

A Row in the Town

Remembering the
Easter Rising in
Traditional Song
and Poetry

Traditional Singing Tour

Sunday September 25th 2016, 10:15am,
The Teachers' Club, Parnell Square.

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Meet at 10:15am sharp
at the The Teacher's Club, Parnell Square
Buses will depart to Kilmainham Gaol at 10:30am sharp.

Introduction

This year the tour theme is remembering the Easter Rising and those who fought and died in Dublin in a week that violently changed the course of Irish History. The story will be told through the rendition of traditional songs, recitations and poetry. The settings will be Kilmainham Gaol where the leaders of the insurrection were interned and shot; Arbour Hill Cemetery where they were buried and the Garden of Remembrance in the heart of the city which is dedicated to the memory of all those who gave their lives in the cause of Irish freedom. All three sites are national monuments frequented daily by the public and visitors to Dublin, and are maintained and managed expertly by the OPW. An Góilin acknowledges their assistance in organising and making possible this event. Two buses have been hired to convey participants to the three sites.





STOP 1: The East Wing – Kilmainham Gaol.

Welcome by Niall Bergin of the OPW who will give a brief history of the prison.

Kilmainham Gaol opened in 1796, seven years after the outbreak of the French revolution and four years before the Act of Union abolished the Irish Parliament and replaced it with direct rule from London. It was closed in 1924, two years after the Anglo Irish Treaty was signed, which established an Irish Free State in twenty-six counties.

In the intervening period, Kilmainham was notorious as the place of incarceration for some of the most famous political and military leaders in Irish history including: William Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher who in 1848 were both transported to Australia; Henry Joy McCracken, Henry and John Sheares and Michael Dwyer in 1798; Robert Emmet and his housekeeper Anne Devlin in 1803; Charles Stewart Parnell who negotiated the “Kilmainham Treaty” with the British government from there in 1882. And it was here in the Stone Breakers’ yard that fourteen of the leaders of the 1916 Easter Rising were executed. Kilmainham is therefore perhaps the most significant physical reminder of the long Irish struggle for independence.

Today the Gaol in Dublin is remarkable for being the biggest unoccupied prison in these islands. As such, it gives the visitor a dramatic and realistic insight into what it was like to have been confined in one of these forbidding bastions of punishment and correction in that period. It offers a panoramic insight into some of the most profound, disturbing and inspirational themes of modern Irish history.

Songs and poems will be performed here in two locations, the East Wing and the Stone Breakers yard. The East Wing extension was built in 1861. It was designed by John McCurdy, who was also commissioned around that time to refurbish the luxurious Shelbourne Hotel. The design facilitated the easy observation of each cell on each floor from a central space and provided light through each cell by a window set at ceiling height and a spyhole on each cell door. The glass canopy floods the main concourse with light.

Our singing tour today will mainly focus on the songs of the period leading up to and after the Easter Rising. However, our first song will remember all those involved in the long struggle to overthrow British rule in Ireland. Many prisoners like the Cork brothers Henry and John Sheares in 1798, Robert Emmett in 1803 and the Invincibles in 1883 spent their last days here before execution.

Song 1: “By Memory Inspired” (anonymous)

Sung by Barry Gleeson

By Memory inspired,
And love of country fired,
The deeds of men I love to dwell upon;
And the patriotic glow
Of my spirits must bestow
A tribute to O’Connell that is gone, boys—gone:
Here’s a memory to the friends that are gone!

In October Ninety-seven—
May his soul find rest in Heaven—
William Orr to execution was led on:
The jury, drunk, agreed
That Irish was his creed;
For perjury and threats drove them on, boys—on:
Here’s the memory of John Mitchell that is gone!

In Ninety-eight—the month July—
The informer’s pay was high;
When Reynolds gave the gallows brave MacCann;
But MacCann was Reynolds’ first—
One could not allay his thirst;
So he brought up Bond and Byrne, that are gone, boys—gone:
Here’s the memory of the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation’s tears
Shed for John and Henry Sheares;
Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong;
We may forgive, but yet
We never can forget
The poisoning of Maguire that is gone, boys—gone:
Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone!

How did Lord Edward die?
Like a man, without a sigh;
But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!
But Sirr, with steel-clad breast,
And coward heart at best,
Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys—gone:
Here’s the memory of our friends that are gone!

September, Eighteen-three,
Closed this cruel history,
When Emmet’s blood the scaffold flowed upon:
Oh, had their spirits been wise,
They might then realise
Their freedom, but we drink to Mitchell that is gone, boys—gone:
Here’s the memory of the friends that are gone!

Song 2 : “The Night Before Larry Was Stretched”

Sung by Anne Buckley

Kilmainham was the site of many non-political public hangings. Many executions took place at the front of the Gaol. This song tells us about the night before one such hanging. Frank Harte wrote that this song was one of a group of Dublin execution songs written in Newgate cant and that the song was attributed to “Hurlfoot” Billy Meagher in the songbook in which he first came across the song.

The night before Larry was stretched,
Well the boys they all paid him a visit;
A bit in their sacks too they fetched,
For they sweated their duds till they ris it:
For Larry was ever the lad
When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,
Would fence all the duds that he had
To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
AND WARM HIS GOB 'FORE HE DIED

The boys they came crowding in fast,
They drew all their stools round about him;
Six glims round his trap-case were placed,
He couldn't be well waked without them.
When one of us asked could he die
Without having duly repented?
Says Larry, that's all in my eye,
And first by the clergy invented
FOR TO GET A FAT BIT FOR THEMSELVES

“Oh I'm sorry, dear Larry, says I,
For to see you in this situation;
And blister my limbs if I lie,
I'd as lief it had been my own station.”
“Ochone! it's all over,” says he.
“For the neck-cloth I'm forced to put on,
And this time tomorrow you'll see
Your poor Larry as dead as a mutton
BECAUSE WHY, HIS COURAGE WAS GOOD.

“And I'll be cut up like a pie,
And my nob from my body be parted.”
“You're in the wrong box,” then, says I,
“For blast me if they're so hard-hearted;
A chalk on the back of your neck
Is all that Jack Ketch dares to give you;
Then mind not such trifles a feck,
For why should the likes of them grieve you?
AND NOW BOYS COME TIP US THE DECK

Well the cards then being called for, they played,
 Until Larry found one of them cheated;
A dart at his napper he made
 For the boy, he being easily heated.
“Oh, by the hokey, you thief,
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle!
You cheat me because I'm in grief,
 But soon I'll demolish your noddle
 AND LEAVE YOU YOUR CLARET TO DRINK”

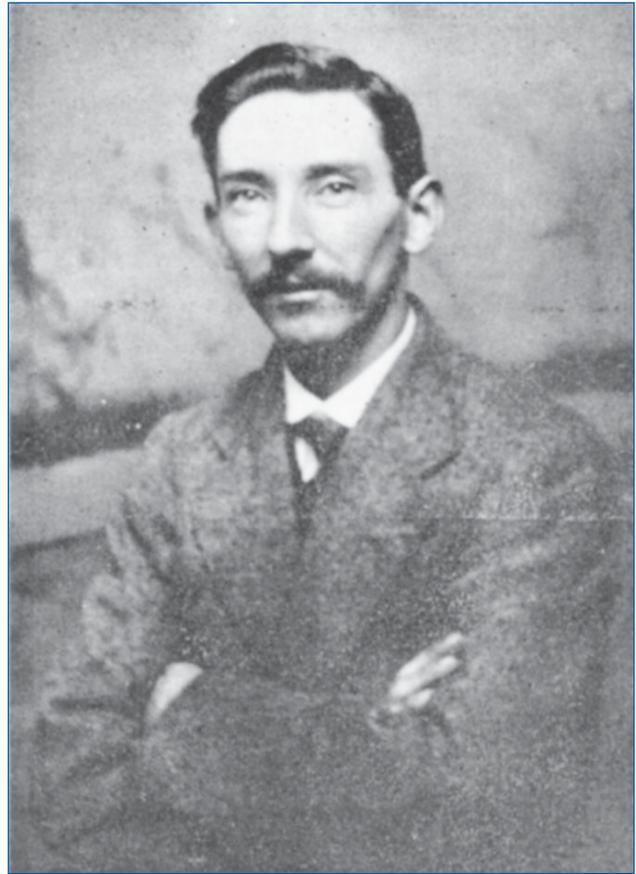
Then the clergy came in with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitched his big wig to the devil;
Then, sighing, he threw back his head
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And, pitiful sighing, he said,
 “Oh the hemp will be soon round my throttle,
 AND CHOKE MY POOR WINDPIPE TO DEATH”

“Oh then sure it's the best way to die,
 Oh the devil a better a living
For when the gallows is high
 Then your journey is shorter to heaven;
But what harasses Larry the most,
 And makes his poor soul melancholy
Is he thinks of the time when his ghost
 It will come in a sheet to sweet Molly.
 OH! SURE 'T WILL KILL HER ALIVE

So moving, these last words he spoke,
 We vented our tears in a shower;
For my own self, I thought my heart broke,
 To see him cut down like a flower.
On his travels we watched him next day;
 The throtter, I thought I could kill him;
But Larry not one word would did say,
 Nor change till he come to King William,
 THEN MUSHA HIS COLOUR TURNED WHITE

When he came to the old nubbing chit,
 He was tucked up, so neat and so pretty;
The rumbler chugged off from his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city.
He kicked too but that was all pride,
 For soon you might see 'twas all over.
Soon after the noose was untied,
 And at darkee we waked him in clover,
 AND SENT HIM TO TAKE HIS GROUND SWEAT

Peadar Kearney (1883-1942) was born at 68 Lower Dorset Street, and educated at the Model School, Schoolhouse Lane and St Joseph's CBS Marino. He joined the Gaelic League in 1901, was sworn into the IRB in 1903, and taught Irish to Seán O'Casey. A house painter, he joined the Abbey Theatre in the props department and took small parts. He wrote "The Soldiers Song" in 1907. He participated in the Howth gun-running in 1914 and fought at Jacobs Factory in the 1916 Rising, eluding capture afterwards. He was later arrested at his home in Summerhill and was interned at Ballykinlar, Co Down in the company of Martin Walton of Walton's Music fame. He sided with Michael Collins and the Treaty. He was an uncle of Brendan and Dominic Behan, who each individually displayed Peadar's "sense of knowledge of the language-register of the folk song that allow many of his songs slip seamlessly into the Dublin tradition."



Peadar Kearney

Song 3: "A Row in the Town" by Peadar Kearney *Sung by Jerry O'Reilly*

I'll sing you a song of the row in the town,
When the Green Flag went up and the crown rag came down,
'Twas the neatest and sweetest thing ever you saw,
And they played the best game played in Erin Go Bragh.

A thousand young men now, of every degree,
With their rifles and shotguns, they swore to be free,
And one fine Easter Monday, they laughed at the 'Law',
And they played the best game played in Erin Go Bragh.

God rest gallant Pearse and his comrades who died,
Tom Clarke, McDermott, MacDonagh, MacBride,
And here's to James Connolly, he gave one 'Hurrah',
And he faced the machine guns for Erin go Bragh.

Brave Ceannt and his comrades, like lions at bay,
From the South Dublin Union poured death and dismay,
And what was the wrath, when those Englishmen saw
All the dead khaki soldiers in Erin Go Bragh.

Here's to Ned Daly and all his command,
From the Four Courts to Broadstone, their fighting was grand,
For the might of the Empire, they cared not a straw,
And they played the best game played in Erin Go Bragh.

A young De Valera was down at Ringsend,
For the honour of Ireland to hold and defend,
He had no veteran soldiers but volunteers raw,
Playing sweet Mauser music for Erin Go Bragh

A brave English Captain was raging that day,
He said, 'Give me an hour and I'll blow them away',
But a big Mauser bullet got stuck in his craw,
And he died of lead poisonin' in Erin Go Bragh.

Here's to the men of the brave rank and file,
And the lion-hearted women of Erin's green isle,
Let true men salute them in wonder and awe,
The stoutest and bravest in Erin Go Bragh.

All glory to Dublin, to her's, the renown,
Through the long generations her fame will go down,
And her children will tell how their forefathers saw,
The red blaze of freedom in Erin Go Bragh.

In February 1923, Grace Plunkett (née Gifford), widow of Joseph Plunkett was among the many Republican prisoners who were incarcerated in the East wing of Kilmainham. Others included Maud Gonne McBride, formerly the wife of the executed leader Major John McBride, and Nora Connolly, daughter of James Connolly.

Song 4: "Grace" by Frank and Seán O'Meara *Sung by Mick Keeley*

The marriage of Grace Gifford and the poet Joseph Mary Plunkett, one of the signatories to the Proclamation, on the eve of Plunkett's execution in Kilmainham, is perhaps one of the most poignant images in the immediate aftermath of the Rising. Her sister Muriel was the wife of Thomas McDonagh, another signatory who was also shot in Kilmainham, leaving the two sisters widowed within twenty-four hours of each other. This song was made famous by the singing of the late Jim McCann of Dubliner's fame.

As we gather in the chapel here in old Kilmainham Jail
I think about these past few weeks, oh will they say we've failed?
From our school days they have told us we must yearn for liberty
Yet all I want in this dark place is to have you here with me.

Oh, Grace, just hold me in your arms and let this moment linger.
They'll take me out at dawn and I will die.

With all my love I place this wedding ring upon your finger.
There won't be time to share our love for we must say goodbye.

Now I know it's hard for you my love, to ever understand
The love I bear for these brave men, the love for my dear land,
But when Pádraic called me to his side down in the GPO
I had to leave my own sick bed, to him I had to go.

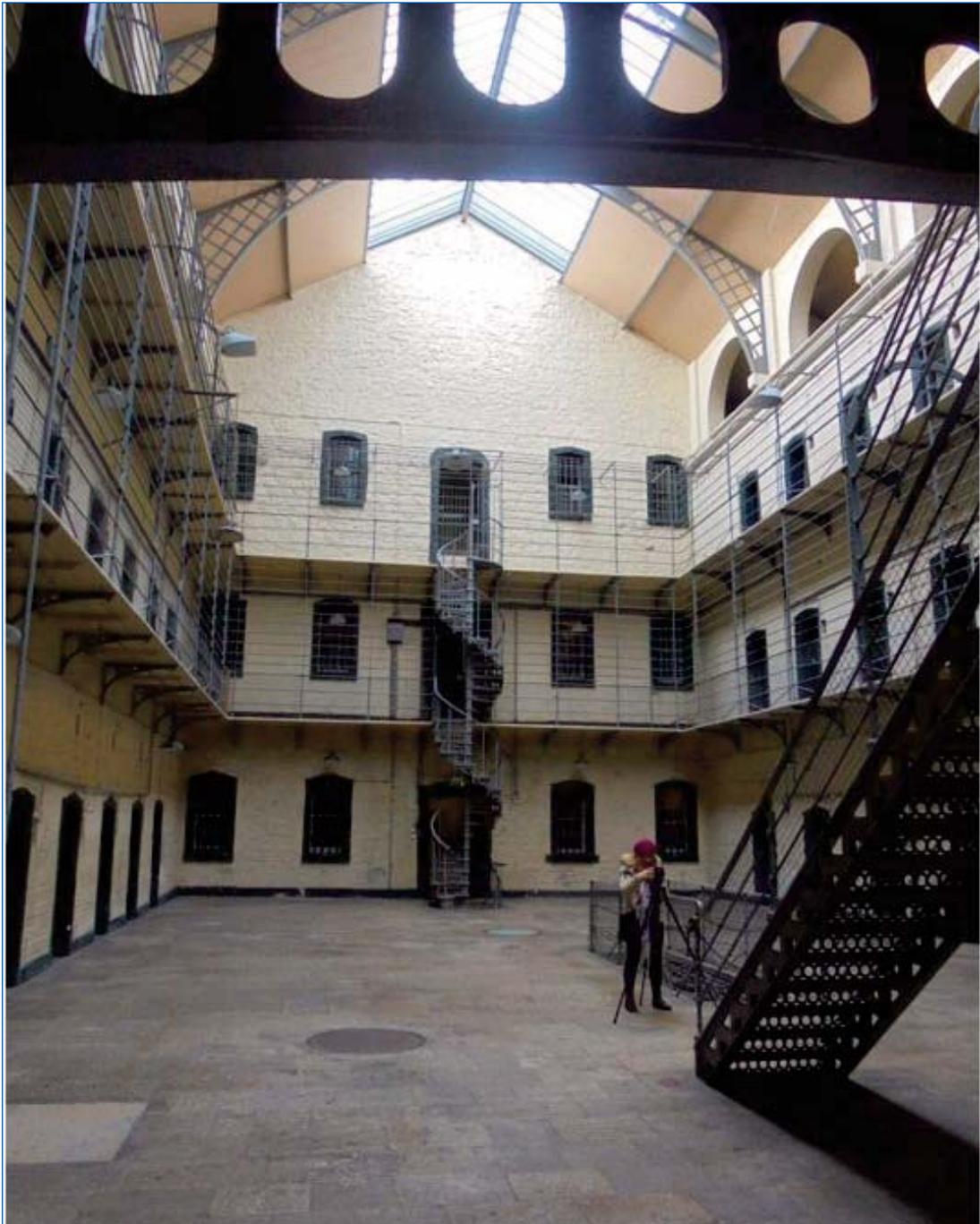
Oh, Grace, just hold me in your arms and let this moment linger.
They'll take me out at dawn and I will die.
With all my love I'll place this wedding ring upon your finger.
There won't be time to share our love for we must say goodbye.

Now, as the dawn is breaking, my heart is breaking too
On this May morn as I walk out, my thoughts will be of you,
And I'll write some words upon the wall so everyone will know
I loved so much that I could see his blood upon the rose.

Oh, Grace, just hold me in your arms and let this moment linger,
They'll take me out at dawn and I will die,
With all my love I'll place this wedding ring upon your finger,
There won't be time to share our love for we must say goodbye,
For we must say goodbye



The East Wing cell occupied by
Grace Plunkett in 1923



The East Wing Frank Harte at Kilmainham

At a concert titled “The Flaming Door” held in Kilmainham Gaol to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the Easter Rising in 1991 Frank Harte sang Patrick Galvin’s lament for James Connolly. Frank himself, recalled how the echo came back from high up in the galleries and how in all the times he had previously sung that song, he never had experienced a feeling like he felt that night in Kilmainham. Theo Dorgan—a Cork born poet who has lived in Dublin for many years—was in the audience. He was moved to write a memorable poem in which he applauded “the dignity of the singer’s art” which he dedicated to Frank titled “Kilmainham Jail, Dublin, Easter 1991”. Here are a few verses:

The singer surveys his audience, heat rising
to the tricolour and Plough overhead.
As the first words of Galvin's lament climb to invoke
James Connolly's ghost, we are joined by the dead.

I say this as calmly as I can. The gaunt dead
crowded the catwalks, shirt-sleeved, disbelieving.
The guards had long since vanished, but these
looked down on us, their faces pale.

I saw men there who had never made their peace,
men who had failed these many years to accept their fate,
still stunned by gunfire, wounds, fear for their families;
Paralysed until now by the long volleys of May so long ago.

I think that we all felt it, their doubt and their new fear,
the emblems so familiar, the setting, our upturned faces,
so unreal. Only the dignity of the singer's art
had the power to release them.

Stop 2: The Stonebreaker's Yard

A cross marks the spot in the former Stonebreaker's Yard where thirteen of the leaders of the 1916 Rising were executed. James Connolly was shot at the opposite end of the yard near to the entrance where another cross marks the spot.

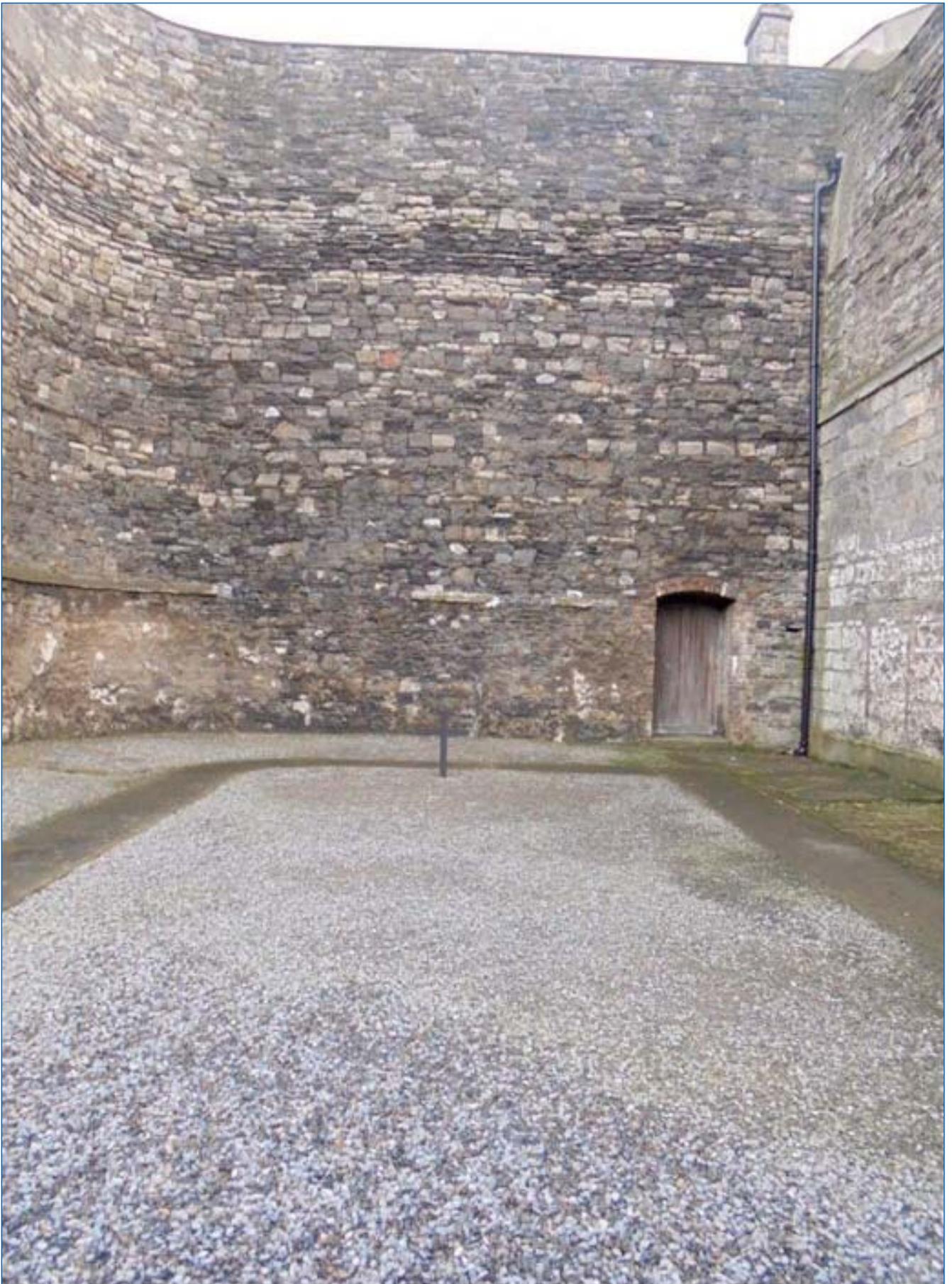
From 1877 male prisoners serving over one-year-long sentences, and female prisoners serving over six months were transferred to Mountjoy Prison. The reformatory power of hard labour was considered most effective when packed into the early months of a sentence. Stone breaking in the Stonebreakers' yard was one of the main forms of hard labour employed at Kilmainham. It was in this yard that the 1916 leaders were executed by firing squad. James Connolly was brought here by ambulance and shot in a chair just inside the Yard gate. All the other leaders were shot at the other end of the yard.

Liam Mac Gabhann (1908-1979) was a national school teacher who became a journalist and film critic. He was born on Valentia Island, County Kerry in 1908. His poem James Connolly was based on reading comments made by the son of a Welsh miner who was part of Connolly's firing squad and who later asked Connolly's relatives to forgive him.

5: "Connolly" — a poem by Liam MacGabhann

read by Máire Ní Chróinín

The man was all shot through that came today
Into the barrack square;
A soldier I – I am not proud to say
We killed him there;
They brought him from the prison hospital;
To see him in that chair
I thought his smile would far more quickly call
A man to prayer.



The Stonebreakers' Yard

Maybe we cannot understand this thing
That makes these rebels die
And yet all things love freedom – and the Spring
Clear in the sky;
I think I would not do this deed again
For all that I hold by;
Gaze down the rifle at his breast – but then
A soldier I.

They say that he was kindly – different too,
Apart from all the rest;
A lover of the poor; and all shot through,
His wounds ill drest.
He came before us, faced us like a man,
He knew a deeper pain
Than blows or bullets – ere the world began;
Died he in vain?

Ready – present; And he just smiling – God
I felt my rifle shake.
His wounds were opened out and round that chair
Was one red lake.
I swear his lips said ‘Fire’ when all was still
Before my rifle spat
That cursed lead – and I was picked to kill
A man like that!

There are many songs written about James Connolly, but this one by Cork writer Patrick Galvin surely ranks as by far the best. It was often sung by Frank Harte and holds a special place in the Dublin singing tradition and is a great favourite among trade unionists. We are very privileged to have Christy Moore in the footsteps of Frank Harte at this sacred place to sing the great song here.

Song 6: “James Connolly” by Patrick Galvin

Sung by Christy Moore

Where oh where is our James Connolly?
Where oh where can that brave man be?
He is gone to organise the union.
That working men might yet be free.

Where oh where is the Citizen Army?
Where oh where is that gallant band?
They’ve gone to join the Great Rebellion,
For the freedom of each working man.

And who’ll be there to lead the van?
Oh who’ll be there to lead the van?

Who but our own James Connolly,
The hero of each working man.

Who carries high the burning flag?
Who carries high the burning flag?
Who but James Connolly all pale and wounded,
Who carries high the burning flag.

They carried him up to the jail.
They carried him up to Kilmainham Gaol.
And there they shot him one bright May morning,
And quickly laid him in a quick lime grave.

Who mourns now for our James Connolly?
Who mourns now for that fighting man?
Oh lay me down in yon green garden,
But make my bearers Union men.

So we laid him down in yon green garden,
With Union men on every side,
And swore we'd make one mighty Union,
And fill that gallant man with pride.

Now all you noble young Irishmen,
Come join with me for liberty.
And we'll forge a mighty weapon,
And break the bonds of slavery!



'James Connolly' by Harry Kernoff

At 11:50 a.m. participants rejoin their bus waiting outside which will bring them to Arbour Hill Cemetery where the 1916 Leaders are buried.

Stop 3: Arbour Hill Cemetery

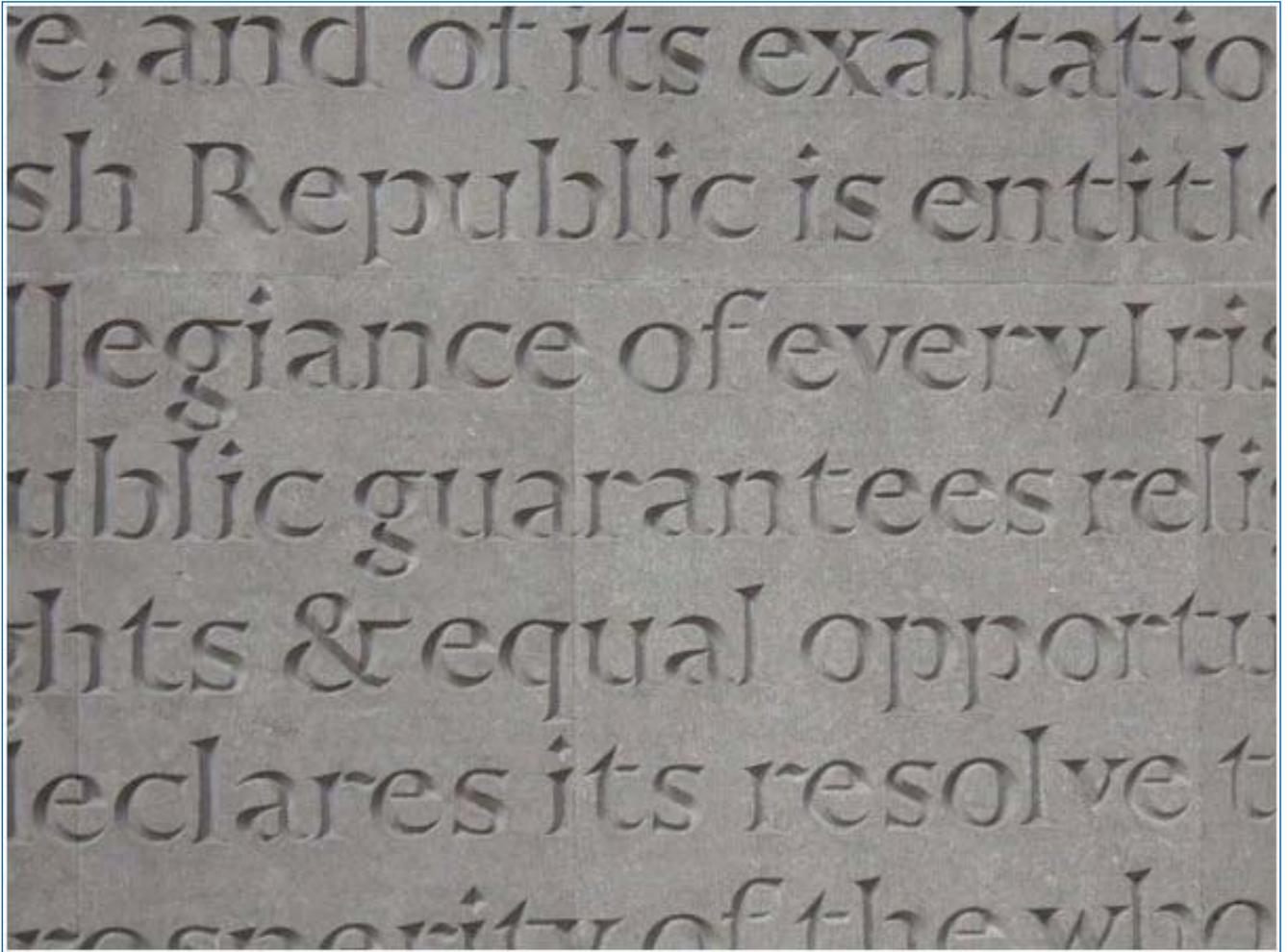


The military cemetery at Arbour Hill is the last resting place of fourteen of the executed leaders of the insurrection of 1916, including all of the signatories of the Proclamation. The leaders were executed in Kilmainham and then their bodies were transported to Arbour Hill, where they were buried. The graves are located under a low mound on a terrace of Wicklow granite in what was once the old prison yard. The names of those interred are inscribed in both Irish and English. The backdrop is a memorial wall on which the proclamation is also written in Irish and English. On a pedestal to the left of the gravesite is a plaque with the names of all the other Irish Volunteers who gave their lives in 1916 including Roger Casement, who was tried and hanged in London for his part in the Rising, and Thomas Kent who was tried by court-martial and executed in Cork. It should be noted that Éamonn Ceannt, one of those executed, was an accomplished uilleann piper and a founding member with Edward Martyn in 1900 of the Dublin Pipers Club (Cumann na bPíobairí). He served for a time as its honorary secretary. The music, songs and poems are performed here at two locations:

Stop 3: By the Graveside

7: Slow air, “Róisín Dubh”

Played by Liam O’Connor (fiddle)



8: The Proclamation of the Irish Republic

Read by Brendan Kennedy

The Proclamation of the Irish Republic was the document drafted and issued by the leaders of the Rising which included both the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army. It was modelled on a similar document issued in 1803 by Robert Emmett. The seven signatories were all executed following the rebellion and buried at Arbour Hill. It is thought that Pádraig Pearse read the proclamation at the beginning of the Rising outside the General Post Office in what is now O’Connell Street, Dublin. The proclamation provides us with an insight to the type of Ireland envisaged by the leaders.

POBLACHT NA hÉIREANN

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades in arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all of the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline, and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government:

THOMAS J. CLARKE

SEAN Mac DIARMADA

THOMAS MacDONAGH

P. H. PEARSE

EAMONN CEANNT

JAMES CONNOLLY

JOSEPH PLUNKETT

Three Short Poems:

Francis Ledwidge (1887-1917) was born near Slane in county Meath. A friend of McDonagh's he chose to back Redmond's call to enlist in the British Army and was killed in action at the Battle of Passchendale during the Great War.

9. "Thomas Mc Donagh" by Francis Ledwidge

Recited by Brenda Ní Ríordán

He shall not hear the bittern cry
In the wild sky, where he is lain,
Nor voices of the sweeter birds
Above the wailing of the rain.

Nor shall he know when loud March blows
Thro' slanting snows her fanfare shrill
Blowing to flame the golden cup
Of many an upset daffodil.

But when the dark Cow leaves the moor,
And pastures poor with greedy weeds,
Perhaps he'll hear her low at morn
Lifting her horn in pleasant meads



Thomas McDonagh

Joseph Mary Plunkett (1877 -1916) was another poet friend of Thomas McDonagh, they were both members of the Gaelic League and both married sisters Grace and Muriel Gifford.

10. "I See His Blood Upon The Rose" by Joseph Mary Plunkett

Recited by Nick Ó Murchú

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies

I see His face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice – and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined in every thorn,
His cross is every tree



Joseph Mary Plunkett

11: The Mother by Padraig Pearse

Recited by Róisín Gaffney

This poem is indicative of the complex emotions and suffering which Pearse foresaw as the outcome of the blood sacrifice he clearly envisioned. It is all the more poignant spoken as it is, in his own mother's voice.

I do not grudge them: Lord, I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and a few,
In bloody protest for a glorious thing,
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generations shall remember them,
And call them blessed;
But I will speak their names to my own heart
In the long nights;
The little names that were familiar once
Round my dead hearth.
Lord, thou art hard on mothers:
We suffer in their coming and their going;
And tho' I grudge them not, I weary, weary
Of the long sorrow – And yet I have my joy:
My sons were faithful, and they fought.



Pádraig Pearse

Stop 4: At the monument to commemorate all the Irish Volunteers who died during or as a result of their part in the Easter week rising.

Here we commemorate all those who fought and died during the Rising, including Roger Casement, and Thomas Kent who was executed in Cork

12: Song “Óró sé do bheatha ’bhaile” by P.H. Pearse

Sung by Antaine Ó Faracháin (Chorus all)

Pádraig Pearse adapted the words of this old Jacobite song to welcome home the fighters (Wild Geese) who would come from abroad to free Ireland. It became a popular song and was said to have been sung in the GPO during the rising.

’Sé do bheatha, a bhean ba léanmhar,
Do b’ é ár gcreach thú bheith i ngéibheann,
Do dhúiche bhreá i seilbh méirleach,
Is tú díolta leis na Gallaibh.

Chorus

Óró, sé do bheatha ’bhaile,
Óró, sé do bheatha ’bhaile,
Óró, sé do bheatha ’bhaile
Anois ar theacht an tsamhraidh.

Tá Gráinne Mhaol ag teacht thar sáile,
Óglaigh armtha léi mar gharda,
Gaeil iad féin is ní Frainc ná Spáinnigh,
Is cuirfidh siad ruaig ar Ghallaibh.

A bhuí le Rí na bhFeart go bhfeiceam,
Mura mbeam beo ina dhiaidh ach seachtain,
Gráinne Mhaol agus míle gaiscíoch,
Ag fógairt fáin ar Ghallaibh.

13: Song “The Foggy Dew” by Rev Charles O’Neill

Sung by Frank Nugent

This song is attributed to Rev P O’Neill of Rostrevor in some publications and to Rev Charles O’Neill of Belfast in more. Terry Moylan (*The Indignant Muse* 2016) opted for the latter, whom he says most sources credit the song to. It is perhaps the most popular song performed about the 1916 Rising in Dublin and most memorably recorded by the late Luke Kelly.

As down the glen one Easter morn to a city fair rode I,
There armed lines of marching men in squadrons passed me by;
No pipe did hum, no battle drum did sound its loud tattoo
But the Angelus bell o'er the Liffey's swell rang out in the foggy dew.

Right proudly high over Dublin town they hung out a flag of war,
'Twas better to die 'neath an Irish sky than at Suvla or Sud El Bar;
And from the plains of Royal Meath strong men came hurrying through
While Britannia's Huns with their great big guns, sailed in through the foggy dew.

O, the night fell black and the rifles' crack made “Perfidious Abion” reel
'Mid the leaden rain, seven tongues of flame did shine o'er the lines of steel.
By each shining blade a prayer was said that to Ireland her sons be true,
And when morning broke still the war flag shook out its fold in the foggy dew

'Twas England bade our wild geese go that small nations might be free,
But their lonely graves are by Suvla's waves or the fringe of the gray North Sea.
O, had they died by Pearse's side or fought with Cathal Brugha,
Their names we'd keep where the Fenians sleep, 'neath the shroud of the foggy dew.

The bravest fell, and the requiem bell rang mournfully and clear,
For those who died that Eastertide in the springtime of the year;
While the world did gaze with deep amaze at those fearless men, but few
Who bore the fight that freedom's light might shine through the foggy dew.

Ah, back through the glen I rode again, and my heart with grief was sore,
For I parted then with valiant men whom I never shall see more;
But to and fro in my dreams I go and I'd kneel and pray for you,
For slavery fled, O glorious dead, when you fell in the foggy dew.

14: Song *Lonely Banna Strand* (traditional)

Sung by Niamh Parsons

Roger Casement (1864-1916) had gone to Germany to seek help and arms from the German government. He sailed into Tralee Bay on the German ship the *Aud* with a cargo of rifles on Good Friday 1916. Unfortunately, due to an accident the volunteers who were due to meet him failed to reach the rendezvous point at Banna Strand. As a consequence the *Aud* was scuttled

and Casement arrested when he came ashore. The song relates the sad story of the great humanitarian who was tried for treason under a statute of 1351. He was found guilty at the Old Bailey in London. He was hanged in Pentonville jail on August 3rd 1916.

'Twas on Good Friday Morning near to the month of May
A German ship was signalling beyond out in the bay.
We've twenty thousand rifles all ready for to land
But, no answering signal came to them from lonely Banna Strand.

A motor-car was dashing through the early morning gloom,
A sudden crash, and in a stream they went to meet their doom
Two Irish lads lay dying there, fast like their hopes so grand
They could not give the signal now from lonely Banna Strand.

'No signal answers from the shore,' Sir Roger sadly said,
'No comrades here to welcome me, alas! they must be dead;
But I must do my duty and at once I mean to land,'
So in a small boat pulled ashore to lonely Banna Strand.

The German ship was lying there with rifles in galore.
Up came a British ship and said, 'No Germans reach the shore;
You are our Empire's enemy, and so we bid you stand.
No German foot shall e'er pollute the lonely Banna Strand.'

If we sail for Queenstown Harbour, said the Germans: 'We're undone
The British are our masters, man for man, and gun for gun.
We've twenty thousand rifles here, but they never will reach land.
We'll sink them all and bid adieu to lonely Banna Strand.'

The R.I.C. were hunting for Sir Roger high and low,
They found him at McKenna's Fort, said they: 'You are our foe.'
Said he, 'I'm Roger Casement, I came to my native land,
I meant to free my countrymen on lonely Banna Strand.'

They took Sir Roger prisoner and sailed for London Town,
And in the Tower they've laid him as a traitor to the Crown.
Said he, 'I am no traitor,' but his trial they made him stand.
For bringing German rifles to lonely Banna Strand.

'Twas in an English prison that he went to meet his death.
"I'm dying for my country", he said with his last breath.
In prison ground they've laid him, far from his native land
Now the wild waves sing his Requiem on lonely Banna Strand.

They took Sir Roger's body back in the year of '65
And with his comrades of '16, in peace and tranquil lies,
His dying wish it is fulfilled, he lies in his native land,
Now the waves can roll in peace again, on lonely Banna Strand.

At 1:00 p.m. participants rejoin their bus
which will proceed to Parnell Square via the G.P.O.



Stop 5 The Garden of Remembrance, Parnell Square

This beautiful garden in the heart of the city was designed by Daithi Hanly and dedicated to the memory of all those who gave their lives in the cause of Irish Freedom. The large sculptures by Oisín Kelly is based on the myth of the “Children of Lír” The garden is intended as a place of quiet remembrance and reflection.

The final sequence of music, song and recitation will take place here including:

15: Music, a selection of patriotic tunes played by Mick O’Connor, Family and Friends will greet the participants on arrival to the Garden.

16: Song, “The Dying Rebel” by Seamus Kavanagh
Sung by Mick Dunne

This song reflects the impact the rising had on the ordinary people of Ireland who lost sons and daughters who were active in the Rising and other innocent civilians caught in the cross-fire.

The night was dark, and the fight was ended,
The moon shone down O'Connell Street,
I stood alone, where brave men perished
Those men have gone, their God to meet.

My only son was shot in Dublin,
Fighting for his country bold,
He fought for Ireland and Ireland only,
The Harp and Shamrock, Green, White and Gold.

The first I met was a grey haired father
Searching for his only son,
I said "Old man, there's no use searching
For up to heaven, your son has gone".

The old man cried out broken hearted
Bending o'er I heard him say:
"I knew my son was too kind hearted,
I knew my son would never yield".

The last I met was a dying rebel,
Bending low I heard him say:
"God bless my home in dear Cork City,
God bless the cause for which I die."

17: Recitation, “The Citizen Army is out today” by Liam McGabhann

Recited by Eamonn Hunt

The Irish Citizen Army (ICA) was established in November 1913 by James Larkin, James Connolly and Captain Jack White for the defence of the workers engaged in demonstrations from attack by the police. It was later armed with German Mauser rifles smuggled to Howth in July 1914. It never numbered more than 250 members. When the IRB were planning the Easter Rising in January 1916 they invited James Connolly who then commanded the ICA to join the organising Military Council. Connolly saw the rising as an opportunity for workers to wage civil war against capitalism. He proclaimed ‘the cause of Ireland was the cause of Labour.’ Labour’s Starry Plough flag was flown over the Imperial Hotel during the rising. Central to Connolly’s thinking was a desire to overthrow the capitalist establishment rulers, whether they be King or Kaiser.

The Citizen Army is out today, and if you wonder why,
Go ask the lords of the banking house if their cash returns be high.
'Tisn't the bosses who bear the brunt, 'tisn't you and I,
But those women and kids whose tears were hid as the strikers went stumbling by.
The docker loads two hundred tons in his master's ship per day;
At night the docker's daughter bends her weary limbs to pray.
From the old North Wall to Liberty Hall was a dead line of unskilled;
They heaved an' hauled when the bosses called and stopped when the bosses willed.

The Citizen Army is out today, and if you wonder why,
It's because Jim Larkin came this way to nail the bosses' lie.
The iron gyves on their limbs and lives would crush them till they die,
Those women and kids whose tears were hid as the strikers went marching by.



The docker and carter and heaver of coal were only the backwash then,
Till Larkin built that union up and the bosses feared again.
From the old North Wall to Liberty Hall came that dead line of unskilled
In a new-born fight for the workers' rights that the bosses thought they'd killed.

The Citizen Army is out today, and if you wonder why,
Go ask the troops in their masters' pay if the blood on their guns be dry.
Ah, well, they won where the baton and gun have swung where the dead ones lie,
For those women and kids whose tears were hid as the wounded went staggering by.
Jim Connolly watches ships sail out through flags at Kingstown Pier,
And starving Dublin sends its toil of guard and fusilier—
Food for the guns that over the world have thundered murder's peal,
And Dublin's broken union men die first on Flanders fields.

The Citizen Army is out today, and if you wonder why,
Go ask them in the grey and green why the Starry Plough flies high.
'Tisn't only the bosses we challenge now, for Connolly has cast the die
For those women and kids whose tears were hid as the soldiers went marching by.
Four hundred bosses planned to break that dead line of unskilled;
Four hundred bosses drink tonight, for Connolly is killed;
But, dead or alive, there are those who chose a glorious thing to do,
For Connolly built that union up for the likes of me and you.

The Citizen Army is out today, and if you wonder why,
Go ask the lords of the banking house if their cash returns be high.
For they are there, and we are here: it's a fight to the knife again;
The Citizen Army is out today—come, workers, rise again!

18: "April 1916"

A new song written and sung by Fergus Russell

It was composed as part of the 1916 Song Project organised by Aileen Lambert and Michael Fortune. Fergus says it "was his attempt to express his sincere admiration, gratitude and thanks to the brave and principled women and men who had the courage and determination to face the might of a tyrannical empire and assert in arms that "freedom is the peoples right"

In nineteen sixteen. a war obscene,
Was raging through the nations,
When the call rang out; Arise,
Let us arm and organise
For Ireland's liberation.

For it's the workers bleed,
For the Empire's greed,
And the poor must form the rich men's shield,
As all round the world, the bombs are hurled,
In the workers that die on the battlefield.

On a Dublin Quay,
On an Easter day,
A ragged army did assemble,
Men, women and boys,
And they made such a noise,
That they made the Empire tremble.

'Neath the Starry Plough,
They made a vow
Though poorly armed and few are we.
All tyrants we defy
Freedom is our battle cry,
We'll not rest 'til we gain our liberty.

Those brave Volunteers
With hearts sincere
Were not a battle hardened band
Nurses, poets and dockers
Bricklayers and actors
All citizen soldiers for Ireland.

'Neath the sun's bright glow,
By the GPO,
Those rebels bold they did ignite,
A flickering flame,
That did proclaim,
That freedom it is the people's right.

In street, lane and square,
'midst bullet, shell and flare,
Those heroes brave did face their foe
And in the lion's den,
Those women and men
Did match the tyrant blow for blow.

For their nationhood
They paid in blood
To shed their chains and rise up free,
To greet each morn
A free-people born
Not subject in some colony.

They fought with great honour
Upright, just and proper,
No hint of cowardice or outrage

But far outnumbered
And their forces sundered
They were trapped like tigers in a cage.

On the final morn
As the day did dawn
What a dreadful sight did meet their gaze
Unarmed citizens lay dead
Slaughtered as they fled
By machineguns behind a British barricade.

At the sight of the killing
Of those innocent civilians
And the city a blazing battlefield
With tears in their eyes
The commanders did advise
To lay down arms and to yield

To end this tale,
In Kilmainham Gaol
The vengeful tyrants did demand
That fourteen brave martyrs
Be led to the slaughter
To silence dissent in Ireland

But hearts of steel
Will never kneel
To tyranny or aggression
And Irelands women and men
They will rise once again
To end their long oppression.

Song 19: "The Tri-coloured Ribbon" by Peadar Kearney

Sung by Angela Murray

Peadar Kearney evoked the pride of a sweetheart for the blood sacrifice of her true love who died to make his country free. This song with its jaunty air is a powerful romantic post-Rising call to arms to the youth of Ireland.

I had a true love if ever a girl had one
I had a true love a brave lad was he
One fine Easter Monday with his gallant comrades
He started away for to make Ireland free

Chorus

For all around my hat I wear a tri-coloured ribbon, oh
All around my hat until death comes to me
And if anybody's asking me the reason why I wear it
It's all for my own true love I never more will see

He whispered "Goodbye love, old Ireland is calling
High over Dublin our Tri-colour flies
In the streets of the city the foe man is falling
And wee birds are whistling "Old Ireland arise"

Chorus

In praying and watching the dark hours passed over
The roar of the guns brought no message to me
I prayed for Old Ireland, I prayed for my lover
That he might be safe and Old Ireland be free
Chorus

The struggle was ended, they brought me the story
The last whispered message he sent unto me
"I was true to my land, love, I fought for her glory
And gave up my life for to make Ireland free"

Chorus

Song 20: "The Murder of Skeffy"

Written and sung by Pat Burke

Another new 1916 song commemorates the death of the remarkable Francis Sheehy Skeffington who was a well known writer and radical activist who attended UCD at the same time as James Joyce. Joyce's character named McCann in *Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man* was modelled on Skeffington. He was an activist in support of women's suffrage, pacifism, anti conscription and Home Rule for Ireland. In 1916, he became a victim of a British war crime when he was shot by firing squad at Portobello Barracks without any trial on the orders of Captain Bowen Coldhurst who suspected he was an insurgent. His wife Hanna was among those held in Kilmainham in 1923

Cycling on the cobbled streets all in the broad daylight
bearded face cap and plus-fours, Skeffy was a common sight
a suffragist, a pacifist, caught in a time of strife
Who could foresee the tragedy that soon would quench his life

A modern man he took the side of those he felt oppressed
the suffragette, the working man, he saw a nation in distress
but clouds of war disturbed him most, the jingoistic chants
as young men all in khaki marched to where red poppies danced.

He watched the Volunteers march out in nineteen and sixteen
the Citizen Army too, in uniforms of bottle green
he argued with Clarke, with Connolly, with Pearse and with McDonagh
for him no cause could justify the killing of a father or brother

But the die was cast, the plans were laid, a ship was on the sea
bearing guns for Cáitlín's sons to forge a nation's destiny
with dreams of Home Rule fading fast, Easter spelt resurrection
hidden from view, good man true, planned Erin's re-direction.

With looters on the Dublin streets since the Republic's Proclamation
Skeffy pleaded for an end to the theft and desecration
a Peace Patrol he tried to form, his efforts came to nought
on Tuesday evening from Rathmines to the barracks, he was brought

So, you're a 'Sin' Féin Irishman, the officer exclaimed
Skeffy smiled in quick reply, "I've yet to see 'sin' in Sinn Féin,
you know I am a pacifist, all warfare I despise".
"Then this night you'll spend locked in our cells with the other rebel spies."

From Dripsey in the County Cork Captain Bowen Colthurst came
an Anglo-Irish officer and a Boer War veteran
a one man battle he engaged with those he deemed his foes
seditious Irish radicals the cause of all Britannia's woes.

With Skeffy in the cells two other prisoners lay
Tom Dickson and Pat McIntyre, arrested by Colthurst that day
As Wednesday dawned he had these men lined against a wall
A firing squad did for all three without any trial at all.

The killing of Sheehy Skeffington was a murderous act
a man of peace shot in cold blood, no one could deny the fact
Colthurst was court-martialled, found guilty but insane
to Broadmoor sent, yet in two years, was a free man once again.

Oh, many were the innocents shot down in Dublin town
that Easter week the flame was lit, the green flag flew without a crown
So, in dark and evil days, let us ne'er forget
Francis Sheehy Skeffington, his cause, his life, his death.

21: Set dance to 'A Row in the Town Set dance medley' with music provided by
Mick O'Connor, family and friends.

The set will be performed by Brooks Academy and An Góilín members led by Jerry O'Reilly

22: Song “Sweet Daffodil Mulligan”

Sung by Siobhán Harte (grand-daughter of the late Frank Harte).

This song was written for the much loved Dublin comedian Jimmy O’Dea by Frank O’Donovan as a companion song to “Biddy Mulligan” which was Jimmy’s signature tune.

I'm Daffodil Mulligan, Biddy's young girl
And the fellas all say I'm a peach and a pearl
I was born at the daffodil time of year
So they just call me Daffy, now maybe that's queer

Chorus

For I'm sweet Daffodil Mulligan I am,
All my ancestors come from the Coombe,
And I'm just such another, the spit of my mother,
The lady that lives in one room, down on Francis street.
Sweet Daffodil Mulligan, fresh fish!
Like the sweet Blarney roses that bloom
I am bright, hale and hearty, the life of the party,
I'm Daffy the belle of the Coombe, fresh fish!

It was in that Pine Forest so dark and so dim,
That I first met my Jemmy so tall and so slim,
It was on an excursion the girls all looked swell,
But I took the biscuit, and Jem's heart as well.

We were married in August when Jem was on strike,
So he took me to Bray on the back of his bike,
Now the strike is all over and Jem, bless his soul,
Has settled down steadily, drawing the dole



Frank Harte (Courtesy of I.T.M.A.)

Song 23: “Amhrán na bhFiann”

Singing led by Máire Ní Chróinín

“Amhrán na bhFiann”, the national anthem, was translated by Liam Ó Rinn from Peadar Kearney’s Soldier’s Song which was a marching song often sung by the Irish Volunteers. It was famously sung in the GPO which enhanced its status. It was played by the St James’ Band at the funeral of Thomas Ashe who died on 25th of September 1917, and whose 99th anniversary we commemorate today. It will be played by the musicians and the singing will be led by Máire Ní Chróinín (chorus sung by all)

Seo díbh a chairde duan óglaigh,
 Caithréimeach bríomhar ceolmhar,
 Ár dtinte cnámh go buacach táid,
 'S an spéir go mín réaltógach
 Is fonnmhar faobhrach sinn chun gleo
 'S go tiúnmhar glé roimh thíocht don ló
 Faoi chiúnas chaomh na hoíche ar seol:
 Seo libh canaigí Amhrán na bhFiann.

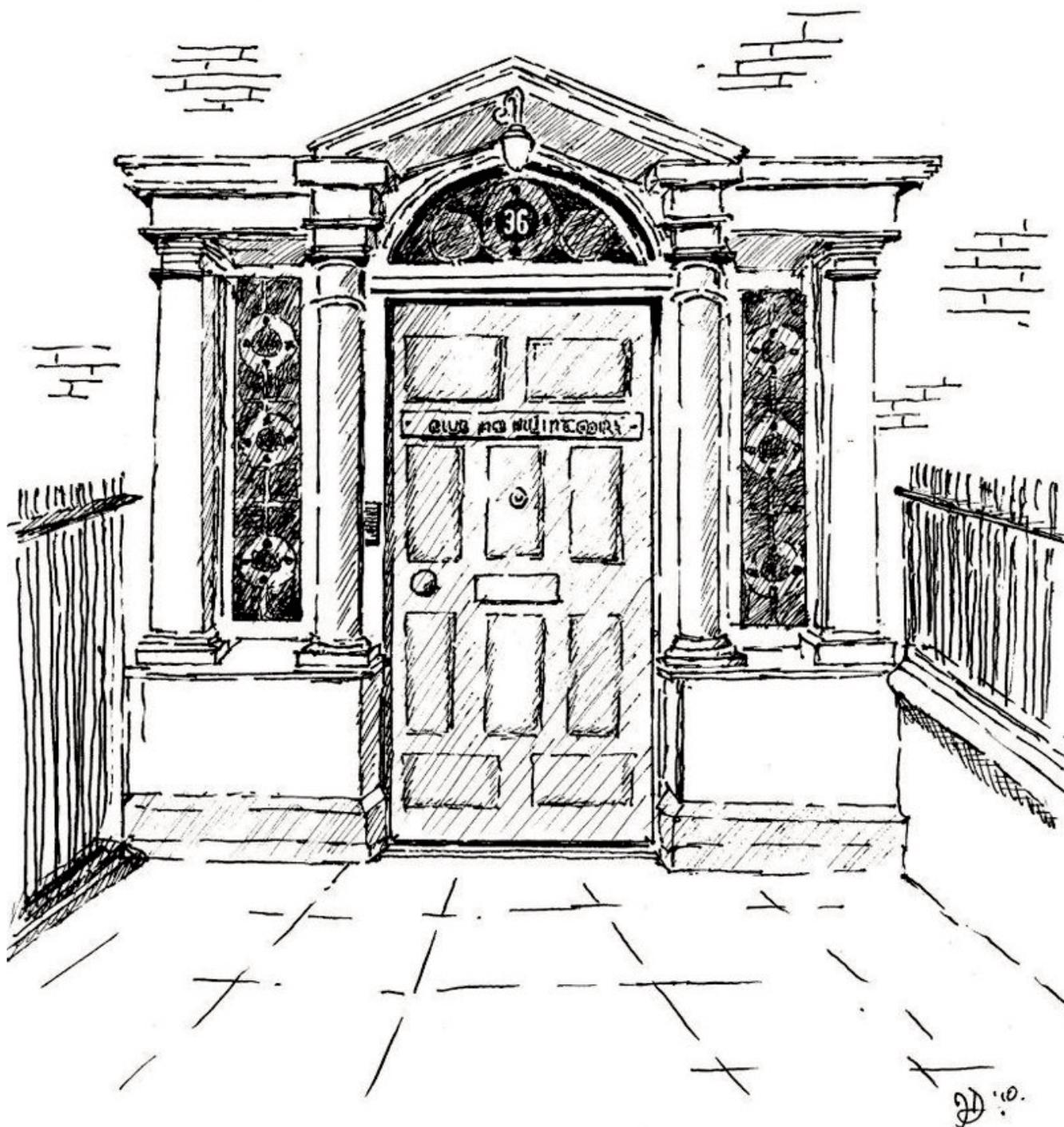
Curfá:
 Sinne Fianna Fáil atá faoi gheall ag Éirinn,
 Buíon dár slua thar toinn do ráinig chugainn.
 Faoi mhóid bheith saor, seantír ár sinsir feasta
 Ní fhágfar faoin tíorán ná faoin tráil
 Anocht a théim sa bhearna baoil,
 Le gean ar Ghaeil chun báis nó saoil
 Le gunnascreach faoi lámhach na bpiléar
 Seo libh canaigí Amhrán na bhFiann.

Cois bánta réidh, ar arda sléibhe,
 Ba bhuach ár sinsir romhainn,
 Ag lámhach go tréan faoin sárbhrat séin
 Tá thuas sa ghaoth go seolta
 Ba dhúchas riamh dár gcine cháidh
 Gan iompáil siar ó imirt áir,
 'S ag siúl mar iad i gcoinne namhad
 Seo libh, canaigí Amhrán na bhFiann.

A bhuíon nach fann d'fhuil Ghaeil is Gall,
 Sin breacadh lae na saoirse,
 Ta sceimhle 's scanradh i gcroithe namhad,
 Roimh ranna laochra ár dtíre.
 Ár dtinte is tréith gan spréach anois,
 Sin luisne ghlé san spéir anoir,
 'S an bíobha i raon na bpiléar agaibh:
 Seo libh, canaigí Amhrán na bhFiann.

Last Stop - The Teacher's Club

Time to take a break, drink a pint and continue the “Row in the Town” singing tour of Dublin in 1916 at the Teacher's Club, where on Friday nights the An Góilín traditional singing session continues to enrich the cultural life of Dublin city.





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