



A much admitted National Song, entitled

O'DONNELL ABU

A. D. 1597 BY M. J. McCANN.

Proudly the notes of trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war-cry arise on the gale,
Fleety the steed by Luc Sulig is bounding,
To join the strong squadrons in Sainear's vale,
On every mountaineer, strainer to flight & fear
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh,
Bonnought and Gallowglass throug from each
mountain pass,
On for old Erin O'Donnell abu .

Princely O'Neil to our aid is advancing,
With many a cheftain and warrior-clan,
A thousand proud steels in his vanguard is
prancing,
Neath the borders brave from the banks of the
Bann:—
Many a heart shall quail under its coat of mail,
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring borne on the breeze,
's wing,
Tyrconnell's dread war-cry O'Donnell abu.

Wildly o'er Desmond the war wolf is howling,
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain,
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling
All all who would scare them are banished or
slain!
Grasp every stalwarth hand hackbut and battle
brahd,
Pay them all back the deep debt so long due^d
Norris and Clifford well can of Tyrconnell tell,
Onward to glory O'Connell abu.

Sacred the caase that Clan-Connell's defending
The alters we kneel at and homes of our sires,
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending
Midnight is red with the p'm derers fires,
On with O'Donnell then fight the old fight again
Sons of Tir-Connell all valliant and true,
Make the false Saxon feel Erin's avenging steel
Strike for your country O'Donnell abue.

P. BRERETON, 1, Lt, Exchange-Street

