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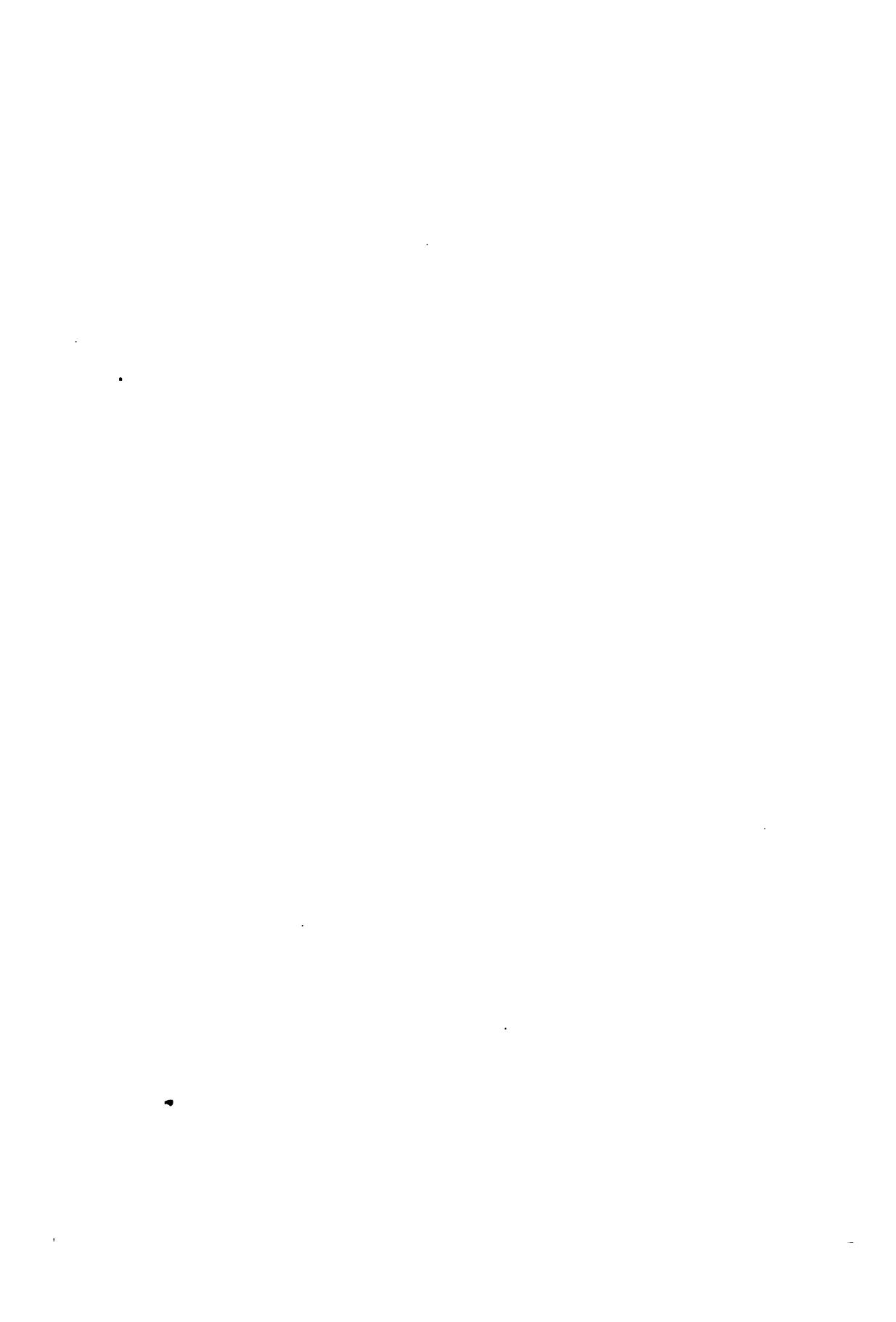
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THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
NATION



The Spirit of the Nation.

BALLADS AND SONGS

BY

THE WRITERS OF "THE NATION,"

WITH

ORIGINAL AND ANCIENT MUSIC,

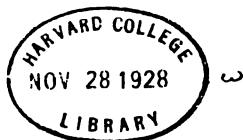
ARRANGED FOR THE VOICE AND PIANO-FORTE.

DUBLIN:

**PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY,
28, ANGLESEA-STREET.**

1845.

11423.23.25



Boettcher

DUBLIN:
STEREOTYPED AND PRINTED BY T. COLDWELL,
50, CAPEL-STREET.

PREFACE.

IT is hardly necessary to tell our Irish readers that the Ballads and Songs, collected here, were originally published, from week to week, in THE NATION newspaper, since its establishment in October, 1842.

Two-thirds of the verses in this volume have never been reprinted from the newspaper till now; but a portion of them are re-edited from the original SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

In March, 1843, we printed a little sixpenny book, containing the poems which had appeared in our paper up to *that date*. Last autumn a second part appeared.

The success of the work was marvellous.

It was seized on by Ireland's friends as the first bud of a new season, when manhood, union, and nationality, would replace submission, hatred, and provincialism. It was paraded by our foes as the most alarming sign of the decision and confidence of the national party, and, accordingly, they arraigned it in the press, in the meeting, in parliament, and, finally, put it on its trial with "the conspirators of Ireland."

Its circulation was proportionate.

It went through several editions here, was extracted into all the periodicals in Britain, and, passing to America, was reprinted by a dozen publishers. It is to be found everywhere, from the English Admiral's cabin to the Irish peasant's—from Dublin to Boston, to Sydney, and to Calcutta.

Yet that little book was coarsely printed, was full of typographical errors, contained some unmistakeable rubbish, and had no music. The work which is here offered to Ireland contains thrice as many poems, is almost free from errors of the press, is beautifully printed, not unfavoured by art, and accompanied with more music than many a costly collection.

There are in this volume no less than seventeen original airs composed for it, and twenty-two old Irish airs, arranged for the voice with piano accompaniments.

Among the old airs are many of the finest and rarest. Most of the original airs are of a proud and fierce character, and peculiarly fitted for bands and chorus singing.

The greatest achievement of the Irish people is their music. It tells their history, climate, and character; but it too much loves to weep. Let us, when so many of our chains have broken, when our strength is great and our hopes high, cultivate its bolder strains—its raging and rejoicing; or, if we weep, let it be like men whose eyes are lifted, though their tears fall.

Music is the first faculty of the Irish, and scarcely any thing has such power for good over them. The use of this faculty and this power, publicly and constantly, to keep up their spirits, refine their tastes, warm their courage, increase their union, and renew their zeal, is the duty of every patriot. We are now putting in their reach a number of new and noble airs, and others so scarce as to be little known, and so beautiful, as to deserve to be known by every one. Will not the temperance bands learn to play these airs, and the young men, ay, and the young women, of the temperance societies learn to sing our songs, and chorus them till village and valley ring? If they do, we care not into how many or how few of the drawing-rooms of England or America this book of ours will reach. It will have done its work, and entered into the heart of Ireland, for good and for ever.

THE
SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

FÁG AN BEALACH.*

Allegro. *p* "Hope no more for Fa-ther-land; All its ranks are
thinn'd or broken,"—Long a base and cow-ard band Recreatant words like these have spoken,
Cresc.

Cresc.

* Fág an bealach, *clear the way*. "The ʊ is scarcely heard in speaking, and is omitted in some printed works (incorrectly)." —Owen Connellan's *Practical Grammar of the Irish Language*, p. 98. Thus: a' teiñe, *the fire*; a' bealaċ, *the way*.

But WE preach a land a-wok-en; Fa-ther-land is true and tried,

As your fears are false and hol-low; Slaves and Dastards, stand a-side—

Knaves and Trai-tors, fāg̊ an bea-lac! Knaves and Trai-tors, fāg̊ an bea-lac!

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for a soprano voice, the middle staff is for an alto voice, and the bottom staff is for a basso continuo. The music is in common time, with a key signature of two sharps. The vocal parts are in unison, and the basso continuo part provides harmonic support. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the vocal parts singing the words and the basso continuo providing a harmonic foundation. The score is written in a clear, legible style, with musical notation including notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f' (fortissimo) and 'ff' (fortississimo).

FÁG AN BEALACH.*

A National Hymn.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

“ HOPE no more for Fatherland,
 All its ranks are thinned or broken ;”
 Long a base and coward band
 Recreat words like these have spoken,
 But We preach a land awoken ;
 Fatherland is true and tried
 As your fears are false and hollow :
 Slaves and Dastards stand aside—
 Knaves and Traitors, *FÁG AN BEALACH !*

II.

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,
 Might is strong, but Right is stronger ;
 Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
 Can enslave our land no longer
 Than your own dissensions wrong her :

* *FÁG AN BEALACH*, “Clear the road ;” or, as it is vulgarly spelt, *Faugh a Ballagh*, was the cry with which the clans of Connaught and Munster used in faction fights to come through a fair with high hearts and smashing shillelahs. The regiments raised in the South and West took their old shout with them to the Continent. The 87th, or Royal Irish Fusiliers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of “The Faugh a Ballagh Boys.” “Nothing,” says Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*—“nothing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish Regiments sprung to the charge ;” and never was that haughty and intolerant about raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought and fatal as flame, came with it, like a rushing incarnation of *FÁG AN BEALACH !*

Be ye one in might and mind—
 Quit the mire where Cravens wallow—
 And your foes shall flee like wind
 From your fearless *FÁG AN BEALACH!*

III.

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

IV.

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

* To make the general tone, and some of the allusions in this song intelligible, we should, perhaps, mention that it was written in October, 1842, when the hope and spirits of the people were low ; and published in the third number of the *Nation*, as the Charter-Song of the contributors.

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF EOGHAN
RUADH O'NEILL.

(COMMONLY CALLED OWEN ROE O'NEIL.)

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

THE ARMS OF EIGHTY-TWO.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

THE IRISH CATHOLIC TO HIS PROTESTANT
BROTHER.

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

Old Song.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

And are not all our ties the same—
One sod beneath—one blue sky o'er us ;
True Irish both, in heart and name—
One lot, or dark, or bright before us ?

A thousand links about us wound
 To peace and mutual kindness urge us ;
 The very seas that gird us round
 Speak UNION in their sleepless surges.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

SLIABH CUILINN.

O'CONNELL.

I.

I SAW him at the hour of pray'r, when morning's earliest dawn
Was breaking o'er the mountain tops—o'er grassy dell and lawn ;
When the parting shades of night had fled—when moon and stars
 were gone,
Before a high and gorgeous shrine the chieftain kneel'd alone.
His hands were clasp'd upon his breast, his eye was raised above—
I heard those full and solemn tones in words of faith and love :
He pray'd that those who wrong'd him might for ever be forgiven ;
Oh ! who would say such prayers as *these* are not received in heaven ?

II.

I saw him next amid the best and noblest of our isle—
There was the same majestic form, the same heart-kindling smile !
But grief was on that princely brow—for others still he mourn'd,
He gazed upon poor fetter'd slaves, and his heart within him
 burned :
And he vowed before the captive's God to break the captive's
 chain—
To bind the broken heart, and set the bondsman free again ;
And fit he was our chief to be in triumph or in need,
Who never wrong'd his deadliest foe in thought, or word, or deed !

III.

I saw him when the light of eve had faded from the West—
Beside the hearth that old man sat, by infant forms caress'd ;
One hand was gently laid upon his grandchild's clustering hair,
The other, raised to heaven, invoked a blessing and a pray'r !
And woman's lips were heard to breathe a high and glorious strain—
Those songs of old that haunt us still, and ever will remain
Within the heart like treasured gems, that bring from mem'ry's cell
Thoughts of our youthful days, and friends that we have loved so
 well !

IV.

I saw that eagle glance again—the brow was marked with care,
 Though rich and regal are the robes the Nation's chief doth wear;*
 And many an eye now quailed with shame, and many a cheek now
 glow'd,

As he paid them back with words of love for every curse bestow'd.
 I thought of his unceasing care, his never-ending zeal;
 I heard the watchword burst from all—the gathering cry—*Repeal*:
 And as his eyes were raised to heaven—from whence his mission
 came—

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

ASTREA.

SONNET.

BY E. N. SHANNON, TRANSLATOR OF DANTE, AUTHOR OF
 "TALES OLD AND NEW."

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

* Written during his Mayoralty.

OUR OWN LITTLE ISLE.

AIR.—“*The Capabac Jig.*”

Vivace. m. f.

Oh I - Irish-men ne - ver for - get 'Tis a fo - reigner's farm your

own lit - tle isle; Oh I - Irish - men when will you get some

lie in your hearts for your poor lit - tie isle: Yes, yes, we've a

dear lit - tie spot of it:— Oh yes, a sweet lit - tie isle, Yes, yes, if

I - rish-men thought of it, 'Twould be a dear lit - tie, sweet lit - tie isle.

ERIN—OUR OWN LITTLE ISLE.

I.

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

II.

Then, come on and rise, ev'ry man of you—
 Now is the time for a stir to be made ;
 Ho ! Pat ! who made such a lamb of you ?
 Life to your soul, boy, and strength to your blade !
 Yes ! yes !—a dear little spot of it !
 Oh ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it,
 Erin once more is *our own* little isle !

III.

Rise ! heartily ! shoulder to shoulder—
 We'll show 'em strength with good humour *go leór* !
 Rise ! rise ! show each foreign beholder
 We've *not* lost our love to thee, Erin *a stór* !
 For oh ! yes !—'tis a dear little spot of it !
 Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes !—the Irish *have* thought of it ;
 Erin for ever—*our own* little isle !

IV.

Never forget what your forefathers fought for, O !
 When to “*O’Reilly*” or “*O’Dowdall abú* !”
Sasanachs ev'rywhere sunk in the slaughter, O !
 Vengeance for insult, dear Erin, to you !

For oh! yes!—a dear little spot of it!
 Yes! yes!—a sweet little isle;
 Yes! yes!—if Irishmen thought of it,
 Erin once more is *our own* little isle!

v.

Yes, we *have* strength to make Irishmen free again;
 Only **UNITE**—and we'll conquer our foe;
 And never on earth shall a foreigner see again
 Erin a province—though lately so low.

For oh! yes!—we've a dear little spot of it!
 Yes! yes!—a sweet little isle!
 Yes! yes!—the Irish *have* thought of it;
 Erin *for ever*—OUR OWN little isle!

FERMOY.

EIBHLIN A RUIN.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.
 WHEN I am far away,
 Eiblin a Ruin,
 Be gayest of the gay,
 Eiblin a Ruin.
 Too dear your happiness,
 For me to wish it less—
 Love has no selfishness,
 Eiblin a Ruin.

II.
 And it must be our pride,
 Eiblin a Ruin,
 Our trusting hearts to hide,
 Eiblin a Ruin.

They wish our love to blight,
 We'll wait for Fortune's light—
 The flowers close up at night,
 Eiblin a Ruin.

III.

And when we meet alone,
 Eiblin a Ruin,
 Upon my bosom thrown,
 Eiblin a Ruin,
 That hour, with light bedeck'd,
 Shall cheer us and direct,
 A beacon to the wreck'd,
 Eiblin a Ruin.

IV.

Fortune, thus sought, will come,
 Eiblin a Ruin,
 We'll win a happy home,
 Eiblin a Ruin;
 And, as it slowly rose,
 'Twill tranquilly repose,
 A rock 'mid melting snows,
 Eiblin a Ruin.

TYROL AND IRELAND.

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

I.

AND Hofer roused Tyrol for this,
 Made Vintschgau red with blood,
 Thal Botzen's peasants ranged in arms,
 And Innspruck's fire withstood.

For this ! for this ! that but a third
 The hind his own could call,
 When Passeyer gathered in her sheaves ,
 Why, *ye* are robbed of all.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

THETA.

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

STAND TOGETHER.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Stand together, brothers all !
 Proud together—bold together !
 From Kerry's cliffs to Donegal,
 Bound in heart and soul together !
 Unrol the sunburst ! who'll defend
 Old Erin's banner is a friend—
 One foe is ours—oh ! blend, boys, blend
 Hands together—hearts together !

IV.

Stand together, brothers all !
 Wait together, watch together !
 See, America and Gaul
 Look on together, both together !

Keen impatience in each eye—
 Yet on “ourselves” do we rely—
 “Ourselves alone” our rallying cry !
 And “stand together, strike together !”

BETA.

AWAKE, AND LIE DREAMING NO MORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE DESERTED COLLEGE.”

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

DEAR LAND.

p Larghetto.

When comes the day, all hearts to weigh, If staunch they be or

p

vile, Shall we for -get the sa - cred debt We owe our mo - ther isle ?

Cresc.

My na - tive heath is brown be - neath, My na - tive wa - ters

Cresc.

Dolce.

blue; But crim - son red o'er both shall spread,—E'er I am false to

Dolce.

you, dear land, Ere I am false to you. Ere I am false to

you, dear land, Ere I am false to you.

DEAR LAND.

1

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

III.

III.

My grandsire died, his home beside;
They seized and hanged him there;
His only crime, in evil time,
Your hallowed green to wear.
Across the main his brothers twain
Were sent to pine and rue;
And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,
In hopeless love to you,
In hopeless love to you. Dear land—

IV.

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

Dear land—

To strike one blow for you.

V.

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

Dear land—

Were sweet, endured for you.

SLIABH CUILLINN.

THE WEXFORD MASSACRE.

1649.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

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

II.

Had battled bravely, but in vain—
 The Saxon won the fight,
 And Irish corsairs strewed the plain
 Where Valour slept with Right.
 And now, that Man of demon guilt,
 To fated Wexford flew—
 The red blood reeking on his hilt,
 Of hearts to Erin true !

III.

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

IV.

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

THE IRISH ARMS' BILL.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A.D. 1641.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

Joy ! joy ! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—
 And see ! our crackling bonfires light old Banna's joyful tide,
 And gladsome bell, and bugle-horn from Inbhar's* captured
 Towers,
 Hark ! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, **is ours !**

II.

Glory to God ! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of Dun,†
 My ears have drunk the joyful news, “Stout Feidhlim‡ 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.

III.

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

IV.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,
 Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their
 lawn,
 With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own ;
 And plant our ancient laws again, beneath our lineal throne.

* Newry.

† Down.

‡ Phelim.

§ The Scotch and English adventurers planted in Ulster by James I. were
 called Undertakers.

V.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, and twice ten thousand men ;
 Down have we pluck'd the pirate Red never to rise agen ;
 The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
 The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with Saxon
 blood !

VI.

Pity !* no, no, you dare not, Priest—not you, our Father, dare
 Preach to us now that Godless creed—the murderer's blood to
 spare ;
 To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin implore
 “Graves and revenge” from Guibin-Cliffs† and Carraic's‡ bloody
 shore !§

VII.

Pity !—could we “forget—forgive,” if we were olocs 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 !

VIII.

Pity ! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,
 Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-day ;
 The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who poured
 Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parsons' ruffian sword.

IX.

They smote them with the swearer's oath, and with the murd'rer'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—

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

† Gobbin.

‡ Carrickfergus.

§ The scene of the dreadful massacre of the unoffending inhabitants of Island Magee by the garrison of Carraic Fhearghuis.

X.

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.**

XL

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.

XIL

Let silken Howth, and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,
 And pale Dunsany still prefer his Monarch to his God,
 Little we lack their father's sons the Marchmen of the Pale,
 While Irish hearts and Irish hands have Spanish blades and mail ?

XIL

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

XIV.

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

XV.

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

* St. Patrick, whose favourite retreat was Leath Chathail, (Lecale, Cathal's half,) in the county Down.

XVI.

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 deem'd the Norman true,
Oh, forward! friends, it must not lose the land again in you!

NOTE ON THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

The *Times*, newspaper, in the absence of any topic of public interest, having made this ballad the subject of a leading article, in which extravagant praise of its literary merits was joined with an equally extravagant misrepresentation of its object and tendency, it had the hard fortune to run the gauntlet of all the Tory journals in the empire, and to become the best abused ballad in existence. It was described as the *Rosy-Cata* of a new rebellion—as a deliberate attempt to revive the dead-and-gone jealousies of the bill of settlement; and the organ of the General Assembly of Ulster coolly proclaimed the writer to be a man with the intellect, but also with the heart, of Satan! Under these circumstances I should not have inserted it in the present edition of the *Spirit of the Nation* had I not feared that omitting it might be interpreted into an admission of charges, than which nothing can possibly be more false or ludicrous. In writing it, I had simply in view to produce—what it will not be denied an historical ballad ought to be—a picture of the *actual feelings* of the times in which the scene is laid; and the sentiments are certainly not more violent than the great masters of ballad poetry—Scott, for example, in his “*Glencoe*”—have put into the mouths of injured men. Possibly the prejudice in the present case arose from overlooking the fact that these sentiments are attributed to men who had been plundered of two provinces by a false king, imprisoned for returning conscientious verdicts, robbed by enormous fines, persecuted for the exercise of their religion, and subject to a long series of tyrannies which historians, without exception, have described as cruel and infamous. To make these men talk coolly, and exhibit all the horror of spilling one drop of human blood, into which O'Connell has trained the present generation, would be very much on a par in point of sense and propriety with the old stage custom of dressing Richard III. in the uniform of the Coldstream Guards. So little intention, however, was there to make it available to any political purpose, that there is not a single allusion in the poem that was not suggested by the circumstances of the period; while some of them would be quite inapplicable to any other time, especially to the present.

Babington Macaulay, a Privy Councillor, and Secretary at War under the late Administration, has written two ballads of the English Commonwealth, a period only a few years removed from the era of this one, which certainly leave the “*Muster of*

IRISH WAR-SONG.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

AIR—“*The world's turn'd upside down.*”

I.

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

the North” almost as far behind in ferocity as in grace and vigour. For example, he puts this sentiment into the mouth of the Cavaliers :—

“ What, ho ! the craven slaves retire ;
 On ! trample them to mud !
 No quarter !—charge.—No quarter !—fire !
 No quarter !—blood !—blood !—blood !”

And afterwards this unequivocal stimulant to robbery and rape :—

“ Where next ? In sooth there lacks no witch,
 Brave lads, to tell us where ;
 Sure London's sons be passing rich,
 Her daughters wondrous fair ;
 And let that dastard be the theme
 Of many a board's derision,
 Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream
 Of any sweet Precisian.”

And the Puritans are not behind them in savage vigour :—

“ Ho ! comrades, scour the plain, and ere ye strip the slain,
 First give another stab to make your guest secure ;
 Then shake from sleeves and pockets, their broad pieces and lockets,
 The tokens of the wanton—the plunder of the poor.”

It would be monstrous to allege that this accomplished poet has committed any offence, or that he shares in the sentiments of either party because he has described both of them with dramatic spirit and historical truth ; and unless it is shewn that I have misrepresented the feelings of the men who seized upon Ulster, in 1641, I am surely entitled to the same defence.

In the original edition the following note was prefixed to the poem ; and we retain it as an additional evidence of the actual purpose in view :

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

Who seest how fallen their offspring be—
 Our matrons' tears—our patriots' gore ;
 We swear before high Heaven and thee,
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

• Literally the “Eye of Battle”—the war-song of the bards.

NATIVE SWORDS,

A VOLUNTEER SONG FOR 1ST JULY, 1792.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

Allegro *secco* na Boyne.

THE CAVALCADE OF THE BOYNE.

Moderato

Moderato

We've bent too long to brag-gart wrong, While force our prayers de-
ri - ded; We've fought too long our - selves a - mong, By

knaves and priests di - vi - ded. *U - - ni - ted* now, no
 more we'll bow, Foul fac - tion, we dis - card it; And now, thank God, our
 na - tive sod Has Na - tive Swords to guard it.

NATIVE SWORDS,

A VOLUNTEER SONG.—1ST JULY, 1792.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

We 've bent too long to braggart wrong,
While force our prayers derided ;
We 've fought too long, ourselves among,
By knaves and priests divided ;
United now, no more we 'll bow,
Foul faction, we discard it ;
And now, thank God ! our native sod
Has Native Swords to guard it.

II.

Like rivers, which, o'er valleys rich,
Bring ruin in their water,
On native land, a native hand
Flung foreign fraud and slaughter.
From Dermot's crime to Tudor's time
Our clans were our perdition ;
Religion's name, since then, became
Our pretext for division.

III.

But, worse than all, with Lim'rick's fall
Our valour seem'd to perish ;
Or, o'er the main, in France and Spain,
For bootless vengeance flourish.
The peasant, here, grew pale for fear
He 'd suffer for our glory,
While France sang joy for Fontenoy,
And Europe hymn'd our story.

.IV.

But, now, no clan, nor factious plan,
 The east and west can sunder—
 Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear
 Can only wake our wonder.
 Religion's crost, when union's lost,
 And "royal gifts" retard it;
 And now, thank God! our native sod
 Has Native Swords to guard it.

SONG FOR JULY 12TH, 1843.

BY J. D. FRASER.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

I.

COME—pledge again thy heart and hand—
 One grasp that ne'er shall sever;
 Our watchword be—"Our native land"—
 Our motto—"Love for ever."
 And let the Orange lily be
 Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for me;
 And—we for one another.

II.

Behold how green the gallant stem
 On which the flower is blowing;
 How in one heav'nly breeze and beam
 Both flower and stem are glowing.
 The same good soil sustaining both,
 Makes both united flourish:
 But cannot give the Orange growth,
 And cease the Green to nourish.

III.

Yea, more—the hand that plucks the flower
 Will vainly strive to cherish :
 The stem blooms on—but in that hour
 The flower begins to perish.
 Regard them, then, of equal worth
 While lasts their genial weather ;
 The time's at hand when into earth
 The two shall sink together.

IV.

Ev'n thus be, in our country's cause,
 Our party feelings blended ;
 Till lasting peace, from equal laws,
 On both shall have descended.
 Till then the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for *me* ;
 And—we for one another.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*Boyne Water.*”

I.

HURRAH ! 'tis done—our freedom's won—
 Hurrah for the Volunteers !
 No laws we own, but those alone
 Of our Commons, King, and Peers.
 The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke
 From off our neck is taken ;
 Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—
 With fear was England shaken.

II.

When Grattan rose, none dar'd oppose
 The claim he made for freedom ;
 They knew our swords, to back his words,
 Were ready, did he need them.
 Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise,
 A proud and joyous anthem ;
 And wealth, and grace, and length of days,
 May God, in mercy grant him !

III.

Bless Harry Flood, who nobly stood
 By us, through gloomy years,
 Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,
 The Chief of the Volunteers !
 The North began ; the North held on
 The strife for native land ;
 Till Ireland rose, and cow'd her foes—
 God bless the Northern land !

IV.

And bless the men of patriot pen—
 Swift, Molyneux, and Lucas ;
 Bless sword and gun, which "Free Trade" won—
 Bless God ! who ne'er forsook us !
 And long may last, the friendship fast,
 Which binds us all together ;
 While we agree, our foes shall flee
 Like clouds in stormy weather.

V.

Remember still, through good and ill,
 How vain were prayers and tears—
 How vain were words, till flashed the swords
 Of the Irish Volunteers.
 By arms we've got the rights we sought
 Through long and wretched years—
 Hurrah ! 'tis done, our Freedom's won—
 Hurrah for the Volunteers !

MY GRAVE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

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

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes ?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore ;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find ?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind ?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground ?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no ! oh, no !

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

Oh ! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

AIR—“*Rory O'More.*”

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Though we take not for motto, *Nul n'a de l'esprit*,
(As they once did in Paris) *hors nos bons amis*,
We may boast that for first-rate endowments, our band
Form a phalanx unmatched *in*—or *out of*—the land.
Poets, Patriots, Linguists, with reading like Parr's—
Critics keener than sabres—Wits brighter than stars;
And Reasoners as cool as the coolest cu-cumber
Form the host that shine out in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

V.

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

VI.

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

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

BY JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

“ What's my thought like ?
 “ How is it like ? &c.
 “ What would you do with it ? ”

Nursery-Game.

I.

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

—Like a column tumbled down—

Its noble shaft and capital with moss and weeds o'ergrown !
 How is my thought so like unto a column thus laid low ?
Because your thought is Ireland now—laid prostrate ;—even so !
 What with it would you do ?—oh, say—what with it would you do ?
 Uprise it from the earth again, aloft to mankind's view !
 A sign unto all those that mourn, throughout earth's vast domain,
 That Heaven rewards the patient, and will make them joy again.

II.

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

—Like a gallant ship on shore,

Dismasted all and helpless now, amid the breakers' roar !
 Her crew, so faithful once to her, each seeking plank and spar,
 To 'scape from her and safety find, upon the land afar.
 How is my thought like such poor ship in peril and distress ?
Because your thought is Ireland now, whose peril is no less !
 What with it would you do ?—oh, say—what with it would you do ?
 Like to some few but faithful hearts among such vessel's crew—
 Stand by her to the last I would ! and die, if so decreed,
 Ere man should dare to say to me, *You failed her at her need !*

III.

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

—Like a land by Nature bless'd

Beyond most other lands on earth—and yet the most distress'd !
 A teeming soil—abounding streams—wide havens—genial air—
 And yet a people ever plunged in suffering and care !

Eight millions of a noble race—high-minded, pure, and good—
Kept subject to a petty gang—a miserable brood !
Strong but in England's constant hate, and help to keep us down,
And blast the smiles of Nature fair, with man's unholy frown !
How is it like my thought, again ?—How is it like my thought ?
Because your thought is Ireland's self—and even thus her lot !
What with it would you do, again ?—What with it would you do ?
Work even to the death I would, to rive her chain in two !
To help her 'gainst unnatural sons, and foreign foemen's rage,
And all her hapless People's woes and bitter griefs assuage ;
Bid them be happy now, at length, in this their rescued land—
That land no longer marked and cursed with slav'ry's withering
brand !

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

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

—The Ocean's brightest Gem !

THE GAEL AND THE GREEN.

BY M. J. BARRY.

AIR—“ *One bumper at parting.*”

I.

COME, fill ev'ry glass to o'erflowing,
With wine, or potheen if you will,
Or, if any think these are too glowing,
Let water replace them—but fill !

Oh! trust me 'tis churlish and silly
 To ask how the bumper's fill'd up;
 If the tide in the heart be not chilly,
 What matters the tide in the cup?
 Oh! ne'er may that heart's tide ascending
 In shame on our foreheads be seen,
 While it nobly can ebb in defending
 Our own glorious colour—the Green!

II.

In vain did oppression endeavour
 To trample that green under foot;
 The fair stem was broken, but never
 Could tyranny reach to its root.
 Then come, and around it let's rally,
 And guard it henceforward like men;
 Oh! soon shall each mountain and valley
 Grow bright with its verdure again.
 Meanwhile, fill each glass to the brim, boys,
 With water, with wine, or *potheen*,
 And on each let the honest wish swim, boys—
 Long flourish the Gael and the Green!

III.

Here, under our host's gay dominion,
 While gathered this table around,
 What varying shades of opinion
 In one happy circle are found!
 What opposite creeds come together—
 How mingle North, South, East, and West;
 Yet, who minds the diff'rence a feather?—
 Each strives to love Erin the best.
 Oh! soon through our beautiful island
 May union as blessed be seen,
 While floats o'er each valley and highland
 Our own glorious colour—the Green!

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Andante. Mezzo piano

Who fears to speak of Nine-ty-Eight? Who blushes at the name? When cow-ards mock the patriot's fate, Who hangs his head for shame? He's all a knave, or half a slave, Who slighted his coun-try thus; But a'

poco più forte *Forte*

Sentenza.

true man, like you, man, Will fill your glass with us. He's

all a knave, or half a slave, Who slights his coun - try thus; But a

rf. rf. > > > >

true man, like you, man, Will fill your glass with us.

p

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;

And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

v.

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

vi.

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

THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE.*

A.D. 1598.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

I.

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

* Won by the great Hugh O'Neil over Marshal Bagenal and the flower of Elizabeth's army, between Armagh and Blackwater Bridge.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Poor Bonnachts, and wild Gallowglasses, and Kern*—
 Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and dry fern;
Wirrastrue† for their wives—for their babes *ocharie*,
 If they wait for the Saxon at BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE.

VI.

Yet O'Neill standeth firm—few and brief his commands—
 “Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands;
 Try how far ye can push them, my children, at once;
Fág an Bealach—and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

VII.

They have gold and gay arms—they have biscuit and bread;
 Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed;”
 And he clutch'd his claymore, and—“look yonder,” laughed he,
 “What a grand commissariat for BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE.”

* *Buanadh*, a billeted soldier, from *Buanacht*, quarterage. *Galleglass*, a heavy soldier. *Ceitheirn*, a band of light troops, plural of *Ceithearnaigh*.

† *Wirrastrue*—*A Mhuire as truagh*, Oh! Mary, what sorrow!

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

The Chieftain looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
 And cried, hearken O'Neill ! I've a health to propose—
 “To our Sasanach hosts !” and all quaff'd in huge glee,
 With *Cead mile failte go BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDHE* !

THE VOICE OF LABOUR.

A Chant of the City Meetings.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

YE who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this sight to-day,
 When stalwart trade in long brigade, beyond a king's array,
 Marched in the blessed light of heaven, beneath the open sky,
 Strong in the might of sacred RIGHT, that none dare ask them why?
 These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye spit upon with scorn—
 The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and basely bred as born;
 Yet know, ye weak and silken Lords, were we the thing ye say,
 Your broad domains, your coffered gains, your lives were ours
 to-day!

II.

Measure that rank, from flank to flank; 'tis fifty thousand strong,
 And mark you here, in front and rear, brigades as deep and long;
 And knew that never blade of foe, or Arran's deadly breeze,
 Tried by assay of storm or fray, more dauntless hearts than these;
 The sinewy Smith, little he recks of his own child—the sword;
 The men of gear, think you they fear *their* handiwork—a Lord?
 And undismayed, yon sons of trade might see the battle's front,
 Who bravely bore, nor bowed before, the deadlier face of want.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Where Frank and Tuscan shed their sweat the goodly crop is
 theirs—
 If Norway's toil make rich the soil, she eats the fruit she rears—
 O'er Maine's green sward there rules no lord, saving the Lord on
 high ;
 Why are we swindled—cabred—starved ?—my masters, tell us
 why.
 The German burgher and his men, brother with brothers live,
 While toil must wait without *your* gate what gracious crusts you
 give.
 Long in your sight, for our own right, we've bent, and still we
 bend—
 Why did we bow ? why do we now ? my masters, this must end.

VI.

Perish the past—a generous land is this fair land of ours,
 And emnity may no man see between its Towns and Towers.
 Come, join our bands—here take our hands—now shame on him
 that lingers,
 Merchant or Peer, you have no fear from labour's blistered fingers.
 Come, join at last, perish the past—its traitors, its seceders—
 Proud names and old, frank hearts and bold, come join and be our
 Leaders.
 But know, ye lords, that be your swords with us or with our Wronger,
 Heaven be our guide, we Toilers bide this lot of shame no longer !

THE ANTI-IRISH IRISHMAN.

AIR.—“Féadaim m'a'rl l'om.”

Cheerful and with Expression.

From po - lar seas to tor - rid climes, Where - e'er the trace of man is found, What com-mon feel - ing marks our kind, And sanc - ti - fies each

spot of ground? What vir - tue in the hu - man heart The

proud - est tri - bute can com - mand? The dear - est, pur - est,

ho - li - est, best, The last - ing love of FA - THER - LAND.

THE ANTI-IRISH IRISHMAN.

BY HUGH HARKAN.

I.

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

II.

Then who 's the wretch that basely spurns
 The ties of country, kindred, friends—
 That barters every nobler aim
 For sordid views—for private ends ?
 One slave alone on earth you 'll find
 Through Nature's universal span,
 So lost to virtue—dead to shame—
 The anti-Irish Irishman.

III.

Our fields are fertile, rich our floods,
 Our mountains bold, majestic, grand ;
 Our air is balm, and every breeze
 Wings health around our native land.
 But who despises all her charms,
 And mocks her gifts where'er he can ?
 Why, he, the Norman's sneaking slave,
 The anti-Irish Irishman.

IV.

The Norman—spawn of fraud and guile !
 Ambitious sought our peaceful shore,
 And, leagued with native guilt, despoiled,
 And deluged Erin's fields with gore !

Who gave the foeman footing here?
 What wretch unholly led her van?
 The prototype of modern slaves,
 An anti-Irish Irishman!

v.

For ages rapine ruled our plains,
 And slaughter raised "his red right hand,"
 And virgins shriek'd!—and roof-trees blaz'd!
 And desolation swept the land!
 And who would not those ills arrest,
 Or aid the patriotic plan
 To burst his country's galling chains?
 The anti-Irish Irishman!

vi.

But now too great for fetters grown,
 Too proud to bend a slavish knee,
 Loved Erin mocks the tyrant's thrall,
 And firmly vows she shall be free!
 But mark yon treacherous stealthy knave
 That bends beneath his country's ban;
 Let infamy eternal brand
 That anti-Irish Irishman!

STEADY.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

"Courage—your most necessary virtue—consists not in blind resistance, but in knowing when to forbear."—THE NATION, June 17, 1843.

L.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

O'NEILL'S VOW.

BY MICHAEL DOHENY.

"Quamdiu vita aderit, ipsoe impubnabimus pro nostri juris defensione."—*Letter of Domhnall O'Neill to Pope John in Fordun's Scotichronicon*, p. 923.

I.

How many a year,
In fleet career,
Has circled o'er its blackened strand,
Since first that vow,
Forgotten now,
Was plighted to our native land ?
And still the crimes
Of those dark times
Are perpetrated hour by hour,
And Saxon fraud,
By God unaw'd,
Goes hand in hand with Saxon power !

II.

This lesson stern
Thou 'st left to learn,
Oft baffled, but unyielding King,
"In peace or strife,
In death or life,
The Saxon bears a poison'd sting.
Then weal or woe,
Strike home the blow,
And shun at least the coward's fate,
And far on high
Your destiny
Shall rank with stars of loftiest state.

III.

Domhnall O'Neill
 Swears on his steel,
 While throbs one pulse, or heaves one breath,
 To meet thy hand
 With whetted brand,
 Invading brigand to the death.
 Nor length of years,
 Nor blood nor tears,
 Defeat, disaster, nor distress,
 Shall mar the word
 Pledg'd on the sword
 He clutches for the merciless."

THE SAXON SHILLING.

BY THE LATE K. T. BUGGY.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

THE GIRL OF DUNBUIDHE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbuidhe
 Stepping the mountain statelily—
 Though ragged her gown, and naked her feet,
 No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

II.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies—
 Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes ;
 The child of a peasant—yet England's proud Queen
 Has less rank in her heart, and less grace in her mien.

III.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if
 A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff—
 And love, and devotion, and energy speak
 From her beauty-proud eye, and her passion-pale cheek.

IV.

But, pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her lip,
 And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,
 And her form and her step, like the red-deer's, go past—
 As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

V.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
 And she knew that I worshipp'd in passing her by ;
 The saint of the wayside—she granted my pray'r,
 Though we spoke not a word, for her mother was there.

VI.

I never can think upon Beantraighe's bright hills,
 But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills ;
 And I whisper her softly, “again, love, we'll meet,
 And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet.”

LOVE SONG.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

I LOVE thine eyes of truth and light,
I love thy smile of joy ;
But not to me their beams were bright,
If, as I did, so others might
Their light enjoy.

II.

Canst thou be true to one alone,
True beyond all reproach—
Bound like the palmer to one goal,
Thrilled like the magnet by one pole—
Canst thou be such ?

III.

The head that pillows on my breast,
And calls that home its own,
Must grant to every thought confess'd
As calm and true a place of rest
To reign alone.

IV.

Ask I too much ? Nay, think not so ;
Canst thou not, dearest, guess
He with scant love content to go
Meaneth, in turn, to bestow
Even yet less.

V.

But the true heart can claim in sooth
Dearest, but what it gave—
Candour for candour, truth for truth,
An ebbless tide from age to youth
Even to the grave.

OURSELVES ALONE.

Moderato. *p* Sotto voce.

1. The work that should to - day be wrought De - fer not till to -
 2. Re - mem - ber when your lot was worse, — Sunk, tram - pled to the

mor - row; The help that should with - in be sought — Scorn from with - out to
 dust; 'Twas long our weak - ness and our curse In stran - ger aid to

Poco più forte.

63

bor - row. — Old max - ims these—yet stout and true—They
trust. And if at length we proud - ly trod On

cresc.

speak bi - - in trum - - pet tone, To do at once what
got laws o'er - - - thrown, Who won that strug - gle?

cresc.

colla parte.

is to do, And trust OUR - SELVES A - - - LONE.
Un - - der God, Our - - selves,

f

OURSELVES ALONE.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Remember when our lot was worse—
 Sunk, trampled to the dust ;
 'Twas long our weakness and our curse,
 In stranger aid to trust.

And if, at length, we proudly trod
 On bigot laws o'erthrown,
 Who won that struggle? Under God,
 Ourselves—**OURSELVES ALONE.**

v.

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

vi.

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

SLIABH CUILINN.

THE RATH OF MULLACHMAISTEAN.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

I.

O'ER the Rath of Mullachmaist,
 On the solemn midnight blast,
 What bleeding spectres past,
 With their gash'd breasts bare?
 Hast thou heard the fitful wail
 That o'erloads the sullen gale,
 When the waning moon shines pale
 O'er the curs'd ground there?

II.

Hark ! hollow moans arise
 Thro' the black tempestuous skies,
 And curses, strife, and cries,
 From the lone Rath swell ;
 For bloody SYDNEY, there,
 Nightly fills the lurid air
 With th' unholy pomp and glare
 Of the foul, deep hell.

III.

He scorches up the gale,
 With his knights, in fiery mail ;
 And the banners of the Pale
 O'er the red ranks rest.
 But a wan and gory band
 All apart and silent stand,
 And they point th' accusing hand
 At that hell-hound's crest !

IV.

Red streamlets, trickling slow,
 O'er their clotted tresses flow,
 And still and awful woe,
 On each pale brow weeps—
 Rich bowls bestrew the ground,
 And broken harps around,
 Whose once enchanting sound
 In the bard's blood sleeps.

V.

False Sydney ! knighthood's stain,
 The trusting brave in vain—
 Thy guests—ride o'er the plain
 To thy dark cow'rd snare.
 Flow'r of Offaly and Leix,
 They have come thy board to grace—
 Fools ! to meet a faithless race
 Save with true swords bare.

VI.

While cup and song abound,
 The triple lines surround
 The closed and guarded mound,
 In the night's dark noon.
 Alas ! too brave O'More,
 Ere the revelry was o'er
 They have spill'd thy young heart's gore,
 Snatch'd from love too soon !

VII.

At the feast, unarm'd all,
 Priest, bard, and chieftain fall
 In the treacherous Saxon's hall,
 O'er the bright wine-bowl ;
 And now nightly round the board,
 With unsheathe'd and reeking sword,
 Strides the cruel felon lord
 Of the blood-stain'd soul.

VIII.

Since that hour the clouds that pass'd
 O'er the Rath of Mullachmaist,
 One tear have never cast
 On the gore-dyed sod ;
 For the shower of crimson rain,
 That o'erflow'd that fatal plain,
 Cries aloud, and not in vain,
 To the most high God.

IX.

Tho' the Saxon snake unfold
 At thy feet his scales of gold,
 And vow thee love untold,
 Trust him not, Green Land !
 Touch not with gloveless clasp
 A coil'd and deadly asp,
 But with strong and guarded grasp
 In your steel-clad hand !

THE LION AND THE SERPENT.

An Arms'-Bill Fable.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

v.

The Lion, self-conquer'd, is chained on the ground,
And the breath of his tyrant sheds poison around
The fame and the life of her slave.

How long in his torture the stricken king lay
Historians omit, but 'tis known that one day,

The Serpent began to look grave;

vi.

For when passing, as usual, her thrall with a sneer,
She derisively hiss'd some new taunt in his ear—

He shook all his chains with a roar ;
And, observing more closely, she saw with much pain
That his tusks and his claws were appearing again,
A fact she neglected before.

vii.

From that hour she grew *dang'rously civil*, indeed,
And declared he should be, ere long, totally freed

From every dishonouring chain.

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

viii.

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

ix.

And the Lion laugh'd, and his mirth was loud
As the stunning burst of a thunder cloud,
And he shook his wrathful mane ;

And hollow sounds from his lash'd sides come,
Like the sullen roll of a 'larum drum—

He snapp'd, like a reed, the chain ;
And the Serpent saw that her reign was o'er,
And hissing, she fled from the Lion's roar !

THE WEST 'S ASLEEP.

AIR.—“*The Brink of the White Rocks.*” *

* As here set this air slightly differs, in the end of the second line, from the version in Bunting's third volume and agrees with that to which Mr. Horncastle sang “The Herring is King.” There is a totally different and still finer air known in the Co. Tipperary by the name of “The Brink of the White Rocks”.

Con - naught lies in slum - ber deep. There lake and plain smile

fair and free,'Mid rocks-their guar - dian chi- val-ry-Sing, oh ! let man learn

li - ber - ty, From crash - ing wind and lash - ing sea.

THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

WHEN all beside a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
 Alas ! and well may Erin weep,
 When Connaught lies in slumber deep.
 There lake and plain smile fair and free,
 'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry—
 Sing oh ! let man learn liberty
 From crashing wind and lashing sea.

II.

That chainless wave and lovely land
 Freedom and Nationhood demand—
 Be sure, the great God never plann'd,
 For slumbering slaves, a home so grand.
 And, long, a brave and haughty race
 Honour'd and sentinel'd the place—
 Sing oh ! not even their sons' disgrace
 Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

III.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
 To triumph dash'd each Connaught clan—
 And fleet as deer the Normans ran
 Through Coirrslabh Pass and Ard Rathain.*
 And later times saw deeds as brave ;
 And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
 Sing oh ! they died their land to save,
 At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

* Vulgarly written Corlews and Ardrahan.

IV.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
 Alas! and well may Erin weep,
 That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
 But—hark!—some voice like thunder spake :
 “ *The West's awake, the West's awake*”—
 Sing oh! hurra! let England quake,
 We'll watch till death for Erin's sake !”

THE FIRESIDE.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

I.

I HAVE tasted all life's pleasures—I have snatched at all its joys—
 The dance's merry measures, and the revel's festive noise ;
 Though wit flash'd bright the live-long night, and flowed the ruby
 tide,
 I sighed for thee—I sighed for thee, my own fireside !

II.

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far, across the ocean's breast,
 In search of some bright earthly star—some happy isle of rest ;
 I little thought the bliss I sought, in roaming far and wide,
 Was sweetly centred all in thee—my own fireside !

III.

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our cares away,
 And end, in calm serene repose, the swiftly passing day !
 The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of bride,
 All fairy ground doth make around one's own fireside !

IV.

“My lord” would never condescend to honour my poor hearth ;
 “His grace” would scorn a host or friend of mere plebeian birth ;
 And yet the lords of human kind whom man has deified,
 For ever meet in converse sweet around my fireside !

V.

The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore repeats,
 The patriot tells his country’s wrongs, the chief his warlike feats ;
 Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly pride,
 Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside.

VI.

Oh ! let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of years—
 Their triumphs or their failures—their sunshine or their tears—
 How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide,
 So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside.

VII.

Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my sight ;
 Still—still in hopes elysian, let my spirit wing its flight ;
 Still let me dream, life’s shadowy stream may yield from out its tide,
 A mind at rest—a tranquil breast—a quiet fireside !

DEVIL MAY CARE.

BY J. KEEGAN.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Al cujp le mo c̄lloj̄e, we are wounded and sore,
 So bad that we cannot endure it much more.
 A cure we must have, though the Saxons may stare
 And "curse like a trooper;" but devil may care,
 Sj̄n p̄ēn* is our watch-word—so devil may care.

VI.

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

VII.

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

* " *Sj̄n fēin*"—Ourselves—or "OURSELVES ALONE."

BROTHERS, ARISE!

BY GEORGE PHILLIPS.

[The subjoined address was written to the Irish Nationalists, during the Monster Meetings of 1843, by one of the English Puseyites, and may be fairly taken to represent the sentiments of many of that great party. They cannot but sympathise with a people not only oppressed for conscience sake, but for opinions differing little from their own; and it is natural that the sympathy of the young and earnest should exhibit the bold and emphatic spirit which breathes through this poem:—]

I.

BROTHERS, arise ! the hour has come
 To strike the blow for truth and God ;
 Why sit ye folded up and dumb—
 Why bending kiss the tyrant's rod ?
 Is there no hope upon the earth—
 No charter in the starry sky ?
 Has freedom no ennobling worth ?
 And man no immortality ?

II.

Ah, brothers ! think ye what ye are !
 What glorious work ye have to do !
 And how they wait ye near and far
 To do the same the wide world through.
 The wide world sunk in dreams and death,
 With guilt and wrong upon its breast,
 Like night-mares choking up its breath,
 And murdering all its holy rest !

III.

Bethink ye, how with heart and brain
 This God-like work were ablest done ;
 For man must ne'er go back again
 And lose the triumphs he has won.
 Ye who have spurned the tyrant's power,
 And fought your own great spirits free,
 Forget not in this trying hour
 The claims of struggling slavery !

IV.

The wise and good ! oh, where are they
 To guide us onward to the Right,
 Untruth and specious lies to slay,
 And red oppression in its might ?
 Come forth, my brothers, on with us—
 Direct the battle we would give ;
 By thousands we would die—if thus
 The millions yet unborn may live.

V.

For what is death to him who dies
 With God's own blessing on his head ?
 A charter—not a sacrifice—
 A life immortal to the dead.
 And life itself is only great
 When man devotes himself to be
 By virtue, thought, and deed, the mate
 Of God's own children and the free.

VI.

And are we free ? Oh ! blot and shame !
 That men who for a thousand years
 Have battled on through fire and flame,
 And nourished with their blood and tears—
 Religion—Freedom—Civil Right—
 Should tamely suffer traitor hands
 To dash them into gloom and night,
 And bind their very God with bands.

VII.

And will ye bear, my brother men,
 To see your altars trampled down ;
 Shall Christ's great heart bleed out again
 Beneath the scoffer's spear and frown ?
 Shall priests proclaim that God is not,
 And from the Devil's gospel teach
 Those worldly doctrines, unforgot,
 Which burning tyrants loved to preach ?

VIII.

Shall traitors to the human right,
 To God and truth, have boundless sway,
 And ye not rush into the fight
 And wrench the SACRED CROSS away,
 And tear the scrolls of freedom, bought
 With blood of martyrs and the brave,
 From men who with derisive sport
 Defy you on the martyr's grave?

IX.

Ah! no!—uprushing—million-strong,
 The trodden people come at last—
 Their fiery souls, pent up so long,
 Burst out in flames all thick and fast;
 And thunder-words and lightning-deeds
 Strike terror to the Wrong, who flee,
 Till, lo! at last the wronger bleeds,
 And dying, leaves the nation free.

O'SULLIVAN'S RETURN.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

L

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

II.

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

III.

Of the tender ones the clasp,
 Of the gallant ones the grasp,
 He thinks, until his tears fall warm :
 And full seems his wide hall,
 With friends from wall to wall,

Where their welcome shakes the banners, like a storm, like a storm,
 Where their welcome shakes the banners like a storm.

IV.

Then he sees another scene—
 Norman churls on the green—
 “O’Suleabhan abú!” is the cry;
 For filled is his ship’s hold,
 With arms and Spanish gold,

And he sees the snake-twined spear wave on high, wave on high,
 And he sees the snake-twined spear wave on high.*

V.

“Finghin’s race shall be freed
 From the Norman’s cruel breed—
 My sires freed Beire once before,
 When the Barnwells were strewn
 On the fields, like hay in June,

And but one of them escaped from our shore, from our shore,
 And but one of them escaped from our shore.”†

* The standard bearings of O’Sullivan. See O’Donovan’s edition of the Banquet of Dun na n-Gedh, and the Battle of Magh Rath, for the Archaeological Society, App., p. 349—“Bearings of O’Sullivan at the Battle of Caisglinn.”

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

Finghin was one of their most famous progenitors.

† The Barnwells were Normans, who seized part of Beire in the reign of Henry II ; but the O’Sullivans came down on them, and cut off all save one—a young man who settled at Drimnagh Castle, Co. Dublin, and was ancestor to the Barnwells, Lords of Trimlestone and Kingland.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

There's woe in Beire,
 There's woe in Glean Garbh,
 And from Beantraighe unto Dun Ciaran ; *
 All Desmond hears their grief,
 And wails above their chief—
 “ Is it *thus*, is it *thus*, that you return, you return,—
 Is it *thus*, is it *thus*, that you return ? ”

* In common English spelling these names are Bearra, or Bear—Glengarriff, or Glengarra—Bantry—Dunkerron.

ADIEU TO INNISFAIL.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

AIR—"A' Mhàilleadh Tàu."

I.

ADIEU!—the snowy sail
 Swells her bosom to the gale,
 And our barque from Innisfail
 Bounds away.
 While we gaze upon thy shore,
 That we never shall see more,
 And the blinding tears flow o'er,
 We pray.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

When I slumber in the gloom
 Of a nameless foreign tomb,
 By a distant ocean's boom,
 Innisfail !

Around thy em'rald shore
 May the clasping sea adore,
 And each wave in thunder roar,
 "All hail!"

VII.

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

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. MEEHAN.

I.

Ah ! why should I recal them—the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears ?
Or why should memory love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms so sweet are gathered to decay ?
The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower—
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower ;
But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears—
They 're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's
years !

II.

Ah ! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment flew ?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears ;
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of boy-
hood's years ?

III.

Go seek them in the cold church-yard—they long have stolen to
rest ;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er op-
press'd :
Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flow'rs be
flung—
The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that perish young—
To hearts this world has never torn with racking hopes and fears ;
For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years.

TIPPERARY.

Allegro. f

Let Brit-ain boast her Brit-ish hosts, A-bout them all
 right lit-tle care we; Not Brit-ish seas, nor Brit-ish coasts, Can match THE
 MAN—THE MAN OF TIP-PE-RA-RY. Tall is his form, his heart is

warm, His spi - - rit light as a - ny fai - ry, His wrath is fear-ful
 Cresc.

pp Cresc.

as the storm That sweeps The HILLS—The HILLS of TIPPE-RARY. His wrath is
 f

fear-ful as the storm That sweeps The HILLS—The HILLS of TIPPE-RARY.

TIPPERARY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

LET Britain boast her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we ;
 Not British seas nor British coasts
 Can match The Man of Tipperary !

II.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
 His spirit light as any fairy—
 His wrath is fearful as the storm
 That sweeps The Hills of Tipperary !

III.

Lead him to fight for native land,
 His is no courage cold and wary ;
 The troops live not on earth would stand
 The headlong Charge of Tipperary !

IV.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
 Or dancing with his dark-hair'd Mary,
 You'd swear they knew no other mood
 But Mirth and Love in Tipperary !

V.

You're free to share his scanty meal,
 His plighted word he'll never vary—
 In vain they tried with gold and steel
 To shake The Faith of Tipperary !

VI.

Kind is his girl's soft sunny eye,
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
Her heart is fond, her soul is high—
Oh! she's The Pride of Tipperary!

VII.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
About them all right little care we—
Give us, to guard our native coasts,
The Matchless Men of Tipperary!

VIII.

Let Britain, too, her banner brag,
We'll lift The Green more proud and airy;
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
And head The Men of Tipperary!

FATHER MATHEW.

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

I.

SEIZE thy pencil, child of art!
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee;
Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
If well thou do'st the work before thee!

'Tis not thine to round the shield,
 Or point the sabre, black or gory;
 'Tis not thine to spread the field,
 Where crime is crown'd—where guilt is glory.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

v.

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

THE SONG OF '44.

BY M. J. BARRY.

AIR—"Alley Croker."

I.

COME, boys ! a toast,
 While traitors boast
 They 'll crush our free opinions—
 While smirk, elate
 With hopeful hate,
 The despot's fawning minions—
 With heart and cup,
 Each brimming up
 In honest exultation,
 Pledge we to-night,
 In foes' despite,
 "Old Erin yet a Nation!"
 Dear, loved Erin !
 Our own, our cherished Erin !
 Ne'er shall foe
 With tyrant blow,
 Again profane thee, Erin !

II.

Oh ! why not clasp,
 In manly grasp,
 Our hands—and, by each other
 Resolve to stand
 For fatherland,
 As brother should by brother ?
 The truths divine,
 Your creed and mine,
 Are not as bigots read them ;
 And in one creed
 We're both agreed,
 That "God made man for freedom."
 Dear, loved Erin !
 We both will guard thee, Erin !
 Ne'er shall foe
 With tyrant blow,
 Again profane thee, Erin !

III.

If you and I,
 By nature's tie,
 Were sons of one dear mother,
 Should diff'rent views
 Of faith infuse
 Cold rancour tow'rds each other ?
 The same dear earth
 Has given us birth—
 We're sons of one green island ;
 Then join with me
 To make her free—
 She's yours as well as my land !
 Dear, loved Erin !
 Oh ! join with me for Erin :
 Ne'er let foe,
 With tyrant blow,
 Again profane our Erin !

A TRAVELLER'S TESTIMONY.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Oh, matchless land! so well combine
 Thy elements of cloud and splendour,
 That earth can boast no vales like thine,
 Nor show a sod with green so tender!
 So well in Erin, too, are mixed
 The elements of wit and honour,
 That other nations' eyes are fixed
 In hopeless rivalry upon her!

THEETA.

ପାଠ ଲେଖାତ୍ମକର୍ତ୍ତା ଅତ୍ୟକର୍ତ୍ତା ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭାବ ରେ.

AIR—**Ψιο Σηραοιδήν αοιδήν αιωνή δε!**

Moderato. p

Ye dark-hair'd youths and el - ders hoa - ry, List to the wand'ring

A musical score for three voices. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in bass clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "harp-er's song; My clairmearc weeps my true love's sto - ry In my true love's". The music consists of measures with various note values and rests, typical of a folk-style setting.

m. f.

na - tive tongue. She's bound and bleed - ing 'neath th' op - press - or;

Few her friends and fierce her foe, And brave hearts cold who

would re - dress her, Ήλο έμαστ-βήν αοι - βήν α - λινη οζ!

“**தீர்மானங்கள் முனிசிபாலிட் நிலை ஒ.**

A.D. 1720.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

AIR—“**தீர்மானங்கள் முனிசிபாலிட்**”

I.

Ye dark-haired youths and elders hoary
 List to the wand'ring harper's song,
 My clairière weeps my true love's story,
 In my true love's native tongue :
 She's bound and bleeding 'neath the oppressor,
 Few her friends and fierce her foe,
 And brave hearts cold who would redress her—
 தீர்மானங்கள் முனிசிபாலிட் நிலை ஒ.

II.

My love had riches once and beauty,
 Till want and sorrow paled her cheek ;
 And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
 They're crouching now, like cravens sleek.
 Oh Heaven ! that e'er this day of rigour
 Saw sons of heroes, abject, low—
 And blood and tears thy face disfigure,
 தீர்மானங்கள் முனிசிபாலிட் நிலை ஒ.

III.

I see young virgins step the mountain
 As graceful as the bounding fawn,
 With cheeks like heath-flow'r by the fountain,
 And breasts like downy சென்னை.
 Shall bondsmen share those beauties ample ?
 Shall their pure bosoms' current flow
 To nurse new slaves for them that trample
 தீர்மானங்கள் முனிசிபாலிட் நிலை ஒ ?

IV.

Around my clāp̄reāc's speaking measures
 Men, like their fathers tall, arise—
 Their heart the same deep hatred treasures,
 I read it in their kindling eyes !
 The same proud brow to frown at danger—
 The same long cūl-ſioñ's graceful flow—
 The same dear tongue to curse the stranger—
 Ήο չրածին Ճօլիոն Աւսի ծՅ !

V.

I 'd aing ye more but age is stealing
 Along my pulse and tuneful fires ;
 Far bolder woke my chord, appealing,
 For craven Տեամոր, to your sires.
 Arouse to vengeance, men of brav'ry,
 For broken oaths—for altars low—
 For bonds that bind in bitter slav'ry—
 Ήο չրածին Ճօլիոն Աւսի ծՅ !

WAS IT A DREAM?

BY JOHN O'CONNELL, M.P.

L

It was an empty dream, perchance—yet seemed a vision high,
 That in the midnight hour last night arose before mine eye,
 Two figures—one in woe and chains, the other proud and free—
 Were met in converse deep and grave beside the western sea.

II.

“What, ne'er content, and restless still !” the proud one sternly
 cried ;
 “Forsooth of Freedom prattling still and parting from my side ?
 I hold thy chain thou busy fool, mine ire thou mayest provoke,
 And bring destruction on thine head, but never shake my yoke !”

III.

Then up arose the mourning one, and raised her beauteous head,
And mild and calm, though sad in tone, "my sister," thus she
said,

"For sister I would fain thee call, though tyrant thou hast been—
None feller, or more pitiless, hath hapless slave e'er seen.

IV.

"The Rights, the Freedom, that I seek, the Lord of Heaven gave,
That mighty Lord who never willed that earth should hold a slave !
Those rights—that Freedom thou didst take I only ask of thee,
To give *mine own* to me again, and friends we'll ever be !"

V.

The proud one laughed in haughty scorn, and waved a falchion
bright

O'er the enchain'd one's head aloft, and dared her to the fight !
The flushing cheek and kindling eye bespoke no terror there,
But with a strong convulsive grasp, she bow'd to Heaven in prayer !

VI.

Then raised her front serene again, and mildly spoke once more :

"Seven long and weary centuries of insult have passed o'er—
Of insult and of cruel wrong ! and from the earliest hour,
E'en to this day, a tyrant thou hast been, in pride of power.

VII.

"But when distress and enemies came threat'ningly around,
Then soft in words, and falsely kind, thou ever hast been found !
Distress again may come to thee, and foreign dangers press,
And thou be forced to yield me all, and earn no thankfulness !"

VIII.

Again the proud one scornful laughed, and waved again her brand,
The other mutely rais'd to Heaven her chain'd and fetter'd hand—
Then swift a storm passed o'er the scene, and when its gloom was
gone,

The tyrant form was lowly laid—the captive had her own !

THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

Oh ! shout for the day, when the charge of the *Gael*,
 Like a thunder-burst scattered the pride of the Pale;
 And the strength of the stranger, like stubble, went down
 Before the strong ranks of the Cross and the Crown,
 The Men of the North.

II.

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

III.

When darkness and danger encompassed our Isle,
 And the timid made cause with the venal and vile,
 When her hope was the least, and her hazard the most,
 Still, firm as Slieb Domangort,* she found at their post—
 The Men of the North.

IV.

Proud homesteads of An-druim, Ard-maca, Tir-Eogain,†
 Oh ! triumph for ever, proclaiming your own
 The citizen-soldiers, who rose to o'ercome
 The Foe from without and the Tyrant at home—
 The Men of the North.

* Slievedonard.

† In common spelling, Antrim, Armagh, and Tyrone.

V.

And when the black work of oppression began,
And Power upon reason and right set her ban,
All threats and seductions they bravely withstood
Till the cause of their country they sealed with their blood—
The Men of the North.

VI.

Oh ! joy for the day, and 'tis coming at length,
When the slumbering giant will gather his strength,
And speaking stout words, which stout hearts will maintain,
Proclaim our fair country a NATION again—
The Men of the North.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

THE LOST PATH.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"Gúlað mo círóibé."

I.

SWEET thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
 All comfort else has flown ;
 For every hope was false to me,
 And here I am alone.
 What thoughts were mine in early youth !
 Like some old Irish song,
 Brimful of love, and life, and truth,
 My spirit gush'd along.

II.

I hoped to right my native isle,
 I hoped a soldier's fame,
 I hoped to rest in woman's smile,
 And win a minstrel's name—
 Oh ! little have I served my land,
 No laurels press my brow,
 I have no woman's heart or hand,
 Nor minstrel honors now.

III.

But fancy has a magic power,
 It brings me wreath and crown,
 And woman's love, the self-same hour
 It smites oppression down.
 Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,
 I have no joy beside ;
 Oh ! throng around, and be to me
 Power, country, fame, and bride.

BIDE YOUR TIME !

Allegro. f

Bide your time, the morn is break-ing Bright with Free-dom's
f
bless-ed ray— Mil-lions from their trance a-wak-ing Soon shall stand in

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time. The tempo is Allegro, marked with 'f' (fortissimo). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first line of lyrics, 'Bide your time, the morn is break-ing Bright with Free-dom's', is placed above the first measure of the treble clef line. The second line, 'bless-ed ray— Mil-lions from their trance a-wak-ing Soon shall stand in', is placed above the first measure of the bass clef line. The music continues with a second measure of each line, with the bass clef line ending with a repeat sign and a bass clef symbol.

BIDE YOUR TIME.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

BIDE YOUR TIME, the morn is breaking,
 Bright with Freedom's blessed ray—
 Millions, from their trance awaking,
 Soon shall stand in firm array.
 Man shall fetter man no longer;
 Liberty shall march sublime:
 Every moment makes you stronger—
 Firm, unshrinking, BIDE YOUR TIME!

II.

BIDE YOUR TIME—one false step taken
 Perils all you yet have done;
 Undismayed—erect—unshaken—
 Watch and wait, and all is won.
 'Tis not by a rash endeavour
 Men or states to greatness climb—
 Would you win your rights for ever,
 Calm and thoughtful, BIDE YOUR TIME!

III.

BIDE YOUR TIME—your worst transgression
 Were to strike, and strike in vain;
 He, whose arm would smite oppression,
 Must not need to smite again!
 Danger makes the brave man steady—
 Rashness is the coward's crime—
 Be for Freedom's battle ready,
 When it comes—but, BIDE YOUR TIME!

TWO SONNETS.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

LITERARY LEISURE.

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

SOUTHEY.

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

II.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

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

ANON.

Up, recreant, up ! Our land hath called her sons
 From solitude and cities, courts and marts,
 To fight her fight, and lo ! what eager hearts
 Answer her call. But not with blades and guns,

But arms more keen than Europe's or the Hun's—
 Reason and Truth—come they to play their parts.
 Shake off the dream-world's thraldom and awake
 To see thy land become regenerate,
 And aid, if aid thou may'st, a work so great.
 The mist of prejudice, as from a lake,
 Is rising from men's minds, and tyrants quake
 Reading the stormy signs that speak our coming fate.
 Then up! and learn how patriot hearts may glow
 With ecstacy that tame life cannot know.

THE FATE OF KING DATHI.*

L

DARKLY their glibs o'erhang,
 Sharp is their wolf-dog's fang,
 Bronze spear and falchion clang—
 Brave men might shun them!
 Heavy the spoil they bear—
 Jewels and gold are there—
 Hostage and maiden fair—
 How have they won them? •

* “In the two last reigns, the Irish arms prevailed only on the maritime coasts of Gaul, in Brittany and Normandy; in the present, we see them unite with their allies, and carry terror and ruin to the very foot of the Alps, where Daithi was killed by lightning Their army, under the command of Laogaire, son to the hero Niall, and cousin-german to the deceased, made a regular retreat, bringing home with them the embalmed body of Daithi, who was interred with great funeral pomp at Rollig na Riogh,—(the burial place of the kings.)”—*O'Halloran's History of Ireland*, at the years 426-7-8.

The foreigner who is puzzled how to sound King Dati's name had best look to the rhyming of it in the last verse.

II.

From the soft sons of Gaul,
 Roman, and Frank, and thrall,
 Borough, and hut, and hall,

These have been torn.

Over Britannia wide,
 Over fair Gaul they hied,
 Often in battle tried—
 Enemies mourn !

III.

Fiercely their harpers sing,
 Led by their gallant king,
 They will to Erin bring
 Beauty and treasure.
 Britain shall bend the knee—
 Rich shall their households be—
 When their long ships, the sea,
 Homeward shall measure.

IV.

Barrow and tower shall rise,
 Raits, too, of wondrous size,
 Tailtean they 'll solemnize,
 Feis-Tamra assemble.
 Samin and Baal shall smile
 On the rich holy isle—
 After a little while
 Cætius shall tremble ! *

* The consul Cætius, the shield of Italy, and terror of "the barbarian," was a contemporary of King Dati. Feis Tamra, the Parliament of Tara. Tailtean, games held at Tailte, Co. Meath. Samin and Baal, the moon and sun which Ireland worshipped.

v.

Up on the glacier's snow,
 Down on the vales below,
 Monarch and clansmen go—
 Bright is the morning.
 Never their march they slack,
 Jura is at their back,
 When falls the ev'ning black,
 Hideous, and warning.

vi.

Eagles scream loud on high ;
 Far off the chamois fly ;
 Hoarse comes the torrent's cry,
 On the rocks whit'ning.
 Strong are the storm's wings ;
 Down the tall pine it flings ;
 Hail-stone and sleet it brings—
 Thunder and lightning.

vii.

Little these vet'rans mind
 Thundering, hail, or wind ;
 Closer their ranks they bind—
 Matching the storm.
 The cast of a spear or more,
 On, the front ranks before,
 Dati, the sunburst bore—
 Haughty his form.

viii.

Forth from the thunder-cloud
 Leaps out a foe as proud—
 Sudden the monarch bow'd—
 On rush the vanguard ;
 Wildly the king they raise—
 Struck by the lightning's blaze—
 Ghastly his dying gaze,
 Clutching his standard !

IX.

Mild is the morning beam,
 Gently the rivers stream,
 Happy the valleys seem ;
 But the lone islanders—
 Mark how they guard their king !
 Hark, to the wail they sing !
 Dark is their counselling—
 Helvetia's highlanders

X.

Gather, like ravens, near—
 Shall Dati's soldiers fear ?
 Soon their home-path they clear—
 Rapid and daring ;
 On through the pass and plain,
 Until the shore they gain,
 And, with their spoil, again,
 Landed in Erin.

XL

Little does Erin care
 For gold or maiden fair—
 “Where is King Dati ?—where,
 Where is my bravest ?”
 On the rich deck he lies,
 O'er him his sunburst flies—
 Solemn the obsequies,
 Erin ! thou gavest.

XIL

See ye that countless train
 Crossing Roscommon's plain,
 Crying, like hurricane,
 “Ululu-ai !”—
 Broad is his cairn's base—
 Nigh “The King's burial-place,”
 Last of the Pagan race,
 Lieth King Dati !

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

I.

MAN of Ireland!—Heir of sorrow—
 Wronged, insulted, scorned, oppressed—
 Wilt thou never see that morrow
 When thy weary heart may rest?
 Lift thine eyes, thou outraged creature;
 Nay, look up, for *Man* thou art—
 Man in form, and frame, and feature—
 Why not act *Man's* godlike part?

II.

Think, reflect, inquire, examine,
 Is 't for this *God* gave you birth—
 With the spectre look of famine,
 Thus to creep along the earth?
 Does this world contain no treasures
 Fit for thee, as *Man*, to wear?—
 Does this life abound in pleasures,
 And thou askest not to share?

III.

Look! the nations are awaking—
 Every chain that bound them burst!
 At the crystal fountains slaking
 With parched lips their fever thirst!
 Ignorance, the demon, fleeing,
 Leaves unlocked the fount they sip—
 Wilt thou not, thou wretched being,
 Stoop and cool thy burning lip?

IV.

History's lessons, if thou read 'em,
 All proclaim this truth to thee:
 Knowledge is the price of freedom—
 Know thyself, and thou art free !
 Know, oh ! man, thy proud vocation—
 Stand erect, with calm, clear brow—
 Happy ! happy, were our nation
 If thou hadst that knowledge now !

V.

Know thy wretched, sad condition—
 Know the ills that keep thee so—
 Knowledge is the sole physician—
 Thou wert healed, if thou didst know !
 Those who crush, and scorn, and slight thee—
 Those to whom you once would kneel—
 Were the foremost then to right thee,
 If thou felt as thou shouldst feel !

VI.

Not as beggars lowly bending—
 Not in sighs, and groans, and tears—
 But a voice of thunder sending
 Through thy tyrant brother's ears !
 Tell him he is not thy master—
 Tell him of man's common lot—
 Feel life has but one disaster—
 To be a slave, and know it not !

VII.

If thou knew what knowledge giveth—
 If thou knew how blest is he
 Who in Freedom's presence liveth,
 Thou wouldest die, or else be free !
 Round about he looks in gladness—
 Joys in heaven, and earth, and sea—
 Scarcely heaves a sigh of sadness,
 Save in thoughts of such as thee !

INNIS-EOGHAIN.*

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

God bless the grey mountains of dark Dun na n-gall! †
 God bless Royal Aileach! the pride of them all;
 For she sits evermore, like a queen on her throne,
 And smiles on the valleys of Green Innis-Eogain.

And fair are the valleys of Green Innis-Eogain,
 And hardy the fishers that call them their own—
 A race that nor traitor nor coward have known,
 Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innis-Eogain.

II.

Oh! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
 Like the hills that with silence and nature they share;
 For our God, who hath planted their home near His own,
 Breath'd his spirit abroad upon fair Innis-Eogain.

Then praise to our Father for wild Innis-Eogain,
 Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—
 Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
 Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Innis-Eogain.

III.

See the bountiful Cul-daim ‡ careering along—
 A type of their manhood so stately and strong—

* INNIS-EOGHAIN (commonly written Innishowen, and pronounced Innishone) is a wild and picturesque district in the county Donegal, inhabited chiefly by the descendants of the Irish clans permitted to remain in Ulster after the plantation of James I. The native language, and the old songs and legends of the country, are as universal as the people. One of the most familiar of these legends is, that a troop of Hugh O'Neil's horse lies in magic sleep in a cave under the hill of Aileach, where the princes of the country were formerly installed.) These bold troopers only wait to have the spell removed to rush to the aid of their country; and a man (says the legend) who wandered accidentally into the cave, found them lying beside their horses, fully armed, and holding the bridles in their hands. One of them lifted his head, and asked, "Is the time come?" but receiving no answer—for the intruder was too much frightened to reply—dropped back into his lethargy. Some of the old folk consider the story an allegory, and interpret it as they desire.

† Donegal.

‡ The Coul dah, or Culdaff, is a chief river in the Innishowen mountains.

On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,
So they share with the stranger in fair Innis-Eogain.
God guard the kind homesteads of fair Innis-Eogain,
Which manhood and virtue have chos'n for their own ;
Not long shall the nation in slavery groan,
That owns the tall peasants of fair Innis-Eogain.

IV.

Like the oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,
Nor Saxon nor Dutchman, could rend from her fane,
They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own,
Through the midnight of danger in true Innis-Eogain.

Then shout for the glories of old Innis-Eogain,
The stronghold that foeman has never o'erthrown—
The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
That guard the green valleys of true Innis-Eogain.

V.

Nor purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging abú made the foreigner quail ;
Than it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone,
In the home-loving cabins of kind Innis-Eogain.

Oh ! flourish, ye homesteads of kind Innis-Eogain,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown ;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of Green Innis-Eogain.

VI.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band,
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who await but the word to give Erin her own,
They can read you that riddle in proud Innis-Eogain.

Hurra for the Spæmen of proud Innis-Eogain !—
Long live the wild Seërs of stout Innis-Eogain !—
May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan
Who love not the promise of proud Innis-Eogain !

WE 'RE PADDIES EVERMORE.

AIR—“*Paddies Evermore.*”

Allegretto. m.f.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch As sup-pli-ants for our

m.f.

right; Let word and deed un-shrink-ing vouch The band-ed mil-lion's might; Let

them who scorn'd the foun-tain rill Now dread the tor-rent's roar; And

f

hear our e - cho'd cho - rus still—We're Pad - dies e - ver - more. Let

them who scorn'd the foun - tain rill Now dread the tor - rent's roar; And

hear our e - cho'd cho - rus still—We're Pad - dies e - ver -- more.

Q

PADDIES EVERMORE.

I.

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

II.

What, though they menace, suffering men
Their threats and them despise;
Or promise justice once again,
We know their words are lies;
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,
Our own dear nation and our name,
As Paddies evermore.

III.

Look round—the Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniard rules in Spain,
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain;
The strife for freedom here begun
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one—
We're Paddies evermore.

IV.

That strong and single love to crush,
The despot ever tried—
A fount it was whose living gush
His hated arts defied.

'Tis fresh, as when his foot accurst
 Was planted on our shore,
 And now and still, as from the first,
 We're Paddies evermore.

v.

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

vi.

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

vii.

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

SLIABH CUILINN.

OH! HAD I THE WINGS OF A BIRD.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

I.

OH! had I the wings of a bird,
To soar through the blue sunny sky,
By what breeze would my pinions be stirred?
To what beautiful land would I fly?
Would the gorgeous East allure,
With the light of its golden eves,
Where the tall green palm, over isles of balm,
Waves with its feath'ry leaves?
Ah! no!—no!—no!
I heed not its tempting glare;
In vain would I roam from my island home,
For skies more fair!

II.

Would I seek a southern sea,
Italia's shore beside,
Where the clustering grape from tree to tree
Hangs in its rosy pride?
My truant heart be still,
For I long have sighed to stray
Through the myrtle flowers of fair Italy's bowers,
By the shores of its southern bay.
But no!—no!—no!
Though bright be its sparkling seas,
I never would roam from my island home
For charms like these!

III.

Would I seek that land so bright,
Where the Spanish maiden roves,
With a heart of love and an eye of light
Through her native citron groves?
Oh! sweet would it be to rest
In the midst of the olive vales,
Where the orange blooms, and the rose perfumes
The breath of the balmy gales!
But no!—no!—no!
Though sweet be its wooing air,
I never would roam from my island home
To scenes though fair!

IV.

Would I pass from pole to pole?
Would I seek the Western skies,
Where the giant rivers roll,
And the mighty mountains rise?
Or those treacherous isles that lie
In the midst of the sunny deeps,
Where the cocoa stands on the glistening sands,
And the dread tornado sweeps?
Ah! no!—no!—no!
They have no charms for me;
I never would roam from my island home,
Though poor it be!

V.

Poor!—oh! 'tis rich in all
That flows from Nature's hand—
Rich in the emerald wall
That guards its emerald land!

Are Italy's fields more green?
 Do they teem with a richer store
 Than the bright green breast of the Isle of the West,
 And its wild luxuriant shore?
 Ah! no!—no!—no!
 Upon it Heaven doth smile.
 Oh! I never would roam from my native home,
 My own dear isle!

O'DONNELL'S HUR.

A.D. 1597.

BY M. J. MCANN.

I.

PROUDLY the note of the trumpet is sounding,
 Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,
 Fleetly the steed by Loc Suilige* is bounding
 To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.
 On, every mountaineer,
 Strangers to flight and fear;
 Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!†
 Bonnought and Gallowglass‡
 Throng from each mountain-pass!
 On for old Erin!—O'Donnell abú!

* Lough Swilly.

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

‡ See Note page 48.

II.

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

III.

Wildly o'er Desmond the war wolf is howling,
 Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
 The fox in the streets of the city is prowling—
 All, all who would scare them are banished or slain !
 Grasp, every stalwart hand,
 Hackbut and battle-brand—
 Pay them all back the deep debt so long due :
 Norris and Clifford well
 Can of Tir-Conaill tell—
 Onward to glory !—O'Donnall abú !

IV.

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

THE RIGHT ROAD.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

LET the feeble-hearted pine,
Let the sickly spirit whine,
But to work and win be thine,
 While you've life.
God smiles upon the bold—
So, when your flag's unroll'd,
Bear it bravely till you're cold
 In the strife.

II.

If to rank or fame you soar,
Out your spirit frankly pour—
Men will serve you and adore,
 Like a king.
Woo your girl with honest pride,
Till you've won her for your bride—
Then to her, through time and tide,
 Ever cling.

III.

Never under wrongs despair;
Labour long, and everywhere,
Link your countrymen, prepare,
 And strike home.
Thus have great men ever wrought,
Thus must greatness still be sought,
Thus labour'd, lov'd, and fought
 Greece and Rome.

A RALLY FOR IRELAND.

M A Y, 1689.

Shout it out, 'till it ring, From Benmore to Cape Clear, For our Country, and King, and Re-

li - gion so dear, Ral - ly, men! ral - ly, I - rish-men! ral - ly, Ga - ther

and the dear flag, that, wet with our tears, And torn and bloody, lay hid for long years, And

Slower.

now once a - gain in its pride re - ap - pears. See from The Cas - tle our

Green Ban - ner waves, Bear - ing fit mot - to for up - ris - ing slaves, For

Slower.

Now, or Ne - ver, Now - and for E - ver !" Bids you to bat - tle for

tri - umph or graves, Bids you to burst on the Sa - sa - nach knaves

Loudly.

Ral - ly, then, ral - ly. I - rish - men! ral - ly. Shout, "Now or Ne - ver,

Now, and for E - ver! 'Heed not their fu - - ry how - e - - ver it raves,

Wel - come their horse - men with pikes and with staves, Close on their can - non
 bay'nets and glaives, Down with their stand - ard wher - e - ver it waves, Fight to the last ax
 can - not be slaves! Fight to the last and ye can - not be slave

Firmly. *Slower and firmly.*

GAILL

A RALLY FOR IRELAND.

MAY, 1689.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

L

SHOUT it out, till it ring
From Beinn-Mor to Cape Cleir,
For our country and king,
And religion so dear.
Rally, men ! rally—
Irishmen ! rally !

Gather round the dear flag, that, wet with our tears,
And torn, and bloody, lay hid for long years,
And now, once again, in its pride re-appears.

See ! from The Castle our green banner waves,
Bearing fit motto for uprising slaves—
For “Now or Never !
“Now and for Ever !”

Bids you to battle for triumph or graves—
Bids you to burst on the Sasanach knaves—
Rally, then, rally !
Irishmen, rally !
Shout “Now or Never,
“Now and for ever !”

Heed not their fury, however it raves,
Welcome their horsemen with pikes and with staves,
Close on their cannon, their bay'nets, and glaives,
Down with their standard wherever it waves ;
Fight to the last, and ye cannot be slaves !
Fight to the last, and ye cannot be slaves !

II.

Gallant Sheldon is here,
And Hamilton, too,
And Tirconail so dear,
And Mac Cartha, so true.

And there are Frenchmen ;
Skilful and stanch men—

De Rosen, Pontée, Pusignan, and Boisseleau,
And gallant Lauzun is a coming, you know,
With Bealdearg, the kinsman of great Owen Roe.
From Sionainn to Bann, and from Liffé to Laoi,*
The country is rising for Libertie.

Tho' your arms are rude,
If your courage be good,
As the traitor fled will the stranger flee,
At another Drom-mhór, from “the Irishry.”

Arm, peasant and lord !
Grasp musket and sword !
Grasp pike, staff, and skian !
Give your horses the rein !

March, in the name of his Majesty—
Ulster and Munster unitedly—
Townsmen and peasant, like waves of the sea—
Leinster and Connacht to victory—
Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty,
Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty.

III.

Kirk, Schomberg and Churchill
Are coming—what then ?
We'll drive them and Dutch Will
To England again ;
We can laugh at each threat,
For our Parliament's met—

* These rivers are vulgarly named Shannon, Liffey, and Lee.

De Courcy, O'Brien, M'Domhnaill, Le Poer,
 O'Neil and St. Lawrence, and others *go leor*,
 The choice of the land from Athlone to the shore !
 They 'll break the last link of the Sasanach chain—
 They 'll give us the lands of our fathers again !

Then up ye ! and fight
 For your King and your Right,
 Or ever toil on, and never complain,
 Tho' they trample your roof-tree, and rifle your fane.

Rally, then, rally !
 Irishmen, rally—
 Fight “ Now or Never,
 “ Now and for ever ! ”
 Laws are in vain without swords to maintain ;
 So, muster as fast as the fall of the rain :
 Serried and rough as a field of ripe grain,
 Stand by your flag upon mountain and plain :
 Charge till yourselves or your foemen are slain !
 Fight till yourselves or your foemen are slain !

EIRE A RUIN.

AIR—*Æjlín a Búin.**

I.

Long thy fair cheek was pale,
 Æjlín a Búin—
 Too well it spake thy tale,
 Æjlín a Búin—
 Fondly-nursed hopes betrayed,
 Gallant sons lowly laid,
 All anguish there pourtrayed,
 Æjlín a Búin.

* In vulgar spelling, Eileen aroon.

II.

Long thy dear *clairseach's* string,

Էլլե և լույ,

Sang but as captives sing,

Էլլե և լույ—

'Twas sorrow's broken sigh,

Blent with mirth's reckless cry,

Saddest of minstrelsy !

Էլլե և լույ.

III.

Still was it thine to cope,

Էլլե և լույ—

Still against hope to hope,

Էլլե և լույ,

Ever through blackest woe,

Fronting that tyrant foe,

Whom thou shalt yet lay low,

Էլլե և լույ.

IV.

Though he should sue thee now,

Էլլե և լույ,

Heed not his traitor vow,

Էլլե և լույ ;

When didst thou e'er believe,

When his false words receive,

But sorely thou didst grieve,

Էլլե և լույ.

V.

Millions of hearts are thine,

Էլլե և լույ ;

Millions as one combine,

Էլլե և լույ ;

Closer in peril knit,

Patient, though passion-lit—

For such is triumph writ,

Էլլե և լույ.

VI.

Then let thy *clairseach* pour,
 Αἴρε ά μύην,
 Wailings of grief no more,
 Αἴρε ά μύην,
 But strains like flash of steel,
 Kindling that fire of zeal,
 Which melts their chains who feel,
 Αἴρε ά μύην.

SLIABH CUILINN.

TONE'S GRAVE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

IN Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
 And wildly along it the winter winds rave ;
 Small shelter, I ween, are the ruin'd walls there,
 When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

II.

Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
 And thought how he perished in prison alone,
 His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
 “Oh, bitter,” I said, “is the patriot's meed ;

III.

For in him the heart of a woman combin'd
 With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
 A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone—
 His name seldom nam'd, and his virtues unknown.”

IV.

I was woken from my dream by the voices and tread
 Of a band, who came into the home of the dead :
 They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
 And they stopp'd when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

V.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And children who thought me hard-hearted ; for they,
On that sanctified sod, were forbidden to play.

VI.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said,
“ We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,
And we’re going to raise him a monument, too—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true.”

VII.

My heart overflow’d, and I clasped his old hand,
And I bless’d him, and bless’d every one of his band ;
“ Sweet ! sweet ! ’tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause, and the man so long vanquish’d and slain.”

VIII.

* * * * *

IX.

* * * * *

X.

In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let winter winds rave—
Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom,
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.

THE ORPHAN CHILD.

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. MEEHAN.

I.

Her look it is so innocent,
Her face so calm and mild,
You’d scarcely think that sorrow prey’d
Upon that orphan child.

II.

Her form is to a shadow worn,
Yet ever I espy
Much resignation, trustingly,
Beam from her sunken eye.

III.

By looks alone she asks for aid,
And leaves her woes unspoken :
As strangers pass she shrinks aside—
Her little heart is broken.

IV.

Her hopes are not upon the earth,
She only longs to die,
And often thinks of one green spot
Where she might softly lie.

V.

And oft she seeks that little spot,
And whispers, while she weeps,
“ Oh ! that I were within her arms—
How sound my mother sleeps ! ”

VI.

And stretched upon the grassy turf,
In feverish repose,
She dreams her mother speaks to her,
And weeps the thought to lose.

VII.

God pity thee, forsaken thing !
And, sure, thou art his care—
Heaven is the orphan’s only home,
Thou ’lt find thy mother there.

THE T-SANGLY SONG OF THE REVENGE.

AIR.—THE T-REVENGE BEAN BOOZ.

Allegro.

The saint-ed isle of old, Says the rean bean boo, The sainted isle of old, Says the
 rean bean boo, The pa-rent and the mould Of the beau-ti -ful and bold, Has her
 blithe - some heart wax'd cold? Says the rean bean boo.

AN T-SEAN BHEAN BHOCHD.

A.D. 1176.

BY MICHAEL DOHENY.

I.

The sainted isle of old,
 Says the *rean bean bocht*, *
 The sainted isle of old,
 Says the *rean bean bocht*,
 The parent and the mould
 Of the beautiful and bold,
 Has her blithesome heart waxed cold?
 Says the *rean bean bocht*.

II.

The Saxon and the Dane,
 Says the *rean bean bocht*,
 The Saxon and the Dane,
 Says the *rean bean bocht*,
 The Saxon and the Dane,
 Our immortal hills profane,
 Oh! confusion seize the twain,
 Says the *rean bean bocht*.

III.

What are the Chiefs to do?
 Says the *rean bean bocht*;
 What are the Chiefs to do?
 Says the *rean bean bocht*.

* Vulgarly The Shan Van Vacht.

What should the Chieftains do,
 But to treat the hireling crew,
 To a touch of Brian Boru ?
 Says the *pean bean boob.*

IV.

They came across the wave,
 Says the *pean bean boob,*
 They came across the wave,
 Says the *pean bean boob,*
 They came across the wave,
 But to plunder and enslave,
 And should find a robber's grave,
 Says the *pean bean boob.*

V.

Then be the trusty brand,
 Says the *pean bean boob,*
 Then be the trusty brand,
 Says the *pean bean boob,*
 Then be the trusty brand,
 Firmly clutched in every hand,
 And we'll scourge them from the land,
 Says the *pean bean boob.*

VI.

There's courage yet and truth,
 Says the *pean bean boob,*
 There's courage yet and truth,
 Says the *pean bean boob;*
 There's a God above us all,
 And whatever may befall,
 No invader shall enthral,
 Says the *pean bean boob.*

THE SLAVES' BILL.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Aye, brand us all! yet still we crave
 A pittance at our master's door:
 Then leave the wealthy Irish slave
 His bottle, club, and paramour;
 And leave the wretched serf his wife—
 You may, (she has not many charms,)
 Potatoes, and his paltry life;
 But, leave us not—ev'n branded arms!

V.

Mad as ye are, who reckless dare
 To mock the spirit God hath given,
 Pause, ere ye drive us in despair
 To its appeal—from man to heaven!
 From calmer eyes the furies glare,
 And colder bosoms vengeance warms,
 Till rage finds weapons, ev'rywhere,
 For Nature's two unbranded arms!

THE BRIDE OF MALLOW.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

'Twas dying they thought her,
 And kindly they brought her
 To the banks of Blackwater,
 Where her forefathers lie;
 'Twas the place of her childhood,
 And they hoped that its wild wood,
 And air soft and mild would
 Soothe her spirit to die.

II.

But she met on its border
 A lad who ador'd her—
 No rich man, nor lord, or
 A coward, or slave,
 But one who had worn
 A green coat, and borne
 A pike from Sliab Mourne,
 With the patriots brave.

III.

Oh ! the banks of the stream are
 Than emeralds greener :
 And how should they wean her
 From loving the earth,
 While the song-birds so sweet,
 And the waves at their feet,
 And each young pair they meet,
 Are all flushing with mirth.

IV.

And she listed his talk,
 And he shar'd in her walk—
 And how could she baulk
 One so gallant and true ?
 But why tell the rest ?
 Her love she confess,
 And sunk on his breast,
 Like the eventide dew.

V.

Ah ! now her cheek glows
 With the tint of the rose,
 And her healthful blood flows,
 Just as fresh as the stream ;

And her eye flashes bright,
And her footstep is light,
And sickness and blight
Fled away like a dream.

VI.

And soon by his side
She kneels a sweet bride,
In maidenly pride
 And maidenly fears;
And their children were fair,
And their home knew no care,
Save that all homesteads were
Not as happy as theirs.

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

BY J. D. FRAZER.

I.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears,
 Too long have fallen in vain—
Up with the banners and the spears,
And let the gather'd grief of years
 Show sterner stuff than rain.
The lightning, in that stormy hour
 When forth defiance rolls,
Shall flash to scathe the Saxon pow'r,
But melt the links our long, long show'r
 Had rusted round our souls.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

WHAT ARE REPEALERS?

BY EDWARD WALSH.

"Papa! what are Repealers?"—MY SON.

AIR—"Tipperary O!"

I.

MILLIONS who've given their gage, my boy,
 Fierce war with oppression to wage, my boy,
 Till Erin, once more,
 Shall shine as of yore
 The land of the hero and sage, my boy !

II.

That land was all Europe's pride, my boy
 It's glory and fame were wide, my boy,
 And Roman and Dane,
 Who offer'd the chain,
 By the sword of its heroes died, my boy !

III.

Her chiefs wax'd faithless and proud, my boy,
 And discord's hoarse voice grow loud, my boy :
 And, record of shame,
 The stranger then came,
 And liberty laid in her shroud, my boy.

IV.

The land, red rapine long swept, my boy,
 And mercy and truth long slept, my boy,
 Oh ! could you but know
 Such tyrants—such woe—
 Your young eyes with mine had wept, my boy.

V.

But in the despot's despite, my boy,
 The millions arise in their might, my boy,

And swear by the tears
 And blood of past years,
 To wrest from that despot their right, my boy!

VI.

They are banded, and firm, and true, my boy,
 Resolved to die or to do, my boy,
 The young and the old
 In the cause are enroll'd,
 And I've sworn you one of them, too, my boy!

VII.

Ere this vow be unsafe in thy keeping, boy,
 May your father bemoan you sleeping, boy,
 Where green willows wave
 Above your young grave,
 And none to condole his weeping, boy!

THE GERALDINES.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

THE Geraldines, the Geraldines, 'tis full a thousand years
 Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their battle-spears;
 When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were
 known,
 And their sabre-dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne
 Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by William's side,
 And the grey sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed—
 But never then, nor thence, till now, have falsehood or disgrace
 Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

II.

The Geraldines, the Geraldines, 'tis true in Strongbow's van,
 By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign began—

And, oh ! through many a dark campaign they proved their
prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and chief, and
kerne ;
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,
And gen'rous was the steel-gloved hand that had such slaughter
done ;
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you 'd ask no herald's
sign—
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

III.

These Geraldines, these Geraldines, not long our air they breathed—
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed—
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed,
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst ;
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this "more than Irish" tribe ;
For still they clung to fosterage, to breithamh,* cloak, and hard—
What king dare say to Geraldine "your Irish wife discard" ?

IV.

Ye Geraldines, ye Geraldines, how royally ye reigned
O'er Desmond broad, and rich Cilldare,† and English arts dis-
dained :
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your
bugle call
By Gleann's green slopes, and Daingean's tide, from Bearbha's
banks to Eochaill.
What gorgeous shrines, what Breithamh lore, what minstrel feasts
there were
In and around Magh Nuadhaït's keep, and palace-filled Athdare,

* Brehon.

† The common English spellings of the words in this verse are Kildare, Glyn, Dingle, Barrow, Youghal, Maynooth, and Adare.

But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin was pressed,
And foemen fled, when “*Liam Uíbú*” bespake your lance in rest.

V.

Ye Geraldines, ye Geraldines, since Silken Thomas flung
King Henry’s sword on council board, the English thanes among,
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway,
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut away;
Of Desmond’s blood, through woman’s veins passed on th’ exhausted
tide,
His title lives—a Saxon churl usurps the lion’s hide;
And, though Kildare tower haughtily, there’s ruin at the root,
Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no fruit?

VI.

True Geraldines, brave Geraldines, as torrents mould the earth,
You channelled deep old Ireland’s heart by constancy and worth:
When Ginckle leagured Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed
To see if in the setting sun dead Desmond’s banner blazed!
And still it is the peasants’ hope upon the Currach’s mere,
“They live, who’ll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward
here”—
So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward’s shade,
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed.

VII.

The Geraldines, these Geraldines, rain wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle’s shock,
But, ever, sure, while one is left of all that honored race,
In front of Ireland’s chivalry is that Fitzgerald’s place;
And, though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and
town,
From Thomas Court to Abbeyfeale, would cherish their renown,
And men would say of valour’s rise, or ancient power’s decline,
“Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine.”

HYMN OF FREEDOM.

Adagio Maestoso. f

God of Peace! be - - - fore Thee, Peace-ful, here we kneel,

Hum-bly to im - plore Thee For a na-tion's weal: Calm her sons' dis-

sen - sions, Bid their dis - cord cease, End their mad con - -

p

p

ten - - tions, Hear us, God of Peace! End their mad con - - ten - - tions,

Cresc.

ff

Cresc.

ff

Hear us, God of Peace! Hear us, God of Peace!

Dim.

pp

Hear us, God of Peace! Hear us, God of Peace!

Dim.

pp

HYMN OF FREEDOM.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

THE UNION.

I.

How did they pass the Union?
 By perjury and fraud;
 By slaves who sold their land for gold,
 As Judas sold his God:
 By all the savage acts that yet
 Have followed England's track:
 The pitchcap and the bayonet,
 The gibbet and the rack.

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

II.

How thrive we by the Union ?
 Look round our native land :
 In ruined trade and wealth decayed
 See slavery's surest brand ;
 Our glory as a nation gone—
 Our substance drained away—
 A wretched province trampled on,
 Is all we've left to-day.
 Then curse with me the Union,
 That joggle foul and base,
 The baneful root that bore such fruit
 Of ruin and disgrace.

III.

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

SLIABH CUILINN.

THE PEASANT GIRLS.

I.

THE Peasant Girl of merry France,
Beneath her trellis'd vine,
Watches the signal for the dance—
The broad, red sun's decline.
'Tis there—and forth she flies with glee
To join the circling band,
Whilst mirthful sounds of minstrelsy
Are heard throughout the land.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

The Peasant Girl of Scotland goes
Across her Highland hill,
With cheek that emulates the rose,
And voice the skylark's thrill.

Her tartan plaid she folds around,
 A many-coloured vest—
 Type of what varied joys have found
 A home in her kind breast.

v.

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

vi.

Oh ! soon upon the step and glance
 Grief does the work of age ;
 And it has been her hapless chance
 To open that dark page.
 The happy harvest home was o'er,
 The fierce tithe-gatherer came ;
 And her young lover, in his gore,
 Fell by a murderous aim !

vii.

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

THE DAY-DREAMER.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

WHAT joy was mine in that merry time,
 When I was an Outlaw bold !
 Girt with my clan in the glades of Triuch,
 Or shut in my castle-hold
 In council deep, with the Sages grey,
 And the deathless chiefs of old.

II.

When I wept the fate of a land betrayed
 At the feet of the Soldier-Saint ; *
 Or drank high hopes from our dauntless Hugh
 That cordial the hearts of the faint ;
 Or wove bold plots with untiring Tone
 To blot out our Isle's attaint.

III.

What deeds we vowed for the dear old land !
 What solemn words we spoke ;
 How never we'd cease or sleep in peace
 'Till we shattered the Stranger's yoke ;
 And not with a storm of windy words,
 But many a soldier stroke.

IV.

Bright days were those when the weak and poor
 Might match with the proud and strong ;
 For willing swords from our scabbards leapt,
 At the dawning of fraud or wrong—
 To dare brave deeds like the deeds of old,
 That live in the File's† song.

* St. Lawrence O'Toole, or rather O'Tuathail.

† File, a bard.

V.

We'd knotted whips for the Saxon churls,
 And swords for the Norman peers,
 And gyves of steel for the pampered priests
 Who were drunk with the poor man's tears—
 And the Towers grim where the Robbers laired,
 We dashed them about their ears.

VI.

The Harp and *Stoc** we could wield them too,
 As true as the *sleagh*† and *skian* ;‡
 And forth we sent to the listening land,
 Full many's the stirring strain,
 Which scattered the slavish fear away
 That hung on its breast like a chain.

VII.

The torrent's voice in the noiseless night
 Is tame to the words we spake,
 They startled the isle like a sudden stream
 That is dashed on a stagnant lake,
 Till the millions rose from their shameful sleep,
 And their chains like a reed they brake.

VIII.

It stirs me still, that thrilling sight
 Of the dear old land made free,
 Our Flag afloat from her castles tall,
 And the ships on the circling sea,
 While the joyful sheen of their native Green
 Made the millions mad with glee.

IX.

And woe is me! was it all a dream
 That cheated my tranced heart!
 The vision-life of a sickly boy,
 The thrall of a world apart,

* A war trumpet.

† A spear.

‡ A dagger.

Who launched his boat on a summer sea,
And sailed without helm or chart.

x.

Ay, woe is me ! for my heart's decay
Since that dream of my youth hath flown,
For Care, like a midnight owl, hath sat
By the ruin he made his own.
And gay hopes bloom, but like ivy green
O'er the grey of the mould'ring stone !

THE BATTLE OF GLEANN-DA-LOCHA.*

A BALLAD OF THE PALE.

A.D. 1580.

BY M. J. McCANN.

I.

AN autumn's sun is beaming on Dublin's Castle towers,
Whose portal fast is pouring forth the Pale's embattled powers ;
And on for Wicklow's hills they urge their firm and rapid way,
And well may proud Lord Grey exult to view their stern array.

II.

For there was many a stately knight whose helm was rough with
gold,
And spearman grim, and musketeer, in Erin's wars grown old,
Speed on for Gleann-da-Locha 'gainst Fiacha Mac Aodha,†
Who lately with his mountain bands to that wild glen withdrew.

* Glendaloch.

x

† Called in the old English books Pheagh Mac Hugh.

III.

And now above the rugged glen their prancing steeds they rein,
While many an eager look along its mazy depths they strain ;
But where's the marshall'd foe they seek—the camp or watch-
fires—where?

For, save the eagle screaming high, no sign of life is there !

IV.

“Ho!” cried the haughty Deputy, “my gallant friends we're late—
I rightly deem'd the rebel foe would scarce our visit wait !
But, onward lead the foot, Carew ! perhaps, in sooth, 'twere well
That something of their flocks and herds our soldiery should tell.

V.

“I've heard it is the traitors' wont in cave and swamp to hide,
Where'er they deem their force too weak the battle's brunt to bide;
So, mark, where'er a rebel lurks arouse him in his lair—
And death to him whose hand is known an Irish foe to spare !”

VI.

But thus the veteran Cosby spoke—“My lord, I've known for years
The hardihood and daring of those stalwart mountaineers ;
And, trust me, that our bravest would, in yonder rugged pass,
But little like the greeting of an Irish galloglass.

VII.

“For though his brawny breast may not be cased in temper'd steel,
Right sheer and heavy is the stroke his nervous arm can deal ;
And, too, my lord, perhaps 'twere ill that here you first should
learn
How truly like a mountain cat is Erin's fearless kern.”

VIII.

“March !” was the sole and stern reply ; and, as the leader spoke,
Horn and trump, and thundering drum, a thousand echoes woke !
And on, with martial tramp, the host, all bright in glittering mail,
Wound like a monstrous serpent far along the gloomy vale.

IX.

But, hark ! what wild defiant yell, the rocks and woods among,
Has now so fierce from every side in thrilling echoes rung ?—
O'Byrne's well-known warrison !—and hark ! along the dell,
With rapid and successive peal, the musquet's deadly knell !

X.

As wolves, that in a narrowing ring the hunter's band enclose,
So rush the baffled Saxons on the ambush of their foes ;—
And lo ! from every craggy screen, as 'twere instinct with life,
Up spring the mountain warriors to meet the coming strife.

XI.

And tall, amid their foremost band, his broadsword flashing bright,
Bold Fiacha Mac Aodha is seen to cheer them to the fight ;—
And from the fiery chieftain's lips these words of vengeance
passed—
“Behold the bloody Sasanach—remember Mullachmaist !”*

XII.

Now, gallant clansmen, charge them home !—not often, hand to
hand,
In battle with your ruthless foes on terms so poised you stand ;
Ye meet not now in firm array the spearmen's serried ranks—
No overwhelming squadrons here can dash upon your scattered flanks !

XIII.

The keen and ponderous battle-axe with deadly force is plied,
And deep the mountain pike and skian in Saxon blood are dyed ;
And many a polish'd corselet's pierced and many a helm is cleft—
And few of all that proud array for shameful flight are left !

XIV.

No time to breathe or rally them—so hotly are they pressed ;
For thousand maddening memories fire each raging victor's breast !
And many a father's murder, and many a sister's wrong,
Dark Gleann-da-Locha was avenged, thy echoing vale along.

* The massacre of Mullachmaistean was perpetrated a few years previous to the date of the event here commemorated, and was for a long time a watchword of vengeance throughout Leinster.

THE BATTLE-EVE OF THE BRIGADE.

AIR—“Contented I am.”

—

Gracioso. p

The mess-tent is full and the glass-es are set, And the

p

Cresc.

gal-lant Count Tho-mond is Pre-si-dent yet. The Vet-ran a-rose like an

Cresc.

A musical score for a piano and voice. The music is in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal line consists of three staves of music, with lyrics written below the first and third staves. The lyrics are:

up - lift - ed lance, Cry - ing, "Com - rades ! a health to the
mo - narch of France,"—With bum - pers and cheers they have
done as he bade, For King Lou - is is lov'd by THE IRISH BRIGADE.

The piano accompaniment is provided by the bottom two staves, featuring chords and bass notes.

THE BATTLE EVE OF THE BRIGADE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"Contented I am."

I.

THE mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,
 And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet ;
 The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,
 Crying—"Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!"
 With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
 For King Louis is lov'd by The Irish Brigade.

II.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they quaff'd,
 "Here's to George the *Elector*," and fiercely they laugh'd,
 "Good luck to the girls we woo'd long ago,
 Where Sionainn,* and Bearbha,† and *Abhain-dubh*‡ flow ;"
 "God prosper Old Ireland," you'd think them afraid,
 So pale grew the chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

III.

"But, surely, that light cannot come from our lamp ?
 And that noise—are they *all* getting drunk in the camp ?"
 "Hurrah ! boys, the morning of battle is come,
 And the *generale's* beating on many a drum."
 So they rush from the revel to join the parade ;
 For the van is the right of The Irish Brigade.

IV.

They fought as they revell'd, fast, fiery, and true,
 And, though victors, they left on the field not a few ;
 And they, who surviv'd, fought and drank as of yore,
 But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more,
 For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
 Lie the soldiers and chiefs of The Irish Brigade.

* Shannon.

† Barrow.

‡ Avondhu or Black-water.

THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"Tipperary."*

I.

FROM Carrick streets to Shannon shore,
 From Sliabh na m-Ban† to Ballindeary,
 From Longford Pass to Gaillte Mór,
 Come hear The Vow of Tipperary.

II.

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

III.

Too long, with rash and single arm,
 The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,
 Till Irish blood bedewed each farm,
 And Ireland wept for Tipperary.

IV.

But never more we 'll lift a hand—
 We swear by God and Virgin Mary !
 Except in war for Native Land,
 And *that's* The Vow of Tipperary !

THE SONGS OF THE NATION.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

I.

Ye songs that resound in the homes of our island—
 That wake the wild echoes by valley and highland—

* See p. 84.

† Commonly written Sliemamon.

That kindle the cold with their forefather's story—
 That point to the ardent the pathway of glory!—
 Ye send to the banish'd,
 O'er ocean's far wave,
 The hope that had vanish'd,
 The vow of the brave;
 And teach each proud despot of loftiest station,
 To pale at your spell-word, sweet Songs of THE NATION!

II.

Sweet songs! ye reveal, through the vista of ages,
 Our monarchs and heroes—our minstrels and sages—
 The splendour of Eamhan*—the glories of Teamhair,†
 When Erin was free from the Saxon defamer—
 The green banner flying—
 The rush of the Gael—
 The Sasanach dying—
 His matron's wild wail—
 These glories forgotten, with magic creation
 Burst bright at your spell-word, sweet Songs of THE NATION!

III.

The minstrels who waken these wild notes of freedom,
 Have hands for green Erin—if Erin should need 'em;
 And hearts for the wrong'd one, wherever he ranges,
 From Zembla to China—from Sionainn to Ganges—
 And hate for his foeman,
 All hatred above—
 And love for dear woman,
 The tenderest love—
 But chieftest the fair ones whose eyes' animation
 Is the spell that inspires the sweet Songs of THE NATION!

* The Palace of the Ulster Kings, near Armagh, Latinized Emania. † Tara.

A BALLAD OF FREEDOM.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

THE Frenchman sailed in Freedom's name to smite the Algerine,
 The strife was short, the crescent sunk, and then his guile was seen,
 For, nestling in the pirate's hold—a fiercer pirate far—
 He bade the tribes yield up their flocks, the towns their gates
 unbar.

Right on he press'd with freemen's hands to subjugate the free,
 The Berber in old Atlas glens, the Moor in Titteri;
 And wider had his *razzias* spread, his cruel conquests broader,
 But God sent down, to face his frown, the gallant Abdel Kader—
 The faithful Abdel-Kader! unconquered Abdel-Kader!

Like falling rock,
 Or fierce siroc—
 No savage or marauder—
 Son of a slave!
 First of the brave!
 Hurrah for Abdel-Kader!*

II.

The Englishman, for long long years, had ravaged Ganges' side—
 A dealer first, intriguer next, he conquered far and wide,
 Till, hurried on by avarice, and thirst of endless rule,
 His sepoys pierced to Candahar, his flag waved in Cabul;
 But still within the conquered land was one unconquered man,
 The fierce Pushtani† lion, the fiery Akhbar Khan—

* This name is pronounced Cawder. The French say that their great foe was a slave's son. Be it so—he has a hero's and freeman's heart. "Hurrah for Abdel-Kader!"

† This is the name by which the Affghans call themselves. Affghan is a Persian name (see Elphinstone's delightful book on Cabul). Note, too, that in most of their words *a* sounds *aw*, *u* sounds *oo*, and *i* sounds *ee*.

He slew the sepoys on the snow, till Sindh's* full flood they
swam it

Right rapidly, content to flee the son of Dost Mohammed,
The son of Dost Mohammed, and brave old Dost Mohammed—

Oh ! long may they
Their mountains sway,
Akhbar and Dost Mohammed !
Long live the Dost !
Who Britain crost,
Hurrah for Dost Mohammed !

III.

The Russian, lord of million serfs, and nobles serfier still,
Indignant saw Circassia's sons bear up against his will ;
With fiery ships he lines their coast, his armies cross their streams—
He builds a hundred fortresses—his conquest done, he deems.
But, steady rifles—rushing steeds—a crowd of nameless chiefs—
The plough is o'er his arsenals !—his fleet is on the reefs !
The maidens of Kabyntica are clad in Moscow dresses—
His slavish herd, how dared they beard the mountain-bred Cherkesses !

The lightening Cherkesses !—the thundering Cherkesses !

May Elburz top
In Azof drop,
Ere Cossacks beat Cherkesses !
The fountain head
Whence Europe spread—
Hurrah ! for the tall Cherkesses !†

* The real name of the Indus, which is a Latinised word.

† Cherkesses or Abdyes is the right name of the, so-called, Circassians. Kabyntica is a town in the heart of the Caucasus, of which Mount Elburz is the summit. Blumenbach, and other physiologists, assert that the finer European races descend from a Circassian stock.

IV.

But Russia preys on Poland's fields, where Sobieski reigned,
 And Austria on Italy—the Roman eagle chained—
 Bohemia, Servia, Hungary, within her clutches, grasp;
 And Ireland struggles gallantly in England's loosening grasp.
 Oh! would all these their strength unite, or battle on alone,
 Like Moor, Pushtani, and Cherkess, they soon would have their own.
 Hurrah! hurrah! it can't be far, when from the Scindh to Sionainn*
 Shall gleam a line of freemen's flags begirt by freemen's cannon!
 The coming day of Freedom—the flashing flags of Freedom!
 The victor glaive—
 The mottoes brave,
 May we be there to read them!
 That glorious noon,
 God send it soon—
 Hurrah! for human Freedom!

“CEASE TO DO EVIL—LEARN TO DO WELL.”

—*Inscription on O'Connell's Prison.*

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Oh! thou whom sacred duty hither calls,
 Some glorious hours in freedom's cause to dwell,
 Read the mute lesson on thy prison walls—
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well.”

I.

If haply thou art one of genius vast,
 Of generous heart, of mind sublime and grand,
 Who all the spring-time of thy life hast pass'd
 Battling with tyrants for thy native land—
 If thou hast spent thy summer as thy prime,
 The serpent brood of bigotry to quell,
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well!”

• Shannon.

II.

If thy great heart beat warmly in the cause
 Of outraged man, whate'er his race might be—
 If thou hast preached the Christian's equal laws,
 And stayed the lash beyond the Indian sea—
 If at thy call a nation rose sublime—
 If at thy voice seven million fetters fell,
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well !”

III.

If thou hast seen thy country's quick decay,
 And, like a prophet, raised thy saving hand,
 And pointed out the only certain way
 To stop the plague that ravaged o'er the land !—
 If thou hast summoned from an alien clime
 Her banished senate here at home to dwell,
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—
 Cease to do evil—learn to do well !”

IV.

Or if, perchance, a younger man thou art,
 Whose ardent soul in throbings doth aspire,
 Come weal come woe, to play the patriot's part
 In the bright footsteps of thy glorious sire !
 If all the pleasures of life's youthful time
 Thou hast abandoned for the martyr's cell,
 Do thou repent thee of thy hideous crime—
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well !”

V.

Or art thou one whom early science led
 To walk with Newton through the immense of Heaven ;
 Who soared with Milton, and with Mina bled,
 And all thou hadst, in Freedom's cause hath given !
 Oh ! fond enthusiast—in the after time
 Our children's children of your worth shall tell—
 England proclaims thy honesty a crime—
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well !”

VI.

Or art thou one whose strong and fearless pen
 Roused the Young Isle, and bade it dry its tears,
 And gathered round thee, ardent, gifted men,
 The hope of Ireland in the coming years ;
 Who dares in prose and heart-awakening rhyme
 Bright hopes to breathe, and bitter truths to tell ?
 Oh ! dangerous criminal, repent thy crime—
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well !”

VII.

“Cease to do evil”—ay ! ye madmen, cease !
 Cease to love Ireland—cease to serve her well ;
 Make with her foes a foul and fatal peace,
 And quick will ope your darkest, dreariest cell.
 “Learn to do well”—ay ! learn to betray—
 Learn to revile the land in which you dwell—
 England will bless you on your altered way—
 “Cease to do evil—learn to do well !”

Third Week of the Captivity.

FILL HIGH TO-NIGHT.

I.

FILL high to-night, in our halls of light,
 The toast on our lips shall be
 “The sinewy hand, the glittering brand,
 Our homes and our altars free.”

II.

Though the coward pale, like the girl may wail,
 And sleep in his chains for years,
 The sound of our mirth shall pass over earth
 With balm for a nation’s tears.

III.

A curse for the cold, a cup for the bold,
 A smile for the girls we love ;
 And for him who’d bleed, in his country’s need,
 A home in the skies above.

IV.

We have asked the page of a former age
 For hope secure and bright,
 And the spell it gave to the stricken slave
 Was in one strong word—"Unite."

V.

Though the wind howl free o'er a simple tree
 Till it bends beneath its frown—
 For many a day it will howl away
 Ere a forest be stricken down.

VI.

By the martyr'd dead, who for freedom bled,
 By all that man deems divine,
 Our patriot band for a sainted land
 Like brothers shall all combine.

VII.

Then, fill to-night, in our halls of light,
 The toast on our lips must be
 "The sinewy hand, the glittering brand,
 Our homes and our altars free."

NATIONALITY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

A NATION's voice, a nation's voice—
 It is a solemn thing !
 It bids the bondage-sick rejoice—
 'Tis stronger than a king.
 'Tis like the light of many stars,
 The sound of many waves ;
 Which brightly look through prison-bars ;
 And sweetly sound in caves.
 Yet is it noblest, godliest known,
 When righteous triumph swells its tone.

II.

A nation's flag, a nation's flag—
If wickedly unrolled,
May foes in adverse battle drag
Its every fold from fold.
But, in the cause of Liberty,
Guard it 'gainst Earth and Hell;
Guard it till Death or Victory—
Look you, you guard it well!
No saint or king has tomb so proud,
As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

III.

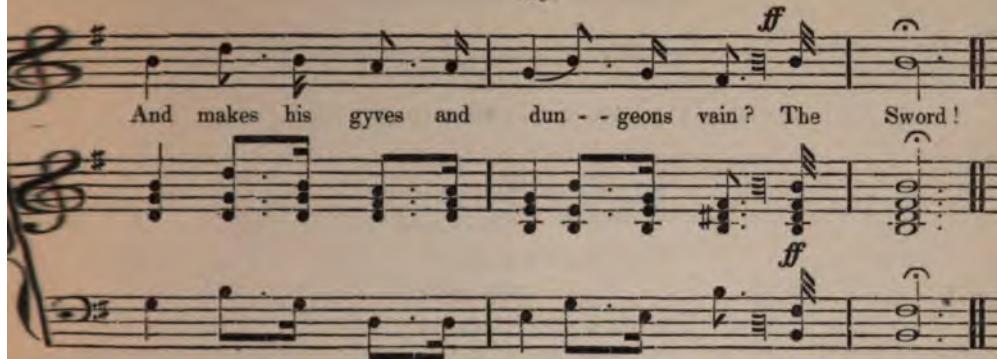
A nation's right, a nation's right—
God gave it, and gave, too,
A nation's sword, a nation's might,
Danger to guard it through.
'Tis freedom from a foreign yoke,
'Tis just and equal laws,
Which deal unto the humblest folk,
As in a noble's cause.
On nations fixed in right and truth,
God would bestow eternal youth.

IV.

May Ireland's voice be ever heard,
Amid the world's applause!
And never be her flag-staff stirred,
But in an honest cause!
May Freedom be her very breath,
Be Justice ever dear;
And never an ennobled death
May son of Ireland fear!
So the Lord God will ever smile,
With guardian grace, upon our isle.

THE SWORD.

A musical score for three voices. The top staff is in G major, the middle staff in F major, and the bottom staff in C major. The lyrics are: "Sword! What cleaves in twain The Des-pot's chain,". The music consists of three staves of musical notation with various rests and note heads. The middle staff has a prominent bass clef and a bass staff line. The bottom staff has a treble clef and a treble staff line. The top staff has a treble clef and a treble staff line.



CHORUS.

Allegro. m.f.

Then cease thy proud task ne - ver, While rests a link to se - ver,

m.f.

Guard of the free, We'll che - rish thee, And keep thee bright for e - ver.

m.f.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

THE SWORD.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

WHAT rights the brave?
The sword!
What frees the slave?
The sword!
What cleaves in twain
The Despot's chain,
And makes his gyves and dungeons
The sword!

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never,
While rests a link to sever,
Guard of the free,
We'll cherish thee,
And keep thee bright for ever!

II.

What checks the knave?
The sword!
What smites to save?
The sword!
What wreaks the wrong
Unpunished long,
At last, upon the guilty strong?
The sword!

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never,

III.

What shelters right?
The sword!
What makes it might?
The sword!

What strikes the crown
Of tyrants down,
And answers with its flash their frown ?
The sword !

CHORUS.

Then cease thy proud task never, &c.

IV.

Still be thou true,
Good sword !

We 'll die or do,
Good sword !

Leap forth to light
If tyrants smite,

And trust our arms to wield thee right,
Good sword !

CHORUS.

Yes ! cease thy proud task never,
While rests a link to sever,

Guard of the free,
We 'll cherish thee,

And keep thee bright for ever !

LAMENT FOR EIBHLIN O'BRIN,

WHOM ROGER TYRREL, OF CAISEAL-CNOC,* FORCIBLY CARRIED
AWAY.

I.

SHE is gone—she is gone ! where shall Dearmuid find rest,
From the grief of his spirit—the rage of his breast ?
Since the child of his chieftain no more may he view,
As fair as the morning and pure as its dew.

* Castleknock (the castle hill), is a well-known locality, a short distance N. W. of the Phoenix Park—it was granted by Henry the Second to Hugh Tyrrel, together with a

She is gone ! Now at eve, by the Life's gay tide,
 Who shall lead the aged warrior and watch by his side ?
 Oh ! hate to thee, Tyrrel, for black is thy sin,
 Who hast nipp'd in its bloomhood the flow'r of O'Brin.

II.

Young Armoric loved her, and once as she hung
 O'er her harp, and the wrongs of green Erin she sung,
 He vowed by her beauty, the strength of the land
 He would marshal for freedom, or forfeit her hand.
 Poor Eibhlin was silent ; still trembling she play'd,
 While the tears in her dark eye her bosom betrayed :
 Ah, madd'ning the thought ! that the foes of her kin,
 And her country, should rob us of Eibhlin O'Brin.

III.

As here in the depths of the dark tangled wood,*
 When the throstle, sweet bird ! rears his promising brood,
 The spoiler, to mark them, is oft wont to come
 Ere he, merciless, plunders their moss-covered home ;
 So Tyrrel, while ruin his heart had long plann'd,
 Watched Eibhlin, to see all her beauties expand,
 Then, fiendlike, that heart which he never could win
 He tore from the homestead of Tirlogh O'Brin.

moiety of the river Life. In the early part of the 16th century the Tyrrel of Castle-knock was also named Hugh, during whose absence with Skeffington in Ulster, his brother, Roger Tyrrel, seized Eibhlin O'Brin (or O'Byrne) near her father's residence, and carried her to that "stronghold of iniquity" where she died by her own hand. A part of a tower densely covered with ivy, and a wall some eight or ten feet in thickness, still stand to verify the site of the "stronghold." A treble line of circumvallation is nearly perfect where the writer of these lines, when freed from his task, has often gamboled in happy ignorance of the fate of Eibhlin O'Brin, and all the other "iniquities" of the place, *ferula* excepted.—See *Preface to Burton's Kilmainham*; *Dalton's Dublin*, &c.

* O'Brin's residence was on a woody "rath" to the west of where Chapelizod now stands.—*Burton.*

IV.

How smooth was the Life—how blooming the lawn !
 When she went forth as playful and light as a fawn ;
 Young Armoric greets her—no more could he say,
 The ambush are on him—he falls—she's away !
 We missed her at twilight, and swift in her track
 Our kerns rush fiercely to conquer her back ;
 But in vain—she's secured the strong castle within,
 And the accents of woe fill the home of O'Brin.

V.

We trusted the stranger—we've dwelt on his plain,*
 Our safeguard his honor—'tis black with a stain ;
 Yet he recks not, but laughs in the face of our wail,
 For they wrong, then insult us, those lords of the Pale.
 Gleann-da-Locha, thy deep sunny vallies for me,
 And thy mountains that watch o'er the homes of the free,
 Where chieftains, as brave as e'er battle did win,
 Would bow to the beauty of Eibhlin O'Brin.

VI.

But we've lost her—up Cualann,† thy warriors awake !
 Gleann-dubh, send thy bravest to fight for her sake—
 O'Brin ! see your name is dishonored—repay
 The tyrant whose minions forced Eibhlin away ;
 O'Tuathail, O'Diomassaigh, your weapons unsheathe—
 Come down, let your war-cry be “Vengeance or death,”
 Nor cease ye one moment, when once ye begin,
 Till the life-blood of Tyrrel atone to O'Brin.

* Tirlogh O'Brin, one of the chiefs of Wicklow, had come down and fixed his residence in the Pale under the protection of the English government.—*Ibid.*

† An ancient name of the East of Wicklow.—*Ibid.*

‡ O'Toole and O'Dempsey.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

I.

I DREAMT a dream, a dazzling dream, of a green isle far away,
 Where the glowing west to the ocean's breast calleth the dying day;
 And that island green was as fair a scene as ever man's eye did see,
 With its chieftains bold, and its temples old, and its homes and its
 altars free !

No foreign foe did that green isle know—no stranger band it bore,
 Save the merchant train from sunny Spain, and from Afric's golden
 shore !

And the young man's heart would fondly start, and the old man's
 eye would smile,
 As their thoughts would roam o'er the ocean foam to that lone and
 "holy isle!"

II.

Years passed by, and the orient sky blazed with a newborn light,
 And Bethlehem's star shone bright afar o'er the lost world's dark-
 some night ;

And the diamond shrines from plundered mines, and the golden
 fanes of Jove,

Melted away in the blaze of day at the simple spell-word—Love !
 The light serene o'er that island green played with its saving beams,
 And the fires of Baal waxed dim and pale like the stars in the
 morning streams !

And 'twas joy to hear, in the bright air clear, from out each sunny
 glade,

The tinkling bell, from the quiet cell, or the cloister's tranquil
 shade !

III.

A cloud of night o'er that dream so bright soon with its dark wing
 came,

And the happy scene of that island green was lost in blood and
 shame ;

For its kings unjust betrayed their trust, and its queens, though
 fair, were frail—

And a robber band, from a stranger land, with their war-whoops
filled the gale ;
A fatal spell on that green isle fell—a shadow of death and gloom
Passed withering o'er, from shore to shore, like the breath of the
foul simoom ;
And each green hill's side was crimson dyed, and each stream
rolled red and wild,
With the mingled blood of the brave and good—of mother, and
maid, and child !

IV.

Dark was my dream, though many a gleam of hope through that
black night broke,
Like a star's bright form through a whistling storm, or the moon
through a midnight oak !
And many a time, with its wings sublime, and its robes of saffron
light,
Would the morning rise on the eastern skies, but to vanish again
in night !
For, in abject prayer, the people there still raised their fetter'd hands,
When the sense of right and the power to smite are the spirit that
commands ;
For those who would sneer at the mourner's tear, and heed not
the suppliant's sigh,
Would bow in awe to that first great law—a banded nation's cry !

V.

At length arose o'er that Isle of woes a dawn with a steadier smile,
And in happy hour a voice of power awoke the slumbering Isle !
And the people all obeyed the call of their chief's unsceptred hand,
Vowing to raise, as in ancient days, the name of their own dear land !
My dream grew bright as the sunbeam's light, as I watched that
Isle's career

Through the varied scene and the joys serene of many a future
year—

And, oh ! what thrill did my bosom fill, as I gazed on a pillared pile,
Where a senate once more in power watched o'er the rights of that
lone green Isle !

DALCAIS WAR SONG.

AIR.—*Sa5 an Bealac.*

Allegro. m.f.

Dal - cas-sia's war-rior bands now The chase fore- go, the chase fore -go, Far

m.f.

p

nobler game demands now The spear and bow, the spear and bow. From mountain, glen, and

p

DALCAIS WAR SONG.

A.D. 1013.

BY M. J. McCANN.

I.

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

II.

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

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

III.

Still victory's smile is beaming
Where Morogh leads, where Morogh leads ;
And where his blade is gleaming
The foeman bleeds ! the foeman bleeds !
Old Brian's dark eye's glancing
Along th' array, along th' array ;
And the steed's impatient prancing—
Then let's away ! away ! away !
The sun-burst that floats o'er us
In banner'd pride, in banner'd pride,
Has ever waved before us
O'er victory's tide ! o'er victory's tide !

THE BURIAL.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Why rings the knell of the funeral bell from a hundred village
shrines,
Through broad Fingall, where hasten all those long and order'd
lines ?
With tear and sigh they're passing by, the matron and the
maid—
Has a hero died—is a nation's pride in that cold coffin laid ?
With frown and curse, behind the hearse, dark men go tramping
on—
Has a tyrant died, that they cannot hide their wrath till the rites
are done ?

THE CHANT.

“ Ululu ! ululu ! high on the wind,
 There’s a home for the slave where no fetters can bind.”
 “ Woe, woe to his slayers”—comes wildly along,
 With the trampling of feet and the funeral song.

* * * * *

And now more clear
 It swells on the ear ;
 Breathe low, and listen, ’tis solemn to hear.

* * * * *

“ Ululu ! ululu ! wail for the dead.
 “ Green grow the grass of Fingall on his head ;
 “ And spring-flowers blossom, ere elsewhere appearing,
 “ And shamrocks grow thick on the Martyr for Erin.
 “ Ululu ! ululu ! soft fall the dew
 “ On the feet and the head of the martyr’d and true.”

* * * * *

For awhile they tread
 In silence dread—
 Then muttering and moaning go the crowd,
 Surging and swaying like mountain cloud,
 And again the wail comes fearfully loud.

THE CHANT.

“ Ululu ! ululu ! kind was his heart !
 “ Walk slower, walk slower, too soon we shall part.
 “ The faithful and pious, the Priest of the Lord,
 “ His pilgrimage over, he has his reward.

“ By the bed of the sick, lowly kneeling,
“ To God with the rais’d cross appealing—
“ He seems still to kneel, and he seems still to pray,
“ And the sins of the dying seem passing away.

“ In the prisoner’s cell, and the cabin so dreary,
“ Our constant consoler, he never grew weary ;
“ But he’s gone to his rest,
“ And he’s now with the blest,
“ Where tyrant and traitor no longer molest—
“ Ululu ! ululu ! wail for the dead !
“ Ululu ! ululu ! here is his bed.”

* * * * *

Short was the ritual, simple the prayer,
Deep was the silence and every head bare ;
The Priest alone standing, they knelt all around,
Myriads on myriads, like rocks on the ground.
Kneeling and motionless—“ Dust unto dust.”
“ He died as becometh the faithful and just—
Placing in God his reliance and trust ;”
Kneeling and motionless—“ ashes to ashes”—
Hollow the clay on the coffin-lid dashes ;
Kneeling and motionless, wildly they pray,
But they pray in their souls, for no gesture have they—
Stern and standing—oh ! look on them now,
Like trees to one tempest the multitude bow ;
Like the swell of the ocean is rising their vow :

THE VOW.

“ We have bent and borne, though we saw him torn from his
home by the tyrant’s crew—
“ And we bent and bore, when he came once more, though suffer-
ing had pierced him through ;

“ And now he is laid beyond our aid, because to Ireland true—
“ A martyr’d man—the tyrant’s ban, the pious patriot slew.

“And shall we bear and bend for ever,
And shall no time our bondage sever,
And shall we kneel, but battle never,
 E'er our own soil?

“And shall our tyrants safely reign
On thrones built up of slaves and slain,
And nought to us and ours remain

But chains and toil?

“No! round this grave our oath we plight,
To watch, and labour, and unite,
‘Till banded be the nation’s might—

Its spirit steel'd,

“And then, collecting all our force,
We’ll cross oppression in its course,
And die—or all our rights enforce,

On battle field."

• • • • •

Like an ebbing sea that will come again,
Slowly retir'd that host of men ;
Methinks they 'll keep some other day
The oath they swore on the martyr's clay.

THE EXTERMINATOR'S SONG.

BY JOHN CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN.

I.

"Tis I am the poor man's scourge,
 And where is the scourge like me ?
 My land, from all papists I purge,
 Who think that their votes should be free—
 Who think that their votes should be free !
 For huts only fitted for brutes,
 My agent the last penny wrings ;
 And my serfs live on water and roots,
 While I feast on the best of good things !
 For I am the poor man's scourge !
 For I am the poor man's scourge !

(Chorus of the Editors of the Nation)

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

II.

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

(Chorus of the Editors of the Nation)

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

III.

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

(*Chorus of the Editors of the Nation*)

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

IV.

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

(*Chorus of the Editors of the Nation*)

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

ANNIE, DEAR.

AIR.—“*Maids in May.*”

Largo. Sempre dolce.

Our moun-tain brooks were rush-ing, An-nie, Dear; The Autumn eve was

Tenuto.

flush-ing, An-nie, Dear, But bright-er was your blush-ing, When

Tenuto.

first your mur-murs hush-ing, I told my love out-gush-ing An-nie, Dear.

ANNIE DEAR.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

OUR mountain brooks were rushing,
Annie, dear,
The Autumn eve was flushing,
Annie, dear ;
But brighter was your blushing,
When first, your murmurs hushing,
I told my love outgushing,
Annie, dear.

III.

Ah ! but our hopes were splendid,
Annie, dear,
How sadly they have ended
Annie, dear ;
The ring betwixt us broken,
When our vows of love were spoken,
Of your poor heart was a token,
Annie, dear.

III.

The primrose flow'rs were shining,
Annie, dear,
When, on my breast reclining,
Annie, dear,
Began our Mi-na-Meals,
And many a month did follow
Of joy—but life is hollow,
Annie, dear.

IV.

For once, when home returning,
Annie, dear,
I found our cottage burning,
Annie, dear;
Around it were the yeomen,
Of every ill an omen,
The country's bitter foemen,
Annie, dear.

v.

But why arose a morrow,
 Annie, dear,
 Upon that night of sorrow,
 Annie, dear ?
 Far better, by thee lying,
 Their bayonets defying,
 Than live an exile sighing,
 Annie dear.

HOPE DEFERRED.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

Am—“*Oh ! art thou gone, my Mary dear ?*”

I.

’Tis long since we were forced to part, at least it seems so to my grief,
 For sorrow wearies us like time, but ah ! it brings not time’s relief ;
 As in our days of tenderness, before me still she seems to glide ;
 And, though my arms are wide as then, yet she will not abide.
 The day-light and the star-light shine, as if her eyes were in their
 light,
 And, whispering in the panting breeze, her love-songs come at
 lonely night ;
 While, faraway with those less dear, she tries to hide her grief in vain,
 For, kind to all while true to me, it pains her to give pain.

II.

I know she never spoke her love, she never breathed a single vow,
 And yet I’m sure she lov’d me then, and still doats on me now ;
 For, when we met, her eyes grew glad, and heavy, when I left her
 side,
 And oft she said she’d be most happy as a poor man’s bride ;
 I toil’d to win a pleasant home, and make it ready by the spring ;
 The spring is past—what season now my girl unto our home will
 bring ?
 I’m sick and weary, very weary—watching, morning, night, and
 noon ;
 How long you’re coming—I am dying—will you not come soon ?

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

Allegretto. m.f.

My coun - try - men, a - wake! a - rise! Our work be - gins a -
m.f.
 new, Your min-gled voices rend the skies, Your hearts are firm and true.

You've brave - - ly march'd, and no - - bly met, Our
 lit - - tie green isle through; But oh! my friends, there's
 some - thing yet For I - - Irish - men to do.

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

I.

My countrymen, awake ! arise !
 Our work begins anew,
 Your mingled voices rend the skies,
 Your hearts are firm and true,
 You 've bravely marched, and nobly met,
 Our little green isle through ;
 But, oh ! my friends, there 's something yet
 For Irishmen to do !

II.

As long as Erin hears the clink
 Of base ignoble chains—
 As long as one detested link
 Of foreign rule remains—
 As long as of our rightful debt
 One smallest fraction 's due,
 So long, my friends, there 's something yet
 For Irishmen to do !

III.

Too long we 've borne the servile yoke—
 Too long the slavish chain—
 Too long in feeble accents spoke,
 And ever spoke in vain—
 Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net,
 And gorg'd the Saxon crew ;
 But, oh ! my friends, we 'll teach them yet
 What Irishmen can do !

IV.

The olive branch is in our hands,
 The white flag floats above ;
 Peace—peace pervades our myriad bands,
 And proud forgiving love !

But, oh ! let not our foes forget
 We're *men*, as Christians, too,
 Prepared to do for Ireland yet
 What Irishmen should do !

v.

There's not a man of all our land
 Our country now can spare,
 The strong man with his sinewy hand,
 The weak man with his prayer !
 No whining tone of mere regret,
 Young Irish bards, for you ;
 But let your songs teach Ireland yet
 What Irishmen should do !

vi.

And wheresoe'er that duty lead,
 There—there your post should be ;
 The coward slave is never freed ;
 The brave alone are free !
 Oh ! Freedom, firmly fixed are set
 Our longing eyes on you ;
 And though we die for Ireland yet,
 So Irishmen should do !

CELTS AND SAXONS.*

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,
 We hate the Norman men—
 We curs'd their greed for blood and gain,
 We curse them now again.

* Written in reply to some very beautiful verses printed in the *Evening Mail*, deprecating and defying the assumed hostility of the Irish Celts to the *Irish Saxons*.

Yet start not, Irish born man,
 If you're to Ireland true,
 We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan—
 We have no curse for you.

II.

We have no curse for you or your's,
 But Friendship's ready grasp,
 And Faith to stand by you and your's,
 Unto our latest gasp—
 To stand by you against all foes,
 Howe'er, or whence they come,
 With traitor arts, or bribes, or blows,
 From England, France, or Rome.

III.

What matter that at diff'rent shrines
 We pray unto one God—
 What matter that at diff'rent times
 Our fathers won this sod—
 In fortune and in name we're bound
 By stronger links than steel,
 And neither can be safe nor sound
 But in the other's weal.

IV.

As Nubian rocks, and Ethiop sand
 Long drifting down the Nile,
 Built up old Egypt's fertile land
 For many a hundred mile ;
 So Pagan clans to Ireland came,
 And clans of Christendom,
 Yet joined their wisdom and their fame
 To build a nation from.

V.

Here came the brown Phoenician,
 The man of trade and toil—

Here came the proud Milesian,
 Ahungering for spoil ;
 And the Firbolg and the Cymry,
 And the hard, enduring Dane,
 And the iron Lords of Normandy,
 With the Saxons in their train.

VI.

And oh ! it were a gallant deed
 To show before mankind,
 How every race and every creed
 Might be by love combined—
 Might be combined, yet not forget
 The fountains whence they rose,
 As, filled by many a rivulet
 The stately Sionainn flows.

VII.

Nor would we wreak our ancient feud
 On Belgian or on Dane,
 Nor visit in a hostile mood
 The hearths of Gaul or Spain ;
 But long as on our country lies
 The Anglo-Norman yoke,
 Their tyranny we 'll signalize,
 And God's revenge invoke.

VIII.

We do not hate, we never curs'd,
 Nor spoke a foeman's word
 Against a man in Ireland nurs'd,
 Howe'er we thought he err'd ;
 So start not, Irish born man,
 If you 're to Ireland true,
 We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,
 We 've hearts and hands for you.

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1190.*

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

AIR—“*And doth not a meeting.*”

I.

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

II.

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,
 From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately Gailtees ;
 Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
 Sliabh na m-Ban,‡ Gleann Colaich, and sublime Gailte Mór.

III.

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

IV.

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

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

† Aharlow glen, County Tipperary.

‡ Slievenamon.

v.

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

vi.

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

vii.

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 wolves on the flock.

viii.

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 ?

ix.

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

x.

By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,
 To remember the march of the foe through our isle ;
 Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
 And proudly they flash'd in the summer sun's ray ;

xi.

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

* Ardfinnan and Templemore.

THE PENAL DAYS.

AIR.—“*The Wheelwright.*”

Allegretto.

Oh! weep those days, those penal days, When

Ire-land hope-less-ly com-plain'd, Oh! weep those days, the

pe-nal days, When god-less per-se-cution reign'd. When year by year, For

serf and peer, Fresh cru- el- ties were made by law, And, fill'd with hate, Our
 Se-nate sate, To weld a-new each fetter's flaw! Oh! weep those days, those
 pe - nal days, — Their mem' - ry still on Ire - land weighs.

THE PENAL DAYS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*The Wheelwright.*”

I.

Oh ! weep those days, the penal days,
 When Ireland hopelessly complained.
 Oh ! weep those days, the penal days,
 When godless persecution reigned ;
 When, year by year,
 For serf, and peer,
 Fresh cruelties were made by law,
 And, fill'd with hate,
 Our senate sate
 To weld anew each fetter's flaw.
 Oh ! weep those days, those penal days—
 Their mem'ry still on Ireland weighs.

II.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
 To sell the priest and rob the sire ;
 Their dogs were taught alike to run
 Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
 Among the poor,
 Or on the moor,
 Were hid the pious and the true—
 While traitor knave,
 And recreant slave,
 Had riches, rank, and retinue.
 And, exiled in those penal days,
 Our banners over Europe blaze.

III.

A stranger held the land and tower
 Of many a noble fugitive ;
 No Popish lord had lordly power,
 The peasant scarce had leave to live :

Above his head
 A ruined shed,
 No tenure but a tyrant's will—
 Forbid to plead,
 Forbid to read,
 Disarm'd, disfranchis'd, imbecile—
 What wonder if our step betrays
 The freedman, born in penal days ?

IV.

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days,
 All creeds are equal in our isle ;
 Then grant, O Lord, thy plenteous grace,
 Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
 Let all atone
 For blood and groan,
 For dark revenge and open wrong ;
 Let all unite
 For Ireland's right,
 And drown our griefs in Freedom's song ;
 Till time shall veil in twilight haze,
 The memory of those penal days.

ENGLAND'S ULTIMATUM.

"Repeal must not be argued with. Were the Union gall it must be maintained.—Ireland must have England as her sister, or her subjugatrix. This is our ultimatum."
 —*Times*.

I.

SLAVES lie down and kiss your chains,
 To the Union yield in quiet.
 Were it hemlock in your veins,
 Stand it must—we profit by it.

II.

English foot on Irish neck,
 English gyve on Irish sinew,
 Ireland swayed at England's beck—
 So it is, and shall continue.

III.

English foot on Irish neck,
 Pine or rot, meanwhile, we care not.
 Little will we pause to reck
 How you writhe, while rise you dare not.

IV.

Argue with you!—stoop to show
 Our dominions' just foundation!
 Savage Celts! and dare you so
 Task the Lords of half creation.

V.

Argue! do not ask again,
 Proofs enough there are to sway you,
 Three-and-twenty thousand men,
 Whom a word will loose to slay you.

VI.

Store of arguments besides,
 In their time we will exhibit,
 Leaded thongs for rebel hides,
 Flaming thatch, and burthen'd gibbet.

VII.

Bid your fathers tell how we
 Proved our rights in bygone seasons.
 Slaves! and sons of slaves!—your knee—
 Bow to *sister* England's reasons.

SLIABH CUILINN.

THE THIRTIETH OF MAY.

I.

WHAT vast and eager numbers
 Through joyous Dublin seen ;
 Broad flags and arching boughs displayed,
 And see ! yon glittering lines arrayed
 In martial suits of green.
 What now, with gleaming lance and gun,
 Doth chainless Erin need ?
 Long since her battle hath been won—
 The wasting war of ages done—
 Her soil and people freed.

II.

Ten thousand Irish soldiers
 To-morrow cross the main :
 By Dnieper shall their carbines ring,
 Their charge cleave open Russia's wing—
 On 'leaguer'd Warsaw's plain ;
 For we who felt oppression's heel,
 Aid struggling freedom's powers,
 And long as help us arm and steel,
 While Irish waters float a keel,
 Shall Poland's fight be ours.

III.

They cross the sea to-morrow,
 France joins them on their track—
 God's blessing on their allied swords,
 And may He blast the despot's hordes,
 And sweep them howling back ;
 But, ere they go, a solemn call
 Leads out their files to-day—
 Them and our people, one and all—
 For this is Ireland's festival,
 THE THIRTIETH MORN OF MAY.

IV.

Our dear familiar music,
Rung out by trump and drum,
A shout to Heaven's gray vaulting sent,
For through the gates of Parliament
They come, at length they come.
Our deputies, the land's elect,
Her choice of worth and mind—
The judges in their ermines decked,
And hierarchs of every sect
In Christian love combined.

V.

In front of Sarsfield's statue
In long array they form,
Senate and council, man by man,
Our Polish conscripts in the van,
Around a countless swarm;
From every corner of the land,
Of every age and grade,
For who would miss a sight so grand?—
To them whom alien tyrants banned,
A nation's honors paid.

VI.

See here our Irish peasants,
The yeomen of the soil,
Who share a more than kingly fate,
Free farms and homes inviolate,
And comfort sweetening toil;
Look on their frank and happy gaze,
The gay dress loosely worn,
The jest around the lip that plays—
Great God! to think in other days
What men like these have borne.

VII.

See, too, the grave mechanic,
 His wife and babes beside,
 To taste the general joy come forth;
 What unobtrusive sense and worth
 In those deep eyes abide!
 Unlike the squalid bands that yelled
 Round England's blazing halls.
 From labour, here not self-impelled,
 But guided, cultured, sentinelled,
 No fruit save blessing falls.

VIII.

The artist, too, is gazing
 With visioned eye that glows—
 Young students with the yearning heart
 Upon that bright career to start,
 Their country's hopes disclose.
 And many a stranger wafted o'er
 To witness such a day,
 And mariners from every shore,
 Whose masts down all the river soar,
 And crowd our glorious bay.

IX.

But all the thousand banners
 To Spring's free breezes flung,
 Are stamped with one world-famous name—
 Sign-post and lintel bear the same:
 It hangs on every tongue.
 Nigh fifty years of wrong and ill
 Our guide and champion set;
 Lord of our father's love and will,
 Though long that royal heart is still,
 His spirit sways as yet.

X.

Another burst of music
 To greet them as they march,
 With measured step and buoyant air,
 Through many a spacious street and square,
 And many a stately arch.
 Bright eyes from every window gleam—
 Fair arms a welcome wave—
 For very joy the children scream,
 And old men kindle up and seem
 As they would cheat the grave.

XI.

Thus march they thro' the city,
 With pomp triumphal crown'd,
 And reach at length an ample green,
 With trees and sparkling founts between,
 And statues scattered round ;
 And in the midst a column tall,
 To latest time a sign,
 Beyond it, hallowed more than all,
 That pile—'twas Richmond's prison wall—
 'Tis freedom's holiest shrine.

XII.

Upon it two inscriptions
 A deathless record keep—
 One bidding guilt seek better ways,
 The other carved of later days,
 In letters black and deep—
 Black as the story they impart,
 As all that hideous past ;
 Deep as it sank in Ireland's heart,
 HERE FOREIGN POWER, BY FOULEST ART,
 OUR COUNTRY'S SAVIOUR CAST.

XIII.

No breast but feels and worships
 The genius of the spot;
And every head is bowed and bare,
While brief but deep the freeman's prayer
 Is breathed for blessings wrought;
Till rises one above the rest—
 An honored name and good—
And round him throng, with lip compress'd,
With gleaming eye and swelling breast,
 The silent multitude.

XIV.

Once more, once more, my brothers,
 We meet in solemn rite,
High thought and purpose stern, to draw,
With hate of foreign lords and law,
 And nerve for Ireland's fight—
In grateful mem'ry of the dead
 Who wrought and suffered here,
And chief, of him whose name is spread
Wide earth around—the despot's dread,
 The freeman's rallying cheer.

XV.

Of him who found his country
 Down-stricken, gagged, and chained;
Who, battling still, untired, unawed,
From triumph on to triumph trod,
 In bloodless warfare gained.
Peace was his idol—truth his sword,
 And that they knew full well
Who dared a monarch so adored,
With countless armies at his word,
 To lock in prison-cell.

xvi.

Had he but raised one finger,
 One signal whisper dealt,
 To those strong millions raging ripe,
 Typhoon or earthquake were a type
 Of what our isle had felt ;
 For all the hoarded hate of old
 By that last deed was fed,
 And had the convict slipped his hold,
 Their fury, bursting uncontrolled,
 Had made the green sod red.

xvii.

And England might have cluster'd
 Her pow'rs by land and sea ;
 But hosts like ocean, wave on wave,
 Though every furrow were a grave
 Subdued could never be—
 Impassioned, outraged, reckless men,
 With freedom for their meed ;
 Nor were there wanting spirits then,
 Of mind more trained and deeper ken,
 To marshal and to lead.

xviii.

But his great soul was melted
 With pity as he viewed,
 In that dark future, carnage rife
 And spectres dread, of torch and knife,
 In kindred blood imbued ;
 For yet by bigot feuds insane
 Our hapless isle was tost,
 And war had seen such horrors reign,
 He well might doubt if earthly gain
 Could balance such a cost.

xix.

And, oh ! next Heaven, be rendered
To him thanksgiving deep,
Who stilled the gathering tempest then,
That victory might come agen,
So glorious and so cheap—
Be his the praise that Europe's seas
This day our vessels fill :
The merchant's wealth, the peasant's ease,
And more ennobling gifts than these,
And blessings richer still.

xx.

Th' inspiring sense of Freedom,
Electric in our veins—
The daring heart, and soaring mind,
Yon free flag dancing to the wind—
These be our priceless gains.
Well we with Genoa's son may say,
That response true, as brave :
Better to live man's life one day
Than sleep a hundred years away
A brute, or stone, or slave.

xxi.

The swords which guard that Freedom,
Thank God, are stainless still ;
They were not forged to crush the weak,
To hunt down patriot hearts, or wreak
A plunderer's guilty will ;
But wheresoever, near or far,
Invaded justice pines,
Where right maintains unequal war,
There Ireland's banner, like a star
Of hope and succour, shines.

xxii.

And ye, young pilgrim warriors,
 Whose lifted glances tell
 Of valour's pride, and zeal, that fear,
 Were Death, in bloody terrors, near,
 In vain would seek to quell.
 Go, let the Phalanx of the West,
 In storm of battle be
 A thunderbolt in Russia's breast,
 Till rescued Poland raise her crest
 Enthroned amid the free.

xxiii.

Then, oh ! may she and Erin
 Be knit together long
 In virtue's quarrel side by side,
 With souls by sorrow purified,
 And quenchless hate of wrong ;
 In joy and freedom, sisters dear,
 As once in thrall and woe !
 When he, the mighty captive here,
 Deep poured her griefs in every ear,
 And curses on her foe.

xxiv.

Oh, prison-walls of Richmond,
 Whatever time may stain,
 So long as man in honored place
 Shall hold the champions of his race,
 Your memory shall remain ;
 And Ireland—cramped her heart must be
 By worse than English sway,
 When she shall cease this dawn to see,
 In grateful pride and festal glee,
 The Thirtieth Morn of May.

SLIABH CUILLINN.

OH! FOR A STEED.

Allegro Vivace. f Cresc. *m.f.*

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blaz-ing sci - mi --- tar, To
and dear Poland gather'd a - - round, To

f Cresc.

hunt from beauteous It - a - ly the Aus - tri - an's red hus - sar, To mock their boasts, And
smite her cir - cle of sa - vage foes and smash them up - on the ground, Nor hold my hand While

strewn their hosts And seat-ter their flags a - far, And seat-ter their flags a - - - far.
on the land A fo- reign-er foe was found, A fo - - reign-er foe was found.

OH! FOR A STEED.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar,
 To hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red hussar;
 To mock their boasts,
 And strew their hosts,
 And scatter their flags afar.

II.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear Poland gather'd around,
 To smite her circle of savage foes, and smash them upon the ground;
 Nor hold my hand
 While, on the land,
 A foreigner foe was found.

III.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a rifle that never failed,
 And a tribe of terrible prairie men, by desperate valour mailed,
 Till "stripes and stars,"
 And Russian czars,
 Before the Red Indian quailed.

IV.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the plains of Hindostan,
 And a hundred thousand cavaliers, to charge like a single man,
 Till our shirts were red,
 And the English fled
 Like a cowardly caravan.

V.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, with the Greeks at Marathon,
 Or a place in the Switzer phalanx, when the Morat men swept on,
 Like a pine-clad hill
 By an earthquake's will
 Hurl'd the vallies upon.

VI.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, when Brian smote down the
Dane,
Or a place beside great Aodh O'Neill, when Bagenal the bold was
slain,
 Or a waving crest
 And a lance in rest,
 With Bruce upon Bannoch plain.

VII.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the Currach of Cilldar,
And Irish squadrons skilled to do, as they are ready to dare
A hundred yards,
And Holland's guards
Drawn up to engage me there.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, and any good cause at all,
Or else, if you will, a field on foot, or guarding a leaguered wall
For freedom's right ;
In flushing fight
To conquer if then to fall.

THE VOICE AND PEN.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

1.

Or! the orator's voice is a mighty power
As it echoes from shore to shore—
And the fearless pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar.
What burst the chain far o'er the main,
And brightens the captive's den?
'Tis the fearless voice and the pen of power—
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

II.

The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,
 And the cowards who blanch with fear,
 Exclaim with glee, " no arms have ye—
 Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear !
 Your hills are ours ; with our forts and tow'rs
 We are masters of mount and glen"—
 Tyrants, beware ! for the arms we bear,
 Are the Voice and the fearless Pen !
 Hurrah !
 Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

III.

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,
 And your sentinels walk around—
 Though your matches flare, in the midnight air,
 And your brazen trumpets sound ;
 Oh ! the orator's tongue shall be heard among
 These listening warrior men,
 And they 'll quickly say, " why should we slay
 Our friends of the Voice and Pen ?"
 Hurrah !
 Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

IV.

When the Lord created the earth and sea,
 The stars and the glorious sun,
 The Godhead *spoke*, and the universe woke,
 And the mighty work was done !
 Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
 Or a drop from the fearless pen,
 And the chains accursed asunder burst,
 That fettered the minds of men !
 Hurrah !
 Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

v.

Oh ! these are the swords with which we fight,
 The arms in which we trust ;
 Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
 Which time cannot dim or rust !
 When these we bore, we triumphed before,
 With these we 'll triumph again—
 And the world will say, " no power can stay
 The Voice and the fearless Pen !"
 Hurrah !
 Hurrah ! for the Voice and Pen !

FONTENOY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

L

THrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
 And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoin, the Dutch in vain assailed ;
 For town and slope were guarded with fort and artillery,
 And well they swept the English ranks, and Dutch auxiliary.
 As vainly, through De Barri's wood, 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 gen'rals ride !
 And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

II.

Six thousand English veterans, in stately column tread,
 Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head ;
 Steady they step a-down 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 show'ring fast ;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and steadiness—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.

III.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round ;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground ;
Bomb-shell, 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.

IV.

“Lord Clare,” he says, “you have your wish, there are your
Saxon foes,”
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so 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 part-
ing cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country over-
thrown—
Each looks, as if revenge for all rested on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

V.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets"—"charge."—Like mountain storm, rush on these
fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, must'ring 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!"

VI.

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 desp'rate 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!

UP! FOR THE GREEN.

AIR.—“*The Wearing of the Green.*”*Allegro. f*

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major, common time. The top staff is for the vocal line, the middle staff is for the alto or tenor line, and the bottom staff is for the bass line. The vocal line begins with a melodic line and lyrics: "'Tis the green,—oh! the green is the co - lor of the true, And we'll." The middle and bass staves provide harmonic support with sustained notes and chords. The vocal line continues with "back it 'gainst the o - range, and we'll raise it o'er the blue; For the" and "co-lor of our Fatherland a - lone should here be seen, 'Tis the co-lor of the martyr'd dead, our". The music is marked with a dynamic of *f* (fortissimo).

own im-mor-tal green. Then up! for the green, boys, and up! for the green; Oh! 'tis

down in the dust, and a shame to be seen; But we've hands, oh! we've hands, boys, full

strong e-nough, I ween, To res-cue and to raise a-gain our own im-mor-tal green!

UP FOR THE GREEN!

A SONG OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

A.D. 1796.

I.

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

II.

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose—
 'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes ;
 But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean ;
 For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.
 So, we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green !
 Oh, to *die* is far better than be curst as we have been ;
 And we've hearts—oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough
 I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

III.

They may swear as they often did, our wretchedness to cure ;
 But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.
 No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor ever more !
 For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
 Shout it back to the Sasanach, "We'll *never* sell the green!"
 For our Tong is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
 To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal green.

IV.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
 At Limeric* and Dúrlas †—Blackwater and Benburb; ‡
 And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
 When we met him on the battle-field, of France—at Fontenoy.
 Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
 Oh, 'tis still in the dust, and a shame to be seen ;
 But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough,
 I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green !

FERMOY.

MY LAND.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

• Limerick.

† Mispeled Thurles.

‡ Benburb.

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

AIR—“*The Swaggering Jig.*”

Allegro. f

Oh! the mar-riage, the marriage, With Love, and mo buac̄al for me, The

la-dies that ride in a car -riage Might en - vy my marriage to me. For

Ed - igan is straight as a tow - er, And ten-der and lov-ing and true ; He

told me more love in an hour Than the squires of the coun-ty could do. Then
 ten^o
 oh! the mar-riage, the mar-riage, With love, and mo buacail for me, The
 ten^o
 la - dies that ride in a car - riage Might en- vy my mar - riage to me.

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"The *Swaggering Jig.*"

^L
 Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
 With love and *mo bhuaail* for me,
 The ladies that ride in a carriage
 Might envy my marriage to me ;
 For Eoghan* is straight as a tower,
 And tender and loving and true,
 He told me more love in an hour
 Than the Squires of the county could do.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

^{II.}
 His hair is a shower of soft gold,
 His eye is as clear as the day,
 His conscience and vote were unsold
 When others were carried away—
 His word is as good as an oath,
 And freely 'twas given to me—
 Oh! sure 'twill be happy for both
 The day of our marriage to see.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

^{III.}
 His kinsmen are honest and kind,
 The neighbours think much of his skill,
 And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,
 Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
 But he has a tilloch of land,
 A horse, and a stocking of coin,
 A foot for the dance, and a hand
 In the cause of his country to join.
 Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

* *Vulgo* "Owen;" but that is, properly, a name among the Cymry (Welsh.)

IV.

We meet in the market and fair—
We meet in the morning and night—
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long through the winter to skim,
Though Eoghan longs more I can see,
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.
Then, Oh ! the marriage, the marriage,
With love and *mo bhuachail* for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me.

THE PLACE WHERE MAN SHOULD DIE.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

How little recks it where men lie,
When once the moment's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
Has looked on earth its last—
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
The coffined form shall rest,
Or, in its nakedness, return
Back to its mother's breast.

II.

Death is a common friend or foe,
As different men may hold ;
And at his summons each must go—
The timid and the bold !

But when the spirit, free and warm,
 Deserts it, as it must,
 What matter where the lifeless form
 Dissolves again to dust?

III.

The soldier falls, 'mid corsees piled,
 Upon the battle-plain,
 Where reinless war-steeds gallop wild
 Above the mangled slain ;
 But, though his corse be grim to see,
 Hoof-trampled on the sod,
 What recks it, when the spirit free
 Has soared aloft to God !

IV.

The coward's dying eyes may close
 Upon his downy bed,
 And softest hands his limbs compose,
 Or garments o'er them spread ;
 But ye, who shun the bloody fray,
 Where fall the mangled brave,
 Go—strip his coffin-lid away,
 And see him—in his grave !

V.

'Twere sweet, indeed, to close our eyes
 With those we cherish, near,
 And wafted upwards, by their sighs,
 Soar to some calmer sphere.
 But, whether on the scaffold high,
 Or in the battle's van,
 The fittest place where man can die
 Is, where he dies for man !

SAINT LAURENCE'S ADDRESS TO THE IRISH PRINCES AT PEACE WITH THE INVADER.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

[Laurence, properly Lorcan O'Tuathall (*vulg* O'Toole), one of the truest and boldest patriots God ever granted to the necessities of a people, was Archbishop of Dublin at the period of the English Invasion. From the first hour of their usurpation he was the head and soul of all the effective opposition offered to the Foreigners. After the landing of the second gang of Adventurers, he went among the Princes of the country, and by his solitary exertions, organized a formidable League against them. He afterwards addressed himself to the task of winning the Princes, who had made submission to the enemy, back to their natural allegiance. The address which he may be supposed to have delivered upon that occasion is the subject of the present Ballad. The great influence St. Laurence possessed with the Dynasts arose partly from his belonging to their rank by birth, but much more from his wise, pious, and exalted character, and ascetic life. He died in France (some assert in exile for his patriotism), and in course of time was canonised and chosen Patron Saint of Dublin. Ireland produced no man who served her more faithfully, or whose services have been more shamefully forgotten.]

A.D. 1171.

I.

PRINCES, Tanists, Chiefs of Eirinn, wherefore meet we here to-day?

Come ye but to raise the *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?

II.

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 a setting sun.

* *Callóid*, a Funeral Elegy.

† Many of the Danes who remained in Ireland after the battle of Cluantarbh (Clontarf) took service under the Irish Princes.

III.

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!

IV.

Where be all the feifs He gave you—well to govern, well to
 guard?
 Bartered to the Godless Spoiler—and behold your just reward:
 Desolation shall pursue you, and shall pierce you through and
 through,
 Till, where women's tears are raining, Princely rage shall thunder
 too!

V.

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?

VI.

And was peace the fruit of treason? Let our kinsmen, fled or
 dead,
 Chainless plunder, lust and murder, teach you how submission
 sped;
 Nay, behold yon vale! a convent lay like love embosomed there,
 Where the weary found a shelter, and the wounded needful care;

VII.

And the prayers of holy maidens streamed to Heaven night and
 day,
 Like a healing incense burning all infectious sin away:
 So it flourished till the spoiler, Christless, more than Hun or
 Jew,
 Came—and now the wolf and Saxon share the wreck between
 the two.

VIII.

Oh ! may God, our Lord, assoil me, if at times, in high disdain,
Seeing this, I prayed that Brian had not wholly crushed the
Dane.

Well the savage pirate guarded all the spoil his crimes amass'd,
And the Isle, from sea to centre, trust me, *he* had held it fast.

IX.

When ye shrink to monks, 'tis seeming, monks should fill your
princely place ;
And a peaceful priest proclaims you traitors black with foul
disgrace.
Tell me not of leagues and treaties ; treaties sealed in faith as
true
As Black Raymond's on the bloody feast of Saint Bartholomew ! *

X.

But their King will be your Father ? Yea, and grant you many
a grace—
Gyves and fetters from the donjons of his own begotten race !
Oh ! disdain this scheme to mesh you in a net of knavish words,
Thank him, as his sons have thanked him—thank him with your
naked swords.

XI.

Still you doubt ! Then, royal Norman, reeking red with holy
blood,
Come and lead to newer slaughters all your sacrilegious brood ;

* One of the most infamous butcheries recorded in history was committed by the English invader on ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY. Strongbow, who first set foot in Ireland that very day, appointed his confederate, *Raymond Le Gros*, to attack Waterford, which after a resolute resistance, was taken ; whereupon (to use the words of Leland, the Protestant Historian) "*the whole city was made a scene of promiscuous carnage, without mercy or distinction.*" That is to say, they murdered the citizens for protecting their own city from a gang of pirates, landed only a few hours on the soil.

Come in triumph—here are Bishops, worn to stone with fast and prayer,
None shall question why you send them Becket's bloody shroud to share.

XII.

Nay, my children, if you doom us to the Martyr's heavy 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.

XIII.

And the loyal wives that love you, with a fond and gen'rous 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 ever more.

XIV.

Oh! forgive my rash injustice; Heber's blood is wroth at 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.

XV.

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

Who, when Eirinn 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-girdled Eirinn must our kingly Chieftains bleed.

* *Desmond*, or Deas Mumhain, South Munster; *Uladh*, Ulster; *Ir*, a son of *Mileadh* (Milesius), and head of many illustrious Irish families; *Eibhear* and *Eireamhón* (Heber and Heremon) his other sons who reigned in Ireland; *Eoghan* (Owen), descendant of *Eibhear*, and head of a race, located chiefly in North Munster.

XVI.

Muran's self-denying justice, Daithi'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 ?

XVII.

Thus you match and over-match them, be they harnessed breasts
 and backs—

Never Norman forged a cuirass could resist an Irish axe ;
 And be sure your fiery clansmen soon shall mock at their array,
 As the cowards clad in iron and a-horse to ride away ! †

XVIII.

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
 flight.

* Perhaps it may be necessary to inform some readers that *Muran*, the son of a usurper of the Irish crown abandoned his claim in favour of the legitimate heir, and became chief judge of Ireland, and illustrious for his equity—his miraculous collar is famous in song and story ; *Daithi*, the last of our Pagan Kings, carried the Irish arms through Gaul and Helvetia in the fifth century, and last year puzzled excessively the successors of *Muran* in the Queen's Bench, on the trial of "O'Connell and others." *Ollamh Fodhla*, the great law-giver of our ancestors, earned the reputation of profound wisdom by his laws and institutions ; his head adorns the Hall of the Four Courts and the Volunteer's card of the Repeal Association. *Cormac* was King and Bishop of Cashel, and a poet of celebrity ; some of his writings are still extant. *Padruic* or *Padraic* is the Irish spelling of our Apostle's name.

† Is it necessary to remind the reader that the English adventurers were defended by armour and fought on horseback, while the Irish were without armour, and generally fought on foot ?

XIX.

Pause not till each Dun and Tower planted by the Strangers' hand
 Blazes like a Viking's beacon, guiding them from out the land ;
 Till the last of all the pirates to their galleys shall have fled,
 Shuddering at the dire *gal-tromba* * as the Trumpet of the Dead.

XX.

Thus shall you be free for ever—thus the promised day shall come,
 When the Children of the Soldier † guard a proud, untrammell'd
 home ;
 Thus your memory of the present, like the Prophet's joy shall
 seem,
 Who, oppressed with fearful danger, waked to find 'twas but a
 dream.

THE WILD GEESE.

BY M. J. BARRY.

" Friday morning several flocks of wild geese were observed passing over this city
 in a very noisy mood. Their appearance presages an unusually severe winter."—
Limerick Chronicle.

I.

THE wild geese—the wild geese—'tis long since they flew
 O'er the billowy ocean's bright bosom of blue,
 For the foot of the false-hearted stranger had curst
 The shore, on whose fond breast they'd nestled at first;

* The war-trumpet of the Irish.

† "Children of the Soldier," i. e. of *Milesius*, whose name *Mileadh*, is also the Irish for a soldier or champion.

And they sought them a home, afar off o'er the sea,
Where their pinions, at least, might be chainless and free.

II.

The wild geese—the wild geese—sad, sad was the wail
That followed their flight on the easterly gale ;
But the eyes that had wept o'er their vanishing track
Ne'er brightened to welcome the wanderers back,
The home of their youth was the land of the slave,
And they died on that shore far away o'er the wave.

III.

The wild geese—the wild geese—their coming once more
Was the long-cherished hope of that desolate shore,
For the loved ones behind knew it yet would be free,
If they flew on their white pinions back o'er the sea ;
But vainly the hope of those lonely ones burned,
The wild geese—the wild geese, they never returned.

IV.

The wild geese—the wild geese—hark ! heard ye that cry ?
And marked ye that white flock o'erspreading the sky ?
Can ye read not the omen ? Joy, joy to the slave,
And gladness and strength to the hearts of the brave ;
For wild geese are coming, at length, o'er the sea,
And Eirinn, green Eirinn, once more shall be free !

* The recruits for the Irish Brigade were generally conveyed to France in the smugglers which brought foreign wines and brandy to our west coast, and were entered on the ship's books as " wild geese." Hence this became the common name for them among the country people.

OUR HOPES.

Andante Vibrato. m.f.

Let them mock at our hopes as i - dle dreams, We'll cling to them clos - er

still, With the pas-sion of youth for its dar-ling schemes, And the vi-gour of man-ly

p

will, All feelings and thoughts through the heart that glide, With us in one stream are

Cresc.

met; Nor e - ver that tide shall turn a - side Till it bear us to free-dom

Cresc.

yet. Nor e - ver that tide shall turn a - side Till it bear us to free-dom yet.

Cresc.

f

f

f

OUR HOPES.

I.

Let them mock at our hopes as idle dreams,
 We 'll cling to them closer still,
 With the passion of youth for its darling schemes,
 And the vigour of manly will.
 All feelings and thoughts through the breast that glide,
 With us in one stream are met ;
 Nor ever that tide shall turn aside
 Till it bear us to freedom yet.
 Nor ever that tide shall turn aside
 Till it bear us to freedom yet.

II.

Do we dream the things we have heard and read,
 The things we have seen, and know ;
 The famine where God a feast hath spread,
 And the millions bowed down in woe ;
 The wrongs that have kindled our cheeks in rage,
 The griefs that have left them wet ;
 And the one black page from age to age ?—
 We 'll open another yet.
 And the one black page from age to age ?—
 We 'll open another yet.

III.

Do we dream what freedom can work for man,
 Or the glorious change 'twill bring,
 When the foreign shackle, our blight and ban,
 From sinew and heart we fling ;
 When the hope, the food that he rears to share,
 Will sweeten the toiler's sweat ?
 Be of cheer, sad heir of thraldom and care,
 Blithe homes are before us yet.
 Be of cheer, sad heir of thraldom and care,
 Blithe homes are before us yet.

IV.

Oh! many a nobler heart than ours
 Hath perished that dream to gain ;
 And many a mind of Godlike powers
 Was wasted—not all in vain !
 They 've left us a treasure of pity and wrath—
 A spur to our cold blood set—
 And we 'll tread their path with a spirit that hath
 Assurance of triumph yet.
 And we 'll tread their path with a spirit that hath
 Assurance of triumph yet.

SЛИABH CUILINN.

BLIND MARY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"Blind Mary."

I.

THERE flows from her spirit such love and delight,
 That the face of Blind Mary is radiant with light—
 As the gleam from a homestead through darkness will show,
 Or the moon glimmer soft through the fast falling snow.

II.

Yet there 's a keen sorrow comes o'er her at times,
 As an Indian might feel in our northerly climes ;
 And she talks of the sunset, like parting of friends,
 And the starlight, as love, that nor changes nor ends.

III.

Ah ! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,
 For the mountains that tow'r, or the rivers that run—
 For beauty, and grandeur, and glory, and light,
 Are seen by the spirit, and not by the sight.

IV.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunburst and shade,
 In vain for the heartless flow'r's blossom and fade,
 While the darkness that seems your sweet being to bound
 Is one of the guardians, an Eden around.

LAMENT FOR THE MILESLANS.

AIR—*Bruc na Capraige baine.*

τχιασ̄ ɔδ̄-ιη 'ν-α ɔ-βαλιμαδ̄. Their hearts were as soft as a
 child in the lap, Yet they were "the men in the gap," And
 now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap, Υ' τχιασ̄ ɔδ̄-ιη 'ν-α ɔ-βαλιμαδ̄.

LAMENT FOR THE MILESIANS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

Oh ! proud were the chieftains of proud Innis-Fail,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !*

The stars of our sky and the salt of our soil,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
 Yet they were "the men in the gap"—

And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

II.

'Gainst England, long battling, at length they went down,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

But they 've left their deep tracks on the road of renown,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

We are heirs of their fame, if we 're not of their race,
 And deadly and deep our disgrace,
 If we live o'er their sepulchres, abject and base,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

III.

Oh ! sweet were the minstrels of kind Innis-Fail !
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

Whose music, nor ages nor sorrow can spoil,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

But their sad stifled tones are like streams flowing hid,
 Their caoine and their pibroch were chid,
 And their language, "that melts into music," forbid,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

* ԱՌ ՇՐԱՋ ՅԱՌ ՕՅՋՐ Ռ-Ա Ե-ՔԱՐԱԾ, "That is pity, without heir in their company," i. e. What a pity that there is no heir of their company. See the poem of Giolla Iosa Mor Mac Firbisigh in *The Genealogies, Tribes, and Customs of the Ui Fiachrach*, or *O'Dubhda's Country*, printed for the Irish Arch. Soc. p. 290, line 2, and note d. Also *O'Reilly's Dict. voc.* ՔԱՐԱԾ.

IV.

How fair were the maidens of fair Innis-Fail !
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 Oh ! are not our maidens as fair and as pure,
 Can our music no longer allure ?
 And can we but sob, as such wrongs we endure,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

V.

Their famous, their holy, their dear Innis-Fail,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 Shall it still be a prey for the stranger to spoil,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 Sure, brave men would labour by night and by day
 To banish that stranger away,
 Or, dying for Ireland, the future would say
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

VI.

Oh ! shame—for unchanged is the face of our isle,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 That taught them to battle, to sing, and to smile,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !
 We are heirs of their rivers, their sea, and their land,
 Our sky and our mountains as grand—
 We are heirs—oh ! we're not of their heart and their hand,
 A 's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh !

RESISTANCE.

BY M. J. BARRY.

L

WHEN tyrants dare to trample down
 The rights of those they rule,

When toiling men must meet the frown
 Of every lordling fool,
 When laws are made to crush the weak,
 And lend the strong assistance,
 When millions, vainly, justice seek,
 Their duty is—Resistance !

II.

When tyrant force aids tyrant laws,
 When brothers sever'd stand,
 When failure *must* be his who draws
 On power the freeman's brand,
 True men will bid the millions pray
 For God's divine assistance,
 And calmly bide a better day,
 Their duty still—Resistance !

III.

When times of better hope arise,
 And feuds are laid aside,
 When men have grown too calm and wise
 For traitors to divide,
 When first to aid a people's right
 There springs into existence
 Its surest stay, a people's might,
 The hour *is* for—Resistance !

IV.

No empty boast be ours to-day,
 No braggart word or tone,
 Enough to feel we know the way
 That men should win their own.
 Our hope and trust for Fatherland
 Now gleam *not* in the distance;
 Let tyrants dare unsheathe the brand,
 That hour will teach—Resistance !

MUNSTER.

I.

YE who rather
Seek to gather
Biding thought than fleeting pleasure ;
In the South what wonders saw ye ?
From the South what lesson draw ye ?
Wonders, passing thought or measure—
Lessons, through a life to treasure.

II.

Ever living,
Nature, giving
Welcome wild, or soft caress—
Scenes that sink into the being
Till the eye grows full with seeing,
And the mute heart can but bless
Him that shaped such loveliness.

III.

Dark and wide ill
Rivers idle,
Wealth unwrought of sea and mine—
Bays where Europe's fleets might anchor—
Scarce Panama's waters blander,
Ere Columbus crossed the brine,
Void of living sound or sign.

IV.

God hath blest it,
Man opprest it—
Sad the fruits that mingling rise—
Fallow fields, and hands to till them,
Hungry mouths, and grain to fill them ;
But a social curse denies
Labour's guerdon, want's supplies.

V.

Sunlight glances,
Life that dances
In the limbs of childhood there—
Glowing tints, that fade and sicken
In the pallid, famine-stricken
Looks, that men and women wear,
Living types of want and care.

VI.

Faith and patience,
'Mid privations—
Genial heart, and open hand ;
But, what fain the eye would light on,
Pleasant homes to cheer and brighten
Such a race and such a land—
These, alas ! their lords have banned.

VII.

These things press on
Us the lesson,
Much may yet be done and borne ;
But the bonds that thus continue
Paralysing limb and sinew,
From our country *must* be torn ;
Then shines out young Munster's morn.

SLIABH CUILINN.

EMMET'S DEATH.

“ ^LHe dies to day,” said the heartless judge,
Whilst he sate him down to the feast,
And a smile was upon his ashy lip,
As he uttered a ribald jest ;
For a demon dwelt, where his heart should be,
That lived upon blood and sin,
And oft, as that vile judge gave him food
The demon throbbed within.

“He dies to-day,” said the gaoler grim,
 Whilst a tear was in his eye ;
 “But why should I feel so grieved for *him*?
 “Sure I’ve seen many die :
 “Last night I went to his stony cell
 “With his scanty prison fare—
 “He was sitting at a table rude
 “Plaiting a lock of hair !
 “And he looked so mild, with his pale, pale face,
 “And he spoke in so kind a way,
 “That my old breast heav’d with a smothering feel,
 “And I knew not what to say !”

“He dies to-day,” thought a fair sweet girl—
 She lacked the life to speak ;
 For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
 And white were her lip and cheek—
 Despair had drank up her last wild tear,
 And her brow was damp and chill,
 And her friends oft felt her heart with fear,
 For its ebb was all but still.

The lover upon the gallows tree !
 The maid, with her plighted troth,
 Dying with grief on a bier-like bed !
 Oh, God ! have mercy on both.

* * * * *

That judge is gone to his last abode,
 A pest has passed from the earth,
 But a scathing path, wherever he trode,
 Has blackened the peasant’s hearth
 And his memory lives, as darkness does,
 Without a moon or a star !
 Or a light—save such as mercy shows
 At the mouth of a treacherous bar !

VI.

But, the martyr's name, like a holy spell,
 That is murmur'd alone, in pray'r,
 As long, in the land that he lov'd, shall dwell,
 As a pure heart lingers there.
 Nay, wail him not; with the harp's sad string,
 Let him sleep with the mournful past;
His spirit is here, like an earth-pent spring,
 And will sparkle to light at last!

VII.

And *she* is gone—the fond and the fair!—
 The last of this bloodful doom!
 Ah! she wither'd as fast as the braided hair
 That was over *his* heart, in the tomb!
 * * * * *

VIII.

How should the lover's vow be given?
 Where should brave men meet?—
 With the truth of her who is high in heaven!
 With his nameless grave at their feet!

THE TRUE IRISH KING.*

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

THE Cæsar of Rome has a wider demesne,
 And the Ard-Righ of France has more clans in his train;
 The sceptre of Spain is more heavy with gems,
 And our crowns cannot vie with the Greek diadems;

* See Appendix L to O'Donovan's "Hy-Fiachra," p. 245, &c.

But kinglier far before heaven and man
 Are the Emerald fields, and the fiery-eyed clan,
 The sceptre, and state, and the poets who sing,
 And the swords that encircle A TRUE IRISH KING !

II.

For, he must have come from a conquering race—
 The heir of their valour, their glory, their grace :
 His frame must be stately, his step must be fleet,
 His hand must be trained to each warrior feat,
 His face, as the harvest moon, steadfast and clear,
 A head to enlighten, a spirit to cheer,
 While the foremost to rush where the battle-brands ring,
 And the last to retreat is A TRUE IRISH KING !

III.

Yet, not for his courage, his strength, or his name,
 Can he from the clansmen their fealty claim.
 The poorest, and highest, choose freely to-day
 The chief, that to-night, they 'll as truly obey ;
 For loyalty springs from a people's consent,
 And the knee that is forced had been better unbent—
 The Sasanach serfs no such homage can bring
 As the Irishmen's choice of A TRUE IRISH KING !

IV.

Come, look on the pomp when they "make an O'Neill;"
 The muster of dynasts—O'h-Again, O'Shiadhail,
 O'Cathain, O'h-Anluain, O'Bhrislein and all,
 From gentle Aird Uladh to rude Dun na n-gall ;
 " St. Patrick's *comharba*,"* with bishops thirteen,
 And ollamhs and breithamhs, and minstrels, are seen,
 Round Tulach-Og† Rath, like the bees in the spring,
 All swarming to honour A TRUE IRISH KING !

* Successor—*comharba Phádraig*—the Archbishop of Armagh.

† In the county Tyrone, between Cookstown and Stewartstown.

V.

Unsandalled he stands on the foot-dinted rock,
 Like a pillar-stone fix'd against every shock.
 Round, round is the Rath on a far-seeing hill,
 Like his blemishless honour, and vigilant will.
 The grey-beards are telling how chiefs by the score
 Have been crowned on "The Rath of the Kings" heretofore,
 While, crowded, yet ordered, within its green ring,
 Are the dynasts and priests round THE TRUE IRISH KING !

VI.

The chronicler read him the laws of the clan,
 And pledged him to bide by their blessing and ban ;
 His skian and his sword are unbuckled to show
 That they only were meant for a foreigner foe ;
 A white willow wand has been put in his hand—
 A type of pure, upright, and gentle command—
 While hierarchs are blessing, the slipper they fling,
 And O'Cathain proclaims him A TRUE IRISH KING !

VII.

Thrice looked he to Heaven with thanks and with prayer—
 Thrice looked to his borders with sentinel stare—
 To the waves of Loch N-Eathach, the heights of Strath-bhan ;
 And thrice on his allies, and thrice on his clan—
 One clash on their bucklers !—one more !—they are still—
 What means the deep pause on the crest of the hill ?
 Why gaze they above him ?—a war-eagle's wing !
 "Tis an omen !—Hurrah ! for THE TRUE IRISH KING !"

VIII.

God aid him !—God save him !—and smile on his reign—
 The terror of England—the ally of Spain.
 May his sword be triumphant o'er Sasanach arts !
 Be his throne ever girt by strong hands, and true hearts !
 May the course of his conquest run on till he see
 The flag of Plantagenet sink in the sea,
 And minstrels for ever his victories sing,
 And saints make the bed of THE TRUE IRISH KING !

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—"A Trip to the Cottage."

I.

OH ! the Banks of the Lee, the Banks of the Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me,
There's not in the land a lovelier tide,
And I'm sure that there's no one so fair as my bride.

She's modest and meek,
There's a down on her cheek,
And her skin is as sleek
As a butterfly's wing—
Then her step would scarce show
On the fresh-fallen snow,
And her whisper is low,
But as clear as the spring.

Oh ! the Banks of the Lee, the Banks of the Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me,
I know not how love is happy elsewhere,
I know not how any but lovers are there !

II.

Oh ! so green is the grass, so clear is the stream,
So mild is the mist, and so rich is the beam,
That beauty should ne'er to other lands roam,
But make on the banks of our river its home.

When, dripping with dew,
The roses peep throngh,
'Tis to look in at you,
They are growing so fast,
While the scent of the flowers
Must be hoarded for hours,
'Tis poured in such showers
When my Mary goes past.

Oh ! the Banks of the Lee, the Banks of the Lee,
And love in a cottage for Mary and me—
Oh, Mary for me, Mary for me,
And 'tis little I'd sigh for the Banks of the Lee !

THE GREEN FLAG.

AIR.—“O’Connell’s March.”

Allegro molto. f

Boys, fill your glasses, Each hour that pass-es Steals, it may be, on our last night’s cheer;

mezz.f.

Day soon shall come, boys, With fife and drum, boys, Break-ing shrilly on the sol-dier’s ear.

mezz.p.

Drink, the faith-ful hearts that love:us, Mid to-morrow’s thickest fight While our green flag

p

floats a - bove us, Think, boys, 'tis for them we smite. Down with each mean flag,

mezz.f.

None but the Green Flag Shall in triumph be a - bove us seen; Think on its glory

Long shrin'd in sto - ry, Charge for \mathbb{E}_1 - ne and her Flag of Green.

THE GREEN FLAG.

A.D. 1647.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

Boys ! fill your glasses,
 Each hour that passes
 Steals, it may be, on our last night's cheer.
 The day soon shall come, boys,
 With fife and drum, boys,
 Breaking shrilly on the soldier's ear.
 Drink the faithful hearts that love us—
 'Mid to-morrow's thickest fight,
 While our green flag floats above us,
 Think, boys, 'tis for them we smite.
 Down with each mean flag,
 None but the green flag
 Shall in triumph be above us seen :
 Oh ! think on its glory,
 Long shrined in story,
 Charge for Eire and her Flag of Green !

II.

Think on old Brian,
 War's mighty lion,
 'Neath that banner 'twas he smote the Dane,
 The Northman and Saxon
 Oft turned their backs on
 Those who bore it o'er each crimson'd plain.
 Beal-an-atha-Buidhe beheld it
 Bagenal's fiery onset curb,
 Scotch Munroe would fain have fell'd it ;
 We, boys, followed him from red Beinnburb.

Down with each mean flag,
 None but the green flag
 Shall above us be in triumph seen ;
 Oh ! think of its glory,
 Long shrined in story,
 Charge with Eoghan for our Flag of Green !

III.

And if at eve, boys,
 Comrades shall grieve, boys,
 O'er our corses, let it be with pride,
 When thinking that each, boys,
 On that red beach, boys,
 Lies the flood-mark of the battle's tide.
 See—the first faint ray of morning
 Gilds the east with yellow light ;
 Hark ! the bugle note gives warning—
 One full bumper to old friends to-night.
 Down with each mean flag,
 None but the green flag
 Shall above us be in triumph seen ;
 Oh ! think on its glory,
 Long shrined in story,
 Fall or conquer for our Flag of Green .

WHO SPEAKS OR STRIKES.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

AIR.—“*Fag-an-Bealach.*”

I.

Come fill up to the brim, boy,
 Your glass with me, your glass with me,
 And drink success to him, boy,
 Whoe'er he be, whoe'er he be,

Who does his best endeavour
 With heart and hand, with heart and hand,
 To free and free for ever,
 His native land, his native land.
 Then let us drink to-night, boy,
 As each one likes, as each one likes,
 The man in Freedom's fight, boy,
 Who speaks or strikes, who speaks or strikes !

II.

Amid the ranks of glory,
 Who leads the van ? who leads the van ?
 The answer for all story
 Is *such* a man, is *such* a man ;
 Whose words like mighty rivers
 Spread o'er the plain, spread o'er the plain,
 Or whose bright sword-blade shivers
 The tyrant's chain, the tyrant's chain.
 Then let us drink to-night, boy,
 As each one likes, as each one likes—
 The man in Freedom's fight, boy,
 Who speaks or strikes, who speaks or strikes !

III.

Oh ! what is death or danger,
 To him the slave—to him the slave,
 Whose country by the stranger
 Is made one grave—is made one grave ?
 The glories it is keeping
 Oh ! ne'er forget—oh ! ne'er forget :
 They are not dead, but sleeping—
 We 'll wake them yet—we 'll wake them yet.
 Then let us drink to-night, boy,
 As each one likes—as each one likes—
 The man in Freedom's fight, boy,
 Who speaks or strikes—who speaks or strikes.

THE ISRAELITE LEADER.

I.

A HEBREW youth, of thoughtful mien
And dark impassioned eye,
Once stood beside the leafy sheen
Of an oak that towered high ;
Ever, amid man's varied race,
Such port and glance are found,
Unerring signs by which to trace
The slave's first upward bound.

II.

Ay ! Liberty's good son, though he
Yet bears the tyrant brand—
Not distant far the hour can be
For such to arm and band.
His father's heaped-up corn was near,
To tend it seemed his care ;
But—souls like his to Heaven are dear—
An Angel sought him there.

III.

Under the shade of that tall oak
A stranger met his eyes,
And glorious were the words he spoke,
Of Israel's quick uprise ;
Deep, thrilling words—they instant made
That young heart overflow,
As the strong leap of the cascade
Heaves up the tide below.

IV.

He spread a feast for the harbinger
Who such good tidings bore,
But—fire from Heaven consumed it there—
He saw that guest no more ;

And when the first deep awe had passed,
 Of such strange visitant,
 Upsprung his hopes for Israel fast,
 As eagles from their haunt.

v.

And the pale youth who but that morn,
 (So meek of heart was he,)
 Stood winnowing his father's corn,
 At midnight, like a sea,
 When tameless is its stormy roar,
 To Baal's high altar rushed,
 And it was overturned before
 The next bright orient blushed.

vi.

An Altar to the Living God
 Upon the ruin stood,
 And groves, where Baal's Priests had trod,
 Were rooted from the wood—
 And God's good sword with Gideon went
 For ever from that day,
 Till, of the hosts against him sent,
 Not one was left to slay.

vii.

Oh ! names like his bright beacons are
 To realms that Kings oppress,
 Hailing with radiant light from far
 Their signals of distress.
 When a crushed Nation humbly turns
 From sin that was too dear,
 Not long the proud Oppressor spurns,
 Deliverance is near.

A——.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

To the conqueror his crowning,
First freedom to the slave,
And air unto the drowning
Sunk in the ocean's wave—
And succour to the faithful,
Who fight their flag above,
Are sweet, but far less grateful
Than were my lady's love.

II.

I know I am not worthy
Of one so young and bright;
And yet I would do for thee
Far more than others might;
I cannot give you pomp or gold,
If you should be my wife,
But I can give you love untold,
And true in death or life.

III.

Methinks that there are passions
Within that heaving breast
To scorn their heartless fashions,
And wed whom you love best.
Methinks you would be prouder
As the struggling patriot's bride,
Than if rank your home should crowd, or
Cold riches round you glide.

IV.

Oh! the watcher longs for morning,
And the infant cries for light,
And the saint for heaven's warning,
And the vanquished pray for might;
But their prayer, when lowest kneeling,
And their suppliance most true,
Are cold to the appealing
Of this longing heart to you.

RECRUITING SONG
OF
THE IRISH BRIGADE.

AIR.—“*The White Cockade.*”

Presto. f

Oh! is there a youth-ful gal-lant here On fire for fame, un -

know-ing fear, Who in the char-ge's mad ca-reer On

257
 1 - ne's foes would bend his spear. Come let him wear the
 White Cock - ade And learn the sol - dier's glo - rious trade, 'Tis
 of such stuff a he - ro's made, Then let him join The Bold Bri - gade.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is for a treble clef instrument, the middle staff for a bass clef instrument, and the bottom staff for a bass clef instrument. The music is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first line of lyrics corresponds to the first two measures of the treble staff. The second line corresponds to the next two measures of the treble staff. The third line begins with a measure of rests in the bass staves and continues with the lyrics in the treble staff. The fourth line begins with a measure of rests in the bass staves and continues with the lyrics in the treble staff. Measure numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 are indicated above the staves.

RECRUITING SONG FOR THE IRISH BRIGADE.

BY MAURICE O'CONNELL, M. P.

I.

Is there a youthful gallant here
On fire for fame—unknowing fear—
Who in the charge's mad career
On Erin's foes would flesh his spear ?
Come, let him wear the White Cockade,
And learn the soldier's glorious trade,
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made,
Then let him join the Bold Brigade.

II.

Who scorns to own a Saxon Lord,
And toil to swell a stranger's hoard ?
Who for rude blow or gibing word
Would answer with the Freeman's sword ?
Come, let him wear the White Cockade, &c.

III.

Does Erin's foully slandered name
Suffuse thy cheek with generous shame—
Wouldst right her wrongs—restore her fame ?—
Come, then, the soldier's weapon claim—
Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

IV.

Come, free from bonds your father's faith,
Redeem its shrines from scorn and scathe,
The Hero's fame, the Martyr's wreath,
Will guild your life or crown your death.
Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

v.

To drain the cup—with girls to toy,
 The serf's vile soul with bliss may cloy ;
 But would'st thou taste a manly joy ?—
 Oh ! it was ours at Fontenoy !

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

vi.

To many a fight thy fathers led,
 Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed ;
 From thee, as yet, no foe has fled—
 Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead ?

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

vii.

Oh ! come—for slavery, want and shame,
 We offer vengeance, freedom, fame,
 With Monarchs, comrade rank to claim,
 And, nobler still, the Patriot's name.

Oh ! come and wear the White Cockade,
 And learn the soldier's glorious trade ;
 'Tis of such stuff a hero's made—
 Then come and join the Bold Brigade.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY M. J. BARRY

And—“*St. Patrick's Day.*”

1.

Oh, blest be the days when the green banner floated
 Sublime o'er the mountains of free Innisfail ;
 When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted,
 Defied the invader to tread her soil.

When back o'er the main
 They chased the Dane,
 And gave to religion and learning their spoil,

When valour and mind
 Together combined—
 But wherefore lament o'er those glories departed,
 Her star shall yet shine with as vivid a ray ;
 For ne'er had she children more brave or true-hearted,
 Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's day.

II.

Her sceptre, alas ! passed away to the stranger,
 And treason surrendered what valour had held,
 But true hearts remained amid darkness and danger,
 Which spite of her tyrants would *not* be quelled.
 Oft, oft, through the night
 Flashed gleams of light,
 Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled ;
 But a star now is near,
 Her heaven to cheer,
 Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,
 But long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
 On daughters as fair, and on sons as true-hearted,
 As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's Day.

III.

Oh ! blest be the hour, when begirt by her cannon,
 And hail'd as it rose by a nation's applause,
 That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
 Asserting for Irishmen Irish laws.
 Once more shall it wave
 O'er hearts as brave,
 Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause ;
 And like brothers agreed,
 Whatever their creed,
 Her children, inspired by those glories departed,
 No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
 But join in her cause, like the brave and true-hearted,
 Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's day.

STEP TOGETHER.

Allegro Fermo. S.mf.

Step to -ge-ther-boldly tread, Firm each foot, e - rect each head; Fix'd in front be ev'-ry glance,

Tramping Left,-Right.

Forward at the word, advance. Serried files that foes may dread, Like the deer on mountain heather, Tread light,

Cresc.

Left, right,—Left, right,— Steady, boys, and step to-gether! Steady, boys, and STEP TOGETHER!

Tramping Left,-Right.

STEP TOGETHER.

BY M. J. BARRY.

I.

Step together—boldly tread,
 Firm each foot, erect each head,
 Fix'd in front be every glance—
 Forward, at the word advance—
 Serried files that foes may dread—
 Like the deer on mountain heather,
 Tread light,
 Left, right—
 Steady, boys, and step together !

II.

Step together—be each rank
 Dressed in line, from flank to flank,
 Marching so that you may halt
 'Mid the onset's fierce assault,
 Firm as is the rampart's bank,
 Raised the iron rain to weather—
 Proud sight !
 Left, right—
 Steady, boys, and step together !

III.

Step together—be your tramp
 Quick and light, no plodding stamp.
 Let its cadence quick and clear
 Fall, like music, on the ear ;
 Noise befits not hall or camp,
 Eagles soar on silent feather—
 Tread light,
 Left, right—
 Steady, boys, and step together !

IV.

Step together—self-restrained,
 Be your march of thought as trained,
 Each man's single pow'rs combin'd
 Into one battalion'd mind,
 Moving on with step sustain'd,
 Thus prepared we reck not whether
 Foes smite,
 Left, right—
 We can think and strike together !

P A T I E N C E.

I.

Be patient, O, be patient ! put your ear against the earth—
 Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth ;
 How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
 Till it parts the scarcely-broken ground and the blade stands forth
 to day.

II.

Be patient, O, be patient ! for the germs of mighty thought
 Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be
 wrought ;
 But, as sure as ever there's a power that makes the grass appear,
 Our land shall smile with Liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

III.

Be patient, O, be patient ! go and watch the wheat-ears grow,
 So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor throe,
 Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown,
 And then again, day after day, till the ripen'd field is brown.

IV.

Be patient, O, be patient ! though yet our hopes are green,
 The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crown'd with sunny sheen.
 Be ripening ! be ripening ! mature your silent way,
 Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Freedom's
 harvest-day.

SPARTACUS.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*Irish Molly, O!*”

I.

FULL often when our fathers saw the Red above the Green,
 They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike, and skian,
 And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,
 They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red.

II.

But in the end, throughout the land, the shameful sight was seen—
 The English Red in triumph high above the Irish Green ;
 But well they died in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,
 Still saw the Green maintain its place above the English Red.

III.

And they who saw, in after times, the Red above the Green,
 Were withered as the grass that dies beneath a forest screen ;
 Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,
 That, in some day to come, the Green should flutter o'er the Red.

IV.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk
 serene—
 Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the Green ;
 And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and Sarsfield nobly bled—
 Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red.

V.

So, when the strife began again, our darling Irish Green
 Was down upon the earth, while high the English Red was seen ;
 Yet still we held our fearless course, for something in us said,
 “ Before the strife is o'er you 'll see the Green above the Red. ”

VI.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,
 That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,
 And leave our sons sweet Liberty, and smiling plenty spread
 Above the land once dark with blood—*the Green above the Red!*

VII.

The jealous English tyrant now has bann'd the Irish Green,
 And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean ;
 But yet, by Heavens ! he 'll sooner raise his victims from the dead
 Than force our hearts to leave the Green, and cotton to the Red !

VIII.

We 'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who lean
 On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen ;
 And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to shed
 Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the Red !

SWEET AND SAD.

A PRISON SERMON.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

L

'Tis sweet to climb the mountain's crest,
 And run, like deer-hound, down its breast—
 'Tis sweet to snuff the taintless air,
 And sweep the sea with haughty stare ;

And, sad it is, when iron bars
 Keep watch between you and the stars,
 And sad to find your footstep stayed
 By prison-wall, and palissade;
 But 'twere better be
 A prisoner for ever,
 With no destiny
 To do, or to endeavour—
 Better life to spend
 A martyr or confessor,
 Than in silence bend
 To alien and oppressor.

II.

'Tis sweet to rule an ample realm,
 Through weal and woe to hold the helm,
 And sweet to strew, with plenteous hand,
 Strength, health, and beauty, round your land;
 And sad it is to be unprized,
 While dotards rule, unrecognized,
 And sad your little ones to see
 Writhe in the gripe of poverty;
 But 'twere better pine
 In rags and gnawing hunger,
 While around you whine
 Your elder and your younger—
 Better lie in pain,
 And rise in pain to-morrow,
 Than o'er millions reign,
 While those millions sorrow.

III.

'Tis sweet to own a quiet hearth,
 Begirt by constancy and mirth.

'Twere sweet to feel your dying clasp
 Returned by friendship's steady grasp ;
 And, sad it is, to spend your life,
 Like sea-bird in the ceaseless strife—
 Your lullaby the ocean's roar—
 Your resting-place a foreign shore ;
 But 'twere better live,
 Like ship caught by Lofoden,
 Than your spirit give
 To be by chains coroden ;
 Best of all to yield
 Your latest breath, when lying
 On a victor field,
 With the green flag flying !

IV.

Human joy and human sorrow,
 Light or shade from conscience borrow—
 The tyrant's crown is lined with flame,
 Life never paid the coward's shame—
 The miser's lock is never sure—
 The traitor's home is never pure ;
 While seraphs guard, and cherubs tend
 The good man's life and brave man's end ;
 But their fondest care
 Is the patriot's prison,
 Hymning through its air—
 “ Freedom hath arisen,
 Oft from statesmen's strife,
 Oft from battle's flashes,
 Oft from hero's life,
 Oftenest from his aashes ! ”

THE WELCOME.

AIR.—“Un Buacailin buidé.”

Allegro. mez.f.

Come in the ev'n-ing, or come in the morn-ing, Come when you're look'd for or
mez.f.

come with-out warning, Kiss-es and wel-come you'll find here be-fore you, And the

p
oft'n-er you come here the more I'll a-dore you. Light is my heart since the

day we were plight-ed, Red is my cheek, that they told me was blight-ed, The

green of the trees looks far green-er than e- ver, And the

lin-nets are sing-ing "true lov-ers don't se-ver."

THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "true lovers! don't sever."

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them ;
 Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
 I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
 I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that wont tire you.

Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
 Or sabre and shield to a knight without armour ;
 I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
 Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,
 We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
 We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
 Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.

Oh ! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
 And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
 'Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
 As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
 Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,

Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
 And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you !
 Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
 Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
 The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
 And the linnets are singing, "true lovers ! don't sever!"

W H Y, G E N T L E S, W H Y?

AIR—" *Why, Soldiers, why?*"

I.

W H Y, gentles, why,
 Should we so melancholy be ?
 Why, gentles, why ?
 We know that all must die—
 He—you—and I !
 Life at the best
 Is but a jest—
 Hopes brightly shine but to fly !
 Rejoice, then, that rest—
 Deep, quiet, blest—
 Stands ever nigh !

II.

Why, tell me, why
 Should we so melancholy be ?
 Why, tell me, why
 Bursts th' unbidden sigh,
 While tears dim the eye ?
 Why crave for rest ;
 And even when happiest
 Find gloomy thoughts ever nigh ?
 'Tis that, while we live,
 Nought full content can give,
 Known but on high !

L. N. F.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

Allegretto Spiritoso. f

When boy-hood's fire was in my blood, I read of an-cient free-men, For
 Greece and Rome who bravely stood, THREE HUNDRED MEN and THREE MEN.

p

And then I pray'd I yet might see Our fet-ters rent in twain, And

cresc.

Ire-land, long a pro - vince, be A NA - TION once a - gain; And

risoluto.

Ire - land, long a pro - vince, be A NA-TION ONCE A - GAIN.

colla parte.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

WHEN boyhood's fire was in my blood
 I read of ancient freemen,
 For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
 THREE HUNDRED MEN and THREE MEN.*
 And then I prayed I yet might see
 Our fetters rent in twain,
 And Ireland, long a province, be
 A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

II.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
 That hope has shone, a far light ;
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow,
 Outshine that solemn starlight ;
 It seemed to watch above my head
 In forum, field, and fane,
 It's angel voice sang round my bed,
 "A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

III.

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
 And service high and holy,
 Would be profan'd by feelings dark
 And passions vain or lowly ;
 For freedom comes from God's right hand,
 And needs a godly train ;
 And righteous men must make our land
 A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

* The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylae (*7 Herodotus 202*), and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge (*2 Livii 10.*)

IV.

So, as I grew from boy to man
 I bent me to that bidding—
 My spirit of each selfish plan
 And cruel passion riddling;
 For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
 Oh! can *such* hope be vain?—
 When my dear country should be made
 A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

THE SONG OF THE POOR.

I.

HARP of Erin, freshly pealing!
 Harp, by patriot genius strung!
 Scatter wide each finer feeling,
 Let not strife alone be sung.
 Pleased, enchanted, have I heard thee
 High-born valour's praise impart,
 But a nobler theme ne'er stirred thee
 Than the Irish *peasant's* heart!

II.

Let the hero's brow be braided,
 Let the victor's crest be raised;
 But the *poor* man strives unaided,
 But the *poor* man sinks unpraised.
 Yet, whilst woes and wrongs importune,
 And gaunt death uprears his dart,
 Where's the field of feller fortune
 Than the Irish peasant's heart?

III.

Well he bears him in the quarrel,
 Never knight of high degree,
 For a meed of gold or laurel,
 Shew'd a firmer front than he.

If, for wife and children only,
Blinding tears will sometimes start,
 What, in all its conflict lonely,
 Guides the Irish peasant's heart?

IV.

'Neath a despot's frigid scanning,
 From a height he deems secure,
 'Neath a bigot's saintly fanning,
 Execrately demure,
 Still we see one sacred feeling
 Solitary light impart,
 Where his *Soggarth* lowly kneeling
 Schools the Irish peasant's heart.

V.

Take, oppressed ones, for your guidance,
 Take the patience prompted there ;
 Verdant pledge of grief's subsidence
 Dovelike *peace* will soonest bear.
 Layers-down of law neglected,
 Legal drawlers stand apart ;
 List your *convict's* code, respected
 By each Irish peasant's heart.

VI.

“Tranquil wait the birth of time !
 Temp'rate, word and action be !
 Whosoe'er commits a crime,
 Wrongs his cause, himself, and me.
 Sage endurance conquers fate,
 Let oppression wince and start”—
 Dangerous doctrine, men of state,
 For the Irish peasant's heart !

VII.

Harp of Erin, strongly waking !
 Harp, by patriot virtue strung !
 Freedom's hand thy chords is shaking
 Freedom's hymn is o'er them sung.
 Sound it ever ! never sparing
 Tyrant's rage or bigot's art ;
 But a peaceful promise bearing
 To the Irish peasant's heart.

CATE OF ARAGLEN.

AIR—"An Cailín Ruadh."

I.

WHEN first I saw thee, Cate, that summer ev'ning late,
 Down at the orchard gate of Araglen,
 I felt I'd ne'er before seen one so fair, a-stór,
 I fear'd I'd never more see thee agen—
 I stopped and gazed at thee, my footfall luckily
 Reach'd not thy ear, tho' we stood there so near ;
 While from thy lips a strain, soft as the summer rain,
 Sad as a lover's pain, fell on my ear.

II.

I've heard the lark in June, the harp's wild plaintive tune,
 The thrush, that aye too soon gives o'er his strain—
 I've heard in hush'd delight the mellow horn at night,
 Waking the echoes light of wild Loch Lein ;
 But neither echoing horn, nor thrush upon the thorn,
 Nor lark at early morn, hymning in air,
 Nor harper's lay divine, e'er witch'd this heart of mine,
 Like that sweet voice of thine, that ev'ning there.

III.

And when some rustling, dear, fell on thy listening ear,
 You thought your brother near, and nam'd his name,
 I could not answer, though, as luck would have it so,
 His name and mine, you know, were both the same—
 Hearing no answering sound, you glanced in doubt around,
 With timid look, and found it was not he ;
 Turning away your head, and, blushing rosy red,
 Like a wild fawn you fled, far far from me.

IV.

The swan upon the lake, the wild rose in the brake,
 The golden clouds that make the west their throne,
 The wild ash by the stream, the full moon's silver beam,
 The ev'ning star's soft gleam, shining alone ;
 The lily rob'd in white—all, all are fair and bright ;
 But ne'er on earth was sight so bright, so fair,
 As that one ghimpse of thee, that I caught then, machree,
 It stole my heart from me that ev'ning there.

V.

And now you 're mine alone, that heart is all my own—
 That heart that ne'er hath known a flame before.
 That form of mould divine, that snowy hand of thine—
 Those locks of gold are mine, for evermore.
 Was lover ever seen, as blest as thine, Caitilin ?
 Hath lover ever been more fond, more true ?
 Thine is my ev'ry vow ! for ever dear, as now !
 Queen of my heart be thou ! *mo cailin ruadh !*

DOMHNALL GLEANNACH.

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

BY D. F. McCARTHY.

I.

THE pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand
By the lakes and rushing rivers through the valleys of our land ;
In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,
These grey old pillar temples—these conquerors of time !

II.

Beside these grey old pillars, how perishing and weak
The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,
And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires—
All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires !

III.

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,
And the proud halls of the mighty and the calm homes of the just ;
For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,
Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower !

IV.

But the grass grows again when in majesty and mirth,
On the wing of the Spring comes the Goddess of the Earth ;
But for man in this world no springtide e'er returns
To the labours of his hands or the ashes of his urns !

V.

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,
And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle—
As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,
Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West !

VI.

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,
Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb ;

But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—
These temples of forgotten Gods—these relics of the past !

VII.

Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman Peers—
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the Chiefs of later years

VIII.

How many different rites have these grey old temples known ?
To the mind what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone !
What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth ?

IX.

Here blazed the sacred fire—and, when the sun was gone,
As a star from afar to the traveller it shone ;
And the warm blood of the victim have these grey old temples
drunk,
And the death-song of the Druid and the matin of the Monk.

X.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine,
And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the East,
And the crozier of the Pontiff and the vestments of the Priest !

XI.

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell—
Where the fugitive found shelter became the hermit's cell ;
And Hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,
For the cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood !

XII.

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the heart ;
While the breast needeth rest may these grey old temples last,
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past !

AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

I.

Signs and tokens round us thicken,
 Hearts throb high and pulses quicken,
 Comes the morn, though red and lurid,
 Clouds and storms around it hung ;
 Still, it is that morn assured,
 Long ye 've prayed for, sought, and sung.
 Soon those clouds may break, and render
 To your noon its genial splendour,
 Or in gloom more hopeless vest it—
 On your heads the end is rested,
 Front to front ye 've now arrayed you,
AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

II.

Awful, past all human telling,
 Is the change upon you dwelling ;
 Act but now the fool or craven,
 And, like Canaan doomed of yore,
 " Slave of slaves " shall be engraven
 On your foreheads evermore.
 Crouching to your masters' mercies,
 Drugged with slavery's cup like Circe's,
 Scorn and by-word of the nations,
 Curse of coming generations,
 Blackest shame will overshade you—
AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

III.

Hence, oh, hence ! such foul surmises,
 Truer far a vision rises,
 Men in freedom's ranks battalion'd,
 Countless as the bristling grain,
 Firm as ardent, wise as valiant,
 All to venture—all sustain ;
 Men of never-sinking patience,
 Tried and taught by stern privations,

From their path nor lured nor driven,
 Till their every bond is riven—
 Every wrong dispersed like May dew—
AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

IV.

No! a heart-roused people's action
 Cannot die like storms of faction.
 Long a mute but master feeling
 In the millions' breast was nursed,
 Till—a magic voice appealing—
 Forth it came, the thunder-burst.
 'Gainst it now they plant their barriers,
 Guard their keeps, and arm their warriors,
 Lavish all their futile forces,
 Power's most stale and vile resources,
 Yet awhile to crush, degrade you—
AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

V.

Blind misrule, and free opinion,
 Armed lies and truth's dominion,
 In a battle still recurring
 Ever have these foes been set,
 Here their deadliest strife is stirring—
 Who can doubt the issue yet?
 Watch and wait, your hour abiding,
 Nought your goal one moment hiding,
 Fearing not, nor too confiding,
 Trusting in your Leader's guiding,
 His who ne'er forsook, betrayed you—
AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

VI.

But, should all be unavailing,
 Reason, truth, and justice failing,
 Every peaceful effort blighted,
 Every shred of freedom left—
 Then—oh, are we crushed or frightened
 While one remedy is left!

Back, each slave that faints or falters,
 On, true heart that never alters,
 On, stout arm, no terrors weaken,
 Bruce's star and Tell's your beacon ;
 Strike—that stroke, is many a day due,
AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

SLIABH CUILINN.

THE VICTOR'S BURIAL.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

WRAP him in his banner, the best shroud of the brave—
 Wrap him in his *onchu*,* and take him to his grave—
 Lay him not down lowly, like bulwark overthrown,
 But, gallantly upstanding, as if ris'n from his throne,
 With his *craiseach*† in his hand, and his sword on his thigh,
 With his war-belt on his waist, and his *cathbarr*‡ on high—
 Put his *fleasg*§ upon his neck—his green flag round him fold,
 Like ivy round a castle wall—not conquered, but grown old—
 Wirasthrue ! Oh, Wirasthrue ! Oh, Wirasthrue ! ochone !
 Weep for him ! Oh ! weep for him, but remember, in your moan,
 That he died, in his pride,
 With his foes about him strown.

II.

Oh ! shrine him in Beinn-Edair || with his face towards the foe,
 As an emblem that not death our defiance can lay low—
 Let him look across the waves from the promontory's breast,
 To menace back The East, and to sentinel The West ;
 Sooner shall these channel waves the iron coast cut through,
 Than the spirit he has left, yield, Easterlings ! to you—
 Let his coffin be the hill, let the eagles of the sea
 Chorus with the surges round, the *tuireamh*¶ of the free !
 Wirasthrue ! Oh, Wirasthrue ! Oh, Wirasthrue ! ochone !
 Weep for him ! Oh ! weep for him, but remember, in your moan,
 That he died, in his pride,
 With his foes about him strown !

* Flag. † Spear. ‡ Helmet. § Collar. || Howth. ¶ A Masculine Lament.

WATCH AND WAIT.

AIR.—“*Paddy! Will you now?*”

Allegro spiritoso. f

Sad-ly as a muf-fled drum, Toll the hours of long pro-ba-tion;

Let them toll, The sta-ble soul Can work and wait to build a na-tion, Curse or groan

Ne-ver-more shall own, But our sti-fied hearts are pa-tient,—As a stone.

WATCH AND WAIT.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

SADLY, as a muffled drum,
 Toll the hours of long probation ;
 Let them toll, the stable soul
 Can work and wait to build a nation.

Curse or groan
 Never more shall own
 But our stifled hearts are patient
 As a stone.

II.

Yes, as patient as a stone,
 Till we're struck in hate or ire ;
 Then the dint will fall on *flint*
 And send them back a stream of fire !

Wait, boys, wait
 Ready for your fate,
 Prompt as powder to the linstock
 Soon or late !

III.

Let us gather love and help,
 Won from native friends and foemen ;
 How little loath, the hearts of both,
 We read in many a glorious omen.

No, boys, no ;
 Let no word or blow
 Brand a native Irish brother
 As our foe.

IV.

Holy Freedom's pealing voice
 Willing slaves hath never woken ;
 Ireland's trance was ignorance,
 And KNOWLEDGE all her spells hath broken.
 Hell and night
 Vanish from her sight,
 As when God pronounced aforetime
 Be there light !

V.

Cherish well this sacred flame,
 Feed its lamp with care and patience ;
 From God it came, its destined aim,
 To burst the fetters off the nations.

Now, boys, now,
 Why should we bow,
 When the promised day is dawning,
 And that's now.

VI.

Brothers, if this day should set,
 Another yet must crown our freedom ;
 That will come, with roll of drum,
 And trampling files with men to lead them.
 Who can save
 Renegade or slave,
 Fortune only twines her garlands
 For the brave !

OUR COURSE.

BY J. D. FRAZER.

I.

We look'd for guidance to the *blind* !
 We sued for counsel to the *dumb* !
 Fling the vain fancy to the wind—
 Their hour is past, and *ours* is come ;
 They gave, in that propitious hour,
 Nor kindly look, nor gracious tone ;
 But heaven has not denied us power
 To do their duty, and our own.

II.

And is it true, that tyrants throw
 Their shafts among us, steeped in gall ;
 And every arrow, swift or slow,
 Points foremost still, ascent or fall.

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

AIR.—“*Viva La.*”

Allegro. f

When on Ra-millies' blood-y field, The baf-fled French were forc'd to yield, The

vic - tor Sax - on back - ward reel'd Be - fore the charge of Clare's Dra - goons.

The flags we conquer'd in that fray Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say, We'll

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do*. - -

win them com - pa - ny to - day, Or brave - ly die, like Clare's Dra - goons.

cres - - - *cen* - - - *do*. - -

ff

Vi - va la for Ire - land's wrong, And vi - va la for Ire - land's right,

ff

Vi - va la in bat - te throng, For a Span - ish steed and sa - bre bright.

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

WHEN, on Ramillies' bloody field,
 The baffled French were forced to yield,
 The victor Saxon backward reeled
 Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
 The Flags, we conquered in that fray,
 Look lone in Ypres' choir they say,
 We'll win them company to-day,
 Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong !
 Viva la for Ireland's right !
 Viva la in battled throng,
 For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright !

II.

The brave old lord died near the fight,
 But, for each drop he lost that night,
 A Saxon cavalier shall bite
 The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
 For, never, when our spurs were set,
 And never, when our sabres met,
 Could we the Saxon soldiers get
 To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade !
 Viva la the Old One, too !
 Viva la the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

III.

Another Clare is here to lead,
 The worthy son of such a breed ;
 The French expect some famous deed,
 When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
 Our colonel comes from Brian's race,
 His wounds are in his breast and face,
 The *bearnais baegail*^{*} is still his place,
 The foremost of his bold Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade !
 Viva la the Old One, too !
 Viva la the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

IV.

There 's not a man in squadron here
 Was ever known to flinch or fear ;
 Though first in charge and last in rere,
 Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons ;
 But, see ! we 'll soon have work to do,
 To shame our boasts, or prove them true,
 For hither comes the English crew,
 To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong !
 Viva la for Ireland's right !
 Viva la in battled throng,
 For a Spanish steed and sabre bright !

V.

Oh ! comrades think how Ireland pines,
 Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
 Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,
 And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.

* The Gap of Danger.

Then fling your Green Flag to the sky,
 Be Limerick your battle-cry,
 And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high,
 Around the track of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

Viva la the New Brigade !
 Viva la the Old One, too !
 Viva la the rose shall fade,
 And the Shamrock shine for ever new !

THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

BY M. J. BARRY.

AIR—"Céilíonn dearf cnuiteadh na m-bo."

I.

'TWAS eve, and the stars began peeping,
 Though sunset still crimson'd the west,
 When sounds through the hushed air came creeping,
 That ruffled the peace of my breast :
 My form in the twilight concealing,
 I sat myself down on my plough,
 While sang, full of sweetness and feeling,
 A pretty girl milking her cow.

II.

"Sweet land, that my forefathers bled for,
 When strangers to trample thee thought,
 Ah ! what was their valiant blood shed for ?
 Far better they never had fought.
 Their sons think no more on thy glory,
 Like slaves to the tyrant they bow,
 And I can but weep at thy story,
 And sing it while milking my cow.

III.

“It is not that riches I sigh for,
 I only repine at thy shame—
 Thy glory and freedom I’d die for,
 And smile upon death as he came.
 I’d prize the bold hand that would right thee,
 And spurn him with diadem’d brow
 Whose base heart would injure and slight thee,
 Though a poor maiden milking her cow.

IV.

“Oh! blest be the sons of the stranger,
 Who, nursed on thy beautiful breast,
 With thine shared the strife and the danger
 For thee, bleeding Queen of the West !
 When the child of thy foe would befriend thee,
 Nor wrong to thy bosom allow,
 Why should not the blessing attend thee,
 Of the poor maiden milking her cow ?”

V.

She ceased, as the shadows fell deeper,
 And homeward returned with her pail,
 But I felt like some strangely waked sleeper,
 At the tones of that eloquent wail.
 Oh! sure if thy sons but relented,
 Sweet land ! 'twere not late, even now,
 To wash out the woes so lamented
 By the fair maiden milking her cow.

THE PATRIOT BRAVE.

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

I.

I DRINK to the valiant who combat
 For freedom by mountain or wave,
 And may triumph attend, like a shadow,
 The swords of the patriot brave!

Oh ! never was holier chalice
 Than this at our festivals crown'd,
 The heroes of Morven, to pledge it,
 And gods of Valhalla float round.
 Hurrah for the patriot brave !
 A health to the patriot brave !
 And a curse and a blow be to liberty's foe,
 Whether tyrant, or coward, or knave.

II.

Great spirits who battled in old time
 For the freedom of Athens, descend !
 As low to the shadow of Brian
 In fond hero-worship we bend.
 From those that in far Alpine passes
 Saw Daithi struck down in his mail,
 To the last of our chieft' galloglaesces,
 The saffron-clad foes of the Pale.
 Let us drink to the patriot brave—
 Hurrah for the patriot brave !
 But a curse and a blow be to liberty's foe,
 And more chains for the satisfied slave.

III.

Oh, Liberty ! hearts that adore thee
 Pour out their best blood at thy shrine,
 As freely as gushes before thee
 This purple libation of wine.
 For us, whether destined to triumph,
 Or bleed as Leonidas bled,
 Crushed down by a forest of lances,
 On mountains of foreigner dead,
 May we sleep with the patriot brave !
 God prosper the patriot brave !
 But may battle and woe hurry liberty's foe
 To a bloody and honourless grave !

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.

BY THE REV. C. MEEHAN.

I.

THEY are falling, they are falling, and soon, alas ! they 'll fade,
The flowers of the garden, the leaves of dell and glade ;
Their dirge the winds are singing in the lone and fitful blast,
And the leaves and flowers of summer are strewn and fading fast.
Ah ! why then have we loved them, when their beauties might
have told

They could not linger long with us, nor stormy skies behold ?
Fair creatures of the sunshine ! your day of life is past,
Ye are scattered by the rude winds, fallen and fading fast :
And, oh ! how oft enchanted have we watched your opening bloom,
When you made unto the day-God your offerings of perfume !
How vain are our imaginings that joy will always last—
'Tis like to you, ye sweet things, all dimmed and faded fast.
The glens where late ye bloomed for us are leafless now and lorn,
The tempest's breath hath all their pride and all their beauty shorn.

II.

'Twas ever so, and so shall be, by fate that doom was cast—
The things we love are scarcely seen till they are gone and past.
Ay, ye are gone and faded, ye leaves and lovely flowers,
But when spring comes you 'll come again to deck the garden's
bowers ;
And beauty, too, will cull you, and twine ye in her hair—
What meeter, truer, emblem can beauty ever wear ?
But never, here, oh ! never, shall we the loved ones meet,
Who shone in youth around us and like you faded fleet ;
Full soon affliction bowed them, and life's day-dawn o'ercast,
They 're blooming now in heaven, their day of fading 's past !
Ye withered leaves and flowers ! oh ! may you long impart
Monition grave and moral stern unto this erring heart—
Oh ! teach it that the joys of earth are short-lived, vain, and frail,
And transient as the leaves and flowers before the wintry gale !

THE REPEALERS' TRUMPET CALL.

Andante. m.f.

Trumpet.

Two Trumpets.

Band.

Drum.

cresc.

Trumpet.

Two Trumpets.

Three Trumpets.



CATE OF CEANN-MARE.*

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

I.

Oh ! many bright eyes full of goodness and gladness,
 Where the pure soul looks out, and the heart loves to shine,
 And many cheeks pale with the soft hue of sadness,
 Have I worshipped in silence and felt them divine !
 But hope in its gleamings, or love in its dreamings,
 Ne'er fashioned a being so faultless and fair
 As the lily-cheeked beauty, the rose of the Ruachtach,†
 The fawn of the valley, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare !

II.

It was all but a moment, her radiant existence,
 Her presence, her absence, all crowded on me ;
 But time has not ages and earth has not distance
 To sever, sweet vision, my spirit from thee !
 Again am I straying where children are playing—
 Bright is the sunshine and balmy the air,
 Mountains are heathy, and there do I see thee,
 Sweet fawn of the valley, young Cate of Ceann-mare !

III.

Thy own bright arbutus hath many a cluster
 Of white waxen blossoms like lilies in air,
 But, oh ! thy pale cheek hath a delicate lustre,
 No blossoms can rival, no lily doth wear.
 To that cheek softly flushing, to thy lip brightly blushing,
 Oh ! what are the berries that bright tree doth bear ?
 Peerless in beauty, the rose of the Ruachtach,
 That fawn of the valley, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare !

* Properly Ceann-mara,—head of the Sea.

† Commonly written Roughty.

IV.

Oh ! beauty, some spell from kind nature thou bearest,
 Some magic of tone or enchantment of eye,
 That hearts that are hardest from forms that are fairest,
 Receive such impressions as never can die !
 The foot of the fairy though lightsome and airy,
 Can stamp on the hard rock the shape it doth wear !
 Art cannot trace it, nor ages efface it—
 And such are thy glances, sweet Cate of Ceann-mare !

V.

To him who far travels how sad is the feeling—
 How the light of his mind is o'ershadowed and dim,
 When the scenes he most loves, like the river's soft stealing,
 All fade as a vision and vanish from him !
 Yet he bears from each far land a flower for that garland,
 That memory weaves of the bright and the fair ;
 While this sigh I am breathing *my* garland is wreathing,
 And the rose of that garland is Cate of Ceann-mare !

VI.

In lonely Lough Quinlan,* in summer's soft hours,
 Fair islands are floating that move with the tide,
 Which, sterile at first, are soon covered with flowers,
 And thus o'er the bright waters fairy-like glide !
 Thus the mind the most vacant is quickly awakened,
 And the heart bears a harvest that late was so bare,
 Of him who in roving finds objects in loving,
 Like the fawn of the valley—sweet Cate of Ceann-mare !

* Dr. Smith, in his *History of Kerry*, says—"Near this place is a considerable fresh water lake, called Lough Quinlan, in which are some small floating islands much admired by the country people. These islands swim from side to side of the lake, and are usually composed at first of a long kind of grass, which being blown off the adjacent grounds about the middle of September, and floating about, collect slime and other stuff, and so yearly increase till they come to have grass and other vegetables grown upon them."

VII.

Sweet Cate of Ceann-mare ! though I ne'er may behold thee—
 Though the pride and the joy of another you be—
 Though strange lips may praise thee and strange arms enfold thee !
 A blessing, dear Cate, be on them and on thee !
 One feeling I cherish that never can perish—
 One talisman proof to the dark wizard care—
 The fervent and dutiful love of the beautiful,
 Of which *thou* art a type, gentle Cate of Ceann-mare !

A LAY SERMON.

BY CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I.

BROTHER, do you love your brother ?
 Brother, are you all you seem ?
 Do you live for more than living ?
 Has your Life a law, and scheme ?
 Are you prompt to bear its duties,
 As a brave man may beseem ?

II.

Brother, shun the mist exhaling
 From the fen of pride and doubt ;
 Neither seek the house of bondage
 Walling straitened souls about ;
 Bats ! who, from their narrow spy-hole,
 Cannot see a world without.

III.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow—
Trust the wide and wond'rous sea,
Where the tides are fresh for ever,
And the mighty currents free;
There, perchance, oh ! young Columbus,
Your New World of truth may be.

IV.

Favor will not make deserving—
(Can the sunshine brighten clay ?)
Slowly must it grow to blossom,
Fed by labour and delay,
And the fairest bud of promise
Bears the taint of quick decay.

V.

You must strive for better guerdons ;
Strive to *be* the thing you'd seem ;
Be the thing that God hath made you,
Channel for no borrowed stream ;
He hath lent you mind and conscience ;
See you travel in their beam !

VI.

See you scale life's misty highlands
By this light of living truth !
And with bosom braced for labour,
Breast them in your manly youth ;
So when age and care have found you,
Shall your downward path be smooth.

VII.

Fear not, on that rugged highway,
 Life may want its lawful zest ;
 Sunny glens are in the mountain,
 Where the weary feet may rest,
 Cooled in streams that gush for ever
 From a loving mother's breast.

VIII.

“ Simple heart and simple pleasures,”
 So they write life's golden rule ;
 Honor won by supple baseness,
 State that crowns a cankered fool,
 Gleam as gleam the gold and purple
 On a hot and rancid pool.

IX.

Wear no show of wit or science,
 But the gems you 've won, and weighed ;
 Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,
 Make the rifts they seem to shade :
 Are you not a thief and beggar
 In the rarest spoils arrayed ?

X.

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,
 Making brighter all the bright :
 So, my brother ! care and danger
 On a loving nature light,
 Bringing all its latent beauties
 Out upon the common sight.

XI.

Love the things that God created,
 Make your brother's need your care;
 Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
 But where love is, *they* are there;
 As the moonbeams light the waters,
 Leaving rock and sand-bank bare.

XII.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
 Fearing none, and loving all;
 For the true man needs no patron,
 He shall climb, and never crawl;
 Two things fashion their own channel—
 The strong man and the waterfall.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

AUGUST 27, 1690.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*Garryowen*.”

I.

Oh, hurrah! for the men, who, when danger is nigh,
 Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
 Hurrah! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
 And hurrah! for bold Sarafield, the bravest of all.

King William's men round Luimneach lay,
 His cannon crash'd from day to day,
 Till the southron wall was swept away
 At the city of Luimneach lionnglas.*

'Tis afternoon, yet hot the sun,
 When William fires the signal gun,
 And, like its flash, his columns run
 On the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

* “Limerick of the azure river,” see “The Circuit of Ireland,” p. 47.

II.

Yet, Hurrah ! for the men, &c.

The breach gaped out two perches wide,
The fosse is filled, the batteries plied ;
Can the Irishmen that onset bide
At the city of Luimneach lionnglas.
Across the ditch the columns dash,
Their bay'nets o'er the rubbish flash,
When sudden comes a rending crash
From the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

III.

Then, hurrah ! for the men, &c.

The bullets rain in pelting shower,
And rocks and beams from wall and tower ;
The Englishmen are glad to cower
At the city of Luimneach lionnglas ;
But, rallied soon, again they pressed,
Their bay'nets pierced full many a breast,
Till they bravely won the breach's crest
At the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

IV.

Yet, hurrah ! for the men, &c.

Then fiercer grew the Irish yell,
And madly on the foe they fell,
Till the breach grew like the jaws of hell—
Not the city of Luimneach lionnglas.
The women fought before the men,
Each man became a match for ten,
So back they pushed the villains then,
From the city of Luimneach lionnglas

v.

Then hurrah ! for the men, &c.

But Bradenburgh the ditch has crost,
And gained our flank at little cost—
The bastion's gone—the town is lost ;
 Oh ! poor city of Luimneach lionnglas.
When, sudden, Sarsfield springs the mine—
Like rockets rise the Germans fine,
And come down dead, 'mid smoke and shine,
 At the city of Luimneach lionnglas.

vi.

So, hurrah ! for the men, &c.

Out, with a roar, the Irish sprung,
And back the beaten English flung,
Till William fled, his lords among,
 From the city of Luimneach lionnglas.
'Twas thus was fought that glorious fight,
By Irishmen, for Ireland's right—
May all such days have such a night
 As the Battle of Luimneach lionnglas.

THE BISHOP OF ROSS.

BY DR. MADDEN, AUTHOR OF THE "LIVES OF THE UNITED
IRISHMEN."

I.

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.

* Magh Cromha.

† Cluain Meala.

II.

The wailing of women, the wild *ululu*,
 Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey ;
 But loud tho' the plaints and the shrieks which ensue,
 The war-cry is louder of men in array.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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 command,
 And the prisoner is dragged to his presence with speed.

VII.

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 honor, to spare.

* Mac Aodhagain in proper spelling.

† Commonly written Carrigadrohid, (the Rock of the Bridge,) three miles east of Macroom, Co. Cork. The Castle is built on a steep rock in the river Lee by the M'Carty's.

OUR OWN AGAIN.

Allegro. f

Let the cow-ard shrink a - side, — Here's for our own a - gain; Let the brawling

piu p

slave de - ride, — We'll have our own a - gain! Let the ty - rant bribe and lie, — March, — threat-en,

cresc.

for - ti - fy, — Loose his law - yer and his spy, Yet we'll have our own a - gain.

OUR OWN AGAIN.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

LET the coward shrink aside,
 We 'll have our own again;
Let the brawling slave deride,
 Here 's for our own again—
Let the tyrant bribe and lie,
 March, threaten, fortify,
Loose his lawyer and his spy,
 Yet we 'll have our own again.
Let him soothe in silken tone,
 Scold from a foreign throne;
Let him come with bugles blown,
 We shall have our own again.
Let us to our purpose bide,
 We 'll have our own again—
Let the game be fairly tried,
 We 'll have our own again.

II.

Send the cry throughout the land,
 “ Who 's for our own again ?
Summon all men to our band,
 Why not our own again ?
Rich, and poor, and old, and young,
 Sharp sword, and fiery tongue—
Soul and sinew firmly strung,
 All to get our own again.
Brothers thrive by brotherhood—
 Trees in a stormy wood—
Riches come from Nationhood—
 Sha 'n't we have our own again ?
Munster's woe is Ulster's bane !
 Join for our own again—
Tyrants rob as well as reign,
 We 'll have our own again.

III.

Oft our fathers' hearts it stirr'd,
 "Rise for our own again!"
Often pass'd the signal word,
 "Strike for own again!"
Rudely, rashly, and untaught,
Uprose they, ere they ought,
Failing, though they nobly fought,
 Dying for their own again.
Mind will rule and muscle yield,
In senate, ship, and field—
When we've skill our strength to wield,
 Let us take our own again.
By the slave, his chain is wrought,
 Strive for our own again.
Thunder is less strong than thought,
 We'll have our own again.

IV.

Calm as granite to our foes,
 Stand for our own again ;
Till his wrath to madness grows,
 Firm for our own again.
Bravely hope, and wisely wait,
Toil, join, and educate ;
Man is master of his fate ;
 We'll enjoy our own again.
With a keen constrained thirst—
Powder's calm ere it burst—
Making ready for the worst,
 So we'll get our own again.
Let us to our purpose bide,
 We'll have our own again.
God is on the righteous side,
 We'll have our own again.

W A R S O N G.—A.D. 1597.

Andantino Brillante. m.f.

Rise from your slumber, sons of the brave, Elmo demands your blow; Grasp, at his
 summons, buckler and glaive; Onward to meet the foe! Hark! to the blast of the war-trump shrill

This day your right ensures; Up from each valley, down from each hill, Freedom or death be yours!

WAR SONG, A. D. 1597.

I.

Rise from your slumbers, sons of the brave,
 Eire demands your blow ;
 Grasp, at her summons, buckler and glaive,
 Onward to meet the foe !
 Hark ! to the blast of the war-trump shrill !
 This day your right ensures ;
 Up from each valley ! down from each hill !
 Freedom or Death be your's.

II.

Think on the fields where your fathers bled ;
 Think how they smote the Dane !
 Shame not the graves of your glorious dead ;
 Strike for your rights again !
 Freedom and Vengeance both bid you rise,
 Start at their stirring call ;
 Strangers usurp all the blessings you prize—
 On ! like a waterfall.

III.

On ! with your chieftains, O'Domhnall, O'Neill !
 On ! with the brave Maguire !
 Break through the folds of the Sasanach mail,
 Heed not his noisy fire.
 Crash through his ranks, as the lightning goes
 Right through the blackest cloud—
 Red is his flag, that so haughtily glows,
 Redder shall be his shroud !

A PATRIOT'S HAUNTS.

BY WILLIAM MULCHINOECK.

I LOVE the mountain rude and high,
 Its bare and barren majesty,
 And in its peopled solitude
 I love to stand in musing mood,

And bring, by fancy's magic power,
Bright dreams to charm the passing hour ;
To fill the green and heathy glen
With hosts of stalwart fighting men,
With banners flaunting, fair, and free,
Fit for a new Thermopylæ ;
And in the dark and narrow pass
I place a young Leonidas.
With joy I mark the phantom fight,
And hear the shouts for native right ;
And thus, until the shades of night
Proclaim time's quick and restless flight,
In fancy, freedom's war I see,
And tread a land by slaves made free.

I love to mark the billows rise,
And fling their spray into the skies—
To mark the bold impetuous shock
They deal upon the rugged rock ;
Until, where'er its side they lave,
Their power is shown in many a cave.
I match the rock to tyranny,
The waves to slaves and man made free ;
For know, 'twas unity like this,
That Greece put forth at Salamis,
And thus the Romans, side by side,
From Carthage tore her crest of pride ;
And yet, where slaves are found, I ween
New Fabii may still be seen,
Whose hearts though bold enough, I trow,
Sees not the fitting moment now—
Can find not yet the unity
That made the Doric children free,
That made the haughty Samnite fly
The anger of a Roman eye.

Doubters ascend a mountain-height,
With healthy pulse and sinew light—
Cowards ! upon the foaming tide
Cast you your glances, far and wide,

And, in the dark hill, say with me,
 "There's many a sure Thermopylæ,
 And o'er each bay's profound abyss,
 True hearts could make a Salamis."

A HEALTH.

BY J. D. FRAZER.

L

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

II.

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

III.

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

ORANGE AND GREEN WILL CARRY THE DAY.

AIR.—“*The Protestant Boys.*”

Vivace. f

Ire-land! re-joice, and Eng-land! de-plore, Fac-tion and feud are pass-ing a-way.

“Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar, “O-range and Green will car-ry the day.”

O-range! O-range! Green and O-range! Pitt-ed to-ge-ther in ma-ny a fray!

Li-ons in fight! And, link'd in their might, O-range and Green will car-ry the day.
 O-range! O-range! Green and O-range! Wave them to-ge-ther o'er mountain and bay;
 Orange and Green! Our King and our Queen! "Orange and Green will car-ry the day."

ORANGE AND GREEN WILL CARRY THE DAY.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

IRELAND ! rejoice, and England ! deplore—
 Faction and feud are passing away.
 'Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,
 "Orange and Green will carry the day."
 Orange ! Orange !
 Green and Orange !
 Pitted together in many a fray—
 Lions in fight !
 And link'd in their might,
 Orange and Green will carry the day.
 Orange ! Orange !
 Green and Orange !
 Wave them together o'er mountain and bay.
 Orange and Green !
 Our King and our Queen !
 "Orange and Green will carry the day!"

II.

Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathe'd—
 William and James are turn'd to clay—
 Long did we till the wrath they bequeath'd ;
 Red was the crop, and bitter the pay !
 Freedom fled us !
 Knaves misled us !
 Under the feet of the foemen we lay—
 Riches and strength
 We 'll win them at length,
 For Orange and Green will carry the day !
 Landlords fool'd us ;
 England ruled us,
 Hounding our passions to make us their prey ;
 But, in their spite,
 The Irish "Unite,"
 And Orange and Green will carry the day !

III.

Fruitful our soil where honest men starve ;
Empty the mart, and shipless the bay ;
Out of our want the Oligarchs carve ;
Foreigners fatten on our decay !
Disunited,
Therefore blighted,
Ruined and rent by the Englishman's sway ;
Party and creed
For once have agreed—
Orange and Green will carry the day !
Boyne's old water,
Red with slaughter !
Now is as pure as an infant at play ;
So, in our souls,
Its history rolls,
And Orange and Green will carry the day !

IV.

English deceit can rule us no more,
Bigots and knaves are scattered like spray—
Deep was the oath the Orangeman swore,
“Orange and Green must carry the day !”
Orange ! Orange !
Bless the Orange !
Tories and Whigs grew pale with dismay,
When, from the North,
Burst the cry forth,
“Orange and Green will carry the day ;”
No surrender !
No Pretender !
Never to falter and never betray—
With an Amen,
We swear it again,
Orange and Green shall carry the day

PAST AND PRESENT.

“Where are the monster meetings, the myriads of Tara and Mullaghmast?”—
English Press passim.

I.

WHERE are the marshall'd hosts that met
 Last year the Island over?
 Here are they calm, but ready yet,
 Like warriors couched in cover—
 With zeal as ardent, rage as deep,
 As bitter wrongs to feed them ;
 As stalwart limbs—let fools go sleep,
 And dream of stifled freedom.

II.

A lull—the tempest hulls, and then
 The blast the forest scatters ;
 The thunder peals are stilled—again
 The bolt the turret shatters ;
 And low the brandished hatchet sings
 For mightier stroke uplifted :
 Round—round it swings, then down it rings,
 And toughest blocks are rifted.

III.

There is a sullen under-hum
 Will swell to a tornado ;
 A day shall come will render dumb
 Our English lords' bravado—
 When Irish parties, hand in hand,
 And shoulder up to shoulder,
 Shall take their stand on Irish land,
 And buried feuds shall moulder.

IV.

Who chafes or falters at delay,
 Faint-hearted and short-seeing ?
 What is it all ?—a winter's day,
 'Mid ages of ill-being ;

Ah ! thus our fathers were undone !
 They sickened and seceded—
 Had they but battled constant on,
 Our battle were not needed.

v.

God knows his times—one thing know we,
 Our ills, and what will end them,
 That these our fetters loosed must be,
 Or should we file, or rend them ?
 Shall we sit looking at our gyves,
 Who talked so loud a year hence ?
 Shall we who frankly staked our *lives*,
 Grudge earnest perseverance ?

vi.

We 'll hoard our might and gather more—
 We 'll draw our brothers nigh us—
 We 'll give our minds, from wisdom's store,
 A firmer, manlier bias—
 We 'll rouse the nation near and far,
 From Rathlin to Cean-mara,
 Then show them where the masses are
 Of Mullaghmast and Tara.

SLIABH CUILINN.

A HIGHWAY FOR FREEDOM.

BY CLARENCE MANGAN.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

I.

" My suffering country SHALL be freed,
 And shine with tenfold glory !"
 So spake the gallant Winkelried,
 Renowned in German story.
 " No tyrant, even of kingly grade,
 Shall cross or darken my way !"
 Out flashed his blade, and so he made
 For Freedom's course a highway !

II.

We want a man like this, with power
 To rouse the world by *one* word;
 We want a Chief to meet the hour,
 And march the masses onward.
 But Chief or none, through blood and fire,
 My Fatherland lies *thy* way!
 The men must fight who dare desire
 For Freedom's course a highway!

III.

Alas! I can but idly gaze
 Around in grief and wonder;
 The PEOPLE's will alone can raise
 The People's shout of thunder.
 Too long, my friends, you faint for fear,
 In secret crypt and bye-way;
 At last be Men! Stand forth, and clear
 For Freedom's course a highway!

IV.

You intersect wood, lea, and lawn,
 With roads for monster waggons,
 Wherein you speed like lightning, drawn
 By fiery iron dragons.
 So do! Such work is good, no doubt;
 But why not seek some nigh way
 For *Mind* as well? Path also out
 For Freedom's course a highway!

V.

Yes! up! and let your weapons be
 Sharp steel and self-reliance!
 Why waste your burning energy
 In void and vain defiance,
 And phrases fierce but fugitive?
 'Tis deeds, not words, that *I* weigh—
 Your swords and guns alone can give
 To Freedom's course a highway!

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TO THE

IRISH PHRASES USED IN THIS WORK.

৭

ଅବୁ ! Abu, vulgð, Aboo, For ever ! as, ତିର୍ଯ୍ୟକୋତ୍ତାର୍ଥ ଅବୁ ! (Tyrone i.e.)	49	80
Land of Eoghan for ever !		
ଅମୋମ ଅବୁ ! Crom for ever,		143
Crom was a name for God. ଅମୋମେଲାକ୍ ଅମୋମେଲାକ୍ the name of an idol.—O'B. and O'R. Quære, ଅମୋମ-ଚମାଳ୍, red or blood-red Crom. ଡୋମାକ୍ ଅମୋମ-ଦ୍ୱାବ୍, The Sunday of black Crom, i. e. the first Sunday in August. See ଲୁଜନାର, ଲୁଜନାରା, Lammas, in O'B. and O'R. ଅମୋମେଲାକ୍, a bent flag-stone, used as a Druid's altar, from ଅମୋମ, bent.—Welsh, crom and crwm.		
The name of Crom Castle, (in the County of Limerick,) a possession of the Geraldines, appears to have had a common origin with this war-cry. See the Act 10 Hen. VII c. 20, (Rot. Parl. cap. 38,) with the queer title, "An Act abolishing the words Cromabo and Butlerabo;" the act says, "but to call only on St. George, or the name of his Sovereign Lord the King of England for the time being."		
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୭ ଓ ବୁଅଚାଲିନ ବୁଦ୍ଧେ, An buachailin buidhe, The yellow ² boy, ³	268	
୭ ଓ କାଇଲିନ ରୁଅଥ, An cailin ruadh, The red ³ (haired) girl, ¹	237	
୭ ଓ କାଇଲିନ ଦେଅ ଚମୁହେ ନା ମ-ବୋ, An cailin deas cruidhete na m-bo, The pretty ¹ girl ¹ of the milking of the cows,	292	
୭ ଓ ଟ-ରେଅନ ବେଅ ବୋଚ୍, An t-sean bhean bhochd, vulgð, The Shan Van Vocht, The poor ³ old ¹ Woman, ² a phrase for Ireland in distress, ...	132	
୭ ଓର୍ଡ-ରିଜ୍, Ard-Righ, a high King; a Monarch,	244	
୭ ଓ ତ୍ରୁଅଗ ଦ୍ୱାରୀ ଓଇଧିର ନ-ା ବ-ଫରାରାଦ୍, A's truagh gan oidhir 'n-a bh-farradh, What a pity there is no heir in (of) their company, ...	237-238-239	
The word for heir in O'B. and O'R. is not ଓଇଧିର, but ଓଇଧେ.		

33

Beal, <i>Béal</i> , vulg'd, Baal, or Belus, <i>m.</i> Poss. <i>Béil</i> , <i>O'B.</i> , <i>O'R.</i> , ...	105
Bealdearg, <i>Bealdearg</i> , Red' Mouth'!	126
Bearnha baoghail, <i>bearnha baoghail</i> , <i>My bearnha baoghail</i> , The Gap of Danger, 291	

Bréimeamh, <i>Breitheamh</i> , vulgò, Brehon, <i>m.</i> Poss. <i>bréimeamh</i> , a Judge; also briéimeamh, Poss. <i>bréimeamh</i> , whence probably the corruption, Brehon, ...	142
Brúasach na carraighe báine, Brink of the White Rock', <i>Brúasach</i> , <i>m.</i> Poss. briúasach, ...	238
Buanacht, <i>Buanacht</i> , vulgò, Bonnacht, <i>f.</i> Poss. <i>buanachta</i> , Soldiers' Quar- ters; ...	138
Sometimes put for the quartered soldier.	48

C.

Caibín, <i>Caibin</i> , vulgò, Cawbeen, a little hat or cap,	225
See <i>caba</i> , <i>O'R.</i>	
Callóid, <i>Calloid</i> , Loud talk, or crying, <i>f.</i> Poss. <i>callóibe</i> , ...	95
Carabat, modern, from the French <i>cravate</i> , a cravat,	12
Carn, <i>Carn</i> , a heap of stones, <i>m.</i> Poss. <i>cárn</i> , ...	107
Carraig, <i>Carraig</i> , vulgò, Carrick, a rock, <i>f.</i> Poss. <i>carraigé</i> , Nom. plu. carraghsaaca,—See the Welsh, <i>careg</i> , <i>ceryg</i> , a stone,	159
Cat-bharr, <i>Cath-bharr</i> , (in the text <i>Cathbarr</i>) a helmet, <i>m.</i> Poss. <i>cathbharr</i> ,	283
Cead mile failte go— , <i>Cead mile failte go</i> —, A hundred thousand wel- come to—	49
Ceanhaban, <i>Ceannabhan</i> , Moor-grass,	94

The second *n* is omitted in *O'R.* and in the text. The word comes from *ceann*, head, and *ban*, white, from the white tops of this mountain herb in spring. Mention of this is more likely to have occurred in the originals on which Mac Pherson may have founded parts of his "Ossian's Poems", than "the thistle's beard," of which he makes such free use. It is for the botanists to determine to what height and soil of mountain thistles will grow. The *ceannabhan* flourishes on the heights of *Súiré* *Fínn*, and the other Feinnian mountains, upwards of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Céitearn, <i>Ceithearn</i> , a band of soldiers, <i>m.</i> Poss. <i>ceitearn</i> , Nom. Plu. <i>ceitearn</i> , ...	
Céitearnach, <i>Ceithearnach</i> , a soldier of the band, Poss. <i>ceitearnach</i> , Nom. Plu. <i>ceitearnach</i> .	154
These two words have been confounded, and the former, which means a band, has been vulgarly taken for a single soldier of the band. Hence Kernes, and the name Kearns. The words are sometimes spelled <i>ceatárn</i> and <i>ceatárnach</i> both in the Scotch Highlands and in Ireland. The probable etymology is a speculation of great interest. Compare with these words, and <i>cac</i> , the Welsh <i>cadern</i> and <i>cad</i> , also <i>cethern</i> , <i>ceithrin</i> and <i>cethr</i> , also <i>catrodi</i> and <i>catyrsa</i> ; and then the Latin <i>caterva</i> , and the Irish <i>ceatárn</i> ; Vegetius de Mil. ii, 2; Bower's Fordun, Edin. viii. 21;	

						91.
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Ma seadh, <i>Ma seadh</i> , vulgò, Musha, If it be, (i.e. ma <i>is</i> e,)						
Maire, <i>Maire</i> , Mary, 111—189						
“U Túige a’r truagh, <i>A Muire a’s truagh</i> , vulgò, wirrasthrue, Oh ! Mary, who art merciful. This form (with a) appears to be peculiar to addresses to the Virgin Mary, 48—238						
Mi na meala, <i>Mi na meala</i> , month of honey; honey-moon, 186						
Mo buachaill, <i>Mo buachaill</i> , My boy, 222—223						
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Mo cailín ruadh, <i>Mo cailín ruadh</i> , My red [haired] girl, 278						
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Mo mhúirnín, <i>Mo mhúirnín</i> , my darling, 81						

三

Rāt, Rath, a fort, *f.* Poss. **rača**, Subjective **rajt**, Nom. Plu. **račana**,
... 65—105—172—245—276
Rosg cāta, Rosg catha, An address of (for) battle, **rosg**, *m.* Poss. **rojse**;
cāt, *m.* Poss. **cāta**, **...** 29—32
 The interpretation in the text, “Eve of Battle,” is incorrect.

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Tuinead, tuineam, *tuireadh*, *tuireamh*, a lament, 283

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TO THE

NAMES OF PERSONS MENTIONED IN THIS WORK.

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ao <i>ao</i> , <i>Aodh</i> , <i>m.</i> Poss. ao <i>ao</i> , vulgo, <i>Hugh</i> ,	6—211
This name is vulgarly taken to be the same with the English name <i>Hugh</i> , (French, <i>Hugues</i> ; Spanish, <i>Hugo</i> ; Italian, <i>Ugo</i> ; German, <i>Hugo</i> ;) with which it has no connexion.								
The vulgar names, <i>Mackay</i> , <i>Mc Kay</i> , <i>Mc Kee</i> , <i>Magee</i> , &c.	153
are but corruptions of <i>Mac Aoða</i> , <i>Mac Aodha</i> , Son of <i>Aodh</i>	
So <i>Mac Hugh</i> , <i>Mc Cue</i> , &c. are only further steps in corruption.	118
ao <i>rua</i> , or <i>Red Hugh</i> ,	

B.

breac <i>breac</i> , <i>Breathnac</i> , vulgo, <i>Walsh</i> ,	30—140
A very common name in Ireland, Poss. <i>Breac</i> . The same person, who, in speaking Irish, is uniformly called <i>Breac</i> , in speaking English is named <i>Walsh</i> . The prefix <i>Ó</i> is never added to this name, indicating its extem origin from a remote antiquity. The true Cymry give the name of "Brython, tumultuous ones, warriors," to a particular tribe, whose language they call <i>Brythoneg</i> , whilst they call their own <i>Cymraeg</i> . The seat of the <i>Brython</i> was in <i>Lloegr</i> , England. Hence, a guess that the <i>Brython</i> or <i>Breathnac</i> tribe, when driven westwards by the <i>Saxons</i> , (A. D. 446, 504, to 655,) were the earliest colonists from <i>Wales</i> into <i>Ireland</i> who took this name. See "Bretwalda," <i>Palgrave's History of the Anglo-Saxons</i> , p. 39.								
<i>O'B.</i> in his Dict. says, "rectius <i>Brioc</i> ," but in another place he says, <i>Graig</i> <i>na</i> <i>m-brioc</i> <i>na</i> <i>c</i> , (vulgo, <i>Graiguenamanna</i> .)	
<i>Gaile</i> <i>na</i> <i>m-brioc</i> <i>na</i> <i>c</i> , <i>Slieb</i> <i>na</i> <i>m-brioc</i> <i>na</i> <i>c</i> , are places in <i>Ireland</i> , so called because formerly inhabited by <i>Britons</i>	
The name of the writer referred to is, in Irish, <i>Cáman</i> <i>Brioc</i>	
<i>Bri</i> <i>an</i> , <i>Brian</i> , vulgo, <i>Brien</i> , Poss. <i>Bri</i> <i>an</i> ,	134—250—294
<i>O'B.</i> in his Dict. passes altogether unnoticed the common notion that <i>Brian</i> the Great got the name of <i>Bri</i> <i>an</i> <i>bórumh</i> , or <i>Brian</i> of the <i>tribute</i> , from the <i>bórumh</i> <i>Lá</i> <i>g</i> <i>an</i> , or <i>tribute</i> of <i>Leinster</i> , anciently exacted, and again enforced by him.	

He expressly calls him **Brígh** **an** **Árd****líné**, from a town, **Árd****líné**,
Poss. **Árd****líné**, near which was **Céad** **an** **Árd**, **vulgò**, **Kincora**,
(*the head of the weir*,) his royal residence. See **O'Brígh**.

Bríghid, **Brighid**, **vulgò**, **Bride**, **Bridget**, Poss. **Brígh****de**, 111—195

C.

Caitlin, **Caitlin**, N.B. **Caitilin** in text, 278

Cáel, **Cathal**, **vulgò**, **Cahill**, &c. (and, as a christian name, sometimes
Charles ! with which it has no connexion), *m.* Poss. **Cáel****il**, ... 3—26

Cáel **cruibh** **de****ar****th**, **Cathal** of the red¹ hand², 194

Cormac, **Cormac**, Poss. **Cormaig**, 229

D.

Dáithi, **Dathi**, **vulgò**, **Dathy**, 104—229—294

This name is sometimes spelt **Daithi** but incorrectly. The very
ancient names are not spelt by the rule, **caol** **le** **caol** **á****gúr**
le**á****caol** **le** **caol**, and besides, that would *not* be the form of
change, for the first syllable is pronounced broad.

Díarmuid, **Díarmuid**, **vulgò**, **Dermot**, **Dermott**, &c., Poss. **Díarmada**, ...

Domhnaill, **Domhall** **Gleann****ac**, 278

See **Mac Domhnaill**, **O'Domhnaill**, &c.

E.

Eibhear, **Eibhear**, **vulgò** **Heber**, Poss. **Eib****ín**, 228

It is hard to account for the addition of the H, as the native
prefix **h-** occurs only in a few inflexions.

Eibhlín, **Eibhlin**, **vulgò**, **Eveleen**, **Eileen**, **Aileen**, &c. and sometimes **Ellen** ! 127

Eibhlín **á** **riúin**, **Eibhlin**, oh ! secret (love or treasure.) **Eibhlín**, *f.* Poss.

Eibhlíne ; **riúin**, *m.* Poss. **riúin**. See also 127, 15—117

Eireamhón, **Eireamhon**, **vulgò**, **Heremon**, Poss. **Eireamhón**, 195

The H here is superfluous as in "Heber,"

Eoghan, **Eoghan**, **vulgò**, **Owen**, 126—222—228—251—264—307

Eoghan **riúab**, **Red Eoghan**, **vulgò**, **Owen Roe**,

The Poss. is **Eog****áin**, as in **Cír** **Eog****áin**, &c. 251

F.

Feidhlim, **Feidhlim**, **vulgò**, **Phelim**, 26

Fiacha, **Fiacha**, **Mac** **Uí****Ó** **Brígh****in**, **vulgò**, **Pheagh Mac Hugh O'Byrne**, 153

Finghin, **Finghin**, the Fair-born or purely-begotten, 79

Firbis, **Firbis**, Poss. **Firb****is****í****z**, 238

Fogartach, **Fogartach**, **vulgò**, **Fogarty**, 194

This, like most of the corrupted Irish names, is taken from the
possessive case of the original word. **Fogartach**, *m.* Poss.

Fogartach, **Fogartach**. The English termination *z* has a
resemblance to the Irish *í***z**. When the **O'**, (or **Mac**,)
or **Ó**, is used, the patronymic is always to be subjoined in
the possessive case : thus, **O'Fogartach**, **Ó'Fogartach**.

Mac Μιαδαχαιν, <i>Mac Miadhachain</i> , vulgò, Mc Meechan, Meehan, &c. ...	83
Mac Μυρχαδα, <i>Mac Murchadha</i> , vulgò, Mc Morrogh, Son of Μυρχαδ, ...	
Μιλεαδ, <i>Mileadh</i> . vulgò, Milesius, Poss. Μιλιδ,	228-236
Μοραν, <i>Moran</i> ,	229
Θε Μορανη, The chain or collar of Moran,	229
Μυρχαδ, <i>Murchadh</i> , vulgò, Morrogh, Murogh, Poss. Μυρχαδα, but in the present day it is commonly Μυρχαδ; whence Morphy, Murphy, &c. 179	

37.

Μι, *Ni*, indecl. a daughter,

Whether the men of the tribe are called after their ancestor by the prefix Ο' or Μαc, the women are uniformly designated by the prefix Μι. So in the Scotch Highlands Mac is for the men of the clann, Nic, for the women; "Nic, contr. for Nighean; used as a syllable of surnames, when a female is spoken of; cognominum syllaba, filiam denotans, cum de foemina loquitur quis; C. S." (i.e. Common Speech,) Dict. Scoto-Celt. So, in Irish,

Μι, for ηις, ηιζεαν, ηιζεαν, ηιζην, a daughter,

Hence is seen the reason why in the Irish-speaking parts of the country the wife never changes her family name. In Irish, the Ο', Μαc and Μι, like all other things, have meaning; and it would be ridiculous to suppose, that Φλαμη ηι Βηριανη, (daughter of Brian,) on marrying Φανηιαζ Ο'Νειλ, (the male descendant of Μιαλ,) thereby became a Μι Νειλ, (or daughter of Μιαλ.)

Μι Βηριανη, Ειβλιη Μι Βηριανη, not O'Brin, as in the text, 171

Μιαλ, *Niall*, vulgò, Neill. 104

This latter is the Poss. Νειλ, and properly used in Mac Neill, O'Neill, &c. but not separately.

Ο.

Ο', *O'*, a grandson or male descendant,

Singular, Nom. Ο', (ant. οα,) Poss. οι, Subjective, Ο, Voc. οι, Plural, Nom. οι, Poss. οα, Subjective, οιο,

This is the most usual prefix to Irish surnames though not used in the Scotch Highlands; but the root is perfectly known in the common language of both countries. Thus, "Ogha, a grandchild; nepos; *Scot.* O, Oe, Oye, Jam." See, Dict. Scoto-Celt. "Οια, s. m. et f. a descendant, grandchild, proles, nepos, Llh. et O'R. vide Ogha." *Ibid.*

As a preposition, in the same sense, both simply and in composition, ο and οα, from, out of, (i. e. proceeding from,) is equally used in both. Ο, from, is one of the instances in which the *Welsh* prepositions bear an analogy to ours.

In the plural οι, grandsons, male descendants, the word is applied to whole tribes or clann, and sometimes (incorrectly)

to the country inhabited by them; in which sense a most ridiculous corruption has been introduced, viz. "Hy—" as Hy Niall, &c. This cannot be too strenuously condemned nor too soon changed. This "Hy" is composed of two letters, neither of them in the original; and the one, *h*, is never used in Irish save as a prefix, and the other, *y*, is not used at all! Besides, even those who conceive that corruptions obtain some sanction to a further continuance from an understood usage have no such support here, for *Ui Neill*, would be as generally understood as Hy Niall, to say nothing of the gross blundering.

See the words, *Í*, *Úa*, *ib*, in *O'B.* and *O'R.* applied to a country, a district, a tribe of people; see especially, *O'B.* at the end of the letter *Í*. They seem to be nothing but the inflections of the same word, the initials being omitted in the first and third instances.

<i>O'h-Ágáin</i> , <i>O'h-Again</i> , vulgò, O'Hagan,	245
<i>O'h-Állubhráin</i> , <i>O'h-Allubhrain</i> , vulgò, O'Halloran, Halloran, &c.	104
<i>O'h-Anluain</i> , <i>O'h-Anluain</i> , vulgò, O'Hanlon, Hanlon, &c.	245
<i>O'Briain</i> , <i>O'Briain</i> , vulgò, O'Byrne, Byrne, &c.	153—172
<i>O'Briain</i> , <i>O'Briain</i> , vulgò, O'Brien, Brien, &c.	127—194—215
<i>O'Brislein</i> , <i>O'Brislein</i> , descendant of <i>Briplein</i> ,	245
<i>O'Catháin</i> , <i>O'Cathain</i> , vulgò, O'Kane, Kane, Keane, Kean, &c.	245—246
<i>O'Cealláchain</i> , <i>O'Ceallachain</i> , vulgò, O'Callaghan, Callaghan, &c.							

The name of the writer, John Cornelius O'Callaghan, should be written, *Seán Ó Conchúbaí*, ...

... 183

O'Conaill, *O'Conaill*, vulgò, O'Connell, &c.

The names of Daniel, Maurice, and John, should be written,							
<i>Domhnáil</i> <i>O'Conaill</i> , THE LIBERATOR,	10—163
<i>Seán</i> <i>O'Conaill</i> , ... } His Sons, {	229—248
<i>O'Conaill</i> , ... }	258

O'Conallain, *O'Conallain*, ...

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Ó'Фадаðай,	(or	Ó'Фадаðай,)	in Connacht;	Ó'Фадаðай	in Mumha;
vulgð,	O'Madden,	Madden,	&c.
...	305
Ó'Форðа,	O'Mordha,	vulgð,	O'Moore,	Moore,	&c.	...
...	39—67—194
Ó'Нејл,	O'Neill,	See	Мал,
...	127—245

There are three of the name referred to, viz.

Лоðан	иuað	Ó'Нејл,	5
Чоð	Ó'Нејл,	29—47—110—211	...	
Домналл	Ó'Нејл,	57
Ó'Рагхалай,	O'Raghallaigh,	vulgð,	O'Reilly,	
Ó'Суилебайн,	O'Suilleabhan,	vulgð,	O'Sullivan,	Sullivan,	&c.	78

The derivations of the name *Suilleban* from *rúil* *аñáin*, *only eye*; or *rúž* *leabain*, *juice of elder*, can satisfy no one, and only tend to show that the Milesian names are still to be traced.

Ó'Шиадайл,	O'Siadhaił,	vulgð,	O'Shiel,	Shiel,	&c.	245
Ó'Шионнайкайн,	O'Sionnachain,	vulgð,	O'Shanaghan,	Shannon,	&c.	49
Ó'Туатай,	O'Tuathail,	vulgð,	O'Toole,	Toole,	Tuthill,	male descendant of Tuatål,	151—173—225

What a base corruption from a splendid origin is "Toole." If one wanted to designate another as a wretch, could he go much lower than to cry, "Oh! Tool!" As to having the "th" in O'Tuathail not pronounced like an "h," it ought to be recollected that the "Magraths" have not suffered that indignity. Men might as easily avoid the absurd division of "Tut-hill."

Only think of the abomination, that in this Anglicising Eastern Metropolis of Ireland, a chapel about to be dedicated to the Patron Saint of Dublin, the Venerable and Heroic *Лоркан* *Ó'Туатай*, is daily dubbed in the newspapers, by the name of Lawrence O'Toole !!!

Р.

Радруиг,	Padruig,	vulgð,	Patrick,	indecl.	...	14—28—75—229—245—259
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Р.

Руайдхри,	Ruaidhri,	vulgð,	Rory,	indecl.	39
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С.

Самхуин,	Samhuin,	Poss. Samhna,	105
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Сеамус,	Seamus,	James,	Poss. Seamus,	Voc. а	Seamus,	95
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Т.

Торлóхэалбáс,	Toirdhealbhach,	vulgð,	Torlogh,	Tirlogh,	Turlogh,	(Terence, which has nothing to do with it.) Poss. Торлóхэалбáс; some Munster dialects make Торлóхэалбáс.	172
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See dealbaс, *resembling*, and Торлóхэалбáс, in *O'B.* He supposes the name to mean, "one resembling the god Thor." But see *тор*, *m.* a tower; Poss. *тор*; tower-like.

B.

Бaile-an-doire , <i>Baile-an-doire</i> , vulgò, Ballinderry,	159
Бaile, <i>m.</i> Sing. indecl., a town, village, home; Plu. бaile;					
Latin, <i>villa</i> ; French, <i>ville</i> ; Greek, <i>πόλις</i> . Doire, <i>f.</i> Sing.					
indecl., a grove. The corruptions of these words—Bally,					
Derry, &c.—figure everywhere on our maps.					
Бaннa , <i>Banna</i> , vulgò, the Bann, <i>f.</i> indecl. i. e. Бaн-анан, the White River					
according to some,	98	—26	—126		
Бeann-traighe , <i>Beann-traighe</i> , vulgò, Bantry,	60	—89			
Бeann, head, Тraig, <i>f.</i> Poss. тrajъ, or тrajъe, a strand, pro-					
perly at low water. See the Welsh traeth, strand, and trai,					
decrease, ebb-tide. Hence -tra, and -troy, as well as -try, in					
many corrupted names.					
Бeal-an-ath-a-buidhe , <i>Beal-an-atha-buidhe</i> , vulgò, Ballanabwee; Бeal, or beul,					
<i>m.</i> Poss. бejl, a mouth; Бuјde, yellow; The mouth of the yellow*					
ford!	47	—250			
The final letter of аča is scarce heard in speaking.					
Бeарbha , <i>Bearbha</i> , <i>f.</i> vulgò, the Barrow, Աn бeарbha, indecl. ...	142	—158			
Бeин-borb , <i>Beinn-borb</i> , vulgò, Benburb; Бeин, <i>f.</i> Poss. beје, the summit					
of a hill or mountain; borb, rough, fierce,	31	—219	—250		
Бeин-Еадаиr , <i>Beinn-Eadair</i> , the hill of Howth; the hill of Էадաиr, 6—28—283					
“Beinn-Eaduinn, the hill of Howth in Ireland, nomen montis					
Hibernici.” Dict. Scoto-Celt. voce Beinn.					
Бeин-mhор , <i>Beinn-mhor</i> , vulgò, Benmore,	125			
Бeire , <i>Beire</i> , vulgò, Bear; see Бeяна, <i>O'B.</i>	79			
Бoин , <i>Boinn</i> , vulgò, the Boyne; <i>f.</i> Poss. Бoине,	32	—34	—35	—36	
Some suppose it to be Бuјde атaиn, i.e. the Yellow River.					

C.

Сaиреal-cnoc , <i>Caiseal-cnoc</i> , vulgò, Castleknock, the castle of hills, ...	171
Сaиргаl-ан-брюгид , <i>Carraig-an-droichid</i> , vulgò, Carrigadrohid, the Rock	
of the Bridge; Ծnojсeаd, <i>m.</i> a bridge, Poss. Ծnojсid,	306
Сaиргаl-Фeаргуса , <i>Carraig-Feargusa</i> , vulgò, Carrickfergus, the Rock of	
Fergus,	27
Сeан-мара , <i>Ceann-mara</i> , vulgò, Kenmare,	298
Сeан, <i>m.</i> Poss. cij. See the Welsh <i>pen</i> ; and note a singular	
interchange between <i>c</i> in Irish and <i>b</i> or <i>p</i> in Welsh as in	
Mac, Mab (already noticed); ceačaј, pedr, Latin, <i>quatuor</i> ;	
cuј5, <i>pump</i> , Latin, <i>quinque</i> , German, <i>funf</i> , сa, cu, cja, pa,	
pam, <i>po</i> , <i>piw</i> , <i>py</i> , Latin, <i>qua</i> , <i>quam</i> , <i>quo</i> , <i>qui</i> , English,	
<i>what</i> , <i>when</i> , <i>who</i> , <i>why</i> , &c. Ծluajn, Latin, <i>planum</i> , English,	
<i>lawn</i> . Վaյn, <i>f.</i> the sea, Poss. մaրa.	
Сiarraighe , <i>Ciarraighe</i> , vulgò, Kerry, the name of a county, <i>O'B.</i>	18—299
Сill-дара , <i>Cill-dara</i> , vulgò, Kildare, the name of a town and county, 129—142	
Сill; this common prefix to the names of churches and burial-	
grounds seems, properly, to be the inflection of ceall, <i>f.</i> Poss.	

Dear Mumha, <i>Deas Mumha</i> , vulg'd, Desmond,	80—118—142—194—228
Dear, South. See Mumha.	
Done, <i>Dorre</i> , vulg'd, Derry, the name of a city and county; 5
Done, f. a grove.	
Druim-mhor, <i>Druim-mor</i> , vulg'd, Dromore, 126
Druim, m. a ridge; see ፩-oir-druim. ፩-óir, great; the <i>mhor</i> in the text is an error. Druim is masculine, not f. as in <i>O'R.</i>	
Druimneach, <i>Druimneach</i> , vulg'd, Drimnagh, 79
Dún, <i>Dun</i> , vulg'd, Down, the name of a town and county, 26—230
When the Anglo-Irish introduced <i>ow</i> into the spelling of Irish words, they must have pronounced it as they now do <i>oo</i> , and as the Lowland Scotch pronounce— <i>now</i> ,— <i>town</i> , &c.	
Dún, m. Poss. dún, a fort. ፩-ondae an dún, the county of Down. The town is also called Dún-፩-adhras, Downpatrick, and anciently Dún-ጀ-le-ጀ-ጀ-ጀ, <i>O'B.</i> Dict.	
Dún-buidhe, <i>Dunbuidhe</i> , the yellow' fort', 60
Dún-Ciarain, <i>Dun-Ciarain</i> , vulg'd, Dunkerron, The fort of Ciarain, ...	80
Dún-geanainn, <i>Dun-geanainn</i> , vulg'd, Dungannon, The fort of Geanainn, ...	36
Dún-na-n-gall, <i>Dun-na-n-gall</i> , vulg'd Donegall, The fort of the foreigners.	
The name of a town and county	... 18—110—245
Dún-na-n-geadh, <i>Dun-na-n-geadh</i> , The fort of the geese. Irish Archæol.	79
Dúrlas, <i>Durlas</i> , vulg'd, Thurles, see <i>O'B.</i> voce dún, 194—219
E.	
Eac-druim, <i>Each-druim</i> , vulg'd, Aughrim, 72
Eac, m. Poss. eac, a horse; The horses' ridge.	
Eamhain, <i>Eamhain</i> , vulg'd, Emania, 160
Eac an Eamhain, vulg'd, The Navan Rath, Eamhain, <i>O'B.</i> ...	
Eatharlaic, <i>Eatharlaic</i> , vulg'd, Aharlow, 194
Éire, <i>Eire</i> , vulg'd, Erin, Éire, f. a name of Ireland, one of the three sisters, ፩-ጀ-ጀ and Éire. 14—72—312
Nom. Éire, Poss. Éireann, Subjective Éireann, Voc. & Éire.	
Thus the vulgar name is a corrupt reading of the Subjective or Possessive case of the word.	
Eochaill, <i>Eochaill</i> , vulg'd, Youghal, 142
F.	
Fear-muighe, <i>Fear-muighe</i> , vulg'd, Fermoy. Fear is supposed to be	
Fear, ant. Nom. Plu. men; ፩-ጀ-ጀ, m. Poss. muighe, a plain, ...	14
Fear-buile, <i>Fear-buile</i> , a man of Buile,
Fir-bol, <i>Fir-bolg</i> , the men of the Bolg-s; Fear, m. Poss. Fir, a man.	
Bolg, m. Poss. buile, a belly or bag. Hence the common derivations of the name. It is also a ship; and compare the name “Belg-æ.”	193
Fionn-ghaill, <i>Fionn-ghaill</i> , vulg'd, Fingallians. Norwegians settled north of Dublin. Fionn, white or fair haired, (when the adjective precedes the substantive it is indeclinable.) Gall, m. a foreigner; Poss. ጀ-ጀ-ጀ. ...	180

- F**oðla, *Fodhla*, the word is sometimes written **F**oðla, Fodla; the effect of the ð is to make the o long; the effect of ðl is ll 229
Foðla, *f.* indecl. a name of Ireland from one of the three sisters
 Bañða, **F**oðla and Ælue.

G.

- G**aillte-mor, *Gaillte-mor*, vulgð, Galtymore, 159—194
Gaoidheal, *Gaoidheal*, } vulgð, Gael, an Irishman, or Highland }
Gaodhal, *Gaodhal*, } Scot, 7—43—97
Gaoidhilig, *Gaoidhilig*, } vulgð, Gaelic, the language spoken in }
Gaoleag, *Gaoleag*, } these countries,

It is remarkable that the Welsh call the language Gwyddleleg, as they say Cymraeg, Saesneg, &c. Gwyddel is an Irishman, or one in a sylvan state, said to be from Gwydd a wood, or woody, and hely to hunt, as it were a hunter in the woods.

- G**arryða-Æððaïn, *Gardha Eoghain*, vulgð, Garryowen, the garden of Æððaïn, 194
Gleáñ, *Gleann*, vulgð, Glen, Glin or Glyn. **G**leáñ, *m.* Poss. ȝleáñ, ... 142
Gleáñ Colaich, *Gleann Colaich*, 194
Gleáñ-dá-loča, *Gleann-da-locha*, vulgð, Glendalough, the Gleann of the two lakes, 153—173—80—99
Gleáñ-ȝarþ, *Gleann-garþ*. **G**arþ, rough; see the Welsh garw, ... 80

J.

- J**íñr-Æððaïn, *Innis Eoghain*, vulgð, Innishowen, 81
Jíñr-Fail, *Innis-Fail*, 238
Jubáñ, *Iubhar*, *m.* Poss. **J**ubáñ, the Yew-tree. **U**ñ **J**ubáñ éñ ȝraða, *An Iubhar chinn traghá*, vulgð, Newry, or the Newry, the yew-tree of the head of the Strand. 104
 This is as remarkable a corruption as is traceable in any language; see ceáñ, **Beáñ-tíraíz**, &c. 'r-an **J**ubáñ, in Newry.

L.

- L**aigheann, *Laigheann*, vulgð, Lagenia and Leinster, 28—126
Laigheáñ, *m.* Poss. **L**aigheñ.
Laoi, *Laoi*, vulgð, the Lee, 126—247
Laoiȝir, *Laoighis*, } vulgð, Leix, 66
Laoiȝeac, *Laoiseach*, *O.B.* } *O.B.* says "now the Queen's County." There is a barony, parish, and Castle of "Lee" there, formerly of O'Nóra, whom *O.B.* names for the whole county.
 The modern names are translations; **condæ añ níð**, the King's County; **condæ ña bañu-ȝioðu**, the Queen's County.
Leat, *Leath*, *m.* Poss. **leat**, a half, 28
 Hence **L**eat ȝuñ, Conn's half; **L**eat Moȝa, Mogh's half, in the two-fold division of Ireland. **L**eat **L**acail, Cathail's half or portion, vulgð, Lecale.

L iffe, <i>Life</i> , vulgò, the Liffey,	126—172—256
L oc L ein, <i>Loch Lein</i> , vulgò, the lower Lake of Killarney,	277
L oc n - E athach, <i>Loch n-Eathach</i> , vulgò, Lough Neagh, (loc n - E isceac,) ...	246
L oc S uiliç, <i>Loch Suiligh</i> , vulgò, Lough Swilly,	118—246
L ong-phort, <i>Long-phort</i> , vulgò, Longford, a town and county,	159
L ong-poirt, <i>m.</i> Poss. L ong-puirt. This is L ong-poirt U í Sheançáill, the palace of the descendant of Fearghaill; from L ong, <i>m.</i> a residence, and poirt , a fort.	
L uimneac, <i>Luimneac</i> , vulgò, Limerick; the name of a city and county; in Norse, <i>Himric</i> . L uimneac, <i>f.</i> Poss. L uimneac, 215—219—292—303	
L uimneac l ioñ-çláir, of the azure ¹ water ¹ ; from l ioñ, <i>f.</i> Poss. lioñ, a pool, water, (N.B. the <i>o</i> seems superfluous,) and çláir , green, azure.	
¶.	
M agh- N uadhaït, <i>Magh-Nuadhaït</i> , vulgò, Maynooth,	142
M al, <i>m.</i> Poss. M al-ç, a plain; the plain of N uadhaït,	
M agh C romha, <i>Magh Cromha</i> , vulgò, Macroom, or Macromp, the plain of	305
M agh- R ath, <i>Magh-Rath</i> , vulgò, Moira; the plain of forts,	79
M aine, <i>Maine</i> ,	
U í M aine, vulgò, Hy Many; the descendants of Maine,	307
M alainn, <i>Malainn</i> , vulgò, Malin,	28—307
M alla, <i>Malla</i> , (for M agh E alla, <i>Magh Ealla</i> ,) vulgò, Mallow, (Moyallow,) 136	
From M al, a plain; U í M alla, <i>O'B.</i> ; E alla, <i>Ui Fiachrach</i> , p. 52.	
M odhorn, <i>Modhorn</i> , vulgò, Mourne,	137
S liab M odhuiñ, <i>Sliabh Modhuiñ</i> , vulgò, Mourne mountain, ...	
M ullach-maistin, <i>Mullach-maistin</i> , vulgò, Mullaghmast,	65
M ullac, <i>m.</i> Poss. M ullal, a top; M airtean, <i>m.</i> Poss. M airtin,	
R ath M ullal, R ath M airtin, the rath of Mullach Maistin,	
M unha, <i>Munha</i> , vulgò, Munster,	3—126—194—241
Nom. M unha, Poss. M unhañ, Subjective, M unhañ, Voc. u M unha.	
◊.	
O ' F ailge, <i>O'Failghe</i> , vulgò, Offaly,	66—86
O ileac, <i>Oileach</i> , vulgò, Ely,	110
O ileac, <i>m.</i> Poss. O ileac; sometimes spelled with the initial A , as, A ileac, A ileac.	
O ilean M ac A odha, <i>Oilean Mac Aodha</i> , vulgò, Island Magee, see A odha,	
O ilean, <i>m.</i> Poss. O ilein.	27
¶.	
P oirt- m or, <i>Port-mor</i> , vulgò, Portmore; P oirt, <i>m.</i> Poss. p uirt, has many significations; a harbour or fort. The great harbour or fort, ...	47
¶.	
R oileig na R ioigh, <i>Roileig na Rioigh</i> , vulgò, Relignaree; the burial-place of the kings,	
R oileig, <i>f.</i> Poss. roileig , a burial-ground; it is also spelled reileig , see <i>O'B.</i> and <i>O'R.</i> Dict. The Highland-Scotch spell it,	

Собардах, the well of Արան, <i>O'B.</i> ...	vulgð, Tipperary, the name of a town and county, 84—159
Собар և ծա բան, the well of the two divisions;	
Երօսա, <i>Triocha</i> , vulgð, Truagh or Triach, Երօսա, <i>m.</i> a district, 28—151	
Երօսա շաս, Thirty hundred; a Cantred or Barony. <i>O'B.</i>	
Տաճ Արմա, <i>Tuadh Mumha</i> , vulgð, Thomond; Տաճ, North; North Munster. See Արմա. 158
Տուաչ օշ բատ, <i>Tulach og rath</i> , 245
	22.
Ոլլած, <i>Ulladh</i> , vulgð, Ulidia or Ulster; Ոլլած, <i>m.</i> indecl. ...	26—226—228
Արծ Ոլլած, the Heights of Ulladh, vulgð, the Ards, 245

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS IN THE PRECEDING INDEXES.

O'B. refers to "J. O'Brien's Irish-English Dictionary."

O'R. refers to "Edward O'Reilly's Irish-English Dictionary."

Dict. Scoto-Celt. refers to the "Dictionaryum Scoto-Celticum, a Dictionary of the Gaelic Language, compiled and published under the direction of the Highland Society of Scotland, 2 Voll. Edinburgh, 1828."

Nom. Poss. Subj. Voc.—indicate the four cases used in Irish;—Nom. stands equally for Nominative and Accusative. Poss., Possessive, is used instead of the Latin "Genitive," because the Irish case has not the derivative function of the Latin. Subj., Subjective, is used as a correlative to "preposition," because the single function of this Irish case is to follow a proper preposition. It is commonly divided into "Dative" and "Ablative;" but the Latin Dative is not used after a preposition, while the "Accusative" is. Nothing but complexity and confusion follows from the use of the words Dative, Accusative, and Ablative as applied to Irish cases. Voc. Vocative, speaks for itself. Those cases, which suffer no inflection or whose inflections are formed according to general rules, are not always noticed.

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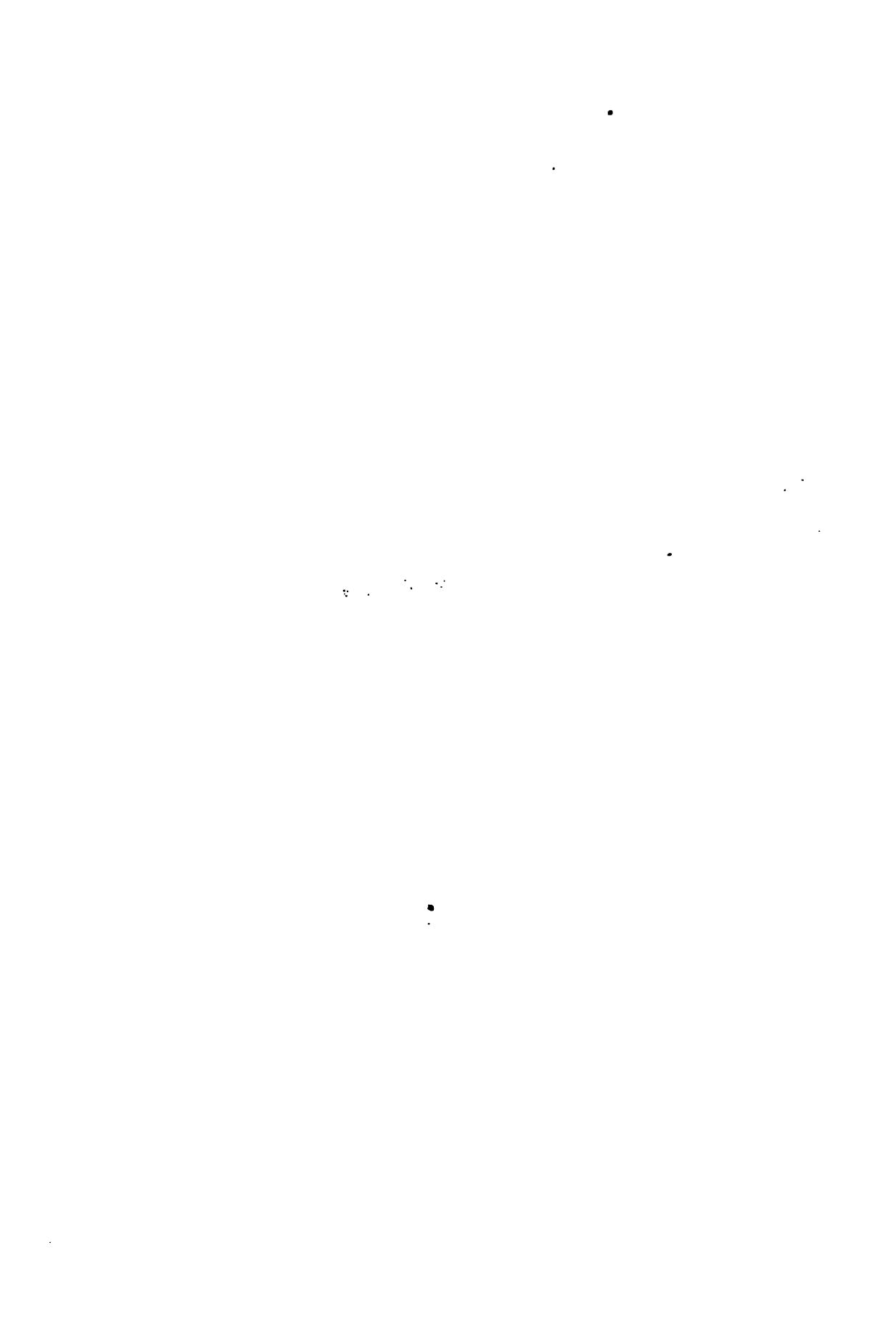
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