



L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE MONUMENT OF

DANIEL O'CONNELL,

BY T. O'CARROLL, THE TARA POET.

(Air:—"Paddie's Evermore.")

praise ye Irish as you lived to see
the day,
The grandest sight was ever seen—the
world's great display,
It baffles all description to attempt to paint
in rhyme
The meeting held in Dublin does surpass
all age and time
The 8th of August '64 to swell this glorious
scene,
The greatest men that I can say in Sack-
ville-street had been,
To erect a testimonial to the memory of
this man,
The world's pride I cannot hide, our great
immortal Dan.

This simultaneous multitude outstept
great '43,
Mullaghmast, Loughrea, and Tuam with
all you'll ever see,
Each heart in burning love did meet for
him they did deplore,
United in great Sackville-street nigh to
the Liffey shore.
Our great Lord Mayor with love and care
right well it can be known,
Like Alexander he did shine to plant the
foremost stone,
Of this great monument of fame will
darken Nelson's view,
Or if Wellington stood by his side with
boasted Waterloo.

When he'll be elevated on his pillar tall
and high,
A ring of heavenly angels will salute him
from the sky,
With golden harps resounding they will
chant his deathless praise,
For the good he done his country up from
his cradle days,
The bigots thought we'd let him pass into
oblivion's sleep,
His memory floats through Irish hearts
eternally will keep,
And could be seen in Sackville-street each
man with burning zeal,
Plant the first stone such was the tone of
the sons of Granua Wail.

Each Trade and order walked that day
enraptured by on cause,
No enemy can dare to say we violated
laws,
The clergy of Saint Peter's Church their
counsel was obeyed,
Each man enjoyed a Paradise when the
the first stone first laid,

Thirteen great Lord Bishops did swell up
this grand parade,
Adorned with all sanctity saintly conduct
has displayed,
To commemorate the greatest man was
ever found on earth,
The angels sung sweet hymns of joy the
night he got his birth.

He'll front our great old Senate House
where Grattan took his station,
His mighty eloquence did flow on Ireland's
liberation,
Whilst Nelson peeps behind him Trafalgar
to proclaim,
Brave Dan he fought a bloodless fight his
country to maintain,
Now for his lofty monument in Sackville-
street well raise,
To illustrate our city and add glory to her
days,
Whilst the brilliant sun of Heaven will
shine round his marble brow,
Our Pope enjoys his Irish heart each man
must well allow.

There was Wexford Wicklow, and Kildare
sweet Drogheda and Ardee,
Westmeath, King's County, and Dundalk
most charming for to see,
Cork, Limerick, Tuam, and Waterford,
Strabane and sweet Kinsale,
To erect a monument for Dan the key-
stone of Repeal,
The figure of great warriors were often
raised on high,
The marble slab stained with their name
be sure and well rely,
Dan's figure shines in Sackville-street both
there and in Glasnevin,
Illustrates the strongest proof his soul
does rest in heaven.

Whilst time is on its circling wing his
memory I request,
Shall be engraved and deeply sunk on
every Irish breast,
The children yet unborn for some hundre
years to reign,
With trumpet tongues and gladening
hearts will praise O'Connell's name,
Also our Irish city can in truth and justice
tell,
The 8th day of August '64 it all wonders
did excell,
With bands and banners raised on high in
music's joyful tone,
Their shouts did vibrate th' sky to plant
O'Connell's stone.

