út na n'Saédel
Máirta 1922
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1. The fortnightly fixtures of the County Board will be resumed on **Sunday Next, 19th March, 1922**
   Hurling Match, 3 p.m. Football Match, 4.15

2. Easter Sunday—
   Grand Sports Meeting (9 Championship Events), including 3 Dancing Competitions for Children of the Gaelic League and Fife and Drum Band Competition

3. Whit Monday—
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Sut na h-Inseal

An occasional Magazine published by the Gaelic League of London containing the Programme of the Irish Musical Festival at the Queen's Hall, Friday, 17th March, 1922. Price One Shilling.

Connraidh na h-Aideal Lunnóin

Nuaigh a chanaigh an rosg muinim d'aoine faoi maitheasachadh a dtéann am fear féin i bhain le leasadh asuar éigre, asuar m'í ón deacht ná m'fhreastal ar maitheasachadh rin earrtach mór agus ionpháip 50 breaca phaic 50 rointe as uasal aon dath insa iomaraiirse na náisiúnta a bhí aici gan teanga náisiúnta acu leir. Sin an púca, ãr docha, a chúnaim i dtáideacht a gCéanna na h-Aideal agus mhinic na daoine ná bhí leithin aon duine a chuir óg theanga mian fhoirm, asuar rin, gan achtar, an púca atá cionnaite leir an iarracht mór atá air i gceannanna asuar ar scileanann choir údteanga 50 óg de chuid.

Do lathair Seachtain ag an eithneanna toimead asuar ni pháidh h-Aideal a cuaile an pháirtí haoisíomhuinte a pinne pé naí pháidh seachraimh ceinte 50 pháidh teanga na h-Eireann ar fhithe a pháidhte asuar fearr mar e phúo air i gceannacht Connacht na h-Aideal. Leagadh asuar mar tháirg Seachtain na bpreasacht air an 50 éacht air an 50 leithndeach na h-Eireann; air obair na bhreapach asuar na mbain leigheas pan Meadhan Dhoire asuar aith ní martho díon asuar an aicheadh ar fudhail i bhfeidhm ar na maitheabhair. De bhí an tathrólaí a mór gheographacha, oubh aith ni, asuar air dáthre le h-Aideal ar ndóigh asuar duine acu tamall beag eile.

Forstaladh agus Scott an Connachtta cúpla tá i ndiaidh an eithnigh, asuar cionnadh náoi pàinteanna ar bun mnti. Mhéadadh an teaghlach go a bhfuil tar éagachmhan ó fhoir asuar tá fhadhb ar na macaire leighinn naí pháidhe fomraíocht na leigheas. Bhíonn pinnaí póirí d'aoine i lacaí ag na léistir míorainna, air maí fhíomh iad tóirse asuar comhaontaithe 50 breít airdeachtaice asuar fudhail 'na meagrach.

Forstaladh na scileanna atáiteanta amhain, d'fhéadfadh d'éag ac uimh, fonna Samhain asuar cúpla cearn ó fhoir. Bhíonn pàinteanna na teanga, pinne asuar ceart ar fudhail rionnta pin mara acu as agus Scott, asuar ó lámh 50 n-aon bhíonn léacht air an
The marks of nationality are the language, manners and customs that distinguish a particular people inhabiting a particular country from the different peoples that inhabit other countries. These manners and customs include the national games, sport, music, plays, dances and of course above all the language of the country.

Until the establishment of the Gaelic Athletic Association, and later on the Gaelic League, these marks were nearly obliterated in Ireland. Since the formation of these bodies Ireland has turned from the road that would have made her a mere English county.

The G.A.A. widened the outlook of the young men, made them proud of their country and gave them an interest in it. Before the G.A.A. was formed everything was lonely and stagnant in the land, and these men spent their idle hours loitering about in dull fashion.

NATIONALITY

AND GAMES.

This year an innovation—by revival of the Tailtean Games—will be tried by the G.A.A. Ireland as a nation has heretofore been barred as a national entity from the Greek Olympics, although for years her sons monopolised the all-round championship of the world. To prove the superiority of our race an Irish Race Olympic will be held this year at Dublin and athletes are invited to take part. Teams from America, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Scotland, Wales and England will compete against teams from the mother country, and all Irish athletes in England should lose no time in getting particulars. The final tests to select “England’s” team will be held at Manor Park Athletic Grounds on Whit Monday and should draw a record gathering of Gaels. Entry forms and all particulars may be had from the Hon. Secretary, London G.A.A., 182 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

“dún-deálgan.”
When I was asked to write for this issue of the Guth I recollected with a start of surprise that ten years had flown since I wrote for it before. I felt for a moment like a veteran—or an old fogy. The ten most eventful years in Irish history have passed like ten days, but I suppose that Irish-London is as much changed as Ireland itself.

I would like to gossip in old fogy style about the London I knew. I would tell you how when I joined the London League I met men who looked back to the days of Micheál Breathnach (who died before the dawn), and how we strove to carry on the work in the years of lethargy. I would tell you anecdotes of members, then humble nobodies, who have since written their names in history. I would talk of men then already eminent, who now hold high places in the nation's service; of some who have died since, and perhaps of a few who have fallen away. I would speak with special pride of Eamonn O'Tierney, my friend, who talked of plans ten years ago that sounded mad; but whose plans the nation is now putting into practice, while he lies in a Republican grave in Cork. I measc naomh na h-Eireann go rabh a anam!

I would tell, too, of another who had then just come to London, and who used to say he must learn Irish thoroughly, because he meant to return to Ireland, and Ireland would in ten years be Irish-speaking. His optimism in this went beyond mine. I am of Doubting Thomas's temperament. But like Eamonn, he was no wild prophet. He fell in Easter Week, but Ireland is now on the way to be Irish-speaking. What we talked of as dreamers in 1912 will be true surely in the Young Ireland of a few years hence.

But old fogy's are tedious, and the part likes me not: I have no grey hairs yet. And besides, I have written a novel* in which I have told all I can of Irish-London as I knew it, and my fellow-crónaíre can go to that. I am no "praiser of past times" who thinks the present a decay. I have seen London twice since the war, and I know that though the faces have changed, Irish-London is that which I saw in the hearts of men like Eamonn O'Tierney. He lies dead in Ireland, but his spirit animates to-day a host. Not of him need any say: Is truagh gan oidhir 'na fharradh,—"pity 'tis he has no heir." Rather be it said that his dream has become our present, for I have learnt that wherever there are Irish souls in London, there is pride in place of indifference, resolve in place of despair, and over all, like dawnlit skies above the soul, hope for a splendid Irish future. There are men working in Irish-London now who will do great deeds for Ireland's glory, and all you will aid in bringing it about. I remember some adapted verses that Eamonn loved:

I cannot count the years
That you must drink like me
The cup of blood and tears,
Till she to you appears—
But Eire, our Eire shall be free!
You consecrate your lives
To her, and you shall be
The food on which she thrives
Till her great day arrives:
When Eire, our Eire, shall be free.

She asks you but for faith;
Your faith in her takes she,
Amidst defeat and death
As draughts of Heaven's breath—
And Eire, our Eire shall be free!

Eamonn and his comrades gave Eire that faith;
they drank the cup of blood and tears. Perhaps
some more will have to follow them yet. But
Eire's great day is very near now. I remember
when I used to attend the Queen's Hall Concerts,
how, at some splendid defiant verse in a song, the
voice of undying Irish aspiration:

We're ready for another fight
And love our country still—
or the like—that whole enormous gathering of
exiles, up to the loftiest tier, would rise and shout
in a stupendous thunder of applause, releasing the
pent-up passion of the exile by the waters of
Babylon. And I would be sad, for I would feel
it all futile. This gathering seemed like a rally of
a little beaten host: they would not be here but
for Ireland's defeat. But that is changed. Cheer
your fill for Ireland resurgent now!—Ireland that
you will return to, or in whose deeds in art, in
learning, in athletics, in social idealism, and in
the service of God, you will take pride as you walk
with unbowed heads among the race that once
 lorded it over you. I do not know what the
immediate future will bring, but I know the Irish
race is about to triumph. What we saw in Paris
in January, when Gaels from all lands gathered,
and whatever their party-views might be, were
equally enthusiastic for the Irish ideal: that was
the act of a rising nation in an age when Empires
fall. Hope on!—work on!—fight on!

Our task is not ending: it is but beginning.
Freedom will be but the first step towards the
realisation of God's design for Ireland. There will
be work for you as never before in the League
hereafter. As the struggle for freedom got its great
impetus from the language, so from that invigorating
spiritual spring of tradition will come the power
for what we have to do in the future. Study your
Irish at Home, your O'Growney, your McHenry,
to equip yourself for the rebuilding of Ireland. The
language will give you tools as it gave Eamonn
and his comrades weapons.

For us in this critical hour and in the future
ahead of us, there pleads in Heaven this day, I
know, that martyr who suffered in London eighteen
months ago, and with reverence as for sacred writ,
I quote words of his in conclusion:

"... That we shall win our freedom I have no doubt;
that we shall use it well I am not so certain... That
should be our final consideration, and we should make
this a resolution—our future history shall be more glorious
than that of any contemporary State. We shall look for
prosperity, no doubt, but let our enthusiasm be for beautiful
living;... we shall take pride in our institutions,...
as securing the happiness of the citizens, and we shall
lead Europe again as we led it of old. We shall rouse
the world from a wicked dream of material good, of
tyrannical power, of corrupt and callous politics to the
wonder of a regenerated spirit, a new and beautiful dream;
and we shall establish our State in a true freedom that will
endure for ever."

Amen! Gurab amhlaidh bhéas!

A. DE BLACAM.
The Music of Ireland.

BY DR. ANNIE PATTISON, B.A.

DESCRIPTED by the late Sir Hubert Parry as "probably the most human, most varied, most poetical in the world," the folk-music of Ireland holds a unique and enviable position among the art-products of world nations. Actual numbers of this native minstrelsy—comprising airs, marches and dances—reach a total of from 5,000 to 6,000 distinct items. These, spread over Collections of greater or less celebrity—including the lifework of such enthusiasts as Bunting, Petrie, Joyce, O'Neill, Roche, McCall and Darley (the two latter collaborating in the Feis Ceoil issue)—contain a wealth of melodic variety that has amazed experts. The poet Moore, borrowing from Bunting—and altering the tunes somewhat to adapt them to his graceful lyrics—caused Irish music, through the channel of his famous Melodies, to become "household words" all over the habitable globe. Later, we have had a band of "arrangers" who have linked this prolific people's music to verse. None has done such a lion's share in this work as Sir C. V. Stanford, whose co-labours with the well-known and gifted lyricist, Alfred Perceval Graves, M.A., have given us so many gems of song in Songs of Old Ireland, Irish Songs and Ballads, and Songs of Erin. These truly classic adaptations supply both student and teacher with all that could be desired as far as solo vocalism goes, especially as the eminent Irish musician named has matched accompaniments to our lovely tunes that are models of tasteful and scholarly treatment.

Turning to instrumental departments, we find we are by no means so well equipped. With the exception of some worthy pianoforte and violin settings of Irish airs, the serious executive artist finds it difficult to obtain anything "Irish" that is at once characteristic and scholarly. Matters are still worse in the realms of orchestral and chamber music, and we are yet awaiting the publication of symphonic poems, trios, quartets, and the like in the realm of the higher musical "forms." It is true again, that, Stanford, Harty and a few others have shown what can be done in the symphonic line; but the apathy of publishers and the indifference of prominent conductors of first-class concerts have gone far, for many years, to discourage the making of Irish scores of any real importance or utility. We must try and change all this in the Free State of Ireland. We look to the Gaelic League, too, that the organisers would endeavour to raise the standard of their concert programmes. If, as a nation, we would attract the attention and interest of the educated musical public, something more than ballads and fantasias (for harp or piano) are wanted; we need selections for our string and brass bands of such a nature that serious musicians may consider such worthy study and practice; we require overtures, interludes and other orchestral numbers to take their place with the output of other countries who have not half our notable native musical inheritance; especially do we lack students' music of all kinds, suitable
for home and school, substitute for alien stuff by no means to our liking.

In the cantata and opera line, too, we are still sadly deficient. The schools and choral societies are continually asking for something "Irish" in the former department; but when native composers send their scores to the British publisher, they are—or have been hitherto—returned with thanks. The stage badly wants a whole series of genuine Irish operas based, as to their libretti, on the legendary lore of our ancient country; and there are many other sidelines of musical development that need the assistance of those eminent "business men" who should be the creators' best supporters: the engraver of musical type, the concert and dramatic impresario, and the discriminating and purchasing public generally. That our Folk-Song has a charm with mixed audiences of all kinds has been amply proved on more than one occasion. Patti electrified the 19th century with her renderings of one of the least pretentious of our melodies ("The Last Rose of Summer," otherwise "The Groves of Blarney"); whilst, in another line, Percy Grainger, the brilliant young Australian pianist-composer, has delighted vast assemblages everywhere in Europe and America with his many settings of "The Derry Air," "Molly on the Shore," and such trifles. Why do we relegate our native composers to the background in these activities? Is it the old-world story of a prophet without honour in his own country and among his own kin? These things should not be among a community who have built their political foundation on the great and striking principles of Sinn Fein, "Ourselves Alone." Our musical duty in this department is unquestionable. It is only a common-sense precept that charity should begin at home, though it need not end there.

Wherefore, brave men and noble women of the Gaelic League, buckle-to now and fight the battle for your native Music as well as your native Language; for is not music the language of your feelings, your emotions, and your soul? Don't be satisfied with puny achievements or the mere glamour of words about the magic of your folk-song. Let the charm of your minstrelsy, like the Daghdha's Harp of old, bring all its powers of appeal—under the most moving forms—to bear upon a world aweary of jazz, ragtime, and sheer "ugliness of sonority" generally, and let those athirst for Beautiful Sound know that we can supply as well as deliver the goods, if our people are themselves willing. The native composers are amongst you right enough; but they have been a slighted and despised fraternity hitherto, and naturally they suffered eclipse whilst the nations made war. Call them forth from their obscurity; help them with your encouragement to unearth manuscripts in all forms that have too long lain on the shelf for want of the public demand; put your hands in your pockets—ye who have this world's goods—and assist to publish and produce the works of your native bards in an adequate and becoming manner. Then, indeed, may Éire Og raise her head with joy, and proclaim to the world, "I am the Land of Song."

eitne ní phádair,

Ollam Ceol.
Filíocht na Feilme.

Bu dhóigh le duine gur beag file Gaelach fraicnearcach (moderno) ar a raibh comhnuí riamh fá'n dtuaithe. Is fáinnach an fileí dhiobh a thráchtaígo doimhin díleas thar saothar feilme, thar draoíacht na talmhan, thar iol-aobhneas na tuaithe. Agus aífilear easmhá naonachta 'na lán dá ranntacht chó maith ceudná. Do léigeas ag sgeul Frédéric Mistral agus roint dá chuid filíocht ar na mallaibh; agus fáigaim le huaithacht go bhfuil sios Gaelaí 'ná na dréachtach Gaelacha féin. 'Sé sin, baimid le félteachta, le feiseanna, le díl-obair an lae, le sgeulíocht agus siansa cois teineadach, le grá dúthaí, le cóithe na ndaoine, agus le liacht neithe eile a chuireas ar an Ghaeltacht i gcumhacht domh. Is geal eisioil plaí do dhaoine dár bhfille féin iad—na “Mémoires et Récits” (sgeul a bheathadh), “Miriéio,” agus “Lis Isclo d’Or” (na hOileáin Ordha) go hairithe.

Tháinig Mistral ar an saol í b’Provinc an aoibhneasa sa mblian 1830; d’eug sé tímpal le d’fhliúin deug-ó shoin. Bhí sé fá lárn-tesl nuair chosuigh Conradh na Gaedhilge, agus de bharr a chuid éigse agus éigse a gcearad bhi teanga Phrovence i n-árd-léim arís annsin, agus clú ar an seanfhreasgroí ar fud na frainne ar fad, agus i gcéin san Éoróip léirtha.


Dála na n-abhrán, “Lis Isclo d’Or,” taíd láin de cheol agus de sholus Phrovence, láin de smaointe grádhacha um bhaile agus dúchas—lán de “Ghaolachas.” I n-abhrán aca duairt an file um “Miriéio”: “es moulin cor e moulin amo, es la flour de mis an’” (c’est mon cœur et mon âme, c’est la fleur de mes années)—’sé mo chroí é, ’sé m’anam é, ’sé flós mo shaol é. Bheadh an abairt cheudna oiriúnaí mar thuairisg ar a chuid filiochta go léir.


Ní miain liom mileán a chur ar na filí. Molaim a ndearnamar—ann féin. Ach is iomna liom go bhfuilid ar deighilt ó dhraoíacht na talmhan.

LIAM P. O’RIAIN.
Owing to the length of Programme no Encores can be allowed.

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| “Wrap the Green Flag” . . . | “Let Erin Remember” . . . | Mr. ARTHUR DARLEY. |
| “Widow’s Rant” . . . | **HARP SOLO** “Love’s Tormenting Pain” W. O’Connell (1670) | **SONG** . . . . “Where the Beautiful Shamrocks Grow” . Traditional |
| clann na ngeádheal PIPERS’ BAND. | “Cork Hornpipe: The Rights of Man” . . | MADAME EDNA THORNTON. |
| Traditional | Hop-Jig: “The Rocky Road to Dublin” . . | **HARP SOLO** Mr. FRANK MULLINGS. |
| MADAME EDNA THORNTON. | Mr. OWEN LLOYD. | ** UNION PIPES** . “Air: “The Coolin” . . . | **Jig** : “The Old Frieze Breeches” . . |
| Traditional | Miss AGNES TREACY. | Mr. W. N. ANDREWS (Pipers’ Club, Dublin). |
| Mr. PATRICK HENEBERY. | **INTERVAL** , during which Irish Airs will be played on the Organ.
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INTERVAL, during which Irish Airs will be played on the Organ.
(b) "You're a Dear Land to Me."

(Air: "The Blackbird.")

Arr. MacCarthy.

There's a stream in sweet Glenlara, whose sparkling
silvery fountain
Leaps into life where heather bells and scented blossom
bloom,
It steals through vale and moorland and circles round the
mountain,
Now laughing in the sunlight clear, now weeping in the
gloom.

And by its merry dancing,
A rural sight entrancing,
From out the greenwood glancing,
My home you once could see;
But now, an exile far away
From that happy home, I sigh and say—
Oh, green-hill'd pleasant Erin! you're a dear old land
to me.

There's a tree down by that river, in crystal beauty shining
With rich green leaves bright and blossoms rare, all
brilliant, rich and gay,
The song-birds in its branches wild melodies were twining,
While I with dear friends lingered there each happy
summer day.

Till sunset clouds were glowing,
And gentle kine were lowing,
And perfumed airs were blowing
Round that bonny blossom'd tree.
Alas! those friends I'll see no more
By wild wood free or river shore—
Oh, green-hill'd pleasant Erin! you're a dear old land
to me.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

SONG—MR. SEAMUS CLARKE.

"Cairemeo Cluinn Campain."

 cá ńíl ósána tleann oc Cluinn Campain go láth
náoc ńíl gheána pág Órste oc soca
50 bhuadh nó 50 báir bhí oíl an dtáirg gá saigh cáir
óir sáil oc tègh campanaí muam.

Cúipa:
Náoc cluinn píob muam na ríbe 'tighinn
50 háir tigh nóma gur gleann
á cnir cóirgínmeana é asteach ag phailte ag na
fhabicht
'Si Cairemeo Cluinn-Campain aca aon.

Ó ńí ualláig a chom ce tá fhuag a5 ńíce tleann
Su'm raon o dhuit 'máirseach ma dhuit,
ác ńí gáimhinn gan bhá, éir an bdeannar a9 bhum
Mar bhá ógail tóibh bhuadh águs clú,

Cúipa: Náoc cluinn píob, 7c.
One smallest fraction's due,
So long, my friends, there's something yet
For Irishmen to do.

Too long we've borne the servile yoke,—
Too long the slavish chain;—
Too long in feeble accents spoke,
And ever spoke in vain;
Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net,
And gorg'd the Saxon crew;
But oh! my friends, we'll teach them yet
What Irishmen can do.

There's not a man of all our land
Our country now can spare;
The strong man with his sinewy hand,
The weak man with his prayer!
No whining tone of mere regret,
Young Irish bards for you;
But let my songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen can do.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

SONGS— MR. PATRICK HENEBERY.

(a) "O mio! Se 'o beata 'bailo."
'Se 'o beata, a beata ba leaban,
Se a 'e sgeada t' a boic e i ngaidhin
'Is 'i noilteis beata i reid lib meabla.
'S 'a sgoilte lib na Gallaidh.

Cummhch.:—
O mio! 'Se o beata 'baile!
'Breithi uas tam t' a sgoil b'i baillne.
O mio! 'Se o beata 'baile
'Nuir 'i b'sgoil a' traigharna.

T'a Spáinne faoi s' a b' laic e air pailte
Oglaice amhach leair ma r' airt.
'Gaoil lao reim, n'i sail na Spáinne
'S cumhch na laic air Gallaidh.

A gur an le Ríi na 'breathe go bhreiseann—
Cé nád beo 'n a thiar d' a freachtain—
Spáinne faoi s' a' mile ìsìghródeadh
Pòsachair riamh air Gallaidh.

(b) "The Battle Eve of the Brigade."
The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,
And the gallant Count Thomond is President yet;
The vet' ran arose, like an uplifted lance,
Crying—"Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!"
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is love'd by the Irish Brigade.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they quaff'd,
"Here's to George the Elector," and fiercely they laugh'd.
"Good luck to the girls we woo'd long ago,
Where Sionainn and Bearbha and Abhainn dubh flow;"
"God prosper old Ireland," you'd think them afraid,
So pale grew the cheeks of the Irish Brigade.

"But, surely, that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise—are they all getting drunk in the camp?"
"Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come,
And the generale's beating on many a drum."
So they rush from the revel to join the parade;
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.
They fought as they revel'd, fast, fiery, and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
And they, who surviv'd, fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their hearts' hope they never saw more.
For, in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

THOMAS DAVIS

SONG—MR. WM. J. LEMASS.

"Kelly of Killann." Traditional.

"What's the news? What's the news? O my bodel
Sheelmairer,
With your long-barrelled gun of the sea?
Say what wind from the sun blows his messenger here,
With a hymn of the dawn for the free?"

"Goodly news! Goodly news, do I bring, Youth of Forth;
Goodly news shall you hear, Bargy Man!
For the Boys march at morn from the South to the North,
Led by Kelly, the Boy from Killann!"

"Tell me who is that giant with gold curling hair—
He who rides at the head of your band?
Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare,
And he looks like a king in command!"

"Ah, my lads, that's the Pride of the Bold Sheelmairers,
'Mongst our greatest of heroes, a Man!"

"Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers
For John Kelly, the Boy from Killann!"

Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won,
And the Barrow to-morrow we'll cross!
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun
That will batter the gateways of Ross!
All the Forth men and Bargy men o'er the heath,
With brave Harvey to lead on the van;
But the foremost of all in the grim gap of Death
Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killann!

But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened at Ross,
And it set by the Slaney's red waves;
And poor Wexford, stripped naked, hung high on a cross.
And her heart pierced by traitors and slaves!

Glory O! Glory O! to her brave sons who died
For the cause of long down-trodden man!
Glory O! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride—
Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killann!

P. J. Mccall

SONGS—MADAME EDNA THORNTON.

(a) "Aghadoe." Todhunter.

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe;
Where we met, my love and I, love's bright planet in the sky,
In that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.
There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe;
Where I hid him from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies,
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.
But they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe,
O'er the mountains, through the wood, as I stole to him with food.
And their bullets found his heart in Aghadoe;
I walked to Mallow Town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
Brought their head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe,
Then I covered him with fern and I piled him on the cairn,
Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe. J. Todhunter

(b) "She's a Rich and Rare Land."

Oh! She's a rich and rare land,
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a dear and rare land,
Old Erin, native land of mine.
No men than her's are braver,
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,
I'd freely die, I'd freely die,
And think my lot divine, to save her.
Oh! she's a rich and rare land, etc.

She's not a dull or cold land,
No, she's a warm and bold land,
Oh! she's a true and old land,
Old Erin, native land of mine.
Could beauty ever guard her,
Her virtue still reward her,
No friends would pine, no foes combine,
No man should grieve within its border.
Oh! she's a rich and rare land, etc.

**SONG— MR. FRANK MULLINGS.**

*Arranged by Esposito.*

*(a) "The Lark in the Clear Air."

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars enchanted,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
For a tender, beaming smile to my hope has been granted,
And to-morrow she shall hear all my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,
And I think she will hear me, and will not say me nay,
It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

**SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.**

*(b) "The Irish Volunteers."

Hear it on the mountain,
Hear it in the glen,
Hear it in the cities—
The tramp of marching men.

**Chorus—**

God light the way they're faring!
God give them strength and daring
To strike a blow for Erin,
The Irish Volunteers.

A hundred years of waiting,
Of sorrow and of pain,
And now the heart of Eireann
Beats high with hope again.  *Chorus.*

Lift up the flag of freedom,
And be your marching song
The music of the rifle—
'Tis clear and sweet and strong!

Close ranks! too long they're broken,
Wipe out the wasted years;
March on, march on to Freedom
With Ireland's Volunteers!  *(Chorus.)*

**SONG— MR. SEAMUS CLANDILLON.**

*(a) "Án Soghain Éireann.*

In buachailín chomh óid mé, so bhrúigh mór ní na ngáir,
Tugteann tu tháleacht do cheannas ní amháin lena chomóid sé linn
Ní páid hata neamh ná clóca, ná buailbh bhrúideóna bráid,
Ná ré i gcéadtháir a bhainín, ri mo réidh le bhuí ná bhainín mé bá.

Ní fáth dúirtte a eicip tá lámhí ná éirann go crann
D'fhéadfadh tríocht mo róisidh ná, ní héit ná sélimpá nám,
D'fhor bheith uaim fé réasa go círeabh na n-óid-sult riomh
Go bhrí go cróide do cráplaí trí ná ná pháistí leith contaí cúim.

Tá sile áthair trí thábhais an bháil mór t dheach na laoi,
Tá rineálta an bháil tréidhul, agus mór-rioc tá mheasann tríobh.
Tá panann rúlaí ag rúil binn a ceal binn ag ain le cróide
Ó chailleadh ri mo réidh, 'pí ceagáin an ceo trom'cróide,

*(b) "I Wish I had a Kerry Cow."

I wish I had a Kerry cow, a Kerry cow, a Kerry cow,
I wish I had a Kerry cow, and I'd milk her night and morning.

**Cúippá:**

Oído mo stile tí, ghrá mo cróide for ever tú,
Oído mo stile tí, t'á beata beag da má caid.

I wish I had a rich of turf, a rich of turf, a rich of turf,
I wish I had a rich of turf, and I'd keep a fine fire always.

**Cúippá:** Oído, 7c.
I wish I had a middling pot, a middling pot, a middling pot, 
I wish I had a middling pot, a kettle and a saucepan,
Cuppa: O16. 7c.
I wish I had a dandy cap, a dandy cap, a dandy cap, 
I wish I had a dandy cap, with four and twenty borders.
Cuppa: O16. 7c.
I wish I had a muslin gown, a muslin gown, a muslin gown, 
I wish I had a muslin gown, till I give it to my darlin',
Cuppa: O16. 7c.
I wish I had a Kerry cow, a Kerry cow, a Kerry cow, 
I wish I had a Kerry cow, and Katie from her father,
Cuppa: 1p 6p6. 
BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

SONG—MISS AGNES TREACY.

"Oh, Bay of Dublin." Traditional.

Oh! Bay of Dublin; my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me, like a fevered dream;
Like frozen fountains, that the sun sets bubbling,
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name;
And never till this life-pulse ceases,
My earliest thought you'll cease to be;
Oh! there's no one here knows how fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.
Sweet Wicklow Mountains! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare,
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces,
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea,
Oh! my blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.
How often when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katey knitting,
And the children playing round the cabin door;
I think I see the neighbours' faces
All gathered round their long-lost friend to see;
Oh! tho' no one knows how fair that place is,
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.
LADY DUFFERIN.

SONG—MR. PATRICK HENEBERY.

(b) "The West's Awake."

Arranged by Esposito.

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep! The West's asleep!
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught lies in slumber deep;
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks, their guardian chivalry,
Sing, oh! let men learn liberty
From crashing wave and lashing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land,
Freedom and nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumbering slaves a home so grand,
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place.
Sing, oh! not even their son's disgrace,
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often in O'Connor's van,
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan,
And, fleet as deer, the Normans ran
Through Cullick Pass and Ardrahan,
And later days saw deeds as brave,
And glory guard Clancarca's grave.
Sing, oh! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
The West's asleep! The West's asleep!
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
That Connaught lies in slumber deep;
But, hark! some voice like thunder spake:
"The West's awake! The West's awake!"
Sing, oh! hurrah! let England quake,
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake."

THOMAS DAVIS.
Why you should join the Gaelic League.

1. Because, though perhaps Ireland can do without you, you cannot do without Ireland. In doing your best to help Ireland intellectually, morally, materially, you will find a new meaning in the world and a new happiness.

2. Because the Gaelic League aims at fitting Ireland for a place in the brotherhood of nations. Ireland a Nation will enrich the world, like a strong, healthy-hearted man. Ireland an imitation will impoverish the world and be a drain upon it, like a feeble, dull-witted person.

3. Because the Irish Language gives us the only platform upon which all Irishmen and women can stand as equals and friends.

4. Because we are trying to reconstruct the social life of Ireland by keeping alive the national stories and songs and dances and games, and so are putting an end to that dullness which drives so many enterprising young men and women to emigrate.

5. Because we are in the thick of the fight for the revival of Irish industries, and we are doing our best to put a stop to another cause of emigration—want of employment.

6. Because the Gaelic League stands for temperance and clean living.

7. Because the Gaelic League has in many places, in the words of Sir Horace Plunkett, converted intellectual apathy into intellectual activity.

8. Because, if you love Ireland, you will rejoice in the rejuvenescence of Ireland which is now taking place. Some Irishmen only hate England; others only hate Ireland. The Gaelic League teaches love of Ireland first, last, and all the time. That is the bridge which we are throwing over the Boyne. That is the platform upon which we ask the Protestant and the Catholic, the Nationalist and the Unionist, to shake hands. If we have our differences that does not mean that we are not at one in the desire to see Ireland wise and strong and beautiful.

9. Because if you study the history of civilised nations, you will find that the possession of a national language makes for the mental, moral and material efficiency of a people.

10. Because you are not so foolish as to dismiss an idea as nonsensical just because you happen never to have grasped it before.
Objects of the Gaelic League.

The preservation, teaching and extension of Irish as the National Language of Ireland; the popularisation of Irish Music, Games and Industries; and, generally, the advancement of a full Irish-speaking Ireland.

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Wednesdays: FULHAM—8 to 10 p.m., Kelvedon Hall, Kelvedon Road. CLERKENWELL—8 to 10 p.m., Catholic Schools, Rosoman St.

Thursdays: HIGHGATE—8 to 10 p.m., St. Joseph’s Catholic Schools. POPULAR—7.30 to 10 p.m., Docker’s Hall. SILVERTOWN—7.15 to 9.45 p.m., Muir St. School, Tate Road. TOOTING—7.30 to 10.30 p.m., 126 High Rd. KENSINGTON—7.30 to 10 p.m., St. Mark’s Institute, Lancaster Road.

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