

ROCK ME TO SLEEP MOTHER.

THE GREAT Irishmen of the Past.

You have heard of those heroes of far famed Old
England,

Who fought for their country on land and on
wave,

And the bards of dear Scotland have sung songs
in praise of

Erin's brave sons who have gone to their graves
But I, as an Irishman, now sing the praise of

Erin's brave sons whose fame it will last,
Since the days of bold Brian Borow, King of
Ireland,

We have had many great Irishmen of the past

'Twas a bold but brave youth, was young Patrick

● Sarsfield,

Who fought like a hero for liberty's cause,

Likewise Robert Emmet, who died a brave martyr

Sacrificing his life without one moment's pause
Their cause may have been wrong but to it they
were faithful,

A stain on their honor can never be cast,

If we don't sympathise with their cause we must
own,

They were two of those great Irishmen of the past

There's another great man to you I'll mention,

'Tis Burke, well known in the annals of fame,

His 9 days great speech was more than nine days
wonder,

Everyone should respect that great Irishman's
name,

Then there's Goldsmith, a most eloquent writer,

And Dean Swift the great wit, whose style it
may be past,

And it must be acknowledge by every nation,

That he was a great Irishman of the past.

Then there is Grattan, the statesman who spoke for
● his country,

His sayings and doings are known far and wide
His knowledge of politics and manners of speaking,

Brought many foes over as friends to his side.

Then there's Tom Moore, the poet, all Irishmen
love him,

Though clever still he no great fortune amassed

Very few in their way have come nigh to his
standard,

These are more of those great Irishmen of the
past.

There's Wellington too, who was a son of old
Ireland,

A credit I am sure to the land of his birth,

A soldier he was, yet a stern true but bold one,

And England can never forget his great work,

It was he who first conquered that mighty Napoleon

He feared not the foe nor the winter's cold blast

And it has been acknowledged by every nation,

That he was a great Irishman of the past.

There's another great man I'll bring to your notice

O'Connell the patriot, it is that I mean,

All his life he was struggling for his country's
freedom,

For the good of that dear little Island so green,

For wit and for eloquence none could excell him

His name and his fame, for all ages will last.

Every Irishman loves the name of Daniel O'Connell

The greatest of great Irishmen of the past.

Rock me to Sleep Mother.

Backward, turn backward oh time in your flight,

Make me a child again just for to-night.

Mother come back from the echoless shore,

Take me again to your heart as of yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,

Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;

Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,

Rock me to sleep mother, rock me to sleep.

Chorus—

Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace

With your light lashes just sweeping my face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep,—

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me sleep.

Over my heart in the days that are flown,

No love like mother-love ever has shone;

No other worship abides and endures,

Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours;

None like a mother can charm away pain,

From the sick soul and the world-weary drain.

Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep.

Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

