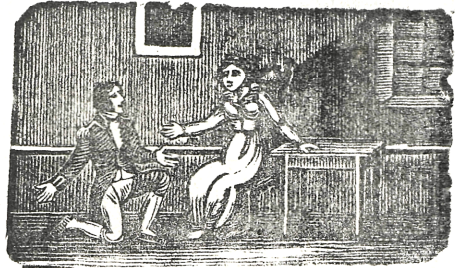


### The Patriot Brave.

I drink to the valiant who combat  
 For freedom by mountain or wave,  
 And may triumph attend, like a shadow,  
 The swords of the patriot brave!  
**Oh!** never was a holier chalice  
 Than this at our festivals crown'd  
 The heroes of Morven, to pledge it,  
 And gods of Valhalla float round.  
 Hurrah for the patriot brave,  
 A health to the patriot brave—  
 And a curse and a blow to liberty's foe,  
 Whether tyrant, or coward, or knave.  
**Great spirits** who battled in old time  
 For the freedom of Athens descend,  
**As low** to the shadow of Brian  
 In fond hero-worship we bend.  
 From those that in far Alpine passes  
 Saw Daithi struck down in his mail,  
 To the last of our chiefs' galloglasses,  
 The saffron-clad foes of the Pale.  
 Let us drink to the patriot brave—  
 Hurrah for the patriot brave.  
**But a curse** and a blow to liberty's foe,  
 And more chains for the satisfied slave.  
**Oh, Liberty,** hearts that adore thee  
 Pour out their best blood at thy shrines,  
**As freely** as gushes before thee  
 This purple libation of wine.  
 For us whether destined to triumph,  
 Or bleed as Leonidas bled,  
**Crushed down** by a forest of lances,  
 On mountains of foreigner dead,  
 May we sleep with the patriot brave,  
 God prosper the patriot brave,  
**But may battle** and woe hurry liberty's foe  
 To a bloody and honorless grave.



### What Paddy can say more.

Air—"Nothing More."

Last night while sitting by the fire,  
 With my colleen by the hand,  
 My thoughts were on old Erin's isle,  
 My own dear native land;  
**Altho'** compelled to exile myself  
 To some far distant shore,  
 My heart is still on Erin's isle,  
 What Paddy can say more?

Why do Erin's sons and daughters  
 Stray to a foreign land?  
 That is well known to every one—  
 Bad landlords and dear land;  
 What man would live or die a slave,  
 On his dear native shore!  
**Oh!** give freedom to poor Paddy,  
 And he'll ask for nothing more.

That Erin's sons were always brave,  
 There's no one can deny,  
 For in old Ireland's quarrels  
 They have made her foes to fly;  
 For the faugh-a-ballagh of Erin's heard  
 Above the cannons roar,  
**Oh,** give them their sweet shilalah,  
 And they'll ask for nothing more.

Then fare you well old Erin's isle,  
 The fairest of the fair,  
 I shall ne'er forget the happy days  
 In childhood I spent there;  
**Altho'** my barque is on the wave,  
 Bound for a distant shore,  
 May heaven bless you Granuawail,  
 What Paddy can say more.

I thought on the great Brien Bora  
 His vengeance he let fall  
 On the Danes who came to rob us  
 Of our dear old Tara's Hall;  
**He fought** like a lion at Clontarf,  
 Where thousands were left in their gore,  
**Troth** if Pat had such a leader now,  
 He'd ask for nothing more.

