



# IRISHMAN'S GLORY SHINES

Brighter than Gold;

POETS may pen the fame of each nation,  
And minstrel's sing in song and strain,  
The praises and beauties of some foreign station,  
Chivalrous deeds, bravery, and fame.  
Tis not the beauty alone we are singing,  
But facts that history alone can unfold,  
In page and story, and battlefields gory,  
Irishman's glory shines brighter than gold.

Hurrah for old Erin, the gem of the ocean,  
Hurrah for her sons so fearless and bold;  
In page and story and battlefields gory,  
Irishman's glory shines brighter than gold,

Where is the nation can excel old Erin,  
Or boast of such heroes as Brian Boru;  
In battle the foremost no danger fearing—  
Like noble Wellington at Waterloo:  
Then add to our glory the noble six hundred,  
Who in the front of death, fearless and bold,  
The greatest charge made by our Light Brigade.  
Makes Irishman's glory shine brighter than gold.

For poetry we rank in the highest standard,  
Keen wit and language and sentiment pure,  
Where can you find to surpass, if you study.  
The works of Emmet, Lover, and Moore.  
For statesmanship, Eloquence and Judgment,  
The name of O'Connell, in italics bold,  
Is written in history, so our ancestry,  
Proves Irishman's glory brighter than gold.

So let others boast of their scenery and splendour,  
Rural and rustic we mean to say,  
For scenery, where is the place for grandour,  
To surpass Killarney, go where you may.  
Then for the feeling that prevails in Erin,  
Generous and open, joyful and bold,  
To welcome a stranger, and help him in dang  
Makes Irishman's glory brighter than gold.



## Patrick O'Neill.

On April the first I set out like a fool,  
From Killarney to Dublin to see Laurence Toole,  
My mother's third cousin who often wrote down  
For to come and see how he flourished in town.  
I had scarce set a foot in the terrible place,  
Before a spalpeen came and stared in my face—  
He called to a press-gang, they come without fail  
And soon neck and crop carried Patrick O'Neill.  
They scampered away as they thought wite a prize,  
Taking me for a sailor, you see in disguise;  
But a terrible blunder they made in their strife,  
For I never seen a ship nor the sea in my life.  
Then straight to a tender they made me repair,  
But of tenderness devil a morsel was there,  
Och, I stamped and I cursed, but it did not avail,  
Till a great swimming castle met Patrick O'Neill.  
The big swimming thief rolled about in the tide,  
With all her front teeth sticking out of her side,  
Where they bid me to mount, and be sure for to grip  
Fast hold with my trotters for fear I would slip  
I let go my hands and stuck fast with my toes,  
And how it could happen faith nobody knows,  
Fell plump in the water and splashed like a whale,  
Till pretty well pickled was Patrick O'Neill.  
With a great roar of laughter they hoisted me in,  
To this huge wooden world full of riot and din,  
What strings and what pulleys attracted my eye.  
And how large were the sheets that were hung out to  
dry.

It seemed Noah's ark stuffed with different guests,  
Hogs, pedlars, geese, sailors, and all other beasts,  
Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of ale,  
While some sat and laughed at poor Patrick O'Neill.  
The devil a wink could I sleep all the night,  
And awoke the next morning in a terrible fright,  
Up hammocks down chests, they began for to bawl,  
Here's a Frenchman in sight, sure says I, is that all.  
Then we hauled up our large window shutters with  
speed,  
And run out our bull-dogs of true English breed,  
While the creatures gave mouth I held fast by the tail,  
And they kicked and run over poor Patrick O'Neill.  
Thus we rattled away by my soul hob o n b  
Till the frenchman gave up as he thought a bad job,  
To tie him behind a large cord they did bring,  
And we led him along like a pig in a string.  
Then home to old England we dragged the French boy,  
Och, the sight of the land made me sick for joy,  
They made up a peace and the war growing stale,  
Sent all hands adrift, with poor Patrick O'Neill.

