

Manx Notes 479 (2020)

WILLIAM KENNISH

“DOBERAN CHENGEY-NY-MAYREY ELLAN VANNIN”

(1845)

“I read a poem in manx in a manx paper I sopose about fifty years ago the poet was comparing the manx and english languages to too sister the english was geting on well but the manx said her garments was getting ragged and torn and no one gave her entertainment but at the deep vallies of Ballure and the creggans of creg woaille scill And I think it will be along time before her rags will be mended up again.” This was Edward Faragher writing to Karl Roeder in a letter from 18 September 1899 (MNHL, MS 11064, J.J. Kneen Papers, Box 2). Faragher was referring to a poem written by William Kennish published in the *Mona's Herald*, the text of which was known only from its appearance in *Manx Ballads and Music* (1896). Reprinted as *Manx Note* 13 (1994), a physical search through the then extant copies of the newspaper failed to bring it to light, the run for the 1840s found not to be complete. With the digitisation of the Manx newspapers the issue has now come to light, and “Doberan Chengey-ny-Mayrey Ellan Vannin” can be seen to have been published in the *Mona's Herald* for 26 February 1845, and dated by Kennish to January of that year. Reproduced here is the text as it originally appeared in the *Mona's Herald* as “[Poetry, Original and Selected] Doberan Chengey-ny-Mayrey Ellan Vannin,” *Mona's Herald*, 26 February 1845, [4]a.

STEPHEN MILLER RBV

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DOBERAN CHENGEY-NY-MAYREY ELLAN VANNIN

Myr va mee my-lomarcan troaylt harrish Sniaul,
Tra va' yn coleayrtys y hayrn
E coamyrey harrish cheu Vannin jeh'n theihl,
As Dooghys cur biallys da'n Chiarn,

Dy choodaghey 'n seihl lesh cloagey yn oie,
As aaish y chur lesh gys sheelnaue
As ooilley cretooryn e laue.

Myr shoh va mee fagit dou hene er y clieau,
Fegooish nhee dy heshiaght erbee,
Dy gobberan harish dagh vooirey as strieu
Ta seeaghney Mannin-my-chree;

Tra honnick me ben vough, ayns coamyrey glass,
Cheet my-whail ny mastey yn freeagh,
Lesh ooilley mygeayrt-y-moie frytlagh as rass,
As roie myr dy beagh ee er-keeagh!

Va my chree er ny ghleayshagh er ayns my cheu sthie,
Tra honnick mee stayd yn cretoor;
Son ec y chield hylley jee honnick mee mie
Dy row ee er dhuttym veih pooar.

Tra haink ee ny sniassey dou, cheayl mee e gra—
“Ogh! ogh! ta my heaghyn dy trome,
Myr shoh dy ve scarrt veih sheelnaue son dy braa,
Gys diunid shenn Traa dy groll roym!”

Va yn ushag veg raiee goll ro-ee gys yn croww;
Va ny gheayn gys nyn moiraghyn roie;
Va yn oie er yn aarkey, lesh cochaslys grouw
Dy gastey cheet veih yn niar-hwoaie;

Va fainagh ny ghrianey er n'eyrt harrish oirr
Ny farkaghyn dowin yn sheer-ass;
Va yn eayst ayns yn shiar er n'irree ayns gloyr;
Va ya sheer ayns y coamyrey glass!

Tra hoie shin sheese cooidjagh er lhuss glass ny feih,
As dooyrt ee rhym, “Vanninagh, eaysht,
Choud as nee'm dhyt, ass ny scriunyn shoh lhaih
My hrimshey, fo soilshey yn eayst.”

Eisht ren ee goaill toshiaght, as lhaih ee myr shoh:—
“Ayns laghyn ta er ny gholl shaghey,
Cha row mee rieu laccal my choamyrey noa,
Dy reayll mee veih feiraght as flaghey.

Son mish, bee fys ayd er, ta Scaan y chenn ghlare,
Ec cloan Vannin er my hregeil;
Agh s'beg fys ta ocsyn dy beegh eh ny share
Daue mish dy ve harroo dy reill.

Son mish ta er reayll yn fer joarree ersooyl
 Son cheeadyn dy vleintyn dy hraa;
 As va mee er reyll veih yn traie gys Barool,
 Da Manninee dooie son dy braa.

Agh nish ta yn voaryn oc er chur lesh yn Vaarle,
 Eer seose yn glion mooar Tolt-y-Will,
 As mastey ny reastyn er lhaddag wooar Cairdle,
 As creggyn yn Creg-Williee-Sill.

Myr ta'n croaghan 'sy thourey yn maase cur er-rouyle,
 Ta'n voyrn er ny chur orroo roie
 Lesh y ghah, veih kione heer yn Niarbyl gys Growdle,
 As veih Colloo-nyn-neain gys y Twoaie,—

Dy-lhiattee veih raaidyn nyn ayraghyn dooie,
 Nagh ren rieu myr shoh m'y hregeil:
 Son va'n aigney oc ro hickyr, nyn Ellan dy stroie,
 Dy chur ayns y joarree treishteil.

Oh! dy jinnagh adsyn ta sthille er y cheu
 My Ellan veg, nish chaghlym cooidjagh,
 Dy chlo veih my hraieyn, lesh siyr yn toyrtmow,
 Ta mygeayrt y-moom nish er 'noaill toshiaght;

As chyndaa nyn gleayshyn veih ooillee yn chiaul
 Ta jeant mygeart Mannin veg veen,
 Lesh deiney ta gys dy chooillee nhee doayl,
 Er-lhimmey son berchys daue hene!

Agh quoi ta ad hene ta gheamagh myr shoh,
 Agh adsyn ta laayl pooar dy reill
 Harrish Manninee deoie, lesh lurgyn-reill noa,
 My yiow ad sleih daue dy chur geill.

Oh! gow shiu my choyrle, shuish sthille ta er-mayrn,
 Jeh cummaltee dooie Vannin voght;
 As ny chur shiu geill da nyn raaidyn shenn vraane,
 Mygeayrt-y-mysh lhiggar as jough.

Oh! dy jinnagh cummaltee Vannin cordail
Ny shenn leighyn oc kellit dy reayl,
As gyn sodjey nyn draa dy stroie ayns fardail,
Dy eayshtagh rish deiney gyn keeayl.

Agh son aym pene, nee'm cheleeragh goll roym
Dy ollagh mee hene ayns y joan:"
—Dooyrt yn red trimshagh, lesh osney dy trome,—
"Son jeeah cre cha lheeah ta my chione."

WILLIAM KINNISH.
Ballasalla, January, 1845.

