



A Favorite New Song, the Mountain Phoenix.

In sweet Kildysert, as Phoenix was dawning,
I went to the fair, and my cattle I sold,
To buy for my father a vest and a breeches,
A pipe for my mother, tobacco, and brogues.
I sold the two cows and a sheep to a dealer,
He paid down the cash, both in silver and gold,
But Biddy came bouncing, and scolding like blazes,
And threw me the child until we both were exposed.

To flatter this damsel I done my endeavours,
I rolled up the child in the skirt of my coat,
We called to an Inn, where we had an acquaintance,
We drank and caroused until the cocks they were
crowing,
I drank the good health to the friends and the
neighbours,
To sweet Lizzie Easy and Peggy Malone,
That beautiful creature, the pride of the nation,
Though down from the mountain, she's rare to behold.

This beautiful damsel is nicely accomplished,
She's very well able to knit and to sew,
In spinning her wheel when the wool is in season,
And making up linen as white as the snow.
In milking her cow and minding her dairy,
Her butter has the sway from the store,
She sprung from a prince of the Irish Militians,
That banished the Danes from invading our shore.

She'd draw with a needle a map of old Erin,
The Garden of Eden and Temple of Rome,
The ship in full sail, and she crossing the ocean,
The fox in the chase, and the goose that he stole.
But Biddy abused me, and called me a schemer,
For not getting married before she came home,
She ruined my character by throwing me the baby,
And she left me blind-drunk on the side of the road.

So now I'm returned to dear Lizzie Easy,
Both tired and fatigued, without money or cloth,
Once down is no battle, what matter about it,
The cents that's well bought is worth silver and gold.
I'll marry young Peggy, that's full of good nature,
There are plenty potatoes and bacon at home,
She'll suckle her infant without hesitation,
We'll live contented as a king on his throne.

The Reaper of Glanree.

We sat around the fireside 'twas in Christmas time,
And lightly passed the hours away in story song and rhyme.
But of the wild old legends blind Fergus told to me
None set my young heart bounding like the Reaper of Glanree.

'Tis sixty-four long summers since the year of Ninety-eight,
Black days of desolation, of murder, and of hate.
The truest and the bravest then of all the counterie,
Was dashing Gerald Murtagh, the Reaper of Glanree.

As brown as Autumn chestnuts this ranting, roving eye,
His form a mountain ash tree, so towering, strong and high,
An arm of tempt'd iron, a voice of jovial glee,
And a soul as clear as diamond, had the Reaper of Glanree.

Bright morning on the moorland and hillside soft and green,
But at his daily labour young Gerald is not seen,
His hook lies on the hurdle, just where it ought to be,
When pikes cut down the harvest, said the Reaper of Glanree.

Your mother weeps all lonely, your father's grey with grief,
And Kathleen O'Reilly is gone past all relief,
Oh, go and bring them kindly this message now from me,
My country is my true-love, said the Reaper of Glanree.

The yeomen mustered strongly, a lawless bloody crew,
His pikemen, stout and gallantly, bold Gerald mustered too,
In on the foemen's vanguard they charged with fearless glee,
Old Faing an lea for ever, cried the Reaper of Glanree.

The Saxon bay'nets beaten, they tried the yellow gold,
And Gerald and his sweetheart were treacherously sold,
Full hotly did they chase him thro' Meath and Annalee,
But a match for spy and soldier was the Reaper of Glanree.

Cold in the clay they're lying, my parents, side by side,
And Kathleen O'Reilly a mongrel traitors bride,
But still, oh still my country, I pledge my troth to thee,
You never will deceive me, said the Reaper of Glanree.

The stars were sweetly shining on Longford's ancient town,
The centry's eyes were seeking the Camlens water brown,
A tap upon his shoulder, what do you want of me,
Och, nothing but a lodging, I'm the Reaper of Glanree.
Right safely did they lodge him until the coming day,
And stern and short the sentence death, death without delay.
With foot upon the gallows, eyes flashing fearlessly,
And a cheer for faith and country, died the Reaper of Glanree.

And thus blind Fergus chanted, at holy Christmas time,
His brave and noble story, in rough untortured rhyme,
And oft I cried dear Erin, this heart avows to thee,
A love as pure and faithful as the Reapers of Glanree.

