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(Cumann na hCear-lúc nSaebealaic Lunndúin)



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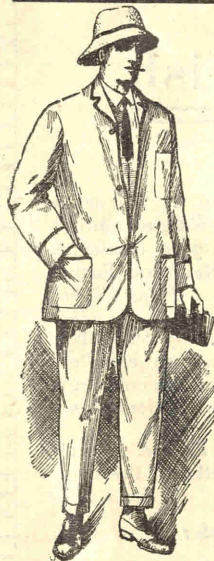
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## — suċ na nġaeðeal —



An occasional Magazine published by the Gaelic League of London containing the Programme of the Irish Musical Festival at the Queen's Hall, Friday, 17th March, 1922. Price One Shilling.

### Connrað na ĴaeðilĴe Lunndúin

Nuair a tanais an roĴ fuair daoine faille maċtnuĴað a ðeunam ar neitib a ðam le leiĴean aĴur éiĴre, aĴur ni' l don ðabt nar mupclatð an maċtnuĴað rin curð mðr acu ionnur Ĵo ðpaca riao Ĵo roiléar naċ raið don Ĵarri raoirre nairiúnta a ðeit acu Ĵan teanĴa nairiunta acu leiĴ. Sin an fuð, ir ðoða, a ċiomáin irteac i ĴConnrað na ĴaeðilĴe i mbliadna ðaoime nár ðriu leo don fuim a ċur 'ra teanĴa riam joime, aĴur rin, Ĵan ammar, an fuð atá cionntac leiĴ an iarratð mðr atá ar rianĴannaib aĴur ar rcoileannaib áiteamla Ĵo ðci reo anuar.

Do labair SceitĴ aĴ an ċruinniu toirpeac aĴur ni raið Ĵaeðeal a ċuala an opatð ðriogimari riuatáċ a rinne ré naċ raið ðearibða cinnte Ĵo raið teanĴa na h-ċheann ar rliĴe a rabalta aĴur fear mar é riúð ar ċeannar Connarċa na ĴaeðilĴe. Ĵearri aĴur mar ði an opatð ċraċċ SceitĴ ann Ĵo ðeacċ ar fear rċairi aĴur ar fear litruðeacċ na

h-ċheann; ar obair na ðreari aĴur na mban leiĴin ran meaðon ðoir aĴur ar an tpoio ðian aĴur an acrian ar riubal i nċruinn ar na mallaið. Ac ði an tpoio naċ mðr ċruoċnairĴe, ðubairċ ré, aĴur an ðairre le Ĵaeðilib ða mbeað poirio aĴur buame acu tamall beaĴ eile.

ForĴlad áro Scoil an Connarċa cúpla lá i ndiarð an ċruinnirĴe, aĴur cuirpeað naoi rianĴanna ar bun innti. MéaðairĴ an rcoil a ðeagan no a mðran Ĵac reacċimain ó rin aĴur tá raobari ar na macaib leiĴin naċ raið oppa riam joime. Dionn rluairĴ mðr ðaoime i laċairi aĴ na léacraib miopamla, fuð nar Ĵnacac leo aĴur comarċa eile Ĵo ðfuil aitðeocaint ar riubal 'na mearĴ.

ForĴlad na rcoileanna áiteamla annrim, ða ċeann ðeug acu, joime Ĵamain aĴur cúpla ceann ó rin. Dionn rianĴanna na teanĴan, rinnee aĴur ceoil ar riubal ionnta rin mar atá aĴ an áro Scoil, aĴur ó am Ĵo h-am dionn léacċ acu ar

rtáir na h-Éireann. 'Se'n tmuais nac bfuil muinteoiri Saedilge nior fairsingse—da mbead bfuirar manganna fadail doib ni caiteari a beit parta leir an mead ad a gann agur oibruisad linn.

1 ucaib merdearta—pinnce ceol agur eile—ni raib don loct orainn puam mar geadl orca ruo ad ta cuma orainn anoir gur ag bpiread ataimro. Bi orde an-pleiruria agann ag an plearta Oide Cinn bliada—an uile forc pinnce Saedead agur ampanadead a bi tar bharr ionnur nac raib doime leat—parta imdeat abaitle nuair a bi an t-am irca. Tagan cur mo' doime

## NATIONALITY AND GAMES.

THE marks of nationality are the language, manners and customs that distinguish a particular people inhabiting a particular country from the different peoples that inhabit other countries.

These manners and customs include the national games, sport, music, plays, dances and of course above all the language of the country.

Until the establishment of the Gaelic Athletic Association, and later on the Gaelic League, these marks were nearly obliterated in Ireland. Since the formation of these bodies Ireland has turned from the road that would have made her a mere English county.

The G.A.A. widened the outlook of the young men, made them proud of their country and gave them an interest in it. Before the G.A.A. was formed everything was lonely and stagnant in the land, and these men spent their idle hours loitering about in dull fashion.

cuig na Scoirgeadait 1 gceann na feile—na rean Saedil go rpeirealta. Ta daim acuran leir an rean nor.

Hi mo'ocaimro anoir go uci go mberd an reirun reo crionaisce. Bliadam eile irca agur diceall mo' deunta le Teanga na h-Éireann a fadait do'n muinteiri a tiocpar nar ndiar. Bfeoiri nac bfuil mo'ran taibe le feircint ad ni'l dabt nar tusa' an oireat rin camnt agur canamant do na doimib ir feair a beirfeair aibe do teanga na h-Éireann—Saedil oga an lae moiu. MAIRE NIC DO'U'CAIN.

This year an innovation—by revival of the Tailtean Games—will be tried by the G.A.A. Ireland as a nation has heretofore been barred as a national entity from the Greek Olympics, although for years her sons monopolised the all-round championship of the world. To prove the superiority of our race an Irish Race Olympic will be held this year at Dublin and athletes are invited to take part. Teams from America, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, Scotland, Wales and England will compete against teams from the mother country, and all Irish athletes in England should lose no time in getting particulars. The final tests to select "England's" team will be held at Manor Park Athletic Grounds on Whit Monday and should draw a record gathering of Gaels. Entry forms and all particulars may be had from the Hon. Secretary, London G.A.A., 182 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

"Dún-dealgán."



## Our Work is Over : Our Work Begins

WHEN I was asked to write for this issue of the *Guth* I recollected with a start of surprise that ten years had flown since I wrote for it before. I felt for a moment like a veteran—or an old fogey. The ten most eventful years in Irish history have passed like ten days, but I suppose that Irish-London is as much changed as Ireland itself.

I would like to gossip in old fogey style about the London I knew. I would tell you how when I joined the London League I met men who looked back to the days of Micheál Breathnach (who died before the dawn), and how we strove to carry on the work in the years of lethargy. I would tell you anecdotes of members, then humble nobodies, who have since written their names in history. I would talk of men then already eminent, who now hold high places in the nation's service; of some who have died since, and perhaps of a few who have fallen away. I would speak with special pride of Eamonn O'Tierney, my friend, who talked of plans ten years ago that sounded mad; but whose plans the nation is now putting into practice, while he lies in a Republican grave in Cork. *I measc naomh na h-Eireann go rabh a anam!*

I would tell, too, of another who had then just come to London, and who used to say he must learn Irish thoroughly, because he meant to return to Ireland, and Ireland would in ten years be Irish-speaking. His optimism in this went beyond mine. I am of Doubting Thomas's temperament. But like Eamonn, he was no wild prophet. He fell

in Easter Week, but Ireland is now on the way to be Irish-speaking. What we talked of as dreamers in 1912 will be true surely in the Young Ireland of a few years hence.

But old fogeys are tedious, and the part likes me not: I have no grey hairs yet. And besides, I have written a novel\* in which I have told all I

\* *Holy Romans*, Dublin: Maunsel and Roberts, Ltd.

can of Irish-London as I knew it, and my fellow-*cónairí* can go to that. I am no "praiser of past times" who thinks the present a decay. I have seen London twice since the war, and I know that though the faces have changed, Irish-London is that which I saw in the hearts of men like Eamonn O'Tierney. He lies dead in Ireland, but his spirit animates to-day a host. Not of him need any say: *Is truagh gan oidhir 'na fharradh*,—"pity 'tis he has no heir." Rather be it said that his dream has become our present, for I have learnt that wherever there are Irish souls in London, there is pride in place of indifference, resolve in place of despair, and over all, like dawnlit skies above the soul, *hope* for a splendid Irish future. There are men working in Irish-London now who will do great deeds for Ireland's glory, and all you will aid in bringing it about. I remember some adapted verses that Eamonn loved:

I cannot count the years  
That you must drink like me  
The cup of blood and tears,  
Till she to you appears—  
But Eire, our Eire shall be free!

You consecrate your lives  
To her, and you shall be  
The food on which she thrives  
Till her great day arrives :  
When Eire, our Eire, shall be free.

She asks you but for faith ;  
Your faith in her takes she,  
Amidst defeat and death  
As draughts of Heaven's breath—  
And Eire, our Eire shall be free !

Eamonn and his comrades gave Eire that faith ; they drank the cup of blood and tears. Perhaps some more will have to follow them yet. But Eire's great day is very near now. I remember when I used to attend the Queen's Hall Concerts, how, at some splendid defiant verse in a song, the voice of undying Irish aspiration :

We're ready for another fight  
And love our country still—

or the like—that whole enormous gathering of exiles, up to the loftiest tier, would rise and shout in a stupendous thunder of applause, releasing the pent-up passion of the exile by the waters of Babylon. And I would be sad, for I would feel it all futile. This gathering seemed like a rally of a little beaten host : they would not be here but for Ireland's defeat. But that is changed. Cheer your fill for Ireland resurgent now !—Ireland that you will return to, or in whose deeds in art, in learning, in athletics, in social idealism, and in the service of God, you will take pride as you walk with unbowed heads among the race that once lorded it over you. I do not know what the immediate future will bring, but I know the Irish race is about to triumph. What we saw in Paris in January, when Gaels from all lands gathered,

and whatever their party-views might be, were equally enthusiastic for the Irish ideal : that was the act of a rising nation in an age when Empires fall. Hope on !—work on !—fight on !

Our task is not ending : it is but *beginning*. Freedom will be but the *first* step towards the realisation of God's design for Ireland. There will be work for you as never before in the League hereafter. As the struggle for freedom got its great impetus from the language, so from that invigorating spiritual spring of tradition will come the power for what we have to do in the future. Study your *Irish at Home*, your *O'Growney*, your *McHenry*, to equip yourself for the rebuilding of Ireland. The language will give you tools as it gave Eamonn and his comrades weapons.

For us in this critical hour and in the future ahead of us, there pleads in Heaven this day, I know, that martyr who suffered in London eighteen months ago, and with reverence as for sacred writ, I quote words of his in conclusion :

" . . . That we shall win our freedom I have no doubt ; that we shall use it well I am not so certain. . . . That should be our final consideration, and we should make this a resolution—*our future history shall be more glorious than that of any contemporary State*. We shall look for prosperity, no doubt, but let our enthusiasm be for beautiful living ; . . . we shall take pride in our institutions, . . . as securing the happiness of the citizens, and we shall lead Europe again as we led it of old. We shall rouse the world from a wicked dream of material good, of tyrannical power, of corrupt and callous politics to the wonder of a regenerated spirit, a new and beautiful dream ; and we shall establish our State in a true freedom that will endure for ever."

Amen ! Gurab amhlaidh bhéas !

A. DE BLACAM.

# The Music of Ireland.

BY DR. ANNIE PATTERSON, B.A.

DESCRIBED by the late Sir Hubert Parry as "probably the most human, most varied, most poetical in the world," the folk-music of Ireland holds a unique and enviable position among the art-products of world nations. Actual numbers of this native minstrelsy—comprising airs, marches and dances—reach a total of from 5,000 to 6,000 distinct items. These, spread over Collections of greater or less celebrity—including the lifework of such enthusiasts as Bunting, Petrie, Joyce, O'Neill, Roche, McCall and Darley (the two latter collaborating in the *Feis Ceoil* issue)—contain a wealth of melodic variety that has amazed experts. The poet Moore, borrowing from Bunting—and altering the tunes somewhat to adapt them to his graceful lyrics—caused Irish music, through the channel of his famous *Melodies*, to become "household words" all over the habitable globe. Later, we have had a band of "arrangers" who have linked this prolific people's music to verse. None has done such a lion's share in this work as Sir C. V. Stanford, whose co-labours with the well-known and gifted lyricist, Alfred Perceval Graves, M.A., have given us so many gems of song in *Songs of Old Ireland*, *Irish Songs and Ballads*, and *Songs of Erin*. These truly classic adaptations supply both student and teacher with all that could be desired as far as solo vocalism goes, especially as the eminent Irish musician named has matched accompaniments to our lovely tunes that are models of tasteful and scholarly treatment.

Turning to instrumental departments, we find we are by no means so well equipped. With the exception of some worthy pianoforte and violin settings of Irish airs, the serious executive artist finds it difficult to obtain anything "Irish" that is at once characteristic and scholarly. Matters are still worse in the realms of orchestral and chamber music, and we are yet awaiting the publication of symphonic poems, trios, quartets, and the like in the realm of the higher musical "forms." It is true again, that, Stanford, Harty and a few others have shown what can be done in the symphonic line; but the apathy of publishers and the indifference of prominent conductors of first-class concerts have gone far, for many years, to discourage the making of Irish scores of any real importance or utility. We must try and change all this in the Free State of Ireland. We look to the Gaelic League, too, that the organisers would endeavour to raise the standard of their concert programmes. If, as a nation, we would attract the attention and interest of the educated musical public, something more than ballads and fantasias (for harp or piano) are wanted; we need selections for our string and brass bands of such a nature that serious musicians may consider such worthy study and practice; we require overtures, interludes and other orchestral numbers to take their place with the output of other countries who have not half our notable native musical inheritance; especially do we lack students' music of all kinds, suitable

for home and school, substitute for alien stuff by no means to our liking.

In the cantata and opera line, too, we are still sadly deficient. The schools and choral societies are continually asking for something "Irish" in the former department; but when native composers send their scores to the British publisher, they are—or have been hitherto—returned with thanks. The stage badly wants a whole series of genuine Irish operas based, as to their libretti, on the legendary lore of our ancient country; and there are many other sidelines of musical development that need the assistance of those eminent "business men" who should be the creators' best supporters: the engraver of musical type, the concert and dramatic impressario, and the discriminating and purchasing public generally. That our Folk-Song has a charm with mixed audiences of all kinds has been amply proved on more than one occasion. Patti electrified the 19th century with her renderings of one of the least pretentious of our melodies ("The Last Rose of Summer," otherwise "The Groves of Blarney"); whilst, in another line, Percy Grainger, the brilliant young Australian pianist-composer, has delighted vast assemblages everywhere in Europe and America with his many settings of "The Derry Air," "Molly on the Shore," and such trifles. Why do we relegate our native composers to the background in these activities? Is it the old-world story of a prophet without honour in his own country and among his own kin? These things should not be among a community who have built their political foundation on the great and striking principles of Sinn Féin, "Ourselves Alone." Our musical duty in this

department is unquestionable. It is only a common-sense precept that charity should begin at home, though it need not end there.

Wherefore, brave men and noble women of the Gaelic League, buckle-to now and fight the battle for your native Music as well as your native Language; for is not music the language of your feelings, your emotions, and your soul? Don't be satisfied with puny achievements or the mere glamour of words about the magic of your folk-song. Let the charm of your minstrelsy, like the Daghdha's Harp of old, bring all its powers of appeal—under the most moving forms—to bear upon a world weary of jazz, ragtime, and sheer "ugliness of sonority" generally, and let those athirst for Beautiful Sound know that we can supply as well as deliver the goods, if our people are themselves willing. The native composers are amongst you right enough; but they have been a slighted and despised fraternity hitherto, and naturally they suffered eclipse whilst the nations made war. Call them forth from their obscurity; help them with your encouragement to unearth manuscripts in all forms that have too long lain on the shelf for want of the public demand; put your hands in your pockets—ye who have this world's goods—and assist to publish and produce the works of your native bards in an adequate and becoming manner. Then, indeed, may Eire Og raise her head with joy, and proclaim to the world, "I am the Land of Song."

EIRE NÍ BEADAIR,

OLLAMH CEOL.

## FILIOCT NA FEILME.

Bu dhóigh le duine gur beag file Gaelach fraicnearcach (modeino) ar a raibh comhnú riamh fá'n dtuaithe. Is fánach an file dhiobh a thráchtas go doimhin díleas thar saothar feilme, thar draoíocht na talmhan, thar iol-aoibhneas na tuaithe. Agus airítear easnamh daonnachta 'na lán dá ranntacht chó maith ceudna. Do léigheas sgeul Frédéric Mistral agus roinnt dá chuid fhilíochta ar na mallaibh ; agus fágaim le huadhacht go bhuilid i bhfad níos Gaelaí 'ná na dréachta Gaelacha féin. 'Sé sin, bainid le féilteacha, le feiseanna, le díl-obair an lae, le sgeuluíocht agus siansa cois teineadh, le grá dúthaí, le croíthe na ndaoine, agus le liacht neithe eile a chuireas an Ghaeltacht i gcuimhne dhom. Is geal an eisiompláir do dhaoine dár bhfilí féin iad—na “Mémoires et Récits” (sgeul a bheathadh), “Mirèio,” agus “Lis Isclo d'Or” (na hOileáin Ordha) go háirithe.

Tháinig Mistral ar an saol i bProvence an aoibhneasa sa mbliain 1830 ; d'eug sé tímpal le dá bhliain deug ó shoin. Bhí sé fá lán-tseol nuair thosnuigh Conradh na Gaedhilge, agus de bhárr a chuid éigse agus éigse a gcarad bhí teanga Phrovence i n-árd-íeim arís annsin, agus clú ar an seanfhear groí ar fud na Fraince ar fad, agus i gcéin san Eoróip liteardha.

Do fuair sé neart oideachais, agus do rinne sé dea-staideur feadh tamaill, ach do bhí a ghrá dúchaí thar riocht, agus d'fhill sé a bhaile, 'na óigfhear, chun saoil na feilme a's na filíochta. Thosnuigh sé láithreach ar an laoi-sgeul, “Mirèio” dea-épopée a dhúthaí féin. Cuireann a sgeul an-áthas orainn : chó sona dúthrachtach a bhíodh sé

ar a fheilm áluinn, an grá a thugadh sé do “spiorad” agus nósa na ndaoine, an saol féileach fileata a bhíodh 'na thimpal ó bhliain go bliain. Agus an cumann—cumann na bhfilí ndúchasach— a chuidigh leis sa gheal-shaothar ar son Provence ! Do b'éachtach an sgeul é. Tá na “Félibres” fé árd-chlú le fada.

Dála na n-abhrán, “Lis Isclo d'Or,” taid lán de cheol agus de sholus Phrovence, lán de smaointe grádhaacha um bhaile agus dúchas—lán de “Ghaolachas.” I n-abhrán aca duairt an file um “Mhirèio” : “es moun cor e moun amo, es la fleur de mis an” (c'est mon cœur et mon âme, c'est la fleur de mes années)—'sé mo chroí é, 'sé m'anam é, 'sé flós mo shaoil é. Bheadh an abairt cheudna oiriúnach mar thuairisg ar a chuid fhilíochta go léir.

Níl san méid seo ach nóta. Easbaidh fhilíochta na feilme, easbaidh dhraoíochta na tuaithe, i nua-ranntacht na nGaedheal do chuir Mistral i gcuimhne dhom. Gan amhrus do-níthear tagairt éigin do cheol a's aoibhneas tuaithe i gcorr-laioithe le “Tórna,” “Oisín,” Osborn O'hAimhirgin, Piaras Béaslaí, Pádraig O'Dálaigh, An Craoibhín, An tAthair Ua Duinnín, Peadar O'hAnnracháin, “Brian na Banban,” Aodh de Blácam, etc., ach nílid ró-dhoimhin ar áille na tuaithe, do réir chosúileachta, agus is annamh a bhacann éinne aca le saol na feilme.

Ní mian liom míleán a chur ar na filí. Molaim a ndearnadar—ann féin. Ach is iongna liom go bhuilid ar deighilt ó dhraoíocht na talmhan.

LIAM P. O'RIAIN.

Owing to the length of Programme no Encores can be allowed.

Afternoon Concert.

Ἀν κλάη.

Part I.

ORGAN . . . . . " Irish Airs " . . . . . — MR. B. B. BARRETT.	SONGS . . . . . " τὴν Ὀάν " . . . . . <i>Arr. Hardebeck</i> " The Green Flag " . . . . . — MR. WM. J. LEMASS.
PIPES . . . . . " Let Erin Remember " . . . . . — " Kelly, the Boy from Killann " . . . . . — " Wrap the Green Flag " . . . . . — " Widow's Rant " . . . . . — κλάη ἡ ἡσάεθεα PIPERS' BAND.	SONG . . . . . " ῥορ κάδ ἡ μὴν " . . . . . — <i>Arr. μάξηεσ ἡ ἡνἡσάν</i> SÉAMUS DE CLANFLOUIN.
SONG . . . . . " St. Patrick's Day " . . . . . <i>Traditional</i> MADAME EDNA THORNTON.	VIOLIN SOLO . . . . . " The Eagle's Whistle " . . . . . — " The Coolin " . . . . . — " Churn the Buttermilk " . . . . . — " Let Erin Remember " . . . . . — MR. ARTHUR DARLEY.
SONGS . . . . . " μαῖοι ἡ μβέαρη " . . . . . <i>Traditional</i> " ῥάσ ἡ θεαλά " . . . . . <i>Traditional</i> MR. PATRICK HENEBERY.	SONG . . . . . " Where the Beautiful Shamrocks Grow " . . . . . <i>Traditional</i> MADAME EDNA THORNTON.
HARP SOLO " Love's Tormenting Pain " <i>W. O'Connell</i> (1670) — " Cork Hornpipe : The Rights of Man " — " I'll Make My Love a Breast of Glass " — Hop-Jig : " The Rocky Road to Dublin " — MR. OWEN LLOYD.	SONG . . . . . " The Snowy-Breasted Pearl " . . . . . <i>Robinson</i> MR. FRANK MULLINGS.
SONG . . . . . " Erin, Oh, Erin ! " . . . . . <i>Arr. Moffett</i> MISS AGNES TREACY.	UNION PIPES . . . . . " Air : " The Coolin " . . . . . — Jig : " The Old Frieze Breeches " . . . . . — Reel : " The Stone in the Field " . . . . . — Hornpipe : " May Day " . . . . . — MR. W. N. ANDREWS ( <i>Pipers' Club, Dublin.</i> )
RECITATIONS . . . . . " The Exile's Return " . . . . . <i>Wm. Locke</i> " The Ballad of Father Gilligan " . . . . . <i>W. B. Yeats</i> MISS SARA ALLGOOD.	

INTERVAL, during which Irish Airs will be played on the Organ.

Part II.

ΑΝ ΚΛΑΜ.

Afternoon Concert.

ORGAN : " Irish Airs " . . . —  
MR. B. B. BARRETT.

PIPES . " Wearing of the Green " . . . —  
" Peeler and the Goat " . . . —  
" Believe Me If All " . . . —  
" All the Way to Barna " . . . —  
CLANN NA nGAEDEAL PIPERS' BAND.

SONG : " The Donovans " . . . *Arr. Needham*  
MR. WM. J. LEMASS.

HARP SOLO . " A Lover's Lament " . . . —  
" Carolan's Concerts " . . . —  
" Carolan's Devotion " . . . —  
" March of the O'Sullivan " . . . —  
MR. OWEN LLOYD.

SONGS . " Fair Hills of Eire, O ! " . . . *Needham*  
" For the Green " . . . *Lohr*  
MADAME EDNA THORNTON.

STEP DANCES . Jig . . . —  
Hornpipe . . . —  
MESSRS. J. O'BRIEN AND F. FITZGERALD.

SONGS . " My Lagan Love " . . . *Harly*  
" Thou Art not Conquered Yet " . . . *Petrie*  
MR. FRANK MULLINGS.

SONGS . " An Danú Sroo " . . . *Lover*  
" When He Who Adores Thee " . . . *Moore*  
MISS AGNES TREACY.

VIOLIN SOLO . " The White Cockade " . . . —  
" The Last Rose of Summer " . . . —  
" Garryowen " . . . —  
MR. ARTHUR DARLEY.

SONGS . " mo Súil ar Óéir " . . . —  
" An Maoráin Ruad " . . . —  
SÉAMUS DE CLANNRÍOIRTÍN.

RECITATION . Excerpt from " Kathleen Ní Houlihan " . . . *Yeats*  
MISS SARA ALLGOOD.

SONG . " My Dark Rosaleen " . . . *Needham*  
MR. PATRICK HENEBERY.

CHORUS . " SLANARÓ DIA Éipe " . . . —

ACCOMPANIST . . . . . MISS AGNES MACHALE.

Chappell's Grand Pianoforte.

Owing to the Length of the Programme no Encores can be allowed.

Evening Concert

Ἀν κλάρι.

Part I.

ORGAN . . . "Irish Airs" . . . — MR. B. B. BARRETT.	FIGURE DANCE Slip Jig . . . . . — CHILDREN, FOREST GATE SCHOOL, GAELIC LEAGUE.
PIPES . . . "Let Erin Remember" . . . — "Kelly, the Boy from Killann" . . . — "Wrap the Green Flag" . . . — "Widow's Rant" . . . . . — CLANN NA ἠΣΑΕΘΕΑΙ PIPERS' BAND.	VIOLIN SOLO . . . "Clan March" . . . . . — "The Foxes Sleep" . . . . . — "The Avonmore Reel" . . . . . — "The West's Asleep" . . . . . — MR. ARTHUR DARLEY.
SONG . . . "St. Patrick's Day" . . . <i>Traditional</i> MADAME EDNA THORNTON.	SONG . . . "The Gentle Maiden" . . . . . — MR. FRANK MULLINGS.
SONGS . . . "ΣΕΑΝ ΟὐΝ ΝΑ ἠΣΑΛΛ" <i>Arr. Hardebeck</i> "Lament for Owen Roe" . . . <i>Traditional</i> MR. WM. J. LEMASS.	SONG . . . "ΣΑΙΡΜΕΛΕΟ ΟὐΙΟΝΝ ΣΑΡΡΑΙΝ." . . . — ΣΕΔΑΜΥΣ ΘΕ ΕΛΑΝΘΙΟΛΟΥΝ.
HARP SOLO "I'll Make My Love a Breast of Glass" — "Colonel O'Hara" . . . . . <i>Carolan</i> "The Dear Irish Boy" . . . . . — "March of the O'Sullivan" . . . . . — MR. OWEN LLOYD.	SONG . . . "My Countrymen, Awake! Arise!" . <i>Needham</i> MADAME EDNA THORNTON.
SONGS . . . "ΑΙΡΙΑΝ ΑΝ ΕΑΡΡΙΑΣ" . . . — "You're a Dear Land to Me" . . . <i>Arr. MacCarthy</i> MISS AGNES TREACY.	UNION PIPES . Air: "The Dear Irish Boy" . . . — Jig: Name unknown . . . . . — Reel: "Colonel Frazer" . . . . . — Hornpipe: Name unknown . . . . . — MR. WM. N. ANDREWS ( <i>Pipers' Club, Dublin</i> ).
	SONGS . . . "ΟΡΟ! ΣΕ ΟΟ ΘΕΑΤΑ ΘΑΙΛΕ" . . . — "The Battle Eve of the Brigade" <i>Arr. Glover</i> MR. PATRICK HENEBERY.

INTERVAL, during which Irish Airs will be played on the Organ.



(b) "You're a Dear Land to Me."

(Air: "The Blackbird.")

*Arr. MacCarthy.*

There's a stream in sweet Glenlara, whose sparkling  
silvery fountain  
Leaps into life where heather bells and scented blossom  
bloom,  
It steals through vale and moorland and circles round the  
mountain,  
Now laughing in the sunlight clear, now weeping in the  
gloom.

And by its merry dancing,  
A rural sight entrancing,  
From out the greenwood glancing,  
My home you once could see ;  
But now, an exile far away  
From that happy home, I sigh and say—  
Oh, green-hill'd pleasant Erin! you're a dear old land  
to me.

There's a tree down by that river, in crystal beauty shining  
With rich green leaves bright and blossoms rare, all  
brilliant, rich and gay,  
The song-birds in its branches wild melodies were twining,  
While I with dear friends lingered there each happy  
summer day.

Till sunset clouds were glowing,  
And gentle kine were lowing,  
And perfumed airs were blowing  
Round that bonny blossom'd tree.  
Alas! those friends I'll see no more  
By wild wood free or river shore—  
Oh, green-hill'd pleasant Erin! you're a dear old land  
to me.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

SONG— MR. SEAMUS CLARKE.

"Cairmeádo Cluinn Cárpaín."

Ó níl óganaic tréan de Cluinn Cárpaín go léir  
naic veis veónaí pé bhataic loíal  
Go buaio nó go báir bío iad veis gac cáir  
Óir géill éa veis Cárpaínaic maí.

Cuirpá:

naic cluinn rib ruaim na ribe 'tígin  
Go háro ear móna gur gleann  
asur coirceimeann éadrom as raitaire an  
fhaic  
'Sí Cairmeádo Cluinn-Cárpaín a'á ann.

Ó ir uallaic an céim cé tá rior as gac tréan  
Su'm raos é veit 'maíneac ran úir,  
a'c gac ármunn gan r'gac, téio le Ceannairc von blár  
mar ba duataic veis buaio asur clú.  
Cuirpá: naic cluinn rib, 7c.

One smallest fraction's due,  
So long, my friends, there's something yet  
For Irishmen to do.

Too long we've borne the servile yoke,—  
Too long the slavish chain;—  
Too long in feeble accents spoke,  
And ever spoke in vain;  
Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net,  
And gorg'd the Saxon crew;  
But oh! my friends, we'll teach them yet  
What Irishmen can do.

There's not a man of all our land  
Our country now can spare;  
The strong man with his sinewy hand,  
The weak man with his prayer!  
No whining tone of mere regret,  
Young Irish bards for you;  
But let my songs teach Ireland yet  
What Irishmen can do.

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

SONGS— MR. PATRICK HENEBERY.

(a) " Ομο ! Sé 'ο θεατα 'βαίτε."

'Σέ 'ο θεατα, α θεαν βα λέανμαρ,  
Ὀέ λι γρηεά τύ βειτ ι νγείθινη  
αμ νουτέαις βρεάς ι, ρειβ μεητεαδ.  
'S tú óiota leir na Sallaib.

Сυηρά :—

Ομόρό ! 'Σέ 'ο θεατα ' βαίτε !  
Ὀ'ρεαμ λιον τύ να σεατ βό θαινη.  
Ομόρό ! 'Σέ 'ο θεατα 'βαίτε  
'νοιρ αμ εεατε α'τραηηαρό.

Τά Σπáινη μαιοι ας τεαετ εαμ ραίτε  
Ὀγλαις αμμετα λέι μαμ ζάμρα  
Σαεόιλ ιαο πέιν, ní Σαίλλ να Σπáινης  
'S cuiprio muais ar Sallaib.

α ζυρθε λε ρίς να βρεαητ εο βρειεαμ—  
Cé náε βεό 'να όιαρό αε ρεαετμαιν—  
Σπáινη μαιοι α'ρ μίλε ζαιρζρεαε  
Ρόζαητ ράιν αμ Σαίλλαιβ.

(b) " The Battle Eve of the Brigade."

The mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,  
And the gallant Count Thomond is President yet;  
The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,  
Crying—" Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!"  
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,  
For King Louis is lov'd by the Irish Brigade.

" A health to King James," and they bent as they quaff'd,  
" Here's to George the Elector," and fiercely they laugh'd.  
" Good luck to the girls we woo'd long ago.  
Where Sionainn and Bearbha and Abhain-dubh flow";  
" God prosper old Ireland," you'd think them afraid,  
So pale grew the cheeks of the Irish Brigade.

" But, surely, that light cannot come from our lamp?  
And that noise—are they all getting drunk in the camp?"  
" Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come,  
And the generale's beating oh many a drum."  
So they rush from the revel to join the parade;  
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

They fought as they revell'd, fast, fiery, and true,  
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few ;  
And they, who surviv'd, fought and drank as of yore,  
But the land of their hearts' hope they never saw more,  
For, in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,  
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

THOMAS DAVIS

SONG— MR. WM. J. LEMASS.

" Kelly of Killann." *Traditional.*

" What's the news? What's the news? O my bold  
Shelmalier,  
With your long-barrelled gun of the sea?  
Say what wind from the sun blows his messenger here,  
With a hymn of the dawn for the free? "  
" Goodly news! Goodly news, do I bring, Youth of Forth;  
Goodly news shall you hear, Bargo Man!  
For the Boys march at morn from the South to the North,  
Led by Kelly, the Boy from Killann! "  
" Tell me who is that giant with gold curling hair—  
He who rides at the head of your band?  
Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare,  
And he looks like a king in command! "  
Ah, my lads, that's the Pride of the Bold Shelmaliers,  
" Mongst our greatest of heroes, a Man!—  
Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers  
For John Kelly, the Boy from Killann! "

Enniscorthy's in flames and old Wexford is won,  
And the Barrow to-morrow we'll cross!  
On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun  
That will batter the gateways of Ross!  
All the Forth men and Bargo men march o'er the heath,  
With brave Harvey to lead on the van;  
But the foremost of all in the grim gap of Death  
Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killann!

But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened at Ross,  
And it set by the Slaney's red waves;  
And poor Wexford, stripped naked, hung high on a cross.  
And her heart pierced by traitors and slaves!

Glory O! Glory O! to her brave sons who died  
For the cause of long down-trodden man!  
Glory O! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride—  
Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killann!

P. J. MCCALL.

SONGS— MADAME EDNA THORNTON.

(a) " Aghadoe." *Todhunter.*

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
There's a sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe;  
Where we met, my love and I, love's bright planet in the  
sky,  
In that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.  
There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe;  
Where I hid him from the eyes of the red-coats and their  
spies,  
That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.  
But they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
When the price was on his head in Aghadoe,  
O'er the mountains, through the wood, as I stole to him  
with food,  
And their bullets found his heart in Aghadoe;  
I walked to Mallow Town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,  
Brought their head from the gaol's gate to Aghadoe,  
Then I covered him with fern and I piled him on the cairn,  
Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe. J. TODHUNTER.

(b) " She's a Rich and Rare Land."

Oh! She's a rich and rare land,  
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,  
Oh! she's a dear and rare land,  
Old Erin, native land of mine.  
No men than her's are braver,  
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,  
I'd freely die, I'd freely die,  
And think my lot divine, to save her.  
Oh! she's a rich and rare land, etc.

She's not a dull or cold land,  
No, she's a warm and bold land,  
Oh! she's a true and old land,  
Old Erin, native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,  
Her virtue still reward her,  
No friends would pine, no foes combine,  
No man should grieve within its border.  
Oh! she's a rich and rare land, etc.

SONG— MR. FRANK MULLINGS.

*Arranged by Esposito.*

(a) "The Lark in the Clear Air."

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars  
enchanted,

As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.  
For a tender, beaming smile to my hope has been granted,  
And to-morrow she shall hear all my fond heart would  
say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,  
And I think she will hear me, and will not say me nay,  
It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation,  
As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

(b) "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.)

SONG— MR. SEAMUS CLANDILLON.

(a) "An Żoirtín Eóirían."

Ír buacailín ríon-ós mé, go bróimrú oim Rí na nżmár,  
Tus fearc oo éailín ós i' stis 'n óroa le comrád' gearr  
ní maib hata uirru ná clóca, ná bucláí burde-veánta  
páir,  
Nac tape i' gcluar a bhoisín, rí mo rtoim í go bfuigir  
mé báp.

Ír móra óuitre a emín tá léimrú o ériann go emann  
Óá 'neórrainn b'is mo rşéil óuit, ní héiriun ná véarapá  
rún,  
Beir líri uaim fé r'éala go cúil emaoac na n-ó-í-íolt  
pionn  
Go bfuil mo ériote óá déarapó ír nac féiriun liom coollá  
cúin.

Tá şaot anóear ír tóiréneac aşur móim ríut le h-ab  
na laoi,  
Tá rneacáta ari na bóiríub, aşur móim-ríoc óá mearapó  
ríú.  
Ní ranann fuaim aş ríontais na céol bínn aş éin an  
emaoib  
Ó éailíear ra mo rtoimín, 'rí tóşrapó an ceo dem'ériote,

(b) "I Wish I had a Kerry Cow."

I wish I had a Kerry cow, a Kerry cow, a Kerry cow,  
I wish I had a Kerry cow, and I'd milk her night and  
morning.

*Cuprá:*

Oió mo şile tú, şmáto mo ériote for ever tú,  
Oió mo şile tú, tú peata beas óa mácar.

I wish I had a rick of turf, a rick of turf, a rick of turf,  
I wish I had a rick of turf, and I'd keep a fine fire always.  
*Cuprá:* Oio, 7c.

I wish I had a middling pot, a middling pot, a middling pot,  
I wish I had a middling pot, a kettle and a saucepan.  
Cuirpá: Oró, 7c.

I wish I had a dandy cap, a dandy cap, a dandy cap,  
I wish I had a dandy cap, with four and twenty borders.  
Cuirpá: Oró, 7c.

I wish I had a muslin gown, a muslin gown, a muslin gown,  
I wish I had a muslin gown, till I give it to my darlin'.  
Cuirpá: Oró, 7c.

I wish I had a Kerry cow, a Kerry cow, a Kerry cow,  
I wish I had a Kerry cow, and Katie from her father.  
Cuirpá: 1r Oró.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

SONG— MISS AGNES TREACY.

“Oh, Bay of Dublin.” *Traditional.*

Oh! Bay of Dublin; my heart you're troublin',  
Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream;  
Like frozen fountains, that the sun sets bubbling,  
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name;  
And never till this life-pulse ceases,  
My earliest thought you'll cease to be;  
Oh! there's no one here knows how fair that place is,  
And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow Mountains! the sunlight sleeping  
On your green banks is a picture rare,  
You crowd around me, like young girls peeping,  
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;  
As tho' you'd see your own sweet faces,  
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea,  
Oh! my blessin' on those lovely places,  
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often when at work I'm sitting,  
And musing sadly on the days of yore,  
I think I see my Katey knitting,  
And the children playing round the cabin door;  
I think I see the neighbours' faces  
All gathered round their long-lost friend to see;  
Oh! tho' no one knows how fair that place is,  
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.  
LADY DUFFERIN.

SONG— MR. PATRICK HENEBERY.

(b) “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 Curliou 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.

## Why you should join the Gaelic League.

1. Because, though perhaps Ireland can do without you, you cannot do without Ireland. In doing your best to help Ireland intellectually, morally, materially, you will find a new meaning in the world and a new happiness.
2. Because the Gaelic League aims at fitting Ireland for a place in the brotherhood of nations. Ireland a Nation will enrich the world, like a strong, healthy-hearted man. Ireland an imitation will impoverish the world and be a drain upon it, like a feeble, dull-witted person.
3. Because the Irish Language gives us the only platform upon which all Irishmen and women can stand as equals and friends.
4. Because we are trying to reconstruct the social life of Ireland by keeping alive the national stories and songs and dances and games, and so are putting an end to that dullness which drives so many enterprising young men and women to emigrate.
5. Because we are in the thick of the fight for the revival of Irish industries, and we are doing our best to put a stop to another cause of emigration—want of employment.
6. Because the Gaelic League stands for temperance and clean living.
7. Because the Gaelic League has in many places, in the words of Sir Horace Plunkett, converted intellectual apathy into intellectual activity.
8. Because, if you love Ireland, you will rejoice in the rejuvenescence of Ireland which is now taking place. Some Irishmen only hate England ; others only hate Ireland. The Gaelic League teaches love of Ireland first, last, and all the time. That is the bridge which we are throwing over the Boyne. That is the platform upon which we ask the Protestant and the Catholic, the Nationalist and the Unionist, to shake hands. If we have our differences that does not mean that we are not at one in the desire to see Ireland wise and strong and beautiful.
9. Because if you study the history of civilised nations, you will find that the possession of a national language makes for the mental, moral and material efficiency of a people.
10. Because you are not so foolish as to dismiss an idea as nonsensical just because you happen never to have grasped it before.

# CONNHAD NA GAELICHE, LONDAINN.

UADHARÁN (President) AIT UA BRÍAN.

RÚNAIRE ONÓRÁC (Hon. Sec.) MÁIRE NÍC AODÁIN.

## Objects of the Gaelic League.

The preservation, teaching and extension of Irish as the National Language of Ireland; the popularisation of Irish Music, Games and Industries; and, generally, the advancement of a full Irish-speaking Ireland.

You are asked to become a member, to attend the League classes, to study the Irish Language, and to place the merits of the League before your Irish friends. Minimum annual subscription is only 2s. 6d.

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*Wednesdays:* **FULHAM**—8 to 10 p.m., Kelvedon Hall, Kelvedon Road.

**CLERKENWELL**—8 to 10 p.m., Catholic Schools, Rosoman St.

*Thursdays:* **HIGHGATE**—8 to 10 p.m., St. Joseph's Catholic Schools.

**POPLAR**—7.30 to 10 p.m., Docker's Hall.

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*Fridays:* **FOREST GATE**—8.30 to 10.30 p.m., Earlham Hall, Earlham Grove,  
**GREAT PRESCOTT ST., E.**—8 to 10 p.m., Catholic School.  
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*Fridays:* **POPLAR**—6.30 to 8 p.m.

**STAMFORD HILL**—7.30 to 9 p.m.

*Saturdays:* **KING'S CROSS**—3 to 5 p.m., Manchester St Schools.

**FOREST GATE**—3 to 5 p.m., Earlham Hall, Earlham Grove.

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**LECTURES** in Irish and English, followed by discussion, will be held in future on the Second Monday of each month throughout the Session, at Manchester St. (L.C.C.) Schools, after the Language Classes.

**SEASONAL FESTIVALS.**—With a view to reviving interest in the ancient Irish seasonal festivals, the Gaelic League holds special celebrations in February (Feite Bhrúgáe), May (Bealtaine), August (Lúgnada), November (Samáin). The programme consists of a short address on the ancient and modern celebration of the festival, and its significance; songs and recitations in connection with the festival; finishing up with a Céilí.

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