

IRISH THROUGH SONG: MAIDEAN LUAIN  
CINGEISE.

(A Ninety-Eight Song.)

I.

Maidean Luain Cingeise  
Do lawair an siohva in sa ghleann:  
Do vailieadar na caga  
Chun a wacht do yeanav ann;  
Do chruinniyeamair n a dtimpeal,  
A's do lasamair na soillse,  
A's do hogamair ceo draoiyeachta  
Go h-aovium os geionn.

Roughly:—On Whit Monday morning the Fairy-Man (the Secret Chief) spoke in the Glenn: the Daws (the Heather-Boys) assembled to perform a desperate feat there: we gathered round them and lit the lights and we raised a druid mist exulting over their heads.

II.

Is iom'o baile margaig  
Agus cahair aovinn cheoil  
Agus cuirt aiges na Sasanaig  
Chun seasav ann n-ar gcoir:  
Beir sgeala cruinn a vailo uain,  
Do downaig go dti an t-afreann  
Gur chun sleive do cuireag (cuireav) eun reaha sinn  
Chun seasav ann faoi vron.

Roughly:—Many a market town, many a pleasant city full of music, many a stately mansion, have the Sasanaig in which to hold out against us: (so they broke us) bring the full story home from me; let the people know on Sunday at Mass that we have been driven in flight to the mountains—there to wait in grief.

III.

Da vfeifea-sa an buachaill  
A's an vailin ceann-buiye cas  
Do vioch ag imheacht suas  
Air huarisg na vfear.  
Beir sgeala cruinn doiv uaimse  
Go vfuil Captaen Lambert fuar-lag  
A'ir haov a' t(s)leive go h-naigheach  
Can tuamba air na leach.

Roughly:—If you see the lad and the girl with the yellow curly hair that used to keep coming up to get news of our men; tell them from me that Captain Lambert lies cold and dead, on the mountain-side, drearly, without tomb or stone to cover him.

IV.

Ca vfuilid na Muinwig No an fior go mairid hep  
Na cruinniyeid siad n-ar dtimpeall Agus cawru linn san ngleo?  
Mar is deacair puirt do striocha' No clanna Buir do yibirt  
O n-ar mbailti duhchais dilis Vi ag ar sinnsear riav rowainn.

Roughly:—Where are the men of Munster? Can they be alive at all, that they didn't gather round us and help us in the fight? for it is no easy thing to capture ports and drive the Boors from our own dear soil, from the towns our ancestors held so long ago before us (riav—from time immemorial).

V.

Do hainig anios o Chonnacht chugainn Cead a's mile laoch,  
An oiread o Ulaig chugainn I vfuirm cheart a's i vfaowar:  
Suaiwneas lae nior tugag doiv, Chun gur vuailamair  
buala' a's fice orha:  
—So mo lean mar sileag fuil aas cuirp Ar vfear i ndeire  
an lae.

Roughly:—From Connacht eleven hundred stalwarts came to join us and as many from Ula', all fully equipped and in fine fighting spirit: we did not give the enemy a day's rest till we had attacked them over and over again—My sorrow, the blood that poured from the bodies of our lads by the end of the fight!

VI.

Beir sgeala suas chun Muwan uaim, A ruin yil a's a stoir,  
Agus innis ann, faoi chuwa, ghoiv Go vfuil an sguirse n-ar gcoir;  
Mar is mo leanv fireann fionn geal Agus ainneir vilis vuinto  
Agus oig-fhfear cliste luhvar san uir uainn a' feo'.

Roughly:—Take the news up to Munster from me, treasure of my heart, and there tell the people sorrowfully that blank misery and oppression are in store for us; for many is the bright lovable little lad, many the gentle fair-spoken girl, many the handy active youth, fallen from amongst us and withering under the sod.

VII.

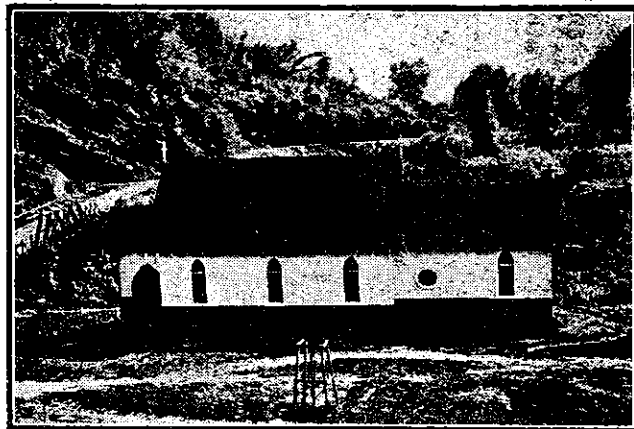
Mo leun air an Vuwain nar eirig Nuair d'aynamair an gleo,  
Faoi airm ghreanta greinavar I vfayairt acu n-ar gcoir;  
Do fhagadar go tinn sinn Agus neart ar nawad n-ar dtimpeal!  
Ach gra' mo chroive na Laiynig! Siad d'ayain an teine leo!

Roughly:—My sorrow for Munster that they failed to rise when we kindled the conflict, (n) and to come to us with their shapely weapons gleaming and sharp in their hands: they left us in evil plight with the might of our enemies ringed round us! But the Love of my heart the Leinster men! 'tis they that lit the battle-fire!

(n) lit. under shapely gleaming arms, sharp, with them.

THE VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS

The cold chain of silence has hung o'er me long. Now the winter has passed and I am coming with the spring-time to greet my friends of the *Tablet* once more. Thanks to your generosity we have erected our church in Whangamomona. One big push and it will be free. The opening ceremony will be held on Sunday, November 9, at



11 a.m., when the occasional sermon will be delivered by the Very Rev. Dean James McKenna. Come if you can. If not, send a subscription to show your approval of the good work. Anything you send me you lend to the Lord. No better security. Assure me that you are glad to hear me again by writing promptly to

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