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|  | Manx text from R L Thomson (ed.), *Pargys Caillit*, An abridgment of John Milton’s *Paradise Lost* By Thomas Christian, with the anonymous translation of Thomas Parnell’s *The Hermit*. Douglas: Centre for Manx Studies, 1995. | **THE HERMIT** c. 1714  From *Poems on several occasions*. Written by Dr. Thomas Parnell, Late Arch-Deacon of Clogher: and Published by Mr. Pope. London: Bernard Linton. 1726, pp. 163-179 [*modernized spelling*] |  |
|  | *Te cooie dy hoilshagh ard-chiarailys niau* |  |  |
|  | *as raaidyn Yee y heyrey gys sheelnaue.* |  |  |
|  | Foddey voish sleih, ayns faasagh er cooyl-chlea, | Far in a wild, unknown to public view, |  |
|  | ren hermit reih son dy leeideil e vea; |
| 5 | eer veih e aegid shen ’raad hug eh seose | from youth to age a reverend hermit grew; |  |
|  | gys v’eh shenn ghooinney onnoroil ayns eash; |
|  | she ooig dy imlee ghow eh son e hie, | the moss his bed, the cave his humble cell, |  |
|  | er lhiabbee cheynnagh dy surdremagh lhie; |
|  | messyn mygeayrt gansoor son beaghey da, | his food the fruits, his drink the crystal well: |  |
| 10 | as jeh’n farrane v’eh giu dy chuirr e phaa; |
|  | scart voish sheelnaue, agh beaghey marish Jee, | remote from man, with God he passed the days, | 5 |
|  | va ’obbyr padjer, toyrt-booise va boggey ’chree. | prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise. |  |
|  | E vea va crauee, eunyssagh, gerjoil | A life so sacred, such serene repose, |  |
|  | myr flaunys hene, derrey haink huggey miole | seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose; |  |
| 15 | dy jinnagh olkys goaill yn raad lurg traa, | that vice should triumph, virtue vice obey, |  |
|  | as foays failleil, as biallys ’chur da. |
|  | Va ’annym criht lesh sorch dy vee-hreishteil | this sprung some doubt of providence’s sway: | 10 |
|  | jeh’n coadey mie ta harrish ooilley reill, |
|  | nagh row ’hreishteil gerjoilagh myr ve roie. | his hopes no more a certain prospect boast, |  |
| 20 | Va ’aigney boirit, currit slane ass doaie, | and all the tenor of his soul is lost. |  |
|  | ’naght myr ta poyll dy ushtey rea raad hee-oo | So when a smooth expanse receives impressed |  |
|  | caslys jeh’n seihIl ta cummit er y chleeau; | calm nature’s image on its watery breast, |  |
|  | biljyn er brooinyn gaase sheese gour nyn maare, | down bend the banks, the trees depending grow, | 15 |
|  | heese foue dagh cuIlyr myr ta heose ’syn aer; | and skies beneath with answering colours glow: |  |
| 25 | ’syn ushtey feagh my hilgagh fer agh clagh | but if a stone the gentle sea divide, |  |
|  | veagh tonnyn beggey runt mygeayrt yn logh, | swift ruffling circles curl on every side, |  |
|  | soilshean yn Ghrian ayns skellyn sollys myn; | and glimmering fragments of a broken sun, |  |
|  | ta brooinyn, biljyn, aer, as ooilley bun-ry-skyn. | banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run. | 20 |
|  | Ghow eh son saase dy eiyrt yn dooyt ersooyl | To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight, |  |
| 30 | yn seihll y akin liorish shilley-sooill, |
|  | dy yeeaghyn row ny lioaryn v’eh er lhaih | to find if books, or swains, report it right, |  |
|  | cur coontey kiart jeh raa as jannoo sleih; |
|  | son derrey nish cha bione da’n seihll ny smoo | (for yet by swains alone the world he knew, |  |
|  | na liorish boch’llyn v’eh er daggloo roo, |
| 35 | ’s scollagyn cheerey veagh nyn gassyn fluigh | whose feet came wandering o’er the nightly dew,) |  |
|  | troailt gys e chummal, cheet roue ayns y druight. |
|  | Faagail e chummal raad v’eh choud er cheau | he quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore, | 25 |
|  | she lorg y troailtagh ren eh ’ghoaill ny laue |
|  | dy ghoaill jurnaa myr oddagh eh ry-chosh, |
| 40 | hug eh’n shlig-roagan ayns e edd cheu-wass; | and fixed the scallop in his hat before; |  |
|  | ec irree-ghreiney hie eh roish, kiarail | then with the sun a rising journey went, |  |
|  | scrial ny oddagh ynsagh da fordrail. | sedate to think, and watching each event. |  |
|  | Va’n moghrey ceaut shooyl trooid yn aasagh feayn | The morn was wasted in the pathless grass, |  |
|  | raad nagh row cassan r’ akin er yn foain; |
| 45 | fegooish cumraag, boayl nagh row cummaltee, | and long and lonesome was the wild to pass; | 30 |
|  | yn chaitnys feie fadane va liauyr as dree; |
|  | yn ghrian goll jiass, e vree yn seihll er hiow, | but when the southern sun had warmed the day, |  |
|  | haink scollag aeg er raad veih’n derrey heu; | a youth came posting o’er a crossing way; |  |
|  | va ’choamrey jesh, e eddin lane dy vlaa, | his raiment decent, his complexion fair, |  |
| 50 | as folt e ching ayns skeogyn runt chyndaa: | and soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair. |  |
|  | “Dy vannee dhyt, Ayr!” dooyrt eh lesh ard-choraa: | Then near approaching, “Father, hail!” he cried; | 35 |
|  | “Dy vannee dhyt’s, my vac!” yn ayr ooasle gra; | and “Hail, my son,” the reverend sire replied; |  |
|  | fockle hooar fockle, hie ad er pleateil, | words followed words, from question answer flowed, |  |
|  | cooisheragh chion, yarrood ad nyn dooilleil. | and talk of various kind deceived the road; |  |
| 55 | Cho coardit v’ad neu-wooiagh dy phaartail, | till each with other pleased, and loth to part, |  |
|  | ayns eash neu-chorrym agh ayns cree coardail, | while in their age they differ, join in heart: | 40 |
|  | ’naght myr ta billey lhieuan shenn ayns stayd | thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound, |  |
|  | cryssit mygeayrt ayns roih’ghyn hibbin aeg. | thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around. |  |
|  | Agh nish yn scollag e chumraag gansoor, |  |  |
| 60 | ayns firrinys follit jannoo briaght mooar |
|  | eh dy chur tastey as gyn veg y ghra, |
|  | ’s yindyssyn yinnagh eh y hoilshagh da. |
|  | Coardit myr shen, yn laa va choud er roie | Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day |  |
|  | dy row yn seihll goaill coamrey keeir ny h-oie; | came onward, mantled o’er with sober grey; |  |
| 65 | va dooghys cuirrey’n seihll dy gholl gys fea; | nature in silence bid the world repose; | 45 |
|  | traa shen hrog plaase ayns shilley tammylt jeh; | when near the road a stately palace rose: |  |
|  | trooid coorse dy viljyn hie ad, v’er dagh laue | there by the moon through ranks of trees they pass, |  |
|  | glass as messoil, yn eayst cur soilshey daue. | whose verdure crowned their sloping sides of grass. |  |
| 70 | Va chiarn yn voayl er n’yannoo cliaghtey jeh | It chanced the noble master of the dome |  |
|  | da troaiItee deinagh dy choyrt oltagh-bea; | still made his house the wandering stranger’s home; | 50 |
|  | son moylley gheiney, shen va ooilley’n oyr | yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise, |  |
|  | hug er myr shoh cho feoilt baarail e stoyr. | proved the vain flourish of expensive ease. |  |
|  | Ta’n jees er jeet, sharvaantyn ta tendeil | The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait; |  |
|  | ec giat staydoil, yn chiarn hug daue meeiteil; | their lord receives them at the pompous gate. |  |
| 75 | va’n boayrd pandoogh lesh laad cho trome dy vee, | The table groans with costly piles of food, | 55 |
|  | ny bare cha bliass da deiney-seyrey gee; | and all is more than hospitably good. |  |
|  | leeidit gys fea, raad chaddil ad dy souyr, | Then led to rest, the day’s long toil they drown, |  |
|  | as chaill ad skeeys ooilley’n troailtys liauyr, |
|  | sinkeil ayns sheeidey va mygeayrt-y-moo | deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down. |  |
| 80 | as ayns y lhiabbee veeley chlooie va foue. |
|  | Haink brishey’n laa; cha daink yn laa ny sleaie | At length ’tis morn, and at the dawn of day, |  |
|  | na haink veih’n jiass farraneyn meeley geayee; | along the wide canals the zephyrs play; | 60 |
|  | eaghtyr dagh loghan myr dy beagh ad cloie, |
|  | yn gheay cur er ny duillagyn dy lheihll, | fresh o’er the gay parterres the breezes creep, |  |
| 85 | as myr veagh gimman cadley voish y cheyll. | and shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep. |  |
|  | Dirree ny goaldee leah tra hooar ad raaue: | Up rise the guests, obedient to the call: |  |
|  | cuirraghyn moghey v’ayns y halley daue, | an early banquet decked the splendid hall; |  |
|  | yn reih dy feeyn ayns cappan airh va fieau, | rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced, | 65 |
|  | yn mainshtyr dooie va geignagh ad dy iu. | which the kind master forced the guests to taste. |  |
| 90 | Booiagh as booisal v’ad, goll voish y dorrys, | Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go; |  |
|  | gyn oyr ec ’nane*,* agh dooinney’n thie, dy arrys; | and, but the landlord, none had cause of woe; |  |
|  | son ayns aght follit –nagh dug ’nane my-ner– | his cup was vanished; for in secret guise |  |
|  | va’n goaldagh aeg er gheid yn cappan airh: | the younger guest purloined the glittering prize. | 70 |
|  | lurg daue v’er gholl er tammylt mie jeh’n raad | *[see 76-77]* |  |
| 95 | yeeagh eh yn verchys gheidit da ’chumraag. |
|  | Myr fer ta fakin er y raad ard-nieu | As one who spies a serpent in his way, |  |
|  | ayns chiass ny greiney lhie, cretoor cho grouw, | glistening and basking in the summer ray, |  |
|  | loagan as shassoo, chea veih gah baasoil, | disordered stops to shun the danger near, |  |
|  | sleaydey dy lhiattee, jeeaghyn gour e hooill, | then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear; |  |
| 100 | shoh myr va’n ayr, e chree lesh atchim craa – | so seemed the sire; when far upon the road, | 75 |
|  |  | the shining spoil his wily partner showed. |  |
|  |  | He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart, |  |
|  | agh jeh paartail cha b’lhoys da fockle ’ghra; | and much he wished, but durst not ask to part: |  |
|  | trughanys, jeeaghyn seose, v’eh coontey creoi | murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard, |  |
|  | jeh giastyllys dy gheddyn leagh neu-ghooie. | that generous actions meet a base reward. | 80 |
|  | Agh myr v’ad goll yn aer ren coodagh doo, | While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds, |  |
| 105 | yn ghrian fo bodjallyn va follit voue; | the changing skies hang out their sable clouds; |  |
|  | feiyr er nyn skyn, cowrey jeh fliaghey trome, | a sound in air presaged approaching rain, |  |
|  | maase roie gys fastee*,* crossey’n magher lhome. | and beasts to covert scud across the plain. |  |
|  | Veih cowraghyn cho cronnal ghow ad raaue | Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat, | 85 |
|  | dy hirrey fastee thie va faggys daue, | to seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat. |  |
| 110 | troggit er thalloo ard, lesh tooryn runt, | ’Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground, |  |
|  | agh s’moal yn farrysthie va er y ghrunt; | and strong, and large, and unimproved around; |  |
|  | mainshtyr neu-ghooie, peajeogagh as awane, | its owner’s temper, timorous and severe, |  |
|  | hug er mygeayrt e hie dy ve fadane. | unkind and griping, caused a desert there. | 90 |
|  | Myr haink ad seose gys giat y dooinney creoi, | As near the miser’s heavy doors they drew, |  |
| 115 | eiyrit lesh dorrin chlabbinagh ny geayee, | fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew; |  |
|  | tendreilyn bieau, as frassyn trome dy liaghey, | the nimble lightning mixed with showers began, |  |
|  | yn taarnagh feiyral er nyn skyn goll shaghey; | and o’er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran. |  |
|  | cronkal, as cronkal v’ad, as foddey fieau, | Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain, | 95 |
|  | fliugh lesh yn fliaghey dorrinagh va ceau, | driven by the wind, and battered by the rain. |  |
| 120 | agh lurg daue ve er farkiaght tammylt mie | At length some pity warmed the master’s breast, |  |
|  | ren towse dy hymmey meiyghey’n mainshtyr sthie, |
|  | (gys shen cha daink rieau goaldagh stiagh ny hie); | (’twas then his threshold first received a guest,) |  |
|  | lhiastey as jeestyrnee ta’n chooylley hrome chyndaa | slow creaking turns the door with jealous care, |  |
|  | as lieh’n raad stiagh chuirr eh yn jees va craa; | and half he welcomes in the shivering pair; | 100 |
| 125 | un chrouw spaarailagh hooar ad foaddit roue | one frugal faggot lights the naked walls, |  |
|  | dy choyrt daue mioyr ’s nyn oltyn feayr dy hiow. |
|  | Ny veggan va ny oltyn oc goaill chiass, | and nature’s fervour through their limbs recalls: |  |
|  | bree dooghys hene va cur lesh mioyr er-ash; |
|  | yn arran s’melley, as bine dy feeyn va geayr | bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine, |  |
| 130 | (mooarit dy liooar), shen hooar ad son jinnair; | each hardly granted, served them both to dine; |  |
|  | as tra va’n sterr’m er ghoaill red beg dy fea | and when the tempest first appeared to cease, | 105 |
|  | haink chaghter huc dy bare daue talkal jeh. | a ready warning bid them part in peace. |  |
|  | Eisht smooinee’n hermit, kys va lheid shoh rieau | With still remark the pondering hermit viewed |  |
|  | dooinney cho berchagh, lheid y dreih neu-feeu, | in one so rich, a life so poor and rude; |  |
| 135 | kys yinnagh eh (dooyrt eh cheu-sthie jeh hene) | and why should such, (within himself he cried) |  |
|  | glassey e stoyr ayns mean thousaneyn feme? | lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside? | 110 |
|  | Agh shoh va oyr dy yindys elley da | But what new marks of wonder soon took place |  |
|  | dy row e eddin cronnit dy chaghlaa, | in every settling feature of his face! |  |
|  | tra ghow e chumraag ass e oghrish, ny va roie | when from his vest the young companion bore |  |
| 140 | cappan y vainshtyr kenjallagh as dooie, | that cup, the generous landlord owned before, |  |
|  | as lesh y saagh priceoil dy feoilt cooilleen | and paid profusely with the precious bowl, | 115 |
|  | feoiltys neu-ghooie peajeogagh yn mooidjeen! | the stinted kindness of this churlish soul. |  |
|  | Yn gioot soilshean, yn sondagh goaill e reih, |  |  |
|  | ’eeacklyn craa, e hooillyn baanrit cloie; |
| 145 | my dooar eh reesht dy shickyr er e cassyn |
|  | ny goaldee feoilt v’er n’immeeaght ass fakin. |
|  | Ny bodjallyn va goll dy gastey nish, | But now the clouds in airy tumult fly; |  |
|  | yn aer gaase gorrym as y ghrian cheet rish, | the sun emerging opes an azure sky; |  |
|  | ny duillagyn s’geayney nish va ayns nyn mlaa | a fresher green the smelling leaves display, |  |
| 150 | as skeayley soar gerjoilagh myr v’ad craa; | and glittering as they tremble, cheer the day: | 120 |
|  | yn emshyr hug daue oltagh er y chooyl | the weather courts them from the poor retreat, |  |
|  | veih’n farrail voght va faagit oc nyn gooyl. |
|  | Yn mainshtyr booiagh ren ad neesht ’aagail, | and the glad master bolts the wary gate. |  |
|  | ren jeigh yn giat dy leah lurg daue paartail. |
| 155 | Myr v’ad goll er, ga nagh row’n hermit loayrt, | While hence they walk, the pilgrim’s bosom wrought |  |
|  | neu-hickyrys hug e smooinaghtyn er-troailt: | with all the travel of uncertain thought; |  |
|  | cha row eh toiggal cre va ’heshey mysh, | his partner’s acts without their cause appear, | 125 |
|  | v’eh roie ny vaarliagh, agh ny vlebbin nish; | ’twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here: |  |
|  | shen va oyr feoh, shoh va oyr mooaragh da, | detesting that, and pitying this he goes, |  |
| 160 | v’ec kione e cheilley lesh whilleen caghlaa. | lost and confounded with the various shows. |  |
|  | Keeiragh ny h-oie cheet orroo ass-y-noa | Now night’s dim shades again involve the sky, |  |
|  | v’ad laccal aaght, boayl dy ghoaill fastee fo; | again the wanderers want a place to lie, | 130 |
|  | lurg tammylt, myr v’ad shooyl as jeeaghyn magh, | again they search, and find a lodging nigh: |  |
|  | rosh ad gys boayl raad ren ad feddyn aaght. |
| 165 | Va’n thalloo labrit, as ayns ordyr mie, | the soil improved around, the mansion neat, |  |
|  | troggit dy jesh, as stoamey neesht va’n thie, |
|  | cha nee red moal, eabit er veggan gheill, | and neither poorly low, nor idly great: |  |
|  | chamoo staydoil lesh moyrn er ghoaill y reill, |
|  | ve soilshagh aigney’n vainshtyr, quoi v’er reih | it seemed to speak its master’s turn of mind, |  |
| 170 | dy ve kennoil, cha nee son moylley sleih. | content, and not for praise, but virtue kind. | 135 |
|  | Ayns shen hyndaa ny coshee stiagh dy skee, | Hither the walkers turn with weary feet, |  |
|  | bannaghey’n thie, ’s yn mainshtyr neesht lesh shee; | then bless the mansion, and the master greet: |  |
|  | bannaghey imlee, ynrick ren ad da, | their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise, |  |
|  | yn mainshtyr lowal ren ansoor ’hyndaa: | the courteous master hears, and thus replies: |  |
| 175 | “Ayrn jeh ny t’aym, lesh arryltys my chree, | “Without a vain, without a grudging heart, | 140 |
|  | ta mee coyrt da Fer-toyrt dy chooilley nhee; | to him who gives us all, I yield a part; |  |
|  | yiow shiu ayns shoh, er ’choontey haink shiu veih, | from him you come, for him accept it here, |  |
|  | dy feoilt lesh sheeltys, jeh dagh gien y reih.” | a frank and sober, more than costly cheer.” |  |
|  | Yn boayrd va skeaylt; lurg shen jeh cooishyn mie | He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread, |  |
| 180 | loayr ad ry-cheilley derrey ve traa-lhie: | then talked of virtue till the time of bed, | 145 |
|  | yn clag va bwoailt, yn lught-thie freggyrt da | when the grave household round his hall repair, |  |
|  | lesh padjer hug ad jerrey er y laa. | warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer. |  |
|  | ‘Sy vadran waagh yn seihll va reesht jeant cooie | At length the world, renewed by calm repose, |  |
|  | son obbyr liorish aash as fea ny h-oie: | was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose; |  |
| 185 | my jagh ny troailtee roue veih’n ynnyd shen | before the pilgrims part, the younger crept | 150 |
|  | hie’n dooinney aeg dy feagh gys lhiattee’n chlean; | near the closed cradle where an infant slept, |  |
|  | ny chadley ayn va lhiannoo beg ny lhie, |
|  | mac ynrycan, as boggey mooar fer-thie; |
|  | oh cre’n chyndaa! ghreim eh yn oikan faase, | and writhed his neck: the landlord’s little pride, |  |
| 190 | chass eh e chione, ’s lesh osney hooar eh baase. | o strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died. |  |
|  | Atchim ass towse yn hermit cur-my-ner, | Horror of horrors! what! his only son! |  |
|  | oh lesh cre’n shilley ren eh jeeaghyn er! | how looked our hermit when the fact was done? | 155 |
|  | Cabbyn doo niurin er ny osley lhean, | not Hell, though Hell’s black jaws in sunder part, |  |
|  | sheidey magh lossey gorrym ass y vean, | and breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart. |  |
| 195 | cha row er ve da ’chree ny smoo dy ghreain. |
|  | Ny host lesh aggle agh failleil ayns mioyr, | Confused, and struck with silence at the deed, |  |
|  | ga bwooishal roie dy yannoo siyr dy liooar, | he flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed. |  |
|  | dy gastey er e eiyrts hie’n scollag aeg. | His steps the youth pursues: the country lay | 160 |
|  | Va’n cheer condaigagh lesh caghlaaghyn raad, | perplexed with roads, a servant showed the way: |  |
| 200 | awin vooar va crossey’n cassan v’ad goll er, | a river crossed the path; the passage o’er |  |
|  | sharvaant hie roue dy stampey ’n cassan cair; | was nice to find; the servant trod before: |  |
|  | banglaneyn liauyr dy villey darragh chiu | long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied, |  |
|  | yn droghad v’ayn, as diunid vooar va foue. | and deep the waves beneath the bending glide. | 165 |
|  | Yn scollag aeg, myr jeeaghyn magh son caa, | The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin, |  |
| 205 | ayns aght doaltattym ren eh putt ’chur da; | approached the careless guide, and thrust him in; |  |
|  | ceaut ayns yn awin va’n fer ren ad ’leeideil, |
|  | e chione cheet rish lurg da ve er sinkeil; | plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head, |  |
|  | son tammylt ren eh streppey noon as noal, |
|  | goll dys y ghrunt, e vioghys ren eh ’choayl. | then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead. |  |
| 210 | Er shen ren shilley’n hermit keoi chyndaa | Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father’s eyes, | 170 |
|  | ceau aggle jeh lesh siyr as eulys gra: | he bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries, |  |
|  | “O ghreih feohdoil!”—gyn fockle arragh rait | “Detested wretch!” —but scarce his speech began, |  |
|  | tra va ’chumraag gys cummey noa chyndait, | when the strange partner seemed no longer man: |  |
|  | dy ghow eh oaie caslys dy viljid share, | his youthful face grew more serenely sweet; |  |
| 215 | e choamrey gial sheese coodagh gys y laare, | his robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet, | 175 |
|  | e olt ceau goullyn sollys veih e vaare, | fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair; |  |
|  | va miljid flaunyssagh mygeayrt ’syn aer, | celestial odours breathe through purpled air; |  |
|  | as er e ghreeym va skianyn skeayley lhean | and wings, whose colours glittered on the day, |  |
|  | ayns soilshey’n ghrian dy mirrillagh soilshean. | wide at his back their gradual plumes display. |  |
|  | *[see 222-3]* | the form ethereal bursts upon his sight, | 180 |
|  | and moves in all the majesty of light. |  |
| 220 | Ga feer ard hoshiaght corree’n Bwaagaght va, | Though loud at first the pilgrim’s passion grew, |  |
|  | ayns tulIogh v’eh ny host gyn veg dy ghra; | sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do; |  |
|  | e hooillyn cur-my-ner yn corp gloyroil |  |  |
|  | skellal ayns gloyr dy hoilshey myr v’eh goll, |  |  |
|  | va yindys freayll e ghoan kianlt ayns pryssoon, | surprise in secret chains his words suspends, |  |
| 225 | e chorree siyragh neesht gaase feagh as kiune. | and in a calm his settling temper ends. | 185 |
|  | Eisht loayr yn ainle; dy chlashtyn e choraa | But silence here the beauteous angel broke, |  |
|  | va eunyssagh, as shoh myr ren e gra: | (the voice of music ravished as he spoke). |  |
|  | “Dty vooise, dty phadjer, as dty vea dyn foill | “Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown, |  |
|  | hrog seose ayns cooinaght villish roish y stoyl, | in sweet memorial rise before the throne: |  |
| 230 | soit jeh ayns rheamyn gial ny flaunyssee, | these charms, success in our bright region find, | 190 |
|  | hug ainle neose hood dy chiuinaghey dty chree. | and force an angel down, to calm thy mind; |  |
|  | Son shen haink mish er chaghteraght veih niau, | for this commissioned, I forsook the sky: |  |
|  | sheshey-sharvaant mee –ny cur ooashley dou! | nay, cease to kneel —thy fellow-servant I. |  |
|  | “Jeh reiltys niau lhig toiggal cooie ve ayd | “Then know the truth of government divine, |  |
| 235 | as da dooyteilys ny cur arragh raad; | and let these scruples be no longer thine. | 195 |
|  | da’n Ooilley-niartal ta yn chairys smoo | “The maker justly claims that world he made, |  |
|  | dy reill yn seihll shen ren eh hene y ’chroo; | in this the right of providence is laid; |  |
|  | e ard-ooashley flaunyssagh ta neesht goardrail | its sacred majesty through all depends |  |
|  | caghlaaghyn saase dy obbraghey ’chiarail; | on using second means to work his ends: |  |
| 240 | myr shoh ass roshtyn deiney er yn ooir | ’tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye, | 200 |
|  | t’eh jannoo ’aigney lesh roih yesh e phooar, | the power exerts his attributes on high, |  |
|  | as gobbragh liorish obbraghyn sheelnaue, | your actions uses, nor controls your will, |  |
|  | ga rheamys aigney t’eh dy lowal daue. | and bids the doubting sons of men be still. |  |
|  | Vaik oo rieau yindys smoo rish slane dty vea | “What strange events can strike with more surprise, |  |
| 245 | na ren dty hooillyn ’akin jiu as jea? | than those which lately strook thy wondering eyes? | 205 |
|  | Cairagh, gow rish, ta’n Ooilley-niartal reill, | yet taught by these, confess the almighty just, |  |
|  | as raad nagh vod oo toiggal, jean treishteil! | and where you can’t unriddle, learn to trust! |  |
|  | “Yn dooinney mooar, va’n beaghey deyr ny hie, | “The great, vain man, who fared on costly food, |  |
|  | va ’vea ro hoaillagh dy ve dooinney mie; | whose life was too luxurious to be good; |  |
| 250 | raad va ny siyn dy airh soilshean dy bwee, | who made his ivory stands with goblets shine, | 210 |
|  | dy aghtal soit er stuill dy ivoree, |
|  | moghey ’sy vadran raad va’n mainshtyr hene | and forced his guests to morning draughts of wine, |  |
|  | cuirrey ny goaldee d’iu jeh sonnys feeyn; |
|  | marish y cappan chaill eh’n cliaghtey moal, | has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost, |  |
| 255 | nish goaill rish troailtee lesh ny sloo dy choayl. | and still he welcomes, but with less of cost. |  |
|  | ‘‘Yn dreih peajeogagh, creoi, drogh-ouryssagh, | “The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door |  |
|  | nagh ren e ghorrys ’osley rieau da’n voght, | ne’er moved in duty to the wandering poor; | 215 |
|  | hooar eh yn cappan son dy chur da fys | with him I left the cup, to teach his mind |  |
|  | cre’n aght ta Niau bannaghey giastyllys. | that Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind. |  |
| 260 | Fakin yn gioot, toiggal eh ayns e chree | Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl, |  |
|  | nagh row eh toilliu lheid er aght erbee, |
|  | as shoh myr nee eh gennaght dy breeoil | and feels compassion touch his grateful soul. |  |
|  | e annym dy ve booisal as chymmoil. |
|  | Myr ta’n fer-keirdey meelagh liorish schlei | Thus artists melt the sullen oar of lead, | 220 |
| 265 | meain-leoaie, ny hrustyr, t’eh cur er dy lheie, |
|  | cruin er e chione t’eh chymsaghey carnane | with heaping coals of fire upon its head; |  |
|  | smarageyn jiarg, ta lostey lesh tharmane, |
|  | gynsagh yn stoo dy veelagh lesh y chiass, | in the kind warmth the metal learns to glow, |  |
|  | as, lheie, heese fo ta’n argid glen roie ass. | and loose from dross, the silver runs below. |  |
| 270 | “Nyn garrey reiht va foddey ’r hirveish Jee, | “Long had our pious friend in virtue trod, |  |
|  | va’n lhiannoo tayrn er-shaghryn voish e chree, | but now the child half-weaned his heart from God; | 225 |
|  | lhiannoo e eash, va wheesh dy voggey da, | (child of his age) for him he lived in pain, |  |
|  | reesht gys yn seihll e aigney v’eh chyndaa; | and measured back his steps to earth again. |  |
|  | e chree va lhiantyn huggey harrish cair, | To what excesses had his dotage run! |  |
| 275 | ghow Jee yn mac son dy hauail yn ayr. | but God, to save the father, took the son. |  |
|  | V’ad ooilley shein ayns fyt dy dooar eh baase, | To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go, | 230 |
|  | mish hug y builley ren gansoor y saase, | (and ’twas my ministry to deal the blow). |  |
|  | son nish ta’n ayr ginjillagh eh hene ’sy joan, | The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust, |  |
|  | goaill-rish yn smaght ymmyrchagh er e hon. | now owns in tears the punishment was just. |  |
| 280 | “Agh cre’n treih-artys v’er jeet er e hie | “But how had all his fortune felt a wrack, |  |
|  | beagh e harvaant er gheddyn back dy mie! | had that false servant sped in safety back! | 235 |
|  | V’eh kiarit noght dy hyndaa magh e noid, | This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal, |  |
|  | dy varroo ’vainshtyr as dy ghoaill e chooid; |
|  | beagh yn traitoorys cheddin er jeet lesh | and what a fund of charity would fail! |  |
| 285 | giastyllys vooar va er ny lhiettal eisht! |
|  | Myr shoh t’ou er dty ynsagh, gow ayns shee, | “Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o’er, |  |
|  | as ny jean peccah reesht er oyr erbee.” | depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.” |  |
|  | Skianyn yn ainle chelleeragh eisht ren feiyr | On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew, | 240 |
|  | myr ren e getlagh seose ’syn aer lesh siyr; | the sage stood wondering as the seraph flew. |  |
| 290 | yn hermit gyindys myr va, keayrt dy row, | thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high |  |
|  | Elisha tra hie ’vainshtyr seose gys niau, | his master took the chariot of the sky; |  |
|  | ayns fainagh aileagh goll er e yurnaa; | the fiery pomp ascending left the view; |  |
|  | v’eh ’r gholl er ’eiyrt, beagh rheamys currit da. | the prophet gazed, and wished to follow too. | 245 |
|  | Eisht ghlioon yn hermit, gra, “D’row aigney Yee | The bending hermit here a prayer begun, |  |
| 295 | jeant liorish deiney, myr ny flaunyssee.” | “Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be done!” |  |
|  | Eisht gys e chummal hie eh, raad va ’oayll, | Then gladly turning, sought his antient place, |  |
|  | as leeid eh bea dy chraueeaght sheeoil. | and passed a life of piety and peace. |  |
|  |  | FINIS |  |