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THE

1792

SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

BY

THE WRITERS OF THE NATION NEWSPAPER.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.



DUBLIN:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY,
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DUBLIN: JAMES DUFFY, 25, ANGLESEA-STREET.

P R E F A C E.

WE offer this little volume—the materials of which have been taken from the “NATION” newspaper—freely and confidently to the people of Ireland, as the sole object of its publication is their benefit. Such a compilation was only projected after there were frequent demands for it, which will acquit the authors of vanity, as its price will fully absolve the publisher from any desire of gain in the transaction. A book that neither contemplates praise nor profit is a genuine novelty, and will, we expect, receive the “CEAD MILE FAILTE” which a stranger never asks from our countrymen in vain.

We commend it especially to the Repeal Reading-rooms and Teetotal Societies. Such of the songs as go to popular airs ought to be constantly practised by those bodies. They will find very profitable and pleasant singing for the millions among them. The other pieces may be read or recited at public dinners and soirees with scarcely less advantage. The English minister who planned the Union had a great respect for the influence of songs on a people; in which, we think, he exhibited more sagacity than in handcuffing two strong, angry men together to strengthen their connexion. However, as there is a difference of opinion on

this point, it will be a pleasant test of his wisdom to knock one of his nuts against the other and see which of them will crack first.

It may be observed, that we have spelled some Irish words that occur in this volume somewhat differently from the usual method, that usual method being whatever way English writers thought fit to spell them for us. We have consulted the best Irish scholars, and adopted their orthography, which we expect will become general. We would be ashamed to mispell Latin, English, French, or any other foreign language, and, in the name of common sense, why not our own? It is quite as comical a blunder to write "FAUGH A BALLAGH" for "FAG A BEALAC," as "PARLEY-VOO" for "PARLEZ-VOUS," if we only thought so.

We believe there is nothing further to say, but to wish our friends a keen relish for the good things which we set before them.

TRINITY-STREET, DUBLIN,
May, 1843.

*** A second series of the "Spirit of the Nation," being Political Songs and National Ballads by the writers of the "NATION" newspaper, is now ready. All applications must be made to the Publisher, JAMES DUFFY, 25, Anglesea-street, as, in future, the publication will be conducted in his establishment.

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THE SPIRIT
OF
“THE NATION.”

OURSELVES ALONE.

I.

THE work that should to-day be wrought
Defer not till to-morrow ;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

II.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled,
In patient hope to bide ;
By dreams of English justice fooled,
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion 's past,
The empty dream has flown :
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

III.

Aye ! bitter hate, or cold neglect,
 Or lukewarm love at best,
 Is all we've found, or can expect,
 We aliens of the west.
 No friend beyond her own green shore,
 Can Erin truly own ;
 Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
 In her brave sons ALONE.

IV.

Remember when our lot was worse—
 Sunk, trampled to the dust ;
 'Twas long our weakness and our curse,
 In stranger aid to trust.
 And if, at length, we proudly trod
 On bigot laws o'erthrown,
 Who won that struggle ? Under God,
 Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

V.

Oh, let its memory be enshrined
 In Ireland's heart for ever :
 It proves a banded people's mind
 Must win in just endeavour ;
 It shows how wicked to despair,
 How weak to idly groan—
 If ills at *others'* hands ye bear,
 The cure is in YOUR OWN.

VI.

The “foolish word impossible”
 At once, for aye disdain ;
 No power can bar a people's will
 A people's right to gain.
 Be bold, united, firmly set,
 Nor flinch in word or tone—
 We'll be a glorious nation yet,
 REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE.

THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

I.

Let Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we ;
Not British seas, nor British coasts,
Can match THE MAN OF TIPPERARY.

II.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His spirit light as any fairy ;
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps THE HILLS OF TIPPERARY.

III.

When woe or want oppress his friends,
Though State and Fate proclaim despair, he
Against them all “ the Pass” defends,
And rights THE WRONGS OF TIPPERARY.

IV.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
You'd swear they knew no other mood
Than mirth and LOVE IN TIPPERARY.

V.

Soft is his girl's sunny eye,
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
Her heart is fond, her soul is high ;
Oh ! she's THE PRIDE OF TIPPERARY.

VI.

You're free to share his scanty meal ;
His plighted word he'll never vary.
In vain they tried with gold and steel
To shake THE FAITH OF TIPPERARY.

VII.

Send him to fight for native land—
 His is no courage cold and wary ;
 The troops live not on earth would stand
 The headlong CHARGE OF TIPPERARY.

VIII.

Let Britain brag her motley rag ;
 We'll lift THE GREEN more proud and airy ;—
 Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
 And head THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

IX.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we ;
 Give us to guard our native coasts
 THE MATCHLESS MEN OF TIPPERARY.

SONNET.

(TRANSLATED FOR THE "NATION," FROM "ZAPPI," BY E. N. SHANNON, ESQ., THE TRANSLATOR OF DANTE, AUTHOR OF "TALES OLD AND NEW.")

In fair, delightful Cyprus, by the Main,
 A lofty, royal seat, Love's dwelling stands :
 Thither I went, and gave into his hands
 An humble scroll, his clemency to gain.
 Sire, said the writing, Thyrsis, who in pain
 Has served thee hitherto, this boon demands—
 His freedom—neither should his suit be vain,
 After six lustres' service in thy bands.
 He took the scroll, and seemed to pore thereon :
 But he was blind, and could not read the case.
 Seeming to feel his grievous want full sore—
 Wherefore, with stern and frowning air, anon,
 He said, and flung my writing in my face—
 Give it to DEATH—we two will talk it o'er.

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1190.*

Τα σπλα ως λαβωμεν
 παιδες, Ελληνων αγωμεν.
 ποταμιδων εχθρων το αιμα
 ως τρεζη υπο ποδων.

RIGA.

I.

Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,
 That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves ;
 To reddens and swell the wild torrents that flow,
 Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aharlow ?

II.

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,
 From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the stately Galtees ;
 Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
 Slievenamon, Glencoloc, and sublime Galtymore !

III.

The sun-burst that slumbered embalmed in our tears,
 Tipperary ! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers !
 And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear,
 While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

* This song relates to the time when the Irish began to rally and unite against their invaders. The union was, alas ! brief, but its effects were great. The troops of Connaught and Ulster, under Cathal Cruv-dearg (Cathal O'Connor of the Red Hand), defeated and slew Armoric St. Lawrence, and stripped De Courcy of half his conquests. But the ballad relates to Munster ; and an extract from Moore's (the most accessible) book will show that there was solid ground for triumph :—" Among the chiefs who agreed at this crisis to postpone their mutual feuds, and act in concert against the enemy, were O'Brian of Thomond, and MacCarthy of Desmond, hereditary rulers of North and South Munster, and chiefs respectively of the two rival tribes, the Dalcasians and Eoganians. By a truce now formed between those princes, O'Brian was left free to direct his arms against the English ; and having attacked their forces at Thurles, in Fogarty's country, gave them a COMPLETE OVERTHROW, putting to the sword, add the Munster annals, a great number of knights."—*History of Ireland, A.D. 1190.*

IV.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
 With a shaft in his flank and a blood dripping mane,
 His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes ;
 He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

V.

Let the trumpets ring triumph ! the tyrant is slain,
 He reels o'er his charger deep pierced through the brain ;
 And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale,
 But, who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

VI.

For the arrows of vengeance are show'ring like rain,
 And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
 Till thy waves, “ lordly Shannon,” all crimsonly flow,
 Like the billows of hell with the blood of the foe.

VII.

Aye ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
 Revenge, with the fleetness of lightning, can vic ;
 And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock,
 And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

VIII.

And who shall pass over the stormy Slieve Bloom,
 To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom ;
 When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers,
 Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears ?

IX.

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves ;
 But the glen and the torrent have yawned for their graves—
 From the gloomy Ardfinnan to wild Templemore—
 From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

X.

By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,
 To remember the march of the foe through our isle ;

Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flash'd in the summer sun's ray;

XI.

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold,
By Saint Bride of Kildare! but they moved in fair show—
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aharlow!

THE MONOPOLISTS' LIE.

"For our own part we are not ashamed to say that we hate the word *cheapness* in its ordinary acceptation, because we have never seen commodities *cheap*, as the term is commonly applied, without the accompaniment of ruinous distress among one class or other of our countrymen; whereas we have generally seen what are denominated *dear* seasons, always seasons of extraordinary prosperity to the majority of the people."—*Standard*.

I.

How the mockery stinks in the nostrils of Heaven!
How the arrogant falsehood insults the wide earth!
To the fiends in deep hell, for a moment 'tis given,
'Mid their torment, to gibber in horrible mirth!
Oh! yes, 'tis a BLESSING that bread is *so dear*!
Yes, yes, 'tis a comfort that rent is so high!
Give the rich man his chariot, the poor man his bier;
'Tis a favor, untaxed, to be suffered to die!

II.

Crawl on, ye vile slaves! chaffer roots with the swine!
They are good enough, churls! for your under-bred maws;
Earth's treasures are skimmed, when your masters would dine,
While ye starve by their merciful, master made laws!
Toil, sweat, and make huger their huge money-bags;
Serfs, train up your daughters to batten their lust!
As they roll by in splendour, crouch, crouch in your rags!
As they loll at the banquet, pay thrice for your crust!

III.

Oh, God's earth is fair ! and a glimpse you may catch,
 As you peer o'er the wall of some neighbouring park,
 Of lawn, grove, and paddock—but lift not a latch,
 Or be torn by the dogs at your footsteps that bark !
 Sweet valley and glade, beauteous lake, stream, and river,
 Bestud ev'ry turn in our evergreen isle ;
 Ye have *heard* they are lovely, but glanced at them never,
 Save yoked like scorned beasts to unrecompensed toil !

IV.

Crawl on, ye vile slaves ! not a sod is your own,
 Of the soil where your fathers coursed free as the airs ;
 Not a bird dare ye shoot, where their footsteps have flown ;
 Not a fish dare you draw from the streams that were theirs !
 With your sweat your land-tyrants their 'scutcheons adorn,
 And would coin your heart's blood, as your hearts they have
 riven !
 You have asked for free bread—they refuse it with scorn ;
 If you starve at their will, you deserve it, by Heaven !

THE LAMENT OF GRAINNE MAOL.*

I.

John Bull was a *bodach*, as rich as a Jew—
 As griping, as grinding, and conscienceless too ;
 A wheedler, a shuffler, a rogue by wholesale,
 And a swindler moreover, says GRAINNE MAOL !

II.

John Bull was a banker, pursy and fat,
 With gold in both pockets, and plenty of that ;
 And he tempted his neighbours to sell their entail—
 'Tis by scheming he prospers, says GRAINNE MAOL !

* Vulgarly written and rightly pronounced Granu Wail.

III.

John Bull was a farmer, with cottiers galore—
 Stout “chawbacons” once, that like bullocks could roar;
 Hard work and low wages, and Peel’s sliding scale,
 Have pulled down their courage, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

IV.

John Bull was a bruiser, sturdy and stout—
 A boisterous bully—at bottom a clout—
 For when briskly opposed he was apt to turn tail—
 BROTHER JONATHAN fibbed him, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

V.

John Bull was a merchant—many his ships,
 His harbours, his dock-yards, and fine building slips;
 And the ocean he claimed as his rightful entail—
 MONSIEUR PARLEY-VOUS bars that, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

VI.

John Bull had dependencies, many and great—
 Rich, fertile, extensive—each one an estate;
 But he pilfered and robbed them—wholesale and retail—
 THE CANADAS prove it, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

VII.

Master John in the East has been “going it tight”
 (His wont when opponents are slow to show fight)—
 Like a BULL in a CHINA SHOP, whisking his tail—
 That *splore isn’t ended*, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

VIII.

John Bull worshipped fire beneath Indian skies—
 Made war upon women, and children likewise—
 Razed bazaars, burned cities and forts in detail—
 Oh, the barbarous VANDAL! says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

IX.

John Bull was a Saint in the Western Clime,
 Stood fast for the truths of the Gospel sublime,

Vowed that no other faith in the end could avail ;
Is't THE JUGGERNAUT CHAMPION? says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

X.

John Bull had a sister fair to be seen,
With a roseate blush, and a mantle of green,
And a soft swelling bosom!—On hill or in dale
Oh, where could you fellow sweet *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XI.

And John lov'd his sister without e'er a flam,
As the fox loves a pullet, the vulture a lamb;
So he paid her a visit—but mark the sad tale,
My TITLE DEED's vanished! says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XII.

Then he ruined her commerce, and ravaged her plains;
Razed her altars, sowed strife, kept her children in chains,
While pitch-caps, triangles, and gibbets, wholesale,
Recorded John's love to poor *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XIII.

But one of her children, more *bould* than the rest,
Took it into his noddle to make a *request*!
Our rights, Uncle John! Else—our flag on the gale!
“He soon got an instalment,” says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XIV.

And, now he is at the *Ould Growler* again,
With his logic, and law, and—*three millions of men*!
And nothing will plaise him, just now, but *REPALE*;
“*Mo seact n-anam astig tú*,”* says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XV.

But, should John turn gruff, and decline the demand;
What means of success may be at our command?
Quite true, he is humbled, and now getting frail,
My “NATION” will tell you, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

* “Seven times as dear as the soul within me!”

XVI.

("NATION" LOQUITUR.)

"If stubborn and wilful, he still should refuse
 To hear our just claims, or submit to our views,
 And resolve, in his folly, to hold 'The Entail,'
 DAN 'll 'kick his Dumbarton,'* for GRAINNE MAOL!"

Fag a Bealac. †

A National Hymn, chaunted in full chorus at the Symposiacs of the Editors and Contributors of "THE NATION."

I.

"Hope no more for fatherland,
 All her ranks are thinned or broken;"
 Long a base and coward band
 Recreat words like these have spoken.
 But WE preach a land awoken,
 A land of courage true and tried
 As your fears are false and hollow :
 Slaves and Dastards stand aside—
 Knaves and Traitors, FAG A BEALAC!

II.

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,
 Might is strong, but Right is stronger ;

* Our printer's devil declares that this is a North British phrase for "The Seat of Honour!" How the Old Lady learned to talk Scotch it is not for us to explain.

† FAG A BEALAC, "Clear the road!" commonly but erroneously spelt Faugh a Ballagh, was the cry with which the clans of Connaught and Munster used in faction fights to come through a fair with high hearts and smashing shillelahs. The regiments raised in the South and West took their old shout with them to the Continent. The 88th, or Connaught Rangers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "The Faugh a Ballagh Boys." Nothing, says Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*—nothing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish regiments sprung to the charge; and never was that haughty and intolerant shout raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought and fatal as flame, came with it, like a rushing incarnation of FAG A BEALAC!

Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
 Can enslave our land no longer,
 Than your own dissensions wrong her :
 Be ye one in might and mind—
 Quit the mire where Cravens wallow—
 And your foes shall flee like wind
 From your fearless *FAG A BEALAC!*

III.

Thus the mighty Multitude
 Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow—
 “ We are fallen, but unsubdued ;
 “ Show us whence we Hope may borrow,
 “ And we'll fight your fight to-morrow.
 “ Be but cautious, true, and brave,
 “ Where ye lead us we will follow ;
 “ Hill and valley, rock and wave,
 “ Shall echo back our *FAG A BEALAC!*”

IV.

Fling our Sun-burst to the wind,
 Studded o'er with names of glory ;
 Worth, and wit, and might, and mind,
 Poet young, and Patriot hoary,
 Long shall make it shine in story.
 Close your ranks—the moment's come—
 NOW, ye men of Ireland follow :
 Friends of Freedom, charge them home—
 Foes of freedom, *FAG A BEALAC!*

EPIGRAM.

“ Well, Pat, my boy,” said I, “ I've had some chat
 With the ground landlord of this wilderness.”
 “ The *grinding* one your Honor means,” grinned Pat ;
 “ It is the tenants that are *ground*, I guess.”

O'CONNELL.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh ! thou bright sun, who banished by thy ray
 The night of sorrow from my land away—
 Before whose radiance, as some magic spell,
 Like frost-work melted, all our shackles fell—
 Whose honest beams made freedom's light be felt
 In those dark mists where bigotry had dwelt—
 High, high above us, still in grandeur glide,
 You rose in lowness, but you'll set in pride.
 In vain you sought some social orb to cheer
 The desert loneliness of our hemisphere,
 Yet dauntless cried, “ 'Tis left alone for me
 To teach mankind—To wish it's to be free !”
 And now thou'rt mantled in unearthly light,
 Like Vesta's lamp, imperishably bright,
 For ever cloudless and for ever blest,
 Sear the oppressor, smile on the opprest.
 Unlike the orb that glorifies the day,
 Thy sun may perish, but its beams will stay :
 Thy name's an heirloom that will last for ever—
 Thyself may leave us, by thy spirit—Never !
 Thou said'st, “ Be free !” and taught the bondsman how ;
 And, ah ! dear freedom, who'll unlearn thee now ?

THE EXTERMINATOR'S SONG.

AIR—“ *'Tis I am the Gipsy King.* ”

I.

‘Tis I am the poor man's scourge,
 And where is the scourge like me ?
 My land from all Papists I purge,
 Who think that their votes should be free—
 Who think that their votes should be free !
 From huts only fitted for brutes,
 My agent the last penny wrings :

And my serfs live on water and roots,
 While I feast on the best of good things !
 For I am the poor man's scourge !
 For I am the poor man's scourge !

(*Chorus of the Editors of THE NATION*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge !
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge !

II.

A despot, and strong one, am I,
 Since a Drummond no longer is here,
 To my "duties" to point ev'ry eye,
 Though of "rights" I wish only to hear—
 Though of "rights" I wish only to hear !
 If conspiracies I apprehend,
 To throw off my rack-renting rule,
 For a "Special Commission" I send,
 To my friends of the old Tory school !
 For I am the poor man's scourge !
 For I am the poor man's scourge !

(*Chorus of the Editors of THE NATION*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge !
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge !

III.

I prove to the world I'm a man,
 In a way very pleasant to show ;
 I debauch all the tenants I can,
 And of b——ds I have a long row—
 And of b——ds I have a long row !
 My cottiers must all eringe to me,
 Nor grudge me the prettiest lass ;
 Or they know very well that they'll see
 Their hovels as flat as the grass !
 For I am the poor man's scourge !
 For I am the poor man's scourge !

(*Chorus of the Editors of THE NATION*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge !
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge !

IV.

If O'Connor my right should deny, sir,
 To "do what I like with my own!"
 For the rascal I've soon a reply, sir,
 Into gaol for "sedition" he's thrown—
 Into gaol for "sedition" he's thrown!
 The Tariff is bringing rents down—
 Yet more cash from the farmer I'll squeeze;
 And, for fear of being shot, come to town
 To drink, game, and intrigue, at my ease!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!

(*Chorus of the Editors of THE NATION*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge,
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge.

—

SONG OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

AIR—"The Siege of Belleisle."

I.

'Tis the green—oh, the green is the colour of the true,
 And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue!
 For the colour of our fatherland alone should here be seen—
 'Tis the colour of the martyr'd dead—our own immortal green;
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
 Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen;
 But we've hands—oh, we've hands, boys, full strong enough,
 I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green!

II.

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose—
 'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes;

But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean;
For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.

So, we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green !
Oh, to *die* is far better than be curst as we have been ;
And we've hearts—oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough,
I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

III.

They may swear as they often did, our wretchedness to cure ;
But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.
No, we won't—no we won't, Bull, for now nor ever more !
For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.

Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
Shout it back to the Sassenagh, “We'll *never* sell the green !”
For our TONE is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal green.

IV.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
At Limerick and Thurles—Blackwater and Benburb ;
And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
When we met him on the battle-field of France—at Fontenoy.

Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
Oh, 'tis *still* in the dust, and a shame to be seen ;
But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough,
I ween,
To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green !

THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

From Carrick streets to Shannon shore—
From Slievenamon to Ballindeary—
From Longford-pass to Galtymore—
Come, hear The Vow of Tipperary.

“ Too long we fought for Britain’s cause,
 And of our blood were never chary ;
 She paid us back with tyrant laws,
 And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

“ But never more we’ll win such thanks ;
 We swear by God, and Virgin Mary,
 Never to list in British ranks ; ”
 And *that’s* The Vow of Tipperary.

FATHER MATHEW.

ODE TO A PAINTER, ABOUT TO COMMENCE A PICTURE TO ILLUSTRATE THE LABOURS OF FATHER MATHEW.

I.

Seize thy pencil, child of art !
 Fame and fortune brighten o’er thee ;
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
 If well thou do’st the work before thee !
 ’Tis not thine to round the shield,
 Or point the sabre, black or gory ;
 ’Tis not thine to spread the field,
 Where crime is crown’d—where guilt is glory.

II.

Child of art ! to thee be given
 To paint in colours all unclouded,
 Breakings of a radiant heaven
 O’er an isle in darkness shrouded !
 But to paint them true and well,
 Every ray we see them shedding
 In its very light must tell
 What a gloom *before* was spreading.

III.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears—
 Eyes that wept no longer weeping—
 Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,
 Lonely, nightly, vigils keeping—
 Listening ev'ry footfall nigh—
 Hoping him she loves returning ?
 Canst thou, then, depict her joy,
 That we may know *the change* from mourning ?

IV.

Paint in colours strong but mild,
 Our Isle's Redeemer, and Director—
 Canst thou paint *the man a child*,
 Yet shadow forth the mighty VICTOR ?
 Let his path a rainbow span,
 Every *hue* and *colour* blending—
 Beaming “peace and love” to man,
 And alike o'er ALL extending !

V.

Canst thou paint a land made free—
 From its sleep of bondage, woken—
 Yet, withal, that we may see
 What 'twas *before* the chain was broken ?
 Seize the pencil, child of art !
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee !
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
 If well thou do'st the work before thee !

TO THE PRESIDENT

OF THE ANTI-REPEAL OPERATIVE SOCIETY, GREETING.

Sterne mourns an ass, as though 'twere true
 That “asses never die ;”
 But sure 'tis false, and Thrashem, you
 Will some day give 't the lie.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE ?

“ What's my thought like ?

“ How is it like ? &c.

“ What would you do with it ? ”

Nursery-Game.

I.

What's my thought like ?—What's my thought like ?

—Like a column tumbled down—

Its noble shaft and capital with moss and weeds o'ergrown !

How is my thought so like unto a column thus laid low ;

Because your thought is Ireland now—laid prostrate, even so !

What with it would you do ?—oh, say—what with it would
you do ?

Uprise it from the earth again, aloft to mankind's view.

A sign unto all those that mourn, throughout earth's vast do-
main,

That Heaven rewards the patient, and will make them joy
again.

II.

What's my thought like ?—What's my thought like ?

—Like a gallant ship on shore !

Dismasted all and helpless now, amid the breakers' roar !

Her crew, so faithful once to her, each seeking plank and spar,
To 'scape from her and safety seek, upon the land afar.

How is my thought like such poor ship in peril and distress ?

Because your thought is Ireland now, whose peril is no less !

What with it would you do ?—oh, say—what with it would
you do ?

Like to some few but faithful hearts among such vessel's crew—

Stand by her to the last I would ! and die, if so decreed,

Ere man should dare to say to me, *You failed her at her need !*

III.

What's my thought like ?—What's my thought like ?

—Like a land by Nature bless'd

Beyond most other lands on earth—and yet the most distressed

A teeming soil—abounding streams—wide havens—genial air—

And yet a People ever plunged in suffering and care !
 Eight millions of a noble race—high-minded, pure, and good—
 Kept subject to a petty gang—a miserable brood !
 Strong but in England's constant hate, and help to keep us down,

And blast the smiles of Nature fair, with man's unholy frown.
 How is it like my thought, again ?—How is it like my thought ?
Because your thought is Ireland's self—and even thus her lot !
 What with it would you do, again—What with it would you do ?

Work even to the death I would, to rive her chain in two !
 To help her 'gainst unnatural sons, and foreign foemen's rage,
 And all her hapless People's woes and bitter griefs assuage ;
 Bid them be happy now, at length, in this their rescued land—
 That land no longer marked and cursed with slav'ry's withering brand !

No longer Slave to England !—but her Sister, if she will—
 Prompt to give friendly aid at need, and to forget all ill !
 But holding high her head, and with serenest brow
 Claiming, amid Earth's nations all, her fitting station now !
 This is my thought—it is your thought.

—If thus each Irish heart

Will only think and purpose thus, henceforth, to act its part,
 Full soon their honest boast shall be—that she was made by them
 Great, Glorious, Free!—the Earth's first Flower !

The Ocean's brightest Gem !

— LINES

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF BRIC, IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCHYARD.

Since first they placed thee in this cheerless cell,
 Hither I've wandered each succeeding year,
 Oppress'd with grief, to think no honours tell
 That courage, worth, and genius slumber here —

Yes! sleep neglected in this silent shade,
Where black obscurity in triumph reigns—
While memory droops in lack of generous aid,
And cold indiff'rence unmov'd remains.
Here noxious weeds and sedgy grass contend,
As in the breeze for mastery they toil,
To hide this mound, where sleeps the faithful friend
Who labour'd well to free his native soil.
Alas! cold apathy, the icy hand
Is ever quick to spread oblivion's pall
Above the champions of this injur'd land
Whom fate permits in freedom's cause to fall,
Could I but rear one single line to guide
The stranger's foot to lightly press this clay—
That freedom's sons o'er Erin's hope and pride
Hither might come betimes to weep or pray :
No flatt'ring lie I'd carve on polish'd stone ;
But one brief sentence, rugged, bold and strong,
That all might know his earnest, honest tone.
The words would be—" My country, right or wrong."
Then would fond youths and maidens here unite,
And plant the willow and the fragrant thyme—
Here would they come beneath the moon's pale light
To chant their ditties plaintive and sublime—
Here would the rose of variegated bloom,
'Neath the green cypress and the spreading yew,
Yield to the morning air its sweet perfume,
And from its leaves drop tears of od'rous dew.

Sleep on, regardless of the critic's sneer
And hollow friendship's smooth imposing cant,
Though public gratitude withholds a tear,
Nor avarice deigns a letter'd pile to grant ;
Yet will the poet's soft and pensive lay
Warble in dirges o'er thy nameless tomb,
To tell the Patriot who comes this way
A martyr'd brother moulders here in gloom.

THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

I.

'Tis a great day, and glorious, O Public! for you—
 This October Fifteenth, Eighteen Forty and Two!
 For on this day of days, lo! THE NATION comes forth,
 To commence its career of Wit, Wisdom, and Worth—
 To give Genius its due—to do battle with Wrong—
 And achieve things undreamed of as yet, save in song,
 Then arise! fling aside your dark mantle of slumber,
 And welcome in chorus THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

II.

Here we are, thanks to Heaven, in an epoch when Mind
 Is unfettering our captives and couching our blind;
 And the Press with its thunders keeps marring the mirth
 Of those tyrants and bigots that curse our fair earth.
 Be it ours to stand forth and contend in the van,
 Of truth's legions for freedom, that birthright of man,
 Shaking off the dull cobwebs that else might encumber
 Our weapon—the pen—in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

III.

We announce a New Era—be this our first news—
 When the serf-grinding Landlords shall shake in their shoes;
 While the ark of a bloodless yet mighty Reform
 Shall emerge from the flood of the Popular Storm!
 Well we know how the lickspittle panders to Power,
 Feel and fear the approach of that death-dealing hour;
 But we toss these aside—such vile vagabond lumber
 Are but just worth a groan from THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

IV.

Though we take not for motto, *Nul n'a de l'esprit*,
 (As they once did in Paris) *hors nos bons amis*,
 We may boast that for first-rate endowments, our band
 Form a phalanx unmatched *in*—or *out of*—the land.

Poets, Patriots, Linguists, with reading like Parr's—
 Critics keener than sabres—Wits brighter than stars ;
 And Reasoners as cool as the coolest cu-cumber
 Form the host that shine out in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

V.

We shall sketch living manners—and men—in a style
 That will scarcely be sneez'd at, we guess, for a while ;
 Build up stories as fast as of yore Mother Bunch,
 And for Fun of all twists take the shine out of "PUNCH;"
 Thus our Wisdom and Quizdom will finely agree
 Very much, Public dear, we conceive as you see
 Do the lights and the shades that illume and adumber
 Each beautiful page in the NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

VI.

A word more :—To OLD IRELAND our first love is given ;
 Still, our friendship hath arms for all lands under Heaven.
 WE ARE IRISH—we vaunt it—all o'er and all out ;
 But we wish not that England shall "sneak up the spout!"
 Then, O Public ! here, there, and elsewhere through the world,
 Wheresoe'er TRUTH's and LIBERTY's flags are unfurl'd,
 From the Suir to the Tweed, from the Boyne to the Humber,
 Raise one Shout of Applause for THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER !

EPIGRAM

ON HEARING THAT THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA
 IS OF A TARTAR FAMILY.

" Go forth," exclaimed Imperial Fum, " and see
 What those barbarian vagabonds are arter !"
 Then, tapping on his box, and taking three
 Pinches of Lundy's Prime—" By Jing," quoth he,
 " If they nab me they'll find they have caught a Tartar!"

THE NATION'S VALENTINE

TO THE LADIES OF IRELAND.

" I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves."

BYRON.

I.

Oh, Daughters of Erin ! while liberty hovers,
 Like the dove of the ark, o'er the flood of our tears,
 'Tis yours to brace on the chainmail of your lovers,
 And broider gay streamers to float from their spears.

II.

Unsullied and soft as the snow's infant winglets
 Is the bosom of her who is muse of our song ;
 And her melting eyes shine through dark clouds of rich ringlets,
 With a soul that to Emmett's first love might belong.

III.

And though scarcely the seraphs that smiling watch o'er her,
 More fondly—more truly can love in the skies,
 Yet not her's is the wish to behold her adorer
 Forget his land's wrongs in the light of her eyes.

IV.

Yes ! thine is the fire that, now sacredly glowing,
 Impels my wrapt soul to bright liberty's shrine,
 The wave was congeal'd till thy breath set it flowing—
 God gave the lyre, but to tune it was thine.

V.

Oh, woman ! our load-star, whose worship for ever,
 Gives strength to the sword—inspiration to song—
 The hour thou wilt aid thine own fetters to sever,
 Not earth's banded tyrants our thrall can prolong.

VI.

Withdraw, then, thy presence from pleasure's gay bowers,
 And smile but on him who braves danger and toil.
 Thus beauty and virtue, asserting their powers,
 Shall more than atone for the false Devorghoil.

VII.

Irresistible loveliness ! wouldest thou but cherish
 The patriot virtues, at once we are free ;
 But desert thou, or shrink, and as surely we perish—
 For man takes the tone of his spirit from thee.

VIII.

Then, oh ! if you'd teach us once more to recover
 The glory that erst shed its light on thy brow,
 Rend away from your lutes the soft strings of the lover,
 And sing us no songs but of FATHERLAND now.

IX.

A spirit is moving in light o'er the waters,
 And he shouts through the stormy applause of the waves,
 " *How long, beloved land, shall thy glorious daughters*
Be consorts or mothers of spiritless slaves ?"

X.

Oh, rock-girdled Freedom ! adored by the Roman,
 In woman's dear form descend on our fanes,
 And the mountains shall dance at the fall of the foeman,
 To earth's heav'nliest music—the breaking of chains !

EPIGRAM

TOUCHING THE TARIFF AND INCOME TAX.

When I see Peel and Co.'s plans thus give birth
 To want and woe 'mong Englishers and Scotchers,
 " O, pardon me, thou bleeding *peace* of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with such *botchers*!"

LAMENT FOR THE LAST OF THE BRAVE.

“ *Ultimi Romanorum.*”

Sainted the names and peaceful the slumbers
 Of the heroes who struggled their country to free—
 Who perished oppressed, but not *vanquished*, by numbers,
 And streamed out their life-blood, dear Erin, for thee.

Twice—thrice be they blest, for no common devotion
 Was theirs to the island that called them their own ;
 The pulse of their hearts, like the tide of the ocean,
 Flowed true to the land of their fathers alone.

In the depths of the vale, on the peak of the mountain,
 Raise high the proud trophy to tell of their fame—
 Let the cairn of their glory be piled by the fountain,
 And the stone of repose bear the spell of their name.

On the NATIONAL BANNER, in letters of glory,
 Inscribe them to serve as the watchwords for men,
 Who, roused from despair by their patriot story,
 Shall dare all the deeds of these heroes *again*.

In the *requiem* chaunt for the souls of the dead,
 When the prayers of the millions in silence are given,
 Oh, ask of their God, for each spirit thus fled,
 Peace and joy without end 'midst the blessed in heaven.

TO COLONEL M.P.

If e'er you go to Hindostan,
 You'll be esteemed a godlike man !
 Nay, do not thus with wonder stare—
 Monkeys, you know, are worshipped there.

NEW NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

I.

Buffon divides men into classes ;
 But this, his druggist-shop conception,
 Is humbug—all alike are asses ;
 I make myself even no exception.
 In fact, I'll prove myself an ass-
 eror of truth—the more's the pity ;
 And then make you, besides, an ass-
 entor to my dis-ass-trous ditty.

II.

There's Brougham and Vaux (Lord !) what an ass-
 ailant he is of poor Lord Melbourne !
 While Melbourne is himself an ass-
 ociate of glum-faced England's well born ;
 Then in the House he's quite an ass-
 afœtida pill to Londonderry,
 Who is, by jing, a humdrum ass-
 everating twaddler, dull and dreary !

III.

O'Connell's a tremendous ass-
 auiter of tyranny and Tories ;
 And we, THE NATION, are his ass-
 istants, and share—hurrah !—his glories.
 Poor Lever's an acknowledged ass-
 pirant for fame and foolscap laurels ;
 While Lover makes himself an ass-
 iduous refreshner of state morals.

IV.

Trash Gregg's a genuine assish ass-
 inine ass—only hear him braying !
 Grim, Orange Ernest is an ass-
 assin at heart, and thirsts for slaying !
 F. W. Conway is an ass-
 tonishing dab for quizzing quisses !
 And Cregan R.H.A.'s an ass-
 ured brush at catching gemmen's phizzes.

V.

In short, the world is one great ass-
 emblage of hoaxed and hoaxing ninnies,
 'Mong which even I myself *am-ass*
 More bran than grist—more jokes than guineas ;
 Still I don't mind—nor care to ass-
 uage my distresses like your sobbers ?
 Wrapped in my cloak, my grand cuir-ass,
 I laugh at all—Rads., Whigs, and robbers.*

—
MY LAND.

I.

She is a rich and rare land ;
 Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land ;
 She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine.

II.

No men than her's are braver—
 Her women's hearts ne'er waver ;
 I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

III.

She's not a dull or cold land ;
 No ! she's a warm and bold land ;
 Oh ! she's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

IV.

Could beauty ever guard her,
 And virtue still reward her,
 No foe could cross her border—
 No friend within it pine !

* "Robbers"—that is to say Tories. See the Gaelic.

V.

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land ;
 Oh, she's a true and rare land !
 Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

THE SONG OF ULSTER.

I.

Gray mountains of Mourne—green vallies of Down—
 Fair uplands of Farney and true Innishowen—
 From your homesteads have come in the day of our need,
 The stoutest of champions for country or creed—

The Men of the North.

II.

When darkness and danger encompassed our Isle,
 And the Timid made cause with the Venal and Vile—
 While her hope was the least, and her hazard the most,
 Still, firm as Slievegullion, she found at their post

The Men of the North.

III.

The first to resist the false Saxon were they,
 The latest to bend to his tyrannous sway,
 In his weakness a goad—in his triumph a curb—
 Bear witness Blackwater, Clontibret, Benburb,
 For the Men of the North.

IV.

Oh ! proud was the day, when the charge of the Gael,
 Like a thunder-storm scattered the sons of the Pale ;
 And the strength of the Saxon, like stubble went down
 Before the strong septs of the cross and the crown,*

The Men of the North.

* The well-known arms of the confederated chiefs of Ulster.

V.

And what, though our God, to whom glory and praise !
 Hath not left to their children the spoil of those days ;
 Why, more bright be our honour—more goodly our gain,
 That he gave gallant hearts to achieve it again

To the Men of the North.

VI.

For tell us, ye band of the trusted and true—
 Ye citizen-soldiers of stern Eighty-Two,
 Who lent you the power to resist and o'ercome
 The Foe from without and the Tyrant at home ?

'Twas the Men of the North.

VII.

And when the dark day of oppression began,
 And Power upon reason and truth set her ban,
 All threats and seductions they stoutly withstood
 Till the cause of their country they sealed with their blood—
 These men of the North.

VIII.

But deep as those epochs of glory we prize,
 A prouder and dearer is yet to arise ;
 And we'll shrine it, Benburb and Dungannon, above,
 In the temple of national honour and love,
 The Men of the North.

IX.

'Tis that day, when the strength of the slumbering North,
 Again for the land of our love shall come forth ;
 And speaking stout words, which stout hearts will maintain,
 Proclaim our fair country a NATION again,
 The Men of the North.

X.

For the waters of Bann are unruffled and slow,
 And as coldly and calmly our pulses may flow ;
 But as soon shall you roll back its fathomless tide
 As turn from their slow-chosen purpose aside
 The Men of the North.

XI.

Then, oh ! when green Erin her trust and her might,
 Shall summon to battle for God and our right—
 For the home of our hearts, or the freedom of man,
 May one gallant phalanx still march in the van—

The Men of the North.

A SONG FOR IRISHMEN.

Look down on Erin's verdant vales—so rich, so gay, so green—
 And tell me, can a bosom throb, not loving Ocean's queen ?
 Look round on Erin's mossy moors, her meads and mountains
 high,

And tell me, does a dastard live, who'd not for Erin die ?

No, no ; in Erin lives not now a traitor to her cause—
 The thundering voice A NATION speaks, each traitor overawes—
 A beaming light is burning bright, on mountain, rock, and sea,
 And by the mighty march of mind our land will soon be free.

Then strike the harp, old Erin's harp, with fearless force and
 bold—

It breathes not for a tim'rous hand—nor for a heart that's cold ;
 It loves the open gen'rous soul—the bold—the brave—the free ;
 But for the craven, crouching slave it has no melody.

You're men—as such should know your rights, and knowing
 should defend ;

Who would be free, themselves must dare the tyrant's chain to
 rend ;

Oh, fruitless is the grief that springs above a nation's fears—
 One firm resolve of mighty men is worth a tide of tears.

Then brace your buckler round your breast—for Erin be
 resigned—

The murky morn is gone that pall'd your energies of mind ;
 And now o'er Erin's misty hills A NATION's banner waves—
 Then, up—arise—be men and free, or be for ever slaves.

A TRAVELLER'S TESTIMONY.

I.

Green-vested land, with emeralds strewn,
 Wherever wends the pilgrim weary,
 With faltering steps and dusty shoon,
 From Rhine to Loire—from Baste to Erie.
 He feels still freshlier o'er his heart
 Rush the remembrance of thy beauty ;
 And owns, all peerless as thou art,
 To love thee, both his joy and duty.

II.

Romantic land ! in other climes
 Far brighter suns the skies illumine ;
 In the warm south, 'mid vesper chimes,
 More dazzlingly bright-eyed is woman.
 But sunlight there like lightning burns,
 While thine streams soft as crystal waters ;
 Too warm the southern maids, and turns
 The yearning breast to Erin's daughters.

III.

Oh, matchless land ! so well combine
 Thy elements of cloud and splendour,
 That earth no valleys boast like thine,
 Enamelled with a green so tender !
 So well in Erin, too, are mixed
 The elements of wit and honour,
 That other nations' eyes are fixed
 In hopeless rivalry upon her !

LINES WRITTEN ON A ROCK.

I.

How oft with bounding heart I've stood
 On yonder rugged rock and drear,
 While youth and pleasure flushed my blood,
 And cherished loved ones lingered near !

II.

How oft I've sat and dreamt of love
 And heaved the half unconscious sigh,
 While silent rolled the moon above,
 And passed the hours uncounted by !

III.

How oft the song hath charmed mine ear
 In woman's sweet melodious tone !
 Her softest notes were floating near !
 Ah ! me, and are those moments gone ?

IV.

Lone rock ! the wintry waves shall fret,
 And toss o'er thee their angry spray,
 And billows foam around thee yet—
 But we shall be far, far away !

V.

Where shall be, then, the song, the tale,
 The laugh of joy, the gladsome smile !
 The howling winds shall round thee wail,
 But we shall be afar the while !

VI.

As vanisheth the fleeting dream—
 As leaves, that part upon the tide—
 So 'tis our lot on life's swift stream,
 Perchance for ever, to divide ;

VII.

Or meet, perhaps, in years to come,
 As cold as if we ne'er had known ;
 Or follow to the silent tomb
 The corse of some now joyous one.

VIII.

Thus time still severs constant hearts !
 Thus former joys have passed and flown !
 How soon each transient bliss departs,
 And leaves us sorrowing and alone !

IX.

Ah ! yes ; there is on all below—
 How passing dear soe'er it be—
 All that we have, or love, or know—
 The stamp of sad mortality !

AWAKE, AND LIE DREAMING NO MORE.

By the Author of “The Deserted College.”

Ye great of my country, how long will ye slumber ?
 Spell-bound far remote from her once happy shore,
 Unmoved by her wrongs and her woes without number,
 Oh ! wake thee, awake, and lie dreaming no more !
 Awaken to fame and poor Erin's condition ;
 To heal all her wounds be your noblest ambition ;
 Oh ! break off the spell of the foreign magician.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !

Not the want of green fields nor of countless resources
 The sons of sweet Erin have cause to deplore,
 Nor the want of brave hearts for the muster of forces :
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !
 A patriot flame and endearing emotion
 Are wanting to bless the sweet isle of the ocean ;
 Yet Erin is worthy of love and devotion.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !

Let Fashion no more in pursuit of vain pleasure,
 To far-distant lands in her train draw you o'er ;
 In your own native isle is the goodliest treasure :
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !
 When once love and pride of your country ye cherish,
 The seeds of disunion and discord shall perish,
 And Erin, dear Erin, in loveliness flourish.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !

TYROL AND IRELAND.

" Ye gather three ears of corn, and they take two out of the three. Are ye contented?—are ye happy? But there is a Providence above, and there are angels; and, when we seek to right ourselves, they will assist us."—*Speech of Hofer to the Tyrolese*: 1809.

I.

And Hofer roused Tyrol for this,
 Made Winschgan red with blood,
 Thal Botzen's peasants, ranged in arms,
 And Innspruck's fire withstood.
 For this! for this! that but a third
 The hind his own could call,
 When Passyer gathered in her sheaves;
 Why, *ye* are robbed of all.

II.

Up rose the hardy mountaineers,
 And crushed Bavaria's horse,
 I' th' name of Father and of Son,*
 For *this* without remorse.
 Great Heaven, for this! that Passyer's swains
 Of half their store were reft;
 Why, clods of senseless clay, to you
 Not ev'n an ear is left!

III.

'Midst plenty gushing round, ye starve—
 'Midst blessings, crawl accursed,
 And hoard for your land cormorants all,
 Deep gorging till they burst!
 Still—still they spurn you with contempt,
 Deride your pangs with scorn;
 Still bid you bite the dust for churls,
 And villains basely born!

* "The Bavarian vanguard, composed of 4,000 men, advanced into the defile; and when they had reached midway, the mountaineers hurled down upon their heads huge rocks, which they had rolled to the verge of the precipice, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."—*Histoire des Tyroliens*.

IV.

Oh, idiots ! feel ye not the lash—
 The fangs that clutch at gold ?
 From rogues so insolent what hope
 Of mercy do ye hold ?
 The pallid millions kneel for food ;
 The lordling locks his store.
 Hath earth, alas ! but one Tyrol,
 And not a Hofer more ?

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

Time—10th Nov., 1649. Scene—Ormond's Camp, County Waterford.
 Speakers—A Veteran of Owen O'Neill's clan, and one of the horsemen, just arrived with an account of his death.

I.

“ Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill ? ”
 ‘ Yes ! they slew with poison *him* they feared to meet with steel.’
 “ May God wither up their hearts ! May their blood cease to flow !
 May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe !

II.

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words.”
 ‘ From Derry, with false Cromwell, he marched to measure swords ;
 But *the weapon of the Saxon* met him on his way,
 And he died at Clough Oughter, upon Saint Leonard's Day.’

III.

“ Wail, wail for The Mighty One ! Wail, wail ye for The Dead ;
 Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head.
 How tenderly we loved him ! How deeply we deplore !
 Oh ! it makes me mad to think I shall never see him more.

IV.

Saggest in the council was he, kindest in the hall,
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been free;
But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

V.

O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon—ye are valiant, wise, and true;
But—what, what were ye all to our darling who is gone?
The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner stone!

VI.

Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our pride!
Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
Weep the Victor of Bunburb—weep him, young man and old;
Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

VII.

We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky,
Why did you leave us, Owen? Why, why did you die?

VIII.

Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye,
Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?"

EPIGRAM

ON READING THE NEW NOVEL OF "BINANCA CAPELLO."

Strange things of Orpheus poets tell,
How for a wife he went to hell ;
But B—— (wiser man, no doubt)
Would go to hell to be without.

O'CONNELL.

I.

I saw him at the hour of pray'r, when morning's earliest dawn
Was breaking o'er the mountain tops—o'er grassy dell and lawn;
When the parting shades of night had fled—when moon and
stars were gone,

Before a high and gorgeous shrine the chieftain kneel'd alone.
His hands were clasp'd upon his breast, his eye was raised above—
I heard those full and solemn tones in words of faith and love:
He pray'd that those who wrong'd him might forever be forgiv'n;
Oh! who would say such prayers as *these* are not received in
heav'n?

II.

I saw him next amid the best and noblest of our isle—
There was the same majestic form, the same heard-kindling
smile!

But grief was on that princely brow—for others still he mourn'd,
He gazed upon poor fetter'd slaves, and his heart within him
burn'd:

And he vowed before the captive's God to break the captive's
chain—

To bind the broken heart, and set the bondsman free again;
And fit was he our chief to be in triumph or in need,
Who never wrong'd his deadliest foe in thought, or word, or
deed!

III.

I saw him when the light of eve had faded from the West—
Beside the hearth that old man sat, by infant forms caress'd;
One hand was gently laid upon his grandchild's clust'ring hair,
The other, raised to heav'n, invoked a blessing and a pray'r!
And woman's lips were heard to breathe a high and glorious
strain—

Those songs of old that haunt us still, and ever will remain
Within the heart like treasured gems, that bring from mem'ry's
cell

Thoughts of our youthful days, and friends that we have lov'd
so well!

IV.

I saw that eagle glance again—the brow was marked with care,
Though rich and regal are the robes the Nation's chief doth
wear;*

And many an eye now quailed with shame, and many a cheek
now glow'd,

As he paid them back with words of love for ev'ry curse be-
stow'd.

I thought of his unceasing care, his never-ending zeal ;
I heard the watchword burst from all—the gath'ring cry—
Repeal :

And as his eyes were raised to heav'n—from whence his mission
came—

He stood amid the thousands there a monarch save in name !

THE COQUETTE.

TO —————

" The love we have lost is never renewed. On that dread vacuum of the
breast, the temple and the garden rise no more—that feeling, be it hatred,
be it scorn, be it indifference, which replaces love, endures to the last."—
BULWER.

I.

I lov'd thee—yes, I lov'd thee—oh ! how deeply and how well,
The heart that loves alone can feel—what words can ever tell,
Too long I dream'd—I vainly dream'd—affection could reside,
Within that breast of ice and steel—of cold and cutting pride.

II.

But now my bosom thrills no more, as once for thee it thrill'd—
I see the dark and chilly cloud my fancy strove to gild—
The tints that Passion round thee threw—the rays of Love
depart—
I know thee, as thou falsely wert—and as thou truly art.

* Written when O'Connell was Lord Mayor.

III.

Yes, where the sons of Folly bow, at Fashion's empty shrine,
Go, bring thy flimsy heart to sale—it ne'er was formed for
mine—

I loathe the idol of the past—I spurn it with disgust—
'Tis shivered into fragments—and trampled into dust !

IV.

Yet no—I cannot hate thee, tho' thy love no more I prize—
We hate not, as we love not, where we only can despise—
Then crawl in safety, for to *me* the thought of thee is such,
As of a reptile we would *kill*, could we but bear to *touch* !

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no ! oh, no !

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes ?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore ?
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more,
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find ?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind ?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground ?

Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no ! oh, no !

No ! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide ;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf : put no tombstone there,
But green sods deck'd with daisies fair.
Nor sods too deep : but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through—
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
“ He serv'd his country and lov'd his kind.”
Oh ! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

GATHERING CHAUNT

OF THE ULSTER SEPTS, IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

The sword of the Saxon is red on our hills,
And blood has empurpled the tide of our rills ;
O'Hanlon, unfurl your banner of green,
And high let the SUN-BURST of Erin be seen.

O'Donnell, come down from your dark Donegal,
And drive back the Saxon, and scatter the SCAUL ;
Maguire, come forth with the men of your might,
And red let your falchion be seen through the fight.

MacMahon, let victory gleam from your crest,
O'Reilly, come forth, with your boldest and best ;
O'Hagan, M'Donnell, and Derry's bright star,
Advance to the hot crimson banquet of war.

M'Kenna of Treugh, and Maguinniss of Down,
 Up, forward, and share in the deathless renown ;
 O'Dogherty, prince of the wild Innishowen,
 Up, up to the *slogan* of gallant Tyrone.

The heartless invader his banner extends,
 And deep 'neath its shade is the woe of our friends,
 The crags of Slieve-guillen resound with their wail,
 And Newry is red with the blood of the Gael.

We've fish in our streamlets, and kine in our glens,
 We've shade in our wild woods, and strength in our fens,
 We've men on our mountains, and hearts in our heath,
 To welcome the foe to the banquet of death.

Bid Essex remember "the Pass of the Plumes,"
 Where the corse of the foeman the valley illumes ;
 Bid Norris again the proud Sassenagh bring,
 To scatter his bones on "the lawn of the spring."

The Eagles of Erin are up for their prey,
 And wolves prowl about in the full face of day.
 "Dunaveeragh" will feast them with flesh of the foe,
 Where Clifford was slain and his churls laid low.

Blackwater, Benburb, and Drum-fluich can declare,
 The rout of De Burgh, and the fate of Kildare—
 The bells of Armagh spoke their joy on the peal,
 Which rung forth the conquest of gallant O'Neill.

The spear of the stranger was broken in twain,
 Where Vaughan, and Waller, and Turner were slain,
 And oh! it was lovely the blood-hounds to see,
 Like Boccachs retreating from "*Beal na ath buidhe*."

Then, onward, ye sons of the great Clan-hughboy,
 Shout back your defiance to bloody Mountjoy ;
 We've hope in each arm, and fire in each eye,
 And resolve in each bosom to conquer or die.

THE DALCASSIAN'S WAR-SONG—1014.

I.

Dalcassia's warrior-bands, now,
 The chase forego, the chase forego ;
 Far nobler game demands, now,
 The spear and bow, the spear and bow—
 From mountain, glen, and valley,
 In bright array, in bright array,
 Round Erin's standard rally !
 Let cowards stay ! let cowards stay !
 The sun-burst that floats o'er us
 In banner'd pride, in banner'd pride,
 Has ever waved before us
 O'er victory's tide ! o'er victory's tide !

II.

Who, who, like craven falters,
 Nor bravely draws, nor bravely draws,
 To guard his country's altars,
 And homes and laws ! and homes and laws !
 Who fears, with cause so holy,
 The pirate Dane, the pirate Dane ?
 Although the Saxon, lowly,
 Now brooks his chain ! now brooks his chain !*
 The sun-burst that floats o'er us
 In banner'd pride, in banner'd pride,
 Has ever waved before us
 O'er victory's tide ! o'er victory's tide !

III.

Still victory's smile is beaming
 Where Murrough leads, where Murrough leads ;
 And where his blade is gleaming
 The foeman bleeds ! the foeman bleeds !
 Old Brien's dark eye's glancing
 Along th' array, along th' array ;

* Irishmen should never forget that, at the time of the glorious victory of Clontarf, the English, our present masters, bowed beneath the Danish yoke.

And the steed's impatient prancing—
 Then let's away ! away ! away !
 The sun-burst that floats o'er us
 In banner'd pride, in banner'd pride,
 Has ever waved before us
 O'er victory's tide ! o'er victory's tide !

THE CURSE OF THE RENEGADES.

Oh, shame light upon them, confusion and scorn !
 Be their names sounds accurs'd to our children unborn !
 No babe ever bless them—all sterile as base !
 No wife ever press them—but perish their race !

Ere first the proud stranger invaded our shore,
 A renegade rose up, and tempted him o'er ;
 And the Norman marauder no treachery planned,
 Till a renegade lured him with treason in hand !

The Dane in our feuds found the source of his power ;
 Not the people were false, but their chivalry's flower ;
 And Callachan, rushing from Cormac's old rock,
 Through Lagenia's shrines carried Paynimry's shock.

Oh, vain was thy valour, Roydamna revered !
 When a Nial's bright sword the idolator cheered ;
 Such princes, MacMurrough-like, courting the chain,
 Deserved not, by heav'n ! o'er such people to reign.

No page in our annals but teems with like guilt ;
 Each sword-point is blunted 'gainst treachery's hilt !
 But for this we had shattered oppression's fell yoke—
 But for this through each host of invaders had broke !

And now new Iscariots betray with a kiss,
 And barter, like Judas, a birthright of bliss !
 Motherland ! they still wound thee with venomous tooth—
 They slander thy fame, and proclaim it for truth !

Be the gold of their treason like hell's living fire,
 No Pactolus at hand, when of torture they tire !

May the bread of their falsehood no nutriment lend !
May each willow affright them to Judas's end !

Arise, blessed Patrick ! complete thy good work ;
Unkennel these reptiles wherever they lurk ;
These black, bloated vipers, and renegades vile—
Oh, pitiless, slay, and unvenom our isle !

THE SAXON SHILLING.

I.

Hark ! a martial sound is heard—
The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming ;
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirr'd—
For bold recruits the brave are coming.
Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—
The sounds and sighs are surely thrilling,
Dazzl'd village youths to-day
Will crowd to take the *Saxon Shilling*.

II

Ye, whose spirits will not bow
In peace to parish tyrants longer—
Ye, who wear the villain brow,
And ye who pine in hopeless hunger—
Fools, without the brave man's faith—
All slaves and starvlings who are willing
To sell yourselves to shame and death—
Accept the fatal *Saxon Shilling*.

III.

Ere you from your mountains go
To feel the scourge of foreign fever,
Swear to serve the faithless foe
That lures you from your land for ever !
Swear henceforth its tools to be—
To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—
Honour, home, and liberty,
Abandon'd for a *Saxon Shilling*.

IV.

Go—to find, 'mid crime and toil,
 The doom to which such guilt is hurried ;
 Go—to leave on Indian soil
 Your bones to bleach, accurs'd, unburied !
 Go—to crush the just and brave,
 Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling ;
 Go—to slay each brother slave,
 Or spurn the blood-stained *Saxon Shilling* !

V.

Irish hearts! why should you bleed,
 To swell the tide of British glory—
 Aiding despots in their need,
 Who've changed our *green* so oft to *gory*?
 None, save those who wish to see
 The noblest killed, the meanest killing,
 And true hearts severed from the free,
 Will take again the *Saxon Shilling* !

VI.

Irish youths! reserve your strength
 Until an hour of glorious duty,
 When Freedom's smile shall cheer at length
 The land of bravery and beauty.
 Bribes and threats, oh, heed no more—
 Let nought but *JUSTICE* make you willing
 To leave your own dear Island shore,
 For those who send the *Saxon Shilling*.

IRISH WAR-SONG.

A. D. 1843.

I.

Bright sun, before whose glorious ray,
 Our Pagan fathers bent the knee ;
 Whose pillar-altars yet can say,
 When time was young our sires were free—

Who saw'st our latter days' decree—
 Our matrons' tears—our patriots' gore;
 We swear before high Heaven and thee,
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more!

II.

Our sun-burst on the Roman foe
 Flash'd vengeance once in foreign field—
 On Clontarf's plain lay scathed low
 What power the Sea-kings fierce could wield!
 Benburb might say whose cloven shield
 'Neath bloody hoofs was trampled o'er;
 And, by these memories high, we yield
 Our limbs to Saxon chains no more!

III.

The *clarseach* wild, whose trembling string
 Had long the “song of sorrow” spoke,
 Shall bid the wild *Rosg-Catha** sing
 The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.
 And, by each heart his bondage broke—
 Each exile's sigh on distant shore—
 Each martyr 'neath the headsman's stroke—
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more!

IV.

Send the loud war-cry o'er the main—
 Your sun-burst to the breezes spread!
 That *slogan* rends the heaven in twain—
 The earth reels back beneath your tread!
 Ye Saxon despot', hear, and dread—
 Thy march o'er patriot hearts is o'er—
 That shout hath told—that tramp hath said,
 Our country's sons are slaves no more!

* Literally the “Eye of Battle,” the glorious “incentive to the fight,” the war song of the bard, before whose “Sea of Passion” the warriors rushed to death or victory.

IRISH ARE NO LONGER SLAVES.

AIR—“*Rule Britannia.*”

I.

When Britain first, at hell's command,
 Prepar'd to cross the Irish main,
 Thus spoke a prophet in our land,
 'Mid traitors' scoff, and fools' disdain,
 “ If Britannia, Britannia cross the waves,
 Irish ever shall be slaves.

II.

And suff'ring still with slav'ry found,
 Shall bruise your heart, and sere your brain—
 Lost Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd
 But wanting strength to break your chain ;
 If Britannia, Britannia cross the waves,
 Irish ever shall be slaves.”

III.

In vain the warning patriot spoke,
 In treach'rous guise Britannia came,
 Divided, bent us to her yoke,
 Till Ireland rose, in Freedom's name,
 And Britannia, Britannia boldly braves,
 Irish are no longer slaves!

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

I.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight ?
 Who blushes at the name ?
 When cowards mock the patriots' fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame ?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slighted his country thus ;
 But a *true* man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

II.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
All—all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

III.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made,
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

IV.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
Among their own they rest ;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast ;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

V.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land ;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas ! that might can vanquish Right—
They fell and pass'd away ;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

VI.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

WESTERN WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1642.

I.

Lo ! Freedom again hath appear'd on our hills,
 Already the isle her divinity fills ;
 The harp wakes—the sword rattles—and kindles the brand—
 While the breeze of her wings passes over the land.

II.

From the rock guarded mountains—her cradle and throne—
 She moves in her splendour—she moves not alone ;
 For myriads unsheathing the chain-breaking sword,
 Now hail the bright vision long vainly ador'd.

III.

The war's nightly blaze from the mountain shall rise,
 And thine Oriflamme, Ruin ! stream red to the skies,
 Till, numberless, thronging, with torches and swords,
 We chase back to ocean these foreigner hordes.

IV.

When the foul fetter clanks on the son of the hills,
 His frame with the rage of a chaf'd tiger thrills—
 With clenched hand, iron sinews, and fiercely knit brow—
 Could a harness of adamant baffle him now ?

V.

No! thirsting to madness, red vengeance will pass,
 Like the cloud's subtle fire, thro' a fortress of brass,
 Let cannon blaze round him, or white billows flow,
 He will reach, thro' them all, the heart's blood of his foe.

VI.

Do'st thou think Connemara's dark fishers can fear
 The battle, who nightly thro' hurricane steer—
 Who unmoor the frail skiff, from the Pin's barren sod,
 To struggle with ocean, the war-horse of God?

VII.

From the Giant spar caves; from the stormy Kilkee;
 From where Moher frowns over the fathomless sea,
 Where the cliffs of Baltard mock the strength of the waves,
 And the tempest round Arran indignantly raves;

VIII.

Shall come forth to combat a fetterless race,
 Whom the rocks of the West bear to ocean's embrace—
 Whose spirits like tempest, resistless and free,
 Proclaim them the terrible sons of the sea.

IX.

Not the phalanx of Sparta, for threshold and shrine,
 More nobly has battled, my country, than thine;
 Our cause is as holy—our bosoms as true—
 And Erin may have her Thermopylæ too.

THE HOUSE THAT PADDY BUILT.

“Take this—What's this?”

This is the House that Paddy built!—
 This is the Parliament that sat in the House that Paddy built—
 These are the slaves, who basely bent,
 And sold to England the Parliament,
 That sat in the House that Paddy built!

This is the Lord, of name accurst!—
 The leader and chief—and by much the worst
 Of that vile crew, who basely bent,
 And sold to England, &c.

These are the bribes—in money and place,
 And titles—the badges of shame and disgrace!—
 That were given by that Lord of name accurst—
 The leader and chief—and by much the worst
 Of that vile crew, &c.

These are the tortures and murders fell,
 That maddened the people and made them rebel,
 And (along with the bribes in money and place,
 And titles—the badges of shame and disgrace)
 Played the game of that Lord, of name accurst—
 The leader and chief—and, &c.

This is THE UNION—that UNION OF WOE!
 Which Ireland was forced to undergo,
 When her hopes were lost, and her spirit was low!
 From the dire confusion, and slaughter fell
 That ensued from the terrible struggle to quell
 Her people, whom tortures forced to rebel,
 When those tortures—with bribes in money and place,
 And titles—the badges of shame and disgrace,
 Played the game of that Lord, of name accurst, &c. &c.

These are the years—twice twenty and two!
 That Ireland has had to endure and to rue
 That Union of Name—that Union of Woe,
 Which she had been forced to undergo,
 When, &c.

These are the men who spoke out at last,
 And said that the time for despair was past,
 And that Ireland's rights were well worth one cast!
 After all the years—twice twenty and two—
 That, &c.

This is the struggle for justice and right—
The peaceful and good constitutional fight,
To remove from our country the Union blight!—
The struggle of those who've spoke out at last,
And said that the time of despair was past,
 And that, &c.

This is the Whig Lord, who bribery tried
With the young men of Ireland, once her hope and her pride,
Who, ere they had yielded, ought surely have died!
They, who kept from the struggle for justice and right,
The peaceful and good constitutional fight,
 To remove, &c.

These are the Tories, seated now in high place,
The haters of Ireland, her creed, and her race!
More bold than the Lord, who bribery tried
With the young men of Ireland, once truly her pride!
Who, ere they had yielded, ought surely have died!
They who now hold off from the struggle of right,
The peaceful and good constitutional fight,
 To remove, &c.

These—oh, these are the **PEOPLE**—still honest and true,
Who will do once again what before they did do!
Make Peel and his fellows the rights to concede
Of a whole nation now—as before of a creed!
Shake off the vile Tories, though firm now in place,
(The haters of Ireland, her creed, and her race:)
Nor bring back the Whig Lord, who bribery tried
With the young men of Ireland, once truly her pride!
Who, ere they had yielded, ought surely have died!
They who now hold off from the struggle of right,
The peaceful and good constitutional fight,
To remove from our country the Union-blight!—
The struggle of those who've spoke out at last,
And said that the time of despair was past!
And that Ireland's rights were well worth one cast!
After all the years twice twenty and two—
That she has been doomed to endure and rue

THE UNION OF NAME—THAT UNION OF WOE !
 Which England compelled her to undergo,
 When her hopes were lost, and her spirit was low,
 In the dire confusion and slaughter fell,
 That ensued from the terrible struggle to quell
 Her People, whom tortures forced to rebel !
 When those tortures, with bribes in money and place,
 And titles (the badges of shame and disgrace !)
 Played the game of that Lord, of name accurst—
 The leader and chief—and by much the worst
 Even of that vile crew, who basely bent,
 And sold to England her Parliament
 That sat in the House that Paddy built !

PUNCHIFICATION.

“ On this head *we have no apprehension* : Mr. O’Connell may be a diverting mob actor, but he is not, after all, half so diverting as Punch.”—*Morning Herald*.

Let England’s old womanhood tremble no more,
 Let the Peelites securely dine, breakfast, and lunch ;
 Though O’Connell makes burning harangues by the score,
 Still he can’t, or he *will not*, cut capers like Punch !

Though the wrongs of the people in number exceed
 The potatoes that Irishmen saltlessly munch,
 Let the cock-a-hoop Tories ne’er stop to take heed,
 For—O’Connell’s not half such a grinner as Punch !

There were mighty strange things done by Merlin of yore,
 And queer tales are narrated of old Mother Bunch ;
 But a wonder like this was ne’er heard of before,
 That injustice shall rule, since—O’Connell’s not Punch !

And thou, Ireland, who stoodest so straight t’other day,
 Thou stoapest anew like a man with a hunch,
 Since the ass of the *Herald* came out with his bray,
 That—in short that O’Connell’s no puppet, like Punch !

Oh! there's only one chance that can save us from wreck,
 And help Dan to get rid of his foes in a bunch—
 That the puppet may break, by good fortune, his neck,
 As the showman some night makes a *tumbler* of Punch ;

THE LEINSTER WAR-SONG.

I.

Bondsmen!—compatriots!—scoff of the stranger,
 Grasp the war-torch, and the chain-breaking sword ;
 Or crouch, like lash'd hounds, at the foreigner's manger,
 And lick the red scourge of your *Sassenagh* lord !

II.

Lo! thy proud chivalry, Leinster, advances !—
 Wildly the “*Rosg-Catha*” swells from the glen—
 The dance of thy banners—the flash of thy lances—
 Awake Alleluiahs again and again.

III.

Rouse you!—for shame!—from the slumber of ages,
 Sons of the murdered, by forest and caves—
 Shout like the ocean, when fierce tempest rages,
 Rise with the strength of ten millions of waves !

IV.

Light your war-brands at the flame of Kildara—
 The “*Sun-burst*” has flapped her green wings on the gale!—
 Take down the harp from the ruins of Tara,
 And strike forth the march of array'd Innisfail !

V.

Sound a loud hymn; for the gathering Nation,
 Surging and murmuring, heaves like the sea—
 Sound! and full soon the glad harp-strings' vibration
 Shall chime to the chorus of millions made free!

VI.

By the crimson Clontarf, and the Liffey's dark waters—
 By shore, vale, and stream, with our hearts' blood that runs!—
 By Barrow and Boyne, conflagration and slaughter
 Shall toss their red plumes in the blaze of our guns!

VII.

Ere for life the pale dastard his liberty barters,
 Let him pause, for each sod is a patriot's tomb ;
 And if green are our vales, 'twas the blood of our martyrs
 Enrich'd them for aye with that Emerald bloom.

VIII.

But go, living corse, and kneel down to the stranger
 In thy festering ceament of infamy roll'd—
 Go ! traitor and cow'rd, in our deadliest danger,
 Sell country and soul to the Saxon for gold.

IX.

Oh ! burning reproach !—To such damning prostration
 Has the fetter corroded God's image away,
 That while curses and groans overwhelm the nation,
 The sneering destroyer is hailed on his way !

X.

O'Toole and the Geraldine, Eustace, O'Farrell,
 Chiefs who led Leinster to conquest of yore ;
 O'Byrne, MacMorragh, O'Melachlin, O'Carrol,
 Plunket, and Nugent, O'Faly, O'More.

XI.

Shall we crouch on the plains where your sharp sabres clashing,
 Lit the spring-tide of battle's magnificent flow ;
 As in midnight's deep gloom, o'er the stormy wave flashing,
 The balefires of ruin exultingly glow ?

XII.

Oh ! never, by heaven ! the nation hath spoken,
 "The foul foreign idol shall bleed on our plains,

If bolts forged in hell by man's might can be broken,
If not we can perish—‘The grave has no chains.’ ”

XIII.

And sweet for green Erin to fall crush'd and gory,
In some vale shamrock-spangled that honour illumes,
That valour has hallow'd to freedom and glory,
And sleep, like the brave, in the proud “Pass of Plumes.”

ON VISITING THE BOTANIC GARDENS, CORK.

(VERY REV. T. MATHEW'S CEMETERY.)

By W. M. Downes, *Author of “Poetic Sketches,” &c.*

In this sweet spot the lov'd are sleeping ;
The sculptur'd angel, pure as snow,
Is, like the living mourner, weeping
For those who rest in death below ;
On the white marble fond affection,
Above the buried and the cold,
Hath traced—ah, mournful retrospection !—
Their praise in characters of gold.

From sacred lore is here recorded
The mortal's hope—the mortal's doom—
It tells how virtue is rewarded,
It speaks of bliss beyond the tomb.
That glorious meed shall heaven be giving,
A crown to deck the sainted head,
Of him whose worth hath bless'd the living—
Who gave this shelter to the dead.

When here enshrin'd his dust reposes,
(Oh, distant be that gloomy day
Of grief to Erin's isle, when closes
The grave o'er Mathew's honour'd clay,)

That cross, the type of man's salvation,
 Shall mark the spot through many an age,
 The tomb of fondest veneration,
 Where lies the patriot, saint, and sage!

Well may they bless his parted spirit,
 The moral race of future times,
 Rejoicing they no more inherit
 Their country's bane, her woes and crimes.
 Yes ; those unborn, with pious feeling,
 To whom his fame shall yet be known,
 In solemn circle will be kneeling,
 Young pilgrims round that hallow'd stone.

Each age his memory renewing,
 As sweet and bright as spring's return,
 Shall virtue's genius still be strewing
 Undying bloom upon that urn,
 Where lies the man whose fame ascended,
 Like incense sacred, pure, sublime!
 Whose name and deeds, though life be ended,
 Shall live beyond the bounds of time !

ERIN—OUR OWN LITTLE ISLE.

I.

Oh ! Irishmen ! never forget—
 'Tis a *foreigner's farm*—your own little isle ;
 Oh ! Irishmen ! when will you get
 Some *life* in your hearts for your poor little isle ?
 Yes ! yes !—we've a dear little spot of it !
 Oh ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it,
 'Twould be a dear little, sweet little isle !

II.

Then, come on and rise, ev'ry man of you—

Now is the time for a stir to be made;

Ho! Pat! who made such a lamb of you?

Life to your soul, boy, and strength to your blade!

Yes! yes!—a dear little spot of it!

Oh! yes!—a sweet little isle!

Yes! yes!—if Irishmen thought of it,

Erin once more is *our own* little isle!

III.

Rise! heartily! shoulder to shoulder—

We'll show 'em our strength with good humour galore!

Rise! rise! show each foreign beholder

We've *not* lost our love to thee, Erin astore!

For oh! yes!—'tis a dear little spot of it!

Yes! yes!—a sweet little isle!

Yes! yes!—the Irish *have* thought of it;

Erin for ever—*our own* little isle!

IV.

Never forget what your forefathers fought for, O!

When, with "O'Nial" or "O'Donnell aboo!"

Sassenughs ev'rywhere sunk in the slaughter, O!

Vengeance for insult, dear Erin, to you!

For oh! yes!—a dear little spot!

Yes! yes!—a sweet little isle;

Yes! yes!—if Irishmen thought of it,

Erin once more is *our own* little isle!

V.

Yes, we *have* strength to make Irishmen free again;

Only UNITE—and we'll conquer our foe:

And never on earth shall a foreigner see again

Erin a province—though lately so low.

For oh! yes!—we've a dear little spot of it!

Yes! yes!—a sweet little isle!

Yes! yes!—the Irish *have* thought of it;

Erin *for ever*—*OUR OWN* little isle!

THE VOICE OF THE NATION.

I.

How bright will the day be—how radiant and blest
The dawning of Freedom and Peace in the west,
When the chain that foul treason around us had cast
Will be shattered and flung to the spoiler at last.

II.

When that trumpet-toned voice will go forth, as before,
Till its echo resounds on earth's uttermost shore—
*“No laws under Heaven will the Irishman own,
But the home hallowed laws of his country alone.”*

III.

Then our national emblems aloft shall be seen,
The shamrock and harp on a banner of green;
And when free to the breezes that banner shall fly,
The wide world to enslave it again we defy!

IV.

The shameful distinction of class and of creed
Will be trampled to dust like a poisonous weed;
And the sweet flower of concord shall rise in its room,
Breathing Union and peace over bigotry's tomb.

V.

The peasant no more shall be driven from the soil,
Nor robbed like a slave of the fruit of his toil;
But the right to his cot and his acres shall be,
As the lord's to his manor-hall, sacred and free !

VI.

The loom and the workshop, now silent so long,
Will echo again with glad industry's song;
And comfort and smiling contentment be there,
Where our artisans languish in want and despair.

VII.

Let us pray for that day—let us manfully strive,
 Nor cease while one true Irish heart is alive ;
 And shame on the sceptic who dreams we can fail,
 Or the dastard whose heart for a moment could quail.

VIII.

We have God on our side, who hath blessed the green isle,
 And made it with beauty and verdure to smile—
 Who preserved us in bondage still faithful and true,
 And gave us the spirit no chains could subdue.

IX.

We have *him* still to lead us—our guide from the first,
 Who despaired not when prospects were darkest and worst—
 Whose fervour the cold hand of time cannot chill—
 Our true-hearted, high-minded Patriot still !

X.

In that God we will trust—by that leader we'll stand,
 United—unshaking—bold heart, and brave hand,
 And the Saxon shall quail at the voice of our zeal,
 “O'Connell—the land of our love—and Repeal !”

A PORTRAIT FROM THE PEERAGE.

Mentitur, qui te vitiosum, Zoile dixit—
 Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed vitium.

MARTIAL.

In birth, a wanton mother's worthy child,
 The offspring of her nuptial faith defil'd ;
 The graceless spawn of lewd intrigue confess'd,
 When keen remorse her dying hour oppress'd ;
 A jackdaw-noble, glittering in the plumes
 Of the old race, whose honours he assumes.
 In youth, a profligate, devour'd by debt,
 With crowds of starving creditors beset.

At home, for ever in a savage mood,
 His temper venom'd as his pois'nous blood.
 In politics a brazen renegade,
 With bigots leagu'd, his country to degrade ;
 First, in a foreign senate, to demand
 The Saxon sword, to crush his native land ;
 Which ev'n their satrap with contempt denied,
 Spurning the baseness of the parricide.
 Again behold him impotent as vile,
 Libelling our chief—the guardian of our isle,
 A toothless viper mumbling at a file.

Next 'mid his tenants, see the Despot stand,
 The grinding Shylock of a shuddering land—
 Still on the watch, with law's deceitful mesh,
 To extort his bond, and get his pound of flesh—
 Even at the time that gave his Saviour birth,
 Quenching the fire upon the poor man's hearth !

Ye, who would know his person and his life,
 Look at his skin, and listen to his wife !—
 His hapless wife, by brutal tyranny,
 Driv'n to the pension-list and infamy—
 His tainted skin, so loathsome to the eye,
 That starv'd hyænas from its touch would fly—
 Disgusting object ! yet, does *this* impart
 A feeble emblem of his fouler heart !

TO THE PRESIDENT

OF THE ORANGE OPERATIVE SOCIETY, ON HIS PROJECTED
 PEDESTRIAN CRUSADE.

What ! talk of crusading through England “on foot,”
 With your budget of slanders as black as my boot !

Do abandon
That humbug at least—for you know, Trashy Gregg,
That Father Maguire hasn't left you a leg
 'To stand on !

A SONG OF SORROW.

Dead are my hopes, and my desponding soul
 An ardid soil, that bears nor fruits nor flowers ;
 And, blindly tottering to an unknown goal,
 Joyless and goodless pass my futile hours.

There is no sunshine in my spring of life—
 There is no rest-place in my pilgrimage ;
 All outward ill and endless inward strife,
 My youth have fettered with the chains of age.

Haunted with gloomy thoughts for evermore,
 Like sheeted ghosts, peopling my solitude,
 I sigh for hopes that time may not restore,
 And weep my endless exile from the good.

The dark and goalless voyage of my fate
 Is lighted by the charnel lamp alone ;
 And shore or shipwreck callous I await
 Nor that with smile would see, nor this with groan.

And one sole, simple, solitary joy,
 Dear as the light that cheers the wand’rer’s way,
 Is left my languid senses to employ,
 And fill my mind throughout the weary day.

And thou, sage Philosoph, wouldest thou discover
 The talisman that sways me—soul and body ?
 List—on my lips the solemn words now hover :
 “ *Tis oysters barbecued and whiskey toddy.* ”

THE SAXON MASSACRE.

The sword of the Saxon with slaughter is red—
 But the blood on his blade in no battle was shed ;
 For—Heavens ! the babe, and the maid, and the mother,
 Have shared the same fate with the sire and the brother !

It is not the blush by the morning sun spread
 That tints the horizon so luridly red—
 It is not the heath on the mountain side high,
 Whose blaze flings the glare on the far-flushing sky—
 'Tis the flame of the village illuminates the air,
 Where the shriek of the maiden, in madden'd despair,
 Pleads to the heart of the monsters in vain,
 Who are dyed with the blood of her kindred slain!

Spare! spare them, cursed Wilmot!* the heroes who lie
 On those gore crimson'd couches, unfriended, to die!
 To the helpless—the fallen—some pity extend—
 They fought but their altars and homes to defend!
 Behold their deep wounds!—they are foes—but they're men!—
 You never will blench at their onset again!
 'Tis vain, the lone war-steed that gasps on the plain,
 When midnight broods over the dying and slain,
 As well might expect the gaunt wolves to forbear,
 As the hope of the merciless Saxon to spare!

O'SULLIVAN'S RETURN.

[The following ballad is founded on an ill-remembered story of an Irish chief returning after long absence on the Continent, and being wrecked and drowned close to his own castle.]

AIR—“*Cruiskeen Lawn.*”—Slow time.

I.

O'Sullivan has come
 Within sight of his home,
 He had left it long years ago;
 The tears are in his eyes,
 And he prays the wind to rise
 As he looks tow'rds his castle from the prow, from the prow,
 As he looks tow'rds his castle from the prow.

* One of the acts of Sir Charles Wilmot, one of Elizabeth's *pacifiers* of Ireland, was to butcher in cold blood the sick and wounded whom he found in a deserted Irish camp.

II.

For the day had been calm,
 And slow the good ship swam,
 And the evening gun had been fir'd ;
 He knows the hearts beat wild
 Of mother, wife, and child,
 And of clans who to see him long desir'd, long desir'd,
 And of clans who to see him long desir'd.

III.

Of the tender ones the clasp—
 Of the gallant ones the grasp—
 He thinks until his tears fall warm :
 And full seems his wide hall,
 With friends from wall to wall,
 Where their welcome shakes the banners, like a storm, like
 a storm,
 Where their welcome shakes the banners, like a storm.

IV.

Then he sees another scene—
 Norman churls on the green—
 “ O’Sullivan aboo !” is the cry ;
 For filled is his ship’s hold
 With arms and Spanish gold,
 And he sees the snake-twin’d spear wave on high, wave on
 high,
 And he sees the snake-twin’d spear wave on high.*

* The Standard bearings of O’Sullivan. See O’Donovan’s edition of the Banquet of Donna U-Gedh and the Battle of Mag Rath, for the Archæological Society, App., p. 349 —“ Bearings of O’Sullivan at the Battle of Caisglinn.”

“ I see, mightily advancing on the plain,
 The banner of the race of noble Finghin ;
 His sear with a venomous adder (*entwined*),
 His host all fiery champions.”

Finghin was one of their most famous progenitors.

V.

“ Finghin’s race shall be freed
 From the Norman’s cruel breed—
 My sires freed Bearra once before,
 When the Barnwells were strewn
 On the fields, like hay in June,
 And but one of them escaped from our shore, from our shore,
 And but one of them escaped from our shore.”*

VI.

And, warming in his dream,
 He floats on victory’s stream,
 Till Desmond—till *all Erin* is free,
 Then, how calmly he’d go down,
 Full of years and of renown,
 To his grave near that castle by the sea, by the sea,
 To his grave near that castle by the sea !

VII.

But the wind heard his word,
 As though he were its lord,
 And the ship is dash’d up the Bay.
 Alas ! for that proud barque,
 The night has fallen dark,
 ’Tis too late to Adragool to bear away, bear away,
 ’Tis too late to Adragool to bear away.

VIII.

Black and rough was the rock,
 And terrible the shock,
 As the good ship crashed asunder ;
 And bitter was the cry,
 And the sea ran mountains high,
 And the wind was as loud as the thunder, the thunder,
 And the wind was as loud as the thunder.

* The Barnwells were Normans who seized Bear in the reign of Henry II., but were all cut off by the O’Sullivans, save one—the ancestor of the Lords Kingsland, Trimblestone, &c.

IX.

'There's woe in Bearra,
 'There's woe in Glengarragh,
 And from Bantry unto Dunkerron,
 All Desmond hears their grief,
 And wails alone their chief—
 “ Is it *thus*, is it *thus* that you return, you return—
 Is it *thus*, is it *thus* that you return ?”

THE EXTERMINATION.

“ Dominus pupillum et viduam suscipiet.”—Ps. 145.

I.

When tyranny's pampered and purple-clad minions
 Drive forth the lone widow and orphan to die,
 Shall no angel of vengeance unfurl his red pinions,
 And, grasping sharp thunderbolts, rush from on high ?

II.

“ Pity ! oh, pity !—A little while spare me,
 My baby is sick—I am feeble and poor ;
 In the cold winter blast, from the hut if you tear me,
 My lord, we must die on the desolate moor !”

III.

'Tis vain—for the despot replies but with laughter,
 While rudely his serfs thrust her forth on the wold ;
 Her cabin is blazing, from threshold to rafter,
 And she crawls o'er the mountain, sick, weeping, and cold.

IV.

Her thinly-clad child on the stormy hill shivers—
 The thunders are pealing dread anthems around—
 Loud roar in their anger the tempest-lash'd rivers—
 And the loosen'd rocks down with the wild torrent bound.

V.

Vainly she tries in her bosom to cherish
 Her sick infant boy, 'mid the horrors around,
 Till, faint and despairing, she sees her babe perish—
 Then lifeless she sinks on the snow-cover'd ground.

VI.

Tho' the children of Ammon, with trumpets and psalters,
 To devils pour'd torrents of innocent gore,
 Let them blush from deep hell at the far redder altars
 Where the death-dealing tyrants of Ireland adore !

VII.

But for Erin's life-current, thro' long ages flowing,
 Dark demons that pierce her, you yet shall atone ;
 Even *now* the volcano beneath you is glowing,
 And the Moloch of tyranny reels on his throne.

THE CLANCONNELL* WAR-SONG.—A.D. 1597.

AIR—“*Roderich Vich Alpine dhu.*”

I.

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 squadrons in Samer's green vale.
 On, every mountaineer !
 Strangers to flight and fear ;
 Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh !†

* The sept of O'Donnell.

† The famous Red Hugh O'Donnell, who aided O'Neill in defeating the best generals and most brilliant armies of Elizabeth.

Bonnought and Gallowglass
 Throng from each mountain-pass !
 On for old Erin !—*O'Donnell-aboo !*

II.

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
 With many a chieftain and warrior-clan ;
 A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,
 'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann :—
 Many a heart shall quail
 Under the coat of mail ;
 Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue
 When on his ear shall ring,
 Borne on the breeze's wing,
 Tirconnell's dread war-cry—*O'Donnell-aboo !*

III.

Wildly o'er Desmond the wild 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 stalwart hand,
 Hackbut and battle-brand—
 Pay them well back the deep debt so long due :
 Norris and Clifford well
 Can of Tirconnell tell—
 Onward to glory !—*O'Donnell-aboo !*

IV.

Sacred the cause that Clanconnell's defending—
 The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires ;
 Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
 Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires !
 On with O'Donnell, then,
 Fight the old fight again,
 Sons of Tirconnell all valiant and true !
 Make the false Saxon feel
 Erin's avenging steel !
 Strike for your country !—*O'Donnell-aboo !*

THE DEATH OF SARSFIELD.

[Sarsfield was killed at the Battle of Landen, in the Low Countries, on the 29th July, 1693. In that Battle William III. was beaten by Marshal Luxembourg, with heavy loss on both sides.]

Sarsfield has sailed from Limerick town—
He held it long for country and crown ;
And ere he yielded the Saxon swore.
To spoil our homes and our shrines no more.

Sarsfield and all his chivalry
Are fighting for France in the Low Country—
At his fiery charge the Saxons reel ;
They learnt at Limerick to dread the steel.

Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain,
His corslet hath met the ball in vain—
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
He says, “ Oh ! that this was for fatherland ! ”

Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—
He died in the arms of victory,
And his dying words shall edge the brand,
When we chase the foe from our native land.

THE TRAMPLED LAND.

I.

I saw a nation sunk in grief—
I heard a nation's wail ;
And their deep-toned misery was caught
By every passing gale.
Want guarded every peasant's door,
Swept each mechanic's board ;
Yet the earth had teemed—but only teemed
To swell the rich man's hoard ;

I saw the *nobles* of that land
 In pride and pomp roll by ;
 And I read contempt for the poor man's lot,
 In every haughty eye.

II.

I heard the infant's cry for bread—
 The mother's piercing shriek ;
 And I marked the trace of famine in
 The father's sunken cheek.
 I saw him cast his eye to heaven
 With a stern and sad appeal ;
 And I knew he felt that anguish deep
 Which the hopeless only feel.
 Yet still the *nobles* of that land
 In pride and pomp rolled by ;
 Nor less contempt for the poor man's lot
 Marked every haughty eye !

III.

The *People* humbly sued for *bread*,
 But their rulers “ *gave a stone* : ”
 And they steeled their sordid hearts and mocked
 The peasant's dying groan !
 “ *Low rents, cheap bread*,” the people cried—
 “ *Untrammel labour's hands* ! ”
 “ *Taxed corn, high rents, low wages*,” sneered
 The callous ruling bands !
 And the manlords of that land rolled by
 To church in pomp and pride !
 And the people's dying wail despised,
 And the people's power defied !

IV.

Then madness came upon the land,
 'Twas the madness of despair,
Unarmed crowds went forth—to beg !
 With shouts that rent the air !*

* Skibbereen, Waterford, &c. The claims of the people upon these occasions was, to be freed of a tax which the landowners alone ought to bear.

And the rulers grinned a ghastly smile
 Of triumph and delight,
 As forth their minions came to crush,
 The weak with armed might ;
 And the landlords of that land surveyed,
 With bland approving eye,
 The savage and the ruthless war
 Of stern monopoly !

v.

Now the council of that nation sits
 Again in grave divan ;
 But care they aught for liberty,
 Or for the rights of man ?
 A coxcomb's proclamations claim
 Discussion fierce and strong ;
 But a starving nation's loud appeals
 Unheeded pass along !
 And still the cumberers of the earth
 Contrive to hold in chains
 The nerve and sinew of the land
 Throughout their wide domains.

VI.

And shall this state of thraldom last ?
 Can Heaven's approving eye,
 Through clouds of blood look placidly
 On such vile tyranny ?
 No ! brethren, no ; 'twere blasphemy
 These doubtings to maintain.
 Up ! right your wrongs, let despots sink,
 Be freemen once again.
 Go ! tell THE LOCUSTS that the earth
 Shall yield the food you crave,
 Or * * * * *

Shall * * * * *

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

Ah! why should I recal them—the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by
tears?

Or why should memory love to trace youth's glad and sunlit
way,
When those who made its charms sweet are gathered to decay?
The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and
bower—

The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy
shower;

But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears—
They're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's
years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no
more—

The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each hour flew?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears;
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of
boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold church-yard—they long have stolen
to rest;

But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er
oppressed:

Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flow'rs be
flung—

The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that perish
young—

To hearts this world has not torn with racking hopes and
fears;

For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

LITERARY LEISURE.

“ Around me I behold
 The mighty minds of old ;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.”

SOUTHEY.

Let my life pass in healthful, happy ease,
 The world and all its schemes shut out my door ;
 Rich in a competence and nothing more,
 Saving the student’s wealth—“ Apollo’s fees”—
 Long rows of goodly volumes, to appease
 My early love and quenchless thirst of lore.
 No Want to urge me on the path of Gain—
 No Hope to lure me in Ambition’s track ;
 Struggles and strife, and all their savage train,
 Still from my tranquil dwelling driven back ;
 My only triumphs—if such toys I lack—
 Some subtle nut of science burst in twain,
 Or knot unravell’d. Thus be’t mine to live,
 And feel life pass like a long summer eve.

II.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

“ From pole to pole the deep electric tone
 Of Liberty is out. Wilt thou not share ?”

Anon.

Up, recreant, up ! Our land hath called her sons
 From solitudes and cities, courts and marts,
 To fight her fight, and lo ! what eager hearts
 Answer her call. But not with blades and guns,
 But arms more keen than Europe’s or the Hun’s—
 Reason and Truth, come they to play their parts.
 Shake off the dream-world’s thraldom and awake
 To see thy land become regenerate,
 And aid, if aid thou may’st, a work so great

The mist of prejudice, as from a lake,
 Is rising from men's minds, and tyrants quake
 Reading the signs aright that speak our coming fate.
 Then up ! for here the patriot heart may glow
 With ecstacy that tame life cannot know.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC TO HIS PROTESTANT
 BROTHER.

“ Oh, Paddy, my boy,
 What makes you so shy
 To join with your Protestant brother,
 Your brother ?
 Sure, you'll never thrive,
 Unless you contrive
 To be on good terms with each other,
 Each other.”

Old Song.

I.

What curse is on our land and us,
 That bigot strife so long has lasted—
 That every cheering prospect thus
 Is by its fatal influence blasted !
 That still, when round our banner green
 The dawning hope of freedom rallies,
 Religious discord comes between,
 To mix her poison in the chalice !

II.

Religious discord ! Oh ! shall man,
 The worm by doubt and darkness bounded,
 His fellow-creature dare to ban,
 For faith, in God, sincerely founded !
 A holier gospel let us preach,
 In spite of angry bigot's railing—
 His own eternal hope to each ;
 But love and peace through all prevailing.

III.

And are not all our ties the same—
 One sod beneath—one blue sky o'er us ;

True Irish both, in heart and name—
 One lot, or dark, or bright before us ?
 A thousand links about us wound
 To peace and mutual kindness urge us ;
 The very seas that gird us round
 Speak UNION in their sleepless surges.

IV.

Remember glorious eighty-two,
 And wakening freedom's voice of thunder ;
 That spirit first was roused by you,
 Which burst at length my bonds asunder.
 How bright, though brief, the halo then
 That o'er our common country lighted !
 Alas ! the spoiler came again—
 He came, and found us disunited.

V.

Our annals stained with blood and tears
 Still preach this warning, this example,
 The wicked feuds of bygone years
 At once beneath our feet to trample.
 To have but one distinction known,
 One line from henceforth drawn among us,
 The line of false and true alone,
 Of those who love and those who wrong us.

VI.

Unite with me, then, brother mine,
 Oppressor and oppressed no longer,
 A bond of peace we'll round us twine
 Than all the Saxon's fetters stronger.
 Be Ireland's good our common creed,
 Her sacred cause alone enlist us ;
 With gallant hearts and God to speed
 What power on earth will dare resist us ?

THE
SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

PART II.

BEING A SECOND SERIES OF
POLITICAL SONGS AND NATIONAL BALLADS
BY THE
WRITERS OF THE NATION NEWSPAPER.



DUBLIN:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY
25, ANGLESEA-STREET.

MDCCXLIII.

DUBLIN: JAMES DUFFY, 25, ANGLESEA-STREET.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN we ventured, within a few months after the “NATION” was started, to reprint the Poetry of it, we did an unprecedented thing, and one said to be of doubtful prudence. The Newspaper to be sure had succeeded, but it seemed a trial ruinous to these verses and injurious to the paper to expose its weekly miscellanies to the test of permanent criticism. “They are light cavalry,” said a friend; “they have charged famously for once, you’ll find them jaded hacks when wheeled again into line.” We trusted them and published.

Yet their success has surprised us. We hardly hoped that their popularity could extend beyond our own class and country. But the Tory has praised them more than the Liberal, the anti-Repealer as much as the Nationalist, while their success in foreign countries has at least equalled their success here. Mr. O’CONNELL thought the ballads “very good,” Mr. SHAW “most able,” Mr. BUTT “INSPIRED.” The Irish press thought them excellent for Ireland, but the *Morning Post* said they were “superior to *anything* they had supposed to exist at present;” the *Leeds Times* thought them “great achievements,” and the *Tablet* called them “the music

of the battle-field." To ascend higher, the *Dublin Review* says, they are "vigorous and bold," "fitted to grasp the nation;" the *Quarterly* found in them "great beauty of language and imagery," and *Fraser* declared that though they are "mischievous" it "dare not condemn them they are so full of beauty."

The First Part of the **SPIRIT OF THE NATION** has gone through two editions here; has been bought by men of all creeds and kinds, from the peasantry to the peerage, the soldier and policeman to the Quarter-master-General, from **TOM MOORE** to **THRESHAM GREGG**.

The American papers regularly reprint our verses week by week, and a large edition of the **SPIRIT OF THE NATION** has been issued in New York, and sold throughout the United States, and Canada.

Our little book of rhymes has been circulated enough, and praised enough, then, fully to justify the novel course we took in reprinting them, and the authors may be content with their fame.

This register of what occurred as to the first part is our justification for printing a second. Whether the praise we have got or shall get be deserved or not, sure we are that whoever gives the people of Ireland a lyric literature racy of the soil, reflecting its scenery and manners, blended with its history and panting with its hopes, will marshal them to independence in an array which prosecutions cannot encounter nor armies overthrow. National lyrics to be perfect should be linked

with music, that the people's heart knows and beats to. This union we hope to see effected, but whether our verses are worthy of such an alliance time alone can tell. We shall say nothing more.

TRINITY-STREET, DUBLIN,

November, 1843.

* * * The Prose "Spirit of the Nation" is being prepared for the press.

A series of sketches of distinguished Irishmen, by the same hands, will also be published shortly.

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Song of the Volunteers of 1782.....	<i>The Boyne Water...</i>	THE CELT.....
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THE SPIRIT
OF
“THE NATION.”

PART II.

THE VOICE OF LABOUR.

A CHANT OF THE MONSTER MEETINGS.

I.

YE who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this sight to-day
When stalwart trade in long brigade, beyond a king's array,
Marched in the blessed light of heaven, beneath the open sky,
Strong in the might of sacred **RIGHT**, that none dare ask them
why ?

These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye spit upon with
scorn—

The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and basely bred as born,
Yet know, ye weak and silken Lords, were we the thing ye say,
Your broad domains, your coffered gains, your lives were ours
to-day !

II.

Measure that rank, from flank to flank ; 'tis fifty thousand
strong ;
And mark you here, in front and rear, brigades as deep and long ;
And learn to know that blade of foe, or Arran's deadly breeze,
Ne'er by assay of storm or fray, tried manlier hearts than
these :

The sinewy Smith, little he recks of his own child—the sword ;
 The men of gear, think you they fear, *their* handiwork—a Lord ?
 And undismayed, yon sons of trade might see the battle's front,
 Who bravely bore, nor bowed before, the deadlier face of want.

III.

What lack we here of all the pomps that lure your kerns to
 death ?
 Not serried bands, nor sinewy hands, nor music's martial
 breath ;
 And if we broke the slavish yoke our suppliant race endure,
 No robbers we—but chivalry—the Army of the Poor.
 Out on ye now, ye Lordly crew, that do your betters wrong—
 We are not thieves, we are not knaves, but merciful as strong.
 Your henchmen vain, your vassal train, would fly our first
 defiance ;
 In us—in our strong, tranquil breasts—abides your sole reliance.

IV.

Aye, keep them all, castle and hall, coffers and costly jewels—
 Keep your vile gain, and in its train the passions that it fuels.
 We envy not your lordly lot—its bloom or its decayance :
 But ye *have* that we claim as ours—our right in long abeyance.
 Leisure to live, leisure to love, leisure to taste our freedom,
 Oh ! suff'ring poor, oh ! patient poor, how bitterly you need
 them !—
 “ Ever to moil, ever to toil,” that is your social charter,
 And city slave or rustic serf, the TOILER is its martyr.

V.

Where Frank or Norman shed their sweat the goodly crop is
 theirs—
 If Norway's toil makes rich the soil, she eats the fruit she rears—
 O'er Maine's green sward there rules no lord, saving the Lord
 on high ;
 Why are *we* swindled—sabred—starved ?—my masters, tell us
 why.

The German burgher and his men, brother with brothers live,
While toil must wait without *your* gate what gracious crusts
you give.

Long in your sight, for our own right, we've bent and still we
bend—

Why did we bow? why do we now? my masters, this must end.

VI.

Perish the past—a generous land is this fair land of ours,
And enmity may no man see between its Towns and Towers.
Come join our bands—here take our hands—now shame on him
that lingers,

Merchant or Peer, you have no fear from labour's blistered
fingers.

Come, join at last, perish the past—its traitors, its seceders—
Proud names and old, frank hearts and bold, come join and be
our Leaders.

*But know, my lords, that be your swords with us or with our Wronger,
Heaven be our guide, we Toilers bide this lot of shame no longer!*

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

AIR—“*Boyne Water.*”

I.

Hurrah! 'tis done—our freedom's won—
Hurrah for the Volunteers!
No laws we own, but those alone
Of our Commons, King, and Peers.

II.

The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke
From off our neck is taken;
Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—
With fear was England shaken.

III.

When Grattan rose, none dar'd oppose
 The claim he made for freedom ;
 They knew our swords, to back his words,
 Were ready did he need them.

IV.

Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise,
 A proud and joyous anthem ;
 And wealth, and grace, and length of days,
 May God, in mercy grant him !

V.

Bless Harry Flood, who nobly stood
 By us, through gloomy years,
 Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,
 The chief of the Volunteers.

VI.

The North began ; the North held on
 The strife for native land ;
 Till Ireland rose, and cow'd her foes—
 God bless the Northern land !

VII.

And bless the men of patriot pen—
 Swift Molyneux, and Lucas ;
 Bless sword and gun, which “ Free Trade” won—
 Bless God ! who ne'er forsook us !

VIII.

And long may last, the friendship fast,
 Which binds us all together ;
 While we agree, our foes shall flee
 Like clouds in stormy weather.

IX.

Remember still, through good and ill,
 How vain were prayers and tears—
 How vain were words, till flashed the swords
 Of the Irish Volunteers.

X.

By arms we've got the rights we sought
 Through long and wretched years—
 Hurrah! 'tis done, our Freedom's won—
 Hurrah for the Volunteers!

YOUNG IRELAND.

I.

When comes the day, all hearts to weigh,
 If staunch they be or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle ?
 My native heath is green beneath,
 My native waters blue ;
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
 Ere I am false to you,
 Dear land—
 Ere I am false to you.

II.

When I behold your mountains bold—
 Your noble lakes and streams—
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems.
 I think of all your long, dark thrall—
 Your martyrs brave and true ;
 And dash apart the tears that start—
 We must not *weep* for you,
 Dear land—
 We must not weep for you.

III.

My grandsire died, his home beside ;
 They seized and hanged him there ;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.

Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue ;
 And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,
 In hopeless love to you,
 Dear land—
 In hopeless love to you.

IV.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dar'd pollute
 Her independent shore.
 Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
 Some gallant patriot few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
 Dear land—
 To strike one blow for you.

V.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
 Let other heads divine ;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel
 No terrors can subdue ;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet, endured for you,
 Dear land—
 Were sweet, endured for you.

EPIGRAM.

On the *Mail's* announcement of the intended arrests, ending with "Long live Earl De Grey—God save the Queen."

"God save the Queen" —long live De Grey !
 Our foes know well what this may mean,
 When for *such* statemen's lives they pray,
 They well may add—"God save the Queen."

THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

A.D. 1598.

I.

By O'Nial beleagur'd, the spirits might droop
 Of the Saxon—three hundred shut up in their coop,
 Till Bagenal drew forth his Toledo, and swore,
 On the sword of a soldier, to succour Portmore.

II.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried—
 Their features how bronz'd, and how haughty their stride—
 Stept steadily on ; it was thrilling to see
 That thunder-cloud brooding o'er BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

III.

The flash of their armour, inlaid with fine gold—
 Gleaming matchlocks and cannons that mutteringly roll'd—
 With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,
 Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

IV.

And are the mere Irish, with pike and with darts—
 With but glibb-cover'd heads, and but rib-guarded hearts—
 Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns—
 The battle to dare against England's stout sons ?

V.

Poor Bonnochts, and wild Gallowglasses, and Kerns—
 Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and dry ferns ;
Wirrastrue for their wives—for their babes *ochanie*,
 If they wait for the Saxon at BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

VI.

Yet O'Nial stands firm—few and brief his commands—
 “ Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands ;
 Try how far ye can push them, my children, at once ;
Fag-a-bealac !—and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

VII.

They have gold and gay arms—they have biscuit and bread ;
 Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed ;”

And he clutch'd his claymore, and—"look yonder," laughed he,
"What a grand commissariat for BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH."

VIII.

Near the chief, a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood,
His nostril dilated seemed snuffing for blood;
Rough and ready to spring, like the wiry wolf-hound
Of Ternè, who, tossing his pike with a bound,

IX.

Cried, "My hand to the Sassenach! ne'er may I hurl
Another to earth if I call him a churl!
He finds me in clothing, in booty, in bread—
My Chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?"

X.

"Land of Owen, aboo!" and the Irish rush'd on—
The foe fir'd but one volley—their gunners are gone,
Before the bare bosoms the steel-coats have fled,
Or, despite casque or corslet, lie dying and dead.

XI.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought,
With many gay gallants—they slept as men ought:
Their faces to heaven—there were others, alack!
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

XII.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colours, great store,
Arms, forage, and provender—plunder *galor*!
They munch'd the white manchets—they champ'd the brown
chine,
Fillelue! for that day, how the natives did dine!

XIII.

O'Nial looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
And cried, hearken Tyrone! I've a health to propose—
"To our Sassenach hosts!" and all quaff'd in huge glee.
With *Cead mile failte go*, BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH!

SONG FOR JULY 12TH, 1843.

Come—pledge again thy heart and hand—
 One grasp that ne'er shall sever;
 Our watchword be—“Our native land”—
 Our motto—“Love for ever.”

And let the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for *me*;
 And—we for one another.

Behold how green the gallant stem,
 On which the flower is blowing ;
 How in one heav'nly breeze and beam
 Both flower and stem are glowing.

The same good soil sustaining both,
 Makes both united flourish :
 But cannot give the Orange growth,
 And cease the Green to nourish.

Yea, more—the hand that plucks the flower
 Will vainly strive to cherish :
 The stem blooms on—but in that hour
 The flower begins to perish.

Regard them, then, of equal worth
 While lasts their genial weather ;
 The time's at hand when into earth
 The two shall sink together.

Ev'n thus be, in our country's cause,
 Our party feelings blended ;
 Till lasting peace, from equal laws,
 On both shall have descended.

Till then the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for *me* ;
 And—we for one another.

AN ARMS BILL BALLAD.

I.

“ Oh ! fairest and rarest, why art thou alone ?
 Thy nearest and dearest one, where is he flown ?
 With fleetness, and sweetness, he flew, like the dove,
 To his nest in thy breast—from his toil to his love.”

II.

My Connor is exiled, but not for a fault—
 He dared to defend me from midnight assault !
 Our cabin was enter’d—what *man* would not draw
 The staff, or the steel, on the Ruffian-by-law ?

III.

Dark, dark were his plots, since the day I preferr’d
 The ring and the rite to his treacherous word ;
 He harass’d us down from our leasehold, to fill
 The pitiful state of his Tenant at will.

IV.

At last he constrain’d—but I brought him his Rent—
 He wooed me to crime—but I came as I went—
 And he swore a deep oath, ere the morrow’s bright sun,
 In spite of *my* will, that *his* will should be done.

V.

And he came with his minions, that promise to keep,
 When all of mankind, save the *beasts*, were asleep,
 In search for some weapon devour’d by the rust :
 His words were of weapons—his thoughts were of lust.

VI.

My Connor was valiant as ever drew sword,
 For the country he loved, or the wife he adored ;
 But vain was the strife ’gainst the Ruffian’s commands,
 And the minions’ obedience, to fetter his hands.

VII.

They bore him to prison—the object was gain'd—
 The minions departed—the ruffian remain'd.
 Oh ! imagine, imagine * * * * * * * *
 There's madness within me * * * * * * * *

HYMN OF FREEDOM.

I.

God of peace ! before thee,
 Peaceful, here we kneel,
 Humbly to implore thee
 For a nation's weal ;
 Calm her sons' dissensions,
 Bid their discord cease,
 End their mad contentions—
 Hear us, God of Peace !

II.

God of Love ! low bending
 To thy throne we turn—
 Let thy rays descending
 Through our island burn ;
 Let no strife divide us,
 But, from Heaven above,
 Look on us and guide us—
 Hear us, God of Love !

III.

God of Battles ! aid us ;
 Let no despot's might
 Trample or degrade us,
 Seeking this our right !
 Arm us for the danger ;
 Keep all craven fear
 To our breasts a stranger—
 God of Battles ! hear.

IV.

God of Right ! preserve us
 Just—as we are strong;
 Let no passion swerve us
 To one act of wrong—
 Let no thought, unholy,
 Come our cause to blight—
 Thus we pray thee, lowly—
 Hear us, God of Right !

V.

God of Vengeance ! smite us
 With thy shaft sublime,
 If one bond unite us
 Forged in fraud or crime!
 But if humbly kneeling,
 We implore thine ear,
 For our rights appealing—
 God of Nations ! hear.

THE ANTI-IRISH IRISHMAN.

From polar seas to torrid climes,
 Where'er the trace of man is found,
 What common feeling marks our kind,
 And sanctifies each spot of ground ?
 What virtue in the human heart
 The proudest tribute can command ?
 The dearest, purest, holiest, best,
The lasting love of FATHERLAND !

Then who's the wretch that basely spurns
 The ties of country, kindred, friends—
 That barters every nobler aim
 For sordid views—for private ends ?

One slave alone on earth you'll find

Through Nature's universal span,
So lost to virtue—dead to shame,

The anti-Irish Irishman

Our fields are fertile, rich our floods,

Our mountains bold, majestic, grand ;
Our air is balm, and every breeze

Wings health around our native land.
But who despises all her charms,

And mocks her gifts where'er he can ?
Why, he, the Norman's sneaking slave,

The anti-Irish Irishman.

The Norman—spawn of fraud and guile !

Ambitious sought our peaceful shore,
And, leagued with native guilt, despoiled,

And deluged Erin's fields with gore !

Who gave the foe-man footing here ?

What wretch unholy led her van ?

The prototype of modern slaves,

An anti-Irish Irishman !

For ages rapine ruled our plains,

And slaughter raised "his red right hand,"

And virgins shriek'd !—and roof-trees blaz'd !

And desolation swept the land !

And who would not those ills arrest,

Or aid the patriotic plan

To burst his country's galling chains ?

The anti-Irish Irishman !

But now too great for fetters grown,

Too proud to bend a slavish knee,

Loved Erin mocks the tyrant's thrall,

And firmly vows she shall be free !

But mark yon treacherous stealthy knave

That bends beneath his country's ban ;

Nor let him dash a nation's hopes,

The anti-Irish Irishman !

Hurrah ! “ the sun burst ! ”—Once again
 Our oriflamme is on the gale,
 With shamrock wreaths encircling
 The blazon’d glorious words “ REPEAL ! ”
 The coward slave that quits his post,
 Let Argus eyes the traitor scan,
 And infamy, eternal, brand
 The anti-Irish Irishman !

THE ARMS OF EIGHTY-TWO.

I.

They rose to guard their fatherland—
 In stern resolve they rose—
 In bearing firm—in purpose grand—
 To meet the world as foes.
 They rose as brave men ever do ;
 And, flashing bright,
 They bore to light
 The Arms of “ Eighty-two ! ”

II.

Oh ! 'twas a proud and solemn sight
 To mark that broad array,
 Come forth to claim a nation’s right
 ’Gainst all who dared gainsay ;
 And despots shrunk, appall’d to view
 The men who bore
 From shore to shore,
 The Arms of “ Eighty-two ! ”

III.

They won her right—they passed away
 Within the tomb they rest—
 And coldly lies the mournful clay
 Above each manly breast ;
 But Ireland still may proudly view
 What that bright host
 Had cherished most—
 The Arms of “ Eighty-two ! ”

IV.

Time-honoured comrades of the brave—
 Fond relics of their fame,
 Does Ireland hold one coward slave
 Would yield you up to shame ?
 One dastard who would tamely view
 The alien's hand
 Insulting brand
 The Arms of “Eighty-two?”

STAND TOGETHER.

Stand together, brothers all !
 Stand together, stand together !
 To live or die, to rise or fall,
 Stand together, stand together !
 Old Erin proudly lifts her head—
 Of many tears the last is shed ;
 Oh ! *for* the living—*by* the dead !
 Stand together, true together !

Stand together, brothers all !
 Close together, close together !
 Be Ireland's might a brazen wall—
 Close up together, tight together !
 Peace !—no noise !—but hand in hand
 Let calm resolve pervade your band,
 And wait—till nature's God command—
 Then help each other, help each other !

Stand together, brothers all !
 Proud together—bold together !
 From Kerry's cliffs to Donegal,
 Bound in heart and soul together !

Unrol the sunburst! who'll defend
 Old Erin's banner is a friend—
 One foe is ours—oh! blend, boys, blend,
 Hands together—hearts together!

Stand together, brothers all !
 Wait together, watch together!
 See, America and Gaul
 Look on together, both together !
 Keen impatience in each eye—
 Yet on “ourselves” do we rely—
 “Ourselves alone” our rallying cry !
 And “stand together, strike together !”

THE SQUIRE'S COMPLAINT.

I.

Oh, dear, these are shocking bad times, Sir Robert has bothered
 us quite ;
 Tipperary is teeming with crimes—don't we hear of an outrage
 each night ?
 But the reason is known very well to each squire from Dublin
 to Scariff,
 They are caused by that arch imp of hell, Sir Bob, and his
 damnable tariff,
 Faith, so are these shocking bad times.

II.

Time was when a stone of good wheat would fetch us a half-
 crown, or more ;
 Oh, 'tis then that our labours were sweet—we had *ating* and
 drinking galore ;
 But now we can't get thirteen pence for the self same identical
 corn,
 Though we strain every sinew, and hence we are left sick at
 heart and forlorn,
 To rail at these shocking bad times.

III.

The poor laws, to add to our griefs, are saddled upon us, poor asses,
 With commissioners added, the thieves, to reverse ev'ry vote
 the board passes ;
 And yet, though the taxes we pay, the paupers in hordes still
 infest us,
 They'll not go to the workhouse, they say, they'd just as soon
 enter a pesthouse,

No wonder we've shocking bad times.

IV.

Some say that provisions are cheap—so they are ; but when
 none we can buy,
 Pigs, poultry, and oxen, and sheep, are as far from our reach
 as when high ;
 Where all this will end I can't say, so I may as well wind up
 my rhymes ;
 But this I'll observe, by the way, that I ne'er saw such shock-
 ing bad times,

I ne'er saw such shocking bad times.

THE GATHERING OF LEINSTER.

A.D. 1643.

I.

Serf ! with thy fetters o'erladen,
 Why crouch you in dastardly woe ?
 Why weep o'er thy chains like a maiden,
 Nor strike for thy manhood a blow ?
 Not thus would our fathers bemoan us—
 When Tyranny raised the lash, then
 They practised the “ *Lex Talionis* ”
 Of Feidlim, and lash'd it again.

II.

For this did they humble the Roman
 And was it, pale Helots, in vain
 That Malachy trampled the foeman,
 And Brien uprooted the Dane?
 Ye Kings of our Isle's olden story,
 Bright spirits of demi-god men!
 We swear by the graves of your glory
 To strike like your children again.

III.

Tho' beside us no more in the trial
 The swords of our forefathers wave,
 The multiplied soul of O'Nial
 Has flash'd through our patriot Brave.
 By each rock where our proud heroes slumber,
 Each grove where the grey Druid sung,
 No foreigners chain shall encumber
 The race from such ancestors sprung.

IV.

Ye swords of the kingly Temora,
 Exalt the bright green of your sod—
 The hue of the mantle of Flora—
 The Emerald banner of God!
 Leave, reaper, the fruits of thy labour—
 Spare, huntsman, the prostrated game,
 Till the ploughshare is wrought to a sabre
 To carve out this plague-spot of shame.

V.

Rush down from the mountain, fortalice—
 From banquet, and bridal, and bier—
 From ruin of cloister, and palace,
 Arise! with the torch and the spear!
 By the ties and the hopes that we cherish—
 The loves and the shrines we adore,
 High Heaven may doom us to perish—
 But, *never to slavery more!*

THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

AIR—“*The brink of the White Rocks.*”

I.

When all beside a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
 Sing oh ! and well may Erin weep,
 When Connaught lies in slumber deep.

II.

There lake and plain smile fair and free,
 'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry—
 Sing oh ! let man learn liberty
 From crashing wind and lashing sea.

III.

That chainless wave and lovely land
 Freedom and Nationhood demand,
 Sing oh ! the great God never plann'd,
 For slumbering slaves, a home so grand.

IV.

And, long, a brave and haughty race
 Honored and sentinel'd the place—
 Sing oh ! not even their sons' disgrace
 Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

V.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
 To triumph dash'd each Connaught clan—
 Sing oh ! how fleet the Normans ran
 Through Corlieu's Pass, and Ardrahan !

* So called in *Bunting*; another name is “*De hucamur fein an samrad linn*,” being the first line of the chorus to the song:—

“ Of all the fish that swim the sea,
 Herring is king—oh ! herring is king,”

VI.

And later times saw deeds as brave ;
 And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
 Sing oh ! they died their land to save,
 At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

VII.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
 Sing oh ! poor Erin well may weep,
 That men so sprung are still asleep.

VIII.

But—hark !—some voice like thunder spake :
 “ *The West's awake, the West's awake*”—
 Sing oh ! hurra ! let England quake,
 “ We'll watch till death for Erin's sake.”

THE WEXFORD MASSACRE.

1649.

I.

They knelt around the Cross divine,
 The matron and the maid—
 They bow'd before redemption's sign,
 And fervently they prayed—
 Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
 Whose crime was this alone—
 Their valiant husband, sires, and sons,
 Had battled for their own.

II.

Had battled bravely, but in vain—
 The Saxon won the fight,
 And Irish corses strewed the plain
 Where Valour slept with Right.

And now, that Man of demon guilt,
 To fated Wexford flew—
 The red blood reeking on his hilt,
 Of hearts to Erin true !

III.

He found them there—the young, the old—
 The maiden and the wife;
 Their guardian Brave in death were cold,
 Who dared for *them* the strife.
 They prayed for mercy—God on high!
 Before *thy* cross they prayed,
 And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
 To glut the Saxon blade !

IV.

Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
 Was quenched in woman's blood ;
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare
 From slaughter's crimson flood.
 But nations keep a stern account
 Of deeds that tyrants do ;
 And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
 And Heaven avenge it, too !

THE UNION.

I.

How did they pass the Union ?
 By perjury and fraud ;
 By slaves, who sold for place or gold
 Their country and their God ;

By all the savage acts that yet
 Have followed England's track :
 The pitchcap and the bayonet,
 The gibbet and the rack.

And thus was passed the Union
 By Pitt and Castlereagh ;
 Could Satan send for such an end
 More worthy tools than they ?

II.

How thrive we by the Union ?
 Look round our native land :
 In ruined trade and wealth decayed
 See slavery's surest brand ;
 Our glory as a nation gone—
 Our substance drained away—
 A wretched province trampled on,
 Is all we've left to-day.

Then curse with me the Union,
 That joggle foul and base,
 The baneful root that bore such fruit
 Of ruin and disgrace.

III.

And shall it last, this Union,
 To grind and waste us so ?
 O'er hill and lea, from sea to sea,
 All Ireland thunders, No !
 Eight million necks are stiff to bow—
 We know our might as men—
 We conquered once before, and now
 We'll conquer once again ;
 And rend the cursed Union,
 And fling it to the wind—
 And Ireland's laws in Ireland's cause
 Alone our hearts shall bind !

THE SONGS OF THE NATION.

AIR—“*Sheela na Guira.*”

I.

Ye songs that resound in the homes of our island—
 That wake the wild echoes by valley and highland—
 That kindle the cold with their forefather's story—
 That point to the ardent the pathway of glory!—

Ye send to the banish'd,
 O'er ocean's far wave,
 The hope that had vanish'd—
 The vow of the brave;

And teach each proud despot of loftiest station,
 To pale at your spell-word, sweet songs of THE NATION!

II.

Sweet songs! ye reveal, through the vista of ages,
 Our monarchs and heroes—our minstrels and sages—
 The pomp of Emania—the glories of Temor,
 When Erin was free from the Saxon defamer—

The green banner flying—
 The rush of the Gael—
 The Sassenach dying—
 His matron's wild wail—

These glories forgotten, with magic creation
 Burst bright at your spell-word, sweet songs of THE NATION!

III.

The minstrels who waken these wild notes of freedom,
 Have hands for green Erin—if Erin should need 'em;
 And hearts for the wrong'd one, wherever he ranges,
 From Zembla to Timor—from Shannon to Ganges—

And hate for his foeman,
 All hatred above—
 And love for dear woman,
 Seraphical love—

But chiefest the fair ones whose eyes' animation
 Is the spell-word that prompts the sweet songs of THE NATION!

THE FORLORN HOPE.

A SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

AIR—“*Cruisgin lán.*”

I.

Let us lift the green flag high
 Underneath this foreign sky,
 Unrol the verdant volume to the wind.
 As we hasten to the fight
 Let us drink a last good night
 To the beauty which we leave, boy, behind, behind, behind ;
 To the beauty which we leave, boy, behind.

II.

Plant it high upon the breach,
 And within the flag-staff's reach ;
 We'll offer it the tribute of our gore.
 Yes ! on that altar high,
 'Spite of tyrants we can die,
 And our spirits to the saints above may soar, soar, soar ;
 And our spirits to the saints above may soar.

III.

Liberty is gone,
 Now 'tis glory leads us on,
 And spangles gloomy slavery's night ;
 If freedom's shattered bark
 Have not foundered i' the dark
 Her wreck must see this beacon bright, bright, bright ;
 Her wreck will see this beacon bright.

IV.

Yes ; glory's shining light
 Must irradiate the night,
 And renew the flaming splendour of the day !
 And freedom's sinking crew
 Shall recover hope anew,
 And hail the blazing splendour of this ray, ray, ray ;
 And hail the blazing splendour of this ray.

V.

The green flag on the air,
Sons of Erin and despair,

To the breach in serried column quick advance.

On the summit we may fall:

Hand in hand, my comrades all,

Let us drink a last adieu to merry France, France, France;

Let us drink a last adieu to merry France.

VI.

To Erin, comrades, too,
And her sunny skies of blue,

A goblet commingled with tears!

With the fleur-de-lis divine,

The green shamrock shall entwine;

But the Ancient* see the Sunburst rears, rears, rears;

The Ancient see the Sun-burst rears.

THE VOICE OF TARA.

DATE UNKNOWN.†

I.

O! that my voice could waken the hearts that slumber cold!—
The chiefs that time hath taken, the warrior kings of old—

* Standard bearer.

† The original Irish of this song has been preserved in the extensive mountain tract that stretches far into the adjacent counties of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, between the towns of Newcastle, Abbeyfeale, and Castleisland. I have vainly endeavoured to learn the author's name, but the original bears strong marks of its being the production of a Munster bard of the seventeenth century. I took it down, *viva voce*, from a Baccach, who moved a very respectable repertory of wool, butter, and antiquarian lore, among the simple dwellers of the glens. He sung it to that very warlike air, vulgarly named "The Poacher," in a kind of recitative, with his eyes closed, as if to shut out exterior objects from his inspired vision, and leaning on the top of his staff, as he swayed his body to and fro to the martial sounds. I have rendered the words as literally as possible, hopeless of preserving the abrupt and striking spirit of the Gaelic.

Oh ! for Fingal, the pride of all the gallant Finian crew,
To wave his brand—the fight demand—and blow the Baraboo !

II.

O ! for the Clana-Morni, the Clana-Deagad tall,
Dal-Reada's Knights of glory, who seal'd the Roman Wall!
O ! for the darts that smote the hearts of Freedom's foreign
foe,
When bloodier grew the fierce Crob-Ruad* o'er bleak Hel-
vetia's snow !

III.

O ! for the battle-axes that smote the pirate Dane !
O ! for the firm Dalcassians that fought on Ossory's plain !
And O ! for those who wrathful rose the Saxon to withstand,
Till traitor arts and recreant hearts betray'd the patriot band !

IV.

Alas ! our chiefs of glory will list no minstrel's call—
But, o'er their deathless story, can tyrants fling a pall ?
Ye'll ne'er disgrace your ancient race, ye sons of fathers brave,
Arise and burst your bonds accurst—the tomb contains no
slave !

V.

Arise ye, now or never—from heaven the martyr'd brave—
Command you to deliver the land they fought to save ;
Then swear to die ere despots tie your limbs in bondage chain,
And let the shout ring boldly out o'er listening earth and main.

VI.

The fishers of Kilkerran, the men of Greenore bay—
The dwellers by Lough Dergert, and by the broad Lough
Neagh—
Leave boat and oar, and leap ashore, to join the fiery ranks
That come in pride from Galtee's side, and from Blackwater's
banks.

* "The bloody hand," the ensign of the Knights of the Red Branch,

VII.

Where "stubborn Newre" is streaming—where Lee's green valley smiles—

Where kingly Shannon circles his hundred sainted isles,
They list the call—and woe befall the hapless, doomed array
Who'll rouse their wrath in war's red path to strike in freedom's fray.

VIII.

I see the brave rejoicing—I hear their shouts ascend—

See martyr'd men approving from thrones of brightness bend.
Ye ache my sight, ye visions bright of all our glory won;
The "Battle's Eye"** hath found reply—my tuneful task is done.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A.D. 1641.

We deny and have always denied the alleged massacre of 1641. But that the people rose under their Chiefs, seized the English towns and expelled the English settlers, and in doing so committed many excesses is undeniable—as is equally the desperate provocation. The Ballad here printed is not meant as an apology for these excesses, which we condemn and lament, but as a true representation of the feelings of the insurgents in the first madness of success.

I.

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride,
And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide,
And gladsome bell, and bugle-horn from Newry's captured
Towers,

Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is
ours!

II.

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of
Down,

My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim hath his
own,"

Oh! may they see and hear no more, oh! may they rot to clay,
When they shall fail to triumph in the conquest of to-day

* The literal English of Rosg-Cata, or the "Incentive to Battle"—the war-song of the bard.

III.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish maw,

Now, now the Court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law,
Now, shall the Undertaker square for once his loose accounts,
We'll strike brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

IV.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,

Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their lawn ;

And all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own,
And plant our ancient laws again, beneath our lineal throne.

V.

Our standard flies from fifty towers, it leads ten thousand men,

Down have we pluck'd the pirate Red never to rise again ;
The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with Saxon blood.

VI.

Pity !* no, no, you dare not Priest—not you our Father dare,
Preach to us now that Godless creed—the murderer's blood to spare ;

To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin implore,

“Graves and revenge” from Gobbin Cliffs and Carrick's bloody shore !

VII.

Pity ! well if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-day ;

* Leland the Protestant Historian states that the Catholic Priests “laboured zealously to moderate the excesses of war ;” and frequently protected the English by concealing them in their places of worship, and even under their altars.”

The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who
poured.

Their blood 'neath Strafford's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian
sword.

VIII.

They smote them with the swearer's oath, and with the mur-
derer's knife,

We in the open field will fight, fairly for land and life,
But by the Dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-
day,

One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they—

IX.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us
into earth,

And whilst we bore with passive hearts, our patience was their
mirth;

Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they*
have bred,

This war is their own work, and now, THEIR WORK BE ON
THEIR HEAD.

X.

Nay, Father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman Peers.
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears,
Helpless and hopeless be the cause that brooks a vain delay,
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or stay.

XI.

If silken Howth, and savage Slane *should* kiss their tyrant's
rod,

And pale Dunsany still prefer his Monarch to his God,
Think you we lack their fathers' sons the Marchmen of the
Pale,

While Irish hearts and Irish hands have Spanish blades and
mail?

XII.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a SAINT* communed with God,
 Up from the vale where Bagnall's blood manured the reeking sod,
 Out from the stately wood of Truigh, M'Kenna's plundered home,
 Like Larne's waves, as fierce and fast, our brother clansmen come.

XIII.

Then, let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight with cunning words;
 I fear me more their courtly arts than England's hireling swords,
 Nathless their creed they hate us still, as the despoiler hates,
 Would God they loved their prey no more, our kinsman's lost estates !

XIV.

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's power,
 Or need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious hour,
 Of yore He led our Hebrew sires to peace through strife and pain,
 And us he leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

XV.

Then, brethren, *on*!—O'NIAL's shade would frown to see you pause—
 Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er your cause—
 His generous error lost the land—he deem'd the Norman true,
 Oh forward! friends, it must not lose the land again in you!

* St. Patrick, whose favourite retreat was Lecale, in the County Down.

THE SLAVES' BILL.

Aye, brand our arms, nor them alone ;
 But brand our brows, degraded race
 Oh, how a fear can England own
 Of men, who cannot feel disgrace ?
 Men ! *Are* we men ? We talk as such,
 Heav'ns, how we talk ! but vain alarms—
 Nought masculine endures so much,
 Then brand our brows, as well as arms !

This brand is not an ugly thing—
 May seem an ornament, indeed ;
 The shame to some would be the sting,
 But not to slaves who dare not bleed !
 Six hundred weary years have pass'd,
 And which, without some newer harms
 From Dear Old England ! This, the last,
 Is *but an insult*—brand our arms !

Yes, brand our language, faith, and name !
 Black down time's river let them roll ;
 Let Erin be a word of shame,
 And burn its mem'ry from my soul !
 Oh ! Erin, Erin !—never more
 That darling name let me repeat !
 If such the sons my mother bore,
 West Briton were as sound as sweet.

Aye, brand us all ! yet still we crave
 A pittance at our master's door ;
 Then leave the wealthy Irish slave
 His club, his bottle, and —— ;
 And leave the wretched serf, his wife—
 You may, (she has not many charms,)
 Potatoes, and his paltry life ;
 But, leave us not—ev'n branded arms !
 Mad as ye are, who reckless dare
 To mock the spirit God hath giv'n,

Pause, ere ye drive us in despair
 To its appeal—from man to heaven !
 From calmer eyes the furies glare,
 And colder bosoms vengeance warms,
 Till rage finds weapons, ev'ry where,
 For Nature's two unbranded arms !

SONG OF THE IRISH ARMY, A.D. 1689.

We come, with drum and fife,
 And the banner of the green,
 And our arms for the strife,
 They are glorious in their sheen ;
 No cause have we to tremble, I trow—
 Outnumb'ring the waves
 O'er which the tempest raves,
 Let the Dutchman's hireling slaves
 Tremble now.

Then onward while you may
 Like an ocean in its might—
 Let the Saxon war-trumps bray,
 For God defends the right,
 And on our efforts looks with a smile.
 For the land of saints arise,
 Spread the green flag to the skies,
 And the hated Tyrant flies

From our isle.

By the margin of the shore
 Let our serried thousands stand,
 As our fathers stood of yore,
 'Gainst the light-haired Danish band.
 Let us meet them as they come from the deep—
 And the sea-bird soon will shriek,
 And the wild wave soon will break
 O'er the spot where tyrants take
 Their last sleep.

A VOICE FROM AMERICA.

I.

From the far West, o'er wide Atlantic's wave,
 With giant accent Freedom's tidings sweep.
 Columbia's roused. Let Peel and Graham rave.
 Let Stanley "on," and hoary Wellesley keep
 His counsel as he lists. We reck not, and we care not,
 How much he dare to do. We *guess* how much he dare not.

II.

We know ourselves unconquerably firm—
 We're temperate, cool, determined to be free—
 We feel that vassalage must reach its term—
 We've had our centuries of slavery.
 And now, oh, God ! with thy strong arm around us,
 Shall power abuse, or despotism wound us ?

III.

Is it for nought the humble friar came,
 Missioned of heav'n, to banish from our shore
 The curs'd ingredient in our cup of shame—
 The canker worm that ate into the core—
 The serpent vice that coiled around the soul,
 And gave but grief's worst remedy, "the bowl?"

IV.

Is it for nought that HE, our Leader rules
 Our peaceful millions with sagacious sway ?—
 A sway more potent than the minion tools
 Of Tory rule could beg or buy. The day
 Of our deliverance dawns—we know it, and we feel it—
 The Union's fetters fall. Ho ! Peel, we say, *repeal* it !

THE PEASANT GIRLS.

The Peasant Girl of merry France,
 Beneath her trellis'd vine,
 Watches the signal for the dance—
 The broad, red sun's decline.

'Tis there—and forth she flies with glee
 To join the circling band,
 Whilst mirthful sounds of minstrelsy
 Are heard throughout the land.

And fair Italia's Peasant Girl,
 The Arno's banks beside,
 With myrtle flowers that shine like pearl,
 Will braid at eventide
 Her raven locks; and to the sky,
 With eyes of liquid light,
 Look up and bid her lyre outshine—
 "Was ever land so bright?"

The Peasant Girl of England, see
 With lip of rosy dye,
 Beneath her sheltering cottage tree,
 Smile on each passer by.
 She looks on fields of yellow grain,
 Inhales the bean-flower's scent,
 And seems, amid the fertile plain,
 An Image of content.

The Peasant Girl of Scotland goes
 Across her Highland hill,
 With cheek that emulates the rose,
 And voice the skylark's thrill.
 Her tartan plaid she folds around,
 A many-coloured vest—
 Type of what varied joys have found
 A home in her kind breast.

The Peasant Girl of Ireland, she
 Has left her cabin home,
 Bearing white wreaths—what can it be
 Invites her thus to roam?
 Her eye has not the joyous ray
 Should to her years belong;
 And, as she wends her languid way,
 She carols no sweet song.

Oh! soon upon the step and glance
 Grief does the work of age ;
 And it has been her hapless chance
 To open that dark page.

The happy harvest home was o'er,
 The fierce tithe-gatherer came ;
 And her young lover, in his gore,
 Fell by a murderous aim !

Then, well may youth's bright glance be gone
 For ever from that eye,
 And soon will sisters weep upon
 The grave that she kneels by ;
 And well may prouder hearts than those,
 That there place garlands, say—
 “Have Ireland's peasant girls such woes ?—
 When will they pass away ?”

STEADY.

“Courage—your most necessary virtue—consists not in blind resistance, but in knowing when to forbear.”—THE NATION, June 17.

Steady ! Host of Freedom, steady !
 Ponder, gather, watch, mature ;
 Tranquil be, though ever ready—
 Prompt to act—and to endure.

Aimless, rage you not, insanely,
 Like a maniac with his chain,
 Struggling madly, therefore vainly,
 And lapsing back to bonds again.

But, observe, the clouds o'er Keeper
 Long collect their awful ire—
 Long they swell more dark and deeper ;
 When they burst, all heaven's on fire.

Freedom's barque to port is running,
 But beware the lurking shelves ;
 And would you conquer tyrants' cunning,
 Brethren, conquer first yourselves.

Though thy cheek insulted burn—
 Though they call thee coward-slave—
 Scoff nor blow shalt thou return :
 Trust me, this is *more* than brave.

Fortitude hath shackles riven,
 More than spear or flashing gun ;
 Freedom, like the thrones of heaven,
 Is by suff'ring virtue won.

Though thy brother still deride thee,
 Yield thou love for foolish hate :
 He'll, perhaps, ere long, beside thee,
 Proudly, boldly, share thy fate.

Discord ! may kind angels chase thee
 Far from hapless Erin's shores,
 And the deepest hell embrace thee,
 Where no fouler demon roars

Steady ! steady ! ranks of Freedom,
 Pure and holy are our bands ;
 Heaven approves, and angels lead them,
 For truth and justice are our brands !

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

A. D. 1646.

I.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears,
 Too long have fallen in vain—
 Up with the banners and the spears,
 And let the gather'd grief of years
 Show sterner stuff than rain.

The lightning, in that stormy hour
 When forth defiance rolls,
 May change the poles of Saxon pow'r,
 And melt the links our long, long show'r
 But rusted round our souls.

II.

To bear the wrongs we can redress !
 To make *a thing of time*
 The tyranny we can repress—
Eternal by our dastardness !
 Were crime—or worse than crime.
 And we, whose *best*—and *worst* was shame,
 From first to last, alike,
 May take, at length, a loftier aim,
 And struggle, since it is the same
 To *suffer*—or to *strike*.

III.

What hatred of perverted might
 The cruel hand inspires,
 That robs the linnet's eye of sight,
 To make it sing both day and night !
 Yet thus they robb'd our sires,
 By blotting out the ancient lore,
 Where every loss was shone.
 Up with the flag ! we stand before
 The Saxons of the days of yore,
 In Saxons of our own.

IV.

Denial met our just demands !
 And hatred met our love !
 Till now, by Heaven, for grasp of hands,
 We'll give them clash of battle brands,
 And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
 And may the Saxon stamp his heel
 Upon the coward's front,
 Who sheathes his own unbroken steel,
 Until for mercy tyrants kneel,
 Who forced us to the brunt.

THE LION AND THE SERPENT.

AN ARMS' BILL FABLE.

In days of old the Serpent came
 To the Lion's rocky hall,
 And the forest king spread the sward with game,
 And they drank at the torrent's fall;
 And the Serpent saw that the woods were fair,
 And she long'd to make her dwelling there.

But she saw that her host had a knack of his own,
 At tearing a sinew or cracking a bone,
 And had grinders unpleasantly strong;
 So she said to herself, "I'll bamboozle the king
 With my plausible speech, and all that sort of thing,
 That, since Eve, to my people belong:

"These claws and those grinders must certainly be
 Inconvenient to you as they're dreadful to me—
 Draw 'em out, like a love, I'm so 'frighted !
 And, then, since I've long had an amorous eye on
 Yourself and your property, dear Mr. Lion,
 We can be (spare my blushes) *united.*"

So subtle the pow'r of her poisonous kisses,
 So deadly to honour the falsehood she hisses,
 The lion for once is an ass.
 Before her, disarmed, the simpleton stands,
 The Union's proclaimed, but the hymen'al bands
 Are ponderous fetters of brass.

The Lion, self-conquer'd, is chained on the ground,
 And the breath of his tyrant sheds poison around
 The fame and the life of her slave.
 How long in his torture the stricken king lay
 Historians omit, but 'tis known that one day
 The Serpent began to look grave;

For when passing, as usual, her thrall with a sneer,
 She derisively hiss'd some new taunt in his ear—
 He shook all his chains with a roar;

And, observing more closely, she saw with much pain,
That his tusks and his claws were appearing again,
A fact she'd neglected before.

From that hour she grew *dangerously civil*, indeed,
And declared he should be, ere long, totally freed
From every dishonouring chain.

“The moment, my *dearest*, our friend, the Fox, draws
Those nasty sharp things from your Majesty's jaws,
You must bound free as air o'er the plain.”

But the captive sprung from his dungeon floor,
And he bow'd the woods with a scornful roar,
And his burning eyes flash'd flame ;
And as echo swell'd the shout afar,
The stormy joy of Freedom's war
O'er the blast of the desert came.

And the Lion laugh'd, and his mirth was loud
As the stunning burst of a thunder cloud,
And he shook his wrathful mane ;
And hollow sounds from his lash'd sides come,
Like the sullen roll of a 'larum drum,
He snapp'd, like a reed, the chain,
And the Serpent saw that her reign was o'er,
And hissing, she fled from the lion's roar.

ERIN ABOO.

Air—“*Noc mbainim sin do.*”

I.

Arise, men of Erin ! for liberty rally,
The rights of your own cherished island defend,
Let freedom's wild chaunt from each mountain and valley,
Sublime to the throne of the Godhead ascend ;
Let feuds be forgotten—the curse of our land—
Let parties no longer divide it in two ;
And while we together in brotherhood stand,
Our watchword be—Freedom and ERIN ABOO.

II.

Oh ! why should we sever whom God has united,
 Whose children are cradled in one dewy isle—
 Why think that one spot in that isle must be blighted,
 If Heaven on another benignantly smile ?
 Away with the thought—like our banner of green,
 Whose colour combines both the orange and blue,
 May all honest sons of old Ireland be seen,
 And their watchword be—Freedom and ERIN ABOO !

III.

Will Ulster stand back while one true heart remembers
 The spirit that dwelt in her children of yore ?
 Who fanned the last spark of our liberty's embers,
 Till tyranny dazzled shrunk back from our shore.
 No, no ; by the graves of your valorous dead !
 Who stood forth majestic in proud “Eighty-two,”
 If the spirit of men from your hearths be not fled,
 Join, Ulster ! for—Freedom and ERIN ABOO !

IV.

She comes—in the struggle for freedom victorious,
 Before—she will bend not to slavery now,
 Nor sully, by conduct supine and inglorious,
 The light with which Fame has encircled her brow.
 The North and the South in one brotherhood stand,
 The East and the West are united and true,
 And far through the length and the breadth of the land
 The watchword is—Freedom and ERIN ABOO !

V.

Accursed be your cause, if there linger within it
 One dark stain of falsehood, one relic of guile ;
 If Freedom we love not, and seek not to win it,
 For All without favour that dwell in our isle.
 Invoking that God we in common adore,
 To do unto us as to others we do ;
 We swear that no Saxon shall fetter us more,
 Our watchword still—Freedom and ERIN ABOO !

SONG OF THE PENAL DAYS.

Air—“*Chreevin evin.*”

(Translated from the Irish.)

I.

Youthful men and elders hoary,
 List ye to the harper's song !
 My *clarseach* weeps my true-love's story
 In my true-love's native tongue ;
 She's bound and bleeding 'neath th' oppressor—
 Few her friends and fierce her foe ;
 And brave hearts cold who would redress her ;
Ma chreevin evin, alga O !

II.

My love had riches once and beauty—
 Want and wo have pal'd her cheek !
 And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
 Now they crouch like craven's sleek !
 O Heaven ! that e'er this day of rigour
 Saw sons of heroes abject low,
 And blood and tears thy face disfigure—
Ma chreevin evin, alga O !

III.

I see young virgins on the mountain,
 Graceful as the bounding fawn,
 With cheeks like heath-flower by the fountain,
 Breasts like downy canavàn.*
 Shall bondsmen share these beauties ample ?
 Shall their pure bosoms' current flow
 To nurse new slaves for them that trample
Ma chreevin evin, alga O !

* The cotton plant of the bogs.

IV.

Around my *clareach's* speaking measures
 Men like their fathers tall arise—
 Their heart the same deep hatred treasures,
 I read it in their kindling eyes !
 The same proud brow to frown at danger—
 The same dark *coolin's** graceful flow—
 The same dear tongue to curse the stranger—
Ma chreevin evin, alga O !

V.

I'd sing ye more but age is stealing
 O'er my pulse and tuneful fires ;
 Far bolder woke my chord appealing
 For craven *Shemus* to your sires.
 Arouse to vengeance men of bravery,
 For broken oaths—for altars low—
 For bonds that bind in bitter slavery—
Ma chreevin evin, alga O !

A RALLY FOR IRELAND.

MAY, 1689.

I.

Shout it out, till it ring
 From Benmore to Cape Clear ;
 For our Country, and King,
 And Religion so dear,
 Rally, rally—Irishmen ! rally ;
 Form round the flag, that wet with our tears,
 And torn, and bloody, lay hid for long years,
 And now once again in its pride re-appears.
 See from THE CASTLE our Green Banner waves !
 Bearing fit motto for up-rising slaves !

* The flowing locks of the ancient Irish.

For "Now or Never, Now and for Ever,"
 Bids you to battle for triumph, or graves.
 And the grave holds no slave,
 Death unfetters the brave.

Then rally, rally, Irishmen ! rally.

Shout "Now or Never, Now and for Ever,"
 Fight to the last and ye cannot be slaves !

II.

M'Carthy, and Hamilton—

Are they not here ?

Talbot, Berwick, and Sheldon—

Why should we fear ?

And French men—all staunch men,
 Boisleau, and Pontée, Pusignan, and Rosen ;
 And soon we shall have the stout Count Lauzun,
 And Baldearg O'Donnell—the promis'd and chosen.

From Shannon to Ban, from Liffey to Lee,
 The country is rising for Liberty.
 Though your arms are rude, if your courage be good,
 As the traitors fled, shall the strangers flee
 From another Iveagh, and another Claudy.

Arm, peasant and lord ;

Grasp musket and sword ;

Grasp pike, scythe, or skein ; give the war-horse the rein ;
 March, shoulder to shoulder, for Liberty !

III.

Old Schomberg and Churchill

Are coming here ;

Bloody Kirk, and Dutch Will—

Yet never ye fear ;

For our *Feis** has met—they're a princely set :
 De Courcy, O'Neill, Plunkett, MacDonnell,
 Burke, Byrne, Nagle, St. Lawrence, O'Donnell—
 The choice of the land from Cork to Tyrconnell !

* The Irish name for a Council or Parliament.

They'll break the last link of the Saxon chain ;
They'll give us back our lands again.

Then up ye and fight for your king and right—
Laws are vain, unless swords maintain ;
If freedom you'd gain, be victors or slain.
Then rally, rally, Irishmen rally !
Fight “ Now or Never,
Now and for Ever : ”
Win freedom, and wear it, or die on the plain !

THE IRISH ARMS' BILL.

I.

My country, alas ! we may blush for thee now,
The brand of the slave broadly stamp'd on thy brow !
Unarm'd must thy sons and thy daughters await
The Sassenagh's lust or the Sassenagh's hate.

II.

Through the length and the breadth of thy regions they roam ;
Many huts and some halls may be there—but no home ;
Rape and Murder cry out “ let each door be unbarr'd !
Deliver your arms, and then—stand on your guard ! ”

III.

For England hath waken'd at length from her trance—
She might knuckle to Russia, and truckle to France—
And, licking the dust from America's feet,
Might vow she had ne'er tasted sugar so sweet.

IV.

She could leave her slain thousands, her captives, in pawn,
And Akhbar to lord it o'er Affghanistan,
And firing the village or rifling the ground
Of the poor murder'd peasant—slink off like a hound.

V.

What then? She can massacre wretched Chinese—
 Can rob the Ameers of their lands, if she please—
 And when Hanover wrings from her duties not due,
 She can still vent her wrath, enslav'd Erin, on you!

VI.

Thus—but why, belov'd land, longer sport with thy shame?
 If my life could wipe out the foul blot from thy fame,
 How gladly for thee were this spirit outpoured
 On the scaffold, as free as by shot or by sword!

VII.

Yet, oh! in fair field, for one soldier-like blow,
 To fall in thy cause, or look far for thy foe—
 To sleep on thy bosom, down-trodden, with thee,
 Or to wave in thy breeze the green flag of the free!

VIII.

Heaven! to think of the thousands far better than I,
 Who for thee, sweetest mother, would joyfully die!
 Then to reckon the insult—the rapine—the wrong—
 How long, God of love!—God of battles!—how long?

THE INVOCATION.

Sweet Lyrust, wreath a song for me,
 Such as my fathers loved of old—
 Thy theme our cause, the melody
 The sweetest on thy strings of gold.

Too long we've wept; though blood and tears
 May rust, they break not slavery's chain,
 And forty weary woe-worn years
 We've wept (as we have bled) *in vain.*

Then strike as though thy fingers hold
 Our heart-strings 'neath thy touch of fire;
 Nor blush to wake those songs of old,
 For Irish hearts on Erin's lyre.

In Egypt's storied land of yore,
 Ere Pharoah reigned, ere Nile ran blood,
 Majestic on her sandy shore,
 Her Memnon's giant statue stood.

And countless wealth, by sages told,
 Lay buried near that statue tall,
 And theirs to seek for gems and gold
 Where Memnon's head o'erthrown should fall.

But he who watched at noon-tide hour
 The shadow pointing to his prize
 May teach that even the gloom of power
 Can show where Freedom's treasure lies.

And Memnon's lips sweet music sung
 Whene'er the sun, with orient glow,
 Awoke sweet morn, and gaily flung
 Her blushes on that marble brow.

Now breaks *for us* bright Freedom's day,
 Now broken falls our mouldering chain;
 And, touched by Freedom's dawning ray,
 The mystic Harp shall sound again.

Then, Lyrust, wreath a song for me,
 Such as my fathers loved of old—
 Thy theme our cause, the melody
 The sweetest on thy strings of gold.

PADDIES EVERMORE.

I.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
 As suppliants for our right ;
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
 The banded millions' might ;
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
 Now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still,
 We're Paddies evermore.

II.

What, though they menace, suffering men
 Their threats and them despise ;
 Or promise justice once again,
 We know their words are lies ;
 We stand resolved those rights to claim
 They robbed us of before,
 Our own dear nation and our name,
 As Paddies, and no more.

III.

Look round—the Frenchman governs France,
 The Spaniard rules in Spain,
 The gallant Pole but waits his chance
 To break the Russian chain ;
 The strife for freedom here begun
 We never will give o'er,
 Nor own a land on earth but one—
 We're Paddies and no more.

IV.

That strong and single love to crush,
 The despot ever tried,

A fount it was whose living gush,
 His hated arts defied.
 'Tis fresh as when his foot accurst,
 Was planted on our shore,
 And vow and still as from the first,
 We're Paddies evermore.

V.

What reck we though six hundred years
 Have o'er our thraldom rolled,
 The soul that roused O'Nial's spears
 Still lives as true and bold ;
 The tide of foreign power to stem
 Our fathers bled of yore,
 And we stand here to-day like them,
 True Paddies evermore.

VI.

Where's our allegiance? With the land
 For which they nobly died.
 Our duty? By our cause to stand,
 Whatever chance betide.
 Our cherished hope? To heal the woes
 That rankle at her core.
 Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,
 Now, and for evermore.

VII.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
 As suppliants for our right;
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
 The banded millions' might;
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
 Now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still,
 We're Paddies evermore.

THE SHAN BHEAN BHOCOTH OF 1176.

AIR—“*The Shan bhean Boct.*”

I.

The sainted isle of old,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhocoth ;
 The sainted isle of old,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhocoth.
 The parent and the mould,
 Of the beautiful and bold,
 Has her blithesome heart waxed cold,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhocoth.

II.

The Saxon and the Dane,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhocoth ;
 The Saxon and the Dane,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhocoth,
 The Saxon and the Dane,
 Our immortal hills profane,
 Oh ! accrue'st be the twain,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhocoth.

III.

What are the Chiefs to do ?
 Says the Shan bhean Bhocoth ;
 What are the Chiefs to do ?
 Says she Shan bhean Bhocoth.
 What should the Chieftains do,
 But to treat the hireling crew,
 To a touch of Brian Boru ?
 Says the Shan bhean Bhocoth.

IV.

They came across the wave,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth ;
 They came across the wave,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth.
 They came across the wave,
 But to plunder and enslave,
 And should find a robber's grave,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth.

V.

Then be the trusty brand,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth ;
 Then be the trusty brand,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth.
 Then be the trusty brand,
 Firmly clutch'd in every hand,
 And we'll scourge them from the land,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth.

VI.

There's courage yet and truth,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth ;
 There's courage yet and truth,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth.
 There's a God above us all,
 And whatever may befall,
 No invader shall enthral,
 Says the Shan bhean Bhœth.

—
EPIGRAM.

Newell's new patent washing ball,
 If *Times* and *Morning Post* say true,
 " Will draw out any stain at all,
 And leave the fabric good as new."
 Oh, if this boast be not a hum,
 What wonders quickly will be seen,
 For turn-coat B—gh—m will purchase some
 And wash his *reputation* clean.

THE HARP OF THE NATION.

AIR—“*Molli a stór.*”

I.

Our ancient harp, whose voiceful string
 The Saxon rent in twain,
 To him shall fierce defiance fling
 From minstrel hands again.
 No strains for vulgar lordings vile
 Shall to our harp belong—
 To sweep oppression from our isle
 Shall rush its sea of song !

II.

Our ancient harp shall blend its tone
 With Erin’s ancient tongue,
 To sing how Saxon guile alone
 Strong fetters o’er us flung ;
 Shall rouse to wrath our warrior-band
 To shout the battle cry,
 To sweep oppression from the land,
 And burst its bonds—or die !

III.

Our ancient harp impell’d the brave
 Where patriot bosoms bled—
 Where Danish despots found a grave—
 Where Rome’s fierce eagle fled !—
 Where the Invader bit the dust
 On many a bloody plain,
 And, by that Heaven in which we trust,]
 He’ll bite the dust again !

NINETY-EIGHT !

I.

Let all remember Ninety-eight, that hour of Ireland's woes—
 When rapine red the land o'erspread, and flames of roof-trees
 rose—
 When pity shrieked, and ruffians wreak'd their deadly demon
 hate,
 And gibbets groan'd, and widows moaned, in fatal Ninety-
 eight !

II.

In memory save the martyr'd brave, who fell in conflict vain,
 By soldier's sword, or shameful cord, or in the convict's chain ;
 And those whose gore the red lash bore, when tyrants strode
 elate,
 And pitchcaps clung, and tortures wrung, strong hearts in
 Ninety-eight !

III.

When memory drear shall cease the tear for those that tyrant's
 crush'd,
 May life depart our ingrate heart—our craven tongue be
 hush'd—
 And may his worst of deeds accurst the despot perpetrate—
 If swell not high, our rallying cry—Remember Ninety-eight !

IV.

And when the yoke, at length, is broke, that binds our island
 green,
 And high acclaim shall swell her fame—broad ocean's emerald
 Queen !
 A column fair, of sculpture rare, shall proudly celebrate
 The faithful dead, whose blood was shed in fatal Ninety-
 eight !

“THE MEN OF TWENTY-FIVE.”*

Air—“*When my Old Cap was New.*”

I.

Rouse, Erin, rouse, and clap your wings,
 Look forth on coming joys ;
 Wake, Erin’s muse, and sweep your strings,
 And cheer our “ Irish Boys ; ”
 Those “ Boys ” who’ll chase each Saxon drone
 From Ireland’s reeking hive ;
 Our nation’s marrow, blood, and bone,
 Our “ *Men of Twenty-five.* ”

II.

Our fathers were a noble race,
 But mournful was their doom ;
 They blenched before the cut-throat’s face,
 They sleep in Slavery’s tomb.
 “ Unhonored sleep”—but we, their sons,
 Our rusty chains will rive ;
 We little dread their whips and guns,
 We’re “ *Men of Twenty-five.* ”

III.

The Saxons say we thirst for blood,†
 The villains base, they lie ;

* “A NEW RACE, a new spring of sentiments has grown up amongst the Irish people during the last ten years, and have spread themselves over the land, and evidently displaced the timid, cautious class, whose boyhood was impressed with the terrors of the early portion of the present century. *The men of twenty-five* have placed in the rere ranks the men of fifty, and they come forward with all the energies and all the courage of their grandfathers—the Volunteers of 1782—to declare that they will not be content with a secondary position for Ireland amongst the nations of the earth.”

* *—Extract from the *Planet* (a Saxon journal), quoted in *THE NATION* of July 29th, 1843.

† “THE YOUNG IRISH AGITATORS, they are full of the dark vices of Jacobinism. They worship revenge as a virtue. It excites the gloomy character of their souls. They look forward to the slaughter of those they hate as the greatest enjoyment they could experience.”—*London Morning Post*, quoted in *THE NATION* of July 15th.

But if they're in a fighting mood,
 Why—let them come and try.
 But Britain's Lion *couchant* crawls,
 Exhausted, though alive,
 He wants, behind his "Wooden Walls,"
 The "Men of Twenty-five."

IV.

Then, brothers, wake—you *are* awake—
 Then up—from vale and hill—
 For Liberty, for Ireland's sake,
 Sustain the "green flag" still;
 And ere your years are "twenty-six,"
 As sure as God's alive,
 Bright Victory's sun his beams will fix
 On th' "Men of Twenty-five."

V.

And when our gallant-hearted band
 Down life's calm noon-tide run,
 We'll smile upon that happy land
 Our youthful vigour won.
 And when our heads are old and grey,
 If, haply, we survive,
 "He was," our sons shall proudly say,
 "A MAN OF TWENTY-FIVE!"

A RUDE REPEAL MELODY.

What? stirring at last, "Old Land!"
 And dar'st thou gaze at the sun?
 And thy mighty sister looking on!
 Why thou hast never a brand,

And slavery hath deformed thee,
 And the *central heart* that warm'd thee
 Hath been suck'd dry by thy kindred,
 And thy thin white hairs are cinder'd,
 Remember, you're but a step-child, Land !
 And thy sister flaunts in thy finery grand.

II.

What ? standing erect, “ Old Land ! ”
 With thy wasted green robe round thee,
 Rent with the withes that bound thee.
 Art not ashamed, at thy sister's door,
 Looking so meagre, squalid, and poor—
 Think'st thou she'll stretch thee her hand ?
 Ha ! ha ! she'll chain thee and whip thee,
 And of thy last garment strip thee.
 Down—down, or hide thee or flee
 To your lone heritage—slavery.

III.

What ? thundering to be heard, “ Old Land ! ”
 Ho ! bravely and boldly done ;
 Now ! where are thy children gone ?
 Aye, there ; support her—she's weak—
 See ! see ! how her cold limbs shake ;
 Let her lean on that *rusted brand* !
 “ They have treated thee ill ! ” Old Dame,
 And thou blushest with rage and shame—
 Thou'rt astir !—a fearful token !
 That the o'er-strain'd bow has broken !

EPIGRAM.

TO

Your casuists and clerics hold it isn't fair at all
 To plunder Peter for the sake of clearing scores with Paul ;
 But what the d—l would they say to such a lad as you,
 Who'd plunder Peter and not pay to Paul a single *sous* ?

THE VISION.

A NATIONAL ODE.

I.

Where iron rocks tow'r o'er
 Th' Atlantic billows' roll,
 Prophetic muses bore
 The Poet's raptur'd soul ;
 And FREEDOM rose in light from the spray.
 Behold her swiftly glide,
 O'er the strong and reinless tide,
 And the surges swelling pride
 Round her play !

II.

Sublime the steeds rush on
 Till panting next they stand
 On the brow of Slieve-na-mon,
 In the Sparta of our land ;
 And the stormy hills are mov'd at the sound.
 From Cashel's royal rock
 To Benburb is felt the shock,
 And the startled eagles flock,
 Screaming round.

III.

As she moves along the plain,
 Like the march of ocean's wave,
 Our martyr'd heroes slain
 Rise in armour from the grave,
 And they clash their phantom shields on the gale.
 The fires of rage and shame
 Thro' their visors barred that came,
 Wrapt in wild unearthly flame
 Hill and vale.

IV.

From a throne of trampled crowns,
 On a mount of broken chains,
 The Aventine goddess frowns
 O'er the desolated plains,

Where of old a tyrant's horde ply'd the lash,
 She flung her blazon'd shield
 On the far-illumin'd field,
 And the lofty mountains reeled
 With the clash.

v.

Clouds distent with gore
 Above her darkly hang—
 Lightnings leap before,
 Around her thunders clang,
 And marshall'd tempests roar like the sea.
 Her splendour fills the air,
 And the nations, in its glare,
 By their broken altars swear

To be free !

vi.

Then our iron fetters fall
 Like poison weeds around,
 And lie inky as a pall
 On the stain'd and loathing ground ;
 And the carrion-birds of heaven o'er them sail.
 While the sound of joyful bells
 On the laughing zephyr swells
 From thy glorious em'ral' dells,

Innisfail !

vii.

The sounding woods rejoice,
 And the waves around thee sing,
 And the tones of Freedom's voice
 Thro' thy ruin'd turrets ring ;
 And thy buried monarchs smile from the spheres.
 And many a hallow'd name,
 That long slept in silent shame,
 Now in characters of flame

Bright appears.

VIII.

Ul-Erin laughs above,
 O'er Shannon's wave below,
 And songs of joy and love
 Swell the melting airs that blow,
 Enamour'd ling'ring long near thy shore.
 Around dear Freedom's shrine
 Thy dewy shamrocks twine,
 And resound thy harps divine

Evermore !

A HEALTH.

Hurra ! our feuds are drowned at last ;
 Hurra ! let tyrants tremble ;
 The fronted foemen of the past
 In brotherhood assemble.
 Fill up—and with a lofty tongue
 As ever spoke from steeple,
 From shore to shore *his* health be rung—
 The leader of the people.

In mighty triumphs, singly won,
 The nation has a token
 That mightier deeds will yet be done—
 The last strong fetter broken ;
 Since hearts of nerve and hands of strength,
 Once banded to resist him,
 Unfurl his flag, and share at length
 The glory to assist him.

Up with the wine from boss to brim,
 And be his voice the loudest,
 Who rears, at risk of life or limb,
 Our country's flag the proudest.
 “*The leader of the people*”—grand,
 Yet simple wisdom guide him !
 And glory to the men who stand,
 Like sheathed swords, beside him !

DEVIL MAY CARE.

Air—“The old head of Denis.”

Musha, “Queen of the Sea,” is it true what they say
 All about the grand “speeching” you had t’other day
 About Ireland, and Dan, and Repeal? I declare
 I think you were bullied; but, devil may care,
 They shan’t bully Paddy—so devil may care.

I heard, when a boy, you were gentle and true—
 That you lov’d poor old Ireland and Irishmen too—
 That your heart was as just as your form was fair,
 And I wished you were here; but the devil may care,
 I’ve got my own darling—so devil may care.

And you’ve got young Albert, and long may you reign,
 And lightsome and brightsome, and strong be the chain
 That binds you together in love, now so rare
 To be found at “Head Quarters;” but, devil may care,
 That’s a case for the lawyers—so devil may care.

But Paddy a “case” of his own has just now,
 So off goes my “caubeen,” and here’s my best bow;
 My belly is empty, my back is all bare,
 I’m hungry and naked; but devil may care,
 Good times are approaching—so devil may care.

“*Acushla machree*,” we are wounded and sore,
 So bad that we cannot endure it much more.
 A cure we must have, though the Saxons may stare
 And “curse like a trooper;” but devil may care,
 “*Sin fein*”* is our watch-word—so devil may care.

* “*Sin fein*”—Ourselves—or “*OURSELVES ALONE*.”

Through many a century of darkness and gloom
We writhed in our sorrow and wept at our doom;
We begged and implored, but they laughed at our prayer—
The answer they gave us was—"devil may care,"
You're "mere Irish" rebels—so devil may care.

But no longer, like cowards, we'll kneel to the foe—
“Soft words they will butter no parsnips” we know;
Our **RIGHTS** they *must* give “on the nail”—“a child's share”
We claim, and *must* get. By St. Patrick, we swear,
We won't be put off with a “devil may care.”

ADIEU TO INNISFAIL.

"Feror exul in altum." — *Vir.*

Mo bournin! be thou long.
In peace, the queen of song—
In battle proud and strong
As the sea!
Be saints thine offspring still—
True heroes guard each hill—
And harps by ev'ry rill
Sound free!

Tho' round her Indian bow'rs
 The hand of nature show'rs
 The brightest-blooming flow'rs
 Of our sphere ;
 Yet not the richest rose
 In an *alien* clime that blows,
 Like the brier at home that grows,
 Is dear.

'Tho' glowing breasts may be
 In soft vales beyond the sea,
 Yet ever *Gramma cree*
 Shall I wail ;
 For the heart of love I leave,
 In the dreary hours of eve,
 On thy stormy shore to grieve,
 Innisfail !

But mem'ry o'er the deep
 On her dewy wing shall sweep,
 When in midnight hours I weep
 O'er thy wrongs :
 And bring me, steep'd in tears,
 The dead flow'rs of other years,
 And waft unto my ears
 Home's songs.

When I slumber in the gloom
 Of a nameless foreign tomb,
 By a distant ocean's boom,
 Innisfail !
 Around thy em'rald shore
 May the clasping sea adore,
 And each wave in thunder roar,
 "All hail!"

And when the final sigh
 Shall bear my soul on high,
 And on chainless wing I fly
 Thro' the blue,
 Earth's latest thought shall be,
 As I soar above the sea—
 “ Green Erin, dear, to thee—
 Adieu !”

ENGLISH SCHOOLS AND IRISH PUPILS.

FROM MRS. O'RORKE, FORMERLY MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO HER
 SISTER DEBBY, IN ENGLAND.

Ballysassenagh, March 29, 1843.

I write, my dear Deb., in the greatest distress—
 How great it must be you will easily guess,
 When I tell you I'm just about bidding adieu
 To poor Johnny and Jemmy. I'm sending the two
 To England to school. Oh! Debby, my heart
 Is ready to break, when I think I must part
 My dear darling boys ; but its all for their good,
 And I'd go through a thousand times more, if I could,
 To rear them *genteely*—for ev'ry sensation
 Of mine is in favour of *nice* education.
 Above all, 'tis the *accent* I'm anxious about ;
 Good accent's the main point beyond any doubt.
 You remember last year how your dear little Kitty
 Delighted us all here, her talk was so pretty.

When you asked her to sing about Margery Daw,
 And she said with her sweet little frown, “*Au mammau,*”
 “Don’t ask me, I pray, sure you know that I *caunt*.”
 Had she sung it, she couldn’t have more pleased her aunt.
 Yes! England’s the place for an accent—it’s there
 One imbibes the pure sounds with the pure English air;
 Besides, ’tis the place where a young man will learn
 All his mere vulgar Irish attachments to spurn.
 While he talks with a tone, he will act with one, too,
 That will show he has little with Ireland to do.
 Will be thoroughly Englified—shamed out of all
 Those nonsensical notions the frize-coated call
 Patriotic—will always evince a *sang froid*
 That vastly contributes in *my* mind to awe
 People into respect; one moves on so *distingue*,
 In a path quite apart from the middle-class *gangway*.
 I like a young man with an air supercilious,
 Looking English, and aristocratic, and biliary—
 It shows folk at once he has rank on his side,
 When he looks down on all with a cool, conscious pride.

Now, Deb., I would ask you, what is there in all
 Their language, and science, and stuff that they call
 Education at home here that is not vulgarity
 Compared with nice manners?—just think what disparity!

And yet, though fine accent and notions abound
 In your Oxford and Cambridge, yet trust me, I found
 Poor Mr. O’Rorke hard enough to bring round.
 He’s a good man, indeed—as a husband no better—
 Whatever his wife’s *bent* on doing—he’ll let her;
 Minds his lands and his cattle, his markets and fairs;
 Talks of rises and falls, and the prices of shares;
 In these vulgar affairs he displays some ability,
 But not an idea has he of gentility.
 Only think how he said th’ other day, he’d regret
 That his sons were aristocrats—soon was he met
 With an answer, I fancy, he’ll hardly forget:
 “Are your sons like yourself,” said I, “Mr. O’Rorke,
 To be noted for knowledge of mutton, and pork?

Fie, for shame on your meanness—I'll *not* be a fool—
 I must have my sons sent to England to school—
 I'll have none of your brogue—they must speak with an accent,
 If all Ballysassenagh were set at a rack rent.
 See the Blacks and the Browns—sure my heart it annoys
 To see those young fellows look down on our boys;
 And why? I'm convinced it's for no better reason,
 Than that they were at college in England last season."

Thus I argued and fought—above all did I use
 Such a tone that I quite beat him out of his views;
 So now I'm all tears, and confusion, and racket,
 Preparing the boys for the very next packet.

This being the case, Deb., I'm sure you'll excuse
 All mistakes in my hurry to tell you the news;
 But whatever my feelings, my fuss, or my fidget,
 I am always the self-same, affectionate,

BRIDGET.

ENGLISH AND IRISH EYES.

Air—“*Jock of Hazeldeen.*”

The world's wealth should not buy, lady,
 My heart for thee to wear,
 For in your Saxon eye, lady,
 There's something *all* may share;
 And though the glances strike, lady,
 From out your orbs of fire,
 There's nothing there to *like*, lady,
 Though much there's to admire.

They look too much around, lady—
 All restless is their mien—
 Though there one truth I've found, lady,
 You would not *love* but feign;

And with a quiet fireside, lady,
 They could not be content
 The space is far too wide, lady,
 O'er which their glance is sent.

And cloak them how you will, lady,
 At times they must be seen—
 They cannot aye be still, lady,
 Beneath their silken screen ;
 But let them still rove on, lady,
 To make some weak hearts pine,
 The power they had is gone, lady,
 To rule this heart of mine.

Give me the eyes at *home*, lady,
 Whose glances show no guile ;
 Though free as ocean's foam, lady,
 On *all* they will not smile ;
 But for the darling *one*, lady,
 Their look will know no change,
 And e'en when life's sands run, lady,
 Their spirit will not range.

Then turn thine eyes away, lady—
 On others let them roam ;
 My young heart cannot stray, lady,
 From our sweet eyes at *home*.
 In cups brimful of wine, lady,
 That sparkle high with foam,
 I drink *farewell* to *thine*, lady,
 But *love* to those at *home*.

EPIGRAM.

ON MR. BUTT'S INTENDED MOTION IN THE CORPORATION.

What discord dire has Isaac spread !
 His temper somewhat tart I call ;
 With truth prophetic Murray said,
 “ *But's* a disjunctive particle.”

THE PATRIOT'S WIFE.

There is a tradition amongst the Swiss of the Canton of Uri, that the wife of the tyrant Gessler, disgusted at the atrocities perpetrated by her husband, fled him, and as she was of Swiss extraction, made a vow never to return to him. The tyrant, however, succeeded in capturing her; and the following verses record the dialogue, which is often repeated by the Swiss hearth, when the peasant recounts to his children the glories and achievements of William Tell.

“ How changed art thou since last we met !

Thy brow is wan—thy smile is cold ;

Stern grief her seal has on thee set—

Thou art not what thou wert of old !

“ No joy now flashes from that eye,

Which once around shed charms of light ;

That voice once sweet can now but sigh :

Oh, Heavens ! whence came this sudden blight ?

“ Say wilt thou tell ?—great God ! how strange

That beauty thus could pass away,

And mirth to deepest sorrow change

More quickly than the tomb’s decay

“ Yes ; tell me if the memory lives

Of early loves and sun-bright years—

If thought but one faint flickering gives—

Whence all these woes and burning tears ?”

Nay, do not ask—to tell were vain—

My grief not Heaven itself can 'suage ;

Nor seraph's breath could cool my pain,

Nor quench my bosom's burning rage.

“ My country, prey to tyrant bands—
 Her glories gone—her brave ones dead—
 Her daughter slain by traitor’s hands—
 And ask’st thou *why* my joy is sped ?

“ Fore Heaven, I prize this faded form,
 E’en in its ghastly features, more
 Than when thou won it young and warm,
 And it alone to worship swore.

“ For now I make thee, tyrant, tremble
 O’er all the ruin thou hast made ;
 In vain thou seekest to dissemble—
 Oh ! curse thy bloody heart and blade.

“ And cursed may her ashes be
 Who basely sold my maiden hand
 To him who crushed our liberty,
 And drowned in blood my fatherland.”

WINTER—AN ELEGY.

“ *Most musical, most melancholy.*”

The lovely rose, the garden’s graceful queen ;
 The shining berries of the mountain ash,
 And all the glories of the sylvan scene,
 Have gone, I guess, teetotally to smash !

The shuddering hills, enwrapt in lurid fire,
 With flaming tongues the lambent lightning licks ;
 Whilst all the songsters of the rural choir
 To New South Wales have cut their precious sticks.

From sable clouds that veil the dreary skies,
 The rushing demons of the tempest shout ;
And Ruin grim to reeking Havoc cries—
 “ Does your mamma, my tulip, know you’re out ? ”

From pole to pole the rumbling thunder runs,
 Tearing, with horrid voice, the tortur’d sky ;
And, hark ! red Havoc’s awful answer comes,
 Rending the rock, “ Old spitfire, axe my eye.”

Aloft, among the rent and flutt’ring shrouds,
 While his barque battles with strong ocean’s might,
The sailor, gazing on the sable clouds,
 Prays to the raging Boreas—“ Blow me tight ! ”

Now the ship, madden’d with th’ unequal strife,
 Stagg’ringly, plunges heavily about ;
The crew, resigning ev’ry hope of life,
 Cry, “ One wave more, and we’ll be up the spout ! ”

Alas ! behold the angry winter blast
 Strikes the tall monarch of the forest flat ;
Thus youth’s aspiring hopes to earth are cast,
 And poets’ dreams are—all around my hat !

EPIGRAM.

When Brougham, in his early days,
 By manly deeds, won manly praise,
 He scorned a pedigree to trace
 From any lordly robber-race ;
 But now in senile strain he talks,
 As heir of Burgham and of Vaux,
 Degraded, fallen, and discontent.
 He well may think on his *descent* !

LOVE SONG.

AIR—“How sweet the answer Echo makes.”

I.

I love thine eyes of truth and light,
 I love thy smile of joy ;
 But not to me their beams were bright,
 If, as I did, so others might
 Their light enjoy.

II.

Canst thou be true to one alone,
 True beyond all reproach—
 Bound like the pilgrim to one goal,
 Thrilled like the magnet by one pole—
 Canst thou be such ?

III.

The head that pillows on my breast,
 And calls that home its own,
 Must grant to every thought confess'd
 As calm and true a place of rest
 To reign alone.

IV.

Ask I too much ? Nay, think not so ;
 Folly might guess,
 He with scant love content to go
 Meaneth, in turn, to bestow
 Even yet less.

V.

But the true heart can claim in sooth
 But what it gave—
 Candour for candour, truth for truth,
 An ebbless tide to age from youth
 Even to the grave.

THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST.

I.

O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
 On the solemn midnight blast,
 What bleeding spectres pass'd,
 With their gash'd breasts bare ?
 Hast thou heard the fitful wail
 That o'erloads the sullen gale,
 When the waning moon shines pale
 O'er the curs'd ground there ?

II.

Hark ! hollow moans arise
 Thro' the black tempestuous skies,
 And curses, strife, and cries,
 From the lone Rath swell ;
 For bloody SYDNEY, there,
 Nightly fills the lurid air
 With th' unholy pomp and glare
 Of the foul, deep hell.

III.

He scorches up the gale,
 With his knights, in fiery mail ;
 And the banners of the Pale
 O'er the red ranks rest.
 But a wan and gory band
 All apart and silent stand,
 And they point th' accusing hand
 At that hell-hound's crest !

IV.

Red streamlets, trickling slow,
 O'er their clotted *cooluns* flow,
 And still and awful woe
 On their pale brows weeps—

Rich bowls bestrew the ground,
And broken harps around,
Whose once enchanting sound
In the bard's blood sleeps.

V.

False Sydney ! knighthood's stain,
The trusting brave in vain—
Thy guests—ride o'er the plain
To thy dark cow'rd snare.
Flow'r of Offaly and Leix,
They have come thy board to grace—
Fools ! to meet a faithless race
Save with true swords bare.

VI.

While cup and song abound,
The triple lines surround
The clos'd and guarded mound,
In the night's dark noon.
Alas ! too brave O'More,
Ere the revelry was o'er
They have spill'd thy young heart's gore,
Snatch'd from love too soon !

VII.

At the feast, unarm'd all,
Priest, bard, and chieftain fall
In the treacherous Saxon's hall,
O'er the bright wine bowl ;
And now nightly round the board,
With unsheathe'd and recking sword,
Strides the cruel, felon lord
Of the blood-stain'd soul.

VIII.

Since that hour the clouds that pass'd
O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
One tear have never cast
On the gore-dyed sod ;

For the shower of crimson rain,
 That o'erflow'd that fatal plain,
 Cries aloud, and not in vain,
 To the most high God.

IX.

Tho' the Saxon snake unfold
 At thy feet his scales of gold,
 And vow thee love untold,
 Trust him not, Green Land ;
 Touch not with gloveless clasp
 A coil'd and deadly asp,
 But with strong and guarded grasp
 In your steel-clad hand.

YOUNG ENGLAND TO YOUNG IRELAND.

[The subjoined powerful address was written by an English Puseyite, and may be fairly taken to represent the sentiments of many of that great party. They cannot but sympathise with a people not only oppressed for conscience sake, but for opinions differing little from their own ; and it is natural that the sympathy of the young and earnest should exhibit the bold and emphatic spirit which breathes through this poem :—]

Brothers, arise! the hour has come
 To strike the blow for truth and God ;
 Why sit ye folded up and dumb—
 Why bending kiss the tyrant's rod ?
 Is there no hope upon the earth—
 No charter in the starry sky ?
 Has freedom no ennobling worth ?
 And man no immortality ?

Ah, brothers ! think ye what ye are !
 What glorious work ye have to do,
 And how they wait ye near and far
 To do the same the wide world through.

The wide world sunk in dreams and death,
 With guilt and wrong upon its breast,
 Like night-mares choking up its breath,
 And murdering all its holy rest ?

Bethink ye, how with heart and brain
 This God-like work were ablest done ;
 For man must ne'er go back again
 And lose the triumphs he has won.
 Ye who have spurned the tyrant's power,
 And fought your own great spirits free,
 Forget not in this trying hour
 The claims of struggling slavery !

The wise and good ! oh, where are they
 To guide us onward to the Right,
 Untruth and specious lies to slay,
 And red oppression in its might ?
 Come forth, my brothers, on with us—
 Direct the battle we would give ;
 By thousands we would die—if thus
 The millions yet unborn may live.

For what is death to him who dies
 With God's own blessing on his head ?
 A charter—not a sacrifice—
 A life immortal to the dead.
 And life itself is only great
 When man devotes himself to be
 By virtue, thought, and deed, the mate
 Of God's own children and the free.

And are we free ? O, blot and shame !
 That men who for a thousand years
 Have battled on through fire and flame,
 And nourished with their blood and tears—
 Religion—Freedom—Civil Right—
 Should tamely suffer traitor hands
 To dash them into gloom and night,
 And bind the very God with bands.

And will ye bear, my brother men,
 To see your altars trampled down ;
 Shall Christ's great heart bleed out again
 Beneath the scoffer's spear and frown ?
 Shall priests proclaim that God is not,
 And from the Devil's gospel teach
 Those worldly doctrines, unforgot,
 Which burning tyrants loved to preach ?

Shall traitors to the human right
 To God and truth have boundless sway,
 And ye not rush into the fight
 And wrench the SACRED CROSS away,
 And tear the scrolls of freedom, bought
 With blood of martyrs and the brave,
 From men who with derisive sport
 Defy you on the martyr's grave ?

Ah, no !—upushing—million-strong,
 The trodden people come at last,
 Their fiery souls pent up so long
 Burst out in flames all thick and fast ;
 And thunder-words and lightning-deeds
 Strike terror to the Wrong, who flee,
 Till lo ! at last the wronger bleeds,
 And dying, leaves the nation free.

THE IRISH MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

I.

O, tell me not love's light, and joyous tale ;
 Sing not to me love's soft delicious lay ;
 But let thy tale be sad—thy strains the wail
 Of men enslaved—let not thy song be gay

Tune not thy harp to joy. No merry sound
 Should wake its captive chords to melody,
 Each gladsome note is to my soul a wound,
 For Erin wears the chains of slavery.

II.

And if thy fingers wake, perhaps, a strain
 Of joy, in passing heedless o'er the chords,
 Let not thy voice re-echo it again—
 Let not its brightness pass into thy words.
 No ; rather sing of death and of the grave,
 Then will thy lay claim more of sympathy ;
 These are the themes that best befit the slave,
 For death at least will make the bondsman free.

III.

Then sing not now the melting lay of love,
 Its notes should not be uttered by a slave ;
 But if thou wouldest thy heart's devotion prove,
 Recover first the freedom Heaven gave ;
 Then when that first, best gift thou shalt regain,
 A willing ear I'll lend thy minstrelsy ;
 But sing not to me love's light, joyous strain
 Till thou canst say—“ My native land is free.”

O'NIAL'S VOW.

“ Jusque la nous leur ferons guerre à mort.”—Donald O'Nial, *King of Ulster, to Pope John.*

How many a year,
 In fleet career,
 Have circled o'er its blackened strand,
 Since first that vow,
 Forgotten now,
 Was plighted to our native land ?

And still the crimes
 Of those dark times
 Are perpetrated hour by hour,
 And Saxon fraud,
 By God unaw'd,
 Goes hand in hand with Saxon power !

What lesson stern
 Thou'st left to learn,
 Oft baffled, but unyielding King,
 " In peace or strife,
 In death or life,
 The Saxon bears a poison'd sting.
 Then weal or woe,
 Strike home the blow,
 And win at least the hero's fate.
 And far on high
 Your destiny
 Shall rank with stars of loftiest state."

O'Nial swears
 The crown he wears,
 While throbs one pulse, or heaves one breath,
 To meet thy band
 With glove and brand,
 Invading brigand to the death.
 Nor length of years,
 Nor blood nor tears,
 Defeat, disaster, nor distress,
 Shall mar the word
 Pledg'd on the sword
 He clutches for the merciless.

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