

The glories of Tara Hill.

Come all you loyal patriots I hope you will combine,
From east to west, from shore to shore, around Hiber-
nia's isle,
To Celebrate that glorious day which memory do recal,
When our great Liberator stood in front of Tara's hall.

In the year of 45 on the twenty-second of May,
That glorious day, I well may say, recorded shall be,
On the royal hill of Tara, which thousands did prevail,
In union bands to join their hands with Dan for the
Repeal.

Such a sight was never seen nor times no
more.

It's boast in fame will long remain around Hibernia's
shore,

No pen or talent can describe the glories of that day
As there was seen on Tara's hill a matchless grand
display.

There was Wexford, Wicklow, and Kildare, sweet
Dublin & Ardee,

Westmeath, King's County and Duldare most char-
ming for to see,

Cork, Limerick Trim, & Waterford, Strabane, sweet
Kinsale,

On the royal hill of Tara stood the sign for the Repeal.

I topp'd this hill with heart and will, & cast my eyes
around,

With a charming consternation I viewed from the
rising ground,

The approaching legions of the earth advancing from
afar,

With floating flags & beating drums, like thundering
claps of war.

In baffles my description to describe the sight to be
seen,

From the mountain of Tipperary to the lofty hills of
Screen.

From the banks of Sweet Kikarney, from galway to
Athoy,

Came as one man, for Dan to delight their hearts with
joy.

For to see the flags of Drogheds, for their harmonious
band,

With sacred, pious music, around the croppies ground
did stand,

Where is the heart that could not feel, or eye refuse
a tear,

To know that murdered victims for their country
were lying there.

thus advanced much farther, though a splendid arch
did pass,

Where I beheld some thousands on the hill attending
mass.

So many heads uncovered in pious, holy strain —
For to describe this charming sight agitates my brain

The hour of one thus came on, the time swift encir-
cling all,

I stoode upon a rising mountain in front of Tara's hall,
When lo! the conquering hero comes, mid thunders of
surprise,

A shout of exclamation rose that rent the towering
skies.

When the mighty liberator approach'd unto the hill,
Each heart throbb'd with exultation and joy each
bosom fill'd,

To see that living hero going to mount his royal throne
With victory smiling on his brow, to Irish hearts was
shown.

In front of this great vehicle brave Dan stood up to
prize,

He viewed his mighty legions on the hill with glad
deuing eyes,

He stood erect took off his cap the countless crowd to
bail,

With three cheers for Queen Victoria, but 9,000 for
Repeal.

The mighty sovereign of the bill, you all may under-
stand,

Advanced to the platform, hailed by each succeeding
band,

With flags and banners hoisted high on lofty Tara's
plain,

Each sounding tone was, we'll bring home our par-
liament again.

Come, reuse my brave Repealers be obedsent
laws,

We'll understand to join heart and b
this cause,

Bright liberty beaming from afar, and
fail,

To rally round the standard of O'G



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