

Sut na nGaedeal



1953

LA PERLE PARADIS

clann aontuighe na nGael
londain

(The United Gaelic Societies of London)

ceiliòe mór

TO-MORROW NIGHT

AT ST. PANCRAS TOWN HALL

(opposite King's Cross Station)

7.30 to 12 p.m.

TICKETS — 4/-

Licensed Bar and Buffet

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feis

to be held this year at the G.A.A. Sports Ground,
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(Nearest Station—New Eltham)

ON SUNDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1953

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***** An clÁN *****

PART I OF THE 1953 ST. PATRICK'S EVE CONCERT

Item :

1. ORGAN SOLO : " Selection of Irish Airs "

JOHN P. RUSH, B.A., B.Mus., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.

2. SONGS : The West's Awake "
" The Dawning of the Day "

CHOIR OF HOLY CROSS CONVENT, NEW MALDEN

3. SONGS : " The Irish Emigrant "
" My Mary of the Curling Hair "
STEPHEN BURKE

4. FIGURE DANCE : " The Flax in Bloom "
SMYTH SCHOOL OF DANCING

5. SONGS : " St. Patrick's Day "
" She moved thro' the fair "
PATRICK THORNTON

6. HARP QUARTET : " Selection of Irish Airs "
AN TOSTAL HARPISTS
(O'Shea School)

7. Amhrán : " An Cúirtíonn "
" Seoto ló tóil "
máire ní scoiláiríe

★ 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 1953 ST. PATRICK'S EVE CONCERT

1. ORGAN SOLO : " Selection of Marches "
 JOHN P. RUSH
2. SONGS : " I know where I'm going "
 " The Lark in the clear air "
 CHOIR OF HOLY CROSS CONVENT
3. STEPDANCING : " Reel "
 " St. Patrick's Day "
 CATHAL SMYTH
4. SONGS : " Ūna B́án "
 " Kitty of Coleraine "
 PATRICK THORNTON
5. RECITATIONS : " Said Hanrahan " *Val Voudsen!*
 " Josephine "
 MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN
6. DUET : " Down by the green bushes "
 " The Old Side Car "
 MAIRE NÍ SCOILAIÓE and PATRICK THORNTON
7. HARP QUARTET : " Selected "
 AN TOSTAL HARPISTS
8. AMHÁM : " An Beirín Lúadra "
 " An Ríobaire "
 MAIRE NÍ SCOILAIÓE
9. AMHÁN na bPíann

AT THE PIANO — KITTY O'CALLAGHAN
 COMPERE — EAMON ANDREWS

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 WEST'S AWAKE"

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.

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.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

Arranged by J. P. Rush

At early dawn I once had been
Where Lene's blue waters flow,
When summer bid the groves be green,
The lamp of light to glow ;
As on by bow'r, and town, and tow'r,
And wide-spread fields I stray,
I met a maid in the greenwood shade,
At the dawning of the day.

Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
No mantle fair she wore;
But down her waist fell golden hair,
That swept the green grass o'er;
With milking pail she sought the vale,
And bright her charms display,
Outshining far the morning star,
At the dawning of the day.

Beside me sat that maid divine
Where grassy banks outspread.
"Oh! let me call thee ever mine,
Dear maid," I gently said
A blush o'er spread her lily cheek,
She rose and sprang away,
The sun's first light pursued her flight
At the dawning of the day.

—EDWARD WALSH.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT

Arr. Dudley E. Bayford

I'm sitting by the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high
The red was on your lip, Mary
And the lovelight in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary
The day is bright as then.
The lark's loud song is in my ear
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand
And your breath warm on my cheek.
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.

I'm very lonely now, Mary
For the poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better far,
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair.

—LADY DUFFERIN

MY MARY OF THE CURLING HAIR

Traditional

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.

Shule, shule, shule agra dh,
Shule go socar agus shule aroon,
My love, my pearl, my own dear girl,
My mountain maid arise!

I am no stranger proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs!

For soon my love will be my bride,
And happy by our own fireside,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide,
Which lingering hope denies!

—GERALD GRIFFIN

"ST. PATRICK'S DAY "

Traditional

Oh, blest be the days when the green banner floated
Sublime o'er the mountains of free Inisfail,
When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted
Defied the invader to tread her soil.
When back o'er the main they chased the Dane
And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
When valour and mind together combined.
But wherefore lament o'er those glories departed,
Her star shall shine out with as vivid a ray,
For ne'er had she children more brave and true-hearted
Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's Day.

Her sceptre, alas ! passed away to the stranger,
And treason surrendered what valour had held,
But true hearts remained amidst darkness and danger
That, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled.
Oft, oft, through the night flashed gleams of light,
Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled ;
But a star now is near her heaven to cheer,
Not like the wild gleams that so fitfully darted,
But long to shine down with its hallowing ray
On daughters as fair and on sons as true-hearted
As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's Day.

Oh ! blest be the hour when begirt by her cannon
And hailed as it rose by a nation's applause,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irish men Irish laws.
Once more shall it wave o'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at our cause,
And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children inspired by those glories departed,
No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
But join in her cause like the brave and true-hearted
Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's Day.

—M. J. BARRY.

"SHE MOVED THRO' THE FAIR"

My young love said to me :
" My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kind,"
And she stepped away from me
And this she did say :
" It will not be long love
Till our wedding day."

She stepped away from me
And she moved thro' the fair ;
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there ;
And then she went homeward
With one Star awake,
As the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me
She came softly in
So softly she came
That her feet made no din
And she laid her hand on me,
And this she did say :
" It will not be long love
Till our wedding day."

—PADRAIG COLUM

AN CÚILFIONN

An bPaca tÚ an cúilfionn rí a 'riubal ar na bóite
Marom seal oíúcta 'r san rmuic ar a bPóga
I r mó ógánac rúil élar tá a tnuic le n-a pórad
Ac ní bPúige ríad mo pún-ra ar an sCúinnTar i r oóig leo.

An bPaca tÚ mo bábán lá bPeađ 'rí na h-aonar
A cúl oulac oirpleannac sup rlinneán rior léite
Mil ar an óig-bean 'rír bPea 'na h-éadan
'S i r oóig le sac rppuorán sup leannán leir rém i.

An bPaca tÚ mo rPéir-bean, 'rí taob leir a' cumn
Pánni óir ar a méara 'rí rieróteac a cumn
'Sé oúit an Paorac bí na máor ar an luing
So mb'Peair leir aige rém i ná éire san poimn.

seotó ló toil

Arr E. O Gallcóbaire

Ó reotó ló toil, reotó ló toil, reotó ló toil ašur ná šoil šo póill
Šeoir an capall ašur šeoir an rrian ó
Šeoir an falamš ašur šeoir an oiallaic
Ašur reotó ló toil, reotó ló toil, reotó ló toil,
Ná bí aš šoil šo póill.

Šeoir šan deapnao cairce šac reo
A bí aš vo pinnreap niošda romat,
Ašur reotó ló toil, reotó ló toil, reotó ló toil
Ná bí aš šoil šo póill.

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

Arr. J. P. Rush

I know where I'm going
And I know who's going with me
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair,
And a ring for every finger.

Some say he's black,
But I say he's bonny,
The fairest of them all,
My, handsome, winsome Johnny.

Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all,
To go with my love Johnny.

Traditional

THE LARK IN THE CLEAR AIR

Arr. J. P. Rush

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 tomorrow she shall hear,
All my fond heart would say.

I will 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.

" úna b'án "

A úna b'án, a bláit na n-olaoi ómhaí,
Táir éir do báir de bharr dhíoc-ómaíle.
Feuc a spás cía aca a b'fearrí de'n dá ómaíle,
A éim i sciaibán, i' mé i n-áit na Donóige. ✓

A úna b'án, ba ríor i n-ghairtín tú,
'S ba comnteoirí dhí, ar dhóro na bampiozna tú.
Ba céileabair 'r ba ceolmair d's gabáil an bealaíse reo romham tú,
'Sé mo creac-marone bhónac, náir pórasó liom tú.

A úna b'án, i' tú do mearuis mo ciall,
A úna, i' tú a cuaró so dlúit roir mé ar Dia,
A úna, an éraoib éumairta a luibín carpa na sciaib
Náir b'fearrí domra a beir san rúilb ná o'feiceál ariam.

—TOMÁS LÁRÓIR COISDEALA

"KITTY OF COLERAINE"

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

Oh, what will I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, och, Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should cause her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her and before I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas the haymaking season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortune can never come single, 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
There was divil a pitcher found whole in Coleraine.

THE GREEN BUSHES

As I was a-walking, one morning in May,
To hear the birds whistle and see lambkins play,
I espied a young damsel, so sweetly sang she,
Down by the green bushes, where she chanced to meet me.

Oh, why are you loitering here, pretty maid,
I'm waiting for my true love, softly she said,
Shall I be your true love, and will you agree,
To leave your own true love and folly with me.

I'll give you fine beavers and fine silken gowns,
I'll give you smart petticoats, flounced to the ground,
I'll bring you fine jewels and live but for thee,
If you'll leave your own true love and folly with me.

I want none of your beavers, or fine silk, or hose,
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes,
But if you'll be constant and true unto me,
I'll leave my own true love and marry with thee.

Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you please,
Oh, let us be going from under these trees,
For yonder is coming my true love, I see,
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet me.

And when he came there and found she was gone,
He looked very sheepish, and cried, quite forlorn,
She's gone with another and forsaken me,
And left the green bushes, where she vowed to meet me.

THE OULD SIDE CAR

Arr. J. A. Dix

I was driving to the fair,
On my ould side car,
When I saw sweet Kitty Clare,
Och! the belle of Castlebar,
You were walking—I must state,
So I up and says to Kate,
Would you like to take a sate,
On my ould side car.

Yes, says I, I'll take a lift,
On the ould side car,
And I thank ye for the gift,
For 'tis miles to Castlebar,
And says I, if you don't mind,
And the pony is resigned,
Sure I'll drive ye like the wind,
On the ould side car.

When you gaily took the reins,
On the ould side car,
Sure my heart near burst my veins,
On the road to Castlebar,
How I drove the little beast,
Did you mind—not in the least.
I was anchored to your waist.
On the ould side car.

Faith, an awkward place to kiss,
Is an ould side car.
But we tried when I said yes,
On the road to Castlebar.
Och! our blessings on the day,
For the neighbours soon will say,
Look at Mistress Mat O'Shea,
On the ould side car.

—P. J. O'REILLY.

an beinsín luachra

Ir lá go raib mé go h-uaigneac a dul ríor dom go hínne Cláir.
Ói mo gadairíní go h-uaidheac as uallfairt ir mo gunna 'im láim
Nuair capad oim an rtuair-dean ba deirge spuaó ir ba millre
blá,

Asur adbar beinnim buamc' aici de'n luachra ba glaire rcáil
'Sa cailín bíg na luachra nac leigfá-ra do beairt ar lár
Fá bhuac na coille cnaobaise as éirteact le gút coileán
Sagar ní bfuighe rgeal air ná éinne eile go bfuighe mé bár
Nó go dtiocfaró camnt do'n céirrig a'r bdearla don tomob
bpeá.

Dwyer - Strong
John Braxel
Emmet - Jones

an píobaire

Má póram tū an píobaire beró asat gan don fear,
A mhuinnín oílir Eiblín ó,
Cuirféro pé ar an mbuilg tū ó marom 'otí an oróce.
As ríor cur píorai ar fean ceantíni
O b'feairra duit-pe mire 'sur an ceól atá ra píob asam
A mhuinnín oílir Eiblín Ó.

II

Má póram tura feirméoir beró asat gan don fear
A mhuinnín oílir Eiblín Ó.
Cuirféro pé ra páire tū ó marom 'otí an oróce
A cpú na mbó 'ra bailiú 'n phaireac buí dó.

III

Aé má póram tū an píobaire beró asat an pí fear
A mhuinnín oílir Eiblín Ó,
Seimféro pé ceol duit ar íompó na réaltai
A tógfaro an ceól 'ran bpon de'o mionn
Cuirféro pé m óige tū m áit dul m doir duit,
A mhuinnín oílir Eiblín Ó.

AMHRÁN NA BFIANN

(The Soldiers' Song)

Seo dhú, a cáirde, duan óglais,
Catbéimeac, briosmaí, ceolmaí,
Ár dtéimte cnám go buacac táro,
’S an rpeir go mín réaltóga,
I r fonnmaí faobairac rinn cun gleo,
’S go tiummaí glé romh tíoct de’n ló,
Fé ciúnaí éaom na h-ordóe ar reol :
Seo dhú : canais Amhrán na Bfiann.

Cuprá :

Sinne fiamma fáil,
Atá fé geall as éirimn,
Burdéan o’ár pluas,
Tar tuinn do námis cúgamn,
Fé móro beir raor,
Sean-tíri ár rinnreari feara,
Ní fásfari fé’n dtíorán ná fé’n dtíamail.
Anoct a téam ra beáirnam baogail
Le sean ar fadail, cun báir nó raogail,
Le suna ríreac fé lámhac na bpiéari.
Seo dhú : canais Amhrán na Bfiann.

Coir bánta píre, ar árdail ríeibe,
Ba buacac ar rinnreari romamh,
As lámhac go tréan fé’n ráir-bíac féimh,
Tá tuar ra fadail go reolta.
Ba dúctear niam o’ár fceime cáir,
San iompáil riar ó imirir áir,
’S as ríubail mar iad i fceimh niamhac :
Seo dhú : canais Amhrán na Bfiann.

A burdean nac fann o’fúil fadail ir fadail,
Sm breacac lae na raoirre,
Tá ríemhile ’r fceimhac i fceimhac niamhac,
Romh fadail laochra ár dtíre.
Ár dtéimte ir tréir san ríreac anoir,
Sm tuirne glé ran rpeir anoir,
’S an bíodha i fceimh na bpiéari asail :
Seo dhú : canais Amhrán na Bfiann.

CRÍOC.

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Connrad na Saeilge

1 n-deire na h-aoire reo caitte bí an Saeilge agus an Saelacair mar colann tinn, caitte atá reiriorra le galair agus as pasáil báir ó'n laigeaet a leanar; bí umhri na n-daome a raib an Saeilge dá labairt aca as dul i laigeaó, bí an rinne, an ceól agus an litríocht Saelac pé ršamall, agus bí an náiriúntaet péim as pié le rput. Da dóig le cáe go raib anam Saelac na h-Éireann teicte.

1 pié na h-aoire rim deimeaó a lán iarracét agus bunuioó a lán Cumann eun na Saeilge a tapéail, ac bí as teip ar sac iarracét agus ar iarracéai sac Cumann ran obair uaral reo, agus do péir mar euaó an aoir i n-aoir ir as dul i laige a bí curpóir na h-oibre.

Da bliam 1893, nuair da corúil go raib an ršéal tapéala tap leigear, táimis Dubglar de h-foe agus deicniúir eile le céile i mbliat Cliaet, sup bunuioóar Connrad na Saeilge, le curpóir an Saeóils do cur ar labairt imearš gnát-daome na tíre agus sac euaó de'n cultúir árra d'aitheócamt agus a cur ar an bpóro tapéala. Togad "An Craoibín" péim na Uacarán ar an sConnrad, agus le n-a éoróde ran raotair a bí poime, do cuir pé péim agus a compádaite tair le h-obair pábálta anam na h-Éireann, sup cuireadair timctiri go sac áir na tíre as leacnú roiršéil na Saeilge agus as rpreasad daome eun a labairt; as bunú euaóaca de'n Connrad agus as cur caoi an cultúra i otreó sac aome. Ní péoir a péanaó go raib topará ra bpeir ó'n raotair reo óir go raib 43 euaó de'n Connrad bunuíte aca ar fúro na tíre ran mbliam 1897.

Ní dume do péim an Sael. Cíótear go roileir dúim nac raib fíor-Sael ann áriam nár cuir cuir a éoróde ór cionn sac don nro eile agus nac raib coice péro eun sac dá euaó péim d'pšamc ar ron na cúire rin. Ná pšctar ó'n áiréam reo obair Connrad na Saeilge. Nuair a bunuig "An Craoibín" an Connrad, ní feadair ar píl pé nó an raib púil aige leir—go bpárraó an Connrad reo ní h-amám ar fúro na h-Éireann uillig, ac i otióirca tar lear i scém cóim maie; go mbéad leantóirí oile aige a beairad amn uaral an Connrad tar na fairrší fiana agus a cuirfead ir a comeaópaó an Saeilge dá labairt imearš na n-deóparóte a bí as bpaie ar beata ó baile i scém? Ar deir Dé go raib anam ar "sCraoibín doibinn," mar ir é rim a laoro atá tuillte aige ar ron a rinne pé d'Éirinn. Ir fíor go bfuil an cat a cōrnuig pé ar riubal go póil, agus ir fíor sup mó atá le deanam pōr ar páiric an cáta úo, ac, d'amheóm rim, an péoir a péanaó go bfuil buaó pasca amac as raigoiúiri "An Craoibín"? Nuair do cuir Dubglar de h-foe an Connrad ar bun, bí pé mar šein-eapál as ullamú a áirime eun troda. Bí fíor aige go raib namao láoiri tréan le cur pé coir aige; bí i n-eól do go raib an namao ran anuar go trom ar anam na h-Éireann le paóa agus go raib teipce ar mópán iarracét eun a šreama do bpiread—read: níl ampar ac go raib rmaomte mar reo i láctair na aigne nuair a

tórnais pé ar a cúro oibhe ac, arís eól do go mbéad Connrad
 na Saeilge go beó lároir i dtíri na namad, agus i n-a gceart láir,
 go luad ran doir a bí cuige. Ar fil pé don uair amám i dtorac
 go mbéad an lám i n-uachtar rim aige ar luét an rghiora sup cúir
 pé 'na gcomne, agus go mbéad an Saeilge, na cluici, an ceól agus
 an pinnce agus gac cpaob de'n cultúir dá tairtáil tall i Lonnóan
 Sapaná agus i ngac catair i dtíri na namad? An buad é, nó
 nac ead, sup péroir trí reómpai a lionad annro i Lonnóan le
 luét ppearail ar pangsanna Saeilge; sup péroir an halla ir
 mó i bpiom catair Sapaná a lionad go doir le luét pinnce Céilí
 agus ní h-amám rim—ac go bfuil na Sapanais péim as cupi rume
 ran gculcúir ró-álumh reo—go bfuil Sapanais as foalum na
 teangan, as ppearail ar cúirai a bamear le h-obair an Connaréa
 agus as meargad leir na nSaeil ar uplái an Céilí? Sead, a
 Cpaobim Uarail: Gan don amhar, bí an buad agat ro' cat.
 Níor glac tú sunna ir níor mairb tú doime. Níor rilead bpaon
 pola ro' coíad-ra agus níor págad don baintreac ná díleactac
 as caome tar a bárr. Nil don uais ná leac caomeacám, nil
 don gom ná creadct éun pparbar an tpoa a cupi tré cporóte—
 ac bpir tú an cat o' améom, agus ir leat-ra an buad—agus
 cionar sup péroir é? Mar do glac tú eusac an clardeam ir
 treire agus ir beannuigte dáir glac don gmeapal nó don raigóir
 aríam—an pírmne agus an mipeac agus uairleact cporóte
 ra cúir ba gíad leat, agus má teirtear anoir ar cúir na Saeilge
 agus ar cúirpóir an Connaréa, ní opt-ra an loct, a Cpaobim uarail,
 ac oíamne, do luét leanamna; táimí-ne pé géara aige do
 tabairt do'n méro a buad tú uímm—tá do "Clardeam Soluir"
 'nár láma agam agus do pómpla ór ar gcomair o'ar rtiúru,
 agus leir an dá cporamc reo leantamíro le h-obair tairtála na
 Saeilge gan rtao gan rtaona, as déanam onóra doo' cumíne-pe,
 do cumíne airt Uí Uíam ná mairteann, a bí 'na céad uachtarán
 ar an gConnrad i Lonnóan, agus do cumíne gac rume a lean ro'
 tpeo agus a dem raotair ar pon teangan, cultúra agus cúire
 na h-Éireann:

A léigteoir óil, an gceirdeann tura i bpeallrún an Cpaobim?
 Ir Sael tú, atá ro' cóimái i gcém—ir deórai tú nac péroir cup
 pút ro' tírín péim. An bfuil fíor agat go bfuil dualgar opt
 mar deórai? An eól duit go bfuil Connrad na Saeilge i Lonnóan
 agus go bfuil áit ann do gac Sael. Ir péroir go bfuil ro'
 ball do'n Connrad céana—ir péroir nárb eól duit go raib an
 buad ro' as "An gCpaobim." Má'r Connaréoir tú, tám cinnce
 go bfuilir bpoúil beir ar luét leanána Dubglar de h-íde; má'r
 Éireannac ná Sael tú, nó má'r Sael nac Connaréoir tú, agus
 má'r opt péim atá an loct, caireo go bfuil náire opt gan lám
 agat le "Clardeam Soluir" "An Cpaobim." Cumíng, a leig-
 teoir, supab í an Saeilge a labairtí i "n-Oileán na Naom ir
 na n-Oíam," nac bfuil teanga ar bit o'Éirim ac a teanga péim,
 agus pé obair nó raotair a gnítear ar pon na Saeilge go noem-
 tear é "Ar pon Glóire Dé agus Onóra na h-Éireann."

seósam C. mac Suiróir, b.c.s., s.c.a., m.e.
 (uachtarán, Connrad na Saeilge, Lonnóan)

Patrick and the G.A.A. ^{By} JOHN C. DUNNE

“**W**ARS and devastations, inroads and invasions, shall sweep the land, and it's hillsides shall see fire and famine and it's valleys shall hear wail and lamentation ringing through myriad ages yet unborn; but never through the vast catalogue of thy children's sorrow shall this light of thine be quenched. Nay, the tears and travail of coming generations shall be but fresh fuel to spread over God's earth this flame—beyond the shores, beyond the oceans, into continents yet unborn, the sacred light will touch the hilltops of time until it emerges at last into the endless radiance of Eternity!”

In 1847 the first great devastation came—the Famine—to send the Irish streaming to all the corners of the New World, and in their trail they brought that holy flame—the Faith of Patrick. Every future conflict gave a further impetus to this dispersal of the Irish, fulfilling through sorrow and suffering, as it were, their spiritual destiny, the creation in a materialistic world of the Second Spring.

It was, perhaps, no coincidence that in that fatal year 1847, when death and destruction stalked the land, an omen of hope and promise can be detected amid this darkness. For in that harvest time when hearts were chilled with despair and weakened bodies surrendered to death, life began for Michael Cusack. Together with a worthy successor of Patrick in his priestly office, Rev. Dr. Croke, they founded a great cultural organisation, which was to render signal service in the cause of Patrick and of Ireland. “To God and Ireland true” might well have been its motto, for in these words are summed up the ultimate ends and achievements of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The preservation and extension of the national heritage, the constant upholding of the national ideal, combined with a spiritual strength drawn from devotion to the faith of Patrick, helped to make the Association take root and flourish in every corner of the world where Irish exiles settled and made a home.

Like the grain of mustard seed, the early efforts of the pioneer emigrants in Britain bore fruit, and in 1897 London County branch of the Gaelic Athletic Association organised championships in hurling and football. Both grades were won by one club, bearing the very apt name of “Ireland United.” The Roll of Honour had begun. This was but the beginning, and like a giant snowball it sped with increasing momentum to bigger and bigger dimensions.

Ireland's first Ambassador to Britain, Mr. J. Dulaney, spoke with truth when he said: “Ireland owes a debt of gratitude to her sons abroad, who in keeping up her Gaelic games, keep alive her traditional values of courage and fair play.” And hand in hand with the growth of the Athletic organisation, the faith of Patrick was likewise developed in strength and vigour. So that a Prince of the Church, the spiritual leader of Britain's Catholics, Cardinal Griffin, testifies: “Wherever the sons of Ireland go,

they take with them both their Catholic Faith and their Irish traditions—their love of the Church and their love of their country.”

To-day in the heart of the British Empire, the Association stands strong and confident, representing a body well organised in all its aspects. The year 1948 was a red-letter year in the annals of our body here in London. A long cherished dream of Irish exiles became an actual fact with the opening of their own park at New Eltham by His Eminence Cardinal Griffin. On this momentous occasion the first game played on our maiden pitch was the All-Ireland Junior Hurling Final between London and the Royal County of Meath. The London County Board could pride itself on having at last attained it's manhood and becoming a fully fledged member of a great Association. At the moment, London can boast of 34 clubs with an ever increasing membership. These 34 clubs are representative of the thirty-two counties and form a little Ireland here in this foreign capital. A little Ireland which recognises no Partition and which is based on the twin principles of Religion and Nationality. They remember that the original bearer of the Faith recognised no such divisions, and as if to refute such artificial borders, he deliberately left his mortal remains to rest in Saul.

Our organisation in London is a vital link to preserve the Irish exile in a living contact with his native land, reminding him what he can do for it, even though, unfortunately, he may be far from it. In the company of other Irish men and women, the flame of National culture burns as bright as Patrick's flame on the Hill of Tara. In this sphere, there is room for a great deal yet to be done. One urgent need at the moment is for a club which could be used as a cultural centre affording facilities for recreation and Irish culture for the thousands of our fellow countrymen living in boarding houses and hostels. This is something that will have to be tackled in the very near future and is earmarked for priority. Another need is for some periodical catering specially for Irish tastes and interests of the emigrants in this country.

Devotion to the ancient games of our country is like devotion to the Irish language and enthusiasm for Irish music one of the marks of possessing a share in Irish culture. These are the things that, with Religion, go to form Irish Nationality, and the Irishman away from his native land must be ever aware, and must be constantly reminded, that he is the standard bearer of this Nationality. Everywhere he goes, and in everything he does, he either engenders respect for it amongst strangers, or evokes their contempt. Our Association, with it's discipline, with it's upholding of the National culture, wields the full weight of its organisation to see that Irish Nationality wins the respect it deserves. It is for Ireland's welfare that we should not lose touch with our ancient language, our ancient games, and our ancient aspirations. I make a personal appeal to every Gael here in London. The games of the Gael symbolise the spirit of an athletic minded and nation conscious people
PLAY THEM—ENCOURAGE THEM—BE PROUD OF THEM.

Ireland and Music

JOHN PATRICK RUSH, B.A., B.Mus., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.

THE wealth of beautiful Irish folk-music that has come down from the earliest times leaves one in no doubt that the Irish are by nature a musical race. Indeed, many able scholars in the realm of folk-music, have not hesitated to declare that the folk-music of Ireland is the finest in existence. Ask any musician to-day to name what he considers the most beautiful piece of melody he knows, and in nine cases out of ten the answer will be "The Londonderry Air." And if further proof is needed of the natural musical ability of the Irish nation, let me say that Ireland is probably the only country in Europe where folk-music is still composed. Mention of this, however, also brings the sad reflection that it is a dying art. Progress, so-called, in the guise of the internal combustion engine, electricity, and the radio, has in no small way contributed to the arrest of the flow of native melody, and, indeed, to the nation's delight and interest in its rich heritage. Too often, and in places where one would least expect it, the emasculated crooning of importations from the western world is heard in place of the "sweet song of the Gael."

Few people—even among the sons and daughters of Erin—are aware of the great musical culture that developed in Ireland centuries ago: a culture that was to spread all over the civilised world and stimulate the development of the art of music in many lands. The monks who sailed from Ireland's shores in bygone ages brought not Christianity alone but a highly-developed artistic civilisation. The Benedictine abbey of St. Gall in Switzerland, founded in the seventh century by the Irish St. Cellach (Gall), became world-famous for the high level of its musical and artistic achievement through the labours of the Irish monk Tutilo (Tuathal) who lived and worked there in the ninth century. But four centuries earlier than this we have to note the Irish monk Sedulius (Siadhal), a famous writer of hymns, who composed the Introit "Salve Sancta Parens" which is in the Roman Gradual and is still sung to-day. St. Mailduff, the Irish founder of the celebrated Malmesbury Abbey in England, was the teacher of the renowned St. Aldhelm, a famous Saxon musician. In Germany, it was St. Helias, an Irish monk, who first introduced the Roman chant at Cologne, somewhere about the year 1025. And it is to the Irish scholar, John Scotus Erigena, that we attribute the beginning of harmonised music known as organum or descant, in the ninth century.

The minstrels of Ireland seem always to have been held in high honour, and it is not surprising to find that distinguished writers—from Giraldus Cambrensis and John of Salisbury in the twelfth

century to Bacon, Spenser, and Camden in the sixteenth century—have praised the excellence of instrumental playing in Ireland. One of the last of the minstrels was the blind O'Carolan (1670-1738), famous alike for his performance on the harp and for his wonderful improvisation of both poetry and music.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the art of music languished, and eventually decayed in Ireland because of the wars which devastated the country, and it is not until the nineteenth century that Irish composers again appear. One of these, John Field (1782-1837), is of particular interest—though his name is probably familiar only to the student of musical history. It is to John Field that we owe the type of pianoforte piece known as a Nocturne—a form which most people usually attribute to Chopin. One has only to hear the Nocturnes of Field to realise at once how much the latter composer was indebted to him in this style of composition. Moreover, Field was an accomplished pianist, and it is a pity that we are seldom afforded an opportunity to-day of hearing the seven pianoforte concertos he wrote, which were as popular in his day as those of Rachmaninov are now. In 1803, Field was teaching in St. Petersburg, where one of his pupils was the celebrated Glinka who later was to lay the foundation of the modern Russian school of composers. There is thus a highly interesting link between the modern composer Stravinsky, and the Ireland of a hundred and fifty years ago.

The revival of the opera, "The Bohemian Girl," recently in Liverpool and London, where performances were given under the baton of Sir Thomas Beecham, brings to mind a composer who was held in universal esteem in the nineteenth century. Michael Balfe, born in Dublin in 1808, spent most of his working life in the theatre, first as a violinist, then as a singer, and finally as a composer of operas and theatre manager. Rossini chose him as his Figaro for the Paris performances of "The Barber of Seville," a part which he played with considerable success. At the age of fifty-six, he retired from the world of music in comfortable financial circumstances, and spent the remaining years of his life, till his death in 1870, as a gentleman farmer in Hertfordshire. William Vincent Wallace (1812-1865), a Waterford man, is another operatic writer who achieved European fame, though, perhaps he is best remembered to-day for his opera "Maritana."

It is fitting that tribute should be paid to two Irishmen who exercised a powerful influence on the course of English music. The work of Stanford, a Dublin man born in 1852, and of Charles Wood, born at Armagh in 1866, will go down into the annals of musical history. By their labours at the Royal College of Music and at the University of Cambridge, they rescued English music from the doldrums into which it had drifted; and the rise of the fine modern school of English composers is due entirely to the unremitting labours of these two Irishmen. Most British composers of the twentieth century either passed through their hands, or

reaped the fruits of their teaching in studying with teachers who had themselves been pupils of these remarkable pioneers. Stanford, indeed, has a position of eminence in the world of music by his reputation as a composer. Songs, chamber music, church music, orchestral works, oratorios, and operas, all flowed from his versatile pen. His six Irish rhapsodies, the "Irish" Symphony, and the Irish opera, "Shamus O'Brien," all reveal his native background, for the flavour of national melody is always apparent. Apart from this, the world of music must be ever grateful to Stanford for his work as a collector of Irish folk-music, the editing of which he accomplished with discerning scholarship and artistic skill. Indeed, his achievement in this field alone would be sufficient to ensure him a lasting place in musical history. The name of George Petrie, with which Stanford's is inseparably linked, is worthy of more than a passing reference. Petrie, who was born in Dublin in 1789 and died there in 1866, was from his earliest youth an indefatigable collector of the traditional songs of the Irish peasantry, and it is interesting to note that he supplied Thomas Moore with a number of airs for the "Irish Melodies." Though some of the tunes Petrie had collected were published during his lifetime, it was not until 1902 that the complete publication of over fifteen hundred traditional airs that Petrie had noted down was undertaken by the Irish Literary Society of London. The work was entrusted to the editorship of Stanford, who, in the three years that followed, devoted himself with loving care to the Petrie manuscripts, and produced, in 1905, the monumental work, indispensable to all students of Irish folk-song, known as "The Complete Petrie Collection of Irish Music." For the last forty years of his life, Stanford held the Chair of Music at his old university, being succeeded in that office on his death in 1924, by Wood, who, however, survived his predecessor by only two years.

It is a curious sidelight on Irish history that during the eighteenth century, when, as a result of ruthless persecution, Irish native art had been completely stamped out, Dublin was an important centre of musical activity. To the capital city came composers and performers from England, whose visits lasted several weeks, or even months. Handel stayed there from November, 1741, to August, 1742, and during the latter year, in the incredibly short space of a fortnight, composed "The Messiah," which received its first performance there in Neal's Music Hall. Dr. Arne and his wife were frequent visitors, while the celebrated violinist and composer Geminiani, actually settled in Dublin. Thither, too, had come Roseingrave, distinguished pupil of Purcell, with his family in 1698 to become organist of both St. Patrick's and Christ-church Cathedrals. On his death, in 1747, his youngest son succeeded him in the latter post, an appointment which he held till his death ten years later. The year 1764 saw the establishment of a Chair of Music at Trinity College, the first professor being Lord Mornington. It was maintained, however, for only ten

years, and eighty years were to elapse before it was subsequently revived. With the Union of 1801 came the disappearance of Dublin's importance as a capital city, and with it the end of an unreal and artificial state of affairs in which a nation whose own culture had been utterly and completely suppressed saw its capital become one of the leading centres in Europe of a musical activity which, though excellent in itself, was entirely divorced from the national life and tradition.

The founding of the Feis Ceoil in 1897 was the first real step towards restoring the cultivation of the art of music in Ireland; such, indeed, was the primary aim; and prize competitions in instrumental and vocal performance together with concerts are an integral part of the Festival. A further aim was to collect and preserve by publication the traditional songs and dance tunes of Ireland. The contribution of the Feis to the cultural development of a country so long bereft of its native artistic achievement cannot be over-estimated, and its importance in this regard is shown by the way it has become firmly established in the musical life of the nation. The names of Count John McCormack and Sir Hamilton Harty are a reminder too, that the Feis has been the starting-point of a musical career that has led to world-wide fame for many talented singers and performers.

It is clear that in the national renaissance, the schools of Ireland have a vital and indispensable part to play. As the "Programme of Instruction in Music for National Schools" published by the Irish Department of Education in 1926 pointed out, from the earliest times there has not been any "civilisation or system of education in which music is not of prime importance," for "it is at once a source and product of civilisation, and the most democratic and elemental of the arts." Training in music reading and choral work is thoroughly organised in Irish schools and Training Colleges; and with the revival of the national language, the heritage of traditional song in the language in which it was composed has been restored to the race. The Royal Irish Academy of Music, founded in the mid-nineteenth century by Joseph Robinson, is a teaching institution where tuition is given in all branches of the art of music; while at University level, as well as the Chair of Music at Trinity College, there are now professorships of music at two of the constituent colleges of the National University of Ireland.

To complete this short survey, it only remains to point out the high ideals that are to-day being pursued in Irish ecclesiastical music. At the Pro-Cathedral in Dublin, only Gregorian Chant and the music of the Golden Age of classical polyphony are performed; while all over Ireland, there has been a remarkable revival of interest in the ancient liturgical plainsong—so akin to the traditional melody of Ireland—to the spread of which, centuries ago, Irish monks so largely contributed. One has but to hear the fresh, young voices of Irish children upraised in this exquisite liturgical chant to feel that "here religion for the listener has perhaps for the first time in his life become audible."

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Ṣappúrūn an “m̄acalla”

(This essay is offered here as of possible interest to readers from the Leaside, who will need no introduction to “Ṣappúrūn an m̄acalla,” the “Echo-Boy,” who sells newspapers on the streets of Munster’s capital. It was written around St. Patrick’s Day nearly thirty years ago by a student of University College, Cork (who was later to become Editor of a London financial weekly) “The Statist,” and had the distinction of being reproduced in the revived an lócpam̄ in February, 1930. Unhappily, an lócpam̄ is no longer with us; we are indebted to the Director of the National Library of Ireland for supplying a photostat copy of the article which, it is felt, may evoke memories of the Cork of the early ’twenties. Ṣappúrūn an m̄acalla is still a feature of the Cork scene, but his lot, like that of others fortunate enough to remain at home, has changed for the better over the years).

Tá aithe aṣ ṣac éinne aip. Cíteap̄ m̄p ṣac aon áit é. Níl p̄ráo d̄á éagm̄uir. Ní poláip̄ nó cap̄ap̄ op̄t pém ṣac aon lá é. Map̄ pé tpeó ’na ngeobap̄i ná pé uap̄i an éluig at̄á am̄, bíom̄ pé ap̄ an mbócap̄i am̄ac̄ p̄om̄at. Aṣ d̄ul aṣ obap̄i d̄uit ap̄ marom̄, aṣ pilleat̄ ab̄aile d̄uit um̄ t̄p̄átnóna, aṣ p̄rároed̄ipeac̄t d̄uit ip̄t oróce, p̄iúo é aṣ f̄uip̄eac̄ leat̄ i ṣcom̄nuróe é. Uap̄ieanta ip̄ é d̄uime ip̄ mó a ṣcuip̄eá p̄áilte p̄om̄e é, aṣup̄ uap̄ieanta eile n̄íor̄ luṣa op̄t an p̄ioc ná é. Ac̄ ’pé an d̄uime céat̄ona i ṣcom̄nuróe é, ’na p̄éap̄am̄ am̄p̄r̄o óp̄ d̄o com̄ap̄i am̄ac̄ aṣup̄ é ṣo bagap̄eac̄ iap̄iatac̄, a lám̄ p̄inte am̄ac̄ aige éúṣat̄ aṣup̄ na p̄ocail céat̄ona aige d̄á p̄áo i ṣcom̄nuróe, ṣan p̄um̄ ná p̄p̄eip̄ i n-aon ṣnó eile ac̄ ’na ṣnó pém.

Cé hé pém? “Ṣappúrūn an m̄acalla” ṣan am̄p̄ap̄, Ṣappúrūn na bp̄áip̄eap̄i d̄o d̄íol ap̄ p̄rároeanap̄i na caṣp̄ac̄.

Ṣappúrūn ceit̄pe mblián n̄óeas ip̄ ead̄ é, aṣup̄ é beas b̄íoeac̄ t̄p̄iuc̄alta. Liobap̄i d̄e cap̄ip̄in ṣiobalac̄ p̄p̄mac̄ait̄e aip̄. Ṣan bp̄ós ná p̄toca aip̄ ac̄ é cop̄noct̄ait̄e i ṣcom̄nuróe. Nam̄cip̄iúip̄i nó b̄óna palac̄ pé ’na m̄um̄eal aige. Op̄iuc̄ an b̄áip̄ aip̄ aṣup̄ é ap̄ ep̄it̄ leip̄ na bp̄uac̄t. Toit̄in beas ṣup̄i d̄íoeall d̄o ṣp̄eim̄ d̄o com̄eádo aip̄i roip̄i a beólaib̄ aige. D̄ip̄t̄in páip̄eap̄i pé ’na ap̄ṣail aige aṣup̄ é ṣá bp̄ósap̄it̄ ó am̄ ṣo h-am̄ i n-áip̄o a éim̄ aṣup̄ a ṣoṣa.

P̄eac̄ aip̄i n̄óimeat̄ aṣup̄ p̄im̄n a d̄á p̄úl p̄ár̄ote ’pa bp̄eap̄i éuige ’na t̄p̄eó aṣup̄ am̄p̄an an d̄ob̄p̄ón aṣup̄ an d̄oilṣeap̄, nó an t-ácap̄ aṣup̄ an t̄p̄árt̄ac̄t d̄o p̄eip̄i map̄i éip̄iṣeann̄ leip̄. Tamall̄ p̄ada uar̄o mot̄uṣeann̄ pé an ceannur̄oe ip̄ d̄óiḡ leip̄. S̄iúo éuige é d̄e p̄it̄. Má d̄iúit̄uiḡṣeap̄i d̄o n̄íl uait̄ ac̄ p̄eac̄am̄t̄ ap̄i a aṣar̄o. Cúbann̄ pé éuige am̄ aṣup̄ ní cap̄beánann̄ pé an p̄eap̄ṣ ná an d̄íom̄b̄ár̄o. Ac̄ má ceannuiḡṣeap̄i uar̄o t̄eiḡeann̄ bur̄ócap̄i am̄ac̄ ó ’na ép̄or̄oe beas map̄i ip̄ ap̄i an méro a d̄íolann̄ pé a bíom̄n aṣ bp̄ac̄ ní hé am̄am̄ a d̄oṣú pém ac̄, ṣo m̄im̄ic, coṣú a m̄um̄nt̄ipe ’pa baile.

Ná bíod don píos dá mearbhall oir ac ír cnuaró an raogal é raogal an garrún rín. Ainveire, boctame, ocmar, dealbar agus cnuarótan aise amuis agus i mbaile. Agus an ceapó atá aise, bíonn iomaioct agus diancomórtar innce. Ír minic a leanann an míorac agus an gátar féin í. Ír cuma leir an ngarrún ran na bparéar coza ná ríotcáin. Bíonn pé beas beann ar ceactar aca. Ír fearr leir neite iongantaca neamcoitianta do tuitim amac. “Ír oic an gaoct ná péveann maic do dume éigin.” Má dúnmarbuisctear dume i n-áit éigin, má éirísteat amac i gcéin nó i gcómgar, ír cuma leir rín cao é an toirmeatc ná an cnuarótan a leanann a leicéirí, corogean ríao le n-a beacta féin do baint amac. “Molad gac éinne an t-áit mar a geobad.”

Someann agus domeann, bíonn pé as an gcúmne pé leic— an cúinne úo ír leir féin na donar—agus é as fuiric le fear na polaitiocta agus le fear na páir, as feiteam leir na hoibris- teoirí agus leir na ríparóirí. Ír cuma cao é an rašar dume tu—má’r dume atá ršurca díomáom féin tu—bíonn fáilte geal aise ríomac i gcómnurde. Šeao leir agus dealliam na pártacta agus dealliam na hainveire ar a gšaró bis náir nigeao b’féoir le reactmám.

Siúo é asac “šarrún an macalla.”

TOMÁS Ó NÍCEADÓ.

AN CUMANN SAEBHEALACH

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