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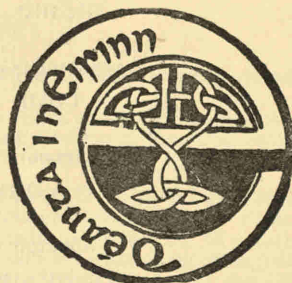


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# CONNRAD NÀ SÀEÒILGE LONNDAIN

(THE GAELIC LEAGUE OF LONDON)

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## OBJECTS OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE :

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.

# Connrad na Gaeilge Londain

Office : 28 JOHN STREET, THEOBALDS ROAD, W.C.1.

Telephone : HOLBORN 7129.

## TEACHING CENTRES

SCHOOLS are held in various districts throughout London. The Central School meets on Saturdays at the offices at 3.30 p.m.

### Local Schools :

*Thursday* - HIGHGATE.—St. Augustine's Hall, Archway Road, N.6., at 8 p.m.  
KENSINGTON.—Stadium Club, 45 Brook Green Road, Hammersmith, W.6, at 8 p.m. Céilíróe at the same venue every Sunday and Tuesday evening.

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 Céilíróe are organised by the Áirí-Comrae and Local Schools.

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

"féile na nGaeilge" 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'DONNGHAILE.

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

ALL PARTICULARS MAY BE HAD FROM THE HON. SECRETARY.

Minimum Annual Subscription—2/6.



## Part I of the 1940 St. Patrick's Night Concert

## ITEM

- ITEM
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*  
píobairí an connairtá
  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 : " Siúbal a Shíadó " *Traditional*  
" Yestere'en " *Arranged A. A. Needham*  
MONICA WARNER
  7. Amháin " Éile " *Arranged Hardebeck*  
" An Caitín Rua " *Arranged N. Bartholomew*  
"onnadó mac conchoilleadó
  8. RECITATIONS : " The Ballad of Father Gilligan " *W. B. Yeats*  
" The Rebel " *Padraic Pearse*  
PAUL FARRELL
  9. SONGS : " Aghadoe " *Traditional*  
" Ballynure Ballad " *Arranged Herbert Hughes*  
ASTRA DESMOND
  10. VIOLIN : Selection of Irish Airs including : *Arranged Eva Evalda*  
" O'Donnell Aboó," " Blackbird," *and Violet Barton*  
" Foxhunter's Jig "  
EVA EVALDA
  11. SONGS : " Éamonn an Chuic " *Arranged Hardebeck*  
" The Thief of the World " *Arranged Larchet*  
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 : " Boys of Wexford," " Óró Sé no Beata Adbaile," " 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 Ever- *Irish Airs*  
 more," "The White Cockade," "Freedom  
 for Ireland"  
 pìobairí an ònnairtá
2. SONGS : "An Fuirceoisín Rua" *Arranged Stanford*  
 "I Know my Love" *Arranged Herbert Hughes*  
 MONICA WARNER
3. VIOLIN : "Antrim Glen" *Arranged Eva Evalda*  
 "Amhán Sníomácaín" *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 : "Máireáil ní Ceallair" *Arranged N. Bartholomew*  
 "Rorc-cata na nSaeóeal" *Arranged Dr. Annie Brereton*  
 "Donncaid mac Conchoillead"
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*  
 ASTRA DESMOND
8. SONGS : "Sean Dún na nGall" *Arranged Hardebeck*  
 "The West's Awake" *Arranged Esposito*  
 ROBERT IRWIN
9. RECITATIONS : "The Trimmin's on the Rosary" "John O'Brien"  
 "Norah O'Neill" "John O'Brien"  
 PAUL FARRELL
10. CHORUS : "Amhán na hÉiríann" *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. ●



## "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*).

## "SIUBAIL A ŠRÁD"

*Traditional.*

A buacailín doibinn áluinn óis,  
 Buò leacán do éoirde, buò deap do rós,  
 Mo leun san mire leac féin go deó  
 'S go dtéir tú, a mhúinnín, rlán.  
 Siubail, riubail, riubail, a šrád,  
 Níl leigear le fašáil aet leigear an báir,  
 Ó o'fás tú mire ip boet mo cár,  
 'S go dtéir tú, a mhúinnín, rlán.

Ir minic do bheus ré mé ar a glúm,  
 A' cur a ršéil dom féin i n-iúil,  
 Aet cail mé é, 'r sup bé mo mún—  
 'S go dtéir tú, a mhúinnín, rlán.  
 Siubail, riubail, 7rl.

Do fñiomh mé líon a'r díol mé é  
 A'r díol mé do mo túinne féin,  
 Ceannuis mé cloróeam do šrád mo cléib  
 'S go dtéir tú, a mhúinnín, rlán.  
 Siubail, riubail, 7rl.

Aet cuirpead ar Riš Séumar ruais,  
 A'r o'mtíš na Šéana leir ar luatár,  
 A'r o'mtíš mo buacail leó, mo nuair  
 'S go dtéir tú, a mhúinnín, rlán.  
 Siubail, riubail, 7rl.

Do fúir mé ríor ar eulac mór,  
 Aš deapicad ar a luing faoi feól,  
 Šionntócamn muileann le šac deor,  
 'S go dtéir tú, a mhúinnín, rlán.  
 Siubail, riubail, 7rl.

Do deapfaim féin mo šúna bán  
 A'r euaipiteócamn an domhan iomlán  
 Šo b'fás' mé marb é nó rlán—  
 'S go dtéir tú, a mhúinnín, rlán.  
 Siubail, riubail, 7rl.

[An Irish rendering by Dr. Douglas Hyde of the girl's sad love-song of  
 "Shule Agradh."]



## “ YEST'REEN ”

(Ulster Love Song)

A. A. Needham.

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 ”

Aréir ip mé go h-uaisneac im' luise ar mo leabair fuaim dom  
 'S mé ag rmaoineam ar na cruair beartaib (fé) tuairim bí im'  
 comair

Nuair a táinig an pí-bean uairt ip lem' éaib sup fúro pí ruar liom  
 Ip sup binne liom a duanta ná ar ariugear riam de céol.  
 'Sí coirín deap i mbóis i, coimín fúroite coipeac  
 'Sa píb ip síle ip dóis liom ná an eala ar linn ag rnam  
 Bí a sué com binn le rmóilin, 'ra leacain mar na pórai  
 'Sa cúlín creatac ómpac a' tuirim léi go páil.

O'fiorruigeap féin de'n pí-bean 'de'n típ nó treib ar díob í  
 De'n baile comnúrde mbíod pí nó'n bean í tuir i mbón.  
 Sup tárla pí 'nár dtiomcioll com déanae ran 'ran oróce  
 Gan éinne beo d'a comn-leact aet i ag ríorpilead deor  
 An tú Pallar nó an tú Venur bí pórtá 'se búlcán, ceir dub.  
 Óró ! an tú an laoy nó an deirbean gan céo.  
 An tú Juno nó fair Helen tús páirp geat ó'n ngréis leat  
 T'amm-re anoir má'r mém leat, nó cá bfuil do shó ?

M'amm-re anoir má'r mém leat, i dteangain clirde Saolumm  
 Sup bean tá i bpaó i bpém mé gan ém ceap ná cóir  
 Ip go bfuil mo élanm d'a gcéapad 'se élanm na nSall fé d'aoir  
 rmaet

Coirí cruada d'a ndoiaod gan don eocair leó.  
 Aet beró ríad annróo ar éaib énoic 'rna dromai 'ca d'a bplearad  
 A' cup na bfeap le céile 'rna sunai deap' i gcóir.  
 Beró ríad rúo corra, traocra, gan bríis ná lué 'na ngeasab  
 'Sur bódais an féil d'a ndoiaod 'r d'a léir cup fé'n bfoó.

## “AN CAILÍN RUÁ”

Dá mbeinn-re 'mblaró-na mar bí mé 'nuparó  
 Tois beas beic agam a' coir a' cuam  
 Cuirtín mo báo amac ar an tSiønnamh  
 Agus beartaimn abailte mo cailín ruá.

Cuprá :

Ríker fol de dooite lot ile lathoy  
 Agus beartaimn abailte mo cailín ruá.

b'fearr liom i ná bó 'r ná beartaé,  
 'S ná a bfuil de lingeap a' teacé cun cuam  
 Bí ri mar gac gheimme out in éadan glóine  
 Bí rseim mná na rinné 'r mo cailín ruá.

Bí cionn ghuaise léi ríor go talamh  
 Ir bair ar a bfinne go dtús ri buaó  
 Bá méanar do'n fear ós a geobaró le meall' i  
 Roza na gcailín mo cailín ruá.

## “AGHADOE”

There's a glade in Aghadue, Aghadue, Aghadue,  
 There's a green and silent glade in Aghadue,  
 Where we met, my love and I, love's bright planet in the sky,  
 In that sweet and silent glade in Aghadue.

There's a glen in Aghadue, Aghadue, Aghadue,  
 There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadue,  
 Where I hid him from the eyes of the redcoats and their spies,  
 That year the trouble came to Aghadue.

But they tracked me to that glen in Aghadue, Aghadue,  
 When the price was on his head in Aghadue,  
 O'er the mountains, by the wood, as I stole to him with food,  
 Where in hiding lone he lay in Aghadue.

I walked to Mallow town from Aghadue, Aghadue,  
 Brought his head from the gaol gate to Aghadue,  
 There I covered him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn ;  
 Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadue.

—JOHN TODHUNTER (1839-1916)

## "A BALLYNURE BALLAD"

*County Antrim Air*

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,  
"It's 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' CHUIC"

*Traditional.*

Cia h-é rin amuig  
'Na bfuil faobair ar a suí  
Ais faobad mo d'orair d'únta.  
Míre Éamon an Chuic  
Tá báirdte fuair fhuic  
Ó fíor fhuil'le pléidte'r gleannra.  
A laos síl 'ra euro,  
Créad d'éanraimn-re d'uit,  
Muna scuirfínn ort beinn dom' súnna,  
'S go bfuil pádair go tuig o'da fíor-féiread leat  
'S go mbeimí' arson múcta.



1r fada mir' amuis  
 fadai fneadta 'sur fadai floc  
 'S san dñadct agam ar éinneac ;  
 Mo feirneac san rsur,  
 Mo bñanar san cur  
 1r san iad agam ar don cor !  
 Ni'l caparo agam—  
 1r damio liom roim—  
 'Do glacfao mé moe ná d'éró'nac  
 'S so scaitpe mé out ear fairrige roim,  
 Ó'r ann nac bñuit mo gaoitca.

### “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 potteen 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 omadhaun, 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.

## “ FUISEOIGÍN RUAD ”

*Arr. Stanford.*

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.

Do bíor-ra im' luige go rítead róga  
 Ar túlaig ar bóro an éuam,  
 Mar bíod na roille a g tróeact im' éreó  
 'San gaot a g feoignead im' éluair,  
 Do rmaomead 'r hnío'ra 'n traošail móir  
 'San ršarpead ro' r pórflioct ruad  
 Do éaom-beart óilir Ríog na gcómact  
 Do tuitear i neól beag ruam.

Doar liom go tóatnig fá mo cómair  
 Tar tuinn fuireoigín ruad,  
 San ríor cá h-áir doob' áirpead óo,  
 Cá gaot do feól é ar éuair,  
 Do rtao go h-áir ór tráig dá óeóm  
 Ir ršearcuig ar éeól san buadairt  
 Do bíodg mé im' láir le h-áir móir,  
 Tré áirtear an ršeól do luair.

## “ 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 *cailin 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 *cailin 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.

### “ MÁISGÉAD NÍ CEALLAIS ”

Da binnne do béilín ná méileac na píbe  
 I' do cóiríní gleóirí do b'fósganta cun fínnce  
 Bí síle na mbláé ngeal i' áilneac na h-eala  
 As cairmíre ro' b'rágaro-re, a Máisgéad Ní Ceallais.

I' oí l'iom map i'géal é gac b'raon deo' éuro pola  
 Beir rúigte as an gcaonac a bí héirí duit map éol's  
 Map an i'gian ro tá lámh l'iom i' feáirí i ná capall  
 I' tríó' élaon-éirí do fádar í, a Máisgéad Ní Ceallais.

Mo léan géar i' mo éruarí-éar mo g'rád-ra beir feallac  
 I' sup l'iom féim's an lámh úo a fás í go fanmlas  
 Beirí mo éirí-re go b'rác-b'rác go c'ráirí ro' earba  
 Cé sup éus mé an báir duit, a Máisgéad Ní Ceallais.

### “ ROSC-CAÇA NA nGAEDEAL ”

A b'ráiríre de'n cálm-fuil fearaíon fíola,  
 Canaim le b'róo na panna ro' oib,  
 I' ácar dár n-anam i' meanma móiríar  
 Rosc-caça d'ócar agaim dár oíir :  
 Éire ár n-éadail beir Gaedealac 'na h-aigne,  
 Éire na nGaeéal a beir raorí agur fearaíac :  
 Slógaimí feara fé b'raac na páir-fear—  
 Bíod caparí b'ráir í oíreapíó ár ríó.

A Rí oí na b'ráiríear, fuair peanaró i' páir d'áimn.  
 Iaraimíó páir a beir ágar 'nár gcúir,  
 Iaraimíó neair agur balram do g'ráirí,  
 F'neasair ár gcáiríre as áccairí ro' cúirí.  
 A páirí an f'iarraí, guró tréme do éola éuáimn,  
 A Cáirí an Cónaí, coiríirí do éuro pola d'áimn,  
 A ácarí m'ic Earman, a ánam an ágarí,  
 Guró caparí b'ráir í oíreapíó ár ríó.

Máir baoglaic do'n aclaída barcaó le námaro  
 Déimimír páinne fearaímaíl Gaedéal,  
 Le déime áir n-anma Glacaimír páirt ann,  
 Feara ní foláir áir d'alaim dúinn féin ;  
 Iy Éire, áir n-éadóil a beir Gaedéalaic 'na h-aigne,  
 Éire na nGaedéal a beir raor agus fearaímaic,  
 Slógaimír feara fé bhrataic na páir-fear—  
 Bíod caradair bhrádaí i dtreasaib áir ríog.

MUIRIS Ó CATÁIN.

### "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 DÚN NA nḠALL ”

*Arr. Carl G. Hardebeck.*

Ír ḡráð ḡeal mo éiríde tú, ' ḡír Conaill, a rḡóir,  
 Is lúíḡe maí beaḡ reḡo ḡlar ran fáirḡe móir,  
 O ḡráḡam tú í ḡcomnúrde, ḡo moḡ ír ḡo mall,  
 Ír molḡarḡ mé a corḡc' tú, a Sean Dún na nḠall.

Ní' Connrae í n-éirínn níor deirḡ ná tú.  
 Ní' daome ra domam níor fearḡ cáil ír clú  
 Ná tá í ḡḡír Conaill í bḡor ḡḡur ḡall,  
 Ó blaḡ bán ár ḡḡír' tú, a Sean Dún na nḠall.

Tá teanḡa ár rínnrír dá labairḡ ann ḡo póill  
 Com mílir, bínn blaḡta le h-abḡám ná ceol  
 Na n-ainḡil 'rma flairír ḡan rmaḡtuḡaḡ ḡan rmal,  
 Ó ḡráḡam ḡo deḡ tú, a Sean Dún na nḠall.

A song in praise of Donegal, taken down by Dr. Carl Hardebeck from the singing of Con O'Freil, of Clochaneely, Gortnork, 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.

### " AMHRÁN NA BFIANN "

Seo d'ib, a cáirde, duan óglais,  
 Caírmínead, bhríogmáir, ceolmáir,  
 Ár dtéimte cnám go buacac táir,  
 'S an rpéir go min réaltóga.  
 I r ponnmáir faobairac rinn eun gleo,  
 'S go tiúnmáir glé noim tíoct de'n ió,  
 Fé ciúmar éaoim na n-ordce ar reol :  
 Seo d'ib, canais Amhrán na Bfiann.

Cuprá :—

Simne fianna fáil,  
 Aca fé geall as éirim,  
 Dúroean o'ár pluas,  
 Tar tumn do páimís cúgaimn,  
 Fé móro beir raor,  
 Sean-tír ar rinnrean fearra,  
 Ní fásgar fé'n dtíorán ná fé'n dtíráil.

Anoíct a téam sa beáinam baogail  
 le sean ar shaoil, éun báir nó raoíall,  
 le suna ríneac pé láimh na bpiéar,  
 Seo oib, canaig Amhán na bfiann.

Coir bánta péirde, ar ároaib pléibe,  
 ba buadac ar rinnreap noiminn,  
 Tá láimh go tnean pé'n ráir-briat-péim,  
 Tá tuar sa shaoil go reolta.  
 ba oútear mian o'ar seime éaró,  
 San iompáil riar ó mirt áir,  
 'S as riúbal mar iao i scoinnib náimh :  
 Seo oib ! canaig Amhán na bfiann.

Cupá :

A buirdean nac fann o'fui shaoirdeal ir Gall,  
 Sm breacacó lae na raoirre,  
 Tá rseimle 'r peannmáó i scioróitib náimh,  
 Romh rangsaib laoeira ar oirre.  
 Ar otemte ir tneit san rpiéac anoir,  
 Sm luirne glé ran rpeir anoir,  
 'S an bioóba i maon na bpiéar asaib :  
 Seo oib ! canaig Amhán na bfiann.

Cupá :

—PEADAR KEARNEY.

*Irish translation by LIAM O RINN.*

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

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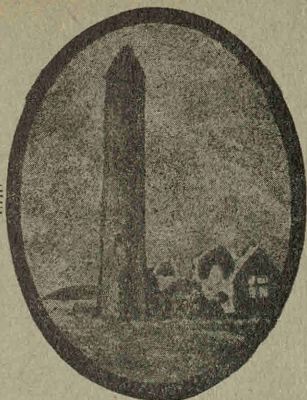
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