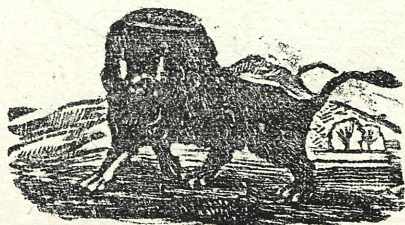


## *Erin's Dream.*

One night of late, I chanced to stray, all in the  
pleasant month of May,  
While Morpheus did his flag display the moon and  
in the deep.  
Tis on a bank, I sat me down, to hear the wood-  
cock cooing sound,  
The surges of the ocean wild, lulled me fast asleep,  
I dreamt I saw brave Brian Boroihme, who did the  
Danish force subdue,  
mighty Mars he drew his sword, these words he  
said to me—  
“The harp melodiously shall sound, when Erin’s  
sons shall be unbound,  
Patrick’s day we’ll dance around the coming year’s  
tree.”  
thought brave Barsfield drew up nigh, and pre-  
sently made this reply—  
“For Erin’s cause I’ll live and die, as thousands did  
before,  
My sword again on Aughrim’s plains, old Ireland’s  
rights we shall obtain,  
Or if not, like Hercules, I’ll leave thousands in their  
gore.”  
I thought St. Ruth stood on the ground, and said,  
“I will your monarch crown,”  
Emcompassed by the French around, already for he  
field;  
He raised the cross, and thus he did say, brave boys  
we’ll show them gallant play,  
Let no man dare to run away, but die before they  
yield.  
Then Billy Byrne he came there, from Ballymanus  
I declare,  
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare, that day he  
his command;  
Westmeath and Cavan so do join, the county Louth  
merciless the Boyne  
Slane, and Navan all did join with Dublin  
to array.  
Then Ceilly on the hill of Screen he drew his sword  
both bright and keen,  
And swore by all his eyes had seen, he would avenge  
the fall,  
For Erin’s sons and daughters brave, who nobly fill  
a martyr’s grave,  
And died before they lived enslaved, their blood for  
vengeance calls.  
When Father Murphy he did say, behold, my Lord  
I’m here to day,  
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay, from Wexford,  
hills so brave,  
My country’s fate it does depend upon you and your  
gallant friend,  
And heaven will your cause defend, we’ll die ere  
we’ll be slaves.  
thought each band played Patrick’s Day, to mar-  
shall all in grand array.  
With cap and feather, white and gay, most warlike  
to be seen,  
With drums and trumpets loud and shrill, and canons  
upon every hill,  
The pikemen did the valley fill to strike the fatal  
blow.  
When all at once appeared in sight an army clad in  
armour bright,  
Both front and rever, the left and right, marched  
Paddy’s evermore,  
Their chieftains pitched their camps with skill, de-  
termined Irish blood to spill,  
Between us ran a dreadful hill as rapid as the Nora,  
A Frenchman brave rose up and said, let Erin’s sons  
be not afraid,  
For to glory I’ll the vanguard lead, with honor and  
renown.  
Come draw your swords along with me, and let each  
tyrant bigot see,  
That Erin’s daughter must be free before the sun  
goes down.  
Along the line they raised a shout, crying, quick  
march, right about,  
With bayonets fixed they all marched out to face  
their darling foe,  
The enemy seemed no way shy, but with thundering  
cannons got up nigh,  
And thousands on the bank did lie, and blood in  
streams did flow,  
The enemy soon formed a square which drove our  
I looked around but could not find one foeman on the  
plain,  
Except what dead and wounded lay, not able for to  
run away,  
When I awoke it clear day—so ends M’Kenna’s  
dream.



## *The Young Soldier's Farewell to his Sweetheart.*

Farewell, my dearest Mary, for India I am  
bound,  
Though many a pleasant walk we had on the  
island bank around.  
My love, I never forget you when I am far  
away,  
But many a mile I have to go across the raging  
sea.  
When I am on the Indian shore, a letter I  
will send,  
To you, my blooming girl, on me you may  
depend  
And when you send the lines I write, I know  
you’ll shed a tear,  
When thinking on the danger with the savage  
blacks, my dear.  
When Johnny went to India, he took his pe-  
in hand  
And wrote those feeling verses, as you may  
understand  
Oh! God be with you, Mary, these words he  
then did say,  
I was drunk when I enlisted, and sorry the  
next day.  
My love, you should be sorry, you are master  
of your trade,  
And thirty shillings wages each week yet  
would be paid,  
But now you are in danger among the savage  
corps,  
And ten to one if ever I’ll see your face, my  
vil ashore.  
Cheer up, my dearest Mary, there’s hope  
across the sea,  
But for being intoxicated along with you I’d  
stray,  
But still I will return to Garryowen one  
more,  
Where I will sing and drink with you, and  
call for punch galore.  
Yes, Johnny, I know your mind, my love,  
your heart is kind and free,  
I know you are quite lonesome, being far  
away from me,  
Besides you are in danger among the savage  
corps,  
For I hear there is great slaughter upon  
Indian shore.  
O, Mary, I’ll be with you, depend on what  
I say,  
You’ll see me yet in Irishtown, where I will  
sport and play,  
We’ll join our hands in wedlock’s bands with-  
out the least delay,  
And many a friend will wish us joy upon the  
wedding day.  
Now I must end those verses, I hear the bug-  
sound,  
Advance, my boys, to arms, to fight the  
blacks we’re bound,  
And if we chance to gain the day and see our  
native shore,  
Through any price we will not leave  
sweethearts an more.

