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SONGS & SATIRES

BY AODH DE BLÁCAM



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JRENE DWEN ANDREWS

Songs and Satires

Songs and Satires

By

AODH DE BLÁCAM

AUTHOR OF

"Dornán Dán," "Towards the Republic,"
"The Druid's Cave," &c.

*"Dá gcluine cuid dár ndáine
Bainfidh gáire as an Iarla"*



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AND I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying : How long, O Lord (Holy and True) dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth ? . . . And it was said to them that they should rest for a little time till their fellow-servants and their brethren, who are to be slain even as they, should be filled up.—*Apocalypse, VI.*

SONGS & SATIRES

For Good Men in Duress

CAPTIVES of Babylon, for your comfort hear
The doom of Babylon, for that doom draws nigh:
Hear how the Eagle heard, as he soared high,
This martyr-cry, through cleaving Heavens, ring
clear—

*'By these our woes, Holy and True, how long
Till Thou avenge us on Babylon the vile?'
And hear the answer:—'Yet a little while:
Needs still a few to fill your hero-throng.'*

Captives of Babylon, Babylon's doom but stays
Till her oppression crown a final few:
What glory theirs!—what glory were they you!
Exult!—not vain your woes: they fill her
shame;
They haste her doom. And now, ere many days
On her the Apocalyptic wrath shall flame.

Dublin-to-be

[On first reading Symonds' *Renaissance in Italy*.]

*Once upon a rainy day
Through dingy streets I made my way,
When suddenly a sunny beam
Made crumbling houses golden seem
And set the river red as blood
'Neath busy bridges: in the flood
Of tempestuous Heaven's light
I suddenly saw Dublin right!*

Instantly I seemed to be
Translated into Italy—
There saw Dante wait to greet
Beatrice in Firenze's street;
Saw old Petrarch standing on it
Deep in the making of a sonnet;
Musing went Boccaccio
Muttering his " *ho he to* ";
Capulet and Montague
Walked in mournful friendship new;

And, in-armed, commercing thus
Galileo, Copernicus,
And the mystic robe of John
Round Savonarola shone.

For this was in the vernal days
Of the waking world's amaze,
When the poets with a rhyme
Conjured back the ancient time —
Snared bright Pallas Athenee
In a mesh of grammarie;
And men's bitterest contest
Was—who should honour learning best.

*So shall Dublin be some day
'Neath the proud Republic's sway.*

ΣΑΣÚΡ CATHRACH *Loquitur:*

I.

Νί φαα μέ μιάν
Ἄπο-ἀπέρας Σπáιννεαδ,
Ἀρ λαράδ 'ραν οιοῦσε,
Le lóεmannaiḅ cata—
Δε ζευαιρεαδτ ται τονnaiḅ
Σο huaiḅnead le zunnaiḅ,
Le fion, le laoéra
Ἀ'ρ παζαριται' Σαεῶελαδ';

II.

Δετ εῶνναϊεαφ τnam-εάρη
Ἀρ ηῖαιτοιḅ na cáτρασ,
Δε ζευαιρεαδτ com ηῖαιτοῖμεαφ
Le báο φαδα Σπáιννεαδ;
Le lampai Ἀρ lonηραδ, 'ρεαδ
Ἵηοητ ré σο ηυατορας,
Caiptin σο culait-ḅneadz
Ἵί δεα ηῖαιῖραδ.

III.

Do raḡainn 'ra cāpp-rin
 Dá mbéad im' láim-re
 Oipead ir raol
 Ḥo breicfínn an raogal ;
 Ir annrin d'iarphócaínn,
 Ar an Cárteín ḡo cnearta,
 An t-áireac do feólad
 Ar baile-áé'-Cliaé fearra.

IV.

Tar beannaib, tar ráile,
 Ḥo caéar na bPápa,
 Do tmuallpaínn ḡo ḡarta
 (Ár Tír-rá-Ḥuinn forra)—
 Ḥo lonnóain na ḡceannuirde,
 Ḥo hálbain na ófiaé,
 Ár abáile ḡo leabairé
 Ḥo tpic ar a naoi !

To the Spirit of Romance—I.

You are not found among the fair that stand
About the throne of him whose warriors ride
Victoriously, through Empire, far and wide,
His golden banner lifted in the hand ;
Nor serve you her who rules the silvern land,
Whose sad voice lifts men's hearts on passion's
 tide,
By whose pale beauty frenzied, there has died
In futile battle, many a patriot band :

But in the calm republic of the stars,
That hardly heard the echo of these wars,
You first drew breath, and there untamed you
 roam—
'Twixt dark and dawn, and over vale and steep
On the Horse Invisible of the hills you sweep
Past silent palace and by sleeping home.

To the Spirit of Romance—II.

THROUGH lacing leaves, the jewels of the sky
Poured down sweet influence on your mossy bed,
And thither ghosts of many a queen long dead
To bless your birth did through the forest hie :
First brown-eyed Deirdre gave her manner shy
(For whom that loyal league to exile fled)
And she for whom the Argive fleet was sped
Her sanguine gem did on your bosom tie.

Morgan le Fay, the mocker, who alone
Laughed brave defiance to the Arthurian throne,
Did with her darkling magic you endow ;
But lastly came the blessèd Beatrice
To dower you with secret words of peace
And make the sacred signet on your brow.

To the Spirit of Romance—III.

THE proud knight-errant may not hear your song
Nor by the impassioned pleader are you seen;
You only come to those of mind serene
In innocence, or purged with suffered wrong.
Sometimes when friends are false and hope is
weak,

Disconsolate beside my fire I brood,
You tell me glamorous tales of times when good
Was unbetrayed : thus once against my cheek

Your crisp hair brushed, and once, as morning
gleamed,

I saw you stand on Ulaidh's mountain lios
Where heroes swore the oath yet unredeemed,
And as I knelt, you girt me for the fight
And whispered to me I should be your knight,
And bending, touched my forehead with your
kiss.

A Prayer

My father in his youth of Freedom dreamed
And thrilled with hope that he might live to see
That age-sought Irish liberty which seemed
Not all-remote. But he

Grew old, despairing. Freedom still delayed
And Ireland's night was darkest when he
died,—

But I have seen the thing for which he prayed
At hand : for I have eyed

The flag of the Republic in the air.
God grant, my son—when I shall end my days—
Shall not in turn behold a sire's despair
While freedom still delays.

RONSARD RO CHAN.

"Quand vous serez bien vieille—"

Νυαιρ α βέαρ τύ δορτα, κοιρ να τεινεαδ, α ζιμάδ,
Suiríte fá íolur na scoinneal, aς puαζáil ríosa ír ríóil,
Cuiñniς ar Ronraro ír abair—aς ζαβáil ζο caoiñ mo
ceoil :

Mar α "molaδ Ronraro mo mairpeaδt 'na amháin
doiθne, tráδ."

Αζυρ νυαιρ α μαοιζφιρ m'ainm, ζιθ τυιρρεαδ íαδ αζυρ
τλάιτ,

Deiθ do cúmala caoine aς ειρτεαδt le φορμαδ leat
ζο póill,

Αζυρ canraiθ na cailíni cáδ, "naδ doiθinn duic an
rceol,

Do éilú ζά buadhú 'ra τ-ραοζαl ι noánta α mairpear ζο
bráδ!"

Όλα Ronsard, 'ρα ποιησ ιρεαò a θέαò i mo λυγε,
 I mo ρεάιλ ρά ρεάιλε na μιορταιλ i γσιύιnear ζαν
 ούιρεαòτ ζο θεο :

Iρ ανηριη βαò έρμας λεατ mo ζηάò (αζυρ τυρα ιò'
 εαλλις ζαν θηίς)

Όαò έρμας ρά ρεαòτ λεατ το έρμαòαρ ιρ τ'υαιβρεαρ
 Lem αζαιò ραòò :

Ó nάραb αμλαιò an ρεάιλ !—nά ηαβαιρ: “αμάραò
 an ζηάò”—

Ταρ λιom ιηοιυ ρηίò an τ-ραοζαλ : ανοιρ τά nά
 Rόρα ρά βλάτ.

A Ballad of the Red Hand

THE Red Right Hand of Ulster is Ireland's own
Right Hand :

Of old it ruled her council-board, it bore her
battle-brand ;

With "*the Red Right Hand to Victory*,"—when
Ulster's war-cry rang,

The Palesmen crouched in Dublin, but Ireland
laughed and sang.

What reddened Ulster's Red Right Hand but
the blood of Ireland's foes ?

For aye it held the danger gap when the men of
Ireland rose :

And the Queen's men and the waverers, and the
brave men of the mouth,

They trembled, but they followed, when Hugh
O'Neill went South.

When Ulster's battle-cry rang out : "*The Red
Right Hand Abú !*"

The English armies shook and broke and let the
victor through :

Before that wrathful emblem the foes of freedom
 fled,
 But gaily followed Ireland's friends where
 Ulster's banner led.

And can it be—or *shall* it be—that Ireland's
 strong right hand—
 The hand of Ulster—shall be struck to earth by
 traitor's brand?
 And the Red Hand still be Ulster's sign that
 thence it may be seen
 How bloodily they tore it from our Lady
 Cathaleen!

բՃԻՆՈՒ.

Ոստօ ճաճա եիօ ԴՅՍԻ քեան ճաճա ոյճե,
 ԲԵՐՈՒՅՑ քօմճառն Ե ԵԵԱՆ-Դ՛-ՏԻճԵ:
 ՄԱՐ ԵՈՒ ԵՍԱԼ քօմ ՔԻՈՆՆ ՄԱՑ ԸՄճԱԼ—
 ՕՐԻ ԸԻԱ 'ՏՃ ԸՅճԱՐՆ ԴԵՒ ԱՆ Ե-ԴԵՒԱՐ Օ ՏՄԱՅԱԼ.

St. Brigid's Day

*A Bhrigit, scar os mo chionn
Do bhrat fionn dom anacul.*

—MOLLING NAOMHTHA.

Now is the Feast of Bride,—and, Bride, thus do
I see thee :
Winter dies at thy feet, the Winter of pagan
days;
The pagan Brigit goes by; the sorrows of dark-
ness flee thee,
And with thee comes the Queen whom wheel-
ing heavens praise.

Dark was the Winter and dire : but now grey
skies are rifted,
With light of the longer days, with the winds
of Spring swept clear;
Leaps the blood and the bonds that bound the
land are lifted;
Gladly the world awakes and waits the
welcome year.

Pray for us, Bride, to-day, O Bringer of
Spring to Eire,

That this year of years may bring the Summer
we long to hail,

And a ransomed land at last lift freedom's fruits
to Mary—

Pray for thy people thus, to-day, O Mary of
the Gael.

TEAGASC NA FÉILE.

Ir cuma rairéibin nó boct mo teac
ní dúnrao doirur go deo ar neac,
Ar easla nac bpuigiró mé
Forclao doim' as doirur Dé.

AMHRÁN MOLTA FÍONA.

Soibhir roineannta Earraic na h-Óige
[Bláic ar an talam, blas ar an gSaoic]
Bíod aghainn greann agus gáire go ceolmair—
Líon an coinn, go n-ólram uiréi.

Mo émuag nac mairfidh an t-Earraic ro coirde,
Caittear an Óige mar caittear an Fíon,
Tiocfaidh rean-aoir agus fuadac 'nár gceoidéib,
Agus báir ina dáid rin—ní cearfar é dinn . . .

Acéit líon an coinn: a' r arís nuair a hólam
[Ag peiteam 'ran oirde le buille báir trom]
Daó cuimhin arís linn binnear na h-Óige,
Agus beirfidh rinn buirde don Ríog ar a pon.

ΔΙΣΤΥΓ 1 ΣΡΑΪΟ υΐ CHONΔΙΛ.

Ψρΐο na ρράροε θαμ άρείη
Ο'αΐτρηρεαρ λιom ρέim άμ' έμοιόε
Οάντα Οίρΐn, ρεέατα Ψΐnn
Δς ρmuaineαό άρ linn na Ρίος—

Ήuαη το μάη ρionn ηρ άη Ψiann
b'έ ceol α μιαν, b'οlc leo bηón ;
Λειζεαρ ορηαό uaim zo ηουδαρη :
έηη, ηρ τηuας ζαν ιαο beo !

Ο'έηης ηομάm ειλιτ μάοε
'S ο'ιμητις uaim le léim ηρ lút ;
Ο'άηηρη μέ zo ζέαρ 'na οιατό
ζηρ cailleαό 'ρan οιόέ' α cρηε—

ζαν ουl 'na λοης ρέ mo έαοι
Οε έionn mo cρηοίε βειε ηο-Λας—
Μαρ έuαλαρ zo ήάρο ρan άερ
Δη Όόρη ρέinn' όη τ-ρηαό 1 bραο.

The Poor Knight

COUNT me a candidate
For your esteem,
And I no errantry
O'er hard will deem.

Rich homage yours to-day
From lords of lands—
I linger noteless here
With empty hands;

Yet dare I front your gaze
Because, of you
No homage worthy is
Save service true :

Your kind eyes make of this
A golden hoard,
They strengthen, too, the grasp
On questing sword—

So as I, giftless, bend
Above your hand
This is the parting boon
I do demand :

Give me this earnest of
My secret dream—
Count me a candidate
For your esteem.

To a Castle Catholic

*'I do not like this task'—I hear you say—
'But since it happens that it must be done
It must be done by someone. If that one
Be some sour heretic, then all the pay
Will pass to heretic hands, and so we miss
The only benefit that we might gain.
I'll take the contract.'—Thus do you explain
Your treachery. And like an echoing hiss*

*I hear a voice that says : 'It is decreed
That Christ my Master be betrayed to die.
(To strive against the prophecies were vain).
Why should not, then, as true believer, I
And not some undeserving stranger, gain
The thirty shillings offered for the deed?'*

ÁILLEÁIN CHAITEÍN.

[Ṫona Sigeipron vo cum 'ra b'earla : máire nic
ceapbairl, bean doóda ve blácam, o'airtuis.]

I.

Duó máit liom raióúir, raióúir, raióúir
Duó máit liom raióúir le tpoio ar mo fón ;
Tá raióúir as Marie, as Marie, as Marie,
Tá raióúir as Marie, raióúir asur long.

II.

Duó máit liom bpat zeal, bpat zeal, bpat zeal
Duó máit liom bpat zeal ar folamain so raor ;
Tá bpat móp, bpat cpoóda, bpat rpoill as Snetchen
Tá bpat móp as Snetchen, so polurmpar poiléir.

III.

Duó máit liom long beas, long mín, long breas,
Duó máit liom long mín a' r í fá lán-creol ;
Tá long móp as Seámin, long fáda, long glar,
Aét bain pé mo long beas, an rpailepín lán ve méoin.

IV.

Duó máit liom pingin, pingin, pingin,
 Duó máit liom pingin a' r í mo pingin féin ;
 Annrin do éogfainn teac móir, teac máit, teac mair,
 Annrin do éogfainn teac móir go breas go háro'ra
 rpreir.

V.

Ác't do goir Séan mo pingin, mo pingin, mo pingin,
 Agus bain fé mo bpat geal ar rolaíamain raor féim ;
 Annrin bí mo long beas, mo long mín as Seáinín,
 Agus b'uir fé mo raiḡoíuir do éroir ar nóir na féinn'.

VI.

Bí an raiḡoíuir 'na laoc dom, 'na laoc dom, na laoc
 dom,
 Ác't rtoac rannac Seáinín, rtoac cmaorac é ;
 Agus buaileann fé na garrúir, na giorraíḡ, na páirsí,
 Agus goirdeann fé a n-áilleáin ; nac an-oroóbéarac é?

VII.

Δὲτ νυαίρ ἄ βεῖρ πέ βυαίτε, βυαίτε ἄ'ρ βυαίτε,
 Νυαίρ ἄ βεῖρ πέ βυαίτε ἱρ ἄσαν βεῖρ ἄν ρίοῦ ;
 Ἀσυρ ἕοθαῖρ μέ μο ῖνῖνῖν, μο ῖνῖνῖν, μο ῖνῖνῖν—
 Ἀσυρ εῖοῦεῖρ μέ μο ἕρατ ἕλαρ ἕο ἡῖρ ἕο λᾶν 'ρα
 ἕαοῖτ.

*(Translation published by kind permission of
 Mr. Clement Shorter.)*

cuimhne is ceol.

Νυαίρ ἄ ἐλυννῖν ἐλάιρρεᾶδ ἐαοῖν
 Ἐλυννῖν ριανρᾶν ρᾶμ ἄν ρρῦτ,
 Ἐλυννῖν εοζαρῖνᾶδ εῖρᾶν 'ρα ρῖον,
 Ἐλυννῖν εῖρῖο ἄν εοῖβνεαρ, ἕυτ—
 ἕυτ μο ἕρᾶῖα ἄς ἕαῖῖλ ἄμῖρᾶν
 ἄ'ρ ρῖνν ἄρ ρᾶν ἄρ ἕᾶν ἄ' ἐνυε,
 Μᾶοῖν εαρῖρᾶῖς ἱ ἕραῖο ἱ ἕεῖν—
 Ὀ!—εῖρᾶε ἄν εῖαῖαῖ ἕεῖρ' ἕο εῖρῖε!

On Freedom's Eve

WHEN comes the Revolution and the world
Storms the Bastille that holds its hopes in
thrall,

When States like tumbled walls are overhurled,
Then loudly Freedom's call

Shall summon men with streaming eyes to pray
For those who died before the dawn,—the dead
Who won for us, but never saw, the day;
And it shall then be said :

In all your orisons remember Pearse
(That dreamed and did), Connolly, Mitchel,
Tone,

Gentle O'Leary, O'Donovan the fierce,
Emmet, who died alone,—

Liebknecht who fell ere German freedom rose,
Shelley and pitying Marx and gallant Paine.
But highest honour shall we yield to those
For whom we'll rear a fane

Where ceaseless incense to the Crucified
Shall smoke and ceaseless Offices be prayed—
For those, the humble and the nameless ones, who
died
Upon the barricade.

PERSONAL PARODIES

[I.]

Mr. Richard Rowley, Sick, *Loquitur*

THE crash of a thousand hammers,
The whirl of thousand looms,
The gas-engine's stutters and stammers,
The suction-plant's bangings and booms,

The creaking and clatter of derricks,
With the shrieking of syrens in tune—
Are as sweet as a lyric of Herrick's . . .
But a minute's peace *would* be a boon.

[II.]

A Homestead Tea

GEORGE RUSSELL (A. E.)

Once took a fairy to tea :
But he talked so much about Basic Slag
That the conversation began to flag.

[III.]

Inaugural Ode

[Mr. Rudyard Kipling is to be one of the Knights of the Order of the British Empire.—*Daily Paper.*]

I AIN'T no "thin red 'ero,"
And I ain't no fighting toff;
I ain't no 'Aig or Jellicoe,
Nor yet no Brusiloff;

I ain't no Count of 'Oly Rome,
No Marquis, Earl, or Dook;
I ain't named after Mike and George,
Nor Matthew, Mark, and Luke—

I ain't no Knight of coves like them;
I don't command no Barf,
But I'm a Knight of the Hempire—
That's wot I am, not 'arf.

[IV.]

Descriptive

SAID Jacques : " There was very dull fare in
The proceedings of Dáil Eireann;
With a dance and a spicy song
It wouldn't have seemed so long."

[v.]

The House with the Greasy Windows

[A NOVEL BY BRINSLEY MCNAMARA]

CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

HE walked slowly down the road. A mangy dog got in his way. He kicked it. He wondered why. . . . And now it had gone. He remembered that it yelped as if with pain. He had not noticed things very clearly since his wife ran away. Why had she gone? Perhaps it was to catch a train. She preferred a train to him. . . . Or was it really his wife? Was it all a dream? Anyhow, it did not matter now. He would go to the Post Office and send a wire. . . . The postman coming out had chilbains and snivelled when he talked. The girl behind the counter had inky fingers. The blotting-paper was covered with ink. There were many notices on the wall. Most of them were frayed and out-of-date. No, he would not send a telegram after all. Sometimes he thought he would

be an author and describe the life of Bally-misery. But was it worth while? Ink always made blots, and the roads were dirty. What was the good of anything? He had walked this way every day for the past ninety years, and things were just the same as when he first came to the village. A little shabbier perhaps. . . . Drabber . . . dirtier. The time had come to make a change. He found his revolver. It was rusty, and the magazine moved stiffly. But at last he found a cartridge. He blew out his brains.

He felt better then.

THE END.

[VI.]

Lest Any Err

SAID Mr. Gaynor :

“ I am not a Sinn Féiner

I wish to state that here

Though I *thought* I had made it clear.”

Peter McBrien
Reviews the "Jail Journal"

WE have received a copy of an amateurish work in imitation of Carlyle, by an author of whom we have not previously heard. We regret we cannot compliment him on his performance, which is lacking in originality and the *tantaene coelestibus irae* of true literature. He has written his experiences in prison, apparently having served an all-too-short period of incarceration for his Red Flag sympathies, which in other countries would have justly brought him to the scaffold. He is probably unaware that the same idea has already been worked on by Silvio Pellico in *I Mei Prigioni*. Hence, we can see no call for another book of prison whinings of the sort popularised by ignorant Socialist demagogues. We scent in these pages the crude and crimson economics of Karl Marx and his demented followers, so crushingly refuted by Dr. Maxse-Wauff in the last issue

of the *Diario*. *Tant pis pour messieurs les assassins*, as Mme. Lafelle said on a celebrated occasion, and the Abbé de Trouville's *aujourd'hui de bonne heure* was never better illustrated. Our young author forgets that the ideology of national convolutory introspection cannot be correlated to the teleological theory of ethic psychology, of which indeed it is but the pale and purposeless reflection, in contradistinction to the *cantet viator* of the Anarchist school.—P. McB.

FIRST READER—What the H—— does it all mean?

SECOND READER—Search me. I think it must be Irish in Simplified Spelling.

FIACHRA ÉILGEACH *Loquitur*

Fí ró fúm!
 Šeibim bolad
 Šaeóilge ulad,
 Fíle maíť nó fíle dona
 Ní račaiđ uaim šan doptađ fola,
 Fí ró fúm!

Fí ró fúm!
 Cá bpuair ré Šaeóilš, innir dom—
 Inr an éiabán, corúil liom?
 Cóir a'r ceapť ir iad amáin
 Caint a'r ciall an éiabáin—
 Mar atá ašam:
 Fí ró fúm!

Fí ró fúm!
 Sé an puo ir meapá liom
 Mar a molaro, cáč, na dánta,
 Šan úil aš éinne eun mo éainte—
 Sin mapta dom!
 Fí ró fúm!



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After Easter. By SIBÉAL TUCAIG.

Dark Days. By LENNOX ROBINSON. (Prose).

Songs of the Island Queen. By PEADAR MAC TOMAIS.

The Spoiled Buddha. A Play in 2 Acts. By HELEN WADDELL.

The Shadow of the Rose. By J. BERNARD MCCARTHY.

Songs and Satires. By AODH DE BLÁCAM.

Others in Preparation.

