



The Kerry Eagle.

You sons of Hibernia now listen awhile to my song,
And when that you hear it you won't say it's wrong,
It's of a bold Eagle his age was three score,
He was the pride of the tribe and the flower of Erin's shore

From the green hills of Kerry my Eagle took wing,
With talent so rare and clear he began for to sing,
The people admired and delighted in his charming air,
So soon they elected him a member for Clare.

It was straight off to London my Eagle took flight o'er the main,
His voice reached America, France, and thro' Spain,
But the black-feathered tribe they thought for to bribe his note,
But he would not sing a tune to that infernal oath.

In the Parliament House my Eagle first took his seat,
At the first flowing tide, quite wide he opened the gate,
That long was kept closed against those who professed Popery,
But my Eagle brave Dan, led the victory to sweet liberty.

Back to Granuaile he set sail like a cloud thro' the smoke,
And told her that one of her long-galling fetters was broke,
Then for Emancipation they all stood up to a man,
And my Eagle in triumph united the whole Irish land

The boys of Roscommon, Tipperary, Westmeath and Mayo,
Sweet Wexford, Kildare, and Clare so manfully rose,
Cork, Limerick, Kilkenny, likewise the county Louth,
With Meath in a struggle for freedom my Eagle was crowned.

To the city of Dublin my Eagle he next took flight,
Through the King's and Queen's counties, in Sligo he did them delight,
He crossed into Carlow, in Galway he made a great stand,
And the tradesmen of Ireland they vowed they would go with him to a man.

My Eagle was often pursued by some it is true,
With clap-traps and plans they thought to subdue,
But their vile plans appeared to be useless and frail,
Untill heath he was stamped on the hand with the bond of Repeal,

It was at one time a pet bird called D'Esterre,
He challenged my Eagle to fight on the plains of Kildare,
But my Eagle that morning for Ireland he showed a true pluck,
Two ounces of lead in the heart D'Esterre he stuck.

When the taskmasters that parties may do as they will,
But the cry of peace without fail is old Ireland still,
And when the division took place, in sorrow my Eagle was seen,
With heart broke with grief he departed from Erin the Green.

He departed his last in a far distant land from home,
His heart it remained in the holy blessed palace of Rome,
His soul is in heaven to dwell amongst the blessed angels and saints,
And his body is in Glasnevin for ever with us to remain,

Now to conclude may his soul rest in heaven, I pray,
For his motto was peace, and his country he ne'er would betray,
The whole world I'm sure can't produce such a man,
Let us all live in peace and remember brave DAN.

