

GILL'S
IRISH
RECITER

...SOUR CONVI

"GOMBEEN MAN."

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GILL'S IRISH RECITER

A SELECTION OF GEMS FROM IRELAND'S
MODERN LITERATURE.

CNUASÁCT SEOR AS SCRÍBHINNÍ Ó ÉIREANN.

EDITED BY

J. J. O'KELLY.

Author of "SAOÍCAR ÁR SEAN I SCÉIN."

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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 *Aonghus mac Dhoighe ui Órlaig*. 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, $\rho\sigmaιμο\pi$! 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 *Сóмhradh roin* *Ταῦς ἀγαρ* & *ματαιρ*, 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 " *С্পειρεαም ἀγαρ Ἰορτά*" in the *Caōine* which he ascribes to poor *Caít Ni Shúilleabhaín* 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 :

" Πναῖρι ἀ τί ἀν τ-οσμαρ τοιτθ ὅμη ὑπραοσάο,
Ἀν υαιρι το γρηας ἀν ταριτ γο λειρι γιθ,
νί hé γραοιν ὅμη γελοιοέ 'ηθυη γελέιθ ὄειρ
Σρέ να η-αρρταλ ἀρ ἀνθρωπιτ ἀ ἡμέρεαν."

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 *Τομή τεαρά*, 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, *Ταῦς Σλεθεαλας*, 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 Oírin*," 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 Toub Tóilir;" 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 *Airtlings* 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, *Teaghas Ó Siadhail*, 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 *Dómhnall Ó Loingsigh*. 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 Curlieus 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, *Donncaidh Ruaidh*, *Eoghan Ruaidh*, Andrew Orr,

James Orr, M'Gee, M'Carthy, M'Dermott ; and for a fore-taste 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, *Órlaín Mac Giolla Meiríe*, 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 *Oonncaó Ruáó 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, nári ófrouis Círiost;
 If bíoð þúri n-átcéuineð éum tuipe málðair
 É fein 'r a sálfraðirne do leagðarð ríor.
 We'll fear no cannon, no "War's Alarms"
 While noble George will be our guide,—
 A Círiost, so fréicean an Þrúntu ða élfraðar
 As an Mac ro ari fán uainn tall 'r an Þriflann.

Seap na Saranais bocða suni að molað "Royal George" a Þi Þonncað. Niður tuisgeðarð suni tuis re a nári leigðið Óia sunið amlað a Þerð! i nviðarð Þac abarta ve'n tSláinte. Tuis na hérpeannais Þris an fceil i n-iomlán aður bíoðar ari na tluistis, nið nári b'iongnað. Prince Charles Edward Stuart a b'eað "An Mac ro ari fán uainn tall 'r an Þriflann."

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 Æirt uí Laogaire" 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 *conasclonn* ensuring a sequence throughout which could not otherwise be maintained or even obtained. *Þéac!*

"Óéigic i n-a éisg ba minic do bhois ó le fagáil,
míar do'n min iñ curio do'n im 'na lápi;
Éaslaé cnuig do'n té do bhois 'na gáthasó,
Spolla na raille iñ curio do'n tisg do b'fearlji.

"Do b'fearlji éu ná a láin aca dá bfeascadh róir,
A fcaethaig álúinn do éainig ó Sídearlaíron mór;
Ní haisb cáim oírt ón' máthairi o'fhiúil Chonallaisg éoiri
A lábairiú an áthair do bhoonnaó an t-óir.

Óri gloan go leorí ari ná bochtair do hiair
Ceann trheoirí iñ cónaitheoirí an fobair leat'f tiair;
Ní haisb cnuig-áthairi ón' gCóir fóir go Daingean na gCleasair,
Cé gusgí móir do bhi beo 'ca, ná leanfhaó do hiair."

In *conasclonn*, it will be noted, each stanza commences with the last word or words in the preceding stanza. Thus, *rann* after *rann*, 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 "Aisneair an Ídeaslaig leir an mBáir," and humorous pieces like "Óairt do Íarla ari iorú Óéigice." Light pieces, such as "Óuan an Óláscáin," and "Easctra Séamairi Írlae," are also

popular, and the *Seoirse Ógúrte*, or the *Seoirse Ógádmhána*, 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: *Seas ò, tá an méid rín* *óránta agat dom.* *Úfir go h-áirítearайл agam, agur gian* *ar mo gádairc aonair.*

The *feir*, 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-Laoi*, *Sean-Óán*, prose pieces grave and gay, pieces suitable for *Cóiríeadh* 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 síreiland, 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 òeir òe go raibh a n-anamna go téar!*

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. *Céad moladh te Óna* 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 Duacaillín Óuirde*, and *Teagó Ó Tonnaíseacháin*. Mr. Seamus MacManus also readily consented to the inclusion of "Brian Boy Magee," from the pen of "Ethna Carbery," *ár Óir Óg go mbí a hanam!* 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 cuireadh oiríeadh i f aonair i gceist in aon leabhar gan cead o'fagáil, mar i ghnáth, uada ro gur leo iad. Má tá níos te agan a gceasadh i f aonair i gceist in aon leabhar gan cead o'fagáil.*

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.
 Seapic-leananáin Óbhíort, An tAthair Ómáille ua Súilleabáin.
 Coimac ua Conaill, An tAthair pádraig ua Duinnín.
 Óbhídeamh agus Ógaita, An tAthair pádraig ua Duinnín.
 Dánta Íriaipear, An tAthair pádraig ua Duinnín.
 Dánta Séaparaitó uí Óonncaúða, An tAthair pádraig ua Duinnín.
 Dánta Aoibhígáin uí Raéaille, An tAthair pádraig ua Duinnín.
 Dánta Séagáin Óláraí, An tAthair pádraig ua Duinnín.
 Dánta Eogain Ruairí, An tAthair pádraig ua Duinnín.
 Dánta Ógáis Ógáin, An tAthair pádraig ua Duinnín.
 Dánta Séadhrúin Céitínn, An tAthair eoin mac Giolla Eain.

The Gaelic Journal, *Fáinne an Lae*, An Cláirdeamh Solais, 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 "Διξνεαρ ἀν ἡρασαιξ λειρ ἀν μθάρ" and "Σιορμα ἀν Ανμα λειρ ἀν Σολαΐν"; 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 Τηλοσάν ϊ μο Σαοὲ ιημ' ιό ζύ!"; TADHG GAEDHEALACH'S POEMS (Fr. Dinneen) for "Αν ραυοηίν ράιητεας"; KEATING'S POEMS (Fr. MacErlean) for "βάιο-θηέαζας ἀν Σαοζαι ρο"; Patrick O'Brien's Edition of the Poem for "Cúιητ ἀν θιεάσιον Οιόσε"; and for "Σαοιηεάρ διητ υί Ιαοζαιρε" *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.

seán o ceallaigh.

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GILL'S IRISH RECITER.

A FIR CALMA 'SAN TEANGAÍN.

A fir calma 'fan teangain rín na nGaeðeal tā fann
Tabhair dearcá ruilt ari meamhram iñ réidh do peann,
Aicírur dom gan meapatal, ná claoi ro' fann,
An fada beam i n-anacraic fē réim na nGall?

An fada baird na Gallarainc dárí nuaomhaó i Ópeall,
An fada baird i mbailtis ruipt na nGaeðeal go teann,
An fada beam ag glafarainis le Óéapla Gall,
An fada beam ag agallam 'r gan eirfeacht ann?

An fada baird ari neaglair go leir i dtíreall,
An fada baird an aindteire 'r an leán 'aír gceann,
An fada baird ari ngealaibhuis ag cléir iñ cam,
An fada beam fē anaibhioi na hÉigipt' ceall?

An fada beam i n-anbriof marí aon iñ dall,
An fada beam gan feancúr ná gréir i ngréann,
An fada baird an Cárrta-fuil 'r Ó Néill go fann,
An fada baird na feanaitheic i nÉirinn gann?

An fada baird na fanaiticir ag réabhaó ceall,
An fada baird ag fearainc énuic le faoðar lann,
An fada baird ari mainistreacá maol gan ceann,
An fada baird ari n-áifreann fē gheasaib cíann?

Mí'l peacsta rnuirte i meamhram dárí leigear i fann,
Mí'l airté ruilt nac labhrann ari tlaocád Gall;
1 n-aice rín tā tairisgréacá na naom go teann,
Óa tágairiaó nac fada 'noir go bpléarcra an cíann.

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 carcasses of oxen roasted whole.
 Meters 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 CHNUIC AN AIR.

(Fé cíúiam Círlaoisibh na Laoi de Connraighe na Gaeilge do céas-éigiseadó ro i n-eagair).

Cnoc an air an cnoc ro fíar,
 'S go lá an bhráca biaidh d'á gairim;
 A pháirais na mbacall mbán,
 Ní gan fáid tuigheath an ainnm.

Lá d'á pháirais i'r fionn plait,
 Fianna Éireann na n-eac feans,
 Air an gcnoc ro, lion a phlosg,
 Níor b'iongnaidh óidib teacht go teann.

Aoin-bean do b'áilne ná an ghráin,
 Do cíu an fiann ag teacht féin leirig,
 O'fionn Mac Cumhaill, innriam doit,
 Do bheannuis bean an bhráit òeirig.

“ Cia tó, a phlosgan? air fionn féin,
 Ir fearr ménin 'r ir áilne dealb;
 Bhuam do gorta ir binne linn
 Ná a bhráil ne feinm gion gurab feairb.

“Niamh nua-éigiochac iñ é m'ainm,
 Insean Sáileibh mic Órlaigh Óéin
 Áiríorthí Siéas—mo mallacht aip—
 Iñ é do nairc mé le Taile mac Tréin.”

“Créadó do bheir dá fheadraodh tú ?
 Ná ceil do lúin oípm anoir,
 Ár aon feair eile go bhráct
 Sábhaim do lámh tú tar a chroír.”

“Ní gan fáct cùsáir do fuat,”
 Do pháidh an fuaighe ba mait gne,
 “Ódá cluair, earrball, iñ ceann cait
 Átá aip, ní mait an fceim.”

“Do fiuiblear an domhan fó éri,
 'S níor fágair ann pí ná fhlait
 Nári fíreair, acht riúr, an fíann
 'S níor seall tuiat m'anacal aip.”

“Coingeobhadh féin tú, a insean ós,”
 Do pháidh Mac Cumhaill nári clóðaodh niamh,
 “No tuitfíodh uile aip do fcaidh
 Ná fcaidh scata tá de'n fíann.”

“Dáip do lámh-re féin, a fínn,
 Iñ eagsa linn go ntheárlainair bhréas;
 An té ag a nteicim riomhe a bhrád,
 Tuitfíodh leir fcaidh scata 'r céad.”

“Ná d'éin iomairbhaig aip,
 A fuil éairí aip Ódat an óir;
 Ní támhig aon laoch fá'n ngréim
 Ná fuil ran b'fínn feair a clóidh.”

Ba scáirí go bfacamairi ag teadct
 Rí feair scáitceann ba éigiald lámha;
 Níor bheannuig iñ níor umhais d'fionn,
 Acht d'íarri comhrac tar cionn a mna.

Cuirimis ó céad 'na óail,
 Do b'fealpí lám do láthair gileoró;
 'S níor fill aoinneacáid vioth tar éis,
 San tuitim le Taile mac Tréoin.

Is aghairt Orcair céad ari fionn,
 Cé doilb liom beirt óa lúadó,
 Túl do comhrac an laoic,
 Marí do connaic thí an triluaig.

“Do beirim cead tuit,” do gáidí fionn
 “Cé doilb liom do tuitim trí.
 Éiríss, beiri mo bheannacáit leat,
 Cuirimis do gail i fiochtáin.”

Feadó cùis n-oiríde, feadó cùis lá,
 Do b'í an thí náir cláic ag gileic,
 San biaid san deoc ari thí gualain,
 Suírtuit Taile le bualadh mo meic.

Do leigseamairí trí gáirta ór árto
 D'éir an áirí ba gáirbí glaice,
 Gáirí éalointe tréír cailleadh do'n féinn,
 I fóid gáirí maoiúte tré éag Taile.

Níamh nua-croíocháid, ba mó an bhead,
 Marí do connaic meadó an áir,
 Gáibar náiríte an ghráidh fáorí-glan,
 Suírtuit marb i meadair cás.

Báir na ríosna d'éir gáid uile,
 I fóid i fóid do cùir ari cás;
 Ári an gcnoc ro d'éir an ghuaird
 Do báis an fíann 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 wretched 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 Man guard ;

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

J. C. MANGAN.

Bandá aS maCtnam aR aoiÙneas na
nordas.

Míre ! Úiòr-ra leir ós tráit, comh ós aephreac leir an té ior
bíse agairb. Cárach míre ór cónair na ghréine comh mait
leo, comh luat leo ; agur do éar agur o'at-éar an gheimhreao
oípm na ciantsa rul ari rúgadh ár Slánuigheoirí, céad moladh
agur buiùdeacar le ná ainn ! Úiòd plead is féile agam-
ra féin agur is oípm, do teimhín, do úiòd an bhród nuaír
éagadh an tSeaoihe oípm gac bliaðain. Ni mò átar ari an
bhráitse is aephreac ari teacáit na Nordas inír an raoisgal ro
ná marí úiòd oípm-ra ari teacáit na Bealtaine agur na Samhna
le linn na Óraoiùdeacsta. Úiòr-ra ós bog leanbhairde agur is
cuiùmín liom an uaim, a bhrad uaim anoir, nuaír ná raiò
cúram rian traoisgal oípm aéit ghréann agur féile. Aéit
cuaðar i n-aoir agur i n-aoir, b'í mo clann féin agam i dtáit,
agur do réir marí cuaidh mo muprásail i méid b'í mo òúil i
bhréile ag dul i laigheas. I gcionn na gcián òairisg mo clann
leo, úiòdair ag teacáit is ag imteacáit, agur ag teacáit is ag ríp-
imteacáit. Fé òeipead o'filleadar leir an ghréideam
cuaðam, agur i dtéannta an cipeidim éusgadhair leo an Nordas. Cuaðar i n-óigse fé ghlórí na Nordas ariùr do dtí do raiðar
comh leanbhairde rímplíde le naorideanán. Cuipead cárach
na Nordas oíphead aétar oípm-ra ari dtáir is marí cuipeann
ari an aor ós iníu. Aéit o'imteis an leanbhuiùdeacst ro leir
an aimpri : òibír cúram an traoisgal ariùr i. Agur níor
mór an ionsgnád é, dar níosig !

Táim ag caiteamh na Nordas anoir le mile do leit bliaðan
nád mór. Is iondha tréas is dtúcais tréargairta le linn na
haimriple ríin. Is iondha ríosacht a b'í do comáctas mile
do leit bliaðan ó fion atá do meátté faonlag tinn iníu,
agur is iondha tír a b'í gan comáct an uairi ríin atá do
tréan eifreacasta nemhrpleáðas iníu. Táim-re ag fáire
oícta do leir, ag fáire ari òriosc-obair agur ari òeas-obaír

do réirí mar éagair. Ír beag nád iónann mo círrairíde-ra agur círrairíde na gnád-mhá, aictí gur réacht ria ari an raoisai ro mire, agur gur mille mo tadhairte fé n'dearaí uá réirí agam. Ba minic mire ag caitéamh na Nodlais agur an ríoc ír an rneacáta, báirtteacáit ír gaoth ír tóirímis millte ag curi tuilleadh ír eagla ari ari tairí fém' riariaid. Níoribh annamh ari agur coiméarcaí agur an donar, fóiríor, ag réidead timcheall oírmh agur Spriolaird na Nodlais ag tairteal fém' Óéin: uairí no Ódó Óig i mbéal Óair agur ceapadó ná béalraíad Nodlais go bhrád ariúr oírmh. Aictí leo fóir annró mór, molaíte le Díla, agur mór uillamh ari an éasgobair a deineadó oírmh do maitheadó agur an rualinnear do fáinig Óomháil.

Cad ír fíú Nodlais no Ódó do caitéamh féin a inndearf 1 gcomórtar leir na céadtaibh ceann atá caitte fé aoiúnear agam? Á! ír iomána Nodlais a chaitear fé rualinnear, agur uá Óigis leo cionnuig a tioceafad ná tuisfínn go cinniú an t-áctar a bionn ari Ódó agur aorta, ari bocáit ír fáidbhir nuair éagann an Nodlais oírtá gád bliadain. Cionnuig a tioceafad, feadó, cionnuig a tioceafad? Nád tuiscte Ódó-ra cionnuig marí cartair rualointe an deoíaraidh fé Óéin a bártairge fé comairce na Nodlais; ná mochtúigim-ri cionnuig marí bionn cuitre na mactar ag ríseabhadh go ríntear lútipí na Nodlais cínde; na dearfúrláitíreacaí bí ari ríseabhadh nád eol agur nád rían-eol Óomháil cionnuig marí cinniúmiscear iad timcheall an teinteáin marí ari oileadó iad, timcheall báisíodh na fíle marí ari tóisadó iad: ná fuilim ag éirteacáit le gairdeacáit mo chloinne gád oírdóe Nodlais ó rúisadó clann Óomháil! Nári chualairá cluig na cille ag bualadó go mórúmaras gád bliadain a bheir oírmh ó tseacáit an chreidimh agur ag mórúadó gáisair Éilíoraíis Éairibh an traoisair; nári airmiseas cantan ciuin na heaglairíe ag curi náiríe ari Éilíorí ír ari fóiríam lucht tarcaíre! Mire nári éuit néal coralta riadó oírmh aictí ag aodáiríreacáit mo mórúaille de 10 ír Óoírdóe; mire tá ag fíeacáint ari ríreíri Éilíorí lár Nodlais ó'n lá i n-ári mórúis Díaglan focal na fírinne ór mo chomáir; mire gur Énádach liom na rúasaithe Ófearcoint ag gáisairíreacáit go bártairgeacáit fé Óéin an tréipéil

Agur as eisimad go humal ari agaird na haitóraí, as bheis
 bairdeasair da Slánuigtheoirí mara da cónair fé cluair círúis-
 teacra oírrfeadh do Neamh, má'r ceadra dom ran a pád;
 mire,—mire, go bhfuil mo cluair i f mo fáil dírigte ari an
 airmair i an meád atá ag iarc i f éan i f ainníodh, gan bac
 i n-aon éor leir an nuaonnairé ari Óiaúdacht na Nualag ó
 lá beirte a gCruitóra. Óiaúdacht i f daonnacht i f dánraíocht,
 ruaircear i f ruairínear i f riottcán, aillne i f airmair i f
 aoiúnear na Nualag, cia féadfar ari fíor oírté go eisinn?
 Táim-ri as rmaoinéam oírté le fada, agur as fáirfe le
 linn mo faoisail, leir, oírté; agur níl le pád agam acht
 fé mar a cluair agur mar aonúdar i f minic roimhe seo:
 So mba tol ÓÉ ruairínear i f ruaircear i f riottcán na
 Nualag do bheit ag cás do néar mar tuilleoar, agur nára
 fada go bhfuarscoidéair Sé mé féin agur mo clann ó círúcais
 nimhe an eadhrannais i gcumha i f go gcaitírimio lá A beirte
 fé faoihe agur fé faoihe go lá an luain!

moS ruít.

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 pillow'd 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 citied 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.

AISSNEAS AN PEACAISS LEIS AN TUAS.

AN TUAS:

Ir cusgat a tanga, a peacais clionna,
Le horiugaod landoir tu breit de'n raoisgeal ro,
So dtabarrfa cunntar ro' drois-egniomarlaib
Do'n Ris fuaile bar ari an Sclioir via haoine.

AN PEACAC:

Ir cia he tura ta ag labairt com danna
Le peandir liat ta fe ciac clairte?
Oc, mo canntla! ir fann atam-re,
Ir mo cliorde da brireabh le huirearba rannte.

AN TUAS:

Mire an bar ata lan de trein-neairt,
Do leas ari lan clann daman ro leir-ceairt;
Leasfraod tura anoir mar aon leo,
Ir beairfraod od maoim gan bri fe clie tu.

AN PEACAC:

Eirt, a bair! taibhail caiirde for dom,
Na dein me creacaead 'r na mairb ro foril me,
So ndeanfraod aitrise im' peacaisib morla,
Ir ro noisgairfraod m'fiaca le Ris na histre.

AN TUAS:

Ir fad a an caiirde fuaileir ro dti ro,
Ir an fad eile da brazfa arir e,
Mar mairleir mam do mairreab coide,
Da fad e an cluicce ro deirreab do resib.

AN PEACAC:

Mi namla mairfionn geallaim om' cliorde 'duit,
Aet im' aitrisead 'dian fe ciac ag caoi-sol,
Ag taibhail faraim do Oia ir do daoinib
Im' drois-egniomarlaib ir im' beairtaib baoire.

AN ÓÁS:

Ír iondha gseallamain fáilfa tuisdair iu' faoisgeal uait
Ó'fear ionard Dé fá éirde fóra,
So dtíréigfeá an peaca 'r go maithreá min taif
Fé piaglacaib naomha gán a dtíréigean ciorúche.

AN PEACÁC:

Ír fíor gur gseallar do'n trághairt, ní bhréasac,
Faoisfídin mo bheacád do bheanam i n-éinfeacáit;
Aict círam an traoisail ír an cíor ag glaoisac oílim
Do ériáid riad piam ír do ciap go leirí mé.

AN ÓÁS:

Leis doo' fheanáir, a fheanáine cnaoiúde,
No ráitfead an bhoi ro tré láir do chroíde 'rteacá,
Ír taibhfaraid aon illac muire bheis gán rcaoiléadá
Ari t'anam anoir, ír go hifreann fíor leat.

AN PEACÁC:

Mo shreim duibh duibhac ír mo bhrón an rceal ro
Muire bheis caille 'r mo muinntear im' éagmhair,
Ír m'anam dá lorgadá i n-ifreann réineacá
1 dtaoisíomad mo chor ír mo mór-cuir claoonta.

Do faoilear piam ná piinnear aon níó
Do tuisleád pianta riopairíde éadctacá;
Mí piinn mé goird ná bhoi ná éigean
Muiríar ná feall aon am dom' faoisal.

Do tuisdáin lóiftin do gac deoifairde tréit las,
Biaid ír deoic do'n té cíodinn 'na n-éagmair,
Tíolurídeacá cearpt le feap an eilim,
Ó! naic cnuair ó fóra má gniúdeann mé òaoradá'

AN ÓÁS:

Mí'l doibh naic fíor gac níó de'n méid rin,
Aict éift go fóil agur 'neorad fénim duit
Caoi iad na níóde tā iu' coinne ag an aon illac
'na cairt mór éiom le fonn tā òaoradá:

Do thír phaireonta urois-labhairt a bhréagach,
Bíltaí i meairtach riorthaitheach ríleireach,
Bairbhairtach gásairtach i fí ag uairbhuisceáin éitísc;
Ír tuis go dtuilleann an róist fán tú Úaorla.

AII PEACAC:

Má ólainn scillinge go minic i dtísc tábhairne
1 bhoisair mo chomhúrran no mo comhsgur cairde,
Ír mairg duit coirdce fín do maoisdeamh im' láthair
Ír feabhar mo chroisde-ri eum díol tar éis cás díos.

Do thír mé tamall i dtóirí mo faoisail
Go bhrúidéantach baileairtach i fí tábhairt a' éiteas,
Úineasair faoi riordán fada mo bheataí 'na déið fín
Ír do faoilear, seallaim, go raibh maitte mo cláonta.

AII BÁS:

Ná tuis, a fhradair, go maitíri Ó Mac Dé Óuit
Tári éirí ari bheinir de chuirpreat cílonta,
Ír ari bhrír dá thíse i fí gan rúim 'na chreacastair,
Aict dá cearaí i fí gan peit le héigceairt.

Ír fada É ag foirne leat, a cládair le méirlios,
Ír tú lán de taróire i fí do bhláthmann éitísc;
Do faoilir É mealladh leó' bhláthair 'r leó' bhréagair,
Aict aonair cípír gáe gníomh deo' tipeáistí.

AII PEACAC:

Fóil, a Óáir! tábhair cairde an lae seo
Go ndeanfar m'usácht mair i fí dual a bheanam,
Cum ná beir ñuadairt i meairc mo gaoilte
1 dtaoisib mo gaoilte nuaír leasfar mé traocta.

Má'r fíor gáe a ndeir tú go mbeadh-ri daoríta
Ari fón na gcoir do 'mírír i d'fcaíl dom,
Ír é mo chuirír gan beag 'fán traoisal ro.
Gan beir comh dona liom inír an méid fín.

AII BÁS:

Úi'l duine 'fan traoisai ro bhrír tuisge an Áiríomh, Oá olcar a ghníomháitá a gúr thír na ngráir aip, Má thíneann faoi riordán le bhríg go láim-chéarct, Ná go mairéidí fóra a peacairde go bhráct uó.

'Sé tuisge 'na mealltarí clann bhocht Áthair, Nuair thíniú an peaca ír anam iad cárthair; Cuirpeann an diaðal fíran le n-a láin thíob, Agúr ríracann ó Óia 'na thíriú go bhráct iad.

AII PEACÁC:

Cé suír tlaic ias tréit taim fén rí eisíte ro ír turfa, a Óair, ag cur láin-cóir' pian oírm, Le easla róimh ír riomh thíosaltaí an Tíseadra, Má'r fíor do fáiríte tá mí-ádh an diaðail oírm.

AII BÁS:

Cheirí mo rceal-rá ír gáill go fíor dom
Suír gairid go mbeirír i n-írfheann fíor uaim; Mair ná riunnír aitriúise ro' peacáid lionmhar' Aict dá curí ari eáiríte gáid lá go uí ro.

AII PEACÁC:

Aitriúir dom, ír ná thíne bhréag liom, Cao é an róirír daoine do bionn dá n-údarraír Ír dá gcairteadh fíor go hírfheann péineací Ári ron a bpeacairde ír a mailír claoínta?

AII BÁS:

An oíream duib Gall-da peamair na móri-éorne
Aitá deagairte ó Óia, leir an n-Diaðal do gceobairí fíar; Ír an oíream tá dall ír ná gcairteadh cónairíle
Beir 'na uteannta fá rcanúraí a n-úctaí.

Úi'l duine 'fan domhan mair námaír ag an Áon Mac, Má fágann bár i bpeaca mairb, ná daorffar
Ír ná cuirfeair go hírfheann ír an thíne dá gceáraí 1 mearc na n-deamhan, go lom fí gceap-áslar.

AN REACHTA:

Má bionn an méid rín go léir díobh caillte,
 Águr rcairte go riór ó Chríost san aithreas,
 Ír beag a raibh sé fé ghrádach go meathas
 Go círt na bpráitear 'mearc aingeal dá aothas.

AN BHÁS:

Ní raibh go ratharach, seallaim óm' béal duit,
 Acht an t-aithriséad cónaí, rín leor-thaoisain,
 Tug rámham riór do Ríg na Naoimh ngeal
 1 bpreacáibh a bheatha go catuiséad téarach;
 Acht amáin an leanbh nári bpreacuis go héag do,
 Raibh ari an nímeas go Círt na Naoimh ngeal,
 1 mearc na n-aingeal go tairneamhach gileas,
 1 feilb na glóríre 1 gocór do'n Naoimh-Sriopair.

AN REACHTA:

Oc, a Óáir ! ír círíodh an rceal liom
 Láisearad na nuaimeas beirí raoir 'fan traoisai ro
 Mar go bfuilidh uile san tuisceart san éirim,
 San rceimh a leara cum aithrisé do bheanamh.

Ír minic go dtí ro minnearf gníomhartha eacúas'
 Déarc ír capannaist ír an-éiríodh daonnaist'
 A bprádair aon lúacht im' mór-maití ari aon cír,
 Táir eirí gac ari tuiscear de ghráití an traoisai uaim ?

AN BHÁS:

Ná b' meallta a cláiríodh mérius
 Ní bprádair aon lúacht tréos' mór-éiríodh daonnaist'
 Mar go raibhí marb 'fan bpreaca gac tréimhre
 'Ná minnir an capannaist, 'r san eagla Dé oif.

Tábhair fé nweara gac dearmad an méid seo :
 An fáidh ír bionn an duine ag bpríoread 'r ag réabhadh
 Tuisce minic Muire tré círíodh a cláonta
 Ní bionn aon tairis 'na maitíodh go léiríodh.

AN PEACÁC:

Áitírr fór dóm gan gató an rceáil ro,
 Cao é an cíall 'na mbriodh Dia ag glaoðað orainn
 Lá na mbriodh 'r na gceasach 'r na n-éigean
 Ór gac ait cum clann Áthairn d'éirteacht?

AN BÁS:

'Sé an cíur i n-a dtiocfaidh an cine bocht daonna
 So gleann mór lógoiphait lá na nuaorí-þreath
 Cum iomao a gcoirteach do nochtach do'n traoðal
 So þreicfeadh gac nduine aca lochtuine a céile.

Sul a dtiocfaidh an lá ro briodh ari 'fan traoðal;
 Loifceaph an domhan iñ gac níð ari a éadan;
 Briodh an grian go duðað fír fumit ag éicliipp,
 Iñ an gsealað, mo maið! com dears le haon fuil.

Briodh an rpéapi ari buile iñ tuitfirid na péalta;
 Briodh tiofca ari bogad iñ ag orcailt ó céile.
 Briodh an fárrighe ari larað ag imteacht 'na caoraið.
 Agur cloca iñ círainn le n-a linn ag a péalbað.

Briodh cnuic iñ gleannnta le rcanntað ag lémairis,
 Briodh an domhan go haðbail ag gémairis;
 Na peacais dóna dá lorcáð 'r dá dtíraocáð,
 Sceimle iñ eagla oícta pojnti fíarí an Aoinníc.

Annríon tiocfaidh aingseal ór na ríplaitir le rceala
 Ag glaoðað ari na maiði cum an þreitearnað
 Dérðeanair;

Eirpeocair i n-a ríarán go tapair le céile
 An rílocht ro do ríoluris ó Áthairn iñ Éabha.

Briodh ríste iñ rímonnfaridh iñ iaplaðe raoðalta,
 Saifcioris uairþreacá com mór le Caerar
 Annríð i n-a ríarán, le heagla 's ríreacais
 San terdeal, gan meair 'na meair go lémí oícta.

AN LÁ ÚD DO CÍFÍR MICTÍRE ÍR MÉIRILIS
 TÍOFÁNAIS MILLTEAC' LE RCEIMÍLE AG BEICIS
 ÍR LIÚTÁR DALL DO MEALL NA CÉADTA,
 AGUS ÍR LUÍT A CHÉARDIMÍ GO HUILE DÁ NUAORIAD.

PONTUÍR PHILEAT ÍR AN CLAÐAIRÉ HÉRÓD,
 ÍR NA SÍÚDÁIS MALLAISCTE CHREARGAIR AN TÁON-MAC ;
 ÍR, SÁC ÓRÉAM EILE D'EITILL D'N PÁOIMH-SPIORA D',
 BEIR ÍR LÁ ÚD GO CHLÁÍÓTÉ DÁ NUAORIAD.

BEIR ÓR A GSÓINÍAIR GO TRÚPAC GSLEIGEAL,
 NA MAIETRIÚS CHÉRÓDÁ GO GSLOPÍMAR PÉARLAÉ,
 COINFEARÓIRÍSDE VIAÐA BÍ RIAGALTA NAOMÍTA,
 ÍR OILÍCHRISE BEANNUISETE DO PHÉACAIN AN PHAOÍSAL RO.

BEIR ÓR MAIÐDEANA GSALA ANN D'FAN GSAN CÉILE,
 AGUS ÍR AIMHÍ FORA PHÍOÍSBHA APÍ A N-EADAN ;
 BEIR ÓR SÁC ÓRÉAM ANN, CUIG ANNRAÍT DO'N ÁON-MAC,
 ÍR DO ÓIN PHÍOÍ-ALÍCHRISE RIOMH CHÉRÍOÉNUÍGADH A PHAOÍSAL.

AN PHÉACAC :

INNÍR DOM, A ÓBÁIR, CÉ TÁIM GSAN ÉIFÉACHT,
 CHREAOÍ FÁT AN CHÓIMIÚTA ÚD AJI GSÚNÍR SÁC ÉINNE
 DÉ'N ÓRÉAM RIOMH ADUÍBHAÍT TÚ D'FAN GSAN CÉILE,
 ÍR SÁC N-ÁON EILE, BEIRÍ TÚ, BEIT 'NA ÉASMUÍR ?

AN BÁS :

ATÁ GO PHÍPINNEAC, MAJÍ GO PHABADAPÍ NÉATA,
 1 NGRIADH LE FORA TÁPÍ DÁOINÍUÍ AN TRAOÍSAIL,
 LIONTA LE GSAINNE ÍR LE GSILE NAOMÍTA
 ÍR AG PHÉACAOÍ AN PHÉACA DO PHAILIS NA CÉADTA.

SÁC MAIÐDEAN GSAN DÍOB D'FAN GSAN CÉILE
 ÍR GSILE BEIR ÍR NÁ GSAL NA GSÉINE,
 NI BEIR ÓR ÉINNE I BPHARRAÍCAPÍ CHÓIN TAITNEAMAC LÉITE
 1 BPHOCÁIR NA N-AINGEAL, 1 NGRIADAM 'R 1 PHÉIM LEO.

• • • • • • •

AN PEACASAC:

Ó ! mo chreacac is mo cár nári fhráðar im' faoisial
 An bháilce bheagach fán éinill báirí gáe scéime;
 Acht dá bhrágaínn aon áit inis an ábhair naomhá
 Do bheinn aonair fártá, is go bhráct tar éis eirí reo.

AN UÁS:

Éirí, a ríathairie, ní maist liom do bhráthra,
 Níos é caitheamh leat miám maigheal na naomh ngeal;
 Níos é maist leat, féin, do clann a bheit naomhá,
 Ná iompóidh ari Óna go mbéiríof aorá.

AN PEACASAC:

Do faoilear, seallaimh úuit, go mb'feairra cum Dá
 Ódóibh

Clann is conaðac mairi atá agam féinig,
 Ári eagla bheit bocht nuaír a bheitíof aorá,
 Is go mbéiríof go bhráct gan rpleáðáig o' éinne.

AN UÁS:

Dallaibh gan leigheas oírt, a cláðairie mériusá,
 A feanduine éam is a chinnca faoisialta:
 Ní éisigh go mb'feairri ódóibh cairdear Dá gil
 Ná clann is conaðac is bláct beag bhréig.

Cao tár aghat-ra d'eo báirí do faoisialtaest'
 Acht iarríma peacais is gan o' aitriúise déanta?
 Is aonair mairi seall ari do éam-fusige éitísh
 Bheitíof tleád' gníomháitáibh go fíor iu' Ólaoráibh.

Is lá na bheitíe ag deirteas an traoisail reo,
 Tíocfaidh fóra Chriost ari gan bhréag úuit;
 An uair ná ruitíof ari maoril an tSeáithe,
 Mairi bheitíeám comháctas cum círfe o' éirteas.

Annraibh do círfe Chriost 'r a chreacáta,
 Is gáe pian mairíbha o' fúilainig iu' éaoibh-re

Ír na Ghuaidh fáilte, an t-úr eam do céar é,
Agus repeardais 'r ag caoi go fioctáin píneac.

Tomprócaidh agaird go meilteac faothraí
Ari fíuasg na mallaí, an aicme fíean é,
Agusur tdearrfáidh leo go fórraí círeannáin:
Imteisíodh óm' rudaíric fíe gheibheann 'r ghearr-áslar.

Ír aonair, a fíean duine, rtaonfaoi d'om' rcealtair,
Ní hí an t-am ceapáidh caibair ná raoiráidh
Ó'riarrfáidh ari Óia, 'r tú piomh d'á t-reigean
Go huairi an báir ír tú i mbeárlainn baoisair.

AN PEACÁC:

O, a Óair, ná rácaidh do ghearr-áslar,
Caibairi d'om cairpde go mairpeac, píonio,
So n-riarrfaoi fioctéáin ari an Áiríofaís naomhá
Ari méid mo peacairde ír gan m'aitriúise d'eaonta.

AN BÁS:

Ní bfaigaird tú cairpde, a cneamháire an eisíos,
Do tuillir ó Chriost go fíor tú Óaoiráidh,
Mar gur t-reigisgí piomh a piagair 'r a naomhácas,
Ír tdearrfaoi-ra ro' bhráis tú i láthair an Aon-ámic.

PÁDORAI'S TEINN.

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 redder 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'rers 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 confess.

" 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.

ÓIR ÓCÉ BÍOS AG LUISE IM' RUAN.

Óir Ócē Bíor ag Luisé im' Ruán
 Ír mé ari Buairíocht tré ná catairde,
 Do fin an tríd-éan fíchead fuaire
 Taobh liom ruair ag déanamh tacaíse ;
 Ba éadóil a com, a chlaobh-fóil leabhair
 Ag teacáit go bonn léi 'na rrialtairde
 Ba dhuibh a ghrád ná an gual
 'S ba gile a ghrád ná na nealtairde.

Do connac i, a ghrádai gsan ghrádaim,
 A cláon-porc uaine ír a béal tanairde,
 A mion-cíocha cíuinn geal cíuaid,
 'S a mion-cneair ruair ná fuil teagairde,
 A haol-corr geans a réidh-croibh leabhair,
 A caol-porc teann, a déirig 'r a malairde ;
 Ír fíor ghrád aoiúinn linn a ghrád
 Bíodh gur truasg mé ag an gcleasairde.

Uilairi ñeasair i do bhoisgear ruair
 So bhrionainn uaité cíead ari b'ar i ;
 Níor lathairi rí, do rceann rí uaim
 Ír do bíor so ghráidic tair éir mo ríarairde.

O'éigear go lom 'na d'éirí le fonn,
 Niop aontuig liom iñ mé ari meaparóe,
 Suír leanar i do'n tír ba tualóid
 So Sió na gscríbheas cé Suír b'fíad' i.

Tísgim aníor ariúr de ghuair
 So Sió Círuaéna, so Sió Seanb,
 So Sió Cnuic aoiúinn fírinne fuaír
 Mar a mbíodh an gluas le taoibh na Dánnairóe;
 So haois-úrus Óglinne Aonúairí Óis
 Ag fíeácaint uaim iñ ag déanamh airtíóe,
 'S ní hainb a tuairíre fíor ná fuaír,
 Aict i ag gluairfeacht tóiré na bealaíse.

Ir tísgim go Sió mic Lír na gscríbheas
 Ir ari Círaoiú Ruairí tísgim go Teamhair,
 So Sió aoiúinn aoiúir Ógair' Ruairí,
 So haoisíll Ruairí le taoibh na C'raige.
 Ói céad ban ós ba fíomhach clóid
 Ag éirteasct ceoil 'r ag déanamh airtíóe
 I Úrcaír aoiúill ríse-óean Tuathmúin
 Ir mile gscríbheas glé le gairfeacht.

Do b'í an tóir-óean fícheasach fuaíric
 Do chuir ari bhuairíopt me iñ' neadairíóe
 'Na fuithe go maoineasach naoiúin-geal fuaír,
 A tlaor-folt cuasach léi go hultairíóe;
 O'fíeas anail go maoirída moðamail,
 Ba léirí dhí ari ball Suír mé do lean i;
 Ari rí: Ir gluas liom do chuaír
 Tísg anuas iñ éirt ari gcearnairíóe.

Mo chnead, ari rí, mo bhuirdean ari bhuairíopt,
 Mo tír mo gluas mo laochrád gairfeacht,
 Do chreacach tíortha coimhcheas' círuair
 De lioin-riuit luat na dtríéan dtríearairíóe,

May b̄io fē ceo san b̄ris sac 10
fē cūing an b̄pōin ag na Hallarðe:
1r iomðð mac vīlir vībealitā uaim
'S, a ēriost, nað t̄ruag mē 'na n-earfbarð.

Ó' fiafhrusigear 'di cia ní an bhláthain
Ó' aoir an Tísearpha Úerá an feair ghlóríde
'Na piú ar Sædil go bpioigítar dian
Ág tibírt fiaoth-poc ó n-a halla òe.
Do dún a beol, ní duibhírt níor mó,
Seo 'n riubhal mar cheo i no mar fiocht-saoit,
'S ní'l cunnatar fóir le tadháirt i gcoíri
Cia ham a fóirfear ar ár n-easbairde.

Peannard 'r fiaðraír tian i vtearf na vteintearð,
San caparo san liað san biað san rtað aip iota,
San leabaird san pian san Dia san ghean ag daomh
Aip Hallaird i mbliadóna ó'r iad do círeac aip muinntearp.
seán clárach mac domhnaill.

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’sé 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 ;

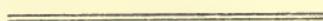
But one has little care for jest so hard bested is he,
 To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at least is she !

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 Inisglaire !

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 princedom, 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, Séan !" 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.

CÁT SHLEANN MAOI LIUÍSGRA.

Tháinig ariú Ó Duairí Ó Riada mac Aodha ó Bhríom Óg ó Gallairb, 25 Lúnasa, 1580.

Do támhais Shíle de Vilton cùsgáinn
 Ni a borthair le uaidhreacá níme;
 Ni raiú Óireamh fé ghléasair rí a chruinne ríamh
 Ná go dtiocfaidh leir a claoiðe:
 "Tairpeáinfaidh doir na coirlatais seo
 1 níniar fáil san moill,
 Mianac folá an Normannais
 Agur treise a láim i mbriúisín.

Ir go deimhín ó támáis eadairta
 Ni fuláir dúninn beagairt ír ghníomh
 Do cùir i leití clu Íarana
 'S ariú Óireas-Ó Banríosan Eilir;
 Áiríssim go bhfuil i ngeoirreacá dúninn
 An maoilaird ír dáná Óioth;
 Uillimhíodh i gcoíri na marone dám
 Agur leasfam beárlana tríd."

Do cait de Vilton geacáin slán,
 Cé gur leasf leir uairí de moill,
 Áriú geacáin na nGall do tairrasc cùisge
 1 mbaile Óca Cluat go chruinn;
 Áituaidh aniar 'r andear go tuis
 Do gáthairi ríán gád ruisé;
 Fáilte, cùsgat, a Órianais ghlil,
 Tá an ghrámpairc ariú do tí!]

Áct níor còrlaodh rúain don Órianais é
 An tgeacáin úd i ríte;
 'S mo mhealbhais ge Vilton tú
 Ma bhlairfír d'faothair a clairíomh;

“Seoibhaoi Úrbainriar mear Mac Gearailt
 Agus Mac Séamus Mac Éartaor;
 Mo Úrbán beo agus marb fán,
 A clanna Lunndain feill.”

So luat do ghuair an Gearaltae,
 'S a éala le n-a éaoib,
 Ar fuaidh Ó Úrbain na scailmhealaí
 Ó bháisigh mait if Laisir;
 Ba fuaige é croidhe gac ceatairnais
 Nuair glac n-a láim a clárdeam:
 “Seo, Gabaim tu i n-aonm Úrbáin,
 'S gan dearimadh déanfaidh gníom.”

Níor ceipte ari an nGearaltae,
 Do tairisíng leir a buirdean,
 If Mac Éartaor da leanamaint
 1 gan-fior trí an dtír;
 'S i n-indeoin ari d'ein na Sasanais
 Do gábhadair folac dín
 1 nGleann Maoiliusra an Úrbanais mór,
 'S ari Shliabh Ruadh i mearc an fíraois.

Um d'airead tiaj na greadháin.

Do ghead de Úrlton iománe,
 Fíche mile Sasanac
 So gheanta gléarta i gcearc,
 Sunndairde mórta if beaga aige
 'S gan dearimadh airm faoiibh,
 If tóis ré longphort taitteacáe
 1 mbéal an Gleanna tior.

Ar lusnara a cíos fíchead
 Fé bhrócaí lae teagairde
 Bi ullam ag de Úrlton,
 If o'fáis a longphort aon;

Seo anoir an gleann an ghrampairc;
 Cé n'oeagair a Úrpanairc ghoirde?
 An i gán-fíor duit go bhfuiltear cùsait?
 O, a Óra, an ic' eorlaod taoi?

Ní cloistearp torlann a n-tairtear
 Cé gur Sarb cnuaird i an truise;
 'S mā táplairdeann duine 'á leasadh ann
 Ní cloistearp a earcainiúde;
 Na rpéarla tuar gán anfáite;
 An talamh crúin 'r an coill;
 An ghrían anuas ag taistneamh oifte,
 1r aitear ari an mbuirðin.

Aict ve gheit do chuid an talamh
 1r lárach rúar an coill,
 1r leasadh rpéarla bheag Saranach;
 Mo ghráidh tú, a fiaca ghoirde!
 Árígír do bhuírt an torlann úd
 1r do chuit rpéarla eile óioibh;
 Do ghlac an fhuigsealacl eagsa,
 'S cum peasta leo gán moill.

Anoir, a ghaedeala calma,
 Seo, tagaird fúca ari;
 Leanaidh iad 1r leasaird iad
 1r agaird oifte óioigal
 Ní a ndeárlinnadair ve bheartair uilc
 Ári fearann Eibhlí Finn;
 Tá raité annrúd ari teicéadh riomhair
 1r tuigaird óibh an cláideamh.

Anuas gac taoibh do rpéabhadair
 Ári aicme an bheartla csoil,
 Tá rúasaird 'gur uá rtíracair,
 Tá mbaircaidh 'gur uá gclaoiúde.

Slac feannrað a báir de Vilton
 1f do teic fé uamhan ón mbriúisín;
 1f Caibí Mhullaig Mairtéan
 Cuanó pleas tóth láp a chroíde.

TAOS O DONNCAORA.

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 Ni Ualacháin.

DIA LIB, A LAOCHRAÍDH SÁOIRDEAL.

Dia lib, a laocharaidh Sáoirdeal,
 Ná cluimtear claoíteast oíriair,
 Riamh níor cuilleabair marlaid
 I n-áam cata ná cogair.

Óéinteapí iub coingéleic calma,
 A bhuíðean airm-élan faoilteas
 Fé ceann buri bfeadrainn dánctear
 Buirít nírthuirt inre Íaoiðeal.

Má'r ail iub aghrað éireann,
 A gárrað céimeann gárrónða,
 Ná ríeadraíð éacáit ná iorðaile,
 Ná caða tionsca tórra.

Feárrí bairt i mbárraibh fuaibh-þeann
 I bfeiteamh fuaibh-éearrí gárrónðeal
 Ás reilis trowa ari gáð éin-eáctraann
 Ás a bfuil feárrann buri fíngearr.

Má'r mall gárrí aghrað iub-re
 Mág lífe no liof Teamhras,
 No Caireal na ríeadh nua-élan,
 No min-élar Cíuacna Meadba.

Ír dír cíuríne, a clanna Mileað,
 Fonn ríeo' na mís-liof nodaic-ééal,
 Tug oíraibh gárrí aghrað Táiltean,
 No tát círioð maiðreacð Maiðtean.

Ní taca lúic ná lámairí
 Tug oíraibh, a aðbaird Íanba,
 Óeit díb uírlamáac umal
 Do meair-rluað gárrónðar gárrónða.

Ácet naðeoin le Óia, a Éire,
 Sið le céile do congnamh,
 Ní bheath buri mbuaird i n-éinfeacð
 Ás rluað círioð léitmeacð lonnðan.

Cíáð uiom eáctrainn dá bfuðrað
 Ríosgráid. Fórla ír a n-oírléacð
 Ír nað goírteapí díob 'na nónctear
 Ácet ceiteirí cútal coille.

Ír iad fén i ngleannntaibh gárrónða
 Laoic Íanba beag dá leatctríom,

Agur fonn min an cláir-geo
Criosóntainn ag feadair fiosmáir eacútrann.

Seád rún fill dá bhusil cùsca,
Buirdean fial curað scoicsta,
Ír a níact náma ari tí a ngsóna
Do bheir oírt coílach corrach.

An trádach bheirito laoic Laisean,
Cinn neisfeair cláir na gcurach,
Buairidh eacútrann an chraoi cùinre
Bionn m'aisgne roilbír gutha.

Buadhach bím-re uairi eile
Mar bheirito buairidh na gaoiřfeair
Na golluigheo tig tar éis tonn-phair
Do comhlot gairidh dhaoidheal.

Lion glearidh do laochairidh Lann-Éamain
Ghabáil Raigndail, Dia dá noidhean,
Méid a ngsualairi gán ngleann-fo
Do cùinig mo meanma i míneart.

Dia leo ag lusige ír ag eiríse,
Tíreinír ír tréire i dtacair,
Dia 'na gearamh ír 'na lusige leo,
Ír i dtírdeach cùpta an cata!

AONGHUS MAC DAIGHRE UI DALAIS.

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 ghoinead é an rímuirí seo ag túnad ari mo chiorde,
 Rinn' mo balla neamh-lúctáir i'f'fúig mé gan bhris,
 Do shíoradh mo fáile le túncharacht éum caoi,
 If an ríput leacata tíu's suírt d'á mórcaid ríoradh?

Caod é 'n ríaoinead ro claoídear mé ó thairisín go neoin,
 If do ríorí-ruairíteann m'íntinn le mearbhall bhrón?
 Ag cuimhneam ari claoín-θeartaithe Óanair i'f' fá,
 Do ríoradh mo fíte uait gan earradh go deo.

If doirm iad na tonnta 'i' bhrasach locha gil lein,
 'S if doirm iad do tóra-ra, a thugadh na n-éan!
 If roilte le cloírín é ronnan na gcealaib;
 Aict mo dochar! if roilte duibhne doirca mé!

Tá an óis-éirí go ríaoinead ag ríadán ari an linn,
 If slóir glairíde ag gluairgeacht tré bántaithe rí-θinn,
 Tá leorche ag luarcadh na ngeas n-úr gan gceall,
 Aict if rí-θeas mo ghuaimhnead, gan aictar a bim!

Na ráip-fír a thoirte a gcuimh folá i dtóir,
 Ír i lán-treasair na ngearm-clardeamh goirtaodh tair fóir,—
 Ír fáidh é a gcoitianta 'r iir rocairí fá'n bhfóid,
 Ír mo chlár iir mo chuirfainn ná coitianta-ri leó!

A talamh na n-éan mbinn 'r na gceirioibh n-úr, gan tlaír,
 Ír fada gan ríomh duit, gan céim mara ba ghnáth,
 Fé greamail i nuaorú-bhruaibh, gan céile gan pháirt,
 'S é do chaptas 'r do ríeabhadh do leanúint mo lá.

'S é do chneadh éinir i bpréim mé, a talamh mo chloiste,
 Ír do bárgas 'gan fáereamh le haicme an fíill,
 Do gneadhadh 'r do ríeabhadh le lárairi iir clardeamh,
 Ír, mo chreac, mé i ngeibhinn, 'r gan chneadhúsaodh ari do thíos.

Ach, a cárta, glac meannna! B'férdirí le Chlúorth
 Do bpríleabhras éusdáinn gárrasodh the'n gneag-fuill úd fír,
 Le feartasibh a n-áirim, gan eiríonn gan teimheal,
 Ag tressaistí na nDánaí 'r dá leáir-éirí tair tuinn.

Slán, ríán leat, a Léin-Loch na bhfeidh ngearm n-úr,
 Leánfaidh síne do ríceim' mé go dtéidíodh mé 'fan úir;
 Ná raiibh cáim ari do ríleibh, ná bheim ari bhuilleabhar,
 Cioch fánaidh i gceim' im' tressaodh le báir.

AN TACÁIR PÁDRAIG NA DUNNÍN.

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, dazzlingly 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 crownless 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,
 Columbcille 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.

FÁIDH-BHÉAGAS CÉAD SAOÍSAL SO.

FÁIDH-BHÉAGAS CÉAD SAOÍSAL SO IF NÁ HUMHLAIS TÓ,
 SEAPRÍ BÉARLAIR NA RÉADA SO CNUARPNISÍR TÓ,
 NI FUIL LÁ TÉADHMA AG AON NEAC SURI BUAN BÍAR BEO,
 ACH MARÍ BLÁT ÉADHTROM CÉLAOÍ-BHÉAGAS CÉAD SAOÍSAL SO.

FÉAC, CÁIRÍ ÉABH CÁERLAP 'R A CÉLAOÍ-BHÉADHAN TRÍLÓIS,
 NÁ NÉRÓ CUIR LE LÁPÁD RUAR I AN RÓIMH,
 NÁ SEAPRÍLAP MÓR ÉADHTAC LE N-A MBUARÚTÍ GLEO,
 DÁ NGÉILLEADH AN ÉAPÓIR, AN UAIRÍ BÍOR NÓD.

MO RCÉAL DUIT, A RREÍR-BHEAN, IF RUAIPE-MÍN RNÓD,
 NAC FUIL ÉIRFEACHT' RAN TRAOÍSAL SO ACH TUARÍ MAOÍTE 'R BHÓTM,
 NÁ DÉANTAPÍ LEAT ÉAGNAC NÁ UAILL NÍOR MÓ,
 IF BHÉAGAS DO RCÉIM-RÉ, 'R NI BUAN I, IM' UDÓIS.

NI FUIL ACH CÉPÉ IO' ÉADHAC MÁ'R TUARÍ BÍOR TÓIR,
 'SAN DÉAGS-MÁTAL DAOÍR-BALÍTTE, DÁ UAIRLISGE IO' UDÓIS,
 'SAN LÉIMÍD GLE-GIL NÁ IO' GUANAI BHRDILL,
 NÁ 'RAN CÉLAOÍ-BHÁNNA RÉACAS CÉAD NGUAIARÍSCEANN RTIRÓD.

NI FUIL ACH CÉPÉ IO' BÉAL TANA ARI RNUAÍD-SNAOI AN RÓIR,
 NO IO' BAOÍT-TEANGAIDH GLÉARTA ÓIR LUAINMISGE AN GLÓIR,
 'SAN CÁOIM-LEACA ARI SNE DÁTA AN GUAIL GRIÍR-BEO,
 NO 'RAN DÉADH CAILCE GLÉ GEAL MARÍ BUAILFRIDE I GLÓDÓ.

IF NI FUIL ACH CÉPÉ IO' CÉIB CÁRTA AN DUAILÍN ÓIR,
 NÁ IO' ÉADHAN GEAL RÉIDH-SLÁN ARI RNUAÍD AN AONÍ FÓIR,
 NÁ I BPRÉAPLÁ DO CÉLAON-PIORG MEAPR-CÉLAOÍD RUÍSIN RÉOÍD,
 NÁ IO' CÁOL-MÁLA NÉATA MARÍ LUAINNÍN RÓIN.

IF É AN TÉ CÉUCAIS ÉADA IF A RNUAÍD-FÍOL MÓR
 DO CUIR RCÉIM ARI AN GUAIL RÍN MARÍ LUAIÓMÍD UDÓIB;
 NI DÉANTÁ D'AON NEAC DÁ BHFUAILR I GLÓIR,
 SURI LEIR FÉIN IF FÉIDIR A TUARÍ-BHÉADHÉ CÉDHAIR.

Éagfaidh na héisce inír na cuantaithe ceoil,
 Éagfaidh an éanlait d'á luaimhneach óidh,
 Éagfaidh na tréanra 'r na buaileann b'od,
 'S d'ac ríreann énuic, d'ap féidir a lusadh óidh fóir.

Éagfaidh luéidh b'réighe agur b'uirteach dír,
 Éagfaidh luéidh craoir agur craíneann óidh,
 Éagfaidh luéidh tréanraí an aird guthaide,
 'Ir éagfaidh luéidh d'éis-éadair nád' an b'uidhírt riadán g'od.

Éagfaidh an duine aorfaidh 'ir an tréanach-naoiúdhe óidh,
 Éagfaidh na cléirí 'ir na tuataig leo,
 Éagfaidh do céile 'r do m'uirinn deoile,
 'Ir éagfaidh-re féin, d'ap mo chubair, ní g'od.

An tréad éagfaidh-re, féad leat, an dual óidh b'rión;
 Claoífaidh do claoí-éadair g'od huaisgnead c'rión,
 B'ud d'éisrtnead t'éadan 'r do g'ruaadh ari l'í an r'iomáil,
 'Ir tréisfriod do céadraída a muair-óidh fóir.

Uí leigfeadair leat céiríte ná c'uiríte rírill,
 Ná raoir-óirat g'an eífeadct, d'ap énuairiúisír fóir,
 Aict éadair nári ríreir leat an uairi b'ir beo,
 'Ir leine 'na ríeabas ná fuaing-riaoilteos.

D'éisrfaidh t'ú le céadraí ari g'ruaillnóidh ior' r'iomáil,
 'Ir sléarfaidh duit féin leabhair fuaing-éaoil d'omáin;
 An d'éisrfaidh luéidh d'éagnuaidh ag craiaidh-éaoi deoip:
 "Cuir c'rié uirte; c'riéad é a g'nuad fuaing níor m'd?"

Tréisfriod do g'raol t'ú 'ir b'ur tréanach c'riúdhe leo,
 Léigfriod t'ú ior' aonair 'fan uairidh f'ad,
 Tioerfaidh riadra g'réanra na d'fhuamhaidhe ior' c'omáir,
 'Ir do d'éisrfaidh oírt féadra, 'ir b'ur tréanraillidhe an r'os.

Má'r d'éisrdeanraighe do céile ná t'ú, 'insean óidh,
 'Do-g'réanra rí i n-éagmair do g'ruaillnóidhe c'oir,
 'Ir an d'éisrdeanraighe do h'eadar, m'á f'ruaing-éanann óir:
 "Céad beannaíct leí-re! do éuair d'í r'iomáin."

Ár léir-teagairc féin duit ír dual daoiš gáibhail
 Téan raoctar do-théarma go buan daoiš róir
 Le raocháil na scéad-clear ír uailíse glór,
 Na bpréagáil tū le béalair an uabair níor mór.

Smuain féin ár na creibhctair do fuairean Cíort cónir,
 Ír tabhair téarma i n-éiric a mhuairí-riamh Ód,
 A maoct-érioghte, a naomh-glaca, ír eilé a ériuairde ár uisce,
 Ag réitíteas cloinne Éabha ar cnuadhdh-riamh Órón.

Cré an da airtas téag dian cnuairc ériuairde ár uisce,
 'S dás níodh téarfaraid an naomh-eaglais do lusairt Cíort
 nómáinn;
 So raoiffaraid Mac Óe tū, so móri bioth ior' Órón,
 Siad Óe gil, bioth ré 'gat, 'r ná fuaclais cónúrr.
 seátrún 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 throbings 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 bprion ! 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 ÚEAN RUAIR FAILL AR AN ÚFEART.

A ÚEAN RUAIR FAILL AR AN ÚFEART
 Tíruaig liom a ÚFAGHTAOI D'ÉIRTEACHT,
 Dá mbeadh riann Éaorádeal ro' gáir
 Do bheadh ro' cásáineadh congnamh.

Fada go ÚFAGHTAOI AN FAILL,
 Dá mbaodh tóriam i dTír Conaill,
 Láimh le tíruaig Doiríse dá mbeadh
 Ni faghtaoi an uairg go huairgneac.

1 n'Doiríe i n'Druim Cliab na gCenior,
 1 n'Ard Maca i f mór cárðar,
 Ni faghtaoi lá an feart ar fáill
 San mná do teacht fó n-a cuaipim.

1 n'Dún na nGall ba min tuair
 No i n-áruig Earbuis Eogain
 No i n-éar Ruad i f réimhe ral
 Ni buidh réimde an uain d'fagáil.

Do tiocfaidh ro' comhbáidh cásáine
 Úean ó'n Éipre iolmáoine
 Úean ó tíuor binn ghealbh Úanna
 i f ingéan ó tíuor liacúromha.

Do tiocfaidh bean ó'n Mháig Moill,
 Ó Údarbha ó Siúir ó Siionainn
 'S an bean ó Chruaċainn na għas
 'S an bean ó Ħuataiħ Teamprac.

Do hifteoċċaoi ó ingniu rreor
 An cnoc 'n-ari erodha idher.
 Ni ħeħad an tead għan ġājri ġunni
 Dā mħeħad l-äim le piast fiorenti.

Ni ħeħad l-äim leip na leacaiħ
 Ceħad ruaiħniż ná railmċeavħa.
 Ni ħeħad ħeġġna għan ħnejn mħan
 Ná ħeġġna um nōxi għan niamha.

Dā mac piox do'n pēim rreo Ċuinn
 Atħad ar ħaċċ tħad idher u ħad
 Ná tħiġi cuċċip le rinniñ riċi
 Fip-piċċiñ ar ħ-n-niex a n-oġġi.

An dā ċloicx riñ ór a għcionn
 Dā ħbejcoiż őġ-ħan Ħiġie ann
 Ar ħadid u ħad idher,
 Caqqa mile do mħiġċeala.

Ua t'ażżej ar ħad idher do tħad
 Maři aon ja' tħiġi ħadid
 Ni għu tħiġi ħadid ġeċiell aq-ċaor
 A ħbej il-no a meiñn dā meaġħad.

Tiġi ve'n tħiġi riñ tħalli ixtiż
 Clann Aħoħha ākbar fl-akbar aħiġ
 Ua do'n Aħoħu ro tħu u tħiġi tħiġi
 Cuċċiex nafar b'adu i n-imbixx.

'Sna caċċaiħ do ġuġiha l-ixx
 Ag corniċi ġejje i n-ċeċi
 Dā ħu u tħu u tħiġi tħiġi
 Do ħad u tħiġi u uħiġ idher.

1. Lá oifíoraic áta Úairde
 1 n-ári nia leáct fósairde
 Óa dtuitseadh uainne aodh ó neill,
 Do'n taois tualadh do bhad coirleim.

2. Lá cata an Úealaig Úairde
 Óa rcairtear linn Ruáinairde
 Do bheadh gáirí fáoilte gáidh fir
 'na gáirí caointe gá cloinn fir.

3. Lá an Coirfeáilíbe ari gclaoið na nGall
 Óa bfeictear fuit le caidhdeirí
 Ba iorú dhúrpéaradh ari fíeáðain
 Sióis tairbher do mhúigéalaí.

4. Níor bheadh do leán ne leat Cuinn
 Óa rí aodha óisíodh caidhdeirí
 Scapair do Ruáinaird rinn
 Ro bhad nírbairde o'Éirinn.

5. Lá i leatbhíor 'nári loiteadh rinn
 No an lá láimh le Gallairib
 Do tuisceadh mná ag caoineadh lii Cuinn
 Lá baoile no lá liatdúinim.

6. Óa dtuitseadh rí o'n tír tall
 1. Is filíte fiann eadairann
 Lá doob' ailtne ag áit Seannaird
 Níor b'fáid gáirí ag Gaoiúeala.

FEARÍSAL MAC AN ÓAIRD.

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 Inishkerkin'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.

MACTNAMH AN CÉITINNIS.

Sealtarán Céitinn i Úrfoalaí i n-Uairí i Uachtaraithe Árann agus capnán
rercíbeann ór a cóimí, A.D. 1629, no mairi roin.

Sin iad annroin iad, leabhair fírinne na nGaeðeal agus
leabhair éitig na nGall. Ó, na coisgheoica gránda éo
Sapana ! tá náirí oírn i n-a dtaoiib. Níl rtaíriúde Óioib
dáib rercíb riain ari Úrinn ó Gabaltar Gall i leit naib a
d'íarraigír taircúirne do taoírt do Gaeðealaib agus do
Gall-Gaeðealaib atáid. Ní òeárlaír díreamh ari ari Úrinn-
tneitib,—mar naib tuigte Óioib iad. Agus Órioi-éireite
náib Bain riain linn cuijib ríor i n-ári leit iad, mar go
raoibh go ghearrfír Eorpaib i gcoitcínne an Úrreas
uata !

Aict an Óigis leo gur caitear-ra fíche bliadán i Roinn
na hÉiríra gan rtaír na hÉiríra do taoírt fíe ndearaí;
an Óigis leo go Úrui capnán leabhar leigste gan aúbair agam
agus capnán rercíbeann ait-leigste agam gan toradh; an Óigis
leo tar éir mo faoisail, ná fuit cíuinn-eolair agam ari

ériúthteast na n-Ídeas, ar a scíordáist agus ar a bpráiteannlaist, ar a raotári ar fhiad na hÉireann, ar an gcoicíseadh tuigairí coir baile ar bcoictaib, ar díleacataib, ar gac mac mactar o'ári teagmhais oíche agus gáibh aige le cabair.

Cá raiib an tionsc eile éis gairim rcoille uata do chuir éigean féile oíche féin fé mar b' amhlaidh do muinntir na hÉireann? Muinntear na hÉireann! nári leor leo a ndícheall do bdeanamh do gac duine d' a dtagairt chua ari lóig leiginn, gan cuipeadh coitcianta do tábairt do gac aicme go raiib fonn foílumha oíche ba chuma cao ari go dtiocfaidir.

Na d'oidh le duine ar na Gallair ro nári aothuis uistíodair mórta na hÉireann gur lionmhaire b' Éire fé mar aonáilb ná mar b' aon ériúc eile o'ári b'eol d'oidh; ceapfaidh duine oíche nári aothuis uistíodair mórta na hÉireann go raiib cuiptre na foílumha comh tóraimail rian i nÉirinn gur bhrúct agus gur atbhrúct rí go dtí go raiib gac tír rian Eorair fé comadoin aici. Agur, mara n-adomhácaríofréin, ná raiib mo tairteal-ra ar lóig na manac! Na mainistreacá do tóigairdair agus do cónaíseadair as baile agus i gcein ná feaca-ra iem' fúilib cinn a n-iarraimairde Áiríair? Cealla do tóigairdair i n-a dtalamh d'úctair connac fé bárrí lárnaid ag an eacáinannac iad! Mo mheále náire iad na Gall bhrádáda, mo mheále náire agus m'aitír iad!

Scíobhfaidh-ra rtaír na fóola, agus tairbhfad a ceapadh féin d'oi. Deimneocáidh mé do'n traoisai gur b' a nór i nÉirinn bheiteadair agus leasá agus feancáda agus filiúde agus aor téad do bheit ag uairliib, raoiríte do bheit ag a bprearrain, ag a bprearrann, ag a rppréid; gur mórde feancúir na hÉireann do bheit bárlantamail mar go mbioibh na céadta ollamhán gá coimeád, agus coicíseadh ag gac ollamh d'ion d'á chion. Céimneocád-ra, mineocád, cuiptreao bhris a n-oibre ro i n-eagair. Agur, má iarrtaír oíthi cao chuirte go dtuigaim oíreaoi jann ar an feancúir mar fhiúdeamh ar an rtaír, mo fpreasra air fín gur cumad uimhír an tfeancúir i nduantaib mar gurfaidh amhlaidh i fheadair do cuiptidhe de meadair le lúct foílumha é.

Tá 'r ghlítheanna go leor ór mo comhaimp annro. Tóimíonnad iad, cuimhead 1 gcomórtar iad, agus r déanfaid leasúgád beas ag an tsean-Ísleabhlach ionnuig go dtuisgeair 1 níos déag ór de'n dúntaig fearta mé. Mar sin ró-baoislaísc liom go mbraitheáil ariú tsean-Ísleabhlach óntaig ag dul 1 n-aistíriach agus 1 n-olcár agus 1 n-éag, b'féríodh, má bionn ré de mór-ád oírlainn bhealaí na nGall do dul cum cinn 1 n-éiríonn. Á! acht fáil a tsoigíodh féidir leis an gcairí rín nochtarach gád bheag d'áir círaoibhreacailleadh riám 1 tseaoiú mo dúntaig. Ceapann Ísleabhlach go riúfriú leo ó'n uair go bhfuilimh-re ariú teicneadh uata. Is beas a tuisigíodh, ám, caid a tiochairdhe ñe ñárrí a níos déagáin, mar sin beas a faoilidh lucht na leisce sin féríodh gcairí i fíreannáir do éir 1 n-eagair 1 n-uaití uaisgní. Go mairíodh Óis a òdóibh a bheacairde, agus go raibh an Ísleabhlach ciorcáilte fíreannáirce na bplaitear!

AN DAIRBHREAC Ó ÓNA.

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 enchain'd, 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 kerns ; 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 TRAOCAÐ IS MO ÆAOCT REM' LÓ TÙ.

(Ari ðár mhuirír mís Seapait Rídirie Æiarraidhe do cailleach ñ blónorar, mbliaðain a 1646 no mairi roin.)

Mo traoċað iñ mo Æaoct rem' ló tÙ,
A Æiarraidheis iñ' cian-luighe i gcoimhainn ;
Mo cpeas, t'feart ðar lear i blónorar,
A mhuirír mís an Rídirie o fíorlanař.

Cé mór an cplád do tárċuis gómata,
Ni jaib blar ná daċt ná tóirre aix,
Dá níriñ, san fuigseall san fóbaix,
Rem' cħoride-re għiex rċaoilead do rceoix-ri.

Do bi Āine Ċnuic Āine doo' fógras,
Iñ bi għiex aġ-loc ġuixi na ngleo-ħeajr,
Caoi aġ-tnaċċi binn i nħleann fógras
Iñ Seapalt-caoġġi aġ-Seanad-tnaċċi iñ' cōmċar.

O'admuix bean do cseajt ari ħoċċaill,
Beaġi riċe aġ-Moixiie do cōmċar,
Diox Mac Caille iñ- Ċaċċiex Mόna
Iñ cinejal mħeġiex aġ-urġiem jaċċoġġi.

Do ghlac eagla an Saranac róthamail
 i dtír aig lí na ní-feadair ó'r tóirí,
 Bean riúde doo' caoineadh 'na dónairí
 Suír fadaíl suírlab é a thíbirt o'fóisair.

Inír an Daingean níor caigil an ceol-ghoil
 Suír ghlac eagla ceannuigte an cnoicra,
 Dá n-eagla féin níor thaoisai dónib-gean
 Ní caoimhín mna riúde an rórt roin.

Bean riúde i nDún Chaoine ag bhrón-ghoil,
 'S bean dáncaír mo Dún-an-Oirí-re,
 Bean binn-geal inreac mór
 Coir Féile fá éas ós-geas.

Ari Sliab Mír níor cír an móri-ghoil,
 'S ari Sliab Fiannaighlan fiolair na feola,
 Ari Chruacáin na Tuaité do tóircuin,
 'S ari Chnoc Úréanachain bhréin-geal bómair.

O'aitnísear ari an Aifín dtóirí,
 'S ari an bhuil-éit do tuit 'ran bhróisí,
 Ari fíreacád na réalta cónimeit,
 Éas Shaorair, ní hé suír fóisair.

Móri file nári filleadó i gcoimí,
 I n-amhráir ari feadair a n-eolair,
 D'eagla ná bea' daingne leo rai
 Marbhna náca ba marbhna cónir tuit.

Móri faraile nári fatail ari Eoghanach
 Da tnuácas leo' clú i r tu beo aca,
 Le'ri b'ánaclra' doil t'acfainne tóirí
 Doo' cuma-ra go bhrónaisté bhróna.

Móri ghréimhean céadraíadó i gcoimíte
 Nári leisgád aict ór ireal beo oírlaib
 D'éir t'éaga fá bhréinib ríordill tuiib
 Ag éad le n-a céile fóib-ge.

Thoir taoisí-thean doil-éanárr ír óir-fhult
 Tá scíofraí san eoir acht a gceol-éslac,
 Tári stírlaoisí dor na téadairiú óir-thá
 'S a mbuirídeasair ag an ngaois ari a n-áigé.

Tomára ní-bean mionla móthair,
 Fá éslar dúnnta i gcuil tá geomra,
 Nári leig eagla capairi vi gáibh-éol
 Dois' éalaineaír le mothairiú a n-áigé.

1 n-áthair ag tairb no beo tús
 An uair ír mictiu leí t'fáicrin iu' óis-éiruit;
 Tair tús annraíct annraídeáct beo uirte,
 An dtus deairb do tairb níor mó 'di?

Tus' do gairce óuit gairim ír gáibhre,
 Tus' fá deara i n-áthairiú t'óirnead,
 Tus' ghradam óuit tús a gálaír óid ari óidír éil,
 Ri phuis ír níor mirtíde a móthair.

Cia ag ari fágair t'áilne agur t'áigé,
 An eneas ari fhuad uamain na bána,
 An leaca ari li gáirí an óig-lil,
 'S an óreac ari ódat na leas ióghair?

An riúge neamhair 'r an ceaitair comhriúas,
 An teanga miall ari gheall gur comhail,
 An troidh t'réan 'r an taobh marí rróil gheal,
 An ionga éaol 'r an béal marí bárra?

Do clearguitheasair ag tairisígeasair móthair-eas,
 Do rítaisítheasair rían-ríriúthair ríolair,
 Ríonra go n-ionlair t'eoilair
 Ó fímit píce go báiricin?

Cia óur oisíre dois' fáidbheasair ríolair?
 Cia 'deárrcnaír a nuaí iu' óeoit-ri?
 San beit é leo' mearairiú bárrta,
 Cleite sé 'r tús ag téanair clóda ri.

Clia chuirfeas mar do chuirfí i mbeo-riosc
 Ás innriunt d'innleasctha ír d'eolair,
 Ás taibhaint ceangailn dí ír anam a nóstain,
 Soileasctháilb náí báilb cé feoðað?

• • • • •

Do riugair do riða, ba riða do neon dám,
 Mar thíol i uthfiontais ír i uthfeoltais,
 Mar thíol i gscior-uthfleis ír i gscóirliis,
 1 nuidseall tiochtá ar do tórram;

1 nóntracst ír i gscumá do comhfoisair,
 1 gcaoinnead aoiur-feaðr ír óis-feaðr,
 1 n-aictseilre gean-ðan gán róirteann,
 Deairbheár, 'r 1 n-adcumá ós-ðan.

Do harðleasctha tún 1 n-aðairt mo tðicim,
 Ír lísfid píce cum dómbe,
 An dróm ba glonntrári glóiria
 1 nór báilb ó'stairb 'na tómar.

Murcaonta ír a nusib-þéal fóta,
 Hatalbairt 'r a mbarra le fóndais,
 Úrataca 'r 1ad ceangailte cnórtar
 Láim þe talam dák mannaír gán mórtar.

Do clairðeam ba gníomhac 1 ngleo-þruis,
 Lomnochtá ar onaðoin óis-fír,
 Do molartráci fólamhac ír t'óri-þruis
 So n-ionlár dák n-ioncúr fórmá.

Coimneil gán oisbéim eolair
 Ír captaein ó gád glain-éris d'eoíraip
 So fíuamhá 1 n-usaim 'r 1 n-ðirðeir
 'San oíracail fá coíraib do comh-éuir.

Céad feað doð' gáoltais feola
 1 líðré 1 nusib-éadac fórtar,
 T'ármur ír é tárriaingcte ar ór-ðat,
 Ronnta ar an uthfóisail-ðat uthfórras.

An uairi do glacað 'fan talam do cónra
 Tá mba mardean lapaigte an lócrainn
 Do théanfað oíordé cíor-ðus ñeo òi
 Le fmuíte an bhúdair do thóigearð oírt.

Sac faiðvui ñeig að veimpius ñað eolcaili
 Að vúblail cúnna-þáð fá òð óuit,
 An túnreáil vúr-þratað a ñeoja
 So vtiopmuis ñeig le n-a ornaibh thóigste.

Cé i an mardean an eaðtra tðfciun,
 Ír guri ñeaprla ó'n eaglair do nór-þroð,
 Óob' éigin le méri an thórtair,
 Ñuñdeacar ari an gceíri um nóna.

Naor gcaogair do cléiríeacairb coiróntrac
 Ñeirfeadrað i n-eaprlaibh ðrða,
 Sagairt na falmac gán cónnaipeam,
 Ír eapbuis an veacnað ari do tðfciun.

Muna mbeað a méri do cléim thótt-ra,
 Ír ualað nað ualað cónntrum,
 Ír maið do caoinfead mo clóis ñe bhróni tū
 1 gcaoin-þeaprla nár mílre að Óibid.

Na tū òom an tan ba ñeo tū,
 M'ñrrað tisge, mo rcit tðrihe,
 Þurtaðt m'éigin, éire m'feola,
 Comla m'áruir, fál mo tðfciun.

Mo thion tuaité, mo ñuaðaill bð-eallaig
 Mo ftiuipr áriðair ari lár ñócna,
 Mo marde lámhe i mbealpnaidh thó-þulainig,
 Mo clíann ñaðair fa ñaile 'r tū i ñfiondorar.

Mo ñeitíri ñeavola, mo caor cónraic.
 Mo ñraðan lann, mo ñoll mac Móirne,
 Mo cùrað caom, mo laoð, mo leomhan,
 Mo mionn fúl, mo lion-lút, mo lócrann.

Ó do thálaírtair mo gheácmair i ghrá-éasair,
 Ír do thíosair mo fadaírre leor' ós-óisil;
 Tá aonach, mo taocht ír mo theo-ésoin,
 Áir m'aoisíbhír ír epríos mo ghlóríre.

Mo luanín-éreád, mo ghuair, mo gheo-úrúir,
 Mo éneadótháir, mo ullaí, mo theo-ésoin,
 Mo thileathair, mo chealas, mo éis-ním,
 Mo thíleathair tún, m'orpa, ír m'eoiléasair.

Mo fíleadótháir, mo léan, mo leonadótháir,
 Mo gheo-ésoin, mo thíleathair, mo theo-ésoin,
 Mo fíorúca ball, mo éall, mo érdd-íot,
 Mo éneadótháir do gheo-ésoin i gceannáin.

Ba éairítear ná an fhealáin do ghrónntaítear,
 Ba úairíngne ná an éairítear do érdd-íot,
 Doib' fáiltear ná an Óbanba do theo-éasair,
 Ír ba éumairíngne ná t'úire an Eorpaír.

Ó do leagadótháir mo leagadótháir i rí mo leonadótháir,
 Ó do éailleamhain ba éailleamhain do gheo-éasair;
 Ó éailleádair tún do éailleádair mo theo-éasair,
 Ír ó'r marbh tún i rí marbh 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 soror 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, Cunningham ! 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 plaints 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.

NU FUILAINGSIOD SAILL DÚINN.

A.D. 1670.

Ní fuilaingsoid Saill Dúinn ríotusgád i nÉirinn real
 Ár scleioróidte gan símliús gád 'r írlisgád fé n-a rmaist,
 Ár scumar do laisgusgád i f' níctiús gád ár scleiri ari fad
 I fuitim a mio-riún criochnusgád ár raoisair ari.

Níor fuiscte dár n-íctiús gád lioithiús gád bheagairt
 Gan cumar an tsigisidh iúin i n-aon cùir d'éileamh ceairt,
 Tuigim duri ríor-þurðar ríotusgád raois na bheairt
 Le n-a scuiridh i scéidí dúinn gnioithiús gád leiri a scéairt.

Dár dtubhairt go laoiteamhail luighe dúinn fé n-a rmaist ;
 Mo chuirre 'r naé níon dúinn doin cùil d'Éirinn airt,
 Ár scumar i f' nio-cumhang, ní fiú rmeají ár scéairt
 Muna dtigse gan moill cùsainn miniusgád éigint ar.

Do connaic na Gaill u'd fiondaimail réadaí feal,
 Cumaraí cíoraimail cíosnaimail céadraídaí ceart,
 Soilbír faoiteamail mion-úr maoiúda meair,
 Fileadóta fíoraimail fiontaimail feartas feast.

Cuirte caointeaimail oírlaoiteamail daonnaíctas,
 Bioraithe biondaimail gaoirfeamail gaeðealaí slan,
 So tuitim i bpríofrún daoiríreamail lae na mbreast
 Nári tuisleadháin mi-clú 'r biontusgád déarac deart.

Soírtim i'f gairdín fáinn Cíorírt cùgáid, caomh an fírait,
 O'fúilaing a caoin-éirí i gcealaib cùmains cearta teast
 So gcuimheád gan fnoill cùgáinn fi clú gaeðil 'na gceart
 'S so gceimhriod na Gaill u'd b' iú i gcein tar lear.

SEAFRAÓ O DONNCAÓDA.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

Our happy school upon the hill,
 Where first were taught the childish prayers,
 That prove through scenes of strife and ill
 The solace of our after years—
 Thy loving lessons still have power,
 When sorely tried by earthly leaven,
 To save us in temptation's hour,
 And point the narrow path to Heaven.

In every rank, in every grade,
 Thy children play no common part—
 The skilful hand at every trade,
 The ornament of every art ;
 The chemist, with his mystic lore,
 The clever scholar teaching others,
 The trader to a distant shore,
 Are pupils of the Christian Brothers.

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 SCLEAS.

(Nuairí do chuir Rí Cormac 11. réala ari an pojnt do minneadó fé
Chromailí ari éalaí na hÉireann.)

Ír bárra ari an sclear an ríadóit do teacht éar tuinn
Le'ri leasadh fé ríait an treibh ríom Éibír Finn,
Cama na mbeart do rílaod go clion ari scuing
Le'ri scéarriad amach ari scéarit ari Éirinn uill.

Ír deacair a mear go ríab i scéill do'n Óruinns,
Seapadó na n-aict do teabhairt o' aon maois Gáill,
So Ófearachadair bheat na Ófear ari Séaplaí Riois
Súi ríapadair neart go ceart le céile a boill.

Do feannad ari ríad an feacht ro i nÉirinn Gaoiðil,
Ír dearbháir fearta feart go aon fír díob,
No glacair a bhrí go ríad ír téir éar tuinn
Ír scéallair éar n-air go ceart go héag ari.

Cé neartmári an tan-ro: ari clannait Saeðeal na Sáill,
 1r cé rathmári a rtaró le real i bpríéamháib fionn,
 De ðearcain a scárt ní gábaird gáilleadh an fionn,
 Fearfaraid 'na fíaraid fears Óe 'na nöfum.

'Achair na bfealt doo' céad iñ déanta gurde,
 Ceartuis 'na lear ari fad i nÉirinn Sáoróil,
 1r learguis 'na gceart gan ceap gac n-aon d'e'n dhuing,
 1r arius a ríe a rat do'n cléir i gceill.

Uc iñ aitaoi, iñ lag i an uairle aoi!
 Cufa 'r calairde ari cailínib tuarastail,
 Dordais fí hatarde iñ airtide ruarac' rín,
 1r luéit oiftheairc reagairde i gcairib cluaraí.

SEAFRAÓ Ó DONNCAÓA.

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 unsheathe your
 swords again,
 And—on them like an avalanche! and sweep them from the
 plain.

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 ! "

MAC AN CEANNURDE.

Áirílingh séarí do thearcar féin im' leabharó 'r mē go lag-
bhriogach :

Ainmír féinm d'ri b'ainm Éire ag teacáit im' Shaorí ar mar-
caigeacáit;

A rúil peamhári galar, a cùl troma car, a com peans geal 'r
a malairde,

O'á maorídeamh go raibh ag tigheacáit 'na gári le vioigráir,
Mac an Ceannurde.

A beol ba binn, a glórí ba éadoin, iñ pó-thearc linn an cailín,
Céile Órlaíin d'ri gheill an fiann, mo léirí-éireac dian, a
náicíó

Fé fúirte Gall d'á bhrúsaó go teann mo cùilfionn treans
do fílaidh rinn;

Uí'l faoireibearth ríal le tigheacáit 'na gári go bfilírfidh Mac
an Ceannurde.

Na céadta tá i bpéin do ghlád le gáirí-thearc fáimh d'á
cneamh-éli,

Clanna riúste, maca Mileád, Órlagain fiocda iñ gairciodh;
Tá gnuair 'na gnaoi, ní mórclann rí, cé duibhac fé ríor
an cailín,

Uí'l faoireibearth ríal le tigheacáit 'na gári go bfilírfidh Mac
an Ceannurde.

A pháidte féin iñ círáidte an ríéal, mo lán-éireac séarí a
náicíó

A beirt gán ceol ag caoi na ndeoí 'r a buithean, gán go,
ba mait gníomh,

Gán cléirí, gán órto, i bpéin go mói 'na níarrrma fó gáe
mádairde.

'S go mbéirí rí 'na rríear gán luighe le feair go bfilírfidh
Mac an Ceannurde.

Δουθαιρτ ḡrīr an bñiró-bean mionla, ó tñpnað píste
cleadct i,

Conn iñ ḡrt ba lonnrað peadct, iñ b'fóstlað slac a ngleac-
uitheacdt,

Cpiontcan tñéan, tñp tuinn tñs séilt, iñ laoigeac mac
Céin an feap ñpiorðe

So mbeir ñi 'na rrpear ñan luigé le feap so bñillfrið
mac an Ceannurðe.

Do ñeir pñil ó ñear ñac ló fí peadc ari círatis na mbare an
cailín,

iñ pñil ñear roip so olút tñp muip, mo éumá anoir a haicid.

A pñla riap ag pñil le Dia tñp tonntaib riapla ñainime,

'S so mbeir ñi 'na rrpear ñan luigé le feap so bñillfrið
mac an Ceannurðe.

A bñáitþe bñeaca tñro tñp leap, na tñinte ñeapic an cailín ;
ni'l plead le ñagáil, ni'l ñean na ñpláð ag neac ña cairðið
admuisim ;

A ñpuaðna fliuc, ñan ruan ñan rult, fí ñpuaðt iñ duð
a n-áibid :

ni'l ñaoirpeam real le tigéact 'na ñap so bñillfrið mac
an Ceannurðe.

Δouðairt léri iap sclof a rcéil a pñn gupi éag ari cleact ri
Ñuar 'ran Spáinn so bñuaipí fí báp 'r náp tñuað le cíac
a haicid :

iap sclof mo ñota i bñogur vi cõppuig a cíut 'r do
repead ri,

iñ d'éaluis a hanam d'aon pñeab airti ; mo léan-þa an
bean so lað-þríoðsac.

AOÐGÁN Ó RATAILLE.

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.

Tairceisigh, a éloca, fé coisgilt i gcoimeád ériuairí
 An feallaire píola 'r an ríollaire Ógáron liat
 A gairce níor b'follur i gcoigeadh ná i gceat iá ghláirí,
 Acht ag creibhád 'r ag crosád 'r ag coirceáit na mbóchtáin
 ñiamh.

Do b'fáirfing a cíortar i gcoláir-úrhusc ceann-áirí Ógáin,
 Ba thairgean a ñoíar 'r a ñoíceall iarrtisg féin iadair,
 I n-eacáilí fórais i n-órcailioidí ñá ríláib
 Siúr ceangail ré an gortá do'n phobul ñá gcuir fé piashail.

A gheata níor fórcail le hóirnád na ndonán ndian,
 Níor fíreagair a nglolairit 'r ñá gcoláinn níor fíreartail
 biaidh;

Ógá ngealpífaraidir bhorra no ríold no ríotáin riap
 Do thairfeadh ré fírotanna píola ar a rílinneáin riap.

Reacsta an traoisail do ríab go ríor-éanáid,
 Maithair creibhád taoisach níos-náirpeas,
 Easglair Ógá gán traoisach ñá ríor-cáblaib
 Ír flaitear na ñaomh ar a ñealj-þáirac.

Se'ri mór a ríctmar real 'r an traoisail ro beo
 Ba ériuairí a bheart ar lágairiú bhoiú gán tríeoír
 Ír buan an t-acht do ceapadh ríor féo' cónair,
 Fuaict ír tairt ír teap ír teinte ro' ñóisair.

Mo fáilm-re ar ríordán gán dochma gán tiomáiní ro' ñíairí;
 Ar leacairiú do' lórcád ag Cocituir ag ríor-éagáil pian;
 Ísce maithair píola ó Coirceas go ñaile Ácta Cíláit
 Go leanairí go nobann do lórg-ra, a cíuirí, fé ériuairí.

Ag reo an t-áiríur 'na bhrúil Ógáron fé leacairiú rínte,
 Cíub do cíuirí táinte le fán ír do creibh na mílte
 Agus ír o'fáis na mná ír a nglolairis ag taistíleal tiopeá:
 Siúdím ríordóte go bhráit tú ír tú ro' lórcád i ñteintíb!

Mo nuair, mo crieas nár taictaó milte ro' fóirt,
 Ír Seán, do mac, 'na ghríear doo' coimheasct leo;
 Mar luas gáe ríairi ír cleas ráir tionscraig fóir
 Beirí conaírt cláin le hainre doo' ríphaoileadh leo.

Cuibhreas daingean ari piatac' an aonúinre
 Le roisín-gád gáinb ó Eatairla, a talamh Óttóir,
 Saigseantair eadairta an t-airmeaplaic i measc na n-deamhan,
 An Decree rím fearta 'ca ari t'anam, a maoirair allta.

Cioth go mbair murtarlaic ionarlaic fannntaic piamaí
 Bior do eirte ag cinnipe gáin ro' Óirí,
 Do colann ag cnuimhib dá piocadh go hamplaic tian,
 Ír t'anam ag fiuccadh 'ran scoipre gáin cunnatar bliadán.

Órlaig, a leac, a Órlaio'r a Órlannnaol crom,
 A fáil a phlaist a teanga a toll rúib móir.
 Gáe lúit gáe ait go pháip do'n Éamh-Fliscteoir,
 Mar fáil ná carra tair n-air ná a fáimail go deo.

SEÁN CLÁRAC MACDOOMNAILL.

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 EACHTA AN GALAR.

(Ari mbeisí i n' oíche lúigé láimhe ó. A.D. 1745.)

Áireamh eactha an galar 'n-ap lúigear go tréit,
Is cár a bheacadh 'r is deacaigh dom rípiobadh ná leigean,
Ó éir paité an Earraghs do caiteamh im' lúigé go leir
'S mo lám dear agam 'om cealgadh tríom le péin.

Lám na bheacanna glacadh 'r do bhois ari ceadet,
Lám do tairisíng ceapt reanáinir inre Gaeðeal
Lám gac eactha 'r ailté do rípiobadh ari an bfeinn,
'S an lám nári cailleadh go piád do'n cill, a Óe.

Tá a lán dá canadh gur cealg ó mnaoi dein é,
Is táim-re ceana dá maitheamh ói ó piún mo cléib ;
Má'r mna do mairib no martruis doaíne 'n traoðair
Ní nári dom eadairta rearbamh nód ruidhe lem' creibim.

Uíor fág rí acimhinn im' ballaib im' cíorúde ná im' aib,
Is o'fág rí m'eagna balb is m'inteacáit faon,
Ó'fág rí lagusíte leacta mé cuiðearfach clé,
Aict tá an Rí neartmári do earrfaió ari mo gheas.

Ó d'fri leanb do r'fhealadh fóm' fínead i gceiré,
 'S do maitírin deaibhéa an ealta roinn tuisim gur n'éacáit;
 Ní aifíomh eadairte a n-úanaltára ór fíorluig mór,
 'S do bhead mná ríde i fíorlaithe iom' caoinead i fíor eisgr.

Mo chraítheadéit éairír fín, m'anaclra ciorcde an r'fheal,
 An bár aghaibh gian aga ná ní gneair lae,
 Ná cairde ceapára ó mairdin go hoirdéim im' leáir,
 Ná an áit a piáca ná feadair cár fúige fan traoisál.

Mo chnáimha 'r mo chalainn do'n talamh ba tuisge a gcuir fí
 So r'fáinte r'feará le taibhé an traoisil go leir;
 Aict aifreamh raithe ná n-áraibhinn cíuimhe 'r daéil,
 Ám an t-anam, ní feadair aifír cár dtéirídeann.

Cairde tamall ó ceanuig dom Rí na hAomáin
 'S i fíorlaithe gealaíra gian aifreamh inníomh é,
 Cairde mearaithe a chaitear le hinninn Dé
 So chraítheadéit cneártá d'fheir aiteanta Chriost 'r a cíleir;

A pháir do éabairt fír n'feará 'r A ghníomh do leigheasam,
 Cár a ceangail a marlaíodh 'r a milté círeacáit,
 Guri fágadh marb gian anam Mac Vilír Dé
 Ár árdo-ériofír gáisíb gian fáic um a éaoibh, mo lean!

A Shráig neartíodair, ná nágaír 'fan dioisál roin mór,
 Ná fágas sac taircúirne éairíseir d'fheir im' éaoibh,
 'S, cé tá go n'fearáidh mo fíorlaithe tarb inníomh r'fheil,
 Beadh fílán aict gáisíb aifír cár éabairt an trír go tréan.

A árdo-fílait, a Áitair, a Óeagáin, 'r a caoin-Spríofí náemí,
 Ór éal gáis marcaír i b'fílaithe i fíorlaithe an traoisál,
 Ár lár im' leabaird, im' fíorlaithe ná fíorlaithe mo ghnéim,
 Óur ngrád go b'fearáidh im' anam, im' cíorlaithe, 'r im' béal.

seán ua murcaoda na ráitíneac.

DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST.

T' anam ó'n riabac! 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 ireland!
 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 CATHA NA MUIMAIN.

A.D. 1750.

O' aitnisear féin san ullaes ag fuaist
 'S ari anfaite Téitir taoibh le cuan,
 Arij canaibh na n-éan go réireas fuaime,
 So scarffad mo Séarfar slé san ghráim.
 Meafaim gur fubac do'n Mumain an fuaim
 'S o' a maipeann go duibh de chrua na mbuaibh
 Torann na dtóonn le pleagraibh na long
 Ag tarraint go teann 'n-ári gceann ari cuairt.

Tá laraibh 'ran ngléin gád lae go neoin;
 Ní taife do'n rae, ní téirdeann fé neoil;
 Tá bárra na gcealaibh ag déanamh rceoil,
 Naic fada bhéid Gaeál i ngeáibhenn bhrón.
 Meafaim gur fubac do'n Mumain an ceol
 'S o' a maipeann go duibh de chrua na dtóreon
 Torann na dtóonn le pleagraibh na long
 Ag tarraint go teann 'n-ári gceann fé feol.

Tá Aoibhíll ari mire agur Áine óg
 Agur Clionna an ullainneal iñ áilne gnóibh;
 Táid mílte agur tuilleabu de'n dtáin seo fóir
 Oidh fuidhead le buile gur tainig an leoßan.
 Meafaim gur fubac do'n Mumain an ceol
 'S o' a maipeann go duibh de chrua na dtóreon
 Torann na dtóonn le pleagraibh na long
 Ag tarraint anall 'n-ári gceann fé feol.

Iñ annamh dám mardean ari amairc an laoi
 Ná bainim éum peata go fainighe riór,
 Mo thearcá uá leataibh ag fainne de riór
 Arij bárcáibh an fáraire ag gcearrfada na rúige.
 Meafaim gur fubac do'n Mumain 'r gur binn
 'S o' a maipeann go duibh de chrua na Ríos
 Torann na long ag rcoilteabu na dtóonn
 Ag tarraint go teann 'n-ári gceann san moill.

Cruthinnigeadh gaeil duine o'fhuil Mileadach trein
 So piteann 'n-a chuirle de'n bhrion-fhuil bhras
 Do milleadh le duliste 'f do crádhadh le claoine
 So mbuaileadh ré bhuille le báire an tréin.

Measraim guri fubac do'n Mumain i gcein
 'S o'da mairéann go duibh dé crú na tréan
 Tóirann na dtionn le glearaibh na long
 Ag tairisaint go teann 'n-ári gceann le faothar.

CAOINEADH AIRT UI LAOÍSAIRE.

(Eibhlín Dubh ní Conaill do cheap. Feair eibhlín do b'eadh ailt ua Laoisairé, agus do láimhéal coir inre Carrraigé an tme é le feall-veairt Sall um Bealtaine, 1773. Mac neadhbhacáir o' Eibhlín a b'eadh Doimhneall ua Conaill an "Liberator." Seoibhéal an Caoineadh i n-iomlán, nó a fúrimóri pé rcéal é, i "Ihrpleabhar na Gaeálge" i gcoiméar Meicín a 1896. níl ré go leíri annro.)

Mo ghrádach go daingean tú !
 Lá o'da bhréaca tú
 Ag ceann tighe an mairgaird ;
 Tug mo fáil aithe óuit,
 Tug mo ériordé taitneamh óuit ;
 O'Éaluitsear óm' atair leat
 1 bhrad o' bairle leat.

Ir cuimín lem' aigse,
 An lá bhréas earrraig úd,
 Guri bhréas tágadh nata óuit,
 Ir bantua óir capta airi.
 Cláidreamh cinn aigse,—
 Lám bhearr calma,—
 Rómprail bágairtach,—
 Fír-ériteagla
 Ári námaid cealgach—
 Tú i gceoir cùm falartach'

Ír ead caol ceann-fionn fút.

O'umhluisdóir Saranais

Síor go talamh duit,

Ír ní mar maite leat

Aict le haon cípp eagla,

Siúr go leo do cailleadh tú

A mhuirinn m'anna.

• • • • •
Mo éara tú go daingean!

Níor é spreidear riámh do marbhadh

Go dtáinig éisgiam do capall

'S a riantsa leí go talamh,

Ír fuil do ériodé ari a leacain

Síor go díallait gheanta

'Na mbíteá d'fhiúdhe 'r iu' gearam.

Čuigear leim go tapaird,

An céad leim ari an gcairte,

An dara leim ari an dtairbhri

An tríomhaod leim ari do capall.

Do bhuailtear go luat mo bára,

'S do baineas ar na peataibh.

Comh maist ír b'f é agam

Go bhuairtear riomhamh tú marbh

Coir tuairín írle aitinn,

San pápa ír san earrbog,

San cléiríeadh ír san ragairt

Do leigheas doit an tráilm,

Aict pean-bean éisíonna caitte

Do leat oit beann d'á fallaing;

Do éuro fola leat 'na ghlacáib;

Ír níor fánas le n-a ghlanaod

Aict i d'ol ruar leim' báraib.

Mo ghrád é tú 'suir mo taitneam!

Eisíos ruar iu' gearam,

1^r ταιρι λιοντάνιον α θαύλε
 Σο γενιρρέατη ταιριτ οά λεαζαύ,
 Σο πιλαούρατη αρι εδιριηρι φαιρρινού,
 Σο πνειρό αγαίνη σεοι οά γρριεαζαύ,
 Σο γεδιρρεούρατη θυτ-ρε λεαβα
 βέ θηταίνη μίνε γεαλα,
 βέ ευιλτεανναίνη θηραζ' θηρασα,
 Α ευιρριθ τεαρ τηέο' θαλλαίνη
 1 η-ιονατη αη φιαάτη α γλασαιρ.

Δ θαοινε, ηά ηειρτιθ
 Λε γασαιρεάτη ειτις.
 Νι'λ αον θεαν ι ηειρινη
 Το φινρεαύ α ταού λειρ,
 Το θεαριαύ τηί λαοζ θό,
 Ηά γασαύ λε γραούραινη
 1 ηνιαιρό θιριτ ιι λαοζαιρε
 Ατά απηρο τηραούτα
 Ο παισινη ινθέ αγαμ.

Δ θιλιμιρίν, λέαν ορτ!
 Φιλ θο εροιθε θ'έαζ λεατ!
 Το φιλιλ θα γεαούρα!
 Το γλύνινη θα γεαθαύ!
 Το παλιθαίρ μο λαοζ-ρα,
 'S γαν αον φεαρ ι ηειρινη
 Α γρεαθραύ να πιλειρ λεατ.

Γρεαθαύ ευζατ αγυρ θιτ!
 Δ θιλιμιρ γηάντα αη φιλ,
 Δ θαιν θιοντάνιον μο τιγεαρ,
 Αταιρ μο λεανθ γαν αοιρ;
 Θιρ ακα αγ φιυθαλ αη τιγε,
 'S αη τηιονταύ σεανη ιρτις ιμ' ειι,
 'S ηι ηούα γο γενιρρέατο θιον!

Mo ghrádó tún 'gur mo taitneamh !
 Nuair ghabair amach an geata
 O'filliir tár n-air go tapaird ;
 Do phósair do thír leanb,
 Phósair mire ari bárra baire,
 Duibhláir, "A Eibhlín, eipis ió' fearam
 So luaimheas iр go tapaird,
 Táim-re as fágáil an baile
 Iр ní móide go deo go scárrainn."
 Ni minnear deo' cainnt acht magaird :
 Biteád rád liom go minic céana.

.

Mo ghrádó tún 'gur mo cumann !
 'S ní hé a bhfuair bár deo' cineadh,
 Ná bár mo chriúir cloinne ;
 Ná Domhnall mór Ua Conaill,
 Ná Conall a bátaró an tuile,
 Ná bean na ré mbliaodan bhrídeas
 Do chuid anonn tár uisce
 As cairdeasrais eacbt le riachtanis ;
 Ni hiad ro go léir tár asam
 Le huclán cléibh rá ngsairim
 Acht Airt Ua Laoighre an oimis,
 Airt na ghráidíe finne,
 Airt an bhuachaill 'r an tigris,
 Maicíad na Láraí doinne,
 Óráid ariéir rá donnait
 Airt Inre Carrraig' an lme—
 Náir mairiúr rí a hainm ná a rloinneadh !

.

Mo ghrádó agur mo laosc tú !
 A Airt gil Uí Laoighre
 mic Conchúbair, mic Céadair,
 mic Laoigris Uí Laoighre
 Amair ó'n nGaothla
 'S anoiri ó'n gCaol-énoch

.

Mar a bhárlaod caora
 1r cnócta buidé ari gheasait,
 1r ubla i n-a rlaodait
 1 n-a n-am féinig.

Cáir b'iongnaid le héinne
 Dá laffad uib laoighre
 1r béal Ácta 'n gaothaird
 'S an ghuagán naomhá
 1 nuaidh marcais na gheal-ghlaic,
 An ríathairde gáin tulaocád,
 Do tagad eusam d'aon mít
 Ó'n ngealainis ari raochar
 Nuaip ríathairdír caol-éoin ?
 Ó ! a marcais na gcláon-porc,
 Cao d'imtrí ariéirí oírt ?
 Óir do fadolear-ra féinig
 Ná tuairbheocád an raochar tú
 Nuaip ceannuisear duit éidead.

Ní b'feard cairdib ari bátar mo chinn,
 Ná leine cneir leim' taoib,
 Ná urobhs ari tóráct mo buinn,
 Ná tporcán ari fuit an tigé,
 Ná ríman leir an láip n'fuit
 Ná caitífid mé le tigé.
 1r nácaid aonan tár tuinn
 Ag cónáradh leir an mís,
 'S mara gcuirfeid ionnam ruit
 Ríllfead tar n-air ari
 Ari b'fearc na pola duit,
 A bain díom féin mo buidéan.

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. MACBURNAY.

GÚIRT AN MEADÓIN OÍRÓCÉ.

A.D. 1780.

Na ghnáth mé riubhal le ciúinairí na hAbhann
Ari báinrisig úinig 'r an trácht go triom
I n-áisce na scoilte i gcuim an tréime
Sán tairisig sán moill le roillte an lae
Do ghealaíodh mo chroíde nuairí a cinn loc Shléime,
An tairisig 'r an tír i giosair na tréime;
Na taitneamhach aoiúinn gurúdeamh na tréimte
Ais báisairt a gcuinn tairis truim a céile.
Do ghealaíodh an chroíde bheadh cíon le ciantsa
Caitte sán bhris no lionta 'e pháonta;
An réitileac réaribh sán réalibh sán raiúbhreac
O'fearcaidh tamall tairis bárra na scoilte
Ari laochair 'na gcuainne ari éuan sán cheo
An eala ari a bhuaidh 'r i ais ghuairreacst leo.
Na héisge le meadairí ais eiríse i n-áiríde
Réiríre im' riadairis go tairúbhreac tairis-bhéas.
Dáit an ioca agus gorfú na tróinn
Ais teadéit go tolgaíc torannas triom.
Bhíodh éanlaist i gceannan go meadairíac módúmaras
Iar leimhreac eilte i scoilte m' cónfáir.
Séimheas aúdaris i griadairis ari fíoríste
Tréan-ríct gáðair i gRainghearrd gómhra.

Ar maidin inoé b' an rpéarí gan éo,
 Ói Cancerí ó'n ngréin i n-a caorútaibh teo
 Iñ i gábhá cum raoctairí t'arí éir na hoiúche
 Iñ obair an lae rín píomprí rinte;
 Ói duilleabhair claoibh ar gheasa im' timéall,
 Fiúrtan iñ féarí go rlaodád taobh liom,
 Glarria fáir iñ bláth iñ lúibeanna
 Scairfead le fán d'á ériáitdeacáit rmaointe.
 Ói mé corrta 'r an cordaibh dom' traoctád,
 Sín mé tóim ar cothrom 'fan b'fearí glas
 1 n-aice na gceann i dtéannta tráinre
 Taca lem' ceann iñ m'annlaibh rinte,
 Ar ceangail mo fúil go vlút le céile
 Sreamuisigte dánta i nduibhslar néalta
 Iñ m'ágairí 'gam foilisgte ó chuilibh go rártá
 1 dtairbhreamh o'fhuilius mé an cuingéacáit ériáitde.
 Do corruiig de lom, do poll go haé me
 1m' cordaibh go tráom gan meabhair gan éirum.
 Ba gairid mo fuan nuairí chuala, raoil mé,
 An talamh mageuairí ar luarcád im' timéall
 Anraibh aothairí iñ fuaodád fioctáir
 Iñ calaibh an chuan ag tuairisain teinte.
 Siollaibh dom' fúil d'ári fumluisgear uaim
 Do connaic mé cùgam le ciúinair an chuan
 An máraibh bolgád colgád tarbhreac
 Cnámád colgád gairgeac gádhac;
 A haéiríde i gceart marí mear mé díreac
 A ré nò a reacáit de fílata 'r fuiúdealac,
 Péiríte beacáit d'á bhrat ag rraoiríleab
 Leí 'fan trílab le dílab iñ rioball,
 Ba muair ba fíarí ba fíadair le féacaint
 Suar 'na héraid an creacáitac creimeac;
 B'anraibh ceannairí—rcannraig raoisalta
 An díairí 'r an díannraibh manntac méricreac.
 A ní gac mairge ba láidirí liomta,
 A biomha láimhe iñ lán rtaíp innté,

Cóimhcheatá príomh 'na báirr ari spicé
 1f comhácta báille i n-áiríre ari rathúintá.
 Duibhseart go soisigdeas o'foclaibh dána,
 "Márcail, corruiig, a coílatais ghrána!
 1f duibh an trilige óuit rínté iu' fliarca
 1f cairt 'na fuidé 'r na mílte ag triall ann."

BRIAN MACGIOLLA MERORE.

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 ÓRÁOIÓDEACHTA.

Ceo Órásoródeachta i gcoim oíthe do fheol mē
 Téaré tiochtair mar óinnmír ari rírás,
 San ríomh-árasair tiofáil im' cónntar
 'S mē i gceannasair tair m'eoilur i gcein;
 Do finear go ríomh-árasair deorais
 I gcoill cluimhír cónntair liom fén,
 Ás suirtheadaithe cum Rioch sít na gclóirí
 If san níod ari bít acht tróscáipe im' béal.

Úi lionlu t im' cíoróde-re, san sú ari bít,
 'San gcoill reo 'r san glórí ónuine im' sáor,
 San aoiúnear, acht binn-sút na gmeolais
 Ás ríomh-cantair ceoil ari sád séis;
 Lem' éasair gur fíord ríomh-árasair tóthárais,
 1 bříosair if i gclóidh cíoráit mar náom,
 'Na gnaoi úi an li gseal le rírás,
 Ás comheagair, 'r nári b'eol uom cia gseill.

Na tríllíreac tuis bairde cartha ari ór-ádat
 A ólaor-folt go bhróig leir an mbé,
 A bhróite san teimeal mar an ómra,
 A claoimh-riofc do beo-goin sád laoic;
 Na binn bárla cartha ríomh-árasair ceolmhar,
 Mar ríomh-árasair sád náta ó n-a béal,
 If na náin carisce a cios círuinn i gcoill círt,
 Dári linné nári leonad le haon.

Feasct riomhe rin c' e b'ios-ra san treoiri ceart,
 Do b'iosgar le ro-feairc do'n b'e.
 Ir do faoilear sun b'aoisnear r'os-mor dom,
 An trid-vean do feola'd faoim' dein;
 Im' laoiteib do r'epioibar im' deoiri sunit
 Mar faoilear mo b'eol feas ari f'rae,
 Ir sac caoin-rtair d'ap' riomhar do'n ois' deir
 Ir rinn rinte ari feorainn an trleibhe:

A b'riogheas na riomh-rois do b'reoibhais me,
 Le r'iospair doo' f'noth i' doo' f'cetim,
 An tu an aoi-creir treir r'icseas na m'or-creuir,
 Mar r'epioibar i' g'c'omhriac na Tras,
 No an r'ios-b'riuinseal m'ionla o'f'as com' las
 Caisimileas na b'olimhe 'r a cread,
 No an r'iosan seal do b'uisi' ari an m'or-frait
 O'n mbeinn dul da teoruisgeas i' g'c'ein?

Ir binn blartha caoin o'f'reagair doibh,
 'S i ag r'ip-f'ileas doeoila tre' rein;
 Ni haoin b'ean d'ap' maoisib' mire i' g'liorcas,
 Ir mar cim-re ni heol duit mo cread;
 Ir me an b'riogheas do b'i feala'd roirta
 Fa' aoiisnear i' g'c'orodim c'irt na r'icir
 Ag nis Caisil Cuinn agur Eogain,
 Fuaip m'ir-creannar f'oula san pleid.

Ir duibh doest mo c'urra 'r i' b'riona,
 Dom b'ur-creimeas ag c'olpuit sac lae
 Fe' b'ur-rtmaest ag b'urair, san r'osacar,
 Ir mo r'iomh'ra sun feola'd i' g'c'ein.
 Ta' mo f'ur-ri le n'ur-mac na g'liorpe
 So' otiubh'air mo leomair fi' reim
 'Na n'ur-vaileib do'ntair i' g'c'ir mair
 Ag r'urcas na g'c'orodh'oc le faobhar.

Δε cùilfionn tair mhuinte na n-órfolt
 'De chru círt na gce' rónaí gsan bhréis,
 Do cùlra ag bhráibh iir bhrón liom
 Fá rmhínt, eatac, ceomhar, gsan rceléir;
 'Na nolut-órgaibh d'úttairt d'á rgeolraibh
 Mac congantac na ghlóríe do Réicr
 Iir rúgasac do rúgfainn-re crón-phuic
 So humair tapairt rgeórmhar le phléir.

An Stiochaird d'á dtigearaí cùgairn tapa ráile
 So epié inre fáilse ri néim,
 Le flit o'fearairbhaile laoiríg i Spáinnis
 Iir riop le coppa áitair go mbéinn
 Ári fír-eac meap ghortaíde tapairt ceadhraic
 Ag riop-éarthaí cairt le neart faoibhair,
 Iir ni claoiordhinn-re m'aintinn 'na theairt rín
 Cum luigé ari reagairt gáirda leam' né.

EOÍAN RUADH Ó SÚILLEABHÁIN.

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 RUAÓ.

A.D. 1798.

Naor Ó'fada bior ari leaba' im' luighe
 Nuair glaodais amuis
 Marcaí liomta i ndeirceapta oiréid
 Ari caoileac ruad :—
 “A Ógairais gnoide, an ro' codlaó taoi,
 No cao tda oírt ?
 Óireab ro' fuidhe go dtagairiunn
 Agur féad ari dtóirt.”

Do ghlac me biondúad geit i fingeasád
 Tíre m' nealtaibh ruain,
 Ír do b'fada bí mé gan focal cainnte
 Do bhearrfainn uaim.
 Allur fingeasád do ghearrfainn ríor
 Go tréan róim' gnuairis ;
 Ba ghearrí gan moill gur óireab óm' tairbhe
 An caoileac ruad.

1 n-ári n-áireamh bí tda fíord mille
 Séim-fearr ruairic
 De clannaith Milead fé airm liomta
 'S iad déanta ruair :
 O'fiafhuigear-ra go tapaird níos-pan
 Cá ríocí-dír cuan,
 No a' mbead na Gaill i dtalamh ríopear
 Ari n-áiseáil go buan ?

1 ὑποράθ ῥύτιν τοῦ φυαιρέαρ πυλιθεάετ
 Να μαιρτεινέ,
Ὄπι ἀν λεαθαρί τα ταιτημέας ιομ-ρά
 Κάι λαστέρ
Συρί βαίνεαθ “λυννοδαίν” ἢν πορτ Ματζαμίνα
 Οεν “Στάιτ” ινδέ;
Συρί φρεαθ ἀν “Ωίκ” ἀρι εαστ συμ φιυθαίλ
 Σ τοῦ μβειθ ἀν λά λε Γαεθιλ.

Ὄλα ὑπιγεαθ ῥύτιν μαρι αέτ ’γαν οὐταις
 Βα φρεας ἀν φεάι!
Ἄρι μβαιλτε οὐταιρι τε φεαλθυζαθ ’ζαινη
 Ζασ λά ο’άρι φαογα;
Ἄρι φεατα σύ λαστέ μαιρεαν ορυάτα
 Ἀρι εασραθ σαοι,
Ἴν γοῦ μβειθ ἀν θύτηρι Ὄλα θεαρθυζαθ
 Συρί φινη λαρραθ φιαθαις.

Ὄλο γλασαρ φονη συμ θυλ ανονη
 Ταρι φάιλε ι γεέιν
Ἄσ μεαρθυζαθ ἀν φεαθας γεινη
 Δτά λαίσιρι τρέαν;
Ὄλα θεαρθυζαθ τοῦ φευτιλ ἀρι ονούταις
 Ἄσ ἀν ηλμαριο ’νάρι ονειρο—
Μαρι φαρρι ἀρι φύτι τά μο γλασα φηνιζτε
 Ο’η φάμινη, μο λέαν!

Ἄσ Ρορ Μις Τρεοιν, μο γλασαρ οδιζτε,
 Φι ἀν εάρηναθ Γαεθεα!
Ὄλα φιέριο μιλε ο’άριν ιομίτα
 Φέ λαίν-φεαρτ φιλέαρι:
Ὄ’φάσ-μαρι φίντε ἀν τάιντε οιοθ-γαν
 1 ὑτύτηρ ἀν λαε
Πο συρί φυίσθεαθ ι ταίριε ἀρι ονδοινε
 Λε οὐιλ ’γαν μβραον!

Ir fada an Mumha 'na ruan san murchaile
 's an cap o'a pleiro
 Agur plup-reot cloinne Ultach
 So náro o'a nglaothach:
 Ir é leigheo na huigheair ar leabhar an cunnair
 's ar pád na naom
 Suí mitheo dúnne fearta murchaile
 No so bfuil an dáta ari ftrae.

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 despotic 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.

DO CUALAÓ SCÉAL.

(Ari ngeabáil Airtúir uí Conchúair agus ari marbháil Éanbháileach
m'ic Seapais.)

Do cuala rceal do péad mo chroíde ionnam
Ir d'árlaingh gualair ir ghuairt ari m'intinn,
Scéal do lean fír Éireann timcheall,
Ir le'í cuiread fógra i mbordón gan rcaoilead.

A Clanna Glaedea!, rín péad ríb croíde;
D'imeisig buri oibreoir, ní'l rpeoir ná bhusig ionnaith;
Sín é an Seapaisce ceangailte i ngeimleac,
Ir Airtúir uafal uairn tairghe.

ní'l ríos-fhlait rtaid le fagáil gan tigheo
Le n-ári marb é buri nglar a rcaoilead,
Ná fuil mi-ádó ir níosbháil níme air
'S an cineamáint dá ciorrthuigeadh agus ríláorídeant.

ní hiongnadu liom-ra buir go haoibhinn
San baoisgal gan baircaid gan marb i gCillidh Luric,
'S buri ríb fén aitá, cé náir le hinnriant,
Ais bhrat a céile de tigeadh na gclaoine-éadair.

Laibhaim, aitcim, ir rpeardaim ari fóra,
Ir go rai b an geall ari náimh ari oibre;
Go rai b baoisgal ir lean ir lion-ruair
Ari gac rpeáin cpeadáin coimhthí.

Rí na bflaitear do thealbuis tigéa,
Rae agus péalta, rpeártá ir taoide,
Go nroimh cùl go humair d'ári muinntir,
Ir go rai b an cluitéig rao aca gan rígnear.

Ó cím an cár mar atá ag ari muinntír,
 'S go ñfuil na ñúir go olút 'n-a uthimceall,
 ñreabhrad éum riubail anonn tair taoide
 i ftiocfaid anall le ñfranncais liomha.

So ñreiceam Éire ñaoi ñan ñaoirre,
 'S an ñriatainn uaitne i n-uaðtarí ñcaoilte,
 ñac tioigáinac claoiñ-ceilidhac coimhioideac
 i n-ainm an ñiabhair, i f ñan ñia ña ñeumhioeac.

miðeal ós o longðin.

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 !

Mo Úrón ! Mo Úrón ! 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 thraldom 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 trammeled 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-riveted 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 attaint 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 aonra leis an scoláinn.

Éiftiúis a cónúrra agus innéoradh rceáil thíb,
Mar a deiridh na huigídar múnint leíseanta,
Ár an riorma ériuaithe a bheir lá na n-údair-úrpealt
Ag an scoláinn i f an aonam i n-árraíte a céile.

Αν υαιρή γέτισε από την πομπά δυο ημέρες προηγμένα,
Ειρηνοδάσιο ή η-α γινόταν το θητειό δυο ημέρες προηγμένα,
Δεσμός διατάσσεται από την πομπά δυο ημέρες προηγμένα,
Μαρτυρία σε αρχαία Ερίστα δυο ημέρες προηγμένα.

Αν παιρ τιορφαρό αν τ-αναμ ταμαντα ναρι νυδ
Ανιορ αρ ιφρεαντη ει ειλε μαρι έσαρα,

Rácaid go dtí an colann lobtha rán Scipé fíor
 Cum teangmáil' leir an mbreiteamh aip mullaé an chnuic
 Éacatais.

AN T-ANAM:

Déarfaid le fearsaír é ag rípeadais le piancail:
 Mo mallaéit duit, a colann, com dona 'r ír férdir;
 Ír iomána mallaéit do chuillir dom i n-íppreann Óaoráid,
 Ír mo mallaéit do'n lá i n-aip tánca ag pléid leat.

AN COLANN:

Chréadó é do cúnir cùgam, a lúbairie ríleáipeas?
 Chréadó fa go bhfuilír com cùtaidh ro im' Óaoráid?
 Chréadó a minneáir leat riámh a Óiabail an éitig
 Le n-a mbeiteáil aip buile cùgam ír ag riormad le fadóthair-nimh.

AN T-ANAM:

Do meallaír cum peaca mé leor' bláthaireasct éitig,
 Ír do gseallaír i n-a Óiari Ín leor' bhríathraibh bhléighe
 So nreánpá aitriúige ro' peacaibh cláontaí,
 Níodh ná minnir no go minneadh tú Óaoráid.

Ír iomána mallaéit do chuillir dom i n-íppreann Óraofrac
 1. Ótaoibh do cùiríppreacáit' ó riúgadh rán traocháil tú;
 Mo chréas, go dóighe, ír go ríollta céarta
 Mar a fuaír mé riámh tú ó Óia mar céile!

AN COLANN:

Nád agat-ra b'í an ciall riámh ír an éiríim,
 Cuigínt agur meabhair i steannta céile?
 Chréadó é an cúnir ná minnir mire do rítaonad,
 Ír gan leigint dom turá do milleadh ír do cláocadh?

AN T-ANAM:

Do fuaír mé ciall ó Óia, ní bhléas rán;
 Aict do bain turá Óiomhá le bhlíd do cláonta;
 Do bállair mo meabhair leor' caim-riúgthiú éitig,
 Mo toil, mo cuigínt do milleadh ír n-éinfeadct.

AN COLANN:

Einnt, a gcaillaire, iñ a ghlamairé bhéicead,
 Taor go hiomairíac ag déanam tubairte le héiteac;
 Mí a bior-ra dall gac am drom' faoisíal
 Do bíf-re mall éum aitriúise déanam.

Iñ fóir ba meara leat beicte mactnam air t'éiríim,
 Air feabhar t'eoilair iñ do móir-cuio réime,
 Iñ méir do chuisreana i gcuimdeacatain éisre,
 Cé náir chuiscte óuit an chuisrein ba naomha.

AN TANAM:

Einnt-ri, a chonablaig iñ cuij corc leod' béal uaim,
 Iñ iomáda ríoc-cáinnit agat ag inírit fceal oírm:
 Dá n-déanfainn-ri cuio dho' cormaibh-ri do fceimdeacataint,
 Ba móir an marlaod do leanfaod i n-a taorú oírt.

• • • • •
 Ni jairb chruas agat uóimra iñ tu gо rúndraic péacsac,
 Ag imteadéit go meadraic iñ tairbhire air t'éadán,
 Go baileas móra iñ' ghuagairé fcléireac,
 Ag imírt iñ ag ól iñ leir an óige pléiðreac.

• • • • •
 Iñ iomáda biaid mait bláirta do chaitir leat fénis,
 Iñ féartairde móra i meara uairle tréiteac,
 Agus mire go fannlag iom fé ghearr-ghlair
 Irtis iñ' cabail-ri 'r gán beann ag éinne oírm.

AN COLANN:

Stao, a clámpaire iñ ná labair comh daoir fán:
 Mí caitinn-ri baird i meara cliair na féile,
 Iñ go n-óláinn i dtiúc an órta mo òdaotain
 Níos fcaonar turfa ó cuimdeacatain naomha.

AN TANAM:

Seiríim nae mire a nád gur chuisair-ri t'éiteac:
 Nuairi binn-ri air aigine mo leara do déanam

Le raoiríodh beathaó im' phreacaíb go léiréad,
Ní leigfead-ra cum cinn mé, a cladaíre an éití,

Óá ríadh gan amhras go ríath am mo òaocháin
Agham-ra go róil cum iomróda ari naomháct,
Ír ó Óia trócaireadh suír cónir náir òaocháil dom
Fuiréad mar a bior go críc mo òaocháil.

An Coláin:

Má bior gan tuisgrín gan ériuinnear gan éirim,
Gan fíor na deirfead acht im' òreilleisce òréagád,
Cao é an cúnir ná riannír-rié mé do rtaonád,
Ír gan leigint dom cónádche turá do claochád?

An tanam:

Na tuisgead aon duine suír mire do léan tú,
Ní me go deimhín acht do neamh-fuim fénidh,
Gan ghlád do Óia ná éileamh ari naomháct
Acht ro' rraonairíe marbh gan eagla i n-aon éor.

Cé go òfusairír foighlium cum labairt le héifeacáit,
Gaeádeals iñ Lárdean iñ ana-cuio Òéarla
Níor cónir duit cónádche i gcuimdeactain an traocháil
Beit ag caineadh gac nduine náir cumann leat fén é.

Deirim le píinne le bhris iñ éifeacáit,
Suír mait do tuillír go deimhín do òaochád;
Mar dhlír do leara níor glacair i n-aon éor,
Acht fuiréad iñ gairge suír gearrhaó de'n traocháil tú.

Cóm rada iñ beir Óia 'na Óia ari an òaocháil
Beir turá iñ mire ari duile gan traochád,
Ag mallaactaint go triom gac am ari a céile
1. Óteintib iñ píinne 'meairc tuille tá òaochád.

Beir ríplanncaaca teine ag miú ari do béal-ra,
Ír piartrairde mire iñ ite iñ iñ néabhaó;

Do ceann no do cloigeanann ari piucaidh le tréine,
'Sior inr an gcoir if tu ari buile le piancain.

AN COLANN:

Mo mallaict le binib do'n lá piugadh ra traoisai me,
Mo mallaict le buile do gáe n'duine do éaois me,
Im' éarras 'fan bpeaca de òearcain òrois-élaonta,—
If mo mallaict duit-re tuigiam com' dona 'r if féidir.

Mo éreac go d'óigste, if mo bhrón mór péine,
Nád im' cloic no im' marde do caitear mo téarma;
Ni beinn i n'dui im' conablaic bhréan ait
Ag imteacht go hifreann 'mearc tuille tā òaorla.

AN TANAM:

A bprcair millteac bladmannac rcleireac,
Leig doo' cainnit if eirt iem' rceal-ra;
Níor tuigir i n-am do cainnila an méid rin,
An peaca do feacaint no gur leagadh tu traoiscta.

Ni leomhrad moilleadh cum beit ag innriant rceal duit;
Caitear go d'abair id' focair 'r if dit liom fein rin,
Cum dul go gleann go mbeidh rliocet Éabha ann,
Áit ná fagair-re cead cainnite ann ari aon cír.

Taoibh leir an ngleann ro, gan amhrar d'éinne,
'Seadh ruitibh Crianrt ari maoil an tSeileibhe,
Cum bheiret do tadhairt if peacair go òaorla
If aitriúis 'ra ceapit go deo do faoirad.

Tomhócaidh agair go meillteac faobharas
Amaid ari fhuairtibh mórta Éabhair,
If òearfarad leo le comhacht a naomhach
"Crianrt é cuige 'na fionnair do'n tréad-ro?

"Tróircear daidh lá ari fáras rleibhe,
Gan biaid gan deoc, go bocht go tréit las;

Ír, tár éir mo capannaet' cum buri maitear do déanam,
Tosig ríb an diabal ír mo piagail-re tréig ríb.

“Imtigíod ar mo piadairc ír leagád ír iéan oíraib,
A òrream na mallaet, an aicme bhean ro;
Teinte ifrinn com dears 'r ír féidir
'Buri loigcadh go deo, san fóigéin san traoisad.

“Ír ríb-re; a òrream tús gneann go héag dom,
Tús diaidh ír deoc dom, ír mórlan éadair,
Loigéid oisde,—ír le deas-ériodh déanad
Go leor maiteara i gcaitheamh buri faoisail dom,
Gluairigíodh liom; a clann bocht Éabair,
Ír reilidh na bphlaitear i mearc aingeal naomha
Pe ghlórí gil caidhriodh na catraic neata
Ag moladh an Achar an tMic ír an Naomh-Spiombair.”

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 barters 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 hastens 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.

Ói feair ann aon uairi aonáin agus ói ingean ríomhais aige, agus ói sac uile óuine i ngrád leite. Óiocht beirt ógánaid ag teacht i gceónnúidé faoi n-a déin 'sá cùiúrtéireadct. Do taitnís feair aca leite, agus níor taitnís an feair eile. An feair nár chuir rí ruim ari bít ann, do tigead ré go minic go tig a hatair le hatair aige fén agus le beirt i n-a curioeacáitain ; aict an feair a riab óuile aici ann ní tigead ré aict go hannaham. Ó'feairri leir an acairí go bpróffaró

ár an buachaill a bí ag teáct éiní go minic, agus rínnne ré
dínéirí thóir aon lá amháin, agus éinír ré cuipeadh ari uile
ðuine. Nuair bí na daoine uile cinniúintse dubairt ré
le n-a innsin :

“Ói ideoč anoir,” aři reirpean, “aři an ńfeapir iř feapir
leat iř an gcuirdeactain reo,” marj gur ſaoil ré go
n-ólpað rí ideoč aři an ńfeapir buð mait leir fén. Tóig
rí an glaine i n-a láim, agur fear rí ruar, agur ńdearc rí
i n-a timčeall, agur annroin duibairt rí an rann ro :

Ólaim do fhláinte a Minic-a-tí, *

Faoi tuisceidh pláinte a' Minic-nád-otig;

ір труас є нає Minic-nač-otis,

A tísear com minic le Minic-a-tísear.

Siúl rí ríor nuairí thuaibhírt rí an ceathramha, agus níor labhairí rí aon focal eile an tráchtáin roin. Dádt níor taimis aon feair óg Minic-a-tig comh rada leite arír, mar cuius ré nácl raiibh ré ag teartáil, agus bórf rí feair a rogha féin le toil a natair. Níor cuaileadh mé aon nuairdeáct eile dá dtaoisibh ó roin.

[Ar “Leabhar Scéalaítheacha” An Chraobhín Aoibhinn.]

*Seo é an bheanla do chuid An Chraobhán réin an an tann ro étar d'úinn:

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!

Agus reo é cumaò tá ari an fiaann i n-áiteannaibh áitiúite i gCúige Mumhan:

pe tuam pláinte minic a fúid.

Seo fór férláinte minic nár fhuid.

mo vīt is mo vōis nač é nlinic nān ūiō.

‘O ruireadó com minic le minic do ruiró.

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 NÀ ÙTRÍ MBÓ.

So péið a bean na ùtrí mbó !
 Ar do bòlaët nà bì teann ;
 Do éonnaic mire, gan gò,
 Bean iñ ba òá mó a beann.

Ní thairneann raiðbhreag re ghnáit ;
 Do neac nà tadhair tairg go mòr ;
 Cuigat an t-éag ari gan taois ;
 So péið, a bean na ùtrí mbó !

Sliocet eogain mòir ra mhuimain,
 A n-imteacét do òin clu òdin
 A geolta gan leigeadar riòr :
 So péið, a bean na ùtrí mbó !

Clann gairce Tísearla an Cláir
 A n-imteacét ran ba là leoin,
 Ir gan rùil le n-a oteacét go bhràt :
 So péið, a bean na ùtrí mbó.

Domhnall o Òun Ùirde na long
 O Sùilleabán nàr tím glòr,
 Feac gan tuit ran Spáinn le clairdeam :
 So péið, a bean na ùtrí mbó !

Ó Ruairc iŋ Maguaidhír do bí
 Lá i nÉriann 'na lán beoil,
 Féad séin gur imtig an vir :
 So réid, a bhean na stáití mbo !

Síol gCearbhaill do bí teann
 Le n-a mbeirtíde gád seall i ngleo
 Ni máirteann aon ríos, mo ríct !
 So réid, a bhean na stáití mbo !

Ó aon bhuin amáin de bhréir
 Ár mnaoi eile iŋ i a ná
 Do riunnir iomarca ariéir :
 So réid, a bhean na stáití mbo !

An ceangal :

Bíos ar m'falaing, a díntir iŋ uairnead gnuair,
 Do bhoi gsan dearmad gearmhad buan ra túná
 Táir an fácmair do glacair leo' bhuail ar stáit
 'S ná bfaigheann-re fealt a ceatáir do bhuailfínn tú.

Ó'n gCiaróeamh Solair.

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 LUADH!

Mo léan le luadh is m'attuifre
 'S ní fheadh do bhuaint ari teagcannaiib
 D'fhas cearcta buairdeartha m'aisgne

Le tréimhre, go tát;

Act éisre 'r gualá an tréanáir
 I ngéibheann cnuaidh 'r i n-anacsar,
 So tréit i uachtair leathan' luiric,

San réim mara ba gnáth.

'S gac ionna-thile boibh-cuatais tréan-cumair o'far
 De brolla-rtoc na rona-éon do phréamhuis o'n Spáinn,
 So canntlaé faon ias earrbairdtheas
 Fé Hall-ramaist gheadh ag Danairiib,
 An cam-rríot cláon do fealbuis
 A raor-úailte rtáit.

So fann ariéir 'r mé ag maectnamh ari
 Gac plannu' de'n Gaedeal-fuil calma,
 An riong ba tréine i gceannar círt
 'S i réim Ínre fail.

Le feall-veairt cláon is gantair uile
 Gac rámairle ríméirle Saranair
 So fallra fíean an tAifreann
 Is raor-rtáid na ngráir.

I n-anacsra fé tarciúine 'r i ngéarib-úruiorib gáibair
 Ag camá-rríocat na malluigtheasct' an eitig 'r an rímai
 Tré bhuairdigt an rceil seo cealas rinn
 So buairc is léir mar aitriúffead
 Le gualain-úrriocat tréit gur tréarcríadh mé
 Im' tréan-cuatais rráir.

Tréim' néal ari éuairid 'r eaodh Úearcar-ra
 Réilteann uafal taitneamhac,
 So béalac buacaic ceannarac
 Ag téarntamh im' dail;

Na tréimhreac dualac daitte tuis
 A craoibh-folt cuacac camairiac
 Ag téacét go fcaabac bacallac
 Léi i n-éinfeacét go fáil.

'Na leacain gil do ceapaid traoite eisre 'súr fáid
 Súr fearainn Cúiríod cleargac glic i f gaele 'na láim,
 Ár cí gac tréin-fír calma
 Do tigeadh 'na gaoir do cealgaod
 Tré'ri claoídeadh na ceadsta faraire
 1 nuaor-creatais báir.

Na binné réir a tana-súib
 Ná fuinneam meair ag rríreagadh ruairí
 'S ná cnuit an té do tréargair Mír
 Ci baoi dom a riad.

'S ba gile a héadán rneacánmai
 Ná 'n lile caomh no eala ari rrut,
 'S ba fhuirdte caol a mala ruirdte
 Ár píleit-ðearlc san cám.

A mama cnuinne ari feanga-érit náir leanaid le píairc,
 A leabhar-ériod do bheartaid iongsear éanlait i f bláit
 Na mionla maoirída mairreamhail
 A píosan 'r a rcéim 'r a pearrá-érit
 Do ghlúioruís mé cum labarca
 1 nír na briathrais ro im' ñeáidí

A píosan bhearfá, aitriúr dom,
 An tú 'n aoi-éneir tré n-ári tréargraod
 Na milte 'on féinn le gairce Taic
 1 Míle Tréin tuis an t-ári;

No an bpríosneac hélen d'aifrtuis
 Taip tuinn ó'n n-áiréis le'ri cailleadh truair
 1 Suíge na Tráe marí bheartaid traoite

1 leabhríannais báin;

An maircalac ó Albain tuis laoc leir 'na bárc;
 An aitriúr le'ri tuit clann Uírnis marí leigsteap 'ran tain.
 No an píleann aereac taitneamhac,

Ó'rás raoite Héadeal i n-anabhrúis
De Órluim gur phréamhuis Danaír uile
1 réim inre fáil?

Ír déarac ríuamhá d'fheagairt mē
'S i ag déanam uail' ír caitiúigte:
Ní haon dár luathair id' ríarthaib mē
Ciond leír dom an tain.

Ír mē céile 'r nuaoscáir Cároluir
Tá déarac duairic fé tarcairne,
San réim ná buaird mair cleacatar-ra
Mo laoc ó tā ari. fán.

Le feartaitb círt an ariad-állísc fuaír peannaito crioir ír pháir
Beirí ríairead 'r nit ari Salla-phuic do fealbhuis ári ríat;
Ní danaír liom an aicme tuis
Mo déaracha ag ríleád laetha tuis
1 n-anabhrúis fé'n amad ag
Sac raoir-óile rám.

Ír fé mair luathair rían-óraoite
Do déanad tuairi ír tairispead
Beirí flit i gcuantaitb Óbanan
Fé féile Sain Séain
'Tábhairt ríeimle 'r fuaigta ar feirann Cuiric
Tári linntíb fuaída na fáiríse
Ar sac rímeíle móir-cuirpp Saranais
'S ní lean liom a bprádáinn;
Beirí gearrtaid cláirdeam ír ríairead tuisir ír tréin-tréar-
caírt námaid
Ar sac aillp aca do cleacataid ruinír ír fearta 'r an pháir,
Do b'aité rílt na ríamair-phoc
Ag nit 'r ag círt le heagla
Ná an ríairead ro ceapadair
Luéit feáir do leasadh ari pháid.

eo fán ruadó ó súilleabáin.

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 Byronic 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.

UAN AN OLAÍDÍN.

[Seo uan Matgamha, pháirtear i f Tuibhóir, tuisíúil feair bá ghnáthach i dtiúis an tábhairne go rualáig raoibh-nóraí; agus, ari n-ól a nochtain náibh, i gcaimh a bhrídear ná feair aca uall uisces-riúláirí, feair eile liosuairteá laig-éoráí, agus an tuisíomh feair baoisreáí buan-bála. Seád !]

Tábla i luimníos le céile

1 n-einfeacht i n-aimhríri feirfeoín

Tuisíú náir b'annamh i dtiúis an tábhairne,
Matgamha, pháirtear agus i Tuibhóir.

MATGAMHA ! an t-áin t'ibéad a b'óctain

Ní b'fágadh feair eolair a tuisgeann

1 m'ibéadla ná i dtéangeal a m'atáir,
Ach aithní: "Sibé ar b'it e!"

Connspáirða bionn tioðið,
Ni bionn að 'na foclair;
Ni cailteann ball tāð cŕéaðtair
Aðt gur tŕeit lag a cora.

Sið mōr rúla þáðrais,
Ír iad áluinn le feicrint,
Tað eir rlogta na scopán
Faro a leat-láim' ni feiceann.

Suðið að cláir na róite,
Ír goipid an cár 'r an pota,
Slogaro an piúnt 'r an cnaisín
Maðr do bi a taitige aca.

Aðr bláiræð an leanna do Tioðið,
Ír plubðs ve'n uifce beatað,
Do-veirr ré an Tjúonóð
Gurð i rín veoirr ír fearr rā catair.

"Ma'r i," appa þáðrais,
"Iðimír lán að scopoiceann
Annro go meadón orðce
'S téirðeð an gíúirtir tāð cŕoðað."

"Mait an cainnt!" appa Matgamain,
"Ír e fén leat-rúgac pojme rín
Dimír realað go rúgac,
Ír leanaðimír vútcáð að rínríp."

Iðið veoc að a céile,
'S ni férðir liom innriunt
Ca mérð ualir, gan reacrað,
Do gair an copán timceall.

Maðr pojn tðið le sappðar
'S le haugðað an þiðra;
Do caitearð leo go gáiræð
An la aður cuið ve'n orðce.

“Dáir liom gur maic an cónraíodh
Atheir an Pháidáin a Láidinn:
Maic a mbíonn fhorbairt i fhorbairt
Seo mbíonn fhorbairt ‘na n-aice.

“Ar a theic Óe’n cíos go triom-éireac
Tig an tríomháir go taraíodh
I fhorbairt: “Sád duine a’ lá láidinn
No i gcoíndáil go maidin!”

“Míre milleadh,” aifreann Tiobáid, “
“I fhorbairt fe tríomháidio go maidin;
Sád bhrácainn fhorbairt near na dhuine
Ni théanfaíonn riubal ná aifreann.”

“I fhorbairt mire!” aifreann Pháidair,
“Cé náir liom le n-ínneann,
Táir dothar amach ní leir dom
Aon rúd a dtí ait.”

“Do thein Matgáimain geal-ghairé
Nuairí connaic cár ná beirte:
Duine go las-cóirí caintear,
I fhorbairt eile dall le meirice,

Labhair Tiobáid go crialaithe:
“Cao i fhearradh dhuinn a théanam?
A matgáimain cíoríde ná ráirte,
I fhorbairt dhuinn ár fceálta.”

“Sibh aic thíte, bí rúar ari mo ghuallainn,”
“S ní thein duanairíreacht bhréig,
“I fhorbairt dhuairí fá dhroch-ualas,
Sibh aic thíte, luanair do théanfar.”

“Do ginnéadha marcas de Tiobáid,
“S níor iarrí fhorbairt ná giorrta;
“Oc, ocón!” aifreann Pháidair,
“Cá bhrácainn riú mire.”

“ Neir píor ari mo clóca,
 No ari iocári cóna an duine,
 Ír lean rinn tóis an trádáin
 Mar dall gán rúil i gcloigeanann.”

Mar roin dónib go rártá
 So ránsgadair an geata;
 “ Zounds ! ” aipr’ an Gall-féar, “ It’s Satan Incarnate,”
 And cries, “ A monster, a monster ! ”

Do labair Tiobóir go héarcáid,
 ’S ní hé a cura Óearla b’i ari iarráid ;
 Ír Matgamain fi n-a fearam,
 Ír é ag feacáid ír ag fiaraid.

“ I am no monster
 Nor counterfeit devil,
 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 ;
 Óubairt reirean : “ 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 dónib, ari eisín
 Do léigeadh iad tár geata ;
 Ír riomburídeas do b’i Matgamain
 De cainnt órioc-máinte an marcais ;

Mar aonadhairt gan conntaibhairt
 Siur roinntír é do ceannuis:
 Do teilg Tiobdú a náraí
 Dá gualainn ra latais.

Anndroin do gheall Tiobdú
 Leat-corón mar lúas gaothair
 Dá mbeirfead é 'dá lóirtín
 1f do mórtais rín ari *vade mecum.*

Do ghlac Matgamain a ualas
 An nára uairí go haimhleir,
 1f do lus Tiobdú 'dá lóirtín
 Ari binn cíosicín ag pháistí.

Nuair do fhiú Tiobdú 'na cásaoir
 1f é gan fáitcior gan doimhneadh,
 1f mait do cónaig a maircuisgeasct,
 1f feair ealaídan le neocáib.

All ceanásal:

Do-cím gur tubairteas tuairí an óil seo gnáit;
 Do-cím na mhoircada uirbeairbhas fóir-lag tlaíte;
 Do-cím an duine le daille gan treoirí ra tráthair,
 'S an tríomhaid duine gan focal 'na bheol ari áir.

'S, a Chríost, cár thírte rín tuaitim le cibháist lám,
 No le gníomh oírtheiric do chuirfead me ari nór an báir?
 Acht duine le daille, le ionarca an bláthain,
 Gan riubhal gan thírte gan fhiotal, 1f thíreoir 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 PÁITORÍN PÁIRTEAC.

Staodaíodh iñr gceáitfead gceal na gcatairde
 Ari mhaodh ari mhaillír Sátaín,
 Ari ghangaird ari gheár-goin gaoth an gcatairde
 Iñr ari cláon-cúir catarde an cneadáilte ;
 Do meallaodh leir céad tair ceadaithe i gcatair,
 Do leigheasdh go gian tioibhneach neamhdua ;
 Iñr ppreabaird-ri ó'n bpréift fá gheasgairbh gheannmhairde
 Phearla an páitorín páirtig.

Seacnaird, réanaird réala an t-riadaidhe,
 A bhréagha, a bhearturdeac an bairde ;
 Dallaird an daol le tsearlaibh aitriúise,
 Iñr tbréigíodh taitisge an tálbairne ;

Leanaird an feilteann bhearcas deas-ériothearc
 Síuanra seal-síunn síláras,
 'S fá dhéarmanach róimhe a róite tagaird,
 A tréid an pháistín pháirtis.

Aiteanta DÉ ná réabaird neac' tib,
 Déanuisiúd, learguisiúd láitreach
 Búr mbeartá go bhearcas caomhnaísean-éadair
 Tréiteasach taif-úinn tábhaetach;
 Raémar an traoisail, róleipr i fheabhsúion,
 Féac gúr neamh-niú a mbliád rán:
 Ni mairfíod aet tréimhre taobh leo' taitnímhe,
 A phéarla an pháistín pháirtis.

Fáil gán feile, craoir i fcaillaoir,
 Cleite i clearguisiúdeach cainte,
 Malluisiúdeach ménne, tréan-tóil teagairde,
 Taorcaid cannaidhe i fcaillta,
 Bladairpeach, blaothmann, baois-úruiú, biauduisgeach
 Phréimh na bpreascainde ériúd' rinn;
 I fionnaltá an Aon-Íllig glaothaird' mara cárta,
 Phéarla an pháistín pháirtis.

Aonuisigim féin do'n traoisail gúr phéacuisgeair.
 I fionnaltá an pháistín pháirtis.
 Sealair dom' faoisail i gcaillontach róimhuisiúdeach
 Ag réabaird ceart-úisige an phápa;
 Munabair béal, gán róleipr i n-aitriúise,
 Lem' déiric ní ailtuisigim róir-máit,
 Aet ag mágair 'r ag róleipr fe tréan an pháistín
 Naomha ainsílde pháirtis.

Sac' duine gúr mian leir éirteach róil linn,
 'S le tréidib ari bpháistín pháirtis,
 Seacnaidh béalte, craoir, i fionnalt,
 Bheascá, biauduisge, i fcaillaois

Alfreannn Dé ná leigearáth le failiúise,
 1r deárc le deas-ériúde deárnasáth;
 1r maicfidh Mac Dé go leir ná peascáidé
 Tári eir ná haitriúse tainis.

1r cuma liom féin cá taoth 'na leasfáidéarí
 1 bpéin no 1 n-aicidh báir mé,
 Acht go mbealáth duine de'n cléir ann gléarrfaidh m'aibidh,
 1r céir do lárfaidé ar cláir dom;
 An fiosair an gé 1r féice 1 gceannais,
 'S mo chreacastar ag madraíb fhláidé,
 O glacadarí mé fá gceáit a mbíataidé
 Ag eirteacth an pháistíin pháirtis.

TAOS SAEÓDEALAÍC O SÚILLEABÁIN.

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’t 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 céad mite fáitche ;
 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."

TÁOÍ AGUS A MÁTÁIR.

(A picture of the prosletysing methods of the Famine period.)

Ó do bheatha aibhile,' Táorós ! Thank you kindly, mother.
 Cionnúr tá do fhláinte, 'Táorós ? Finely, finely, mother.
 Áiriú, cá fhaidir, a Táorós ? 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.

Agur cao a fuairim, a Táorós ? A finely shawley, mother.
 Sórté an rórt é, 'Táorós ? 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,
 Níosair fárrfáid ná pprátaidh nuaða, we'll pitch 'em to the
 devil.

AN TÁTÁIR DOMHNAILL Ó SUILLEABHÁIN.

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 leaven,
 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 a barn, 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*.

AITRÍSÉ SEÁIN ÓE NÓRÚA.

A mic Muire na ngráir do círeád éum báir,
Ír o'fúlaing an páir peanairdeac,
Do ceannuis ríol Áthair le allur do énáin,
Fuit agur cneáda dearfha;
Fheagair mé, a Érla Ó ; beir m'anam i útráit
So Dáiríar Ían-Úradamac,
Ag caiteam an t-fóilair fada gil bheagá
Tóirí arfáil ír Árdo-ainseallair.

Fheagair mé, a Chriort, a capa mo ériúde,
An caprais seo im' clid, corrúis i
Ír óm' ñearcáib leis ríor ríota aitrisé,
Do bhearrar so cíic flaitir mé ;

Mar iŋ peascas mé b̄i ḡeannalaс r̄iɔr̄,
 ḡhriodh-θear̄taс r̄iɔr̄-malluigte,
 iŋ ná ṭagair̄-r̄e baor̄ ḡear̄taс an ṭraoišil
 Ár m'anam le linn ḡear̄ta liom.

Scealadair iŋ eisim, aitcim go r̄eim
 Ár m̄uir̄e 'r̄ a haon mac calma
 Teacht ḡealaс r̄e ḡeim m'anma pléir̄,
 iŋ a ḡoraint ó'n maor̄ malluigte.
 Deir̄cioibail Dé 'r̄ a ḡealaс go leir̄;
 Im' ṭar̄raing 'ran r̄eim ḡeannuigte
 Mo ḡear̄ta ár̄ an ḡaoѓal cealgaс claoн
 ḡangair̄deac baot̄ vo maiteaoн ḡom.

A Óia atá ḡuař, p̄eac̄ ořm anuair̄
 iŋ r̄eir̄tis mo ḡuař anfaiř,
 Acht leis me go ḡuanm̄ař ḡar̄ta iŋ' ċuan
 ḡleigseal ḡuan-treap̄mac.
 A ḡealma na m̄huaoн, deim ořm ḡruas̄
 Ár̄ ḡeacht vo'n uair̄ ḡar̄b̄ta
 iŋ ná leis m̄ire uait p̄eimis le ḡuat̄
 1 b̄eim le ḡruas̄ Ác̄ar̄oin.

iŋ ḡeocair̄ ḡom l̄abair̄t leat̄ra gan dařt,
 ag ṭagair̄t vo ḡabair̄ calma;
 iŋ ḡur̄ ḡada mé ag ḡreab̄ař ḡrealma le p̄onn
 1 ḡcoinne vo ḡođm̄ail-aiteanta.
 Ní'l iŋ an ḡomáin ḡair̄ring, mo lom !
 Peascas le toጀař iŋ meadra loit
 ná m̄ire tā bođar̄ balb̄ im' lođar̄
 Ceangailte ag an n̄or̄eam malluigte.

Ní lia le ḡař ḡainim̄ ár̄ ḡrais̄,
 ná ḡr̄učt ár̄ ḡar̄ri ḡlarr̄as̄,
 ná peaca le ḡuigear̄ ár̄ m'anam, p̄ořiřioř !
 Ceangailte im' ḡrois̄e calcaigte.

Ir mór liom a Óctúrian róimh 'r an tSliab,
Acht ní fóignann ciacl eagsa;

Ir Suír mór iad le léigearán Sphára Mic Dhe
Ná a ndeárla an raoisal o'ainbriof.

Molaim-re Óia tair a Úfeaca mé riam,

Ir Muire Úain-tísearain aitcim-re;
Peadarír ir Íbol, ir na naoimh eile leo,

Ir tuairí Sán fíó, a Achtair Íbol;
Aonúisim doibh, do Mhiceál agus o' Eoin,

Ir do na hAirtílaiibh ró-Úeannuigte,
Suír peascuisear dom' Óeoín im' rmaointíbh go mór,
Im' fíniomháitaiibh 'r im' fílóir labharca.

An t-uabharí ari Óctúir, an traimint ir an Órúir,

An cíaoir ir an rún feardas,

Fórmad an traoisail ir a leirce go leir

Ní rcairann liom féin aga ari bít:

Nácl mairg do'n té mairreadí mair mé

Ir na ríeacáidé claona mairbheácl,

Ir nácl Óána an fíó do Óuine Óem' fóirt

Táigairt ari cíordón flaitír o' fíasáil.

Acht, féadí mair do fíean peadarí mac Dhe,

An tan laigairí an tréadó mallaigte é,

Ir nuairí o'airtríbhs ré i gceipeataiibh airdheir

Suír glacád 'r an ríemh Úeannuigte é.

Dob' fíearas do'n traoisal fáilfing go leir,

Suír peascád bí ari rírae Magdailín,

Ir dá cíurptheadct é a beata le léigearán,

Go dtuig ríleád na mbrión flaitear do.

Ari n-Achtair atá inr na flaitír go hár,

Go náomhuisctear trácht c'aimh-re,

Go dtigisibh do fíosacht, do tóil ari an raoisear,

Mair deinteárl i gcepic Óairíatair:

Ár n-apán laeteamail tathaír-Se óúinn
 If maic óúinn ár gcionnta aibhrír,
 Mar maicimír do cás, if ná leis rinn i dtíar
 Aict raoir rinn ó tháir anaburí.

A mhuile tā lán ve tuile na ngráir,
 Tā'n Tísearua, a shláth, i maille leat;
 If beannuigste tā tú i bphlaitear tār mnáin
 So náomhúigstear trácht t'ainm-je.
 If taicneamhac an rathairc toradh do bhoiinn,
 IOSA do roinn eadhrainn;
 Anoir agur riám, if i n-am ár brian,
 So rathair, a Óis, ag reargair óúinn!

seán ve nórúa.

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 asphalting 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 mhúirnín, 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 CÚINNÉ AN ATAR TIOMBÓID MÁITIÚ.

1. Scopcais tóirte ba tóirte a bhealar,
 An meirge ghráonta ag fáir ari Óaoineis.
 'S an treibh ba gnátaid láisir ghoiðe mear
 Sáisde i nuaoiríre treibh láis ;
 Ráis i fhráisean gáid láe aca,
 Ó tál na rois gáid faeream ;
 Imírt i f ól,
 Buile 'súr móis,
 Mionna gáid cónaí i f earcaine
 I f tuille náir meoin liom labhairt air
 Súr geolaí eadairta
 Scólláth anacraic
 Dóisde, i f dealbair déipse.

Ba minic i lár na ghráide círte
 Cuirpleannas éijo gán rcaid na maoile aig,
 Slibhise mná 'n-a òeáid a ghraoileadh
 A láma gán níse 'r a héadán
 Ál 'n-a dtimcheall, féacaird
 I ngráidh go fíor as béisir,
 Gán oiread na mbhrós
 Dá gcorraint aig seo,
 Ir giobail 'n-a gscórtairde ríracaithe,
 Ir pluaidh an báistír leatá oíche;
 Céip gán aitear
 Gán bóirí de òeargcain
 An óil as ríteallaí na òeargcain.

Bi duine amáin gur náipe cíorúde leir
 Fír is mná óá dtcnáid 'ran truisge reo,
 Do gsoileadh go háidh de báirí na ngríomharta
 O'fáisadh milte i ngeibinn
 Fé bhráca an éraoir óuib éacatais
 Sáir-fearr naoritheanta naomhá
 An tAthaír Tiobóid
 Do ladaír ré leo
 O'atéanír claoir óil a ríeasnaidh
 Ir ceasairc do fiodhste an Meagharach
 A cónairle leanas
 Bi cónairle a leara i
 O'fóir aig cailm-fhlocht Éireann.

Ba gairid an gráidh go dtáinig ríte cùsgainn,
 Stádaidh de'n páis, níor ghnáidh bhrisiseanta,
 Bi Meagharach tóinla ghláthair gnaoi-éil
 Aig fárcaird i gcorúde gáidh éinne
 Círleacáidh dírléacáidh daonraidh
 Ir ghráidh ó Chriost i nGaeitheal
 O' Coimseas an cheoil
 Go Doiríre na reol

Mi físeasatáir gleo ná acaíann
 Óe Óearcais an óil mar cleasctatair
 Aict rónnúr acaíunn
 Iar tóeoír uá rámair
 Ári físeasatáir Éibír.

Sead cuitiúr huiará go hárth, a Óaoine,
 Ári ron an fír bheag do óail an mór seo,
 Moltar an bhrátaír Cárachtineac
 Go dánas ari tigseáct a lae cùsáinn;
 Tá gan rciúr gan éalúing
 I n-áirde ari lioin na naomh ngeal,
 Iar a atcuinge, fóir
 Ári grímeasadh 'ran ngleo
 Cum Meáraírdaíct gileoróide ag leathan-cúir
 I dtalamh Eogain Mór iar Calm-Cuinn;
 Tóigair, aitcím,
 Úar nglórta, a cártaí,
 "A Comáctais, beannuit ári raotar."

TAOS Ó DÓNNCHAÓA.

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, lost
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.

MASARÓ LÁTOIR.

Seo ୲aoisb ୱlainte ୩lagaio ୱlatoir
 Le'ri mian ୱlaois a críce !
 If ní fuil áit o'n Rút go ୩ais
 Naé fuil ra ୱlainte céadona;
 Má mianairi ୱlairt an ୱial-ୱalcáin
 ୩iatair ୱlairt ୱlairt
 If fuatáig ୱlairt ୱlairt
 Ar cuallaig ୱlairt na tíre.

Slainte uí neill, uí ୩odmnail cleis,
 If ୱlioct na hÉirne ୱiochtá
 If ୱac a ୱfuil beo ra ୩umáin ୱoír
 De ୱlioct an ୱo-thic ୱileas;
 ୱac a ୱfuil i ୱatalán aicme ୩áine,
 Slán ୱlairt ୱeapc do'n ୲aois ୱin,
 If ୱaigean na ୱann go ୱliochtáig ୱeann
 1 ୱaois, 1 ୱclainn, 'r i ୱoiochtá.

Lion an ୱeathair do'n ୱrdearfhois,
 ୱlaois if ୱeapc na ୱaoine;
 Lion an ୱeathair do'n ୱtair ୱeathair,
 Seo an ୱeathair ୱíne;

Ó á chuaidé, tígí cíorpáin, do'n Aitairí Tomář,
 1f binn a cíomhrádó vínig;
 Siúll 1f cana do'n Aitairí Ceallaig,
 Óia vā teagáig cíordóe!

Lion an rcaala, seo óaoisbhláinte!
 Ultairg óána 'r Muimhni;
 Sláinte Láisneac, an luéit meadhrac,
 1f Connacht na maighean rciamae!
 Lion an cárta leir an rcaala,
 A mbheall go hárth ari óaoisbhláinte
 Le'ri mian Éire claoiód go héigceart!
 A Óia, bí tréan le Sáorithealaibh.

Sac neac na cíorpád, claoiód 1f bhrón aír,
 Sláinte cíor na héigreann!
 Mile ghráin, rcián 'na gárrda,
 Rian 1f pláig Éigipt!
 'S sac neac na cíorpád an aifre ceadna,
 So riaibh na riartá ag círeim aír,
 1f é ari mífce ó cíol-uírfce
 1 nrosláig bhrúid' 1f péine!

Muc, im, balcán, róis sac roláitair,
 Óig-fír iomlána Sáoritheala,
 Féarfa ríre clainne Milead
 1f féarfa cíoróe na féile,
 Flead do ríarúis fleada na n-árra,
 1f uile óáim na n-Óéite,
 Flead na n-uáras 'r a mol-cuailláct,
 Féarfa buan Mileáirí.

Óéanam gárrdear, cíora i n-árra,
 Daír n-Óomhna, táim-re ari mífce!
 Daírra, Muimhneac,—fá gcuairt—tígí—rinn
 Seo an t-aoisbhláig círte!

Feacá-ra úna 'r Úrúigír fúgsaí,
Mór a gclú ra' minncead !
Feapásal, Dúnlaing, Neastan clúitead,
Só riab a fúgsrað cinnite !

A Ólármuid, gusaír, 'r, a Táis, ari lúar !

Seo an gusaírcear aoiúinn !

A Catail mór, a Ómónaill óig,
Seo pléir i fprórt, daír m'fíriinn' !

Caitríona ann go bhríosmári teann,
Mór i fMeadóibh i fDéibheann ;
Tá Róir ag minncead, cónar 'na timcheall—
Ól ! ól ! i fcomráin cléibh ro !

A Dongsuir óig, a Mlaosnuir buriðe

A Máible binn, 'r, a Sígle,

Le ceol a mbéal cuír ceoig ari céead,
Gan bhrón, gan éad a nuaointe !

Seinn dáinn rteannncán, riob i ftiomprán—

Seo an cónmáigair gílóraí !

Síúd oírt, a cáladhdear ! Óra gáe lá leat !

Daír fiað ! i fbréasg an fprórt ro !

Seo oírt, a Céin ! i fbinne do béal—

Tá an balcán bréasg bhríosmári,

Do'n báilb bairí gáim, do'n bácaí léim,—

M'ánam cléibh ! i fbrúigean ro !

Leasg an rtrónire ! ríor fá'n mbóir ro leir !

Da ro an fósmaír fiocháirde

i fmiúr féin mac fíre Uí Néill

Do b' ari Éirinn ag mincead.

MacCapartaig Mór, Ó Úrúlainn na ríos,

Mo gsaol gan ceoig na tréimh-fír,

Mac Dongsuir lúbair, MacNídhír na rún

Ó línír clúiteig Éirne ;

Ó Ceallaigh cléibh Ó Conchúairi tóráin,
 Sliocht Úrlaróis an Ruairí Sliéibe;
 Ó Duinn an feadair, Ó Mórtha meadair,
 Mo ghaol ari fad na ndéiseadh!

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 thraldom, from the serpent's
 thick'ning coil—
 From the poison of its slavering 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 ημίρην τοῖς, εἰδίνιν ὁς.

(Οὐ τούτη).

Βα συδας ειν τα δο γεαραρ τε μ' γτόριας,
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ, ειδίνιν ὁς!

Βι θηρεαθ αρ μο θροιθε πυαιρ α ρόσαρ α θεορα,
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ, ειδίνιν ὁς!

Βα θάν α μίν-λεασ αρ μο θλιθη μαρ αν τιλε,
 Α λάμα βα ρυαρ μαρ θρύκτ οιδε αρ γιλε
 Το γμυαινεαρ πας γειρφιν γο θράτ θράτ α γιλε
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ ειδίνιν ὁς!

Οιη β'ειγιν τομ γεολασ μαρ γαιγδιωιηρ τε'ρι θρεαραιο
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ, ειδίνιν ὁς!

Β'ειγιν σομ' γτόρι θαλ α θρασ ταρη πα παραιο
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ, ειδίνιν ὁς!

Σιναιριο αρ γιναιργε γο θεοδα αγ γιλόριαθ,
 Τηράτ αρ α γεατ γα ποιην θε'ν γερεας θρύδα,
 Ιη μιρε θυθρόνας θυθρότιθεας γαοι θεορα
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ, ειδίνιν ὁς!

Αρ το γον-ρα, Ο Ειρε! ιη γανα νο θυαιλεαρ,
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ, ειδίνιν ὁς!

'S αρ γον μο γτσιρην μο ράσ νο γάθαλαρ
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ, ειδίνιν ὁς!

Τάινικ αν τριοττάιν αρ γαοταιη βι εριοσνα,
 Ο' φιλεαρ ευμ μ' ανηραστ' τε γιναιρεαρ θύιτ-λιοντα,
 'S τρυασ! ρυαραρ μο γιν-ρα τρέ θρόν ι π-υαιθη γιντε,
 'S α τημηρην τοιηρ, ειδίνιν ὁς!

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.

DAIBHÍ Ó DE BARRA AR LORG DÉIRCE.

Ág seo mar do chuidí Ó Daibhí Ó de Barra agus dhuine de cléiríreacailb Hobnaité ág iomáid cum déirce d'íarpharaid lá ari Aonach Leara Gúil. Duibhírt an cléiríreac le Ó Daibhí Ó torpnuigád ari eagla aon éoda d'á dháirí fírin d'fagáil do mheabhair agus do torpnuig go hnearcáid le boigrítearóir do b'í ór a coinne anonn ari an moth ro:

Go mbeannuigtear óuit, a riúr na rúad ír a fhaol na' ráirfear, a aindír éinín tair, agus a chuirfíonn tlaoráda agus a fheilíonn bpolais gil. Do phítreálaír agus do phuinnenteálaír agus do bhuilear crann oírt, a cailín óig, seo é gac n-aon eile d'á bhfuil ra éirdeacáin, ari feabhar do clóda, agus ari taitneamhaisce do gceimhe, agus leiríte do min-ériota, i nódair go bphéacfaidh tú le cíorúde tluais-méileas agus le haighe déiríceamhail agus le rúil tluiscainis ari an aindíreoiri las-ériúdeas ro do rúasadh agus do tainis ari an raoisal go beo docht gan rúbal gan cainnt gan rúdaric, gan luac feoirlinge d'á curio fírin i n-a feilb agus gan i n-a éumar dul tar éorar a d'íarpharaid a éoda ná a cár do éur i n-umairil. Leir rímá cionn Óia ná Muiré ná Mícheál ná éinne d'ear na trí ceatharlaibh leitbhísinn ná phisinn i gcuil do doiríne no i gcuinne do phóca do-úeiríum a fíor do Óia agus do Muiré na cinniúr ríamh déaric ba mór agus nár b'férdir leat i éur níor fearr ná i tathairt doomra; mar ná rphárlfaid amfear, agus ní cearnodcaid triondóir aict de fíor ag suidé ari do fón.

Tathairfaidh mé tuair ag lóic Dearg agus tuair ag Sceilg Mhícel, tuair ag Árro Maca agus tuair ag Oileán na mBeo, tuair ag Tobar Phádraig agus tuair ag Tobar Colmáin, tuair

AS Tobair Eoin Bainiste agus tuairis ag Tobair Hobnaite, tuairis ag Tobair Laiéntin agus tuairis ag Tobair Ruaineois, agus ní'l lá thíos rian ná go nuaearfaiodh mé Coirdin Muire agus Coirdin Íora, cùis rúinntiamhna na Saltres. Muire agus Sciat lúineadach na Maigstine. Agus i fhlárta cneártach deaigh-ériodhdeas deaigh-aigseanta deaigh-ériodhriarach aodáearfaiodh mé Sailbhe Régina cum Dé agus na Maigstine ari rian t'annma agus do leara, agus tá iarratiaidh ari Óia ronuasáir cùsáit, a chailín dísg.

I fomhá bocán tar-íreais agus baintreabhadh cíalaoríeadh agus ur thrioc-rcolágs rcaillaoiúdeas agus cù ghearr rcaillinníneadach agus eac corr-rcéibhíobad agus clochán cam rleamhain fhliuch rmeabhrá do círpeair-ra thíom i n-a coircéimibh do gá tróimha laga ag teacht le beannacáit ó Ruaineois ag iarratiaidh do bhísinne. I fóbra thíos i tseabhairt dom de bhris nári iarratír fliamh t'earc agus nári nochtar mo éair agus nári fionneair círaobhrcaoileadh ari m'aindeirfe i láthair aon uibháir ná leibhre ná ríchreoiria ná círtleoiríse ná rgean-éaille ná malrairfe bheadach-luigríomhse do ríphioi an fórtá agus do leig do'n amplaibh, do fuaír an aindteirfe mar oisighreacáit, agus d'fhoighluim gáe ealaibh ceirninn, do t'earfachád lá leit do'n bháta lá bheag rathairfaiodh cum a hoinnte, agus do leanfachád an phréacán tréarfa trí ráipeann ag iarratiaidh a bainte Dé.

Bioibh a fhíor agus nári i fion an róit d'á n-iarrfaiann-ri t'earc ná d'á nochtairfeann mo éair ná d'á leatfainn ariánaidh mo ériodh i n-a fiaidhnaire. Acht do tuisgeadh dom nuaír do éonnac mairfe agus meidír, muirinn agus mórúdaí, geal-ghné, rceimh, agus círot na ríteadh-aindteirfe gheir-ghile círeat-áilne glan-ghnúiríse ná heiteoíeadh ri ari rian a círeidimh agus a ghrádaim agus a ghráda Dé agus a hoinis a bhrí Úarri-geal agus a láimh fada leabhair ñataamhail glan-ériocinn meaircumha do fíneadh le t'earc cum an donáin bhiéit ro do t'earfaiodh uairí le luair a bhrághaíodh ré de beannacáitibh; agus m'ar olc d'íarratír i fhló-mait d'altócaidh, m'ar fín a bhrágha é.

Do labhair an cléiríeadh Hobnaite agus i fhló é aodúbhairt:

Nári bheiríodh Óia ari an faoighal go bhrád tú go mbeiríodh i piactanair do cíoda do lóig, ó taoi comh maist fín cùisge!

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—infinitely better worth fighting for than all the Kings and Queens, than all the Gibraltars 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-PÓTAIRE AG CUR CANNTE AR A ÓUIDEAL.

(Sean-méiriceoirí 'na fhiúidé oif comáin écláirí agus rí bhuideal folamh uisce bealaíodh ari a agairí amach.)

An tura tá ann a cláiríodh éam, a bithearnais bhealaíodh, a fealltadhír cealgais, a réarcail gian maoim gian maití? An é an chaoi 'bhusil tú ag magadh fum le do gcuairis fada óuit, agus le do béal ghláonta go bhusil balaodh bhean an biontaithe ag éigise amach ari? 'Sead go deaibhca iñ tura atá riomham, a millteoirí. Náct tú an buachaill atá go beathuigte bhealaíodh, go pleamhain rlioc, go huairíreac roimhain, maoisíteac aitíreac! Mallaest Óe go deo oírt. Mallaest a dtáinig agus a dtiocfáidh oírt! Ní fuidír ná go bhusil círrfáidh magairí agat fum-ra tar éir an ghnó tá níontach agat oírt a thurthaidhír gian truaíodh agus a gcuimhneadh gian náire! Deas-éara óamh-ra b'í ionnait gian amhras. Do chusair mo maoim agus mo fhaosail agus mo fhláinte óuit. Do chusair mo cailín agus mo cíú óuit. Do chéigear gac aon éara eile tá raiú agam ari do fion. Do chusair mo neart agus mo meabhair agus m'aisne óuit. Do chusair ghláodh mo chroíde agus mo cléibe óuit. Do bionnár gac ari b'fíu de'n traoisail mé oírt. Ní'l éan-maithear ná deas-riúd ná cráibhceadct tá raiú i riamh agam náct fuis caitte uaim ari do fion. Do b'fearr liom tura ná cairde ná fhláinte, ná maithear, ná tréit ari b'í eile tá aillneacht iad. Ní'l tá mériod tá chusair óuit náct aillairí ba móide do ciocraí agus do ciúid rainnté go mór. Céard tá agam tá bárrí fín agus uile? Tá mórlán, gian bheag. Tá an cóna caitte reo agam agus an rean-cáibín reo go bhusil ghláas mo cinn ag fáir amach chéir! Tá na rean-bhrírtíde reo agam, má'r ceapt bhrírtíde do ciúr ari na giotobláis iobhá ro guri féidirí mo chroiceann buriú d'fheicirint fá na polláin atá oírt! Tá na rean-bhríosa ro agam fheirín, agus meara mo tá cír ag ríneadh tríota amach! A bhuideil mo chroíde iarrig, ná habhrád éinne ná go bhusil níosdte go leor tábairca agat dám. Féad ari an tréidín bheag, ionnraithe, aluin

reó tā ag deirfiúisgád mo cionnaisc! Féad ari an mbéal
ro nac fuil acht 'n-a cás gan cuma gan dealbh gan éput!
Nac dearf an tā phur atá agam agur iad go bpríte méis-
cpead gan dat ná comártá na fola ionnta! Féad ari an
lámh shránda reó agur i go corrpaí cpeataí cam! Nac
i an lámh áluinn i gan meapctai le n-a curid méap ralac ná
blair éan-uisce ó'n oirdéé úd gur fág tú mé faoi'n gclarde.
Uc mo coinriar! iŋ iongantac an éolann i reó ari fad
atá agam, agur a cárta iŋ duit-ře amáin ba tuisca mo bhu-
deacar mar gheall ari an gcumha atá uipre.

A báiteamhnaig óuib ó'r amhlaidh atáir ór mo cónaír amach
anoir ní gatadfaraidh mé de mo éuid cainnte iu' éaoibh go
dtí go mbéidh mo lán-tráit páidte agam. Iŋ maití iŋ cui'mín
liom an éádha uairí ari cùir tú ari meipre mé. Dáir go báiteamh
go deo na vileann deamhan dearmad a déanfaraidh mé ari
an taom d'oidhse do b'í oípm agur mé ag d'úiríseacáit ari mo
cúrlaíd lá ari na báraí. Iŋ maití iŋ cui'mín liom é mar go
raibh tinnear agur pian ag gcoiltéadha mo cloisinn, agur b'í
clabair agur múnlaí an báitair tríomhuisce ari mo éuid
éadairg go mba d'oidh le héinne gur éráin tuiice b'í n-a lúise
i láí an tigse. Iŋ iondha uairí ó'n oirdéé rín ari imír tú an
clearg céadna oípm ag baint mo céille agur mo meabhrac
d'iom go dtí gur fág tú im' pleibhíte amuirdéac rínte ari
éaoibh na ghráide me, go b'fóiridh Dia oípm. Iŋ cui'mín liom
fheirín an oirdéé fúgsac úd i n-ari pobaird mo déirbhíúr b'ocáit
Roisín. Níoribh fada gur cùir tú diaibhl iptimeas 'mo ériodh
gur tuisce iarrhaíct fá gcoirneadha mo d'fheicbháitair do ghearradh
agur tóibháir nári mairbhuiscear é. Do bhrítear ériodh mo
mátaír boicte ari do fion-řa a b'uidéil b'réin, agur b'í an
mátaír ba mionla agur ba ceannra, agur ba éráibhise
dá raibh ag mac i riatháil. 'Sead a diaibhl gan tríobairne gan
tríuasigméil, iŋ turfa do cùir o'fiacláib oípm a ériodh do
bhríteadha de bárr mo éuid cùrrteacáta agur meipceamhlaícta
go dtí go b'fusair ri bár faoi bhríteadha, beannaíct viliúr Dá
le n-a hanam glan. Ruad eile òde, a cladairíe malluise,
iŋ turfa do cùir go minic fá glas inír an bpríorún doirí

mé, cùm go mbeadh ré d'uain agus rónaod agam beit ag cur agus ag cùiteamh go ceann tamall ari an rlaibh aodh do bì curta agat timcheall mo mhuiñeil. Ìr iomadh uair ari iarras rcaparainnt leat, aict bì tìuig-lairdòir òam. Nàr cuigear bhris an poistnír i lèitair an Astar Antoini,—beannasach Dè ari a ceann liat-bhán!—aict nì tùigce connaisc mè do cabduibh agus balaod na tighe ag eileighe anois ari do gaoile na cùisir fà òraoidheacht mè gur bhrisear mo mhionna ari? 'Seadh muir!' Ìr aoibhinn mar eilis an raoisgal liom o fòin! Do cuipead mè ari m'obairi lase. Do cuipead mè ag taigteal na tighe im' òrbeallan tiomadoin òriloc-éigheachd òona. Caoine mar fàgair fìr nò feitidhig mè anois? Ni deocair e rin innriant! Leibhde leirceamail agus lomairte rcpairte gan airidh atá ionnam. Ni fèidhri mo leitidh de peacach ròtaire na de meirgeoiri meacata o' fàgail ra tìr. Bionn na daoine ag ràigeadh agus ag rtealladh màgair fùm agus mè ag ràthailis agus ag baillrèireachd ari fùd an baile mòrìg go dtì go gcuirfead fùm fèin ra' bpolaidis!

Aict a bhuirdéilin tairg go bhuil balaod o'anala mar bheadh gal ifrinn ag mòrcaillt an tìabail ionnam, taim beag naidh cuirfead tñairdte tabharca curta o beit dom' fìor-bhualaod riòr go talamh agat, agus le congnamh Dè agus Muire tìa deirfead tñairdte agam de'n tuirig ro. Béarffaidh mè iarrasach eile fà tìuigcean. Béidh mè jéidh leat go fòin! Mòr tìa fèin go bhuil buairdte agat oifm go dtì ro nì mar rin a bhear an rceal fearta. Ìr goillte eabairi Dè na an doiridh! Racair me an nòimh ro ari lòris an Astar Antoini ari. Feap ceannra geanamail go bhuil tìuaidh aige do'n peacach lasg, 'rèad e. Ni doicid go n-eiteo' ré mè faoi n-a beannasach do tabhairt òam, agus gan ionnam aict ruairiachan. Sé a cuirfear ari bhealas mo leara mè. Eileo' mè ari a bhuirdéil ghlòr, agus nàr feicidh mè do macraimail de gaothuindh mi-nàirfead ari! Slán agat!

(imchigeann ré go tapairò.)

AN BUACAILLINN BUIÓDE (i mBANBÁ).

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.

Naíor éagair liom ceart, beart, ná bhrácaí aoiúnpír.
Leabhar ná ceáct, ná rann 'na dteilb thíris;
Naíor caiteadó mé 'n fad go teáct im' feirbíreacá,
Ír im' neacsalíre ceapc ag Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Do caitear-ra real fé piat ar leirig laoite,

1 gcaorcheam fear i fplat i gceirdim iora.

Airiúdeadó geal im' glaic gan doiribh-níod ar bith,

Cé doilb mo mear ag Bean na Cleite Caoile.

Ír é laigaird mo mear, do meat, do mheirib m'íntinn

Nád mairéann na flata lean an gceirdream thíreacá,

Do canadó na ranna gcannaadó tréad a rípreas

'S do bainfead an fáil do Bean na Cleite Caoile!

Ír fearas nár cleactar teacht i n-deireadh coimeárcáin
 Ág ceartas 'r ag cairpriú caillige ceirnige cinnite;
 Ná 'n t-aonann am i Ófrao ó Óbreit an fír-círt,
 So noeaca fé rmaet ag Ódean na Cleite Caoile.

Cé fada mé 's taistéal treabh ír tigte taoireas,
 Ír so Óbreaca gád neast ír aet ar fuid na giosacta
 Niomh Ó'fearas mé ar cleargáis fíora feill-éniomac
 So "preatáine an gáid" tá ag Ódean na Cleite Caoile.

Aitcín an Mac do ceap na ceitíre roille,.
 Flaittear, fáinnigé fearann ír deilbh daoine,
 So ngeáid m'anam fearta 'na feilbh Óiliú,
 Ír mé rcairíant fé Ólár le Ódean 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 statesman'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 compost 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.

ARAOIR IS MÉ IM' AONAR.

Araoir is mé im' aonar coir taoibh an gaoiptair
Fa thion duille géag-gélaif' im' luighe,
Lem' taoibh gur fuidh rpréirbhéan ba éri-binne réir gub
Na caoi ériuit, gur éanlait is piob ;
Na coimheascthí caoic-giolla céar mé 'r do mill
Le faijeadair, na leap-cup tréim' taoibh deir go cnuinn,
Do claoir mé gan fáereamh le diofhaif' do'n péilteann
Do b'aonáine réamh agur gnaoi.

Litir is caora b'i ag coimhearscar 'r ag pléiríreacht
Go fiosmair 'na réimh-leacain ginn,
1 Scír gélaif a déirí mion, doibh fion-dear a béal tana,
A bhráithe, 'r a claoir-piogc gan teimeal ;
A caoin-mama géala gan claoilaí ari a cli,
A piob is a haol-corrí mairi géir ari an tuinn,
Na truinnreac tair néamhthac tuis buriúe cartha péalise
A claoir-folt go caol-tróis ari b'ir.

ba túngréas mé im' Óaor-rríreasr nuaip ríomhineasr trém' néaltais

Ari cùrraisib an traoisair cleargas cíaois,
An tráth mágair do límeas le húin-feasr do'n réilteann
1. iúib coille b' aereas gán teimheal :

Ói tonnraibh ó phéasúr i ngeasais gáe crainn,

Ói tonnraibh ba néamhúas ari gáe aon Úarri ag luisé,

Ói tonnraibh ó'n bpréarla go dtabharfaidh mac Séamusúr

Gán cunnatáir fi réim círt 'na píosacht.

A húin óil mo cléib, t'ainm tabhair dom ied' ríaois-choil,

1r mágair dom fáisceam gán moill ;

An tóthuibh no Úeanúr 'nári umhais an laoc mear

An t-uball ri gán pléid tarb gáe mnaoi ;

Innir dom an tóthuibh le húilean tuisceamh ríaois,

No plúr na mbán Déiridhe ríaois gáe húilean tuisceamh ;

An tóthuibh minéarba no an cùilbhionn do tréig Táilc,

léir túnraibh na céadta gán bhris.

1r báuasac blarta báearas umhal o'fheasair an bheit mé,

1r dúnbairt : 1r mé Eíre gán tím

Cúusat-ra le rícealtais ari cunnatáir mo laoc mear

Do túnraibh le tréimhre tarb tuinn.

1r rúbád tiochair Séamusúr 'na réim círt ari

'S gáe píonraibh o'fhuil Eíbhir 'na ríaois-úailtibh ríteas',

úiribh binni 1r cléirí ceairt 'na nódúcear gán eisípr

1r báuasac an Úearla gán bhris.

1r rúgasac báidh hÉadheala 'na nódúin-úroisair aolra

le congnamh an Eín-Mic gán moill,

So fionn pleargas fearta mear-ériúireas caitréimeas,

'S o'á bpríonra ceairt gaeillfri gáe ri.

Báidh mágair 'gur traoisair 'ca ari báearlaibh an fíil,

Sliocet líntair na gcláon-úearait ná gáileann do Chriost,

Dá dtúrtaibh tarb tréan-muir ní dúnbaidh liom a rícealta,

Gán lionnta, gán fearta, gán fion.

TAOS hÉadhealaibh o' súilleabán.

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 !

THE REVEL OF THE WEE FOLK.

(AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY).

Come closer still, a leanbh, 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 cuirte, 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 Cnocán and
 from Buninn ;

And the princely ones from Aileac 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, uč, a leanbh óilir, 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 cporde, 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.

CÁTAL MACSARBAIS.

MÁCTNAMÍ AN DÚINE DOILGÉASAIΣ.

Oírde Úom go doilisg duairc,
 Coir fáirrisge na unction tréan,
 Ag leáir-rmaoinéamh, ír ag lúad,
 Ár cíoraibh círuaibh an traoisail.

Úi an rae 'r na réalta rúar,
 Niop clor fuaim tuinne na trádá
 Ír ní raiib gal ann de'n gaoit
 Do cíotrád bárrí cíainn ná blád.

Do ghuairdear amach liom féin
 San aile 'gáim ár raoi mo fíuáil
 Dóraír cille gúr ñeáig mé
 'San gconair péirb ór mo cionn.

Do ríaoi mé 'ran níoríar fean
 'Níor ghnáct almháinna ír aorúeasct
 Dá níail do'n lobair agur do'n lág
 An trád do máir luéit an tigé.

Úi fóraibh fiari ár a taoibh
 Ír cian ó círealaibh i gclóid
 Ár a rúrdeasáid raoite 'r clíar
 Ír cairtealaig tríallta an róir.

Suioth mé riór le mactnamí lán
 Do leigear mo lám' fém' gíruaibh
 Gúr tuit fírafa diana ñeáig
 Om' ñeáigcaibh ár an bpréar anuas.

Áthuadhait meannróin féidir
Aghair meann ag caoi go cumhach:
Do thí aimreap ann 'na gairb
An tis ro go roilb fubhad.

Ír ann do thí cluig ír cliair,
Dheacsta diaðacsta tá leigean,
Córlaide ceatal agair ceol
Ag moladh mórðacsta Dé.

Fotraic folamh gan áirid
An t-áirid ro ír áirid túnír
Ír ionda earrasai agair gaoth
Do bhuail féidir maoilair do túnír.

Ír ionda feartainn agair fuaest
Ír rtsuirim éuain do éuuirid thíos,
Ó tiothlaicead tú ari dtúnír
Do Ríg na nDúil marí tigear.

A túnír naomhá na mbeann nglar,
Do b' dhrindis do'n tír seo tlaist;
Díombaird tian liom do ríomor
Agair cír do naomh ari fán.

Ír uairneas ataoir anoir,
Ní'l ionat córlaide ná ceol,
Aest ríreacsaí na gceann gcat
I n-ionadó na ríalm rosgail!

Aitóneán ag earrasai dír do rtsuairis
Neannntos ghuad ro' uirláir úir
Táirann caol na ríonnaic feans
Ír eirónán na n-eair ro' cláir.

Mar a nglaoðaí an fuisgeos moe
Do cléir ag canadh na dtír
Ní'l teanga ag coirpuidhe anoir
Aest teanga ghlúisdeir na gceas.

Atá tu do phróinnteach gan biaú
 Do fuaín-lior gan leaba bláit,
 Do teagmhoinn gan iorúiltear cléir
 Ná aifreann do Óna ná rás.

Oímtis do luaim agus do grianáil
 Iñ tu do chualaict fí éian ériáid;
 Oé! ní fiannaim aonair fíó' iad aú
 Aict capnán cíniadta cnám.

Oé! anfórlann iñ anuail,
 Anbhoirot anuair iñ aindis;
 Fóirneairt náimad iñ creasadh cnuair,
 'O fás go huairgnead tú mar taoi!

Do bior-ra fén rona gear,
 Fóirneor! do claochloir mo clóir;
 Táinig tóir an traoisail im' agair,
 Iñ ní'l feidhm oírt aict bhrón.

Oímtis mo luadair agus mo lú,
 Raibh aic mo fíil, agus mo tóeoir,
 Atáir mo cairthe 'súr mo clann
 'San scill feo go fann ag tóeoisadh!

Atá nuaireas ar mo Óraeas,
 Tá mo chrois 'na chrotail cnó;
 Tá bhróirfeadh oírt an báir
 Ba Óraibh m'fáilte fí n-a cónair.

seán o 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’ thribé, 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 *feinne*, 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
 shtugged 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 bhuaachaillin 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 throubles 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 reprovin' 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 cowld 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, restless 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.

ÉIRE FÉ BRAT UAINÉ AG CAOMHNAÐ A CLIONNÉ
 Ó CÓF NA NDEOR !

Mile go leis bliadán, a Óis ! Is fada an pé ! is mór
 an aitheagáil é. Níor b'iongnað tá mbeinn cromta, coirte,
 caitte, liat. Aict, féad an tairg roin atá. Tá mo ghráas
 dualac comh flúiríreach fáinneac is tairg bhois fadó ; agur
 tá an fean-croíthe comh mifneamhail meannmásc, tairg liom,
 is tairg b'í fé piom. Níl na feoda glé ag taitneamh óm'
 Úrásáid fé tairg b'ídir, áintac ! fuaoduisgead mo feoda-ra
 go mion minic, a cártoe cléib. Na feoda luacára do
 bain liom-ra atáid ag lonnraid ar brollaí is ar bátar
 na náimh anoir, agur taim-ge annro agur fán liuio umam
 aict an brat uaine do leis an Tíseartha anuas oísm agur
 an raoisgal i n-a óigse. Aict taim fártá leis an mbrait ro :
 b'í feoda go leor air tirlat, agur ca b'fios t'éinne na go
 mbeadó air ?

Biost a fíor, leir, agus ná fuilim-ře ag fáilte ó'n dtírdeig seo ó tórač an traošail. Bí cíúram agur oileamaint agur órduingeað cloinne oípm-řa leir. Cothuigear, cónaipiligeař, ó' órduingeař mo clann féin nuairi ba riarač le rás na pioganta ír mo comact aři doimí an tdiu. Ba beag le rás iad nuairi filear-řa na neopra aři feorainn Dúin na nGall an lá rcař Colm Cille liom. Ba beag le rás iad aři fead mile go leit bliadán i n-a óisidh ran nuairi a bí mo clann rā ag taipthead na hneopra le lán mo tola. Óairig mo clann rā leo i n-a rluasigtib tairi tuairi anonn. Cíortuigeadar na mílte, na deaghs-mílte. Círnuigeadar eaglair agur peacca ÓE. Óibhriigeadar aineolair agur aindteire rómpa. Scaipeadair leigheann fé marí rcaipthead rópar na gpréine no truict na gpréire. O'fágadair mainistreacá agur gcpítheanna agur iarrfmaidé i n-a nuaidh, a Óeardhuiigheann do'n traošal go rabhadair ann trád. Aict biotdar fém' riarač féin an taca ran. Bíad a mbriatrá mo briatrá féin. Bíad a mbéara mo béara féin. Bíad a dtíréite mo tréite féin. Ni rabhamairi ag bhrat aři éinne aict oírainn féin!

Á! aict biot-řa ró-bos, ró-leandairde, ró-úaoitcipeitmeac aři fad. Ceapar nári mírte dom mo clann do rcaipthead uaim, cé guri tainis na Dánaír agur guri gcpíofradair an dútais seo ařir agur ařir eile ór cónaip mo fúl. Cuir Óriam Ódirimhe deirhead le n-a ná rúo, ámhač. Mairé, nári b' e Óriam an deaghs-mac, agur nári b' e rúo an deaghsraošal nuairi o'fágaimír Ódirimhe na gceall aři deaghs-leatař, agur nuairi a biost fóidain ír fáilte riomh an gcoisgeúic, ba éuma ead aři go dtainis ré. Agur b'olc an tioigal aři éuio aca é. Tángadair go mailíreac nuairi ba beag é mo coinne leo. Tóigadair mo cíúram oícta féin. Marluigeadar, marbhuiigeadar, óibhriigeadar mo clann! Ba óuibrónač an uain agam i ag fáilte ó iméall loca Suillig aři uairliib illař agur iad ag tóigall fé řeol a břad i gcein. Agur b'uaidhinge fóir mé aři Óriam na Sionann ag fíeacaint aři na Géideannáib fiaðaine ag rceinneadó tóim go macairib gaircid na hneopra.

Ó, na mílte cloinne liom do chroír go dánta é ari fuid na hÉireann agus gan de tuairíte le fagáil oíche féin ná ari a bhrdri inmíu acht an oíchead ír mar atá ari fliúct na nDánach annró ari bhrdriúil ghlé na Laoi! Mo chreacé agus mo céad mile chreac!

Agus cá meadra gan féin ná na mílte mile ve rois mo cloinne do reolaíodh Cóbh Coircaíge amach i longairí éagóraíodh agus d'friodh aicíde, agus na céadta céad o'áiríodh éagóraíodh cum riubairí fír ghláirí ghearrá níne toirce dian-ghrád do bheit aca oípmhá? Océón! mo céad océón! ír iad do leonaíodh, ír iad do bárcad, ír iad do marlúigead, ír iad do báctad, ír iad do marbhuiigead, ír iad do caillead go dhuibhónaí aindseir; ír iad a gcnáimh tá ag feoibhíodh ari fuid na cnuinne, ari leacain rleibhe agus i n-iocstaí fáirige, go ndéanfaradh. Díol tróscáilte ari a n-anamnaíb uile! Agus marí bárr ari gád donaí aca reolaíodh Baile Riocháin iarrachta an cuan iarrachta i gcoigrí-lári an chreacáta; agus tuigeadh ainnm iarrachta ari Cóbh na nDeoír annró ve bárr a tuairí, o'fionn ír mo éagaois-ge do bhréaghsúíodh marí ír gnáth, ír doúca. Tuigeadh Baile Riocháin Sarana ari Cóbh Coircaíge fír marí tuigeadh Baile Rioch Sarana ari Óinn Laocháire tamall roimhe rinn. Ag ro mar cnuitheadar Baill agus Gallúdachar i n-ionad Saerdeal agus a gheandúir. Ari an gcumha ro mealltar pinn; marí feo, leir, ír ead do mhealltar pinn dá bhréadairde é!

Agus i n-a aindeoín feo, i n-a aindeoín an chreacáta, i n-a aindeoín an éitísh, i n-a aindeoín mo dhuibhín-ge agus m'aindseirí, féad ná mílte cloinne liom inmíu agus inmí, agus anúrúad agus achrúgad anúrúad, féad ag teicéad uaim béal an éuain amach iad gan gtaonad gan fhor. Féad ag inmítead éad riapair, agus ag riap-inmítead; cuim aca cum an donaí, cé nád móide gur eol doibh é; cuim aca cum tioícheád na cnuinne acht amháin a dtírí ghláir féin do chur ari bhealaí a learaí; cuim aca, ír baoisglád, cum aicmíde agus d'aoine nári d'ainm éagóraír riathá oípmhá do chur i ngeáibheann ari fion na Saranaí, mo mile bhrón!

A clann, a clann, cao énigse go n-einneann ríb ro ? Cao énigse buri mātarír óilir féin do tréigseann do réir mar eiríseann ríb rúar ? Cao énigse raochar buri rean do réanad ? Cao énigse ainnmeada buri ríngear aghur buri n-úctaighe do raoilead ari ceal ? Cao énigse buri gcuil do tadhairt ari rúairicear aghur buri n-ágaird do tadhairt ari óiabhluithealct an traoigheil ? Níl gábhair ná cnuadctan ná fóiréigsean d'bur n-úibhirt inndiu. Fanaid, a clann, i bhoisair buri mātar, mar roin : tā gábhair inndiu aghur gáéar-gábhair le raochar gac duine agairb coir baile. Fan, a clann, á, fan ! Claoraidh le céile, curvísgír le céile, cabhrúsgír le céile ! Tadhair cul láimhe le gac rásar Galltadair d'á oteagmódair oírai ! Deinid fan, á, dein ! aghur geallaim díb, le congnamh an doimhíle, go mbeirid an ríat oírai féin aghur a rian ari rean-éirinn.

sceilg ná sceol.



Seagán (Uisbh - Laoghaire)
Torraoimh an Ótharaithe
Aimhran no m' Ían
Cúchulainn
Ossian

Cailean deas criúidhí nam - bó
Clead mille failte.

Bouchal,
Threaska
Threcaun

Oyeh
Gorlach
Own - an - aar

Alannad
Aragal

Wisha

Milé

Failte

Alannar

Sugar

Sinn

Fein

mo

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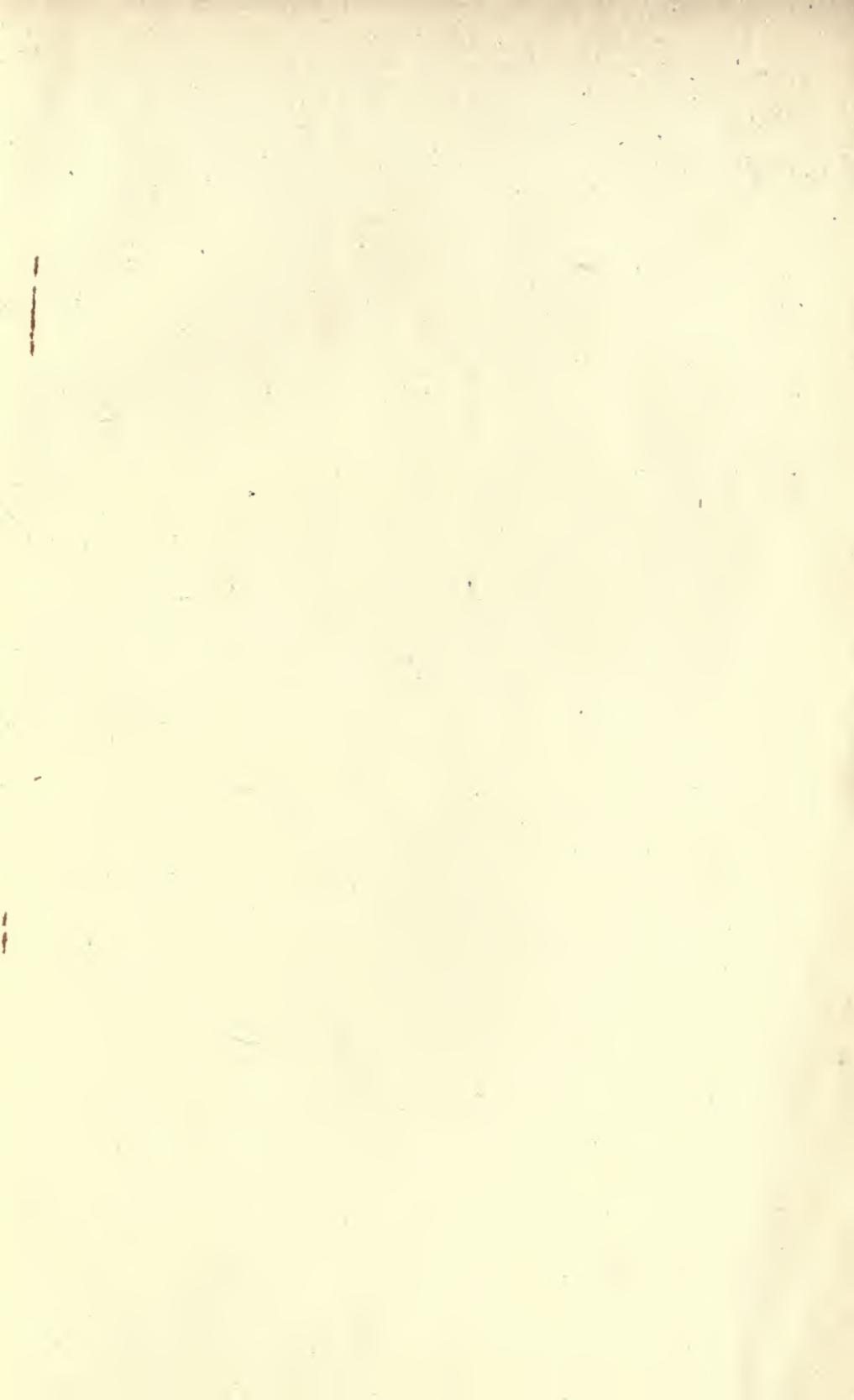
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