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CHARLES J. KICKHAM,

Patriot, Novelist, and Poet.

BY

WILLIAM MURPHY.



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MEMOIR OF C. J. KICKHAM.

CHARLES JOSEPH KICKHAM, poet of the people, patriot of an exalted type, and perhaps the most truly Irish novelist the world has known, came of a respectable and patriotic Tipperary family, and was born in Mullinahone, in 1828. The Anner flows past the town, and "glorious Slievenamon" raises its heather-crowned head not far away—the river and the mountain he loved so well, and which figure often in his writings. His father, John Kickham, had a large drapery establishment in that place, and was highly respected by all his neighbours. His mother, Anne O'Mahony, was a very pious and charitable woman, and he has described her with fond fidelity in his story, "Sally Cavanagh; or, the Untenanted Graves."

Charles Kickham received his education at home under a tutor whom his father, who early discovered the boy's rare talents, specially employed to instruct him. He had been originally intended for the medical profession, but an unfortunate accident put an end to all hope of his following it.

14 May 60
He was fond of sporting, and one evening when he had returned from a day's shooting, in the course of which he had received a severe wetting, he placed before a fire the contents of his powder flask which had got damp. Whilst examining it, a spark from the fire caused it to explode, with the result that he was so seriously injured that it was thought for a time that he would be blind for life. This was not so, but his vision and hearing were for the rest of his life very imperfect.

At the age of eighteen he commenced his literary career by the publication of some poetical pieces. While yet a

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youth, the teachings of the *Nation* of Davis, Duffy, Mangan, Mitchel, and the rest of the brilliant band "who breathed new life into Erin," found a ready response in the breast of young Kickham. He soon became the leading spirit in the Mullinahone Confederate Club, which he himself was instrumental in forming. After the failure of the insurrection at Ballingarry, he was obliged to conceal himself for some time in a neighbour's house.

He next interested himself in the Tenant Right movement, and became one of its most energetic workers. When that organisation failed, he was so disgusted with the perfidious conduct of Messrs. Sadlier and Keogh that he lost all faith in Parliamentary agitation from that time forward. After this disillusionment he devoted himself more assiduously to literary work, and became one of the principal contributors to *The Celt* which had been recently established by Dr. Cane of Kilkenny. To this admirable provincial Kickham contributed some of his best poetical work, including "The Irish Peasant Girl" and "Rory of the Hills." Some of his capital sketches of Irish peasant life, such as "The Lease in Reversion" and "Annie O'Brien," also appeared in *The Celt*.

John O'Mahony visited Ireland in 1860, and Kickham took the Fenian oath from him. The poet-patriot from this time took an active part in political affairs, and set to work to disseminate Fenian principles on the departure of O'Mahony. He threw himself heart and soul into the Fenian movement, and did all that lay in his power for that great national endeavour, which he believed would bring about the regeneration of his country.

Kickham's appearance at the time is thus described:—

"He was then in the prime of manhood, stood about five feet ten or eleven inches high, was stoutly built, and apparently a strong, active specimen of the Tipperary Celt. He wore his black hair in long ringlets on his neck. His

beard was also black and flowing. This fashion of wearing his hair and beard, and his near-sightedness, and a general family resemblance of features, derived from his mother, strongly reminded one of his great likeness to John O'Mahony, though he was neither so tall nor so symmetrically built as the latter gentleman."

In September, 1863, the *Irish People* newspaper was started by James Stephens to advocate Fenian views. Kickham was placed on the staff, being joint editor with John O'Leary and Thomas Clarke Luby. A man named O'Connor was cashier, and O'Donovan Rossa was business manager. In the very office of the paper there was an informer, that scoundrel Pierce Nagle, who was on the machine-room staff. He was a confidential agent of Stephens', and at the same time in the pay of the Government. He conveyed to the Castle news of every intended movement of the Society, with all the correspondence of the Head Centre himself. At length when Stephens gave command for the men of Tipperary to prepare for immediate action, the Government, to whom all this became known through Nagle, considered it time on their part to strike a blow. Accordingly on the night of the 14th of September, 1865, the police made a raid on the office of the *Irish People*, which was in Parliament Street, Dublin, and carried off all the papers and documents they could lay hands on. Luby, O'Leary, and Rossa were captured the same night, and after a search of two months Kickham was arrested at Fairfield House, Sandymount, along with James Stephens, Hugh Brophy, and Edward Duffy.

He was tried for treason-felony in Green Street Court-house, on the 6th of January, 1866, before Judge Keogh—the renegade sitting in judgment on the patriot. When Stephens visited America in 1864, he left a document with Luby constituting Messrs. Luby, O'Leary, and Kickham an

Executive, to have control of the organization in Ireland, England, and Scotland, during his absence. On Stephens' departure, Luby put the document in his desk along with some other papers, where it was seized by the police. This document, which Kickham had never seen or heard of, was the principal evidence against him. Kickham's counsel asked that Luby, who had been previously convicted, should be called as a witness to prove Kickham's complete ignorance even of the existence of this compromising document. But Judge Keogh would not hear of any such thing, whereupon Kickham withdrew his counsel, and refused to make any further defence, convinced as he was of the fact that his conviction had already been decided upon.

He addressed the jury in a brief speech, in which he justified the existence of a movement which aimed at nothing save the welfare of the Irish people. Referring to one of the articles published in the *Irish People* with the authorship of which he was charged, he said: "What Irishman looking back on the history of Ireland for the last eighty-four years—its bright gleam of prosperity and glory—its years of treachery and shame—the sufferings of the people and the famine which desolated the country—could hesitate to say to the enemy, 'In God's name give us our country to ourselves, and let us see what we can do with it?'" He had said nothing more, he contended, than was said by Thomas Davis, who, stung to the heart by witnessing the system of depopulation which was going on throughout the country, had written these words:—

"God of Justice, I sighed, send Your spirit down
 On these lords so cruel and proud,
 And soften their hearts, and relax their frown,
 Or else, I cried aloud,
 Vouchsafe Thy strength to the peasant's hand
 To drive them from out the land."

He had not gone farther than the writer of these lines,

and now, he said, they might send him to a felon's doom if they liked. And they did send him to it. Judge Keogh before passing sentence, asked if he had any further remarks to make in reference to his case. Kickham replied: "My lord, I have nothing to say. I have said enough already. I confess that I have done my duty to the country. I have endeavoured to serve Ireland, and now I am prepared to suffer for Ireland."

Then the judge, with many expressions of sympathy for the prisoner, and many compliments in reference to his intellectual attainments, sentenced him to be kept in penal servitude for fourteen years. The sentence was announced to him through his ear-trumpet, and he heard it with a smile.

While he was being conveyed from the court to his cell, a touching incident occurred. Something on the ground attracted his attention. It was a little paper picture of the Blessed Virgin, and he said to the warder: "Will you ask the governor if I may keep this? I was accustomed to have a picture of the Blessed Virgin before my eyes from my childhood, and to recite her rosary."

His prison life was spent at Mountjoy, Pentonville, and Woking. He felt keenly the death of his sister Annie during the first year of his imprisonment. He was at one time set to knit stockings. The warder pointed out that he was not making much progress in the novel art. "I have time enough to learn in fourteen years," replied Kickham.

Owing to his extremely delicate health he was released after three and a half years. He returned to Ireland broken down in health, his hearing nearly altogether destroyed, and his sight worse than ever; but the strong spirit was still eager to do work for the old land.

Some of his greatest literary work was given to the public after his release. "Sally Cavanagh" was republished in

book form, and "Knocknagow" appeared as a serial. His health grew worse as time went on. A stroke of paralysis came on him at the last, and he passed away at Blackrock, County Dublin, on the 22nd of August, 1882, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Almost his last words were: ' Let it be known that I die in the Catholic Faith, that I die loving Ireland, and I only wish I could have done more for her.'

Ireland lost in Kickham one of her truest and best friends, society one of the gentlest of men, and Irish literature a brilliant ornament. He was brought home to the churchyard in Mullinahone and laid to rest where his childhood had been "beside the Anner at the foot of Slieve-nammon."

No writer knew better than Kickham the Irish people in their own love-inspiring aspect. He was a quick observer of the persons and things around him, and his genuine impressions are produced. His heroes are perfect types of Irishmen. Truly he enriched the pages of Irish literature with a lavish wealth, and left us in "Knocknagow; or, the Homes of Tipperary," "Sally Cavanagh; or, the Untenanted Graves," "For the Old Land," and some shorter tales, the best and most faithful pictures of Irish country life we possess. The wedding, the wake, the pastimes, all are depicted with a master hand. True to nature in his peerless works, smiles and tears are separated by no wide interval.

We note the stride of Phil Lahy down to the village tap-room when the shades of evening fall over Knocknagow. We see poor Billy Heffernan, abstracted from the world, wrapped up in the execution of the melody which he made himself. We are struck with the gaiety of the girls of the farmhouse, and when curious, witty Barney Broderick appears on the scene we are in ecstasies. We note the fierceness of Phil Morris; and who has not been moved

to tears on reading of the gentle invalid, poor Norah Lahy ?

Charles Kickham's poems are few and short. They are marked with grace, simplicity, and tenderness, and contain original poetic thought which could not be more Irish save when expressed in the "honey-sweetness" of our native tongue. "Whatever little Kickham did in the way of song or ballad was so good," says Mr. John O'Leary in his admirable book, "Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism," "it was a pity he did no more." He has woven a wreath of song around Slievenamon that will endure while the Anner flows.

What a beautiful, pathetic little ballad is the "Irish Peasant Girl." The theme of this poem was founded on an event in real life ; and a splendid theme it was. A peasant girl from Mullinahone emigrated to America in her seventeenth year "to hoard her hard-won earnings for the helpless ones at home." She died in America. The "Maid of Slievenamon" is another pretty poem. "Rory of the Hills" is one of our finest Anglo-Irish ballads. "Patrick Sheehan" depicts the life of a soldier in the British service. Amongst his other poems are "Oh! Sing me not that Song again," "The Shan Van Vocht," "Rose of Knockmany," and "The Rebel Myles O'Hea." Ten of his best are here presented.

WILLIAM MURPHY.

STILLORGAN.

POEMS BY C. J. KICKHAM.

THE IRISH PEASANT GIRL.

SHE lived beside the Anner,
At the foot of Slievenamon,
A gentle peasant girl,
With mild eyes like the dawn ;
Her lips were dewy rosebuds ;
Her teeth of pearls rare ;
And a snow-drift 'neath a beechen bough
Her neck and nut-brown hair.

How pleasant 'twas to meet her
On Sunday when the bell
Was filling with its mellow tones
Lone wood and grassy dell !
And when at eve young maidens
Strayed the river's banks along,
The widow's brown-haired daughter
Was loveliest of the throng.

O brave, brave Irish girls—
We well may call you brave !—
Sure the least of all your perils
Is the stormy ocean wave,
When you leave your quiet valleys,
And cross the Atlantic's foam,
To hoard your hard-won earnings
For the helpless ones at home.

“ Write word to my own dear mother—
 Say, we ’ll meet with God above ;
 And tell my little brothers
 I send them all my love ;
 May the angels ever guard them,
 Is their dying sister’s prayer”—
 And folded in that letter
 Was a braid of nut-brown hair.

Ah, cold, and well nigh callous
 This weary heart has grown
 For thy hapless fate, dear Ireland,
 And for sorrows of mine own ;
 Yet a tear mine eye will moisten
 When by Anner’s side I stray,
 For the lily of the mountain foot
 That withered far away.

RORY OF THE HILLS.

“ THAT rake up near the rafters,
 Why leave it there so long ?
 The handle of the best of ash,
 Is smooth and straight and strong ;
 And, mother, will you tell me,
 Why did my father frown,
 When, to make the hay in summer-time,
 I climbed to take it down ? ”
 She looked into her husband’s eyes,
 While her own with light did fill :
 “ You ’ll shortly know the reason, boy ! ”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up
 The slopes of Slievenamon—
 Whose foot affrights the startled hares
 So long before the dawn ?
 He stopped just where the Anner's stream
 Winds up the woods anear,
 Then whistled low, and looked around
 To see the coast was clear.
 A shealing door flew open—
 In he stepped with right good will—
 “God save all here, and bless your work,”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome
 That greeted him, I ween ;
 For years gone by he fully proved
 How well he loved the Green ;
 And there was one amongst them
 Who grasped him by the hand—
 One who through all that weary time
 Roamed on a foreign strand :
 He brought them news from gallant friends
 That made their heart-strings thrill ;
 “My sowl ! I never doubted them !”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board
 Till dawning of the day,
 And yet not song nor shout I heard—
 No revellers were they :
 Some brows flushed red with gladness,
 While some were grimly pale ;

But pale or red, from out those eyes
 Flashed souls that never quail !
 “And sing us now about the vow
 They swore for to fulfil”—
 “Ye ’ll read it yet in History,”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle
 He took down from where it hung ;
 The toothed rake, full scornfully,
 Into the fire he flung,
 And in its stead a shining blade
 Is gleaming once again ;
 (Oh ! for a hundred thousand of
 Such weapons and such men !)
 Right soldierly he wielded it,
 And—going through his drill—
 “Attention”—“charge”—“front, point”—
 “advance !”,
 Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman’s pride,
 With pride and woman’s fears ;
 She flew to him, she clung to him,
 And dried away her tears ;
 He feels her pulse beat truly,
 While her arms around him twine—
 “Now God be praised for your stout heart,
 Brave little wife of mine.”
 He swung his first-born in the air,
 While joy his heart did fill—
 “You ’ll be a Freeman yet, my boy !”
 Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh ! knowledge is a wondrous power,
 And stronger than the wind ;
 And thrones shall fall, and despots bow
 Before the might of mind :
 The poet and the orator
 The heart of man can sway,
 And would to the kind heavens
 That Wolf Tone were here to-day !
 Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength,
 Her truest strength, is still
 The rough-and-ready roving boys,
 Like Rory of the Hill.

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

Air—“Irish Molly, O.”

My name is Patrick Sheehan,
 My years are thirty-four ;
 Tipperary is my native place,
 Not far from Galtymore :
 I came of honest parents,
 But now they're lying low ;
 And many a pleasant day I spent
 In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died ; I closed his eyes
 Outside our cabin door ;
 The landlord and the sheriff, too,
 Were there the day before ;
 And then my loving mother,
 And sisters three also,
 Were forced to go with broken hearts
 From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work,
 I wandered far and near;
 I went then to the poor-house,
 For to see my mother dear;
 The news I heard nigh broke my heart;
 But still, in all my woe,
 I blessed the friends who made their graves
 In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin,
 With plenty all around,
 I starved within my cabin,
 And slept upon the ground;
 But cruel as my lot was,
 I ne'er did hardship know
 Till I joined the English Army,
 Far away from Aherlow.

“Rouse up there,” says the Corporal,
 “You lazy Hirish hound;
 Why don’t you hear, you sleepy dog,
 The call ‘to arms’ sound?”
 Alas, I had been dreaming
 Of days long, long ago;
 I woke before Sebastopol,
 And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—
 How dark I thought the night!
 O blessed God, it was not dark,
 It was the broad daylight!
 And when I found that I was blind,
 My tears began to flow;
 I longed for even a pauper’s grave
 In the Glen of Aherlow.

O Blessed Virgin Mary,
 Mine is a mournful tale ;
 A poor blind prisoner here I am,
 In Dublin's dreary gaol ;
 Struck blind within the trenches,
 Where I never feared the foe ;
 And now I 'll never see again
 My own sweet Aherlow !

A poor neglected mendicant,
 I wandered through the street ;
 My nine months' pension now being out,
 I beg from all I meet :
 As I joined my country's tyrants,
 My face I 'll never show
 Among the kind old neighbours
 In the Glen of Aherlow.

Then, Irish youths, dear countrymen,
 Take heed of what I say ;
 For if you join the English ranks,
 You 'll surely rue the day ;
 And whenever you are tempted
 A soldiering to go,
 Remember poor blind Sheehan
 Of the Glen of Aherlow.

THE MAID OF SLIEVENAMON.

ALONE, all alone, by the wave-wash'd strand,
 And alone in the crowded hall ;
 The hall it is gay, and the waves are grand,
 But my heart is not here at all :

It flies far away, by night and by day,
 To the times and the joys that are gone ;
 And I never can forget the maiden I met
 In the valley near Slievenamon.

It was not the grace of her queenly air,
 Nor her cheek of the rose's glow,
 Nor her soft black eyes, nor her flowing hair
 Nor was it her lily-white brow.
 'Twas the soul of truth, and of melting ruth
 And the smile like a summer dawn
 That stole my heart away, one mild day,
 In the valley near Slievenamon.

In the festive hall, by the star-watch'd shore,
 My restless spirit cries,
 "My love, oh my love, shall I ne'er see you more,
 And, my land, will you ever uprise ?"
 By night and by day, I ever, ever pray,
 While lonely my life flows on,
 To see our flag unrolled, and my true love to enfold,
 In the valley near Slievenamom.

OH! SING ME NOT THAT SONG AGAIN.

OH! sing me not that song again,
 My lovely Norah dear,
 The defiant tone, the martial strain,
 It breaks my heart to hear.
 'Tis true 'twas rapture once, sweet maid,
 That song to hear thee sing,
 And watch thee while my flashing blade
 Thy bright eye rivalling,

And think how myriad blades as true
 On Erin's hills would gleam.
 That vision fled—I little knew
 'Twould prove a fleeting dream.

CHORUS.

So sing me not that song again,
 My lovely Norah dear—
 The bold, the proud, defiant strain
 It breaks my heart to hear.

'Tis true that once those words of flame
 Could bear my soul away,
 Until my spirit proud became
 Impatient for the fray;
 Ah ! then I hoped old Erin's green
 Would soon o'er free men stream,
 But that, my fondest wish, has been
 A false, a fleeting dream.

CHORUS.

So sing me not that song again,
 My lovely Norah dear—
 The bold, the proud, defiant strain
 It breaks my heart to hear.

Oh ! tune me now some lay of old,
 Some sorrowing lament
 For gallant hearts for ever cold
 And freedom's banner rent;
 Or, if you will, some tender tale
 Of maiden fair and true,
 As true when shame and grief assail,
 And beautiful as you.

CHORUS.

But sing me not that song again,
 My lovely Norah dear—
 The bold, the proud, defiant strain
 It breaks my heart to hear.

“THE REBEL MYLES O’HEA ;”

OR, EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

HIS locks are whitened with the snows of nigh a
 hundred years,
 And now with cheery heart and step the journey's end
 he nears.
 He feared his God, and bravely played the part he had
 to play,
 For lack of courage did ne'er stain the soul of Myles
 O’Hea.

A young man 'lighted from his steed, and by that old
 man stood ;
 “Good friend,” he asked, “what see you in yon castle
 by the wood ?
 I've marked the proud glare of your eye and of your
 cheek the glow.”
 “My heart,” the old man said, “went back to eighty
 years ago !

“I was a beardless stripling then, but proud as any lord :
 And well I might—in my right hand I grasped a free-
 man's sword ;
 And, though an humble peasant's son, proud squires and
 even peers
 Would greet me as a comrade—we were the Volunteers !

“That castle was our Colonel’s. On yonder grassy glade,
 At beat of drum our regiment oft mustered for parade,
 And from that castle’s parapets scarfs waved and bright
 eyes shone
 When our bugles woke the echoes with the march of
 ‘Garryowen.’

“Oh! then ‘twas never thought a shame or crime to
 love the land,
 For freedom was the watchword, nerving every heart
 and hand;
 And Grattan, Flood, and Charlemont were blessed by
 high and low
 When our Army won the Parliament of eighty years
 ago.”

“And what of him, your Colonel?” “He, good old
 Colonel, died
 While the nation’s heart was pulsing with the full and
 flowing tide
 Of liberty and plenteousness that coursed through every
 vein.
 How soon it ebbed, that surging tide! Will it ever
 flow again?”

“Who owned the castle after him?” “His son—my
 friend and foe.
 You see yon rocks among the gorse in the valley down
 below.
 We leaped among them from the rocks, and through
 their ranks we bore;
 I headed the United men, he led my yeoman corps.

“They reeled before our reddened pikes ; his blood had
dyed my blade,
But I spared him for his father’s sake ; and well the
debt he paid !
For how, when right was trampled down ‘scaped I the
tyrant’s ban ?
The yeoman Captain’s castle, sir, contained an out-
lawed man !

“ Yes, England was his glory—the mistress of the sea.
‘ William,’ ‘ Wellington,’ and ‘ Wooden Walls,’ his toasts
would ever be.
I’d pledge ‘ Green Erin and her Cause,’ and then he’d
laugh and say,
That he knew one honest traitor—the ‘ rebel’ Myles
O’Hea.

“ In after years he threatened hard to pull our roof
trees down
If we failed to vote at his command. Some quailed
before his frown.
Then I seized the old green banner and shouted ‘ Altars
free !’
The gallant Forties to a man, left him to follow me !

“ Well, God be with him. He was forced from home
and lands to part,
But to think ’twas England robbed him, it was that
that broke his heart,
‘ Old friend,’ he said, and grasped my hand, ‘ I’m loyal
to my queen,
But would such a law, at such a time, be made in
College Green ?’

“And while the tears rolled down his cheeks, his grandson, a brave youth,
 Clung to that tree beside the brook (good sir, I tell you truth),
 And sobbing, kissed it like a child, nor tears could I restrain.”

The young man turned and hid his face in his hunter's flowing mane.

“And Myles O'Hea,” he spake at length, “have tropic suns and time

So changed the boy who, weeping, clung to yon spreading lime?

I was that boy. My father's home and lands are mine again:

But for every pound he paid for them I paid the Scotchman ten.”

High wassail in the castle halls. The wealthy bride is there,

And gentlemen and tenantry, proud dames and maidens fair,

And there—like Irish bard of old—beside the bridegroom gay,

A white-haired peasant calmly sits; 'tis poor old Myles O'Hea.

With swimming eyes the bridegroom grasps that noble rustic's hand,

While round the board, with brimming cups, the wassailers all stand.

And louder swelled the harper's strains and wilder rose the cheers

When he pledged “your comrades long ago—the Irish Volunteers.”

“Now, God be praised,” quoth Myles O’Hea, “they
 foully lie who say
 That poor old Ireland’s glory’s gone, for ever passed
 away.
 But gentlemen, what say you? Were not this a braver
 show
 If sword hilts clanked against the board, like eighty
 years ago?”

ROSE OF KNOCKMANY.

Air—“The Unfortunate Rake.”

OH! sure ‘tis some fairy
 Has set me contrary,
 No more blithe and airy I sing as I go;
 No longer in clover,
 A free-hearted rover,
 I lilt a light ditty or shake a loose toe!
 In Leinster and Ulster,
 Through Connaught and Munster,
 'Twas I made the fun stir wherever I stray’d;
 And a jovialler fellow,
 While sober or mellow,
 Ne'er toss'd off a jorum or wooed a fair maid.

Till once in the May time,
 The tuneful and gay time—
 (Ah, I fear 'twas the fay-time)—from eve to the dawn,
 I play’d for a maiden,
 With hair simply braiden,
 With eyes of soft lustre and grace like the fawn—
 Those eyes, while she listened,
 Through dewy drops glistened,

Or sparkled like gems in the light of the moon ;
 Some witchcraft was in it,
 For since that blessed minute,
 I 'm like poor young Johnny who played but one tune.

For whether I 'm strolling
 Where billows are rolling,
 Or sweet bells are chiming o'er Shannon or Lee ;
 My wild harp when sweeping,
 Where fountains are leaping,
 At lone Gougane Barra or storied Lough Neagh—
 To priest or to peasant,
 No matter who 's present,
 In sad hours or pleasant, by mountain or stream,
 To the careless or cannie,
 To colleen or granny,
 Young Rose of Knockmany is ever my theme.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

THERE are ships upon the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
 There are good ships on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
 Oh, they 're sailing o'er the sea,
 From a land where all are free,
 With a freight that 's dear to me,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

They are coming from the West,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht ;
 And the flag we love the best,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,

Waves proudly in the blast,
 And they've nailed it to the mast;
 Long threat'ning comes at last,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

'Twas well O'Connell said,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht—
 "My land when I am dead,"
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 "A race will tread your plains,
 With hot blood in their veins,
 Who will burst your galling chains,"
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

For these words we love his name,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 And Ireland guards his fame,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 And low her poor heart fell
 The day she heard his knell;
 For she knew he loved her well,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,

But the cause was banned,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 By sleek slave and traitor bland,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Ah, then strayed to foreign strand
 Truth and Valour from our land,
 The stout heart and ready hand,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

But with courage undismayed,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 These exiles watched and prayed,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;

For though trampled to the dust,
 Their cause they knew was just,
 And in God they put their trust,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,

And now, if ye be men,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 We'll have them back again,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht,
 With pike and guns galore;
 And when they touch her shore,
 Ireland's free for evermore,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

CARRAIG-MOCLEARA.*

OH, sweet Slievenamon, you 're my darling and pride,
 With your soft swelling bosom and mien like a bride,
 How oft have I wandered, in sunshine and shower,
 From dark Kileavalla† to lonely Glenbower;
 Or spent with a light heart the long summer's day,
 'Twixt Seefent‡ and the Clocdeach§ above Kile-a-tea;||
 But than wood, glen, or torrent, to me far more dear,
 Is thy crag-crowned forehead, old Carrig-Mocklear !

* Carraig-Mocleara (pronounced Carrig-Mocklear) was the place chosen for the insurgent camp in '98. It is almost the only part of Sliabh-na-m-ban (Slievenamon) to which the term rugged could be applied.

† Properly Goill-a-mheala—The Wood of Honey.

‡ Suedh-finn (pronounced See-feen) is the highest of the Sliabh-na-m-ban hills.

§ A mountain torrent which discharges its waters into the river Aner.

|| Coill-a-t'-sleibh—The Wood of the Hill.

W. M.

For there gathered stout hearts in brave Ninety-Eight,
 Undaunted, unflinching, grim death to await ;
 And there did I hope to behold once again,
 Rushing down from the mountain and up from the
 plain,
 The men of Slieveardagh, to rally once more
 In the holy old cause, like our fathers before ;
 And, O saints ! how I prayed that the Saxon might
 hear
 The first shout of the onset from Carrig-Mocklear !

Yet a maiden might sleep the rough granite between,
 On the flower-spangled sward, 'tis so sunny and green ;
 'Tis thus you will find in the stormiest breast
 Some spot fresh and warm, where love might be guest ;
 And how like a bless'd dream did one autumn eve glide,
 With my first and my only love there by my side ?
 Ah ! no wonder, no wonder I gaze with a tear
 On the rocks and the flowers of old Carrig-Moclear !

Ye tell, ye lone rocks, where the Rebel's pike gleamed ;
 Of the wrong unavenged, and the vow unredeemed ;
 And thoughts of old times, with their smiles and their
 showers,
 Come back to my soul with the breath of their flowers.
 But bright hopes of my youth, here forever we part—
 Now I feel dark despair fills your place in my heart—
 For ne'er may I see the Green Banner uprear,
 Nor thy smile, my lost Mary, on Carrig-Mocklear !

EVENING TWILIGHT ON A TIPPERARY
HILLSIDE.

BY JOHN LOCKE.

The following poem was written to commemorate the death of Miss Annie Kickham. She loved her brother Charles with all the tenderness of her gentle nature, and when she heard of his fate, the shock which it occasioned was too much for her to withstand. The deep and bitter anguish soon put an end to her young existence.

'TWAS a balmy eve in the sweet Springtime,
 And up on the mountain's side
Not a murmur rose o'er the holy calm,
 Save the splash of Anner's tide ;
And the lonely wail of a tristful maid,
 Who sat in the evening's glow,
And poured from the depths of her sorrowing soul,
 One long, lone tale of woe.

" Now Summer may come with its verdant blooms,
 And the forest's deep echoes ring
With the blackbird's note and the cuckoo's call,
 And the flowers redundant spring ;
The apple-tree blossoms may peep from the glade,
 To meet the first kiss of the day ;
But the sorrow now camped in my aching breast,
 Shall nevermore pass away.

" Cold, cold as the snows on an Alpine height,
 And sad as the wild wind's moan,
And dark as the moon of the coal-black night,
 This weary heart has grown ;

I had no hopes in the wide, wide world,
 But all that around him clung ;
 I joyed to roam round the fairy raths,
 And the hamlets of which he sung.

“ And to think and think through the long dark
 night
 Of the maid of the Anner’s stream—
 Of Tipperary’s forests and breezy hills,
 Or whate’er was his fancy’s theme.
 Ah ! now I see naught in my midnight dreams,
 But shackles his dungeon round,
 And the felon’s cords in one hundred coils
 All over his white limbs wound.

“ Ah ! my heart I know, ’neath this weight of
 woe,
 Will soon forget to beat ;
 And my spirit will droop like a faded flower,
 In the midst of the Summer’s heat ;
 This shadowy form, once light and warm,
 Shall soon in the church-yard sleep ;
 And the winds shall rave ’round my early grave,
 And the willow trees o’er it weep.

“ And thou, sweet Anner, how canst thou dance
 And leap through the winding world,
 When he who sang of thy sparkling stream,
 Lies bound in the Saxon’s hold ?
 Ah ! how did they banish for long, long years
 ‘ Mid the listener’s tears and cries,
 The hope and prop of a sister’s heart,
 And the light of a brother’s eyes ?

“The clouds grow dark on the distant hills,
 As the evening sunlight fades ;
 And the darkling shadows of night now fall
 Over all the woods and glades ;
 So my heart grew sad and mine eyes grew dim,
 When the sun of my life was ta'en,
 And cooped and caged in a felon's tomb,
 And chained with the felon's chain !

“Adieu ! adieu ! and a fond farewell
 To all ye woods and streams,
 Which Charles sang in the sweeting strains,
 And saw in the brightest dreams ;
 Some wandering minstrel yet may come,
 With his harp in the eventide,
 And tell of how Charles loved his land,
 And how Annie, his sister, died !”

BEAUTIFUL IRELAND.

SPEAK of the land where the toiler
 Can build up a free happy home,
 Land never cursed by the spoiler,
 Over the white ocean foam ;
 Dearest to me is my sireland
 The emerald gem of the sea,
 Beautiful, beautiful Ireland,
 Oh ! would that Ireland was free

CHORUS.

Beautiful, beautiful Ireland,
 My heart it beats only for thee,
 Beautiful, beautiful Ireland,
 Oh ! will it ever be free ?

Where is the land that can compare her ?
 Oh ! show me her lakes or her strands,
 Travel the world thro' and show me
 A more beauteous and lovelier land.
 Dearer to me than my sireland,
 The emerald gem of the sea ;
 I 'll cling to my home in old Ireland,
 Oh ! would that old Ireland was free !

CHORUS.

Beautiful, beautiful Ireland,
 My heart it beats only for thee,
 Beautiful, beautiful Ireland,
 Oh ! will it ever be free ?

They say that they are going to free her
 Although her heart it lies low,
 How her enemies do greet her,
 Run down and oppress'd by her foe.
 Beautiful, beautiful Ireland,
 My heart it beats only for thee,
 I 'll cling to my home in old Ireland,
 Oh ! would that old Ireland was free !

CHORUS.

Beautiful, beautiful Ireland,
 My heart it beats only for thee,
 Beautiful, beautiful Ireland,
 Oh ! will it ever be free ?

The End.

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Charles J. Kickham patriot novelist



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