



A New Song on the **O'CONNELL** Monument.

Prepare you gallant Irishmen,—
without delay,
For the 6th of August sure will be a
glorious day,
In honour of O'Connell brave as you may
plainly see,
A grand Procession we now will have to
Daniel's memory,

And by our good Lord Mayor the mon-
ument will then be unveiled
He earned this and more in truth the same
it can be said,
For in the hour of trial he never did
deceive,
When crowned with every honour he
proved himself most brave.

The rights of Ireland he knew well in
him there was no flaw,
And they who trod his noble steps he
protected from the law,
He never made a widow poor or orphan
to lament,
In all his monster meetings so we'll rise
his monument.

His life and liberty he risked both here
and every where,
Both slander and the prison he suffered
his own share,
I'm sure he loved old Ireland—'tis ad-
mitted near and far,
He could have gained a fortune just at
the Irish bar.

At the Dunareal conspiracy he worked
most manfully,
And fifteen Roman Catholics from the
gallows he set free,
Some of them sentenced then to die the
law he did expound,
And their perjured prosecutors O'Con-
nell did confound.

You may talk of Wellington and the bat-
tles that he won
But in all he deserved was nothing to
what O'Connell done.

In all his monster meetings, Mullamast.
and Tara hill.
ne'er was known by Daniel one drop of
blood to spill.

And when a bloody plot was laid your
clergy's robes to stain
Who was it but O'Connell defended these
good men,
The perjurer? Anne M'Garahan's false
evidence he rent,
And Father Halton, too, he saved—up
with the monument.

Until he left your altars free in truth he
worked away,
Which was bound down for centuries in
dark and cruel days,
The Mass is celebrated now in spite of
every foe,
And not in lanes and alleys as it was some
time ago.

The foes of Ireland, well its known, he
often made them quail,
With eloquence like thunder, he defended
Granuale,
And was he here alive this day, in spite
of bigotry,
A charter Ireland would have for her
University.

The 8th of August, how I long to see that
glorious day,
When flags and banners of the Trades,
they'll everywhere display,
In honour of O'Connell, the pride of Erin's
shore,
His equal he did not leave behind, his
loss we do deplore.

In the celestial regions, I hope his soul's
above,
Where pain or grief there is no share, but
blessed songs and love,
Enjoying his Creator, whom he strove so
long to please,
Remember him you Irishmen, most noble
was his ways.

