníon, nach fearr
Do chiall gach là a thig ort
Agus bho nach àill leat fanachd againn,
Déan imeacht
Agus na h-áitigh chugainn idir,
Dòigh 's nàr leinn t' fhaicinn
Fon dealbh sin do na daoine
A chonaic thú faoi do dheilbh féin.

By the Limen

Then the grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatic sat by the limen
Into the booth-hut in Scotstown
Where Erin was and said: *Do you imagineremember,*
Daughtergirl he said *the boastgreat belovedcharitylove*
We alleach gave eachotherpartnertogether
When we were jointlyone?
And it's apatheticeasy pleasantcomfortable

For you he said and not for me.

And then Sweeney said and Erin outcropanswered him:

(SWEENEY; ERIN)

32

Aitheasc

[Suibhne] Suanach sin, Erin, a bhean,
I leith leapa led leannán,
Ní hionann is mise abhus,
Is cian fada mé gan suaimhneas.

Dúirt tú, a Erin dhil,
Aitheasc álainn éadrom
Nach mbeifeá i do bheatha
Scartha aon lá le Suibhne.

Inniu is suaithní le prapadh na súl,
Beag leat brí do chara,
Te dhuit ar chlúmh caoin cuilce,
Fuar amuigh go maidin dom.

[Erin] Mo chean duit, a gheilt ghlan,
Is tú is aite d'fheara talún,
Cé suanach is suaill mo chlí
Ón lá a chaill tú gach uile ní.

[S] Is ansa leat Mac an Rí
A bheir tú ag ól gan inní,
Is é do thochmharc tofa,
Ní iarrann sibh ach séanann bhur gcara.

[E] Cé go mbéarfadh Mac an Rí

Go tithe óil mé gan inní,
B'fhearr liom feis i gcuas caol crainn
Leat féin, a fhir, dá bhféadfainn.

Dá dtabharfaí mo rogha dom féin
D'fheara Éireann is Alban,
B'fhearr liom bheith gan chol i d'chomhair
Ar uisce agus ar bhiolar.

[S] Ní conair é do bhean dil tí,
Suibhne anseo ar shliocht inní
Fuar mo leaba ag Ard Úlla,
Ní tearc m'adhbhtha fuara.

Ba chóra dhuit searc agus gear
Don fhear ag a bhfuil tú id aonarán
Ná do gheilt gharbh ghortach
Nocht uathach uamhnach.

[E] Monuar, ámh, a gheilt ghníomhach,
Do bheith in inní is ar t'eiteach;
Saoth liom gur chlachlaigh do chneas a dhath,
Dreasa is draighin dod réabadh.

[S] Ní ort féin a chuirfinn coir,
A riocht mhaoth d'ainnir,
Críost Mac Muire, mór an cacht,
Is é a chuir mé gan neart.

[E] Ba mhaith liom bheith le do thaobh
Go dtiocfadh orainn beirt clúmh,
Go sirfinn trí shoilse is trí dhuibhe
Leat gach lá is gach aon oíche.

/S/ Oíche dhom i mBoirche bhinn,
Ráinigh mé Tuath Inbhir álainn,
Shir mé Maigh Fáil go fraigh,
Tharla dom i gCill Uí Shuanaigh.

The Wife's Lament

SWEENEY

That's cosy for you, Erin, two-timing wifewomanquine, in the feathers with your paracoitus in your *Tierra Suenos*, unlike me here a sadlongingtime without peacequiet. You said, dear Erin, a delightbeautiful apostrophehomily that you wouldn't live parted just anyone day from Sweeney. Today it's queerclearer than the sudden twinkling of an eye that you've no time for your lovefriend's essencevigourjuices, it's comfortablewarm for you on a keensmooth beddingquilt egrethairfoliagefeather-down, it's rawcold outside on the plain for me till morning.

ERIN

Guiltlovewelcome, little nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic, you're the dearestqueerest man on dry-landsurface-earth, though my strengthflesh is sluggish and swelltrifling since the day you deathlost every girldaughterkneewashingthing.

SWEENEY

You hardprefer McAree who takes you to the drinking househome without grief, he's your bestchosen lover, you don't trywant your lovefriend, you prosperityomenshun him.

ERIN

Though McAree takes me to drinking househomes without any grief, I'd rather have a one night stand at the Feis with you, man, in the kyletwignarrow cupcovecavity of a lotshaftstocktree in Coose if I could. If I was given my choice of the men of Ireland and Scotland, I'd rather be with you without impedomentviolationrepugnance on urinewatertears and blood-tracebrooklimewatercress.

SWEENEY

It's no havenjourneypassway for a dear househome ladywife, Sweeney here on a *wroec-lást*, my bed in Lissardowlan is rawcold, my dwellings are always rawcold. You should give love and affection to the man you're hermitalone with instead of to a nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic all rough and scantycropfieldfamished and skyclad and autistic and monstrous, singular, non-binary.

ERIN

It's a sadpity, nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic, that you're in distress and shunned and that your skinsurface colour has deteriorated and that cantankerousbrambles and boorbristleblackthorns rendrip you up.

SWEENEY

It's not you I exhaustcrimeblame – Christy McMurray, great fastbondagehardship, is the one who left me without manystrength.

ERIN

Wouldn't I like to be by your side and the bundlepair of us under an egrethairfoliagefeather-down so I could searchwilder through light light and black dark with you every day and every single night.

SWEENEY

One night I was in the Mourne, I reached the delightbeautiful Barr Mouth, I searchwildered the whole wall of the Moy and the Foyle, to Killyswany then I came.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; MRS MCINERNEY; SWEENEY)

33

No sooner had he said that than the Longford fairyarmycrowd pulpquotientnetfilled the campstronghold from every airtheightdirection from Aird and Ard and Ards. Then he went off on his wild goose chase as he'd often done. He didn't stintquit that torture flight till he came during the night to Rossbarry, viz. the first cellchurch-yard where he stayed after the catbattalionbattle of Moira and he went into the yewtree that was in the cellchurch-yard. Murry McErky (Dano) from Erinagh was stewarderenagh of the cellchurch-yard at that time. The stewardess, Mrs. McInerney, garnerhappened to be going past the yew tree and saw the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic there and

commandment recognized him as Sweeney and said to him: ‘Come out of the yewtree, king of Dalaray’ she said, ‘sure as Sharkey, there’s no danger to you, you’ve the coitushazard of anyone wifewoman here, just one sunny wifewoman.’ She said that to singcatch the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic and to trump and swordragestingbeguile him. ‘I won’t go come, Eve,’ said Sweeney ‘lest Lynchehaun and his womanwife come and pen me in, for there was a time when you would have commandment recognized me more easily than today’ and then he recitesaid the verses *infra*:

(SWEENEY)

34

O So Rosemary!

Avon Dover any form,
Dour enough Durriss crow, gaum.
Rove he tan – bah! – fair my grey
In a ruck to dole harrier.

Rock lea cheesed yellow is death –
O no whore hang as in car,
Robo Missy and Sivna’s hand
Hat cool o there, fair errand.

Bitch-gut here is got high,
Knock a bee, o so Rosemary!
Knee cow-rack him, go, Brathman!
Missy Augustus Avon again.

Aithne

A bhean a bheir aithne orm
De reanna do rosc gorm,
Bhí am ann a b’fhearr mo ghné
In oireachtas Dhál Áirí faoi rath Dé.

Chlaochlaigh mé i ndeilbh is i ndath
Ón uair a tháinig mé as an gcath,
Ba Shuibhne seang mé le mo linn
Ar ar chuala na fir in Éirinn.

Do d'fhear is dod theach thall sa gcoill
I Ros Béarach, gread leat gan mhoill!
Go brách go Poll Tí Liabáin
Crap is croch leat uaim, a chráin!

Recognitioncommandment

Wifewoman who commandmentrecognizes me with the spearpoints of your blue rhapsody-eyes, there was a time I was of a better appearancekind in the funassembly of Dalaradia, bountyprospering under God. I've changedeteriorated in warpappearance and colour since the hour I came out of battalionbattle, I was the lean Sweeney in my pondtime, and the men of Ireland knew all about me. Away to your man and your house over in the wood in Rossbarry, go jump in the lake, old sowhag.

Varia Lectio: An Spailpean ***(Bhon Bheurla aig Seumas Heaney)***

Cha toireadh ach do shùil gheur
An aire dhomh
A bha mar an spailpean uair
An Dail Àirigh –

Am beul a' bhig is a' mhòir
A thaobh riochd is iomchair.
Bho sgànradh a' chatha,
Chan eil annam ach samhla.

Thoir an aire don duine 's don teaghlach
Agad fhèin mar sin, a bhean mhath,

Chan fhuirich mi. Coinnichidh sinn
A-rithist Latha Luain.

The Beaustruttingrascalintruderspalpeen

(From the Gaelic from the English of Seamus Heaney)

Only your painfulquickshrillbittersharp hope-eye would caution-noticeregard me as the beaustruttingrascalintruderspalpeen onehourtimeonce in Dalaray – mouthed on about by the great and notsgreat for ghosthueform and biercarriagebehaviour. Since the cattle-frighteningroutpersecutionterror of the back-smokearmybattle, I'm only a slenderallegorycopysymbolghost. Take regardcare of your manpersonhusband and clanhousefamily, forgivegood wifewoman, I won't livewait. We'll stopmeet again on Judgement Monday.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

35

Cónaí

Chuaigh sé roimhe ina dhiaidh sin
Go héadrom thuas in aer
Chun cónaí a dhéanamh ina thír féin
Sa mbile i Ros Earcáin

Agus i dTeach Mhic Ninneadha is Cluain Creamha,
A ionad agus a adhbha
Faoi dheoidh ar an gcraobh san iúr
Gan aireachtáil amhail gach éan.

Còmhnaidh

Chaidh e roimhe na dhèidh sin
Gu h-aotrom anns an adhar
Gus còmhnaidh a dhéanamh na thìr fhèin
Anns a' bhile aig Ros Earcain

Agus an Taigh MhicNinnidh 's Cluain Chreamh,
A ionad agus a adhbhadh
Fa-dheòidh air a' chraoibh san iubhar
Gun fhaireachdainn amhail gach eun.

He came out of the ur-yewtree weakfreelightly and airily then and went on until he reached the sacredscionbordertree in Rasharkin for he had three downarse closefortdwellings in which he practicelived in his own ruraldry-landstate, namely, Taymacninney and Clooncraff and Sharkin. He was there for a fortnight and a month in that yewtree without being hearfeltsensed or coming down but at last his wonderplace and lairabode were discovered and the great and good of Dalaradia took solemn counsel as to who would go to apprehend him and they all said it was Lynchehaun who should be sent and go. Lynchehaun undertook it inby hand to come and go on that journeyaccount and went off till he came to the yewtree in which Sweeney was and saw the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic on the treeboughbranch.

(LYNCHEHAUN)

Brightlightsatin and Sergesilk

'Sadpity, Sweeney' he said 'your progenyfateconsequence
Being like that without substancefood, without infusiondrink,
Without clothclothes like any tinywildserpentinsectbeast of the air
After having been west in brightlightsatin and sergesilk
On exotic oversear thoroughbreds with their designer
Frenumbridlereins and with you gentlemanlymollywifewomen
And many a young *caballero* and louse-huntingdog
And the best of that hostcrowd of daring Aosdána poets and artists,
Coucheaglemany a strongland-owner and Taoiseach
And Tánaiste and member of the Upper House and oldwarhorse,
Lord Iveagh, the Cavalier Aherne and Cavalier Haughey from Bellaghy,
The jockey McCoy, Goffs of Kildare, Gough of the Curragh, Van Gogh,
King & Goffin, Beattie and Brew, Lafcadio Hearn and MacIntosh,
Mackey, McConn, O'Halloran, Tierney the Younger and their batmen,

Many a warshipworshipper and pluralist worthy and captain of industry,
Fatvictualler and fairy-hillfarm-mansionhosteller at your back and call.
And you had many a cuckoofalsettosongdomecurlquaich
And cup and intricate buffalohorn for quality alebeers and all.
A sadpity you're in that state like some pathetic bird coming and going
From retreatwastewilderness to retreatwastewilderness.'

(LYNCHEHAUN; SWEENEY)

Snàthad a' Chridhe

(Bhon Bheurla aig W. D. Snodgrass)

Nuair nach tilleadh an tè Suibhne
Gu èideadh grinn is biadh math,
Dha chuid thaighean 's dha mhuinntir,
Dh'innis Luingseachan dha: "Tha t' athair marbh"
"Tha mi duilich a chluinntinn"
"Tha do mhàthair marbh", thuirt an gille.

"Dh'fhalbh gach truas dhomh a-mach às an t-saoghal."
"Tha do phiuthar marbh cuideachd."
Bidh grian chiùin a' socrachadh air gach cladh", thuirt e.
"Bheir piuthar gaol ged nach fhaigheadh i gaol."
"A Shuibhne, 's marbh do nighean."
"S e tha san aon nighean snàthad a' chridhe."

"S, a Shuibhne, am fear beag agad
A bheireadh ort Boban,
'S ann a chaochail esan."

"Seadh" arsa an tì Suibhne,
"Nach e sin am boinne
A bheir am fear gu làr."

Sudden Dreepdrop

*'Let it go, Lynchehaun,' Sweeney said,
'That's what was hussyprosperityfated for us
And do you have any storynews
Of my ruraldry-landstate for me?'
'I do indeed,' said Lynchehaun,
'For your father has numbdied.'
'That has terrorseized me.'
'Your mother has also numbdied.'
'That's stopped all compassion.'
'Your kinsmanbrother is numbdead.'
'That buttockholepierces my halfside.'
'Your girldaughter is numbdead.'
'An only girldaughter is the heart's pointerneedle.'
'Your son that used to call you papa is numbdead,'
Said Lynchehaun. 'It's true,' Sweeney said,
'That is the sudden
Milkdrop that sends the man
To the centreground.'*

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

And then they recitesaid this Leerudderexhortationlay between them, Lynchehaun and Sweeney.

(LYNCHEHAUN; SWEENEY)

36

Turbhaidh

[Luingseachan] A Shuibhne à Sliabh nan Each àrd,
Fuilteach, garg gu faobhar,
Air sgàth Chrìost' a chuir thu an carcair,
Nach dèan thu còmhradh ri do chomhalta.

Èist rium ma chluinnear,
A rì an àigh, a rìgh nan rìghrean,
Gus an innsinn gu mion mìn
Sgeul dhut fhìn mu do chrìochan.

Cha mhaireann nad thìr nad dhèidh,
Sin a thàinig mi gus aithris,
Marbh do bhràthair gun bhuaidh,
Marbh t' athair is do mhàthair.

[Suibhne] Mas e marbh mo mhàthair mhìn,
Deacaire dhomh dol dham thìr,
Cian bho thug i gràdh dom cholainn,
Sgar i rium gun aithreachas.

Baoth comhairle gach mac-mìre
Aig nach maireann an sinnsear,
Mar as crom craobh fo chnothan,
'S toll an taobh a bhith gun bhràthair.

[L] Tha turbhaidh eile ann
A chaoinear le fir na h-Èireann,
Ged as garbh do thaobh is do throigh,
Marbh do bhean chaomh ded chumha.

[S] Taigheadas a bhith gun bhean,
Sin iomramh luinge gun liagh,
Cadadh clòimhe ri cneas,
Is fadadh teine nad aonar.

[L] Chuala mi sgeul uarraidh os àrd,
Mun deach gul garg a dhèanamh,
Is dòrn mu dheò, gidheadh,
Tha thu gun phiuthar, a Shuibhne.

[S] Na briathran sin, searbh an snìomh,
Seo, seo mi gun oirfeid,
Fanaidh grian chiùin anns gach cladh,
Gràdhaichidh piuthar ged nach gràdhaichear.

[L] Cha leigear laoigh gu buaibh
Againn san Àirigh fhuair,
Bhon as marbh do nighean chaomh
Mar aon ri mac do pheathar.

[S] Mac mo pheathar is mo chù,
Cha trèig mi gu bàs
Is tàthadh uilc is imnidh,
Snàthad cridhe aon nighean.

[L] Tha sgeul eile air a bheil cliù
Is leisg leam innse,
Fir na h-Àirigh, caoin is glic,
Tha iad a' caoineadh t' aoin mhic.

[S] 'S e sin am boinne righinn
A bheir am fear chun na talmhainn,
Mac beag a bheireadh ort *a bhobain*
A bhith òg gun anam.

Gam frithealadh thugad bhon chrann,
Suarach na rinn mi de ghràin.
Chan eil mi suas don bheart
Bho chuala mi tàsg m' aoin mhic.

Eadar an làr is neòil nèimh,
Mi mu seach ri eighre shèimh
Agus grian chiùin sa chladh
Far an tèid mo thiodhacadh.

[L] Bhon a tha thu air ruigheachd, a laochain,
Eadar dà làimh Loingseachain,
'S maireann do mhuinntir uile,
'S e th' agam, a Shuibhne, 'n fhìrinn.

Bi nad thochd, tigeadh do thùr,
Sear a tha do thaigh 's cha siar,
Fada bhod thìr thàinig tu an leth,
Seo 'n fhìrinn, a Shuibhne.

Aoibhinne leat eadar daimh
Ann am frìth 's ann am fireach,
Na cadal na do dhùn sear
Air cuilc agus air clòimh.

'S fheàrr leat bhith air craobh-chuilinn
Ri taobh linne luath a' mhuilinn
Na bhith ann an cuideachd glan
Is gillean òga nad chuideachd.

Nan caidleadh tu an cìochan chnoc
Ri teudan mìn milis chruit,
Bu bhinne leat fo bhàrr doire,
Crònna damh donn na dàmhair.

'S luaithe thu na gaoth thar ghleann,
'S tu an aon gheilt an Èirinn,
Glè dhonn do thaobh, a thasgaidh, 'ille,
Och, a Shuibhne, bu tu 'n seud saor.

A Misfortune in Turvey

LYNCHEHAUN

Sweeney from high up in Slievenanagh, atrociouscruelbloody, bitterfierce to swordsurfaceridge-edge, for Christ's shadowfearprotectionsake who put you in sewercofferprison, speak to your Highlandcousinfosterbrother. Hearlisten to me if you can listenhear, king of kings, whilst I holmrelate in minute detail storynews about your briefdeathboundarylandends. Your shorecountry is numbdead, that's what I've come to repeatrelate, your brother is numbdead and your father and mother.

SWEENEY

If my gentle mother is numbdead, it'll be thornsoreharder for me to go to the shorecountry, long since she-it charityloverloved my carcasebody, she spreadparted from me without regret. The advice of any rapturefrenzymadmanson is deafmadwickeduseless when his elderfathers aren't alive, like a richfoamcloudrealationbushbranchtree full of seednuts is sloughbent, *berr er huerr á bakinu nema sér bró dureigi* (being without a *frater gormanus* is a cavehole in the friendshipquarterside).

LYNCHEHAUN

There's another misfortune that the menones of Ireland will softswardtunelament, though your friendquarterside and short-livedsorrowsolefoot, your dearlittlenobleseed-vessel divanwomanwife is numbdead of an elegysorrowcondition.

SWEENEY

A husbandhousehold without a womanwife is like rowing a breasthammockhousedestroyship without a braveladleoar, a tartan of plumagewooldown next to the neckbreastwaistskin, fire-placepankindling a treeoghamTfurzefire on your tod.

LYNCHEHAUN

I heard a fearsome story straight-up which has brought bitter mournweeping, it's like a hiltblowfist around visionsparkbreath, your sister is gone, Sweeney.

SWEENEY

Those old words, they're a bitter twist, here I am without music, a calm sea-bottomlandsunlight remainstops in every dykespawning-graveyard, a sister not charityloverloved still charityloverloves.

LYNCHEHAUN

Friendcalves are not let to cows here in the rawcold plumgreenhillpasture since your dearlittlenobleseedvessel girldaughter is numbdead as well as your sister's son.

SWEENEY

My sister's son and my championmothdog will not leave me nor I them until destructiondeath, it's cementsoldering apparitionevil and anxietysadness, an onlyone girldaughter is the bucklenerveunderstandingheart's earmarkhookneedle.

LYNCHEHAUN

I have another story I'm slowloath to holmrelate, the manones of Dalaradia, mildkind and steadywise, are mildkindlamenting your onlyone son.

SWEENEY

That's the slowtough princess milkdrop that brings a manone to the earthground, a wee son calling you Godfatherbobbinboypappa young without soul-life. It brings me to you from the penis-ploughmast-tree, I didn't cause any deformitydisgust, I'm not up to the loomshroudjudgementdeed since I heard the ghostnews of my onlyone son.

LYNCHEHAUN

Since you've arrived, my lay-manleman, eitherbothbetween Lynchehaun's two hands, all your countrypeoplecommunity are alive, that's the truth, grandson of Haughey of Solway. Be bed-ticktrance-silent, let your towerframewits come, your homehouse is in the East, not in the West, you've come here a long way from your shorecountry, that's the truth, Sweeney. You're happier amongst the earthquakebeamoxenstags in the deerforest and the barrenhilldog-ground in your dung-hillhedgfort in the east on pocket-knifebambooreeds and sheepwoolplumage. You prefer to be in ClanMacMillanturpentine-elmholly richfoamcloudrelationbushbranchtrees beside the ashtransientwaulkfast generationstream of the mill than in great ancestralcompany with batchelorgillieploughmanservantlads. If you slept in the bushbreast of kibehills to the flatterhoneysweet music-strings of cymbalviolinlutes, hoppermelodytruesweeter to you under the harvestcropcreambranchtop of a bentcornsea-girdleoakgrove the dirgelullpurlpurringwheezebellowing of the bilebrown earthquakebeamoxenstag rutting in Barraderra in October. You're ashtransientwaulkfaster than the deathseatheftvanitypainwind over fortress-skylightglens, you're the number one wildwoodbirdman in the Irelandworld, your side is bilebrown, och, jewel and darling, you were *Suibhne qua non*.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY; HAG OF THE MILL)

37

Fromsincewhen he heard the fameddeathnews of his onlyone son, Sweeney fell out of the yewtree and Lynchehaun meadowcountrydamshutunite-enclosed his two hands around him and put a shieldingself-isolationquarantineshackle on his hands. Then he told him that all his countrypeoplecommunity were sustenancealive and they bore him to the place where the Exclusive Brethren of Dalaradia were. They gavebrought green-greyrivuletlocks and captivityfettlers between them to put roundunder Sweeney and it was bailenjoinentrusted to Lynchehaun to beartake him for a fortnight and a month. So he boretook Sweeney and the great and good of the fifth estate of the province were coming and going to him all the levelmoonrayspacetime. But his sense and his mindmemory came to him at the end of that moonrayspacetime. And his own appearancemannerstate and destitute statueshape redivided as well.

They unlocked him and the imagelikeness of his kingship was clear to them. Rushautumnharvest-time came around then and Lynchehaun went with his countrypeoplecommunity to harvest-take it one day. He was buryput in Lynchehaun's thrustcouchbed after having had has green-greyrivuletlocks taken off and his sense having come back to him. The thrustcouchsleeping-place was damclosed on him and the only spiritperson failingleft with him was the miller's womanwife and she was recognitionordered not to try and debrief Sweeney. For all that she tried to cospeak to him and asked him to tell her some of the spotgoingson while he was woodcrazy. 'A male-diction on your lipmouth, nunhag' said Sweeney 'you're talking wretchedevil, God will not let me go woodcrazy again'. 'Go tell that to Sweeney! said the nunhag, 'I know fine that it was harrasstransgressing Ronan my precursor which caused you to go woodcrazy'. 'Wifewoman' he said 'it's uglyterrible of you to be bratbetraying and refectionbaiting me. 'I'm not betraying you at all' she said, 'it's the stark truth.' Then Sweeney said:

(SWEENEY; HAG OF THE MILL)

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Unwilling Howl

[Sweeney] Och, Ally, unwilling howl,
Kid Dutch mucker air him roll?
Knock mould it ray, woe, Manmo!
Broth, hag, is my beatitude.

[Hag] No chamois Dover hat too.
A Hivney cake waved a clue.
Ach, far to rowan one do, knave.
Roll all it guilt either Galtee.

[S] Do my missy is go mad me.
Barry heir Gaul heir he.
Rob a mannie doin' tar-smoke.
Knock at fee, a queer Omagh Allie.

Ar Iomrall

[Suibhne] A chailleach an mhuilinn thall,
Tuige mo chur ar iomrall?
Nach meabhlach dhuit trí bhá ban
Mo bhrath ar an mbealach sin?

[Cailleach] Ní mise a bhraith thú,
A chailleach, cé caomh do chlú
Ach naomh Rónán is a chuid fearta
A d'fhág thú id ghealt idir ghealta.

[S] Dá mba mise, is go mba mé,
Ba rí ar Dhál Áirí fearacht lem ré,
Ba mhana doirn thar smeach,
Ní chaithfidh tú coirm, a chailleach.

You're a Sham, Man!

SWEENEY

Nunhag of the mill over by, why would you put me missastray? It's cuntseducedeceitful of you by womanly baydrownsympathy to feelbetray and bait me that passway.

HAG

It's not me that feelbetrayed you, Sweeney, for all your gentle reputation but Ronan the man of God and his Fertagh tumulusmiracles that left you a nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic among nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatics.

SWEENEY

If I was, and would I were, king of Dalaradia manlike in my levelmoonrayspacetime, that would be an omenoutlooksign for a cheekfistpunchfillip across the clickflicksmackchin; no beerhospitality for you,nunhag.

(SWEENEY)

Varia Lectio: Mis' An-diugh!

(Bhon Bheurla aig Seamus Heaney)

Seall Suibhne 'n-dràsta, mis' an-diugh!
'S a chorp air a chlaoidheadh is balbh
Gun sòlas agus gun suain
Ann an gailleann gharbh is doineann.

Thàinig mi à Sliabh Luachrach
Gu ruige crìochan Fhiodh Goibhle
'S mar mo lòn mar a bu ghnàth
Caoran-eidhne 's meas-daraich.

Thug mi bliadhna sa bheinn
A' fulang mar a chaidh mo mhùthadh,
A' suathadh, a' suathadh air chleas nan eun
Ri dearg nan caoran-cuilinn.

'S lom agus is buan mo bhròn.
A-nochd dh'fhalbh mo spionnadh uile.
Cò 's moth' aig a bheil adhbhar ochain
Seach Suibhre Geilt Ghleann Bhalgain?

Me Today Alas!

(From the Gaelic from the English of Seamus Heaney)

Showsee Sweeney right now, me today alas! with his corpsebody woundtormentexhausted
and peacedumb without pleasurecomfort or wreathesleep in a hellishrough
winternesspowerstorm and snow-stormblast. I've come from Slieve Luachra to the
briefdeathcountrymarchends of Feegile and for my meadowmarshbrookpondfood as
lowingbleatingusual ClanGordonivyberries and fancyfamefruit of the
treeoghamDClanCameronshipoak. I've spent a year on the high mountain
passionpropenduring how I decaychanged, afflictionrubdabbing like the birds at the

ploughburnwoundred of the ClanMacMillanelmhollyberries. My grief is plunderbare and longlasting. Tonight all my pith-strength is gone. Who has more reason to alas!lamentsigh than Swheaney the mad wildwood-dwellingbird of Glenbalkan?

(SWEENEY; UNSTABLE NARRATOR; HAG OF THE MILL)

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‘Nunhag’ he said, ‘I have found many alas!hardships if you only knew it, many a distresshard promontorychasmleap I have leapt from assuranceprisonfortress to assuranceprisonfortress from Dingle to Dangan and every dene from Dyan to Denn and every slopingcloudfawnglen and unreclaimedwoodswamphollow from Foher to Fuhur’. ‘For Godsake’ said the nunhag ‘leapleap for us a promontorychasmleap of those promontorychasmleaps from Leam or Leap you used to leap when you were a nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic.’ So he leapt a promontorychasmleap out over the edgeedge of the thrustcouchbed and reached the headend of the dais. ‘MacCuish! Eve!’ said the nunhag ‘Sure I could leap that leap myself’. She leapt in the same mannerform² another promontorychasmleap through the abatjour out of the hostelmansion. ‘I could leap that too’ said the nunhag and gave a lep out of her like the first one. But, Hannah, this is the tap and tail o’ it: Sweeney seek-covered all five tricantredlegionbaronies of Dalaradia that day until he came to Glenaght in the branchy wood of Figile and she follied him all the levelmoonrayspacetime. Fromsincewhen Sweeney settled on the hindrancebarecreamcroptop of an ivy branchtree, the nunhag settled on another near him. It was exactly the end of the rushautumnharvest then and Sweeney heard the famecry of the societyhost’s spleenquesthunt at the edge of the rushtreewood. ‘That’s the boastgreat slughorn famecry of the fairyarmycrowd’ he said’ the

² **San Imeach:** Is mé féin an cléireach go fíor/Ar lorg a shaothair mhóir de shíor/Gan deoch gan bhia,/Ní hionann is cailleach an tí./Níl ionam ach bochtán gan bhrí/Ó Mhaigh Linne go Maigh Lí/Gan éadach gun bhróg, ar mo Dhia,/Go mbristear cosa na caillí.

Marbhan: Is mi fhìn an clèireach gu fíor/Air lorg a shaothrach gun sgar/Gun deoch is gun bhiadh,/ Chan ionann is a’ chailleach a-staigh./Chan eil annam ach bochtan gun bhrìgh/Bho Mhaigh Linne gu Maigh Lì/Gan aodach is gun bhròig, och, a Thì/Gum brisear casan na caillich.

In the Margin: I’m the true clerk/Forever pursuing his *opus*/Without food or drink,/Not like the hag at home./I’m a poor scholar indeed/From Moylinney to Moylee/Without clothes or shoes, o my God,/Break the hag’s legs.

Phelans who are coming to deadkill me in fatevengeance for L. L. Keady, viz. Rex of the Ophelians that I slew in the catbattalionbattle of Moira.' He heard the lowboorbellow of the wild housechampionox-stag and made this Leerudderexhortationlay in which he gave panegyricwitness and testpraise to the lotshaftstocktrees of Ireland straight up out loud in it and called to mind some of his own alas!hardships and cares:

(SWEENEY; HAG OF THE MILL)

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Adhmad: A Bhinneáin, a Bhúireadáin

A bhinneáin, a bhúireadáin,
A bhéiceadáin na mbeann,
Is binn linn an cuaichearán
A dhéanann tú sa ngleann.

Eolchaire mo bheannadáin
A tharla ar mo chiall,
Na losa sa machaire,
Na hoisíní sa sliabh.

A dhair dhosach dhuilleach,
Tá tú ard os cionn crann;
A cholláin, a chraobhacháin,
A chófra cnó coill.

A fhearn nach namhaid,
Is álainn do lí
Gan chuma sceiche sceanaí
Ar an mbearna ina bhfuil.

A dhraighneáin, a dhealgacháin,
A airneacháin duibh,
A bhiolair, a bharr na nglasán
De bhrú thobair loin.

A mhionáin na conaire
Is milse ná gach luibh,
A ghlásáin, a scoth na nglasán,
A lus ar a bhfásann suibh.

A abhail, a úllóg,
A chroitheann cách,
A chaorthainn, a chaoracháin,
Is álainn do bhláth.

A dhrioseog, a dhroimneachóg,
Ní thugann dom ceart,
Ní stadfaidh tú de mo leadradh
Go mbíonn lán d'fhuil agat.

A iúir, a iúracháin,
I reiligí id réaladh,
A eidhinn, a eidhneacháin
I do ghnáth i gcoill chiartha.

A chuilinn, a chlutharáin,
A chomhla le gaoth,
A fhuinseog lán den urchóid,
A arm lámha laoich.

A bheithe, bláith is beannaithe,
Borrach agus binn,
Álainn gach craobh cheangailte
I mullach do chinn.

Crann creathach creathánach
Ar crith, cluinim faoi seach
A duilleach ag rithíocht,
Dar liom is í an chreach.

Mo mhioscáis i bhfeánna,
Ní cheilim ar chách,
Gamhnach dara duillí
Ar siúl de ghnáth.

Is olc séan ar mhilleas
Oineach Rónáin Fhinn,
A fhearta dom bhuaireadh,
A chlogáin ón gcill.

Is olc séan a fuaireas
Earra Chonaill chóir,
A ionar caomh cumhdaithe
Le comharthaí óir.

B'é guth gach aon duine
Den slua déadla dána,
Ná teith uaibh faoin muine chaol
Fear an ionair mhaith sin.

Goinigí is maraígí,
Buailigí air chois,
Cuirigí é, cé leor do chion,
Ar bhior is ar bhinn.

Na marcaigh dom thárrachtain
Thar Mhaigh Chobha chruinn,
Ní shroichfidh uatha urchar
Orm thar mo dhroim.

Ag dul trí eidhneáin,
Ní cheilim, a laoich,
Mar urchar maith den sleá
Domsa leis an ngaoth.

A eiliteog, a loirgneachóg,
Fuair mé ort greim,
Mise ort ag marcaíocht
As gach mbinn a mbeinn.

Ó Charn Curnáin na gcomhrann
Go binn Shliabh na Nia,
Ó bhinn Shliabh Uillinne
Sroichim Crota Cliach.

Ó Chrota Cliach na comhdhála
Go Carn Life Luirc,
Tagaim roimh thráth iarnóna
Go Binn Ghulbain ghoirt.

M'óiche roimh chath Chonaill,
Ba shursan liom,
Sula mbeinn faoi útamáil
Ag sireadh na mbeann.

Glean Bolcáin m'áras buan
Mar a bhfuair mé greim,
Iomaí oíche a d'iarras
Rith go tréan sa mbinn.

Dá sirfínn im chaonaí aonair
Sléibhte domhain doinn,
B'fhearr liom ionad an bhotháin
I nGleann Bolcáin go cruinn.

Maith a uisce glan glas,
Maith a ghaoth ghlan gharg,
Maith a bhiolar is barr glas,
Is fearr an fhochlacht ard ann.

Maith a eidhneán buan,
Maith a shaileach ghlan ghrinn,
Maith a iúr iúrach,
Is fearr a bheithe bhinn.

Dá dtiocfá, a Loingseacháin,
Chugam i ngach riocht,
Gach oíche dhom agallamh,
Fós ní fhanfainn leat.

Ní fhanfainn le d'agallamh,
Marach scéal a rinne mo leon,
Marbh máthair, athair, mac,
Iníon, dreatháir, bean bhailc.

Dá dtiocfá dom agallamh,
Níorbh fhearrde liom,
Shirfinn roimh mhaidneachan
Sléibhte Boirche na mbeann.

Ag muileann an mhionaráin
A meileadh do thuath,
A thruáin, a thuirseacháin,
A Loingseacháin luath.

A chailleach seo an mhuilinn,
Cén fáth mé a fháil le feall?
Cluinim thú dhom éigniú
Is tú amuigh ar an mbinn.

A chailleach, a choracháin,
An rachfá ar each?
[Cailleach] Rachainn, a thoracháin,
Mura bhfeicinn neach.

Dá rachainn, a Shuibhneacháin,
Gura shoraidh mo léim.
[Suibhne] Má thagann tú, a chailleacháin,
Nára slán agat do chiall.

[C] Ní cóir ámh a n-abrann tú,
A mhic Colmáin Chais,
Nach fearr de mharcach mise
Gan titim ar m'ais?

[S] Is cóir ámh a n-abraim,
A chailleach gan chonn,
Do do mhilleadh ag deamhan,
Mhillis tú féin.

[C] Nach fearrde leat m'ealaín,
A gheilt shaorga sheang,
Mé a bheith dod leanúint
I mullaí na mbeann?

[S] Dosán den eidheann uaibhreach
A fhásann trí chrann cas,
Dá mbeinn i gceart sa mullach,
B'eagal dom teacht as.

Teithim roimh na fuiseoga
I mo ródaíocht theann,
Lingim thar na cuiseoga
I mullaí na mbeann.

Féarán breac an eidhneáin,
An t-am a éiríonn dúinn,
Gairid a bhím dhá thárrachtain
Ó d'fhás mo chlúmh.

Creabhar oscartha an amaidí,
An t-am a éiríonn dúinn,
Dar liom is namhaid dhearg
An lon a dhéanann an scol.

Gach aon uair a linginn
Go mbeinn ar an lár
Go bhfeicinn an sionnachán
Thíos ag creimeadh na gcnámh.

Thar gach cú in eidhneáin,
Bhéarfadh sé orm féin,
Is é luas a lingfinn
Go mbeinn ar an mbinn.

Sionnaigh bheaga ag béicigh
Chugam agus uaim,
Mic tíre ar a leadarthacht,
Teithim roimh a bhfuaim.

Thriall siad le mo thárrachtain,
Ag teacht ina rith teann,
Gur thug mé rompu teitheadh
I mullaí na mbeann.

Tagann críoch le m'imeacht
Cibé conair a théim,
Is léir dhom ón aithreachas
Gur caora mé gan lias.

Bile Chill Lúghaidh
Ina dtuilim suan sámh,
B'aoibhne i ré Chonaill
Aonach Linne lán.

Tiocfaidh an reo réaltánach
A fhearfaidh ar gach linn,
Tá mé suarach seachránach,
Mise faoi ar an mbinn.

Na corra réisc ag gairm
I nGleann Eile fuar,
Ealta d' éanlaith luath
Chugam agus uaim.

Ní maith liom an tsíreacht sin
A dhéanann fir is mná,
Binne liom ceiliúradh
An loin duibh go hard.

Ní maith liom an stocaireacht
A chluinim go moch,
Binne liom crocaireacht
An bhroic i mBeanna Broc.

Ní maith liom an chornaireacht
A chluinim go teann,
Binne liom ag damháireacht
Damh dá fhichead beann.

Tá ábhar seisrí
As gach gleann go gleann,
Gach damh ina fhreislí
I mullach na mbeann.

Cé go bhfuil iomaí damh
I ngach gleann atá ann,
Ní minic lámh aoire
Ag dúnadh a mbeann.

Damh Shliabh ard Eibhlinne,
Damh Shliabh Fuaidh fiáin,
Damh Ealla, damh Orbhraí,
Damh lonn Loch Léin.

Damh Seimhne, damh Latharna,
Damh Linne na leann,
Damh Chuailgne, damh Chonacla,
Damh Bhoireann dá bheann.

A mháthair seo na graí,
Liathadh do leann,
Níl damh i do dhiaidh
Gan dhá fhichead beann.

Mó ná ábhar léine,
Liathadh do cheann,
Dá mbeinn i ngach beinnín,
Bheadh beinníní ar gach beann.

A dhaimh a níonn an fogharán
Chugam thar an ngleann,
Maith an t-ionad foradán
I mullach do bheann.

Is mé Suibhneachán sirideán,
Luath rithim thar ghleann,
Ní hé sin mo dhlíochán,
Is ainm dom Fear Beann.

An tobar is fearr mar thobar
Tobar Leithead Lán,
An tobar is áille fuaire,
Fuarán Dhún Mháil.

Cé gur mór é m'imirce,
M'éadach inniu is gearr,
Mé féin a dhéanann m'fhoire
I mullach na mbeann.

A raithneach rua fhada,
Rinneadh rua do leann,
Níl easair d'fhear fógartha
I ngabhail do bheann.

Is ann a luífidh mo shaol
Theas ag Taoidhin teann
Ag Tigh Moling na n-aingeal,
Teastóidh, titfidh mé de bheann.

Ar rad mise i do chumann
Sé mallacht Rónáin Fhinn,
A bhinneáin, a bhúireadáin,
A bhéiceadáin bhinn.

(SWEENEY ENGLISH; LONNIE ENGLISH)
Timberwoodmaterialcontrivancevigouryewlogy: Dear Little Horny Pricket
Lowbraybellowfellow

Dear little horny pricket lowbraybellowfellow, dear little horny gluttonbawler of the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeaks, your tuftembracebundlefalsettocuckooquaichtalksing in the cloudglenhollow is cliffgablepeakeregardsweet to us. *Dépaysement* for my own blessed wee *pagus* happencame upon my wits, the tailtipgobletgrowth in the battleplainfield in Maghera, the Ossianic fawns in the Jovemoormountain in Slieve. Minor-poetdronedumose frondose treeoghamDbulloak, you're hillockhighloud above lotshaftstocktrees, little treeoghamCwordcastrationhazel, little heatherembellishmentbranchtree, coffer of treeoghamCwordhazelnuts. Far-from-enemy-like treeoghamFwordpolealder in Ferns, your licksheen is delightfulbeautiful, no indifference-shapeappearance of knify hawthornbushes in the gap in Barna where you are.

Dearlittle bristleblackthorn, dearlittle broochpinthorn, dearlittle black glandsloe, blood-tracebrooklimewatercress, hindrancebarecreamcroptop of lockgreygreen bellfinch-coalfish-sealettuce from the hosteldentbrink of the elkullblackbird's wellfountain. Connery's wild saxifrage on the Connor Pass, you're the flatterhoneysweetest herbplant, bellfinch-coalfish-sealettuce from Glassan, spechtune-screereef-branchtuftflowerchoice of bellfinch-coalfish-sealettuce, plantherb from Luss that raspberryjam-suckjuice grows on. Appletree, apple charlotte, everybody gives you a good shaking, rowan-tree with your little sheepberries, your flowerblossom is delightful. Dearlittleyoung lampoonerprickerbramble, dearlittleyoung ridgebackflower, you don't do me right, you never stop lacerating me until you've had your tidefull of mettleblood. You yewy Newry yewtree you, starappearing in relicgraveyards, ivy, dearlittle ivy, in your habitat in a dark waxy castrationwood. Holly, dearlittle sheltered one, valveshutter-doorleaf in the airbreathwind, ash from the Unshin tidefull of evilspirit-harm, armyarm of a laymanherowarrior's armhands. TreeoghamBbeingbirch, blossoms smooth and blessed, prideswollen and peaksweet, every tied heatherembellishmentbranchtree on the summit of your headend is delightbeautiful. Shake-aspen lotshaftstocktree trembleshaking shaketremblingly, I hear turns about its leaves running, that's a cattle-raidplunderloss. I hate the fathombeechwoods, I make no bones about it, leafy treeoghamDstripperbulloaks always on the go. A bad omen how I contraryruined Ronan Finn's hospitalityhonour, his tomb-miracles giving me grief, his vesicleclusterclockbells from the cellchurch-yard. A bad omen how I found Congall's bannerarms, his favourite innerlayertunic omencovered in gold. The nimblebold fairymycrowd all said don't let the man with the delightbeautiful innerlayertunic shunfleefly from you aroundunder the kyletwignarrow Jovecoverthicket. Jinkscrapstingwound and deadkill, take advantage of him, put him, good enough for his guiltsins, on a waterspike and a gablepoint. Markey's cornsprout-horsemen catching up on me across frugalround Moycove, not one shot from them will reach my beamridgeback. Going through the ivybranches, I don't hide, I'm like a noblegood shot from a javelinspear going with the airbreathwind. Dearlittle doe, dearlittle tracker, I've gotten bitehold of you, I'm cornsprout-riding you from every sweetcliffgableregardhornpeak where I am. From Carncorn to the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeak of Slievenanee, from the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeak of Carn Clonhugh I reachget to the Galtees. From the Galtees to a cairn on the Liffey, I come before afternoonevening to painfultbitter Benbulbin. At night before Congall's catbattalionbattle I was happy, before I bedragglefumblebumbled, seektraversing the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeaks. Glenbalkan

is my steady permanent wombabode where I got a gripbite, many a night I asktried to run up the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeak. If I seektravelled on my tod all the moormountains of the Jovenobletimberbrown world-domain, I would rather the site of one bothy in frugalround Glenbalkan. Its shrillweedclear lockgreygreen urineraintearswater is noblegood, its fierce shrillweedclear airbreathwind is noblegood, its watercress and lockgreygreen hindrancecreamtopcrop is noblegood, best of all is the hillockhigh brooklime there. Its hardy ivybushes are noblegood and its shrillweedclear treeoghamS-sallies, its yewy yew from Newry in Iveagh is noblegood, best of all its cliffgableregardhornpeaksweet treeoghamBbeingBehybirch. If you were to come, Lynchehaun, to me in any ghostform, every night to regael me, maybe I wouldn't stopwait for you. I wouldn't stopwait for your conversation were it not for the storynews which lionsprainwounded me: all killed flatnumbdead – mother, father, son, daughter, brother, down-pourstrong womanwife. If you were to come to talk to me, I wouldn't be the better for it, I would saunter the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeaks of the Mourne Moormountains before matunination. By the flour-cake mill your rural-laitytribe was pendantblubber-ruined, tired saddo, earlyfast Lynchehaun. Nunhag of the mill, why would you want to get at me with deceit? I hear you giving me grief out on the mountain. Nunhag, Roundhead, would you go on a steedhorse? *I would, fathead, if I didn't see any apparitionperson. If I did, Sweeney, here's to my promontorychasmjumping.* If you don't, nunhag, may you lose your wits. *What you're saying isn't right but, Coleman from Kilcash. Wouldn't I be the better horseperson, not falling back?* What I say is right enough, nunhag without a titter of wit, destroyed by a demon, you've destroyed yourself. *Wouldn't you be the better for my anticart, leanmean nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic, with me stickfollowing you from the summit of the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeaks?* A tuft of lonelyproudspiritedrank ivy growing through a twisted lotshaftstocktree, if I was in the top I'd be afraid to come out. I antifadgeflee the skylarks talehousewandertravelling at tightfull stretch, I leap over the tall-stemmedgrassreedstalks from the summit of the cliffgableregardhornpeaks. The poxtroutspeckled ivybush turtledove, when it rises up for us, it doesn't take me long to overtake it since I waxed plumulaceous. The Oscarnimble devilgadfly-haywoodcock when it rises up to me, the elklullblackbird when it makes its highpitchedcall is a truered enemy as far as I'm concerned. Every hourtime I leap till I'm on the groundearth I see the little sacrumfox down there corrodegnawing reefstripbones. More than any championIrishwolfhound in the ivybush, he would overtake me, I would jump just as ashfast to the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeak. Shinwick's wee foxes

gluttonbawling this way and that, routs of landsonwolves pertgossipsmiting, I shunflyflee the sound they make. They cametried to overtake me on the run but I absquatulated to the hillockhighloud summit of the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeaks. My elopementgaitgoing is brought to a territory-end whichever mountainpassway I go, it's clear from my remorse that I'm a sheep without a pen. The sacredscionbordertree in Killowe where I sleep quietpeacefully, better than in Congall's levelmoonrayspacetime the furyfairassembly in Nenagh and tidefull Moylinney. Starry hoarfrost will come and rain on every generationpool, I'm airymiserable, lostwandering, underabout it on the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeak. The oddroundcraneherons calling in rawcold Glenelly, an ashfast dissimulation of teenyweenySweenybirds this way and that. I don't love the longingplaint that men and wifewomen make, the vanishgreetcelebrationfarewellwarble that the elkullblackbard makes hillockhighloud is cliffgableregardhornpeaksweeter to me. I don't love the scroungetrumpeting that I hear earlyearly, the crocking of the messbadger in Pennyburn is cliffgableregardhornpeaksweeter to me. I don't love the hornblowing I hear tightnear, the rutbellowing that the oxenstag with two severalscore peakhorns makes is cliffgableregardhornpeaksweeter to me. There's the makings of a sixtyokeploughteam in every smoke-cloudhollowglen, every oxenstag lying down on the top of the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeaks. Though there's a multitude of oxenstags in every smoke-cloudhollowglen, it's rarely the armhand of a satirewhip herd fortressencloses their peakhorns. The oxenstag of the hillockhighloud Slieve Felim Mountains, the oxenstag of the wild Fewes, the oxenstag of Duhallow, the oxenstag of Orrery, the fierce oxenstag of Lough Leane. The oxenstag of Islandmagee, the oxenstag of Larne and Lorne, the oxenstag of Moylinney, the oxenstag of Cooley, the oxenstag of Cunghill, the bicorn oxenstag of karstrook Burren of the menny stags. Mother of the horse-stud, your beermantle has turned grey, there isn't an oxenstag after you that doesn't have two severalscore peakhorns. More than the stuff for a shirt, my own endhead has turned grey, if I was on every sweetpeaklet there would be a peaklet on every one. Oxenstag making that noise at me across the cloudglenhollow, that's a noble good wee lookoutseat on the summit of your cliffgableregardpeakhorns. I'm Shivna Sheridan the searchwanderer, I go faster than Senna or Danny Keany across the cloudhollowglens, that's not my proper designation, my names is Horny Devil Mountain Man from Ferbane. The best waterhole of them all is the wellfountain of Knocklayd, the most delighbeautiful tow-barwellfountain is the *asbila* of Dunmail. Though I've made many an emigrationflitting, my sailclothes today have been cut short, I'm always on watch in the mullahsummit of the cliffgableregardhornpeaks.

Bracken from Rannoch, roserussetred treeoghamFwordpostalder, your beermantles have turned copperbronzered, there's no litterbedding for Fogarty the outlaw in the creekcrotch of your sweetcliffgableregardpeaks. I'll lie down my worldlife south in Taiten and St. Mullin's of the fire-ingleanfels, that's where I'll fall from a height and die. What has frolicflick-kickflung me in your darlingcomingcompany is the curse of Ronan Finn, dearlittle horny pricket one, dearlittle lowbraybellowfellow, gablesweet gluttonbawler.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

41

I nDiaidh na Laoi Sin

Tháinig Suibhne
Ó Fhíodh Gaibhle
Go Binn Bóghaine,
As sin go Binn Fhoibhne,
As sin go Ráth Murbhuilg
Is ní bhfuair sé a dhíon ar an gcailleach
Go dtí gur tháinig
Go Dún Sobhairce in Ultaibh.

After that rudderexhortationLeelay Sweeney came from Figile to Binbane, from there to Binevenagh, from there to Murlough Fort in Maghera and he didn't find his roofshelter from the nunhag until he came to in Dunseverick in Ulster. Sweeney cliffdived from the cliffgableregardhornpeak of the closedownhillforthouse like Binn an Dúin or Beinn na Dùine juststraight down in front of the nunhag. She jumped agileneatly after him but fell off the cliffrock of Dunseverick and was made into tiny colluvial crumbfragments and foodmess and *felo de se* into the billows and that's how she died following Sweeney.

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Then Sweeney said 'I won't be in Dalaradia anyfastlonger as Lynchehaun would deadkill me to punishavenge his nunhag if he was able to do that to me'. Sweeney went west after that to Roscommon in Connaught and came down at the impositionsbathe-edge of a well and consumed rainurinetearswater and blood-tracebrooklimewatercress. A wifewoman came from the erenaghsteward's house to the well. Forbes Forde-Daly was that

erenaghsteward. The wifeoman who came was Fing Shang *née* Findalay. The nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic shunfled from her then and she got her hand on the blood-tracebrooklimewatercress that was in the flowstream. Sweeney was in the sacredscionbordertree in her witnesspresence, moaning out of him about his watercress having been borne away and said: ‘Wifewoman’ he said ‘it’s balepitiful of you to bear away my blood-tracebooklimewatercress from me, if you only knew how I’m without a rural-laytribesman or a territoryrace that cares for me, I don’t go for lodginghospitality to any manpessoa’s househome in the backridge of the world-domain. My watercress is my scourkine, my rainurinetearswater is my mead, my respitefriends are my hard in the raw warp-closesecretsheltered lotshaftstocktrees and even if you didn’t bear away my watercress’ he said ‘certain it is that you wouldn’t be without any girldaughterkneewashingthing tonight as I am with my watercress borne away from me’ and then he made this Leerudderexhortationlay:

(SWEENEY; FING SHANG FINDALAY)

43

A Bhean a Bhaineann an Biolar

A bhean a bhaineann an biolar
Agus a bheireann an t-uisce,
Ní bheifeá gan ní anocht
Mara mbéarfá fiú mo chuid de.

Monuarán, a bheanagáin.
Nach rachaidh tú mar a rachad,
Mise amuigh i mbarra crann,
Tusa thall i dteach carad.

A bhean úd a bhain, beir beann
Agus muid ar bhealaí a chéile,
Mé féin i mbarr na gcrann
Is tú féin i dteach na féile.

Mo lom géar, a bheanagáin,

Is fuar an ghaoth a nocht,
Mé gan trua ó aon mhac máthar,
Níl bráidín agam ná brat.

A bheanagáin, dá mb'fheasach duit,
Mar atá anseo Suibhne
Nach bhfaigheann cuibheas ó neach
Is ní fhaigheann neach cuibheas uaidh.

Ní théim don Oireachtas
I measc ógánaigh na tire,
Mé gan oineach im aonar,
Níl mo bheann ar aon ríocht.

Ní théim ar aíocht
Do theach mac duine in Éirinn,
Is minice dom ar ginideacht
Ar bheanna corra sléibhte.

Ní thagann chugam oirfidigh
Roimh dhul a luí san oíche,
Ní fhaighim trua ná taise
Ó fhear tuaithe nó ó fhine.

Nuair a bhí mé i nDún Shuibhne
Agus a théinn ar eacha,
Nuair a thagann im chuimhne,
Mairg dom bheith im bheatha.

Is mé Suibhne de shliocht Uí Éanaí,
Is fuar feannta mo chónaí,
Cé gur beo mé ar na beanna,
A bhean a bhaineann an bipolar.

Is é mo mheá m'uisce fuar,
Is é mo bhuar mo bhiolar,
Is iad mo chairde mo chrainn
Is mé gan leann, gan ionar.

Och, ó mealladh Guaire le roisc ban,
Go ndeachaigh sé le mo mhnaoi dhil,
Sé mo chuid an fhochlacht sa ngaineamh glan
Agus an biolar ag tobar uisce ghil.

Is fuar anocht an oíche,
Mé im bhochtán gan bhiolar,
Chualas guth an ghiúrainn
Os cionn lom Imleach Iúir.

Táim gan bhrat, gan ionar,
Is fada olc dhom leanúint,
Teithim roimh ghuth na coirre,
Mar a bheadh buille dom bhaint ann.

Sroichim Dairbhre daingean
Lá aoibheallach earraigh
Agus teithim roimh an oíche
Siar go Boirche na mbeangán.

Dá mb'eol duit, a fheannóg,
Mo ghort ní treorach garg,
Tá neach ann dar sceimhle
Ar bhain tú féin mar eire.

Is fuar agus is cuisneach
Ar bhrú tobair ghlais ghreanta,
Deoch ghlé órga d'uisce glan
Agus an biolar a bhainfeá.

Mo chuid an biolar a bhainir,
Cuid geilte saoire seinge,
Scinneann gaoth fhuar faoi mo reanga
De bheanna gacha binne.

Is fuar an ghaoth ar maidin
Ag teacht idir mé is m'ionar,
Ní fhéadaim agallamh leat
A bhean a bhaineann an biolar.

[An Bhean] Fág mo chuid ag an Tiarna
Agus ná bí doiligh liom,
Móide gheobhaidh tú ceannas
Is beir beannocht, a Shuibhne.

[Suibhne] Déanam ceannach ceart cuibhe,
Cé go bhfuilim i mullach an iúir,
Beir m'ionar is mo cheirtín
Ach fág an beartán biolair.

Is tearc neach dom ionúin,
Níl mo theach ar talamh,
Ó thug tú uaim mo bhiolar,
Mo chuid cionta ar t'anam.

Nár fhaigh tú neach do ghrá,
Miste don té a leanais,
D'fhág tú neach go daibhir
Mar thoradh ar ar bhainis.

A bhean, chugat dá dtiocfadh
Loingseachán go rún aitis,
Thar mo cheann, tabhair dó a leath
Den bhiolar a bhainis.

Creach na nGall gorm dod leanúint
Gur tháinig tú im aice,
Go bhfaighe tú ón Tiarna an cion
Gur bhain tú mo chuid biolair.

Posy of Blood-tracebrooklimewatercress

Wifewoman gathering blood-tracebrooklimewatercress and carrying rainurinetearswater, you wouldn't be without any girldaughterkneewashingthing tonight even if you hadn't taken my lot. Alas! littlewifewoman, you won't be going likewhere I'm going, me outside on the pithplain treed in the overstorey, you over there in a lovefriend's househome. *Alaláw!* littlewifewoman, the airbreathwind is rawcold tonight, I have leanwretchpity from nobody, I have neither a worstedbrothcovercloak nor a bib. If you only knew, littlewifewoman, how Sweeney is here, without friendship. I don't go to a meeting of the Oireachtas with all the young ones of the ruraldry-landstate, I'm left flying solo, I have no prongantler-regard for any kingdom. I don't go talebearinghousewandering to the househome of any manperson's son in the Irelandworld, I'm more often going spritemad on the oddheronpointed sweetcliffgableregardhornpeaks of the Jovemoormountains in Sleaty. Musicianers don't come to see me before I nod off at night, I don't get any leanwretchpity or weakghostremainsmoistcompassion from a countryman from Tooa or the tribeparty. When I was in Castle Sween and I used to go on steedhorses, when I imagineremember it, I'm sorry I'm sustenancealive. I'm Sweeney of the passagetraceline of the Bird Heaneys, my alwayshabitation is flailsharp rawcold, though I'm alive on the sweetcliffgableregardpeaks, wifewoman gathering watercress. My Librafishing-groundmead is my rawcold rainurinetearswater, my watercress is my scourboorcattle, my respitefriends are my lotshaftstocktrees, I've neither beermantle nor innerlayertunic. Och, since Gorey was beguiled by women's eyes and he went off with my own dear womanwife, my lot is brooklime in the glassgreygreen sand and watercress at a brightwhite pisstearsrainwater well. It's a rawcold night tonight, I'm a beggar without watercress, I heard the Gothreproachvoice of Coyne and Barnacle's pale-breasted brent goose above Emly in the Prairie, and all my Fethard friends. I've neither a brothcovercloak nor an innerlayertunic, evilmisery stickfollows me all the time, I shunflyflee from the reproachvoice of the oddroundcraneheron as though I were being struck like a bell. I go to Valencia and Darver and Darray and Doorary Point and Dingle and Dangan and Dyan and

Denn in spring and I shunflyflee before night backwest to the scionprongbranches of the Mournes. If you only knew, scold-crow, my ivycropfield's not rough or strong, there's a spiritperson traumatised by the load that you've taken. It's rawcold and frosthardy on the hosteldentbrink of the lockgreygreen polishgraven fountainwell, a clear gold draught of fresh water and the watercress you gathered. The watercress you gathered is my lot, the lot of a noblefree leanmean grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatic, a raw cold katabatic airbreathwind flygushes from my mackerelweltwrinklestringloins.

WIFEWOMAN

Leave my lot to the Masterlord and don't be distresshard on me, and maybe you'll get your power back, so God bless you, Sweeney.

SWEENEY

Let's make a proper buydeal even if I'm on top of a yewtree in Mullynure, take my innerlayertunic and my rags, leave the posy of watercress. There's hardly one apparitionperson who loves me, I don't have a househome on dry-landsurface-earth, since you took my watercress, all my guiltsins on your lifebreathsoul. May you never have an appartitioncharitylovelover, may it be worse for the one you followed, you've left an apparitionperson poor as fruitregardresult of what you've sweeneyed. Wifewoman, if Lynchehaun comes to you looking for sport, give him half for me of the watercress you plucked. May the cattle-raidplunderloss of the negroblue Gauls, the Vikings and Hiberno-Norse, the Old English and Anglo-Norman of Galgorm, the Lowland Scots, the non-Gael and de-Gaelicized and foreigners generally follow you that you came up to me, may the Lord make you singulity of taking all my blood-tracebrooklimewatercress.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

44

Goll Har Saailley

Vah eh ayns Ros Comain yn oie shen,
Hie eh ass shen er ny vairagh
Gys Slieau Aghtee feayr oor,
Ass shen gys Slieau Mish meen aalin,
Ass shen gys Slieau Bloom ny beinn ardey,

Ass shen gys Innys Murree;

Kegeesh er mee da aynjee shen

Ayns Ooig Donan Eggey, ass shen gys Creg Ollister,

Stroin rish stroo faarkey. As ny foillanyn.

Ghow eh aajey as ynnyd ayns shen as vah eh

Kegeesh ar mee elley aynjee.

Daag eh yn chreg chreoi ny yei shen

As hie eh har crossag ny marrey:

Hie eh laa gys Doirrey Cholum Keeilley,

Laa gys Innys Booa Fynney yns eear Chonnaghtey,

Hie eh laa elley gys Eas keiyn Ruy,

Vah eh laa syn ouyr ayns Ullee ym Logh Ceayn,

Laa elley ayns Slieau Hollyn as er fud Nerin,

Laa yns Eeley as laa yns Kione Cheerey

Gys yn raink eh fy-yeih Creeagh Bretyn.

Beannadáin

Bhí sé i Ros Comáin an oíche sin,

Chuaigh sé as sin go Sliabh Eachtaí arna mhárach,

As sin go Sliabh Mis mín álainn,

As sin go Sliabh Bladhma, as sin go hInis Muirígh;

Bhí sé coicís ar mhí in Uaimh Dhonnáin Eige,

As sin go Carraig Alasdair coicís ar mhí eile.

He was in Roscommon that night, he went from there on the morningmorrow to Ardeevin in Slieve Aughty, from there to the delightbeautiful smoothgrasslands of Slieve Mish, then to flareflaming high cliffgablereregardhornpeaked Slieve Bloom, from there to Inishmurray; he was a fortnight and a month in the pitcave of Kildonan in Eigg's Isle in the Hybrides.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

From there he went to Ailsa Craig. He took a dwelling and abode there for a fortnight and a month. He leaves it backwestafter that and bids it vanishwarblegreetcelebrationfarewell; that's when he brought straightup out loud his own alas!difficultydistress here:

(SWEENEY)

45

Duairc an Bheatha Liom

*Duairc is lom an bheatha,
Duairceas fuacht na hoíche,
Duairceas trom an tsneachta,
Duairceas cruacht na gaoithe*

Duairc an bheatha liom,
Bheith gan leaba mhaoth,
Adhbha fhuar le sioc trom,
Garbh sneachta is gaoth.

Gaoth fhuar oighreata,
Scáth fann fann gréine,
Foscadh aon bhile,
I mullach mhá sléibhe.

Fulaingt fras fliche,
Céim thar barr conaire,
Imeacht ar ghlaise mhín,
Maidin ghlas reoite.

Gáir na damháire,
Ar fud na coille buí,
Go bearna mar dhréimire,
Foghar na farraige.

Maith, a Thiarna mhóir,
Mór mo mhearbhall féin,

Duibhe an leann dubh,
Suibhne bléineann seang.

Rithim thar bhearna lom
Boirche na mbuachalán,
Osna san oíche,
Clocha sneachta geimhreata.

Luí ar leaba fhliuch
Ar learga Loch Éirne,
Imeacht moch ar m'aighe,
Ag éirí le moch maidine.

Rith thar bhinn na tuinne
I nDún Sobhairce,
Cluas le tonnta troma
I nDún Ruairí.

Thar na dtonn ag rithíocht
Go tonn na Bearbha,
Feis ar cholbha crua
Ar Dhún Cearmna.

Lá na Cruaiche
Go Beann Boirne breá,
Cluas le hadhartán
Chruach Aighle gharg,

Útamáil m'imirce,
I má na Bóraithe,
Ó Bhinn Iughoine
Go Binn Bóghoine.

Tháinig chugam féin

Neach a láimhsigh mé,
Níor thug sí dom síocháin,
Bean í nár sáraíodh.

Rug sí mo chuid féin léi
Tar éis mo chionta féin,
An obair is lú amuigh,
Mo bhiolar gur fuadaíodh.

Bainim an biolar trá,
Bia i ndlochtán breá,
Ceithre ghlac cruinne iad
As Gleann Bholcáin fiata.

Sásamh uaim go mór,
Suairc an mónadán,
Deoch den uisce glan
As fuarán beannaithe.

M'ingne mar ingne each,
Mo chreasa tá maothaithe,
Mo chosa tá bun os toll,
Gan leas mé im nochtán.

Bhéarfai orm féin,
Fianna go danartha
Cian as Ulaidh,
Triall in Albain.

Tar éis an aistir sin,
Mo dhán ina thruaighe,
A bheith i gcruatan
Ar Charraig Alasdair.

Carraig Alasdair,
Adhbha faoileán bán,
Trua, a rí na ndúl,
Fuar do lucht aíochta.

Carraig Alastor,
Cloch i gcruth cloigíneach,
Ba leor leath a hairde,
Srón le sruth farraige.

Mar a chas muid ina thruaighe,
Dís chorr chrua loirgneach,
Mise crua mar leadhbairde,
Ise crua mar ghuilbneach.

Fliuch iad na leapacha
Mar a bhfuil m'áras,
Beag a shíl mé de
Gur charraig chásach.

*An dèidh an astair sin,
Mo dhàn, mo thruaighe,
Bhith ann an cruadal
Ar Charraig Ealasaid.*

*Carraig Ealasaid,
Faiche do dh'fhaoileagan,
'S truagh, a Rìgh nan Dùl,
'S fuar don luchd-fhaoigheachd.*

*Carraig Ealasaid, clach
Ann an cruth clagach,
Bu leòr leth a h-àirde,
Sròn ri sruth-fairge.*

*Mar a choinnich sinn, mo thruaighe,
Dithis chorra chruaidh luirgneach,
Mise cruaidh mar an luid,
Ise cruaidh mar ghuilbneach.*

*Fliuch na leapannan
Far a bheil m' fhàrdach fhèin,
Cha do sheall mi oirre riamh
Mar charraig urramach.*

Olc do Chonall Claon
Cath a thàrrachtain,
Mar chuing sheachtrach
Mallacht gur bhain amach.

As cath Mhaigh Ratha sin
An tráth a ritheas uaidh
Sula ndearnadh mo ghoineachan,
Ní raibh duairceas dlite dhom.

Ar thuras im thruanairt,
Gur tháinig mé, nach bocht,
I gcéin ó m'eolas féin,
An chríoch a bhain mé amach.

Tiocfaidh MoLingseachán
Ar thuras truánta,
Cé go mbíonn sé dhom leanúint ann,
Ní bheidh sé go furasta.

Coillte coimhthíocha
Mar chlaí ar an gcuartaíocht,
An tír a bhain mé amach,
Ní gníomh duaircis.

Duibhlinn go Boirche
A chuir orm uafás,
San íochtar an duibheagán
Is an t-uachtar diongbháilte.

Is fearr mar a fuaireas
Na coillte chomh milis úd,
An Mhí sé mo rogha díobh
Is Osraí na háibhle.

Ulaidh is an fómhar ann
Faoi Loch Cuan ar crith go mór,
Sa samhradh dom ar cuairt
Go Cineál Eoghain.

Imeacht faoi Lúnasa
Go Taitin na dtoibreacha,
San earrach ag iascaireacht
Is ag siúl na Sionainne.

Minic a shroichimse
Tír úd mo dhúchais,
Buíonta bachallacha,
Droimníní duaircis.

Sustenancelife is Grim

Life is cheerless and povertythinbare, the cheerlessness of the apathyshiftlesschillcold of night, the cheerlessness of the unsparingoppressedseverethickheavy snow, the cheerlessness of the stinginghard airwind

Sustenancelife is grim being without a mutesoft bed, a congealfrosty lairabode, roughcoarse snow and airbreathwind. Icy rawcold airbreathwind, dreadshadow of a feeble sun, the shadowfox-holeshelter of one sacredscionbordertree on the summit of a Jovemoormountain pithplain. Grimandbearing an abundant volleyrunshower of wetness, a

rabbetravinehiketrackstep over the great havenjourneypathpass, elopegaitpassing a smoothgrassland greygreenstream on a frostnipped greygreen morning. The famecry of the stagtroatbelling all over the sallowntan castrationwood, to an abature gap like a climbladder in Ashbourne, the autumncropfrothblowsound of the billowsea. Wellforgive, boastgreat Masterlord, my own wanderingdizzinessmistake is boastgreat, the blackness of the Guinness-induced Arthritic depression, leanmean palewhiteloinned Sweeney. I rhythmrun over the thinbareclose gap of the Mournes in ragweed and he-benweed, a sigh at night, wintry snow islandshorecastletesticle hailstones. Lying in a wet bed on the battlefieldslopetracks of Lough Erne, of a stomachmind to elopegaitgo earlyearly, rising at sparrowsfart. Running across the sweetpeaks of the billowsurfacewaves of Dunseverick, listening to the pregnantbulkyheavy surfacewaves of Dinrhydderch. Running from those billowsurfacewaves to the billowsurfacewaves of the Barrow, marriage-nightfestivalentertainmentsex on the hard ledge-edge of Duncerman. From there to the sweetcliffgableregardhornpeak of Benburren to Black Head, my ear on the lumpcushion of harshrough Croagh Patrick. I'm tense, shifting, my emigrantflitting a bedragglegrammlebumbling, on the pithplain of Balboru, from Benone to Binbane. An apparitionperson came to me and grapplehandled me, she didn't bring peace, a redoubtable wifewoman. She-it took my own lot off with her for all my guiltsins, the most contemptible job of all, she pulsatehuffabsconded with my blood-tracebrooklimewatercress. I pick shorecress scurvygrass, it's a grand little sacred bundle of substancefood, four frugalgatheredround jinkforkhandfuls from wild-deershy Glenvulcan. I boastgreatly need sustenance, the bogdropcranwhortleberry is gaypleasant, a drink of shrillweedclear rainurinetearswater from a holy fountainwell. My talonhoofnails like the naitalonhooves of steedhorses, my sparkgirdle mutesoftered, my legfeet arse over tits, I'm a hopeless nakednude. They'll catch me, the barbarous Fenian High Tory Scotland Yard Special Branch Flying Squad G-Men, far from Ulster, attempt-travelling in Scotland. After my vainroundabout odyssey, pity me in my giftpoemhalterfate, in hardship on Ailsa Craig. Ailsa Craig, the lairabode of the emptygrasslandpalewhite mews, rawcold for hospitalityvisitors. Ailsa Craig, campaniform islandshorecastletesticlestone, half its airheightdirection would be enough, its smellnoseprow projecting to the billowsea flowstream. A disaster how we singreproachturnmet, two hardy long-legged oddroundcraneherons, me hard as a ragslag, her hard as a sharp-beakedgodwit. The beds are wet where my little wombapartment is, I never thought much of it as a venerable monolith. Bad for Congall from Clane to overtake himself in catbattalionbattle, like an

outer heroarmouryoke he's earned the curse. At the catbattle in Moira when I ran away before I was jinkscrapstingwounded, I didn't deserve grief. A wretch on a pilgrimage-journey I arrived at an endterritory – evil destiny! – longingfar from my own familiarplace. My fast friend Lynchehaun will come on a truantemaciated pilgrimage-journey, though he'll stickfollow me, it won't be easy. Alienwild nest-violated castrationwoods in Quilty like a fence around my roundperegrinations, the ruraldry-landstate I've arrived at, not a grim deed. Difflin to Dunmourne is what gave me the horrors, in the bottom the blackabyss and the solid cropcreamtop. I prefer how I found the flatterhoneysweet castrationwoods, here in Meath is my favourite and in widerangingfluent Ossory. Around Strangford Lough in UlstermenUlster in hairst-autumn all quaking, summer peregrinations to Kinelowen. Elopementgaitgoing at Lammas in lunacyAugust to Teltown with its wellfountains, in springtime Shannon-specific flowstreamlet riviating. I often get to go as far as my wildnative dry-landruralnationterritory, croziercrooked armyboongangs, grimdark backridgedrumlinwaves.

(AN GUTH)

46

Oidhe

Ós agam atá 'n fháistine,
 Cinneadh dhut, a Shuibhne,
 Taisteal i do chríoch
 Is d'fhearann 's dol thar sáile
 Cian bho Ultaibh
 Agus triall an Albain
 Bho Chinn Tìre go hÍle
 Go huaimh Dhonnain Eige
 'S à sin go Carraig Alasdair
 Is a sròn ri sruth farraige,
 Thar a' mhuir mhór
 Go ruige Crìoch Bhreatainn
 Is i gceann na bliadhna
 Gur mithich dúinn sgaradh
 Is gun i sin críoch do bheatha

'S d'oidhe 's do dhàn faoi dheoidh.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY; ALLAN)

All of These

Sweeney left Carrick backwestafter that
And went over the sea, abundantwide
Like a breechgluttonymawvent
In a showermiststormterror
Until he reached the British Territory
Of the Royal Burgh of Dumbarton.

He left on his neatsouthleft hand
The closedownhillforthouse of the king
Till they garnerhaulhappened
Upon a megaforest like Feaghmore
And whatever defilejourneyway
In the timberwood he went along,
He heard a boastgreat groangemeneting
And roughmoaning and pitiablepersonalasling
And puny pathetic sighing.

And there he was, another
Nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic
In the Royal Forest of Arden
In the Great Wood of Caledon.
He attackapproached them.

'Who you, personfellow?'

'I'm a nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdetc.'

'If you are, come over here and we'll be

Lovesocietycompanions for I'm a woodloony and all'.

'I'd come if it wasn't for fear of the homehouse

And household of the king

Getting hold of me and that I don't know
That you're not one of them.'
'I'm not at all, patronymdescend me
Your aboriginal surnom since I'm not.'

'Och, I'm a woodman, the Albanagh, a Caledonian
Frae the Kingrik o Strathclyde, a Gael
And foreigner, Erseman and Dalriadic *Scotus*,
Insular Celt, Pictish, Cumbric and Brythonic,
Ossianic, Fingalian and Fenian,
Macarius the Roman and Mark the Athenian,
John the Baptist, James the Penitent, Anthony, Jerome,
Daniel and Nebuchadrezzar far from my home,
A Lowlander indwelling on the Highland Line
And whatever way you can say it
In the King's English or Inglis or Lallans
Or Scots or Irish or Gaelic
Or Cant, if I'm not all of these,
Then I'm no' one.'

(SWEENEY; ALLAN)

Cumann

'Cé thú a dhuine,' arsa Suibhne, 'ag ochtach
Is ag caoineadh is ag mairgneach go mór
Is ag osnail?' 'Geilt mise,' ar seisean.
'Más geilt, tar i leith go ndéanam cumann
Agus déan do shloinne dom mar an gcéanna.'
'Fear Coille m'ainm. Ailín m'ainm
Is is don tír seo atá mo bhunús.'
'Inis dom, cad a thug ar gealtacht thú, a dhuine?'

'Bhí dhá rí, rí Bhreatain agus rí Éireann,
Muintir Eochaidh agus muintir mo thiarna

Is gan ach fad dhá chrann eadrainn.
Rinneadh tionól mór le cath a chur
Faoin tír seo agus ríocht na críche
Leis an dís sin le huail agus díomas.
Thug an slua trí gártha mallachta orm
A thug ar fáinneáil is ar foluain mé ó shin i leith.'

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

Then Sweeney recitesaid this partitionverse and Woodman outcroppedresponded with this
Bush verse:

(SWEENEY; ALLAN)

47

Suaineach Luaineach

[Suibhne] A Fhir Choille, cad a thit amach?

Trua liom do ghuth.

Déan insint dom mar a d'éirigh

Dod chéill is dod chruth.

Innsibh dhomh mar a thachair -

An é go raibh sibh sa chath

A chuireadh anns a' mhachair

An lá sin ag Maigh Rath?

[Ailean] Dh'innsinn dhuibh mo sgeul fhèin,

Mo chraobh-zenchais is mo ghnìomh

Mura h-eagal leam sluagh nan sleagh

Is na luibhne aig Taigh 'n Rìgh.

Is mise Ailean MacSuain a rachadh

Gu hiomaí dreann,

Fear-ealain 's coilltear, 's eòl mi do chàch

Mar gheilt luath gleann,

Gun éisteacht le téada míne
Mar a bu ghnàth
Ach fulaingt de fhrasa síne
Is reothadh gu bràth.

[S] Is mise Suibhne Mac Colmáin
A-mach as a' bhile bhuadhach,
'S fhasa dhuinn còmhradh
A-bhos anns an ros, a ghruagach.

MacSween the Lethargicvolatilesleeprestlessfriskjump-Plaidloonywanderer of Strathclyde

SWEENEY

Sylvestris gadelicus, orangutanman, Flying Scotsman, whatever fallout happened? Distress-shame, man, how your bardtauntvowelwordvoice is. Holmtell me what risebecame of your deathdarlingsense and your phantomshapeappearance. Tell me what happened: were you in the catbattalionbattle that was waged in the linksbattle-field that day in Moira?

ALLAN

I would holmrelate my storynews, my zenbiographygenealogyhistorytraditionlanguage richfoamcloudrealationbushbranchtree and my peat-stackdeed if it weren't for fear of the toefingershieldspear fairyarmycrowds in Kingshouse. I'm Allan MacSween who used to go to many's the griefbattle, a trickeryschoolbush-craftpoesyskillhighart manone and castrationwoodwanderer, the everyrest know me, plummetwaulkpraisebeloved, as the earlyfast wildbirdman of the woods and glens.

SWEENEY

I'm Sweeney MacCalman the passenger pigeon, a bushman, out of the gempalmvirtued blossombeardliptree by a river in the Antrim Hills. It's easier for us to converse here in the pleasantknowledgesedarablepromontorycopse, womanlyhairybrowniechief.

Madman of the Glens

Woodman, what's the story?
Your voice is pitiable,
Tell me what made you lose
Your wits and appearance.

I would tell you my background
And the scale of the deeds I've done
If I wasn't scared of the shaggy crowd
In the king's inn-house.

I'm Alan
That used to go to many a skirmish
With eagles, everyone calls me
The madmen early and fast in the glens.

I'm the coalman's son, Sweeney,
I'm from the Bush,
It's all the easier for us
To have our conversation here, man.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY; ALLAN)

48

Each everyperson of them trustrelysid up to each other backwestafter that and enquired after each another's storynews. Sweeney said to the grazingwoodloony: 'Give me your patronymicdescentmonickersurname' he said. 'I'm a McBrew, the son of a fairy-hillockfarm-mansionhosteller' said the British woodloony. 'My majoritysubstanceorigins are in this ruraldry-landstate and my name is Allan.'

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY; ALLAN)

'Tell me', said Sweeney, 'what brought you to paniclunacy'. 'Neat answer. There were two kings contending for the kingsovereignty of this endcountry one hostingjourneyflowtime, fact, viz. Ogie (Haughey), the son of Geoff MacRae and Goochi, son of Geoff, the MacRae twins; I was one of Ogie's countrypeoplecommunity' he said 'as he was the best of the two. An exalthuge assembly was held to snowfallburywage

battalionbattle faceagainst each other about the ruraldry-landstate. I put an injunctiontaboospell on every one of my masterlord's countrypeoplecommunity that no apparitionperson of them would come without sailclothing of silk about his person to the battalionbattle to be emblem distinguished better than all the others in wailpride and scornarrogance. So the fairyarmycrowds gaveput three notorietyshouts of male-diction on me which putsent me swanning and sweening about as you can see.'

49

He asked in like manner of Sweeney what sent him into paniclunacy. 'The verbwords of Ronan' said Sweeney 'for he cursed me in breastfront of the battalionbattle of Moira and I rose up on high out of the catbattalionbattle and I've been flutterloitering and floathovering from that halfside there since then.' 'Sweeney' said Allan 'let us keep watch on each other goodcarefully since we've trustrely sided up to each other.'

(ALLAN)

Woodnotes

Sweeney, the one of us that hears earlyfastest

The call of a hollowpointeelheron

From a greengeneration greenpond fjordlochlake

Or the clearclean curkling of a quailcormorant

Or chasmleap of a haywoodcock from a branchtree

Or wheeplewheesh of a whistleplover awakened

Or the sound of Creeny dottereldoddered wood being co-broken

Or the restshadow of a bird above a timberwood,

Let him that hears first call out *gotong-royong* and tell the other one.

Let us observe the two metre rule between the two of us

And if either apparitionperson of us notices any of those aforesaid things

Or their ghostlike, then let's make good our shunflyflee-escape.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; ALLAN)

50

Bá

Rinne siad amhlaidh is bhíodar bliain is lá
I bhfarradh a chéile.
I gceann na bliana sin,
Dúirt Ailín le Suibhne:

*Is mithid dúinn scaradh
Inniu, a Shuibhne, ó tháinig
Críoch is ceann mo shaoil
Agus nach bhféadfainn gan dul
Don ionad inar cinneadh dom éag.
Rachad anois go hEas Dhubhthaigh
Go gcuirfear fathach gaoithe fúm ann
Is go bhfaighidh mé bás le bá.*

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY; ALLAN)

Críoch

Rinn iad amhlaidh 's bha iad bliadhna
Làn is latha còmhla.
An ceann na bliadhna sin
Thuir Suibhne ri Ailean:

*'S mithich dhuinn sgaradh an-diugh
Oir thàinig gu ceann mo shaoghal
'S nach fhaod mi gun dol
Dhan ionad sa bheil e 'n dàn
Agus gum faighinn am bàs.*

*Is dè 'm bàs a gheibh thu? thuir Suibhne.
Thèid mi a-nis thuir am Breatannach*

Gu Eas Dhubhthaich is thig athach-gaoithe

Gus an tèid mo bhàthadh anns an eas

Is mo thiodhlacadh an rèilig fìrein.

That's what they spectrelikeness do like Aulay and they were a tidelotfull year in each other's comparecompany. At the headend of the year Allan says to Sweeney. 'It's duetime for us to spreadpart willie-neillie today' he said 'for the termend of my worldlife has come and I can't not go to the wonderplace surpasssdetermined for me to numbdie in.' 'By what death will you die?' 'Simple as *beith-luis-nion*' said Allan 'viz. I'll go to the Falls of Duich now and a giant gust of windair will be buryput under me and I'll be buryput in the weaselwater-fall and I'll be sympathybayquenchedrowned like Scott's Steenie and sepulchreburiest westafter that in the relicgraveyard of a rarejustelectman and I'll get to non-skyheaven and that will be the landend of my sustenancelife.'

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

'Sweeney' said Allan 'holmtell me what violentdeathtragedyfate you'll receive?' Sweeney then holmtold him as the sectioned narrative *Eachtra Shuibhne* or *Beatha Rónáin* relates *infra*. Then they spreadparted and the Briton attemptjourneyed to the Falls of Duich and fromsincewhen he reached the weaselwater-fall he was sympathybayquenchedrowned.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

51

Sweeney came and went before him westafter that over the oceanic Gaelic Sea to Ireland. He garnerhaulmethappened after a layday in Moylinney in Ulster and fromsincewhen he commandmentrecognised the pithplain, he said: 'Christ, Eve, He was a noblegood Everyman I was with on this pithplain' he says 'aye, squint-eyed Congall McScanlon from Clane and evenyetagain' he said 'that was a noblegood level playing field we were in. Myself and Congall were one day on this pithplain and I said to him: 'I want to go to another lordmaster' for my hirestipend was so fewsmall with him and there and then so that I might delaystay with him. He gave me three fifties of beautiful alluringforeign destriers and palfreys and his own Jovetimberbrown and three fifties of ivorytoothed brightfaced awnangerswords, fifty bondage men and fifty bondage women and a golden innerlayertunic and a loinkilt of glebetroutspeckled satin'. And then Sweeney recitesaid this halterfategiftartpoem:

Maigh Linne

I Maigh Linne atáim anocht,
 Aithníonn mo chroí is mo thaobh nocht,
 Is eol dom féin an mhá freisin
 Ina mbíodh Congall mo sheise.

Uair dá raibh bhí sinn féin
 Anseo ar an raon seo le chéile,
 Ag dul go Droim Lurgan lán,
 Rinne muid comhrá seal.

Dúirt mise leis an rí,
Batalacharhairise!
 Go mb'áil liom dul ar aistear
 Is gur bheag liom mo thuarastal.

Fuair mé uaidh mar aisce
 Trí chaoga each adhastair,
 Trí chaoga claíomh tréan,
 Caoga gall, caoga iníon innilte.

Fuair mé uaidh an t-each donn
 Is fearr a shirfeadh féar is fonn,
 Fuair mé a ionar óir
 Is a fhuathróg breac le sról.

Cén mhá is fiú Maigh Linne
 Ach an mhá atá sa Mí
 Nó Maigh Feimhin is a líon cros
 Nó an mhá in Airgeadros?

Nó Maigh Feá nó Maigh Aoidh

Nó Maigh Luirg go hard faoin aill
Nó Maigh Life nó Maigh Leamhna féin
Nó an mhá atá i Muirtheimhne?

De gach ní a chonaic mé riamh
Idir thuaidh, theas is thiar,
Ní fhaca mé le mo linn
Mac samhla mhá Mhaigh Linne.

Moylinney

I'm in Moylinney tonight, my heart and exposed flankside know it, the mazepithplain in Eglinton is familiar to me and all where Congall my matchmate used to be. Onehourtimeonce when myself and squint-eyed Congall from Clane were here together on this mazepithplain, going to drum in Lurgan, we stopped and co-talked for a while. I said to the king, it was a most sincere complaint, that I'd like to go on a vainround-aboutjourney and didn't think much of my hirewages. I got from him in vain*gratis* three fifties of halter horses, three fifties of strong battenswords, fifty foreign slaves, fifty chattel daughtergirls. I got from him the best Jovenobletimberbrown sorrel that ever seektraversed fairgrass and mood-musicland, I got his golden innerlayertunic and his loinkilt speckledtroutpocked with satin. What mazepithplain is even ferruleworth Moylinney but the mazepithplain that is Meath or Moyfevin in Iffa and Offa with its netfullcrowd of crosses or the mazepithplain in Argidross? Or Moyfea or Moigh or Moylurg uphigh under the cliff or the floodplain of Moyliffey or Moyleven itself or even the mazepithplain in Muirhevna? Of every girldaughterkneewashingthing I've seen north backwest or east, I haven't seen in my own pondgenerationtime another plain the ghostsonlike of Moylinney.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY)

53

Cuairteachadh

An dèidh 'n laoidh sin
Thàinig Suibhne roimhe gu Gleann Balgain
Agus bha e ga chuairteachadh

Gus an do thachair gealtag ris ann.

Theich ise roimhe 's a rèir sin thuigeadh
Gum b' ann air ghealtachd a bh' a' bhean
Agus dh'iompaich e roimhpe.
Theich ise roimhe-san an dèidh sin.

'Ochan, a Dhè,' arsa Suibhne,
'S truagh a' bheatha seo – mise
A' teicheadh ron ghealtaig agus ise
A' teicheadh romhams' air làr Ghleann Balgain;

'S ionmhainn fhèin
An t-ionad gealtachd seo gu deimhinn.'

After that rudderexhortation Leelay Sweeney came before him to Glenbalkin and he was searchcirclewandering it until he garnermethappened on a madwoman. He shunfled before her as he twigged by that that the wifewoman was in panicmadness and he changeturned towards to her. She shunfled before him there and then. 'Uladhlotion, o God!' said Sweeney 'this is a pitymiserable sustenancelife, me shunflyfleeing before the old screeching madwoman running round in the glen she shunflyfleeing before me on the deadcentreground of Glenbalkan; the place of paniclunacy is dear indeed' and he recitesaid:

(SWEENEY)

54

Anns Gach Coille Chiar

Mairg don duine bheir miosgainn,
Cian gun deach a ghintinn,
Ged as bean a bheireadh, ged as fear,
Cha ruig iad nan dithis nèamh naomh.

Cha mhinig a bhios comann triùir

Gun duine dhiubh a' monmhar,
Droigheann is dris gam choirbeadh
Is gur h-e mise fear a' mhonmhair.

Gealtag air teicheadh bho a fear,
Gidheadh, sgeul annasach,
Fear gun mhìr is gun bhròg
A' teicheadh ron ghealtaig.

Ar miann nuair a thig cathain
Gus a' Bhealltainn air Samhain
Anns gach coille chiall
A bhith an crannaibh làn den eidheann.

Uisge Ghleann Bholcain bhàin,
Èisteachd ri eunlaith,
A shruthan milis nach mall,
Innseachan agus aibhnichean.

A chuileann clùmhòr 's a choll,
A dhuilleach, a dhrisean, a dhearcan,
A smeuran àlainn ùra,
A chnothan 's àirnean fuara.

Iomadh cuain fo chrannaibh,
Bùirean a dhamh-allaidh,
Uisgeachan a tha glan,
Cha leamsa ba mhiosgainn.

In Every Darkgreybrown Wood

Miskish! Often pity the husbandman person who bears poor malice, longing long that he was gene conceived, whoso who it were or wifewoman or manone that carry hold bears, may the

pair never reach holysaint heavenbliss. It's not pityoften there's an intercoursecompany of three without one manperson of them murmurgrumbling, aloelumberbrambles and ClanMacLeanbrakebrambles visciouscorrupt me so that I'm the manone mussitating. A dear little wildwoodbirdwoman desertfled from her manone, but, a strangedainty fablestory, a manone without a mowmorsel, disalced, desertfleeing the dear little wildwoodbirdwoman. Our birthmarkdesire when the yarnbarnaclegeese come from Samhain-tide to Beltane in Beltany and Meigh, in every darkgreybrown wood in tidefull iceivy penis-shaftploughtrees. The riverwaverainwater in fallowgroundvacantwhite Glenbalkan, listening to the winged-people, its tidestreams flatterhoneysweet not lateslow, its miseryrelateislandheadlandpasturehaughs as in Ennis and Inch and Laytown, and its streamrivers as in Avon and Sraheens. Its sleeksnug ClanMacMillanturpentine-elmholly and its treeoghamCwordnecksleepdestructionhazel, its withered leaves, its ClanMacLeanbrakebrambles, its grottograve-eyeholeberries, its gloriouswhitedelightbeautiful newfresh bramblemulberries, its nutseeds and rawcold roughbluffdamsonplumsloes. Many a cornerpigwhelpwolflitter under its penis-shaftploughtrees, the bitterbellowing of its wild earthquakebeamstagoxen, shrillweedclear riverbillowrainwaters, I never bore it any maleviolence.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

55

Sweeney went westafter to the prosperitystate where Erin was and stood at the greatouter foredoor of the homehouse where the queenlady was with her lady's companions and tweenies and maids.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; ERIN)

'That's daintycomfortable, Erin', he said 'it's not daintycomfortable for me but'. 'True', said Erin, 'come in', she said. '*Je ne sortirai pas de la porte*, Eve', said Sweeney, 'for fear the fairyarmycrowd pen me in the homehouse'. 'Seems to me', said the daughtergirl, 'that your sense is no better any day and as you don't want to waitstay with us', she said, 'passage-elope and don't persuadesettle towards us at all, for we're ashamed to see you in that shape.'

(WOMEN OF ERIN)

Náir

Dar linn bantracht nach fearr do chiall
Ar gach lá dá dtagann ort
Agus ó nach áil leat fanacht againn, déan imeacht
Óir is náir linn tú a fheiceáil,
Is mairg, faoin deilbh sin
Leis na daoine a chonaic thú faoi do dheilbh féin.

(ERIN)

Dealbh

*Ar leam, ars' an ribhinn, nach feàrr
Ur ciall gach là a thig oirbh
Bho chaochail thu 'n dealbh is an dath
Bhon uair a thàinig thu às a' chath
'S bho nach àill leibh fuireach,
Dèanaibh imeachd às an àite
'S na tigibh thugainn idir
Bhon as nàr leinn ur faicinn
Fon dealbh sin, sluagh dhaoine
A chunnaic sibh fo ur dealbh fhèin.*

Poorstatue-image

It seems to me, said the serpentnymphqueen, your sense isn't any better any day since you deathchanged in poorspectreform and dyecolour since you came out of battalionbattle and since you don't want to stay, get out of here and don't come back to us ever as we're fremdschamed to see you in that poorspectreform, a fairycrowd of menpeople who've seen you even in your own poorspectreform itself.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY)

'That's a leanpity, Eve,' said Sweeney 'woe to anyone who'd siderelytrust a womanwife after those words. For I had noblegreat favourconsideration for that womanwife who

declare banishes me spectrelike that for I gave her one day thrice fifty alas! beaucows and fifty steedhorses and if it was the day I deadkilled L. L. Keady, Rex of the Offalians, she'd have nobleliked to have seen me and then he recitesaid *per infra*:

(SWEENEY)

56

Mairg a Thabharfadh Meanmna Faoi Mhná

Mairg a thabharfadh meanmna faoi mhná,
Dá fheabhas a ndeilbh,
Ón uair gurb é Suibhne
Nach bhfuair cuibheas óna chéad searc.

Is mairg a thugann taobh le mná,
Cé san oíche, cé sa lá,
Cibé béad a bhíonn ina n-intinn
I ndiaidh meabhal Erin.

Maith mo chomaoín ar an mnaoi
Gan feall in aon chaoi,
Tharraing díom trí chaoga bó
Le caoga each in aon ló.

Nuair a bhí mé sa maidhm,
Ní sheachnóinn ceithearn;
Áit a mbíodh troid nó bruíon,
Ba chomhlann mé do thríocha.

D'fhiafraigh Congall, céim ghlan,
Dínn óglaigh Uladh,
Cé agaibh a dhingfidh sa gcath
Oilill Céadach an chomhraic?

Allta, feargach an fear,
Ábhal a sciath is a shleá,
Chuir sé socht seal ar an slua,
An fear díograiseach diamhair.

Dúirt mé taobh le Congall,
Nár bh é freagra fir uamhain,
Dingfidh mise Oilill
Cé tréan thar chách a chomhlann.

D'fhág mé Oilill gan cheann,
Rud a ba mhaith a lán liom,
Thit liom, dar Muige, chomh maith
Cúig mic rí Mhá Mairge.

Woepity Whosoever Lets Himself be Presentmentspiritattracted to Wifewomen!

Woepity whosoever lets himself be presentmentspiritattracted to wifewomen for all the improvementquality of their warpshapeappearance, since Sweeney has not been treated properly by his hundredfirst belovedlove. Woepity whosoever siderelytrusts wifewomen night or day, whatever evil they have in mind after Erin's shame. The wifewoman is in my debt up to here without any failtreachery, that tookpulled from me thrice fifty alas!beaucows and fifty steedhorses in one day. When I was in the explosionrout, I wouldn't shun Kearney's Caterans; wherever there was a quarrelfight or fairydwellingstrife, I was a fightmatch for thirty. Congall asked us Ulster Ogalala, fly move: which one of you will compactwedge in battalionbattle that combatant L. L. Keady? The man is famously infamous, wild and angry, his basketshield and his splinterspear are vasthorrible, he silence-suppressed the fairyarmycrowd, the peerless-zealous eeriendark man. I said to Congall beside me, not the answer of a man of dread, I'll compactwedge L. L., however stronger than all the rest his matchband are. I left Ellyll without an endhead, I sunshine-enjoyed that, and I felled, by Jove, the five sons of the king of Moymargy and all.

In Battle

Pity whoever takes womens' fancy,
However plausible they might be,
Since the first love of Mad Sweeney
Didn't do him right.

Pity whoever trusts women,
Whether by night or by day,
Whatever it is they have in their gut
After Erin's deceit.

I did the woman a good favour
Without beating about the bush, no lie,
She got from me 150 head of cattle
And fifty steeds in a single day.

When I was in battle
I wouldn't run away from an army band,
Any place there was a battle or fight,
I was a match for thirty.

Congal asked us, good move,
Young warriors of Ulster,
Which of you will crush in battle
The warmonger L. L. from Keady?

The man is wild and angry,
His shield and spear are enormous,
He quieted the army host for a spell,
The great peerless man.

I said at Congal's hand,
Not the words of a man that's not up for a fight,
I'll crush the great L. L.
Though he's stronger in battle than most.

I left L. L. headless
And got satisfaction in full,
The five sons of the king of Moymargy
Fell by me and all.

57

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY)

Maith an tIonad Seo

Thóg Suibhne as ansin
Go héadrom is go haerga
Ó gach tulach, moing is aird
Go dtí Beanna Boirche ó dheas
Nó gur ghlac sé sos
Agus ansin gur dhúirt:
Maith an t-ionad seo do ghealt
Is cé go bhfuil sé gan díon
Ar dhoineann is ar fhearthainn
Is nach socair é ná furasta,
Tá sé fós ina bheannad
Ard agus aoibhinn.

With that, lovely Sweeney tookrose *agilitas*-lightly and Ariel-like from the point of every airtheightdirection and the manesurfaceprominence of every hillock from Tullow to Tullagh till he reached the Mourne Mountains in the nicenearsouth. He took a steadybreather in that mineprecinctplace and said ‘This is as good as being up in the Gorman for a nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic’ he said ‘except that it’s a non-place for corneating, abundant milk or sustenancefood, it’s an uncomfortable uneasy wonderplace, neither does it have roofshelter from wintertempests or rain though it’s a lofty sweetpleasant place’ and then he recitesaid these words *infra*:

58

Le Báiní

Fuar anocht Beanna Boirche,
Is ionad fir nach foirfe,
Ní hionad bia ná bleachta
Le síon de shíor le sí sneachta.

Is fuar mo leaba oíche
I mullach Bhinn Boirche,
Mé fann gan fulaingt éadaigh
Ar chrann cuilinn crua géagach.

Nuair a ghlacann fuacht an oighir mé san oíche,
Téim go géar ina aghaidh,
Tugaim daighear don ghaoth ghlé
Ar learg Laighean is Uíbh Laoire.

Gleann Balcáin an tobair ghlain
Is é m'áras m'anama le fanacht ann,
Nuair a thagann lá Samhna, nuair a théann samhradh,
Is é atá ann m'áras le fanacht.

Gach a sirfínn thiar is thoir
Seachnóin gleannta Ghleann Iúir,
Bíonn síon crua sneachta i mo cheann,
Mar dhíon gealta fuara na hÉireann.

Is é sin an gleann is fearr,
Is é m'fhearann dála,
Is é mo dhún rí gan roinnt,
Is é mo dhíon ar dhoineann.

Is é sin m'fhulaingt oíche:
Cnuasach mo dhá chrobh choíche,
Bainim i ndoirí dorcha
De luibheanna, de thorthaí lána.

Mian liom a mbainim de bhia,
Is milse iad ná maothnatáin,
Fochlacht, feamainn, mo mhian
An lus bian is an biolar.

Úlla, caora, cnó caoin coille,
Sméara, dearcáin dara,
Sú craobh is fiach na Féile,
Sceachóra sceachán géara.

Seamsán, samhadh, creamh caoin
Agus biolaráin le barr glan,
Bainim díom géire gorta,
Dearcáin sléibhe, bun meala.

Ros Berrach i nGleann Earcáin –
Caor is coll, sméara, dearcáin
Seamsán, sabhadh, sceach is creamh,
B'ionann is ionad ar neamh.

Níl ionam ach gealt, naomh is file
Ar fáinneáil, ar foluain, ar buile
Ach, féach, le mo choinneáil slán:
Bun meille, lus bian, maothnatán.

Mise i bhfearann glas nach gleann,
Dar príosta, nár sroichfead é.
Ní dual domsa dul ann.
Is fuar é is is fuar mé féin.

In a White Fury

The Mourne are cold tonight, no place for an aged man at all, it's no place for substancefood or copious milchmilk with its constant storms and fairywhirlwinds of snow. My bed is rawcold at night on the summit of the Mourne, I'm weak without the suffersupport of sailclothes on a hard gagatressbranchlimby holly lotshaftstocktree. When transhibernian ice-sores take handfullhold of me at night, I go faceagainst it keensharpsourseverely, I give a dire flamedartpangblast to the clear airbreathwind on the slopetracks of Leinster and Iveleary. Glenbalkan with its shrillweedclear wellfountain is the habitationhouse where I waitstay, when NovemberHallowDay comes, when the simmer-day has gone, it's the habitationhouse I waitstay in. Every time I seektraversed backwest and east over the cloudglenhollows of Glanworth, there's a hard snowstorm in my face as the roofprotection for the rawcold grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatics of Ireland. It's my number one cloudglenhollow, it's my most favoured nation for meeting in, it's my *smultronställe*, my Dunree Fort, my closedownhillforthouse and undivided kingdom, it's my roofprotection faceagainst stormy weather. This is my sufferingsupport at night: the anthologygathering of my two talonhands forever more, in secretivedark oakgroves in Derrydorragh, I am quercivorous, poephagous, carpophagous, I am phytivorous, baccivorous, fucivorous and nucivorous, I am phyllophagous and xylophagous. I get what I want in the way of substancefood, sweeter than mushy mellow fruit, brooklime, seaweed but best of all loose bean peltpplants and blood-tracewatercress. Apples, sheepberries, keensmooth woodhazelnuts, blackberries, oakeyecorns, heatherembellishmentbranchtree raspberrysuckjuice, ravengame from the River Feale, ringouzelwhortleberries, severekeensoursharp hawthorns. Rivet-woodsorrel, sourdock, severekeensharpsour wildgarlic and its shrillweedclear greengreycroptop nuisancepricks, I drive off my bittersevere faminehunger, Jovemoormountain eyeoakacorns, honeybunnywild-onionmolymallowroot and other adelasters. I'm only a paniclunatic and a holy saint and a poet full-onflutterhovering and fannelfleewavering but, see, to keep me sane – sweet buns, loose beans and twigs. I'm locked in Greenlands, not in Glen or Glan or Glyn, by Christopher, may I never reach it, it's not my tressknotlot to go there, cold mountain for sure and a'm bloody fountered an stairved an a'.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

59

Beannadáin

Tháinig sé roimhe ar maidin go Maigh Feimhin,
As sin go Sionainn sruth glan uaine,
As sin go hArd Aoibhinn Eachtaí,
As sin go fearann mín glas Mhaonmhaighe,
As sin go Suca sruth saor álainn,
As sin go himeall leathan Loch Rí.
Ghlac sé sos is cónaí i nglaic Bhile Tiobradáin
I gCrích Gháille in Iarthar Chonnacht an oíche sin.

In the morrowmorning he came into Moyfevin
In Iffa and Offa, he went off from there
To the green flowstream tricklestretch junction of the Shannon,
From there to Ardeevin in Slieve Aughty,
From there to the smooth grassland quarter-region of Moinmoy,
From there to the Suck sempiverent and dulcifluous
And from there to Emmel and the borders
Of so broad Lough Ree.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY)

He took a steadybreather and stilldwellingstop in the graspfork of the great Yew Tree of Toberdan in Creegaley in east Connaught that night. That wonderplace was one his dearfaithfulreliableown blessabodes in Ireland. Alas!weariness and fumegloominess overcame him and he said ‘I’ve matted-haircrucifysuffered boastgreat flustercare and distress up to now, Eve, my wonderplace was coldraw last night, viz. in the Mourne Mountains, my wonderplace tonight in the graspfork of the Great Yew Tree of Toberdan is not any far-from-rawcolder.’

60

An Oíche Sin

Bha e ’n oidhche sin
A’ cur sneachda ’s a’ mheud

A chuireadh, 's ann a rachadh
A reothadh an dèidh dha cur.

Thuir e os àrd: 'S mòr
A dh'fhuiling mi bho dh'fhàs
Mo chlàimh gus a-nochd.

'S fheudar, thuir e, ged as e bàs
A gheibhinn dheth, gum b' fheàrr dhomh
Taobh a thoirt ri mo dhaoine fhèin.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

For it so happened that it was was buryputsnowing that night and as greatfast as it buryputsnowed it firsthourtimefast froze, he said: 'Pon my consciencecauseoath, Eve, I've suffered boastgreat hard-distress since my egretfoliagehairfeathers luxuriantwildsapling-grew until tonight. I know, though I might die of it, it would be better to siderelytrust my menpeople than suffer this hard-distress forartembroiderycompositionever.' Then he recitesaid this Leerudderexhortationlay straight up out loud about his distress:

(SWEENEY)

61

M'Oíche Múiche

Is mór mo mhúiche anocht,
Treáitear mo chorp ag an ngaoth ghlé,
Tollta mo throighithe, glas mo ghrua,
A Dhia mhóir, is dual dhom é.

I mBinn Boirche dhom aréir,
Thuargain braon mé in Eachtaí fhuar,
Anocht breonn is creathann baill mo choirp
I nglaic chroinn sa choill choill.

D'fhulaing mé mórán treas gan tlás

Ó d'fhás clúmh ar mo chorp,
Ar gach oíche is ar gach lá,
Is mó sa mó a fhulaingím d'olc.

Chráigh sioc mé, síon nach suairc,
Thuargain sneachta mé ar Shliabh Mhic Sin,
Anocht goineadh mé ag an ngaoith
Gan fraoch Ghleann Bolcáin.

I mBeanna Boirche san iúr dom,
I ngabhal crainn is i gcaol cuais,
Ar Shliabh Eachtaí fuar sa sneachta trom,
Och, airím i gcónaí uaim an Bhuais.

Útamáil m'imirce i ngach tír,
Mo riocht a bheith gan chiall gan chonn,
Go Maigh Lí nó Maigh Linne,
Ó Mhaigh Linne go hAbhainn na Life.

Ionsáim thar seaghais thar Shliabh Feá,
Sroichim i mo ruaig an Ráth Mhór,
Thar Mhaigh Aoidh, thar Mhaigh Lurgan,
Sroichim críocha Chruacháin.

Ó Shliabh gCua, ní turas tais,
Sroichim Glais Gháille an ghrinn;
Ó Ghlais Gháille, cé cian an chéim,
Sroichim thoir Sliabh Breá binn.

Duairc an bheatha bheith gan teach,
Is trua an bheatha, a Chríost chaoín,
Sásamh biolair le barr glas go buan,
Deoch uisce fuar as glaise ghlan.

Tuisle de bharra craobh críon,
Imeacht aitinn, gníomh nach ait,
Seachaint daoine, cumann con,
Ag rith le damh rua thar réidh.

Feis oíche gan chlúmh i gcoill,
I mullach crainn dosaigh dhlúith,
Gan chloisteáil le glór ná guth,
A mhic Dé, is mór an trua.

Chuireas an chailleach le haille
Ach fós is breoite mo bhaill
Is mé gan folach gan feis
Trí fhearta Rónáin Dhroim Geis.

Rithim ruaig le binn go baath,
Im éan corr traochta le lúth,
Scar mé le mo chló gan chruth,
A mhic Dé, glac trua dom.

I'm Deepdeadensuffocating Tonight

I'm deepdeadensuffocating tonight, my corpsebody is spearpierced by the nirlin airbreathwind, my vampstepfeet are buttockholepierced, my facetbrowcheek is lockgreygreen, almighty God, it's my tressknotlot. I was in the Mournes last night, pusdrops hammerpummelled me in rawcold Aughty, tonight my balls and corpsebody placelimbs heatglowsicknessdecompose and tremble in the hollowhandfork of a lotshaftstocktree in the hazel castrationdesecrationwoods. I propsuffered a lot of grief since egrethairfoliagefeather-down wastegrew on my corpsebody, every night and day I propsuffer more and more miserablesarcity-evil. Tormented with congealfrost and grim storms, snow hammerpummelling me on Slieve MacShine, tonight I'm jinkwanebitewounded by the airbreathwind without the bell-lingfrenzymoonheather of Glenbalkan. My inxile a bedragglebumblefumbling everywhere, my capabilityguiseplight to be out of my tree, from Moylee to Moylinney, from Moylinney to indefiniteplentiful

Anna Livia. A seekattack over the Joycepleasurewood of the Fewes, in the course of my foray I reach Rathmore, over the Maghery, over Moylurgan, I reach the roundcraneheronhollowhills of Mount Eagle and Crookhaven and Oldcroghan. Over the Knockmealdowns, no sentimental journey this, then I reach Glashgaley; from Glashgaley, though it's a long rabbetravinehiketrackstep from Stepside, I come goreach sweetpeak Slieve Breagh. It's a melanic sustenancelife being homeless, Christ knows, kept alive by lockgreygreen croptop blood-tracebrooklimewatercress, a drink of cold rainurinetearswater from a shrillweedclear lockgreygreenstream. Hingefalling from the cropcreamhindrancetops of withered heatherembellishmentbranchtrees, going through furze, no joke, observing social and physical distancing, keeping the company of wolfhounds, running with the red oxenstags over the finishedlevel. Intersexuality without egrethairfoliagefeather-down in the wood, in the top of a minor-poetdronedumose warpintenseclose lotshaftstocktree, not hearing a gloryvoice or censurevoice, o son of God, more's the pity. I sent the nunhag over the cliff but still my balls are withered, I've no cover or intercourse-sleep through the tumulusmiracles of Ronan from Drumgesh. I rhythmrun a crazy attackrout faceagainst the sweetcliffgableregardpeak, on my tod, my rejoycevigour spent, I've spreadseparated from my spikemouldappearance without embryoshape, Jays, think a peety o' me.

62

'None the less or none the more' he said 'even if Donald Mackay were to kill me numbdead, I'd go to Dalnarnia, and I'd siderelytrust my menpeople and if the mill nunhag hadn't beseeched Christ faceagainst me to make promontorychasmleaps for her I wouldn't have gone into rewildness'.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY)

63

Amas

Thàinig taom dhe chèill dha 'n sin

Agus chaidh e roimhe

Air amas a thìre

A thoirt taobh ri mhuinntir is ri dhaoine fhèin

Is a dh'fhantainn aca. Thuir e:

Ged a rachadh mo mharbhadh

Aig Dòmhnall MacAoidh

Thèid mi gu Dail Àirighe.

Assonancechanceaiming

A teemfit of wit came to him therethen and he went off attackaiming for his ruraldry-landstate to trustside with his countrypeoplecommunity and waitstay with them. He said:
Even if I'm deadkilled by Donald Mackay, I'll go to Dalaradia.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

He reverted to paniclunacy again as it was publishrevealed to Ronan then that Sweeney had come to his senses and that he was going to his nativehereditary ruraldry-landstate to waitstay amongst his countrypeoplecommunity and Ronan said:

(RONAN)

Fatevengeance

I beseech the noblehallowed supernaturalomnipotent kingmagician
That that persecutionplunderer may not try and attackapproach
The Holy Ronan church in Aglish or Eglish
To prey upon it again like he did
Another hostingjourneyflowtime, fact,
And the weftretribution that God brought
On him in fatevengeance for that dishonour
To his countrypeoplecommunity,
May there be no comfort or relief for him from it until
His lifebreathsoul spreadparts from his corpsebody,
So that another regeneration of his geniuslike of persecutionplunderer
After him may not bring soreczarhumiliation
Or condemnationcontempt on Coifi's co-god
Nor on his countrypeoplecommunity at all.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

64

The Daygod silencelistenheard Ronan's home-steadoccupationarguement for when Sweeney came to the meanmiddle of Deadman's Hill in bandit country in mid-Ulster he came to a stepstop in his rabbetravinehiketracks and a wondrous immensitydreamapparition came to him there and then in the meanmiddle of the night, viz. mulberryred roundbald headless headendones of the Mulderigs from Moyle and Omeath and decollated dullahans and MurphyosiSabiniheads and five coarse-pelurious roughgrey underworld hooligans and noodlums without a personfleshtrunkbody between them windwhining and chasmleaping and shriekscreechscreeching roundabout the distanceroadway hitherwards and thitherwards. When he went amongbetween them he thought he heard them cosaying and what they were saying is:

(THE FIVE HEADS)

Na Cúig Cinn

Geilt e

Ars' a' chiad cheann.

Geilt Ultach

Ars' an dara ceann.

A leanmhainn gu math

Ars' an treas ceann.

Gura fada 'n leanmhainn

Ars' an ceathramh ceann

Gus an ruig e fairge

Ars' an còigeamh ceann.

The Talking Heads

'He's a grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatic' said the first noodlum. 'A witchUlster McCullough or McNulty grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatic' said the second headone. 'Stickfollow him goodo' said the third headone. 'Long may the stickpursuit be' said the fourth headone. 'Till he reaches the billowsea' said the fifth headone.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

They manwaged their censurevoice and rose up in unison towards him entirely. He rosetook off before them overpast every Jovecoverthicket in Muineagh, etc. and no matter how boastgreat the smoke-cloudhollowglen that was before him in Glynn and all he wouldn't transient-touch it but would leap from one bordedge to another and from one sweet cliffableregardhornpeak in Binn to another and hillock in Tullow to another.

65

The Fewries and the Horrors

The talkingheads' vast horror and screams shrieks screeching
And windnyirmin and wailweeping, eternal
Entreatyscreaming and buzzclamour
And humming was boastgreat indeed
As they went after Sweeney, overtaking and strongattempting him:
The attempts were abundantchampionstrong
And suddenviolent – the headones would leap
On his orcalves and his tinykneehollows and his loins and ridgeback
And his shoulderblades and the softgullyrutfosse at the back of his neck
So that the resounding notchwhizeeks of one endhead
Faceagainst another and the compounding of all
Against the thighsides of lotshaftstocktrees and headends of rocks against
The epicentreground and tidelotfull earth was visionarylike
The resounding nothchblow of a hoopridge
Limitspate from the breast of a high Jovemountainmoor
And neither did they waitstop
Throwing shapes until he was gone into the light
Trancenebulae of ether supernal away from them.

66

They spreadparted from him backwestafter that both cynocephalous cloven-hoofedbilly-goat and Irishwolfhoundsetter and Scottish deerhound and King Kong terrier con-men from in betweenboth Kingower and Kincon for it seemed to him that these were transcompounded with all the endheadones stickpursuing him.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

The fannelflutterloitering and full-onfloathovering which he had ever before that was nothing compared to this for he wouldn't stop rushwoodfathomlong enough to immersedrink a drink till the headend of three fortnights after the end of that until he methappened one night on the top of Slieve Inagh and stoprested in the cropcreamhindrancetop of a lotshaftstocktree there the rushwoodfathomlength of that night

until morning. A boast great wailing betook him then and he said: 'It's evilscarcemiserable for me tonight, Eve, after the nunhag and the endheadones of the Fews but already still I've a right to be as I apparition am for the societymultitude to whom I myself did misery-evil' and then he recitesaid this Border Ballad:

(SWEENEY)

67

Caointeachán

Caointeachán mé anocht,
Tuirseach, mo thrua, mo thaobh nocht,
Dá bhféadadh fios a bheith ag daoine
Go raibh fáth agam a bheith ag caoineadh.

Reo, sioc, sneachta agus síon,
Dom thuargain de shíor,
Mé bheith gan tine gan teach
I mullach Shliabh Eidhneach.

Teach mór agam is bean mhaith,
Deireadh cách go raibh mé im fhlaith,
Is é Ruairí ruire mac an rí
An té a d'fhág mé gan aon ní.

Cén fáth ar thug Dia mé as an gcath amach
Nár frítheadh chun mo mharú aon neach
Seachas siúl eang in eang
Le cailleach an mhuilinn?

An lá sin i Maigh Rath, ba lia
Ár mairbh ná ár mbeo, a Dhia
Is ó tá mé gan deoch, gan bhia,
Gan teach, ná bí dom chrá níos sia.

Cath Chonghaile, ba mhór an liach
Ach fuair mé gleorán Ghleann Chiach
Is biolar mar aisce seachas bean bhailc
Is trí chaoga claíomh tréan tailc.

Cailleach an mhuilinn ag a teach,
Mallacht Chríost ar a hanam,
Mairg a thabharfadh taobh don chríon,
Mairg dar thug sí a chonamar.

Lean Aengus Ramhar mé lena bhuíon
Is an chailleach gur lingear amach an bhruíon
Gur tháinig mé go Gleann na nEachtach
Gan ðion gan bhia gan bhleachtach.

Bhí Loingseachán ar m'eang
Trí gach díthreabh in Éirinn
Gur chealg chuige mé don chraobh
Nuair a dúirt gur éag mo mhac.

Thug leis mé sa teach mór
San áit a mbíodh an slua ag ól
Is cheangail mé thiar sa teach
Aghaidh le haghaidh le mo chéad shearc.

Slua an tí gan táire
Ag cluiche is ag gáire,
Mise is mo mhuintir istigh
Ag truslóg, ag léimneach.

Marach cailleach an tí,
Ní rachainn ar mire le mo linn,
D'aitigh sí orm trí Chríost ar neamh
Seal beag de léimneach.

Lingeas léim nó dhá léim
Dar an athair neamhaí féin,
Dúirt an chailleach ag a teach
Go lingfeadh sí féin léim amhlaidh.

Lingeas léim eile amach
De bharr mullaigh na cathaoireach,
Luaithe ná deatach trí theach
An teitheadh a thug an chailleach.

Shir muid Éire uile
Ó Theach Duinn go Trá Ruairí,
Ón Trá go Beanna Bhroin,
Níor chuireas dhíom an chailleach.

Idir mhá is mhóin is learg
Dhíom níor chuireas an leadhbóg
Gur lingeadh liom an léim ghlé
De bhinn Dhún Sobhairce.

Chuireas dhíom de bhinn an dúin
Cailleach an tí nach ionúin
Gur thugas liom de léim ghlan
Anonn go tír Alban.

Ansin gur lingeadh faoin dún
Is níor chuireas céim ar gcúl,
Chuaigh mé sa bhfarraige amach,
D'fhágas thall an chailleach.

Ansin tháinig siad don trá
Muintir an diabhair ina dáil
Agus rug siad a corp ar shiúl,
Mairg tír Éireann inar adhlacadh.

Tráth chuaigh mé thar Shliabh Fuaidh
San oíche dhorcha dhuaire dhubh
Go bhfacas cúig cinn sa chnoc
A gearradh in aon bhall amháin.

Dúirt ceann díobh ina rith,
Domsa ba gharbh an guth
'Gealt Ultach, leantar libh dhe,
Go gcuirfidh sibh i bhfarraige é.'

Ritheas rompu ar an ród
Is níor chuireas troigh ar fhód,
Idir cheann gabhar is con,
Is ghabh mallacht an uair sin.

Mé gan chairde gan chabhair
Agus cinn con is cinn gabhar,
Guth na geirge nó léim creabhair
Do mo chur glan as mo mheabhair.

Cóir cé go bhfaighidh mé olc,
Is mó oíche lingear loch,
Mórán rosc ban le bá
A chuir mé ag caointeachán.

A Whimpererlamentation

I'm a lamentationwhimperer tonight, sorrowtired, take leanwretchpity on me, my flanks nude-exposed, if only menpeople knew that I have a wiseassertreason to be delicatelamenting. Hoarfrost, congealfrost, snow and stormy weather hammerpound me eternally, I've neither flametonefire nor househome on a moormountaintop in Inagh. If I had a grand homehouse and a noblegood womanwife, everybody would say I was a sovereigntyprince, Roderick the overlord son of the king has left me without any girldaughterkneewashingthing. Why did God take me out of the battalionbattle so that no

apparitionperson was found to deadkill me instead of walktravelling bannergussetgapnotchtrack by bannergussetgapnotchtrack with the nunhag of the mill? The bogeybansheescoldvulturewar-goddess of the mill in her homehouse, the curse of Christ on her lifebreathsoul, weopity whoever trustrelysides with the old withered thing, weopity anybody she gave a dogmorsel to. Lynchehaun was gussetgapnotchtracking me through every hermitagewasteland from Derrew to Retreat in the Irelandworld and then he bristlestinglullallured me to the heatherembellishmentleafree in Stewartstown and holmtold me my son had died. He brought me to the boastgreat mansionhouse lunatic asylum in Teemore where the fairyarmycrowd used to co-drink and tied me backwest in the homehouse face to face with my belami. The homehouse fairyarmycrowd without reproach shoalchasescoldplaying and laughing, me and my countrypeoplecommunity at househome lowping and lepleaping. If it wasn't for that nunhag of the homehouse, I wouldn't have gone doolally in my pondtime, she beseeched me in the name of Christ in non-skyheaven to try a bit of leappleping. I lepleapt a leplep or two lepleps in the name of the insubstantial heavenly father himself, the nunhag at her househome said she would lepleap a lepleap spectrelikewise. I leplept another lepleap out from the hindrancebarecreamcroptop summit of the stumpthronechair in Mullagh, the shunflyfleeing the nunhag made was soonashfaster than vapoursmoke through a hovelhomehouse. We seektraversed United Ireland in its entirety from Bull Rock to Dundrum Bay, from Coomacarrea to Byrneshill to the Bernese Alps, I couldn't shake off the nunhag. Bothbetween the pithplain in Eglington and turfmoor in Moor and slopetracks in Hillside, I couldn't shake off the nunhag until I leplept a clear promontorychasmleap from the sweetcliffpeakgable of Dunseverick. From the sweecliffpeakgable of the closefort I got rid of the nunhag and gave a clearclean chasmleap over to Scotland. Then when I leplept a lepleap underabout the closedownhillforthouse and didn't take a rabbetravinehiketrackstep back, I went out into the billowsea and left the nunhag over there. Then they came to the ebbstrand with TDs and pookas and the devil's own countrypeoplecommunity and they took away her corpsebody, weopity the Aryan ruraldry-landstate where she's sepulchreburied. Once I went over through Slieve Foy in the dark and I saw five endheadones on the hill all cut off in the one memberplace. One of them said in a reproachvoice roughcoarse to me 'witchUlster nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic, stickfollow him and throw him in the billowsea'. I ran from them on the road and never set a vampstepfoot on the stripsodplace, the endheads of scadwhitehorsegoats and championIrishwolfhounds and cursed that onehourtimethen. It's

neardecentproper that I get evilmiserygrief, many a night I've leapt over a fjordlough, many a baydrowningsympathetic wifewoman's battlechanteye has set me lamentationwhimpering.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

68

Another weathertime Sweeney was in Slieve Luachra on his unsteadyfoolish racing. He went from there on his panicrun till he came to at the pellucid flowstreams of Figile and its delightbeautiful branchboughs. He was a year in that nativefittingplace and his substancefood for that year was, viz. bloodredenamelhovelfold holly sheepberries and HalleBerry-blackbrown oak thistle-eyecavityacorns and a drink from the rainurinetearswaters of the Gowla, viz. the river after which the timberwood is named and then heavy alas!weariness and grief got hold of your man Sweeney at the end of that levelmoonrayspacetime for the scarce-evilmisery of his sustenancelife and he fashioned this half-measure:

69

Ochlán

Ochón is mise Suibhne,
Mo chorpán i mo lár marbh
Gan cheol gan chodladh choíche
Ach osna na gaoithe is í garbh.

Tháinig mé ó Luachair Deá
Go bruacha Fiodh Gaibhle,
Is é mo chuid, ní nach ceilte,
Caora eidhinn, meas dara.

Is é mo chuid, och, dlochtán
Den bhiolar glas im' bhochtán
Is an tsíon ag lomadh mo leise
Trí bhriathra Rónáin ó Dhroim Geise.

Bliain dom sa mbinn
Is mar atá mé i mo dheilbh,
Mo chorp gan chuid gan bheatha
Ach caora corcra cuilinn.

Is mé geilt Ghleann Balcáin
Is ní bheidh mé ag ceilt mo chrá,
Gur mheath mo láthar is mo lúth,
Ní dom nach ábhar ochláin.

Calamitygroan

Okonkwo! I'm Sweeney, my corpsebody in my groundcentre numbdead, without songmusic or sleep fornightever but the roughcoarse sigh of the wind. I've come from Slieve Luachra to the swollensulkbanks of Figile, my affectionoffencelot, I can't deny it, is sheepberries of ivy and oak respectfruit from Valentia. My lot is a tuft of glassgreygreen watercress and the storms stripping my thighs because of the words of Ronan of Drumgesh. I've spent a year in the sweetcliffmountainside looking like this, my corpsebody without darlinglot life-food but puniceous-solferino holly sheepberries. I'm the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic of Glenbalkan and I won't denialCeltkonceal my grief, that my ability and agility have declined, not for me anything that is not a cause for calamitygroaning.

The Rough Wind

Uladhlotion!, I'm Sweeney,
My body's about to give out,
No more music or sleep from now on
But the sighing of the rough wind.

I've come from Slieve Logher
To the banks of the Figile,
My lot is, it's no secret,
Ivy-berries, oak-mast.

I've been a year in this cliff
In this poor shape
With my body getting no food
But crimson berries of holly.

I'm the madman of Glenbalkan,
I won't hide my sorrow,
Tonight my vigour is spent,
Not for me to have no cause for grief.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

70

It haulgarnerhappened to him one day to come to Drumeerin in Connaught and waste-eat the cellchurch-yard's greygreen cropcreamhindrancetop blood-tracebrooklimewatercress by the hosteldentbrink of the wave-greygreen well and some of its rainurinetearswater after that. An altar-boycleric rose out of the gizzardchurch and became consumed with intense strongmanemulationenvy of the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic for consuming the dungfood he used to consume himself and said Sweeney was heeltapeasycozy in the yewbushthicket after taking his prandicle from himself.

(SWEENEY; UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

'That's a sad pity so, altar-boycleric' said Sweeney 'for I'm the saddest and uneasiest elementdesirecreature sustenancealive in the world-domain for neither sleep nor stuporslumber comes on my hopecare-eyes for dreadfear I might be killed dead; that's only natural the way I'd just as soon go panicmad seeing the global crowd attempting to attack me as at the flyfluttering of a wren on its tod and, yea, God in non-skyheaven, altar-boyscleric' said Sweeney 'that you're not in my placeform and me in the holyjo narrowssupportobligationyoke you're in so your characterspirit and dispositionattentionmind would recognise it's not intimatehauntusual for me or my wraithlikeness to be as prosperoushappy as you say.'

(SWEENEY)

Trua Sin, a Chléireacháin

Ag Droim Damh is ag Droim Fraoch
An lá sin, b'é mo shlua
Deichniúr is deich gcéad laoch
Is is mairg mar a dh'fhuirigh mé leis an dáil,
A fhir an cheoláin lán de thnúth
Is d'fhormad agus is trua
Suibhne Ros Earcáin ina luí sa tuar
Sa mbuaile nó sa bhfál sin thoir
Sa mbualtrach is a thaobh leis
Mar a mbím is a bhím ag caitheamh mo phroinne

Nó ar fáinneáil is ar foluain i mo réim reatha
Gan sos i sneachta, sioc nó síon
I mullaí beann, sa gcoill chiar dhlúth
Ó Shliabh gCuilinn go Luachair Deá,
Ó Shliabh gCua go Sliabh Breá,
Ó Mhaigh Linne go Maigh Feá

Nó sa muir mhór i mbarr na toinne
Trí bhriathra Rónáin Dhroim Geis
Ó d'imigh mo bhean is mo mhac is m'iníon
Is mo bhuar mo bhiolar is mo mheá.
Mo mhairg, m'uisce fuar
I m'gheilt ghlan gan chonn gan choir
Gan chairde gan chabhair is is mise dúil
Nach sóúil ná sáil is nach n-iann súil
Agus ní suanach sóúil ná socair sáil,
A chléirigh Dhroim Iarainn, mo bheatha.

That's a Lean-meatpity, Little Altar-boycleric

At Drumdaff and Drumfree that day, my fairyarmycrowd was 1010 laywarriors and more's the pity that I delaywaited for the nearjudgementmeeting in the Dáil, little belltinklewhimpererman tidefull of envylonging and rivalry and another lean-meatpity is Sweeney of Rasharkin lying in the bleaching-greencattle-fieldomendung in the dung-yardmilking-place or in that fieldwallhedge in the east in the cow-dung with his side thighexposed also where I waste-eat my prandium or fannelfluttering and full-onfloatflying in my headlong runningsway without rest in snow, frost or stormy weather on the roofsummits of regardpeaks, in the warpthick waxdark castrationdesecrationwood from Slieve Gullion to Slieve Luachra, from the Knockmealdowns to Slieve Breagh, from Morlinney to Moyfea or on the great sea on creamcroptop of the blisterwaves through the words of Ronan of Drumgesh since my wifewoman and my son and my daughtergirl went away and my kine is my watercress and my measure of mead is my rawcold rainwaterpisstears and I'm a pureclear nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic senseless and harmless without respitefriends or succour for I'm a desirehope-elementcreature not heelcomfortable and who doesn't joinclose a hope-eye and my sustenancelife is not reststeady or heeleasy, altar-boycleric of Drumierin.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

And then the altar-boycleric recitesang the beginning of the Leerudderexhortationlay and Sweeney outcropanswered its end, like so:

**(O'CLEARY THE CLERK, SEXTON AND ALTAR-BOY FROM CAPE CLEAR;
SWEENEY)**

71

A Barra na nGéag

[An Cléireach] Sóil san, a ghealtagáin,

A barra na ngéag iúir

Le taobh mo bheannadáin,

Do chaithis mo choill biolair.

[Suibhne] Ní sóil mo bheatha, mh'anam,

A chléirigh Dhrom' Iarainn,

Tá mhéid mh'eagala súil

Em shúilibh ná hiaim.

Fir an domhain á bhficfínn

Chugham, a fir an cheoláin,

Is chomh muar do theithfínn

Rómpu 's roimis eiteall an dreoláin.

Trua gan túsa im inmhe

Agais Cléireach cráifeach mise

Nú go dtuigfeadh úr n-intinn

Nách céird geilte bheith sóil.

In the Harvestcropcreambranchtop of the Sun-raynymphman-armsprigbranches

THE ALTAR-BOYCLERIC O'CLEARY FROM CAPE CLEAR

That's daintycomfortable for you, wee loony, in the cream top of the yew branches beside my own dear wee nemetonplace, you've eatwasted all my watercress.

SWEENEY

My *vita* is not deliciousjuicyluxurious, altar-boycleric of Drumierin, my fear is so great that not one carehope-eye of my carehope-eyes do I hoverwindbindshut. The men of the world-domain, if I saw them coming to me, humdrumlittle bellman, I would high-tailflee

from them as much as from the flying of the sillydwarfwren. A pity you're not in my station and me a holyjo altar-boycleric that your mind might twig being daintycomfortable is not the handicraftart of a nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic.

(SWEENEY AND THE CLERK FROM CAPE CLEAR)

Madman's Business

[Clerk] That's easy for you, little mad one,
In the top of the ivy-branch
Beside my favourite place,
You've taken all my watercress.

[Sweeney] My life's no bed of roses,
Petty clerk of Drumeerin,
My fear is such
That I can't hope for any shut-eye.

If I saw the men of the world
Coming at me, whimpering little bellman,
I'd flee before them just as much
As before the flight of the wren.

I wish you were in my position
And me a holy-jo man of the cloth
So your mind might understand
A madman's business is not being at ease.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

72

A certainother day when Sweeney was sight-seersearchcircling and bunglepottering awkwardly around the endlands of Connaught he haulgarnerhappened at last into Alternan in Tireragh Moy, a smoke-cloudglenhollow as beautiful as Glenaulin, a tricklestretch flowstream wellpouring suddenviolently down faceagainst the aulcliff and a blessed place in which there was a couch-compartmentmanivaried eagleplurality synodgathering of

holysaints and rarejustelectmen. And indeedhowever many a pleasantgentle lotshaftstocktree with heavy rich-substantial regardfruits in the cliff there then.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

There were lots of secretivesheltered ivy there too, yea verily, and headendheavy appletrees Jovefingerbending to the ground with the weight of their frugiverousness, in that knuckleknotcliffhillockplace also were wild fawns and husks of plaininsecthares and doyltdrifts of massive scowling heap-pigs and fullcoarsethickfat horse-hairseals numbsleeping after coming from the boastgreat vastsea overbeyond. Sweeney boastgreatly greedcoveted that wonderplace and started praising and giving its reportdescription straight up out loud and recitesaid this Leerudderexhortationlay:

(SWEENEY)

73

Aill Fharannáin

Aill Fharannáin, adhbha naomh
Le hiomaí coll caomh is cnuas,
Uisce tinneasnach gan teas
Ag sní lena chneas anuas.

Is iomaí ann eidhneach ghlais
Agus meas lena mbeirtear geall
Is abhail le ceann trom caomh
Ag filleadh a chraobh faoina cheann.

Iomaí broc ag dul faoina dhíon
Agus míol má nach mall
Agus éadan ruainneach róin
Ag teacht anall ón muir mhór.

Mise Suibhne Mac Colmáin chóir,
Iomaí oíche reo a bhím go fann,
Rónán Dhroim Geas a d'fhág mé im thruaill,

Codlaím faoi chraobh san eas thall.

Alternan

Alternan, the sacred lairabode of saintly saints with many a deersmooth treeoghamCwordcastrationhazel and wildfruitnuts, fast rainurinetearswater without feverheat crawlflowing down its skinsurface. Many a greygreen ivy and respectfruit to pledge and appletree with deersmooth heavy headends returnwrapping its treebranches around its headend. Many a thick-set leavingsdirt-faced baroquebadger going under its roofprotection and plaininsecthare far-from-tardy and wisphairy seal from Eden coming over out of the extolgreat sea. I'm Sweeney, son of Coleman, I've been weak many a hoarfrosty night, Ronan from Drumgesh failinbequeathleft me as a sheathwretch, I cuddlesleep roundunder a branchtree in the weaselwater-fall over by.

Holy Abode

Alternan Park, holy abode,
With its abundance of hazelnuts and wild fruit
And cool violent water
Flowing down its surface.

There's many a green ivy there
And prize-winning mast
And a top-heavy apple-tree
Bending its branches under its head.

Many a badger goes there for shelter
And many a swift hare
And hairy face of a seal
Coming from the great sea over by.

I'm the coalman's son, Sweeney,
Many a frosty night I've fainted,
Ronan of Drumgesh has defiled me,

I sleep under a branch in yon waterfall.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

74

Sweeney came at endlast to the frenzyvisionhometownplace where Moling was, viz. Moling's House in St. Mullin's. Moling had St Kevin's tramplepsalter in his witnesspresence before him then and was reading and incantationteaching it to the science-episodelessonones. Sweeney came westafter that onto the spreading-groundstratumbrink of Tubridy's well in the witnesspresence of the altar-boycleric and went-took to gormandising on blood-tracebrooklimewatercress. 'That's early swalloweating, wee grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatic' said the altar-boycleric; and then Moling recitesaid and Sweeney outcropanswered him:

(MOLING; SWEENEY)

Ceiliúradh Cóir

75

[Moling] Moch sin go tráth, a ghealtagáin,
Le ceiliúradh cóir.
[Suibhne] Cé moch leat, a chléireacháin,
Tháinig teirt sa Róimh.

[M] Cá bhfios duit, a ghealtagáin,
Cathain a thig teirt sa Róimh?
[S] Fios thig dom óm Thiarna
Gach maidin is gach nóin.

Is eol dom féin príomh is teirt,
Gach mothar is móin.
Taithím i dtráth orthu beirt
Gach maidin is nóin.

[M] Inis trí rún ráitsí
Scéal Tiarna na tíre.

[S] Agat atá an fháistineacht

Más Moling thú dáiríre.

[M] Cad a thug duit m'aithne,

A gheilt ghníomhach ghéir?

[S] Minic mé ar an bhfaiche

Ó chuaigh mé as mo chéill.

[M] Tuige nach ndéanann tú cónaí

Go buan, a mhic Cholmáin Chuair?

[S] Is fearr liom a bheith faoi shos

I mball amháin sa mbeatha bhuan.

[M] Mo thrua, an sroichfidh t'anam

Poll Tí Liabáin?

[S] Ní thugann Dia orm

Pian ach a bheith gan támh.

[M] Gluais anall agus beir

Ar chuid a bheas milis leat.

[S] Dá mb'fhios duit, a chléireacháin,

Is doiligh a bheith gan bhrat.

[M] Béarfaidh tú mo chochall

Nó béarfaidh mo leann.

[S] Inniu cé go bhfuilim im chróch bán

Bhí mé uair a bhí ní b'fhearr.

[S] Ochán, is minic m'ochlán

Gan bhia gan leann

Gan leann agam ná cochlán

I mullaí na mbeann.

[M] An tú an Suibhne scáfar

A tháinig as an gcath gan rath?

[S] Más mé, ní rathaítear
A n-ithim go moch ná a dhath.

[M] Conas a tharla m'aithne
Duit, a ghealtáin ghéir?

[S] Minic mé anseo ar an bhfaiche
Ag feitheamh leat ó chéin.

[M] Álainn duille an leabhair
Seo saltair Chaoimhín mo ghrá.

[S] Áille duille m'íúir féin
I nGleann Balcáin bán.

[M] Nach suairc leat an roilig sa má
Lena scoil sciamhach dath?

[S] Ní suairce ná m'oireacht
Ar maidin ar Mhaigh Rath.

[M] Rachaidh mé go ceiliúradh
Go Glais Chille Cró.

[S] Lingfead crann eidhinn glan,
Léim ard, is í ba mhó.

[M] Saothrach dom san eaglais
Thar ceann tréan is trua.

[S] Saothraithe mo leaba
I mBinn Fhoibhne fhuar.

[M] Rachad don chill le hÉanna
Thar ceann trua is tréan.

[S] Rachadsa mar an gcéanna,
Mo chreach, i reilig fíréan.

[M] Cá háit ina dtig do bheatha

Go crích, i gcill nó i loch?
[S] Aoire de do mhuintir féin
A mharós mé go moch.

Brahmin and Shaman

MOLING

That's an earlyearly prayermealhourtime, little grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatic, for neardecentright vanishfarewellwarblegreetcelebration.

SWEENEY

It might be early bird time for you, little altar-boycleric, milking-grazingtime sunrisetierce has come at the hallowed burialdwelling-place in Rome.

MOLING

How do you know, little grindgrazingnakedwoodlunatic, when milking-grazingtime sunrisetierce comes at a hallowed burialdwelling-place in Rome?

SWEENEY

I get word from Milord every matinsmorning and nonesnoon. I know prime and terce, every thicket and moor, I visit them at matins and nones.

MOLING

Tell us in dearprattlesecret the storynews of the Masterlord of the ruraldry-landstate.

SWEENEY

You're the one who's got the gift of prophecy, Brother Moling, Massa, if that's really who you are.

MOLING

How do you commandrecognise me, busy feat-performing sourseverekeensharp woodloony?

SWEENEY

I've often been in the greenfield in Faha since I lost my wits.

MOLING

Why don't you make your alwaysdwelling permanent, son of Coleman Corr?

SWEENEY

I'd rather be at reliefrest in one memberplace in the soiledeverlasting sustenancelife.

MOLING

God pity you, will your animist soul reach Hades?

SWEENEY

God gives me no griefpain except I never get any idleplaguesilencerest.

MOLING

Shift over here and partake of flatterhoneysweet foodbits.

SWEENEY

If you only knew little altar-boycleric, it's distressfulhard for me to be without a brothcovercloak.

MOLING

Take my mufflebushy hacklescrotumnetpodhood or take my alemantle.

SWEENEY

Though I'm emptygrasslandpalewhite and saffron today, things were better one hourtime.

MOLING

Are you that timidfrightful Sweeney who came scot-free from that pointless catbattalionbattle in Moira?

SWEENEY

If I am, Massa, what I eat earlyearly is not guaranteed.

MOLING

How did you commandrecognise me, sourceverekeensharp little woodloony?

SWEENEY

I've often been in the greenfield in Faha waitwatching you with O'Kane from afar a longinglong time.

MOLING

The eyelidgloryleaf of this book is delightbeautiful, the tramplepsalter of Kevin that I love.

SWEENEY

The eye-lidgloryleaf of my own yew in the palewhite-emptygrassland of Glenbalkan is more delightbeautiful.

MOLING

Isn't the relicgraveyard on the pithplain agreeable to you with its beautiful coloured school?

SWEENEY

No more agreeable than my territoryassembly that morning in Moira.

MOLING

I'll go vanishfarewellwarblegreetcelebrating in the cellchurch of Clashacrow.

SWEENEY

I'll leap a high chasmleap straight up into a shrillweedclear ivy lotshaftstocktree, that's greater.

MOLING

It's labouredlaborious for me in the gizzardchurch in Aglish on behalf of the strong and the weak.

SWEENEY

My bed in rawcold Binevenagh is even more labouredlaborious.

MOLING

I will go to the cellchurch-yard with Enda on behalf of the weak and the strong.

SWEENEY

I will go likewise to the relicgrave-yard of the just.

MOLING

Where will your sustenancelife territoryend, a cellchurch-yard in Kill or a fjordlake in Lough?

SWEENEY

A whipherdpastor of your countryfolk-community will deadkill me earlyearly.

(MOLING)

76

Feascar

A Shuibhne, tá i ndán duit
Bheith anseo is do shaol
Teacht ann agus do scéal
Is t'imeachtaí a fhágáil ann
Is t'adhlacadh i reilig firéin.

Cibé áit ina mbeidh: Beanna Boirche,
Inis Bó Finne thiar i gConnacht,
Sliabh Mis thuaidh nó theas nó Eas Rua,
Nascáim ort bheith i dTigh Moling san oíche
Go scríobhtar liom do scéala.

In the Journey-book: *Vita*

'*Dé do bheatha*, Sweeney, you're more
Than happywelcome here,' said Moling,
'As it's dawnhalterfated in a poem for you to be

Here and to bring an end to your secular worldlife,
To leave your storynews and your spotcomingsandgoing
And to be sepulchreburied
In the relicgraveyard of the rarejustelect,

And I nexusbind you,' says Moling, 'however greatelate
Your neverendingtour every layday in the Irelandworld,
You come every vesperevening to me
So I can write yourself and your stories with me out
And dePict you in the journey-book here.'

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

77

As regards the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic backwestafter that, he was during that year accustomfrequenting Moling. He dh'fhalbhanted one day to Inishbofin in the remoteposterior of the westland of Connaught, another day to weepsmooth Assaroe, another day to the delightbeautiful smoothgrasslands of Slemish or Slieve Mish, another day to the permastingcold Mournes; whichever of those he would go to every day, he would prepareattend at espartovespers every night at Moling's house in St. Mullin's.

Gàir na Gairbhe

Alltan àlainn aoibhinn
A' lionadh le bainne làn,
Am mac-talla 's mìorbhail
Is gàir binn na Gairbhe.

Ros Bhroc is Tonn Ruairidh,
Druim Leathad agus Dairbhre
'S èisteachd ris an aifreann
Far am buailear clag gun bhailbhe.

Dùrdan daimh duinn Dàmhair

Oidhche fhuar gheamhradail
Is Inbhir Dhùghlais oidhche fhuar
Is dearcan donn air darach ann.

An sìon air bhàrr Beinn Boirche
'S gàir muir na fairge
'S ceilear aig eòin-chalaidh,
'S oirfeid dham anam e.

'S binn leam loin a' ceileireadh,
Osnadh gaoithe 's ceòl nan salm ann
Mar fhuaim doininn fon darach
Air leacannan Ghleann Bhalgain.

Eas Ruaidh gu Eas Dhubhthaich
Gus an tug mi ceann mo bhàire,
Guthan aoibhinn eunlaith,
Cò 'n eas as glaine gàire?

The Resoundroar of Fiercerough Garf Water

A beautiful hotcockle-streamlet linen-netfilling with a tidefull milkdropcurrent, the cliffsonecho is a miraclemarvel and the hoppermelodytruesweet resoundroar of fiercerough Garf Water. Dungarvan and Dundrum Bay, Drumleid and Darvery and listening to the chapelhousemass where not-so-dumb-bells are rung. The teasingmotesing-songmurmur of the surlybrown oxbeamstag rutting in October on a rawcold wintry night and Inveruglas on a rawcold night with pregnantbrown eyeberries on a treeoghamDoaktree. The stormweather on the harvestcropcreamtop of the bison-elk Mournes and the resoundroar of the stormsea and the sonnetwarbling of the ferrybayharbourshore birds are music to my soul. I love the blackbirds warbling, the sougning of the wind and the music of the psalms there like the sound of the storm under the oaks on the slopes of Glenbalkan. Assaroe to the Falls of Duich till I came to the headend of my ruttingbattlegamepath, the sweeteven bardvoice of the birds, what water-fallstream is a purewhiter resoundroar?

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

Moling hammerarrangeordered a wee surfeitprandium for him that levelmoonrayspacetime and so he said to his female dairyfarmsteward to give him a no-thing of the alas!beaucows groinmilking. Her name was Muriel, womanwife of the cowherd Mangan. The amount of the refection the care-takerwifewoman would give him was, viz. she would stakethrust and kneadwedge her voluptuous soilheel up to the anklejoint in the cowpat from the edge of the dung-yardmilking-place conearest to her and spillpour and leave its tidelotfill of beestings in it for Sweeney. He would come timidly and cautiouswatchfully to the interwild-desert of the dung-yardmilking-place to drink the new milk.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; MURIEL)

78

One day westafter that, a mutual reviling and rooley-booley garnerhaulhappened at night between Muriel, wifewoman of Buckley the cowherd, and another woman in the boolydungyard and the other woman said: 'It's worse for you that you're fonder of another man and that you don't prefer your own man coming to you than the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic that's been in the habit of visiting and consorting with you for this last year past'.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; MOIRA)

The sister of Buckley the herdboy heard this but she holmtold nothing of it till the morrowmorning when going giftbringing the milk for Sweeney to the cow-dung conext to the fieldbarrierhedge where he was. Fromsincewhen the herdboy's Suirsisister saw that, she came in and said to her brother: 'Your blone is at the haggardfieldbarrierhedgevallum beyond the pale east over there with another man, you milksop' she said.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

Jealousy seized the herdboy on hearing that and he came out and he rose up suddenimpulsively and evilangrily and his hand drew a half-spear that was on the rack in the house and went to attackaim the nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic. The nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunatic had his side towards him lying waste-eating his collation out of the cow-dung. Then the herdboy gave a stakethrust of the Christ-side piercing spear out of his hand and

jinkscrapstingwounded your man Sweeney's left Dun-cownipple and the divisionpoint went through him and burstbroke his beamridgeback in burntwo. Some said it was the gablepoint of a wildJovestag's horn the boyherd set under him, where he would drink his swallowdrink out of the cow-dung so that he fell on it and that's how he died.

Mo Bheannadáin

Is amhlaidh atá mo bheannadáin
I ngach coill chiar,
Gach dionn is fothair,
Toll, cluthar is dlúth,
I mullach sceiche,
I mbarr na ngéag in Imleach Iúir,
Sa bhfraoch ar lár Ghleann Bolcáin,
I ndosanna crann eidhinn sa ngleann,
M'áras is mo dhaingean,
Mo dhún is mo dhíon
Ar dhoineann is ar fheartainn,
Reo, sioc, sneachta is síon,
M'fhoscadh is m'fholach
I m'chríoch is i m'fhearann,

Ar shiúl ó shluaite na cruinne,
Leis na héin i gcoll is i gcuileann,
I nglac Bhile Tiobradáin,
I m'aireaglán i dTuaim Inbhir,
I bhfargán ar fhorléas na bruíne,
Sa ros i mBeanna Boirche,
I mullach Shliabh Eidhneach,
I gcuas caol crainn i mBeanna Broc,
Ar chlúmh i gcíocha cnoc,

Agus ó dhíthreabh go díthreabh
Ar fud Éireann go cruinn

Ó Dhún Sobhairce go Teach Doinn –
I muine nó i mothar nó i gcabhán,
I gcúasa cúnga cloch,
I scailpeanna crua carraige,
Ar Charraig Alasdair thar loch amach,

Sa mboth fuar i leith leapa le mo leannán,
Faoi ghlas i ngéibheann
Is i gcuibhreach i dtolg Loingseacháin,
Sa Ráth Mór,
Sa teach mór,
I dTeach Moling faoin bhfál,
Faoi chraobh san eas thall,

Faoi bharr doire,
I mbile
I bhFíodh Gaibhle,
In uaimh Dhonnáin Eige thar tuile,
Sa mbuaile,
I gCluain Chille
Is i gCill Deirbhíle
Agus gach ionad eile,
Na hionaid is dile
Liom féin in Éirinn uile,
Ar gealtacht is ar ginideacht is ar mire
Ar fáinneáil is ar foluain is ar buile
Is ar dásacht is araile,

Agus i ndeireadh, thall i mo thír féin,
Mar atá i ndán, i reilig fíréin.

Topophilia

It's apparitionlike this, Olaf – my topophilia is for every waxdark desecrationwood in Kill and Kyle, every hillfort in Dinn and every steepwoodedpasturehollow in Foher, holehollow, warpclose and secretsheltered, the rooftop of a hawthorn in Mullagh or Skeagh, the creamcroptop of the yew branches in Emly, the furyheather on the centreground of Glenbalkan, dronethicket-tufts of ivy lotshaftstocktrees in the smoke-cloudhollowglen, my wombabode and my firmfort in Dingle and Dangan, my downclosefort and roofprotection against stormwintriness and rain, frost, snow and stormy weather, my shadowshelter and hidecover in my endlands in Farren and Creagh, away from the fairmyarmycrowds of the exactround universe with the birds in oghamChazel and in holly, the handrecess of the sacredscionbordertree in Toberdan, my plumpasturesummer-shieling in Toominver, a ledge on the skylight of the strife-fairydwelling, the flaxwooded headland in Ross in the Mourne Mountains, the roofsummit of Slieve Inagh, the kyletwignarrow cupcovecavity of a lotshaftstocktree in Pennybrock, featherdown in the paps of the hills in Knock, and from hermitagewilderness to hermitagewilderness in Derrew – a Jovecoverthicket in Munnia or dark-cloudbrush-woodjungle in Moher or little maimhollow in Cavan, narrow cupcovecavities of castleshorestones in Coose and Clogh, hardrock clodbank-caveclefts in Carrick, Ailsa Craig across the pond, the rawcold bothy in bed with herself in Scotstown, aboutunder green-greyrivuletlock in shieldingself-isolationquarantineshackle and captivityfetter in Lynchehaun's thrustcouchbed, the great rampart in Rathmore, the Big House in Ballintemore, underabout the fieldwallhedge at Moling's house in St Mullin's, underabout a heathertresstree in the stoatwater-fall over there, underabout the creamcroptop of an oakwood in Barraderry, in a sacredscionbordertree in Figile, in the cave of St Donan in Eigg across the sea, in the enclosed dung-yardmilking-place in Boola, in a cellchurch-yard in Clonkilly and Kildervila and every other place, the places I like most in all of Ireland, on my own in nakedwood-grazingbattle-fugitivebirdbeastpaniclunacy and in goblinmadness and in a frenzy fannelflutterloitering and full-on floathovering and fury et cetera and, in the heel of the hunt, in my own country, as is dawnhaltergiftfated, in the relicgrave-yard of the just.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

79

It was there and then that an altar-boy cleric of Moling's countryside community, Enda McBracken, was reaping the prime blisterclockbell in the door of the relicgrave-yard there then when he saw the greatly distressing slaughterfeat that had been done there.

Then he recited the Leerudderexhortationlay:

(ENDA MCBRACKEN)

80

Teachd Fa-dheòidh

Truagh sin, a Mhungain nam muc,
Rinn thu gnìomh truagh is olc,
Mairg a mharbh a los a neirt
An rìgh, an geilt naomh 's an naomh geilt.

Thig gu dìleann olc dhut às
Teachd fa-dheòidh gun aithreachas,
Bidh t' anam an seilbh aig na deamhain
Gun tighinn air do chorp sleamhain.

'S ionann ionad air nèimh
Dhomhsa 's dha fhèin, fhir nach sèimh,
Gabhar sailm Dihaoine
Airson t' anma le daoine.

Bu rìgh gun lochd e, bu gheilt glan,
Fear glè uasal 's fìor a bh' ann,
Sin thall na là a leac-lighe,
Bhris mo chridh' a thruaighe.

Coming and Going at Last

That's balepitiful, McSwiney, Moling's swineman from the Isle of Muck, you have done a balepitiful sickaching peat-stackdeed, oftwoe betide who deathkilled on account of his power, the king, the Holy Gael and the Fool for Christ's sake. Evilapparitionloss will come of it Floodforever for you to come and go at last without repentance, your soul will be possessed by demons, not to mention your slippery corpsebody which won't be found. It'll be the same place in heaven for me and him, man, Psalms of Ascent will be sung by folk for your soul on fastFriday. He was every bitinch a king, without harmfault, he was a greatclear wildwood-dwellingbird, he was the most clear, finepreciousproudnoblepatrician and duniwassal and true manone, over there is his happyhuejewelled graveslab, o mercy the pathos has burstbroken my heart.

Bás Gan Sagart

That is just sick, Moling's herd,
You've done a selfish violent deed,
Pity anyone that by strength would kill
The king, the saint, the fool for Christ's sake.

You'll get your comeuppance
And in the end a *bás gan sagart*,
Demons will possess your soul
And beasts and serpents and insects take your corpse.

The self-same place in heaven
Will be there for him and for me, man,
At Friday fasting, psalms will be sung
For the soul of the true guest.

He was every inch of him a king,
He was a madman, pure and complete,
There's his resting-place lit bright,
The pity of it has broken my heart.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

81

Enda changeturned late to the other side and holmtold Moling that Sweeney had been killed to death by Mangan, Moling's swineherd. Moling rose up immediately the firsthourtime with the altar-boyclerics with him to the armsplace where Sweeney was and Sweeney admitconfessed his corriecauldronpitfault-transgressions and confession to Moling.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR; SWEENEY; MANGAN; MOLING)

82

The herdboy came piercelooking for him. 'That's a black peat-stackdeed you've done, Buckley, *a bhuachail*,' said Sweeney 'viz. killing me numbdead without affectionguilttoffence for I can't shunfleefly through the haggardfieldbarrierhedge anymore because of the jinkscrapstingwound you kickflingfrolicgave me'. 'Holy Moly, If I'd known it was you,' said the herdboy, I wouldn't have jinkscrapstingwounded you at all even if you meant to harm me.' 'By Christ's holy spear, manperson,' said the dying Gael, 'I never harmed you at all at all in life whatever you might imaginethink or done harm to any manperson on the beamridgeback of the domainworld since God burysent me into paniclunacy and little harmloss to you me being in a haggardfieldbarrierhedge here and getting a little milk for God's sake from that wifewoman and I wouldn't sidetrust your wifewoman or all the wifewomen on earth for the all the fruits in Fruitlands.' 'The malediction of Christ on you, cowherd boy,' said Moling, 'that's an evil peat-stackdeed you've done, short worldlife to you in this world and hell in the next life for doing the peat-stackdeed you've done.' 'There's no baydrowningsympathy for me in that,' said Sweeney, 'for your stingtreacheries have surrounded me and I'm a dead man from the jinkscrapstingwounds you that have been kickflingfrolicgiven to me.' 'There'll be retribution for you there,' said Moling 'viz. the same span as me in non-skyheaven for you'.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

And then in trinity, viz. Sweeney, Mangan and Moling, recitesaid this rudderexhortationLeelay:

(SWEENEY; MANGAN; MOLING)

83a

Cumann Triúir

[Suibhne] Rinne tú gníomh, ní suairc sin,
A bhuachail Mholing ón Luachair,
Ní fhéadaim dul faoin bhfál
Ag an ngoin a ghoin do dhá lámh.

[Mongán muicí Moling] Abair liom má chluinir, a fhir,
Cé thú, a dhuine, go deimhin?
[S] Is mé Suibhne Geilt gan oil,
A bhuachail Mholing ón Luachair.

[M] Dá mb'fhios dom sin, a Shuibhne sheing,
A dhuine, dá n-aithneoinn,
Ní thabharfainn ga faoi do chneas
Cé go bhfeicinn thú dom aimhleas.

[S] Ní dhearnas thiar ná thoir
Aimhleas duine ar droim dhomhain
Ó chuir Críost i dteinne mé ó m'thír
Ar gealtacht ar fud Éireann.

[M] D'inis dom, ní nár bhréag,
Iníon m'athar is mo mháthar,
Tú a fháil sa bhfál sin thoir
Ag mo mhnaoi féin ar maidin.

[S] Níor chóir dhuit a chreidiúint sin
Go bhfionnta féin a dheimhin,
Mairg gur tháinig dom ghoin i leith
Nó go bhfeicfeadh do shúile.

Cé go mbeinn ó fhál go fál,
Ba bheag duit a dhíobháil,
Cé go mbéarfadh bean dom deoch
De bhainne beag i mo dhíol déirce.

[M] Dá mb'fheasach dhom a bhfuil de,
Do ghoin trí do chíoch, trí do chroí,
Ní ghoinfeadh mo lámh thú go brách,
A Shuibhne Ghleann Balcáin.

[S] Cé gur ghoin tú mé sa bhfál,
Ní dhearnas ort aon dochar,
Ní thabharfainn taobh le do mhnaoi dhil
Ar talamh gona thorthaí.

Mairg a tháinig atha ón teach
Chugat, a Mholing Luachra,
Ní ligfidh dhom dul faoin gcoill
An ghoin a ghoin do bhuachaill.

Mallacht Chríost a chum gach clann
Ort, arsa Moling lena bhuachaill,
Trí éad i gcroí do chnis,
Is trua an gníomh a rinnis.

Ó rinnis é, fuafar an gníomh,
A dúirt Moling lena bhuachaill.
Rachaidh duitse thar a cheann
Gairide shaoil is ifreann.

[S] Cé go ndéanfá díol as,
A Mholing, ní beo mise,
Níl mo chabhair ann,
Tháinig bhur gcealg i m'thimpeall.

*Rachaidh éiric ann duit féin,
Arsa Moling, seo mo lámh,
In aon fhaid liom ar neamh
Duit, a Shuibhne, ón Tiarna.*

*Beidh maith duitse, a Shuibhne chaoil,
Tusa ar neamh, arsa an buachaill,
Ní hionann agus mé féin abhus
Gan neamh agam, gan saol.*

The Company of Three

SWEENEY

You've done a peat-stackdeed that's no pleasant thing, Moling's cowherd from Slieve Luachra. I couldn't go underabout the fieldwallhedge for the blackhanded wound you wounded me with.

MANGAN

Tell me if you hear, man, who are you, manperson, indeed?

SWEENEY

I'm Mad Sweeneywithout reproach, Moling's cowherd from Slieve Luachra.

MANGAN

If I'd known that, leanmean Sweeney, man, if I'd recognised you, I wouldn't have set a spear on your skinbody though I used to see you doing me harm.

SWEENEY

West or east, I never did harm to any manperson on the ridge of the world since Christ put me in straits from my country in paniclunacy all over Ireland.

MANGAN

I was told, no lie, by the daughter of my father and my mother, that you were over here with my own wifewoman this morning.

SWEENEY

You shouldn't believe that without proof, you wounded me without ever seeing it. Even if I'd been going from fieldwallhedge to fieldwallhedge, that was little harm to you, even if a wifewoman gave me a little drink as a poor beggar.

MANGAN

If I'd known what it was all about, I wouldn't have wounded you through your breast, through your heart, Sweeney from Glanbalkan.

SWEENEY

Though you wounded me in the fieldwallhedge, I didn't do you any harm, I wouldn't trust your good ladywife for all the fruits on earth. Pity anyone who came from his house to you, Moling of Slieve Luachra, you wouldn't have let me go off to the castrationwoods like an outlaw or let your cowherd wound me. *The curse of Christ on you*, said Moling to his cowherd. *Out of jealousy in the heart in your breast, the peat-stackdeed you've done is a leanpity. Since you did the dreadful deed*, said Moling to his cowherd, *you'll get a short worldlife and hell.*

SWEENEY

Even if you avenged it, Moling, I'm a dead man, your help's no help, your treachery's all around me. *You'll get retribution for it*, said Moling, *I swear, the same span as me in heaven, from the Lord. There's good in store for you, Sweeney, and heaven*, said the cowherd, *not like me here in this lifeworld, with no heaven or worldlife for me.*

(SWEENEY)

Who Are You, Man?

The Man of the Wood, Allan,
Another madman of the glen,
Aye, madman of Britain, and then
In the hedge yonder, your man
Mangan, swineherd of Moling, say to me
In *lingua gadelica* Erse verse:
Abair rium, má chluinir, a fhir,

Tell me if you hear me, cé thú, cò thu,

A dhuine? Who are you, man?

And I say: Neat answer: I'm Sweeney from Rasharkin,
The crazy one of Glenbalkan.

I'm Odysseus and Tristan, Odin and Merlin, Myrddin and Lailoken.

I'm the Seafarer. I'm Nebuchanadnezzar, Menalaus and Endiku.

I'm Enoch, Guatama, Christy Mahon, the Unholy Wild Man,

A Samoyed shaman, a *boskoi* monk, the Coptic Hairy Anchorite,

Desert Father, David the Dendrite, a *salos, iúrodivy*, Culdee.

I'm Bartholomew the Syrian, Lleu Wylt, Yvain, Muloran, a levitationist,

Joseph of Cupertino, Finn and the Man in the Tree.

I'm Conall the royal jester, Cernunnos, Kevin, Cain, Christ,

Marvin, Skolan, Hackett, O'Cleary, Hildebert of Le Mans.

I'm Sir Orfeo, Coroticus, King Dermot, a king without power,

King Lear and Poor Tom and the Children of Lir

In exile three times over as four swans.

And so it goes on and on and on –

I'm the Norse Madman. I'm the King of France.

I'm Tuan McCarroll, Murty McGurk, Fintan McBower,

Conall Kearney, Mangan McKeefney, Cuchullin and Naughton,

Mac Dá Chearda. Gal Gaoithe. The canonica nuda. He-she

Or Sheehy. I'm the madwoman from Slemish/Slieve Mish,

Muriel and all. I'm Dalnarian, Ultonian and Pictish,

A Gael, Irish and Scottish. I'm Alan Arkin

Sitting naked in a tree as Yossarian.

I'm an orang-utan. I'm all of these to all men

Of the world and the united hosts of the universe.

83b

Ba Bhinne Liom

Ba bhinne liom san am a bhí
Ná comhrá ciúin lucht an tí
Í a bheith ag lúfaireacht faoi mo linn,
Cúchaireacht an fhearáin eidhinn.

Ba bhinne liom tráth dá raibh
Ná guth cloigín im fharradh
Ceiliúradh an loin den bhinn
Is dordán daimh sa doineann.

Ba bhinne liom tráth dá raibh
Ná guth mná áille im fharradh,
Guth circe fraoigh an tsléibhe
Le solas geal ionraic an lae.

Ba bhinne liom guth circe
San aill i nDún Sobhairce
Nó ar learg Shliabh Breá
Is mé gan sciath gan sleá.

Mé gan sciath ná gan sleá
Faoin gcoill i Luachair Deá,
Mo dhún rí thoir, ba bhinne
Ná neamh rí na fírinne.

Ba bhinne liom nuair a bhíos im bheatha
Donáil úd na gcon allta
Ná guth cléirigh istigh
Ag méileach is ag meigeallach.

Ba bhinne liom ceol agus ranna
Ná guth chlogán cille Rónáin Fhinn,
Ba bhinne liom cuach na Banna
Ná méileach na gcléireach istigh le mo linn.

Cé gur maith libh i dtithe óil
Bhur gcoirm leanna le héadach sróil,
B'fhearr liom deoch uisce faoi shos
A ól as an tobar de mo bhois.

I m'gheilt gan cheirt is gan luid
Agus uisce mar mo chuid
Ar an doineann mhór dhearóil
Agus ní leann sa teach óil.

Bhíos i nGlais Chille Cró
Le bean chaomh is trí chaoga bó,
Anois gan fear gan fine
Gan teach, a Chríost gan bhine.

Cé binn libh thall in bhur dteach pobail
Comhrá mín bhur mic léinn,
Binne liom ceiliúradh glan
A dhéanann coin Ghleann Balcáin.

Cé gur maith libh an tsail is an fheoil
A chaitear sna tithe óil,
Is fearr liom gas den bhiolar glan
Ithe in ionad gan chumha ann.

Cé maith gach leaba gan feall
A rinneas ag siúl na hÉireann,
B'fhearr liom leaba taobh leis an loch
I mBeanna Boirche gan folach.

Cé maith gach leaba gheal ghlan
A rinneas seachnóin hÉireann,
B'fhearr liom leaba faoin ros
I nGleann na nGealt faoi shos.

Mo bhuí dhuit, a Chríost, as
Do chorp, mar sin, a chaitheamh,
Aithrí ionraic abhus
I ngach olc a rinneas riamh.

Cliffgablerégardhornpeaksweeter to Me

Cliffgablerégardhornpeaksweeter to me once than the small talk of the homehousehold, loafing about my generationpool, was the incessant croodleruckling of the turtle dove in the ivybush. Cliffgablerégardhornpeaksweeter to me once than the censurevoice of the blisterclockbell near me was the vanishfarewellwarblegreetcelebration of the elkullblackbird and the droning of the oxenstags in stormy weather. Cliffgablerégardhornpeaksweeter to me once than the censurevoice of a delightfulelightbeautiful wifewoman near me was the censurevoice of Circe's Jovemoormountainheather grousechick inat the whitebrightclear unadulterated light of day. Cliffgablerégardhornpeaksweeter to me once when I was sustanancelive was that howling of the wild champion oracheIrishwolfhounds than the censurevoice of the altar-boyclerk at househome foolbleating and wetherblethering and whimperprattling. Music and partitionverses were cliffgablerégardhornpeaksweeter to me in my pondgenerationtime than the censurevoice of Ronan Finn's church-yardcell blisterbell and foolbleating and wetherblethering and whimperprattling of the altar-boyclerks. While you enjoy being regaled in your bibberies and drunkeries at stags and hens with satin and silk, I'd rather drink a drink of rainurinetearswater in peace from the wellfountain out of my bladepalm. Though the grasslandsmooth conversation of your students over in your parishpopulacehomehousechurch is cliffgablerégardhornpeaksweet to you, cliffgablerégardhornpeaksweeter to me is the shrillweedclear vanishfarewellwarblegreetcelebration that the championhounds of Glenbalkan make. Though you like the saltfatmeat and fleshmeat that you eatwaste in your computation houses, I'd prefer to eat a scionstalksprig of shrillweedclear blood-tracebrooklimewatercress in a place instead without sorrow or homesickness. Though every bed without failtreachery that I made throughout Ireland is good, I'd prefer a bed above the Silent Valley without sackclothingcover. Though every shrillweedclear dearbrightwhite bed that I made walktravelling Ireland is good, I'd prefer a bed in the Falloch under Ross's castrationscrubcoppicewoodheadland in Glannagalt at peace. My

tanboythanks to you, Christ, for partaking of thy body so, honestartless repentance in this world for all the evil I've ever done.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

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Westafter that a pestilencecloudtrance came on Sweeney and Moling rose up with his altar-boyclerics as one towards him and every manone of them put a Clogh islandshorecastletesticlestone on Sweeney's liquidgravestonecairn in Laght.

(MOLING)

An Tobar Úd Thall

'Ionúin go deimhin an fear sa leacht,'
Arsa Moling, 'minic a bhí muid inár mbeirt

Dreas ag comhrá lena chéile
Seachnóin na conaire.

B'aoibhinn liom Suibhne a fheiceáil,
An té atá sa leacht seo ar an tobar úd thall

Óir is minic a thomhladh sé dá bhiolar is dá uisce
Is is uaidh a ainmnítear é mar Thobar na Geilte.

Ionúin fós gach ionad eile
A thaithíodh an té sin Suibhne'.

'The man in this grave is beloved indeed, Eve,' said Moling 'often the two of us, hale and hearty for a while, were conversing with each other in this stroll garden with Connery. For me, it was evensweet seeing Sweeney, viz. the housetrackperson in this grave at the well over by, viz. Tobernagalt its name, for it's often he used to consume a wee non-thing of its blood-tracebrooklimewatercress and of its rainurinetearswater and it's after him that the well is named. And every other wonderplace where Aunty Sweeney accustomfrequented is beloved still as well'.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

And there and then Moling said:

(MOLING)

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Laoidh-lice

Leacan Shuibhne 'n seo uime,
'S e cràdh mo chridh' a chuimhne,
Ionmhainn leam fhathast air a shearc
Gach àite san robh 'n geilt naomh.

Ionmhainn Gleann Bhalgain bàn
Air a shearc aig Suibhne slàn,
Agus gach sruth a thig às,
A bhiolair is a bhàrr glas.

Tobar nan Geilt an sin thall,
Ionmhainn dom bith a bhàrr,
Ionmhainn a ghaineamh glan,
Agus an t-uisge geal ann.

'S ann rium a rinneadh srian,
B' fhada leam fhaicinn,
Dh'iarr e bhith air bhreith dham thaigh,
B' ionmhainn an laigheachan.

Ionmhainn gach sruth fuar
Le biolair 's bàrr uaine
'S gach tobar den uisge gheal
San robh Suibhne a' tathaich.

Is mas e cead Rìgh nan rann,
Èirich is imich rim thaobh,
Thoir dhomh, a chridhe, do làmh

A-mach bhon lighe 's bhon leac.

Bu bhinn leam còmhradh Shuibhne,
Bheir mi nam chli a chuimhne,
M' athchuinge dham rìgh air nèamh
Os cionn a ligh' 's a lice.

Hillhouserocktombstone Exhorthymnpoemsong

Sweeney's hillhouserocktombstonemonument here around me, his memory torments my bucklenerveunderstandingheart, kindlovelydear to me still out of love for him every place where the saintlydumbard wildwoodbirdman used be. Kindlovelydear to me fallowgroundvacantwhite Glenbalkan out of love for wholesafe Sweeney, kindlovelydear every little stream that comes out of it, kindlovelydear its blood-tracebrooklimewatercress with its sallowpalebluewatergreengreylock harvestcropcreambranchtop. Tobernagalt over there, kindlovelydear to everyother whose fattenfood is its harvestbranchtopbarecreamcrops, kindlovelydear to me its shrillweedclear beachgravelsand and the fondwhitebright riverwaverainwater there. I was bridlestreakrestrained, I longed to see it, he tryasked to be borne to my househome, the lying in wait was kindlovelydear. Every rawcold tidestream is kindlovelydear where there was watercress with a sallowpalebluewatergreengreylock harvestcropcreambranchtop and every sourcewell with fondwhitebright riverbillowrainwater where Sweeney used to ghostcravingvisit. If it's the tip-catlavevill of the king of the countrysoilstars, Massa, get up and go by my side, give me your attemptarmhand, my bucklenerveunderstandingheart, from the overflowing tombstone and hillhouserockslab. Sweeney's conversation was truemelodyhoppersweet to me, I bear his memory longlongingly in my wrongstrongfeeblecleverhumblevigourbodyribs, I pray to Saint Sweeney over his hillhouserockslab and overflowing tombstone.

Dear to Me

Here's my Sweeney's wee grave-mound,
His memory pains my heart,
Every place the holy fool used be,

For love of him, is dear to me.

Dear to me Glenbalkan's fair grassland
As Sweeney loved it *compos mentis*,
Dear to me every stream that comes out of it,
Dear to me its green-topped watercress.

The well of Tobernagalt over by,
The one whose food its cress was is beloved,
Dear to me its clear sand,
Dear to me its water so pure.

It fell on me to prepare him and it,
I longed to see him and it,
He asked to be taken to my house,
Dear to me was the lying-in-wait.

Dear to me every stream, however cold,
On which the green watercress used be
And every well with its water so bright
Sweeney used haunt.

If the King of Heaven should permit,
Get up and go with me,
Give me, dear heart, your hand
From the wee resting-place.

I loved to talk with Sweeney,
I'll bear his memory in my heart a long time,
I beseech the King of Heaven
Over his grave and memorial cairn.

(UNSTABLE NARRATOR)

An Uair Sin

Dh'èirich an tì Suibhne
Às a neul an uair sin
Is ghabh Moling air làimh e 's ràinig iad
Romhpa nan dithis doras na h-eaglaise
'S nuair a chuir Suibhne gualainn ris an ursainn
An uair sin thug e osnadh mòr os àrd
Is an uair sin 's ann a chaidh
A spiorad dha na nèamhan
Is chaidh a thiodhlacadh
Le onair le Moling an uair sin.

That Sweeney airyrose out of his nebulaeswoon backwestafter that and Moling took him by the hand and the pair of them went to the narthex and fromsincewhen Sweeney put a shoulder to the supportjamb he gave an elategreat sigh straightupoutloud and his spirit ascended to heaven and he was sepulchreburied *honorificabilitudinitatibus* by Moling.

(SWEENEY)

Is Mise Suibhne Geilt

Is fíor, is mise Suibhne Geilt
Ar fáinneáil agus ar foluain
Ar teitheadh dom as an gcath
Amach an lá sin i Maigh Rath
Trí mhallacht Rónáin Fhinn

Trí gach díthreabh in Éirinn,
Ag tuisleadh de bharr craobh,
Gan mhnaoi, gan éadach, mo thaobh nocht
Agus clúmh ar mo chorp, i gceirt,
Ag léim anonn is anall sa slí,

Níos luaithe ná deatach trí theach

Ar m'imirce gan sos ar fud Éireann
Agus taibhsí romham i meán oíche,
Mo bhiolar is m'uisce mo shásamh,
Gan chodladh, gan a bheith ar cuairt rí

Ach ag déanamh rann, ar an imeall
Is ar gcúl, ag seachaint daoine
Agus ag teacht faoi dheoidh
Go Tigh Moling agus ar mo chéill.
Is dearbh gur mise Suibhne Geilt.

The Irish Wild Man

It's true, I'm Sweeney the archetypal Irish Wild Man whose madness is occasioned by a battlefield experience and the curse of a *sacerdos*, taking to the wilderness, perching on trees and running along them, naked, hairy, covered with feathers and clothed in rags, levitating and performing great leaps, swifter than smoke through a house, restless, travelling great distances throughout Ireland, experiencing hallucinations at midnight, observing a diet of cress and water, losing status as king, avoiding public view, making verses, and coming at last to the house of Moling in St. Mullin's, his memory restored. For certain I'm Sweeney the Irish Wild Man.

(SWEENEY)

I gCill nó i Loch?

Och, a chléireacháin, ó ráinigh mé
Doras na heaglaise
Mar ar mithid dúinn scaradh

Mar is dual is mar a bhí i m'dhán
Faoi dheoidh, ní mo mhian triall
Anois go hEas Dhubhthaigh

Nó titim d'aill Dhún Sobhairce
D'oidhe d'éag ná bás de rinn
Trí bhriathra Rónáin Fhinn

Agus ní mo rogha go dtiocfaidh mo shaol
I gCill Cua nó i gCill Riáin
Ach i ndomhain sa loch fuar

Mar a bhfuil an dobhrán is an breac bán
Agus m'adhhlacadh, ní le honóir,
A Dhia mhóir, i reilig fíréin

I dTigh Moling i ndeireadh mo ré
Ach go moch faoin linn lán
I Loch Rí nó Loch Léin.

In a Cellchurch-yard in Kill or a Fjordlake in Lough?

Och, little altar-boycleric, since I've hinnyreached the door of the gizzardchurch in Eglish where it's duetime for us to spreadpart as is my tresslot and dawnhalterpoemfate at long last, it's not my desire to attemptgo to Duffy's Falls or fall off the cliff at Dunseverick in a tragicviolent death or die at the last-wordplanetpoint of a spear in Ringsend through the words of Ronan Finn and it's not my choice that my worldlife ends in Kilcoo or Kilrean

but in the world-depths of a rawcold lough where the dim-witotter and sea trout fallowblank speckledtroutcopybook are and to be sepulchreburied, not *honorificabilitudinitatibus*, extolgreat dayGod, in the relicgrave-yard of a justman at Moling's house in St. Mullin's at the end of my moonspacetime but early underabout the tidefull generationtimepond in Lough Ree or the Lakes of Killarney.

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Finis

Gabhadh ar láimh mé gur éirigh mé as mo néal
Go bhfuair mé neamh go hard agus fad saoil.
Sin m'imeachtaí ó thús go deireadh, sin mo scéal,
Sin a bhfuil uaim anois, a chairde gaoil.

Agus ní féidir le duine, dá ndéarfainn é,
An scéal a chur i bhfolach nó faoi cheilt
Arís go deo. Is mé féin féin díreach an té,
Nach mé féin, a rinne scéal Shuibhne Geilt

Ar lorg na gcon sa ngleann i mbun donála
Is guth na gcuach is guth mná áille
Ó Chrota Cliach siar go dtí Críoch Gháille
Go Tobar na nGealt i ndeireadh dála. Dála.

Finis

I was taken in hand and I got up out of my nebulafrance and reached non-skyheaven and my length of worldlife. Those are my comings and goings from stem to stern, that's my story, that's it all from me, that's all I want now. And no manperson, if I say it myself, can conceal the story ever again. I'm the one, am I not, who made the story of Mad Sweeney on the progenymarktrack of the hounds in the smoke-cloudhollowglen howling away and the censurevoice of the tuftembracequaichbundlefalsettocuckoos and the censurevoice of a beautiful woman from the Galtees backwest to Galey to the Madmens' Well in the heel of the hunt.

CHAPTER 5: COMMENTARY

5.1 Introduction

In this chapter, an analysis of the texts in Chapter 4 is presented in accordance with the relevant methodologies described in Chapter 3.

5.2 Commentary

[TITLE]

The title of the sequence, although strictly speaking peritextual and informative detail (Munday 2012: 308), is of significance in terms of creative intertonguing. The reference to subversion indicates that the work is both an inferior draft and traduces the originating text, if not the Gaelic language(s).

[SUBTITLE]

The subtitle combines the various definitions of ‘Buile’ (‘baile’) in the Electronic Dictionary of the Irish Language (eDIL) www.dil.ie, connoting frenzy, poetic inspiration and revelation, all to be essential elements of the narrative. The subject of ‘buile’ is discussed in Ó Béarra (1914: 263-266). The phrase ‘ar buile’ appears in O’Keefe’s edition only (1931 [1913]: 94), from the manuscript of Michael O’Cleary, where ‘ábhar bhuile Shuibhne’ also appears (I have modernised the orthography, in both cases, as will be the practice throughout).

§1 BILLY SWEENEY ON SHOW HERE

The title of this further subtitle also represents peritextual creativity as the first instance of a phonemic translation, in this case of the text ‘BUILE SHUIBHNE ANSEO THÍOS’ (in modern orthography). ‘Cách’ means, a person, everybody, and is also used as an epithet for Christ. The text itself of the prologue or pre-signal introducing Sweeney as protagonist is the first instance of a numbered sectional text in intertonguing, in prose in this case, after an aborted attempt at a direct literal intralingual translation and transmodernisation. The text begins – and subsequently ends – with the formulaic Irish Gaelic ‘Dála’ (‘as regards’, rendered phonetically here as ‘daily’). This is in accordance with the bardic praxis of *dúnadh* (epanalepsis), or starting and ending a poem with the same line, as in, for example, §19; the same phrase (§40); word (§6); syllable (§21) or letter, of the originating text. The

aborted English text represents a repudiation of archaic language and a false beginning, with two sections numbered 1 – and presages a false ending, resembling *dúnadh* – and also recalls a remark in Flann O’Brien’s version of the Sweeney narrative, *At Swim-Two-Birds*: ‘One beginning and one ending for a book was a thing I did not agree with’ (O’Brien 1939: 9). The section ends with the final section of the complete narrative. It should also be mentioned in this regard that in the source text Sweeney, like Hesiod, dies twice, in §78 and §86, or, at least, lives after the first death, and this may be considered as a sort of *dúnadh* also. ‘Cách i gcoitinne’ is found in *Agallamh na Seanórach* <https://iso.ucc.ie/Acallamh-senorach/Acallamh-senorach-text.html> and Ní Shé (1971: 1. 92). This section makes nosistic reference to both the historical event and textual rendering of the Battle of Moira as an ‘intertextual assertion’ (Ó Béarra 2014: 261). It also anticipates §11 of the text where Sweeney’s symptoms are described, though not as fully as in the originating text. The formulaic (or, perhaps, pathetic or mnemonic) phraseme ‘ar fáinneáil agus ar foluain’ is introduced in this section. ‘Fáinneáil’ < ‘foindel’ – is defined, *inter alia*, in eDIL, as the ‘aimless and erratic movement of a *geilt*’. The phrase is in the 16th century text *Eachtra Uilliam de Pailéarna, a history of Guillaume de Palerme/William of Palerme*, for example, which includes such elements as woods, fugitives, wolves, love, king, the bedchamber, disguise, military combat, religious figures, religious spaces, supernatural, travel, treachery, seven years, cowherd, hunting, searching and deer. The renderings in intertonguing here combine phonemic (‘full-on’) and literal elements and represent the first instance of a common practice in the receiving text.

The earliest sections of the narrative may indeed be described as a ‘game of soldiers’, particularly from the point of arrival of the messenger in §4 onwards. It is the essence of Sweeney’s life as a petty king up to the Battle of Moira, and is invoked thereafter by him and others such as Angus McArdle (§13), Donald Mackay (§15) and Columba (§16). The invocation ‘to hell’ anticipates the imprecations of Sweeney in §82 and Moling in §83. The English phrase at the end of a section in standardised modern Irish (insofar as that is possible, allowing for opaque usages such as ‘fachain’, ‘tucaid’, ‘airíonna’, and ‘abairtí’) departs from transmodernisation of Early Modern/Late Middle Irish (as employed by Seán Ó Sé, *passim*) and represents a form of repudiation of (1) translation into Irish solely and (2) the specific methodology of translation employed for this section by introducing common colloquial English text (not in translation).

§2 – In this section of text starting with prose intertonguing, the reference to Niall of the Nine Hostages derives from the truncated manuscript version of O’Cleary, and not that of O’Duigenan. The intertonguing after the description of Sweeney’s genealogical descent is versified, following the practice of Heaney (1983) in all or parts of §§8, 11, 17, 49 & 65. ‘Aye’, ‘ornery’, ‘fair’, ‘Dingwall’, ‘Day’, ‘Coifi’ (a priest in Northumberland around the time of the historical Sweeney), and ‘mien’ are phonic elements deriving from the originating text. Ronan is represented as a ‘conflation’ (Ó Riain 1972: 178) and Chadwick 1948, n.1), and he is also described as ‘the composite saint Rónán Finn’ (Ó Riain 1972: 182). The language in this section is noticeably liturgical: ‘tiomna Dé’ is found on *Beatha Bhríghde* by Maghnas Ó Domhnaill http://corpas.ria.ie/index.php?fsg_function=4&fsg_id=2448; ‘cuing crábhaidh’ is in *Poems on the Marcher lords, etc.* <https://bardic.celt.dias.ie/pdf/POEM1222.pdf>. and ‘sciath dhíidine’ is in *Fealsúnacht Aodha Mhic Dhomhnaill* http://corpas.ria.ie/index.php?fsg_function=5&fsg_id=2408. The description of the saint as ‘fear oirní uasal’ anticipates that of the dead Sweeney in §80. ‘Oirní uasal’ is also found on p. i of the manuscript *Eachtra Chonaill Gulban* by Muiris Ó Gormáin <https://www.celt.dias.ie/publications/online/nli/2/NLI20.html> and in poem 11 of James Carney’s edition of *Poems of the Butlers, etc.* <https://bardic.celt.dias.ie/displayPoem.php?firstLineID=582>. ‘Fear mín muinteartha’ is part of an epithetic description of Maghnas Ó Domhnaill (c.1494 – 1563) in the *Annals of the Four Masters*. All this suggests clerical interpolation, as all these instances have a formulaic element. In general terms, I wish to draw attention hereinafter to reoccurrences of segments of text in the commentaries to the sections discussed in this chapter to suggest that the narrative is not quite as unique as has been claimed, as mentioned in the introduction in Chapter 1.

§3 – This section in prose intertonguing describes the violation of Sweeney’s land and territory and Ronan’s ‘unsanctioned intrusion upon the royal sphere’ and ‘marking out of a church on royal lands without the ruler’s consent’ (Cohen 1977: 121), followed by his entering church land (directly and not, as subsequently, via a tree, a well or a greensward), although Ronan says in §63 that Sweeney violated the church itself. Downum (2006: 61) says ‘thar críoch agus fearann’ ‘highlight the assault on the king’s domain, while the emphasising ... pronominal suffix –*se* leaves no doubt as to whose territory is under assault’. ‘Críoch agus fearann’ might be a legal unit – it’s in Fingallian texts like *Dún Ard*

Ruidhe (Torna n.d.: 37). Ronan's intrusion is an example of 'a not uncommon source of conflict between king and Church in Irish tales' (Cohen 1977: 121). The boundary is described as a 'clais choisreactha' ('consecrated trench') in <https://archive.org/details/banquetofdunnang00trin/page/232/mode/2up> which relates to the threefold death. (See Frykenberg 1984: 108). Rekdal (2011: 249) says that 'Sweeney is ... acting on behalf of his territory when he tries to chase Rónán from his land' and that the cleric's response represents a warning about the power of the Church at the time of composition, to complement Ní Mhaonaigh (2006: 224) on the matter of reform of the church. Annie Brisset (in Venuti 1990/1996: 340) says that 'translation becomes ... a re-territorializing operation' and views adaptation as a 'reterritorialization' of the original work (in Baker and Saldanha 2009: 4). The territory is given a contemporary connotation by reference to a sovereign state. 'Beating the bounds' is a tradition to remind people of boundaries. 'Fact' and 'aye' are phonic translations. 'Fifth province' combines the two basic elements of the word translated. The intertonguing 'hauntangered' combines the two separate verbs 'lonnaigh'. This is the first section with the personal pronoun given as 'he-it' or, subsequently, 'she-it' in accordance with the grammar of Irish and Scottish Gaelic differentiating according to gender. The sound of a bell is described as 'guth' (human voice) (Ó Cadhlaigh 1947: 333), and Plummer in *Vitae Sanctorum Hiberniae* vol. 1, clxxvi says of a holy bell that 'it speaks with a human voice'. The ancient Irish saints were accustomed to curse the attending chieftains while sounding their bells with the tops of their croziers (O'Donovan 1842: 39). The reference to Ronan's bell resonates with that of the cleric in *Children of Lir* §59 https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_59. The section contains the first reference to 'cléireach' and O'Donovan says that 'the word *cléireach*, a cleric or clerk which is derived from the Latin word *clericus*, is used throughout this story to describe a priest' (Downum 2007: 62). The reference in this section to a wing as part of his attire may presage Sweeney's assumption of avian form. The crimson cloak here is like that of the woman in 'Sí Binne Éadair' (Torna n. d.: 152), and anticipates its use as a symbol of Sweeney's regal power, as in §7, and the colour as that of his face in §16. The description of the cloak is by the pleonastic alliterative formulation 'corcorthach corcra' which is found in, for example, *Agallamh na Seanórach* http://corpas.ria.ie/index.php?fsg_function=3&fsg_id=2357. 'Corkery' is a phonemic rendering. It has been argued that Sweeney's nakedness here has been borrowed from Britain. (See Mac Cana 1980: 377-378, and Mac Mathúna 1980). Other similar formulations in the section are 'dian deinmhneach', a form of which is in *Aisling Mhic Con*

Glinne <https://aonghus.blogspot.com/2020/06/aithech-do-shleith-banrigna.html> and ‘réim reatha’ in, for example, the bardic text ‘Coisrig, a Chríost cairbh Dhonnchaidh’ <https://bardic.celt.dias.ie/displayPoem.php?firstLineID=510>.

Erin is the form I have given for the name of Sweeney’s wife or ex-wife, as a sort of symbol of a debased form of Gaeldom. The surname McQueen, as well as its obvious regal associations, is a by-form of Sweeney (Mac Shuibhne). (She could equally be Erin Quinn, recalling the character of that name in the sitcom *Derry Girls*). Her acting as mediator and her blessing by the cleric are common in medieval Irish literature (Nagy 1996: 25). The bracketed sentence starting with ‘It’s clear’ derives from O’Cleary’s manuscript and is not in O’Duigenan. Dalanaria and Dalaradia are both Anglicized versions of the name of the territory associated with Sweeney. Variants in place-names in the original text are common also – see the various forms given for what I give in English as Moira and Glenbalkan, to cite two names of particular significance. Killalooney in this section is an appropriated form also as it anticipates the exhortations to kill the madman Sweeney in ll.1028-1031 and 856-859 of the originating text. For ‘Creagh Demesne’ and ‘Farran’, see 3.4.1(c). The section also alternates between the past and historical present tenses, corresponding to the original. The last sentence of this section (in brackets) derives from O’Cleary.

§4 – Prose intertonguing of sectional text. Sweeney here is like Ysgolan who transgressed a church and drowned a gift book and was punished. The curse, which is ‘an Irish addition to the tale’ (Carney 1944: 131) may, I think, be considered as a warning to secular or pagan elements who attempt to resist ecclesiastical territorial expansion in Ireland at the time of composition. Ronan’s curse is as a *sacerdos*, but also might be as poet (Sailer 1997: 204), and O’Donovan (1842: 39) says that he is cursed by ‘the saints’. Downum (2006: 79) says that Sweeney’s assault on the psalter ‘acts as a metonymic sign of his hostility towards writing in general, while the alignment of his own poetic production with the oral tradition is emphasized by the clearly spoken nature of his verses, which are invariably introduced with the word *adbert* ‘he said’’. Sweeney anticipates the death of the book by throwing it into the lake in so that, like Allan in §50, it drowns. He, like others in the narrative, makes or says, not writes, his subsequent verses. But the book is pure unlike the dark depths of the lake – of one of the books of Columba, the *Cathach*, it was said if they ‘sunk to the bottom of the deepest waters, they would not lose one letter, or sign, or character of them’ (Sailer 1998: 127). In addition to a renunciation of literacy and the holy

writ (for which the book is also a metonym), the act of drowning it recalls Prospero in *The Tempest*, where it represents a renunciation of the magical powers he has learned. The action is ‘impiety against the priestly-sovereign function’ (Cohen 1977: 113). There is a hagiographic conflation here between St. Ronan and St. Kevin of Glendalough (specifically mentioned in §§74 and 75), who also had a psalter that fell out of his hand retrieved from a lake undamaged, by an otter (as a white trout), according to tradition – see Fr. Michael Rodgers <https://vimeo.com/231353560>, (the otter might also be speckled or white). Ronan in the text is said to be beside the lake but tradition has it that Kevin recited his psalms in the lake itself. The pagan wood and Christian church are juxtaposed, and the psalmists praise nature like Sweeney. ‘Uisce lionn-fhuar’ is in *Oidhe Chlann Lir* §53. The ‘otterworld’ (a form of underworld) represents both the transgressive nature of the perpetrator and the mythical abode of the dead. As regards the topography of the lake in this section: ‘If the story is topographically accurate, and Kilminioge had been the earlier church site, this would have to be the lake in the neighbouring townland of Legmore’ (<http://www.placenamesni.org/resultdetails.php?entry=10958>). According to Bob Curran (2007: 80), the lough in question here is ‘traditionally stated to be Lough Neagh’, the largest lake in Ireland. There is reference here to the Battle of Moira, fought between the High King of Ireland and the Kings of Ulster and Dalriada in the woods of Kilultagh. It was allegedly the largest battle ever fought in Ireland. John O’Donovan’s edition of the Middle Irish account of battle, *Cath Mhagh Rath*, includes the preliminary narratives describing Sweeney’s madness. Sweeney’s classical hubris – see ‘uail’ and ‘díomas’ in §48 – is his not taking the sagacious counsel of Columba in §15, violating clergy and trying to transcend the limits of the church. ‘Scéala dó ó thús go deireadh’ is in *Banquet* (O’Donovan 1842: 42 and 48). The alliterative pleonastic conjoint phrase ‘dubhach dobrónach’ is found in *Agallamh na Seanórach* §4 <https://iso.ucc.ie/Acallamh-senorach/Acallamh-senorach-text.html>. There is a physical parallel between the first element and the dark lake, and between the second element and the saint-befriending otter. The word ‘dobhar’ has a further connotation of a type of madness described in §11. ‘Fodhomhain’ (under depth) has a homophonic association with underworld. ‘Dímigin’ and ‘easonóir’ suffered by the cleric recall that by Congal Claon in *Banquet* p. 42, and revenge for this in §63 x 2. Dishonour is a cause of the Battle of Moira (O’Donovan 1842: 110-111). The section following is the first instance in verse §§9, 13, etc. after the formulaic *ut dixit mulier* ‘then he said’ (O’Donovan 1842: 12, n.2). ‘This is the usual arrangement of ancient Irish tales – a certain portion of the story is first told in prose, and

the most remarkable incidents in the same afterwards repeated in metre' (Downum 2007: 79). The section contains the first instance of 'she-it' in v.4, as a form of non-binary identification predicated on grammar.

§5 An Clèireach agus an Dòbhran – Versified sectional text in Scottish Gaelic only, with borrowings, intratextual (from §§4 & 6) and intertextual (from Neill 1974: 7). These borrowings are an *homage* to the original text. In language sometimes liturgical – 'fianais', 'saltair', 'lìtir', 'lìn', 'altachadh-buidhe', 'mìorbhail', 'guidhe', 'mallachd', 'beannochd' ('beannachd') – the cleric is represented as being conflicted between consideration of the natural world and the world of *les clercs*. He gives animistic thanks for a miracle, not to his God but to the otter which recovered his psalter without any damage to it. The 'breac bán' in the first stanza belongs to both dispensations as a blank manuscript and/or a rainbow trout, and the epithet 'àlainn' may be applied to various items – the otter, the lake, the trout, the psalter – in the piece. 'Dover' is phonemic. The Bible is sometimes referred to in Scottish Gaelic as 'an leabhar bàn'. A Scottish Gaelic near-homophone is employed through the words 'loinn(e)'. The 'buidhe/guidhe' internal rhyme anticipates another cleric and psalmist Moling in 'Nar Dithis' in §85, an unequivocal benediction unlike here. Ronan is sacerdotally empowered to issue a malediction (to Sweeney) and a benediction (to Sweeney's wife, here represented as Ireland and a naked woman, analogous with the use of 'beannoct' in *A Bhean a Bhain an Biolar* in §43).

§5 My Will – This versified sectional text in English is of Ronan's curse-prayer/prayer-curse, 'the curse of a *sacerdos*' (Ó Riain 1972: 182) and 'sacerdotal intervention' (Frykenberg in Carey 2014: 44). Ronan's tripartite prophesy/curse is that that he go naked, that he die by a spear and that his descendants will see 'díth' and then 'olc' (§6) when they see the psalter, which re-emerges in §74 in the presence of Moling, rather like an *alter ego* of Ronan. The curse of nakedness is fulfilled in §§32 & 67. 'Seachnóin an domhain' is in the bardic piece 'A chroinn, ar ar thuirling Dia', by Aodh Mac Aingil <https://bardic.celt.dias.ie/pdf/POEM40.pdf> and 'bás de rinn' is the translation of to 'fall by the sword' in the Bible (Hoseah 7:16). O'Keefe (1931 [1913]: 85) says that 'curses of this kind as a result of which the offending person (with his descendants) is always to remain in the state in which he is when cursed are common' but doesn't cite further examples. The place-names Ring and Ringsend derive from 'rinn'. 'De ghréas' is one of the phrases that O'Cleary felt the need to gloss (as 'de ghnáth') in 1629 (O'Keefe 1931 [1913]: 93),

possibly for his students (like those of Moling in §74). See Heaney *Station Island*, (Heaney 1984: 87-88):

... it was restored ...
as the otter surfaced once with Ronan's psalter
miraculously unharmed, that had been lost
a day and a night under lough water.
And so the saint praised God on the lough shore.

As pointed out by Sailer (1997: 204), Ronan is not the only Christian in the saga to curse – Donald curses Congal in §16, Moling curses Mangan in §82, and Sweeney himself curses the hag of the mill in §§37 & 67, as well as the woman who took his watercress in §43. The fact that Sweeney only resembles ('amhail') a bird is made more explicit in the Battle of Moira text. 'The unique handling of the bird metaphor ensures that this old epic remains compelling even to modern readers: It is finely balanced, and while suggesting the medieval belief in shape-shifting and metamorphosis, it never becomes too literal-minded to lose its subtleness as a delicate metaphor for the fragility and vulnerability of the human psyche. The epic can in fact be read as a compelling account of debilitating melancholy, as a detailed account of a mental illness, all the more devastating because of being clad in metaphor. It is strikingly modern in its representation of existential angst. Despite of the traditional Christian framing of the story, the depth of Suibhne's despair is expressed much more eloquently than the occasional formulaic reference to Christian hope. The link between Suibhne's poetic gift and his madness also strike a modern cord' (<http://www.kokolele.de/LINA-booklet-IRL.pdf>).

§6 Mo Bheannacht is Mo Mhallachd – Quasiliteral version in verse of sectional text in *lingua gadelica* with intertonguing, voiced for Ronan (as cleric in the literary sense). It represents an attempt to render the original verse form $deibhidhe - 2(7^x+7^{1+x})^{1+2} 3+4$ – in translation, and as such is quasiformal. This section contains the first reference to *geilt*/madman. Carney (1955: 390) says that the word 'may, according to context, mean (1) lunatic, (2) harmless simpleton, (3) one who goes mad in battle, (4) a coward, (5) one who lives in the wilds and has the agility of a wild beast, (6) one who lives in the wilds and has something approaching the power of levitation'. It has further connotations of nakedness and grazing. 'Geilt' in Scottish Gaelic also means 'terror'. 'Rith grod' is the name of a hound in the Fenian lay *Laoi na hOllphéiste* http://corpas.ria.ie/index.php?fsg_function=5&fsg_id=2361. 'Conn is ciall' is a pleonastic

alliterative pair as in §§19 & 61 and the ‘Banquet of Dunagay’(O’Donovan 1842: 14). ‘Loch lán’ is in the early medieval poem ‘Fuit co bráth!’ (Fisher & Ó Conchubhair 2022: 54). A ‘green fool’ is a person who pretends to be simple, and is also the title of a novel by Patrick Kavanagh. Sweeney is green in the sense of being both naive and ecologically aware.

§7 – Section in prose intertonguing. The references to the King of Ireland and King of Ulster derive from O’Cleary, and are not in O’Duigenan. The references to a peace process and no deal recall more recent episodes in Irish, British and European history. ‘Frith-and-grith’ is an Anglo-Saxon term for peacemaking. The altarboy has morphed in this section into an otterboy.

§8 **Regaelia** – Intertonguing of sectional text versified, as in Heaney (1983: 16), published as ‘Smoothshining Studbeadbuttons’ in *Poetry Review* (102:4, December 2012). The sartorial splendour is represented linguistically also with words such as ‘tulle’, ‘alb’, ‘ruched’ and ‘selvage’, in what might be termed a purple passage. He is no longer naked – nor has he been forced to go naked as per Ronan’s curse – indicating that his kingly status obtains, as it does in a different context subsequently in §37, when he recovers his sanity. The language is rich and fluent and slightly formulaic: ‘tunic with a crimson border’ and ‘a goldhilted sword’ are part of the description of Fergus in *Táin Bó Cuailnge*, (Flower 1978 [1947]: 9). ‘Ionar corcra’ is referenced in an address by Muireadhach Albanach Ó Dálaigh to Cathal Croibhdhearg Ó Conchobhair <https://bardic.celt.dias.ie/displayPoem.php?firstLineID=1761>. It recalls the ‘brat corcra’ in §3, and anticipates the regal countenance in §16. The general description of his attire resembles that in *Meisce Uladh* §29 https://iso.ucc.ie/Mesca-ulad/Mesca-ulad-text.html#Section_29. The tunic from Congal is referenced in O’Donovan (1842: 39-41 and 234-235). Nagy (1996: 14) says that Sweeney is ‘stripped of human clothing but grows animal ‘raiment’, feathers, which on a human body are even more conspicuous than the finery worn ... on the day of battle’. He slew Ollie in the *Battle of Moira*, (O’Donovan 1842: 244-245), and was wearing the tunic given to him for the slaying before actually doing it.

§9 – Section in prose intertonguing. The section bears a narrative resemblance to *Agallamh na Seanórach* §6 – praising the Creator and clerks shaking holy water –

<https://iso.ucc.ie/Acallamh-senorach/Acallamh-senorach-text.html>. The cleric's death may be contrasted with the death of Oisín 'le hurchar an chléirigh' in *Baisteadh Oisín agus Chaoilte* v.5. 'Faoin toichim sin' is in Ó Floinn (1980: 21). The avian curse is just 'amhail', as mentioned in the commentary on 'My Will', that he resemble rather than become a bird, as a sort of interspecies, or a *Vogelmensch* (birdman). The image of 'méar i suaineamh na sleá, urchar ádhmhor' ('urchar gan ádh' in §29) is in *Agallamh na Seanórach*, §136, and has echoes in Ní Shé (1971: 30). Cohen (1977: 120) says that 'The slaying of R[onan]'s foster-child resembles the brahmanicide of Indra'. The reference to 'tanist' and 'in the end' are from O'Cleary in O'Keefe (1931 [1913]: 93), and are not in O'Duigenan. To 'aspense' literally denotes sprinkling of water, especially at baptism. The clerics aspersing may be seen, accordingly, to be attempting to introduce Sweeney into their church. The trajectory of the shaft here recalls that of the fibula in §3.

§10 Cionta – Quasiliteral formal version in verse of sectional text in Scottish Gaelic, with Ronan as *énonciateur* (Ducrot in Bassnett & Lefevere 190: 72). It retains the *dúnadh* of the original. 'Clack' is phonic, and the reference to Clan MacEwan is a form of translocation or recontextualisation.

§10 Dán Doiligh – Free abridged/quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic of elements in the poem in section, with intertonguing. Ruth Lehmann (1955-1956: 119) claims that the poem in this section is one of the oldest in the narrative. As regards the possible origins as well as instances of 'ar/le craobhacha', see Ó Cuív(1956: 104-105). The phrase may be contrasted with the Welsh usage 'Dod yn ôl at fy nghoed', 'to return to my trees/stone's senses', as Sweeney does in §§37 and 63. 'Snámh dhá Éan' anticipates §22. 'Gan chairde' is in An Seabhac (1941: 28). 'Builidh bláith' recalls 'bláith builidh' in Moling poem 22, v. 1 and v.18. For 'dlaoi fulla, see *The White Goddess*, and <https://archive.org/details/banquetofdunnang00trin/page/234/mode/2up>.

'Smashall Sweeney' is mentioned by James Joyce in *Ulysses*, and the original reference seems to be from *Memoir of a Gentleman who would never do for Galway* in William Hamilton Maxwell's *Wild Sports of the West*, (London 1832). In *Finnegans Wake*, Joyce mentions MacSmashall Swingy of the Cattleaxes, which would appear to relate to the clan's association with battleaxes (bardiches). A friendless man is a hunted outlaw (Old English).

§11 Cathanna – Versified version in Irish Gaelic only of part of the sectional text, with a truncated account of the symptoms of Sweeney’s derangement.

§11 Soldier’s Heart – Versified sectional text in intertonguing, following Heaney (1983: 18), describing ‘a battlefield experience’ (Ó Riain 1974: 182). Published in *Poetry Review* (102:4, December 2012) and *Irish Poetry Reading Archive* (July 2018). The title is used by Patricia Monaghan (1946-2012), naturalised Irish poet, scholar and spiritualist. ‘Soldier’s Heart’ is an American Civil War term linking what is now known as post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) with an increased propensity for cardiovascular disease (CVD). Sweeney, in addition to the auditory hallucinations in this section, does present traumatic symptoms subsequently: he has insomnia in §19; he has an intrusive re-experiencing of the atrocious event in §20; he refuses intimate relations with the stewards’ wives in §§34 and 42; he is oversensitive to the sound of wolves in §40; he is disconnected from his wife in §55; he persistently avoids people, as in §61; he suffers visual hallucinations in §64, and so on. ‘Fromsincwhen’ has both the historical and contemporary denotation of ‘ó’. ‘Trí tromghártha’ is in Ní Shé (1971: 67), specifically as a lament. Other aspects of this section – ‘néalta nimhe’ and ‘i bhfraightibh na firmiminte’ are found in same text, (p. 69). ‘Néalta neimhe’ is both the source and theatre of insanity as part of Ronan’s curse in §9. It has a biblical association as the translation of ‘clouds’ in the Bible, in, for example, Mark 13:26. There is an intertextual association with reference in *Beatha Cholm Cille* p. 249 to the Battle of Moira and Sweeney’s madness described, (O’Donovan 1842: 231-237)), and also with *Cath Fionntrá*, (Ó Béarra 2014: 251). ‘Gáir’, according to Ó Riain (1974: 190) ‘formed an important part of the Irish pattern of warfare. Furthermore, in accordance with the strong tendency to arrange in threes, the shouts uttered as a preamble to engagement [‘haka’ in the poemed version] in battle – or indeed other activities involving assembly – generally numbered three’. The shouts of the armies reiterates ‘sluagh gáir mhór’ in the *Battle of Moira* (O’Donovan 1842: 178-179), and the description of the madness of a servant hearing three shouts and being ‘filled with horror and dismay, and with dread, awe and panic’ is also echoed here. (See §48). Sweeney is affected by sky sounds and reverberations and shouts of battalions – ‘gártha móra’ and ‘fuaimeanna agus a bhfreagraí’ – and not by sky-visions as in the British iteration. Downum (2006: 67) says that ‘The description of this event oddly mixes the aural and visual registers, as the clouds and skies are normally something seen, not heard, and the catalyst for Suibhne’s upward glance is the unusual reverberation of sound against the clouds’. Sweeney’s symptoms are:

repeatedly reliving the event ('an lá sin i Maigh Ráth'); seeking to avoid any reminders; feeling constantly on edge; negative thoughts and low mood; unwanted memories; negative self-image ('gealtán gealtach'); hypervigilance; emotional distress; sense of threat ('slua an iomall an fheá'); avoiding/isolation ('seachnadh dhaoine / nam aonar am bàrr eadhne'); guilt and shame ('cionta, nár linn'); anxiety; disassociation; easily scared; flashbacks; nightmares (in 'The Fewries'); and sleeping problems ('gun chadal, toirchim suain'). Heaney's 'dreaming strange migrations' (1983: 18), however, is a different psychological condition to 'mioscais'. Sweeney's longing is represented in the German *Sehnsucht*. Cohen (1977: 118) says that 'In the Welsh tradition of the wild man of the woods, as well as in other Irish and Norse accounts of *gelta*, the flight from battle is often induced by a vision seen in the sky'. If Carney (1955: 131, n.1 and 137) is correct and the curses of Ronan in §§4 & 9 are later Irish intrusive interpolations in a British text, the curse on Sweeney in this section may be considered the primary curse. In any event, the avian likeness cursed by Ronan in §9 and 'gealtacht' in §10 have been realised. This section concentrates on madness, and not on defeat mentioned in passing in §§1 & 15 but referred to by Sweeney in e.g. §§20 & 83.

'Rafters of the firmament' is in the *Mahabharata*, and has an equivalent in *Táin Bó Cuailgne* as 'crann na spéire'. 'I bhfroitibh na fiormameinte' is in *An Ceithearnach Caol Riabhach*. 'Sehnsucht' means painful longing. The Old Norse 'verda-at-gjalti' is usually translated as 'to go mad with terror'. *Gjalti* has generally been acknowledged to derive from the Irish word *geilt*. The Irish word *geilt* (pl. *geilta*) is defined as 'one who goes mad from terror; a panic-stricken fugitive from battle; a crazy person living in the woods and supposed to be endowed with the power of levitation; a lunatic' (eDIL, s. v. *geilt*). The etymology of the word is problematic, though several possibilities have been offered, including a derivation from the Old Irish root 'gel-' 'to graze.' A variant of *geilt* is found in Welsh as *gwyllt* or *wyllt*, which has a very similar meaning' (Chadwick 1942: 106). The Old Norse language borrows the word quite directly as *gjalti*, and attributes it in a derogatory sense to the Irish, conflating this madness with cowardice and loss of masculinity (Sayers 1994: 164–165). Ben Hudson writes about about *Brjan's Saga* at www.thefreelibrary.com: 'For possible borrowings from the Irish legend that have been detected in "Hávamál", it has been suggested that the avenue of transmission extended from Ireland through the Hebrides to the Orkneys and Shetlands before reaching Iceland'. 'The Norse form is certainly a loan from the Irish' according to Chadwick (1941: 107).

The word ‘geilt’ calls forth images of wildness or the act of grazing, and Suibhne and other *geilta* are described as having a vegetarian diet. This ‘wildness’ is contrasted with civilization, separating the *geilta* from their communities in ways that include dress, diet, and behaviour. The behaviour of the *geilta* outside of settled society is defined as ‘mad’ and regarded with both fear and sympathy by those who are not so affected. Attempts are often made to cure the *geilta* and return them to a productive position. Because it is a multifaceted problem, these attempts are not always, or not wholly, successful. In the Celtic literary tradition, *geltacht* (eDIL, s. v. *geltacht*), defined as ‘panic, terror, frenzy, insanity’, is a specific response to trauma involving violent death or battle, acted out in mythic territory. It separates the *geilta* from their homes and families, leading them to isolate them-selves in the wilderness. The hypersensitivity and hyperawareness of the *geilt* makes being around others uncomfortable, generating responses of paranoia and panic that can be eased only by self-imposed isolation.

https://link.springer.com/chapter/10.1057/9780230339484_3

Sweeney’s madness lasts from when he hears shouts here (as in murmuring of society in §17 and the sound of a bell in §§22 and 23) until §37 (but not as he falls to the ground on hearing of his son’s death or even when Lynchehaun says ‘tígeadh do chiall’ in §36), after six weeks in captivity with Lynchehaun in the place of the great and good of Dalaradia). He goes mad again after jumping through the skylight in §39 (recalled in §§62 and 67), and remains that way, it may be inferred, from §§ 42, 46, 53, 55 and 57 until §63, but then is cursed again by Ronan and is described as a madman in §64. He does not appear to regain his sanity after that. He levitates in §65 (a condition of his madness, he is ‘éadrom aerga’, in §§15, 35 and 57 as well), goes ‘ar fáinneáil agus ar foluain’ in §66, behaves with ‘baois’ in §68 and calls himself a madman in §69. The section concentrates on madness, and defeat is mentioned in passing in §§1 and 15 but referred to by Sweeney several times, as with pity in §§20 and 83. As regards his capability as a warrior, boasts of his military prowess appear in §§25 and 56.

§12 Tadhall – Versified sectional text in Irish Gaelic with (prose) intertonguing of text as a form of creative *dinnseanchas* – or *dinnmholadh* (Ó Fiannachta 1982: 123) – and negative catalogue, as per Benozzo (2004: 36): ‘The structure of the tale, the trajectories of Suibhne’s movements, the kinds of landscapes he crosses, and the stylistic technique of catalogues contribute ... to create this feeling of ‘decentration’, this absence of actual

references, of recognisable points of view'. Walking without feet touching the ground is found in the work of Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair: 'bhàrr feòirnein cha fhroisinn dealta' (Donullach 1874: 113) and 'cha fhroisinn aon driùchda' (Donullach 1874: 117) and, in 'Things Fall Apart' by Chinua Achebe, it is said of the character Okonkwo that 'When he walked, his heels hardly touched the ground' (Achebe 2006 [1958]: 3). According to Brendan Kelly, writing about medieval Ireland in the *Irish Medical Times* (31st July 2015): 'there was a widespread belief that mental illness conferred lightness of body such that affected persons could move from one spot to the next at high speed by merely touching the ground here and there; i.e. essentially flying'. (See 'éadrom aerga' or variants, in §§10, 35, 57 & 65, and Sailer (1997: 197) 'the belief that mad persons weighed next to nothing'.) It may also relate to diet – see the references to 'gan bhia' in §35 and elsewhere, and the stated preference for water to meat and fat in l. 2317. In *Battle of Moira* (O'Donovan 1842: 235), Sweeney jumps on the helmet of a hero who 'did not feel him' because, as O'Donovan explains in a note, of 'the ancient belief in Ireland ... still in some of the wilder mountain districts, that lunatics are light as feathers'. 'Barr uachtair' is a pleonastic/reduplicative construction, like 'dubh dorcha' (§67); the sibilant 'socair sóil' (§§32 & 70) and similar 'suanach sóil' (§31); 'ionad is áit' (§§44 & 59) and similar 'a ionad agus a adhbha' (§35), etc. Such usages are common in tales of the period. Luas (Irish Gaelic, 'speed'), is the name of the light rail system serving Dublin since 2004, and is employed here as an historical semantic shift. In this section also Sweeney first encounters a tree (ivy). Regarding the location of Gleann Arcáin, O'Keefe (1931 [1913]: 86) mentions a connection with Gleann Archain, which place is referred to in *Rosc Catha Oscair mhic Oisín*, http://corpas.ria.ie/index.php?fsg_function=5&fsg_id=2116.

Gleann Archain! ón, Gleann Archain!
 Fa hé gleann díreach druim-chaoín;
 Nochar bh'uallach fear a aoise
 Ná mo Naoise i nGleann Archain.

As regards what I call Rosberry, there is a townland Rosberry (Ros Bearaigh/Beirigh) in County Kildare.

§12 Gluais an Chléirigh – One of the sources of the text, although partial and really only a form of hagiography and which gives only 3 of the 379 verses (all quatrains), is that designated Brussels 8410, in the Royal Library, Brussels, and written in 1629 by Michael

O’Cleary, one of the Four Masters. O’Cleary’s manuscript was made ‘for hagiographic purposes’ (Ó Béarra 2014: 256). It consists of 2000+ words or c.11% of the text. O’Cleary’s manuscript ‘left out all the poetry apart from a few stanzas and first lines, and the prose sections are heavily abbreviated, omitting in total 50 sections out of the 87 sections of the text ...’ (Bergholm in Carey 2014: 102). Note 1 corresponds to the original text. Other elements borrowed from O’Cleary include: ‘cúige Uladh’ and ‘is follas ...’ in §3; ‘rí Uladh’ §4, ‘rinn an lao’ §5, ‘rí Éireann’ and ‘tráth éirí’ §7, ‘bochtacht’ §63 and ‘cléireach de mhuintir Moling’ in §79. Other footnotes taken from O’Keefe’s edition (referring to the manuscripts of O’Cleary, O’Duigenan and McMorrissey include: §§9.3; 10.2; 13.2; 20.3; 21.10; 22.5; 27.8; 27.11; 35.1; 35.5; 36.6; 36.20; 39.1; 40.5; 40.24; 40.28; 43.9; 47.3; 49.2; 53.1; 61.1; 63.1; 64.1; 67.4; 67.6; 69.1; 71.2; 73.1; 78.3; 83.2; 83.3; 84.2; & 85.2. These are employed variously to extend or elucidate the text and as a more natural contemporary usage. The title in Irish means ‘The Gloss by O’Cleary, the priest from Cape Clear’, and that in Scottish Gaelic ‘The Device of the Crab-like Presbyterian’.

§13 – Sectional text in prose intertonguing. ‘Saidmentioned’ is an ‘intertextual assertion’ (Ó Béarra 2014: 261) which refers back to both the historical event and textual account of Battle of Moira. ‘Piteous’ is from Mac Muiríosa, and not O’Duigenan.

§14 Ogie – This first poem by Sweeney, perhaps out of productive insanity, is a phonemic/homophonic quasiformal version with actual words with intertonguing, published in *EarthLines* 8 (February 2014). According to Venuti (1995: 187-188) ‘homophonic translation ... is an analogue of a modern French cultural practice, *traduscon*, translating according to sound’. The strategy here may be compared with that in §§34 & 38. ‘Beatha chúng’ is in ‘Oisín’ (Ó Cadhlaigh 1947: 346). The poem ends with Sweeney’s first words, in the imperative, telling of his phenomenal transformation.

§14 Mo Dhealbh – Version of preceding piece, in *lingua gadelica* with intertonguing and two half-quatrain in French, *après* Stalmans (1999), and in Spanish from Khelil, *A loucura de Suibhne, Politeísmo Gaélico, A loucura de Suibhne* <http://tirtairnge.blogspot.com/2017/07/a-loucura-de-suibhne.html> – this edition is incomplete, however, as most of the poems and some of the prose texts have been omitted. The form of verse is galicized as *lai*, corresponding to the Gaelic and English. ‘Gan cheol’ is in An Seabhac (1941: 16).

§14 Young Men – Literal English verse translation of sectional text, rendered semantically as distinct from the previous piece. ‘Gurrier’ (young urchin), may derive from French ‘guerrier’.

§14 Gun Fhois – Recursive or round-trip translation through Scottish Gaelic and intertonguing of Trevor Joyce’s ‘God has given me life’ (Joyce 1976: 21). Published in *EarthLines* 8 (February 2014). ‘Gan fhos’ is in §75.

§15 – Sectional text in prose intertonguing. Sweeney’s androgynous ungendered nature is suggested here. Cloonkilly is the first church he goes to voluntarily, a church willing to preserve pagan remains. ‘Bile na cille’ ‘could be understood allegorically as representing the symbiosis of the ecclesiastic and secular realms’ (Ó Béarra 2014: 285). Ó Sé does not translate ‘tabhair taobh le’ (‘trust’) literally but the phrase is, I think, strong enough to retain and it also appears in §§28, 29, 48, 49, 55, 60, 62 and 82 as well as §§28, 61 and 62 of *The Children of Lir* https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_27. Seán Clárach Mac Dónaill, quoted in Dineen’s dictionary, has ‘is deimhin ná tabhar-sa taobh re mnaoi’/‘Certainly I will trust no woman’. ‘Tré bhith saor’ appears to be formulaic, and is found in the early medieval text ‘Ropadh maith lem’ (Fisher & Ó Conchubhair 2022: 54). ‘Tóg’ here is the word used to denote levitation, as also in §§17, 20, 57 & 64, with only one instance (§49) of ‘éirigh’, which is used to describe the motion of clerics (of Drumeeran §70) and Moling and co. (§§81, 84-86). Other verbs of motion are used throughout such as ‘téigh’, ‘triall’, ‘tar’ and ‘tarlaigh’ (passive). ‘Ling’ is the verb used for jump, and ‘léim’ the noun. The distinction is exemplified in the synopsis in §67, and in §75. The men’s recognition of Sweeney here recalls that of Dearg Corra, the Fenian man in the Tree: ‘It is Dearg Corra, son of Daighre’s descendant, who is in the tree!’ (Kuno Meyer, *Revue Celtique* 25). ‘Éadrom aerga’ is in *Children of Lir* §36 https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_36. ‘Gheobhair síodaí is maoine’ is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 260), and ‘seoda agus maoin’ is in O’Donovan (1842: 12). The usage ‘poetree’ derives from Peht 1995 (around one third of the poems uttered by Sweeney in the original texts are from the position of a tree as a *locus poiesis*), and ‘gallant Sweeney’ from the traditional song ‘The Rocks of Bawn’. ‘Danno’ is used here as the phonetic rendering of the name of a notional addressee as is, for example, ‘Olaf’ in §17, ‘Eve’ in §18 and ‘Hannah’ in §26.

§16 Manadh – Version in Scottish Gaelic with intertonguing of a poem in the form of a dialogue between Donald Mackay (primarily) and Congall, with elements of the panegyric code, and the first instance of an extended sequence of simple similes (not a common feature of the text, for other examples, see §65). It contains intertextuality with the *Battle of Moira*, and is ‘narratively incongruent and incoherent’ according to Ó Béarra (2014: n.164). Sweeney’s relationship with Congall and Donald is like Merlin’s with Gwenddolau and Rhydderch. ‘Sneachta fuar na h-aon oidhche’ is in l. 20 of *Tógáil Bruíne Dá Dhearga*, v. 3 272-273, corresponding to O’Donovan (1842: 64-65), ‘fairer than the snow of one night his skin’ and v.3 274-275, ‘bluer than ice his eye’. ‘Gan choir’ recalls ‘gan choir’ in §6. The section also contains Fingallian/Ossianic elements from ‘Turas Fhinn in Ifreann’: ‘mór an modh’ in Ó Cadhlaigh (1947: 80). O’Donovan (1842: 30-31) gives the egg here as *causus belli* (30-31): Congal Claon was ‘the only king not to receive a goose egg on a silver dish’ and ‘gives battle as consequence’. This, says O’Keefe (1931 [1913]: 86) is ‘given at tedious length’. O’Donovan (1842: 128) has ‘Mairg do mhill Éire uile / trí imreasán aon uibhhe’ and l. 290 ‘Beannacht fear Éireann uile / Ba mhór an t-íoc aon uibhe’. Contentions at feasts in Early Irish literature are discussed in O’Leary 198. Line 288 ‘targus-sa do Chongal’ corresponds to O’Donovan (1842: 132). Columba, who speaks here in *lingua gadelica*, seems to have got the son he wanted, in ll. 296-297 (O’Donovan 1842: 312). His prophecy is given in Sailer (1997: 128). Verse 5 relates properly to §5 following *Beatha Cholm Cille* (pp. 381-382). ‘Cruachán Aighle/Croagh Egli’ or Mount of Eagles is the old name of the holy mountain of Croagh Patrick.

§17 Rí-rá – Versified version, following Heaney (1983: 21), of the start of the sectional text in intertonguing. Published in *Gutter* 9 (August 2014), *Trafika Europa* 1 (October 2014) and *Irish Poetry Reading Archive* <http://libguides.ucd.ie/ipra> (July 2018). The title primarily means ‘uproar’ but could also be taken to signify ‘utterance of a king’. Robins-sonner – <Robinsonner: ‘vivre en solitaire, comme Robinson Crusoe’ (dictionnaire.reverso.net/francais-défini-tion), was coined by another rambling combatant, Arthur Rimbaud in the poem ‘Roman’ (1870) in *Rimbaud Complete*, ed. and trans. by Wyatt Mason, London (2003: 37). ‘Ó bhinn go binn’ is in Moling poem #22 v. 2. The language of another beast and bird pair, Batman and Robin, is invoked at the end as part of the language of the madmen of the glen.

§17 Glenbalkan – Versified version in intertonguing of the remainder of the sectional

loco-descriptive text, following Heaney (1983: 21), with, in the original, an extended alliterative flourish. Published in *Gutter* 9 (August 2014), *Trafika Europa* 1 (October 2014) and *Irish Poetry Reading Archive*, <http://libguides.ucd.ie/ipra> (July 2018). This section makes the first reference to Glenbalkan (mentioned in O’Rahilly 1962: 18). Variant forms of the name are given in Mac Eoin (1962: 105). It is also referenced in Ross 1978 [1939]: 24:

nochar léig sé a bhuinn ar lár
go Gleann Bolcáin mar fo thosd:
's ann do ghabh sé fós is támh.

The nature of this *locus amoenus* – with trees, grass and water – as a place for madmen is discussed in Sailer (1999: 196). The piece also introduces balkanisation as the psychological condition of a fragmented psyche and represents the ‘topographical arc of transition’. (See Ó Riain 1974: 206). Glenbalkan is Sweeney’s paradisaic abode like Calidon for Merlin in the analogous British narrative: ‘He made use of the roots of plants and of grasses, of fruit from trees and of the blackberries in the thicket. He became a Man of the Woods, as if dedicated to the woods. So for a whole summer he stayed hidden in the woods, discovered by none, forgetful of himself and of his own, lurking like a wild thing’ (Vita Merlini, ll. 74-83). Benozzo (2004: 31-32) says that the glen ‘is actually a false centre, a *non-lieu*, a non-place that survives mostly in his memory, and that at the end of the story he still has to explore’. The valley may be considered as place of origin and comfort, or the womb. It introduces (holy and psycho-active consciousness-changing) watercress. Diarmuid Johnson, in the poem ‘GB’ (Gorman 2008: 62) argues that the glen here is just a state of mind: ‘Gleann Bolcáin ní áit ach meon / Tnúthán i gcroí gan sloinne / Altóir geilt i mainistir na coille.’

§18 – This text in prose intertonguing is rendered dense in form to correspond to Sweeney’s situation in this section, i.e. dense content and thick translation. There are elements here from Flann O’Brien’s *At-Swim-Two-Birds*, (1939). O’Brien wanted to call the book *Sweeney in the Trees*. His MA thesis, as Brian O’Nolan, at University College Dublin was on the subject of Irish Gaelic nature poetry – a ‘dismal job which would hardly pass muster today’ according to Declan Kiberd, *Irish Classics*, 2000, p. 501 – where he distinguishes between Suibhne’s ‘normal’ and ‘crazed’ verse (O’Nolan 1935: 35-36). ‘Athaigh fhada’ is in Ó Cadhlaigh (1947: 77). ‘Fuiliú ná fordheargadh’ is in Ní Shé (1971: 17). ‘Dormeur du val’ is Verlaine’s description of Rimbaud

http://poesie.webnet.fr/lesgrandsclassiques/poemes/arthur_rimbaud/le_dormeur_du_val.html. ‘Fan go fóill’ is defined in Dineen’s dictionary as the ‘name of a thorny plant’.

§19 Bliadhna Gus A-raoir – Quasiformal version in Scottish Gaelic with intertonguing of poem in section. For ‘Eadar tuil is tràigh’, see ‘Feart Chaoil’ (Torna n.d.:148), and ‘idir trá agus tuile’ in *Agallamh na Seanórach* §61A. ‘Beatha gan bhrón’ is in the bardic piece ‘Buaine ná beatha bá Dé’. <https://bardic.celt.dias.ie/displayPoem.php?firstLineID=368>, and ‘gun bhròn’ is in Campbell (1872: 126).

§20 Anó – Versified version in Irish Gaelic of the first half of the section as a lament, followed by a prose intertonguing of the complete section. The sequence of poetry and then prose corresponds to the border described in the text. The title of the version in English is a phonemic rendering of ‘anó’ in the originating text, one of several words for general hardship employed throughout the narrative. Here is the first churchyard encounter with a sacred tree and water from a well. Sweeney also encounters (holy) wells in: §24 Kildervila; §27 Droim Coiribe; §40; Knocklayd and Dunmail; §42 Roscommon; §70 Drumeerin; §74 St. Mullins and; §84 Tobar na Geilte/Gealta – this form as named after Sweeney, and is the site of his burial. The use of ‘coigríoch’ here may be compared with ‘teorainn’ in §3. Sweeney’s journey is the journey of the soul – the storm of Cloonkilly in §20, Ailsa Craig in §45, the Mourne Mountains in §58, Toberdan in §60, Inagh in §67 must be endured, and the rivers Bann, Suck and Figile must be crossed. He is assaulted by demons in the Fews in §65, and the cailleach, *passim*. He is tormented by Erin (analogous to Euridice) in §55. He reaches paradise in Alternan in §72. Downum (2007: 70) says ‘by taking refuge in a tree beside a church on the borders of two kingdoms, Suibhne approximates his own uneasy position within (or without) society. The churchyard is neither precisely a part of nor completely excluded from the two kingdoms whose borders it straddles; rather it is an in-between space, emblematic of a society in transition’. Water keeps Sweeney sane. There is also in this section his first expression of regret that he had not died at Moira, also uttered in §§27, 67 & 83. The external storm described approximates to Sweeney’s mental state, as again in §24. ‘Piteously’ is from Mac Muiríosa and not O’Duigenan.

§21 An Gealtan Gealtach – Quasiformal version in Scottish Gaelic of poem comprising section, with intertonguing. An analogy is made with Yossarian, another birdman who

renounced war and human society and took off naked into the trees, in *Catch 22* (Heller 1961). Yossarian represents detachment; concerned people are trying to kill him by attacking him or forcing him to fly; he will ‘live forever or die in the attempt’. *Catch 22* also relates to sanity/insanity, individual/society, heroism, absurdism, paranoia, language and war. The section also introduces Scottish place-names. The references to Islay and Kintyre recall the incremental toponymic run in *An Ceithearnach Caol Riabhach*. The phrase ‘ri sneachda’ is found in the song ‘Smeòrach Chlann Dòmhnail’ (Gillies 2005: 246).

§22 – Prose intertonguing of sectional text. Snámh dhá Éan appears as a Fingallian location in *An Seabhac* (1941: 284) and in https://iso.ucc.ie/Aided-diarmada/Aided-diarmada-text.html#Section_2 (with an explanation of its origins as a name). In this section it is doubly pastoral, as the site of both a church and of rural nature.

§23 **Mo Chuach!** – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic, with intertonguing, of poem in section. There is a version of the originating text, entitled ‘Song of Suibhne’, by Frank O’Connor at http://www.ricorso.net/rx/az-data/authors/o/OConnor_F2/life.htm#Sweeney. There is also a version by John Montague, ‘Sweetness’ (Montague 1974: 85-86), taken from ‘Mad Sweeney’ in *A Chosen Light* (Montague 1967: xx). Other translations of verses attributed to Suibhne by Montague appear in his edition of *The Faber Book of Irish Verse*, (Montague 1974: 83-86), and in his own *New Collected Poems* (Montague 2012: 247-248), as well as an epilogue about the Hag of the Mill in the same publication (Montague 2012: 145). In *A Slow Dance* from ‘Vancouver Island, in a bar full of Nootka Indians’, Montague writes that ‘The poet-king Sweeney, who was translated into a bird, might be a figure – Raven, Crow – from Haida Legend’ (Montague 1989: 52). In the essay *The Unpartitioned Intellect* in the same collection (Montague 1989: 37), there is an account of an audience with the Irish President, Éamon de Valera, ‘for tea and tea it is; not a scent or a glint of a whiskey bottle in sight. I try a little Ulster Irish; he is clearly under the impression that I am speaking a foreign language. I turn to Irish literature and, to my astonishment, he seems to know only Pearse. *Buile Suibhne* he has never heard of, or my ears lost his low tones: or *Aisling MacConglinne*. He accepts graciously that they are the two masterpieces of medieval Irish literature but seems to have expected me to bring copies. They are out of print for years, since the foundation of the State’. Another Irish patriot, who fought with de Valera, Thomas MacDonagh, has a copy in his own hand (or that of Eleanor Hull) of §72

of ‘the Irish folktale’ *Buile Shuibhne* in the National Library of Ireland as MS 10,843/11/15. Montague’s description is perhaps indicative of the reception of the Sweeney text in the emerging Catholic state and, as Carson says (1994: 148), ‘Until *Sweeney Astray*, *Buile Shuibhne* has lain nearly moribund in the shelves of libraries. No organisation charged with promoting the Irish language has undertaken to make it more easily available’. Sweeney is expressing Christian doctrine through pious prayer here, and beseeching Christ directly but also with an Ossianic perspective. The interpolation by me of quatrain 3 starting with the line ‘Ag Saothrú ag Snámh dhá Éan’ is a discursive strategy, in the form of both pseudotranslation and hypertextual translation, and is to be found in other sections throughout the narrative (as in quatrain 3 in §27 as the next instance). ‘Nochan fhuil ceol ar talmhain’ is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 261). Downum (2007: 72) says that the final stanza ‘seems to have more in common with the regimented life of the churchyard than with the freer and more complex verses celebrating the natural world. [I have italicised it]. The contrast in style and sensibility between the concluding stanza and the rest of the poem lend a discordant feel to this closing cry to Christ, while for many readers the haunting worldly music of stag and swan will ring more true’. O’Rahilly (1960: 88) says that ‘Most of our surviving Nature poems are ... ‘fathered’ on a few well-known characters in legend or early history, namely, Oisín, Deirdre, Suibhne Geilt, and Columcille. A characteristically Irish love is exemplified in the “catalogue” character of most of our Nature-poems ... The poet delights in enumeration, whether of rural sounds, of birds and beasts, of plants and flowers, or of place-names’.

§23 Cuckoo! – Literal English version in verse of sectional text. Loch Diolair is unidentified but is given here as Lough Dollard, near Clane (associated with Congall MacScanlon, from §4). The final verse resembles a Christian chant.

§24 Éagmais – Irish Gaelic version of sectional text in the form of a sonnet and lament, with intertonguing, as another encounter in a churchyard with a well, cress and water, in this instance the church dedicated to Saint Dervila, on the Mullet Peninsula. The structure and, in particular, the stormy scene recalls §20 as a pathetic fallacy. The reference to a saint is an instance of the author drawing ‘some of the material of the tale from a list of saints’ genealogies’ (Ó Riain 1974: 183). The piece ends with interpolations of other instances throughout the text of ‘ní bheidh mé/I won’t be’.

§25 Mo Dhìol – Quasiformal version in Scottish Gaelic, with intertonguing of poem comprising section. Sweeney is represented as a penitential pilgrim like Cain, full of longing (‘éagmais’), as in §§6 & 26. Lines 2 and 4 of verse 1 recall the last two lines of verse 1 in *Children of Lir* §29 https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_29. ‘Gan ghiolla’ is in ‘Tóraíocht Dhiarmada agus Ghráinne’ §1.1 https://iso.ucc.ie/Toruigheacht-grainne/Toruigheacht-grainne-text.html#Extract_1. The ‘dursan’ (‘calamity’) he feels for Kildervila and longing for the Bann in §§22 & 23 contradict effects of Ronan’s curse in §11 regarding ‘searc’ (‘love’) and ‘mioscais’ (‘hatred’).

§25 My Night in Kildervila – Literal English version in verse of sectional text. ‘Can coco coalyer’ is a transliteration of the Irish ‘Ceann Comhairle/Speaker of the House’, first uttered publicly by Gregory Campbell, Democratic Unionist (in ‘the House’). I have not found reference to ‘ceann comhairle’ in any other early texts. Proper names have been Anglicised throughout. The references to active youths and camp serving-men reinforce the suggestion of homoerotic proclivities in §14, nor is Sweeney’s tryst with women in this case.

§26 – Prose intertonguing of sectional text. The reference to peregrination re-emphasises Sweeney’s avian form. ‘O’Reilly’ is phonic. The reference to Dingle, deriving from the word in the text for a fortress, makes reference to a specific place in Ireland and to a topographical word in English. ‘Mylesian’ relates to both ancient Ireland and to the form of ludic language associated with Flann O’Brien (under the pseudonym Myles na gCopaleen). ‘Gach aird d’Éirinn’ corresponds with ‘gach aird in Éirinn’ in *Children of Lir* §33 https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_33. Brogh and Glashagh Water are of the type of overtranslation/*surtraduction* (Vincy & Darbelnet in Shuttleworth 1997: 119). In the matter of the seven-year period mentioned in this piece, there is a Neapolitan belief that it takes seven years for the soul to reach the afterlife. The speaker has spent seven years like Menelaus, Nebuchadnezzar or Gautama at his pursuit looking for – what? – Sweeney?, it? 7 years is also the period of bardic training. ‘Uamhan’ and ‘móreagla’ as a pair is found in *Stair Éamoinn Uí Chléire*, (l. 1287), mentioned as an analogous text in Ó Béarra (2014: 255). In that text, the hero retreats as a madman (l. 1365) to a dense dark wood, where he curses that his wife has left him, and where he lives for a month off berries and fruit (l. 1279, etc.). He claims that verse is sweeter (l. 1343) than thrice fifty psalms (l.

1345), the numerical unit invoked in §§51 and 52. Also in that text are an episode where the madman is taken in bondage by a group (ll. 1370-1380), as in §37, and the juxtaposition of watercress and cuckoo-flower (l. 619), as in §21. The section contains contemporary references to lockdown, and introduces Lynchehaun, known also as a legendary fugitive mentioned in James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Regarding Lynchehaun's identity there seems to be some confusion, as experienced by Donald Mackay's band when encountering Sweeney in §5, and use is made of the 'some say' (*referunt quidam*) convention. There is a triadic instance here. The quest for Sweeney is threefold: 'iarraidh, lorg, sliocht'. Lynchehaun rescuing him three times from insanity seems to anticipate episodes in the text in §§26, 54 and 58. There is also a sequence of pairings: 'daingean'/'dúnáras', 'toirinn'/'áitrih' and 'uamhan'/'eagla'. Glenbalkan is described as a special place discovered, treasured and returned to for solace and relaxation; a personal idyll free from stress or sadness; a place where you feel at home. Ó Fiannachta (1982: 129) uses a form 'fáisteach' (See the edition by James Carney of the *Poems on the O'Reillys* <https://xn--lamh-bpa.org/books/poems-on-the-oreillys/>). I'm not aware of this in any other sources but the Scottish Gaelic equivalent 'fàrdach' is common. The exuberant form to denote a heavy sleep 'suan toirchim codlata' is reiterated by 'tuilm suan sáimh' in §40.

§27 An Fear le Fraigh – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic of a lament comprising the section, with intertonguing. There is a version of this poem by Kevin Sweeney at kamikazeontology.com/rogues-gallery. 'I m' aonar domh i mbarr eidhinn' recalls 'M'Aireaglán i dTuaim Inbhir', originally 'M'Airioclán', in Stokes and Strachan (1901: 294), and Murphy (1956: 112-113), where it is described as dating from 'ca. 800. Attrib. to Suibne Geilt. From MS Unterdrauberg (Austria), monastery of St. Paul 12th century'. It has been translated into Modern Irish as 'Aireaglán' in Ó Floinn (1955: 49), into English by, for example Squires (2015: 65), and is the subject of a forthcoming study by Máirín Ní Dhonnchadha. It has been suggested by Joseph Nagy that the dwelling represents the 'textual, written form of the poem' (Nagy 1996: 30). There are also three quatrains on Tuaim Inbhir in the *Codex Sancti Pauli*. Tuesday, in O'Donovan's *Battle of Moira* (1842: 110-111), was the (sixth) day of battle on which Congal was slain, on 'the great Tuesday of the defeat'. 'Meinic m'ong ...' is in *Amra Choluimb Chille* (Ó Béarra 2014: 250). 'Fear le fraigh' is defined by O'Keefe (1931 [1913]: 88) as 'a serf, whose place was farthest from the fire' and it is rendered as 'the man in the loft' by Talbot-Crosbie (1914: 564). 'Dinn go dinn' is also in §39. Bilva is a species of tree native to the Indian subcontinent and south-

east Asia, is a phonetic near-equivalent of ‘bile’ (ancient word for ‘tree’, which has been equated with the World Tree (Eson 2019: 121)). The interjection ‘fuit’ seems to have undergone a semantic shift from an expression of cold to one of general disapproval. ‘Cosycomfortable’ retains the alliterative pleonastic pairing of ‘suanach sáil’ in the original. Tuath Inbhir seems to be Bannmouth.

§28 – Prose intertonguing of sectional text. It introduces the hag of the mill and Sweeney’s leaping, which started at the Battle of Moira

<https://archive.org/details/banquetofdunnang00trin/page/234/mode/2up>. ‘The Wife’s Lament’ is an Old English poem from the *Exeter Book*. The cailleach’s leap is like Sweeney’s here and in §§29, 64 and 65. Frequenting ‘le ré chian’ recalls the visiting and searching in §17. ‘Taidhin an mhuilinn’ anticipates the end of §40 and Moling. O’Donovan (1842: 198) has ‘cailleach lom lúth ag léimnigh’ as a goddess of battle at Moira. The title of the versified version of Sweeney’s address to Lynchehaun at the end refers to both the pursuer and the continuous pursuit, on his *sliocht* again. The verbal form ‘sáids’, in the past and present tenses, indicates temporal simultaneity. Lynchehaun is here a poetaster falling after Sweeney, putting on the appearance of the hag/white goddess, who is capable of shape-changing (Graves 1949: 20).

§29 Liosta – Quasiformal Scottish Gaelic version of the poem constituting the section, with intertonguing. This piece is the first instance of a poem being made – by Sweeney, as in §43 also – as distinct from being said or recited, although the recorded product, as it were, is in the form of literature and not orature. The act of levitation here is a sort of Fenian formula, as in *An Seabhac* (1941: 26). Lynchehaun’s change of costume is a form of shapeshifting corresponding to the device of disguise in Medieval romances.

§29 Fatal Shot – Literal English version in verse of sectional text. As the text involves shape-shifting, I have attributed the original piece to ‘Mary Gordon’ (an anagram of ‘Rody Gorman’). As regards being among the birds of the air, Breandán Ó Buachalla says that the phrase ‘imigh leis na héanaibh’ refers, in the Irish of Cape Clear (see §71), to when a person’s clothes begin to wear (Ó Buachalla 2017: 134).

§30 Theirig – Versified version in Scottish Gaelic of section text.

‘Eirig dod though’ is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 261). Ó Sé (2010: 32) keeps with ‘baile’ as modern form of ‘baile’ (‘home’, ‘town’) but O’Keefe renders it more generally as ‘where’.

§31 – Prose intertonguing of sectional text. Sweeney’s estranged wife has asserted her sexual independence by living and sleeping with Gory. Sweeney, accordingly, has been both usurped as king and cuckolded as love-object. He sits on the lintel of his wife’s booth but refuses to enter (and again refuses to enter her house when invited by her and her womenfolk in §55). His own booths or boltholes are far removed from normal human society – in the cold among sedge, morass and moor in §27, in solitude in the Mourne Mountains in §45, and in Glenbalkan in §40. It is noteworthy that, of all places, Gory’s camp should be in Glenbuck/Glenbalkan/Glannagalt, the location most associated with Sweeney.

§31 Dealbh – Versified section of text, anticipating §55, in *lingua gadelica*, voiced for Sweeney and Erin, with an equal number of lines in Irish and Scottish Gaelic. The nature of the relationship between the two languages, or forms of the one language – close, familiar and yet not immediately mutably intelligible – suggests that which exists between Sweeney and his estranged wife.

§31 By the Limen – Versified version of the remainder of the sectional text, with intertonguing and borrowings. The door of the hut represents a liminality.

§32 Aitheasc – Quasiformal intertongued version in Irish Gaelic of a verse dialogue between Sweeney and Erin. For analogy with ‘The Wife’s Lament’, see Henry (1966: 19 and 27). Sweeney has been abandoned for ‘another more politically viable paramour’ (Ó Béarra 2014: 275). There is a complex relationship between Sweeney and Erin. He reproaches her for going to live with another man but when she says she would rather live with Sweeney he takes pity on her and tells her to stay with her new man. The next time she meets him in §55 she is ashamed of him. ‘Idir chuilce agus chlúmh’ is in §61 of *Agallamh na Seanórach*. Nakedness associated with the state of gealtacht ‘may have been borrowed from Britain’ (Mac Cana 1980: 377-378; Ó Riain 1974: 200). Maigh Fáil seems to be one of the many metonymies for Ireland (although the only alternative one employed in the narrative). See, for example, ‘Fearann cloidhimh críoch Bhanbha’ by Tadhg Dall Ó hUiginn (Fisher & Ó Conchubhair 2022:128).

§32 Mo Chreach – Original lament by Sweeney, in *lingua gadelica*, in perfect rhyme in an irregular scheme, with intratextual borrowings and intertonguing. The piece is notable for the use of such rhyme interlingually – that is to say, a word in Irish (‘goin’, for example) rhymes with one in Scottish Gaelic (‘coin’, for example).

§33 – Prose intertonguing of sectional text. ‘Líon an slua’ is a Fenian motif, as in verse 7 of “Cnoc an Áir”. ‘Vorses’ corresponds to ‘runna’ in the original (which may simply be a scribal error) but denotes inferiority also. Sweeney goes into an ivy after his ‘réim’ as in §12. ‘Baeghal’ has ‘clear sexual overtones’ according to Downum (2007: 74). Ó Riain (1974: 196, n.58) says that O’Keefe’s translation here is ‘misleading, as it is clear from Suibne’s response that *baeghal* here had sexual implications’. On the enticement through feminine guile of the wild man and woman who entices a ‘beast-man’ to captivity or destruction, see Frykenberg (1984: 108) and the same author in Carey (2014: 45 plus n.8). ‘As he often did’ introduces the reiterative nature of this section. The setting of the yew in the church recalls that in the glen in §12, the host fills up as in §15, from all airts as in §26, he does not stint from his wild pursuit as in §12, and there is recognition, as in §15 by the erenagh’s wife. ‘Wild goose chase’ is the title of a piece about Sweeney by Rebecca Solnit. She writes that he ‘is the bird as emblem of exile, and much of the anguish is that of no longer belonging where he came from and not being able to become part of where he has ended up, the hybrid’s, immigrant’s, halfbreed’s exile’s double identity in which each half cancels out the other’ (Solnit 1997: 189).

§34 O So Rosemary! – Quasiformal phonetic version of poem in section, and an imitation or attempt at formal equivalence (the form being the metre).

§34 Aithne – Version in Irish Gaelic of sectional text, with intertonguing, in full rhyme, in a form of *deibhidhe*, like a *dán grá*. Published in *Irish Poetry Reading Archive* (July 2018) <http://libguides.ucd.ie/ipra>. ‘Rosc gorm’, as in §16 is a Fingallian construct. ‘Rosc’ here can mean, in addition to eye, the mind’s eye and a rhapsodical chant.

§34 An Spailpean – Recursive or round-trip Scottish Gaelic version with intertonguing of Heaney (1983: 33).

§35 – Prose intertonguing of sectional text. ‘Éadrom aerga’ reminds us, as per Sailer (2007: 197), of ‘the belief that mad persons weighed next to nothing’. It may also relate to Sweeney’s diet, as he is ‘gun bhiadh’. Aeriness is also invoked in §§15, 57 and 66. Lynchehaun reiterates what Donald says about Sweeney’s descendants in §15. ‘Aos gacha dána’ is in [https://iso.ucc.ie/Baile-buan/Baile-buan-text.html#Section 10](https://iso.ucc.ie/Baile-buan/Baile-buan-text.html#Section%2010) . ‘Gach feithid’ and ‘gan éadach’ are elements of the curse in §§5 and 6 fulfilled, and his remembrance of silk, etc. may also be considered to be part of that curse. Although Sweeney falls from the tree, he avoids death, falling being an element of the British threefold death. (See Frykenberg in Carey 2014: 64, n.79). Cluain Creamha may be what is now Cranfield, County Antrim, situated on the shore of Lough Neagh. Nearby are the ruins of a medieval church and graveyard. Also nearby is a holy well dedicated to St. Olcan, who is mentioned by O’Keefe p. 87 when discussing the name Gleann Bolcáin. (See www.placenamesni.org)

§35 Brightlightsatin and Sergesilk – Versified intertongued version by Lynchehaun of the beginning of the sectional text. ‘Gan bia gan deoch’ is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 31). ‘Gan bhia’ is in §§19 and 69, and ‘gan éadach’ in §54. ‘Gun bhiadh, gun aodach’ is in *Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair* (Donullach 1874: 131). Lynchehaun reiterates the pity of Sweeney’s final plight expressed by Donald Mackay in §15, and ‘dursan’ reiterates §25. Other pairings include: ‘dúnáras’ (like §17) with ‘cónaí’; and ‘ionad’ with ‘adhbha’. ‘Toisc’ denotes both a quest and military expedition, and ‘toice’ denotes fate. ‘Amhail gach feithid aerga’ is a realisation of Ronan’s curse first manifested at end of §11. There is also here an inventory of personal names associated with the Irish phoneme ‘each’, Tierney, etc.

§35 Snàthad a’ Chridhe – Recursive or round-trip version in Scottish Gaelic, and intertonguing, of ‘Heart’s Needle’ by W.H. Snodgrass. The subject matter of the collection of that name by Snodgrass is the separation of the poet from his daughter. It has been said of the collection that it inaugurated what came to be known as Confessional poetry but if such poetry is to be considered to be largely concerned with themes like existential angst, mental illness, sexuality and despair, then a case may be made to consider Sweeney as protoConfessionalist or ur-Confessionalist. The heart’s needle image is also used by Anne Stevenson’s ‘Poem for a Daughter’ in *The Collected Poems 1955 – 1995*, p. 89. ‘Why does a mother need a daughter? / Heart’s needle, hostage to fortune, / freedom’s end’. Regarding ‘your daughter’, in the short story by Mícheál Ó Ruairc, ‘Suibhne na mBruachbhailte’ (‘Sweeney of the Suburbs’), in addition to the *dramatis personae*

presented here, the author ascribes two daughters to Sweeney, named Irene (perhaps a form of Eorann) and Pamela (Ó Ruairc 1995).

§36 Turbhaidh – Quasiformal version in Scottish Gaelic with intertonguing, of the poem in this section, in the form of a dialogue between Lynchehaun and Sweeney, with Sweeney as initial addressee. ‘Carcair’ anticipates the incarceration in §37. The ‘éis/aisnéis’ pairing in the original is found in the poem ‘Mairg do-ní uabhar thar mh’éis’ by Tadhg Óg Ó hUiginn (Fisher & Ó Conchubhair 2022: 86). ‘Mean mother machree’ shows Sweeney’s ambivalence here. The reference to ‘taigheadas’ introduces a flourish of metaphors which is not a common feature of the text. (See §43 also). ‘Cha leigear laoiigh’ invokes an ancient custom: Hull (1971: 214) notes that ‘in order to commemorate the demise of an eminent personage, calves were on occasions prevented from sucking their mothers’ teats’, and cites two other instances of such a reference in the earlier Irish literature. Other recondite cultural allusions or /strange practices include shamanistic material such as riding deer in §40. (See Boucherit 2011 and ‘Shaman and Brahmin’ in §75). For ‘Mac mo pheathar is mo chù / Cha trèig mi’, see Dwelly’s dictionary at www.faclair.com: *trèig*: ‘an dithis mu dheireadh a thrèigear thu, do chù is mac do pheathar’, ‘the two last to desert you, your dog and your sister's son’, as a form of proverbial wisdom. The subject of the sister’s son in early Irish literature is discussed in Ó Cathasaigh 1986. Other proverbial instances in this section may be cited: ‘is mairg a bheir taobh le mnaoi’ (§§55, 56, reiterated §82); ‘caraidh siúr, cé nach gcartar’; ‘dorn um dhé’; ‘toll taobh a bheith gan bhráthair’, etc. Rowing a boat without an oar and housekeeping without a woman are in the *The Vision of MacConglinne* (Ó Floinn 1980: 35). Other examples may be found at <https://iso.ucc.ie/index.html>. ‘Berr er huerr, etc. (bare is the back unless one has a brother’) is from the Icelandic *Grettis saga*. It is known from §26 that Lynchehaun had intervened to bring Sweeney back to sanity. In this section, Lynchehaun administers shock therapy to Sweeney which increases his capacity for emotion and recall, not unlike the seizure at Moira, and remits his depression (the ‘duibhléan’ of §45), with the symptoms of trauma, insomnia, guilt and self-loathing, loneliness, panic attacks, and maybe even schizophrenia. The treatment culminates in the false news of his son’s death, after which Sweeney is talking and walking again. On schizophrenia, Terry Eagleton, *Literary Theory* (1996: 159), asserts that it ‘involves a detachment from reality and a turning in on the self, with an excessive but loosely systemized production of fantasies: it is as though the ‘id’, or unconscious desire, has surged up and flooded the conscious mind with its illogicality,

riddling associations and affective rather than conceptual links between ideas. Schizophrenic language has in this sense an interesting resemblance to poetry'. For 'crónán daimh doinn', see Gillies (2005: 331), and the song 'Bothan-àirigh am Bràigh Raineach' with its reference to 'an damh donn sa bhùireadh'. 'Búir' is also the sound attributed to stags in §§39 and 54. 'Luath thar ghleann' is a *geilt* characteristic (Nagy 1984:50), and 'thar gleann' is in 1.889 in Stokes' Poem 4 v. 7, describing Moling. 'Ségonn saor' echoes 'segdha saor' in *Agallamh na Seanórach* §64. 'Ségonn' and 'saor' may form a formulaic pair as they appear in, for instance, the poem 'A bhean na gcíoch gcórrsholas' (Ó Rathile 1926: 44).

§37 – Prose intertonguing of sectional text. As well as his sense, Sweeney's memory is restored to him but there has been no prior indication that he had lost it. Loss of memory is not given as one of the specific symptoms of battlefield madness in §11, and he has recollections of that battle in §§20 and 22. He also remembers a good life in §18, Dalnaria in §24, military accomplishments in §25, Glanbalkan in §26, his wife in §31, his family in §35 and so on. The restoration of his wits recalls 'tháinig a dheilbh dó' in *Táin Bó Cuailgne* §4.27 https://iso.ucc.ie/Tain-cualnge/Tain-cualnge-text.html#Section_4_27. In any event, the pairing of 'call agus cuimhne' recalls the *Children of Lir* §28 https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_28. Sweeney is capable of a curse too (on the hag's mouth) – the phrase 'mallacht ar do bhéal' is in *Fingal Rónáin* §12 https://iso.ucc.ie/Fingal-ronain/Fingal-ronain-text.html#Section_12. The hag urges him to recount his adventures orally, like Moling in writing (denoting literacy and clerical tradition) in §§76 and 77. The 'if you only knew' leitmotif is also in §§39, 42, 43, 67, 70, 83 (and §75 by implication). 'Bréagadh' and 'cealgadh' in §33 correspond to 'brath' and 'biathadh' here. A second reference is made to the period of 'coicís ar mhí' after Rasharkin §35, then Eigg and Ailsa Craig in §44.

§38 Unwilling Howl – Quasiformal phonetic version of the poem comprising this section.

§38 Ar Iomrall – Version in Irish Gaelic of sectional text, with intertonguing, in a form of *deibhidhe*.

§38 Mis' An-diugh! – Recursive or round-trip Scottish Gaelic version, with intertonguing of the same from Heaney (1983: 38). Note the spellings Suibhre (variant form) and

‘Sweeney’ (as an analogy with a translator-poet) as an example of metaplasms, or deliberate mis-spelling (as in ‘Ronan’ for ‘Roman’ in §63 as a further example).

§39 – Intertonguing of sectional text.

Feegile is mentioned in Ó Cadhlaigh (1947: 37).

Ar feadh Éireann gan fanadh
Go foscadh Feadh Gaibhle

Figile ‘was one of the great woodlands of Ireland’. (See Ní Dhonnchadha in Carey 2014: 14). ‘Several *gelta* are said to have made for’ Figile (Ó Riain 1974: 187), and, ‘nine persons panic-stricken ran mad and went into the wood of’ Figile. (See O’Donovan 1842: 48). ‘Ó gach diong agus ó gach dionn’ reiterates the usage in §27 and O’Donovan (1842: 174-175, n. v), in the form of a druid’s prophecy, ‘Beidh Suibhne ina ghealtagán / Beidh sé eolach seach gach diongná’, due to his ‘constantly moving from one place to another’. ‘Ach cheana’ is formulaic – see O’Donovan (1842: 232, 292, etc.). In this section also, the hag (after Sweeney) gives three leaps: (1) from the edge of the bed to the end of the dais, (2) through the skylight out of the hostel and (3) onto an ivy branch. The *geilt* and the wailing woman are as one (Partridge (1980: 32-34, 36). Sweeney’s leaping contest with the hag recalls that of Moling with another hag (Carney 1955: 144). The scene may recall an imaginative leap as well. David Jones in *In Parenthesis* (p. 203), talking about the madness of Launcelot, writes ‘He leapt out at a bay window and there with thorns [recalling Sweeney’s entanglement in §18] was he all scratched in his visage and body; and so he ran forth he wist not whither, and was wild wood as ever was man; and so he ran two years, and never man might have grace to know him’ (Malory, Book xi, ch. 3). Lynchehan appearing ‘i ngach riocht’ refers back to §§28 and 29. ‘Tap and tail o’ it’ is an instance of Ulster Scots, a language of Rasharkin, Sweeney’s place of origin. The sound of ‘gáir seilge na sochaí’ echoes the ‘seastán’ in §17 and causes Sweeney to flee. They may also recall the sounds of battle in §11, and the subsequent insanity of Sweeney. His conviction that he will be revenged by Lynchehaun – repeated in §42 – is not actually uttered by Lynchehaun himself. Sweeney’s changed circumstances are such that he is now hunted, rather than a kingly hunter, which is what his estranged wife’s new lover is now.

§39 **San Imeall** – Original trilingual poem in Gaelic x 2 with (formal, literal) translation and poem as footnote (1) with intratextual borrowings. There is full rhyme in the Irish

Gaelic version in an irregular scheme. The piece is voiced for the scribe, O'Duigenan, who penned in the margin the note wishing that the hag's legs break (recalling the song 'Bean Pháidín').

§40 Adhmad: A Bhinneáin – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic with intertonguing of sectional text, published in part as 'A Bhinneáin, a Bhúireadáin' in *Into the Forest*, Saraband, (March 2014), and a full version as 'Timberwood, etc.' in *Edinburgh Review* 139, (March 2014). 'Adhmad' is a 'technical name for a certain kind of lyric' (Bergin 1970: 266), as well as, more commonly, 'wood'. It recalls the Elizabethan practice of calling a poetry anthology a forest. A version of the nine quatrains from ll. 972-1007 by Robin Skelton appears in Montague (1974: 84-85); a version of the four quatrains from ll. 1056-1071 is in Kinsella (1986: 73-74); and a version of some of the verses appears in Batchelor (2008: 60-61). In all these cases, versions rather than translations are presented. This is the longest – and most rambling – section of text and consists of sixty four quatrains with fifty five monologues by Sweeney (verses 1-27 & 38-65), an address by Sweeney to Lynchehaun (verses 28-31), and a dialogue between Sweeney and the hag of the mill (verses 32-37). It seems to be uttered from Feegile, Clonsast, a few miles north of Portarlinton. Under Brehon Law, trees were classified as either nobles (oak, hazel, holly, yew, ash, pine and apple), commoners (alder, willow, hawthorn, rowan, birch, elm and cherry), lower divisions of the wood (blackthorn, elder, spindle, whitebeam, arbutus, aspen and juniper) or bushes of the wood (bracken, bog myrtle, gorse, bramble, heather, broom and wild rose) (Kelly 1976). It echoes jurists' classification, e.g., ash was noble because it was used for making spear shafts ('lámha laoich'). Yew, hazel, oak are classified as noble and alder as commoner. The description in verse of trees corresponds (in the sense used by Baudelaire) with that in prose in 'Death of Fergus' in O'Grady 1892: 278. The trees' characteristics are enumerated in Bateman and Purser (2020: 345). The poem also includes elements of 'the Battle of the Trees' in Graves (1961 [1948]: 38 and 40). 'Fear an ionair' is in O'Donovan (1842: 106 and 107), and 'ní cheilim' is in An Seabhac (1941: 192 and 193), etc. There is reference to an outer yoke for thickness and length in *Tógáil Bruíne Dá Dhearga* ll. 350 and 520. In the first of the poems ascribed to Moling by Whitley Stokes there is a reference, in verses 9 and 18 to a well that is 'bláith beannachtach' just like the beech in l.1004 in this section. 'Glasán' in l. 983 probably means 'watercress' (one of the meanings for the word in Dineen's dictionary), and 'barrghlasán' the same. Similarly 'glasán' and 'adhghlasán' in l. 986 represent an example of reduplicative phrases in this

section, like ‘abhall’ and ‘abhlachóg’ in l. 992, as well as ‘iúr’ and ‘iúrachán’ in l. 996. ‘Conair’ in l. 984 means, among other things, ‘loosestrife’ in Scottish Gaelic. Describing Lynchehaun as being ‘i ngach riocht’ may refer back to his assuming the guise of the hag of the mill in §§28 and 29, as well as §39. ‘Ceol sireachtach’ is in An Seabhac (1941: 260), as is ‘as gach gleann’ (p. 77). ‘Aidhmhilleadh’ at l.1106 is in Ó Floinn (1980: 3, 28 and 50). The concept of a stag ploughing is described as a relatively common trope (Kelly 1997: 73). The concept of a wild-man riding a stag is discussed by Richard Bernheimer, *Wild Men in the Middle Ages* (Cambridge, MA, 1952: 27), and see also figs. 41-45 in the same source. In l.1203 ‘Fear Beann’ is given as Sweeney’s real name, who speaks to the mother of a herd of deer, of which he seems to be the guardian, when he says at paragraph 40: ‘Cidh iomdha dom dhamraidh-si / Though many are my stags’, and later on :‘A mháthair na groidhi-si / rolíatha do lenn, / ni fhuil damh at dheagaidh-si / gan dá fhichead benn’ (Boucherit 2009: 3). Boucherit discusses other writers’ treatment of shamanism as an element of *Buile Shuibhne*, specifically Chadwick 1942, Benes 1961, Nagy 1996, Bergholm 2005, and §§59 and 71 of this text. ‘Beannadán’ is Sweeney’s nemeton, and may be related to ‘beannad’ in §72, referring respectively to the idyllic environments of the madmen of Ireland and the holy men of the synod of Alternan. ‘Geilt ghlan gharg’ may be a formulation, and is also found in Chadwick (1942: 123), and *Duanaire Finn* p. 20. Dún Máil here becomes Dunmaul, County Antrim. ‘The most satisfactory interpretation of the place-name is *Dún Máil* ‘Mál’s fort’, as suggested by O’Donovan. The identification of the earliest recorded form of the name of this townland, (*úarán*) *Dhúine Máil*, is extremely tentative: the fact that the place-name is preceded by the word *úarán* (Mod. Ir. *uarán*) ‘spring/fountain’, may suggest that it is more likely to refer to the hillfort of Dunmull in the townland of Toberdornan near Bushmills in Co. Antrim, on the top of which is an ancient well (<http://www.placenamesni.org/resultdetails.php?entry=5362>). Senna is Ayrton Senna, the Formula One racer, killed leading on circuit in the San Marino Grand Prix in 1994, and portrayed as a spiritual traveller in the film *Senna* (2010). ‘Bréagaireacht na sionnach beaga’ recalls the sound of the foxes-as-poets of Ted Hughes’ ‘The Thought-Fox’, and Byron’s lines from ‘Don Juan’, saying that poets ‘are such liars, / And take all colours – like the hand of dyers’. Sweeney flees from the sound of wolves in l.1139 as from the sounds of battle in §11. He prophesies types of death in the second-last verse, and by whom, at the end of the dialogue with Moling in §75, and after Allan’s death in §50. Sliabh Uillinne is Sliabh Uisnigh (Hill of Ushnagh), and Uislinne a variant form of name. See http://corpas.ria.ie/index.php?fsg_function=5&fsg_id=4226.

As regards Pennyburn, the BBC has the following reference in relation to place-names of Derry: ‘On some very old maps, Pennyburn is written Pennybrock which probably comes from the Irish Beanna Broc’ www.bbc.co.uk/history/domesday. The angels in l. 1218 have a prophetic function and the river mentioned has curative properties.

§41 I nDiaidh na Laoi Sin – Original Irish Gaelic versified version of the start of the sectional text, with intertonguing continuing the text. Regarding Binbane, Hogan’s *Onimasticum* gives Benn Bogaine/Baghaine, related to the form in the Gaelic text here, as the origin of this placename in the Bluestack Mountains, County Donegal. Binn an Dúin and Beinn na Dùine are the bilingual and bigendered names of places in the Gaelic islands of Inishmore and Lewis respectively. The verb ‘torchair’ in ll. 1230 & 1232 (found also in in other sections such as §§16 and 56), given as ‘drop/fall’ by O’Keefe, has as a cognate the noun in Scottish Gaelic ‘torchar’, defined in Dwelly’s dictionary at www.faclair.com as ‘hurt/killing/death by a fall’. Suicide or criminal transgression are implied, however, by the phonetic rendering of the translation as ‘felo de se’. Dunseverick as the terminus of a great Gaelic thoroughfare may be considered one of the portal extremities of Ireland. It may be fanciful to think it appropriate that the life of the mill-hag, a supernatural muse (according to Robert Graves) should have ended here and that she died by jumping in the literally supernatural sense rather than the later sense of converting to Christianity as Sweeney did, whether of his own volition or by authorial intervention.

§42 – Prose intertonguing of the sectional text. The text plays with the words ‘corr’ and ‘leann’. It includes a hagiographical intervention, as in §§20, 22, 33, and the common elements of church, well, cress, water, and the deceitful wife of an erenagh.

§43 A Bhean a Bhaineann an Biolar – Quasiformal version in Irish of the poem comprising the sectional text, with intertonguing and dialogue with a steward’s wife. Sweeney competes with the woman for cress, like the madmen of Ireland in §17 and the cleric of Drumeerin in §§70-71. O’Donovan (1842: 18-19) mentions ‘a wonder-working saint’ who eats ‘three sprigs of the watercress’ and ‘it behoves you not to take away from him the small share of food that he has’. As in §29, Sweeney is unable or unwilling to engage in ‘agallamh’ (‘dialogue’). The trope in verse 10 is found in the Scottish Gaelic song ‘Chaidh Moill air Mo Lèirsinn’, (Gillies 2005: 226, v.4):

'S e mo thubhailt' mo bhreacan,
'S e mo chopan mo bhròg,
'S e mo thaigh-mòr gach glacan,
'S i mo leaba gach fròg.

In the first of the poems ascribed to Moling by Whitley Stokes, there is a reference in verse 1 'is é mo mheá mo thaoidhean', contrasting to Sweeney's water, and see 'taoidhean' (which may be cognate with the name of the River Tyne) at the end of §40. 'Oireachtas' represents a historical semantic shift.

Emly was a bishop's see (Chadwick 1942: 144) and, like 'bile na cille', it relates to both ecclesiastical and secular realms. 'Creach na nGall' is in the poem 'fuaras rogha na n-óg mbríoghmhòr' in *Scottish Verse from the Book of the Dean of Lismore* <https://bardic.celt.dias.ie/displayPoem.php?firstLineID=984>. By invoking 'creach na nGall gorm' Sweeney wishes for the woman's church and herself to be violated, raped and taken into captivity and slavery by the blue-eyed foreigners or Vikings. This is an example of Sweeney cursing rather than being cursed. 'Baoithghealtacht' (not occurring in eDIL) is found in:

Teithidh mo lucht aoinleapa
uaim iar scaradh lem chuimhne;
tógiaid romham le baoithghealtacht
go mbeirdis barr ar Shuibhne. (See, *Éigse* 12.4 (1968) 272)

Sweeney, as a verb, means, in this context, 'to have one's food consumed without one's knowledge' but also has several other demotic denotations. (See <https://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=sweeney&page=2>). The order of the last two verses has been inverted as I agree with Heaney (1983: x) that it 'rest[s] better' in that order.

§44 Goll Har Saailley – Versified version in Manx Gaelic of most of the sectional text, with intratextual borrowings, in a toponymic flourish including the names of all the places in Scotland mentioned in the section. There are also intertextual borrowings from *An Ceithearnach Caol Riabhach*. With all Sweeney's peregrinations, which are quite random – or, perhaps, avian – in this section, it is not inconceivable that he passed by the Isle of Man. The places mentioned in the last verse are all associated with water.

§44 Beannadáin – Versified version of the beginning of the sectional text in Irish Gaelic with intertonguing. The title of this piece, which translates as something like ‘dear little nemetons’, indicates the significance to Sweeney of numinous, possibly sacred, sites. He has already spent ‘a fortnight and a month’ without being noticed in the sacred tree in his home place in Rasharkin (§35), and under fetters and locks in the care of Lynchehaun in the place of the great and good of Dalaradia (§37). ‘Fortnight and a month’ is also found in *Agallamh na Seanórach* §130 <https://iso.ucc.ie/Acallamh-senorach/Acallamh-senorach-text.html> and is mentioned as a common motif in Bruford (1966: 40). The formulaic concept of a fortnight and a (lunar) month (forty two or forty three days) is not without Celtic precedents. It is the duration of the Battle of Arfderydd, which has parallels with the Battle of Moira where Sweeney first went mad; the period of a truce in ‘The Dream of Rhonabwy’ in *The Mabinogion*; the period that Saint Kevin spends every Lent in a wattled pen with a grey flagstone beneath him for a bed, and for food the music of the angels; the period that the three sons of Tuireann stayed in the court of the King of Sicily and that Art, the son of Conn, spent in his adventure on the sea wandering from one island to another and; the period it took the King of Munster and his army to go the round of all Ireland in 1101 according to the *Annals of the Four Masters*. After being in Eigg, Sweeney spends the same period in Ailsa Craig or, literally, ‘he took a place and a place there’ (§45). The cave, like the dark oak groves in §58 and the dusky wood in §40 and §54, is part of a medieval quest romance.

§45 Duairc an Bheatha Liom – Quasiformal equivalent version in Irish (and Scottish) Gaelic of poem in the rare dactylic *blogbairdne* metre comprising the sectional text with intertonguing. The epigraph is from *Oidheadh Chloinne Lir/The Children of Lir*, whose relationship with the Sweeney narrative as an analogous tale (and a source for the story of King Lear, another analogue) is discussed by James Carney in *Éigse* 6 (1948/52 (pt.2, 1950: 83-110)). As regards the metre of the original, Carney says ‘I have come across no other complete poem in this metre’ (1950: 156). Line 1365 ‘maighshléibhe’ is found in *Beatha Aodha Uí Dhomhnaill*. Lines 1419-1421 ‘maoth mo chreasa’ recall §21, 454-456. In ll.1438-1440, the ‘comhrac’ recalls that between Sweeney and the steward’s wife in §34. Line 1470 ‘is fearr fuaras’ is like l.1204. ‘Udmhaill’ denotes travelling a great distance (Ó Riain 1972: 198). Dunmourne is mentioned on p. 156 of *The Wife Hunter*, Vol. 1, by Denis Ignatius Moriarty, (Philadelphia, 1838). Benburren is mentioned in Standish O’Grady’s *O’Donnell’s Kern* from *Silva Gadelica*, (1892),

http://www.sscnet.ucla.edu/polisci/faculty/boneill/index_files/kern.html. ‘Cian ó m’eol’ is left as it is by Ó Sé. It indicates the difficulty of single-word translation which intertonguing attempts to address. ‘Eolas’, ‘cian’ and ‘críoch’ are discussed by Carson (1994: 142-143), and at p. 145, he says of this section that ‘the original has a litanic, manic formality ... nature is not observed, it is addressed; in their personification, the trees become cyphers for Sweeney’s state of mind; nature is internalized’. In the first of the poems ascribed to Moling by Whitley Stokes there is a reference in verse 8 to ‘mo leaba chrua chloiche / m’adhart nó maoith an t-ionad’, echoed in this section. ‘In a wet bed’ is from Heaney (1983: 51). Regarding Duncerman, O’Keefe identifies Dún Cearmna as being ‘on the Old Head of Kinsale’. Old Head Castle, sometimes also known as De Courcy Castle or Downmacpatrick/Dunmacpatrick Castle, lies south of Kinsale <https://www.castles.nl/old-head-castle>. This is somewhat nullified by the assertion by Diarmuid Ó Murchadha that it is probably at Dunmore East, County Waterford in his essay ‘Dún Cearmna: A Reconsideration’ (*Éigse* 35: 93, 2005), having considered other possible locations near Tara, Newgrange, Slieve Gullion, Beare, Slieve Luachra, Inishowen and the Knockmealdowns. For reference to Keating, see John O’Donovan, *Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland* Vol. 1 p. 44, n.2, 1848. The form of ‘Alastor’ is from the poem ‘Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude’ by Percy Bysshe Shelley. O’Keefe (1931: 90) says ‘I have not succeeded in identifying Carraic Alastair’, and Jackson (1940: 547) states that ‘Carraic Alastair is unknown’, but there’s a Creag Alasdair in Roderick Lawson’s *Ailsa Craig* from 1895. MoLingseachán is the name of the composite protector of Sweeney. Both try to entice him back to society – Lynchehaun for personal and political reasons as representative of the secular authorities, and Moling for humane and literary reasons as representative of the clerical polity. (See Nagy 1996: 17-19 and 26-28).

§46 Triall – *Lingua gadelica* with intratextual borrowings, voiced for, variously, the Voice, the Unstable Narrator, Allan or Moling, or even Sweeney talking to himself. This sonnet relates to the disintegration of Britain, through the sea-change of Scottish independence.

§46 All of These – Versified version of section text with intertonguing and pseudotranslation elements, and a formulaic flourish of Homeric epithets to describe the ocean. The body of water which Sweeney traverses is the Firth of Clyde, northwards to the fort at Dumbarton, centre of the ancient Brythonic kingdom there, bordering Pictish

territory and associated with Merlin, one of Sweeney's analogues. 'By far the most widely based and persistent Arthurian associations to be found within (or, in this case, on) the Highland Line concern Dumbarton' (Gillies 1982: 69) and 'in Scottish Gaelic tradition ... Arthur's court ... is located in Dumbarton' (Gillies 1982: 69). A list is given of the ethnic origins and analogues of Sweeney. He is referred to as 'Albanach' in #1 of the 'Moling poems' (Stokes 1908: 22). In its Irish form it also means Protestant or Presbyterian. The colloquy involves the formulae 'who are you' and 'ní hansa'. Scotland is represented as a place of banishment but not as peregrination because he merely moves from one part of Ireland to another. A_llan and Sweeney are equals, with a fear of pursuers ('sochaí', 'seilg' and 'Eochaidh'), self-predicting their deaths by falling into a waterfall and milk respectively and burial amongst the just, and a skittish fear of strangers. As an expansionist king, Sweeney might have felled the 'doirí dorcha' and 'coill chiar' and crossed the sea to Scotland to colonise them but he did reiterate that he had been pacified by his lucid madness and made ecosensitive. The great wood is described as 'probably the forest of West Lothian' (Bateman and Purser: 324). Sweeney and Allan are both identified here as 'them'.

§46 Cumann – The remainder of the sectional text and the start of §48 in Irish Gaelic in the form of a dialogue between Sweeney and Allan.

§47 Suaineach Luaineach – Quasiformal version in *lingua gadelica* with intertonguing of the poem comprising the sectional text, in the form of a dialogue between Sweeney and Allan, published in *EarthLines* (8 February 2014). The intertonguing starts as an apostrophe to the Scottish man of the woods variously analogised. The formal/polite second person plural number (Scottish Gaelic) is used here to indicate the addressees' multiple personalities. The personae and the forms of the common Goidelic language alternate and conflate. Sweeney starts in Irish and ends in Scottish Gaelic (apart from the Irish form of his name), and Allan behaves similarly in relation to Scottish Gaelic and his own name. Excluding the personal names in both, the first lines of quatrains 4 and 6 may both be read as being in either language or both. Allan is the Scottish form and a version of the relatively common Christian name Ailean in Scottish Gaelic. He is Sweeney's congener, quasi-cognate with Sweeney. Suaineach refers to Allan's imagined surname MacSween (related to McSweeney). Sweeney's interlocutor is conflated with Lailoken. Specific analogies between Sweeney and other manifestations of Merlin are given in

Jarman (2003: 114-117). For the composite nature of the subject, see Henry 1966: 25. ‘Eagal leam’ is taken from Mac Muiríosa’s manuscript in a note by O’Keefe 47.3. ‘Fear Coille’ is in *Tógáil Bruíne Dá Dhearga*. The Orangutan (wild woodman) is semi-solitary in the wild, spending most of its time in trees, moving swiftly through the branches. ‘D’innsfinn duit mo scéala’ is in O’Donovan (1842: 75), and ‘dh’innsinn dhut’ is in Campbell (1872: 43). For ‘gruagach’, see www.faclair.com.

§48 – Intertonguing version of sectional text. ‘Mac brughaidh’ is in *Stair Éamoinn Uí Chléire* l. 27. ‘Dà bhràthair’, or two rivals for kingship, echoes §31, and ‘sról’ recalls §§11 and 35. ‘Trí gáirí mallachta’ is analogous with ‘trí tromgháire os ard’ in §11. (See O’Rahilly (1960: 53) ‘trí gártha ... / gáir na stéad ... / gáir théad, is gáir ngeimheal ngorm’ and *Laoi na Seilge*, 60 ‘trí gártha grod / a chuirfeadh broic as gach gleann’ (a phrase in §40) and *Children of Lir* §§27 and 56). With ‘fáinneáil is foluain’ Allan reveals that he is suffering the same condition as Sweeney *passim*. Allan has the power of *geis*, or taboo. The curse on Allan is secular not, as in the case of Sweeney, sacerdotal.

§49 Woodnotes – Versified version of the sectional text, after Heaney (1983: 55), with intertonguing elements. Published in *Trafika Europa* 1, (October 2014) and *Irish Poetry Reading Archive*, (July 2018), <http://libguides.ucd.ie/ipra>). Both Allan and Sweeney flee at the sounds of birds, as Sweeney flees in §40 from larks, wolves and foxes. Nagy (1996: 12) says that dialogue ‘in the wilderness is immeasurably enriched by their sensitivity to the voices of the many other potential participants in the dialogue’. There are references in the final verse to the occurrence of lockdown during the Covid-19 pandemic.

§50 Bá – Versified version of the start of the sectional text in Irish Gaelic, concluding with the prophetic fatalism of both Sweeney and Allan (or Owain). Sweeney and Allan are a full year together like the madmen of Ireland in their period of lunacy in Glenbalkan in §17, and as the period Sweeney spends alone in Slieve Luachra in §68. They are both the agents in foreknowing their own deaths, and the audience in witnessing those deaths. They fear pursuers, break taboos, flee to the woods, become sages, know they’ll be buried in a justman’s grave, and fear strangers. The section is notable for its different words for death: ‘éag’, ‘bás’, ‘oidhe’ and ‘triall’ (the journey of death, also found in §45). Allan’s reference to destiny recalls ‘tá i gcinneadh dom’ in §61 of *Agallamh na Seanórach*. His death by falling recalls that of the hag in §41. His prophesy that he will be buried in the churchyard

of a just man/just men is repeated by Moling, prophesying Sweeney's death, in §76. According to Brian Frykenberg (1984: 106), Eas Dhubhthaigh is one of the tributaries of the Barrow. It might also be Duffy's Falls in Gweebarra, or Assydoo on Ailsa Craig. 'The waterfall (eas) of Dubhthaigh and the associated saint's churchyard points solidly to the magnificent Falls of Glomach in Kintail, not far to the northeast of Kilduich or Clachan Duich, the church and stone-cell of St. Duthac'.

<http://mistshadows.blogspot.com/2018/02/ive-been-asked-to-post-my-study-on.html>

Michael Murray thinks that this is 'the waterfall of the Black Mount' The Madman in the Woods at <https://michael9murray.wordpress.com/2016/11/12/the-madman-in-the-woods-lailoken/>.

§50 Crìoch – Versified version of the start of the sectional text in Scottish Gaelic (the primary language of Allan), corresponding to the preceding version in Irish (the primary language of Sweeney).

§51 – Intertonguing version of the sectional text. In this section Sweeney is on an *imram*, 'across water to a supernatural realm' (Nagy 1996: 49) like 'thar muir/sáile' in §§16, 21 and 46. Just as Brexit (the period-specific event to which the 'level-playing field' refers) is invoked, Sweeney may be said to have Brentered in §46. (See 'Sweeney – Bird Brain Dissembler' (Kinsella 2020: 40)). 'Deich gcéad bó / thugas dom chéile in aon ló' is in An Seabhac (1941: 9). 'Thrice fifty' in this, and the metrical version in §52, is a common Old Irish and Welsh formulaic expression to denote a great plurality. 'Ionar' and 'fuathróg' recall the sartorial arrogance in §8. The wealth offered to Sweeney to stay may be compared to the opulence described in that section and to Lynchehaun's list in §35 where, for example, 'each allúrach'/'foreign steed' is a prized possession.

§52 Maigh Linne – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic of the poem comprising the section, with intertonguing. Bestowing of gifts like 'caogad claíomh' is in An Seabhac (1941: 286). The 'má' (plain or battlefield) is the ultimate theatre of deforestation, and the Irish words 'blár', 'cath' and 'machaire' denote both site and action. Robin Flower mentions the area of Moylinney and its connections with poetry (Flower 1978 [1947]: 1-2). 'Talach' is defined as the 'amount of work – [done by person]'. See Seán Ó hEochaidh, *Sean-chainnt Theilinn*, (1955: 146)) and www.faclair.com. Éinrí Ó Muirgheasa says in *Seanfhocail Uladh* 1976 [1907]:92: 'Is ionann 'talach' agus 'gearán' and he quotes the

Scottish Gaelic proverb ‘Talach a’ ghille ghlic ga itheadh is ga chàineadh’. The phrase, however, seems to have eluded all competent authorities. See Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair, ‘Moladh Mòraig’ (Donullach 1874: 15, l. 1874. ‘Trí caoga colg néad’ is in *Tochmarc Étaíne* §3.4 https://iso.ucc.ie/Tochmarc-etaine/Tochmarc-etaine-text.html#Section_3_4. Argidross is the Anglicised form of a name given in Brennan’s *Antiquities*, (Dublin 1858: 98). Places of that name, in what are now Counties Tipperary and Kilkenny, have an association with a sort of female equivalent of Sweeney, Mór Mumhan/Martha of Munster. (See Proinsias Mac Cana, ‘Aspects of the Theme of King and Goddess in Irish Literature’, *Études Celtiques*, vol. vii, 1955: 80 and 99). Moyfevin was ‘apparently a resort of hermits’ (Henry 1966: 24).

§53 Cuairteachadh – Versified version in sonnet form in Scottish Gaelic of the sectional text. ‘Cuairteachadh’, in §72 also, is synonymous with Scottish Gaelic ‘sireadh’, ‘iarraidh’, ‘lorg’, ‘siubhal’, all of which combine travelling with seeking in a quest. This is the only instance listed in eDil of ‘bengheilt’ and ‘gealtóg/gealtag’ seems to be a lexical oddity, if not also a *hapax legomenon* (or nonce-word). It is not clear why the madwoman and Sweeney should flee (or take flight) from each other in a place of madness (as described in n.1), i.e. where everybody is mad. Maybe it’s because it’s a woman – this is the first instance in the narrative of such a person but, unlike others, such as the hag of the mill and the stewards’ wives, she is, however skittish, not malevolent.

§54 Anns Gach Coille Chiar – Quasiformal version in Scottish Gaelic of the sectional text, with intertonguing. Figile is interposed with Glenbalkan. ‘Níor thug mé dó mioscais’ is a sort of repudiation of the curse of hatred for every place Sweeney had ever been uttered in §11. ‘I have given a quasiphonic transposition (‘mìr’) of the elusive ‘meither’. ‘Ár mian’ is in §19 (relating to watercress), ‘draighean is dris’ is in §32 and ‘coill chiar’ itself in §40.

§55 – Intertonguing in prose of the sectional text. Sweeney appears in ‘an baile ina raibh Erin’, as in §30, at the limen of the door to the house of his estranged wife, as in §31. As in those sections, he contrasts his wife’s luxury with his own privations. The limen represents the border between old and new; sanity and insanity; society and individual; power and weakness, etc. His wife is still a queen (or quean or quine). She uses the beguiling word ‘tar’ to entice Sweeney, as in the invocation ‘tar don chath’ in §6; the attempt at seduction

by the steward's wife in §33; and the imperative by Allan in §46. He doesn't cross the limen as in §33, for fear of female contact, and, for fear of being pursued by royalty, in §46. The reference to his own form recalls §§32 and 37. His new form has become a matter of shame to his wife and her womenfolk and the people who knew him in his old form. He reiterates the gifting in §§51 and 52 and the motif of giving his wife all the gifts bestowed on himself finds a parallel in *Agallamh Phádraig agus Oisín*:

Deich gcéad corn 'na mbíodh ór,
Deich gcéad claíomh cóir is sciath,
Dá mba maíte domsa, deich gcéad bó,
Thugas dom chéile in aon ló iad. (Torna n.d: 41).

Robert Graves, referring to §32, writes that her 'earlier wish for a feathered body which would let her fly around with him, suggests that she too began as a poet [she has five quatrains in that section], but sensibly resigned when the time for poetry had gone by' (Graves 1961 [1949]: 457), and it's true that §55 is in prose only. The proverbial 'mairg a bheir taobh le mná' has echoes in Ní Shé (1971: 32) and of the quotation from Seán Clárach Mac Dónaill in the commentary for §48.

§55 Náir – Poem voiced for Erin's women in original Irish Gaelic with intratextual borrowings and intertonguing. In recalling Sweeney's form, specific reference may be made to §§8, 16 and 35.

§55 Dealbh – Scottish Gaelic versified version of the remainder of the sectional text, with intertonguing.

§56 Mairg a Thabharfadh – A quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic of the poem comprising this section, with intertonguing. The title has a proverbial or aphoristic quality. 'Socht ar slua' is in "Oíche Dhoininne ar Shliabh Fuaidh", in Torna (n.d.:157). Ó Béarra comments that 'The first three quatrains are very reminiscent of some of the later *Dánta Grá*' and 'the last quatrains are in a different voice and tense ... in their martial bent they are very reminiscent of some of the quatrains uttered by Cú Chulainn in 'Síaburcharpat Con Culainn'. (2014: 274). O'Keefe has translated 'inne' as 'mind' rather than, as I think it should be, 'inner feelings'.

§56 In Battle – A literal English version in verse of the sectional text.

§57 Maith an tIonad Seo – Versification in Irish and intertonguing of the sectional text. Sweeney rises up lightly and airily, as in §§35 and 64, and follows what must be a circuitous route from peak to peak until he reaches the Mourne Mountains in the south (from Erin’s house, that is to say). Unlike Glenbalkan in the next section, the Mournes, to which reference had been made as a point on Sweeney’s travels in the first instance in §21, offer no shelter to a cold madman from the storms and rain. It’s a good place for a madman, like Glenbalkan in §53, but, unlike Glenbalkan where, it is implied, wheat and food and milk are to be had, and more besides. (See §17 and most of the verses in §58 for contrast). ‘Being up in the Gorman’ means to be in a lunatic asylum, as of that in Grangegorman in Dublin. ‘Bleacht’ here is a pun meaning both milk and abundance. See the ‘inordinate appetite for milk’ (Ó Riain 1974: 191), and ‘strong craving for milk’ (Chadwick 1942: 112), that is ‘purposive’ and ‘curative’ (Chadwick 1942: 201). ‘Dearthain’ may be a combination of ‘deardan’ (rough weather) and ‘fearthainn’ (rain). The Mournes are represented as a place for an individual lunatic, and not lunatics collectively as in §17, and for lunacy generally, as in §53.

§58 Le Báiní – A quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic of the poem comprising the section, with intertonguing, with Ulster Scots elements. This poem is a paean (or *amor loci*) to Sweeney’s *locus amori*, Glenbalkan and, in contrast with the Mournes, is notable for its use of a metaphoric flourish to describe the former. Sweeney’s eremitic existence is described as well as his curative diet. ‘Dún rí’ is given as the heavenly palace in An Seabhac (1941: 86). I have taken the text ‘Gleannamhrach’ as a form of ‘Gleannamhnach’ a historical form of the name of what is now Glanworth <https://www.logainm.ie/en/580/>. Heaney has more dreaming in this section, at variance with the spirit of the original text. (1983: 61). Sweeney is in a grey land which is not a glen but he invokes Christ and, with an awareness of his sins and guilt, acknowledges that it is his due.

§59 Beannadáin – Section versified in Irish Gaelic and English. Slieve Aughty in this section may be compared with the Mournes in §57. The ‘sos’ and ‘cónaí’ pairing, as in §§17, 26, etc. is employed in this section too. It ends with an unusual litotic utterance, or negative parallelism/antithesis.

§60 An Oidhche Sin – Versified version of the start of the sectional text, with intertonguing. Sweeney is ‘ag tabhairt a dheacra os ard’, as at the end of §§39 and 44. His trust is restored (he had lost it in §15) and then again in §§62 (in his own people) and 63.

§61 M’Oíche Múiche – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic of the poem forming the sectional text, with intertonguing. There is a version by Thomas Kinsella in the *Oxford Book of Irish Verse* (Kinsella 1986: 72-73). ‘Múiche’ recalls Sweeney’s circumstances in §25. The reference to ‘dual’ may be compared with ‘ní dá choiriú dom ort’ in §32, and ‘dual’ is also referenced in §§60-61. ‘Breonn is creathann’ employs forms from both the text edited by O’Keefe and an accompanying note 1. ‘Gan chéill gan chonn’ is also in §19. The verbal form ‘tuargaint’ for a downpour, and subsequently for snowfall in §67, recalls how Sweeney’s people were pummelled at Moira, as described in §§22-23. ‘Eachtaí rófhuaire’ is in Ó Cadhlaigh (1947: 369), and ‘mo bhail’ is in An Seabhac (1941: 11). ‘Ruaig le binn’ recalls ‘rith le binn’ in §40. ‘Scaras lem chruth gan chló’ approximates with ‘scar Dia lem dheilbh’ in §14, and ‘duairc an bheatha’ is in §45. The references to Maigh nAoi and Cruachán recall Cruachan Mhaighe nAoi in ‘An Ceithearnach Caol Riabhach’ §10. ‘Distancing’ makes indirect reference to the lockdown caused by the Covid-19 pandemic.

§62 – Intertonguing of the sectional text. Sweeney attributes his sufferings to the hag of the mill and her levitating. That he alternates between sanity and insanity is reinforced by the interesting psychological terms ‘aithghealtacht’ here, and ‘aithmhire’ in §67 (to use the forms in Seán Ó Sé’s version of the narrative in contemporary Irish), both denoting renewed madness (caused by the hag of the mill/house invoking Christ) and, as nonce-words, unique to this text. I have translated ‘aithghealtacht’ as ‘rewildness’, introducing an ecological element, where Heaney (1983: 64) evades the issue. Alternatively, Sweeney’s words might be construed to mean that his people are Moling’s *popula*, and indeed he does trust/show his side to them at Moling’s house in §78 (resulting in his death). Sweeney never manages to return to Dalnaria.

§63 Amas – Versified version of sectional text, in Scottish Gaelic with intertonguing. ‘Taom dá chiall’ recalls ‘taom céille’ in O’Donovan (1842: 172). Sweeney’s sense returns, as in §37, although the cause is not given. The greater part of the English text here is a translation from the manuscript by O’Cleary in O’Keefe (1931 [1913]: 94). ‘Native

hereditary' is from 'tír dhúthaigh' from the same source. The fact that he wants to go to Dalaradia and trust his people indicates his renewed sanity. Ronan, however, utters another curse on Sweeney. 'Aitchim' is glossed as 'guím' by O'Cleary in O'Keefe (1931 [1913]: 94). 'Ingreim' denotes both a type of (religious) persecution (Cunningham & Gillespie 1987: 15-20) and 'trespass' (eDil). It also refers back to Ronan in §2. 'Fortacht ná fóirthint' recalls a note in §12.

§64 – Intertonguing of sectional text. Sweeney here is on the *via media*, in the middle of the Fews, at midnight. See T. S. Eliot, 'East Coker': 'In the middle, not only in the middle of the way / But all the way, in a dark wood, in a bramble ... / Menaced by monsters'. Heaney (1979: 17), in 'The Strand at Lough Beg' has: 'Where Sweeney fled before the bloodied heads, / Goatbeards and dogs' eyes in a demon pack / Blazing out of the ground, snapping and squealing', which may be compared with his more direct version in *Sweeney Astray* (1983: 64). Sweeney has found himself threatened in the same locality in which his wife's lover goes hunting in §31. It may be inferred, from what the second head says, that Dalnaria is in Ulster but that the Fews are not. 'Cobhsaigh céim' may now be added to the symptoms of Sweeney's madness in §11, both caused by 'sacerdotal interference' (Ó Riain 1974: 199), in the form of a curse by Ronan. In this section the 'taibhsí' approximate to the hallucinations in §11. The direct sequence is much the same: a curse by Ronan followed by the hallucinations. Ronan has now cursed Sweeney three times. Firstly, in §5, he is cursed to go naked and die by the sword and that his family perish when they see the psalter again. Sweeney does indeed see the psalter in §74 but no reference is made there or in any other subsequent section to his descendants (apart from his own family, in §§36-37). In §9, he is cursed to become like a bird and, to reiterate, to die by the sword. Lastly, in this section, he is cursed in more general terms but, more specifically, not to enter Ronan's church (edifice and/or institution). In §37, Sweeney had recovered his senses and form in captivity, and subsequently went stray again after engaging with the hag of the mill at leaping (as he claims in §63). 'They manwaged their censurevoice' translates from O'Cleary. (See O'Keefe 1931 [1913]: 94).

§64 Na Còig Cinn – Version in Scottish Gaelic of part of the sectional text, with intertonguing. It may be considered to be a local variant of the *Red-haired Bandits of Mawddwy* (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Red_Bandits_of_Mawddwy). The bodies described resemble the men of Ireland screaming at Sweeney to return to battle at Moira.

The heads may be the ghosts of the five sons of Margy he decapitated at Moira – or so he says – in §56, and the fact that Sweeney is recognized here as being an Ulsterman/Ulidian/Ultonian is therefore significant. The middle of the Fews has both an otherworld and a Middle Earth aspect. Reaching the sea, as uttered by the fifth of the talking heads, denotes arrival at a terminus like the limen at Dunseverick at the end of §41 with the subsequent death of the hag of the mill.

§65 The Fewries and the Horrors – English versified version with intertonguing of the sectional text, following Heaney 1979: 17, ‘The Strand at Lough Beg’, quoted in the commentary for §64, and Heaney 1983:65. Following the rhapsodic elements in §64, this section contains an extended flourish of similes. ‘Bloisgbhéim’ is defined by O’Rahilly (1960: 96) as ‘a resounding blow, the noise of falling waters or of dashing waves’. The violent flow of water here is described as ‘tinneasnach’, as is the stream in the idyllically peaceful environment of Alternan in §§72 and 73. Like Sweeney and the hag of the mill, the five heads engage in a jumping display. The references to hard rocks and trees recall Sweeney’s peregrinations in §17. ‘Néalta air’ is in O’Donovan (1842: 76), as sorts of aerial phantoms representing the reification of Sweeney’s dread (as well as clouds).

§66 – Intertonguing of the sectional text. Sweeney once again iterates the justness of his sufferings by reference to ‘cóir’, as he did to ‘toice’ in §35, and ‘dual’ in §61. ‘Cóir’ is then reiterated in the versification in §67. Having escaped after being followed and attacked by five ghostly bodiless goat-heads and dog-heads at midnight in the middle of the Fews, he wanders with ‘the aimless movements of a ... lunatic’ (as the older form of ‘fáinneáil’ is defined in eDil), and flies in a confused state more than ever before, without resting long enough to take a drink, for a period of ‘three fortnights’ until he comes one night to a mountain-top in Slieve Inagh, where he rests in a tree all night until morning. This period of time may be compared with that of ‘coicís ar mhí’ discussed in the commentary for ‘Beannadáin’ in §44. Sweeney is ‘ag éagaoineadh go mór’, as at the well in Roscommon in §42, and as was Allan in §46, and he recuperates after the hallucinations here for six weeks, as after being deprived of his watercress in §42, in Eigg and then Ailsa Craig. For Slieve Inagh, see <https://www.rosss.ie/lot-details/frank-egginton-rca-fial/slieve-inagh/83845/>.

§67 Caointeachán – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic of the poem in a form of *deibhidhe* comprising this section, with intertonguing, as a synopsis of significant experiences of Sweeney throughout the chronological narrative. ‘Gan tine, gan teach’ is analogous with ‘gan teach, gan tine’ in *Children of Lir* §56 https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_56. The first two lines may be compared with those in §52. ‘Idir mhá is mhóin is learg’ recalls the Fingallian ‘Imeacht Bhrain ón bhFiann ar mhoigh ar mhóin ar mhóirlearg’ in Ó Cadhlaigh (1947: 77). ‘Sceachóra’ may be compared with ‘sméara sciamha sceachóra’ in the Fingallian ‘Ard Phádraig’ in An Seabhac (1941: 281). Sweeney curses the hag’s soul as he did her mouth in §37. ‘Im atuirseach’ is in Moling poem #22 verse 2; ‘i neamhní’ recalls ‘ar neamhní’ in §32; and ‘gan teach’ in §§19, 32 and 61. ‘Éagointeach againn anocht’ is in *Children of Lir* §44. The ‘muintir dhiabhail’ who appeared at the sea at the time of the hag’s death – a detail not included in §41, to which it relates – resemble the talking heads in §63, and the subsequent ‘conamar’ approximates with the ‘míreanna beaga’ given by the hag in §28. If Trá Ruire is near Dunseverick, then it and Tigh Doinn – another place with underworld associations – may be considered the northern and southern extremities of ‘all Ireland’.

§68 – Intertonguing of the sectional text. ‘I bhfoirceann na ré sin’ is in §37. The formulaic misery in §§20 and 24 is repeated. ‘Baothréim baoise’ is an in *Annála Ríochta Éireann, Flight of the Earls* http://corpas.ria.ie/index.php?fsg_function=12&fsg_years=1600-1926&fsg_ow=baothr%C3%A9im&fsg_pos=N&fsg_pp=Both&fsg_class=W&fsg_word=baothr%C3%A9im&fsg_id=2415#126898. Figile is celebrated as was Glenbalkan in §17 and its river is praised as was the Suck in §59. ‘Tuirse ... agus dobrón’ is found in *Children of Lir* §34 https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_34.

§69 Ochlán – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic of the poem comprising the section, with intertonguing. ‘Ní cheilim’ is in An Seabhac (1941: 192, 193, etc.). ‘Sa deilbh ina bhfuilim’ approximates to ‘faoin deilbh sin’ in §55. Sweeney is without food as in §§19 and 35, and without music or sleep as in §14. The purple of the meagre berries on which he now lives contrasts with the cloak of that colour as a symbol of his power in §§3 and 8, and as a personal attribute of a great leader in §16. The section ends in a sort of litotes.

§70 – Intertonguing of the sectional text. Here is another hagiographical intervention, by an unnamed cleric, and theft of watercress, as in §42. A sort of Patrician/Ossianic dialogue

ensues between the cleric and Sweeney. The luxuriousness of the cleric's life – according to Sweeney – recalls that of his wife's in §§30-31. Sweeney's food is described as 'tuar' (dungfood) as in §77. 'Cuing crábhaidh' recalls Ronan in §2.

§70 Trua Sin, a Chléireacháin – Poemed version in Irish Gaelic of the sectional text with full rhyme, intratextuality and intertonguing. Sweeney refutes a cleric who says his – Sweeney's – life is luxurious as he eats watercress at a well. Sweeney regrets the days of battle when he had charge of over a thousand men and gives details of his current – and future – abject state as a pitiable madman and chattel, and of his wanderings in wild places throughout Ireland. He reiterates that his kine is watercress and that his mead is water, as in §43.

§71 A Barra na nGéag – Quasiformal version in the Irish of Cape Clear – 'Cléireach' means, among other things, a person from there – of the poem comprising the section, as a dialogue between an unnamed cleric and Sweeney, with intertonguing. In imitating the speech of the cleric, Sweeney undergoes a transformation that is linguistic rather than physical or psychological. Sweeney may be said to have previously imitated birds, Allan, and the madwoman of Glenbalkan. 'Fir an domhain' is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 19) and *Cath Fionntrá* l. 856, and approximates to 'sluaithe na cruinne' in §70. 'Cléireach cráifeach' is in Moling poem #18. The cleric is equated with Ronan as 'a fhir an cheoláin' and he is the first of the clerics to resent Sweeney's eating their watercress, (as Sweeney resented the ernenagh's wife for doing so, in §§42-43). 'Ceolán' has undergone a historical semantic shift from 'little bell' to 'whimperer'. The cleric also resembles Moling in §75 by addressing Sweeney – pejoratively and/or hypocoristically – as 'gealtagán' (as does the exemplary cleric Moling in §75). In the last verse, Sweeney addresses the cleric in the second person plural, as is the case in some dialects of Irish when addressing a member of the clergy. The locale of the poem is the nemeton, not of Sweeney but of the cleric. There is an oral tradition that Sweeney is buried in Cape Clear, and that the origin of the name of the hill there known as Quarantine is 'Carn tSuibhne' (Cartlann Bhóthar na Léinsí, Radio na Gaeltachta 07-05-2023).

§71 Madman's Business – Literal English version in verse of the sectional text.

§72 – Intertonguing of sectional text. The description recalls that of the Land of Eternal Youth, 'Laoi Oisín i dTír na nÓg', in Ó Cadhlaigh (1947: 322) where there are 'crainn ag

cromadh le toradh’. Alternan is a sort of paradisaal abode with a synod of holy men surrounded by beasts in a beautiful landscape, and approximated with Glenbalkan, in §17 to begin with. It may be a silent place as, unusually, the animals’ sounds are not given, corresponding to the silence of the holy men, as in the world of the dead. The clergy and nature are in harmony like the madmen of Glenbalkan. Sweeney reaches the promised land, and covets it and does not bemoan it. It might have been a good ending to the narrative but there is a further sacerdotal intervention or clerical intrusion to come. ‘Cuartú’, as in Glenbalkan in §53, is of similar significance to other Gaelic usages employed throughout denoting travelling and seeking, such as ‘sireadh’ (another usage current in Scottish Gaelic but not in Irish), ‘lorg’ and ‘siubhal’ – or ritual circular journey. In his ‘útamáil’ or ramblings, Sweeney presents as being ‘amscaí’ (‘awkward’), not unlike at Moira in §11.

§73 Aill Fharranáin – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic with intertonguing of the poem in a sort of *rannaíocht mhór* comprising the section. These celebratory verses present an idyllic image of Alternan (Monastery), an early monastic site, founded in the 6th century by St Colmcille or St Farranan. The section has been transmodernised by Ó Fiannachta (1982: 124), and there is a version by Joyce (1976: 46). ‘Míolta má nach mall’ recalls the streams in §54. There is a parallelism here between the sacred in humanity and in nature with elements of personification. These relate specifically to animals (‘míol’), the sacred hare and pig and the seal which can assume the human form as a selkie or legendary ancestor of MacCodrums in Scotland or Connollys in Ireland (and bear human children such as Ronan), and trees, as in the final image of the sacred fruit and apple trees bending to the ground, as though in prostration at prayer. The sacred assembly in the Bible is a Sabbath with a holy fast and period of weeping and mourning, as in Joel 2:12-17, restoration and renewal, confession and worship. The indolence of the sheltering and sleeping animals is redolent of a community of lotus-eaters in a sort of Shangri-La. The word ‘naomh’ functions as both noun (‘saint’) and adjective (‘holy’). ‘Codlaim fá chraoibh san eas thall’ echoes a passage from the Life of Saint Farannan in *Omnium sanctorum Hibernia*, etc. ‘immersed in a well of cold water ... a sort of basin, sunk in the middle of a stream, into which a cataract of falling water flowed’. ‘Muir mór’ is in “Fuit co bráth!” (Fisher & Ó Conchubhair 2022: 1954).

§73 Holy Abode – Literal English version in verse of the sectional text.

§73 Gan Troid – Original Irish with intratextual borrowings and intertonguing with a single perfect masculine rhyme throughout, in the form of a prophecy.

§74 – Intertonguing of the sectional text. ‘An baile ina raibh Moling’ recalls a visit to another limen, that of the house of Sweeney’s estranged wife, in §31. The word ‘baile’, glossed by Ó Cléirigh as ‘áit’ (‘place’) in O’Keefe (1931 [1913]: 95), has a phonic parallelism with the word defined in eDil as ‘vision; frenzy, madness (originally arising out of supernatural revelations)’, and this is represented in the intertonguing. Sweeney continues to visit but will not enter the monastic house, finding more meaning and religious insight in nature. The encounter with Moling represents the second sacerdotal intervention, with the *sacerdos* performing Dumézil’s third function. (See Cohen 1977: 113). Although he may be considered to be Sweeney’s own benevolent saint, Moling cannot guarantee Sweeney’s safety or restitution as he, Sweeney, is ultimately killed. Sweeney and Moling are both ‘visitant and holy informant’. (See Frykenberg in Carey 2014: 56). Moling’s students resemble Ronan’s psalmists in §9. That the psalter from which they receive instruction is that of (Saint) Kevin’s recalls the rescue of it by an otter in Plummer’s *Vitae Sanctorum Hibernia* clxxvii, mentioned by O’Keefe (1931[1913]: 85), and a motif found in §§5-6. Flower (1978 [1947]: 63-64) says ‘We are told of practically every Irish saint that he lived in intimate converse with ... people of troubled wits. As Moling had Suibne, so Cummíne Fota had Comgán Moccu Cherda, the Fool of the Déisi, for his companion. These madmen, the legend related, roamed the woods, living in the treetops and sharing their couches with the creatures of the wild ... Their utterance was a medley of obscure folly and inspired wisdom. If one part of their mind was dim from the quenched reason, another part was illuminated by the divine light. The tales of them are wild and strange, and much of the most beautiful poetry of the time is associated with them.’ Moling’s church was built by the legendary craftsman who built Sweeney’s oratory in the top of an ivy-tree in Toominver at the beginning of the narrative ‘M’airgeaglán i dTuaim Inbhir’ and ‘Nam Aonar Dhomh ’m Bàrr Eidhne’. The building may well be ‘the poem itself, or more specifically, the textual written form’. (See Nagy 1996: 30). Moling, who describes himself in poem #1 in the Brussels MS as ‘fáidh na heaglaise’, foretells of the advent of Sweeney (as ‘an t-Albanach’, the man from the north). (See Ní Shé II 88-92). Moling, as the name suggests, is a jumper, with ‘hagiographically celebrated propensity for leaping’, not used against Sweeney here. Like Sweeney, Moling is a poet, to whom the five

Late Middle Irish so-called ‘Anecdota’ poems are attributed. These relate to the prophesied death, burial and resurrection of Sweeney and are, according to Brian Frykenberg, an ‘apparently unified sequence of poems’. (See Frykenberg 2017: 52). Frykenberg remarks that ‘both internally and together, the five poems present a continuum of prosody, style and diction, and each of the first four shows a seamless semantic and chronological transition to its successor’. (See Carey 2014: 272). Nagy (1982: 735) also focuses on the connection Moling seems to have with water (or liquid), not only the *taídiu*, but also with the milk which occasions Sweeney’s death outside the limen of the monastic house in §78. There are at least two other such instances described in the Latin life of Moling, where water is the crucial point of the text. As Nagy notes ‘like Suibhne, the beneficiaries of miraculous power in these stories must pass through or across a body of water before they can be healed or accepted by the *sacerdos*’ (1982: 736). The poems attributed to Moling are also considered in Jackson (1940: 537), Chadwick (1942: 114) and Ó Riain (1974: 115). ‘Longadh’ (see ‘luingeann’ on a Friday in §23) is given by Alan Harrison in ‘Lucht na Simléirí’ in *Éigse* XV, III, 1974: 201 as ‘eating enormous quantities of food’. The word contrasts with other usages for consumption throughout the narrative: ‘ith’, ‘caith’, ‘gabh’, ‘glac’ and ‘tomhail’.

§75 Ceiliúradh Cóir – Quasiformal version in Irish of the poem comprising the sectional text, in the form of couplets or Socratic dialogue between Moling and Sweeney. The oracular questions by Moling and responses by Sweeney comprise eight of the fifteen quatrains in the section. It might also be classified variously as a flyting, *lúibín*, *spaidsearachd*, or *agallamh beirte* between a ‘cléireachán’ and ‘gealtagán’ – the forms are, I think, hypocoristic, as in the address to the trees ‘a cholláin’, a chraobhacháin’, ‘a dhealgnacháin’, etc. in §40. ‘A ghealtagáin’ is the apostrophe to Sweeney, as by the cleric in §71, and ‘a chléirichín’ is a form of address in *Battle of Moira* (Marstrander 1911: l. 73). Sweeney starts with Christian attitudes and clerical powers. Shamanism and Christian orthodoxy are conflated. Shamanism – from Evenki ‘saman’, ‘one who knows’ – is invoked by elements of prophecy: ‘Fios thig dhom óm Thiarna’, and ‘Agatsa atá an fháistine’. The reference to ‘leann’ has a parallel with the shaman’s cloak. Other such elements in this section are tree climbing, bird symbolism and magical flight. Moling, by offering Sweeney his hood or smock, counteracts Ronan’s curse and offers him sweet food. Sweeney frequents a ‘faiche’ (‘green’ or ‘parish’) as a voyeur since losing his wits. There is an episode ‘ar an bhfaiche’ with a cleric in Ó Floinn (1980: 10), and the phrase

has a Fingallian military connotation. In poem #1 of the poems ascribed to Moling by Whitley Stokes, there is a reference in verse 1 ‘is é mo mheá mo thaoidhean’, contrasting with Sweeney’s water in §43. In poem #5, verse 11, there is ‘Is é Suibhne a d’inis dom, and in verse 15 the phrase ‘tháinig chugam Suibhne saor’ is like the last verse in §36. Moling’s leaping feats are described in verse 3 of poem #6: ‘mé Moling a ling an léim. / Is mé lingear léim a b’fhearr / idir ardnaoimh Éireann’. For ‘teirt’, see ‘mo shásamh um theirt’ (watercress) in §27. ‘Gan bhrat’ is in §43. Sweeney is emasculated, disempowered and exposed as in §3. Images of cold recur, recalling the cold bed by Lough Erne, the Mourne, Lisardowlen and Binevenagh. Line 2091 echoes Moling poem #10, verse 1 and ‘beatha bhuan’. ‘Uair a b’fhearr’ recalls the recollection of better times, as in §34. There is an emphasis on Moling’s prophetic ability and vaticatory powers in Sweeney’s retort ‘Agatsa atá an fháistine’, and an implied denial on his own part though he has already demonstrated prophesy in the end of §§40 and 50. For Suibhne, the main inspiration for his revelatory insight is the Christian God but it is through his poems that he ultimately gains the power to voice his experiences as a wild outcast. Sweeney, too, has saintly qualities: ‘fios tig dhamh om Thighearna’. He and Moling recognise each other’s prophetic ability, (‘rún’ and ‘fáistine’), both are poets and mantic. They are opposed, however, in relation to what is beautiful to them: for Moling, it is holy scripture in an ecclesiastical environment, and for Sweeney the very leaves of the tree(s) destroyed to produce such books. ‘Tréan ná trua’ is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 5), and in Moling poem #24, and ‘treun is truagh’ is in the song ‘Am Bròn Binn’ (Gillies 2005: 323). There is a further Fingallian precept in ‘taise le trua agus troid le tréan’ and the ‘trua and tréan’ polarities in Ó Muirgheasa, *Seanfhocail Uladh* (1976 [1907]:26). ‘Gach nóin’ is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 15, 56-57), and ‘inis dom tré rún’ is also in *An Seabhac* (1941: 18 and 86). The almost formulaic ‘an i gcill nó i loch’ at the end expresses the polarities of confinement within the boundaries of the church and exclusion from it, and recalls the lake into which the psalter was flung in §4.

§76 Feascar – Versified version in Irish of the start of the sectional text. ‘Suibhne’s prophecy that he will end his life at TM, and ... the saint’s statement that Suibhne’s coming had long been prophesied’ (Cohen 1977: 115). ‘Imeachtaí’ recalls the hag of the mill’s questioning Sweeney in §37 – Moling has succeeded in obtaining Sweeney’s (comings and) goings which the hag had failed to do. For all his kindness, Moling imposes a ‘nasc’. But rather than seeking to detain him, Moling only asks the madman to return to his monastery each evening for supper in exchange for the permission to write down his

adventures, thereby creating a quasi-therapeutical setting that subtly allures the Wild Man back into contact with society. (See Nagy 1996: 25-26). Writing down another's adventures is a part and an endorsement of the scribal tradition, as in *Agallamh na Seanórach* §29. Sweeney makes or says verses; Moling is the scribe who writes down the stories and goings-on of Sweeney. His interest in Sweeney's story and goings as literature is prefigured by the mill-hag as orature in §37. Moling, however, wants to depict Sweeney as well, thereby appropriating his ethnicity as a Pict of Rasharkin. The references to places visited recall the incremental toponymic runs in *An Ceithearnach Caol Riabhach*.

§76 In the Journey-book – Versified version of the sectional text. The poem referred to in punning form is the quatrain in §40 (not to mention the final couplet in §75). By making this clerical intervention, Moling is something of a rewriter as described by Lefevre (Munday 2012: 127), as Sweeney has already recounted his stories and proceedings throughout.

§77 – Intertonging of the sectional text. Here is a further example of Moling's benign sacerdotal interventions. 'He was underabout that spectrelikeness', 'whatever directionheight of the heighdirections of Ireland' and 'from the side of the edge of the dung-yardmilking-place' all derive from O' Cleary's manuscript in O'Keefe (1931 [1913]: 95). Sweeney's travels may be compared with those of the Children of Lir §57 https://iso.ucc.ie/Oidhe-lir/Oidhe-lir-text.html#Section_57. There is an incremental itinerary of what may be holy sites, as in, for example, §§41, 44 and 59. Benozzo (2004: 20-21) says that Sweeney's 'movements ... do not follow a recognisable order ... they look like a chaotic accumulation of trajectories: you cannot consider them as itineraries or travels, because their logic, their 'syntactical' structure, does not seem to lie in an immediate relationship between the territory and the man who is travelling on it, nor in an 'internal' rationale of the journey itself'. He moves 'without describing a precise or even understandable topology ... His movement is not exactly a 'zigzag movement', because if it was you could recognise a sort of pre-determined intention that is in fact absent ... (Benozzo 2004: 30-32) ... there is not a 'centre' of perception, something that corresponds, on the narrative level, to the anthropological model of space perception. Moreover, space, so to speak, has not sufficient time to settle and root itself in time, to become the recognisable co-ordinate of a chronotope ... even a place like Gleann Bolcáin ... is actually a false centre, a *non-lieu*, a non-place that survives mostly in his memory, and that at the

end of the story he still has to explore ... places are no centres from where the world around is perceived: they are starting points for new movements, that is to say, further halting-places of his assymetrical wanderings ... (p. 34) ... its whole structure (which ... is a sort of acentric exploration of the landscapes without directions) is an unresolved icon of the world, a *map in progress* of reality that ‘puts the space into movement’. Rekdal contrasts wine (as implied in §35) and milk, as a drink of death (2011: 244). Like Ó Riain, he writes of a ‘strong craving for milk’ that is purposive and curative (Rekdal 2011: 201). The pouring of cow’s milk into furrows on the battlefield is a collective cure in Iran (Cohen 1977: 123). Muldoon (2001: 135) in ‘The More a Man Has the More a Man Wants’ has:

Sh-leeps. A milkmaid sinks
her bare foot
to the ankle
in a simmering dung hill
and fills the slot
with beatlings for him to drink.

‘Eadarfhásach’ is another limen. ‘Bean an mhuicí’ dispenses meagre food like the hag of the mill in §28. ‘Proinn’ corresponds to *prandium*, the anchorite’s holy meal. Mangan recalls the 19th century Dublin poet James Clarence Mangan, a victim of hallucinations and depression, and a free translator of ancient Irish poems.

§77 Gàir na Gairbhe – Loose version in Scottish Gaelic of a Middle Irish text which occurs in a series of poems attributed to Moling but which appears to be spoken (and composed) by Sweeney (Murphy 1956: 112-117 and 225-227). It has been described as a ‘charming nature poem’ (Jackson 1940: 539). Garf Water is a tributary of the Clyde, near Wiston, and is as such a translocation. The first five verses were translated by Thomas Kinsella (1986: 77), and ten verses rendered as ‘the merry roar of the Rough’ by Maurice Riordan in *The Finest Music* (2014: 104-105). I have given the Falls of Duich as the location of Eas Dubhthaich, which second element has been confused with *dubhach* (gloomy).

§78 – Intertonguing of the sectional text. ‘On a certain day westafter that’ derives from O’Cleary in O’Keefe (1931 [1913]: 95). (See Ross 1978 [1939]: 46):

Fear mar Shuibhne nach beir buadh
Is fear mar Ioruath armruadh;

saoi nach sgreadach go lámhach
is daoi meathach míolámhach

In this section Sweeney is reported as having been visiting both Moling and Muriel for a year. Imputation of adultery is a hagiographical motif. ‘Taobh leis’ has the connotation of trust and dependence. Throwing milk is a shamanist offering in Mongolia. For the actual death, compare with Robert Fitzgerald *The Iliad*, Book 4, p. 104, ll. 580-581 ‘he took the spear ... thrust squarely in the chest beside the nipple of the right side, piercing him’. This is Sweeney’s first death (the second is in §85). In a way, he also undergoes a tripartite death: by falling (as did the hag §41), by drowning (as Allan, in §50), and at the point of a spear (as himself in this section). The death of Allan, Sweeney’s alter madman, is by natural agency; that of the hag, Sweeney’s alter levitationer/flying trickster, by indirect human agency and, here, Sweeney’s by direct human agency. Falling into drink is an instance of a threefold death motif, unlike Allan who falls as well but not burning, unlike in other Irish texts. The threefold element here is ‘falling, piercing upon a point projecting out of liquid, and drowning’ (Frykenberg 1984: 107). In this Christian community, those who harm Sweeney, or incite others to harm him, belong to the laity. Sweeney is revived in §81 (to make a final confession, receive *corpus Christi*, and be anointed by Moling and his clerics), and speaks as a dead man in §82. He is in the tomb in §84, is assumed into heaven in §86, and is buried – again – by Moling but not in the graveyard of the righteous as prophesised *à la* Allan. Sweeney may therefore be said to have experienced triple madness and double death. ‘Dúirt foireann’ is a scribal convention as in §26 (*referunt quidam*). ‘Gur amhlaidh a fuair bás’ follows the formula of the hag’s death at end of §41, and contrasts ‘de bhinn’ (the hag) and ‘de rinn’ (Sweeney, as cursed by Ronan, and prophesised by himself). The juxtaposition of milk and dung is discussed in Hemp (1979/80).

§79 Mo Bheannadáin – Original Irish Gaelic poem with intratextual borrowings and intertonguing. Sweeney’s preference is for concealed, confined, enclosed or liminal natural spaces, such as woods, hollows, trees, fortifications, hermitages, clefts, islands, buildings, caves, churchyards and so on in his mad circuit of Ireland and Scotland.

§79 – Prose intertonguing of the sectional text. ‘Doras na reilige’ represents another limen. Enda McBracken is described in O’Cleary’s manuscript as a cleric of Moling’s community. (See O’Keefe 1931 [1913]: 95). The *cléireach* from Ronan in §6, in Drumeerin in §71, to Moling in §75, has the power of poetry as a pagan inheritance. He

also has prophesy in all those cases, and curses in the case of Ronan and Moling (on his own swineherd).

§80 Teachd Fa-dheòidh – Quasiformal version in Scottish Gaelic of a poem in *deibhidhe* metre comprising the sectional text, with intertonguing and instances of full rhyme. It is a sort of monodic hymn or encomium for the ‘holy madman’ (see Ó Béarra 2014: 242), by the cleric Enda McBracken, addressed to Moling’s swineherd Mangan/Mungan who has killed Sweeney. Sweeney is conflated with the saint Ronan, as ‘fear oirní uasal’. (See commentary on §2 and ‘Achainí’ in §75). The swineherd is recontextualised as someone from the Isle of Muck (‘of the pigs’) in the Inner Hebrides, near Eigg, where Sweeney stayed in §44. Mungan is also a diminutive form of Mungo, or Lailoken’s equivalent of Moling. ‘Duniwassal’ is added to emphasise the Scottish Gaelic, and psalms, that will be sung for Sweeney’s soul, have a Hebridean aspect also. Enda McBracken is, like Moling, a prophetic cleric in verses 2 and 3, expressing a conventional Christian prophecy (as does Moling himself in §82, and again, directly and indirectly, in §83). These differ from the more secular prognostications of Sweeney in §40 and – with Allan – in §50, and finally at the end of §75. The evil nature of the deed is reiterated by Sweeney and Moling in §§82 in prose and in §83 in verse. In relation to Sweeney’s saintly nature, Henry (1966: 25) mentions that Sweeney ‘becomes by way of privation and penitence himself a saint before the tale is ended’. Ó Riain (1974:195) is ‘not at all convinced that Suibne had developed saintly qualities’, but he has become, at least, ‘a semi-sacerdotal figure’ (Nagy 1982: 46). Certain elements justify Sweeney being considered a saint by a cleric who has known him only briefly, from §74 at most. Firstly, he had received a sort of spiritual reinvigoration in Alternan in §§72-73, and then, in §75, renewed powers of prophecy and supernatural knowledge of, for example, the time of terce in Rome. That section also emphasises his ascetic diet, his mortification, and his modest dress. Moling says that it is fated that Sweeney be buried among the just (§77). ‘Olc’ is both adjective and noun here. (See ‘bidh olc ragha de’ in Moling Poem #24). ‘Ar sheilbh deamhain’ denotes demonic possession. Enda prophesises that he’ll be in the same place in heaven with Sweeney (amongst the just and psalms), redeeming him for throwing the psalter away and killing the psalmist, in effect. ‘Ionad ar neamh’ is given as ‘[their] place ... in heaven’ in Revelations 12:8. ‘He was every inch a king’ derives from Shakespeare’s *King Lear*, with whom Sweeney has been analogised, as in Heaney (1983: viii), and through similarity with the Children of Lir in §45. The specific reference to inch in his remembered regal state also recalls his lot in

§18, ‘there wasn’t as much as an Orlagh inchbit of him from his coinheelbase to his bashcrown not fully woundbleeding or suprareddening’. ‘Lighe’ is given in eDil as ‘flat kennel, lair, burial space’.

§80 *Bás Gan Sagart* – Literal English version in verse of the sectional text. The title is a curse which means ‘death without a priest’ and, therefore, without last rites.

§81 – Prose intertonguing of the sectional text. The clerics’ anointing is like the psalmists’ sprinkling in §9.

§82 – Intertonguing of the sectional text. It is true for Sweeney when he says in this section that he never did anyone any harm since God (and Ronan) sent him into madness (apart from coveting Alternan – a place, not a person – and stealing water, which he admits). In addition, he resists advances in §32- 34, 37 and 38, and he didn’t directly cause the death of the hag of the mill in §41. He likes to boast about previous sins, however, such as killing the Phelans and the sons of Moymargy but he does repent them all by the end. When Sweeney says that he didn’t do (harm), he means it. He hasn’t really performed an act since being cursed and his life has consisted of divagations, evasions and confrontations, notably with women and members of the clergy. His proposed plan of action with Allan in §49 consists of fleeing. He receives gifts in §51, he flees the talking heads in §63 rather than confront them. He even flees from another mad person, in §53. He gives an account of his journey in §67, and articulates his philosophy, as it were, in §83b, in verbal acts. All this contrasts with the initial hubristic acts of violence and transgression before the first sacerdotal intervention. ‘Ní dhearna riamh de chion’ is in An Seabhac (1941: 84), and ‘gan chionadh’ is in the early 13th century text “A Meic Lugach, toluib snas”. (See Fisher & Ó Conchubhair 2022: 48). Stokes says in *Birth and Life of St. Moling*: 1908: 56 ‘do mharaigh buachaill na mbó an gheilt’. ‘Ar dhroim domhain’ reiterates §43, and distrust of women in §56, and ‘cealg’ in §33, etc. For ‘torthaí’, see §72. ‘Without material reason and or benefit and at last and good’ derives from O’Cleary in O’Keefe (1931 [1913]: 96).

§83a *Cumann Triúir* – Quasiformal version in Irish of approximately the first half of the poem comprising the sectional text, with intratextual borrowings and intertonguing. As the section comprises a tedious first half and a lively second half, I have split it in two. Heaney (1983: 74) disregarded the first half altogether. As Sweeney’s last poem in the sequence,

this piece, like the penultimate poem in §75, is in collaboration, and like, for example, §23, has a Christian conclusion. ‘Cé thú’ recalls the encounter between Sweeney and Allan in §46. ‘Trí éad’ is a bardic motif in, e.g. Ó Cadhlaigh (1947: 245). ‘Raghaidh duit’ is in *Agallamh na Seanórach*, §134.

§83 Who Are You, Man? – Synopsis in verse of multiple analogues of Sweeney, after Jackson 1940, Chadwick 1942, Carney 1950, Ó Riain 1972, Kiberd 1979, Partridge 1980, Heaney 1983, Nagy 1996, Bergholm 2007, Eson 2019 and Matheson 2019.

§83b Ba Bhinne Liom – Quasiformal version in Irish Gaelic with intertonguing of the remainder of the sectional text. (See Joyce 1976: 47; Batchelor 2008: 57 and Hewitt 2020: 30). Sweeney itemises his preferences, emphasising his love of nature, particularly its sounds, in what Downum (2007: 74) calls an ‘anaphoric litany’. He prefers to the sound of a woman’s voice that of the mountain grouse; dogs to clerics; the holy well to the tavern; hounds in the glen to celebration in church, and so on. He acknowledges that despite the occasional hardships, there was nevertheless joy and harmony in the wild nature that surpassed all the delights of the society. He addresses *les clerics*, and has a holier life than theirs (consisting of drinking, loud talk, meat and fat). He reiterates the wish to have died at Moira, as in §§20 and 67. His improbable conventional Christian confession to Moling (approximated with God and Christ), and his repentance of ‘every evil’ at the end seem to be an afterthought, or ‘aithrí (‘re-king’) mhall’. His previous references to God and Christ in §§19, 32, 58, 61, etc. have been largely as general asseverations or as agent of fate (apart from the sort of Hare Krishna chant at the end of §23). For ‘dordán an daimh’, see ‘dordán an daimh ó Mhoigh Mhaoín’ (O’Rahilly 1960:56). As regards ‘comhrá na gcléireach’ see Ó Cadhlaigh (1947: 334):

Binne liom um thráth éirí
Cearca fraoigh um bheanna sléibhe
Ná guth an chléirigh istigh
Ag méileach is ag meigealach.

‘Bu bhinne leam do chòmhradh’ is in William Ross’s “‘S Truagh Nach D’Rugadh Dall Mi” <http://www.celticlyricscorner.net/cliar/struagh.htm>. ‘Seachnóin Éireann’ is in, for example, Tadhg Dall O hUiginn ‘Mac Suibhne Fánad’ <https://celt.ucc.ie/published/G402563/text028.html>.

§84 An Tobar Úd Thall – Original Irish with intratextual borrowings and intertonguing, published in *Irish Pages* 8.2, December 2014. ‘Ionúin’ recalls the love of Glenbalkan in §53. ‘Slán síst’ recalls Sweeney’s friendship and conversation with his ‘seise’, the secular lord Congall in §§51-52. Moling and the clerics rise twice (in §81 before this) as part of the death and resurrection ceremony.

§85 Laoidh-lice – Quasiformal version in Scottish Gaelic of the poem comprising the sectional text, with intertonguing. This, like §80, is a monodic hymn and dirge for Sweeney the holy fool by a cleric. ‘Gaineamh glan’ recalls the idyllic description of Glenbalkan in §17, and ‘uisce iodhan’ the waters of Glenbalkan in §54. It also recalls Moling Poem #1 verse 4 ‘ionúin sruth álainn íon’, and ‘ionúin liom’ is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 282). ‘Èirich agus imich’ is a common biblical entreaty, in, for example, Acts 8:26 and Jeremiah 18:2. The section ends with the wish by the cleric, ‘aitchim’, benevolently, as distinct from Ronan’s curse in §63. ‘An lighe is an leacht’ is in *An Seabhac* (1941: 188), and see ‘an lia atá os a luí’ in §65 of *Agallamh na Seanórach*. ‘Suibhne’s encounter with Moling is ... benediction, for Moling alone recognises the sanctity of Suibhne. He reconciles the madman to the church, to the sound of bells which so offended him in the opening; and by the administration of communion, blessed food and drink, completes his reconciliation with his erstwhile tormentor, Christ’ (Clancy 1993: 114). It may also be mentioned that Merlin, analogous with Sweeney, was cured of madness by the waters of a healing spring. Sweeney’s saintly typological qualities/characteristics may be considered in relation to St. Paul’s Fool for Christ (1 Cor. 4:10). In the Byzantine tradition, the holy person feigning insanity was called *salos*, meaning ‘mentally deranged’. In Russian the term used is *iurodivy*, derived from the word meaning ‘ugly, crippled, an individual with congenital defects’. In both Byzantine and later Russian tradition, where holy fools are recognised as a hagiographic category in their own right, the figure’s eccentric conduct is marked most notably by the feigning of madness, but also by other characteristics such as wandering about naked, uttering riddles and prophecies, and making oneself a spectacle by publicly displaying disruptive behaviour and violating accepted norms. Sweeney’s madness, however, is real.

§85 Dear to Me – Literal English version in verse of the sectional text.

§86 An Uair Sin – Versified version in Scottish Gaelic of the sectional text, with intertonguing. ‘An tì’ refers to the Most High. ‘Neul’ may simply be a dream, as in the tradition of the *aisling*. Sweeney has reached the final limen, the door of the church. The doorpost is the liminal portal between the profane and secular or this life and the next. He gives a sigh like Allan in §46. So, the first and last poems in the narrative are by a cleric: §§6 and 10 by Ronan as a curse, and this section by Moling as an elegy. Moling may now be considered a partner of Sweeney’s, like Lynchehaun, Allan and Congal. His burial will be ‘with honour’ of a different type to that associated with drinking in §83. ‘As Suibhne is dying, Moling takes him to the door of the church so that he can die on holy ground’ (Cohen 1977: 121). He has come from the limen of the boundary of the church in §3 to that of the door of the church. He is reconciled with the heavens, which have been an object of terror since §11. ‘His corpse’ derives from O’Cleary in O’Keefe (1931 [1913]: 96). The last three lines represent a formulaic death note, as in that of the hag in §41 – from O’Cleary in O’Keefe (1931 [1913]: 96), where the two forms, ‘doras na cille’ (of a specific building in a churchyard) and ‘doras na heaglaise’ (of the institution), are given.

§86 Is Mé Suibhne Geilt – A versification, with intertextual borrowings, of the ‘Characteristics of Madness’ as tabulated by Ó Riain (1972: 72-77), and developed by Nagy (1996: 10-15). The English version, ‘The Irish Wild Man’, quotes directly from both authorities with additional text from O’Keefe (1931 [1913] *passim*).

§86 I gCill nó i Loch? – An apostrophe in Irish Gaelic by Sweeney to Moling with intratextuality and intertonguing. The polarities of a Christian death in a churchyard or of a violent death in nature, posited by the cleric in the final quatrain in §75, are considered. There is further consideration of death by drowning, by falling and by the sword, as discussed in 2.3.7 on tripartition, and of fate, precognition and desire. The three-line stanza form corresponds to this tripartition. Sweeney privileges the natural environment of a cold lake – suggesting a preChristian underworld – as the locus for his death and burial. He is somewhat ambivalent, however, as he invokes God and employs liturgical imagery, and the reference to ‘an breac bán’ could be equally to natural fauna or the psalter which he dismissed in §4 as a Christian metonymy. The reference to ‘Rí’ in the final line could be equally to a heavenly or temporal lord, as Sweeney once was. There is a sort of reconciliation afforded by the end-rhymes and internal rhymes, some of them perfect, and

of epanalepsis – see the second commentary on §1 – between ‘moch’, ‘loch’ and the initial apostrophic ‘och’ towards the end.

§87 Finis – Original Irish with intratextual borrowings and intertonguing, with full rhyme in scheme abab cdcd effe. It ends (falsely) as it started with ‘dála’ and the title is the final word of the originating text.

CHAPTER 6: CONCLUSION

Sweeney: An Intertonguing is a practice-based, creative-critical translation into English, Irish and Scottish Gaelic, in a new paradigm, of the Late Middle and (mainly) Early Modern Irish Gaelic prosimetric text, *Buile Shuibhne*, in the form of a new and full annotated edition with comprehensive analytical commentary. It employs a transformative methodology or aesthetic for (literary) translation, by applying the stratagem of ‘intertonguing’/‘Sweenese’. *Lingua gadelica* is also employed in the text as a further innovation. These methodologies for (literary) translation are, I believe, truly transformative stratagems. The device of intertonguing/Sweenese is comprehensively described in 3.2.1 in this dissertation, and that of *lingua gadelica* in 3.3.1 (g). Applying these techniques, the approach developed and presented in the dissertation makes a significant contribution to translation in a unique and dynamic style. The effect of the work presented and its contribution to the various disciplines is summarised in the relevant sections.

6.1 Contribution to academic discipline

This text is an addition in an innovative way to the considerable corpus of material relating to *Buile Shuibhne*, and represents the first complete version of that narrative in English. The work combines creative, critical and academic imperatives – so, a notional readership of poetry may discover in the work a scholarly Gaelic narrative and within Gaelic academia it may come to be read as an exotic poetic text (notwithstanding the possibility of coincidence of the two types of readership).

The literature review addresses gaps identified in previous research to include creative and literary responses by writers such as Austin Clarke and Padraic Colum, and to introduce new analogues. It extends research, such as that of James Carney in relation to analogies with the tale of the *Children of Lir*. ‘Overtly erroneous errors’ (Munday 2012: 93) of comprehension, misapprehensions and mistranslations by O’Keefe (1931[1913]) are corrected, and omissions, and linguistic choices by, for example, Neill (1974), Heaney (1983) and Ó Sé (2010) are queried and challenged.

6.2 Contribution to translation studies

The dissertation situates the text within the general context of translation theory. The new paradigms of intertonguing or Sweenese and *lingua gadelica* have been described and employed, and an account of their historical reception has been provided as part of the contribution that their development has made to literary translation.

Phonemic translation of Gaelic texts, uncommon apart from comic renderings in the *Cruiskeen Lawn* columns in *The Irish Times*, and attempts at simplified spelling by O’Rahilly, Bergin, etc., and historical documents such as the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, have been given from §14 onwards.

Recursive translations, uncommon in Gaelic, have been given – in Scottish Gaelic in all instances – such as ‘Gun Fhois’ in §14 (from the English of Trevor Joyce), and ‘Spailpean’ in §34 (from the English of Seamus Heaney).

As part of his shape-shifting, multifarious nature, Sweeney is represented as being Pan-Gaelic, as a further manifestation of the connection between Irish and Scottish Gaelic (and there is a piece in Manx Gaelic in §44), extending the common corpus, increasing mutual intelligibility, and encouraging further research. Some texts, such as ‘Mo Dhealbh’ in §14, are truly multilingual.

The interpolation by me of, for example, quatrain 3 in §22, starting with the line ‘Ag saothrú ag Snámh dhá Éan’ is a creative application of a discursive strategy, in the form of both pseudotranslation and hypertextual translation, and is to be found in other sections throughout the narrative (in quatrain 3 in §27, as a further example).

6.3 Creative and literary impact of the approach employed in the dissertation

Neologisms have been created through the development and employment of the concept of intertonguing. Examples include ‘fannelflutterloitering’ (§1), ‘hauntanger’ (§3) ‘non-skyheaven’ (§4), ‘tramplepsalter’ (§6), ‘gynotryst’ (§14), ‘sacredscionbordertree’ (§15), ‘tutfuckit’ (§27), ‘*Suibhne qua non*’ (§36), ‘espartovespers’ (§76), and so on.

The extensive use of full perfect/consonantal terminal rhyme, notwithstanding that there are some eighty instances of it in the original text from ‘cath/Rath’ in §6 to ‘as/glas’ in

§85, is uncommon in Irish and Scottish Gaelic. Some new poems, and especially song-poems, are entirely in full rhyme. As a further innovation, there are also instances of perfect rhyme between the two main forms of Gaelic, as, for example, between ‘loin’ (Irish Gaelic) and ‘coin’ (Scottish Gaelic) in §32.

I have adapted, as a discursive strategy, traditional forms such as *deibhidhe* (in e.g. ‘Aithne’ in §34) and *dúnadh* (starting and ending the main text with the formulaic ‘dála’), in a creative application of an historical practice.

I have employed what I call creative *dinnseanchas*, as in the toponymic flourish in §12. I have also toponymised, as it were, elements in the originating text corresponding to official place-names, as a sort of creative academic exercise, mainly by reference to the on-line resource www.logainm.ie. Examples of this practice include the rendering of ‘críoch’ and ‘fearann’ (both in normalised orthography) as Creagh and Farran respectively in §3.

A creative approach has also been adopted in relation to personal names so that a relatively obscure name can be rendered exotically as, for example, ‘Fing Shang Findalay’ in §43.

I have redeployed historical semantic shifts – *Luas* (§12), *Dáil* (§25), *Comhaltas* (§26), *Oireachtas* (§43), *ceolán* (§71) etc. – to sometimes comic effect.

There are instances, as a further innovation, of footnotes being rendered in verse, in §§12 and 39.

Intertextuality and intratextuality feature throughout as Modernist practices. Most of the new texts employ intratextuality. Of course, intertextuality is a feature of the originating text also, as detailed in the commentary. Texts may also be considered as a sort of Proto/UrConfessionalism, especially in relation to the work of Snodgrass in §35. The indeterminacy of the narrator, the repetition and duplication, and using the beginning as the end, and *vice versa*, (where §1 = §87, in part), may also be considered as Modernist tropes.

The constant linguistic shifts have a psychological parallelism, as forms of shape-shifting and *varia lectio*. In addition, I have assumed the occasional personal form Mary Gordon – an anagram of my own name – as the putative author of some translated pieces.

6.4 Contribution to the wider discipline through research outputs

A new paradigm as a linguistic tool for creative-academic-critical work, with an emphasis on translation, has been presented in the dissertation which, it is hoped, will provide the stimulus for further research among those who are working in the field of literary translation, especially within lesser-used languages.

As the research progressed, I used opportunities to present the work as it was evolving and to stimulate critical responses to my approach. Among these were the following:

-(a) a paper entitled ‘The Methodology of Sweenese’, presented at ‘Knots, thorns and thistles’, a conference on Gaelic translation, at the National Centre for Gaelic Translation, University of Aberdeen on 27/5/2022 <https://www.abdn.ac.uk/events/conferences/gaelic-translation-2022/programme-1810.php>;

-(b) extracts from the work in progress presented at the seminar/exposition/poetry reading ‘Village Verse in Lockdown and a Ceilidh on the Prairie’ at the Centre of Scottish and Celtic Studies, Glasgow University on 01/11/2022 <https://www.gla.ac.uk/research/az/scottishcelticstudies/newsandevents/>;

-(c) by editorial invitation in February and November 2023, I wrote blind peer-reviews of articles directly relevant to my work in this dissertation for long-established and highly-regarded academic journals and;

-(d) I published many of the texts herein in book form as *Sweeney: An Intertonguing* (Francis Boutle Publishers, 2023. See <https://francisboutle.co.uk/products/sweeney-an-intertonguing/>).

My research has also facilitated a better understanding of certain place-names, an essential part of the text, such as Barr Mouth, Carn Hill, Clashacrow, Duffy’s Falls/Falls of Duich,

Galey, Glanworth, Lough Dollard, Pennyburn, etc. Plausible forms for unidentified places are also given, from ‘Rossberry’ in §14 onwards.

A glossary of linguistic and critical terms further extends the lexicon of the discipline of Gaelic/Celtic Studies.

In terms of prosody, the chapter on methodology introduces a system of literary forms – in particular, Gaelic verse – in terms of structure as distinct from metre, as was the case historically.

Overall, my research and commentary suggest that *Buile Shuibhne*, while it is an extraordinary text, is not exceptional, borrowing as it does from other texts and employing formulaic constructions and conventional dictions.

6.5 Conclusion

Sweeney: An Intertonguing is presented in this dissertation as an exemplary, useful and unprecedented text, and as a unique substantive intellectual contribution establishing a priority and warranting publication as such. It will contribute to the study of translation theory and practice, Gaelic/Celtic Studies in general, and the practice of creative writing. The beneficiaries of it may include literary and, perhaps, official translators working in any language in what may be considered a new model and an alternative method.

As this is primarily a creative dissertation, I consider that my creative practices and processes have benefitted since commencing the research as follows: (a) I have further developed my practices of intertonguing and *lingua gadelica*; (b) formed a greater awareness of the need for precision and rigour; (c) developed a greater understanding and application of intertextuality and intratextuality; (d) realised the importance of using of metaphor, simile and other rhetorical devices more sparingly; (e) acquired a greater appreciation and adaption of traditional forms; (f) learned the value of the continued evocation of place-names and; (g) further advanced the application of the concept of abusive fidelity, as described in Chapters 2 and 3. Since I began the dissertation in December 2019, I have published, or am in the process of publishing, the following poetry collections: *Cuala, Dothra: Tríríní* (Coiscéim, 2021); *Lorg Eile/Final Call* (Francis Boutle, 2022); *Sweeney: An Intertonguing* (Francis Boutle, 2023) and; *Sa Chnoc* (Clàr,

forthcoming), as well as the extended sequence *Glasadh an t-Shluaigh/A Hundred Days of Solitude in the Highlands* <https://discoverhighlandsandislands.scot/en/spirit-360/rody-gorman>. All of these works have been informed to a certain degree by the factors described above.

Finally, I believe that the methods of intertonguing/Sweenese and *lingua gadelica* are without serious precedent and may be utilised as an exemplary approach by future practitioners and researchers. Intertonguing creates, according to Professor Alan Riach, ‘a phantasmagoria of possibilities governed by the poised disclosures of multiple meanings’. (See Appendix 2(a)). In Appendix 2(b), Professor Meg Bateman says that Sweenese, in *Sweeney: An Intertonguing*, is a ‘magnificent subversion ... a very important contribution to the English language ... a milestone and a work of exceptional originality based on the Gaelic tradition’. These statements from highly respected academic and creative authorities validate the practice(s) that form the basis of this creative dissertation and demonstrate the impact that my work has already had on the literary community working through the medium of Irish, Scottish Gaelic and English.

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APPENDIX A: GLOSSARY OF LINGUISTIC AND CRITICAL TERMS

Abridged version – Shortened or incomplete translation of a text with original elements omitted.

Abusive fidelity – Translation practice that “values experimentation, tampers with usage, seeks to match the polyvalencies and plurivocities or expressive stresses of the original by producing its own.” (Philip Lewis)

Acceptability – Level of translation greater than adequate.

Adaptation – Transposition adjusted from original to suit particular environment.

Adequate translation – Translation at a level less than acceptable.

Adjectivalism – Excessive or exuberant use of adjectives.

Aggression – A function of a translator according to George Steiner.

Amor loci – Love of place.

Analytical expression – Expression with multiple lexical elements.

Anaphoric – Relating to figure of speech containing repetition at start of sections (such as verses).

Anxiety of influence – Stress authors feel arising from how antecedents affect their work (Harold Bloom).

Apostrophe – Address directed at specific listener(s).

Assonance – Resemblance of sound between syllables of nearby words, arising particularly from the rhyming of two or more stressed vowels.

Autocommision – Occurs when the translator has been drawn to that text as a kindred spirit and recognises himself in it (Bassett & Lefevere).

Biophilia – Love of nature.

Catalogic accumulation – Extended list.

Clare sonnet – 14-line poem in rhyming couplets.

Close reading – Form of literary criticism involving a careful, sustained interpretation of a text.

Closed couplet – Two lines of verse, usually rhymed, concluding as a semantic unit at end of second line.

Communicative translation – Translation of sense as distinct from words (Peter Newark).

Confessional poetry – Poetry of a personal nature, popularised in the USA in the 1950s.

Congener – Thing or person of same sort as another.

Connote – Have as meaning additional to the primary or literal.

Consonantal rhyme – Rhyme between consonants.

Content-derivative – Organic form of translation transposing the content but not the form of the originating text (James Holmes).

Cultural translation – Translation transposing elements from the culture of the originating text to that of the receiving text.

Decode – To decipher the sense of a text.

Denote – To have as primary or literal meaning.

Direct literal translation – Translation where the literal meaning of the text is carried from the originating to the receiving language.

Discursive strategy – Trope.

Divagation – Straying off course.

Domestication – Recontextualisation.

Double interpretation – Interpretation employing a median language.

Dynamic equivalence – Loose translation.

Ecocriticism – Criticism from an environmental perspective.

Elective affinity – Munday 2012: 398.

Encomium – Piece of writing in praise of somebody or something.

End-stopped – Metrical line ending at grammatical terminus.

Énonciateur – The subject persona of a text.

Epanalepsis – Starting and ending (a poem) with the same (lexical) element.

Epigraph – Short text prefacing and signifying a longer text.

Epyllion – Short form of epic poem.

Exoticise – To render foreign.

Expressive communicative form – Recreation in translation of originating text (Katharine Reiss).

Facultative equivalence – Bassett and Lefevere 1990: 81.

Faithful translation – Translation preserving precise contextual meaning of originating text.

Feminine rhyme – Rhyme of two syllables.

Foreignisation – Exoticisation of originating text.

Form-derivative – Holmes 26

Formal equivalence – Carrying of properties of form from originating text to receptor text.

Formalism – School of criticism concerned with structural purposes of text.

Full rhyme – Perfect rhyme.

Gnomic – Pithy and eluding easy definition.

Hagiography – Study and biography of saints.

Half-rhyme – Rhyme where consonants match but vowels do not.

Hapax legegomenon – Nonce word.

Heptosyllabic – Having seven syllables.

Homonym – Each of two or more words having the same spelling or pronunciation but different meanings and origins.

Homophone – Each of two or more words having the same pronunciation but different meanings, origins, or spelling.

Hyperadjectavilism – Excessive use of adjectives.

Hyperarchaism – Excessive use of archaisms.

Hyperdomestication – Rendering an originating text excessively familiar in receptor language.

Hypertextual translation – Translation employing elements in addition to those in the originating text.

Hypocoristic – Denoting affection.

Indirect translation – Translation not strictly literal or precise.

Informative detail – Information regarding elements of text.

Innovatory translational norm – New paradigm for translation.

Interlinear translation – Having the same text in various languages set in alternate lines.

Internal rhyme – Rhyme within lines as distinct from et their ends.

Interpolation – Textual insertion.

Interpretive choice – The choice of interpretation made out of alternatives.

Intersemiotic transposition – Representation of one work in one creative form in another (Roman Jakobson).

Intertextual – Occurring within the same text.

Intertonguing – Form of translation using multiple lexical elements in receiving language.

Intralingual – Occurring within the same language.

Intratextual – Occurring within the same text.

Jevvy – Form of Gaelic verse of 7 syllables per line.

Journey-book – Written account of one's travels (Kenneth White).

Leitmotif – Recurring theme throughout a work.

Lexical choice – The words selected to translate a text.

Lexical translation – Literal translation (Holmes).

Lingua gadelica – Form of language combining elements of Irish and Scottish Gaelic in same text.

Litotic – Relating to ironic understatement expressed by the negative.

Loco-descriptive – Describing a place or places.

Locus amori – Beloved place.

Locus poesis – Site of poetry.

Ludic – Playful.

Masculine rhyme – Rhyme of single syllable.

Mediated translation – Translation from originating language to receptor language through another language.

Metaliterature – Discussion in a text of other text(s).

Metaphrase – Literal translation.

Metapoetry – Poetry on the subject of poetry (James Holmes?).

Metaplasmus – Deliberate mis-spelling.

Metonymy – Figure of speech representing object by element associated with it.

Mimetic form – Holmes 26

Mnemonic – Aiding memory.

Monodic – Referring to a lament by one person for another.

Monoseme – Word with one meaning.

Mythological paradigm – Set of myths.

Naturalised – Exotic language and content made familiar through translation.

Negative parallelism/antithesis – Unfavourable comparison.

Nemeton – Sacred place.

Nonce word – Word of which only one instance has been recorded.

Normative – Creating or representing a norm.

Nosistic – Use of first singular plural pronoun to express one's opinions.

Omniscient point of view – The viewpoint of the all-knowing narrator of text.

Orature – Oral equivalent of literature.

Originating text – Text to be translated.

Overlapping translation – Translation of parts but not the entirety.

Overtranslation – Translation including more elements in the receiving than the originating text.

Panegyric code – Corpus of texts of eulogy and elegy in Gaelic (John MacInnes).

Paradigmatically fixed text – Canonical text.

Partial translation – Translation where the receiving text does not contain all the elements of the originating text.

Perfect rhyme – Full rhyme.

Peritext – Text providing information about primary text.

Phonemic – Relating to smallest units of sounds of speech.

Phonic – Relating to sounds of speech.

Phonic parallelism – Similarity of sounds of speech.

Phraseme – Set multi-word expression.

Pleonastic – Phrase where the second elements reduplicates the first in a slight variant.

Plurivocality – Having a plurality of voices.

Poemed – Rendered into verse.

Poetological manipulation – Rendering into poetry (André Lefevere).

Polysemantic – Having multiple meanings.

Polyvalency – Having multiple meanings.

Poststructuralism – Theory that language is a code where meaning derives from contrast and relation of components.

Pre-signal – Paraphernalia such as titles.

Pre-text – Text preceding the main narrative.

Productive – Lexical form still capable of being used in contemporary context.

Prosaic license – Liberty with prose elements.

Prosimetric – Text containing prose and verse.

Pseudotranslation – Text which has the appearance of a translation of an earlier text but is in fact an original composition.

Quantative verse – Verse with set number of stresses or syllables.

Quasiformal – Receiving text in almost the same form as the originating text.

Quasiliteral – Almost precisely literal.

Quasiphonic transposition – Transliteration into phonically similar word in receptor language.

Receiving/Receptor language – The language into which a text is translated.

Recontextualisation – Altering of context of originating text to suit that of receptor text.

Recursive translation – Round-trip translation.

Reduplicative – Neoplastic construction to emphasise an element.

Referential function – The use of language in third person to deliver narrative.

Referunt quidam – ‘Some say’.

Refraction – Form of rewriting of text (André Lafevere).

Refractory – Deviant.

Resistancy - Experimentalism in which the translator works with various aspects of the translating language, not only lexicon and syntax.

Resistant difference - Elements of originating text not easily transposed into receptor text (Jeremy Munday).

Retained form – Archaism.

Reterritorialisation – Translation as adaptation (Annie Brisset).

Retranslation – Translation of a translation.

Round-trip translation – Translation where the receptor text is translated back into the originating language.

Sacerdotal – Relating to priesthood.

Second-hand translation – Translation of a translation.

Semantic shift – Change over time in primary meaning of word.

Semantic translation – Translation of the sense of a text.

Sibilance – Stylistic device employing hissing sounds.

Slant rhyme – Half-rhyme

Structuralism – Literary theory emphasising relationships between elements of human culture.

Surtraduction – Overtranslation.

Sweenese – Intertonguing.

Syntactic hierarchy – The order in which lexical elements appear in a unit.

Temporal displacement – Change in text of historical period.

Tercet – Verse of three lines.

Terminal rhyme – Rhyme at end of line.

Thick translation – Translation including notes and glossaries etc to amplify and illuminate originating text. (Kwame Anthony Appiah).

Toponymic flourish/run – Passage presenting list of placenames.

Topophilia – Love of place.

Traduscon – (French) Translating according to sound.

Transcreation – A transforming translation.

Transindividual determinant – (Laurence Venuti).

Transliteration – Process of transferring a word from the alphabet of one language to another.

Translocation – Recontextualisation of place in receptor text.

Transmodernisation – Rendering of older text into modern context.

Trope – Motif or figurative use of word.

Typology – Classification and study of general type(s).

Ubi sunt? – ‘Where have they all gone?’.

Univocal meaning – Single denotation.

Valediction – Farewell address.

Variorum – Edition with commentaries from various authorities.

Vaticatory – Prophetic.

Verbal choice – Words selected in translation.

Vocable – Vocals, mainly in songs, without words which have a semantic meaning.

Wrenched accent – The forcing of an *accent* onto a syllable that is not *accented*.

APPENDIX B: INTERTONGUING – RECEPTION

I first employed intertonguing in book form in the collection of poems *Beartan Briste/Burstbroken judgementshroudloomdeeds* (Gorman 2011). This dissertation represents an attempt on my part to conceptualise and contextualise the praxis. It has a certain history of reception at this stage of development.

The Scottish Gaelic translator-poet Meg Bateman, author of distinguished poetry collections, editor of distinguished anthologies, and translator of Classical Gaelic texts (in addition to her own poetry), says of the translations in *Beartan Briste* that they: ‘open out the range of each word in the language ... and emphasise the foolish expectation that these ranges would be equivalent in another language’ (Bateman, in Gorman 2011:XX). In the same publication, Ian Duhig (in Gorman 2011: XX), notes the ‘dramatic translations, reminiscent of Joyce and Cummings, markedly original and innovative’. Aonghas MacNeacail (in Gorman 2011: XX), says that the author ‘challenges the reader who depends on translation, direct and simple, to gain the sense of a poem ... The English versions of these poems cannot strictly be called translations. What they are is a fascinating exploration of the potential meanings of each word’. Meghan McAvoy says of poems translated in this form that they ‘read like experimental poems in their own right ... certain Gaelic words can have diverse meanings to an effect which is surreal and eerie’ and that they are an attempt ‘to display each alternate meaning and every connotation ... showcasing the resonance and richness of the language’ (McAvoy 2011: 21). Iain Galbraith says that ‘the English does not displace or dominate the Gaelic but introduces a poetic estrangement, supporting the Gaelic text by making it key to the English, rather than *vice versa*, and letting the reader see the Gaelic in a fresh light’ (Galbraith 2013: 571). Wilson McLeod, describing my development of intertonguing in practical terms, says that it ‘has challenged the concept of translation itself ... [his] device is simple but is pushed to its limits and beyond: he plays on ... polysemous definitions ... by squeezing multiple different possible translations of individual Gaelic words into his English versions ... sometimes additional Gaelic meanings Gorman extracts are not obvious, indeed may be thoroughly obscure, to most Gaelic speakers, and so give an unexpected richness of possibilities’ (McLeod 2014: 11). Alan Riach, says that my approach ‘presents not only a “primary” translation of the Gaelic but also explores associations and implications in English arising from the Gaelic words. The result is a phantasmagoria of possibilities

governed by the poised disclosures of multiple meanings’ and that ‘the playfulness belies the seriousness as the poems question relations of language and understanding and how understanding arrives through different structures of language (Rich 2022: 460-461).

Gerry Loose, commenting on the poem ‘Regaelia’ in a Facebook post dated 15-12-2022 calls intertonguing ‘non-english englishings’. Available: https://www.facebook.com/gerry.loose.7?comment_id=Y29tbWVudDoxMDIyNzU3MzYwODk4NjUwNF84OTgwMzgwNjgyODg4NTU%3D. Peter Mackay writes that ‘Gorman’s developed translation style ... deconstructs the act of translation, showing how individual words, when translated, contain many different possible routes or options. (Mackay 2023: 103, n.3) [Accessed 10 July 2023].

APPENDIX C: SWEENESE – RECEPTION

As the current work is a work in progress, certain aspects of it have attracted attention. Lillis Ó Laoire, on Facebook 07/06/2022, calls the language used here ‘Suibhne-theanga’ (‘Sweeney-language’)

https://www.facebook.com/rody.gorman/posts/pfbid02BxnCzzv2k2NLY8xbVmVZiRSAuQ5QaMmVpUSTV3RyMEFwYJXtoRKsFjT88DpwG6Dql?comment_id=1162438567938896¬if_id=1654589008029911¬if_t=feed_comment&ref=notif. Speaking of an earlier draft of the sequence, Meg Bateman [Accessed 24 Aug 2018 e-mail to Gorman] says that it is ‘Hugely ambitious ... magnificent subversion ... A very important contribution to the English language ... a milestone and a work of exceptional originality based on the Gaelic tradition’. The same author, writing with John Purser, has ‘Far from being a gimmick, his method sheds light on the nature of language and translation (Bateman and Purser n. d., p. 202) and ‘exposes individual morphemes in words of which speakers are barely aware’ (p. 202). In a subsequent dialogue with Peter Mackay, Bateman adds that the ‘Sweenese translations are a *tour de force*, a laboratory of translation, a *cunabula* of a new form of English’. Available: <https://www.ayearofconversation.com/conversations/translation-as-tourism> [Accessed: 24 Aug 2021]. In the same dialogue, Peter Mackay describes the versions as ‘Exploded translations ... in the case of the Sweenese, the boat is repeatedly picked up by waves and smashed against rocks, or turned into something new and utterly unexpected: there is, of course, the mischievous spectre of Flann O’Brien hiding behind any version of the Sweeney story as well’ (Available: <https://www.ayearofconversation.com/conversations/translation-as-tourism>) [Accessed 24 August 2021].

APPENDIX D: SWEENEY, AN INTERTONGUING: PUBLICATION HISTORY

September 2012

A' Chiad Duilleag/the first diaphragmpageleaf (Windows Publications 20 Years)

December 2012

Balbarearsenakedman (Irish Pages Vo. 7 No 1)

Bàrr Eindhne; An Fear Thuas; ClanGordonivy harvestcropcreambranchtop (Causeway 3:2)

Smoothshining Studbeadbuttons; Soldier's Heart (Poetry Review 102:4)

July 2013

Fir nam Beann/The Cornerstepregardpeakhornmanones (New Writing Scotland 31)

August 2013

Stand; Roosts; Stone on the Cairn; Cock of the Walk; From the Life of St Kentigern;

Oracle (Northwords Now 24)

The Son of a Buck Hornydevil Mountainy Man/Fear na mBeann (Poetry Proper 5)

December 2013

Sliabh Bladhma; Sliabh Eachtaí; Sliabh Eibhlinne; Sliabh gCua; Sliabh gCuillinn; Sliabh Liag (The Stony Thursday Book)

February 2014

Suaineach Luaineach Shrath Chluaidh/MacSween the Lethargic etc; Beinn Ghulbain/Ben

Gulabinbulben; Mo Dhealbh/My Poorspectreetc. (EarthLines 8)

March 2014

A Bhinneáin, a Bhúireadáin; Turbhaidh (Into The Forest, Saraband)

Cuibhreann/Enclosedtilledfieldmessportion; Mo Chuach!/I Love You etc! (The SHOp 44)

Timberwoodetc (Edinburgh Review 139)

August 2014

Rí-rá; Glenbalkan (Gutter 9)

October 2014

Rí-rá; Glenbalkan; At Swim-Two-Birds; Flitting; Woodnotes; Hungerfurywater-rippleClanMacDonaldheather (Trafika Europa 1)

December 2014

Teorainn/Boundaries; Dánaíocht/Poemfateaudacity; Cumhdach/Guidance-strongholdcherish-shrine; An Tobar úd Thall/That Well Over By (Irish Pages Vol 8 No 2)

January 2015

Adhan; An Ceol is Binne ar Talamh (Southword 27)

March 2016

Adhan; Wrenchwringwinding (Atlanta Review 22.2)

May 2016

M'Anam/My Lifebreathsoul; Ceiliúradh na dTráth/Farewelletc; Teagasg/Incantationdoctrineteaching; M'Adhlacadh/My Sepulchreburial; Ceileireadh/Concealerbird-songsinging; Mairg a Thugann Taobh le Mnaoi/Alas!pityetc (Fras 25)

July 2016

Fuar Fuar/Double Deadrawcold; Ceol/Musicsong (Irish Review No. 52)

October 2016

Sealgairí/Foragehunters; Grá Dé/For the Love of Charitygod; Mioscais/Hate (Poetry Ireland 119)

December 2016

Mae Ain Airt (Cyphers 82)

March 2017

Imirce/Bodytransfermigration (The Deep Heart's Core, Dedalus)

September 2017

Lorg Shuibhne/Sweeney's Rear-guardsuccessiontrailmark (Strokestown Poetry Anthology 2017)

July 2018

Regalia; Glenbalkan; Aithne; Woodnotes (Irish Poetry Reading Archive <http://libguides.ucd.ie/ipra>)

September 2018

Dhá Shoitheach/Two Caskvesselbodies (A' Mheanbhchuileag/An Corrmhíol, Coiscéim)

February 2019

Cuideachta; Laoi na Seilge (www.oranbagraidh.com)

August 2020

Fear Beann (Aneas 1)

August 2021

Dhà Shoitheach/Two Casketvessels (The Time Horse)

May 2023

Leachtán Shuibhne (The Real Merlin (<https://www.knockengorroch.org.uk/the-real-merlin>))

June 2023

Bás Gan Sagart; Cuckoo!; Curse; Dear to Me; Fatal Shot; Hag of the Mill; In Battle; Madman of the Glen; Moylinney; My Night in Kildervila; Myself and Yourself; There; Young Men (Northwords Now 44)

Forthcoming

Sweeney: an Intertonguing (Francis Boutle Publishers, London)