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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.

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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.

Frequent céitroé are organised by the Æíro-coinmhe and Local Schools.

The Ancient Gaelic Festivals (heralding the four seasons) of Samain, Uíbh Fháine, Bealtaine and Lá Samhna are specially celebrated with a view to bringing them back to popular recognition.

“Péilee na nGaeóeal” 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’DONNIGHAILE.

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Part I of the 1940 St. Patrick’s Night Concert

1. **ORGAN SOLO**
   - “Irish War Song,” “The Lark in the Clear Air,” “Men of Erin”
   - **Traditional Irish Airs**
   - **UNA DILLON**

2. **PIPERS’ BAND**
   - “The Wearing of the Green,” “Haste to the Wedding,” “Sean Ua Néill,” “Wrap the Green Flag Round Me,” “Leather away with the Wattle O,” “Billy O’Rourke.”
   - **Traditional Irish Airs**
   - **UNA DILLON**

3. **SONG**
   - “St. Patrick’s Day”
   - **Arranged Moffatt**
   - **ROBERT IRWIN**

4. **SONGS**
   - “When He Who Adores Thee”
   - **Arranged Moffatt**
   - “The Irish Volunteers”
   - **Arranged Stanford**
   - **JOHN McKENNA**

5. **FIGURE DANCES**
   - Four-hand Reel; Four-hand Jig.
   - **GAELIC LEAGUE SCHOOL-CHILDREN**

6. **SONGS**
   - “Sráidál & Éacht”
   - **Arranged A. A. Needham**
   - “Yestere’en”
   - **MONICA WARNER**

7. **Démpain**
   - “Éime”
   - **Arranged Hardebeck**
   - “An Caillín Ruad”
   - **Arranged N. Bartholomew**
   - **DONAL MAC CONAILLEAD**

8. **RECITATIONS**
   - “The Ballad of Father Gilligan”
   - **W. B. Yeats**
   - “The Rebel”
   - **Padraig Pearse**
   - **PAUL FARRELL**

9. **SONGS**
   - “Aghadoe”
   - **Arranged Herbert Hughes**
   - “Ballynure Ballad”
   - **ASTRA DESMOND**

10. **VIOLIN**
    - Selection of Irish Airs including:
      - “O’Donnell Aboo,” “Blackbird,”
      - “Foxhunter’s Jig”
      - **Arranged Eva Evalda and Violet Barton**
      - **EVA EVALDA**

11. **SONGS**
    - “Éamonn an Chuirt”
    - **Arranged Hardebeck**
    - “The Thief of the World”
    - **Arranged Larchet**
    - **ROBERT IRWIN**

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At the Piano ... **AGNES MACHALE**

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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: “Boys of Wexford,” “Óró Síd uch Deach dá Thal,” “The Green Flag.”
PROGRAMME
Part II of the 1940 St. Patrick’s Night Concert

ITEM
1. PIPERS’ BAND
   “I won’t be a Nun,” “Fogarty’s Jig,” Traditional
   “Manchester Hornpipe,” “Paddies Evermore,” “The White Cockade,” “Freedom
   for Ireland”
   
2. SONGS:
   “Δν Παραδοησία Ραβο” Arranged Stanford
   “I Know my Love” Arranged Herbert Hughes
   MONICA WARNER

3. VIOLIN:
   “Antrim Glen” Arranged Eva Evalda
   “Διήμαν Στιολακάιν” Arranged Violet Barton
   Jigs Arranged Eva Evalda and
   Violet Barton
   EVA EVALDA

4. SONGS:
   “The Snowy-breasted Pearl” Arranged H. Hughes
   “Avenging and Bright” Arranged Moffatt
   JOHN McKENNA

5. SONGS:
   “μείζνεω τι εύνακαε” Arranged N. Bartholomew
   “πορε-κατα η παζεοεαλ” Arranged Dr. Annie Brereton
   
6. STEP-DANCES:
   “St. Patrick’s Day”
   “Hornpipe”
   JIMMY HUDSON

7. SONGS:
   “The Lover’s Curse” Arranged Hughes
   “O Would I were the Tender Apple-Blossom” Arranged Stanford
   ASTRÁ DESMOND

8 SONGS:
   “Sean ούν η αν ηΠαλ” Arranged Hardebeck
   “The West’s Awake” Arranged Esposto
   ROBERT IRWIN

9. RECITATIONS:
   “The Trimmin’s on the Rosary” “John O’Brien”
   “Norah O’Neall” “John O’Bien”
   PAUL FARRELL

10. CHORUS:
    “Διήμαν η οδη” Kearney

SING THE 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.

7
"ST. PATRICK'S DAY"

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 her 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 true-hearted
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.
"WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE"

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Ev'ry thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see—
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

—THOMAS MOORE.

"THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS"

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

_Chorus:_

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

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

_Chorus._

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

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

_Chorus._
"Siubhail a séadh"

Traditional.

Δ υπαίκνιτιν αἰθήναν ἅτυιν ὅϊς,
Προ λεσάναν ὅποιον, προ ἀεαρ ὅο ρός,
Μο λεων γαν μηρε λεσά ἅτη ἅο ὅεο
'S ἅο νοτέρο τά, α μύηnin, πλάν.
Siubhail, rúbdal, rúbdal, a séadh,
Προ λεσάναν ἅτα μᾶτα νειτ λεσάν αν ἄαιρ,
Ο ναρ ήγα τά μηρε ιρ δοοτ μο εάρ,
'S ἅο νοτέρο τά, α μύηnin, πλάν.

Προ μεινε νο ιρεαγς ᵐε ἅρ α ζλιμ,
Α' ήρι α ηζέν οομ μην 1 η-ηπι,
Δετ καζιλ με ἅ, ιρ ημη δε μο μιμ—
'S ἅο νοτέρο τά, α μύηnin, πλάν.
Siubhail, rúbdal, ηπι.

Δετ καζεράδ ηρ Ριζ Σέυμαρ ηυάης,
Α' ημεηζ ηα ζέανα λειρ ηρ ιωααρ,
Α' ημεηζ μο δυακιλ ιεο, μο ηυαης,
'S ἅο νοτέρο τά, α μύηnin, πλάν.
Siubhail, rúbdal, ηπι.

Προ ποό με ριο μη εοίζε μοη,
Δς νπερεαδ μη να λυμη ραοι ρεολ,
Σιμηεδοκαμ καοελαμ ηλ γαζ νεοη,
'S ἅο νοτέρο τά, α μύηnin, πλάν.
Siubhail, rúbdal, ηπι.

Προ νπερελαμ μηι μο ζανα νάις,
Α' η ειεηεοκαμ μη νομαμ ιομιλάη,
Σο ηράζ' με μάζλ ε νό πλάη—
'S ἅο νοτέρο τά, α μύηnin, πλάν.
Siubhail, rúbdal, ηπι.

[An Irish rendering by Dr. Douglas Hyde of the girl's sad love-song of "Shule Agrah."]
Somebody whispered to me yest’reen
Somebody whispered to me
And my heart gaed a-flutter, and flew away clean
As somebody whispered to me.
And the rose that I found in my tangled hair
Was a token o’ love, I ween.

An arm gaed round my waist, yest’reen
An arm sae strong and true
And I laid my head on his breast yest’reen
For what could a puir thing do?
An’ my heart is his for evermair
An’ nothing will come between.

—Donald Ramsay.

"éine"

Arré 1r mé go h-uaigheac 1m’ luige 1p mo leabhar 1m 1om
’S mé as g’imeinne 1p na cnuaird 1aeptaib (pè) 1uaim 1i 1m’
comhair
Huithe a éamh an pì-bean uafal 1r tem’ caoib gini purd 1i nuair liom
1i gini binn liom a duanta 1n 1p amhigear 1m 1om de 1eol.
’Si coirgin 1eap i mbroigh i, comhin purdún coidheac
’Sa pib 1r gile 1r oifig liom 1a an eala 1n 1nn as gini
1i a gut cóm binn te pòlin, ’pa leacain maig na 1oprú
’Sa cúilín creatach ómraí 1’ tuicim lei go riut.

O’fhiormuigear fèim 1e’s pì-bean ’dè’n típ nó 1hè 1p òinb i
Dè’nn baire comhairde mbro’ pò’n 1eun i 1uit i mbro’n.
Gini tampa’ pò cromchomroll cóm deaneac 1n ’pan oruice
Gan éinne beò v’a comm-leacht ac’t 1i g’iobhrileadh 1eath
An tò Pàllar nò an tò Beinuir vò pórta ’ge Bulcan, cep òud.
Ón! an tò an Lainn nò an dèirgean gan 1eò.
An tò Juno nò fair Helen tòs pàir 1eal 1’n 1ghnèig teat
T’amm-rè anoir mà’r méim teat, nò ca bprùi 1a 1nò?

M’amm-rè anoir mà’r méim teat, i otseangam cùirde Sholum
Gini beàin tò 1 bprò i bprèim me gan eim cearp nà cóir
1r 50 bprùi mo 1amn v’a gcearad ’ge clamn na ngàil pè dàon
pràict
Coirgì cnuaird v’a 1oa 1oa 1s deòn 1an 1oim èid.
Ac’ bòrd riog amhrúd 1p caoib cnòic ’fha òrimpàid ’ca ví dhréarsaib
A’ cúi na bprò Le cèile ’fha gúinai 1eap’ i 1eòin.
Bòrd riog riog coitcà, chàna, 1an brìgh nà tuic na ngèrsaib
’Gìn dòndiòg an fèll v’a 1oa 1oa 1s feò’ pè’n bprò.
"An Caitin Puí"
As I was goin’ to Ballynure,
The day I well remember,
For to view the lads and lasses
On the fifth day of November.
With a maring-doo-a-day,
With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-o.

As I was goin’ along the road,
When homeward I was walkin’,
I heard a wee lad behind a ditch-a
To his wee lass was talkin’.
With a maring-doo-a-day,
With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-o.

Said the wee lad to the wee lass,
“’Tis will ye let me kiss ye?
For it’s I have got the cordial eye
That far exceeds the whiskey.”
With a maring-doo-a-day,
With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-o.

“’This cordial that ye talk about,
There’s very few o’ them gets it,
For there’s nothing now but crooked combs
And muslin gowns can catch it!”
With a maring-doo-a-day,
With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-o.

"Éamonn A’ Énúic"

```
Cia h-é rin amúig
'Há bhrúil ríobhar dhonn uisce
Ár ríobhar ro go máthair an dtúnta.
Mhíre Éamon an Énúic
Tá hárte múr món mhiuch
’O riobh ríubh réitéib mó stéannc-
A laog mhír ná curo,
Creóidh déanmamh já múirt,
Muna scuithimm o<i>n</i> dhinn don’ gúna,
’S go bhrúil rúdaí go thugas do thá ríobhar déada leat
’S go mbéimtar ar aon máthúca.
```
"THE THIEF OF THE WORLD"

What's the use of Government, and what do we pay peelers for?
What's the use of soldiers to be standing at their ease?
What do they seize poteen stills and hunt the highway squealer for,
When rogues can roam the highroad and go robbing all they please?
Oh, the thief of all the world! but sure the sorrow mend myself,
The two blue, coaxing eyes of her, the dimple on her chin!
They stole the heart right out of me, before I could defend myself—
I fell into that dimple and I can't get out again.

She was sitting at the door, and nobody but the cat with her,
When in I stepped to light my pipe and pass the time of day;
And I never felt the time while I talked of this and that with her,
And sure 'twas mostly evening when I rose to go away.
Oh, the thief of the world! when up at last I got to go
My heart was gone, my head was gone, my peace of mind likewise,
But wasn't I the omadhauin, and she pretending not to know,
And all the while the mischief in the corner of her eye!

But I'll have her up to court, and I'll charge her with the felony,
And if she pleads not guilty, 'twill be only waste of breath;
For I'll set my face against her, and condemn her for her villainy
To be locked up in my arms till the day of her death.
Oh, the thief of the world! there's no use in being kind to her—
Around my neck she'll have to hang until her dying day,
As a warning to all schemers that the same way are inclined as her,
To go about their business and not set poor boys away.

—FRANCIS A. FAHY.
A modern song. The poet falls asleep on a hillock overlooking the sea, and describes his pleasure at being awakened by the song of a little red lark.

"I KNOW MY LOVE"

I know my love by his way of walkin',
An' I know my love by his way of talkin'
An' I know my love all in his suit of blue,
An' if my love laves me what will I do?
An' still she cried "I love him the best
An' a troubled mind can know no rest,"
An' still she cried, "Bonny boys are few,
An' if my love laves me what will I do!"

If my love knew I could wash and wring,
If my love knew I could weave and spin,
I'd make a coat all of the finest kind,
But it's want of money laves me behind.
An' still she cried, "Bonny boys are few
An' if my love laves me what will I do!"
There is a dance house at Maradyke
An' there my true love goes every night
An' takes a strange one upon his knee
An' don't you think now that vexes me?
An' still she cried . . . . .
THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

Arr. Robinson.

Oh! she is not like the rose that proud in beauty blows,
    And boasteth that she's so wondrous fair,
But she's like the violet blue, ever modest, ever true,
    From her leafy bower perfuming the still night air.
Oh! she's gentle, loving, mild, she's artless as a child,
    Her clustering tresses softly flowing down.
I'll love her evermore, sweet caillín og, a stor,
    My true love, my snowy-breasted pearl.

If I sigh—a sudden fear comes o'er her and a tear
    Stands quivering within her downcast eye;
When I smile—those orbs of azure gleam forth with love and
    pleasure,
Like sudden glory bursting through a clouded sky.
If I claim her for my bride she trembles at my side,
    And gently lifts her eyes with looks so tender;
I love thee, only thee, my caillín geal, mo chroidhe,
    My true love, my snowy-breasted pearl.

Such was she—but, oh! a change, how mournful and how strange,
    O'er my loved one, my own beloved one, came;
Paler still her pale cheek grew, and her eyes of azure hue
    Seemed lighted with a flame, a fatal, wasting flame.
Oh! we laid her in the grave, where the willows sadly wave,
    And the hollow winds are sighing a plaintive wail.
I'm alone! alone! alone! so wearily I moan
    For my lost love, my snowy-breasted pearl.

—S. E. De Vere

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

Avenging and bright fell the swift sword of Erin
    On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd;
For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
    A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
    When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore;
By the pillows of war which, so often, high swelling,
    Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!
We swear to avenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak’d on the murderer’s head!
Yes, monarch! tho’ sweet are our home recollections,
Tho’ sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall!
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

—T. Moore.

“Máthrongadh Ní Ceallair”

Dá bimne do béltn ná mèiteac na ribhe
Ir do còirghcité gleórde vo b'fòganta cùin mìnce
Dì gòl na mblàt ngeal ir sìneac't na n-èala
Ag cairnìc ro' bhràghad-re, a Mìàrhìd Ní Ceallaig.

Ir ot liom mar pègle é saìc dhraon vo' èuro pola
Deirt riòghte ag an gclòncac a bhì pèrò doirt mar fòl.
Mag an f'gin ro tò lèinn liom ir peàpp i nà cápa'll
Ir trò' clòon-chòmò do fàdair i, a Mìàrhìd Ní Ceallaig.

Mo lèan ghrì 'ir mo cóirír-dàr mo ghràd-pà deirte lèalltaic
Ir sòìt liom平坦 an lèinn ùd a fàs i 50 fànnlas
Dheò mo cóiròide-re 50 bhràc-bhràc 50 còiròde ro' earba
Cè sòìt èus mé an bás doirt, a Mìàrhìd Ní Ceallaig.

“Rosce-Càta na Ìgàideail”

A bhràichd ce'n taim-fhùl pearacon dùala,
Canaim le bàrd na pàrna ro 'òid,
Ir dàtar dhàr n-anam 'ir meallma mòirtair
Rosce-càta doùcal agham dàr dhèir:
Éire ' artisan bhòta ìgàideail 'nah aighe,
Éire na Ìgàideail a beò ràpaig agus pearaich:
Stògaimh pràtaig fè bhràtaig na pàir-bear—
Dhòid casadar bhràtar i aicheadh dhìr rùg.

A Ré 'dhi na bhràchetar, ruaidh peantaig 'ir pàir dùinn.
Làrnaimh réicth a beòt dhàr 'nàir ghràir,
Làrnaimh neartaig agus balram òdh spàirta,
Fhìogair dhì argaich 'è ag tèicneir 'è cúirt.
A Dòrain an trìpaig, guir do tríthm òd tàla eògann,
A Càitir an Conadh, toìobh òd èuro pola dùinn,
A dhàr Mìc Éampain, a dhàr an ìgàraig,
Sòirmò casadar bhràtar i aicheadh dhìr rùg.
Máir  bás an gheallaire báireadh le náma,  
D’éimhir réimne reamhainn Gaeidil,  
Le ními ne n-aonma glacaimir páirt ann,  
Fearta ní polaír air dtalam domh fém;  
I’r Eire, ar n-samh a beirt Gaeidil a tháinig,  
Eíre na ngaeidil a beirt raon aghaidh reamhainn,  
Stógamir feartach p’e bratach na réir-bearn.  
Dín os cairdeáir bhráithinn i dteachraíb air ripr.

Muiris ó Cátain.

"THE LOVER’S CURSE"

Arranged by Herbert Hughes.

This one and that one will court him  
But if e’er he gets any but me  
Both daily and hourly I’ll curse them  
That stole lovely Jamie from me.

Far in the land of the stranger,  
Six hundred long miles o’er the sea,  
To fight on the lowlands of Holland,  
They stole lovely Jamie.

Sadness and weeping are on me  
For the lad that is over the sea  
But daily and hourly I’ll curse them  
That stole lovely Jamie from me.

"WOULD GOD I WERE"

A. A. Needham.

Would God I were the tender apple-blossom,  
Floating and falling from the twisted bough,  
To lie and faint within your silken bosom,  
As that does now.

Or would I were a little burnished apple,  
For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold,  
While sun and shade your robe of lawn will dapple.  
Your hairs spun gold.
Yes, would to God I were among the roses,
That lean to kiss you as you float between!
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses
To touch you, Queen.

Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing
A happy daisy in the garden path,
That so your silver foot might press me going
Even unto death.

"Sean dön na nGall"


A song in praise of Donegal, taken down by Dr. Carl Hardebeck from the
singing of Con O'Freil, of Clochaneeley, Gortnhork, Co. Donegal, and
published in Part II of his Gems of Melody.

"THE WEST'S AWAKE"

Arranged by Esposito.

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep! the West's asleep!
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught lies in slumber deep;
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks, their guardian chivalry,
Sing, oh! let men learn liberty
From crashing wave and lashing sea.
That chainless wave and lovely land,
Freedom and nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumbering slaves a home so grand,
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place.

Sing, oh! not e’en their son’s disgrace,
Can quite destroy their glory’s trace.

For often in O’Connor’s van,
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan,
And, fleet as deer, the Normans ran
Through Curlieu Pass and Ardrahan.
And later days saw deeds as brave,
And glory guard Clanricarde’s grave.

Sing, oh! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim’s slopes and Shannon’s wave.

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

—THOMAS DAVIS.

"AÍNRÁN NA ÓIFIANN"

Seo óibr, a cáirmé, duan óglaígh,
Caénéméac, bríosnáth, ceolánar,
Án oirente cnám go buacach táit,
*’S an príomh 50 min rialtáig.

Ír domhnaí raobhach rínn cún gleo,
*’S go cúimhir gle roim tíoce do’n ló,
Pe cúmpaí ceart na h-óróce ag’ réit:
Seo óibr, canaig Aínrán na Óifiann.

Cúipé:
Sine Óíonna Fáit,
Áta pé ghealt aig Éimhin,
Buroine an’áim ríoga,
Tá cuimh do pháinig cússamh,
Pe móto beic raip,
Sean-tig an’ínnrsean rearta,
Ní pháisgh pé’n oifionn ná pé’n ocráit.

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