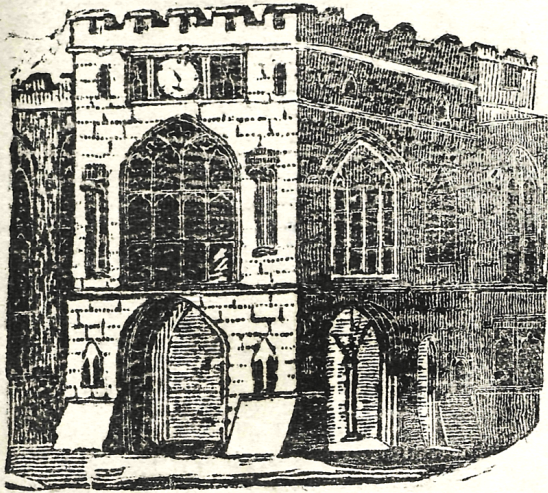


GLORY & PRIDE of the EMERALD ISLE



Come, cheer up your spirits, you sons of Hibernia.
Why should you weep or be cast down with care?

The champion of freedom is brisk and light hearted,

And for all coercion a fig he don't care ;
Although they've confined him, he says, never mind them,

He lays down contented and rises with a smile.
Success to O'Connell, the champion of freedom,—
The glory and pride of the Emerald Isle.

The children of Erin will ever remember
The time he was sentenced, the thirteenth of May.

Against every reason, the champion they seized on,
Not long in a jail will the Patriot stay ;
In England and Ireland, Wales and in Scotland,
All true honest men daily meet with a smile,
Conversing with pity in county and city,
Of the glory and pride of the Emerald Isle.

The Spaniards and Russians, the French and the Prussians,

Are much interested about Erin's land ;
The American's proudly are storming so soundly,
And say Dan O'Connell is an injured man.
Though from us he's parted, he won't be down-hearted,

He laughs at his foes, and declares with a smile,
He will still in communion strive hard for the Union,

The glory and pride of the Emerald Isle.

With just perseverance for the rights of old Erin
He has struggled to gain, free from all dread and fear.

Let the enemies of Erin say what they will of him
He is upright and honest, bold, true, and sincere.

Apart from his friends it is firmly expected
Dan O'Connell will be but a very short while,
Then boldly we'll meet him and joyfully greet him,
The glory and pride of the Emerald Isle.

There is no honest man in the British dominions,
But what Erin's champion do greatly adore.
Hear the conversation all over the nation
From the Lands end of England to famed Bellimore ;

May the days of imprisonment pass like a shadow,
May his enemies weep, while he looks, with a smile,

May happiness meet him and liberty greet him,
The glory and pride of the Emerald Isle.

Each corporation in the Irish nation
Are up now and striving, as plain may be seen,
Addresses are pouring to Daniel O'Connell
With liberty's banners and shamrock so green.
He will struggle like death for the rights of old Erin,

Repeal and Hibernia he shouts with a smile ;
My spirit, says Daniel, shall never be broken,
The glory and pride of the Emerald Isle.

My country she droops, says the great Liberator,—
Oh! why should oppression on her lay so hard,
To the end of my life I will never forsake her,
My enemies I don't a farthing regard,
If God grants me health all my foes to get over,
For my country's rights I will strive with a smile,
As bold as Napoleon, that warlike brave soldier,
The glory and pride of the Emerald Isle.

Addresses of condolence they are preparing
In Ulster and Munster and everywhere,
From Belfast and Limerick, Wexford and Dogheda,

Galway, and Sligo Mayo, and Kildare,
From Skibergen, Mallow, Cork, and Tipperary,
East, West, North and South, they flock forward in style.

Then here's three times three loud buzzas for O'Connell,
The glory and pride of the Emerald Isle.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.

