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THE IRISH WORLD

EDITED BY P. S. O'HEGARTY

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WE therefore solemnly declare that our object is to establish a free and independent Republic in Ireland; that the pursuit of this object we will relinquish only with our lives; that we will never, but at the express call of our country, abandon our post till the acknowledgment of its independence is obtained from England; and that we will enter into no negotiation (but for exchange of prisoners) with the Government of that country while a British army remains in Ireland. Such is the declaration which we call on the people of Ireland to support.

"Countrymen of all descriptions, let us act with union and concert. All sects, Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian, are equally and indiscriminately embraced in the benevolence of your object. Repress, prevent, and discourage excesses, pillage, and intoxication. Let each man do his duty, and remember that during public agitation inaction becomes a crime. Be no other competition known than that of doing good. Remember against whom you fight—Your oppressors for six hundred years; remember their massacres, their tortures; remember your murdered friends, your burned houses, your violated females; keep in mind your country, to whom we are now giving her high rank among nations, and in the honest terror of feeling let us exclaim, that as in the hour of trial we serve this country, so may God serve us in that, which will be last of all."

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is the aim
and object
of

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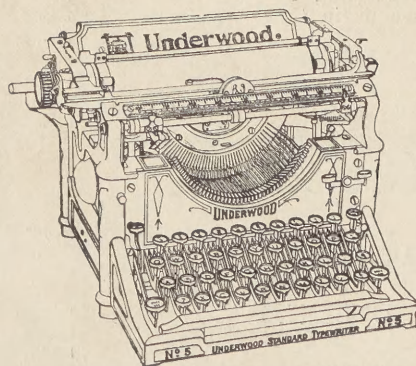
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See page 10.

Robt. Emmet, Esq.

GLÓR NA BFIANN



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Being a bilingual souvenir booklet issued by the Wolfe Tone Memorial
Committee in connection with, and containing, the Programme
of the Emmet Commemoration Concert at the Mansion
House, Dublin, March 4, 1919

Reamráð:

SEO cúgaib Glór na bFiann, tá púil
agam go dtaitneócaíó pé lib, má tá
sanna-cúipeact Gaedluinne i poinn na
litirdeacta ann, ní comárta é go bfuil
don dúil mhór ag Cuman um leact Duilf Teón
ra Deupla.

Tógfar pé ndeara go bfuil iact ar leictis
dá deanaí ag luét rtiúrta Ceoil Cuirim
Cuimne an Eimitig i mbliatna. leigead ar lár
an tabairt amac reo le cúpla bliadain toisg
an cuma corruigste a bí ar raozal na nGaedeal
act tá cornuga páir maíe dá deanaí anoir.

Tátar ag gearán go bfuil ceól, amháin,
sinne, agus teanga na héireann dá millead
ag luét rtiúrta cuirmeada ceoil i nÉirinn pé
cúram na gluairdeacta náiriúnta agus tá a lán
don ceart ran ngearán ran. Bíon cuid mhór
oraibúigil san maíe agáinn ar na hárdánaib
le goirio, níl éinne ag cuimneam ar
rtao an ceoil Gaedealaig, ná an órámuideact
Gaedealac act an oipead. Bíon rtao ag iarráio
an ruo a baineann gáire ar an tnat dúine, do
foláatar do san maíe amac ar don cor ar
uairleact ar scaiteam aimpire Gaedealaig
agus dá leantaoi de rin, ba geara a beimír
ag millead ceoil, agus amháin na héireann.

Cuirteamar rómáinn i mbliatna céim ar
agáio do deanaí, agus tabairt amac páir-
maíe Gaedealac do fearrao agus tá dócar

agáinn go dtaitneócaíó topta ar n-iarracta
leó ro a tiocfaio cun dozanta linn.

Ar beir cruinnigste duinn ag Ceól Cuirim
Cuimne an Eimitig ní bpaigmio san feucaint
riar ar an am atá caite, agus maíe amac a
deanaí ar báp ir beata laocra na Cárta,
abíod i bpeidil an gnóta reo poim an eirige
amac. Cairteam maíe amac ar éiríe an piar-
raig, agus geara míc Diarmada, agus na
Gaedil róganta eile atá ar plig na rir-
inne, com maíe leir an Eimiteac réin, agus
sac laoc mar é a tuit ra troio reo d'Éirinn.

Deunraio a leictio do maíe amac maíe ar
duinn, cuirpíó pé ríol na raoirre i gcroioitib
daoine, agus neartócaio an mipeac agus an
oileact i ndaoiuib eile. Cairteam feucaint
rómáinn amac leir, agus ar n-aighe do deanaí
ruar ar leanaímaíe don troio reo ar riudal
agáinn nó go mbainfeair amac d'Éirinn an
traoirre a ceartuis ó'n Eimiteac a bponad
uirte agus ná fuil aice fóp.

Ní hamáin raoirre do daoiuib amáin, atá de
dit oráinn, tá raoirre d'ár tteangain, d'ár
sceól, ir dár nduuntúirí réin uainn. Nápa
rtao uainn an trát, nuair a geobam aráio go
bfuil ran bainte amac agáinn.

Suab é ran mo gúide-re

—seán ó mairtíle.

The Triumph of Failure

"They never fail
Who die in a just cause
Their spirit walks abroad."

In her loneliness and sorrow, Ireland, neglected by all the world, neglected often by many of her own children, has at all times been passionately loved and faithfully served by some in each generation. Ireland in chains has not failed to draw to herself, in affection if not in service, the hearts of most of her children of any generation. No country has been more passionately loved, and to no people do the pangs of exile come more poignantly nor does exile itself succeed so ill in denationalising any people. "One in name and in fame are the sea-divided Gael," wrote D'Arcy McGee many years ago, and the truth of that may be inferred from the daily papers at present.

The history of the survival of the Irish Nation is the history of a succession of failures. From the hosting of Brian O'Neill to Downpatrick in 1260 to the hosting of Pearse and Tom Clarke to Dublin in 1916 there has been nothing but a steady succession of failures, and yet the Nation has survived only by virtue of these failures. It was the effort which mattered, and not the success or the failure, and so long as the idea of Ireland a Nation could inspire one man to the effort to fight for it and to the resolution to die for it, the Irish Nation has lived, lived as an ideal, and after all ideals are proving themselves to-day to be more potent than guns and bayonets. A long succession of failures only makes it certain that

eventually the cause for which they failed will be overwhelmingly strong. A man who fails, and dies for his failure, becomes at once formidable. His courage, and his passion, and his effort, all fall at once into the common heritage of his race, all go to swell the common armoury, and sooner or later that is bound to overwhelm any force against it.

To the early Irish the spirit world was as real as the physical world, and Oisín as familiar as the next-door neighbour. Something of that has persisted even down to the latest Irish generation. In the early consciousness of our race their heroes went for advice and for help to the earlier and dead heroes of their race. The poet seeking the Tain story summoned Feargus Mac Roigh from the grave, and in time of need even Lugh Lamh Fada himself came to help his people. Just think, readers, of the line of heroes up there that have been waiting to help Ireland, growing stronger every generation as they were added to. Failures all, but failures whose cumulative effect have given to this nation a resurrection, have fused into one whole the traditions of Oisín and of Emmet. Can you not envisage them, waiting in line, taut, expectant, speculating as each fresh arrival comes. "Have we enough now," until at length the answer comes, "We have enough." The latest failure has proved to be the winning failure.

Of all the failures, there has been none so potent a source of inspiration of more failures than Robert Emmet, the anniversary of whose

birth we celebrate. He, more than any, knew that eventually the victory would be with him and with us, and he, more than any, wished to demonstrate to those who should come after him that he did know. From the failure of his day he appealed to the success that he foresaw. "*When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then let my epitaph be written.*"

So be it.

In the meantime, we forget not.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

I.—DEATH

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

He is not dead who, scorning to be slave,
Found life unworthy living less than free;
Not dead who hath encompassed Liberty
Across the portals of a felon-grave.
'Tis they are dead who, fearing to be brave,
Suffer the galling chains of slavery;
But dead are they, and doubly dead who see
Freedom in death, and still the slave-life crave.

So living, he died, till, dying, he doubly lives,
Enshrined in hearts that in their living die,
Until with wondering gaze and bated breath
They see the dawning of a day that gives
To their dead hearts the life life did deny,
While death was life, and life a living death.

EDMUND B. FITZGERALD.

Belfast.

pilleadó na féinne.

Dá bpilleadó fionn Mac Cumhail go láirí
Laochta

A'r Orsair le n-a taob a'r Soll Mac Mórna,
Cairde an gníom do b'urur doib ra b'fóla
Nac féiríu liom nac féiríu leat do deanam?
Dá mb'ail leo cur i bpeiríu rean-óro na féinne-
Nac ionam a'sur ionat beaó a n'ócáir?
Dá mb'oll-néim ar an nóó buó geal leó c'ósáil
Nac mbeiríu lá ar lá go humáil a's uréim linn?

Sann rinn, an rluag, go raotrac raotrac calma.
Do ceipreadó glan ar fionn ar scár do leigear-
Ir ionainn féin an daoirre 'sur an traoirre,
Tá rearam f'óla pór ar buirín áro-anmann—
'Sé ceac na féinne dúinn: iadran d'adnab.
'Sé an bárr buad ir b'eadáta: bárr ar
n'óicill!

L. P. O'R.

The Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee desire to express their thanks to the writers who contributed the literary matter in this Clár, to Eoghain O Briain who designed the front cover, and to Mr. J. R. Reynolds, author of "Footprints of Emmet," who lent the blocks used in the Clár, as well as rendering other assistance.

The Ulster Question

WHEN Sinn Fein in December last nominated candidates for even those constituencies in East Ulster in which Unionism predominates, a new departure in electioneering was made. It is to be hoped, however, that the event had a deeper significance and that it marked the end of Nationalist indifference to what may be termed the Ulster question. Of all the crimes and blunders of the late Irish Party few were more serious than their adoption of an attitude which declared in effect that a large section of Irish territory and the majority of those inhabiting it were nationally beyond the pale. They made no serious effort to carry on any propaganda in the area which is the stronghold of Unionism; nor did they even trouble to assert Ireland's claim to it, as they might have done, by periodic electoral contests. They pretended amazement, however, when confronted with the Partition proposals which their own stupid negligence had invited, and, indeed, rendered inevitable. It is essential that the Republican Party shall face this Ulster problem without delay. Whatever the future may hold for this country—freedom, half-freedom, or rebuffs and renewed labour—it is certain that Ireland can no longer afford to leave a quarter of her people in alienation and ripe to serve as instruments of English policy or material for English intrigue.

In considering this matter it is well to remember that the present almost unanimous adherence to Unionism on the part of the Protestants of Ulster does not date very far back. In 1798, when they received in battle their national baptism of blood

and fire, at least half of them must have been on the side of Irish independence. Their relapse from the faith of freedom was, moreover, slow and gradual. More than half a century after the struggles at Ballynahinch and Antrim thousands of Ulster Protestants swore to fight and die for the establishment of an Irish Republic. We all know the story of the famous Green Lodge of Grey Abbey formed by the members of an Orange Lodge becoming Fenians *en masse*. Later still, when the hey-day of Fenianism was past, the late John Daly could find in a town like Newtownards a Circle of over a hundred members all, with one or two exceptions, Protestants. It is indeed only since the inception of the Parliamentary Home Rule movement that it has become impossible to find a considerable body of Ulster Protestants willing to fight side by side with the majority of their fellow-countrymen for Ireland's right.

A question at once arises as to the cause of this retrograde change, and it may be readily conceded that the effects of Parliamentary action had something to do with it. Under the Parliamentary regime Irish Nationalists endeavoured not to convince or conciliate those who were opposed to them, but merely to discredit them in the eyes of the British representatives and the British public. Thus a bitterness was maintained, which, as one side was mainly Catholic and the other mainly Protestant, tended inevitably to have a sectarian tinge and consequently to make for sectarian segregation in political affairs. But the fact that National feeling not only did not spread but actually decayed

amongst Irish Protestants was not due principally to Parliamentarianism. The prime reason why the Protestant Irishmen did remain true to Ireland was that Ireland as a whole began to abandon the essentials of nationality, and even the political ideals of nationality (witness the descent from Repeal to Home Rule and from Home Rule to Partition), it was but natural that the Ulster Protestants, whose absorption by the Irish nation was only beginning, should move on ahead to the goal of complete Anglicisation. To say that the decay of the Irish language and what that decay involved was the cause of the loss of National spirit amongst Protestants is not, however, to deny that the basis of Ulster Unionism is religious bigotry. The fact is that as Ireland gradually surrendered her ancient language and distinctive nationality nothing remained to counteract the influence of that sectarian rancour which England, through her patronage and her politicians, took care to maintain. During the whole of the 19th century Irish "Nationalists," generally speaking, were doing their utmost to become West Britons—to blame it on the National Schools or the British Government is absurd; it would seem that a nation like an individual may suffer temporary aberration. By degrees it came to appear that the historic Irish nation was doomed to disappear for ever and that Ireland was destined to be merely a Catholic province of the British Empire. As Irishmen became Anglicised, it seemed that the struggle between Ireland and England was one of religion, not the fight of an enslaved nation for freedom but the effort of a religious minority to secure control of a corner of Imperial territory. Ulster Protestants instinctively sided with the majority to which they belonged.

Even if the late Parliamentary Party had done their duty and tried to win over our Unionist fellow-countrymen, it would have been impossible for them to have achieved anything but a very moderate degree of success. Their efforts would have been rendered futile by the continued progress of Anglicisation. Now, however, circumstances have changed. We have seen a national re-birth. Provincialism is rejected. The people are determined on a full recovery of nationality and national liberty. The way is clear for an attempt to break down the barriers of bigotry and mistrust and to unite Catholic and Protestant in loyalty to their common motherland. Prejudice and ignorance are not unconquerable. A persistent and intelligent effort alone is required. We have, indeed, evidence that the Ulster Protestant is not unchangeable in the fact that in the past, without the help of any propaganda, and under unfavourable circumstances, there has always been a trickle of Protestants into the national ranks. Of course the number coming over has been very small. But, then, of those who at one time or another develop national sympathies only a small proportion take the decisive step of entering the national movement. This is due to the fact that there is nowhere a solid body of Protestant Nationalists amongst whom the political convert might find friends who had been through the same mill as himself and who would sympathise with him in his difficulties. It must not be forgotten that a man or woman bred amid the manifold suspicions of Ulster bigotry does not get rid of them in a day, and that to join what passes for a wholly Catholic society seems a very daring thing to do. I remember that when I first joined the Gaelic League I took particular care not to tell anyone I was a Protestant

lest I should be expelled! I should have had far less difficulty about joining if it had been possible for me to be assured that there were large numbers of Protestants in the League. In the same way there are thousands of Ulstermen who would at one time or another have entered the national ranks if there had been a substantial body of Protestants there already. Personally I have no doubt and have never had a doubt that a suitable propaganda would soon bring over so many Protestants that becoming declared Nationalists would cease to be looked upon as a desperate and almost scandalous proceeding. I do not entertain the illusion that success would be easy and rapid. I know that the task would be a difficult and tedious one; but I am convinced that five years' work would give such results as to leave no doubt about the possibility of complete success. All the usual means of propaganda should be employed—papers, pamphlets, plays, speeches. And, on the negative side, Republican leaders should take care not to commit themselves to anything reactionary in the way of economic policy nor to lend countenance to any sort of politico-sectarian society such as the Hibernians.

There are many things to be done at present, and whatever the future may bring, an immense mass of work lies before us. But it seems to me that there are few things more important or necessary than to put an end to the alienation from the National cause of a million Irish-born men and women, of a stock settled in this country for three hundred years and not differing substantially in blood from any other part of the population.

EARNAN DE BLAGHD.

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 Ćagan ar şaoit pot-uair;
 'S cuşair-pe riar ba mian lem' Ćroide
 ŞluairĆĆ şan moill ar Ćuair.

Anrĭo rĆ-riar beaĆ briacra rĆmairn
 ĆairĆĆ an bĆon dem' Ćroide
 Ća beap an biaĆ, tob rĆal an r-ol
 'S rairpe de'n Ćeol rĆ-binn.

Cuirim ar şaoit mo şuide-pe riar,
 Orair a rĆial Ćar rair';
 'S cuirĭo Ć Ćroide beağ şuide aniar
 Or aşair ip rĆal acair.

ŞileacĆ on nrĆin ip şle anrĭo,
 'S ip şle ann rĆrĆĆ ar bĆn;
 Ac Ća rĆile na mbĆ Ćom şle leo rĭo,
 'S ip rĆanmar rĭğac a nrĆĆ.

Şioc an Şeirĭo i rĆir na nşaebeal
 Tob rĆair liom rĆin şo mĆr,
 NĆ rĆar ra rĆir mar bĆm şan rĆan,
 Am' rĭacĆĆ i mbĆal a bĆon.

Lorğa LiacĆĆn.

Davis—and Ourselves

THE greatest National need in the Ireland of to-day is that the people should know something about Ireland. So many thousands know nothing. So many hundreds of thousands know nothing. They are Sinn Feiners, Republicans, Physical Force men—anything you wish, but they know nothing or next to nothing about Ireland. They will probably know who Mitchel was, though they will not have read him; they will neither know nor have read James Fintan Lalor. They will have heard of Wolfe Tone and have loved him but not enough to read his autobiography. They will reverence Davis with that nicety of restraint which saves them from paying any attention to his advice to them, "Educate that you may be free," urged Davis over fifty years ago. For all our progress, for all the resharpened keenness of our national consciousness, Davis's advice still remains that most needing obedience.

It is now to us a shameful memory that we—the Irish people—for twenty years yearned and strove and toiled to make our subjection easy. To-day we are all keenly alive to the difference between Home Rule and Independence. We realise that Home Rule is national insult and its acceptance national betrayal. We realise that Independence is the only settlement we can honourably ask for and accept. To-day all that is as distinct to our minds as are the colours of our flag. But clear as it is, what are we doing to guard against another twenty years of aimless and unashamed national wanderings in the deserts

of compromise? It was no fault of the people's heart that Home Rule became the ambition of a proud and ancient nation. The fault was rather in the people's head. They were unwise. They knew nothing, or, what is worse, they knew very little of their own nation or of its story. They admired Davis but had forgotten his phrase. So they followed Parnell, and Redmond, and Dillon. Not they but WE. *We* followed Redmond. Years after that leader had deserted the only honourable national claim we followed him still. We had not noticed his betrayal. National ignorance would go no further. We had not noticed. That is the tragedy and the shame Pearse died to expiate. Redmond's failure was the mistaken act of one man. It had no importance in itself. It was the submission—aye, the approval—of the people which made for calamity and disaster and finally for revolt. Ten years after all vestige of nationality had gone out of the members of the Irish Party, had gone out even of their public programme, the rank and file of the nation still feted them, loved them, trampled into the earth all those who would speak truth of them.

Why are these bitter things being said? Why tear off the cloth that is clotted to our wounds, exposing them, renewing them? Because we have applied no ointment to our wounds. A cloth may hide them but the festering goes on beneath. Davis said—never forget what Davis said—"Educate that you may be free." Until

we obey Davis we are facing deliberately towards the Valley of Shadows, and the shame that has been ours will be ours again. It is necessary to say hard and painful things. As long as we remain as ignorant of our own nation as we are now so long are we tempting our leaders to betray us. Because we will not learn we expect them to furnish us with freedom in a few days. Because we will not learn we leave them the sole arbiters of what is good for the nation, of what conforms to the nation's history. Because we will not learn they know us to be ready to follow the man in mistake for the movement. Naturally they are enticed into easy courses, they call domination freedom and they bring us domination and—there is another rising. Then again we shall realise the difference between Home Rule and Independence; but again it will only be for a time. Tragedy after tragedy is in store for the Irish people, is being invited by the Irish people, is being made certain by the Irish people, until they remember and act upon what Davis said—the mighty thing Davis said, “Educate that you may be free.”

When the people shall have taken Davis and his advice really into their hearts, when they shall have strengthened their desire for freedom with a knowledge of the past and a preparedness for the future, when they will have the language of the nation on their lips, the story of the nation in their hearts, the lessons of the past of the nation ever present to their minds, then those who now look into the coming years with anxious brow may rejoice in that calm pride which the certainty of the early triumph of truth brings with it. When the people are armed with knowledge

as well as with love and courage there is invincibility in their strength and eternal life in their spirit.

PROINNSIAS O'GALLCOBAIN.

II.—GLORY

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

Awake, brothers, awake! A clarion voice
Trumpets the ancient challenge down the
halls

Of time and destiny. Who mans the walls?
Who stands i' the breach, and scorns the rabble
noise

Of alien hosts converging? Who will poise
The flaming dart? Whose halberd crashing
falls

And strikes the foe to earth? The clarion calls,
And echo thunders back the hero's choice.

The North to the walls; and trusty Southern steel
To cleave the opposing ranks, nor give them
rest;

The East to the breach, undaunted 'mid the
sea

Of phalanxed lines on-surgings. Lo! they reel,
They bend, they break, they flee! Up! Men
o' the West,

And smite, smite, smite! Ireland and
Liberty!

EDMUND B. FITZGERALD.

Belfast.

Sean Mac Diarmada

CEOLCHUIRM Cuimhneacháin Riobárd Emmet! Mo léir! Is mó cuimhne suaice agus is mó cuimhne duaire a ritheann chun m'aigneadh nuair a chloisim na focail úd. Is mó sáirfhear groidhe a chuireann sé i gcuimhne dhom a b'í go treun brioghmhar cheithre bhliad'na ó shin agus atá anois ag tabhairt an fheir. Is mó fear ceannsa gradhmhar a chuireann se i gcuimhne dhom a bhí ag taisteal sráideanna Bhaile Atha Cliath ar a thoil féin go haoibhinn gealgháiriteach an trath úd agus atá anois i ngéibhinn fé bholtaí cruadh-iarainn i nEirinn nó i Sasana. Cuireann sé Tomás O Cléirigh i gcuimhne dhom. Cuireann sé an Píarsach i gcuimhne dhom. Cuireann sé Seán Mac Gádhra i gcuimhne dhom; agus, thar gach duine eile, cuireann sé Seán Mac Diarmada i gcuimhne dhom.

Seán díleas dána! An chara dob fhearr dá raibh riamh agam. An t-óigfhear árdmheanmnach do thug a shaoghal ag obair ar son saoirse na hEireann, gan staonadh ná stríocadh, i bhfios agus i gan fhios don tsluagh. Is cúis morala dhom e bheith le radh agam go mbínn mór le Seán fadó. Aithgheinn Riobáird Emmet abeadh é ar shlightibh agus is mór an chailleamhaint d'Eirinn gan Seán aguinn anois chun cúrsaí saoirse na hEireann do sheoladh ar a leas le na chomhairle ciallmhair agus le na éirim aigne.

“Sin sínté i n-eug an saoirfhear treun
Ba dhílse méinn is meón
An ghaois gan béim, an intinn faobhair,
An croidhe nár thaobhuigh gó.”

Is cuimhin liom bliadhain desna bliadhantaibh—tuairim sé bliadhna ó shin—go dtug Seán an “oráid” uaidh ag Ceolchuirm an Emmetigh. Thug sé cúntas cruinn ar iarracht Riobárd Emmet chun greinn fhagháilt ar Bhaile Atha Claith. Is beag a shíl na daoine a bhí ag éisteacht leis gur Emmet eile a bhí ag cainnt leo. Is beag a shíleadar gur gearr go bhfeicfí i n-a gcaithair féin eachtraí dob iongantaí agus ba mhó le rádh ná iarracht an Emmetigh. Is beag a shíleadar go dtabharfaí fogha eile fén rud ceudna do d'eumamh agus go n-éireóchadh linn níos feárr ná mar éirigh le Riobárd Emmet agus a chullacht.

Im thaobh-sa dhe, is beag a chíleas an uair sin go raibh an caothamhlacht chum buille bhualadh ar son na hEireann ag druidim chomh dlúth son linn. Bhí droch-dheallram ar fad ar chúrsaí saoirse na hEireann an uair sin. Isé shamhlóchadh éinne, ná, go raibh formhór Muinntire na hEireann tuirseach den troid, agus nár mhiste leo “Leogaint dó,” agus claoidhe leis an daoirse. Ach is giorra cabhair Dé ná an dorus.

Bhí cuirm cheoil eile ann in-a dhiadh son—an Ceolchuirm Cuimhneacháin ba dheunaighe bhí againn. San mbliadhan, 1916, a bhí sí ar siubhul agus Seán Mac Diarmada a bhí i gceannus an chuinnighthe. Ach bhí atharrach saoghail ann, agus bhí malairt deallraimh ar an sceul. Bhí dóchus ann. AGUS BHI NA HOGLAIGH ANN. Bhí dóchus nar gcroidhthibh agus súil le saoirse. Bhíomair ann i n-arm 's i n-eideadh, ag feitheamh leis an bhfocal.

Bhí fhios ag cuid aguinne gur géarr go gcloisfí an focail agus go mbeadh an púdar dá chaitheamh ag Feadhainn Atha Cliath.

Do labhair Seán an oidhche úd agus do thracht sé ar an gcosarbolg a bhí dá dheunamh orainn ag camthaí na nGall le lámh laidir agus ar an mbagairt a bhí aca dá dheunamh orainn. “ Má scaoilid siad a saighdiúirí chughainn,” ar seisean agus faobhar ar a ghuth, “ cifear fuil na saighdiúirí Gallda na slaodaibh ar leacaibh sráideanna Bhaile Atha Cliath febh mar do bhí fuil Riobáird Emmet breis is ceud bliadhain ó sin.”

Chuir an lucht eisteachta liúgh asta nuair a chualadar an chainnt. Bfhior do Seán é. Ní raibh sé ach mí na dhiadh son nuair do chonnac féin fuil na saighdiúirí Gallda ar Leacaibh Sráide de Shráideanna, Bhaile Atha Cliath. Agus tá rian ar Eirinn anois. Do fógraíodhadh Saorstat Eireann Seachtain na Cásca, 1916. Tá Muinntir na hEireann go léir tar éis toiliú chuige anois. Agus is follus on gcainnt seo a mhéid maítheas a d’ein ceolchuirmeacha cuimhneacháin an Emmetigh fad ó. Cuimhne na sean-laochradh do sprioc laochradh na haimsire nuaidhe chun gníomhartha gaisce dheunamh. Is fearrde sinn cuimne Riobáird Emmet do bhuanu agus do chimeád i n-ár n-aighe. Agus is fearrde sinn cuimhne Sheáin Mic Dhiarmuda, do lean a lorg, do buaná agus do chimeád i n-ár n-aighe.

PIARAS BEASLAI.



THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE

(Read at the Emmet Centennial at Boston, March 4th, 1878.)

By JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

To be recited by MAIRE NI SIUBHLAIGH.

I.

Tear down the crape from the column! Let the shaft stand white and fair!

Be silent the wailing music—there is no death in the air!

We come not in plaint or sorrow—no tears may dim our sight:

We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared to write.

Come hither with glowing faces, the sire, the youth, and the child;

This grave is a shrine for reverent hearts and hands that are undefiled:

Its ashes are inspiration; it giveth ús strength to bear,

And sweepeth away dissension, and nerveth the will to dare.

In the midst of the tombs a Gravestone—and written thereon no word!

And behold! at the head of the grave, a gibbet, a torch, and a sword!

For the people kneel by the gibbet, and pray by the nameless stone

For the torch to be lit, and the name to be writ, and the sword's red work to be done!

II.

With pride and not with grief

We lay this century leaf

Upon the tomb, with hearts that do not falter:

A few brief, toiling years

Since fell the nation's tears,
 And lo, the patriot's gibbet is an altar.
 The people that are blest
 Have him they love the best
 To mount the martyr's scaffold when they need
 him;
 And vain the cords that bind
 While the nation's steadfast mind,
 Like the needle to the pole is true to freedom!

III.

Richest of gifts to a nation! Death with the
 living crown!
 Type of the ideal manhood to the people's heart
 brought down!
 Fount of the hopes we cherish—test of the things
 we do;
 Gorgon's face for the traitor—talisman for the
 true!

Sweet is the love of a woman, and sweet is the
 kiss of a child,
 Sweet is the tender strength, and the bravery of
 the mild;
 But sweeter than all, for embracing all, is the
 young life's peerless price—
 The young heart laid on the altar, as a nation's
 sacrifice.

How can the debt be cancelled? Prayers and
 tears we may give—
 But how recall the anguish of hearts that have
 ceased to live?
 Flushed with the pride of genius—filled with the
 strength of life—
 Thrilled with delicious passion for her who would
 be his wife—

This was the heart he offered—the upright life
 he gave—
 This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless
 grave.
 Shrine of a nation's honour—stone left blank for
 a name—
 Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from
 shame
 Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us
 what can save—
 "A nation among the nations" or forever a
 nameless grave.
 Such is the will of the martyr—the burden we
 still must bear;
 But ever from death he reaches the legacy to
 share—
 He teaches the secret of manhood—the watch-
 word of those who aspire—
 That men must follow freedom though it lead
 through blood and fire;
 That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freemen
 still must quaff—
 That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph.

Ceannuig agus léig

"FÁINNE AN LAE"

Páipéar Connrad na Saediltse

PIARAS BÉASLAÍ :: An Fear Eagair

"ARBOUR HILL"

By ROBERT EMMET.

To be recited by MAIRE NIC SIUBHLAIGH.

- "No rising column marks this spot,
Where many a victim lies;
But, oh! the blood which here has streamed
To Heaven for justice cries.
- "It claims it on the oppressor's head
Who joys in human woe,
Who drinks the tears by misery shed,
And mocks them as they flow.
- "It claims it on the callous judge,
Whose hands in blood are dyed,
Who arms injustice with the sword,
The balance throws aside.
- "It claims it for his ruined isle,
Her wretched children's grave:
Where withered freedom droops her head,
And man exists—a slave.
- "Oh, Sacred Justice, free this land
From tyranny abhorred;
Resume thy balance and thy seat,
Resume—but sheath, thy sword.
- "No retribution should we seek—
Too long has horror reigned;
By Mercy marked may Freedom rise,
By Cruelty unstained.
- "Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
With those our martyred dead;
This is the place where Erin's sons
In Erin's cause have bled.

"And those who here are laid to rest,
Oh, hallowed be each name;
Their memories are for ever blest—
Consigned to endless fame.

"Unconsecrated is this ground,
Unblessed by holy hands;
No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
No monument here stands.

"But here the patriot's tears are shed,
The poor man's blessing given;
These consecrate the virtuous dead,
These waft their fame to heaven."

"WHO FEARS TO SPEAK?"

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
The enemy of Ireland's fears!
For Ireland undegenerate
Keeps yet the spirit of old years;
He sees, in visions of the night,
A nation arming for the right.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
Not he who hates a poisonous peace;
For while the days of triumph wait,
And till the days of sorrow cease,
He, with the Lord of Hosts his friend,
Will fight for Ireland to the end.

Let sword cross sword, or thought meet thought;
One fire of battle thrills them both.
Deliverance only can be wrought
By warfare without stay or sloth;
And by your prayers at Heaven's high gate,
True hearts that beat in Ninety-Eight!"

LIONEL JOHNSON.

PART I.

PROGRAMME

1. Selection "The Shamrock."
THE HARMONIC STRING BAND.
2. Songs.....(a) "O Breathe Not His Name."
(b) "The Wine Cup is Sparkling."
THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.
3. Ceól Saeðeatac
ARTHUR DARLEY.
4. Amhrán "A Spailpín a Rún."
Máirín Ní Séagúda.
5. Songs.....(a) "Avenging and Bright."
(b) "The Gentle Maiden."
MR. FRANK MULLINGS.
6. Rinncce..... "The Fox Hunters' Jig."
J. HALPIN.
7. Amhrán "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus."
Catal Ó Drom.
8. Songs...(a) "When He Who Adores Thee."
(b) "Amhrán an Earraigh."
MISS VIOLET GORE.
9. Song..... "My Dark Rosaleen."
MISS JOAN BURKE.
10. Recitations.....(a) "The Patriot's Grave."
(b) "Arbour Hill."
Máire Nic Shiublaigh.
11. Rinncce Hornpipe.
Seán Ó Nuanáin.
12. Amhrán(a) "My Grave."
(b) "Sgeúl m-'Achtair."
GERARD CROFTS.
13. Songs.....(a) "Our Faith."
(b) "The Battle Hymn."
A. DUNNE.
14. Ceól Saeðeatac (Harp).
TERESA MCCORMACK.
15. Rinncce..... "Corr Ceathrair."
Leanbuidé na gCúis gCúisí.
16. Ceól Saeðeatac Fianna Pipers.
..... ORATION.

PROGRAMME

PART II.

16a. Selection....."The Lily of Killarney."
THE HARMONIC STRING BAND.

17. Amhrán....."Caraò an tSugáin."
NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

18. Amhrán...(a) "Jimmy mo Míle Stóir."
(b) "At the Dead Hour of Night."
MISS MAY MORTELL.

19. Songs.....(a) "Follow me up to Carlow."
(b) "The Ballinure Ballad."
MRS. FAY SARGEANT.

20. Rinnce....."Double Reel."
J. HALPIN.

21. Songs.....(a) "Ireland's Marching Song."
(b) "For the Green."
J. BEGLEY.

22. Aitir.
Dianar Déarlai, T.O.E.

23. Songs.....(a) She is far from the Land."
(b) "Drink to me only with
thine Eyes."

MR. FRANK MULLINGS.

24. Rinnce Jig.
Seán Ó Nuánáin.

25. Amhrán....."Cáit ní Óuibir."
Máirín ní Séagóla.

26. Song "O'Donnell Aboo."
MISS JOAN BURKE.

27. Amhrán..... Suar leir an nSaeóilg."
Seán Ó Muiréite.

28. Rinnce....."Port Ceatrain."
Leandúir na gCúig gCúigí.

29. Amhrán "Lament for Patrick Sarsfield."
Caitat O Dpoin.

30. Ceól Saeóealac.
FIANNA PIPERS.

Accompanists:—M. LYNCH; J. CROFTS.

SOME OF THE SONGS.

PART I.

Selection: THE HARMONIC STRING BAND.

"The Shamrock."

Songs: THE NATIONAL CHORAL
SOCIETY.

(a) "O Breathe Not His Name."

(C. V. Stanford.)

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his
head.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps.
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he
sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Amhrán mairín ní séasda.

a spailpín a riúin.

A Spailpín, a riúin, de beata-ra cuḡainn,
Nú cá'n bainir an rógmar com luat-ro?
Dá mbéad fíor agam féin cá'n coḡlaír aréir
Da ḡairiríom liom do béal do pógad.
A caite buirde cróin níor mílir liom do póg,
A'r ní ḡlacfainn céad bó mar rppé leat,
A'r go mbreapra liom-ra póg ó cailín beas ós
Ná a bfuil agat an bóirí an tpleib 'muig.

A Spailpín a rḡoir, fan rḡoir go fóit
Go bḡasat-ra mo carḡir ip mo éḡca
Mo bḡosa rál bāta 'ḡur búclāi an fairinn
'S go veimín duit go mbogḡad an rḡo leat.
Ó do raḡainn leat go Cairéal 'r go Cluain
geat Meata,
A'r go Carrāis na Siúirḡe tar m'eólar,
A'r go bḡas 'n fairí a mairḡeas ní fillḡad
abaile
'S ip cuma cé bainḡirí an eóirna.

Songs: Mr. FRANK MULLINGS.

(a) "Avenging and Bright."

(Moore.)

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!
For ev'ry fond eye which he waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her
blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them! No joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness
fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our
affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

(b) "The Gentle Maiden."

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.

Amhrán

CAÍTAL O BROM.

"Billy Byrne of Ballymanus."

Billy Byrne of Ballymanus was a man of high renown,
He was tried in Wicklow Courthouse for treason to
the Crown;
He was hanged in Dublin City by the cruel Saxon
Yoes,
That day they sold our leader to his country's bitter
foes.

And when the trial did come on, these traitors did
explain
'Twas he that led the pikemen on Arklow's bloody
plain;
'Twas he that worked the cannon and precious blood
did spill,
And on that day at Wexford town three Saxon Yoes
did kill.

Where are you now, Mat Davis, an' why, now, don't
you come
To prosecute poor Billy Byrne, who now lies in
Rathdrum?

Oh, the devil has you on his spit, repentin' for your
sin,
In seas of fire an' brimstone an' sulphur to your
chin.

When the devil saw Mat comin', he sang a merry
song,
An' as he stirred the brimstone up, cried: "What
kept you so long?
An' where is Croppy Biddy, an' what keeps Dixon,
too?
For I've a corner on the hob for them as well as you."

Billy Byrne of Ballymanus now moulders in the tomb,
In Erin's grand old cause he fought, and for it met
his doom;
May the Lord have mercy on him, and all such men
as he,
Who fought the fight for Ireland's Right, and died for
Liberty.

Songs:

Miss VIOLET GORE.

(a) "When He Who Adores Thee."

(Moore.)

When he who adores you has left but the name
Of his faults and his sorrows behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned.
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall deface their decree;
For Heav'n can witness, tho' guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

(b) "Amhran an Earraigh."

I.

Go ciuin tig anal dil an Earraigh,
Thar magh'raibh mine sgoth as blath,
O chodla trom ta'n Domhan an Eirighe,
'S tiocfaidh 'ris an Samhradh samh,
'S tiocfaidh 'ris an Samhradh samh,
'S tiocfaidh 'ris an Samhradh samh.
As feadh dubh leathadh ceo a's anfa cualadh
Gutha binn 'na n-eun,
Airis beidh gleann a's coillte ceolmhar,
A's seinfidh londubh laoi gan leun,
An laoi gan leun, Ah—ah—ah—as—
Airis beidh gleann a's coillte ceolmhar,
A's seinfidh lon-dubh laoi gan leun.

II.

Feuc ar solus glan na greinne,
Ag dealrugh shiabh a's magh le h-or,
'S an min shruth gaireach glorach, greannmhar,
Ag rinne sios tre bruachaibh feoir,
Rinnc sios tre bruachaibh feoir,
Rinnc sios tre bruachaibh feoir,
Do chanan lundubh dilish domhsa,
A laoihibh earraigh min fado
'S measaim nuair a chidim blatha,
Go dtiocfaidh 'ris an lundubh leo,
An lundubh leo. Ah!—ah!—ah!—ah!—ah!—
'S measaim nuair a chidim blatha,
Go dtiocfaidh 'ris an lundubh leo.

Song: Miss JOAN BURKE.
"My Dark Rosaleen."

(From the Irish by James Clarence Mangan)
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 Dark Rosaleen!
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 morn,
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, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have a 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 Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

Amhrán

GERARD CROFTS.

(a) "My Grave."

Shall they bury me in the deep
Where wind forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the greenwood tree,
Or on the wild heath
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! Oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore,
Yet not there nor in Greece, though I love it more
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse on the battle mound
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so,
Oh, no! Oh, no! No.

On an Irish green hillside,
On an opening lawn, but not too wide,
For I love the drip of the wetted trees;
I love not the gale, but a gentle breeze
To freshen the turf. Put no tombstone there
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind:
"He served his country and loved his kind."
Oh, 'twere merry unto the grave to go
If one were sure to be buried so.

(b) SGEAL M'ACHAR.

'Sé veir m'achair, go bfuil Éire faoi ghéarmacht
As méirliúib tar páile a tiseann anall
Go bfuil fíor ríocht na nGaeleal as géilleadh
le ruda dóib.
San buille do bualadh áit fuil rtín go las
Ír é veir m'achair nac amlaí do bí an cáir
I nÉirinn faoi nuair a tiseadh na Saill.
Áit sairsiúite ír tréimhín le saete ír le
claiúmte
As ionnruide a namad san tuirpre san ríad.
Níl fíor agam féin é an fíor é nó bréas é
Áit rin é an ríeal marí a n-abhann mo dáio.

Ír maríis san mé fáirta so leice ír go láirín
So mbreathneócaínn an cáir ír go breicfínn
maríatá
Mé féin 'sur mo teardara ír ríadmaoir í
rparín leó.
So ríadgreamaoir na Saill reo le claiúeam
'sur le gá
Do léis mé féin ríeala ar Urian Mór ríis
Éireann
So deachair ré le céad fear le loclannaíúib a
pléide,
Sur maríú ré na céadta ír ríadís ré go léiríad.
Mac matar de na méirliúib cáir fás ré 'na deir
Níl fíor agam féin é an fíor é nó bréas é
Áit rin é an ríeal muna clir oim a léis'.

Songs :

A. DUNNE.

(a) "Our Faith."

(Words and Music by Countess Markievicz.)

We are ready to fight for the land we love,
Be the chances great or small.
We are ready to die for the flag above
Were the chances nothing at all.

We have sworn by prison and torture and death,
By the faith of Emmet and Tone,
By the martyr men of our noble race,
By the peaceful days that are gone.

That to Ireland's cause we'll devote our lives,
That we'll stand where our forbears stood,
That as Ireland's soldiers we'll live and die
In ranks with the men of our blood.

An injury done to one of our bond
Is an injury done to all;
Shoulder to shoulder we take our stand,
Together we fight or fall.

Our Leader we trust, for we know full well
Our honour is safe in his hand.
Each comrade would follow his pal to hell,
Fulfilling friendship's demands.

So we're waiting till somebody gives us the lead
That sends us to freedom or death;
As freemen defiant we'd sooner fall
Than be slaves to our dying breath.

(b) "The Battle Hymn."

(George Sigerson, M.D.)

The foe, the foe's advancing,
Behold his banners dancing,
His glaives, like fire, glancing—
The wolves of battle call
He comes with shout insulting,
But we, our hearts exulting,
Are ready, Isle of Freedom?
To fight, to fall.

They'll sing of us in story,
Who, true in tumult gory,
Upraised thy Crown of Glory,
To Heaven's ramparts high:
For thee we scorn the scoffer,
For thee our swords we proffer,
For thee our blood we offer,
Gladly we die.

PART II.

Amhrán NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.
CASAÓ AN TSÚGÁIN.

I

MÁ BÍON TÚ LIOM, BÍ LIOM, A GHAIRÍO GIL MO ÉROIÐE
MÁ BÍON TÚ LIOM, BÍ LIOM, DE LÓ AGUR O'OIÐÉ,
MÁ BÍON TÚ LIOM, BÍ LIOM, GAC ÓRLAC IN DO
ÉROIÐE,
Seo mo léan, ir mo lom, nac liom tráchnóna tú
mar mnaoi.

II

A' GCUIN TÚ MÉ? A GÍOLLA ATÁ AS IARRAÍO
GHAIRÍO,
PILL ABAILE AIRÍR AGUR FAN BLIAÓAN EILE MAR
TÁIR,
DO TÁINIS MÉ IPTÉAC I OTEAC, A PAIB GHÁO GEAR
MO CLÉIB.
IR CUIN AN CAILLEAC AMAC AR CAPAÓ AN TRÚGAIN
MÉ.

Amhrán

Miss MAY MORTELL.

(A) JIMMY MO MÍLE STÓR.

IR BLIAÓAN UM OTEACA RO O'IMTÍG UAIM GHÁO MO
CLÉIB
NÍ TIOCFAÍO RÉ ABAILE GO OTEADAIRÍO RÉ CÚPPA
'N TRAOGAIL
NUAIR A TIOCFAÍO RÉ ABAILE LE FUIINGIN RÓ-ÁRO
N-A COMAIR
CÓIMPEOCHAO LE MÍL É RÉ JIMMY MO MÍLE RTÓIR.
BÍDEANN M'ÁDAIR 'R MO MÁDAIR AS BEARRAO 'R
AS BRUIÓIN LIOM RÉIN,
TÁIM GIUPAIGTE CIAPAIGTE PIUCAIGTE CPAÍOTE
AM' FAOGAIL
TUS MÉ TAITNEAM DO'N DUIN' ÚO BUO GILE 'R
DOB' ÁILE RHO
A'R CHAÍO RÉ AR BÓRO LUINSE RÉ JIMMY MO MÍLE
RTÓIR.

(b) "At the Dead Hour of Night."

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping,
I fly
To that lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in
thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the regions
of air
To re-visit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to
me there
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.
Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such rapture
to hear
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one
on the ear,
And as echo, far off o'er the plain my sad orison
rolls,
I think, oh, my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom
of Souls
Faintly answering back the notes that once were so
dear.

Songs: Miss FAY SARGEANT.

(a) "Follow me up to Carlow."

(By P. J. McCall.)

Lift, MacCahir Og, your face,
Brooding o'er the old disgrace,
That Black FitzWilliam stormed your place
And drove ye to the fern.
Grey said: "Victory now is sure,
Soon 'the firebrand' we'll secure,"
Until he met in Glenmamuir,
Feach McHugh O'Beirne.

Chorus:

Curse and swear, Lord Kildare,
Feach will do what Feach will dare,
Now, Fitzwilliam, have a care,
Fallen is your star, low,
Up with halberd! out with sword!
On we go—for by the Lord,
Feach McHugh has given the word,
"Follow me up to Carlow!"

See, the swords of Glennamael,
Flashing o'er the Saxon pale;
See, the children of the Gael,
Beneath O'Beirne's banner,
Roosters of a fighting stock,
Would ye let a Saxon cock
Crow upon an Irish rock?
Fly up, and teach him manners!

Chorus.

From Tassaggaret to Clonmore,
Flows a stream of Saxon gore,
Great is Rory Og O'More
At sending loons to Hades.
Grey is sick and White is fled,
Now for Black FitzWilliam's head!
We'll send it over dripping red,
To Liza and her ladies.

Chorus.

(b) The Ballinure Ballad.

As I was going to Ballinure, the day I well remember,
For to view the lads and lassies, on the fifth day of
November;

With a maring-a-doo-a-day,

With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-o.

As I was going along the road, as homeward I was
walking,

I heard a wee lad behind a hedge to his wee lass
a-talking,

With a maring-a-doo-a-day,

With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-o.

Said the wee lad to the wee lass: "Will ye let me
kiss you?"

For 'tis I have got the cordial eye that far exceeds
the whiskey,"

With a maring-a-doo-a-day,

With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-o.

This cordial that ye talk about, there's very few of
them gets it,

For it's nothing now but muslin gowns and crooked
combs can catch it,

With a maring-a-doo-a-day,

With a maring-a-doo-a-daddy-o.

Songs :

J. BEGLEY.

(a) "Ireland's Marching Song."

("Fintan.")

Onward we march, as marched the men of Erin,
Sons of the Gael that faced the Norman pride;
Clans of the West, O'Connor's banner rearing,
Faithful and few that bravely fought and died.

Refrain :

Erin, our Queen! for thee we raise the chorus,
On thro' the dawn till rises up thy sun;
White, gold and green thy banner waves before us
Dark Rosaleen, until the day is won.

Onward we march! their spirits float around us,
Heroes of old that loved our Rosaleen;
Ours be their hands to break the chains that
bound us,
Ours be their hearts of love for thee, our Queen.

(b) "For the Green."

(Herman Lalor.)

Do you remember long ago, Kathleen,
When your lover whispered low
Shall I stay or shall I go, Kathleen,
And you answered proudly, "Go!"
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green.

Mo bhron! your hair is white as snow,
Kathleen,
Your heart is sad and full of woe;
Do you repent you made him go, Kathleen?
And quick you answer proudly "No!—
For better die with Sarsfield so
Than live a slave without a blow
For the Green!"

Songs : Mr. FRANK MULLINGS.

(a) "She is far from the Land."

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

She sings the wild songs
Of her dear native plains,
Every note that he loved awakening.
Ah, little they think,
Who delight in her strains,
That the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

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

(b) "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes."

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink of wine,
But might I of Love's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Amhrán mairín ní séasóda.

Cáit ní ùuibhir.

I

Trátnóinín beas véveannac ir mo tréad
agam 'a cup ó'n ríon,
I lúib na coille cnaobaiqe, 'r nác depeac a bí
mo tríal:
Bí an cuac 'r an lon 'r an céirreac ar réirre
'r sac nóca fíon,
'S i mbun 'r i mbarr sac béarra 'r béiró Éire
'se Cáit ní ùuibhir.

II

Tá lioracáinín féir glair agam féimis ag
ceann mo tíge
Agur bíon sac mairdean gneine an rpeir-bean
ann 'r i noimam 'na ruidé;
Tá leabhar aici de'n gaeóluinn 'r beagáinín de'n
béarla tríó
'S i mbun 'r i mbarr sac béarra go mbeiró Éire
'se Cáit ní ùuibhir.

Song: Miss JOAN BURKE.

"O'Donnell Aboo."

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding;
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale;
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimer's Green Vale.
On every mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear;
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh,
Bonnaught and Gallow-glass,
Throng from each mountain pass,
On for old Erin, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Sacred the cause that Clan Connail's defending,
The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,
Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires.

On with O'Donnell; then,
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Tyrconnell, all valiant and true,
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging steel,
Strike for your country, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Amhrán seán o muintire,

suas leis an ngaeóilg.

I

Tógairó i, tógairó i canamain ar noúicte,
Tógairó ruar i go hionao nó-cluiteac,
Tógairó go daingean i, ná bíoró paon lag,
hí nó nó tógairó ruar leir an ngaeóilg.

II

Sí canamain na hóig i, rí canamain na haoir' i,
Sí canamain ar rinnrip i canamain an gaoil i,
Tá rí 'nhoir dopta acé peactac ar treun,
Níor cáil rí a neart ir níor rtríoc rí co béim.

III

A Clanna na gaeóil bíoró peapamác olút
le guailnib a cáile ag coraint sac clú
Ó peapairó go gairgeamait le canamain buir
ngraó'
Ar ná tréigiró an gaeóilg anoir nó go brág.

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