



LINEs ON THE DEATH OF SERGEANT
CHARLES M'CARTHY.

Old Ireland will mourn that one of her fenians
A short time released from the cold prison cell,
Who shared the rejoicings of his patriot brothers,
Who loved their country not wisely but far too well.
By dreadful tortures as poor fenian convicts,
They suffered as martyrs it may well be said,
Far from country and friends with no kind word to
cheer them,

Was O'Brien, Chambers, Davitt, and M'Carthy who's
dead. Chorus, far from country, &c.

Where is the heart did not beat with emotion,
To find that our brothers were once more set free,
As bands played their welcome to the Isle of the ocean
God save Ireland, was cheered with sweet liberty.
But little we thought that one of our number,
Was sinking so swiftly to his last earthly bed,
And that very soon u'neath the shamrock would
slumber,

The true-hearted Fenian, M'Carthy, who's dead,
And that very soon, &c.

In the year 66, which will long be remembered,
M'Carthy was serving as a soldier in Cork,
But his love for his country so strongly possessed him
And like a true Fenian, to free her was his work.
But the voice of the traitor who always is ready,
To ruin his poor country if for it is well paid,
Gave great information, upon small foundation,
Which transported our Fenian, M'Carthy who's dead.
Gave great information, &c.

For 12, long years, he suffered a Martyr,
In mind and in body he was sore diseased,
He was subject to treatment which none but officials,
In English dungeons—our Fenians can tease.
But the time is approaching when a true investigation
Of this barborous life that our Fenians were led,
For loving old Ireland and wishing to free it
Did gallant M'Carthy our Fenian who's dead,
For loving, &c.

Then kind friends throughout Ireland your prayers can
high offer,
For our Manchester Martyrs and all foes of the red,
For those who are gone who's names are remembered
Who died for their country and so nobly bled.
And may the released ones soon gain health and spirits
May the still suffering prisoners in gaol be set free,
May the prayers of the people on high gain acceptance
For the soul of M'Carthy who no more we shall see.
May the prayers, &c.

Written by, P. D. Dublin.