

A NEW SONG ON
The Arrests of Messrs.

DAVITT, DALY & KILLEN.

All Irishmen have heard, of our brothers who have
cared

For the comfort of our poverished ones at home,
How they have been treated here, by their foes they'll
never fear,

As long as they have true friends sure to come ;
Because they showed their skill, by aiding those our
land to till,

In trying to get freedom to our shore,
By keeping landlords down who like tyrants wore the
crown,

And made us feel oppression to the core.

CHORUS.

Then give then a hearty cheer
They all love their country dear,
And for her cause have suffered often sore
But tho' they be in Sligo Gaol,
It's not for want of bail,
They'll be faithful to old Ireland ever more.

We have heard of how they spoke—of how poor
Paddy bore the yoke,

To keep his landlord living doing the grand—
And spending all his years—with the money paid
with tears,

And spent with pleasure in a foreign land.

We have heard of their ejectments of our impover-
ished neighbour,

From the land on which their fathers toiled with
care,

And often had to lie and by the ditch to die.

Such things in poor old Ireland was not rare.

But the hand of the Almighty, who was looking on
with wrath,

At the persecution our fathers suffered sore,
Has just sprung up in need men of noble and just
deed,

Who are working with a might ne'er used before;
They have made those landlords feel—whose'er now
were hard as steel,

That they cannot live in hardship to the end
They have made them lower their rent—which some
do now repent—

Because they think our prisoners can't defend.

We must mourn their arrests—which is the truest test
Of how they're dreaded by their English foes—

But with joyful eyes we'll see them in our city short-
ly free,

And great honors lavished on them at the close ;

But may that glorious fund, for our imprisoned sons

Which is started thro' the country far and wide—

Be such a great relief as is now the general belief,

That will rescue them far from the prisons side.

Then here's a great success to our fenian brothers true

And may the sad remembrance never fade,
Of our noble *Martyred Three*, who for seeing old Ire-
land free,

Have died as true Irishmen should do ;

And may Parnell work on as he has with fortune done

May his deeds in this old land that he loves—

Shine out like golden stars—and proclaim both near
and far

That he fought the *fight* of Ireland and has won—

May Michael Davitt and Killen, heroes of this land
so green;

Never give their minds to anything like despair.

And Daly who now is free—do his utmost for to see,

His dear imprisoned brothers free once more.

