



Lamentable Lines
On the Death of
DANIEL REDDIN.
The Patriot and Martyr.

Old Ireland will mourn that one of her fenians,
Some time ago released from his 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,
He suffered a martyr it may well be said,
Far from country and friends with no kind word to
cheer him,
Was poor Daniel Reddin the patriot who's dead.

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 played 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 slum-
ber,
The true-hearted patriot, Daniel Reddin who's dead.

For 5 long years, he suffered a Martyr,
In mind and in body he was sorely 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 barbarous life that our Fenians were led.
For loving old Ireland and wishing to free it,
Did gallant Daniel Reddin our Fenian who's dead.

Then kind friends throughout Ireland your prayers
on high offer,
For the 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 poor Reddin who no more we shall see