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RICH PASTURE LANDS
The preservation, teaching and extension of Irish as our National Language; the popularisation of Irish music, dances, games and industries; and, generally, the advancement of a free, Gaelic-speaking Ireland.

Membership is open to everyone of Irish birth or descent, irrespective of religious or political affiliations.

Our work is carried on entirely by voluntary effort and all monies subscribed are devoted to the furtherance of the League’s objects.

You are asked to become a member; to study the Irish language, and to place the merits of the League before your friends.
TEACHING CENTRES

SCHOOLS are held in various districts throughout London. The Central School meets every Monday evening during each Session at Argyle Street, L.C.C. School, King’s Cross, W.C.1, at 8 p.m.
Programme: Language Classes, 8—9.30 p.m.; Irish Dancing, 9.30—10.30 p.m.

Local Schools:

Tuesday — ROTHERHITHE and DEPTFORD at St. Joseph’s Schools, Paradise St., S.E.16. Children’s classes 7—8.30 p.m.; Language, history and dancing. Adults language classes 8.30—9.30. Dancing 9.30—10.30 p.m.

Thursday — HIGHGATE.—St. Joseph’s School, Highgate Hill, N.19 at 8 p.m.
KENSINGTON.—Stadium Club, 45 Brook Green Road, Hammersmith, W.6, at 8 p.m. Céilí at the same venue every Sunday and Tuesday evening

Friday — FOREST GATE.—Upton Cross School, Plashet Road, near St. Antony’s Rd., E.7., from 8 to 10.30 p.m.
BARKING—Sec. Miss M. Duggan, 35, Broomhill Rd., Goodmays, Essex.

Members may attend both Central and Local Schools, and may enter for the examinations, held at the end of each full year’s course. Prizes and certificates are awarded; and a scholarship—consisting of a fortnight’s course at one of the Irish summer colleges with all expenses paid—is offered for competition amongst the students of Grades III and IV. Lectures and discussions (in Irish and English) on subjects of Irish interest are held at the Gaelic League Offices on the second Saturday of each month, commencing at 7.30 p.m.

Frequent Céilís are organised by the Déan Cóirghe and Local Schools. The next Céilí will be held at 7.30 p.m. at the Express Dairy Hall, 18 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2., on Saturday, 29th April.

The Ancient Gaelic Festivals (heralding the four seasons) of Samhain, Bealaín, and Lá Grá are specially celebrated with a view to bringing them back to popular recognition.

“Péile na gSaéide” the quarterly magazine of the League, is published on the above Festivals and distributed free to all members. A Rambling Section has recently been formed and weekly outings are arranged. Full particulars of forthcoming rambles may be had on application to LIAM O’DONNIGHALIE.

EVERYONE OF IRISH BIRTH OR DESCENT SHOULD JOIN THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

ALL PARTICULARS MAY BE HAD FROM THE HON. SECRETARY.

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AR SON
TÍR A GHUR TEANSA
IRISH IS A LIVING LANGUAGE TO-DAY.

In six of the North-Eastern counties the freedom to revive Irish, which now exists in the "Twenty-six Counties," is still denied. All possible obstacles are placed in the way of those who would teach it; and the remuneration ordinarily allowed to language teachers is withheld from the teacher of Irish.

The prime object of the Gaelic League is to restore our National language to its former pride of place throughout the length and breadth of Éire. To us, Ireland is Ireland from Fair Head in Antrim to Mizen Head in Cork.

You are asked, therefore, to contribute generously this evening to a fund for the provision of scholarships in the Sáetacht for children from the Northern counties. The collection will be taken during the interval.

50 MÁIRÍÓ ÁN "SÁETHAÍS" STÍN.

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A Bi-lingual Magazine, containing the Programme of the Forty-first Annual Musical Festival held by the Gaelic League of London at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1., on St. Patrick's Night, 1939.

To all contributors to this Magazine our grateful acknowledgements are tendered.

Editor.

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A luac :: :: :: 55iUING
Part I of the 1939 St. Patrick’s Night Concert.

ITEM
1. ORGAN SOLO: "Gradh mo chroidhe mo chruischin," Traditional Irish Airs
   "Let Erin Remember"
   UNA DILLON.

   Criona," "The Men of the West"
   Píobaireán an chonnaréa.

3. SONG: "St. Patrick’s Day" arr. Moffatt
   PATRICIA BLACK.

4. SONGS:
   "űná Dán" arr. Hardebeck
   "The Lark in Clear Air" arr. Eposito
   ALFRED O’SHEA.

5. FIGURE DANCES: "Eight-hand Reel," "Slip Jig,"
   "Double Jig."
   CHILDREN OF ROTHERHITHE GAELIC LEAGUE SCHOOL.
   Accompanied by LIAM McCANNON and JERRY HARTIGAN.

6. SONGS:
   "O Bay of Dublin" Traditional Irish Airs
   "Cailín ní Úallacháin" arr. N. Bartholomew
   MONICA WARNER.

7. δημάιν:
   "Σάλ ὦς Ἔνεω" arr. N. Bartholomew
   "Ἀν Σπαρτίν Ξάναν" arr. N. Bartholomew
   CONNEAL MAC CONNIEALAG.

8. RECITATIONS:
   "Patrick’s Day," William Rooney
   "Josephine." "John O’Brien"
   PAUL FARRELL.

9. SONGS:
   "Ναυτίσκακα θέμπος" arr. Needham
   "My Countrymen! Awake! Arise."
   PATRICIA BLACK.

10. HARP:
    "Cúno Cóideam Rúdáí uí péil," "An Íemhneimh Saileálaig,"
    "Spairín a Rún,"
    "Comhbrópa Óghe"
    TRÉASA NIC ÈORMAC.

11. SONGS:
    "Cé a Chím an Mháidín"
    "There’s No Land like Ireland."
    ROBERT IRWIN.

At the Piano ... AGNES MACHALE.

Interval of Ten Minutes. Doors closed promptly. Admission only between items. There will be a collection to provide scholarships in the Gaeltacht for children from the Northern Counties of Ireland.

UNA DILLON will play the following selection of traditional Irish airs on the Organ: "Brian the Brave," "The Lark in Clear Air," "Kelly of Killann," "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Avenging and Bright," "Cailín Deas Chrúite na mbo," "The West’s Awake."
PROGRAMME

Part II of the 1939 St. Patrick’s Night Concert.

1. PIPERS’ BAND: “Going to Mass one Sunday,” “The Snowy-breasted Pearl,” “The Blackbird,” “Miss McLeod,” “Parnell’s March.”
   Piper: Michael McCullough
   Irish Airs

2. THE MANUS O’DONNELL ORCHESTRA:
   Leader: Bernard B. Bate.
   Conductor: Manus O’Donnell (by courtesy of the B.B.C.)
   Arr. Adolf Lotter

3. SONGS:
   “Cailtean an Ógoma-Mòití”
   “Haste to the Wedding.”
   Monica Warner
   Traditional

4. STEP DANCES:
   “St. Patrick’s Day,”
   “Hornpipe.”
   Jimmy Hudson
   Accompanied by Liam McGannon and Jerry Hartigan.

5. SONGS:
   “Farewell My Gentle Harp”
   “A Nation Once Again.”
   Alfred O’Shea
   Arr. Milligan-Fox
   Arr. Johnson

6. RECITATIONS:
   “The Passing of the Gael,”
   “Old Father Donoghue.”
   Paul Farrell
   Ethna Carbery

7. ΔιΗμάν:
   “Pein Einimn i”
   “A Eime Mhip Maral”
   Consent of Mac Conchiltreach.
   Arr. N. Bartholomew
   Arr. N. Bartholomew

8. HARP: “Arranmore Tune,” “The Irish Lad’s a Jolly Boy,”
   “There is a Lone House,” “Better Let them Alone,”
   From “Ancient Music of Ireland” (Petrie Collection)
   Treasa ní Cheannaich.
   Arr. T. Ógimhí

9. SONGS:
   “The Gartan Mother’s Lullaby,”
   “Oh! Proud were the Chieftains.”
   Patricia Black
   Arr. Herbert Hughes
   Arr. Moffatt

10. SONGS:
    “Finear the Rover,”
    “Let Erin Remember.”
    Robert Irwin
    Arr Moffatt

11. CHORUS:
   “ΔιΗμάν na bFran”
   Kearney
   (See page 21 for words and join in the singing of the Irish National Anthem in Irish)
   At the Piano ... Agnes 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.

ASK the Steward for a membership form of the Gaelic League of London, the organisers of this Concert.
"ST. PATRICK'S DAY."

What Island is fairest of isles of the ocean,
What cause throughout history shines ever bright;
What spirit has called forth the deepest devotion
And granted each peasant the soul of a knight?
Whose voice, thro' the bars
Of Grief and Wrong,
Still sang the clear song of the Morning Stars,
And grew the more sweet
In storm and in sleet?
Ah, that cause, and that island, that voice, and that spirit
Were thine, O Queen Erinn, our hope, and our stay,
Whose claim we remember, whose fame we inherit,
Whose honour we sing on St. Patrick's Day.

Of old, 'mid the ages of rapine and wreckers
When nations broke, thundering, wave upon wave,
Thou stood like an Angel of Peace o'er the breakers
And raised thy high lamp to illumine and save!
Oh! still on our skies
Let love thus shine.
In radiance divine, from they dear, deep eyes,
Till hearts, taking fire,
Shall flame and aspire!—
Till the light of thy Spirit, so earnest yet tender,
Ennoble each soul by its lifegiving ray,
And our Nation arise, in a new dawn of splendour
To honour thy name on St. Patrick's Day!

—GEORGE SIGERSON
(1839-1925)

* An article on the life and work of Dr. Sigerson by Terence O’Hanlon appeared in *Sceata na hÉireann*, 1938, some copies of which are still available.
“THE LARK IN THE CLEAR AIR.”

Arranged Esposito.

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 FERUGSON.
"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 bubblin’,
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 though 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.

"CAITÍLÍN NÍ UALLAČÁIN."

Traditional.

O mearaim go na a caill rín o’n diurthnait ’nan Spáinn,
Ac mealladh riise c’um cáite claiomh do tabaith i stiath,
Béidh go air an lá go leagadh piar le lucht an láthair
A’r mac an Ríg ag Caitilín ní Uallačáin.

O’ileann oibh na cóir aith gur buaird a an gáir,
Ag aith lóchadh go séaradar tinn, i’r fuadaí lámaigh,
I’r taca chumhó go rineadh’mh’r i’r buacach árda,
Ac mac an Ríg beirt ag Caitilín ní Uallačáin.

I’r fuada rinn ag raine ’noir le muarcaí o’fágán,
’N-áirí protainn gan bailech’ na a luadh ’n-áirí lámaíth
Béidh banríon a’r bápa taire a’r fuaim a’r pàit,
Le mac an Ríg c’um Caitilín ní Uallačáin.
A thírthe ó gníomh, sa chéile 'n-áir dhraíte
Agus locha an rón na nGáordáile, is cuíodh an cár!
Lucht an bhíthe do cóir agus cuide, dá thúirse mna,
'S a théite roinn do cheacht cáip' taorsa's gan duais 'na deair.

[This resounding patriotic song was composed about two hundred years ago by the blind poet Heffernan of Shronell, County Tipperary, commonly known as Liam Dall (Blind William). He speaks his hopes for Ireland in passionate tones, referring to her under the "secret" name of Kathleen Ni Houlihan.]

**Sal óg Ruaid.**

Arranged Carl Hardebeck.

Náe mire an chruaíc Muire ag out go Cathaí in an Fáraíc
Ag séol ír as gáireánacht ír ag déanamhn bhóin,
Ag oireamhacht mo leabh ar an bacaí mo lámha,
I ré gan bhá an bhraon daimne a dheálfaíonn nó.

Níl mé ac go threic-las, níl gáirbh dé fionn,
Maire níl mé ar son níor d'fhág ar sonseo,
Tá mníl mo érroide 'rheig dá ritheó 'na bhraonta,
I' a Úna! cé an ionguaidh i rónaimh mo Sal Óg Ruaid.

U'fearaí ionsa go mór 'n mo thráth pán roth i,
A bheith ag bealgamh mo bhóin nó i mbun mo tíse,
Ná paróibrean Seoirse ír é raibhil le rèimhre,
I' ghríp pè na fós a cúirf mé gnáth mo érroide.

**" an spairrpin Fánaí."**

Traditional.

So doth doth 'nir ni raibh go Caiseal,
Ag sioil ná peice mo pláinte;
Ná at maighdú na raon lá mírn do bhaili
Am raon lá mírn leac-chaoi i mbáite;
Bhóraidh na tíse ag cíche scéal ar a scóracht,
O'n fiafudh an bhuidh min hínpétha,
Ó ceanam cum raibhe, t'n cúna rasa
Seo ar raibhe an Spairrpin Fánaí!

Am Spairrpin Fánaí rógaí mire,
Ag reaithí ar mo pláinte;
Ag raibh an díbhéaca go moch ar marom
'S ag bainteach galar páirté!
Ni féicreas cóipán am láimh cumhaimh
Suístr na reac' beag baimh
D'teach claws na d'fhámneac' ór ceann mo leapáin,
'S píke agam cum fáichte.
'Sé oibhirte sac plait ná mair tarl triall—
"Suirfíú go meáir! tá an cát úd lá na)
Ásúr teérigh 'na cóimh! ‘"
Táinsighe an rath-tiú—súitíom áthar an Chlanna Sáoirní.
Tiománadh an rath le pháirné ar gheol.

—máire bunte ní lúghaire.
(Circa 1790—1859).

THERE'S NO LAND LIKE IRELAND.

By T. D. Sullivan.

They talk of foreign countries
As well indeed they may,
But I've been far from Ireland,
And this is what I say—
The hardy sons of Erin,
Despite of every foe,
Will rise to fame and glory:
Wherever they may go —
But, oh, for love and kindness,
For pleasures great and small
You'll find no land like Ireland,
Anywhere at all!

God bless the men of Ireland!
God bless the women too,
God keep them as He made them,
Warm-hearted, brave and true,
May trouble, pain and sorrow
No more to them be known,
And may His right hand help them
To win and hold their own —
God send the light of freedom
On mansion, hut, and hall,
For there's no land like Ireland
Anywhere at all!

CAISLEAN AN DROMA-MÓIR.

Tá gaoth an gormhir p compensated muir
Tá cuan émicit an Drom-
Décréac an niall tá gheall, mo rath dois agaithe.
Tá gaoth ean-ondinguib out ar éisté, décréac d'ir is an Dromshán tá.
Semiomhain lócin tó tó tan, lócin d'ir luid tó lú.
HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

I'd polished the pewter, I'd tidied the kitchen,
My dresser looked white as a stack in the snow;
And here by the window my skirt I was stitchin',
For I'm very neat with a needle to sew.
Said I, "What's the use o' me mendin' my finery,
Till it is fit for a queen on her throne?
For it's oh, dear! there isn't the sign o' me
Gettin' a man an' a place o' my own.'

Chorus:
'Twas Haste to the Weddin' and Haste to the Weddin'
I sang as I sat at the window alone;
Mavrone, O! 'twas oft I was dreadin'
I'd not get a man with a place o' my own.

'Twas nearly made up once between me and Larry,
That lives o'er the Mountain o' Forth, by the bounds,
With forty-five acres o' land and a quarry—
He'd take me, and welcome, with ninety-five pounds.
When he couldn't get it, he said we'd regret it,
And then he got wed to a widow in town;
And it's oh, dear, I lost Larry Pettit,
A sensible man with a house of his own.

Chorus:
'Twas Haste to the Weddin', etc.

I found in my first cup o' tea the next Monday,
A lucky red tea-leaf—some stranger to call;
I tried seven times and he travelled on Sunday,
I wondered who was it was coming at all.
Who was it but Lanty, last Sunday for Nancy—
He buried his mother last May in Kilcone;
And it's now, dear, I'll marry my fancy—
The boy o' my heart with a place of his own.

Chorus:
'Tis Haste to the Weddin' and Haste to the Weddin'
Not long I'll be sittin' and singin' alone;
For soon, dear, with young Lanty Reddin,
I'll reign like a queen in a house o' my own.

Words by P. J. McCall.
"FAREWELL MY GENTLE HARP."

Arranged Milligan-Fox.

Farewell my gentle harp, farewell,
Thy master's toils are nearly o'er;
These cords that want with joy to swell,
Shall thrill no more.
My faithful harp, the wild and gay
And plaintive notes were all thine own
Though now my trembling hands can play
The sad alone.
And these alas! must die away
When I am gone.

And oh! 'tis well that age and pain
May find a home where mercy dwells;
For here the wounded heart in vain
Its sorrow tells.
No more my soul can o'er thee shed
The light of song that once it knew;
The dreams of hope and joy have fled
That fancy drew.
My faithful harp when I am dead
Be silent too.

("No Gaelic words survive in association with this air except the opening line of the lament: "Ta me dall, aosda, a's bacach" ("I am blind, old and beggared"). The English words are by an anonymous author, who published the air in a now extinct Dublin magazine in 1842, giving it as taken from a miscellaneous collection of MSS., with a learned disquisition on the surviving compositions of Rory Dall. These include Port Lennox, Port Atholl, and the exquisite air to which Burns wrote "Fare Thee Well, Thou First and Fairest." O'Cahan's harp key was for long in the possession of Lord MacDonald of Skye, and is alluded to in Dr. Johnson's Tour of the Hebrides.

From "Songs of the Irish Harpers."

"A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three hundred men and three men.
And then I prayed I yet might see
Her fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again.

And from that time through wildest woe,
That hope has shone, a far light;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight,
It seemed to watch above my bed
In forum, field and pane;
Its angel voice sang round my bed
"A Nation once again."

It whispered, too, that "Freedom's Ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again."

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding —
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion riddling;
For thus I hoped some day to aid —
Oh! can such hope be vain —
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again.

THOMAS DAVIS.

' Pé ' n éimhinn i.

Arranged N. Bartholomew.

1 ngamnaim réinn na n-eiríg bróim
1 brannar réinn i psgi 5ac lao1;
án t-reang bean dté na beárád gnó1
thu rannód mé, 'Pé n-Edinn i;
'Pé n-Éimhinn i.

Ní fhracsa mé aith céile Naon1r,
Tus aith na n-gnáedeal aith n-téadacht don Éirinn
Ná'n bás én n-gnési go céad an tgra1,
Le gnád mo éin 'Pé n-Éimhinn i
'Pé n-Éimhinn i.

Aith neom nualt rídom aith éob Suidhe-Éinn,
Fá brón a g-céim ' t gan don von huróm,
Céad rídará don Mac Dè an tión
Déct tóthi mo éin, 'Pé n-Éimhinn i
'Pé n-Éimhinn i.
A Gáirn Móthar’s Lullaby.

Arranged by Herbert Hughes.

Sleep, O babe for the red bee hums,
The silent twilight’s fall.
Eeval from the Grey Rock comes
To wrap the world in thrall . . .
   Alyan van o, my child my joy,
   My love and heart’s desire . . .
   The crickets sing you lullaby
Beside the dying fire.

Dusk is drawn, and the Green Man’s thorn
Is wreathed in rings of fog;
Sheevra sails his boat till morn
Upon the starry bog . . .
   Alyan van o, the paly moon
   Hath brimm’d her cusp in dew . . .
   And weeps to hear the sad sleep-tune
I sing, O love to you.

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums
The silent twilight’s fall.
Eeval from the Grey Rock comes
To wrap the world in thrall . . .
   Alyan van o, my child my joy,
   My love and heart’s desire . . .
   The crickets sing you lullaby
Beside the dying fire.

Words by Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil.

18
Oh! proud were the chieftains of green Innis-Fail,
*Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ!
The stars of our sky and the salt of our soil,
Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ!
Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
Yet they were "the men in the gap"—
And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap—
Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ!

Oh! sweet were the minstrels of kind Innis-fail!
Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ!
Whose music, nor ages, nor sorrow can spoil;
Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ!
But their sad stifled tones are like streams flowing hid,
Their caoine and their piobracht were chid,
And their language "that melts into music" forbid;
Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ!

How fair were the maidens of fair Innis-Fail!
Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ!
As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil;
Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ!
Oh! are not our maidens as fair and as pure?
Can our music no longer allure?
And can we but sob as such wrongs we endure?
Δ’γ τμαγ γαν ορόπε 'να βραμμαθ.

THOMAS DAVIS.

*What a pity that there is no heir of their company.

"FINNEEN THE ROVER."

An old castle towers o'er the billows
That thunder by Cleena's green land,
And there dwelt as gallant a rover
As ever grasped hilt in the hand.
Eight stately towers of the waters
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,
And over their twenty score sailors
O! who but the Rover holds sway?

Then ho! for Finneen the Rover!
Finneen O'Driscoll the free;
Straight as the mast of his galley,
And wild as the wave of the sea!
The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,
They harried his land with their powers;
He gave them a taste of his cannon,
And drove them like wolves from his towers;
The men of Clan London brought over
Their strong fleet to make him a slave;
They met him by Mizen’s wild headland
And the sharks gnawed their bones ’neath the wave.

Then ho! for Fineen the Rover,
Fineen O’Driscoll the free;
With step like the red stag of Beara
And voice like the bold sounding sea!

Long time in that old battered castle,
Or out on the waves with his clan,
He feasted and ventured and conquered
But ne’er struck his colours to man.
In a fight ’gainst the foes of his country,
He died as a brave man should die,
And he sleeps ’neath the waters of Cleena,
Where the waves sing his caoine to the sky.

R. D. Joyce.

**LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.**

Let Erin remember the days of old
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
1When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings with standards of green unfurl’d
Led the Red9 Branch Knights to danger
Ere the em’rald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh’s banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve’s declining,
9He sees the round tow’rs of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall mem’ry often in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look thro’ the waves of time,
For the long-faded glories they cover.

Thomas Moore.

[1“This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one as trophy of his victory.”—Warner’s History of Ireland.
Military orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster called Caraídhe na Craobhhe ruadh, or the Knights of the Red Branch.

It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated. He says that the fishermen in clear weather used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.

"Ámrán na Ùríann."

Seo dídh, a cáithne, duan Óglaigh,
Caithnmeas, briaogh, ceolchór,
Ár oisteante ctám go duacá céard,
'S an gheim go min réachtála,
Lhraonnadh raobhach rinn cúnt gile,
'S go tuimhri gile roin tiocht che'n lo,
Pé éamh taimh na h-óróice ar reoil:
Seo dídh, canaigh Ámrán na Ùríann.

Cúipa:—

Smne Ùríima fán,
Acá pé geall as Ùríinn,
Bundean o'ar fhuas,
'Tar tuim tó dáinse cússamh,
Pé mórd beirt raon,
Seann-tiir ar rinneach freasta,
Ni fágadh pé'n oisínán ná pé'n ùrín.
Aoine ar taim ar bearnam baothain
Le seann ar Îs-srón, cum dâir nó raosain,
Le guma tampaí fá lámh na bprínéar,
Seo dídh, canaigh Ámrán na Ùríinn.

Coir dánca pénde, ar áitroind pléide,
Bá duachá ar rinneach pómanna,
As lámh as treán pé'n rípar-brid péim,
'Tá cuair ar Ís-srón go reolta.
Bá dtúdar muimh d'ar gcéime cáir,
'Son iompraí riach ó mbíthe arís,
'S as ríubh aná air ó gcéimh nóchad:
Seo dídh!, canaigh Ámrán na Ùríinn.

—Peadar Kearney.

Irish translation by Liam Ó Rínn.

SING THE IRISH NATIONAL ANTHEM IN IRISH!
Sgéal na Bó

The following story was taken down by me from Pádraig Ó Catháin, An Rá, on the Great Blasket Island some twenty years ago. It is of a type common in folklore, narrating an incident in the wanderings of the Blessed Virgin and the Christ Child. Such stories are commonly connected with an ortha or charm and the three verses at the end here are no doubt to be taken as a milk-charm. Many women in the West assert that their cows give milk most copiously when sung to and this is one of the ways in which folk songs have been preserved.

ROBIN FLOWER.


Tabhair, tabhair, a laogh, tabhair a ghrádh na n-ae
Mar do tháinig Muire is Mac Dé ar an mbaile seo chughainn aréir
Ní ghlaicfaidís uaimn gan feoil 7 do mharbhóighmar dóibh do laogh.

Do lión an bhó dhá channa bainne agus do bhí an lánamha bhocht lán d’áthas.
Litriocht Náisiúnta i nGaedhilg

León o bhíon do réidh.

A sé le lèigheamh i sgríbhinní na bhfear is mó a bhfuil machtnamh déanta aca ar an gceist, go háird Dónal Ó Corcora, garb é a mbarúil nach féidir litriocht náisiúnta a bheith againn i nGaedhilg mara dtagann si anuas chugainn go nádúrtha ón aimsir atá thart agus mara léirigheann si priomh-threithi ar náisiúin. Duine ar bith a fhéachfas ísteach sa leabhar a sgríobh Dónal faoi Synge roint bhlianta ó shoin, cuir i gcás, chéifidh sé na tri fórsaí atá ag obair chó fada sin ar mheon an Ghaedhil go ndéanann siad é dhealú amach ar fad ar fad ón t-Sasanach, dar le Dónal. Chionn sé gur cuid dosgartha den Éireannach a cheurideamh, a náisiúntacht agus a thalamh.

Anois, is dóigh liom go n-aontóchaimid go léir, ón gcleachtadh atá againn ar an saol, gur fior do Dhónal a ndéireann sé mar gheall ar ard-chomhacht na dtrí bhfórsaí sin agus go n-adhmaochaimid nach litriocht náisiúnta na bhreathe ealaíneach. Duit an triú nuair a bhíodh le chéile le náisiúntacht nach bhfuil leictear rian na tadhla go mór do chló uisce amháin. Níl aon fhorbhairt ná forsas ar threith a chur ar aithint sa litriocht agus bun-fhirinne a ndeirtear i fcaidh linn féin i mBéarla. Is féidir liom ba cheart. Ní h-áthas sin é ach tá iad a bheith ann agus ní bhuithfear aon rud dá sgríobhadh mar thuigeadh go raibh na tréithe sin a luadhhas Dónal Ó Corcora ag muintir na h-Éireann chomh chuidíoch do thabhairt dóibh. Sé a thagas as sin go mbuanáiltear an rud nach fior, gur sáirse statín aífídise an Gaedheal i litriocht an Bhéarla, duine greannmhar guagach, gan bonn gan bunús, duine nach fheidir muinighn do chur as. Mara mbíodh sgríobhóirí na Gaedhilge san áirdeall, tá baol ann go siúbheach siad an bóthar céanna, gur ag déanamh aithrise a bhéas siad ar chaighdeán na sgríobhóirí ó Eirinn a sgríobhas Béarla, sgríobhóirí a fhágnaí saol mór go mór na cumhachta agus an teaghlach saothair do bheith réadamhail (realistic) nó deagh-sgríobhtha.
Is furasta glún nó gluaisacht litriochta do chur dá treoir agus is dóigh liom go bhfuadáf a rádh le firinne go raibh cuid againn-ne ag duil amudha, go rabhamar gan compas, gan caighdeán náisiúnta minic go leor, agus gur ghnáthach linn feabhas ár go croid oibre do bhreithniú de réir na caighdeáin le n-á sgrúdaighanna léirmheastóirí an Bhéarla sgríbhintí Bhéarla na hÉireann. Ní gádh dom a rádh gur caighdeáin iad-sin, dá feiliúnaighse iad do shaothar i mBéarla, nach dtugann áird, ceal eolaíse agus tuisgiona, ar dhá phriomh-bhuidh an Gaedhilgeora (1) an tarrainnt atá aige ar na fórsaí náisiúnta go ndéanann Dónal Ó Corcora tagairt dóibh ina leabhar ar Synge agus (2) an neart agus an ionspioráid atá le fáil san nGaedhilg féin. Ba mhairg dúinn dá dlungaimis drúim láimhe leis na buadhanna sin: dá malartuighimis ar éinn, dá thaibhsghe ar an taobh amuigh, iad. Táim dóchasach go leor, ámh, nách ndéanfar an dearmad sin agus go mbainfidh nua-sgríobhnóirí na Gaedhilge feidhm as a mbuadhanna dúchasacha féin: go n-aimseachadh siad iad agus go gcuireadh siad i gcion ina saothar iad. Ma dhéanann siad amhlaith, ní baol do litriocht na Gaedhilge. Tá an oiread déagadh-sgríobhnóirí ag círghhe chugainn agus go dtiocfaidh leo, ach an fhéalsúnacht cheart a bheith aca, an litriocht sin do bhunú go daingean.

Isé an chéad rud ba mhaith liom, go sgríobhfaidh níos mó leabhar ina luighft ar an gcuma ina bhfuil an fórsa sin a chuireas Dónal Ó Corcora i dtosach na bhfórsaí náisiúnta, an creideamh, fighte fuaigne le saol na tire. Cine Cristiúil is eadh sinn, cine fior-chráithbheach : ná cheart go léireochadh ár litriocht gráib amhlaith dúinn ? Is ionann sin is a rádh gur cheart go mbeadh duil na Cristiuíochta ar ár litriocht, go mbeadh si foai smacht ag na firinntí stórrúí faoi mar do bhí an mhór-litriocht Cristiúil oriamh gach díit, go dtugfí aisti gur daoine iad na Gaedhil nach ndearmadhán gur ar an gcroísa de ceannuigheadh iad agus nach bhfuil aon "Chathair Bhuan" aca ar an saol seo. Ní deirim gur ceart go mbeadh an creideamh mar ábhar aca i gcomhna nó sgáil na hEaglaise a bheith anuas ar gach rud dá sgríobhnann siad nó gur ceart an innsint do bhriuseadh faoi mar do rinne an t-Athair Pedar le Séadna fad ó chúin síi do dhéanamh do rud éigin nár bhain go dlíth leis an sgéal. Isé ba mhaith liom go mbraitheáil go soiléir ach go h-ealaídhanta, mar bheadh cul-bhrat i ndráma ann, an nídh sin is soiléire nó éiní eile dá bhfuil le tabhairt faoi deara ar mhunntir na hÉireann,
pé dít ina gcomhnuiheann siad, ar an tuaidh nó i sráideanna na gcathrach, i mBaile Atha Cliath nó i Londain, i. a gcreideamh. Ní chuirstfídh sé mórán stródbh ar an sgríobhnoír Gaedhilge an fórsa sin a sheiceáil chomh luath agus a thosuigheas síuil an chreidimh atá againn go léir ag tabhairt soluis dá intinn.

Isé an cáis céanna é maidir leis an dá fhórsa eile : an náisiúntacht agus an talamh. Ní gádh dom trácht ar chomhchacht na talmhan le daoine gur tóigeadh a bhfuirmhior, is dóigh, ar an talamh ná labhairt i dtaoibh bá na náisiúntachta ach an oiread le Gaedhil Londain. Is iad na hoibreachta ealaíanta is mó a bhfuil rian a dtíre fein orra, dar le Jacques Maritain, is daonachtála agus is airde gradaim ag fuaid an domhain uile. Is fior dó. Má bhíonn rian an chreidimh, rian na náisiúntachta agus rian na talmhan ar liríocht nua-aimseartha na Gaedhilge beidh rud againn nach misite dhuinn bheith bródamhail as, rud firinneach fior-áluinn.

Na Tpí Coinne
míceal o gréidhca bo pháipé.

Ó dá ís púirtce le haír a céile ar máthair réipheamh anuice leat-thiol nó mar mhuin ar an tseachtu cheart den bótach móir.

Níor pó-fada an t-aithris é mírní dá mhíle an tsaog-átha go maith, ac ní rabh. Tosa thainig-bótach thú ead é; bhi cup o bhó ar an hanphocaí clocaí asug cup o bhó pléamhnaí galsair, asug é go léir cóm túibaí pan go raibh bhrí i mBheir b'fhath air an domhain uile. Bhi cóirán tré pína ránnaímaí tamall ar an tseachtu cheart den bótach pan asug b'fhéin an ghnáiteach ag coipródhú.

Sean-báinteacha dárth amh Suídi a bhí ina comhdhradh na tí a thuig i dtaoar don dá aithe, asug bhi i ma haonaí ann. Bhi ri pórt a luinn a níosgo le foirse a dúnt amh Suíde Mháire, asug a bheith ina sheasaidh tríú is máic an dath. Bhain sé gáim dhuine den tríú mór a falt a pháirt i réacht mhblácno i d'aois, asug pháid a thabhairt don láithre go nuaíneach. Ní fódh go bhfuil creidicteach amh a ni n-ghoirteach na mór a leimb, ac níor fáth Suíde oicheadh asug fear gairimh má na nótarb, asug de phased cóimhghadh na rath tugnuit aca uirthi go mba mí-nádúir a na mbairte b'fhéin ais gur slíneacht a sibh eithir le duit na roinnt de na mhonadh an fhsa thig air an rúirse cum na n-entreise asug gur maithe is bheith air réidh aici.

"A Suíde," arsa gáim eicinn leat, "i d'fhradh, cé nó sainnír do leamh, go bhfuil an-nuaíneach ort ma nótarb.

"Tá sé i bhfuiltear Dé," arsa Suíde, "agus ní thar lom do dhia d'fhradh air fuair a bheith tuaisceanta.
Ojime le Dia, dob ead Suibi. Niop ari xéemé miqam aq seapán i. Pè mi-ad a bamedi odi ni peicéad ri an aq coi Dé, aqur b'pada wañi cuümmea aq bær aq campán. Da bencain ti b'apôgad an ronqât a bi aici zân rólar zân ronínmea aq pëpácad a sud go sud b'apârâro cuña bencéad ak batmi ak lecif nekmi dekamam. Tiânq reco panda a pa peaj niop joan odi pcenj aq xotna go julac aq b'pulaling aq maite le na am, aqur b'xóroj 50 leicpead Dia ak a bûngâbômeedt odi odo udur.

Tan eir têmpere xóq odo lebêarad b'ezag Seàn, aqur pajad Suibi ma naanam. Ac o ciubxuped a ci nekazam go dëkât lej, aqur o ciubor Neanam, an cañin og a bi ma asa go xotna odi, o ciubor ri na ha aqur o deenad an cuizemam odi.

"A Neanam," apra Suibi jëdjo aqur iao ma purde cuyn na teme, "biop aq tarôbâm aq na lebêarad aqor. Tanôbâm aqor go bëska me iao a cejor aqur amodî orça aqur kômeed aq lara ad laadm teir aq 50 cuûle aca. Dioanam—maa beror—aq palútik rûndam.

"Sm e è, a Suibi. Vëro xio aq pântik pûnaat i ñëlaicéar Dé pôr, aqur i maite an tarôbâm e rû, a Suibi."

"50 xafêd Dia oom è xotna ak xemlaamam dûnam cuümmea aq na lecif, mañ ni piû mire—"

"Bë, eirg oò xelal, a Suibi. Mah an piû le Dia ak lebêarad amgëaad a o ciubor na ciutu ca ci kôm xû pëmo na ciubor o ciubor."


"D Suibi," apr pire, "an bësqit xëm bës 50 maite?"

"Tiânq piûn më ciuj aqor, a Neanam," apra Suibi, go lay-stôpë. "An jënuam aq nea, a çuíte? Tà ma pë xar. Ni peaoar, a Neanam, an pàgad—"

"Ciupxeed pioj aq an xagak laicèam," apra Neanam.

Tiânq an xagak le epînul lao aqur o ciup an ola xarq. Nuaj ri pë mëgge xarul Neanam itreac cuçit.

"A Neanam," apr pire, "tâm go bësge anoi, bûndorar le Dia. Ac—àanâm—"

"Cëarto è, a Suibi?"

"Ciupxeed m'adîro pêm aq Seàn nuaj bi pë aq xagak bair, aqur niit adîro aqam."

"Tà adîro aq Mâîne ni Nënu," apra Neanam; "b'pëtoj 50 xotûarrad ri bom i."

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Táinn Neanr an bhealaé Céona sa ar air agus 't'éirisí léi go maire nó gun scróic ri muidhe caoimhig aí an tÓcgtaí an Túilán. Ni raibh mac a cor le réiteam aici annpan nó toó na cromann a thimheannach a bhealaí ó, ac an air go teirn n-aon pápa amhan. Ac di réiteam ran caiteighe aici ar an airpure go n-éirigh ri nó róinri ri oifig annsa, agus vo rúbaill ri léi. Di clár e theo bápp-leasach go rá di bhealaé cúmpri agus trecna spa ar. Di rígh ar gach éadh den clárde agus ni raibh pás'aile aici ar oifig annom muna trecnaighe ri cair an trecna. Ac di réiteam go rísailear an trecna spa o'aimhri. Do rúbaill ri ríoir ruar cóir ar an clárde aí do rúbaill aí vo cairt uirthi i gcomhara. Sa coiste, agus ar caillte beocht caiteisce go leor, do rúbaill ri aí ar air go malaimh an Túilán agus vo cairt ar aí ar air an tóirpe go bhealtaí.

"A Díu," ar ri, go himpóiteac, "go leath go mbéadh i n-áithn leir ar an ádham!" Agus annpan, Láicneach, vo cromac ri na trí roitirge beaga geala ag tómpait, mar fíli ri, óp crom an trecna. Do curph ri Fiosac na Cróirte uirthi fém eisg vo órphu go mór maitiscead i trecna na roitirge, agus o'fhanach annpan go raibh ri beagnach aí muidhe an clárde, agus o'imeascach cúmpri amach agus ruar i tóirpe an d'a eisg. Ni raibh le réiteam aici ar aí cóimhle agus dá thóg bhealaí ar crioche rá an rígh agus gan taca ar dór fúrsa. Cóim huaire ri muir Neanr padhair aí thig Suidh vo cisteab Subscribe.

Do cuirph ri trecnaí ri eisg. Di ceithiar nó cùiseach ann agus an Cóipím Muirhe vo dá. Ac vo rúite Suidh vúnta, ac di an t-anam minn. Cúipmuí an ádham uirthi. Tá eip riamh agus abhómpri vo an gcomhthaim deannaicte agus ri an ádham agus an Neanr, agus vo lar a thairisc ean-sáirse. Do curph ri orna beas aírci agus vo dún na rúite aíprí, agus—pin a raibh ann. Di padhair aí Suidh aí na Tri Cóimhe!

Na Báró irt Bhéann ar Muir

OSCAR MAC THIIS vo réideab.

Ir deagh muro vacar aísh vo n-Éireann Lamluisíí vo téanga agus de ní nhuail a tescanam leir, go bhruil mórán Árainn Láir. Ar an mbéasghainn pin t'á na háir a cáism annsr cúisaim leir an róin nóir agus a thimheann a mbáis go tóir an lámh. Ir deagh abha ábhidh "coirce" dá curo fém a n-úrón uirthi go tóir le d'earmac. Agus t'a curo de ná cocri pin beo bhuaic ainm féin mar aíoc cocri na Sláime, cocri na Deápba, cocri na Suidhe te n-aí rí neam- coitianta tómarna, cocri aíocim na h-Alaimh Móide a cúipmuí i bgoiteac a'írpa an ann érainn i gcomhne duict, agus a lám eile náp
ρεπουσικώς ή 5εατρόντος. Ας ονόμασε χιονισμένο να επικεφαλής
μόνο όταν το θέατρο θα γίνεται χιονισμένο να επικεφαλής

Τά ρήματα του Σκηνοθέτη. Τέσσερα χιονισμένο να επικεφαλής
μόνο όταν το θέατρο να επικεφαλής ή αρέσει χιονισμένο να επικεφαλής

Τά παιδικά χιονισμένο να επικεφαλής ή αρέσει χιονισμένο να επικεφαλής

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Τά παιδικά χιονισμένο να επικεφαλής ή αρέσει χιονισμένο να επικεφαλής
Mi h-amám go brúinim pem rápta at fado léi, ac tá cúirpaca a weamam péim az ceapáin ve mo domparaim. Cúirpaca tá tóctá timpeal ceite péim az cúis tóitevé áelig a bhruimh. Táro runar te ódánam. Zeirpi clámp ré óiléig at óiléac pipir tóra na tírn. Síom aims at tá fado agac. Cúir na tóctá tóra tóitevé ò cínse cheapna óiléag atú réim az èmna eottará. Zeirpi clámp éite mapi a cínse, agus rine agac na gcanait nó èpama uacápa a phárraí or chionn an épama éite i eòcho go mbeur an ata fado corruit le tóirbipe óniléigh at a réitide. Dáfico an tórap cúir perèpe bheas éite ve rin "óniléigh" réim az eòcho réap aghor lé cínse, agus m Cork réitide leac an eòira réim a saothar le. Cúir an t-omlán beál ré anuir, zeirpi punti ra bhráma eottará agus rada no fomair, abairi fomair baipaithe, nó Latai lúdéd a saothar, réap iarcé réam iwbull iwbull, réam timpeal ré óiléig a nó céitse. Tá dealbhaim bardo at an scúirpaca fadó reo. Cúir nubinti rada timpeal tóra óceaite at óiléag a tórapag go weipte aí nor na fomair anuir, as ceangaltaíte aí nó fomair aí oturz mapi tríail. Óiléis iarcé an eòira reo, agus caintigh amáin ré isú agus ceangalt aí nó fomair aí ceannais cèitse airc aí bréag. Anuir go bhruíng réapta at na deitb ceangallaí an t-omlán le caintigh fomair, an ceann iarcé agus an bharadaí laipmithe. Mí iarcéidí tú go dhead muinte ato do learr- máitaí bhéití go n-óbanna réim an dathú iort anuir!

Anplan cúirpacain tú an canabár go h-éachtom at an òcheatail, "duck"-càdár, nó tóin at a déac péim atá ann. Puirta mís le cóirprÉ agus rìtaig-rìnaide aòctuìma, agus réiúcan tú at le na òcanad. Nuair a bliomh Péim réi cùimh aìr cèitigceann tú an eòchìs a le rìotomhì fììaìfamh a òcheataí na gcanait le caintigh fheasa. Tá ré pèire dòm céad nótaí anuir agus cainnaí taing aicream le réim. Ní cùimh móto pána go tarapad agus ní dàod pànaic léir at a rìotras. Òchomhceann an taing anuir le òcheaide peice ir a tòsgarad ré, agus mòr bònaíg le na òpinuì. Sin é an taing dòta peannaith agus tá an scúirpaca réitide leor at ra mòir. Ná dòmbh eactoraidh at réi punt Nó claibhini ro ra doil atu réim óiléag dèach mòir at ra tóctá. At aíróich leat anuir a lèigtheach cóitì agus dèin docúirpéam réim agus go n-éipighe an t-àd leat. Ní ràidh a òcheaide rà eòlaír agam-àir nuaí a còrmhúigear.

Tá òclaireanais beas agam agus cùimh cùimh leasaùna at ra dòt
caba at iad beir mís at na réim ior mís agus rìotraí
gumr agus dòdarn lepaic. Cùimh fior at beir nó taing
caba agus rì go h-áir leim go h-àirámh òth ìlige
ta ìligead na n-àdheinn mòtorgí aic com lìbhìngar ra tìr peò agus nà cúirpaca aìne mòr ne pòipteim. Càitìmò réit aìr tònaim, réit aìr òraic, réit aìr dòcail, réit aìr òeolaí le cóirgaimaí.
ceol na h-éireann

Oíphróeadó na h-Éireann tá uaireacht aepac aoiimh ann,
Tá anamamhacht, éipim, cíú ih réim ár rínpear ann,
Tá caimhacht ár laocht ann go gleimheacht í réuadh táp meadain,
Tá ruanimpéar ann in éimeacht le gle-phleamha pona rógaí;
Ceim céol ár dtípe in istoíth linn sad riota de,
Ir róláir ná n'érpóide é, ir binn linn a éimhcat ceapt,
In mípeacht i módpácat i mómpaití i meannáim,
Niob clúimeautom pána a com-páinnt de céol ár ópúim ann talaí ann
reó.

Dúráacht, dúnnaíacht, dánnaíacht, méileacht, éipéacht, agéantaíacht,
Le h-íomáin éite tréithe, táin 50 léimh i deaipre ann,
Tá teagasc agus théonó aí bódach na raointheann,
Tá peandáí aí bódhíth ann ir lochann a nóipræcta;
Céol binn na pothaí aí mòphait aí mórneacht é,
Aí bhriumhtá i noíóir, aí róin aíghm aí ghrúire é,
Aí nglóiptá, aí nglóipta, aí ghróirtí cearta aí ngiúite é
Arúnainneach aíghm aí móríodh, aí róig aíghm aí npeachóacht.

Céol meain rúitímar ríoléacht, tá éastriomhacht aí gúinneáim ann,
Tá ruainmneart m aí réim-céol, ruaimh, raosda, rómneanta,
Céol truaigmhleacht caimhacht, aí gceimhmhara aí bónadhíth é,
Tá caomhnaí agus caomhnaí ann, raosdaí agus róimhícint;
Seantoíghais aíghm ruainmhaigh áirtí gholtíemh aí gúinnim iad,
Ir bónmnaí a mbuaída, ir thuacmnaí aí mhúir iad,
Tá soighniú neamh-raoibhaltaí rí ghabhacht óg nóca víob,
Tá erpmnaíocht na níghdeail in a scann-ghalam céolmaitaí caimh.

dúnnaíocht ó luatáin.
The Future of History in Ireland

By JAMES J. AUCHMUTY, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S.,
Chairman of the Irish Committee of Historical Sciences.

The last two years have been years of considerable advance in the organisation of Irish history teaching and research. The political, social and religious quarrels of the past had made it well nigh impossible for any considerable band of serious minded workers to strain their energies after historical truth without immediate denunciation from one party or another which immediately saw in any new work obvious evidences of attempted partiality. The establishment of self-government did not entirely remove these obstacles to serious research, and even those scholars who confined their attention to events centuries remote from our own time could not avoid the charge of attempting to make political capital out of ancient records.

Against such charges the conscientious and scholarly historian had little defence, and it was only too easy for those who possessed not even a nodding acquaintance with the original sources to write reams of condemnation of works of serious scholarship. Such condemnation can never be prevented, but tests of Irish scholarship have at last been established; firstly through the foundation of the “Irish Historical Society” and of the “Ulster Society for Historical Studies,” and secondly by the establishment under the joint ægis of these two societies of a periodical devoted to historical scholarship entitled Irish Historical Studies. Not only do Irishmen now have societies in which to discuss their theories and discoveries, but through the medium of their journal the latest advances of Irish historical thought are presented to the judgment of the world. For too long had estimates of Irish historians and of their work been based on articles and reviews in British and American journals. Henceforth Irish standards are set by Irish scholars, thoroughly competent to their task and fully conscious of their responsibility.

But another advance has also been made. Of the known world, Ireland was almost the only cultural unit which was not represented on the “Comité International des Sciences Historiques”—the great international clearing house of historical information. This deficiency was remedied this year when the two historical societies joined together to form a representative body which would seek admission at the Quinquennial Congress held at Zurich. Not only so, but the delegation accredited to the Zurich meeting was representative of Ireland as a whole, and not of any political unit, and to that end the new representative body is accorded financial support by both the Belfast and Dublin governments.
Thus in two years the whole outlook of Irish history has been transformed. No longer are Irish historians unrecognised save by the grace of others, in the world at large; no longer is Irish scholarship forced to find expression in non-Irish periodicals. This is not to malign the many excellent history articles which appeared in various Irish periodicals which were not primarily of a historical nature, but the time has come when a review wholly devoted to Irish historical scholarship is meeting with a worldwide reception.

These advances should have wide-spread consequences. In years past much slip-shod work, much partisan writing and much political propaganda has passed for Irish history. The primary aim of history is the search for truth, and with friendly collaboration between north and south such an aim cannot but have beneficial consequences. Every addition to our knowledge of the past adds to the understanding of the present, and makes us increasingly masters of our own destinies. Representation abroad serves to remind nations not merely of our independent cultural status, but also of our historic greatness—a greatness which we hope to see revived until once again Ireland occupies that leading position in the world of culture and scholarship which once was hers.

The inspiration for these changes came from two young Irish historians—Dr. Dudley Edwards of the National University and Dr. Moody of the Queen's University, Belfast, but they have been ably supported by the senior historians at the various Irish colleges, so that no name of prime Irish historical importance is now missing from the list of those associated with the new societies. It now depends on the historically minded public whether Ireland can maintain its independent scholarly historical position, and it is sincerely to be hoped that no financial difficulties may force the new societies to curtail their work. In this respect the three universities have been generous in their assistance, but it is useless to write serious Irish history if no one is prepared to read it. It is hoped that the apathy of the general public to works of scholarship may be lessened, for historians cannot live "in vacuo," they depend upon the cordial co-operation of the reading public, and this co-operation the Irish historians anticipate now that they have placed themselves as a separate entity upon the map of international culture.

But it is the aim of modern Irish historical scholarship not merely to lift its work out of the sphere of party politics, but also to reform the whole system of history teaching in our educational system. Competent scholars are now preparing excellent text-books to replace much that was fanciful and erroneous in the works of former generations. I would refer especially to Mr. James Carty, who is following up his well-written *Class Book of Irish History* with a similar survey of European history. Mr. Carty's services in the field of bibliography are through the influence of the National Library keeping historians the world over in full touch with every development of modern Irish historical research.
Ireland has never been wanting in historians, many of them world famous. But too often they lived their lives, wrote their work and found their public in countries far. To seek the final judgment on some matter of Irish interest it was often necessary to go to London or Paris, to Berlin or New York. That is the situation we hope to change, and although we shall welcome collaboration from any quarter our hope is to create a live national school of historical research qualified to hold its own with any other nation in the international community. The first steps have been taken. Our aim is high and we hope—nay, we are certain—we shall not fail.

Discussion

Irish as a Growing Language

(1)

L ANGUANGE is so intimate an element in daily life as to exist almost unperceived. It originated and developed from the desire for intercommunication between men possessing grouped interests and is essentially so to-day. Linked to it are ideas of faith and even divinity, for nomen, numen, ainm and anam are more than merely apparently similar, and, ‘word’ may mean a man’s ‘faith’ and ‘honour’ as well as ‘deity.’ The operation of conscience is nowhere so pronounced as in regard to the language of civilized communities of which both English and French are pronounced examples and the cult of fixity, clarity and precision of meaning is a living principle in both. Just as a fixed principle of governance has operated in both countries in the direction of a central administration a central dialect, which has become the national dialect, has been slowly evolved both in England and France without destroying wholly the local dialects which have largely fed it and which take their own origins in remoter if smaller nationalities.

Up to the twelfth century Irish possessed a similar position in Ireland and a similar trend in the direction of fixation of form and meaning can be detected quite easily in our language up to that epoch. Early evidence of dialect is very difficult to trace especially as what is written is largely the work of trained writers who were themselves the repositories of this tradition, which originating in the Celtic schools of Europe may well have points of union with the tradition which has shaped French into what it has become and possibly even English itself.

The impact of a foreign conquest and the foreign ideas it brings in its train may be relied upon to bring about a concurrent disorder in speech and this has happened in Ireland. Although it may be said quite truthfully that the suppression of Irish only became
serious in the last century or so, the exclusion of Irish speaking natives from every important walk of life began much earlier and the campaign of contempt and impoverishment may be said to have begun at the date already mentioned. Even in modern times too close an association with Irish has been known to interfere with professional status and rank, odd though it may seem to say so. The writer who has had a very intimate association with this aspect of the history of the language could give some very amusing evidence on this score—if he had sufficient courage!

It can be seen from what has been said therefore that when one speaks of reviving Irish we are not speaking of a simple problem but rather of a dual problem, namely the revival of the language as a form of common speech as it was say 150 years ago, and, its revival as a medium of full national expression as it was say about 1200. This is a point of view that did not occur to our Gaelic revivalists and in fact from this point of view many of them were not revivalists at all: to say that they were opposed to the revival of Irish might indeed be nearer the truth, and here again, I could quote some very intriguing examples to show the truth of what I have said!

I will deal with an aspect of my personal history to illustrate this angle of thought. While still at school I was bitten with the bug of Gaelicism and determined to eradicate as far as I was concerned myself the last trace of English from my mental machinery. I did this by applying myself very thoroughly to mastering Irish but as that charming language provided very little mental pabulum for the growing brain I sought refuge in French and French rather than any other language is still to-day my 'reading' language. On the other hand my writing language became Irish and when I went to the University, a little foolishly perhaps, or rather a little obstinately, I took up Celtic Studies, which at any rate enabled me to get under the skin of the language.

When, however, I was appointed to the National Museum I found myself in the odd predicament of being brought into contact with an adult science which knew not Irish and in fact did not care a straw about it, which is the unsentimental way of all sciences.

Still being somewhat obstinate and unwilling to face a career of English reading and writing which Archaeology entailed I began to deal with the problem as best I might and began to build up with whatever skill I had learned during my University years a vocabulary to suit the purposes of the profession into which a peculiar providence had thrust me; no one who knows the material will be surprised if this vocabulary took form under the head of Architecture which conveniently embraces all the manual and plastic arts and the historical and scientific considerations connected with them. This was my method of beating down a peasant-cum-disorganised literary language to the practicalities of everyday concepts. This vocabulary has been running in short lots in the Waterford News and any few instalments will indicate the still essentially tentative and provisional character of the equivalents

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proposed and I may add that it has provided a number of interesting discoveries.

Let us consider this vocabulary. It is essentially the product of a personal need. To contact what people, class, profession, are these words required? The answer has to be they do not exist! There was no architectural movement after 1200 and there is not one to-day in so far as the language side is concerned; there are no books, lectures or courses in the subject. On the other hand it is obvious that such a work helps me and others to build up a mode of expression in this particular sphere. In other words, it is the practical application of revival tactics in the second order to which I alluded above.

The multiplication of this line of attack will undoubtedly provide the most effective weapon in restoring Irish to the position of a practical national language as apart from a sentimental jargon of meaningless conversational exchanges, which is what it is to-day. My attempt is not the only one, of course. When I came to the Museum first, Dr. Scharff, the Keeper of the Natural History Division was busy preparing lists of animal names (mammals, birds, fishes, insects) and I collaborated rather extensively in these which were afterwards published in the Irish Naturalist. In the matter of bird-names, District Justice Ford, and in the matter of fish-names, Mac an Iomaire have materially improved these early attempts. I regard these as being the only properly posited efforts towards a solid vocabularisation of the language.

Nor again are they the only efforts. Two groups working apart under Government auspices are busy making terminologies: the Translation Department and the Terminology Committee; I am familiar with the work of the former through practical contacts and I was a member for a time of the latter. The personnel in both cases is excellent, enthusiastic, conscientious and well-informed. It would however be quite impossible to give undivided approval to either group, and for the following reason.

A national language gives evidence (especially to the philologist) of a unity of design which is as recognisable as that of a Persian carpet and which arises by a process of selection and rejection over many centuries in accord with fixed principles. My criticism of the work of the schools referred to is that no such principles have either been worked out or are being applied. The position resulting is that as in blood transfusion where the blood selected is unsuitable, a poisoning of the linguistic conscience is taking place, and a result achieved which may lead us back eventually not to Irish but to English speech.

We may illustrate the point by two examples: for legal purposes it is absolutely necessary that a generalising term for vehicle should be available. The word selected is feithicil. It is no criticism to say that this is an English borrowing. It is a criticism of it to say (1) that it is phonetically abhorrent; (2) it has no justification in spoken speech outside perhaps one locality, and that uncertain;
(3) it has no justification in the written language, and other objections could be raised. Passing to the Terminology Committee we find that they have popularised the word muirthéacht, for revolution. Muir théacht means a frozen sea and as this is a rarity in Ireland (or rather Connaught where the word is in common use) it may be applied to any unusual and startling event. As we know from our Burke that not all revolutions are either 'great' or 'sudden' we may question from the start the use of the term as fundamentally and irremediably bad: the French Revolution a frozen sea? We are less enthusiastic still when we realise that in complimenting a painter on an outstandingly brilliant picture we might say: Tá sé in a mhuiir-théacht agat! Revolution? I should imagine not.

These examples must not be regarded as by any means completely typical: many brilliant equivalents have been achieved by both groups; but they are none the less determinative in that they represent the absence of fundamental working principles, in the presence of which such sciolisms could not arise. This may lead to deterioration and weakening of the fabric of a language which has survived by the very concentration and lucidity (within recognisable limits) of form, and, of course lessens the arguments in favour of abolishing English.

This state of things will have a tendency to become general and school and shop vocabularies will have a similar tendency to choose the line of least resistance, the very policy that should be eschewed. The whole problem requires study and it would be out of place for me here and now to outline the natural steps to be taken to avoid all menace to the integrity of the national language, not of course as a kind of nationalistic flag, but merely as a language. Summarised however the following are the requisites. Since language is the expression of a group the 'new' Irish language can only mature if such a group exists and as such is 'entire', that is to say is possessed of the full activities of a civilized group, social amenities, the arts, crafts and professions and so forth; note how effectually this principle, now completely lost, motivated the early League days, when a new style of painting, drama, poetry, even dress, appeared concurrently. The failure of nationalism has led to the destruction of this, detail by detail, accompanied by linguistic deterioration. From the practical aspect these principles can best be operated by people who are 'historically' proficient in the language, that is to say, possess a scientific knowledge of the language and the literature of the language viewed historically ab initio, and who at the same time possess the widest possible cultural background, not excluding an intimate, even philological knowledge of other European languages.

What of our dialect material? It is of course the first source. Many words in this category have had their meaning altered and even debauched. The fundamental meaning should be restored, e.g., laitiméir, a cheat, a scoundrel, properly, a latimer or court official, vulg, cheat, etc.
Neither of these conditions may be considered as particularly difficult to supply; all that is requisite is the fundamental alteration of the philosophical outlook of the 3,000,000 people, odd, which we label the 'Irish people'!

L. S. GÓGAN.

(2)

I HAVE a high regard for Liam Gógan as author and personality. His Gaelic poetry has given us something novel, in mood, thought and word-artistry. So I came to his article in an expectant and very friendly spirit, to find some of it suggestive, part of it surprising, not a little of it quite certain to be misleading to students and general readers. Incidentally, certain phrases are odd, to say the least, coming from a scholar and a sensitive artist. In two salient general statements I see no relation to truth from any angle. They are: (1) “as that charming language [Irish] provided very little mental pabulum for the growing brain I sought refuge in French,” and (2) “a sentimental jargon of meaningless conversational exchanges, which is what it is to-day.” I quote from the typescript, which the Editor kindly let me see. Both assertions are deplorable.

Much of the article does not really concern what I would regard as growth, but rather manufacture, a sort of procedure remote from the genius of the language. Yet Liam Gógan is quick to see the crude (or serio-comic) sides of the work of the Governmental Translation Department and Terminology Committee. Speaking generally, he appears to take an over-intellectual, or even artificial, view, surprising in a poet. He tells us at the outset that language “originated and developed from the desire for intercommunication between men possessing grouped interests.” That is to say, it was a purely human contrivance, a primeval “business proposition.” The truth is far deeper. We should not waste time or thought with materialistic theories that arose in the nineteenth century.

Keeping to the question of Irish, we ought to begin by looking inward and realising the things in which the language is so rich and vital. The mere student who will spend a few evenings going through the pages of a work in which Liam Gógan himself had a fine part, the later edition of Father Dinneen’s Irish-English Dictionary, will make graphic discoveries. Root-words, idioms, illustrations, expressive phrases, highways and byways of mind and mood, it is all arresting, often fascinating. A dictionary points the way to a whole civilisation, suggests heights and deeps of experience. On this evidence alone the student can feel how well and worthily all the abiding human interests can be expressed in Irish, to what high demands it will respond. And when he is able to appraise all the best Gaelic work of the last forty years, including that of authors, from Pádraig Mac Piarais to Micheál
Mac Liamhóir, who "acquired" the language, he will realise how vigorous and promising is its new literary life, though some of the writers have been rather conservative, and at times cranky.

I believe there is nothing in a master-work like Dante's "Commedia" or Goethe's "Faust" that could not be adequately translated into Irish. I have tried it often with favourite parts of each of them. Were I to give my general experience with Irish it would be a story very different from Liam Gógan's. Here is some of it. A long series of articles on philosophers and philosophies, a detailed study of our own Johannes Eriugena, with the intellectual subtleties as well as the sublimity of "De Divisione Naturae" (both these efforts in the Gaelic League weekly), a novel of contemporary life in city and country, published by the Gaelic League, a survey, issued by the Education Department, of the comprehensive labours of European scholars for Gaelic learning and literature: these were no light tests, yet the Irish that I knew met them easily enough on the whole. But I did not start from the outside, with a grave sense of the trials and difficulties of texture and terminology. I wrote of things in which I was keenly interested, kept my mind on the central interests and issues themselves, made all the points as clearly and simply as I could, and I found the course animating and natural.

We have heard a good deal about "fitting Irish for the expression of modern thought," and so on. The best modern thought can be expressed quite simply, and rather briefly. Much that passes for "modern thought" is superficiality and wordiness. Irish will not fail us with what is worth saying. To be sure, in certain directions it has as yet been little utilised, or not at all. But new writers, using their brains and souls, will change that story. Difficulties of terminology, etc., have been grotesquely exaggerated. Irish in point of fact is already rich in several kinds of terminology. Those needed will duly come, through the great formative power of the language, for one thing. Certainly, as Liam Gógan says, there must be "fundamental working principles." But not merely intellectual ones; psychological and spiritual factors are essential.

All this problem, the language in its varied phases, is not a thing apart or isolated in the national life and economy. How we speak and write depends largely on how we think, work and live: on the interior resources we cultivate. Given an earnest Irish people, a proper education system, a young generation wisely trained, fitting social and intellectual life for the folk, a high co-operative, cultural and creative ideal altogether, then Gaelic will inevitably share in the growth and the glow.

Let me say finally that, as in other years in "An Claidheamh Soluis" and the "Irish Nation," and in later days in our "Feile na nGaedheal," I always prefer to discuss our intimate Irish problems in Irish itself.

Liam p. 6 Riam.
EDITOR'S NOTE.

The principle that, "where there is life there is growth, where there is growth there is change, and where there is change there is controversy" prompted us to devise the foregoing discussion. We chose the controversialists for their erudition, experience and enthusiasm and believe that we have paid each a subtle compliment in the choice of opponent. While preserving editorial impartiality we think it pertinent to quote the following extracts from "The Story of Early Gaelic Literature," published in 1893 by An Chráoilbín Aoibhinn.

"...... Everyone knows now, or ought to know, that Irish is, like Greek, Latin and Sanscrit, a pure Aryan language, and a highly-inflected and very beautiful one also. The numerous continental scholars who have studied it (and who now freely admit that the old Irish ranks near to Sanscrit in importance for the philologist) all speak of it in terms of highest praise, and one German has said that had it continued to be cultivated down to the present day, it would—flexible as it is—have been found as equal to the wants and emergencies of modern life as German itself. As it is, the language has not received even a trace of fair play, not having been spoken in Law Courts, Camps or Colleges since the first half of the seventeenth century ...... During the eighteenth century it ceased to be spoken or written by scientists and men of learning, or to put things more plainly, the men who spoke it were unable to produce men of science or learning since they were by law deprived of education. This being so, the Irish language has not kept abreast of the last century and a half, and has not, like other languages, produced vernacular names for scientific, political, banking, engineering or mathematical terms. That it could have done so with the greatest ease is certain, and since the small attempt made within the last few years to rake a few live cinders out of the expiring Gaelic fire, Irish has been found to supply quite readily most of the terms required by this fin de siècle life, thanks to its power of forming word-combinations, in which it scarcely falls short of Greek and German."

H. B.
Irish Embroidery

By EVELYN GLEESON

I HAVE been asked to write about "Irish Embroidery," but, although I have worked at it for long years, I find it a difficult subject. It is like following a path which disappears at intervals breaking off abruptly to the dark. The love of ornament is a human need, primitive and strong. It is found allied to the crudest constructions, showing painstaking effort at adorning things of practical necessity. In our National Museum among prehistoric relics, there is a fragment preserved, part of a garment of untold age, just a few inches of fringe. It is exquisitely neat and shapely, expressing a love of proportion and finish. It is part of a garment, judged to be over two thousand years old. It is made of horse-hair, black and shining, soft and silky; proving so much refinement. How did the maker arrive at such a use of his material? One finds it hard to express our admiration. Hundreds of years later the illuminations of the Christian period show lovely lines and colour and the drawings of the sacred figures and their garments, prove that embroidery must have been employed for religious purposes. In its nature embroidery is easily destroyed. We can hardly hope for many survivals in a climate of constant humidity among notoriously careless humanity and the risks of fire and warfare. An exceptional survival is found in the instance of the Waterford vestments. At the Reformation, the Cathedral passed into new hands. In the crypt a number of ancient oaken chests securely locked were piled roughly together and it was only during the early years of this century that one of them was found ito contain a set of superb green vestments—Chasuble, Cope and Dalmatics—with accessories. They were decorated with braids woven in an embossed pattern of a paler shade of green and gold. Some of them were richly embroidered and they had remained untouched by moth or mould or dust in the stout oak chest. Because so little Irish embroidery has survived, these vestments are now rightly esteemed as a great treasure. They ought to be photographed and copied by skilful hands.

At the Exhibition in Galway some years since Dr. MacCormack arranged a splendid collection of ancient Church Plate; it was shown with some manuscripts and embroidery. The Bishop took us to the Dominican Convent where were preserved many memorials of the Penal Days. There was a notable example of Irish embroidery worked in secret by the ladies of Galway, several of whom were professed nuns who had to return to their family homes. This most important piece, is a large square Altar-frontal with a deep border of French knots blended in various tones of green like moss. At intervals on this ground are coats of arms belonging to the workers and on the margin, their names are marked in black silk.
Irish Embroidery

By EVELYN GLEESON

I HAVE been asked to write about "Irish Embroidery," but, although I have worked at it for long years, I find it a difficult subject. It is like following a path which disappears at intervals breaking off abruptly to the dark. The love of ornament is a human need, primitive and strong. It is found allied to the crudest constructions, showing painstaking effort at adorning things of practical necessity. In our National Museum among prehistoric relics, there is a fragment preserved, part of a garment of untold age, just a few inches of fringe. It is exquisitely neat and shapely, expressing a love of proportion and finish. It is part of a garment, judged to be over two thousand years old. It is made of horse-hair, black and shining, soft and silky; proving so much refinement. How did the maker arrive at such a use of his material? One finds it hard to express our admiration. Hundreds of years later the illuminations of the Christian period show lovely lines and colour and the drawings of the sacred figures and their garments, prove that embroidery must have been employed for religious purposes. In its nature embroidery is easily destroyed. We can hardly hope for many survivals in a climate of constant humidity among notoriously careless humanity and the risks of fire and warfare. An exceptional survival is found in the instance of the Waterford vestments. At the Reformation, the Cathedral passed into new hands. In the crypt a number of ancient oaken chests securely locked were piled roughly together and it was only during the early years of this century that one of them was found to contain a set of superb green vestments—Chasuble, Cope and Dalmatics—with accessories. They were decorated with braids woven in an embossed pattern of a paler shade of green and gold. Some of them were richly embroidered and they had remained untouched by moth or mould or dust in the stout oak chest. Because so little Irish embroidery has survived, these vestments are now rightly esteemed as a great treasure. They ought to be photographed and copied by skilful hands.

At the Exhibition in Galway some years since Dr. MacCormack arranged a splendid collection of ancient Church Plate; it was shown with some manuscripts and embroidery. The Bishop took us to the Dominican Convent where were preserved many memorials of the Penal Days. There was a notable example of Irish embroidery worked in secret by the ladies of Galway, several of whom were professed nuns who had to return to their family homes. This most important piece, is a large square Altar-frontal with a deep border of French knots blended in various tones of green like moss. At intervals on this ground are coats of arms belonging to the workers and on the margin, their names are marked in black silk.
The centre is grounded with a pale rose silk adorned with flowers surrounding ecclesiastical emblems. There is also a set of pale rose vestments (probably having been a deeper tone originally) also a humeral veil and several stoles. They are all very worn and faded but deeply interesting not alone in their execution, but as the work under infinite difficulty and bravery of noble Irish women. In Galway sought refuge some half-dozen Irish ladies who were professed in France and returned under the control of Madame Molony. They had been driven out of Dublin while ministering to the poor and after many hardships they found a home on an island on the Corrib river still called “Nun’s Island.”

Also on view in the Museum at present, are photographs and coloured drawings of Church Embroideries executed by the Dun Emer Guild. These include the Altar Frontal for the Honan Hospital Chapel, Cork-made to the order of Sir John O’Connell, and the vestments for St. Patrick’s Church, San Francisco. These vestments (of Dublin-made Cloth of Gold) were ordered by the late Monsignor Rogers. The cloth of gold was woven on silk by Messrs. Atkinson and is embroidered with an all-over pattern in gold thread. The orphreys have over forty different panels, each representing an incident in the life of an Irish saint.

In the National Museum in Dublin the following pieces of Irish embroidery are preserved:

Portion of sampler white needle point insertion with the initials M.R. and the date 1662. Said to have been made by a lady in Co. Wexford.

Coverlet of fine linen embroidered with coloured silks in a design of groups of flowers. A most beautiful piece of work, with a great variety of stitches and delightful colouring in rose, grey, soft greens and golds. Worked by Florence Gyles, Youghal, 1709.

Another Coverlet by the same lady in 1710, is of white linen with an all over design quilted on it worked in back-stitch in white thread.

There are several other interesting coverlets of the middle half and late part of the eighteenth century. Some in white quilted and some in coloured silks on white grounds

A Pillow Cover of embroidered linen worked by Anne MacClune, Keady, Armagh, in well-known Mount Mellick work. Late eighteenth century.

Embroidered Chairseats, canvas worked in coloured wools and silks in cross-stitch. Date 1741.

A very elaborate and beautifully worked chair-seat in “gros point” illustrating one of Aesop’s fables. Middle eighteenth century.

Embroidered Chair-seats, canvas with wool and silks in cross stitch, predated 1741.

Coverlet linen quilted design outlined in back stitch. Initials F.G. worked by Florence Gyles. 1710 date in design. Made in Youghal.

Coverlet, linen embroidered in coloured wools in tambour,
seed and satin stitches. Late eighteenth century.

Mitre, white satin, embroidered design based on Irish ornament of the seventh century. Made at the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare.

St. Columbcille Banner designed by Jack Yeats and worked in coloured wools and silks by Miss Lily Yeats about 1928.

In the neighbourhood of Cork, Lady Bandon discovered splendid curtains on white sheeting worked in Broderie Anglaise in magnificent colours. Many were found throughout Irish country houses and were copied during the Land Agitation by a number of ladies whose incomes ceased then by stoppage of rents and interests. They were sold to advantage by Messrs. Liberty of London.

In the Museum.

Among family belongings I possess a sampler worked on fine India muslin, surrounded by a wreath of shamrocks in floss a map of Ireland. All the counties and chief towns are beautifully marked in fine black silk. Worked by my grandmother, Margaret Molony, 1810.

Indian muslin gown circa. 1812. Embroidered in thick cotton on the flounces. A very gracefully designed garment. Margaret Molony, 1812.

Very effective counterpane of fine white linen, bordered with wide garland of coloured flowers in appliqué of chintz. Centre surrounded by garland of olive leaves worked in crewel stitch in dark green outlined in black silk. Worked by Margaret Purcell, 1821.

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The splendour of the evening, or astir
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To children, something passing through the gleams
Of cottage windows; or, on western gales
Riding, a king of dreams;

Or about hawthorns lingering to greet
The earliest may amongst the blazing green,
Or through the heather travelling to meet
Spirits we have not seen;

A lovely radiance of a passing star
Upon a sudden journey through the gloaming,
Lighting low Irish hills, and then afar
To its own regions homing.

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