

9183/10/11(1)

1916 poem.

"The TRICOLOUR"

PROVINCIAL BANK OF IRELAND

LIMITED



DIRECTORS' REPORT AND
STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER · 1965

Donegal Council Archives

P/183/11/11(2)

THE TRICOLOUR

GREEN-

IMMORTAL AS THE IVY PLANT WHICH CLINGS

ON WALL AND TREE WHEN AUTUMN LEAVES HAVE FLED,
AMIDST THE DEATH OF FLOWERS THIS JOY IT BRINGS

THAT NATURE ONLY SLEEPS - 'TIS NEVER DEAD.

SO WHEN THE AUTUMN OF OUR LIVES HATH GONE

AND THE WINTER OF OLD AGE CREEPS SLOWLY ROUND
THE MEMORY OF OUR HEROES STILL LIVES ON

AND IN TRUE HEARTS THEIR SPIRITS WILL BE FOUND.

WHITE-

AS THE LILY FAIR AMONGST ALL FLOWERS THE QUEEN

EMBLEM OF ALL THAT'S PURE WITH LOVE COMBINED

AS BLOSSOMS OF THE TREES THAT CHARM THE SCENE

AND PASS AWAY WITH GREATER GOOD BEHIND.

AS PURE THE IDEALS BRED WITHIN THOSE HEARTS,

BEGOT OF PATRIOTIC LOVE AS GREAT,

THOUGH CRUSHED IN SPRING OF LIFE, THEIR NOBLE PARTS

ARE BLOSSOMS OF A FREE UNFETTERED STATE.

ORANGE-

LIKE TO THE SUN WHEN ON A SUMMER'S EVE

HE DIPS IN OCEAN OFF THE WESTERN SHORE

AND PARTING WITH THE DYING DAY, DOTH LEAVE

SOME HOPE OF YET A BRIGHTER DAY IN STORE.

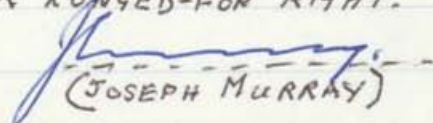
THE TYRANT'S DAY IS FADING AND IT SEEMS

THE 'MORROW OF OUR LAND WILL BE MORE BRIGHT

AND IN THE EYE OF THIS OUR LAND THERE GLEAMS

THE HOPE OF FREEDOM AND OUR LONGED-FOR RIGHT.

N.B. WRITTEN IN 1920 but
never published.


(JOSEPH MURRAY)

THE TRICOLOUR

P1123/11/11(3)

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(JOSEPH MURRAY)

FIFTH EDITION.

(CURWEN'S EDITION, 5123.)

I Love 112

THE

ERIN
SONG
BOOK



M. Emra del.

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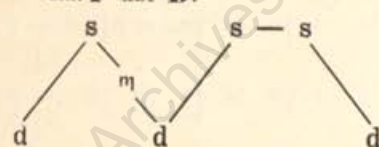
THE ERIN SONG BOOK.

On the Tonic Sol-fa Method.

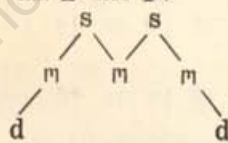
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FIRST STEP.

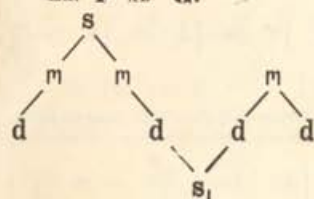
Ex. 1 KEY D.



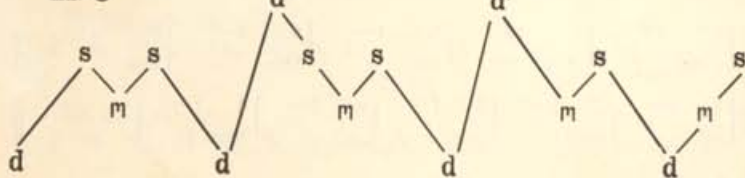
Ex. 2 KEY F.



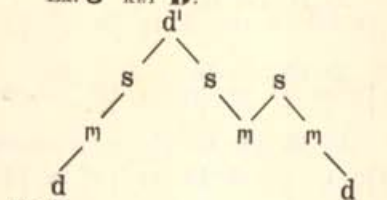
Ex. 4 KEY G.



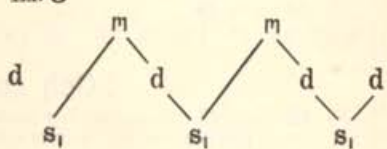
Ex. 6



Ex. 3 KEY D.



Ex. 5



For Exs. 1 and 2.

soh
me
doh

For Exs. 3 to 6.

d'
soh
me
doh
s₁

Second Standard.

Tones of Doh Chord. Two-pulse measure.

Ex. 7 KEY **D**.
 } | d : m | s : — | d : m | s : — | s : m | s : d | m : s | d : — ||

Ex. 8 KEY **D**.
 } | s : m | d : m | d : m | s : — | s : d | m : s | m : d | s : — ||

Ex. 9 KEY **C**.
 } | m : s | d : m | s : d' | s : — | d' : s | m : d' | s : m | d : — ||

Ex. 10 KEY **C**.
 } | d' : d' | s : — | m : d : — | d' : s | d' : s | m : s | d' : — ||

Ex. 11 KEY **D**.
 } | s : d' | s : m | d : m | s : — | s : m | s : d | d' : m | s : — ||

Ex. 12 KEY **D**.
 } | d : m | s : d' | m : s | d : — | d' : m | s : d' | m : s | d : — ||

Ex. 13 KEY **C**. Signs for getting louder and for getting softer.
 } | m : m | m : d | s : s | s : m | d' : d' | d' : s | m : s | d : — ||

Ex. 14 KEY **D**.
 } | s : d' | s : m | m : s | m : d | s : d' | m : s | d : m | s : — ||

Och hone!

Ex. 15 KEY **C**. Round in four parts. Divide the class into four sections. Section 1 starts, and Sections 2, 3, 4 enter as the previous Section reaches the asterisk.

{ d' : —	s : —	m : m . m	d : —	m : m	}
{ Och	hone!	what will I	do?	I'm a	}

{ s : —	d : d	m : —	s : —	m : —	}
{ lone,	where are	you?	Och	hone!	}

{ s : —	d' : —	d : —	— : —	d : —	— : —	
{ och	hone!	lone,		lone.		

SECOND STEP.

Third Standard.

Tones of Doh and Soh Chords. Four- and Three-pulse measure.

Ex. 16 KEY **F**.
 } | d : m | s : m | r : d | t₁ : d { | soh

} r : m	d : r	t ₁ : r	d : —		.
-----------	-------	--------------------	-------	--	---

Ex. 17 KEY **A**.
 } | d : s₁ | d : t₁ | d : r | d : — { | ray

} r : m	r : t ₁	r : m	d : —		doh
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Ex. 18 KEY **G**. Three-pulse measure.
 } | m : r : d | t₁ : d : r | d : — : t₁ | d : — : — { | .

} r : — : d	t ₁ : r : t ₁	d : — : —	d : — : —		s ₁
---------------	-------------------------------------	-----------	-----------	--	----------------

Ex. 19 KEY **F**.
 } | d : r : m | r : d : r | m : s : m | r : — : — { |

} d : s ₁ : d	r : — : m	d : — : —	
----------------------------	-----------	-----------	--

Ex. 20 KEY **G**.
 } | d : d | d : — | s₁ : s₁ | s₁ : — | m : m | r : r | d : t₁ | d : — ||

Ex. 21 KEY **G**.
 } | d : d | r : d | t₁ : t₁ | d : — | r : r | m : — | r : r | d : — ||

THIRD STEP.

Fourth Standard.

Tones of Doh, Soh, and Fah Chords. The Diatonic Scale.

THE MODULATOR.

Hold the book sideways when looking at this.

f' m' r' doh' te lah soh fah me ray doh t₁ l₁ s₁

Ex. 22 KEY E. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |d : m | s : - | s : f | m : - | f : s | l : f | m : r | d : - || \\ \text{I am a wan-d'ring min-strel man,} \end{array} \right\}$

Ex. 23 KEY F. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |m : r | d : - | f : m | r : - | s : f | m : - | d : t_1 | d : - || \\ \text{heigh ho! Pipe and play all the day,} \end{array} \right\}$

Ex. 24 KEY E. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |d : t_1 | d : m | r : f | m : - | f : l | s : f | r : m | d : - || \\ \text{Lal-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!} \end{array} \right\}$

Ex. 25 KEY E^b. Secondary form. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |d | r : m | d : r | m : f | r : m | f : s | m : f | s : l | s || \\ \text{Lal-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!} \end{array} \right\}$

Ex. 26 KEY D. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |s : - | m : - | f : l | s : - | m : - | d : - | r : t_1 | d : - || \\ \text{Lul-la-lo, lul-la-lo, lul-la-lo, lul-la-lo!} \end{array} \right\}$

Ex. 27 KEY E. Half-pulses. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |d.d : d | r : m | r.r : r | m : f | m : m.r | d : t_1 | d : - | d : - || \\ \text{Come o'er the sea.} \end{array} \right\}$

Come o'er the sea.

Ex. 28 KEY F. Round in four parts. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |m : m : m | r : - : - | f : - : f | m : - : | d : - : - | \\ \text{Come o'er the sea, Come with me, Come} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |t_1 : t_1 : t_1 | r : - : r | d : - : - | s : - : - | s : - : - | \\ \text{now, while the wind blows free. Come, come,} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |s : - : - | s : s : s | d : - : - | s_1 : - : - | s_1 : - : - | d : - : - || \\ \text{come, come a-way, Come, come, come, come!} \end{array} \right\}$

The Wandering Minstrel.

Ex. 29 KEY D. Round in four parts. Half-pulses.

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |d' : d' . d' | t : t | d' : d' | t : - | d' : - | s : - | \\ \text{I am a wan-d'ring min-strel man, Heigh ho!} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |d' : - | s : - | m : m | r : - | m : m | r : - | \\ \text{heigh ho! Pipe and play all the day,} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |s : s . s | s . s : s | s : s | s : - || \\ \text{Lal-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!} \end{array} \right\}$

Lullalo!

Ex. 30 KEY F. Round in four parts. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |m : f : m | s : - : - | m : f : m | s : - : - | d : - : d | t_1 : - : t_1 | \\ \text{To and fro, lul-la-lo, To and fro, my} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |d : - : - | t_1 : - : - | d : - : - | s_1 : - : - | d : - : - | s_1 : - : - | \\ \text{ba-by, bon-nie ba-by,} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |s . s : s : - | s . s : s : - | s . s : s : - | s . s : s : - || \\ \text{Lul-la-lo, lul-la-lo, lul-la-lo, lul-la-lo!} \end{array} \right\}$

Cuckoo is here!

Ex. 31 KEY D. Round in four parts. $\left. \begin{array}{l} |d' : s : - | d' : s : - | s : s : s | m : - : - | m : : | m : : | \\ \text{Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo is here! Hark, hark,} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |r : : | m : : | s : m | s : m | f : r | s : m | \\ \text{hark, hark! Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo,} \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} |d : - : - | d : - : - | t_1 : - : - | d : - : - || \\ \text{Hark, hark, hark, hark!} \end{array} \right\}$

Fifth Standard.

Transition of One Remove. Sol-fa both ways. Refer to Modulator.

Ex. 32 KEY E \flat .

{ | d : t₁ : d | r : - : d | { ^ad : t₁ : ^ad | r : - : ^as } | f : m : r | d : - : - ||
 { | s : f e : s | l : - : s } }

Ex 33 KEY D.

{ | s : ^ar : m | f : - : m | { ^ad : s : f : m | f : - : ⁿl } | t : l : s | d' : - : - ||
 { | d' : t a : l | t a : - : l } }

Ex. 34 KEY E \flat .

{ | d : r . d | t₁ : d | r : d . t₁ | d : - : { ^ad : r . d | t₁ : d } | s : l . s | f e : s }

{ | r : d . t₁ | ^as : - : | f : m . r | m : d | r : d . t₁ | d : - : ||
 { | l : s . f e | s : - : }

Ex. 35 KEY A \flat .

{ | m : f . m | r : d | t₁ : - : | - : - : { ^lm : f . m | r : d } | l₁ : t a . l₁ | s₁ : f₁ }

{ | t₁ : - : | - : r | s : f | ⁿl } : t₁ | d : - : | - : - : ||
 { | m₁ : - : | - : s₁ | d : t a₁ | l₁ } }

Ex. 36 KEY C.

FINE.

D.C.

{ | s : m | s : f | m : r . m | f : m | { ^ad : s : m | s : f | m : r . m | f : ⁿl } ||
 { | d' : l | d' : t a | l : s . l | t a : l } }

D.C. = Da Capo, repeat from the beginning. "Fine" (feenay) the place to end after the repeat.

MINOR MODE.

Ex. 37 C minor (d = E \flat).

{ | l₁ : t₁ | d : r | m : d | t₁ : l₁ | l : s | f : m | r : t₁ | l₁ : - : ||

Ex. 38 C minor (d = E \flat).

{ | l₁ : d | m : l | m : d | m : l₁ | l : m | l : m | d : l₁ | m : - : ||

Ex. 39 C minor (d = E \flat).

{ | l : s e | l : m | d : r | m : l₁ | l : s e | l : m | f : r | m : - : ||

Ex. 40 KEY A.

{ | d : t₁ : d | r : - : d | l₁ : s e₁ : l₁ | t₁ : - : l₁ | t₁ : d : r | d : - : - : ||

For Exs. 32 to 40.

t_a l₁ s₁ f₁ m r d t₁ t_a l₁

Sixth Standard.

Ex. 41 Without time. Square note = Doh.

Ex. 42

Ex. 43 Without tune. Half-pulses.

Ex. 44 Time and Tune.

Ex. 45

Ex. 46

Ex. 47

Ex. 48

Ex. 49

GRADED SONGS.

*.*The alto may be omitted.

Evening Bells.

KEY ♯. Moderately slow.

J. F. REICHAUDDT.

1. The eve-ning bells are 2. Oh, eve-ning shadows,	ring - ing Fare- well un - to the day, full - ing, Bring peace un - to our door,	s : s f : f m : — r : s s : d f : m r : —
Their peaceful qui-et And, in my song re-	bring - ing A - cross the mountain grey. call - ing, I'll praise ye ev - er - more.	: r f : f m : m l : — s : f m : m r : r d : —
s ₁ l ₁ : t ₁ d : d f : — m : r d : d d : t ₁ d : —		

Invitation to Ramble.

KEY ♯. M. 152. Brightly.

L. M. G.

1. Come, come, 2. Come, come,	come, Where breezes soft are come, All grief and care dis-	d : m : s : — m : m : r r : m : r : — d :
Come, come, Come, come, I :	come, Where streams are gen-ly flow come, With joy and rap-ture smell n :	: d : d : m : — m : s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : s ₁ s ₁ : — d :
t : t l : t d' : s m : d t : t l : t	Where the mer - ry birds are sing - ing, Where the boughs are gen - tly sway - ing,	: m : s : d' : — : s s : f f : l l : — s :
s : s s : f m : m d : d s : s s : f	Woods with cheer-ful Na - ture's kind - ly	: m : r : d : — t : t l : t
d' : s m : d m : — r : — d : — — : —	ech - oes ring - ing, call o - bey - ing,	: d' : s m : d m : — r : — d : — — : —
m : m d : d d : — t ₁ : — d : — — : —	Come, O come! Come, O come!	: d' : s m : d m : — r : — d : — — : —

The Milk-Boy of Lough Gill.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

C. E. LESLIE.

1. When the sun peeps : : : :	round the hill : : : :	d : d d : r : m : d r : t : d : — m : m : f s : f : m : r : f m : —
Then from sleep 'tis m : m f : r m : m f : —	I must wake— m : m f : —	: d' : d' t : t d' : s l : — s : l : s : f m : r : d : r m : r d : —
2 All my milk-cans glitter bright; On my nag I scramble light— Long-eared Rory, unshod, brown; Off we walk for Sligo town.	4 Then the barg'ning in the street O'er the butter-milk so sweet; While the pence come briskly in, And the light cans make a din.	: d' : d' t : t d' : s l : — s : l : s : f m : r : d : r m : r d : —
3 O the cool and pleasant air From the Lough so silver-fair! O the scent of tree and flower In that lonely morning hour!	5 "Rory, Rory, donkey true, Here's a wisp of hay for you!" Rory eats it with a will; Home we rattle to Lough Gill.	: m : m f : r m : m f : — m : m : f s : f : m : r : f m : —

A Song of Erin.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

J. H. KYLE.

1 We love the land that : d : r m : f m : m f : f m : d : r m : f m : d d : d t ₁	gave us birth, We love green E - rin, f : f m : d : r m : f m : d d : d t ₁	: m : f s : l s : d' d' : l s : m : f s : l s : m d : m r
The dear-est Isle in : d : r m : f m : m f : f m : d : r m : f m : d d : t ₁ d	all the earth, And home of he - roes f : f m : d : r m : f m : d d : t ₁ d	: s : m : f s : l s : m d : m r
2 When first we knew what words could tell, 'Twas Erin's story charmed our ear, And taught our burning heart to swell, And drew the salt and piteous tear.	Our hours of play and action done, Her "hush" songs lull us into rest.	: s : m : f s : l s : m d : m r
3 When in the ocean sinks the sun, And splendour fades from out the west,	4 We covet not the plains of France; We envy not the Scot his hills; Content to see the sunbeams dance Upon green Erin's countless rills.	: s : m : f s : l s : m d : m r

The Swallow's Return.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

KEY E.

{ s . s : f . f | m : d | r . m : f . s | m : — | f . l : l . f }
 { 1. Welcome, wel-come, swal - low, Back to us a- gain, Op'ning flowers }
 { m . m : r . r | d : d | t₁ . d : r . t₁ | d : — | l₁ . l₁ : l₁ . l₁ }

{ m . f : s . d^l | t : l | s : — | s . s : f . f | m : d | r . m : f . s }
 { greet you, And the soft spring rain. Lambs are here to meet you In the meadows }
 { d . r : m . m | r : d | t₁ : — | m . m : r . r | d : d | t₁ . d : r . t₁ }

{ m : — | d^l . s : m . s | l . t : d^l . l | s : t | d^l : — ||
 { bright, Welcome, gentle swallow, In your blue and white. }
 { d : — | m . m . d . m | f . r : m . d | m : f | m : — ||

2 In your foreign journeys,
 Tell me, have you seen
 Any isle of beauty
 Like our Erin green?
 Is there any water
 Placid as Loch Erne,
 Clothed about with larches,
 Decked with flower and fern?

3 Why so silent, swallow?
 Give the wind your praise
 Of the land of shamrocks,
 And its summer days!
 Let your heart be grateful
 For your welcome here,
 Where is shower and sunshine,
 Friendship and good cheer!

Money Maxims.

KEY E.

{ d . d : r . r | m . m : f | m . l : s . m | m : r }
 { 1. Money bor-rowed is a foe, Veiled in kind-ly seem - ing; }
 { d . d : t₁ . t₁ | d . d : l₁ | d . d : d . d | d : t₁ }

{ d . d : r . r | m . m : f | m . l : s . m | r : d }
 { Mon-ey wast-ed is a friend Lost be-yond re - deem - ing. }
 { d . d : t₁ . t₁ | d . d : l₁ | d . d : d . d | t₁ : d }

2 Hoarded, it is like a guest,
 Won with anxious seeking,
 Giving nothing for his board,
 Save the care of keeping.

3 Spent in good, it leaves a joy
 Twice its worth behind it;
 And who thus hath lost it here
 Shall hereafter find it.

The Harp of Erin.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

From a Folk-song of the Black Forest.

KEY A.

{ s₁ . s₁ | d : m | m : r . d | r : s₁ | : s₁ . s₁ }
 { 1. When the stars from heaven are peep - ing, And all }
 { s₁ . s₁ | m₁ : s₁ | d : s₁ | t₁ : s₁ | : s₁ . s₁ }

{ r : r | f : m . r | m : d | : s₁ . s₁ | d : d | m : r . d }
 { earth is calm - ly sleep - ing, Mystic mu - sic swells O'er the }
 { t₁ : t₁ | r : d . t₁ | d : d | : s₁ . s₁ | m₁ : s₁ | d : s₁ . s₁ }

{ r : r | f : m . r | m : — | r : — | d : — | — }
 { hills and dells Of our rush - grown land. }
 { f₁ : f₁ | l₁ : s₁ . l₁ | s₁ : — | f₁ : — | m₁ : — | — }

2 'Tis the Soul of Erin singing!
 'Tis the Harp of Erin ringing!
 Only Erin's child
 Hears the music wild,
 And can understand.

3 O the strain is rich with glory,
 And is sweet with tearful story
 Of the ancient days,
 When in Erin's ways
 Walked the good and grand.

4 And the Harp sings, "Have no sorrow,
 There shall dawn a golden morrow
 When my living strain
 Shall be loud again,
 Struck by Erin's hand."

Merrily sound the horn.

KEY D. Round in four parts.

{ d : d : d | d : d : d | m : — : r | d : — : — | m : m : m }
 { Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly | sound the horn; | Cheer - i - ly, }

{ m : m : m | s : — : f | m : — : — | s : — : s | s : — : s }
 { cheer - i - ly, o'er the lawn; | Let it ring now }

{ s : — : s | s : — : — | d^l : — : — | s : — : — | d^l : — : — | s : — : — }
 { loud and long; | On - ward, | on - ward. }

The Galway Piper.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

Irish air, "The Rakes of Mallow."

KEY E. *Con spirito.*

{	d .m :d .m		d .m :f .m .r .d		t ₁ .r :t ₁ .r		t ₁ .r :m .r .d .t ₁	}	
{	1. Ev-'ry		per - son		in the na - tion,		Or of great or		hum - ble sta - tion,
{	d .s ₁ :d .s ₁		d .s ₁ :r .s ₁		s ₁ .t ₁ :s ₁ .t ₁		s ₁ .t ₁ :d .s ₁	}	

{	d .m :d .m		d .m :s .s		f .m .r .d :t ₁ .d .r .m		d :d .	}
{	Holds in high - est		es - ti - ma - tion		Pip - ing Tim of		Gal - way.	}
{	d .s ₁ :d .s ₁		d .s ₁ :t ₁ .s ₁		r .s ₁ :t ₁ .s ₁		d :d .	}

{	d ^f .t .l :s .f		m .f :s		d ^f .t .l :s .f		m .s :r	}
{	Loudly he can		play or low :		He can move you		fast or slow -	}
{	m .r :m .r		d .r :m		m .r :m .r		d .d :t ₁	}

{	d ^f .t .l :s .f		m .f :s		f .m .r .d :t ₁ .d .r .m		d :d .	
{	Touch your heart or		stir your toe,		Pip - ing Tim of		Gal - way.	
{	m .r :m .r		d .r :m		l ₁ .l ₁ :s ₁ .t ₁		d :d .	

2 When the wedding bells are ringing,
His the breath to lead the singing;
Then in jigs the folk go swinging,

What a splendid piper!

He will blow from eve to morn,
Counting sleep a thing of scorn;
Old he is, but not outworn.

Know you such a piper?

3 When he walks the highway pealing,
Round his head the birds come wheeling;
Tim has carols worth the stealing!

Piping Tim of Galway!

Thrush and linnet, finch and lark,
To each other twitter "Hark!"
Soon they sing from light till dark

Pipings learnt in Galway.

O'er the hills.

KEY D. Round in four parts. M. 72, once to the measure.

{	m :— :r		d :— :d		d [*] :— :r		m :— :s	}					
{	O'er		the		hills		and		far		a -		way,

{	s :s :s		s :s :s		d ^f :— :t		d ^f :— :d						
{	Fa		la		la,		fa		la		lay!		Yes.

A good staunch ship.

KEY C. M. 152.

H. ERNEST NICHOL, Mus.Bac.

{	s		d ^f :s		m :f .s		l .s :f .m		r :m .f		s .l :s .f		m :r	}
{	1.A		good staunch ship, with a		gal - laut crew, And a		sail - or's		cheer give					
{	s		d ^f :s		m :f .s		l .s :f .m		r :d .r		m .f :m .r		d :t ₁	}

{	d :—		s		d ^f :s		m :f .s		l .t :d ^f .r ^f		m ^f :r ^f	}
{	me;		As		on we dash thro' the		wa - ters		blue, I			
{	d :—		s		d ^f :s		m :r .m		f .r :l .t		d ^f :s	}

{	d ^f :t .d ^f r ^f		:l		d ^f :— t		:t .d ^f r ^f		:m ^f d ^f :d ^f .t	}
{	laugh at the rag - ing		sea.		For I		love to		brave the	
{	m :r .m f		:f		m :— r		:s .l f		:s m :d	}

{	l :d ^f s		:f .m f		:l s		:m r		:— —		:m .f	}
{	foam - ing		tide, As the		storm flies		howl - ing		past,		And	
{	r :m .f m		:r .d r		:l ₁ t ₁		:d t ₁		:— —		:d .r	}

{	s :l .t d ^f r ^f		m ^f :— .r ^f d ^f t .l		s .l :t .d ^f r ^f		s		d ^f :— —		
{	mer - ri - ly o'er the		bil - lows ride To the		nan - sic of the		blast.				
{	m :f .r l		:t		d ^f :— .s m		:f .f m		:r .m f		:f m :— —

2 I love to meet with a friendly sail,

With a hearty "ship, a-hoy!"

For when I hear the welcome hail,

I feel a sailor's joy.

Then a good tight ship, with a gallant crew,

And a sailor's life for me,

As boldly we sail the waters blue,

Hurrah for the swelling sea!

The dear little Shamrock.

ANDREW CHERRY.

Irish Air.

KEY G. *With increasing fervour.*

{ d :r | m :— :f.m | m :— :d | r :m :r | d :— :d.d }
 1 There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle, 'Twas Saint
 { d :d | d :— :d.d | d :— :d | t₁ :t₁ :t₁ | d :— :d.d }

{ d :m :s | s :f :m | m :r : | : : d :r }
 Pat - rick him - self, sure, that set it : And the
 { d :d :m | m :r :d | d :t₁ : | : : d :d }

{ m :f :m | m :r :d | r :m :r | d :— :t₁ .l₁ }
 sun on his la - bour with plea - sure did smile, And with
 { d :d :d | d :d :d | t₁ :t₁ :t₁ | d :— :fe₁fe₁ }

{ s₁ :d :m | s :f :r | r :d : | : : r s }
 dew from his eye of - ten wet it. It
 { s₁ :s₁ :d | t₁ :t₁ :t₁ | t₁ :d : | : : t₁m }

{ s :— :s.l | s :— :s.s | s :s :l | s :m :s.s }
 shines thro' the bog, through the brake and the mire - land, And he
 { m :— :m.m | m :— :m.m | m :m :f | m :d :m.m }

{ d^f :t :l | s :— .f :m | r :s :f | m.r :d :d_{s₁} }
 called it the dear lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land. The
 { l :s :f | m :— .r :d | t₁ :t₁ :t₁ | d :d :d_{s₁} }

{ m :— .m :m | m :d : .s | f :— .s :f | f :r : .t₁ }
 dear lit - tle sham - rock, the sweet lit - tle sham - rock, The
 { d :— .d :d | d :d : .s | t₁ :— .t₁ :t₁ | t₁ :t₁ : .s₁ }

{ d :— .r :m | f :— .s :l̂ | s :f :m | r :d }
 dear lit - tle, sweet lit - tle sham - rock of Ire - land. ||
 { d :d :ta₁ | l₁ :— .s₁ :f₁ | m₁ :s₁ :d | t₁ :d }

2 That dear little plant still grows in our land,

Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin ;

Whose smiles can bewitch, and whose eyes can command,

In each climate they ever appear in.

For they shine through the bog, through the brake and the mireland,
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little shamrock, &c.

3 That dear little plant that springs from our soil,

When its three little leaves are extended,

Denotes from one stem we together should toil,

And ourselves by ourselves be befriended ;

And still through the bog, through the brake and the mireland,
 From one root should branch like the shamrock of Ireland.

The dear little shamrock, &c.

Oh, praise the month of May !

KEY C. *Moderato.*

{ s :s | s :— .m | m :d^l | t :— .l | s :l | f :s | m :s.f }
 1. Oh, come and stay, thou month of May, In all thy pride and
 { m :m :— .d | d :m | s :— .f | m :d | r :t₁ | d :m.r }

{ r :— | :r.m | f :s | l :t | d^l :— .r^l | m^l :r^l }
 glow ; How bright and gay the hap - py day When
 { t₁ :— | :t₁.d | r :m | f :r | r :— .f | s :f }

{ d^l :s | f :s.l | s :— | :d^l | m^l :— .r^l | d^l :t | d^l :— | }
 first thy breez - es blow, When first thy breezes blow !
 { m :m | r :m.f | m :— | :m | s :— .f | m :r | m :— | }

2 With odours sweet, from his retreat,

The Forest sends his balm ;

From cooling springs the West Wind brings,

||: His greeting sweet and calm. :||

3 And flowers appear, with blossoms clear,

That ope their starry eyes ;

The mavis throats her silvery notes

||: From out the distant skies. :||

4 The smiling earth has given birth

Unto a newer day,

And once again we voice the strain,

||: O praise the month of May ! :||

Reynard the Fox.

KEY **F**. *Allegro spiritoso.*

Irish Air.

{ s . f | m : d . m | s : s . l | ta : l . s | l : - . s | d' : s . f | m : d . m }
 1. The first day of Spring in the year Ninety-three, The first re-cre-a-tion was
 { t₁ | d : d . d | m : m . f | s : f . m | f : - . f | m : r . r | d : d . d }

{ r : r . r | r : - . s | s . l : t . s | d' . s : s . m | f : r . f | m : r . d }
 in this countrie; The King's county gentlemen o'er hills, dales, and rocks, They
 { d : d . d | t₁ : - . f | m : r . r | m . m . m . d | r : s₁ . s₁ | d : d }

{ d . m : s . d' | l . f : r . t₁ | d : d . d | d : s . m | d : d . d | d : f . m }
 rode out so jo-vial-ly in search of a fox. Tally- ho! hark a - way! Tally-
 { d : m . m | f . r : t₁ . t₁ | d : d . d | d : t₁ . t₁ | d : d . d | d : d }

{ r : r . r | r : t . d' | d' : m . f | s . f : r . m | d : m . r | d }
 ho! hark a - way! Tally- ho! hark a-way, my boys, a- way, hark a - way!
 { d : d . d | t₁ : f . f | m : d . d | l₁ . l₁ : t₁ . t₁ | d : s₁ . s₁ | d }

2 When Reynard was started he faced Tullamore,
 And Arklow, and Wicklow, along the sea-shore;
 We kept his brush in view every yard of the way,
 And he straight took his course through the street of Roscrea.
 Tally ho! &c.

3 But Reynard, sly Reynard, lay hid there that night,
 And they swore they would watch him until the daylight;
 So early next morning the woods did resound
 With the echo of horns and the sweet cry of hound.
 Tally ho! &c.

4 When Reynard was taken, his wishes to fulfil;
 He called for ink and paper and pen to write his will;
 And what he made mention of, they found it no blank,
 For he gave them a cheque on the national bank!
 Tally ho! &c.

5 "To you, Mister Casey, I give my whole estate,
 And to you, young O'Brien, my money and my plate,
 I give to you, Sir Francis, my whip, spurs, and cap,
 For you crossed walls and ditches, and ne'er looked for a gap!"
 Tally ho! &c.

I saw from the beach.

Moore's Irish Melodies.

p KEY **G**. *Pensively.* M. 112.

{ s₁ | d : -r : d | t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | d : -r : d | m . s : - : s₁ | d : -r : d }
 1. I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining, A bark o'er the
 { s₁ | m₁ : -f₁ : m₁ | s₁ : f₁ : f₁ | m₁ : -r₁ : m₁ | d . m : - : s₁ | m₁ : -f₁ : m₁ }

{ t₁ : l₁ : s₁ | d : -r : d | m . s : - : s }
 wa - ters move glo - riously on; I came when the sun o'er that
 { s₁ : f₁ : f₁ | m₁ : -r₁ : m₁ | d . m : - : m | r : r : r | r : d : d }

{ r : -m : f | l . s : f . m : f . r }
 beach was de - clin - ing, The bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone.
 { d : -d : d | d : t₁ : t₁ | d : -s₁ : m₁ | s₁ : -s₁ : m₁ | f₁ : l₁ : -f₁ : m₁ : - }

- 2 Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the springtide of joy we have known;
 Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
 And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone.
- 3 Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Now we sing.

KEY **Bb**. Round in four parts. M. 66, twice to a measure. *

{ s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : r₁ | m₁ : - : | r₁ . m₁ : f₁ }
 Now we sing our part - ing song, Merri - ly, }

{ s₁ . l₁ : t₁ . t₁ | d : t₁ | d : - : | s₁ : - : | s₁ : - : }
 mer - ri - ly the strain pro - long. Good - night, }

{ s₁ : - : | s₁ : - : | t₁ : - : | t₁ . d : r | d : - : | - : - : }
 good - night, now good - night. }

The Tide of Song.

KEY **A**_b. Joyful. M. 112.

GORDON SMITH.

{ s₁ :m :- .m |m :r |d :- |-- :s₁ | f :- .f |f :m }
 1. Up- on the tide of song We launch our barks to -
 { s₁ :d :- .d |d :s₁ |m₁ :- |-- :s₁ | r :- .t₁ |s₁ :d }

{ r :- |-- :s₁ | s :- .l |s :f |m :f |s :m }
 day, Then come and join our throng, For soon we'll
 { s₁ :- |-- :s₁ | t₁ :- .t₁ |t₁ :t₁ |d :r |m :d }

REFRAIN.
 { r :- |d :- |t₁ :- |-- || s₁ |d :d |d :d }
 haste a way. Then come and join our
 { f₁ :- |f₁ :- |s₁ :- |-- || s₁ |d :d |d :d }

{ d .t₁ :d .r |d .t₁ :l₁ |s₁ | f :f |f :f |m :- |-- :m }
 throng. We'll flood the earth with song, With
 { d .t₁ :d .r |d .t₁ :l₁ |s₁ | t₁ :s₁ |t₁ :s₁ |d :- |-- :d }

{ s :s |s :s |s .f :s .l |s .f :m .r |d :- |r :- |d :- |-- || }
 hearts and voi - ces gay, We'll sail a - way.
 { m :m |m :m |m .f :m .f |m .r :d .s₁ |m₁ :- |f₁ :- |m₁ :- |-- || }

2 With freshly blooming flowers,
 Upon the flowing tide,
 We'll crown the smiling hours
 As swiftly on we glide.
 Then come and join, &c.

3 Let there no discord be,
 No falsely-sounding note
 To mar the harmony
 As gaily on we float.
 Then come and join, &c

Follow me.

KEY **D**. Round in four parts.

*

{ d :d |m :m |s :- |-- :-- |m :m |s :s |d¹ :- |-- :-- }
 Fol - low, fol - low | me, | Fol - low, fol - low | me, }

{ d¹ :d¹ |s :s |m :m |s :s |d¹ :d¹ |s :s |m :m |s :s || }
 Fol - low, fol - low, | fol - low, fol - low, | fol - low, fol - low, | fol - low, fol - low || }

I Love '12

Irish Peasant's Song.

NIMMO CHRIST'ER.

Old Irish Air.

KEY **E**_b. Moderato.

{ s .f |m :- .r :m |d :r :m | f :- :- |m :- :r |m :f :s |f :- :m }
 1. Be - side the sil - ver Shan - non My fine po - ta - toes
 { t₁ |d :- :d |d :- :d |t₁ :- :- |d :- :s₁ |d :r :m |r :- :d }

{ r :- :- |-- :- :s .f |m :- .r :m |d :r :m | f :- :- |m :- :r }
 grow. A cab - in thatched with rush - es Keeps
 { s₁ :- :- |-- :- :t₁ |d :- :d |d :- :d |t₁ :- :- |d :- :s₁ }

cres.
 { m :s :m |r :- :d |d :- :- |-- :- :d .r |m :f :s |s :l :t }
 out the rain and snow; I work a - way con -
 { d :m :d |s₁ :- :d |d :- :- |-- :- :d .t₁ |d :r :m |m :f :r }

poco rit. *a tempo.*
 { d¹ :- :- |t :- :l |r¹ :- :t |l :- :s |s :- :- |-- :- :f |m :r :m }
 tent - ed In win - ter as in spring; And when I
 { m :- :- |s :- :s |fe :- :fe |fe :- :s |s :- :- |-- :- :t₁ |d :- :d }

{ d :r :m |f :- :- |m :- :r |m :s :m |r :- :d |d :- :- |-- :- || }
 grow a - wea - ry I ope my mouth and sing.
 { d :- :d |t₁ :- :- |d :- :s₁ |d :m :d |f₁ :- :d |d :- :- |-- :- || }

2 But that, you know, is seldom,
 For oh, there's lots to do—
 There's hoeing, sowing, reaping,
 When skies are grey or blue.
 The turf within the bogland
 I gather for the fire;
 The donkey brings it homeward,
 And never seems to tire.

When greedy fish are biting
 I land them on the grass;
 And when there's ne'er a nibble
 I watch the swallows pass.

3 We've sometimes trout for supper,
 For I've a little boat,
 And in the silver Shannon
 I drop a line and float.

4 Athlone is not far distant—
 A city you should see!—
 On market days 'tis swarming
 With squires and peasantry.
 There pigs are sold in plenty,
 And cattle dark and fair;
 Next Tuesday, if you're willing,
 Be sure I'll meet you there.

Live with a playful heart.

F. W. N. BAYLEY.

Bohemian Air.

KEY G .

{	s ₁ :d :r		m :-.r :d		s ₁ :d :m		r :-- :--		l ₁ :r :f		}
	1. Live with a		play-ful heart.		mer-ry and		high,		Hap-pi-ly		
	m ₁ :m ₁ :f ₁		s ₁ :-.f ₁ :m ₁		m ₁ :s ₁ :d		t ₁ :-- :--		f ₁ :l ₁ :r		

{	l :-.s :f		f :l ₁ :t ₁		d :-- :--		s ₁ :d :r		m :-.r :d		}
	throw a - part		sor- row and		sigh,		On the world's		bil - low as		
	f :-.m :r		r :f ₁ :s ₁		m ₁ :-- :--		m ₁ :m ₁ :f ₁		s ₁ :-.f ₁ :m ₁		

{	s ₁ :d :m		r :-- :--		l ₁ :r :f		l :-.s :f		f :l ₁ :t ₁		}
	smil- ing you		float,		Joy be your		pil - low, and		sun- shine your		
	m ₁ :s ₁ :d		t ₁ :-- :--		f ₁ :l ₁ :r		f :-.m :r		r :f ₁ :s ₁		

ff. t.

{	d :-- :--		r s :s :d ^l		d ^l :-.t :l		s :l :f		m :-- :--		}
	boat.		Live with a		gen - tle heart,		mer - ry of		mood,		
	m ₁ :-- :--		t ₁ m :m :m		r :-.r :d		t ₁ :t ₁ :t ₁		d :-- :--		

f. G.

{	s :d ^l :d ^l		r ^l :-.d ^l :l		s :f :r		d ^l s ₁ :-- :		s ₁ :d :r		m :-.r :d		}
	Life hath a		lit - tle part,		Play it for		good.		Live with a		playful heart,		
	m :m :m		f :-.f :f		t ₁ :t ₁ :t ₁		d ^l s ₁ :-- :		m ₁ :m ₁ :f ₁		s ₁ :-.f ₁ :m ₁		

{	s ₁ :d :m		r :-- :--		l ₁ :r :f		l :-.s :f		f :l ₁ :t ₁		d :-- :--		}
	mer-ry and		high,		Happi-ly		throw apart		sor- row and		sigh.		
	m ₁ :s ₁ :d		t ₁ :-- :--		f ₁ :l ₁ :r		f :-.m :r		r :f ₁ :s ₁		m ₁ :-- :--		

- 2 Nature, who revels in beautiful play,
Keeps those the warmest who shine like her ray;
If you laugh with her you gain no alloy,
Fair is the spirit that sparkles with joy.
||: Love with a gentle heart, merry of mood,
Life hath a little part, play it for good. :||
- 3 Put off repining, and dance away care,
Love is divine in the light he should wear;
Still of bright friendship rejoicing he sings,
Ne'er let the bright colour pass from his wings.
||: Live with a buoyant heart, merry of mood,
Life hath so brief a part, play it for good. :||

O Bay of Dublin.

LADY DUFFERIN

KEY E^b .

Irish Air.

{	.d :d .r		m .d ^l :- .t :t .l		s .m :- .d :d .r		m .s :f ₁ m ₁ r ₁ d ₁ r ₁ .d		}
	1. O Bay of		Dublin! my heart you'r		troublin', Your beauty		haunts me like a fe - ver		
	.d :d .d		d .m :- .s :f .f		m .d :- .d :l ₁ .l ₁		s ₁ .s ₁ :t ₁ .t ₁ :t ₁ .d		

{	d :-- .d :d .r		m .d ^l :t .d ^l :t .l		s .m :- .d :d .r		}
	dream. Like frozen		fountains that the sun sets		bubbling, My heart's blood		
	d :- .d :d .d		d .m :s .m :f .f		m .d :- .d :l ₁ .l ₁		

{	m .s :f ₁ m ₁ r ₁ d ₁ r ₁ .d		d : .s :s .m		d ^l :- .t :t .l		}
	warms when I but hear your		name,		And nev-er till		this life-pulse
	s ₁ .s ₁ :t ₁ .t ₁ :t ₁ .d		d : .m :m .d		m :- .s :f .f		

{	s .m :- .s :s .m		d ^l .t :t ₁ .l .se :se .l .t		l ^l .d ^l :- .d :d .r		}
	ceases, My earliest,		latest thought you'll cease to		be Oh! There's no one		
	m .d :- .m :m .d		l ₁ .l ₁ :r .m :m .m		d .m :- .d :d .d		

{	m .d ^l :- .t :t .l		s .m :- .d :d .r		m .s :f ₁ m ₁ r ₁ d ₁ r ₁ .d		d :- .	
	here knows how fair that		place is, And no one		cares how dear it is to		me.	
	d .m :- .s :f .f		m .d :- .d :l ₁ .l ₁		s ₁ .s ₁ :t ₁ .t ₁ :t ₁ .d		d :- .	

- 2 Sweet Wicklow mountains, the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare;
You crowd around me like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair;
As though you'd see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
Ah! my blessing on those lovely places,
Though no one cares how dear they are to me.
- 3 How often, when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katie knitting
And the children playing around the cabin door.
I think I see the neighbours' faces,
All gathered round their long-lost friend to see,
Oh! though no one here knows how fair that place is,
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.

The Sligo Hunt.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.
KEY D.

Old Irish Air.

{	m :- m : m		m :- m		s : f : r		m :- d		s :- l	}
1. Tan - ta - ra		ra - ra		li - ni		la - ra!		'Tis		the
{	d :- d : d		d :- d		s ₁ :- s ₁		d :- d		m :- f	}

{	s :- l		s :- f		m :- r		m :- m		m :- m		s : f : r	}
jol - ly		hunt - ing		horn,		Loud - ly		peal - ing,		Joy re -		
{	m :- f		m :- r		d :- t ₁		d :- d		d :- d		s ₁ :- s ₁	}

{	m :- d		s :- l		s :- f		m :- r		d :- s		d' :- d'	}
veal - ing		This re -		splen - dent		Au - tumn		morn.		Oh see		the
{	d :- d		m :- f		m :- r		d :- t ₁		d :- m		l :- l	}

{	d' :- t		t :- l		l :- s		s :- s		l : t : l		s :- f	}	
sup - ple		hounds ad -		vanc - ing,		Ea - ger		for		the breath -		less	
{	s :- s		f :- f		m :- m		m :- m		m : s		f		m :- r

{	m :- s		d' :- d'		d' :- t		t :- l		l :- s		s :- s	}
chase;		And the		hors - es,		proud - ly		pranc - ing,		Rea - dy		
{	d :- m		l :- l		s :- s		f :- f		m :- m		m :- m	}

{	s : t : l		s :- f		m :- s		d' :- d' : d'		:		d' :- d' : d'	}
with		the hounds		to		race.		Tan - ta - ra,		tan - ta - ra,		tan - ta - ra,
{	f :- f		m :- r		d :- m		:		d :- d		:	}

{	:		d' :- d'		r' : d' : r'		r' :-		d' :-		d' :- d'	}
tan - ta - ra!		Hark! the		horns		are peal -		ing,		Hark! the		
{	d :- d : d		m :- m		s :- s		s :-		m :-		m :- m	}

{	r' : d' : r'		m' :-		d' :-		l		s : t : l		s : t : l	}
horns		are peal -		ing,		A - gain		and a -		gain,		From the
{	s :-		s :-		m :-		f		f : f : f		f : f : f	}

{	s : t : l		s : t : l		s : r' : r'		d' : t : l		s :- :-		:- :-	}
hill		and the		plain,		Ech - o		sweet - ly		the		strain is
{	f : f : f		f : f : f		f : s : f		m : r : f		m :- :-		:- :-	}

{	l : f : r		r		m :- m		m :- m		s : f : r		m :- d		s :- l	}
- ing,		Tan - ta - ra		ra - ra		li - ra		la - ra!		Raise		a		
{	f : r		t ₁ :- d		d :- d		s ₁ :- s ₁		d :- d		m :- f			}

{	s :- l		s :- f		m :- r		m :- m		m :- m		s : f : r	}
ring - ing		voice, and		cheer		Sli - go		yeo - men,		Fox - es'		
{	m :- f		m :- r		d :- t ₁		d :- d		d :- d		s ₁ :- s ₁	}

{	m :- d		s :- l		s :- f		m :- s		d' :-		:-		:-	}
foo - men;		Sli - go		Hunt		is draw - ing		near.						
{	d :- d		m :- f		m :- r		d :- f		m :-		:-		:-	}

2 Tantara rara lira lara!

How the coats of warmest red

Now are glowing;

Poppies blowing

Nowhere raise a brighter head.

At last, at last the fox has started,

And the chase is well begun;

O'er the grass the pack has darted

Like a bullet from a gun.

'antara, tantara, tantara, tantara!

: Hark! the horns are pealing, :|| *dim.* ||: Hark! the horns are sighing! :||

Again and again,

From the hill and the plain,

Echo sweetly the strain is revealing.

Tantara rara lira lara!

Raise a ringing voice, and cheer

Sligo yeomen,

Never slow men,

Gallop on without a fear.

3 Tantara rara lira lara!

Now the hunt is out of sight;

Like a shadow,

O'er the meadow

It has vanished quick and light.

But yet we hear the hounds' far calling,

Still the huntsmen's voices come;

When the evening shades are falling.

We may see the brush brought home.

Tantara, tantara, tantara, tantara!

Tantara, tantara, tantara, tantara!

From hill and from plain,

O how softly the strain

In a whisper is failing and dying

Tantara rara lira lara!

cres. Raise a ringing voice, and cheer

Sligo yeomen,

Sligo true men,

Sligo hunters void of fear.

A Legend of Mullaghmast.

As a simple emotional type the following Irish tune is one of the most perfect in existence. The extreme crisis is held in reserve till the last. In the first half of the tune the voice moves in low ranges of expression, rising successively to the very moderate crises A and B. The portion C to D is merely a repetition of the phrases A and B, with slight additions of ornament and a different close, the artistic point of which it is not necessary to discuss here. At the beginning of the second half the voice begins to mount to a higher crisis at E, and intensifies that point by repetition at F, and finally leaps to its uttermost passion at G, and then falls with a wide sweep (comprising one more moderate crisis) to the final cadence. Within the limits of a folk-tune it is hardly possible to deal with the successive crises more effectively.—
SIR HUBERT PARRY: The Art of Music.

ALICE GILLINGTON.

KEY \mathbb{E}^b . *Andante moderato.*

Irish Air.

p $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{A} \\ \text{B} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{r} \cdot \text{d} : \text{l} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{l} \quad \text{s} \cdot \text{m} \quad \text{r} \cdot \text{d} : \text{l} \cdot \quad | \quad \cdot \text{d} : \text{m} \cdot \text{f} \\ \text{l} \cdot \text{Oh! quiet} \quad \text{lies} \quad \text{the cave a - mid the} \quad \text{hea - ther} \quad \text{Where Earl Fitz-} \\ \text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{t}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \cdot \text{t}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{f} : \text{m} \cdot \text{d} \quad \text{l}_1 : \text{l}_1 \quad | \quad \cdot \text{d} : \text{d} \cdot \text{l}_1 \end{array} \right\}$

B $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{s} \quad :- \cdot \text{l} \quad \text{s} \cdot \text{m} : \text{d} \cdot \text{m} \quad \text{r} \quad :- \quad | \quad - \cdot \text{t}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{l} : \text{s} \cdot \text{m} \\ \text{ger-ald dreams in slumber} \quad \text{still,} \quad \text{Among his} \quad \text{steeds and armoured knights te-} \\ \text{t}_1 : \text{r} \cdot \text{f} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{d} : \text{d} \cdot \text{d} \quad \text{t}_1 \quad :- \quad | \quad - \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{t}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \cdot \text{t}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{f} : \text{m} \cdot \text{d} \end{array} \right\}$

D $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{E} \\ \text{F} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{r} \cdot \text{d} : \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad | \quad \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{t}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \cdot \text{f} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{r} : \text{d} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{d} \quad :- \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{s} : \text{l} \cdot \text{t} \\ \text{geth-er, Beneath the ferns and} \quad \text{fro - ghans on} \quad \text{the} \quad \text{hill.} \quad \text{While years pass} \\ \text{l}_1 : \text{f}_1 \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad | \quad \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{t}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{t}_1 : \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{l}_1 \quad | \quad \text{s}_1 : \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \quad | \quad - \cdot \text{s} : \text{f} \cdot \text{f} \end{array} \right\}$

E $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{F} \\ \text{G} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{d}^! \quad :- \cdot \text{t} \quad | \quad \text{t} \cdot \text{l} : \text{s} \cdot \text{m} \quad | \quad \text{s} \cdot \text{m} : \text{d} \quad | \quad \cdot \text{s} : \text{l} \cdot \text{t} \quad \text{d}^! \quad :- \cdot \text{t} \\ \text{by,} \quad \text{'tis once, they say, in} \quad \text{sev - en,} \quad \text{That round the} \quad \text{Cur - ragh} \\ \text{m} \quad :- \cdot \text{m} \quad | \quad \text{f} \cdot \text{f} : \text{m} \cdot \text{d} \quad \text{t}_1 : \text{d} \quad | \quad \cdot \text{s} : \text{f} \cdot \text{f} \quad \text{d}^! \quad :- \cdot \text{s} \end{array} \right\}$

f poco rit. *G* $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{H} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{t} \cdot \text{l} : \text{s} \cdot \text{m} \quad \text{r} \quad :- \quad | \quad - \cdot \text{s} : \text{s} \cdot \text{s} \quad \text{m}^! \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{r}^! \cdot \text{d}^! : \text{l} \cdot \text{d}^! \\ \text{Earl Fitzgerald} \quad \text{rides;} \quad \text{His sword up-} \quad \text{raised} \quad \text{towards the moonlit} \\ \text{l} \cdot \text{f} \cdot \text{m} \cdot \text{d} \quad \text{t}_1 \quad :- \quad | \quad - \cdot \text{s} : \text{s} \cdot \text{s} \quad \text{d} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{m} : \text{f} \cdot \text{f} \end{array} \right\}$

dim. e rall. *p* $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{J} \\ \text{K} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{s} \cdot \text{m} : \text{d} \quad | \quad \cdot \text{t}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{l} : \text{s} \cdot \text{m} \quad \text{r} \cdot \text{d} : \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{t}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \quad | \quad - \cdot \\ \text{heav - en—} \quad \text{And dark is} \quad \text{yon - der cave where he a-} \quad \text{bides.} \\ \text{m} \cdot \text{d} : \text{d} \quad | \quad \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{l}_1 \cdot \text{t}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{f} : \text{m} \cdot \text{d} \quad \text{l}_1 : \text{f}_1 \quad \text{m}_1 \quad :- \quad | \quad - \cdot \end{array} \right\}$

the cave where he a - bides.

- 2 With torchlight glows that cavern dark, they're saying,
When Earl Fitzgerald rides the Rath around;
Last night I saw its gleam, acushla, straying,
Along the edge of that enchanted ground.
O colleen dhu! Too long I've been a-roaming
By magic paths round thine enchanted hill!
Thy heart, asthore! Thine eyes like summer gloaming!
In those sweet depths I'm bound in slumber still!

The hunter's horn.

ADAM BLACK.

KEY **A**.
pp (*Humming. As if approaching.*)

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{A} \\ \text{B} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{r} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{r} : \text{m} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \\ \text{s}_1 \quad :- \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{C} \\ \text{D} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{r} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{r} : \text{m} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \\ \text{s}_1 \quad :- \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{E} \\ \text{F} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{s}_1 \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{m} : \text{m} \cdot \text{m} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{r} \cdot \text{m} \cdot \text{f} : \text{m} \cdot \text{m} \quad \text{r} \quad \cdot \text{d} : \text{t}_1 \cdot \text{d} \quad \text{r} \cdot \text{m} : \text{r} \cdot \text{s}_1 \\ \text{l} \cdot \text{The} \quad \text{ear-ly morn is} \quad \text{clear and bright, We} \quad \text{hear the merry} \quad \text{hunter's horn, It} \\ \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{t}_1 \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{t}_1 \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{t}_1 \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{t}_1 \cdot \text{s}_1 \end{array} \right\}$

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{G} \\ \text{H} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{s} \cdot \text{s} : \text{s} \cdot \text{s} \quad \text{s} \cdot \text{f} : \text{m} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{d} : \text{t}_1 \cdot \text{t}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \\ \text{ech-oes} \quad \text{loud o'er} \quad \text{vale and hill, On} \quad \text{this pure breathless} \quad \text{morn.} \\ \text{f} \cdot \text{m} : \text{r} \cdot \text{d} \quad \text{t}_1 \cdot \text{t}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{m}_1 \cdot \text{m}_1 : \text{f}_1 \cdot \text{f}_1 \quad \text{m}_1 \quad :- \end{array} \right\}$

(*As if receding.*)

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{I} \\ \text{J} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{r} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{r} : \text{m} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \\ \text{s}_1 \quad :- \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \end{array} \right\}$

rall.

$\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{K} \\ \text{L} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{r} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \cdot \text{r} : \text{m} \cdot \text{r} \quad \text{m} \quad :- \\ \text{s}_1 \quad :- \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 : \text{d} \cdot \text{s}_1 \quad \text{d} \quad :- \end{array} \right\}$

2 Our steeds and hounds are eager now
To hear the signal horn's loud blow,
All ready for a merry time,
Oh, hark! away we go!

Donegal Fair.

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

KEY E. Poco allegro.

Old Air, "Peggy Band."

{ s : m : f | s : l : s | s : m : f | s : - : d' | d' : t : l | s : f : m }
 1 Let all who have pleasure in fro-lie and fun Go ear-ly to slumber to-
 : m : m : d : r | m : f : m | m : d : r | m : - : m | m : r : d | t₁ : t₁ : d

{ m : - : - | r : - : s | s : m : f | s : l : s | s : m : f | s : - : d' |
 night ; To-morrow will bring with the rise of the sun The
 s₁ : - : - | - : - : m | m : d : r | m : f : m | m : d : r | m : - : m }

{ t : l : s | s : l : fe | s : - : - | - : - : m : f | s : l : s | m : f : s }
 Fair and its wealth of de-light. O'er pathway and meadow how
 r : d : t₁ | t₁ : d : l₁ | t₁ : - : - | - : - : d : r | m : f : m | d : r : m }

{ s : f : m | f : - : r : m | f : s : f | r : m : f | f : - : - | m : - : s | d' : d : d }
 gai-ly we'll trip While singing a brisk merry air ; Small rest will be
 m : r : d | r : - : s₁ : d₁ | t₁ : t₁ | t₁ : t₁ : t₁ | d : - : - | - : - : f | m : d : d

{ d : - : r : d | d' : d : d | d : - : l | s : - : f : m | m : f : r | d : - : - | - : - : ||
 granted to tongue or to lip When hastening to Don-e-gal Fair.
 d : - : r : d | m : d : d | d : - : f | m : - : r : d | s₁ : s₁ : s₁ | d : - : - | - : - : ||

2 Have plenty of money, as much as you can ;

You'll need every penny, you'll find.

The stalls will be crowded with ribbon and fan,

And banners that wave in the wind ;

Brass trumpets and trinkets will lead you to buy ;

If you had a thousand to spare,

Your purse, do not doubt, will be less than your eye

At tempting, old Donegal Fair.

3 Oh, there will be cream that is cooling as ice,

With apples just pulled from the tree.

A whirl on the round-about horses is nice,

A yeoman of Britain I'll be !

Fine music the fiddlers and pipers will make,

And dancers are sure to be there.

What time the light lark in the morning sings " Wake ! "

Hey presto ! for Donegal Fair !

Over mountain, moor, and valley.

A. J. FOXWELL.

FR. LACHNER.

f KEY C. Vivace.

{ s : - : s | d' : s | f : m : r | m : d | m : - : f | s : d' | r' : m' | r' : - : }
 1 O - ver mountain, moor, and val - ley We will take our blithesome way,
 | s : - : s | d' : s | f : m : r | m : d | d : - : r | m : m | s : d' | s : - : }

{ s : - : s | d' : s | f : m : r | m : d | m : - : f | s : d' | m' : r' | d' : - : }
 At the foun-tain let us ral - ly, Bent up - on a hap - py day :
 | s : - : s | d' : s | f : m : r | m : d | d : - : r | m : m | s : f | m : - : }

{ d' : - : r' | m' : d' | d' : r' | t : s | d' : - : r' | m' : d' | d' : r' | t : - : }
 By the clear and sparkling riv - er, Thro' the meadow ; thro' the grove,
 | l : - : t | d' : l | m : f | s : s | m : - : f | s : l | m : f | s : - : }

{ d' : - : r' | m' : r' | f' : m' | r' : d' | t : - : d' | r' : - : r' | r' : s | m' : - : }
 Where the rush-ing as - pens quiv-er, Gai - ly, mer - ri-ly we rove,
 | m : - : s | s : s | l : s | f : m | r : - : m | f : s | l : s | s : - : }

{ d' : - : r' | m' : r' | f' : m' | r' : d' | t : - : d' | m' : - : m' | m' : r' | d' : - : }
 Where the rush-ing as - pens quiv-er, Gai - ly, mer - ri-ly we rove.
 | m : - : s | s : s | l : s | f : m | r : - : m | s : - : s | s : f | m : - : ||

2 Hark ! the woods with mirth are ringing,

As we pass the leafy glade ;

Birds in wonder cease their singing,

Peeping from the friendly shade.

So we raise our laughing voices,

While in varied scenes we roam ;

||: Earth itself with us rejoices,

Till the evening calls us home. :||

The merry little gipsy.

E. FITZBALL and A. J. FOXWELL.

M. W. BALFE.

KEY \mathbb{E}^b .

{ s₁ | s₁ s₁ m | s₁ | m | s₁ | l₁ | s₁ : d : r | m | : - : s₁ }
 1.A | merry lit - tle | gip - sy | came | ov - er | the | green, | She }
 { m₁ | m₁ m₁ s₁ | m₁ | s₁ | m₁ | f₁ | m₁ | m₁ | s₁ | d | : - : s₁ }

{ s₁ : r : s₁ | r : s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : r₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ }
 sang and she danced to the tam - bour - ine, | She }
 { f₁ : f₁ : f₁ | f₁ : f₁ : f₁ | f₁ : r₁ : f₁ | f₁ : - : m₁ }

{ s₁ : m : s₁ | m : s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : d : r | m | : - : m }
 sang at the port - al, she danced in the hall. | Her }
 { m₁ : s₁ : m₁ | s₁ : m₁ : f₁ | m₁ : m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ }

{ m : r : t₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : t₁ | r : l₁ : r | s₁ : - : s₁ }
 eyes were so bright and her feet were so small, | She }
 { f₁ : f₁ : f₁ | f₁ : - . f₁ : f₁ | fe₁ : fe₁ : fe₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ }

{ s₁ s₁ : la₁ : s₁ | la₁ : s₁ : la₁ | s₁ : t₁ : d | r : - : r }
 look'd so like a fai - ry es - caped from some flower | To }
 { s₁ s₁ : f₁ : s₁ | f₁ : s₁ : f₁ | s₁ : f₁ : m₁ | f₁ : - : r }

{ m : m : m | f : m : r | d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : r | s₁ s₁ }
 float in the air round a bean - ti - ful bower. | That she }
 { de : de : de | r : m₁ : f₁ | fe₁ : fe₁ : fe₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ m₁ }

{ s₁ : m : s₁ | m : s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : d : m | s : - : s }
 cap - tured all hearts when her beau - ty was seen, | This }
 { m₁ : s₁ : m₁ | s₁ : m₁ : f₁ | m₁ : m₁ : s₁ | ta₁ : - : ta₁ }

{ s . f : m : r | d : t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : - d : r m | d : - : d }
 merry lit - tle | gip - sy | with her tambour - ine, | This }
 { l₁ l₁ : s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : - : l₁ | se₁ : - . se₁ : se₁ . se₁ | l₁ : - : s₁ }

{ r . d : t₁ : l₁ | s₁ : d : m . d | s : - : t₁ | d : - }
 merry lit - tle | gip - sy | with her tam - bour - ine. }
 { fe₁ . fe₁ : fe₁ : fe₁ | s₁ : m₁ : s₁ . d | s₁ : f₁ : - : m₁ : - }

2 O merry are the glances she scatters around.
 And dainty her feet as they skim the ground;
 Good humour is sitting enthroned in her face,
 And there in each dimple its presence we trace.
 No wonder that the seekers for fortune will stand
 All waiting with silver to cross her brown hand!
 For they all say she must be of gipsies the queen,
 ¶: This merry little maiden with her tambourine. :||

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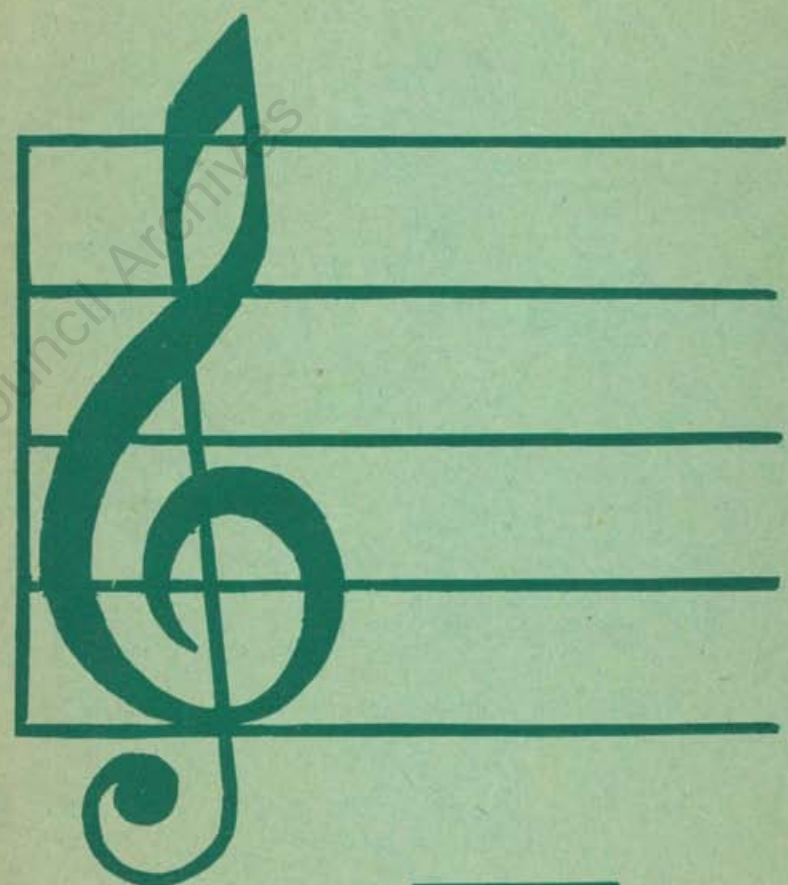
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THE MODULATOR.

r ^l	s	d ^l	f ^l				
		t	m ^l	l	r ^l	s	
d ^l	f						
t	m	l	r ^l	s	d ^l	f	
					t	m	
l	r	s	doh ^l	f			
			te	m	l	r	
s	d	f					
	t ₁	m	lah	r	s	d	
						t ₁	
f							
m	l ₁	r	soh	d	f		
				t ₁	m	l ₁	
r	s ₁	d	fah				
		t ₁	me	l ₁	r	s ₁	
d	f ₁						
t ₁	m ₁	l ₁	ray	s ₁	d	f ₁	
				t ₁	m ₁		
l ₁	r ₁	s ₁	doh	f ₁			
			t ₁	m ₁	-	r ₁	
s ₁	d ₁	f ₁					
	t ₂	m ₁	l ₁	r ₁	s ₁	d ₁	

THE NOTE MODULATOR.

DOH-EP E P C G D A F
 E^l E^l E^l E^l E^l E^l E^l
 D^l D^l D^l D^l D^l D^l D^l
 C^l C^l C^l C^l C^l C^l C^l
 B B B B B B B
 A A A A A A A
 G G G G G G G
 F F F F F F F
 E E E E E E E
 D D D D D D D
 C C C C C C C
 B₁ B₁ B₁ B₁ B₁ B₁ B₁
 A₁ A₁ A₁ A₁ A₁ A₁ A₁



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THE IRISH MINSTREL.

1.—OH, NATIVE MUSIC!

KEY A_b. *Slow and with Feeling.*

Old Irish Air.

{	.s ₁ : d .d l ₁ : t ₁ .s ₁ : d .d d .m : s .s : l .s	}
	1. Oh, Na-tive Mu - sic, be-yond oom - pa - ring, The sweetest	
{	.s ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ m ₁ .s ₁ : d .m : f .m	}
	2. The proud and low - ly, the pil - grim ho - ly, The lo - ver	
{	s .m : r .d d .t ₁ .l ₁ .s ₁ s ₁ :- .s ₁ : d .d l ₁ : t ₁ .s ₁ : d .d	}
	far - on the ear that falls, Thy gen - tle num - bers, the heart re -	
{	m .d : f ₁ m ₁ : m ₁ .f ₁ m ₁ :- .s ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁ : m ₁ m ₁	}
	kneel - ing at beauty's shrine, The bard who dreams by the haunted	
{	d .m : s .s : l .s .f m : m .r .d .r : d .m .r d :-	}
	mem - bers, Thy strains en - chain us in ten - der thralls;	
{	m .s ₁ : d .m : f .m .r d : s ₁ .f ₁ .m ₁ .f ₁ .m ₁ .s ₁ .f ₁ m ₁ :-	}
	streams, — All, all are touch'd by thy pow'r di - vine.	
{	m : f .s l .f : r .r : m .f s .m : d .d : t ₁ .l ₁	}
	Thy tones en - dear - ing, Or sad or cheer - ing, The ab - sent	
{	d : r .m f .r : t ₁ .t ₁ : d .r m .s ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁	}
	The cap - tive cheer - less, The sol - dier fear - less, The mo - ther	
{	f .m : r .d d .t ₁ .l ₁ .s ₁ s ₁ :- .s ₁ : d .d l ₁ : t ₁ .s ₁ : d .d	}
	soothe on a fo - reign strand; Oh, who can tell what a ho - ly	
{	l ₁ .s ₁ : f ₁ .m : m .s ₁ .f ₁ .m ₁ m ₁ :- f ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ f ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁ .m ₁ m ₁	}
	taught by Nature's hand, Her child when weep - ing Doth lull to	
{	d .m : s .s : l .s .f m .f : m .r .d .r : d .m .r d :-	}
	spell Is in the Song of our Na-tive Land?	
{	m .s ₁ : d .m : f .m .r d .l ₁ : s ₁ .f ₁ .m ₁ .f ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁ .f ₁ m ₁ :-	}
	sleep - ing With some sweet song of her na-tive land.	

2.—ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES,

KEY B♭. *Slow.*

Moore's "Irish Melodies."

$s_1 : l_1 : t_1$	$d : -r : m$	$s_1 : l_1 : t_1$	$d : - : -$
1. E - rin the	tear and the	smile in thine	eyes,
$m_1 : f_1 : r_1$	$m_1 : -f_1 : s_1$	$s_1 : f_1 : f_1$	$m_1 : - : -$
2. E - rin thy	si - lent tear	no - ver shall	cease,
$s_1 : l_1 : t_1$	$d : -r : m$	$s_1 : l_1 : t_1$	$d : - : -$
Blend like the	rain - bow that	hangs in thy	skies,
$m_1 : f_1 m_1 : r_1 s_1$	$m_1 : -f_1 : s_1$	$s_1 f_1 : f_1 m_1 : r_1 s_1$	$m_1 : - : -$
E - rin thy	lan - guid smile	ne'er shall in -	crease,
$m : m : m$	$f : -l_1 : l_1$	$m : m : r$	$d : -l_1 : s_1$
Shi - ning thro'	sor - row's stream,	Sadd'ning thro'	plea - sure's beam,
$d : s_1 : d$	$l_1 : -f_1 : f_1$	$s_1 : s_1 : f_1$	$m_1 : -f_1 : m_1$
Till, like the	rain - bow's light,	Thy va - rious	tints u - nite,
$s : f m : r d$	$d : -r : m$	$s_1 : l_1 : t_1$	$d : - : -$
Thy suns with	doubt - ful gleam,	Weep while they	rise.
$m : r d : f m$	$m_1 s_1 : l_1 t_1 : d$	$m_1 : f_1 m_1 : r_1 f_1$	$m_1 : - : -$
And form in	heav - en's sight	One arch of	peace.

3.—THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TABA'S HALLS.

KEY E♭. *Slow.*

Moore's "Irish Melodies."

d	$s : -l : s : m$	$l : -t d' : l$	$s : -m r : -m$	$d : - : s$
1. The	harp that once thro'	Ta - ra's halls, The	soul of mu - sic	shed, Now
d	$m : -f m : i$	$f : -r m : f$	$m : -d t_1 : -s_1$	$d : - : m$
2. No	more to chafe at	ladies' beight, The	harp of Ta - ra	swells: The

$d' : -t d' : r'$	$d' : t l : s$	$s : s d' : m$	$s : - : s$
hangs a - mute on	Ta - ra's walls As	if that soul were	fled; So
$m : -r m : f$	$m : s f : m$	$f : m m : d$	$t_1 : -l_1 s_1 : f$
chord a - lone that	breaks at night Its	tale of ru - in	tells. Thus
$d' : -t d' : r'$	$d' : t l : s$	$l : s f : m$	$l : - : t$
sleeps the pride of	for - mer days, So	glo - ry's thrill is	o'er, And
$m : -r m : f$	$m : r d : t_1$	$d : m r : d$	$f : - : r$
Freedom now so	seldom wakes, The	on - ly thro' she	gives, Is
$d' : -t l : s$	$l : -t d' : l$	$s : -m r : -m$	$d : - -$
hearts that once beat	high for praise, Now	feel that pulse no	more.
$d : r : m : s f : m$	$f : m : r : f m : d$	$m : r : d : d t_1 : -s_1$	$d : - -$
when some heart in -	dignant breaks, To	show that still she	lives.

4.—'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

KEY E♭. *Slow and with Feeling.*

Moore's "Melodies."

$d : r$	$m : d' : t_1 l$	$s m : -d : r$	$m : f m : r d$	$d : -d : r$
1. 'Tis the	last rose of	summer, Left	blooming a	lone; All her
$d : t_1$	$d : m : f$	$m d : -d : t_1$	$d : l_1 s_1 : t_1 d$	$d : -d : t_1$
2. I'll not	leave thee, thou	lone one To	pine on the	stem; Since the
3. So	soon may I	follow When	friendships de -	cay, And from
$m : d'$	$t_1 l s m : -d : r$	$m : f m : r d$	$d : -s : m$	
love - ly com -	panions	Are	fa - ded and	gone; No
$d : m : f$	$m d : -l$	$s : t d s$	$m_1 : -$	
love - ly are	sleeping	Go,	sleep thou with	them; Thus
love's shi - ning	circle	The	game keep a -	way! When

{ d' : d' . t . l . s } a : m : s . m d' : d' . t . l . s e l . t : d' : d . r }
 flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re-
 : : : : m . d m : m . r : d . t . i d . r : m : d . t . i }
 kind-ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bad Where thy
 true hearts lie withered, And fond ones are flown, Oh!

{ m : d' : t . l s . m : - : d . r m : f . m : r . d d : - }
 fleet back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh!
 d : m : f m . d : - : d . t . i d : l . i . d . s . i d : - }
 mates of the garden Lie scent - less and dead.
 who would in - habit This bleak world a - lone?

5.—THE MINSTREL BOY.

Key F. *With Spirit.*

Moore's "Melodies."

{ : s . i d : - r | f . m : r . d m : s | d' : t . d' }
 1. The Min - strel Boy to the war is gone, In the
 : s . i d : - r | f . m : r . d m : m | m : r . m }
 2. The Min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not

{ l : s | m . f : s . m r : - d | d : s . i d : - r }
 ranks of death you'll find him; His fa - ther's
 f : m | d . r : m . d t . i : s . i | m : s . d : - r }
 bring that proud soul un - - - der; The harp he

{ f . m : r . d m : s | d' : t . d' l : s | m . f : s . m }
 sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be-
 f . m : r . d m : m | m : r . m f : m | d . r : m . d }
 lee'd we'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a -

{ r : - d | d : (*) d' : t | l : t . d' | t : l | s : . s e }
 hind him; "Land of Song," said the war - rior bard, "Tho'
 t . i : s . i | d : (*) m : r | d : r . m r : d | t . i : r }
 sun - der; And said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou

{ l : - m | m : s e l : - t | d' : d' d : - r | f . m : r . d }
 all the world be - trays thee, One sword at least thy
 d : - d | d : t . i d : - r | m : m d : - r | f . m : r . d }
 soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy songs were made for the

{ m : s | d' : t . d' l : - s | m . f : s . m r : - d | d }
 rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall praise thee."
 d : t . i | l . i : r . m f : - m | d . r : m . d t . i : s . i | d }
 pure and free, They shall ne - ver sound in sla - ve - ry."

6.—LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Key F. *With Spirit.*

Moore's "Melodies."

{ : s . i d : - d . r | m : m . f s : s | f : m . f }
 1. Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old, Ere her
 : s . i d : - d . t . i | d : d . r m : d | r : d . r }
 2. On Lough-Neagh's bank, as the fish - er-man strays, When the

{ s : - l | m : d r : - | d : s . i d : d . r }
 faith - less sons be - trayed her, When Ma - la - chi
 m : - d | d : d d . t . i : l . t . i | c : s . i d : d . t . i }
 clear cold eve's de - cli - ning, He sees the round

{ m : m . f s . (s) : s | f : m . f z : (s) . l | m : d }
 wore the col - lar of gold, Which he won from his proud in -
 d : d . r m . (m) : d | r : d . r m : (m) . d | d : l . i }
 tow'rs of o - ther days In the wave be - neath him

{ r : - | ḍ : ṣ ṣ | d' : d' | ṭ : ḷ ṣ ḷ : ṣ ṃ | ṣ : ṃ ṛ }
 va - der, When her Kings with standards of green un - fur'd, Led the
 { ṣ ḷ : ṣ f̣ | ṃ : ṃ ṛ | ḍ ṛ : ṃ f̣ | ṣ : f̣ ṃ f̣ : ṃ ḍ | ṃ : ṃ ṛ }
 shin - ing! Thus shall mem'-ry of - ten in dreams sublime, Catch a

{ ḍ : ṛ ṃ | ṛ : ḍ | ḍ : - | ḍ : ṣ ṣ | d' : d' | ṭ : ḷ ṣ }
 Red-Branch Knights to dan - ger, Ere the em - 'rald gem of the
 { ḍ : ṛ ṃ | ṛ : ṃ | f̣ : - | ṃ : ṃ ṛ | ḍ ṛ : ṃ f̣ | ṣ : f̣ ṃ }
 glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus, sigh - ing look thro' the

{ ḷ : ṣ ṃ | ṣ : (ṃ) ṃ | ḍ : ṛ ṃ | ṛ : ḍ ṃ | ṛ : - | ḍ }
 wes - tern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.
 { f̣ : ṃ ḍ | ṃ : (ḍ) ḍ | ḷ : ṣ : ṣ | f̣ : ṃ ḍ ḍ : ṭ | ḍ }
 waves of Time, For the long - faded glo-ries they co - ver!

7.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

KEY A. *With Expression.*

Moore's "Melodies."

{ : ṣ f̣ | ṃ : - ṛ ḍ | ḍ : ḷ : ṣ | ṣ : ḷ : ḍ | ḍ : - : ṛ ṃ }
 1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that
 { : ṃ ṛ | ḍ : - ṣ : ṃ | ṃ : f̣ : ṃ | ṃ : f̣ : ṃ | ṃ : - : ṣ : ḍ }
 2. Yet it was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her
 3. 'Twas that friends the be - lov'd of my bosom were near, Who made
 4. Sweet Vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy

{ f̣ : f̣ : ṃ ṛ | ṛ : ṃ : ḍ | ṣ : ṃ : ḍ | ṛ : - : ṛ ṃ }
 vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet, Oh, the
 { ṛ : ṛ : ḍ ṭ | ṭ : ḍ : ḷ | ṭ : ḍ : ḷ | ṭ : - : ṭ ạ : ṭ ạ }
 pu - rest of cry - stal and brightest of green; 'Twas
 eve - ry dear scene of en - chantment more dear And who
 bo - som of shade with the friends I love best; Where the

{ f̣ : f̣ : ṃ ṛ | ṛ : ṃ : ḍ | ṣ : ṃ : ḍ | ṛ : - : ḍ ṛ }
 last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the
 { ḷ : ḷ : ṣ f̣ | f̣ : ṣ : ṃ | ṃ : ṣ : ḍ | ṭ : - : ṃ : ṣ }
 not her soft ma - gic of streamlet or hill, Oh!
 felt how the best charms of Nature im - prove When we
 stems that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our

{ ṃ : - ṛ ḍ | ḍ ḷ : - : ṣ | ṣ : ḷ : ḍ | ị : - : f̣ ṃ }
 bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart! Ere the
 { ḍ : - ṣ : ṃ | ṃ f̣ : - : ṃ | ṃ : f̣ : ḷ | ḷ : - : ṛ ḍ }
 no, it was something more ex - qui - site still: Oh,
 see them re - flected from looks that we love: When we
 hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace: And our

{ ṃ : - ṛ ḍ | ḍ ḷ : - : ṣ | ṣ : ḷ : ḍ | ḍ : - }
 bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.
 { ḍ : - ṣ : ṃ | ṃ f̣ : - : ṃ | ṃ : f̣ : f̣ | ṃ : - }
 no, it was something more ex - qui - site still.
 see them re - flected from looks that we love,
 hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

8.—THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

KEY C. *In Moderate Time.*

Moore's "Melodies."

{ : ṣ | d' : m̄ d̄ . t̄ . s̄ | d' l̄ : s̄ f̄ : m̄ r̄ | d̄ : m̄ s̄ : l̄ t̄ }
 1. They came from a land be - yond the sea, And now o'er the western
 { : ṣ | m̄ : s̄ m̄ : r̄ r̄ | m̄ f̄ : m̄ r̄ : d̄ t̄ | d̄ : d̄ m̄ : f̄ f̄ }
 2. And, lo, where a - far o'er ocean shines A spar - kle of radiant
 3. Then turned they unto the Eastern wave, Where now their Day - god's

{ t :d' }	: s	d' :m	d' :t s
main,	Set	sail	in their good ship
{ f :m }	: f	m :s	m :r r
green,	As	though	in that deep lay
eye	A	look	of such sun - ny

{ d' l :f }	:m r	d m :s	:l t
gal - lant - ly	From the	sun - ny land	of
{ m f :r }	:d d	d d :m	:f
em' - rald mines	Whose light	through the wave	was
o - men gave	As	lighted up	sea - and

{ t :d' :d' r' }	m' m' m' :f' r'	m' d' :l	:t d'
Spain,	"Oh,	where's the Isle we've	seen in dreams, Our
{ f :m :m s }	d' ,l :l	:se t	d' l :f :s m
seen,	"'Tis	In - nis - fail - 'tis	In - nis - fail!" Rings
sky	Nor	frown was seen through	sky or sea Nor

{ r' m' :f' m' :r' d' d' :t }	s	d' m' d' t s
des-tined home or grave,"	Thus	sang they, as by the
{ f s :l s :f f' s }	:f	m :s m :r f
o'er the cho - ing sea,	While	bend - ing to heav'n the
tear o' leaf or sod,	When	first on their Isle of

{ d' l :s f :m r }	d m s :l t	t :d'
morning's beams They	swept the At - lan - tic	wave.
{ m f :m r :d t }	d :d m :f f	f :m
warriors hail That	home of the brave and	free,
Des - ti - ny Our	reat fore - rathers	trod.

9.—REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIAN THE BRAVE.

KEY G. Lah is E. Boldly

Moore's "Melodies."

{ t d :l ,l l }	:s ,l	r ,d :l ,s s	:d ,r
1. Re - mem - ber the glo - ries of	Bri - an the brave,	Tho' the	
{ t d :l ,l l }	:s ,l	r ,d :l ,s s	:l ,s
2. For - get not our wound - ed com - pa - nions who stood,	In the		

{ m :r m r ,d :l ,l }	l :	:m	f :s f
days of the he - ro are o'er,	Tho'	lost to Mo -	
{ d :t ,se l }	{ f ,f m } :	:s	l :t ,l
day of dis - tress by our side;	While the	moss	of the

{ m :f m r d :r m s :l s }	s m - :r m	r d - :l ,l
no - nia and cold in the grave, Here -	turns to Kin - ko - ra no	
{ s :l ,s }	f ,m :f ,d m	:f ,m
val - ley grew red with their blood, They	stirr'd not but conquer'd and	

{ l : :m f s m :s ,l s :f m }	s m :r m s :m m
more; That star of the field which so	oft - en has pour'd its
{ m : :d r m d :m ,f m :r d }	m d :t ,d m :r r
died! Tho' sun that now bles - ses our	arms with his light Saw them

{ l ,se :l t l ,se - :m ,se }	l : :l s	f :s f m :f m
beam of the battle is set, But e -	nough of its glo - ry re -	
{ d ,t :d r m m - :m r }	de : :d t	l :t ,l s :l ,s
fall up - on Oso - ry's plain: Oh, let	him not blush when he	

{ r d :r m s l : l }	s m :r m r d :l ,l	l :
mains on each sword, To	light us to vic - to - ry	yet.
{ f ,m :s ,d m f :re }	m ,d :t ,se l	{ f ,f m } :
leaves us to - night, To	find that they fall there in	rain!

10.—THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

Kxz Ep. *With Spirit.*

Moore's "Melodies."

{	: s	d' .t	: d' .l	s .l	: d' .r'	m	: r'	d'	: d' .r'	}
1. The	wine	- cup	is cir	- cling	in	Alm	- hin's	hall,	And its	
{	: s	m .r	: m .f	m	: m .f	s	: s .f	m	: m .f	}
2. The	min	- strels	have seized	their	harps	of	gold,	And they		
3. Like	clouds	of the	night	the	North	- men	came,	O'er the		

{	m' r'	: d' .t	d' .t	: l .s	d'	: d	-	: m .s	}
Chief,	'mid	his	he	- roes	re-	oli	- ning,	Looks	
{	s .f	: m .r	m .r	: d .t	d	: d	-	: d .m	}
sing	such	thrill	- ling	num	- bers,	'Tis			
val	- ley	of	Alm	- hin	low'	- ring;	While		

{	l	: l .d'	s	: s .m	f	: r	m	: m .r'	}
up	with	a sigh	to the	tro	- phied	wall,	Where	his	
{	f	: f .re	m	: m .de	r	: t	d	: s, .t	}
like	the	voice	of the	Brave	of	old,	Breaking		
on	- ward	moved,	in the	light	of its	fame,	That		

{	d .r	: m .d	l .d'	: l .f	s	: -	d	: m .d	}
fal	- chion	hangs	i - dly	shi	- ning,	When			
{	l .t	: d .l	l .m	: f .r	d .t	: l .t	d	: m .d	}
forth	from	their	place	of	slum	- bers!	Spear		
ban	- ner	of	E - rin	tow'	- ring!	With	the		

{	l ₁	: -	l ₁	l ₁	: s ₁ .l ₁	d	: -	d	d .r	: m .f	}
hark!	that	about,	From	the	vale	with	- out,	"Arm	ye		
{	l ₁	: -	l ₁	l ₁	: s ₁ .l ₁	d	: -	d	d .r	: m .f	}
buck	- ler	rang	As	the	min	- strels	sang	And	the		
ming	- ling	shook	Rung	cliff	and	rook,	While				

{	s	: -	s	l .s	: f .m	s	: -	d	d	: m .d	}
quick,	the	Dane,	the	Dane	is	night!	Each				
{	s	: -	m	f .m	: r .d	ta	: -	ta	ta	: s(.s)	}
Sun	- burst	'o'er	them	float	- ed	wide;	While	re-			
rank	on	rank	the in-	va	- ders	die:	And	the			

{	l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁	: s ₁ .l ₁	d	: d	d .r	: m .s	}	
chief	starts	up	From	his	foam	- ing	cup,	And	"To	
{	f ₁	: f ₁	f ₁	: m ₁ .f ₁	m	: m	m .s	: d .m	}	
mem	-bring	the	yoke	Which	their	fa	- thers	broke,	"On	for
shout	that	last	O'er	the	dy	- ing	pass'd	Was		

{	l .s	: m .s	l .s	: d' .m	r'	: -	d'	d'	}	
bat	- tle,	on	to	bat	- tle!"	is	the	War	- riors' cry.	
{	f .m	: d .m	f .m	: m .s	f	: -	m	m	}	
li	- ber	- ty,	for	li	- be	- ty!"	the	War	- riors	cried.
"Vic	- to	- ry!	- "Vic	- to	- ry!"	the	War	- riors'	cry.	

11.—GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Kxz Ep. *Tenderly.*

Moore's "Melodies."

{	d .d	: r .m .f	: s .m	f .s	: l .f	: s .m	d	: r .m .f	: m .r	}				
1. Go	where	glory	waits	thee,	But	while	fame	e - lates	thee,	Oh!	still	re	- member	
{	d .d	: t .d .r	: m .d	r .m	: f .r	: m .d	d	: d .d	: d .t	}				
2. When	around	thee	dy	- ing,	Autumn	leaves	are	ly	- ing	Oh!	then	re	- mem	- ber

{	d	: :	d .d	: r .m .f	: s .m	f .s	: l .f	: s .m	}			
me;	When	the	praise	thou	meet	- est,	To	thine	ear	is	sweet	- est,
{	d	: :	d .d	: t .d .r	: m .d	l ₁ .t ₁	: d .r	: m .d	}			
me;	And	at	night	when	gaz	- ing	On	the	gay	hearth	blas	- ing

{	d	: r	m	f	: m	r		d	:	:		d'	, d'	: t	l	: t	d'	}
	Oh		then	re-mem-ber		me.						O	-ther	arms	may	press	thee,	
{	d	: d	. d	: d	. s		d	:	:			m	. m	: r	d	: r	m	}
	Oh		still	re-mem-ber		me.						Then	should	music,	steal-ing,			

{	t	. d'	: t	l	: l	. s		s	. f	: m	r	: m	. s		l	. t	: d'	m	: r	: d'	}
	Dearer	friends	ca-ress	thee.		All	the	joys	that	bless	thee,		Sweeter	far	may	be;					
{	r	. m	: r	d	: d	. t		m	. r	: d	. t	: d	m		f	. r	: m	f	: m	}	
	All	the	soul	of	feel-ing,		To	thy	heart	ap-peal-ing,		Draw	one	tear	from	thee.					

{	d	. d	: r	m	f	: s	m		f	. s	: l	f	: s	m		d	: r	m	f	: m		d	: -	}
	But	when	friends	are	nearest,		And	when	joys	are	dearest,		Oh,	then,	re-mem-ber		me.							
{	d	. d	: t	d	. r	: m		d	l	. t	: d	. r	: m		d	: d	. d	: d	. s		d	: -	}	
	Then	let	mem-ry	bring	thee		Strains	I	used	to	sing	thee,		Oh,	then,	re-mem-ber		me.						

12.—OH, THE SHAMROCK!

KEY G. In Moderate Time.

Moore's "Melodies."

{	s	m	. d	: d	. d		d	. d	: d	. d		r	. d	: t	. d		r	. m	: f	. s	}
	1. Thro'	E	-rin's	Isle	to	sport	a-	while,	As		Love	and	Valour	wan-	der'd,	Wh					
{	s	m	. d	: d	. d		d	. d	: d	. d		r	. d	: t	. d		r	. m	: f	. s	}
	2. Says	V	alour,	See	They	spring	for	me,	Those		leafy	gums	of	morn-ing,	Says						

{	m	. d	: d	. d		d	. d	: d	. d		r	. d	: t	. d		r	. m	: f	. f	}
	Wit,	the	sprite,	Whose	qui-var		bright,	A		thousand	arrows	quan-	der'd,	Wher-						
{	m	. d	: d	. d		d	. d	: d	. d		r	. d	: t	. d		r	. m	: f	. r	}
	Love,	No,	no,	For	me	they	grow,	My		fra-grant	path	s	-dorn-	ing;	But					

{	m	. d	: s	. s		s	. s	: s	. s		l	. s	: f	. m		r	. m	: f	. f	}
	e'er	they	pass,	A	triple	grass	Shoots		up	with	dewdrops	stream-	ing,	As						
{	d	. m	: m	. m		m	. m	: m	. m		f	. m	: r	. d		t	. d	: r	. r	}
	Wit	perceives	The	triple	leaves	And		cries,	Oh,	do	not	so		ver	A					

{	f	. f	: f	. f	: f	. f	: f	. f		s	. f	: m	. r		d	. r	: m	.	}
	soft-	ly	green	As	em'	ralds	seen,	Thro'		purest	cry-	stal	gleam-ing!						
{	r	. r	: r	. r	: r	. r	: r	. l		t	. l	: s	. f		m	. f	: s	.	}
	type	that	blends	Three	god-like	friends,	Love,		Valour,	Wit,	for	e	-	ver!					

{	d	: -	d		t	. t	: t	. t		l	. l	: l	. l		s	. s	:	s	}	
	Oh		the	Sham-	rock,	the		green	im-	mor-tal	Sham	-	rock!							
{	m	. m	: -	m		f	. f	: f	. f		f	. f	: f	. f		s	. s	:	s	}
	Oh		the	Sham-	rock,	the		green	im-	mor-tal	Sham	-	rock!							

{	f	. f	: f	. f		m	. m	: m	. r		m	. d	: f	. r		t	. d	.	}	
	Cho-	sen	leaf	of	bard	and	Chief,	Old		E	-	rin's	na-	tive	Sham	-	rock.			
{	l	. t	: d	. r		d	. s	: s	. t		d	. l	: l	. f		s	. f	: m	.	}
	Cho-	sen	leaf	of	bard	and	Chief,	Old		E	-	rin's	na-	tive	Sham	-	rock.			

13.—OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

KEY F. Very Slow.

Moore's "Melodies."

{	d'	. t		l	. s	: m	. s		f	. m	: r	. d		r	. m	: d	. d		d	: d	}
	1. Oh,		breathe	not	his	name,	let	it		sleep	in	the	shade,	Where							
{	m	. m	: s		f	. m	: d	. t		l	. s	: f	. m		f	. m	: f		m	: d	}
	2. But	the	night-	dew	that	falls,	tho' in		si-	lence	it	weeps,	Shall								

{	f	. m	: r	. d		m	. f	: s	. s		l	. t	. d	: t	. l		s	: (s)	. s	}
	cold		and	un-	hon-	oured	his		re-	lies	are	laid!	Sad,							
{	l	. s	: f	. m		d	. r	: m	. t		d	. r	: m	. r	. d		t	: (ta)	. ta	}
	bright-	en	with	ver-	dure	the		grave	where	he	sleeps:	And	the							

{	f	. m	: r	. d		d	: r	. m		s	. d'	: t	. d'		t	. l	: d'	. t	}
	ai-	lent	and	dark,		be	the		tears	that	we	shed,	As	the					
{	l	. s	: f	. m		m	: s	. d		m	: r	. m		f	: l	. s	.	.	}
	tear		that	we	shed,	tho' in		as-	cret	it	rolls,	Shall							

l	s	∞	s	f	∞	r	d	l	∞	d	∞	r	d
night	-	due	that	falls	on	the	grass	o'er	his	head!			
f	∞	d	t ₁	l	∞	s ₁	f ₁	∞	f ₁	∞	f ₁	∞	
long	keep	his	me - mo - ry	green	in	our	souls.						

14.—MY LAND.

Key F. In Moderate Time.

Air from Petris.

s ₁	d	∞	r	d	t ₁	l	s ₁	s	∞	l	s	f		
1. She	is	a	rich	and	rare	land;	Oh,							
s ₁	d	∞	r	d	t ₁	l	s ₁	∞	∞	f	∞	r		
2. Could	beau - ty	e - ver	guard	her,	And									
∞	∞	d	∞	r	d	t ₁	l	∞	∞	t ₁	d	∞	r	
she's	a	fresh	and	fair	land;	She	is	a						
d	∞	l	s ₁	t ₁	l	s ₁	l	∞	∞	f ₁	∞	∞	f ₁	
vir - tue	still	re - ward	her,	No	foe	would								
d	t ₁	l	s ₁	s	∞	l	s	f	∞	r	d	r	∞	f ₁
dear	and	rare	land—This	na - tive	land	of								
s ₁	s ₁	∞	∞	f	∞	r	d	t ₁	l	d				
cross	her	bor - der,	No	friend	with - ir									
s	∞	∞	∞	l	∞	f	d	∞	l	s	∞	f	∞	s
mine.	She's	not	a	dull	or	cold	land;	No						
t ₁	∞	∞	∞	f	∞	f	l	f	∞	∞	r	d	t ₁	
pine!	Oh,	she's	a	fresh	and	fair	land,	Oh,						
f	∞	r	d	l	∞	t ₁	d	∞	r	d	t ₁	l	s ₁	
she's	a	warm	and	bold	land,	Oh,	she's	a	true	and				
l	s ₁	f ₁	∞	f ₁	∞	f ₁	∞	f ₁	∞	f ₁	s ₁	s ₁		
she's	a	true	and	rare	land,	Oh,	she's	a	rare	and				

18.—SUNNY GLENEIGH.

Key A. Cheerfully.

Joyce's "Ancient Irish Music."

s ₁	l	t ₁	d	∞	r	d	t ₁	∞	r	∞	f	s	f	r	d	r
1. I	still	am	a	re - ver	our	green	is	land								
s ₁	r	f ₁	∞	∞	f ₁	∞	r ₁	∞	s ₁	d	r	∞	r	f ₁	∞	f ₁
2. From	all	those	dear	pla - ces,	the	bland	sun - mer									
3. There	green	woods	wave	slow - ly	to	winds	breath - ing									
t ₁	s ₁	s ₁	l	t ₁	d	∞	r	d	t ₁	∞	d	r	∞	f		
o - ver,	A	pas - sion - fraught	lo - ver	of												
s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	r	f ₁	∞	∞	f ₁	∞	r ₁	∞	∞	s ₁	d	l		
gra - ces,	From	all	their	fair	fa - ces	my										
low - ly,	And	ru - in	walls	ho - ly	stand											
s	f	r	d	r	d	∞	r	∞	f	s	s	s				
beau - ty	and	bloom,	On	wild	moun - tains											
∞	r	f ₁	∞	f ₁	∞	∞	t ₁	d	r	∞	∞	∞				
heart	still	doth	stray,	Where	clear	waves	are									
gray	o'er	the	scene;	There	clear	foun - tains										
f	f	s	f	∞	r	d	t ₁	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	l	t ₁				
pon - d'ring,	through	sweet	val - leys	wan - d'ring,	Where											
r	r	∞	r	d	t ₁	fe	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	r	f ₁					
fling - ing,	and	flow' - rets	are	spring - ing,	And											
ral - ly	their	strength	in	each	val - ley,	Where										
d	∞	r	d	t ₁	∞	r	∞	f	s	f	r	d	r	d	∞	
soft	winds	are	aquan - d'ring	the	blos - soms'	per - fume.										
∞	∞	f ₁	∞	r ₁	∞	s ₁	d	r	∞	r	f ₁	∞	f ₁	∞	∞	
blithe	birds	are	sing - ing	in	sun - ny	Gle - neigh.										
waves	the	wild	sal - ly,	and	birch	leaves	are	green.								

There rooks famed in story stand silent and hoary.

And fields in the glory of summer are gay;

And mead blossoms muster their bells of bright lustre,

And rich berries cluster in sunny Gleneigh.—ROBERT DWYER JOYCE

19.—ADIEU TO INNISFAIL.

Air "The Pearl of the White Breast," from Petrie.

Key E♭. Rather Slow and with Expression.

1. A	:s .l .t	d' .t :l .s d' : (l) .l	s .m :r .d r :m .f
	dieu! The snowy sail Swells her	bo-som to the gale, And our	
2. Though	:s	m .s :f .m m : (f) .f	m .d :s ₁ .s ₁ t ₁ :d .r
	round her Indian bow'rs The	hand of Nature show'rs The	
	s .s :m .d f .m :r .d	d :- - :s .l .t	
	bark from In-nis - fail Bounds a -	way.	While we
	m .m :d .d l ₁ :t ₁ .d	d :- - :s .f	
	brightest blooming flow'rs Of our	sphere.	Yet
	d' .t :l .s d' :l .l	s .m :r .d r :m .f	
	gaze up - on thy shore, That we	ne-ver shall see more, And the	
	m .s :f .m m :f .f	m .d :s ₁ .s ₁ t ₁ :d .r	
	not the rich-est rose In an	a - lien clime that blows, Like the	
	s .s :m .d f .m :r .d	d :- - :s .f	
	blinding tears flow o'er, We	pray—	Mo-
	m .m :d .d l ₁ :t ₁ .d	d :- - :m .f	
	briar at home that grows Is	dear;	Though
	m .s :l .d' t :- .s	d' .t :l .s s :- .s	
	vourneen, be thou long In	peace the queen of song— In	
	d .m :f .f f :- .f	m .s :f .m m :- .m	
	glowing breasts may be In soft	vales be-yond the sea, Yet	
	l .t :d' .m' r' .d' :t .s	s :- - :s .l .t	
	bat-tle proud and strong As the	sea.	Be
	f .r :m .s fe :s .t	t :- - :f .(f)	
	e - ver, grow me - chree Shall I	wai'	For the

1. A	d' .t .l .s d' :- .l	s .m :r .d r :m .f
	saints thine offspring still, True	he - roes guard each hill, And
	m .s :f .m m :- .f	m .d :s ₁ .s ₁ t ₁ :d .r
	hearts of love I leave In the	drea-ry hours of eve, On thy
	s .s :m .d f .m :r .d	d :- -
	harps by ev - ry rill, Sound	free!
	m .m .d .d l ₁ :t ₁ .d	d :- -
	stor - my shores to grieve, In - nis -	fail!

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

20.—MAY DAY MORNING.

Key C. Cheerfully.

Air from Dr. Joyce's Collection.

1. A	:d' .r'	m' :m'	f' :f'	m' :r' .d' t' :d' .r'
	wake, a - rise, come	forth with me, All		
2. With	:d'	d' :d'	s :t	d' :s s :d' (d')
	blithe - some hearts we'll	seek the shore, Where the		
3. We'll	d'	d' :d'	s :t	d' :s s :d' (d')
	climb the air - y	heath clad hill, The		
	m' :m'	f' :r' .t	d' :- .t	s :d' .r' m' :m'
	day - light slum - ber	scorn - - ing, The	bright sun	
	d' :d'	s :f	m :- .f	m :m .s d' :d'
	rest - less tide is	flow - - ing, And we'll	hear the	
	d .m :f .f f :- .f	m .s :f .m m :- .m		
	gray crags strewn be - fore	us, The	wind - ing	
	f' :s' .f'	m' :r'	d' :r' .d'	t' :s .f m' :f .r
	laughs on the up - land	lea, On this	love - ly	May - day
	t' :s .t	d' :s .f	m :f .m	r :t ₁ .r d' :t ₁
	tumb - ling bil - lows	roar, While the	fresh sea - breeze is	
	f .r :m .s fe :s .t	t :- - :f .(f)		
	glen and the spark - ling	rill, And the	white clouds sail - ing	

r	:-	d	:m	f	s	:s		f	:s	f	m	:f		r	:m	f
morn	-	ing.	Then	oh,	for	me	The	up	-	land	lea,	The				
t ₁	:-	d	:d	r	m	:d		r	:t ₁	d	:r		t ₁	:d	r	
blow	-	ing.	Then	oh,	for	me	The	wide	blus	sea,	The					
o'er	us,	Then	oh,	for	me	The	moun-	tain	free,	The						

s	:s		f	:s	f	m	:-	r	d	:m	f	s	:s		f	:s	f
leaves	and	flow'r's	a-	dorn	-	ing.	where	the	streamlets	dance,	And	the					
m	:d		r	:t ₁	d	:-		d	:d	r	m	:d		r	:t ₁	r	
ver-	dant	isles	a-	dorn	-	ing,	The	rock-	y	shore,	And	the					
gorse	and	heath	a-	dorn	-	ing,	Where	the	stream	leaps	down	From	the				

m	:f		r	:d	t	:s	f		m	:f	r	r	:-		d		
sun	-	beams	glance,	And	all	on	a	May-	day	morn	-	ing.					
d	:r		t ₁	:m	f	e	s	:t ₁	r		d	:t ₁	t ₁	:-		d	
break	-	er's	roar,	And	all	on	a	May-	day	morn	-	ing.					
moor	-	land	brown,	And	all	on	a	May-	day	morn	-	ing.					

—P. W. JOYCE.

21.—IRISH LULLABY.

KEY F. *Softly and Slowly.*

From Horncastle's Collection.

d	d	,r	:m	m	f	s	:f	m	d	m	:s	
1. Sweet	babe,	a	gold-	en	cra-	dle	holds	thee,	Sho	-	heen	sho,
d	d	,t ₁	:d	d	r	m	:r	d	m	,s ₁	:d	
2. Oh!	sleep,	my	ba-	by,	free	from	sor-	row,	Sho	-	heen	sho,
3. My	ba-	by	sleep	and	o'er	thy	slum-	bers,	Sho	-	heen	sho,

r	m	:d	,d	d	,r	:m	m	f	s	:f	m	
lu	lo	lo;	And	soft	the	snow-	white	fleece	en-	fold's	thee,	
t ₁	t ₁	:d	,d	d	,t ₁	:d	d	r	m	:r	d	
lu	lo	lo;	And	bright	thou'	it	ope	thine	eyes	to-	mor-	row,
lu	lo	lo:	The	An-	gels	bright	shall	chant	their	num-	bers	

f Bb												
d	m	:s	r	m	: ^d s ₁	r	m	f	f	:f	m	
Sho	-	heen	sho,	lu	lo	lo;	In	ai	-	ry	bow'r	I'll
m ₁	,s ₁	:d	t ₁	t ₁	: ^d s ₁	f ₁ ,s ₁	l ₁	,l ₁	:l ₁	,s ₁		
Sho	-	heen	sho,	lu	lo	lo;	Sweet	flow'r's	in	bloom	are	
Sho	-	heen	sho,	lu	lo	lo;	Thro'	branch-y	tree's	the		

m	r	r	t ₁	t ₁	m	:r	t ₁	m	:r	r	m	
watch	thy	sleep-	ing,	Sho	-	heen	sho	lu	lo	lo;	Where	
s ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	,s ₁	s ₁	d	:t ₁	s ₁	d	:t ₁	f ₁ ,s ₁		
straw'n	be-	fore	thee,	Sho	-	heen	sho	lu	lo	lo;	And	the
breeze	is	sweep-	ing	Sho	-	heen	sho	lu	lo	lo;	And	my

F.t.														
f	,f	:f	m,r	m	r	d	:r	t ₁	^d d	m	:s	r	m	:d
branchy	tree's	to	the	breeze	are	sweep-	ing,	Sho	-	heen	sho,	lu	lo	lo.
l	,r	:r	d,t ₁	d	t ₁ l ₁	:t ₁	,s ₁	^d d	d	:m	t ₁	,s ₁	:d	
birds	are	sweet-	ly	warb-	ling	o'er	thee,	Sho	-	heen	sho,	lu	lo	lo.
baby	dear	is	now	sweet-	ly	sleep-	ing,	Sho	-	heen	sho,	lu	lo	lo.

—E. WALSH.

22.—THE FAIRIES' REVELS.

KEY G. *Lightly and Softly.*

Wexford Air.

:s ₁	d	:d		r	:m	f	s	:s	f		r	:m	f
1. A	ras	-	ting	whirl	-	ing	sound	sweeps	by,	Like			
:s ₁	m ₁	:m ₁		s ₁	:d	r	m	:m	r		s ₁	:d	r
2. They	glide	a	-	long	o'er	the	dew	-	y	banks,	On	their	
3. To	the	fit	-	ful	song	of	the	haunt-	-	ed	stream,	The	

s	:m	d		t ₁	:d	t ₁	:-		-	:s ₁	,s ₁	d	:d
leaves	on	an	Au	-	tumn	breeze,	Tho'	since	sun	-	set		
m	:s ₁	l ₁		s ₁	:m ₁	s ₁	:-		-	:s ₁	,s ₁	m ₁	:m ₁
view	-	less,	film	-	ly	wings,	And	a-	non	and	a-		
aer	-	ial	num	-	bers	flow:	And	their	ti	-	ny		

r	:m	f	s	:s	f	r	:m	f	s	:f	r	d	:d	
fled, there was	scarce	a	sigh	To	stir	the	slum	-	b'ring					
s ₁	:d	r	m	:m	r	s ₁	:d	r	m	:l ₁	f ₁	m ₁	:s ₁	f ₁
gain from their	rest	-	less	ranks,	The	mer	-	ry	laugh	-	ter			
spears in the	star	-	light	gleam	To	the	bur	-	den	to	and			

d	:-		-	:m	f	s	:d		s	:f	m	f	:s		f	:s ₁	l ₁
trees;	And	a	troop	comes	forth	from	the	moon	-	lit	bow'r,	with	soft				
m ₁	:-		-	:d	r	m	:m		m	:r	d	r	:r		r	:s ₁	f ₁
rings.	In	lone	-	ly	dens,	where	the	star	-	beams	fall	But	on				
fro.	A	-	way!	quick	march!	through	the	ruin'd	arch,	At	the						

t ₁	:d		r	m	:f	r	t ₁	:-		-	:s	f	m	:r	m	f	:m	f	
mist	-	like	mo	tion	on,	That	you	may	not	find	an								
s ₁	:l ₁		t ₁	d	:r	t ₁	s ₁	:-		-	:t ₁	r	d	:t ₁	d		r	:d	r
fern	and	lake	and	tree,	Nor	eye	pro	-	fans	the									
sound	of	the	nut	-	shell	gong	-	And	here	shall	we	halt	at	the					

s	:s	f	r	:m	f	s	:f	r	d	:d	d	:-		-	
in	-	jured	now'r	Where	their	our	-	ser's	hoofs	have	gone.				
m	:m	r	s ₁	:d	r	m	:l ₁	f ₁	m ₁	:s ₁	f ₁	m ₁	:-		-
mirth	may	mar,	I	have	heard	their	min	-	strel	-	gic.				
Vi	-	king's	vault,	And	chant	him	a	battle	song.						

Now, left and right, in the moon's pale light,
 Low'r your flags as the monarch comes,
 In the Elin ring is the Elin king,
 Ding-a-dong go the Elin drums!
 With the glow-worms' gem is his diadem,
 For this festal pageant, lit:
 The beetle booms through the hawthorn blooms,
 And the bats through the branches fit.

Advance! advance! for a farewell dance,
 Ere the nightly pomp is o'er;
 From a mushroom's cone shall our pipers drone,
 The sward our elastic floor;
 While the Phooka-horse holds his frantic course,
 Over wood and mountain fall,
 And the Banshees croon a rhythmic rune
 From the crumbling, ivied wall!

—RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

28.—SAINT STEPHEN'S NIGHT.

Km Eb. *Cheerfully.*

Tune from Petrie.

:s	f		m	:r	m		d	:r	m		f	:m	f		s	:-	d
1. With	-	out	the	wild	winds	keen	-	ly	blow,	O'er							
:m	r		d	:-	:d		d	:-	:d	r	:d	:r		m	:-	:m	
2. Oh,		what	be	-	fits	Saint	Ste	-	phen's	night,	But						

f	:-	:r	m	:-	:d	f	:-	:r	r	:-	:s	f	m	:r	m		
wea	-	ry	wastes	of	win	-	try	snow;	With	-	in	the					
r	:-	:t ₁		d	:-	:d	l ₁	:-	:t ₁		t ₁	:-	:m	r	d	:-	:d
lo	-	ving	words	and	glan	-	ces	bright,	But	young	and						

d	:r	:m	f	:m	f		s	:-	:d	t	:-	:s	f	:-	:r	
red	fire	sheds	its	glow,	Where	round	and	round	the							
d	:-	:d	r	:d	:r		m	:-	:m	f	:-	:t ₁		t ₁	:-	:t ₁
old,	with	main	and	might,	To	dance	a	-	round	in						

m	:-	:d		d	:-	:m	r	d	:m	s		d	:t	d		r	:d	:t		d	:-	:l	
dan	-	cers	go;	Then	mer	-	ri	-	ly,	mer	-	ri	-	ly,	round	and	round,	Then					
d	:-	:d		d	:-	:m	r	d	:m	s		m	:r	m	f	:m	r		m	:-	:f		
wild	de	-	light;	Then	mer	-	ri	-	ly,	mer	-	ri	-	ly,	round	and	round,	Then					

{ s : s : f | m : r : m | f : - : r | r : - : s . f | m : r : m | d : r : m }
 mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, round and round, To the sweet-est mu-sic in
 { t₁ : t₁ : r | d : d : d | l₁ : - : t₁ | t₁ : - : m . r | d : - : d | d : d : d }
 mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, round and round, To the sweet-est mu-sic in

{ f : m : f | s : - : dⁱ | t : - : s | f : - : r . r | m : - : d | d : - : }
 Ire-land's ground, The heart's glad laugh and the bag-pipe's sound.
 { r : d : r | m : - : m | f : - : t₁ | t₁ : - : t₁ . t₁ | d : - : d | d : - : }
 Ire-land's ground, The heart's glad laugh and the bag-pipe's sound.

—R. D. JOYCE.

24.—THE SONGS OF OUR FATHERS.

Kax Eb. *Cheerfully.*

Air from the Petrie Collection.

{ : s | dⁱ : - : dⁱ | t : - : s | l : - : l | s : - : m }
 1. Oh! sing them on the sun-ny hills, When
 { : s | m : - : m | s : - : m | f : - : f | m : - : d }
 2. The songs their souls re-joiced to hear When
 3. Your chil-dren teach them round the hearth When

{ r : - : m | d : - : d | d : - : - | - : - : d . r | m : - : f }
 days are long and bright And the bright blue
 { t₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : d | d : - : - | - : - : d . d | d : - : r }
 harps were in the hall And each proud
 even-ing fires burn clear, And in the

{ s : - : s | m : - : f | s : - : s | l : - : l | l : - : l }
 gleam of shi-ning rills is love-liest to the
 { m : - : m | d : - : r | m : - : d | f : - : f | d : - : f }
 note made lance and spear Thrill on the ban-ner'd
 fields of har-vest mirth And on the hills of

{ s : - : - | - : - : d . r | m : - : f | s : - : s | m : - : f | s : - : s }
 sight! Oh! sing them on the mis-ty moor, Where
 { m : - : - | - : - : d | d : - : r | m : - : m | d : - : r | m : - : d }
 wall; The songs that throughour val-leys green, Sent
 deer; So shall each un-for-got-ten word, When

{ l : - : l | l : - : l | s : - : - | s : l : t | dⁱ : - : dⁱ | t : l : s }
 an-cient hun-ters roved, And swell them through the
 { f : - : f | f : s : f | m : - : - | r : - : f | m : - : m | s : f : m }
 on from age to age, Like his own ri-ver's
 far those loved ones roam, Call back the hearts which

{ l : - : l | s : f : m | r : - : m | d : - : d | d : - : - | - : - : }
 tor-rent's roar, The songs our fa-thers loved
 { f : - : d | m : r : d | t₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : d | d : - : - | - : - : }
 voice have been The pea-sants he-ri-tage.
 once it stirred To child-hood's ho-ly home.

The greenwoods of their native land
 Shall whisper in the strain,
 The voices of their household band
 Shall breathe their names again;
 The heathery heights in vision rise,
 Where like the stag they roved,
 Sing to your sons those melodies
 The songs your fathers loved!

—MRS. HERMAN.

25.—DÁN-MOLAÓ NA GAÉILGE.

Sleáir 5. So meirneamail. Fonn: "An Dáimhrioinnra Ríochamail."

<u>:m r</u>	<u>d :t</u>		<u>l :</u>	<u>:m r</u>	<u>d :t</u>		<u>l :</u>	<u>:m</u>		
1.—S í'n	ceang - a		gaéil - ge'f	spean - ca	cló, so					
<u>:m</u>	<u>l :</u>	<u>:se</u>		<u>l :</u>	<u>:m</u>	<u>l :</u>	<u>:se</u>		<u>l :</u>	<u>:d</u>
2.—Da	mbéir - ead	riús - te		éir - eann	fór 'na					
3.—Do	béir - ead	rao'gal ó'ra' s		éir - inn	'nir					Lo

<u>f :m</u>		<u>r :s f</u>	<u>m f</u>	<u>:m r</u>		<u>d :m</u>		<u>r m</u>	<u>:r d</u>
blar - oa		léis - ceap	i	mar		ceól, 'S		éan - ad	
<u>r :d</u>		<u>t :</u>	<u>:t</u>	<u>d :s</u>		<u>m :d</u>		<u>t d</u>	<u>:t l</u>
ruide ran		riosa'c	i	scéim 'r		scopéin, da		binn riol -	
rao' - b'neap		comac' - a		féim ir		briús; lu'c		léisinn pá	

<u>t d</u>	<u>:t l</u>		<u>s :</u>	<u>:fe</u>		<u>m :m r</u>	<u>d :t l</u>		<u>d t</u>	<u>:l se</u>
b'éir - ne	binn - su'c		beól, 'S	ir		riop su'c		mór a		
<u>s l</u>	<u>:s f</u>		<u>m :</u>	<u>:re</u>		<u>m :se</u>	<u>l :</u>	<u>:f</u>		<u>m :m</u>
lái na	gaéil - ge		leó ar			éam - éruit		ceól ir		
mór - éar	féim ran		riosa'c ir			tréan - lu'c		vib - ir'c		

<u>l :</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>l :</u>		<u>m</u>	<u>l :—</u>	<u>:se</u>		<u>l :</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>d' :d</u>	
háir -		nead,		ní't		ceang - ar		vóman vá		b'neap - éac'c	
<u>l :</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>l :</u>		<u>l :</u>	<u>d :—</u>	<u>:t</u>		<u>d :</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>l r</u>	<u>:t d r</u>
éar -		leir;		béir -		ri'c		i léisinn so		rár - oa	
ná -		má'c		'D'éir -		éar'ó an		gaéil'g		scéim - ib	

<u>d :—</u>	<u>d' :</u>	<u>d t</u>	<u>:l s</u>		<u>f m</u>	<u>:r d</u>	<u>t d</u>	<u>:r t</u>		<u>s :</u>	<u>:l t</u>
i,	le	blar	ir		fonn	nár	fór -	uis		ri,	'Sgo
<u>m :—</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>:s</u>	<u>:f m</u>		<u>r d</u>	<u>:t l</u>	<u>s :</u>	<u>:f</u>		<u>m :</u>	<u>:f s</u>
riosa'c,		as			véan - am	rao - éar		ván - ca		vóib; sac	
á'p' i		sclo' r			scéil'c	éar		béar - la		éar'c, ir	

<u>d :t</u>	<u>d</u>		<u>r :d</u>	<u>r</u>		<u>m :m</u>		<u>l :—</u>	<u>l</u>		<u>s :s</u>
ceap' oo			lad - mar			vám - e		lunn; na			ván - tá'f
<u>l :</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>:l</u>		<u>t :</u>	<u>:l t</u>	<u>d :t</u>		<u>l :</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>t :</u>
éis - ear		víob' rán				á - pur		mór, as			mol - ad'ín
raap - tá		gaéil'c				léis'c		oo'gná'c		ir	rean - a

<u>f :s</u>	<u>f</u>		<u>m :m</u>		<u>r :m r</u>	<u>d :t l</u>		<u>l d</u>	<u>:t l</u>	
ceól,		oo			ra'gáil 'na	cóir; ir		rean - a -		éur na
<u>r :t</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>:l</u>		<u>t :</u>	<u>s</u>	<u>l :</u>	<u>m</u>		<u>f :</u>	<u>r</u>
riús		'ra		rár - mar'c		gníom, 'Sa		rin - rir		uar - le
éur'c		éar'c		ceas - ar'c		Chíort. ir		víadair'í		'Dé so

<u>s l</u>	<u>:s f</u>		<u>m :</u>	<u>:m r</u>	<u>d :t l</u>		<u>d t</u>	<u>:l se</u>		<u>i :</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>l</u>
riús -		flac'c		mór ir		raoi - té		eró - tá				élar'c - luir'c.
<u>m :</u>	<u>re</u>		<u>m :</u>	<u>se</u>	<u>l :</u>	<u>f</u>		<u>m :</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>l :</u>	<u>—</u>	<u>l</u>
tréan - a		scíob'c,		'S		g - eríoc' - ad		ró - ula a		n - am -		rac'c.
féim oo		riop as				léir - min -		uis'c		ví'ge		neam' - tá.

—Slioc' ar leab'ar an Ollam' Seóige'c.

26.—DÁN-ÉNUIC ÉIREANN Ó'S.

Sleáir 6. So ceanamail. Fonn: ullucán Dub Ó.

<u>d m</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>:f</u>	<u>:s</u>		<u>f m</u>	<u>:r d</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>:m s</u>		<u>d' l</u>	
1.—Beir	beannac'c	óm' éiríob'c	so		tip	na		héi -		peann	
<u>d (d)</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>:l</u>	<u>:l t</u>		<u>d</u>	<u>:t d</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>:d m</u>		<u>f</u>	<u>:l f</u>
2.—bionn	dar'c	bos	rlim		ar	éam - énoic		éi -		peann	
3.—ir	or'gal -	te	ráil -		teac' n	áit		rin		é -	pe,

<u>s m</u>	<u>:r d</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>:s</u>	<u>:l d</u>	<u>d :—</u>		<u>d m</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>:f s</u>		<u>f m</u>	<u>:r d</u>	
dán - énuic		éi -		peann	Ó'S;		Cum a	mar'peann oo		riol -		rac	
<u>m d</u>	<u>:s</u>	<u>:s</u>		<u>f :</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>m :—</u>		<u>d d</u>	<u>l :</u>	<u>:l t</u>		<u>d</u>	<u>:t d</u>
dán - énuic		éi -		peann	Ó'S;		'S ir	reap'c		'ná'n		tip	reo
dán - énuic		éi -		peann	Ó'S;		asur	tor -		ad na		pláin'c	i

fAb

d : m . s	l : d' . l	s . m : r . d	l ₁ . s ₁ : l ₁ . d	d : - : r . m
1r 1r	éi - bharr	Dán - énuic	éi - meann	Óg; an
d : d . m	f : l . f	m . d : s ₁ . s ₁	f ₁ : f ₁	m : - : m . d
oioza zac	pléibe ann	Dán - énuic	éi - meann	Óg; 'Oob'
mbarr na	véi - re i	mbán-énuic	éi - meann	Óg; ba

f . m : f . s	f . m : r . t ₁	r : m . s	s : r . m	f . m : f . s
áit	úo 'n-arr	b'aoi - binn	binn - zué	éan, mar
fám - énuic				
r . d : r . m	r . d : t ₁ . s ₁	t ₁ : d . m	m : t ₁ . d	r . d : r . m
áru a	coll - te 'r ba	óí - meac	féiré, 'S a	mbliac mar
binn - e	'ná méar - a ar	éáo - aib	ceóil, [O]	reinn a gur

m : s . m	r . t ₁ : l ₁ . s ₁	m ₁ : r . m	f . m : f . s	f . m : r . t ₁
éaom as	caom - eab	zaeéal	'Sémo	cár a beir mí - le
d : m . d	t ₁ . s ₁ : r ₁ . r ₁	d ₁ : t ₁ . d	r . d : r . m	r . d : t ₁ . s ₁
aoi ar	maoil - inn	zéas, tá	zráo a - zam'	éiríob im'
zéimr - eab a	laos 'r a	mbó	asur	tair - neam na zréine oim

Eb

'd : m . s	l : d' . l	s . m : r . d	l ₁ . s ₁ : l ₁ . d	d : - -
mí - le	zcein ó	Dán - énuic	éi - meann	Óg.
'd : d . m	f : l . f	m . d : s ₁ . s ₁	f ₁ : f ₁	m : - -
inn - tinn	féim, 'o	Dán - énuic	éi - meann	Óg.
aoz - oa 'r	Óg; ar	Dán - énuic	éi - meann	Óg.

-Sluict ar leabar an Ollaim Seóizead.

27.—AN DRÚCT CEÓÍO

Sléar f. So mall éiríobeamal. fonn—"An Drúct CeóíO."

: l ₁ . t ₁	d : d . r	m : d' . t	l : s . m	r : d . r
1.-a	bháirre an	éan-éumainn	céanam cum	ruabail tá an
: l ₁ . se ₁	l ₁ : l ₁ . t ₁	d : m . r	f : m . d	s ₁ : l ₁ . t ₁
2.-o	leabaú-ra	fás a	páir - tíob	féim 1r
3.-a	Sam - maíó	éáíó na	mbliac-ear	aoil Céao

m . r : m . d	l ₁ . d : t ₁ . r	d : d	d : l ₁ . t ₁
maroin dos	úr ear na	úit - cib	fór, sin
d . t ₁ : d . l ₁	f ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : l ₁ . se ₁
pám zlan an	te-arr pá	éuim - ear	móir 1r nac
páil - te	fiom - éaom ó	éiríob 'maé	romat dt - -

d : d . r	m : d' . t	l : s . m	r : d . r
blá - éa na	ngéas 'r iao as	rzéiré zo	ruabac asur
l ₁ : l ₁ . t ₁	d : m . r	f : m . d	s ₁ : l ₁ . t ₁
ruabac leam an	cár tú ro'	lán luize	féim 'S zo
nuaó - aih - re	pár ar na	éain - tid	nió na

m . r : m . d	l ₁ . d : t ₁ . r	d : d	d : l ₁ . t ₁
uille-abar zo	plúir - meac ór	cionn an	móro, 1r le
d . t ₁ : d . l ₁	f ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : d . r
mb'fearr leir na	héin tú as	tnúé real	leó. ó
héirz na	héan - lair 'r zae	nió vá	róir ó

d' : d' . t	l : t . d'	r . d' : t . l	s : m . se
pám - neab an	lae poim an	zféin a	páim an
m : m . r	d : r . m	f . m : r . f	m : m . r
razam - na as	dóbaet trío na	páir - cean-naib	féiré 'zur béiré
zuró - mió zo	bháit an	te-áó 'zur an	fiot fá

l : l . t	d' . t : l . se	l : l	l : l ₁ . t ₁
trát vob'	fonn liom	ruabail zo	rózac tpe
d : d . r	m . r : d . r	d : t ₁ . r	d : l ₁ . se ₁
pláinte 'zur	péan zan éan	rmúro 'n-arr	zcomair, asur
lán - bharr na	saom - re an ar	nuaé - ear	cóir asur

{	d	:d	r		m	:	d'	t		l	:	s	m		r	:	d	r	}
	éan	-	tan	na	n-éan	in	an	an	an	zéar	-	éab	éumhans	ir	an				
{	l ₁	:	l ₁	t ₁		d	:	m	r	f	:	m	d		s ₁	:	l ₁	t ₁	}
	éiream	-	na	áil	-	neact	an	náúúr	pá	péim	ásur								
	léigean	ir	ruib	-	áil	-	ci	ar	razáil	so	rior	1							

{	m	r	:	m	d		l ₁	d	:	t ₁	r	d	:	d		d				}
	féar	as	lonnrao	pá	óruét	zeal	éóró.													
{	d	t ₁	:	d	l ₁		f ₁	:	f ₁	m	:	f ₁		m	:	f ₁		m		}
	caitneam	na	gréine	ir	an	óruét	zeal	éóró.												
	néir	-	inn	aoib	-	inn	pá'n	óruét	zeal	éóró.										

-TÓRNA

28.—bionn cuimne as furáil uam.

(Airtreuzao ar "Oft in the Stilly Night.")

Sléar C.	le	choire	iomlán.	ó	móroa.															
{	m'	:-	m'	:-	r'	d'	:-	l		l	:	d'	s	:-	s		d'	:	m'	}
	bionn	cuimne	's	ru	-	páil	uam,	na	foil	-	re	o'fás	rao							
{	d'	:-	s	:-	se	l	:-	f		f	:	f	m	:-	m		m	:	d'	}
	nuair	cuimnigim	m'ac	-	lán	gairt,	ar	cáir	-	uib	éuit	óm'								

{	r'	:	m'	f'		m'	:-	m'	:-	m'	:-	r'	d'	:-	l		l	:	d'	}
	ó	mé,	nuair	bim	im'	luige	gan	éor,	Roim											
{	t	:	d'	r'		d'	:-	d'	:-	s	:-	se	l	:-	f		f	:	f	}
	ó	ze,	tá	éior	na	luige	gan	los,	Mar											

{	s	:-	s		m'	:-	d'	r'	:-	d'	:	s	s	:-	d'		d'	:-	d'	}
	úul	pá	éool	-	áó	uam	-	-	ra.	na	trá	-	éa	uam	'oir					
{	m	:-	m		s	:-	m	f	:-	m	:	m	m	:-	m		m	:-	m	}
	úuiléadair	tor	gan	éróz	-	mar	ó	bim	uam	liom	im'									

{	r'	:-	d'		d'	:	d'	m'	:-	d'		d'	:	d'	r'	:-	d'	:	s	}		
	záine	'r	zol	San	gráb	oo	éus	mé'm	óise	...	na											
{	f	:-	m		m	:	s	:-	m		m	:	d	f	:	s	f		m	:	m	}
	aon	-	a	-	pac	1	n-ár	-	ur	it	-	te	mór	-	fléab.	gan						

{	s	:-	d'		d'	:	d'	r'	:-	d'		d'	:	d'	m'	:-	d'		d'	:	d'	}
	pám	-	ruir	roin	pá	rzáit	na	gclóe,	ir	cáin	-	te'n	ruite	ar								
{	m	:-	m		m	:-	s	f	:-	m		m	:	s	:-	m		f	:	l	}	
	blát	gan	rsoé	in	áit	-	nead	uob,	gan	páir	ar	bít	im'									

{	r'	:	m'	f'		m'	:-	m'	:-	m'	:-	r'	d'	:-	l		l	:	d'	}
	raoó	'noir	Siuo	cuimne	's	rup	-	áil	uam.	na										
{	s	:	d'	r'		d'	:-	d'	:-	s	:-	se	l	:-	f		f	:	f	}
	éom	-	zar	Siuo	cuimne	's	rup	-	áil	uam.	na									

{	s	:-	s		d'	:	m'	r'	:	m'	f'		m'	:-	m'	:-	m'	:-	r'	}
	foil	-	re	o'fás	rao	ó	mé,	nuair	bim	im'										
{	f	:-	f		m	:	d'	t	:	d'	r'		d'	:-	d'	:-	s	:-	se	}
	foil	-	ra	o'fás	rao	ó	mé,	nuair	bim	im'										

{	d'	:-	l		l	:	d'	s	:-	s		m'	:-	d'	r'	:-	d'	:-		}		
	luige	gan	éor	Roim	úul	pá	éool	-	áó	uam	-	-	ra.									
{	l	:-	f		f	:	f	m	:-	m		s	:-	m	f	:	s	f		m	:-	}
	luige	gan	éor	Roim	úul	pá	éool	-	áó	uam	-	-	ra.									

-TÓRNA o'airtneuz.

Sléar F. 29.—SUANTRAIOE

{	d	d	r		m	m	f	s	(s)	f	d	m	s	}	
	1.-	á	éam	úo	rior	ar	bhuac	an	tríotáin	Seó	hu	leó,				
{	d	d	t ₁		d	d	r	m	(m)	r	m	s	d	}	
	2.-	Seo	é	ann	-	ro	mo	éac	mór	maireac,	Seó	hu	leó,			
	3.-	ir	iom	-	da	bua	-	éail	cúl	-	uonn	car	ann	Seó	hu	leó,
	4.-	á	baip	lem'	éir	-	le	éact	:-	mbápac,	Seó	hu	leó,			
	5.-	án	luib	a	buaip	'cá	a	n-oorur	an	leapa,	Seó	hu	leó,			

r	m	:d	.d	d	,r	:m	m	f	.s	(s):f	m	
reó	hu	leó;	an	ocui-geann	tu	-ra		fát	mo	geáin		
t _i	.t _i	:d	.d	d	,t _i	:d	.d	r	m	(m):r	.d	
reó	hu	leó;	ir	iom	-úa	leann	úr	as	-ur	leann	rean ann,	
reó	hu	leó;	ir	iom	-úa	caí	-lin	cúl	-duí	dear	ann,	
reó	hu	leó;	'San	coin-neall	cia	-mac		i	georú	a	deáinman,	
reó	hu	leó;	mar	fuil	re	'Día	so	ra	geann	leir	a	baite

fBh

a	m	:s	r	m	: ^a s _i	.r	m	f	.f	:f	m	
Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,	'S	gurr	bliadain	'ra	lá	-'nuis	
m _i	.s _i	:d	t _i	.t _i	: ^a s _i	.f _i	.s _i	l _i	.l _i	:l _i	.s _i	
Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó;	ir		iomó	-a	míol	duiró	-e
Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó;	Cá		úa	-dean	veas	as	
Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó;	S ^a ian		coi	-re	-vui	-de	
Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó;	nó		mar	a	v-ti		

f

m	.r	(r):r	.t _i	t _i	m	:r	t _i	m	:r	.r	m	
'fua	vuis	mé	vom	geáin	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó;	'S	uo
s _i	.f _i	(f _i):f _i	.s _i	s _i	.d	:t _i	s _i	.d	:t _i	.f _i	.s _i	
as	-ur	céir	deac	ann	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó;	ir	
vuir	-uis	ad	mac	ann	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,	Cá	a
éadair	'na	láim	leir	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,	'S	an	
ré	fá'n	trá	rin,	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,	'So		

F.t.

f	.f	:f	m	r	m	(m)	r	.d	r	. ^a m	d	.m	:s	r	m	:d
ma	gá	ir	-teac	mé	lior	an	éno	-cáin	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,		
l _i	.r	:r	.d	t _i	d	(d).t _i	.l _i	:t _i	. ^a d	d	.d	:m	t _i	.s _i	:d	
iomó	-a	rean	-uine	ann	4	na	ra	ann	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,		
n-oir	-eas	oile	le	n-a	n-air	ann	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,	
cap	-all	top	-as	dua	lá	ra	mbeáin	ann	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,		
mbi	-am	baire	í	ar	na	mná	ro,	Seó	hu	leó,	reó	hu	leó,			
aspa		[ain														

30.—an fuisseóigin ruad.

Gléar F. Cúinearac mall.

:s _i	d	:-	r		d	:l _i	:t _i	d	:-	r		m	:d'	:l
1.	Do	bíor	...	raim'	luige	so	rit	...	eac	rógac	an			

:s _i	m _i	:-	f _i		f _i	:-	f _i	m _i	:-	s _i		d	:m	:f
2.	Da	liom	so	uáin	-is	pá	mo	comair	car					
3.	Δ	Oil	-eáin	na	naom	fuair	céar	-	av	i	scro,	ca'n		

s	:m	:d		m	:r	:d	l _i	:-	:-		s _i	:-	s _i
éul	ac	ar	bóro	an	cu	-	-	ain	mar				
m	:d	:l _i		s _i	:f _i	:m _i	f _i	:-	:-		m _i	:-	s _i
cuinn	fuir	-eóis	-	fn	mu	-	-	av	San				
téarma	an	-róit	-	eac	ru	-	-	ar	ac				

d	:-	r		d	:l _i	:t _i	d	:-	r		m	:d'	:l
bíor	na	roil	-	re	as	tróeac	im'	éreó	'San				
m _i	:-	f _i		f _i	:-	f _i	m _i	:-	s _i		d	:m	:f
rior	cá	háro	vob'	áit	-	reac	vó	Cá					
clao	óir	geóit	le	céi	-	le	rór	sin					

s	:m	:d		m	:r	:d	d	:-	:-		d	:-	s
geac	as	reóit	-	neav	im'	élu	-	-	air	as			
m	:d	:d		d	:t _i	:d	m _i	:-	f _i		m _i	:-	m
geac	vo	reóit	é	ar	cu	-	-	air	vo				
raoir	as	róol	-	a	vui	-	-	air	vo				

d'	:t	:d'		l	:s	:m	d'	:t	:d'		l	:d'	:l
raoin	-	eav	'n	gníom	-	éa'n	traoi	-	geit	móir	'San		
m	:r	:m		f	:m	:d	m	:r	:m		f	:l	:f
reav	so	háro	ór	tráis	vo	vóin	ir						
gear	vo	léim	ar	rean	pá	vó	le						

{	s :m :d m :-r :d	l _i :- :- s _i :- :s _i	}
	ṛḡairḡeáó ṛo'm ḡóm - ḡlíoct	ṛa zó Ṫo	
{	m :d :l _i s _i :f _i :m _i	f _i :- :f _o s _i :- :f _i	}
	ṛḡeairḡuḡ ḡm ḡeól ḡan	ḡuáó airḡ; Ṫo	
	ḡairḡeom an ṛḡeól maí	ṛu airḡ; Sin	

{	d :- :r d :l _i :t _i	d :- :r m .d' :- :l	}
	ḡaom - ḡeair ḡí lṛ	ṛiḡ ḡa ḡeomáct Ṫo	
{	m _i :- :f _i f _i :- :f _i	m _i :- :s _i d .m :- :f	}
	b _i oḡḡ mé im' lám	le háct air móm ḡḡé	
	cunn - ḡar ḡlé ḡan	ḡlaom ḡan ḡó Ṫo	

{	s :m :d m :r :-d	d :- :- d :-	}
	ḡuit - ear i neól	ḡeas ṛu ain.	
{	m :d :l _i s _i :f _i :-m _i	l _i :- :- s _i :-	}
	airḡar an ṛḡeól	vo lu air.	
	'nṛ an ṛuir . eóḡ in	ṛu áó.	

-CÓRna



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N^o. 2.

The Irish
MINSTREL

A collection of
SONGS for use in
Irish Schools

Selected and Arranged by
P. GOODMAN

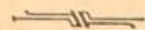
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1906



So naib éire ceolmáir aísir!



No. 2.



The Irish Minstrel:

A COLLECTION OF
SONGS FOR USE IN IRISH SCHOOLS

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By P. GOODMAN,

INSPECTOR OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION, BOARD OF NATIONAL EDUCATION



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THE IRISH MINSTREL.

PART 2.

1.—WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

KEY C. *Slowly, and with feeling.* Moore's "Irish Melodies."

d' :-r' m' :m'r' d' :-s s :-	l :s d' :tr'd' t :l s :-
1. When thro' life un-blest we rove,	Losing all that made life dear,
m :-f s :s.f m :-m m :-	f :m m :r.f,m r :r.d t :-
2. Like the gale that sighs a-long	Beds of or - i - en - tal flow'rs,
3. Mus-ic! oh, how faint, how weak	Language fades be - fore thy spell!

d' :-d' d'.m' :m'.s' s :-l l.s :f.m f.s :l.t d'.r' :d'.f	
Should some notes we used to love In days of child-hood	
m :-m m.s :d'.m' m :-f f.m :r.d r.m :f.r m :-r	
Is the grate-ful breath of song That once was heard in	
Why should feel - ing ev - er speak, When thou canst breathe her	

m :r d :- m :-r m :-f s :s.l,s s :-	
meet our ear : Oh, how wel - come breathes the strain,	
d :d.t, d :- d :-t, d :-r m :m.f,m m :-	
hap - pier hours; Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,	
soul so well? Friendship's balm - y words may feign	

l :s d' :tr'd' t :l s :-	d' :-d' d'.m' :m'.s'
Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept,	Kin - dling for - mer
f :m m :r.f,m r.s :-f.e s :-f m :-m m.s :d'.m'	
Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death,	So when pleas - ure's
Love's are e'en more false than they;	Oh! 'tis on - ly

s :-l l.s :f.m f.s :l.t d'.t :d'.f m :r d :-	
smiles a - gain, In fa - ded eyes that long have wept	
m :-f f.m :r.d r.m :f.r m.f :m.r d :-t, d :-	
dream is gone, Its mem'ry lives in Mus - ic's breath,	
Mus - ic's strain Can sweet - ly soothe and not be - tray.	

—THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852).

2.—THE PAIR HILLS OF EIRÉ, O!

Key F. Rather slow.

Air—"Uluchan Dhuv O."

:d...m	f...f:f...s f...m:r...d	d	:m.s l
1. Take a	blessing from my heart to the	land	of my birth,
:d...d	l...l:l...t d...t...d	d	:d.m f
2. The	soil is rich and soft, the	air is mild and bland,	
3. A	fruitful clime is Eiré's thro'	valley, meadow, plain,	

:d...l	s...r:d l...s:l...d	d	:—
And the	fair hills of Eiré	O!	...
:l...f	m...d...s...m f...f	m	:—
Of the	fair hills of Eiré	O!	...
And the	fair land of Eiré	O!	...

:d...m	f...f:f...s f...m:r...d	d	d:m.s l
And to	all that yet sur-vive of	Eibhear's	tribe on earth,
:d...d	l...l:l...t d...t...d	d	d:d:m f
Her	barest rock is greener to me	than this rude	land,
The	very "Bread of Life" is	in the yel-low	grain

:d...l	s...r:d l...s:l...d	d	:—
On the	fair hills of Eiré	O!	...
:l...f	m...d...s...m f...f	m	:—
Oh! the	fair hills of Eiré	O!	...
On the	fair hills of Eiré	O!	...

L. B. S.

:r...m	f...m:f.s f...m:r...t	r	:m.s s
In that	land so de-light-ful the	wild thrush's	lay
:m...d	r...d:r...m r...d:t...s	t	:d...m m
Her	woods are tall and straight, grove	rising o-ver	grove;
Far	dearer-un-to me than the	tones mus-ic	yields,

:r...m	f...m:f.s m...s...m	r...t:l...s m
Seems to	pour a la-ment forth for	Ei-ré's de-cay—
:t...d	r...d:r...m d...m...d	t...s:r...m d
Trees	flourish in her glens be-low and	on her heights a-bove;
Is the	low-ing of the kine and the	calves in her fields,

F. A.

:r...m	f...m:f.s f...m:r...m	d...d:m.s l
A-	las! a-las! why pine I a	thousand miles away
:t...d	r...d:r...m r...d:t...d	d...d:m f
O, in	heart and in soul I shall	ev-er, ev-er love
And the	sun-light that shone long a-	go on Gaelic shields,

:d...l	s...r:d l...s:l...d	d	:—
From the	fair hills of Eiré,	O!	...
:l...f	m...d...s...m f...f	m	:—
The	fair hills of Eiré,	O!	...
On the	fair hills of Eiré,	O!	...

—From the Irish by JAMES CLARENCE MANNING (1803-1849).

3.—MY OWN FIRESIDE.

KEY E ♭. *In moderate time.*

Munster Air.

.s . . . f	m . . f : m . . d	l ₁ . . t ₁ : d . . r
1. I have	tast - ed all life's	plea - sures, I have
.m . . . r	d . . r : d . . m ₁	f ₁ . . f ₁ : m ₁ . . s ₁
2. In	boy - hood's dreams I	wan - dered far a -
3. The	po - et sings his	death - less songs, the
4. Oh!	let me glance a	mo - ment thro' the

m . . f : r . . d	d	:-	.d . r	m . . f : m . . r
snatched at all	its joys,		The	dan - ce's mer - ry
d . . l ₁ : t ₁ . . d	d	:-	.d	d . . r : d . . t ₁
cross the o - cean's	breast,		In	search of some bright
sage his lore re -	peats,		The	pat - riot tells his
com - ing crowd of	years,		Their	triumphs or their

m . . l : l . . t	d' . . r' : t . . l	l	:-	.d . r
measures and the	re - vel's fes - tive	noise;		Though
d . . d : d . . r	m . . f : r . . d	d	:-	.d
earthly star, some	hap - py isle of rest;	I		Though
country's wrongs, the	chief his war - like	feats:		How
fail - ures, their	sun - shine or their	tears;		

m . . f : m . . r	m . . l : l . . t
w't flashed bright the	live - long night, and
d . . r : d . . t ₁	d . . d : d . . r
lit - tle thought the	bliss I sought in
far a - way may	be their clay, and
poor or great may	be their fate, I

d' . . r' : r' . d' . t . d'	l . . t	: d' . . l	s . . f : m . . d
flowed the ru - by	tide,	I	sighed for thee, I
m . . s : f . . f	f	: m . . f	m . . r : d . . m ₁
roam - ing far and	wide,	Was	sweet - ly cen - tred
gone their earth - ly	pride,	Each	god - like mind in
care not what be -	tide,	So	peace and love but

l ₁ . . t ₁ : d . . r	m . . . f	: r . . d	d	:-
sighed for thee, my	own	fire -	side	
f ₁ . . f ₁ : m ₁ . . s ₁	d l ₁	: t ₁ . . d	d	:-
all in thee, my	own	fire -	side	
books enshrined still	haunts my	fire -	side	
hal - low thee, my	own	fire -	side	

—DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY (1817-1882).

4.—THE MOUNTAINS HIGH.

Air from Dr. Joyce's

KEY G. *Rather slow, and with expression.*

"Ancient Irish Music."

.s	s . . m	: f . . r . d	l ₁ . . r	:-	d . . l ₁
1. On	low - land plains	I	wan - der,		All
.d	m . . d	: l ₁ . . f ₁	f ₁	:	m ₁ . . f ₁
2. When au - tumn	time is	com - ing,	A -		
3. With - in the	low - land	val - ley	There		

s . . l ₁ : d . . r . m	f	:-	.l	s . . f : f . . r . d
in the fall - ing	year,		By	lowland streams I
f ₁ . . f ₁ : m ₁ . . s ₁ . d	r	r -	.f	m . . d : l ₁ . . f ₁
long the hills and	dells,	You'll	hear the wild bees	
stands a cas - tle	strong,	Where	r - ound in each green	

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1, r_1 \\ \text{pon} \\ f_1 \\ \text{hum} \\ \text{al} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} - \\ \text{der,} \\ \\ \text{ming} \\ \text{ley} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d \\ \text{On} \\ \\ \text{A} \\ \text{You'll} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 \\ \text{home} \\ f_1 \\ \text{mong} \\ \text{hear} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , l_1 \\ \text{and} \\ , f_1 \\ \text{the} \\ \text{wild} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d \\ \text{friends} \\ , r_1 \\ \text{heath-er} \\ \text{birds'}$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{dear;} \\ m_1 \\ \text{bells;} \\ \text{song;} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} : \\ \text{But} \\ \\ \text{You'll} \\ \text{But} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s_1 \\ \\ \\ \\ \end{array} \right.$
---	---	--	--	--	--	--	--	---

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{Spring} \\ d \\ \text{hear} \\ \text{sweet} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , d \\ \text{will} \\ \\ \text{the} \\ \text{-er} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d, r \\ \text{soon} \\ :d, t_1 \\ \text{gay} \\ \text{vis} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , m, f \\ \text{re-} \\ \text{streams} \\ \text{-ions} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \\ \text{stores} \\ \\ \text{sing} \\ \text{move} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :l \\ \text{me} \\ \\ \text{-ing} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , s, f \\ \text{Each} \\ \\ \text{Their} \\ \text{To} \end{array} \right.$
---	--	--	---	--	---	--

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \\ \text{long-} \\ d \\ \text{songs} \\ \text{bear} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , r \\ \text{lost} \\ .s_1 \\ \text{to} \\ \text{the} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d \\ \text{home-} \\ :r, m \\ \text{earth} \\ \text{eag-} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f \\ \text{ly} \\ .s_1, d \\ \text{and} \\ \text{le's} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ \text{tie,} \\ \\ \text{sky,} \\ \text{ory} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \\ \text{The} \\ \\ \text{Like} \\ \text{From} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , m, f \\ \text{tall} \\ :l_1, f_1 \\ \text{cliffs} \\ \text{beetling} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :f \\ \text{tow'r-} \\ \\ \text{sil-} \\ \text{crags} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , r, d \\ \text{ing} \\ \\ \text{ver} \\ \text{a-} \end{array} \right.$
--	--	---	---	--	---	---	--	---

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} l_1, r_1 \\ \text{o'er} \\ f_1 \\ \text{ring} \\ \text{bove} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} - \\ \text{me,} \\ \\ \text{ing} \\ \text{me.} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d \\ \text{Up-} \\ \\ \text{Up-} \\ \text{Up-} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s_1 \\ \text{on} \\ f_1 \\ \text{on} \\ \text{on} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , l_1 \\ \text{the} \\ , f_1 \\ \text{the} \\ \text{the} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d \\ \text{mountains} \\ , r_1 \\ \text{mountains} \\ \text{mountains} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{high.} \\ m_1 \\ \text{high.} \\ \text{high.} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ \\ \\ \\ \end{array} \right.$
---	---	--	--	---	--	---	---

—ROBERT D. JOYCE (1830-1883)

6.—A SOLDIER—A SOLDIER TO-NIGHT IS OUR GUEST.

KEY F. *Not too fast.*

Munster Air.

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m, s \\ \text{1. Fan,} \\ :d, t_1 \\ \text{2. All} \\ \text{3. Then} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f \\ \text{fan} \\ l_1 \\ \text{hon-} \\ \text{share} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m \\ \text{the} \\ :s_1 \\ \text{our} \\ \text{with} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d, m \\ \text{gay} \\ :l, s_1 \\ \text{to} \\ \text{the} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r, :w \\ \text{hearth,} \\ f_1 \\ \text{him} \\ \text{sol-} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d, m \\ \text{and} \\ :m, s_1 \\ \text{who,} \\ \text{dier} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \\ \text{ding} \\ :m, s_1 \\ \text{when} \\ \text{your} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} f_1 \\ \text{dan-} \\ :m_1 \\ \text{ger} \\ \text{hearth} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m_1, f_1 \\ \text{a-} \\ \\ \text{and} \\ \text{your} \end{array} \right.$
--	--	--	--	--	---	--	--	---

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{door,} \\ m_1 \\ \text{far} \\ \text{home,} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ \text{Strew,} \\ :- \\ \text{Had} \\ \text{And} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m, s_1 \\ \text{light-} \\ \text{warm} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{ed} \\ \text{be} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m, f \\ \text{for} \\ \text{your} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \\ \text{ru-} \\ \text{greet-} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :f \\ \text{in} \\ \text{ing} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m, r \\ \text{his} \\ \text{when-} \end{array} \right.$
---	--	--	--	---	---	--	--

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} m \\ \text{round} \\ d \\ \text{o-} \\ \text{e'er} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s \\ \text{on} \\ :t_1 \\ \text{mi-} \\ \text{he} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} , l, fe \\ \text{our} \\ :l_1, d \\ \text{nous} \\ \text{shall} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s \\ \text{floor,} \\ t_1 \\ \text{star,} \\ \text{come;} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ \text{And} \\ :- \\ \text{Left} \\ \text{Let} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d, r \\ \text{blithe} \\ d \\ \text{plen-} \\ \text{love} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s \\ \text{be} \\ :m \\ \text{sure} \\ \text{light} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s, l \\ \text{the} \\ :m, f \\ \text{and} \\ \text{a} \end{array} \right.$
---	---	--	--	--	---	---	---

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} ta \\ \text{wel-} \\ s \\ \text{coun-} \\ \text{wel-} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :l \\ \text{come} \\ :f \\ \text{try} \\ \text{come} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s, f \\ \text{in} \\ :m, r \\ \text{and} \\ \text{in} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m, r, d, r \\ \text{ev' -} \\ :s_1, m_1, s_1 \\ \text{kin-} \\ \text{ev' -} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m, s, l \\ \text{ry} \\ :d, m, f \\ \text{be-} \\ \text{ry} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} ta \\ \text{breast,} \\ s \\ \text{hind} \\ \text{breast,} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :- \\ \text{For} \\ :- \\ \text{And} \\ \text{For} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :l, t, d' \\ \text{a} \\ :f, m \\ \text{a} \\ \text{a} \end{array} \right.$
--	---	---	---	---	---	---	---

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} t \\ \text{sol-} \\ r, d \\ \text{ped} \\ \text{sol-} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :s \\ \text{dier,} \\ :t_1 \\ \text{to} \\ \text{dier,} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :f, s \\ \text{a} \\ :l_1, t_1 \\ \text{the} \\ s \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :m, r, d \\ \text{sol-} \\ :d, s, m_1 \\ \text{shock} \\ \text{sol-} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d, m \\ \text{to-} \\ :m_1, s_1 \\ \text{on} \\ \text{to-} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} r \\ \text{night} \\ f_1 \\ \text{wings} \\ \text{night} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d \\ \text{is} \\ :m_1 \\ \text{of} \\ \text{is} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} :d, r \\ \text{our} \\ :m_1, f_1 \\ \text{the} \\ \text{our} \end{array} \right.$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d \\ \text{guest.} \\ m_1 \\ \text{wind.} \\ \text{guest.} \end{array} \right.$
--	--	--	---	--	---	--	---	---

—GERALD GRIFFIN (1803-1840).

6.—AWAKE THEE

Key E \flat . *Cheerfully.*

Mayo Air, from Petrie.

<u>:d .r</u>	m	:m .f	:r .m	d	:d	:m .f
1. A -	wake	thee,	a -	wake	thee,	the
<u>:d .t₁</u>	d	:d	:t ₁	d	:d	:d .r
2. Oh,	come	whilst	the	flow'rs	are	still
3. The	hare	from	her	soft	bed	of

<u>s :l</u>	:s .m	r :-	:s .l,t	d' :-	:r' :m' .d'
morn - ing	is	fair,	The	breath	of young
<u>m :f</u>	:m .d	t ₁ :-	:f	m :-	:f :s .m
wet with	the	dew,	I'll	ga - ther	the
hea - ther	bath	gone,	The	coot	to the

<u>r' .d' :l .s</u>	:m .s	f .m :d	:d .r	d :-	:d .r
ro - ses	is	fresh on	the	air;	The
<u>f :f .m</u>	:d .ta,	<u>l₁ .s₁ :m₁</u>	:m ₁ .f ₁	m ₁ :-	:
fair - est,	the	ra - rest	for	you;	The
wa - ter	al -	rea - dy	hath	flown,—	There is

<u>m .d :s .m</u>	:r .m	d :d	:d .r	<u>m .s :l .t</u>	:l .se
sun - is	now	shi - ning	o - ver	moun - tain	and
:	:	:	:d .t ₁	<u>d .m :f .r</u>	:d .t ₁
lark pour - eth	forth his	sweet	strain	for thy	
life ou the	moun - tain	and	joy	on the	

<u>l :-</u>	:t :d' .t	<u>l .s :m .s</u>	:d' .m
lake,	Then a -	wake	from thy
<u>d :-</u>	:r :m .s	<u>f .m :d .m</u>	:m .d
sake,	Then a -	wake	from thy
lake,	Then a -	wake	from thy

<u>r :d</u>	:m .s	<u>f .m :d</u>	:d .r	d :-
slum - bers,	a -	wake thee,	a -	wake. . . .
<u>t₁ :d</u>	:d .ta,	<u>l₁ .s₁ :m₁</u>	:m ₁ .f ₁	m ₁ :-
slum - bers,	a -	wake thee,	a -	wake. . . .
slum - bers,	a -	wake thee,	a -	wake. . . .

—J. J. CALLANAN (1795-1829).

7.—YOUTH, MANY A METEOR BEAM.

Key G. *Rather slow.*

Air from the Petrie-Hoffmann Collection.

<u>:s₁</u>	<u>s₁ .l₁ :d .r</u>	<u>m :r .d</u>	<u>r :m .f</u>	<u>s :m .d</u>
1. Youth,	ma - ny a	me - te - or	beam	for thee
				Will
<u>:s₁</u>	<u>m₁ .f₁ :m₁ .s₁</u>	<u>d :t₁ .l₁</u>	<u>t₁ :d .r</u>	<u>m :d .l₁</u>
2 Be	watch - ful,	thought - ful,	firm,	and slow,
				Lest

<u>l₁ :s₁ .m₁</u>	<u>s₁ .l₁ :d .r</u>	<u>m :-</u>	<u>r r :s₁</u>
play	a - long	Life's	path
			of gloom, But
<u>f₁ :m₁ .d₁</u>	<u>m₁ .f₁ :m₁ .s₁</u>	<u>d :-</u>	<u>t₁ t₁ :s₁</u>
all	thy	fair - est	hopes
			be crossed; How

$\left. \begin{array}{l} s_1 . l_1 : d . r \quad m : r . d \quad r : m . f \quad s : m . d \\ \text{pause and trem - ble} \quad \text{lest it be} \quad \text{To} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} m_1 . f_1 : m_1 . s_1 \quad d : t_1 . l_1 \quad t_1 : d . r \quad m : d . l_1 \\ \text{oft by one dis - as - trous throw} \quad \text{The} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} l_1 : s_1 . m_1 \quad s_1 . l_1 : d . r \quad d : - \quad - : s_1 \\ \text{lure thee to thy doom} \quad \text{And} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} f_1 : m_1 . d_1 \quad m_1 . f_1 : m_1 . r_1 \quad m_1 : - \quad - : s_1 \\ \text{game of life is lost!} \quad \text{Thine} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} d . r : m . s \quad l : d . l \quad s . m : d . l_1 \quad f : m . f \\ \text{when the si - ren sail leth nigh,} \quad \text{Let} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} m_1 . s_1 : d . m \quad f : l . f \quad m . d : l_1 . f_1 \quad r : d . r \\ \text{ev' - ry deed and word em - ploy,} \quad \text{That} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} s . m : d . l_1 \quad s_1 . l_1 : d . r \quad m : - . r \quad r : s_1 \\ \text{not her witch 'ry lull thy soul,} \quad \text{But} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} m . d : l_1 . f_1 \quad m_1 . f_1 : m_1 . s_1 \quad d : - . s_1 \quad s_1 : f_1 \\ \text{Good may flour - ish,} \quad \text{Vice may cease; So} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} s_1 . l_1 : d . r \quad m : r . d \quad r : m . f \quad s : m . d \\ \text{walk the way of Truth with eye} \quad \text{Fixed} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} m_1 . f_1 : m_1 . s_1 \quad d : t_1 . l_1 \quad t_1 : d . r \quad m : d . l_1 \\ \text{shalt thou pass thy days in joy,} \quad \text{Thy} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} l_1 : s_1 . m_1 \quad s_1 . l_1 : d . r \quad d : - \quad - \\ \text{on the heav'n - ly goal} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} f_1 : m_1 . d_1 \quad m_1 . f_1 : m_1 . r_1 \quad m_1 : - \quad - \\ \text{pla - cid nights in} \quad \text{pears} \end{array} \right\}$

—J. CLARENCE MANGAN (1803-1849).

8.—THE FAIRY BOY.

KEY G. *Tenderly.*

Words and Music by SAMUEL LOVER.

$\left. \begin{array}{l} : s_1 \quad \quad d \quad m : s_1 \quad : l_1 . t_1 \quad \quad d \quad m : l \quad : s \\ \text{1.A} \quad \text{mother came} \quad \text{when} \quad \text{stars were pal - ing,} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} : s_1 \quad \quad m_1 . s_1 : m_1 : f_1 \quad \quad m_1 . s_1 : f : m \\ \text{2.} \quad \text{"O'er the moun - tain,} \quad \text{thro' the wild - wood} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} l . s : m : - . d \quad \quad r . d : l_1 : \quad \quad d . m : - . l_1 . t \\ \text{Wailing round} \quad \text{a lonely spring,} \quad \text{Thus she cried, while} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} f . m : d : - . l_1 \quad \quad f_1 . m_1 : f_1 : \quad \quad m_1 . s_1 : m_1 : f_1 \\ \text{Where his child - hood lov'd to play,} \quad \text{Where the flow'r's are} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} d . m : l : s \quad \quad l : - . s : m . d \\ \text{tears were fall - ing,} \quad \text{Call - ing on the} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} m_1 . s_1 : f : m \quad \quad f : - . m : d . m_1 \\ \text{fresh - ly spring - ing,} \quad \text{There} \quad \text{I wan - der} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} m . r : d : \quad \quad s . m : l : - . s \quad \quad m . d : m . r : d \\ \text{Fair - y King,} \quad \text{"Why with spells my} \quad \text{child - caress - ing} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} s_1 . f_1 : m_1 : \quad \quad m . d : f : - . m \quad \quad d . d : s_1 . f_1 : m_1 \\ \text{day by day—} \quad \text{There I wan - der,} \quad \text{growing fond - er} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} s . m : l : s . m \quad \quad r . d : r : \quad \quad d . m : s_1 : l_1 . t_1 \\ \text{Courting him} \quad \text{with} \quad \text{fairy joy,} \quad \text{Why destroy a} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} m . d : f : m . d \quad \quad t_1 . l_1 : t_1 : \quad \quad d . s_1 : m_1 : f_1 \\ \text{Of the child} \quad \text{that} \quad \text{made my joy;} \quad \text{On the ech - oes} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} d . m : l : s \quad \quad l . s : m : - . d \quad \quad r . d : d \\ \text{mother's bless - ing,} \quad \text{Wherefore steal} \quad \text{my ba - by boy?} \end{array} \right\}$
$\left. \begin{array}{l} m_1 . s_1 : f : m \quad \quad f . m : d : - . m_1 \quad \quad f_1 . m_1 : m_1 \\ \text{wildly call - ing} \quad \text{To re - store} \quad \text{my fair - y boy."} \end{array} \right\}$

—S. LOVER (1797-1868).

9.—THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

KEY G. *In moderate time.*

Air, "The Little Red Lark."

{ :s ₁ }	d : - : r	d : l ₁ : t ₁	d : - : r	m : d' : l	
1.To	Rath - lin's Isle	I	chanced to sail,	When	
{ :s ₁ }	m ₁ : - : f ₁	f ₁ : - : f ₁	m ₁ : - : s ₁	d : m : f	
2.And	she plays,	rock,	dell,	and cave	In
3.And	glit - tering fanes,	and	lof - ty towers,	All	
4.They	al - so say,	if	earth or stone,	From	

{ s : m : d	m : r : d	l ₁ : - : l ₁	s ₁ : - : s ₁	
sum - mer	bree - zes	soft - ly	blew,	And
{ m : d	l ₁ s ₁ : f ₁ : m ₁	f ₁ : - : f ₁	m ₁ : - : s ₁	
dy - ing	falls the	sounds re - tain,	As	
on this	fair - y	isle are seen:	And	
ver - dant	Er - in's	hal - lowed land,	Were	

{ d : - : r	d : l ₁ : t ₁	d : - : r	m : d' : - : l	
there I	heard so	sweet a tale,	That	
{ m ₁ : - : f ₁	f ₁ : - : f ₁	m ₁ : - : s ₁	d : m : - : f	
if some	cho - ral	spi - rits gave	Their	
wav - ing	trees, and	sha - dy bowers,	With	
on this	mag - ic	is - land thrown,	For	

{ s : m : d	m : r : d	d : - : d	d : - : s	
oft I	wished it	could be true.	They	
{ m : d : d	d : t : d	m ₁ : - : f ₁	m ₁ : - : m	
aid to	swell her	witch - ing strain,	Then,	
more than	mor - tal	ver - dure green.	And	
ev - er	fixed, it	then would stand.	But	

{ d' : t	: d'	l : s	: m	d' : t	: d'	l : d'	: l	
said at	eve,	when	rude	winds	sleep,	And		
{ m : r : m	f : m : d	m : r : m	f : l : f					
sum - moned	by that	dul - cet	note,	Up -				
as it	moves,	the west - ern	sky	Glows				
when,	for this,	some	lit - tle	boat	In			

{ s : m : d	m : r : d	l ₁ : - : l ₁	s ₁ : - : s ₁	
hushed is	ev' - ry	tur - bid	swell,	A
{ m : d	: l ₁ s ₁ : f ₁ : m ₁	f ₁ : - : f ₁	s ₁ : - : f ₁	
ri - sing	to th'ad - mi - ring	view,	A -	
with a	thous - and	vary - ing	rays,	And the
ui - lence	ven - tures	from the	shore—	The

{ d : - : r	d : l ₁ : t ₁	d : - : r	m : d' : l	
mer - maid	ri - ses	from the	deep,	And
{ m ₁ : - : f ₁	f ₁ : - : f ₁	m ₁ : - : s ₁	d : m : f	
fair - y	is - land	seems to	float	With
calm	sea, tinged	with each	dye,	Seems
mer - maid	sinks—	hushed is	the	note,
				The

{ s : m : d	m : r : - : d	d : - : d	d : -	
sweet - ly	tunes her	ma - gic	shell.	
{ m : d : l ₁	s ₁ : f ₁ : - : m ₁	{ l ₁ : - : l ₁	s ₁ : -	
tints of	ma - nya	gor - geous	hue.	
like a	gold - en	flood of	blaze.	
fair - y	isle is	seen	no more.	

10.—THE MERRY CHRISTMAS FIRE.

KEY E ♭. *Cheerfully, not too fast.* Air from Dr. Joyce's Collection.

{	:s f	m	:m	m . r : d m	s	:s	ta . l : s . t	}
1. In	Sum - mer	time	my	heart	is	glad,	In	}
{	:m f	d	:d	d . t : d	m	:m	s . f : m r	}
2. In	Sum - mer	time	the	vales	are	bright	With	}
3. From the	Christmas	fire	the	gay	flames	dart,	And	}

{	d	:m	m r : d m	f	:-	s	:s . f	}
Au - tumn	low	or	gay	But				}
{	m	:d	d . t : l . s	l	:-	t	: t . r	}
glean - cing	leaf	and	flow'r,	And				}
whirl	and	glance	and	glow,	And			}

{	m	:m	m . r : d m	s	:- l	ta . l	:s . ta	}
there	is	sweet	and	nought	of	sad,	When	}
{	d	:d	d . t : d	m	:- f	s . f : m . d		}
Au - tumn	spreads	its	am - ber	light	On			}
joy - ous	bounds	my	hap - py	heart	While	the		}

{	l . s . : m . d	r	:- d	d	:-		:s . l	}
Christ - mas	comes	al	way;	And				}
{	f . m : d	t	:s	d	:-		:m . f	}
ma - nya	love	ly	bower;	And				}
world	is	white	with	snow.	O			}

{	ta	:s	d	:s . l	ta . l : s . m . r	m	:s . l	}
ne - ver	bliss	more	sweet	than	this	Can		}
{	s	:m	m	:m . f	s . f : m . d . t	d	:m . f	}
sweet - ly	sing	the	birds	in	Spring	Like		}
glad - dest	boon	to	sit	full	soon	Where		}

{	ta	:l . s	d	:m	f	:- . s . l s	:s . f	}
hap - py	man	de -	sire,	Than				}
{	s	:f	m	:d	l	:- . t . d t	: t . r	}
tune	of	fai - ry	lyre;	But				}
young	heart	ne'er	could	tire,	All			}

{	m	:m	m . r : d m	s	:l	ta . l : s . ta		}
sit	a	near	his	true	friends	dear,	By	the
{	d	:d	d . t : d	m	:f	s . f : m . d		}
far	more	dear,	my	true	friends	near,	And	the
fond - ly	near	my	true	friends	dear,	By	the	}

{	l . s : m . d	r	:- d	d	:-		:-	}
mer - ry	Christ - mas	fire.						}
{	f . m : d	t	:s	d	:-		:-	}
mer - ry	Christ - mas	fire.						}
mer - ry	Christ - mas	fire.						}

11.—THE BANKS OF ANNER.

KEY G. Lah is E. *Cheerfully.*Air from Dr. Joyce's
"Ancient Irish Music."

:r	m	:-	m		r	:-	m	d	:-	l ₁		s ₁	:-	s ₁
1.In	pur	-	ple	robes	old	Sliav	-	na	-	mon	Tow	'rs		
:r	d	:-	l ₁		t ₁	:-	s ₁	l ₁	:-	f ₁		m ₁	:-	m ₁
2.O	heav'n,	be	with	the	good	old	days,	The						
3.The	morn	-	ing	sun	may	fail	to	show	His					

l ₁	:-	l ₁		s ₁	:f ₁	:s ₁	l ₁	:-	:-	d	:-	r
mon	-	arch	of	the	moun	-	tains,	The				
f ₁	:-	f ₁		m ₁	:f ₁	:m ₁	f ₁	:-	:-	l ₁	:-	s ₁
days	so	light	and	air	-	y,	When					
light	the	earth	il	lu	-	ming;	Old					

m	:-	m		r	:-	m	d	:-	l ₁		s ₁	:-	s ₁
first	to	catch	the	smiles	at	dawn,	With						
d	:-	l ₁		t ₁	:-	s ₁	l ₁	:-	f ₁		m ₁	:-	m ₁
to	blithe	friends	I	sang	my	lays,	In						
Sliav	-	na	-	mon	to	blush	and	glow	In				

l ₁	:-	l ₁		s ₁	:f ₁	:s ₁	l ₁	:-	:-	l ₁	:-	m ₁
all	his	woods	and	foun	-	tains;	His					
f ₁	:-	f ₁		m ₁	:f ₁	:m ₁	f ₁	:-	:-	l ₁	:-	m ₁
gal	-	lant,	gay,	Tipp	-	'rar	-	y;	When			
Au	-	tumn's	pur	-	ple	bloom	-	ing;	And			

l ₁	:-	t ₁		d	:-	r	m	:-	r		d	:-	r
streams	dance	down	by	tower	and	town,	But						
l ₁	:-	l ₁		l ₁	:-	t ₁	d	:-	t ₁		l ₁	:-	t ₁
life	was	bright,	and	day	and	night	My						
aham	-	rocks	green	no	more	be	seen,	And					

m	:-	l		l	:t	:s	l	:-	:-	m	:-	s
none,	since	time	be	gan	her,	Met						
d	:-	d		m	:-	r	d	:-	:-	d	:-	m
young	heart	was	the	plan	-	ner,	Of					
breez	-	es	cease	to	fan	her,	Ere					

l	:-	m		r	:-	m	d	:-	l ₁		s ₁	:-	s ₁
mor	-	tal	sight	so	pure	and	bright,	As					
f	:-	d		t ₁	:-	s ₁	l ₁	:-	f ₁		m ₁	:-	m ₁
cas	-	tles	rare	built	in	the	air,	Up					
I	for	-	get	the	friends	I	met	Up					

l ₁	:-	l ₁		s ₁	:f ₁	:s ₁	l ₁	:-	:-	l ₁	:-
wind	-	ing,	wand	-	'ring	An	-	-	ner.		
f ₁	:-	f ₁		m ₁	:f ₁	:m ₁	f ₁	:-	:-	l ₁	:-
on	the	banks	of	An	-	-	ner.				
on	the	banks	of	An	-	-	ner.				

12.—THE OLDEN TIME.

KEY F. *Cheerfully.* Air from the Petrie-Hoffmann Collection.

$\dot{m} : f$	$s : s$	$m : s$	$l : s$	$s : l : t$
1. My	bless - ing	rest	up - on	thee, thou
$\dot{d} : r$	$m : m$	$m : m$	$f : m$	$m : f : r$
2. How	rich	wert thou	in	la - gends of
3. Fierce	can	ni - bal	ish	gi - ants, who
4. Oh,	could	I find	a	ma - gic wand I'd

$\dot{d} : f$	$m : f$	$s : s$	$t : t$
mer - ry	old - en	time,	When the
$m : r$	$\dot{d} : r$	$m : s$	$t : d : t$
mag - ic	lamps	and	ring,
dwelt	in	for - e	wild,
bring	those	days	gain—
			Of
			And
			I'd

$\dot{d} : d$	$\dot{d} : d$	$r : d$	$\dot{d} : r$	$m : s$
fa - ries	were	in	fa - shion,	and the
$l : l$	$l : s$	$f : m$	$m : s$	d
ge	nil, whom	a	sin - gle	word to
worn	a d wea - ry	way - far - ers	to	of
call	the	treas - ures	from	the
			caves	of

$f : l$	$s : f$	$m : s$	$t : t$
world	was	in	its
$r : f$	$m : r$	$d : s$	$t : d : r$
mer - tal	aid	would	bring;
dark	some	dena	be -
earth	and	throbb - ing	main;
			Of
			Brave
			The

$\dot{d} : d$	$t : t$	$l : l$	$s : f$
ru - in	had	its	gob - lin, ev - ry
$m : m$	$r : r$	$f : f$	$m : r$
caves	of	gold	and
knights	with	charm - ed	weap - ons
land	should	be	a glo - rious
			land, as

$m : s$	$f : r$	$d : s$	$m : s$
green	rath	had	its
$d : t$	$l : t$	$d : d$	$d : d$
foot	had	nev - er	been,
laid	the	mon - sters	low,
'twas	in	an - cient	time,
			When
			the

$f : s$	$f : r$	$m : d$	$m : s$
light	of	Sci - ence	chased
$r : m$	$t : s$	$d : d$	$d : d$
by	the	fa - voured	one
op - 'ning	wide	the	their
fa - ries	were	in	depths
			were
			bid
			the

$f : s$	$f : r$	$d : s$	$t : t$
an - cient	haunts	a - way.	
$r : m$	$r : t$	$m : s$	$t : t$
all	un - veiled	and	seen.
cease	the	cap - tive's	woe.
world	was	in	its
			prime.

13.—RICH AND RARE.

KEY D. *In moderate time.*

Moore's "Melodies."

d' :- :t	l :- :t	d' r' :- :m'
1. Rich and	rare	were the gems she
m :- :s	f :- :r	m f :- r :s f
2. "La dy,	dost thou not	fear to
3. "Sir Knight, I	feel not the	least a
4. On she	went and her	maid en

s :- :l :t	d' :- :t	l :- :s :m
wore, And a	bright gold	ring on her
m :- :f :r	m :- :f :s	f :- :m :d
stray, So	lone and	love - ly through
larm, No	son of	E - rin will
smile In	safe ty	light - ed her

l :- :s :f	m :- :l	l :- :l
wand she	bore; But	oh, her
f :- :m :t, r	d :- :d	f :- :f
this bleak	way? Are	E - rin's
of - fer me	harm; For	though they love
round the green	isle; And	blest for

s :- :l :t	d' :- :r' :m'	m :- :m
beau - ty was	far be - yond	Her
f :- :m :r	m :- :s :d'	d :- :d
sons so	good or so	cold, As
wo - man and	gold en	store, Sir
ev - er is	she who re -	lied On

s :- :f :m	m :- :r :s	d :- :d
spark ling	gems and	snow - white
m :- :r :d	d :- :t, :s,	d :- :d
not to be	tempt - ed by	woman or
Knight! they love	hon - our and	vir - tue
E - rin's	hon - our and	E - rin's

d :- :f	f :- :f	m :- :f :s
wand, But	oh! her	beau - ty was
d :- :l,	t, :- :d :r	d :- :r :m
gold? Are	E - rin's	sons so
more, For	though they love	wo - man and
pride. And	blest for	ev - er is

d' :- :r' :m'	m :- :m	s :- :f :m
far be - yond	Her	spark - ling
m :- :s :d'	d :- :d	t, :- :r :d
good or so	cold, As	not to be
gold en	store, Sir	Knight! they love
she who re -	lied On	E - rin's

m :- :r :s	d :- :d	d :- :t
gems and	snow - white	wand.
d :- :t, :s,	d :- :d	d :- :t
tempt - ed by	woman or	gold?"
hon - our and	vir - tue	more."
hon - our and	E - rin's	pride."

14.—DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Moore's "Melodica."

KEY G. *In moderate time, and with much expression.*

{	<u>d</u> <u>l</u> ₁	S ₁ : l ₁ : d d : r : m	f : l : s f : m : r	}
1.	Dear	Harp of my Country! in	darkness I found thee, The	
{	<u>m</u> <u>f</u> ₁	m ₁ : f ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : s ₁ : d	l ₁ : f : m r : d : s ₁	}
2.	Dear	Harp of my Country! fare-	well to thy numbers, This	
{	m	d : l ₁ s ₁ : - . l ₁ : d	m : - f : r d : - : <u>d</u> <u>l</u> ₁	}
	cold	chain of si - lence had	hung o'er thee long, When	
{	d	: m ₁ : f ₁ m ₁ : - . f ₁ : m ₁	d : - . r : s ₁ f ₁ m ₁ : - : <u>m</u> <u>f</u> ₁	}
	sweet	wreath of Song is the	last we shall twine! Go,	
{	S ₁ : l ₁ : d	d : - . r : m	f : l : s f : m : r	}
	proudly,	my own Island	Harp! I un-bound thee, And	
{	m ₁ : f ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : - . s ₁ : d	l ₁ : f : m r : d : s ₁		}
	sleep,	with the sun - shine of	Fame on thy slum-bers, Till	
{	m	: d : l ₁ s ₁ : - . l ₁ : d	m : - f : r d : - : d	}
	gave	all thy chords to light,	free - dom and song! The	
{	d	: m ₁ : f ₁ m ₁ : - . f ₁ : m ₁	d : - . r : s ₁ f ₁ m ₁ : - : d	}
	touch'd	by some hand less un-	wor - thy than mine. If the	
{	d	: m : s s : - . m : s	f : - . s : l s : m : d	}
	warm	lay of love and the	light note of glad - ness, Have	
{	d	: d : m m : - . d : m	r : - . f : m d : m	}
	pulse	of the pa - tri-ot,	sol - dier, or lov - er, Have	
{	d	: m : s l : - . t : d'	d : - . r : d d : l ₁ : s ₁	}
	waken'd	thy fond - est, thy	live - li - est thrill, But so	
{	m ₁ : s ₁ : d	f : - . r : m	m ₁ : - . f ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : f ₁ : m ₁	}
	throb'b'd	at our lay, 'Tis thy	glo - ry a - lone; I was	

{	f	: - f : f f : m : m	r : - d : r m : d : l ₁	}
	oft	hast thou ec - ho'd the	deep sigh of sad - ness, That	
{	l ₁ : - . t ₁ : d	r : d : s	f ₁ : - . m ₁ : f ₁ s ₁ : m ₁ : r ₁	}
	but	as the wind, pass - ing	heed - lessly o - ver, And	
{	d	: l ₁ : - . s ₁ s ₁ : l ₁ : d	m : - . f : r d : -	}
	e'en	in thy mirth it will	steal from the still.	
{	m ₁ : f ₁ : m ₁ m ₁ : f ₁ : m ₁	d	: - . r : s ₁ f ₁ m ₁ : -	}
	all	the wild sweetness I	would have been my own!	

15.—REMEMBER THEE

KEY C. *With feeling.*

Moore's "Melodica."

{	s	... <u>l</u>	d'	: - . r' : m' r'	d'	: - . t : l s	s	: f	: d'	}
1.	Re -	mem - ber thee!	yes,	while there's	life in this					
{	m	... <u>f</u>	m	: - . f : s f	m	: - . s : f m	m	: f	: m	}
2.	Wert	thou all that I	wish thee, great,	glorious, and						
{	d	: - . s : l	d'	: - . r' : m' r'	d'	: t : l s	s	: m	: r : d	}
	heart,	It shall	not be for -	get thee, all	lorn as thou					
{	m	: - . m : f	m	: - . f : s f	m	: s : f m	m	: d	: t	}
	free,	First flow - er of the	earth, and first	gem of the						
{	d	: - . d r	m	: s : l t	l s	: m : d r	m	: s : l ta		}
	art;	More dear in thy	sor - row, thy	gloom, and thy						
{	d	: - . d	d	: m : d	t	: d : d	d	: m : f m		}
	sea;	I might hail thee with	prouder, with	hap - pi - er						
{	l	: - . s : l	d'	: - . r' : m' r'	d'	: t : l	s m	: - . r : d	d	: -
	show'rs,	Than the	rest of the	world in their	sunni - est	hours.				
{	f	: - . m : f	m	: - . f : s f	m	: s : f	m d	: - . t	d	: -
	brow,	But oh! could I	love thee more	deeply than	now?					

16.—FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME
THE HOUR.

Key G. *With expression.*

Moore's "Melodies."

:s	d	:m	.d	f	r	:d	t	d	m	:s	.s		s	:m	.s	
1.Fare-	well!	but	whenev-	er	you	wel-	come	the	hour,	That	a-					
:s	m	:s	.m		l	f	:m	r	m	.s	:d	.m		m	:d	m
2.And	still	on	that	ev'-	ning,	when	pleas-	ure	fills	up	To	the				
3.Let	fate	do	her	worst;	there	are	rel-	ics	of	joy,	Bright					

s	f	:r	f		f	m	:d	m	f	r	:d	t		d	:s
wa-	kens	the	night	song	of	mirth	in	your	bow'r,	Then					
m	r	:s	r		r	d	:m	s	l	f	:m	f		m	:s
high-	est	top	spar-	kle	each	heart	and	each	cup,	Wher-					
dreams	of	the	past	which	she	can	-	not	de-	stroy,	Which				

d	:m	.d	f	r	:d	t	d	m	:s	.s		s	:m	.s	
think	of	the	friend	who	once	wel-	com'd	it	too,	And	for-				
m	:s	.m		l	f	:m	r	m	.s	:d	.m		m	:d	m
e'er	my	path	lies,	be	it	gloom-	y	or	bright,	My					
come	in	the	night-	time	of	sor-	row	and	care	And					

s	f	:r	f		f	m	:d	m	f	r	:d	t		d	:s
got	his	own	griefs	to	be	happy	with	you;	His						
m	r	:s	r		r	d	:m	s	l	f	:m	f		m	:m
soul,	happy	friends,	shall	be	with	you	that	night;	Shall						
bring	back	the	fea-	tures	that	joy	used	to	wear.	Long,					

s	.f	:m	f		s	.d	:t	l	s	.f	:m	f		s	:d	.d
griefs	may	re-	turn-	not	a	hope	may	re-	main,	Of	the					
m	r	:d	r		m	.l	:s	f	m	.r	:d	r		m	:m	m
join	in	your	rev-	els,	your	sports	and	your	wives,	And	re-					
long	be	my	heart	with	such	mem-	-	or-	ies	filled!	Like	the				

d	:l	d		d	.t	:s	t	.l	:s	fe		s	f	:m	r
few	that	have	brighten'd	his	path-	way	of	pain,	—	But	he				
fe	:fe	fe		fe	s	:t	r	d	:t	l		t	r	:d	.s
turn	to	me	beaming	all	o'er	with	your	smiles—	Too						
vase,	in	which	roses	have	once	been	dis-	till'd—	You	may					

d	:m	.d	f	r	:d	t	d	m	:s		s	:m	.s	
ne'er	will	for-	get	the	short	vision	that	threw	Its	en-				
m	:s	.m		l	f	:m	r	m	.s	:d		m	:d	m
blest,	if	it	tells	me	that	'mid	the	gay	cheer,	Some	kind			
break,	you	may	shat-	ter	the	vase	if	you	will,	But	the			

s	f	:r	f		f	m	:d	m	f	r	:d	t		d	:s
chant-	menta	a-	round	him,	while	ling'	-	ring	with	you.					
m	r	:s	r		r	d	:m	s	l	f	:m	f		m	:m
voice	had	mur-	mur'd,"	I	wish	he	were	here!"							
scent	of	the	ros-	es	will	hang	round	it	still.						

17.—SING, SWEET HARP.

KEY Eb.	<i>With expression.</i>		Moore's "Melodies."	
(d)	d :-r m :m	m :d' t :d'	l :-s f :m	
1.	Sing, sweet Harp, oh	sing to me Some	song of an-cient	
(d)	d :-t, d :d	d :m r :m	f :-m r :d	
2. How	mournfully the	midnight air A-	mong thy chords doth	
3. Couldst	thou but call those	spir-its round Who	once in bow'r and	

s :-f m :r	d :-r m :m	m :d' t :d'	
days,	Whose	sounds in this sad	me-mo-ry, Long
t, :— d :s,	m :-s, d :d	d :m r :m	
sigh,	As	if it sought some	ech-o there Of
hall,	Sate	list-'ning to thy	mag-ic sound, Now

l :-s m :r	d :— :s	s :-s d' :-t	
bur-ied dreams shall	raise;	Some	lay that tells of-
f :-m d :s,	d :— :m	m :-m m :-s	
voi-ces long gone	by;	Of	Chieftains, now for-
mute and mould'ring	all	But	no, they would but

t :-l r' :-d'	d' :s t l :-s	s :— :s	
van-ish'd fame, Whose	light once round us	shone;	Of
s :-f f :-m	m :r fe :-s	s :— :f	
got, who beam'd The	foremost then in	fame;	Of
wake to weep Their	children's slav-er-y;		Then

s :s d :-t	t :l r' :-d'	d' :-t l :-s	
no-ble pride, now	turn'd to shame, And	hopes for e-ver	
m :r m :-s	s :f f :-m	m :-s f :-m	
Bards, who once im-	mor-tal deem'd, Now	sleep without a	
leave them in their	dreamless sleep, The	dead at least are	

s :d' -t :l ,s	d :-r m :m	m :d' t :d'	
gone;	Oh!	sing, sad Harp, thus	sing to me, A-
m :— - :f	m :-r d :d	d :m r :m	
name.	In	vain, sad Harp, the	midnight air A-
free.	Oh!	bush sad Harp, that	drear-y tone, That

l :s f :m	s :-f m :r	d :-r m :m	
like our doom is	cast.	Both	lost to all but
f :m r :d	t, :— d :s,	m :-s, d :d	
mong thy chords doth	sigh;	In	vain it seeks an
knell of Freedom's	day,	Or	list-'ning to its

m :d' t :d'	l :s m :r ,d	d :— - :t	
me-mo-ry, We	live but in the	past.	
d :m r :m	f :m d :t, d	d :— - :	
ech-o there Of	voi-ces long gone	by.	
death-like moan Let	me, too, die a-	way.	

18.—AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

KEY F. *In moderate time.*

Moore's "Melodias."

{	s ₁	d : - r : d	m : r : m	d : - m : s	l : - : s	}
	1. And	doth not a meet - ing	like	this make a - mends	For	
{	s ₁	d : - d : d	d : t ₁ : d	d : - d : m	f : - : f	}
	2. What	soft - ened re - membran - ces	come o'er the heart,	In		
	3. So	brief our ex - ist - ence, a	glimpse at the most,	Is		

{	d'	: - . t : l	l : s : m	m : - r : r	r : - : s ₁	}
	all	the long years I've been	wand'ring a - way,	To		
{	m	: - . s : f	f : m : d	d : - d : d	t ₁ : - : f ₁	}
	gax - ing	on those we've been	lost to so long!	The		
	all	we can have of the	few we hold dear;	And		

{	d	: - r : d	m : - r : m	d : m : s	l : - : s	}
	see	thus a - round me my	youth's early friends,	As		
{	m ₁	: - . f ₁ : m ₁	d : - d : d	d : d : m	f : - : f	}
	sor - rows,	the joys, of which	once they were part,	Still		
	oft	ev - en joy is un -	heed - ed and lost,	For		

{	d'	: - . t : l	l : s : m	m : r : t ₁	d : - : l	}
	smil - ing	and kind as in	that hap - py day!	Though		
{	m	: - . s : f	f : m : d	d : t ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : - : d	}
	round them,	like vis - ions of	yes - ter - day throng.	As		
	want	of some heart, that could	ech - o it near.	Ah,		

{	s	: - . l : t	d' : t : l	r' : - . d' : l	l : s : m	}
	hap - ly	o'er some of your	brows, as o'er mine,	The		
{	t ₁	: - . d : r	m : f : f	f : - . m : f	f : m : d	}
	let - ters	some hand bath in -	vis - ib - ly trac'd,	When		
	well	may we hope, when this	short life is gone	To		

{	s	: l : t	d' : s : m	m : r : r	r : - : s	}
	snowfall	of Time may be	stealing—what then?	Like		
{	m	: m : r	m : m : d	d : t ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : - : t ₁	}
	held to	the flame will steal	out on the sight,	So		
	meet in	some world of more	per - man - ent bliss:	For a		

{	d	: - r : d	m : r : m	d : m : s	l : - : s	}
	Alps	in the sun - set, thus	light - ed by wine,	We'll		
{	d	: - d : d	d : d : d	d : d : m	f : - : f	}
	ma - ny	a feel - ing that	long seem'd effaced,	The		
	smile	or a grasp of the	hand, hastening on	Is		

{	d'	: - . t : l	l : s : m	m : r : t ₁	d : - : l	}
	wear	the gay tinge of Youth's	ros - es a - gain.			
{	m	: - . s : f	f : m : d	s ₁ : s ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : - : d	}
	warmth	of a moment like	this brings to light.			
	all	we en - joy of each	oth - er in this.			

19.—SWEET INNISFALLEN.

KEY C. *Rather slow.*

Moore's "Melodies."

d	..r'	d' t	l	: s	d'	..t : d'	..r' m'	: s
1.Sweet	In-nis	- fal	- len,		fare	thee	well,	May
m	: m	.s	f	: m	m	..r : m	..f s	: f
2.Sweet	In-nis	- fal	- len,		long	shall	dwell,	In
3.'Twas	light	in - deed,	too		blest	for	one	Who
4.No	more	a - long	the		shores	to	come,	But

d'	: -	.t	l	: s	l	: t	d'	: m
calm	and	sun	- shine		long	be	thine!	How
m	: -	.s	f	: m	f	: f	.r m	: d
men'	- ry's	dream	that		sun	ny	smile	Which
had	to	turn	to		paths	of	care,	Thro'
ou	the	world's	dim		o - cean	toss'd	Dream	

f	: l	f	m	: s	..m	d	..r : m	.s	l	: s	.s
fair	thou	art	let	oth - ers	tell—	To					
d	: -	.d	d	: -	..d	d	..t : d	..m	f	: m	.d
o'er	thee	on	that	ev' - ning	fell,	When					
crowd	- ed	haunts	a -	gain	to	run	And				
of	thee	some	- times	as	a	home	Of				

d	..r' : m'	.s	l	..t : d'	.f	m	..f : r	d	: -
feel	how	fair	shall	long	be	mine.			
m	..f : s	m	f	..r : m	.r	d	: t,	d	: -
first	I	saw	thy	fair - y	isle!				
leave	thee	bright	and	si - lent	there :				
sun	- shine	he	had	seen	and	lost!			

20.—SONG OF THE FOREST FAIRY.

KEY F. *With spirit.*

Old Air—"Reynard the Fox."

: s	..f	m	: d	..m	s	: s	.l	ta	: l	.s	l	: -	.s
1.Where	the	gold	moss	hangs	on	the	migh - ty	oak,	Where				
: m	..r	d	: d	m	: m	.f	s	: f	..m	f	: -	.f	
2.At	night,	in	a	glade	of	the	bright - eat	green,	We				
3.'Tis	glo - rious	to	see	the	globes	of	dew	By	the				

d'	: s	f	m	: d	..m	r	: r	r	: s	.s
ne	- ver	was	heard	the	wood - man's	stroke,	In	the		
m	: m	.r	d	: d	..d	t,	: s,	t,	: t,	.t,
meet	with	fond	ho - mage	our	youth - ful	queen;	There	in		
red	beams	of	morn	pierced	through	and	through;	'Tis		

s	.l	: t	.s	d'	: s	..m	f	: r	.f	m	: r	.d
an	- cient	woods	where	the	wild	deer	bide,	Where	the			
t,	.d	: r	.f	m	: m	..d	r	: t,	.r	d	: s,	..m
re - vel	and	feast	We	spend	the	night,	Or	in				
sweet	to	peer	Where	the	wild	flow'r	gleams,	And				

d	..m	: s	.d' l	f	: r	.t,	d	: d	d	: s	..m	d	: d	.d	d	: f	..m	
he - ron	broods	by	the	lakelet's	side.	Morn,	noon,	and	eve,	in	the							
m	.s,	d	..m	f	.r	: t,	s,	d	: s,	m	: s	..m	d	: d	.d	d	: t,	..d
balm - y	rest	Till	the	morning	light,	When	out	on	the	green - sward,	sweeter	than	all	in	the			
sweeter	to	hear	The	birds	and	the	streams;	And	sweeter	than	all	in	the					

r	: r	r	: t	.d'	d'	: m	.f	s	: f	: r	..m	d	: m	..r	d
ro - sy	air,	We	dance	full	mer - ri - ly	there,	O,	there.							
t,	: s,	t,	: r	..m	m	: d	.r	m	..r	: t,	.s,	m	: s,	.f	m
smooth	and	fair,	We	dance	so	mer - ri - ly	there,	O,	there.						
blue,	bright	air,	To	dance	so	mer - ri - ly	there,	O,	there.						

—ROBERT D'VYRE JOYCE (1830-1883).

21.—THE LANGUAGE OF EIRÉ.

Key C. Boldly.

Air—"Caitilin Ni Uallachain."

{	:s .l .t	d'	:m	:d' .t	l	:s	:s .l .t
	1.The	lan	- guage	of	Ei	- ré	is
	:s	m	:d	:m .s	f	:m	:m
2.It is	mus	- ic,	the	sweet	- est	of	
3.Then it	brings	back	your	spir	- it	on	

{	d'	:d'	:t	l	:-	:d' .t	l .s	:f .m	:r .d
	brill	- iant	as	gold,	It	shines	like	a	
	m	:m	:r	d	:-	:m .s	f .m	:r .d	:t .d
mus	- ic,	to	hear,	No	lyre	ev	- er		
His	- to	- ry's	wings,	To the	glo	- ries	- of		

{	d	:d	:d .m .s	l	:r'	:t	d'	:-	:d' .r'	
	lus	- tre	un	- ri	- valled	of	old:		Ev	- en
	d	:d	:d .m	f	:r	:s .f	m	:-	:m .s	
like	it	en	- chant	- ed	your	ear,	Not	the		
Er	- in's	high	he	- roes	and	Kings,	When	the		

{	m'	:s'	:m' .r'	d'	:d' .t	:l .s	d'	:d'	:t
	glanc'd	at	by	strang	- ers	to	whom	'tis	un
	d'	:m'	:d' .s	m	:m .s	:f .m	m	:d	:r .m
lute	or	the	flute	or	the	quaint	clar	- ion	-
proud	name	of	Gael	swell'd	from	o	- cean	to	

{	l	:-	:d' .t	l .s	:f .m	:r .d
	known,		It	daz	- zles	their
	f	:-	:m .s	f .m	:r .d	:t .d
et,		For	deep	rich	- ness	of
shore,		Ere	the	days	- of	the

{	d	:d	:d .m .s	l	:r'	:t	d'	:-
	eyes	with	a	light	all	its	own.	
	d	:d	:d .m	f	:r	:s .f	m	:-
tone	could	com	- pare	with	it	yet.		
Sax	- on	and	North	- man	of	yore.		

4. The bright Golden Era that poets have sung
Shall revive and be chanted anew in our tongue,
The skies shall rain love on the land's breadth and length,
And the grain rise like armies battalioned in strength.
5. And thou, O, Grand Language! please heaven, shalt win
Proud release from the tomb thou art sepulchred in:
In palace, in shieling, on highway or hill
Shalt thou roll as a river, or glide as a rill.
6. The history of Eiré shall shine forth in thee,
Thou shalt sound as a horn from the lips of the free;
And our priests, in their forefathers' temples once more,
Shall through thee call on men to rejoice and adore.

—From the Irish by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.
(1803-1849.)

22.—MY GENTLE HARP.

KEY F. With feeling.

Moore's "Melodies."

d : d . d d' :- . t : l . s	f m :- . d' : d' . t
1. My gentle Harp!	once more I waken
	The sweetness
. d : d . d m :- . s : f m	r d :- m : m . s
2. But come if yet	thy frame can borrow
	One breath of
l : s m : r . d d : . d : d . d d' :- . t : l . s	
of thy slumb'ring	strain; In tears our last
	farewell was
f : m . d : s : m m : . d : d . d m :- . s : f m	
joy, oh, breathe for me,	And show the world, in chains and
f m :- . d' : d' . t l : s m : r . d	
ta - ken, And now in	tears we meet a -
r d :- m : m . s f : m . d : s . d	
sor-row, How sweet thy	mu - sic still can
d :- . s : l . s s : m . d' : l . s m d :- . s : d . r	
gain, No light of joy	hath o'er thee broken, But like those
d : m : f . m m : d . m : f m m s :- . :	
be; How gai - ly, ev'n	'mid gloom sur - rounding, Thou yet canst
m : d . r m : r . d d : . s : l . s s : m . d' : l . s	
Harp's whose heav'nly	skill of slav'ry dark as time hath
. d . s . d : s : m m : m : f . m m : d . m : f . m	
wake at pleasure's	thrill, Like Memnon's bro - ken image
m . d :- . s : d . r m : d . r m : r . d d :- .	
spoken, Thou hang'st up -	on the willows - still
m . s :- . :	:(d . s . d) : s : m m :- .
sounding, 'Mid de - so -	late - tion tune full still

23.—COGAR NA n-ΔΙΓΕΑΙ.

ΣΙΕΑΡ bβ.	So bog binn.	Sean-ceilí Saevéalaé.
{ s ₁	d : d . t ₁ t ₁ . l ₁ : s ₁ m ₁	s ₁ . l ₁ : d . r m : d
1. B _i an	báb beag so ruan-máir 'ran	mát - aip so s ₁ ruaró-flúe.
{ s ₁	m ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁ s ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ . d ₁	m ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁ d : m ₁
2. B _i an	báb fóir gan úir - caú 'ran	mát - aip ag úir - nuíre;
3. O	éaró rin com lonn-mac máir	úion or vo ceann - ra,
4. So	moé ar n-a báiread v'fíll	Óiarmaio 'na fláin - te;
{ m ₁ . . . m ₁	f : m . r m . f : s . m	r . d : t ₁ . d r
B _i a	céi - le b ₁ rao usite ar na	tréan - tonnaib b ₁ oasat;
{ d d	r : d . t ₁ d . r : m . s ₁	fe ₁ . l ₁ : s ₁ . l ₁ t ₁
Do	rméiread na hag-aró 'nuair vo	élaon - aó a gláin;
(O)	suró cú - ca liom - ra a	lei - - n ₁ ib mo éporúe
(Δsur)	suil rí le há - tar 'nuair	don-naic rí é a - nír,
{ r . m	f : m . r m . s : s . f	m . d : r . d l ₁ : s ₁ .
B _i an	zá - la go viac-mac timéioil	á - nuir an b ₁ arcaire;
{ t ₁ . d	r : d . t ₁ d . m : m . r	d . m ₁ : f ₁ f ₁ : m ₁ .
Ir mó -	áit liom vo fol - áir - eam, máir	cím go b ₁ ruil r ₁ ac leir;
Δ - sur	Δ - báir gur v'áite leat go	nuion - parúir t'acair vuit,
Δ - sur	v'áiric le n-a c ₁ porúe r ₁ ead a	bá - bán le v ₁ og - nair
{ m . r	d : d . t ₁ t ₁ . l ₁ : s ₁ m ₁	s ₁ . l ₁ : d . m . r d
Oé! a	Óiar maio, a s ₁ máú liom, tar	cuš - am a - nír!
{ s ₁ . f ₁	m ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁ s ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ . d ₁	m ₁ . f ₁ : m ₁ . s ₁ . f ₁ m ₁
máir ir	vual v'anglib glé - sea - la beir ag	éim - cáint lem' rún!
máir ir	vual v'anglib glé - sea - la beir ag	éim - cáint lem' maoin!
Δ s ₁ máú ir	r ₁ ion ain - g ₁ il glé - sea - la beir ag	éim - cáint lem' maoin!

—an táear Doimnall Ó Súilleobáin v'airrúš.
(1790-1858).

24.—Uaill-ghc an doibhir.

F (no e b). So min péro.

Fonn—"Malluige deas o."

.s	s	:-	<u>l,s</u>	<u>m,r,m,s</u>	l	:-	<u>d,l</u>	:-	<u>s,m</u>
r. ar	bhuac		na	Coil-le	móir		e		fá
m	m	:-	<u>f,m</u>	<u>d,r,d,m</u>	f	:-	<u>l,f</u>	:-	<u>m,d</u>
2. ná'n	ceól		uo	tu - garo	ruair		éir		car
d	d	:-	<u>d</u>	<u>d</u>	f ₁	:-	<u>f₁,l₁</u>	:-	<u>d,s₁</u>
3 i	Shón		ail	vá mbeinn	rin		te		raoi

r	:-	<u>d</u>	<u>m,r,d</u>	d	:-	<u>s...l,t</u>
éruac			bhuac	bhóm		uo
t ₁	:-	<u>d</u>	<u>t₁,s₁</u>	s ₁	:-	<u>t₁...r</u>
móir			móir ó'n	Róir		ná an
f ₁	:-	<u>m</u>	<u>s₁,f₁,m</u>	m	:-	<u>f₁</u>
éruac			lic	scóir		ir an

d'	,d'	:d'	<u>m'</u>	:-	<u>r'</u>	<u>d'</u>	t	:-	<u>d'</u>	<u>t</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>s</u>
reó	laó	ghc	im'		éua	raib	ba					
d	,d	:m	<u>s</u>	:-	<u>f</u>	<u>m</u>	r	:-	<u>d</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>d</u>
rróir	uo	óe	nro		ghua	gais	i					
m ₁	,m ₁	:s ₁	<u>d</u>	:-	<u>t₁</u>	<u>d</u>	s ₁	:-	<u>l₁</u>	<u>s₁</u>	<u>f₁</u>	<u>m</u>
reál	ro	élor	mar		éua	laó	so					

l	:-	<u>d</u>	<u>d₁,l</u>	<u>s,m</u>	s	:-	<u>s</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>t</u>
ruair		ce	liom,	fá	óó		ná		
f	:-	<u>l</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>f,m,d</u>	r	:-	<u>f</u>		
ghua			lip	na	rlós		ná'n		
f ₁	:-	<u>f</u>	<u>d</u>		t ₁	:-	<u>r</u>		
ruan			mar	ar	reó;		le		

d'	,d'	:d'	<u>m'</u>	:-	<u>r'</u>	<u>d'</u>	t	:-	<u>t</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>s</u>
ceól	na	chuit'	as		ruar	min	ir		ná		
m	,m	:l	<u>s</u>	:-	<u>fe</u>		s	:-	<u>r</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>r</u>
ghóir	uo	léi	gho		cuá	éa	so				
d	,d	:l ₁	<u>d</u>	:-	<u>r</u>		s ₁	:-	<u>s₁</u>	<u>l₁</u>	<u>t₁</u>
róir	ir	neair	mo		ghua	lno	an				

l	:-	<u>s</u>	<u>m</u>	<u>s</u>	l	:-	<u>s</u>	<u>l</u>	<u>t</u>
ghóir		na	lon	ran	uair		neair	uo	b'é
m	:-	<u>r</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>m</u>	f	:-	<u>m</u>	<u>r</u>	<u>f</u>
ruac		éoir	coille	i	mbhuac		éruic;	ir	gac
d	:-	<u>t₁</u>	<u>d</u>	<u>d</u>	t ₁	:-	<u>d</u>	<u>t₁</u>	<u>r</u>
róo		so	ghaéirinn		ruar		víom	ir	me

d'	,t	:l	:-	<u>s</u>	l	:-	<u>d₁,l</u>	:-	<u>s,m</u>
ceól	ba	bim		ne air	cuair		liom		ná a
m	,m	:f	:-	<u>m</u>	f	:-	<u>l</u>	<u>f</u>	<u>m,d</u>
bhóm	ghu	éuir		mo	cuair		víom		(áir
d	,d	:d	:-	<u>d</u>	f ₁	:-	<u>f₁,l₁</u>	:-	<u>d,s₁</u>
éair	car	m'air		so	luaim		neac		raoi

r	:-	<u>d</u>	<u>m,r,d</u>	d	:-	<u>t</u>
ghua		áó	uo'n	eróir		
t ₁	:-	<u>d</u>	<u>t₁,s₁</u>	s ₁	:-	<u>t</u>
ghua		tan	áir	uróir		
f ₁	:-	<u>m</u>	<u>s₁,f₁,m</u>	m	:-	<u>t</u>
cuair		im	an	reóir!		

—Uilliam Dall Ó Sheannán.
(n-a deacáir 1700.)

25.—SLÁN LE MÁIS.

(An Tríomáid Roinn ve'n ceól ad libitum.)

SLÉAR D. h. Cuimeasac meap.		an ceól ó Péitri.	
s_1 : d .t ₁	l_1 : s ₁ .l ₁ : d .t ₁	l_1 : s ₁ .f ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁	
1.[O] SLÁN ir	céao ón vtaob ro	uaim	Coir máis na
s_1 : m ₁ .s ₁	f_1 : m ₁ .f ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁	f_1 : m ₁ .r ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁	
2.[O] SLÁN so	héas vá raom-riir	ruairc,	vá váim vá
<i>ad lib.</i>			
s_1 : d ₁ .d ₁	d_1 :- .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁	d_1 :- .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁	
3.[O] SLÁN vá	éir vá béi-te	uaim,	vá mnáid so

l_1 .f : m	r : d .t ₁	d :- .s ₁ : d .t ₁	
zcao na zcao, na	zcao, na	zcao, na	na rcaio, na
f_1 .l ₁ : s ₁	f_1 : m ₁ .r ₁	m ₁ :- .m ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁	
cléir vá héisr' vá	ruao	Dom éairce	
f_1 .r ₁ : m ₁	f_1 : s ₁ .s ₁	d_1 :- .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁	
léir, vó rcaim vó	ruao,	vó zcait, vó	

l_1 : s ₁	.l ₁ : d .t ₁	l_1 : s ₁	.f ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁
rcaio,	na raom, na	ruas,	na noán na
f_1 : m ₁	f_1 : m ₁ .s ₁	f_1 : d ₁ .m ₁	.r ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁
cléid, gan élaon, gan	éluam,	gan éaim gan	
d_1 :- .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁	d_1 :- .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁		
zcait, vó zcao, vó	zcaim	vó bpaic, vó	

l_1 .f : m	r : d .t ₁	d :- .d .r : m .f	
noicéat,	na vrcéan gan	zmuam l	oc oc
f_1 .l ₁ : s ₁	f_1 : m ₁ .r ₁	m ₁ :- .d .t ₁ : d .r	
élaon, gan éraor gan	éruar l	oc oc	
f_1 .r ₁ : m ₁	f_1 : s ₁ .s ₁	d_1 :- .m ₁ .s ₁ : d	
bpléio, vó méin, vó	mbuas l	oc oc	

s .l : s	f : m .d	l_1 : s	m .f : s	m
ónl	ir bpaice	m ₁ - - re	gan éuro gan	
m .f : m	r : d .m ₁	f_1 : m ₁	d .r : m ₁	d
ónl	ir bpaice	m ₁ - - re	gan éuro gan	
d .t ₁ : d	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	f_1 : d	s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁	
ónl	ir bpaice	m ₁ - - re	gan éuro gan	

d : t ₁	d : l ₁ .l ₁	s ₁ :- .m .f : s	m
éoir,	gan éoir,	gan éirce,	gan rult, gan
m ₁ : r ₁	m ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁	m ₁ :- .d .r : m	d
éoir,	gan éoir,	gan éirce,	gan rult, gan
s ₁ :- .s ₁ : f ₁ .f ₁	d_1 :- .s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁		
éoir,	gan éoir,	gan éirce,	gan rult, gan

f .r : m .f .s .f : m .d	l_1 : s ₁ .f ₁ : m ₁ .s ₁
reó gan rpaic gan	rpion - naó o reó - laó
r .t ₁ : d .r .m .r : d .m ₁	f_1 : m ₁ .r ₁ : d ₁ .m ₁
reó gan rpaic gan	rpion - naó o reó - laó
s ₁ : s ₁ .s ₁ : s ₁	f_1 : d ₁ .d ₁ : d ₁ .d ₁
reó gan rpaic gan	rpion - naó o reó - laó

l .f : m	.r : d .t ₁	d :- .
mé	éum uais - -	nipl
f_1 .l ₁ : s ₁	f_1 : m ₁ .r ₁	m ₁ :- .
mé	éum uais - -	nipl
f_1 .r ₁ : m ₁	.f ₁ : s ₁	d_1 :- .
mé	éum uais - -	nipl

—An mangairc Súgac.
(n. 4 beatao 1770)

26.—An Abainn Laoi.

Στέαρ Σ. Σο νόνα.

Fonn—Δη έηπε ní 'neópáinn cia hí.

{	t ₁ : r	m : l ₁	: l ₁ . t ₁	d : r	: m . r	m : —	: l ₁ . d	}
	1. Δ	éumplaáct	glan	éaoim -	émoéac	éaoim,	úh	
{	t ₁ . l ₁	s ₁ : l ₁	: l ₁ . s ₁	l ₁ : t ₁	: d . t ₁	d : —	: l ₁ . m ₁	}
	2. r	cudam-éa 'r	ir	épaob-éom	- éac	bíonn,	Σac	
	3. ba	fú - Σac	flaíct	féi - le	ap Σac	taoib,	So	

{	t ₁ : l ₁	: s ₁ . l ₁ . t ₁	r : t ₁	: l ₁ . t ₁	s ₁ : —	: t ₁ . r	}
	léigeanta	Σo	líon - máh	i	noán;	úh	
{	s ₁ : r ₁	: m ₁ . r ₁	t ₁ : s ₁	: r ₁	s ₁ : —	: t ₁ . l ₁	}
	Σaom - éac	'na	timéaill	as	fáp;	fá	
	féar - tac,	Σo	píon - máh	uo	Σnac;	ir	

{	m : l ₁	: l ₁ . t ₁	d : r	: m . r	m : —	: l ₁ . d	}
	noúe-pacct	as	Σéar -	moiaú	Laoi,	ba	
{	s ₁ : l ₁	: l ₁ . s ₁	l ₁ : t ₁	: d . t ₁	d : —	: l ₁ . m ₁	}
	ab - laiB,	fá	éao - maib,	fá	píon,	as	
	túh - ling	na	cléi - me	v'ion -	raige,	na	

{	t ₁ : l ₁	: s ₁ . l ₁	t ₁ : l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁ : —	: m . f	}
	fao - éap	i	n-antleacct	ir	féom	an	
{	r ₁ : r ₁	: m ₁ . r ₁	s ₁ : l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁ : —	: d . r	}
	élaonac	Σo	hioctap	Δ	εμάξα	bíonn	
	raom-féar;	n-a	otigeapa -	éa	bheac;	ir	

{	s : l	: s . m . r	d : m	: s	l : —	: t . d . l	}
	lúb -	fpoct -	ac	Σlé -	émoptaíl	mín,	ir
{	m : f	: m . d . t ₁	d : d	: m	f : —	: s . l . f	}
	uball-Σomr	fá	Σéa -	Σaib	as	Luige,	Δh an
	ú -	baé	liom a	féim	ir	Σaior,	n-a

{	s : l	: m . r	d . t ₁ : l ₁ . t ₁	: r . t ₁	s ₁ : —	: t ₁ . r	}
	féi -	le	ap	bic	píom -	uirce	cáil:
							Σup
{	m : d	: s ₁ . f ₁	m ₁ . r ₁ : d ₁ . r ₁	: f ₁	m ₁ : —	: s ₁ . f ₁	}
	úréar	Σlar	an	uaip	líonac	i	mblac
	rcéi -	Σib	úá	píom	i -	uir	mac
							(na

{	m : l ₁	: l ₁ . t ₁	d : r	: m . r	m : —	: l ₁ . d	}
	éuhting	Σac	féan	le	n-a	taoib,	uo
{	m ₁ : l ₁	: l ₁ . s ₁	l ₁ : t ₁	: d . t ₁	d : —	: l ₁ . m ₁	}
	lúb -	Σomr	(na	noéi -	éte)	uo	bí,
	húh -	fla -	-	éa	féim	imr	an
							Σcill,
							úob'

{	t ₁ : l ₁	: s ₁ . l ₁	t ₁ : l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁ : —	: —	}
	b'féro -	ir	fá	píocac	nei -	me	v'paΣaíl.
{	r ₁ : r ₁	: m ₁ . r ₁	s ₁ : l ₁	: l ₁	l ₁ : —	: —	}
	éaoim -	nac	le	umaoúeac	Δh	fcaó	rpáp.
	éar -	caíó	éum	Σhío -	'má	Σainn	επάct.)

—Éógan mac Camháil.

27.—Τράτνονα Σπέινε Βυρθε.

(An tríomaḡ Roimn ve'n ceól ad libitum.)

Στέαρ θ no f. So bioḡza.

Ceól ó Pétrpi.

:s	d' :- :d' t :- :s	l :- :l s :- :m
1. Cuip	uasr na leabair Δ	Seazám Δ élérb ιr
:s	m :- :m s :- :m	f :- :f m :- :d
2. Iliop	beaz an lá ΔS	gabárl vo'n léigeann le
ad lib.		
:m	d :- :d d :- :d	d :- :d d :- :d
3. Mí	leabair ba éar le	Seazán ná léigeam ná

r :- :m d :- :d	d :- :- - :- :d r
5. Uasr	lunn péin pé'n
t :- :s d :- :d	d :- :- - :- :d
6. Uoc	part éact - - aig
s :- :s m :- :s	d :- :- - :- :d
7. Ueact	páir péar ná

m :- :f s :- :s	m :- :f s :- :s
8. Móp	vúinn ppár éum
d :- :r m :- :m	d :- :r m :- :d
9. Míl	leav pláin - - te
d :- :t d :- :d	d :- :t d :- :m
10. Coza	éo - máin 'n-a

l :- :l l :- :l	s :- :- - :- :d r
11. Pláin	te v'ei - - leam
f :- :f d :- :f	m :- :- - :- :d
12. Bperóil	páir péir ιr
f :- :d l :- :f	d :- :- - :- :d
13. Ponn	éum lao - - éair

m :- :f s :- :s	m :- :f s :- :s
14. Δoib	- - inn glór mair
d :- :r m :- :m	d :- :r m :- :d
15. Páiz	co - máin Δ
d :- :t d :- :d	d :- :t d :- :m
16. Σmarón	mí - ceál ιr

l :- :l l :- :t l	s :- :- s :- :l t
17. Έuar	ι meabón na
f :- :f f :- :s f	m :- :- r :- :f
18. Tá	liac - móro ΔS
f :- :d l :- :f	d :- :- t :- :s
19. Pívo	é nór na

d' :- :d' t :- :l s	l :- :l s :- :f m
20. Héirc	fan Δb - Δinn ΔS
m :- :m s :- :f m	f :- :d m :- :r d
21. Zeobam	- na ta - mall ΔS
d :- :d d :- :d	d :- :d d :- :d
22. Znó'	beré ta - mall ΔS

r :- :m d :- :d	d :- :- - :- :d
23. nó	- - na Σpéi - - ne
t :- :s d :- :d	d :- :- - :- :d
24. nó	- - ná Σpéi - - ne
s :- :s m :- :s	d :- :- - :- :d
25. nó	- - na Σpéi - - ne

28.—An Samhnað Sám.

(An Tríomáð Moimh 7 an Ceathrúimáð Moimh ve'n Ceól
pan Lán-éor *ad libitum*.)

Sléar b b. [Leat-éor.] So bíodúta.

An Ceól ó Péitri.

m	.s	:r	r	m	.d	:r	.s ₁
1. Smað mo	éleib	an	maio . in	traim	- maí;		
d	.s ₁	:t ₁	.s ₁	d	.m ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁
2. Pheab ic'	fuíre	bí	meam ir	múr	- cast;		
3. Cloir . pam	Sut	na	cuaice am	bí	- le;		
4. Féac an	Srian	am	tiir	as	taic	- neam;	

m	.s	:r	r	m	.d	:r	m	.s	:r	r
bheacaó'n	lae	so	moúail	as	fár;		fiozam	na	gheim' a	.
d	.s ₁	:t ₁	.s ₁	d	.m ₁	:s ₁	d	.s ₁	:t ₁	.s ₁
Pheab ic'	fuíre,	bí	ta - pa	'Smað;			Tá	na	hém	pan
Cloir . pam	fuaim	an	uir - ce	or	áru;		Cloir . pi -	míu	na	
Spéir	gan	rcamall	ceóru	ná	fmál;		Pheab ic'	fuíre,	ná	

m	.d	:r	.t ₁ .s ₁	s ₁	f	:m	m	r	.t ₁	:d
níor	as	pleam	-nuzaó	car	na	pléibte		cuzainn	as	tráct;
d	.m ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	s ₁	.t ₁	:d	.m ₁	f ₁	.s ₁	:m ₁
coill n-a	nuíreac	t	é - miz	féac	an		uhúct	am	bán;	
pmólaiz	bheaca;		ba	ra	élor,	ir	béaca	dláit;		
pan ic'	éou - laó		mo - laó	móru	le		Riz	na	n'Smár.	

Cuppa (Lán-éor).

r	r	:s ₁	.l ₁	t ₁	r	:d	.d	r	r	:s ₁	.l ₁	t ₁	r	:d
f ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	.f ₁	f ₁	f ₁	:m ₁	.m ₁	f ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	.f ₁	f ₁	r ₁	:m ₁
Do-bo	mó	- mo	maroin	tsammaró;			Do-bo	mó	- mo'n	Samhnað	ráim;			
ad lib.														
s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁
t ₂	.t ₂	:t ₂	.t ₂	r ₁	.t ₂	:d ₁	.d ₁	t ₂	.t ₂	:t ₂	.t ₂	r ₁	.t ₂	:d ₁

r	r	:s ₁	.l ₁	t ₁	r	:d	.d	r	r	:s ₁	.l ₁	t ₁	r	:d
f ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	.f ₁	f ₁	f ₁	:m ₁	.m ₁	f ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	.f ₁	f ₁	r ₁	:m ₁
Do-bo	mó	- mo	maroin	tsammaró;			mo - lai - mír	an	Samhnað	ráim				
s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁	.s ₁	s ₁	.s ₁	:s ₁
t ₂	.t ₂	:t ₂	.t ₂	r ₁	.t ₂	:d ₁	.d ₁	t ₂	.t ₂	:t ₂	.t ₂	r ₁	.t ₂	:d ₁

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VATICAN TRIBUTE TO IRISH SOCIAL CODE

Lecturer Quotes Constitution

THE Irish Conditions of Employment Act was the first great step to bring about human relations between employers and employees, said Rev. John Ryan S.J., D.Litt., University College, Dublin, in his lecture broadcast from Vatican City last night.

The lecture was the first of a series of Vatican City broadcasts on "The Church Throughout The World" and was entitled "The Church In Ireland."

Ireland's Ministers of State, said Father Ryan, as well as the deputies, senators, Army and Police chiefs, judges and other leaders of the people were first and foremost devoted children of the Church. The same spirit animated all the other sections of the people.

This zeal was displayed without bigotry and the provision in the Constitution that no person was to be penalised because of his religion was rigidly carried out.

An example of that spirit recently had been shown when a non-Catholic, by reason of his patriotism, talent and kindliness of character, had been unanimously chosen as first President of Ireland.

A Century of Recovery

BY the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 religious and civil rights were, said Dr. Ryan, restored to the Irish people in legal theory. In actual fact, however, many disabilities remained down to the winning of the measure of freedom in 1921.

Without exaggeration it might be said that in zeal and self-sacrifice the Irish people in the century of recovery from 1829 to 1929 were not inferior in work for the Church to their forbears in the century of construction (461-561) following St. Patrick's death.

From an ecclesiastical point of view, Ireland has fanned into flame the vital spark from its own past. The Irish people were as profoundly Catholic today as in the century before the reformation.

Experience having shown that the organs of Government needed an overhaul, the people of Ireland in the fall of 1937 gave to themselves a new constitution. So thoroughly Catholic are the principles upon which this is based, that the document merits a detailed summing up. Its very preface was an invocation.

Individual Freedom

In the Irish Constitution the dignity and freedom of the individual was, said Dr. Ryan, assured and it had been provided that the economic safety of women to attend to the home should be guaranteed.

In education the child belonged to the family and not to the State. It had been expressly laid down that parents were free to supervise the education of their children either in the home or in the schools.

With regard to private property the encyclicals of the Popes had been followed. The right of man to private ownership was declared to be of social as well as individual character. The Constitution did not undo private property but rather sought to perfect it.

The Irish State had pledged itself to safeguard with special care the special interests of the poor and the authority of the State would be set in motion against usurers, the concentration of ownership and the control by the few of the essential commodities of life.

The Irish people did not claim to have translated all those ideals of life



Rev. John Ryan, S.J.

into action but already many of them were being put into effect.

Here Father Ryan made the reference quoted at the outset.

Unique School System

Referring to the general question of education, Father Ryan said that in no sense were the Irish schools State owned. They were owned by the Catholic people of the country.

Essentially all the elementary schools were non-State institutions. That this unique system of education went far to meet the needs of the people was evident and there was no country in the world with a similar system.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than the attitude of the State authorities towards the religious instruction of children.

The National University of Ireland, with its constituent colleges, provided a first-class academic education on purely Catholic lines.

Referring to a broadcast by the Taoiseach, in which he said that the Christian philosophy of life determined the character of the Irish people for a long period, Father Ryan said that in Ireland the Christian philosophy of life was the Catholic philosophy of life.

Father Ryan quoted extensively from the provisions of the Constitution.

1666

Cuimhneachán 1916

Comórtais Liteartha, Ceoil
agus Ealaíne

P/183/11/2/2

Uimhir Number	Ábhar Subject	Teorainn Aoise Age Limit	Dáta Deiridh Closing Date	Duaiseanna Prizes
15 (ar lean)	A picture or decoration not smaller than 36" x 28" to commemorate the Rising of 1916			
16	Pictiúr nó maisiúchán <i>Mar thuas</i> A picture or decoration <i>As above</i>	Idir 18 agus 27 ar 1 Eanáir, 1966	1 Márta, 1966	(1) £250 (2) £150 (3) £50

Dealbhóireacht Sculpture

17	Maquette timpeall 36" ar airde do dhealbh chré-umha ag comóradh Éirí Amach, 1916 A maquette approximately 36" high for a bronze to commemorate the Rising of 1916		1 Márta, 1966	(1) £750 (2) £500 (3) £250
18	Maquette <i>Mar thuas</i> A maquette <i>As above</i>	Idir 18 agus 27 ar 1 Eanáir, 1966	1 Márta, 1966	(1) £250 (2) £150 (3) £50

POBLACHT NA H EIREANN
THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF THE
IRISH REPUBLIC
TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty: six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government,

THOMAS J. CLARKE,

SEAN Mac DIARMADA,

THOMAS MacDONAGH,

P. H. PEARSE,

EAMONN CEANNT,

JAMES CONNOLLY,

JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

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Oirbhreacht

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P/183/11/2/3

OIDHREACHT

1916—1966

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BAILE ÁTHA CLIATH
ARNA FHOILSIÚ AG OIFIG AN tSOLÁTHAIR

Le ceannach ón
OIFIG DHÍOLTA FOILSEACHÁN RIALTAIS, AN STUARA, ARD-OIFIG AN PHOIST,
BAILE ÁTHA CLIATH
nó trí aon díoltóir leabhar

Luach : Dhá Scilling is Sé Phingin.

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CÚLRA AN ÉIRÍ AMACH

Thug Éirí Amach Sheachtain na Cásca críoch le ré amháin i stair na hÉireann agus chuir sé tús le ré úr. Roimh an Éirí Amach ba é dealramh a bhí ar an scéal gurbh é a bhí i ndán d'Éirinn, ar a mhéad de, gné theoranta féinrialtais faoi Choróin na Breataine a bhaint amach. Chinntigh an tÉirí Amach, áfach, agus an bás a fuair na fir chróga a rinne cinnireacht air go mbeadh an lá ar deireadh leis an idé phoblachtánach agus leis an éileamh ar Stát neamhspleách Éireannach. I mí Márta nó i mí Aibreáin 1916 ba dheacair a shamhlú go dtarlódh laistigh de ghearr-achar blianta tromlach mhuintir na hÉireann a gcúl a thabhairt le páirtí Rialtas Dúchais chun tacaíocht a dhéanamh le Sinn Féin agus le gluaiseacht neamhspleáchas náisiúnta. Dob shin, go fíor, an bua a rug fir agus mná Sheachtain na Cásca sa díomua a samhlaíodh leo.

Is fada siar a chuaigh scéal an náisiúnachais in Éirinn. Is é a mhúnlaigh é cailliúint na talún i mbeartais choigistíochta an tséú agus an tseachtú céad déag, an ghéarleanúint chreidimh agus tuiscint an phobail go raibh cultúr ar leith acu. Thug Réabhlóid na Fraince smaointe poblachtánacha chun tosaigh den chéad uair i bpolaitíocht na hÉireann, ach chuir imeachtaí 1798 agus 1803 críoch leis an luathphoblachtánacht sin. Ar feadh i bhfad ina dhiaidh sin ní poblacht a bhí á lorg ag furmhór na gcinnirí ach céim saoirse ba lú ná sin. Ansin, tar éis ghearr-réabhlóide 1848, tháinig éirí an Fhíneachais agus Bhráithreachas Phoblacht na hÉireann, agus cé gur theip ar iarracht sin na bhFíiní faoi airm i 1867, bhí i ndán don I.R.B. a bheith buan, ina chumann bheag rúnda réabhlóideach.

Tharla roinnt athruithe móra in Éirinn sa

The Rising of Easter Week 1916 marked the end of one phase in Irish history and the beginning of another. Before the Rising it seemed that Ireland was destined to win, at most, only a limited measure of self-government under the British Crown. The Rising, however, and the execution of the brave men who led it, ensured the ultimate victory of republican ideas and of the demand for a separate independent Irish State. In March or April 1916, it would have been difficult to believe that within a few years the majority of the Irish people would have turned from the Home Rule party to support Sinn Féin and national independence. That was the real victory won in apparent defeat by the men and women of Easter Week.

Irish nationalism had a long history. It was shaped by the loss of the land in the confiscations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by religious persecution and by a sense of cultural individuality. The French Revolution brought republican ideas for the first time into Irish politics, but the events of 1798 and 1803 marked the end of that early republicanism. For a long time thereafter most Irish leaders sought not a republic but a lesser measure of independence. Then came, after the short-lived rising of 1848, Fenianism and the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and though the Fenians failed in arms in 1867, the I.R.B. was to live on as a small, secret revolutionary society.

In the nineteenth century, a number of significant changes took place in Ireland. The Great Famine brought with it death by starvation and disease and forced hundreds of thousands of Irish people to emigrate, especially to North America. The close of the century saw the beginning of the end of landlordism, thanks

naoú céad déag. Thug an Gorta Mór bás den ocraas agus den ghalar leis agus thug ar na céadta míle de mhuintir na hÉireann dul ar imirce, go háirithe go Meiriceá Thuaidh. Tháinig tús turnaimh na dtiarnaí talún ag deireadh an chéid, a bhuíochas sin sa chuid is mó do Chogadh na Talún agus don saothar a rinne Cumann na Talún. Ansin, faoi chinnreach Pharnell, cuireadh déine agus dánacht leis an éileamh ar Rialtas Dúchais, is é sin scar éigin den bhféinrialú a bheith ag Éirinn.

Sna blianta tar éis 1800 ar fud na hEorpa thosaigh an pobal ar tuilleadh agus tuilleadh spéise a chur sa náisiúnachas — ceart gach grúpa náisiúnta don bhféinrialú agus chun a chultúr agus a chóras féin geilleagair a chothú. Tuigeadh gur mhó a bhí i bpearsantacht leithleacht an náisiúin ná an ceart chun parlaimint ar leith. Tuigeadh go mba ghnéithe bunúsacha den náisiúnachas na traidisiúin dúchais, an teanga, na healaíona agus na cluichí spóirt. Tháinig Éire faoi thionchar na smaointe nua corraitheacha sin. Luathchomhartha amháin ar an chlaonadh sin a b'ea lucht Éire Óg, ach ní gur bunaíodh Cumann Lúthchleas Gael, Conradh na Gaeilge, na cumainn chultúrtha, Sinn Féin, agus gur éirigh na scríbhneoirí nua i mBéarla agus i nGaeilge, a tháinig sé i gcumas don náisiúnachas níos iomláine sin dul i bhfeidhm go mór ar shaol na hÉireann. Tharla na rudaí sin sna blianta deiridh den naoú céad déag agus sa deich mbliana tosaigh den bhfichiú céad.

Bhí an I.R.B. faoi gheall córas poblachtánach a bhunú in Éirinn agus an ceangal polaiticiúil leis an Bhreatain Mhór a scaoileadh, ach is de thairbhe roinnt imeachtaí nach raibh súil leo a tháinig a gcuid bheartaíochta chun gnímh. Faoin bhliain 1912 ba dhealraitheach go dtabharfadh parlaimint na Breataine gné éigin Rialtas Dúchais d'Éirinn, ach na haontachaithe i gCúige Uladh a bhí socair ar an suíomh mar a bhí a choinneáil buan chuir siad Óglaigh Uladh ar bun chun cur in éadan Rialtas Dúchais, le neart airm dá mba ghá sin. Ón am ar cinneadh ar an gcomhairle dúshlánach sin tháinig an scéal in Éirinn chun braoin go mear. Le tac-

largely to the Land War and the efforts of the Land Leaguers. Again, under Parnell's leadership, the demand for Home Rule, that is, some measure of self-government for Ireland, became loud and defiant.

All over Europe, in the years after 1800, men and women became more and more interested in nationalism—in the right of each national group to govern itself and to foster its own culture and national economy. National identity became something more than the mere right to have a parliament of one's own. Traditions, language, the arts and sport were all seen as vital aspects of nationalism. Ireland was influenced by these new and exciting ideas. The Young Irelanders were one early sign of the new trend, but it needed the foundation of the G.A.A., of the Gaelic League, of the cultural clubs and Sinn Féin as well as the rise of the new writers in English and Irish to make this fuller kind of nationalism a potentially important force in Irish life. These developments took place in the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening decade of the twentieth.

The I.R.B. were pledged to work for the establishment of a republican order in Ireland, and to breaking the political connection with Great Britain, but it needed a number of unexpected developments to give reality to their revolutionary plans. By the year 1912, it appeared that the British parliament would grant some form of Home Rule to Ireland, but the Ulster unionists, determined to maintain the existing system, established the Ulster Volunteers to resist Home Rule by force if necessary. After that bold decision had been taken, events moved rapidly in Ireland. With strong, though secret I.R.B. backing, the Irish Volunteers were founded in Dublin in November 1913, to defend Irish rights and thousands of men joined their ranks, Home Rulers and Separatists alike. The bitter strike and lock-out in Dublin had already led, a short time previously, to the founding of the Irish Citizen Army and added to the growing tensions. Then came the outbreak of the First World War in

aíocht láidir, cé rúnda, ón I.R.B. bunaíodh Óglaigh na hÉireann i mBaile Átha Cliath sa bhliain 1913 chun cearta na hÉireann a chosaint agus ghaibh na mílte fear leo, lucht Rialtas Dúchais agus lucht Scarúna araon. An stailc ghoimhiúil agus an frithdhúnadh i mBaile Átha Cliath, tháinig dá mbarr tamall gearr roimhe sin gur bunaíodh Arm Cathartha na hÉireann agus gur cuireadh leis an bhroid a bhí ag borradh. Ansin tháinig tosach Chogadh Domhanda a hAon i mí Lúnasa 1914 De bharr an Chogaidh agus toisc an Bhreatain a bheith i ngleic le fórsaí Impireacht na Gearmáine, na fir a bhí an uair sin i gceannas an I.R.B. fuair siad an saighdeadh agus an deis le dushlán an chórais a bhí ar bun in Éirinn a thabhairt.

Chinn Ard-Chomhairle an I.R.B. gan mhoill go raibh an tráth tagtha chun réabhlóid faoi arm a ullmhú in éadan smacht na Breataine. Bhítheas tar éis cos a chur ar an mbóthar a raibh Seachtain na Cásca mar cheann scribe air agus na hóbairtí a rinneadh de dheoin in ainm Phoblacht Éireann.

Ba de thoradh misneach agus díongháltacht bhuión bheag áirithe a tharla an tÉirí Amach, bail Chomhairle Mhíleata an I.R.B.—Tomás Ó Cléirigh, Seán Mac Diarmada, Pádraic Mac Piarais, Séamus Ó Conghaile, Tomás Mac Donnchadha, Éamonn Ceannt agus Ióseph Ó Pluingcéad. D'oibrigh siad agus rinne siad beartú le Óglaigh na hÉireann agus an tArm Cathartha a thabhairt amach in aon fheachtas amháin dána comhaontaithe ar fud na tíre Domhnach Cásca. Ach bhí deacrachtaí sa tsli agus bhí daoine ann nár aontaigh lena gcuid bheartaíochta. An tÉirí Amach mar a samhlaíodh dóibh é ní raibh i ndán dó teacht chun cinn. Ach ar a shon sin, chinn siad ar an chomhairle chróga stairiúil siúl amach Luan Cásca ag ceann pé fórsaí a d'fhéadfaidís a chruinniú. Bhí fhios acu nach raibh aon dóchas ann go fíor go mbeadh an bua leo ón taobh míleata de, ach ba chruinn an meas a rinne siad go gcuirfeadh an tÉirí Amach agus a n-íobairt féin bunchor i gcúrsaí uile na hÉireann. Fuair siad féin agus a gcomrádaithe bás le go mairfeadh an creideamh sa Phoblacht buan.

August 1914. The War and Britain's involvement with the power of the German Empire offered the men who now controlled the I.R.B. the challenge and the opportunity to defy the established order in Ireland.

The Supreme Council of the I.R.B. decided, without delay, that the time had come to work for an insurrection in arms against British rule. Thus the first steps had been taken along that road which was to lead to Easter Week, with its sacrifices willingly made in the name of an Irish Republic.

That the Rising took place was due largely to the courage and determination of a small group of men, the members of the Military Council of the I.R.B.—Tom Clarke, Seán Mac Diarmada, P. H. Pearse, James Connolly, Thomas MacDonagh, Éamonn Ceannt and Joseph Plunkett. They had worked and planned to bring out the Irish Volunteers and Citizen Army in a bold, nationwide, concerted action on Easter Sunday. But there were difficulties and there was opposition to their plans. The Rising they had envisaged could not be. Nevertheless, they took the brave, historic decision to march out on Easter Monday at the head of such forces as they could muster. They knew that there was no real hope of victory in military terms, but they calculated well in believing that the Rising and their sacrifices would profoundly alter the whole course of Irish history. They and their comrades died that the belief in the Republic might live.

IMEACHTAÍ SHEACHTAIN NA CÁSCA (GEARR CHUNTAS)

The original plan of the I.R.B. Military Council was for a nationwide rising on Easter Sunday. Such a Rising did not take place because the order for "manoeuvres" had been countermanded — a decision which reflects the sharp difference of opinion between the Republican leaders and those among the Irish Volunteer Executive who were opposed to armed action at that time.

On Sunday, April 23, the Military Council decided that a Rising must take place despite all the difficulties. The new date was fixed for the very next day, Easter Monday. There was little time left to alert the country units, but it was agreed that the Irish Volunteers and Citizen Army would seize a number of strong points in Dublin.

In the circumstances, there was little hope that the Rising would be successful, in a strictly military sense. The object then was rather to assert, in arms, the claim of Ireland to full independence and to show that men were prepared to die in its assertion.

Even in Dublin it proved impossible at short notice to mobilise all the Volunteers, but from 10 a.m. on Easter Monday morning men of the four city battalions paraded with their arms and equipment. They were under the command of the following officers :—

Comdt. Edward Daly	First Battalion
Comdt. Thomas MacDonagh	Second Battalion
Comdt. Éamon de Valera	Third Battalion
Comdt. Éamonn Ceannt	Fourth Battalion

The order to fight had got through to North County Dublin and the Fifth Battalion assembled at Knockshedan, Swords, under their commanding officer, Commandant Thomas Ashe.

At mid-day, a party of Volunteers and Citizen Army men, having marched from Liberty Hall, occupied the General Post Office in the heart of the city. They were led by five of the men who signed the Proclamation of the Republic — Pádraic Pearse, Tom Clarke, James Connolly, Seán Mac Diarmada and Joseph Plunkett—and it was there at the General Post Office that Pádraic Pearse read aloud the Proclamation.

The challenge was given. The fight had begun.

For a time the centre of the city remained undisturbed and the Volunteers and Citizen Army strengthened the defences of their headquarters, the G.P.O., where they were later joined by members of the Hibernian Rifles. Elsewhere in the Dublin area the Volunteers occupied a number of positions. The First Battalion had taken possession of the Four Courts, a strategic point dominating the approaches along the north quays to Kingsbridge Station and the line to the Curragh Camp, Co. Kildare, the location of the main concentration of British troops in Ireland.

To further strengthen the Republican position and hinder advances from the Curragh and the West, Seán Heuston, a young Volunteer officer, was sent to occupy the Mendicity Institute on the south bank of the Liffey. He set out with only twelve men, but met other volunteers on

the way, and with a total of, perhaps, 26, he occupied the Mendicity building. Shortly afterwards a regiment of British soldiers left the Royal (now Collins) Barracks. Seán's men, nearly all only in their twenties, opened fire and scattered the troops who took cover on the north quays. Other First Battalion outposts were established at Jameson's Distillery and Malthouse and in the Church Street-North King Street area.

The Second Battalion occupied Jacob's Factory with outposts in surrounding houses. Units of the Battalion also occupied positions in the Fairview-Ballybough area.

The Third Battalion occupied Boland's Buildings and the railway from Lansdowne Road to Westland Row, with outposts at Mount Street Bridge, Northumberland Road, Lansdowne Road, South Lotts Road, Grand Canal Street and adjoining areas.

The Fourth Battalion occupied the South Dublin Union, with outposts at Marrowbone Lane, Roe's Distillery, Ardee Street Brewery and Cork Street.

The Citizen Army occupied St. Stephen's Green, with outposts at and around Harcourt Street Station, Charlemont Street and Portobello Bridge. In O'Connell Street Volunteers occupied various positions including Hopkin's & Hopkin's and Kelly's shops at O'Connell Bridge.

The object of all these dispositions was to hold off the British advances as long as possible and so keep them out of the centre of the city.

As part of the plan to reduce the effectiveness of the British forces, a daring scheme was worked out to destroy the ammunition store at the Magazine Fort in the Phoenix Park. For this task a number of senior boys from Fianna Éireann, the republican youth movement, were chosen. Accompanied by some Volunteers, they overcame the sentries, entered the Fort, and set fuses alight. Though the main store of explosives did not ignite, the Fort was aflame. The young men made good their escape and joined the Volunteers in the Four Courts.

At the very commencement of the Rising a small party of Citizen Army men attacked Dublin Castle. Although the attackers were few the encounter was sharp. Believing the Castle to be well garrisoned, they withdrew and occupied the City Hall—which overlooked the Castle — as well as the *Evening Mail* office and other adjacent buildings. They little knew that the nerve centre of the British administration in Ireland was guarded by a mere handful of soldiers. The Castle could have been theirs—an indication in itself of how uninformed the British were regarding the Rising.

Surprise, at the beginning, was the Republicans' strongest weapon. It took the British time to deploy such troops as they had in Dublin and it took still more time to bring in reinforcements from outside the city and from England. Miscalculations, too, were made by them, as, for example, when a troop of lancers was sent to reconnoitre the position at the General Post Office. The mounted men rode up O'Connell Street, easy targets for the men in the Post Office. Not surprisingly, the lancers had several dead and wounded.

Because an attempt to capture the telephone system at Crown Alley had failed, the British authorities were able to call up reinforcements from the Curragh. They also called on troops from Athlone, Belfast and Templemore to proceed to Dublin, and the British Admiralty in London was informed by wireless of the Rising.

In the late afternoon on Monday, attacks on many Irish outposts were repulsed. Bitter fighting occurred at the South Dublin Union. The Irish forces attacked Beggar's Bush Barracks and as more volunteers realised that the countermand order of the previous day was no longer valid they reported to various posts.

Night fell and while the Irish garrisons strengthened their barricades and the Cumann na mBan continued to store up provisions and medical equipment, sentinels stood guard at many posts.

On Tuesday morning a bulletin was issued

from the General Post Office, informing the citizens that an Irish Republic had been declared and naming the signatories of the Proclamation as the Provisional Government. A similar announcement was broadcast from a radio transmitter which had been established in the Hibernian Bank, O'Connell Street.

Action now occurred at St. Stephen's Green where Commandant Michael Mallin led the Citizen Army group, with Countess Markievicz as his second-in-command. The British occupied the Shelbourne Hotel and houses dominating the Green and after some sharp exchanges the Irish withdrew into the College of Surgeons.

The British forces struggled to break into the Irish positions. They attacked posts in the Cabra, North Circular Road, O'Connell Bridge, Four Courts and Boland's-Westland Row areas. They also poured fire into the Irish strong points around Dublin Castle and captured the *Evening Mail* offices. This was an important British success as Brigadier General Lowe, their commander, could now string a long cordon right from Kingsbridge to Trinity College, cutting off the Irish forces in the south city from headquarters. This was done as British troops were reaching the Kingsbridge area from the West and South.

First to meet the threat was the little garrison in the Mendicity Institute. The consequence of their firing on the British reinforcements was that hundreds of men were now thrown into the attack on the Institute. But all that Tuesday the Irish held off the attackers who suffered heavy losses.

There was fierce hand-to-hand fighting at the South Dublin Union, when Éamonn Ceannt was in command. In the hospital itself barricades of mattresses and beds were erected, but in the Marrowbone Lane area the men had to take such cover as was provided by sheds, walls and basement steps.

At Rialto near the Union the British directed heavy fire at the Irish positions. The Irish defenders were outnumbered and hour by hour they were forced back into the grounds of the Union, there only to yield step by step until

they reached the shelter of the main buildings, where they resisted from a besieged position.

The hundreds of British troops coming into the north city area also compelled the Volunteers to fall back on the city centre. Irish forces had to vacate positions in Fairview and Ballybough and retired to O'Connell Street area where they occupied buildings from Prince's Street to Abbey Street. Tuesday closed with sounds of firing all over the city.

On Wednesday the Irish forces still held the centre of Dublin while close battles were being fought in the area of Jacob's Factory and Camden Street. The British gunboat *Helga* attempted to shell Liberty Hall from the River Liffey, and British forces, having moved into position around O'Connell Street, attacked from many points. Irish forces burned Linenhall Barracks.

It was also the day of the Battle of Mount Street Bridge, a "they-shall-not-pass" resistance by a small group of men prepared to fight to the death in an effort to prevent the substantial British reinforcements, which were arriving via Dun Laoghaire, from reaching the centre of Dublin. At Lansdowne Road the British attacked but were forced to retire several times. After the Irish defenders had vacated their positions on this road the British carried 25 Northumberland Road by assault. Seven men held Clanwilliam House, Mount Street Bridge for nine hours until, as the British General Maxwell subsequently reported "... the battalion charging in successive waves carried all before them, but, I regret to say, suffered severe casualties in doing so. Four officers were killed, 14 wounded, and of other ranks 216 were killed and wounded." To carry all before them the British had bombed and set on fire Clanwilliam House, which was evacuated by the four surviving defenders only when the house was blazing around them and their three comrades were dead.

The lines of communication with the Four Courts cut and more than half of his men without ammunition, Seán Heuston at the

Mendicity Institute at last decided to surrender.

British attacks continued throughout the city.

On Thursday the British opened an artillery attack on the Irish positions in O'Connell Street. Many buildings there and in adjoining streets were set on fire, and a number of Irish positions had to be vacated. At the South Dublin Union British forces effected an entry, but after fierce hand-to-hand engagements they retired to Mount Brown where they entrenched. In the heavy fighting in the Four Courts—North King Street sector, the British shelled the Four Courts, occupied Bolton Street Technical Schools and attacked the Irish defenders in North King Street.

Irish positions at Westland Row were attacked by British forces from the direction of Mount Street Bridge, while Irish forces from Jacob's Factory attacked the British. At Boland's Mills the British launched an attack and shelled a disused distillery on which the Third Battalion had flown a flag as a diversionary tactic, and Irish forces, in turn, attacked in Harcourt Street.

On Friday morning Pádraic Pearse, issued the following manifesto:—

"The Forces of the Irish Republic which was proclaimed in Dublin, on Easter Monday, 24th April, have been in possession of the central part of the Capital since 12 noon on that day. Up to yesterday afternoon, Headquarters was in touch with all the main outlying positions, and, despite furious, and almost continuous assaults by the British forces all those positions were then still being held, and the Commandants in charge were confident of their ability to hold them for a long time.

During the course of yesterday afternoon and evening the enemy succeeded in cutting our communications with our other positions in the city and Headquarters is today isolated.

The enemy has burnt down whole blocks of houses, apparently with the object of giving

themselves a clear field for the play of artillery and field guns against us. We have been bombarded during the evening and night by shrapnel and machine-gun fire, but without material damage to our position, which is of great strength.

We are busy completing arrangements for the final defence of Headquarters, and are determined to hold it while the building lasts.

I desire now, lest I may not have an opportunity later, to pay homage to the gallantry of the soldiers of Irish Freedom who have during the past four days been writing with fire and steel the most glorious chapter in the later history of Ireland. Justice can never be done to their heroism, to their discipline, to their gay and unconquerable spirit in the midst of peril and death.

Let me, who have led them into this, speak, in my own, and in my fellow-commanders' names, and in the name of Ireland present and to come, their praise, and ask those who come after them to remember them.

For four days they have fought and toiled, almost without cessation, almost without sleep, and in the intervals of fighting they have sung songs of the freedom of Ireland. No man has complained, no man has asked 'Why?' Each individual has spent himself, happy to pour out his strength for Ireland and for freedom. If they do not win this fight, they will at least have deserved to win it. But win it they will, although they may win it in death. Already they have won a great thing. They have redeemed Dublin from many shames, and made her name splendid among the names of cities.

If I were to mention names of individuals, my list would be a long one. I will name only that of Commandant-General James Connolly, Commanding the Dublin Division. He lies wounded, but is still the guiding brain of our resistance.

If we accomplish no more than we have accomplished, I am satisfied. I am satisfied that we have saved Ireland's honour. I am satisfied that we should have accomplished more, that we should have accomplished the task of

enthroning, as well as proclaiming, the Irish Republic as a Sovereign State, had our arrangements for a simultaneous rising of the whole country, with a combined plan as sound as the Dublin plan has been proved to be, been allowed to go through on Easter Sunday. Of the fatal countermanding order which prevented these plans from being carried out, I shall not speak further. Both Eoin MacNeill and we have acted in the best interests of Ireland.

For my part, as to anything I have done in this, I am not afraid to face either the judgment of God, or the judgment of posterity.

(Signed) P. H. PEARSE
Commandant-General

Commander in Chief, the Army of the Irish Republic and President of the Provisional Government."

The British shelled the G.P.O., and members of Cumann na mBan with wounded and prisoners were evacuated to Middle Abbey Street. Following negotiations the wounded were transferred to Jervis Street Hospital. By night-fall the entire G.P.O. was in flames and had to be evacuated by the garrison who withdrew to buildings in the Moore Street area. In the Church Street—North King Street sector British forces closed in during the day and engaged the Irish positions.

On Saturday the British launched a dawn attack with bayonets in the Church Street—North King Street sector. The attack was repulsed and British arms were captured. Fighting continued in various parts of the city during the day. In the Boland's—Westland Row sector Irish forces were attacked from many points. A party from Jacob's, bringing supplies of ammunition to Boland's Garrison, in response to a request therefor, was repulsed at St. Stephen's Green.

Clarke, Mac Diarmada, Pearse, Connolly and Plunkett having held council in 16 Moore Street, decided to surrender and sent Elizabeth Farrell as envoy to the British forces. She returned with a demand for unconditional sur-

render and Pearse went to meet Brigadier General Lowe in Parnell Street, where he wrote out the surrender terms as follows:—

"In order to prevent further slaughter of Dublin citizens, and in the hope of saving the lives of our followers now surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, the members of the Provisional Government present at Headquarters have agreed to an unconditional surrender, and the Commandants of the various districts in the City and country will order their commands to lay down arms."

The orders and counter-orders prior to the start of the Rising caused even greater confusion in areas outside of Dublin than they did in the city itself. Nevertheless there were activities in a number of places during Easter Week.

In Co. Galway the Volunteers, under the direction of Liam Mellows, assembled at various points on Easter Monday and were in action on different days at Oranmore, Clarenbridge, Athenry, Kinvara and Moyode. On Monday, too, Volunteers from Maynooth commenced their march to Dublin and reached the G.P.O. the next day while Volunteers in Co. Louth were in action at Lurgan Green.

On Wednesday, Volunteers in Wexford occupied Enniscorthy, and in Co. Dublin the R.I.C. Barracks at Swords and Donabate were attacked, the garrisons in both places being disarmed.

On Friday the most significant event outside of the city took place at Ashbourne, Co. Dublin, when the North County Dublin Volunteers attacked the local R.I.C. Barracks. A relief party of R.I.C. from Navan was defeated with serious losses and surrendered, as did the Ashbourne garrison.

Pearse's surrender order on Saturday meant that the Rising was over, but the order was not accepted immediately by all the Republican commanders. Thomas MacDonagh refused at first to obey it, as Pearse was a prisoner, until he had an interview with Brigadier General Lowe.

Having consulted with Éamonn Ceannt he agreed to surrender. Éamonn de Valera delayed complying with the order until he had satisfied himself that it was genuine and that the other units were also complying. He then contacted the British forces in the area and the surrender of Boland's Garrison was arranged. After a copy of the order was delivered to Thomas Ashe, Richard Mulcahy, Ashe's second-in-command, travelled to Dublin under British escort to see Pádraic Pearse in Arbour Hill Prison

and as a result the Fifth Battalion surrendered.

Finally the Irish forces in Enniscorthy surrendered on Monday, 1st May, having refused to do so until the order had been confirmed to their representatives, Seamus Doyle and Sean Etchingham, at an interview with Pádraic Pearse.

Large scale arrests throughout the country and deportations to England commenced and the grim aftermath of executions would begin within two days.

ÓRÁID PHÁDRAIC MHC PHIAIRAIS AG SOCHRAID DHIARMADA UÍ DHONNABHÁIN ROSA

Deintear tagairt ar leathanacha a 14 agus a 15 don óráid stairiúil a thug Pádraic Mac Piarais ag sochraid Uí Dhonnabháin Rosa i Reilig Ghlasnaíon ar 1 Lúnasa, 1915. Seo leanas téacs iomlán na h-óráide:

A Ghaela,

Do h'iarradh orm-sa labhairt inniu ar son a bhfuil cruinnithe ar an láthair seo agus ar son a bhfuil beo de Chlanna Gael, ag moladh an leoin do leagamar i gcré anso agus ag gríosadh meanman na gearad atá go brónach ina dhiaidh.

A cháirde, ná bíodh brón ar éinne atá ina sheasamh ag an uaigh seo, ach bíodh buíochas againn in ár gcroithe do Dhia na ngrás do chruthaigh anam uasal álainn Dhiarmada Uí Dhonnabháin Rosa agus thug ré fhada dhó ar an saol seo.

Ba chalma an fear thú, a Dhiarmaid. Is tréan d'fhearais cath ar son cirt do chine, is ní beag ar fhuingis; agus ní dhéanfaidh Gaeil dearmad ort go bráth na breithe.

Ach, a cháirde, ná bíodh brón orainn, ach bíodh misneach in ár gcroithe agus bíodh neart in ár gcuisleanna, óir cuimhnímis nach mbíonn aon bhás ann nach mbíonn aiséirí ina dhiaidh, agus gurab as an uaigh seo agus as na h-uaigheanna atá in ár dtimpeall éireochas saoirse Ghael.

It has seemed right, before we turn away from this place in which we have laid the mortal remains of O'Donovan Rossa, that one

amongst us should, in the name of all, speak the praise of that valiant man, and endeavour to formulate the thought and the hope that are in us as we stand around his grave. And if there is anything that makes it fitting that I, rather than some other, I rather than one of the grey-haired men who were young with him and shared in his labour and in his suffering, should speak here, it is perhaps that I may be taken as speaking on behalf of a new generation that has been re-baptised in the Fenian faith, and that has accepted the responsibility of carrying out the Fenian programme. I propose to you then that, here by the grave of this unrepentant Fenian, we renew our baptismal vows; that, here by the grave of this unconquered and unconquerable man, we ask of God, each one for himself, such unshakable purpose, such high and gallant courage, such unbreakable strength of soul as belonged to O'Donovan Rossa.

Deliberately here we avow ourselves, as he avowed himself in the dock, Irishmen of one allegiance only. We of the Irish Volunteers, and you others who are associated with us in today's task and duty, are bound together and must stand together henceforth in brotherly union for the achievement of the freedom of Ireland. And we know only one definition of

freedom : it is Tone's definition, it is Mitchel's definition, it is Rossa's definition. Let no man blaspheme the cause that the dead generations of Ireland served by giving it any other name and definition than their name and their definition.

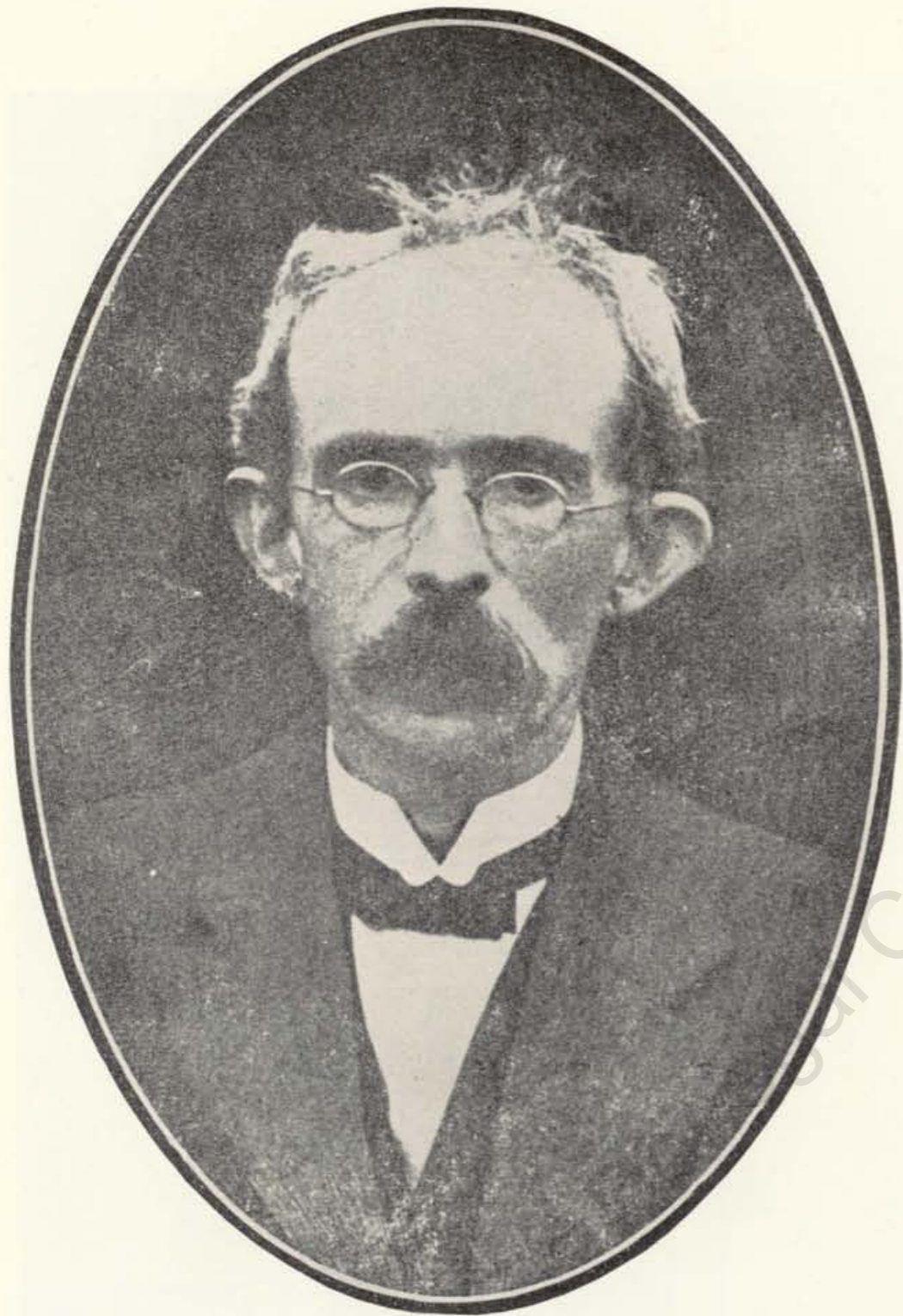
We stand at Rossa's grave not in sadness but rather in exaltation of spirit that it has been given to us to come thus into so close a communion with that brave and splendid Gael. Splendid and holy causes are served by men who are themselves splendid and holy. O'Donovan Rossa was splendid in the proud manhood of him, splendid in the heroic grace of him, splendid in the Gaelic strength and clarity and truth of him. And all that splendour and pride and strength was compatible with a humility and a simplicity of devotion to Ireland, to all that was olden and beautiful and Gaelic in Ireland, the holiness and simplicity of patriotism of a Michael O'Clery or of an Eoghan O'Growney. The clear true eyes of this man almost alone in his day visioned Ireland as we of to-day would surely have her: not free merely, but Gaelic as well; not Gaelic merely, but free as well.

In a closer spiritual communion with him now than ever before or perhaps ever again, in a spiritual communion with those of his day, living and dead, who suffered with him in English prisons, in communion of spirit too

with our own dear comrades who suffer in English prisons to-day, and speaking on their behalf as well as our own, we pledge to Ireland our love, and we pledge to English rule in Ireland our hate. This is a place of peace, sacred to the dead, where men should speak with all charity and with all restraint; but I hold it a Christian thing as O'Donovan Rossa held it, to hate evil, to hate untruth, to hate oppression, and, hating them, to strive to overthrow them. Our foes are strong and wise and wary; but, strong and wise and wary as they are, they cannot undo the miracles of God who ripens in the hearts of young men the seeds sown by the young men of a former generation. And the seeds sown by the young men of '65 and '67 are coming to their miraculous ripening to-day. Rulers and Defenders of Realms had need to be wary if they would guard against such processes. Life springs from death; and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations. The Defenders of this Realm have worked well in secret and in the open. They think that they have pacified Ireland. They think that they have purchased half of us and intimidated the other half. They think that they have foreseen everything, think that they have provided against everything; but the fools, the fools, the fools!—they have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace.



ARD-OIFIG AN PHOIST, BAILE ÁTHA CLIATH
roimh an Éirí Amach



II

TOMÁS Ó CLÉIRIGH



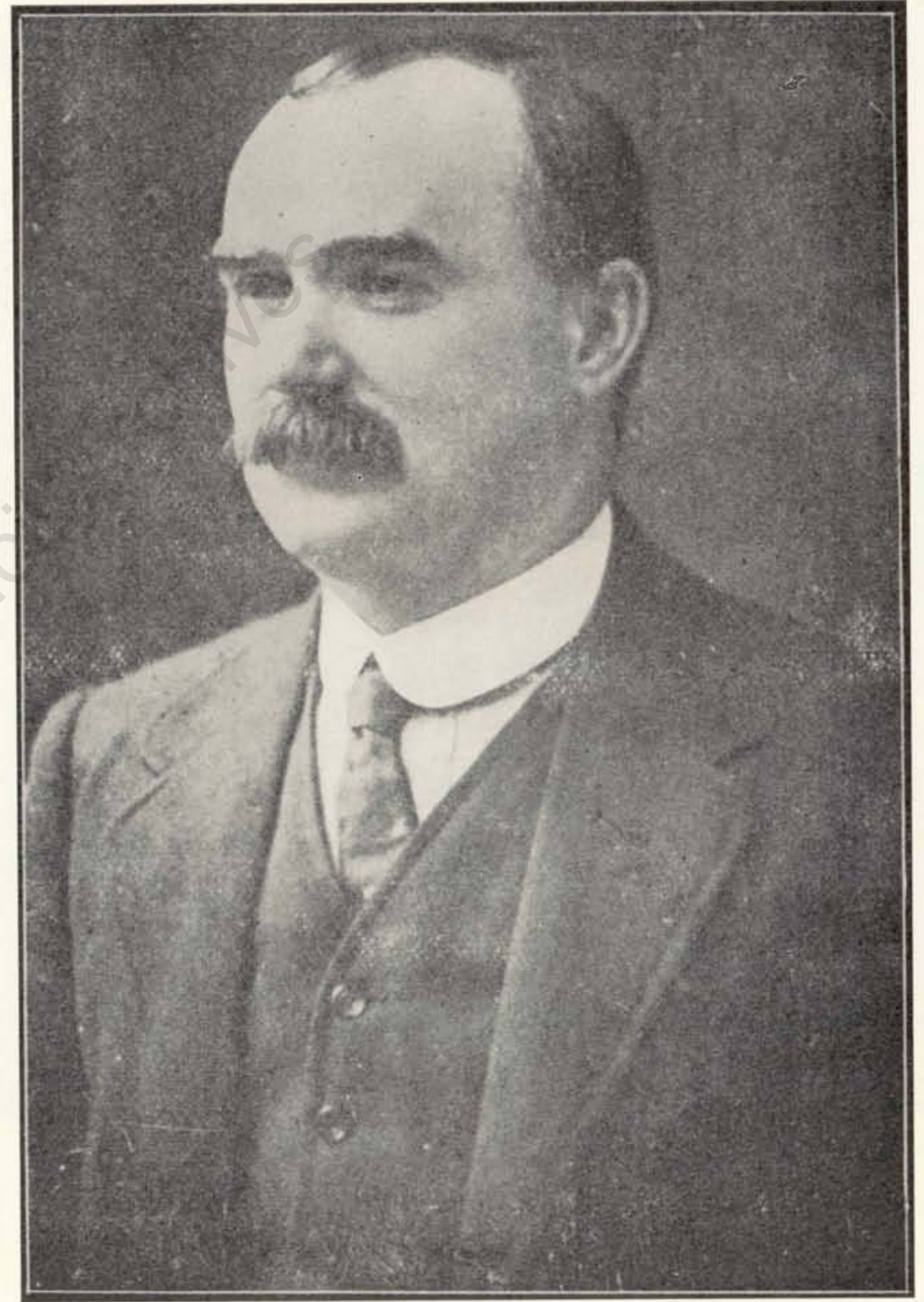
SEÁN MAC DIARMADA

III



IV

PÁDRAIC MAC PIARAIS



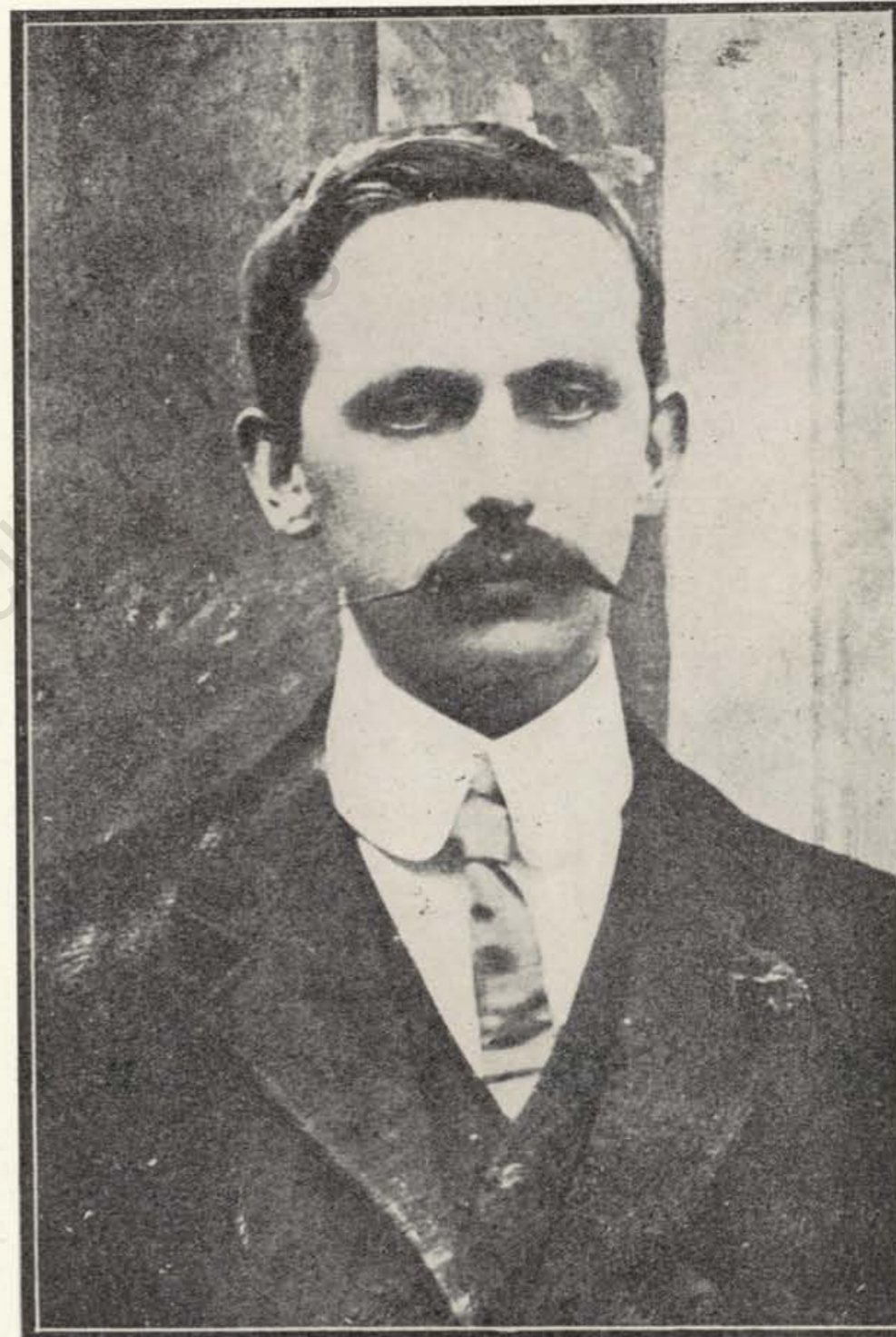
SÉAMUS Ó CONGHAILE

V



VI

TOMÁS MAC DONNCHADHA



ÉAMONN CEANNT

VII



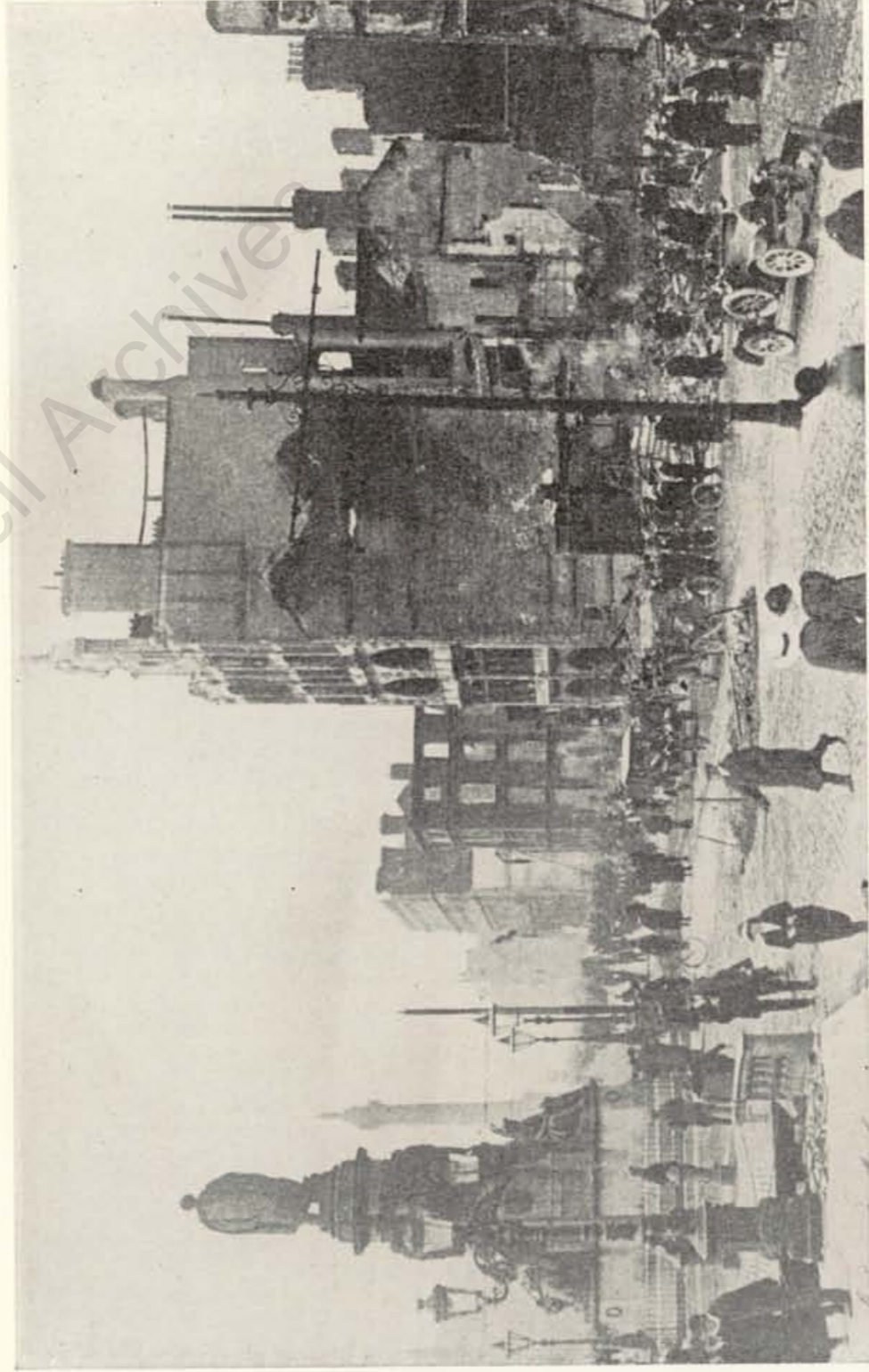
VIII

IÓSEPH Ó PLUINGCÉAD



IX

IN ARD-OIFIG AN PHOIST ROIMH AN TRÉIGEAN SEACHTAIN NA CÁSCA



POBLAUGHT NA hÉIREANN.
THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF THE
IRISH REPUBLIC
TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty: six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government,

THOMAS J. CLARKE,

SEAN Mac DIARMADA, THOMAS MacDONAGH,
 P. H. PEARSE, EAMONN CEANNT,
 JAMES CONNOLLY, JOSEPH PLUNKETT.

AN FORÓGRA

Poblacht na hÉireann

Rialtas Sealadach

Phoblacht na hÉireann

Do mhuintir na hÉireann

A FHEARA AGUS A MHNÁ NA hÉIREANN: In ainm Dé agus in ainm na nglún a chuaigh romhainn agus óna bhfuair sí seanoideas na náisiúntachta, tá Éire, trínne, ag gairm a clainne faoina bratach agus ag bualadh buille ar son a saoirse.

Tar éis di a fir a eagrú agus a oiliúint ina heagraíocht rúnda réabhlóideach, Bráithreachas Phoblacht na hÉireann, agus ina heagraíochtaí míleata poiblí, Óglaigh na hÉireann agus Arm Cathartha na hÉireann, agus tar éis di a riailbhéas a thabhairt go foighneach chun foirfeachta agus feitheamh go buanseasmhach leis an bhfaill chun gnímh, tá sí ag glacadh na faille sin anois, agus, le cabhair óna clainn ar deoraíocht i Meiriceá agus ó chomh-ghuailithe calma san Eoraip, ach, thar gach ní, le muinín as a neart dílis féin, tá sí ag bualadh buille i ndóchas iomlán go mbéarfaidh sí bua.

Dearbhaímid gur ceart ceannasach dochloíte ceart mhuintir na hÉireann chun seilbh na hÉireann, agus chun dála na hÉireann a stiúradh gan chosc gan cheataí. Níor cuireadh an ceart sin ar ceal leis an bhforghabháil a rinne pobal eachtrannach agus a rialtas air le cian d'aimsir ná ní féidir go brách a chur ar ceal ach trí dhíothú mhuintir na hÉireann. Níl aon ghlún dá dtáinig nár dhearbhaigh pobal na hÉireann a gceart chun saoirse agus ceannas a náisiúin; sé huaire le trí chéad bliain anuas dhearbhaíodar faoi airm é. Ag seasamh dúinn ar an gceart bunaidh sin agus á dhearbhu arís faoi airm os comhair an tsaoil, fógraímid leis seo Poblacht na hÉireann ina Stát Ceannasach Neamhspleách agus cuirimid ár n-anam féin agus anam ár gcomrádaithe comhraic i ngeall lena saoirse agus lena leas, agus lena móradh i measc na náisiúin.

Dlíonn Poblacht na hÉireann, agus éilíonn sí leis seo, géillsine ó mhuintir uile na hÉireann, idir fhir agus mhná. Ráthafonn an Phoblacht saoirse creidimh agus saoirse shibhialta, comhchearta agus comhdheiseanna, dá saoránaigh uile, agus dearbhaíonn sí gurb é a rún séan agus sonas a lorg don náisiúin uile agus do gach roinn di, le comhchúram do chlainn uile an náisiúin, agus le neamhairt ar an easaontas a cothaíodh d'aontoisc eatarthu ag rialtas eachtrannach agus léir deighleadh mionlucht ón tromlach san am atá imithe.

Go dtí go dtabharfaidh feidhm ár n-arm an t-ionú dúinn Buan-Rialtas Náisiúnta a bhunú ó theachtaí do phobal uile na hÉireann arna dtoghadh le vótaí a cuid fear agus ban, déanfaidh an Rialtas Sealadach, a bhunaítear leis seo, cúrsaí sibhialta agus míleata na Poblachta a riaradh thar ceann an phobail.

Cuirimid cúis Phoblacht na hÉireann faoi choimirce Dhia Mór na nUile-chumhacht agus impímid A bheannacht ar ár n-airm: iarraimid gan aon duine a bheas ag fónamh sa chúis sin do tharraingt easonóra uirthi le mílaochas, le mídhaonnacht ná le slad. San uain oirbheartach seo is é dualgas náisiúin na hÉireann a chruthú, lena misneach agus lena dea-iompar agus le toil a clainne á dtoirbhirt féin ar son na maitheasa poiblí, go dtuilleann sí an réim ró-uasal is dán di.

Arna shníú thar ceann an Rialtais Shealadaigh,

TOMÁS Ó CLÉIRIGH,
 SEÁN MAC DIARMADA, TOMÁS MAC DONNCHADHA,
 PÁDRAIC MAC PIARAIS, ÉAMONN CEANNT,
 SÉAMUS Ó CONGHAILE, IÓSEPH Ó PLUINGCÉAD,

NA TAISMÍ

SÉ DHUINE DHÉAG A BÁSAÍODH

"Sixteen dead men! Shall they return?
Yea, they shall come again, breath of our
breath,
They on our nation's hearth made old
fires burn,
Guard her unconquered soul, strong in
their death."

—Dora Sigerson Shorter.

Ar an 3 Bealtaine, 1916, ceithre lá i ndiaidh an ghéillte tosaíodh ar cheannairí an Éirí Amach a chur chun báis. Dúradh i bhfógra oifigiúil tráthnóna an lae sin:

"Triúr de shínteoirí na gairme a rinne fógairt ar Phoblacht na hÉireann, P. A. Mac Piarais, T. Mac Donnchadha agus T. S. Ó Cléirigh, triaileadh iad ag Cúirt Mhleata Mhachaire agus daoradh chun báis iad. Tar éis an bhreith dhaortha sin a dheimhniú mar is cuí lámhachadh an triúr réamhráite sin ar maidin inniu."

Cuireadh chun báis ina dhiaidh sin i mBaile Átha Cliath:—

Ióseph Ó Pluingcéad	4 Bealtaine
Éadbhard Ó Dálaigh	4 Bealtaine
Liam Mac Piarais	4 Bealtaine
Micheál Ó hAnnracháin	4 Bealtaine
Seán Mac Giolla Bhríde	5 Bealtaine
Éamonn Ceannt	8 Bealtaine
Micheál Ó Mealláin	8 Bealtaine
Conchubhar Ó Colbáird	8 Bealtaine
Seán Heuston	8 Bealtaine
Seán Mac Diarmada	12 Bealtaine
Séamas Ó Conghaile	12 Bealtaine

Tá na ceithre ceannairí déag sin curtha ag Cnoc an Earbair.

Cuireadh Tomás Ceannt chun báis i gCorcaigh an 9 Bealtaine, 1916, agus tá sé curtha ansin.

Ba é an séú duine déag Ruairí Mac Easmainn a crochadh i bPríosún Pentonville i Londain an 3 Lúnasa, 1916. Tugadh taisí a choirp ar ais go hÉirinn an 23 Feabhra, 1965, agus do hathadh-lacadh i Reilig Ghlasnaoin iad an 1 Márta, 1965.

An seachtar ceannairí a shínigh Forógra na Poblachta rinne siad sin cé go mb'eol dóibh go mba é barántas a mbáis é dá dteipeadh ar an Éirí Amach.

Bhí sé d'onóir ag *Pádraic Mac Piarais*, ina Uachtarán dó ar Rialtas Sealadach na Poblachta, an Forógra a léamh ag Ard-Oifig an Phoist, Baile Átha Cliath, Dé Luain, an 24 Aibreán, 1916. Rugadh i mBaile Átha Cliath é i 1879, agus fuair sé a chuid oideachais ó na Bráithre Críostaí. In aois a 17 dó do cheangail sé páirt le Conradh na Gaeilge agus in aois a 24 dó ceapadh é ina eagarthóir ar *An Claidheamh Soluis* mar ar nocht sé a dhíograis dá thír dhúchais faoi ghné álainn phróis agus filíochta. Bhunaigh sé dhá scoil arbh í an Ghaeilge an ghnáththeanga iontu. Scoil Éanna do bhuachaillí agus Scoil Íde do chailíní.

Faoi tharraingt an Fhíneachais, a bhí de shíor á theagasc ag Tomás Ó Cléirigh, bhí Mac Piarais ar dhuine de lucht bunaithe Óglaigh na hÉireann, i mí na Samhna, 1913. Tamall roimhe sin glacadh mar bhall de Bhráithreachas Phoblacht na hÉireann é. Eisean a toghadh chun an óráid a dhéanamh ag sochraid

an Fhínín laochta, Ó Donnabháin Rosa, agus chuir sé i gcomhad ansin soiscéal an Scarúnachais Éireannaigh. "Is den bhás a thagann an bheatha," ar sé, "agus is ó uaigheanna fear agus ban tírdhílis a eascraíonn na náisiúin bheo . . . Lucht Coimeádta na Ríochta seo . . . is dóigh leo go bhfuil Éire ceansaithe acu . . . is dóigh leo go bhfuil réamh-eolas an uile ní acu . . . ach na hamadáin . . . d'fhág siad againn ár mairbh ba Fhíníní agus fad a bhéas na huaigheanna sin ag Éirinn, Éire gan saoirse ní bheidh sí riamh faoi shíoth."

Tomás Ó Cléirigh, an chéad duine de shínteoirí an Fhorógra agus an té ba shine orthu, rugadh é in Oileán Iocht i 1858. Chaith sé cuid mhaith dá óige i nDún Geanainn, Co. Thír Eoghain, mar ar bhunaigh sé cumann náisiúnach in aois a 17 dó. Timpéall 1879 chuaigh sé ar imirce go Meiriceá agus cheangail sé le Clann na nGael. Tar éis cúpla bliain, chuaigh sé ó Mheiriceá go Sasana ar fheachtas réabhlóideach. Gabhadh é agus gearradh pianseirbhís lena shaol air.

Tar éis dó 15 bhliain den daoirse a fhulaingt agus tar éis a bheith go minic lena linn sin faoi cheangal slabhraí agus i ngéibheann aonarach, ligeadh amach ar choinnoll é i 1898, agus an bliain ina dhiaidh sin chuaigh sé ar ais go Meiriceá mar ar phós sé Caitlín Ní Dhálaigh.

Sa bhliain 1907 d'fhill Ó Cléirigh ó Mheiriceá go hÉirinn agus comhthoghadh é ina bhall de Ard-Chomhairle Bhráithreachas Phoblacht na hÉireann. As sin amach rinne sé saothar gan sos le Éirí Amach a thabhairt i gcríoch.

Rugadh *Tomás Mac Donnchadha*, scoláire, file agus drámadóir, ag Cloch an tSiúrdánaigh, Co. Thiobrad Árann i 1878. Fuair sé a chuid oideachais i gColáiste Charraig an Tobair. Bhí sé ina mhúinteoir i gColáiste Naomh Ciarán, Cill Chainnigh agus i gColáiste Cholmáin, Mainistir Fhear Maí, agus ina léachtóir le Litríocht an Bhéarla i gColáiste na hOllscoile, Baile Átha Cliath. Bhí sé páirteach le Pádraic Mac Piarais i gConradh na Gaeilge agus i mbunú Scoil Éanna.

I measc a chuid scríbhinní iomadúla bhí an dráma "When the Dawn is Come" a léiríodh in

Amharclann na Mainistreach, Baile Átha Cliath i 1908, inar samhlaíodh Éire ag éiri in éadan a lucht ceansaithe.

I dteannta a bheith ar dhuine de shínteoirí an Fhorógra, bhí Mac Donnchadha ina Oifigeach Ceannais ar Dhara Cathlán Áth Cliath agus bhí sé i gceannas i Monarcha Mhuintir Jacob. Dhiúltaigh sé géilleadh go dtí an 30 Aibreán.

Rugadh *Ióseph Máire Ó Pluingcéad* i mBaile Átha Cliath i 1887. Fuair sé a chuid oideachais i Scoil na hOllscoile Caitlicí, i gColáiste Belvedere agus ag Stoneyhurst i Sasana. In ainneoin na heasláinte a lean de le linn a óige, ba scoláire agus ba náisiúnaí dúthrachtach é.

Bhí sé ina fhile agus do chomhoibrigh sé le Tomás Mac Donnchadha agus le daoine eile chun Amharclann Éireannach a bhunú agus mar eagarthóir ar an "Irish Review." Ba dhuine de lucht bunaithe Óglaigh na hÉireann agus ball de Choiste Feidhmitheach na nÓglach é Bhí sé ina bhall de Bhráithreachas Phoblacht na hÉireann, agus ina Stiúrthóir Oibríochtaí Míleata dó ba eisean a rinne an bheartaíocht mhíleata don Éirí Amach. In ainneoin é a bheith breoite ghlac sé páirt sa troid in Ard-Oifig an Phoist.

An duine a b'óige de shínteoirí Fhorógra na Poblachta, pósadh é le Gráinne Gifford i bPríosún Chill Mhaighneann go gairid sular cuireadh chun báis é.

Rugadh *Éamonn Ceannt* i gCo. na Gaillimhe i 1881. In aois a dheich mbliain dó d'aistrigh a mhuintir go Baile Átha Cliath mar a bhfuair sé a chuid oideachais ó na Bráithre Críostaí. Bhí sé ina chúntóir in Oifig Chisteoir na Cathrach, Bardas Átha Cliath. Chuir sé ard-spéis sa Ghaeilge agus i stair agus ceol na hÉireann. Ina bhall tionscnaimh d'Óglaigh na hÉireann dó ghlac sé páirt i Smuigléireacht na nGunnáí ag Beann Éadair i mí Iúil, 1914.

Chomh maith le bheith ar dhuine de shínteoirí an Fhorógra bhí sé ina Oifigeach Ceannais ar Cheathrú Cathlán Áth Cliath a raibh a cheanncheathrú ag Teach na mBocht Átha Cliath Theas (Ospidéal Naomh Caoimhín faoi láthair) i rith an Éirí Amach.

Rugadh *Seán Mac Diarmada* láimh le Coillte Clochair, Co. Liatroma i 1884. I dtús a óige chuaigh sé go hAlbain ag obair agus go luath ina dhiaidh sin go Béal Feirste. Ba bhall de Chonradh na Gaeilge é, de Chumann Lúthchleas Gael, Sinn Féin, Óglaigh na hÉireann agus Bráithreachas Phoblacht na hÉireann. Rinne sé bainisteoireacht ar "Irish Freedom" thar ceann an chumann deiridh úd. Thaistil sé Éire fada leitheadach ina Eagraí Náisiúnta don Bhráithreachas. Taom polaimiailtís a ndearna sé faillí ann trí mhéad a dhúthrachta san obair d'fhág sé coiscéim bhacaf ina iarmairt throm air agus bhí air a bheith i muinín maide siúil. Bhí sé ina bhall den Chomhairle Mhíleata a bheartaigh an tÉirí Amach agus in ainneoin easpa sláinte bhí sé le Foireann na Ceanncheathrún in Ard-Oifig an Phoist i rith na troda go léir.

Seamus Ó Conghaile, an dara duine ba shine ar shínteoirí an Fhorógra, ba dhuine de chlann lanúin ó Chondae Mhuineacháin é. Chaith sé a óige in Albain mar ar chuir sé oideachas air féin trí fhairsinge a chuid léitheoireachta. Tháinig sé go hÉirinn mar eagraí sóisialach agus bhunaigh sé Páirtí Poblachtánach Sóisialach na hÉireann i mBaile Átha Cliath agus bhí sé ina eagarthóir chomh maith ar "The Workers' Republic."

Ó chuaigh sé dian air a bheatha a thuilleamh i mBaile Átha Cliath d'imigh sé go Meiriceá i 1903. Fad a bhí sé thall bhunaigh sé Cónascadh Sóisialach Éireannach agus rinne eagarthóireacht ar "The Harp" a raibh mar chuspóir leis cúis idirnáisiúnta lucht oibre agus lucht oibre na hÉireann go speisialta a chur chun cinn. D'fhill sé ar Éirinn i 1910, agus lean den bholscaireacht ar son an lucht oibre. Sa bhliain 1913 ghlac sé páirt i mbunú Arm Cathartha na hÉireann.

Cé go raibh socair faoi mhí Eanáir, 1916, ag Comhairle Mhíleata an I.R.B. go mbeadh an tÉirí Amach ann um Cháisc, ní raibh Ó Conghaile, a bhí go hoscailte ag moladh Éirí Amach a dhéanamh, ar an eolas faoin socrú sin. Tar éis chruinniú le ceannairí an I.R.B., áfach, cuireadh ar an eolas é agus chuir sé an tArm Cathartha i ngeall dul sa chomhrac. Go gairid

roimh an Éirí Amach dúirt sé lena chuid fear nach Arm Cathartha ná Óglaigh na hÉireann a bhí ann a thuilleadh ach Arm Phoblacht na hÉireann amháin. Goineadh é i rith na troda in Ard-Oifig an Phoist agus ina dhiaidh sin bhí air a chuid orduithe a thabhairt ó leaba shínteáin.

Chomh maith le Ióseph Máire Ó Pluingcéad básaíodh triúr eile ceannairí ar an 4 Bealtaine, 1916. B'iad sin *Éadbhard Ó Dálaigh*, *Liam Mac Piarais* agus *Micheál Ó hAnnracháin*.

Rugadh *Éadbhard Ó Dálaigh* i Luimneach i 1891. Mac Fíinín agus nia Fíinín a bhí ann. Ba dheartháir céile le Tomás Ó Cléirigh é. Bhí sé ina Oifigeach Ceannais ar Chéad Chathlán Áth Cliath i rith an Éirí Amach.

Liam Mac Piarais, an deartháir a b'óige le Pádraic Mac Piarais, rugadh i mBaile Átha Cliath é i 1881. In aois bhuachalla dóibh chuir an bheirt acu iad féin faoi gheasa bás a fháil le chéile ar son na hÉireann dá mba ghá sin. Bhí sé ina chaptaen sna hÓglaigh agus rinne sé troid in Ard-Oifig an Phoist.

Rugadh *Micheál Ó hAnnracháin*, mac le Fíinín, i Ros Mhic Treoin, Co. Loch Garman i 1877. Ina fhear mór díograise ar son na Gaeilge ó thús a óige agus ina scríbhneoir dó a raibh an-ghealladh ann — eisean a scríobh "A Swordsman of the Brigade" — cheangail sé páirt le Óglaigh na hÉireann nuair a bunaíodh iad. Bhí sé in éineacht le Tomás Mac Donnchadha i Monarcha Mhuintir Jacob i rith an Éirí Amach.

Cuireadh duine amháin chun báis ar an 5 Bealtaine, 1916 — an *Maor Airm Seán Mac Giolla Bhríde* a rugadh i gCathair na Mart, Co. Mhuigheo i 1868. Agus é ina fhear óg chuaigh sé ar imirce go dtí an Aifric Theas mar ar throid sé ar thaobh na mBórach in éadan na Sasanach. Bhí sé in éineacht le Tomás Mac Donnchadha i Monarcha Mhuintir Jacob i rith an Éirí Amach.

Cuireadh *Micheál Ó Mealláin*, *Conchubhar Ó Colbáird* agus *Seán Heuston* chun báis ar an lá céanna le Éamonn Ceannt—ar 8 Bealtaine, 1916.

Rugadh *Micheál Ó Mealláin* i mBaile Átha Cliath i 1875. Ina fhíodóir síoda agus ina cheoltóir dó bhí sé ina Cheann Foirne ar an Arm Cathartha agus bhí sé i gceannas cheantar Fhaiche San Stiabhna i rith an Éirí Amach.

Rugadh *Conchubhar Ó Colbáird* i Móin a' Léana, Co. Luimnigh i 1888, ina mhac Fíinín. Bhí sé ar dhuine den dream ba thúisce a chuaigh le Fianna Éireann agus chuaigh sé isteach in Óglaigh na hÉireann nuair a bunaíodh iad i 1913. Bhí sé i gceannas Dhríoglan Lána Muire Mhaith le linn an ghéillte i ndiaidh an Éirí Amach.

I mBaile Átha Cliath a rugadh *Sean Heuston* i 1891. Chuaigh sé ag obair i Luimneach i 1908, agus d'eagraigh sé Fianna Éireann ann. Ar ais i mBaile Átha Cliath dó i 1913, chuaigh sé le Óglaigh na hÉireann agus in éineacht le Conchubhar Ó Colbáird, ar iarratas Phádraic Mhic Phiarais, d'oil sé buachaillí Scoil Éanna i gcúrsaí druile agus muscaedíochta. Bhí sé i gceannas in Institiúid na Déircíochta san Éirí Amach.

An chosaint a rinne muintir Cheannt ar a dteach muintire ag Bán Ard, Caisleán Uí Liatháin, Co. Chorcaí, tá sé ar cheann de scéalta gaisce 1916. Ar an 2 Bealtaine, 1916, an lá sular tosaíodh ar na ceannairí a chur chun báis i mBaile Átha Cliath, tháinig buíon de Chonstáblacht Ríoga na hÉireann timpeall ar Theach Bhán Ard agus tharla coimheascar fíochmhar dá cheann. Maraíodh constábla ceannais. Goineadh go héag Ristead Ceannt agus goineadh Dáithí go trom. Tar éis do bhuíon mhíleata teacht ar an láthair gabhadh an mhuintir ar fad, an mháthair agus í os cionn ochtó bliain d'aois ina measc. Triaileadh Tomás agus Liam i gcúirt mhíleata i gCorcaigh agus ligeadh Liam saor. Daoradh *Tomás Ceannt* agus cuireadh chun báis é ar an 9 Bealtaine, 1916.

Rugadh *Ruairí Mac Easmainn* ag Sáinn le Gó, Co. Átha Cliath i 1864. Chuaigh sé isteach i Seirbhís Chóilíneach na Breataine i 1891, agus d'éirigh gáir mhór ar fud an domhain faoi thuairisc a thug sé ar an gcrúatan a bhí á fhuil-aing ag an bpobal dúchasach ar na heastáit mhóra rubair sa Congo Uachtarach nuair a foilsíodh í i 1904. Mar aitheantas ar son a shaothair bronnadh céim Ridire air. Tar éis dó tamall fada saoire a chaitheamh in Éirinn ag fáil bhis-each sláinte ghlac sé ina chreideamh le Neamhspleáchas na hÉireann.

Sa bhliain 1910, fad a bhí sé fós i mbun a dhualgais chonsalachta, bhí sé páirteach i bhfiosrúchán a rinneadh faoin bhail oibre a bhí ar na pobail Indiacha ar na plandála rubair in Putumayo fan réimsí uachtaracha abhantrach an Amazon i Meiriceá Theas. Dáltha scéal an Congo rinne a thuairisc nochtadh ar chóras cruálach agus mar thoradh air sin cuireadh deireadh leis an Chomhlacht a bhí i mbun na bplandálacha sin.

Tar éis don tsláinte teip air, d'éirigh sé as a phost agus d'fhill sé go hÉirinn i 1913. Bhí sé ina bhall tionscnaimh d'Óglaigh na hÉireann agus chuidigh sé chun airgead a bhailiú le h-airm a sholáthar dóibh. I rith an Chéad Chogadh Domhanda rinne sé iarracht (gan toradh, mórán) Briogáid Éireannach a bhunú sa Ghearmáin i measc Éireannaigh in Arm na Breataine a bhí ina bpríosúnaigh chogaidh. Rinne sé iarracht (gan toradh, mórán, ach an oiread) údarais na Gearmáine a spreagadh chun leor-armáil a chur ar fáil d'Óglaigh na hÉireann ionas go mbeadh an rath ar an Éirí Amach.

Tháinig sé go hÉirinn ar Aoine an Chéasta, an 21 Aibreán, 1916, agus gabhadh é laistigh de chúpla uair an chloig. Tar éis a thriail i Londain ar choir "tréasa" daoradh chun báis é ar an 5 Iúil, 1916, agus crochadh ag Pentonville é ar an 3 Lúnasa, 1916.

BEIRT IS SEASCA EILE A CAILLEADH

Amach ón sé dhuine dhéag a cuireadh chun báis tar éis Seachtain na Cásca ní h-eol go cruinn cé mhéid ar fad a fuair bás ar son na hÉireann an tráth san. Is eol, áfach, gur cailleadh na laochra seo leanas:—

Seán Mac Adaim
Tomás Ó hAilín
Éamann Ó hAonghais
Éamann Breathnach
Pilib Breathnach
Aindrias Ó Broin
Laoiseach Ó Broin
Séamas Ó Broin
Liam de Búrca
Seán Ó Cadhla
Cathal Ó Carragáin
Risteard Ceannt
Risteard Ó Cearúill
Conchúr Céitinn
Pilib Ó Cléirigh
Éamann Mac Coistealbh
Seán Mac Coistealbh
Anraí Mac Giolla Chomhghaill
Pádraig Ó Conchúir
Seán Ó Conghaile
Séamas Ó Corcráin
Séamas Mac Cormaic
Éamann Ó Coscraigh
Seán Ó Crionagáin
Seán Ó Croimín
Séamas Ó Cuinn
Breandán Ó Dónalláin
Cathal Ó Dorchaí
Seán Ó Duáin
Liam Mac Dúill
Pádraig Ó Dúill

Seán Ó hÉilí
Gearóid Mac Eocha
Seoirse Mac Eochagáin
Seán Ó hEoin
Pádraig Ó Faoláin
Pádraig Ó Fearghail
Pádraig Ó Flannagáin
Seán Ó Gráda
Seán Ó hÍomhair
Peadar Mac Liaim
Peadar Ó Maicín
Proinsias Ó Maicín
Peadar Ó Mainnín
Micheál Ó Maoileoin
Micheál Ó Maoilmhichíl
Cathal Ó Monacháin
Dónall Ó Muirí
Risteard Ó Murchú
Risteard Ó Raghallaigh
Seán Ó Raghallaigh
Tomás Ó Raghallaigh
Seoirse Mac Raghnaill
Tomás Ó Raifeartaigh
Ua Rathghaille
Feardorcha Ó Riain
Padraig Seortús
Dónall Ó Síocháin
Séamas Ó Sionnaigh
Seán Mac Thréinfhír
Seán Ó hUrthuile
Tomás Weafer

AN BHRATACH NÁISIÚNTA

“Gach laoch ag gúf le díograis chroí ná stríocfaí an brat go deo,
Is ag fáinne an lae d’fhan an meirg’ go tréan os a gcionn ins an drúcht geal ceo.”

Do réir Airgeagail 7 de Bhunreacht na hÉireann is í an bhratach trí ndath, i, uaine, bán agus flann-bhuí, an suaithéantas náisiúnta.

Roimh Éirí Amach na Cásca, 1916 bhí tús áite ag an mbratach uaine ach ba gearr ina dhiaidh sin gur glacadh leis an mbratach trí ndath mar shuaithéantas náisiúnta.

Ba cheart go mbeadh eolas cruinn ag gach Éireannach ar conas cúirtéis a thabhairt don mBratach. Seo thíos na pointí is mó tábhacht:—

(1) Nuair a bhítear ag ardú nó ag ísliú na Brataí, nó nuair a bhíos sí ag gabháil thar bráid le linn paráide, ba cheart do gach a mbíonn i láthair aghaidh a thabhairt ar an mBratach, seasamh ar aire agus cúirtéis a thabhairt.

(When the Flag is being hoisted or lowered, or when it is passing by in a parade, all present should face the Flag, stand at attention and salute).

(2) Daoine faoi éide ar gnáth leo cúirtéis a thabhairt leis an lámh, ba cheart dóibh an chúirtéis lámhe a thabhairt.

(Persons in uniform who normally salute with the hand should give the hand salute).

(3) Ba cheart d’fhir in éadaí sibhialtaigh a gceannbheart a bhaint díobh leis an lámh dheis agus é a choinneáil os cionn an chroí.

(Men in civilian attire should remove the headdress with the right hand and hold it over the heart.)

(4) Ba cheart do mhná cúirtéis a thabhairt tríd an lámh dheis a leagan ar an gcroí.

(Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart.)

(5) Bheirtear an chúirtéis don Bhratach ag dul thar bráid i bparáid, nuair a bhíos sí sé coiscéimeanna ó láthair, agus leantar den chúirtéis nó go mbíonn an Bhratach imithe thar bráid.

(The salute to the Flag when it is being borne past in a parade is rendered when the Flag is six paces away and the salute is held until the Flag has passed by.)

(6) Nuair a bhíos níos mó ná aon Bhratach náisiúnta amháin ar iompar, ní ceart cúirtéis a thabhairt ach don Bhratach tosaigh.

(When more than one National Flag is carried, the salute should be given only to the leading Flag.)

(7) Nuair a seinntear an tAmhrán Náisiúnta i láthair na Brataí is ceart do gach a mbíonn i láthair aghaidh a thabhairt ar an mBratach, seasamh ar aire agus cúirtéis a thabhairt di, agus leanúint den chúirtéis nó go mbeidh an nóta deiridh ceoil seinnte.

(When the National Anthem is played in the presence of the Flag, all present should face the Flag, stand at attention and salute it, remaining at the salute until the last note of the music.)

(8) Ní ceart ar chor ar bith an Bhratach d'úsáid chun maisithe.

(The Flag should never be used as a decoration.)

(9) Ní ceart, go háirithe, an Bhratach a leathadh os cionn dóirse nó áirsí, ná í a cheangal ina cuachóig ná rós-chnóta a dhéanamh aiste.

(In particular, the Flag should not be festooned over doorways or arches, tied in a bow knot or tied in a rosette.)

(10) Nuair a bhíos an Bhratach ar taispeánt ar ardán, ní ceart í a scaradh ar sheastán an chainteóra ná ní ceart í a leathadh thar an ardán.

(When displayed on a platform, the Flag should not be used to cover the speaker's desk, nor should it be draped over the platform.)

(11) Ní ceart aon litir ná pictiúr d'aon tsaghas a chur ar an mBratach.

(No lettering or picture of any kind should be placed on the Flag.)

(12) Ní ceart an Bhratach a leathadh ar thraen, ar charr ná ar bhád.

(The Flag should not be draped on a train, car or boat.)

(13) Ní ceart an Bhratach d'iompar ar cothrom ach is ceart i gcónaí í d'iompar ar ard, ar siabhadh scaoilte, ach amháin nuair a bhíos sí timpeall ar chomhrainn.

(The Flag should not be carried flat, but should always be carried aloft and free, except when used to drape a coffin.)

(14) Ní ceart, aon tráth, ligean don Bhratach baint le talamh, srailleadh san uisce ná dul i bhfastó i gcrainn ná in aon bhacainn eile.

(The Flag should not at any stage be let touch the ground, trail in water or become entangled in trees or other obstacles.)

(15) Ní ceart an Bhratach a bheith ar taispeánt amuigh faoin spéir, ach amháin idir éirí gréine agus luí gréine.

(The Flag should be displayed in the open, only between sunrise and sunset.)

(16) Is féidir, áfach, ar ócáidí mar chruinnithe poiblí, morshiúil nó socraidí an Bhratach a thaispeánt faid a bhíd sin ar bun.

(The Flag may, however, on occasions such as public meetings, processions or funerals, be displayed for the duration of such functions.)

(Nóta: Tá na pointí thuas bunaithe ar an leabhrán "An Bhratach Náisiúnta," foilsithe ag Oifig an tSoláthair.)

AN tAMHRÁN NÁISIÚNTA

Seo dhíbh, a chairde, duan óglaigh,
Cathréimeach, briomhar, ceolmhar,
Ár dtinte cnámh go buacach táid,
'S an spéir go mín réaltógach.
Is fonnmhar faobhrach sinn chun gleo,
'S go tiummhar glé roimh thócht don ló,
Faoi chiúnas caomh na hoiche ar seol,
Seo libh, canaig amhrán na bhFiann.

Sinne Fianna Fáil, atá faoi gheall ag Éirinn,
Buíon dár slua thar toinn do ráinig chugainn,
Faoi mhóid bheith saor, seantir ár sinsear feasta
Ní fhágfar faoin tiorán ná faoin tráill.
Anocht a théam sa bhearna baoil,
Le gean ar Ghaeil chun báis nó saoil,
Le gunna-scréach, faoi lámhach na bpiléar,
Seo libh, canaig amhrán na bhFiann.

We'll sing a song, a soldier's song
With cheering, rousing chorus,
As round our blazing fires we throng,
The starry heavens o'er us;
Impatient for the coming fight,
And as we 'wait the morning's light,
Here in the silence of the night,
We'll chant a soldier's song.

Soldiers are we, whose lives are pledged to
Ireland;
Some have come from a land beyond the wave,
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
Tonight we man the "bearna baoil" *
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal;
'Mid cannons' roar and rifles' peal
We'll chant a soldier's song.

(* gap of danger)

Faint, illegible text on the left page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Faint, illegible text on the right page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.

Donegal County Council Archives

Donegal County Council Archives

SLEVOYRE,

BORRISOKANE,

IRELAND.

Dear Mr. Murray.

I do so trust you will not mind my troubling you? When at school you recited for me two beautiful poems composed by you & at the time you said you would write them for me. Now I am asking you to grant me that favour. —

In meeting you I felt a National sympathy & that a pleasure that is — Sincerely Yours
Micela J. Hickie

Re History of Fermagh

1969

By Rev. Livingstone.

ex-Supt. Joseph MURRAY

Port na Sanna

BALLYSHANNON.

P/183/11/2/40(1)

History of a "cross-roads" county

A YOUNG Co. Monaghan priest has just completed a ten-year project—a brilliantly researched, well documented, and above all, a most readable history of Fermanagh, a county which he describes as "the cross-roads of Ireland."

Father Peadar Livingstone, a native of Castleblayney, who has been teaching in St. Michael's College, Enniskillen, since he was ordained in 1957, was only 27 when he commenced work on The Fermanagh Story which he has now published as a book running into almost 600 pages.

Secretary of Clogher Historical Society, he is immensely interested in local history, and he hopes that Ireland will some day be covered by a network of local societies like the Clogher and Breaffy societies in his own area.

Guideline set

In The Fermanagh Story he has certainly set a guideline for historians in other counties. In giving briefly the history of Fermanagh and its people from the earliest times to the present day, his book is novel to the extent that he approached the project as if Fermanagh were a country.

In fact, Fermanagh is neither a large county nor an important one, but it is set in a beautiful part of Ireland and has a history as interesting as any other of the 32 counties.

The author was fortunate in



Father Livingstone

that the county had always been well served with historians right back into the Middle Ages. The Maguire Princes (the leading Fermanagh family) were great patrons of learning in the Middle Ages when the Keenans, the Breslins and other families of historians flourished.

Annals of Ulster

The county, of course, was given great prominence in the Annals of Ulster which were compiled by Cathal Mac Manus a member of Fermanagh's second Gaelic family which was descended from Maghnus, a son of Donn Mor Maguire.

Father Livingstone acknowledges that he drew heavily on the works of these scholars as well as on those of more recent historians including the late Canon J. E. McKenna; William Copeland Trimble,

by _____
TOM LYNN _____

former owner of the "Impartial Reporter," the late Lord Belmore and Lady Dorothy Corry.

In doing so he is being modest about his own scholarly research work, for historians of the future will owe even a greater debt to him for the way in which this book has been compiled, for his chapters on the modern Fermanagh, the second World War, the towns and villages in the county, the industries, and the families of Fermanagh, including the British families who settled there.

Father Livingstone told me that his work does not attempt to solve all the historical problems concerning Fermanagh. It merely states many of them, and it is his hope that it will encourage others to join in the work of research.

Published by Cumann Seanchais Chlochair, St. Michael's College, Enniskillen, at £3.

Welfare officer

Employees of Dublin Port and Docks Board are to have a welfare officer. Mr. D. A. Hegarty, general manager, told a meeting of the Board that the officer would look after the welfare not only of serving members but also of pensioners and the sick. He would also be responsible for the welfare of their families. The appointment was approved.

PH 183/11/2/4(2)

P/183/11/2/4(3)

Now available

THE FERMANAGH STORY

by

PEADAR LIVINGSTONE

- This is a documented history of Fermanagh County from the earliest times until the present day.
- It includes special chapters on social history, agriculture, religion, education, towns and villages, families.
- It is complete with source notes, bibliographies, index of persons, index of places.
- It contains 568 pages of text with an additional 36 pages of illustrations.
- It costs, including post, £3 or 8 dollars (U.S.A.).

Order copies from :

THE CLOGHER HISTORICAL SOCIETY
ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
ENNISKILLEN
N. Ireland

[TURN OVER FOR A LIST OF CONTENTS]

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Guide for Irish taxpayers

A USEFUL, 16-page guide to the structure of personal and company taxes, "Outlines of Irish Taxation", has been produced by Sceptre Publishers, Ltd., of 11 Ely Place, Dublin 2.

Priced at 5/-, this booklet, which is the first of its kind to deal with the domestic Irish tax network, covers Income Tax, Sur Tax and Corporation Profits Tax, including changes introduced in the 1969 Finance Bill.

P1183/11/215



REV. ANTHONY V. CARROLL
(Kwoshu, Korea)

THIRTY FIRST
INTERNATIONAL

pl 33/142/6

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS
Dublin, 1932

Donegal County Council Archives

PICTORIAL RECORD



31ST INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

PICTORIAL RECORD



Donegal County Council Archives

Published in behalf of the Committee
of the
Thirty-first International Eucharistic Congress
by
VERITAS COMPANY, LIMITED,
Veritas House,
7 & 8 Lower Abbey Street,
Dublin

PREFACE

THIS RECORD, issued in response to an insistent public demand, will, it is confidently hoped, provide a worthy popular souvenir of the great Thirty-first International Eucharistic Congress.

Nevertheless, it is not claimed for it that it is complete. In particular, it lacks emphasis of the outstanding international character of the Congress.

It was found possible to secure only a few pictures stressing this phase of the great event, despite the fact that hundreds of photographs of many agencies and newspapers were examined. In other less important phases, too, the RECORD may be found to be incomplete; but, taken as a whole, it covers the entire Congress.

It was the wish of His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Sponsor of the Congress, that the price of the RECORD should be within the reach of all. Accordingly, it is offered to the public at half-a-crown. Sold on an ordinary commercial basis its price would be treble that amount.

Those who possess it will, therefore, treasure it not only on account of the story it tells, but also on account of the spirit in which it is offered for sale.

—VERITAS COMPANY LIMITED

Tá an leabhar seo dá chur ar fáil mar Cumhneacán ar an Mór-
Óráil Il-Chírdeac a bhí i mBaile Átha Cliath i mbliain—Mór-Óráil
na Naomh-Sacraminte.

Is é ár meas gur annam Catoiliceac nár maic leis aige cumhneacán a
measpaó sé beic ag cur le h-uaisleac na Mór-Órála sin, óir tá a pios
agaimn go bfuiltear ag feiceam le n-a leicéro go fonnmar. Rinneamar
ár ndéicéall leis an leabhar seo a déanam com fóirstmeac agus b'féidir;
ac, mar sin féin, is maic atá pios agaimn naé bfuil sé gan easbaró.

Tá sé easbaróeac ms an méro naé uaisbeánam sé com soileir agus
ba maic linn go rab an Mór-Óráil i n-a dáil ag emídeaca an domam
ó éam go ceam. Ós cionn gac nro eile, ba maic linn an " Il-Chír-
deac " sin a taisbeaint; ac, amdeóm gur breactnuigeamar a lán
de srian-grapa na Mór-Órála, ní facamar ac beagán beag a cuirpead
an gne ar leit seo ar a suite do eac.

Féacadó, ar scór ar bit, le n-a déanam ms an dóig a mbéad sé ag cur
le h-uaisleac na h-ócáide. Ba mian le n-a Oirdeacas, Áro-Casbog
Daite Átha Cliath, Éarlám na Mór-Órála naé n-iarrparóe mar luac ar an
leabhar seo ac sum naé mbéad ear acpunn daome atá ar beagán de
maom an tsaogail. Mar sin de, níl air ac leac-coróm an cóip, sum
a gcaitfeóe a trí oiread a iarraró, dá mbéicfeóe ag leanamam do gnás
luet poillsiúcán.

Na daome a ceannócas an leabhar, is móro a meas air, ar an dóbar
sin; óir ní h-é amám gur maic leo aca é mar gcaill ar an scéal atá
léinigte ann, ac béarparó a gceórofe freasgar ar deag-rún na muinntire
atá dá chur ar fáil.

—CUIDEACHTA NA FÍRINNE TEORANTA

Donegal County Council Archives





Photo]

Our Holy Father Pope Pius XI broadcasting from the Vatican a message to the Thirty-first International Eucharistic Congress, Sunday, 26th June, 1932.

[Felici, Rome



Photo]

[Central Press

HIS EMINENCE LORENZO CARDINAL LAURI,
Legate of our Holy Father Pope Pius XI.



Photo]

[*Keogh Bros.*

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin,
Primate of Ireland,
MOST REV. EDWARD J. BYRNE,
Sponsor of the Congress



Photo]

HIS EXCELLENCY MGR. HEYLEN,
Bishop of Namur,
President of the Permanent Committee of International Eucharistic Congresses.

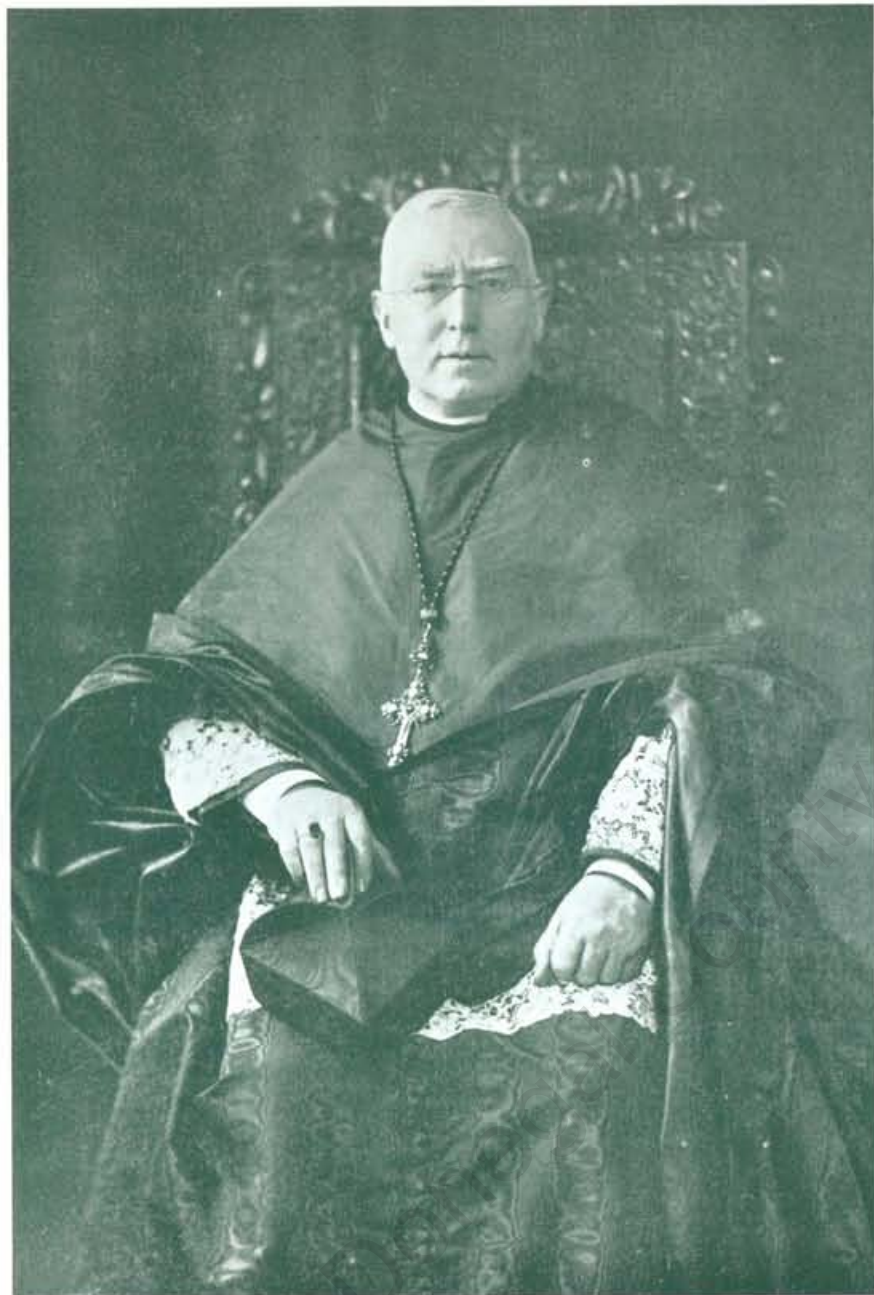
[Jean Lemaire, Namur



Photo]

HIS EMINENCE JOSEPH CARDINAL MAC RORY,
Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland.

[*Dorothy Horton, Belfast*



Photo

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL BOURNE.
Archbishop of Westminster.

[Bassano, London Photo]



[Champlain

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL O'CONNELL.
Archbishop of Boston.



Photo]

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL DOUGHERTY.
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

[Felici, Rome Photo]



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL HAYES.
Archbishop of New York.

[Felici, Rome



Photo]

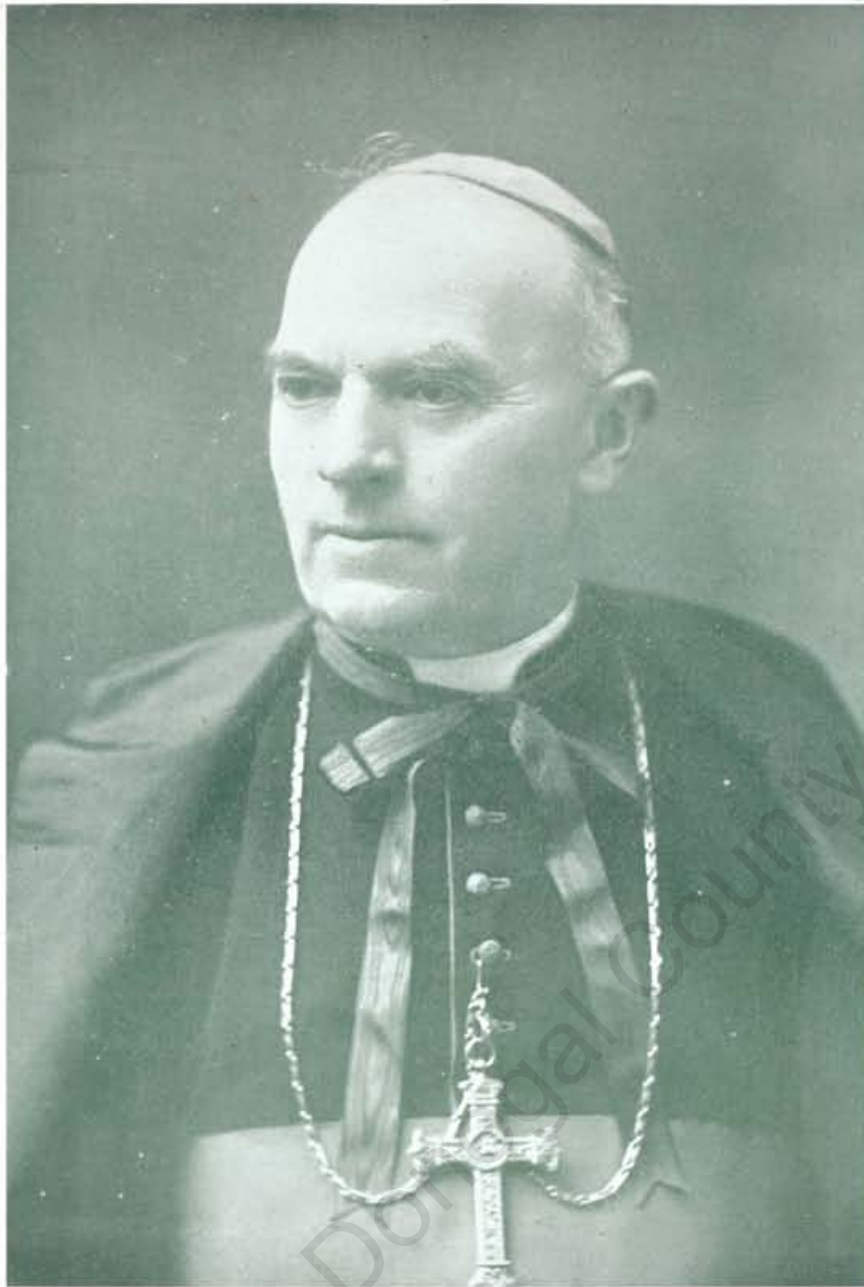
HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VAN ROEY.
Archbishop of Malines.

[*Felici, Rome Photo*]



[*Atelier Rubens, Poznan.*

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL HLOND.
Primate of Poland.



Photo]

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL VERDIER.
Archbishop of Paris.



[Felici, Rome Photo]

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL LAVITRANO.
Archbishop of Palermo.

[Felici, Rome



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HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REV. PASCAL ROBINSON, O.F.M.
Nuncio Apostolic to Saorstát Éireann.

[C. & L. Walsh, Dublin



Photo]

His Lordship the Bishop of Thasos,
MOST REV. FRANCIS J. WALL, Auxiliary to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.
Chairman of the General Committee of the Congress.

[Keogh Bros., Dublin



His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel,
MOST REV. J. M. HARTY,
President of the Eucharistic Congress League



His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam,
MOST REV. T. P. GILMARTIN

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[Lafayette



Photo

His Lordship the Bishop of Cloyne
MOST REV. ROBERT BROWNE

[Lafayette

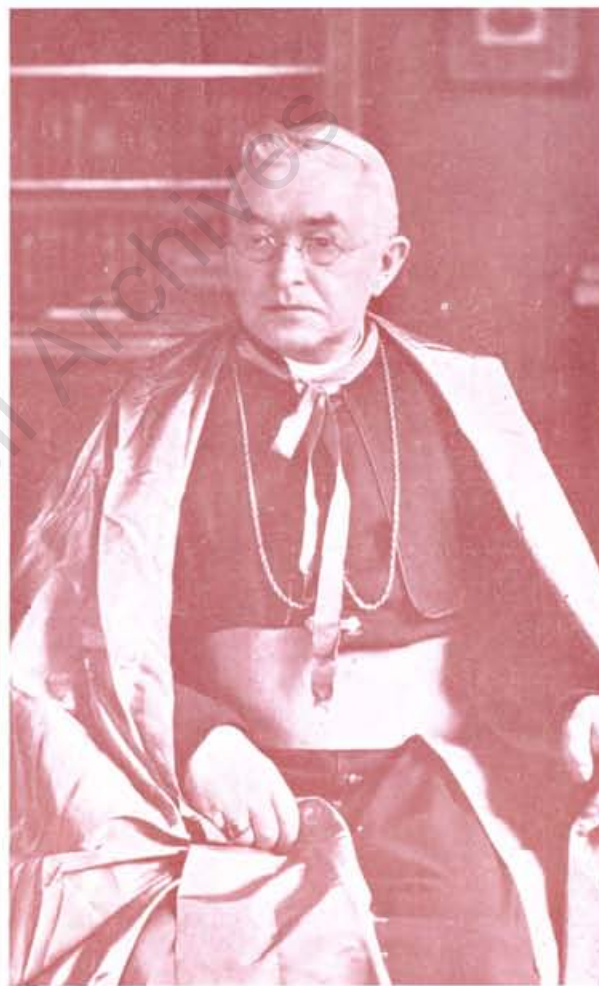


Above :

His Lordship the Bishop of Clogher
MOST REV. PATRICK McKENNA

Below :

His Lordship the Bishop of Kilmore
MOST REV. PATRICK FINEGAN



Photo

His Lordship the Bishop of Killaloe
MOST REV. MICHAEL FOGARTY

[Lafayette



Photo [Lafayette]
His Lordship the Bishop of Achonry,
MOST REV. PATRICK MORRISROE.



Photo [Lafayette]
His Lordship the Bishop of Killala,
MOST REV. JAMES NAUGHTON.



Photo [Lafayette]
His Lordship the Bishop of Cork,
MOST REV. DANIEL COHALAN.



Photo [Lafayette]
His Lordship the Bishop of Dromore,
MOST REV. EDWARD MULHERN.

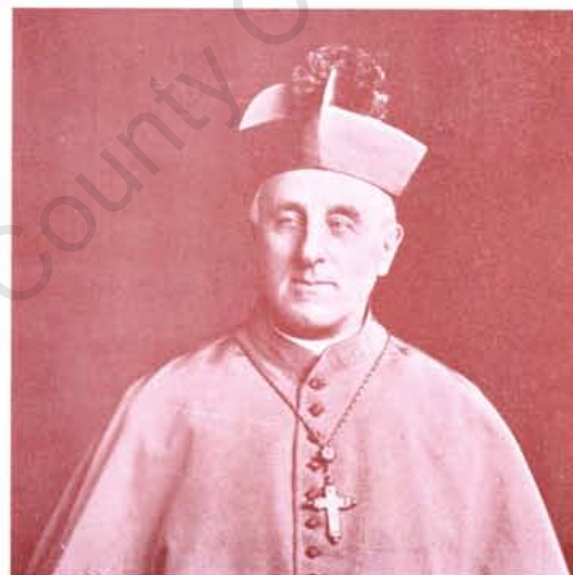


Photo [Lafayette]
His Lordship the Bishop of Ferns,
MOST REV. WILLIAM CODD.



Photo [Keogh Bros., Dublin]
His Lordship the Bishop of Galway,
MOST REV. THOMAS O'DOHERTY.



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MOST REV. EDWARD DOORLY.



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His Lordship the Bishop of Raphoe,
MOST REV. WILLIAM McNEELY.



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His Lordship the Bishop of Limerick,
MOST REV. DAVID KEANE.



Photo] [Keogh Bros., Dublin
His Lordship the Bishop of Clonfert,
MOST REV. JOHN DIGNAN.



Photo] [Lafayette
His Lordship the Bishop of Sebastopolis,
Coadjutor Bishop of Cloyne,
MOST REV. JAMES ROCHE.



Photo] [Lafayette
His Lordship the Bishop of Derry,
MOST REV. BERNARD O'KANE.



Photo

His Lordship the Bishop of Ardagh,
MOST REV. JAMES McNAMEE

[Lafayette



Photo

His Lordship the Bishop of Kerry,
MOST REV. MICHAEL O'BRIEN

[C. & L. Walsh, Dublin



Photo

His Lordship the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin,
MOST REV. MATTHEW CULLEN

[Lafayette



Photo

His Lordship the Bishop of Ossory,
MOST REV. PATRICK COLLIER

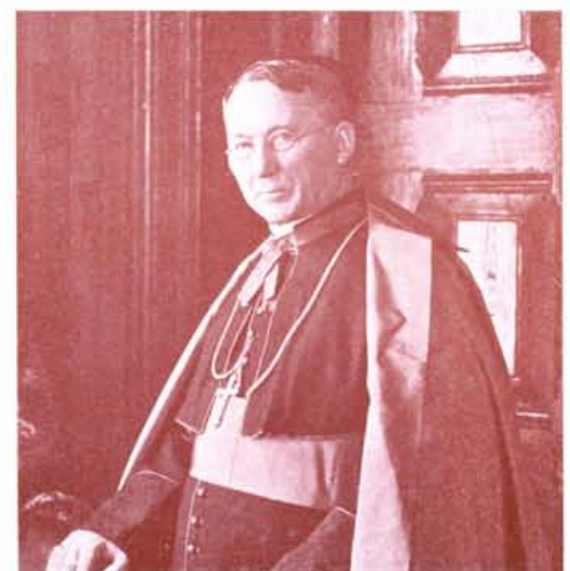
[Lafayette



Photo

His Lordship the Bishop of Down and Connor,
MOST REV. DANIEL MAGEEAN

[Dorothy Horton, Belfast



Photo

His Lordship the Bishop of Meath,
MOST REV. THOMAS MULVANY

[C. & L. Walsh



Photo]

His Eminence the Cardinal Legate and his Suite before their departure from Rome

[Felic, Rome



Photo
The Legate's Ship was escorted into Dun Laoghaire Harbour by Aeroplanes flying in the form of a Cross.

[24]

[*Sport and General*
Citeallám ag eirde i bhruim croise ag tionntacan na lunge ar a veáinis an Cairdeionat Lauri, Leagáir an pápa, go Dún Laoḡaine.



Photo]

The Cardinal Legate's Ship comes alongside the jetty at Dun Laoghaire.

[Topical Press Agency

ΤΙΣ ΤΟΝΣ ΑΝ ΚΑΙΡΘΙΟΝΑΙΣ ΛΑΥΡΙ, ΛΕΑΓΑΙΘ ΑΝ ΠΑΡΑ, ΕΥΝ ΝΑ ΚΕΑΘ
Ι ΝΘΥΝ ΛΑΟΓΑΙΡΕ.

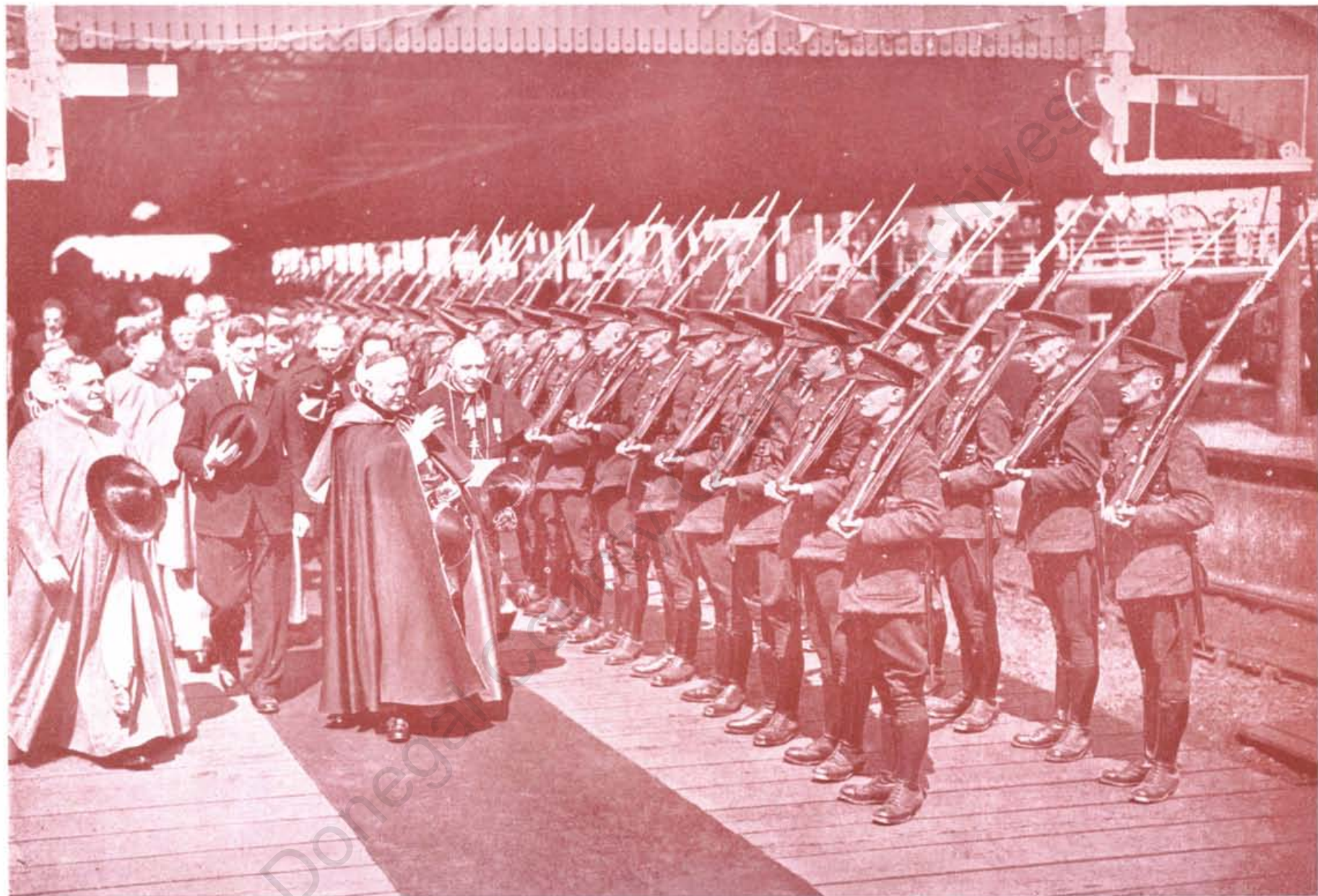


Photo]

The Cardinal Legate disembarks at Dun Laoghaire. Following him is His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.

[Sport and General

Δη Καρδινάλιος Λαυρι, Λεγατόσ αν Πάπας, ες εμάσιν ης λυμγε ι ηΰν
Λαογαίρε. Τά Άπο-εασβοσ θαιτε άτα έλιατ ες τεαττ ι η-α ύιατό.



Photo]

The Cardinal Legate, accompanied by President de Valera and His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, blesses the military guard of honour at Dun Laoghaire.

[Sport and General

Ἀν Καρδινάλι Λαυρί, Λεσγάρῳ ἀπὸ Πάρι, ἀπὸ Κοιςρεάκαν ἀπὸ Ἑλλάδος ὁπόρα
μιλεῖται ἰ ἠὲ Δὴν Λαογαίρε. Τὰ ἀπὸ τ-Ματταράν, Ἐαμονν δε Βαλέρα,
ἀγυς ἀπὸ-Ἐαμβος ὅαιτε ἀπὸ Ἐλίε ἰ ἠ-ἀοιφεατῶ τεις.



Photo]

The Cavalry Guard of the Irish Army.

Σάρος μαρσιλάς ας άρν ης ήίρεσση.

[Sport and General



Photo]

An Officer of the Cardinal Legate's Cavalry Guard of Honour.

[Sport and General

Οιφιζαέ το'η ζάρτα οπόρα α βί ας τιονηααν λεαζάρτ αν βάρα.



Photos]

Two snapshots at Dun Laoghaire

[Keystone

Seo dá pictiúir a tógadh iDún na Laoghaire



Photo]

Approaching the Gates of Dublin

AS TARRAINTE AN SEAPTAI DAILO AEA CLIAE

[Sport and General



Photo]

The Lord Mayor's Heralds announce the approach of the Cardinal Legate.

[Sport and General

Duaballóirí an Aro-Méire ag fuagsairt teacht an Cairdionail Laurl,
Leagáirí an Pápa.



Photo]

The Lord Mayor of Dublin welcomes the
Cardinal Legate at the City Gates

[Topical Press Agency

Υπόμνησαν ἄπο-Μέιρε Βαίτε ἄτα Κλιὰ το
Λεγάτο ἀπ Πάπα ἀξ Σεαταί να Κατραε.



Photos]

The Lord Mayor of Dublin welcomes the Cardinal Legate to the City, and His Eminence replies.

[Sport and General and Central Press

CUIREANN ARD-MÉIRIE BAILE ÁDA CUIAE FIOR-ÉAGH FÁILTE ROIMH AN CAIRDIONAL LAURÍ, LEAGÁID AN PÁPA, AR BRÓICINT NA CATHRÁE '86, AGUS TUZANN AN LEAGÁID FREAGRA CUIBE AR AN FÁILTE MM.

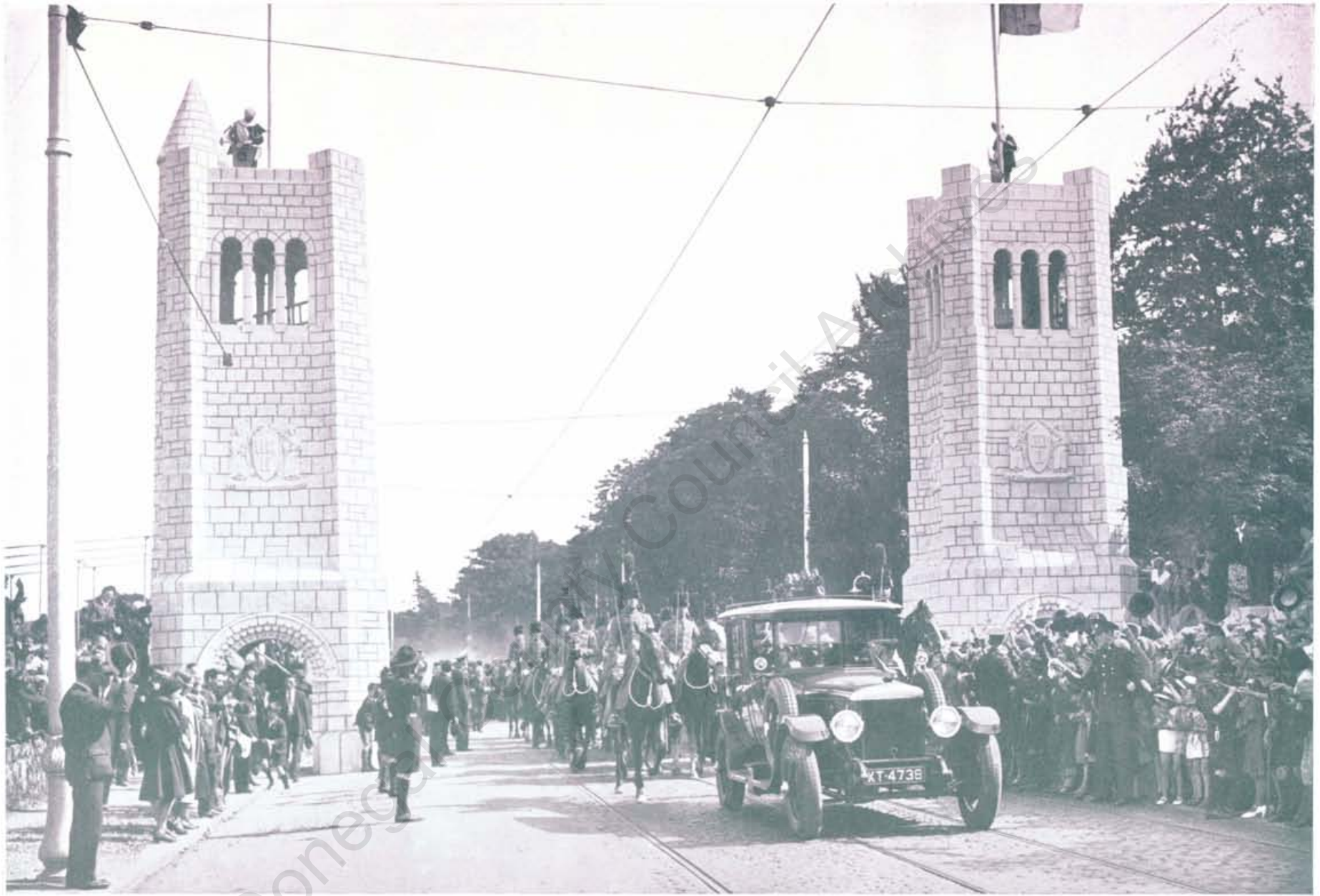


Photo]

The Lord Mayor's Coach which was used in the Cardinal Legate's Triumphal Procession from Dun Laoghaire to Dublin. Daniel O'Connell rode in this Coach when he was Lord Mayor.

[Sport and General

CÓISTE AN ΔΡΟ-ΜÉIRE SA MÓR-SIUBAL CAITÉRÉIMEAC Ó DÚN LAOGHAIRE
 GO DÁITE ΔΤΑ CUIAC. Seo an cóiste céanna a bhí ag Dornall Ó Conaill
 nuair a bhí seisean i n-a ΔΡΟ-Μέire.

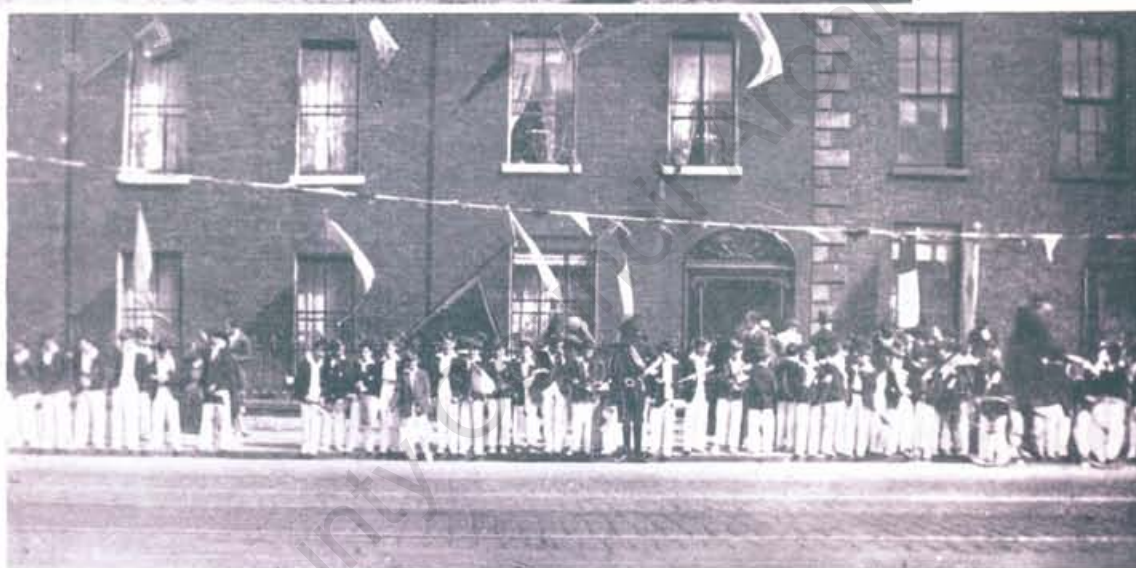


Photo]

Passing through the City Gates.

ΔΣ Σάβαιτ πρὸ Σερταί na Caenac.

[Central Press



Children were gathered all
along the 8-mile route.

Bí na páistí crunnigte an dá taobh an bealaig
ó Dún Laogaire isteach 'un na Castraí.



Photo]

A view from Westmoreland Street.

Ραῶαρε ὁ ἑράτο ἀν ἴεις τῆγε.

[Davis, Dublin



Photo]

The Cardinal Legate in O'Connell Street, passing along to the Pro-Cathedral.

["Daily Express."]

Ἀν Καρδινάλιον Λαυρί, ἡγεγάρῳ ἀπὸ Πάπα, ἡ Στάτο Μὲ Κοσάλλη ἀπὸ ἡ
ἑαλαῖ ἐκὺν ἡ ἡῶτο-Ἐαγλαίσε ἡό.



Photo]

Crowds in Earl Street awaiting the arrival of the Cardinal Legate from Dun Laoghaire.

[By courtesy of the "Irish Press."

Να σταίγητε ἰ σράτω ἀν ἱατρία ἀξ φαναὲτ σο ὑφειρεαὸ σιασ ἀν
Cairdionat Lauri, Leagáio an pápa, iar deaáct as Dún Laoghaire úd.



Photos]

The Cardinal Legate at the Archbishop's House.

[Central Press and Sport and General
 An Cairdionat Lauri, Leasáir an Pápa,
 ag Teac an Árd-Easbuig.

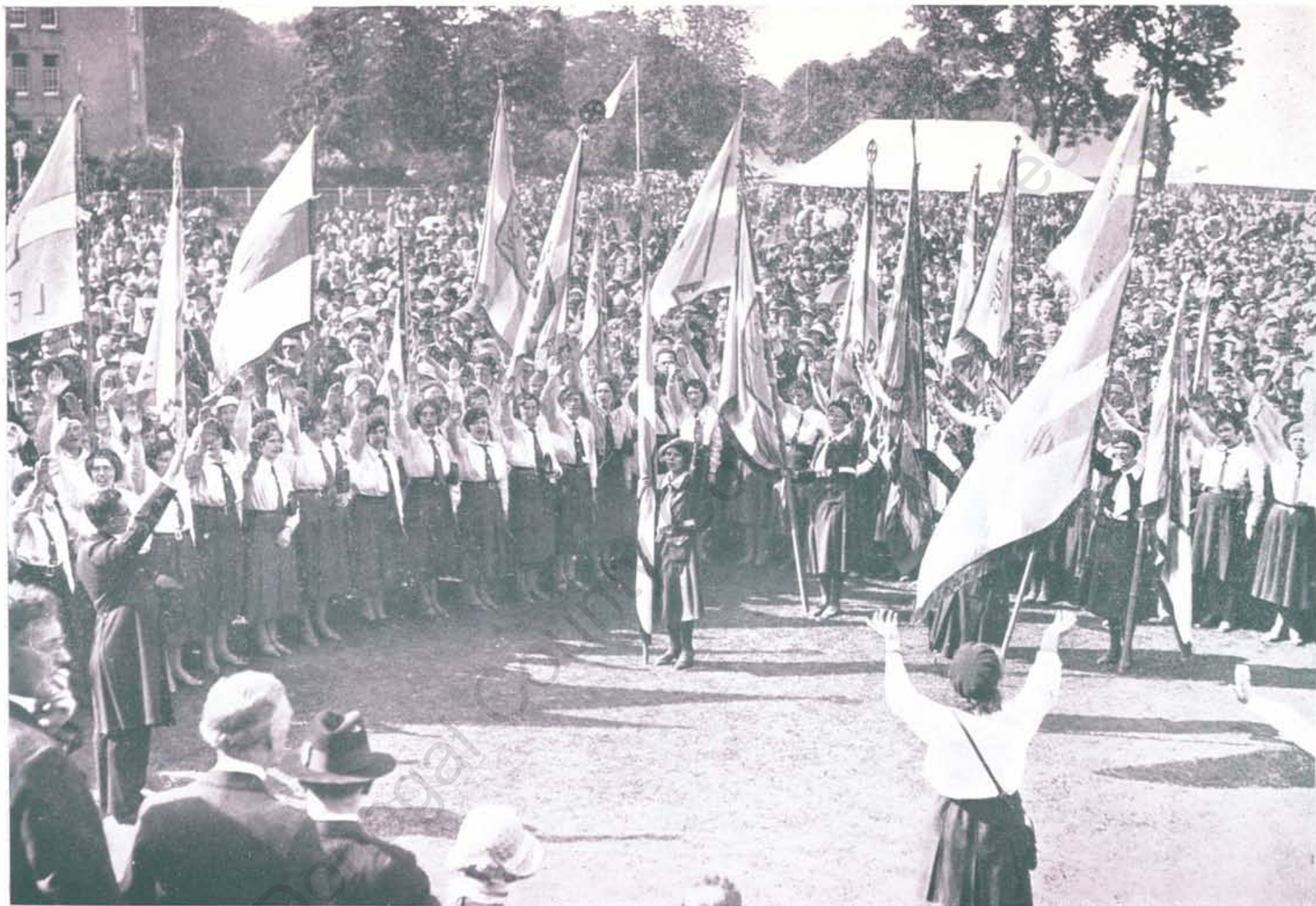


Photo]

A scene at the Garden Party in honour of the Cardinal Legate.
Ten thousand persons were present.

[Sport and General]

RAOARÉ AG AN FÁILTIÚ I N-ONÓIR DO'N CAIRDIONAL LAURÍ, LEAGÁID AN
PÁPA, I GCOLÁISTE NA CARRAIGE TUÍBE. DÍ DEIC MÍLE TUINE I LÁTAIR.



Photo]

Girls from the Netherlands at the Garden Party.

[Topical Press Agency

Radare slinn ar na cailíní as Hollainn ag déanamh a gcion féin
de'n tsult ag an fábriú i gColáiste na Carráige Dúise.



Photo]

The Cardinal-Legate addresses the Guests at the Garden Party.

Ùeireann an Cairdeanaí Leagáir óráir uairé ag an fáiltiú

[Keogh Bros., Dublin



Photo]

The Cardinal Legate among the Guests at the Garden Party.

["Daily Express."

AN CAIRDIONAL LAURI, LEAGÁID AN PÁPA, I MEASC AN TSUAIGIS AG AN
FÁILTIÚ I SCOLÁISTE NA CARRAIGE TUIBE.



Photo]

The Guests at the Garden Party kneel for the Legate's blessing.

[Central Press

AN STUAG AS AN FÁILCIÚ I SCOLÁISTE NA CARRAIGE TUIBE AR A NGLÚIMIB
LE BEANNACT LEAGÁIRO AN PÁPA O'FASÁIL.



Photo]

His Excellency the Governor-General, escorted by the Very Rev. Administrator of the Pro-Cathedral, Father Sheehan, arrives for the Solemn Opening.

[By courtesy of the "Irish Press."

Δ Οικουμενος, Σεβαστασ Σαορστατ Ειρεαν, αγυσ αν τ-Δεαιρ Ο Σιοτδαιμ
 Ρεαδταιρε Ρο-Οιρμιθνεαδ να ηλδρ-Εαγλαϊσε 'α ειοηηλασν, ας
 τεαδτ ιονησαιρ αν φοσλαδ Σολλαμαντα.



Photo]

[Sport and General

The Cardinal Legate in Procession to Pro-Cathedral for Solemn Opening.

ΔΗΝ ΚΑΙΡΩΝΑΙ ΛΑΥΡΙ, ΛΕΓΑΙΤΟ ΑΝ ΠΑΡΑ, ΣΑ ΜΟΡ-ΣΙΥΒΑΙ ΕΥΗ ΝΑ
ΗΔΥΡΟ-ΕΑΣΛΑΙΣΕ ΙΕΙΣ ΑΝ ΟΜΟΔΑΙΤ Ο'ΡΟΣΙΛΑΘ ΣΟ ΣΟΛΛΑΜΑΝΤΑ.



Photo]

The Cardinal Legate in St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral after his arrival in Dublin.

[Sport and General

ΑΝ ΚΑΙΡΩΝΑΙ ΛΑΥΡΙ, ΛΕΓΑΓΩ ΑΝ ΠΑΡΑ, Ι Η-ΑΥΤΟ-ΘΑΓΛΑΙΣ ΠΑΘΗ ΜΗΤΡΕ
ΙΑΣ ΟΥΤΕΑΕΤ ΞΟ ΒΑΙΤΕ ΔΕΤΑ ΟΥΙΑΕ ΤΟ.



Photo]

Leaving St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral after the Solemn
Opening of the Congress.

[Topical Press Agency

ΑΣ ΠΑΣΑΙΣ ΑΥΤΟ-ΘΕΛΟΥΣΙΣ ΠΑΘΗ ΜΥΙΡΕ Ι ΝΟΙΑΡΟ
ΦΟΣΙΛΑΘ ΣΟΛΛΑΜΑΝΤΑ ΝΑ ΚΟΜΗΘΑΙ.



Photo]

His Eminence the Cardinal Legate leaving the Pro-Cathedral
after the Solemn Opening

[Central Press

Ον Καρδινάλιο Λαυρί, Λεγάτο αν Πάπα, ας φέρειλ να ηλίω-Οεστλαίσε
ι ηλιαρό φοσελαό Σολλαμάντα να Κοηρόλια.

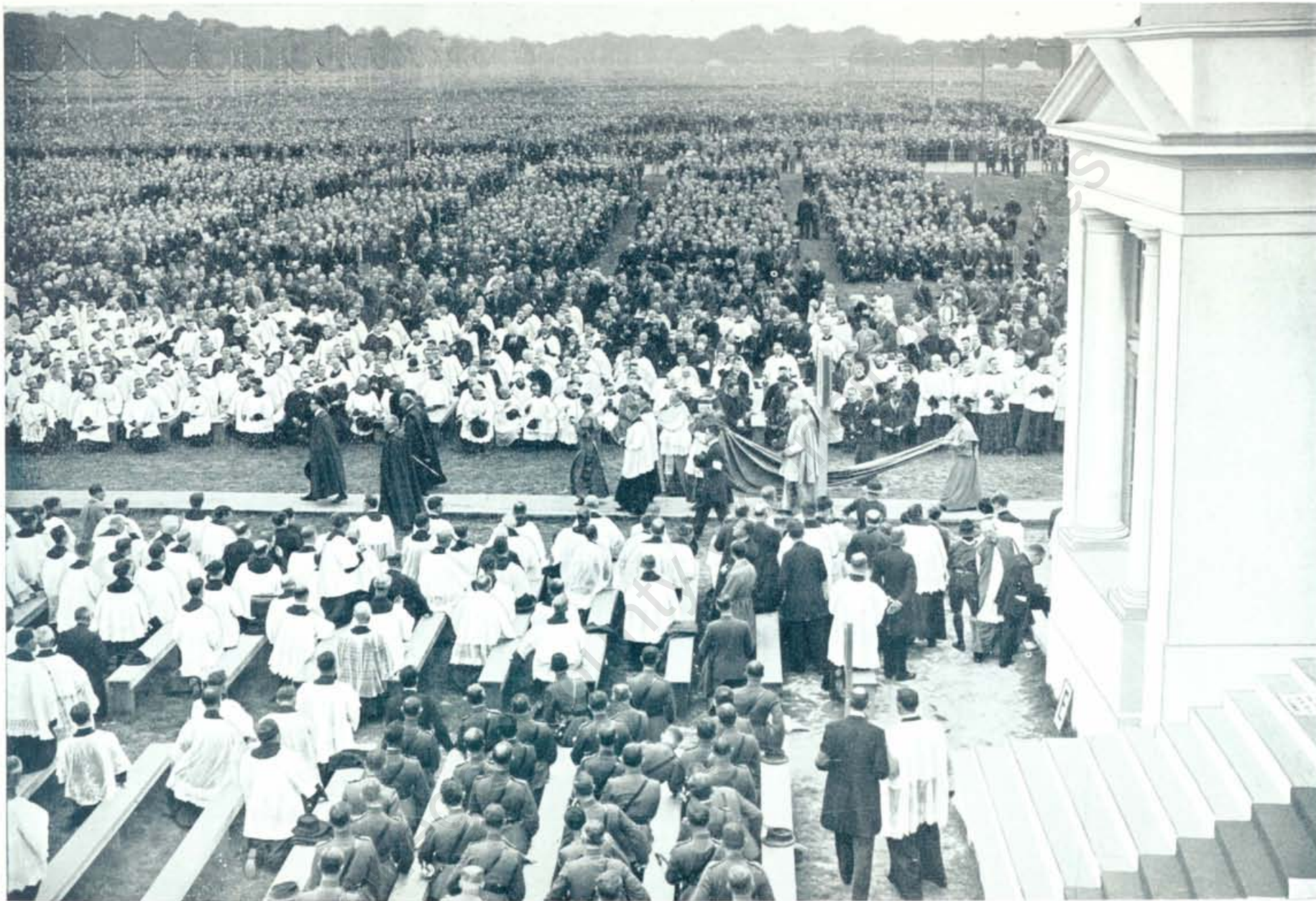


Photo]

Procession of Cardinals to the Pro-Cathedral for the Solemn Opening of the Congress.

[Central Press

Mór-Siubal na h-Éireann le h-ádh-Éaglaise ionnsair
Foscaidh Solaimanta na Comóla.



Photo]

A view of the great gathering on Men's Night. The Cardinal Legate is seen proceeding to the Altar.

[Sport and General

ΡΑΘΑΡΕ ΔΡ ΑΝ ΜΟΡ-ΧΡΥΜΝΙΟ, ΟΥΘΕ ΝΑ ΒΨΕΑΡ. ΤΑ ΑΝ ΚΑΙΡΘΙΟΝΑΙ
 ΛΑΥΡΙ, ΛΕΑΞΑΙΟ ΑΝ ΠΑΡΑ, ΤΕ ΡΕΙΘΕΑΙΤ ΑΣ ΤΑΡΡΑΜΓΕ ΔΡ ΑΝ ΑΙΤΟΙΡ.

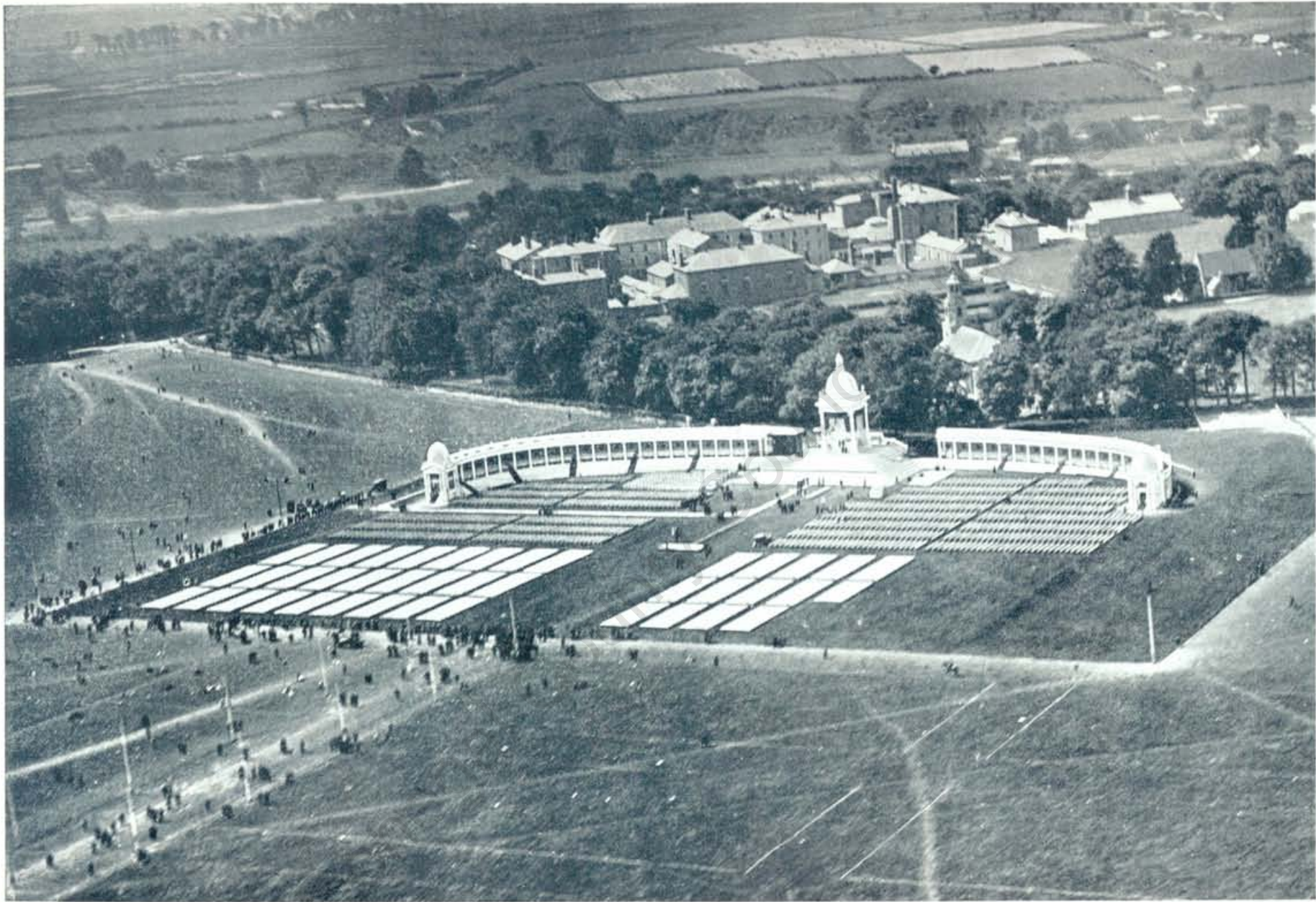


Photo]

Members of Dáil and Senate at the Men's Meeting. In front row the Lord Mayor of Dublin and An Ceann Comhairle.

[Central Press

Teachtai Dála agus Seanadóirí ag Mór-Cruinniú na bFear. Tá Ceann Comhairle na Dála agus Ard-Méire Baile Átha Cliath sa líne tosaithe.



Photo]

A view of the Altar from 1,000 feet up, showing Hibernian School buildings
—used for vesting—in the background.

[Army Air Corps : by courtesy of the Minister for Defence

RAOÁIRE AR AN ALTÓIR Ó'n aer, míle trois suas. Tá Sean-Scoil
Dáltaíais Arm na Sasana le feiceáil éir ar a cúl—seo an t-ionad
éiríste a bhí ar na hEaglaisí Dóinnac na Comhósta.



Photo]

[Sport and General

Threatening rain did not disturb the Women's Meeting.

Cé go raib sé ag bagar fearcanna, níor cuir sin isteach ar éirítheacht
na mban ag an Mór-Cruinniú.



Photo]

Little ones on their way to Mass on Children's Day.

[Central Press

Na páistí ar a mbealach cun an Aifirinn, Lá na bPáistí. Bí sráitheanna
na Castráic plótuigíte le páistí an Lá sin.

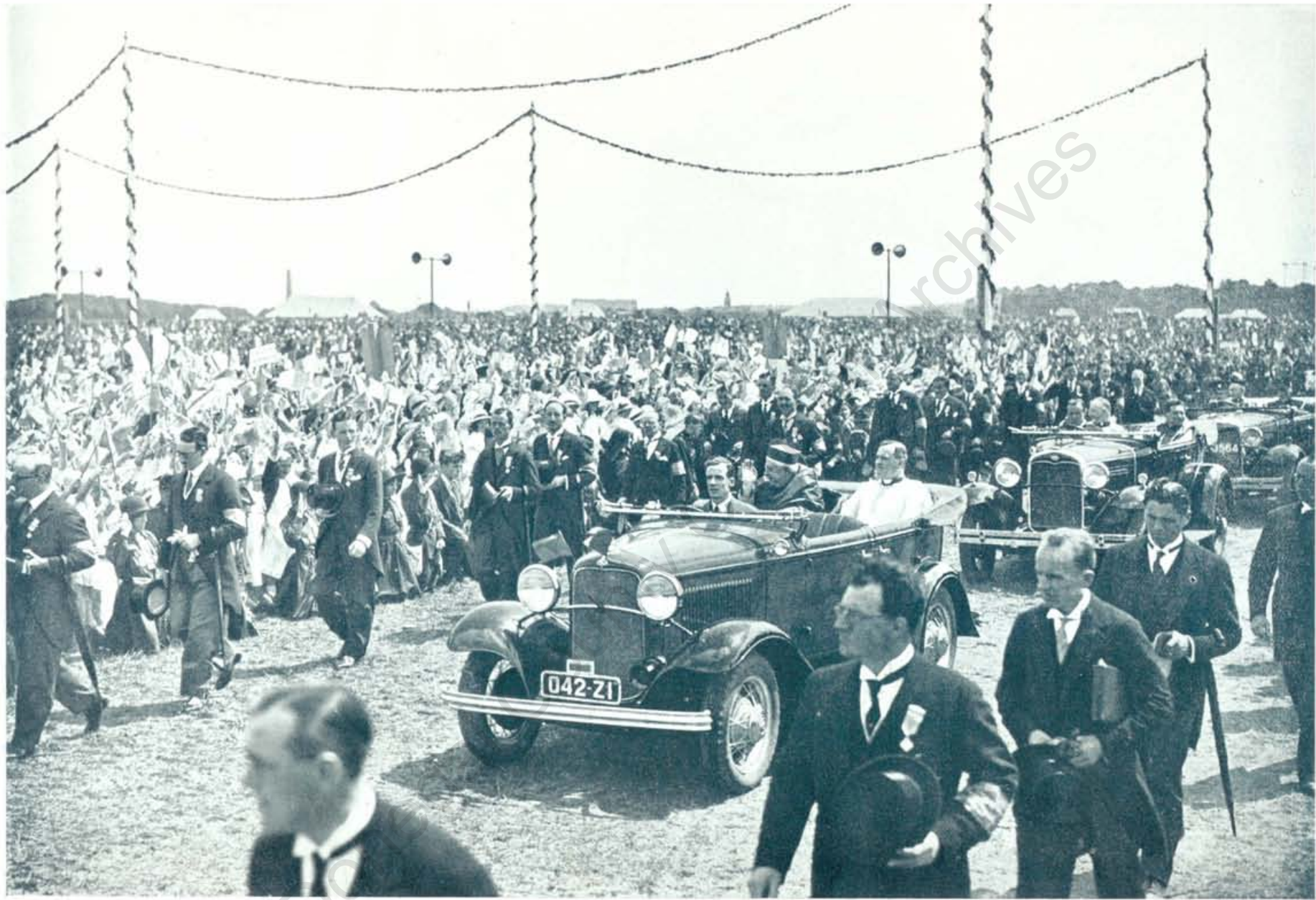


Photo]

Near the High Altar in the Phoenix Park on Children's Day.

[By courtesy of the "Irish Times."

Ταὸν ἱστοῖς τοῦ κομποῦ πα ἡλῆρο-ἀιτόρα ἰ βράϊρε ἀη ἴιονη-ῶισσε, ἰῶ
πα βράϊσι.



Photo]

Children acclaim the Cardinal Legate after the Children's Mass.

[Sport and General

Σὰν μόλτα να βράιστι το'ν Καρδινάλ Λαυρί, Λεγάτο αν Πάπα,
ι ποιαρό διφρεάνη να βράιστι.



Photo]

Some of the 80,000 Children who attended the Children's Mass in the Phoenix Park

[By courtesy of the "Irish Times."

Κις το δε να 80,000 παιςτε α δι ας διφρεανη να ηρδαισι ι ηρδαιρε αν
ξιονν-αισε.



Photo]

Pilgrims from Poland on their way to Mass in the Park

[By courtesy of the "Irish Press."

Oilicirig as an Polainn ar a mbeatac eun an Aiprinn
i bPáirc an Fionn-uisce



Photo]

Procession of Dignitaries to the High Altar on Sunday.

[Sport and General]

Μόρ-σιυδαί να ηάρυ-εαγλασάε έπι να ηάρυ-αιτόρα Όέ Όομναις.



[Photo]

Procession of Dignitaries to the altar on Sunday

Μόνη-Σιυβαί να ηάρη-θαγλασάδ έπι να ηαλτόρα
Τέ Όοηναίξ.

[Central Press



Photo]

The Irish Hierarchy.

Easbuig na hÉireann.

[By courtesy of the "Irish Times"]



Photo]

President de Valera and the Executive Council proceeding to their places
before the Altar in the Phoenix Park.

[Sport and General

AN t-Uachtarán, Éamonn de Valéra, agus baill na hÁirde-Cómhairle
as tarrainse ar a gcuid áitead ós comair na hÁirde-Áiteóra i bháire
an Fionn-uisce.



Photo]

The Cardinal Legate proceeding to the Altar for Sunday's Mass.

[Central Press

ΟΝ ΚΑΡΔΙΝΑΛ ΛΑΥΡΙ, ΛΕΓΑΤΟ ΤΗ ΠΑΡΑ, ΑΣ ΤΑΡΡΑΙΝΤΕ ΑΡ ΤΗΝ ΑΛΤΑΡ
ΡΟΜΗ ΤΗΝ ΔΙΠΡΕΑΝΝ ΤΕ ΤΟΗΝΑΙΣ.

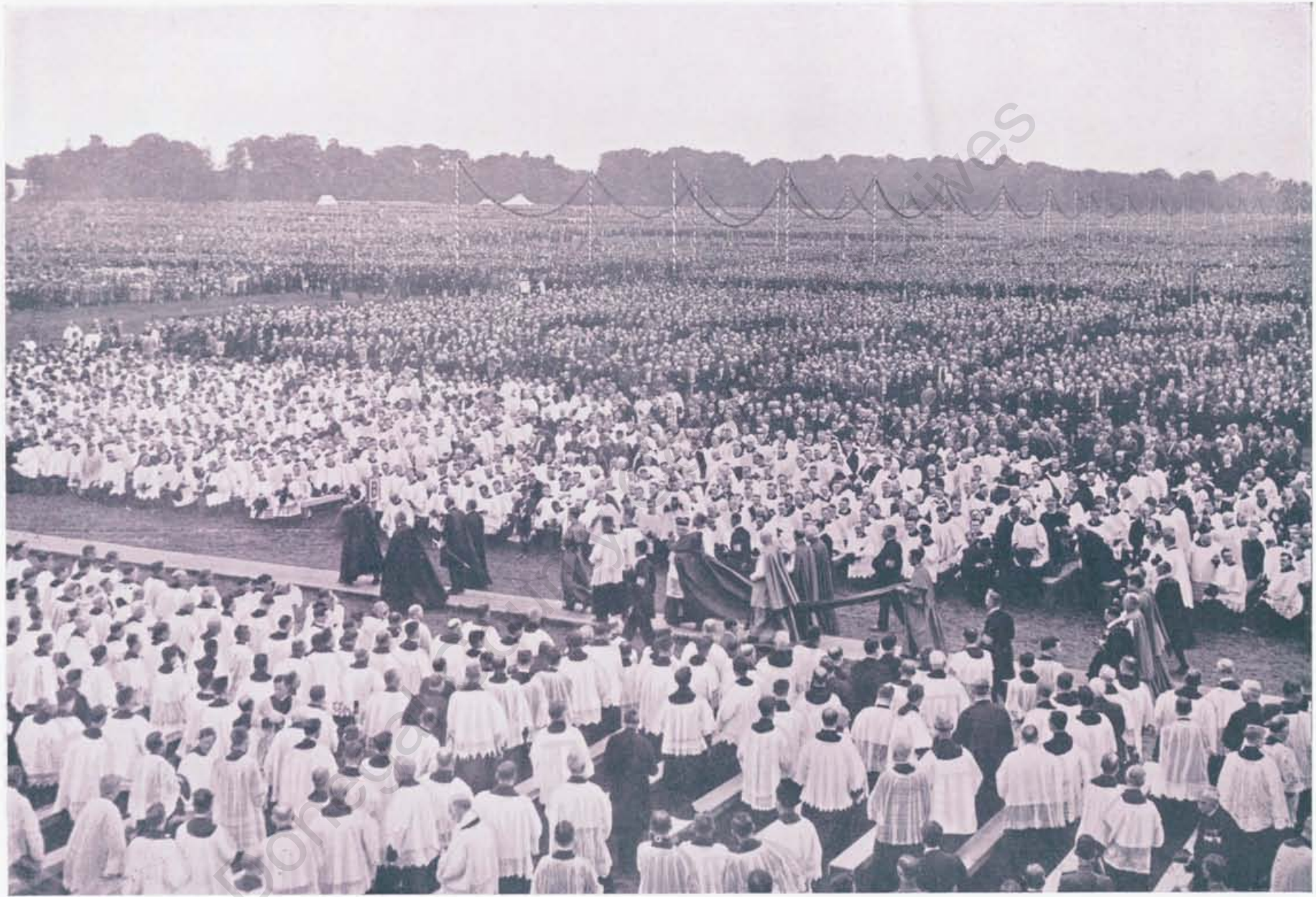


Photo]

Guard of Honour of Officers of the Saorstát Army at the Mass.

[Central Press

ḂÁRṂÁ ÓṂÓRÁ Ṃ'ÓIFIGIṂ, AS ḂARM ṂÁORṂTÁṂ ḂIREANN, AS AN ḂIFREANN

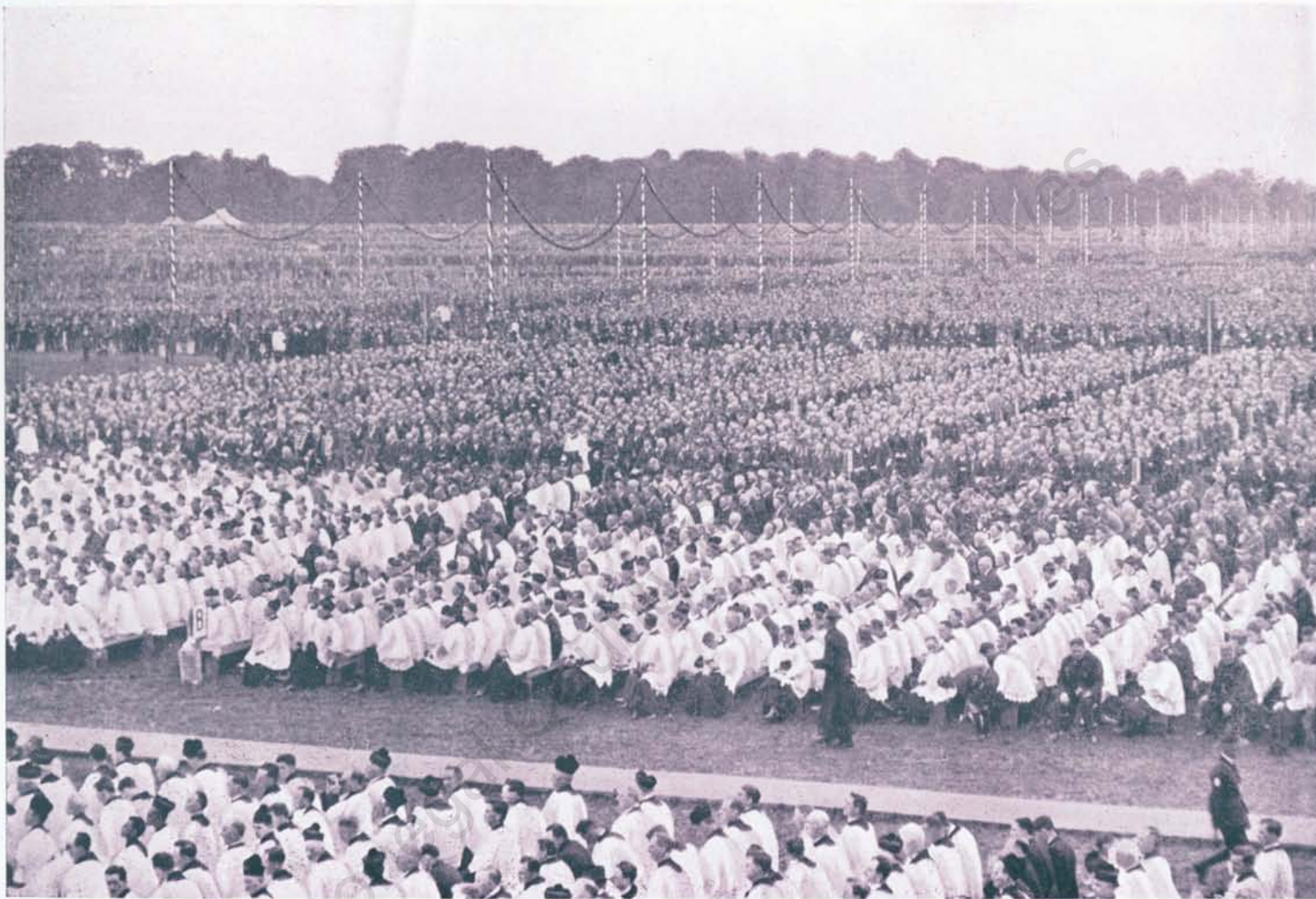


Photo]

The Cardinal-Legate proceeds to the Altar.

[By courtesy of Mason, Dublin

Συναγισμα Καρδινάλ Λαυρι, Λεγατο αν Πάπα, 'υνι να η-ΑΙΤΟΡΑΟ.



Photo]

[Topical Press Agency

A view of Sunday's Congregation during the Cardinal Legate's Address.

RAÐARC AR AN PÓBAL LE LINN ORÁIDIO CÁIRDIONAL LAURÍ, LEAGÁIDIO AN PÁPA, DÉ DOMNAIS.



Photo]

During the Cardinal Legate's Address.

Le τὴν ἐκάρτε ἀπὸ λεαζάρου.

[Topical Press Agency

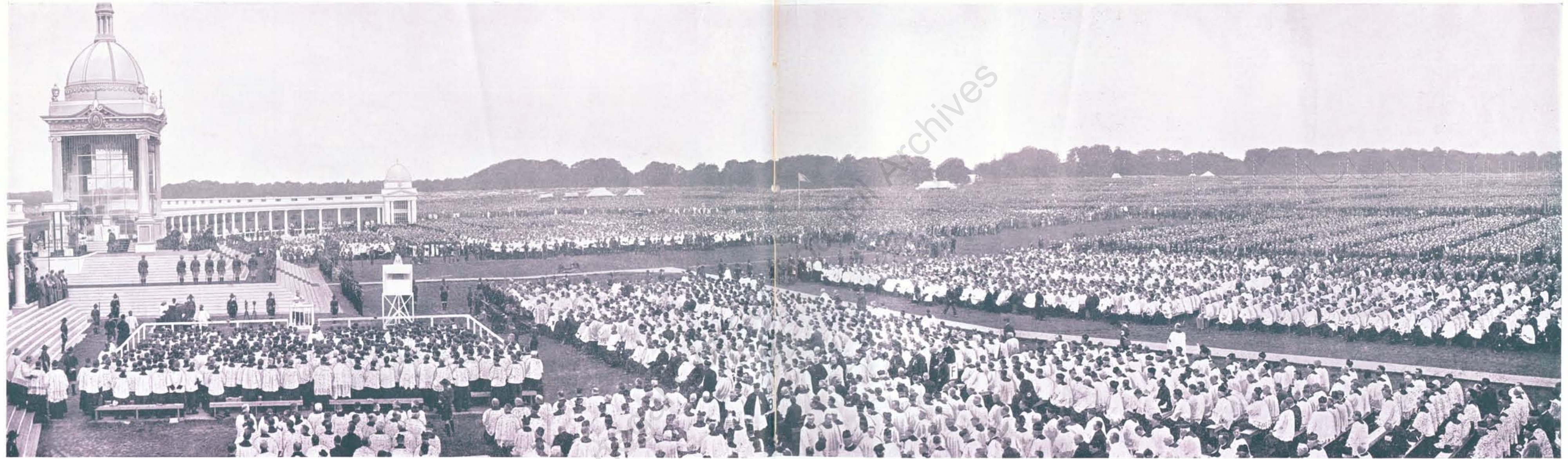


Photo]

[J. Griffin

The Canopy leaves the Altar. President de Valera acts as bearer on the right.
Mr. W. T. Cosgrave, leader of the Opposition, on the left.

Tús Mór-Siubhal na Naomh-Sacraminte. Tá an t-Uachtarán
Éamonn de Valera ar taob na láimhe deise agus
Liam T. MacCosgair, T.D., ar taob na láimhe clé.



Photo]

Not even this fine picture, composed of three photographs of sections of the congregation, embraces the entire multitude.

Ḥrian-ḡrafa trí roim de'n tsuaḡ an piocúim breḡ seo tuas ; ac, mór a's mar tá sé, níl baogal air iomlán 's raib iláir as an dípreann le peiceán ann.

[Sport and General

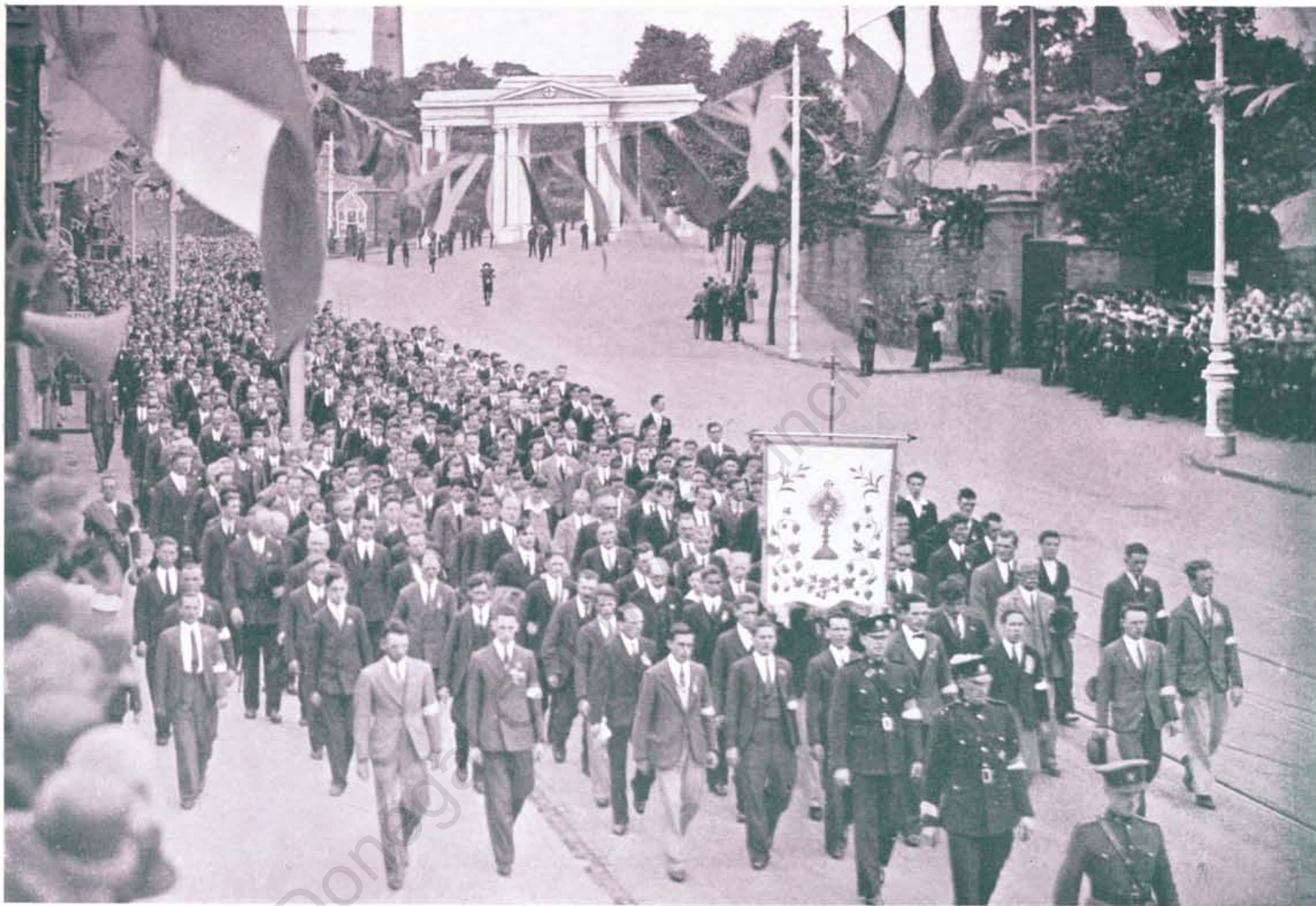


Photo]

The Canopy leaves the Altar: Another view.

Τὸς Μὲν-Σιυβαὶ καὶ Ναομ-Σακραμίντε : Ραῶαρε εἰλε.

[J. Griffin.



Photo]

At least a quarter of a million men marched in the Procession.

[By courtesy of the "Irish Press."

ΔΙΡΗΓΕΑΡ ΣΟ ΡΑΙΘ ΑΡ Α ΛΑΙΣΑΘ ΒΕΑΤΡΑΜΑΘ ΜΙΛΛΙΟΝ ΠΕΑΡ ΣΑ ΜΟΡ-
 ΣΙΥΔΑΛ. ΒΕΙΡ ΑΝ ΠΙΟΤΟΥΡ ΣΕΘ ΤΥΑΙΡΙΜ ΜΑΙΤ ΟΥΜΗ ΠΑ'Ν ΕΛΣΑΡ
 ΟΥΔΑΜΑΙΛ Α ΒΙ ΟΥΤΑ ΠΕΑΘ ΑΝ ΒΕΑΛΑΙΣ.



Photo]

[By courtesy of the "Irish Press."

It is estimated that between four and five thousand priests participated in the Congress.

Διημέτεαρ 50 καὶ ἰσὶρ τεῖρε μῖλε ἄγυρ εὐῖρ μῖλε σαγῶρε παῖρτεῶρ
ἰ Σολλᾶνῦ νᾶ Κομῶδῶρ.



Photo]

This picture, taken from the air, gives a good idea of the almost perfect order maintained by those taking part in the Procession.

[Army Air Corps : by courtesy of the Minister for Defence

Seo pictiúr a tógadh san aer agus beir se baramaíl maic túinn ar an easgar beact órdamaíl a bí ar luét an Mór-Siubail.



Photo]

[By Courtesy of the "Irish Press"

A View of the Procession on the Quays.

Ἀν Μόρ-Σιυβάτ ἀς γαβὰτ σίος na Céadóannaí.

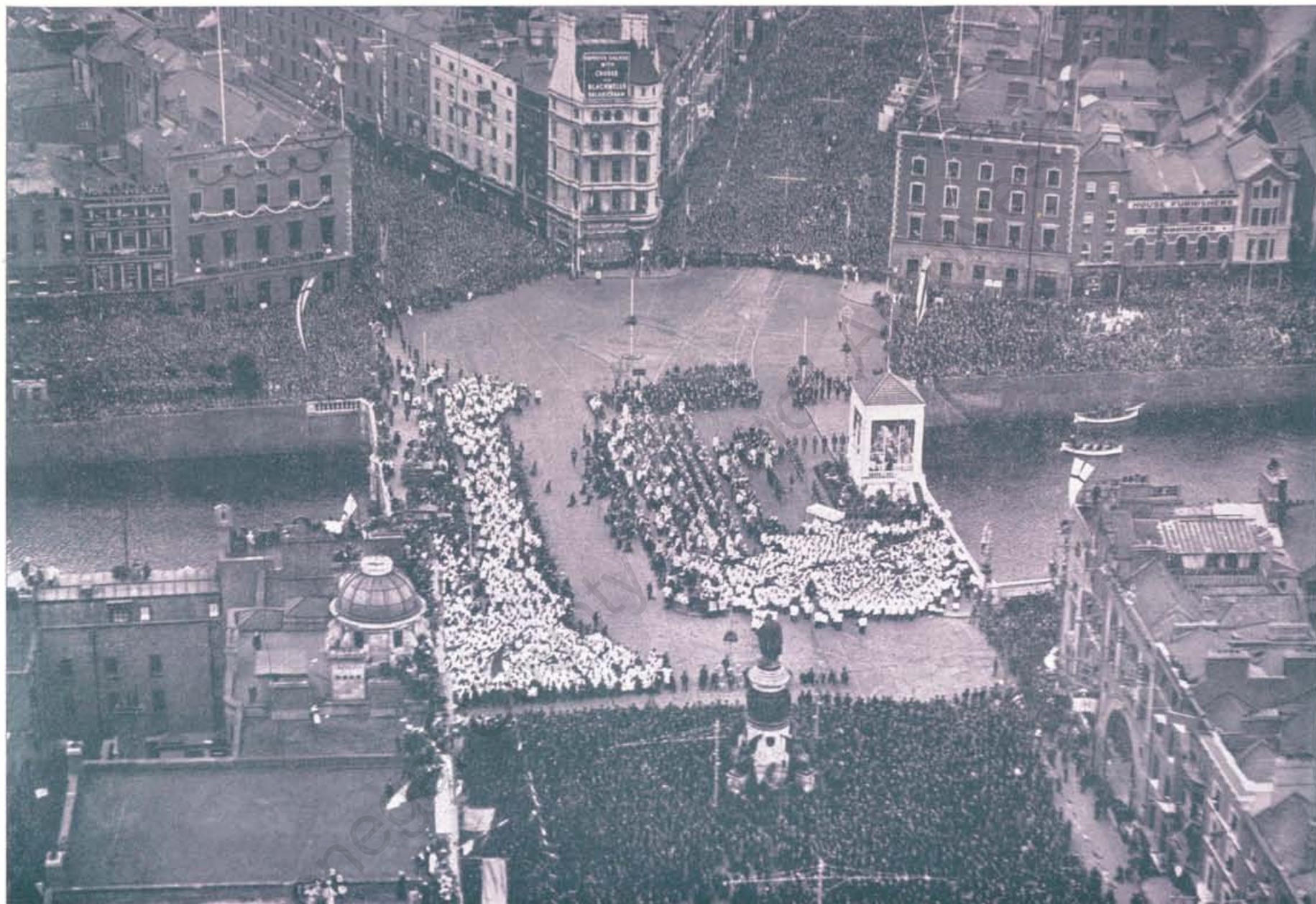


[Photo]

A near-up picture of the Canopy in the Procession.

[Central Press

An Scátlán i n-ar h-íomáruigeas an Naomh-Sacraminte sa Mór-Siubal.



Photo]

An aerial view of the final Benediction. The kneeling crowds thronged all the streets leading to the Bridge.

[Army Air Corps : by courtesy of the Minister for Defence.

PIOCÚIR A TÓGÁD SAN AER AGUS DEANNAÍD DEIREANNAÍ NA NAOMH-
SACRAMINTE AR SIUBAL. BÍ NA SLUAIGTE AR A NGLÚIMÍ AMÁC FAD
D'AMHAIRE AR SÁC TAOB.

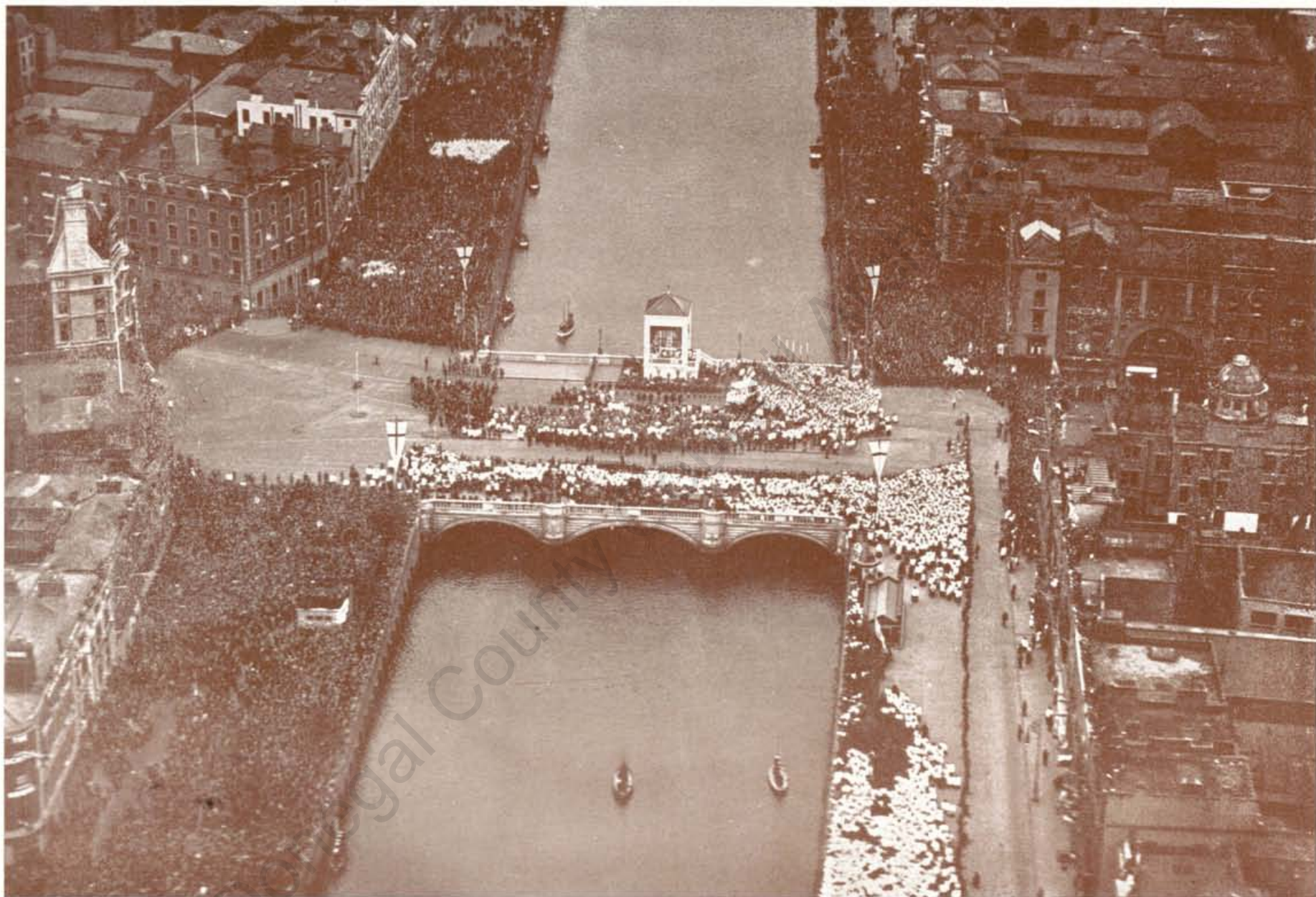


Photo]

The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament ends at O'Connell Bridge.

SROICEANN MÓR-SIUBAL NA NAOMH-SACRAMAINTE AN ALTÓIR AR
ÓROICEAO UÍ CONAILL.

[Sport and General

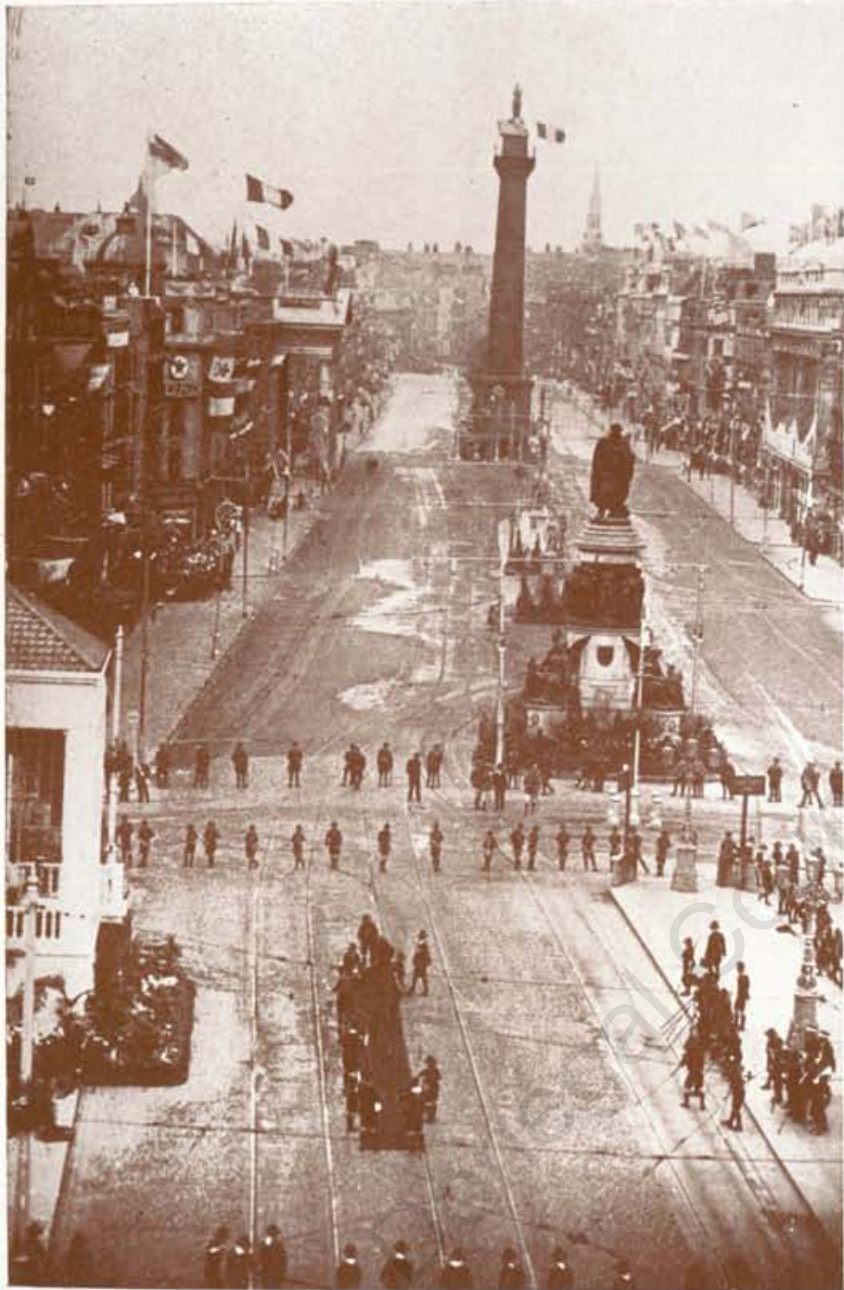


Photo]

Another aerial view, of the final Benediction.

[Army Air Corps : by courtesy of the Minister for Defence

Καθ'αυτὸν βράδῃ εἰς τὴν ἀερ τῆς Βεαννακάου βενεδικτῆος ἐν τῇ Πασφί-
Σακραμίντε.



Photos]

O'Connell Street at 3 p.m.

ΣΤΡΑΤΟ ΜΙ ΚΟΝΑΙΛ ΔΣ Δ ΤΡΙ Δ ΕΙΟΣ ΤΡΑΤΣΟΝΑ.



O'Connell Street at 5.30 p.m.

ΔΗ ΤΣΤΡΑΤΟ ΕΕΛΩΝΑ ΔΣ Δ 5.30 ΤΡΑΤΣΟΝΑ.

[Rev. F. Browne, S.J.]



Photo]

[Topical Press

The Procession of the Blessed Sacrament reaches O'Connell Bridge.

Στοιχείων Μόρ-Σιυβάλ να Πάση-Σακραμίντε Όροίεασο υί Όνάιλλ.



Photo]

A picture of "Sky-writing," which tells its own story.

[Brian J. McCaffrey

ḡiocṡáir "zpeir-scribneoraéca" a léiriúeas a scéal féin.



Photo]

From the roof of the General Post Office looking towards O'Connell Bridge

[By courtesy of the "Irish Press."

AS féadaint síos beatac Óroicead Uí Conaill
ó bárr áru-Oifis an Postas.

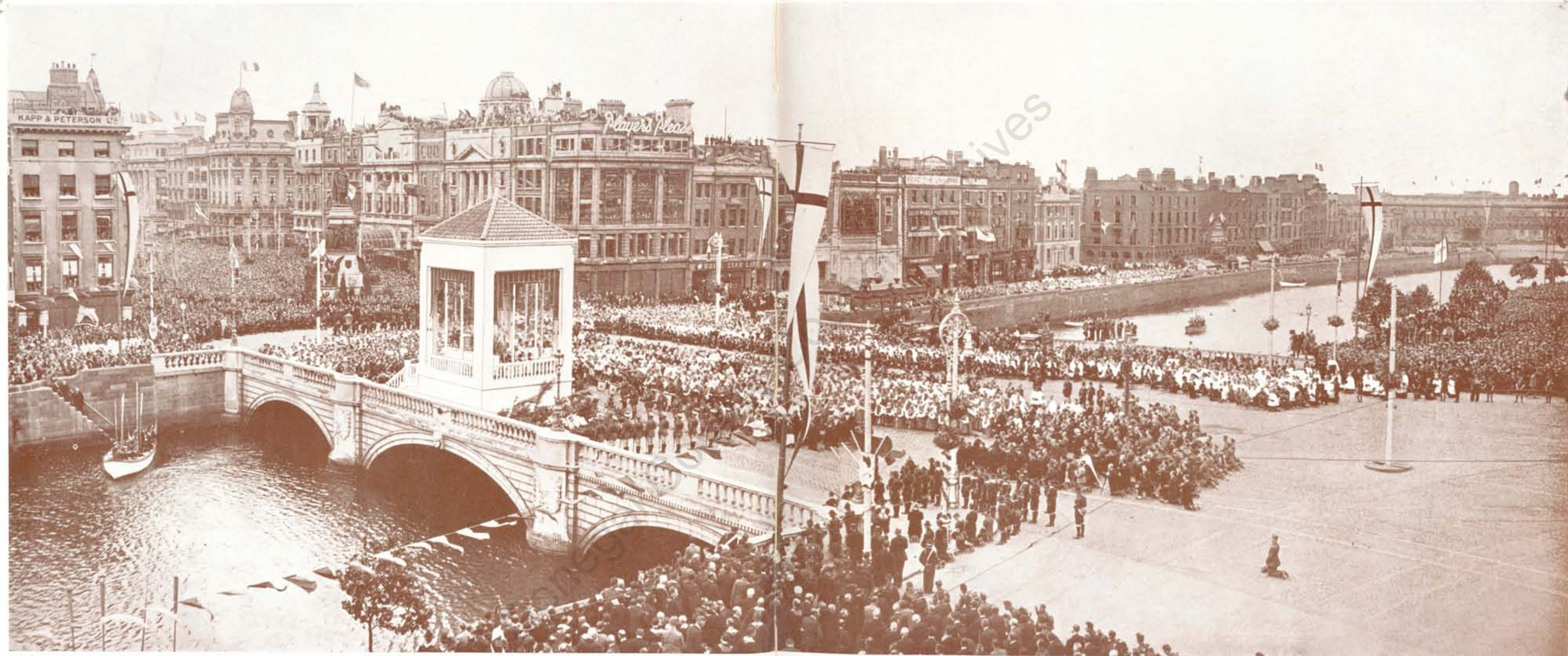


Photo]

Grafton Street

SRAID GRAFTON

[By courtesy of Mason, Dublin



Photo]

During Benediction. Another view at O'Connell Bridge.

Le linn beannugadh na Naomh Sacraminte,
 radarc eile ó Úrroideas Uí Conaill.

[Sport and General



Above (Photo, Davis)—University College, where foreign sectional meetings were held.

Below (Photo, C. & L. Walsh)—A decorative Round Tower in College Green.

ARUAÉTAR: Coláiste na h-Iol-scoite, Daite áca Cliaé, an áic ar conórad na crumhigeada ar leit uó dáime a táinig ear leat.

AR IOÉTARR: Túr crumh nó Cluigeada a tógad i bfaitee na Coláiste.



Photo]

[By courtesy of Mason, Dublin

Clanbrassil Street

SRÁID CHUANNA BRASSAIL



Photo]

[By courtesy of Mason, Dublin

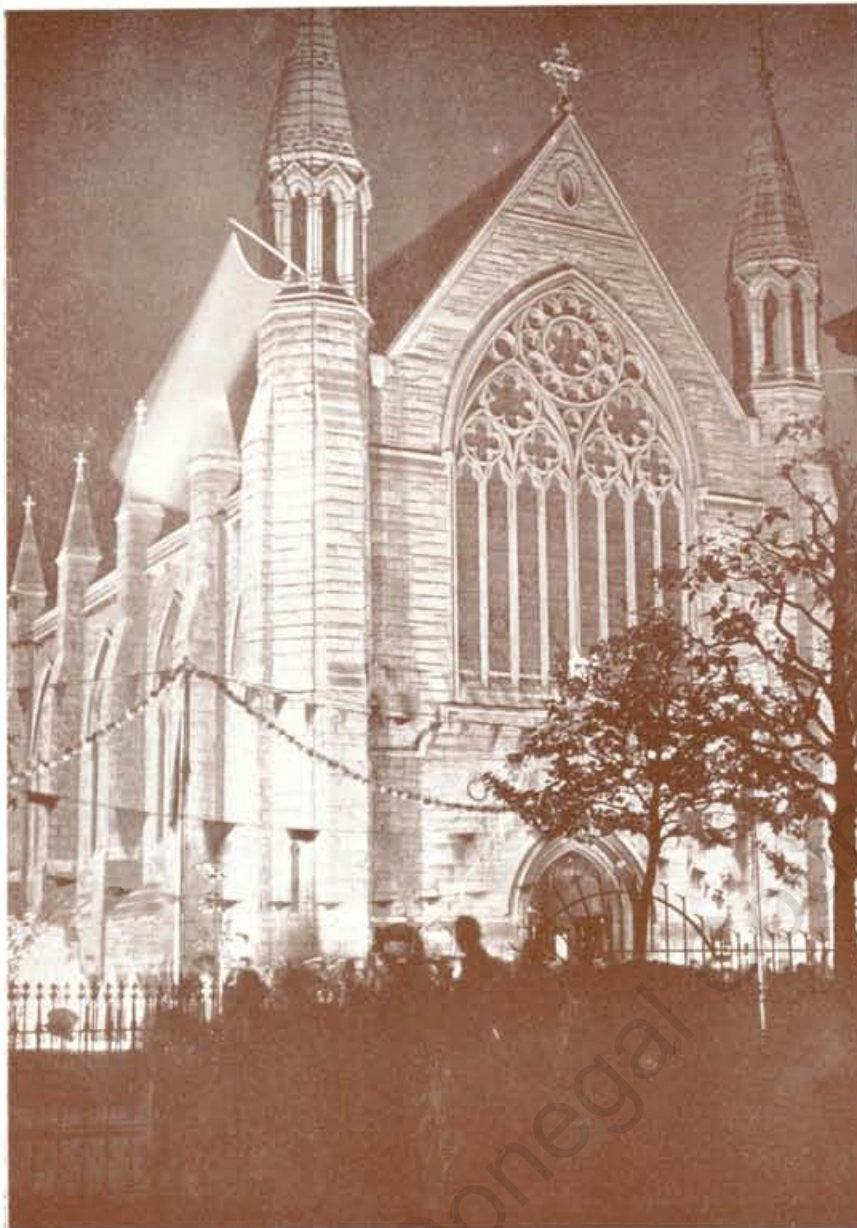
A scene in the Coombe

RAOIANE 'SA S CUM



Top (Photo, C. & L. Walsh) Dominick Street, Dublin.
 Bottom (Photo, Central Press)—Corporation Buildings,
 Dublin, at night.

ΔΗ ΗΑΓΓΑΡ : ΣΡΑΪΟ ΔΟΙΜΗΤΙ, ΒΑΙΤΕ ΔΕΑ ΚΛΙΑΔ,
 ΔΗ ΙΟΥΓΑΡ : ΤΙΓΓΕ ΔΗ ΒΑΡΘΑΙΣ, ΒΑΙΤΕ ΔΕΑ ΚΛΙΑΔ,
 Ι ΠΟΙΑΤΟ ΝΑ Η-ΟΙΘΕ.



Photo]

"Daily Express."

Photo]

Flood-lighting at St. Joseph's, Berkeley Road.

Ἐκφωτισμὸς τῆς ἐκκλησίας τῆς Στ. Ἰωσήφ ἐν τῇ ὁδῷ Μόρλεϊ τῆς πόλεως Δουβλίνοῦ.

[93]



[Sport and General

Flowers at the Bank of Ireland.

Ὁλάνθη μαίεσάς ἐν τῷ κτηνὸν τῆς τραπεζῆς τῆς ἱερᾶς Ἐκκλησίας τῆς Ἑλλάδος.



Photo]

Marlboro' Street, Dublin

Στάριό Μαστ Όριζον, Δε Κλιας

[By courtesy of Mason, Dublin



Photo

Altar on O'Connell Bridge illuminated.
 AN ALTEÓIR AR O'CONNELL BRÍGE AGUS ILLEIMINTE.



[Davis, Dublin

A house at Parnell Road, Harold's Cross.
 Tseac atá maisiúite go h-áluinn i mBóthar Parnell, Harold's Cross.



Photo F. W. Payne, Drogheda



Photo H. Curran, Dundalk



Photo]

[M. McAteer, Newry

From top to bottom : The Cardinal Legate at Drogheda.
The Cardinal Legate at Dundalk.
The Cardinal Legate at Newry.

Ó'n bárr go bun—Leasár an pápa
i n'Ordoiceas áda.
i n'Óin Deatgan.
i n-lubair Éinn Tráda.



Photo]

His Eminence the Cardinal Legate with His Eminence Cardinal MacRory at Armagh. In the group are their Lordships the Bishops of Down and Connor, Ardagh, Dromore, Derry, and Clogher, and the Vicar Apostolic, Port Elizabeth.

[Allison & Son, Armagh



Photo]

[McMonagle, Killarney

The Cardinal Legate received in Killarney.

Αν παύσει τον Λεγάτο αν πάρα η γκιτλ άιρνε.



Synge Street Christian Brothers' Schools illuminated.

Σκοττάδα να μ'δράζαν Ορίοσταμιαλ η Σκάρτο Synge,
πά η-α γκιτλο solus.

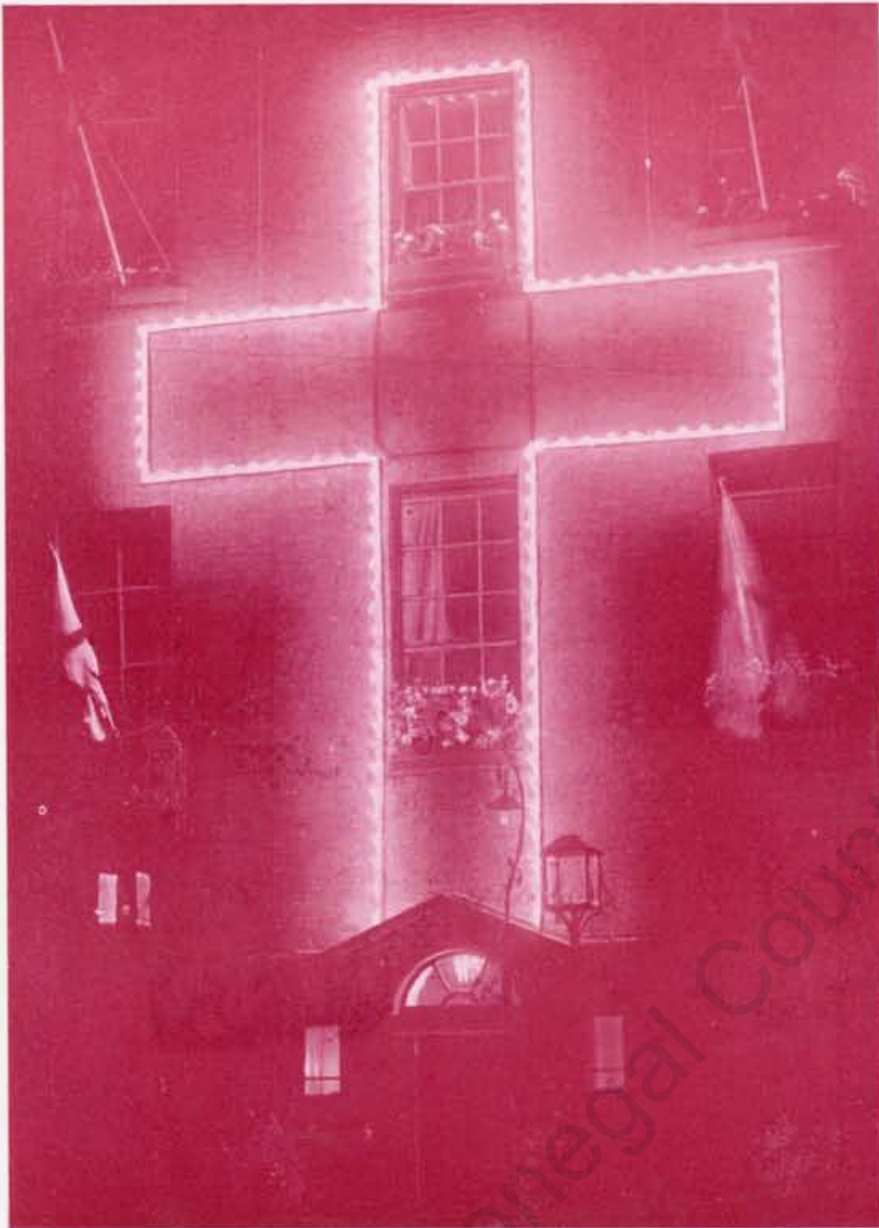
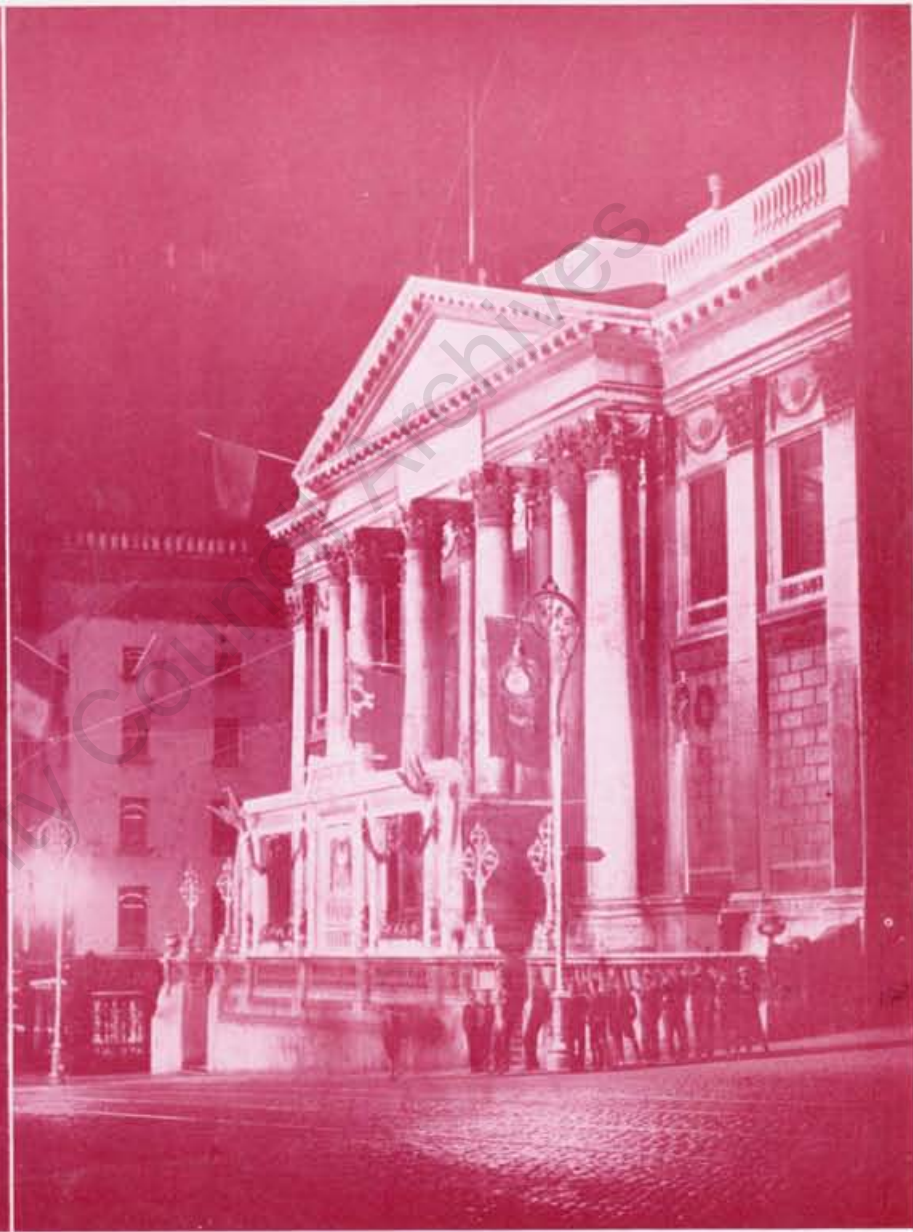


Photo "Daily Express"]

Ely House, Dublin, illuminated.

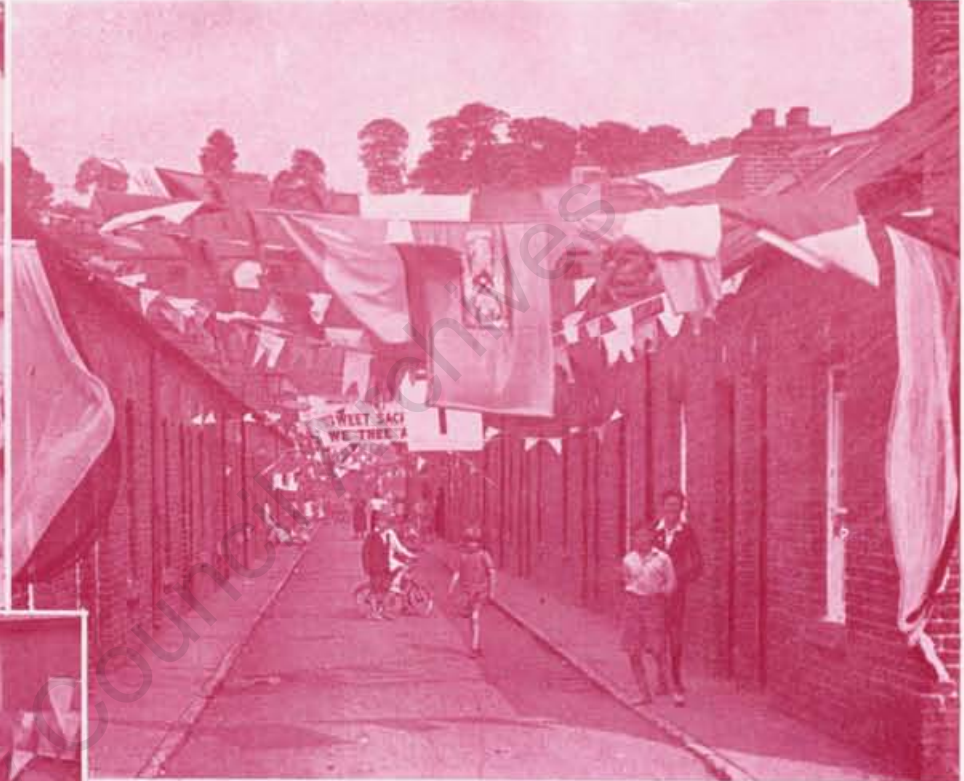
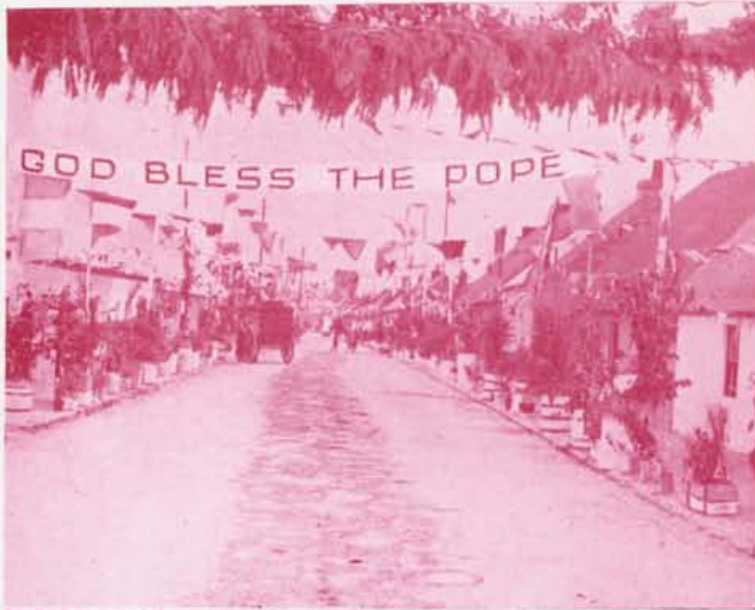
Τεὰς ἑίτε, Ὀαίτε ἄτα Ἐίατ, πά η-α εἰρο solus.



[Photo-Central Press

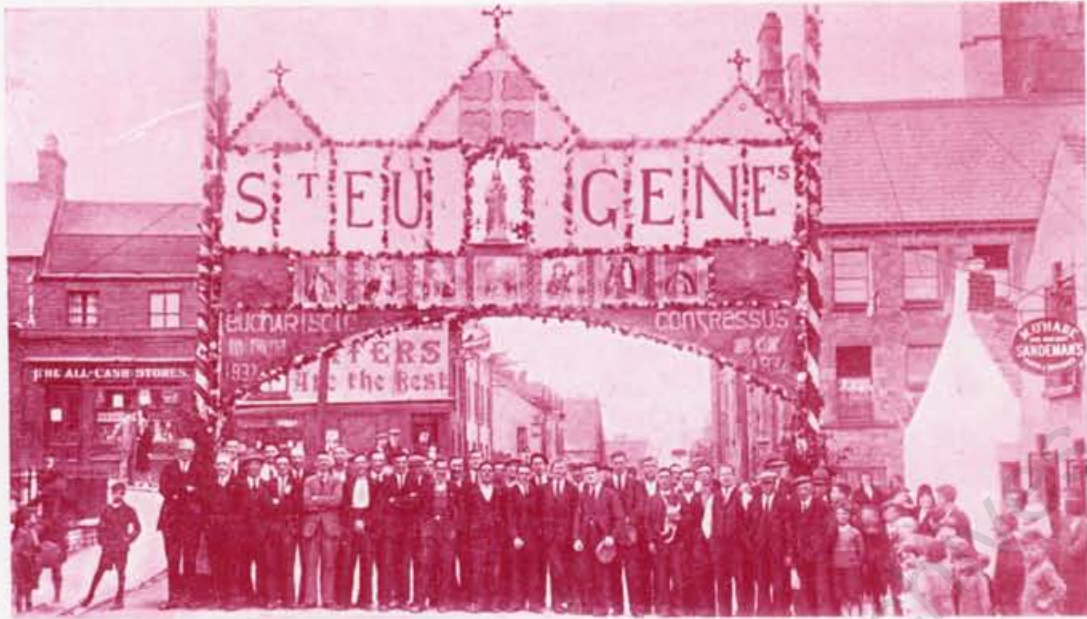
City Hall, Dublin, illuminated.

Ἄrus na Κατραὰ πά η-α εἰρο solus.



Above, left : In Thurles [Photo : W. Myles]
Below, left : An Altar in Kilkeny [Photo : T. J. Moran]

Above, right : In Cork [Photo by courtesy of "Cork Examiner."
Below, right : In Castleblayney [Photo by B. Beauchamp.]



Photo]

A few of many beautiful
Arches in the City of Derry

CUID DE NA STUAGTADA AITHE A BI
LE FEICEADH I GCATHAR DOIRÉ
[101]

[McFadden, Derry



Photo]

King Street, Wexford, decorated for the Congress

[Miss Frances J. Hadden, Wexford

an tSráid Ára, Lóe sCarman maisiúite
le naSraib na Cóimóla

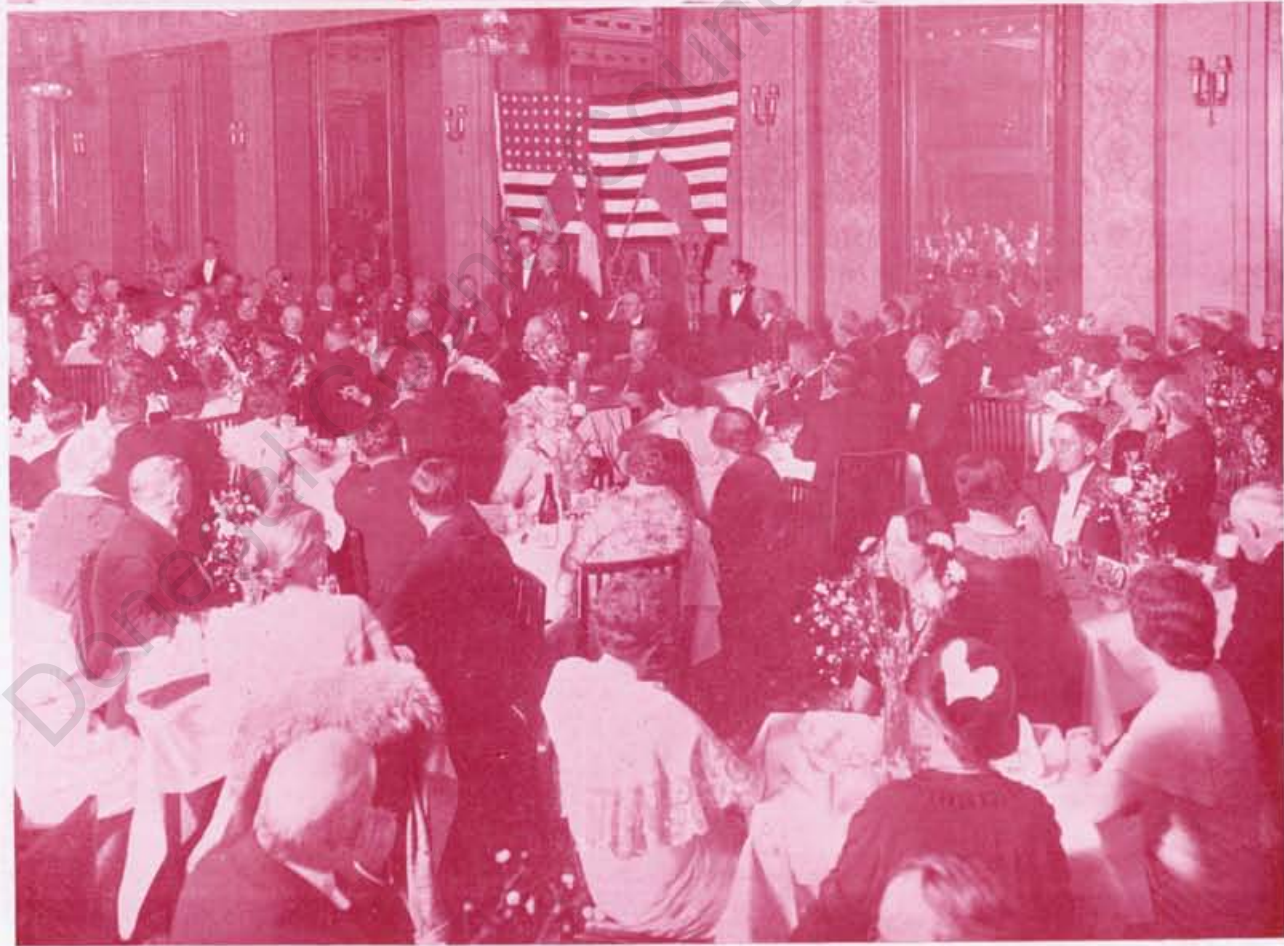


Photo]

The Mayor and Corporation of Wexford at Altar
of Sacred Heart, outside Town Hall

[Miss Frances J. Hadden, Wexford

1 Lóe sCarman—An Méine agus tuét an Úsraois ag altóir
an Chróide Ró-Naomha taob amuis de hAlla an Úaire.



Photos]

[C. & L. Walsh, Dublin

Above—HIS EXCELLENCY THE BISHOP OF CLEVELAND with a group of American Priests. THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN on His Excellency's right. *Below*—CARDINAL MACRORY speaking at an American reception.



Photos]

[By courtesy of the "Irish Press."

Above—AUSTRALIAN GROUP at All Hallows' College. HIS EXCELLENCY THE ARCHBISHOP OF PALMYRA, MGR. CATTANEO, Apostolic Delegate, in the centre. Below—BRETON GROUP at Mansion House.



Photos]

[C. & L. Walsh, Dublin

Above—CZECHO-SLOVAK contingent. The Abbot of Strahov, MGR. LAVORAH, in the centre. On his left—the Consul-General for Czecho-Slovakia, M. RUZICKA.

Below—AN ENGLISH GROUP. In the centre His Grace the Archbishop of Birmingham, MOST REV. DR. WILLIAMS. On his right—ABBOT CABROL, O.S.B.



Above—(Photo : Central Press).—Party at the residence of the German Minister. Centre—His Excellency the Bishop of Namur. On his right—His Excellency the Bishop of Osnabrück; on his left—His Excellency the Bishop of Timisoara, MGR. PACHA. Top—left to right—His Excellency the German Minister, PRINCE ALOIS ZU LOEWENSTEIN, COUNT DROSTE ZU VISCHERING and CANON THARSICIUS, Secretary to the Bishop of Namur.

Below—(Photo : C. & L. Walsh). Left—At the Belgian Consul-General's residence. Centre—His Excellency the Belgian Consul-General, M. MAURICE GOOR; on his right—His Eminence CARDINAL VAN ROEY and MRS. MACNEILL (wife of the Governor-General); on his left—His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, MOST REV. J. M. HARTY; His Excellency the Bishop of Tournay, MGR. RASNEUR. At the back (between Mrs. MacNeill and Cardinal Van Roey)—MME. GOOR. To Mme. Goor's left—COUNTESS VAN CUTSEM and THE ABBOT OF MAREDSOUS.

Right (Photo : Lafayette)—Medical Sub-Committee: Front—DR. F. O'REILLY, K.C.S.G.; DR. M. S. WALSH. Back—MR. A. J. CONNOR; COMDT. P. J. DELANY, Army Medical Service; MR. A. J. MACNAMARA.



Photo]

[C. & L. Walsh

Above : Spanish group ; His Excellency the Bishop of Madrid.
MGR. EIJO y GARAY (in centre)

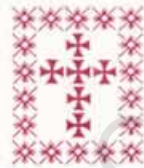
Below : A group of Basques]

Donegal County Council Archives



ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS

WHO ATTENDED THE CONGRESS



Donegal County Council Archives



Photo [Felici
His Excellency the Archbishop of Petra
(Italy).
MGR. BARTOLOMASI.



His Excellency the Archbishop of
Baltimore (U.S.A.).
MOST REV. DR. CURLEY.



Photo [Lafayette
His Excellency the Archbishop of
St. Louis (U.S.A.).
MOST REV. DR. GLENNON.



His Grace the Archbishop of
Glasgow (Scotland).
MOST REV. DR. MACKINTOSH.



Photo [Lafayette
His Excellency the Archbishop of Port
of Spain (Trinidad).
MOST REV. DR. DOWLING, O.P.



His Grace the Archbishop of
St. Andrew's and Edinburgh (Scotland)
MOST REV. DR. McDONALD.



His Excellency the Archbishop of
Simla (India).
MGR. KENEALY.



His Grace the Archbishop of
Liverpool (England).
MOST REV. DR. DOWNEY.



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His Excellency the Archbishop of
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MOST REV. DR. DUKE.



MAR IVANIOS,
Archbishop of Bethany.



Photo] [Lafayette
His Excellency the Archbishop of
Sydney (Australia)
MOST REV. DR. KELLY.



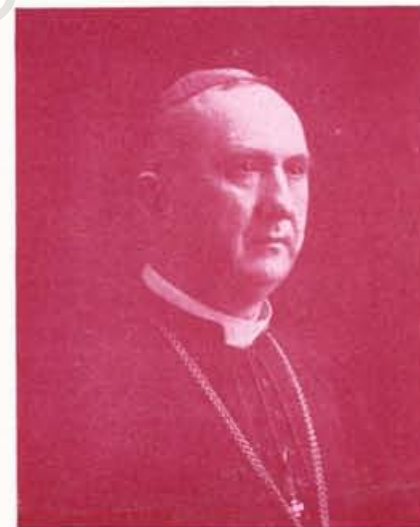
His Excellency the Archbishop of
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MOST REV. DR. JANSEN.



His Grace the Archbishop of
Cardiff (Wales),
MOST REV. DR. MOSTYN.



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MOST REV. DR. STRITCH.



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Apostolic Delegate to Australia.
MGR. CATTANEO.



His Excellency the Bishop of Mina
(South Africa)
MGR. MEYSING, O.M.I.



His Excellency the Bishop of
St. George's (Newfoundland)
MGR. RENOUF



His Excellency the Bishop of Timisoara
(Roumania).
MGR. PACHA.



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and Newcastle (England),
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(Rome).
MGR. SMIT.



His Excellency the Bishop of Gozo
(Malta).
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His Lordship the Bishop of Menevia
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RIGHT REV. DR. VAUGHAN.



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RIGHT REV. DR. HENSHAW.



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MGR. GERLIER.



His Excellency the Bishop of
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MGR. ARANA GOIGORAS, O.D.C.



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His Excellency the Bishop of Ajaccio (Corsica).
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Abbot of Mount Melleray (Ireland)



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MGR. PELLEGRINO.



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His Excellency the Bishop of Ostracine
(Benin),
MGR. O'ROURKE, S.M.A.



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His Excellency the Bishop of Olympus
(Byzantine-Slavonic Rite),
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MGR. d'HERBIGNY, S.J.



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MGR. DUBUC.



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His Excellency the Bishop of Tournay
(Belgium),
MGR. RASNEUR.



His Excellency the Bishop of Lipari
(Italy),
MGR. RE, O.M.Cap.



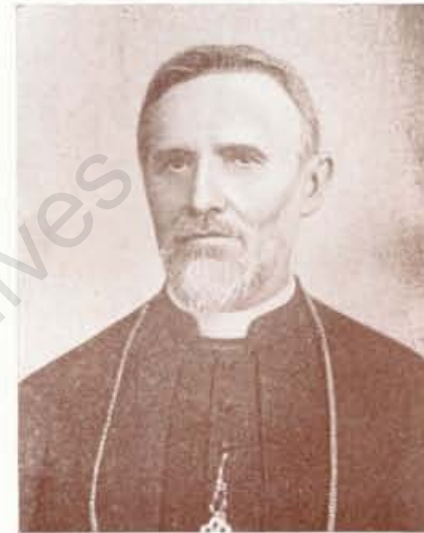
His Excellency the Bishop of Salamanca
(Spain).
MGR. FRUTOS Y VALIENTE.



His Excellency the Archbishop of
Otranto (Italy).
MGR. CUCCAROLLO, O.M.Cap.



His Excellency the Bishop of Palaeopolis
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MGR. COPPO, S.C.



His Excellency the Bishop of Dacca
(India),
MGR. CROWLEY



His Excellency the Bishop of Siedlce
(Poland).
MGR. PRZEDZIECKI.



His Excellency the Bishop of Chelmno
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Superior-General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.



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MOST REV. PÈRE GILLET,
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MOST REV. FATHER MARRANI,
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Abbot of Citeaux and Abbot-General of the Cistercians (Rome).



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Photo]

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin and His Lordship the Bishop of Thasos
(on His Grace's right) and Members of the Congress Committees

[C. & L. Walsh

Ἄρθρο-επισκοπὸς Ὑαίτε ἄτα κλιατ ἄγυς εἰσβογ τῆσος (ἀρ ταοιδ ἄ
λάιμε ὄεισε) ἄγυς βαλλ ὄε ἴοιστὶ να κομῶδα.



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AT THE JESUIT HOSTEL, HATCH STREET.

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COUNT d'YANVILLE,
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MR. F. O'REILLY, LL.D., K.C.S.G.
Director of Organisation.



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DR. VINCENT O'BRIEN,
Musical Director.



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Congress Architect.

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GENERAL EOIN O'DUFFY.
Chief Marshal.

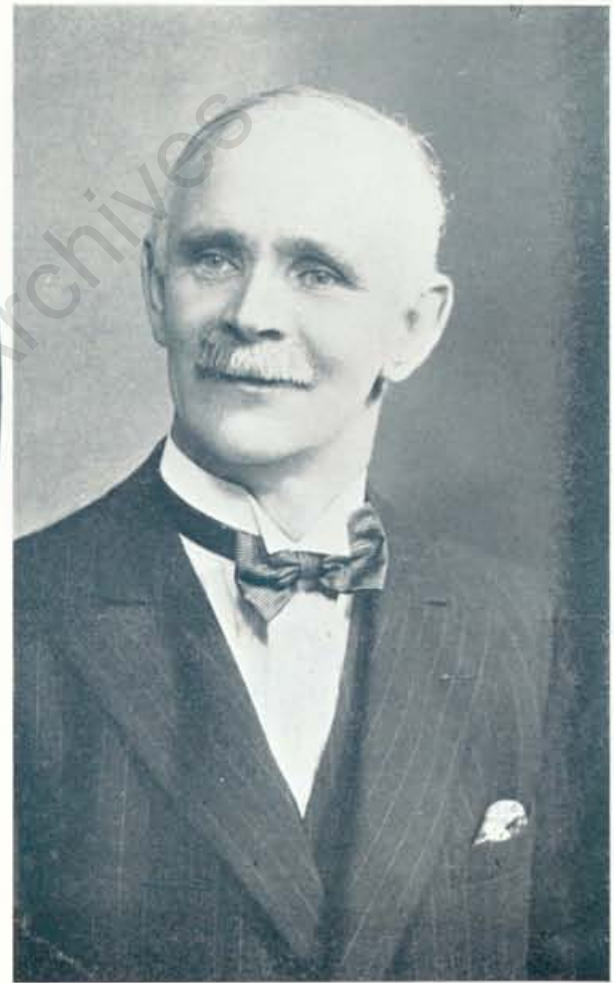
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MR. CHARLES H. O'CONNOR,
Chairman, City Decorations Sub-Committee

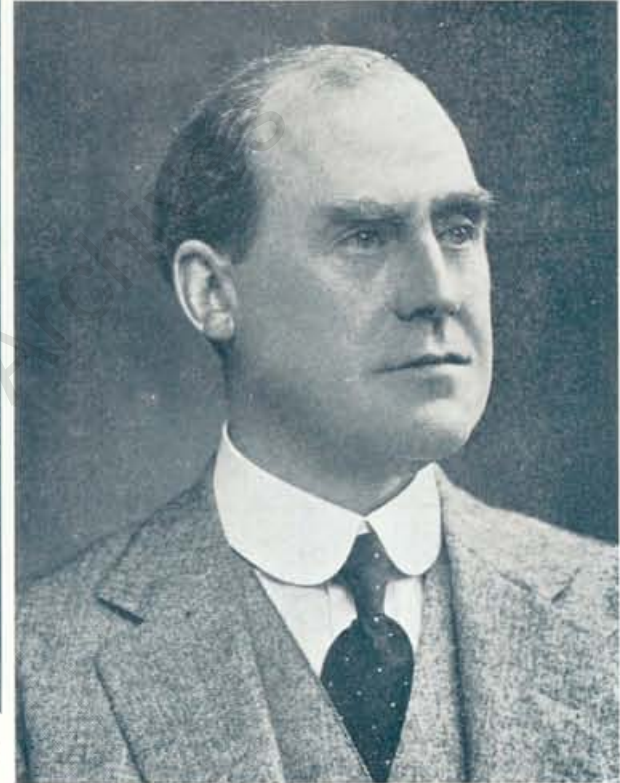
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DR. D. J. COFFEY.
President, University College, Dublin,
Reception and City Decorations Sub-Committees

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