

The Scribe

Dom-fharcaí fidbaide fál
Fom-chain loíd luin, lúad nád cúl;
Húas mo lebrán ind línech
Fom-chain trírech inna n-én.

Fom-chain coí menn, medair mass,
Hi mbrot glass de dindgnaib doss
Debrath! Nom-Choimmdiu coíma,
Caín-scribaimm fo roída ross.

A hedge of trees surrounds me:
A blackbird sings to me
Above my lined booklet
The birds chant their songs to me.

The cuckoo sings to me lovely and clear
In a grey cloak from the ramparts of bushes.
Well indeed does the Lord look after me
As I write with care in the woodland shade.

--- Anonymous, 9th century