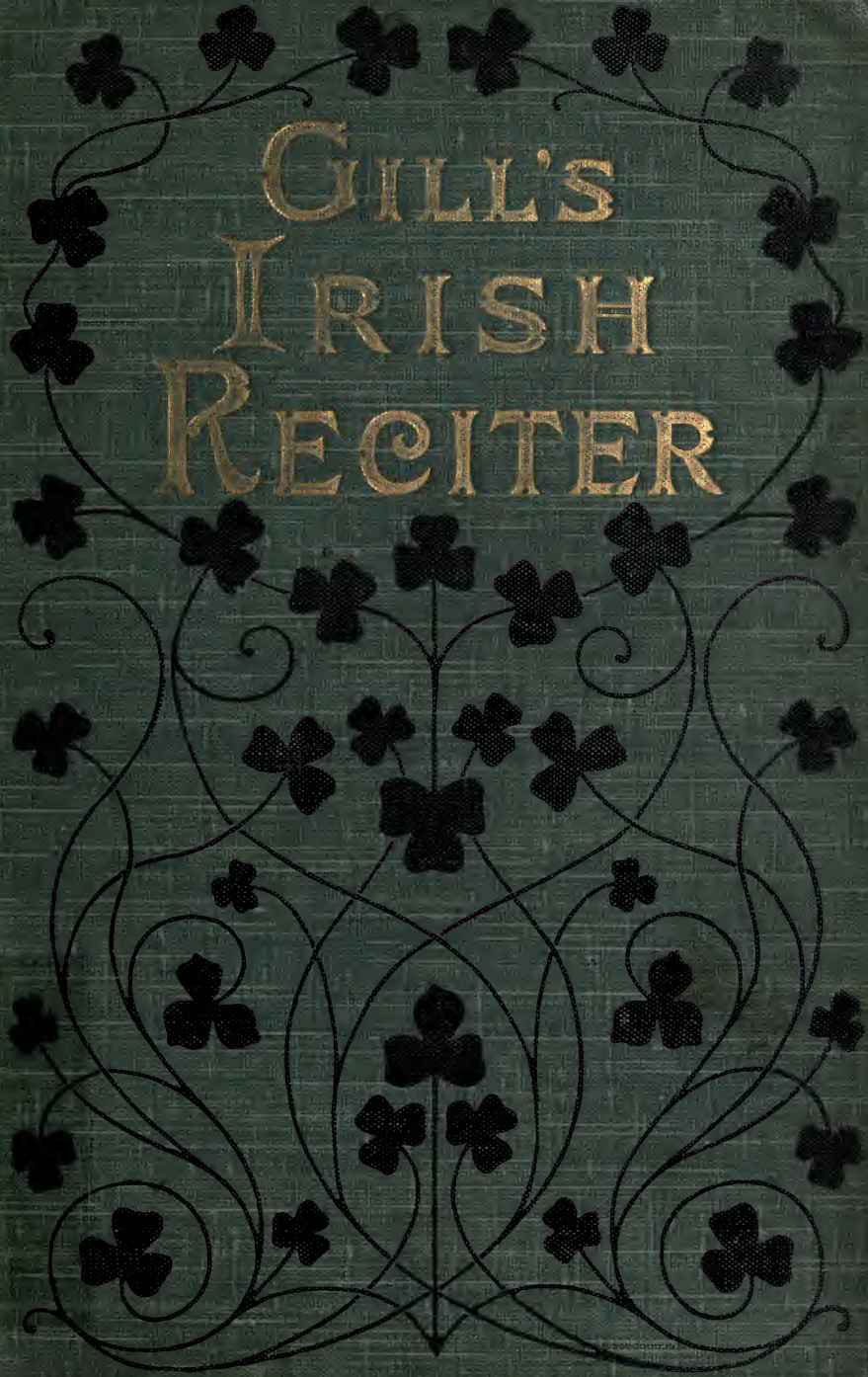


GILL'S
IRISH
RECITER



Seagn Uith Laoghaire
13. 1. 1906

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na nǵaeðeal.

GILL'S IRISH RECITER

A SELECTION OF GEMS FROM IRELAND'S
MODERN LITERATURE.

cnuasáct seod as scríbhinnib éireann.

EDITED BY

J. J. O'KELLY.

Author of "SAOČAR ár sean i gcéin."

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INTRODUCTION.

SINCE the inception about a decade ago of the active campaign of the Gaelic League the need for a collection of popular pieces suitable for recitation before Irish audiences is daily becoming more and more felt not only in the schools and colleges of Ireland but also in its class-rooms, concert halls, libraries, and elsewhere. Miscellaneous collections of the gems of Ireland's modern literature we have had in comparative abundance, with the happy result that, at present, the difficulty of the editor of a popular "Reciter" is less in collecting ample matter for a comprehensive volume than in selecting from an almost inexhaustible mass a limited number of the more dramatic and acceptable pieces.

The nineteenth century was singularly prolific in Anglo-Irish poetry of an intensely national character. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have left us in our native tongue volumes of prose and verse which for patriotic and religious fervour are likely to remain unsurpassed in the literature of our land. One of the aims in this work is to present a fairly consecutive summary of the events that have illumined our chequered story. With such persistency and fidelity have these events been chosen as the subject matter of stirring ballads by those of our race who wrote in an alien tongue that it would, perhaps, be as easy now to produce from their work a metrical history of Ireland as it was for Keating in his day to verify and embellish his Irish history by a judicious use of the poetry of the bards who preceded him. Nor has there been any lack, on the

contrary, there has been a very profusion of contemporary Irish poetry from Keating's time until our own. Thus, despite penal laws, bitter persecution, enforced illiteracy, incessant emigration, outlawry, exile, and all, we are to-day in the peculiar position of possessing the materials from which to compile complete and reliable metrical histories of our country in either of two languages.

"Our modern minstrelsy loses much by its recent origin," wrote Edward Hayes exactly half-a-century ago in a scholarly preface to his 'Ballads of Ireland.' . . . "The sonorous melody of the Celtic tongue would be preferable," he went on, "though the wish to return to it now might be considered impracticable. It has been well said that we can be thoroughly Irish in thought and feeling although we are English in expression." The future of our national speech must then have seemed very unenviable, and the general national outlook all but hopeless indeed. But half-a-century brings many a change; and though prominent writers of to-day are wont to refer to Moore as "our National poet," there are growing hosts who rightly prefer to associate the distinction with the name of one or other of the native singers who contributed to our literature the deathless vernacular poetry of the last three centuries.

This poetry may be said to have begun with Keating, the father, by universal consent, of modern Irish. So, too, the Irish selections presented in this volume practically commence with Keating. Only one poem written anterior to his period is included. This is a spirited appeal to the people of the historic O'Byrne country to unite in face of the English enemy. It was written in 1580 by *Donagur mac Doiríne Uí Ódairí*. A very fine translation of the

piece will be found in Ferguson's "Lays of the Western Gael," where, not inappropriately, it follows the "Downfall of the Gael," the original of which was written also in 1580 by O'Gnive, Bard of O'Neill. O'Gnive's poem, like O'Daly's, is in its essence a rallying-cry, and reaches a high dramatic level, as will be inferred from the concluding stanzas even in their cold and foreign English dress :

Through the woods let us roam,
Through the wastes wild and barren ;
We are strangers at home !
We are exiles in Erin !

And Erin's a bark
O'er the wide waters driven !
And the tempest howls dark,
And her side planks are riven !

And in billows of might
Swell the Saxon before her—
Unite, oh, unite !
Or the billows burst o'er her !

Such the national prospect in the period of Keating's boyhood. He had scarcely reached man's estate before Trinity College was founded as a first step, Lord Bacon said, "towards the recovery of the hearts of the people." Recovery, *ῥόπισι* ! The next step was the preparation of "versions of Bibles and Catechisms and other works of Instruction in the Irish language." Trinity's subsequent propagandism need not be discussed here ; directly or indirectly it constitutes the burthen of a big proportion of our modern literature.

Keating appropriately initiated the fight against the Anglicising methods of Elizabeth's stronghold of Ascendancy, as MacHale initiated the campaign against a later and equally

insidious scheme. Fr. Daniel O'Sullivan, in his *Cómhaidí na Tríonóide*, blew a leg from the proselytisers' flesh-pot the moment that oily instrument of civilisation was brought to the aid of Trinity :

"The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggage,
He ate the mate himself, we only got the cabbage ;
The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted,
She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it."

More recently, the Rev. author of "*Cheirdeamh agus Siorca*" in the *Caoine* which he ascribes to poor *Cáit ní Súilleabháin* has given us a luminous example of the contempt in which "the Spirit of Souperism" was held even by children gasping of thirst and hunger on their bed of death :

"Nuair a bhí an t-ocmar boinn bhí uirtleádh,
An uair do riamas an tairt go léir ríbh,
ní hé riamoin bhí scroide 'nubhí scleib óir
Cé na n-arrtal ar anbhuit a éirísean."

So has the struggle been maintained for upwards of three centuries. No need to say how fares to-day the fight virtually initiated by Ireland's greatest historian.

Though Keating will probably be best remembered for his monumental *Foras Feara*, he has also left among many other works a goodly volume of poetry, founded principally on the events of his time. The more remarkable of the poets who succeeded him, while fond of legendary and mythological allusions, limited their range of subjects, except in so far as they were of a religious character, to the great incidents of their respective periods. O'Bruadair, O'Neachtain, Ferriter, Ward, O'Donoghue, O'Rahilly, M'Donnell, Eoghan Ruadh, *Caos Saebéalaic*, O'Longain, and their brethren

have left us a faithful picture of the troubled era intervening between the advent of modern Irish and the inception of the more modern Anglo-Irish literature. But beyond these limits they rarely take us. Notwithstanding the illustrious record of the early Irish on the Continent, it really was not until the brilliant intellect of "Young Ireland" applied itself with a purpose to a systematic study of the available materials of Irish history that our ancient glories began to be reflected, as on a revolving mirror, before the gaze of the modern world.

It has, of course, to be borne in mind that an efficient printing-press, greater facilities for travel and for the circulation of their work, and the vastly wider auditory ensured by the language which they adopted, gave the Anglo-Irish writers of the nineteenth century immense advantages over the vernacular poets who preceded them, and the incentive thus provided resulted in the production of volume upon volume of popular ballads. Accordingly, while it is comparatively easy to cull from the best Anglo-Irish literature of the last century a most dramatic ballad history of our country, the available modern Irish poetry, with such notable exceptions as "Laoi Oirín," takes us back only to the period of the Four Masters. Not that the very cream of Irish literature was not produced anterior to their time. The translations by Ferguson and Sigerson and Hyde and O'Flannghaile, by Walsh and Mangan and Callanan and Guinee, though no other evidence were forthcoming, bear abundant testimony to the excellence of Irish poetry in all its stages of development. But Irish literature produced before the age of Keating would manifestly be now unsuitable in a popular volume, and it has therefore been

considered desirable to include a few modern prose pieces having reference to subjects which do not seem to have received specific attention from the writers of the past.

Subjects that should, and doubtless soon will, afford fitting themes to writers of Irish are Brigid addressing the Young Women of Ireland, Colm Cille entering a plea for the Irish Bards, Colonel John O'Mahony urging the possible potency of the Irish language to restore the ancient martial spirit of the Gael, Fr. O'Growney fighting the martyr's fight for the preservation and cultivation of the language, and so on. It has not been found possible to provide such original pieces for this volume, however. Accordingly it is not claimed that a thorough historical narrative is presented. Nor is rigid chronological sequence claimed for the arrangement of the work. Least of all is it pretended, as is done in other "Irish" collections, that all the pieces in our whole literature most suitable for recitation are included. Readers will almost instantly miss such stirring poems as Davis's "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill;" Seamus MacManus's "Shane O'Neill," and "Coming of Eoghan Ruadh;" William Rooney's "Ceann Dubh Dúir;" Mangan's "Cathal Mór of the Wine-red Hand;" D'Arcy M'Gee's "Connacht Chief's Farewell;" Patrick Archer's "Dying in Exile;" Lady Dufferin's "Lament of the Irish Emigrant;" John Keegan's "Holly and Ivy Girl," and numbers of others. Their exclusion has been determined partly by a desire not to include more than a couple of pieces from any writer, and partly through many of them being so accessible elsewhere; but principally because many of the most dramatic pieces in Anglo-Irish literature are, like the *Aírling* of the Irish poets, written with a great sameness of metre, and rightly

breathe a spirit of vehement patriotism. The elocutionist, however, will have variety in subject as well as in metre, and every reasonable effort has been made to ensure the desired variety. It goes almost without saying, indeed, that this variety is obtained with the minimum of difficulty because of the hosts of writers who have written on most of our popular themes. The Rev. Dr. Murray, *Ἐὰς τὸν Σακευαλάδ Ὁ Σὺλλεαθῶν*, and Fanny Forrester are among the great writers who have written of "The Sister of Mercy;" "The Sister of Charity" has been sung of with becoming reverence by Gerald Griffin, D'Alton Williams, Fisher Murray, and others; "The Christian Brothers" by John Fitzgerald and *Ἰωάννης Ὁ Λοιγρὶς*. While Gavan Duffy puts stern words of counsel into the mouth of St. Laurence O'Toole, the dauntless Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, taking the eve of the Battle of the Curlious for his text, puts an irresistible appeal to arms into the mouth of Red Hugh O'Donnell. John Boyle O'Reilly, on the threshold of our own time, appeals to the patriotism of "The Priests of 'Seventy-three," as Fr. Furlong tells us with pardonable pride of the valour and fidelity of "The Priests of 'Ninety-eight." Of the other memorable incidents of 'Ninety-eight hosts of writers both Irish and Anglo-Irish have written almost lavishly. By their timely ballads Kevin T. Buggy and C. J. Kickham, to name no others, preached an anti-recruiting crusade from a million throats in a past generation, and Fr. Tormey, Keneally, Starkey, and ever so many besides, raised prophetic voices against the evils inseparable from emigration. The day-dreams of the Irish exile are vividly presented to us by Geoffrey Keating, *Ἰωάννης Ρυὰθ*, *Εὐγαν Ρυὰθ*, Andrew Orr,

James Orr, M'Gee, M'Carthy, M'Dermott ; and for a foretaste and an appreciation of the joy of returning to Ireland it is difficult to say whether to turn to the "Old Man's Prayer," by Helena Callanan ; the "Dawn off the Irish Coast," by John Locke ; the "Homeward Bound," by D'Arcy M'Gee ; "The Return," by George A. Greene, or "The Returned Exile," by B. Simmons. "The Holy Wells" have been fairly immortalised by Frazer, and the modest "Sulmalla," while Moore, Callanan, Griffin, M'Carthy, Dárian MacGiolla Meiríne, and Fr. Dinneen are, relatively, but a few of those who have depicted Ireland's scenery in all its glistening tints and glowing splendour.

It will therefore be seen that we have quite a profusion of poems on almost every conceivable popular subject ; and, space being a serious consideration, many magnificent pieces have necessarily had to be omitted from this collection. Still it is confidently hoped the book is as representative of Ireland's popular literature as its limits and the special purpose for which it is intended will permit. Irish and Anglo-Irish poetry naturally constitutes the greater part of it. Prose in both languages is introduced somewhat sparingly, and a few pieces in which English and Irish are pretty deftly interwoven are also given. The facility with which some of the Irish poets interwove and wielded the two languages—often more than two, indeed—must have given them immeasurable advantages over would-be rivals who had to rely entirely on a stunted English vocabulary, and it would seem that they rarely neglected turning these advantages to account. The extempore song sung a century and a-half ago by Donnchad Rua MacConmara for a mixed party of English and Irish sailors in St. John's,

Newfoundland, furnishes a case in point. Here is the concluding stanza, and a veritable sugar-coated pill it is :

Come, drink a health, boys, to Royal George,
 Our chief commander, *νάρι όμουις Cρίορτ*;
1r bíoó ður n-actóunze éum muipe mátair
é fein 'r a gárhoairé vo leasao ríor.
 We'll fear no cannon, no "War's Alarms"
 While noble George will be our guide,—
á Cρίορτ, zo ðreiceao an ðríur va éárho
as an mac ro ar fán uainn éall 'ran ðrrainnc.

Έαρ na Sapanaiz βοότα zur as molao "Royal George"
 a bí Donnáo. Níor tuigeaoar zur tus ré a nári leizíó
 Dia zurab amíao a veíó! i noíaoí záo abaríta ve'n
 tsíante. Túiz na héipeannais bríz an rcéit i n-iomlán
 asur bíoóar ar na tuiótió, níó nári ó'iongnáo. Prince
 Charles Edward Stuart a ó'áo "An Mac ro ar fán uainn
 éall 'ran ðrrainnc."

It must always be remembered that the great bulk of our modern Irish poetry was wedded to popular and sometimes very intricate Irish airs, and has continued to this hour to be rather sung than recited. Such pieces would therefore not be the most suitable for this collection. The same applies to the *Caoine*, or Lament, and though "*Caoine Airt Uí Laochairé*" gets a ready place in the volume it can hardly be hoped that it will ever again be rendered with the earnestness that its character demands, or that the *Caoine* as a form of recitation will ever be studied or developed in the schools. This is especially applicable to pieces intended for the female voice. In the case of male voices it may be somewhat different. A male voice might, without producing a very depressing effect, recite Pierce Ferriter's "Lament

for Maurice FitzGerald," which Mangan's abridged translation has made familiar to many. So might Dr. Sigerson's beautiful translation of the Elegy on Francis Sigerson. This elegy, and all pieces in the same peculiar metre, seem indeed specially adapted to recitation, the chain verse or *conac'tonn* ensuring a sequence throughout which could not otherwise be maintained or even obtained. *ῥεαδ!*

"*Ḑéine i n-a éiḡ ba mīnīc vo bíoḡ le ῥaḡáil,
mīar ve'n mīn īr cuīo ve'n īm 'na lárī;
éaḡaḡ cuīr vo'n té vo bíoḡ 'na ḡáḡaḡ,
Spolla na ῥaīlle īr cuīo ve'n uīḡ vo b'ῥeapī.*

*Vo b'ῥeapī éú ná a lán aca vá ḡῥeacaḡar ῥór,
a ῥeabḡáḡ áluīnn vo éáinīḡ ó ḡīḡeapīron mōr;
nī ῥaīḡ cáīm oīc óo' mḡḡaīr v'ῥuīl ḡonallaiḡ éóīr
a ῥáḡaīrīe an áḡaīr vo ḡīonḡaḡo an t-óī.*

*Óī ḡlan ḡo leorī ar na voḡḡaīḡ vo ῥīar
Ceann ḡῥeoīr īr cóḡaīrīleoīr an ῥobuīl leaḡ'ῥ ḡīar;
nī ῥaīḡ cīóíro'-ῥeapī ó'n ḡCórḡ ῥoīr ḡo ḡaīnḡean na ḡCīaīr,
Cé ḡuīr mōrī vo bí beo 'ca, ná leaḡῥaḡo vo ῥīar."*

In *conac'tonn*, it will be noted, each stanza commences with the last word or words in the preceding stanza. Thus, *ῥann* after *ῥann*, the reciter gets a cue to his lines just as an actor does from the prompter behind the scenes. Poems of this kind once committed to memory are scarcely ever forgotten.

It does seem at the same time that the only traditional forms of recitation now surviving to any appreciable extent are such semi-religious pieces as Patrick Denn's "*Áīḡnear an ῥeacaiḡ leīr an mḡár,*" and humorous pieces like "*Ḑaīc ve ḡapīra ar loīḡ Ḑéīnce.*" Light pieces, such as "*Ḑuan an Óīacáīn,*" and "*eacḡῥa ḡéamuir ḡīae,*" are also

popular, and the *Ḃéarṡa brṡrṡe*, or the *Ḃéarṡa blaḂmannac*, as the case may be, seldom fails to amuse an Irish audience. It is, in fact, to be observed that the fluent Irish speaker is rarely in happier mood than when an opportunity is afforded him of jauntily using an English word or clause without premeditation. He seems to say: *SeacḂ, ṡá an méirṡ rṡn Ḃéanṡa aṡac Ḃom. Ḃṡr ṡo náirṡamṡil aṡam, aṡur ṡlan ar mo rṡḂarṡc anoir.*

The *rṡr*, which fortunately is fast becoming one of the great rallying institutions of the country, will do much within the next few years to restore and popularise and develop Irish elocution, and for the present the best course obviously is to give what survives of the traditional principle of recitation free play. As to the recitation of pieces written in English it will here suffice to repeat Cathal MacGarvey's simple guiding precept: "Always be distinct, but, above all, be natural. Use Art cautiously to assist Nature, so to speak."

All that is attempted in this volume, therefore, is to present suitable material. The *Sean-ṡaoi*, *Sean-Ḃán*, prose pieces grave and gay, pieces suitable for *CḂmṡáḂ* competitions and for Irish entertainments, will be found in the volume in some variety, and generally such readings, Irish and Anglo-Irish, as are best calculated to give the youth of Ireland an acquaintance with the great events of their history, and imbue them with a lasting love of those who hazarded all for their sireland, and a longing, rooted in conviction, to follow in the footsteps of the faithful and the brave. Why should we not ever love the fearless and devoted singers of our race; who, rather, could deny them the most intense and steadfast love? Keating, one of the most notable of

them, compiled his history of Ireland in a cavern in Tipperary whither he was obliged to fly for his life by the "civilising" Saxon; Colonel John O'Mahony translated it in America where he toiled and died in exile. Pierce Ferriter was murdered by the English in the streets of Killarney; Ward fled with the Earls to Rome. Meagher of the Sword, Boyle O'Reilly, D'Alton Williams ended their days in enforced exile; the same might, in fact, be said of the whole band. For they all idolised fair "Banba of the Streams," as Mitchel happily styled our sainted sireland, and would have lived for her and died within her shores had Right prevailed. Examples of devotion have, indeed, never been wanting in Ireland. And however we may regret the premature calling away of the specially gifted we have a right to be proud of the devotion to motherland which in our own day has fairly won the martyr's goal for Fr. O'Growney and Anna MacManus, for William Rooney, Denis Fleming, Patrick O'Leary, and many others. *Ar deir D   go raib a n-anamna go l  r!*

Some liberty has been taken in this volume with unduly long pieces both in Irish and in English. Stanzas not essential to the effective rendering or the sequence of the pieces have been omitted, but the omissions are in all such cases shown and references given to complete copies of all poems thus interfered with. English pieces which, through a false sense of humour, have obtained some vogue in Ireland are rigidly excluded. *C  a  mola  te D  a* that the time has come when Irish readers, and juvenile readers particularly, need no longer depend on collections mis-named "Irish" in which "The Homeward Bound," the "Death of King Conor MacNessa," and "Dear Erin" are

found almost bracketed with abominations like the "Kerry Recruit," the "Battle of Limerick," the "Irish Fire Brigade," and the "Shillelagh Shindy." This collection harbours none of the insult, veiled and unveiled, which scoffers and cynics pretend to accept as humour. The volume is in the main a record of the souls' outpourings of Erin's most gifted sons and daughters :

"It is thus in their triumphs for deep desolations,
While ocean waves roll, or the mountains shall stand,
Still hearts that are bravest and best of the nations,
Shall glory and live in the songs of our land."

For permission heartily given to use the pieces here appearing over their names special thanks are due by the Editor and gratefully tendered to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, to the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A. ; Miss Alice Milligan, Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Messrs. T. D. Sullivan, Seamus MacManus, Patrick Archer, Brian O'Higgins, Cathal O'Byrne, Cathal MacGarvey, An buachaillín buíche, and Tadhg Ó Donnchúda. Mr. Seamus MacManus also readily consented to the inclusion of "Brian Boy Magee," from the pen of "Ethna Carbery," ar deir Dé go maíó a nanam! The kind indulgence of other proprietors of copyright matter is sought if any pieces subject to such rights have been introduced without express permission. Níor cuirtear oiread ir amháin irtead iní an leabhar gan cead o'fáigáil, mar ir ghnát, uata ro sup leo iad. Má tá níos ann gan a gcead-ro ir amháin do teip glan oíáinn iad o'áimríugáó.

The following are among the books that have been consulted in the preparation of the Volume :—

Poems and Ballads, William Rooney.

The Poems of R. D. Williams.

Poems from the Works of Aubrey De Vere.

Songs and Poems, T. D. Sullivan.

Select Poems of J. C. Mangan.

Select Poems of Gerald Griffin.

The Four Winds of Erin, Anna MacManus.

Ballads of a Country Boy, Seamus MacManus.

Lays of the Western Gael, Sir Samuel Ferguson.

A Treasury of Irish Poetry, Brooke-Rolleston.

Irish Readings, Sullivan.

Speeches from the Dock, Sullivan.

Life of T. F. Meagher, Capt. Lyons.

Ballads of Ireland, Hayes, 2 vols.

Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland, M'Dermott.

Poems of Rev. A. J. Ryan.

Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Harp of Erin Song Book, Ralph Varian.

Bards of the Gael and Gall, Sigerson.

Poets and Poetry of Munster, Mangan.

Irish Language Miscellany, O'Daly.

Searc-leanamhain Ćríort, an t-ádhair Dómall ua Súilleabháin.

Cormac ua Conaill, an t-ádhair páorais ua Duinnín.

Cheveamh aghur fhorta, an t-ádhair páorais ua Duinnín.

Dánta fíarair fíreitéar, an t-ádhair páorais ua Duinnín.

Dánta séarair uí Donnóda, an t-ádhair páorais ua Duinnín.

Dánta dotháin uí Raithle, an t-ádhair páorais ua Duinnín.

Dánta séarair élarais, an t-ádhair páorais ua Duinnín.

Dánta eotháin Ruair, an t-ádhair páorais ua Duinnín.

Dánta ádhair fíreitéarais, an t-ádhair páorais ua Duinnín.

Dánta séarair Céitinn, an t-ádhair eoin macGiolla Eain.

The Gaelic Journal, fíinne an lae, an cláiréamh Soluir, banba, and the "Ballad History of Ireland" which has been such an interesting feature of the "United Irishman" have

also been referred to with advantage. Some of the above are now out of print. Particulars regarding the others can be obtained in the Catalogues issued by M. H. GILL & SON, LIMITED.

The following references are given to complete versions of the abridged pieces appearing in this Volume :—

IRISH READINGS for “St. Lorcán’s Address” and “The Priests of ’Ninety-Eight”; IRISH LANGUAGE MISCELLANY for “*Διῆνεαρ ἄν ῥεακαῖς λειρ ἄν μῶάρ*” and “*Στορμα ἄν ἄνμα λειρ ἄν ῥκολαῖνν*”; IRISH MINSTRELSY for “The Winding Banks of Erne”; LAYS OF THE WESTERN GAEL for “Willie Gilliland”; TREASURY OF IRISH POETRY for “The Good Ship Castle Down”; SPEECHES FROM THE DOCK for Emmet’s Speech; LIFE OF THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER for “A National Flag”; FR. DINNEEN’S LECTURES for “The Living Irish Speech”; FERRITER’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “*μο ἔμαοῦαῶ ἱρ μο ῥαοῦ ῖεμ’ λό ἑύ!*”; TADHG GAEDHEALACH’S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for “*Ἄν πατορῖν πάητεαῶ*”; KEATING’S POEMS (Fr. MacErlean) for “*ῥάιῶ-ῥμέαζαῶ ἄν ῥαοῖαλ ῥο*”; Patrick O’Brien’s Edition of the Poem for “*Ḳúιτ ἄν ῖηαῶῶν οἱῶḱε*”; and for “*Ḳαοῖνεαῶ Διιτ υῖ ῥαοῖαῖε*” *see* note at page 122.

Of course it is not pretended that these are the only sources from which the pieces referred to may be obtained.

σεἶν ὁ ceallaiῖς.

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GILL'S IRISH RECITER.



A fíor éalma 'san teangain.

A fíor éalma 'ran teangain rin na nGaeðeal tã fann
Tabair deapca ruilt ar meampam ip réir do péann,
Aitir dom gan meapacal, ná claon id' pann,
An fada beam i n-anacpuic fé réim na nGall?

An fada beir na Gallapuc dár ndaoirid i bfeall,
An fada beir i mbailtib puirt na nGaeðeal go teann,
An fada beam as glapainais le béapla Gall,
An fada beam as asallam 'r gan éifeact ann?

An fada beir ar nEaglaip go léir i dtreall,
An fada beir an ainveire 'r an léan 'ar sceann,
An fada beir ar ngealabhuig as cléir ip cam,
An fada beam fé anabhoir na héigipt' tãll?

An fada beam i n-ainbrior mar don ip dall,
An fada beam gan reancur ná rpéir i ngréann,
An fada beir an Capta-fuil 'r Ó Néill go fann,
An fada beir na reanartuic i nÉirinn gann?

An fada beir na fanaiticir as méabac ceall,
An fada beir as rearam énuic le faobair lann,
An fada beir ar mainirtreaca maol gan ceann,
An fada beir ar nAipreann fé géagaid ériann?

Ni'l peacta rnuirde i meampam dár léigear i pann,
Ni'l airte ruilt nac labairann ar éraocac Gall;
I n-aice rin tã tairngreac na naoim go teann,
Dã éagair nac fada 'noir go bpléarcpa an ériann.

MY CREED.

One Queen, I own, and one alone
Commands my meek obedience ;
No Sovereign named by human law,
From her draws my allegiance.
For her I live, for her I strive,
And shall, till life is ended ;
And with my latest parting breath
Her name it will be blended—
Kathleen,
Your dear name will be blended.

I love God's peace upon our hills,
And fain would not destroy it ;
I love sweet life in this fair world,
And long would I enjoy it.
But when my Sovereign needs my life,
That day I'll cease to crave it ;
And bare a breast for foeman's steel,
And show a soul to brave it—
Kathleen,
For your sweet sake to brave it.

O, glorious Death on battle-plain
Our foemen oft has baffled ;
And proudest lovers of Kathleen
Have holy made the scaffold.
Not mine to choose, nor mine to care—
The cause the manner hallows—
I'll court the steel, or kiss the cord,
On green hill-side or gallows—
Kathleen,
For you I'll woo the gallows.

My life is then my Queen's, to leave,
 To order, or to ask it;
 This good right arm to fend or strike,
 This brain is hers to task it.
 This hand that waits, this heart that beats,
 Are hers when she shall need 'em,
 And my secret soul is burning for
 Her trumpet-call to Freedom—
 Kathleen,
 O, sound the call to Freedom!

SEAMUS MACMANUS.

TARA OF THE KINGS.

In the great Hall of Tara of the Kings,
 Whose fourteen doors stood ever open wide
 With fourteen welcomes to the night and day,
 The feast was set. Great torches flared around
 From niches in the pillars of red pine
 On gallant chiefs and queenly women there,
 The warm light glanced and shone on the red gold
 Of the rich battle gear of Erinn's men;
 And on the gleaming mail, and wolf-skin cloaks
 Of the sea-roving giants of the Lochlanachs.
 Strong-limbed and fierce were they, with eyes that held
 The cold, blue sheen of starlit northern deeps,
 And teeth that gleamed through flowing, tawny beards.
 The tables groaned beneath the mighty weight
 Of ponderous vats of rare and precious wines,
 And carcases of oxen roasted whole.
 Methers of foaming mead went gaily round
 From lip to lip, and friend and foe alike
 Ate, drank, and quaffed their brimming, golden cups,
 Forgetting for the moment every wrong
 That ever held them sundered—such the law—

No man might draw his sword in Tara's Hall
In anger on another man, and live.
Then when the feast was ended, and the bards
And Ollavs skilled in Erinn's ancient lore
Stood in a white-robed throng around the Throne,
Then was it that a silence deep as death
Fell on that mighty crowd. Outside, the wind
Stirred in the quicken trees, and to and fro
As if by fairy hands, the banners waved,
And from the farther end of the great Hall
A silver rivulet of music flowed
Into the gloom and silence of the place ;
Faintly at first and sweetly, like the song
Of sunbright waters, rang the harp's clear sound.
Louder and louder yet the music swelled
As bard and bard and bard took up the strain,
And all the burthen of their thrilling song
Was Tara, and the glory of its King !
Of Fian and his matchless men they sang,
Of the red rout of battle, and great deeds
Of skill and daring on the tented field.
And then the music took a softer sound—
'Twas Deidre's sad tale the minstrels told,
And the dread fate of Uisneach's hapless sons,
A dirge of sorrow, desolate and lone—
The saddest tale the world had ever heard.
The women listened with bright, dew-wet eyes,
And stern-brow'd warriors stood grim and mute ;
Instinctively each hand went to its spear,
And a low, sorrowful murmur like a caoine
Thrilled through that mighty crowd.
Still the harps sobbed, and still the bards sang on,
Until with one grand maddening crash they tore
A mighty chord from out the quivering strings,
And the sad tale was told. Adown the Hall
The murmur grew to a tumultuous sound ;

The music's fire had quickened hearts and brains—
 Shield clanged in meeting shield, and through the gloom
 The torches, in a myriad points of light
 Flashed on bright skians and forests of grey spears,
 Until the swelling chorus thundered forth
 In one great, sonorous, deep-throated roar
 Of wild applause its mighty mead of praise
 That echoed through the dome of the great Hall,
 And floated through its fourteen open doors,
 Out and away into the silent night,
 Startling the red deer from its ferny lair
 In the green woods round Tara of the Kings.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

LAOI CHUIC AN AÍR.

(Pé cúram Chaoibhe na Laoi de Chonntaó na Gaeóilge do céad-cuirteó ro i n-easair).

Cnoc an AíR an cnoc ro fíar,
 'S go lá an bhráda biair dá gairm;
 A b'áoirais na mbaicall mbán,
 Ní gan fáct tuasá an ainm.

Lá dá raibamair ir fionn flait,
 Fianna Éireann na n-eac reang,
 Ar an gcnoc ro, lion a ploḡ,
 Níor b'iongnad dóib teact go teann.

Doim-bean do b'áilne ná an ḡrian,
 Do éir an fíann as teact fé'n leirḡ,
 D'fíonn m'ac Cumail, innrim doir,
 Do beannuig bean an brait deirḡ.

"Cia tú, a m'ogán? ar fíonn féin,
 Ir fearr méin 'r ir áilne deaib;
 Fuaim do ḡota ir binne linn
 Ná a bfuil re feinm ḡion ḡurab fearb.

“Níam nua-éireadaí ír é m’ainm,
Ingean Shairbh mhic Úolairí déin
Airthorí Shéas—mo mallactaí—
Ír é do nairc mé le Taitc mac Tbéin.”

“Créad do bheir dá fedaíocht tú ?
Ná ceil do rún orm anoir,
Ar don fear eile go b’áit
Shabaim do láimh tú tar a éirí.”

“Ní gan fáil tuisear do fuat,”
Do fáil an rudaí ba maíe gne,
“Dá cluair, earball, ír ceann caite
Atá air, ní maíe an rceim.”

“Do fíuclair an domhan fó éirí,
’S níor fáil ann ní ná fáil
Nár fíreair, áit fíre, an fíann
’S níor fáil tuisear m’anacal air.”

“Coingeobad féin tú, a ingean óg,”
Do fáil Mac Cumail nár clódaí fíam,
“No tuisear uile ar do fáil
Na fáil gcaitá tá de’n fíann.”

“Dár do láimh-re féin, a fínn,
Ír eadail linn go n’deáiridair b’éas;
An té as a dtéicim roime a b’as,
Tuisear leir fáil gcaitá ’r céad.”

“Na déin iomairdaí ar,
A fáil éir ar fáil an óir;
Ní éirid don laoc fáil n’ghéin
Ná fáil fan b’féinn fear a clóir.”

Da fáil go b’acamaí as teat
Rí fear gcaitceann ba éirid láimh;
Níor deannuid ír níor umlaíe d’fíonn,
Áit d’íair comrac tar cionn a mhá.

Cuimíodh dá céad 'na dáil,
 Do b'fearr lámh do láchair gleoibh;
 'S níor fill doinnead díob tar 'air,
 San tuitim le Tailc mac Tíreoin.

Iarrar Orcair céad ar fionn,
 Cé doilb liom beir dá luad,
 Dul do comhac an laoié,
 Mar do connaic dít an trluais.

"Do beirim cead duit," do ráir fionn
 "Cé doilb liom do tuitim trío.
 Éirí, beir mo beannaect leat,
 Cuimní, do gail ir do gním."

Fead cúis n-oiré, fead cúis lá,
 Do bí an dír nár clát as gleic,
 San biaó san deoc ar dít ruain,
 Sur tuit Tailc le buair mo méic.

Do léigearair trí gárta ór áro
 D'éir an áir ba garb glaic,
 Gáir éainte tré'r caillead do'n féinn,
 Ir dá gáir maoiréte tré éas Tailc.

Niam nua-éiread, ba mó an beao,
 Mar do connaic méad an áir,
 Sabar náire an ghuad páor-glan,
 Sur tuit marb i mearc cáic.

Bár na ríogha d'éir gac uile,
 Ir é ir mó do cuir ar cáic;
 Ar an gcnoc ro d'éir an gliair
 Do bairt an fiann Cnoc an Áir.

THE BATTLE OF DUNDALK.

Lo, they come, they come ; but all too late—their king is
on the wave,

Bound to the mast of a Danish ship, the pirate Northman's slave.
Dundalk, thy shores have often heard the roar of the boiling sea,
But wilder far is the maddening shout that now is heard by
thee ;

The voice of the soldiers' rage when the foe with the prize
is fled,

And the bursting yell of pale despair when hope itself is dead ;
Then o'er that warrior-band in wrath a death-like silence passed
As they gazed where Sitric's sails unfurled swelled proudly
to the blast.

And must he go ? Shall Mononia's king serve in a hostile land ?
Oh, for one ship ! with Irish hearts to crash that Danish band !
But hark ! a cheer—and the listening hills give back the
joyous sound

A sail—a sail is seen away where the skies the waters bound.
There's a pause anew—each searching eye is on that sail afar ;
Again the cheering's loud and high—'tis Mononia's ships
of war.

Boldly they come o'er the swelling tide, their men as wild
and free

As winds that play on the mountain's side, or waves that
course the sea.

And well may they come to free their king from robbers of
the main ;

His sceptre ne'er a tyrant's rod, nor his rule a tyrant's chain.
And onwards towards the foe they steer—a sight sublimely
grand—

War's stern array hath there an awe it never knows on land.
Soon many a sword salutes the sun, drawn in that deadly strife,
From many a heart that bounded high soon flows the tide
of life.

The King—the King—to free the King bold Fionn hews his way,
And woe to him who meets his sword on this eventful day.

The King is won ; but the lion heart that sets his master free
Is deeply pierced—as he cuts the cord his life-blood dyes the sea.
Brave Fionn's head is held on high, the Irish to appal,
But they rush more fiercely to the fight, led on by young
Fingall.

Sternly, foot to foot, and sword to sword, for death or life
they meet,
And bravely, though few, they long withstand the hordes
of Sitric's fleet ;
But slowly at last o'er heaps of slain the Irish yield apace,
The many have the few o'ercome—defeat is no disgrace.

Oh, Fingall—Fingall, what dread resolve now seizes on your
mind ?

All, all is done that valour can, give way, and be resigned !
Swiftly he rushed, as one possessed, 'mid all that hostile train,
Seizing their king, with one wild bound, plunged both into
the main,

Then sudden, as if by frenzy sped, two Irish chiefs as brave,
The king's two brothers as quickly seized, and dashed into
the wave,

And Freedom smiled when she saw the deed, she knew the
day was won ;

But with that smile came a bitter tear, she had lost her
favourite son.

With terror struck, th' astonished Danes at every point gave
way,

And few were left to tell the tale of that destructive fray.

There was joy that week o'er all the land, from Bann to
Shannon's shore ;

For they said those Danish chiefs will come to spoil our
homes no more.

But ere the song of mirth went round or toast in hut or hall,
A tear was shed, and a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

And through the wars of after years their name was the battle-cry,

And many a heart that else had quailed, by them was taught to die ;

And oft as Freedom broke a chain, or tyrants met their fall,
A tear was shed—a prayer was said for Fionn and Fingall.

NEIL M'DEVITT.

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

O, Ireland ! Ancient Ireland !

Ancient ! yet for ever young !

Thou our mother, home, and sireland—

Thou at length hast found a tongue.

Proudly, thou at length

Resistest in triumphant strength.

Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled ;

And as that mighty God existeth

Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,

Thou yet shalt wake, and shake the nations of the world.

For this dull world still slumbers

Weetless of its wants and loves—

Though, like Galileo, numbers

Cry aloud : “ It moves ! it moves ! ”—

In a midnight dream,

Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream—

All march, but few descry the goal.

O, Ireland ! be it thy high duty

To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty,

And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance ;

Not in idle threat or boast,

Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance

At the haughty Saxon host ;

Thou hast claimed in sight

Of high Heaven thy long-lost right.

Upon thy hills—along thy plains—

In the green bosom of thy valleys—

The new-born soul of holy Freedom rallies,
And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains.

Deep, saith the Eastern story,

Burns in Iran's mines a gem,

For its dazzling hues and glory

Worth a Sultan's diadem

But from human eyes

Hidden there it ever lies !

The eye-travelling gnomes alone ;

Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,

May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure

Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.

So is it with a nation

Which would win for its rich dower

That bright pearl, Self-Liberation—

It must labour hour by hour.

Strangers who travail

To lay bare the gem, shall fail ;

Within itself must grow, must glow—

Within the depths of its own bosom

Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom

The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all—rejoiceful !

March on thy career unbowed !

Ireland ! let thy noble, voiceful

Spirit cry to God aloud.

Man will bid thee speed—

God will aid thee in thy need ;

The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—

Be sure thou soon shall form the vanguard

Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and Manguard ;

And these words come from one whom men have called a seer !

J. C. MANGAN.

BANBA A'S MACHTNAÍH AR DOIBNEAS NA NODLAG.

Míre ! Bíor-ra leir ós tráct, comh ós aepeac leir an té ir óige azaib. Carab míre ór comhair na zrine comh maic leo, comh luac leo ; a'gur do car a'gur o'ac-car an zeimpeac oim na cianta pul ar iusab ár Slánuigtheoir, céad molaó a'gur buideacar le nA aimn ! Bíob fleab ir féile a'gam-ra féin a'gur ir oim, zo veimín, do bíob an b'íob nuair tágaó an tSaoire oim zac bliabain. Ní mó ácar ar an bpáirte ir aeirge ar teaót na Nodlag inr an raogal ro ná mar bíob oim-ra ar teaót na Bealtaine a'gur na Samna le linn na D'raibdeacta. Bíor-ra ós bog leanbairde a'gur ir cuimín liom an uain, a b'íob uaim anoir, nuair ná raib cúram ran traogal oim acó z'reann a'gur féile. Acó cuabóar i n-aoir a'gur i n-aoir, bí mo clann féin a'gam i o'ac, a'gur do réir mar cuabó mo m'urail i méio bí mo búil i b'féile a'z oul i laigead. I zcionn na zcian bailig mo clann leo, bíobar a'z teaót ir a'z imteaót, a'gur a'z teaót ir a'z rí-imteaót. Fé veipeab o'ílleabóar leir an zcpeideamh cu'gam, a'gur i o'ceannta an épeioimh cu'gabóar leo an Nodlag. Cuabóar i n-óige fé glóir na Nodlag a'ir zo o'í zo ra'bar comh leanbairde rimpliob le naobdeanán. Cuipeab carab na Nodlag oipeab ácar oim-ra ar o'úir ir mar cuipeann ar an aor ós inoiu. Acó o'imtig an leanbuidéac ro leir an aimir : o'ibir cúram an traogail a'ir i. A'gur níor móir an iongaó é, óar noóig !

Táim a'z caiteamh na Nodlag anoir le míle zo leit bliabán nac móir. Ir iomóa treab ir o'útaig trearcará le linn na haimirpe rin. Ir iomóa ríogaót a bí zo comáctac míle zo leit bliabán ó foim acá zo meácte raonlag tinn inoiu, a'gur ir iomóa tír a bí zan comáct an uair rin acá zo tréan éipeactac nemrpleadac inoiu. Táim-re a'z fairpe o'ra zo léir, a'z fairpe ar o'roc-obair a'gur ar óeag-obair

do péir mar tásair. Iy beas nac ionann mo cúiraidhe-ra asur cúiraidhe na gnáct-mná, áct sur reáct ria ar an raogal ro mire, asur sur míle mó tabairta fé ndeara dá péir asam. Da minic mire as caiteam na Noúlas asur an ríoc iy an rneácta, báirteac iy gaoct iy cóirniú míllte as cup tuiyre iy eagla ar ar máir fém' ríaraó. Níorú annam ár asur coimearcar asur an donar, fóiríor, as réirdeac timceall oim asur Spíoraio na Noúlas as tairteal fém' déin : uair no dó bíor i mbéal báir asur ceapaó ná béarraó Noúlais go bráct ariir oim. Áct reo fóir annro mé, molaó le DÍa, asur mé ullam ar an éasóir a deineac oim do máirteac asur an ruaimnear do ráinú dom d'adomáil.

Cao iy ríú Noúlais no dó do caiteam fé'n ainveire i gcomórtar leir na céadtaib ceann atá caíte fé doibnear asam ? Á ! iy iomóda Noúlais a caitear fé ruaimnear, asur dá búiú reo cionnur a tíocfaó ná tuisfínn go cruinn an t-ácar a bíonn ar ós asur aorta, ar boct iy raibóir nuair tásann an Noúlais oiréa gac bliadain. Cionnur a tíocfaó, reáó, cionnur a tíocfaó ? Nac tuiscte dóm-ra cionnur mar carcar rmaointe an deoraide fé déin a dútaige fé comairce na Noúlas ; ná motuigim-re cionnur mar bíonn cuirle na mátar as ppeabaó go ríntear lici na Noúlas cúice ; na dearbáirteacá bí ar reacrán nac eol asur nac rean-eol dom cionnur mar cruinnigtear iao timceall an teintéin mar ar oileac iao, timceall búir na féile mar ar tógac iao : ná fuilim as éirteact le guirdeactaint mo éloinne gac oirde Noúlas ó ruacó clann dom ! Náí eualara cluis na cille as bualaó go módmaraó gac bliadain a beir oim ó teact an éreioim asur as múcac glíogair glórais gairú an traogail ; náí ariugear cantan ciuin na heaglaire as cup náire ar glóir iy ar fórtam luct tarcuirne ! Mire náí éuit néal corácta ríam oim áct as aodaireact mo mupgaile de ló iy d'oirde ; mire tá as féadaint ar rpéir glain lae Noúlas ó'n lá i n-ar minú Diaqlan focal na ríunne ór mo éomair ; mire sur gnáct liom na ruaiúte d'feicrint as gluairéact go dúctreac fé déin an tréiréil

aSúr aS cromaó go huímal ar aSáir na haitórac, aS breic
 buirdeacair dá Slánuigsteoir mar bá cóir fé culaic éirí-
 teacta d'oirpead do Neam, má'r cearta dom ran a ráó ;
 mire,—mire, go bfuil mo éluar ir mo fúil díriúste ar an
 uirraim ir an mear atá aS iarc ir éan ir ainmíde, san bac
 i n-aon cóir leir an n-daonnairde ar diaóact na Noctas ó
 lá beirte a SCrutóra. Diaóact ir daonnaact ir dúiract,
 ruaircear ir ruaimnear ir ríotcáin, áilne ir uirraim ir
 doirbnear na Noctas, cia féarad cup ríor orca go cruinn ?
 Táim-re aS rmaoineam orca le rada, aSúr aS fairc le
 linn mo ráogail, leir, orca ; aSúr ní'l le ráó aSam act
 fé mar a cula aSúr mar doubairt go minic poime reo :
 go mba toil Dé ruaimnear ir ruaircear ir ríotcáin na
 Noctas do beic aS cáó do réir mar tuilltear, aSúr nára
 rada go bfuairclócair Sé mé féin aSúr mo élan ó éirícaib
 nime an eactrannaig i scuma ir go scaitrimíó lá a beirte
 fé fáirce aSúr fé fáirce go lá an luain !

moS ruic.

BRIAN OF BANBA.

Brian of Banba all alone up from the desert places
 Came to stand where the festal throne of the Lord of Thomond's
 race is,
 Came after tarrying long away till his cheeks were hunger-
 hollow
 And his voice grown hoarse in a thousand fights where he
 called on his men to follow.
 He had pillowed his head on the hard tree roots and slept
 in the sun unshaded,
 Till the gold that had shone in his curls was gone and the
 snow of his brow had faded.
 And where he came he was meanliest clad midst the nobles
 of the nation,
 Yet proudly he entered among them all
 For this was his brother's Banquet Hall,
 And he was a prince Dalcassian.

Mahon, King of the Clann Dal Cais, throned in his palace,
proudly

Drank the mead from a costly glass whilst his poet, harping
loudly,

Traced in song his lineage long to the time of ancient story,
And praised the powers of Kennedy's sons and counted their
deeds of glory,

And chanted the fame of the chieftains all that banquet
board surrounding,—

But why does he turn to this stranger tall, for whom is his
harp now sounding ?

"The king," he says, "is champion bold, and bold is each
champion brother ;

But Brian the youngest,

Is bravest and strongest,

And nobler than any other."

The king stood up on his royal throne and sorrowful was
his gazing,

And greatly the envy grew in his heart at the sound of such
high appraising ;

For Mahon had dwelt in a palace fair, at peace with the
land's invader,

While Brian lurked in the wild cat's lair and slept where the
she-wolf laid her.

Mahon was clad in a robe of silk, the gift of a Danes' chief's
sending,

The only cloak that Brian had was torn by the brambles'
rending.

Mahon called for the mead and wine from the hands of those
that hasted,

But the cold thin wave that the swan flocks sip

Was the only wine that Brian's lips

For a year, and more, had tasted.

"Brian, my brother," said the king, in a tone of scornful wonder,

"Why dost thou come in beggar guise our palace portals under ;

Where hast thou wandered since yesteryear, in what venture of love hast thou tarried ;

Come, tell us the count of thy prey of deer and what cattle-herds thou hast harried ;

Where is thy mantle of silken fold and the jewelled brooch that bound it ;

In what wager lost was the band of gold that once thy locks surrounded ;

Where hast thou left the courtly train that befitted thy princely station,

The hundred high-born youths I gave,

The chosen sons of the chieftains brave

Of the warriors Dalcassian ? "

"I have followed no deer since yesteryear, I've harried no neighbour's cattle ;

I have wooed no love, I have played no game but the kingly game of battle ;

The Danes were my prey by night and day in their forts of hill and hollow,

And I come from the desert lands alone because none are alive to follow.

Some were slain on the plundered plain and some in the midnight marching,

And some have died of the winter's cold, and some of the fever parching ;

And some have perished by wounds of spears and some by the shafts of bowmen,

And some by hunger, and some by thirst,

Until all were gone, but they slaughtered first

Their tenfold more of their foemen."

Then the king leaped down from his cushioned throne and
he grasped the hand of his brother,

“Brian, though youngest, thou art bravest and strongest,
and nobler than any other ;

So choose at thy will of my flocks on the hill and take of my
treasure golden,

Were it even the ring on my royal hand or the jewelled cloak
I’m rolled in.”

Brian smiled : “ You will need them all as award of bardic
measure ;

I want no cattle from out your herds, no share of your shining
treasure ;

But grant me now,” and he turned to look in the listening
warriors’ faces—

“A hundred more of the brave Dal Cais
To follow me over plain and pass,
And die as fitteth the Clann Dal Cais,

At war with the outland races.”

ALICE MILLIGAN.

ST. LORCÁN'S ADDRESS.

(Supposed to have been delivered to the native Irish Princes about 1171
A.D. on the landing on our shores of the second gang of English adventurers
St. Laurence O'Toole, who was Archbishop of Dublin at the period, was in
due time chosen as its patron Saint. Ireland has produced no more faithful
son.)

Princes, Tanists, Chiefs of Iran, wherefore meet we here
to-day ?

Come ye but to raise a calloid o'er your country's lifeless
clay ?

Come ye here to whine your sorrow for the ill yourselves
have wrought,

Or to swear you'll buy redemption at the price it may be
bought ?

Once your names were names of honour in the citted camps
of Gaul—

Once the iron tribe of Odin did not blush to bear your thrall—
Once the proud Iberian boasted how your royal race begun ;
But your glory hath gone from you, swiftly as the setting sun.

And throughout our desolation mark you not God's holy
hand,

Smiting us with subtle vengeance, for our sins against the
land ;

Frantic feuds and broken pactions, selfish ends and sordid lust,
And, the blackest vice of vices, treason to our sacred trust !

When the stranger came a stranger, still you gave the stranger's
meed—

Shelter when he came an exile—succour when he came in need ;
When he came a student, learning and the right of book
and board—

Princes ! when he came a robber had you not the axe and
sword ?

And was peace the fruit of treason ? Let our kinsmen,
fled or dead,

Chainless plunder, lust, and murder, teach you how sub-
mission sped ;

Nay, behold yon vale ! a convent lay like love embosomed
there,

Where the weary found a shelter, and the wounded needful care.

And the prayers of holy maidens streamed to Heaven night
and day,

Like a healing incense burning all infectious sin away ;
There it flourished till the spoiler, Christless more than
Heathen Jew,

Came—and now the wolf and Saxon share the wreck between
them two.

.

And their king will be your father? Yea, and grant you
many a grace—

Gyves and fetters from the donjons of his own begotten race!
Scorn this slavish scheme to mesh you in a net of idle words;
Thank him as his sons have thanked him—thank him with
your naked swords.

Still ye doubt! Then, royal Norman, reeking red with holy
blood,

Come and lead to newer slaughter all your sacrilegious brood;
Come in triumph—here are bishops, worn to stone with
fast and prayer,

None shall question why you send them Beckett's bloody
shroud to share.

Nay, my children, if you doom us to the martyr's bitter
crown,

With your own dishonoured weapons strike your priests and
prelates down;

Better thus than by the stranger—better thus than being
cursed

With that hideous daily torture, living on to know the worst.

And the loyal wives that love you with a fond and generous
truth,

And the daughters who surround you with the sunshine of
their youth,

Drag them to the carnal tyrant as he swoops upon your shore—
Meekly you must do his pleasure, nor deny him evermore.

Oh! forgive my rash injustice; Heber's blood is wroth
with wrong,

And I see you burn to grapple all the ills we bore so long,
And you'll league like royal brothers, till from joyful shore
to shore

Princely rage indeed shall thunder, women's tears shall rain
no more.

Yes, like brothers ; let the Psalters link his name with fixt disgrace,

Who when Iran waves her banner, strikes for region, clann,
or race ;

Not for Desmond, not for Uladh, not for Ir or Eoghan's seed,
But for ocean-girded Iran must our kingly chieftains bleed.

Moran's self-denying justice, Dathi's world-embracing fame,
Fodhla's wisdom, Cormac's counsel, holy Patrick's sacred
name,

And our own dear land that gave us kindly culture, state,
and gold—

Oh ! my children, need you stronger spell-words for the true
and bold ?

Thus you match and overmatch them, be they harnessed
breast and backs—

Never Norman forged a cuirass could resist an Irish axe ;
And be sure your fearless clansmen soon shall scorn their
black array,

As the cowards clad in iron and a horse to ride away !

And the dull and slavish Saxons whipped and leashed by
Norman hands,

Trained to wreak the wrongs they suffered on the breast
of kindred lands—

Trained like mastiffs in the shambles, at a beck to rend and
bite,

As the wolves before the beagles you shall track their bloody
fight.

Pause not till each Dun and Tower planted by the strangers'
hands,

Blazes like a Viking beacon, guiding them from out the land—
Till the last of all the pirates to their galleys shall have fled,
Shuddering at the dire *gall-tromba* as the trumpet of the dead.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

AIŖNEAS AN PEACAIS LEIS AN MBÁS.

AN BÁS:

Ir cuŕat a tánŕa, a peacais éirionna,
le hóirouŕaó láirir tū breit de'n raoidéal ro,
ŕo ttabarfa cunnatar ió' óroic-ŕníomairtaib
Do'n Riŕ fuair bár ar an ŕCpoir dia hAoine.

AN PEACAÓ:

Ir cia hé tura tá aŕ labairt comh dāna
le reanóir uat tá fé eiac eiríote?
Oó, mo eanneta! ir fann atáim-re,
Ir mo éroide dá bpireaó le huirearba rláinte.

AN BÁS:

Mire an bár atá lán de éreim-neart,
Do leas ar lár clann ádaim ŕo léir-éart;
leasrao tura anoir mar don leo,
Ir bearrao óo' maoin ŕan bpiŕ fé eiré tū.

AN PEACAÓ:

Éirt, a Báir! tabair cáirde fór dom,
ná déin mé éreacaó 'r ná mairb ŕo fóil mé,
ŕo noéanrao aitrige im' peacaió móra,
Ir ŕo noioŕalrao m'fiaó le Riŕ na ŕlóire.

AN BÁS:

Ir fada an cáirde fuairir ŕo tó ro,
Ir an fáro eile dá bpaŕfa arír é,
Mar mairir maí do mairreaó coiróce,
Dá fáro é an cluitce ŕo deirraó do rcribe.

AN PEACAÓ:

lí hamla mairfínn ŕeallaim om' éroide duit,
aó im' aitrigeaó dian fé eiac aŕ caoi-ŕol,
aŕ tabairt ráraim do ŕia ir do dāoimib
im' óroic-éleacaó ir im' beairtaib baoirpe.

AN BĀS :

Ir iomdha geallamain fáltra tusaíir ió' fáoiḡeal uait
 O'fear ionaid Oé fá éide íora,
 So ttréigfeá an peaca 'r so mairfeá mín tair
 Fé maḡlaḡaib naomta san a ttréigean coiróce.

AN PEACAĈ :

Ir fíor sur ḡeallar do'n ttraḡart, ní bréaḡaċ,
 Fáoiríoin mo beaċaó do oéanam i n-éirfeacċ ;
 Acċ cúram an ttraoḡail ir an cíor aḡ ḡlaoaċ oim
 Do éraíó ríao maíir ir do éiar so léir mé.

AN BĀS :

Leis doo' fcanúir, a fcanuine énaoíóte,
 No ráitfeao an bioir ro tré láir do éroíde 'rteaċ,
 Ir tabarfaíó don íllac Muire breit san rcaoileaó
 Ar t'anam anoir, ir so hirfeann ríor leat.

AN PEACAĈ :

Mo ḡreim duib dobaċ ir mo bñón an rcéal ro
 Muire veit caillte 'r mo muinnteaí im' éaḡmuir,
 Ir m'anam oá loícaó i n-irfeann péineaċ
 I otaoib iomaó mo éoir ir mo móir-éuir claonta.

Do fáoileaí maíir ná muineaí don nio
 Do tuillfeao ríanta ríorruíóde éaċtaċ' ;
 Ní muinn mé soio ná bioio ná éigean
 Muíoraí ná feall don am dom' fáoḡal.

Do tusaíinn loírtín do ḡaċ oeoíaoíde tréit laḡ,
 Diaó ir oeoċ do'n té éioíinn 'na n-éaḡmuir,
 Oíolurdeacċ éeaíre le fear an eilim,
 Ó! naċ cruaió ó íora má ḡníoéann mé oaoíao'.

AN BĀS :

Ní'l dobaċ naċ fíor ḡaċ nio o'e'n méioí rin,
 Acċ éíre so fóil aḡur 'neoraó féin ouit
 Cao íao na nioċe tá ió' éoinne aḡ an don íllac
 'Na éuir móir éiom le fonn tú oaoíao :

Do b'ir paiseonta thóc-labarta bréasa,
Óltaé imeartaé riormataé rcléipeaé,
Barbartaé glasaartaé ir aS deapbuaSó éitig;
Ir tuigS go dtuilleann an róirt ran t'ú daoraó.

AN PEACAC:

Má ólainn reillingS go mimic i dtigS tábairne
I b'pócair mo éomurran no mo éomSur cáirde,
Ir mairS duit coiróce rin do maoidéam im' látair
Ir feabhar mo érhoide-re cum díol tar c'ac díob.

Do bí mé tamall i dtortaé mo fáogail
Go bhuideantaé barbartaé ir tabarta d'éiteaé,
D'einear faoiríoin fada mo beataó 'na díeró rin
Ir do fáoiléar, seallaim, go faib mairte mo élaonta.

.

AN BĀS:

Ná tuigS, a rpaóaire, go mairt'io Mac Dé duit
Tar éir ar d'einir de cuirp'teaé élaonta,
Ir ar b'irir dá dílige ir san ruim 'na éréactaib,
Aéct dá céaraó ir san rcit le héigcéart.

Ir fada é aS foirne leat, a élaóaire méirliS,
Ir t'ú lán de tairóbre ir do blaómann éitig;
Do fáoilir é méallaó leó' blaódar 'r leó' b'réasaib,
Aéct anoir éirir S'ac S'níom deó' t'reitib.

AN PEACAC:

Fóil, a B'air! tabair cáirde an lae reo
Go ndéanfaó m'uaéct mar ir dual a déanam,
Cum ná beiró buaóairt i mearc mo S'ailta
I dtaoib mo fácmair nuair leaSfar mé traócta.

Má'r fíor S'ac a ndeir t'ú go mbeaó-ra daorta
Ar ron na S'cor do 'nirir io' r'éal dom,
Ir é mo tuigrin Sur beaS 'ran traogal ro.
San beir éom dona liom inr an méiró rin.

.

AN BĀS:

Ní'l duine 'ran traosgal ro bhuir d'lighe an áiríomh,
Dá olcár a gníomhartha a'sur d'it na ngráir ari,
Má d'eineann faoiríoin le bhuig go lán-éadair,
Ná go maiéiríó íora a p'eacairíe go b'rác d'ó.

'Sé r'lighe 'na mealltar clann b'óct á'daí,
Nuair d'eimíó an peaca ir anam iad cármhar;
Cuirfeann an diaibál r'rian le n-a lán díobh,
A'sur r'p'acann ó 'Dia 'na díaríó go b'rác iad.

AN PEACAÍ:

Cé sur t'láe l'as t'p'íe t'áim féin ra éiac ro
Ir turá, a 'Dáir, a's cur lán-éad' r'ian orim,
Le eagla r'ómar ir r'íom díogaltar an Tígeadna,
Má'r r'íoríó r'áiríe t'á mí-á'd an diaibál orim.

AN BĀS:

C'p'íó mo r'céal-rá ir g'éill go r'íoríó dom
Sur g'airíó go m'beiríó i n-irfeann r'íoríó uaim;
Mar ná r'innir a'iríe i'ó' p'eacairíó líonmar'
A'et dá éur ar cáiríe g'ac lá go d'ití ro.

AN PEACAÍ:

A'iríur dom, ir ná d'ein b'p'as líom,
Cad é an r'óiríó d'aoine d'ó bíonn dá n'daoiríó
Ir dá g'caríó r'íoríó go h'irfeann p'éineac
Ar r'on a b'p'eacairíe ir a mailíó claoiríac?

AN BĀS:

An d'p'eam d'ub g'allíó p'eamarí na m'p'í-íoríó
A'tá d'eagairíe ó 'Dia, leir an n'diaibál d'ó g'eobairíó r'íad;
Ir an d'p'eam t'á d'all ir ná g'lacíó c'ómaríle
Beiríó 'na d'p'eanníó r'á r'canníó d' n'd'cain.

Ní'l duine 'ran d'omán marí namíó a's an don m'íac,
Má f'agann b'ár i b'p'ea m'aríó, ná d'aoiríó
Ir ná cuiríó go h'irfeann ir an t'eine dá g'c'aríó
I m'aríó na n'd'eamán, go lom fé g'c'aríó.

AN PEACAÓ:

MÁ bíonn an méid rin go léir díob caillte,
 Agus feartha go ríor ó Chríost san ainmear,
 I r beas a paíaró fé ghradam go meathrac
 Go cúirt na bflaitear 'mearc ainígeal dá aórad.

AN BÁS:

Ní paíaró go párraíar, geallaim óm' béal duit,
 Aóit an t-aitrígead cóir, rin leor-daoctam,
 Tug ráram ríor do Rí na Naom ngeal
 I bpeacaib a beataó go catrígead déarac;
 Aóit amáin an leanó náir peacuis go héas dó,
 Raíaró ar an nóimeat go Cúirt na Naom ngeal,
 I mearc na n-ainígeal go taitneamhac gléiseal,
 I reilb na glóire i gcóir do'n Naom-Spioraio.

AN PEACAÓ:

Oc, a Báir! i r cráirte an rceal liom
 Laiígead na n-daoine beir raor 'ran t-raoíal ro
 Mar go bfuilid uile san tuigrint san éirim,
 San rceim a leara cum aitríge do déanam.
 I r minic go dtí ro pinnear gníomhartha éadac'
 Déarc i r carctannaóit i r an-cuid daonnaóit'
 A bfaíad don luaóit im' móir-maíe ar don cóir,
 Tar éir sac ar tugar de gurcal an t-raoíal uaim?

AN BÁS:

Ná bí meallta a clampaire méirlií
 Ní bfaíar don luaóit tréó' móir-cuid daonnaóit'
 Mar go raíar maró 'ran bpeaca sac tréimre
 'Na pinneir an carctannaóit, 'r san eagla Dé oir.
 Tabair fé n-deara san dearmad an méid reo:
 An fáir i r bíonn an duine as bfuiread 'r as réabad
 Oíge míc Muire tré cuirpe a claonta
 Ní bíonn don tairbe 'na maítear go léiread.

AN PEACAĆ:

Aitíur fór dom san gó an rceal ro,
 Cao é an ciall 'na mbeir Dia as gilaodac oíamh
 Lá na mbreac 'r na screac 'r na n-éigean
 Ór sac áit cum clann ádhaim d'éirteac?

AN BĀS:

'Sé an cúir i n-a dtiocfaid an cine boct daonna
 Go gleann mór íorophait lá na ndaoir-breac
 Cum iomaó a scorca do noctaó do'n traogal
 Go breicfead sac nuine aca loctuire a céile.

Sul a dtiocfaid an lá ro beir ar 'ran traogal;
 Loircefar an domán ir sac nio ar a éadan;
 Beir an srian go duabac fé rmúit as éiclipr,
 Ir an sealać, mo máirg! com dearg le haon fuil.

Beir an rpear ar buile ir tuitir na réalta;
 Beir tíorca ar bogad ir as orcaic ó céile.
 Beir an fáirge ar lapad as imteac 'na caoraid.
 Agus cloca ir cainn le n-a linn as a réabad.

Beir cnuic ir gleannra le rcannrad as léimrigh,
 Beiridigh an domán go haóball as géimrigh;
 Na peacais óona dá lorcad 'r dá ttraocad,
 Sceimle ir easla oíca poim fearg an doimhic.

Annpoin tiocfaid aingeal ór na flaitir le rcéala
 As gilaodac ar na máirb cum an breiteamhair
 déireanais;

Eipeocair i n-a fearam go tapad le céile
 An rhuict ro do fíolrigh ó ádhaim ir éaba.

Beir righir ir pmonnraide ir iarlair raogalta,
 Sairidigh uairbreaca com mór le Caerap
 Annpú i n-a fearam, le heagla 's rpeacais
 San teideal, san meap 'na mearc go léir oíca.

An lá úr do éirir mictíre ir méirliḡ
 Tíoránaiḡ millteac' le pceimle aḡ béiciḡ
 Ir liútar dall do meall na céarta,
 Aḡur luēt a éireoinḡ ḡo huile dā nḡaoraḡ.

Pontuir pīleat ir an cladaire hēroḡ,
 Ir na ḡiúraiḡ mallaiḡte tpearcair an tDon-mac;
 Ir, ḡac tpeam eile d'eitill ó'n Naoin-Spiora ḡ,
 Beir an lá úr ḡo cráirte dā nḡaoraḡ.

Beir ór a ḡcómair ḡo trúpac ḡléiḡeal,
 Na maiḡtḡiḡ éróḡa ḡo ḡlórmair pēariac,
 Coinḡearóirḡe diaḡa bí maḡḡalta naomḡa,
 Ir oiltḡiḡe beannuiḡte do pēacain an raḡḡal rḡ.

Beir maiḡḡeana ḡeala ann d'fan ḡan céile,
 Aḡur ainḡ íora pēriḡḡta ar a n-éadan;
 Beir ḡac tpeam ann, tḡḡ annraēt do'n Don-mac,
 Ir do ḡin pīor-aitḡiḡe roim ériḡcnuḡaḡ a raḡḡal.

an pēacac:

Inniḡ dom, a báiḡ, cé táim ḡan éipeaēt,
 Créao fáē an cómarḡta úr ar ḡnúir ḡac éinne
 De'n tpeam roin adubairt tú d'fan ḡan céile,
 Ir ḡac n-aon eile, beir tú, beir 'na éaḡmuir?

an bās:

Acá ḡo pīrinneaē, mar ḡo raḡḡaḡar néata,
 I nḡráḡ le íora tair daoiniḡ an traḡḡail,
 Lioḡta le ḡlaine ir le ḡile naomḡa
 Ir aḡ pēanaḡ an pēaca do failiḡ na céarta.

ḡac maiḡḡean ḡlan díḡb d'fan ḡan céile
 Ir ḡile beir pí ná ḡal na ḡréine,
 Ní beir éinne i bḡarraḡar cóim taitḡneamaē léite
 I bḡocair na n-aingēal, i nḡraḡam 'r i pēim leo.

.

AN PEACAC:

Ó! mo éireac ír mo cáir náir ghrádhair im' fáogáil
An rubáilce breasg san tuill bairr gac péime;
Acht dá bfaiginn don áit iní an áruir naomhta
Do beinn anoir fáirta, ír go bpiáit tar a éir reo.

AN BĀS:

Éirt, a rpaodaire, ní maié liom do bpiáirta,
Níor éitneam leat pian piagáil na naom ngeal;
Níor maié leat, péin, do élann a beit naomhta,
Ná iompóó ar ōia go mbeoír aorta.

AN PEACAC:

Do fáoiltear, geallaim ōuit, go mb'féarria cum Dé
ōóib

Clann ír conaóac mar atá agham féiníis,
Ar eagla beit boct nuair a beoír aorta,
Ír go mbeoír go bpiáit gan rpleáócar ō'éinne.

AN BĀS:

Dalláó gan leigear oir, a élaóaire méirliis,
A feanrouine cam ír a éranncá fáogáilta:
Ní tuigir go mb'féarri ōóib cáirdear Dé gíl
Ná clann ír conaóac ír bíáit beas bpiéise.

Caó tá aghat-ra de bairr do fáogáiltaóó?
Acht iaríma peacais ír gan ō'aitríise déanta?
Ír anoir mar geall ar do cam-íliise éitíis
Beoír tréó' gniómáirtaib go fíor íó' ōaoríó.

Ír lá na bpiéite ag deireadó an traozáil reo,
Tiocfaíó íora Críóir aríir gan bpiéas ōuit;
An uair ōó ruióríó ar máoil an tSléibe,
Mar bpiéteam cómaótaó cum cúire ō'éirteáó.

Anníró do éirir Críóir 'r á éréáóta,
Ír gac pian máibta ō'fulainis íó' éaóib-re

Ir na Siúdaíḡ fáilra, an tream do céar É,
 Aḡ reneadaíḡ 'r aḡ caoi ḡo ríocmair péineac.

Iompócaíḡ aḡaíḡ ḡo meilteac faobrac
 Ar fhuas na mallaet, an aicme réan É,
 Aḡur véarfaíḡ leo ḡo fórrac t'reanmair:
 Imtíḡiḡ óm' raḡaíre fé ḡeibeann 'r ḡéar-ḡlar.

Ir anoir, a réanvuine, rtaḡrao dem' rcéaltaíḡ,
 Ní hé an t-am ceart cabair ná raoraḡ
 O'iarraíḡ ar Oia, 'r tú mair dā t'reíḡean
 ḡo huair an báir ir tú i mbeárrnain baḡḡail.

an peacac:

Ó, a báir, ná rácaíḡ do ḡéar-ḡac,
 Tabair dom cáirde ḡo máireac, réiníḡ,
 ḡo n-iarrao ríocáin ar an áiríḡis naomta
 Ar méir mo peacaíḡe ir ḡan m'aitḡiḡe véanta.

an bās:

Ní bḡaḡaíḡ tú cáirde, a éneamair an éitíḡ,
 Do tuilir ó Éríort ḡo ríor tú ḡaoraḡ,
 Mar ḡur t'reíḡir mair a maḡail 'r a naomtaet,
 Ir bearrao-ra iḡ' bḡaíḡ tú i lácair an doin-mhic.

páḡraíḡ deinn.

THE MUNSTER WAR SONG.

A.D. 1190.

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

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze
 From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately Galtees;

Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Sliavnamon, Gleann Colaich, and sublime Galtee Mór !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray.

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

RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

DE COURCY'S PILGRIMAGE.

(Sir John De Courcy was, under Henry II., the principal conqueror of Ulster. Having declared, later, that the death of Prince Arthur, rightful heir to the English Crown, was effected through the commands of King John, the King, on hearing it, directed Sir Walter and Sir Hugh De Lacy to arrest De Courcy and have him conveyed to England to be hanged. But in a battle which ensued De Courcy was victorious. The incident described in this ballad is a popular theme in many an Ulster home.)

" I'm weary of your elegies, your keening, and complaints,
We've heard no strain this blessed night but histories of saints ;
Sing us some deed of daring—of the living or the dead ! "
So Earl Gerald, in Maynooth, to the Bard Neelan, said.

Answered the Bard Neelan—" Oh, Earl, I will obey ;
And I will show you that you have no cause for what you say ;
A warrior may be valiant, and love holiness also,
As did the Norman Courcy in this country long ago."

Few men could match De Courcy on saddle or on sward,
The ponderous mace he valued more than any Spanish sword ;
On many a field of slaughter scores of men lay smashed and
stark,

And the victors, as they saw them, said—" Lo ! John De
Courcy's mark."

De Lacy was his deadly foe, through envy of his fame,
He laid foul ambush for his life, and stigmatized his name ;
But the gallant John De Courcy kept still his mace at hand,
And rode, unfearing feint or force, across his rival's land.

He'd made a vow, for his past sins, a pilgrimage to pay,
At Patrick's tomb, and there to bide a fortnight and a day;
And now, amid the cloisters, the giant disarmed walks,
And with the brown beads in his hand from cross to cross
he stalks.

News came to Hugo Lacy of the penance of the Knight,
And he rose and sent his murd'ers from Durrogh forth by
night;
A score of mighty Methian men, proof guarded for the strife,
And he has sworn them, man by man, to take De Courcy's
life.

'Twas twilight in Downpatrick town, the pilgrim in the porch
Sat, faint with fasting and with prayer before the darkened
church;
When suddenly he heard a sound upon the stony street,
A sound, familiar to his ears, of battle horses' feet.

He stepped forth to a hillock, where an open cross it stood,
And, looking forth, he leaned upon the monumental wood.
“'Tis he, 'tis he!” the foremost cried, “'tis well you came
to shrive,
For another sun, De Courcy, you shall never see alive!”

Then roused the softened heart within the pilgrim's sober
weeds—
He thought upon his high renown, and all his knightly
deeds—
He felt the spirit swell within his undefended breast,
And his courage rose the faster that his sin had been confest.

“I am no dog to perish thus! no deer to couch at bay!
Assassins! 'ware, the life you seek, and stand not in my
way!”
He plucked the tall cross from the root, and, waving it around,
He dashed the master murd'rer stark and lifeless to the ground.

As, row on row, they pressed within the deadly ring he made,
Twelve of the score in their own gore within his reach he
laid,

The rest in panic terror ran to horse and fled away,
And left the Knight De Courcy at the bloody cross to pray.

"And now," quoth Neelan to the Earl, "I did your will
obey;

Have I not shown you had no cause for what I heard you say?"

"Faith, Neelan," answered Gerald, "your holy man, Sir
John,

Did bear his cross right manfully, so much we have to own."

T. D. M'GEE.

ERIN'S FLAG.

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!

Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!

Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,

When its chiefs with their clans stood around it, and swore

That never! no! never! while God gave them life,

And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,

That never! no! never! that banner should yield

As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;

While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,

And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! wave it high! 'tis as bright as of old!

Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold;

Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years

Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears!

Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,

And around it the thunders of tyranny boom.

Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,

There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky,

'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high!

Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh!

Lift it up ! lift it up ! the old banner of green !
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen ;
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown ?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop thus for ever ? No ! no ! God is just !
Take it up ! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,
Let him tear the Green flag—we will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it will bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,
And we'll swear by the blood which the Briton has shed,
And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we'll swear by the thousands who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches wild-howling for bread ;
And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed,
That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread ;
That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said—
That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red !

Lift up the Green Flag ! Oh ! it wants to go home,
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam,
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled ;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West,
It has flitted and fled—but it never shall rest,
Till pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up ! take it up ! bear it back from afar !
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war ;

Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
 And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die.
 And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,
 To join in the march to the land of their birth;
 And wherever the exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
 Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam;
 They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
 They'll sail to the music of "Home, Sweet Home!"

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN.

OIRÖCE BÍOS AG LUIGE IM' SUAN.

Oiröce bíor ag luige im' fuan
 Ir mé ar bualóiric tré na catairöe,
 - Do fín an trío-béan fíctleac fuaire
 Taob liom ruar ag déanam taitaige;
 Ba caol a com, a cmaob-fóit leabair
 Ag teact go bonn léi 'na rractairöe
 Ba öuire a sruas ná an sual
 'S ba gile a sruas ná na healaröe.

Do connac í, a shaoi san sruaim,
 A claoon-porc uaine ir a béal tanairöe,
 A mion-óioa cruinn geal cruairö,
 'S a mion-éneap ruar ná fuil tearairöe,
 A haol-córp reanag a péirö-érob leabair,
 A caol-porc teann, a déir 'r a malairöe;
 Ir fíor sruab doibinn linn a rnuas
 Bíod sur truas mé ag an sclearairöe.

Nuair deapcar í do bíodgar ruar
 Go bprionainn uairte créad ar b'ar í;
 Níor labair sí, do rceinn sí uaim
 Ir do bíor go ruairc tar éir mo rrairöe.

D'éigear go lom 'na déir le ponn,
 Níor dontuis liom ir mé ar meapáirde,
 Sur leanar í do'n tír ba tuair
 Go sír na nspuasac cé sur b'fao' í.

Tigim aníor arís de ruais
 Go sír Cpuacna, go sír Seanb,
 Go sír Cnuic doibinn fírinna fuair
 Mar a mbíod an fluas le taoib na Dannaíre;
 Go haol-bpug Doinne donguir óis
 As féacaint uaim ir as déanam airtíre,
 'S ní raib a tuairpe ríor ná fuar,
 Aet í as gluaireact tré na bealaíge.

Ir tigim go sír mic lír na spuas
 Ir ar Cpuoib Ruair tigim go Teamair,
 Go sír doibinn doirí Ear' Ruair,
 Go hAoibill Ruair le taoib na C'raíge.
 Bí céad ban ós ba féime cló
 As éirteact ceoil 'r as déanam airtíre
 I bpocair Aoibill ruí-bean Tuadmuman
 Ir míle spuasac glé le gaircíre.

Do bí an tríd-bean fíctleac fuair
 Do cuir ar buairíre mé im' meacáirde
 'Na ruid go maoinéac naoibín-geal fuar,
 A olaí-folt cuacac léi go haltáirde;
 D'féac anall go maorída moðamail,
 Ba léir di ar ball sur mé do lean í;
 Ar rí: Ir truas liom do cuairí
 Tis anuar ir éirt ar gceapáirde.

Mo énead, ar rí, mo buirdean ar buairíre,
 Mo tír mo fluas mo laocíad gaircíre,
 Do éreacáid tíoríca coiméigeac' cpuair'
 De líon-puic luac na ttréan ttréapáirde,

Mar bíod fē ceo san bhríġ ġac ló
 fē cuing an bhróin aġ na ġallaióe :
 Ir iomró mac dílir díbeairta uaim
 'S, a Ġríort, nac truaġ mé 'na n-eairbairó.

O'fíarruiġear dí cia hí an bliadóin
 O'aoir an Tíġearina beiró an fear ġrioióe
 'Na ġiġ ar ġaeóil ġo bhríogímar dían
 aġ díbirta fíadó-poc ó n-a halla óe.
 Do dún a beol, ní dubairta níor mó,
 Seo 'r ġiubal mar ceo í no mar fíoró-ġaoit,
 'S ní'l cunnatar fór le tabairta í ġcóir
 Cia ham a fóirfeair ar ár n-eairbairóe.

Peannairó 'r fíabhrar dían í ótear na óteínteadó,
 ġan éairairó ġan líaġ ġan bíadó ġan rtaó ar íota,
 ġan leabairó ġan ġian ġan Óia ġan ġean aġ óaoimó
 ar ġallaió í mbliadóna ó'r íaó do éireac ár muinntear.

SEÁN CLÁRAÓ MAC DO MHNAILL.

WILLIE GILLILAND.

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
 He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church and
 king ;
 And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge
 he hath ;
 So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death ;
 For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzelle,
 And his smoking roof-tree testifies they've done their errand
 well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land ;
 Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand ;

His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his head.
A fortune to the man that brings him in alive or dead !
And so on moor and mountain from the Lagan to the Bann,
From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed
man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,
He stayed his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side,
There in a cave all underground he laired his heathy den,
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill fox then !
With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream by day ;
At night, betwixt his greyhound fleet and his bonny mare
he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill ;
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see,
From Sliabh Mis foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,
Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

And now upon his homeward way he crossed the Collon high,
And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his eye ;
And all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple haze,
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the braes—
When suddenly shot up a blaze, from the cave's mouth it came,
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the
same !

He couched among the heather, and he saw them, as he lay,
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away ;
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came he,
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used
to be,

And stretched among the prickly comb, his heart's blood
smoking round,
From slender nose to breast bone cleft, lay dead his good
greyhound !

“ They’ve slain my dog, the Philistines ! they’ve taken my bonny mare ! ”

He plunged into the smoking hole ; no bonny beast was there ;
He groped beneath his burning bed (it burn’d him to the bone),

Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there was none ;

He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,
And in the shadows of the night ’twas thus he made his moan :—

“ My bonny mare I’ve ridden you when Claver’s rode behind,
And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like the wind.

And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank I swear
Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair !

Though sword to wield they’ve left me none—yet Wallace
wight, I wis,

Good battle did on Irvine side wi’ waur weapon than this.”

His fishing-rod, with both his hands he gripped it as he spoke,
And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain he broke ;

The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
But, grasping the thick hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
He ground the sharp spear to a point, then pulled his bonnet down,

And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle grey,
And up thine aisle, St. Nicholas, has ta’en his morning way,
And to the North Gate sentinel displayeth far and near,
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,
Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the blue.

.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the hill ;
Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still !
And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show,
Pricked jeering grooms, and burghers blythe, and troopers
in a row ;

But one has little care for jest so hard bested is he,
To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at least is she !

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,
The iron and the hickory are through and through him gone !
He lies a corpse ; and where he sat, the outlaw sits again,
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and rein ;
Then some with sword, and some with gun, they ride and
run amain !

But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day they plied
in vain !

Ah ! little thought Willie Gilliland when he on Skerry's side
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow, after that weary ride,
That where he lay like hunted brute, a caverned outlaw lone,
Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there his own ;
Yet so it was ; and still from him descendants not a few
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Freedom
too.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

QUEEN MARGARET'S FEASTING.

A.D. 1451.

Fair she stood—God's queenly creature !
Wondrous joy was in her face ;
Of her ladies none in stature
Like to her, and none in grace.

On the church-roof stood they near her,
 Cloth of gold was her attire ;
 They in jewelled circle wound her—
 Beside her Ely's king, her sire. ;

Far and near the green fields glittered,
 Like to poppy-beds in spring,
 Gay with companies loose-scattered
 Seated each in seemly ring.
 Under banners red or yellow,
 There all the day the feast was kept,
 From chill dawn and noontide mellow
 Till the hill-shades eastward crept.

On a white steed at the gateway
 Margaret's husband, Calwagh, sate ;
 Guest on guest, approaching, straightway
 Welcomed he with love and state.
 Each passed on with largess laden,
 Chosen gifts of thought and work,
 Now the red cloak of the maiden,
 Now the minstrel's golden torque.

On the wind the tapestries shifted ;
 From the blue hills rang the horn ;
 Slowly toward the sunset drifted,
 Choral song and shout breeze-borne.
 Like a sea that crowds unresting
 Murmured round the grey church-tower ;
 Many a prayer amid the feasting,
 For Margaret's mother rose that hour !

On the church-roof kerne and noble,
 At her bright face looked half dazed ;
 Nought was hers of shame or trouble—
 On the crowds far off she gazed :

Once, on heaven her dark eyes bending,
 Her hands in prayers she flung apart;
 Unconsciously her arms extending,
 She blessed her people in her heart.

Thus a Gaelic queen and nation
 At Imayn till set of sun,
 Kept with feast the Annunciation,
 Fourteen hundred fifty-one.
 Time it was of solace tender;
 'Twas a brave time, strong, yet fair!
 Blessing, O ye angels, send her,
 From Salem's towers, and Inisglair!

AUBREY DE VERE.

SEÁN'S HEAD.

Scene—*Before Dublin Castle.* Night. A clansman of Seán O'Neill's
 discovers his Chief's head on a pole.

God's wrath upon the Saxon! may they never know the pride
 Of dying on the battle-field their broken spear beside;
 When victory gilds the gory shroud of every fallen brave,
 Or death no tales of conquered clans can whisper to his grave.
 May every light from Cross of Christ, that saves the heart of
 man,

Be hid in clouds of blood before it reach the Saxon clan;
 For sure, O God!—and You know all, Whose thought for all
 sufficed—

To expiate these Saxon sins they'd need another Christ.

Is it thus, O Seán the haughty! Seán the valiant! that we
 meet—

Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me to defeat?
 Have *I* no chief, or *you* no clan, to give us both defence,
 Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?

Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle-tower,
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed, and thy brow seems rough
with power ;

Thy wrathful lips, like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung ;
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery
tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Colm Cille,
Whose warrior words fenced round with spears the oaks of
Derry Hill ;

Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to
knaves,

And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.

The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy
cheers ;

Ay, Seán, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your
tongue,

Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.

Just think, O Seán ! the same moon shines on Liffey as on
Foyle,

And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to despoil ;
And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these Dublin towers.

Thy face is paler than the moon ; my heart is paler still—
My heart ! I had no heart—'twas yours—'twas yours ! to
keep or kill.

And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief, your life, your soul,
your pride ;

But they sought it in thy bosom, Seán—with proud O'Neill
it died.

You were turbulent and haughty, proud, and keen as Spanish
steel—

But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief, O'Neill,
Who reared aloft the " Bloody Hand " until it paled the sun,
And shed such glory on Tir Eoghain as Chief had never done ?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was "haughty" with the foe;

He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt ye blow for blow!

He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not wild to see his hearth-stone razed?

He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed!

He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung away

Your Saxon stars of prunedom, as the rock does mocking spray,

He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached it till Tir Eoghain

Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red Hands" to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Seán!" Ye Saints, he makes no breath;

I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death.

Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster lost?

"Dost hear, dost hear? By Randolph led, the troops the Foyle have crossed!"

He's truly dead! he must be dead! nor is his ghost about—

And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout;

The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom up there,

By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Loch Foyle or Bann the Fair!

I'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander there, proud Séan,

In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate again.

JOHN SAVAGE.

CAT GLEANN MAOILIUGRA.

mar ar buairt fiacla mac dotha ó bhoin ar Gallairb, 25 Iúghnara, 1580.

Do táinig Srae de Bilton éugainn
 N-a bódairé uaidhreac nime;
 Ní raib dpeam fé gléar ra éruinne riam
 Ná go dtiocfaid leir a élaoré:
 “Tairpeánfaid uor na corolacais reo
 I nlinir fáil san móill,
 Mianac pola an Normannaisg
 Agus treire a lám i mbriugín.

Ir go veimín ó tánae eatoréa
 Ní fuláir dúinn beart ir gníom
 Do cup i leir élu Sárana
 'S ar ndeas-banríogán Eilir;
 Airmgim go bfuil i ngoiréacé dúinn
 An maoraid ir dána díob;
 Ullmúigíó i gcóir na maíone dam
 Agus leasfam beáirna tñíó.”

Do éit de Bilton reáctmáin glan,
 Cé gur learc leir uair de móill,
 Ar reot na nGall do tárrac éuise
 I mBaile áca élaé go cruinn;
 Dothuaid aniar 'r andear go tiug
 Do gábadair plán gac rúge;
 Fairé, éugat, a Úpanaisg gíl,
 Tá an ghrampaire ar do tí!]

Ác níor éorlad ruain don Úpanac é
 An treáctmáin úó i rít;
 'S mo míle éruas de Bilton tú
 Má blairfir d'faodair a élaróim;

“Seoúad ppróinriar mear Mac Seapailt
 Agus Séamur Mac Éartaoir;
 Mo dhubhlán beo agus marb fúib,
 A clanna lunnodain féil.”

So luat do gluair an Seapailtad,
 ‘S a cara le n-a taid,
 Ar fuair Ó nTróin na scailmfeair
 Ó b’áilge maí ir laigir;
 Ba fuaire é croidé gac ceatarnais
 Nuair glac n-a láim a claidéam:
 “Sead, gabaim tu i n-ainm Dhanba,
 ‘S gan dearmad déanfaim gníom.”

Níor teipte ar an nSeapailtad,
 Do tarrainis leir a buirdean,
 Ir Mac Éartaoir dá leanamaint
 I gan-fíor trío an nTrí;
 ‘S i n-indeoin ar dein na Sarnais
 Do gabadar folad dín
 I nGleann Maoiliugra an Dhranais mór,
 ‘S ar Sliaib Ruaó i mearc an-fraoisg.

Um deiread tíar na reáctmáine.

Do gheao de Bilton poime,
 Fíce míle Sarnad

So gheanta gléarta i gcríe,
 Sunnairde móra ir beaga aise
 ‘S gan dearmad airm faoibhir,
 Ir tós ré longporc taiteacad
 I mbéal an gleanna tíor.

Ar lughnara a cúis fícead
 Fé bhotal lae tearairde
 Bí ullam as de Bilton,
 Ir o’fás a longporc doil;

Seo aníor an gleann an sramhairc ;
Cá n-éadair a bhí anns gheall ?
An í sean-éirí duit go bhfuiltear éad ?
Ó, a Dé, an ít' éiríonn taid ?

Ní cloirtear torann a dtaircíl
 Cé gur saib chuid i an trlige;
 'S má tárlaíodéann duine 'a leasad ann
 Ní cloirtear a earcaimíde;
 Na rpeáirta tuar san anfaite;
 An talam ciúin 'r an coill;
 An srian anuair as taitneam oirta,
 I r áitear ar an mbuáilín.

Δέτ δε γείτ το έπίτ αν τάλαν
 1ρ λαράδ ruar an cóill,
 1ρ leasad ppeat breasg Sapanac;
 Mo ghráon tú, a fíada éporde!
 Δρίρ το búίρτ αν τορann úo
 1ρ το túit ppeat eile díob;
 Το glac an fuigéalac eagla,
 'S cum peata leo gan móill.

Δνοίρ, α ζαεθεαλα εάλμα,
 Σεο, ταγαίρ φύτα αηίρ;
 Ήαναίρ ιαο ιρ λεαγαίρ ιαο
 ιρ αγραίρ οητα νόοζαλ
 ιι α νοεάηναοαρ οε βεαρταίβ υιλε
 Αρ φεαρμνν έιβιρ φινν;
 Τά ραιτε ανηρύο αρ τείεεαο ροηάιβ
 ιρ τυγαίρ όόίβ αν ελαίθεαη.

Ἀνὰρ ἑὰς τὰοὺ ὅο ρηεαβὰοαρ
 Ἀρ αἰμε ἀν ὕεαῖα ἐαοῖλ,
 Ὅὰ ρυαἑὰ ὕρ Ὅὰ ρτῖααὸ,
 Ὅὰ μβαρὰ ὕρ Ὅὰ ἑααοῖε.

Ślac rcannrao a bair de Bilton
 Ir do teic pé uamán ón mbriúgín ;
 Ir Carbí Mullaig Mairtean
 Cuairt pleasg tré lár a éiríde.

TAÚS Ó DONNCAÚA.

THE LIVING IRISH SPEECH.

From a lecture by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., entitled : " The Preservation of the Living Irish Language—a work of National importance."

It is difficult to forecast the political future of this island. I speak not as a politician, but as a student of history when I say that the conglomeration of countries and islands that are marked red on our present maps, and called the British Empire, will not always cling together. The Roman Empire had far stronger bonds of union than the British, and yet that great Empire, even in the zenith of its power, had clay mingled with its feet of iron and nurtured the seeds of disruption, which grew strong in time and shattered it to a thousand fragments. The British Empire will burst up as the Roman did. Nay, the bonds of constitutional government that unite this island to the larger island across the Channel have no perpetuity in the nature of things. These two islands have been united under the same monarchy for three hundred years. But what are three hundred years in the life of a nation. The day may come, it may not be far distant, when this island may have to lead a separate political life, or enter into some new combination and form part of a new Empire. The day may come when the prestige and importance of the English language will not be what it is now. Even now, as a literary language, English is fast waning. The past fifty years have witnessed a deterioration in the quality of English literature which has no parallel since the

age of Chaucer, and which seems on the increase as years go by. There seems no chance of an aftermath of English literature, till youthful nations infuse their vigour into dialects of that language. Imagine the state of things that may exist a hundred or two hundred years hence. The British Empire shorn of most of its territory. Ireland and England no longer under the same government. New Empires, new dynasties sharing between them the sovereignty of the civilized world. The English language melting down in the crucible and new dialects springing up. Imagine, if you can, the loss, the incalculable loss to this country if every vestige of living Irish shall have been wiped out. Three or four hundred years spent under the shadow of the British constitution, and we emerge bearing the most unmistakable of all badges of slavery, the badge of a slavery that not only enslaved the body, but that also corroded the mind—the very accents, the tone, the speech of our masters. When we have lost our language—then, and not till then, shall we be veritable slaves.

Try to imagine the loss to our country if, in these no very distant days, perhaps, all she can point to as memorials of her antiquity, as evidences of her pedigree among the nations of the earth, as proofs of her past greatness, be a few old manuscripts in a disused character, a few old ruins, a few inscriptions on stone, while that living voice of Irish speech that re-echoed amid her hills for three thousand years is hushed into silence for ever. That voice might have been preserved as a living witness to the high antiquity of our people, to their ancient lineage among the nations, as the living nurse and fosterer of immemorial traditions and dreams of a glorious past. Consider the advantage of a living witness over a witness that is dead and gone. The evidence of a dead witness may be misrepresented. You cannot cross-examine him. You cannot piece together his story with all the colouring of time and place. You may question a living witness. Each new question may reveal truths long hidden, may drag to light evidence of the utmost moment.

The living tongue, even though the area over which it is vernacular be circumscribed, is an energising power in the land. It is a compendium of our history, it is our fierce war-cry in the conflict of nationalities, it is our title-deed in the court of nations. It is the voice of promise alluring us to a higher and nobler national existence. Its reviving tones salute our ears at the opening of the new century as a trumpet-call reminding us that we have been dwelling in Babylonian bondage, warning us not to eat the unclean meats, not to quaff the sorcerer's cup proffered to us by our captors, telling us that already many of our people are drunk to swinish drunkenness with the alluring wine of a foreign civilization, that already many of them are sunk hopelessly in all that is vulgar and barbarous of foreign customs and habits. That living speech will train up the rising generation in all the traditions of their ancestors, it will keep alive the characteristics that individualize our race; it will keep alive our spirit of chivalry, of heroism, of generosity, of faith. It will nurse the simplicity of character which distinguished our forefathers; it will waft across the centuries the breeze of romance and enthusiasm from the days when kings held high festival at Tara and at Cruachan, when gay huntsmen from Eastern climes gambolled on the green sward of Meath and of Kildare, when men revelled with the new wine of life, of beauty, and of strength.

Woe to us if ever that living nurse of our ancient traditions is lost to our race! Woe to us if we let the national spirit of our children perish from want of being duly nursed in our history through the living accents of Irish speech! Woe to us if we are forced to nurture our national spirit merely on the dry bones of a dead and neglected tongue. I remember once hearing a folk-tale. A mother who was on her death-bed had two daughters, one of whom she loved while she hated the other. Both were present at her bedside. She gave several heads of advice to them, but that advice was put in enigmatical language in order that the daughter

whom she disliked may attach the wrong meaning to it. One point of advice was this:—"Always keep old bones under your children." It happened contrary to her expectations. The daughter she loved failed to penetrate the mystery of this advice, and took it in the literal sense; she had her children constantly seated on a heap of old bones with the result that they caught cold and drooped and died. The other daughter was wiser; she, too, procured old bones for her children, but they were living bones, for she provided them with a careful old nurse who had them constantly in her arms. If the Irish nation of to-day discard the living Irish speech, contenting themselves with its remains in books and manuscripts, we shall be following the example of this foolish daughter, and our children shall lose their national spirit. If, on the contrary, we secure a living old nurse—the nurse of living Irish for the rising generation, they will grow up sound in mind and body, and perpetuate the historical traditions of their race. She is truly an old nurse, but though old, full of the vigour and sprightliness of youth, full of the glad music of happier days, full of the spirit of independence and self-reliance.

Let none believe our lovely Eve outworn and old;
Fair is her form, her blood is warm, her heart is bold;
Though tyrants long have wrought her wrong, she will
not fawn,
Will not prove mean, our Caitlín Ní Ualacháin.

DIÁ LIÚ, A LAOCHRAÍO GAOIDEAL.

DIÁ LIÚ, A LAOCHRAÍO GAOIDEAL,
NÁ CLUINTEAR CLAOIRTEACHT OIRIÚ,
RÍAMH NÍOR TUILLÉADAIR MARIÚ
I n-am éata ná cogair.

Déintear lib coingleic cáilma,
 A buirdean arm-ghlan fáoilteac
 Fé ceann búr bfeairinn dútcáir
 Ruirt úrghuirt Inre Sdaoideal.

Má'r áil lib aghaó Éireann,
 A gharráó céimeann gcróda,
 Ná reáchnaíó éacé ná iorghail,
 Ná cata mionca móra.

Fearr beir i mbairraíó fuair-beann
 I bfeiteam fuain-ghairi ghinnmeair
 Agh reilg troda ar ghac éin-eacéirann
 Agh a bfuil fearann búr rínreair.

Má'r mall gur aghaó lib-re
 Mágh lúe no lior Teamrac,
 No Cairéal na rreab nua-ghlan,
 No mín-clár Cruacna Meaóda.

Ir vit cuimne, a clanna Mileaó,
 Fonn réio' na rúg-lior nuaic-ghal,
 Tug oraib gan agha Taittean,
 No tát críoc maişreac Mairtean.

Ní taáa lúit ná lámáig
 Tug oraib, a aódaíó Banba,
 Beir víb urramac umal
 Do meair-pluag gurmar ghallóda.

Aéé nac deoin le Dia, a Éire,
 Sib le céile do congnam,
 Ní beaó búr mbuaíó i n-éinreacé
 Agh pluag críoc léioimeac lonnóan.

Craó liom eacéirinn dá bfoşraó
 Rioşraíó fóola ir a n-oirreacé
 Ir nac goirteair víob 'na nódéar
 Aéé ceiteirín cútal coille.

Ir iao féin i ngleanntaib garba
 Laoic Banba beag dá leacéirnom,

Agus fonn m'ín an cláir-reo
 Críomhcáinn as fearóain fíochmair eactrann.

Sác nún fill dá bfuil cústa,
 Buirdean fial cupaó sgoستا,
 I' a liacé náma ar tí a nsona
 Do beir orm coúlaó corraó.

An trác beirio laoié laigean,
 Cinn deisfeair cláir na scupaó,
 Buair eactrann an éraoi cuinre
 Bíonn m'aigne roilbhir rubaó.

Dubaó bím-re uair eile
 Mar beirio buair na raoirfeair
 Na foill reo tís tar tonn-muir
 Do comlot sarráó Sairdeal.

Lion gleoió do laochair lann-ghuim
 Sabáil Raгнаiil, Dia dá n'óidean,
 Méio a n'guaire ran ngleann-ro
 Do cuir mo méanma i míneair.

Dia leo as luige i' as eirge,
 Tréinfir i' treire i' otaóar,
 Dia 'na fearaí i' 'na luige leo,
 I' i' otrác cupaó an cáta!

AONGUS MAC DAIŞRE UÍ DÁLAIS.

O'RUAIRC'S REQUEST.

PRINCE OF BREIFNE—A.D. 1589.

You ask me what defence is mine? Here! 'midst your
 armed bands!

You only mock the prisoner who is helpless in your hands.
 What would defence avail to me though good it be and true,
 Here! in the heart of London town, with judges such as you?

You gravely talk about my "crime!" I own no crime at all;
The deeds you blame I'd do again should such a chance befall.
You say I've helped the foreign foes to war against your
Queen—

Well, challenged so, I'll proudly show what has my helping
been.

On that wild day when near our coast the stately ships of
Spain

Caught in a fierce and sudden storm, for safety sought in vain;
When wrenched and torn 'midst mountain waves some
foundered in the deep,

And others broke on sunken reefs and headlands rough and
steep—

I heard the cry that off my land where breakers rise and roar
The sailors from a wrecking ship were striving for the shore.
I hurried to the frightful scene, my generous people too,
Men, women, even children, came, some kindly deed to do.
We saw them clutching spars and planks that soon were
washed away,

Saw others bleeding on the rocks, low moaning where they
lay;

Some cast ashore and back again dragged by the refluent wave,
Whom one grip from a friendly hand would have sufficed
to save.

We rushed into the raging surf, watched every chance, and when
They rose and rolled within our reach we grasped the drowning
men.

We took them to our hearths and homes and bade them
there remain

Till they might leave with hope to reach their native land
again.

This is the "treason" you have charged! Well, treason
let it be,

One word of sorrow for such fault you'll never hear from me.

I'll only say although you hate my race, and creed, and name,
Were your folk in that dreadful plight I would have done
the same.

Oh ! you would bring me to your Queen, low at her feet to
kneel,

Crave mercy from her stony heart, and urge some mean
appeal !

I answer, No ! my knees will bend and prayers of mine arise
To but one Queen, the Queen of Heaven, high throned above
the skies.

And now you ask my dying wish ? My last and sole request,
Is that the scaffold built for me be fronted to the West.

Of my dear country far away, one glimpse I cannot see,
Wherever, and however high, you raise my gallows tree ;
Yet would I wish my last fond look should seek that distant
shore,

So, turn my face to Ireland. Sirs, of you I ask no more.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

EARL DESMOND AND THE BEAN SIDHE.

Now cheer thee on, my gallant steed ;

There's a weary way before us—

Across the mountain swiftly speed

For the storm is gathering o'er us.

Away, away, the horseman rides ;

His bounding steed's dark form

Seemed o'er the soft black moss to glide—

A spirit of the storm !

Now, rolling in the troubled sky,

The thunders loudly crashing ;

And through the dark clouds, driving by,

The moon's pale light is flashing.

In sheets of foam the mountain flood
Comes rolling down the glen ;
On the steep bank one moment stood
The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave
And plunged into the stream ;
And snorting, stemmed the boiling wave,
By the lightning's quivering gleam.
The flood is passed—the bank is gained—
Away with headlong speed ;
A fleeter horse than Desmond reined
Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train in eager haste,
Far, far behind him ride ;
Alone he crossed the mountain waste
To meet his promised bride.
The clouds across the moon's dim form
Are fast and faster sailing,
And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm
Of wild, unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seemed to die
Away, and faintly languish ;
Then swell into the piercing cry
Of deep, heart-bursting anguish.
Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
Were crashing in the storm,
With ringing hands and streaming hair,
There sat a female form.

To pass that oak in vain he tried ;
His steed refused to stir ;
Though furious 'gainst his panting side
Was struck the bloody spur.

The moon, by driving clouds o'ercast,
 Withheld its fitful gleam ;
 And louder than the tempest blast
 Was heard the bean sidhe's scream.

And, when the moon unveiled once more,
 And showed her paly light,
 Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
 Of the oak-tree's blasted might.
 That shrieking form had vanished
 From out that lonely place,
 And, like a dreamy vision, fled,
 Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed, his bosom swelled
 With grief and sad foreboding ;
 Then on his fiery way he held,
 His courser madly goading,
 For well that wailing voice he knew,
 And onward hurrying fast,
 O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
 And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
 The trembling drawbridge clangs,
 And Desmond sees his own good roof,
 But darkness o'er it hangs.
 He passed beneath the gloomy gate,
 No guiding tapers burn ;
 No vassals in the court-yard wait,
 To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall,
 No banquet decks the board ;
 No page stands ready at the call,
 To tend his wearied lord.

But all within is dark and drear,
 No sights or songs of gladness—
 Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
 Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swelled the caoiners' strain
 With loud lament and weeping,
 For round a corse a mournful train
 The sad death-watch were keeping.
 Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
 Hope's fairy visions fled;
 His fears confirmed—his beauteous flower—
 His fair-haired bride—was dead!

SLÁN LE CILL ÁIRNE.

Mo góin cao é an rmuio reo as dúnao ar mo éiríde,
 Rinn' mo balla neamh-lúctmar ir d'fúis mé san bpuis,
 Do ghríoruis mo fúile le dúctraet cum caoi,
 Ir an rpuet leaecta tiúg suirt dá múcao ríorpuide?

Cao é 'n rmaoineao ro élaoidear mé ó máioin go neoin,
 Ir do ríor-fuaidteann m'intinn le mearbail bpoín?
 As cuimneam ar élaoin-beapcaib Danar ir gó,
 Do ríorpuann mo ríe uaim san capao go deo.

Ir gorm iao na tonnta 'r bpuac loea gil léin,
 'S ir borb iao do topa-ra, a mluchoir na n-éan!
 Ir roilb le cloirint é ronnao na gcapob;
 Aet mo doéar! ir roilb dubac dopta mé!

Tá an óis-geir go ruaimhear as rnam ar an linn,
 Ir glór glairíde as gluapraet tré bántaib ríó-binn',
 Tá leoitne as luapao na ngeas n-úr ran gcail,
 Aet ir ríó-beas mo ruaimhear, san átar a bím!

Na páir-éir a dóirte a gcuid fóla i dtóir,
 Ir i lán-treap na ngorr-méidídeam gortad tar fóir,—
 Ir fáin é a gcóirle 'r ir focair fá'n bfuí,
 Ir mo éirí ir mo tuirinn ná coirleim-re leo!

A talaim na n-éan mbinn 'r na gcraob n-úr, san clár,
 Ir fada san réim duit, san céim mar ba gnáit,
 Fé rcamall i n-doir-bhuí, san céile san páirt,
 'S é do éirí 'r do réirle do léanuis mo lá.

'S é do éirí cuir i bpéin mé, a talaim mo éiríde,
 Ir do bairle san raeream le haicme an fill,
 Do gneadad 'r do réirle le lairir ir claidídeam,
 Ir, mo éirí, mé i n-éirí, 'r san cneiríle ar do dít.

Áit, a éirí, glac meanmna! b'féirir le Críort
 Go bpreabrad éiríinn gairíle d'é'n gneirí-fuill úo éirí,
 Le fearíle a n-áir, san éiríinn san teiríle,
 Áit treapíle na n-doir 'r dá léir-cuir tar tuinn.

Slán, ríle leat, a léir-leat na b'éirí ngorr n-úr,
 Léiríle áirle do réirí mé go dtéiríle mé 'ran úir;
 Ná ríle cáir ar do ríleirí, ná b'éirí ar d'uirleirí,
 Cíle fáirí i gcéirí mé im' éiríle le búir.

AN TACAIR PÁIRÍ NA DUINNÍN.

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

A.D. 1599.

"Look out," said O'Moore to his clansmen, afar—
 Is yon white cloud the herald of tempest or war?
 Hark! know you the roll of the foreigners' drums?
 By Heaven! Lord Essex in panoply comes,
 With corslet, and helmet, and gay bannerol,
 And the shields of the nobles with blazon and scroll;

And, as snow on the larch in December appears,
What a winter of plumes on that forest of spears !
To the clangour of trumpets and waving of flags
The clattering cavalry prance o'er the crags ;
And their plumes—by St. Kyran ! false Saxon ere night,
You shall wish these fine feathers were wings for your flight.
Shall we leave all the blood and the go'd of the Pale
To be shed at Armagh and be won by O'Neill ?
Shall we yield to O'Ruairc, to MacGuire, and O'Donnell
Brave chieftains of Breifne, Fermanagh, Tir Conaill ;
Yon helmets that eric thrice over would pay
For the Sasanach heads they'll protect not to-day !
No ! by red Mullachmast, fiery clansmen of Leix,
Avenge your sire's blood on their murderers' race.
Now, sept of O'Moore, fearless sons of the heather,
Fling your scabbards away, and strike home and together !

Then loudly the clang of commingled blows,
Up swelled from the sounding fields ;
And the joy of a hundred trumps arose,
And the clash of a thousand shields ;
And the long plumes danced, and the falchions rang,
And flashed the whirled spear,
And the furious barb through the wild war sprang,
And trembled the earth with fear ;
The fatal bolts exulting fled,
And hissed as they leaped away ;
And the tortured steed on the red grass bled,
Or died with a piercing neigh.

I see their weapons crimsoned—I hear the mingled cries
Of rage and pain and triumph, as they thunder to the skies.
The Coolun'd kern rushes upon armour, knight, and mace,
And bones and brass are broken in his terrible embrace !
The coursers roll and struggle ; and the riders, girt in steel,
From their saddles, crushed and cloven, to the purple heather
reel,

And shattered there, and trampled by the charger's iron hoof.
The seething brain is bursting through the crashing helmet's
roof.

Joy! Heaven strikes for Freedom! and Elizabeth's array,
With her paramour to lead them, are sore beset to-day.

Their heraldry and plumery, their coronets and mail,
Are trampled on the battle-field, or scattered on the gale!
As the cavalry of ocean the living billows bound,
When lightnings leap above them, and thunders clang around,
And tempest-crested, dazingly caparisoned in spray,
They crush the black and broken rocks, with all their roots
away;

So charged the stormy chivalry of Erin in her ire—
Their shock the roll of ocean, their swords electric fire—
They rose like banded billows that, when wintry tempests
blow,

The trembling shore with stunning roar and dreadful wreck
o'erflow,

And when they burst tremendously, upon the bloody groun'
Both horse and man, from rere to van, like shivered barques
went down.

Leave your costly Milan hauberks, haughty nobles of the Pale,
And your snowy ostrich feathers as a tribute to the Gael.
Fling away gilt spur and trinket, in your hurry, knight and
squire;

They will make our virgins ornaments, or decorate the lyre.
Ho! Essex! how your vestal Queen will storm when she hears
The "mere Irish" chased her minion and his twenty
thousand spears.

Go! tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, MacHugh, O'Neill,
Will smite the faithless stranger while there's steel in Inisfail.
The blood you shed shall only serve more deep revenge to
nurse,

And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we curse;

From age to age consuming, it shall blaze a quenchless fire,
And the son shall thirst and burn still more fiercely than
his sire.

By our sorrows, songs, and battles—by our cromleachs
raths, and towers,

By sword and chain, by all our slain—between your race
and ours ;

Be naked glaives and yawning graves, and ceaseless tears
and gore

Till battle's flood wash out in blood your footsteps from the
shore !

R. D. WILLIAMS.

RED HUGH O'DONNELL'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE CURLIEUS.

I.

Brother Chiefs, and clansmen loyal in many a bloody fray ;
God be thanked, these robber Saxons come to meet us here
to-day—

Boasting Clifford, Essex' minion, swears he'll make the
rebels flee—

We will give them hearty greetings like to that at Ashanee.
What though traitor Celts oppose us, be their numbers three
to one !

Greater glory to Clann Connell when this tough day's work
is done.

Shrived at holy Mass this morning, danger we may fearless dare ;
For we draw the sword of justice, shielded all in faith and
prayer.

Not for conquest or for vengeance, on this blessed Lady Day ;
Not in strength or numbers trusting do we face their proud
array ;

But for holy Mary's honour, by their tainted lips defiled ;
For the sacred rights of freemen, for the mother, maid, and
child.

II.

Prone and bleeding lies our country, sorrow clouds her crown-
less brow ;
All the lines of peerless beauty limned in ghastly colours now.
In the light of glories olden, beaming through our dark
disgrace—
See the maddening wrongs and insults heaped upon our
fallen race !
Roofless homestead, broken altar, slaughtered priest,
dishonoured maid—
Children of an outraged mother ! whet ye well the thirsty
blade !
Scorning rock and brushwood cover, rush like swooping
eagles forth ;
Hard and home push every pike-head, sinewy spearmen
of the North !
Cleave in twain the lustful Saxon, tame Dunkellin's soaring
pride ;
Smite the double-souled O'Connors—traitors false to every
side.
Down upon them, Banagh's chieftain ! sweep their ranks
your spears before,
As the north wind sweeps the stubble through the gap of
Barnesmore.
Forward ! Forward ! brave MacDermott, strike for fair
Moylurg's demesne,
For yon lake in beauty sleeping, for the holy islands' fane !
Strike and drive the swinish Saxon, herding in their sacred
shade,
Far from Boyle's old abbey [cloisters, where your fathers'
bones are laid.

III.

Holy Virgin, we implore thee, by that abbey's rifled shrine,
Columcille of Doire Calgach, patron of O'Donnell's line,
Good St. Francis, for the honour of thy name in Donegal,
Speed ye now, Tyrconnell's onset, till we rout them one and all !

Should O'Donnell fall in combat—if the foe be forced to yield,
Better death I never wished for than to die upon the field,
Where the cause of Erin triumphed, and the Saxon was laid
low,
With that green flag floating o'er me, and my face against
the foe.
Never chieftain of Clan Dalgaigh to th' invader bowed the
knee ;
By the black years of my bondage, it shall ne'er be done
by me !
I would rather angry ocean roared o'er castle, cot, and hall,
Than see any Saxon *bodach* rule in Royal Donegal.
Deathless fame in song and story will enshroud the men who
died,
Fighting God and Freedom's battle bravely by O'Donnell's
side.
Great will be his meed of glory, honoured long the victor's
name ;
Pointing proudly to her kinsman, many a maid will tell
his fame.
“ Lo ! he fought at Doonaveragh,” agèd men will whispering
say,
And make way before the altar for the heroes of to-day.
Gleaming bright through dark'ning ages will this great day's
memory glide,
Like the Saimer's bright-waved waters glancing onward
to the tide.

MOST REV. DR. HEALY,
Archbishop of Tuam.

FÁIRO-BRÉAGAC AN SAOĞAL SO.

Fáiro-bréagac an saogál ro ir ná humlaig do,
 Seairr béair na réada ro énuarnigir do,
 Ní fuil lá téarma as don neac sup buan bair beo,
 Aet mar blát éadtróm éraob-ğlar an uair bior nóð.

Féac, cár ғab Caerap 'r a éruað-buirdean trlóig,
 Ná néro cuir lé lapad ruar i an Róim,
 Ná Séairlar mór éactac le n-a mbuairtí ғleo,
 Dá ngéilleað an éaróir, an uair bí beo.

Mo rceal duit, a rpéir-bean, ir ruairc-mín rnoð,
 Nac fuil éifeact 'ran traoğal ro aet tuar maoite 'r bpoim,
 Ná déantar leat éagnac ná uail níor mó,
 Ir bréagac do rceim-re, 'r ní buan i, im' dóg.

Ní fuil aet ére io' éadae má'r muar bior d'ór,
 'San déag-matal daor-daitte, dá uairlige io' dóg,
 'San léimrò ғlé-ғil ná io' ғuanaib rpoill,
 Ná 'ran ғeraob-banna péacac 'na ngluairigeann rtróð.

Ní fuil aet ére io' beal tana ar fnuað-ğnaoi an póir,
 No io' baait-teangair ғléarta ór luainmige an ғlór,
 'San éaoim-leaca ar ғné dacta an ғuail ғrír-beo,
 No 'ran déað éailce ғlé ғeal mar buairíðe i ғclóð.

Ir ní fuil aet ére io' céib éarta an duailín óir,
 Ná io' éadan ғeal péir-ğlan ar fnuað an aoil fóir,
 Ná i bpéarla do élaon-porc meap-éruaib riğin reoir,
 Ná io' éaol-mala néata mar ruainín póin.

Ir é an té éputaig éaba ir a ruiaig-riol mór
 Do cuir rceim ar an ғere rin mar luairómio dób;
 Ní déanta d'áon neac dá bfuair i ғlór,
 Sup leir réin ir péirir a muar-buirde tóbairt.

Éasfaiḁ na héire inḁ na cuantaibḁ ceoirḁ,
 Éasfaiḁ an éanlaicḁ dá luaimniḁe ḁóibḁ,
 Éasfaiḁ na tréada 'r na buailtíḁe bó,
 'S ḁac rḁpḁé cḁuic, ḁár féirḁi ḁ luadḁ ḁíobḁ fḁr.

Éasfaiḁ luḁt bḁéiḁe aḁur búirtíḁe óir,
 Éasfaiḁ luḁt cḁaoirḁ aḁur cḁúirtcín ḁ'ól
 Éasfaiḁ luḁt tréirḁeanair ḁuanaíḁe rḁín,
 Ir éasfaiḁ luḁt ḁéiḁ-ḁeart naḁ ḁubairḁ ríamḁ ḁó.

Éasfaiḁ an ḁuine aorta ir an truaḁ-ḁaoirḁe óḁ,
 Éasfaiḁ na cléiriḁ ir na tuataiḁ leo,
 Éasfaiḁ ḁo céile 'r ḁo múirḁnín ḁeoil,
 Ir éasfaiḁ-re féin, ḁar mo cúḁar, ní ḁó.

An trát éasfaiḁ-re, féadḁ leat, an ḁual ḁíḁ bḁón;
 Claonfaiḁ ḁo claon-ḁeairḁ ḁo huaiḁneadḁ cḁón,
 Buḁ ḁéirtneadḁ t'éadḁan 'r ḁo ḁḁuaḁ ar lí an rḁóil,
 Ir tréiḁfíḁ ḁo céadḁaḁa ḁ muairḁ-bḁiḁ fḁr.

Ní léiḁfear leat céirḁe ná cúirín rḁóil,
 Ná raorḁ-bḁat ḁan éirḁadḁt, ḁár cḁuaḁuiriḁ fḁr,
 Adḁ éadḁ ná rḁéir leat an uairḁ bíḁ beo,
 Ir léine 'na rḁéadḁ nḁ fuaḁ-rḁaoilḁeoḁ.

ḁeairḁar tú le céatḁar ar ḁuaillníḁ íḁ' rḁóim,
 Ir ḁléirḁfaiḁ ḁuit féin leaḁaíḁ fuaḁ-caoil ḁóḁain;
 Adḁeairḁfaiḁ luḁt ḁ'éaḁnaiḁ aḁ cḁuaḁ-caoi ḁeoir:
 "Cuirḁ cḁé uirḁe; cḁéadḁ é ḁ ḁnḁ fuaḁ níor mó?"

Tréiḁfíḁ ḁo ḁaol tú ir buḁ truaḁ cḁoirḁe leo,
 Léiḁfíḁ tú íḁ' aonair 'ran uaiḁ faoi fḁḁ,
 Tiocḁfaiḁ ríarta ḁéara na ḁtuambairḁe íḁ' cḁóḁair,
 Ir ḁo ḁéanḁfaiḁ oirḁ féarta, ir buḁ truaillíḁe an rḁóḁ.

Má'r ḁéirḁeanaíḁe ḁo céile ná tú, 'inḁean óḁ,
 ḁo-ḁéana rḁ i n-éaḁmuir ḁo ḁuaillníḁe cóir,
 Ir adḁeara ḁo héadḁḁom, má rḁmuaimḁeann oirḁ:
 "Céadḁ beannaḁt léiḁ-re! ḁo cuairḁ rí rḁóḁainn."

Ár léir-*teagarc* féin *duit* ír *duai* *daois* *góbaíl*
Déan *raotar* *do-béara* *so buan* *daois* *rtór*
le raogal *na gcéad-cléar* ír *uailige* *glóir*,
na b'éagtar *tú le* *béadar* *an uabair* *níor mó*.

Smuain féin *ar na* *créadtaib* *do fuair* *Críort* *cóir*,
ír tabair *déara* *i n-éiric* *a muair-rian* *Dó*,
a máot-éirighe, *a naom-ghlaca*, *ír crú* *a éiríde* *ar tóir*,
as péirteac *cloinne* *Éaba* *ar cruad-índiom* *bóir*.

Cré *an dá* *aprtal* *déas* *san éruar* *éiríde* *ar dómán*,
'S *gac* *níó* *déarfar* *an naom-eaglaír* *do luair* *Críort*
róimáinn;

So raorfar *Mac Dé* *tú*, *so móir* *bíor* *íó' dóig*,
ghráó *Dé* *ghl*, *bíor* *ré* *'gac*, *'r ná* *fuadais* *cómuir*'.

seatrún céitinn.

HUGH O'DONNELL ROE.

A.D. 1602.

(The lament of a Tir-Conaill clansman when the news arrived in Ireland that Red Hugh O'Donnell had met death at the hands of the English in Spain.)

I.

They've poisoned him ! they've poisoned him ! our glory and
 our joy.

The one who led Tir-Conaill's clans when yet a beardless boy,
 The one who broke the Saxon power, and crushed the Saxon
 pride

And swept their hosts from many a field, like reeds before the
 tide.

My bitter, blighting curse be on their heads for evermore,
 And may God's wrath with vengeful force sweep down upon
 their shore,

For every seed they place in earth may nought but ashes grow,
 The wolves—who drank the young heart's blood of Hugh
 O'Donnell Roe !

II.

The hate that nerved him in the fight, their own false hands
 had sown,
 The day they lured him to their ship, by stately Innishowen,
 And chained him fast in Dublin towers ; tho' little more than
 child,
 Small wonder that his heart was filled with throbbings fierce
 and wild :
 For every link that bound his limbs a lasting vow he made,
 That while his hand could lift a spear or grasp a trusty blade,
 That while remained in his right arm the strength to strike a
 blow,
 So long should England feel the hate of Hugh O'Donnell Roe !

III.

But English chains could never hold a captive such as he,
 And one brave day we welcomed home our gallant chieftain
 —free !
 And never had Tir-Conaill's homes a warrior lord more true,
 Or one more fit to lead the fight than he—our dauntless Hugh.
 Then, *then*, burst forth, like lightning flash, his long-pent fiery
 wrath,
 And woe betide the Saxon churl who dared to cross his path.
 And cried he in our midst that day, his dark proud eyes aglow,
 " For God and Home, who'll follow now with Hugh O'Donnell
 Roe ? "

IV.

He rode and fought from Bann to Boyle a sweeping vengeful
 flame
 To burn to ashes, root and branch, the Saxon race and name.
 He drove the robber wolves to bay, by ford and castle wall,
 From Connacht's plains thro' the Annalees to heath-clad
 Dún-na-nGall.
 The Fiery Cross lit up the skies o'er many a field of dead.
 Tir-Conaill's war-cry pierced the souls of those who turned
 and fled.

“Clan-Conaill on! your Chieftain leads! strike down the
plundering foe,
No Saxon swine shall rule our land,” cried Hugh O'Donnell Roe!

V.

Tir-Eoghain's Hugh, Tir-Conaill's Hugh, like brothers hand
in hand
Stood, fighting Ireland's foes—*alone*—two chiefs in all the land.
mo b'pón! the East and West were dead, the South was fast
asleep,
And bravest ships must sink at last, where winds in fury
sweep.
Pressed on the English foemen then—ay, ten to every Gael,
My God! 'twas hard to see *their* flag wave high above Kinsale.
The night came down, the Fiery Cross was crushed and
drooping low,
Away to Spain for swords and men sailed Hugh O'Donnell
Roe!

VI.

O, how he pleaded, how he prayed, while sped the weary days,
His eyes for ever toward the sea, his fervent soul ablaze,
'Till forth the kingly mandate went, “A Royal Fleet shall sail
To aid the men who fight for God, in distant Innisfail.”
And even while new life and hope were throbbing in his heart
The foe, who feared him in the fight, drove home the craven dart.
Weep! weep Tir-Conaill! Ireland weep! unchecked the
tears may flow,
Our Pride, our Strength, our Sword is gone, brave Hugh
O'Donnell Roe!

VII.

He's dead! our Love, our Prince, our Chief, the flower of all
our race.
He's dead to-day in far-off Spain, and who shall take his
place?

Raise, raise for him the sorrow dirge, O daughters of the North,
Your Shield is gone, your foes are here, and who shall drive
them forth ?

But shall we only weep ? No, no ; revenge is ours to-day.
Tir-Conaill on ! smite down the wolves ! no man shall shirk
the fray

'Till we have paid, a thousand times, the sacred debt we owe
To those who drank the young heart's blood of Hugh O'Donnell
Roe !

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

A DEAN FUAIR FÁILL AR AN BFEART.

A dean fuair fáill ar an bfeart
Triuag liom a bfaightaoi d'éirteact,
Dá mbead fiann shaoirdeal ió' shar
Do bead ió' caoinead congnam.

Fada go bfaightaoi an fáill,
Dá mbead triar i dTír Conaill,
Láim le triuag boirce dá mbead
Ní faightaoi an uais go huaisneac.

I nDoirpe i nDruim Cluab na scorp,
I nArd Macla ir móir cádar,
Ní faightaoi lá an feart ar fáill
Shan mná do teact ró n-a tuairim.

I nDún na nGall ba mín muir
No i n-áruir Earbuig Eogain
No i nEar Ruad ir réime ral
Ní buó réirde an uain d'fagáil.

Do tiocfaid ió' combáir caoine
Dean ó'n Éirne iolmaoine
Dean ó flior binn rpead Danna
Ir ingean ó lior liactopoma.

Do tiocfaid bean ó'n Máig Moill,
Ó Dearbha ó Siuir ó Sionainn
'S an bean ó Chúacainn na gcat
'S an bean ó Tuataib Teampac.

Do hípleoútaoi ó ingnib rcor
An cnoc 'n-ar crochad beadar.
Ní beaó an teac san gáir guil
Dá mbeaó láim le fiaó fiontainn.

Ní beaó láim leir na leacaió
Ceao ruaimhir ná raimcéadail.
Ní beaó beáirna san bprón mban
Ná deáirna um nóin san niamad.

Dá mac mios do'n réim reo Cuinn
Actá ar gac taoib d'Ua Domhnail
Na trí cuirp le rininn rió
Fír-rín ár n-uile a n-oiúró.

An dá éloic rin ór a gcionn
Dá bfeicóir ós-ban éireann
Ar doilíne do léagaó,
Caoi míle do múircéalaó.

Ua t'atar ar doi do mátar
Mar don re d'óir dearbhrátar,
Ní gac oib san céill ad éaoir
A bfuil no a méinn dá mearadoi.

Óir de'n triúr rin tárla ircis
Clann dotha áróflait dílis
Ua do'n doó ro duine díob
Cuirpe nár b'aopta i n-imfhióin.

'Sna cataib do curtaoi linn
Ag cornam éirice i nÉirinn
Dá dtuitfead duine díob ran
Do baó díol uile ó Ultaib.

Lá oiríraic áta buíde
 I n-ar lia leacé rocuíde
 Dá dtuítead uainne doó ó néill,
 Do'n tasoib tuair do bad toirleim.

Lá cata an bealaig buíde
 Dá rcairéaoi linn Ruşraíde
 Do bead şáir faoilte şac rir
 'Na şáir éaoimte şá éloinn rin.

Lá an Coiríleibe ar şclaoir na nşall
 Dá bfeicéi fuil le catbairr
 Ba lóir túrcérad ar féadain
 Slóig mairbta do múircéalair.

Níor beag do léan je leacé Cuinn
 Bár doóda óigir catbairr
 Scarad do Ruórair pinn
 Ro bad úrbairde d'Éirinn.

Lá i leatbair 'nar loitead pinn
 No an lá láim le şallair
 Do tiocfaó mná as caoinead uí Cuinn
 Lá daoile no lá liaóruim.

Dá dtuítead pé ó'n tír tal
 I ló fillte fiann eacraann
 Lá doob' áilne as ác Seannair
 Níor b'fát şáire as şaoirdeala.

FEARŞAL MAC AN BÁIRO.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

A.D. 1631.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough
defiles—

Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird ;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard ;
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seemed conscious of the
calm ;

The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that
glide,

Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing
tide—

Oh ! some sweet mission of true love should urge them to the
shore—

They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! “ the roof is in a flame ! ”
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire,
and dame—

And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabres' fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson
shawl—

The yell of “ Allah ” breaks above the prayer, and shriek and
roar—

Oh, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing
sword ;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was
gored ;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching
wild ;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint and nestled with the child :
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing
heel,
While o'er him, in an Irish hand, there sweeps his Syrian steel,
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their
store,
There's one hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids—deserted is the spring !
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's
town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Schull, that skiff from
Affadown ;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood
besprint,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly
went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clere, and saw five
leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing, that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh ! some must tug the galleys o'er, and some must tend the
steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's
jerreed.
Oh ! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles ;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey
She's safe—he's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his
serai ;

And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody
band,

And now amid its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—

'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine !

He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,

For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—

Some muttered of MacMurchaidh, who brought the Norman
o'er—

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

THOMAS DAVIS.

MACHTNAMH AN CÉITINNIS.

Seachtúin Céitinn i bpolac i n-uaim i tTiobraid Árann agus carnán
rcríbeann ó a cómairi, A.D. 1629, no marí roim.

Sin iad annróin iad, leabair fírinne na nĠaeĠeal agus
leabair éitig na nĠall. Ó, na coisĠríocá Ġránda úo ó
Ġarana! tá náire orm i n-a dtaoib. Níl rtauire de úioĠ
dár rcríb nam ar éirinn ó Ġabáiltar Ġall i leit nac a
o'iarraio tarcuirne do tadbairt do ĠaeĠealaib agus do
Ġall-ĠaeĠealaib atáio. Ní deárraio áiream ar ár bfrí-
tíreicib,—mar nac tuisge dóioib iad. Agus d'roic-tíreite
nár bain nam linn cuirio ríor i n-ár leit iad, mar go
raoiliro go Ġceirioirí eorpaig i Ġcoitcínne an bhréas
uata!

Áct an dóig leo gur cáitear-ra fíce bliadan i Roinn
na hEorpa Ġan rtair na hEorpa do tadbairt fé ndeara;
an dóig leo go bfuil carnán leabair léigste Ġan adbar aĠam
agus carnán rcríbeann aic-léigste aĠam Ġan toira; an dóig
leo tar éir mo íaoĠail, ná fuil cruinn-eolar aĠam ar

Tá rchíbeanna go leor ór mo cómair annro. Tómarfao
 iad, cuirfeao i scomórtar iad, agus déanfao learuḡaḡ
 beas ar an tsean-ḡaeḡilḡ ionnup go dtuigfear i nḡac árḡ
 de'n dútaḡ fearḡa mé. Mar ḡur ríḡ-baḡḡlaḡ liom go
 mbeirḡ ar dteanḡa dútcáir aḡ dul i n-aḡarrnaḡ aḡur i n-olcar
 aḡur i n-éaḡ, b'féirir, má bíonn fé de mí-áḡ orainn béarla
 na nḡall do dul cum cinn i nÉirinn. Á! aḡt far a dtor-
 nócaḡ fé deoirḡ leir an rḡair rin noḡtfaḡ ḡac bréaḡ d'ár
 cnaobrcáoilead riam i dtaoirḡ mo dútaḡḡe. Ceapann ḡall
 go ríḡrḡ leo ó'n uair go bfuilim-re ar teicead uata.
 Ir beaḡ a tuisir, áh, caḡ a tiocfairḡ de bairr a ntorc-
 aḡne, mar ḡur beaḡ a faoilirḡ luḡt na leirce ḡur féirir
 rḡair ir reanḡur do cur i n-eaḡar i n-uairḡ uairḡur. Go
 maireḡ Dia dóirḡ a bpeacairḡe, aḡur go rairḡ an ḡaeḡealḡ
 coirḡce fé cómairce na bflaitear!

AN DAIRBREAC DÁNA.

MACMAHON'S PLEADINGS.

By heaven, that hateful name is false ! no " traitor's " soul
 have I—

Not mine to blush for " craven crimes "—not mine " the
 dread to die " ;

And, though a captive here I stand within these Dublin tow'rs,
 I swear we fight for king and right—a holy cause is ours :

Even here I fling your tauntings back—I fling them in your
 face—

Dark picture, Parsons, of your heart—a tell-tale of your race.
 Lords-justices ! misnamed—my tongue your perfidy shall
 brand,

Betrayers of your prince's cause, and robbers of the land !

I dare your worst !—your rope, your block no terrors have for
 me,

For the hour that saw these hands enchained, that hour saw
 Ireland free !

Ay, "bear me hence"—what boots it now if I should live or die ?

Thank God ! the long-sought hour is come—our banners kiss the sky !

Albeit a worthless tool is broke !—'tis hallowed in the deed—
Thank God that Ireland's cause is safe—that I for Ireland bleed !

Ay, "bear me to the bloody block"—nor need ye waste your light,

For Ulster, all ablaze, my lords, shall be our torch to-night.
Each Saxon tower that frowned upon our country's plundered thanes

Shall light its felon lord, ere dawn, to dastard flight or chains ;
Shall guide the steps of gathering clans, whose watchwords rend the sky—

O, God ! it is a happy death, on such a night to die !

Clan Conaill's outlawed sons rush down o'er cliff and rugged rock—

Than Erna's flood at Assaroe, more fierce and dread their shock ;

As storm-clouds driven o'er summer sky, MacGuire's shattered clan

Shall sweep from Erna's hundred isles, and clutch their own again :

A thunderbolt that cleaves the heavens with scathing levin bright

Clan Neill's gathering masses burst o'er town and tower to-night ;

O'Hanlon builds his eyrie strong in Tanderagee's old town ;

O'Reilly raises Breifne's kernes ; McGennis musters Down ;

And, though not mine the glorious task my rightful clan to lead,

Clan Mahon shall not want a chief to teach it how to bleed !

Tir Eoghain's banished chief unfurls the "Red Hand" o'er the sea ;

And many an exile's sword that flag shall lead to victory.

Once more upon Lough Swilly's shore O'Neill again shall stand—
Hugh's victor fire burns in his eye, and guides his vengeful
brand ;

Full soon the "bloody hand" shall grasp Tir Conaill's "Holy
Cross ;"

And, side by side, through battle's tide their mingling folds
shall toss ;

And, "In this sign we'll conquer" now despite your robber
pow'rs—

Proclaim ! the glorious goal is won—again, the land is ours !

Ha ! wherefore shakes that craven hand—Lord Justice
Parsons, say ?

Why stare so stark, my Lord Borlase ?—why grow so pale, I
pray ?

Methought you deemed it "holy work" to fleece the
"Philistine" ;

That in "God's name" you taxed belief in many a goodly fine ;
Then wherefore all these rueful looks ?—"the Lord's work ye
have done !"

Advance the lights ! ha ! vampire lords, your evil race is run ;
Ye traitors to a trusting prince ! ye robbers of his realm !

Small wonder that the ship's adrift, with pirates at the helm !

Hark ! heard'st that shout that rang without ? ye ministers of ill,
Haste, sate ye with your latest crime while yet you've time to
kill !

I dare your worst, ye Saxon knaves ! then, wherefore do you
pause ?

My blood shall rouse the Southern clans, though prostrate in
our cause !

For as the resurrection-flower, though withered many a year,
Blooms fresh and bright and fair again when watered with a
tear,

So, nurtured in the willing wave of a martyr's ruddy tide,
Our sons shall say—"The nation lived when Hugh MacMahon
died !"

JAMES N. M'KANE

BRIAN BOY MAGEE.

A.D. 1641.

I am Brian Boy Magee—
My father was Eoghan Bán—
I was wakened from happy dreams
By the shouts of my startled clan ;
And I saw through the leaping glare
That marked where our homestead stood,
My mother swing by her hair—
And my brothers lie in their blood.

In the creepy cold of the night
The pitiless wolves came down—
Scotch troops from the Castle grim
Guarding Knockfergus town ;
And they hacked and lashed and hewed
With musket and rope and sword
Till my murdered kin lay thick
In pools by the Slaughter Ford.

I fought by my father's side,
And when we were fighting sore
We saw a line of their steel
With our shrieking women before ;
The red-coats drove them on
To the verge of the Gobbins gray,
Hurried them—God ! the sight !
As the sea foamed up for its prey.

Oh, tall were the Gobbins cliffs,
And sharp were the rocks, my woe !
And tender the limbs that met
Such terrible death below ;

Mother and babe and maid,
 They clutched at the empty air,
 With eyeballs widened in fright,
 That hour of despair.

(Sleep soft in your heaving bed,
 O, little fair love of my heart !
 The bitter oath I have sworn
 Shall be of my life a part ;
 And for every piteous prayer
 You prayed on your way to die,
 May I hear an enemy plead
 While I laugh and deny.)

In the dawn that was gold and red,
 Ay, red as the blood-choked stream,
 I crept to the perilous brink—
 Great Christ ! was the night a dream ?
 In all the island of Gloom
 I only had life that day—
 Death covered the green hillsides,
 And tossed in the Bay.

I have vowed by the pride of my sires
 By my mother's wandering ghost—
 By my kinsfolk's shattered bones
 Hurled on a cruel coast—
 By the sweet dead face of my love,
 And the wound in her gentle breast—
 To follow that murderous band
 A sleuth hound who knows no rest.

I shall go to Feidhlim O'Neill
 With my sorrowful tale, and crave
 A blue-bright blade of Spain,
 In the ranks of his soldiers brave.

And God grant me the strength to wield
 That shining avenger well—
 And the Gael shall sweep his foe
 Through the yawning gates of Hell.

I am Brian Boy Magee !
 And my creed is a creed of hate ;
 Love, Peace, I have cast aside—
 But Vengeance, *Vengeance*, I wait !
 Till I pay back the fourfold debt
 For the horrors I witnessed there,
 When my brothers moaned in their blood,
 And my mother swung by her hair.

ANNA MACMANUS.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A.D. 1641.

Joy ! joy ! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—
 And see ! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing
 tide,
 And gladsome bells and bugle-horn from Newry's captured
 towers,
 Hark ! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is
 OURS.

Glory to God ! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of
 Down,
 My ears have drunk the joyful news, " Stout Phelim hath his
 own."
 Oh ! may they see and hear no more, oh ! may they rot to
 clay,
 When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

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

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

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

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

With all the specious joy of fraud that robbed us of our own ;
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er thrice ten thousand
men ;

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

Pity ! no, no, you dare not, priest—not you, our father, dare
Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood
to spare ;

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

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

Pity !—could we “ forget, forgive,” if we were clods of clay
Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in dark
decay,

And worse than all—you know it, priest—the daughters of
our land

With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our
hand !

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

The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who
poured
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian
sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath, and with the murderer's
knife ;

We in the open field will fight fairly for land and life ;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they.

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

Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth.
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they*
have bred :

Yes, this is their own work ; and now, their work be on their
head !

Nay, father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman peers,
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain delay !
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or stay.

Let silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his master to his God ;
Little we'd miss their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of the Pale,
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail !

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's pow'r,
Or, need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious
hour.

Of yore He led His Hebrew host to peace through strife and
pain,
And us He leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a saint communed with God,
Up from the vale where Bagnal's blood manured the reeking sod,

Out from the stately woods of Truagh, M'Kenna's plundered
home,
Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen
come.

Then, brethren, *on* ! O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see
you pause—

Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er
your cause—

His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true ;
Oh, forward ! friends, it must not lose the land again in you !

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

MO TRAOČAD IS MO ŠAOT REM' LÓ TŪ.

(Ar b'ar mhuir m'ic Šearailt Ríoirie Ċiarraide do caillead
i b'flónor, i mbliadain a 1646 no mar foin.)

Mo traočad ir mo šaot rem' ló tŭ,
A Ċiarraideis i' ċian-luige i ſcómrainn ;
Mo ċread, t'feart tar lear i b'flónor,
A mhuir m'ic an Ríoirie ó flóranr.

Cé mór an crád do tárcuis rómac,
Ní raib blar ná dat ná dóirre air,
Dá ríuib, ſan fuigeall ſan fóbar,
Fém' ċroide-re ſur rcaoillead do rceol-ra.

Do bí Áine Ċnuic Áine doo' fógmad,
Ir bí ſuil aš loč ſuir na ngleo-fear,
Caoi aš mnaoi binn i nſleann fógma
Ir Šearailt-caoi aš Seanad-mnaoi i' cómgar.

D'admuig bean do ċeart ar Eoćail,
Bean ríde aš Moigile do cómgar,
Doib Mac Caille ir Cačrac Móna
Ir cinéal mbéice aš oréim re deoraid.

'Do ghlac eagla an Sapanac ródamail
 i n'Uráig li na ní-fear ó'r tóirmhír,
 bean ríde doo' éaoinead 'na dóiríob
 Sur faoil surab é a dóbirt ó'fógar.

Inr an Daingean níor éagil an ceol-ghol
 Sur ghlac eagla ceannuighe an énoirta,
 'Dá n-eagla féin níor báogal doibh-fean
 ní éaoimio mná ríde an róirt roin.

Bean ríde i n'Dún Éaoim as bhrón-ghol,
 'S bean dútcáir mo Dún-an-Óir-re,
 bean binn-rcol Inread Móire
 Coir féile fá éas ós-rcat.

Ar Sliab Mír níor éir an móir-ghol,
 'S ar Sliab Fionnaighlan fiolair na feola,
 Ar Éruacáib na Tuaithe do tórcuin,
 'S ar Énoc Úrénvoin bhréio-geal bómair.

'D'aicnigear ar an Airín d'tóirniú,
 'S ar an bfuil-éit do éuit 'ran b'fógmair,
 Ar féirdeas na réalta cóimeit,
 Éas Saorair, ní hé sur fógar.

Móir file nár filleas i gcómaro,
 i n-amhar ar feabhar a n-eolair,
 'D'eagla ná beas daingne leo rain
 Marbna nac ba marbna cóir duit.

Móir farair nár fatar ar Eoganaet
 ba tnuicéas leo' élu ir tú beo aca,
 le'm d'anacrae doul t'acruinne tóirra
 'Doo' cumá-ra so bhrúighe bhrónac.

Móir rpreibean céadfadac i gcóirte
 nár líogas aet ór íreal beo orair
 'D'éir t'éasa fá bhréuib rróill duit
 as éas le n-a céile fóib-re.

Mór maoid-bean doil-cuirp ir ór-fulc
 Dá gcioraó san éior aet a sceol-glac,
 Iar dtraochá d'or na téadaib órda
 'S a mbuidéachar as an n-gaoid ar a n-óige.

Iomda pí-bean mionla módmhar,
 Fá glar dúnca i gcúil dá reomra,
 Náir leis easla carad oi glór-ghol
 Doo' éaoinead ne hioðbairt a n'oeora.

I n-amhar an marb no beo tú
 An uair ir micró léi t'fáicirín ió' ós-émut;
 Mar tús annraet annraet beo uirte,
 An dtus dearb do mairb níor mó ói?

Tus do gairce duit gairm ir glóire,
 Tus fá deara i n-armaid t'óirnead,
 Tus ghradam duit tú a glacaó d'ó ar dóio gl,
 Rí Pilib ir níor mirtioe a mórdáet.

Cia as ar fágaí t'áilne asur t'óige,
 An cnear ar fhuad uamain na bóena,
 An leaca ar lí gníir an óig-lil,
 'S an rpeac ar dat na leas lóghmar?

An piúe reamhar 'r an cealltar comarad,
 An teanga mall ar geall sup comail,
 An trois érean 'r an taob mar ríóll geal,
 An ionga caol 'r an beal mar pórrpur?

Do élearuáet as marcuígeaet móir-eac,
 Do rtaíuáet rean-rcrióbta reolta,
 Pionnra go n-iontar t'eolair
 Ó fimit píce go bóiocin?

Cia bur oighe doo' fáidbhear reioe?
 Cia deáircnar a noán ió' deoió-re?
 San beir é leo' méaraid pórrta,
 Cleite gé 'r tú as déanam clóda pur.

Cia éirífeair mar do éiríir i mbeo-muict
 Ag innriint d'innleacta ir d'eolair,
 Ag tabairt ceangán di ir anam a dóctain,
 Soilead mairb nár balb cé feoðad ?

.

Do ruḡair do roḡa, ba roḡa go deon dam,
 Mar díol i bfriontaib ir i bfeoltaic,
 Mar díol i gcior-bfleib ir i gcóirrib,
 I noiceall tíorcta ar do cóirnam ;

I noúctact ir i gcuma do cómpoguir,
 I scaoinead doir-feair ir óig-feair,
 I n-actuirre rean-ban gan róirceann,
 Dearbhtar, 'r i n-adcuma óg-ban.

Do hairleacad tú i n-aḡair mo tóicim,
 Ir ligfir píce cum doíbe,
 An trom ba glonnmar glórac
 I nór balb ó'o mairb 'na tómar.

Murcaoda ir a noib-béal fóta,
 Halabairt 'r a mbairra le fódaib,
 Brataca 'r iad ceangailte cnórta
 Láim re talam dá mannair gan mórtar.

Do clairdeam ba gníomtad i ngleo-bhuio,
 Lomnoctta ar onacoim óig-fir,
 Do molarvad folamad ir t'óir-rpuir
 Go n-ionlar dá n-ioncúir nómat.

Coirnéil gan oilbéim eolair
 Ir captaein ó gac glain-éiric d'eoirair
 Go rtuamda i n-uaim 'r i n-óirveir
 'San oracail fá córaib do cóim-éir.

Céad fear doo' ḡaoltaib feola
 I liúré i noib-éadad nómaib,
 T'armur ir é tarrmaingte ar ór-bad,
 Ronnta ar an bfoḡail-cac bfoirrac.

An uair do glacað 'ran talaíh do cómhra
 Dá mba maidéan lairíste an lóchrainn
 Do dhéanfað oíche cíor-úib ceo di
 Le rmuít an púdaíh do dóigeað oir.

Šac raišduir aš deimniugað eolcáir
 Aš dúbláil cúma-ráð fá dó úit,
 An túipeáil dúr-braçac a deora
 Šo otiormuigeað le n-a ornaib dóiste.

Cé i an maidéan an eaçtra tórcuin,
 Ir sur gearra ó'n eaglaíh do nór-úroš,
 'Dob' éigin le méio an mórtair,
 Dúideacáir ar an šceír um nóna.

Naol šcaogair de cléireacáib coróntac
 Deiréarac i n-eapaib órða,
 Šašairt na palmaç šan cómaiream,
 Ir earbuig an deacmað ar do tórram.

Muna mbeað a méio de téim dóm-ra,
 Ir ualaç naç ualaç cómtrom,
 Ir maiç do çaoineað mo çmoide bpoín tú
 I šcaoin-béair náir mílre aš óibio.

Ba tú dom an tan ba beo tú,
 M'úrpað tiše, mo rcít tóire,
 Šurtaçc m'éigin, éioe m'feola,
 Comla m'áruir, fáil mo tórram.

Mo díon tuaiçe, mo buacáill bó-eallaiš
 Mo rtiuir ártaiš ar láir bóçna,
 Mo máioe láime i mbeárpain dó-fulainš,
 Mo çrann bašair ra baile 'r tú i bflónorair.

Mo béitir deaðla, mo çaoir cómhraic.
 Mo dpašan lann, mo šoll mac móirne,
 Mo çupað caom, mo laoc, mo leoman,
 Mo mionn rúl, mo líon-lút, mo lóçrann.

Do mhalartair mo neacmar i ród-éar,
 Ir do díolair mo fadóire leó' ós-bul;
 Tú anoct, mo toct ir mo teo-join,
 Ár m'aoibnir ir críoc mo glóire.

Mo luain-cread, mo gúair, mo gléo-bhuio,
 Mo énead báir, mo bpad, mo beo-join,
 Mo míle mairg, mo cealg, mo cló-nim,
 Mo díle donair tú, m'orna, ir m'eolcuir.

Mo fíleadó déar, mo léan, mo leonad,
 Mo join éporde, mo díct, mo deoncad,
 Mo fíorca bail, mo cáil, mo éró-lot,
 Mo énead clí do fínead i gcómhainn.

Ba táire ná an fearctainn do fónntad,
 Ba daingne ná an carrraig do éródad,
 Dob' fairsinge ná an banba do beodad,
 Ir ba cumaingne ná t'úire an eorair.

Do leagad-ra mo leagad ir mo leonad,
 Do cáilleamain ba cáilleamain dóm-ra;
 Ó cáillear tú do cáillear mo dócar,
 Ir ó'r marb tú ir marb cé beo mé.

PIARAS FEIRITÉAR.

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB.

A.D. 1646.

Give praise to the Virgin Mother ! O'Neill is at Benburb,
 The Chieftain of the martial soul, who scorns the Saxon curb ;
 Between two hills his camp is pitched, and in its front upthrown
 "The Red Hand" points to victory from the standard of
 Tir Eoghan ;

Behind him rise the ancient woods, while on his flank and near
 him

The deep Blackwater calmly glides, and seems to greet and
 cheer him.

'Tis a glorious morn in glowing June ! Against the sapphire
sky

Bright glancing in the golden light the adverse banners fly ;
With godly boast the Scottish host, led on by stout Monroe,
Have crossed the main with venal swords to aid our ruthless
foe.

And ne'er in sorer need than now, the steel of the hireling
fenced him,

For a dauntless Chief and mighty host stand in array against
him !

By all the saints they're welcome ! across the crested wave,
For few who left Kinard this morn ere night shall lack a grave.
The hour—the man, await them now, and retribution dire
Shall sweep their ranks from front to rear by our avenging
fire ;

Yet on they march in pride of heart—the hell-engendered
gloom

Of the grim predestined Puritan impels them to their doom.

A thrilling charge their trumpets blow, but the shout—
“ O'Neill Abu ! ”

Is heard above the clarion call—ringing the wild woods
through !

“ On,” cried Lord Ardes, “ On, Cunninghame ! Forward with
might and main,”

And the flower of Scottish chivalry comes swooping down the
plain—

Fiercely they dash and thunder on—as the wrathful waves
come leaping

Toward Rathlin gray on a wild March day when western
winds are sweeping.

Now where are thy hardy kerne, O'Neill ? oh, whither have
they fled ?

Hurrah ! that volley from out the brakes hath covered the
sward with dead.

The horses rear, and in sudden fear, the Scottish warriors flee,
And the field is dyed with the crimson tide from their bravest
cavalry !

All praise to the Right-protecting God who guards His own
in danger,

None fell save one of the Irish host by the guns of the baffled
stranger.

“On to the charge !” cries fierce Monroe—“Fear not the bush
and scrog—

Nor that the river bound your right, and your left be flanked
with bog.”

And on they come right gallantly—but the Fabius of the West
Receives the shock unmoved as a rock, and calm as a lion at
rest.

The red artillery flashes in vain, or standeth spent and idle,
While the war-steeds bound across the plain, and, foaming,
champ the bridle.

From the azure height of his realm of light the sun is sinking
low,

And the blinding gleams of his parting beams dazzle the chafing
foe ;

And Eoghan's voice, like a trumpet note, rings clear through
his serried ranks—

“Brave brothers in arms, the hour has come, give God and
the Virgin thanks ;

Strike home to-day, or heavier woes will crush our homes and
altars :

Then trample the foeman in his blood—and cursed be the
slave that falters !”

A wild shout rends the lurid air, and at once from van to rear,
Of the Irish troops each soldier grasps his matchlock, sword,
or spear ;

The chieftains haste their steeds to loose, and spring upon
their feet,

That every chance be thus cut off of a coward's base retreat.

And, "Onward ! Forward !" swells the cry in one tumultuous chorus,

"By God and the Virgin's help we'll drive these hireling Scots before us !"

'Tis body to body, with push of pike—'tis foe confronting foe,
'Tis gun to gun, and blade to blade—'tis blow returning blow.
Fierce is the conflict—fell the strife—but Heaven defends the right—

The Puritan's sword is broken, and his army put to flight.
They break away in wild dismay, while some to escape the slaughter

Plunge panting into the purple tide that dyes the dark Black-water.

May Mary, our Mother, be ever praised for the battle fought and won !

By Irish hearts and Irish hands, beneath that evening sun ;
Three thousand two hundred and forty foes lay dead upon the plain,

And the Scots bewailed of their noble chiefs, Lord Blaney among the slain ;

And ever against a deadly foe no weaponed hand should falter,
But strike, as the valiant Eoghan Ruadh, for home, and shrine, and altar !

THE BISHOP OF ROSS ; OR THE MITRED MARTYR OF MACROOM.

The tramp of the trooper is heard at Macroom,
The soldiers of Cromwell are spared from Clonmel,
And Broghill—the merciless Broghill—is come
On a mission of murder which pleases him well.

The wailing of women, the wild ulalu,
Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey ;
But loud though the complaints and the shrieks which ensue,
The war-cry is louder of men in array.

In the park of Macroom there is gleaming of steel,
And glancing of lightning in looks on that field,
And swelling of bosoms with patriot zeal,
And clenching of hands on the weapons they wield.

MacEgan, a prelate like Ambrose of old,
Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near ;
The post of the pastor's in front of the fold
When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear.

The danger is come and the fortune of war
Inclines to the side of oppression once more ;
The people are brave—but they fall ; and the star
Of their destiny sets in the darkness of yore.

MacEgan survives in the Philistine hands
Of the lords of the Pale, and his death is decreed ;
But the sentence is stayed by Lord Broghill's commands,
And the prisoner is dragged to his presence with speed.

“ To Carraig an Droichid this instant,” he cried,
“ Prevail on your people in garrison there,
To yield, and at once in our mercy confide
And your life I will pledge you my honour to spare.”

“ Your mercy ! your honour ! ” the prelate replied,
“ I well know the worth of : my duty I know,
• Lead on to the Castle, and there by your side,
With the blessing of God, what is meet will I do.”

The orders are given, the prisoner is led
To the Castle, and round him are menacing hordes ;
Undaunted, approaching the walls, at the head
Of the troopers of Cromwell, he utters these words :

“ Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles
Of the serpent, for perfidy skulks in its folds !
Beware of Lord Broghill the day that he smiles ;
His mercy is murder !—his word never holds.

“ Remember, 'tis writ in our annals of blood,
Our countrymen never relied on the faith
Of truce, or of treaty, but treason ensued—
And the issue of every delusion was death ! ”

Thus nobly the patriot prelate sustained
The ancient renown of his chivalrous race,
And the last of old Eoghan's descendants obtained
For the name of Ui Maine new lustre and grace.

He died on the scaffold in front of those walls
Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar ;
And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls
The blackest of Broghill's achievements in war.

DR. R. R. MADDEN.

ní fúláingíó gailí dúinn.

A.D. 1670.

lí fúláingíó gailí dúinn ríótuḡaó i nÉirínn real
Ár scroioḡte san ḡimlíuḡaó 'r írlíuḡaó fé n-a rmaóct,
Ár gcumar do laíḡdúḡaó ír díḡtuḡaó ár gcléir ar fad
Ír fuirm a mío-rún críócnúḡaó ár raogail ar.

líor flíḡte dár n-íóuḡaó líomúḡaó bréagac beart
San cumar an díḡíó míú i n-aon cúir d'Éiríam céart,
Tuíḡim gur ríor-puóar ríótuḡaó raóó na bfeart
Le n-a gcuiríó i gcríó dúinn ḡníomúḡaó léir a gceart.

Dár dtubairt go laoiteamail luíḡe dúinn fé n-a rmaóct ;
Mo túirre 'r nac díon dúinn doin cúil d'Éirínn dírt,
Ár gcumar ír díó-cúimang, ní míú rméar ár gceart
Muna dtíḡe san móill cúḡáinn míniúḡaó éíḡin ar.

The sailor on the stormy wave,
 Who fears that every rolling billow
 May sweep him to a watery grave,
 The coral rocks to be his pillow,
 Remembers there's a watchful eye
 That looks on him as well as others,
 As with a thankful, happy sigh,
 He thinks upon the Christian Brothers.

The soldier on the battlefield,
 With fighting squadrons round him rushing,
 Although his spirit will not yield,
 The hot tears to his eyes are gushing.
 He thinks upon the peaceful word,
 'Mid scenes at which our nature shudders,
 And spares his conquered foe the sword,
 Remembering the Christian Brothers.

The exile in a foreign land,
 While others dwell in peaceful gladness,
 Will linger long upon the strand,
 And gaze across the sea in sadness.
 His home is by the winding Lee,
 Where long ago the best of mothers,
 When death o'ertook her, prayed he'd be
 A credit to the Christian Brothers.

JOHN FITZGERALD.

THE LABOURER.

Stand up—erect ! thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God !—who more ?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life—a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then ? Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among ;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy ? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief ?
The great, who coldly pass thee by
With proud step and averted eye ?
Nay ! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee ?
A feather, which thou might'st cast
Aside as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No—uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect—
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked.

These are thine enemies—thy worst ;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot ;
Thy labour and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not !

Thou art thyself thine enemy !

The great !—what better they than thou ?

As theirs, is not thy will as free ?

Has God with equal favours thee

Neglected to endow ?

True ; wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust !

Nor place—uncertain as the wind !

But that thou hast, which, with thy crust

And water, may despise the lust

Of both—a noble mind !

With this, and passions under ban,

True faith, and holy trust in God,

Thou art the peer of any man.

Look up, then ; that thy little span

Of life may well be trod !

W. D. GALLAGHER.

IS BARRA AR AN GCLEAS.

(Nuairí do éirí Rí Cormac II. réala ar an pointe do rinneadh fé
Énomaill ar éalaí na héireann.)

Is barra ar an gcleas an peacht do teacht tar tuinn

Le'í leasadh fé ílait an tneab roin éibí fínn,

Cama na mbearc do ílad go claon ar gcuing

Le'í gearradh amac ar gceart ar éirínn uill.

Is deacair a mear go raib i gcéill do'n dhuing,

Cearad na n-act do tabairt d'aon mac Saill,

Go bfeacadar bneac na bfeas ar Séarlar Ríog

Suiri rcaradair neart san ceart le céile a boill.

Do feannadh ar fad an peacht ro i nÉirínn Saoróil,

Is deargtar fearca fearc sac aon fíri díob,

No glacair a bpar san ríad is téro tar tuinn

Is seallair tar n-air san teacht go héas arí.

Cé neartmáir an tan-ro ar clannaib Saeóeal na Saille,
 Ir cé pacmáir a rtaio le real i bpréamhaib fíoinn,
 De dhearcaib a scairt ní gabaid gúillead an fuinn,
 Fearfáir 'na fíaraib fearg De 'na nórúim.

'Adeir na bpeart doo' ceao ir déanta gúide,
 Ceartuis 'na leat ar fad i nÉirinn Sáoibí,
 Ir leartuis 'na sceart san ceat sac n-aon dé'n oíuin,
 Ir airtis a peact 'r a pat do'n éleir i scill.

Uc ir aécáoi, ir lag i an uairle anoir!
 Cufa 'r calaíde ar cáilínib tuarpartail,
 Doadais fé nacaíde ir airtíde ruarac' rin,
 Ir luét oirdearc reasáide i scaipib cluapaca.

SÉAFRAO Ó DONNCAOA.

THE DOG OF AUGHRIM.

A.D. 1691.

"The day is ours, my gallant men!" cried brave, but vain
 St. Ruth;

"We've won a deathless victory for Liberty and Truth;
 We'll wrest the land from William's grasp though we're but
 one to three,

We'll make his crew remember long the Pass of Urrachree;

That though with myriad cannon they poured the fierce
 attack,

Still with valour and the naked sword thrice have we flung
 them back.

They're beaten, boys! they're beaten! still unsheath your
 swords again,

And—on them like an avalanche! and sweep them from the
 plain.

LEABHAR AITRÍSEOI REACTA NA nĠAEÜEAL. 101

Like thunderbolt upon the foe the Irish column sped,
Athlone's deep stain to wash away—St. Ruth is at their head.
On ! onward rolls that wave of death ; but, God ! what means
this cry,

St. Ruth the brave sits on his charger headless 'neath the sky.

Oh ! where's the gallant Sarsfield now, is victory defeat ?
O, God ! in mercy, strike us dead ; 'twere better than defeat.
Oh ! where is Limerick's hero brave ? the chiefless soldiers
cry,

And scorning flight they wait the dawn to give them light
to die.

No quarter ! was the slogan of the Williamites that day—
And graveless lay the murdered brave to dogs and thieves
a prey ;

But even dogs more sacred held the dying and the slain,
Than Ginckle and his hireling hordes on Aughrim's bloody
plain.

When Saxon fiends the scene of death and robbery had fled
An Irish wolf-dog sought his lord 'mid heaps of pilfered dead,
And strove with more than human love to rob death of its
prize,

Then moaned a dirge above his breast and kissed his lips
and eyes.

The summer sun shone fiercely down upon the corpse-strewn
plain,

Where bird and beast of air and field devoured the naked
slain ;

Yet faithful still that wolf-dog stood 'mid savage growls
and groans,

To guard alike from man and beast his well-loved master's
bones.

When Autumn pencilled summer's bloom in tints of gold and
red,

And Winter over hill and dale a ghostly mantle spread,

The weird winds wailed across the moor and moaned adown
the dell—

Yet guarded well that noble dog his master where he fell.

Spring timidly was glancing down upon the spreading plain,
Where seven months death's sentinel the faithful dog had
lain,

When carelessly across the moor an English soldier trod
And halted near the only bones remaining on the sod.

Up sprang the faithful wolf-dog, he knew a foe was near,
And feared that foe would desecrate the bones he loved so
dear ;

Fierce and defiant there he stood, the soldier, seized with
dread,

Took aim, and fired—the noble dog fell on his master—dead.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

A.D. 1691.

He grasped his ponderous hammer ; he could not stand it
more,

To hear the bombshells bursting and the thundering battle's
roar.

He said : " The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's
murdering crew—

I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what that can do !"

" Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well ;
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot
or shell."

" Ah, sure," cried both, " the horse can wait—for Sarsfield's
on the wall,

And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall !"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,

His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—
High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood,

Where the bombshells burst and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

“Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy Ned ;

This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head !

Hurrah ! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly ;
And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me ! ”

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave !
A captain of the Grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive ;

He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain !

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,
Bright through the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold.
“Gold is no match for iron ! ” the doughty blacksmith said,
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head !

“ Hurrah for gallant Limerick ! ” black Ned and Moran cried,
As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers well they plied ;

A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a groan,
One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown !

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, "beware the treacherous mine—

Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely death is thine;"

The smith sprang up the rampart, and leaped the blood-stained wall,

As high into the shuddering air went foeman, breach, and all!

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen through the sky;

And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith fell—

He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avengèd well!

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down,
'Twas broken by a triumph shout that shook the ancient town;
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts can do!

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,
He hammered on the foes' pontoon, to sink it in the tide;
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—

"mo bhrón, 'twont break," the blacksmith roared, "I'll try their heads again!"

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong;
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song;
"Ocón! my boys are dead," he cried; "their loss I'll long deplore,

But comfort's in my heart—their graves are red with foreign gore!"

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

MAC AN CEANNUÍDE.

Airling gearr do dhearcas féin im' leabair 'r mé go las-
briogad :

Ainmí féin d'á' b'ainm Éire as teacht im' saor ar mar-
caigeacht ;

A rúil neamhar glar, a cúl tiom car, a com reang seal 'r
a mairde,

D'á mairdeam go raib as tiugeacht 'na saor le díogair,
Mac an Ceannuíde.

A beol ba binn, a glór ba éoin, ir ró-fearc linn an cailín,
Céile bhuain d'á' géill an fiann, mo léir-éireac dian, a
haicé

Fé fúirte Gall d'á bpuad go teann mo cúilfionn treang
do flair rinn ;

Ní'l faoirdeam real le tiugeacht 'na saor go bfillir Mac
an Ceannuíde.

Na céadta tá i bpéin de sháol le géir-fearc fáim d'á
cnear-éil,

Clanna riúte, maca mílead, d'raðain fíochda ir sairciúis ;
Tá shúir 'na shaoi, ní múrclann rí, cé dubac fé rcíor
an cailín,

Ní'l faoirdeam real le tiugeacht 'na saor go bfillir Mac
an Ceannuíde.

A páirte féin ir cráirte an rceal, mo lán-éireac gearr a
haicé

A beir san ceol as caoi na ndeor 'r a buirdean, san go,
ba maic shíom,

San éleir, san ór, i bpéin go móir 'na hiarma ró sac
mairde.

'S go mbéir rí 'na rprear san luige le fear go bfillir
Mac an Ceannuíde.

Αουδαίτε αρίρ αν βύιρ-βαν μίοντα, ó τύρναθ ρίστε
 έλεαέτ í,

Conn ír Δρτ βα lonnpac ρεαέτ, ír β'φογλαέ ζλαε α ηςλεαε-
 υιρδεαέτ,

Επιόμταν τρέαν, έαρ tuinn έυς ζέιτ, ír λαοιγεαέ mac
 Céin an ρεαρ ζποιρθε

So mberò ρí 'na ρρρεαρ ζαν λυιζε le ρεαρ ζο βρillpíò
 Mac an Céannuirθε.

Do βειρ ρúτ ó βεαρ ζαέ ló ρé ρεαέ αρ έρláις na mbarc an
 cailín,

Ír ρúτ βεαρ ροιρ ζο vlút έαρ muiρ, mo éumá anoιρ a haicío.

Α ρúλα ριαρ ας ρúτ le Oia έαρ tonntaib ριαρ ζainime,

'S ζο mberò ρí 'na ρρρεαρ ζαν λυιζε le ρεαρ ζο βρillpíò
 Mac an Céannuirθε.

Α βρláιτρε βρεαεα τláιρ έαρ leαρ, na τláιnte ρεαρc an cailín ;
 Ní'l fleað le ραζlál, ní'l ζεαν ná ζρláθ ας neaé oá cáιρoib
 aomuiζim ;

Α ζρluaθna ρluε, ζαν ρuan ζαν ρult, ρé ζρlualm ír ouθ
 a n-aibío :

Ní'l ρaoιρεam ρeal le τιζεαέτ 'na ζαρ ζο βρillpíò Mac
 an Céannuirθε.

Αουδαίτε léi íαρ ζελορ α ρεéιτ α ρún ζυρ éαζ αρ έλεαέτ ρí
 ζυαρ 'ran Spáinn ζο βρlualp ρé báp 'r náρ έρlualζ le cáε
 a haicío :

Íαρ ζελορ mo ζoéa í βρoζυρ oí éoρlmuις α ερut 'r oó
 ρερεαθ ρí,

Ír o'éaluiς a hanam o'aon ρρεαθ aιρτí ; mo léan-ρa an
 βeαν ζο λαζ-βρlíoζαέ.

ΑΟΥΖΑΝ Ó RAÉAILLE.

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

It is fading—it is fading—like the leaves upon the trees !
 It is dying—dying—dying—like the wailing ocean breeze !
 It is swiftly disappearing, as the footprints on the shore,
 Where the Barrow, and the Erne, and Loch Swilly's waters
 pour,

Where the parting sunbeam kisses Loch Corrib in the west,
 And the ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her
 breast !

The language of old Erin, of her history and name,
 Of her monarchs and her heroes, of her glory and her fame !
 The sacred shrine where rested, through sunshine and through
 gloom,

The spirit of her martyrs—as their bodies in the tomb !
 The time-wrought shell where murmured, 'mid centuries
 of wrong,

The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song !
 It is surely, surely, sinking into silent death at last—
 To live but 'mid the memories and relics of the Past.

The olden tongue is sinking, like a patriarch, to rest—
 Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest ;
 Ere the Saxon, or the Roman—ere the Norman or the Dane—
 Had first set foot in Britain or the Visigoth in Spain.
 Its manhood saw the Druid-rites by forest tree and rock,
 And the savage tribes of Britain round the shirnes of Zerne-
 brock ;

And for centuries it witnessed all the glories of the Gael—
 When our Celtic sires sang war-songs round the sacred fires
 of Béil !

The tongues that saw its infancy are ranked among the dead,
 And from their relics have been shaped those spoken in their
 stead.

The glories of old Erin, with her liberty, have gone—
Yet their halo lingered round her while her ancient tongue
lived on.

Yea ! 'mid the desert of her woe—a monument more vast
Than all her pillar-towers it stood, that old tongue of the Past !

And now 'tis sadly shrinking from the race that gave it birth,
Like the ebbing tide from shore, or the spring-time from the
earth ;

From the island dimly fading, like a circle o'er the wave—
Receding as its people lisp the language of the slave ;
And with it, too, seem fading—as sunset into night—
All the scattered rays of glory that lingered in its light !
For, ah ! though long, with filial love, it clung to motherland,
And Irishmen were Irish still, in tongue, and heart, and hand—
Yet, before its Saxon rival, proscribed it soon became,
And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but in name,
The Saxon chain our rights and tongue alike doth hold in
thrall—

Save where amid the Conacht wilds or hills of Donegal,
Or by the shores of Munster, like the tameless ocean blast—
The olden language lingers yet—an echo from the Past !

Through cold neglect 'tis dying, as though stranger to our shore;
No Tara's halls shall vibrate to its tones for evermore ;
No Laurence fire the Gaelic clans round leaguered Baile
Atha Cliath,

No Shannon waft from Limerick's towers their war-songs
to the sea.

Ah, the pleasant tongue, whose accents were as music to the ear !
Ah, the magic tongue, that round us wove a spell so soft
and dear !

Oh, the glorious tongue, whose murmur could each Gaelic
heart enthrall !

Oh, the rushing tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrents'
fall !

The tongue that in the Senate was as lightning flashing bright ;
Whose echo in the battle was like thunder in its might ;
The tongue that once in chieftain's hall swelled loud the
minstrel's lay—

Like chief, like clansman, and like bard, is silent there to-day—
The tongue whose password scared the foe at Cong and
Mullachmast,
Like those who perished bravely there, is numbered with
the Past.

The Gaelic tongue is fading, and we stand coldly by—
Without a pang to thrill the heart, a tear to wet the eye ;
Without one pulse for freedom stirred, one effort made to
save

The tongue our fathers spoke—we lisp the language of the
slave !

Oh, Eire ! vain your efforts—vain your prayers for freedom's
crown,

While you crave it in the language of the foe who clove it
down.

Know you not that tyrants ever, with an art from darkness
sprung,

Make the people whom they conquer slaves alike in soul
and tongue !

The Russian Czar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered
frame

Until he trampled from her breast the tongue that bore her
name.

Oh, Irishmen, be Irish ! and rally for the tongue
Which, like ivy to a ruin, to the dear old land has clung—
Oh, snatch this relic from the wreck—the only and the last—
The sole strong link that binds you to the glories of the Past.

REV. MICHAEL MULLIN.

CAOCH O'LEARY.

One winter's day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Grey-headed, blind, and yellow—
And, oh ! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary—
To see the stranger and his dog—
Poor " Pinch " and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his " bag,"
Cross-barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said, " in Ireland's ground,
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Finian Burke and Seán Magee,
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,
Rushed in with panting haste to " see,"
And " welcome " Caoch O'Leary.

Oh ! God be with those happy times,
Oh ! God be with my childhood,
When I, bare-headed, roamed all day
Bird-nesting in the wild-wood—
I'll not forget those sunny hours,
However years may vary ;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and " Pinch " slept well that night,
And in the morning early,
He called me up to hear him play
" The wind that shakes the barley ; "

And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried—God mark my “deary,”
And how I wept when he said “farewell,
And think of Caoch O’Leary.”

And seasons came and went, and still
Old Caoch was not forgotten,
Although I thought him “dead and gone,”
And in the cold clay rotten.
And often when I walked and danced
With Eily, Kate, and Mary,
We spoke of childhood’s rosy hours,
And prayed for Caoch O’Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,
And June’s red sun was sinking,
When I, a man, sat by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking.
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a lame man limped—
’Twas “Pinch” and Caoch O’Leary!

Old Caoch! but ah! how woe-begone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,
Ay—time is even blending
The colours on his threadbare “bag”—
And “Pinch” is twice as hairy
And “thinspare” as when first I saw
Himself and Caoch O’Leary.

“God’s blessing here!” the wanderer cried,
“Far, far, be hell’s black viper;
Does anybody hereabouts
Remember Caoch the Piper?”

With swelling heart I grasped his hand ;
The old man murmured "Deary!
Are you the silky-headed child
That loved poor Caoch O'Leary ? "

" Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking—
" And where, *a mhic mo chroidhe*," he sobbed,
" Is all the merry-making
I found here twenty years ago ? "
" My tale," I sighed, " might weary,
Enough to say—there's none but me
To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

" Vo, Vo, Vo, Vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in sorrow,
" Pray lead me in, *a stor mo chroidhe*,
And I'll go home to-morrow.
My peace is made—I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With " Pinch " I watched his bed that night,
Next day, his wish was granted ;
He died—and Father James was brought,
And Requiem Mass was chanted—
The neighbours came—we dug his grave,
Near Eily, Kate, and Mary ;
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
God rest you ! Caoch O'Leary.

JOHN KEEGAN.

DÁSON LIAT.

Taircigíð, a éloca, fé coigilt i scoimeáð ériarð
 An feallaire fola 'r an rtollaire Dáron liat
 A gairce níor b'follur i scozað ná i scað lá gliarð,
 Aét as creacað 'r as crocað 'r as corcairt na mboctán
 nam.

Do b'fairring a córtar i rolar-bhuig éeann-ápo ðriain,
 Da ðaingean a ðonar 'r a ðoíceall irtig fé'n iaðað,
 I nheatarla fóraig i n-orcail roir dá rliab
 Sur éeangail fé an gopta do'n pobul dá gcur fé riagail.

A gseata níor fórcail le hopena na n'odonán noian,
 Níor fneagair a ngolairt 'r dá scolainn níor fneartail
 biað ;

Dá ngearrfaiðir bhorna no rcob no rcoctán fíar
 Do ðainfeað fé rroctanna fola ar a rlinneáin ríar.

Reacta an traoğail do réab go ríor-ğnátac,
 Maopa cpaopaé taopaé mío-náireac,
 Eaglair Dé san traocað dá ríor-cáblað
 Ir flaitear na naom ar Séamur 'na ðearğ-fárac.

Ğé'r mór a riactmar real 'ran traoğal ro beo
 Da ériarð a breat ar lagaid bíoð san treoir
 Ir buan an t-aét do ceapað ríor féo' cómaiř,
 Fuact ir tairt ir tear ir teinte io' ðóğað.

Mo řailm-re ar roðar san ðoéma san ðiombáio io' ðiaio ;
 Ar leacaid ðoo' lorcað as Cocitur as ríor-řağail pian ;
 Ğac maopa fola ó Corcaig go Baile Áta Cliat
 Go leanaio go hobann do lorğ-řa, a cuirp, fé ériarð.

As reo an t-ápur 'na bfuil Dáron fé leacaid řinte,
 Crúb do cuir táinte le řán ir do éreac na mílte
 Asur o'řás na mná ir a ngárlaiğ as tairteal tíorča :
 Ğuirðim řáiocte go briat cú ir cú io' lorcað i ðteintib !

Mo nuair, mo éireac nár tacaíod mílte ió' íóir,
 Ir Seán, do mac, 'na rppear doo' coimheáct leo;
 Mar luac gac rtair ir clear dá tionnrair fóir
 Beir conairt éam le haire doo' rtraoilead leo.

Cuibheac daingean ar maíac' an ancúirre
 Le roigin-gao garb ó eatarla, a éalam búteair,
 Saigeadtar eadarta an t-airmeairla i mearc na n-deamhan,
 An *Decree* rin feara 'ca ar t'anam, a máoiriú ailt.

Cioíó go raídar murtaíac iomairac rannac riam
 Bíod do éirte ag cimir gann ió' díad,
 Do éolann ag cruimib dá piocad go hamplaé dian,
 Ir t'anam ag fuicad 'ran scoire gan cunnar bliadán.

Briúg, a leac, a díar 'r a díannodai éón,
 A fúil a plait a teanga a éoll duib mór.
 Gac lúit gac ailt go rrap do'n éam-fligtoir,
 Mar fúil ná carra éar n-air ná a íamail go deo.

SEÁN CLÁRAC macDOMHAILL.

FONTENOY.

A.D. 1745.

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
 And twice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
 For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
 And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly through De Barri's woods the British soldiers burst,
 The French artillery drove them back diminished and dispersed.
 The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye
 And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their
head ;

Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the
hill—

Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward
still

Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering
fast ;

And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course
With steady fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force ;
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their
ranks,

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's
ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies French tirailleurs rush round ;
As stubble to the lava tide, fresh squadrons strew the ground ;
Bombshell and grape and round shot tore, still on they
marched and fired—

Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.

“ Push on, my household cavalry,” King Louis madly cried ;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged
they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns
his rein,

“ Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed, “ the Irish troops
remain ; ”

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

“ Lord Clare,” he says, “ you have your wish—there are your
Saxon foes ; ”

The master almost smiles to see how furiously he goes !

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be
so gay !

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could
dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's
parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country
overthrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all is staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bayonets—charge." Like mountain storms rush on
these fiery bands !

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a
gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam ; like rocks, the men
behind !

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging
smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzzah !

"Revenge ! remember Limerick ! dash down the Sasanach."

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled
with gore ;

Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled
flags they tore.

The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought
and won !

THOMAS DAVIS.

ÁIREAMH EACHTRA AN ĠALAIR.

(Ar mbeir i n' oċar luige láimhe dó. A.D. 1745.)

Áireamh eacitra an Ġalair 'n-ar luigear go tréit,
I r cár a bpeacab 'r i r deacair dom rcpioab ná léigear,
O'eir ráite an Earraig do caiteam im' luige go léir
'S mo lám deap agam 'om cealgab tríom le péin.

Lám na bpeacanna Ġlacab 'r do bíob ar céac,
Lám do earraig ceap reancuir Inre Ġaeóal
Lám Ġac eacitra 'r airte do rcpioab ar an bféinn,
'S an lám náir cailleab go raab do'n cill, a Ůé.

Tá a lán dá canab Ġur cealg ó mnaoi dein é,
I r táim-re ceana dá maiteam Ůi ó pinn mo cléib;
Má'r mná do maib no martraig daoine 'n traogail
Ní náir dom eadairca rearam nó ruide lem' érim.

Níor fás rí acmuinn im' ballaib im' éporde ná im' aeib,
I r o'fás rí m'eagna balb i r m'intleacť faon,
O'fás rí laguigťe leacta mé cuibearac clé,
Acť tá an Rí neartmar do earraig arir mo Ġéas.

'Dá trí leanb do rceadófaó péim' pínear 1 scé,
 'S do máitpín deapbta an ealta roin dligim sup b'édet;
 ní airmim eadópta an banalta ói píolpuig mé,
 'S do deaó mná ríde ir flata ir capaid 'om éaoinead ir éisr.

Mo éráibteadé tairir rin, m'anacra coirde an rceal,
 An bár as bagairt san asa ná pignear lae,
 Ná cáirde ceapta ó mairim go hoirde im' léar,
 Ná an áit a raad ná feadar cá plige ran traogal.

Mo énáma 'r mo calainn do'n talam ba dligé a scur pé
 Go rcáinte rcarpta le tairde an traogil go léir;
 Adé aipeam raite dá n-amaquin cruime 'r daél,
 Ám an t-anam, ní feadar aipr cá dteirdeann.

Cáirde tamall ó ceaduis dom Ri na Naom
 'S ir cáirde gearra san amhar innirim é,
 Cáirde mearam a caiteam le hincinn Dé
 Go éráibteadé cneapta d'péir aiteanta Críort 'r a éléir;

A páir do tabairt pé ndeara 'r a gníom do léigeam,
 Cár a ceangail a marlaó 'r a mílte créadé,
 Sup pásad marb san anam Mac uilir Dé
 Ar áro-époir gairb san raic um a éaoib, mo léan!

A Spárais nearcthair, ná hagair 'ran diogal roin mé,
 Ná pás sac tarcuirne tairgir d'íoc im' éaoib,
 'S, cé tá go nveadair mo peadairde tar innrint rceíl,
 Deaó rlan adé gairm ar éadair an trír go tréan.

A áro-flait, a ádair, a Déag-mic, 'r a éoin-Spíro náéim,
 Ó'r éal sac maitear 1 dflaitir ir tríó an raogal,
 Ar lár im' leabair, im' fearam nó ríde mo gnéim,
 Dúir ngráó go bfanair im' anam, im' époirde, 'r im' véal.

SEÁN Ua MURCADO NA RÁITÍNEAD.

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

T'ANAM Ó'n DIAĠAC! but there it is—
 The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
 God's angels lifting the night's black veil
 From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
 O, Ireland! isn't it grand you look—
 Like a bride in her rich adornin'!
 With all the pent-up love of my heart
 I bid you the top of the mornin'!
 This one short hour pays lavishly back
 For many a year of mourning;
 I'd almost venture another flight,
 There's so much joy in returning—
 Watching out for the hallowed shore,
 All other attractions scornin';
 O, Ireland! don't you hear me shout?
 I bid you the top of the mornin'.
 Ho, ho! upon Cliodhna's shelving strand
 The surges are grandly beating,
 And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
 To give us the kindly greeting!
 In to the shore the sea-brids fly
 On pinions that know no drooping,
 And out from the cliffs, with welcomes charged,
 A million of waves come trooping.
 O, kindly, generous, Irish land,
 So leal and fair and loving!
 No wonder the wandering Celt should think
 And dream of you in his roving.
 The alien home may have gems and gold,
 Shadows may never have gloomed it;
 But the heart will sigh for the absent land
 Where the love-light first illumed it,

And doesn't old Cove look charming there
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tip of her toes in the ocean.
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
Ah! maybe their chiming 's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a western rover.

For thirty Summers, a stoir mo chroidhe,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
Over memory's dim horizon.
E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' skies still o'er me.

Oh! often upon the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around this coast-line hover;
And the prayer would rise that some future day—
All danger and doubting scorning—
I'd help to win for my native land
The light of young Liberty's morning!

Now fuller and truer the shore-line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exile's ended!
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and the cot I was born in—
O, Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
I bid you the top of the mornin'!

JOHN LOCKE.

I.—ROSC CATÁ NA mUÍHAN.

A.D. 1750.

D'aitnígear féin san bhréas ar fuaíct
 'S ar anfaite tétir taob le cuan,
 Ar canaó na n-éan go réiread ruairc,
 Go scarpad mo séarar glé san ghuaim.

Meapaim sup rubac do'n mUíhan an fuaim
 'S o'a maireann go dubac de crú na mbuaó
 Torann na dtonn le pleapaid na long
 As tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann ar cuairt.

Tá lapaó 'ran ngréin sac lae go neoin;
 Ní taire do'n pae, ní téirdeann fé neoil;
 Tá barra na sraob as déanam rceoil,
 Nac fada béir Gaedil i ngréideann bpoín
 Meapaim sup rubac do'n mUíhan an ceol
 'S o'a maireann go dubac de crú na dtreon
 Torann na dtonn le pleapaid na long
 As tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann fé feol.

Tá doibhíl ar mipe asur áine ós
 Asur Clíodna an bpuinneal ir áilne rnoó;
 Táir milté asur tuillead de'n dtáin reo fóir
 Oa fuidéad le buile sup táinig an leógan.
 Meapaim sup rubac do'n mUíhan an ceol
 'S o'a maireann go dubac de crú na dtreon
 Torann na dtonn le pleapaid na long
 As tarraint anall 'n-ár gceann fé feol.

Ir annam dam maidean ar amairc an laoi
 Ná bainim cum peata go fairrige ríor,
 Mo deapca oá leatad as fairre de ríor
 Ar barcaib an fapaire as gearrad na rúige.
 Meapaim sup rubac do'n mUíhan 'r sup binn
 'S o'a maireann go dubac de crú na Ríog
 Torann na long as rcoiltead na dtonn
 As tarraint go teann 'n-ár gceann san móill.

Cruinnigeadh gach duine d'fhuil míleadh tréin
 Go míteann 'n-a cuirle de'n b'fior-fhuil b'raon
 Do míleadh le dlíste 'r do crádhadh le claon
 Go mbuailfidh pé buille le báire an tréin.
 Meairaim gur rubac do'n mhuinín i gcéin
 'S d'a mairéann go dubac de chrú na dtreán
 Torann na dtonn le plearaidh na long
 As tarrpaint go teann 'n-ár gceann le faobair.

CAOINEADH AIRT UÍ LAOGBAIRE.

(Eiblíen Dubh ní Conaill do cheap. fear Eiblíen do b'eas airt ua LaoGBaire, agus do lámhachadh coir inre Carrmaige an ime é le feall-beart gall um Bealtaine, 1773. Mac Dearbhacáir d'Eiblíen a b'eas doinnall ua Conaill an "Liberator." Gheobair an Caoineadh i n-iomlán, nó a fúimhóir pé rcéal é, i n"ihrleabhar na Gaedilge" i gcómair Meirín a 1896. ní'l pé go léir annro.)

Mo ghrád go daingean tú!
 Lá dá b'peaca tú
 As ceann tíge an mairgair;
 Tug mo fhuil aipe duit,
 Tug mo croíde tairneam duit;
 D'éalúigear óm' acair leat
 I b'fad ó baile leat.

.
 I' cuimhín lem' aighe,
 An lá breas earraig úo,
 Gur breas tagadh hata duit,
 I' bandha díri carra air.
 Claidéam cinn airgid,—
 Lám' dear cáilma,—
 Rompráil bagairtác,—
 Fíir-éirteagla
 Ar námair cealgac—
 Tú i gcóir cum falartac'

1r eac caol ceann-fionn fút.
 O'umluigóir Sapanais
 Síor go talamh duit,
 1r ní mar mairte leat
 Aét le haon corp eagla,
 Sió sup leo do caillead tú
 A múinnín m'anma.

.
 Mo cara tú go daingean!
 Níor éiredear riamh do marbad
 Go dtáinig cuşam do capall
 'S a rrianta léi go talamh,
 1r fuil do éiríde ar a leacain
 Siar go diallaic gheanta
 'Na mbíteá d' fuidé 'r ió' fearam.
 Cuşar léim go tapaid,
 An céad léim ar an gcairte,
 An dara léim ar an dtairis
 An tríomad léim ar do capall.

Do buairear go luat mo bara,
 'S do baineas ar na reataib.
 Com mairt 1r bí ré aşam
 Go bfuairdear rómmam tú marb
 Coir tuirín íril aicinn,
 Şan pápa 1r şan earbog,
 Şan cléireac 1r şan raşar
 Do léighead ort an trailm,
 Aét rean-bean éríonna éairte
 Do leat ort beann d'á fallaing;
 Do cuir fóla leat 'na rriatib;
 1r níor fanas le n-a şlanad
 Aét í d'ól ruar lem' baraid.

Mo şrád tú 'şur mo éairneam!
 Eirig ruar ió' fearam,

1r tair liom féin a baile
 So scuirfeam mairt dá leasadh,
 So nglaothfam ar dóirir fairring,
 So mbeid aghainn ceol dá rpreasadh,
 So scóireodao duit-re leaba
 Fé bhrataib míne geala,
 Fé cuilteannaib bheadh' bheada,
 A cuirfid tear t'reo' ballaib
 1 n-ionad an fuaict a glacair.

.
 A daoine, ná héirtid
 Le macairead éitig.
 Níl don bean i nÉirinn
 Do rinneadh a taob leir,
 Do bheada trí laos dó,
 Ná maca le cnaochar
 1 noisid airt Uí Laoisair
 Aca annro tmaocta
 Ó maidin indé agham.

A mhuirín, léan ort!
 Fuil do éiríde d'éag leat!
 Do fúile dá scaochar!
 Do glúine dá méadadh!
 Do mairbair mo laos-ra,
 'S gan don fear i nÉirinn
 A spreathadh na piléir leat.

.
 Spreadhadh cuíat aghur oit!
 A mhuirín shánda an fill,
 A bain díom féin mo tigeair,
 Acair mo leand gan doir;
 Dír aca agh riubal an tige,
 'S an tríoimh ceann iricig im' éli,
 'S ní dóca go scuirfeadh díom!

Mo ghrád tú 'sur mo taitneamh !
 Nuair gádhair amach an geata
 O'fíllir éar n-air go tapaidh ;
 Do phóghair do dhír leanbh,
 Phóghair mire ar bharra baire,
 Dubháir, " A Eibhlín, eirigh ió' fearam
 Go luaimneach i' go tapaidh,
 Táim-re ag fágbáil an baile
 I' ní móide go deo go scarpainn."
 Ní rinnear deo' éainnt a'c magadh :
 B'iteá dá ghrád liom go minic éana.

.
 Mo ghrád tú 'sur mo cumann !
 'S ní hé a bfuair bár deo' éineadh,
 Ná bár mo éiríir éloinne ;
 Ná Domnall mór Ua Conaill,
 Ná Conall a bádhair an tuile,
 Ná bean na pé mbliadhán b'icead
 Do cuair anonn éar uirce
 Ag cáirdearui'geacht le m'griú ;
 Ní hia' ro go léir t'á agam
 Le huclán cléir dá n'ghairm
 A'c Airt Ua Laoghaire an oim'g,
 Airt na ghruid'ge rinne,
 Airt an bua'ó' r' an m'irni'g,
 Ma'icac na lárac doinne,
 Dá baint aréir dá bonnaibh
 Ar Inre Cárraig' an lme—
 Náir mairbh rí a hainm ná a p'loinneadh !

.
 Mo ghrád agur mo laog tu !
 A Airt gíl Uí Laoghaire
 M'ic Concubair, m'ic Céadai'g,
 M'ic Laoir'g Uí Laoghaire
 Amair ó'n n'ghaor'ca
 'S anoir ó'n gCaol-énoc

Mair a b'árait caora
 I r cnóta buíde ar ghéagaib,
 I r ubla i n-a rlaodaið
 I n-a n-am féinið.

Cáir b'iongnad le héinne
 Dá larrad uib laogaire
 I r beal áta 'n fhaoradair
 'S an fuaigán naomta
 I ndiaid maircais na réad-glac,
 An fíadairde san traochad,
 Do tagad cuíam d'aon rí
 Ó'n nSreanais ar raotar
 Nuair rtaidair ar caol-coin?
 Ó! a maircais na sclaoon-íor,
 Cad d'ímteis aréir ort?
 Óir do fíadair-ra féinið
 Ná mairbeodad an raogal tú
 Nuair ceannuigeair duit éiríad.

.
 Ní beid cairp ar baatar mo éinn,
 Ná léine éneir lem' tairb,
 Ná bróg ar éráct mo buinn,
 Ná troscán ar fuio an tige,
 Ná ríuan leir an láir nduinn
 Ná cairpíó mé le díge.
 I r raedad anonn tar tuinn
 As cómpad leir an ríð,
 'S mair fcuirpíó ionnam ruim
 Fíllfead tar n-air arí
 Ar boidé na fola duibhe,
 A bain díom féin mo buídean.

THE GOOD SHIP, CASTLE DOWN.

A.D. 1776.

Oh ! how she ploughed the ocean, the good ship, Castle Down,
The day we hung our colours out, the Harp without the
Crown !

A gallant barque, she topped the wave ; and fearless hearts
were we,

With guns, and pikes, and bayonets, a stalwart company,
'Twas a sixteen years from Thurot ; and sweeping down
the bay,

The " Siege of Carrickfergus " so merrily we did play ;
By the old Castle's foot we went, with three right hearty
cheers ;

And waved our green cockades aloft, for we were Volunteers,
Volunteers ;

Oh ! we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.

'Twas when we weighed our anchor on the breast of smooth
Garmoyle,

Our guns spoke out in thunder : " Adieu, sweet Irish soil ! "
At Whiteabbey and Greencastle, and Holywood so gay,
Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs, with many a loud
huzza.

Our voices o'er the water went to the hollow mountains round,
Young Freedom, struggling at her birth, might utter such a
sound.

But one green slope beside Belfast, we cheered, and cheered
it still ;

The people had changed its name that year, and called it
Bunker's Hill,

Bunker's Hill ;

Oh ! that our hands, like our hearts, had been in the trench
at Bunker's Hill !

Our ship cleared out for far Quebec ; but thither little bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant.
We took our course due North, as out round old Black Head
we steered,

Till Ireland bore south-west by south and Fingall's rock
appeared.

Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung
flutteringly,

About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea—
He pointed to th' Atlantic—" Yonder's no place for slaves ;
Haul down these British badges ; for Freedom rules the waves—
Rules the waves ! "

Three hundred strong men answered, shouting. " Freedom
rules the waves ! "

Then all together rose, and brought the British ensign down ;
And up we raised our island Green, without the British
Crown ;

Emblazoned there a Golden Harp, like maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around its head looked o'er the sea
and smiled.

A hundred days, with adverse winds, we kept our course
afar ;

On the hundredth day, came bearing down, a British sloop-
of-war.

When they spied our flag they fired a gun ; but as they neared
us fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft and nailed it to the mast—
To the mast !

A soldier was old Jackson, he made our colours fast.

Patrick Henry was our captain, as brave as ever sailed ;
" Now we must do or die," said he, " for our Green flag is
nailed."

Silently came the sloop along ; and silently we lay,
Till with ringing cheers and cannonade the foe began the fray ;

Then the boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks we
cast ;

One broadside volley from our guns swept down the tapering
mast.

“ Now, British tars ! St. George's Cross is trailing in the sea—
How do you like the greeting and the handsel of the Free ?
Of the Free !

These are the terms and tokens of men who will be free ! ”

WILLIAM B. MACBURNIEY.

GÚIRT AN MEADHON OIÓCE.

A.D. 1780.

Ba ġnát mé riubal le ċiumair na habann
Ar báinriġ úir 'r an ōrúct go tġom
I n-aiċe na ġcoillte i ġcuim an tġléibġe
ġan máirġ ġan moill le poillre an lae
Do ġealaġ mo ċroirġe nuair a ċinn loċ ġréine,
An talaím 'r an tír ir iġġar na rġéire ;
Ba ċaitġneamác doirġinn riirġeam na rġléibġe
Aġ baġairġ a ġcinn ċar ōruim a ċéile.
Do ġealaġ an ċroirġe beaġ ċríon le ċianġa
Caitġe ġan bġriġ no líonta 'e pġianġa ;
An rġéirġeac rġearġ ġan rġealġ ġan rġairġġrġear
Ō'réacac tamall ċar bġrġa na ġcoillte
Ar laċain 'na rġcuainne ar ċuan ġan ċeo
An eala ar a bġuairġ 'r i aġ ġluairġeacġ leo.
Na héirġe le meadair aġ eirġe i n-áirġe
Réirġe im' riadairġ go tairġġrġeac tairġ-ġrġeac.
Ōac an loċa aġur ġorġm na ōtonn
Aġ teacġ go toirġac torannacġ tġom.
Ōíorġ éanlairġ i ġrġainn go meadairġeac mōōmairġeac
Ir léirġeac eirġe i ġcoillte m' ċōmġar.
ġéimġeac adairġeac ir riadairġeac ar rġlōirġeac
Ţréan-riġ ġadairġeac ir Raiġrġearġeac rġōmpa.

Ar maidin inb'é b'i an r'péar san ceo,
 B'i Cancep ó'n ngréin i n-a caoirtaib' teo
 I' i gab'ta cum r'ao'tairi t'ar éir na hoib'ce
 I' obair an lae rin réimpi rinte;
 B'i duilleabair c'raob' ar géaga im' timdeall,
 Fíor'tan i' r'éar go r'laodac' taoib' liom,
 Glarra fáir i' blá't i' luib'eanna
 Scaipreab' le fán d'a éiríod'eac't r'maointe.
 B'i mé cor'p'ta 'r an co'tlaob' dom' é'moac'aob',
 Sin mé cor'p'm ar co'trom 'ran b'péar glar
 I n-aice na gcrann i dteannta trín're
 Taca lem' ceann i' m'annlaob' rinte,
 Ar ceangal mo fúil go dlút le céile
 Spreamuig'te dúnta i n'oub'glar néalta
 I' m'asair' 'gam foilig'te ó cuilib' go rárta
 I d'tairíob'ream' o'fúiliug mé an éuing'teac' éiríod'te.
 Do cor'p'ui'g de lom, do poll go haé me
 Im' co'tlaob' go trom san meabair san éirim.
 Da gairio mo fuan nuair éuala, f'aoil mé,
 An talam' magcuairio ar luarc'aob' im' timdeall
 Anraob' adtuairio i' fuaodac' fíoc'mar
 I' calaob' an éuain ag tuar'gain teinte.
 Siollaob' dom' fúil d'ár fúmluig'eap uaim
 Do connaic mé éugam le ciu'mair an éuain
 An má'rac' bol'gac' col'gac' tairíob'reac'
 Énám'ac' col'gac' goir'geac' gaob'gac';
 A haéiríod'e i' gceart mar méoir méoir
 A ré nó a reac't de f'lata 'r fúiríod'alac',
 Péir're beac't d'a b'rat ag r'raoilleab'
 Léi 'ran tr'lab le d'rab i' ríoball,
 Da muar ba fíar ba fíad'ain le f'éacaint
 Suar 'na héad'an créac'tac' créimeac';
 B'anraob' ceanntair—rcannraob' r'ao'galta
 An d'raio 'r an d'rannd'al manntac' méir'ceac'.
 A rí gac' máig'e ba láiríu liom'ta,
 A bioma láime i' lán r'car innté,

Cómartha pórúir 'na bairr ar ríce
 Ir comácta báille i n-áirde air ríobta.
 Dubairt go gairdeas d'foclaid dána,
 "Márcail, corruig, a córlatais gánda!
 Ir duad an trlige duit rinte id' fliarta
 Ir cúirt 'na fúide 'r na mílte ag triall ann."

BRIAN MACSHIOLLA MEIRRE.

AN ELEGY.

A.D. 1782.

(The subject of this Elegy, which is a translation from the Gaelic, was Francis Sigerson, whose ancestors, according to the learned translator, "were lords of the manor of Ballinskelligs, Co. Kerry," before the Cromwellian confiscations.)

In Abbey ground, by the wild western sea,
 The true Knight rests, safe-shielded, Stone, by thee,
 Here of the Tighearna led the galloping band—
 Now his home-coming saddens all the land.

The land that held his generous renown
 From Beare to Diarra, from Lee to Liffey brown,
 From Galway West to Southernmost Cape Clear,
 Kilkenny to Loch Cé—afar, anear.

Anear, afar, how mournful maids and men,
 And every eye is wet by hill and glen;
 The Suir o'erflowed, methought, the hills rent wide,
 The Skellig shrieking, said, "A man has died!"

A man has died. In grief all darkness o'er,
 From Scariff's bay, from Deene, and far Timore,
 To the last sunset isle, no sail I see;
 Valentia mourns with tears wept bitterly.

Oh bitterly cry Ards and Coom the keene
And Ballinkelligs where no lack hath been
Of sea-borne wine and welcomes as to home —
The Giver greeting all who chose to come.

Who chose to come of that glad hall were free,
With meat, brown ale, and honey from the bee—
Through Christ's sweet will he surely shall have rest,
Francis, whose welcome cheered the poorest guest.

Guest, void of all, with want his only friend,
Found shield and succour, kindness to the end,
Linens and woollens where the tall looms stand,
Gifts hid in gifts and red wine in his hand.

O, handsome Hawk who towered the country o'er !
Top-spray of all who sprang from Sigerson More !
And pure thy mother's blood, Clan-Connell's old—
Thou dashing chief—thou joyous hand with gold.

Clean gold with poverty well shared alway,
O, head of Counsel still—the people's stay ;
'Tis my belief from Skellig west to Cove
No heart alive could match thy heart of love.

Love thy life's rule, from life's dawn till its night,
How many a wrong that rule humane made right,
How many a grief it chased and bitter moan—
Now the Church grieves for thee, here, lying lone.

Lone here and dead. 'Tis this makes heaven dark,
From Rath to Ruachty, o'er mountain, sea, and bark ;
What his hand gathered for the Lamb he gave,
The lofty, faultless tree, our princely chieftain brave.

White chief of mankind, true Cavalier all o'er,
None e'er repelling, never closing door,
Gloom-sad the Gael because our strength is low,
Eclipsed our souls and wails the Voice of Woe.

Woe o'er Iveragh's woods and waters wide—
My wound ! the steadfast generous man who died ;
Not hard the way to ope with papal keys,
Lord, grant the Peace-maker Thy perfect peace.

Peace to give peace where he may not return,
To heal our hurt, to light the eyes that mourn ;
Shield of our hearts, our strength in sorrow found—
My grief, my woe !—the Chief laid low, in Abbey ground.

GEORGE SIGERSON, M.D., F.R.U.I.

THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

A.D. 1797.

Here our murdered brother lies ;
Wake him not with women's cries ;
Mourn the way that manhood ought ;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind ;
Morals pure and manners kind ;
In 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 guillotined by law.

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years !
Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted through thy native grounds,
Or flung reward to human hounds ;
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand ;
Crumbled by a foreign weight ;
And 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 world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild ?
The widowed mother with her child,
Child new-stirring in the womb !
Husband waiting for the tomb !

Angel of the sacred place
Calm her soul and whisper peace,
Cord, or axe, or guillotin'
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 !

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

CEO DRAOIĠEACHTA.

Ceo draoiĠeacHTa i gcoim oirĠce do ġeol mĠ
 Tġe tġorĠaibĠ marĠ Ġinnġio arĠ ġġae,
 Ġan ġġiomĠ-caraio dġoġġair im' ĠĠnġġar
 'S mĠ i ġġioĠaibĠ tarĠ m'eolur i ġĠein ;
 Do ġġinear ġo ġġor-tuġġeadĠ deoraĠ
 I ġcoill Ġlucġġair ĠnĠġair liom ġġin,
 Aġ ġuġdeacHTaint Ġum Rġoġ ġil na ġlġġe
 Iġ Ġan nġo arĠ bitĠ acĠ ġġoĠairĠ im' bĠal.

Bġ lionġu Ġ im' Ġġoġde-ġe, Ġan ġĠ arĠ bitĠ,
 'San ġcoill ġeo 'ġ Ġan ġlġr dġuine im' ġġor,
 Ġan doibġear, acĠ binn-ġuĠ na ġmĠlac
 Aġ ġġor-cantain ceoil arĠ ġac ġġis ;
 Lem' ĠaoibĠ ġurĠ ġuġr ġġoĠ-bġuġġeal mĠĠġaraĠ,
 I bġġoġair iġ i ġĠĠĠ Ġġoġ marĠ naomĠ,
 'Na ġnaoi bġ an lġ ġeal le ġġraibĠ,
 Aġ coġġearĠar, 'ġ nġr b'eol dĠom Ġia ġġill.

Ba ĠġullġeadĠ Ġuġ buriĠe ĠarĠa arĠ Ġġ-dac
 A dġaoi-ġolt ġo bġġis leiġ an mġe,
 A bġaoġe Ġan Ġeġġeal marĠ an Ġġra,
 A Ġlaoġn-ġoġc do bġo-ġoin ġac lġoĠ ;
 Ba binn blaġĠa ġġr-mġlġr ceolġar,
 MarĠ ġġoĠ-Ġġuit ġac nĠĠa Ġ n-a bĠal,
 Iġ ba mġn Ġailce a ĠġoĠ Ġġuġnn i ġĠġġ ĠġrĠ,
 DarĠ linne nġr leonaĠ le haon.

A cúilfionn tair muinte na n-órfoile
 De crú éirt na gc'rónae san bhréig,
 Do cúrra ag búraibh ir bhrón liom
 Fá rmúit, catae, ceomair, san rcleir;
 'Na nolué-brogaibh dútcair dá reolfao
 Mac conganac na glóire do Réicr
 Ir rúgaé do núrcainn-re crón-puic
 So humal tapair rcoímar le piléir.

An Stiobairt dá dtigeadó cuíaimm tar ráile
 So críe Inre fáilge fí réim,
 Le flit o'fearaibh laoiris ir Spáinnis
 Ir fíor le corp átair so mbéinn
 Ar fíir-eac méar ghoirde tapair céárrac
 Ag fíor-caracó cáic le neart faobair,
 Ir ní élaioínn-re m'inctinn 'na deaio rin
 Cum luige ar fearaí gárda lem' pé.

EOŠAN RUADÓ Ó SÚILLEADHÁIN.

THE BROTHERS: HENRY AND JOHN SHEARES.

A.D. 1798.

'Tis midnight; falls the lamp-light dull and sickly
 On a pale and anxious crowd,
 Through the court, and round the judges, thronging thickly,
 With prayers they dare not speak aloud,
 Two youths, two noble youths, stand prisoners at the bar—
 You can see them through the gloom—
 In the pride of life and manhood's beauty, there they are
 Awaiting their death-doom.

All eyes an earnest watch on these are keeping,
 Some sobbing, turn away,
 And the strongest men can hardly see for weeping,
 So noble and so loved were they.

Their hands are locked together, these young brothers,
As before the judge they stand ;
They feel not the deep grief that moves the others ;
For they die for Fatherland.

They are pale, but it is not fear that whitens
On each proud high brow ;
For the triumph of the martyr's glory brightens
Around them even now.
They sought to free their land from thrall of stranger—
Was it treason ? Let them die ;
But their blood will cry to Heaven—the Avenger
Yet will hearken from on high.

Before them, shrinking, cowering, scarcely human,
The base informer bends,
Who, Judas-like, could sell the blood of true men,
While he clasped their hands as friends,
Ay ; could fondle the young children of his victim,
Break bread with his young wife,
At the moment that, for gold, his perjured dictum
Sold the husband and the father's life.

There is silence in the midnight—eyes are keeping
Troubled watch, till forth the jury come ;
There is silence in the midnight—eyes are weeping—
Guilty ! is the fatal doom ;
For a moment, o'er the brothers' noble faces
Came a shadow sad to see,
Then silently they rose up in their places,
And embraced each other fervently.

O ! the rudest heart might tremble at such sorrow,
The rudest cheek might blush at such a scene ;
Twice the judge essayed to speak the word—to-morrow—
Twice faltered as a woman he had been.

To-morrow ! Fain the elder would have spoken,
 Prayed for respite, though it is not death he fears ;
 But thoughts of home and wife his heart have broken,
 And his words are stopped by tears.

But the youngest—O ! he speaks out bold and clearly :
 “ I have no ties of children or of wife ;
 Let me die—but spare the brother who more dearly
 Is loved by me than life.”
 Pale martyrs, ye may cease ; your days are numbered ;
 Next noon your sun of life goes down ;
 One day between the sentence and the scaffold
 One day between the torture and the crown.

A hymn of joy is rising from creation ;
 Bright the azure of the glorious summer sky ;
 But human hearts weep sore in lamentation,
 For the brothers are led forth to die.
 Ay ; guard them with your cannon and your lances—
 So of old came martyrs to the stake ;
 Ay ; guard them—see the people’s flashing glances ;
 For those noble two are dying for their sake.

Yet none spring forth their bonds to sever—
 Ah ! methinks, had I been there,
 I’d have dared a thousand deaths ere ever
 The sword should touch their hair.
 It falls !—there is a shriek of lamentation
 From the weeping crowd around ;
 They are stilled—the noblest hearts within the nation—
 The noblest heads lie bleeding on the ground.

Years have passed since that fatal scene of dying,
 Yet life-like to this day
 In their coffins still those severed heads are lying,
 Kept by angels from decay.

O! they preach to us, those still and pallid features ;
 Those pale lips yet implore us from their graves
 To strive for our birthright as God's creatures,
 Or die, if we can but live as slaves.

LADY WILDE.

AN CAOIL-EAC RUADÓ.

A.D. 1798.

Níor b'fada bíor ar leaba' im' luige
 Nuair glaothaíḡ amuisḡ
 Marcad líomta i ndeirceart oirde
 Ar caoil-eac ruadó :—
 “A bharraigḡ ḡroirde, an ió' coitlad taoi,
 No cad tá ort?
 Preab ió' fuirde go dtadair linn
 Agus féad ar dtort.”

Do glaic me bíodḡadḡ geit ir lingead
 Tre m' néaltaiḡ ruain,
 Ir do b'fada bí mé san focal cainnte
 Do déarfainn uaim.
 Allur fuigead do fleannaigḡ ríor
 Go tréan dem' ḡruaigḡ;
 Ba ḡearr san moill gur preab óm' tairbpre
 An caoil-eac ruadó.

1 n-ar n-áiream bí dá fíciḡ mile
 Séim-fear ruairc
 De clannaiḡ Milead pé arim líomta
 'S iad déanta ruar :
 O'fíarfíuigear-ra go tapair díob-ran
 Cá ríoió'óir cuan,
 No a' mbead na ḡail i dtalamḡ pínear
 Ár nḡaeḡeal go buan?

I tóiríocht rúin do fuidhear nuairéac
 Na mairteiné,
 Dar an leabhar ba taitneamh uimh-
 Cail gac réil
 Sur bainead "Lunnadain" ir port Matganna
 Den "Stáit" iné;
 Sur preab an "Dúic" ar eac cum riubail
 'S go mbeir an lá le Gaedil.

Dá dtigead rúo mar aet 'ran tóitais
 Ba bheadh an réil!
 Ár mbailte tóitair le reabhadh 'Gann
 Gac lá d'ár rathal;
 Ár ratha cú gac mairdean tóitait
 Ar eacrao caol,
 Ir go mbeir na búir dá tóirbhadh
 Sur rinn garrao rathais.

Do glacar fonn cum toul anonn
 Tar ráile i scéin
 As meabhadh na reabac sciun
 Adá láirir tóir;
 Dá tóirbhadh ro bfuil ár n-tóitais
 As an náirio 'nár n-tóir—
 Mar bair ar rúo tá mo glaca bfuigte
 Ó'n ráirinn, mo léan!

As Ror Mic Treoin, mo galair tóigte,
 Bí an cáirao Gaedail!
 Dá fíoró míle d'áir uimh
 Fé láir-neart rilair:
 D'fás'mair rinte na táinte tóir-
 I tóir an lae
 No sur fuighead i tóirce ár n-tóir
 Le tóir 'ran mbair!

1r fada an mma 'na ruan san múrcailt
 'S an cár o'á pléio
 Agus plúr-rcot cloinne últac
 So háro o'á nglaothac :
 1r é léigio na huíodair ar leabair an cunnair
 'S ar páo na naom
 Sur micio dúinne fearra múrcailt
 No so bfuil an dáta ar rtae.

THE HEROINE OF ROSS

A.D. 1798.

Up from fitful sleep we wakened at the first kiss of the day ;
 There was silence by our watch-fires, for we knew the task
 that lay

To be wrought to joy or ruin ere the stars should look again
 On the places of our childhood—hill and river, rath and glen.

We were thinking of the dear ones that we left to face the foe,
 And we prayed for all the brave hearts that were lying cold
 and low,

And we looked upon the meadows staring blank against the
 sun,

Then we thought upon the future and the work that must be
 done.

Fear ! we knew it not, for Vengeance burned fierce in every
 heart ;

Doubt ? why doubt when we but hungered each to do a true
 man's part :

“ On to Ross ! ” our pulses quickened as the word from man
 to man

Passed along, and bold John Kelly forward stepped to lead
 the van.

Through the misty summer morn by the hedgerows bright we
 sped,
 While the lark with joyous music filled the spreading dome
 o'erhead,
 And the sun rode up the circle, and the earth began to smile,
 But our hearts knew nought of pleasure, they were cold as in
 the while.

Silent all, with stony gaze, and lips as tightly locked as death,
 On we went by flowering thorns through the balmy summer's
 breath,
 On, till Ross was close upon us, then a shout resounding rose,
 And like ocean's waves in winter in we leaped upon our foes !

For a brief, brief spell they quavered, then their muskets rang
 reply,
 And our boys in hundreds falling looked their last upon the
 sky.
 But, the empty places filling, still we rallied to the fray,
 Till the misty summer morning wore into the dusty day.

But a figure rose before us, 'twas a girl's fragile frame,
 And among the fallen soldiers there she walked with eyes
 aflame,
 And her voice rang o'er the clamour like a trumpet o'er the
 sea :

“ Whoso dares to die for Ireland, let him come and follow me ! ”

Then against the line of soldiers with a gleaming scythe on
 high,
 Lo ! she strode, and though their bullets whistled round they
 passed her by,
 And, a thousand bosoms throbbing, one wild, surging shout
 we gave,
 And we swept them from our pathway like the sand before
 the wave.

What, though fate frowned on our banners, and the night
came down in woe,
Let that maiden's fame be cherished while the Barrow's
waters flow ;
Ever be her name a beacon to the true who labour on
In the faith that clouds for ever cannot cloak the blaze of
Dawn.

WILLIAM ROONEY.

THE PRIESTS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

The story of our native land, from weary age to age
Is writ in blood and scalding tears in many a gloomy page ;
But darkest, saddest page of all is that which tells the fate
Of Erin's noblest martyr-sons, the Priests of Ninety-Eight.

Leal children of the Church were they, her soldiers brave and
true,
Yet Irish hearts within their breasts were beating warmly too ;
For years of patient, studious toil, of vigil, and of prayer
Had never quenched the patriot fire which God had kindled
there.

When sheltered by the stranger's hand among the hills of
Spain,
Or where the streams of sunny France roll rapid to the main,
Their fondest thought in eager flight where'er their feet might
roam,
Had sped across the circling seas that girt their island home—

Across the wide and circling seas unto her emerald breast
Had come like weary ocean birds that seek a place of rest,
And back unto the exiles borne in far off foreign clime
Sweet memories of the bygone joys of boyhood's golden time.

And many an eve the strangers' halls re-echoed Erin's songs
That told in fierce or touching strain the story of her wrongs ;
And many a night beneath the stars that lit the southern skies,
While hotly throbbed their loving hearts, and big tears filled
their eyes.

But now again, their exile o'er, they tread their native land,
Among her leaders and her chiefs anointed priests they stand ;
Anointed priests, with priestly charge, and bound by priestly
vow,

They owe their isle a double meed of love and duty now.

The love of father for his flock of helpless little ones—
The love a darling mother wins from true and tender sons—
A love that liveth to the end, defying time and fate—
With such a love they loved their land, the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

The gory track of tyranny has all her hills defiled,
And ruin riots o'er the scenes where peace and plenty smiled ;
Her fields lie bare and desolate, her mournful rivers moan
By blackened hearths, and outraged homes, and altars over-
thrown.

Through hall and hamlet 'mid the wreck the spoiler's hand
has made

Red murder in the name of Law pursues his hellish trade,
And day and night the gibbets groan, the deadly bullets rain,
And dusty street and hillside bare are piled with heaps of
slain !

The good and true and noble fall or find a living tomb,
Away from home and friend, within the dungeon's lonely
gloom,

Or sink beneath the brutal lash, or pitch-cap's maddening
pang,

The prey of men with tiger heart and worse than tiger fang.

To heaven in ceaseless dirge ascends the mother's wild despair,
The wail of sorrowing wife and child, the maid's unheeded
prayer ;

The voice of vengeful blood, that cries up from the wreaking
sod—

Ah ! well may ache your Irish hearts, O patient priests of God.

Well may the fire of righteous wrath leap to your watching eyes !
Well may you vow before the God that rules the earth and skies
No more to preach ignoble peace, no more your hands to hold,
While tyrants waste your lands with war, and tigers rend
your fold !

They drew the green old banner forth and flung it to the light,
And Wexford heard the rallying cry and gathered in her might,
And swore, around uplifted cross, unto the latest breath
To follow where her sagarts led—to victory or death !

The sagarts led, the pikemen fought, like lions brought to bay,
And Wexford proved her prowess well in many a bloody fray,
Where wronged and wronger foot to foot in deadly grip were
seen,

And England's hated Red went down before the Irish Green.

And bravest of the brave and true that struck for Ireland's
right—

The wisest at the council board, the boldest in the fight—
All pure from stain or breath of shame through storms of
strife and hate,

They bore the sagarts' honoured name—the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

But, oh ! those priests, those noble priests, how sad a fate
was theirs,

How full the cup of bitterness the All-wise God prepares
For His own chosen ones marked out in suffering and shame
Anew to consecrate His cause, and glorify His name !

Yes, they were soldiers in His cause—the cause of trampled
right—

His cause, wherever o'er the world His trumpet calls to fight—
His cause, though scorned of slavish men, and crushed by
despot heel—

The holiest that ever bared a soldier's fearless steel.

Yes, they were martyrs for His name—for Him and His
they died—

Let cowards scoff, and cynics sneer, and mocking foes deride—
For it is written large and deep on many a gore-stained sod,
“ Who dieth for God's people, he most truly dies for God.”

And radiant shall their memory live, though dark and sad
their doom,

To brighten in our history a page of woe and gloom—
A pillar-fire to guide a nation struggling to be free,
Along the thorny, sunless path that leads to liberty.

Oh, Irish priests ! how proud and grand a heritage is yours !
A priceless love that will not die as long as time endures—
A precious flower of matchless bloom, whose perfume day
by day

Will sweeten every toil and cross that meet you on your way.

Oh ! guard it well against all taint of foul decay and death,
Its holy, hallowed beauty shield from every withering breath ;
And fair and stainless hand it down to those who'll follow you,
And love it with an equal love—as generous, fond, and true.

And honour them—the martyred dead—the fearless, good
and wise—

Who for its sake in evil days made willing sacrifice
Of earthly hope and earthly joy, and dared the felon's fate
To feed it with their own hearts' blood—the Priests of Ninety-
Eight.

REV. P. M. FURLONG.

DO CUALAD SCÉAL.

(Ar nḡabáil Ardtúir uí Concubairi aḡur ar marbhad éadubairt
múc Seapailt.)

Do cuala rceál do méab mo éiríde ionnam
I r'árbuigḡ suair i r'ḡruaim ar m'inctinn,
Scéal do léan rir éireann timceall,
I r'le'ri cuiread fódla i mbrión san rcaoilead.

A Clanna Saedéal, rin péir ríð coróce;
D'imtíḡ buir otreoir, ní'l rpeoir ná bpiḡ ionnaib;
Sin é an Seapaltac ceangailte i ngeimleac,
I r'Ardtúr uaral uairb tar taoirde.

Ní'l ríog-flait rctáit le rḡáil ran tír reo
Le n-ar mait buir nḡlar a rcaoilead,
Ná fuil mí-ád i r'vígḡáil nime air
'S an cineamaint dá éirirbúḡad aḡur dá élaoiréaint.

Ní hionḡnad liom-ra búir ḡo haoibinn
San baogal san barcad san mairḡ i ḡCríe Luirc,
'S ḡur ríð féin atá, cé nári le hinnrint,
Aḡ brait a céile de tréad na ḡclaoim-beart.

Iarraim, aircim, i r'rcreadaim ar íora,
I r'ḡo raið an ḡeall ar namaird ar otípe;
ḡo raið baogal i r'léan i r'lión-puit
Ar ḡac rpreán creacáin coimíotíḡ.

Rí na bflaitear do dealbuiḡ tíorta,
Rae aḡur réalta, rprearta i r'taoirde,
ḡo nreimíó cúl ḡo huímal d'ár muinntir,
I r'ḡo raið an cluitce reo aca san rḡḡnear.

Ó éim an cár mar atá ag ár muinntir,
'S go bfuil na búir go dlúth 'n-a dtimcheall,
Pheabfao cum riubail anonn tar taoide
I r tiorfao anall le fpanncas liomta.

Go breiceam éire raor san daoirre,
'S an bpatann uaitne i n-uachtar rcaoilte,
Sad tioránac claoín-éadrad coimhídeac
I n-ainm an riabais, i r san Dia dá gcumhídeac.

míceál ós ó lonḡáin.

PÁID O'DONOGHUE.

The Yeos were in Dunshaughlin, and the Hessians in Dunreagh,
And spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh,
While Roden's godless troopers ranged from Skreen to
Mullachoo,
When hammered were the pikeheads first by Páid
O'Donoghue.

Young Páid, he was as brave a boy as ever hammer swung,
And the finest hurler that you'd find the lads of Meath
among ;
And when the wrestling match was o'er no man could boast
he threw
The dark-haired smith of Curroghá, young Páid O'Donoghue.

Young Pádraig lived a happy life and gaily sang each day
Beside his ringing anvil some sweet old Irish lay,
Or roamed light-heartedly at eve thro' the woods of lone
Kilbrue,
With her who'd given her pure heart's love to Páid
O'Donoghue.

But Ninety-Eight's dark season came and Irish hearts were
sore ;

The pitch-cap and the triangle the patient folk outwore ;
The blacksmith thought of Ireland and found he'd work to do :
" I'll forge some steel for freedom," said Páid O'Donoghue.

Tho' the Yeos were in Dunshaughlin and the Hessians in
Dunreagh,

Tho' spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh ;
Tho' Roden's godless troopers ranged from Screen to Mullachoo,
The pike-heads keen were hammered out by Páid
O'Donoghue.

And so in Curroghá each night was heard the anvil's ring,
While scouting on the roadways were Hugh and Phelim
King,

With Gillic's Mat, and Duffy's Pat, and Mickey Gilsenan, too,
While in the forge for Ireland worked young Páid
O'Donoghue.

But a traitor crept amongst them, and the secret soon was
sold

To the captain of the Yeomen for the ready Saxon gold ;
And a troop burst out one evening from the woods of dark
Kilbrue,

And soon a rebel prisoner bound, was Páid O'Donoghue.

Now Pádraig Og pray fervently, your earthly course has run ;
The captain he has sworn you'll not see the morrow's sun.
The muskets they are ready, and each yeoman's aim is true ;
Death stands beside thy shoulder, young Páid O'Donoghue.

" Down on your knees, you rebel dog," the yeoman captain
roared,

As high above his helmet's crest he waved his gleaming
sword.

“Down on your knees to meet your doom, such is the rebel’s due;”

But straight as pike shaft ’fore him stood bold Páid O’Donoghue.

And there upon the roadway where in childhood he had played,

Before the cruel yeoman he stood quite undismayed—

“I kneel but to my God above, I ne’er shall bow to you;
You can shoot me as I’m standing,” said Páid O’Donoghue.

The captain gazed in wonder, then lowered his keen-edged blade,

“A rebel bold as this,” he said “’tis fitting to degrade.
Here men!” he cried, “unbind him, my charger needs a shoe;

The King shall have a workman in this Páid O’Donoghue.”

Now to the forge young Páid has gone, the yeomen guard the door,

And soon the ponderous bellows is heard to snort and roar;
The captain stands with reins in hand while Pádraig fits the shoe,

And when ’tis on full short the shrift he’ll give O’Donoghue.

The last strong nail is firmly clenched, the captain’s horse is shod!

Now rebel bold thine hour hath come, prepare to meet thy God!

But why holds he the horse’s hoof there’s no more work to do?
Why clenches he his hammer so, young Páid O’Donoghue?

A leap! a roar! a smothered groan! the captain drops the rein,
And sinks to earth with hammer-head sunk deeply in his brain;

And lightly in the saddle fast racing towards Kilbrue
Upon the captain’s charger sits bold Páid O’Donoghue.

A volley from the pistols, a rush of horses' feet—

He's gone ! and none can capture the captain's charger
fleet ;

And on the night wind backwards comes a mocking loud
" Halloo ! "

That tells the yeomen they have lost young Páid
O'Donoghue.

PATRICK ARCHER.

THE DEATH OF EMMET.

A.D. 1803.

See, there within the heart of Dublin City,
That silent throng of people waiting. Why ?
Because a noble youth—O tale of pity !—
Comes forth to-day for Freedom's cause to die !

He saw his country scourged, and bruised, and beaten,
And trampled down, a butt for brutal scorn,
Because he tried her sorrow-draught to sweeten
In manhood's budding strength he dies this morn.

And gathered closely there, with placid faces,
And fireless gaping eyes, to see him fall,
To see his bright hopes crushed in death's embraces,
Are they the slaves he strove to free from thrall ?

Hush ! here he comes, with steps that do not falter,
With fearless gaze, and proudly-arching brow,
A noble offering he, for Freedom's Altar,
But ye who watch, where is your manhood now ?

Why tender not your hearts to Anger's leading,
And burst like wind-lashed waves upon that crew,
Who, back and forth like fiends accurst are speeding
In joy because they've hellish work to do.

What matter tho' he's hedged around by foemen,
 A people's will is mightier than the sea ;
 What ! fear ye then those black-souled coward yeomen ?
 Ah ! sad his fate who dies for such as ye !

The neck is bared, the kingly head is bending,
 The longing eyes look wistfully around ;
 Great God ! and shall it come, the cruel ending ?
 And shall he die like this, in fetters bound ?

O, if 'twere where the battle-flame was sweeping
 Above the rush, and roar, and din of strife,
 Where angry men, 'gainst lines of foemen leaping,
 Avenged the wrongs of sire, and maid, and wife.

But here to die, 'mid foes, exultant, jeering,
 His work undone, his country still in chains.
 Hark ! hears he not the sound of distant cheering !
 He feels the fire of Freedom in his veins !

ΜΟ ΒΡΟΝ ! ΜΟ ΒΡΟΝ ! not so, 'tis fancy only,
 Some woman's wail ; perhaps some pitying moan
 For him, who faces death unarmed and lonely,
 Who fights the last great fight of all—alone.

The hour has come, his star of life is paling ;
 But still, the hope-flush lives upon his cheeks.
 He looks around, that eagle eye unquailing,
 And, as the upraised axe would fall, he speaks :—

“ Not yet,” he says, “ not yet, I am not ready ; ”
 His eager gaze is fixed upon the street ;
 His heart is throbbing now with beat unsteady ;
 He listens for the sound of rushing feet.

“ Not yet, not yet,” once more the words are spoken,
 And while they come upon each gasping breath
 The blow is struck, the brave proud heart is broken,
 The noble spirit stilled in endless death.

A leering brute stoops down a moment later,
And raises up the ghastly bleeding head.
"Behold," he cries, "the fate of every traitor.
Ha ! ha ! the dogs have wine that's rich and red."

And ye who came with hasty footsteps, thronging,
Who, round the block, in rageless silence stood ;
Who knew his heart for Freedom's light was longing,
And saw him die, that dogs might lap his blood !

Go ! hide your heads in guilty shame, unending,
And see that blood-stained form before your eyes.
Nor time, nor change, nor storms the wide earth rending,
Shall stifle in your hearts his anguished cries.

But come it will—the patriot's vindication—
And men shall rise to blot out every stain,
To bring back life and strength to Emmet's Nation ;
To tear from off her limbs the thralldom chain.

Some day guilt receives its own red wages,
And if *we* fail to pay back every debt,
There's One who rules o'er all, thro' all the ages,
And *He* remembers well—if we forget.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

MY LORDS—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your pre-determination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been

cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standards—a

government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.

I appeal to the Immaculate God—I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No; I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for my

ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressor. My Country was my Idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendour and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-rivettèd despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require.

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honour over-much; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my lord—men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

What, my lord, shall you tell me on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor

—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir your lordship might swim in it.

.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

.

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism

which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient ! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is—THE CHARITY OF ITS SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph ; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace ; and my tomb remain uninscribed, and my memory in oblivion, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

SIOSMA AN ANIMA LEIS AN ĠCOLAINN.

ĠirtigĠo a cōmuppa aĠur inneopao rĠeal oĠb,
 MaĠ aĠeipĠo na huĠdaiĠ mĠinte lĠigeanĠa,
 Ar an rĠorma ĠruaidĠ a beĠo lĠ na nĠaoir-bĠeac
 AĠ an ĠcolaĠnĠ ip an anam i n-arraio a cĠile.

An uaiĠ rĠeĠpeaĠ an tĠompa Ġo haĠball rĠaĠbĠac,
 ĠpeoĠaĠo i n-a rĠuide le bĠuĠ Ġo hĠarĠaĠo,
 AĠur baileoĠaĠo annĠuĠ Ġac tĠuĠ ran tĠaoĠal,
 MaĠ ar cĠapaĠ ĠrĠoĠt Ġo rĠioĠ ar ĠĠar-Ġroir.

An uaiĠ ĠioĠpaĠo an t-anam oamanĠa oaoĠ ouĠ
 AnĠoĠ ar ipĠeann ip Ġ uile maĠ ĠaoĠa,

Raibíod go dtí an colann lobta ran scré fíor
 Cum teangmál' leir an mbeiteam ar mullaí an énuic
 éadtaí.

AN T-ANAM:

Déarfáid le feara is é as rceadaiú le piantaib:
 Mo mallaíct duit, a colann, com dona 'r is féidir;
 Is iomda mallaíct do tuillir dom i n-irpeann daorí,
 Is mo mallaíct do'n lá i n-ar tánga as pléir leat.

AN COLANN:

Créad é do cúir cuíam, a lúbaire rcléipeac?
 Créad fá go bfuilir com cutac ro im' daoríad?
 Créad a pinnear leat miam a diaibail an éitig
 Le n-a mbeiteá ar buile cuíam is as ríormad le faobair-níh.

AN T-ANAM:

Do meallair cum peaca mé leó' blaobaireadct éitig,
 Is do gellair i n-a diair rin leó' briaíraib brieige
 Go ndéanfa díriúge io' peacaib claontac',
 Ní n-á pinneir no go pinnead tú daoríad.

Is iomda mallaíct do tuillir dom i n-irpeann éraorac
 I daoríad do cuirpíreac' ó muíad ran traogal tú;
 Mo éreac, go dóighe, is go rcolíta céarta
 Mar a fuair mé miam tú ó Dia mar céile!

AN COLANN:

Nac agat-ra bí an ciall miam is an éirim,
 Tuigrint agur meabair i dteannta céile?
 Créad é an cúir ná pinneir mire do rtaonad,
 Is gan leigint dom tura do millead is do caocad?

AN T-ANAM:

Do fuair mé ciall ó Dia, ní bréas ran;
 Acct do bain tura díom i le briú do claontac;
 Do dallair mo meabair leó' éam-rúigtiú éitig,
 Mo toil, mo tuigrint do millir-re i n-éirpíreac.

AN ĠOLANN:

EirĠ, a rĠallaire, ir a Ġlamaire bĠiceac,
 Taoi Ġo hiomairĠac aĠ dĠanamĠ tubairĠe le hĠeiteac;
 MĠ bĠor-ra dĠall Ġac am dĠem' rĠaoĠal
 Do bĠir-re mall Ġum aĠrĠuĠe dĠanamĠ.

Ir rĠor ba mĠara leat bĠeĠ mĠcĠnamĠ ar dĠĠrim,
 Ar rĠeabĠar dĠeolair ir do mĠr-Ġuir rĠĠime,
 Ir mĠro do tuisreana i ĠcuidĠeacĠain ĠĠre,
 CĠ nĠr tuisĠe dĠuit an tuisrĠn ba naomĠa.

AN TĠNAM:

EirĠ-re, a ĠonablaiĠ ir cuir Ġorc leĠ' bĠal uaim,
 Ir iomĠa dĠroĠ-Ġainnt aĠac aĠ inrĠnt rĠĠal orĠ:
 DĠ nĠĠanrĠinn-re cuir dĠeo' ĠorĠaĠ-re do rĠĠeĠeacĠaint,
 Ba mĠr an marĠaĠ do leanrĠa i n-a ĠaoĠb orĠ.

NĠ rĠaĠb tĠuaĠ aĠac dĠmĠra ir tĠ Ġo rĠuĠrac rĠĠacac,
 AĠ imĠeacĠ Ġo meadĠrac ir tairĠbre ar dĠĠan,
 Ġo bailtĠb mĠra iĠ' ĠuaĠaire rĠĠeĠreac,
 AĠ imĠr ir aĠ ol ir leir an oĠge plĠĠreacĠ.

Ir iomĠa biaĠ mĠit blarĠa do Ġaitir leat rĠĠmĠ,
 Ir rĠarĠaĠe mĠra i mearĠ uairĠe tĠĠeac,
 AĠur mĠre Ġo rĠannlaĠ lom rĠ ĠĠar-Ġlar
 IrĠiĠ iĠ' Ġabail-re 'r Ġan beann aĠ Ġinne orĠ.

AN ĠOLANN:

Stao, a Ġlampaire ir nĠ labair Ġom dĠaor rĠan:
 MĠ Ġaitinn-re bairĠ i mearĠ clair na rĠĠe,
 Ir Ġo n-olainn i dĠiĠ an oĠra mo dĠoĠain
 NĠor rĠaonar tura o ĠuidĠeacĠain naomĠa.

AN TĠNAM:

DĠrim nac mĠrĠe a rĠaĠ Ġur tuisair-re tĠĠeac:
 NuairĠ binn-re ar aĠgne mo leara do dĠanamĠ

Le faoiríoin beataí im' p'eachaib' go léiríeac,
 Ní leigfeá-ra cum cinn mé, a cladaíre an éitig,

Dá m'ad' san aithíar go maib' am mo d'aoctain
 Agam-ra go fóil cum iompóda ar naom'taect,
 Ir ó bí Dia trócaíreac sup' dóir nár b'aoḡal dom
 Fuiríeac mar a bíor go críe mo faoḡail.

AN COLANN :

Má bíor san tuigirín san éruinnear san éirim,
 San fíor na deiríeac aect im' b'heillice b'réaḡac,
 Cao é an cúir ná pinnir-re mé do rtaonaí,
 Ir san leigint dom coirdece tura do claoctá ?

AN TANNAM :

Ná tuigead' don duine sup' mire do léan tú,
 Ní mé go deimín aect do neam'-fúim féiní,
 San gráí do Dia ná éileam' ar naom'taect
 Aect ío' r'p'adaíre máib' san eaḡla i n-aon cor.

Cé go b'p'adairí fogluim cum labairt le héiríeac,
 Gaedeaḡ ir laidean ir ana-cuir b'éarla
 Níor dóir duit coirdece i gcuiríeactain an traoḡail
 Deir aḡ cáinead' ḡac n'ouine nár cumann leat féin é.

.

Deirim le pírinne le b'p'ig ir éiríeac,
 Sup' maib' do tuillir go deimín do d'aoḡaí;
 Mar dúil do leara níor ḡlacair i n-aon cor,
 Aect fuiríeac ío' ḡaíge sup' ḡearraí de'n traoḡal tú.

.

Com' fada ir beirí Dia 'na Dia ar an traoḡal
 Beirí tura ir mire ar buile san traoctá,
 Aḡ mallactaint go t'rom ḡac am ar a céile
 I dteintib' írinn 'meapc tuille tá d'aoḡta.

Beirí r'planncaí teine aḡ p'it ar do b'eal-ra,
 Ir p'iarctáide nime ío' ite ir ío' réabáí;

Do céann no do cloigeann ar fíuad le tréine,
'Síor inr an scoir ir tû ar buile le plantaid.

AN COLANN:

Mo mallact le binib do'n lá rugad ra traozal mé,
Mo mallact le buile do zac n'ouine do caoc mé,
Im' éarriac 'ran bpeaca de dearcaid b'rocc-élaonta,—
Ir mo mallact duit-re tugaim com' dona 'r ir féidir.

Mo éreac go d'óigte, ir mo b'rocc mór péine,
Nac im' éloic no im' mairde do caitear mo téarma;
Ní beinn i n'oiu im' conablaic b'péan ait
As imteact go hipreann 'mearc tuille tá daorta.

AN TANNAM:

A b'pocair m'illteac blaðmannac r'cléipeac,
Leis doo' cainnt ir éirt lem' r'éal-ra;
Níor tuisir i n-am do cainntla an méid rin,
An peaca do f'eadaint no sup leagad tû traocta.

Ní leomfad moillead cum beic as innrint r'éal duit;
Caitfead gabail id' f'ocair 'r ir d'it liom féin rin,
Cum dul go gleann go mbeid r'liocht éaba ann,
Ait ná f'agair-re cead cainnte ann ar don cor.

Taob leir an ngleann ro, san amhar d'éinne,
'Sead ruidir C'riort ar maol an tSléibe,
Cum b'reit do t'adairt ir peacais do daorad
Ir aitrígis 'ra ceart go deo do f'adad.

Iompócaid a'gaid go meillteac f'adurac
Amac ar f'luidictib m'ora éabaid,
Ir dearrad leo le comact a naomact'
"Créad é cuige 'na pinnear do'n tréad-ro?"

"Troircear d'acaid lá ar f'arac r'léibe,
San biað san deoc, go boct go tréit las;

Ír, tar éir mo carcannaict' cum buir maítear do d'éanam,
 Tois rib an diahal ír mo maísal-re tréis rib.

“Imtígró ar mo maídar ír leasáó ír léan oraid,
 A d'ream na mallact, an aicme bréan ro;
 Teinte íppinn com dears 'r ír féidir
 'Buir lorcáó go deo, san fóirtín san traocáó.

“Ír rib-re; a d'ream tús spreann go héas dom,
 Tús biaó ír deoc dom, ír mórán éadais,
 Lóirtín oíóce,—ír le deas-émoíóe d'éanáó
 Go leor maíteara i scaiteam buir raosail dom,
 Gluairígró liom; a clann boct éadair,
 I reilb na bflaítear i mearc aingeal naomta
 Fé glóir gil cáitirís na catrac néata
 As molaó an átar an mlic ír an naoim-Spioraid.”

PATRICK DENN.

THE BOATMEN OF KERRY.

Above the dark waters the sea-gulls are screaming;
 Their wings in the sunlight are glancing and gleaming;
 With keen eyes they're watching the herring in motion,
 As onward they come from the wild restless ocean.
 Now, praise be to God, for the hope that shines o'er us,
 This season, at least, will cast plenty before us;
 When safely returning with our hookers well laden
 How gaily will sound the clear laugh of each maiden.
 Oh! light as young fawns will they run down to meet us
 With accents of love on the sea-shore to greet us;
 While merrily over the waters we're gliding,
 Each wave, as it rolls, with our boat-stems dividing;
 Till high on the beach every black boat is stranded—
 Her stout crew in health and in safety all landed,

Near cabins, though humble, from whence they can borrow
Content for the day and new hope for the morrow.

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

The rich man from feasting may seek his soft pillow—
The plank is our bed, and our home is the billow ;
Our sails may be rent, and our rigging be riven,
Yet know we no fear, for our trust is in Heaven.
To waves at the base of dark Brandon's steep highlands,
To sandbank and rock, near the green Samphire Islands,
The nets that we cast in the night are no strangers—
The nets that we tend in all trials and dangers.
From north, east, and west, though the wild winds be blowing,
Though waves be all madly or placidly flowing,
Those nets get us food when our children are crying—
Those nets give us joy when all sadly we're sighing ;
When signs in the bay be around us and near us,
With thoughts about home to inspire us and cheer us—
When falls over earth the gray shade of the even,
When gleams the first star in the wide vault of Heaven,
Through gloom and through danger each bold boatman urges
With sail, or with oar, his frail boat through the surges.

Oh ! loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
For stalwart and true are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

Though wealth is not ours, though our fortunes be lowly,
Our hearts are at rest, for our thoughts are all holy.
Oh ! who would deny it, that saw, in fair weather,
Our black boats assembled at anchor together ;

Their crews all on board them, prepared, with devotion,
To list to the Mass we get read on the ocean !
Oh ! there is the faith that of Heaven is surest—
Oh ! there is religion, the highest and purest.
Oh ! could you but view them, with eyes upward roving
To God ever living, to God ever loving—
The deep wave beneath them, the blue Heaven o'er them,
The tall cliffs around them, the altar before them—
You'd say : " 'Tis a sight to remember with pleasure—
A sight that a poet would gloat o'er and treasure.
Oh ! ne'er shall my soul lose the lesson they've taught her,
Those fishermen poor, with their Mass on the water."

Oh, loved of our maidens are Boatmen of Kerry !
Religious and pure are the Boatmen of Kerry !
To guide the black hooker, or scull the light wherry,
My life on the skill of the Boatmen of Kerry !

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

She once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold ;
Joy revelled around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride ;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race ,
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered : " I come ! "

She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride ;
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast,
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But, gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame ;
Forgot all the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for Heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain,
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head ;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music—the Psalm, or the sigh of disease ;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that Heaven-minded virgin confined ;
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.

She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
 And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
 Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
 The Sister of Charity there is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
 Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapour of death ;
 Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
 Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
 How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
 With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
 How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
 For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
 Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
 Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
 Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
 Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
 Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
 How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
 With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

GERALD GRIFFIN.

MINIC A TIG.

Bí fear ann don uair amáin agus bí inísean ríamhac aige,
 agus bí sa á uile duine i ngrá leite. B'íod beirt ógánac as
 teacht i gcómnuiúe faoi n-a déin 'sa cúirtéireacht. Do
 taitníú fear aca leite, agus níor taitníú an fear eile.
 An fear nár cúir rí ruim ar b'í ann, do tigeaó ré go
 minic go tig a hatair le hamarc uirte féin agus le beir
 i n-a cuirdeachtain ; aet an fear a raib' d'úil aici ann ní tigeaó
 ré aet go hannam. B'fearr leir an aetair go bpórfad

rí an buacail a bí aš teacht cuici go minic, ašur rinne ré
 oíneir mhór don lá amháin, ašur cuir ré cuirteadh ar uile
 duine. Nuair bí na daoine uile cruinnighe duhairt ré
 le n-a ingin :

“Ól deoch anoir,” ar reirean, “ar an bfeair ir fearr
 leat inr an gcuirteachtain reo,” mar gur fáoil ré go
 n-óirteadh rí deoch ar an bfeair buí mait leir féin. Tós
 rí an glaine i n-a láim, ašur fear rí ruar, ašur deairc rí
 i n-a timcheall, ašur annpoin duhairt rí an rann ro :

Ólaim do rláinte a mhinic-a-tis,*
 Fáoi tuairim rláinte a' mhinic-naé-otis;
 Ir truaš é naé mhinic-naé-otis,
 A tiseair com minic le mhinic-a-tis.

Suir rí ríor nuair duhairt rí an ceathraí, ašur níor
 labair rí don focal eile an tráethóna poin. Acht níor
 táinig an fear óš mhinic-a-tis com fáda léite ari, mar
 tuig ré naé raiú ré aš teartaíl, ašur pór rí fear a rošá
 féin le toil a haear. Níor cuairt mé don nuairteacht
 eile dá rtaoib ó poin.

[Ar “Leabhar Scéaluirteacht” An Chaoibín Doibinn.]

*Seo é an béarla do cuir An Chaoibín féin ar an rann ro ruar dúinn :

I drink the good health of Often-who-came,
 Who Often-comes-not I also must name,
 Who Often-comes-not I often must blame
 That he comes not as often as Often-who-came !

Ašur reo é cumaó tá ar an rann i n-áiteannaib áirte i gCúige Muman :

ré tuairim rláinte mhinic a ruió.
 Seo pór ré rláinte mhinic nári ruió.
 Mo úit ir mo rois naé é mhinic nári ruió.
 Do ruiófeadh com minic le mhinic do ruió.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S BANK.

The evening star rose beauteous above the fading day,
As to the lone and silent beach the Virgin came to pray,
And hill and wave shone brightly in the moonlight's mellow
fall ;

But the bank of green where Mary knelt was brightest of
them all.

Slow moving o'er the waters, a gallant barque appeared,
And her joyous crew looked from the deck as to the land
she neared ;

To the calm and sheltered haven she floated like a swan,
And her wings of snow o'er the waves below in pride and beauty
shone.

The master saw our Lady as he stood upon the prow,
And marked the whiteness of her robe—the radiance of her
brow ;

Her arms were folded gracefully upon her stainless breast,
And her eyes looked up among the stars to Him her soul
loved best.

He showed her to his sailors, and he hailed her with a cheer,
And on the kneeling Virgin they gazed with laugh and jeer ;
And madly swore, a form so fair they never saw before ;
And they cursed the faint and lagging breeze that kept them
from the shore.

The ocean from its bosom shook off the moonlight sheen,
And up its wrathful billows rose to vindicate their queen,
And a cloud came o'er the heavens, and a darkness o'er the
land,

And the scoffing crew beheld no more that lady on the strand.

Out burst the pealing thunder and the lightning leaped about ;
And rushing with his watery war, the tempest gave a shout ;
And that vessel from a mountain wave came down with
thundering shock ;
And her timbers flew like scattered spray on Inshidony's
rock.

Then loud from all that guilty crew one shriek rose wild and
high ;
But the angry surge swept over them, and hushed their
gurgling cry ;
And with a hoarse exulting tone the tempest passed away,
And down, still chafing from their strife, th' indignant waters
lay.

When the calm and purple morning shone out on high
Dunmore
Full many a mangled corpse was seen on Inshidony's shore ;
And to this day the fisherman shows where the scoffers sank ;
And still he calls that hillock green, " the Virgin Mary's
bank."

J. J. CALLANAN.

GÚGÁN BARRA.

There is a green island in lone Gúgán Barra,
Where allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;
In deep-valleyed Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning !

And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,

And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like the clans from the hills at the voice of the battle ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullach the eagles are screaming :
Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivéra,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather ;
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains ;
And gleaned each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound
me,

Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me :
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I, too, shall be gone—but my name shall be spoken,
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;

Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
 When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
 And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
 Where calm Abhann Buidhe seeks the kisses of ocean,
 Or plant a wild wreath from the banks of that river
 O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

J. J. CALLANAN.

BEAN NA TTRÍ MBÓ.

Go péir, a bean na ttrí mbó !
 Ar do bólaíct ná bí teann;
 Do éannaic mire, san go,
 Bean ir ba dá mó a beann.

Ní maireann rairéar de gnát;
 Do neac ná tabair táir go móir;
 Cuíat an t-éag ar gac taoib;
 Go péir, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Siuéct eogain mhóir ra mhuinín,
 A n-imteáct do dhín clú dóib;
 A reolta gur leigeadar ríor:
 Go péir, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Clann gairce tigearna an éilair
 A n-imteáct ran ba lá leoin,
 Ir san rúil le n-a tteáct go bháct:
 Go péir, a bean na ttrí mbo.

Domnall ó Úin buide na long
 Ó Súilleabáin náir tím glóir,
 Feac gur tuit ran Spáinn le clairdeam:
 Go péir, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Ó Ruairc ír Maḡuirḡir do bí
 Lá i nÉirinn 'na lán beoil,
 Féad féin sup imtís an oír:
 So péir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

Síol ḡCeardáil do bí teann
 Le n-a mbeirḡe ḡac ḡeall i nḡleo
 Ní mairéann don oíob, mo oít!
 So péir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

Ó don buin amáin de bḡeir
 Ar mnaoi eile í a dó
 Do rinneir iomarca aréir:
 So péir, a bean na tóirí mbó!

An ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falaing, a ainḡir ír uaidḡeac ḡnúir,
 Do bíor ḡan dearmad fearmác buan ra tḡú
 Tríó an raḡmar do ḡlacair leo' buaid ar tóir
 'S bád bḡaḡainn-re realb a ceatair do buailḡinn tú.

Ó'n ḡClairéam Soluir.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

The night was falling dreary in merry Bandon town,
 When in his cottage, weary, an Orangeman lay down,
 The summer sun in splendour had set upon the vale,
 And shouts of "No surrender!" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
 The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
 In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
 And fife and drum were beating The Battle of the Boyne.

Ha! towards his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now,
 From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
 "Hide—hide me, worthy stranger! though Green my colour be,
 And in the day of danger may Heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
Hark ! hear that fearful warning, there's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning, and Heaven prolong your own."

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green ;
He heard the tale, and felt it his very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling the angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—
"Arise, arise and follow the chase along the plain !
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain !"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the righted stranger in covert where he lay—
"Arise !" he said, "all danger is gone and passed away !

"I had a son—one only, one loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely in that accursed strife ;
I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease ;
I keep the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace !"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale,
The father broken-hearted lay brooding o'er that tale.
Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard ;
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary, in merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin, weary, a peasant laid him down,
And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of "Gráinne
Mhaol !"

Beside the waters laving the feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gaily waving, was spread against the breeze ;

In mighty chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating, "Down, Orangemen, lie
down!"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour, that woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger, rise on the evening air,
Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurrying on—
And 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band,
Full twenty years, and over, have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

"It wasn't thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When, fainting and defeated, I freely took him in,
I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son!"

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood;
Remembrance kindly stirred him and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure he pierced the listening train—
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling that old man's tears came down,
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee my being first shall end,
I'm living to defend thee, my saviour and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, addressed the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders, their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through
the street.

As he had saved that stranger from peril scowling dim
So in his day of danger did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended of Orange and of
Green.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

mo léan le luad!

Mo léan le luad i' m'attuirre
 'S ní féar do buaint ar tearcannaid
 O'fás céarta buaideartha m'aigne
 Le tréimre, go clát;

Act éigre 'r ruada an treancuir
 I ngéibeanann éruaid 'r i n-anacair,
 Go tréit i dtuataib leatan' luirc,
 San réim mar ba ghnát.

'S gac lonna-bile borb-cútair tréan-cumair o'fár
 De brolla-rtoc na rona-con do p'réamuis ó'n Spáinn,
 Go canntiác faon las earbairdeac
 Fé Gall-rmaect géar as Danairib,
 An cam-rpprot claon do fealbuis
 A raor-bailte rtáit.

Go rann aréir 'r mé as maectnam ar
 Gac plannó' de'n Gaeodal-fuil cáima,
 An dpong ba tréine i gceannar éirt
 'S i réim Inre fáil.

Le feall-beart claon i' gansaio uile
 Gac ramairle rméirle Sapanais
 Go fallra féan an tairneann
 I' raor-rtáio na ngnár.

I n-anacra fé tearcuirne 'r i ngéar-bhuirib gáid
 As cama-flioct na malluigteact' an éitig 'r an rmáil
 Tré buaidirt an rceíl reo cealg rinn
 Go duairc i' léir mar airtirreao
 Le ruain-bhuioct tréit sup tearcrao mé
 Im' tréan-cóulaó ppár.

Trém' néal ar éuairt 'reao dearcap-ra
 Réilteann uapal taitneamác,
 Go béarac buacac ceannarac
 As téarnam im' dail;

Da dhéimpead dualad daitte tuig
 A cnaob-folt cuadad camarrad
 As téad go rcuabad bacallad

Léi i n-éimpead go ráil.

'Na leacain gil do ceapair do maoite éigre 'sur fáir
 Sur fearaim cúirio cleapad glúc ir gaete 'na láim,
 Ar tí gad tréin-fir cáilma
 Do tigead 'na gair do cealgad
 Tré'r claoidead na céadta farair
 I n-doir-éiread bair.

Da binne réir a tana-ghuib
 Ná fuinneam méar as rpreagad puir
 'S ná cruic an té do treapair mair
 Cí baot dom a ráid.

'S da gile a héadan rneactamail
 Ná 'n lile caom no eala ar rruic,
 'S da fhuirte caol a mala fuirte
 Ar réilt-dearc gan cáim.

A mama cruinne ar feangad-cruic nár léanao le prair,
 A leabair-croib do beartad loingear éanlaic ir bláic
 Da mionla maorad mairamail
 A fíogair 'r a réim 'r a pearra-cruic
 Do gíoruis mé cum labarta
 Inr na bmairad ro im' deair

A fíogair beapad, aicir dom,
 An tú 'n doil-éneir tré n-ar treapair
 Na mílte 'on féinn le gairce Tailc
 Míe Tréin tug an t-ár;

No an bprídead Hélen d'aircuis
 Tar tuinn ó'n ngréig lé'r caillead truir
 I Suíge na Trae mar beartair do maoite
 I léar-pannaib d'an;

An marcalad ó Albain tug laoc leir 'na báic;
 An ainoir lé'r tuic clann Uirnis mar léigtear 'ran táin.
 No an réilteann deapad taitneamad,

D'fás raointe Gaedeal i n-anabhuir
 De dhruim sup phéamuis Danair uile
 I réim inre fáil?

Ir béarac rtuamda d'fheadhair mé
 'S í ag déanamh uail' ir caithiúgte:
 Ní haon dár luadair id' rtarthaib mé
 Ciod léir dom an táin.

Ir mé céile 'r nuadhair Caroluir
 Tá déarac duairc fé taircuirne,
 San réim ná buaird mar éleactar-ra
 Mo laoc ó tá ar pán.

Le fearthaib cirt an araid-mhic fuair peannair cpoir ir páir
 Beir rcaipead 'r nit ar Gallá-ruic do fealbuis ar rdat;
 Ní danoir liom an aicme tuis
 Mo dearca ag rilead lachta tuis
 I n-anabhuir fé'n amad ag
 Sac raon-bile ráin.

Ir fé mar luadadair rean-draointe
 Do déanad tuar ir tairngreacht
 Beir rlit i gcuanthaib Danban
 Fé féile Sain Seáin

'Tadairt rceimle 'r ruagta ar fearann Cuirc
 Tar linnitib ruada na fairrige
 Ar sac rméirle mór-cuirp Sapanais
 'S ní léan liom a bprádainn;

Beir gearrad clairdeam ir rcaipead truir ir tréin-trear-
 cairt námao

Ar sac aile aca do éleactad puir ir féarta 'ran páir,
 Do b'aite rult na reamair-poc
 Ag nit 'r ag cuit le heagla
 Ná an racaireacht ro ceapadair
 Luét fear do leagad ar pás.

EOGHAN RUAD Ó SÚILLEADHÁIN.

THE SAXON SHILLING.

Hark ! a martial sound is heard—

The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming,
Eyes are staring, hearts are stirred—

For bold recruits the sergeant's coming;
Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—

The sounds and sights are surely thrilling;
Dazzled village youths to-day

Will crowd to take the Saxon Shilling !

Ye, whose spirits will not bow

In peace to parish tyrants longer—

Ye, who wear the villain brow,

And ye, who pine in hopeless hunger—

Fools without the brave man's faith—

All slaves and starvelings who are willing
To sell yourselves to shame and death—

Accept the fatal Saxon Shilling.

Ere you from your mountains go

To feel the scourge of foreign fever,

Swear to serve the faithless foe

That lures you from your land for ever !

Swear, henceforth his tools to be,

To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—

Honour, home, and liberty,

Abandoned for a Saxon Shilling.

Go ! to find 'mid crime and toil,

The doom to which such guilt is hurried—

Go ! to leave on Indian soil

Your bones to bleach, accursed, unburied—

Go ! to crush the just and brave,

Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling—

Go ! to slay each brother slave,

Or—spurn the blood-stained Saxon Shilling.

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

Irish youths ! reserve your strength
 Until an hour of glorious duty,
 When freedom's smile shall cheer at length
 The land of bravery and beauty.
 Bribes and threats, oh ! heed no more—
 No more let despots find you willing
 To leave your own dear island shore
 For those who send the Saxon Shilling.

KEVIN T. BUGGY.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

O, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
 How it plashes on the window-sill !
 Night, I guess, too, must be on the wane,
 Strass and Gass around are grown so still.
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
 Ah ! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
 In the tavern where I loved to sup
 Twenty golden years ago !

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—
 On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock !
 After all, the hours do slip away—
 Come, here goes to burn another block !

For the night, or morn, is wet and cold ;
 And my fire is dwindling rather low—
 I had fire enough, when young and bold
 Twenty golden years ago.

Dear ! I don't feel well at all somehow ;
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am ;
 Floods of tears grow common with me now,
 High-Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam.
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive,
 If I mope at home so—I don't know—
 Am I living now ? I was alive
 Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone,
 Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose,
 Left with nought to do, except to groan,
 Not a soul to woo—except the muse—
 O ! this is hard for me to bear,
 Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
 Me, who broke all hearts like china ware
 Twenty golden years ago !

Perhaps 'tis better—time's defacing waves,
 Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
 They who cursed me nightly from their graves,
 Scarce could love me were they living now ;
 But my loneliness hath darker ills—
 Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
 Awful Gorgons ! worse than tailors' bills
 Twenty golden years ago.

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
 O, how plaintive you would ween I was !
 But, I won't, albeit I have a deal
 More to wail about than Kerner has !

Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
 Mine, for withered hopes, my scroll of woe
 Dates, alas ! from youth's deserted bowers,
 Twenty golden years ago.

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long—
 Me, I tweak no beak among them :—hawks
 Must not pounce on hawks, besides in song,
 I could once beat all of them by chalks.
 Though you find me as I near my goal,
 Sentimentalising like Rousseau,
 O ! I had a grand Byronian soul !
 Twenty golden years ago !

Tick-tick, tick-tick—not a sound save Time's,
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain !
 Sleep ! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes ;
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
 Curious anti-climax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago !

J. C. MANGAN.

υΑΝ ΑΝ ΟΛΑΪΔΙΝ.

[Seo vuan mātšam̄na, pávraiš ir tiobóro, triúri feari ba žnátac i vtiž
 an tādairne zo ruairic paob-nórac ; ašur, ar n-ól a noótain vóib, ir
 am̄al a díoir ná feari aca vail vrioc-maúairic, feari eile líovairēa
 laš-čorac, ašur an trióm̄aó feari baovrac vuan-balb. Sead !]

Čárta i luimniš le céile
 I n-éinpead̄t i n-aimrii reireoin
 Triúr nár v'annam̄ i vtiž an tādairne,
 Mātšam̄ain, pávraiš ašur tiobóro.

matšam̄ain ! an tan v'ibead̄ a vótain
 Ni v'rašad̄ feari eolair a cuišrint
 I mbéar̄ta ná i vteanšain a māt̄ar,
 Ad̄t am̄ain : “ žibé ar bit ē ! ”

Conntáiríodá bíonn tÍOBÓID,
 Ní bíonn aSó 'na foclaib;
 Ní cailteann ball dá éreáctuib
 Aet sup tréit las a cora.

Síod mór rúla páORAIIS,
 Ír iad áluinn le feicint,
 Tar éir plogta na scopán
 Fáid a leat-láim' ní feiceann.

Suidio ar clár na póite,
 Ír goirio an cáit 'r an pota,
 Slogaid an piúnt 'r an enaigín
 Mar do bí a caiteige aca.

Ar blairead an leanna do tÍobóio,
 Ír plubóg de'n uirce beatao,
 Do-beir ré an Trionóio
 Supad í rin beoir ír fearr ra cátair.

"Má'r í," arfa páORAIIS,
 "Ídimír lán ar scioiceann
 Anro go meadóin oirce
 'S téirdeao an siúirtír dá érocao."

"Maic an cainnt!" arfa Matghaimin,
 "Ír é féin leat-rúgac poime rin
 Dímir realao go rúgac,
 Ír leanaímír dútear ar rínrip."

Íbío deoc ar a céile,
 'S ní féidir liom innrint
 Cá méio uair, san reacrán,
 Do gaid an copán timceall.

Mar roin dóib le carrbar
 'S le haruagao an píopa;
 Do caiteao leo go gáirdeao
 An lá agus cur de'n oirce.

Dar liom gur maic an cómpáid
 Aveir an páigánac ra lairinn :
 Mar a mbíonn rópóit ir rólár
 So mbíonn dólár 'na n-aice.

Ar a veic de'n éilog so trom-éireac
 Tis an vpoiméar so tapaid
 Ir veir : "Gac duine d'a lóirtín
 No i gcóiraid so maidin!"

"Mire millead," arsa Tiobóir,
 "Ir bead fé tpioblóir so maidin ;
 Dá bfaiginn raióóreap na dúitce
 Ní déanfaínn riubal ná airteap."

"Ir meap mire!" arsa páipais,
 "Cé náir liom le n-innrint,
 Tap doap amac ní léir dom
 Don ruo acit oitce."

Do dein matgámain seil-gáire
 Nuair connaic cár na beirte :
 Duine so las-cópac cáinteac,
 Ir duine eile dall le meirce,

Labair Tiobóir so cráirte :
 "Cao ir fearr dúinn a déanam ?
 A mlatgámain éiríde na páirte,
 Ir náir dúinn ár rcealta."

"Gibé ar bit é, bí ruar ar mo gualainn,"
 'S ní déin duanairéacit bpeige,
 "Ir mé as rodar fá d'roo-uatac,
 Gibé ar bit é, luadar do déanrao."

Do rinnead marpac de Tiobóir,
 'S níor iarr rtiordóir ná giorca ;
 "Oé, oéon!" arsa páipais,
 "Cá bfaigaid ríó mire."

"Beir fíor ar mo clóca,
 No ar íoctar cóta an duine,
 Is lean rinn tríd an ttráir
 Mar bhall san rúil i sclaigeann."

Mar roin dóib go páirta
 Go pángadóir an geata;
 "Zounds!" ar' an Gall- fear, "It's Satan Incarnate,"
 And cries, "A monster, a monster!"

Do labair Tiobóir go héarcair,
 'S ní hé a cuir bhearta bí ar iarrair;
 Is MacGámhain fi n-a fearaí,
 Is é as fearaí is as fíaraí.

"I am no monster
 Nor counterfeit divil,
 But a country gentleman
 Both honest and civil.

"Who, coming up street
 By chance got a fall
 And broke both my legs,
 O, fortune dismal!"

"Who is he that carrieth thee?"
 Asketh the soldier;
 Dubairt seiréan: "For my money
 I hired the porter."

"What's he that follows thee?"
 Instances the sentry.

"A blind harper," says he,
 "That plays for the gentry."

Mar roin dóib, ar éigin
 Do léigead iad tar geata;
 Is díombuirdeac do bí MacGámhain
 De cáinnit d'roic-múinte an maircais;

Mar aoubaire gan conntabaire

Suair porcuir é do ceannuis:

Do teilg Tiobóir uair

Óa gualainn ra lacaig.

Annpoin do gail Tiobóir

Leat-corpóin mar luac raotair

Óa mbeiread é d'a lóirtín

Ir do mórúis rin ar *vade mecum*.

Do glac Matghamain a ualac

An dara uair go háimleirc,

Ir do rug Tiobóir d'a lóirtín

Ar binn éilicín as pádrais.

Nuair do fuir Tiobóir 'na cátaoir

Ir é gan faicéir gan doctad,

Ir maic do córuis a marcuigeact,

Ir fear ealaðan le doctad.

AN CEANGAL:

Do-éim suair tubairteac tuar an óil reo gnáit;

Do-éim na hiorcda uipearbac fóir-laig cláit;

Do-éim an duine le daille gan treoir ra tríd,

'S an tríoimad duine gan focal 'na beol ar áir.

'S, a Éiríort, cár mairt rin tuicim le cródaet lám,

No le gníom oirdeirc do cuirfead mé ar nór an báir?

Act duine le daille, le iomarca an ólaidín,

Gan riubal gan mair gan friotal, ir oirdeir an cár.

O'CONNELL'S SACRIFICES FOR IRELAND.

While Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1842, Daniel O'Connell was charged in the course of a controversy with the Earl of Shaftesbury, an English Catholic, with various crimes, among them being that he promoted agitation with the object of increasing his own personal income through the means of the "Repeal Rent." O'Connell replied as follows to the misrepresentation in reference to the "Repeal Rent":—

I will not consent that my claim to "the rent" should be misunderstood. That claim may be rejected; but it is understood in Ireland; and it shall not be misstated anywhere without refutation.

My claim is this. For more than twenty years before Emancipation the burthen of the cause was thrown on me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at times to oppose at every peril the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

To descend to particulars—at a period when my minutes counted by the guinea, when my emoluments were limited only by the extent of my physical and waking powers; when my meals were shortened to the narrowest space, and my sleep restricted to the earliest hours before dawn; at that period, and for more than twenty years, there was no day that I did not devote from one to two hours, often much more, to the working out of the Catholic cause. And that without receiving or allowing the offer of any remuneration, even for the personal expenditure incurred in the agitation of the cause itself. For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation, without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than £74 on the whole. Who shall

repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would ensure?

Other honours I could not then enjoy.

Emancipation came. You admit that it was I who brought it about. The year before Emancipation, though wearing a stuff gown, and belonging to the outer bar, my professional emoluments exceeded £8,000; an amount never before realised in Ireland in the same space of time by an outer barrister.

Had I adhered to my profession I must soon have been called within the bar, and obtained the precedence of a silk gown. The severity of my labour would have been at once much mitigated, whilst the emoluments would have been considerably increased. I could have done a much greater variety of business with much less toil, and my professional income must have necessarily been augmented by probably one half.

If I had abandoned politics, even the honours of my profession and its highest stations lay fairly before me.

But I dreamed a day-dream—was it a dream?—that Ireland still wanted me; that although the Catholic aristocracy of Ireland had obtained most valuable advantages from Emancipation, yet the benefits of good government had not reached the great mass of the Irish people, and could not reach them unless the Union should be either made a reality—or unless that hideous measure should be abrogated.

I did not hesitate as to my course. My former success gave me personal advantages which no other man could easily procure. I flung away the profession—I gave its emoluments to the winds—I closed the vista of its honours and dignities—I embraced the cause of country! and—come weal or come woe—I have made a choice at which I have never repined, nor ever shall repent.

An event occurred which I could not have foreseen. Once

more high professional promotion was placed within my reach. The office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer became vacant. I was offered it. Or, had I preferred the office of Master of the Rolls, the alternative was proposed to me. It was a tempting offer. Its value was enhanced by the manner in which it was made ; and pre-eminently so by the person through whom it was made—the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw—the Marquis of Normandy.

But I dreamed again a day-dream—was it a dream ?—and I refused the offer. And here am I now taunted, even by you, with mean and sordid motives.

I do not think I am guilty of the least vanity when I assert that no man ever made greater sacrifices to what he deemed the cause of his country than I have done. I care not how I may be ridiculed or maligned. I feel the proud consciousness that no public man has made more, or greater, or more ready sacrifices.

Still there lingers behind one source of vexation and sorrow ; one evil, perhaps greater than all the rest ; one claim, I believe higher than any other, upon the gratitude of my countrymen. It consists in the bitter, the virulent, the mercenary, and therefore the more envenomed hostility towards me, which my love for Ireland and for liberty has provoked. What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained ? What modes of abuse, what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me ! What vials of bitterness have been poured on my head ! What coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me ? What derogatory appellation has been spared ? What treasures of malevolence have been expended ? What follies have not been imputed ? in fact, what crimes have I not been charged with ?

I do not believe that I ever had in private life an enemy. I know that I had and have many, very many, warm, cordial, affectionate, attached friends. Yet here I stand, beyond controversy, the most and the best abused man in the

universal world ! And, to cap the climax of calumny, you come with a lath at your side instead of the sword of a Talbot, and you throw Peel's scurrility along with your own into my cup of bitterness.

All this have I done and suffered for Ireland. And, let her be grateful or ungrateful, solvent or insolvent, he who insults me for taking her pay wants the vulgar elements of morality which teach that the labourer is worthy of his hire ; he wants the higher sensations of the soul, which enable one to perceive that there are services which bear no comparison with money, and can never be recompensed by pecuniary rewards.

Yes, I am—I say it proudly—the hired servant of Ireland, and I glory in my servitude.

THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Oh God, it is a dreadful night—how fierce the dark winds blow,
It howls like mourning *bean sidhe*, its breathings speak of woe ;
'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans—blow gently, oh wild
blast,

My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace at last.

And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the skies,
Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my children's
eyes :—

Oh, God of Heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,
And out upon the weary world again we'll take our way.

But, ah ! my prayers are worthless—oh ! louder roars the
blast,

And darker from the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more
fast ;

Oh God, if you be merciful, have mercy now, I pray—

Oh, God forgive my wicked words—I know not what I say.

To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek and fair—
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their
lair :

Like wild beasts ! No ! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder
hill

Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food they've had their
fill.

Oh blessed Queen of Mercy, look down from that black sky—
You've felt a mother's misery, then hear a mother's cry ;
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest,
Oh, watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be
blest !

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain !—in vain her mournful
cry ;

God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark
sky :

But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly radiance shed
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and
dead !

J. KEEGAN CASEY.

AN PAIDRÍN PÁIRTEAC.

STADAIÓ IR PCÉITFEAD PCÉAL NA PCATAIÓE

AR MAOÛM AR MAILÍR SÁTAÍN,

AR SANGAIÓ AR GÉAR-GOIN SAOTA AN SAODAIÓE

IR AR CLAOH-CUR CATAIÓE AN CNEADAIÓE ;

DO MEALLAÓ LEIR CÉAD TAP CÉADTAIB I SCATAIR,

DO LEIGEAD GO GLAN DÍOUDACT NEAMHÓA ;

IR PNEADAIÓ-PI Ó'N BPÉIRT FÁ GÉASAIÓ SEANMNAIÓE

PÉARLA AN PAIDRÍN PÁIRTEIG.

SEACHNAIÓ, RÉANAÍÓ RÉALA AN TRLADAIÓE,

A BPÉASÁ, A BEARTUIÓEACT BAIÓTE ;

DALLAIÓ AN DADOL LE DÉARAIÓ AITRIGE,

IR TPÉIGIÓ TAITIGE AN TÁBDAIRNE ;

Leanair an féilteann déarac deas-éirídeac
 Srianra gear-ghinn sriarac,
 'S fá tearmann rcéime a rcéite tagair,
 A tréir an páirín páirtig.

Aiteanta Dé ná réabað neac díb,
 Déanuisir, learuisir láitneac
 Buir mbearta go béarac caomnac cnear-caoín
 Tréiteac tair-binn tábaactac;
 Raemair an traogail, rcléir ir fleab-fíon,
 Féac sur neam-níð a mblát ran:
 Ní mairfir aet tréimre taob leð' taitnimre,
 A réarla an páirín páirtig.

Fala san féile, craor ir calaoir,
 Cléite ir cleairídeact cáinte,
 Malluigteact méinne, tréan-toil tearaíde,
 Taorcad cannairde ir cápta,
 Blandairdeact, blaodmann, baot-bhuio, braduigteact
 Préim na breacairde cráir rínn;
 Ir banaltira an don-mic glaodaíð mar capair,
 Réarla an páirín páirtig.

Domuigim féin do'n traogal sur peacuigear.
 Ir o'don-mac gear-cíoc máire,
 Sealad dom' faogal i gclaontact rtaruigdeact'
 As réabað ceart-óige an pára;
 Munabair béil, san rpéir i n-aicpige,
 Lem' déire ní altuigim páir-máit,
 Aet as masad 'r as rcléir fé tréad an páirín
 Naomta aingliðe páirtig.

Sac duine sur mian leir éirteact real linn,
 'S le tréitib ár bpaíirín páirtig,
 Seacnað béite, craor, ir mailir,
 Bréaga, bradaige, ir cáinead

Aifneann Dé ná léigead le faillige,
 I r déarc le deag-éiríde deáirad;
 I r maítríó Mac Dé go léir na peacairde
 Tar éir na haitríge táinig.

I r cuma liom féin cá taob 'na leagfaídear
 I bpéin no i n-aicíó báir mé,
 Ait go mbead duine de'n cléir ann gléarfad m'áibíó,
 I r céir do larpairde ar clár dom;
 An fíolar an gá i r féice i gcraannáib,
 'S mo éreáctad as maoráib ríáirde,
 Ó glacadar mé fá rcéit a mbriatairde
 As éirteáct an páiríin páirctig.

TAÓG SAETHALAC Ó SÚILLEADÁIN.

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears
 Too long have fallen in vain—
 Up with the banners and the spears,
 And let the gathered grief of years
 Show sterner stuff than rain.
 The lightning in that stormy hour
 When forth defiance rolls,
 Shall flash to scathe the Saxon power,
 But melt the links our long, long shower
 Had rusted round our souls.

To bear the wrongs we can redress,
 To make a thing of time—
 The tyranny we can repress—
 Eternal by our dastardness .
 Were crime—or worse than crime !

And we, whose best and worse was shame,
 From first to last alike,
 May take, at length, a loftier aim,
 And struggle, since it is the same
 To suffer—or to strike.

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

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

J. D. FRAZER.

THE FELONS.

(Thomas Francis Meagher, and a couple of other outlawed 'Forty-Eight men, when wandering in Tipperary with a price on their heads, came upon a poor peasant at the close of a distressing and anxious day. Their meeting forms the subject of the following lines.)

" Good peasant, we are strangers here
And night is gathering fast ;
The stars scarce glimmer in the sky,
And moans the mountain blast ;
Can'st tell us of a place to rest ?
We're wearied with the road ;
No churl the peasant used to be
With homely couch and food."

" I cannot help myself, nor know
Where ye may rest or stay ;
A few more hours the moon will shine.
And light you on your way."

" But, peasant, can you let a man
Appeal to you in vain,
Here, at your very cabin door,
And 'mid the pelting rain—
Here, in the dark and in the night,
Where one scarce sees a span ?
What ! close your heart ! and close your door !
And be an Irishman ! "

" No, no—go on—the moon will rise
In a short hour or two ;
What can a peaceful labourer say
Or a poor toiler do ? "

" You're poor ? Well here's a golden chance
To make you rich and great !
Five hundred pounds are on our heads !
The gibbet is our fate !

Fly, raise the cry, and win the gold
Or some may cheat you soon ;
And we'll abide by the roadside,
And wait the rising moon."

What ails the peasant ? Does he flush
At the wild greed of gold ?
Why seizes he the wanderers' hands ?
Hark to his accents bold :

" Ho ! I have a heart for you, neighbours—
Aye, and a hearth and a home—
Ay, and a help for you, neighbours :
God bless ye and prosper ye—Come !
Come—out of the light of the soldiers ;
Come in 'mongst the children and all ;
And I'll guard ye for sake of old Ireland
Till Connall himself gets a fall.

" To the demons with all their gold guineas ;
Come in—everything is your own ;
And I'll kneel at your feet, friends of Ireland !
What I wouldn't for King on his throne.
God bless ye that stood in the danger
In the midst of the country's mishap,
That stood up to meet the big famine—
Och ! ye are the men in the gap !

" Come in—with a céao míle fáilte ;
Sit down, and don't make any noise,
Till I come with more comforts to crown ye—
Till I gladden the hearts of the boys.
Arra ! shake hands again—noble fellows
That left your own homes for the poor !
Not a man in the land could betray you
Or against you shut his heart or his door."

J. T. CAMPION.

ΤΑΥΟΣ ΔΣΥΣ Δ ΜΑΤΑΙΡ.

(A picture of the prosletysing methods of the Famine period.)

‘Οο θεατα αβαιτε,’ ταυος! Thank you kindly, mother.
 Cionnur tá do íláinte, ‘ταυος? Finely, finely, mother.
 Διηύ, cá μαβαιρ, α ταυος? I’ll tell you the whole truth,
 mother,
 In troth, I went to school to learn the rules of Grammar.

One day I was at home, and a headache in my belly,
 I walked and went astray, and found my way to Castlederry.
 The master spoke so fine, he placed me right in clover;
 I said their prayers in rhyme, and spelt the Bible over.

Δσυρ καο α φυαιηρ, α ταυος? A finely shawley, mother.
 Σοιθε αν ροητ ε, ‘ταυος? Every kind of colour.
 I thought that all was right, that mate would be on the table,
 For they kil’t a cow that died; but it was all a fable.

The master was a rogue, his name was Darby Coggage,
 He ate the mate himself, we only got the cabbage;
 The mistress, too, was sly, which no one ever doubted,
 She was mighty fond of wine, and left the sick without it.

We were honoured there one day by bonnets they call cottage,
 And when they went away we called them ladies’ porridge;
 But, mother, wait awhile, we’ll try to trate them civil,
 ηυαιρ φάρφαιθ να πιάταιθε ηυαθα, we’ll pitch ’em to the
 divil.

ΑΝ ΤΑΤΑΙΡ ΤΟΜΗΝΑΙΙ Ο ΣΥΙΛΕΑΒΔΑΙΝ.

THE EMIGRANTS.

Behold ! a troop of travellers descending to the shore—
Strong, stalwart youths and maidens, mixed with those in
years, and hoar ;

With stealth they glide towards the tide like walkers in their
sleep :

Where are ye going, lonely ones, that thus ye walk and weep ?

No answer : but the lip compressed argues a tale to tell—

A studied silence seems to hold them bound as if a spell ;

They passed me by abstractedly, their gaze where, near at
hand,

Rolls through the shade the heavy wave upon the sullen
strand.

Stop—whither go ye ? See, behind, e'en yet the landscape
smiles—

The broad sunset illumines yet these pleasant western isles—

Why, why is it that none will turn and take one look behind,

But rather face the billows there, to light and counsel blind ?

Peace ! questioner—we know the sun upon our soil doth
rest—

Though Emigrants, we have not cast all feeling from our
breast ;

But still, we go—for through that shade hope gilds the distant
plain,

While round the homes we've left we look for nourishment in
vain !

Well, thou art strong ; thy stubborn strength may make the
desert do ;

But, see ! a weeping woman here—some shivering children
too :

Deluded female, stop ! for thee what hope beyond the tide ?

For me ?—and seest thou not I have my husband by my side ?

And thou, too, parting ! thou, my friend, that loved thy home
and ease ?

Ay—see my brothers—sisters here—what's country without
these ?

But then, thy hands for toil unfit—thy frame to labour new ?
What then ? I work beside my friends—come thou and join
our crew.

Yes, come ! exclaims a reverend man—glad will we be of
thee—

We go in Christian fellowship our mission o'er the sea—
I've left a large and happy flock, that loved me, too, full well ;
Yet I take heart, as I depart where godless heathens dwell.

Alas ! and is it needful then that from this ancient soil
Where wealth and honour crowned so long the hardy yeoman's
toil,

The goodliest of its offspring thus should bid the canvass swell,
And to the parent earth in troops wave their last sad farewell ?

I'm answered from the swarming ports, the ever-streaming
tide

That pours on board a thousand ships my country's hope and
pride—

I'm answered by the fruitless toil of many a neighbour's hand,
And the gladsome shouts of prosperous men in many a distant
land.

Stay, countrymen !—e'en yet there's time—we'll settle all
your score—

We cannot spare such honoured men—'twould grieve our
hearts too sore ;

Things will go smooth—why quit the scene a thousand things
made dear.

That wealth may deck ye in the spoils torn from affection
here ?

Torn is the last embrace apart—the vessel quits the shore—
They're waving hands from off the deck—we hear their voice
no more—

God bless ye, friends ! I honour ye, adventurous, noble band !
Farewell ! I would not call ye now back to this wretched land !

Why not myself among ye, loved associates of my day ?
Why not with you embarked to share the perils of your way ?
Because, though hope may be *your* sun, remembrance is *my*
star—

Farewell—I'll die a watcher where my father's ashes are.

DIGBY PILOT STARKEY, M.R.I.A.

GOD'S SECOND PRIEST : THE TEACHER.

In that dark time of cruel wrong, when on our country's
breast

A dreary load, a ruthless Code, with wasting terrors prest—
Our gentry stripped of land and clan, sent exiles o'er the main
To turn the scale on foreign fields for foreign monarch's gain—
Our people trod like vermin down, all 'fenceless flung to sate
Extortion, lust, and brutal whim, and rancorous bigot hate—
Our priesthood tracked from cave to hut, like felons chased
and lashed,

And from their ministering hands the lifted chalice dashed ;
In that black time of law-wrought crime, of stifling woe and
thrall,

There stood supreme one foul device, one engine worse than
all.

Him whom they wished to keep a slave, they sought to make
a brute—

They banned the light of heaven—they bade instruction's
voice be mute.

God's second priest—the Teacher—sent to feed men's minds
with lore—

They marked a price upon his head, as on the priests' before.
Well—well they knew that never, face to face beneath the
sky,

Could tyranny and knowledge meet, but one of them must
die ;

That lettered slaves will link their might until their murmurs
grow

To that imperious thunder-peal which despots quail to know !
That men who learn will learn their strength—the weakness
of their lords—

Till all the bonds that gird them round are snapped like
Samson's cords.

This well they knew, and called the power of ignorance to aid ;
So might, they deemed, an abject race of soulless slaves be
made—

When Irish memories, hopes, and thoughts were withered,
branch and stem—

A race of abject, soulless serfs, to hew and draw for them.

Ah, God is good and nature strong—they let not thus decay
The seeds that deep in Irish breasts of Irish feeling lay ;
Still sun and rain made emerald green the loveliest fields on
earth,

And gave the type of deathless hope, the little shamrock,
birth ;

Still faithful to their holy Church, her direst straits among,
To one another faithful still, the priests and people clung.
And Christ was worshipped and received with trembling haste
and fear,

In field and shed, with posted scouts to warn of bloodhounds
near ;

Still crouching 'neath the sheltering hedge, or stretched on
mountain fern

The teacher and his pupils met feloniously—to learn ;

Still round the peasant's heart of hearts his darling music
twined,

A fount of Irish sobs or smiles in every note enshrined
And still beside the smouldering turf were fond traditions told
Of heavenly saints and princely chiefs—the power and faith
of old.

Deep lay the seeds, yet rankest weeds sprang mingled—could
they fail ?

For what were freedom's blessed worth if slavery wrought
not bale ?

As thrall, and want, and ignorance still deep and deeper grew,
What marvel weakness, gloom, and strife fell dark amidst us
too.

And servile thoughts that measure not the inborn worth of
man—

And servile cringe and subterfuge to 'scape our masters' ban—
And drunkenness—our sense of woe a little while to steep—
And aimless feud, and murderous plot—oh ! one could pause
and weep !

'Mid all the darkness, faith in heaven still shone, a saving ray,
And heaven o'er our redemption watched, and chose its own
good day.

Two men were sent us—one for years, with Titan strength of
soul,

To beard our foes, to peal our wrongs, to band us and control ;
The other, at a later time, on gentler mission came :

To make our noblest glory spring from out our saddest shame !
On all our wondrous upward course hath heaven its finger set,
And we—but, oh ! my countrymen, there's much before us
yet.

How sorrowful the useless powers our glorious island yields—
Our countless havens desolate, our waste of barren fields,
The all-unused mechanic might our rushing streams afford,
The buried treasures of our mines, our sea's unvalued hoard !

But, oh ! there is one piteous waste whence all the rest have
grown,

One worse neglect—the mind of man left desert and unsown.
Send Knowledge forth to scatter wide, and deep to cast its
seeds,

The nurse of energy, and hope, of manly thoughts and deeds.
Let it go forth ; right soon will spring those forces in its train
That vanquish Nature's stubborn strength, that rifle earth
and main—

Itself a nobler harvest far than Autumn tints with gold,
A higher wealth, a surer gain, than wave and mine enfold.
Let it go forth unstained, and purged from Pride's unholy
heaven,

With fearless forehead raised to man, but humbly bent to
heaven ;

And press upon us one by one, the fruits of English sway,
And blend the wrongs of bygone times with this our fight
to-day ;

And show our fathers' constancy, but truest instinct led
To loathe and battle with the power that on their substance
fed ;

And let it place beside our own the world's vast page to tell
That never lived the nation yet could rule another well.

Thus, thus our cause shall gather strength ; no feeling vague
and blind,

But stamped by passion on the heart, by reason on the mind.
Let it go forth—a mightier foe to England's power than all
The rifles of America, the armaments of Gaul !

It shall go forth, and woe to them that bar or thwart its way—
'Tis God's own light, all heavenly bright—we care not who
says nay.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

With the Sign of the Cross on my forehead, as I kneel on the
cold dungeon floor,

As I kneel at your feet, Rev. Father, with no one but God to
the fore—

With my heart opened out for your reading, and no hope or
thought of rel'ase

From the death that, at daybreak to-morrow, is staring me
straight in the face.

I have told you the faults of my boyhood—the follies and
sins of my youth—

And now of this crime of my manhood I'll speak with the
same open truth.

You see, sir, the land was our people's for ninety good years;
and their toil

What first was a bare bit of mountain brought into good fruit-
bearing soil;

'Twas their hands raised the walls of the cabin, where our
children were born and bred,

Where our weddings and christenings were merry, where we
waked and keened over our dead.

We were honest and fair to the landlord, we paid him the rent
to the day—

And it wasn't our fault if our hard sweat he wasted and
squandered away

On the cards, and the dice, and the racecourse, and often in
deeper disgrace,

That no tongue could relate without bringing a blush to an
honest man's face.

But the day came at last that they worked for, when the
castles, the mansions, the lands

They should hold but in trust for the people, to their shame,
passed away from their hands ;

And our place, sir, too, went to auction—by many the acres
were sought,
And what cared the stranger—that purchased—who made
them the good soil he bought ?
The old folk were gone—thank God for it—where trouble or
care can't pursue ;
But the wife and the childre'—oh, Father in Heaven !—what
was I to do ?
So I thought I'll go speak to the new man—I'll tell him of me
and of mine ;
The trifle I've gathered together I'll place in his hands for a
fine—
The estate is worth six times the money, and maybe his heart
isn't cold ;
But the scoundrel who bought the “ thief's pen'orth ” was
worse than the pauper that sold—
I chased him to house and to office, wherever I thought he'd
be met ;
I offered him all he'd put on it—but no ! 'twas the land he
should get ;
I prayed as men only to God pray—my prayer was spurned
and denied,
And what matter how just my poor right was, when *he* had
the *law* on his side !

I was young, and but few years was married to one with a
voice like a bird—
When she sang the old songs of our country every feeling
within me was stirred.
Oh ! I see her this minute before me with a foot 'wouldn't
bend a croneen,
Her laughing lips lifted to kiss me—my darling, my bright-
eyed Eibhlin !
'Twas often with pride that I watched her, her soft arms
fondling our boy,
Until *he* chased the smile from her red lip, and silenced the
song of her joy—

Whist, Father, have patience a minute let me wipe the big drops from my brow—

Whist, Father, I'll try not to curse him ; but, I tell you, don't preach to me now.

Exciting myself ! Yes, I know it ; but the story is now nearly done,

And, Father, your own breast is heaving—I see the tears down from you run.

Well, he threatened—he coaxed—he ejected, for we tried to cling to the place

That was mine—yes, far more than 'twas his, sir—I told him so up to his face.

But the little I had melted from me in making a fight for my own,

And a beggar with three helpless childre', out on the world I was thrown.

And Eibhlin would soon have another—another that never drew breath—

The neighbours were good to us always—but what could they do against death ?

For my wife and my infant before me lay dead, and by him they were kil't,

As sure as I'm kneeling before you to own to my share of the guilt.

I laughed all consoling to scorn, I didn't mind much what I said,

With Eibhlin a corpse in abarn, on a bundle of straw for a bed ;
But the blood in my veins boiled to madness—do they think that a man is a log ?

I tracked him once more—'twas the last time—and I shot him that night like a dog.

Yes, I did it—I shot him ! but, Father, let them who make laws for the land

Look to it when they come to judgment for the blood that lies red on my hand.

If I drew the piece, 'twas they primed it, that left him stretched cold on the sod ;

And from their bar where I got my sentence I appeal to the
bar of my God

For the justice I never got from them, for the right in their
hands that's unknown ;

Still, at last, sir—I'll say it—I'm sorry I took the law into my
own—

That I stole out that night in the darkness while mad with my
grief and despair,

And drove the black soul from his body, without giving him
time for a prayer.

Well, 'tis told, sir, you have the whole story ; God forgive him
and me for our sins ;

My life is now ending—but, Father, the young ones ! for them
life begins.

You'll look to poor Eibhlin's young orphans ? God bless you !
And now I'm at p'ace

And resigned to the death that to-morrow is staring me
straight in the face.

“ BRIGID ” OF THE *Nation*.

ΔΙΤΡΙΣΕ ΣΕΔΙΝ ΤΟ ΝΟΡΘΑ.

Α ἡνὶς ἡμῖν na η̅ςῖαῖ το̅ς cuῖpeaḁ cum b̅aῖr,

ἱr ὀ'fulaῖḡ an p̅aῖr p̅eanaῖveaḁ,

Το̅ς ceannuῖḡ r̅iḱl̅ Δ̅oḁaῖm le allur το̅ς c̅naḁm,

ῖuῖl Δ̅uῖr cneḁḁa veaῖḡa ;

ῖpeaḡaῖr m̅e, a ḡῖaḁḁ ; veῖr m'anaḁ i το̅ς p̅aḁḁ

ḡo paῖpaḁaῖr l̅aḁ-ḡῖaḁamaḁ,

Δ̅uḡ caῖteaḁ an τ̅r̅oḁaῖr ῖaḁa ḡῖl v̅peaḡa

ῖoῖr aῖp̅taῖl ἱr Δ̅ῖo-aiḡeallaῖb.

ῖpeaḡaῖr m̅e, a Ḳ̅ῖoῖr, a c̅aῖa mo c̅ῖoῖde,

Δ̅a c̅aῖpaῖḡ ῖeo im' c̅l̅iḁ, coῖp̅uῖḡ i

ἱr ὀm' veaῖpaῖb leῖḡ ῖiḱr ῖῖoḁa Δ̅iḁῖḡe,

Το̅ς veaῖῖaῖr ḡo c̅ῖiḁ ῖῖaῖῖῖr m̅e ;

Már ír peacaó mé bí rcannalaó ríor,
 Oíoió-beartaó ríor-mallaióte,
 Ír ná tagair-pe baóir beartaó an traoiúil
 Ár m'anam le linn rcairta liom.

Screadaim ír éiúim, aitéim go réim
 Ár muipe 'r a haon m'ac calma
 Teacó realaó pé óéin m'anma pléiró,
 Ír a córaint ó'n maor malluióte.
 Deirciobail Dé 'r a scairao go léir;
 Im' carraing 'ran réim beannuióte
 Mo bearta ar an raogal cealgaó claon
 Sangaídeac baot do maiteaó dom.

A Óia atá fuar, féac oim anuar
 Ír réiróis mo suair anfaíó,
 Acó leis me go ruammar ráirta ro' éuan
 Gléiúeal buan-trearmac.
 A Úigearna na m'uaó, óéin oim truaó
 Ár téacó do'n uair marúta
 Ír ná leis mire uait féiniró le fuat
 Í bpéin le pluag Acapoin.

Ír deocair dom labairt leatpa san daó,
 As tagairt do cábari calma;
 Ír sur fada mé as treabaó trearna le fonn
 Í scoinne do mórmail-aíteanta.
 Ní'l inr an doiman fáirring, mo lom!
 Peacaó le togaó ír meara loit
 Ná mire tá boóar balb im' loóar
 Ceangailte as an noíeam malluióte.

Ní lia le ráó gainim ar éráis,
 Ná oíúct ar bairi glarriac,
 Ná peaca le ruiúeam ar m'anam, fóiríor!
 Ceangailte im' énoíde calcaióte.

1r móir liom a dtuairn rómam 'ran tSiab,
 Aet ní fógann cial eagra;
 1r sup mó iad le léigean sráir Mic Dé
 Ná a nveárna an raogal o'ainbrior.

Molaim-re Dia ear a bpeaca mé riam,
 1r Muire bain-tigearna aicim-re;
 Peardar 1r pól, 1r na naoim eile leo,
 1r tura san gó, a dtair d'il;
 Domhuigim doib, do micedal asur o'eoim,
 1r do na hApstalaib ró-beannuigte,
 Sup peacui gear dom' deoin im' rmaointib go móir,
 Im' gníomairtaib 'r im' glór labarta.

An t-uabair ar dtúir, an traint 1r an tóir,
 An cpaor 1r an rún feargac,
 Formad an traogail 1r a leirce go léir
 Ní fearann liom féin aza ar bit:
 Nac mairg do'n té mairgear mar mé
 Inr na fearc bpeacaidhe claona marbteac',
 1r nac dána an gnó do duine dem' fóir
 Tazairc ar coróim flaitir o'fagail.

Aet, féac mar do féan peardar mac Dé,
 An tan lagais an tréad mallaihte é,
 1r nuair o'airtuis ré i screataib aibéil
 Sup glacad 'ran réim beannuigte é.
 Dob' fearac do'n traogal fairrins go léir,
 Sup peacac bí ar rtae Magdailín,
 1r dá cuirpceac é a beata le léigean,
 Go dtus rilea na mbraon flaitear di.

Ar n-dtair atá inr na flaitir go háir,
 Go naoimuihteair trác t'aimn-re,
 Go dtigib do ríogac, do toil ar an raioigal,
 Mar deintear i scríe parraatair:

Ár n-arán laeteamail tabair-Se dúinn
 Ír maic dúinn ár gcionnta ainbhir,
 Mar maitmíó do cáic, ír ná leis rínn í oclár
 Acé ríor rínn ó bár anabuiró.

Á muipe tá lán de tuile na ngráir,
 Tá'n Tigearna, á gráó, í maille leat;
 Ír beannuighe tá tú í bflaitear tar mnáib
 Go naomhuighear tráic t'ainm-íe.
 Ír taitneamác an raóarc toraó do bpoínn,
 Íosa do poínn eadairínn;
 Anoir asur maí, ír í n-am ár brian,
 Go raóair, á Óia, as rearáí dúinn!

SEÁN DE nÓRÓA.

THE ANCIENT RACE.

What shall become of the ancient race,
 The noble Gaelic island race ?
 Like cloud on cloud o'er the azure sky,
 When winter's storms are loud and high,
 Their dark ships shadow the ocean's face—
 What shall become of the Gaelic race ?

What shall befall the ancient race
 The poor, unfriended, faithful race ?
 Where ploughman's song made the hamlet ring,
 The hawk and the owlet flap their wing ;
 The village homes, oh, who can trace—
 God of our persecuted race ?

What shall befall the ancient race ?
 Is treason's stigma on their face ?
 Be they cowards or traitors ? Go—
 Ask the shade of England's foe ;
 See the gems her crown that grace ;
 They tell a tale of the ancient race.

They tell a tale of the ancient race—
Of matchless deeds in danger's face ;
They speak of Britain's glory fed
With blood of Gaels, right bravely shed ;
Of India's spoil and Frank's disgrace—
Such tale they tell of the ancient race.

Then why cast out the ancient race ?
Grim want dwelt with the ancient race ;
And hell-born laws, with prison jaws,
And greedy lords, with tiger maws,
Have swallowed—swallow still apace—
The limbs and blood of the ancient race.

Will no one shield the ancient race ?
They fly their fathers' burial place ;
The proud lords with the heavy purse,
Their fathers' shame—their people's curse—
Demons in heart, nobles in face,
They dig a grave for the ancient race !

What shall befall the ancient race ?
Shall all forsake their dear birth-place,
Without one struggle strong to keep
The old soil where their fathers sleep ?
The dearest land on earth's wide space—
Why leave it so, O, ancient race ?

What shall befall the ancient race ?
Light up one hope for the ancient race ;
Oh, priest of God—sagart a run !
Lead but the way, we'll go full soon ;
Is there a danger we'll not face
To keep old homes for the Irish race ?

They shall not go, the ancient race—
They must not go, the ancient race !

Come, gallant Gaels, and take your stand—
And form a league to save the land:
The land of faith, the land of grace,
The land of Erin's ancient race !


They must not go, the ancient race !
They shall not go, the ancient race ;
The cry swells loud from shore to shore,
From emerald vale to mountain hoar,
From altar high to market-place—
THEY SHALL NOT GO, the Gaelic race !

REV. M. TORMEY.

DUBLIN CASTLE.

Dublin Castle is in the city of Dublin, and it stands on the South side of the River Liffey. It is called a castle because it has a great many windows and a portico to the principal entrance. If you weren't told it was Dublin Castle you wouldn't think it was Dublin Castle at all. When I saw it first I took it for a militia-barrack or a poorhouse for gaugers. When a man showed me where the Lord Lieutenant lived when he's at home I began to think that all Lords Lieutenant must be very low-sized men, not in the least particular about their lodgings. The Castle, as it is generally called, is built on Cork Hill. Many ignorant people, such as Members of Parliament and Lords, think that Cork Hill is in the city of that name. Those who have learned geography and the use of the globes know that Cork Hill has for many centuries been in the city of Dublin. The Castle surrounds a square called the Upper Castle Yard, in the centre of which there is a beautiful tub for holding flags. There is also a policeman in the Upper Castle Yard, but he is not worth looking at, although his face is generally clean, and he wears a silver Albert chain.

There are soldiers walking up and down at the gate to keep themselves warm. They always carry their guns, because, if they put them out of their hands, Fenians, or newspaper boys, or the policemen might run away with them. This makes the soldiers short-tempered and chew tobacco. There is a statue of Justice over the gateway. This statue fell out of the sky during a thunderstorm, to where it stands, and only that it is red hot the Government would get men to take it down, for it has no business there, and looking at it only makes the people who live in the Castle uncomfortable.

You can go from the Upper Castle Yard to the Lower Castle Yard under an arched gateway. There are policemen in the Lower Yard, but they don't wear Albert chains or pare their nails. The Lower Castle Yard is not a yard in the least, but makes me always think of a street with a broken back. There are a few towers in it. These towers are very strong. A man once told me that if you fired a horse-pistol at one of them all day you would not be able to make a hole in it! A great number of small boys play marbles and ball here. The Lord Lieutenant loves to see innocent children amusing themselves, and he often sends them out presents of nuts and clay pipes to blow soap-bubbles. When there isn't a Cattle Show or a militia regiment to be inspected, or a Knight to be made, he himself often comes out in disguise and blows soap-bubbles. It is always remarked that the Lord Lieutenant's soap-bubbles are the largest and of the most beautiful colours. A man once told me that it is because the Lord Lieutenant puts a lot of soft soap into the water which he uses. 

There is nothing connected with the Castle about which there are so many wrong notions as about the Castle Hack. Some are under the belief that it is a man; others think it to be an attorney; and there are those who go so far as to assert that it is a member of Parliament. Of all the people who indulge in such extravagances, I venture to say, not one has seen, or even had the curiosity to inquire particularly about

it. Now, I have seen the Hack, and learned all that is to be known concerning it, and am, therefore, well qualified to give correct information and a faithful description of it. I gave a decent man at the Castle half-a-crown, and he showed it to me and supplied me with all the particulars I needed. The Castle Hack is a poor, lean, wretched old horse. He is spavined and broken-winded, and his bones are sharply visible through his faded and withered hide. He is wholly unequal to the performance of any honest work in the fields, and he is one of the meanest and most wretched objects which can offend the sight of a humane and worthy man. Of all the noble attributes possessed by his species, none remain to him ; and of all the useful qualities of his fellows, he retains but one, that of abject servility to the rein, for he has neither the generosity nor the pride, the strength nor the swiftness which makes his race fit to be the companions of men. There is ever in his eye the expression of hunger for the corn-bins of the Castle, and dreads lest he should be worried to death by those of his own race in their rage at seeing so obscene a creature wearing and dishonouring their form. His employment is in keeping with his appearance. It is he who fetches meat for the Castle kennel, and brings the soiled linen of the Castle to the laundry to be cleansed. Although he is docile to his driver, he is spurned and despised. It is not his to swell the pageant, but to feed darkly at the Castle manger, to fear the light, and to crawl and shudder in the noisome ways. Poor brute, if he could only have one month's grazing on a hillside in the sunlight he might pluck up some spirit and lose at once his taste for Castle oats, and his indifference to the nature of the work which he performed.

The oldest part of the Castle now standing is the Back Stairs. The entrance to this celebrated staircase is in the Castle Garden. After going up a few steps a passage is reached, which leads by a kind of bridge over the Lower Castle Yard into the Castle. The steps of the stairs are iron ; for so many people go up and down that if they were

made of any softer substance they would have been worn away long ago. The people who go up this stairs carry bags full of things and wear their hats very low over their faces. They generally have turnips and gum-arabic, and steel pens, and penny packages of stationery in their bags. A man once told me that they sometimes bring the heads of people, and sell them at the Castle. He also said that they often sell their country. Who could believe this? I had heard so many stories about this Back Stairs that I made up my mind to go and see it for myself. Before setting out I resolved to humour the people in the Castle whatever they might say to me. I got a bag, filled it with artichokes, and, having pulled my hat low over my eyes, went up. When I got to the top I met a man who asked me "if I came about that affair." I said, "Yes," and he led me into a small room where another man was eating the end of a large quill, and reading a large blue paper with writing on it, and having a large stamp in the corner. I sat down.

"Did you come about that affair?" said he.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," said he, "did you see him?"

"I did," I answered.

"What did he say?" he asked.

"I don't know," said I, feeling just as if he would order me to be shot on the spot.

"Good," he said; "I see you've been reading the Tichborne case, and have learned caution from it. What have you in the bag?"

"Artichokes."

"How many?"

"Twenty-five."

"Were there really so many?"

"Yes."

"And 'choke him' were the words, were they?"

"Yes."

"On the night of the 15th?"

"Yes."

"How much do you want for the artichokes?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Say two."

"Two."

"Gold or notes?"

"Gold."

"Very good! There you are," said he handing me two small bags of sovereigns. "Your information is most important. I shall forward it to the chief to-night. Good afternoon." And off I went with my two hundred sovereigns.

The Castle is the best place in the world for selling artichokes and lies. I would go with another bag of each now only the artichokes are out of season. Can you understand what information I gave? I can't. I hope it wasn't against a Royal Residence or asphaltting the streets of the city.

RICHARD DOWLING IN *Zozimus*.

THE LAST REQUEST.

You're going away, a leanbh, over the stormy sea,
And never more I'll see you—Oh, never, a stoir mo chroidhe!
Mo bhron! I'm sick with sorrow—sorrow as black as night:
Mo bhuachaill goes to-morrow by the blessed morning's light.

Oh! once I thought, a leanbh, you'd bear me to the grave,
By the side of your angel sisters, before you crossed the wave:
Down to the green old churchyard, where the trees' dark
shadows fall—

But now, a chara! you're going, you'll not be there at all.

The strangers' hands must lay me down to my silent sleep,
And, Séamus, you'll not know it beyond the rolling deep,

Oh, Dia linn ! Dia linn ! a mhúirnin, why do you go away,
Till you'll see the poor old mother stretched in the churchyard
clay ?

My heart is breaking, a leanbh, but I mustn't tell you so,
For I see by your dark, dark sorrow that your own poor heart
is low.

I thought I'd bear it better, to cheer you on your way ;
But, a chara ! a chara ! you're going, and I'll soon be in the
clay !

God's blessing be with you, Séamus—sure, you'll come back
again,

When your curls of brown are snowy, to rest with your mother
then ;

Down in the green old churchyard where the trees' dark
shadows fall—

A storach ! in the strangers' land you couldn't sleep at all.

WILLIAM KENEALY.

DUAIN CUIMHNE AN ACHAR TIOBÓID MAITIÚ.

1 gCorcais tráe ba tlae a bítear,
An meirce ghránua as fáir ar óaoiniú.
'S an treib ba ghrádae láidir spriúe mear
Sáirte i n-daoirre tréit las ;
Ráis ir bhuigean gac lae ada,
Ó tál na tige san faeream ;
Imirir ir ól,
Buile 'sur móio,
Mionna san cóir ir earcaine
Ir tuille náir meoin liom labairt air
Sur reolaó eadairta
Scóllaó anacrae
Dóigte, ir deaibair déirce.

Ba minic i lár na rparáide éirí
 Cuirleannac áró san rcát na maoile aih,
 Sluiphe mná 'n-a deáir a rpaioilead
 A lámha san nise 'r a héadan
 Ál 'n-a dtimceall, féadair
 I nGábad go fíor as béicir,
 San oirlead na mbriós
 Dá scoraint ar reo,
 Ir gíobail 'n-a gcóiríde rtracaithe,
 Ir pluadag an bóirí leacta oiré;
 Cóir san aitear
 San bóirí de dearcair
 An óil as rreallad na dearcia.

B'i duine amáin gur náiríe cioríde leir
 Fir ir mná dá dtíde 'ran trlúge reo,
 Do gíleat go háirí de bairí na ngníomairé
 D'fárad mílte i nGéibinn
 Fé b'ráca an éraoir dúib éactaig
 Sáir-fear naoiréanta naomta
 An tAíar Tíobóir
 Do labair fé leo
 D'atcuir éraor óil a féadad
 Ir teagairc do rplóigte an mearapact
 A cómarle leand
 B'i cómarle a leara i
 D'fóir ar éailm-rlióct éireann.

Ba gairí an rpar go dtáinig ríe éugainn,
 Stadao de'n ráig, níor gnatad bhuigéanta,
 B'i mearapact mánla gíomair gíoi-gíl
 Ar fárad i gcoríde gac éinne
 Craibteact díreact daonact
 Ir gíarta ó éirí i nGaelealí
 Ó éirí an éoil
 Go Dóirí na reol

Ní fearadatar gleo ná adarann
 De dhearcuib an óil mar éleadtatar
 Aet rónnúr acmunn
 I r treoir dá ramail
 Ar fíodíste fearantair éibir.

Sead cuirid hupá go háir, a daoine,
 Ar ron an fír breas do dail an nór reo,
 Moltar an bhrátair Cápaicéineac
 Go dána ar éigeadt a lae cúgáinn;
 Tá san reíor san éaluings
 I n-áirde ar líon na naom ngeal,
 I r a atcuings, fór
 Ár rpreasad 'ran ngleo
 Cum Measardadt gleoirde as leatan-cup
 I uatam eogáin mór i r Calm-áinn;
 Tógad, aicéim,
 Úur nglórta, a capar,
 “A Comadtaí, beannuig ár raotár.”

TAÚS Ó DONNĀDĀ.

EXILES, FAR AWAY.

When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas
 hearth,
 That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and
 mirth!
 When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and
 sorrows o'er,
 And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once
 more—
 Oh! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice
 would say—
 “Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles, far
 away!”

Alas, for them ! this morning's sun saw many a moist eye
pour

Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er,
And when he turned his lion-eye this evening from the West,
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his
couchèd crest ;

But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray,
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles, far away !

It was—oh ! how the heart will cheat ! because they thought
beyond

His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts
were fond ;

And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled it
like a sigh !

'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them
down to pray

For Irish homes and kith and kin—poor exiles, far away !

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the while he prayed,
And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer
rose,

And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes ;
And, oh ! but then warm vows were breathed, that come what
might or may,

They'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles, far
away !

And some there were around the board, like loving brothers
met,

The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget ;
They pledged—" the girls we left at home, God bless them ! "
and they gave

" The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the
brave ! "

Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip, hip—
hurrah !

Drank—"Erin ! sláinte gheal go brath !" those exiles far away.

Then, oh ! to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise
Like blushing memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or like Canadian pine—
Oh ! don't those old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts—poor exiles, far away !

But, Heavens ! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these
strains,

Tired wanderers ! who sought repose through Europe's battle
plains—

In strong, fierce, headlong flight they fell—as ships go down
in storms—

They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered
forms !

No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round ; nor prayer nor
tear had they—

Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles,
far away !

And might the singer claim a sigh, he, too, could tell how, tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were
lost ;

How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,
And pined to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,
And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst his own to
stay—

Alas ! it is so sad to be an exile far away !

Then, oh ! when round the Christmas board, or by the
Christmas hearth,

That glorious mingled draught is poured—wine, melody, and
mirth !

When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and
sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once
more—
In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps, some woman's voice
would say—
“Think—think on those who weep to-night, poor exiles, far
away !”

MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

MAḠAIO LÁIOIR.

Seo óaoib̃ pláinte mḡaio láioir
le'ḡ mian ḡráð a críce !
Iḡ ní fuil áit ó'n Rúit ḡo Máig̃
Nac̃ fuil ra trláinte céadoña ;
Má mianaió páirt an fial-balcáin
Óiaḡaig̃ bḡaíḡm̃ig̃ bḡioḡm̃air
Iḡ fuat̃ar tráḡ ḡac̃ fuar-iompḡáð
Ar̃ cuallac̃t bḡeaḡ na tíre.

Sláinte Uí Néill, Uí Óómnail̃ c̃leib̃,
Iḡ plioḡt na hÉir̃ne r̃ioḡóð̃a
Iḡ ḡac̃ a b̃fuil beo ra m̃um̃ain m̃óir̃
Óe plioḡt an r̃ó-m̃ic m̃ileáð ;
ḡac̃ a b̃fuil i ótalaiñ aicme m̃áine,
Slán tré f̃earc̃ do'n t̃aoib̃ riñ,
Iḡ laig̃ean na lann ḡo bḡioḡm̃air t̃eanñ
I maoiñ, i ḡclainñ, 'ḡ i ñóioḡlað̃.

Lion an m̃eadoir̃ do'n Áir̃dearb̃os̃,
ḡráð iḡ f̃earc̃ na ñóaoine ;
Lion an m̃eadoir̃ do'n Áḡair̃ p̃eadoir̃,
Seo an t̃eaḡarc̃ f̃íre ;

Dá cuaidé, trí coráin, do'n Achar Tomár,
 I r binn a cómhádó dílis;
 Stiall i r cana do'n Achar Ceallais,
 Dia dá teagairc coirde!

Lion an rcála, reo daoibh pláinte!
 Ultais dána 'r Muimni;
 Sláinte laigheac, an luét meadórac,
 I r Connacht na maighean rciamac!
 Lion an cárta leir an rcála,
 A mbreall go háir ar daoibh
 Le'r mian éire claoibh go héisceart!
 A Dia, bí tréan le Saordealaidh.

Gac neac nac óirad, claoibh i r brón air,
 Sláinte cóir na héireann!
 Mile gráin, rcian 'na gáirad,
 Rian i r plága éisirt!
 'S gac neac nac iarrad an aire céadna,
 Go raib na piarta as créim air,
 I r é ar mirce ó caol-uirce
 I ndólar buio' i r péine!

Muc, im, balcán, rós gac roláchar,
 Oig-fir iomlána gaeoelac',
 Féarta fíre clainne Milead
 I r féarta croide na féile,
 Flead do ráruig fleada na n-áirad
 I r uile dáim na nDéite,
 Flead na n-uairal 'r a mol-cuallact,
 Féarta buan míléiriur.

Déanam gáirdear, cora i n-áirde,
 Dar nDomnac, táim-re ar mirce!
 Damrad Muimneac,—rá scuaird—críó rinn
 Seo an t-daoibhear clirte!

féad-ra ūna 'r bpuigto rúgac,
 móir a sclú ra' minncead!
 feargal, dúntaing, neacéan clúiteac,
 so raib a rúgrad cinnte!

A Diarmuid, gluais, 'r, a taidís, ar luar!
 Seo an ruaircear doibinn!
 A Catail móir, a Dómnall óis,
 Seo pléir ir rpóirt, dar m'fáinn'!
 Caitríona ann so bpuigmar teann,
 móir ir Meadóir ir Déibheann;
 Tá Róir as minncead, cóir 'na timcheall—
 Ól! ól! ir compáin éleib ro!

A Donguir óis, a Mhaoḡnuir buide
 A Máible binn, 'r, a Sígle,
 Le ceol a mbéal cuir ceois ar céad,
 San bpuón, san éad a nuaoine!
 Seinn dúinn rceanncán, píob ir tiompán—
 Seo an cómháir glórac!
 Siúir opt, a cáirdear! Dia gac lá leat!
 Dar fiaó! ir bpuas an rpóirt ro!

Seo opt, a Céin! ir binn do béal—
 Tá an balcán bpuas bpuigmar,
 Do'n balb beir géim, do'n bacac léim,—
 M'anam éleib! ir bpuigean ro!
 Leas an rtróinre! ríor fá'n mbóir leir!
 Ba ro an rógmar ríochraide
 Ir mire féin mac fíre Uí Néill
 Do bí ar éirinn as ríogad.

MacCarraig Móir, Óbriain na ríog,
 Mo gaoi san ceois na tréin-fir,
 Mac Donguir lúdar, Masuoir na rún
 Ó Inir éluicis éirne;

Ó Ceallais cléib Ó Concubair tréan,
 Sliocht Bhanouib an Ruair Síleib;
 Ó Duinn an fear, Ó Mórda mear,
 Mo gáol ar fáil na bóis-éirí!

seán ó neachtain.

SLIABH NA mBAN

Two thousand men for Ireland upon the mountain top !
 With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious
 crop—

A crop of seed to cast abroad, through village, town, and
 home,
 And to the children of the land across th' Atlantic's foam.

Two thousand men for Ireland on splendid Sliabh na mBan !
 Two thousand voices asking Heaven how Ireland may be
 won—

Won from her sick'ning thralldom, from the serpent's
 thick'ning coil—

From the poison of its slaver's tongue, its trail upon the
 soil.

No puny arm, nor limb, nor lung, could clamber such a
 height—

A red deer's wild and rocky road, an eagle's kingly flight !

No craven breast could brave that mount, upon its crest to
 breathe

A prayer to God—to save, to spare the beauteous land beneath.

Two thousand men for Ireland upon that altar high—

Its broad base Tipperary ! its canopy the sky !

Two thousand hearts, ennobled by place, and cause, and all—

Two thousand Patriots pondering on their country's rise and
 fall.

Yes, raise the pile, and feed the blaze, on every mountain's
side,

And, to the blushless recreant's shame, ring out the voice of
pride—

A true man's pride, his country's pride, the link that binds in
one

The Irishmen of every clime with those on Sliabh na mBan.

Sure some must tend the sacred fire that feeds the nation's
life,

And though of high or low degree, in torpid peace or strife,
A gallant soul he still must be, who gives his aiding breath!
To rouse the dark'ning slumbry spark from an untimely
death.

Then, hail ! brave men of Ireland, upon the mountain top—
With such a harvest Freedom's arm might glean a glorious
crop.

Be you of cheer, though foemen sneer, and fearlessly push on,
Till every mountain in the land be manned like Sliabh na
mBan !

J. T. CAMPION.

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE.

Adieu to Ballyshannon ! where I was bred and born ;
Go where I may, I'll think of you as sure as night and morn,
The kindly spot, the friendly town where everyone is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own.
There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,
But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them still.
I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced
to turn—

So, adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall,

The boat comes straining on her net and heavily she creeps,
 Cast off, cast off!—she feels the oars, and to her berth she
 sweeps;

Now fore and aft keep hauling and gathering up the clue,
 Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.

Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and
 “yarn”—

Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne!

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull an oar,
 A lug-sail set, or haul a net from the Point to Mullachmore,
 From Killybegs to bold Sliabhleague that ocean-mountain
 steep,

Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the deep.

From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by Tullin's
 strand,

Level and long, and white with waves, where gull and curlew
 stand;

Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers you discern;

Adieu to all the billowy coast and winding banks of Erne!

.

Farewell to every white cascade from the harbour to Beleek,
 And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;
 The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,
 The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below;
 The Loch that winds through islands under Turaw mountain
 green;

And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays
 between;

And Breezy Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern—
 For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne!

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the live-long
 summer day;

The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with wild flowers gay,

The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,

Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn ;

Along the river-side they go, where I have often been—

Oh, never shall I see again the days that I have seen !

A thousand chances are to one I never may return—

Adieu to Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne !

Adieu to evening dances when merry neighbours meet,

And the fiddle says to boys and girls : “ get up and shake your feet ! ”

To seanchus and wise old talk of Erin’s days gone by—

Who trenched the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie

Of saint, or king, or warrior chief ; with tales of fairy power,

And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour,

The mournful song of exile is now, for me to learn—

Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne !

Now measure from the Commons down to each end of the Port,

Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather—I wish no one any hurt ;

The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the Mall, and Portnasun,

If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me ;

For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.

My loving friends I’ll bear in mind, and often fondly turn,

To think of Ballyshannon and the winding banks of Erne.

If ever I’m a monied man, I mean, please God, to cast

My golden anchor in the place where youthful years were past ;

Though heads that now are black and brown must meanwhile gather grey ;

New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop away—

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world beside ;
It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through lands and
waters wide.

And if the Lord allows me I surely will return
To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Δ ΜΥΡΝΙΝ ΟΪΛΙΣ, ΕΙΘΛΙΝ ΟΪΣ.

(Ο'ν μβέριλα).

Βα θυβάε ε αν λα υο το ρεαπαρ τε μ' ρτόμαε,

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ, Ειθλίη οΐς!

Οί βριρεαδ αρ μο εροιθε νυαιρ α ρόζαρ α θεωρα,

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ, Ειθλίη οΐς!

Βα βάν α μίν-λεαα αρ μο ελιαδ μαρ αν ιιλε,

Δ λαμα βα φυαρ μαρ ορυέετ οιοέε αρ ριλε

Το ρμυαινεαρ ναε ρειερινν ζο βράε βράε α ζιλε

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ Ειθλίη οΐς!

Οιρ β'εΐζιν τομ ρεολαδ μαρ ραιζοιιρ τε'ρ βρεαριαδ

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ, Ειθλίη οΐς!

Ο'εΐζιν όμ' ρτόρ του α βραδ ταρ να μαριαδ

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ, Ειθλίη οΐς!

Ζλυαιρτο αρ ρλυαιζτε ζο βεοθα αζ ζιόραδ,

Τράεετ αρ α ζσαε ρα ροιηη τε'η ζρεαε όρθα,

Ιρ μιρε ουβρόναε ουβεροιθεαε ραοι θεωρα

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ, Ειθλίη οΐς!

Αρ το ρον-ρα, Ο Ειρε! ιρ ραθα το βυαιλεαρ,

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ, Ειθλίη οΐς!

'S αρ ρον μο ρτόρην μο πάδ το ράββαλαρ

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ, Ειθλίη οΐς!

Εάηιε αν τριόεάηη αρ ραοεαιρ οι εριόεηα,

Ο'ρilleαρ εum μ'ανηραετ' τε ρυαιρρεαρ ούιτ-λιοντα,

'S τρυαζ! φυαπαρ μο ρύν-ρα τρέ θρόη η η-υαιη ρίντε,

'S a μύρνην οΐλιρ, Ειθλίη οΐς!

GEO. SIGERSON, M.D., F.R.U.I.

THE FAIRY CHILD.

The summer sun was sinking
 With a mild light, calm and mellow ;
 It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
 And his loose locks of yellow.

The robin was singing sweetly
 And his song was sad and tender ;
 And my little boy's eyes while he heard the song,
 Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
 While his soul the song was quaffing,
 The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
 And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
 The midnight needle plying ;
 I feared for my child, for the rush's light
 In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
 Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
 I knelt to pray, but rose again,
 For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
 But that night my child departed—
 They left a weakling in his stead,
 And I am broken-hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
 For his eyes are dim and hollow,
 My little boy is gone—is gone,
 And his mother soon will follow.

The dirge of the dead will be sung for me,
 And the Mass be chanted meetly,
 And I shall sleep with my little boy
 In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

DR. ANSTER.

DÁIBÍO DE BARRA AR LORG DÉIRCE.

AS reo mar do éuaib Dáibíó de Barra agus duine de cléireaduib Gobnaites as iomáir cum déirce o'iarraib lá ar donac leara Súil. Dubairt an cléiread le Dáibíó tornuadh ar eagla don còda dá óráir féin o'fagáil do meabhair agus do tornuis go héarcaib le boigríteoir do bí ór a coinne anonn ar an modh ro:

Go mbeannuighear duit, a fiúr na ruad ir a shol na' ráirféar, a ainoir cuim tair, agus a cuilfionn maorba agus a geilfionn brollaig shil. Do piteálar agus do puinnceálar agus do buailear crann oir, a cáilín óis, reoc shac n-aon eile dá bfuil ra cuideactain, ar feabhar do clóda, agus ar taitneamaisge do rcéime, agus léir do mín-éirí, i ndócar go bfeadfaib tú le croidé truaig-méilead agus le haisne déirceamail agus le rúil trócairig ar an ainveirí laig-éirídeac ro do ruadh agus do táinig ar an raogal go beo boct san riubal san cáinnt san raodarc, san luac feoirlinge dá cuir féin i n-a feilb agus san i n-a cumar dul tar doir a o'iarraib a còda ná a cár do cup i n-uimail. Leir rinmá cionn Dia ná Muire ná Miceál ná éinne der na trí ceatharaib leirpigin ná pigin i gcúil do doir no i gcúinne do póca do-beirim a fíor do Dia agus do Muire nac pinnir riam déarc ba mó agus nar b'féirí leat i cup níor fearr ná i tabairt dómra; mar ná rpárlaith aimpair, agus ní ceapnócaí trioblóirí ac de fíor as gurde ar do fion.

Tabairfaib mé tuar as loc Deas agus tuar as Sceils mhicil, tuar as Áirí Macla agus tuar as Oileán na mbeo, tuar as Tobair páirais agus tuar as Tobair Colmáin, tuar

as Tobair Eoin Dairte agus tuar as Tobair Shobnaite, tuar as Tobair Laiectin agus tuar as Tobair Ruaineos, agus níl lá díobh san ná go ndéarfaió mé Coróin Muipe agus Coróin Íora, cúis rúndiaimh na Saltrac Muipe agus Sciat Líipeac na Maigóine. Agus ir blarta cnearta deas-éirídeac deas-aigeannta deas-coinriarac adéarfaió mé Saille Régina cum Dé agus na Maigóine ar son t'anma agus do leara, agus dá iarfaió ar Dia ponuacair éugac, a cailín óis.

Ir iomda boctán tap-íreal agus baintreabac éalaoireac agus thóc-rcolós rcallaoideac agus cú gearr rcaim-nimneac agus cat corrr-rsíobac agus cloctán cam pleamain rluic rmearta do cuirear-ra díom i n-a coirceimibh bogsa trioma laga as teact le beannaect ó Ruaineois as iarfaió do rísinne. Ir córa duit i tadbairt dom de bhuig náir iarfair riamh déarc agus náir noctar mo cár agus nac rinnear craobhcaoilead ar m'aindeire i láctair don liobair ná léibre ná rítreora ná cirtleoisge ná rean-caille ná malpaise breac-luirgnige do rcsíob an shorta agus do leis do'n amplad, do fuair an aindeire mar oisgneact, agus o'fógluim sac ealaða ceirnim, do déanfaó dá leit de'n pírata lá breas raimfaió cum a poinnte, agus do leanfaó an préactán trearna trí páirceann as iarfaió a bainte de.

Díod a fíor asac nac i rin an sóirt o'á n-iarfainn-re déarc ná o'á noctrainn mo cár ná o'á leactrainn aránaca mo éirí n-a fiaðhaise. Act do tuisgead dom nuair do connac maire agus meóir, muirinn agus mórdact, seal-ghé, rceim, agus crot na rcead-aindeire géir-ghile cneac-áilne glan-ghnírísge ná heiteocad rí ar son a cneirim agus a shradaim agus a sháda Dé agus a hoinis a bar bairr-geal agus a lámh fáda leabair dáctamail glan-éirícinne mear-cumta do fínead le déirc cum an donáin buict ro do-béarfaió uair le luar a bfaidhó ré de beannaectuib; agus má'r oic o'iarfair ir ró-mait o'altócaó, má'r ríu a bfaidhó é.

Do labhair an cléireac Shobnaite agus ir é adubairt:

Náir beirid Dia ar an raogal go bpat tú go mbeirid i maectanar do cota do lois, ó taol com mait rin cuise!

A NATIONAL FLAG.

[From Thomas Francis Meagher's Recruiting speech at Music Hall, Boston, U.S.A., June 23rd, 1863.]

This day I stood on Bunker Hill, and, casting my eye along the stately shaft, I saw it there, with nothing between it and God's own sun, and I thought as those glorious hues reflected the favouring sunshine that there burst from it memories which would kindle the dullest into heroism. Let no one, however practical he may be, however sensible or sagacious he may be, sneer at a nation's flag. A national flag is the most sacred thing that a nation can possess. Libraries, museums, exchequers, tombs, and statues of great men—all are inferior to it. It is the illuminated diploma to its authority; it is the imperishable epitomisation of its history. As I cast my eye along the shaft of granite, what did I see there? I saw Cornwallis deliver up his sword. I saw the British troops evacuating the city of New York. I saw George Washington inaugurated as the first President of the United States. I saw the lofty brow and gaunt frame of Andrew Jackson. I saw the veterans of the Peninsular War reeling before the fire of Tennessee rifles in the swamps of Louisiana. I saw the thunders and lightning of Lake Erie, when Perry commanded them to go forth and sweep the friend of the South and the enemy of the North from its waters. I saw the American sailor pursuing his desolate and heroic way up the interminable stream of the Amazon, disclosing a new world even within the New World, to the industry and avarice of the age. I saw, in the Bay of Smyrna, the hunted prey of Austria rescued beneath the Stars and Stripes. I saw the towers of Mexico and Causeway over which Cortez went. I saw those towers and that causeway glistening in a glory greater than even Cortez brought to Spain. I saw the white bird floating, when the explorers stood upon the shore of the land which

the human eye had never before seen mirrored. These and a throng of other grand incidents passed like a vision over those Stars as I stood beneath them this day. Oh, may that flag never incur another disaster! May the troops who carry it into action die where they receive the fatal fire rather than yield one inch of the soil over which it has a right to float! May the troops who carry it into action henceforth have this motto written upon its folds—"Death if you will, victory if God will give it to us, but no defeat and no retreat!" Oh, if this is not worth fighting for, if that flag is not worth fighting for, if the country which it typifies and over which it has the right to expand its folds, if the principles which it symbolises—if these are not worth fighting for—if the country which Mirabeau, with his superb diction, spoke of flowingly even during its infancy, which De Tocqueville recommended with such calm wisdom and accurate philosophy to the acceptance and respect of the statesmen of the Old World, which Burke with the magnificence of his mind pictured in its development, even when there was but the "seminal principle," as he said himself, of its magnitude upon the earth—if this and these are not worth fighting for—ininitely better worth fighting for than all the Kings and Queens, than all the Gibaltars and Seraglios, than all the jungles and pagodas which Irishmen have fought for under European flags, then I stand in the minority. But it is not so. If in a minority I stand to night uttering these words and this invocation, it is in a minority of twenty millions against ten. This, too, I know—that every Irishman this side of Mason and Dixon's line is with me. If there is one who is not let him take the next Galway steamer and go home. And, I believe this—that he will not only have his expenses paid, but something left in his pocket to enable him to praise England when he gets there.

A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE.

[On receiving a shamrock in a letter from Ireland, March 17th, 1865.]

O, postman ! speed thy tardy gait—
Go quicker round from door to door ;
For thee I watch, for thee I wait,
Like many a weary wanderer more.
Thou bringest news of bale and bliss—
Some life begun, some life well o'er.
He stops—he rings ! O, Heaven ! what's this ?
A shamrock from the Irish shore !

Dear emblem of my native land,
By fresh fond words kept fresh and green ;
The pressure of an unfelt hand—
The kisses of a lip unseen ;
A throb from my dead mother's heart—
My father's smile revived once more.
Oh, youth ! Oh, love ! Oh, hope ! thou art,
Sweet Shamrock from the Irish shore !

Enchanter, with thy wand of power,
Thou makest the past be present still :
The emerald lawn—the lime-leaved bower—
The circling shore—the sunlit hill :
The grass, in winter's wintriest hours,
By dewy daisies dimpled o'er,
Half hiding, 'neath their trembling flowers,
The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

And thus, where'er my footsteps strayed,
By queenly Florence, kingly Rome—
By Padua's long and lone arcade—
By Ischia's fires and Adria's foam—

By Spezzia's fatal waves that kissed
 " My Poet " calmly sailing o'er :
 By all, by each, I mourned and missed
 The Shamrock of the Irish shore !

I saw the palm-tree stand aloof
 Irresolute 'twixt sand and sea ;
 I saw upon the trellised roof,
 Outspread, the wine that was to be.
 A giant-flowered and glorious tree,
 I saw the tall magnolia soar ;
 But there, even there, I longed for thee,
 Poor Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Now on the ramparts of Boulogne
 As lately by the lonely Rance
 At evening as I watched the sun,
 I look !—I dream ! Can this be France ?
 Not Albion's cliffs—how near they be !—
 He seems to love to linger o'er
 But gilds, by a remoter sea
 The Shamrock on the Irish shore !

I'm with him in that wholesome clime—
 That fruitful soil, that verdurous sod—
 Where hearts unstained by vulgar crime
 Have still a simple faith in God,
 Hearts that in pleasure and in pain,
 The more they're trod rebound the more,
 Like thee, when wet with Heaven's own rain,
 O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Here on the tawny fields of France,
 Or in the rank, red English clay,
 Thou show'st a stronger form, perchance :
 A bolder front thou may'st display,

More able to resist the scythe
That cuts so keen, so sharp before :
But then, thou art no more the blithe
Bright Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Ah ! me, to think thy scorns, thy slights,
Thy trampled tears, thy nameless grave
On Fredericksburgh's ensanguined heights,
Or by Potomac's purple wave !
Ah ! me, to think that power malign
Thus turns thy sweet green sap to gore—
And what calm rapture might be thine,
Sweet Shamrock of the Irish shore !

Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art ;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day a festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart—what more ?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

And shall I not return thy love ?
And shalt thou not, as thou should'st be
Placed on thy son's proud heart, above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis ?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
I vowed to press thy cheek once more,
And lie for ever at thy feet,
O, Shamrock of the Irish shore !

D. F. M'CARTHY.

SEAN-ÞÓTAIRE AG CUR CAIINTE AR A BUIOÉAL.

(Sean-méirceoir 'na fíúe or comairi éiláir agur buioéal polam uirce beaṭaṭ ar a agairi amac.)

An tura tá ann a élaṭaire cam, a bíteamhnaig bpaṭaig, a fealltóir cealgais, a réarcail gan máoin gan maic? An é an caoi 'bhuil tú ag magar fúm le do rcpuis fada buib, agur le do béal ghránna go bhuil balat bpiéan an bio-táille ag éirge amac ar? 'Seat go deapbta ir tura atá romam, a millteoir. Nac tú an buacáill atá go beaṭuigte bolgac, go pleamhain plioc, go huaiṭpneac porcamail, maioṭ-teac aitreac! Mallaṭ De go deo ort. Mallaṭ a ṭatimis agur a ṭiocfaiṭ ort! Ní fuláir ná go bhuil cúrraire magair agat fúm-ra tar éir an gno tá deanta agat orim a mupalóir gan truaig agur a rompaire gan náire! Deag-cara ṭam-ra bí ionnat gan ampar. Do ṭugar mo máoin agur mo faogal agur mo pláinte buit. Do ṭugar mo cáil agur mo clú buit. Do tréigear gac don cara eile dá raiṭ agam ar do fon. Do ṭugar mo neart agur mo meabair agur m'aigne buit. Do ṭugar ghráṭ mo épiore agur mo cléibe buit. Do bponnar gac arṭ fíú de'n traozal mé ort. Ní'l éan-maitear ná deag-puṭ ná cráibteacṭ dá raiṭ i riam agam nac fuil caite uaim ar do fon. Do b'feairi liom tura ná cáirde ná pláinte, ná maitear, ná tréit ar bit eile dá áilneacṭ iat. Ní'l dá méio dá ṭugar buit nac amlaiṭ ba móioe do éiocpar agur do éuro raintte go móir. Céarṭ tá agam dá báir rin agur uile? Tá mórán, gan bpiéag. Tá an cóta caite reo agam agur an rean-cáibín reo go bhuil ghuag mo éinn ag fár amac trío! Tá na rean-bpirtioe reo agam, má'r ceart bpirtioe do éur ar na gioblaib lobta ro gur péioir mo épioceann buioe o'feicrint fá na pollaib atá ortá! Tá na rean-bpóga ro agam fpeirin, agur méara mo dá cor ag ríneat tríoṭa amac! A buioéil mo épiore irtig, ná habraṭ éinne ná go bhuil mṭce go leor tabarṭa agat dam. Féac ar an trpóin bpiéag, lonnpaig, áluinn

reo tã ag ðeiriugað mo ðionnaighe ! fëac ar an mbéal ro nac fuil aét 'n-a éab gan cuma gan ðealb gan éruc ! nac ðear an dá þur atá agam agur iad go bþirte méircreac gan ðac ná comarcta na folá ionnta ! fëac ar an lámh ghránða reo agur í go corrac cpeatac cam ! nac í an lámh áluinn í gan mearctal le n-a cuio méar palac nár blair éan-uirce ó'n oirðce úo gur fás tú mé faoi'n gclaiðe. Ué mo éoinriar ! ir iongantaac an éolann í reo ar fao atá agam, agur a éara ir ðuit-re amáin ba tuga mo ðuideacar mar gëall ar an gcuma atá uirte.

À ðiteamnaig ðuib ó'r amlaio atáir ór mo éómar amac anoir ní rtaoraið mé ðe mo cuio cainnte io' éaoib go ðtí go mbéio mo lán-tráit ráioite agam. Ir maið ir cuimin liom an éao uair ar cuir tú ar meirce mé. Ðar go ðeimin go ðeo na ðileann ðeamian ðearmao a ðéanraið mé ar an taom ðóighe ðo bí orm agur mé ag ðúirigeaét ar mo éotlað lá ar na bárac. Ir maið ir cuimin liom é mar go raib tinnear agur pian ag rcoilteað mo éloiginn, agur bí clabair agur múnlaac an bóðair triomuighe ar mo cuio éadaið go mba ðóic le héinne gur érain muice bí n-a lúige i lár an tige. Ir iomða uair ó'n oirðce rin ar imir tú an cleaí céadna orm ag bainc mo céille agur mo meabrac ðiom go ðtí gur fás tú im' pleibirte amuideac rínte ar éaoib na rraioe mé, go bþoirið Ðia orm. Ir cuimin liom freirin an oirðce fúgað úo i n-ar pórac mo ðeirþþiúr boét Róirín. Níorþ fáda gur cuir tú ðiabal irteaé 'mo éroioe gur tugaí iarraét fá rcoirnac mo ðreicþráctar ðo gëarrað agur éóðair nar marþuigear é. Ðo bþirear cpoioe mo máctar boicte ar ðo fon-ra a buioéil bþéin, agur b'í an máctair ba mionla agur ba éeannra, agur ba éraibéige dá raib ag mac i riam í. 'Seað a ðiabal gan trócaire gan truaighméil, ir tura ðo cuir ð'fíacaið orm a cpoioe ðo bþireað ðe bárr mo cuio cuirpéaéta agur meirceamlaéta go ðtí go bþuair rí báí faoi ðeireað, beannaét uilir Ðé le n-a hanam glan. Ruð eile ðe, a élaðaire málluighe, ir tura ðo cuir go minic fá glar inr an bþriórún ðoréa

mé, cum go mbeaó ré 'uain agus 'onaó agam beit as cup agus as cúiteamh go ceann tamail ar an rlabhraó do bí cupa agat timcheall mo mhúinéil. I r iomda uair ar iarrar rcaraimaint leat, aét bí tú ró-láidir dom. Nár tugar briú an pórúir i láthair an áthar Antoini,—beannaét Dé ar a ceann liaé-bán!—aét ní túirce connaic mé do cab ouó agus balaó na oighe as éiríge aníor ar do goile ná cuipir fá 'bpaoidéac mé gur bpipear mo mionna ariú? 'Seao muir'! I r doibinn mar éiríú an raogal liom ó roin! Do cuipéao mé ar m'obair lae. Do cuip tú mé as tairteal na típe im' bpeallán oíomaoín oíoc-ghóacá do na. Cao é mar íagá rir nó feicúig mé anoir? Ní deocair é rin 'innrint! Leibíde leirceamail agus lomair rcarairte gan áirí atá ionnam. Ní féidir mo leicéirí de peacac pótaire ná de meirceoir meacta o'fágail ra tír. Bíonn na daoine as reigead agus as rceallao mágaíó fúm agus mé as pámaillig agus as bailiréipeac ar fuo an baile móir go oí go gcuipéao fúm féin ra' bplodais!

Aét a buidéilín táir go bfuil balaó o'ánála mar beao gal íppinn as múrcailt an diaabail ionnam, táim beas nac cuipéac tnaíóte tabarca cupa ó beit dom' ríor-bualao ríor go talamh agat, agus le congnaí Dé agus Muiré tá oiréao páíóte agam de'n turur ro. Béarparí mé iarrac eile fá tú do éreigean. Béirí mé réirí leat go fóill! Má tá féin go bfuil buaidóte agat oim go oí ro ní mar rin a béar an rceal feara. I r goirpe cabair Dé ná an oopar! Raáirí me an nóimí ro ar loig an áthar Antoini ariú. Fear ceannra geanaíail go bfuil truaig aige do'n peacac las, 'reao é. Ní oíic go n-eiteo' ré mé raoi n-a beannaét do tabairt dam, agus gan ionnam aét ruaracán. Sé a cuipéar ar bealac mo leara mé. Éiré' mé arat a buidéil gánóda, agus nár feicirí mé do macramail de gaoiríde mí-naíreac ariú an fáirí a' beo mo ceann! Slán agat!

(Iméigean ré go taparí.)

AN BUACAILLÍN buiríe (i mbanba).

THE RETURNED PICTURE.

[Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, while her husband was imprisoned at Portland in 1866, sent him a likeness of herself and her baby, born a week after Rossa's conviction and accordingly never seen by him. The picture was returned accompanied by a note from the Governor to the effect that the Regulations did not allow such things to prisoners.]

Refused admission ! Baby, Baby,
Don't you feel a little pain ?
See, your picture with your mother's
From the prison back again.
They are cruel, cruel jailers—
They are heartless, heartless men.

Ah, you laugh, my little Flax-Hair !
But my eyes are full of tears ;
And my heart is sorely troubled
With old voices in my ears :
With the lingering disappointment
That is shadowing my years !

Was it much to ask them, Baby—
These rough menials of the Queen—
Was it much to ask to give him
This poor picture, form, and mien
Of the wife he loved, the little son
He never yet had seen ?

Ah, they're cruel, cruel jailers ;
They are heartless, heartless men ;
To bar the last poor comfort from
Your father's prison pen ;
To shut our picture from the gates,
And send it home again !

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

MARTYRED

November 23rd, 1867.

There are three graves in England newly dug ;
 In England there are three men less to-day—
 Allen, O'Brien, Larkin—their brief sun has set,
 —To rise in God's clear day.

I saw them, the unconquerable Three,
 Mount the black gallows for their country's faith,
 As with the high, heroic scorn of life they kissed
 The frozen lips of death.

Earth reeled in darkness, as, one after one,
 Knitted like steel, passed up the sloping stair,
 And in their eyes and in their faces shone
 The hope that shames despair.

Below, the turbulent, fierce multitude
 Glared at the martyrs wildly ; but they stood,
 Willing for Ireland and her trampled cause
 To shed their heart's last blood.

The thick November fog came up and rolled
 A livid light round each defiant head ;
 Ah, not at Marathon or Bannockburn,
 Have braver soldiers bled !

The thin, pale face of Allen, O'Brien's gaze,
 And Larkin, fainting from the press of doom,
 Seemed like the Trinity of Ireland's trust,
 In that foul morning's gloom.

'Twas over, and they fell ; one little pause,
 And the sun, battling with the mist, broke out,
 And with a glory, to November new,
 He hemmed them round about.

Even the passionate pallor of the crowd
Crimsoned into a pity, as the Three,
Smitten by the Empire's sword of rope,
Passed to Eternity.

And there rose wailings from the living mass
Of Irish voices, trebly multiplied ;
But through the torrent of the funeral cry
There swept a certain pride.

For who, of ours, compassionating them,
With tears o'erburthening his aching eyes,
Could stop the pulses of his heart that leaped
At that brave sacrifice ?

The worst was done that vengeance could achieve,
Or centuries of hatred fashion forth ;
And England glared down from the scaffold rail,
The Hangman of the Earth.

Three strangled corpses at her blood-stained feet,
Our darlings, they had laid down life's worst load.
Three corpses at her feet, and in the air,
Ours, and the Wrath of God !

So the vile tragedy, from act to act
Accumulating infamy, was done ;
The Revolution perished on the tree,
The Empire's arm had won.

O, fellow toilers, in this blinding night,
Of desperate and utter ignorance,
Trust me, the people's cause cannot so die,
Their flag has still a chance.

For fortune has our bleeding hostages,
The red print of their blood will bloom at length ;
Forget not the Apostle who exclaimed :
Weakness is future strength.

Ireland can spare a hundred thousand more
 Like them, and shrine their ashes in her tears,
 And still keep eyes upon her destiny
 Through multiplying years.

Sooner or later from the catacombs
 Of that cursed prison, where they sleep to-day,
 A nation, in the dazzling mail of might,
 Will lift their sacred clay.

And write their names upon the temple front
 Of our Pain-purchased Freedom, as of men,
 Who, could they rise from out their narrow beds,
 Would die for us again.

Therefore, keep hope, whilst unavailing tears
 Make women's cheeks and strong men's eyelids wet,
 By the All-seeing and Eternal Lord
 The cause shall triumph yet.

JOHN F. O'DONNELL.

bean na cleite caoile.

Níor tásair liom ceart, beart, ná briotar doibhíur.
 leabhar ná ceacht, ná rann 'na d'eilb d'irig;
 Níor caitead mé 'r fáo go ceacht im' f'eirbiread,
 1r im' reachtair ceartc ag Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Do caitear-ra real fé nat ar leirg laoite,
 1 gcaitheam fear 1r flat 1r cneidm íora.
 Airgead geal im' glaic gan doirb-níó ar bit,
 Cé doilb mo mear ag Bean na Cleite Caoile.

1r é lágair mo mear, do mead, do meirb m'intinn
 nac mairéann na flatá lean an cneidm díreac,
 'Do canad na ranna rcannad t'read a rinnear
 'S do dainfead an fáil do Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Ir fearac nár cleactar teact i nbeiread coimearcair
 as ceapact 'r as cairmirt cailliige ceirniige cinnite;
 ná 'n t-ácmann am i bpad ó breic an fír-áirt,
 so ndeaca fé rmacct as bean na Cleite Caoile.

Cé pda mé 's cairteal tpeab ir tigthe taoiread,
 Ir so breaca sac peact ir act ar fuio na ríogacta
 níor b'fearac mé ar clearaib fpara feill-ghíomac
 so "preabaire an gair" tá as Bean na Cleite Caoile.

Aitcím an Mac do ceap na ceitre roilire,
 flaitear, fairrige fearmann ir deilb daoine,
 so ngabair m'anam fearra 'na feilb dílir,
 Ir mé rcaramaint fé blar le Bean na Cleite Caoile.

SEÁN UA TUAMA.

THE PRIESTS OF IRELAND.

[The time has arrived when the interests of our country require from us, as priests and as Irishmen, a public pronouncement on the vital question of Home Rule. . . . We suggest the holding of an aggregate meeting in Dublin, of the representatives of all interested in this great question—and they are the entire people, without distinction of creed or class—for the purpose of placing, by constitutional means, on a broad and definite basis, the nation's demand for the restoration of its plundered rights.—*Extract from the Declaration of the Bishop and Priests of the Diocese of Cloyne, made on Sept. 15th, 1873.*]

You have waited, Priests of Ireland, until the hour was late;
 You have stood with folded arms until 'twas asked—Why do
 they wait?

By the fever and the famine you have seen your flocks grow
 thin,

Till the whisper hissed through Ireland that your silence was
 a sin.

You have looked with tearless eyes on fleets of exile-laden
 ships,

And the hands that stretched toward Ireland brought no
 tremor to your lips;

In the sacred cause of freedom you have seen your people
 band,
 And they looked to you for sympathy: you never stirred a
 hand;
 But you stood upon the altar, with their blood within your
 veins,
 And you bade the pale-faced people to be patient in their
 chains!
 Ah, you told them—it was cruel—but you said they were not
 true
 To the holy faith of Patrick, if they were not ruled by you;
 Yes, you told them from the altar—they, the vanguard of the
 Faith—
 With your eyes like flint against them—that their banding
 was a death—
 Was a death to something holy: till the heart-wrung people
 cried
 That their priests had turned against them—that they had
 no more a pride—
 That the English gold had bought you—yes, they said it—
 but they lied!

 Yea, they lied, they sinned, not knowing you—they had not
 gauged your love:
 Heaven bless you, Priests of Ireland, for the wisdom from
 above,
 For the strength that made you, loving them, crush back the
 tears that rose
 When your country's heart was quiv'ring 'neath the states-
 man's muffled blows:
 You saw clearer far than they did, and you grieved for
 Ireland's pain;
 But you did not rouse the people—and your silence was their
 gain;
 For too often has the peasant dared to dash his naked arm
 'Gainst the sabre of the soldier: but you shielded him from
 harm,

And your face was set against him—though your heart was
with his hand

When it flung aside the plough to snatch a pike for fatherland!

O, God bless you, Priests of Ireland! you were waiting with a will,
You were waiting with a purpose when you bade your flocks
be still;

And you preached from off your altars not alone the Word
Sublime,

But your silence preached to Irishmen :—" Be patient, bide
your time ! "

And they heard you, and obeyed, as well as outraged men
could do :

Only some who loved poor Ireland, but who erred in doubting
you,

Doubting you, who could not tell them why you spake the
strange behest—

You, who saw the day was coming when the moral strength
was best—

You, whose hearts were sore with looking on your country's
quick decay—

You, whose chapel seats were empty and your people fled
away—

You, who marked amid the fields where once the peasant
cabin stood—

You, who saw your kith and kindred swell the emigration
flood—

You, the *sagart* in the famine, and the helper in the frost—

You, whose shadow was a sunshine when all other hope was
lost—

Yes, they doubted—and you knew it, but you never said a word;
Only preached, " Be still ; be patient ! " and, thank God,
your voice was heard.

Now, the day foreseen is breaking—it has dawned upon the land,
And the priests still preach in Ireland : do they bid their
flocks disband ?

Do they tell them still to suffer and be silent ? No ! their words
Flash from Dublin Bay to Connacht, brighter than the gleam
of swords !

Flash from Donegal to Kerry, and from Waterford to Clare,
And the nationhood awaking thrills the sorrow-laden air.
Well they judged their time—they waited till the bar was
glowing white

Then they flung it on the anvil, striking down with earnest
might ;

And the burning sparks that scatter lose no lustre on the way,
Till five million hearts in Ireland and ten millions far away
Feel the first good blow, and answer ; and they will not rest
with one :

Now the first is struck, the anvil shows the labor well begun ;
Swing them in with lusty sinew, and the work will soon be done !
Let them sound from hoary Cashel ; Kerry, Meath, and Ross
stand forth ;

Let them ring from Cloyne and Tuam and the Primate of the
North ;

Ask not class or creed : let “ Ireland ! ” be the talismanic word ;
Let the blessed sound of unity from North to South be heard ;
Carve the words : “ No creed distinctions ! ” on O’Connell’s
granite tomb,

And his dust will feel their meaning and rekindle in the gloom.
Priest to priest, to sound the summons—and the answer, man
to man ;

With the people round the standard, and the prelates in the van.
Let the hearts of Ireland’s hoping keep this golden rule of
Cloyne

Till the Orange fades from Derry and the shadow from the
Boyne.

Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands they
reach !

“ After Christ, their country’s freedom do the Irish prelates
preach ! ”

JOHN BOYLE O’REILLY.

HOLD THE HARVEST.

Now, are you men, or are you kine, ye tillers of the soil ?
Would you be free, or evermore the rich man's cattle toil ?
The shadow on the dial hangs, that points the fatal hour—
Now, *hold your own !* or branded slaves, for ever cringe and
cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust,
Ye fill your mouths with beggars' swill, ye grovel for a crust ;
Your lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your
shameful heads,
Yet, they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your
beds !

Oh, by the God who made us all—the seignior and the serf—
Rise up ! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish
turf !

Rise up ! and plant your feet as men where now you crawl
as slaves,
And make your harvest fields your camps, or make of them
your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering 'round, the vultures wheel and
swoop—

They come, the coronetted *ghouls !* with drum-beat and with
troop—

They come, to fatten on your flesh, your children's and your
wives' ;

Ye die but once—hold fast your lands, and, if ye can, your
lives.

Let go the trembling emigrant—not such as he ye need ;
Let go the lucre-loving wretch that flies his land for greed ;
Let not one coward stay to clog your manhood's waking
power ;

Let not one sordid churl pollute the nation's natal hour.

Yes, let them go!—the caitiff rout, that shirk the struggle now—

The light that crowns your victory shall scorch each recreant brow,

And, in the annals of your race, black parallels in shame,
Shall stand, by traitors' and by spies', the base deserter's name.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung, by murdered corpses fed—

Your butchered sires, your famished sires, for ghastly com-
post spread ;

Their bones have fertilised your fields, their blood has fallen
like rain ;

They died that ye might eat and live—God ! have they died
in vain ?

The yellow corn starts blithely up ; beneath it lies a grave—
Your father died in “ Forty-eight ”—his life for yours he
gave—

He died, that you, his son, might learn there is no helper nigh
Except for him who, save in fight, has sworn he will not die.

The hour has struck, Fate holds the dice, we stand with bated
breath ;

Now who shall have our harvest fair ?—’tis Life that plays
with Death ;

Now who shall have our Motherland ?—’tis Right that plays
with Might ;

The peasants’ arms were weak indeed in such unequal fight !

But God is on the peasants’ side, the God that loves the poor,
His angels stand with flaming swords on every mountain
moor,

They guard the poor man’s flocks and herds, they guard his
ripening grain,

The robber sinks beneath their curse beside his ill-got gain.

O, pallid serfs ! whose groans and prayers have wearied
 Heaven full long,
 Look up ! there is a law above, beyond all legal wrong ;
 Rise up ! the answer to your prayers shall come, tornado
 borne,
 And ye shall hold your homesteads dear, and ye shall reap
 the corn !

But your own hands upraised to guard shall draw the answer
 down,
 And bold and stern the deeds must be that oath and prayer
 shall crown ;
 God only fights for them who fight—now hush the useless
 moan,
 And set your faces as a flint and swear to Hold Your Own !

FANNY PARNELL.

ARAÓIR IS MÉ IM' AONAR.

Araoir ir mé im' aonar coir taoibhe an gaoitear
 fá dhion duille géag-ghair' im' luige,
 Lem' taoibh gur fuirb rpeirbhean ba tré-bhinne réir gurb
 ná caoi éruit, gur éantait ir piob ;
 Dá coimheact bí caoc-ghiolla céar mé 'r do mill
 le raigeaobais, dá léar-cup trém' taoibh deir go cruinn,
 Do claoirb mé gan faéream le díoghair do'n réilteann
 Do b'aoibhe rceim aghur ghaol.

Litir ir caora bí ag coimearcar 'r ag pléirheact
 go piochmar 'na réim-leacain ghrinn,
 I gcir glain a déir mion, dob' pior-dear a béal tana,
 A bpaioite, 'r a claoon-porc gan teimeal ;
 A caoin-mama géara gan claoclaob ar a cli,
 A piob ir a haol-corp mar géir ar an tuinn,
 Ba trinnreac tair néamhac tiug buirde carra péarisc
 A claoi-folt go caol-trois ar b'ir.

Ba túirpreac mé im' d'aoir-rppear nuair rmúinear trém'
néaltaið

Ar cúrraið an traoḡail éleapais élaoin,
An trád múrclár do léimear le rúin-ferac do'n réilteann
1 lúib coille b'aepeac san teimeal:

Bí lonnrað ó p'éabur i nḡeasaið sac cpainn,
Bí lonnrað ba néam'dac ar sac don bairi as luige,
Bí lonnrað ó'n bpéarla so dtabarpað mac Séamuir
San cunntar fí réim éirt 'na ríogacht.

A rúin díl mo cléib, t'ainm tabair dom leo' r'aoir-toil,
1r múrcail dom fáeream san moill;
An tú lúnd no b'éanur 'nar umlaig an laoc mear
An t-uball dí san pléir tar sac mnaoi;
Inniur dom an tú Héilein tug léir-r'cior na Traoi,
No plúir na mban Déirpore rair g'éir-ferac do Naoir;
An tú Minéarba no an cúilfionn do tréig Tailc,
Lé'r túrnað na céadta san bpiḡ.

1r búadac blarta béapac umal o'fpeasair an béit mé,
1r dúbairt: 1r mé Éire san t'im
Cúgat-ra le r'céaltaið ar cunntar mo laoc mear
Do túrnað le tréimre tar tuinn.
1r rúbac díocpaíð Séarlur 'na réim éirt arir
'S sac r'pionnra o'fuil Éibir 'na r'aoir-bailtib ríteac',
Úir do binne 1r cléir céart 'na n'óútcár san éiclipr
1r búra an b'éarla san bpiḡ.

1r rúgac beir ḡaeḡeala 'na n'óún-bpogaið aol'oa
Le congnaim an Éin-Mic san moill,
So r'ionn fleapac fáirtac mear-trúipeac caitréimeac,
'S o'a b'pionnra céart geillir sac rí.
Beir múcad 'sur traocad 'ca ar b'éaraið an fill,
Stioct liútair na ḡclaon-béart ná ḡéileann do Ériort,
Oa d'túrnað tar tréan-muir ní dúbac liom a r'céalta,
San lionnta, san fáirta, san r'ion.

TAḶḶ ḡaeḡealac ó súilleabáin.

CUI BONO ?

If all the wrath of England ran
To fill the land with ruin-fires,
If all her bloodiest hounds began
To tear us as they tore our sires :

If every cabin felt the flame,
And all the fields were waste and red,
Till silence o'er our highways came—
Such silence as will bless the dead :

If blood were spilled in thunder-showers,
Where'er the hunted came to bay
And all the grass and all the flowers
Were stained and sickened day by day :

If once again the maidens cried
To all the hills to hide their heads,
And babes and mothers side by side
Lay butchered in their bloody beds :

If all the love that lit the land,
When priests knew well how hunger kills,
Flashed out again, when bruised and banned,
The priests were with us on the hills :

If in the lonely mountain cave
We heard how Jude and Macchabee
Cried God's great curse to smite the slave
Who e'er forgot God made him free :

If all the tears our fathers shed
Came back to us, and all the groans ;
And wives and sons and daughters dead
Lay, with no priest to bless their bones :

All, all were vain to quench the fires
 That burn within our veins to-day ;
 So help us, God, that helped our sires,
 We cannot give the land away !

REV. J. J. MURPHY (FIONN BARRA.)

THE EXILE OF THE GAEL.

[Read at the 150th Anniversary of the Irish Charitable Society, Boston,
 March 17th, 1887.]

It is sweet to rejoice for a day—
 For a day that is reached at last !
 It is well for wanderers in new lands,
 Slow climbers towards a lofty mountain pass,
 Yearning with hearts and eyes strained ever upward,
 To pause and rest on the summit—
 To stand between two limitless outlooks—
 Behind them, a winding path through familiar pains and
 ventures ;
 Before them, the streams unbridged and the vales untravelled.

What shall they do nobler than mark their passage
 With kindly hearts, mayhap, for kindred to follow ?
 What shall they do wiser than pile a cairn
 With stones from the wayside, that their tracks and names
 Be not blown from the hills like sand, and their story be lost
 for ever ?

“ Hither,” the cairn shall tell, “ Hither they came and
 rested ! ”

“ Whither ? ” the searcher shall ask with questioning
 eyes on their future.

Hither and Whither ! O Maker of Nations ! Hither and
Whither the sea speaks,
Heaving ; the forest speaks, dying ; the Summer whispers,
Like a sentry giving up the watchword, to the muffled Winter
Hither and Whither ! the Earth calls wheeling to the Sun ;
And like ships on the deep at night, the stars interflash the
signal.

Hither and Whither, the exiles' cairn on the hill speaks—
Yea, as loudly as the sea and the earth and the stars.
The heart is earth's exile : the soul is heaven's ;
And God has made no higher mystery for stars.

Hither—from home ! sobs the torn flower on the river :
Wails the river itself as it enters the bitter ocean ;
Moans the iron in the furnace at the premonition of melting ;
Cries the scattered grain in Spring at the passage of the
harrow.
In the iceberg is frozen the rain's dream of exile from the
fields ;
The shower falls sighing for the opaline hills of cloud ;
And the clouds on the bare mountains weep their daughter-
love for the sea.

Exile is God's alchemy ! Nations He forms like metals—
Mixing their strength and their tenderness ;
Tempering pride with shame and victory with affliction ;
Meting their courage, their faith, and their fortitude—
Timing their genesis to the world's needs !

“ What have ye brought to our Nation-building, Sons of the
Gael ?

What is your burden or guerdon from old Inisfail ?
Here build we higher and deeper than men ever built before ;
And we raise no Shinar tower, but a temple for evermore.

What have ye brought from Erin your hapless land could spare ?
Her tears, defeats, and miseries ? Are these, indeed, your share ?
Are the mother's *caoine* and the *bean sidhe's* cry your music
for our song ?

Have ye joined our feast with a withered wreath and a
memory of wrong ?

With a broken sword and treason-flag from your Banba of
the seas ?

O, where in our House of Triumph shall hang such gifts as
these ? ”

O, soul, wing forth ! what answer across the main is heard ?
From burdened ships and exiled lips—write down, write down
the word !

“ No treason we bring from Erin—nor bring we shame nor
guilt !

The sword we hold may be broken, but we have not dropped
the hilt !

The wreath we bear to Columbia is twisted of thorns, not
bays ;

And the songs we sing are saddened by thoughts of desolate
days.

But the hearts we bring for Freedom are washed in the surge
of tears ;

And we claim our right by a People's fight outliving a thousand
years ! ”

“ What bring ye else to the Building ? ”

“ O, willing hands to toil

Strong natures tuned to the harvest-song, and bound to the
kindly soil ;

Bold pioneers for the wilderness, defenders in the field—

The sons of a race of soldiers who never learned to yield.

Young hearts with duty brimming—as faith makes sweet the
due ;

Their truth to me their witness they cannot be false to you ! ”

“ What send ye else, old Mother, to raise our mighty wall,
For we must build against Kings and Wrongs a fortress never
to fall ? ”

“ I send you in cradle and bosom, wise brain and eloquent
tongue,

Whose crowns shall engild my crowning, whose songs for me
shall be sung.

O, flowers unblown, from lonely fields, my daughters with
hearts aglow,

With pulses warm with sympathies, with bosoms pure as
snow—

I smile through tears as the clouds unroll—my widening river
that runs !

My lost ones grown in radiant growth—proud mothers of
free-born sons !

My seed of sacrifice ripens apace ! The Tyrant's cure is
disease :

My strength that was dead like forest is spread beyond the
distant seas ! ”

“ It is well, aye well, old Erin ! The sons you give to me
Are symbolled long in flag and song—your Sunburst on the
Sea !

All mine by the chrism of Freedom, still yours by their love's
belief ;

And truest to me shall the tenderest be in a suffering mother's
grief.

Their loss is the change of the wave to the cloud, of the dew
to the river and main ;

Their hope shall persist through the sea, and the mist, and
thy streams shall be filled again.

As the smolt of the salmon go down to the sea, and as surely
come back to the river,

Their love shall be yours while your sorrow endures, for God
guardeth His Right for ever !

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE REVEL OF THE WEE FOLK.

(AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY).

Come closer still, a leabh, let me whisper in your ear,
There is something I would tell you, and I want none else to
hear :

They were back last night, a cúirtle, they were full a thousand
strong ;

I watched them on the green beyond, so busy all night long.

There were some from Aughawinny ; there were some from
Knockabrin ;

They were there, too, from Knockalla, from Cruacán and
from Bunlinn ;

And the princely ones from Aiteac brought some bards their
Court among,

And from Srianán little dancers and wee pipers came along.

And a hundred fairy millers brought a flat stone from the
shore,

And they set their mill upon it over there fornenst the door ;

Then a hundred little waggoners brought each his store of corn,

And every little waggon held its load of meal at morn.

But, uc, a leabh óilír, sure 'twas I was ill content

To be there alone among them, though a merry night we
spent,

For so sick was I and weary that I scarce could heed the play

Of the wee red jovial revellers, so merry-voiced and gay.

It was wearing on to morning when the milling all was done,

And the millers and the waggoners were joining in the fun,

When above the din and music a "discordant note" was
heard,

'Twas the crowing of the bantam out behind there in the yard.

Well, a cioróe, such helter-skelter I had never seen before,
Such running here, and running there, confusion and uproar ;
And in less time than I tell it, I was back in bed again,
With the voices of " the wee folk " making music in my brain.

CATAL MACGARDAIS.

MACCTNAMH AN DUINE DOILGEASAIS.

Oiróce dom go doilís duairc,
Coir fearrúge na dtonn dtreán,
As léar-rmaoineamh, ir as luad,
Ar coraib cnuada an traošail.

Ói an pae 'r na réalta ruar,
Níor élor fuaim tuinne na tráša
Ir ní maib šal ann de'n šaoit
Do cnotrao barr crainn ná blát.

Do šluaircar amac liom féin
Šan aipe 'šam ar maon mo řiubail
Dořar cille šur dearc mé
'Šan šconair péro ór mo éionn.

Do řtao mé 'řan nřořar řean
'Nar šnát almranna ir aoibeaót
Dá nřáil do'n lořar ašur do'n laš
An trát do mař luót an tiše.

Ói řorao řiar ar a taoib
Ir cian ó cuireao i šclóo
Ar a řuireao řaoite 'r cliar
Ir tairteaiais řiallta an řóro.

Šuró mé řior le macctnamh lán
Do leigear mo lám řém' šruao
Šur tuit řřara diana dear
Óm' dearcuib ar an břear anuar.

Aduabairt mé annroin fé tít
 Agus mé as caoi go cumad :
 Do bí aimpear ann 'na raið
 An tís ro go roibh rubad.

Iy ann do bí cluig iy cliair,
 Dpéacra diaðacra dá léigean,
 Coraire ceatal agus ceol
 As molað mópðacra Dé.

Focrað folam san áir
 An t-áruir ro iy árra túir
 Iy iomða eargal agus gaot
 Do buail fé maolaib do múir.

Iy iomða fearctainn agus fuact
 Iy ruium éuin do éuir díot,
 Ó cioðlaiceað tú ar dtúir
 Do Rís na n'Dúl mar tigeir.

A múir naomta na mbeann nglar,
 Do b'ópnáio do'n tír reo tríd;
 Díombáio dian liom do rcpior
 Agus cur do naom ar fán.

Iy uaisneac acaoir anoir,
 Ní'l ionac coraire ná ceol,
 Acet rcpéacáð na sceann scat
 I n-ionad na palm rogal!

Aitnéan as earcar ór do rpuais
 Neanntós fuad io' uplár úr
 Tarann caol na rionnac reang
 Iy cpónán na n-eir io' éluio.

Mar a nglaoðað an fuireos móð
 Do éleir as canað na dtíad
 Ní'l teanga as corpuirde anoir
 Acet teanga gliogair na scás.

Δτά το πρoινντεαc ζαν βιαθ
 Το ςυαιν-λιoρ ζαν ιεαβα βλατε,
 Το τεαρμοιnn ζαν ιoυβαιρε cλειρ
 Νά αιρρεανν το Όια οά ςαθ.

Ό'ιmεic ζο ιυαιm αζυρ το ςιαζail
 Ιρ το ευαλλαcτ ςέ cian cραιο ;
 Οc ! nι ςιονnaiм ανοιρ ςέο' ιαθαο
 Δcτ cαρnάν cριαοτα cnañ.

Οc ! anφoρlann ιρ anuaiл,
 Anθpoιo anuaiρ ιρ αιnυλιζε ;
 ςοιρneapт nañao ιρ cpeaαo cρuaiο,
 Ό'ϲαζ ζo ηuaiζneac tú map таοι !

Το βioρ-ρα ςέin ςona ςeal,
 ςοιρioρ ! το cλαocloιo mo cιo ;
 Caiuic τοοιρ an тpaοζail im' αζαιο,
 Ιρ nι'л ςeιoм opm Δcт bρoñ.

Ό'ιmεic mo ιυαοaiл αζυρ mo ιύт,
 Raαapc mo ςύл, αζυρ mo тpeoiρ,
 Δταο mo cάιpoe 'ζυρ mo cιann
 'San ζcιл ςeo ζo ςann αζ oρeoζao !

Δτά ouaiρceap ap mo oρeac,
 Ta mo cρoioe 'na cρoταl cno ;
 Oá bρoιρceao opm an baρ
 Oa oεapθ m'ϲáιлte ςέ n-a cóñaiρ.

seán ó coilleáin.

ONLY A DYIN' CROW.

" 'Tis only a thievin' crow," he said, as he pointed to where it lay,

Shot-shattered and torn, with wings outspread on the rich brown fresh-ploughed clay ;

" Sure you needn't be sad 'cause a wounded crow has fluttered down here to die "—

But a sorrowful look clouds the old man's brow as he huskily makes reply—

" Yis, 'tis only wan that you've shot, me boy, of a thievin' thribe, as you say ;

But the fluttherin' fall that to you gave joy lies sore on my heart to-day ;

For that dyin' bird is the link of a chain which binds me to times long past ;

An' I grieve to see his red life-blood drain, an' th' ould wings stilled at last.

" Ah, many a year has now gone past since wance on a March morn bright

I riz the *feerins**, an' *hunkeens*† cast, an' whistled in sperits light,

While close at me heels kem the noisy crows pickin' worms from the fresh brown clay,

As I ploughed up the sods in straight, close rows in the field where we stand to-day.

* *Feerin*.—The first or middle sod in a ridge. Probably a corruption of *fíinne*, as upon this sod all the others depend with regard to running in a straight or *true* line. A ploughman always says to "*raise a feerin*," and to "*cast a hunkeen*."

† *Hunkeen*.—The last, or closing sod of a ridge, ploughed from the furrow.

“ An’ wan foolish bird—I suppose he was young—got wedged
in a slow-fallin’ sod ;
The aichoes aroun’ with his frightened cries rung, as he
sthuggled in undher the clod ;
But his hoarse cawin’ stopped as I kem to his aid, an’ he
c’ased in his fluttherin’ strife—
Thinks I, the poor craithur is sorely afraid I’m comin’ to rob
him of life !

“ But he looked in me face wid a confident eye, as I lifted the
sod where he lay,
An’ his harsh voice was glad as he soared far on high : thank
you kindly, his caws seemed to say.
An’ I’d aisly know him again, I said, as he sailed thro’ the
clear air away,
For tho’ black was his body from tail-tip to head, his wings
wor a whitish grey.

“ An’ e’er since that March morn long years ago he looked
upon me as his friend,
An’ I found him to be a daicent good crow, that never to
maneness would bend ;
An’ when in the rich fields for miles all around the ‘shares
turned up stubble or lay,
To follow my plough he thought himself bound, so he hopped
at me heels every day.

“ So both of us kem to be comrades in toil in the same fields
our daily work lay,
An’ we gethered our livin’ from out the same soil, thro’ many
a long wairy day ;
An’ I larned all the ways of that curious ould crow, from the
mornin’ me hand set him free ;
An’ he studied too, as I’ve raison to know ; for he found out
a lot about me.

“ At laste—ah, the memory gladdens me now—when I walked
 with my Kate down yon lane,
 Ould Grey Wings sat perched on that big elm bough glancin
 knowin’ly down on us twain ;
 An’ when I was happy with her as my bride he joyously cawed
 from on high,
 As we rambled together in love side by side, in the summer
 eves long since gone by.

“ An’ our sunny-haired boy—Heaven rest him, I pray—who
 grew up so clane, strong, and tall,
 I mind how he kem to th’ fields wan warm day with tay for
 the haymakers all ;
 An’ he wandered away to—that tree there below, where he
 stretched his young limbs in the shade ;
 On a bough o’er his head sat that ould grey-winged crow
 lookin’ sober, an’ solemn, an’ staid.

“ An’ the cunnin’ ould fella soon saw that the boy was
 munchin’ some fresh griddle-bread,
 So he dropped from his perch with a loud caw of joy, an’
 hopped on th’ ground ’ithout dread ;
 An’ my boy laughed in glee as he threw the sweet crumbs to
 the crow hoppin’ round where he lay—
 Ah, that pickcher full oft to my heavy heart comes an’ I feel
 how I’m lonesome to-day.

“ Mo bhuachaillin bán ! —you’ve heard how he fell in the
 land o’ the west far away,
 When Ireland’s brave sons faced the fierce shot and shell on
 Fred’ricksburg’s terrible day,
 They tould me he charged, as he rushed long ago when he
 hurled on his own native plain ;
 But he died near the guns, with his face to the foe, in that
 land far away o’er the main.

" An' the mother—God rest her—the news broke her heart,
they say troubles come not alone ;
For death, that spares none, rudely pushed us apart, an'
claimed my loved wife as his own—
Let who will explain—I could swear that that crow, wept wid
me in me sorrowful days,
For he moped roun' the place wid his head hangin' low, an'
solemn an' sad wor his ways.

" But it's all over now an' me friend's goin' fast, the rough
baik is crimson wid gore ;
The hoarse voice is hushed an' his flights are all past—he'll
sail o'er the green fields no more.
The brown clay is soakin' his red ebbin' blood the knowin'
ould eyes are growin' dim ;
Their last look reprov'in' seems sayin' I should a-watched wid
more care over him.

" An' now, boy, you know why I'm sorry to-day, tho' 'twas
only an ould dyin' crow—
Can you wonder I'm sad when there dead on the clay lies the
comrade of times long ago ?
An' I shame not to mourn for the sad bloody fate of my
feathered friend honest and true,
The last link is snapped an' I've not long to wait till I sleep
the cowl'd lonesome sleep too."

PATRICK ARCHER.

THE MOUNTAIN WATERFALL.

Like lance from an ambushed one, glimmering, shimmering
flung,

Over the brink of the mountain 'tis hurled ;
Like Love to the arms of Love, from the grim heights above
Headlong it plunges into a new world.

And, oh ! of the seething, the writhing, the wreathing,
The broil and turmoil, but a demon may tell—
The cavernous thundering like gods enraged, sundering,
Riving with striving the cauldrons of hell !

Madly it bounds along, bawling its revel-song,
Sweeping and leaping with riotous glee—
Oh, the wild course of it ! oh, the dread force of it !
Maddened and gladdened, its spirit is free.

Tossing like white-maned steeds, hissing like wind-swept
reeds,
Flashing, and crashing, wild wave over wave—
Rising in anger, falling in clangour,
Like armour-clad knights on a field of the brave !

Pushing and crushing, white-plumed ones rushing,
Bursting to join in the weltering fray ;
Frenziedly dashing, deafeningly clashing—
The dust of the conflict configured in spray !

To the skies shouting, all order flouting—
Never was known such astounding career,
Dizzily swirling, wheeling and whirling—
On and away by moor, meadow, and mere !

Gleaming and glancing, like thick-massed pikes dancing,
 Hurrying, skurrying, over the plain ;
 Aught in the way of it ? Whish ! and away with it,
 Man, beast, or lumb'ring log, off to the main !

So, from its caging, resistless and raging,
 So shall young Freedom sweep over the land,
 To skies above sending its long wild shout, rending
 The sentinel hills with its thunderings grand !

Its track be a red one, its course be a dread one,
 A mad one, a glad one, for who will be free,
 And ah, for the quaking knaves ! ah, for the sons of slaves !
 Sas'nachs and soul-less ones swept to the sea !

SEAMUS MACMANUS. L

ÉIRE FÉ BRAT UAINE AG CAOINEAD A CLOINNE
 Ó CŌP NA nDEOR !

Míle go leit bliadan, a Dúia ! Ir fada an pé ! ir mór
 an aimpeari é. Níor b'iongnad dá mbeinn croma, corca,
 caitte, liat. Aét, féac an mar roin atá. Tá mo ghrúas
 dualac com flúirpeac fáinneac ir mar bíod fadó ; agus
 tá an sean-éiríde com mírneamail meannmac, dar liom,
 ir mar bí pé miam. Níl na reoda glé ag taitneam óm'
 brághaio pé mar bíod, ámtac ! fuaduigead mo feoda-ra
 go mion minic, a cáirde cléib. Na reoda luacmara do
 bain liom-ra atáio ag lonnrad ar brollac ir ar batar
 na namad anoir, agus táim-re annro agus gan luid umam
 aét an brat uaine do leis an Tigearna anuar oim agus
 an raozal i n-a óige. Aét táim páirta leis an mbriat ro :
 bí reoda go leor air trát, agus ca brior d'éinne ná go
 mbead air ?

Bíod a fíor, leir, a gairb ná fuilim-re a g fairpe ó'n tcríais reo ó torac an traoḡail. Bí cúram a gair oileamaint a gair órouḡad cloinne oim-ra leir. Cútuigear, cómairliúgear, t'órouigear mo clann féin nuair ba fuarac le ríad na ríoganta ir mó comact ar domhan inoiu. Ba beag le ríad iad nuair fíleat-ra na deora ar feorainn Dúin na nḡall an lá rcar Colm Cille liom. Ba beag le ríad iad ar fearó míle go leit bliadan i n-a díad ran nuair a bí mo clann ra a g cairteal na heorpa le lán mo tola. Báilú mo clann ra leo i n-a rluaiḡtib tar muir anonn. Cúior-tuigeadar na mílte, na dearg-mílte. Cornuigeadar eaglaír a gair ríeacta DÉ. Díbrúigeadar aineolar a gair ainveire ríompa. Scaipeadar léigean pé mar rcarptear rolar na ḡréine no t'ruict na rreire. D'fáḡadar mainrteacta a gair rcríbeanna a gair iarrmaíde i n-a ndíad, a dearg-buigean do'n traoḡal go ríadadar ann trát. Act bíodar péim' ríarad féin an taca ran. D'íad a mbriactra mo briactra féin. D'íad a mbéara mo béara féin. D'íad a tcréite mo tréite féin. Ní ríadamar a gair brat ar éinne act oirainn féin!

Á! act bíor-ra ríó-bog, ríó-leandáide, ríó-baoitcreitmeac ar ríad. Céarar náir mírte dom mo clann do ríaoilead uaim, cé ḡur táinú na Danair a gair ḡur rcríoradar an tóutais reo aríir a gair aríir eile ór cómar mo ríul. Cúir Dúian Dóiríne deirad le n-a pé ríú, ámtac. Máire, náir b'é Dúian an deag-mac, a gair náir b'é ríú an deag-raoḡal nuair d'fáḡaimir díorre na ḡeall ar dearg-leatad, a gair nuair a bíod ríadain ir fáilte ríom an ḡoiscriú, ba cuma cad ar go tóainú pé. A gair b'ole an díoḡal ar cúir aca é. Táḡadar go maíreac nuair ba beag é mo coinne leo. Tóḡadar mo cúram oirte féin. Márluigeadar, márbuigeadar, díbrúigeadar mo clann! Ba tóubríad an uain a gair i a g fairpe ó imeall loca Suillú ar uairtib Uíad a gair iad a gair pé ríol a b'ad i ḡeain. A gair b'uaiḡnige ríor mé ar bríac na Sionann a gair ríeactaint ar na ḡeideannáir ríadaine a gair rceinnead tóim go maíreir ḡaircú na heorpa.

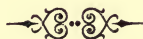
Ó, na mílte cloinne liom do tpoio go d'úctraíctad ar fuio na hEorpa agus gan de tuairisc le faḡáil orḡa féin ná ar a bpóir inoíu aḡt an oirḡeao ir mar aḡa ar ḡlíoḡt na n'Danar annro ar b'óirḡaib ḡlé na Laoi! Mo ḡreac agus mo ḡeao míle ḡreac!

Agus cá meara ran féin ná na mílte míle de roḡa mo cloinne do reolaḡ Cór Córcaíḡe amaḡ i lonḡaib éasḡruair agus oíoc-aicíoe, agus na ḡeaoḡa ḡeao o'áruíḡeao cum riubail fé ḡlariaib ḡeara nime toirḡ dian-ḡráḡ do beic aca oim-ra? Oḡón! mo ḡeao oḡón! ir iao do leonaḡ, ir iao do bapcaḡ, ir iao do marluíḡeao, ir iao do bácaḡ, ir iao do marbuiḡeao, ir iao do cailleaḡ go duib'ónac ainveir; ir iao a ḡcnáma tá aḡ feoḡaḡ ar fuio na cruinne, ar leacain ḡléibe agus i n-íocḡar fairḡḡe, go n'ḡeanaíao Dia tríoḡaíe ar a n-anamnaib uile! Agus mar bair ar ḡac donar aca reolaḡ Dainḡíogán iaraḡḡa an cuan irḡeac i ḡcorp-lár an ḡreacḡa; agus tuḡaḡ ainm iaraḡḡa ar Cór na n'Deor annro de bair a tuair, o'fonn ir mo ḡaraoio-re do b'reasnuḡaḡ mar ir ḡnác, ir oḡca. Tuḡaḡ Baile Dainḡíogna Sárana ar Cór Córcaíḡe fé mar tuḡaḡ Baile Ríog Sárana ar Dún Laoḡaíe tamall poime rin. Aḡ ro mar cuirḡear ḡaill agus ḡaillḡaḡar i n-ionao ḡaeḡeal agus a reanḡuir. Ar an ḡcuma ro mealḡḡar rinn; mar reo, leir, ir eao do múḡraíoe rinn oá b'reao-raíoe é!

Agus i n-a ainveoin reo, i n-ainveoin an ḡreacḡa, i n-ainveoin an éitḡ, i n-ainveoin mo duib'ón-re agus m'ainveire, féac na mílte cloinne liom inoíu agus inoé, agus anuairḡ agus aḡruḡaḡ anuairḡ, féac aḡ teicḡeao uaim beal an cuain amaḡ iao gan ḡcaonaḡ gan ror. Féac aḡ imḡeacḡt iao riap riap, agus aḡ ríir-imḡeacḡḡ; cuio aca cum an donair, cé nac móioe ḡuir eol oḡíḡ é; cuio aca cum tíorḡa na cruinne aḡt amáin a oḡíḡ ḡlar féin do cúir ar bealaḡ a leara; cuio aca, ir baoglaḡ, cum aicmíoe agus oaoine náir oein éasḡóir riam oim-ra do cúir i nḡéibeann ar ron na Sáranaḡ, mo míle b'íón!

A élañ, a élañ, cad éuige go ndéineann ríð ro? Cad éuige buí mátaí d'ilir féin do érígeann do réir mar eirígeann ríð ruar? Cad éuige raotai buí rean do féanao? Cad éuige ainmneada buí rínreai agus buí noútaíge do rcaoiléad ai ceal? Cad éuige buí scúl do tabairt ai ríuaircear agus buí n-agaíð do tabairt ai díabluirdeact an traogail? Níl gábtai ná cruadcan ná fóiréigean o'buí noíbir iníu. Fanaið, a élañ, i bfochai buí mátaí, mar roin: tá gábad iníu agus géar-gábad le raotai gac duine agaíð coir baile. Fan, a élañ, á, fan! Claoiríð le céile, cuiríð le céile, cabruigíð le céile! Tabair cúl láime le gac raíar Galladaí d'á oteasmócaí oíaið! Deimíð fan, á, dein! agus geallaim víð, le congnaí an doin-míic, go mbeíð an raí oíaið féin agus a rian ai rean-éirinn.

sceilt na sceol.



Seagn (Uist - Loughaire)
Torranh an Dharaithe
Amhran no m'Dam
Cuchullain
Ossian

Cailean deas cruichte nam - bó
Cead mille failte.

Bouchal,
Thueka
Thescann }

Oyeh
Gortach
Oon - an - aar

Alanna

Agragal

Triska

Milé

Failte

Alannar

Sugan

Sinn

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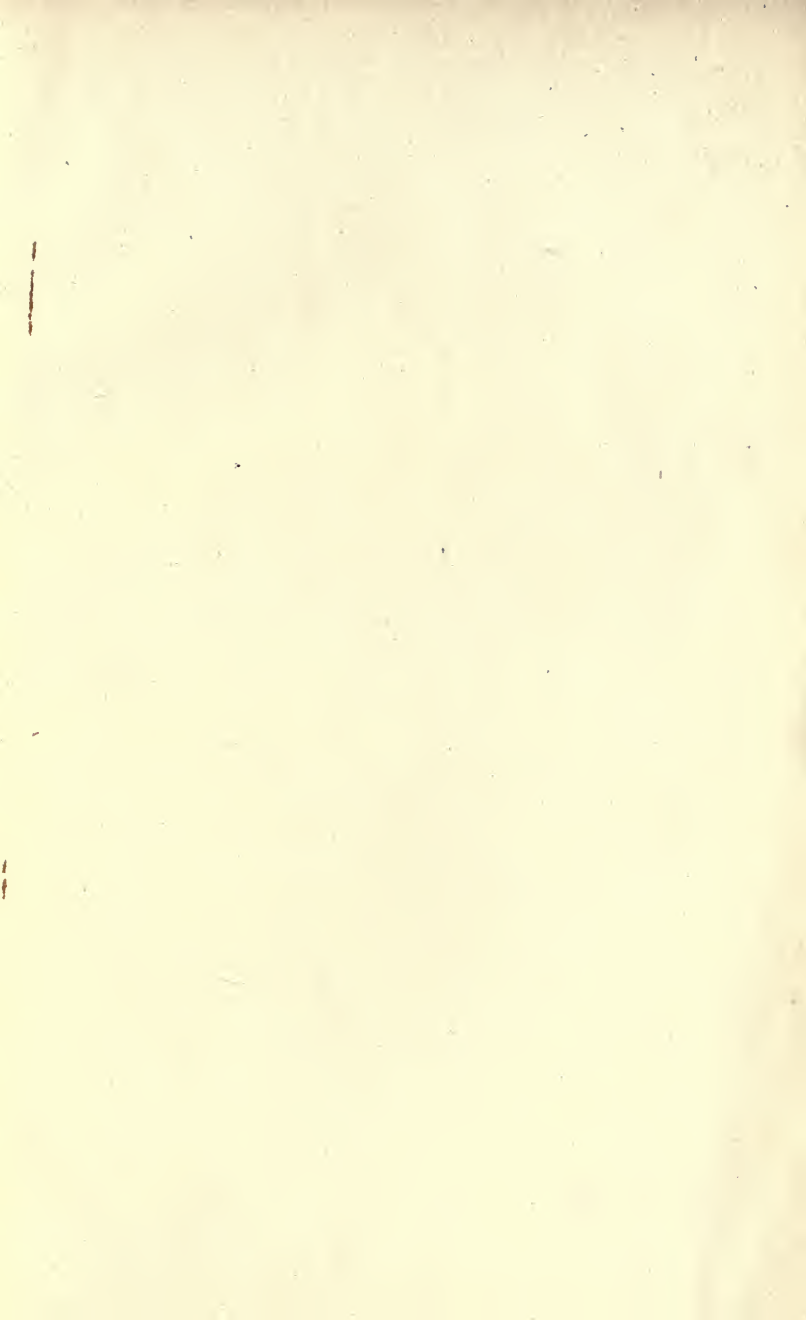
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