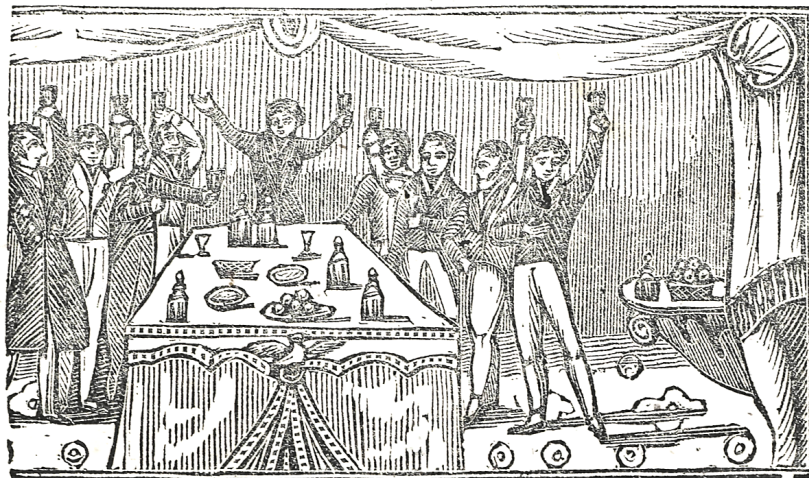


DANIEL O'CONNELL & LIBERTY



You Hibernians all come listen awhile,
My ditty I'm sure will cause you to smile,
Huzza for O'Connell and Erin go bragh!
The lords have met and they do declare,
That the trial was void, made his enemies stare,
And an order was sent for O'Connell's release,
With Traversers all so Repeal will increase,
So long life to O'Connell and Erin go bragh.

To the Parliament House, 'tis the Commons I mean,
Few friends of old Ireland was there to be seen,
For repeal, O'Connell and Erin go bragh!
But Duncombe, who's always the friend of the poor,
And Henry Grattan, but very few more,
The cause of O'Connell did try to defend,
Provid there that old Ireland had scarcely a friend
But long life to O'Connell and Erin go bragh.

But there's one among them an Irishman bold,
Whose name ought to be written in letters of gold
He's a spring of shelalah and shamrock so green,
Mr. Samuel O'Brien a man of great fame,
Heaven prosper for ever his family name,
For Repeal he will struggle as long as he's
breath.

And ne'er will give o'er till the day of his death,
Here's Repeal and O'Connell and Erin go bragh.

In jail Dan O'Connell and Traversers all,
Been confin'd for what? Oh, why nothing at all,
'Tis repeal galls the foes of old Erin go bragh,
But now they are free and once more at large,
For Repeal of the Union they yearn to discharge,
The dread of a jail would those heroes affright,
But for the rights of old Ireland they'll fearlessly
fight,
Shout Repeal and O'Connell & Erin go bragh.

The Waterloo Duke he may boast of his pills,
Steel lozenges too, and his coercion bills,
But we'll stand by O'Connell & Erin go bragh
And Orange P—Bob he may make a great fuss,
But what if he does its nothing to us,
He may say what he likes
Ireland must have her rights, he must grant a
Repeal.

So long life to O'Connell and Erin go bragh.

The attorney for Ireland you know who I mean,
Made a hodge podge indictment as the Judges
ne'er saw.

So they released those true friends of old Erin
go bragh,

And straight from the jail will in triumph be
borne,

To their friends and relations who'll welcome
them home,

And each seneor St Patrick will boldly exclaim,
We know'd they'd all their liberty gain

So Repeal and O'Connell and Erin go bragh.

Before now my ditty I bring to an end,
Three cheers then for old Ireland's friends.

The great Liberator and Erin go bragh,

May each friend of liberty truly combine,
And the rose, shamrock, and thistle firmly en-
twine.

Then soon will the doom of oppression be sealed,
Ireland's rights will be granted she'll get a
Repeal,

Sing long life to O'Connell and Erin go bragh.

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