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AN BÁRD 'GUS AN FÓ.

A GAELIC IDYLL.

PRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN

STEINWAY HALL,

THURSDAY, 27TH NOVEMBER,

AND

FRIDAY, 28TH NOVEMBER, 1884.

BY THE CHORUS OF THE

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE,

COMPOSED FOR THE SOCIETY BY

PAUL MAC SWINEY.



PRINTED BY

SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE
NEW YORK.

1884.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

NESSA, - - - - Miss **CARRIE HUN KING.**

BANIA, - - - - Miss **CLARA STUTSMAN.**

EOCAIDH, A Bard, - - Mr. **P. S. MUNRO.**

BEOTHACH, A Soldier, - - Mr. **WILLIAM LONG.**

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA,

"An Bárd 'gus An Fó."

SGEUL GHODHLHĠ.

BROLLHĠ.

—: o:—

San cuimhne ata na bairn do bġ,
San cuimhne a rgeulca gnad a cōið'e;
San cuimhne an cae-nann cnean, ariuiġ,
'Sur an cionnān ōr cionn na marb;
Ōin cēnajo faol-cū an t-Saranuiġ,
A'r ca clunce a uail zo zarb.

bġ deġna 'zur ceine 'nn an d-ceangain bneag;
Jn zac focal buð fūaine bġ abnan gnad.
A Ōial man fairgead zac cnoiðe le cnad,
Nūain cūalajb riad zul caoinceōnal
Ade Ōi man do gleurad zac ceud an cna
Do feinn rē ain Einninn 'r a glōine!

A! bġ ceōl 'ran t-Sean Cġn 'ran am fab ō,
Nuain bġ gnad i z-cnoiðēib fean nŋor ceō,
'Sur bġ deunta beanta i z-cae 'ra n-gleō
Do b' fūā iad abnain fne.
'Sur bġ ceolcōiuiðe binne an cna rin deō
Do tholfad neant na cġne.

THE BARD AND THE KNIGHT.

A GAELIC IDYLL.

PROLOGUE.

Forgotten are they, the Bards of Old,
Forgotten the tales of love they told;
Forgotten the war-song, stern and bold,
And the lullaby o'er the dead;
For the Saxon wolf hath crept on the fold,
And his voice is heard instead.

There were tears and fire in that melting tongue,
Whose coldest word was a soulful song.
Ah God! how iron hearts were wrung
By the wail of the Keener haunted!
But Oh! how their chords again were strung
When the Might of the Dead he chanted!

Ah! music lived in the Old Land then,
When love made hearts, and hearts made men,
And men wrought deeds again and again
Were worthy a minstrel's song,
And minstrels there were whose immortal strain
Could no mortal prowess wrong.

PŴIRŴ I.

Cŏmhŵeinny ōrŵailcead.

In ŵarriac a raoŵail bi ōa ōzlaŵ 'ran c-rlŵge;—

Ō ŵin na h-ŵineanny!

Ŵi aon aca rŵzac 'ran daria aŵ caoi;—

Ō ŵin na h-ŵineanny!

Ŵin buŵ fear ōfob mac de ōŵilaŵ biŵn',

A'r do ōan rŵ le rŵioraŵiŵiŵ aŵin;

Aŵc an daria, do bi rŵ 'ŵna ŵaiŵŵiŵn ŵiŵnŵ,

Aŵur ō' iomŵaiŵn rŵ cŵoiŵe bi ŵaon.

In ŵarriac a raoŵail ŵaiŵ ōa ŵaiŵŵean 'ran
c-rlŵge;—

Ō ŵna na h-ŵineanny!

Ŵi aon aca rŵzac 'ran daria aŵ ŵaiŵe;—

Ō ŵna na h-ŵineanny!

Ŵin bi bean ōfob rŵuaŵnead aŵi ōia zac cŵa,

A'r bi calaŵ a h-aŵiŵiŵ' ŵan rŵŵin;

Aŵc an daria, do ŵaiŵ rŵ ŵan bŵŵn, ŵan cŵaŵ,

Le na cŵoiŵe iŵ a rŵiŵiŵ ŵoiŵiŵn'.

Cŏmhŵeinny.

Ŵan ŵariŵ an c-rlŵiŵe, ōr cŵonŵ an ŵaŵa,

Ŵan an ŵ-cŵoc a'r ŵan ŵariŵ na ŵ-zleann,

Ŵo ŵŵŵnead a' ŵuaŵad ŵŵuaŵiŵ' a'r rŵaŵa

Aŵac ō uariŵ a'r ŵiŵan ŵo ceann.

Ŵan ŵalaŵ ŵiŵuŵ ŵo lŵaŵ aŵ iŵŵŵaŵc,

Ŵŵaŵad an ŵŵuŵ ō'ŵ aŵŵariŵ buŵiŵe,

Ŵiŵiŵuŵad ŵŵŵna le cear a ŵeannacŵ

Ŵaŵanŵ ŵaŵiŵiŵ an ŵaŵi.

Ŵan, Ō ŵan iŵ do ŵiŵiŵe!

Ŵan ō do ŵiŵan a ŵaiŵŵean ŵeannai

Ŵŵiŵ ŵom-ŵŵ aŵi ŵiŵiŵiŵiŵ ŵŵna

Ŵoiŵiŵiŵ ŵariŵ ōiŵ a ŵ-cŵalaiŵ a ŵariŵei

Ŵin ŵa'ŵ ŵuiŵŵŵ aŵ ŵiŵiŵe ŵan ŵeul ŵuŵad,

'Ŵur aŵ aŵariŵ aŵac ō na rŵaiŵ ŵuŵad,

Ŵan ŵon-duŵ 'ran Ŵŵŵlaŵ ŵariŵ ceol ŵuŵad

Le aŵariŵ ŵeaz-cŵoiŵe aŵa ŵaon.

Ŵan rŵiŵ biŵŵad ŵanŵ ŵeŵnŵ ŵo biŵn ŵuŵad,

Ŵi ŵŵŵŵiŵ ŵŵiŵnŵ ŵiŵiŵe ŵo ŵiŵnŵ ŵuŵad,

Aŵc ŵariŵ rŵaŵan a ŵaŵŵar ŵo ŵiŵnŵ ŵuŵad

Ō' aŵ'neacŵ, ŵealŵuiŵŵe ŵo ŵŵon.

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY CHORUS.

In the Springtime of life met two youths by the way:—

O Men of Erin!

And the one was grave and the other was gay:—

O Men of Erin!

For the one was a son of minstrelsy,

And spoke with the spirits of air;

But the other, he was a soldier free,

And the heart of a soldier bare.

In the Springtime of life sat two maids by the way:—

O Maids of Erin!

And the one was grave and the other was gay:—

O Maids of Erin!

For the one was a child of sanctity,

And her thoughts were over the skies;

But the other, she laughed joyously

With her heart in her diamond eyes.

CHORUS:—

Over the mountain, over the meadow,

Over the hill and over the dale,

Merrily hunting midnight shadow

Out from its cave and sheltering vale,

Over the moorland swiftly fleeting,

Brushing the dew from the golden corn,

Drying night's tears with a Seraph greeting

Cometh the Rosy Morn.

Come, O come in your glory!

Come from your bower O blushing maid!

Thro' the mist dim and hoary

Shine like a virgin in her bridal veil array'd!

For the lark cleaveth up thro' the cloud to thee,

While looking out from their leafy shroud to
thee,

Cry the Merle and the Mavis aloud to thee

With the song of the heart without sin,

So may the soul of the Poet sing to thee,

While we content us that cannot wing to thee,

But, as a mirror afar, to fling to thee

Back, thy beauty reflected within.

EOCAJÐ — BEOTAC.

Beotac.

Hól a ðeðlróji! Sô do beata!

Eocajð.

Beata fíoruiðe ður, a bñatajñi!

Beotac.

Ca b-fuñ cû ðul ðó moð!

Eocajð.

Téðim ðum ña catñac.

Beotac.

Wíre fôr, íñ aonðacð leat.

Eocajð.

Tazann cû ó'ñ ð-tuajrceant!

Beotac.

Tizim; azur tura, a ðeðlróji!

Eocajð.

Tizimre ó'ñ ðeirceant íñ an nuzað mé;

Íñrñ ðoir ña tñaz' ðo fuajnear mo laoið;

'San a, c íñ a m-buajleann, añ feað an lae,

Na coneta íñ uajñ uajneac a choið'e.

Do faoilear é beir mañ cñoiðe ceðimñ an bñað;

Huajñ a þneabann ró le ñaomñ-teinne éñ-ññað;

Wan þñan nuajñ ñí fíðim le calaðan anð

Wñan ña h-anma ze fíor a ñað.

Beotac.

O' far mñre ó ch'annajñ ña tuaið';

Amearz tñeud ðo bñ corach mo beata,

Acht. mañ ózlach, ðo tñoið mé zo cñuajð,

'S añ ton ðineann ðo éññall mé chum cata.

Jr lññ ðóécañ an z-cñoiðceað ionlñ,

'Sur ñí fíðim le íñtchajñ a ñ-ðaññað;

Íñ íñad cumta ðo faoiñfeachð añññ,

'Sur an ñeant acht le h-íadñan ðo faonñað.

Beotac.

Tan! ðo chñuic ór cñonñ ðo gñalann cañ,

Veirð mé ður mañ fð.

Eocajð.

Tú a'r ðo lann

Deunñað ñeantñan 'ran gñeð.

Eocajð—Beotac.

Unorðuið! bñorðuið!

An ðañð 'zur an fð!

Beotac.

Wan rññ buð ñajé lññ beir zach la!

Eocajð.

Aiz tñoið lññ a'r lññ,

Añ ton ðineann zo ðeð!

EOCAIDH—BEOTHACH

BEOTHACH.

Ho! O minstrel! Hail to thee!

EOCAIDH.

Eternal health to thee O brother!

BEOTHACH.

Whither away?

EOCAIDH.

To the city's shade I go.

BEOTHACH.

On the journey I go with thee.

EOCAIDH.

Down from the north art thou come?

BEOTHACH.

Truly! and thou, O minstrel?

EOCAIDH.

I come from the Southland that birth to me gave;

There by the sea-shore I learned my song.

There where the great ocean in darksome cave

Panted around me the whole day long.

It seemed unto me like the minstrel's heart

As it beats with the patriot's sacred fire:

Like the throb of pain when the tongue of art

Cannot voice the soul's desire.

BEOTHACH.

I am sprung from the clans of the North,

In my childhood I tended the cattle,

But, a sapling, alone came I forth,

And for Erin I fought in the battle.

For our hearts and their hopes are our own,

And the shackles of peace shall not bind them;

They were fashion'd for freedom alone,

And our brawn but that freedom to find them,

BEOTHACH.

Come! thy harp o'er thy mantle sling,

I will be thy knight.

EOCAIDH.

Thee and thy sword,

I will nerve them in the fight.

EOCAIDH—BEOTHACH.

Onward! Onward!

The Bard and the Knight.

BEOTHACH.

If thus we trod life's pathway o'er!

EOCAIDH.

To toil hand in hand,

For Erin and the right!

Deoċaċ.

Ó! cá mé leat in do chúir go bnaċ.

Eoċaċ—Deoċaċ.

Bnordaiġ! bnordaiġ!

An dard 'gur an Fó.

Ó! read a chómhuġe f'fón',

A m-bíċ no bair go rfon,

A z-ceólaġneacht no meſſn,

Ní ċnéiġfimiġd an d-ċſn.

Acht, caob le caob go beo

A flocċhaiġn no a n-ġleó,

Béiġmġd le chéile beo

In oíð'e 'gur ló.

Eoċaċ.

Aċt b' f'éiġm le caom-ġnao

Oo ċnoiġe a ċun faoi ċnao!

Deoċaċ.

Le Clá no oíða Wġa,

Ní buaġfíġd m' ċnoiġe.

Eoċaċ—Deoċaċ.

Aċt geallfamaoġd a ċoið'e,

Taġ fanaċt anġraġn ċ-rlíġe,

B-fuġl baogal rúġl' de mġnaoi

Go f'fón a luġe.

Aġn rin a ċómhuġe f'fón',

A m-bíċ no bair go rfon,

A z-ceólaġneacht no meſſn,

Ní ċnéiġfimiġd an d-ċſn.

Eoċaċ.

Ċirċíġ! an ġaġn ċum ġlóġnel

Cluġmġ-te f'éin í.

Deoċaċ.

• Cómġead! readaiġ an ġlóġnel

Ír aġbair léin í.

Eoċaċ.

Bíoġ ċruġe a'r beaġe dġn do h-Ċimġnġ ċoið'e,

Deoċaċ.

'Gur ċnoiġe a'r ġeaġe dġn, báġíġd buaġmġan
choið'e.

—:o:—

NESSA—DANJA.

Merfa.

Taġ anġro lem' ċaobí

Suġ rfor liom faoi fáġaġd na feanġóġ.

BEOTHACH.

I am thine for thy cause evermore,

EOCAIDH.—BEOTHACH.

Onward! Onward!

The Bard and the Knight!

Ah! yes true comrades we
 For life and death shall be,
 In mirth and minstrelsy,
 For land and liberty.
 So side by side for aye
 In peace or battle-fray :--
 Nor one from other stray
 By night or day

EOCAIDH.

Perchance some gentler love
 May hap thy heart to prove?

BEOTHACH.

Nor Fame my breast can move
 Nor maiden sigh.

EOCAIDH.—BEOTHACH.

Then swear we, thou and I,
 The siren wiles to fly,
 That e'er in woman's eye,
 We know to lie.
 And then true comrades we
 For life and death shall be,
 In mirth and minstrelsy,
 For land and liberty.

EOCAIDH.

Hark thou! the call to glory!
 Methinks I hear it.

BEOTHACH.

Mark thou! Avoid thou glory!
 The bravest fear it.

EOCAIDH.

Be harp and brand then from Erin never.

BEOTHACH.

Nor heart nor hand then, is graceless ever.

NESSA—BANIA.

NESSA.

Come hither with me!
 Sit we down in the shade of the elder.

Danja.

Ta an ceo aheir iméighe.

Nerra.

Feuch an gnian éan chnoc Althain aig éinige!

Danja.

Nach alain cá'n c-reampóis aig fár aheir an
b-faistéhe!

Nerra.

An dóig leat, a banjal an Flaicear

A beic ahaile leir?

Danja.

Ní feadaim;—ní feadaim;—

Duá haité liom do beic angh!

Nerra.

Azur mé angh le do éaob.

Danja.

Angh 'meaig na rlan!

Nerra.

An cumhinn leat ain maidin moch an raozail,
Nuain bí rinn fagca, cá 'zur mé linn féin.

Jh d' óige noimn mé leat zach baogal,

'Sur bí mo leun duic man do leun!

An ceannmad cá, man cnoide le cnoide go z-caom-
eamar.

Do fíubal'man flíge an m-beača caob le caob,

'S man dnúchd na maidhe gníannan.

Do éionmuig gnáð an n-deóra caomh'!

Jr iomad áain ain bhuach líl wéalla,

Ain maidin rcioib rinn blača ríadán'!

Jr mhinic feinnmean dúan le chéile,

Oo ríonajóib na nón' aig iméachc uainh!

Wan rin, a n-diú. man rin go main fíó

Cá liom go búan, 'zur mije leat go deó!

No am no Cnad ní rcanfuid

Oa cnoide ninn' am 'zur Cnad nfor ced.

Danja.

Jr cumhinn liom. gan arain, mé beic cnaidce;

Jr cumhinn liom in uaignear mé beic baide;

Jr cumhinn liom mo chnoide le psan beic faidce;

Le d' éaob cá reuñ.

A! feudann Dán zach dúil achc cá chan áain,

Óin le do éaob níl beann azam ain gnáam,

Ain ron do gnáð beib gnáð zach eile áain.

Nerra.

Có díl duic féin?

Danja.

Có díl dam féin!

BANIA.

The mist hath already departed.

NESSA.

See the sunlight creep over Alwain's hill!

BANIA.

How beautiful is the clover in the meadow!

NESSA.

Think'st thou, O Bania! that heaven

Is like unto this?

BANIA.

I know not,—I know not:—

Would that I were there!

NESSA.

And I too there by your side.

BANIA.

There with the blest!

NESSA.

Dost thou remember in life's early morning,

When thou and I on earth were left alone,

I shared thy childhood's sorrow,

And mine to thee was as thine own?

Cans't thou forget how, heart with heart condoling,

We've trod the path of later, fonder years,

Till, as the sun the raindrops,

The light of love hath dried our tears.

How oft' beside Ui Mealla's river,

We've culled at morn the desert flower!

How oft' we've sung our songs together

To spirits of the ebbing twilight hour!

Ah thus, to-day, and thus for ever

Be thou to me, and I to thee anear!

Nor Time nor Grief can sever

The hearts that Grief and Time make dear.

BANIA.

I too have known my infant guardian taken;

I too have known to solitude to waken;

I too have known life's dawn by joy forsaken

Till thou wert near.

But, save of thee, of all may Fate bereave me,

For by thy side no grief of life can grieve me,

And for thy love all other love may leave me.

NESSA.

To thee so dear?

BANIA.

To me so dear!

Nessa—Dama.

Än cuimhin leat ain maibhin moch an raogail,
 Nuairn b'f rínn fagá, cú 'sur mé linn fágá,
 In d' óige noínn mé leat zach baogail,
 'Sur b'f mo leun duit mar do leun?
 Wap rín, a n-díú, mar rín go maínníú,
 Cú lom go buan, 'sur mife leat go deól
 No am no Crad n'f rean fuid
 Da chnoíde rínn' am 'sur Crad n'fíor ced.

Eoáid—Deoáid.

Na zeallta zñídeann mha,
 N'f bñírfíó Fear, no am, no Crad.

Nessa—Dama.

Cia h-íad cá reacht cho réid l'an d-eaóí
 Óin n'f azaínn fíor ain dñíne b'fóí.

Eoáid—Deoáid.

Eíre linn eal Eíre linn eal
 N'f fada déid an rzeul d'a rad.

Cóimfeínn.

'Noir do fuaimhíú na reachtanníde raon ó gad
 bñíne:—

U Fín na h-Eíneann!

A'r b'f zeallta na maíbhne faoi deapmáid nómh nóm;—

Ó Wna na h-Eíneann!

Óin do mairgail an bapd, le n-a deól bñí, apd,

Wac-alla cómh-fulaíng na mha;

Áet an Saízbíúínn fíor, le abñan raon

Do lar ré a fúil le zñad.

—:o:—

NESSA—DEOÁID.

Nessa.

Innir dam cá b-fuail do cóimhíde, a Saízbíúínn!

Deoáid.

b' aíl leat fíor ain cóimhíde an e-raízbíúínn?

Nessa.

Wap coíl leat an fíor rín a eabáíne dam.

Deoáid.

b' aíl leat fíor ain cóimhíde an e-raízbíúínn?

A z-enoíde na coílle, no ain zont zlar zñínnmha,

A z-clúan na z-crann no le caob na h-abáínn,

Nuairn cá gad aís a éín le buille eñeunnmha,

Annrín cá baile an laor go búan.

Suaimheoáid ré f n zñuaim n'fí rínte,

Aín aíl le caob neid íoláínn fíadáínn:—

NESSA—BANIA.

Dost thou remember, in life's early morning,
When thou and I on earth were left alone,
I shared thy childhood's sorrow,
And mine to thee was as thine own?
Ah thus, to-day, and thus forever
Be thou to me, and I to thee anear!
Nor Time nor Grief, can sever
The hearts that Grief and Time make dear.

EOCAIDH—BEOTHACH.

The vows that vestals make,
Nor Time, nor Grief nor Man may break.

NESSA—BANIA.

Who are ye thus so free with your greeting?
But of strangers we think is this meeting.

EOCAIDH—BEOTHACH.

Who are we! Who are we!
We shall rest us a space to tell.

CHORUS:

So the wanderers they rested in leaf-laden grot:—
O Men of Erin!
And the vows of the morn ere the noon were forgot:—
O Maids of Erin!
For the youthful Bard, with his minstrelsy,
Woke the echo of sympathy's sigh:
But the soldier, he with his song so free,
Lit love in a laughing eye.

NESSA—BEOTHACH.

NESSA.

Tell me where thine abode is, Sir Soldier;

BEOTHACH.

Thou wouldst know where the warrior dwells?

NESSA.

If, perchance, it may please thee to tell me.

BEOTHACH.

Thou wouldst know where the warrior's home is.

In the heart of the woodland, on the sunlit mead,
In the forest dell by the rushing river,

Where the motherland for his arm hath need,
O there is the soldier's home for ever.

He will rest in the gloom of the thunder-cloud,
On the cliffs by the eagle's eyrie:—

With the brineful mist for his slumber-shroud,
 On the sands where the billows foam,
 Where the rolling billows foam,
 Bold and wary !
 In the forest dell by the rushing river,
 In the field of strife where the heart is tried,
 O there is the soldiers home.
 But that stock in the whirlwind, be it oak, be it pine,
 Standeth strongest and longest round whom tendrils
 entwine,
 And that heart in life's tempest, be it soldier's or seer's,
 Best loving and loved, stoutest stands mid its peers.
 I look in thine eyes, and there I see,
 When I fight for the land and liberty,
 I fight for love and thee.

BANIA—EOCAIDH.

BANIA
 Thy harp lieth idly beside thee.
 EOCAIDH.
 Wilt thou sing? I will follow thy voice.
 BANIA.
 I sing but with Nessa, my sister.
 EOCAIDH.
 Thy sister? Ah! she is here!
 BANIA
 Yes Nessa! Oh! she is departed!
 But thou. Wilt not thou sing a legend?
 EOCAIDH.
 I sing but with Beothach, my brother.
 BANIA.
 Thy brother! Ah! he is here!
 EOCAIDH.
 Yes Beothach! Oh! he is departed!

I remember a tale of the by-gone time,
 'Tis a theme for a maiden's ear,
 How our fathers came from the distant clime,
 If perchance thou would'st wish to hear.

In a land where the roses never faded,
 Where the sea slept in peace on the Golden Shore,
 Where the sun by a cloud was never shaded,
 Dwelt the Bard in the days of yore.
 And such rapture he felt as immortals
 May feel in their flight thro' the air:

Ácc amach ó n-a púaribh níl canaio
 D'ianh, n'ianh, aon nóta faoi.
 Siob lán le luathghair ca an cnoide,
 Siob b'fdeann Saozal 'nna m'aidin b'neab,
 Níl a'gairn fíor na Wian a cóid'e
 Ácc nuair éigean Ceól ó C'naid.

Ain aon lá do bí a éinom corlad b'irce,
 'Sur n'fion feud ré n'fion mó ain a 'Saineanh buide,
 Ácc a púra, do feinn ríad go clíre
 An luathghair do bí in a cnoide.
 Oin le r'pionaidibh cuair bí ré feólca
 T'isb gléanncasibh glar' Eigneann, an d-éin,
 'S in a céud aghal fuair ré na ceólca
 A éigean o C'naid go fíon.
 Siob lán le luathghair ca an cnoide
 Siob b'fdeann Saozal 'nna m'aidin b'neab,
 Níl a'gairn fíor na Wian a cóid'e
 Ácc nuair éigean Ceól ó C'naid.

—:o:—
 CAC—NANN.

Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!
 Fainel Dalcarrig! Aí—Ahoy!
 Iol na p'oba bagairtel
 Iol mac-alla f'neagairtel
 Iol na lannca glínnel
 Iol an nathaid cuinn'etel
 Tap! tap! ca'n lá a' ban'ad,
 An f'uiréid ca'ad,
 Ca'n óráid go zeal ain f'airéid f'adair;
 Na b'íod do f'úile.
 Faoi f'úan n'fion moille,
 Ácc éinib, éinib leir an g'ian!
 Tap! tap! a d'óidair Eigneann,
 Le óidair 'r f'ínnel
 Ca rean-companuige ont a' f'annet.
 Ní leat'ra'n cnoide
 Ir f'annur élaoidéad
 Nuair ca Dia 'r do C'naid a' tabairt a m-beannet.
 Ir Sé an Cúmaid fíon
 Ca cóimead ont go fíon,
 Ca a lán in a'gairt f'annaid' cóid'e;
 Ir aingéal gléigéal!
 Ca ont a' f'uide
 T'isb uairibh uairnead' duib' na h-oidé.
 Ó tap! ca'n lá a' ban'ad,
 An f'uiréid ca'ad,

Yet his voice thro' the lips' open portals,
 Never, never, that rapture bare.
 For though the heart know joy alone,
 Tho' Life be all one summer morn;
 The Passions' depths are never shown,
 Till Song is of Sorrow born.

Of a day he was waken'd from his slumber,
 And no longer he looked on his Golden Shore,
 But his lips as they parted—sang the numbers
 That they never had sung before.
 For the Spirits of Music had brought him
 To the vales of Green Erin along.
 And his first living breath there had taught him,
 How of Sorrow they learn their song,
 For tho' the heart know joy alone,
 Tho' Life be all one summer morn,
 The Passions' depths are never shown
 Till Song is of Sorrow born.

WAR SONG.

Ahoi! Ahoi! Ahoi! Ahoi!
 Farah! Dalcasian! Ai-Ah-o-i!
 Ho! the pibroch sounding!
 Ho! the hills rebounding!
 Ho! the javelin glancing!
 Ho! the foe advancing!

Come forth! the morn is breaking,
 The lark awaking,
 The dew drop glistens on the willow;
 No more let slumber,
 Thine eye encumber,
 The sun hath risen from his pillow.
 Come forth! thou hope of Erin,
 Our honor bearing!
 O come! thy comrades old attend thee,
 Not thine the heart
 That knoweth fearing
 While thy God and thy lady's love defend thee.—
 The righteous Power is He
 That watcheth over thee,
 Whose hand the might of error stayeth,
 An angel pure is she,
 That all for thee
 Athrough the weary night time prayeth.
 Then come! the morn is breaking,
 The lark awaking,

Ta'n dhúch go zeal ari fúileoḡ fíadaigh;
 Na bíod do fúile
 Faoi fuan n'or moille,
 Ác' éiníḡ, éiníḡ leir an ḡrian!
 Tap leat! tap leat! béid onóin reunthar,
 I' leat'ra cnoide a g-cóthnuide rneunthar;—
 Nuair azad a cabair Oé 'r do ḡrad
 Duairfín cum raoinre 'd céine na h Eireann.

—:o:—

PAINE II.

PAJOIR.

Oó páirdíge gnádhán' cóimead,
 A Oé an n-ácair!
 Jonnar naé g-caillfean iad,
 San tÚ 'nn a lacair!
 Sín Do íarh-ra tairra,
 Cúmhuiḡ! Fair!
 Congbuiḡ iad gan rgaréa
 Air páine an air!
 A Cígearna!
 Ác' ma éagann eagla oréa
 'San uair i' cnoime gleó;
 Na cúmhuiḡ! leig do'n b'ar éaéc' oréa
 'b' fearn gan iad beir beó!
 A Cígearna!

Danra.

Ní'l agam róḡ, ní'l agam ríor,
 Ó éanaic rérean in mo cóthair;
 I' cuma ácar in mo cnoide,
 No fóir é dall le cuilleib' deón.
 Ác' liomra fíor go b-fuail fíon-ḡrad
 Do neac éo d'íl le anail Oé;
 'San ḡrad gan reun, a fíon go b'rad,
 Air raogal, go lom, n' fagfaib' ré.

I' m'innic d' feuc mé roin 'ran aen,
 'Sur d' eagluig mé caoth-ban'ad lae;
 Air maidin deanc mé ceó 'ran r'péin,
 Ác' éanaic nóin a'r d' iméig ré.
 Wan rin, i' féidín b'ón dul uair,
 Weadon-lae mo faogail beir r'ac o érad;
 S'ib dub a neulca, enom a ḡnuair—
 Ta cnoide gnádhán' aluin b'neag.

The dew drop glistens on the willow ;
 No more let slumber,
 Thine eye encumber,
 The sun hath risen from his pillow.
 Come forth ! Come forth ! our honor bearing,
 Not thine the heart that knoweth fearing :—
 While God and woman's love defend thee
 Thou wilt strike for the sacred rights of Erin.

PART II.

* PRAYER.

Lord ! thy children cherish,
 Them that fear thee !
 Lest, forlorn they perish,
 When not anear thee !
 Stretch thine arm above them,
 Watch and shield !
 That in might they prove them
 On the battlefield,
 Lord !
 But should fear appall them
 In the hour of strife !
 Guard not ! let the death befall them !
 Worthless they of life.
 Oh Lord !

BANIA.

I know not peace, I know not rest,
 Since I have felt his presence near ;
 Or if that joy obscure my breast,
 Or only sorrow's blinding tear.
 But well I know the heart that loves,
 To life more dear than breath is born,
 And love unblest, that faithful proves,
 Will leave not all of life forlorn.

How oft I've gazed upon the East,
 And feared the dawning dim and gray ;
 How oft I've seen that morning mist
 Before the noontide fade away.
 Ah ! thus perchance my fears may fade,
 My mid-day life be void of care :
 For howso deep in clouds array'd,
 The heart that loves is fresh and fair.

ABRÂN CŨW EYN.

NERRA.

Seinni Seinni a binn-gŵc an cnoibe,
 Cum do cēile curn d' abnainb yr mŵlrel
 Seinni Seinni le glōne a cōið'e,
 Bēið zac hōca do d' deunad hŵr dŵlrel
 Seinni Ōl rē a beata do cēol
 A beata, rē folur do cōthnuiðe.
 Ta am rŵnead;
 Ōise cŵsonad;
 Jn a reargun bideann ōnad lŵonad g-cōthnuiðe.

Fōr ma ca aŵ do cēile mŵ-fuym yn do nann,
 Na mear do faotān beŵt fann,
 Aēt reinn leat do cēolca zo fion
 Ōn calanŵ b-fuyl Wŵana aŵ cōthnuiðe,
 Bideann ōnad ōz rŵnead,
 Bideann Cnoibe ōz lŵonad,
 Wap nōr, le rgeul dŵlreac't a g-cōthnuiðe.

Tan cūzam! tan cūzam!
 'Sur cōthnuiðe anhoŵ faol rgaet!
 Ōin cūzad, Ō cūzad,
 Nŵ fēiðin lŵom dul zo bnaet.
 Ca b-fuyl cū? Ca b-fuyl cū
 Aŵ eŵ'llad aŵ and 'ran aen!
 Tan cūzam! tan cūzam!
 A'r reinn dam do cēol zo faon!

(Wanŵal na m-buaidceðinŵd aŵ fŵllead ōn g-Cat.)

EOCŀD.

Ta me dul cūm ōeŵrcŵc yn a nuzad mē,
 Jnŵn cōŵr na cŵaŵ' do fuaiŵear mo laoiŵ;
 'San aŵ yn a m-buaidceann aŵ fead an lae
 Na cōnŵca yn uaiŵn uaiŵneac a cōið'e.
 Aēt follanŵ 'zur fann acā fōŵlŵm baiŵd,
 Wuna m-bideann aon cnoibe aēt a cnoibe leiŵ
 lan;
 Wa fanann cū lŵom bēið mo cēol zo h-and
 Aŵ dūruŵad dūc fēŵn amāŵn.
 Wa fanann cū lŵom bēið reinnŵce zo h-and
 Wō laoiŵ aēt dūc fēŵn amāŵn.

DEOCŀC.

hōl nŵ leat cūm cŵneŵ-clann na cūaŵ!
 Amearŵ cŵneud do bŵ corac mo beata;
 Aēt. man oŵlac, do cnoib mē zo cŵuaid,
 'S aŵ roŵ ōŵneann do cŵŵall me cūm caŵa.
 Jŵ lŵn dōcēaŵ an g-cnoibdeac iomlan,
 'Sur nŵ fēiðin le calanŵ a n-daoŵad;
 bŵ rŵad cumēca do faoiŵreac't amāŵn,
 'Sur le gŵaduŵad jŵ fēiðin jad faonad.

SONG TO A BIRD.

NESSA.

Sing! Sing! sweet voice of the heart,
 That thy mate in her bower may hear thee!
 Sing! Sing! tho' dearest thou art,
 Every note will but doubly endear thee!
 Sing! Oh! thy song is her life,
 Whose life is the light of thy dwelling.
 Time floweth,
 Youth goeth,
 In whose season Love gloweth at telling.
 Yet if thy lady-love heed not thy strain,
 Deem not thy quest is in vain.
 But sing on with music's true art
 From the birthland of Passion upwelling
 Young Love floweth,
 Young Heart gloweth
 Like the rose in the sun, at love's telling.
 Come hither! Come hither!
 Come rest in the greenwood tree,
 For thither, O thither
 I never can fare to thee.
 Whither? O whither?
 Why wingest thy flight so free?
 Come hither! Come hither!
 Blithe birdling! and sing with me.

(March of Victors returning from the battle.)

EOCAIDH.

I go to the Southland that birth to me gave;
 There by the sea-shore I learned my song,
 There where the great ocean in darksome cave
 Panteth around me the whole day long,
 But worthless and void is the Bardic love,
 If it thrilleth no heart but the minstrel's own.
 Then dwell thou with me and my song evermore
 Will waken for thee alone:
 Then dwell thou with me and for evermore,
 My song will be thine alone.

BEOTHACH.

Hie away to the clans of the North!
 In my childhood I tended the cattle;
 But a sapling, alone came I forth,
 And for Erin I fought in the battle.
 For our hearts and their hopes are our own,
 And the land not for ever shall bind them;
 They were fashioned for freedom alone,
 And in loving that freedom we find them.

NESSA—BANIA—EOCAIDH—BEOTHACH.

Hark! the vesper chime is ringing,
Like a heavenly chorus singing,
Hearken! o'er the meadow stealing,
Like a sacred voice appealing.

Come away! 'tis the wedding bell
A ringing in thine ear,
That a merry message bringeth
Of life and love anear.
Come away! for the Even song
That mourns the fading day,
Is thy morn song of life,
Come away! Come away!

EOCAIDH—BEOTHACH.

Hear it bounding, bounding,
Bounding o'er the meadow.

NESSA—BANIA.

With wing so fleet
And fairy feet,
A trip on a trackless way.

EOCAIDH—BEOTHACH.

Hear it sounding, sounding,
Sounding through the shadow.

NESSA—BANIA.

Like angels voicing,
Heaven's rejoicing,
When the erring pray.

NESSA—BANIA—EOCAIDH—BEOTHACH.

Come away! Come away!
Come away! Come away!
For the bell, the bell is ringing,
O come, come away!

CHORUS:

When in life's budding Springtime two true hearts
are one:—
O Men of Erin?
In the bloom of the Summer their worth will be
known:—
O Maids of Erin!
And in Autumn brown, when the false go down
Like withered leaves in the blast,
They will still fare on till they rest them, one,
In their Wintry home at last.

FOUNDED 1878.

NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

THIS SOCIETY is instituted to promote the study of the Irish Language: to PRESERVE it as a spoken tongue; to encourage the study and dissemination of IRISH LITERATURE: to cultivate and practice the NATIONAL MUSIC OF IRELAND, and to establish in the City of New York an IRISH LITERARY INSTITUTE.

CONSTITUTION.

I.

THE SOCIETY shall consist of a PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENT, TREASURER, FINANCIAL, RECORDING AND CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES, LIBRARIAN, with HONORARY, ACTIVE and ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

II.

The qualifications for HONORARY MEMBERSHIP shall be an Annual Subscription of at least FIVE DOLLARS, and for ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP an annual fee of ONE DOLLAR. APPLICANTS for admission into ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP must have been for at least three months prior to date of application, a student of the language at the Irish classes of the Society, and shall further pay an initiation fee of ONE DOLLAR, and thereafter an annual fee of THREE DOLLARS.

III.

The Society shall be governed by a Council chosen from the active members, which Council shall consist of not less than fifteen, including the President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Financial, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries. Five members of the Council to form a quorum.

IV.

The President and Corresponding Secretary of Branch Societies in connection with this Society, shall be members of the Council.

V.

The Council shall have power to manage the affairs of the Society, and to make By-Laws for the better regulation of their own proceedings.

VI.

The President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Financial, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, and fifteen members of the Council, shall be elected annually on St. Patrick's Day, (by means of voting papers furnished to every Active Member), and installed on that day: a general meeting to be held for that purpose.

VII.

A Financial Committee of three shall be elected quarterly, to audit the accounts of the Society.

VIII.

The funds of the Society shall not be applied other than for the legitimate requirements thereof.

IX.

General Meetings of the Society shall be held quarterly, viz: first Sunday in January, April, July and October, and at such other times and places as the Council may determine.

X.

A general Meeting shall be understood as one of which notice shall have been given by the Corresponding Secretary to every Active Member, naming time, place and object.

MEANS.

THE object of the Society being to promote the study of the Irish Language: to Preserve it as a Spoken Tongue: to Encourage the Study and Dissemination of Irish Literature; to cultivate and practice the National Music of Ireland, and to establish in the City of New York an Irish Literary Institute: the following means are proposed for these ends:—

I. To establish in the City of New York free classes for the study of the Irish Language, and the cultivation of Irish Vocal Music.

II. To encourage the production of modern Irish Literature—original or translated.

III. To encourage a familiar use of the language by those who know how to speak it, and to offer premiums for proficiency in the study of it.

IV. To encourage and promote the formation of Societies and Classes, wherever facilities exist.

V. To render material aid and assistance to the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in Dublin, to enable it to successfully spread and develop the movement in Ireland.

VI. To publish works in the Irish Language and Character, and supply same at reduced prices to Societies and Classes in connection with the Society.

VII. To offer COMPETITION PREMIUMS to Classes and Individuals for composition in Irish, and translations into that language.

VIII. To provide for the members a circulating library, to contain manuscripts, books, pamphlets and periodical publications pertinent to the object of the Society.

IX. To Hold regular Literary Meetings, at which papers on literary, historical and other kindred subjects shall be read, and Irish music rendered.

X. And, if sufficient funds are acquired, to publish a cheap journal partly in the Irish Language and Character, for the cultivation of the language and literature of Ireland, and containing easy lessons and reports of the transactions of the Society, and found in the City of New York at Irish Literary Institute with Free Library and Reading Room attached.

XI. The Council shall take such other measures as they may deem expedient to further the objects of the Society.

Information in regard to the Irish Language movement will be furnished free, upon application to the SECRETARY, NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE, NEW YORK.