

Σὺτ ἡα ἡΣαεὸεαλ



1954

ΛΑ ρεῖλε πᾶσθαις

clann aontuigthe na nGaeleal
londain

(The United Gaelic Societies of London)

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AN CLÁN

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 "
TED KAVANAGH
8. *Amháin* : " *Óruiminn Donn Óilip* "
" *Suantraí* "
máire ní scoilairíe

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 MR. W. ROLLISON and MISS M. KEOGH

- ★ 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. Amhrán : " Bean Dubh a Sheanna "

" Síle ní Sárda " "

máire ní scoláirí
9. Amhrán na bPíann

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 at that time be open.

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

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



THE 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 Flutter 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 sthrip 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 dhress 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

DRUIMÍN DONN DÍLIS

arr. Carl Hardebeck
Published Pigotts

Δ ὀρμυμῖονν δονν δίλιρ, Δ ρίοντα να μβό
Cá nḡabann tú ran oíce, cá mbíonn tú ra ló ?
Bíonn mire ar na coilleib 'rmo buacáill am dóir,
Δsur o'fás ré ríúo mire Δs ríleao na nḡeoir.

Níl fearann níl tigeap 'ḡam, níl fionta ná ceól
Níl flaitib am' cóimḡeac, níl raorice ná ríó ;
Δc Δs ríoir ól an uirḡe ḡo mimic ra ló,
Δsur beao uirc' 'r fíon Δs mo náimḡib ar bóro.

Dá bḡaigimre ceao aiguir nó raḡaric ar an ḡcoróm,
Saranais ḡo lerḡbḡmḡ map ḡo berḡbḡmḡ reana bḡos
Tḡí enocaiḡ 'rḡrí aillib 'rḡrí ḡleamta ḡub' ceoisḡ,
Δsur ríúo map Δ bḡeasḡamḡ-re an ὀρμυμῖονν δονν ós.

SUANTRAÍ

MS. arr. K. O'Callaghan

Seotín reotó mo rḡoir é mo leanab,
Mo reotó ḡan cealas, mo curo ḡe'n tḡaol mḡr,
Seotín reotó nac mḡr é an taitḡeam
Mo rḡoirín 'na leabair 'na colla ḡan bḡón.
Δ leanab mo cléib ḡo n-eirigḡo ḡo buime leat.
Séan Δsur ronar Δ coice 'ḡo comair !
Sa beannaet mḡc 'Dé Δsur tḡasair Δ buime leat.
Téirig Δ colla ḡan bioḡḡao ḡo ló.

Ar mḡllaac an tSÍ tá ríeḡa ḡeala,
Rá caom-ré an eapḡarḡ Δs mḡrit Δ rḡoir.
'S reo iao aniar cun ḡlaorḡ ar mo leab
Le mian é tḡarḡaigḡ irḡeac ran lior mḡr.
ḡoirim tú Δ cḡoi ! Ní bḡiú' ríuo ḡo meallao
Le bḡí Δ ḡcleap ná le binneap Δ ḡceoil,
Tá mire leo' tḡaorḡ Δs ḡuí oir na mbeannaet
Seotín Δ leimḡ, ní imḡeó' tú leo.

'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 unfold,
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.

THE KERRY DANCE

Words and music by J. L. Molloy

arr. Alec Rowley

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

arr. by Arthur Somervel

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 redundancy 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 bó agham ar an rliab aghur taim le feal na viaró
 Ó cáilleas 'ra mo ciall le nócar.
 Dá feolaó roir ir riar i ngeac áit da vteann an fiam,
 Nó go bfeileann rí ar-air tránóna.
 Nuair a bheanuíom féin anonn inr an áit 'na mbíod mo pún
 Sileann ó'm fúilib rruic deóra, 'ra Rí síl na n'Óul
 Go bfeoirir ar mo cúir, mar rí 'n bean dub a gleanna a
 bheoóais mé.

Bean toub a gleanna bean toub do' b'fearra,
 Bean toub ba veire gáire,
 A spruad mar an eala ra píob mar a' rneacta,
 'Sa cùm reang ríngil álamn
 Níl ógánac caílce ó Bía Cliaé go Saillín
 Ní ar ríúo go Tuam Uí Mheòra.
 Ná go bfuil a' triall 'ra tarraing
 Ar eadairb donna deara,
 A' tnú leir an mbean toub álamn.

Seòbainn-re bean ra Mumam, ir triúr ban i laigean,
 Bean ó Rí geal Seóirre
 Bean na lúba buí a spráóc' mé le n-a cpoí
 Bean asur dá míle bó léi.
 Ingean ós an lairla tú go tinn toubac oiaclac
 'Go n-iarrao mé fáil le pórad.
 Soá bfaiginnre fém mo roga de mná óga deap an domam
 'Si bean toub a' gleanna a b'feárr liom.

sÍle ní Šaòra

MS. arr. K. O'Callaghan

Ar marom Dé Dónaig ir deapac do bior-ra
 Go catac am' donar a deanam mo rmaomte
 Do deapcar a' pléireact go h-aepac am tímpal
 Eala ba féime ba claoime ba caome.
 Do preabar do rítear do dhurdear 'na cóir.
 Do meapar do ceapar nár mírde dom fórt.
 A blairead go mílir, in imeall a beóil.
 Le taitneam le síle, le fimne na h-óige
 Le maire le glaine, le binneact a glórta.

(Cuprá)

'Sa Síle Ní Šaòra téanam as ól,
 'Sa Síle Ní Šaòra téanam as ól,
 D'ólpaime rílling 'rba cuma a bfaiginn é
 'Soo faiginn ar bóro lunge le Síle Ní Šaòra.

Sa Síle Ní Šaòra dá faictá as ól liom
 Deapfaimn sué Šaòar duit a' r maóric bailcí móra
 D'iompóinn fém m'asao ort ir tiubfaimn duit póga
 Fan tuairim do deaglac dá bas'nn tú le pórad.
 Do preabar do rítear 7rl. (mar tá ra scéad bearra).

ΔΗΜΗΛΑΝ ΝΑ ΒΡΙΑΝΝ

(The Soldiers' Song)

Seo òib, a càirve, 'duan Òglais,
Càtréimeac, brìogmair, ceolmair,
Àr òtemte cnám zo buacac táro,
'S an rpréir zo mín riéaltósac,
I r ponnmair raobairac rinn cun gleo,
'S zo tiúnmair glé roim tìoct ve'n ló,
Pé éiúnar éaom na h-oiròce ar reol :
Seo òib : canais Δημήαν να βριάnn.

Cuprá :

Simne Fianna Fáil,
Atá pé geall as éirimn,
Buiréan o'ár rluas,
Tar cumm vo náimis cúgaimn,
Pé móro beir raor,
Sean-tír ar rinnreap fearra,
Ní fárrar pé'n otíorán ná pé'n otáil.
Anoict a téam ra beápnaim baosail
Le sean ar fáedil, cun báir nó raozail,
Le suna rgréac pé lámac na bphiléar.
Seo òib : canais Δημήαν να βριάnn.

Coir bánta riéve, ar árhoib rléive,
Ba buacac ar rinnreap riómamn,
As lámac zo tréan pé'n ráir-brac réim,
Tá tuar ra fáoit zo reolta.
Ba búctéar riam o'ár scime cáro,
San iompáil riar ó imirc air,
'S as riúbal mar iao i scommib námao :
Seo òib : canais Δημήαν να βριάnn.

A buiréan nac pann o'fuil fáoróeal ir fall,
Sin breacac lae na raoirre,
Tá rsemle 'r pcannpac i scioróitib námao,
Roim pangsaib laochra ar otíre.
Ar òtemte ir tréit san rpréac anoir,
Sin luirne glé ran rpréir anoir,
'S an bíodba i raon na bphiléar asail :
Seo òib : canais Δημήαν να βριάnn.

CRÍOČ.

'Slánairò Dia Éire

EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS BY

míceál u. ó donncaða

AT GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL CONGRESS 1953

Ní ba éoir ócaíto de'n trasaíar ro a leigint éarainn san áct-nuaócaint do déanamh go dian míceallac i bfiadhnairé an domhain Saedéalais, ar ár n-arómeanna damgne do-malair-taite. Is Cumann fíor-náisiúnta fíor-éirighiádas é Cumann Lúitcheas Saedéal. Tá ré de éirpóir aise ní amám cluitéí na nSaedéal do buanú is do leatnú áct, i na éannnta ran, tír na héiréann uilís do saodólú i nsaé uile rliáé.

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AN CÉAD CÉIM SEARAILT

UAÐTARÁN CONNRAÐ NA SAEÖILGE

SEÁN ÓS MAC SEARAILT

1 S é teagarc Connrað na Saeöilge naé plán agus naé iomlán dár náiriúntaé in éagmar na teangan náiriúnta. Ní ghnó na rcoileanna amháin plánú na Saeilge ná ní ghnó na gluaireadé na teangan amháin é ac éom beas. Iy ghnó é don uile dume agus don uile aicme den náiriún agus go dtí go dtuigfó pobal na héireann an ríor ran agus go nóanparó ríao beart dá réir ní plánópar an Saeilge.

Tá an teanga náiriúnta á teagarc inr na rcoileanna le breir agus ríóca blian anoir. De bairi dian-raochari múniceoiri agus rcoláiri bíonn eolar réarúnta maít uiréi as na daltaí—as a bporríóir, pé rceál é—ar fásáil na rcoile doib. Dob féroir feabhar a cúir ar an rceál ac breir aise a éabairt do labairt na teangan. Tar éir an traol iy é labairt na Saeilge a dheimheoró uaátarántaé d'i in éirinn, agus ar an bparé ran iy ceart go mbeaó rriail camte in Saeilge ma cúro ríadéanac de fac reriúócan poiblí. Tá ran á iarraró as Connrað na Saeöilge le raóa an lá agus tá rúil agam go ngéillfeair dár n-acamí gan don ríó-moil. Nuair aóeirinn go mbíonn eolar réarúnta maít ar an Saeilge as porríóir na ríalraí rcoile ní hé acá i gceirt agam go mbíonn ar a gcumar i labairt go líopa. Ní bíonn go minic mar ná bíonn caol acu i éleácaró ac go hannam.

Ní féroir foigeani leo ran a bíonn as ríor-loctá aora óis na tíre i raóa a bpailli i ghnó ro na teangan. Ní éugann leanaí don tíre rreoir don pobal ac iy beir leo aitéir a óeanam ar a rirrii agus nuair ná bíonn le clor as leanaí na héireann ac an éarila, ní haon ionaó é guró é an éarila a labirar rém de gnat. Sa timpeallac ma maíro tugtar torac do teanga náiriúnta Sapaná éom móir agus éom minic ran gur deacair do díograróirí pára a gceart éun an Saeilge d'úpáro do baint amaé. Agus beir an rceál amlaró go dtí go nóanpar an r-ionaó iy dual d'i do dheimniú don teanga náiriúnta inr an uile gne de raol na tíre. Móir-feácar rípleácan do leaóa úpáro na Saeilge ar rúó éireann uile a beáparó an gíadam ran d'i.

Ní leor anoir—agus níor leor ríam—an iarracé fánaé. Ní minic buantoraó ar a leitéro, dá feabhar i, agus ní hannam lag-mirneac ar an bpobal dá deapcaíó ran. Iy é acá uaim raíre, deá-toil agus comóirriú na muntire uile pé rreoir éinnce an Stáit. Má bíonn an toaíóct ran ar páil beiró an Saeilge in

áit a bÉapla in Éirinn i gceann fíde blian. Agus muna mbíonn ceann reáibí deapra dá fásar ran agam, is mó-eagal liom gur as dul i bparó agus i bfuairíe a beirí obairí plánaíte na Saeilge.

Cun go n-éireod le móir-féadtar den éimeál atá á molaó agam, tá ré fúadanaó i dtuairim Connraó na Saeóilge go gcuirí cúram na teangan ar áiríe Stáit ar leir. Do mol fad áro-féir dá raib agam le poimnt blian anuar go gceapfaí áiríe Saeilge ra Rialtar. I látaí na huairíe ní hé gnó don áiríe ar leir beartar o'feróimíú do plánú na teangan. Titeann curo áiríte den obair —an curo a bameann leir na rcoileanna—ar an áiríe Oroeáair. Ac ní hson curo dá duallgar fonníad ran upáro na Saeilge do leatáó ra raol iarrcoile, fiú anám ra Stát-íeiríir féim. Sabann tábáct éar meán leir an gneí reo den dúngaoir oirísiúil agus tá ré fánaó agam beirí as rúil go dtabairpar cun éiríe i go dtí go gcuirtear áiríe ar leir ma mbun.

Máir fíor go dtiteann a rcair féim de obairí plánaíte na teangan ar an Stát agus ar na rcoileanna titeann cúram, fíeirim, ar áicmí eile an náiríúim, ar an luét gnóta, mar famppla, ar na húdapáir áicríla, ar na Cumann Caróimí agus ar an uile Cumann agus eagrar dá bfuil ra tír. Sé atá uamh an Saeilge do cup á labairt go fopleatán ar fúó éireann. Ionann ran agus a rá go bfuil cabairí an uile dúime de dtí ar an dtéangan. Ní fíeoirí a rá go fóill, pé rceál é, go dtugann móráin acu tacaíóct dá laíáó dtí. Is mío an rceál a cup ma ceairt.

Níor éirí leir an Saeilge i féim do cup in iúl i rcol tráctála na tíre. Tá an corprí-gnótar ann a bameann feróm éigin áirí ar a curo fósáin, ar a curo fíllteán agus lípéat, ar éiríct-ammeada a curo eairí. Dá ndéimíoir go léirí an méro ríin féim, ba móir an céim ar ágaró é. Ba mímí ceana a táimí na húdapáir áicríla i gcairí ar an Saeilge nuairí bí a ceairtá á gceilt uirí. Is áicme íao o'féatpáó cúnáim móir a cábaírt i látaí na huairíe do leatáó upáro na teangan. Tá an deá-éireoir tugáta ceana féim as curo acu agus níorí gá, marí túr, ac go leantparóir go léirí an tréoirí ríin. Tá ammeada ríároe in Saeilge anám as ceann nó dtí de na húdapáir; tá tráct-comarícaí Saeilge curíca in áiríe as upáirí anám ar a laíáó; curíeann curo dtíob ríuimeada Saeilge ar fáil do Saeilgeoirí agus bíonn an Saeilge á labairt anoir is áirí as eumínte upáirí nó dtí. Is fíorí naó móir le rá na cúrraí reo ar fáó ac is túr íao agus dá ndémeat fad upáirí áiríir oirí ba cúnáim éimíte é. Agus tá míle bealaó eile as na húdapáir cun upáro na Saeilge do cup cun éimí.

I gcáir na gCumann agus na neagrar eile—agus cáro go líonmáir in Éirinn—is fíeoirí a rá naó bfuil teora leir an cúnáim o'féatparóir a cábaírt dúimí. Níl don bac oirí teroíl Saeilge a glacaó cúcu féim agus teroíl Saeilge do bponnaó ar a gcuro oirígead. Tis leo fósraí Saeilge do cup in áiríe ma gcuro áirí, áirí Saeilge o'fóiríú ma gcuro fearadán, íirí agus leabpa Saeilge

do cupi ar fáil ma gcuir leabharlann agus níl fáct ar bít ann nac mbeadh léachtaí agus díospóireachtaí Saeilge acu ó am go céile dá mballaib. Tairpí rím ip mó cumann acu d'féachfaid an tórámaíocht Saeilge agus an amhánaíocht Saeilge do chóit. Níl luaite agam ac curo de na himedachtaí d'féachfaid aicmí áiríte do cupi ar ríul. Ip mó aicme eile ann nap luar agus níl don éann acu nac bfuil ar a cumar a éion féim don obair reo a déanam. Ac ip leor a bfuil náite agam cun a éritú go bfuil feróm le móirfeachtaí don éimeál a mólaimro agus go bfuil géar-ghá lena leitéro.

Níor máit liom go dtuigfí óna bfuil repíte agam go bfuil lá Connrao na Saeóilge éaric. Sílim féim go bfuil oiréad miactanar leir an gConnrao anoir agus a bí nam. Sa lá tá inniu ann, áh, ní gá dó oiréad dua a éaric le teagair na teangan. San don amhar beró ranganna Saeilge ag móir-curo de na Craobacha an faro a beró éileam ar a leitéro. Fearra ní foláir dúinn áire ar leir a tabairt do leachad upáro na teangan, gac dúime agam mar dúime donair agus mar ball de Cumann nó de easpar. Tá an Connrao ullam i gcónaí cun lám éunta a tabairt don dúime nó don aicme ar mian leir a éion a déanam ar pon na Saeilge. De bairi an tairé atá ag an Connrao ar an ghó ip é ip fearr a tuigean miactanar na teangan lenáir linn féim.

Ip é doiréann Connrao na Saeóilge gur lán-míro tophú ag tógáil ar an mbun-éioic a leagtar ríor i rcoileanna na héiréann. De bairi obair na rcol ran tá raibear Saeilge ra tír—ac tá pé ma luí díomaom. Tríoca blian ó foin tugad an céad móir-éim cun toparis nuair do cuiréad an teanga náiríunta ar elár na rcol mar ábar miactanac. Níor tugad an tarma móir-éim cun toparis fór agus ip é rím a déimniú go mbainear leir iomlán ar raotar na rcol ar pon na Saeilge. Sin é príom-miactanar na linne reo.

Enní amám eile. Ip obair don uile dúime agus don uile aicme agam obair plánáite na teangan. Éire raor agus Saelac ip curpóir dúinn i gcónaí. Níor leor an traóirre póilitioéca ná an traóirre géilleagair san an traóirre éultúra. Ip tabachtaí linne anam an náiríum ná a éorp. An té a fagann an t-anam i mbaol faro a bíonn pé ag tabairt áire don éorp ip oic a fónann pé do curpóir an náiríum.



THE HISTORY OF THE
REPUBLIC OF IRELAND
FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS
TO THE PRESENT
BY
J. H. MURPHY
VOLUME I
LONDON
1891

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