

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Complimentary Address to Mr. T. O. Russell.

AMONG the passengers from New York to Queenstown, by the steamship "Urania" which left this port on Saturday 15th inst., was Mr. T. O. Russell, well known to many of our readers.

He is the acknowledged champion, on this continent, of the Irish language, and has done more to resuscitate that ancient language, on both sides of the Atlantic, than any man living.

The following is a copy of an address presented to him by members of the Gaelic Society of New York, on the occasion of his leaving here to visit his native land.

New York, July 17, 1893.

EILEANACH.

DO'N T-SAOI T. O. RUSSELL.

A SHAOI DHILIS,—Sul intheochaidh tu air do chuairt go h-Eirinn, glacamaoid-ne, do chomh-bhaill de Chumann na Gaedhilge, an ocaid so le n-ar n-ard-mheas ort d'fhoillsighadh dhuit chomh maith agus is feidh linn sin do dhèanamh i m-beagan focal Gaedhilge.

Do thuillis an urraim agus an onoir is mo ni h-e amhain uainn-ne, acht o'n G-Cine Eireannach go leir, mar gheall air an dian-ghradh neamh-shantach ata agad air gach nìdh a bhaineas le maithes tire ar n-duthchais. Ni h-e a n-diù no a n-de do geineadh an tìr-ghradh so in do chroidhe, oir a bhad sul do rugadh moran de na daoineibh ata i lathair annso anocht, bli d'innleacht agus do pheann tidhluicthe agus tabhartha go toileamhail do chais na h-Eireann.

Ta fios ag ar g-comh-dhuthchasachaibh go h-uile air an meid do righne tu air son litreachta agus air son saoirse na h-Eireann tre do chuid sgrìbhinn 'san t-Sacsbheurla, acht go miodhmhar n'ìl siad, mar chine, chomh eolach air an mor-thaothar a tair ag deannamh le bliadhantaibh i sean-teangaidh nan-Gaedheil. Is againn-ne, do chomh-bhaill de Chumann na Gaedhilge, ta lan-fhios air fhirinne agus air fhearamhlacht d'oibre i d-thaoibh na teangodh ro fhaillichte sin. Is againn-ne amhain ata eolas air an mor-mhaith do righnis agus air an mor-chlu do tharraingis air shean-litreachta na h-Eireann led' innleacht aird agus led' fhoghlum fhuir.

Air na h-adhbharaidh sin ni maith linn thu do leigean air siubhal gan beagan focal buidheachais do radh leat air son do mhor-shaothair air feadh do bheatha i g-cuis do thire go coitcheinn, agus a g-cuis a teagadh agus a litreachta go h-airighthe. Le cuig bliadhantaibh deng ta tu in ar meas, agus air feadh iomlain na bh-fad-mbladhann sin nuair a bli buan-chara taisdighthe orrainn, no nuair a bhidheamair in easbhuidh saothraightheora duthrachaigh in aon nìdh do bhain le obair ag g-Cumann bli siad le faghail againn ionnt-sa a g-cumaidhe. Bhi tu reidh le do chomhairle, reidh le do pheann agus reidh le do chuid maoin in gach cruadh-chas in a rabhamar ariamh.

In do dheagh-chroidhe mor ta gean do gach fìor-Ghaedheil air fud an domhain, agus budh mhaith leat an t-Eireannach agus an t-Albanach do thabhairt le cheile aris mar do bhidheadar fad o, gan inneas no bruighean eatorra, acht iad araon tathuighthe in aon chuis faoi aon mheirge air son tìre, teaghlach agus teaghadh.

Ta bron orrainn thu do chailleamhain as ar meas air feadh beagan mìos fein, acht cia b'ìt in a m-beidh tu, ta n'fios againn gurab e curam an chumainn so do churam-sa; agus air an taoibh eile bi-se cinnte nach n-deunfamaoid dearmad ort, oir leanfaidh ar m-beannachta is duthrachaigh thu in d'aisdearbh uile air feadh do chuarta in "Eirinn trasna an t-Saile."

Ag suil go m-beidh aimsir shuairc, shona agad ameach

do charad 'san t-sean-m-baile, agus ag guidhe go g-cuirfidh Dia thu slan air ais chugainn.

Is sinn-ne, a Shaoi, air son Cumainn na Gaedhilge.

Do chairde bith-dhilse

E. T. MACCRISTAMHAIL, Uachdaran.

PERS CENT, Cleireach.

ANNA NI RAGHALLAIGH

EIBHLIN NI BHARCLAOIDH

SEBHEAL NI LOINGISGH

Cuideachta.

OBAN EIBHINN UISTEACH.

Hug o ri no, ro hu ro bho, cha'n 'eile a chuis a cordadh rium,

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Dh-eirich mi la na feille, 's-trom mo cheum 's cha neonech e.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho, etc.

Buntat ur 's t-ionnsaer maorich chuir mo ghaol gu bord thugam.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho, etc.

Dh-fhalbh mi leis an damh bheag lachdunn fiach a faghinn drobhair,

dha.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Dh-feith mi gu bial na h-oidhche, 's cha ro phris a dordadh rium.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Shuidh mi ann an gleannan fwaich ri taobh fear dhe na drobhaircan.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

'Nuair 'chunnaic mi na bha gam ionnsuidh chuir iad curam mor orm.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Gu ro 'm Bailidh-Mor na chabhaig 'tagairt a chuid coirichean.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Chuir e 'n 'ordan na maor-bheaga mas teichinn gu mointeach air.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Cuimhnich gu ruig thu mi uaireach 's a mal ann ad phoc' thugam.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Agus roinn dho 't seann "arrows" coart co cinnteach comhla ris.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Cuimhnich gu bheil an t-Achd 'nam tabhar, cha bli dal nis mo

agaibh.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Thainig Fear-Airgead-na-Bochd, is poca beag "Morocco" aige.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Mur a paidh thu mi 's a mbeidh cha bha idir "vot" agad.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Thainig Marsanta-na Mine, litrichean na dhorn aige.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Labhair e 'sa ghuth air chrith, 'bheil dad idir dhomhas agad

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Mur a paidh thu t-suin uile cha'n urrain mi an cor' thoirt dhuit.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Thainig Marsanta-na-Ti, 's da rìreann eha do chod e rium,

Thug thu riarachadh do chach ged nach eil fàirdein dhomhs agad,

Di-iarr e fiachan bh'air mo mhaithair o'n bha mi 'nam og-ghioillean,

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Gun d-thainig Marsanta-chotain, botul aig 's gun d-ol sinn rud,

Oirleam gur e dusan not a thoirt e rium 'bha coir aige air,

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Dh-eigh an saor orm le cabhaig trobhad faoi aganaich,

An diugh a gheall thu m' fhaicinn ceart, thoir tarrainn air do phoc-

aidcan.

Hug a ri no ro hu ro bho.

A' fear 'thug domh a chruac, a's-tearach bha e tacan comhla rium,

Thoir domh not a gheith am Bailidh 's bheir mi dal 'sa chor dhe

dhut.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Cha'n fhaighinn o fhear-na-cliaibh ach siadaire agus rogaire,

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Nuair bu mhiann leam a 'dhol dachaibh nochd an clachair 's trodag

air,

Cuimhnich am beagan bha eadrinn gu bheil e deiseil dhomhs agad,

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Thainig an Griasaiche air fhianaidh is bha droch bial gu leor aige,

Thainig, an Tailleir an nall, 's gun d' fhuair mi dram o'n oganach,

Cuimhnich air a bheagan thasdan bh'agam ort o'n mhuiridh,

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Thainig, an "Travallair" gallda, srann aig a chuid cleocanan.

Gu ro dearsa as a bhroilleach agus lainnir as a bhotaincan.

'S ann a thuit e ruin 's a' Bheurla "You must pay the whole of it,"

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

'S ann a thuit an gobha rium le truas, gur oic do thuar 's cha

neonach leam,

Cha n' eil mise an diugh 'nam eigiun, gleidh fein na bhios corr

agad,

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Gun sheas, a Bhaimeach as mo chionn, thoir domh mo chrun a

rogaire,

Rìob an Dotair mi o'm chul-thaobh, ghabh mi null a chomhradh ris,

Leth-chrun airson bannocdach Chailiun 's mo shalairidh comhla

ris,

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.

Dh fhaig mi uaislean ann an dicheumhne, 's cha do dh iarr iad grot

orm,

Maighistir Tearlach Ghearradh-Phailteas agus Alasdair Domhnallach,

Rob Ferghustan, Fear-an Droma, Don'till Clare 's Fear-Bhoiridh,

Fiachan o bhliadhna gu bliadhna aca airson sioll 's cloimh orm.

Hug o ri no ro hu ro bho.