



OUR LATEST SONG—THE
Gems of the Land League

AIR—The Gems of Old Ireland.

Around Ireland the trumpet of glory is sounding,
 To honour the Gems who her cause fought so well,
 And stood in the van when their help was most
 needed,

To throw off oppression and follow Parnell;
 To right Ireland's wrongs was the cry of those
 heroes,

And still keeps the glory none e'er can efface,
 Though martyred and taunted for loving our
 country,

We'll prove to old Ireland that we're no disgrace.
 When landlords did trample the true sons of
 Ireland,

And turn them out on the roadside to die,
 It is then there came forth those glorious heroes,
 Who called for a Land League and up went the cry:
 Then without hesitation they worked themselves
 onward,

To throw off the oppression that has bound us
 for years,

And raise dear old Erin a nation from bondage,
 And swear that her daughters no more shall shed
 tears.

Then Parnell, Davitt, John Dillon and Sexton,
 Raised up the standard which proved a success,
 And showed to the world that all Ireland needed
 Was to abolish the land lords and have fair redress;
 The Sullivan's, Dwyer, Gray, O'Kelly and Healy.
 With glory they followed Parnell to the end,
 And gained for old Ireland their long plundered
 justice,

Their spirits all live but never to bend

Pat Egan, Joe Biggar, Hugh O'Donnell, and
 Redmond,

In the cause of old Ireland they worked night
 and day,

Joseph Killeen and Brennan, O'Gorman and
 Harris,

Like Lewis to crown Ireland they fought without
 dismay,

Father's Sheehy and Fehan, locked up in a prison
 For loving the land which has given them birth,
 And spreading the Land League with all hopes
 and blessings,

Of crowning old Ireland the gem of the earth.

Then Dawson, Walsh, Nally, and the brave
 Andrew Kettle,

In the path of their leader they choose for to go,
 Captain Dugmore, Tom Cummins, Albert Altman,
 and Finnigan,

All fought for the land where the shamrock does
 grow;

All over old Ireland they flew to its standard,
 In hopes to gain Ireland sweet prosperity
 The man he that lives by the sweat of his labour
 To him as from God his land should be free.

P. HANLEY.