Sú Chlorósa

1954

Lá féile Pádraig
Clann Mhothuige na hEtseadl
Londain
(The United Gaelic Societies of London)

Chéilidhe Mór
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| EASTER MONDAY |

FINAL OF THE OWEN WARD CUP

Armagh or Meath v. Kerry
(Holders) (All-Ireland Champions)

at
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PART I OF THE 1954 ST. PATRICK'S EVE CONCERT

1. **ORGAN SOLO**: "Selection of National Airs & Marches"
   JOHN P. RUSH, B.A., B.Mus., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.
   **arr. J. P. Rush.**

2. **SONGS**: "The Mountains of Mourne"
   "Had you seen my sweet Coolin"
   "Phil the Fluter's Ball"

**CHOIR OF THE HOLY CROSS CONVENT, NEW MALDEN**

3. **SONGS**: "She is far from the Land"
   "The Shannon River"
   JAMES McKENNA

4. **FIGURE DANCE**: "Eight Hand Reel"
   **SMYTH SCHOOL OF DANCING**

5. **SONGS**: "The Minstrel Boy"
   "A Dandling Song"
   OWEN BRANNIGAN

6. **HARP DUET**: "Selection of Irish Airs"
   MAIRIN AND ROISIN NI SHEAGHDHA

7. **STEPDANCING**: "Jig"
   "Reel"
   TEO KAVANAGH

8. **Déanóis**: "Omnimns Domh Dhír"
   "Suantaí" (Sóire ní Scolaíde)

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**Accompanists for Figure and Stepdancing**
MR. W. ROLLISON and MISS M. KEOGH

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**Notes:**

★ Interval of ten minutes.  ★ Doors closed promptly.
★ Admission only between items.
★ In courtesy to the artistes, the audience are requested to refrain from smoking during the concert.
PROGRAMME

PART II OF THE 1954 ST. PATRICK'S EVE CONCERT

1. ORGAN SOLO: "Selection of Jigs and Reels"
   JOHN P. RUSH
   arr. J. P. Rush

2. SONGS:
   "'Tis Pretty to be in Ballinderry"
   "Slievenamon"
   (Soloist: PATRICIA WHIPPS)
   "The Kerry Dance"

CHOIR OF HOLY CROSS CONVENT

3. FIGURE DANCE:
   "Eight Hand Jig"
   SMYTH SCHOOL OF DANCING

4. SONGS:
   "The Gentle Maiden"
   "The Star of the County Down"
   JAMES McKENNA

5. HARP DUET:
   "Selected"
   MAIRIN AND ROISIN NI SHEAGHDHA

6. SONGS:
   "My Dark Rosaleen"
   "The Bard of Armagh"
   OWEN BRANNIGAN

7. STEPDANCING:
   "St. Patrick's Day"
   "The Lodge Road"
   TED KAVANAGH

8. DÀMHI: 
   "Gean Dhu a Sheanna"
   "Site Ni Gao"a"
   maire ni scoilire

9. DÀMHI ACHUAN

AT THE PIANO — KITTY O'CALLAGHAN
COMPERE — MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN

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 be open at that time of the performance.

(ii) All gangways, corridors, staircases and external passageways intended for exit shall be kept 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 area of the theatre.
THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

By Percy French

arr. Arthur Baynon

1. Oh! Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
   Wid the people here workin' by day and by night;
   They don't sow potatoes, nor barley, nor wheat,
   But there's gangs o' them diggin' for gold in the street;
   At least, when I axed them, that's what I was told,
   So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold,
   But for all that I found there I might as well be
   Where the mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.

2. You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course?
   Well, now he is here at the head of the force;
   I met him to-day, I was crossin' the Strand,
   And he stopp'd the whole street wid wan wave of his hand
   And there we stood talkin' of days that are gone,
   While the whole population of London look'd on,
   But for all these great powers he's wishful like me,
   To be back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

3. There's beautiful girls here, Oh! niver mind!
   Wid beautiful shapes Nature niver design'd,
   And lovely complexions all roses and crame,
   But O'Loughlin remark'd wid regard to the same;
   That if at those roses you venture to sip,
   The colours might all come away on your lip.
   So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
   Where the mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.

HAD YOU SEEN MY SWEET COOLIN

Traditional air arr. Alfred Moffat

trans. Thomas Furlong

1. Had you seen my sweet Coolin at the day's early dawn,
   When she moves thro' the wild wood or wide dewy lawn;
   There is joy—there is bliss in her soul-cheering smile,
   She's the fairest of the flow'rs of our green-bosom'd isle.
   In Belanagar dwells the bright blooming maid
   Retir'd like the primrose that blows in the shade;
   Still dear to the eye that fair primrose may be,
   But dearer and sweeter is my Coolin to me.
2. Oh! dearest, thy love from thy childhood was mine,
Oh! sweetest, this heart from life's op'ning was thine;
And tho' coldness by kindred or friends may be shown,
Still! still, my sweet Coolin', that heart is thine own.
Thou light of all beauty, be true still to me,
Forsake not thy swain, love, tho' poor he may be;
For rich in affection, in constancy tried,
We may look down on wealth in its pomp and its pride.

PHIL THE FLUTER'S BALL

Words and music by W. P. French
arr. Arthur Baynon

1. Have you heard of Phil the Fluter of the town of Ballymuck?
The times were going hard with him, in fact, the man was bruk',
So he just sent out a notice to his neighbours one and all,
As how he'd like their company that evening at a ball.
And when writin' out he was careful to suggest to them,
That if they found a hat of his convenient to the dure,
The more they put in, whenever he requested them,
"The better would the music be for batherin' the flure."

Chorus:

With the toot of the flute, and the twiddle of the fiddle,
O' hopping in the middle, like a herrin' on a griddle.
O, up, down, hands arown' crossin' to the wall,
Oh! hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's Ball.

2. There was Mister Denis Dogherty, who kep' "The Runnin' Dog,"
There was little crooked Paddy, from the Tiraloughett bog:
There were boys from ev'ry barony, and girls from ev'ry "art,"
And the beautiful Miss Brady's, in a private ass an' cart.
And along with them came bouncing Missis Cafferty,
Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore:
Rose, Suzanne, and Margaret O'Rafferty,
The flow'r of Adrumgullion, and the Pride of Pethravore.

Chorus.
3. First little Micky Mulligan got up to show them how,  
   And then the Widda' Cafferty steps out and makes her bow,  
   "I could dance you off your legs," says she, "as sure as you are born,  
   "If ye'll only make the piper play 'The Hare was in the Corn'"  
   So Phil plays up to the best of his ability,  
   The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share;  
   Faith, then Mick, it's you that has agility!  
   Begorra! Missis Cafferty, yer leppin' like a hare!

   **Chorus.**

4. Then Phil the Fluter tipped a wink to little crooked Pat,  
   "I think it's nearly time," says he, "for passin' round the hat."  
   So Paddy pass'd the caubeen round, and looking mighty cute  
   Says: "Ye've got to pay the piper when he toothers on the flute";  
   Then all joined in wid the greatest joviality,  
   Covering the buckle, and the shuffle, and the cut;  
   Jigs were danced, of the very finest quality  
   But the Widda' bet the company at "handeling the flute!"

   **Chorus.**

**SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND**

*Words by Tom Moore*  
*Music by Frank Lambert*

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
   And lovers around her are sighing,  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
   For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains  
   Every note which he loved awaking,  
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,  
   How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love for his country he died  
   They were all that to life had entwined him,  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
   Nor long will his love stay behind him,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest  
   When they promise a glorious morrow,  
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,  
   From her own loved island of sorrow.
THE SHANNON RIVER

Lyric by Kathleen Egan.       Music by Reginald Morgan.

Though my feet are planted in a far-off land,
There is somewhere they would rather be;
Faith, 'tis planted firmly in the dark brown sand,
Where the Shannon river meets the sea.

My heart is e'er returning to my darling,
Whose blue eyes mean all the world to me;
Sure 'tis heaven and someone placed an angel there,
Where the Shannon river meets the sea.

Though my father told me other lands were fair,
I'm afraid with him I can't agree,
For I always long to breathe the scented air
Where the Shannon river meets the sea.

There are no lips so sweet and so beguiling
As the lips that sure belong to me,
Though I go on roaming, faith, my heart remains
Where the Shannon river meets the sea.


THE MINSTREL BOY

arr. Herbert Hughes

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song," said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords a-sunder;
And said "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

—THOMAS MOORE
A DANDLING SONG

arr. Hardebeck

Oh, my wee, wee baby wus cryin’, an’ her cheeks wi’ tears wur wet;
But she is her daddy’s darlin’, an’ his jewel, an’ his pet

Chorus (1)

Oh, she didn’t dance an’ dance, an’ dance
Oh, she didn’t dance the day
Oh, she didn’t dance, an’ dance, an’ dance,
She didn’t dance the day;

Oh, but now that baby is wakin’
We’ll shuffle off her cradle clothes,
An’ we’ll wash my crumplin’ over, from her head down till her toes

Chorus (2)

For, she didn’t dance, etc., etc.

as Chorus 1.

Then I’ll dress my crickety baby in a robe of silken sheen
That has more white lace upon it than would plaze an Irish Queen,

Chorus (3)

An’ then she will dance, an’ dance, an’ dance,
Oh, then she will dance so gay.
Oh, then she will dance, an’ dance, an’ dance
She’ll dance the live-long day.

Oh, I’ll dandle her like a wee lady, oh, I’ll dandle her like a wee doll,
Oh, I’ll dandle her like a wee lady goin’ tae the fairy ball.

Chorus (4)

An’ then she will dance, an’ dance, an’ dance, etc., etc.

as Chorus 3.

—PADRAIC GREGORY

10
drumán donn dílis

arr. Carl Hardebeck
Published Pigotts

A dhúnmhíonn donn dílis, a fios na mbó
Cá ngabhann tú pan oíche, cá mbíonn tú ra lo?
Díonn mire ár na coiticiú 'r-mo thuacail am dóigh,
Dírug 'o'fág ré ritó mire as ritead na noeóir.

Nil peasaíonn nil tíchear 'sáim, nil pionta ná ceol
Nil plaitiú am' comhneach, nil raíte ná ríó;
De as ríóch ól an uirse 50 minic ra lo,
Dírug beadh uisce 'r fiont as mo nánáidh ár bhoird.

Dá bhfágannse cead aíghní nó radhar ár am scópmó,
Safhainní uirthi ruman air go dhubhríonn leana bháis
Thi gnoicair 'r-chí duithe 'r-chí gneantacht sud' ceoint,
Dírug rúthó mar a bháisgámn-th' an dhúnmhíonn donn dílis.

Suantraí

MS. arr. K. O'Callaghan

Seotín reoáÍ mo réití e mo leanab,
　Mo réití gur deilé, mo éirid 'n traoil móir,
Seotín reoáÍ naé móir e an taircheam
　Mo réitín 'ná leabhair 'ná colla gur bhrón.
A leanab mo chléth go n-eithitró 'o buime leat.
　Sean agur rónar a coice 'nó comhair!
Sá beanmaic Mích 'Dé anag téasaí a buime leat.
　Téipí a colla gur biongád go lo.

Aí Muileac nó tSí tá ríéoga gleála,
　Pá caomh-ú nó eahhad ag imníte a próinnt.
'S río iad anáir cuim glaoí aí mo leandr
　Le nian é eahhadó ríteach pan lior móir.
Sóirmí tó a cóirí! Nó bríú 'r-thu 'nó mhealladh
　Le bríú a seiléir ná te beannair a gceion.
Tá mire leo' taoibh ag gfu oírt na mbeannaic
　Seotín a leamh, ní imieder tó leó.
'TIS PRETTY TO BE IN BALLINDERRY

Old Irish Air and Cronan arr. by Alfred Moffat

1. 'Tis pretty to be in Ballinderry,
   'Tis pretty to be in Aghalee,
   'Tis prettier to be in bonny Rams Island
   Sitting under an ivy tree.
   Och hone! Och hone! Och hone! Och hone!

2. Oh! that I was in little Rams Island!
   Oh, that I was with Phely my di'mond:
   He would whistle and I would sing,
   'Till we would make the whole island ring.
   Och hone! Och hone! Och hone! Och hone!

SLIEVENAMON

Words : Charles Kickham trad. air arr. John P. Rush

1. All alone, all alone, by the sea-wash'd shore,
   All alone in the festive hall,
   The great hall is gay, while the huge waves roar,
   But my heart is not there at all.
   It flies far away, by the night and the day,
   To the time and the joys that are gone;
   I never shall forget the sweet maiden I met
   In the valley of Slievenamon.

2. In the festive hall by the sea-washed shore,
   My restless spirit cries,
   "My love, oh! my love, shall I never see thee more,
   My land, will you ever uprise?"
   By night and by day, I will ever, ever pray,
   As lonely this life goes on,
   To see my flag unrolled, and my true love to enfold,
   In the valley of Slievenamon.

3. It was not the grace of a queenly air,
   Nor her cheeks of the roses' glow,
   Nor her soft dark eyes, nor her curling hair,
   Nor was it her lily white brow.
   'Twas the soul of truth and melting ruth,
   Her smile like the summer's dawn
   That stole my heart away on that bright summer day,
   In the valley of Slievenamon.
O the days of the Kerry dancing,
O the ring of the piper’s tune!
O for one of those hours of gladness
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper’s tuning made us long with wild delight.
O to think of it, O to dream of it fills my heart with tears.

O the days of the Kerry dancing,
O the ring of the piper’s tune!
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen in the dance than Eily More?
Or a prouder lad than Thady, as he boldly took the floor?
“Lads and lasses to your places, up the middle and down again,”
Ah! the merry hearted laughter ringing through the happy glen!
O to think of it, O to dream of it fills my heart with tears.

O the days of the Kerry dancing,
O the ring of the piper’s tune!
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.

Time goes on, and the happy years are dead
And one by one the merry hearts are fled;
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen
Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne’er again.
Only dreaming of days gone by in my heart I hear
Loving voices of old companions stealing out of the past once more
And the sound of the dear old music,
Soft and sweet as in days of yore.
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,
And the Kerry piper’s tuning made us long with wild delight.
O to think of it, O to dream of it fills my heart with tears.

O the days of the Kerry dancing,
O the ring of the piper’s tune!
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon.
THE GENTLE MAIDEN

Words by Harold Boulton

There's one that is pure as an angel,
   And fair as the flowers of May,
They call her the gentle maiden
   Wherever she takes her way,
Her eyes have the glance of sunlight,
   As it brightens the blue sea wave,
And more than the deep sea treasure,
   The love of her heart I crave.

Though parted afar from my darling,
   I dream of her everywhere,
The sound of her voice is about me,
   The spell of her presence there,
And whether my prayers be granted,
   Or whether she pass me by,
The face of that gentle maiden
   Will follow me till I die.

THE STAR OF THE COUNTY DOWN

Edited and arranged by Herbert Hughes

Near to Banbridge town, in the County Down,
   On a morning in July,
Down a boreen green came a sweet colleen
   And she smiled as she passed me by.
Oh! she looked so neat, from her two white feet
   To the sheen of her nut brown hair.
Such a coaxin' elf, I'd to shake myself,
   To make sure I was really there.

Oh! from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
   And from Galway to Dublin town
No maid I've seen like the fair colleen,
   That I met in the County Down.
As she onward sped I scratched my head
    And I gazed with a feelin’ quare,
Then I said, says I, to a passer by
    “Who’s the maid with the nut brown hair?”
Oh! he smiled at me, and with pride, says he,
    “That’s the gem of Ireland’s crown,
Young Rosie McCann, from the banks of the Bann,
    She’s the Star of the County Down.”

    Oh! from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
    And from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I’ve seen like the fair colleen
    That I met in the County Down.

At the harvest fair she’ll be surely there,
    So I’ll dress in my Sunday clothes,
And I’ll try sheep’s eyes and deludtherin’ lies,
    On the heart of the nut brown Rose.
No horse I’ll yoke, no pipe I’ll smoke,
    Tho’ my plough with rust turn brown
Till a smiling bride by my own fireside,
    Sits the Star of the County Down.

    Oh! from Bantry Bay up to Derry Quay,
    And from Galway to Dublin town,
No maid I’ve seen like the fair colleen
    That I met in the County Down.

MY DARK ROSALEEN

Alice Adelaide Needham

Oh, my dark Rosaleen do not sigh do not weep
The priests are on the ocean green
They march along the deep,
There’s wine from the Royal Pope upon the ocean green
And Spanish ale shall give you hope, my own Rosaleen
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health and help and hope
    My Dark Rosaleen.
Woe and pain, pain and woe are my lot night and noon
To see your bright face clouded so like to the mournful moon,
But yet I will rear your throne again in golden sheen
’Tis you shall reign and reign alone, my own Rosaleen
’Tis you shall have the golden throne
’Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
    My Dark Rosaleen.
Oh, the Erne shall run red with redundance of blood
The earth shall rock beneath our tread
And flames wrap hill and wood
And gun peal and slogan cry wake many a glen serene
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die, my own Rosaleen
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen.

17th century words from the Irish by James Clarence Mangan

THE BARD OF ARMAGH

arr. Dr. John F. Larchet

Oh, list to the strains of the poor Irish harper
And scorn not the strings from his poor wither’d hand
But remember his fingers oft mov’d faster
To raise up the mem’ry of his dear native land.

At fair or at wake I would twist my shillelagh
Or dance the fine jig with my brogues bound with straw
And all the pretty colleens in village and valley
Loved the bold Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh.

And when Sergeant Death in his cold arms shall embrace me
To lull me to sleep with sweet Erin go bragh,
By the side of my Kathleen my young wife oh, lay me
Then forget Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh—

—TRADITIONAL

bean dub a gleanna

MS. arr. K. O’Callaghan

Tá bò agham an phlaob agham táin le real na diaró
Ó caillear ’pa mo chúill te nóscar.
Dá roghadh roth air an air i níos d’air da údann an gleann,
No go phileann ri air-an ghrá

Nuair a bheanuiom féin anghn in air an air na mbíom mo phín
Síleann óm fáilte, mac uas, ’pa Ri s’i ná na n’Oidlí
Go bhroimh air mo cúir, mar’ ri ní bean dub a gleanna a bhf eerí mé.
Déan uibh a gcéanna Déan uibh vo’ b’fhearna,
Déan uibh da neire gáine,
A tóráid mar an eala ra plód mar a’ gneacta,
’Sa cùm rian ginsil álainn
Ní dhánaic cairce ó Rí Íle Ciat go Séinnim
Ní ar plód go Thaom Ní Mhéadra.
Ná go bhfuil a’ rníl ‘ra tàngaisn
Á fá eacait dorna thearp,
A’ tni dhiarr an mhbean uibh alaimn.

Séobadh-re beann ra Mumán, 1’ tníomh dán 1 laigean,
Déan ó Rí Gealt Séóipre
Déan na lába bui a snaód’ mé le n-a chroi
Déan agam dó mite dó léi.
Inseach óg an lápla cu’ go thinn uibhcar thiarpaigc
’Go n-tangaird mé fáil le pórap.
Sóid bhfriansiop réim mo rosa de mhá óga thearp an domhain
’Si beann uibh a’ gcéanna a b’fhearr líom.

síle ní sáona

MS. arr. K. O’Callaghan

Ar mar an Dhe Oíonaidh is d’seachd vo bior-’gha
Go rachtach am’ sonar a théanaigh mo rmaimhte
Oo thearp a’ pléiteachd go h-aepaig am taimphal
Eala ba réamh ba claiseam ba claoim.
Oo rìeanair vo mittear vo thuroear ’na cóirn.
Oo miarair vo tearp náir mìhrd’ dôm póirt.
A blaireadh go mitìr’, in meall a bhòid.
Le tairícheum le síle, le pinne na h-úise
Le maip le cláime, le b inneachd a ghloirí.

(Cúnta)
’Sá Síle Ní Sáona téannam ag 61,
’Sá Síle Ní Sáona téannam ag 61,
O’oíPATHAIRRIRIUS 494, ’rda cuma go d’fhágaimh é
’Soa paighinn a’bhirl luimnige le Síle Ní Sáona.

Sa Síle Ní Sáona dá màcta ag 61 liom
Bhéaraigh sin dá shaip duit a’r maírphair daite mòrana
O’róinimm réim m’agaird ort 1’ thuihrpaíomh duit pòsa
Pan tuairim vo teaghlaic dada bágh’inn cú le pórap.
Oo rìeanair vo mittear 7 ml. (maír tá ra seall thearra).
AÍMRÁN NA ÓPRIANN
(The Soldiers' Song)

Seo víb, a cáime, tuan Óglaig,
Cachtéimeac, Órioghmá, ceolmá,
Án vettirte cnám go bhuacaí táro,
'S an gréithe go mór réaltógaí,
Ir ronmhr an raobhar go mhn cun gleo,
'S g0 trúimhr gle roim tiocht n'èn tó,
Pe cúímar caom na h-ordóe ar peol:
Seo víb : canaig Dímpán na Ópriann.

Cúmpá :
Simhe Óprianna Fáil,
Acá pé sgeal ag Óirim,
Bhúidean d'áir pluag,
Chair taim go páins cóguaim,
Pé nóto beirt raon,
Sean-tírd ár rinnneap fearra,
Ni fásgaí pé'n otíomáin ná pé'n otáin.
Anoi a téim ar deámbair daochar
Le sean ar gaeol, cúin bair nó raogail,
Le sna rséise fé lámaí na bríleáin.
Seo víb : canaig Dímpán na Ópriann.

Coipe dánta nírde, ar áitoin pléiide,
Dá bhuaacaí ár rinnneaí róimhaim,
Ás lámaí go treán pé'n rán-brat réim,
Tá tóar ar gaoit 50 roicta.
Dá foitséar tuaim d'áir gcíme cárds,
Sain trompaí ríar ó mhiinc aír,
'S ag ruibhail mar tád i gcóimhín námao :
Seo víb : canaig Dímpán na Ópriann.

A bhúidean náic fáinn d'fhuin Ósaorthaí 1' Sáill,
Sine bheacadar lae na raiteare,
Tá sgeimhle 1' rcamhrad 1' sceiríochtín námao,
Róim mhanain laócra ár oitíne.
Ár tuimhne 1' treic ón ghréase aonóir,
Sine luirne ghrán rán gréithe aonóir,
'S an bhiodha 1' mhoic na bríleáin aghaidh :
Seo víb : canaig Dímpán na Ópriann.

CRÍOC.

'SLÁNAID DIA Éipe

18
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Naíctarán Connaídt na Sáedíse

Seán óg mac Seanaílt

1 S é teagasc Connaídt na Sáedíse ná plán asúr nácu iomlán tháin náipíntaí sa eáis mar ná teanga náipínta. Ní gnó dhúin an próiseamh amháin plán na Sáedíse ná ní gnó do chumhacht na teanga amháin é a d'íon iad. Ní gnó é don aithne asúr do hion é aithne asúr go dtí gur dtugfadh pobail as na hÉireann an Rí pósta asúr go poiblíraítais beart do réití ní pléasach an Sáedíse.

Tá an teanga náipínta a teagasc mar na próiseamh le húrph asúr aithne biann aonair. Do dhéanadh seanrachtí móinteoií asúr rocláini bion do leith réapúnta mar ná bhí ag na daoine—ag a bhroimhne, do phobal é—áithí saol aithne. Dhubh réití réití a chuir an pearsáid aice a thabhairt do phobail na teanga. Tá an tseachtar asúr Connaídt na Sáedíse a dhéanamh háitíntaí le húrph asúr go dtí gur dubh aitheas le húrph asúr na teanga. Tá an tseachtar asúr Connaídt na Sáedíse le phápa a dhéanamh tá asúr a dhéanamh go dtí gur ná aitheas le húrph asúr. Níos fearr mar a n-bhíonn do leith réapúnta mar a n-bhíonn an Sáedíse asúr rocláini agus daoine a dhéanamh go dtí gur ná aitheas le húrph asúr.

Ní réití réití poithin leó pan a bhíonn asúr poiblíraíata asúr óg na tíre i gcás do leachtí a d'fhéadfadh is mó asúr le teangán. Ní éigíonn leathan aon tíre réití réití don pobail asúr le húrph do léasúr. Ní réití réití a bheith aitheas mar a n-bhíonn an bháis le teangán asúr le húrph. Sí an bháis le seachtar asúr poiblíraíata le ról asúr na teanga náipínta Saoránaí is mó ar caithnigh do leith réapúnta do Sáedíse go dtí gur doras amach. Asúr bhrí mar a réití réití tosaíochta asúr do leith réapúnta Saoránaí asúr poiblíraíata mar ná aitheas le húrph. Mhí a thug an tseachtar poiblíraíata go teaghlach asúr le Sáedíse ar fáil Éireann uile a thabhairt do leith róimh.

Ní leith an aithne—asúr an tiomáin leith aithne—naíctarán Réalt. Ní máin dhaoine aonair a leictir, do réití réití agus ní harrán leagan nó imreacht asúr ar bheith a dhéanamh asúr. Ní é aithne uaimh do dhúth, dea-éití a dhúthracht na maínte a chuirte asúr le fáil leith asúr as an Seachtú. Má bhíonn an tócaíocht pan a bhfuil bhrí le Sáedíse in


die a ðeapla m in ðiimn i sceamn pice btian. Þis guma miboom sceamn rhipde scearp uð rgar ran agann, ir ðo-eaðal liom sunt ag uil i ðrau agur i ðuamæ a ðeru obaum planaite na ðaenige.

Cun 50 n-eoëoð le mòp-Þeactar von ðineal acu a nóxuø agann, tæ ræ riptacana i ðuamæmi Comprað na ðaenige 50 sceumfri cuæam na teågan am Þaen Ståct ap leit. Ïo ðom sae æpò-Þeart uð ðµad agann le nomíc btian anuør 50 scearmpr Þaen ðaenige pa Raalcar. I Låctañ na huaipr nì hë gñø aon Þiie ap leit heastrap ð'fërmòni vo ðlanu na teågan. Òtceamn cuo æpitce von obaum —an cuo a ðaenemn leit na ðuamæan—an am Þiie Oòeacair. Ðø ñi haon cuo uð ðuamæg ronnòa ran ðapeño na ðaenige vo leacta pa raot uipcoi, ðiù amáam pa Ståct-Þenbibir peñ. Ñaamän ebañø çap meån leit an ðëne peo vo ðennùoír oipgiiñi agur tær ræ riptac agann beit ag pùu 50 oðdaøpaen cuo ðëne i 50 ðøi 50 sceimpeap Þiie ap leit ma mbun.

Måp rïon 50 Òtceamn a peàñ peñ vo obaum planaite na teå- gän ap an Ståct agur ap na ðuamæan Òtceamn cuæam, ðëneip, ap amíi ðeit an náûnñ, ap an luæt gnóøa, mëp ðámìlpr, ap na hùoapår åcìulæ, ap na Cumann Comuøuim agur ap an ðeit Cumamn agur eapxap uð bruit ra tû. Ñø aca uamín an ðaenige vo çup a labaìt 50 ròpleçan ap pûo Òtceamn. Ionam ran agur a pâ 50 bruit ebañø ap an ðeit ðùnne vo ðiè ap an Òtceamn. Ñi ðeoirìn a pâ 50 pûu, pe ðeàl ði, 50 Òtceamn mòpàn acu tacaøòt vo ðaæo vo. Ïr mìcro an ðeàl a çup ma ðeapor.

Nïop èrpìc leit an ðaenige i peñ vo çup in nû i ðcøi ðràctala na ðiie. Tâ an çopp-Ûnóøap am a ðaenemn ðøem ðënn amèt ap a cuo pùgÎuam ap a cuo pilceae agur ðiæa, ap ðràct- ammeaæa a cuo eàappr. Ñø ñoøeòiçap 50 tûi an mëto ðiì peñ, va mòp an ðëm ap ñaðor ði. Ña mìnne ðeana a ðáimìg na hùoapår åcìula i ñcëacair ap an ðaenige naïtì bì a ðeàcra ðoe ðëncet uipè. Ïr aicem 100 ð'règoður sùmùn mòp a labaìt i Låctañ na huaipr vo leacta ðapeño na teågan. Tâ an ðeá-èeòoa ðugçì ðeana peñ ag cuo aco agur nïop ða, maup çûap dc 50 ðan- ðàpoðì 50 tûi an ðeàoir ðiì. Ñø ammeaæa pàroë na ðaenige amáam ag ceamn ñù ðù na hùoapår; ðà ðràct-comàpçal ðaenige cupea a ðiieæ ðù hùoapår amáam ap a ðaæo; ñuamam cuo ðiòod ðommeaæa ðaenige ap pùl vo ðaenigeaøi ugar ñiøm an ðaenige a labaìt ðauñì ap ðiù apu ag agur ñù ðù. Ïr rïon nañ mòp le pà na çàppra peo ap ðaøo dc ïr çûap 100 agur ñø ñoøeòiçap 50 hùoapår aìçìø opçù vo ðùmùn ðëmìèt ðiù. Ðù nañ èët mìle beàlaç eite ag na hùoapår ðù ðapeño na ðaenige vo çup ðù ðiìm.

1 ðcàp na ðuamæm agur na ñeagpr eite—agur ñáø 50 ðionnøap m in ðiimn—ïr peòoir a pà nañ bruit teoïn leit an ðùmùn ð'fëséo- ðàpoðì a ñcëacair ðùmì. Nìt aon baø opçù teòø ðaenige a ð'accò ðùm peñ agur teòø ðaenige vo ðjonìì ap a ðcuro ðopçiæe. Òt ñeò pùgÎu ðaenige vo çup in ðiieæ ma ðcuro ðàpr, aipt ðaenige ð'èmipì ma ðcuro ðeàcæræan, ðìiì agur teàdøa ðaenige
vo čypi ap pāl ma įcuro lebahaplarn agūr nil pāc ap bīc ann nač mbeaš leacatki agūr di̱por̄po̱neac̱tai žae̱i̱ɡe aıc̱i̱ o am 50 čente šā mbäað. Taği̱r pām i̱r nō cuman aću o qēl̄po̱pho̱ ań dpam̄n̄iōc̱t žae̱i̱ɡe agūr ań am̄n̄aioct žae̱i̱ɡe ań cērtu. Nil luarte ańg ań ciuru ova na īmneac̱tai o qēl̄po̱pho dićimi ai̱p̄ićevo čypi ap pūi. If mo ai̱c̱me eite ann nāp luap agūr nil aoj čeam aću nač būp̄i ap a cūmar a cīon pēm vēn obai̱ p̄e o dēmān. Ać i̱r leoji ap būp̄i pāitc ańg ań cūphu 50 būp̄i pērūm le mōp̱̄r̄eac̱tac̱t vēn ēmeāl a mb̄alem̄t agūr 50 būp̄i qēl̄p̱̄qā lēna leic̱tēro.

Niopi maic tōm 50 woc̱či̱p̄i ŏna būp̄i pēp̄iće ańg 50 būp̄i la Com̄pho ań Gæ̱ei̱t̄ge tātà. Sīt̄um pēm 50 būp̄i oineac̱tai miac̱tn̄ap leir an GCom̄pho ańōg agūr a bi pīam. Sa la tā mūn̄i ann, ām, ni 5a ćου oineac̱t ova a cāiteam le teac̱tac̱n na teangan. Śan ań am̄n̄ pher̄ p̄aun̄za Gæ̱ei̱t̄ge ań mōp̄-cūr o vo na ēpaob̄a ań ńat̄ o běrd̄ ēētan ań a leic̱tēro. Peańt̄a ni ńoł̄aip̄ vūm̄m ańe ap leir a čaṁūt̄c tōo leac̱tac̱t urāt̄ o vo teangan, saē vūm̄e ańg am̄n̄ māp̄ vūme sōn̄aip̄ agūr māp̄ balt̄ o vo ēman nō vo eaq̱p̄. Ta an Com̄pho u̱l̄ān⁵ i̱ ńōn̄n̄ cińt̄a ńi a čaṁūt̄c vēn vūm̄e nō vōn aic̱me ap mūn̄ leir a čion a dēmān ań pōn na Gæ̱ei̱t̄ge. De bāp̄i an tāt̄e ac̱ā ań GCom̄pho ań an ēmp̄ i̱r i̱r ēr pāeap a tūn̄zenn miac̱tn̄ap na teangan len̄āp līmp̄ pēm.

I̱r ańem̄n̄ Com̄pho na Gæ̱ei̱t̄ge gūr lān̄-mičt̄o tɔrm̄ō ań tɔgān⁵ ap an mēn̄-cōt̄oi̱c a leac̱tac̱t pēp̄ o voic̱t̄eenn na hēn̄eenn. De bāp̄i obai̱ pōc̱l pān tā raic̱mp̄ Gæ̱ei̱t̄ge pā tīp̄-aē tā pē ma lī ci̱o̱mo̱m̄. Tińc̱a bīm̄ o pōm tůgād ań cēt̄ mōp̄-cēm cūn tɔpāi̱q νuāi̱p̄ o vo cūm̄eak ań teangā nāp̄iūnta ań șāp̄ na pōc̱l māp̄ ādāp miac̱tn̄ac̱. Niopi tūgād ań čańa mōp̄-cēm cūn tɔpāi̱q rōp̄ agūr i̱r ēm̄ a ēn̄m̄n̄n̄ 50 mbain̄peap leir i̱m̄lān ań pāap̄ na pōc̱l ap pōn na Gæ̱ei̱t̄ge. Sīm a rhic̱-miac̱tn̄ap na līmm̄ pēo.

Em̄ni ańm̄n̄ eite. I̱r obai̱ pōn uite vūme agūr pōn uite aic̱me ańaam obai̱ pīnāic̱tai na teangan. Ėm̄ni pōo ap Gæ̱elac̱ i̱r cūp̄p̄i̱p̄ vūm̄n̄ 5 ńōn̄ai. Niopi leoji ań traic̱mp̄e pōntiici̱ctac̱t ań traic̱mp̄e șe̱ileac̱tai ań an traic̱mp̄e cūc̱t̄ūm̄. I̱r tāvaec̱tai līm̄e ańam an nān̄p̄m̄ nā a cōmp̄. An tē a pāzam ań c-tānam ań mb̄aol pāt̄ o ńiōm̄ pē ań traic̱mp̄ aic̱e pōn a cōmp̄ i̱r olic̱ a pōn nām̄ pē vo cūp̄p̄i̱p̄ an nān̄p̄m̄.
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