CENTRAL BRANCH SINN FEIN.

Celebration in honour of the Centenary of the birth of John Mitchel.

Born November 3rd, 1815. Died 20th March, 1875.

ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS, Great Brunswick St.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1915, at 8 p.m.

PROGRAMME.
LEAVING KINGSTOWN BOUND FOR SPIKE ISLAND

May 27th, 1848.

Captain Hall, of the "Dragon," now bade me good evening, saying he should just have time to dress for dinner. I wished him a good appetite, and he went off to his ship. No doubt he thought me an amazingly cool character; but God knoweth the heart. There was a huge lump in my throat all the time of this bald chat, and my thoughts were far enough away from both Peru and Loo Choo. At Charlemont Bridge, in Dublin, evening, there is a desolate house—my mother and sisters, who came up to town to see me (for the last time in case of the worst)—five little children, very dear to me; none of them old enough to understand the cruel blow that has fallen on them this day, and above all—above all—my wife.

What will they do? What is to become of them? By this time, undoubtedly, my office, my newspaper, types, books, all that I had, are seized on by the Government burglar. And then they will have to accept that public "tribute"—the thought of which I abhor. And did I not know this? And, knowing it, did I not run all the risk? Yes and I did well. The possible sacrifice indeed was terrible; but the enterprise was great, and was needful. And, moreover, that sacrifice shall not have been made in vain. And I know that my wife and little ones shall not want. He that feedeth the young ravens—but then, indeed, as I remember, young ravens and other carrion-birds have been better fed in Ireland than the Christians, these latter years.
Program

Part I.

Uilleann Pipes

- "The Wearin o' the Green"
- "The Boyne Water"
- "Shane O'Neill's March"

Hornpipe

COMMANDANT KENT

Ballad "The Three Flowers" T. O Roideain

TERMODE O'ROIDEAIN

Recitation "A Tool of England" Brian na Banban

SEAN CONNOLLY

Ballad "The Risin' of the Moon" Casey

MOLLY O'BYRNE

Oration by

Commandant Pearse, B.A., B.L.
JOHN MITCHEL.
(Paris, 1861.)
LEAVING SPIKE ISLAND BOUND FOR BERMUDA

June 1st, 1848.

So my moorings are cut. I am a banished man. And this is no mere *relegatio*, like Ovid's, at Tomi; it is utter *exsilium*—interdiction of fire and water; the loss of citizenship, if citizenship I had; the brand of whatsoever ignominy law can inflict, if law there be. Be it so; I am content. There are no citizens in Ireland; there is no citizenship—no law. I cannot lose what I never had; for no Irishman has any rights at present. As for the disgrace of "felony," that sits very easy upon me. To make me a felon needs an act of my own. No "Act of Parliament" can do it! and what ignominy London "law" can stain an Irishman withal, I am content to underlie till my dying hour. Be that disgrace on my head and on the heads of my children.
By Memory Inspired

BY J. KEARNEY

Air—"Cruiskeen Lawn"  

By memory inspired  
And love of country fired,  
The deeds of men I love to dwell upon;  
And the patriotic glow  
Of my spirit must bestow  
A tribute to John Mitchel 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 McCracken 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 a memory to the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation's tears  
Shed for John and Henry Sheares;  
Betrayed by Judas Captain Armstrong;  
We can't forgive nor yet  
Can we ever 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.
BY MEMORY INSPIRED—Continued

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

A Centenary Song

Air—'The West's Awake'

We praise the kingly men who strove,
'Gainst England's hate, for Ireland's love.
Who pined in many a prison cell,
Who passed through many an earthly hell.
Their love was brave and pure and true,
A love no tyrant could subdue;
And 'mong that host our hearts acclaim
John Mitchel's life, John Mitchel's name.

God rest him well! the brave and leal,
Whose life was lived for Ireland's weal;
Who scorned the Saxon scowl and smile,
Who tore the veil from Saxon guile.
Whose slogan swept o'er hill and glen,
And rallied Ireland's wavering men;
Now God be praised! still brightly gleam,
John Mitchel's hope, John Mitchel's dream.

The felon's grave is holy ground,
The felon's name with love is crowned.
The tyrant's rule shall fail and fall,
The hearts that dare shall break their thrall.
When those who forged the felon's chain,
In dark Oblivion long have lain,
Erect and proud in strength shall stand
John Mitchel's cause, John Mitchel's land.

BRIAN NA BANBAN
Program
Part II.

Fiddle  Traditional Irish Airs  }  Arr. by  J. Crofts
THOMAS PAGE

Ballads

(a) "The Felons of our Land"
   (New Version)  }  C. Markievicz

(b) "By Memory Inspired"  J. Kearney
   JAMES RAUL

Ballad  "The Jackets Green"
CATHLEEN COUGHLAN

Centenary Song

"John Mitchel"  }  Brian na Banban
   GERARD CROFTS

Recitation  "Shane’s Head"  John Savage
MAIRE NIC SHIUBHLAIGH

Musical Monologue

"To Balfe"  J. Crofts
   JOSEPH CROFTS

Ballad  "The Green Flag"
   PATRICK MORGAN

FINALE:

Vocal Quartette

"Ireland Over All"
   CATHLEEN COUGHLAN, MOLLIE O'BYRNE,
   GERARD CROFTS, JAMES RAUL

(Music by Haydn; Words by Commandant Kent; Arranged as a Quartette by Joseph Crofts)
JOHN MITCHEL.
(The last Portrait, 1875.)
BERMUDA, 13th SEPTEMBER, 1848

13th.—The glorious bright weather tempts me to spend much time on the pier, where I have been sitting for hours, with the calm limpid water scarce rippling at my feet, towards the north-east, and in front of me where I sit, stretches away beyond the rim of the world that immeasurable boundless blue; and by intense gazing I can behold, in vision, the misty peaks of a far-off land—yea, round the gibbous shoulder of the great oblate spheriod, my wistful eyes can see, looming, floating in the sapphire empyrean, that green Hy Brasil of my dreams and memories—"with every haunted mountain and streamy vale below." Near me, to be sure, on one side, lie scattered an archipelago of sand and lime-rocks, whitening and splitting like dry bones under the tyrannous sun, with their thirsty brushwood of black fir-trees; and still closer, behind me, are the horrible swarming hulks, stewing, seething cauldrons of vice and misery. But often while I sit by the sea facing that north-eastern art, my eyes, and ears, and heart are all far, far. This thirteenth of September is a calm, clear, autumnal day in Ireland, and in green glens there, and on many a mountain side, beech leaves begin to redden, and the heather-bell has grown brown and seer: the corn-fields are nearly all stripped bare by this time; the flush of summer grows pale; the notes of the singing-birds have lost that joyous thrilling abandon inspired by June days, when every little singer in his drunken rapture will gush forth his very soul in melody, but he will utter the unutterable joy.
Bermuda, 13th September, 1848—Continued

And the rivers, as they go brawling over their pebbly beds, some crystal bright, some tinted with sparkling brown from the high moors—"the hue of the Cairngorm pebble"—all have got their autumnal voice, and chide the echoes with a hoarser murmur, complaining (he that hath ears to hear let him hear) how that summer is dying and the time of the singing of the birds is over and gone. On such an autumn day to the inner ear is ever audible a kind of low and pensive, but not doleful *sighing*, the first whispered *susurrus* of those moaning, wailing, October winds, wherewith winter preludes the pealing anthem of his storms. Well known to me by day and by night are the voices of Ireland's winds and waters, the faces of her ancient mountains. I see it, I hear it all—for by the wondrous power of imagination, informed by strong love, I do indeed live more truly in Ireland than on these unblessed rocks.

But what avails it? Do not my eyes strain over the sea in vain? my soul yearn in vain? Has not the Queen of England banished me from the land where my mother bore me, where my father's bones are laid?

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The Portraits and Extracts are from the Edition of the "Jail Journal," Edited by Arthur Griffith, and Published by Messrs. Gill and Son, Ltd., 1913. Get a copy and possess one of the greatest classics in history.
MITCHEL CENTENARY

Chairman:
ARTHUR GRIFFITH

Orator:
COMMANDANT P. H. PEARSE, B.A., B.L.

List of Artistes:

Commandant Kent  Sean Connolly
James Raul        Gerard Crofts
Mollie O'Byrne    Maire Nic Shiubhlaigh
Thomas Page       Termode O Roideain
Cathleen Coughlan Patrick Morgan

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