



IRISH 1798 COLLECTION

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LITERARY REMAINS
OF
THE UNITED IRISHMEN
OF 1798,
AND
SELECTIONS FROM OTHER POPULAR LYRICS
OF THEIR TIMES,
WITH
AN ESSAY ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF
“THE EXILE OF ERIN.”

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
R. R. MADDEN.

“Beaucoup de chansons de ce nouveau recueil appartiennent à ce temps déjà loin de nous : et plusieurs même auront besoin de notes. . . . Le peuple c'est ma muse.”—*Beranger. Preface*, p. 5.

Dublin :
JAMES DUFFY AND SONS,
14 & 15 WELLINGTON QUAY,
1887.

DUBLIN :
Printed by Edmund Burke and Co.,
61 & 62 GREAT STRAND STREET.

Dedication.

TO

ONE OF THE FEW LIVING CONTRIBUTORS TO
“THE PRESS,”

THE FIRST IN MERIT OF THE LYRISTS OF OUR DAY,
AND AMONG THE LAST OF THE SURVIVING FRIENDS

OF

WILLIAM CORBET, EDWARD HUDSON, AND
ROBERT EMMET,

TO

THOMAS MOORE,

NOT MERELY “IN THE BEATEN WAY OF FRIENDSHIP,”
BUT IN TOKEN OF HOMAGE TO HIS GENIUS,
AND IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE CONSTANT DEVOTION OF
HIS TALENTS TO THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY

THE EDITOR.

1846.

PUBLISHERS' INTRODUCTION.

AT the sale of the Library of the late R. R. Madden, Esq., M.D., the Messrs. Duffy and Sons purchased a parcel of M.S. and printed matter, the former in the hand-writing of the learned doctor, and the latter collected by him from newspapers, periodicals, and books which are now entirely out of print, and seldom turn up at public auctions. Those who take an interest in the ever-memorable events of the year '98 need hardly be told that the historian, *par eminence*, of that perturbed period is R. R. Madden, whose numerous works—"Travels in the East," biographies, etc., etc.—single him out as one of the most distinguished and industrious writers to whom our metropolis has given birth. While writing the History of the United Irishmen, and long after that splendid work had been brought to a conclusion, Doctor

Madden collected the interesting documents which enrich this volume, hoping, we may presume, to see them published long before his death. But, although infirmities and old age, with all its troubles and cares, denied him that gratification ; he went on rescuing from oblivion songs, street ballads, and fragments of biography which are now presented to the reader within the covers of this volume. Need we say that each and all of those documents reflect vividly the character of the times when they emanated from the Press, and that it would be a hopeless task to try to discover the pamphlets and newspapers from which the doctor compiled them. The reader will observe that Doctor Madden corresponded with the surviving relatives—male and female—of some among the most distinguished of the United Irishmen, and that he lost no opportunity of acquiring additional details of their struggles against the infamous Union, and their bitter persecution in those evil days, which saw so many of

them consigned to the gallows and exile.

In this volume there will be found a very interesting inquiry about the author of that beautiful lyric, "The Exile of Erin," wrongly attributed to George Nugent Reynolds, of the County Leitrim ; but whose genuine author was Campbell, with whom Doctor Madden lived on terms of unqualified intimacy. That poet was author of the "Pleasures of Hope," published in 1800, "Life of Petrarch," and, above all, of that most beautiful, perhaps, of all his inspirations, "The Flower of Love lies bleeding," which manifests his admiration of Ireland, and fervent sympathies with those of her banished sons whom he met during his travels in Germany. Dr. Madden's essay on "The Exile of Erin," if we may use such phrase, and his conversations with Campbell, vindicate the latter's claim to the authorship of that poem, and leaves no doubt that Nugent Reynolds, and those who attributed the authorship to him, had no right to do so.

Twould be a pleasant labour to deal more largely here with the contents of this volume, if Doctor Madden had not written the Introduction which follows, and which, we hope, will prove pleasing to the reader, who may regard this book as an aftermath, left as a literary legacy to his countrymen, who will venerate his memory and labours for the vindication of the United Irishmen, who made such terrible sacrifices for their native land.

The notes on the Poems throughout the volume are of course Dr. Madden's own. The Collection was originally dedicated, by Dr. Madden, to Thomas Moore, who was then (1846) "one of the few living contributors to *The Press*"—a source from whence many of the pieces of this volume have been obtained. This Dedication we have retained.

C. P. M.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

—o—

I CAN see no good reason why the Jacobite relics of Scotch song should be in high repute with loyal men throughout the kingdom, and the old songs of '98 and the other Tyrtæan lyrics of the people called "United Irishmen," should be held unworthy of the attention of literary curiosity. It is very possible to be gratified at hearing an old song, however political its tendencies, well sung, or to find it rescued from oblivion in a modern collection, without having one's spirit excited to the frenzy of a passion for rebellion by the poetry, which stimulated the souls of our fathers and grandfathers to acts of violence and desperation.

The sense of wrong which breathed in it, died with the oppressors and the oppressed. Our wrongs spring not from Protestant ascendancy, from Penal laws, or an unreformed Parliament. Every age has its proper grievances—and a befitting expression for them. The monster grievance of our

time is landlordism, and its rapacious despotism has yet to furnish a great theme for those who have thoughts that breathe, and words that burn for gigantic evils. The songs of the United Irishmen served the purpose for which they were written. They produced excitement, but the excitement failed to produce success. The very fact of failure, however, gives an adventitious interest to all that concerns the actors in a struggle, against whom great power or great oppression has prevailed. Their acts, their efforts, their political literature, their songs, their spirit-stirring lyrics, their mournful strains in exile, their elegies—all that recalls the incidents of that dream of independence, that day-dream of ardent youth and generous manhood, of that truly Greek drama, the struggle of the United Irishmen, with the inevitable doom of those engaged in it, plainly indicated in every scene, in every act, from the drawing of the curtain to the thickening of the plot that precedes the denouement, all that speaks of the hopes and fears that were in play in '98, and now that have a being only in the strains of their literary allies—cannot fail to have an interest

for readers, even those whose sympathies are not particularly inclined towards Irish patriotism.

The talented writer of a series of Papers on the Rivers of Ireland, published in the "University Magazine," a Church of England Conservative writer, in a rabid State Church Ultra-Tory periodical, thus expresses himself on the subject of poetry supposed to be of a very inflammatory nature, of our own times: "We are not frenzied by the retrospective poetry which has emanated from many of those talented, enthusiastic, and warm-hearted sons of Ireland, no more than we would be songs, which told again the wars of York and Lancaster, or the bloody massacre of Glencoe; nor are we ready to 'flesh every sword to the hilt' in a Saxon, when we read these reprints of some of the old and sad tales of English misgovernment, and English treachery."

This collection consists of such pieces as seemed to me to possess most merit in "The Harp of Erin," "The Press," "The Northern Star," "The Anti-Unionist," the separately published poems of Drennan, Russell, Orr, etc., and in manuscript also those of Robert

Emmet, James Hope, and several written by persons in the lower ranks of life—with few claims to literary excellence, but valuable for the insight they afford into the modes of thinking, the objects and designs of the working men of the United Irish Society.

What was censurable in those songs has now ceased to be of a mischievous tendency. Some of the sentiments are very contrary to mine—the pieces, however, are specimens of the curiosities of Irish political literature. I have omitted many cleverly written pieces of an irreligious tendency, and others bearing the stamp of the French political philosophy of the Revolutionary period.

I have added to this collection some pieces of a later date, illustrative of some leading occurrences in the lives, or remarkable traits in the characters of the United Irishmen. These pieces bear the signature—“Iernè.” There are many songs and ballads of far superior merit, of a similar nature, that have been written of late years in several periodicals, but the best of them have been republished in the collections entitled, “The Songs,” and “The Spirit of the Nation,” and also in “The Ballad Poetry of Ireland.”

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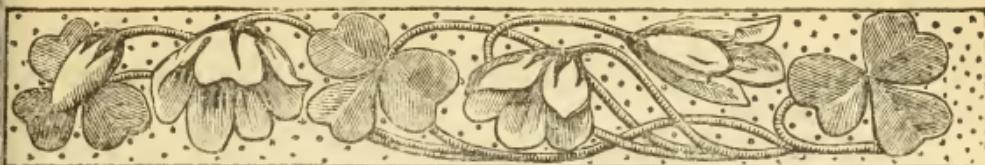
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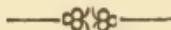
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LITERARY REMAINS OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN OF '98.



“THE MANIAC”—“MARY LE MORE.”

These beautiful lines appeared in a Second Edition of “Paddy’s Resource,” published in 1803, and about the same period in a thin 8vo volume of “Fugitive Pieces in Verse,” written by Edward Rushton of Liverpool, and published by the latter in that place. Rushton was a man of high intellectual powers, and of literary pursuits, well known and duly appreciated. That the lines entitled “The Maniac” were written by Rushton I have no doubt. This ballad has been erroneously ascribed by Mr. Duffy (now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy) in *The Nation* to George Nugent Reynolds.

As I strayed o’er the common on Cork’s rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet prim-rose displayed,
I saw a poor female whose mental disorder
Her quick glancing eye and wild aspect betrayed.
On the ground she reclined, by the green fern sur-
rounded,
At her side speckled daisies and shamrocks
abounded,
To its inmost recesses her heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing—’twas Mary Le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her cheek,
Her tresses, a wreath of fresh primroses braided,
And sprigs of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.
While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed, "Oh, my mother !
See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother,
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another,
'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary Le More.

"Tho' his locks were as white as the foam on the ocean,
These wretches shall find my poor father is brave !
My father !" she cried, with the wildest emotion ;
" Ah, no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave.
They were friends of his son and of freedom who bore him,
They have tolled his death knell, they have laid the turf o'er him,
He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will deplore him,
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary Le More."

A lark from the gold-blossomed furze that grew near her,
Now rose and with energy carolled his lay,
" Hush ! hush !" she continued, " the trumpet sounds clearer,
The horsemen advance ! Erin's daughters away !
Ah, soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And the father lay dead, the poor daughter was mourning,

Oh hide with the sea mew, ye maids, and take
warning,

These wretches have ruined poor Mary Le More."

"Away, bring the ointment. Oh God, see those
lashes!

Alas, my poor brother! Come dry up those
tears;

Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful
gashes!

The raven, its omen, already appears.

By day the green grave that lies under the willow
With wild flowers I'll strew, and at night make
my pillow,

And the weary at last shall have rest, for the bil-
low

Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary Le More."

Thus rav'd the poor maniac, in tones more heart-
rending

Than Sanity's voice ever poured on the ear,
When lo! on the heath, and their march towards
her bending,

A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear.

"Oh, the fiends!" she exclaimed, and with wild
horror started,

Then screaming in terror, with frenzy she darted.

The tears filled my eyes as I slowly departed,

And sighed for the wrongs of poor Mary Le
More.

It is a strange circumstance that the author of two of the best ballad lyrics, in relation to the events and men of Ninety-Eight, should not be written by Irishmen. The author of the "Exile of Erin" was a Scotchman; the author of "The Maniac," or Mary Le More, was an Englishman, Edward Rushton of Liverpool.

A biographical sketch of Edward Rushton by his son, is now before me, and was inserted in the *Belfast Magazine*, edited by William Drennan, in the Number for

December, 1814, in which we find the following passages :—

“ If I mistake not, in 1799, he (Edward Rushton) wrote *Mary Le More*. The outrages daily committed roused his slumbering genius, and induced him to write, not only this, but several other pieces on the same subject ; all of them breathing that spirit which it once was his pride and boast to cherish.”

This I suppose is conclusive evidence of the son of Rushton as to his father’s claim to the authorship of this ballad.

Edward Rushton was a consistent philanthropist, a very rare character in our times and realm, and indeed in any age or country. He was born in Liverpool in 1756. The perusal of Anson’s Voyages made a sea boy of him at eleven years of age. The vessels in which he went to sea till he was 17 years of age, traded with the West Indies.

He went as second mate in a vessel bound to the coast of Africa, on a slavery voyage, but when he witnessed the horrors of that vile traffic he openly expressed his detestation of it, and with such boldness, that he was menaced with being put in irons if he did not desist. On this fatal voyage he was attacked with ophthalmia, which deprived him of sight at the age of 19. He returned in total blindness to Liverpool, resided for a short time with his father, but met with treatment which compelled him to leave him, and to maintain himself on the sum of four shillings a week. He subsisted on this sum for seven years. Out of this sum he paid a boy for reading to him an hour or two in the evenings two pence or three pence a week. At length his father set him up in a public-house, but he did not long continue in it. He became the editor of the *Liverpool Herald*, but his opinions were of too liberal a nature for the proprietors ; he threw up his situation and began the world once more. “ With thirty guineas, a wife, and five children he next commenced the business of a bookseller. He published some pieces of a democratic kind. His shop was soon frequented by the advocates of liberty, both of blacks and whites, and the poor blind bookseller was marked out for the wrath of the high Tory party ; he was fired at by one of them,

and narrowly escaped being murdered. He was now deserted by his former acquaintances, with the exception of Wm. Rathbone and William Roscoe, who frequently pressed pecuniary assistance on him, which he declined to accept even when in poverty and sorely pressed for the means of giving bread to his family. Nevertheless he maintained his independence. In 1797 he wrote a very remarkable letter to Washington on the subject of the inconsistency of his conduct as a professed lover of liberty and a practical enemy to it—a slave-holder. Washington had the want of temper and of courtesy to return the letter to the writer, whom he knew to be then labouring under blindness occasioned by his devotedness to the race of whose wrongs he treated in his letter, by descending into the pestilential hold of a slave ship in which ophthalmia was raging, to administer relief to the unfortunate sufferers."—*Belfast Magazine*, Oct. 1808, p. 90.

This is one of the noblest letters that ever was written. Our abolitionist may be pardoned on a subject only collateral with slavery, for dwelling on the heroic conduct of another, and for his zeal, even if it be extreme, in restoring to him, a generous Englishman, the merits of the authorship of a piece on an Irish subject as remarkable for its pathos as anything in our language.

I cannot resist quoting two or three passages from this fine letter :—

" It is not to the commander-in-chief of the American forces, nor to the President of the United States, that I have aught to address, my business is with George Washington of Mount Vernon in Virginia, a man who, notwithstanding his hatred of oppression and his ardent love of liberty, holds at this moment hundreds of his fellow beings in a state of slavery. Yes, you who conquered under the banners of freedom, you who are now the first magistrate of a free people, are 'strange to relate) a slave-holder.

" That a Liverpool merchant should endeavour to enrich himself by such a business is not a matter of surprise; but that you, an enlightened man, strongly enamoured of freedom, you, who if the British forces had succeeded in the Eastern States would have retired with a few congenial spirits to the rude fastnesses of

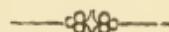
the Western wildernesses, there to have enjoyed that blessing without which a paradise would be worthless, and with which the most savage region is not without its charms ; that you, I say, should continue to be a slave-holder—a proprietor of human flesh and blood—creates in many of your British friends both astonishment and regret. It has been said by some of your apologists that your feelings are inimical to slavery, and that you are induced to acquiesce in it at present merely from motives of policy : *the only true policy is justice*, and he who regards the consequences of an act, rather than the justice of it, gives no very exalted proof of the greatness of his character Of all the slave-holders under heaven those of the United States appear to me most reprehensible ; for man is never so truly odious as when he inflicts upon others that which he himself abominates. The hypocritical bawd who preaches chastity, yet lives by the violation of it, is not more truly disgusting than one of your slaveholding gentry bellowing in favour of democracy."

In 1807, after being thirty years totally blind, he recovered the sight of one eye by a surgical operation ; and in 1814, he died in his native place, universally honoured and lamented.

Edward Rushton was a man of great virtue : a patriot on a large scale, a philanthropist in the true sense of the term—a practical Christian, his life was spent in advocating justice at home and abroad, and doing works of mercy and of kindness to his fellow men. In a letter of his dated November 8th, 1810, he says to his Irish correspondent, "If I have any partiality for the men of Ireland, and you think I have, it is not merely because I have a little Irish blood in my veins, but because they have been long an oppressed people ; and if I do not esteem my countrymen, it is because they are the oppressors of mankind. I know it will be said it is wrong to censure a people merely for the acts of their government ; but as the great mass of the British people are the advocates and supporters of their government, they of course partake of the guilt, and should share their censure. If Patriotism is to supersede Justice : if the wealth and power of our nation cannot be supported without the pillage and slavery of others, then the names of patriot and plunderer ought to be synony-

mous."—*Biographical Sketch of E. Rushton, by his Son.*

I have often thought it is too bad of us to speak as we have sometimes done of "the Saxon." Surely we must be forgetful of the worth and noble qualities of such men as Edward Rushton, as Thomas Clarkson, as Joseph Sturge, when we deal in diatribes and generalities that are neither just nor advantageous to ourselves. Rushton was a lover of Ireland, a hater of its oppressors, resolute in his integrity, steadfast in his devotion to freedom, consistent in his advocacy of its interests at all times and for all people: Peace be to his ashes.



THE NEW VIVA LA.

AIR—"Willy was a Wanton Wag."

MUSE of energy and fire,
Stretch abroad thy boldest wing ;
Freedom calls ! assume the lyre,
Freedom calls ! arise and sing.

Viva la long live the people,
Free from care and slavery,
Viva la Hibernia,
Man will surely soon be free.

Sing the captive's broken chain ;
Sing the tyrant's withered arm.
Mad oppression storms in vain ;
Freedom's strength has broke the charm.
Viva la, etc.

Slavery's bastile reared its head ;
Deep the strong foundation lay,
Lost in its tremendous shade,
Nations mourned the absent day.
Viva la, etc.

All the ghastly regions round
 Stretched immense a hideous wild ;
 Misery hoped and horror frowned,
 Men despaired and demons smiled.
 Viva la, etc.

Sudden sounding from afar,
 Freedom's awful voice was heard
 Glorious as the morning star ;
 Soon liberty herself appeared.
 Viva la, etc.

Triumph shining in her eyes,
 Beams of heavenly splendour shed,
 Kindling up the glowing skies,
 Darkness saw and midnight fled,
 Viva la, etc.

Down the gothic structure then
 Thundered on the builders' heads ;
 Slaves beheld and sprung to men,
 Tyrants saw and shrunk to shades.
 Viva la, etc.

Storms and tempests howling flew ;
 Desolation left the scene,
 Gales of vernal fragrance blew,
 Nature bloomed in flowery green.
 Viva la, etc.

Freedom still extend thy sway ;
 Boundless may thy influence run,
 Universal as the day,
 Everlasting as the sun.
 Viva la, etc.

MS. SONGS OF 1798.

The following productions were communicated to my friend, W. B. MacCabe, Esq., the result of a request on the part of the Editor to have authentic versions of any of the popular songs of the United Irishmen that could be collected, transmitted to him for me.

R. R. M.

A SONG OF '98.

COME all you warriors, both old and noble,
 That place a Sinew in your hostile band,
 Strip off your plumage and your golden phoenix,
 Lay down your arms with a quivering hand.
 Since Father Murphy, of the county Wexford,
 Has lately arose from a sleepy dream
 To shake off heretics and persecutors,
 And wash them away in a crimson stream.

The Jews nor Cæsar they could not equal ;
 Nor old king Arthur along with them,
 For foreign enemies he did conquer,
 And with two gunsmen he did begin.
 It was at the Harrow for to try experience,
 We boldly faced our enemy's sticks,
 And pebbles were our chief weapons,
 And them we used most manfully.

Their first lieutenant he came on ripe eager
 Thinking to slay St. Peter's flock,
 But he fell a victim to sundry weapons ;
 Our pikesmen gave him a bloody shock.
 On Oulart Hill where he showed his valour,
 One hundred Corkmen lay on the plain ;
 He wound his sword to Enniscorthy,
 I hope he will do it once more again.

The loyal townsmen gave their assistance ;
 Die or conquer they all did say.
 The yeomen or cavalry made no resistance,
 While on the pavements their bodies lay.

Enniscorthy we evacuated,
 Of that damned heretical clan ;
 On to Wexford we marched quite easy,
 With drums abeating and diverting fun.

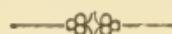
Along the margin of the gentle Slaney,
 We perambulated where the cuckoo rove ;
 The nightingale we did assail,
 In harmonious strain as she ranged the grove.
 On the Three Rocks we drew out for battle,
 As soon as daylight did appear.
 The English army sallied furiously against us ;
 But soon retreated in dread and fear.

Some to Duncannon they run for shelter,
 Whilst we entered Wexford city,
 The streets were strewed with boughs of verdure,
 And acclamations of liberty.
 We marched to Ross and got intoxicated ;
 We fought three battles on the same day,
 First in the morning we did them storm,
 And at the second volley they ran away.

Until a reinforcement came down upon us,
 We were forced to leave the town in blazes,
 And in our retreat burned Scullabogue,
 In Corrigrue for some time we waited.
 We were preparing for Gorey town,
 At Tubberneernin, dreading no danger,
 The bloody army lay waiting in ambush ;
 Our Irish heroes soon cut them off.

General Walpole he fell there also,
 A valiant soldier of Luther's race.
 When he expired, no more they fired,
 But on to Arklow they did face.
 Had we the wisdom to follow after,
 And not to tarry in Gorey town,
 We would save the lives of one thousand Christians
 That fell in Arklow—God rest their souls.

At Vinegar Hill we were defeated,
 And deceived, my boys, to boot,
 For our artilleryman he betrayed us,
 And fired his cannon on our latter troops.
 What a grievous sight to see brave Romans
 Lying in their gore by treachery,
 Just like St. Ruth in the days of yore,
 That fell a victim at Uracree.



SOME treat of David, that valiant hero
 That slew Goliah, and won the field ;
 And more of Joshua who prolonged the daylight,
 Till troops of heretics were forced to yield.
 But I will treat of brave Father Murphy,
 Who far exceeds all these martial men,
 Who with the alliance of one small county
 Confused the forces of the British king.

'Twas at the head of his congregation
 He stepped quite eager the world knows,
 And to protect us from future dangers,
 To swear allegiance with us he goes.
 But after all, alas, he was taken,
 And stripped quite naked in the open street ;
 His flesh and bone was separated,
 And a crimson stream at his joints did meet.

Below the Harrow for to try experience,
 He boldly marched to meet the cavalry ;
 The issue of it was a close engagement,
 Our pikesmen faced them most manfully.
 Success attend you, bold Father Murphy,
 Under your judicious and alert command
 The enamelled plain became a crimson hue,
 While expiring soldiers diffused the land.

At an Ascension conflict near the town of Gorey,

At an enclosure just gaining Clough,

The bloody army they lay in ambush,

But our Irish forces soon cut them off.

Their first lieutenant rode up quite eager,

Thinking to destroy St. Peter's flock,

But he fell a victim to our sundry weapons,

Our pikesmen gave them a most dreadful shock.

'Twas at the summit of Oulart Hill,

Where we crossed a rill for to meet the foe,

The bloody army in robes of scarlet,

Came daring us on the plains below.

But we engaged them like men in earnest,

One hundred men fell on that precipice

Under the command of brave Father John ;

He is a valiant man, though a pious priest.

General Walpole, he fell there also ;

God grant the marksman good luck and grace,
And when he expired, no more they fired,

But off to Arklow straightway did face.

Had we the luck as to follow after them,

And not have tarried in Gorey town,

We'd have saved the lives of many heroes

Who fell in Arklow—God rest their souls.

To Enniscorthy we marched quite easy,

Where Orange blood dyed the Slaney stream ;

To the market-house they ran for shelter,

But that stately building we soon set in flame.

To the market-house for shelter

A remnant of the Orange crew did run,

But in their blood they were forced to welter,

From the dreadful fire of our Croppy guns.

When Enniscorthy was evacuated,

And cleared of all the heretical clan,

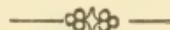
It's down to Wexford we marched quite easy,

With drums a-beating, and diverting fun.

Down by the odour of the gentle Slaney
 We perambulated, where the cuckoo roves,
 And the nightingale she did us hail !
 In harmonious strains as she ranged the groves.

At the "Three Rocks" they cried out for battle,
 Just as the daylight did appear,
 But when we sallied out, their forces
 They soon retreated with dread and fear.
 'Twas to Duncannon they ran for shelter,
 While we embraced Wexford city,
 The streets were strewed with boughs of verdure,
 And acclamations for liberty.

At Vinegar Hill our blood did spill,
 Where we were betrayed and sold, to boot ;
 Our own artillery they turned traitors,
 And fired the cannon on our latter troops.
 'Twould grieve your heart for to see our heroes
 Lying in their gore by false treachery,
 Like unto Aughrim in days of yore,
 When St. Ruth was killed at Urachree.



NEAR Monaseed, of a summer's morning,
 Our boys did halt, a rest to take,
 The ancient Britons in their uniform
 On Slievebawn mountain a great show did make.
 They thought we'd run when they saw us coming,
 But it was but play to our heroes brave ;
 We marched before them unto Ballyellis,
 That was the place we laid out their grave.

Cowardly Gowen, when he saw us coming,
 He turned about and away did run ;
 Like a hunted fox he crossed o'er the rocks
 When he heard one sound of our Croppy gun.

He did not wait for May or Cholmondeley,
 Nor Captain Nickson who could not run,
 Nor long Smith the slater, that bloody traitor
 Who was slain that day by a Croppy gun.

From the old watch-house unto Ballyellis,
 From Pavies' height unto Carnew,
 It's there our boys they did engage them,
 Such other pikeing you never knew.
 The Gorey cavalry that day did join them,
 To raise their fortune was their intent,
 But to their great grief and sad vexation,
 It's little they thought that their glass was spent.

When this engagement was passed and over,
 Our heroes brave had no more to do,
 We crossed Brideswell and went through Camolin,
 And encamped that night upon Carrigrue.
 So here's a health to the county Wexford,
 And to those boys who were ne'er afraid
 Of ancient Britons or Gorey cavalry,
 But on their bodies a great slaughter made.

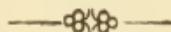
—88—

My's. ancient Britons.
 EARLY, early last Thursday night,
 The Myshall cavalry gave me a fright ;
 To my misfortune and sad downfall
 I was a prisoner taken by Cornwall.
 In his guard house then I was tied,
 And in his parlour my sentence tried,
 My sentence passed, and passed very low,
 Unto Duncannon was obliged to go.

As I was going up the mountains high—
 Who would blame me then for to cry—
 I looked behind me, then before,
 And my tender parents then I ne'er saw more.

When my poor parents did hear the news,
 They followed me with money and clothes ;
 Five hundred guineas they would lay down
 To let me walk upon sweet Irish ground.

They well guarded me through Burriss town,
 The bloody Orangemen did me surround ;
 The captain told me he'd set me free
 If I would bring him one, two, or three.
 I'd rather die, or be nailed to a tree,
 Than turn traitor to my country.
 In Duncannon was my lot to die,
 And in Duncannon my body lies,
 And every one that does pass by
 Prays the Lord have mercy on the Roman Boy.



ON THE SWEARING AWAY OF TRACY'S LIFE.

You virgins of Hisperia, that range Parnassus high,
 Come, hear my declaration, and aid me in these few lines ;
 My talents are unable, to treat on a worthy bright
 Who steers to heavenly regions on beams of eternal light.

In the year of '97, September the twenty-sixth,
 A destiny was pleased on our hero a time to fix,
 A swelling rage pursued him, damnation may be his guide
 That swore the life of Tracy away for a cursed bribe,

And now it is reported all over this Union Land,
That *Wilson* had a *motive*, our hero for to trepan.
The heavy curse of Hell may daily down on
him fall,
The noted sad deceiver, a traitor and a gallows
pal.

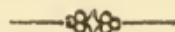
Bob Wilson, you're a traitor, your name now I will
advance,
That I may have the pleasure, on a board for to
see you dance,
Where no man will befriend you, but condemn
you most earnestly,
For hanging is your doom, and be damned to
eternity.

How can you expect salvation, you traitor, but
heavy curse,
For you are worse than Nero, or Cain in the
wilderness ?
You made the orphans bleed, all by your perjury,
And robbed them of their father, the safeguard of
their infancy.

My curse light on you, Toler, your notions were
bloody bent,
And likewise to Trim Jury, for murder was their
intent.
For hanging of United Men, it pleases them I
know full well,
That they may be confuted, by Pluto, a judge in
hell.

The sun's resplendent beams shall efface into orbs of
night,
The moon nocturnal eclipse, with a rage of defec-
tive light,
The stars fall from their spheres, and disdain for
to rule the sky,
Since our bold Union hero is laid low and his
head on high.

And now for to conclude, here's a health to each
 loyal "He"
 That's branded on the breast, with the title of a
 "U." and "D."
 Let each united soul now beware of that Wilson
 Bob,
 That he may be drove with Cain, in disdain, to the
 lands of Nob.



COME all you Roman Catholics,
 That is both just and true,
 I hope you'll pay attention
 To those lines I write to you.
 It is concerning the man we do implore,
 That was most basely murdered by the yeomen of
 Drumore.
 In the year eighteen hundred, adding twenty-one,
 On the twenty-sixth December, as you may under-
 stand.

Those bloody crew of yeomen for murder was in-
 clined ;
 On the second day of Christmas they murdered
 bold MacBrien.
 His mother does lament the loss all of her darling
 son ;
 Likewise his loving comrades, she says I am
 undone ;
 It was these cursed barbarians that took my love
 from me,
 The equal of my darling boy, I am sure I ne'er
 will see.
 My curse on Alexander, likewise his servant maid,
 With large bags of gunpowder these villains she
 did aid.

To murder Roman Catholics that day they did begin
As King Herod did with the Innocents at old Jerusalem.
My curse attend young Hamilton, an ill death may he die ;
He says unto his yeomen, " Let not one of you fly ;
He says I am your captain, and that you well do know,
To murder Roman Catholics to Kelly's house we'll go."
Kelly, that bold hero, soon as he knew their route,
He flew nobly to the door, to keep those villains out.

He being a valiant hero, no man he did let in,
Until they pierced his windows with ball both sharp and keen.
Bad luck attend Magoughey, that lives in letter " E,"
It was by his perjured swearing he thought to set those villains free.
He swore MacBrien a Ribbonman, and did them exercise.
My curse attend that heathen, until the day he dies ;
Success to Earl Belmore, in splendour may he reign,
It is of those bloody tyrants he would take no bail.

He says, my valiant heroes, if you will put them in,
You'll see those bloody murderers all hanging on a string ;
It was by these bloody murderers MacBrien he lost his life,
Which leaves his children orphans, likewise his loving wife.

Such a bloody murder was never seen before,
As young Hamilton committed with his yeomen
in Drumore.

It is now he is gone and left us, no more he will
return;

Now he is gone and left us behind him for to
mourn.

The leaves they will wither, and the trees they
will decline,

And the birds will quit their singing, for the loss
of bold MacBrien.

—88—

AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF OWEN O'NEILL, EARL OF TYRONE,

PRINCE OF ULSTER, AND SUBJECT TO NONE.

IRELAND has lost her sure and only stay,
Her rudder is broke, her pilot is cast away,
And she is weak and falling to decay.

I pity not her wretched fate,
For thousands of her best lovers felt her greatest
hate,

She never was faithful yet to any mate.
And when she had thrust these natives from her
arms,

Foreigners she embraced with all her charms,
She cherished them most that did her greatest
harm.

I now lament this great O'Neill alone,
The greatest loss that mankind ever sustained,
As head and chief on land and water reigned.

A lamb in peace, a lion when in fight,
His senses most complete and vision bright,
Like Moses shining in all Israel's sight.

The kingdom all do mourn for him the same kind,
Do howl for grief and all their hair unbind,
Their very prayers they cannot mind.

It's vain these ancient Worthies to bemoan,
 Their mighty deeds to all the world is known.
 Great Con, whose hand a hundred battles fought,
 Cormac and Art were kings who wonders wrought,
 And all these Royal lines were set at nought.

If twice eight hundred be to forty joined,
 With three times three, the year of Christ you will
 find,
 In which this great O'Neill his vital breath re-
 signed.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN O'NEILL, ESQ., OF BANVALE.

BANVALE now mourns as fair a name,
 As e'er to virtue laid an honest claim,
 But thank thy God that He so long did spare
 A life so useful and a friend so dear;
 Where dignity and sweetness well combined,
 To form and harmonise a perfect mind ;
 So equal portioned did those virtues blend,
 You saw a master or you found a friend ;
 If Virtue's child, he would your sorrows heal,
 But Pride and Folly shrunk before O'Neill.
 For Nature to befit him for each part
 Gave angel goodness and a hero heart,
 The one to aid, the other to reprove,
 Both to o'erawe or gain esteem and love.
 He claimed no title from his ancient brood,
 But rear'd this great one—he was wise and good.
 For well he knew that folly would efface
 The well-gain'd honours of an ancient race ;
 So from his fathers he disdain'd to shine,
 And added lustre to a princely line ;
 An humble lot could not his merits hide,
 They all bespoke how high he was allied ;

With Virtue's aid birth oft itself reveals,
As Douglas' blood, so flow'd this true O'Neill's,
So purely too, that all the world might scan
Tyrone's descendant in an humble man,
Who lived retir'd where great fathers reign'd,
And thanked his God that he had so ordain'd ;
Shed their pure blood against their country's foes,
Ere upstart lords in tinsel state arose.
Thy hills, O Ulster ! and thy fertile plains,
Thy warlike chiefs and thy undaunted swains,
Once own'd the sway his mighty fathers held,
By fame in arms and country's love impell'd,
Drove from our shores the fierce invading Dane,
And laid in dust the shameful foreign chain ;
In ruder day thus shone his sires in arms,
But peace for him spread forth her golden charms.
And yonder vale, where gentle Bana flows,
He made the seat of friendship and repose ;
His generous heart and hospitable door
Were always open to the guiltless poor ;
And here the friend of learning too might find
A cheerful welcome and a kindred mind ;
Or did the gay one, in some lucky hour,
To his fair cot retreat from storm or shower,
He found a man by nature form'd to please,
Of noble aspect, and graceful ease,
A gentle welcome and a cheerful smile,
And all the courtier, but his baneful wile.
What more he was deserves a nobler lay,
And what he is let hosts of angels say.

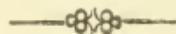
AN EPITAPH ON HENRY LUTTREL.

BY MR. MAGUINES, OF THE CO. DOWN.

THE villain lies interred beneath this stone,
 The scourge of widows, who made orphans groan.
 Let bears, and wolves, and other beasts of prey,
 Tear up his body from beneath the clay,
 Rip up his bowels, on his carcase feed,

* * * * *

The villain, Henry Luttrel, here doth lie,
 Whose wandering soul is 'tween the earth and sky,
 In hell he is not, the world I can assure,
 For such a monster hell could not endure.



OH, UNION FOR EVER!

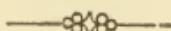
YE sons of Hibernia, assert your birthright,
 For freedom, for union, for liberty fight ;
 No longer in Erin let bigotry reign,
 No longer let factions your union restrain.
 Oh, Erin for ever ! oh, Erin's the land
 Where freedom and union shall go hand in hand.

Oppress'd by disunion, the North first unites,
 In union fraternal the West now delights,
 In the East, like the sun, its radiance you see,
 When the South shall unite, then Erin is free.
 Oh, freedom for ever ! oh, freedom for me ;
 May we cease to exist, when we cease to be free.

Oh, union, how social, oh, union, how rare,
 In which all religions may equally share,
 That unites in one cause the rich and the poor,
 Makes the fate of our tyrants decided and sure.
 Oh, union for ever ! oh, union's a rock
 The force of our tyrants for ever shall mock.

Though perjury doomed thee, oh, Orr, to the grave !

Thy blood to our union more energy gave ;
 For union's a current, impede but its course,
 Far and wide it extends, resistless its force.
 Ye sons of Hibernia, then join hand in hand,
 To chase your oppressors from Erin's green land



OWNHEEN,

A HERO from Flanders who heard of the fame
 Of this royal cordial called Ownheen by name,
 And how he was told how Hibernia was used,
 And that all the whole natives by him were abus'd.
 He vowed and declared that a journey he'd take,
 For the gaining of honour and his country's sake,
 So he hoist up his sails and away he did go,
 Until he landed on the borders of the county Mayo.

And when there he landed he came to Skerreen,
 A nice little village where they sold some Own-
 heen,
 And when there he enter'd he called for a quart,
 Instantly, before him a hogshead was brought.
 Then for the stranger was ordered a chair,
 And to the landlord he did vow and declare,
 That he'd make that hogshead before he'd leave
 town,
 As empty as a drum with a clear hollow sound.

“ Blow your eyes, then,” said Ownheen, “ I say
 you're a boast,
 For all you drank here was one quart at the most,
 If you drink another you'll wish for a coach,
 And if you'll continue, you'll pay for the roast.”

“Blow your eyes,” said the stranger, “I say you do lie,
 For my own Constitution I often did try,
 I’m as good a potillion as ever you seen,
 I defy both the Devil and filthy Ownheen.”

“Blow your eyes,” then said Ownheen, “must I be run down
 By a vagabond stranger that’s late come to town?
 By the vengeance, I’ll make you, as sure as you’re there,
 Repent all your doings, so let you prepare.”
 These two Herculenians to their buffs they did strip,
 “Hold, hold now,” said Ownheen, “till I get my grip.”
 Such wrestling and jostling there never was seen,
 Between any two heroes as he and Ownheen.

The house being too narrow, to the street they did take,
 Said the neighbours to Ownheen, “Stick close to the rake;
 For, if he gets the better he’ll run us all down.”
 “But he will not,” said Ownheen, “I’ll wager a crown.”
 These two Herculenians closed each other in,
 “If I kill you,” said Ownheen, “I think it no sin.”
 “Blow your eyes,” said the stranger, “do you think I’m afear’d?”
 So he fell in the gripe, and his clothes all besmear’d.

“Now, my dearest combatant, I freely give o’er,
 And upon my safe conscience I’ll fight you no more,
 You Hibernian champion I freely resign,
 And on you for the future I’ll have no design.

For my coat it is broke, and my breeches is worse,
 Them that wrangles with Ownheen I'd give them
 my curse ;
 So now to conclude, the whole world may say,
 That I fought with gay Ownheen, and he got the
 sway."



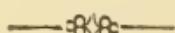
SONG.

AIR—“*The Boyne Water.*”

IT was from France that this spark did advance
 To the glimmering light of reason ;
 It blazed upright to us unite,
 And to enlighten nations.
 It ne'er will cease, but always blaze,
 And keep its proper station,
 Till it will consume all Luther's breed,
 And Henry's generation.

Green was the spot where stood my cot,
 Where my forefathers breathed ;
 I was forced to quit, when they thought fit,
 My lease should be repaired.
 Because I wouldn't swear 'gainst Pope and Popery,
 And take the oath of allegiance ;
 Deny the Cross, abscond from Mass,
 My lease was not repaired.

That I may live to see the day
 That they will end the quarrel.
 That the liberty tree may be planted daily,
 And Charley crowned with laurel.
 That the liberty tree may be planted daily,
 And unity increasing,
 That heresy may be banished totally,
 That Hibernia's sons may live easy.



SOME traits of David, that valiant hero,
 Who slew *Goliah* and won the field ;
 And more of *Joshua* who prolonged the daylight,
 Till troops of heretics were forced to yield.
 But I will treat of bold Father Murphy,
 Who far exceeds all those martial men,
 Whose warlike deeds and heroic actions
 Confused the forces of a British king.

'Twas at the head of his congregation
 He stepp'd quite eager as the world knows,
 And to preserve us from future danger,
 To swear allegiance with us he goes ;
 But after all that he was taken,
 And *script* quite naked in the open street,
 His flesh and bones were separated,
 And crimson streams at each joint did meet.

Below the Harrow* to try *our* experience,
 We boldly faced all their cavalry ;
 Pikes and *pebbles* being our chief weapons,
 Which we made use of most manfully.

* The Harrow, a village (about three miles from Ferns), near which was a sharp fight, where the Orange yeomanry were defeated, although greatly superior in numbers to the Insurgents. The song, of which only some parts are remembered, was, and no doubt yet is, a very popular one amongst the country people in the district of Ferns and Enniscorthy. It is a fact that Father John Murphy induced his flock to lay down their arms (for he was a man of peace) under a solemn promise, that if he and they went into Gorey and took the oath, they would be protected. He did go, when he was seized and stripped naked and whipped—as described in the song—the people were shot down in defiance and violation of the promise—his chapel at Buliavogue was set on fire—and here the first “rising”

Their first lieutenant rode up quite eager,
 Thinking to assail Saint Peter's flock,
 But he fell a victim to our sundry weapons,
 Our pikesmen gave him a dreadful shock.

* * * * *

Had we the luck to have followed after,
 And not have tarried in Gorey town,
 We'd have saved the lives of a hundred heroes,
 Who fell in Arklow—God rest their souls.

—88—

ON FATHER MURPHY.

COME all you warriors, or men that's noble,
 Who associate in a hostile band ;
 Lay down your arms, your gold and trophies,
 Give up your arms with a trembling hand,
 Since Father Murphy, of the county Wexford,
 Of late awoke from a sleepy dream,
 To cut down heresy and persecution,
 And wash it out in a crimson stream.

took place, as the people got wild in consequence of the above. Another song, more lively than the above, commenced thus—

Were you at Vinegar Hill ?
 Or down at the battle of Tara ?
 Have you seen Holt or his men ?
 Or the gem we called *Tatter-a-rara* ?

The gem was a brass cannon taken from the cavalry at the battle of Tubberineering, when the Orangemen were defeated. That and another cannon called "Roaring Bess," also taken, was celebrated in two or three songs.

Sure Julius Cæsar, or Alexander,

Or great King Arthur could not equal him ;
See all the armies he has defeated,

And with *two* gunsmen did first begin.

The Camolin cavalry may still regret it,

Their first lieutenant he soon pulled down ;
With broken ranks and tattered columns

They all retreated to Camolin town.

At Oulart Hill he displayed his valour,

Where four hundred Corkmen lay on the plain,
And at Enniscorthy, his sword he flourished,

In hopes to do it once more again.

The loyal townsmen gave their assistance,

Live, free, and conquer, they all did say,
The cowardly cavalry made no resistance,

Tho' on the pavement their footmen lay.

With courage undaunted he marched for Gorey,

The next to Arklow he did come down,

Night coming on, he regretted sorely,

Tho' many a *hero* lay on the ground.

He met an attack and a close engagement,

Whilst on their arms played warlike pranks,
Through sheepwalk, hedges, and shady thickets

Lay mangled soldiers and broken ranks.

Then, into Wexford he marched quite easy,

With his guns in front, and his pikes in rear ;

The Orange boobies were almost crazy

To think he should take up quarters there.

With acclamation the town did echo,

And trumpets speaking from door to door ;

On Vinegar Hill, where we pitched our camp, boy,

We drank like topers, and paid the score.

Now, the Wexford cavalry we'll ne'er forget them,

They wore their brushes on their helmets straight,

They wheeled about, and they faced for Dublin

As if they'd run for the ten-pound plate.

There were some to Blackrock, and some to Donnybrook,

And some to Shankhill, without wound or flaw,
And if Barry Lawless be not mistaken

There are more gone grousing to Lug-a-law.

Now, the streets of London we have stripped quite naked

Of all their armies, both foot and horse ;
And Highlands of Scotland we left unguarded,

Likewise the Hessians, the seas to cross.

'Twas at the windmill of Enniscorthy,

Our Irish fencibles flew like deers.

Our ranks were shattered and severely battered,
For want of Kain and his Shilmaliers.

Oh ! the county Wexford we shall ne'er forget them,

They threw off the yoke, and to battle run,
And if the French they had reinforced them,

And land their forces in Bag-an-bun,

They would be aided by Father Murphy

With seventy thousand, if they had come,
But let no man think we gave up our arms,

For every man has a pike and gun.



Oh, soldiers of Britain, your hard-hearted doings

Long, long will the children of Erin deplore ;

Oh, sad is my soul, when I view the black ruins

Where once stood the cabin of Mary La More.

Her father, God rest him, loved Ireland most dearly ;

All her wrongs, all her sufferings, he felt most severely,

And with freedom's firm sons he united sincerely,

But gone is the father of Mary La More.

One cold frosty night, as poor Dermot sat musing,
 Strange voices alarmed him, and crash went the
 door,
 When the fierce soldiers entered, and straight 'gan
 abusing
 The brave, yet mild father of Mary La More.

To their scoffs he replied not till with blows they
 assailed ;
 He felt all indignant, his caution now failed
 him,
 He returned their vile blows, and all Ireland be-
 wail him,
 For stabbed was the father of Mary La More.

“ Oh, my father,” she cried, while frantic’ly throw-
 ing
 Her arms round his neck, while his life’s blood
 was flowing ;
 She kissed his cold lips, but poor Dermot was
 going,
 For he groaned and expired from poor Mary La
 More.

Oh, daughters of Ireland, your country’s salvation,
 While the waves of old ocean shall beat round
 your shore,
 Remember the past struggles of your once happy
 nation,
 Remember the woes of poor Mary La More.

Then with hearts hard as steel, or with spirits all
 fire,
 Your husbands, your brothers, your lovers in-
 spire,
 Their union will make all invaders retire
 From the soil where now wanders poor Mary
 La More.

SONG.

ON the twenty-fourth of May,

At the dawning of the day,

Our boys went under arms Prosperous* to invade;
With hand and heart we marched
Under Captain Farrell's† orders,

It's in the town we halted and set it in a blaze.

There were red-hot balls a-flying,

The groans of soldiers dying,

Flames in the air were flying, and swains expiring
there,

* A small village about three miles one side of Naas, where there was a barrack with 150 soldiers of Ancient Britons, commanded by Captain Swain. He (Swain), on the Sunday before the 24th of May, marched his men to the Chapel of Prosperous, went in, and up to the altar, whilst the Rev. Father Higgins was saying Mass, took him by the shoulder and turned him down, until he would warn the people to give up their arms.

There is a small anecdote connected with the evening previous to the burning of Prosperous :—Swain met an old man in the street, whom he knew well, called him by his name, and told him to tell his three sons to be in with their pikes next morning, or if not he would have them hung in the street the next day. “Och, they will, yer honour, never fear. If they be with you before morning will it do?” said the old man. “Yes, that will do,” said Swain. So they were, for the barrack was burned before morning.

† Captain Farrell was a farmer that lived near the town ; he headed the rebels when Colonel Esmond ran away after the first attack on the barrack. The soldiers beat them back out of the town. Farrell rallied them again, and put the soldiers into the barrack. They then broke open the doors, and by the heroic conduct of a girl named Tobin, who brought several bundles of

To retreat our Colonel* gave orders,
 But we never faltered,
 Until killed, wounded, and slaughtered, we won
 the battle there.

Next morning Naas was tattered,
 And all our brethren slaughtered,
 Many a valiant hero lay bleeding on the green.
 Our Colonel he forsook us,
 And cursed Griffith† took him,
 He immediately was detected and ordered into
 jail.

Phil Might,‡ the informer cruel,
 He robbed us of our jewel,
 May the heavens vengeance on him pour down,
 God and his holy angels
 May for ever hate him,
 May he be afflicted with the heavenly frown.

straw, by which they completed that battle. She was shot while in the act of burning her last load, by one of the soldiers from the windows. Out of the 150 men none escaped but three who were billeted in town. To the rebels' honour be it said the women and children were ordered to leave the barrack before it was set on fire.

* Colonel Esmond was over a yeomanry corps. When he saw the rebels defeated the first time he ran away, to join the yeomen before morning, the way he would not be suspected as a rebel; but he was informed against, taken, and executed.

† Griffith was Captain in the yeomanry; he got information that Esmond hid the rebels at Prosperous. He was the person that took him.

‡ Philip Might turned informer against Esmond. He was a Catholic, and lived by the Grand Canal, at a place called Downing. He had to have a guard of soldiers for some time after.

The boys we have forsaken,
 Kilcock town have taken,
 Leixlip, Johnstown, and Maynooth, with all its
 Cavalry,
 And home we then returned,
 Sparks's* house we burned,
 In recompense for Kennedy,† that died there on a
 tree.

Our Captains they combined,
 And all together joined,
 Straight we marched that night in camp on Wiley's
 Hill.‡

* Sparks was a fellow-comrade of the monster Hemp-
 enstall, of Edenderry and Carbury. He hung a respect-
 able honest man of the name of Kennedy.

† Kennedy was at the battle of Hartland, and was on
 his way home, when met by those bloodthirsty yeomen.
 They hung him without any ceremony, or knowing for
 what.

‡ Wiley's Hill, now Hartland, one mile below Dona-
 dea Castle. The rebels all encamped here, when the
 Meath men joined them ; but it was not long until
 they fell out amongst themselves, which is the only
 misfortune of the unfortunate Irish. A Kildare man of
 the name of Dempsey had a soldier's saddle ; the Meath
 men, ever covetous, asked the saddle from him. He
 said he would not give it. They insisted that he should.
 So two of them took the saddle ; and then Dempsey
 drew his gun and shot the Meath man ; his comrade
 returned a discharge at Dempsey, and shot him also. So
 then the Kildare men and Meath men were preparing
 on both sides for a battle, when they heard the drums
 beating very close to them, so they had to desist from
 their strife amongst themselves. The treacherous
 Meaths ran away and hid themselves in a sand pit,
 while the Kildare men fought most manfully, headed
 by Colonel Aylmer, of Painstown, and Captain Doorly.
 They three times beat the gunners from their guns, and
 turned them on the army. But at last their ammuni-
 tion was spent. The pikemen were not able to keep

Disciplined and well armed,
But soon we were alarmed,
All by a point of war beat by the Highlandman.

Three hours we gave battle,
Where cannon balls did rattle,
Like hail and claps of thunder they flew about our
ears ;
Our powder and ball did fly
Tremendous through the sky,
Three hundred of their soldiers we left lying there.

The cowards from us flew,
In ambush themselves threw,
The army them all slew when we were fled away ;
By the terror of that day,
Our captains run away,
To Newtown bog we returned, the informer Gaitly
killed.

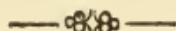
Colonel Aylmer bold,
A valiant heart of gold,
He never was controlled, but fought most man-
fully,
He was general-in-chief commander,
Over the Irish banner,
Maintaining Erin's rights and sweet liberty.

The bloody adulterous crew,
They thought us to subdue,
But well we made them rue the day they did begin,
Whipping and destroying ;
But our brave Irish boys,
Soon they let them know we were united men.

the field against cannon. They had to retreat, but made a good one, laying 300 soldiers dead on the field. But to return to the Meath men : when the army was returning, they got information where they were, surrounded the sand pit, and massacred every one of them without mercy.

If Ireland had behaved,
 Like Wicklow, Wexford, and Kildare,
 The green flag would be hoisted through town and
 country.

To conclude and make an end,
 Here's a health to united men,
 Long may they live and reign over bloody tyranny.



AN OLD SONG CALLED
 THE EWES OF KILLUCAN.

As I was going to Killucan, it being in the morn-
 ing early,
 I met a man on the road and he beating a ewe
 severely,
 Hurra the ewes, the ewes—hurra the ewes of Kil-
 lucan,
 Hurra the ewes, the ewes—the croppies are coming
 to shoot them.

When the yeomen came to Raharney, the dogs be-
 gan to bark,
 Out comes ould Molly Flasagh and said it's blind
 Harry Clarke.
 Hurra the ewes, &c.

Long life and success to James Christie, his notion
 was good for the poor,
 He left a bright eye upon Arthur, and sent him
 home dead on the door.
 Hurra the ewes, etc.

The gentleman being in a fret, they did not know
 well what to do,
 They made their way out of the house, and M'Cabe
 he did them pursue.
 Hurrah the ewes, etc.

If ever you meet Ned Corcoran, pin him up tight
in a corner,
Leave him a pair of black eyes, for he was a bloody
informer,
Hurra the ewes, etc.

When Ned he went to his uncle's, he called him a
son of a boor,
He told him to give out his money, or otherwise
open the door.
Hurra the ewes, etc.

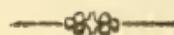
“ Ned, I thought you were honest, I find you are a
robber complete,
By my faith I won't open the door, for it is very
well barred with the wheat.
Hurra the ewes, etc.

“ Ned, if I had my gun, by my faith I would not
be mistaken,
It is I that would shoot you for fun, and put you
from stealing the bacon.”
Hurra the ewes, etc.

The yeomen being out upon picket, seldom they
do be mistaken,
Whom should they hit on but Ned, and he coming
home with the bacon.
Hurra the ewes, etc.

Christie and Reilly is gone, the heavens almighty
may speed them,
He left Bob Codd in the lurch, and the devil in
hell may relieve him.
Hurra the ewes, etc.

When Christie got over the wall, he turned his
face to the gallows,
“ Bad luck to Bob Codd and them all, I am going
to face Lord Cornwallis.”
Hurra the ewes, etc.



ERIN.

To her own Tune.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

This beautiful song, first in merit as well as in order in the Collection entitled "Paddy's Resource," was originally published in *The Press* in 1797, though written so early as 1795. Moore, in a note to one of the most exquisite of his melodies—"Dear Harp of my Country,"—acknowledges his obligation to the following line of "that rebellious, but beautiful song, 'The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep.'" "The chain of silence," says Moore, "was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish." Walker, he adds, refers to a contention between two chiefs at Almahim, when the attending bards, to restore peace, "shook the chain of silence," and flung themselves among the ranks. In 1815 Drennan published, in Belfast, a small volume, with his name, in prose and verse, with the title of "Fugitive Pieces." This little volume was dedicated to his wife, his children, and his sisters. Of the many political effusions of his, in verse, published in 1798, he admitted into this collection two only—"Erin," that rebellious, but beautiful song, and the no less beautiful and rebellious "Elegy on the Death of William Orr."

In a note to the former the author claims "the original use of an epithet—The Emerald Isle—in a party song, written without party rancour in the year 1795. From the frequent use made of the term since that time, he fondly hopes that it will gradually become associated with the name of his country, as descriptive of its prime natural beauty and its inestimable value."—"Fugitive Pieces," etc., by Dr. Drennan, p. 4.

Dr. William Drennan, the most gifted of the pens-men of the United Irish Societies, was a native of Belfast; he studied medicine in Edinburgh, was the friend of Dugald Stewart, practised his profession for some time in his native place, then removed to Dublin, where, in 1790, he was associated with Tone in a new political

and literary club, formed by the latter, of which Emmet, Pollock, Johnson, Stokes, Burrowes, and Russell, were members. When the United Irish Society sprung into existence, Dr. Drennan took a leading part in its proceedings, as he had done in those of the Volunteer Institution. He was the writer of that remarkable paper addressed "to the citizen soldiers" of Ireland, for which Rowan was prosecuted in 1794, as secretary of the meeting at which it was read, when the author of it was in the chair, who was likewise prosecuted, but, more fortunate than Rowan, was acquitted. Dr. Drennan was likewise the author of the Declaration of the United Irishmen. In the former we find this passage—"In four words lies all our power,—Universal emancipation and representative Legislation;"—in the latter the following words: "We have no national government. We are ruled by Englishmen, and the servants of Englishmen, whose object is the interest of another country, whose instrument is corruption, and whose strength is the weakness of Ireland." The spirit-stirring compositions of Drennan, in prose and verse, produced a mighty influence on the public mind. Several of the standard songs of the United Irishmen were of his composition. In his writings there was great earnestness of purpose combined with evidences of an intimate acquaintance with the classics, and refined taste. There were in them what was very uncommon in the political literature of those times, strong convictions without violence and invective, glowing patriotism without one particle of party rancour. In the most heart-stirring of his compositions he deprecated acts of violence and vengeance. In one of them, he says to his countrymen :

" Yet, oh ! when you're up and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them the mercy which they did not give ;
Arm of Erin, prove strong, but be gentle as brave,
And uplifted to strike, still be ready to save."

In another, where a great act of injustice was committed—a judicial murder committed on a man beloved by his countrymen, his cry is not for blood—it is to God for mercy :—

“ God of Peace and God of Love,
 Let it not Thy vengeance move !
 Let it not Thy lightnings draw
 A nation guillotined by law.”

This humanizing influence of letters on the politics of a bold advocate of liberty, in times of great popular excitement, is well worthy of observation ; perhaps Drennan was indebted to its remembrance, when his opponents were up and his party was down, for preservation from the ruin in which nearly all his friends were involved.

Among his pieces in verse there is one entitled “Glendalough,” wherein much poetry, philosophy, and patriotism are happily mingled, and also a number of hymns, which in any other country but his would have gained a high reputation for the writer.

Dr. Drennan was naturally reserved and retired in his habits ; he was a man of genius, and its marks were on him ; he was shy, grave, averse to notoriety—to use his own words :—

“ Still shrinking from praise, though in search of a name,

He trod on the brink of precipitate fame,
 And stretched forth his hand to the beckoning form,
 A vision of glory which flashed thro’ the storm.”

In his profession, his love of independence marred his prospects of advancement ; he could not make a traffic of his art. He said—

“ The gentleman scrupled to call to his aid
 The craft of a calling, and tricks of a trade.”

He was not, however, altogether dependent on his profession ; had he been so, perhaps he would have risen to its highest honours.

The most remarkable of his prose writings are his letters bearing the signature “Orellana, the Irish Helot,” which appeared in 1784 ; an admirable paraphrase of a classical story, published in *The Press*, called “The Jewels of Cornelia ;” and the papers entitled “Retrospective Politics,” published in the *Belfast Magazine*, established by him in 1808, in conjunction

with his worthy friend John Templeton, the well-known botanist.

Dr. Drennan died in Belfast in 1820, in his 63rd year, leaving four children—the eldest son, a barrister—a gentleman of talents and of worth, who owes much, on account of his father's memory, to his country. The love that is borne to it has claims on the son of William Drennan.—See a *Brief Sketch of his Career.—The Lives and Times of the United Irishmen.* 2nd Series, Vol 2, p. 49.

WHEN Erin first rose from the dark-swelling flood
 God blessed the Green Island and saw it was good,
 The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
 In the ring of the world, the most precious stone.
 In her clime, in her soil, in her station, thrice
 blessed,
 With her back turned to Britain, her face to the
 West.

Erin stands proudly insular, in her steep shore,
 And strikes her high harp, 'midst the ocean's deep
 roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to
 weep,
 The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep,
 At the thought of the past, the tears gush from her
 eyes,
 And the pulse of the heart makes her white bosom
 rise.

Oh, sons of green Erin, lament for the time
 When religion was war, and our country a crime,
 When man in God's image inverted the plan,
 And moulded his God in the image of man.

When the interest of State wrought the general
 woe,
 The stranger a friend and the native a foe,
 While the mother rejoiced o'er the children op-
 pressed,
 And clasped the invader more close to her breast.

When with pale for the body and pale for the soul,
 Church and State joined in compact to conquer the whole ;
 And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
 Eyed each other askance and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
 For the country thus left to the brute and the slave,
 Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,
 And where Britain made brutes, now let Erin make men.
 Let my sons, like the leaves of the shamrock, unite,
 A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,
 Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
 Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die !

Alas for poor Erin ! that still some are seen,
 Who would dye her grass green from their hatred to green ;
 Yet oh, when they're up and you're down, let them live,
 Then yield them the mercy which they did not give.
 Arm of Erin, be strong ! but be gentle as brave,
 And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save.
 Nor the feeling of vengeance presume to defile
 The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
 And the green shall outlive both the orange and blue ;
 And the triumph of Erin her daughters shall share,
 With their full swelling chests, and their fair flowing hair ;

Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and
brave,
But no coward shall rest on that soft swelling
wave,
Men of Erin, awake ! and make haste to be blest,
Rise—*Arch of the Ocean!*—and *Queen of the West!*

—88—

INDEPENDENCE.

FROM THE POEM OF “ GLENDALOUGH,”

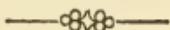
Written in 1802.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

Oh, vanished Hope !—oh, transient boast !
Oh, country gained but to be lost !
Gained by a nation, raised, inspired,
By eloquence and virtue fired,
By transatlantic glory stung,
By Grattan’s energetic tongue,
By Parliament that felt its trust
By Britain—terrified and just.
Lost—by thy chosen children sold ;
And conquered—not by steel, but gold ;
Lost by the law and servile great,
Who smile upon their country’s fate,
Crouching to gain the public choice
And sell it by their venal voice.
Lost—to the world and future fame,
Remembered only in a name,
Once in the Courts of Europe known
To claim a self dependent throne.
Thy ancient records torn and tossed
Upon the waves that beat thy coast.
The mocking of a mongrel race,
Lorded, illiterate, and base,
To science lost and lettered truth ;
The genius of thy native youth,

To Cam or Isis glad to roam,
 Nor keep a heart or hope for home ;
 Thy spark of independence dead ;
 Thy life of life, thy freedom fled.

* * * * *



“WILLIAM” (ORR), AN ELEGY.

BY “THE MINSTREL” (DR. DRENNAN.)

The Press, Oct. 31, 1797.

ARE your springs, oh ye Muses, run dry ?
 Has horror suspended their source ?
 That no tribute—no tear and no sigh,
 Oh William ! has hallowed thy corpse.

And did Mercy refuse to believe
 What fate had revealed to her ear,
 That if William no longer must live
 She was destined to find the same bier.

But tho’ she did find the same tomb,
 A moment ere William she died,
 And else had averted his doom,
 To save the poor victim had tried.

Ah ! to save our poor William she tried,
 But her suit was repelled with disdain !
 From that moment—her head did she hide,
 Till her heart it was broken in twain.

Oh, William, how pale was thy cheek
 Where beauty so lately did dwell ;
 When thy true love hung faint on thy neck,
 And thy breast heaved to hers—the farewell.

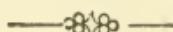
Ah, clay cold her heart with despair,
 And closed were her eyes from thy view,
 All sense had abandoned her ear,
 As abhorring to hear thy adieu.

And the pledge of thy love that she bore
 "Grew suddenly still" in her womb,
 One stir ! and it quickened no more,
 And the stroke that stopped life was thy doom.

Oh, the spirit of love in each trace
 The truth that gave light to his eye—
 Ah, could they not plead then for grace,
 Or forbid our poor William to die.

But Hope ! thy delusions are o'er,
 Thy visions with William are fled,
 Thy promise can mock us no more,
 We believed thee—until he was dead.

Oh wither the pitiless hand
 Could execute such a decree,
 And the heart that could give the command,
 A stranger to *peace* let it be.



"ASPIRATION."

BY DR. DRENNAN.

From his Fugitive Pieces.

OH ! how I long to be at rest !
 No more oppressing or oppressed,
 To sink asleep, on nature's nursing breast !

In earth's green cradle to be laid,
 Where larks may build and lambs have played,
 And a clear stream may flow and soothe my hov'-
 ing shade.

The twilight, mem'ry loves to spread,
 Haply may linger o'er my head,
 And half illume the long departed dead.

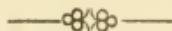
BRITISH RULE IN IRELAND.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

Extract from "Glendalough," 1802.

SUBDUED ! The nation still was gored
By law more penal than the sword,
Till vengeance with a tiger start
Sprang from the covert of the heart.

Resistance took a blacker name,
The scaffold's penalty and shame ;
There was the wretched *rebel* led,
Uplifted there *the traitor's* head.

AN EXTRACT FROM "THE WORM OF
THE STILL."

BY DR. DRENNAN.

From his Fugitive Pieces.

* * * * *

DRINK, Erin ! drink deep from this crystalline
round,
Till the tortures of self-recollection be drown'd ;
Till the hopes of thy heart be all stiffen'd to stone,
Then sit down in the dust, be a queen on her
throne.

No frenzy for Freedom to flash o'er the brain ;
Thou shalt dance to the musical clank of the
chain ;
A crown of cheap straw, shall seem rich to thine
eye,
And peace and good order shall reign in the sty !

Nor boast that no track of the viper is seen,
To stain the pure surface of Emerald green ;
For the serpent will never want poison to kill
While the fat of your fields feeds the worm of the
still.

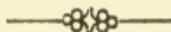
"TO IRELAND."

BY D. R. DRENNAN.

From his Fugitive Pieces, page 13.

AN EXTRACT.

TRUE, thou art blest in nature's plan,
 Nothing seems wanting here but *man*,
 Man to subdue—not serve the soil,
 To win and wear its golden spoil ;
 Man—conscious of an earth, his own,
 No savage biped torpid, prone ;
 Living to-day his brother brute
 And hung'ring for a lazy root,
 Food for a soft, contented slave,
 Not for the hardy and the brave.
 Had nature been her enemy
 Iernè might be fierce and free,
 To the stout heart and iron hand
 Temp'rate each sky and lame each land ;
 A climate and a soil less kind
 Had formed a map of richer mind.
 Now a mere sterile swamp of soul,
 Though meadows spread and rivers roll ;
 A nation of abortive men,
 That dart—the tongue ; and point the pen,
 And at the back of Europe hurl'd—
 A base posterior of the world.

THE WAIL OF THE WOMEN AFTER
THE BATTLE.

Written by Dr. Drennan after the last struggle of the United Irishmen for independence, and their defeat.

ALAS ! how sad, by Shannon's flood,
 The blush of morning sun appears !
 To men, who gave for us their blood ;
 Ah ! what can woman give but tears !

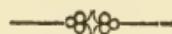
How still the field of battle lies !
 No shouts upon the breezes blown !
 We heard our dying country's cries—
 We sit, deserted and alone !

Why thus collected on the strand
 Whom yet the God of mercy saves ?
 Will ye forsake your native land ?
 Will ye desert your brothers' graves ?

Their graves gave forth a fearful groan—
 " O, guard our orphans and our wives !
 Like us, make Erin's fate your own,
 Like us, for her yield up your lives ! "

Why, why such haste to bear abroad
 The witness of your country's shame ?
 Stand by her altars and her God—
 He yet may build her up a name.

Then should her foreign children hear
 Of Erin free and blest once more,
 Will they not curse their fathers' fear,
 That left too soon their native shore ?



WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

1797.

HERE our brother worthy lies,
 Wake not him with women's cries ;
 Mourn the way that mankind ought ;
 Sit, in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind,
 Morals pure, and manners kind ;
 On his head, as on a hill,
 Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth ?
 Truth he spoke, and acted truth ;
 "Countrymen, Unite !" he cried,
 And died, for what his Saviour died !

God of Peace, and God of Love,
 Let it not thy vengeance move !
 Let it not thy lightnings draw,
 A nation guillotin'd by law !

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,
 Early wert thou taught to mourn !
 Warfare of six hundred years !
 Epochs marked by blood and tears !

Hunted through thy native grounds,
 And flung reward to human hounds,
 Each one pull'd, and tore his share,
 Emblem of thy deep despair !

Hapless nation, hapless land,
 Heap of uncementing sand !
 Crumbled by a foreign weight,
 Or by worse, domestic hate !

God of mercy, God of peace,
 Make the mad confusion cease !
 O'er the mental chaos move,
 Through it speak the light of love !

Monstrous and unhappy sight !
 Brothers' blood will not unite.
 Holy oil, and holy water,
 Mix—and fill the Earth with slaughter.

Who is she, with aspect wild ?—
 The widow'd mother, with her child ;
 Child, new stirring in the womb,
 Husband, waiting for the tomb.

Angel of this holy place !
 Calm her soul, and whisper, Peace !

Cord, nor axe, nor guillotine,
Make the sentence, not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep ;
Watch with us, but do not weep :
Watch with us, through dead of night—
But expect the morning light.

Conquer Fortune—persevere—
Lo ! it breaks—the morning clear !
The cheerful cock awakes the skies ;
The day is come—Arise, arise !

—88—

LINKS WRITTEN AFTER THE TRIAL OF ROBERT EMMET.

BY D R. DRENNAN.

(Heretofore unpublished, from Miss M'Cracken.)

PROSTRATE, unarmed, no more alive,
Had ceased Kilwarden's breath,
The savage strife was then to give
A death wound after death.

When Emmet, self-convicted stood,
In fate already hung,
Longed to taste the blood
And piked him with his tongue.

Now, which of these barbarians say,
Waged the most bloody war,
The savage of the bloody fray,
Or savage of the Bar ?

—88—

“THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.”

COME all you warriors, and renowned nobles,
 Who once commanded brave warlike bands ;
 Lay down your plumes, and your golden trophies,
 Give up your arms with a trembling hand,
 Since Father Murphy, of the county Wexford,
 Lately aroused from his sleepy dream,*
 To cut down cruel Saxon persecution,
 And wash it away in a crimson stream.

Sure Julius Cæsar, nor Alexander,
 Nor renowned King Arthur e'er could equal
 him ;
 For armies formidable he has conquered,
 Though with two gunsmen he did begin.
 Camolin cavalry he did unhorse them,
 Their first lieutenant he cut him down ;
 With shattered ranks and with broken columns
 They retreated home to Camolin town.

On the Hill of Oulart he displayed his valour,
 Where one hundred Corkmen lay on the plain,
 At Enniscorthy, his sword he wielded,
 And I hope he'll do it once more again.
 The loyal townsmen gave their assistance,
 We'll die or conquer, they all did say,
 The yeomen cavalry made no resistance,
 While on the pavement their corpses lay.

When Enniscorthy became subject to him,
 'Twas then to Wexford we marched our men,
 And on the Three Rocks took up our quarters,
 Waiting for daylight the town to win.

* Allusion to the burning of his chapel by the Orange yeomen.

With drums a-beating the town did echo,
 And acclamations from door to door ;
 On the Wind-mill Hill we pitched our tents,
 And we drank like heroes, tho' paid no score.

On Carrig-ruadh* for some time we waited,
 The next for Gorey we did repair,
 In Tubberneering we thought no harm,
 The bloody army† was waiting there.
 The issue of it was a close engagement,
 While on the soldiers we played warlike pranks,
 Thro' sheepwalks, hedgerows, and shady thickets
 There were mangled bodies and broken ranks.

The shudd'ring cavalry, I can't forget them,
 We raised the brushes on their helmets straight,
 They turned about, and they scud for Dublin
 As if they ran for a ten-pound plate ;
 Some got to Donnybrook, and some to Blackrock,
 And some up Shankhill without wound or flaw ;
 And if Barry Lawless be not a liar,
 There's more went grousing up Luggelaw.

With flying colours we marched on to Limerick,‡
 And to Kilcavan we did repair ;
 'Twas on Mount-pleasant we called the county,
 And pointed cannon at the army there.
 When we thought fit, we marched on to Gorey ;
 The next was Arklow we did surround.
 The night being coming, we regretted sorely,
 Tho' one hundred soldiers lay on the ground.

The towns of England were left quite naked
 Of all its army, both foot and horse ;
 The Highlands of Scotland were left unguarded,
 Likewise the *Hessians*, the seas they crossed.

* A hill between Ferns and Gorey.

† The ancient Britons.

‡ A village between Gorey and Arklow.

To the Windmill Hill of Enniscorthy
 Their British fencibles they flew like deers ;
 And our ranks were tattered, and sorely scattered
 For the loss of Kane * and the Shelmaliers.†

But if the Frenchmen they had reinforced us—
 Landed their transports in Bagganbunn,‡
 Father John Murphy he would be their seconder
 And sixty thousand along with him come.
 Success attend the sweet County Wexford,
 Threw off its yoke and to battle run.
 Let them not think we gave up our arms,
 For every man has a pike or gun !

—88—

A FRAGMENT

OF A SONG OF THE WEXFORD MEN OF 1798.

As Granu was wandering along the sea shore,
 For seventy weary long years and more,
 She saw Bonaparte, coming far off at sea ;
 Saying *rowl* away, my boys, we'll clear the way
 So pleasantly.

As Father Kearns stood in the street,
 An Orange officer he did meet ;
 With his broad sword he cut him down,
 Saying, *rowl* away my boys, we'll clear the town
 So pleasantly.

* Esmonde Kyan, who suffered in the Rebellion.

† The men of the barony of the Shelmalier, famed for their skill as marksmen in the Rebellion. They used the long guns, with which they were accustomed, to shoot wild fowls.

‡ A small harbour on the west coast, where the first English invaders were said to have landed.

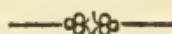
ANOTHER FRAGMENT

OF ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF THE REBEL SONGS
 . . . OF THE MEN OF WEXFORD.

WERE you at the Battle of Ross ?
 Were you at the Castle of Comber ?
 Or were you at Vinegar Hill
 Where the Orangemen they were laid over.

Chorus. Tally hi ho, hi ho ; and tally hi ho
 the grinder.

Erin's a sturdy old wench,
 And so master Bull you will find her.



THE LONDON PRIDE AND SHAMROCK.

A FABLE.

The Press, October 21st, 1797.

This little piece, far above the average effusions of this kind in the publications of the United Irishmen, bearing the signature of "Trebor," struck me as being the composition of a man of genius and refinement, and of a youthful writer. Finding the word to be that of Robert, written backwards, it occurred to me that the piece was the production of Robert Emmet : and subsequently, on comparing the style and diction with those of some other pieces in his hand-writing, little doubt remained on my mind as to his being the author of it.

FULL many a year, close side by side,
 A Shamrock green, and London Pride,
 Together how they came to grow,
 I do not care, nor do I know ;
 But this I know, that overhead
 A laurel cast a wholesome shade.
 The Shamrock was a lovely green
 In early days as e'er was seen,

And she had many a hardy son,
In days of old, but they are gone,
For soon the other's creeping shoots
Did steal themselves round Shamrock's roots,
Then thief-like fastened in her soil,
And suck'd the sap of poor Trefoil,
Until in time, pert London Pride
Got up so high, as quite to hide
Poor Shamrock, who could seldom see
The sun's bright face, nor seen was she,
Save when an adverse blast did blow,
And laid her neighbour's honours low.
Then in the angry lady's spite,
She drank the showers, she saw the light,
She bathed her sicklied charms in dew,
And gather'd health and strength anew.
She saw those joys had come from heaven,
And ne'er were by her neighbour given,
Yet her good nature aye to prove,
She paid her jealous hate with love.
But when once more rude Zephyrs came,
And rais'd the overgrown storm-bent dame,
The ingrate strove her all to take,
And forced poor Shamrock thus to speak :
" Neighbour, we're born with equal right
To feel yon sun and see his light,
To enjoy the blessings of this earth;
Or, if right follows prior birth,
In this still stronger is my claim,
Long was I known and great my fame
Before the world ere heard thy name.
But letting all those strong claims lie,
Pray tell me is it policy
To thwart my offspring as they rise,
To break my heart, to blind their eyes ;
Sure, if they spread the earth along,
Grow handsome, healthy, stout, and strong,
They will as usual happy be
To lend that useful strength to thee ;
Thus would we keep each other warm,
And guard us from all coming harm ;

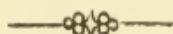
We'll steady stand when wild winds blow,
 And laugh in spite of frost or snow ;
 And guard the root of our loved laurel,
 Grown sick and pale to see us quarrel ?”
 “ No more ”—the vex'd virago cries ;
 Wild fury flashing from her eyes :
 “ I'll hear no more—your bounds I'll mark,
 And keep you ever in the dark.
 Here is a circle, look you here,
 One step beyond it if you dare ;
 And if I hear you more complain,
 I'll tear thy rising heart in twain ;
 I've made thy sons kill one another,
 And soon they shall destroy their mother.’
 “ I'll thus ”—a flash of heavenly fire,
 Full fraught with Jove's most deadly ire,
 Scatter'd the London Pride around,
 The black clouds roar'd with horrid sound,
 The vivid lightning flash'd again,
 And laid the laurel on the plain :
 But soon succeeds a heavenly calm,
 Soft dews descend and showers of balm ;
 The sun shoots forth his kindest ray,
 And Shamrock strengthens every day,
 And rais'd by heaven's assistance bland
 Bids fair to spread o'er all the land ;
 The guards, the blasted laurel's roots,
 The nurtured laurel upward shoots,
 And grateful wreathes its dark green boughs,
 To grace great Shamrock's aged brows.

MORAL.

Take heed, learn wisdom hence, weak man,
 And keep a good friend while you can ;
 If to your friend you are unkind,
 E'en Jove will be against you join'd ;
 Reflect that every act you do
 To strengthen him doth strengthen you ;

To serve you he is willing—able—
 Two twists will make the strongest cable,
 To bind a friend and keep him steady,
 To have him e'er in reach and ready.

TREBOR.



THE TWO SHIPS.

A FABLE.

Ascribed to Robert Emmet. Signed, "Trebor."

“Et ego malim audire tales fabulas
 Quam experiri”—“Naufrag. Eras.”

This piece appeared in the *Anti-Union*, 10th of January, 1798. It is written with great ability, far greater than is exhibited in the ordinary run of Anti-Union poetry of this period. The poetical merit of it is of a high order. The diction is appropriate, energetic, and simple.

“Et ego malim audire tales fabulas
 Quam experiri.”

A SHIP that weathered many a gale,
 With oft-fished mast and tattered sail,
 And many a shot, and many a scar,
 That she received in deadly war ;
 Afraid of ev'ry angry cloud,
 Or breeze that whistled thro' a shroud ;
 O'erburdened, lab'ring, heaving, creaking,
 In danger every wave of wrecking.
 Thus to a vessel stout and tight,
 That constant had kept close in sight ;
 And ev'ry gale had lent assistance,
 Or when the foe kept not his distance .

“ Your crew, good ship, you can’t deny,
Is tainted strong with mutiny.
Now mine is loyal, if we mix ‘em
We’ll make two honest crews betwixt ‘em,
And that we may keep close together,
And stoutly face all sorts of weather,
We’ll tow you by the strongest cable
That to devise my crew is able ;
And if you leave it to my master,
We both shall sail more safe and faster.
As to our burden, though you’ll share it,
His skill will give you strength to bear it.
My solemn faith shall plighted be,
Your share I’ll just apportioned see—
And to your strength your load I’ll square.
Nor stow a pound you cannot bear.
A common fate we then shall have,
Together mount the boisterous wave ;
Or down the wat’ry vale so low
Together we shall cheerful go.
The storm, dear ship, that injures you
Shall sink thy constant comrade too.”
The trim-built vessel thus replied,
As proud she rode upon the tide.
“ I know I have on board some men,
That seem rebellious now and then.
But what’s the cause ? You know full well
Allowance short—makes men rebel ;
And you have many a hand of mine
That on my crew’s provisions dine ;
Each day on biscuit we must work,
Forsooth to send you beef and pork.
Send me my men, their pay and stores,
Cease to rip up our healing sores.
In honour, and in wisdom’s name,
Help me, some prudent plan to frame,
To gain a happy crew’s affection ;—
Blow it, ‘twill be thy own protection.
Our ship we’ll work, its deck we’ll clear,
Nor wind, nor wave, nor both we’ll fear.

As to the tow-rope, I am loth
 To try it, for 'twill hurt us both ;
 A course for you 's no course for me,
 Our trims are diff'rent as can be ;
 But I shall, as I'm wont to do,
 Keep constant company with you,
 And overboard the traitor-hearted
 Shall go—that wish to see us parted ;
 But I perceive 'tis my crew's mind
 By ropes we never should be joined."

'Twas all in vain—a scoundrel few
 About the helm, betrayed the crew ;
 And for a bounty, basely gotten,
 Lash'd the sound vessel to the rotten.
 No sooner was this foul deed done,
 Than slap on board comes ton on ton
 Of cargo—a most grievous burden,
 Ten times as much as she'd her name on ;
 A storm comes on—a dreadful blast,
 Now goes a sail ! now groans a mast ;
 The silvery waves in mountains curled
 Now wrap them in the wat'ry world !
 Shot on the billow, now they rise,
 And seem to penetrate the skies !
 Their heaving sides, with frightful crash
 The rolling ships together dash ;
 The tight-built ship now 'gan to think
 That thus united both must sink ;
 And better 'twas that they should part
 For ever, than a plank should start.
 To save herself, nought else was left,
 She cut the rope, and sent adrift
 The crazy ship, to live at sea,
 Well as she could, and bore away.

TREBOR.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM IN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Published in "The Press," 19th October, 1797.

In the preface to the fourth volume of his work, Moore, in referring to this juvenile production, observes: "I had ventured, indeed, one evening to pop privately into the letter-box of *The Press*, a short fragment in imitation of Ossian. But this, though inserted, passed off quietly, and nobody was in any sense of the phrase the wiser for it." This piece of his was followed by a long letter in prose, to the * * * of * * *, "in which a profusion of bad flowers of rhetoric was enwreathed plentifully with that weed which Shakspeare calls the cockle of rebellion." The asterisks might as well have been letters. That communication was his last one to *The Press*. The first of his published pieces is stated to have been in the "Masonic Magazine." I think there must be a mistake in the statement. In the "Anthologia Hibernica Magazine," for October, 1793, there are two little pieces, one of fourteen lines, "To Zelia," the other entitled "A Pastoral Ballad," prefaced by the following note to the Editor, dated from Aungier Street, 11th Sept. 1793:—"Sir—If the following *attempts* of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a constant reader.—TH—M—S M—RE."

Mr. Moore's family resided in Aungier Street at that period.

In the first, speaking of his muse, he says—

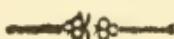
"Timid to try the mountain height,
Beneath the strains retired from sight ;
Careless culling amorous flowers,
Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers."

In the second there is the following stanza—

" My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes,
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
And assumes her most beautiful shapes."

The genius of the future “Anacreon Moore” is to be found budding in those juvenile pieces. Young Moore was then only twelve years of age, being born in April, 1780. I question if more striking evidence of true poetic talent was ever given in the compositions of a boy poet of twelve years of age, than are to be traced in the second of those pieces, addressed to Celia. As much cannot be said of the imitation of Ossian: one would be inclined to think it had been written previously to the lines above referred to, published in 1793, though given so many years later to the public. There is evidence enough in it, however, of an honest hatred of injustice, and earnest love of country, quite enough at that period to have “a gentleman valiant and well spoken,” as the Earl of Kildare, “overtaken with vehement suspicion of sundry treasons.”

The poem in *Imitation of Ossian*, in 1797, displays less talent than patriotism. . . . “Is not Erin sad, and can I rejoice? She waileth in her secret caves, and can I enjoy repose? The sons of her love are low. The *mural* hand of power is over them, and can my bed, though my love be there, afford me comfort. Yet not with their fathers do they lie.—Then, indeed, would I joy—for their souls would exult in their clouds, and their names with freedom be blessed: but hard is the fate of the law: no beams of the sun cheer their fancy, but putrid damps consume. No eddying breezes lighten their souls, but depressions are the airs which surround. Nor can those yet, like me, confined to the gloom, boast of fortune a choicer regard, for usurpers prevail, and partial are thy courts, O Erin! and corruption is the order of the day. That freedom, O Brethren of woe! which once was yours, is driven from your isle, and now cheereth some nation abroad—but Britannia commands, and oppression is joined to your fate.” . . .



THE IRISHMAN'S GLORY.

TUNE—"Langolee."

From "Paddy's Resource."

TRUE Irishmen, view how our tyrants oppress us,
 How can you behold it, and silent remain ?
 Our chains they augment, and refuse to redress
 us,

The urgings of reason appear now in vain :—
 So, countrymen, let us unite and oppose it,
 A true son of Paddy to you does propose it ;
 What, tho' our oppressors may treason suppose it,
 We will persevere for our dear liberty.

Let brotherhood still be existing among you,
 Stand firm to your rights, and always agree ;
 Nor by your divisions let foreigners wrong you—
 Despising the influence of base tyranny :
 Regain your lost rights, and make no digressions
 Regardless of knaves, or barb'rous oppressions ;
 Divide not concerning religious professions ;
 Unite and stand forth for our dear liberty.

Very soon the bright era of Irishmen's glory,
 The minions of tyrants shall tremble to see ;
 Let honour proclaim, with truth a true story,
 How Hibernians suffered their country to free.
 I must bid adieu now and make a conclusion ;
 But faith we'll no longer support your profusion ;
 Thank Heaven that we're not now absorbed in
 delusion ;
 We will persevere for our dear liberty.

THE IRISH MAN.

TUNE—"Vive la."

BY JAMES ORR.

From his Posthumous Works, Belfast, 1817.

This song has been attributed to John Philpot Curran, no mean compliment to its merits, and in a publication of great ability, which was devoted chiefly to the preservation of "the native music of Ireland."

Two verses of it are inserted in "The Citizen and Dublin Monthly Magazine," for November, 1841 (page 259), and are given as if the song consisted of those two verses only, with the following notice:—"The words were got in 1809, from Miss Elizabeth Philpot, the near kinswoman of J. P. Curran, along with others contained in a manuscript collection of Curran's unpublished poems. . . . We cannot, therefore, believe that she admitted anything spurious into her manuscript. We are convinced that the words are Curran's, though we have heard them attributed to another."

THE savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air ;
Well then may Erin's sons adore,
Their isle which nature formed so fair !
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As Shannon great, or past'ral Bann ?
Or who, a friend or foe can meet
So gen'rous as an Irishman ?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide—
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be duped, but won't be dared,
Fitter to practise than to plan ;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor for you he'll pay,
 And guide to where you safe may be ;
 If you're his guest while e'er you stay
 His cottage holds a jubilee.
 His inmost soul he will unlock,
 And if he should your secrets scan,
 Your confidence he scorns to mock,
 For faithful is an Irishman.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
 Whate'er she bids he dares to do,
 Tempt him with bribes, he will not fail ;
 Try him in fire, you'll find him true.
 He seeks not safety ; let his post
 Be where it ought, in danger's van,
 And if the field of fame be lost
 'Twill not be by an Irishman.

Erin ! lov'd land from age to age,
 Be thou more great, more fam'd and free,
 May peace be thine, or should'st thou wage
 Defensive war, cheap victory !
 May plenty flow in every field ;
 With gentle breezes softly fan,
 And cheerful smiles serenely gild
 The breast of ev'ry Irishman.

— 88 —

“DONEGORE HILL.”

BY JAMES ORR.

The place where the fugitives from Antrim fled after M'Cracken's defeat. This piece was published in a thin 16mo volume, published by subscription, in Belfast, in 1804. Another posthumous volume of his verses was published in 1817. In a brief notice of the author, it is stated that he was born in the parish of Broad Island, in the county of

Antrim, in 1770. His father held a few acres of land near Ballycarry, and followed the humble avocation of a weaver; and James Orr, the only son of the latter, at his death came into possession of the land, and took to the employment of his father. He commenced verse making in boyhood, and in manhood his first appearance before the public was in *The Northern Star* newspaper of Belfast, which he contributed to frequently under a fictitious name. His pieces were well received: he continued to write in that paper till its end in 1797. He was in "the rebel ranks" at Antrim, on the 7th of June, and it is said his humane conduct was the means of saving many lives on that occasion. In the following poems he refers to the struggle and the part taken in it by him. He escaped the fate of his unfortunate leader, fled to America, and again returned to his native country. The publication of his poems in 1814, brought him a little money, and, as in the case of Burns—into notoriety, which was fatal to him. He neglected his industrious pursuits—frequented public-houses, and fell into habits of intoxication. But notwithstanding his unfortunate course, in his latter years he had many good qualities, "his candour, generosity, and kindness of heart never forsook him. He retained to the last a manly and independent spirit." He died at Ballycarry, the 24th April, 1816.

However humble his merits as a poet and an educated man—his pieces evince an understanding and taste naturally good, quick perception of the beauty of nature, and feelings strongly sensitive to humane and generous impulses. In the pictures which he draws of country manners and of those of the lower ranks of life, he is always accurate.

THE dew draps wat the fiels o' braird
That soon the war-horse thartured;
An' falds were oped by monie a herd
Wha lang ere night lay tortured;
Whan chiels wha grudged to be sae taxed,
An' tythed by rack-rent blauthry,
Turned out *en masse* as soon as axed
An unco throuither squathry,
Were we that day.

While close leagued crappies raised the hoards
 O' pikes, pike shafts, forks, fire-locks,
 Some melted lead—some sawed deal boards,
 Some hade, like hens, in byre neuks :
 Wives baked bannocks for their men,
 Wi' tears instead of water ;
 And lasses made cockades of green
 For lads wha used to flatter
 Their pride ilk day.

A brave man firmly leaving hame
 I aye was proud to think on ;
 The wife obeying son of shame
 Wi' kindlin' e'e I blink on :
 " Peace, peace be wi' you ! ah, return !
 Ere lang, and lea the daft anes"—
 " Please Gude (quo' he) before the morn
 In spite of a' our chieftains
 An' guards this day."

But when the pokes of provender
 Were slung on ilka shoulder,
 Hags wha to henpeck did'na spare
 Loot out the yells the louder—
 Had they, whan blood about their heart
 Cauld fear make cake and crudle,
 Ta'en twa rash gills frae Herdman's quart,
 'Twad rouse the calm, slow puddle
 I' their veins that day.

Now leaders laith to lea the rigs
 Whase leash they feared was broken,
 An' privates cursin' purse-proud prigs
 Wha brought 'em balls to slacken.
 Repentant Painites at their prayers,
 An' dastards crouesly craikin',
 Move on, heroic to the wars
 They meant na to partake in
 By night or day.

Some fastin', yet now strave to eat
 The piece that butter yellowed ;
 An' some in flocks, drank out cream crocks
 That wives but little valued.
 Some lettin' on their burn to mak
 The rearguard, goadin', hastened ;
 Some hunkrin' at a lee dyke back
 Boost haughel on, ere fastened
 Their breeks that day.

The truly brave as journeyin' on
 They pass by weans an' mithers,
 Think on red fiels whare soon may groan
 The husbands an' the fathers :
 They think how soon the bonnie things
 May lose the youths they're true to ;
 And see the rabble (strife aye brings)
 Ravage their homes, while new to
 Sic scenes that day.

When to the top of Donegore
 Braid-islan's corps cam postin',
 The red-wud, warpin, wild uproar
 Was like a bee scap castin' ;
 For . . . — . . . took ragweed farms
 (Fears e'e has still the jaundice),
 For Nugent's red coats, bright in arms,
 An' rush ! the pale-faced randies
 Took leg that day.

The camp's brak up, ower braes and bogs,
 The patriots seek their sections ;
 Arms, ammunition, bread bags, brogues
 Lie strewed in a' directions.
 And some, alas, wha feared to face
 Auld fogies, or e'en women,
 They swore in pride, tho' yet untried
 They yet wad trounce the yeomen
 Some other day.

Come back ye dastards ?—can ye ought
 Expect at your returnin'
 But wives and weans stript, cattle houghed,
 An' cots an' claughins burnin',
 Na, haste ye hame ! ye ken ye'll scape,
 That martial law ye're clear O ;
 The nine-tailed cat or choakin' rape
 Is mostly for the hero
 On sic a day.

Saint Paul, I ween, doth counsel weel,
 An' somewhere Pope the same in,
 That "first of a', folk should themsel
 Impartially examine ;"
 If that's na done, whate'er the loon
 May swear to, never swithrin',
 In every pinch, he'll basely flinch,
 "Guid bye to ye my brethren"
 He'll cry that day.

The ill-starred wights wha stayed behind
 Were moved by mony a passion ;
 By dread to stay, by shame to rin,
 By scorn and consternation.
 Wi' spite they curse, wi' grief they pray,
 Now start, now pause—more pity,
 "Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay"—
 An unco doleful ditty
 On sic a day.

What joy at home our entrance gave,
 "Guid God ! is't you ? fair fa' ye !
 'Twas right, tho' fools may say not brave
 To rin before they saw ye !"
 "Aye, wife, 'tis true without dispute,
 But lest sunts fail in Zion,
 I'll have to swear they forced me out ;
 Better they swing than I on
 Some hangin' day.

My song is done, an' to be free,
 Full sair I ween they smarted,
 Wha wad hae bell'd the cat a wee
 Had they no' been deserted ;
 They lacked the drill, and in my min',
 Where it came not before mon,
 In tryin' times, maist folk, you'll fin',
 Will act like Donegore men
 On any day.

—88—

P R A Y E R,

Written on the Eve of the unfortunate 7th of
 June, 1798.

BY JAMES ORR.

MIGHTY Lord of life and death,
 While men for strife prepare,
 Oh, let this heart thy favour feel,
 And peace will still be there.

How oft I've erred ! at pleasure's shrine
 How fondly bent my knee !
 But if I have not cruel been,
 Be clement, Lord ! to me.

If pride in this aspiring breast
 Made poverty give pain,
 Expel that pride ; nor in its stead
 Let mean dishonour reign.

If e'er ill passions prompted me
 Off wisdom's path to go,
 Let not revenge, the worst one, strive
 To hurt a private foe.

How dare I ask thy bolts to throw ?
 Whose mandates "do not kill."
 But, whilst as man I have to fight,
 As man, O may I feel !

Let not this frame, whose fleshless bones
 These summer suns may bleach,
 Lie writhing long, nor while it stands,
 The hand of pillage stretch.

But in the vict'ry, or the rout,
 In glory, or in gall,
 May moderation mark my power,
 And fortitude my fall.

Why dread to die ? what griefs I've borne ?
 What pains have pluck'd each nerve ?
 Yet why not wish to grow more wise,
 And live my friends to serve ?

Resign'd I'll rest then, whether oft
 Yon silver curve to see ;
 Or hail the sun, and, ere he set,
 Beyond his system be.

Almighty Lord of life and death !
 Whilst men for strife prepare,
 Let but this heart thy favour feel,
 And peace will still be there.

—88—

ON THE DEATH OF A. M'CRACKEN, "Basely Murdered."

BY JAMES ORR.

AH ! how can man, thus idolizing life,
 In false futurity repose his trust ;
 While heartfelt pain, and desolating strife
 Each hour o'erthrows his brothers of the dust.

Rever'd M'Cracken ! when with thee my friend
 I last ey'd nature from the mountain grand,
 I little thought that ere an hour should end,
 Thy frame should wreath beneath th' assassin's
 hand.

While proud vice prosper'd, penury and pain,
 Fell harpies ! haunted thee through life's sad
 scenes :
 To wretched worth, untimely death is gain—
 But massacre and gore were dreadful means.

Stern justice soon shall crush the slaves who slew
 The brave old sage who ne'er shunn'd foe that
 fac'd.

Avenge him, Erin ! firm he fought for you,
 Avenge him, Heaven ! the world you fram'd,
 he trac'd.

His friendless orphans !—God ! how could they
 view

The spectacle that shock'd th' uninjured throng,
 Descend, fond sprite ! and on their hearts renew
 The mild monitions of thy prudent tongue.

Mute is his tongue—ne'er, ne'er shall it exert
 Its god-like powers, defining truth and taste ;
 His dext'rous hand lies nerveless and inert,
 His noble heart the reptile soon shall waste.

Yet friends and fav'rites oft shall strew with
 flowers
 The gore stain'd grave where rests the man of
 woe ;
 And Locke and Newton, in ethereal bow'rs
 Shall teach his shade whate'er he long'd to know.

THE PATRIOT'S COMPLAINT.

A Paraphrase of the 5th Chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

BY JAMES ORR.

Good God ! for mercy's sake remove
 The scorn and sorrow, that we prove ;
 Nor let accursed aliens share
 Our fruitful fields and cities fair.
 The matron tells her babes to mourn
 The sire who never shall return,
 And buys with gold, received with taunts,
 The wood and water that she wants.

Stern persecution clasps her yoke,
 When men the God of truth invoke,
 Oppression bids us labour hard,
 Nor grants repose, nor gives reward.
 The Assyrian and Egyptian band
 Have oft despoiled our drooping land.
 Yet 'mid their ranks, our youths are fain
 To sell their service, bread to gain.

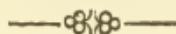
* * * *

No more the elders in the gate
 Give law and justice to the State ;
 No more their sons attune the lyre
 To praise the virgins they admire.
 In domes where pleasure danced at eve,
 The saddest circles now they grieve ;
 Our wreaths are withered—woe to all
 The crimes that wrought our country's fall.

With trembling hand and tear-dimmed eye,
 We see our land in ruins lie ;
 E'en Zion's mount where beauty glowed,
 Is the wild fox's drear abode.

O God ! who reignest ere time began,
And will survive th' extinguished sun,
How long must our short span of life
Be plagued with servitude and strife ?

• * * *



LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF

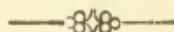
NEWELL.

The notorious Informer.

BY WILLIAM ORR.

WERE these his looks indignant?—let me scan
Th' apostate's form, who shamed the race of man.
Allied to friends and foes, but false to all,
He gained their confidence to work their fall.
He sold his land, and spent the gold in vice,
Renewed his means, for blood still had its price.

May every ill of life the wretch befall,
And dire Remorse his hopeless breast enthrall ;
In famine's guise approach the death he fears,
And all around seem hisses in his ears,
Who duped his friends, betrayed his native land,
Deceived e'en those whose bribes were yet in
hand.



AN ODE.

From "The Press," January 6, 1798.

HARK ! heard ye not those dreadful screams ?
And heard ye not that infant's cry ?
'Tis sure some neighbouring cot in flames
Which with crimson tints the sky.

Oh, God ! an aged corpse I see,
 Naked, wounded, stained with gore,
 Hanging on a blasted tree
 Before the burning cottage door.

Have Erin's sons failed in the field ?
 What foreign foe lays waste the land ?
 Say where was Britain's guardian shield,
 When Erin sunk beneath their hand.

But see untouched yon palace stands,
 While all around the hamlets burn ;
 And lo ! those military bands
 Back to the flames their victims spurn.

Say why against the humble cot
 Is all their ruthless fury bent ?
 Sure nought that falls to peasants' lot,
 Can plunders lawless ravage tempt.

No foreign foe lays waste the land,
 And Erin's sons have fled no field ;
 Their blood is shed by Britain's hand ;
 Hers is a destroying shield.

Know that within the humble cot
 The sacred Ark of Union stands ;
 And peasants guard the hallow'd spot
 From hostile Britain's ruffian bands.

The abject sons of wealth and power,
 Are to insidious Britain sold,
 And they, in Erin's varying hour,
 Against their country are enrolled.

Not unavenged will Erin fall,
 Nor e'en in ruin be alone :
 Be Britain's will accomplished all,
 Erin's destruction seals her own.

Yet Erin falls not, but her sons,
 In arms assert their rightful claims ;
 With hasty pace to vengeance comes—
 Indignant Erin breaks her chains.

SARFIELD.

—38—

EXTRACTS FROM AN
 ODE.

From "The Press," November 30, 1797.

ERIN ! erst, oh, happy isle !
 Liberty on thee did smile,
 Hardy warriors thou didst breed ;
 For thy freedom they did bleed.
 Now from thee as freedom fled
 Thy heroes sleep among the dead.
 Tyranny usurps command,
 Cruel foes devour the land.

See the Monster from afar,
 In his looks destructive war !
 Fierce he strides across the plain,
 Death and terror in his train.
 Crouching at his feet you see
 Murder, lust, and cruelty.
 Hosts of slaves at his command,
 Tyranny destroys the land.

When the evening grey draws on,
 Rustics watch the setting sun ;
 To your hamlets quick retire,
 Fuel for the tyrants' fire
 Listen to the midnight owl !
 Now the owl begins to prowl ;
 Lo ! the flaming brand he throws,
 Quick the straw-thatched cottage glows.

Crackling blazes pierce the skies,
 Thither waft the victims' cries ;

Vain the virtuous mother's prayers,
 Vain the feeble virgin's tears,
 Cruel lust nor knows to spare
 Virtue mild nor beauty fair.
 Erin, see thy sons in chains,
 Cowards vile deride their pains.

ERINACH.

—88—

These lines were probably written in Belfast in 1797.
 The first line of each stanza is to be read alternately
 I am indebted for them to Miss M'Cracken.

THE pomp of Courts and power of Kings,
 I prize above all earthly things,
 I love my country, and the King
 Above all men his praise I sing ;
 The royal banners are displayed,
 And may success the standard aid.

I fain would banish far from hence,
 The rights of man and common sense.
 Destruction to his hated reign,
 That plague of Princes, Thomas Paine.
 Defeat and ruin seize the cause
 Of France, her liberties, and laws.

—88—

AN ANCIENT IRISH PROPHECY,
From O'Neill, the Blind Harper.

VERSIFIED BY MISS BALFOUR.

OH, Erin ! the sun of thy glory has set,
 The days of thy triumph are o'er,
 With tears are the cheeks of thy patriots wet,
 And thy shamrocks are crimsoned with gore ;

'Tis the blood of the heroes who fell in thy cause,
 When thy rights were by tyrants assailed,
 When they murdered thy leaders, insulted thy
 laws,
 And the strength of the Lion prevailed.

But the time now approaches, at hand is the day,
 That to thee shall the victory bring,
 When the strength of the lion shall sink in decay,
 And the thistle shall yield up its sting ;
 When the wrongs of thy children no more shall be
 wept,
 As prophetic thy minstrels have sung,
 But the harp that so long in oblivion has slept,
 Shall again be to liberty strung.

—88—

EXTRACTS

*From "The Bitter Orange," Published in
 "The Press."*

BY MRS. HENRIETTA BATIER.

This poem is one of a considerable number of political pieces in verse of a satirical kind, and many of them remarkable no less for their smartness than their severity, appeared either in pamphlet form or in the daily prints of the Liberty party from 1794 down to 1799. Mrs. Batier was the Sappho of the United Irishmen. She was possessed of excellent talents, an ardent love of liberty, a keen perception of all that was ridiculous in the absurdly-insolent pretensions of Protestant ascendancy, and a strong hatred of intolerance and injustice. Curran, Hamilton Rowan, Lord Moira, and the Duke of Leinster, were the gods of her idolatry. She wrote a several pieces extolling their patriotism and decrying their opponents. "The Bitter Orange," "The Lemon," and the "Gibbonade,"—bitter and cleverly-written satires on the Giffards, the Cookes, the Castle-reaghs and Clares, and the principal miscreants of the battalion of testimony, many of which she printed at

her own expense. Her writings were very popular in the heigh-day of republican fervour ;—they contributed not a little to Rowan's popularity. One of her odes was addressed to him, another to that great "gay chief" of Irish patriotism, Lord Moira. She published likewise at her own expense, at the death of the Duke of Leinster, an ode on "that national calamity," and indeed every passing subject of interest was handled by her. But the time at length came when the scoundrels whom her caustic genius often caused to wince were elevated to an eminence beyond the reach of her satires, and the red-hot patriots had cooled down, and were no longer in need of the laudatory strains of our poor Irish Sappho, or were afraid of the tribute of her praise.

The world had gone badly with her : she became poor, neglected, an applicant for assistance to buy bread, to those to whom she had contributed to give fame. She applied to Hamilton Rowan for assistance, but the old republican, like the philanthropist who spurned "the needy knifegrinder" from his presence—gave no encouragement to the poor democratic suppliant. She got bows, and smiles, and cold unfeeling words for her once highly-prized effusions. She was hardly more successful in an appeal to his Grace, the Duke of Leinster. The *Threnodia*, however, on his father, wrung a pound, it is said, from "Ireland's only Duke." How many in the position of Harriet Batier, and with similar claims, may have prayed that the shadow of his Grace's liberality might never diminish. She troubled no more these generous patrons of her muse ; she obtruded her sufferings no more on them.

The unhappy doom of Irish genius was hers--a life of misery and sorrow. She died in Dublin in the Autumn of 1813, totally neglected, in very unfortunate circumstances, at Sandymount, in the vicinity of Dublin. Several poetical pieces of this poor lady, which evince no ordinary talents, are to be found in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, signed H. B.

THE clock struck one—the gloomy portals close ;
The conclave sat—to plot unnumbered woes :
The darksome catacombs yawn forth their spies ;
There lay the warrant where the victim dies ;

An awful silence reigns—when thus began
 The Chief of Terrors to unfold his plan :
 “ Spies, pimps, informers, harbingers of death,
 Intrepid vot’ries of a murderous faith,
 Ill should the Bitter Orange be my name,
 Ill should the title indicate my fame.

• • • • •

“ If idle mercy, or unmeaning laws,
 Should mar my counsel, or protract your cause ;
 O’Brien, Dutton, Newell, and MacCann,
 Fierce sons of G(iffart), hearken to my plan,
 MacDermot, Mitchell, Smith, MacAulay, Clark,
 By K(emmis) trained,—bold testimonies—hark !
 And ye the best whom bribes and vengeance spur,
 Battalion worthy of your Major S(irr) ;
 Have ye not heard how T(oler) bravely cried,
 ‘ Weak jurors must by jurors be supplied’ ?

“ Have ye not heard C(arhampton) did not fly,
 For crimes which C(lare) would soon indemnify ?
 Have ye not heard from stupid Bobby D/ay),
 To charge the people is to *place* the way ?
 Or if examples higher up we draw,
 Let W(indham) teach you—vigour beyond law.
 Or higher still, let P(itt) your thoughts engage,
 The arch-projector of Espionage.
 Thus led, thus sanctioned, shrinks a single heart,
 From crime—from baseness—cruelty and art ?
 And though your prototypes surpass in powers—
 In will, at least, to emulate be ours !

• • • • •

“ This task to S(irr) and G(iffart)* I consign,
 And this, O drowsy K(emmis), shall be thine,
 Send forth the spies, to wind with many an art
 Thro’ the soft texture of the wounded heart ;

* Giffart and Cooke, the patrons and propagators of the Orange system.

With sense of suff'ring when their bosoms warm,
 Excite the treasons first, and then inform.
 Thus shall we rule the Castle and the State,
 Kings o'er the Viceroy, arbiters of fate ;
 To court our favour C(astlereagh) shall stoop,
 F(oster) shall fawn, and P(elham) be our dupe."

—88—

THE DOG IN OFFICE.

(JACK GIFFARD.)

From the Dublin Evening Post, April 17, 1794.

I AM a dog in office, both servile and mean,
 Who rose from wearing yellow hose, to wear a
 yellow chain,

Chorus—And a grinning I will go,—will go,
 And a grinning I will go.

What tho' my Madam Fortune has taken into tow,
 The mendicants all swear I was whelped in Chan-
 nel Row.

Chorus.

I managed things so well, and I bowed with such
 fine gaits,
 That *pour l'amour de dieu* I was taken out by
 Thwaites.

Chorus.

And after serving out my time, this no one will
 dispute,
 I quarrelled with my master, and of him gained
 the suit.

Chorus.

I then trudged down to Wexford, and cut so great
 a dash,
 I won the heart of a sweet maid, the pride of
 Ballynclash.

Chorus.

With her I set up business, and in Wexford took
a bulk,
But cowardly Miller kicked my stern, and forced
me off to skulk.

Chorus.

I then returned to town, and procured some pots
on score ;
Like Shakespeare's pharmacopœist, both greedy,
mean, and poor.

Chorus.

From lack of trade, from dearth of cash, with a
famished hungry crew,
I applied to Ireland's only Duke, not knowing
what to do.

Chorus.

He kindly took me by the hand, and showed me
how to steer,
And as patriotism was the mode, I turned a
volunteer.

Chorus.

I brawled against Government, and speeched with
front of brass,
And swore that Pitt, the Minister, was but an
errant ass.

Chorus.

At last I nimbly wheeled about, like Judas as I
was,
Betrayed the Prince, my master, and every virtuous
cause.

Chorus.

Commenced a Castle scribbler, and got a gauger's
place,
Was likewise dubbed a captain—to the corps I did
disgrace.

Chorus.

Sheriff of the city, with sword, and chain, and
coach,
And "doer" of a journal to Dublin a reproach.
Chorus.

Reporter, author, editor, and ministerial spy,
And thus I have advanced to from yellow-legged
school boy.

Chorus.

And now I keep my villa, my carriages and suite,
And like a dog in office, I grin at all I meet.
Chorus.

My hopeful boy, a barrister, will soon get on the
Bench,
From whence he'll get among the Peers, and then
support the Church.

Chorus.

There's "Protestant Ascendancy," tho' my poor
Popish mother
Ne'er throught her sweet *spem gregis* would make
so great a-pother.

Chorus.

I'll lynch each honest man, who dares to speak or
write his mind,
And sedition ev'ry alderman—"the refuse of
mankind."

Chorus.

The honours that are due to me, now all the world
must own,
With my nephew* and the captain,† sure I lynch'd
no less than Rowan.

Chorus.

* William Morton, a gold beater, a nephew of Giffard,
a witness against Rowan.

† Captain Lyster, another witness against Rowan.

“FINE CABBAGES DOWN ALONG DAME STREET.”

BY EDWARD LYSAGHT, ESQ.

Sir John Carr, in his “Stranger in Ireland,” speaking of this “excellent song,” mentions it as one of the most witty and playful of the many good songs written at the period of the Union ; he adds : “It was a great favourite with the Anti-Unionists, and I give it with the more pleasure *because its poetical predictions have not been verified, and I feel convinced NEVER WILL BE.* It is from the sprightly pen of Mr. Lysaght.” The reader will judge whether the poetical prediction of the inimitable “Ned Lysaght” had not more of inspiration and of truth in it, than the comments of “The Stranger in Ireland.” This song has been attributed to two students of Trinity College, expelled in 1796, on account of their supposed connection with the United Irishmen,—Messrs. Power and Ardagh, the latter the rector of Moy, in the county Meath. The Rev. Mr. K—, rector of R—, in the county of Dublin, informed me it was their joint composition. It was published, however, in 1811, in a small volume of the poems of Lysaght, brought out by subscription (Gilbert and Hodges, Dublin). In this collection a considerable number of his occasional amatory and complimentary little pieces which the world would have suffered little from the loss of, had they never seen the light—were inserted, and not one of his numerous admirable songs written for the United Irishmen, and which he was wont to sing in their social circles. Those who were in the habit of meeting Lysaght in those times, in such company, speak of his convivial qualities, his talents as a political as well as a convivial song writer and singer, as something extraordinary. Men who have seen much of life and its gifted actors, speak in terms of enthusiasm of Ned Lysaght.

It was very unfair to his memory to have given insertion to such lines as those extempore ones of his, heaven only knows at whose request or for what purpose written—on the death of Lord Chancellor Clare, wherein he speaks of “truth and justice mourning”

over his sacred urn, and to have struck out of the collection of Lysaght's songs, his political ones, the most excellent, by all accounts, of his compositions. The editor says:—"From some particular circumstances it has become necessary to omit those lyric strains which produced a Tyrtean effect at a period never to be forgotten."

Lysaght's friends feared his memory would be injured if his early political opinions were made known—nay, Lysaght himself, in his latter years, deemed it necessary to exhibit more of the courtier than the patriot in public circles, nay, even in private ones, to treat of the old themes of liberty and independence in a very subdued tone.

What a curse it is to live in a slave land, to witness the effects and influence of a foreign yoke on the minds even of men of cultivation and liberal opinions—that most hateful of all the influences—slavery, the lowering of the tone of independence which becomes a man born to be free—to maintain at all times, in all places, and with all the world.

What circumstances should render it necessary to consign the finest songs of Edward Lysaght to oblivion? Only let us imagine some future editor of Beranger's lyrics informing the French public that his political songs which were offensive to the elder branch of the Bourbons, had been left out of his works by the particular desire of certain Carlists, who had been subscribers to the work, or had promised patronage to his children. A country-woman of ours, whom some of our literati deem it is Lockhart-like and critical to disparage; who has written much, and in the very worst of whose writings there is more evidence of talent than in the best they ever brought forth; a writer (the god-daughter of Edward Lysaght), who in a long literary career has ever been true to her country, has spoken out her opinions of it and for it, in season and out of season, not in one work, but in all her writings, has made some observations on the slave mark in Ireland—as it is to be found in the sense of subjection, of a necessity of repressing patriotism—and of seeking worldly advantages at the expense of national or mental independence, which prevails amongst us. "Oh, with how many warm Irish hearts I began life, who have since

yielded to the baneful influence of this state of things, and cooled down to a more prudent consideration of their country's wrongs, in relation to their own private interests. Yielding to a paltry and ephemeral ambition, they have looked down from the height of their official dignities upon the romance of patriotism, and condemned the expression of feelings which it was once their pride to avow. . . . This is one of the severest penalties of life: death itself inflicts none so bitter.”*

Unfortunately it is now impossible to ascertain with any certainty, which of the lyrical pieces in the *Press* and in the “*Harp of Erin*,” were written by him. One of the best known of his humorous songs is that of “*Donnybrook Fair*.”

Edward Lysaght was born on the 21st Dec., 1763, in the county Clare. His father, John Lysaght, Esq., of Brickhill, in that county, was descended from an ancient family; his mother, from the Daltons of Deer Park, in Clare also, and was connected with several noble families—the Eyres, Castlecootes, and Clancartys. Edward Lysaght entered Trinity College in 1779. In 1784 he became a student of the Inner Temple, and took his degree of Master of Arts at Oxford. He was called to the English Bar in 1788, and to that of Ireland next term. We learn from the editor of his poems that “he passed through his college course with much credit,” exhibiting that peculiarity of talent for which he was afterwards so eminent. He was also, the editor has reason to believe, *an energetic member of a society, “The Historical connected with our University.”* . . . He applied himself little to his profession, and consequently made little by it. By the accounts of all those who knew him intimately, he was in early life an ardent lover of his country, and his whole heart and soul was in the cause to which his “*Tyrtean*” strains were devoted. His wit was of the most brilliant kind; in repartee, “the dexterous management of its weapons, point, fun and equivoque, he was irresistible.” The improvisatrice felicity of his muse was remarkable. His political and convivial effusions were frequently written on the spur of the moment, yet with all the

* *The Boudoir*, by Lady Morgan, vol. ii., p. 70.

humour, taste, and talent of a man of genius, as well as the boldness and spirit of a master mind. He encountered difficulties and embarrassments enough for many years posterior to the Union, to break down the spirits of any man, even of "infinite jest," nay, the mind itself, if the "poor Yorick" of his deserted circle thus stricken with misfortune, did not indeed chance to sink under his troubles before there was time to lose more than life. A very short time before his death, in 1810, his friends obtained him a lucrative situation under Government. He died, however, in indigent circumstances, in Dublin, leaving a family unprovided for, and his fame as a man of wit and a lyrical writer not in a much better condition, but a character for conviviality, integrity, and independence of principle that will perish only with those who knew and loved him.

How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit,
 That he'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir !
 By a magical move of that conjuror, Pitt,
 The country is coming to town, sir !
 Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky a glass,
 Who'd ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an
 ass.
 Thro' Capel-street soon as you'll rurally range,
 You'll scarce recognise it the same street,
 Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Exchange,
 Fine Cabbages down along Dame-street.
 Give Pitt, etc.

Wild oats in the cottage won't want to be till'd,
 And hemp in the Four Courts may thrive, sir ;
 Your markets again shall with muttons be fill'd.
 By St. Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir !
 Give Pitt, etc.

In the Parliament House, quite alive, shall there
 be
 All the vermin the island e'er gathers ;
 Full of rooks, as before, Daly's Club-house you'll
 see,
 But the Pigeons won't have any feathers.
 Give Pitt, etc.

Our Custom-house quay, full of weeds, oh, rare sport!

But the Ministers' minions, kind elves, sir,
Will give us free leave all our goods to export,
When we've got none at home for ourselves, sir!

Give Pitt, etc.

Says an alderman—"Corn will grow in your shops;

This Union must work our enslavement."

"That's true," says the sheriff, "for plenty of crops*

Already I've seen on the pavement."

Ye brave loyal yeomen, dress'd gaily in red,

This Minister's plan must elate us,

And well may John Bull, when he's robb'd us of bread,

Call poor Ireland "The land of Potatoes."

—88—

VOLUNTEER SONG.

TUNE—"The British Grenadiers."

BY EDWARD LYSAGHT.

THE gen'rous sons of Erin, in manly virtue bold,
With hearts and hands preparing our country to uphold,

Tho' cruel knaves and bigot slaves disturbed our
isle some years,

Now hail the man who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

Just thirty years are ending, since first his glorious
aid,

Our sacred rights defending, struck shackles from
our trade,

*A proverbial term for the rebels, in 1798, who wore their hair close cut.

To serve us still with might and skill the vet'ran
now appears,
The gallant man who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

He sows no vile dissensions ; good will to all he
bears,
He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry fears or
cares,
To Erin's and to Briton's sons his worth his name
endears,
They love the man who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

Oppos'd by hirelings sordid, he broke oppression's
chain,
On statute books recorded, his patriot acts remain,
The equipoise his mind employs of Commons,
King, and Peers,
The upright man who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

A British Constitution (to Erin ever true),
In spite of State pollution, he gained in Eighty-
two,
He watched it in its cradle and bedewed its hearse
with tears,*
This gallant man who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

While other nations tremble, by proud oppression
gall'd,
On hustings we'll assemble, by Erin's welfare
call'd,
Our Grattan there we'll meet him and greet him
with three cheers,
The gallant man who led the van of Irish Volun-
teers.

* "I watched by the cradle of Irish Independence,
and I followed its hearse."—GRATTAN'S SPEECHES.

SAINT PATRICK'S DELIGHT.

TUNE—“*Moll Roe.*”(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

BY COUNSELLOR LYSAGHT.

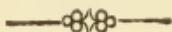
Mr. M., an intimate friend of Lysaght’s, informed me this song was written by the latter, and frequently sung by him. The best of his songs, the same gentleman states, he knew to have been written off-hand by Lysaght, “on the spur of the moment,” at convivial parties.

Oh, if you’ve a mind to gain Freedom,
 Go travel the globe all around,
 But the like of the old Irish nation,
 In a corner is scarce to be found,
 Oh, there you’ll find true hospitality,
 Whiskey and friendship galore,
 With Erin go brah an’ green ribbons,
 The ladies so much do adore.
 Masha whack, etc.

Were it not for our heavy oppressions,
 How happy and snug would we be,
 Our land is so fertile and pleasant ;
 No poor at our doors would we see :
 But our brave Irish heroes now feel it,
 They surely will give it a blow ;
 With an Irish Shillelagh we’ll twist them—
 Hurra—we will banish each foe.
 Masha whack, etc.

Oh, St. Patrick he was a true patriot,
 He made us an Island of Saints,
 Driving off all obnoxious invaders,
 And ne’er shut his ears to complaints.
 When yet I remind our ancestors,
 The sons of the great O’s and Macs,
 Who virtuously fought for our country,
 And never once turn their backs.
 Masha whack, etc.

You ladies, true friends to Hibernia,
 The rights of old Erin maintain ;
 Futurity, history will mention,
 Your actions of honour and fame,
 The Genius of Ireland defend you,
 May Freedom soon brighten the day,
 May her radiance to liberty guide you,
 And shield you from harm, I pray.
 Musha whack, etc.



ADVICE TO PADDY.

TUNE—"Larry Grogan."

ASCRIBED TO EDWARD LYSAGHT.

ARRAH, Paddy, my joy,
 What makes you so shy
 To join with your Protestant brother, your brother ?
 Sure you never can thrive,
 If you both do not strive
 To live on good terms with each other, each other.
 Your foes long have prided
 To see you divided,
 That they with more ease might oppress you, oppress you ;
 But when they once find
 You together have joined,
 I'll be bound they'll be glad to caress you, caress you.

Then your rights will be granted,
 And all that you wanted,
 To fit you for every high station, high station :
 With such a connection
 You'll shine in perfection—
 Oh, then you will be a bright nation, bright nation.

But if by a blunder
 You still keep asunder,
 Those blessings can never attend you, attend you,
 Till you go to your graves
 You shall live and die slaves—
 And if you be such fools, oh, hang you, oh, hang
 you.

—88—

SLUMBERING IRELAND.

TUNE—“*Langolee.*”

From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”

‘TWAS evening, the noise of a beautiful river
 Attracted my ear, while I viewed the fair west,
 The sharp passing breeze made the poor lab’rer
 shiver
 Who had toiled for twelve hours and sat down
 to rest;
 Beneath a close thorn, that diffused fragrance
 finely,
 Fair Susan, so charming, sat singing divinely,
 Will my country ne’er wake? will she still sleep
 supinely?
 Ah, when will Hibernia with Freedom be blest?
 But th’ enchantment’s just broke, and the whole
 Irish nation
 In union and friendship are firmly combined.
 For the good of the country, and Ireland’s salva-
 tion,
 No courtier’s dark dealings can fetter the mind.
 Arise from your trance, old Hibernia, for ever,
 Awake from your slumbers—advance and be
 clever,
 And like rays from the sun, dart forth and de-
 liver
 Your brothers and children from fell tyranny.

A VOLUNTEER SONG.

SAINT PATRICK HE IS IRELAND'S SAINT.

TUNE—"Ally Croker."

BY JOHN SHEARES.

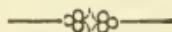
The original of this song, in the hand-writing of John Sheares, exists in the possession of Mr. Crofton Croker. Its merits are of a very humble order. John Sheares must have been very youthful when this song was written, in 1780; as he was born about 1760. In his "Popular Songs of Ireland," Mr. Croker states that this song was sung at a Volunteer dinner in Cork, the 17th of March, 1780, on the occasion of a grand parade of the armed societies, on the Mall, with Shamrock cockades. John Sheares wrote largely for the Press of the United Irishmen both in Cork and Dublin. Many of his pieces unquestionably exist in the "Harp of Erin," but I have never been able, on good authority, to ascertain which of them were written by him. Many of his poetical pieces, of an amatory and a sportive kind, were presented to me by the late Mrs. Smith—the Maria Steele of poor John Sheares' devoted passion. One on the friendship of brothers was published in his Memoir in the United Irishmen.

ST. PATRICK he is Ireland's saint,
 And we're his volunteers, sir ;
 The hearts that treason cannot taint,
 Their fire with joy he hears, sir.
 None need be told, our saint so bold,
 Will think that man a d——d rogue
 Who on his day, would keep away,
 And does not mount his Shamrock.
 O rally, O rally, O rally round then,
 Who on his day, has kept away,
 Be sure they are not sound men.

Should French invaders dare to come,
 In ruffles full of starch, sir,
 A ruffle beat upon our drum,
 Like Patrick's month—'tis march, sir,

'Mong Union men and Culloden
 There's not one man a d——d rogue,
 True blue and Boyne with Aughrim join
 To mount a verdant Shamrock.
 O rally, O rally, etc.

And then in mem'ry of this day
 Our saint has made so glorious,
 Each man will seventeen men slay,
 And Ireland make victorious.
 The Enniskillen boys are willing,
 There's not one man a d——d rogue
 Blackpool will join true blue and Boyne,
 And mount the verdant Shamrock.
 O rally, O rally, etc.



The following lines were found among some papers of Thomas Russell, and were said to have been sent to Mr. Bunting by him requesting to have them set to music ; but Mrs. Hamilton, the daughter of Captain John Russell, informed Miss M'Cracken they were written by her father:—

SHOULD we a joy anticipate,
 Too soon the fond illusion flies,
 And sorrows for our hearts awake,
 As evils still in prospect rise.

Happy the breast that never knows
 The sweetly soothing pensive gloom,
 That sensibility bestows,
 And dreads no evils till they come.



THE DISCONSOLATE BISHOP

A PARODY.

AIR—“*The Exile of Erin.*”

BY JAMES HOPE.

THERE came from the Glebe a fat Lord of the conscience,

His motion was slow, yet he seemed in a haste,
The labour of vending Collegiate nonsense,

Had turned all the flour on his wig to a paste ;
A horrible change on his florid complexion,
The terrified Bishop was blay with distraction,
And still he would mutter, “what dreadful re-
action !

O hard is my fortune to witness this day !

Ah, what will become of this infidel nation ?

Oh, is it a wonder a Christian should fret ?
To hear them complain of our “Lawful Taxation,”

The Rent, and the Tythe, and the Parliament
Debt ;

Our bless’d Constitution that wrought so divinely,
And clothed us in purple and scarlet so finely,
We’ll all be undone, if we part it supinely,

The *shoeless** will dance, while we weep one and
all.

Ah ! where is our Vestry’s power of exaction ?

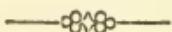
Peelers and Bums, did you weep for its fall ?
And what will become of our Civil Connection ?

And where is our Patronage ? dearer than all :

* *Shoeless Peasantry*, a term of contempt invented and applied to the working classes, by the Editor of the *Northern Whig* ; and re-echoed by his near neighbour, and brother-perquisite, the *Guardian* ; the former being agent of the bankers, the latter of the bishops.

Ah, never again on the steeple's high towers,
 Where so oft we have perch'd, need we spend
 many hours,
 In feasting our eyes on the white potato flowers,
 And hum the sweet anthem of *Croppies lie*
 down!

But now all these black recollections suppressing,
 This clerical wish my fat bosom shall draw,
 That Erin may never inherit the blessing,
 Which springs from an equal protection by law;
 But at our Church gates, as in Hillsboro'* swing-
 ing,
 On each Twelfth of July, her sons may be hinging,
 While rivers of blood keep our joy bells a-ringing,
 Success to the Rich, and to Hell with the Poor!"



THE NATIONAL JURY.

AIR—"Patrick's Day."

BY JAMES HOPE.

THERE'S no institution of human invention,
 If long unrevised but falls into decay,
 Division of interests produces dissension,
 And hands to the factions the mass for a prey.
 When factions arrive at the height of their pride,
 Each intricate question the mass must decide :
 In National Jury the case must be tried—
 Conventions or Parliaments cannot decide it,
 But, splitting in factions, continue divided ;—
 By one common interest the mass must be
 guided
 Some Patrick's Day in the Morning.

* Hillsborough Church-gate was the Constitutional Gallows in 1798.

The method of forming a NATIONAL JURY,
Is perfectly simple and easy to do,
Every faction to free from its natural fury—

Adopt an arrangement that's perfectly new.

Let thirteen next neighbours join kindly together,
For one common interest together to stand,
And spread these communities over the land.

And by the connection bring mind into action,

And bring legislation to proper perfection,

And each individual have equal protection,

On Patrick's Day in the Morning.

We see delegation outreaches discretion—

A mixture of interests, opposed to the mass,
Produces a rage for unbounded possession—

The man who disdains it, they count him an
ass :

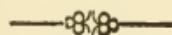
But now, my dear countrymen, mind what I say,
Your Jury can all sit at home in one day,
And quick to a centre your wishes convey,

Avoiding the humbug of parliament squab-
bles,

From speechification, or intricate gabbles—

From ruffianly yeomen, or police constables,

On Patrick's Day in the Morning.



PADDY'S ADVICE.

BY JAMES HOPE.

ARRAH Paddies my hearties, have done wid your
parties,

Let min ov all creeds and profissions agree :
If orange and green min, no longer were seen,
min,

Och naboclish ! how asey ould Erin we'd free !

It's enough for to vex us, the way these rogues tax
us,

Widout lave or licence they take all away ;
But if the cash fail us, by dad they soon gaol us,
For the devil a halfp'urth we dare do but *pay*.

These sleek-visaged preachers, they're all over-
reachers,

Wid their Tythes and Church-cesses, and bay-
onets to boot ;

It's down wid your dust, sir, no grumblin', you
must, sir,

For here are the Peelers to second my shute.

They speech and they prache us, pretindin to tache
us,

And tell us that God is all-just and all-wise,
That He bid them to keep sir, His poor strayin'
sheep, sir,

So they fleece all the wool, and the flock they
despise.

Our landlords so grand, sir, they keep all the land,
sir,

And pocket the rint, just as if 'twas their own--
For licence to dig, or to plough up a rig,

We must pay what we earn by the strength of
the bone.

When Adam was born, sir, on a fine sunny morn,
sir,

He was tould unto God alone rint he should
pay,

The wather and land, sure, was made all for man,
sure—

Are there no other min but the landlords I pray ?

I've searched through the pages of scriptural ages,
To find out whin God gave these Torys the lan',

But there's nothen av lases, in wan of these places,
So lit them produce them at wanst iv they can.

These fine-coated fillows will stan' up and till us,
 We were made to be useful to them and to theirs.

Wid their humbuggin' schames, about titles and names,
 They beggar the daughters to lave the sons heirs.

Then they trace up their blood, beyant Noah's big flood,

And bother us all wid their long pedigree ;
 They turn us and wind us, still strivin' to blind us,
 But a hungry eye through their cobwebs can see.

To make things more sure, sir, and keep us secure,
 sir,

They've pinsioned the press to o'ershadow the mind ;

But wanst *truth* mounts on, the white horse of St. John,

Nuver fear but the fiction its value will find.

Och their schames cannot last, boys, so lit us "stand fast," boys,

Give nothen' at all till full value be paid.

An' the man that wud ax us, for rints or for taxes,
 Just tell him we're up to the tricks of the trade.

We'll show them a pitchfork, and tell them that sich work

As that they have practised, no longer will do ;
 We've been long in the dark, sir, but wan little spark, sir,

Of truth, from the Comet, brings all things to view.

Thin mind wan an' all, boys, the system must fall,
 boys,

Must fall iv ye stick to each other like wax—
 So your toe in your brogue, Paddy ! down with the rogue, Paddy !

Who'd strhive to divide yez, or dare for to tax.

THE ROSEBUD.

BY JAMES HOPE.

IN life's sprightly morning how pleasant the hours,
When traversing the fields and surveying the
flowers ;

I picked up a rosebud select from the rest,
And divested of thorns it remained in my breast ;
Its fragrance refreshed me, inspiring with love,
Till that fragrance was drawn to the regions
above ;

Now my tenderest wish is at eve to repose,
By the last withered leaf of my sweet little Rose ;
In the moments quick passing in pleasure or pain,
That succeed one another in time's sweeping
train,

They may sometimes perplex, but they cannot
delay,

'Tis a law in their nature to hasten the day,
When the distance between us the last will remove,
And again we shall meet at the centre of Love.

—88—

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ROSA.

BY JAMES HOPE.

WHILE memory marks the scenes of former years,
And over moor and mountain lightly roams,
One moment mounting on the dizzy steep,
The next it wanders through the well-known dale,
But never fails to seek the little stream
That by a stranger might be overlooked,
Has oft refreshed me in the noon-day sun
With cooling beverage from the limpid springs
That join its gentle current as it creeps.
This recollection must be very sweet,
For distance can't exclude it from my mind.

But there is still another sweeter thought,
 For on the bank of that pure stream it was
 In artless words I first disclosed my love,
 The first of love that met the virgin ear,
 My suit with satisfaction undisguised,
 And modest approbation entertained,—
 In memory's shrine is still a hallowed thought.
 The date of future happiness was this,
 For through the wanderings of a chequer'd life
 Unchanged affection never lost its power.
 She's now at rest, and I must still remain
 A little longer in this world of care,
 I'll live in hope to join her in the next,
 And share the "Wonders of redeeming Love,"
 Which brought us back to union with our God,
 Of which our union here was but a type.
 But these are thoughts, I'm told, beyond my
 ken,
 And yet my thoughts find wing, and seek the
 skies.
 I sometimes wish she shared my present thoughts
 When joy is mingled with them, but I feel
 The joys that angels own are hers, and yet
 We are not parted here, for while I live
 I'll see her still in every modest face.

— 88 —

"THE TROUBLES."

BY JAMES HOPE.

WE fell to work, hammer and tongs,
 The Orange and Green both together,
 With sabres, with guns, pikes, and prongs
 Each party the other did leather.
 With slaughter we strewed the green plain,
 Our cannons the welkin made rattle,
 And furiously knocked out the brains
 Of men, women, children and cattle.

Exhausted with conflict and strife,
 With vengeance and rage to each other,
 The Orangemen ravished Cross's wife,
 And Cross in revenge killed his mother.
 The demons of discord, their brands
 High flourished throughout the whole nation,
 And madmen with parricide hand
 Spread ruin and wide desolation.

To settle this damnable row
 The gallant old Corney came over,
 The works of the loom, and the plough,
 And the national peace to recover—
 The standard of mercy he reared ;
 Put an end to the system of terror.
 Tyrannic oppression was scared,
 And parties repented their error.

Humbert and his sans-culotte crew
 Just landed in time to be taken,
 Of his allies, an ill-fated crew,
 Got "what the cat left of the bacon."
 But just when the strife was all o'er,
 The Orangeman's pistol and halter
 Revived the fell system once more
 Which Corney came hither to alter.

In Wexford and Wicklow 'tis said
 That Orange for Croppies went grousing,
 And a cold-blooded slaughter he made,
 Though he sometimes came in for a dousing.
 The poor simple peasant was banged
 Out of loyalty into sedition,
 For when caught, he was pistol'd or hanged
 On a verdict of Justice Suspicion.

If found at his plough or his spade,
 Or his anvil, with leathern bib on,
 Pat died by the bullet or blade,
 "For the rascal had no Orange ribbon."

And he wore a frieze coat and big brogues,
Of rebels the sure designation.
'Twas loyal such craw-thumping rogues
To shoot or hunt out of the nation.

Thus seeing by rancour and strife,
The Paddies completely divided,
The favourite scheme of his life,
Johnny Bull to adopt now decided.
"An Union," says John, "is the shears
For clipping the wings of all classes,
So I'll take from them Commons and Peers,
And load them with panniers like asses."

Thus quarrelled a Lion and Bear,
As *Æsop* relates in a fable,
And about the slink fawn of a deer,
They fought long as either was able,
When covered with blood to the eyes,
A Fox who long viewed them with terror,
Sly-sneering, milled off with the prize,
Leaving both to repent of their error.

Now, our gracious good monarch God save,
And also our free Constitution,
And shackles and chains to the slave,
Who consents to its least diminution.
Great Britain we love and respect,
And value her friendly connexion;
But while he has means to reject,
Pat never will crouch to subjection.

JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES HOPE.

CAN the blood that at Charleston pour'd on the plain,

When your sires warred with tyrants their rights to uphold,

Can the tide of Niagara wipe out the stain ?

No, Jefferson's child has been barter'd for gold.
Do you boast of your Freedom ! peace, babblers be still,

Unfetter your slaves, and the goddess will hear.
Have ye power to unbind, are you wanting the will,

Must the groans of your bondsmen still torture the ear,

The daughter of Jefferson sold as a slave !

The child of a freeman for dollars and francs !
The roar of applause when your orators rave

Is lost in the sound of her chain as it clanks.

Peace, then, ye blasphemers of Liberty's name,

Though the swords of your fathers were red in her cause,

Still redder your cheek should be mantled with shame,

Till the spirit of freedom shall cancel your laws.
But the sin of the slave is the tint of the skin,

Though his heart may be loyal and brave underneath,

While the heart of the tyrant is rotten within,

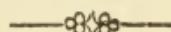
And the white of the sepulchre gleams over death.

Are you deaf to the plaints that each moment arise ?

Is it thus ye forget the mild precepts of Penn ?
Unheeding the clamour that maddens the skies,

As ye trample the rights of your dark fellow-men.

When the incense that glows before Liberty's shrine
 Is unmixed with the blood of the galled and oppressed,
 Oh, then, and then only, the boast may be thine
 That the star-spangled banner is stainless and blest.

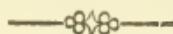


THE FAST—FROM BLOOD.

BY JAMES HOPE.

WHEN tyrants wage unbounded war,
 And suffering nations groan,
 When dreadful tidings from afar
 Cause mothers' hearts to moan ;
 When judgments dread in thunders roar
 Against the human race ;
 From pole to pole, from shore to shore
 They banish blessed peace.
 While sanctimonious men in prayer
 Give thanks for battles won,
 Or call for Heaven's propitious care,
 And shed more blood, anon.
 But know, proud man, that God won't deign
 To answer your request,
 While murder's in your heart and brain,
 And vengeance in your breast.
 Go learn the way that Heaven commands,
 And righteousness obey,
 Undo each yoke, and burst all bands,
 And quit your tyrant sway ;
 The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
 The prisoners' fetters break,
 The poor that's at your gate, don't loathe,
 But kindly act and speak.

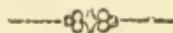
Then shall your light as morning shine,
 And every cloud dispel,
 Whilst every gift that is divine
 Shall in your bosoms dwell.
 This is the fast that God demands
 Throughout his Sacred Word,
 And none but this in mercy stands,
 Or tells with mercy's Lord.
 This be your off'ring—these your fasts,
 Strict fasts from pride and blood,
 And keep them while existence lasts
 If you would please your God.



REFLECTIONS.

BY JAMES HOPE.

My passing body may be known to thee,
 But my immortal part thou can'st not see
 'Till thou to measure me hast found a rod,
 Thou can'st not measure Him that is my God.
 Can we of mind and matter find the joint ?
 Or meet our Maker at a single point ?
 Or yet confine His presence to one place ?
 Or comprehend the Lord of time and space ?
 Then why apply the terms more or less
 To that which knows no medium nor excess.
 Infinity so far above our scan,
 That it defies the scrutiny of man ;
 Then let us keep the station of our birth,
 And think of God as He appeared on earth.



REFLECTIONS.

BY JAMES HOPE.

WHILE thought keeps right, there's nothing can go wrong,

For nature's law admits of no control,
Its course is marked by an unerring eye,

And only *that*, can comprehend the whole.

It will not bend to circumstance or time,

Like the affairs we manage here below,

Its varied operations on ourselves

Are all determined by the choice we make

Of good or evil, duty or neglect.

It renders every act its due desert,

If on a journey we forsake the path,

We must retrace our steps or go astray;

To find a middle course 'twixt right and wrong

Has ever been, and will be labour lost.

For man has been created with a will,

Whate'er he wills must have its own results.

The most profound research of learned men,

Could never comprehend the full extent

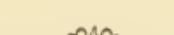
Of thought annexed to our Redeemer's words.

But one command, the great command to love

Each other—needs no comment to enforce.

Why do we wander from that path of love,

To find another way to future bliss ?



LINES ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

BY JAMES HOPE.

The coffin came to my bedside,

The mournful sheet was spread,

Demanding with a silent yawn

The partner of my bed.

While I in poignant anguish stood,
The dear last sight to see,
My reason from her features read—
Ah, do not weep for me.

You know I have my duty done
Before the eye of man,
That precious gift I had from Him
Whose mercy gave the plan.

Could you but join me in the light
Of this eternal day,
The tears that now bedew your cheek,
Would soon be wiped away.

The pleasure that we here enjoy,
On earth was never taught ;
The purest light on sparkling gems,
But points towards the thought ;

The sweetest music on the ear,
That mortal ever heard,
Or the sublimest thought expressed
By any earthly bard,

Is but a prelude to the praise
When blessed spirits sing—
“ Oh grave, where is thy victory ?
Oh death, where is thy sting ? ”

No parting ever can take place
When we shall meet again,
That this is now our last adieu
May help to soothe your pain.

Tho' we have parted oft in grief,
Our meeting still was dear ;
But then we'll meet beyond the reach
Of either hope or fear.

As fellow-angels we shall meet,
 And not as man and wife,
 United by a purer tie
 For an eternal life.

Then think of that which is to be,
 And not on what has been ;
 Give up the withered leaf you see
 For what is yet unseen.

—88—

LINES ON THE
 BURNING OF SCULLABOGUE BARN.

BY BENJAMIN PEMBERTON BINNS.

YOUNG DERMOT was a comely youth,
 And Norah was the village pride ;
 Sweet emblem both of love and truth
 As e'er walk'd on fair Slaney's side.
 He play'd his pipe, she sang her songs,
 Reclined beneath the hawthorn tree ;
 The story was dear Erin's wrongs,
 The theme—true love and liberty.

Too soon the savage Orange band,
 With rage their peaceful cottage fir'd ;
 Spread desolation o'er the land,
 Revenge ! brave Dermot's breast inspired.
 He said, "Sweet Nora, I'll be true ;
 With speed to battle, I must flee ;
 When peace returns, we'll then renew
 Our vows to love and liberty."

He seized the pike—to Wexford's plains
 With patriotic ardour flew,
 And took command of many swains
 Who like himself oppression knew—

Unequal war with British foe,
 Their grape shot, guns, artillery
 Laid freedom's valiant champions low,
 And triumphed over liberty.

The battle's fury oft did rage,
 "Liberty or death!" the patriot cheer;
 The bloody deeds on Erin's page,
 Committed by her foes, appear.
 No hand on high to shield the brave,
 No retribution for the past;
 Shall hope our faithful bosoms leave?
 No—perish that thought from every heart.

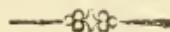
The foe, no boast in truth can make,
 To compromise, at length he's driven;
 For many prisoners we did take,
 To answer for their deeds to heaven.
 Some brave, some gallant men, 'tis true,
 We thought them safe from any rogue;
 To be exchanged—*Orange and Blue*
 We placed in barn at Scullabogue.

The generous freeman's heart is brave;
 No treacherous deeds—e'en to his foes;
 But reckless tyrants—*Castle* knave,
 Such vulgar weakness never knows—
 The subtle *Cook*—the *Castle Scribe*,
 Two agents sent* (the damned rogue),
 To tamper, wheedle, urge and bribe—
 They fired the barn at Scullabogue!

* Yes—we would have triumphed. For the Secret Committee of the House of Lords, at that period, themselves admitted, while Dr. MacNevin was under examination before them, "that if the insurrection had been general, it would have succeeded." It would have been general, but for the above bloody tragedy, perpetrated by their own infernal agents. Cruelty and cowardice are nearly allied—generosity and bravery have twin feeling.

They did that deed—the onus laid
On Catholic zeal, (the perjured band),
And no man dare the truth declare,
Terror and death stalk'd through the land.
Dissenters then this tale thought true ;
The Union's strength faded away,
Protections claimed, turned all *pale blue*,
And Granu's sons *then* lost the day.

Like lightning flashing on the sight,
In modest green attire array'd
Came Norah, burning for the fight,
Too late—her love was prisoner made.
She saw brave Dermot basely tried,
Suspended on a blighted tree ;
She bowed her beauteous head and died,
Thus perished—*Love and Liberty !*



SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF 1798.

—
ON CAPTAIN DWYER.

FROM L. C.

DRAW nigh, ye sons of Liberty,
Come listen to my story,
The truth to you I will relate,
It's of Hibernia's glory.

All in the chains of slavery,
Since Cromwell and his damned decree
Has robbed us of our liberty,
But now the time is over.

Now the time is drawing nigh
When we shall be delighted,
Those heroes brave on Wicklow plains,
So bold and firmly united.

No Orange tyrants of the land,
Nor cavalry can them withstand,
They fly like chaff before the wind,
With dread in heart sincerely.

There is Captain Dwyer from Imail,
A stout true-hearted member,
That bloody twenty-fourth of May*
He can very well remember.

Then the cavalry, like birds of prey,
Exulting in their tyranny,
And many a bleeding victim lay
Along the streets of Stratford.

* Battle of Stratford-on-Slaney, 24th May, '98.

This hero brave oft did declare
 That he'd have full satisfaction,
 As soon as he could well prepare
 To join in warlike action.

But soon the boys, they did him join,
 And Hacketstown surrounded,
 With pike and gun they made them run,
 Their schemes were soon confounded.

Captain Byrne was there that day,*
 As stout as Alexander,
 That Hardy† and his troops knew well,
 For shortly they were conquered.

To hear them bawl, to shout and run,
 Crying out that they were now undone,
 At every corner of the town,
 They were driven to destruction.

Those heroes brave, with loud huzzas,
 Maintained the fight with valour ;
 The soldiers, to protect their lives,
 Retired within their barrack.

But soon did Dwyer, with Holt and Neal,†
 And Reynolds§ too, that man of fame,
 Set the town and barrack in a flame,
 Which caused a deal of ruin.

The next attack was in Keadun bog,
 When they met with Captain Dwyer,
 One hundred cavalry and more
 On him began to fire.

* Garret Byrne, Esq., Ballymanus.

† Hardy, a yeoman officer.

‡ Neal, called Big John the Informer (afterwards).

§ Reynolds of Naas, said to be shot in attempting to fire the barrack of Hacketstown.

He and six more behaved so well,
 The cavalry to their grief may tell,*
 You would laugh to see how many fell,
 And wallowed in the mire.

Out of six he lost but one,
 Yet they were something hasty,
 Of soldiers more than half a score,
 He gave them much vexation,

To think how he had so much odds,
 And they were hampered in the bogs,
 Which made them curse and blame their gods
 That they had them forsaken.

There is a curse o'er Baltinglass,
 And likewise o'er Dunlavin,
 For spilling innocent blood thereon
 Which is for vengeance calling.

Those vicious hearts that took delight
 In deeds of blood both day and night,
 But our heroes brave gave them a fright,
 That their wits have them forsaken.

Now to conclude and make an end,
 Let us fill up our glasses,
 And drink to every daring man,
 While time and season passes.

And steady in themselves, prepare
 The green cockade once more to wear,
 Drive tyrant villains to despair,
 And that's our only glory.

* The affair of Keadun bog is perfectly true, but underrated in the number of the military.

On the REV. JOHN MURPHY, Catholic Curate of Boolavogue, county Wexford, forced into rebellion, taken towards the close of it in or near Tullow, county Carlow, where he was hanged and beheaded. The principal informer that appeared against him was a fellow named M'Nab, a rabbit ferreter. The four first lines of the last verse are not remembered.

THE wind blew drear, sad screamed the owl,
 And torrents tore the ground,
 And with the hideous thunder's growl
 Blue lightning flashed around.
 I heard the van with dismal yell
 Crying—"Murphy, haste away,"—
 So great our wrongs, no tongue can tell,
 Before the dawn of day.

And then were heard hard piercing cries
 No terror could control,
 And then the infant victim dies,
 While vengeance shakes the soul.
 Fond mothers heard their hideous screams,
 To brutal foes a prey,
 And madly find pure death in flames,
 Before the dawn of day.

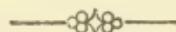
John's milk-white steed pranced through the
 brook,
 And boldly crossed the plain,
 Beneath his foot the mountain shook,
 His hooves the earth disdained.
 He said—"My boys, bowl on with pikes,
 And give a loud huzza!"
 Then every hand straightforward strikes
 Before the dawn of day.

And then the sky with anger beamed,
 The Orange gang drew near,
 Altho' high heavens screamed,
 Altho' they shook with fear.

Poor lowly huts that braved the storm,
 By fire were swept away,
 And mangled limbs the fields deformed
 Before the dawn of day.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

John Murphy's pike-head wrapt in blaze,
 Whilst Orange foes decay,
 And comrades fly in dread amaze
 Before the dawn of day.



On the execution of four Soldiers at the camp of Blanesmoor, near Belfast, in '97 or '98. I think they were of the Monaghan Militia.

ASSIST me now, ye Muses,
 And lend me no excuses,
 Concerning those few verses I mean for to relate,
 To trace a horrid murder was done near Blanes-
 moore,
 By Lake and Colonel Barber,
 I dare not mention farther,
 Such perpetrating murder is treason, I am sure.

You people of Belfast may well remember
 When tyrants were in splendour,
 In all their pomp and grandeur they hoist them
 on a car,
 The yeomanry advancing
 The cavalry came prancing,
 Their glittering armour glancing all in the pomp of
 war.

The hills and dales were shrouded,
 From every part they crowded,
 The streets were strongly guarded this dismal sight
 to see,

Their hands behind were bound,
 With Armagh bands around,
 The trumpets they did sound their tyranny to dis-
 play.

They held a consultation,
 To find out a combination,

And at the consummation the Colonel he did say:
 "Grim death shall be your portion—
 Take honour and promotion ;
 Arise from your devotion, and make discovery."

Some time they stayed amused,
 Their senses were confused,

And smilingly refused, and made him this reply:
 "We own we are United,
 At death we are not affrighted,
 In hopes to be requited by Him who rules on
 high.

"Altho' we are young and tender,
 To you we'll not surrender,

But like Hibernia's bold defenders right manfully
 we'll be,
 Since by the laws of arms
 Our souls you cannot harm,
 We'll be true unto our guardian, since we've but
 once to die."

When they received their sentence,
 And bowed to each acquaintance,

And kneeling to repentance, for mercy they did
 call ;
 They fixed a hollow square
 In both front and rear,
 The guards they all prepared for to pierce with
 deadly balls.

Their guns they were presented,
 Their gentle breasts they entered,

While thousands stood lamenting to see such
 cruelty,

To see those martyrs four
 Lying welt'ring in their gore,
 On the plains where they died o'er for the sake of
 liberty.

No heroes died more brave,
 They were men of good behaviour,
 Until Lynch and Reels deceived them, and swore
 their lives away ;
 For the sake of golden store,
 Those traitors falsely swore,
 And left them bleeding in their gore on the 28th
 of May.

Granua, I much wonder
 You rise not from your slumber,
 With vows as loud as thunder, and grant us some
 relief;
 There was Will and Owen M'Manus,
 Peter Carroll and Dan Gill,
 And you may learn the object of my theme.

It would take the learned sages
 To number their outrages,
 And trace their bloody pages with genuine wit and
 skill.
 For want of education,
 And legal toleration,
 With grief and sad vexation I must drop my
 trembling quill.

—88—

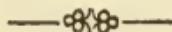
IT was early, early last Thursday night,
 The Myshall Cavalry gave me a fright,
 It was my sad destiny and sad downfall,
 To be a prisoner brought before Cornwall.*

* Captain Cornwall, a terrorist of the day, was a native of Myshall, in Carlow.

It was in his guard-house I was tied down,
 And in his parlour my trial went on,
 My sentence passed, and my spirits low,
 'Twas to Duncannon I was forced to go.

As I was going up Myshall hill,
 I saw my father and he crying his fill,
 I saw my mother and my sisters too,
 I said, " Farewell, Mary, I have but you.

" If it is my luck for to sea to go,
 I'll earn a fortune for you, Mary O !
 And if it is e'er my luck to return home,
 I'll grind my pike on an Orange bone."



The following is in praise of Henry Downs, a private of the King's County Regiment, shoemaker by profession, hung from a tree at the yellow walls near Malahide, I believe, for the shooting of a man named Jonathan Eaves,—his family lived near Ballitoys, Co. Wicklow.

BRAVE patriotic Irish friends,
 Who act on Union's plan,
 Of him who fought to gain your ends,
 The glorious rights of man,
 I sing the never-dying feats,
 Let all encore the sounds,
 While every echo round repeats
 Green Erin lost her Downs.

Beneath high heaven's azure vault
 A finer youth ne'er stood,
 With him each action, word, and thought
 Were used for Ireland's good.
 While virtue, liberty, and truth
 Among mankind abounds,
 All men will prize the Irish youth,
 The famous Henry Downs.

Young Downs for Ireland's freedom fought,
 On Erin's verdant plains,
 We'll all keep him alive in thought,
 While blood flows in our veins,
 He rushed forth tyrants to repel,
 Through dangers, scars, and wounds,
 And many an Orange villain fell
 Beneath the hand of Downs.

When we had almost beat ou foe,
 And set green Erin free,
 The trembling tyrants did propose
 A partial amnesty.
 By this old scheme they soon withdrew
 The unsuspecting clowns,
 But while they could, a noble few,
 Resisted with brave Downs.

Prevent, my brethren, if you can,
 Your manly tears to flow ;
 Young Downs, that brave United man,
 To Dublin then did go.
 That chief of pimps and panders, sir,
 In his nocturnal rounds,
 Came on the manly pride of Birr,*
 The patriot Henry Downs.

The cowardly villain forward made,
 Our hero to arrest,
 But the Irish Casca broke his blade
 Against the ruffian's breast.
 Alone, some time, the youth withstood
 'Gainst all his trained blood-hounds,
 " I'll fight till death for Ireland's good,"
 Says Erin's martyr, Downs.

* The family lived in the Co. Wicklow previous to '98, but I think they came from the King's County.

At length by Sirr's myrmidons hemmed,
 Then by court martial tried,
 And by court martial, alas ! condemned,
 And hanged at Malahide.
 Oh, is he dead ? of Mile's race
 Gay Union still surrounds,
 We swear by Him that fills all space,
 Revenge we'll have for Downs.

Now rally, oh, United sons
 Of Green Erin go Bragh !
 Rush on, rush on, with pikes and guns,
 Repeal the tyrant's law.
 To burst your country's heavy yoke,
 And trample Kings and Crowns,
 Have liberty on every stroke,
 And still remember Downs.

—88—

ON AN ESCAPE OF DWYER.

“Dwyer and a party of eleven or twelve men took up their quarters, on a very severe night in January, 1799, in three neighbouring houses. Dwyer and three more were in the house of a man named Connel, in Denanamuck, Glen of Imail. They were surrounded there by a party of Highlanders, under the command of a Captain Bacon, of whose regiment one Macdonnel was colonel.”

On a wintry night, as the turgid stream
 Rolled down the mountain side,
 From the vault of heaven no star did gleam,
 And nought was heard beside,
 But the rumbling roar of the mountain flood,
 As it fretted into ire,
 And deluged the cave where the outlaws stood,
 With their manly Captain Dwyer,
 The noble-hearted Dwyer.

Affection's flame ne'er warmed the blood
 Of more devoted men ;
 Drenched by snow, by storm and flood,
 They seek some friend to screen.
 But they little know that the spy is on,
 Nought can stay his foul desire,
 And he tells in gold, each ounce, each drachm
 Of the blood of Captain Dwyer,
 Of the single-hearted Dwyer.

Three friendly doors are opened wide,
 To aid the brave distressed,
 Three pickets set and their arms are tried,
 They take themselves to rest.
 Through drifting snow, and mountain storm,
 O'er glen, through bog and mire,
 In the dead of night, the foeman comes
 To seize on Captain Dwyer,
 On the terror-striking Dwyer.

The arrant Scot proposed a truce,
 Oh, base and treacherous man,
 But brave Dwyer threw back his overtures,
 Say'n, "We can die like men.
 The innocent babes you will let free,
 The mother and their sire,
 And all your vengeance heap on me,
 I am the Captain Dwyer,
 My name is Michael Dwyer."

But the kilted foes around them set,
 And fired the house of Connel ;
 Those hungry Scots, the hound of death,
 Ah, shame on you, Macdonnel.
 Spirits of the dead, the butchered of Glencoe,
 Look down with vengful ire
 On you, degenerate sons, the murdering crew,
 That sought the life of Dwyer,
 Of the freedom-loving Dwyer.

The awful blaze ascends the sky
 Bullets quick are flying,
 Within there is blood, but no dismay,
 Without the Scots are dying.
 And there is no surrender from the few,
 Not scared by balls, by wounds or fire,
 Nor the blazing roof cannot subdue
 The noble soul of Dwyer,
 The lion-hearted Dwyer.

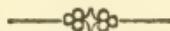
The noblest deed in annal found,
 And purest in devotion,
 Sam M'Alister receives a wound ;
 See that soul's emotion.
 But the chieftain laid the foeman low,
 In gasping death to expire,
 His winding sheets the drifting snow,
 He fell by the hand of Dwyer,
 By the unerring hand of Dwyer.

“ I'll sell my life, to save my friend,”
 Said the noblest blood of Ulster,
 “ I'll rush out and dare the Scottish fiends,
 So perish Sam M'Alister.
 And then desperate fire they'll pour on me ;
 Then all I do require
 Is to embrace that moment and be free,
 My gallant Captain Dwyer,
 Oppression's hater—Dwyer.”

Then the manly chief, in softening mood,
 Embraced his wounded friend ;
 “ Oh, no, for I'll fall with the brave and good,
 And so the struggle end.”
 But rushing forth from the leader now,
 The hero met their fire,
 And purpled o'er the virgin snow
 To save his Captain Dwyer,
 The persecuted Dwyer.

The furious Dwyer with vengeance strove
 Against their whole array,
 Disdaining death, he nobly stood
 And kept the Scots at bay.
 Like goaded lion from his den,
 Or tiger from his lair,
 And beckoning on his last two men,
 The true, the faithful Dwyer,
 The vengeance-vowing Dwyer.

Brave men, they fell and nobly bled,
 Among the gallant slain,
 The name of Savage long will shed
 Its memory o'er that plain ;
 And Costeloe, that brave young man,
 The last to quit the fire,
 Was butcher'd by the unholy clan
 As a vengeance on brave Dwyer,
 The high-priced head of Dwyer.



DIALOGUE BETWEEN ORANGE AND CROPPY.

BY COUNSELLOR SAMPSON.

SAYS Orange to Crop, " Let us quarrel no more,
 But unite, and shake hands, let discord be o'er,
 Let the Orange and Blue, intermixed with the
 green
 In our hats, and our bosoms henceforward be seen.
 Sing Ballinamoni oro,
 An Union with Croppies for me."

" An Union with Orangemen," Croppie replied,
 " Can Croppies and Orangemen e'er be allied ?
 As soon might the lamb and the tiger unite,
 The mouse with the cat, or the lark with the kite.
 Heaven keep such an Union from me."

“Dear Croppy, some dark and inveterate spleen
 Oppresses your heart, you mistake what I mean,
 My meaning is this, let us go hand-in-hand,
 And keep foreign tyranny out of the land.

No Union with England for me.”

“I care not,” says Croppy, “not I, by my soul,
 Whether English or Orangemen Ireland control ;
 If tyrants oppress this unfortunate land,
 'Tis all but the work of the Orangemen's hand.

No Orange alliance for me.

Yes, Orange, to you our misfortunes we owe,
 You have poured on poor Erin, a torrent of woe.
 Against new invaders, I hope you'll prove stout,
 For yourselves brought them in, so now keep them out.

No Orange alliance for me.

Can English invaders to Croppies do more
 Than our brave purple marksmen committed before ?

They murdered his children, they butchered his sire,
 They injured his wife, set his cabin on fire.

No Orange alliance for me.

Ah ! little you thought, with the torch in your hand,

When you spread devastation all over the land,
 That shortly yourselves would experience the same,

And see your own house, like his hut, in a flame.

Revenge, bitter Orange, for me.

You remember the time, when each village and town

Most gaily resounded with ‘Croppies lie down.’

Billy Pitt changed the note, and cries down with them all,

Down Croppy, down Orange, down great and down small.

Ah, that was the way to be free.

The Lion of England steps forward apace,
 Go, Orangeman, meet her fraternal embrace ;
 But pray, be not angry, should he scratch your
 jaws,
 You prevented the Croppies from clipping his
 claws.

No such embraces for me."

" Dear Croppy, forgive all, pray let us be friends,
 Future conduct, you'll find, shall make ample
 amends.

Your charter is lost, we'll be yoked in one chain,
 Then let us shake hands, and our rights we'll
 maintain.

An Union with Croppies for me."

" Your crocodile friendship my choler excites,
 We'll ne'er acquiesce when a foeman invites ;
 All thanks to great Corney, 'twas he let us live,
 We cannot forget, tho' we'll strive to forgive.

May those who deserve it, be free.

Although neither Croppie, nor Orange am I,
 I feel for poor Erin, and for her would die.
 I would have you forget, both your rancour and
 spleen,
 And when your country's in danger, united be
 seen.

A general Union for me."

“U P.”

AN ADMIRABLE SONG.

From “Paddy’s Resource.”

This is one of the neatest in its style, and happiest in its light humour of the compositions of the Tyrtean writers of the United Irishmen.

’TIS spring, and blithe from spray to spray
 The winged musicians hop ;
 Uniting in a roundelay
 As if they all were—*Up.*

Each plant erects its verdant head,
 Each flow’r expands its cup,
 The very weeds, in every bed,
 Get impudently—*Up.*

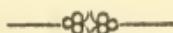
There’s not a tree in wood or grove,
 That waves its branchy top,
 Which does not hoist the badge of love
 And Union boldly—*Up.*

The brambles on the high-way side,
 A numerous hardy crop,
 So long kept down by wintr’y pride
 Spring amicably—*Up.*

The tenants of the crystal stream,
 Their heads above it top,
 As if they wanted to exclaim,
 See, neighbours, we are—*Up.*

Each hill now cocks its crest on high,
 As any martial fop ;
 While ev’ry valley seems to cry
 Come down and help me—*Up.*

The progress of this rising rage
 No human pow'r can stop ;
 Then tyrants cease, vain war to wage,
 All nature will be—*Up.*



GLEE.

TUNE—“*Why, Soldiers, Why.*”

ASCRIBED TO THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

Thomas Davis told me he believed the song beginning with the words “To your Tents, O *Erins*,” to have been written by Theobald Wolfe Tone. He judged so from the internal evidence of the style, sentiments, and diction. The term *Erins*, which occurs also so frequently in the song, and which I am not aware of being used except in the two above-named songs, leads me to suspect if Davis’s notion be correct, that this song must be Tone’s composition also. That idea is confirmed by the use made of that old refrain through his Journals—“’Tis but in vain for soldiers to complain,” and the adaptation of it, slightly altered, which are found in the words of the song—

’Tis but in vain
 For *Erins* to complain.

There is a reference in it which shows it was written subsequently to Lord Edward Fitzgerald’s death. There are also references to French politics—the next campaign—the guillotine, which one might expect in the composition of one who had recently lived in France, or who had written in that country. The tune, too,—“*Why, Soldiers, why,*” snatches of the words to which we find in almost every page of his Memoirs, tends also to strengthen the opinion of Tone being the author of it.

WHY, *Erins, why,*
 Should you submit to tyranny ?
 Why, *Erins, why ?*
 ’Tis better far to die.

When nature cries,
 And famine stares you in the face,
 'Tis time to rise,
 Or else despise
 The rights of man, and furnish Pitt
 With more supplies !

'Tis but in vain,
 Your privileges bought and sold ;
 'Tis but in vain
 For Erins to complain ;
 The next campaign
 May thousands send into their graves,
 Then they're free from pain :
 But those who remain,
 Must kiss the rod of slavery,
 And hug their chain.

Erins maintain
 Their rights which Erin bled for, sirs,
 Erins maintain,
 Remember your millions slain !
 Remember Edward's name !
 His fortitude points out the way
 Your freedom to regain ;
 But should tyrants still remain
 * * * * *
 Must stop their reign.

—88—

RUSTIC RHYME.

BY JAMES HOPE.

COME don't let us caper, with payment on paper,
 While bankruptcy marshals its terrible train ;
 The day must arrive, when nothing can thrive,
 But the tender of value, for value again,

So neighbours be wise, take your hands from your eyes,
 Let your enemy feel, that your vision's correct,
 He'll certainly feel, as the stay leaves his steel,
 He swaggers a while, with domestic oppression,
 But now he's depending on foreign aggression ;
 He'll come to a stop by progressive depression

Some Patrick's Day.

Progressive improvement in useful invention,
 Is bursting its pod, like the roses in June,
 Its beauties attracting the public attention,
 Its benefits next must appear very soon,
 Although it supported oppression awhile,
 When once it finds favour in equity's smile
 'Twill come to the people in excellent style.
 Let idle declaimers, and profligate schemers
 Get on with their bother, and blind one another,
 The time is departed when truth they could smother

On Patrick's Day.

There's no institution, of human invention,
 If long unrevised, but falls into decay,
 Division of interest produces dissension,
 And hands to the factions the mass for a prey.
 When factions arrive at the height of their pride,
 Each intricate question the mass must decide,
 By a national jury the case must be tried.
 Conventions or parliaments cannot decide it,
 But splitting in factions, continue divided,
 By one common interest the mass must be guided

Some Patrick's Day.

The method of forming a national jury,
 Is perfectly simple and easy to do,
 Every faction to free from its national fury (viz., jealousy),
 Adopt an argument in politics new.
 Let thirteen next neighbours join kindly together

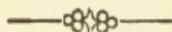
For one common interest together to stand,
 And spread these communities over the land,
 And by that connection, bring mind into action,
 And bring legislation to proper perfection,
 And each individual have equal protection,
 On Patrick's Day.

We see delegation outreaches discretion,
 A mixture of interests employs every hour ;
 With business at bay, for the length of a session,
 The voice of the people is hushed in the tower ;
 For mark, as the light of experience shows,
 Each man is a monarch, as far as he goes,
 A man may be honest, as far as he knows ;
 But the jury is wiser, and head supervisor,
 Executive powers, most efficient adviser,
 On Patrick's Day.

We meet with coercion, in parliament cant,
 'Tis a modern attempt to keep falsehood secure,
 While the length of a session is artfully spent
 To prevent any benefits reaching the poor.
 But now, my dear countrymen, mind what I say,
 Your jury can all sit at home in one day,
 And quick to a centre your wishes convey,
 Avoiding the humbug of parliament squabble,
 With artful set speeches, proclaiming you rabble,
 Or contact with yeoman or police constable,
 On Patrick's Day.

With physical force, by a parliament fiat,
 The people must furnish them, money and men ;
 The people have power, when they choose to em-
 ploy it,
 Whenever they will it, they easily can ;
 The ballot's still whisper, conveyed by express,
 To one common centre, the National Press,
 Will point out provision for every distress,
 And banish oppression, and social transgression,
 And teach every juror to act with discretion,
 When practice must tally with public profession
 On Patrick's Day.

Some say that from England we want separation,
 The very reverse we are ready to prove ;
 We want closer connection, in mutual affection,
 But what separates us we mean to remove.
 The chain of oppression that fetters us both,
 To shiver in pieces, we'll never be loath.
 We'll unite Holyhead to our own Hill of Howth,
 By our interest that's common, and crippled by no
 man,
 A tide waiter, water guard, peeler, or yeoman,
 With Cead-mille-faltha for all but the foeman,
 On Patrick's Day in the Morning.



LINES COMPOSED BY BERNARD DUGGAN.

THE INFORMER.

“Adieu to Erin’s Flowery Vale,” or the Patriot’s last farewell to his native land, composed by Bernard Duggan, after he had been liberated out of Kilmainham jail, where he had been confined a State prisoner for high treason, in the year 1803.

ADIEU to Erin’s flowery vale,
 Sweet lovely garden of the earth,
 In rapturous strains I still shall hail
 That beauteous land that gave me birth.
 My youthful days with pleasure passed,
 Caressed by friends quite happy grew,
 But now by tyrants forced at last,
 To bid a long farewell to you.

Memories keen increase my sighs,
 As I think on the days of old,
 And sparkling tears bedew my eyes,
 When I the sportive green behold.

Where Erin's sons and daughters fair
 Led up their sport from labour free,
 With hearts devoid of guile or care,
 Beneath the spreading shady tree.

Oft having spent the jovial night
 With those companions of my youth,
 Oft marked them with a feigned delight,
 Whose bosoms glowed with love and truth.
 Their rural sports with pleasure seen,
 When nature's joys spontaneous grew,
 And Luna's rays adorned the green,
 Reflected by the midnight dew.

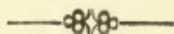
These were the days of Erin's fame,
 When Brave Hibernians led the van,
 Aloud through Europe to proclaim,
 The glories of an Irishman.
 No party discord then was found,
 To break their social harmony,
 But freedom did their shores surround
 With peace and hospitality.

Alas ! those happy days are o'er,
 To Erin's sons they'll ne'er return,
 They are aliens on their native shore,
 In servile bonds they are doomed to mourn.
 No more the village train repair,
 To spend the evenings in the shade,
 Fell discord shed her poison there,
 Deserted is the flowery mead.

We see the wide expanded plain,
 With nature's choicest gifts abound,
 The Church and State for to maintain
 The lowly peasant tills the ground ;
 But yet the fruit he seldom tastes,
 Fat gospel wolves usurp the soil,
 His anxious days in sorrow wastes,
 'Till death relieves him of his toil.

Ye party tools, behold the fate
 Of this much injured ruined isle,
 No more accept the bribes of State,
 Your fellow-man for to beguile,
 For justice yet may you surprise,
 Fate may revoke its stern decree,
 When poor oppressed for vengeance cry,
 No power implies security.

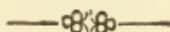
Once more adieu, my native spot,
 Saint Patrick's knights, I bid farewell,
 I'll ne'er forget the rural cot,
 Where love and friendship once did dwell.
 But never shall those tearful eyes
 Your winding shores behold again,
 To distant lands your exile hies,
 Away to France or warlike Spain.



WORDS COMPOSED BY BERNARD DUGGAN.

Oft have Hibernia's banners waved o'er hostile plains where glory led,
 Oft have her sons in distant lands repelled the foe and bravely bled ;
 More glorious still would be their fame, if joined in friendship they would be,
 From tithe and tax and tyrant laws the native country for to free.
 Alas ! I fear the hour is past, the dreams of Erin's pride are o'er,
 The fiend of darkness hovers round, and freedom's light we'll ne'er see more ;
 Religion's mask the demon wears, his votaries for to beguile,
 And war and bloodshed seem to trace the remnant of this hapless isle.

The people weep in misery, with all Hibernia's
 boasted store,
 Their children cry for want of bread, their fields
 oft dyed with crimson gore,
 For on those plains fell discord reigns, oppression
 mocks the voice of woe,
 And Erin calls her sons in vain to rise and join
 against the foe.
 But yet the joyful day may come, hope still dis-
 plays his golden wings,
 The voice of freedom may yet be heard, swelled
 by the Harp's vibrating strings ;
 The fault is thine, degenerate sons, thus long in
 slavery to be,
 Come join your hands, and bravely die, or else re-
 nounce fair liberty.



EUROPE EMBATTLED.

TUNE—“*Prussian Drum.*”

This song used to be sung by Storey, of Belfast, I
 am informed by Charles Teeling, and Storey, he thinks,
 was the composer of it. It was a favourite song.

From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”

WHEN France, wearied out by the bands of oppres-
 sion,
 Thought fit to decree that proud Louis should
 fall,
 Denying the Pope and the clergy’s possession ;
 Then Europe against them declared one and all.
 Vengeance, vengeance,
 Terrible vengeance,
 Threaten’d to ruin fair liberty’s sons :
 Kings, statesmen, and clergy,
 With all their energy
 Against them directed their prayers and
 their guns.

The emperor, the pope, and the great king of
Prussia,

These three in alliance conspired their doom ;
The Spaniards, the Dutch, and the empress of
Russia,

With Piedmont, and Naples, the servant of
Rome.

But England, England,
Foolish vain England,

Never took rest till she entered the league ;
Expecting the laurel,
For joining the quarrel—

This also involved poor Sawny and Teague.

Tho' all these great pow'rs did their frontiers be-
leaguer,

And fleets on the ocean their commerce sur-
round,

Yet, always to conquer for Liberty eager,
These republicans bold it ne'er did confound.

Ardour, ardour,
Desperate ardour,

Filled ev'ry heart that for freedom did fight ;
Republican thunder,
Made Europe to wonder—

Put kings and their courts in a horrible
fright.

At Gennappe's bloody fight, where republican
glory,

Triumphant, prevailed over many a mile ;
How bright will it shine in futurity's story,
To hear how the allies retreated in style !

Slaughter, slaughter,
Desperate slaughter,

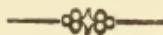
Seeming determined to ruin mankind,
The battle decided,

When laurels resided,

With Frenchmen, and quitted the armies
combined.

Likewise—but perhaps it should not be related,
 For fear it should send me to Botany Bay,—
 How York and his army from Dunkirk retreated,
 Altho' they were warmly invited to stay,
 Carnage, carnage,
 Murderous carnage,
 Shew'd him the danger of gun-boats and
 shores,
 And so did surprise him,
 They couldn't advise him
 To turn and lay claim to his cannon and
 stores.

On Fleurus' broad plains, too, they had a sore
 battle,
 Where Frenchmen had also the best of the day ;
 Republican cannon so loudly did rattle,
 The duke of old England came posting away.
 Democrats, democrats,
 Hot-headed democrats,
 Took resolution not beaten to be,
 The Englishmen flying,
 And thousands a-dying,
 This frightened the duke to a shocking de-
 gree.



FREEDOM TRIUMPHANT.

TUNE—“*Boyne Water.*”

BY THOMAS STOREY.

THE fourteenth of July, in Paris town,
 There was a glorious battle ;
 Where many a tyrant lay on the ground,
 By cannons that did rattle.
 The people firmly did advance,
 Which made their foes to wonder ;
 Their country's rights they did maintain—
 The Bastile tore asunder.

The tocsin's sound did soon resound,
 All ranks did fly to arms—
 Both young and old, as I am told,
 Not fearing war's alarms.
 The hue-and-cry, "Live free or die!"
 Was heard from each defender ;
 And viva la ! was the tune they played,
 To make their foes surrender.

French soldiers then, like honest men,
 Said, "Sure these are our brothers ;
 Why then should we not join to free
 Our children, wives, and mothers ?
 We need not be the least afraid,
 We'll elect our own commander,
 For God will be our king this day—
 Freedom's banner we fight under."

A standard then they did prepare,
 Liberty's stripes they raised,
 Which did inspire with electric fire,
 Frenchmen so long enslaved :
 With sword in hand they marched on,
 Their foes they soon did scatter ;
 Both tyrant, crown, mitre and gown,
 Their pikes that day did tatter.

From France now see liberty's tree,
 Its branches wide extending ;
 The swine to it for shelter run—
 Full fast they are assembling ;
 They grunt and groan, with hideous tone,
 Against all base connivers ;
 They now unite, and swear they'll bite
 Their most unfeeling drivers.

THE CHARTER OF BROTHERHOOD.

TUNE—“*Viva la.*”

(From “Paddy’s Resource.”)

BEFORE the glance of new-born Freedom,
 Irishmen did first behold,
 We lay blind, like captives bleeding—
 Fly to arms, ye heroes bold.

Viva la ! ye northern heroes ;
 May the north and south agree ;
 Dread or fear shall never scare us,
 Viva la, we will be free.

The Volunteers were all assembled
 And for liberty declared ;
 But their leaders base dissembled—
 Tyrants heavier chains prepared.
 Viva la, etc.

For a while we then lay sleeping,
 Injured still and discontent ;
 Loyal patriots all were weeping,
 Yet for liberty were bent.
 Viva la, etc.

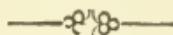
Union then became the charter,
 Whereby we were to be saved ;
 Watch’d—betrayed on ev’ry quarter—
 Yet those dangers we have braved.
 Viva la, etc.

Let us be as one united
 All in love and brotherhood ;
 Let us never be affrighted,
 Since, 'tis plain, our cause is good.
 Viva la, etc.

May the branch of Freedom flourish ;
 Say, in Ireland it shall thrive ;
 Tyrants' blood its root must nourish—
 Numbers of them are alive.
 Viva la, etc.

With your bodies form a rampart ;
 Plant it 'midst a shower of balls.
 If you do not act in concert,
 Then each leaf decaying, falls.
 Viva la, etc.

If you stand by one another,
 It will yield abundant shoots ;
 Then, we trust each loyal brother,
 Who survives, will taste the fruits.
 Viva la, etc.



THE SHAMROCK.

TUNE—“*Cuckoo's Nest.*”

(From “*Paddy's Resource.*”)

YE sons of old Granu, in raptures display
 The joyous approach of that long-wish'd-for day,
 When in friendship and love, like brethren, you'll
 be,
 Together United—of course soon be free :
 For the apple of discord, so artfully thrown
 By Tories, whose object to us is well known,
 Recoils with more rage on each dignified ass,
 Since we have discovered the snake in the grass.

Saint Patrick, that ancient apostle of old,
 This mysterious problem did clearly unfold,
 How you, by a shamrock, all plainly may see
 That three may be one, and yet one may be three;

This emblem of union, produced by our soil,
 All partial distinctions for ever shall foil ;
 Equal rights, equal liberties, freedom and laws,
 We've a right to assert—and honour's the cause.

Let religious dissensions be now laid aside,
 Our union and friendship let nothing divide ;
 Tho' spies and informers and many great folk,
 Have no great desire to relish the joke.
 Our int'rest is common—society's laws,
 And mutual necessity sanction the cause.
 Why envy each other—why quarrel or jar ?
 Away with such nonsense—away from us far.

How welcome ! how happy !—Oh, come thou blest
 day,
 When Ireland thus purified, cheerful, and gay,
 Shall say to her children—Rejoice, I've in store
 What shall crown your exertions till time is no
 more.
 Meanwhile fill a bumper to friendship and love,
 Whose mild happy influence descends from above.
 May liberty triumph abroad and at home,
 And Paddy, when tipsy, in safety get home.



THE HOPES OF HIBERNIA.

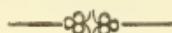
TUNE—“*Molly Asthore.*”

(From “*Paddy's Resource.*”)

HIBERNIA now with grief behold,
 Lost freedom we deplore ;
 Our sacred rights are bought and sold—
 Our glory yet restore.
 For thee, sweet liberty, we mourn
 'Tis thee we do adore ;
 Ah ! when, ah when, wilt thou return
 To our once happy shore ?

The gilded train of Church and State,
 These empty sounding names,
 The rights of man have long obscured,
 And fettered us in chains :
 But reason now assumes her weight,
 To bless our isle once more,
 With shouts of joy proclaims the day
 When bondage is no more.

Ah ! Irishmen, I pray beware,
 Your liberty still prize ;
 And tho' the artful tools of state
 Disdain the poor man's cries,
 Be thou still just—let charity
 Through all thine actions be,
 And the great Author of all good
 Will surely favour thee.



GRANU'S ADVICE TO HER CHILDREN.

TUNE—“ *Paddy Whack.*”

(From “ *Paddy’s Resource.*”)

You sons of old Granu, give ear to your mother,
 And take my advice, or you’ll never do well ;
 Too long have you quarrell’d the one with the
 other,
 Which causes poor Granu her cause to bewail :
 So arouse from your slumbers, unite in great num-
 bers,
 And help poor old Granu her rights to regain,
 For Bill by taxation, has ruined the nation,
 And laid on me burthens which make me com-
 plain.

Long time have you slumbered, with senses be-
 numbed,
 And never once grumbled, but bowed to the
 yoke ;

But your humble submission it wrought no contrition,

And of your petition they made but a joke.
No reform from senators need be expected—

Unto your own selves you must look for redress,
So now, my dear children, be all well affected,
And you and old Granu again will be bless'd.

You know, my dear children, John Bull you supported,

To his fleets and armies in thousands did go ;
On land or at sea when their foes they engaged,

'Twas you, my dear Paddy, that gave them the blow :

But still in return our trade he has cramped,

And our legislators with him did combine,
With churchmen and statesmen, pensioners and placemen,

With their penal laws poor old Granu to bind.

You sons of Hibernia, no more emigration,

Nor leave your old Granu in bondage to mourn ;
For air, soil, and water, your country is better

Than ever an island that's under the sun.

Therefore still be steady, and always be ready,

In helping old Granu her rights to restore ;
Your union still cherish, and freedom will flourish

Long as the Atlantic is washing our shore.

—88—

THE EXILED PATRIOT.

TUNE—“*La Belle Catharine.*”

COME, freedom's chosen band,
Let us join heart and hand,
Thus we'll make a glorious stand,
And soon shall all be free ;

Hibernians all, at freedom's call,
 Straight repair to virtue's hall,
 Free from fear there appear,
 And still united be.

Come freedom's chosen band,
 Let us join heart and hand,
 Thus we'll make a glorious stand,
 And soon shall all be free.

Though threat and menace be denounced,
 Though Rowan traitor is pronounced,
 Yet let it never be renounced—

His crime is liberty :

For freemen born, all threats would scorn,
 And in their minds will plant a thorn,
 Who take such pains to rivet chains,
 Lest Granu's sons be free.

Come, freedom's, etc.

Let every heart with love rebound,
 Each tongue in Rowan's praises sound,
 While thus by friendship we are bound,
 The world it soon shall see,

None can affright when we unite,
 Our cause is good, our thoughts upright,
 Though danger's near, we scorn all fear,
 And burn for liberty.

Come, freedom's, etc.

Now show mankind that we are brave,
 Like Rowan struggle while we live,
 Our dearest country's rights to save,

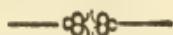
And then you'll surely see
 Corruption fly, and influence die,
 And gladness on each face descry,
 While traitors swing, in hempen string,
 Who clog our liberty.

Come, freedom's, etc.

Hibernia then shall raise her head,
 When from her isle corruption's fled,
 And view her sons who nobly bled,
 To make all hirelings flee !

So famed of old for courage bold,
 Their rights they ne'er did sell for gold,
 But one and all, at freedom's call,
 Established liberty.

Come, freedom's chosen band,
 Let us join heart in hand,
 Thus we'll make a glorious stand,
 And soon shall all be free.



THE GREEN FLAG.

TUNE—" *The Girl I left behind me.*"

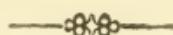
(From " *Paddy's Resource.*")

HIBERNIA's sons, the patriot band,
 Claim their emancipation,
 Aroused from sleep, they wish to be
 An independent nation ;
 United, firm, like men of sense,
 And truly patriotic,
 They vow they will not pay their pence,
 To any power despotic.

See shame-faced misery at our door,
 Ierne's peasants starving ;
 While landlords, absentees, and knaves,
 In England waste each farthing :
 And thus their crimes our country stain,
 Vile robbers and oppressors,
 We hope that yet a time may come
 To punish such transgressors.

Hibernia then will raise her head,
 The green flag wide extending,
 Her harp well tuned to liberty,
 Her sons their rights defending :

Justice then begins her reign,
 Triumphant in our nation,
 Good-will on earth, and peace to men,
 Throughout the whole creation.



ADVERSITY'S COT.

TUNE—"Roslin Castle."

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

SINCE the minions of power to keep mortals blind
 Forbid us to sing of the rights of mankind,
 From this time let us alter the theme of our songs,
 And, as swine, let's assemble, to grunt out our
 wrongs.

In vain shall the placemen and pensioners join,
 To say, that "each man sits beneath his own
 vine,"—

Ah, no ! let them all hang their heads and be mute,
 For were the tree good, it were known by its fruit.

Behold yon poor lab'rer, enfeebled and old,
 With his limbs worn by toil, and contracted by
 cold,

While no cheering prospect enlightens his breast,
 And all his past labours afford him no rest :
 On his evening of life no kind sun sheds its ray,
 No beam of content gilds the close of his day;
 Ask him, if he tastes of these fruits ? No ! they're
 known

To the hirelings of power, and placemen alone.

He will tell you, "his children are hungry and
 poor,

That his strength 'gins to fail, and his labours are
 o'er ;

That in sorrow and pain he has travelled life's
 road,

And the workhouse, at last, is his only abode."

Next view the lone matron ; ah, why flow her tears ?

What is it that bows to the grave her gray hairs ?
She will tell you, with accents all frantic and wild,

That she mourns in despair for the loss of her child.

By the fruits of his toil she was clothed—she was fed ;

His honest exertions procured her her bread ;

But inveigled away, he was entered a slave,

And to Flanders was sent, there to meet with a grave :

There the young victim lies on the blood-moistened clay,

And the vultures and kites scream aloud for their prey ;

Whilst his poor mangled limbs the dire banquet invite,

And no tear wets his corpse but the dews of the night.

Is the sailor secure when from some distant shore,
He returns to his wife and his children no more ?
Say, can he trace the power which tears him from home,

And leaves the poor victims in sorrow to roam ?

Main'd and wounded returned, see, relief is denied,

By the hard-hearted sons of oppression and pride ;
And through realms which to save he in battle has bled,

Behold him now wandering to ask for his bread !

See our taxes increase by that profligate plan,
Which has taught man to draw forth his sword against man ;

Whilst from poverty's cot the hard earnings of toil

Are torn, that the courtier may feed upon spoil.

And shall these abuses exist at this day ?
 Shall all our past glories for ever decay ?
 Ah no ! let's avert the approach of the storm,
 And united, maintain the great cause of reform !

—88—

COMMON SENSE.

TUNE—" *Girl I left behind me.*"(From " *Paddy's Resource.*")

Oh why should weak deluded man,
 So long continue blind, sir ?
 Why should he raise a fancied form,
 To impose upon his mind, sir ?
 When all appear of equal worth
 Before the eye of Heaven ;
 Why should he idly dread that power,
 Which he himself has given ?
 Why should he tamely bow to those
 Who class him with the swine, sir ?
 Who bid him eat his bitter bread,
 Nor offer to repine, sir ?
 Who dare, alas ! with shameless front,
 Assert that 'twould do good, sir,
 If e'er he murmurs forth his wrongs,
 To silence them with blood, sir ?

—88—

THE REBELLION OF 1798.

TUNE—" *Croppies lie down.*"(From Falkner's " *Dublin Journal,*" 26th July, 1798.)

THE ruthless Fitzgerald stepp'd forward to rule,
 His principles formed in the Orleans school,
 The torch of rebellion he waved in the air,
 And massacre spread thro' the plains of Kildare :

The weakness of L——r abetted his crime,
He fell like a ruffian and died in his prime.

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

In Dublin the traitors were ready to rise,
And murder was seen in their lowering eyes,
With poison, like cowards, they aim'd to succeed,
And thousands were doom'd by assassins to bleed;
But the yeomen advanced, of rebels the dread,
And each Croppy soon hid his dastardly head.

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The Northerns displayed the merciless steel,
And murder'd in Antrim the high-born O'Neill ;
By Clav'ring and Durham assaulted, they ran,
To their fortified camp on the banks of the Bann,
From whence they dispersed and skulked away
home,
When they heard of the Orangemen marching to
Toome.

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

The innocent rebels of Ballynahinch,
With tears in their eyes when they thought of the
Prince,
To treason's head-quarters their thousands they
bring,
To pay no more rents and to pull down the King ;
But soon as bold Nugent advanced to attack,
The innocent Croppies were thrown on their back.

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

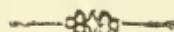
In Wexford they made a most desperate stand,
And with fire and rapine disfigured the land,
Their massacred captives they cast to the flood,
The Slaney ran crimson with Protestant blood !
But vengeance pursued them with death and de-
spair,
And the carcase of Harvey soon tainted the air.

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Defeated by Lake, they rallied their force,
And into Kilkenny directed their course,
By Murphy led on, o'er the Barrow they pour,
But hundreds were fated to pass it no more,
For Asgill attacked them again and again,
And three times five hundred lay dead on the
plain.

Down, down, Croppies lie down.

Priest Murphy declared to the fanatic crew,
Who believed all his words as the Gospel were
true,
No bullet could hurt a true son of the Church ;
But the devil soon left the poor saint in the lurch ;
For by some sad mistake, through a hole in his
skin,
A heretic bullet just chanced to pop in.
So down, down, the Croppies fell down.



THE SONGS OF "THE PRESS."

AN ODE.

(From "The Press," October 10, 1797.)

HAIL, Freedom ! hail, our greatest good,
By thee all comforts greater grow ;
Dear purchase of our fathers' blood,
And solace dear of all our woe.

Long naturalized to us alone,
Imported from no foreign lands ;
From age to age transmitted down,
Thou shalt not perish in our hands.

Tho' rage, revenge, and wild despair,
Envenomed spleen, and blinded zeal,
Should all unite, from us to tear
The blessing, they cannot prevail.

Of no Court tyrants we're afraid,
We'll spin our term of freedom out ;
Secure of each true patriot's aid,
And put oppression to the rout.

Protect, ye powers ! each patriot's day,
His evening crown with joy and rest ;
The longer here his virtues stay,
The sooner Ireland will be blest.

SWAINS AWAKE.

TUNE—“*Shepherds, I have lost my love.*”
 (From “The Press.”)

SWAINS, we’ve slept and lost our love,
 Freedom fair as Anna,
 Fav’rite wish of all who rove
 Within the Isle of Grana.

We for her our forks would wield,
 (Weapons of our meadows),
 Bare our breasts, and stand the shield
 Of orphans and of widows.

Never will she venture home,
 While her friends are jarring,
 All her advocates are firm,
 Against her foes they’re warring.

Swains, awake, and Freedom’s stores,
 Like the streams of Banna,
 Shall refresh the thirsty shores
 Around the Isle of Grana.

—88—

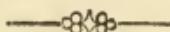
THE FATAL BLOW.

TUNE—“*O'er the hills and far away.*”
 (From “The Press.”)

COME ! come, my countrymen, advance,
 Charge your musket, point your lance,
 Proclaim your will from shore to shore,
 Till tyranny shall be no more.

Too long have tyrants ruled the land,
 Too long you spared the reckless band ;
 The blood by base oppression shed,
 Calls vengeance on each guilty head.

To you, in this decisive hour,
 Avenging fate entrusts her power ;
 Then haste to strike the fatal blow,
 And punish each despotic foe.

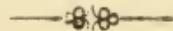


ON A CERTAIN MUSICAL PERFORMER,
 (LORD NORBURY.)

(From "The Press," October 14th, 1797.)

JACK SAVAGE was once a gay good-humoured thing,
 Rather shallow, 'tis true—but at all in the ring ;
 With a shake of the head, and a shake of the hand,
 He made way with his fellows,—a sociable band,
 Rather fond, it was said, of the duellist's name,
 But with Irishmen that is no subject of blame ;
 With a catch, and a glee, and a pun, and a song,
 He trifled and laughed at the mirth-loving throng.
 Fortune's frolic advanced him, and, quickly beheld,
 This monkey, the claws of the tiger unfold,
 When placed on the Judge's tribunal was he,
 His catch was a halter, and murder his glee ;
 With a smile the deep groan of affection he hears,
 The sharp burst of distraction accords with his ears ;
 With some frigid conceit, or some metaphor bold,
 He sports, while the victim of death stands appalled.
 But justice ere long may lay hold on his throat,
 And again our musician must alter his note.

OLD TOWLER.



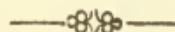
THE VICTIM OF TYRANNY.

TUNE—“*Mary’s Dream.*”(From “*The Press.*” January 9, 1798.)

THE night was cold, keen blew the blast,
 The rain in ’whelming torrents fell,
 When Pat with sorrow overcast,
 His plaintive tale was heard to tell :
 “ My tender wife and children dear
 Are from my sight for ever torn,
 How can I longer tarry here ?
 My friends are all to dungeons borne.

“ I had a tyrant landlord base,
 Who saw my heart to Erin yearned,
 Even with the ground my cot did raze,
 And fired my substance, dearly earned.
 Unmoved, remorseless, now he sees
 My cottage falling as it burns,
 My wife for mercy, on her knees,
 From him with ruthless frown he spurns.”

Oh, when will that bless’d day arrive,
 When Union bright on downy wing,
 (Union for which we all should strive),
 Shall to old Erin comfort bring ;
 Ah, when it comes we’ll all unite,
 Corruption from our land to chase,
 And then we’ll see the prospect bright,
 Of friendship, happiness, and peace.



LIBERTY.

(From “*The Press.*”)

SISTER of Love ! æthereal flame !
 Who bid’st the lurid lightnings roll,
 Mov’st to soft harps the sphery frame,
 And wak’st to ecstacy the soul !

Oh, parent source of every good,
 Arranged thro' every nice degree,
 How few have justly understood
 Those laws of order framed by thee!

For thee the poet's strain shall flow,
 Inspirer of the vocal strings,
 And Philomel forget her woe,
 To praise thee by whose aid she sings!

For thee gay Zephyr waves his plume,
 Thine are the od'rous gift he bears,
 The hours unlock each varying bloom,
 And wake to life the laughing years!

The Muse of old did Greece invest,
 What time the haughty Persian fled,
 Thy terrors nodded from her crest,
 When Rome raised high her awful head!

Who are now the chosen race
 For whom thou leav'st thy lucid sphere?
 To whom thou giv'st thy radiant face,
 To see thy gorgeous crown to wear.

In what fair isle dost thou prolong,
 To make a favoured nation blest,
 The high resolve! the poet's song!
 The raptures of th' ecstatic breast!

'Tis Erin thy best influence owns,
 And dumb respect and slavish fear,
 Bid the mind waft to eastern thrones,
 The happier far while thou art near.

A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

ERIN'S FALL.

(From "The Press.")

HARK ! heard ye not those dreadful screams ?
 Oh, heard ye not that infant cry ?
 'Tis sure some neighbouring cot in flames,
 The lurid crimson tints the sky.

But lo ! an aged corpse I see,
 A mangled body stained with gore,
 Suspended hangs from yonder tree,
 Before the burning cottage door !

Have Erin's sons failed in the field ?
 What foreign foe lays waste the land ?
 Say, where was Britain's guardian shield,
 When Erin sunk beneath their hand ?

But see untouched yon palace stands,
 While all around the hamlets burn ;
 Behold those military bands
 Back to the flames their victims spurn.

Say why against the humble cot
 Is all their ruthless fury bent ?
 Sure nought that falls to peasant's lot
 Can plunder's lawless ravage tempt.

No foreign foe lays waste the land,
 And Erin's sons have fled no field ;
 Their blood is shed by kindred hand,
 They fall beneath a sister's shield.

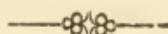
But mark !—within the humble cot
 The sacred Ark of Union stands,
 And peasants guard the hallowed spot,
 From hatred masked of hostile bands.

The abject slaves of wealth and power,
 In council or in senate sold,
 Are found in Erin's trying hour,
 Against their country's cause enrolled.

But unavenged shall Erin fall ?
 And leave her sons a name alone ;
 But Justice stays a sister's thrall,
 For Erin's ruin seals her own.

No ! Erin falls not while her sons
 Have courage to assert her claims,
 While Nature's rights—her sacred ones,
 Have hearts that bondage never tames.

SARSFIELD.



SONG,

On Burning Pitt's Effigy, in Long Acre, on the 10th
 December, 1797.

TUNE—“*The Cutpurse.*”(From “*The Press.*”)

YE hard-working lads, whose glad eyes now behold
 The ashes of Pitt, as they glow with the wind ;
 Let the lesson affect both the young and the old,
 And the downfall of despots sink deep in the
 mind.

He trampled on our laws,
 He closed up our jaws,
 And seized all our wealth in his tax-gripping
 claws,
 But halter and faggot have set us at
 ease,
 And every man now may be free *if
 he please.*

Ye lads of St. Giles, who were forced far from
 home,
 By flame or by sword, the tender or picket,
 Let the sight of this knave then, who sent you to
 roam,
 Console you, and warm his abettors, so wicked.

While he hangs high in air,
 Who made bloodshed his care,
 And all honest men would destroy if he dare,
 Who the liberties fallen of Europe
 would raise,
 But every land now, may be free if
 it please.

When in holiday time—or to church or to fair,
 With our wives or our sweethearts we sauntered
 from town,
 With our new Sunday suits, and our well powdered
 hair,
 We felt quite the thing, as we strolled up and
 down.

But Pitt with his tax,
 Made our hair white as flax,
 Like candles in clusters, to hang down our
 backs.

But Pitt, now in *powder*, has set us
 at ease,
 And every man's head is his own, if
 he please.

When we worked all the week, and quite wearied
 with toil,
 We roamed in the fields, to escape from the fog,
 Our lungs and our legs felt new life in the soil,
 And our heart kept in pace with the bounds of
 our dog.

But alas he is dead,
 Which we long fondly fed.

But Pompey's revenged, for his tax man is
 sped.

Now all may go hunting, with free-
 dom and ease,
 And now every dog hath his day as
 he please.

Before the mad war on opinions of men,
 Our hands were kept busy, for all were em-
 ployed ;
 Each man had his watch, for the passing time then
 Was the workman's own right, and should not
 be destroyed.

But tax-making Pitt,
 In a war-waging fit,
 As he first took our money, resolved to take it,
 Then he watched us with spies and
 informers with ease,
 Now all may enjoy their own rights,
 if they please.

But the last, tho' the worst, it has changed to the
 best,
 For the knave thought to burden all property
 too,
 With his five-fold addition of taxes assessed,
 The load fell on him, who would place it on
 you.

For now high and low,
 Have at last seen man's foe.
 And his credit's put down by a national blow,
 Then stir up his embers, that perfidy
 may blaze,
 Henceforth *have*, peace and plenty
 are ours, if we please.

And now, my bold fellows, whose strength has put
 down
 The child of corruption—our follies have raised,
 Let us foretaste the pleasures of future renown,
 And feel that all vengeance is amply appeased,
 We'll meet, now we may,
 In the sunshine of day,
 For nought is a crime now, but *malum in se*.
 Let us drink or be sober, as best suits
 our ease,
 And live where we famished before,
 if we please.

THE NEW GRANU WALE.

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

You true sons of Hibernia, come, ne'er be cast down,
 But cheer up your spirits, in country and town ;
 For this is the time for Union and zeal,
 To prove yourselves sons of old Granu Wale.

Derry down, etc.

Our fathers of old bore all hardships and toils
 In boldly defending their freedom and isle ;
 Shall we then, their sons, unite and prevail
 In recovering the rights of brave old Granu Wale.

Derry down, etc.

The Irish green flag has been long trodden down,
 By English usurpers, who intruded their crown,
 At a time when division, alas ! did prevail
 'Mongst the unfortunate chiefs of brave Granu Wale.

Derry down, etc.

As by division alone our freedom was lost,
 Let Union and friendship now be our great boast ;
 And tho' tyrants may threaten us—rave, rant, and rail,

Union must conquer for brave old Granu Wale.

Derry down, etc.

East, west, north and south are now firmly joined
 To resist the dark efforts of tyrants combined,
 The oppressors of mankind will all turn pale,
 At the united fire of brave old Granu Wale.

Derry down, etc.

In the true sons of old Granu you'll not find a flaw,

Then fill up your bumper to "Erin-go-Bragh."

The genius of freedom will bid us—all hail,

If we erect the green flag of our dear Granu Wale.

Derry down, etc.

UNION'S YOUR HELM.

TUNE—"Lash to the Helm."

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

Now Erin bleeds in ev'ry vein,
 The curst effects—Camden's reign,
 See dungeon'd deep, her patriots lie,
 O see them, for opinions die.

Chorus. Hark ! Erin cries,
 My sons, now rise.
 In holy Union's hand,
 Union's your helm,
 'Twill foes o'erwhelm,
 And free your native land.

Now, Camden, view your deadly ire ;—
 See there the humble roof on fire !
 See from the flames the peasant flies !
 O see—he on the bayonet dies.

Hark ! Erin cries, etc.

Now view the scene that melts the heart,
 See him from his true consort part,
 See her now ease the pang of death,
 O ! see her suck his latest breath.

Hark ! Erin cries, etc.

Now view among your bloody deeds,
 Where gracious Orr for Erin bleeds,
 "Be true," he cried, "as I've been true,"
 O Erins ! think he died for you.

Chorus. O sacred shade,
 Now purer made,
 O Orr ! who died for all,
 While we have breath,
 And in our death,
 We will avenge your fall.

Your tortures, Camden, are in vain,
 Soon shall cease your cruel reign,
 As all attempts to "wake alarms,"
 But steel the breast, and call—"To arms."
 Hark ! Erin cries, etc.

—8/8—

PADDY'S DEMANDS.

TUNE—"Give Isaac the Nymph."
 (From "Paddy's Resource.")

GIVE Paddy his freedom, on equality's plan,
 Ne'er mind his religion—the rights of a man ;
 Let Erin no longer a province remain,
 But splendour resume, with her rank and her
 name.

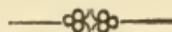
No longer let England his blessings destroy,
 But Paddy his milk and his honey enjoy ;
 His commerce be cherished, the green flag unfurled,
 His arts be protected, his market the world.

Let rulers have powers his country to bless,
 To nurture the subject, not grind and oppress,
 Not with bastiles and gibbets Paddy alarm,
 Nor goad him to death for to seize on his farm.

Let all his descendants pure gratitude shed,
 For those who for freedom have suffered and bled,
 Nor envy the tyrants their Sydneys to boast,
 While they have their Harts and their Orrs for a
 toast.

Let Irishmen still keep their object in mind,
 They'll surely succeed, if to each other kind ;
 And each lend a heart to prop liberty's shoot,
 The blood of the martyrs will nourish the root.

Let Paddy have Union to stop future strife,
 Let Union be liberty—liberty life ;
 By means the most glorious, his wishes obtain,
 That Irish freedom may immortal remain.



THE SPY.

TUNE—“*Poll and Partner Joe.*”

(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

I AM, d’ye see, an informer, sir,
 As horrid a dog as any,
 At the sessions-house and the Castle yard
 Swore false for many a guinea ;
 None can convenient mem’ry boast
 More than ingenious I,
 Not even my employer, Sirr,
 Who has hired me for a spy.

With conscience light,
 And free from spite,
 It is my only care,
 That the cause by right or wrong,
 This is the burthen of my song,
 For money I can swear.

In tavern or in public-house,
 You’re always sure to find me ;
 I sit so mute, to hear all chat,
 That folks but seldom mind me.
 If you on politics should talk,
 Or civic songs should sing,
 I’ll artfully provoke your words,
 And swear you’ve d—d the k—g.

My work being done,
 Away I’ll run,
 To note the whole affair.

For let the cause be right or wrong,
 This is the burthen of my song,
 For money I can swear.

The Privy Council quite elate,
When first I told my story,
Arrested men who nobly stood
For Irish rights and glory.
The Habeas Corpus did suspend,
That they should not be tried,
Till I should swear to such base acts
As might not be denied.

But honest juries
Marr'd my plans,
And did them free declare.

Still let the cause be right or wrong,
This is the burthen of my song,
For money I will swear.

My villainy I'll still pursue,
With vigilant attention,
For Cook declares if I succeed
He'll grant a place or pension.
I'll swear black's white, and white is black,
To get such great reward.
No time I'll spare, men to ensnare,
Nor justice e'er regard.

But should I fail,
And friends turn tail,
I'm sure to go to pot.

I then must see my cause is wrong,
And lose the burthen of my song,
Perhaps get hanged at last.

THE CITY VOLUNTEER.

TUNE—“*The Plough Boy.*”(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

I’m a city volunteer, sirs,
 Quite arm’d cap-a-pee ;
 I’ll fight for church and king, sirs,
 And damn the country !
 When mounted on my charger,—
 To captivate the fair,
 You’ll forget my name is sugar plum,
 I look so militaire !

If the weather should prove wet, sirs,
 I can’t attend parade ;
 Or the sun shine out too hot, sirs,
 I’ll ride snug in the shade.
 Then if my captain grumbles
 To see me break my rank,
 Why, damn me, I am as good as he,
 Perhaps more cash in bank.

Our grand association,
 Just raised to make a show,
 Must keep in awe the nation,
 Lest they should strike a blow.
 Those Jacobins, our foes, sirs,
 Who keep us in alarms,
 Are easy to oppose, sirs,
 Because—they’re not in arms.

If our enemies should land, sirs,
 Another game I’ll play,
 I must not try to stand, sirs,
 Lest I should run away.
 Now if each loyal band, sirs,
 Prove all as staunch as me !—
 Then church and king be damned, sirs,
 The nation will be free.

THE ORANGEMAN'S CONVERSION.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

SOLDIER.

HELL or Connaught ! die thou Papist,
 Drench this Orange in thy gore,
 Tho' a Christian voice thou apest,
 Think of mercy now no more.

POOR MAN.

Soldier, once thy country's glory,
 Erin with her children bleeds ;
 Touch'd by Erin's hapless story,
 Soldier, stay thy cruel deeds.

Think, O think, the time arriving
 When thy country shall be free,
 Then shall every tongue be striving,
 Every hand—to punish thee.

Victim to a vengeful nation
 Where the wretched tool thou'st been,
 Even now more cunning station,
 Yields thee up—itself to screen.

See'st thou not the coward stranger,
 Lording o'er the prostrate soil,
 Gives to thee the total danger,
 But—a fraction—of the spoil.

Surely, if thou seek'st for plunder
 In the cabins of the poor,
 Justly may the peasant wonder
 If the Castle be secure.

Seek'st thou plunder then—what dotage
 Robs thee of thy common sense ?
 Rifle not the wretched cottage,
 But the seat of opulence.

Or by false religion goaded,
 Would'st thou shed a Christian's blood
 Leave the cruel faiths exploded,
 Yield to charity and God ?

Ha ! behold proclaimed defenders,
 Forty champions of the law,
 C—l drags them to the tenders,
 See the galling chains they draw.

Sounds of massacre and pillage,
 Soldier, list—the piteous moan,
 See the smoke from yonder village,
 Hark the shriek—the dying groan.

If to join in kind communion,
 Children of a milder faith,
 If to sigh for peace and Union
 Be a crime, inflict my death.

Come then, soldier, welcome slaughter,
 Freely I resign my life,
 Only spare—oh, spare my daughter,
 And respect my tender wife.

Still the brave are prone to pity,
 See the soldier sheds a tear,
 And with sorrow at the ditty,
 Learns in mercy to forbear.

See his manly arm outstretched,
 Hark, he swears by honour's laws,
 Henceforth to sustain the wretched,
 Or—to die—in Erin's cause.

A PARODY ON OLD TOWLER.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN ITALY.

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

BRAVE Bonaparte proclaims us free,
 And truth his words adorn,
 Rouse from your trance of slavery
 To liberty's bright morn.
 See myriads round her standard throng,
 And freedom is their cry,
 The joyful burden of their song,
 This day distinction die.

Be famous in story,
 Push forward to glory,
 The joyful burden, etc.

For equal rights, for equal laws,
 The struggling nations round
 Have fought, have bled, and see their cause
 With peace and freedom crowned.
 The die is cast, their cause is thine,
 Your wrongs for vengeance cry,
 That impulse sure must be divine
 Which bids distinction die.
 Be famous, etc.

Tremendous crash, the tyrants fall,
 And superstition groans,
 Throw o'er the wretch oblivion's pall,
 No more we'll hear of thrones.
 With loud acclaims the gladdened throng
 Rent earth, and air, and skies.
 The joyful burden of their song,
 This day distinction dies.
 Be famous, etc.

THE SOCIAL THISTLE AND SHAMROCK.

This song was supplied by Miss M'Cracken. Her brother Henry Joy M'Cracken and another person composed it with the view of settling some difference between the United Irishmen of the Rea Fencibles and the Limerick Militia, which object it effected.

TUNE—“*Charley is my Darling.*”

COME all you valiant heroes, now unto me draw near,
On my Highland pipes, I'll play a tune, will every bosom cheer.

Shea da wea ma wallagh, ma wallagh, ma wallagh,
Shea da wea ma wallagh, come listen unto me.

Highlandmen, and Irishmen, how happy we will be,
When like brethren, we're dancing, and singing Gramachree.

Shea da wea ma wallagh, ma wallagh, ma wallagh,
Shea da wea ma wallagh, that now happy day.

Then o'er the misty mountains, and through the rushy glens,
The poor industrious labourers will find us trusty friends.

Shea da wea ma wallagh, ma wallagh, ma wallagh,
Shea da wea ma wallagh, all mankind should agree.

The Scotch and Irish friendly are, their wishes are
the same,
The English nation envy us, and over us would
reign.

But shea da wea ma wallagh, ma wallagh,
ma wallagh,
Shea da wea ma wallagh, Oh ! that must
never be.

The auld gill stoups, we'll gie a coup, and drink
prosperity,
To the ancient clans, in Scottish lands, that fought
right manfully.

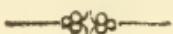
Shea da wea ma wallagh, ma wallagh, ma
wallagh,
Shea da wea ma wallagh, fu' weel I mine
that day.

Our historians and our poets, they always did
maintain,
That the origin of Scottishmen and Irish were the
same.

Shea da wea ma wallagh, ma wallagh, ma
wallagh,
Shea da wea ma wallagh, as brothers we'll
remain.

Now to conclude and end my song, may we live
long to see,
The Thistle, and the Shamrock, entwine the olive
tree.

Shea da wea ma wallagh, ma wallagh, ma
wallagh,
Shea da wea ma wallagh, a hearty health to
thee.



FRIENDSHIP ;
OR,
WALLACE'S LAST WISH.

TUNE—“*Johnny Cope.*”

This Song, given me by Miss M‘Cracken, was one of the effusions of the “Northern Star” men of Belfast.

YE social friends of each degree,
Pray, give attention unto me,
Until I sing with merry glee,
For to rouse ye up in the morning.
Scotland’s fame I will proclaim,
Wallace, Muir, and Palmer name,
Who were the men that did disdain
To flee for the cause o’ reforming.

CHORUS.

Auld Scotland, are ye wa’king yet ?
Blaw up your pipes, when ye think fit ;
Gin ye waud waken, I waud like
To meet wi’ ye a’ in the morning.

The Fencibles, their lands to keep,
Come o’er the sea, their frien’s to meet,
They wish us weel, we will them greet,
And we’ll gie them a cogue in the morning.
The Scottish Cheils will dance and reel,
Wi’ their bonny kilt and trusty steel—
Paddy and them agree fou weel,
They a’ join hands in the morning.

CHORUS.

Come here my frien’s an gie’s your han’,
Altho’ were frae a neighbouring lan’,
We for the cause of truth will stan’,
And fight till we die in the morning.

In every country you may see,
The people now do a’ agree,
In a short time we’ll a’ be free,
And ha’ a merry morning.

These lordly folk that ca' us swine,
 Wha vaunting on our labour dine,
 Guid faith we'll make them to repine,
 For forcing us off in the morning.

CHORUS.

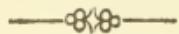
My father had a tract of lan',
 He was a right guid honest man,
 Na' care he had, ye understand,
 Which forced me awa in the morning,

Come here ye friens o' a' mankind,
 The cause is guid, we'll ne'er repine,
 Providence has its design,

And will meet them yet in the morning.
 Then fill a bumper frank and free,
 May a' mankind like us agree,
 Peace on earth we then will see,
 And we'll a' be friens in the morning.

CHORUS.

The Scotch and Irish, han in han,
 Will by each other firmly stan',
 Justice then they will demand,
 When they speak wi' ane voice in the
 morning.



THE

ANCIENT MEMORY OF MULLAGHMAST, IN THE COUNTY OF KILDARE.

You learned men that's wise,
 I tell to you no lies,
 I'm a bard without either blot or blunder,
 And as stout as great St. Ruth,
 I tell you but the truth,
 And this world I'll make it for to wonder.

In the Rath of Mullaghmast,
 That dreadful day is passed,
 When the Tories called us in for protection,
 Their slaughter they began,
 And they killed us every man,
 Left our widows and poor orphans there crying.

The graves that you see here,
 Would make you shed a tear,
 Where your ancient Irish heroes they lay sleeping,
 Though their soul in heaven stand,
 Whilst murderers they are damned,
 As Dives poor Lazarus seen him.
 In the year of '98,
 Our lives they did take,
 We had but one noble commander,
 That was Dorely of great fame,
 That was reared in sweet Kildare,
 His name, boys, for ever we'll record it.

At Aughrim and the Boyne,
 Some thousands they destroyed,
 Athlone we had lost it by invaders,
 Sarsfield to Limerick flew,
 Those men they were but few,
 The conditions that he gained they never gave it,
 Cromwell's laws they did fulfil,
 And the Catholics they did kill,
 And our blessed Roman Clergy, did not spare
 them,
 Till God a man sent down
 That wears a laurel crown,
 And he'll conquer them, my boys, never fear him.

Four hundred men and more
 Lay bleeding in their gore,
 On the Rath of Mullaghmast upon that morning,
 They had not time for to kneel down,
 For to pray for their poor souls,
 When they killed them all like lambs in a
 slaughter,

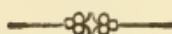
By a most rebellious man,
 That was left upon our land,
 By Cromwell, the treacherous invader.
 To Edenderry they did run,
 Where Father Kerns was hung,
 And Perry, our darling fine hero.

Brave Fitzgerald suffered sore,
 When he swam the Barrow o'er,
 And his father lay bleeding in the slaughter ;
 And the Byrnes of great fame,
 Their names shall still remain,
 And the Farrels shall never be forgotten.
 It was on Carbury hill
 Our precious blood they spilled,
 When Kennedy, our hero, they hung him ;
 On the jail of Naas
 O'Connor's head they placed,
 And they called us all both rebels and offenders.

The truth I'll not enlarge,
 And I will speak of old Clonard,
 Where the Ennises, our heroes, they were slaughtered,
 They were put upon their knees,
 By a most infernal breed,
 And as innocent as doves they have shot them,
 Upon Dunlaven green,
 It was plain for to be seen,
 When thirty-six fine heroes they lay bleeding,
 The Widow Ryan she cried full sore,
 When her child lay in his gore,
 It grieves me the truth for to mention.

My pen I will lay down,
 And that in Kildare town,
 Tho' in Drogheda this bard he is residing,
 John Shields it is my name,
 And I think it is no shame,
 For liberty through Ireland will be shining ;

Our Union we will bring home,
 And free the Church of Rome,
 That suffered with this dreadful persecution ;
 Good Christians, let us pray,
 For the soul that's in the clay,
 And that God may give their children resolution.



BOLD M'DERMOTT.

COME all you wild young gentlemen, so reckless
 and so bold,
 My hardships and my miseries I'm going to un-
 fold,
 M'Dermott is my name, a gentleman of birth well
 known,
 And by my wicked follies to wicked curses I was
 prone.

I headed the Defenders, became their captain, it is
 truth,
 In the county of Roscommon I was called the un-
 daunted youth,
 One thousand men at my command, no rent or
 taxes should be paid,
 For to face an army I was brought, and of them I
 was not afraid.

Part of my men being taken, I swore I'd rescue
 them with speed,
 Like Hector bold I ventured, but in it did not suc-
 ceed,
 I fought as brave as any men, till half my face was
 shot away,
 Nor did I turn traitor, or from my brave boys run
 away.

So Dermott Roe was taken and laid in Roscommon
jail,
Altho' my friends were great for me they'd take no
bail,
Twice I was tried at assizes, and each time guilty
found,
But yet they dare not hang me for fear of the
country round.

There are numbers in the country would shed salt
tears for me,
Their limbs and lives would venture to save me
from the gallows tree;
Farewell, dear honoured father, some thousands
you've lost by me,
Your trouble grieves me more than facing the gal-
lows tree.

There are estated gentlemen do really belong to
me,
And if I led a sober life 'tis hanged I ne'er would
be,
To back the poor against the rich to my grief did
not agree,
So M'Dermott bold must die in shame and misery.

'Tis little I thought at the time of my nativity,
To Dublin I was brought to hang on the gallows
tree;
My father was a gentleman, my mother was a lady
gay,
One thousand was her fortune upon her wedding
day.

HEROES OF '98.

OUR deadly rancour and fame advancing,
To Enniscorthy we marched with speed,
The loyal townsmen gave their assistance,
"We'll die or conquer," they all did say,
And the Hessian Cavalry made no resistance,
Till on the pavement the foot men lay.
Our trumpets sounding, with valour abounding,
Our drums a-beating and men reviewing,
Like triumphant heroes that feared no danger,
We marched for Wexford in the afternoon.
On the Three Rocks we took up our quarters,
Next morning early at eight o'clock,
The B——h officers sallied out their forces,
Our gunsmen gave them a woeful shock.
We took the town and drank away,
We fought the soldiers and the cavalry—
Their troops retreating with dread and danger,
They dare not face our artillery.
We marched to Ross and got intoxicated,
We fought three battles on the one day.
First in the morning we did them storm,
And at the second volley they ran away ;
Until a reinforcement came down upon us,
Just in the evening, through fire and smoke.
We were forced to leave the town in blazes,
And in our retreat burned Scullabogue.
In Carrigrue for some time we waited,
We were preparing for Gorey town,
At Tubbererrin, dreading no danger,
We most manfully cut them down,
Our guns at Gorey like hail did flow ;
Our pikemen rallied all round the field,
Their cavalry we did there defeat them,
And their foot soldiers lay stretched on the green.
On the enclosures adjoining Clough,
The rescue of it was a close engagement,
Our Irish heroes now cut them off !

If we had conduct to march on forward,
And not return for Gorey town,
We'd save the lives of ten thousand heroes,
Who died in Arklow—God rest their souls.
At Vinegar Hill, where the British invincibles,
Did most furiously prance like deers !
We were surrounded by troops of soldiers !
By General Blake and his grenadiers.
We marched to Comer and fought the soldiers,
And travelled round by the Colliery.
They stole our guns and left us in disorder,
We lost our lives in Kilcomany.
It's thro' their means Father Murphy was taken,
On our retreat towards Castlemore.
He was brought to Arklow and used severely,
This blessed Priest they left in his gore.
Now, good people, pray the Lord receive him,
If life remained, yet with us he'd be ;
Some other time he will be recorded,
We can't forget the Colliery.
But perhaps hereafter they will not falter,
When the Cross will guide us to victory,
And we'll plant the tree of sweet Liberty.
Here's a health to you, my brave county Wexford,
Throw off the yoke and to victory run,
Let no man think we gave up our arms,
When every man has *two* when done.
So now, my friends, the time's approaching,
When all in one body, there is no fears,
We'll be commanded by Pius's teaching,
Like Father Murphy and his Shelmaliers.

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOUR ;
 OR THE
 FOUR IRISH SOLDIERS.

These Songs, which were published by the United Irishmen, in ballad form, Charles Teeling informs us, was written, to his certain knowledge, by Counsellor Sampson.

These brave men, William M'Kenna, Owen M'Kenna, Peter M'Carron, and Daniel Gillain, soldiers in the Monaghan Militia, were sentenced to be shot, by a court martial, for being United Irishmen. They were repeatedly offered their pardon and rewards, on condition of informing against their associates. They chose death before dishonour, and met their fate like men. They were carried upon cars, attended by their clergy, and accompanied by large detachments of various regiments, from Belfast to Blaris-camp, on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1797. The father of Owen M'Kenna was desired to interere, in order to save his son's life, by encouraging him to turn informer. His answer was, that his son should never save his life by informing, as in that case, if those who wished his son to turn traitor, should forbear to shoot him, he, himself, would do it. Upon this, the son and his three comrades had their brains blown out in the presence of the brave old man.

My soul is sunk beneath a world of grief,
 My blood runs chill and slow thro' every part,
 Nor can this world's joys afford relief,
 For bitter anguish preys upon my heart.

Four Irish lads, with no dishonour stain'd,
 Four gallant youths as Ireland ever saw,
 Have met their doom, by treachery arraign'd,
 And murder'd by the blight of barb'rous law.

What was their crime? To love their country
well,

To wish its Union, and to wish it free :
For this, they bled, for this, they nobly fell ;
True to themselves,—O Ireland!—and to thee.

Since wicked men, their evil ends to gain,
First sent the soldier to a foreign grave ;
And order'd countless thousands to be slain,
None perish'd half so honest, or so brave.

I saw the dismal sight ! I saw them brought,
Solemn, and silent, to the bed of death ;
From slavish hirelings, they receiv'd the shot ;
And yielded up to heav'n, their native breath.

A thousand times, to tempt them to betray,
Life and rewards were offer'd them in vain ;
They proudly cast the proffer'd boons away,
And spurn'd the tempter, with a cold disdain.

Nor friends, nor kindred, their firm souls could
move,
Sweet images that cling around the heart ;
They left them all their wealth—their country's
love,
And bade farewell ! for evermore to part.

I saw the aged father standing by,
Scorning by treason, his son's life to save,
For he could bear to see his darling die ;
But not to live a *traitor* or a slave.

Intent and firm he watch'd the ruffian stroke,
Intrepid courage beaming in his eye ;
Nor ever other words than these he spoke,
Son, thou hast taught thy countrymen to die.

Oh ! truth, and honour, where must you be found ?
Not in the palace, or the glitt'ring court ;
You rather dwell within the lowly cot,
And with the simple, and the poor resort.

For from an humble stock these heroes grew,
Strangers to fortune, and unknown to fame.
By heav'n alone, endow'd with hearts so true,
And rich in death, which consecrates their name.

THE SECOND PART.

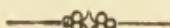
CEASE then, unavailing woe,
Since to heav'n their souls have fled ;
Ireland let the *traitors* know,
That not in vain thy sons have bled.

Irish heroes grasp your arms,
Firmly clasp the pointed steel,
Shake their souls with fierce alarms,
Teach their harden'd hearts to feel.

Let the tyrants of the world
See their hateful reign is o'er ;
From their seats let them be hurl'd,
Nor wield their iron sceptre more.

And Scottish lads so bold and brave,
Unite with Ireland and be free ;
Renounce the *traitor* and the slave,
Hail ! fortune, hope, and liberty.

Victory shall then be yours,
Honours and rewards shall show,
That he who first the *foe* abjures,
Ireland's bounty first shall know.



THE REBEL'S GRAVE.

(From "The Ulster Magazine.")

"Owre true a tale" of 1798.

"TWAS a lonely spot: above it grew
 An aged thorn; and moaning through
 The leafless boughs, the evening gale,
 Sullenly, like a funeral wail,

Sighed sadly o'er it.

A solitary sunbeam fell
 Upon the grove;—it seemed to tell
 Of joys long gone;—it was the last
 Day-beam of heaven:—a chill cloud cast
 Its shade before it.

I thought of him who slept beneath,
 Now cold in clay and dark in death,
 Once high in happiness—ere yet
 His sun of life so darkly set

Through a cloud of blood.

I sighed—another answer gave—
 'Twas not the loose and rustling wave
 Of the long lank grass. I looked around—
 Gazing upon the grassy mound

An old man stood.

Damp o'er his brow and forehead ran
 The earliest curse on sinful man;
 His eyes were sunk: his withered cheek
 Was sorrow-blanchéd, yet seemed to speak

Of long lost bliss.

He muttered something hastily;
 But whether to himself or me
 I wist not: "To let fall a tear
 Where folly found an early bier

Is foolishness."

"And though 'twere worse," I sternly cried,
 "Yet shall it fall for him who died

For freedom. Hallowed be his rest—
 Light lie the turf upon his breast—
 Heaven's tears bedew it!"

The old man sighed : a mournful smile
 Lit his dim eye. "So did beguile
His soul that phantom on to crime.—
 Nay, frown not, youth—the seal of time
 And truth is to it.

"I knew him in his early youth,
 When all was innocence and truth—
 A mother's hope—her only stay—
 The light that cheered her close of day—
 Heaven's smile his guide.
 "He loved—was loved—for nuptial tie
 The day was fixed ; and hope was high :—
 But hush ! hark ! no—he did not wed—
 Below thou seest his bridal bed—
 And *there*—his bride!"

I listened :—'twas the wildest strain
 That ever burst from breast of pain.
 I looked :—across the dewy heath
 A maniac rushed—a wild flower wreath,
 Around her twined.
 Her bosom bare—her garments torn—
 Her cheek so pallid, wan and worn,
 Had deathly looked, but that 'twas brown
 With summer's sun, and fiercest frown
 Of winter's wind.

Can this be she—where wilderment
 Such lorn and frenzied fire has lent
 To the dark eyes, whose vivid flashes
 Beam wildly through the long eyelashes
 The mind's despair ?

It is. Upon the grave she flung
 Her wild flower wreath ; and as she sung
 Her love-lorn lay, she swept the dew,
 That gemmed the shamrocks as they grew
 In mockery there.

The old man sighed, resumed his tale :
 " Their faith and plighted vows to seal
 The day was fixed ;—but, ere it came,
 Rebellion burst its smothered flame,
 And sparkled keen.

" When treason dark the tocsin rung,
 Forth from his Mary's arms he sprung,
 And madly rushed where folly's band
 Rallied around, with heart and hand,
 The flag of green !

" He fought :—how wildly and how well,
 Still some survive who love to tell.—
 A hand so strong and heart so brave
 Deserved at least a soldier's grave :—
 But fate forbade.

" There stood his aged mother's cot—
 Before her very door they brought,
 Like felon vile, her hope's last gem,
 And underneath this hawthorn stem,
 His grave they made.

" They hanged him high upon that bough—
 O God ! methinks, I hear e'en now
 The shriek his wretched mother gave :
 She saw his limbs convulsive wave
 In agony :—

" She saw the headsman take his head ;
 She saw him in his bloody bed
 A headless trunk ; she prayed to press
 On his black lips one last caress—
 Then—died away !

" The rest—if further thou wouldest hear—
 See, there ; upon that grassy bier,
 The fairest flower—our hamlet's pride—
 My Mary sweet—young Henry's bride—
 A maniac wild !"

He ceased. Poor Mary long had listened,
 And once, methought, a tear-drop glistened,
 In her dark eye ;—but oh, it past ;—
 'Twas but the night dew falling fast
 O'er sorrow's child.

'Twas when he spoke of bliss gone by,
 I marked that dew within her eye.
 It seemed as if the blessed light
 Of reason, yet could shed one bright
 Though transient gleam ;
 But, when he spoke of headsman grim—
 Of blackened lip and quivering limb—
 She started from her lover's grave—
 With wild and frenzied look she gave
 A heart-wrung scream.

* * * *

I leaned me 'gainst the withered tree,
 Musing on human misery :—
 I raised my eye—I saw alone—
 The maniac fled—the old man gone—
 The long grass wave.
 Chill gleamed above me faint and far
 The evening's lone and lovely star :—
 I turned, and left, with sorrowing sigh,
 With heavy heart and tearful eye,
 THE REBEL'S GRAVE.

—88—

A BALLAD.

FROM Erin's shore, a light bark bore
 Lord Edward far away ;
 O'er waves to glide to countries wide,
 That lie beyond the sea.

There met his sight, a lady bright,
 He wins her lily hand ;
 But oh ! the wile of woman's smile
 Can't keep him in that land.

For now the *Dane* hath grown again
 As hostile as before ;
 And should he stay beyond the sea,
 What guard has Erin's shore ?

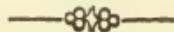
But come not here, Lord Edward, dear !
 Oh, rest beyond the sea ;
 For death awaits, who hesitates
 To live in slavery !

And well I feel you'd never kneel,
 Though left in arms alone ;
 In countries wide rove with your bride—
 Who'll cheer her when you're gone ?

His native shore he sees once more,
 Yet sees with bitter sighs ;
 And for a while, a brilliant smile
 Illumined Erin's eyes,

But short the hour of hope's bright pow'r—
 The chieftain's valour vain—
 And freedom wild shriek'd o'er her child—
 And horror held his reign !

No sculptur'd tomb to speak his doom,
 In Erin's land appears—
 But oh ! the brave Lord Edward's grave
 Is water'd with her tears !



JEMMY BREEZE'S GHOST.

A NEW BALLAD.

THE wind blew loud at dead of night,
 The bell it toll'd the hour,
 When hapless ghost and wicked sprite,
 O'er perjur'd souls have pow'r.

The rain, in gushing torrents, beat,
 Against the window sore ;
 When stood a ghost at Bobby's feet,
 Inside his chamber door.

On bed of down "my lord" was laid,
 Yet wild his troubled dream ;
 He groan'd for all his *guineas paid*,
 For *blood* he caus'd to stream.

He thought on all his love-sick vows,
 That broke poor Martin's heart,
 His husting oaths, his patriot bows—
 Then own'd th' apostate's smart.

In homely sheet, distain'd with blood,
 A threatening spectre came ;
 With pike of eighteen feet, it stood,
 The point was bright with flame.

"Sleep'st thou, (it cries) and can'st thou sleep,
 Thou false and perjur'd lord ?
 Awake—awake ! the watch I keep ;
 I come to claim thy word."

Bob hears—he starts !—the icy drops
 His sea-green face bedew ;
 One comes, then *down* another *hops*,
 By *guilty* conscience drew.

"Oh ! who art thou (he, shivering, speaks,)
 Thou angry, awful shade ?
 Thy furious look my *courage* breaks,
 My pride in dust is laid."

"I'm *Jemmy Breeze* (it thunder'd strong,)
 That Breeze who fought for thee ;
 You taught me first the patriot song,
 And swore to succour me !

You taught me first, Reform to ask,
 And scorn a life content ;
 You bade me urge the glorious task ;
 Then, me to prison sent !

In vain I whisper'd in thine ear,
 Thy motto, still, I bore ;
 And walk'd before thee far and near,
 The last Election, o'er.

In vain I told, for thee, I bled,
 And ask'd thy father's power,
 To save me from a clay cold bed,
 In manhood's blooming hour !

But oh ! in vain—that father's heart,
 Ne'er knew a feeling fine ;
 He bade me finish out my part,
 A part more justly thine !

You left me, too !—no pitying tear
 You dropp'd o'er Jemmy's grave ;
 You swore to me a love sincere,
 Yet scorn'd your friend to save.

For this, thou proud, unfeeling man,
 Nor peace nor joy you know ;—
 Killinchy voters, never can
 For you, deceiver, go.

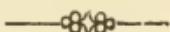
How dare you freedom's name pollute ?
 Where's all the oaths you swore ?
 You stole and sold the golden fruit,
 From freedom's promis'd store.

No voter then, shall you obtain
 From that, my native ground,
 Or *Jemmy Breeze* has died in vain,
 And friends nowhere are sound.

Yes—you deceived and robb'd us quite,
 And friends I have, who'll try
 To put you out, in proud despite
 Of all your family.

Then, Bobby, think on what I tell,
 When comes the death-bed gloom ;
 And mind poor Jemmy's long farewell,
 Who met from thee his doom !”

The ghost *thrice* waved in angry mood,
 His pike, in circle true ;
 And *thrice* he shook his locks of blood,
 And, muttering sad, withdrew.



THE DREAM AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

“ Honour and Honesty,” the motto of Castlereagh.

(Scene at Sea, between Donaghadee and Portpatrick,
 afterwards changes to the Pier at Donaghadee.)

O’ER the rolling ocean bounding,
 Swift her course the vessel held,
 Tho’ her ropes the wind resounding,
 All her crowded canvass swell’d.

Racking doubts and deep repining,
 Prey’d on Robert’s *noble* soul,
 Till upon his couch reclining,
 Slumber o’er his eyelids stole.

Fancy’s wand, that lightly hover’d
 O’er his pillow as he lay,
 To his troubled dreams discover’d
 Two fair forms in bright array :

One appear’d majestic towering,
 On her arm a shield she bore,
 On her brow—in anger lowering,
 Bright with gems, a crown she wore.

She to Robert's couch advancing,
 Press'd with stately step the ground,
 While her shield at distance glancing,
 Cast a golden light around.

As she stood on Robert gazing,
 Soon the heavenly fair was known,
 On her breast in diamonds blazing,
 Honour's glorious name was shown.

Near her, but of smaller stature,
 Stood a form of port less bold ;
 Mild her mien, yet ev'ry feature
 Spoke a mind of fearless mould.

Every thought her looks conveying,
 Firmly trode the lesser dame ;
 On a naked heart displaying—
 Honesty, her humbier name.

O'er the sleeping statesman bending,
 Honour first the silence broke,
 Shame, remorse, and fear contending,
 Fill'd his bosom as she spoke—

“ Wake, apostate ! and behold me,
 Once thy glory ; once thy pride !
 Me, who with my sons enroll'd thee,
 Who became thy guard and guide ;

“ Me, who on thy truth depending,
 Graced thee with my sacred name,
 When thy youthful thoughts ascending,
 Seem'd to seek for honest fame.

“ But my sacred name degraded,
 Think'st thou I again shall see,—
 By my power shalt thou be aided,
 Who despis'd my power and me ?”

Here she ceas'd.—His ear invading,
 Now another voice arose,
 Honesty, with harsh upbraiding,
 Thus disturb'd his short repose :—

“ Sleep, ungrateful !—but thy slumber
 Ne'er shall bring thee peace or rest,
 Conscience all thy crimes shall number,
 To torment thy guilty breast.

“ Thou whom eloquence has gifted,
 With a smooth and pliant tongue,
 Ever has thy voice been lifted,
 To maintain or palliate *wrong* ;

“ Smarting from my indignation,
 Low one titled robber lies,—
 He, whose crimes thy false oration
 Strove to hide from honest eyes ;

“ Let his fate, an awful warning
 To thy guilty heart convey,
 And, no more my counsel scorning,
 This my last command obey ;

“ Alter now thy bark's direction,
 Point her prow to Britain's shore,
 'Tis decreed, at Down Election,
 Thou shalt never triumph more !!!”

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SHEELAGH BULL.

A TALE.

(From "The Dublin Magazine," February, 1799.)

Translated from the original German, of the celebrated Burger, author of "Lenora," etc.

"DEAR Sheelagh !—'tis our nuptial hour,
 I have thee snug within my pow'r,
 Nay, Sheelagh ! do not look so sour !

Haste to our bridal supper !
 Come to my arms, my daggled lass !
 O'er the salt waves must Sheelagh pass—
 Myself will guide thy long-ear'd ass,
 And thou shalt grasp the crupper.

"Hence from the pikemen ! haste away !
 Lo ! on yon shore the bridesmen stay,
 Five hundred squires in meet array ;

And thou shalt bring an hundred.
 Mix'd with my squires, thy squires shall dine,
 And every squire shall vote like mine."
 Quoth Sheelagh—"This is very fine—"

And so she stared and wonder'd.

"Full twenty of thy Barons bold,"
 Quoth he, "with mine shall be enroll'd,
 Their pockets all well lined with gold."

"Better!" quoth she, "and better !
 But, sir, my name will be accurst,
 Giving thee all, for best or worst—
 Do let me ask my children first :"

But John Bull would not let her.

Her squires that saw the doubtful strife,
 To make their mistress John Bull's wife,
 Thought they should lead a merry life,

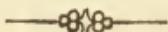
With such an honest fellow :
 So stuck her on the ass astride,
 And tied her legs on either side,
 Then, "Long live Sheelagh Bull !" they cried,
 As loud as they could bellow.

The thunder roars—the lightning flies—
Her children yell, with piercing cries,
While to the shore poor Sheelagh hies,

Enthron'd aloft on ass-back :
John to his vessel welcom'd both,
Kisses his Sheelagh, somewhat loth ;
And makes her take her corp'ral oath,
That she will never pass back.

From that sad hour, no tongue may tell,
To the fair bride, what fate befel ;
Some say they heard her passing-bell,

But John swears that's a fable.
Her squires are fat, her barons gay ;
When John says Yes, why so do they ;
And they feed heartily each day,
At Johnny's well-spread table.



SONG.

TUNE—“*Derry Down.*”

(From “*The Anti-Union,*” Feb. 17, 1798.)

BILLY PITTR, t'other day, says to Master Jack Bull,
“Dear Johnny, my brains of a project is full,
I will get you a damsel that's buxom and fresh,
To make bone of your bone, and flesh of your
flesh.”

Derry down.

Johnny held down his head and looked like a fool,
“Dear Billy, your word to me is a rule ;
And as to a marriage, I'm willing to try it,
Provided you show me what can be made by it.

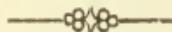
Derry down,

“ For you know it’s a maxim I’ve held through my life,
 Whether buying a house, a horse, or a wife,
 I strive to steer clear of being counted a block-head,
 By putting the most that I can in my pocket.”
 Derry down.

* An Union with riches,” quoth Will, “ there’s no sin in,
 And the wench that I mean has a good store of linen,
 Of beef, pork, and butter, and such stout usquebaugh,
 As will make you sing merrily—Erin go bragh.”
 Derry down.

Says John, “ My dear Billy, I’m perfectly sure,
 To a marriage, this damsel, I never can lure,
 One wife, people say, would be too much for you,
 And pray, Mr. Bill, how can I manage two ?
 Derry down.

“ To humbug Scotch Peg, in the days of Queen Nancy,
 By fraud and corruption, I then took a fancy ;
 But to bigamy now has the law put a check ;
 So, I hope, my dear, you won’t hazard my neck.”
 Derry down.



SONG.

(From “ The Anti-Union,” 1799. No. 21.)

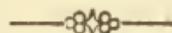
YOUNG Phæton, presumptuous boy,
 His brain by wild ambition turned,
 Snatching the reins with frantic joy,
 The goodly frame of earth was burned.

Vain effort of that feeble hand,
 To guide the chariot of his sire ;
 The steeds disdained its weak command,
 And set the frightened world on fire.

The world recovered as it could,
 And cooled as soon as it was able,
 And drowned in the succeeding flood,
 All mem'ry of the former fable.

Rash (Castlereagh), audacious lad,
 The Phæton of modern days,
 In hot career, as wild and mad,
 Has set old Ireland in a blaze.

But joy succeeds old Ireland's fright,
 We bless the giddy course he run ;
 The blaze has kindled lasting light,
 And Paddy now may burn "The Sun." *



SONG.

TUNE—"Maggy Lawder."

(From the "Anti-Union," 1799. No. 22.)

LENE once the Premier sought,
 With Johnny Bull to wed, sir,
 And to his Royal Master brought
 Proposals on that head, sir.
 And begg'd his Majesty would take
 Into consideration,
 If by their Union he could make
 One great, imperial nation.

* The name of a new ministerial paper.

The council summon'd by the king,
 Debated on the scheme, sir,
 And soon they all approv'd the thing,
 Well knowing whence it came, sir.
 Young Billy much rejoiced to see
 His plan met approbation,
 And whisper'd to old Hawkesbury,
 "Good funds for new taxation."

To work, then, slyly Billy went,
 Well skill'd in prostitution,
 To bribe the Irish Parliament,
 To sell their Constitution.
 The basest means of ev'ry kind,
 Were used by this projector,
 But one apostate could he find,
 A hearth-money collector.

Let's stigmatize with mark'd content,
 And scorn the sordid knave, sir,
 Whom private int'rest thus could tempt,
 His country to enslave, sir.
 Our liberties we will maintain,
 Nor tamely them surrender,
 But each shall firmly still remain,
 His country's bold defender.

Gainst traitors and despotism,
 Our kingdom we'll defend, sir,
 And henceforth all domestic schism,
 For ever let us end, sir.
 In one great cause let all unite,
 To guard the Irish nation,
 In independence, her birth-right,
 'Gainst British usurpation.

In bumpers all distinctions drown,
 And in their place let's toast then,
 Terne's Parliament and Crown,
 And may she ever boast them.

Great Britain still we'll freely serve,
 And still support connection,
 But independence we'll preserve,
 For an Union is subjection.

—88—

BRITISH GENEROSITY.

(From Taafe's "National Shamrock," 1799.)

Sung by John Bull, the burthen borne by Paddy Bull.

ATTEND ye blundering Paddies, whatever your communion,

To all the manifold blessings of your new year's gift, the Union ;

And to help you to discuss it without piques or prepossessions,

We've forty thousand cut-throats, Scotch, English, Welsh and Hessians.

Moderation, moderation, oh ! wonderful moderation.

The rapid fall of houses will invite the British draper,

And when all your cash is carried off, sure provisions must be cheaper ;

Then troopers' trulls will spawn in all your splendid squares and quays,

And English hogs once more in the midst of College Green shall graze.

Alteration, alteration, oh ! wonderful alteration.

No more the Catholics shall rave to share the Constitution,

For that will be quite abolished by the happy revolution ;

When there's nothing left to fight for, all sects will live together,

As fond as fawning spaniels all coupled in one tether.

Emancipation, emancipation, Catholic emancipation !

The Protestants no more about grievances shall
storm,
For extinguishing the parliament will yield com-
plete reform ;
And instead of near five hundred tools all scram-
bling here for places,
Ninety knaves will represent you there, and never
see your faces.

Reformation, reformation, parliamentary refor-
mation !

Each convenient breach of treaty will add to your
affection,
And we'll help your manufactures by repealing
their protection ;
By paying England's debts to grow rich you cannot
fail,
And well ballasted with taxes, you'll crowd your
paper sail.

Equalization, equalization, oh ! bountiful equal-
ization !

When your husbandmen must list and fight old
England's quarrels,
How they'll fatten on free-quarters and raise up
crops—of laurels ;
Your foggy isle again will breed its wild wolf-
dogs,
And you'll not lack of coals, for the land will all
turn bogs.
Cultivation, cultivation, improving cultivation.

When talents haste to London, which will send
you stupid drudges,
How your Bar will be improv'd ! how pure will be
your Judges !
By every foreign nation how your ports will be re-
sorted,
When your rich rogues seek St. James's, and your
poor are all transported !
Emigration, emigration, universal emigration !

But then you'll swarm with blacksmiths, coal-heavers, curriers, tanners,
 Brewers' swabs, and blood-and-bones-men, that
 will come to mend your manners ;
 Our lame-ducks will teach you honesty, our bulls
 and bears urbanity,
 And your wives by our Lucretias will be cured of
 vice and vanity.

Population, population, a virtuous population !

We'll send natty Cockney clerks to fill all your
 snug postises,
 To gormandize your wittles, and eat you up like
 toastises ;
 They'll fetch this here damn'd country the most
 genteelest lingo,
 And queer the flats of Scotland, like knowing
 ones, by jingo,
 Edication, edication, accomplish'd edication !

Then Sir Watkins Whillims Whynne, of hall
 Whales the Cot almighty,
 Will bring more Pritons hofer to rob, purn, hand
 smite ye ;
 And riting on their keffel they carve you up in
 pieces,
 (Crying Cot shave our cracious king) just as they'd
 slice their sheeses.
 Civilization, civilization, obliging civilization !

Docks may then be made at Cork, if Milford-haven prove too small,
 And 'midst stinking tar and slop-shops, press-gangs all hands will haul ;
 "Split my timbers, you tarpauling, more resistance if you make,
 I'll grapple with your bowsprit, and tow you in
 my wake."
 Navigation, navigation. commercial navigation.

Then Dublin will be fragrant as Edinburgh in posies,
 And braw thistles wull spring up i' th' stead o' rebel roses ;
 Aul farrein chiels wull crood its new ruins to admire,
 And thus whopping off the heed wull raise the body heegher.

Desolation, desolation, stupendous desolation.

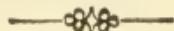
Then Paddy'll learn to boo like ony Heeghland Sawny,
 And become a Sans-culotte reeght bonny, rough and rawney ;
 And sae trudging forth to London with his oats in dangling bag,
 Wull fare amaist as weel as ony Breetish nag.

Degradation, degradation, Hibernian degradation !

For cash he'll ha' bank-paper fra' sax-pence tull a poond,
 And nae sic thing as gowd wull be kenn'd the eeland roond ;
 With the yuke to keep him warm, and employ him day and neeght,
 To scrub tull eery post och ! wull be his ain da-leeght.

Titillation, titillation, delicious titillation !

Now Patrick, why so glum ? It becomes you to be humble,
 When all your rights are ravish'd, what right have you to grumble ;
 If you know of any measure more worthy to unite us,
 Out with it in one word. What is it you will fight for ?



BILLY PITT AND THE UNION.

(From "The Dublin Magazine," December, 1798.)

COME neighbours attend, while I tell you a story,
 Of a cunning young blade, whom they call Billy
 Pitt,
 Who, gulling John Bull of his cash and his glory,
 On a notable scheme to repair them has hit.

This Billy long time to prevent our Uniting,
 And loving each other, had hung up the boys ;
 Now he flatters himself, that because we've done
 fighting,
 An Union he'll carry without any noise.

But why should our isle be United to Britain,
 With debt overwhelm'd and with taxes assess'd ?
 Why because, as of late by the Clerk has been
 written,
 They may take our all from us, and leave us the
 rest.

Good neighbours, a tempest appears to be brewing,
 And hark, the wind whistles a terrible squall,
 Shall Irishmen then be involv'd in the ruin,
 By putting their backs to a tottering wall.

Says the Clerk, to ensnare you, your wealth is
 transcendent !
 But will Ireland for this to an Union agree ?
 We know that before we became independent,
 United with England no riches had we.

The Clerk he informs us the Romans and Sabines,
 United, some thousands cent'ries ago ?
 But the latter rememb'ring the flames of their
 cabbins,
 And wrongs of their daughters, would fain have
 said no.

The Sabines United thus laid the foundation
 Of the power, the grandeur, the greatness of
 Rome ;
 And thus for the sake of a "separate" nation,
 Must Ireland Unite to be beggar'd at home.

Seven provinces also, we're told by the Clerk,
 United and broke from the oppression of Spain ;
 But the parallel here leaves us all in the dark,
 For they never returned to th' oppressors again.

Arrah, Paddy, beware, there's a snake in these
 offers,
 For Billy can gild, whilst he poisons the pill ;
 And 'tis sure, d'ye see, when he's emptied your
 coffers,
 He'll send them all back for the boys to refill.

Let England with Europe still wrangle ; but neigh-
 bours,
 What has our little island to do with the strife ?
 Let Paddy enjoy the fruits of his labours,
 And Billy may fight all the days of his life.

Let traitors the rights of their country surrender,
 And barter their voice and their virtue for gold ;
 But the sons of Hibernia, strong to defend her,
 As they ne'er can be bought, so they ne'er will
 be sold.

Then neighbours Uniting in bonds of affection,
 Prepar'd for the worst, for the best let us hope,
 And may he who'd betray us to foreign subjection,
 Like Judas, receive his deserts in a rope.

THE SONGS AND EPIGRAMS Of "The Anti-Union."

The periodical journal entitled "The Anti-Union," which appeared three times a week, was published by James Moore, of College Green. The first number appeared the 27th December, 1798, and it gave up the ghost, with the cause it advocated, in 1799. It was conducted with a great deal of ability and singular boldness, considering the period of its existence.

EPIGRAM.

(From "The Anti-Union," 1799—No. 13.)

WHY should we exclaim that the times are so bad,
Pursuing a querulous strain,
When Erin gives up all *the Rights* that she had,
What *Right* will she have to complain ?

EPIGRAM.

(From "The Anti-Union," 1799—No. 23.)

THE rumour of Billy Pitt having a son,
Has caused in this country, a great deal of fun,
To think none can be of his breed, is all stuff,
The Union and he will breed mischief enough.

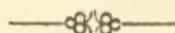
EPIGRAM.

(From "The Anti-Union," 1798—No. 6.)

PIGRAM ON LORD NORBURY (TOLER).

(From "The Press," January 6, 1798.)

In former times, the murderer's tongue
Denied the deed, or silent hung,
 Appalled with fear and dolor.
But now the villain boasts his guilt,
When bells knell slow for blood that's spilt,
 The murderer is the Toler.



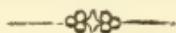
EXTEMPORE,

On seeing the Reverend Mister P——Y V——E,
marching at the head of the Supplementary
Yeoman Corps.

ARM'D *cap-a-pee* for battle or for *feast*,
He shines at once *a soldier* and *a priest*!
How brave he looks! how fierce! how free from
shame

Appears this *man of God*! the crowds exclaim;
While others cry, Good heaven us guard and keep,
Of such *a shepherd*, must we be the *sheep*?

TRUTH.



LINES ON VISITING THE TOMB OF OLIVER BOND.

(From "The Comet," 25th December, 1831.)

The remains of Oliver Bond are interred in Michan's Church-yard, Dublin, on the south side, near the wall facing the church. The following inscription is on the tomb :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

OLIVER BOND,

Who died the 6th December, 1798,

In the 37th year of his age.

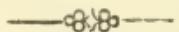
"The noblest work of God's an honest man."

PLAIN is its form ; no marble pillars rise,
No dome reflects his virtues to the skies ;
No fabled deities around him mourn,
No living sculpture decks his sacred urn—
Save this : above, his epitaph appears,
In words scarce half, of even his *stinted years*.
"Is this," said I, then cast a sorrowing gaze,
"The only offering Friendship dare to raise ;
The only offering to his living fame,
That his long suffering native land can claim ?"
Then nearer drew, in sadness, towards his bed,
With 'kerchief, wiped away the dust, and read
His name, the date, and year he died ? *but how*—
Truth dare not name, 'twere treason to avow ;
It dare not seem to hint, much less to know,
And all we gather is—he rests below :
The world's accepted tale it scouts away,
And left a blank for other times to say :
And thus concludes (almost ere it began),
"The noblest work of God—an honest man."

EPITAPH

On a well-known unfortunate young Gentleman.

HERE rests a youth unfortunately great,
 Who dared all danger and defy'd all fate ;
 All sordid plans, all selfish aims above,
 Where ruling passion, was his country's love ;
 Who thro' his day of life with lustre ran,
 Who lived an hero, and who died a man ;
 O'er worthless dust, the gazing eye may see,
 That it was not, but what ourselves should be.
 O'er vulgar tombs let marble trophies rise,
 The pageant pomp but tells us "here he lies,"
 But E——'s name shall find in years to come,
 Each tongue a monument, each heart a tomb ;
 While the deep sigh each bursting bosom gives,
 Shall speak in deathless letters, "here he lives."

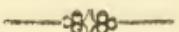


LINES ON JOHN CUSACK,

The notorious Protestant-Ascendancy Demagogue,

WRITTEN BY JOHN NUNAN, A SCHOOLMASTER
 OF CLARE.

God is well-pleased when man forsakes his sin,
 The Devil, too, is pleased when he a soul doth win,
 Mankind is pleased whene'er a villain dies,
 Now all are pleased, for here *John Cusack* lies.



EPITAPH
FOR THE TOMB OF
SATANIDES,
(THE EARL OF CARHAMPTON),

From a letter of "Montanus (T. A. Emmet) to Satanides," in "The Press," November 28, 1797, in which it is presumed "the day might come when Ireland should raise her head from the dust, and perform a solemn sacrifice to the constitution," when, perhaps, the nation might erect a monument, near the place of execution, to perpetuate the memory of the infamy and punishment of a traitor.

THIS narrow space
 Beneath the gibbet on which he died,
 Confines the body of Satanides ;
 A man of colour,
 Whose injuries to his country
 Were most extensive ;
 Whose infamy
 Was unbounded.
 In earlier days he was notorious
 For want of duty to his natural Parent.
 Time matured his ungrateful and unfilial qualities,
 And he became
 The Parricide of the country
 That gave him birth.
 Having exhausted the sink of private vice,
 And sounded the depths of political depravity,
 It became doubtful
 Whether his private or his public life
 Were the most odious and contemptible ;
 The dispositions of a traitor
 He inherited by descent.
 A sovereign contempt of honest fame,
 and
 A rooted abhorrence of every virtue
 He acquired by his own industry.
 His intellectual powers were not mean,

But being united with a bad heart,
They served only to render his Vices and
Crimes

More extensive and atrocious.
He possessed a considerable share of courage ;
But this being accompanied with a want of
Judgment,
And dereliction of principle,
Became political rashness,
And desperate perseverance in Guilt.
He received the full advantage of that
Which he had laboured so much to banish from
Ireland,
A Trial by Jury.
But the proofs of his guilt were clear ;
Punishment soon followed ;
And he died regretted
By a conquered and opprobrious faction.

Reader :

Think not the Life and Death of this man
Unimportant to society ;
Providence delights to bring good out of evil,
And acts by means inscrutable to human Wisdom.
The meddling atrocity of this malefactor,
And the blind sanguinary rage of the weak and
wicked administration
That employed him,
Were powerfully instrumental
In the rousing an opprest and injured
Nation
To vindicate its Freedom.

MONTANUS.

EPITAPH
FOR THE TOMB OF
LORD CASTLEREAGH.

HERE lies
All that remained unrotten,
At the hour of Death,
Of the Right Honourable Robert Stewart,
The Reformer, the Volunteer, the United Irishman,

The Apostate Peer,
Who proved a Traitor to every cause
He joined,
Except that of Corruption and its arch-minister,

William Pitt,

Which he embraced with ardour,
And clung to with devoted fondness :
He abandoned that cause with life only,
The —th of —, 182—.

In this year,
All that was sound in his principles,

And his political opinions,
Perished at the outset of his career ;

Nothing remained

In his bosom but ambition—
The bad ambition of a bold Man,
Eager to rise up on the ruins
Of his Native Land.

His whole Life
Was a calamity to his country,
And it eventually became
A burden to himself.

Nature

Had bestowed on him many gifts,
A comely person, a pleasing manner and address.

He was a fearless man :

His talents were rather above mediocrity.
He was affable—nay, amiable in society.
It was only in his official career

He was cold, phlegmatic, artful ;
 Tortuous in his proceedings ;
 Unscrupulous, remorseless, and unfeeling
 In the prosecution of the Plans
 Of his wicked master,
 The British Minister.

His ideas of Government were perfectly
 Machiavellian.

He knew no agency for good or evil,
 But that of perfidy or perjury—
 The employment of spies,
 Informers, and Stipendiary Swearers.

The spilling of blood
 Was a matter of indifference to him,
 Provided it was not shed before him.

He suffered the use of Torture
 To prevail generally throughout Ireland
 In the year 1798,

And vaunted by such means,
 Which he styled acts of vigour,
 To have caused a Rebellion
 To explode prematurely.

He bribed the Irish Parliament
 To prostitute itself ;
 To betray its trust ;
 To sell the Nation's rights
 For English Gold and Titles.

In this business of corruption, the debasement of
 human nature,
 As it was daily exhibited to him,
 In the abject infamy
 Of the wretches
 Of the Irish Peerage,

And the Commons whom he corrupted,
 Became a pastime to him.

He made
 A mockery of the noblest attributes of man,
 “ Honour and Honesty,”
 And a motto of the words
 “ For Electioneering Purposes.”

Therefore,
 On account of his manifold crimes
 Against his country,
 For a warning—and a record
 Of that guilt, whose condemnation
 We are told never ceases to resound
 In the caves of Tartarus,
 It is written on his tomb,
 “Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.
 VENDIDIT HIC AURO PATRIAM, DOMINUMQUE
 POTENTEM,
 IMPOSUIT; FIXIT LEGES PRETIO, atque refixit.”*
 IERNE.

—88—

IN this desecrated ground
 Lies the Body
 of
 THOMAS REYNOLDS.
 The claims of his memory, on his country
 Are to be counted by
 His oaths;
 His services to it, estimated by the quantity
 of Blood,
 That in consequence of his perfidy
 Was shed, of those, whom he called
 His bosom friends,
 While his merits, as a loyal man,
 Are to be “Measured by the Coffins
 of his Victims.”
 He bargained with a menial of the British
 Government,
 And sold his cause,
 And his associates, for money.
 A dealer and chapman in broken vows,

* Virgil *Aeneid.* Lib. 6, lines 620, etc.

He huckstered and higgled,
 With the buyers of his wares
 For the price of Blood ;
 And the produce of his treachery
 Enabled him to guzzle and gormandize away
 The remainder of his days
 In a foreign land.
 In him the strange anomaly
 Was exemplified of extraordinary baseness
 Combined with signal boldness ;
 Coolness of judgment and presence of mind
 In the midst of dangers.
 This arch-traitor was a man of unquestionable
 courage.
 Few villains,
 With the exception evermemorable,
 of
 John Warneford Armstrong,
 Have manifested greater talents for inveigling
 Trusting friends into the toils of treason,
 Or more brazen-faced audacity
 In unmasking their own treachery,
 Than the undaunted informer,
 Thomas Reynolds.
 Widows and orphans,
 Without remorse, were made by him,
 Of the wives and children of those
 With whom he lived
 In amity.
 And no sense of pity was ever shown by him,
 For the sufferings he had inflicted on them ;
 On the contrary,
 It was a title to distinction, and a proof,
 In his conception, of heroic virtue,
 That he had sworn away the lives
 of
 Bond, Byrne, and M'Cann,
 And the patrimony of
 The children of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,
 To whom he owed obligations,

The magnitude of which was never
 To be forgotten nor forgiven
 by him.

Having betrayed all his friends,
 Forsaken his principles,
 Fled from his country,
 Possessing nothing more except his creed,

To change, barter, or desert,
 He abandoned his religion.
 With all the ability of this

—“ Sly parent of revolts and lies,
 The grand accuser of the Brethren.”

His skill to cog, to cheat, to cozen, and to gloze,
 To circumvent confiding men,
 “ Of free undaunted minds, that knew not how to
 fear.”

Deceit,

The facility with which he gained
 Their confidence,
 And was entrusted with secrets,
 Involving many valuable lives,
 And the destinies of a nation,
 Plainly shows

How culpable, remiss, and unmindful
 Of their obvious duties

Were those who trusted in him ;
 Knowing as they did

His early history,
 And the position,

In which he stood towards the living
 And the dead

Of his own kith and kindred.

In the decline of life

He assumed a sanctimonious demeanour
 And was supposed

To have “ Put off the Old Man.”

He retained to the last, however,

The wages of the iniquity of his youth,
 The Pension, which he did

Such deadly work to obtain in 1798.

He renounced none of his luxuries :
A pampered, full-gorged, gouty Epicurean.

In his latter years,
He was daily to be seen,
Parading his unwieldy bulk
In all places of resort.

He never winced under the fixed gaze
Of public scorn,

But met it with cool effrontery,
And a truculent glance of lurking mischief,
Blent with a sort of mildness,
At which men shudder and recoil

With deferential horror.

He bore the Atlas burden
Of contempt,

On "The broad back of his strong,
Scoundrel mind,"

As if he courted contumely,
And deemed that all
His murders
Were meritorious acts,

or

Matters of State consequence.

Thus lived and died
The remorseless renegade,

THOMAS REYNOLDS.

Proditor, delator, et Sicarius Infamis,
Perfidus, gulosus, avarus, avidissimus auri.

IERNE.

“THE WILD IRISHMAN;” OR, “ERIN
THE GREEN.”

Composed in the once celebrated Abbey of K— C—,
on the 1st July, 1809, by Sarsfield.

AIR—“*Sprig of Shilelah.*”

WHEN God made the soul of a *Wild* Irishman,
He stamp'd it with love of creation's wide span,
And gave him perfections that rarely are
seen—

In stature he's matchless, an angel in face,
The envy of mankind in all that can grace ;
At foot-ball and hurling—agility's son,
His friend ne'er betray'd him, from his foe ne'er
did run :

When victorious—all mercy—O ! Erin
the Green.

Who's e'er had the luck to see Erin's fine sons,
And beautiful daughters, as spotless as nuns,
When gracing the table—all strangers to
spleen—

In form unrivall'd—their voice is divine,
Their manners engaging—in virtues they shine :
But chiefly excel in humanity sweet,
No guile in their hearts, when together they meet,
At the board of a friend to old Erin the
Green.

The priest, after grace, to his God humbly bows,
When the lord of the feast with his heart-cheering
spouse,

Push about the best wines, with stout
whiskey *galore*—

They laugh and they joke now, this heavenly race,
The heart-winning song too, enlivens each face,
Whilst the harp and the pipe fire the *natives* with
mirth,

O ! foretaste of heaven, bless'd land of my birth,
May your fame soon eclipse what was
e'er heard before.

O ! St. Patrick *a cuishla*—St. Bridget *asthore*—
Colum Cuil, O ! *ma vourneen*, your Master implore,

To look down with compassion on Erin
the Green—

Too long is she scourg'd by ascendancy's hand,
Which wrath's copious vial pours out on her land;
That land which was once called “the Island of
Saints,”

Alas ! now the breath of Ascendancy taints
The air of old Erin—poor Erin the Green.

Ah ! misguided Orange—blind tools of *your* foes,
Think of all the salt tears—think of all the sad
woes,

That you caused Mother Erin, poor Erin
the Green—

Awaken at length, tear the veil from your eyes,
Your *brother* forgives, and with heart-rending
sighs,

Calls you back—don't you see on his face the big
tear,

With affection fraternal he loves you still dear ;

For his sake then, love Erin, poor Erin
the Green.

May the Father of Mercy, reward you *Belfast*,
For the poor *Armagh* exile, cold and hungry that
past,

You embrac'd, like true sons of old Erin
the Green—

Hell or Connaught resounding still harsh on his
ears,

You made him forget, and in soft briny tears,
Pray conversion to those, who to mischief incline,
That with heaven's high Lord even they yet may
shine,

When they breathe forth their last in old
Erin the Green.

God bless the whole land that gave Irishmen birth,
 Sweet land of good nature, good humour, and
 mirth,

Hospitality's feast is old Erin the Green—
 May the sons of the Blackwater, Boyne, Suir, and
 Shannon,
 Where Sarsfield th' immortal blew up hostile
 cannon,
 Forgetful of feuds—in fraternal embrace,
 Now join hand in hand *all* invaders to chase,
 From the flower of all islands—old Erin
 the Green.

—88—

Some years ago, a Mr. Cobbe was made rector of St. Audeon's; a short time after his appointment he had the cross on the steeple taken down, and a crown, with a boar's head, put in its stead, which occasioned the following

E P I G R A M.

CHRIST'S Cross from Christ's Church cursed Cobbe
 has pulled down,
 And placed in its stead, what he *worships*—the
 Crown,
 Avenging the cause of the Gadarene people,
 The miscreant has placed a swine's head on the
 Steeple,
 By this intimating to all who pass by
 That his hearers are swine, and his church but a
 sty.

—88—

THE IRISH ORPHAN.

A dialogue supposed to have taken place between a citizen of New York and a female Irish emigrant.

(From the "Columbian," an American Paper.)

CITIZEN.

IRISH maiden, whither fly you ?
 Whence the moisture on your cheek ?
 Danger here shall not come nigh you—
 Tell me what, and whom, you seek.

IRISH GIRL.

Pity, sir, a helpless stranger,
 Friendless on a foreign shore !
 Much, alas ! I fear of danger—
 I'm from Erin just come o'er.

CITIZEN.

Where's your kindred, friends, protector ?
 Sure you ventured not alone ?
 Had not you some kind director ?
 Mother, sister—have you none ?

IRISH GIRL.

Yes, I have—I *had* a brother,
 Once a widowed parent's stay ;
 Yes, alas ; I *had* a mother—
 Both by fate were snatch't away !

CITIZEN.

Then, an orphan, unprotected,
 You have left your native isle,
 To Columbia's shore directed,
 Where you meet no kindred smile !

IRISH GIRL.

No—a parent, and a brother,
 With me from oppression run ;
 Death deprived me of my mother—
 Cruel Britons *press'd* her son !

Under freedom's banner sailing,
 Just in view of Freedom's shore,
 Brightening prospects Hope was hailing.
 Whispering future bliss in store ;

When we spied the flag of Britain,
 Where foreboding fancy read
 Some impending evil written—
 How my bosom beat with dread ?

First a shot our course arrested,
 Then their slaves disgraced our deck,
 Fathers from their children wrested !
 Son from parent's—sister's neck.

Spare ! I cried, Oh ! spare my brother,
 Spare him for a parent's sake !
 Save ! Oh ! save him ! cried my mother,
 Or his sister's heart will break.

Smiling pirates ! they but mock'd us !
 Laugh'd at fond affection's grief !
 And with brutal language shock'd us,
 While we wept without relief !

But when from us they departed,
 Shrieks of anguish pierced the air !
 Then my mother, broken-hearted,
 Fell the victim of despair !

Pity, then, a helpless stranger,
 Friendless on a foreign shore !
 O, protect a maid from danger,
 Who for comfort looks no more !

CITIZEN.

Yes, fair daughter of oppression !
 Exile from Hibernian's plains,
 Victim of the curst aggression
 Which the flag of freedom stains :

Here I swear to be thy brother ;
 See a sister in my wife,
 Find a parent in my mother—
 I'll protect thee with my life.

SELIM.

—88—

PROPHETIC.

Occasioned by Verses in which the future certain liberty of Ireland was predicted.

THE west'ring sun o'er Deluo's flood
 The Castle's length'ning shadow flung,
 To heaven the minstrel of the wood
 The vesper song of nature sung.

Clasp'd in her arms, fair Marian's boy
 Now lost his infant cares in rest,
 Or basking in his mother's joy,
 Drank health and virtue from her breast.

She saw the hearse, that ling'ring slow,
 Scarce seem'd th' opposing hill to climb,
 She heard the mingling sounds of woe
 For manhood fall'n before its prime.

His arm had smote his country's foe,
 For her his heart had scorn'd to fear,
 But civil feud had laid him low ;
 The laurel wither'd on his bier.

His old sire tottering to his tomb,
 Bewail'd his age's comfort fled ;
 His love too follow'd craz'd and dumb
 In grief, that had no tears to shed,

The mournful train, th' untimely blow
 In Marian's patriot mind awoke
 The sleeping form of Erin's woe ;
 The blood-stain'd tow'r, the stranger yoke.

Her various memory moves the veil
 That hid the deeds of parted times,
 And tells her wounded soul the tale
 Of Erin's shames, of Albion's crimes.

With rapid glance her thoughts survey'd
 Of fiends obscene the ghastly band,
 By tyrant perfidy array'd,
 To lord it o'er a victim land.

Pale sloth, with vice and mis'ry join'd,
 And credulous, and discord dire,
 And superstition, bloody, blind !
 Kindling her sacramental fire !

“ How long,” she cried, “ Oh, Power Supreme,
 By folly shall the world be sway'd ?
 Oh ! Virtue ! art thou but a name ?
 Oh ! Freedom ! art thou but a shade ?

“ And thou, dread Justice, can'st thou sleep,
 While hopeless millions pine forlorn ;
 While crimes their frantic revels keep,
 And laugh thy lordly power to scorn ?

“ Can'st thou behold th' unworthy yoke
 Crush all that's gen'rous, all that's good !
 Is there no wrath”——But while she spoke
 An ancient form beside her stood.

To view the venerable sage
 She rais'd her eye that o'er his head
 Soft beaming, on the marks of age,
 Celestial youth's sweet lustre shed.

So on the mountains' snow-clad brow
When falls the light of parting day,
The drifted whiteness seems to glow
Illum'd, not melted in the ray.

"No ! justice never sleeps," he said,
"In every age, in every clime
She levels at the guilty head,
And measures punishment by crime.

"Deep woven in the frame of things
Is heaven's unchangeable decree,
From guilt alone that misery springs ;
That virtue only can be free.

"The rage of war, the bigot fire,
The storm that lifts th' insatiate main,
The pest that piles her carnage dire,
Are but the servants of her reign.

"When most the tyrant seems to rave,
'Tis justice that afflicts mankind,
And makes the body of the slave
Fit jail for the degenerate mind.

"By patriot rage when Julius bled
The tyrant still escap'd his doom,
And liv'd, tho' Brutus' friend lay dead,
Immortal in the crimes of Rome.

"Yet, victim in the gen'rous strife,
For freedom he resign'd his breath ;
He sought it in the dream of life,
He found it in the sleep of death.

"For nature, even in her prime,
Sleeps but to renovate her force,
And pausing from the toils of time,
Takes breath for her eternal course.

“ Perhaps the moment may arrive
 When Erin’s sons shall think like thee ;
 That moment she begins to live
 And virtuous Erin to be free.

“ Till then in vain the patriot deed,
 Till then condemn’d an hopeless slave,
 Erin may struggle or may bleed,
 But freedom dwells beyond the grave.”

—88—

THE AYRSHIRE ROSE.

AN ODE.

(From the “ *Northern Star.* ”)

THE woods struck up to the soft gale,
 The leaves were seen to move,
 The feather’d choir resumed their song,
 And wonder fill’d the grove.

HAMILTON, of BANGOR.

IN Shire of Ayr, remote from view,
 Far in a glen a wild rose sprung :
 Old Genius, watchful, hail’d the hour,
 And to the *spot* exulting flew ;
 Apollo danc’d—the Muses sung,—
 When nature spread the charming flower.

There all the graces, hand-in-hand,
 The loves and joys in tartan sheen,
 Flew lightly round in wanton play :
 All fancy’s fleet, aerial hand,
 Attendant came, with her their queen,
 And heaven on earth kept holiday.

O, Scotia ! what delight was thine ;
 That long-to-be remember'd day,
 When fair expanding on its tree,
 This lovely rose began to shine,
 And zephyrs bear the scent away,
 O'er many a mountain, moor and lea !

The shades of bards, in *minstrel trim*
 Forsook Elysium's golden bowers,
 And hovering round on *Coila's* plains,
 Drew near and kiss'd the balmy gem :
 Hailing it as the first of flowers,
 They solemn sung seraphic strains.

There Ossian struck his noble shell,
 And Homer pour'd the deep sublime,
 Judicious Virgil touch'd his lyre,
 With Horace, Ovid, Juvenal,
 Each in degree, and all in time,
 Warbled enchanting "songs of fire."

There Shakspeare led his tuneful train,
 Great Milton, Cowley, Pope and Young,
 Old Drummond, Dryden, Collins, Wild,
 'Lorn Shenstone, Grey, and he the Swain
 That soft and sweet "The Seasons" sung,
 Meek Nature's fondly favour'd child.

With such associates hourly near,
 This rose mysterious odours shed,
 That many a distant field perfum'd ;
 And, strange to tell, throughout the year,
 When other flowers in frost lay dead,
 This favour'd flow'r unfading bloom'd.

And long its virtues were to last,
 We thought, to feed Parnassian bees ;
 Poor flower-enamour'd, thoughtless throng !
 That humming drew the sweet repast
 From every wandering, wild wood breeze
 That blew their fairy scenes among.

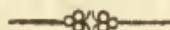
But ah ! lamented be the day !
 Presumptive wealth, usurping all,
 With fatal stride, found out the bower,
 And tore the sacred bush away,
 Despite of nature's weeping call,
 And genius's unavailing power !

The shadowy bards disorder'd flew
 Back to Elysium's blissful shore :
 Old genius eyes the fractur'd sod,
 Then mounts alone, and sighs—ADIEU !
 While sorrowing nature, weeping sore,
 Betakes her to the sullen wood !

Now planted on a soil unblest,
 Where muses, graces, scorn to go ;
 Enclos'd too by a lofty wall,
 The faded tree uprears its crest,
 Quite lost its former scent and show—
 And withering waits its fall !

Alas ! who would not mourn with me,
 And execrate the hateful hand,
 That, sacrilegious, durst presume,
 By tearing off this blooming tree,
 Of pleasure to deprive the land,
 For many days and nights to come.

THOMALIN.



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT E—.

“ *Si qua fata aspera rumpas
Tu Marcellus eris.* ”

IERNE, ocean's fairest daughter, rise,
 Awake from torpid thraldom, ope thine eyes ;
 In manly copious streams indulge thy tears,
 Now burst the galling yoke ; nor stoop to fears,

Attune thy native harp, too long unstrung,
 Nor speak thy woes with British bastard-tongue;
 But pure Patrician, patriot sounds employ
 As erst did Erin's classic sons enjoy.
 When Morven's sorrows were by Ossian sung,
 Nor dwelt such accents on M'Pherson's* tongue ;
 Revive thy silenc'd language nor profane
 Thy dirge of sorrow with exotic strain,
 Primæval chaos sink that ruthless land,
 And scorpion venom wring its gothic hand,
 That drew its darksome veil o'er Gaelic lore
 And pour'd Britannic Omars† on our shore !
 Behold, Hibernia, freedom's victim son,
 Whom power debauch'd not, nor foul faction won,
 E——l Hyperion essence of the sky
 Thus form'd creative nature's pow'r to try !
 Thine hero immolated ? rudely torn,
 By felon hands, thro' which ten thousand mourn !
 Thou P——, second Judas ! oh forbear,
 To draw from mem'ry's eye the gushing tear !
 Unbidden base accuser, couldst thou lend
 Thy purchas'd voice to sacrifice a friend !
 How oft the youth thine indigence he fed ?
 But serpent venom fill'd thy foster'd head :
 So parasitic hungry plants enclasp
 The tendril stems and kill them in the grasp !
 Lo, patriot E—— to the axe consign'd,
 A heav'n of comfort beaming on his mind !
 The axe's stroke no terror can convey,
 He shrinks at nought but what foul fame would say,

* The translator and reputed author of the poems of Ossian, the original of which is now known to be of Irish composition.

† Omar, of infamous memory, by whose order the celebrated Alexandrian library was destroyed and therewith fuel supplied to an army of 70,000 men for six months ; the abolition of Irish literature by the English, bears a striking resemblance to the conduct of this barbarian.

His soul unconscious of a guilty thought,
 Smiles at his doom which self-sold Erin wrought !
 He pleads the right of truth with force divine,
 As pure in motive so in act benign !
 The madding lord to reason's test he calls,
 The vassal lordling reason's convict falls ;
 This convict feels the culprit-angel's death !
 (Hell's worst sulphureous steam arrest that breath)
 To Satan erst in Pandemonium sign'd,
 The death of virtue and of human kind !
 Life's benefactor to the scaffold doom'd !
 His country's freedom with his corse entomb'd,
 'Till laurell'd union raise her mighty hand,
 Unbind the slave, and fire the civic band ;
 His mind on heav'n, with dauntless step he trod
 The fatal plank, expir'd and met his God ;

Pure spotless spirit ! that now sit'st on high,
 Bend on our isle thy bliss-illumin'd eye ;
 If parted shades regard this earth below,
 Watch o'er the length'ning measure of our woe !
 Forgive my zeal which breaks thy last command,
 The unrecording silence of the land ;
 Be this thy Epitaph till other times,
 Convey thy deathless name to other climes.

—88—

EPITAPH.

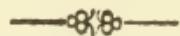
HERE rests the patriot, who with virtuous scorn
 Forbear the tribute of enslav'd applause,
 Ere yet th' auspicious dawn of freedom's morn
 Announc'd the reign of truth and equal laws.

'Twas his to stay th' assassin's murd'rous hand
 And calm the boist'rous frenzy of the hour,
 With soul unwarped from truth her paths he
 scann'd,
 While mildest mercy graced his deeds of power.

If chance, by lovely contemplation led,
 Some wayward mourner of a patriot friend,
 To these unsculptur'd tombs of nameless dead,
 With thought eventful should his footsteps
 bend.

And seek the name which once this dust hath
 borne ;
 'Twas he whose soul could make this proud re-
 quest,
 That silence shade his grave, nor Erin mourn,
 Her E—— fall'n till freedom's sons be blest.

PHILELEUTHERUS.



P O E T R Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "IRISH MAGAZINE."

Perhaps, sir, the following GILPIN account of a Dublin
 favourite, may suit your magazine.—Yours, &c.,

HUMBUGDOTATOS.

This Poem is most humbly dedicated to a certain Club
 in W——ll——m Street.

"JOHN * * * * was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A corporation man was he
 Of famous Dublin town."

I'd like to tell John's pedigree,
 But no one knows his sire ;
 His mother's name was Sally B——
 From right good Wexford-shire.

Historians tell a curious tale,
 That when in mamma's womb,
 She dreamt one night, in horrid fright,
 A dog from her would come.

This dream prophetic Madam B—
 With superstition believed,
 And tho' bold John had but two legs,
 She was not much deceived.

For John like any dog could bark,
 And canine fangs had he,
 And then he had as brazen snout,
 As could with bull-dog be.

But madam's dream was typical
 Of figurative kind,
 For John a strict resemblance bore
 To any dog in mind.

Des Cartes may say dogs have no souls,
 But let him stand aloof,
 That he was surely in the wrong
 Bold John I think is proof.

For how could any animal
 His wicked antics play,
 If some inherent principle,
 First pointed not the way ?

Away then, with this doubted point,
 'Tis folly fit for fools,
 Full sure I am that dogs are bred,
 E'en in our Charter Schools.

But let me take a sweeping leap,
 Quite o'er John's boyish days,
 And if the chasm's ne'er filled up,
 'Twon't injure much his praise.

Lo ! see him now at man's estate ;
 Oh ! transformation strange—
 He's robed in fleece of city state—
 How came he by the change ?

His nature good, true to its kind
Possessed a happy trick ;
Which taught him each great man he met
All spaniel-like to lick.

He had another custom, too,
Place-worthy in these times ;
His own country to bedaub
With false-imputed crimes.

Besides whenever he could catch
A Papist by the coat,
With pois'nous fang he'd bite, and yelp
With Cerberean throat.

These were the arts which Johny used
Joined to his honest trade,
Of howling murd'rous deed in print,
He thus his fortune made.

Full many a time at Quarter tense,
I've gone to W——ll——m Street,
To hear good John give loyal tongue,
To all the pack who'd meet.

He'd tell of many a Popish plot,
'Gainst goodly church and state ;
What tubs of loyal blood were spilt,
In early times and late.

If e'er he stopt at boggling pause ;
Oh ! approbations roar,
What joy to hear from hundreds three,
And big-paunched twenty-four.

Then Vigour walked his lusty round,
Each caught his neighbour's fire ;
Each form shook its pond'rous mole,
With anti-Popish ire.

All nodded as our hero spake—
 Then took a pinch of snuff,
 Declaring as the box went round
 The Papists got enough.

A neat petition next dressed up
 Without a blot or flaw,
 In due respect defending church
 Was sent to Mr. S—.

O ! what was Johnny's inward joy,
 Such joy no tongue can tell,
 When thus he saw his fiery speech
 Light up so very well.

But ah, where will I get a muse,
 To whine in song of woe ;
 John's exit from the Cus—m House,
 Which from the speech did flow.

John pleased the men of Orange well,
 But little Hardy star'd
 And swore, since other folks were licked,
 That John should not be spared.

So 'spite of all his labours past,
 And piety to Bill,*
 The god now left him in the lurch—
 And he fell down the hill.

Three years in penitence he spent,
 He fasted and he pray'd—
 'Twas loss of bone caused all his lent,
 For better times he pray'd.

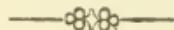
Some say the statute has no ears,
 And that his godship's dumb,
 But I must think John's prayers were heard,
 For better days have come.

* There is a god of that name in College Green, which John and his friends annually worship.

Let John then sing, Long live the king,
 And Charley too the bold,
 For he has got his bone again,
 And in the fastest hold.*

Again too he may loudly bark,
 Again run his wonted rig,
 For let what minister come in
 He need not care a fig.

His bone is sweet as it is meet,
 Which son and he may pick,
 No Hardy more can make him sore,
 'Tho' Papists he should lick.



TO LORD C—H.

THE rain pours down—the city looks forlorn,
 And gloomy subjects suit the howling morn,
 Close by my fire, with doors and windows fast,
 And sweetly shelter'd from the driving blast,
 To gayer thoughts I bid a day's adieu,
 To spend a scene of solitude with you.

So oft has black revenge engross'd the care,
 Of all the leisure hours man finds to spare ;
 So oft has guilt in all its thousand dens,
 Called forth the vengeance of chastising pens ;
 That when I fain would ease my heart on you,
 No thought is left untold—no passion new.
 From flight to flight the mental path appears,
 Worn with steps of near six thousand years,
 And filled throughout with every scene of pain,
 From Cain to Stewart, and back from Stewart to
 Cain.

Alike in cruelty, alike in hate,
 In guilt alike, and more alike in fate ;

* John's new bone was given him by patent.

Go, second Judas, true likeness of the first,
 And strew thy blasted head with homely dust—
 In ashes sit—in wretched sackcloth weep—
 And with unpitied sorrows cease to sleep.
 Go, haunt the tombs, and single out the place,
 Where earth itself shall suffer a disgrace,
 Go, spell the letters on some mouldering urn,
 And ask if he who sleeps there can return.
 Go, count the numbers that in silence lie,
 And learn by study what it is to die.
 For sure that heart—if any heart you own,
 Conceits that man expires without a groan ;
 That he who lives, receives from you a grace,
 Or death is nothing but a change of place ;
 That peace is dull, that joy from sorrow springs,
 And tyranny, the raree-show of kings.
 Else why these scenes that wound the feeling
 mind,
 This sport of death, this cock-pit of mankind,
 Why sobs the widow in perpetual pain,
 Why cries the orphan, “Oh, my father’s slain !”
 Why hangs the sire his paralytic head,
 And nods with manly grief, “ My son is dead !”
 Why drops the tear from off the sister’s cheek,
 And sadly tells the sorrows she would speak ?
 Why lisps the infant on its mother’s lap,
 And looking round the parlour, “ where is Pap ?”
 Why weeps the mother as the question’s asked,
 Kissing an answer as the easiest task ?
 Oh ! could I paint the passions I can feel,
 Or point a horror that would wound like steel,
 To thy unfeeling, unrelenting mind,
 I’d send a torture, and relieve mankind.
 Since then no hopes to civilize remain,
 And all petitions have gone forth in vain,
 One prayer is left, which dreads no proud reply,
 That he who made thee breathe, would bid you
 quickly die.

SINNE.
 (Ennis).

THE FIRST SONG
 EVER WRITTEN ON THE PRESENT
 VOLUNTEER ASSOCIATIONS OF IRELAND.

(Composed at Tralee, in the Year 1779.)

SOME boast of Prussia's glory,
 And many Hawke will praise ;
 But now we have a story
 To chaunt to latest days :
 Each Volunteer in Ireland
 A guardian god appears ;
 With a tow—row—row—dow—dow,
 The Irish Volunteers.

Behold, my boys, a wonder,
 A virtuous Parliament !
 Our tyrants they've knock'd under,
 And given all content :
 For well they knew our strength, my boys,
 Which stirr'd up all their fears ;
 With a tow—row—row—dow—dow,
 The Irish Volunteers.

But let it not be thought, sirs,
 That we'd rebellious prove ;
 We nothing ever sought, sirs,
 But harmony and love :
 'Twas grievous for such subjects
 Mere bastards to be made,
 And be deny'd our lawful right,
 A free and open trade.

No laws shall ever bind us,
 But those we'll frame ourselves ;
 The Britons now shall find us
 As free as they're themselves :
 Hibernia's Volunteers, my boys,
 Have work'd the glorious cause ;
 And will, with manly hearts and hands,
 Abolish Poyning's Laws.

VOLUNTEER SONG.

FROM Sparta and Athens fair Liberty came,
 To Britain, where long she did happily reign ;
 But lately the goddess was doom'd to exile,
 And forced to take refuge in this fost'ring isle ;
 Where, cherish'd and honour'd by every degree,
 She vow'd to Hibernia her sons should be free :

Her sons should be free,

Her sons should be free,

She vow'd to Hibernia her sons should be free.

Our Genius applauding, the goddess thus spoke,
 " Shake off, O Hibernians, the infamous yoke,
 Under which ruthless Britain long forced you to
 groan,

Unjust to your worth, and untrue to her own ;
 Embrace the meet moment—take counsel from
 me ;
 You've spirit, and courage—and ought to be free.

" Ye sons of Ierne, new-polish your spears,
 Clasp the bright firelock—become Volunteers ;
 Protect your dear freedom, religion, and laws,
 As your ancestors did, who oft bled in my cause :
 Arouse, my dear vot'ries—let tyranny see,
 That you are determined to die—or be free."

Our brave Irish youth this kind counsel obey'd,
 Commenced Volunteers, and soon got a free trade;
 From their fears now releas'd, they can hear with
 disdain,
 Of threaten'd attacks from France, Holland, and
 Spain :

United and happy long may they agree,
 And evince by their deeds they deserve to be free.

Let's now fill a bumper, and end with three cheers,
 The toast is our brethren, the brave Volunteers,

Our island's palladium, the prop of the State,
 The joy of the lowly, the pride of the great,
 Who ne'er will relinquish their dear Liberty,
 But always maintain that Hibernians are free.

Hibernians are free,

Hibernians are free,

But always maintain that Hibernians are free.

—8/8—

VOLUNTEER SONG.

Now Ireland has, by heav'n's decree,
 Shook off her shackles base and vile,
 Resolving ever to be free,
 And drive invaders from our isle.
 Rule Hibernia !—thy gallant bands will be
 True guardians of our liberty.

See heroes here of ev'ry age,
 Of all professions—glorious men !
 The unrazor'd youth, the hoary sage ;—
 We'll ne'er dread slavery again.

Rule, etc.

The world with wonder and amaze
 Will read of Ireland's Volunteers ;
 This glorious epoch still will raise
 Our fame to the remotest years.

Rule, etc.

Lo ! what an heav'nly sight is here,
 Some thousands in a day review'd ;
 Strangers to servile dread or fear,
 And ne'er with life to be subdu'd.

Rule, etc.

How happy is our king to find
 He has such subjects at command,
 Whole legions ready, with one mind,
 To fight his battles—heart and hand.

Rule, etc.

Unpaid, we volunteer his cause ;
 And all the recompense we crave,
 Is to be bound by our own laws,
 And that, my boys, we'll shortly have.
 Rule, etc.

From peers to peasants now you'll find
 Accoutred *a-la-militaire* ;
 Each manly heart and honest mind
 Brave, open, generous, and sincere.
 Rule, etc.

The very infants from the breast,
 Lisp a repeal to Poyning's laws ;
 Can shoulder, poise, present, and rest,
 Aye—and huzza in freedom's cause.
 Rule, etc.

May this great spirit still prevail,
 And Ireland's sons be ever free,
 Nor e'er have reason to bewail
 The loss of heav'n-born Liberty.

Rule Hibernia—thy gallant bands will be
 True guardians of our liberty.

—88—

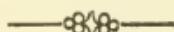
SONG.

ACCOMPANIED WITH A DRUM.

YE Volunteer lads—Hibernia's boast,
 To the drum,
 To the drum,
 To the drum due obedience yield :
 Whether you are engaged by the bottle or fair,
 Renounce the soft bliss and to stations repair,
 When the drum beats to arms,
 When the drum beats to arms,
 And share the delights of the field.

If our enemies venture this isle to invade,
 Then the drum,
 Then the drum,
 Will quickly our guardians convene;
 Who, bold and steady, one and all,
 With bayonets fix'd will on them fall,
 While the drum beats a charge,
 While the drum beats a charge,
 And the foe sue for quarter in vain.

Now charge each glass, I'll send a toast round,
 Whilst the drum,
 Whilst the drum,
 Accordant fills up each pause:
 Here's our brave Volunteers!—Come, now
 three cheers,
 May their deeds be the topic of numberless
 years,
 And the drum ne'er unbraced,
 And the drum ne'er unbraced,
 But still ready in Freedom's cause.



SONG.

YE lads who inherit
 True liberty's spirit,
 Attend to an old Volunteer;
 From danger ne'er flinch,
 Nor give up an inch,
 But gallantly still persevere, my brave boys,
 But gallantly still persevere.

There's nought to be seen,
 From Belfast to Skib'reen,
 Or from Derry to Dingle-i-couch,
 But lads of the blade,
 Prepar'd and array'd
 To conquer or die—this I'll vouch, my brave
 boys,
 To conquer or die—this I'll vouch.

Let each firmly stand
 To word of command,
 And daily grow bolder and bolder ;
 As Freemasons move
 In brotherly love,
 Thus acting like citizen-soldier, my boys,
 Thus acting like citizen-soldier.

Our freedom, our lives,
 Our children, our wives,
 To support them the time's now, or never :
 Let each Volunteer
 Be firm and sincere,
 And a free trade to Ireland for ever, my boys,
 And a free trade to Ireland for ever.

—88—

GENERAL MUNROE.

My name is George Campbell, at the age of sixteen
 I fought for old Erin her rights to maintain,
 And many a battle I did undergo,
 Commanded by that hero called General Munroe.

If you were at the battle of Ballinahinch,
 Where the Croppies assembled to stand their defence,
 It's many a battle we did undergo,
 Led on by that valiant called General Munroe.

Munroe took the mountains, the boys took the field,
 He swore to these tyrants he never would yield,
 "Let the noise of their cannons, boys, ne'er daunt
 our soul,
 Fight on, my brave heroes," cried General Mun-
 roe.

It was on a wide plain our foes they did stand,
Full thirteen thousand they did command,
Their cavalry guarded by their entrenchments
also,
But defeated they were by brave General Munroe.

When our foes they had gathered from us half-a-mile,
With undaunted courage our heroes did smile,
We attacked them with fury and drove them to
and fro,
And laid four thousand dead by command of
Munroe.

We fought the whole day until night it came on,
We never did lose but two hundred men,
We took their artillery and baggage also,
And gained a full victory under General Munroe.

Here's a health to Lady Moira, and long may she
reign,
We fought our last battle all in her domain ;
We fought them eight hours, beat them to and fro,
Commanded by that hero, brave General Munroe,

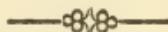
But Munroe being wearied he lay down to sleep,
He gave a woman ten guineas the secret to keep,
When she got the money, the devil tempted her
so,
She sent for the cavalry, and surrounded Munroe.

Munroe he was taken and placed in a hall,
It's for his dear life those tyrants did call ;
They there did condemn him and lead him away,
And stuck his head on a spear that very same day.

His last words to his friends, as we did understand,
" Never to yield until they would free their land ;
Never be daunted at the strength of your foe,
Until you claim your freedom," said General
Munroe.

It's in came his sister, and she drest in green,
 With a sword by her side that was both sharp and
 keen,
 She gave three huzzas, and away she did go,
 Saying, "Revenge I will have for my brother
 Munroe."

Here's a health to each hero who for freedom
 does stand,
 May their souls rest in peace who died for our
 land ;
 Remember the martyrs were slain by the foe—
 Brave Emmet, Fitzgerald, and General Munroe.



IERNE UNITED.

TUNE—"Ballinamoney."

BY T. W. TONE.

(On the authority of Miss M'Cracken and C. Teeling.)

WHEN Rome, by dividing, had conquered the world,
 And land after land into slavery hurl'd,
 Hibernia escaped, for it was heaven's decree,
 That Ierne, united, should ever be free,
 With her Ballinamoney, etc.

Her harp then delighted the nations around,
 By its music entranced, their own sufferings were
 drowned ;
 In arts and in learning the foremost was she,
 And Ireland, united, was happy and free,
 With her Ballinamoney, etc.

But soon—ah ! too soon, did fell discord begin,
 Our domestic dissensions let foreigners in ;
 Too well they improved the advantage we gave,
 Whom they came to protect they remained to en-
 slave,

Poor Ballinamoney, etc.

From that fatal hour, our freedom was lost,
 Peace, virtue, and learning were banished our
 coast,

And the island of saints might fitly be named,
 The land of tormentors, the place of the damn'd.
 Poor Ballinamoney, etc.

Then let us remember our madness no more,
 What we lost by Dissension, let Union restore ;
 Let us firmly unite, and our covenant be,
 Together to fall, or together be free.

For Ballinamoney, etc.

—88—

HEROES OF '98.

YE true born heroes, I hope you will now lend an
 ear,
 To a few simple verses, the truth unto you I'll de-
 clare,
 My name is Patt Brady, the same I will never
 deny,
 In Ross I was born, and in Naas I'm condemned to
 die.
 I once had a home and a shelter from want and
 woe,
 But I am now amongst strangers, where no person
 does me know.
 Condemned for high treason to die on the gallows
 tree,
 For seeking the right of poor Erin my dear country.
 My father, God rest him, was taken without any
 crime,
 And marched off a prisoner, and hanged in an
 hour's time,
 Myself and two brothers to the woods were forced
 to fly,
 We vowed for revenge, or else by the sword for to
 die.

It was early next morning to Gorey we all marched away,
Where the drums they did rattle and our fifes for liberty.
Full twelve thousand heroes nine hundred and forty-three,
We took all the cannons that day from their artillery.
It was early next morning to Wicklow we all marched away,
Our hearts were most glorious with liberty shining that day,
But entering to Ferns, we were attacked by the Yeomanry.
We fought them for four days till we gained a complete victory.
We fought in New Ross and we fought upon Vinegar Hill,
And in sweet Castle Comer, where the Colliers joined us with free will,
Out of fourteen engagements we received not a wound or a scar,
Till I lost my two brothers at the battle of sweet Castlebar.
To march with the Frenchmen it left me much troubled in mind,
To think I should go and leave my two brothers behind,
Through the sweet county Leitrim, to Granard our way we took,
And were attacked by the army at the village of Ballinamuck.
We fought with good courage, but defeated we were on that day,
We were forced to retreat, no longer our heroes could stay,
But the Longford brave heroes to fly from us they never could,
They never could yield till they'd lose the last drop of their blood.

When we were forced to retreat for refuge we
thought for to fly,
So all that were taken were certain and sure for to
die,
To the sweet county Wicklow for refuge we thought
to face,
We were taken in Rathangan and twelve of us
hanged in Naas.
Come all ye brave heroes, the truth to you I'll re-
late,
From powder or ball poor Brady has ne'er met his
fate,
So all you good Christians adhere to my sorrowful
fate,
You'll pray for Patt Brady, the hero of Ninety-
Eight.



SOME VERSIFIED PASSAGES OF IRISH HISTORY

In relation to affairs of “ ‘98,” and their results of
a later date.

BY IERNE.

The following pieces, which bear the signature—Ierne, were written by one of “the Boys of ‘98,” who was confined several months in that year, and was indebted to Major Sirr for some polite attentions, in the midst of the Rebellion, when his father’s house was searched for arms, and his family frightened out of their wits by the ransacking duties of a yeomanry rabble. It appears that a gentleman of the name of Murphy became responsible for the good behaviour of the young Croppy, and that the latter was not long at large before he was up in arms, and began to make some noise in the autumn of “The Troubles.” A subsequent residence of nearly four years in the vicinity of Kilmainham, contributed only to nurture those riotous propensities which the care of a vigilant keeper, it might have been expected, would have kept under some control. He took no part in Emmet’s insurrection, for reasons, which he was in the habit of saying, would die with him, and they have not been revealed. But no sooner had he returned from Kilmainham to his father’s house (not many miles from Bond’s of Bridge Street, in 1803), than “he registered a vow” to discard the pike, and to devote the remainder of his days to the task of looking after the graves of the United Irishmen, driving away the beasts that browse in security in neglected church-yards, and trample on the ashes of those who have few to care for their remains, of picking the mould out of the letters of the tomb-stones, of setting up slabs where there were none before, covering the earth, that “caught” the poor United brothers, “to her breast,” with green sods, and from time to time pulling up the weeds that had no business to grow there, and pitching them to the devil. In this labour

of love he waxed old. His church-yard doings were exceedingly odious in the eyes of all genteel literary people in England who happened to hear of them, and reprehensible in the sight of the amiable Orangemen of Ireland. The Rev. S—l O'S—n, one of the most pious exponents of their benevolent doctrines, at monthly intervals of preparatory mortification and abstemiousness, preached two sermons in the pulpit of the "University Magazine," against the dangerous tendency of collecting tomb-stone inscriptions in Ireland. His Reverence suggested, in one of his discourses, that it was sinful to say "Croppy's hole" should ever become consecrated ground; or that it was compatible with the safety of the British Constitution and the security of the Protestant Church of Ireland to suffer anything green to grow over the graves of Robert Emmet, of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

The reverend and truly mortified gentleman, moreover, plainly showed from scripture that in certain cases to "let the dead bury their dead" was a very wholesome practice in Ireland.

With all that amenity of manner which is so characteristic of a spiritualized person, "the grace, life, and ornament" of the University pulpit, gently insinuated the *treasonableness* of preserving sepulchral memorials of "convicted conspirators," and warming in the sacred cause of the old regime of Camden and Castlereagh, he fulminated anathemas at after dinner service, as fast as a bullfinch of a bright summer's morning pours forth thrilling notes of melody, on all the family of "Old Mortality," on their vile pursuit in Ireland, their superstitious respect for dry bones, old head-stones, and villainous church-yard records, "that all loyal men" of the right sort would wish to have buried in oblivion and kept well down in it, by periodical shootings of all kinds of literary rubbish, and the superincumbent pressure of an additional load of obloquy once a month at least from the Orange press and pulpits of the metropolis.

Little more is known of Ierne's history except that he stuck to his old occupation, and was not crushed by the eloquence of the fiery Champion of Ascendancy principles, and that he survived his reverence, whose remains were interred in Bully's Acre. Old Mor-

tality was seen loitering in the church-yard the day his reverence was buried, and when "the performers of the funeral," who attended as mourners, scampered off, with rather unseemly haste, with handkerchiefs to their noses (it might be to receive tears), the old gentleman cautiously approached the new made grave, took his hand from his pocket, shook some small particles over the fresh mound and disappeared. He was seen no more in Bully's Acre for twelve calendar months. But in a little time a goodly crop of poppy heads, belladonna, henbane, digitalis and other soporiferous plants interspersed with Orange lilies, euphorbium in full bloom, thistles, nettles, and barley corn blades in great abundance, were found springing up in a most vigorous state of vegetation from the cold clod, of which his reverence was compounded, and in respect to the clay of which he was "in a manner native and inborn," being in life as the poet says, "of the earth, earthy," and in death, of the soil—exceedingly sludgy.

How long Old Mortality annully garnished the grave of the great Mooshee of the old fire-brand factions and their organ of intolerance, we cannot positively say; some assert that he survived the Famine, and was last seen where Bond was buried, looking in vain for the tomb-stone which once stood at the head of that grave of an United Irishman.

A PASSAGE IN EPITOME OF IRISH HISTORY.

" WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN ?"

WHO broached Reform ?
A democratic duke
Of the school of Horne Tooke,
Said he broached Reform.

Who Burked Reform ?
A statesman heaven born,
Who tried to hang John Horne,
Said he Burked Reform.

Who gulled the Irish ?
A juvenile patrician,
Who had dallied with sedition,
Said he gulled the Irish.

Who roused the nation ?
The rival Harries rose,
Each pulled the other's nose,
And said he roused the nation.

Who raised its hopes ?
The Irish Volunteers,
Said the people with their cheers,
They raised its hopes !

What did they perform ?
They mustered and paraded,
Until their laurels faded,
All this did they perform.

What came of Eighty-two ?
The name of a free nation,
A parchment Liberation,
This came of Eighty-two.

Whence came the shout of Freedom ?
It came o'er the Atlantic,
And drove oppression frantic,
Thence came the shout of Freedom !

Who became alarmed ?
The leaders of the masses
Who dread the lower classes,
They became alarmed.

How died the Volunteers ?
The death that's fit for slaves,
They slunk into their graves,
Thus died the Volunteers !

Who sung the "*De Profundis?*"
 Lord Charlemont thrice bowed
 To the courtiers, not the crowd,
 Then sang the "*De Profundis!*"

Who inscribed the tomb ?
 One Theobald Wolfe Tone,
 Who was skilled in cutting stone,
 He inscribed the tomb !

How did he inscribe it ?
 "*Resurgam!*" was the word,
 The slabs to be restored,
 Thus did he inscribe it !

Did the grave give up its dead ?
 It did in Ninety-eight,
 (I ought to know the date),
 The grave gave up its dead !

Did the old Reformers rise ?
 Their spirit rose again,
 But enshrined in nobler men,
 Thus did their spirit rise !

Who drove the people mad ?
 'Twas I, said Mr. Pitt,
 And the Union came of it,
 I drove the people mad !

Who did the work of Pitt ?
 An apostate like his master,
 Whose whole life was a disaster,
 He did the work of Pitt.

Who supplied the dogs of war ?
 Lord Camden yawning said,
 I believe, that I was led,
 To slip the dogs of war.

Who advocated torture ?
 'Twas I, said "Yellow Jack,"
Had the millions but one back,
 I'd have advised its torture !

Who scourged the people ?
 John Claudius, grim and gory,
Said, I must claim that glory,
 I scourged the people !

Who half hanged the peasants ?
 A ruffian fierce and tall,
Whose name was Hempenstall,
 Said—I half hanged the peasants !

Who picketed the Croppies ?
 The valiant Captain Swayne,
From his ashes rose again,
 Said I picketed the Croppies !

Who burned the cabin ?
 Hunter Gowan said, Oh, d——n me,
While the babe clung to its mammy,
 I burned the cabin !

Who shot down the father ?
 'Twas I, said Hawtrey White,
I *pinked* him in his flight,
 I shot down the father !

Who invented pitch caps ?
 A man of the North Cork
Claimed the merit of that work.
 He invented pitch caps.

Who shot Lord Edward ?
 The Major said demurely,
I took my aim securely,
 I shot Lord Edward !

Who stole the brewer's mare ?
 His worship turning round,
 The soft impeachment owned,
 He stole the brewer's mare !

Who crammed the Crown approvers ?
 You will find in Madden's book,
 Said Mr. Edward Cooke !
 Who crammed the Crown approvers !

Who plied the trade of blood ?
 A host of traitors cried,
 Behold our hands—we plied
 The trade, you call of blood !

Who did the largest business ?
 The multitude recoiled —,
For Thomas Reynolds smiled,
 He claimed the largest business !

What was Reynolds' line ?
 He dealt in trusting friends,
 And he kept a stock on hands,
 This was Reynolds' line !

Was he a wholesale trader ?
 He sold his friends "En Gros,"—
 In bond and warehouse too !
 He was a wholesale trader !

Did he sell his bosom friends ?
 He sold M'Can and Byrne,
 They were hanged—for he was sworn,
 He sold his dearest friends !

Do informers flourish still ?
 Not quite as heretofore,
 They "stag" in secret more,
 Swear less but flourish still !

What followed the Rebellion ?
 Universal consternation,
 Corruption, degradation,
 These followed the Rebellion !

How were these embodied ?
 In a Union, which the robbers
 Of our rights, and our own jobbers
 Contrived, they were embodied !

By whom was it effected ?
 By the Judas of his day,
 Patricidal Castlereagh,
 The Union was effected !

When shall it be repealed ?
 When the people are united,
 And the Nation's vow is plighted,
 Then shall it be repealed !

— 88 —

MISS CURRAN'S LAMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF ROBERT EMMET.

THE joy of life lies here,
 Robert Aroon,
 All that my soul held dear,
 Robert Aroon.
 Spouse of my heart, this shrine,
 This long-last home of thine,
 Entombs each hope of mine,
 Robert Aroon.

But tears must fall unseen,
 Robert Aroon,
 The turf is not yet green,
 Robert Aroon.

THE BELLE OF THE OCEAN.*

THE trav'ler may boast of the clime of the East,
 He may rave about Naples and Rome,
 He may range the wide world, all his fancies to
 feast,

And forget all the pleasures of home.

Tho' sweet are the shores and ambrosial the gale
 Of the soil and its bright summer sea,
 The glare of its beauty shall never prevail,
 O'er thine, dearest Erin, with me.

The poet may dream of Arcadian delights,
 And illumine his page with the glow
 Of a sunrise in Greece, when Apollo alights
 On Olympus, in vesture of snow.

I care not for Phœbus, I court not a beam
 Of his beauty, however divine ;
 Of sunshine and splendour abroad be his dream,
 But thou, dearest Erin, be mine !

Let Byron awaken the heart-stirring lyre,
 And the beauty impassioned proclaim
 Of belles oriental, whose features inspire
 Ev'ry breast at a glance with a flame.
 The beam unabashed of the dark-rolling eye,
 Is a thing for which poets may pine,
 And beauty, far distant, extol to the sky,
 But thine, dearest Erin, be mine.

TERNE.

* These lines were published by the author in the "Forget-me-Not" of 1838, but have been slightly altered by him for the better.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

A DOLE.

AIR—"Unfortunate Miss Bailey."

A LAWYER bold in Dublin town,
 Who came of decent people,
 Resolved to crush the Irish Church,
 And pull down ev'ry steeple.
 He swore the tithes should go to Rome,
 So slyly he sent over,
 To say how happy he should be
 To meet the Pope at Dover.

(Chorus.) Oh, the traitor,
 The wicked Irish traitor ;
 His mortal hate is Church and State,
 Big Dan the Agitator.

From Dublin to the Cove of Cork,
 The poor deluded Natives
 Allegiance swear to Dan the First,
 And like ungrateful caitiffs,
 They turn their back on poor old Jack,
 John Claudius — hale and hoary,
 And will not shake his well-known hand,
 Because it once was gory.
 Och, Lord London—
 Derry, Derry, down, oh !
 The cursed knife that took your life,
 Went thro' the Church's Crown, oh.

Since ever Dan went down to Clare,
 And ousted Mr. Vesey,
 The good old cause is quite done up,
 And poor Sir Harcourt's* crazy.

* Sir Harcourt Lees, a fanatical bigot.

The Press, with forty parson power,
 For tithes or blood is brawling,
 The pious prelates ask no more
 While "Muhlock's" at his calling.
 Oh, The Standard,
 The blood-red Tory Standard,
 How much we paid for each tirade,
 And all in vain is squandered.

'Tis very clear that doomsday's near,
 Or else emancipation
 Had never passed, and broke the last
 Strong link of domination.
 Alas ! that wholesome penal laws
 Should be of Peel's repealing,
 The Church of State is gone to pot,
 The Constitution's reeling.
 Oh, Lord Eldon,
 Old Nestor, was it well done,
 To break the chains that with such pains,
 Our ancestors did weld on ?

Clane out it is the Church is kilt,
 There's no such thing as warding
 The blow the thieving Whigs have dealt,
 Set on by Dan's blackguarding.
 Then wake the corpse, my boys, and sing
 A "de profundis" o'er it,
 A richer Church was never spoiled,
 And well may we deplore it.
 Oh, the tithes, boys !
 The dear beloved tithes, boys !
 The parson's pig, the praties big,
 The glebes that took the scythes, boys !

EXPOSTULATION AND AGITATION.

ARE you wise or are you mad ?
 Will you never be content ?
 Have you ears for tidings glad ?
 "Tithes are nothing more than rent."
 Swinish rabble, ever brawling,
 Will you never be at rest ?
 " Rebels masked," for justice calling,
 " All your wrongs have been redressed."

Have you not a poor-law, pray ;
 Thirty thousand troops at hand,
 And the warlike Lord De Grey
 Winning fame by sea and land ?
 Have you not a bill for branding
 Weapons which your fathers bore
 When the Volunteers were banding—
 What the devil would you more ?

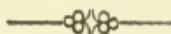
Equal laws and no mistake,
 Equal rights and nothing less,
 Liberty for conscience sake,
 And for all wrongs redress.
 Ample justice, howsoever
 Whigs or Tories please to name it—
 Up, Repealers ! now or never
 Is the time, like men, to claim it.

Men of England, tell us straight—
 Men of Scotland, speak the truth—
 Are we members of one State,
 Subjects of one Queen forsooth ?
 Would you bear the ills which gall us,
 With unruffled breast or brow ?
 If we're brothers, as you call us,
 Act by us like brothers now.

Mongrels of the Cromwell brood,
 Swift of foot and keen of scent,
 When the trail is one of blood,
 How the chase affords content.
 Civil war and all its woe,
 Ever welcome, ever grateful,
 Like the Franks of old, to you
 Peace, of all things, is most hateful.

Fathers of the Irish Church,
 Shun such friends, and strive in prayer ;
 Faction only seeks your porch,
 When its strength is spent elsewhere.
 Landlords of the crimson'd soil—
 Cries from earth are reaching heaven,
 Uttered by the poor you spoil,
 Or from house and home have driven.

IERNÉ.



THE REBEL'S FAREWELL.

The subject of this song was suggested by a letter of Felix Rourke, addressed to a young lady to whom he was attached, informing her of his expectation of being released from prison on the condition of expatriating himself. This intelligence is conveyed in a strain of grief and gladness, of love and patriotism, of boyish levity and of deep pathos.

THE heart that's grieving,
 Still fondly cleaving,
 To hopes deceiving,
 That bloom no more,
 Recalls each pleasure,
 Reclaims life's treasure,
 Love's own large measure
 Of joys of yore.

If stars which sever,
 Unite us never,
 Oh, then for ever
 One last farewell ;
 When tears are starting,
 One cup at parting,
 Should soothe its smarting,
 Its gloom dispel.

New cares come o'er us,
 New scenes before us,
 Frail hopes that bore us,
 We now must view,
 In fragment broken,
 The wreck's sad token
 Of love, that's spoken
 Its last adieu.

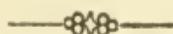
No more fond dreaming
 Of bright eyes beaming,
 With rapture streaming,
 And love's own light ;
 To friends united,
 By vows fast plighted,
 The Cause, how blighted,
 Vain hopes, good night.

Yet grief is fitting,
 The exile's flitting,
 One's country quitting,
 Friend, house, and home.
 The cause—that vaunted,
 Its chiefs undaunted ;
 The seeds they planted
 They yet shall bloom.

If youth for gladness,
 If age for sadness,
 Be made, what madness
 To be cast down ;

There's work remaining,
An end for gaining,
And for attaining,
Still left undone.

LERNÉ



AIR—“*The Wearing of the Green.*”

ARRAH sure it was in Baltimore,
Our Emmet's son I met,
And he axed me : How ould Erin bore
Her griefs since Ninety-Eight ?
Och ! bad enough, says I, avick,
The sights that she has seen,
Has made her heart with sorrow sick
Lamenting for the Green ;
For the poor ill-fated Green,
For the long-insulted Green,
Och, it drives one mad to sing the sad
Ill-usage of the green.

Och ! Pat Mavourneen, tell me how
My father's brother died ?
Did Erin weep to see the blow
That reached him in his pride ?
He bravely died, agraah ! he bent,
On death, a fearless brow,
And many a heart that dare not vent,
Its grief that day—doth now.
For the sufferings of the Green,
And the victims of the Green,
For all the woes our cruel foes
Have brought upon the Green.

Oh ! tell me, Pat, how goes our cause,
And has it floored its foes ?
And are you blessed with equal laws,
And have you now repose ?

Och, musha ! musha ! tyranny
 Still shows its Orange mien,
 And if it could, again would be
 The terror of the Green !

The darling Irish Green,
 It cannot bear the Green,
 And if it could, again in blood
 Would dye the sacred Green.

Oh, murneen bawn, and is it so,
 And are the villains still
 So fond of blood, it yet must flow
 At their Cromwellian will ?
 Why sure they say, we're slaves no more,
 That penal laws are gone,
 And yet they stain our fields with gore
 As they before have done.

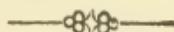
Och ! our childer poor may keen
 While they ate up all the Green,
 And if we frown, they say the Crown
 Must crush the rebel Green.

Oh woristhroo ! and will they make
 Another Ninety-Eight ?
 And if they do—must millions quake
 When hundreds rouse their hate !
 Why no, asthore, the millions four
 Are nearly nine, you know,
 And "Hell or Connaught" has no more
 Accommodation now !
 For the champions of the Green,
 The defenders of the Green,
 The boys, your soul, on which they scowl
 Who hate the darling Green.

Oh ! Erin in thy hapless cause
 What fatal spell prevails ?
 The traitor thrives, the tyrant draws
 A sword that never fails :

Thy poor devoted friends it seems
 Must fall as heretofore.
 Ah murneen bawn ! mavourneen oge !
 I'll never see thee more.

IERN.



CLAUDIUS.

AIR—“*Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.*”

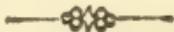
GAUNT and grim was the man of gore,
 And a nine-tailed cat in his hand he bore,
 And oh ! how his ghastly smile could chill
 The blood which once those taws could thrill !

Old man, dost thou not dread to stray
 Thro' Dublin streets, in the broad noon day ?
 Are none so mindful of scourge and brand,
 As not to remember thy red right hand ?

I feel not the slightest fear,—said he,
 No son of Hibernia will injure me,
 For tho' he loves giving a friend hard blows,
 He never bears malice against his foes.

On he stalked, and his ghastly scowl
 Repressed the gaze of each Christian soul,
 And safe are all, with the slaves they trust,
 Whom once they have humbled to lick the dust.

IERN.



THE EXILE.

AIR—“*Savourneen Dheelish.*”

I HEARD a poor Exile in accents forlorn,
 Afar from his country, lamenting his doom,
 I marked how his bosom with anguish was torn,
 As westward he gazed and recalled his loved
 home ;
 In the summer's night oft, when the pale moon
 was weeping,
 I've seen the poor exile his lone vigils keeping,
 And heard his lament when the weary were sleep-
 ing—

Oh, Erin, mavourneen, my country,
 my home.

Night after night, has this plaint sadly broken
 On the silence that reigned, and my heart filled
 with sorrow ;
 But the lips now are mute, and the griefs that
 were spoken
 The exile shall feel not, one pang of to-morrow.
 There's death in the house of the stranger un-
 friended,
 A bed-side deserted—a hearse unattended,
 Oh, who could the last scene of life have they
 ended
 But one who had neither a country nor home.

IERNÉ.

PARODY ON MOORE'S

"As History's Muse the Memorial was Keeping."

As infamy's scribe was her tablets preparing,
 Recording the wicked, the worthless and vile,
 Beside her the demon of memory staring,
 Stood scowling the page with a horrible smile,
 And oh! what a rapture of rancour took place
 When ending the volume of Caitiffs she came,
 To see infamy trace,
 With a pen of disgrace,
 An indelible stigma on Castlereagh's name.

He's mine, cried the fiend, in a transport of rapture,
 With eyes like the flame of the demon's abode,
 Albeit with fame, I disputed his capture,
 One glance at his country my claim to him showed,
 I have tracked other traitors to perfidy's close,
 And inglorious they sunk in the side-ways of shame.

I have numbered the woes
 Of a people—and those
 Are the glories which cling to my Castlereagh's name.

* * * *

Oh well has he earned my wreath of renown,
 For the wrongs he hath heaped on the land of his fame,
 And Erin darts down
 All the force of her frown,
 And the blight of her scorn on Castlereagh's name.

IERNE.

LINES ON LORD CLARE,

Suggested by a poem of an Irish bard, Angus O'Daly, on the Clan Gibbon, written in 1600, a version of which is given in Hardiman's Bardic Remains.

THE fiercest hate the bosom ever bred
 Will tire at last, and wear away, 'tis said,
 But on Fitzgibbon's lord the odium falls
 Of guilt revived, that every day recalls.

For all the crimes that ever stained his line
 In one vile member found a common shrine ;
 A place of refuge in his bosom found,
 Where foul corruption proudly sat enthroned.

'Twould seem that nature formed that man to show
 How many vices in one breast might grow,
 How much misfortune one man's crimes might
 cause
 A nation's rights, her liberties and laws.

Too long for Freedom, but for Justice far,
 Too short his life—he only lived to mar
 His country's hopes, to see its ruin sealed,
 His service scorned, and his guilt revealed.

His fame, indeed, suspended swings in air,
 A felon's fame—'tis all that's left of Clare.
 The grave itself entombs not half his crimes,
 For guilt like his outlives the worst of times.

LERNE.

HEVEY'S MARE.

THE Major no more in gaiters, sir,
 Goes trudging on foot after traitors, sir,
 On Hevey's mare
 He takes the air,
 And cares not a fig for his haters, sir.

Nabbing he goes, genteelly O,
 On horseback conversing so freely O.
 With Jemmy who walks
 By his side and talks
 Of pictures and tankards so gaily O.

But why is the brewer in durance, sir,
 Because he had the assurance, sir,
 To keep a good steed,
 Of which Sirr had need,
 And that was a crime past endurance, sir,

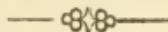
The Major was then in his glory O,
 The Government galling and gory O,
 Gave him and his band
 Leave to sack the land
 From cellar to topmost story O.

These were the days for the Major, sir,
 The jolly old plundering stagers, sir,
 Of Camden's reign,
 When loyal men
 Meant turnkeys, catchpoles, and gaugers, sir.

Oh, times are sadly altered, sir,
 When Hevey, who should have been haltered, sir,
 Is wagging his jaw
 In a court of law,
 Where many a rebel has faltered, sir.

Adieu to all our seizures, sir,
 Loyalty now has few pleasures, sir,
 For want of swag,
 It's sure tolag,
 And button its fob on its treasures, sir.

LERNÉ.



THE MEN OF NINETY-EIGHT.

AIR—“Whoe'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair.”

'Tis the sunshine of Erin that glimmered of old
 On the banners of green we have lived to behold,
 On the shamrock of Erin and Emerald Isle.
 Oh, sweet is the smile on the face of the land,
 Where its beauty has struggled for ages with tears,
 Where the dark gloom of bondage recedes from the
 strand,

And the shamrock of Erin and Emerald Isle.

Her children are freemen, who slumbered in chains
 When our fathers were up and defended our plains
 From the tyrants who trampled the Emerald
 Isle.

But where are the men of the year Ninety-eight,
 The brave and the pure men? and echo says where,
 They speak not, they smile not, their sons are
 elate,

And they have not a word for the fame, nor a tear
 For the men who defended the Emerald Isle.

The cause it was treason of yore to maintain,
 Has triumphed at last over tyranny's reign,

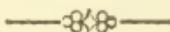
And the badge of the brave is the shamrock so
 green;

But where are the brothers united the while?
 I hear not their strains in our peals of applause,
 O call back the exile who loves the Green Isle,
 O think on his comrades who died for the cause,
 Of the Emerald Isle and the shamrock so green.

O call back the exile, bid wisdom and worth
 With M'Nevin revisit the place of their birth,
 Restore to us Genius and Virtue combined—
 The Cato of Erin—her Emmet recall ;
 Ah, vain is the wish—but their memories shrined,
 In our hearts let them live, and be green there
 withal,
 Like the shamrock beloved of the Emerald Isle.

Oh, think on the dead, and forget not the brave,
 Remember her chivalry sleeps in the grave
 Of Edward, the pride of the Emerald Isle.
 We seek no revenge, and we need none, 'tis true,
 For none did avenge us as did Castlereagh ;
 We ask for the dead but the tribute that's due
 To our countrymen's worth, and we claim it this
 day.

LERNE.



THE DAY THAT IS TO COME.

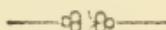
AIR—“ *The Glass that Sparkles.*”

ONCE more the torch of Freedom burns,
 The glorious flame revives,
 The light of life to earth returns,
 And liberty still lives !
 The sundered chain is linked in vain
 Again to bind the brave,
 It cannot bind a nation's mind
 Hath risen from the grave.

The time of strife and raid is gone,
 Oppression's reign is o'er,
 And smiles for ages past unknown,
 Poor Erin wears once more.
 Her day is come, and night's long gloom,
 With all its grief is past,
 The harp that slept so long, is swept
 By Freedom's sons at last.

No more shall faction rear its crest,
 Revile us and upbraid,
 And while it tramples the opprest,
 Still boasts of brand and blade.
 A nobler boast shall be our toast,
 Oblivion for the past,
 United hands, and hearts, and friends,
 In triumph joined at last.

If yet on earth no other shrine
 Of liberty were known,
 My own beloved land, but thine,
 I still would bow me down,
 Where mortal might sustains the Right
 A Nation's mind commands,
 And millions feel their country's weal
 Is in their peaceful hands.



KING WILLIAM'S STATUE.

Written on the occasion of the Statue of King William being thrown down. This daring exploit was performed by a very remarkable man of the lower class, of the name of Jones ; he had some employment in the Weighing Office in Smithfield, Dublin, was taken up in the Viceroyalty of Lord Normanby, charged with Ribbonism, broke out of jail, and was again arrested, tried, and transported. On his passage to Botany Bay, there was a mutiny on board, in suppressing which he rendered signal assistance to the Commander of the transport.—It may not be misplaced to observe that the tarring exploit which took place about 1808, was performed by a son of Charles Ryan, an apothecary, of Church Street, an apprentice of Mr. Cornelius M'Loughlin.

KING WILLIAM was a mighty king,
 His people came from Flanders,
 He ranked amongst—as people say—
 Our most renowned commanders.

In Limerick and at Glencoe, too,
 He gained much martial glory,
 His royal name, the toast became
 Of ev'ry Loyal Tory.

Oh, Billy aheagher, glorious Bill,
 The pious and Immortal,
 Thy faith and piety are still
 Inscribed on Limerick's portal.

The sorrel horse that laid him low
 The devil instigated,
 The stumbling garron seemed to know
 The job he meditated.
 The people lost the best of kings,
 The Church lost its defender,
 The parsons lost a prince who'd roast
 The Pope or the Pretender.

Oh, Billy aheagher, glorious Bill,
 Immortal, pious darling !
 Who beat the famous Columbkille
 In piety and larning.

His worshippers in Dublin town
 Set up his leaden statue,
 And once a year they all came down
 'To shout at any Pat who
 Refused to bend before the shrine,
 Or turned his Popish tail to,
 While o'er the head of him of lead,
 The bullets fast as hail flew.

Oh, Billy aheagher, glorious Bill,
 What volleys there were given,
 The good old times with all their
 crimes,
 Were glorious times to live in.

But once, alas ! when thousands prest
 To evince their wonted duty,
 And see their Orange Idol drest
 In all his birthday beauty ;

They found him in a woful plight,
 Some wretch had been undaunted,
 And quite as thick as tar would stick
 Laid on a coat unwonted.

Oh, Billy aheagher, glorious Bill,
 You look so black and gruff, sir,
 A chimney sweep as well might fill
 The saddle in his buff, sir.

The popish crew at length had grown
 So desperate and daring,
 They vowed to bring the Dutchman down,
 To hurt the horse for bearing.
 And so resolved, to work they went,
 And blew him up in air, man,
 When word was sent that Parliament
 Had blown up Colonel Fairman.

Oh, Billy aheagher, glorious Bill,
 The scourge of slaves unruly,
 And is it you yourself they spill
 In College Green so coolly ?

All day the poor Stadholder lay
 Extended in the gutter,
 His weeping friends, in sore dismay,
 A word could scarcely utter.
 The Major's mind seemed all agog,
 John Claudius looked most doleful,
 Sir Harcourt said, "The Pope, incog.,
 Had done this deed most woeful."

Oh, Billy aheagher, glorious Bill,
 Your friends have sad forebodings ;
 Your fall, *avick's*, an omen ill,
 For Lorton's reign and Roden's.

The Royal Statue's raised again,
 And placed in *Statu quo*, sir,
 But where are all the Aldermen
 Of Skinner's-alley now, sir ?

“The Light of other days is gone !”

The Giffards, Kings, and Stainers !
Their race is run, the plunder’s done,
It’s all for their defamers.

Oh, Billy aheagher, glorious Bill,
Our once immortal Jewel !
Your Memory we must renounce,
Or drink in Water Gruel.

—818—

LAMENT FOR JOHN SHEARES.

AIR—“*Molly Asthore.*”

The following lines were suggested by some expressions of Maria Steele, full of pathos, in reference to the fate of one who had been most dear to her.

As first I saw my murneen bawn,
In bright and beaming youth,
In glowing manhood’s morning dawn
Of nobleness and truth ;
Methinks I see thee now in all
The pride of days of yore,
Ah, murneen bawn, mavourneen oge !
I’ll never see thee more.

But fearful dreams recall the strife,
And that once manly form,
As if but now despoiled of life,
Before me lies still warm :
The scene of death ! the frightful doom,
I see them o’er and o’er,
Ah, murneen bawn ! mavourneen oge !
I’ll never see thee more.

—819—

THE UNITED BROTHERS, HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES.

THE Brothers in love are united in death,
And they sealed with their blood that alliance,
The ties of one cause, of one kindred, and faith,
Were its bonds, and bid despots defiance.
They joined heart and hand, in one struggle, and
gave

Their young blood, to maintain it ; while others
Who urged on the strife, soon abandoned the
brave,

But they stood by their country like brothers.

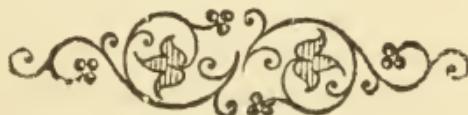
When Freedom, by treachery foully betrayed,
Found the friends fall away, who had plighted
Their faith to her cause, still one spirit prevailed
In the breasts of the Brothers united.

They clung to that cause in the midst of despair,

When the tempest had terrified others,
And like comrades in danger, endeared, as they
were,

They went down with the wreck like true Bro-
thers.

IERNE.



THE WRECK OF A HAPPY HOME.

ADDRESSED TO CAPTAIN JOHN WARNFORD ARMSTRONG.

The mother of Henry and John Sheares, to the day of her death, was kept in ignorance of the ignominious death of her two children, but her state of mind was wretched in the extreme, and her continual inquiries for her youngest son, her favourite child—John. To the last moment of her existence, the friends who were about her, whose hearts were breaking at the time, had the sad task of seeking to elude or to answer them as best they might.

THE Widow's heart is with her son,
 They tell her he is far away,
 Her youngest and her favourite one,
 She talks of him the live-long day.
 Her own dear boy !—she asks them why
 He does not come ?—they hide their tears,
 And say he *will* come by-and-by,
 And then she tries to quell her fears ;
 But still she cries—“ My soul is weary—
 He does not come ! He'll never come !
 Without him—all is sad and dreary,
 It does not seem to me like home !”

The Widow's house is desolate,
 And who shall chase its gloom away ?
 How long, alas ! has grief to wait
 For death's approach from day to day ?
 Ah, Julia, while thy trembling tears
 Reach to thy mother's breaking heart,
 With thine, despair itself communes,
 And thine is still the mournful part,
 To give her hopes, when all is dreary,
 And say “ he'll come ! he'll soon come home ! ”
 And yet, oh, God, to smile thus weary,
 And speak of him who's in the tomb.
 Poor Julia's lute is heard no more,
 The garden's bloom is fading fast,
 Yes, fast as beauty droops before
 Untimely sorrow's chilling blast.

The aged mother sits forlorn,
 Still gazing on that vacant chair,
 To which he never will return,
 Whose absence fills her with despair.
 She weeps not, tho' the place is dreary,
 She only says " when will he come ?"
 I've watched till Hope itself is weary ;
 Oh, tell me ! when will he come home !

The wintry night is one long wail ;
 There's not a murmur in the wind
 But seems to moan a dismal tale
 Of death to her distracted mind.
 Oh, why cannot the breaking heart,
 At one great struggle cease to throb,
 And life, bereft of joy, depart,
 Nor leave protracted grief to sob ?
 She's sick at heart, for all is dreary,
 She says, she knows he'll never come,
 He would not leave her weak and weary,
 Were he in life, she knows he'd come !

Yet lingering on, the feeble breath
 Of life still flutters in her breast,
 Tho' all her hopes are cold in death,
 And reason's light is dimmed at last.
 At times it seems as if she smiled,
 And e'en as if she felt no pain ;
 Alas ! her grief is but beguiled,
 To thrill in madness thro' her brain.
 Wildly she says—" The night is dreary.
 Hark ! Hark !—he comes ! I hear his tread."
 Then laughs—and faintly cries, " I'm weary.
 Perhaps he'll come when I am dead !?"*

* The refrain in the beautiful ballad " The Moated Grange," or rather some traces of its well-remembered burden, may be recalled by the concluding lines of each stanza.

THE WRECK OF A HAPPY HOME.

Another Version of the same sad story, intended to be improved for publication.

THE widow's sons are dead and gone,
Their mangled bodies in the tomb ;
The villain's work of treason's done,
And yet she knows not all its doom.

They dare not tell her, both are dead,
But leave a hope that one survives,
And though they speak with doubt and dread,
She clings to that last hope and lives.

She wonders—" Why he keeps away ?"
" But by-and-by he will come home."
She talks of him the live-long day,
And asks them—" Will he never come ?"

Ah, Julia, what a task was thine,
To raise this hope, and feel with pain
The light of peace would never shine
Upon thy mother's hopes again.

Alas ! while thy affecting tones
Would soothe that mother's aching heart,
With thine despair itself communes,
And grief must be its future guest.

Still must thou bear the ceaseless cry—
" Will my boy never, never come ?"
'Twere better thy responding sigh
Should tell her, he was in the tomb.

But what no words of thine can speak,
Thy drooping form and failing strength,
The fading bloom upon thy cheek,
Reveal to her sad soul at length.

'Tis not the calm of grief subdued,
 Has settled on that aged face,
 The stillness there is like the mood
 Of madness stealing on apace.

Unmindful now of all around,
 The mourner sits in trance of thought,
 Her eyes are cast upon the ground,
 And there still fixed—their idols sought.

She weeps not, though the scene is sad,
 The cheerful circle wrapped in gloom,
 The house where all of late looked glad,
 A dismal home—a living tomb.

The breath of summer brings no gloss
 Of genial heat or brightness more,
 To heart or home—the doom of woe,
 And desolation's writ in gore.

The wintry night is dark and drear,
 But deeper gloom its fall has spread
 On that lone mother's heart, for there
 Life's fondest, proudest hope lies dead.

Oh ! why cannot the breaking heart
 To struggle with such anguish cease—
 And drooping life at once depart
 When thus bereft of all its peace ?

LERNE.

—88—

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN PARIS.

As early this morning Saint Patrick did rove
 Thro' groves not of Blarney, but those high above,
 With his sprig of shillelah and sham-
 rock so green,

He met old St. Denis, who walked the same way,
 And he up and he tould him it was his birth-day,
 As he plainly might see, if he'd peep from the
 skies

At his sons celebrating his festival rise,
 With their sprigs, etc., etc.

“Behold them, ould boy,” cried St. Patrick, with
 glee,

“In your own native land—how astonished you'll
 be

At their sprigs, etc., etc.

At home or abroad those poor cratures of mine,
 'Tis all one to them, give them whiskey or wine,
 Where ever a drop of good drink's to be found,
 It's drunk to the saint of all saints most renowned,
 For his sprig, etc., etc.”

“Friend Pat,” cried St. Denis, “I'd have you to
 know

This boasting of yours 'bout your children won't
 do

With your sprig, etc., etc.

I was born and bred on the banks of the Seine,
 And childer like mine, with such breeding I ween,
 On the banks of the Liffey were never yet known,
 So no more of your blarney about your renown,
 And your sprig, etc., etc.”

St. Patrick said nothing, but up with his foot,
 And down went St. Denis, and bang came a clout

Of the sprig of shillelah, etc., etc.

St. Patrick protested he meant no offence,
 And lifting poor Deniū, looked all innocence,
 Put his hand to his mitre politely, and bowed,
 'Twas a slip of the foot, as he walked o'er the
 cloud,

With his sprig of shillelah, etc., etc.

LAYS FOR THE LANDLORDS.

No. 1.

“ Shall not a man do what he likes with his own ? ”
 —THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

“ On my property no man shall say,
 He has claims on the ground he has sown,
 It is mine, and I’ll clear it to-day—
 I will do what I like with my own ! ”

“ It is mine, every acre and sod
 Of the land ; I am lord of the soil,
 And I’ll drive all these wretches by —
 I can do without them or their toil ! ”

“ Not a stick nor a stone shall remain
 Of a cabin of theirs, they shall move,
 It’s my will, and my will once again
 Shall be law, by the heavens above.”

“ Your will, my good sir ! shall be law,
 If there’s law to be had in the land ;
 And a bay’net for justice to draw,
 Or ejectment to serve out of hand.”

Then the agent went forth, and he press’d
 His good steed, and sad tidings he bore
 To the peasants, who thronged round his beast,
 And the women, who flocked to each door.

“ You must go, my good people, it’s hard—
 But my duty, in sooth, must be done,
 Not a soul will your landlord have spared—
 He will do what he likes with his own.”

There was silence in heaven, and men
 Thought the portals of mercy were closed,
 The oppressor looked bolder, and then
 In the strength of his vengeance reposed.

There was weeping and wailing around—

There was gnashing of teeth, and dismay
In each look, in each heart, in each sound,
But no clenching of hands on that day.

It's in vain for that sorrowful band

To the landlord of mercy to speak
Of the winter whose rigour's at hand,
And the children who're helpless and weak.

Of the women—the young and the old,

Of the feeble—of those who were born
On the lands which their fathers did hold,
And from which they are now to be torn ;

Of the cabins they built there of old,

Of the ground they reclaimed from the bogs ;
By the landlord, the outcasts are told—

You may die in the ditches like dogs !

Some died as he willed and he said,

Yet not all of his victims are gone,
But what matter how many are dead,

He has done what he liked with his own !

And the curse of the poor and oppressed,

Though it fall not forthwith on his head,
It will cling to him closely, and rest
On his race, when the monster is dead.

No. 2.

You took the land that was the life

Of me and mine ! you drove us out
On the wide world ! you left my wife

And children, house and home without.

You saw their tears, you heard unmoved

Their prayers ; you told me to be gone,
And harsh and pitiless you proved,
And we were ruined and undone.

Then famine stared us in the face,
 And fever stalking in its van,
 Beset our steps from place to place—
 And death at last its work began.

You knew my children, one by one
 Had sickened, sunk and died beneath
 Your neighbour's hedge—my God, keep down
 The swelling rage that chokes my breath.

You saw my wife's dead body borne
 From the roadside before your door,
 And you had only looks of scorn
 To give the sorrows of the poor.

All that proud wickedness could do
 To crush with overwhelming wrong,
 Was done with landlord ease by you,
 And guilt, like yours, was ever strong.

The law was on your side, the class
 That lives upon the peasants' toil
 Upholds your rights ; the poor, alas,
 Have none, they say—in the rich soil.

Sufferings, they grant, the poor must bear,
 And wrongs, but these endurance past
 Make frenzied creatures of despair
 Take fatal counsel at the last.

And then th' oppressor's doom is sealed,
 The deadly weapon grasped to slay,
 Gleams on his sight, and in a field
 Like this he falls in the noon day.

And thus the murderer is slain !
 The landlord drove the peasant wild,
 With mortal anguish turned his brain,
 And left him without wife or child.

THE CRY OF THE HEART.

No. 3.

“ BREAD ! bread ! bread ! oh, father—father, dear,”
The pining children faintly said,
And every pang they bear
That father feels, who stands like stone
In ghastly, grim despair,
A hopeless foodless man—undone,
Oppressed with mortal care.

“ Bread ! bread ! bread ! oh, father—father, dear,
Better that we this day were dead,
Than perishing slowly here ;”
Each small shrill voice became, in fine,
A whispering murmur low—
A long continued wordless whine,
But full of human woe.

“ Bread ! bread ! bread ! oh, father—father, dear,”
Another day of famine dread,
That cry brings to his ear ;
He dashed his hand across his brow,
His gaze was fierce and wild,
Angels of mercy ! guard him now,
And shield each wretched child.

“ Bread ! bread ! bread ! oh, father—father, dear,”
This is the cry that drives men mad,
But no one minds it here,
In this abode of want and woe,
Life’s every hope is gone,
There famine here, and frenzy too,
And pity’s all unknown.

“ Bread ! bread ! bread ! my own dear father !”
cried
The youngest child, with drooping head,
The boy that was his pride,

The joy of his poor father's heart,
His mother's looks who bore ;

The wretched man, with sudden start,
Rushed forth, and heard no more.

"Bread ! bread ! bread !" a highway robber cried,

"Bread I must have, or blood !" he said,
And crime that bread supplied ;

And homeward straight with food he flies,
But death outstripped his pace,

One victim more of famine lies
Before a father's face.

"Bread! bread! bread ! my boy," he cried, "asthore,

I've brought you bread !" but the boy is dead.
He bent bewildered o'er !

Oh, men of justice, now's your time.

Whilst stunned and frenzied there

He clasps that corpse, his heinous crime
Its punishment must bear.

Blood ! Blood ! Blood ! the laws we must uphold,

The value of life it never could

Compare with that of gold,

Then bind him fast, the rights assailed
Of property secure,

Those sacred rights which never failed
At law against the poor.

Oh ! my God ! have mercy on the poor

Who hear their children cry for food

The live-long day, and o'er

And o'er must hear the same sad cry,
Till the dread work is done ;

Must see those hapless creatures die
Of famine, one by one.

IERNE.

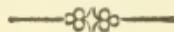
L I N E S

Written for the Title Page of an Esssay on the History of Ireland.

God made the land, and all his works are good,
Man made the laws, and all they breathed was
blood.

Unhallowed annals of six hundred years,
A code of blood, a history of tears.

IERNE.



L I N E S

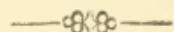
Written for the Title Page of a Work on the Penal Laws.

ERIN TO HER SISTER.

THE dragon-crested policy that made
A people's creed and origin a crime,
The sceptre sword—the Church and State stock-
ade,

“The Pale”—its wars—the *Razees* of our clime,
The truce, that gave an interval, to prime
And load the laws—to confiscate the isle.
These were your arts of government ; and time
Matured the seeds you scattered in our soil,
Seeds like the serpent's teeth, which yielded stripes
and spoil.

IERNE.



“SWEETS TO THE SWEET.”

'Tis sweet the evening bells to hear
Of village church—when not too near ;
'Tis sweet to see without a frown
A kind old couple, toddling down
The hill of life, in peace together,
Regardless of the shortening tether ;
'Tis sweet to sip a cup of congo
When wine has made the head all wrong go ;
'Tis sweet in deserts parched to drink
Cold water when it does not stink ;
'Tis sweet to hear one's first work praised,
To see a list'ning friend amazed,
To smell the dinner on the stairs
At half-past six when one despairs ;
'Tis sweet an ancient pile to view
With ivy wreathed ; 'tis pleasant too,
To see a round of beef well boiled,
Or sirloin roast, or steak well broiled ;
'Tis sweet to dream of uncles old,
And dying aunts with lots of gold ;
'Tis sweet to think we grow more wise
When Ratcliffe's page we cease to prize ;
And turn to Malthus or to Hervey
For tombs and cradles topsy-turvy ;
'Tis sweet to flatter one's dear self
With sentimental stuff—when pelf
Is passion, poetry, romance,
And all our faith's in three per cents ;
'Tis sweet to see an infant smile,
A maiden blush devoid of guile,
A youthful mother watch her child,
And view its little features mild ;
'Tis sweet, says Tully, to relieve
The poor, to comfort those who grieve,
To heal the sick, to shield the stranger,
And snatch unwary youth from danger ;
But sweeter far than this or aught
In life, with pleasing feelings fraught,

Is that unutterable joy,
 The man approves without alloy
 Who breaks the bonds of slavery,
 And sets his fellow mortal free !

ON MRS. EMMET'S VISIT TO HER HUSBAND.

WRITTEN IN FORT GEORGE, BY T. RUSSELL.

From Miss M'Cracken.

COMPANIONS so brave, who in evil thus meet
 For the glorious endeavour our country to free,
 Amidst all our sufferings, such moments are sweet,
 When each patriot united like brothers we see.
 May the Power that rules all, grant this ardent request,
 May we live our dear country triumphant to see ;
 Or if this is too great, and it so judges best,
 May our deaths, like our lives, serve dear Ireland to free.

How delightful the thought for an object thus great,
 Embracing the rights and the freedom of all,
 Which thus in a prison can transport create,
 And in exile the sight of our country recall ;
 That you who endeavour these rights to ensure
 By arts, or by eloquence, science, or arms,
 See with courage as with affection so pure,
 Virtue, and beauty, devoting her charms.

ERIN'S ADDRESS TO CALEDONIA.

WRITTEN IN FORT GEORGE, BY THOMAS RUSSELL.

These lines, published in a Belfast newspaper, in 1793, were given me by Miss M'Cracken, who knew them to have been written by Russell.

ILLUSTRIOS land ! In days of yore,
 Famed Caledonia, now attend,
 Erin invokes you from her shore,
 Erin, your sister and your friend.
 Your faded wreaths, your blasted fame,
 Tho' now with anguish I behold,
 Yet hear me with prophetic flame
 Your lofty destiny unfold.

Alike our fate, no foreign force
 Could e'er our valiant race subdue ;
 The Roman eagles stopped their course
 When near our rugged coast they drew.
 While Union was our children's boast,
 The gallant conquering Romans failed
 When discord hovered o'er our coast,
 A cruel sordid foe prevailed.

What filled my bosom with despair ?
 My sons in frantic strife engage,
 What forged the galling chains I bear ?
 Not English force—but Irish rage.
 And in one—one fatal hour,
 By factious chiefs betrayed and sold,
 Not force, but fraud, destroyed your power,
 Not England's steel, but England's gold.

But now to glorious days I turn,
 My conscious bosom swells with joy,
 No more my sons with discord burn,
 No more their country's rights destroy.

For sacred Union fires each mind,
 One great resolve pervades the land,
 To spread the freedom of mankind,
 And foreign hordes expel the land.

And can your sons, for war renowned,
 Endure that hostile feet should tread,
 Should spurn the consecrated ground
 Where Fletcher spoke, and Wallace bled ?
 Like us, unite, and in the field
 Full soon shall haughty England feel
 That fraud to valour still must yield,
 And India's gold to Carron's steel.

When Fletcher's eloquence and fire
 Shall o'er your senate spread their charms,
 And gallant Wallace shall inspire
 Your generous youth to deeds of arms,
 And round your standard, once unfurled,
 Shall heroes throng with ardent eyes,
 And 'midst the nations of the world
 Again shall Caledonia rise.

Then, spotless honour—radiant truth,
 The matron and the blooming maid,
 And reverend age, and playful youth
 Shall rest secure beneath its shade.
 And peace shall o'er the cottage bend,
 Nor humble roofs shall science scorn,
 And mercy's wings shall wide extend,
 And holy faith your fanes adorn.

When borne by warriors of my isle,
 On Antrim's cliffs green standards fly ;
 Then on the hills of famed Argyle
 Wave—wave the Scottish banner high.
 And soon shall tyranny and fear,
 And war and rapine fade away,
 As mists and darkness disappear
 Before the blazing orb of day.

And loud as awful thunder roars,
We'll then proclaim from side to side,
Re-echoed by the sounding shores,
And wafted by the circling tide,
Here justice now triumphant reigns,
And never shall our children see
Our rocks, our scaffolds, or our plains
Stained with the blood of Liberty.

MOURN, LOST HIBERNIA.

BY THOMAS RUSSELL.

These beautiful lines, an imitation, evidently, of Smollet's "Tears of Scotland," first appeared anonymously in "The Press," 30th October, 1798, headed—"Translated from the Irish." In the papers of Russell, which were in my hands, there is a copy of a letter of his to his brother, enclosing the lines which I published in his Memoir in the 3rd Series of "The United Irishmen." I had not then seen the original publication, and on comparing both I find that he had made many alterations in the copy sent to his brother, which are not improvements. I therefore give the lines as they originally appeared, with a few verbal emendations of the author in the MS. copy.

MOURN, lost Hibernia ! ever mourn !
Thy freedom lost, thy laurels torn,
Thy warriors sunk on Aughrim's plains,
And Britain loading thee with chains.
The blood-stained standards floating high,
Now on thy smoking ramparts fly.
Her stern oppression sways thy land,
She bows thee with her iron hand.
Thy nobles a degraded race,
Corrupt, rapacious, sordid, base.
Anxious their ill-got wealth to save,
And slaves themselves to rule a slave,

Barter thy rights—betray thy cause—
And abject bow to British laws.
Thy peasant vainly tills the ground,
While greedy rapine hovers round,
To snatch from his enfeebled hand,
And glut the spoilers of the land.
Thy patriots groan in iron bands,
Or exiled roam in foreign lands,
Or hopeless, languid, and supine,
Suppress their energy divine,
Or yielded to the general doom.
No Irish standard now displayed
Thy warriors summons to thy aid,
Nor trumpets rouse their mortal fire,
Nor glory's charms their breasts inspire,
Nor conquering armies shake the sky
With shouts of death or liberty ;
Guards of thy altars and thy fires,
Thy blooming maids and hoary sires ;
But exiled now, thy warriors fly
In foreign hosts to bleed and die ;
Or worse, in Britain's bands arrayed,
With impious rage thy plains invade,
With brethren's blood their falchions stain,
And tighter bind their parents' chain.
No navies in their harbours ride—
Lost is thy independent pride.
And mute thy harp's harmonious sound,
And thy green ensign trails the ground ;
Thy honour and thy pride no more,
Defiled with dust, distained with gore ;
Thy warriors sunk on Aughrim's plains,
And Britain smiling at thy pains !
Thy freedom lost, thy laurels torn,
Mourn, lost Hibernia ! ever mourn.

THE GRAVE OF RUSSELL.

“Never did martyr with more lovely grace
Part from a world unworthy to possess him.”

HAYLEY.

THE moon with mild splendour illumed the hill,
And shed her pale radiance around the dark
heath;
The lake was unruffled, the green wood was still,
The wind of the west had forgotten to breathe.

When lo ! from the sky, like an angel of light,
The genius of Erin, in glory arrayed,
Came—borne on a white passing cloud of the
night,
And stood on the spot where her Russell was
laid.

The voice of her harp, that to sorrow was strung,
Partook of the anguish that reigned in her soul,
And while to its plaintive raised numbers she
sung,
Thus sad on my ear the sweet melody stole :—

“Oh Russell, enthroned with the souls of the
brave,
Look down with mild eye from the regions of
day,
’Tis Erin that calls thee—that kneels by thy grave,
And kisses the turf that encloses thy clay !

“The tear of affection for thee does it fall,
And thine is the tear that escapes from my
breast—
Oh ! could they the strength of the mighty recall,
And win back the soul from the realms of the
blest.

“ For each the torrent should stream from mine
eyes,

And sigh ever swelling employ my fond breath,
Until thy great spirit, restored from the skies,
Should wake thy remains from the slumber of
death !

“ I saw thee the prospect of ruin despise,
And firm 'mid destruction thy progress pursue,
When oft would a tear at thy danger arise,
And hide thy strong efforts awhile from my
view ;

“ But, shade of the mighty ! their efforts were
vain,
To rouse in my cause each degenerate son ;
Their spirits recoiled at the prospect of pain,
They bowed to their fears and the brave were
undone.

“ Foul falsehood rejoiced when M'Donnell had
traced,
His name o'er the scroll thy destroyers unfurled ;
Truth wept o'er the word that she would have
erased,
And infamy published the tale to the world !

“ When treachery's triumph at length was com-
plete,
And death, resource of the wretched, was near,
I heard thy bold accents,—when high on his seat,
They shook the proud heart of injustice with
fear !

“ Collected and calm in the soul trying hour,
Firm, firm was thy footstep, nor faltered thy
breath,
Thou smiledst at the utmost exertion of power,
Resignest thy great spirit and triumphest in
death.

“ Oh, Russell ! tho’ high over thy mountain dust,
No sculptor has chiselled thine actions in stone ;
Nor reared the tall column, nor moulded the bust,
To grace the green sod that embosoms my son ;

“ Yet there will the muse in her sorrow recline,
And cull sweetest flow’rets to strew o’er thy
grave ;
The bosom of friendship thy name shall enshrine,
And dwell with delight on the deeds of the
brave.

“ Farewell, blest spirit ! the finger of fame
Has twined her fair chaplet thy brow to adorn ;
In ages to come will she boast of thy name,
And tell thy sad story to millions unborn.”

She ceased to complain—and her harp’s silent
strings
No longer were swept to the numbers of woe,
But rising from earth on the cloud’s fleecy wings,
She heaved a fond sigh for her hero laid low.



TO YOUR TENTS, O ERINS !

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

TUNE—"Bright Phœbus."

Now Erin's horizon begins to look gay,
 And the cloud superstition dissolves fast away,
 The bright beams from Union our atmosphere
 clear,
 And announce the approach of Freedom's first
 year.

In Erin let Union the most cordial abound,
 In Union, bless'd Union, will Freedom be found.

See Union celestial o'er Erin now lies,
 Thro' cities, thro' counties, thro' villages flies ;
 O'er hills now she glides, fills the vales with de-
 light,
 While distinctions forgetting, see Erins unite.
 In Erin let Union, etc.

The social approach fills the traitors with fear,
 And the loud cries for liberty ravish the ear.
 Then Union advance till o'er Erin's green land,
 The sun of her Freedom shall vertical stand.
 To be Free, to be Free, now thro' Erin's the cry,
 For Freedom, sweet Freedom, we'll conquer or
 die.

Your tyrants now hardened and blind to their fate,
 Their oppressions pursue and resistance create ;
 Then, Men to your Tents, now through Erin be
 sung,
 And the harp unadorned to Freedom be strung.
 To your Tents, to your Tents now, O Erins, with
 speed,
 'Till Erin, lov'd Erin, from tyranny's freed.

THE DESTINATION OF COLPOYS' FLEET,
SINCE CHRISTMAS EVE.

TUNE—“*Lullaby.*”

(From “*The Northern Star,*” January, 1797.)

PEACEFUL slumb’ring on the ocean,

Colpoys sees no danger nigh,

Sailing on with gentle motion,

Sees no foreign fleet go by.

Lullaby, etc.

When light airs and summer breezes,

Fill his sails, he lies off Brest,

When foes come out, and north wind freezes,

Swift he flies the inclement West.

Lullaby, etc.

Watch well, then, till they are ready,

Then 'tis time to bid good bye;

For Lisbon, hie boys ! steady, steady !

Now we'll sing a lullaby.

Lullaby, etc.

In the wild tempestuous season,

Tempt not Ireland's iron coast ;

To save poor Paddy, 'tis no reason

English seamen should be lost.

Lullaby, etc.

Snug at Spithead see him anchor,

Safe and sound to port he's gone ;

Thus Great Britain still (we thank her !)

Takes good care of number one.

Lullaby, etc.

Brave admirals of English nation,

Softly slumber ! sweetly sleep !

Hibernian lads will keep their station.

While you are snoring o'er the deep.

Lullaby, etc.

LINES

Supposed to be written the night on which the Union was accomplished, erroneously attributed to Thomas Moore, but written for a certainty, by Thomas Furlong.

OH, Ireland, my country ! the hour
 Of thy pride and thy splendour hath passed ;
 And the chain which was spurned in thy moment
 of power,
 Hangs heavy around thee at last.
 There are marks in the fate of each clime ;
 There are times in the fortune of men ;
 But the changes of realms, and chances of time
 Shall never restore thee again !

Thou art chained to the foot of thy foe
 By links which the world cannot sever ;
 With thy tyrants through storm and through calm
 thou shalt go,
 And thy sentence is * * * * “ Bondage for
 ever ! ! ”
 Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil ;
 Thou art left for the proud to disdain ;
 And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of thy
 soil
 Shall be wasted * * * and wasted in vain.

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken ;
 Thy valour with coldness repaid ;
 And of millions, who see thee thus sunk and for-
 saken,
 Not one shall stand forth in thine aid,
 Among nations thy place is left void ;
 Thou art last in the list of the free ;
 Even realms by the plague and the earthquake
 destroyed
 May revive * * * but no hope is for thee !

SLUMBERING IRELAND.

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

'TWAS evening—the noise of a beautiful river
 Attracted my ear while I view'd the far west ;
 The sharp passing breeze made the poor lab'rer
 shiver,
 Who had laboured twelve hours, and sat down
 to rest :—
 Beneath a close thorn that diffus'd fragrance finely,
 Fair Susan, so charming, sat singing divinely—
 Will my country ne'er wake ? will she still sleep
 supinely ?
 Ah, when will Hibernia with freedom be blest ?

But th' enchantment is broke, and the whole Irish
 nation
 In union and friendship are firmly combined,
 For the good of the country, and Ireland's salva-
 tion ;
 No courtier's dark dealings can fetter the mind.
 Arise from your trance !—Old Hibernia for ever,
 Arise from your slumbers, advance and be clever,
 And, like rays from the sun, dart forth and de-
 liver
 Your brothers and children from fell tyranny.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY; OR, DERMOT'S DELIGHT.

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

TUNE—"Patrick's Day in the Morning."

This song, I am informed by Charles Teeling, was written by Thomas Stott, a rich linen bleacher of Dromore, in Ulster, who wrote a great deal of poetry in the *Northern Star*, and popular magazines, under the signature of Hafix. He was a great friend of Dr. Percy, bishop of Dromore, to whose memory he erected a monument in his bleach-green. He set out in his political and poetical career as a violent republican and reviler of priests and parsons. Like all violent men, he was a man whose steadiness of principles and steadfastness of opinion was not to be depended on. He got frightened in 1798, abandoned his patriotic views and took to writing diatribes against the French, and eulogiums on kings and renowned warriors of theirs. Byron has immortalized his talents in this line in his "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers."

Stott published, in 1825, a volume of poems entitled "Songs of Dear Elra." In this volume all his rebellious songs were omitted, and various ones of an extravagantly loyal kind were inserted. Sonnets are found there addressed to Sir Richard Musgrave and the Duke of Wellington. That to Musgrave begins thus—

"O Musgrave, whether Percy's favourite bowers,
Th' historic muse, companion of thy way." . . .

The one to Wellington commences thus—

"Warrior, for thee I twine this little wreath,
An humble off'ring from a friendly muse." . . .

The red-hot democrat of 1793 and onwards to 1798, who reviled kings and priests, was the author of those puling sycophantic sonnets to Musgrave and Wellington, published in 1825. I have departed in this instance from my determination of omitting songs of an impious

character, for the purpose of showing up the author of one of the worst of them.

As Teague and his comrade were digging potatoes,

One fine morning, lately unclouded and gay,
Says Dermot to Teague, "Let us not over-rate
us,

And I'll tell you fine news that I heard yester-
day.

Sure a wonderful hubbub has happened in France,
boy ;

Neither king, lord, nor priest, there they value
a straw—

But all ranks to the tune of equality dance, boy ;

O, it does my heart good just to hear how they
prance, boy,

Round liberty's tree night and morning.

" Bold Bobadil Brunswick and Fred'rick of Prus-
sia—

With emigrant princes—a runagate crew,

Egg'd on by the Pope and the Empress of Russia,
Had swore that they'd make them their merri-
ment rue.

So (glunta me, Teague) without any formality,

They march'd into France their design to
fulfil—

But they met a reception from these common-
ality,

Not at all to the liking of such high-bred
quality,

For all their bravadoes and scorning.

" Thus cool'd, now the hot-headed heroes re-
pented

Their hatred of liberty led them so far ;

To get out of the scrape they were all well con-
tent'd,

For the thought it was vain against freedom to
war.

Then they strove to retreat—when a dismal disaster

Those ill-fated dupes of ambition befel—
By fatigue and disease, want of food and of pasture,

In their camp men and horses die faster and faster—

To tyrants a terrible warning !

“ Mean time at their heels like a tempest came thund’ring,

Old Kellerman, Jourdain, and brave Dugomier;
Whilst each puny despot fled trembling—and wond’ring,

That nothing could stop their triumphant career.

Strong fortresses yield to their arm in a crack, boy,

That cost many a long and a bloody campaign !
For the governors fear’d to withstand their attack, boy,

As they found their own people still ready to back, boy.

The friends of mankind night and morning.

“ More and more may the tree of French liberty flourish,

And shield with its branches the nations around,
Soon may all the poor slaves that to tyranny turish,
Restor’d to their rights, with its blessings be crown’d !

May poor Ireland, (I hope, Teague, the wish is no treason),

Whose shamrocks her foes have so long trodden down,

Spring up to the rank of political reason,
Before the potato be blossomed next season--

Her sinew, support and adorning !

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

TUNE—“*God Save the King.*”

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

God save the rights of man !
Give him a heart to scan
Blessings so dear !
Let them be spread around,
Wherever man is found,
And with the welcome sound
 Ravish his ear !

Godlike and great the strife,
 Life will indeed be life,
 When we prevail :
 Death in so just a cause,
 Crowns us with loud applause,
 And from tyrannic laws,
 Bids us all hail !

O'er the tyrannic pow'rs,
 Big indignation low'rs,
 Ready to fall !
 Let the rude savage host,
 In their long numbers boast,
 Freedom's our mighty trust,
 Spite of them all.

Fame ! let thy trumpet sound,
 Tell to the world around,
 Frenchmen are free.
 Tell ribbands, crowns, and stars,
 Kings, traitors, troops and wars,
 Plans, councils, plots and jars,
 We will be free.

God save the rights of man,
 Give him a heart to scan !
 Blessings so dear ;
 Let them be spread around,
 Wherever man is found ;
 And with the welcome sound
 Ravish his ear !

THE STANDARD OF FREEDOM.

TUNE—“*Derry Down.*”(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

UNFOLD, father Time, thy long records, unfold,
 Of noble achievements accomplish’d of old ;
 When men, by the standard of liberty led,
 Undauntedly conquer’d or cheerfully bled.

Derry down, etc.

But know ’midst the triumph these moments re-
 veal,
 Their glories shall fade, and their lustre turn pale ;
 While France rises up and confirms the decree,
 That tears off her chains, and bids millions be free.

Derry down, etc.

As spring to the fields, or as dew to the flower,
 To the earth parch’d with heat, as the soft drop-
 ping shower ;
 As health to the wretch that lies languid and wan,
 Or, as rest to the weary—is freedom to man.

Derry down, etc.

Where freedom the light of her countenance gives,
 There only he revels, there only he lives,
 Seize then the glad moment, and hail the decree
 That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.

Derry down, etc.

Too long had oppression and terror entwined
 Those fancy-formed chains that enslave the free
 mind ;
 Whilst dark superstition, with nature at strife,
 Had locked up for ages the fountains of life.

Derry down, etc.

But the demons are fled, the delusion is past,
 And reason and virtue have conquered at last ;
 Seize then the glad moment, and hail the decree,
 That bids millions rejoice, and a nation be free.

Derry down, etc.

France ! we share in the rapture thy bosom that
 fills,

Whilst the spirit of liberty bounds o'er thy hills ;
 Redundant henceforth may the purple juice flow
 Prouder wave thy green woods, and thine olive
 trees grow.

Derry down, etc.

For thy brows, may the hand of philosophy twine
 Blest emblems ! the myrtle, the olive, and vine ;
 And heaven, thro' ages, confirms the decree,
 That tears off thy chains, and bids millions be
 free.

Derry down, etc.

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THE HEARTY FELLOW'S DELIGHT.

TUNE—“*Cruiskeen Lawn.*”

(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

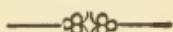
LET farmers praise their grounds,
 And sportsmen praise their hounds,
 And shepherds their dew-scented lawns ;
 But we more blithe than they,
 Spend each happy night and day,
 O'er our smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

Let doctors praise their health,
 And misers praise their wealth ;
 Repent, cries the prelate in lawn ;
 But if the whole were hanged,
 We'll not part while we can stand,
 From our smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

The mighty Thomas Paine,
 Who freedom did maintain ;
 With energy of reason and of sense,
 Was as stupid as an ass,
 Till first he took a glass,
 Then truth sprung from his cruiskeen lawn.

The patriotic French,
 Before they advanced an inch,
 Against the detested Bastile,
 Had filled each cup and can,
 To the glorious rights of man,
 And they quaffed them off in cruiskeen lawn.

Then fill your glasses high,
 Let's not part with lips so dry,
 Though the lark should proclaim the new dawn,
 Since here we can't remain,
 May we shortly meet again,
 To take another cruiskeen lawn.



THE MARSEILLES MARCH.

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

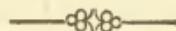
This Song was sung by J. Hope, going to Antrim, and all the people joined in the chorus.

YE sons of France, awake to glory,
 Hark ! what myriads bid you rise !
 Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
 Behold their tears, and hear their cries !
 Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
 With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
 Affright and desolate the land,
 While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding !
 To arms, to arms, ye brave,
 Th' avenging sword unsheathe,
 March on, march on, all hearts resolved
 On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
 Which treach'rous kings, confederate, raise ;
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And lo ! our towns and cities blaze !
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 In crimes and blood his hands embruing !
 To arms, ye brave, etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air,
 Like beasts of burden would they load us ;
 Like gods, would bid their slaves adore ;
 But man is man, and who is more ?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us ?
 To arms, ye brave, etc.

O Liberty ! can man resign thee !
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame ?
 Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame ?
 Too long the world hath wept bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, ye brave, etc.



THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

TUNE—"General Wolfe."
 (From "Paddy's Resource.")

O'ER the vine-cover'd hills and gay regions of
 France,
 See the day-star of liberty rise !
 Thro' the clouds of detraction, unwearied advance,
 And hold its new course thro' the skies.

An effulgence so mild, with a lustre so bright,
 All Europe with wonder surveys ;
 And from deserts of darkness, and dungeons of
 night,
 Contends for a share of the blaze.

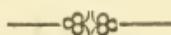
Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendour retire,
 A lustre too strong for his eyes,
 Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,
 Entrapped in his cobwebs, like flies :
 Shall frenzy and sophistry hope to prevail
 Where reason opposes her weight ?
 When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,
 And the balance yet trembles with fate ?

Ah ! who 'midst the horrors of night would abide,
 That can taste the pure breezes of morn ?
 Or who, that has drank of the crystalline tide,
 To the feculent flood would return !
 When the bosom of beauty the throbbing heart
 meets,
 Ah ! who can the transport decline ?
 Or who, that has tasted of liberty's sweets,
 The prize, but with life would resign ?

But 'tis over—high heav'n the decision approves—
 Oppression has struggled in vain :
 To the hell she has formed superstition removes ;
 And tyranny bites his own chain.
 In the records of time a new era unfolds,—
 All nature exults in its birth—
 His creation benign, the Creator beholds,
 And gives a new charter to earth.

O catch its high import, ye winds, as ye blow !
 O bear it, ye waves, as ye roll !
 From regions that feel the sun's vertical glow,
 To the farthest extremes of the pole.

Equal rights, equal laws, to the nations around,
 Peace and friendship, its precepts impart !
 And wherever the footsteps of man shall be found,
 May he bind the decree on his heart.



DEMANDING FREEDOM.

TUNE—“*Dusky Night.*”

(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

No longer lost in shades of night,
 Where late in chains we lay,
 The sun arises, and his light
 Dispels our gloom away,

Demanding freedom all !
 While kings combine,
 We’ll boldly join,
 Nor cease till tyrants fall.

No longer blind, and proud to lie
 In slavery profound ;
 But for redress aloud we cry,
 And tyrants hear the sound,
 Demanding freedom all, etc.

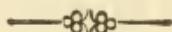
The pomp of courts no more engage ;
 The magic spell is broke,
 We hail the bright reforming age,
 And cast away the yoke.
 Demanding freedom all, etc.

Our substance and our blood no more,
 So tamely shall we yield ;
 Nor quit like slaves our native shore,
 To deck the monster’s field.
 But demanding freedom all, etc.

The rotten lumber of the land,
 The courtly pensioned train,
 Shall hear their sentence, and disband,
 As we our rights regain,
 Thus demanding freedom all, etc.

The mitred villain as he rolls
 In luxury and lust,
 He blinds and robs the silly fools
 Committed to his trust.
 Demanding freedom all, etc.

Amused no more with empty lies
 Of bliss we never knew ;
 The traitors drop, the people rise,
 And closely them pursue.
 Demanding freedom all, etc.



THE RED NIGHT CAP.

TUNE—“*Derry Down.*”

(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

This song first appeared in London, and was copied into “*The Northern Star*” of the 29th September, 1794, with this heading : “The following most excellent song by the celebrated Captain Morriss, an Irishman, was published in London on Monday last.” In the “*Star*” no less than 25 verses are given. In “*Paddy’s Resource,*” the number is judiciously restricted to seven.

SURE, master John Bull, I shan’t know ’till I’m dead,
 Where the devil you’re driving to, heels over head,
 Troth, I’ve watched you, my dear, day and night
 like a cat ;
 And bad luck to myself if I know what you’re at.
 Derry down, down, Derry down.

But the reason you waste all this blood and this gold,
 Is a secret they say, that can never be told ;
 To be sure, for such secrets my tongue is not fit,
 For I can't keep it still without speaking a bit.
 Derry down.

But your foes, my dear John, say your brains are
 of lead,
 That the fog of your island's ne'er out of your
 head ;
 That alike you misjudge of good measures or bad,
 And are stupidly drowsy or wilfully mad.
 Derry down.

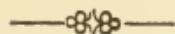
By my soul, John, I've studied your nature
 awhile,
 And I think, when they say so, they don't miss a
 mile ;
 The world's wide, to be sure, but as intellects go,
 You're as clumsy and bother'd a beast as I know.
 Derry down.

Don't you think it's a pretty political touch,
 To keep shooting your gold in the dams of the
 Dutch ?
 Sending troops to be swamped, where they can't
 draw their breath ;
 And buying a load of fresh taxes with death.
 Derry down.

Then comes the account, John, and faith, to be
 frank,
 'The cost is unbounded ; the credit—a blank !
 'Tis a right Flemish bargain, where all you can
 claim,
 Is a plentiful balance of—taxes and shame.
 Derry down.

A while your brave tars, the great prop of your state,
 Have, by glory and conquest, John, put off your fate ;
 But if ever on French decks the shouts of victory roar,
 The crown's a red night-cap—and Britain's no more !

Derry down, down, Derry down.



THE CARMAGNOLES.

AIR—"Daintie Davie."

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

'TWAS in the year of ninety-three,
 The French did plant an olive tree,
 An emblem of great liberty,
 And patriots danced around it.
 The tools of murder, near and far,
 The sons of freedom thought to scar ;
 But Gallia taught new modes of war—
 The tocsin it was sounded.

For was I not oft telling thee
 The French could fight right heartily ?
 That Carmagnoles would make you flee,
 But you would never mind me.

In ninety-four a new campaign
 The tools of darkness did maintain ;
 But fame's bright sons soon formed in train,
 And soon their foes confounded :
 They gave to Flanders liberty—
 They dealt their shot so frank and free,
 The Dutch and Austrians home did flee,
 And left the Duke surrounded.

For was not I, etc.

On June the first, two fleets at sea
 Did drub each other heartily,
 While each side claimed the victory,
 And triumphed in their slaughter.

Jean Bon Saint Andre was the boy
 That fought and saved the French convoy--
 John Bull rang all his bells for joy,
 Which caused the French much laughter.

For was not I, etc.

Now see the great Batavian line,
 Emancipate, with France combine.
 May laurels green around them shine,
 And may their sons long wear them !
 May ev'ry tyrant shake with dread,
 And tremble for his guilty head ;
 May foolish toys in dust be laid,
 And no man longer wear them.

For was not I, etc.

Old church and king, in close embrace,
 The burthen of the human race,
 The people tell you to your face,
 That you will soon repent it ;
 For, kings in power, and preaching drones,
 The source of all our heavy groans,
 Down from your pulpits and your thrones
 You'll tumble unlamented.

For was I not oft telling thee
 The French could fight right heartily ?
 The Carmagnoles have made you flee
 So you may now believe me.

INJURED FREEDOM.

TUNE—"Duncan Davidson."

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

Now the fields and every grove,
 Re-assume their green attire,
 And the melting voice of love
 Echoes through the woodland choir.

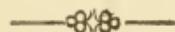
Hoary-bearded winter's fled,
 Now his roaring blasts are mute ;
 Cheerful shepherds o'er the glade,
 Gently wake the plaintive flute.

Sweetly sounds the tinkling rill,
 Flowing through the flowery vale,
 Whilst the notes of many a bill,
 Float along the trembling gale.

To the blooming heath at morn,
 See unnumbered flocks repair,
 Whilst beneath the budding thorn
 Colin tunes his rustic air.

Bloom, ye woodlands—pipe, ye swains !
 (Charms of nature—charms of art)—
 But, alas ! your sweetest strains
 Cheer no more my pensive heart.

Injured freedom veils her face—
 Loveliest goddess of the sky !
 Ah ! ye woodland warblers, cease—
 Ah ! ye swains, lament and sigh !



ADVICE TO HIBERNIANS.

TUNE—“*Dusky Night.*”(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

WHERE Freedom spreads her banner forth,
 And bids her sons all join,
 Why should not we, like men of worth,
 Make haste to form the line,
 And banish tyranny,
 And banish tyranny ?
 But ere we can our rights regain,
 We must united be.

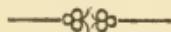
The trying period is at hand,
 Which must decide the cause,
 Whether we’ll free our native land,
 Or yield to tyrants’ laws.
 Then Freedom’s sons beware,
 Then Freedom’s sons beware,
 And ne’er to great achievements run,
 Till you yourselves prepare.

Pray who is yon with crownèd head,
 And sceptre in his hand ?
 Has he the earth and mankind made,
 That he should them command ?
 No ;—reason tells us plain,
 No ;—reason tells us plain,
 Of dust and ashes he is made—
 All mankind are the same.

Why should an ornament of pride,
 Or a high-sounding name,
 The rights of man for ever hide,
 And rob him of the same ?
 But the delusion’s past,
 But the delusion’s past,
 The veil is drawn, the monster has
 Appear’d to view at last.

Then let us calmly wait the time,
 And strike the final blow—
 To punish traitors for their crimes,
 And lay the tyrants low.

Hail ! then, Hibernia's isle,
 Hail ! then, Hibernia's isle,
 Thy gloomy night is near an end—
 'The day begins to smile.



COALITION.

TUNE—“*Anacreon in Heaven.*”

To old Satan in hell, as he sat in full glee,
 The combin'd Kings of Europe late sent a petition,
 That he their assistant and patron would be,
 So he promis'd his aid, and made this the condition,

Sound the trumpet of war,
 Scatter death and despair,

And the torches of hell round your footsteps shall
 glare,
 While combin'd in one cause we support the great
 plan,
 To blast ev'ry blessing and comfort of man.

The news thro' the regions of Lucifer flew,
 When those demons of darkness rose up in a
 riot,
 Saying, “If kings are permitted their schemes to
 pursue,
 We all may as well fold our arms and sit quiet ;
 For surely our aim
 And theirs are the same,
 To spread thro' the earth discord's wide-wasting
 flame,
 While combin'd in one cause, we'll support that
 great plan,
 To destroy every comfort and blessing of man.

“For what more can be left for us devils to do,
 Since these kings set on man to destroy one
 another ?
 Whilst the slaves of their nod and their cursed
 orders pursue,
 Each hand is imbrued in the blood of a brother;
 Whilst the wild shrieks of pain
 Spread wide o'er the plain,
 Even carnage is drunk with the blood of the slain;
 What needs then our efforts to further the plan,
 To blast ev'ry blessing and comfort of man ?”

Now, friends of mankind, let us join hand in hand,
 Bid those demons return to the place whence
 they came,
 Let each man behold but his brother in man ;
 Tho' the ocean divides, nature still is the same ;
 Let discord no more
 Bid the trumpet to roar ;
 Let peace spread her branches to each distant
 shore ;
 Heav'n itself shall assist the benevolent plan,
 And Erin shall bloom for the comfort of man.

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DEAR ERIN LEFT BEHIND ME.

TUNE—“*The Girl I left behind me.*”

(From “Paddy’s Resource.”)

To part the shore my spirit fails,
 With whit’ning foams surrounded,
 To view the transport’s spreading sails,
 And billows dashing round us.
 But when I view the parting strand,
 The tears fall down and blind me,
 When I think on that lovely land,
 Dear Erin left behind me.

United bands of patriots,
 To cowardice be strangers ;
 Let no timid thoughts incline your hearts
 To shrink from Erin's dangers.
 An Irishman to shrink from death !
 Let no such thoughts incline me,
 To quit the land that gave me birth,
 Dear Erin left behind me.

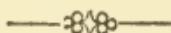
Should pleasure on the Scottish shore
 With balmy lips embrace me,
 Or fortune raise, above the poor,
 In life or station place me ;
 My thoughts should still through Erin roam,
 While memory could remind me
 Of parents, brethren, friends and home,
 In Erin left behind me.

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YE brethren, sons of Erin's isle,
 Look on your common mother,
 Regard her fond maternal smile,
 Unite with one another.
 And when kind fortune hoists the flag,
 Mark well the hand that raised it,
 To make the fortress firm and strong,
 That tyrants dare not seize it.

But for the cause of freedom still
 I'll make great supplication,
 In hopes that soon we'll hear the news
 Of a glorious reformation.
 That here on earth may still remain,
 Now, henceforth, and for ever,
 To be United Irishmen !
 For all those things endeavour.

Then, fare thee well, unhappy land,
 I hear thy voice ascending
 To a wicked, ruthless, savage band,
 Who scourg'd the unoffending.
 Ruler of Nations, hear my prayer,
 And grant a retribution,
 And may we ere another year
 Have an Irish Constitution !



FLY TO ARMS—BRAVE THE FIELD.

TUNE—“*The Wandering Sailor.*”

Now, suffering Erin, cease to sigh,
 A period's to your sorrows nigh ;
 The anguish of your breast restrain,
 For freedom lost, for patriots slain,
 But let your country's wrongs inspire
 Heroic deeds and martial fire.

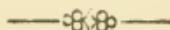
When deep reflections bitter press,
 For patriots banished their distress,
 When you their pangs in fancy feel,
 For kindred dear, for Erin's weal.
 Then let your country's cause inspire
 Heroic deeds and martial fire.

When licens'd base informers talk,
 And poison all the social walk,
 When treason's tortur'd from the sigh,
 And but to murmur is to die.
 Then each tender thought beguile
 Till freedom shall on Erin smile.

When without crime at tyrant's will,
 The purest men your dungeons fill,
 For you they suffer, nor complain,
 For you they hug the galling chain.
 Then dastardly no longer stand,
 But free your patriots—free your land.

When you behold your village burn,
 Or to the bleeding peasants turn ;
 When virgin screams assail your ears,
 The houseless child, and mother's tears ;
 Then all the softer feelings spurn,
 And for revenge and glory burn.

When cruel laws and perjur'd breath
 Doom Erin's hapless sons to death,
 And when on martyr'd Orr you think !
 Then cease your briny tears to drink,
 No more to female weakness yield,
 But fly to arms, and brave the field.



THE DIVINE RIGHT OF THE MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE.

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

WHEN first th' Almighty formed the world,
 And peopled thick the fertile ball,
 His sacred banner He unfurl'd,
 And liberty, dear liberty proclaimed to all.

He gave no king tyrannic sway,
 In chains He bid no captive groan,
 He bade not millions one obey,
 Nor made that gaudy toy—a crown.

The beasts in freedom rang'd the grove,
 Unceas'd the warblers cut the air ;
 For all was harmony and love
 Since liberty, sweet nymph, was there.

Not then, not then the ruffian shield and spear
 Encircled the usurper's throne ;
 Man's equal rights each man held dear,
 For justice, equal justice, ruled alone.

Man, you were equal made by heaven,
 Your equal birth-right, liberty,
 Dare to assert the boon thus given
 Since heaven commands you to be free.

Should tyrants e'er your rights invade,
 Crush at a blow the serpent brood,
 Upon their necks indignant tread,
 And found your freedom in their blood.

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SAINT PATRICK'S DELIGHT.

TUNE—"Moll Roe."

(From "Paddy's Resource.")

Oh ! if you have a mind to gain freedom,
 Go travel the globe all around ;
 But the like of the old Irish nation,
 In a corner is scarce to be found.
 Oh ! there you will find true hospitality,
 Whiskey and friendship *galore* ;
 With "Erin go bragh" on green ribbons,
 The ladies so much do adore.
 Musha whack, etc.

Was it not for our heavy oppressions,
 How happy and snug would we be ?
 Our land is so fertile and pleasant—
 No poor at our doors we would see ;
 But our brave Irish heroes now feel it—
 They surely will give it a blow ;
 With an Irish shillelagh we'll twist them—
 Huzza ! we will banish each foe.
 Musha whack, etc.

Oh ! St. Patrick he was a true patriot,
 He made us an island of saints,
 Driving off all obnoxious invaders,
 And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints.
 When yet I remind our ancestors,
 The sons of the great O's and Mac's,
 Who virtuously fought for our country,
 And never once turned their backs.
 Musha whack, etc.

You ladies, true friends to Hibernia,
 The rights of Ierne maintain ;
 Futurity's history will mention
 Your actions of honour and fame !
 The genius of Ireland defend you,
 May freedom soon brighten the day,
 May her radiance to liberty guide you,
 And shield you from harm, I pray.
 Musha whack, etc.

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THE BRITISH BACCHANALS.

TUNE—“*Green Grow the Rashes, O.*”

This Song was printed in Belfast, in the printing office of Samuel Neilson. Charles Teeling tells me he happened to enter the office when it was printing, and strongly objected to the words in the original, in the third line—“Popish Temple,” whereupon Samuel Neilson substituted for them the word “Bastiles.” I think it right to give the song, though a miserable specimen of trashy republicanism, to show the kind of liberalism that prevailed in the North.

WHEN Frenchmen first attack'd the crown,
 And turned it topsy-turvy, O,
 They knocked all cursèd *Bastiles* down—
 The trick was cursèd scurvy, O,

'Twas then we all took arms to fight,
 To bring them to their senses, O ;
 But still the rogues maintain their right,
 While we pay all expenses, O !

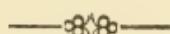
Push about the glasses, O !
 Push about the glasses, O !
 For what care we how things go on,
 While blushing nectar passes, O !

When Englishmen first went to war,
 In thousands how we gathered 'em,
 And sent 'em o'er to Flanders far !
 But there the Frenchmen leathered 'em.
 Then Leopold's all conqu'ring son
 Led countless hoards to slaughter them,
 Who made the ragged rascals run—
 But well-a-day, 'twas after them !
 Push about the glasses, O.—etc.

E'en let your snarlers take their scope,
 We'll prove old England civil, O ;
 She'll fight for either Turk or Pope,
 Or their good friend the devil, O !
 Nor care we, if the war should yet
 Continue years full twenty, O ;
 'Cause people all so saucy get,
 When these have peace and plenty, O .
 Push about the glasses, O.—etc.

Those men, we find, can battle well,
 Whom once we counted monkeys, O ;
 And by a kind of magic magic spell
 Have proved their foes but donkeys, O !
 Yet, still these vengeful pests of kings,
 Pursue the German eagle, O .
 And have so clipt his gaudy wings,
 He hardly now looks regal, O !
 Push about the glasses, O.—etc.

If grunters henceforth dare to brag
 Of liberty or reason, O,
 We'll then apply our new state gag,
 And tuck 'em up for treason, O !
 Then let us all carouse and drink ;
 For till affairs grow riper, O,
 Folks must not say, tho' they may think
 That Johnny pays the piper, O !
 Push about the glasses, O.—etc.



THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TUNE—“ *Merrily Danced the Quaker.*”

Go on, brave prince—increase your debts,
 They'll be all reimbursed,
 So many friends do you support,
 The rest are easy forced.
 Go on, I say, advance your cause,
 You'll soon come to the Crown, sir,
 And then with wars and luxury
 You'll make my pot boil brown, sir.
 Yet merrily will the people dance,
 And merrily will they caper,
 Merrily will they all rejoice,
 When freed from such a creature.

An honour to the land you're sure,
 To have in it blood royal ;
 And tho' the peasant toils for you,
 He's hanged if not quite loyal.
 Why then should God's anointed band
 In luxury be bounded ?—
 Then throw the public wealth away,
 As if the nation found it.
 Yet merrily, etc.

When men for liberty shall call,
 You must like asses load them,
 And then the smoother they will go
 When you incline to goad them :
 They'll cry you're then a mighty prince,
 A noble benefactor,
 And pliant to your will they'll be,
 As if you were protector.
 Yet merrily, etc.

But now as to your king-chance, sir,
 Indeed I would not buy it,
 Or if I had it in my power,
 I would not like to try it.
 I would as soon a tinker be,
 And buckle on my budget,
 As live upon the starving poor,
 And hear mankind begrudge it.
 Yet merrily, etc.

Farewell, great, noble, royal sir—
 Your titles I've forgot them ;
 But if I had them in my power,
 I certainly would rot them ;—
 By me, indeed you should be praised,
 Likewise your royal dad, sir,
 For by his wars, and your excess,
 I've got a fat church-yard, sir.
 Yet merrily will the people dance,
 And merrily will they caper,
 Merrily will they all rejoice,
 When freed from such a creature.

HIBERNIA'S HARP STRUNG BY LIBERTY.

TUNE—“*Lashed to the Helm.*”

This song, though inserted in the Belfast reprint of “Paddy’s Resource,” of 1840, is not to be found in the early editions of 1798 and 1803.

SWEET freedom, on celestial wing,
O’er every clime new bliss now sing,
Let every bard proclaim thy fame,
Immortal as thy deathless name.

From shore to shore,
Truth evermore,
Our ardent youths inspire,
Till virtue’s school,
Supreme shall rule,
And all with freedom fire.

Hibernia’s harp indignant lay,
And cursed with every string the day,
And mourned her dearest birthright lost,
When despots landed on her coast.

Her harp shall be
By liberty
Soon turned to freedom’s sound ;
Her sons agree,
They will be free,
And put their tyrants down.

’Midst iron bolts and galling chains,
The patriot’s virtue still remains,
His soul defies the Bastile’s walls,
And on his bleeding country calls,
To crush that power,
That galls each hour,
And drive it from the land ;
Be this our aim,
And highest fame,
Till all join hand and hand.

"EQUALITY."

(From *The Northern Star*, July 10, 1793.)

The theoretical lovers of equality have not always been practical lovers of honesty. The following clever lines, on equality, are given in *The Star* as original ones; they are stolen, however, from the French, and are very inferior in merit to those of the French author. In a volume, in manuscript, which I purchased in Lisbon, entitled "La Guide des Veillards dans le Chemin du Salut avec des serieux reflexions sur les miseres humaines et sur la Mort, Par un Tributaire a la Mort, 1709," I find the identical piece styled Equality, in *The Northern Star*.

Je revois cette nuit, qu'on m'avoit assommé,
 Et qu' à coté d'un gueux on m'avoit inhumé,
 Moi ne pouvant souffrir ce facheux voisinage
 En mort de qualité, je lui tiens ce langage,
 Retire toi Coquin ! va pourir loin d'ici,
 Il ne t' appartien ne pas de m'approcher ainsi !

Orgueilleux me dit il, d'un arrogance extreme,
 Va chercher tes coquins aileurs !—coquin toi meme,
 Tout est ici égal et je ne te dois rien,
 Je suis sur mon fumier ! comme toi sur le tien.

This is perfect in its kind—it is only surprising that when so much bad French politics were honestly translated in *The Star*, that a little good French poetry should not have been also.

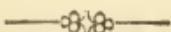
I DREAMT, that buried with my fellow clay,
 Close by a common beggar's side I lay,
 And as so mean an object shocked my pride,
 Thus like a corpse of consequence I cried :
 "Scoundrel ! begone, and henceforth touch me not,
 More manners learn, and at a distance rot."
 "Scoundrel"—then, with a haughty tone cried he :
 "Proud lump of earth ! I scorn thy words and
 thee,
 Here all are equal, now thy case is mine,
 This is my rotting place, and that is thine."

THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

(From *The Press*, November 2, 1797.)

COURAGE is always gentle and humane,
 Speaks little of itself, is never vain ;
 Slowly provoked, and easily appeased,
 And by increasing danger, higher raised.
 Tho' mild, yet firm, not violent, yet warm
 With strength of passion, but without the storm ;
 'Tis nerve of body and of soul combined,
 The lion's heart by honour's sense confined :
 Now here's the cap : but whom pray will it fit on ?
 Not on your swagg'ring, modern, ancient Briton.

CLODPOLE.



ODE TO THE DRUM.

(From *The Northern Star*, May 8, 1793.)

I HATE the drum's discordant sound
 Parading round, and round, and round ;
 To thoughtless youth, it pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities and from fields,
 To sell their liberty for charms,
 Of tawd'ry lace and glittering arms,
 And when ambition's voice commands,
 To march and fight and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound
 Parading round, and round, and round ;
 To me it talks of ravaged plains,
 And burning towns and ruined swains ;
 And mangled limbs, and orphan's moans,
 And all that misery's hand bestows,
 To swell the catalogue of human woes.

THE GAY DAWN OF FREEDOM.

TUNE—“*The Washer-woman.*”(From “*Paddy’s Resource.*”)

COME, rouse, sons of freedom ! no more let us mourn,
 Nor bedew with our tears hallow’d liberty’s urn,
 As if her blest influence no more would return,
 For in spite of all tyrants we’ll sing Ca Ira.

The gay dawn of freedom shall yet gild the light
 And spread through Europe a splendour so bright,
 That the nations, exulting, shall hail the new light,
 And all join in the chorus of Ah ! Ca Ira !

Too long has a gloom overspread this fair isle,
 Whilst the poor wearied people, enfeebled by toil,
 Sought in vain the mild influence of liberty’s
 smile,
 To cheer their hard labours with Ah ! Ca Ira.
 The gay dawn of freedom, etc.

Yet the sire of the village transported shall see
 His children, friends, neighbours, all happy and
 free,
 Whilst his grandchildren prattling shall climb o’er
 his knee,
 And lisp out the heart-cheering sound, Ca Ira.
 The gay dawn of freedom, etc.

Nor shall those any more who have dared to main-
 tain
 The rights of the people in sorrow and pain,
 Drag, midst convicts and felons, the hard galling
 chain,
 But spite of oppressors they’ll sing Ca Ira.
 The gay dawn of freedom, etc.

Then the feelings of nature once more shall return—
 In each breast the pure flame of affection shall burn,
 Nor shall Europe command the poor negro to mourn,
 But all shall be free to sing Ah ! Ca Ira.
 The gay dawn of freedom, etc.

For freedom, indignant, shall yet burst her tomb,
 And liberty's magic dispel the dark gloom,
 Assisted by freedom, shall youth's gayest bloom
 All rouse to the chorus of Ah ! Ca Ira.
 The gay dawn of freedom, etc.

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THE PLACEMAN AND PENSIONER'S ADDRESS TO THE SWINISH MULTITUDE.

TUNE—“*Derry Down.*”

(From “*Paddy's Resource.*”)

YE vile swinish herd, in the sty of taxation,
 What would you be after disturbing the nation !
 Give over your grumbling—be off—to your sty !
 Nor dare to look out if a king should pass by.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Do you know what a king is ?—by Patrick I tell you ;
 He has power in his pocket to buy you and sell you ;
 To make you his soldiers, or keep you to work,
 To hang you, or cure you, for ham or salt pork.

Derry down, etc.

Do you think that a king is no more than a man ?
 Ye Irish, ye swinish ironical clan !
 I swear by his office his right is divine,
 To flog you, and feed you, and treat you like
 swine.

Derry down, etc.

To be sure I have said—but I spoke it abrupt,
 That the State is defective, and also corrupt :
 Yet, remember I told you with caution to peep,
 For swine at a distance we prudently keep.

Derry down, etc.

Now the Church and the State, to keep each other
 warm,

Are married together, pray where is the harm ?
 How healthy and wealthy are husband and wife !
 But swine are excluded the conjugal life.

Derry down, etc.

“What use do we make of your money ?” you say,
 By the first law of nature—we take our own pay,
 And next on our friends a few pensions bestow,
 And to you we apply when our treasure runs low.

Derry down, etc.

What know you of commons, of kings, or of lords,
 But what the dim light of taxation affords ?
 Be contented with that, and no more of your rout,
 Or a new proclamation will muzzle your snout.

Derry down, etc.

And now for the sun, or the light of the day,
 “It doth not belong to a Pitt,” you will say—
 I tell you be silent and hush all your jars,
 Or he’ll charge you a farthing a-piece for the stars.

Derry down, etc.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

A brief and authentic account of the controversy respecting the authorship of the Song entitled "The Exile of Erin."

BY R. R. MADDEN.

I SHALL commence the subject of the inquiry by placing before my readers the two lyrical pieces which are the occasion of it ; both are written to the air of "Savourneen Deelish," the national air of Ireland, *par excellence*, and the most plaintive of all its melodies.

The earliest entitled "The Exiled Irishman's Lamentation," was written about the year 1792 or 1793, by George Nugent Reynolds, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient family in the County of Leitrim, and a man of poetical talents of considerable merits.

The other song, entitled "The Exile of Erin," Mr. Thomas Campbell has stated to me he composed in the latter part of 1800, or the spring of 1801, at Altona, near Hamburg.

In 1836, shortly after a conversation with Campbell on the subject of this notice, I showed a copy of the scarce original publication entitled "Paddy's Resource," printed in 1798, to my friend Dr William James MacNevin of New York, and pointed out to him the song of George Nugent Reynolds. I also observed to him that in the later edition of the same collection of songs without date or place of publication but concluding with a song called "Jemmy O'Brien's Minuet," in allusion to O'Brien's recent execution, which took place in 1800, that edition could not have been published prior to 1800, and in all probability must have appeared previously to Robert Emmet's attempt, in May, 1803, and in it we find the song

entitled "The Exile of Erin," beginning with the words "There came to the beach," (not published in the previous edition) following the song of G. N. Reynolds—"The Exiled Irishman's Lamentation." The day following my conversation with Dr. MacNevin, with my consent the doctor published the two songs in question in "*The Green Banner*" newspaper of New York, from my copy of them in the second edition of "Paddy's Resource."

THE EXILED IRISHMAN'S LAMENT.

AIR—"Savourneen Dheelish."*

GREEN were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, O ;
 Erin ma vourneen slan leat go bragh !†
 Tho' our farm it was small, yet comfort we felt, O,
 Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh !
 At length came the day when our lease did expire,
 And fain would I live where before lived my sire,
 But ah ! well-a-day ! I was forced to retire,
 Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh !

Tho' all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I pass, O,
 Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh !
 Aggrandized no great man—and I felt it, alas, O,
 Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh !
 Forced from my home, yea, from where I was born,
 To range the wide world—poor, helpless, forlorn,
 I look back with regret, and my heart strings are torn,
 Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh !

With principles pure, patriotic and firm,
 Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh !
 Attached to my country, a friend to reform,
 Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh !

* This Song was written at the time of the Armagh Persecutions in 1795, after the Battle of the Diamond.

† Ireland, my darling, for ever adieu !

I supported old Ireland, was ready to die for't,
 If her foes e'er prevailed, I was well known to sigh
 for't ;
 But my faith I preserved, and I'm now forced to fly
 for't,
 Erin ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !

In the north I see friends—too long was I blind, O !

Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !*

The cobweb is broken, and free is my mind, O !

Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !

North and South, here's my hand—East and West,
 here's my heart, O !

Let's ne'er be divided by any base art, O !

But love one another, and never more part, O ,

Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !

But hark ! I hear sounds, and my heart strong is
 beating,

Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !

Friendship advancing—delusion retreating,

Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !

We have numbers—and numbers do constitute power ;

Let's will to be free, and we're free from that hour.

Of Hibernia's sons, yes, we'll then be the flower,

Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !

Too long have we suffered, and too long lamented ;

Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !

By courage undaunted it may be prevented,

Boie yudh mavourneen, Erin go bragh !

No more by oppressors let us be affrighted,

But with heart and with hand let's be firmly united,

For by Erin go bragh, it is thus we'll be righted.

Boie yudh ma vourneen, Erin go bragh !

* Victory to you, my darling Ireland, for ever.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
 The due on his thin robe hung heavy and chill ;
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill ;
 But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native Isle of the Ocean,
 Where once in the glow of his useful emotion,
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh !

O, sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a cover can flee ;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me ;
 Ah ! never again in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
 hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go Bragh !

O, where is my cottage that stood by the wild wood ?
 Sisters and sires, did ye weep for its fall ?
 O, where is the mother that watch'd o'er my childhood,
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?
 Ah ! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure,
 O, why did it doat on a fast fading treasure—
 Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore !
 But alas ! in a far distant land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
 O, hard, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me,
 Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace me,
 They lived to defend me, or died to deplore !

But yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,

One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw ;
Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,

Land of my fathers, Erin go Bragh !

Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
O, Erin ma vourneen, Erin go Bragh !

In a Paper written by a distinguished Irishman—Dr. Drummond—on the subject of this controversy, and read before the Royal Irish Academy of February, 1846, the merits of the contested claims to the authorship of the song are placed in a very clear point of view, and by the liberality of that gentleman being permitted to avail myself of this valuable paper, I lay before my readers such portions of it as seem to me most deserving of notice.

“ We are informed in an article upon Campbell, in Chambers’s Cyclopaedia of English Literature, vol. 2, p. 370, that ‘ soon after the publication of “The Pleasures of Hope,” he went to Bavaria and witnessed from the monastery of St. Jacob the battle of Hohenlinden. He returned to Hamburg in 1801, and resided there some weeks composing “The Exile of Erin,” and “The Mariners of England.” The former was suggested by an incident like that which befell Smollet at Boulogne, namely, meeting with a party of exiles who retained a strong love of their native country, and a mournful remembrance of its wrongs and sufferings.’

“ This account,” says Dr. Drummond, “ given by Chambers, is, I believe, perfectly true and correct. It corresponds with what I myself have heard from the lips of Dr. Anderson, between thirty and forty years ago. He informed me that Campbell wrote ‘The Exile of Erin’ at Altona, in consequence of having there met some persons who had been banished or obliged to flee from Ireland for

political offences ; that copies of the song had been sent to Scotland, where the author's name gave it immediate celebrity, and that when he returned from the Continent the first thing he heard was his own song sung by the ballad singers in the streets of Edinburgh, that he was horrified at the thought of his verses being desecrated, and expressed his sense of the wrong in terms highly indignant. . . . ”

Dr. Anderson, however, consoled him by saying that he ought rather to feel proud ; that his verses being sung by such musicians, was the strongest proof of their excellence and merited popularity.

What Dr. Anderson told me of the origin of this poem is remarkably corroborated by my friend Mr. Petrie, proving that he felt an interest in the literature as well as the antiquities of Ireland. Recently I asked him, without intimating the cause of my question, if he knew or remembered ought about the song of “The Exile of Erin,” and he promptly replied without the least hesitation, that he knew well how it originated—that it was written by Thomas Campbell, at Altona, in consequence of his meeting with some expatriated natives of Ireland in that city. Two of these exiles were known in Dublin, that one of them was named Jonathan Gray, and the other Harvey Morris, and with them was a Scotch gentleman named Sandy Frazer, who is still living, and who holds a situation in some public office in London. These gentlemen and Campbell had dined together at a hotel, and their conversation naturally turned on the affairs of Ireland. When Campbell retired to his chamber he found himself unable to sleep ; when he sat down he wrote “The Exile of Erin.” Though a native of Scotland, he had warm sympathies with the Irish, and in his particular situation at that time felt as if he had himself been an exile ; as the whole strain of the poem indicates. He embodied

his own feelings, which he supposed were those of the real exiles.

The following morning he met the same gentlemen at breakfast, and read to them his poem, and each of them, it may be presumed, furnished himself with a copy, from which other copies were taken and sent to their friends both in Ireland and Scotland, and thus it became known in a fugitive form before it appeared in any collection of Campbell's poems, and it would have been no difficult matter for any one so disposed to claim the fugitive as his own. If the poem was known in Ireland at all in 1801, it must be owing to some circumstance of this kind. Campbell says that he himself sent a copy of it to Mr. Perry, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in which it was first published.

Such is the sum of what I have been able to collect respecting the origin of this poem. It was universally known and universally received as the composition of Mr. Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope." It appeared as his in repeated editions of his poems, and its authorship was never brought into question before the public till twenty-nine or thirty years after its first publication ; and it would seem to me to be just as reasonable to question his claim to the authorship of "O'Connor's Child," "Lochiel's Warning," or "The Pleasures of Hope," as to that of the "Exile of Erin ;" notwithstanding, a rival claim has been set up, and this claim it is now our duty to examine.

It appeared in a collection of his poems with "Gertrude of Wyoming," in 1810, being the third edition, dedicated to Lord Holland.

A work entitled "Memoranda of Irish matters by obscure men of good intention," published by Macken, Dublin, 1844, contains in the prefatory explanation of its design, the following notice :— "Appended is an account of the beautiful song of

The Exile of Erin. In that account, the fame of having produced the most beautiful of lyrics is restored to Ireland.”—P. iv.

The 7th Memorandum, p. 81, is devoted to the “*Exile of Erin*.” It commences by stating that “a few years ago it was well known to thousands in Ireland that the beautiful song of ‘The Exile of Erin’ was the production of George Nugent Reynolds, of Letterfyan, in the county of Leitrim, and not of Thomas Campbell.” It further states that “the author of the Memoranda has, from time to time, collected proofs of that authorship.”

“Immediately after the publication of this song by Mr. Campbell, as the offspring of his own muse, a letter was published in the newspapers, by J. Wm. O’Fallon, Esq., denying Campbell’s claim to the authorship of this song, and asserting that of Mr. Reynolds. . . .

“To establish the fact the title of some of those newspapers should be mentioned, the time and place specified, and an appeal made to their printed testimony, if ever it existed, must be still extant, and should be produced.

“But it seems the subject was dropped, and not resumed till 1830, when Mr. Hercules Ellis published in the *Age* newspaper some articles asserting the claim of Mr. Reynolds, and these articles having met the eye of Mrs. MacNamara, of Lough Suir, a sister of the late G. N. Reynolds, that lady published in the *Sligo Champion* newspaper a detailed account of the right of her late brother to the fame of having written this celebrated song.

“These articles were noticed in the *Times*, and Campbell replied in June 17, 1830, in a letter addressed to the Editor of that newspaper, dated June 16, 1830.”

Then follows a long analysis of the claims set up by the friends and family of George Nugent Reynolds, on behalf of the memory of the latter, which is hardly necessary to lay before my readers.

The preceding extracts give all that is valuable in the paper of Dr. Drummond, and furnish arguments sufficiently conclusive against the claims set up more recently to the authorship of "The Exile of Erin," as the production of Mr. Reynolds.

In a paper referred to by Dr. Drummond, and published by Macken, Dublin, in 1844, entitled "Memorandum of Irish Matters," attributed to Mr. Hercules Ellis, a barrister, the old charge of plagiarism, or rather of wholesale literary robbery, against Campbell, is revived, and sought to be sustained by a number of affidavits and depositions of members of the Reynolds family, proving only one thing, and that very fully, namely, the utter worthlessness of all testimony in matters that are to be recalled by a mere effort of memory, after a lapse of five and forty years, without one iota of documentary support for its corroboration. Such was the position of the controversy when Dr. Drummond's paper made its appearance.

It now remains for me to state the circumstances which led me, several years ago, to enter into communication with Mr. Campbell on the subject, and to lay before my readers the result of my inquiries.

In 1836, at the house, or rather mountain cabin of Father Tom Maguire, in the county of Leitrim, I was much surprised to hear Campbell's claim to the authorship of "The Exile of Erin," not only called in question, but stoutly denied by my worthy host. I had a very warm altercation with him on the subject. He contended that a Scotchman could not have written a song so peculiarly Irish in imagery, Irish in its terms of domestic endearing tenderness, and Irish too in its expression of enthusiastic patriotism. It was written, he said, by G. N. Reynolds, and the manuscript had been found in his handwriting among his papers. I found it impossible to alter Father Maguire's opinion on this subject, and indeed it was enter-

tained by all the Leitrim gentry I conversed with on the subject; but this notion was not confined to them; a Dublin bookseller of very good general literary information, subsequently said to me, he would take his oath, if it were necessary, that G. N. Reynolds was the author of the song. It was in vain I stated to him and others that Campbell had given me all the particulars of the composition of this song, of the date of its publication, and the circumstances leading to its production. The Leitrim gentry would hear of nothing in opposition to the statements of Reynolds' family. On my proceeding from Mr. Maguire's to the seat of the O'Donnells of Greyfield, my relatives, I had the same battle to fight over, with my venerable friend Hugh O'Donnell, the eldest male descendant in a direct line from Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, brother of the celebrated Hugh of "the red hand."

As the residence of the family of the late G. N. Reynolds was not very distant from the house of "The O'Donnell," I ventured to address a letter to the sister of Reynolds, Mrs. MacNamara, of Letterfyan, stating my anxiety, as an intimate friend of Campbell, to be informed if any documentary evidence existed in support of the claimed authorship of the song in question, on the part of the friends of Mr. Reynolds. As the messenger by whom the letter was sent was not a servant of the family, and did not return to Greyfield, during my stay there, I cannot state positively that Mrs. MacNamara received my letter, but no answer to it was received by me. A few weeks after my visit to Leitrim in 1836, I was seated beside Campbell at his residence in London, discussing the subject of literary larcenies. I ventured to inform one of the most irritable of the sons of genius of the charge brought against himself. There was an explosion of choler sufficiently violent on the occasion to

put out of question any idea of its being assumed. He was in a fine towering Scotch passion. But the charge had come to his knowledge long before, so that "a first wrong's wrath" had been expended before my intimation was given to him. Yet he raged a good deal, talked justly enough of the claims he had to better treatment in Ireland, and gave me a fuller account of the song, and the occasion of its composition, than I had yet heard from him, though he had often before spoken on the subject in replies to questions of mine respecting Anthony M'Cann.

He told me the first time he visited Germany was in the early part of 1801, or quite at the close of 1800. (I quote from notes of his conversation taken down at the time.)

His first publication was "The Pleasures of Hope," in 1799. He was then twenty-two years of age. He met an Irishman at Hamburgh, of the name of Anthony M'Cann, who had been obliged to fly from his country on account of political offences. He was a tall, handsome Werter-faced looking person, altogether of a prepossessing appearance, but so dejected that Campbell was induced to make inquiries about him. As he was often in the company of other Irish refugees well known in the place, he soon ascertained his name and his history.

Campbell made his acquaintance, dined in company with him and some of his countrymen, and the melancholy interest which his forlorn position and appearance inspired, haunted Campbell's mind till he gave expression to his feelings in the song—"There came to the Beach." Campbell published his song, immediately after it was written, with his name, in the *Chronicle* and *Star* newspapers. George Nugent Reynolds was living at the time, and lived for fifteen months after its publication by Campbell, and what was more, was residing during that period in England, and never claimed

the song or charged Campbell with having unjustly claimed it. Lord Nugent ascertained from Campbell the exact time of the death of Reynolds. He died in England, in 1802.* As Reynolds was connected with Lord Nugent, he was not likely to be mistaken on that point.

On expressing my surprise to Campbell how such an absurd report could have arisen as that of his appropriating another person's production of such a kind, he said it originated solely in the similarity of the subject of the song of Reynolds and of his own.

On a subsequent visit to Hamburg he found M'Cann was living at Altona, and though much of his romantic interest in the disconsolate-looking exile had ceased, for he was then married to the fat widow of a Dutch burgomaster, he still retained all his regard for the man.

This is the substance of Campbell's statement to me, stript of a good deal of indignation at the supposition of his being capable of the base act imputed to him, and at the return that had been made to him in Ireland for the sympathy he always felt and gave expression to in many of his writings for the wrongs of Irishmen.

There is one thing I feel bound to notice—Reynolds's song—"The Exiled Irishman's Lamentation," appeared in 1792 or 1793, and soon became exceedingly popular. It is what its title imports, the outpourings of an Irish peasant's grief at being about to be torn from his country, and each stanza ends with words in Irish signifying "Victory to you, my darling," and the words, "Erin ma vourneen, slan leat go bragh," or "Erin go bragh."

Campbell's song appeared about eight years later. He called it always "The Exile of Erin."

* In his letter to Mr. Ellis he says the spring of 1801. Campbell's memory for dates was most defective.

The subject of it is, however, of grief of an exile existing in a foreign land. It is written to the same air, and each stanza terminates with the same words—"Erin go bragh"—but the last stanza adopts entirely one of Reynolds's terminating lines, "Erin ma vourneen, Erin go bragh." Is it credible, is it possible that these coincidences in the title, the tune, the subject, and the refrain were fortuitous? Most assuredly not; Campbell must have seen Reynolds's song, and he legitimately adopted the subject and the metre of it, and the title and refrain also, with some slight alterations. Did Campbell admit this to me? No, he did not. The impression that he wished to make on my mind, as I collect his meaning from his words, was that he had never seen the song written by Reynolds when he composed his. This, I think, was unworthy of Campbell, albeit he did not state in direct terms that he had never seen that song. My impression is that Campbell must have heard it sung by the United Irishmen who visited Glasgow, and belonged to the clubs in that city, from 1793 to 1796 or 1797. Campbell was sent to college in 1790, and during his collegiate life, and subsequently to it, he told me frequently his local intercourse with United Irishmen was the origin of his sympathies with the wrongs of Ireland.

I have heard snatches of many of the rebel songs of 1798, *lilted*—it could hardly be called sung, by Thomas Campbell. He regarded those songs as he did the Jacobite lyrical relics of his own country, as containing references more than poetical to past sufferings or traits of heroic courage or mistaken patriotism, but which yet had no application to our times, and what was censurable in them he imagined had ceased to be mischievous. Some of their sentiments were contrary to his, and he believed to the true interests of Ireland.

It is a singular circumstance that while Campbell's song, "The Wounded Hussar," was published in the *Hibernian Magazine* for September, 1801—the same year in which his "Mariners of England" and "Exile of Erin" were published in England—the latter was not copied into any of the Irish magazines. I have searched in vain for it in those of 1801-2-3. Campbell, from negligence, has not done all that was incumbent on him in his replies to the charge of plagiarism in merely stating he had published "The Exile of Erin" in 1801, in *The Morning Chronicle* and *The Star*. The precise dates of publication ought to have been obtained and given by him.

Campbell, like many men when a charge outrageously at variance with truth is brought against them, angrily attempted to sweep it away by a general disclaimer, and in his indignation denied everything that could even remotely tend to show that there was a shadow of a resemblance between that which he was unjustly accused of appropriating, and the property he laid claim to. And, on the other hand, it was in reality, in some points of resemblance, in the air, in the title, in the subject of both songs, confusedly remembered, that the accusation originated.

A very strong proof of this fact is given in the reply of Miss M'Cracken, of Belfast, to some inquiries of mine respecting the authorship of "Erin go Bragh." The circumstances leading to my inquiry and the result of it are well worthy of attention, and furnish their own comment on the nature of all oral testimony. Charles Teeling, one of the leaders of the United Irishmen, having informed me that Reynolds's song of "The Exiled Irishman" was written at the period of the Armagh persecution, and had reference to the wholesale political evictions that were then carrying on in that unfortunate country; and also that Miss M'Cracken, of Belfast, had an idea that the song

called "The Exile of Erin," attributed to Campbell, was a joint composition in which her brother Henry had a share, I addressed some queries to that lady. In reply to those inquiries, Miss M'Cracken stated she had been informed by James Hope (a person deserving of all confidence), that on calling one day at the office of the *Northern Star*, in Belfast, (which paper had been suppressed in the winter of 1797), he found Samuel Nelson and Henry Joy M'Cracken correcting for the press and superintending the printing of the song called *The Exiled Irishman's Lamentation*, and that he (Hope) was supplied with a large bundle of the printed songs for distribution. Miss M'Cracken adds : "I have no idea who the author of the song, *Erin go bragh*, was. What I heard my brother say, was, that it was a joint composition of several ; the first three or four verses having been heard sung through the streets of Dublin, called *The Exiled Irishman's Lamentation*, was adopted by the United Irishmen with a view to the promotion of their objects."

This account of the additional verses manufactured in Belfast, confirms Mrs. MacNamara's version of the song, which contains two verses less than that "adopted" by the United Irishmen, one of the omitted verses, very inferior to the others, being that which commences with the words, "In the North I see friends," evidently of Belfast manufacture.

I have taken a great deal of trouble to ascertain all that was to be known of Anthony M'Cann,— and the merit, such as it is, of first having made known the fact in print of his being the person whose exile Campbell depicted the sorrows of, in his inimitable song.

M'Cann was a native of Dundalk, and had been settled there in business, or the immediate neighbourhood of it, in 1793. In that year James Napper Tandy was under prosecution for publishing a

seditious libel in Dundalk ; but a graver charge was hanging over him—that of having taken the Defenders' Oath in the county of Louth, and attempted to effect a junction between the Defenders and United Irishmen. Tandy fled in 1793, and M'Cann, who is said to have been implicated in the latter offence, fled with him to Hamburg. Subsequently M'Cann returned in disguise to Ireland, on board a barque of a Dublin merchant, Mr. Ridgway, who traded with Holland ; and on its being discovered that M'Cann had come over in his vessel, he was imprisoned and his vessel seized.

In June, 1797, on the testimony of Hughes, the informer, he is spoken of as having been met at breakfast by Hughes, at the lodging in Dublin of Bartholomew Teeling, of Dundalk, one of the Northern United Irish leaders, and of having afterwards attended a meeting with this informer, where Dr. MacNevin, Colonel James Plunket, Messrs. Magennis, Turner, Byrne, Lowry, and several other United Irishmen were present. The informer says, M'Cann and Lowry spoke strongly in favour of an immediate commencement of the insurrection. Their opinion was not adopted, and M'Cann, Turner, and some others quitted the country soon after.

It was, in all probability, about a year and a half later than this he became known to Mr. Campbell. But the most valuable information I obtained respecting M'Cann and his connection with Campbell, was from a British merchant, who had resided many years in Holland, and was intimately acquainted with M'Cann at Altona, and with Campbell also on his second visit to Holland.

This gentleman, Mr. Tolmè, when I knew him from 1836 to 1840, was British Consul at the Havana. In 1835, having ascertained that Mr. Tolmè, the British Consul of the island of Cuba at

the Havana, had been well acquainted with Anthony M'Cann, the subject of Campbell's "Exile of Erin," in Altona, where he (Mr. Tolmè) had resided for many years, engaged in mercantile business, I set down on paper a number of queries respecting the known connexion of M'Cann with the Society of United Irishmen previously to his residence at Altona, his position there, character, &c., and from my friend Mr. Tolmè, in any statement of whose the utmost reliance may be placed, I received the following reply in writing to my inquiries :—"I am acquainted with Anthony M'Cann. When I first knew him he was living in Altona, and was then married to a widow in good circumstances, of the name of Flugge. M'Cann is still living in Altona, and is exceedingly well off. His business is that of a corn merchant and a seed crusher. He is now (1835) probably 58 years of age. I have heard him speak of Mr. Thomas Campbell, the poet, and of his song, 'The Exile of Erin.' I have met him in company with Campbell at Altona, and he (Anthony M'Cann) has told me that he was 'the original exile who was the hero of that song.' I believe Mr. Campbell so considered him to be.

"I do not think Anthony M'Cann is a man of republican principles.

"I should think he does not now take much interest in Irish politics, although, when old reminiscences are called up, he may think he does."

(Signed)

"CHARLES TOLME."

Mr. Tolmè, it is to be observed, had been established in commercial business at Altona from nearly the beginning of the century.

Another gentleman of the name of Hamilton, who had also long resided in Altona previously to his becoming connected with an English firm at the Havana, speaking of his reminiscences of Anthony M'Cann, said : "Tony got a person he

knew well into trouble without intending to do it. Tom Ridgeway, a merchant in the bark trade, a native of Hull, established in business in Fleet-street, Dublin, visited Hull in one of his own vessels, engaged in his own business. The Exile, who was anxious, after several years' absence from his country, once more to see it, persuaded Tom Ridgeway to convey him in his vessel to Drogheda from Hamburgh. The fact of the return of the proscribed exile became known to the authorities in Drogheda, but not in time to enable them to capture Tony M'Cann. He escaped, but Tom Ridgeway was sent to jail, his vessel seized ; but eventually he was liberated, and the vessel was given up."

In reply to some of my queries to Mr. Tolmè, as to M'Cann, to his desire to return to his native country, and if he returned whether his conduct might not be expected to be that of a peaceful, loyal subject, the explicit and emphatic reply of Mr. Tolmè to that question was, "undoubtedly."

Indeed a more safe, a more generous, a more gratifying measure could not be carried into execution than the removal of that restriction which still visits the errors fallen into nearly three quarters of a century ago, on the survivors (now few indeed in number) of those men who, had they lived under good government, might never have been maddened into the guilt of treason, or be now terminating their days in foreign countries, banished, as they believe, for ever from their own country, and with the sense of that doom fixed in their minds, and continually preying on them, however prosperous they may be in their worldly circumstances.

One requires to have seen the canker of that perpetual remembrance of banishment in sullen silence, corroding the heart's core, to form a conception of the pangs of that species of daily death which is involved in the continual consciousness

of exile—one, in fine, must have seen banished men in their own domestic circles in foreign lands. Their sufferings must have been endured to have been described as we find them set forth in lines that have never been surpassed for pathos and beauty of language most mournfully expressive.

LINES OF CAMOENS ON EXILE.

“ Elhes tristes, das praias do desterro,
 Os olhos longos e arrasados d’agoa,
 Estendem par aqui . . . cravado o ferro,
 Da saudade teem n’alma e è negra magoa,
 A que lhes ralha os coracoes afflictos
 E’ a major da vida—suo proscriptos.

D’or como outra não ha, è a d’or queos mata
 Dizer eu . . . Essa terra è minha ! . . . minha,
 Que nasci nella, que a servi, a ingrata
 Que lhe dei . . . dei por ella quanto tinha
 Sangue, vida, saude, os bens da sorte,
 E ella, por galardão, me entrega a morte !”

LITERAL VERSION OF

THE LINES OF CAMOENS ON EXILE.

Unhappy are they who from
 The shores of exile turn their
 Longing eyes bedewed with tears
 Towards their own land.

They have the steel of sharp
 Sorrows fixed in their hearts,
 And all their thoughts
 In exile are mournful.

Griefs like no other known
 Is that of exile,
 And yet I think of home,
 And say this is my own
 Land ! mine !

For in it I was born. My constant
 Thought was how could I
 Serve it? Ah, what a poor
 Return it made for all
 I gave it,

All I possessed, blood, health,
 Life, means, the position I
 Held and all that belonged
 To it were given by me.

And my recompence has been
 This living death of exile
 That hath no hope, no home,
 No reflections are not bitter.

I know not whether M'Cann be still alive ; it is a great many years ago since Mr. Tolmè's account was given to me. If he be, however, he is still a proscribed traitor.*

In all respects Mr. Petrie's version of the origin of Campbell's song tallies with that statement which I received from Campbell, except that the names of Jonathan Gray and Harvey Morris are not given, but allusion is made by him to United Irishmen of some note, of whom inquiry were made respecting M'Cann. Jonathan Gray had not much in him then to win the sympathies of the Scotch bard. He was a jovial, honest, whiskey-loving country attorney. He was the aide-de-camp of Bagenal Harvey at the Battle of Ross, and the night before it was spent by both carousing and drinking freely by way of preparation for the coming fray. Gray went to America, where Mr.

* In the month of October, 1798, a Bill received the sanction of both Houses of Parliament, proclaiming twenty-one fugitives as persons who would be guilty of treason unless they appeared before a stated time to abide their trial. Among these names I find Anthony M'Cann, Harvey Morris, Samuel Turner.—Journal of the House of Lords, Oct., 1798.

Emmet, by his generosity, chiefly enabled him to live and to support his family. A letter of his from America, is in my possession, in praise of whiskey, the letter of a rollicking, harmless, thoughtless, illiterate, good-humoured man.

Mrs. MacNamara, in her depositions, says that one of the exiled United Irishmen, named M'Cormick, was the hero of the song which she erroneously attributes to her brother : that M'Cormick had expressed to some person greater grief for the loss of some poems of her brother, including "The Exile of Erin," than the loss of all his property. This would agree that he was a man of refined taste and feeling, and a great enthusiast for the cause he had embarked in. This was not the opinion, to my knowledge, of Dr. MacNevin. This is not the opinion I would form of a man who perilled his life for liberty at home, and had no sooner reached America than he became a large proprietor of slaves, and holder of slave property, which he must have purchased with the means taken by him from Ireland of so doing.

Oral testimony, unsupported by documentary evidence, in regard to matters that have taken place only ten years ago, is little to be depended on, but when the period of their occurrence is not ten, nor twenty, not thirty, but upwards of forty years, that memory is taxed to recall, it is in vain to expect facts. Impressions of them wide of the mark in point of time, distance, and individuality, are what are given and confounded so much with the former, as to be hardly distinguishable from the latter. Four persons of respectability come forward and swear to having heard a song recited by a gentleman of the name of Reynolds, close on forty years previously, whom they consider the author of it. The generally acknowledged author of that song, on the other hand, declares that the song was written by him in Altona, but was not in being for nearly two years subsequently to the time

when the other party state they heard the song recited in Ireland. One of Reynolds's sisters swears that she took it down in writing from his dictation in 1799, and that he then said the song was written by him. Another sister, on oath, confirms this deposition, and swears, moreover, it was in her house the song was written. The husband of this lady swears to the same effect.

A travelling harper declares to one of those ladies that he heard the song in 1799, in Belfast, and understood it was composed by George N. Reynolds.

And lastly, a Mr. Fallon swears, we are told by Mr. Ellis (but the substance only of his deposition is given), *that he read the song of "The Exile of Erin," in the hand-writing of G. N. Reynolds, in Easter week, 1799.*

Now, Mrs. MacNamara swears that her brother "was, during almost the entire of his life, afflicted with ill health, and in particular suffered greatly from asthma." "That he was obliged to pass his nights sitting in a chair; that he used to employ himself through such nights of pain frequently in poetic compositions, but that in consequence of his asthma he was unable to write without suffering the most acute pain, *and that in fact he hardly did write down any of his poetry.*"

The declaration of the itinerant harper, of having heard the song in Belfast, in 1799, is worth as much hospitality as he received from the generous lady who was the sister of the supposed *testrim* writer. It was the duty of our bards of old to attribute all the virtues under heaven, and the merits of the human race to the members of the family by whom they were liberally regaled and entertained.

The deposition of Mrs. MacNamara, in 1839, is to be taken as a simple statement of her impressions of facts, which she thinks took place in 1799. Of her veracity no doubt ought to be entertained.

It is evident that either she or Campbell must be mistaken about the date of the appearance of this song, or rather that both were mistaken on this point. The probability is that Campbell wrote it in 1800, and that it was sent from Altona to Ireland before it was published in the *Chronicle and Star*, in 1801.

The reader has now all the evidence that can be laid before him, in all probability, to enable him to come to a right conclusion on the subject of the contested claims to the authorship of the celebrated song—"The Exile of Erin."

A whole chapter about the authorship of a song may seem an undue expenditure of labour and demand on patience. But the controversy is of as much interest as any contested question in the quarrels of authors or curiosities of literature. In creating it, the value of the oral testimony produced, or rather the utter worthlessness of it when unsupported by documentary evidence is shown, in the conflicting representations of two respectable parties who state obviously only what they believe to be true. By a fair statement of this case, a debt of justice has been paid to Campbell's memory, by a friend very intimately acquainted with him and strongly attached to him, and a lesson of prudence taught to persons who, on slight grounds, make grave charges against honourable men ; charges which inflict pain are readily believed and with difficulty disproved.

Let us suppose a controversy to arise forty years hence with respect to the authorship of some lines of ballad poetry, entitled "Mary Le More," little inferior in merit to the "Exile of Erin," which made their first appearance in 1802, in the Second Edition of "Paddy's Resource," and were next found published in a volume of the Posthumous Poems of the well-known philanthropist, Edward Rushton, of Liverpool, edited by his son. In such

circumstances, would it be sufficient to invalidate the claim of Rushton to the authorship of the ballad entitled "Mary Le More," to produce a volume written in 1846, in which that ballad of "Mary Le More" is declared to have been written by George Nugent Reynolds? Such a claim may be found in a work published in that year by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, a man utterly incapable of stating anything that he did not believe to be true. I allude to the work entitled, "The Ballad Poetry of Ireland." At page 19 we find the song of "Mary Le More" ascribed to Geo. N. Reynolds.

I think when this mistake was fallen into, the friends of Mr. Reynolds were bound in honour, if they had a knowledge of it, to have rectified it, for the sake of justice to the memory of Rushton.

And now, in conclusion, I think it has been shown clearly enough that no copy of the song of "The Exile of Erin," in the hand-writing of Geo. Nugent Reynolds, can be shown, or was ever shown to have existed in the possession of any member of his family.

I have brought forward an instance where such a document was said to exist in the possession of a member of his family, but no proof of the fact had been adduced.

Finally, I may observe—Thomas Campbell, in his statement to me on this subject, said he had ascertained that George Nugent Reynolds lived fifteen years in England after the publication of the song of "The Exile of Erin," with his (Campbell's) name prefixed to it, and yet he—George Nugent Reynolds—had never claimed the authorship of it. If Campbell had unjustly appropriated to himself that authorship, why did the family of G. N. Reynolds leave him for nearly thirty years in possession of the fame of its production?

What evidence can be more convincing as to Campbell's authorship, than the statement to me of Mr. Tolmè, the British Consul-General at the

Havana, of his conversations on this subject with Anthony M'Cann, at Altona?

And lastly, let me adduce evidence of a similar kind, given to me by Dr. William James MacNevin, one of the Directors of The Society of United Irishmen.

Dr. Wm. James MacNevin, a friend of M'Cann's, told me he knew the latter to have been the "Exile" of Campbell's song. "Campbell told me he wrote it, and that M'Cann was 'The Exile.'"

It is a curious circumstance that the two most effective lyrical pieces we have, one sympathising with the sorrows of our exiles, the other holding up the horrid system of terror and torture of 1798 to public detestation, should not be natives of Ireland. One was a Scotchman, the other an Englishman, and in both instances their labours for Ireland have been claimed for Irishmen.

Now, the whole claim set up for George Nugent Reynolds's authorship of the ballad of "Mary Le More" has no other foundation than a mistake of Mrs. MacNamara in the name of that other ballad which she claims for her brother. In that deposition of hers, which I have referred to, she states that her brother, George Nugent Reynolds, "was the author of the song called 'Cathleen O'More,'" and thus the ballad got confounded with that of Rushton's "Mary Le More."

If Campbell was capable of writing "The O'Connor's Child," "The Mariners of England," "The Battle of Hohenlinden," was it necessary for his fame to steal a song from Mr. Geo. Nugent Reynolds?

If Campbell was a wholesale stealer of the literary labours of other men, at the outset of his career, how does it happen that in the progress of it, and to its close, no other similar charge was ever brought against him, and no filching, on a small scale, no retail pilfering of dead men's thoughts contained in books or passages from the

productions of living authors have been laid to his charge?

If Reynolds wrote "The Exile of Erin," he must have been a man of refined taste, of very ardent feelings; a writer singularly careful in his choice and use of words, chaste in his imagery, harmonious in his verse, and more than ordinarily felicitous in the use of common expressions of endearment. In which of the compositions of G. N. Reynolds are the qualifications of a lyrical poet of extraordinary pathos and elegance of style to be found?

At the time of the appearance of Campbell's song—"The Exile of Erin"—George N. Reynolds was living, and for fifteen months after its publication by Campbell, and what was more, as previously stated, was living during that period in England, and never claimed the song as his, or charged Campbell with laying claim to it. Lord Nugent ascertained for Campbell the exact time of the death of George Nugent Reynolds, and as the latter was connected nearly, I believe, with his lordship, there can be no doubt on that point. On expressing my surprise to Campbell how such an absurd report ever could have arisen as that of his appropriating another person's production of such a kind—he told me the charge originated in confounding a song of Mr. G. N. Reynolds's beginning with the words, "Green were the hills, where my forefathers dwelt, oh," to the air of "Savourneen deelish," with his (Campbell's) song of "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin," to the same air.

In the 2nd Number of the SONGS OF THE IRISH, "The Exile of Erin" is given in the Irish Language.

The author of the following version of the finest Irish melody in the English language, was John Collins, a native of Carbery, in the county of Cork. He was a classical scholar ; and to his other attainments, added a profound knowledge of his native language, and perfect freedom in the use of it. If that language occupied its true position in Ireland, Collins' name would not have been condemned to obscurity. The only difficulty in the song occurs in the fourth line, in the words *bleunr̄gao n̄ a r̄griéide*, of which I do not know the literal import. I have seen but one manuscript copy of the song, and that was a very incorrect one. The present version was taken down, word for word, from the lips of a Carbery priest, who, though he could not say what the words literally meant, assured me they were correct, and on his authority I let them stand.

an tóbairteac o eire.

Do tainis coir na tuirde vibhlteac bocht o
Eipe,
briod a laois fliu on rpeip ar a eadac
on ai
Ir fgiorar do caoineac a tip ar e a
n-aonar,
San orce fa bleunfa no fgeipre an
fgat.
briod a fu agus intin go cruinn aip an
peiltcean,
Do tusac fiof an laoi do o Inse na feile,
Mar a g-cana fe le vioigrar a choide feal
on vriac fan,
bua agus tleine leat Eipe go briat.

“Iñ ṭuḃaċ é mo čúiř” ař an ḫcúiřlín boċt
ceuṛta,
“San ṭuḃaċař na ṭaóiřeam ó ḫéin na o
ᜑáō,
Ní'l aítneam mo čum’vaiᜑ a ṭ-tjíuċaiᜑ an
t-ṛaoᜑaiř ḫeo,
Fiaᜑ-ᜑoic ař ṭaoł-ċoīn, cé ṭeiroiř léo ṭáᜑ-
aiř.
Ní ḫiocfađra čaoiřče an čoill čluċař čraoħ-
aċ,
Maj i a ngnatċarōeac mo ḫinjiri a ḫioř-ċleacċt-
aō ṭaoř-ċlear
Ní čúiřfead bláč na míñ-ṛcoč aij i mo čaoiñ-
čjuñit o’ a ḫpieuṛaō,
‘S ní ḫuailead na teuva aij eíre go
bjač.’”

O eíre mo ḫúčaiᜑ cé ṭuḃaċ ař cé tħiéit ēu,
Iñ ṭuḃaċ mifet am’ neulaiᜑ a ṭeuċaint vo
tħáiᜑ,
Aij mūiřcilt ’ra ṭuċaiᜑ ḫeo ’r új i ḫillċim
veuṛa
San ḫúl le ṭuł ṭeileam mo ṭaolċa go
bjač;
A čineamun ḫeine čjuwařo, an ḫ-ṛaᜑf-ħad
cuaiřid ḫeag uaiři eígiñ,
Aij a ttíři úd án tħuċiċiř San ḫuaileam
San baoᜑal vom’
Aċċ mo lomař luain! ař ní luaiř-ħid mo
żeuġa,
Mo čáiřde tā tħraoċta no a ḫeillliř o’ a
náṁař.

Cá b-fuil doirír m'áraír b'íodh láim leir a
g-coill ghlúir.

A cháinidh 'r a m'úintír an tionscailb é 'r láir,
An m'atáir tuig páirte agus ghláidh dom' am'
naorídeantaist,

Af bhráit' rie mo chroírde 'rtiú i gceile ná
cáit.

Tá 'n t-anam ro mo tríolán le bhrón duibh
a tráighaínt,

Cá b-fuil aonair an tráorth úd buidh óróch linne
fágáil feal,

Acht a gilleasáid duile neóra gáit ló mar an
m-báirtiú,

Gan aonáinnearf na dótáit le rócaír go
bhráit.

Táir gáit eile rímúintíteamh do a m-bímpre a
ngláidh leir,

Fágáim an guríde seo airi íntinn an bairf,
O Eire ce táimpre airi fán af airi síbírt,
O mágairb mo fínriú 'r ó chroíc círt an fáid,
So 'r a gáit iad do m'úine a lúosan na
bócháin.

So 'r a neartímar iad do fáoitche go 'r a
lionímar do fílóisite,

So 'r a fada b'ídeas do chaoi-áruit go rí-
miliúr céolímar,

Eire mo m'úinín, Eire go bhráit.

A PARAPHRASE IN LATIN VERSE OF
"ERIN GO BRAGH."

BY PATRICK CAROLAN.*

FERTILES agros, coluere proavi
Discordia remota, floruit Hibernia
Meus agellus, multum dedit solatî
Discordia remota, floruit Hibernia.
Sed mihi misero extincto patrono
Diutius negatur mihi, natali frui solo
Sed migrare coacto, ad regiones ignotas
Discordia evicta ruit Hibernia.

Legibus, consultis, licet obtemperavi
Discordia evicta ruit Hibernia
Nec locus in senatu, nec honor suffragi
Discordia evicta ruit Hibernia
Primum petenti responsum mihi datum
Libertatis fruendo, me esse ignarum
Servitute exire, nondum licebat
Discordia evicta ruit Hibernia.

Servitî impatiens, bellum renovavi
Cœde perfusa luget Hibernia
Sed amicis desertus, heu frustra certavi
Cœde perfusa luget Hibernia

* * * * *

Talia querenti, apparuit mihi Gracia†
Et casum ploranti, dilecta Hibernia
Dicens, cur me querelis exanimas inanis
Et fatum deploras dilecta Hibernia
Filii redibunt, qui exulabant
Crimina tyranni autem piabunt
Et hostibus subactis, eritis beati
Paceque contenta, florebit Hibernia.

* The above piece appeared in "The Dublin Irish Magazine," in the November number of 1811.

† Grace O'Maley, the nymph whose perfections is the pre eminent theme of Irish bards.

A Dr. Cumming has given a translation of the third verse of Campbell's "Exile of Erin."

" Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood ?
 Sister and sire, did ye weep for its fall ?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all ?
 Oh ! my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure,
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure.
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall."

Rustica statve domus, viridi quæ proxima silvæ ?
 An, Pater, eversam luxisti, vosque Sorores ?
 Mater ubi, pueri mibi quæ vigilare solebas ?
 O, ubinam ante alias dulcis dilectaque conjux ?
 Cur ego, cui misero tam longum ignota voluptas,
 Thesauri fragilis vixi dulcedine captus ?

* * * * *

Qu'es devenu mon toit, si pret du bois sauvage ?
 Mon Pere a t-il-pleuré sur ses debris epars ?
 Et ma pieuse Mere, elle dont les regards
 Veillaient sur moi dans mon enfance ?
 Et toi, ma chere epouse, ou traines tu tes jours,
 Helas, pourquoi mon cœur, si long temps dans les larmes
 Encore ces brulantes amours ?
 Ainsi que la rosée, qui tombe sans mesure,
 Larmes, qui ne sauroient rappeler le bonheur ;
 La pluie a nos bosquets peut rendre la verdure,
 Mais helas, la beauté, frele comme la fleur,
 Ne reprendra jamais sa premiere parure."

Miss Owenson's words, to the air of "The Exile of Erin."

SAVOURNEEN DEELISH.

Oh ! the moments were sad when my love and I parted,
 Savourneen deelish ighnan oge,
 I kiss'd off the tear, and was nigh broken-hearted,
 Savourneen, etc.

Wan was her cheek, as it hung on my shoulder ;
 Damp was her hand, and no marble was colder ;
 I felt that I never again should behold her,
 Savourneen, etc.

When the word of command set our troops into motion,
 Savourneen, etc.

I buckled on my knapsack, to cross the wide ocean,
 Savourneen, etc.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
 Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
 My bosom with grief was almost rent asunder,
 Savourneen, etc.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my true
 love,
 Savourneen, etc.

All my pay and my plunder I hoarded for you, love,
 Savourneen, etc.

Peace was proclaim'd ; escap'd from the slaughter,—
 Landed at home, my sweet girl, I sought her ;
 But sorrow, alas ! to the cold grave had brought her,
 Savourneen, etc.

THE END.

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