



22/10/38

CLÁN OIFIGEAMAIL

CRAOB PEILE NA h-ÉIREANN

CiARRAIGE

(KERRY)

v. **Saillim**
(GALWAY)

i bPÁIRC AN ÉRÓCAIS, 23-10-38

AN A 3 p.m. Réirteoir: P. MAC UADAIR

CRAOB PEILE NA SÓISEAR

LIATHRUM v. LONNDA

AN A 1.45 a ólos Réirteoir: D. MAC AMALCUM

LUAC 2p.

Pádraig Ó Caoimh

Rúnaí.

ÁR AMHRÁN NÁISIÚNTA

Amhrán na Laoí

Seo tith, a éinne dhan Óglais,
Catréimeas, brioghan, ceolhan,
Ár treimhe cináil go buacac táro,
'S an spéin go min réaltoógac,
Is fonnhan faobrac sinn eun gileó,
'S go tiúmhan glé riom tloct do'n ló
Fe ciúnas caom na horóce ar seól,
Seo tith, canaró Amhrán na bFiann.

Cunpá :

Sinn-ne Fianna Fáil
Atá fe seall ag Éirinn,
Dúroean dán sluas
Tar cumh do náinig éugainn,
Fé móro deit saor.
Sean tith an sinnsear feasta
Ní páspair fé'n tioráin na fé'n tráil
Ánoct a téam sa bearna baoghail
Le sean ar faeóil eun báis nó saoghail
Le guna sgréac fe lámac na bpiléar
Seo tith canaró Amhrán na bFiann.

Our National Anthem

THE SOLDIER'S SONG

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

CHORUS.

Soldiers are we, whose lives are pledged to Ireland
Some have come from a land beyond the wave,
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
To-night we'll man the Bearna Baoghail,
In Erin's cause come woe or weal,
'Mid cannon's roar and rifle's peal
We'll chant a Soldier's Song.

OUR OPPORTUNITY AND AIM

The championship year will practically come to a close with the last of the national finals here to-day. It has been a period of unequalled activity in Gaelic arenas. Never before has the scope of the championships been so extensive, or the enthusiasm of the people for native pastimes so manifest.

The Council avail of the occasion to thank the Irish public for the rapidly increasing support extended to Gaelic competitions from the earliest stages to the magnificent proofs of popular appreciation witnessed at each of the inter-provincial contests during the past months.

These spontaneous demonstrations exalt the prestige and redouble the confidence of the Association in the future of the games.

All this can best find expression in an intensive campaign to extend the organisation of our distinctive pastimes throughout the country. The total of affiliated clubs and existing teams is larger than ever before; but there is still ample room and material for a great increase of active Gaelic man power.

The fundamental aim of the Gaelic Athletic Association: *a team in every village*, or at least in every parish, should still be our objective. It embodies a national scheme which should evoke the wholehearted assistance of the tens of thousands who muster at the championship venues each year.

The Gaelic Athletic Association was never intended to cater for masses of vicarious supporters. It was designed to bring the active enjoyment of the pastimes and the atmosphere of native athletic traditions into every district, however remote.

Notwithstanding loss of rural population, this is still a practical proposal; since the G.A.A. has instituted competitions for boyhood and youth which have spread with gratifying success during recent years.

It is important from every aspect of Irish racial individuality that the younger generations should be imbued with the spirit and moulded in the matrix of Gaelic manhood and inspiration. This is a work imperatively for To-day, if we hope to reap the invaluable harvest it will produce To-morrow.

There is fruitful work for all earnest adherents of native institutions in such a constructive crusade for the advancement of Gaelic games and ideals. If it is begun now and pursued with energy and foresight you and the Gaelic Athletic Association can look forward with confidence to still further evidence of the merits and salutary influence of the pastimes you delight to witness and applaud.

The experience and the resources of the organisation will be extended to every local effort. It will be a congenial task for sincere Gaels, and it will do much to secure the realisation of Padraic Pearse's ambition—*Ireland Gaelic and Free*—within our time.

'SE AN ROSY-CAÉLA ACÁIRISAINN:—

"SLAINE ÁN SCIOIBÉ IS NEANT ÁN NGEAS IS BEANT DO
NÉIN ÁN MBRIAÉAN."

DÁN MAIRSEÁLA NA h-ÉIREAN

"AN CHAOIBHÍN."

Féad ! tá sinn-no Clann na h-Éireann
Ceacht le déile mór ann seo
Ceacht le déile ar éadó an tséide
Mar ba gnáth leinn faoi.
Ní'l don sunna ar ár ngualainn
Ní'l don píce m-ár lámh
M'anam ! o'páirí iao go luath linn
Dá mbeadh éine i n-a ngáth.

Cunpá :

Ar son Éireann cáimfo bailghe
Ceacht le déile ar an sliaib
San don scannraib, san don faicéas
San don eagla aet noim Dia.

Díonn an Sacsanaib nó-éirpéa
Snáthúró boet san spheacas é,
Dímis uasal, uairneac, lároir,
Ná bíod sinn mar iao, a Dé !
Dímis buíochamail ar ár nGaelraet
Dímis buíochamail asann péim
Póir na h-Éireann, slíocht Mílénus,
Muintir faisceamail uairneac éubán. Cunpá.

God Save Ireland !

By T. D. SULLIVAN.

High upon the Gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom ;
But they met him face to face,
With the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

" God save Ireland," said the heroes,
" God save Ireland," said they all ;
" Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall ! "

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land,
But on the cause must go
Amidst joy or weal or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.

" God save Ireland," say we proudly ;
" God save Ireland," say we all ;
" If upon the scaffold high,
Or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall ! "

THE ATHLETES OF EIREANN

Air: " *Fineen the Rover.* "

A song for the faithful and fearless
The glory and hope of the Gaedheal;
Whose names shall be honoured in Eirinn,
Whose hearts will not falter or fail;
Who are true to the land of their fathers,
Who crawl to no Sasanach king,
Who are proud of their strength and their manhood—
The Athletes of Eireann I sing!

CHORUS.

God strengthen the Athletes of Eireann,
To free her from Sasanach thrall,
To stand as the guard of her honour,
And march to the fight at her call!

When honour we give to the toilers,
Who strove thro' the gloom of the night
To combat the wiles of the Saxon,
When crushed was the cause of the Right—
Let us think of the Athletes of Eireann,
Who vowed by the graves of her dead
To win back the light of her freedom,
And raise up her sorrow-crowned head! Chorus.

Though slavelings kneel down to the tyrant
And kiss every link of their chains,
The old hope still lingers in Eirinn
Of a fight for her mountains and plains;
And whenever the red light of battle
O'er town and o'er tochar shall glow,
In the vanguard the Athletes of Eireann
Shall crash thro' the ranks of the foe! Chorus.

Orion na Danban

ÓRÓ SÉ DO BEATA 'BAILE

Sé do beata a bean ba léamhan,
Do hé an gceas tú beic i ngéim
Do dútaig breá i seib méileac
'S tú díolta leis na Gallaid.

Cumá: Óró sé do beata 'baile,
Óró sé do beata 'baile,
Óró sé do beata 'baile,
Anois an t-éact an tSammaró.

Tá Sámme Maol ag t-éact an n-áile
Óglais anna lóí mar gárua,
Saeóil iao péin is ní Saill ná Spáinnis
Is cumró síad nuais an Gallaid.

A turbe le Rí na bpeant go breicean
Cé naé beo na deóiré mé seachtam,
Sámme Maol agus m'le gaiscebeac
Ag póganú páin an Gallaid.

Ciannraige

(Slas agus Duine)

Fín Ionaid : (16) b. ó mionlaí (B. Murphy) ; (17) ó. bueátnac (E. Walsh) ; (18) v. ó teacám (G. Teehan) ; (19) m. neamam (M. Raymond) ; (20) c. ó Seibonnais (C. Gahney) ; (21) fl. mac iséig (J. Sherry).

(Donn) Sailiún

Fín Ionaid : (16) m. ó mamin (M. Mannion) ; (17) p. mac Ooméada (P. McDonogh) ; (18) p. ó cunníoe (P. Kennedy) ; (19) m. ó mancaig (M. Ryder) ; (20) s. ó Suaim (J. Greaney) ; (21) s. ó Concubaim (S. O'Connor) ; (22) c. ó Surtailiam (C. O'Sullivan).

(1) Ciannraige

D. ó Caomh (D. O'Keefe)

(2)—Ciannraige

L. mac an Ainenn (W. Kinnerk) (Capt.)

(15)—Sailiún

D. mac an Aáasteam (B. Nestor)

(3)—Ciannraige

P. buosnaclám (P. Brosnan)

(14) Sailiún

M. ó Caallag (M. Kelly)

(4)—Ciannraige

L. ó moirín (W. Myers)

(13)—Sailiún

E. maolcláiliam (E. Mulholland)

(5)—Ciannraige

L. ó Díolán (W. Dillon)

(12)—Sailiún

M. ó nuigunn (M. Higgins)

(6)—Ciannraige

L. ó Casag (W. Casey)

(11)—Sailiún

N. ó Suioéa (R. Griffin)

(7)—Ciannraige

T. ó Concubaim (T. O'Connor)

(10)—Sailiún

S. ó Flaiéaahán (J. Flavin)

(8)—Ciannraige

S. bueátnac (J. Walsh)

(9)—Ciannraige

S. buosnaclám (S. Brosnan)

(9)—**SAITLÍ**
S. De Bunca (J. Burke)

(8)—**SAITLÍ**
S. Ó Duinn (J. Dunne) (Capt.)

(10)—**CIANNAÍG**

(11)—**CIANNAÍG**

(12)—**CIANNAÍG**

P. Ó Connéide (P. Kennedy)

C. Ó Suilleabháin (C. Sullivan)

A. Mac Anluath (A. McAniffie)

(7)—**SAITLÍ**

(6)—**SAITLÍ**

(5)—**SAITLÍ**

C. Ó Conghalaigh (C. Connolly)

N. Ó Berg (R. Beggs)

P. Mac Conquid (P. Conniffe)

(13)—**CIANNAÍG**

(14)—**CIANNAÍG**

(15)—**CIANNAÍG**

M. Ó Riogáin (M. Regan)

M. Ó Dubhghail (M. Doyle)

C. Ó Laoigáin (T. O'Leary)

(4)—**SAITLÍ**

(3)—**SAITLÍ**

(2)—**SAITLÍ**

D. Ó Suilleabháin (D. O'Sullivan)

M. Ó Conaíno (M. Connaire)

M. Ó na hÉabha (M. Raftery)

S. Mac Sáinín (J. McGauran)

(1)—**SAITLÍ**

CIANNAÍG	Goals	Points	Overs	50 st. 50's	SAON- GÍOGA Free Kicks
1st Half		11			
2nd Half					
TOTAL					

SAITLÍ	Goals	Points	Overs	50 st. 50's	SAON- GÍOGA Free Kicks
1st Half		11			
2nd Half					
TOTAL					

THE BOLD FENIAN MEN

Oh, see who comes over the red blossomed heather,
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air,
Heads erect, eyes in front, stepping proudly together,
Sure Freedom sits throned on each proud spirit there.
While down the hills twining,
Their blessed steel shining,
Like rivers of beauty they flow from each glen ;
From mountain and valley
'Tis Liberty's rally—
Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men !

Our prayers and our tears have been scoffed and derided,
They've shut out God's sunlight from spirit and mind,
Our foes were united and we were divided,
We met, and they scattered us all to the wind.
But once more returning,
Within our veins burning
The fires that illumined dark Aherlow glen,
We raise the old cry anew
Slogan of Con and Hugh—
Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men !

We've men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shannon,
Let the tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against force,
Our pen is the sword and our voice is the cannon,
Rifle for rifle and horse against horse.
We've made the false Saxon yield
Many a red battle field :
God on our side and we will triumph again ;
Pay them back woe for woe,
Give them back blow for blow,
Out and make way for the bold Fenian Men.

Side by side for the Cause have our forefathers battled,
When our hills never echoed the tread of a slave ;
On many green hills where the leaden hail rattled,
Through the red gap of glory,
They marched to their grave.
And those who inherit
Their name and their spirit,
Will march 'neath the banners of liberty then.
All who love Saxon law,
Native or Sassenach,
Must out and make way for the bold Fenian Men.

CRAOB' PEILE NA SÓIREAR

LIATHRUM

(LEITRIM)

UAITHNE 7 ON (Green & Gold)

- 1—F. mac Sualnaid
(F. McGoldrick).
- 2—P. mac Naíonail
(P. Reynolds).
- 3—E. Ó Naíallais
(E. O'Reilly).
- 4—M. mac Siolla Connis
(M. Kilkenny—Capt.).
- 5—S. P. mac Aongusa
(J. F. McGuinness).
- 6—F. mac Anóin
(F. Carter).
- 7—P. Ó Nuadháin
(P. Rogan).
- 8—S. mac Seanlaoidé
(G. Shanley).
- 9—M. Ó Moínáin
(M. Moran).
- 10—S. mac Seanlaoidé
(J. Shanley).
- 11—E. Ó Doláin
(E. Dolan).
- 12—S. mac Aodáin
(J. Keegan).
- 13—H. Conbóro
(H. Turbitt).
- 14—S. Conbóro
(J. Turbitt).
- 15—S. Miceíl
(J. Mitchell).



FIN IONAD (SUBS.).

- 16—R. Tinnéiní
(R. Tinnery).
- 17—S. P. mac Laóin
(J. F. Molohan).
- 18—M. mac Gabann
(M. McGowan).
- 19—S. Ó Duadháin
(J. Bohan).
- 20—C. Ródaín
(C. Rayden).

LONNDA

(LONDON)

UAITHNE (Green)

- 1—Sean mac Gabann
(J. Smith).
- 2—C. Ó Munnáda
(C. Murphy).
- 3—T. Ó Siabail
(T. Sheils).
- 4—P. Ó Lonáin
(P. Larkin).
- 5—D. mac Munnis
(D. Fitzmaurice).
- 6—S. Ó Dnoin
(J. Byrne).
- 7—L. Ó Ceallais
(W. Kelly).
- 8—H. Ó Sultláin
(H. Sullivan).
- 9—H. Ó Munnáda
(H. Murphy).
- 10—P. Ó Rosna
(P. Rosney).
- 11—P. Ó Conbóro
(P. Conboy).
- 12—E. mac Seóin
(E. Stenson).
- 13—P. MacLéobáin
(P. Mulpeters).
- 14—R. Ó Balcáin
(R. Baker).
- 15—O. mac Eoin
(O. McKeown).



FIN IONAD (SUBS.).

- 16—T. Ó Deaáin
(T. Behan).
- 17—S. mac Suibne
(J. Sweeney).
- 18—P. de Dunca
(P. Burke).
- 19—S. Pumséil
(S. Purcell).
- 20—S. Ó Smanáin
(J. Greenan).

THE MEN OF THE WEST

While ye honour in song and in story
The names of our patriot men,
Whose valour has covered with glory
Full many a mountain and glen;
Forget not the boys of the heather
Who rallied their bravest and best,
When Ireland was broken at Wexford,
And looked for revenge to the West!

CHORUS.

I give you "The Gallant old West," boys,
Where rallied our bravest and best,
When Ireland lay broken and bleeding
And looked for good men to the West.

Though all the bright dreamings we cherished
Went down in disaster and woe,
The spirit of old is still with us
That never would bend to the foe;
And Connacht is ready whenever
The loud rolling tuck of the drum
Rings out to awaken the echoes
And tell us the morning has come.

WILLIE ROONEY.

babaró

Da meirneac naim céad nán mo cléir i n-éimheac liom-na
chéir,

Dabanó 'sus óra, 'míle ghrá.

Da héir a céim a' nribal na stéirce aniar ó'n ngráda bán,

Dabanó 'sus óra, 'míle ghrá.

Cunpá.

Dabanó 'sus óra, 'míle ghrá

Do gáir mo buacail córae naim éan pán'.

Áic béanparó Dia na ngráda é dom 'choróe an
ais go bílán

Dabanó 'sus óra, 'míle ghrá.

An bgráa cú mo buacail túb 'n é ag nóman na mbán?

Dabanó 'sus óra, 'míle ghrá.

Níon lonnuidh grian an mac na nfiann ba síle anóir 's bíac

Dabanó 'sus óra, 'míle ghrá.

Cunpá.

KILLARNEY

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays ;
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders ev'rywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there.
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the West ;
Beauty's Home, Killarney !
Heaven's reflex, Killarney !

No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Ev'ry rock that you pass by
Verdure broiders or besprints ;
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Ev'ry morn springs natal day,
Bright-hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there,
Doubt if Eden were more fair
Beauty's home, Killarney !
Heaven's reflex, Killarney !

IRELAND, BOYS, HURRAH !

Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright Island flown ;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own ;
And 'ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the Autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland,
Dear old Ireland ! Ireland boys, hurrah !

CHORUS : Ireland boys, hurrah !
Ireland, boys, hurrah !
We'll toast old Ireland,
Dear old Ireland ! Ireland boys, hurrah !

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain ;
That patriots suffer'd, martyrs died
And all 'tis said, in vain ;
But no, boys, no ! a glance will show
How far they've won their way ;
Here's good old Ireland,
Loved old Ireland ! Ireland boys, hurrah !

FÍOR-CLÚ NA nGAEDEAL

(Fonn : Ó Donnall Abó.)

I.

Múscan do mhineac a Danda gléceat,
Árouis do éadom breac go buacac san baogal,
Ta oibreac do éine fíor-uasail le saorac,—
Sin ceanga do laeora do báro is do naomh ;
Cluimcear go háro a glór,
Scaiptear a fíotail cóin,
Tugtar gaé aire v'a siol is v'a 'pream,—
Dócas ar dtine i—
Seiaf geal na saoirse i,—
An léorann a sonlúigeann dúinn fíor-clú na nGaeodeal.

II.

Smaomnis seala ar éreicid na n-éigse
Do bionn orainn séada 'vín éeol agus dán,—
Na scairde cliste na diadairi leigeannca
Do scaip solus glóinneac le saotar neam-cardeac ;
Innteac is éim aró,
Duaróir ar émaet an námao,
Deir linn dá dris sin aet broscú san claon ;
Dóeraet is díograis éoróe,
Réiréio siad dúinn an tslige,—
Saorparó siad anam is fíor-clú na nGaeodeal.

III.

Lionnar na burdeanta do éuit ar son éireann
Ó céad-éuit an Déarla a pream i gceic fán,
Glóimhar a nollseac lán-éonlúiseac caic-néimeac.
Do fualaing san géileac gaé géar-brúro is cráó ;
Mastac go deo v'a geló,
Aicis v'a siocet moim,
Glacac le galluac i gelár luire is néil,—
Dualgas is dóeraet ceant
Sleacra éimn Cošain is Aire,
Duanú sean-ceangan is fíor-clú na nGaeodeal.

Donnac Ó Liacáin.