

Leabhar-aithne mioranach,
tabaínta cúma
TEANGA SAEDILSE
a cōrṁad aṣur a raorṁuṣad
aṣur cūm
Féin-maṣla Cúid na h-Éireann.

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The




Gael.

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and the autonomy of the Irish Nation.*

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Fourth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

The Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society had their 6th annual reunion and ball at Uris' Novelty Hall on April 23rd.* It was a complete success, and marks another step in the stride towards the rehabilitation of mother tongue. The eloquent and patriotic president of the Society, Mr. Gilgannon, opened the exercises of the evening, speaking in Irish and in English, as follows.—

21 Ծաօյոյե Ասյրե, Չղի՛ն ԴՅսր Բյր :--

Չի դադիրմ ադ Շումանի Յաթոյէջ արյրյմ
 քսո միջե քճլտե ոմիայծ յի քո աղօժ,
 քան քճլտե դա ի-Շյքեանի..... Չի քճլտե
 քսո յիթաճ քո ճարտոյծ ճար քո ճարի
 յարտքեճ քո ճարտի քճ ճիլե. (buala
 bor)

[illegible][illegible]

TÁ mē bujōeac ojb faoj 'η éjpteacē
 čujn, mjepramjuj Δ čuž rjd čam,— Tor-
 óčajō řsolájnjče an Čumannj Žaečljze
 řjanra ηa h-ojčće le čójnj-řejnnj an ad-
 řlájnj tjr-žrāčac, Ó'Domňajll žibú.

Mr. Gilgannon explained the drift of the above for the benefit of those who did not understand Irish, as follows.—

Ladies and Gentlemen—

In the name of the Philo Celtic Society I bid you a ceudh mille failthe here to-night—the old salutation of Erin—the salutation which was customary for friends and neighbors to give each other (applause).

We have reason to rejoice and to congratulate each other at seeing so large and respectable an audience here to-night. It shows that Irishmen are taking a livelier interest in the language of their country. It encourages the patriotic Irishmen who are spending their time without pay or compensation teaching the Irish Language in order to rescue it from oblivion. We have another reason to re-

joice that our country and our people are in a more prosperous condition than they were years ago. But we have a greater cause than all these to rejoice and congratulate each other that the old enemy of our language, our creed and our country, is humiliated before the world by Russia, (tremendous applause, and long life to you). The wheel of fortune is turning for Ireland, and the wheel of misfortune for England, (cheers). There is an old saying that it is a dangerous predicament to be placed between two fires; but it is not alone between two fires England is to-day—there are fires a round her on all sides, fires above and beneath her, the fire of the just indignation of God above her: fires of war all around her and the fire of—beneath her, (cheers and laughter). She is now half humbled, on one knee, but she should humble herself on both knees and ask pardon of God for her injustice to the Island of Saints and make restitution for the past by giving up Ireland to the Irish, leave them make their own laws, speak their own language, as they did in their pristine glory, if she wishes to escape this last fire, (applause).

If there is any other nation that should rejoice and shake hands with Ireland at England's humiliation it is America (applause). It was the same old enemy that made it a penal crime to teach or speak the Irish, the language of warriors, saint and sages, the language in which the saints of old communed with their God, the language which many of you heard whispered into your infant ears by fond and loving mothers long departed, the language the Philo Celtic Society is reviving in this country—the language I speak to you and feel proud to tell you that the old enemy of that language is humbled before the world to-day, (cheers and more of that to her). It was the same old enemy of civil and religious liberty that thought to strangle, in its infancy, this young republic destined by Almighty God to be an asylum and refuge for the oppressed of the tyrannical monarchs and despots of all nations (applause). But, thank God the Americans, with the assistance and support of Irishmen, banished once and for ever the accursed red coats from our shores, and I hope we may see the day they will be banished from the Emerald Isle, as Brian Boru banished the Danes, or St. Patrick the snakes, into the sea, and that Irishmen can speak their own language, make their own laws, as they did of old ere the virgin soil of Erin was polluted by the accursed tread of the Saxon, (cheers, which continued several minutes).

I am thankful for the kind attention with which you listened to me. We shall now commence the evening's entertainment by the Philo Celtic chorus singing O'Donnell Aboo.

About eighty of the members of the Society then ascended the platform and, with orchestral accompaniment, chorused

O' DONNELL ABOO!

Ե՛կ ինչ խոսք աղ ածալու քո շնորհիւ և շնորհիւ
դու,
'Շուր շնորհիւ և շնորհիւ քո հօր և
դու յառաջ;
Ե՛կ Լո՛ւ Տղայի՛ն Ե՛կ 'ի քրոն-լո՛ւ քո
լուսնիս և լեյնիս,
Այ՛ն դա լուսնի՛ն 'ի շնորհիւ Տղայի՛ն
ճիշտի՛ն, յաղ լեյնի՛ն;
Տղայ՛ն օ՛ր լուսնի՛ն քո երե,
Քրոն ի՛նչ դու քո ճիշտի՛ն շնորհիւ
քո, Աղայ՛ն Քուսնի՛ն;
Ե՛կ ինչ խոսք աղ ածալու քո շնորհիւ և շնորհիւ
դու,
Տղայ՛ն օ՛ր լուսնի՛ն քո երե,
Քրոն ի՛նչ դու քո ճիշտի՛ն շնորհիւ
քո, Աղայ՛ն Քուսնի՛ն;
Տղայ՛ն օ՛ր լուսնի՛ն քո երե,
Քրոն ի՛նչ դու քո ճիշտի՛ն շնորհիւ
քո, Աղայ՛ն Քուսնի՛ն;

Ե՛կ ինչ խոսք աղ ածալու քո շնորհիւ և շնորհիւ
դու,
'Շուր շնորհիւ և շնորհիւ քո հօր և
դու յառաջ;
Ե՛կ Լո՛ւ Տղայի՛ն Ե՛կ 'ի քրոն-լո՛ւ քո
լուսնիս և լեյնիս,
Այ՛ն դա լուսնի՛ն 'ի շնորհիւ Տղայի՛ն
ճիշտի՛ն, յաղ լեյնի՛ն;
Տղայ՛ն օ՛ր լուսնի՛ն քո երե,
Քրոն ի՛նչ դու քո ճիշտի՛ն շնորհիւ
քո, Աղայ՛ն Քուսնի՛ն;
Տղայ՛ն օ՛ր լուսնի՛ն քո երե,
Քրոն ի՛նչ դու քո ճիշտի՛ն շնորհիւ
քո, Աղայ՛ն Քուսնի՛ն;

'S այր իբրեւ Շլաղի Այ Շոնայլ, Այ
Շոնայլ Անն.

Sé 'h րթոր-ճարտ տա Շլաղի Շոնայլ cor-
այրտ շո տոլեաճ,

Ու տալայճե 'ր դա հ-աւճոր տա աղբ
ժ' ար յ-արժե;

Տա լորճ աղ դանդաճ 'ղի ա ծան քարճ
բայլեաճ;

Լե լարայր ա ռ-տեղտե տա րոլեաճ
դաճոյ օրճե;

Suar le ճաճ լաճ մար րի,

'Ո յ-ար ճլեօ իճ աճաճ րոյի---

Ա Շլաղի Շոնայլ ճիլր, ալ-դարճիար
բաճ ծիւճ:

Այրճեղի աղ Տարի բալ,

Շրոյ-ծիլլեճ Շլաղի դա դճաճալ---

Ծալբաճ ծիւր դլար-ճիլր Այ Շոնայլ Անն!

Translation.

Proudly the note of the trumpet is
sounding,

Loudly the war-cries arise on the
gale,

Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is
bounding

To join the thick squadron in Sham-
air's green vale;

On every mountaineer;

Strangers to flight and fear;

Rush to the standard of dauntless
Red Hugh!

Bonnought and Galloglass,

Throng from each mountain-pass!

On for old Erin—O'Donnell aboo!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing

With many a chieftain and warrior
clan;

A thousand proud steeds in his van-
guard are prancing

'Neath the borderers brave from the
banks of the Bann;

Many a heart shall quail

Under his coat of mail;

Deeply the merciless foeman shall
rue,

When on his ear shall ring,

Borne on the breeze's wing,

Tir-Conaill's dread war-cry—O'Don-
nell aboo!

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is

howling.

Fearless the eagle sweeps over the
plain,

The fox in the streets of the city is
prowling—

All, all who would scare them are
banished or slain!

Grasp, every stalworth hand,

Hackbut and battle brand—

Pay them all back the deep debt so
long due.

Norris and Clifford well

Clan of Tir-Connell tell---

Onward to glory---O'Donnell aboo!

Sacred the cause that Clan-Conaill's
defending---

The altars we kneel at and homes
of our sires;

Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending--
Midnight is red with the plunder-
er's fires!

On with O'Donnell then,

Fight the old fight again,

Sons of Tir-Conaill all valiant and
true!

Make the false Saxon feel

Erin's avenging steel!

Strike for your country, O'Donnellaboo!

Mrs. Deely followed and entranced the audience
by her inimitable rendering of the far-famed

ՀԱՅԼԻՆ:

Յիճ րեօ մ'աղար ճէճոյաճ այր էլլիլի
ա ճօրճե,

Յաճբաճ էլլե յի ճաճ ճիլ յ մ-բէճ ճիլ-
լե մօ արժե;

Բէճ ժ' աճ մար ճեաճ ճիլլի, ա ճէլլե մօ
ճլաղ,

Ա'ր ժօ լօյրճ մար լեւտ-բօլար ա դլար-
ծիւր յ յ-ար.

Յօ ճլաղ աղճեաճ քարայ ղօ ճլաղ ճօյի-
ճիլլեաճ ճօրճ,

Աղի դաճ քէլլիլ լե 'ր դանդաճ ար յ-ար-
ճիլլ ժօ լորճ,

Ճալօճաճ լե մօ Հայլիլ, 'ր դլ աղբօճաճ
մէ աղ րթոր

Շօ ճար լար աղ դանդաճ, տա ժ'ար դ-ճի-
լլաճ ար ճօյի.

Ծարբաճ այր ճիլ-բօլ ճիլլ, քանդեաճ

Ծօ ճիղ,
 Եր թրթբաժ ԼԵ ՇԵՈՒԵԵԵ Ծօ ճԼՁԻՐԻՅ ԴԵՂ
 Ելլի.
 Յաղ ԵՁԼԱ Յօ ԴԵՐՈՅԵՐԻՅ Դի ՏԱՐԱԿԵ
 ԵԵՂԻ,
 Չօղ ԵԵՄ ԴԻ Ծօ ճԻՐԻ, ԻՅ ԴՅՈՂ ԵԼՁՈՅ
 ԴԻ Ծօ ճԵՂԻ.

Translation.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me,
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam
 To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more
 I'll fly with my Coulin and think the rough wind,
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes
 And hang o'er thy soft arm, as wildly it breathes
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear,
 One chord from that harp, or one look from that hair.

(This air is considered the finest melody in song.)

Next came Mr. John Byrne, who recited "Fontenoy" with all the grace, vehemence and effect which a sympathetic mind could impart.

Professor McEvoy then discoursed choice Irish National airs on the bagpipes, (a brand new set said to have cost \$900) He, as the saying is, nearly raised the roof off the building with his enchanting strains, and, at times, when the jig or reel was tipt, made the old folks jump in their seats:

The next was a trio, in Irish,

Oh, Breathe Not His Name!

excellently rendered by the Misses M. C. Cline and Nelly F. McDonald, and Master Joseph O'Neill, of the New York P. C. S. Our New York friends deserve the highest praise for their excellent training of these children. However, this is not to be wondered at when we call to mind that the Hon. Denis Burns is a guiding spirit in that Society.

The next on the programme was "Erin's Flag," which Mr. O'Shea delivered with his usual brilliancy. The next was a solo, "I Dream't I Dwelt in Marble Halls," in the execution of which Miss Walsh exhibited splendid vocal training.

"The Minstrel Boy" was next rendered by Mr. Robert Emmet Brown, a young gentleman highly cultivated in the musical art.

Mr. Bernard Martin, entering fully into the spirit of his theme, spoke, amidst rounds of applause

"The Language of Our Race.—

Though many ills have cursed the land since freedom's sun has set,
 The spirit of a brighter age still lingers with her
 Some relics of the past remain, and Irishmen can trace
 A monument of freedom in the language of our race

Through centuries of blood and strife that monument has stood, (flood—

And rears to-day its head above the rolling ages
 The language of our mother land in glorious days gone by— (die?

Would we disgrace the Irish name and basely let it

Oh, no! we'll strive—we'll struggle hard to raise it up anew, (the true.

The language of the Saint and Saga, the noble and
 Between the future and the past a grand connecting chain— (again.

It witnessed us a Nation once—'twill find us so

O, yes—we'll speak the dear old tongue of fluency and grace— (of our race—

The Gaelic tongue, old Erin's tongue, the language
 We'll ask our brothers all to join (for we must not forget, (spirit's in them yet.

Where'er they be they're "Ireland's still,"—the

IT IS NOT DEAD! IT IS NOT DEAD! It burns within them still!

That fiery Celtic spirit that no tyranny could kill.
 They'll join! they'll join! they'll raise it up. Another glorious day (it from decay.

Awaits the ancient mother tongue. They'll save

Oh, I think I hear it ringing,—as in the past it rung,— (Celtic tongue.

Throughout the isle, the music of the grand old
 'Tis our nation marching onward to take our rightful place, (race.

All Irishmen shall speak again the language of our

The next on the programme was a baritone solo, "Our Jack's Come Home To-day," excellently rendered by Mr. Ed. J. Carr. The concert part of the programme was brought to a close with selections on the bagpipes by Professor McEvoy, after which dancing commenced and continued till a late hour, when all went home, fully satisfied that this had been the most successful reunion the Society has had yet.

Some time ago Mr. Ed. Brady of Washington, Ind. recommended the issuing of a "stirring" address to arouse the latent spirit of Irishmen in support of the Irish Language Movement. If the foregoing proceedings by patriotic Irishmen and women, the stirring address by President Gilgannon, and the pathetic lines of "The Language of our Race" are not sufficiently exciting to arouse the spirit of nationality in Irishmen, we are forced to the conclusion that they are not mentally competent to realize and appreciate either national or individual independence, and, as Gael Star hints in another page of this issue, that their "destiny is, to serve others." This is a humiliating position for a people whose ancestry illumined the darkened recesses of Continental Europe, and who, at the present time, claim ordinary intelligence. The Irishman who makes no

effort to preserve his language and is satisfied with the speech of his "master" is, indeed, a born slave, though he should roll in a golden chaise. His mental calibre seems to fit him for no higher social condition but that of the slave. If he be asked to give Sixty Cents a year to help to propagate the language of freedom he will say, "I cannot read it. What's the use," not considering that his sixty cents might be the cause of distributing twice as many Gaelic publications, and thereby advertise and keep the movement before the public. We again appeal to

the old workers of the Language movement for renewed energy. Impress on your lukewarm countrymen that a small boss-ship is more respectable than big servancy. Try to further circulate the Gael, and let every reader of this issue, whether a new or old subscriber, try and get another reader for it. That would double its volume.

Sixty cents a year is a small consideration to the individual but, rendered by the many, it would enable the Gael to penetrate all sections of the country and thus bring the movement prominently before the general public.

FEUDAJIYIO.

Feudajmjo blaiojō zo h-āpō aji žaojē, fa čear aji ž-epojōe o' aji o tji ;
Feudajmjo čaojō zo dojiŋji fa j bejē bjačahčajb fačā čaoji ;
Feudajmjo žlaōō aji čjiŋjiŋjō aji čjorāŋ rmaččāō rjor ;
Feudajmjo žujōe aji Ōja, aji Rjō, j čōžbaŋ ruar ajiŋ.

Žlēt čar pāčrujč 'r bjiŋjō bji črājēčēāč, ŋaoŋč' žur žujōe j ŋžaočjiŋjō čjan ;
Čar Čon a'r žlēt ā ž-čāč ā žlaōjō zo laōčra 'o-čeahj' ŋa b-čjan ;
Čar čujl ŋa čaoj 'r ŋa mājričjiŋč, ā o' euž 'r čā jmjējōč' rōŋjiŋjō ;
Čar čhāŋ' ŋa bujōŋ' čā žealač rjor čaoj ujrj' ŋa rmažē dojiŋjō !

Ŋj 'l mājē ŋa bjiŋjō j ŋžāji ŋa ŋžlaōjō ŋa čajričē čō aji o-čjiŋ---
Ŋj 'l žari bejē žujōe mār ŋžeoč'majō rližē ā čaojiŋre čā follur, rjor :
'Sē rji : žāč čaoj (žur čōr žāč ŋaojō) ajiŋ aohčāčō čeahžlač člujē,
'Žur čjēčjollāč čjan aji o-čeahjāji čaoji o' ajičeočujžēāč zo ŋuāč.

Ŋāč baorriāč bejē zo čjan ā' ržejē---ā' beulajōjō zo rjorri',
Fa ŋjēō aji o-čreječ---fa ŋjēō ŋa ž-čreječ le 'r žujji aji Sacr' aji o-čjiŋ---
Ŋāč baorriāč žeallāč 'ŋ Sacron feall čō čoc ajiŋ žan čruajō.
Žjari lējžōmjoŋe rčāji aji o-čjiŋe 'r lējžeah čō žlacahji uajē.

Ŋāč follur čūjiŋjō---ŋāč rojllēji rūjiŋjō---āž rjōč ŋāč o-čjō ljiŋjō lējžēāč
j rčāji aji o-čjiŋ', žo-čjiŋčē, rjor---žō beāčē le bjičāčarijō Ōē---
Žuri čō rēji mār črjōŋ aji o-čeahjāji čaoji ā ŋeāč aji ž-člū 'r aji ž-čējiŋ---
Žjari ŋeāč aji čeahjō, žuri čruajliŋjō 'ŋ čreahj buč žhāčāč bejē laōčra čreuiŋ.

j laēčjō pāčrujč, Čolm 'r bjiŋjō' bjiŋjō čaoj urriajiŋ 'r ŋeār ;
j laēčjō Čorriajč, Ŋjajll ā'r bjiŋjō 'ā o-čreār aji ločlan 'r Sacr' ;
j laēčjō Čōjiŋ, j laēčjō žlōjō čō črjōmjo čalŋjā, čreuiŋ,
Žjari žāji 'r mār žujōmjo S210JRSE 'r Rjōž ajiŋ aji o-čeahjā uaral rējiŋ.

Žlēt ā čajllmjo mjan o' aji o-čeahjāji čjan ā črējžmjo j, žan rič---
Žl člēāčmjo ladaŋrič---ari m-bariŋl' čōjrič j o-čeahjāji čōjiŋjēāč,
Faraoji ! čō čajllmjo čējiŋ žur čājl : ā rlaŋbrič čā aji ž-črjēč,
'S ŋar rclābujōjō čā žur bejō' zo lā ā čojčējōŋjā ajiŋ.

'Žŋojr, ā Šaojē' ā čejri' zo b-čujō' zo čōŋjiŋjō bār čō čjiŋ ;
'S ā ŋjā aji ž-črjōē---ā rjōl ŋa ŋaoj j lujmjiŋjō čāč zo rjor---
Ōl člēāč aji čeahjō' rōjiŋ-ŋjliŋ, reah čō čan aji ŋaoŋ 'r aji čjan !
Žur bejōēāč aji ŋ j ā ŋžearri mār bŋ 'r ŋa laēčjō žlōjreāč', čjan'.

EL MAHDI.

210 beannaict ort, El Mahdi!
 210 beannaict ort arís!
 50 d-tuzaib Allah cabair tuar
 213 cur do námao ríor!
 21 fáoi! 21 fáoi!
 Tá azaó zúide
 Treun-Éireannaic an domáin;
 50 m-béib do tír
 5an íosll 50 raon
 Ó lomairzáin an leómaí.

So fósnaó tuar, El Mahdi,
 So fósnaó carao fíor....
 Na deun aon éannaic ríotéáine
 Le Sacrahaó 50 ríor.
 Tá azaó ceart
 21a3aib héir....
 Ir mealltóir náireac, Seá3an;...
 Ná 3lac aon dúaí
 21n rón do éúí,
 21ct. raóirre buan aháin.

D'éirí rínn le Seá3an, El Mahdi,
 50 mnníe d'éirí rínn leir;
 Do éneio rínn 3eallta éus ré dúinn.
 21ct d'óibhí3 ré ár ríuor.
 Óir in 3ac 3eall
 Do mnní' ré reall,
 Do dhíí ré 3ac 3eá;
 '3ur tá ár d-3an,
 Le reáct 3-cento bládaí,
 Níor 3éine fáí 3ac lá.

21ct in do éúí, El Mahdi,
 Tá croíde na h-Éireannaí leat;
 '3ur le do élaí, tá troíó 50 tean
 Do fáoirre, fáoi do brat.
 Tá fear a'í beaí,
 Tá ó3 a'í rean
 Ó Éorí (1) 50 beannaí 21óir, 2
 213 3úide éum Dé,
 50 3-cuirí3 Sé
 Do léiríó dúinn maí éneóir.

buaí leat! buaí leat, El Mahdi!
 'Shá ríao ó'í troíó 50 deó,
 Ó fáao a'í tá aon Sacrahaó
 I t-tíí do dúctáir beó.
 buaí leat! buaí leat!
 '3ur con3daí3 brat

EL MAHDI.

Translated
 BY MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

My blessing take, El Mahdi!
 My blessing take again!
 May Allah Great enable you
 To trash your foes amain!
 Oh Sage! for you,
 The Irish true.
 O'er earth---pray Freedom's God
 That Robber Guelphs
 Blood-sucking whelps
 Be hunted from your sod!

A warning take, El Mahdi!
 This friendly caution heed,
 A peaceful compact never make
 with one of Saxon breed:
 With you is "Right"
 Confronting Might,
 John Bull's a traitor loon;
 No present take
 For Justice' sake---
 Save Freedom's lasting boon.

We trusted John, El Mahdi!
 His words we oft believed;
 But, in each treaty with him made,
 We ever were deceived:
 For pledge and oath.
 Were broken both,---
 Through seven hundred years.
 His blighting curse
 Grew daily worse,

SAVE WHEN WE GRASPED OUR SPEARS,
 But in your cause, El Mahdi!
 Old Ireland's heart beats high;
 'Tis with your sons who bravely fight
 Where Freedom's banners fly.
 And young and old---
 The fair and bold---
 From Turk to "Bearná-Mor": "
 A leader true
 To send-- (like you)
 The Lord of Hosts implore!

Strike on! strike on! El Mahdi!
 And never hold your hand,
 While but one living Saxon foe
 Pollutes your ancient land.
 Strike! Prophet brave!
 Your banner wave,

Այն Գալթ' յօ հ-արօ 'րան յճաօյժ' ;
 Յօ մ-բէյժ յաճ beul
 Այն ճաօյժ աղ ղէյլ ;---
 "Ե՛Ա ԵՅԻՐԵ ԴԱՐԱ Ե ԵՅՐԵ" !

ԲԱՐՈՒՅԵ

(1) a mountain overhanging one of the lakes of Killarney, co, Kerry.

(2) a celebrated mountain pass in co, Donegal.

ՇԱԽԱՅԻՆ ԿԱՅՈՒՆ ԲՐՈՅՆՏԻՍ.

Այն տիմեաժ լա շէաճ զօ'ն զիմար, 1885.

Ա Եւթօյնը լէյճեանդ 'ն ճաօժալ իմօր-
 Եանիւլ,

Եսիւյիմ Ենճաժ Բէյն զոլլաւն յօ Երօյժե-
 անիւլ,

Այն Բօն զօ Բալթիւն Բօլէյն Երօյժեանիւլ,
 Այն Բեաժ զա իմ շէաճ լե Ենթ զ'ն իմ Բօ.

Եսիւն Ենճան տիւարն է Եար Եալաժ յօ
 ԲճաօյրԲար,

Երթժ Եանդա, Եա՛րԵաճաժ 'ր Եալտե ղա
 Եիւ,

Եար Տիւրնա Կեաժօար, ղա ԲլէյԵԵժ յր
 ԵօյնԵ,

Յօ մ-Եալտեար Եալլա-Բօյն Ե ղ-Եիւ ղօ
 Եիճ-Բ.

Եր ղօր աղ ղեար Եա Եարտ զօ'ն ճաօժալ,
 Ե' Բաճալտ, Եսիւն ղեարտ զ'ն Եարաժ Բէյն,
 'Տան Ե-Եիւն Բօ Բաժա, Բալլիւն, Եալիւն ;
 Եա Եօյն Եալտեանի 'ր Եեան լե ղէյլ 'ր
 ճիւժ Եժ.

Տալթ 'ր Բճաօլ է Եսիւն Եիւն է ղար,
 Երթժ Եանդա ճաօժալ, Բօյն Ե'ր Բար,
 Յօ յ-Եսիւն Ե ղ-Եիւն Ե'ն ղանդաժ Եանդա
 Յսիւն Եանդա լէյճեանդ աղ ճաօժալ Եարա

Տսլթեաժ Բօյն լե Եաժ ղօ ճիւժա,
 Եօյն Եիւն ճիւժեան, Բօլլեան Բարտ,
 'Տ լէյթեաժ զ Եաժ յօ Եաժ, լե Եալ,
 Յաճ Եիւն լէյն ղա ղճաօժալի ճիւժ-
 անիւ.

Բալտե Բաժա, Բալլիւն, Բալ,
 Բօյն աղ ճաօժալ ճաճ ղի 'րան մ-Եաճալ-
 Եար յր ղալտ Եօյն Եանտ լե ղեճիւն 'ր Ե-
 Եալ

Այն Եանդա ղիւն, ճալ Երեւն, ղօ ղաճար.

Until, o'er wind and sea,
 The thrilling shout
 Rings proudly out---

"OLD EGYPT'S FREE for AYE!"

"Patrick,"

Այն ղաճարն ղալտ Եսլ Բեար Ե Ելէյն,
 'Տ զ' Բալլիւն Ե'ր Բօյն ղե Եեժ ղան Եալն,
 Եօ Եաճար յօ Եար 'րան Եեանդալն ճա-
 Եալ,

Այն ղալն, ղօ ճեան, ղօ Եանդ Բէյն.

Օ, Ե ղաճարն, ճիւժ ղօ Ելէյն Են! (Երթժ!
 ճիւժ Եալն Եանդան ղա ղալլիւն Եալ
 ճիւժ ղա Բեարտ Ե ճ-Եաճաժ ղօ Բաճալ
 Եօյն,

Յօ Բիւտեար Բօյն ճալ Երթ Բալ 'ն ճ-Երթ
 ղե.

Յսիւն Են ղօ Եա զ'ն Երթժ յօ Եանդան
 'Տան Եիւնդեան Եանդան, ղանդալտ.

Յսլ Եա ղալն յօ Ելլ, զ Եաճարն,
 Ա Երթժ Եանդ Բէյն Բալ ղիւն ղա ղ-Եար

Ասիւն 'Եա ղօ Եօլ-Բ լե Եօլ Եաճ,
 Ասիւն 'Բ Եար Ե-Եօլ 'ր Եար ղճալ Ե Եար 'ր
 Եալ,

Յօ մ-Եանդիւն Եա աղ ճաօժալ յօ Երթ,
 Տ յօ ղ-Երթժ աղ Եաճ Եար ճաճ Եար.

Այն 'Բ Եսլ Բանդա Երթ Են ղօ Ելլ
 Եսլ Եիւն 'ճ Եեանդ Եար Եեանդա Բէյն,
 Տ Բիւն Եանդա ղա ղ-Եալն 7 ղա ղալն,
 Եօ Եաճար, Եօ Բիւն Եսլ Եօ Ելթեալ.

Բ. ԱրԵար.

We are indebted to Mr. P. McGrath, of San Francisco, Cal. for his excellent effort, and we sincerely thank him for his good intentions and compliments to the GAEL. His words are doubly encouraging coming from a man of his intelligence and love of Gaelic literature, and from an entirely different part of the Old Land, showing how non sectional the GAEL is. He hails from Slieve Gau, Co. Waterford, a locality noted for its hospitality and love of ancient lore, where the poor scholar who came to study his classics was always welcome and well treated. The McGraths are the most numerous, the oldest and the most respectable family in that parish.

Our friend writes like one who has the genuine ring and spirit of the poet. We hope he will soon again favor us with another composition.

The GAEL thanks THE CATHOLIC KNIGHT, Cleveland, Ohio, for his kind reference. We hope he will prosper.

ORD NA CRUISE.

(The Order of the Cross.)

April 8, 1885.

To The Editor of The GAEL :

Dear Sir ;— In your issue of February I enunciated the principles of the society of the Order of the Cross, and my present letter is a supplement thereto with the view to the further elucidation of my subject, as some of my reasons may not be readily apprehended by all readers. I have advised my compatriots of Irish birth or origin to look for the freedom of their mother country from God alone, and to therefore put their trust in the Agnus Dei and Cross as the insignia of the new Order ; for I am intuitively convinced that the fighting of the Irish people is not against flesh and blood merely, and the visible power of Great Britain but against the invisible demons of the air and against the scarlet dragon of the Apocalypse. I have advised prayers to be offered for the conversion of England that she may be brought into favor, and therefore under the scourge of national humiliation ; for I am persuaded as long as she is hated of God she can never be overthrown ; and this view is agreeable to the prophecy of St Malachy, who foretold that after Ireland had remained during seven centuries under the cruel tyranny of England, her faithful people would obtain mercy for their heartless persecuting oppressors ; who in their turn should be submitted to the most severe chastisements. I have advised the wisdom of placing a scarlet cross upon the national *vexillum* or standard of Ireland to indicate a live and faithful nation, and to remind my countrymen that the emblem of salvation was, by the direction of Heaven emblazoned upon the victorious *La arum* of the Emperor Constantine. I have also counselled the advisability of impregnating the green national color of Ireland with a strong tinge of olive in order to denote permanent prosperity. The green is considered a very unlucky color by the peasantry of Ireland, and to them the harp, in our day so intimately connected with begging minstrelsy, is a positive symbol of loss. It is said that Henry the Eighth of England, who wishing to invest his Irish enemies with some feeble, trashy talisman, was the first who quartered the harp upon the national escutcheon of Ireland ; and green is considered, in some works on heraldry, as emblematic of a prolific but weak people, whose destiny it is to serve others. What might be styled a national flag did not belong to Ireland in the days of her independence, but every chief ranged his followers under the peculiar banner of his clan, but as to devices they appeared to have been arbitrarily chosen without regard to national idiosyncrasy. The standards of the ancient Fenians were of *sról* or fine linen, and these, according to the learned Owen Connellan quoting the Lay of the sixteen chiefs,

or the Cattle Prey of Tara, were of various colors blue, green, red and white, and bore representations of trees, animals, military weapons, and musical instruments, such as the yew-tree, the mountain ash, the wolf-dog, the deer, etc. They also bore significant names, and that of the Generalissimo Finn was called

Gal Gnéine,

Gal Gnéine?

which has been rendered "Sunburst," and on it were represented the sun and its rays. I do not find that the harp was emblazoned on any of these standards, nor was green then the national color since in the Ode addressed to Oscar, at the commencement of the Battle of Gabhra the standard of the monarch Cairbre is called

meirg n' dearg d'ata,

a d'at?

i. e. scarlet colored, and from the term "suaitheantas," literally variegation, applied to the banners of an army, it becomes evident that the Irish had no fixed national color in ancient times, a fact furthermore corroborated by the historical tract called the Battle of Magh Leana, fought in the second century, where mention is made of the many colored banners of Conn of the Hundred Battles. Among the seventy standards borne by the army of Brian Boru at the Battle of Clontarf, according to

the *Cois Gal na Gaedhla*—

the colors green, red, blue, yellow etc. are mentioned as well as certain gold-spangled banner than had been successful in many engagements. It appears that the standard of the Craobh Ruadh was a yellow lion upon green satin, and in the notes to the Battle of Magh Rath the banners of O'Doherty, O'Sullivan and O'Loughlin of Clare are described as to their different devices, the first of which however was of "white satin."

According to Sir James Ware, the original arms used by the Milesians since their arrival in Ireland till the days of Ollamh Fodhla were a dead serpent and the rod of Moses after the example of their Gadelian ancestors, but the arms proper to Ireland, or at least for some ages attributable to it, he says, is a gold harp strung with silver chords on a field azure encircled with green ; and it would appear that after the days of Ollamh Fodhla, the arms of Ireland according to Ulysses Aldrovandus, were in one part of the escutcheon Or—an arm armed with a sword, in the other part Argent, a semi-eagle. There is no authority that I am aware of to show that green was ever used in Ireland as the national color, before the English invasion, or that the harp was used as a patriotic device or armorial emblazonment, by the Irish before the fourteenth century.

From what I have above written, it becomes evident that the cross has never yet appeared as a sole conspicuous device upon the national colors of Ireland ; but what is styled the cross of St. Patrick has been quartered by the enemy with those of St. George and St. Andrew upon the Union Flag

of England. It is high time that this blessed sign so dear to the heart of the patron saint of the Green Isle should be restored to the country to which it properly belongs, and should receive due prominence and veneration as the holy palladium of the most faithful nation in Christendom.

It appears from the columns of the last GAEL—as had been previously predicted—that the Order of the Cross has found an opponent. I am sorry to find a gentleman coming out over his proper signature to sound the tocsin of alarm for Protestantism as if he desired to ingratiate himself and manufacture personal capital out of his needless advocacy. I have recommended prayers to be offered for the conversion of the British nation, but the same thing had been previously done by the highest dignitaries of the English Catholic Church; and what we call heresy did not seem conscious of being the object of a direct physical assault. I have suggested the advisability of offering prayers for the propagation and triumph of the Catholic faith; but the same thing has been done by the Popes and has received due recognition from the faithful throughout the world, and Protestantism has not on that account been seized with any remarkable degree of trepidation. The Catholic Church allows and causes prayers to be offered for many temporal blessings, such as health, propitious weather, a safe journey, peace and deliverance from captivity, but there is no temporal blessing that can in magnitude compare with the redemption of a long-oppressed, plundered, persecuted and tortured nation: When Ireland was writhing in the agony of despair, under the cruel tyranny of the Danish usurper, Turgeisius, the zealous clergy of the people betook themselves to the caves, woods and mountain fastnesses and fasted and prayed, as did also the faithful laity, for the deliverance of their country from the insupportable yoke of foreign bondage; and consequently the Divine Ruler of the universe, who regards the tears, groans and afflictions of his people as He did those of the Israelites in Egypt, employed an innocent native virgin, and twelve beardless youths to be the means of hurling the implacable alien despot from the pinnacle of his usurped dignity, and of restoring to pious and rejoicing Erin the unspeakable boon of her lost autonomy (see O'Mahony's Keating on the reign of Maolseachlainn) I am of opinion that prayers have lost none of their efficacy since that period, and that the priests of Ireland are as holy and as pious to-day as they were in the days of King Malachy, and that they will oppose no obstacle to the employment of prayers and good works for bursting the shackles that impoverish and degrade their country. Now, if the supposed redoubtable edifice of Protestantism be, after all, of so frail, and flimsy a structure as not to be able to withstand the attack of the battering-ram of prayer, and the sound of the trumpets of faith, its fall, like that

of the walls of ancient Jericho, would be certainly from God, and therefore a consummation to be devoutly wished for by every true Christian. St. Paul tells us that in his time some were called Jews who were not Israelites; and it may be said with equal propriety to-day that many are called Irishmen who are not Gaels, or who do not belong to the patriotic

Finein:

and certainly a native of the Emerald Isle who voluntarily engages to serve the enemy, and who strenuously opposes the offering of prayers for the redemption of his oppressed mother land must inherit from some quarter false blood in his veins; and may, perhaps, be able to trace the lineal pedigree of his sept to that Judas Iscariot of Irish treachery, Dermot MacMurrough, who sold and betrayed unfortunate Ireland into the power and possession of the British nation.—Nemo me impune lacessit.—But, after all, it may possibly be that my censor has set himself up as a nine-pin to be easily knocked down in the interest of the Order of the Cross; for his ground is so untenable and his arguments so vapid that there is no need of endeavoring to squelch him with an avalanche of ratiocination.

My ambition is compared with that of "Peter the Hermit;" I do not know but that I may be unconsciously indued with a spark of the ardent spirit of that eminent recluse. I glory in the man who by the eloquence of his convincing declamation could arouse the latent enthusiasm of apathetic Christendom to thwart the aggressive insolence of Moslem fanaticism; and I am firmly convinced that were it not for the fiery, noble, soul that God had infused into his energetic frame Mahometanism would not only be to-day a ruling religion in Asia, but would have centuries ago, moulded and shaped the destinies of Europe, and swayed the imperial sceptre of the world. But my adversary surmises that no large accession of members will assume the insignia of the new society. I do not anticipate that he may in this respect prove a true prophet; but perhaps a secret or sworn conspiracy like those that have ruined Ireland in the past and which may not be spy-proof like the institution which I have presumed to inaugurate may be more acceptable to unsophisticated minds not sharpened by experience, and which may not be able to realize the fact that a holy island can not be delivered by unholy means; and that so-called "sensible" revolution, in as far as Ireland has been concerned, is but a palpable synonym for charlatanism; but if there should not, within the present year, be found among the Irish race more faithful persons to adopt the sacred symbols of the new order than the few required of old to save Sodom, the society, will in due time, fulfill the vision for which it has been established, and Ireland—ruat Britannia—within the life-time of men

who are now centenarians, shall shine forth a brilliant star in the galaxy of independent nations.

Fearing that I have tested the patience of the Gael to its utmost limits, and wishing to reserve a battery for some more formidable antagonist than this last alarmist.

Believe me in the interest of the race and language of that royal Scythian progenitor, the illustrious Phineas.

Yours most patriotically,

GÆL GLAS.

PROF. ROERIG ON THE IRISH Language.

(Continued from page 476.)

Derivations of it seem to be *amatis*, *amasas* meaning *time* as something that *passes away*. It reappears, however, in the Irish *am*, the Welsh *amser* (time generally), and connects likewise with the Latin *annus* (year) for *amnis*. Let us mention only a few more of the great multitude of Celtic, particularly Irish, words which we may easily compare with equivalents in Sanskrit and other Aryan languages. Thus, for instance, Irish *ire* (field, land), Sanskrit *ira* (earth), Old High German *ero* (and *erda*). Again, the Irish *fosra* (bed) Sanskrit *vasra* (dwelling-house, "abode, shelter). The Celtic *entyreh*, which occurs in Welsh, is the Sanskrit *antariksha* (air). This word means literally what is *transparent*, and consists of *an*, which means between, inside, and corresponds with the Greek *entos*, Latin *intus*, *inter*, *intra*, French *entre*, Gothic *inva*, *undar*, German *unter* (in the sense of between, among), English *under*. The other part *iksh*, means to see. Thus *antariksha*, where one can see through, transparent air. The Irish *anal* (breath), also *anim*, Cornish *enef*, is the Sanskrit *anas* (breath), *anilas* (wind), the root being *an* (to breathe). It connects, further, with the Greek *anemos* (wind), Latin *animus* *animi*, *animal*, etc., the Gothic *uz-anan* (to breathe out, to die), the Icelandic *anda*, Danish *aande* (spirit, ghost). The Irish *geanmhuin* (birth) is the Sanskrit *janman* (*muhuin* corresponding to the Sanskrit suffix *man*; thus *gean* = *n*, and *mhuin* = *man*). The Irish *fo* (king, prince), is the Sanskrit for *pa* (ruler). The Irish *ing* (movement) is the Sanskrit *ing* (to move). The Irish *fal* is the Sanskrit *pala* (keeper). The Irish *frith* is the Sanskrit *prati*, the Greek *proti*. The Irish *fath n* (voyage, journey), is the Sanskrit *pathin* (way, road), the English *path*, German *pfad*, Greek *patos* (path, step), *pates* (to step): it reappears also in the Sanskrit *pathila* (way), *path* (to go, depart), etc. The Irish *tir* (country), Kymric *tir*, *dair*, Cornish *tir*, *dour*, connect with *terra tir* stands in some probable relation to *tirim* (dry, as dry as land in contradistinction, to sea or water), and *terra*, in the same way, to *torreo* etc., the German *torren*, *dur*. The Irish *talamh* connects with the Sanskrit *tala* (surface, ground, bottom), the Latin *tel-*

lur, the German *thal*, Icelandic *dal*, English *dale*. The Irish *struth*, Kymric *frut*, is the Sanskrit *srotas* (a stream) from *s* *a* (to flow). The Irish *tanaigh* connects with Sanskrit *tan* (to extend), the Greek *teino*, *e-tan-on*, also the Latin *tendo*, *teuo* *tenuis*, *tener*, etc., the Old High German *denui*, modern *dunn*, English *thin*. Also the Sanskrit *tanu* (thin) *tantis* (s'ring, cord), *tanas* (thread; the Irish *tana*, Kymric *tenev* are to be referred to the same root. The Irish *dagh* (to burn), is the Sanskrit *dah* (to burn), which, likewise gives rise to forms with *g* (approaching closely to the Irish *gh* of *dagh*), such as the future participle *dagdha*, the infinitive *daghum*: It reappears in the Greek *daio* (to kindle), *daio* (torch), *dalos* etc. The Irish *it* and *uit* (to wait), *ithim* (I eat), is the Sanskrit *ad*, *admi* (I eat), *adyas* (eatable), Latin *edo*, Lithuanian *edmi*, Gothic *itan*, English to *eat* etc. The Irish *each*, *ech* (horse). Kymric *ep*, which also appears in the Gaulish *epuredias* (horse-tamer), *Eporedia*, *Eporedrix*, etc., is the Sanskrit *asva*, the Greek *hikkos* (= *hik Fos* = *hippos*) and the Latin *qunus*, the Gothic *aihvus*, Icelandic *eikr*, *eykr*, the Anglo-Saxon *ehu* (in *ehu scale*, *servus equarius*) etc. The Irish *gein*, *gean*, is the Sanskrit *jan*. Greek *gen*, as in *genos*, Lat. *genus*, Gothic *kuni* (sex), connecting also with the Greek *gune*. The Irish *dearc*, *dere* (sight,—visible, clear, bright color, red), is the Sanskrit *dar-sa* (sight), the Greek *derk-omai* (I see), *derg ma* (glance), *drakon* sharp-sighted, old Saxon *torit*, etc. The Irish *caohm* (to love), is the Sanskrit *ka*. It is closely related to the Latin *amo* in which the initial guttural has been lost, just as we find it in the English, cream, German *Rahn* etc. and in such English as *know*, *knot*, *knight*, where the initial *k* though still retained in writing is lost in pronunciation. The Irish *ban* (white, pale), is related to the Sanskrit *admi* (I shine), *bh-inu* (light, sunlight), the Greek *fain o* (I shine, I show), *fan eros*, *fan-os* (bright, clear), *fan-e* (appearance), connecting, probably also with the Latin *fenestra* (= *fain estre*); French *fenetre*. It also reappears though greatly altered in *fos* (light), the Latin *fa-cies*, the Icelandic *fa* (splendor), *faga* (to clear), the German *fegen*: in the Icelandic *fagr*, (light-haired, beautiful), and the English *fair*. Its ramifications extend also to the Greek *fantazo* (to make visible to manifest), *jantasia*, *fantasma*, hence the English *fancy*, *phantom*.

(To be continued)

April 18th, 1885.

157 East 30th. St.
New York.

M. J. Logan

Dear Sir;

I hope you have not forgotten to look over your "Subscribers" list and seen if my subscription for the present volume (4th) of the

Gael has been paid. I paid yourself for the 3rd vol. on my first introduction to you at the "Bowery School" last summer, but I have no clear recollection of sending my subscription for the current volume. I sent it, if I sent at all, by Mr. Burns, but he is no more certain of it than I am myself. He thinks I spoke about sending it, but more than this has no recollection and, like myself, he is inclined to the doubt that I did not. If I sent it you will have it marked in your book, and this will end my doubt about it.

Now, as I got my pen in hand, let me have your ear for a whisper, as it were, and to respectfully suggest to you the exclusion from the pages of the Gael all partizan references to American politics. I am myself a "dyed-in-the-wool" republican, being one since 1854 when Stephen A. Douglas introduced to the Senate the bill organizing Kansas and Nebraska into Territories, and which contained a "rider" that virtually repealed what was called the "Missouri Compromise" that prohibited the extension of slavery north of a certain parallel of latitude, and a repudiation of the much vaunted principle of democracy—"States' Rights." Of course very few of our countrymen bothered themselves about the *principles* that underlay the Douglas' bill, on the *principles* involved in the "personal liberties" laws passed in all, or nearly all, the New England States, and which culminated in the formation of the "Republican party." It seems a national characteristic in us to prefer to follow *leaders* rather than to study and act out *principles*. It has always been the chieftain, aboo! seldom is it, Ireland aboo! Each ward settlement of our people had its "chief" among them, a "good fellow" who found it to be his special profit to be a good democrat, and whatever was to his immediate interest and profit constituted his political creed. He is always a good fellow among the "boys", ever ready to set them up again, and his friends became their friends, his enemies their enemies, his politics their politics and for him and his they shouted and voted though he had been previously saturated with all the dark, foul bigotry of *Know-Nothingism*. But times are changing, and the influence of such leaders on our people is becoming less potent. I take it you are animated by a desire to break up such an unholy influence.

I appreciate your aim, but I fear the Gael is not in a position to effect that end, and the attempt may, perhaps, but frustrate its other primary hope of promoting the cultivation of our language. If the Gael held a commanding place of equal influence among our people as does the "Irish World", "Boston Pilot", or "Irish American". I would gladly encourage you to "pitch in" and split this so called Irish "vote", if possible, so that no political party could boast having an irredeemable mortgage on it. But it does not: though if a prayer that the day may not be far distant when it will could speed it on, the same leaps

fervently from my heart daily! And hence I think it is not quite politic that it now engage in party issues.

The last number I got of the Gael was dated for April. Is this a "typo" mistake? If not, then I did not get the number for March.

Does not your friend M. J. Collins go a little too far in the antiquity line of what is known to day as the "Irish Alphabet"? What Bishop O'Connell said about "four languages being formulated at the University of Sheaar" I think is not pertinent to the question at issue. Can he quote the Bishop to show that the alphabet, or the form of the letters in which the language is to-day printed and written is the same as that in which it was printed and written when it was formulated at the ancient University. The antiquity of the language no one denies. That it had always a written character or sign is also admitted. The antiquity denied is the present form of what is called the Irish letter or alphabet. The weight of modern research is against it. Even Canon Bourke who, when he compiled his "College Irish Grammar", held that the Irish character in its present written form was special to and ancient as the language itself, in later years, accepted the opposite view. For in a letter which he wrote in 1877, and which is republished at the end of his edition of Dr. Gallagher's Sermons, he says; "A wider range of reading and a greater experience proved beyond all doubt that the old Irish character, as such was the old Roman, the parent of the Anglo-Saxon and the German, and, like them, borrowed from the Romans. The Irish and Latin manuscripts still extant," he adds, "point out this truth clearly". Mr. C's. reading and experience may be equal and beyond that of the worthy Canon, "Perhaps" his conclusion is right,— "may be" the right one, but, for all he need not be in such hurry to "sit down" on those who by another road of reading than his have reached a different conclusion. The fact, says Mr. C., that the Roman Alphabet has eight letters more than the Irish is a strong proof that it is of a more recent formation. It is not a proof, for it is not a fact. By an arbitrary system the Irish Alphabet is made to appear to have fewer letters than the Roman, but naturally it has as many. This will appear evident if we keep in mind the definition of a letter, which is a printed or written character used to represent an articulate sound. Are there not certain letters in the Irish Alphabet called "aspirates" which convey full and distinct sounds to what they do when unaspirated? "B and M" aspirated have the sounds of both the Roman V and W. D aspirated and preceding a slender has the distinct sound of Roman Y. The H is now admitted to a place in the Alphabet. It is its sound that is heard when S and T beginning words are aspirated and it is frequently used before words commencing with a vowel in order to mark their gender. In short these sounds of

ձլ ԵՄԾՈՂԱ ԾՈ ԸՄԻ ԱՂԱՆ ԸՆԶԱՄ ; 7
 'ԴԱՂ ԱՄ ԵՄԾՈՂԱ, ԴԻՂԱՄ ՕՐԵ, յՈՂԻՐ ԾԱՄ
 ԱՂ իՂԵՐՈ ԱՄԻՅՈ ԾՈԲ' ԵՅՅՈՂ ԾԱՂԻՐԱ ԸՄԻ
 ԸՆԶԱԵ, ԸՄՈ ԶՈ ԵՄԻՅԻՅՈՂ ԱՂ ԶԱՐԾԱԼ,
 ԶՈ ԴԱՐՈ ԶԱԸ իՅ (ԼԵԱԸ-ԸՐՈՐՈՂ--Բ.) ԵՄԼ-
 ԼԵ ԲՐ, ԵՒԾ իՂԱՂ ԼՈՄ, ՂԱ ԼԵԱԻՐԱ ԲՈՂ
 ԵՂ 'Ղ ԶԱՐԾԱԼ ԾՈ ԵՄԻՐԵԱԾ ԱՂԱԸ յՂ ԱՄ-
 ԻԱՅ, 7 ՂԱ ԵԼԵԱԾԱՂԵԱ ԲՈՂԻՂԵ ԲՈՂ, Ծ'
 ԲԱՅԱՂ ԱԶԵ, ՂԱ ԵԱՅՈ ԼԵ ԲԱՅԱՂ ԲՐ.

ԱՂԱՅԸ ԾԱՄ ՂԱ Կ-ԵԱՐԻԱՅԸ ԵՐ ԾԱԼ ԾՈ
 ԵՅԸ 'ՂԱ ԾՈՂԼԵՕԶԱՅԻ ԲՈ, ԾՈ ԸՅՈՂ ՂԱՐ
 ԼԱԻՐԱՐ ԲՈԼԱ ԾՈ'Ղ ԶԱԵՅԼԻՅ 'ՂԱՄ.

ՏԱՅՅԱԼ ԲԱԾԱ ԾՈՂԵՐ 7 ԾՈԾ' ԲԱՅԵՄ.
 ՁԵՇՇԱՐԸԱ.

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