



THE LEINSTER WAR SONG.

Air—"Araby's Daughter."

Bondsman!—compatriots!—soil of the
stranger,
Grasp the war-torch, and the chain-break-
ing sword;
Or crouch, like lash'd hounds at the foreig-
ner's manger,
And lick the red scourge of your Sassa-
nagh lord.

Lo, thy proud chivalry, Leinster, advances,
Wildly the "Rosg-Catha" swells from
the glen—
The dance of the banner—the flash of thy
lances—
Awake Alleluiahs again and again.

Rouse you,—for shame,—from the slumber
of ages,
Sons of the murdered, by forest and caves
Shout like the ocean, when fierce tempest
rages,
Rise with the strength of the millions, of
waves.

Light your war-brands at the flame of Kil-
dara—
The "Sun-burst" has flapped her green
wings on the gale,
Take down the harp from the ruins of Tara
And strike forth the march of array'd
Innisfail.

Sound a loud hymn, for the gathering
Nation,
Surging and murmuring, heaves like
the sea,
Sound, and full soon the glad harp-string's
vibration
Shall chime to the chorus of millions made
free.

By the crimson Clontarf, and the Liffey's
dark waters,
By shore, vale and stream with our heart's
blood that runs,
By Barrow and Boyne, conflagration and
slaughter
All toss their red plumes in the blaze
of our guns.

For life the pale dastard his liberty
barters,
At him pause, for each sod is a patriots'
tomb.

And if green are our vales, 'twas the blood
of our martyrs
Enrich'd them for aye with that Emerald
bloom.

But go, living corpse, and kneel down to the
stranger
In the festering carment of infamy roll'd,
Go, traitor and cow'rd, in our deadliest
danger,
Sell country and soul to the Saxon for
gold.

Oh, burning reproach—to such damning
prostration
Has the fetter corroded God's image away
That while curses and groans overwhelm
the nation
The sneering destroyer is hailed on his
way!

O'Toole and the Geraldine, Eustace, O'Far-
rell,
Chiefs who led Leinster to conquest of
yore;
O'Byrne, MacMorrough, O'Melachlin,
O'Carroll,
Plunket, and Nugent, O'Faley, O'Moore.

Shall we crouch on the plains where your
sharp sabres clashing,
Lit the spring-tide of battle's magnifi-
cent flow,
As in midnight's deep gloom, o'er the
stormy waves flashing,
The balefires of ruins exultingly glow?

Oh, never, by heaven, the nation hath
spoken.
"The foul foreign idol, shall bleed on
the plains,
If bolts forged in hell by man's might can
be broken,
If not we can perish—"The grave has
no chains."

And sweet for green Erin to fall crush'd
and gory,
In some vale shamrock-spangled that
honour illumines,
That valour has hallow'd to freedom and
glory,
And sleep, like the brave, in the proud
"Pass of Plumes."

