

## UILLIAM O RUANAIG.

Ann san aimsir i n-allód bí fear ann dar ab ainm Uilliam O Ruanaig, 'nna cómnuide i ngar do Clár-Gaillim.

Bí sé 'nna feilméar. Áon lá amain táinig an tigearna-talman cuige agus dubairt, “Tá cíos tri bliadain agam ort, agus muna mbéid sé agad dam faoi ceann seachtmáine caifid mé amac air taoib an bótair tu.”

“Táim le dul go Gaillim amárac le h-ualac cruinneacta do díol, agus nuair a geobas mé a luac íocfaid mé tu,” ar Liam.

Air maidin, lá air na márac, cuir sé ualac cruinneacta air an g-cairt agus bí sé dul go Gaillim leis. Nuair bí sé timcioll míle go leit imtigte o'n teac, táinig duine-uasal cuige agus d'fíafriug sé dé “An cruinneact atá agad air an g-cairt?”

“Sead,” ar Liam, “tá mé dul 'gá díol le mo cíos d'íoc.”

“Cia méad atá ann?” ar san duine uasal.

“Tá tonna cneasta ann,” ar Liam.

“Ceannócaid mé uait é,” ar san duine uasal, “agus béarfaid mé an luac is mó 'sa' masgaid duit. Nuair a raefas tu com fad leis an mbótairín cártac atá air do láim clé, cas asteac agus bí ag imteact go dtagaid tu go teac mór atá i ngleann, agus béid mise ann sin rómáid le d' airgid do tabairt duit.”

Nuair táinig Liam com fada leis an mbótairín cas sé asteac, agus bí sé ag imteact go dtáinig sé com fada le teac mór. Bí iongantas air Liam

## LEEAM O'ROONEY'S BURIAL.

In the olden time there was once a man named William O'Rooney, living near Clare-Galway.

He was a farmer. One day the landlord came to him and said: “I have three years' rent on you, and unless you have it for me within a week I'll throw you out on the side of the road.”

“I'm going to Galway with a load of wheat to-morrow,” said Leeam (William), “and when I get the price of it I'll pay you.”

Next morning, he put a load of wheat on the cart, and was going to Galway with it. When he was gone a couple of miles from the house a gentleman met him and asked him: “Is it wheat you've got on the cart?”

“It is,” says Leeam; “I'm going to sell it to pay my rent.”

“How much is there in it?” said the gentleman.

“There's a ton, honest, in it,” said Leeam.

“I'll buy it from you,” said the gentleman, “and I'll give you the biggest price that's going in the market. When you'll go as far as the cart *boreen* (little road) that's on your left hand, turn down, and be going till you come to a big house in the valley. I'll be before you there to give you your money.”

When Leeam came to the *boreen* he turned in, and was going until he came as far as the big house. Leeam wondered

nuair ònnairec sé an teac mór, mar rugadh agus tógadh ann san g-cómarsanaict é, agus ní fácaid sé an teac mór ariam roime, cíd go raib eólas aige air uile teac i bfoigseact cúig míle dó.

Nuair táinig Liam i ngar do sgioból a bí anaice leis an teac mór táinig buacaill beag amac agus dubairt, “céad míle fáilte rómad a Liaim Ui Ruanaig,” cuir sac air a druim agus tug asteac é. Táinig buacaill beag eile amac, cuir fáilte roim Liam, cuir sac air a druim, agus d’imtig asteac leis.

Bí buacaillide ag teact, ag cur fáilte roim Liam, agus ag tabairt sac leó, go raib an tonna cruinneacta imtigte. Ann sin táinig iomlán na mbuacaill i látair agus dubairt Liam leó. “Tá eólas agaib uile orm-sa agus ní’l eólas agam-sa orraibse.” Ann sin dubradar leis, “téid asteac, agus it do dínnear, tá an máigistir ag fanamaint leat.”

Çuaid Liam asteac agus suid sé síos ag an mbord. Níor it sé an dara greim go dtáinig trom-òdlaid air agus tuit sé faoi an mbord. Ann sin rinne an draoid-eadóir fear-bréige cosmúil le Liam, agus cuir a baile cum mná Liaim é, leis an g-capall, agus leis an g-cairt. Nuair táinig sé go teac Liaim çuaid sé suas ann san t-seomra, luid air leabuid, agus fuair bás.

Níor bfada go ndeacaid an gáir amac go raib Liam O Ruanaig marb. Çuir an bean uisge síos agus nuair bí sé teit nig sí an corp agus cuir os cionn cláir é. Táinig na cómarsanna agus çaoineadar go brónac os cionn an çuirp, agus bí truaç mór ann do’n mnaoi boict act ní raib mórán bróin uirri féin.

when he came as far as the big house, for he was born and raised (*i.e.*, reared) in the neighbourhood, and yet he had never seen the big house before, though he thought he knew every house within five miles of him.

When Leeam came near the barn that was close to the big house, a little lad came out and said: “A hundred thousand welcomes to you, William O’Rooney,” put a sack on his back and went in with it. Another little lad came out and welcomed Leeam, put a sack on his back, and went in with it.

Lads were coming welcoming Leeam, and putting the sacks on their backs and carrying them in, until the ton of wheat was all gone. Then the whole of the lads came round him, and Leeam said; “Ye all know me, and I don’t know ye!” Then they said to him: “Go in and eat your dinner; the master’s waiting for you.”

Leeam went in and sat down at table; but he had not the second mouthful taken till a heavy sleep came on him, and he fell down under the table. Then the enchanter made a false man like William, and sent him home to William’s wife with the horse and cart. When the false man came to Leeam’s house, he went into the room, lay down on the bed and died.

It was not long till the cry went out that Leeam O’Rooney was dead. The wife put down water, and when it was hot she washed the body and put it over the board (*i.e.*, laid it out). The neighbours came, and they keened sorrowfully over the body, and there was great pity for the poor wife, but there was not much grief on herself.

An lá air na máraç, cuireadh an corp agus ní raib aon cuimne níos mó air Liam.

Bí buacail-aimsire ag mnaoi Liaim agus dubairt sí leis, “buð cóir duit mé pósadh, agus áit Liaim glacadh.”

“Tá sé ró luath fós, andiaig bás do beif ann san teac,” ar san buacail, “fan go mbéid Liam curta seactmain.”

Nuair bí Liam seact lá agus seact n-oidce ’nna codladh táinig buacail beag agus dúisig é. Ann sin dubairt sé leis, “táir seactmain do codladh. Cuireamar do capall agus do cairt abaile. Seó duit do cuid airgid, agus imtig.”

Táinig Liam a baile, agus mar bí sé mall ’san oidce ní faicid aon duine é. Air maidin an lae sin cuaid bean Liaim agus an buacail-aimsire cum an t-sagairt agus d’iarr siad air iad do pósadh.

“Bfuil an t-airgiod-posta agaib?” ar san sagart.

“Ní’l,” ar san bean, “act tá storc muice agam ’sa’ mbaile, agus tig leat í beif agad i n-ait airgid.”

Pós an sagart iad, agus dubairt, “cuirfeadh fios air an muic amaraç.”

Nuair táinig Liam go dtí a doras féin, buail sé buille air. Bí an bean agus an buacail-aimsire ag dul cum a leabuid, agus d’fiafruiç siad, “cia tá ann sin?”

“Mise,” ar Liam, “fosgail an doras dam.”

The day on the morrow the body was buried, and there was no more remembrance of Leeam.

Leeam’s wife had a servant boy, and she said to him: “You ought to marry me, and to take Leeam’s place.”

“It’s too early yet, after there being a death in the house,” said the boy; “wait till Leeam is a week buried.”

When Leeam was seven days and seven nights asleep, a little boy came to him and awoke him, and said: “You’ve been asleep for a week; but we sent your horse and cart home. Here’s your money, and go.”

Leeam came home, and as it was late at night nobody saw him. On the morning of that same day Leeam’s wife and the servant lad went to the priest and asked him to marry them.

“Have you the marriage money?” said the priest.

“No,” said the wife; “but I have a *stork* of a pig at home, and you can have her in place of money.”

The priest married them, and said: “I’ll send for the pig to-morrow.”

When Leeam came to his own door, he struck a blow on it. The wife and the servant boy were going to bed, and they asked: “Who’s there?”

“It’s I,” said Leeam; “open the door for me.”

Nuair cùaladar an guí bí fíios aca gur 'bé Liam do bí ann, agus dubairt a bean, “ní tíg liom do leigean asteac, agus is mór an náire duit beif teact air ais andiaig tu beif seact lá san uaiğ.”

“An air mire atá tu?” ar Liam.

“Ní'lim air mire,” ar san bean, “tá fíios ag an uile duine 'sa' bparáiste go bfuair tu bás agus gur cuir mé go geanaínil tu. Téid air ais go d'uaiğ, agus béid aifrionn léiğte agam air son d'anma boict amárac.”

“Fan go dtagaid solas an laé,” ar Liam, “agus béarfaid mé luac do magaid duit.”

Ann sin cùaid sé 'san stábla, 'n áit a raib a çapall agus a muc, sín sé ann san tuige, agus tuit sé 'nna çodlad.

Air maidin, lá air na márac, dubairt an sagart le buacaill beag a bí aige, “téid go teac Liaim Ui Ruanaig agus béarfaid an bean a pós mé andé muc duit le tabairt a baile leat.”

Táinig an buacaill go doras an tíge agus tosuiğ 'gá bualad le maide a bí aige. Bí faitcios air an mnaoi an doras fòsgailt, act d'fiafruiğ sí, “cia tá ann sin?”

“Mise,” ar san buacaill, “cuir an sagart mé le muc d'fáğail uait.”

“Tá sí amuiğ 'san stábla,” ar san bean.

Cùaid an buacaill asteac 'san stábla agus tosuiğ ag tiomáint na muice amac, nuair d'éiriğ Liam agus dubairt, “cá bfuil tu ag dul le mo muic?”

When they heard the voice, they knew that it was Leeam who was in it, and the wife said: “I can't let you in, and it's a great shame, you to be coming back again, after being seven days in your grave.”

“Is it mad you are?” said Leeam.

“I'm not mad,” said the wife; “doesn't every person in the parish know that you are dead, and that I buried you decently. Go back to your grave, and I'll have a mass read for your poor soul to-morrow.”

“Wait till daylight comes,” said Leeam, “and I'll give you the price of your joking!”

Then he went into the stable, where his horse and the pig were, stretched himself in the straw, and fell asleep.

Early on the morning of the next day, the priest said to a little lad that he had: “Get up, and go to Leeam O'Rooney's house, and the woman that I married yesterday will give you a pig to bring home with you.”

The boy came to the door of the house, and began knocking at it with a stick. The wife was afraid to open the door, but she asked: “Who's there?”

“I,” said the boy; “the priest sent me to get a pig from you.”

“She's out in the stable,” said the wife; “you can get her for yourself, and drive her back with you.” The lad went into the stable, and began driving out the pig, when Leeam rose up and said: “Where are you going with my pig?”

Nuair ònnaire an buacail Liam, as go brát leis, agus níor stop go ndeachaíd sé cùm an tsagairt agus a croidhe ag teact amac air a beul le faitcíos.

“Cad tá ort?” ar san sagart.

D’innis an buacail dó go raib Liam O Ruanaig ann san stábla, agus naç leigfead sé dó an muc tabairt leis.

“Bí do tóst, a breugadóir,” ar ran sagart, “tá Liam O’Ruanaig marb agus ann san uaig le seactmain.”

“Dá mbeid’ sé marb seact mbliadna connairc mise ann san stábla é dá móimid ó soin, agus muna g-creideann tu, tar, tu féin, agus feicfid tu é.”

Ann sin táinig an sagart agus an buacail le céile go doras an stábla, agus dubairt an sagart, “téid asteac agus cuir an muc sin amac cugam.”

“Ní raçfainn asteac air son an méid is fiú tu,” ar san buacail.

Cuaid an sagart asteac ann sin agus bí sé ag tiomaint na muice amac, nuair d’éirig Liam suas as an tuige agus dubairt, “cá bfuil tu dul le mo muc, a afaire Pádraig?”

Nuair a ònnaire an sagart Liam ag éirige, as go brát leis, ag rád: “i n-ainm Dé orduigim air ais go dtí an uaig tu a Uilliam Ui Ruanaig.”

Tosuig Liam ag rit andiaig an tsagairt, agus ag rád. “A afaire Pádraig bfuil tu air mire? fan agus labair Liom.”

When the boy saw Leeam he never stopped to look again, but out with him as hard as he could, and he never stopped till he came back to the priest, and his heart coming out of his mouth with terror.

“What’s on you?” says the priest.

The lad told him that Leeam O’Rooney was in the stable, and would not let him drive out the pig.

“Hold your tongue, you liar!” said the priest; “Leeam O’Rooney’s dead and in the grave this week.”

“If he was in the grave this seven years, I saw him in the stable two moments ago; and if you don’t believe me, come yourself, and you’ll see him.”

The priest and the boy then went together to the door of the stable, and the priest said: “Go in and turn me out that pig.”

“I wouldn’t go in for all ever you’re worth,” said the boy.

The priest went in, and began driving out the pig, when Leeam rose up out of the straw and said: “Where are you going with my pig, Father Patrick?”

When the priest saw Leeam, off and away with him, and he crying out: “In the name of God, I order you back to your grave, William O’Rooney.”

Leeam began running after the priest, and saying, “Father Patrick, Father Patrick, are you mad? Wait and speak to me.”

“Tá tu air mire a atair Pádraig, ní’l mé marb, agus ní raib mé ann aon uaiḡ ariam ó d’fág me bronn mo mátar,” ar Liam.

“Connaire mise marb tu,” ar san sagart, “fuair tu bás obann agus bí mé i látair nuair cuireadh tu ’san uaiḡ, agus rinne mé seanmóir breáḡ os do cionn.”

“Diabal uaim, go bfuil tu air mire com cinnte a’s atá mise beó,” ar Liam.

“Imtiḡ as m’amarc anois agus léiḡfid mé aifrionn duit amaraç,” ar san sagart.

Çuaid Liam a baile agus buail sé a doras féin açt ní leigfeadh an bean asteaç é. Ann sin dubairt sé leis féin, “raçfad agus íocfad mo çíos.”

Uile duine a çonnaire Liam air a bealaç go teaç an tigearna bí siad ag riç uaid, mar saoiladar go bfuair sé bás.

Nuair çualaid an tigearna talman go raib Liam O Ruanaig ag teaçt dún sé na doirse, agus ní leigfeadh sé asteaç é. Tosuig Liam ag bualadh an dorais móir gur saoil an tigearna go mbrisfeadh sé asteaç é.

Táinig an tigearna go fuinneóig a bí air bárr an tíge, agus dfiafruiḡ, “cad tá tu ag iarraidh?”

“Táinig mé le mo çíos íoc, mar fear cneasta,” ar Liam.

“Téid air ais go dtí d’uaiḡ, agus béarfaid mé maiteannas duit,” ar san Tigearna.

“You’re mad, Father Patrick! I’m not dead, and never was in a grave since I was born,” said Leeam.

“I saw you dead,” said the priest; “you died suddenly, and I was present when you were put into the grave, and made a fine sermon over you.”

“The devil from me, but, as sure as I’m alive, you’re mad!” said Leeam.

“Go out of my sight now,” said the priest, “and I’ll read a mass for you, to-morrow.”

Leeam went home then, and knocked at his own door, but his wife would not let him in. Then he said to himself: “I may as well go and pay my rent now.”

On his way to the landlord’s house every one who saw Leeam was running before him, for they thought he was dead.

When the landlord heard that Leeam O’Rooney was coming, he shut the doors and would not let him in. Leeam began knocking at the hall-door till the lord thought he’d break it in.

He came to a window in the top of the house, put out his head, and asked: “What are you wanting?”

“I’m come to pay my rent like an honest man,” said Leeam.

“Go back to your grave, and I’ll forgive you your rent,” said the lord.

“Ní fealltóir mé,” ar Liam, “tá mé andiaig cíos trí bliadain d’íoc le mo máigistir, agus béid seilb mo tíge féin agam, no béid fios agam cad fáit.”

“Ní fágfaid mé seó, go b’fág’ mé sgríbinn uait go bfuil mé íocta suas glan, go dtí an Bealtaine seó cùgainn.”

Tug an Tigearna an sgríbinn dó, agus táinig sé abaille. Buail sé an doras, a’ct ní leigfeao an bean asteac é, ag ráđ leis go raib Liam O Ruanaig marb agus curta, agus na’c raib ann san b’fear ag an doras a’ct fealltóir.

Cuaid sé cùm an sgiobóil, agus fuair sé barra mór iarainn agus níor b’fada gur bris sé asteac an doras. Bí faitcíos mór air an mnaoi agus air an b’fear nuad-pósta. Saoileadar go rabadar i n-am an eiseirige, agus go raib deire an domain ag teac.

Bí eagla mór air an mnaoi boict agus gleus sí biađ dó, agus nuair cónnairc sí é ag íte agus ag ól dubairt sí, “tá míorbúil ann.”

Ann sin d’innis Liam a sgeul dí, o bonn go bárr, agus nuair d’innis sé ga’c niđ, dubairt sé,

“ra’cfad cùm na n-uai’ge amara’c go b’feicfead an biteamna’c do cùir sib-se i m’áit-sé.”

Lá air na mára’c tug Liam dream daoine leis, agus cùaid sé cùm na roilige, agus d’fòsgail siad an uai’g, agus bíodar dul an cómra d’fòsgailt, agus nuair a bí siad ’gá tógbáil suas léim mada’đ mór du’b ama’c, agus as go brát leis, agus Liam agus na fir eile ’nna diai’g.

Bíodar ’gá leanamaint go b’facadar é ag dul asteac ann san teac a raib Liam ’nna còdlađ

“I’m no deceiver,” said William; “I’m after paying my master three years’ rent, and I’ll have possession of my own house, or else I’ll know why.”

“I won’t leave this,” said Leeam, “till I get a writing from you that I’m paid up clean till next May.”

The lord gave him the writing, and he came home and knocked at his own door, but the wife would not let him in. She said that Leeam O’Rooney was dead and buried, and that the man at the door was only a deceiver.

He went to the barn and got a big bar of iron, and it wasn’t long till he broke in the door. There was great fear on the wife, and the newly married husband. They thought they were in the time of the General Resurrection, and that the end of the world was coming.

The poor woman was greatly afraid, and she dressed him some meat, and when she saw him eating and drinking, she said: “It’s a miracle.”

Then Leeam told her his story from first to last, and she told him each thing that happened, and then he said:

“I’ll go to the grave to-morrow, till I see the *behoonuch* ye buried in my place.”

The day on the morrow Leeam brought a lot of men with him to the churchyard, and they dug open the grave, and were lifting up the coffin, when a big black dog jumped out of it, and made off, and Leeam and the men after it.

They were following it till they saw it going into the house in which Leeam had been asleep.

Nuair d'ímtig Liam agus na fir óga abaille d'innis síad gaic níd do śagart na paráiste, agus sgaoil sé an pósad a bí eidir bean Liaim agus an buacaill-aimsire.

Do mair Liam bliadanta 'nna diaig seó, agus d'fág sé saidbreas mór 'nna diaig, agus tá cuimne air i g-Clár-Gaillim fós, agus béid go deó, má téideann an sgeul so ó na sean-daoinib cum na ndaoine óg.

When Leeam and the men went home, they told everything to the priest of the parish, and he dissolved the marriage that was between Leeam's wife and the servant boy.

Leeam lived for years after that, and he left great wealth behind him, and they remember him in Clare-Galway still, and will remember him if this story goes down from the old people to the young people.



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