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·AN·MACAOṁ·

·EDITED·BY·P·H·PEARSE·

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Clár an Irisleaḃair So.

Leaṫanaċ.
PAGE

Frontispiece : Desmond Carney as "Giolla na Naomh" in "An Rí," St. Enda's College, June, 1912.

Brollaċ. Pádraic Mac Piarais 4

By Way of Comment. P. H. Pearse 5

A Secret Song. Padraic Colum 10

Notes for a Lecture on Ancient Irish Literature. Thomas MacDonagh 11

The Cobbler. Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil 14

Wishes : For my Son born on St. Cecilia's Day, 1912. Thomas MacDonagh 14

In the Liberties. Padraic Colum 16

Of Ireland. Thomas MacDonagh 17

An Rí, .i. Fáit-Ċluiċe. Pádraic Mac Piarais 18

The King : A Morality. P. H. Pearse 27

The Road Mender. Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil 37

A Ploughman. Eamonn Bulfin 38

The Dusk. Kenneth Shiels Reddin 40

Desmond Ryan : His Graveyard. Desmond Ryan 41

Separation. G. Norman Reddin 42

From "An Sgoláire." Proinnsias Ó Conġaile, Raymond Suetens, Niall Mac Néill, An Sgoláire, Desmond Carney 43-45

Touching the St. Enda's Fête. P. H. P. 46

The Old Gray Mare (*A Bonaparte Ballad*). P. H. P. 47

A Chronicle. P. H. P. 48

Brollaċ.

Áit do'n irisleaḃar so Sgoil Éanna i ḃFearaiḃ Cualann. Aimsir ḋó Mí na Bealtaine, an tan ba haois do'n Tiġearna míle agus naoi gcéad bliaḋan agus a trí-déag. Fear orduiġṫe agus eagair ḋó Pádraic Mac Piarais, .i. Árd-Ṁáiġistir na Sgoile réaṁráiḋte. Luċt sgríoḃṫa ḋó máiġistrí agus oidí agus mic léiġinn na Sgoile céadna. Tugaid a ḋéanṁa agus a ċurṫa os comair an ṗobail .i. do ċum imṫeaċt agus uirsgéal na Sgoile roṁainn d'ḟaisnéis do ċáċ.

Ainm do'n irisleaḃar so AN MACAOṀ. Is uime ċeana tugaḋ an t-ainm sin air, dá ċur i gcéill gurab iad macraḋ na Sgoile so, maille le luċt a múinte, atá ag á sgríoḃaḋ agus ag á ċraoḃsgaoileaḋ. Fáṫ eile fá n-ar tugaḋ an t-ainm sin air, dá ċur i gcéill gur do ṁacraiḋ na hÉireann ar ċeana agus do'n dream ar ionṁuin leo macraḋ na hÉireann atáṫar ag sgríoḃaḋ agus ag craoḃsgaoileaḋ an irisleaḃair ċéadna. Fáṫ eile fós fá n-ar tugaḋ an t-ainm sin air, dá ċur i gcéill gur mian de ṁianaiḃ croiḋe luċt sgríoḃṫa an irisleaḃair misneaċ agus meanma do ṁúsgailt i macraiḋ na hÉireann, aṁail baḋ dual sinnsear dóiḃ; óir tuigtear go ḃfuil dá ḃríġ leis an ḃfocal úd .i. macaoṁ, mar atá, mac óg, agus ógláċ; agus dob' áil le luċt sgríoḃṫa an irisleaḃair so ógláċ do ḋéanaṁ de gaċ mac óg dá ḃfuil beo de ċlannaiḃ Gaeḋeal, ionnus go mbaḋ laoċ ar áṫ nó fear faire ar árd gaċ mac díoḃ agus é ag cosnaṁ a ċlú féin agus clú a ċine ar ḟoirneart daoine agus deaṁan na cruinne.

Is é iomorra ḋleaġar gaċ macaoṁ do ḋéanaṁ, .i. eisiompláir an ṁacaoiṁ do b'ḟearr dá rugaḋ i nÉirinn riaṁ do leanṁain, .i. Cúċulainn mac Sualtaiṁ; óir do ċaill an macaoṁ sin a ḃeaṫa sul ċaillfeaḋ a eineaċ, agus, dalta Macaoiṁ eile ar a dtráċtfaimíd ar ball, giḋ go raiḃ sé féin neiṁċionntaċ, tug sé a ḃeaṫa ar son cionnta a ċine. Ní iarrfar an méid sin ar aon ṁac de ṁacraiḋ an lae indiu, aċt iarrtar ar gaċ mac ar an doṁan eisiompláir an Ṁacaoiṁ eile úd do leanṁain, .i. an Macaoṁ do ċuaiḋ síos go Nasaret tráṫ agus do ḃí uṁal dá ṁáṫair agus dá aṫair.

PÁDRAIC MAC PIARAIS.

DESMOND CARNEY AS "GIOLLA NA NAOMH" IN AN RI,
ST. ENDA'S COLLEGE, JUNE, 1912.

By

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By Way of Comment.

I HAVE roused this MACAOMH of mine again, having allowed him to slumber for two years. Like those panoplied kings that are said to sleep in Aileach, he has only been awaiting a call. I send him out now to publish tidings of sundry pageantries, pomps, and junketings: festivities to which my friends and I are inviting the men of Ireland, not altogether out of the largeness of our hearts, but with ulterior motives appertaining to the weal of a certain College. I send him out too in order that with his hero's voice he may utter three shouts on a hill in celebration of the completion of the fifth year of a certain gallant adventure.

To be plain, St. Enda's College has now been at work for five years, and we propose to commemorate the achievement of the lustrum by making a very determined effort to reduce the wholly preposterous debt which we incurred in our early months for building. There are some adventures so perilous that no one would ever go into them except with the gay laughing irresponsibility of a boy; they are not to be "scanned" beforehand; one does one's deed without thinking, as a boy on the play-field strikes for goal, and whether one wins or fails, one laughs. It is really the only thing to do. Such an adventure, I think, has been St. Enda's, and such the spirit in which we have gone into it. Not that we have not had a very serious purpose and a very high conception of our duty, but that we have found these things compatible with hearts as merry as the hearts of the saints; or rather supportable only by a hilarity as of heaven. Such burdens as we undertook five years ago would assuredly have crushed us if we had been gloomy worldlings, persons oppressed with bank balances and anxious about the rise and fall of stocks or the starting price of racehorses. Fortunately the cares of a competency have never existed for us, hermits of a happy hermitage. Having no little things to be troubled about, we have been able to busy ourselves with great adventures. Yet, we are worldly enough to desire to lighten our burdens and generous enough to admit others to a share in our perils. Whence these excursions and alarums of ours at the Abbey Theatre, at Jones's Road, and elsewhere: it is our way of helping others to achieve sanctity.

It has been sung of the Gael that his fighting is always merry and his feasting always sad. Several recent books by foreigners have recorded the impression of Ireland as a sad, an unutterably sad, country, because their writers have seen the Gael chiefly at his festivals : at an Oireachtas, at a race meeting, at a political dinner addressed by Mr. John Dillon. And it is a true impression, for the exhilaration of fighting has gone out of Ireland, and for the past decade most of us have been as Fionn was after his battles—"in heaviness of depression and horror of self-questioning." Here at St. Enda's we have tried to keep before us the image of Fionn during his battles—careless and laughing, with that gesture of the head, that gallant smiling gesture, which has been an eternal gesture in Irish history : it was most memorably made by Emmet when he mounted the scaffold in Thomas Street, smiling, he who had left so much, and most recently by those Three who died at Manchester. When people say that Ireland will be happy when her mills throb and her harbours swarm with shipping, they are talking as foolishly as if one were to say of a lost saint or of an unhappy lover "That man will be happy again when he has a comfortable income." I know that Ireland will not be happy again until she recollects that old proud gesture of hers, that laughing gesture of a young man that is going into battle or climbing to a gibbet.

What I have just written has reminded me of a dream I had nearly four years ago. I dreamt that I saw a pupil of mine, one of our boys at St. Enda's, standing alone upon a platform above a mighty sea of people; and I understood that he was about to die there for some august cause, Ireland's or another. He looked extraordinarily proud and joyous, lifting his head with a smile almost of amusement; I remember noticing his bare white throat and the hair on his forehead stirred by the wind, just as I had often noticed them on the football field. I felt an inexplicable exhilaration as I looked upon him, and this exhilaration was heightened rather than diminished by my consciousness that the great silent crowd regarded the boy with pity and wonder rather than with approval—as a fool who was throwing away his life rather than as a martyr that was doing his duty. It would have been so easy to die before an applauding crowd or before a hostile crowd : but to die before that silent, unsympathetic crowd! I dreamt then that another of my pupils stepped upon the scaffold and embraced his comrade, and that then he tied a white bandage over the boy's eyes, as though he would resent the hangman doing him that kindly office. And this act seemed to me to symbolise an immense brotherly charity and loyalty, and to be the compensation to the boy that died for the indifference of the crowd.

This is the only really vivid dream I have ever had since I used to dream of hobgoblins when I was a child. I remember telling it to my boys at a school meeting a few days later, and their speculating as to which of them I had seen in the dream : a secret which I do not think I gave away. But what recurs to me now is that when I said that I could not wish for any of them a happier destiny than to die thus in defence of some true thing, they did not seem in any way surprised, for it fitted in with all we had been teaching them at St. Enda's. I do not mean that we have ever carried on anything like a political or revolutionary propaganda among our boys, but simply that we have always allowed them to feel that no one can finely live who hoards life too jealously : that one must be generous in service, and withal joyous, accounting even supreme sacrifices slight. Mr. J. M. Barrie makes his Peter Pan say (and it is finely said) "To die will be a very big adventure," but I think that in making my little boy in "An Rí" offer himself with the words "Let me do this little thing," I am nearer to the spirit of the heroes.

I find that in endeavouring to show that we are joyous at St. Enda's I have become exceedingly funereal. One of my pupils has accused me of "sternly organising merrymakings." The truth is that it is from the boys that live in this place that its joyousness comes, and if we share in the joy it is by rising to their height from our own slough of despond. When we attempt to be joyful on our own account the joy sometimes hangs fire. Mr. MacDonagh has told me how, when we were preparing the first number of AN MACAOMH, I came to him one evening with a face of portentous gravity and begged him to be humorous. I explained that AN MACAOMH was too austere, too esoteric : it needed some touch of delicate Ariel-like fancy, some genial burst of Falstaffian laughter. Mr. MacDonagh is one of the most fanciful and humorous of men, but even he could not become Ariel-like or Falstaffian to order. He and I sat in our respective rooms for a whole evening lugubriously trying to be humorous; but our thoughts were of graves and worms and epitaphs, of unpaid bills, of approaching examinations, of certain Anglo-Irish comedies : the memory of it is still dreary. The next day at luncheon the clear voice of a boy spoke and the imp humour was in our midst : he told us the history of the Peacock of Hyderabad, and AN MACAOMH was saved.

I believe that many teachers fail because instead of endeavouring to raise themselves to the level of their pupils (I mean the moral, emotional, and imaginative level), they endeavour to bring their pupils down to theirs. For a high, if eccentric, moral code, a glad and altruistic philosophy, a vision of ultimate beauty and truth seen through the fantastic and often humorous figments of a child's dreams, the teacher

substitutes the mean philosophy of the world, the mean code of morals of the countinghouses. Our Christianity becomes respectability. We are not content with teaching the ten commandments that God spake in thunder and Christ told us to keep if we would enter into life, and the precepts of the Church which He commanded us to hear : we add thereto the precepts or commandments of Respectable Society. And these are chiefly six : Thou shalt not be extreme in anything—in wrongdoing lest thou be put in gaol, in rightdoing lest thou be deemed a saint; Thou shalt not give away thy substance lest thou become a pauper; Thou shalt not engage in trade or manufacture lest thy hands become grimy; Thou shalt not carry a brown paper parcel lest thou shock Rathgar; Thou shalt not have an enthusiasm lest solicitors and their clerks call thee a fool; Thou shalt not endanger thy Job. One has heard this shocking morality taught in Christian schools, expounded in Christian newspapers, even preached from Christian pulpits. Those things about the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, and that rebuke to Martha who was troubled about many things, are thought to have no relevancy to modern life. But if that is so Christianity has no relevancy to modern life, for these are of the essence of Christ's teaching.

The great enemy of practical Christianity has always been respectable society. Respectable society has now been reinforced by political economy. I feel nearly sure that political economy was invented, not by Adam Smith, but by the devil. Perhaps Adam Smith was the human instrument of whom that wily one made use, even as he made use of the elder Adam to pervert men to the ways of respectability. Be certain that in political economy there is no Way of Life either for a man or for a people. Life for both is a matter, not of conflicting tariffs, but of conflicting powers of good and evil; and what have Ricardo and Malthus and Stuart Mill to teach about this? Ye men and peoples, burn your books on rent theories and land values and go back to your sagas.

If you will not go back to your sagas, your sagas will come to you again in new guise : for they are terrible immortal things, not capable of being put down by respectable society or by political economy. The old truths will find new mouths, the old sorrows and ecstasies new interpretation. Beauty is the garment of truth, or perhaps we should put it that beauty is the substance in which truth bodies itself forth; and then we can say that beauty, like matter, is indestructible, however it may change its form. When you think you have excluded it by your brick walls it flows in upon you multitudinous. I know not how the old beauty will come back for us in this country and century; through an Irish theatre perhaps or through a new poetry welling up in Irish-speaking

villages. But come back it will, and its coming will be as the coming of God's angel, when

> " . . . . seems another morn
> Risen on mid-noon . . . ."

. . . .

I have to perform here the noble duty of giving thanks. First, there is a friend of St. Enda's whom I do not name, for I do not know that he would like me to name him. He and two other friends of older date have made St. Enda's a fact; for, though not what the world calls very wealthy, they have enabled me, whom certainly the world would call very poor, to found and to carry on this College. And I have to thank many other friends ranging from little boys up to church dignitaries, and including the parents of nearly all my pupils, for an unshaken loyalty to an ideal and to a place which by many are still misunderstood and distrusted.

Then, coming to quite contemporary events, I have to thank the good people who are looking to the organization of the St. Enda's Fête and Drawing of Prizes. And I have to thank Mr. W. B. Yeats and his fellow-workers at the Abbey Theatre for a very great generosity—a special performance which they have arranged to give for us on the evening of May 17th. Mr. Yeats, in a lecture on Rabindranath Tagore, had spoken of Mr. Tagore's school for Indian boys as "the Indian St. Enda's." A friend of mine, interested by this, suggested that we should go to Mr. Yeats and ask him whether his Theatre could not do something to help St. Enda's. We had hardly time to frame our project in words when Mr. Yeats assented to it; and then he did a more generous thing still, for he offered to produce for the benefit of St. Enda's the play of Mr. Tagore's to the production of which he had been looking forward as to an important epoch in the life of the Abbey—the first presentation to Europe of a poet who, he thinks, is possibly the greatest now living. And he invited me to produce a St. Enda's play along with Mr. Tagore's. I understood then more clearly than ever that no one is so generous as a great artist; for a great artist is always giving gifts.

The play we decided to produce along with "The Post Office" was my morality, "An Rí." We had enacted it during the previous summer, with much pageantry of horses and marchings, at a place in our grounds where an old castellated bridge, not unlike the entrance to a monastery, is thrown across a stream. Since that performance I had added some speeches with the object of slightly deepening the characterisation; and our boys were already rehearsing it for indoor production. Of Mr. Tagore's play I knew nothing except what I had heard from Mr. Yeats,

but I saw that both of us had had in our minds the same image of a humble boy and of the pomp of death, and that my play would be as it were antiphonal to his. Since I have seen Mr. Tagore's manuscript I have realised that the two plays are more similar in theme than I had suspected, and that mine will be to his in the nature of an "amen"; for in our respective languages, he speaking in terms of Indian village life and I in terms of an Irish saga, we have both expressed the same truth, that the highest thing anyone can do is to serve.

P. H. PEARSE.

A Secret Song.

A stranger you came to me over the sea,
But welcome I made you, Seumas a-righ,
And shelter I gave you, my sons set to ward you,
Red war I faced for you, Seumas a-righ!

Now a coward you go from me over the sea,
But my best sons go with you, Seumas a-righ,
Foreign graves they shall gain, and for those who remain
The black hemp is sown—Och, Seumas a-righ!

The Boyne shall flow back from the far Irish sea,
On the Causeway of Aughrim our triumph shall be
Ere my house shall befriend him, my son's swords defend him,
A King from the right hand, Seumas a-righ!

PADRAIC COLUM.

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P. H. Pearse.

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Padraic Colum.

Notes for a Lecture on Ancient Irish Literature.

The themes of Early Irish Literature are many of them the themes of modern romantic literature—in lyric poetry, nature and humanity: nature, the joy of natural things, the joy of the earth's beauty, the woods and the birds in the woods, the delight of summer, season surpassing, grateful to dwellers in a northern land, the terror of the white winter when not a bell is heard and no crane talks, when shapes are all gone, the joy of the sea, the plain of Ler, with its witching song, the delightful home of ships, the image of Hell with its dread tempest: humanity, men and women, love and destiny, humanity at odds with life, a king and a hermit, a girl who died for love, a warrior who kept his tryst after death, Deirdre, the predestined of sorrow, winning some joy from life before her fate falls, an old woman who has seen the passing away of her famous beauty, who sees the ebb tide carrying away her years, who sees the flood-wave foaming in for others. Later, after the English are settled in the land, not humanity but the nation, Kathleen ni Houlihan, is our heroic theme. The manifestations of nationality are symbolised by man and nature. The silk of the kine goes lurking in the woods, weeping down tears while her foe has wine on his table. The little shining rose is black. No wonder that those who, lured by the felicity of gracious words, have learned to read with satisfaction in Shakespeare the easy hideous history of the English Wars of the Roses, half won to sympathy with ravening lust and barbarity, are perplexed by Gaelic Literature of the middle period. And so all Irish Literature is set down as vague, mysterious, obscure. Nothing could be more clear, more direct, more gem-like, hard and delicate and bright, than the earlier lyric poetry, nothing more surely true to nature, full of natural piety, nothing of another kind greater in suggestion, however brief in form. Not till the advent of Wordsworth comes there anything like this intimacy with nature into other modern literature. Not till we listen to the voice of Shelley do we hear in other lyric poetry such prophecy of song as has come down through folk poetry in Irish, a lyric poetry which, as Mr. John Eglinton said many years ago, "has far more in common with the later developments of English poetry—with poems, for example, like Shelley's 'When the lamp is

shattered' or George Meredith's 'Love in a Valley'—than anything produced by the wits of the London coffee houses."

* * *

A POET of the Celtic Note—I use the term as I find it, though I know how wrong it is; I use it without disrespect—has declared that to Standish O'Grady he and his comrades owe their introduction to Celtic hero-lore. The introduction, then, has been of a very special kind. Standish O'Grady is a poet who walks this earth as if it were another earth, who finds it and proves it another. In him vision is more than sight. Such as he, in this mean time of compromise and commerce and materialism, may find it hard not to forget that all times are, for aught we know, equally mean, and so, equally noble—mean to the low and noble to the high. Poets in every generation regret the good times of a better past, seeing in the glass of death only the heavenly colours that the blessed have taken on, seeing sometimes in the glass of life only one commerce of their kind, the traffic of dross and the strife with hunger, and material utility in the mart outbidding the ideal. Such a one may forget or may not believe that commerce, even this one commerce, has not only its material utility but also its glory, its intrepid adventure, its strangeness and richness of far off lands and seas and peoples, and so, its culture of wonder and imagination, its fosterage of the arts. Such a one may forget or may not believe that this one commerce is the business set over against the dream, keeping the dream true. The shopkeeper of to-day is the father of the poet, of the hero, of the saint of to-morrow. Standish O'Grady, too, may have forgotten these things or may not have believed them. He is different from many who keep only them in mind. For the poets of the Celtic Note it was he that found the dún in which the wild riders of ancient Irish hero-lore were confined. It was he that let them forth—them or phantasies of them. Phantasies, some believe who have gone later into the dún and seen the riders there. The things that he let forth were viewed by alien moderns as Oisín was viewed by the convertites of Patrick—and by some that were pagan still. They were a wonder as they rode, and they sang in a strange tongue. The moderns who sought to set down in alien letters their semblance and their song told of vague romantic mystery about them. The others who have gone into the dún have known of no such mystery. They have listened to their song in its own language, and they hold that by the poets it has been misinterpreted quite. The poets have used the frame of Irish story as a frame whereon to weave the palpable stuff of their vision and their interpretation of the heroic in life. Their version is a mistranslation; not for the first time the world has owed a beautiful thing to a mistranslation of genius. The original is a work of genius in another way of beauty. And yet for all that I have said here, for all their error of half-heard

words, the poets may be nearer to the rhythm of the ancient song than those of us who spell the words in full. Some of the ancient tales, some passages in the epics, are altogether incredible and impossible to our modern ways of thought and life here. May they not have other meanings? They have the impossibility of the fairy tale. Perhaps they have the enduring truth of the fairy tale, of the parable, of the fable, which is truer than a history that owes so much to accident and whim and personality.

* * *

IT WOULD be vain, even if unluckily we wished it or could do it, to set bounds to literary genius, which is always breaking new soil, or rather always coming in a new manifestation. It is at its best and highest a new epiphany. Some in our day or after our day may make a great new literature in the tradition of this old world of Early Irish Literature. But I rather expect that the literature of to-morrow will be in terms of the life of to-morrow, and that the old world is too different, too far apart, too much wronged now, I fear, by misrepresentation, by false praise that would make it good of another kind than of its way of goodness, by false blame that would call its culture barbarism, its strength brutality or impropriety, its mysticism magic, its austere sincerity in literature a defect of power and richness, its power and richness, when it has such, exaggeration. We may admit that we cannot now feel those old emotions at first heart, so to put it. We have not reverence for the same things. We cannot pray to the old gods. We could not blaspheme the old gods. We are of a different day, a different light shines on us. History is between us and our heroes. We cannot rid our memories of the glories and the calamities of our story, of the mighty things, of the futile things. Our thought is woven of the stuff of memory and elder thought and of a knowledge that has gained on this side and lost on that like an island in the sea. Our dreams are children dreams and parent dreams. A part of the old world lives in us, to a large part we are alien not in speech only but in feeling, in sense, in instinct, in vision. We are true to the best of the old literature when we are true to that part of it which we inherit now in the twentieth century, when we discover in ourselves something of its good tradition, something that has remained true by the changing standards and measures.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

The Cobbler.

By windowlight and candlelight,
Making brogues for mortals' feet,
For hedgers and for gentlemen,
The cobbler keeps his little seat.
This sole will climb to find the Well
That flows over the Edge of Day,
And that in labour or in lust
Will wear its newness quite away.

Thro' half a yard of furry pane
And horn-rimmed moons of flinty glass,
Lifting his white and grimy cheek,
He sees the coloured seasons pass.
And tho' he never tastes the air
Or drinks the beauty of the sun,
He bows his back to work again
As if he were but just begun.

Red carts may come and riders go,
And sail-ships sail the windy sea,
Tinkers may tramp the roads of Clare
And captains fight in Carribbee;
But windowlight and candlelight,
Winter dark and summer sweet,
Careful as a lepracaun,
The cobbler keeps his little seat.

SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL.

Wishes: for My Son

Born on Saint Cecilia's Day, 1912.

Now, my son, is life for you,
And I wish you joy of it,—
Joy of power in all you do,
Deeper passion, better wit
Than I had who had enough,
Quicker life and length thereof,
More of every joy but love.

ac Cathmhaoil.

Love I have beyond all men,
Love that now you share with me—
What have I to wish you then,
But that you be good and free,
And that God to you may give
Grace in stronger days to live.

For I wish you more than I
Ever knew of glorious deed,
Though no rapture passed me by
That an eager heart could heed,
Though I followed heights and sought
Things the sequel never brought.

Wild and perilous holy things
Flaming with a martyr's blood,
And the joy that laughs and sings
Where a foe must be withstood,
Joy of headlong happy chance
Leading on the battle dance.

But I found no enemy,
No man in a world of wrong,
That Christ's word of charity
Did not render clean and strong—
Who was I to judge my kind,
Blindest groper of the blind?

God to you may give the sight
And the clear undoubting strength
Wars to knit for single right,
Freedom's war to knit at length,
And to win, through wrath and strife,
To the sequel of my life.

But for you, so small and young,
Born on Saint Cecilia's Day,
I in more harmonious song
Now for nearer joys should pray,—
Simple joys: the natural growth
Of your childhood and your youth,
Courage, innocence and truth:

These for you, so small and young,
In your hand and heart and tongue.

Thomas MacDonagh.

In the Liberties.

OVER the Bird-and-Beast shop the Roman peace brooded. Rabbits slept beside dogs and doves dreamt beside a wide-eyed kestrel. Canary cages hung along the outside of the shop. Their interiors were painted a lovely blue, and each inmate was of a different shade of yellow. Against the blue of the cage was your orange-tawny canary, your laburnum-yellow canary, your daffodil-yellow canary, your gosling-green canary. And beside the woodland brown of the squirrel were the metallic greens of the parrot—the old hashish-sleepy parrot. White cockatoos leant towards each other in attitudes that were borrowed from the pigeons. They would have been the very representatives of loving couples only their eyes were hard and old. The pigeons sat next them. Human communications had corrupted them. They sat at opposite sides of the cage, each meditating on the enormous bust it had attained to. The doves had still the quickness of the wild. They flew around their cage and their heads had the lightness of the heads of larks.

Just outside the door there was a magpie in a cage. He could whistle and say "hillo," but his accomplishments made him socially difficult. He sat sulky and apart, like a neglected actor in a public-house. There were enormous cages at one window and all round their interiors mice were stuck like dead things. Did some butcher-bird get loose in the night and impale them? But they were not dead. Like infinitesimal monkeys they clung to the bars of the cages. Their claws were powerful and they had jewels for eyes. Three cages swarmed with these mealy-coloured mice. A single delicately-coloured mouse made his appearance in a fourth cage.

The brown swarming mice recalled the meadows and the movement of Summer. The creatures neighbouring them were of the meadows also, but there was nothing about them that recalled life and movement. They were hedgehogs, and they lay in darkness like creatures that had bad dreams. Their breathing made their bodies appear like the bodies of emaciated men. One lifted his snout and showed his rat's eyes, and the other pushed the head away. They hated the world and they hated each other. The hedgehogs were the very types of what is unsociable.

We have confounded in the same swinish nomenclature hedgehogs and guinea-pigs. But guinea-pigs are gregarious, while the hedgehogs are brutishly alone. Watch guinea-pigs as they eat together like swine at a trough! Their heads and their ears move as they munch the cabbage. They have introduced the rabbits into their tribe, and with them they make perpetual movement.

Delicately a white rat came to the edge of the cage and looked out with wavering eyes. At that moment the Persian cat belonging to the household came into the street. She rubbed herself against the human beings and nodded familiarly to those in the cages. "How do, creatures," she seemed to say, "nice day, isn't it? I can't stay long. I've such a lot of people to see." The puppies in the cages were astonished. The kittens ceased playing about and looked at her in amazement. A rabbit sat up and made round, foolish eyes. The Persian cat went inside. She did not stay in the shop, but marched up the stairs. Then we, too, turned away.

. . . .

There was a squeaking utterance that was familiar. Was it from a cockatoo that had flown behind a piece of furniture, or was it from a monkey perched on a showman's back? At all events the squeaking utterance had exciting associations. We saw the narrow booth, the violent figures before the little opening, and the disillusioned dog sitting apart. It was the Punch and Judy Show. "Well, sir, if you found him three weeks ago, sir, that proves, sir, that the little dog is mine, sir." The dog-owner's was plain human speech. But the utterance of Punch was a staccato of squeaks. Perhaps Master Punch, as the most venerable character in the puppet comedy, preserves the privilege of hieratic speech. We turned up the collars of our coats and fell into the youngster's patient attitude. The promenading sandwich-men stop for a minute and the belted messenger-boys cease to be sharp-eyed and become round-eyed instead. The show is well-supported, and the young man who comes amongst us has a weight of coppers in his bag. Give heed to the Punch and Judy Show, ye dramatists. Nothing is so pleasing to the sons of men as the spectacle of triumphant self-assertion. We concluded that Punch is the Overman as seen by the Comic Spirit and represented to the village.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Of Ireland.

A half of pathos is the past we know,
A half the future into which we go;
Or present joy broken with old regret,
Or sorrow saved from hell by one hope yet.
There once was pleasant water and fresh land
Where now the Sphinx gazes across the sand;
Yet may she hope, though dynasties have died,
That Change abides while Time and she abide.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

An Rí,

.i. Fáiċ-Ċluiċe.

PÁDRAIC MAC PIARAIS
do sgríoḃ.

AN FUIREANN annso síos:
MACRAḊ.
GIOLLA NA NAOṀ, .i. mac beag.
MANAIĠ.
ABB.
MÍLEAḊ.
RÍ.
LAOĊRAḊ.
GIOLLARNAḊ.
BANTRAĊT.

Áit do'n ċluiċe so, sean-ṁainistir.

Faiċċe os coṁair na mainistreaċ. Glórṫa manaċ ag cantain. Buaḋḃall do labairt tré'n gcantain. An mac beag do riṫ ó'n mainistir amaċ agus do ṡeasaṁ ar an ḃfaiċċe ag féaċain fá ḋéin na háirde in ar labair an buaḋḃall.

An Mac Beag.—A Ċonaill, a Ḋiarmaid, a Ġiolla na Naoṁ!

Glórṫa macraiḋe dá freagairt.

An Mac Beag.—Tá sluaġ ag triall aduaiḋ!

An ṁacraḋ do ṫeaċt ar an ḃfaiċċe.

Mac Díoḃ.—Cá ḃfuil sé?

An Ċéad Ṁac.—Féaċ uait sa ngleann é.

An Treas Ṁac.—Is é sluaġ an Ríoġ é.

An Ceaṫramaḋ Mac.—Tá an Rí ag triall ċum caṫa.

An buaḋḃall do labairt arís, agus é níos goire. An ṁacraḋ do ḋul ar ḃarr múir na mainistreaċ. Cluintear siosmarnaċ an tsluaiġ agus é ag gluaiseaċt.

An Ċéad Ṁac.—Ċím na heaċraiḋe agus na marcaiġ.

An Dara Mac.—Ċím na claiḋiṁ agus na sleaġa.

An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Ċím na suaiċeantais agus na meirgí.

An Treas Ṁac.—Ċím meirge an Ríoġ.

An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Ċím an Rí!

An Ċéad Ṁac.—Cia aca an Rí?

An Ceaṫ Mac.—An fear árd áluinn atá ar an eaċ duḃ.

Giolla na Naoṁ.—Beannuiġimís do'n Ríġ.

An Ṁacraḋ (d'aiṫeasg aon duine).—Beir buaiḋ ċaṫa agus ċosgarṫa, a Rí!

Glórṫa laoċraiḋe agus macraiḋe ag molaḋ an Ríoġ. Fuaim agus fosmán an tsluaiġ ag gluaiseaċt ċum an ċaṫa. Ceol aḋairc agus píoḃ. Ciúineas.

An Céad Ṁac.—Ba ḃreaġ liom beiṫ im' Ríġ.
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Cad ċuige?
An Céad Ṁac.—Tá ór agus airgead ag an Ríġ.
An Dara Mac.—Tá seoda uaisle aige ina ṡeod-teaċ.
An Tréas Ṁac.—Tá eiċ ṡeanga agus cona calma aige.
An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Tá claiḋeaṁ colg-ġéar cinn óir aige agus craoiseaċ ċrann-reaṁar ċeann-ġorm agus sgiaṫ ḋearg ḋearrgnuiġṫe ḋeallraċ. Do ċonnacas lá i dtiġ m'aṫar é.
An Céad Ṁac.—Cia an dealḃ agus an déanaṁ do ḃí air?
An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Do ḃí sé árd uasal. Do ḃí sé láidir leaṫan-ġuailneaċ. Ḃá ṡúil ġéara ġlasa folt fada fionn air. Éadan áluinn uaiḃreaċ air. Ḃá ṡúil ġéara ġlasa aige. Ionar sróil le n-a ċneas. Léine lán-ṁaiseaċ ḋearg agus coċall geal air fá n-a ċolainn. Brat ríoġḋa corcuir uime. Seaċt ndaṫa air, idir ionar agus léine agus coċall agus brat. Dealg airgid ar a ḃrollaċ. Mionn ríoġḋa fá n-a ċeann, agus daṫ an óir air. Ḃá sgiaṫán ṁóra ag éirġe os cionn a ċinn agus iad ċoṁ geal le sgiaṫánaiḃ an ḟaoileáin agus ċoṁ mór le sgiaṫánaiḃ an iolair. Do ba laoċta an fear é.
An Dara Mac.—Agus cad í an ċuma nó an ḟéaċain do ḃí ar a éadan?
An Tréas Ṁac.—An raiḃ cuma borb ḃagarṫaċ air?
An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Do ḃíoḋ ar uairiḃ.
An Céad Ṁac.—An raiḃ sé gáireaċ?
An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Do rinne sé aon ġáire aṁáin.
An Dara Mac.—Cad í an ċuma is mó do ḃíoḋ air? Borb nó gáireaċ?
An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Cuma ḃrónaċ. An uair do ḃíoḋ sé ag agallaṁ na ríoġraiḋe agus na laoċraiḋe do ḃíoḋ sé borb agus gáireaċ gaċ re seal, aċt an uair do ḃíoḋ sé ina ṫost do ḃíoḋ sé brónaċ.
An Céad Ṁac.—Cad é an brón atá air?
An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Níl a ḟios agam. Ná mílte do ṁarḃ sé, b'ḟéidir.
An Dara Mac.—Na cealla do ċreaċ sé.
An Tréas Ṁac.—Na caṫa do briseaḋ air.
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Mo ṫruaġ an Rí boċt!
An Dara Mac.—Níor ṁaiṫ leat-sa beiṫ id' Ríġ, a Ġiolla na Naoṁ?
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Níor ṁaiṫ. Do b'ḟearr liom beiṫ im' ṁanaċ go nguiḋfinn ar an Ríġ.
An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Do b'ḟéidir dom-sa flaiṫeas na críċe so do ġabáil ar beiṫ foirḃṫe dom, óir is de'n ḃfuil ríoġḋa m'aṫair.
An Dara Mac.—Agus is de'n ḃfuil ríoġḋa m'aṫair-se mar an gcéadna.
An Tréas Ṁac.—Is eaḋ, agus m'aṫair-se.
An Ceaṫ. Mac.—Ní leigfead an ríoġaċt le haon agaiḃ. Is liom-sa í!
An Dara Mac.—Ní leat, aċt liom-sa.
An Tréas Ṁac.—Is cuma cia leis í, is agam-sa ḃéas sí.
An Dara Mac.—Ní hagat, ná ag éinne ded' ṫreiḃ.

An Ceaṫ. Mac (ag breiṫ ar ṡlait ṡailiġe agus ag á craiṫeaḋ).—Imreoċad niṁ mo ċlaiḋiṁ oraiḃ! Cosnóċad mo ríoġaċt ar mo náiṁdiḃ. A Ġiolla na Naoṁ, guiḋ ar an Ríġ!

Glór cluig do ṫeaċt ó'n mainistir.

Giolla na Naoṁ.—Tá an clog ag labairt.

Muinntir na mainistreaċ do ṫeaċt ar an ḃfaiṫċe ina nduine agus ina nduine nó ina mbeirtiḃ, agus an tAbb ina ndeireaḋ. An ṁacraḋ do ḋul ar fód i leiṫ. Gleo an ċaṫa do ṫeaċt i gcéin.

An tAbb.—A ċlann, tá an Rí ag fearaḋ caṫa i n-aġaiḋ a ḃíoḋḃaḋ.

An Céad Ṁanaċ.—Do briseaḋ ar an Ríġ so gaċ caṫ ina ndeaċaiḋ go nuige so.

An tAbb.—Aisling do ċonnacas indiu agus mé i ḃfiaḋnuise mo Ḋé do foillsiġeaḋ ḋom go mbrisfear ar an Ríġ arís.

An Dara Manaċ.—Mo nuar!

An Treas Ṁanaċ.—Mo nuar!

An Céad Ṁanaċ.—Innis dúinn, a Aṫair, fáṫ na mbriseaḋ ndo-áiriṁṫe so.

An tAbb.—An dóiġ liḃ go nglacfar ioḋbairt ó láṁaiḃ truailliġṫe? Do ḋoirt an Rí so fuil na neiṁċionntaċ. Do rinne tána agus creaċa. Do ġéar-lean na boiċt. Do ṫréig muinntearḋas Dé agus do ċuaiḋ i gcaradas méirleaċ.

An Céad Ṁanaċ.—Is fíor sin. Giḋeaḋ, is maiṫ an coṁrac do-ġní an Rí anois, mar atá, coṁlann d'ḟearaḋ ar son a ṁuinntire.

An tAbb.—Aingeal do baḋ ċóir do ċur ag dortaḋ fíona agus ag briseaḋ aráin na hioḋbarṫa so. Ní do Ríġ urċóideaċ is dortṫa an fíon uasal ḃíos i gcuisleannaiḃ deaġ-laoċ. Ní ar ḟuráileaṁ Ríoġ ċionntaiġ is ciorrbuiġṫe caoṁ-ċolna. Adeirim liḃ naċ nglacfar an ioḋbairt uaiḋ.

An Céad Ṁanaċ.—Agus an cionntaċ các i gcionntaiḃ an Ríoġ? Má buaḋtar ar an Ríġ béiḋ a ḋólás ar các. Céard fá n-imirtear díoġaltas ar ċáċ mar ġeall ar ċionntaiḃ an Ríoġ? Ar an Ríġ féin an éiric.

An tAbb.—Is cionntaċ gaċ cine i gcionntaiḃ a ríoġraiḋe. Adeirim liḃ naċ saorfar an cine so go ngaḃaid ċuca Rí ionnraic.

An Dara Manaċ.—Cá ḃfuiġṫear Rí ionnraic?

An tAbb.—Níl a ḟios agam muna ḃfaġṫar i measg na mac mbeag so.

Bíoḋ an ṁacraḋ i dtimċeall an Abbaḋ anois.

An Céad Ṁanaċ.—Agus an aṁlaiḋ ḃéas an cine fá ḋaor-smaċt go beiṫ ionċoṁraic do na macaiḃ beaga so? Ní hé cás an Ríoġ is truaġ liom aċt cás an ċine. Do ċualas mná ag gol aréir. An mbéiḋ mná ag gol sa gcríċ so go bráṫ?

An Treas Ṁanaċ.—Ar éirġe ó'n mainistir amaċ ḋom indé, do ḃí fear marḃ ar imeall na coille. Is uaṫḃásaċ caṫa.

An Dara Manaċ.—Ní headh, is aoiḃinn caṫa! An uair do ḃíomar ag déanaṁ ar Nóna anois, a Aṫair, do ċualas tré ṡalmaireaċt na mbráṫar glór buaḋḃaill. Do ling mo ċroiḋe, agus do b'áil liom éirġe ó'n áit a raḃas agus dul i ndiaiḋ an ċeoil ṁeanmnaiġ úd. Do baḋ cuma liom dá mbaḋ ċum mo ḃáis do-ġeoḃainn.

An tAbb.—Aiṫearg ógánaiġ an t-aiṫearg sin. Fanann gaċ seanóir leis an mbás, aċt téiġeann gaċ ógánaċ ina ċoinne. Dá dtiocfaḋ fear fuilteaċ ó'n ionad coiṁgleice úd isteaċ san áit ċiúin so, mar a gcanann manaiġ agus mar a n-imreann leinḃ, agus các do ġríosaḋ ċum a leanaṁna sa gcoiṁeasgar, níl aon annso naċ n-éireoċaḋ agus a leanṁain, aċt mé féin agus an sean-ḃráṫair buailear ar gclog. Níl aon agaiḃ-se, a ḃráiṫre óga, níl ná aon de na macaiḃ beaga so, naċ n-éireoċaḋ uaim agus dul sa gcaṫ. Cuireann an ceol úd na gcaiṫṁíleaḋ croiḋṫe na n-óg ar meisge.

An Dara Manaċ.—Oireann an ṁeisge do'n óige.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—A ḃráṫair, is olc do laḃarṫa.

An tAbb.—Tá leann lán-ṁeisgeaṁail ann is ólta do gaċ ógánaċ, óir an té nár ól de go beiṫ ar meisge ḋó ní ḃfuair eolas ar an mbeaṫaiḋ. Is leis an leann úd ċuirear Dia croiḋṫe na naoṁ ar meisge. Ní ċosgfainn oraiḃ bur meisge, a ḟeara óga!

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Ní léir dom a ḃríġ so, a Aṫair.

An tAbb.—An dóiġ leat dá laḃróċaḋ an glór áluinn uaṫḃáraċ úd le n-a mbíonn na hógánaiġ ag síor-ḟanṁain agus cluas le héisteaċt orṫa, é do laḃairt anois san ionad úd mar a ḃfuil an luċt caṫuiġṫe agus na heaċraiḋe agus an ceol, go gcoinġḃeoċainn siḃ dá n-éireoċaḋ siḃ ċum a ḟreagarṫa? An dóiġ leat go mbaḋ ṁór liom aon agaiḃ do'n ḃás agus é ag laḃairt de'n ġlór áluinn uaṫḃárac úd, an dóiġ leat go mbaḋ ṁór liom ḋó an mac is dílse liom de na macaiḃ beaga so? Do leigfinn uaim siḃ uile, géṙḃ' uaigneaċ dom-sa agus do'n tsean-ḃráṫair annso.

An Dara Mac.—Ní raċaḋ Giolla na Naoṁ, a Aṫair.

An tAbb.—Céard fá n-abrair sin?

An Dara Mac.—Aduḃairt sé go mb'ḟearr leis beiṫ ina ṁanaċ.

An tAbb.—Naċ raċṫá-sa sa gcaṫ, a Ġiolla na Naoṁ?

Giolla na Naoṁ.—Do raċainn. Do raċainn im' ġiolla do'n Ríġ go ḃfreas-talfainn air an uair do ṫréigfeaḋ các é.

An tAbb.—Aċt is do na naoṁaiḃ is giolla tú, a Ġiolla na Naoṁ, agus ní do'n Ríġ.

Giolla na Naoṁ.—Níor ṁór do'n Ríġ ḃoċt giolla beag naċ dtréigfeaḋ é an uair do ḃrisfiḋe an caṫ air agus các dá ṫréigean.

An tAbb.—Tá an ceart ag an leanḃ so. Clú atá uainne, aċt dualgas giolla do ḋéanaṁ atá uaiḋ-sean.

Glórṫa bróin agus buaiḋearṫa.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Is eagal liom go ḃfuil buaiḋṫe ar an Ríġ!

An tAbb.—Téiġ ar an múr agus innis dúinn a ḃfeicfir.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ (iar ndul ar an múr ḋó).—Tá fear ċugainn agus é ag teiċeaḋ.

An Dara Manaċ.—Cia an ċosaṁlaċt atá air?

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Fear fuilteaċ fann, agus a ċosa ar foluaṁain agus ar fuaidreaḋ faoi.

An Dara Manaċ.—An fear de ṁuinntir an Ríoġ é?

An Ċéad Manaċ.—Is eaḋ.

An míleaḋ do ṫeaċt ar an láṫair, agus é tréiṫ lag.

An Míleaḋ.—Tá buaiḋte ar an Ríġ!

Na Manaiġ.—Mo nuar, mo nuar!

An Míleaḋ.—Tá buaiḋte ar an Ríġ, adeirim liḃ. A luċt na leaḃar agus na gclog, ba ḃeag ḃur gcaḃair ḋúinn sa gcoṁrac cruaiḋ! Tá buaiḋte ar an Ríġ!

An tAbb.—Cá ḃfuil an Rí?

An Míleaḋ.—Tá sé ag teiċeaḋ roiṁe.

An tAbb.—Taḃair tuarasgaḃáil an ċaṫa ḋúinn.

An Míleaḋ.—Ní ḟanann urlaḃra agam. Tugtar deoċ ḋom.

An tAbb.—Tugtar deoċ do'n ḃfear so.

An mac beag dá ngairmṫear Giolla na Naoṁ do ṫaḃairt uisge ḋó.

An tAbb.—Laḃair linn anois agus taḃair ḋúinn tuarasgaḃáil an ċaṫa.

An Míleaḋ.—Ba fear coṁlainn deiċneaḃair gaċ fear dínn. Ba fear coṁlainn céid an Rí. Aċt cár ḃfeirrde sinn ar ngairge? Do buaḋaḋ orainn agus do teiċeamar roṁainn. Tá na céadta bonn le bonn ar an mbán.

Na Manaiġ.—Mo nuar, mo nuar!

Glórṫa árda amuiġ.

An Dara Manaċ.—Cia tá ċugainn?

An Ċéad Manaċ.—An Rí!

Eaċraiḋe, marcaiġ, laoċraḋ, giollarnaḋ, ⁊c., do ṫeaċt ar an láṫair agus an Rí ina ḃfoċair. An Rí do ḋul ar a ġlúnaiḃ i láṫair an Abbaḋ, iar gcaiṫeaṁ a ċlaiḋiṁ ar lár ḋó.

An Rí.—Taḃair do ṁallaċt dom, a ḟir le Dia, agus leig dom dul d'éag. Tá buaiḋte orm. Tá buaiḋte ar mo ṁuinntir. Deiċ gcaṫa do ḟearas i n-aġaiḋ mo ḃíoḋbaḋ agus do briseaḋ orm gaċ caṫ díoḃ. Mé do ṫug fearg Dé ar an gcríċ so. Iarr ar do Ḋia gan a ḟearg d'imirt ar mo ċine feasta aċt a himirt orm-sa. Déan trócaire ar mo ṁuinntir, a ḟir le Dia!

An tAbb.—Déanfaiḋ Dia trócaire orṫa.

An Rí.—Do ṫréig Dia mise.

An tAbb.—Do ṫréigis-se Dia.

An Rí.—Do ṫréig Dia mo ṁuinntir.

An tAbb.—Níor ṫréig ná ní ṫréigfiḋ. Saorfaiḋ sé an cine so má ġaḃaid ċuca rí ionnraic.

An Rí.—Taḃair ḋóiḃ mar sin rí ionnraic. Taḃair ḋóiḃ duine de do ṁanaċaiḃ nó duine de na macaiḃ beaga so le ḃeiṫ ina ríġ orṫa. An caṫ ar do ċomairce, a ḟir le Dia!

An tAbb.—Ní heaḋ, aċt ar ċomairce ċlaiḋiṁ Ríoġ ionnraic. Laḃraiḋ liom, a ċlann, agus innsiḋ ḋom cia is ionnraice in ḃur measg?

An Céad Manaċ.—Do ṗeacuiġeas-sa.
An Dara Manaċ.—Do ṗeacuiġeas-sa.
An Triar Manaċ.—A Aṫair, do ṗeacuiġeamar uile.
An tAbb.—Do ṗeacuiġeas-sa mar an gcéadna. Níl aon dá ḃfuil i n-aois fir nár ṗeacuiġ. Naċ luat malartar gaois an leinḃ ar ḃaois an fir! Is eagnaiḋe siḃ, a leanḃa, a ḃfuil ḃur suim in ḃur mbréagánaiḃ agus ar suim-ne inar bpeacaiḃ! Is léir dom an ní so anois. Do-ġeoḃad Rí ionnraic i measg na mac mbeag so. Laḃraiḋ liom, a ṁaca, agus innsiḋ ḋom cia is ionnraice in ḃur measg.
An Macraḋ (d'aiṫeasg aon duine).—Giolla na Naoṁ.
An tAbb.—An mac beag ḃíos ag freastal ar ċáċ. Tá an ceart agaiḃ. An té is ísle is é ḃus airde. A Ġiolla na Naoṁ, an mbéir id' Ríġ ar an gcine so?
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Táim ró-óg, a Aṫair. Táim ró-lag.
An tAbb.—Gaḃ i leiṫ ċugam, a leinḃ.

An leanḃ do ḋul ċuige.

A ḋalta d'oilear, má iarraim ort an ní so, an ndéanfair é?
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Béad uṁal duit-se, a Aṫair.
An tAbb.—An dtiuḃrair agaiḋ ar an gcaṫ?
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Déanfad dualgas Ríoġ.
An tAbb.—A ṁic ḃig, do ḃ'ḟéidir gurab é do ḃás do ġeoḃṫá.
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Mo ċion an ḃás, má's é orduiġtear ḋom.
An tAbb.—Naċ ndubras go n-iarrann na hóga an ḃás? Sgaipid-sean a gcuimmníd-ne i dtairse go cúramaċ; cósuiġid-sean a séanaimíd-ne. Tá an glór áluinn uaṫḃásaċ tar éis laḃarṫa leis an leanḃ so. Freagróċar tú, a eaglais, a ḃáis! Ní mór liom duit mo ḋalta.
A Rí.—A Abb, orm féin mo ċosaint féin. Ní muirḃfear leanḃ ar mo ṡon-sa.
An tAbb.—Tugair dom do ċlaiḋeaṁ, agus do-ḃeirim-se do'n leanḃ so é. Adeirim leat go ḃfuil Dia tar éis laḃarṫa tre ġlór a ṡean-eaglaiġ, tré'n nglór áluinn uaṫḃásaċ tigeas ó ċroiḋe na gcomlann.
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Leig dom an ní beag so do ḋéanaṁ, a Rí. Cosnóċad do ṁeirge go maiṫ. Do-ḃéarad ċugat do ċlaiḋeaṁ tar n-ais tar éis an ċaṫa. Mise do ġiolla beag ḋéanfas faire an fad codlóċas an Rí, ar ḃeiṫ tuirseaċ ḋó. Codlóċad-sa anoċt agus déanfair-se faire.
An Rí.—Mo ṫruaiġe, mo ṫrí ṫruaiġe!
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Do ḃíomar-ne inar gcodlaḋ aréir agus tusa ag taisteal na gcríoċ ndorċa. A Rí ḃoiċt, is fada do ṫriallta. Ní ḃéiḋ mo ṫriall-sa aċt gearr.
An tAbb.—Géill do'n ċaoin-iarratas so, a Rí. Adeirim leat go ḃfuil Dia tar éis laḃarṫa.
An Rí.—Ní tuigim do Ḋia.
An tAbb.—Cia tuigeas é? Ní tuigsin is toil leis, aċt uṁla. Tá an leanḃ so uṁal agus de ḃríġ go ḃfuil sé uṁal déanfaiḋ Dia mór-ḃearta tríd. Caiṫfir géilleaḋ san ní so, a Rí.

An Rí.—Géillim, géillim! Is mairg dom nár ṫuit san ionnsaiġiḋ ċata úd!
An tAbb.—Baintear a éadaċ de'n leanḃ so go gcuirtear uime éideaḋ ríoġ.

A éadaċ do ḃaint de'n leanḃ.

Cuirtear ionar ríoġḋa le cneas an leinḃ.

Ionar ríoġḋa do ċur air, agus cuaróga ar a ċosaiḃ.

Cuirtear léine ríoġḋa uime.

Léine ríoġḋa do ċur air.

Cuirtear uime an brat ríoġḋa.

An brat ríoġḋa do ḃaint de'n Ríġ agus do ċur um an mac.

Cuirtear mionn ríoġḋa fá n-a ċeann.

An mionn ríoġḋa do ḃaint de'n Ríġ agus do ċur fá ċeann an ṁic.

Tugtar dó sgiaṫ an Ríoġ.

Sgiaṫ an Ríoġ do ṫabairt dó.

Beannaċt ar an sgéiṫ so! Go mbaḋ daingean í i gcoinne bíoḋbaḋ.

An Laoċraḋ.—Beannaċt ar an sgéiṫ so!
An tAbb.—Tugtar dó craoiseaċ an Ríoġ.

An ċraoiseaċ do ṫabairt dó.

Beannaċt ar an gcraoisiġ so! Go mbaḋ ġéar í i gcoinne bíoḋbaḋ!

An Laoċraḋ.—Beannaċt ar an gcraoisiġ so!
An tAbb.—Tugtar dó claiḋeaṁ an Ríoġ.

An claiḋeaṁ do ṫabairt dó.

Beannaċt ar an gclaiḋeaṁ so! Go mbaḋ ċruaiḋ é ag bualaḋ bíoḋbaḋ!

An Laoċraḋ.—Beannaċt ar an gclaiḋeaṁ so!
An tAbb.—Gairmim Rí de'n ṁac beag so, agus cuirim an caṫ ar a ċomairce i n-ainm Dé.
An Rí (iar ndul ar a ġlúnaiḃ roiṁ an mac).—Umluiġim duit, a Rí, agus cuirim an caṫ ar do ċomairce.
An Laoċraḋ, ⁊c. (iar ndul ar a nglúnaiḃ i bfiaḋnuise an ṁic).—Uṁluiġimíd duit, a Rí, agus cuirimíd an caṫ ar do ċomairce.
Giolla na Naoṁ.—Gaḃaim lem' ais an caṫ do ċosaint i n-ainm Dé.
An tAbb.—Tugtar eaċ dó.

Eaċ do ṫabairt dó.

Sgaoiltear meirge an Ríoġ.

An ṁeirge do sgaoileaḋ.

Tabair d'aġaiḋ ar an gcaṫ, a Rí.

Giolla na Naoṁ (iar ndul ar a ġlúnaiḃ i bfiaḋnuise an Abbaḋ).—Beannuiġ mé, a Aṫair.
An tAbb.—Beannaċt ort, a ṁic ḃig.
An Laoċraḋ.—Beir buaiḋ ċata agus ċosganta, a Rí!

An Rí beag, iar ndul ar muin eiċ dó, do ġluaiseaċt ċum an ċata, agus an laoċraḋ agus an ġiollarnaḋ uime. An tAbb, an Rí, na manaiġ, agus an ṁacraḋ ag féaċain orta.

An tAbb.—A Rí, do ḃronnas ort an treod do b'uaisle dá raiḃ im' teaċ.
Ba ġeal liom an leanḃ úd.

an ionnsaiġiḋ ċaṫa úd !
rtear uime éideaḋ ríoġ.
ḃ.

ar a ċosaiḃ.

ċur um an mac.

r fá ċeann an ṁic.

i gcoinne bíoḋḃaḋ.

i gcoinne bíoḋḃaḋ !

é ag bualaḋ bíoḋḃaḋ !

m an caṫ ar a ċomairce i

uiġim duit, a Rí, agus

e an ṁic).—Umluiġimíd

i n-ainm Dé.

an Abbaḋ).—Beannuiġ

eaċt ċum an ċaṫa, agus
Rí, na manaiġ, agus

urle dá raiḃ im' teaċ.

sagairt, níor ġlacas riaṁ óm' ḟó-riġtiḃ duais do ba ríoġaṁla.

An Rí.—A ṡagairt, níor ġlacas riaṁ óm' ḟó-riġtiḃ duais do ba ríoġaṁla.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Táid i láṫair an ċaṫa.

An tAbb.—A Ḋia láidir, láidriġ láṁ an leinḃ seo. Daingniġ a ċos. Géaruiġ a ċlaiḋeaṁ. Go mbaḋ méaduġaḋ meanman agus árduġaḋ aigne ḋó glaine a ċroiḋe agus uṁlaċt a ṁeoin. A aingeala do rinne na príoṁ-ċaṫa, a ṡean-laoċraḋ Dé, déanaiḋ cró caṫa ina ṫimċeall agus caṫuiġiḋ roiṁe le lannaiḃ lasraċa.

Na Manaiġ agus an Ṁacraḋ.—Ámén, Ámén.

An tAbb.—A Ḋia, saor an cine so tré ċlaiḋeaṁ an leinḃ ionnraic.

An Rí.—Agus a Ċríost do céasaḋ ar an gcnoc, tabair an leanḃ slán ó'n gcaṫ contaḃartaċ.

An tAbb.—A Rí, a Rí, ní ceannuiġtear an tsaoirse aċt le mór-luaċ.

Buaḋḃall do labairt.

Tugtar tuairisgḃáil an ċaṫa ḋúinn.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ agus an Dara Manaċ do ḋul ar an múr.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá an dá ṡluaġ ar aġaiḋ a ċéile.

Buaḋḃall eile do labairt.

An Dara Manaċ.—Binn sin ! Sin é buaḋḃall an Ríoġ !

Gárṫa.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá gárṫa os árd ag sluaġ an Ríoġ.

Gárṫa eile.

An Dara Manaċ.—Tá an naṁa ag á ḃfreagairt.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá na sluaiġte ag dul i gcoṁḋáil a ċéile.

An Dara Manaċ.—Tá ina ṫroid eatorṫa.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá ar muinntir ag géilleaḋ.

An Tríoṁ Ṁanaċ.—Ná habair sin.

An Dara Manaċ.—Mo ḃrón, táid ag géilleaḋ.

Buaḋḃall do labairt.

An Treas Ṁanaċ.—Binn sin arís ! Ba ṫráṫaṁail do laḃrais, a ḃuaḋḃaill an Ríoġ !

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá meirge an Ríoġ ag dul sa gcaṫ.

An Dara Manaċ.—Ċím an Rí beag !

An Treas Ṁanaċ.—An ḃfuil sé ag dul sa gcaṫ?

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá.

Na Manaiġ agus an Ṁacraḋ (d'aon ġuṫ).—Beir buaiḋ ċaṫa agus cosgarṫa, a Rí !

An Dara Manaċ.—Tá sé ina ṫroid ṁaiṫ anois.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Do ráiniġ dá ḟairrge le céile ar an maiġ.

An Dara Manaċ.—Dá ḟairrge ḟraoċta !

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá ḟairrge ḋíoḃ ag tráġaḋ.

An Dara Manaċ.—An naṁa atá ag dul ar gcúl !

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá an Rí beag ag dul tríoṫa.

An Dara Manaċ.—Tá sé ag dul tríoṫa mar do-ġeoḃaḋ seaḃac tré ṁion-éanaiḃ.

An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Nó mar do-ġeoḃaḋ faol-ċú tré tréid ċaorać an ṁaċaire.

An Dara Manaċ.—Mar ḃorb-ṡruṫ tré ḃearnain ṡléiḃe!
An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá sé ina raon ruaṫair roiṁe.
An Dara Manaċ.—Tá seiseilḃe móra ins an gcaṫ. Tá sé ina ċasán coṁ-ġáireaċ roiṁ ṁarc an Ríoġ.
An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—A ċinn órḋa os cionn an áir! A lann lonnraċ lán-áḋḃal an Ríoġ!
An Dara Manaċ.—Tá an naṁa ag teiċeaḋ!
An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá buaiḋte orṫa! Tá buaiḋte orṫa! Tá sé ina ḋearg-raon ruaṫair! Déantar liḃ na gárṫa maoiḋte!
An Dara Ṁanaċ.—Mo ḃrón!
An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Mo ḃrón, mo ḃrón!
An tAbb.—Céard sin?
An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá an Rí beag ar lár.
An tAbb.—An ḃfuil an ḃuaiḋ aige?
An Ċéad Ṁanaċ.—Tá, aċt tá sé féin ar lár. Ní ḟeicim a ċeann órḋa. Ní ḟeicim a lann lonnraċ. Táṫar ag tógáil a ċuirp de'n ḃán.
An tAbb.—An ḃfuil an naṁa ag teiċeaḋ?
An Dara Manaċ.—Táid. Táid ag teiċeaḋ agus tá an tóir ina ndiaiḋ. Táid sgaipṫe. Táid sgaipṫe mar do sgaipfiḋe ceo! Nílid le feicsin ar an maiġ!
An tAbb.—A ḃuiḋe le Dia!

Cluintear caoineaḋ.

Do freagraḋ tú, a ġlóir uaṫḃárais. A ṡean-eaċlaiġ, d'ḟreagair mo ḋalta.

An Tréas Ṁanaċ.—Táṫar ag breiṫ ċugainn leinḃ ṁairḃ.
An Rí.—Aduḃairt sé gurab eisean do ċodlóċaḋ anoċt agus gur mise do ḋéanfaḋ faire.

Laoċraḋ do ṫeaċt ar an ḃfaiṫċe agus corp an Ríoġ ḃig ar ċróċar aca; bantraċt dá ċaoineaḋ. Leagtar an cróċar i lár na faiṫċe.

Ṫug sé mo ċlaiḋeaṁ tar n-ais ċugam. Do ċosain sé mo ṁeirge go maiṫ.

An tAbb (ag tógáil an ċlaiḋiṁ de'n ċróċar).—Beir leat an claiḋeaṁ.
An Rí.—Ní ḃéarad, aċt a ḟágáil aige-sean. Níor ċeart do Ríġ a ċodlaḋ do ḋéanaṁ gan claiḋeaṁ aige. Do ba Rí fíor-ċalma é so.

An claiḋeaṁ do ṫógáil a láiṁ an Abbaḋ do'n Ríġ agus a leagan ar an gcróċar arís. An Rí do ḋul ar a ġlúnaiḃ.

An Rí.—Uṁluiġim duit, a Rí ṁairḃ agus a leinḃ ḃuaḋaiġ; pógaim tú, a ġeal-ċolainn, ó's í do ġlaine-se do ḟaor mo ṁuinntir.

Clár éadain Ġiolla na Naoṁ do ṗógaḋ dó. Tosnuiġtear ar an gcaoineaḋ arís.

An tAbb.—Ná caointear liḃ an leanḃ so, óir do ċeannuiġ sé saoirse dá ċine. Déantar liḃ na gárṫa maoiḋte agus cantar liḃ caintic ag molaḋ Dé.

Te Deum do ġaḃáil dóiḃ ag breiṫ an ċuirp isteaċ sa mainistir dóiḃ.

A ĊRÍOĊ-SAN.

The King:

A MORALITY. TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH OF P. H. PEARSE.

CHARACTERS:

BOYS.
GIOLLA NA NAOMH ("the Servant of the Saints"), a little boy.
MONKS.
AN ABBOT.
A SOLDIER.
A KING.
HEROES.
GILLIES.
WOMEN.

Place: an ancient monastery.

A green before the monastery. The voices of monks are heard chanting. Through the chanting breaks the sound of a trumpet. A little boy runs out from the monastery and stands on the green looking in the direction whence the trumpet has spoken.

THE BOY.—Conall, Diarmaid, Giolla na Naomh!
The voices of other boys answer him.
FIRST BOY.—There is a host marching from the North.
The boys come out upon the green.
SECOND BOY.—Where is it?
FIRST BOY.—See it beneath you in the glen.
THIRD BOY.—It is the King's host.
FOURTH BOY.—The King is going to battle.
The trumpet speaks again, nearer. The boys go upon the rampart of the monastery. The murmur of a marching host is heard.

FIRST BOY.—I see the horses and the riders.
SECOND BOY.—I see the swords and the spears.
FOURTH BOY.—I see the standards and the banners.
THIRD BOY.—I see the King's banner.
FOURTH BOY.—I see the King!
FIRST BOY.—Which of them is the King?
FOURTH BOY.—The tall comely man on the black horse.
GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—Let us salute the King.
THE BOYS (*with the voice of one*).—Take victory in battle and slaying, O King!

The voices of warriors are heard acclaiming the King as the host marches past with din of weapons and music of trumpet and pipes. Silence succeeds.

FIRST BOY.—I would like to be a King.
GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—Why?
FIRST BOY.—The King has gold and silver.
SECOND BOY.—He has noble jewels in his jewel-house.
THIRD BOY.—He has slender steeds and gallant hounds.
FOURTH BOY.—He has a keen-edged gold-hilted sword and a mighty-shafted blue-headed spear and a glorious red-emblazoned shield. I saw him once in my father's house.
FIRST BOY.—What was he like?
FOURTH BOY.—He was tall and noble. He was strong and broad-shouldered. He had long fair hair. He had a comely proud face. He had two piercing grey eyes. A white vest of satin next his skin. A very beautiful red tunic, with a white hood, upon his body. A royal mantle of purple about him. Seven colours upon him, between vest and tunic and hood and mantle. A silver brooch upon his breast. A kingly diadem upon his head, and the colour of gold upon it. Two great wings rising above his head, as white as the two wings of a seagull and as broad as the two wings of an eagle. He was a gallant man.
SECOND BOY.—And what was the look of his face?
THIRD BOY.—Did he look angry, stern?
FOURTH BOY.—He did, at times.
FIRST BOY.—Had he a laughing look?
FOURTH BOY.—He laughed only once.
SECOND BOY.—How did he look mostly? Stern or laughing?
FOURTH BOY.—He looked sorrowful. When he was talking to the kings and the heroes he had an angry and a laughing look every second while, but when he was silent he was sorrowful.
FIRST BOY.—What sorrow can he have?
FOURTH BOY.—I do not know. The thousands he has slain, perhaps.
SECOND BOY.—The churches he has plundered.

THIRD BOY.—The battles he has lost.
GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—Alas, the poor King!
SECOND BOY.—You would not like to be a King, Giolla na Naomh?
GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—I would not. I would rather be a monk that I might pray for the King.
FOURTH BOY.—I may have the kingship of this country when I am a man, for my father is of the royal blood.
SECOND BOY.—And my father is of the royal blood too.
THIRD BOY.—Aye, and mine.
FOURTH BOY.—I will not let the kingdom go with either of you. It is mine!
SECOND BOY.—It is not, but mine!
THIRD BOY.—It matters not whose it is, for *I* will have it!
SECOND BOY.—No, nor anyone of your house!
FOURTH BOY (*seizing a switch of sally and brandishing it*).—I will ply the venom of my sword upon you! I will defend my kingdom against my enemies! Giolla na Naomh, pray for the King!

A bell sounds from the monastery.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—The bell is ringing.

The people of the monastery come upon the green in ones and twos, the Abbot last. The boys gather a little apart. Distant sounds of battle are heard.

THE ABBOT.—My children, the King is giving battle to his foes.
FIRST MONK.—This King has lost every battle into which he has gone up to this.
THE ABBOT.—In a vision that I saw last night as I knelt before my God it was revealed to me that the battle will be broken on the King again.
SECOND MONK.—My grief!
THIRD MONK.—My grief!
FIRST MONK.—Tell us, Father, the cause of these unnumbered defeats.
THE ABBOT.—Do you think that an offering will be accepted from polluted hands? This King has shed the blood of the innocent. He has made spoils and forays. He has oppressed the poor. He has forsaken the friendship of God and made friends with evil-doers.
FIRST MONK.—That is true. Yet it is a good fight that the King fights now, for he gives battle for his people.
THE ABBOT.—It is an angel that should be sent to pour out the wine and to break the bread of this sacrifice. Not by an unholy King should the noble wine that is in the veins of good heroes be spilt; not at the behest of a guilty King should fair bodies be mangled. I say to you that the offering will not be accepted.
FIRST MONK.—And are all guilty of the sins of the King? If the King is defeated its grief will be for all. Why must all suffer for the sins of the King? On the King the eric!

THE ABBOT.—The nation is guilty of the sins of its princes. I say to you that this nation shall not be freed until it chooses for itself a righteous King.

SECOND MONK.—Where shall a righteous King be found?

THE ABBOT.—I do not know, unless he be found among these little boys.

The boys have drawn near and are gathered about the Abbot.

FIRST MONK.—And shall the people be in bondage until these little lads are fit for battle? It is not the King's case I pity but the case of the people. I heard women mourning last night. Shall women be mourning in this land till doom?

THIRD MONK.—As I went out from the monastery yesterday there was a dead man on the verge of the wood. Battle is terrible.

SECOND MONK.—No, battle is glorious! While we were singing our None but now, Father, I heard, through the psalmody of the brethren, the voice of a trumpet. My heart leaped, and I would fain have risen from the place where I was and gone after that gallant music. I should not have cared though it were to my death I went.

THE ABBOT.—That is the voice of a young man. The old wait for death, but the young go to meet it. If into this quiet place where monks chant and children play there were to come from yonder battlefield a bloodstained man, calling upon all to follow him into the battle-press, there is none here that would not rise and follow him, but I myself and the old brother that rings our bell. There is none of you, young brothers, no, nor any of these little lads, that would not rise from me and go into the battle. That music of the fighters makes drunk the hearts of young men.

SECOND MONK.—It is good for young men to be made drunk.

FIRST MONK.—Brother, you speak wickedness.

THE ABBOT.—There is a heady ale which all young men should drink, for he who has not been made drunk with it has not lived. It is with that ale that God makes drunk the hearts of the saints. I would not forbid you your intoxication, O young men!

FIRST MONK.—This is not plain, Father.

THE ABBOT.—Do you think if that terrible beautiful voice for which young men strain their ears were to speak from yon place where the fighters are, and the horses, and the music, that I would stay you did ye rise to obey it? Do you think I would grudge any of you, do you think I would grudge the dearest of these little boys, to death calling with that terrible beautiful voice? I would let you all go, though I and the old brother should be very lonely here.

SECOND BOY.—Giolla na Naomh would not go, Father.

THE ABBOT.—Why do you say that?

SECOND BOY.—He said that he would rather be a monk.

THE ABBOT.—Would you not go into the battle, Giolla na Naomh?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—I would. I would go as a gilly to the King that I might serve him when all would forsake him.

THE ABBOT.—But it is to the saints you are gilly, Giolla na Naomh, and not to the King.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—It were not much for the poor King to have one little gilly that would not forsake him when the battle would be broken on him and all forsaking him.

THE ABBOT.—This child is right. While we think of glory he thinks of service.

An outcry as of grief and dismay is heard from the battlefield.

FIRST MONK.—I fear me that the King is beaten!

THE ABBOT.—Go upon the rampart and tell us what you see.

FIRST MONK (*having gone upon the rampart*).—A man comes towards us in flight.

SECOND MONK.—What manner of man is he?

FIRST MONK.—A bloodstained man, all spent, his feet staggering and stumbling under him.

SECOND MONK.—Is he a man of the King's people?

FIRST MONK.—He is.

A Soldier comes upon the green, all spent.

THE SOLDIER.—The King is beaten!

THE MONKS.—My sorrow, my sorrow!

THE SOLDIER.—The King is beaten, I say to you! O ye of the books and the bells, small was your help to us in the hard battle! The King is beaten!

THE ABBOT.—Where is the King?

THE SOLDIER.—He is flying.

THE ABBOT.—Give us the description of the battle.

THE SOLDIER.—I cannot speak. Let a drink be given to me.

THE ABBOT.—Let a drink be given to this man.

The little boy who is called Giolla na Naomh gives him a drink of water.

THE ABBOT.—Speak to us now and give us the description of the battle.

THE SOLDIER.—Each man of us was a fighter of ten. The King was a fighter of a hundred. But what availed us our valour? We were beaten and we fled. Hundreds lie sole to sole on the lea.

THE MONKS.—My sorrow, my sorrow!

A din grows.

SECOND MONK.—Who comes?

FIRST MONK.—The King!

Riders and gillies come upon the green pell-mell, the King in their midst. The King goes upon his knees before the Abbot, and throws his sword upon the ground.

THE KING.—Give me your curse, O man of God, and let me go to my death! I am beaten. My people are beaten. Ten battles have I fought against my foes and every battle of them has been broken on me. It is I who have brought God's wrath upon this land. Ask your God not to wreak his anger on my people henceforth, but to wreak it on me. Have pity on my people, O man of God!

THE ABBOT.—God will have pity on them.

THE KING.—God has forsaken me.

THE ABBOT.—You have forsaken God.

THE KING.—God has forsaken my people.

THE ABBOT.—He has not, neither will He. He will save this nation if it choose a righteous King.

THE KING.—Give it then a righteous King. Give it one of your monks or one of these little lads to be its King. The battle on your protection, O man of God!

THE ABBOT.—Not so, but on the protection of the sword of a righteous King. Speak to me, my children, and tell me who among you is the most righteous?

FIRST MONK.—I have sinned.

SECOND MONK.—And I.

THIRD MONK.—Father, we have all sinned.

THE ABBOT.—I too have sinned. All that are men have sinned. How soon we exchange the wisdom of children for the folly of men! O wise children, busy with your toys while we are busy with our sins! I see clearly now. I shall find a sinless King among these little boys. Speak to me, boys, and tell me who is most innocent among you?

THE BOYS (*with one voice*).—Giolla na Naomh.

THE ABBOT.—The little lad that waits upon all! Ye are right. The last shall be first. Giolla na Naomh, will you be King over this nation?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—I am too young, Father. I am too weak.

THE ABBOT.—Come hither to me, child.

The child goes over to him.

O fosterling that I have nourished, if I ask this thing of you, will you not do it?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—I will be obedient to you, Father.

THE ABBOT.—Will you turn your face into the battle?

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—I will do the duty of a King.

THE ABBOT.—Little one, it may be that your death will come of it.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—Welcome is death if it be appointed to me.

THE ABBOT.—Did I not say that the young seek death? They are spendthrift of all that we hoard jealously; they pursue all that

we shun. The terrible beautiful voice has spoken to this child. O herald death, you shall be answered! I will not grudge you my fosterling.

THE KING.—Abbot, I will fight my own battles : no child shall die for me!

THE ABBOT.—You have given me your sword, and I give it to this child. God has spoken through the voice of His ancient herald, the terrible beautiful voice that comes out of the heart of battles.

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—Let me do this little thing, King. I will guard your banner well. I will bring you back your sword after the battle. I am only your little gilly who watches while the tired King sleeps. I will sleep to-night while you shall watch.

THE KING.—My pity, my three pities!

GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—We slept last night while you were marching through the dark country. Poor King, your marchings have been long. My march will be very short.

THE ABBOT.—Let this gentle asking prevail with you, King. I say to you that God has spoken.

THE KING.—I do not understand your God.

THE ABBOT.—Who understands Him? He demands not understanding, but obedience. This child is obedient, and because he is obedient God will do mighty things through him. King, you must yield in this.

THE KING.—I yield, I yield! Woe is me that I did not fall in yonder onset!

THE ABBOT.—Let this child be stripped that the raiment of a King may be put about him.

The child is stripped of his clothing.

Let a royal vest be put next the skin of the child.

A royal vest is put upon him.

Let a royal tunic be put about him.

A royal tunic is put about him, above the vest, and sandals upon his feet.

Let the royal mantle be put about him.

The King takes off the royal mantle and it is put upon the child.

Let a royal diadem be put upon his head.

The King takes off the royal diadem and it is put upon the child's head.

Let him be given the shield of the King.

The shieldbearer holds up the shield.

A blessing on this shield! May it be firm against foes!

THE HEROES.—A blessing on this shield!

The shield is put on the child's left arm.

THE ABBOT.—Let him be given the spear of the King.

The spearbearer comes forward and holds up the spear.

A blessing on this spear! May it be sharp against foes!
THE HEROES.—A blessing on this spear!
Let him be given the sword of the King.

The King lifts his sword and girds it around the child's waist. Giolla na Naomh draws the sword and holds it in his right hand.

A blessing on this sword! May it be hard to smite foes!
THE HEROES.—A blessing on this sword!
THE ABBOT.—I call this little lad King and I put the battle under his protection in the name of God.
THE KING (*kneeling before the boy*).—I do homage to thee, O King, and I put the battle under thy protection.
THE HEROES, MONKS, BOYS, etc. (*kneeling*).—We do homage to thee, O King, and we put the battle under thy protection.
GIOLLA NA NAOMH.—I undertake to sustain the battle in the name of God.
THE ABBOT.—Let a steed be brought him.

A steed is brought.

Let the banner of the King be unfurled.

The banner is unfurled.

Turn thy face to the battle, O King!
GIOLLA NA NAOMH (*kneeling*).—Bless me, Father.
THE ABBOT.—A blessing on thee, little one.
THE HEROES, etc. (*with one voice*).—Take victory in battle and slaying, O King!

The little King mounts and, with the heroes and soldiers and gillies, rides to the battle. The Abbot, the King, the Monks, and the Boys watch them.

THE ABBOT.—King, I have given you the noblest jewel that was in my house. I loved yonder child.
THE KING.—Priest, I have never received from my tributary kings a kinglier gift.
FIRST MONK.—They have reached the place of battle.
THE ABBOT.—O strong God, make strong the hand of this child. Make firm his foot. Make keen his sword. Let the purity of his heart and the humbleness of his spirit be unto him a magnifying of courage and an exaltation of mind. Ye angels that fought the ancient battles, ye veterans of God, make a battle-pen about him and fight before him with flaming swords.
THE MONKS AND BOYS.—Amen, Amen.
THE ABBOT.—O God, save this nation by the sword of the sinless boy.

THE KING.—And O Christ that wast crucified on the hill, bring the child safe from the perilous battle.

THE ABBOT.—King, King, freedom is not purchased but with a great price.

A trumpet speaks.

Let the description of the battle be given us.

The First Monk and the Second Monk go upon the rampart.

FIRST MONK.—The two hosts are face to face.

Another trumpet speaks.

SECOND MONK.—That is sweet! It is the trumpet of the King!

Shouts.

FIRST MONK.—The King's host raises shouts.

Other shouts.

SECOND MONK.—The enemy answers them.
FIRST MONK.—The hosts advance against each other.
SECOND MONK.—They fight.
FIRST MONK.—Our people are yielding.
THIRD MONK.—Say not so.
SECOND MONK.—My grief, they are yielding.

A trumpet speaks.

THIRD MONK.—Sweet again! It is timely spoken, O trumpet of the King!
FIRST MONK.—The King's banner is going into the battle.
SECOND MONK.—I see the little King!
THIRD MONK.—Is he going into the battle?
FIRST MONK.—Yes.
THE MONKS AND BOYS (*with one voice*).—Take victory in battle and slaying, O King!
SECOND MONK.—It is a good fight now.
FIRST MONK.—Two seas have met on the plain.
SECOND MONK.—Two raging seas!
FIRST MONK.—One sea rolls back.
SECOND MONK.—It is the enemy that retreats!
FIRST MONK.—The little King goes through them.
SECOND MONK.—He goes through them like a hawk through small birds.
FIRST MONK.—Yea, like a wolf through a flock of sheep on a plain.
SECOND MONK.—Like a torrent through a mountain gap.
FIRST MONK.—It is a road of rout before him.

SECOND MONK.—There are great uproars in the battle. It is a roaring path down which the King rides.

FIRST MONK.—O golden head above the slaughter! O shining terrible sword of the King!

SECOND MONK.—The enemy flies!

FIRST MONK.—They are beaten! They are beaten! It is a red road of rout! Raise shouts of exultation!

SECOND MONK.—My grief!

FIRST MONK.—My grief! my grief!

THE ABBOT.—What is that?

FIRST MONK.—The little King is down!

THE ABBOT.—Has he the victory?

FIRST MONK.—Yes, but he himself is down. I do not see his golden head. I do not see his shining sword. My grief! they raise his body from the plain.

THE ABBOT.—Is the enemy flying?

SECOND MONK.—Yes, they fly. They are pursued. They are scattered. They are scattered as a mist would be scattered. They are no longer seen on the plain.

THE ABBOT.—Its thanks to God!

Keening is heard.

Thou hast been answered, O terrible voice! Old herald, my foster child has answered.

THIRD MONK.—They bear hither a dead child.

THE KING.—He said that he would sleep to-night and that I should watch.

Heroes come upon the green bearing the body of Giolla na Naomh on a bier; there are women keening it. The bier is laid in the centre of the green.

THE KING.—He has brought me back my sword. He has guarded my banner well.

THE ABBOT (*lifting the sword from the bier*).—Take the sword.

THE KING.—No, I will let him keep it. A King should sleep with a sword. This was a very valiant King.

He takes the sword from the Abbot and lays it again upon the bier. He kneels.

I do homage to thee, O dead King, O victorious child! I kiss thee, O white body, since it is thy purity that hath redeemed my people.

He kisses the forehead of Giolla na Naomh. They commence to keen again.

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THE ABBOT.—Do not keen this child, for he hath purchased freedom for his people. Let shouts of exultation be raised and let a canticle be sung in praise of God.

The body is borne into the monastery with a Te Deum.

(THE SCENE CLOSES.)

P. H. PEARSE.

The Road Mender.

Life goes by, slowly by:
Clouds, like sheep flocks, in the sky,
Tinkers, following for gain
The ancient craft of Tubal Cain,
Red leaves whirled from autumn woods,
Summer shadows, winter floods,
Drovers, trampers, men in carts
From the two-and-thirty arts,
Dawns that blossom, dusks that die—
All go by, slowly by.

Only you, that mend the roads,
Move not with the horses' loads,
Travel not with dusty feet
From mountain farm to city street.
Life goes by you, and you feel
All the racket of the wheel;
Time flies past you, and you see
All its love and misery,
Stirring hardly from your place—
A needle-point in boundless space.

SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL.

A Ploughman.

THE morning is dank and heavy. A man wends his slow way down a rut-cleft hill. He drives a pair of horses, a black and a chestnut, holding the long reins in his left hand. He and the horses look ghostlike as they are shrouded ever and anon by the grey mantle of the morning mist.

Now and again he speaks to one of his horses, when he lags or goes too fast. His guttural monotone seems like the muttering of distant thunder, as it breaks the misty stillness of the surrounding land.

The horses stop as they reach a rickety wooden gate at the bottom of the hill. The man lays down the reins. He seats himself on a stone and proceeds to fill a well-seasoned clay pipe with the strongest of strong tobacco. The black horse rubs his head against the other's neck; then paws impatiently at the muddy ground, snorting disgustedly the while. The chestnut stands stolidly quiet, bending his head to pick haphazardly at some nearby straggling tufts of grass. He is used to these delays. He knows that there is no need to make a fuss about them. Occasionally between two nibbles, the grass sticking from the corners of his mouth, he raises his head and casts a deprecating glance at his more fidgety yokemate, munching all the time. Finally he turns his rusty old head languidly round, and looks musingly with those big eyes of his at the man perched on the rock, puffing smoke from his stumpy black clay pipe. With a smudgy crooked forefinger, the man rams the tobacco hard down the bowl, sucking vehemently at the stem with a smacking of his lips as he lifts his head to get a better draw. When he has the tobacco cracking like a fire of wet sticks and emitting as much smoke, he slips slowly from his seat and placidly makes his way to the gate, his hands deep in his breeches pockets, his head poked forward. He leans on the gate for a space, rocking to and fro as he eyes the field of stubbles on the other side. He turns and watches the old horse grazing so contentedly by his side. "You're a cute ould baste, so y' are. You've more sense in one bit of that ould skull of yours than this young spark by your side has in his whole body, with all his pawin's and goin's on. Ah! you're a quare couple." Then he opens the gate. The young horse bursts through in a very sulky manner, dragging the chestnut reluctantly from his snack. The man quickly gathers the reins. When past the gate he lashes the black horse. He pulls him back as he plunges forward,

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lashing him again as he rears on his hind legs or jostles the old horse standing mutely by his side. A blackbird, frightened by this commotion, throws himself from out the hedge near the gate uttering shrill whistles as he wings his jerky flight to the safety of a neighbouring hawthorn. The man, with many a cut of the reins driven home with more than many a curse, at length quiets the wayward horse. He drives them both along the headland of the stubble field.

A lone, desolate object looms suddenly through the lifting mist. It is a plough. It looks dread and derelict as the mist clings about it giving it a grotesque shape. It seems like a stormriven ship blown high on a sand-strewn coast. The horses make instinctively towards it. After a great amount of bending and groaning the ploughman yokes them to it. Then with shouts of "ho" and "hup" and pullings of the reins, he wheels his horses round, faces them up field, and begins his day's work.

The mist is lifting fast under the rays of the sun. The man is already hard at work. The horses are getting warm. The sweat begins to show on them. Up and down, down and up the field they go with short quick steps, leaning against their collars, swaying from side to side, bobbing their heads, distending their nostrils as their breath comes in hard rapid gasps. The man holding a rein in each hand, throwing his weight on the plough-handles or lifting the plough over a rock, swings forward with long strides in the clean-cut furrow, whistling as he goes. Nothing is heard save his whistle, the steady thud of the horses as they beat the yielding earth with their hooves, the swish of the plough through the damp clay, or the grinding noise made by the ploughshare as it grates against a stone.

From a tree a quarter of a mile away a crow, spying the ploughman, caws loudly. He is answered in a short time by the whole rookery. Then he hops to the end of the branch he is perched upon, and with a final caw sets off for the stubble field. Every crow and jackdaw in the rookery follows him. After a short tour of inspection they all settle on the field like black smudges quite close to the plough. How they hop around, all grubbing for worms; the crows with their lopsided wobble; the jackdaws with a perky swagger cocking their heads on one side, then on the other. A jackdaw with a juicy fat worm dangling from his beak smartly dodges two savage old crows who attack him, gobbling his helpless victim as he ducks and dives away from them.

But the crows are not the only guests at the feast; for a flock of gulls are flying swiftly to the stubble field. See how they come gliding smoothly down the wind, not a wing flapping, then mounting higher, rushing down again to circle in wide curves, uttering their weird cries as they wheel and pivot in the air. Off they go again in long swoops sliding on the wind, as it were, their bodies aslant. Wheeling, circling, and gliding, they sink to earth like big snowflakes in a snowstorm.

How the white wings and the black wings strive for the harmless prey, with shrill screeching and deeper cawing mingling with the noisy chattering of the jackdaws. The gulls sweep down, snatching worms, rising again, devouring them as they fly, then swoop and rise again. The crows and jackdaws with sidelong waddle pluck worms from the deeper layer of clay. All follow close on the ploughman's tracks. But how they scatter as he turns! And so the red war goes on the livelong day.

. . . .

The sky is darkening for the night. The ploughman is finishing the last scape. He stops the horses and lets the reins drop. He sighs, stretches his arm, mops his sweating brow, and looks with a satisfied smile at the field he has ploughed. The horses stand with drooping heads, blowing hard. They are too jaded even to taste the grass growing on the headland. The ploughman unyokes them and gathers up the reins.

A curlew shrills forth her weird, uncanny whistle from the marsh land far below, as the ploughman trudges slowly home.

EAMONN BULFIN.

The Dusk.

Dusk is come o'er the land—
O'er the still dark land,
And life has crept away
Like some sad soul astray.

Now night full drear and dark—
Ever drear and dark,
Lies down across the land,
Across the still dark land.

And silence has its own—
Has at last its own,
For life has crept away
Like some sad soul astray.

KENNETH SHIELS REDDIN.

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EAMONN BULFIN.

SHIELS REDDIN.

Desmond Ryan : His Graveyard.

I WOULD not boast the possession of great riches, or the blessing of much wisdom, or the curse of too great content, but I do emphatically rejoice in my ownership of one rare and splendid thing, to wit, a graveyard—an astounding and inexpressible boon.

Let me tell you how I acquired and how I use it. One day, weary of the struggle against the Devil's doleful world, I was ascending a mountain path. Approaching near the summit, I expressed myself tersely and angrily, as is my wont in times of stress: "Our Mother is in the very gutter and his Lordship the Devil dances a hornpipe upon her prostrate corpse." Moved bitterly, I scanned the skies and the slopes for sympathy. A laugh sounded behind me. "And what are you doing?" asked a voice. An old man, not unlike a sailor in appearance, grave, venerable, but good-humoured, presented himself. A cape enveloped him. He wore no head-dress, and the wind played through his thick silvered hair and beard. Glancing steadily over me from out his clear dark eyes he repeated and enlarged his query: "What are you doing? If your Mother is in the gutter, are you not equally so?"

My gorge rose, and I did not conceal the fact. "I object," said I, "to all truisms and propagandas when I seek a respite from them and their Father." "A thousand pardons!" murmured the old man, bowing low. "I have failed to understand your case and complaint. I will make the best amends in my power by offering you a graveyard, situated half-a-mile from here, in which you may bury, free of charge, truisms, diplomatic proposals, platitudes, half truths, excuses, shrinkings, cowardices, egos, egoisms, drivellings, and such obnoxious things, with confident expectation of their early return to their Father." "Hurrah!" I cried, embracing the aged gift-bearer, "done!"

We seemed to travel that half-mile upon an ostrich or a dromedary or some other swift and outlandish bird or beast. The only impression the journey leaves on my mind is one of unusualness.

My graveyard is small but ample, standing upon a hill, surrounded by a high lime-white wall, and containing accommodation for some fifty million corpses. They used to bury suicides, I believe, pierced with a stake beneath a cross-roads. I am not so brutal. I prefer the sardine tin model, as space must be economised when oneself and one's friends need over a hundred thousand funerals a day. My friends come in thousands and tens of thousands, tax-collectors, poets, tramps, shop-keepers, tram drivers, princes, shoeblacks, bishops, kings, and several members of Parliament whose perfection renders any interments superfluous.

"The ground has strange properties," my guide had said before he vanished. "Through the dust which composes it and the trees which shade it goes the spirit of the dead company whose voice shall never be stilled, the voice that tells all noble lands and men of the eternal battles, of the red wine of life: wholesome war against enthroned wrong. Bury here dead and crushed ideals and personalities. Renewed in the deep clay, they will start to fresh life as flowers fair to see and presently scatter their seeds through the land."

Often since have the spades turned the soil, the coffins been lowered, and the harvest of good and evil flowers arisen upon the surface.

Two things only defy all efforts to place them therein. One is the egoisms of my friends, the second my own: nor do we seriously attempt it.

But you, my comrade, should you think the idea feasible or relevant to your own case, look out for the graveyard upon the hill, surrounded by the high lime-white wall. Remember the inscription:

"Desmond Ryan: His Graveyard.
Platitudes and all the obvious tribe encased herein, like sardines, and sent—Home!"

Enter fearlessly. Dig away and bury what you will. A welcome waits.

DESMOND RYAN.

Separation.

When poppies red and daisies throng the fields,
With joy I love to tread the silent paths
That lead to babbling waters and to glades
Where birds are always singing, bees on wing,
And doves are picking acorns at my feet.
When Autumn paints the trees a dusky brown
And poppies red and daisies all are fled,
'Tis then a secret grief pervades my soul
As (like the flowers) I think that I must die,
And silent paths and bashful doves forsake.
But God is good and kind to everyone,
And maybe He'll allow me to collect
My doves and daisies and my poppies red
And bring them with me, all, to Paradise.

G. NORMAN REDDIN.

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From "An Sgolaire."

There exists at St. Enda's a trilingual newspaper called "An Sgoláire," of which fifty copies are printed on a Roneo reduplicator every week and sold at a penny per copy. It is owned and edited by the boys themselves, and owes its existence to a movement which originated among them. The politics of the paper centres largely round the question as to whether cricket should be played as a summer game by Irish boys. School work and play are chronicled from week to week, and school personalities discussed and criticised in prose, verse, and cartoon. Most of the contributions are in the nature of *jeux d'esprit ;* some are manfully propagandist. A few seem to me to be touched with that literary grace which is as recognisable and as indefinable as a personal grace. With the permission of the Editor, I transfer to AN MACAOMH three or four contributions that have appeared in "An Sgoláire."

P. H. P.

DRAOIḊEAĊT NA MAIDNE.

Tá draoiḋeaċt éigin san maidin naċ féidir a ṁíniuġaḋ ná a ċur i n-iúl do ḋuine eile. Airiġeann tú do ċroiḋe ag éirġe agus d'intinn ag dul i socraċt le gaċ anál ṫarraingeas tú de ġaoit na maidne. Tá sioṫċáin idir tú féin agus an saoġal go léir. Cibé dólás nó imniḋe intinne atá ag cur ort laġduiġeann sé agus maoluiġeann do ṫrioblóid. Airiġeann tú gur fiú ḃeiṫ beo. Tá tú níos goire do'n Nádúr agus do Ḋia. Ċíonn tú áilneaċt an traoġail agus ċoṁ hiongantaċ agus atá gaċ uile ní dá ḃfuil air.

Tá na héanlaiṫe ag seinnm in gaċ uile ċrann agus ar gaċ uile aill, ag dortaḋ uaṫa rabarta ceoil le gráḋ an traoġail agus le buiḋeaċas fá iad do ḃeiṫ ann. An gcuala tú riaṁ éanaċa ag tosuġaḋ ag seinnm ar maidin? Sul a mbéiḋ baoġal ar solus lae ann agus an uair naċ ḃfuil ann aċt go mbeaḋ a ḟios agat go raiḃ an oiḋċe caiṫte agus lá nuaḋ ċum a beirṫe airiġeann tú glór loinduiḃ insna dirreaċaiḃ annsin ṫall. Ní ceol ḋéanas sé aċt sgread mar is gnáṫaċ dó do ḋéanaṁ an uair ḃíos sé sgannruiġte, aċt aṁáin naċ ḃfuil sgannraḋ ann, aċt mar ḃeaḋ iongnaḋ fá gur ċodail sé ċoṁ fada. 'Na ḋiaiḋ sin airiġeann tú fuiseog ṫall annsin os cionn an ṗortaiġ agus fá ċeann cúpla nóimeat bhriseann an ceol ċugat, ní de réir a ċéile aċt d'aon ṗléasg aṁáin mar leigfeá eas le fánaiḋ, díreaċ mar ḃeaḋ ceann orṫa ṫug an focal dóiḃ!

Is truaġ, ċítear dom-sa, naċ mbíonn daoine amuiġ i ndrúċt na maidne agus i n-óige an lae. 'Sé an tráṫ is áilne de'n lá é agus dar liom is mó is dual do ḋuine é ioná an oiḋċe agus an deireannas.

PROINNSIAS Ó CONĠAILE.

La Première.

(*An Impression of the First Form at St. Enda's by one of its members.*)

C'est un coin froid où quelques êtres dévorent des livres sans se soucier des crocs qu'ils donnent au français, au latin, et aux mathématiques : l'habitude leur a enlevé la honte.

Pour chaque chose mal dite et devant être répétée, un ascète qui n'a que la peau et les os, lance un soupir qui résonne comme une hymne funèbre sortant du plus profond des enfers.

Un citoyen au regard savant et aux cheveux presque d'artiste ressemble au poète par son visage pensif. Mais il dort, le mouton, et ne l'éveillez pas, ou il montre ses dents sanguinaires et pousse un long cri, qui ressemble à celui du lion, de la pathère, et même de l'âne,—un cri qui roule par-dessus toute la contrée.

Puis, un de ses vénérables compagnons gratte de sa griffe gauche un malheureux papier qui se laisse faire sans se plaindre de ce maltraîtement commis avec tant d'impertinence.

Et quand la cage s'ouvre, tous les visages ruissellent de sueurs après tant de massacres qui percent jusqu' au plus profond du cœur leur malheureux dompteur.

RAYMOND SUETENS.

MÍĊEÁL ṀAG RUAIḊRÍ.

Is é Míċeál Ṁag Ruaiḋrí
An fear mór láidir
Ḃíos ag obair san ngarrḋa
Ag cur uḃall is prátaí.

Is baoġlaċ dul i n-aice leis
Mar ḃrisfeaḋ sé do ċeánn boċt;
Ag bualaḋ níl a leiṫéide,
Is é ċasfaḋ do ċnáṁa.

Má ṫéiġir san ngarrḋa
Cuirfiḋ sé ar fán tu:
Is tú ḃéas ag caoineaḋ
Agus Míċeál ag gáiriḋe.

NIALL MAC NÉILL.

Sleeping Draug

I. To Desmond

Friend,—Y
little attention t
and an insult to
might with ac
expended. Ru
ridiculous. *Vc*

II. To Donal

Friend,—
an authority
with respect.
You have " e
your soul is in
shall enter in
" Lord, Lord

Gentle Rai

(*From*

ıe of its members.)

des livres sans se
et aux mathéma-

un ascète qui n'a
›mme une hymne

presque d'artiste
, le mouton, et ne
usse un long cri,
de l'âne,—un cri

griffe gauche un
ce maltraîtement

de sueurs après
. du cœur leur

›ND SUETENS.

› neıll.

Sleeping Draughts.

I. To Desmond Ryan, Esquire.

Friend,—You fume too much. You ape the Crusader and pay too little attention to Natural Philosophy. Your hair is a sight for the poets and an insult to the one and only barber. Your language is lurid. You might with advantage transfer to other things the energy therein expended. Run more, smoke less, and try on the whole to be less ridiculous. *Vale.*

AN SGOLAIRE.

II. To Donal O'Connor, Esquire.

Friend,—You have more than ten talents. You are a savant. As an authority upon matters historical they already mention your name with respect. Your charming personality has endeared you to many. You have "ever been an influence for good." But your spirit sleepeth, your soul is in danger. Wake! Not every one that saith "Lord, Lord" shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. You are *too* fond of saying "Lord, Lord." *Vale.*

AN SGOLAIRE.

Gentle Rain.

(*From the French*).

Every tree
Receiveth thee
In the season of hot days;
On the rose
In repose
Thou refreshest her sprays.

Every brook
Flowing from nook
Sings to thee with merry song;
And the moss
At thy loss
Would wither ere long.

DESMOND CARNEY.

Touching the St. Enda's Fete.

During the week commencing Monday, June 9th next, the friends of St. Enda's College will hold revel in Gaelic wise at Jones's Road. The immediate object of the revelling (for even revellings have sometimes objects more immediate than the mere gratifying of a desire to revel) is to help the St. Enda's Building Fund : an object which it is hoped to achieve by exacting sundry payments from those who come to join in the merrymaking; as threepence for admission to the grounds, sixpence for admission by a gate intended for use by persons with sixpence to spare, threepence extra for admission to a certain balcony whence a goodly view of the field can be obtained, threepence for permission to dance upon the greensward, various inconsiderable sums for permission to join in certain intellectual pastimes, such as shooting with rifles at the bull's eye, riding upon hobby horses, going up into the clouds in swinging-boats, and aiming with missiles at graven images representing Mr. Birrell, Dr. Starkie, the President of the Gaelic League, and the Headmaster of St. Enda's. But note that visitors can compound with the exactors of these tolls by paying half-a-crown down for permission to range through the grounds at their sweet will during the week, and to see and do all that can be seen and done, with the proviso only that those who run Mr. Birrell and the other side shows shall be free to mulct for permission to partake in those highly educational amusements. Also that less wealthy citizens can secure the same privileges for three days at one shilling.

If it be objected that all this is not very Gaelic, the answer is that the delectations described are, as already hinted, in the nature of side shows. The main exhibitions will demonstrate that the Gael remains original, artistic, and joyous, and that he has taken very vigorously in hand the rehabilitation of the social and artistic side of his national life. As witness this programme :

Monday, June 9th.

7.30 p.m.—Ceremonial opening.
8 p.m.—Aeridheacht.
9 p.m.—Pageant of "The Defence of the Ford" by the students of St. Enda's College assisted by a hundred other performers.
10 p.m.—Dancing on the green.

Tuesday, June 10th.

7.30 p.m.—Aeridheacht.
8.30 p.m.—Display of Tent-Pitching, Camp Work, Skirmishing, and Drill by the Fianna Eireann.
9.15 p.m.—Pageant of "The Fianna of Fionn" by the students of St. Enda's College.
9.45 p.m.—Dancing on the green.

WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY as MONDAY.
THURSDAY as TUESDAY.
SATURDAY, JUNE 14th.

3 p.m.—Athletic Carnival.

The rest as on TUESDAY.

At due intervals during all these ceremonies and merrymakings "stark pipers will blow," stout drummers will drum, and brass bands will play Gaelic music.

P. H. P.

The Old Gray Mare

(A Bonaparte Ballad).

At break of day I chanced to stray
  All by the Seine's fair side,
When to ease my heart young Bonaparte
  Came forward for to ride.
On a field of green, with gallant mien
  He formed his men in square,
And down the line with look so fine
  He rode his Old Gray Mare.

"My sporting boys that's tall and straight,
  Take counsel and be wise,
Attention pay to what I say,
  My lecture don't despise :
Let patience guide yous everywhere,
  And from traitors now beware,
For there's none but min that's sound within
  Can ride my Old Gray Mare."

Bonaparte on her did start,
  He rode too fast *is truagh!*
She lost a shoe at Moscow fair
  And got lame at Waterloo.
But wait till she comes back to the shamrock shore
  Where she'll get farriers' care,
And at the very next hate she'll win the plate,
  My sporting Old Gray Mare!

I heard the second and third stanzas of this ballad when a child. I prefix the first.

P. H. P.

A CHRONICLE.

In early numbers of AN MACAOMH we published under the title "Annála na Sgoile" an almost exhaustive journal of things at St. Enda's. Such a method of chronicling has the defect of all annals, from the Annals of the Four Masters down: in the mass of facts one misses perspective, trivialities rear their heads above importances, set phrases recur so often as to lose their meaning. And the chronicling of school news is now the less necessary as the boys have their own weekly newspaper, in which every passing event has its record and its comment. The "Annála," then, are replaced here by a review of the past two years under the obvious headings Of Vicissitude of Things, Of Great Place, Of Studies, Of Regiment of Health, Of Masques and Triumphs, and Of Fortune.

Of Vicissitude of Things.

My good comrade Thomas MacDonnell had left St. Enda's previous to the issue of the last number of "An Macaomh." At the end of last summer term Thomas MacDonagh went to become Lecturer in English in University College, Dublin. We three, with my brother as art master, were the original staff of St. Enda's, and the days when we worked together remain the most spacious in our history. A picturesque chapter in our later story is the period of Wilfrid Kane and Fergus O'Nolan: Mr. Kane, vivacious teacher of French and singer of Irish songs; Mr. O'Nolan, classic scholar and ascetic. Eamonn O'Toole was our gentle and beloved Dean of Discipline for two years, and has left a very kindly memory. Dr. Doody still sternly teaches classics; Mr. Feely still expounds science and mathematics; my brother has become my right-hand man, and Mr. O'Donnell has recently come to us as Junior Resident Master. Mr. Fisher for commercial subjects, Mr. O'Callaghan for manual instruction, and gallant Captain Colbert for drill and physical culture complete our regular staff. Bow to us and pass on.

Of Great Place.

Denis Gwynn was our first school captain, with Eamonn Bulfin as vice-captain. At the end of the first year Denis insisted upon Eamonn taking up the captaincy. For two years Eamonn captained us with Vincent O'Doherty as vice-captain; for a third year he captained us with Frank Burke as vice-captain. Last September Eamonn and Frank, though remaining at St. Enda's as University students, thought it better that boys still on the school roll should have the leadership, so Brendan O'Toole was elected captain, with Fred O'Doherty as vice-captain. In January Brendan O'Toole betook himself from St. Enda's to a solicitor's office (having in a Christmas frolic passed the Solicitors' Preliminary) and Fred O'Doherty duly succeeded him as captain. Fintan Murphy holds the secretaryship and librarianship; Vincent O'Toole, the treasurership; Bryan Joyce, the captaincy of hurling; Fred O'Doherty, the captaincy of football; James C. Rowan, the mastership of games—good men all; with these Donal O'Driscoll, Conor MacGinley, and William Kenny form the school committee, on which also those fatted calves known as "the Universities" are allowed to sit for its greater dignity. Salute them and pass.

Of Studies.

Here is the roll of the scholars we have sent into the National University during the past two years or so: Frank Connolly, William Bradley, Joseph Fegan, Denis Gwynn, Eamonn Bulfin, Vincent O'Doherty, Donal O'Connor, Patrick Delaney, Frank Burke, Patrick Dunleavy, Joseph Rowan, and Kenneth Reddin; of whom Denis Gwynn, Donal O'Connor, and Frank Burke were winners of scholarships. Give them three cheers. Toiling after them is that collection of "êtres" elsewhere described by Raymond Suetens. Wish them "good luck." There are those among the boys named, and among the "êtres" whom I leave unnamed, who have so fully learned the St. Enda's gospel of joy in work and work in joy, and of fidelity to old spiritualities and heroisms, that I believe that, whatever happens to St. Enda's, that gospel has already passed into the permanent possession of Ireland.

Among the younger boys our scheme of study has now definitely shaped itself. We refuse to worship the gods of Hume Street, though we send forward boys for the Intermediate examinations when their parents so desire. We have thought out a plan of work which leaves to the individual a genuine freedom, while bringing to him a genuine stimulus. Most of our boys have learned to speak Irish well; a few have been disappointing. An interesting development among the younger boys is that many of them are learning to use French in some sort as a third vernacular. One of our reallest achievements has been that we have kindled in so many boys a living interest in the literatures of three languages. I see a growing love

of books among them. I note with interest the eagerness with which boys as young as twelve contribute prose and verse in Irish, English, and French, to their school periodi- cal. The important thing about such at- tempts is not their excellence or want of excellence, but the fact that they are made.

The leaders in study this year have been: First Form—Fintan Murphy, Donal O'Dris- coll, Conor MacGinley; Second Form—Eunan MacGinley, Joseph Sweeney, Edward Boyle; Third Form—Niall MacNeill, Alfred Gaynor, David Sears; Fourth Form—Brendan Man- gan, Owen Clarke.

Of Regiment of Health.

In 1911 our Junior Hurlers, captained by Stephen McDermott, won the Dublin Schools' Championship for the second time. In the same year our Junior Footballers, captained by Frank Burke, won the Schools' Football Championship. St. Enda's is at present the unchallenged holder of both cups. We are penalised for our adhesion to Irish games by the fact that so few of the other Colleges play them, so that "out-matches" are rare. We met Knockbeg College in hurling this year, but were beaten: which is much to the credit of Knockbeg. Football tends of late to be more popular here than hurling, a ten- dency which is against Sgoil Eanna tradition.

Handball flourishes apace. David Sears and Alfred Gaynor hold the Treas Chath (Third Form) Championship, and the semi- finals for the School Championship are now being played, the matches being Fred O'Doherty and Desmond Carney v. Frank Burke and Joseph McCor- mick, and Fred Holden and Conor MacGinley v. James C. Rowan and Niall MacNeill. An "under 14½" tournament has also reached the final stage, the issue being knit between Eunan MacGinley and Desmond Carney on the one hand, and Edward Boyle and Niall MacNeill on the other.

Two billiard tournaments have been held dur- ing the year. The first was won by John Joyce (250) from Joseph Sweeney (203); the second by James C. Rowan (500) from Joseph O'Toole (392).

Eamonn Bulfin and Desmond Ryan have this year organised the boys into a little club on the model of the Fianna Eireann; it is called "An Chraobh Ruadh." Its members pursue such useful studies as rifle-shooting, boxing, signalling, marching, camping, first aid, etc.

Of Masques and Triumphs.

We produced a Passion Play in Irish at the Abbey Theatre in Passion Week, 1911. Of it Mr. Padraic Colum wrote that "it was made convincing by the simple sincerity of the composition and the reverence of the per- formance. No one who witnessed it had any doubt as to the fitness of the production. This Passion Play takes us back naturally to the origins of modern European drama. In a sense, it is the first serious theatre piece in Irish. It has root power. Naturally, Irish drama begins with the Passion Play, the Miracle Play, or the Morality Play. This Passion Play gives the emotion out of which a Gaelic drama may arise. If its production were made an annual event it might create a tradition of acting and dramatic writing in Irish." We have decided to make it not an annual but a triennial event, so that it is due again at the Easter of 1914. Mary Bulfin's very delicate and wonderful impersonation of the Virgin is the thing that makes the Pas- sion Play memorable to me.

In June, 1912, we produced "An Ri" in the open air at St. Enda's.

During the year, at private gatherings of the students, the First Form has enacted scenes from "Julius Cæsar," and the Third Form a scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

Of Fortune.

It has been told how Denis Gwynn entered the National University with the First Classi- cal Scholarship. His daring raid on London remains to be noted. Like one of the ancient Picts and Scots who used to trouble the British peace, he descended upon London University and carried off rich booty in the shape of sundry scholarships and exhibitions. He has since returned to Dublin, and is pro- ceeding in his airy and nonchalant way to a degree. Frank Connolly hopes to take his B.A. degree (in the Celtic studies course) next autumn. Eamonn Bulfin is doing a science course, having notions of spacious and scientific agriculture in the Midlands. Donal O'Connor and Frank Burke are follow- ing arts courses. William Bradley is study- ing medicine and boxing; Patrick Dunleavy and Joseph Rowan medicine only, in Dublin. Vincent O'Doherty and Patrick Delaney are doing medicine in Galway. Brendan O'Toole is apprenticed to a solicitor in Mullingar; Kenneth Reddin is apprenticed to a solicitor in Dublin, and Norman Reddin also intends to follow the law. Pass we from these learned people.

Maurice Fraher is in business with his father in Dungarvan: he has been making records in long jumping and such things all over Munster. Eugene MacCarthy is in business with his father in London: he is a

leading spirit among London pipers. Arthur Goodwin is in business in Cork. Patrick Conroy is a teacher under the Gaelic League in the West, and will doubtless soon earn an organisership. John Walsh, Gerald Keogh, Eamonn O'Nolan, Matthew Kavanagh, Thomas Purcell, Frank Molloy, Milo MacGarry, Joseph Rooney, Richard O'Connor, and Joseph O'Connor are at work in or near Dublin. Arthur Cole is studying dentistry. Sorley MacGarvey, whose health has broken down, has gone to Los Angeles in the hope of winning strength, which we all wish him. Two St. Enda's boys are settled in Chicago: George and Richard Barrett. Philip Moran is in Brussels with his people.

Patrick Tuohey has perhaps achieved more than any of us. He won last year the Taylor Memorial Art Scholarship. St. Enda's will watch his rise with pride.

Little Willie Holden died while at home for the Christmas vacation of 1911. Patrick Donnellan died at his home in Strokestown in the autumn of 1912. He had been at St. Enda's during 1910-11. God's light is on these two, so why should we be sad for them?

P. H. P.

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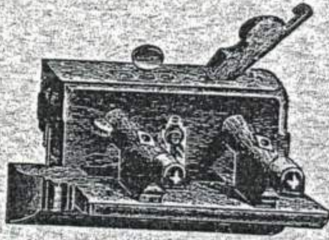

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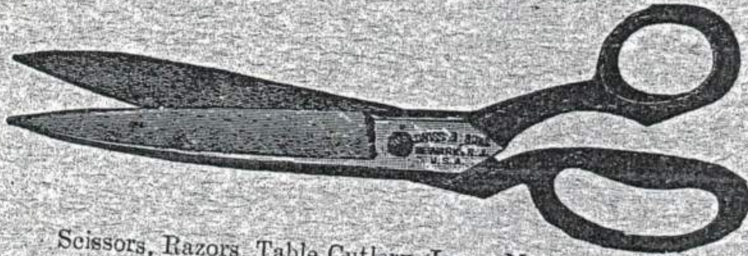

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