

# The STATE TRIALS, O'CONNELL AND VICTORY.

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A fuss and confusion all over Great Britain,  
My trial has caused as you very well know;  
My prospects are brighten'd, I will not be fright-  
By all their oppression, coercion & laws: [en'd  
Six million four hundred thousand so clever,  
Bold honest repealers I have high and low.  
Then shall we be conquered? Hibernia says never  
Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

The four Courts of Dublin has lately been crowd'd  
To behold the special jury my cause has to try,  
They have selected the orangemen turned out the  
catholics,

That's a deed very curious the world can't deny;  
Oh Erin, my country, how dearly I love thee,  
Thy children respect me I very well know,  
I will never give o'er the repeal agitation,  
Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

The sons of Hibernia for honour and glory,  
Throughout all the wars did so manfully fight,  
But the facts of the case I will lay down before ye  
When the victory was won they denied thee thy  
rights;

I don't care a fig for their Arthurs & Bobbys,  
I'll struggle till death in the grave lays me low  
Thy rivers are charming, thy meadows adorning,  
Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

Of the great church of Rome I am a true member,  
And such till the end of my life I'll remain,  
The orange atrocities I can well remember,  
My true mother church I will nobly maintain;  
May the God of all glory grant me health & spirits  
To conquer the great orange tyrants of law,  
She soon will Hibernia their freedom inherit,  
Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

Let them talk till they burst of the great monster  
meetings,

That assembled together so upright and just.  
They'll find to their cost my boys sooner or later,  
Equal justice and liberty grant you they must;  
Then meet in communion and strive for the union,  
They call me the Great Liberator you know,  
Their jeers I can stand well, they sha'n't frighten  
Daniel,

Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

The French and Americans, poor old Hibernia,  
The land of St. Patrick, respect and adore,  
They will not deceive thee, and for to relieve thee  
Abundance they'll send to the Irish shore;  
I'm a true son of Erin, undaunted and daring,  
Rear'd up in old Ireland and trained to the law  
By Nosey and Bobby I'll never be frighten'd,  
Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

May glory shine on thee thou land of sweet Erin,  
May happiness crown all thy daughters & sons,  
In the four Courts of Dublin my friends the Re-  
pealers,

Their enemies will fail we would scorn for to run  
We defy them to hurt us, if they grant us justice  
The wrongs and the rights of our country we  
know,

In God and the true church of Rome our trust is,  
Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh.

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