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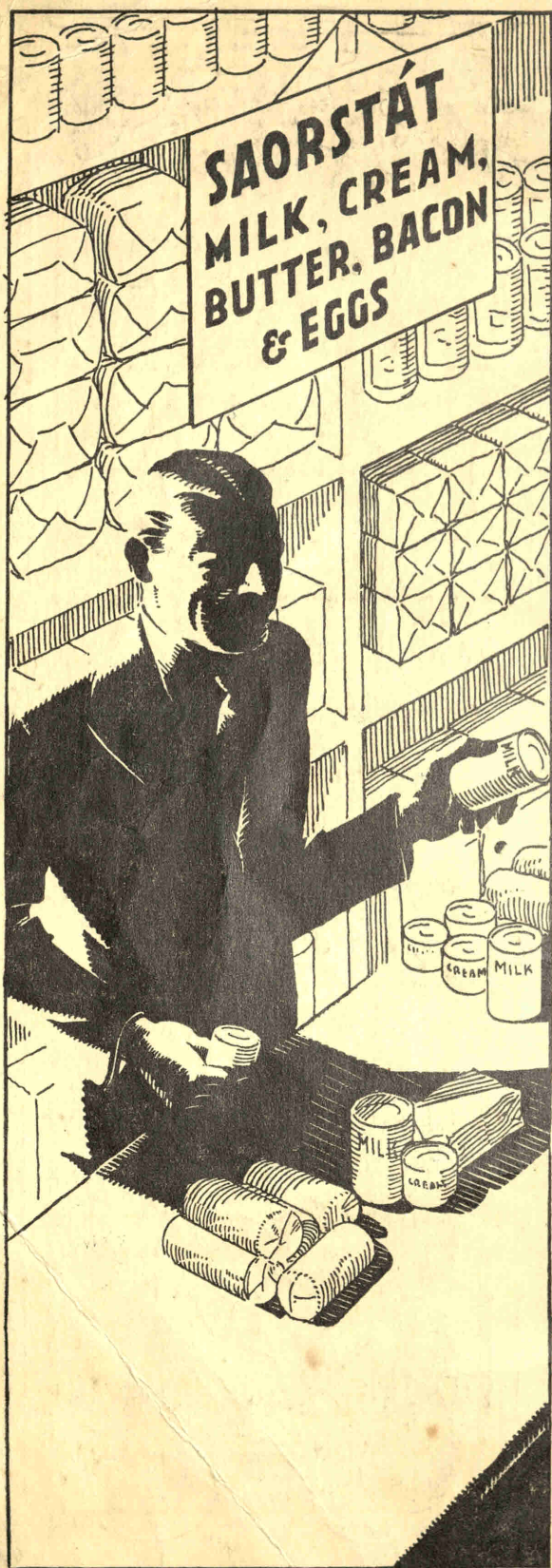
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Féile PádruiṢ
Márta



1934

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1934

Scitling a luac



*An occasional Magazine, containing
the Programme of the Thirty-sixth
Annual Musical Festival held at
the Queen's Hall, Langham Place,
London, W. 1, on St. Patrick's
Night, Saturday, 17th March, 1934.
Published by the Gaelic League of
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an clár

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an clár

cuid a hAon

Part I of the 1934 St. Patrick's Night Concert.

ITEM

1. ORGAN SOLO : " Carolan Concerto " ; " March, Michael Hoy " ; " Coola Shore " ; " Go Mairidh ár nGaedhilg Slán."
2. PIPERS' BAND : " Ireland Boys, Hurrah ! " ; " Sighle Ni Dhuibhir " ; " Fogarty's Jig " ; " The Girl from Mullingar, Reel " ; " St. Patrick's Day."
3. SONG " St. Patrick's Day " *arr. A. Moffat*
MR. BERNARD DUDLEY.
4. SONGS "An Fuiréóigin Rua" *arr. C. V. Stanford*
" A Spinning Song " *A. A. Needham*
MISS MARGARET DEMPSEY.
5. FIGURE DANCES : " St. Patrick's Day, Jig " ; " Reel."
CHILDREN OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE.
6. Amhlán "Suair Leir an nSaeóil" *arr. Carl Hardebeck*
"An Spealadóir" *Dr. A. Brereton*
"Donncha mac Coillig."
7. RECITATIONS : "Ir m'ire éire" *Padraig Pearse*
"Death of Cuhoolin" *W. B. Yeats*
"Wee Hughie" *E. Shane*
"Lay of Kilcock" *J. M. Lowry*
"Gráinne de búrca."
8. p'fob uilleann "Sliaib na m'ban" ; "bean Dubh an Gleanna" ; "Cáim-re 'mo Coislaib."
MR. LEO ROWSOME.
9. SONGS : " The March of the Maguire " *arr. C. V. Stanford*
" The Boys of Wexford " *J. J. Johnson*
MR. BERNARD DUDLEY.
10. PIPERS' BAND : Special selection of Clan Marches played by
p'fobairí an Connartha.
Including "Owen Roe O'Neill's March" ; "War March of Brian Boru" ; "O'Donovan's March" ;
"O'Sullivan's March" ; "Mac Carthy's March."
11. PLAY "THE WORKHOUSE WARD" by Lady Gregory
Michael Miskell . . . m. Ó MacFáinn
Mike McInerney . . . R. Mac Eoghán
Mrs. Donohoe . . . C. De Faoite.
Scene : A Ward in Cloon Workhouse.

An interval of ten minutes. Mr B. B. Barrett will play a further selection of Irish airs on the Organ. A Collection will be taken for the Language Fund.

AN CLÁN

CUID A DÓ

Part II of the 1934 St. Patrick's Night Concert.

ITEM

1. PIPERS' BAND : " My Love is but a Lassie Yet " ;
 " Carraig Donn " ; " Boys of Blue Hill " ; " Devil
 Stick the Minister " ; " Paddy O'Carroll. "

PIOBADAIRÍ AN CONNARCTA.

2. SONGS : " Ringletted Youth of my Love " *arr. A. A. Needham*
 " Blue Hills of Antrim " *arr. H. Harty*
 MISS MARGARET DEMPSEY.

3. VIOLIN AIRS. SOLO :
 " Eocharl " ; " An Éirínn ní 'neórfáinn Cí h-í " ;
 " O'Carolan's Farewell to Music. "
 mícheál ó Duinn.

4. STEP DANCES : " Jig "
 " The Blackbird "

MR. LIAM CUFFE AND MISS MAIRE HOGAN.

Accompanied by Mr. Leo Rowsome on the Uilleann Pipes.

5. AMHÁIN " Mo Shloine Poitín " *arr. Quentin Downer*
 " An Bann Buada " *E. Gallagher*
 DONNHADÓ MAC COILÍSH.

6. RECITATIONS :
 " Imir fá réim " *DOUGLAS Ó RAETHLE*
 " Brian of Banba " *Alice Milligan*
 " Moses ri-toor-a-laloorali-lay " *Brian O'Higgins*
 SRÁINNE DE BÚRCA.

7. VIOLIN AND UILLEANN PIPES, DUET : " The West's Asleep " ; " Manchester Hornpipe " ; " The Flannel Jacket, Reel " ; " I Won't be a Nun, March. "
 mícheál ó Duinn and MR. LEO ROWSOME.

8. SONGS : " The Felons of Our Land " *arr. Hubert Rooney*
 " The Donovans " *A. A. Needham*
 MR. BERNARD DUDLEY.

" Amhán na bFíann "—" The Soldier's Song. " See page 13 for the words and join in the singing.

At the Piano : MISS A. MACHALE.

In accordance with the requirements of the L.C.C. :—

(i) The public may leave at the end of the performance or exhibition by all exit doors, and such doors must at that time be open.

(ii) All gangways, corridors, staircases and external passageways intended for exit shall be kept entirely free from obstruction, whether permanent or temporary.

(iii) Persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any of the other gangways. If standing be permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, sufficient space shall be left for persons to pass easily to and fro and to have free access to exits.



The Words of the Songs

"ST. PATRICK'S DAY."

Arr. MOFFAT.

Oh, blest be the days when the green banner floated
 Sublime o'er the mountains of free Inisfail,
 When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted
 Defied the invader to tread her soil.
 When back o'er the main they chased the Dane
 And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
 When valour and mind together combined.
 But wherefore lament o'er those glories departed,
 Her star shall shine out with as vivid a ray,
 For ne'er had she children more brave and true
 hearted
 Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's Day.

Her sceptre, alas! passed away to the stranger,
 And treason surrendered what valour had held,
 But true hearts remained amidst darkness and
 danger

That, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled.
 Oft, oft, through the night flashed gleams of light,
 Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;
 But a star now is near here heaven to cheer,
 Not like the wild gleams that so fitfully darted,
 But long to shine down with its hallowing ray
 On daughters as fair and on sons as truehearted
 As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's Day.

Oh! blest be the hour when begirt by her cannon
 And hailed as it rose by a nation's applause,
 That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
 Asserting for Irishmen Irish laws,
 Once more shall it wave o'er hearts as brave,
 Despite of the dastards who mock at our cause,
 And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
 Her children inspired by those glories departed,
 No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
 But join in her cause like the brave and true
 hearted

Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's Day.

M. J. BARRY.

"fuisseoirín nuad'."

Arr. C. V. STANFORD.

'Do bíor-rá im' luíge go rítead róḡad
 Ar tulaig ar bóro an éuain,
 Mar bíod na roillre as tróeact im éneó
 'San ḡaot as feoiḡnead im' éluair,
 'Do rmaoinead 'n ḡnío'ra'n traoḡail móir
 'San rḡairead ro'n pórr'lioct ruad
 'De éaoim-beairt óilir Ríog na ḡCómact
 'Do tuitear i neól beas ruain.

'Dair liom go dtáinig fá mo émhair
 Tar tuinn fuisseoirín nuad',
 'San ríor cá háirto doib' áirneab' óo,
 Cá ḡaot do feól é ar éuairto,
 'Do rtao go háirto ór tráig' óá' óeóin
 Ir rḡearcuig ar éeól 'san buadairt
 'Do bíodḡ mé im' láir le háctar móir,
 Tré áirtear an rḡeóil do luairt.

T. O'NEILL RUSSELL.

"A SPINNING SONG."

Arr. A. A. NEEDHAM.

My love to fight the Saxon goes,
And bravely shines his sword of steel;
A heron's feather decks his brows,
And a spur on either heel;
His steed is blacker than the sloe,
And fleetier than the falling star;
Amid the surging ranks he'll go
And shout for joy of war.

Chorus:

Tinkle, tinkle, pretty spindle; let the white
wool drift and dwindle,
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my
love's coat of steel.
Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning
soft, old fashioned ditties,
To the low, slow murmur of the brown, round
wheel.

My love is pledged to Ireland's fight;
My love would die for Ireland's weal,
To win her back her ancient right,
And make her foemen reel.
Oh! close I'll clasp him to my breast
When homeward from the war he comes;
The fires shall light the mountain's crest,
The valley peal with drums.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL.

"SUAS LEIS AN NḠAEÓILS."

Arr. CARL. HARDEBECK.

Суррѧ. Тѧсѧрѧ ѓ, тѧсѧрѧ ѓ, теанḡа на хѧйеанн,
ḡруиḡрѧ ḡо ваиḡеан ѓ, ḡруиḡрѧ ле
хѧйеааа,
тѧсѧрѧ ḡо буаḡḡ ѓ, тѧсѧрѧ ле ѡѧле,
нѧ хоḡа! тѧсѧрѧ ѓ! суар леир ан
нḡаеѧилс.

1. ḡ ḡлаḡна на нḡаеѧеаḡ бѧѧѧ реарḡнаḡ ѧлуḡ,
ле суаилнѧ ḡ ѡѧле аḡ сḡрḡаиḡ буḡ ḡḡḡ,
ḡ, реарḡрѧ ḡо ḡаиреаиḡаил ле саḡ'ḡаиḡ буḡ
нḡрḡḡḡ,
ḡ'ḡ нḡ тḡѧѧрѧ ан ḡаеѧилс аḡоир нḡ ḡо бḡḡḡ.
2. тḡ ḡѧр-ḡруḡ ан ḡѧрḡла аḡ баḡаирḡ ḡо сḡуаḡр,
ḡи саḡ'ḡаиḡ ḡи нḡḡḡḡаир ḡо ḡлуḡḡḡ ḡан
тḡуаḡḡ,
ḡḡḡ реарḡрѧ ḡо ѧѧлḡ ле саḡ'ḡаиḡ буḡ нḡаḡḡ
'ḡ нѧ ḡ'ḡуиḡе ḡѧ ан бḡр ḡо ѧḡḡ ѧеиреаḡ ан
тḡаḡḡаил.
3. ḡ, тѧсѧрѧ ḡ бḡḡḡḡ ḡо н-ḡḡḡ иḡḡан тḡр,
'ḡ бѧḡḡ лḡḡеаḡḡ ḡаḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡи ḡḡḡ
сḡḡḡḡḡ,
нѧ тḡѧѧḡḡḡ ан ḡаеѧилс ан ḡаḡḡ 'ḡ ḡѧḡḡ бѧḡ
саḡ'ḡаиḡ нḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡи нḡḡḡḡḡḡ нѧ тḡѧѧḡḡḡ
ḡо ѧеḡ.

DUNCAN REID

"AN SPEALADÓIR."

Arr. DR. ANNIE BRERETON.

1. Ar! a cáilíní 'ra cáilíní! naé tmuas liom-
ra'n rseál,
mire sábal ar fáilrse ir san tual asam ar
féar,
bí sío as mur bpartheaca, sac oíche 'sábal
'un leapca óaoib.
as oíul so bpillinn-re as túir baint an féir.

Cuprá. Ta-ra roudle addle oudle addle addle diddle
addle dom,
Roudle addle oudle addle oidle deedle addle
dom,
Tar ee idle ou fal di dou deedle addle dom.
Ri fol di diddle addle. Ri Ti aye.

2. Bí rin as an baintiseanna, páirc fáda féir,
féar móir sáró 'na lúige ar 'acáir táb
búir me mo rpeal, ir leon me mo émann,
asur cáill me mo mársao ir mo páige so léir.

3. Bí me reáct reáctmaine as móirfir as baint
féir,
a'r búir cloé an rpeal oim 'rbú páirheac an
rseál.
ac tá gíota beas le beairuó 'sam, ir ní mó
ná cúir pé 'otalaí mé,
a'r b'féair liom é beir bainte 'sam ná an
páige so léir.

4. Spealadóir maíe páirca me i búir as an gíéin.
a búir rpeal maíe fáda 'sam, 'sur fáobair
uirce ar féar,
b'éairraim cloé ar saineaí oí ó'n tráil so oí
a báir amac,
a óirrige ra máirrige 'ra rpealadóir an féir.

5. Sábal ríio éluam meala oíom 'ra meádon-
oíche 'féir,
caraó oim cáilín deap, buó éuim deap a béal,
báin me oíom mo hata ir o'umluig mé so
calaí oí,
ir o'fiarraig mé so ceannaraé an bpóirao
rí mé.

"THE MARCH OF THE MAGUIRE."

Arr. C. V. STANFORD.

My grief, Hugh Maguire,
That to-night you must go
To wreak your just ire
On your murderous, false foe ;
For hark ! as the blast,
Through the bowed wood raves past,
The great Oaks, aghast,
Rock, reel and crash below.

Uncheered of your spouse,
Without comfort or care,
All night you must house
In some lone, shaggy lair ;
The lightning your lamp,
For your sentry the tramp
Of the thunder round your camp ;
Hark ! 'tis there, 'tis there !

But to morrow your sword
 More terrific shall sweep
 On our foe's monstrous horde
 Than this storm o'er the steep,
 And his mansions lime white
 Flame with fearfuller light
 Than your bolts thro' black night
 Hurled blazing down the deep.

ALFRED P. GRAVES.

"THE BOYS OF WEXFORD."

Arr. J. J. JOHNSON.

In comes the captain's daughter,
 The captain of the Yeos,
 Saying "Brave United Irish Man,
 We'll ne'er again be foes,
 A thousand pounds I'll bring if you
 Will fly from home with me,
 And dress myself in Man's attire,
 And fight for liberty."

Chorus :

We are the boys of Wexford,
 Who fought with heart and hand,
 To burst in twain the galling chain,
 And free our native land.

"I want no gold, my maiden fair,
 To fly from home with thee ;
 Your shining eyes will be my prize—
 More dear than gold to me.
 I want no gold to nerve my arm
 To do a true man's part—
 To free my land I'd gladly give
 The red drops from my heart."

We bravely fought and conquered
 At Ross and Wexford town ;
 Three Bullet Gate for years to come
 Will speak for our renown ;
 Through Walpole's horse and Walpole's foot
 On Tubberneering's day,
 Depending on the long, bright pike,
 We cut our gory way.

And Oulart's name shall be their shame
 Whose steel we ne'er did fear,
 For every man could do his part
 Like Forth and Shelmaliel !
 And if, for want of leaders,
 We lost at Vinegar Hill,
 We're ready for another fight,
 And love our country still !

Version by MR. EDMOND LEAMY, B.L.

RINGLETTED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

Arr. A. A. NEEDHAM.

Ringletted youth of my love,
With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
You passed by the road above,
But you never came in to find me;
Where were the harm for you
If you came for a little to see me,
Your kiss is a wakening dew
Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
I would make a nice little boreen,
To lead straight up to his door,
The door of the house of my storeen;
Hoping to God not to miss
The sound of his footfall in it,
I have waited so long for his kiss
That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love, you were so—
As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
And I thought after that you were snow
The cold snow on top of the mountain;
And I thought after that, you were more
Like God's lamp shining to find me,
Or the bright star of knowledge before,
And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
And satin and silk, my storeen,
And to follow me, never to lose,
Though the ocean were round us roaring;
Like a bush in a gap in a wall
I am now left lonely without thee,
And this house I grow dead of, is all
That I see around or about me.

From The Love Songs of Connaught by
"AN CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN."

"THE BLUE HILLS OF ANTRIM."

Arr. HARTY.

The blue hills of Aon-druim I see in my dreams,
The high hills of Aon-druim, the glens and the
streams:

In sunlight and shadow, in weal and in woe,
The sweet vision haunts me wherever I go.

Sliabh Treastain's in shadow, and Gleannan in
tears

Looks sorrowing up at her love through the years:
The sad look at Treastain I cannot forget;
My heart pines in darkness, my lashes are wet.

Red dawn is at breaking, and Sleeve-meesh is glad,
In smiles to the green fields and fallows of Braud;
Craigbilly is waking from night's dewy sleep,
And Kella's young streams with my new pulses
leap.

The blue hills of Aon-druim I see in my dreams,
The high hills of Aon-druim, the glens and the
streams:

In sunlight and shadow, in weal and in woe,
The sweet vision haunts me wherever I go.

SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL.

"mó gloine poitín.

Arr. Q. DOWNER.

Dein glagairíde liom-ra sur polláine uirge,
 Sió tá ré san bolad, san blas nó san bhuig,
 Dein cléiríde nac gcuireann ré daoine ar meirge,
 Aet geall mé san deór de oo blarad a coróc.
 Bíor rdoi asur ragsairt as suirde a' r as bagairt,
 Ar uirge na cruinne ní tabairfínn tráitín,
 Oé! sac lá a' r sac oirde, so brát 'sur a coróte
 ní feunparó mé gloine de rgsáit an poitín.

mo beannaet so brát ar fean-órna mo éiríe,
 Má' r garb a ceann, oé! ir mílir a rúg,
 So maiur so deó linn a póiteoiríde fíona,
 As reinm a cáil a' r as molaó a élú.
 A' r uoirne ár gcuiróte, reo cuinne ár miste,
 Duó mó-mait sac fear uíob as rluasó a
 "bráoin."

'noir an feunparó a bporc-ran, so ríoruirde an
 deor rin,
 'sé freasra doim fíir uíob i nglóine poitín.

tá an ffranncaé boet rára as ól a cúro fíona,
 le "laseir" tá'n gearmánaé ráin in a glóir;
 tá an sáranaé rannac so ríoruirde as caoinead,
 Má tá ré don lá san a dótain de deoir,
 'noir bíor as sac uirne a deoc féin 'ran gloine,
 ir cuma má' r lionn í, má' r beoir í nó fíon;
 Aet ná palais mo uoir a coróte le corin,
 Aet corin mait maireac de rgsáitan poitín.

"an barra buada."

Arr. E. GALLAGHER.

1. A bráitíre na nGaeóal-Cumann éiriciró liom
 real,
 Sibre sur sean lib bui uirí,
 Sibre sur gíad lib gíáinne mhaol,
 ir sur méinn í beir raor so ríor,
 Sibre a fear ra' beáina baogail,
 asur ríbre tá as raie ann so fóill,
 le glaine bui gcuirde asur tréine bui ngeas,
 asur ríre fíann éireann in bui móro.

Ar asaró ar asaró! Abú! San éulú céim.
 Ar asaró anoir nó mian le n-ár ríó.
 Ar ron de asur raoríre ar uiríe ré réim.
 Ar ron ár marb ir ár mbeo.

2. fearra ní foláir sur b'í éirí na nGaeóal,
 meirí sac éireannais ra tír.
 fearra bíor geara freasairt roiléir,
 Cioca taob uir? An le héirinn nó seán
 buirde?
 fearra ná bactar le taos a' 'da taob,
 scuabtar an rchairte ar ár rí.
 An t-é ná beir linn ní dual sur uinn é,
 píoca Gaeóal, nó Gall-Gaeóal é nó coisgíoc.

3. Ar ron a brúair bár le gíad uon Gaeóal
 bímir Gaeólaé ó baitear so brós.
 Ar uirí ir ár uceangsa 'r ar ualain uínn féin,
 ní rtaonram so rchíocram a brúil poiminn.
 Cuirimí rínn féin re caoinnac éiríor,
 ir ár gcuor inr sac roilí, ar sac róo,
 ir níl baogal ná so réirfeir an barr buada
 arí,
 ir so fearparó ríir éireann an róo.

MUIRIS Ó CAÉTÁIN.

"THE FELONS OF OUR LAND."

Arr. HUBERT ROONEY.

Fill up once more, we'll drink a toast
To comrades far away—
No nation upon earth can boast
Of braver hearts than they.
And though they sleep in dungeons deep,
Or flee, outlawed and banned,
We love them yet, we can't forget
The felons of our land !

In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride
Foredoomed by alien laws,
Some on the scaffold proudly died
For holy Ireland's cause.
And, brothers, say, shall we to day
Unmoved, like cowards stand,
While traitors shame, and foes defame
The felons of our land ?

Some in the convict's dreary cell
Have found a living tomb,
And some unseen, unfriended, fell
Within the dungeon's gloom !
Yet, what care we, although it be
Trodden by a ruffian band—
God bless the clay where rest to-day
The felons of our land !

Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,
Oh, little do we care—
A felon's cap's the noblest crown
An Irish head can wear !
And every Gael in Innisfail
(Who scorns the serf's vile brand),
From Lee to Boyne, would gladly join
The felons of our land !

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

"THE DONOVANS."

Arr. NEEDHAM.

If you would like to see the height of hospitality,
The cream of kindly welcome, and the core of
cordiality ;
Joy of all the olden time—you're wishing to recall
again ?
Come down to Donovans and there you'll meet
them all again.

Cead mile failte they'll give you down at
Donovans,
As cheery as the Springtime, and Irish as the
ceannabán
The wish of my heart is, if ever I had any one—
That every luck that lightens life may light
upon the Donovans.

As soon as e'er you lift the latch, the little ones
are meeting you,
As soon as you're beneath the thatch, oh !
kindly looks are greeting you ;
Scarcely are you ready to be holding out a fist
to them,
When down by the fireside you're sitting in the
midst of them.

There sits the cailín dear, oh ! where on earth's
the peer of her ?

The modest face, the gentle grace, the humour
and the cheer of her ;

Eyes like the summer skies when twin stars beam
above in them,—

Oh ! proud will be the boy that's to light the lamp
of love in them.

Then when you rise to go, it's " Ah, then now sit
down again,"

" Isn't it the haste you're in," and " Won't you
soon come round again ? "

Your cáibín and your overcoat you'd better put
astray for them,

'Twill take you all your time to try and tear your-
self away from them.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

Chorus : " AMHÁN NA BFIANN."

Seo óib, a cáirde, uan óglais,
Catréimeac, bríogámar, ceolámar,
Ar oiteinte cnám go buacac táro,
'S an rpéir go mín réaltóga.
Ir fonnámar faobarmac rinn cun gleo,
'S go tiúnnámar glé roim éioct de'n ló,
fé ciúnaí caom na h-oidce ar reol :
Seo óib ! canais Amhán na Bfiann.

Cuprá :

Sinne fianna fáil,
Ará fé geall as éirinn,
Buiréan o'ár rluas,
Tar tuinn do ráinig cúgaínn,
fé móro beir raon,
Sean-tíri ár rinnreap fearra.
Ní pásgar fé'n oíonán ná fé'n oiráil,
Anoict a téam ra beáinnain baogail,
Le sean ar faeóeal cun báir nó raozal,
Le suna rshéac fé lámác na bphiléar,
Seo óib, canais Amhán na Bfiann.

Coir bánta pérde, ar ároaib rleibe
Da buacac ár rinnreap roimáinn
As lámác go tréan fé'n ráir-bhar réim
Tá tuar ra shoit go reolta
Da oútcár riam o'ár gcine cáro
San iompáil riar ó imire ár
'S as riúbal mar iao i gcóinnib náimao
Seo óib ! canais Amhán na Bfiann.

A buiréan nac rann o'fuil shaoídeal ir Gall.
Sin breacac lae na raoirre
Tá rgeimle 'r rcannrao i shcoiróib náimao
Roim rangaib laocra ár oíre
Ar oiteinte ir tréit san rphéac anoir
Sin luirne glé ran rpéir anoir
'S an bíotba i raon na bphiléar asuib :
Seo óib ! canais Amhán na Bfiann.

CRÍOC.

NOTE.—The above are the words of " The Soldier's
Song " in Irish. The audience are requested
to sing the Irish words in preference to those
in English.

Dul. ar ašarō na Šaēōilze

máire nīc doṁacáin do rēpīōb.

BREIS ašur deic mbliadna ó pōin, fēadtar a riad nac riab de Šaēōilze ra tšar Stát—taob amuis de'n Šaēdealtact—ac an méro a bí dā raočrú i gConnrad na Šaēōilze. Ba beas an méro daoine a tánais rāoi anāl an Connarcta ran am rin ašur de bñis rin ip amlarō ip mó atā molaō aš sabāil do'n tpeam beas Šaēdealtac rin a cōinnis tōirpe na teangān ar lapaō d'aindeoin neam-šum na ndaoine ašur d'aindeoin earbāro aipšio ašur curoigšteōirí.

Le linn bunú an tšar Stát, ní riab mōrián le cúigear pé'n céad de na h-oirí rcoile i n-ann riú amáin ceact rimpliōe Šaēōilze a múinead. De péir a céile, am, d'ullmuis na h-oirí iad péin fá cōinne na h-oirpe. Riú amáin na rean-oirí, rinne a mbunadap cion rir ar ron na teangān. Maroir leir na h-oirí óga atā aš teact amac ar na coláircti tpeanāla ar an aimpir reo, ní bñeas a riad go bñuil níor mó taitigšte aca ar an Šaēōilze ná mar atā ar an bēarla.

Ip leir d'n méro reo nac mberō an tpoio ar ron na Šaēōilze baogal ar com dīan fearōa d'r a bí ri rna deic mbliadna reo a cuarō tairt. Dīan d'r mar bí an tpoio, am, ní riab ri šan topaō. 'Siomōa rin cōmarcta fáir atā le feiceál tairt fá tcaois dīnn ceana péin. Cui i gcár na feireanna—an lion daoine a tēro ipceac ar cōmōrtairí na teangān tá pé aš sabāil i méro ó bliadain go bliadain. Can é amáin rin ac tá an carōean i bpaō níor doirpe ná mar a bí pé pōinnt bliadān ó pōin. 'Na teannta rin, caiteann rluaisgte de daoine óga— ašur go h-áirigšte páirí rcoile—caiteann riad a laeteannta rāoirpe ra Šaēdealtact anoir. Tá a leitēro rin d'éileam ar d'rámaí Šaēōilze ra cātar šur deacair do'n Cōmar D'rámuiocta amairclann a řašāil com minic d'r ba máit leobta é. I mbaile áta Cliať go h-áirigšte, tá ruaitnro ar an méro daoine a tēitear ašur an páinne řuar aca. Tá éileam rna cāřača ar řšoltaca iomlán-Šaēōilze do páircti ašur ní luaitē řorcalte ceann dīob reo ná bionn ri lionta.

Seo iad na cōmarctái ip leir do'n řear ra tñrāro mar adeirřea. Smaointis anoir ar an obair atā dā deanam ar ron na Šaēōilze i bpoirpar mar a bí. Sa céad dul

rior, tá bheir agus leat-millúin páirde as
 foğluim Saeóilge rna rsgoltaí nárúnta.
 Ní bliadain amháin a bíor ríad rin as foğluim
 Saeóilge ac reáct nó oét de bliadanta—
 ar fead uaire ra ló ar a laíad agus go
 minic níor fúide ná rin. Sna rsgoltaí
 ir Saeóilge, múntear gac aóbar rcoile
 tré Saeóilge. Ar ndóig, níl ac fíor beagán
 rsgoltaí de'n treóir rin ann go fóill ac
 ran am céirna ir féirir a ríad go múntear
 curo de na h-aóbar léiginn tré
 Saeóilge i ngac rcoil nac móir. 'Na teannta
 rin, tá an rriorad Saeóilge as gabáil
 i bfeabhar rna rsgoltaí go léir. Ir beag
 bearla a cluintear anoir rna beannaíta,
 ceardanna, óirúigte agus mion-cainnt eile
 a bíor ar fíubál le linn gnáit-obair rcoile.

Chuir rin, tá Saeóilge dá múinead
 i ngac cineál eile rcoile forta—rna rsgol-
 taí roir-meánaí, rna ceáir rsgoltaí
 agus inr na rsgoltaí ríibíreáí. Smaoin-
 tig ar an éaoi a beag as páirde rcoile le
 Saeóilge a foğluim feara agus an teagair
 ar fíubál raor lán-treol. Dá mberoir
 'na gclóca agus 'na ndaríain caiteoir
 Saeóilge a foğluim agus iad as éirteáct
 léi i mbéal daoine oillte an fáro rin.

Ar ndóig, d'féaríann tagairt a deann
 do'n taob eile de'n rgeúl forta—do'n
 rluag páirde a cáillear a gcuro Saeóilge ar
 fágáil na rcoile dóib. Do na daoine a
 labhar bearla agus é ar a gcumar
 Saeóilge a labhairt; do neam-fuim luét
 na gceáir galánta, roir cléir agus tuataig.
 Ac cá bfuil an gar a beir as gearán! Tis
 gac maí le cáirde agus tiucpar annreo
 forta. Cáit na fíall bheir agus reáct gcead
 bliadain ra tír reo agus níor eirig leo an
 Saeóilge a rsgior amac a'r amac, ran am
 rin. Tá daoine ann anoir a mearann go
 mba éoir an bearla a cur ar neimnío ra
 ceardmáir curo de'n am rin!

Ar rcor ar bit, níl lá a téigear taráinn
 nac bfuil an dearcad Saeóilge as gabáil
 i dtreire ra tír agus ní ró-fada uáinn
 an t-am nuair a beag éir Saeóilge
 arí—a burde rin do na h-oirí a cur
 guala leir an roca nuair a bí ferom le
 curú; a burde go h-áirigte do Connrad
 na Saeóilge atá 'na rgeit coranta do'n
 teanga i n-éadan gac námad.



Medicine in Ireland in the Middle Ages.

By WINIFRED WULFF.

LONG before the medieval medical teaching of Greece and Arabia penetrated to Ireland the subject of Medicine and Surgery had received attention from Irish law-makers and poets. Diancecht, the Irish Aesculapius, a legendary figure of the De Dannan period, was the first physician to appear in Irish literature, and was regarded as the god of medicine, while Brigit also was the goddess of medicine and doctors.

Elaborate regulations were laid down in the Brehon Laws for the care of the sick and wounded, the aged and infirm, for the establishment and administration of hospitals, and the training and organisation of doctors. Irish legends abound in stories about the healing of the wounded after battle, and seem to indicate that very elaborate preparations were made to house the wounded and the sick in clean airy buildings with a plentiful supply of water. It is apparent from the records still extant that there was nothing haphazard about the methods of the old Irish. Even the fees to be charged by doctors were carefully regulated. The use of baths both for cleansing and healing purposes was recognised, and indeed prescribed for hostleries and hospitals. Milk baths were to be used against poisoned weapons; herb baths and marrow baths were for various diseases, sweat baths (*tigh'n alluis*) for rheumatism. The name *Irische Bäder* still survives in certain continental towns for a type of bath similar to the Turkish bath of to-day. Baths with this name were seen by Irish visitors in Trier, Prague, Nürnberg as recently as twenty-five years ago. In some places they were called *Römische-Irische Bäder*.

Details of the medical regulations of ancient Ireland are to be found in most of the older books which come down from pagan times, notably the Brehon Laws and the *Táin*. In more recent times the medieval literature of Ireland shows the growth and persistence of the old tradition. The monasteries had their hospitals, which came to an end in the time of Henry VIII, and had no counterpart in Ireland until the introduction of the modern public health laws of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

One of the most interesting phenomena of history is the way in which the Irish received, made over and assimilated the new medical knowledge of the Middle Ages. A vast body of medical manuscript literature was produced, which largely disappeared in the general disintegration of the nation which started in the time of Henry VIII.

A good deal of it remains, in the Irish language, preserved in manuscripts—mostly in Irish libraries—but also in the British Museum, the National Library of Scotland, and in libraries on the Continent. Probably no other country and no other language has anything to compare with the collection of Irish medical manuscripts still existing.

What amazes one in studying this subject is that in a country as disturbed as Ireland was, from the end of the twelfth century onward, so many Irishmen found the leisure and the opportunities to study the classical medical authors of the Continent. Nevertheless it is recorded that “Donnchadh Óg Ó Conchubhair, ollamh in medicine of Ossory, the flower of the leeches of Ireland in his day, never left Ireland to study.”

In the Royal Irish Academy alone there are thirty-six medical manuscripts, mostly Irish translations or adaptations or commentaries from the works of Avicenna; Aurelius Celsus; Hippocrates (*Aphorisms* and *Prognostica*); Galen; Aegidius (*De Urinis*); Geraldus de Solo (*Commentary on Rhazes' Almanzor*); Pietro D'Argelato (*De Chicurgia*); Arnaldus de Villa Nova (*Regimen Sanitatis*); Bernard of Gordon (*Lilium Medicinæ, Decem Ingenia Cutandorum Morborum* and *Prognostica*); Nicholas of Salerno (*Antidotarium*); Nicholas of Alexandria (*Liber de Compositione Medicamentorum*); Johannes Damascenus (*Philosophical Tract*); Valescus de Taranta; Gentilis de Fulgineo (*Commentary on Aegidius*); Gulielmus de Copo of Basel (*Commentary on Hippocrates*); Lanfrancus de Mediolano; Johannes de Sancto Amando; Remacle Fuchs; John of Gaddesden (*Rosa Anglica*), and many unknown authors. The manuscripts in addition to the translation of the classical text which is occasionally varied, adapted and added to by the translator, contain lapidaries, herbals, calendars, astrological tracts, extracts from the early Fathers of the Church, Augustine and Jerome; various cures, charms, superstitions, in short, the complete pharmacopæia of the Middle Ages. Occasionally no Latin originals can be found for the Irish text. But by far

the most interesting part of the manuscript is in the frequent comments on current events, prayers or curses on various personages, occasional treasonable outbursts, and friendly eulogies of the translator on an earlier scribe. The manuscripts cover the period from the beginning of the fifteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century, and many of them, even the earliest, are transcriptions of much older manuscripts.

The language is extraordinarily interesting, being vigorous and flexible, showing how well Irish can be adapted for technical purposes. Classical names and terms undergo a bodily change to suit the agile translator. Hippocrates gracefully becomes Ipocraid; there is no pedantic attachment to foreign terms. Quite naturally a herbal is described as *luibheadóir*; materia medica becomes *mathair na leadhdoirechta*. Greek and Arabic terms mingle with the Irish. The subject was a living one just as the language was. The attachment of Irish medical men to the native language, and their zeal in translating from Latin at a time when Latin was familiar to Irish scholars is curious and interesting. An example of this interest is to be found in the *Rosa Anglica* of John of Gaddesden, who was physician at the Court of Edward II. This work, written in Latin, was not translated into English until recently in an edition published by the Irish Texts Society. Yet several manuscripts of the Irish translation still exist, showing the use and popularity of the language as a medium for medical text-books.

Medicine was largely a hereditary profession in Ireland. The most highly qualified doctors were attached to the houses of nobles and kings, and received large grants of land. It was these doctors who translated and preserved the medical manuscripts in their reference libraries. The most notable medical families were the O'Callanans, O'Cassidys, O'Lees, O'Hickeys, O'Shiels, O'Mearas, Dunleavys.

The Book of the O'Lees and the Book of the O'Shiels are in the Royal Irish Academy, and the Book of the O'Hickeys is in the National Library of Ireland.

The great medical families often held land uninterruptedly for centuries. The origin of the names, O'Lee (physician) and O'Hickey (healer), show the antiquity of the families, some of which existed up to recent times. A Dunleavy is still a medical doctor in Donegal or was until recently.

Irish doctors and Irish medicine were

greatly respected in England and on the Continent. Tribute was paid them in a medical compilation made by John J. Grenborough, for thirty years infirmarius at St. Mary's, Coventry, early in the fifteenth century, and by a distinguished Belgian physician, Van Helmont of Brussels, in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

As far as is known they usually received their medical education abroad. Niel O'Glacan held the Chair of Physic in the Universities of Toulouse (1629) and in Bologna (1646), and was for a time physician to the King of France.

Owen O'Shiel was educated in Paris, Louvain, Padua, Rome, and gained a great reputation as a doctor. He must have been one of the last physicians in the old tradition, for he was killed at the disastrous battle of Scariff Hollis near Letterkenny in the year 1650, the beginning of the darkest period of Ulster history; the period of Cromwell and the Boyne, and the final extinction of the old Irish in Ulster. There is a Shiel Hospital in Ballyshannon, endowed by a modern doctor of the same name, nearly fifty years ago.

Valuable as our Irish medical manuscripts are, much of the really interesting medical lore of Ireland was undoubtedly never committed to writing. Medicine in Ireland in the Middle Ages, as elsewhere, was fettered by a slavish respect for authority. The new period of observation and experience had not yet arrived, and the old lore was falling into disrepute. But what remains is a heritage that any nation might be proud of.



The Clan Marches.

BY HARRY HOUGH.

PROBABLY no historical collecting gives more intimate pictures of a people than Folk Song or Traditional Air collecting. We have many interesting details and wonderful pen-pictures left us by such men as Edward Bunting, Dr. Geo. Petrie, Dr. P. W. Joyce, Capt. Francis O'Neill, of Chicago, Arthur Darley, and Dr. Annie Patterson. Of people living the names of Herbert Hughes, Donal O'Sullivan, A. Martin Freeman and the

Clandillons come to my mind, and the eternal gratitude of our people should be the meed given to these noble collectors. The rescuing from obscurity, I might almost say from oblivion, of some thousands of beautiful airs is a wonderful accomplishment.

Music has great power over the emotions of a people and Ireland has its wealth of melody second to none. The clans of Ireland had their own special airs, and the various airs that charmed the people in different districts make a pleasing and interesting study.

As a piper I am interested in the Marches of the various clans. The marching bagpipe was the instrument of Ireland's soldiers from very early times. There is a fifth-century reference describing the order of precedence of the king's bodyguard and household, showing the position of pipers. We do not meet references in Scotland's history until the 15th century. The stirring marches do not seem to have their proper place in the music of our people to-day.

The airs that led our ancestors and encouraged them to deeds of valour on the battlefield, and the wonderful athletic achievement at the *Feiseanna* are worthy of a place in a list of first importance in the music of our land.

My selection from a long list of marches, would be Seán O'Neill's, Owen Roe O'Neill's, O'Donnell's, MacSweeney's of Fanad. Maguire's, MacDonnell's, Brian Boru's, O'Brien's, the March of the Tribes to Galway, O'Hehir's, O'Donovan's, O'Sullivan's, Drockerty's, MacAllistruin's, and MacCarthy's.

These soul-inspiring marches carry us back to the days of Ireland's highest scholarly and musical attainments, when her sons as soldiers of valour marched out to their strains in her fight for idealism and the true Christian equality amongst men. Down the ages, from pre-Christian times—being something of spirit that cannot die—they have survived Ireland's many vicissitudes, and are with us to-day, in the year of grace 1934, to be heard by the many loyal hearts assembling on the feast of our noble Patron, Saint Patrick, from a band of pipers aspiring to keep alive that spirit of Ireland's individuality.

From the list of Clan Marches the pipe band of the Gaelic League of London will play Owen Roe O'Neill's, Brian Boru's, O'Donovan's, O'Sullivan's, and MacCarthy's.

Any music associated or considered to

be associated with the O'Neill's must always have a strong appeal to Irishmen, because of their great defence of Ireland's rights. The March is in $2/4$ time and is a nice quick step. Owen Roe is endeared to all.

Brian Boru's March is probably the best known. The thrilling story of King Brian's glorious but tragic victory on Good Friday, 1014, himself being killed after the Danes were beaten. All war pipe bands make it one of their special airs, and it is one of the oldest recorded. In Scotch pipe music books we find a variation of this air, named "The Battle of Clontarf" with a note, "this is one of the oldest known pipe airs said to date from 1014." The March is in $6/8$ time, a very fine air full of majesty.

The O'Donovan's March has been preserved to us in $2/4$ and $3/4$ settings and is also known as "Feas do ar 1014," The Eagle's Whistle." The $2/4$ one is the better march time and more likely to have been the form used by the Clan. It is said to be the whistle with which the eagle calls her young to rest.

O'Sullivan's March is a bright $6/8$ March and quite well-known in the O'Sullivan country, the air has a secondary title, viz., "There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket."

MacCarthy's March was very popular around Blarney a few generations ago. It is a very stately and majestic march, well worthy of so important a Clan as the MacCarthy Mors. It is in $6/8$ time, and the melody resembles a bugle. There is an air in Scotch pipe music books named "The Bugle Horn" identical with it; but no reference to any Irish source.

When these warlike and stirring airs are played we can picture the Clans marching to meet their foes with all the fervour that can be inspired by battle strain, and so long as Irishmen do not lose the true Irish sentiment they will always retain those characteristics which have made them welcome the world over.

Any readers who are interested in the bag-pipes and pipe music will be welcomed by the band, if they will kindly communicate with the Secretary, Cumann na bPíobaire, c/o Gaelic League of London, 31 Red Lion Square, London, W.C. 1.

Treasures Handed Down and Often Forgotten.

By GRACE O'BRIEN.

AMONGST the treasures that have been handed down to us from the days of our ancient Celtic culture, our music is, perhaps, the most precious heritage of all. In olden days music played a very important part in the lives of our people. Ancient chronicles show that music and poetry were intimately connected with all religious and social activities, and that the poet-minstrels were held in high honour. Our beautiful legends, too, are full of allusions to music. So marvellous an influence on the human mind was attributed to music, that the men and women who were versed in the art were regarded as the possessors of a magic power. Music could soothe pain and grief, it could induce a mood of happiness, or bring the merciful oblivion of slumber. These diverse effects of music form the material of many old tales which show how sensitive to the influence of this art the Irish were in olden times.

That music was a natural mode of expression with our people is evident from the quality of the best of our old melodies. Whether sad or gay, soothing or warlike, these airs are so impregnated with our racial thought and feeling, so full of a characteristic type of emotion, that the Irishman of to-day is more deeply thrilled by them than by any other form of music.

This makes it all the more difficult to explain the curious anomaly that our beautiful old music is so rarely to be heard at concerts and other public performances. We are intensely proud of this ancient art; several fine collections are available, containing hundreds of airs; yet we seem to hide away our music as though we were loath to let the world know of the existence of treasures which any other race would proudly acclaim.

When Bunting was making his collection, he found it difficult to persuade O'Hampsey to play him the very old melodies. The centenarian harper had such a jealous reverence for the ancient music that he was unwilling to reveal its beauties to uncomprehending modern ears. Perhaps some such

unconscious instinct is the explanation of this strange mystery. For it is nothing short of tragic to find that the songs which figure on most concert programmes at home and abroad as "Irish Folk Music" are often poor, uninspired, modern imitations which bring discredit on the name of Irish music.

Other countries have been enlightened enough to make use of their native music as propaganda. They realise that no better argument can be brought forward to prove a national existence than to show that the race has expressed its ideals in a characteristic art, peculiar to itself. In recent times, countries like Poland and Czechoslovakia have used such artistic propaganda to impress the world with their native culture and strengthen their claims to international recognition.

If our well-known singers were to include some of these old songs in their repertoires, they would show themselves to be better artists and, at the same time, become telling propagandists for their country. For this music is appreciated by all who hear it. The cultured musician admires its originality and intrinsic beauty; and all music lovers are charmed by the expressive melody of such songs as: *Cát Céim an Féir, Una Bán, A Spailpín a Rúin, Éamonn an Chúic, An Oraisneán Donn, Seán Ó Duibín an Gleanna*, "The Return from Fingal."

It is a sad reflection on our present-day standards to find that such songs are comparatively rarely heard, whilst mawkish ditties are allowed to usurp the title of "Irish Music." Audiences have become so inured to this pseudo-Irish music that they accept it without protest; and having been sanctioned by usage, it is now regarded as representative of our national achievement.

There was a time when the musical world in general failed to appreciate folk music; it was looked down upon as a crude, undeveloped art. But to-day every civilised country realises its value. It is an accepted fact that these old airs contain the very essence of the musical idiom of the race, and express its character more intimately even than the native language. All over Europe folk music has been zealously collected by experts; both from the historical and the artistic points of view its significance is considered to be enormous.

We are behindhand in this matter in Ireland. Comparatively few people are

aware of the worth of our musical heritage. Since Bunting's day many fine collections of old airs have been made. But much old music still remains to be collected, and present-day conditions are not favourable to its preservation.

So far, however, the native music is still a living thing in the Irish countryside. Although in the towns, where the taste has become debased, the cultivation of this music has decreased, the sound native instinct survives in most country places. It is not too much to say that there is not a parish in Ireland that cannot boast of a few musicians, who faithfully carry on the old traditions. Off the beaten track, in districts where the people have gone on living in the manner of their forbears, there are still singers, fiddlers, and pipers to be found, who have a fine repertoire of beautiful airs which they render with natural artistry. They are indeed artists in their *genre*. For they can wring the listener's heart with the pathos of their slow melodies, set the feet dancing to the infectious swing of their jigs and reels, and arouse patriotic ardour with the rhythmic throbbing of their march tunes.

The Collection of Irish Pipe Music.

The Gaelic League Pipers' Band are continuing to do the good work of reviving in London the best traditions of the Irish War Pipes, the work is succeeding and membership of the band increasing.

One of their immediate objects is to make a collection of Irish Pipe Music for publication. The fruits of this work will supply a long-felt need, and assistance in carrying it out will be welcomed.

There are still vacancies for new members and learners.

Particulars of meetings for teaching and practice may be had from:—An Runaidhe, Piobairi an Chonnartha, 31 Red Lion Square, W.C. 1.

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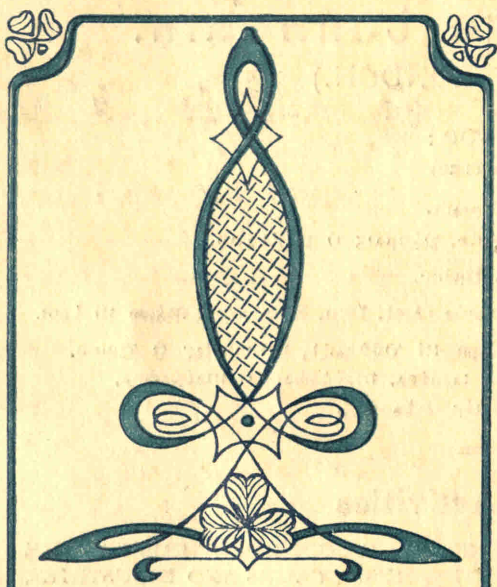
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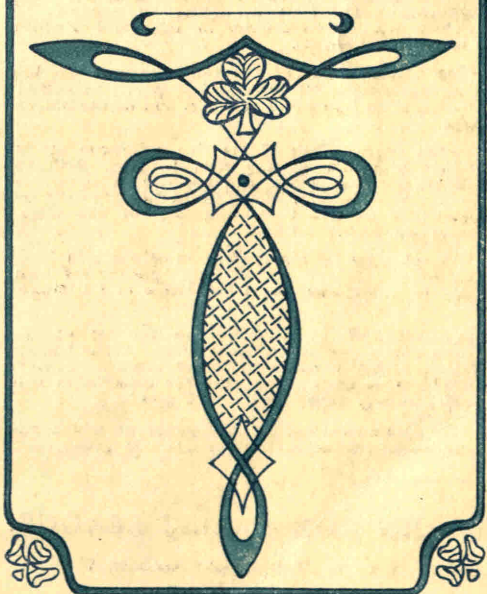
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