

ERIN'S LADS AND LASSES, O.

A SONG FOR THE MILLIONS.

Air—"Green grow the Rushes, O."

Erin's lads and lasses, O,
No land your own surpasses, O,
Great, fam'd, and free she soon shall be,
Brave lads and blooming lasses, O.

Our own dear land, our native land,
Why should we not take pride in, O?
Can there be found, the globe around,
A fairer to abide in, O?
Among her lads and lasses,
Her blooming, modest lasses, O,
The brave, the fair, beyond compare,
Are Erin's lads and lasses, O.

For boundless store, arts, arms, and lore
Renown'd, until division, O,
Reduc'd the brave to be a slave,
And all the world's derision, O.
Alas! it was division, O,
Destroyed our land elysian, O,—
We drew our swords for robber hordes,
For chains, and earth's derision, O.

Left in the shade, the flow'r will fade,
And droop its head declining, O;
A nation's gone when freedom's sun
Is not upon it shining, O—
Is not upon it shining, O;
The slave his chain is twining, O,
And maiden fair is doom'd to share,
That abject slave's repining, O!

There lives in song a spirit strong,
To wake a slumb'ring nation, O,
A voice will cheer the sleeper's ear,
And rouse from degradation, O.
The bard hath inspiration, O,
To wake a slumb'ring nation, O;
Lov'd land rejoice—the song, the voice,
Shall raise thee to thy station, O.

With bardic fire MOORE seiz'd the lyre,
And thaw'd the frozen feeling, O;
O'CONNELL'S call arous'd us all,
To liberty appealing, O.
Upon our slumber stealing, O,
MOORE thaw'd the frozen feeling, O,
O'CONNEL'S call, that rous'd us all,
From earth to heav'n is pealing, O.

Our own dear land, our native land,
Why should we not take pride in, O?
Can there be found the globe around,
A fairer to abide in, O?
Erin's lads and lasses, O,
No land your own surpasses, O,
Great, fam'd, and free she soon shall be,
Brave lads and charming lasses, O.

SHEMUS OF ULLINA

