

The Tribes of Galway.

SOME names familiar in the district are included among the ‘ tribes of Galway ’, the title given to the settlers, the most important of whom bore the names of Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Brown, Deane, D’Arcy, French, Joyce, Kirwan, Lynch, Martin, Morris, Skerrett. Though originally settled within the city walls, they soon spread into the county, and an old poem, quoted in the *Tuam Herald* in January, 1907, records their names with those of others among the famous huntsmen, known as the Galway Blazers, who hunted in the county round Lough Cutra. We quote the verses :

You County Galway sportsmen, Hibernians’ noble kin,
The muses now begin to ornament your fame ;
Ten thousand echoes rise to crown your native skies,
The gods themselves supply the tenor of my theme.

.

The rosy-fingered morn salutes the sounding horn,
Rouse from the shades of sleep—lurk not in disguise.
Let Morpheus not delight you, better sports invite you ;
Pleasures shall requite you—rise, you Blazers, rise !

.

Hark ! the morning breeze salutes the slumbering trees,
The ant and humming bees their labour doth begin ;
The lark aloft doth wing and cheerfully doth sing
To praise our potent King while sluggards sleep in sin.

.

Your downy pillows leave and mount like active brave,
Whose prancing steeds can leave the fleeting winds behind ;
Pass through the flowery fields, o’er solid fragrance yield ;
Haste to Ballyturin and Elysium, there you’ll find

.

All the gods reside where lakes the woods divide
With covers well supplied to shelter all the game ;
Silenus on his ass pushed about the sparkling glass,
No landscape can surpass Young Kirwan’s demesne.

.

Hark ! hark ! the cries increase, each horn sounds a bass
Away to chivy chase, poor Reynard is in view.
All around the sunny lakes Lough Coutre now he takes,
But they without mistake his footsteps do pursue.

.

Vereker’s grounds, the Punchbowl, they surround ;
Poor Reynard dreads the hound and doubles his career.
The land he does forsake and swings across the lake,
But to his great mistake the Blazers still keep near.

.
But when he reached the shore ten thousand shouts and more
With acclamation bore the tale of his downfall,
On Ballyturin hill he freely made his will
With cunning art and skill to compliment them all.

.
Those Blazers we can trace from the great Milesian race
Whose birth without disgrace our poet can extol :
Blakes and Burkes you know—Young Kirwan also —
Great Persse of Roxborough where Peers do often call ;

.
There are Yelvertons and Bradys, Dillons, Darcys, Dalys,
Butlers, Lamberts, Millers and Donnellans, likewise
Nugents, Kellys, Frenches, Rathburns, and
Hamiltons and Lynches—all where Reynard died.

.
Our County Galway joy is Persse of Castleboy,
Who ornaments the cry on each St. Stephen's day,
Whose foxhounds never fail to snuff the morning gale,
But truly they trail and that without delay.

.
His steeds beyond compare were never in the rear,
Both ship and spur could spare, while Reynard is in view.
So here's to all our friends, and the Blazers next we'll sing
While time is on the wing our pleasure we'll pursue.

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