

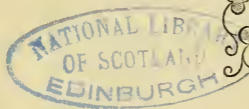
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THE

SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

BY PP. *... ..*

THE WRITERS OF THE NATION NEWSPAPER.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.



DUBLIN:

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DUBLIN: JAMES DUFFY, 25, ANGLESEA-STREET.

P R E F A C E.

WE offer this little volume—the materials of which have been taken from the “NATION” newspaper—freely and confidently to the people of Ireland, as the sole object of its publication is their benefit. Such a compilation was only projected after there were frequent demands for it, which will acquit the authors of vanity, as its price will fully absolve the publisher from any desire of gain in the transaction. A book that neither contemplates praise nor profit is a genuine novelty, and will, we expect, receive the “CEAD MILE FAILTE” which a stranger never asks from our countrymen in vain.

We commend it especially to the Repeal Reading rooms and Teetotal Societies. Such of the songs as go to popular airs ought to be constantly practised by those bodies. They will find very profitable and pleasant singing for the millions among them. The other pieces may be read or recited at public dinners and soirees with scarcely less advantage. The English minister who planned the Union had a great respect for the influence of songs on a people; in which, we think, he exhibited more sagacity than in handcuffing two strong, angry men together to strengthen their connexion. However, as there is a difference of opinion o

this point, it will be a pleasant test of his wisdom to knock one of his nuts against the other and see which of them will crack first.

It may be observed, that we have spelled some Irish words that occur in this volume somewhat differently from the usual method, that usual method being whatever way English writers thought fit to spell them for us. We have consulted the best Irish scholars, and adopted their orthography, which we expect will become general. We would be ashamed to misspell Latin, English, French, or any other foreign language, and, in the name of common sense, why not our own? It is quite as comical a blunder to write "FAUGH A BALLAGH" for "FAG A BEALAC," as "PARLEY-VOO" for "PARLEZ-VOUS," if we only thought so.

We believe there is nothing further to say, but to wish our friends a keen relish for the good things which we set before them.

TRINITY-STREET, DUBLIN,

May, 1843.

* * A second series of the "Spirit of the Nation," being Political Songs and National Ballads by the writers of the "NATION" newspaper, will be published early in November. All applications must be made to the Publisher, JAMES DUFFY, 5, Angleséa-street, as, in future, the publication will be conducted in his establishment.

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THE SPIRIT
OF
“THE NATION.”

OURSELVES ALONE.

I.

THE work that should to-day be wrought
Defer not till to-morrow ;
The help that should within be sought,
Scorn from without to borrow.
Old maxims these—yet stout and true—
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

II.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled,
In patient hope to bide ;
By dreams of English justice fooled,
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion 's past,
The empty dream has flown :
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

III.

Aye ! bitter hate, or cold neglect,
 Or lukewarm love, at best,
 Is all we've found, or can expect,
 We aliens of the west.
 No friend, beyond her own green shore,
 Can Erin truly own ;
 Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
 In her brave sons ALONE.

IV.

Remember when our lot was worse—
 Sunk, trampled to the dust ;
 'Twas long our weakness and our curse,
 In stranger aid to trust.
 And if, at length, we proudly trod
 On bigot laws o'erthrown,
 Who won that struggle? Under God,
 Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

V.

Oh, let its memory be enshrined
 In Ireland's heart for ever :
 It proves a banded people's mind
 Must win in just endeavour ;
 It shows how wicked to despair,
 How weak to idly groan—
 If ills at *others'* hands ye bear,
 The cure is in YOUR OWN.

VI.

The " foolish word impossible"
 At once, for aye disdain ;
 No power can bar a people's will
 A people's right to gain.
 Be bold, united, firmly set,
 Nor flinch in word or tone—
 We'll be a glorious nation yet,
 REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE.

THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

Let Britain boast her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we ;
 Not British seas, nor British coasts,
 Can match THE MAN OF TIPPERARY.

II.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
 His spirit light as any fairy ;
 His wrath is fearful as the storm
 That sweeps THE HILLS OF TIPPERARY.

III.

When woe or want oppress his friends,
 Though State and Fate proclaim despair, he
 Against them all "the Pass" defends,
 And rights THE WRONGS OF TIPPERARY.

IV.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
 Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
 You'd swear they knew no other mood
 Than mirth and LOVE IN TIPPERARY.

V.

Soft is his girl's sunny eye,
 Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
 Her heart is fond, her soul is high ;
 Oh! she's THE PRIDE OF TIPPERARY.

VI.

You're free to share his scanty meal ;
 His plighted word he'll never vary.
 In vain they tried with gold and steel
 To shake THE FAITH OF TIPPERARY.

VII.

Send him to fight for native land—
 His is no courage cold and wary ;
 The troops live not on earth would stand
 The headlong CHARGE OF TIPPERARY.

VIII

Let Britain brag her motley rag ;
 We'll lift THE GREEN more proud and airy ;—
 Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
 And head THE MEN OF TIPPERARY.

IX.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
 About them all right little care we ;
 Give us to guard our native coasts
 THE MATCHLESS MEN OF TIPPERARY.

SONNET.

(TRANSLATED FOR THE "NATION," FROM "ZAPPI," BY E. N. SHANNON, ESQ., THE TRANSLATOR OF DANTE, AUTHOR OF "TALES OLD AND NEW.")

In fair, delightful Cyprus, by the Main,
 A lofty, royal seat, Love's dwelling stands :
 Thither I went, and gave into his hands
 An humble scroll, his clemency to gain.
 Sire, said the writing, Thyrsis, who in pain
 Has served thee hitherto, this boon demands—
 His freedom—neither should his suit be vain,
 After six lustres' service in thy bands.
 He took the scroll, and seemed to pore thereon :
 But he was blind, and could not read the case.
 Seeming to feel his grievous want full sore—
 Wherefore, with stern and frowning air, anon,
 He said, and flung my writing in my face—
 Give it to DEATH—we two will talk it o'er.

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1190.*

Τα οπλα ας λαβωμεν
 παιδες Ἑλληνων αγωμεν.
 ποταμιδων εχθρων το αιμα
 ας τρεζη υπο ποδων.

RIGA.

I.

Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,
 That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves ;
 To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow,
 Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aharlow ?

II.

The clangour of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,
 From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the stately Galtees ;
 Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
 Slievenamon, Glencoloc, and sublime Galtymore !

III.

The sun-burst that slumbered embalmed in our tears,
 Tipperary ! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers !
 And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear,
 While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

* This song relates to the time when the Irish began to rally and unite against their invaders. The union was, alas ! brief, but its effects were great. The troops of Connaught and Ulster, under Cathal Cruv-dearg (Cathal O'Connor of the Red Hand), defeated and slew Armoric St. Lawrence, and stripped De Courcy of half his conquests. But the ballad relates to Munster ; and an extract from Moore's (the most accessible) book will show that there was solid ground for triumph :—" Among the chiefs who agreed at this crisis to postpone their mutual feuds, and act in concert against the enemy, were O'Brian of Thomond, and MacCarthy of Desmond, hereditary rulers of North and South Munster, and chiefs respectively of the two rival tribes, the Dalcassians and Eoganians. By a truce now formed between those princes, O'Brian was left free to direct his arms against the English ; and having attacked their forces at Thurles, in Fogarty's country, gave them a COMPLETE OVERTHROW, putting to the sword, add the Munster annals, a great number of knights."—*History of Ireland, A. D. 1190.*

IV.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
 With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane,
 His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild eyes ;
 He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

V.

Let the trumpets ring triumph ! the tyrant is slain .
 He reels o'er his charger deep pierced through the brain ;
 And his myriads are flying like leaves on the gale,
 But, who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

VI.

For the arrows of vengeance are show'ring like rain,
 And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
 Till thy waves, "lordly Shannon," all crimsonly flow,
 Like the billows of hell with the blood of the foe.

VII.

Aye ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
 Revenge, with the fleetness of lightning, can vie ;
 And the septa of the mountains spring up from each rock,
 And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

VIII.

And who shall pass over the stormy Slieve Bloom,
 To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom ;
 When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers,
 Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears ?

IX.

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves ;
 But the glen and the torrent have yawned for their graves—
 From the gloomy Ardfinnan to wild Templemore—
 From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

X.

By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,
 To remember the march of the foe through our isle ;

Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray ;

XI.

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems on their helmets were bright to behold.
By Saint Bride of Kildare ! but they moved in fair show—
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aharlow !

THE MONOPOLISTS' LIE.

“ For our own part we are not ashamed to say that we hate the word *cheapness*, in its ordinary acceptation, because we have never seen commodities *cheap*, as the term is commonly applied, without the accompaniment of ruinous distress among one class or other of our countrymen ; whereas we have generally seen what are denominated *dear* seasons, always seasons of extraordinary prosperity to the majority of the people.”—*Standard*.

I.

How the mockery stinks in the nostrils of Heaven !
How the arrogant falsehood insults the wide earth !
To the fiends in deep hell, for a moment 'tis given,
'Mid their torment, to gibber in horrible mirth !
Oh ! yes, 'tis A BLESSING that bread is *so dear* !
Yes, yes, 'tis a comfort that rent is so high !
Give the rich man his chariot, the poor man his bier !
'Tis a favor, untaxed, to be suffered to die !

II.

Crawl on, ye vile slaves ! chaffer roots with the swine !
They are good enough, churls ! for your under-bred maws ;
Earth's treasures are skimmed, when your masters would dine,
While ye starve by their merciful, master-made laws !
Toil, sweat, and make huger their huge money-bags ;
Serfs, train up your daughters to batten their lust !
As they roll by in splendour, crouch, crouch in your rags !
As they loll at the banquet, pay thrice for your crust !

III.

Oh, God's earth is fair ! and a glimpse you may catch,
 As you peer o'er the wall of some neighbouring park,
 Of lawn, grove, and paddock—but lift not a latch,
 Or be torn by the dogs at your footsteps that bark !
 Sweet valley and glade, beauteous lake, stream, and river,
 Bestud ev'ry turn in our evergreen isle ;
 Ye have *heard* they are lovely, but glanced at them never,
 Save yoked like scorned beasts to unrecompensed toil !

IV.

Crawl on, ye vile slaves ! not a sod is your own,
 Of the soil where your fathers coursed free as the airs ;
 Not a bird dare ye shoot, where their footsteps have flown ;
 Not a fish dare you draw from the streams that were theirs !
 With your sweat your land-tyrants their 'scutcheons adorn,
 And would coin your heart's blood, as your hearts they have
 riven !
 You have asked for free breed—they refuse it with scorn ;
 If you starve at their will, you deserve it, by Heaven !

 THE LAMENT OF *GRAINNE MAOL*.*

I.

John Bull was a *bodach*, as rich as a Jew—
 As griping, as grinding, and conscienceless, too ;
 A wheedler, a shuffler, a rogue by wholesale,
 And a swindler moreover, says *GRAINNE MAOL* !

II.

John Bull was a banker, pursy and fat,
 With gold in both pockets, and plenty of that ;
 And he tempted his neighbours to sell their entail—
 'Tis by scheming he prospers, says *GRAINNE MAOL* !

* Vulgarly written, and rightly pronounced, Granu Wail.

III.

John Bull was a farmer, with cottiers galore—
 Stout “chawbacons” once, that like bullocks could roar ;
 Hard work and low wages, and Peel’s sliding scale,
 Have pulled down their courage, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

IV.

John Bull was a bruiser, sturdy and stout—
 A boisterous bully—at bottom a clout!—
 For when briskly opposed he was apt to turn tail—
 BROTHER JONATHAN *fibbed* him, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

V.

John Bull was a merchant—many his ships,
 His harbours, his dock-yards, and fine building slips ;
 And the ocean he claimed as his rightful entail—
 MONSIEUR PARLEY-VOUS *bars that*, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

VI.

John Bull had dependencies, many and great—
 Rich, fertile, extensive—each one an estate ;
 But he pilfered and robbed them—wholesale and retail—
 THE CANADAS prove it, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

VII.

Master John in the East has been “going it tight”
 (His wont when opponents are slow to show fight)—
 Like a BULL in a CHINA SHOP, whisking his tail—
 That *splore* isn’t ended, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

VIII.

John Bull *worshipped fire* beneath Indian skies—
 Made war upon women, and children likewise—
 Razed bazaars, burned cities and forts in detail—
 Oh, the barbarous VANDAL! says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

IX.

John Bull was a Saint in the Western Clime,
 Stood fast for the truths of the Gospel sublime,

Vowed that no other faith in the end could avail;
Is't THE JUGGHERNAUT CHAMPION? says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

X.

John Bull had a sister fair to be seen,
With a roseate blush, and a mantle of green,
And a soft swelling bosom!—On hill or in dale
Oh, where could you fellow sweet *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XI.

And John loved his sister without e'er a flam,
As the fox loves a pullet, the vulture a lamb;
So he paid her a visit—but mark the sad tale,
MY TITLE DEED 's vanished! says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XII.

Then he ruined her commerce, and ravaged her plains;
Razed her altars, sowed strife, kept her children in chains,
While pitch-caps, triangles, and gibbets, wholesale,
Recorded John's love to poor *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XIII.

But one of her children, more *bould* than the rest,
Took it into his noddle to make a *request!*
Our rights, Uncle John! Else—our flag on the gale!
“He soon got an instalment,” says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XIV.

And, now he is at the *Ould Growler*, again,
With his logic, and law, and—*three millions of men!*
And nothing will please him, just now, but *REPALE;*
“*Mo seact n-anam astig t'ú,*”* says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

XV.

But, should John turn gruff, and decline the demand;
What means of success may be at our command?
Quite true, he is humbled, and now getting frail,
My “NATION” will tell you, says *GRAINNE MAOL!*

* “Seven times as dear as the soul within me!”

XVI.

("NATION" LOQUITUR.)

"If, stubborn and wilful, he still should refuse
 To hear our just claims, or submit to our views,
 And resolve, in his folly, to hold 'The Entail,'
 DAN 'll 'kick his Dumbarton,'* for *GRAINNE MAOL!*"

Fag a Bealar. †

*A National Hymn, chaunted in full chorus at the Symposiacs of the
 Editors and Contributors of "THE NATION."*

I.

"Hope no more for Fatherland,
 All her ranks are thinned or broken;"
 Long a base and coward band
 Recreant words like these have spoken.
 But WE preach a land awoken,
 A land of courage true and tried
 As your fears are false and hollow:
 Slaves and Dastards stand aside—
 Knaves and Traitors, *FAG A BEALAC!*

II.

Know, ye suffering brethren ours,
 Might is strong, but Right is stronger;

* Our printer's devil declares that this is a North British phrase for "The Seat of Honour!" How the Old Lady learned to talk Scotch it is not for us to explain.

† *FAG A BEALAC*, "Clear the road!" commonly but erroneously spelt *Faugh a Ballagh*, was the cry with which the clans of Connaught and Munster used in faction fights to come through a fair with high hearts and smashing shillelahs. The regiments raised in the South and West took their old shout with them to the Continent. The 88th, or Connaught Rangers, from their use of it, went generally by the name of "The Faugh a Ballagh Boys." Nothing, says Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*—nothing so startled the French soldiery as the wild yell with which the Irish Regiments sprung to the charge; and never was that haughty and intolerent shout raised in battle, but a charge, swift as thought and fatal as flame, came with it, like a rushing incarnation of *FAG A BEALAC!*

Saxon wiles or Saxon powers
 Can enslave our land no longer,
 Than your own dissensions wrong her :
 Be ye one in might and mind—
 Quit the mire where Cravens wallow—
 And your foes shall flee like wind
 From your fearless *FAG A BEALAC!*

III.

Thus the mighty Multitude
 Speak in accents hoarse with sorrow—
 “ We are fallen, but unsubdued ;
 “ Show us whence we Hope may borrow,
 “ And we’ll fight your fight to-morrow.
 “ Be but cautious, true, and brave,
 “ Where ye lead us we will follow ;
 “ Hill and valley, rock and wave,
 “ Shall echo back our *FAG A BEALAC!*”

IV.

Fling our Sun-burst to the wind,
 Studded o’er with names of glory ;
 Worth, and wit, and might, and mind,
 Poet young, and Patriot hoary,
 Long shall make it shine in story.
 Close your ranks—the moment’s come—
 NOW, ye men of Ireland follow ;
 Friends of Freedom, charge them home—
 Foes of freedom, *FAG A BEALAC!*

EPIGRAM.

“ Well, Pat, my boy,” said I, “ I’ve had some chat
 With the ground landlord of this wilderness.”
 “ The *grinding* one your Honor means,” grinned Pat ;
 “ It is the tenants that are *ground*, I guess.”

O'CONNELL.

A FRAGMENT.

Oh! thou bright sun, who banished by thy ray
 The night of sorrow from my land away—
 Before whose radiance, as some magic spell,
 Like frost-work melted, all our shackles fell—
 Whose honest beams made freedom's light be felt
 In those dark mists where bigotry had dwelt—
 High, high above us, still in grandeur glide,
 You rose in lowness, but you'll set in pride.
 In vain you sought some social orb to cheer
 The desert liveness of our hemisphere,
 Yet dauntless cried, "'Tis left alone for me
 To teach mankind—To wish it's to be free!"
 And now thou'rt mantled in unearthly light,
 Like Vesta's lamp, imperishably bright,
 For ever cloudless and for ever blest,
 Sear the oppressor, smile on the opprest.
 Unlike the orb that glorifies the day,
 Thy sun may perish, but its beams will stay :
 Thy name's an heirloom that will last for ever—
 Thyself may leave us, but thy spirit—Never!
 Thou said'st, "Be free!" and taught the bondsman how ;
 And, ah! dear freedom, who'll unlearn thee now ?

 THE EXTERMINATOR'S SONG.

AIR—" 'Tis I am the Gipsy King."

I.

'Tis I am the poor man's scourge,
 And where is the scourge like me ?
 My land from all Papists I purge,
 Who think that their votes should be free—
 Who think that their votes should be free!
 From huts only fitted for brutes,
 My agent the last penny wrings ;

And my serfs live on water and roots,
 While I feast on the best of good things!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!

(*Chorus of the Editors of THE NATION*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge!
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge!

II.

A despot, and strong one, am I,
 Since a Drummond no longer is here,
 To my "duties" to point ev'ry eye,
 Though of "rights" I wish only to hear—
 Though of "rights" I wish only to hear!
 If conspiracies I apprehend,
 To throw off my rack-renting rule,
 For a "Special Commission" I send,
 To my friends of the old Tory school!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!

(*Chorus of the Editors of THE NATION*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge,
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge!

III.

I prove to the world I'm a man,
 In a way very pleasant to show;
 I debauch all the tenants I can,
 And of b——ds I have a long row—
 And of b——ds I have a long row!
 My cottiers must all cringe to me,
 Nor grudge me the prettiest lass;
 Or they know very well that they'll see
 Their hovels as flat as the grass!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!

(*Chorus of the Editors of THE NATION*)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge!
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge!

IV.

If a Connor my right should deny, sir,
 To "do what I like with my own!"
 For the rascal I've soon a reply, sir,
 Into gaol for "*sedition*" he's thrown—
 Into gaol for "*sedition*" he's thrown!
 The Tariff is bringing rents down—
 Yet more cash from the farmer I'll squeeze;
 And, for fear of being shot, come to town
 To drink, game, and intrigue, at my ease!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!
 For I am the poor man's scourge!

(Chorus of the Editors of THE NATION)

Yes, *you* are the poor man's scourge,
 But of *such* the whole island we'll purge.

SONG OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

AIR—"The Siege of Belleisle."

I.

'Tis the green—oh, the green is the colour of the true,
 And we'll back it 'gainst the orange, and we'll raise it o'er the blue!
 For the colour of our fatherland alone should here be seen—
 'Tis the colour of the martyred dead—our own immortal green;
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green!
 Oh, 'tis down to the dust, and a shame to be seen;
 But we've hands—oh, we've hands, boys, full strong enough,
 I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green!

II.

They may say they have power 'tis vain to oppose—
 'Tis better to obey and live, than surely die as foes;

But we scorn all their threats, boys, whatever they may mean ;
 For we trust in God above us, and we dearly love the green.
 So, we'll up for the green, and we'll up for the green !
 Oh, to *die* is far better than be curst as we have been ;
 And we've hearts—oh, we've hearts, boys, full true enough,
 I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own immortal green !

III.

They may swear as they often did, our wretchedness to cure ;
 But we'll never trust John Bull again, nor let his lies allure.
 No, we won't—no, we won't, Bull, for now nor ever more !
 For we've hopes on the ocean, and we've trust on the shore.
 Then up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
 Shout it back to the Sassenagh, “ We'll *never* sell the green !”
 For our TONE is coming back, and with men enough, I ween,
 To rescue, and avenge us and our own immortal green.

IV.

Oh, remember the days when their reign we did disturb,
 At Limerick and Thurles—Blackwater and Benburb ;
 And ask this proud Saxon if our blows he did enjoy,
 When we met him on the battle-field, of France—at Fontenoy.
 Then we'll up for the green, boys, and up for the green !
 Oh, 'tis *still* in the dust, and a shame to be seen ;
 But we've hearts and we've hands, boys, full strong enough,
 I ween,
 To rescue and to raise again our own unsullied green !

 THE VOW OF TIPPERARY.

From Carrick streets to Shannon shore—
 From Slievenamon to Ballindeary—
 From Longford-pass to Galtymore—
 Come, hear The Vow of Tipperary.

“ Too long we fought for Britain’s cause,
 And of our blood were never chary ;
 She paid us back with tyrant laws,
 And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

“ But never more we’ll win such thanks :
 We swear by God, and Virgin Mary,
 Never to list in British ranks ;”
 And *that’s* The Vow of Tipperary.

FATHER MATHEW.

ODE TO A PAINTER, ABOUT TO COMMENCE A PICTURE TO
 ILLUSTRATE THE LABOURS OF FATHER MATHEW.

I.

Seize thy pencil, child of art !
 Fame and fortune brighten o’er thee ;
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
 If well thou do’st the work before thee !
 ’Tis not thine to round the shield,
 Or point the sabre, black or gory ;
 ’Tis not thine to spread the field,
 Where crime is crown’d—where guilt is glory.

II.

Child of art ! to thee be given
 To paint, in colours all unclouded,
 Breakings of a radiant heaven
 O’er an isle in darkness shrouded !
 But, to paint them true and well,
 Every ray we see them shedding
 In its very light must tell
 What a gloom *before* was spreading.

III.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears—
 Eyes that wept no longer weeping—
 Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,
 Lonely, nightly, vigils keeping—
 Listening ev'ry footfall nigh—
 Hoping him she loves returning?
 Canst thou, then, depict her joy,
 That we may know *the change* from mourning?

IV.

Paint in colours strong, but mild,
 Our Isle's Redeemer and Director—
 Canst thou paint *the man a child*,
 Yet shadow forth the mighty VICTOR?
 Let his path a rainbow span,
 Every *hue* and *colour* blending—
 Beaming "peace and love" to man,
 And alike o'er ALL extending!

V.

Canst thou paint a land made free—
 From its sleep of bondage, woken—
 Yet, withal, that we may see
 What 'twas *before* the chain was broken?
 Seize the pencil, child of art!
 Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee!
 Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
 If well thou do'st the work before thee!

 TO THE PRESIDENT

OF THE ANTI-REPEAL OPERATIVE SOCIETY, GREETING.

Sterne mourns an ass, as though 'twere true
 That "asses never die;"
 But sure 'tis false, and Trashem, you
 Will some day give 't the lie.

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE?

“ What's my thought like ?

“ How is it like ? &c.

“ What would you do with it ?”

Nursery-Game.

I.

What's my thought like?—What's my thought like ?

—Like a column tumbled down—

Its noble shaft and capital with moss and weeds o'ergrown !
 How is my thought so like unto a column thus laid low ;
Because your thought is Ireland now—laid prostrate, even so !
 What with it would you do?—oh, say—what with it would
 you do ?

Upraise it from the earth again, aloft to mankind's view !
 A sign unto all those that mourn, throughout earth's vast do-
 main,
 That Heaven rewards the patient, and will make them joy
 again.

II.

What's my thought like?—What's my thought like ?

—Like a gallant ship on shore !

Dismasted all and helpless now, amid the breakers' roar !
 Her crew, so faithful once to her, each seeking plank and spar,
 To 'scape from her and safety seek, upon the land afar.
 How is my thought like such poor ship in peril and distress ?
Because your thought is Ireland now, whose peril is no less !
 What with it would you do?—oh, say—what with it would
 you do ?

Like to some few but faithful hearts among such vessel's crew—
 Stand by her to the last I would ! and die, if so decreed,
 Ere man should dare to say to me, *You failed her at her need !*

III.

What's my thought like?—What's my thought like ?

—Like a land by Nature bless'd

Beyond most other lands on earth—and yet the most distressed !

A teeming soil—abounding streams—wide havens—genial
air—

And yet a People ever plunged in suffering and care!
Eight millions of a noble race—high-minded, pure, and good—
Kept subject to a petty gang—a miserable brood!
Strong but in England's constant hate, and help to keep us
down,

And blast the smiles of Nature fair, with man's unholy frown!
How is it like my thought, again?—How is it like my thought?
Because your thought is Ireland's self—and even thus her lot!
What with it would you do, again?—What with it would you
do?

Work even to the death I would, to rive her chain in two!
To help her 'gainst unnatural sons, and foreign foemen's rage,
And all her hapless People's woes and bitter griefs assuage;
Bid them be happy now, at length, in this their rescued land—
That land no longer marked and cursed with slav'ry's withering
brand!

No longer Slave to England!—but her Sister, if she will—
Prompt to give friendly aid at need, and to forget all ill!
But holding high her head, and with serenest brow
Claiming, amid Earth's nations all, her fitting station now!
THIS is my thought—it is your thought.

—If thus each Irish heart

Will only think, and purpose thus, henceforth, to act its part,
Full soon their honest boast shall be—that she was made by them
Great, Glorious, Free!—the Earth's first Flower!

—The Ocean's brightest Gem!

—

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF BRIC, IN ST.
ANDREW'S CHURCHYARD.

Since first they placed thee in this cheerless cell,
Hither I've wandered each succeeding year,
Oppress'd with grief, to think no honours tell
That courage, worth, and genius slumber here—

Yes! sleep neglected in this silent shade,
 Where black obscurity in triumph reigns—
 While memory droops in lack of generous aid,
 And cold indiff'rence unmov'd remains.
 Here noxious weeds and sedgey grass contend,
 As in the breeze for mastery they toil,
 To hide this mound, where sleeps the faithful friend
 Who labour'd well to free his native soil.
 Alas! cold apathy, thy icy hand
 Is ever quick to spread oblivion's pall
 Above the champions of this injur'd land
 Whom fate permits in freedom's cause to fall.
 Could I but rear one single line to guide
 The stranger's foot to lightly press this clay—
 That freedom's sons o'er Erin's hope and pride
 Hither might come betimes to weep or pray :
 No flatt'ring lie I'd carve on polish'd stone ;
 But one brief sentence, rugged, bold and strong,
 That all might know his earnest, honest tone.
 The words would be—" My country, right or wrong."
 Then would fond youths and maidens here unite,
 And plant the willow and the fragrant thyme—
 Here would they come beneath the moon's pale light
 To chant their ditties plaintive and sublime—
 Here would the rose of variegated bloom,
 'Neath the green cypress and the spreading yew,
 Yield to the morning air its sweet perfume,
 And from its leaves drop tears of od'rous dew.

Sleep on, regardless of the critic's sneer
 And hollow friendship's smooth imposing cant,
 Though public gratitude withholds a tear,
 Nor avarice deigns a letter'd pile to grant ;
 Yet will the poet's soft and pensive lay
 Warble in dirges o'er thy nameless tomb,
 To tell the Patriot who comes this way
 A martyr'd brother moulders here in gloom.

THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

I.

'Tis a great day, and glorious, O Public! for you—
 This October Fifteenth, Eighteen Forty and Two!
 For on this day of days, lo! THE NATION comes forth,
 To commence its career of Wit, Wisdom, and Worth—
 To give Genius its due—to do battle with Wrong—
 And achieve things undreamed of as yet, save in song.
 Then arise! fling aside your dark mantle of slumber,
 And welcome in chorus THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

II.

Here we are, thanks to Heaven, in an epoch when Mind
 Is unfettering our captives and couching our blind;
 And the Press with its thunders keeps marring the mirth
 Of those tyrants and bigots that curse our fair earth.
 Be it ours to stand forth and contend in the van
 Of truth's legions for freedom, that birthright of man,
 Shaking off the dull cobwebs that else might encumber
 Our weapon—the pen—in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

III.

We announce a New Era—be this our first news—
 When the serf grinding Landlords shall shake in their shoes;
 While the ark of a bloodless yet mighty Reform
 Shall emerge from the flood of the Popular Storm!
 Well we know how the lickspittle panders to Power,
 Feel and fear the approach of that death-dealing hour;
 But we toss these aside—such vile vagabond lumber
 Are but just worth a groan from THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

IV.

Though we take not for motto, *Nul n'a de l'esprit,*
 (As they once did in Paris) *hors nos bons amis,*
 We may boast that for first-rate endowments, our band
 Form a phalanx unmatched *in*—or *out* of—the land.

Poets, Patriots, Linguists, with reading like Parr's—
 Critics keener than sabres—Wits brighter than stars ;
 And Reasoners as cool as the coolest cu-cumber
 Form the host that shine out in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

V.

We shall sketch living manners—and men—in a style
 That will scarcely be sneezed at, we guess for a while ;
 Build up stories as fast as of yore Mother Bunch,
 And for Fun of all twists take the shine out of "PUNCH;"
 Thus our Wisdom and Quizdom will finely agree
 Very much, Public dear, we conceive as you see
 Do the lights and the shades that illumine and adumber
 Each beautiful page in THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

VI.

A word more :—To OLD IRELAND our first love is given ;
 Still, our friendship hath arms for all lands under Heaven.
 WE ARE IRISH—we vaunt it—all o'er and all out ;
 But we wish not that England shall "sneak up the spout!"
 Then, O, Public! here, there, and elsewhere through the world,
 Wheresoe'er TRUTH'S and LIBERTY'S flags are unfurl'd,
 From the Suir to the Tweed, from the Boyne to the Humber,
 Raise one Shout of Applause for THE NATION'S FIRST NUMBER.

 EPIGRAM

ON HEARING THAT THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA
 IS OF A TARTAR FAMILY.

"Go forth," exclaimed Imperial Fum, "and see
 What those Barbarian vagabonds are arter!"
 Then, tapping on his box, and taking three
 Pinches of Lundy's Prime—"By Jing," quoth he,
 "If they nab *me* they'll find they have caught a Tartar!"

THE NATION'S VALENTINE

TO THE LADIES OF IRELAND.

“ I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But, gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.”

BYRON.

I.

Oh, Daughters of Erin ! while liberty hovers,
 Like the dove of the ark, o'er the flood of our tears,
 'Tis yours to brace on the chainmail of your lovers,
 And broider gay streamers to float from their spears

II.

Unsullied and soft as the snow's infant winglets
 Is the bosom of her who is muse of our song ;
 And her melting eyes shine through dark clouds of rich ringlets,
 With a soul that to Emmett's first love might belong.

III.

And though scarcely the seraphs that smiling watch o'er her,
 More fondly—more truly can love in the skies,
 Yet not hers is the wish to behold her adorer
 Forget his land's wrongs in the light of her eyes.

IV.

Yes ! thine is the fire that, now sacredly glowing,
 Impels my wrapt soul to bright liberty's shrine,
 The wave was congeal'd till thy breath set it flowing—
 God gave me the lyre, but to tune it was thine.

V.

Oh, woman ! our load-star, whose worship for ever,
 Gives strength to the sword—inspiration to song—
 The hour thou wilt aid thine own fetters to sever,
 Not earth's banded tyrants our thrall can prolong.

VI.

Withdraw, then, thy presence from pleasure's gay bowers,
 And smile but on him who braves danger and toil.
 Thus beauty and virtue, asserting their powers,
 Shall more than atone for the false Devorghoil.

VII.

Irresistible loveliness ! wouldst thou but cherish
 The patriot virtues, at once we are free ;
 But desert thou, or shrink, and as surely we perish—
 For man takes the tone of his spirit from thee.

VIII.

Then, oh ; if you'd teach us once more to recover
 The glory that erst shed its light on thy brow,
 Rend away from your lutes the soft strings of the lover,
 And sing us no songs but of FATHERLAND now.

IX.

A spirit is moving in light o'er the waters,
 And he shouts through the stormy applause of the waves,
 " *How long, beloved land, shall thy glorious daughters
 Be consorts or mothers of spiritless slaves ?*"

X.

Oh, rock-girdled Freedom ! adored by the Roman,
 In woman's dear form descend on our fanes,
 And the mountains shall dance at the fall of the foeman,
 To earth's heav'nliest music—the breaking of chains !

EPIGRAM

TOUCHING THE TARIFF AND INCOME TAX.

When I see Peel and Co.'s plans thus give birth
 To want and woe 'mong Englishers and Scotchers,
 " O, pardon me, thou bleeding *peace* of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with such *botchers !*"

LAMENT FOR THE LAST OF THE BRAVE.

“ *Ultimi Romanorum.*”

Sainted the names and peaceful the slumbers
Of the heroes who struggled their country to free—
Who perished oppressed, but not *vanquished*, by numbers,
And streamed out their life-blood, dear Erin, for thee.

Twice—thrice be they blest, for no common devotion
Was theirs to the island that called them their own :
The pulse of their hearts, like the tide of the ocean,
Flowed true to the land of their fathers alone.

In the depths of the vale, on the peak of the mountain,
Raise high the proud trophy to tell of their fame—
Let the cairn of their glory be piled by the fountain,
And the stone of repose bear the spell of their name.

On the NATIONAL BANNER, in letters of glory,
Inscribe them to serve as the watchwords for men,
Who, roused from despair by their patriot story,
Shall dare all the deeds of these heroes *again*.

In the *requiem* chaunt for the souls of the dead,
When the prayers of the millions in silence are given,
Oh, ask of their God, for each spirit thus fled,
Peace and joy without end 'midst the blessed in heaven.

TO COLONEL, M.P.

If e'er you go to Hindostan,
You'll be esteemed a godlike man ;
Nay, do not thus with wonder stare—
Monkeys, you know, are worshipped there.

NEW NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

I.

Buffon divides men into classes ;
 But this, his druggist-shop conception,
 Is humbug—all alike are asses ;
 I make myself even no exception.
 In fact, I'll prove myself an ass-
 ertor of truth—the more's the pity ;
 And then make you, besides, an ass-
 entor to my dis-ass-trous ditty.

II.

There's Brougham and Vaux (Lord!) what an ass-
 ailant he is of poor Lord Melbourne !
 While Melbourne is himself an ass-
 ociate of glum-faced England's well born ;
 Then in the House he's quite an ass-
 afoetida pill to Londonderry,
 Who is, by jing, a humdrum ass-
 everating twaddler, dull and dreary !

III.

O'Connell's a tremendous ass-
 aulter of tyranny and Tories ;
 And we, THE NATION, are his ass-
 istants, and share—hurrah!—his glories.
 Poor Lever's an acknowledged ass-
 pirant for fame and foolscap laurels ;
 While Lover makes himself an ass-
 iduous refreshner of state morals.

IV.

Trash Gregg's a genuine assish ass-
 inine ass—only hear him braying !
 Grim, Orange Ernest is an ass-
 assin at heart, and thirsts for slaying !
 F. W. Conway is an ass-
 tonishing dab for quizzing quisses !
 And Cregan R. H. A.'s an ass-
 ured brush at catching gemmen's phizzes.

V.

In short, the world is one great ass-
 emblage of hoaxed and hoaxing ninnies,
 'Mong which even I myself *am-ass*
 More bran than grist—more jokes than guineas ;
 Still I don't mind—nor care to ass-
 uage my distresses like your sobbers ?
 Wrapped in my cloak, my grand cuir-ass,
 I laugh at all—Rads., Whigs, and robbers.*

 MY LAND.

I.

She is a rich and rare land ;
 Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land ;
 She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine.

II.

No men than her's are braver—
 Her women's hearts ne'er waver ;
 I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

III.

She's not a dull or cold land ;
 No ! she's a warm and bold land ;
 Oh ! she's a a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

IV.

Could beauty ever guard her,
 And virtue still reward her,
 No foe would cross her border—
 No friend within it pine !

* "Robbers"—that is to say Tories. See the Gaelic.

V.

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land ;
 Oh, she's a true and rare land !
 Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

THE SONG OF ULSTER.

I.

Gray mountains of Mourne—green vallies of Down—
 Fair uplands of Farney and true Innishowen—
 From your homesteads have come in the day of our need,
 The stoutest of champions for country or creed—
 The Men of the North.

II.

When darkness and danger encompassed our Isle,
 And the Timid made cause with the Venal and Vile—
 While her hope was the least, and her hazard the most,
 Still, firm as Slievegullion, she found at their post
 The Men of the North.

III.

The first to resist the false Saxon were they,
 The latest to bend to his tyrannous sway,
 In his weakness a goad—in his triumph a curb—
 Bear witness Blackwater, Clontibret, Benburb,
 For the Men of the North.

IV.

Oh ! proud was the day, when the charge of the Gael,
 Like a thunder-storm scattered the sons of the Pale ;
 And the strength of the Saxon, like stubble went down
 Before the strong septs of the cross and the crown,*
 The Men of the North.

* The well-known arms of the confederated chiefs of Ulster.

V.

And what, though our God, to whom glory and praise !
 Hath not left to their children the spoil of those days ;
 Why, more bright be our honour—more goodly our gain,
 That he gave gallant hearts to achieve it again
 To the Men of the North.

VI.

For tell us, ye band of the trusted and true—
 Ye citizen-soldiers of stern Eighty-Two,
 Who lent you the power to resist and o'ercome
 The Foe from without and the Tyrant at home ?
 'Twas the Men of the North.

VII.

And when the dark day of oppression began,
 And Power upon reason and truth set her ban,
 All threats and seductions they stoutly withstood
 Till the cause of their country they sealed with their blood—
 These Men of the North

VIII.

But deep as those epochs of glory we prize,
 A prouder and dearer is yet to arise ;
 And we'll shrine it, Benburb and Dungannon, above,
 In the temple of national honour and love,
 The Men of the North.

IX.

'Tis that day, when the strength of the slumbering North,
 Again for the land of our love shall come forth ;
 And speaking stout words, which stout hearts will maintain,
 Proclaim our fair country a NATION again,
 The Men of the North.

X.

For the waters of Bann are unruffled and slow,
 And as coldly and calmly our pulses may flow ;
 But as soon shall you roll back its fathomless tide
 As turn from their slow-chosen purpose aside
 The men of the North.

XI.

Then, oh! when green Erin her trust and her might,
 Shall summon to battle for God and our right—
 For the home of our hearts, or the freedom of man,
 May one gallant phalanx still march in the van—
 The Men of the North.

A SONG FOR IRISHMEN.

Look down on Erin's verdant vales—so rich, so gay, so green—
 And tell me, can a bosom throb, not loving Ocean's queen?
 Look round on Erin's mossy moors, her meads and mountains
 high,
 And tell me, does a dastard live, who'd not for Erin die?

No, no; in Erin lives not now a traitor to her cause—
 The thundering voice A NATION speaks, each traitor overawes—
 A beaming light is burning bright, on mountain, rock, and sea,
 And by the mighty march of mind our land will soon be free.

Then strike the harp, old Erin's harp, with fearless force and
 bold—
 It breathes not for a tim'rous hand—nor for a heart that's cold;
 It loves the open gen'rous soul—the bold—the brave—the free;
 But for the craven, crouching slave it has no melody.

You're men—as such should know your rights, and knowing
 should defend;
 Who would be free, themselves must dare the tyrant's chain
 to rend;
 Oh, fruitless is the grief that springs above a nation's fears—
 One firm resolve of mighty men is worth a tide of tears.

Then brace your buckler round your breast—for Erin be re-
 signed—
 The murky morn is gone that pall'd your energies of mind;
 And now o'er Erin's misty hills A NATION's banner waves—
 Then, up—arise—be men and free, or be for ever slaves.

A TRAVELLER'S TESTIMONY.

I.

Green-vested land, with emeralds strewn,
 Wherever wends the pilgrim weary,
 With faltering steps and dusty shoon,
 From Rhine to Loire—from Baste to Erie.
 He feels still freshlier o'er his heart
 Rush the remembrance of thy beauty ;
 And owns, all peerless as thou art,
 To love thee, both his joy and duty.

II.

Romantic land ! in other climes
 Far brighter suns the skies illumine ;
 In the warm south, 'mid vesper chimes,
 More dazzlingly bright-eyed is woman.
 But sunlight there like lightning burns,
 While thine streams soft as crystal waters ;
 Too warm the southern maids, and turns
 The yearning breast to Erin's daughters.

III.

Oh, matchless land ! so well combine
 Thy elements of cloud and splendour,
 That earth no valleys boasts like thine,
 Enamelled with a green so tender !
 So well in Erin, too, are mixed
 The elements of wit and honour,
 That other nations' eyes are fixed
 In hopeless rivalry upon her !

 LINES WRITTEN ON A ROCK.

I.

How oft with bounding heart I've stood
 On yonder rugged rock and drear,
 While youth and pleasure flushed my blood,
 And cherished loved ones lingered near !

II.

How oft I've sat and dreamt of love
 And heaved the half unconscious sigh,
 While silent rolled the moon above,
 And passed the hours uncounted by !

III.

How oft the song hath charmed mine ear
 In woman's sweet melodious tone !
 Her softest notes were floating near !
 Ah ! me, and are those moments gone ?

IV.

Lone rock ! the wintry waves shall fret,
 And toss o'er thee their angry spray,
 And billows foam around thee yet—
 But we shall be far, far away !

V.

Where shall be, then, the song, the tale,
 The laugh of joy, the gladsome smile !
 The howling winds shall round thee wail,
 But we shall be afar the while !

VI.

As vanisheth the fleeting dream—
 As leaves, that part upon the tide—
 So 'tis our lot on life's swift stream,
 Perchance for ever, to divide ;

VII.

Or meet, perhaps, in years to come,
 As cold as if we ne'er had known ;
 Or follow to the silent tomb
 The corse of some now joyous one.

VIII.

Thus time still severs constant hearts !
 Thus former joys have passed and flown !
 How soon each transient bliss departs,
 And leaves us sorrowing and alone !

IX.

Ah ! yes ; there is on all below—
 How passing dear soe'er it be—
 All that we have, or love, or know—
 The stamp of sad mortality !

AWAKE, AND LIE DREAMING NO MORE.

By the Author of " The Deserted College."

Ye great of my country, how long will ye slumber ?
 Spell-bound far remote from her once happy shore,
 Unmoved by her wrongs and her woes without number :
 Oh ! wake thee, awake, and lie dreaming no more !
 Awaken to fame and poor Erin's condition ;
 To heal all her wounds be your noblest ambition :
 Oh ! break off the spell of the foreign magician.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !

Not the want of green fields nor of countless resources
 The sons of sweet Erin have cause to deplore,
 Nor the want of brave hearts for the muster of forces :
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !
 A patriot flame and endearing emotion
 Are wanting to bless the sweet isle of the ocean ;
 Yet Erin is worthy of love and devotion.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !

Let Fashion no more, in pursuit of vain pleasure,
 To far-distant lands in her train draw you o'er ;
 In your own native isle is the goodliest treasure :
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !
 When once love and pride of your country ye cherish,
 The seeds of disunion and discord shall perish,
 And Erin, dear Erin, in loveliness flourish.
 Awake, then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !

TYROL AND IRELAND.

“Ye gather three ears of corn, and they take two out of the three. Are ye contented?—are ye happy? But there is a Providence above, and there are angels; and, when we seek to right ourselves, they will assist us.”—*Speech of Hofer to the Tyrolese: 1809.*

I.

And Hofer roused Tyrol for this,
 Made Winschgan red with blood,
 Thal Botzen's peasants, ranged in arms,
 And Inspruck's fire withstood.
 For this! for this! that but a third
 The hind his own could call,
 When Passyer gathered in her sheaves;
 Why, *ye* are robbed of all!

II.

Up rose the hardy mountaineers,
 And crushed Bavaria's horse,
 I' th' name of Father and of Son,*
 For *this* without remorse.
 Great Heaven, for this! that Passyer's swains
 Of half their store were reft;
 Why, clods of senseless clay, to you
 Not ev'n an ear is left!

III.

'Midst plenty gushing round, ye starve—
 'Midst blessings, crawl accurst,
 And hoard for your land cormorants all,
 Deep gorging till they burst!
 Still—still they spurn you with contempt,
 Deride your pangs with scorn;
 Still bid you bite the dust for churls,
 And villains basely born!

* “The Bavarian vanguard, composed of 4,000 men, advanced into the defile; and when they had reached midway, the mountaineers hurled down upon their heads huge rocks, which they had rolled to the verge of the precipice, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”—*Histoire des Tyroliens.*

IV.

Oh, idiots! feel ye not the lash—
 The fangs that clutch at gold?
 From rogues so insolent what hope
 Of mercy do ye hold?
 The pallid millions kneel for food;
 The lordling locks his store.
 Hath earth, alas! but one Tyrol,
 And not a Hofer more?

LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

Time—10th Nov., 1649. Scene—Ormond's Camp, County Waterford.

Speakers—A Veteran of Owen O'Neill's clan, and one of the horsemen, just arrived with an account of his death.

I

“Did they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Roe O'Neill?”
 ‘Yes! they slew with poison *him* they feared to meet with steel.’
 “May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease
 to flow!
 May they walk in living death, who poisoned Owen Roe!

II.

Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words.”
 ‘From Derry, with false Cromwell, he marched to measure
 swords;
 But *the weapon of the Saxon* met him on his way,
 And he died at Clough Oughter, upon Saint Leonard's Day.’

III.

“Wail, wail for The Mighty One! Wail, wail ye for The Dead;
 Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the
 head.
 How tenderly we loved him! How deeply we deplore!
 Oh! it makes me mad to think I shall never see him more.

IV.

Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall,
 Sure we never won a battle—'twas Owen won them all.
 Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been free;
 But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

V.

O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
 Audley and MacMahon—ye are valiant, wise, and true;
 But—what, what were ye all to our darling who is gone?
 The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner-stone!

VI.

Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our pride!
 Would that on the battle-field our gallant chief had died!
 Weep the Victor of Benburb—weep him, young man and old;
 Weep for him, ye women—your Beautiful lies cold!

VII.

We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,
 And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—
 Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky,
 Why did you leave us, Owen? Why, why did you die?

VIII.

Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye,
 Oh! why did you leave us, Owen? why did you die?
 Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high;
 But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Owen!—why did you die?"

 EPIGRAM

ON READING THE NEW NOVEL OF "BINANCA CAPELLO."

Strange things of Orpheus poets tell,
 How for *a wife* he went to hell;
 But B—— (wiser man, no doubt)
 Would go to hell to be without.

O'CONNELL.

I.

I saw him at the hour of pray'r, when morning's earliest dawn
 Was breaking o'er the mountain tops—o'er grassy dell and lawn ;
 When the parting shades of night had fled—when moon and
 stars were gone,
 Before a high and gorgeous shrine the chieftain kneel'd alone.
 His hands were clasp'd upon his breast, his eye was raised above—
 I heard those full and solemn tones in words of faith and love :
 He pray'd that those who wrong'd him might for ever be forgiv'n ;
 Oh ! who would say such prayers as *these* are not received in
 heav'n ?

II.

I saw him next amid the best and noblest of our isle—
 There was the same majestic form, the same heart-kindling
 smile !
 But grief was on that princely brow—for others still he mourn'd,
 He gazed upon poor fetter'd slaves, and his heart within him
 burn'd :
 And he vowed before the captive's God to break the captive's
 chain—
 To bind the broken heart, and set the bondsman free again ;
 And fit was he our chief to be in triumph or in need,
 Who never wrong'd his deadliest foe in thought, or word, or
 deed !

III.

I saw him when the light of eve had faded from the West—
 Beside the hearth that old man sat, by infant forms caress'd ;
 One hand was gently laid upon his grandchild's clust'ring hair,
 The other, raised to heav'n, invoked a blessing and a pray'r !
 And woman's lips were heard to breathe a high and glorious
 strain—
 Those songs of old that haunt us still, and ever will remain
 Within the heart like treasured gems, that bring from mem'ry's
 cell
 Thoughts of our youthful days, and friends that we have lov'd
 so well !

IV.

I saw that eagle glance again—the brow was mark'd with care,
Though rich and regal are the robes the Nation's chief doth
wear ;*

And many an eye now quailed with shame, and many a cheek
now glow'd,

As he paid them back with words of love for ev'ry curse be-
stow'd.

I thought of his unceasing care, his never-ending zeal ;

I heard the watchword burst from all—the gath'ring cry—

Repeal :

And as his eyes were raised to heav'n—from whence his mission
came—

He stood amid the thousands there a monarch save in name !

 THE COQUETTE.

TO —————

“The love we have lost is never renewed. On that dread vacuum of the
breast, the temple and the garden rise no more—that feeling, be it hatred,
be it scorn, be it indifference, which replaces love, endures to the last.”—
BULWER.

I.

I lov'd thee—yes, I lov'd thee—oh ! how deeply and how well,
The heart that loves alone can feel—what words can ever tell
Too long I dream'd—I vainly dream'd—affection could reside,
Within that breast of ice and steel—of cold and cutting pride.

II.

But now my bosom thrills no more, as once for thee it thrill'd—
I see the dark and chilly cloud my fancy strove to gild—
The tints that Passion round thee threw—the rays of Love
depart—

I know thee, as thou falsely wert—and as thou truly art.

* Written when O'Connell was Lord Mayor.

III.

Yes, where the sons of Folly bow, at Fashion's empty shrine,
Go, bring thy flimsy heart to sale—it ne'er was formed for
mine—

I loathe the idol of the past—I spurn it with disgust—
'Tis shivered into fragments—and trampled into dust!

IV.

Yet, no—I cannot hate thee, tho' thy love no more I prize—
We hate not, as we love not, where we only can despise—
Then crawl in safety, for to *me* the thought of thee is such,
As of a reptile we would *kill*, could we but bear to *touch*!

 MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the green-wood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?—

Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no ! oh, no !

No ! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide ;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf : put no tombstone there,
But green sods deck'd with daisies fair.
Nor sods too deep ; but so that the dew,
The matted grass-roots may trickle through—
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
“ He serv'd his country and lov'd his kind.”
Oh ! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

GATHERING CHAUNT

OF THE ULSTER SEPTS, IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

The sword of the Saxon is red on our hills,
And blood has empurpled the tide of our rills ;
O'Hanlon, unfurl your banner of green,
And high let the SUN-BURST of Erin be seen.

O'Donnell, come down from your dark Donegal,
And drive back the Saxon, and scatter the SCAUL ;
Maguire come forth with the men of your might,
And red let your falchion be seen through the fight.

MacMahon, let victory gleam from your crest,
O'Reilly, come forth, with your boldest and best ;
O'Hagan, M'Donnell, and Derry's bright star,
Advance to the hot crimson banquet of war.

M'Kenna of Treugh, and Maguinniss of Down,
 Up, forward, and share in the deathless renown ;
 O'Dogherty, prince of the wild Innishowen,
 Up, up to the *slogan* of gallant Tyrone.

The heartless invader his banner extends,
 And deep 'neath its shade is the woe of our friends,
 The crags of Slieve-guillen resound with their wail,
 And Newry is red with the blood of the Gael.

We've fish in our streamlets, and kine in our glens,
 We've shade in our wild woods, and strength in our fens ;
 We've men on our mountains, and hearts in our heath,
 To welcome the foe to the banquet of death.

Bid Essex remember " the Pass of the Plumes,"
 Where the corse of the foeman the valley illumines ;
 Bid Norris again the proud Sassenagh bring,
 To scatter his bones on " the lawn of the spring."

The Eagles of Erin are up for their prey,
 And wolves prowl about in the full face of day,
 " Dunaveeragh" will feast them with flesh of the foe,
 Where Clifford was slain and his churls laid low.

Blackwater, Benburb, and Drum-fluich can declare,
 The rout of De Burgh, and the fate of Kildare—
 The bells of Armagh spoke their joy on the peal,
 Which rung forth the conquest of gallant O'Neill.

The spear of the stranger was broken in twain,
 Where Vaughan, and Waller, and Turner were slain,
 And oh ! it was lovely the blood-hounds to see,
 Like Boccachs retreating from " *Beal na ath buidhe.*"

Then, onward, ye sons of the great Clan-hughboy,
 Shout back your defiance to bloody Mountjoy ;
 We've hope in each arm, and fire in each eye,
 And resolve in each bosom to conquer or die.

THE DALCASSIAN'S WAR-SONG—1014.

I.

Dalcassia's warrior-bands, now,
 The chase forego, the chase forego ;
 Far nobler game demands, now,
 The spear and bow, the spear and bow—
 From mountain, glen, and valley,
 In bright array, in bright array,
 Round Erin's standard rally !
 Let cowards stay ! let coward's stay !
 The sun-burst that floats o'er us
 In banner'd pride, in banner'd pride,
 Has ever waved before us
 O'er victory's tide ! o'er victory's tide !

II.

Who, who, like craven falters,
 Nor bravely draws, nor bravely draws,
 To guard his country's altars,
 And homes and laws ! and homes and laws !
 Who fears, with cause so holy,
 The pirate Dane, the pirate Dane ?
 Although the Saxon, lowly,
 Now brooks his chain ! now brooks his chain !*
 The sun-burst that floats o'er us
 In banner'd pride, in banner'd pride,
 Has ever waved before us
 O'er victory's tide ! o'er victory's tide !

III.

Still victory's smile is beaming
 Where Murrough leads, where Murrough leads ;
 And where his blade is gleaming
 The foeman bleeds ! the foeman bleeds !
 Old Brien's dark eye's glancing
 Along th' array, along th' array ;

* Irishmen should never forget that, at the time of the glorious victory of Clontarf, the English, our present masters, bowed beneath the Danish yoke.

And the steed's impatient prancing—
 Then let's away! away! away!
 The sun-burst that floats o'er us
 In banner'd pride, in banner'd pride,
 Has ever waved before us
 O'er victory's tide! o'er victory's tide!

THE CURSE OF THE RENEGADES.

Oh, shame light upon them, confusion and scorn!
 Be their names sounds accurs'd to our children unborn?
 No babe ever bless them—all sterile as base!
 No wife ever press them—but perish their race!

Ere first the proud stranger invaded our shore,
 A renegade rose up, and tempted him o'er;
 And the Norman marauder no treachery planned,
 Till a renegade lured him with treason in hand!

The Dane in our feuds found the source of his power;
 Not the people were false, but their chivalry's flower;
 And Callachan, rushing from Cormac's old rock,
 Through Lagenia's shrines carried Paynimry's shock.

Oh, vain was thy valour, Roydamna revered!
 When a Nial's bright sword the idolator cheered;
Such princes, MacMurrough-like, courting the chain,
 Deserved not, by heav'n! o'er such people to reign.

No page in our annals but teems with like guilt;
 Each sword-point is blunted 'gainst treachery's hilt!
 But for this we had shattered oppression's fell yoke—
 But for this through each host of invaders had broke!

And now new Iscariots betray with a-kiss,
 And barter, like Judas, a birthright of bliss!
 Motherland! they still wound thee with venomous tooth—
 They slander thy fame, and proclaim it for truth!

Be the gold of their treason like hell's living fire,
 No Pactolus at hand, when of torture they tire!

May the bread of their falsehood no nutriment lend !
 May each willow affright them to Judas's end !

Arise, blessed Patrick ! complete thy good work ;
 Unkennel these reptiles wherever they lurk ;
 These black, bloated vipers, and renegades vile—
 Oh, pitiless, slay, and unvenom our isle !

THE SAXON SHILLING.

I.

Hark ! a martial sound is heard—
 The march of soldiers, fifing, drumming ;
 Eyes are staring, hearts are stirr'd—
 For bold recruits the brave are coming.
 Ribands flaunting, feathers gay—
 The sounds and sights are surely thrilling,
 Dazzl'd village youths to-day
 Will crowd to take the *Saxon Shilling*.

II.

Ye, whose spirits will not bow
 In peace to parish tyrants longer—
 Ye, who wear the villain brow,
 And ye who pine in hopeless hunger—
 Fools, without the brave man's faith—
 All slaves and starvings who are willing
 To sell yourselves to shame and death—
 Accept the fatal *Saxon Shilling*.

III.

Ere you from your mountains go
 To feel the scourge of foreign fever,
 Swear to serve the faithless foe
 That lures you from your land for ever !
 Swear henceforth its tools to be—
 To slaughter trained by ceaseless drilling—
 Honour, home, and liberty,
 Abandon'd for a *Saxon Shilling*.

IV.

Go—to find, 'mid crime and toil,
 The doom to which such guilt is hurried ;
 Go—to leave on Indian soil
 Your bones to bleach, accurs'd, unburied !
 Go—to crush the just and brave,
 Whose wrongs with wrath the world are filling ;
 Go—to slay each brother slave,
 Or spurn the blood-stained *Saxon Shilling* !

V.

Irish hearts ! why should ye bleed,
 To swell the tide of British glory—
 Aiding despots in their need
 Who've changed our *green* so oft to *gory* ?
 None, save those who wish to see
 The noblest killed, the meanest killing,
 And true hearts severed from the free,
 Will take again the *Saxon Shilling* !

VI.

Irish youths ! reserve your strength
 Until an hour of glorious duty,
 When Freedom's smile shall cheer at length
 The land of bravery and beauty.
 Bribes and threats, oh, heed no more—
 Let nought but JUSTICE make you willing
 To leave your own dear Island shore,
 For those who send the *Saxon Shilling*.

 IRISH WAR-SONG.

A. D. 1843.

I.

Bright sun, before whose glorious ray,
 Our Pagan fathers bent the knee ;
 Whose pillar-altars yet can say,
 When time was young our sires were free—

Who saw'st our latter days' decree—
 Our matrons' tears—our patriots' gore ;
 We swear before high Heaven and thee,
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

II.

Our sun-burst on the Roman foe
 Flash'd vengeance once in foreign field—
 On Clontarf's plain lay scathed low
 What power the Sea-kings fierce could wield !
 Benburb might say whose cloven shield
 'Neath bloody hoofs was trampled o'er ;
 And, by these memories high, we yield
 Our limbs to Saxon chains no more !

III.

The *clarseach* wild, whose trembling string
 Had long the "song of sorrow" spoke,
 Shall bid the wild *Rosg-Catha** sing
 The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.
 And, by each heart his bondage broke—
 Each exile's sigh on distant shore—
 Each martyr 'neath the headsman's stroke—
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

IV.

Send the loud war-cry o'er the main—
 Your sun-burst to the breezes spread !
 That *slogan* rends the heaven in twain—
 The earth reels back beneath your tread !
 Ye Saxon despots, hear, and dread—
 Thy march o'er patriot hearts is o'er—
 That shout hath told—that tramp hath said,
 Our country's sons are slaves no more !

* Literally the "Eye of Battle," the glorious "incentive to the fight," the war song of the bard, before whose "Sea of Passion" the warriors rushed to death or victory.

IRISH ARE NO LONGER SLAVES.

AIR—"Rule, Britannia."

I.

When Britain first, at hell's command,
 Prepar'd to cross the Irish main,
 Thus spoke a prophet in our land,
 'Mid traitors' scoff, and fools' disdain,
 "If Britannia, Britannia cross the waves,
 Irish ever shall be slaves.

II.

And suff'ring still with slav'ry found,
 Shall bruise your heart, and sere your brain—
 Lost Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 But wanting strength to break your chain;
 If Britannia, Britannia cross the waves,
 Irish ever shall be slaves."

III.

In vain the warning patriot spoke,
 In treach'rous guise Britannia came,
 Divided, bent us to her yoke,
 Till Ireland rose, in Freedom's name,
 And Britannia, Britannia boldly braves,
 Irish are no longer slaves!

 THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

I.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the patriots' fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus;
 But a *true* man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.

II.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died ;
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

III.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made,
 But, though their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

IV.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast ;
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

V.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell and pass'd away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

VI.

Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite.
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

WESTERN WAR SONG.

A.D. 1642.

I.

Lo ! Freedom again hath appear'd on our hills,
 Already the isle her divinity fills ;
 The harp wakes—the sword rattles—and kindles the brand,
 While the breeze of her wings passes over the land.

II.

From the rock guarded mountains—her cradle and throne—
 She moves in her splendour—she moves not alone :
 For myriads unsheathing the chain-breaking sword,
 Now hail the bright vision long vainly ador'd.

III.

The war's nightly blaze from the mountain shall rise,
 And thine Oriflamme, Ruin ! stream red to the skies,
 Till, numberless, thronging, with torches and swords,
 We chase back to ocean these foreigner hordes.

IV.

When the foul fetter clanks on the son of the hills,
 His frame with the rage of a chaf'd tiger thrills—
 With clenched hand, iron sinews, and fiercely knit brow—
 Could a harness of adamant baffle him now ?

V.

No! thirsting to madness, red vengeance will pass,
 Like the cloud's subtle fire, thro' a fortress of brass,
 Let cannon blaze round him, or white billows flow,
 He will reach, thro' them all, the heart's blood of his foe.

VI.

Do'st thou think Connemara's dark fishers can fear
 The battle, who nightly thro' hurricane steer—
 Who unmoor the frail skiff, from the Pin's barren sod,
 To struggle with ocean, the war-horse of God?

VII.

From the Giant's spar caves; from the stormy Kilkee;
 From where Moher frowns over the fathomless sea,
 Where the cliffs of Baltard mock the strength of the waves,
 And the tempest round Arran indignantly raves;

VIII.

Shall come forth to combat a fetterless race,
 Whom the rocks of the West bear to ocean's embrace—
 Whose spirits, like tempest, resistless and free,
 Proclaim them the terrible sons of the sea.

IX.

Not the phalanx of Sparta, for threshold and shrine,
 More nobly has battled, my country, than thine;
 Our cause is as holy—our bosoms as true—
 And Erin may have her Thermopylæ too.

 THE HOUSE THAT PADDY BUILT.

“Take this—What's this?”

This is the House that Paddy built!—
 This is the Parliament that sat in the House that Paddy built—
 These are the slaves, who basely bent,
 And sold to England the Parliament,
 That sat in the House that Paddy built!

This is the struggle for justice and right—
 The peaceful and good constitutional fight,
 To remove from our country the Union-blight!—
 The struggle of those who've spoke out at last,
 And said that the time of despair was past,
 And that, &c.

This is the Whig Lord, who bribery tried
 With the young men of Ireland, once her hope and her pride,
 Who, ere they had yielded, ought surely have died!
 They, who kept from the struggle for justice and right,
 The peaceful and good constitutional fight.
 To remove, &c.

These are the Tories, seated now in high place,
 The haters of Ireland, her creed, and her race!
 More bold than the Lord, who bribery tried
 With the young men of Ireland, once truly her pride!
 Who, ere they had yielded, ought surely have died!
 They who now hold off from the struggle of right,
 The peaceful and good constitutional fight,
 To remove, &c.

These—oh, these are the PEOPLE—still honest and true,
 Who will do once again what before they did do!
 Make Peel and his fellows the rights to concede
 Of a whole nation now—as before of a creed!
 Shake off the vile Tories, though firm now in place,
 (The haters of Ireland, her creed, and her race:)
 Nor bring back the Whig Lord, who bribery tried
 With the young men of Ireland, once truly her pride!
 Who, ere they had yielded, ought surely have died!
 They who now hold off from the struggle of right,
 The peaceful and good constitutional fight,
 To remove from our country the Union-blight!—
 The struggle of those who've spoke out at last,
 And said that the time of despair was past!
 And that Ireland's rights were well worth one cast!
 After all the years twice twenty and two—
 That she has been doomed to endure and rue

THE UNION OF NAME—That UNION OF WOE !
 Which England compelled her to undergo,
 When her hopes were lost, and her spirit was low,
 In the dire confusion and slaughter fell,
 That ensued from the terrible struggle to quell
 Her People, whom tortures forced to rebel !
 When those tortures, with bribes in money and place,
 And titles (the badges of shame and disgrace !)
 Played the game of that Lord, of name accurst—
 The leader and chief—and by much the worst
 Even of that vile crew, who basely bent,
 And sold to England her Parliament
 That sat in the House that Paddy built !

PUNCHIFICATION.

“ On this head *we have no apprehension* : Mr. O’Connell may be a diverting mob-actor, but he is not, after all, half so diverting as Punch.”—*Morning Herald*.

Let England’s old womanhood tremble no more,
 Let the Peelites securely dine, breakfast, and lunch ;
 Though O’Connell makes burning harangues by the score,
 Still he can’t, or he *will not*, cut capers like Punch !

Though the wrongs of the people in number exceed
 The potatoes that Irishmen saltlessly munch,
 Let the cock-a-hoop Tories ne’er stop to take heed,
 For—O’Connell’s not half such a grinner as Punch !

There were mighty strange things done by Merlin of yore,
 And queer tales are narrated of old Mother Bunch ;
 But a wonder like this was ne’er heard of before,
 That injustice shall rule, since—O’Connell’s not Punch !

And thou, Ireland, who stoodest so straight t’other day,
 Thou stoopest anew like a man with a hunch,
 Since the ass of the *Herald* came out with his bray,
 That—in short that O’Connell’s no puppet, like Punch !

Oh! there's only one chance that can save us from wreck,
 And help Dan to get rid of his foes in a bunch—
 That the puppet may break, by good fortune, his neck,
 As the showman some night makes a *tumbler* of Punch!

THE LEINSTER WAR-SONG.

I.

Bondsmen!—compatriots!—scoff of the stranger,
 Grasp the war-torch, and the chain-breaking sword;
 Or crouch, like lash'd hounds, at the foreigner's manger,
 And lick the red scourge of your *Sassenagh* lord!

II.

Lo! thy proud chivalry, Leinster, advances!—
 Wildly the "*Rosg-Catha*" swells from the glen—
 The dance of thy banners—the flash of thy lances—
 Awake Alleluiahs again and again.

III.

Rouse you!—for shame!—from the slumber of ages,
 Sons of the murdered, by forest and caves—
 Shout like the ocean, when fierce tempest rages,
 Rise with the strength of ten millions of waves!

IV.

Light your war-brands at the flame of Kildara—
 The "*Sun-burst*" has flapped her green wings on the gale!—
 Take down the harp from the ruins of Tara,
 And strike forth the march of array'd Innisfail!

V.

Sound a loud hymn; for the gathering Nation,
 Surging and murmuring, heaves like the sea—
 Sound! and full soon the glad harp-strings' vibration
 Shall chime to the chorus of millions made free!

VI.

By the crimson Clontarf, and the Liffey's dark waters—
 By shore, vale, and stream, with our hearts' blood that runs!—
 By Barrow and Boyne, conflagration and slaughter
 Shall toss their red plumes in the blaze of our guns!

VII.

Ere for life the pale dastard his liberty barter,
 Let him pause, for each sod is a patriot's tomb;
 And if green are our vales, 'twas the blood of our martyrs
 Enrich'd them for aye with that Emerald bloom.

VIII.

But go, living corse, and kneel down to the stranger
 In thy festering cearment of infamy roll'd—
 Go! traitor and cow'rd, in our deadliest danger,
 Sell country and soul to the Saxon for gold.

IX.

Oh! burning reproach!—To such damning prostration
 Has the fetter corroded God's image away,
 That while curses and groans overwhelm the nation,
 The sneering destroyer is hailed on his way?

X.

O'Toole and the Geraldine, Eustace, O'Farrell,
 Chiefs who led Leinster to conquest of yore;
 O'Byrne, MacMorrhagh, O'Melachlin, O'Carrol,
 Plunket, and Nugent, O'Faly, O'More.

XI.

Shall we crouch on the plains where your sharp sabres clashing,
 Lit the spring-tide of battle's magnificent flow;
 As in midnight's deep gloom, o'er the stormy wave flashing,
 The balefires of ruin exultingly glow?

XII.

Oh! never, by heaven! the nation hath spoken,
 "The foul foreign idol shall bleed on our plains,"

If bolts forged in hell by man's might can be broken,
If not we can perish—"The grave has no chains."

XIII.

And sweet for green Erin to fall crush'd and gory,
In some vale shamrock-spangled that honour illumes,
That valour has hallow'd to freedom and glory,
And sleep, like the brave, in the proud "Pass of Plumes."

ON VISITING THE BOTANIC GARDENS, CORK.

(VERY REV. T. MATHEW'S CEMETERY.)

By W. M. Downes, Author of "Poetic Sketches," &c.

In this sweet spot the lov'd are sleeping;
The sculptur'd angel, pure as snow,
Is, like the living mourner, weeping
For those who rest in death below!
On the white marble fond affection,
Above the buried and the cold,
Hath trac'd—ah, mournful retrospection!—
Their praise in characters of gold.

From sacred lore is here recorded
The mortal's hope—the mortal's doom—
It tells how virtue is rewarded,
It speaks of bliss beyond the tomb.
That glorious meed shall Heaven be giving,
A crown to deck the sainted head
Of him whose worth hath bless'd the living—
Who gave this shelter to the dead.

When here enshrin'd his dust reposes,
(Oh, distant be that gloomy day
Of grief to Erin's isle, when closes
The grave o'er Mathew's honour'd clay,)

That cross, the type of man's salvation,
 Shall mark the spot through many an age,
 The tomb of fondest veneration,
 Where lies the patriot, saint, and sage!

Well may they bless his parted spirit,
 The moral race of future times,
 Rejoicing they no more inherit
 Their country's bane, her woes and crimes.
 Yes; those unborn, with pious feeling,
 To whom his fame shall yet be known,
 In solemn circle will be kneeling,
 Young pilgrims round that hallow'd stone.

Each age his memory renewing,
 As sweet and bright as spring's return,
 Shall virtue's genius still be strewing
 Undying bloom upon that urn,
 Where lies the man whose fame ascended,
 Like incense sacred, pure, sublime!
 Whose name and deeds, though life be ended,
 Shall live beyond the bounds of time!

ERIN—OUR OWN LITTLE ISLE.

I.

Oh! Irishmen! never forget—
 'Tis a *foreigner's farm*—your own little isle;
 Oh! Irishmen! when will you get
 Some *life* in your hearts for your poor little isle?
 Yes! yes!—we've a dear little spot of it!
 Oh! yes!—a sweet little isle!
 Yes! yes!—if Irishmen thought of it,
 'Twould be a dear little, sweet little isle!

II.

Then, come on and rise, ev'ry man of you—
 Now is the time for a stir to be made ;
 Ho ! Pat ! who made such a lamb of you ?
 Life to your soul, boy, and strength to your blade !
 Yes ! yes !—a dear little spot of it !
 Oh ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it,
 Erin once more is *our own* little isle !

III.

Rise ! heartily ! shoulder to shoulder—
 We'll show 'em our strength with good humour galore ;
 Rise ! rise ! show each foreign beholder
 We've *not* lost our love to thee, Erin astore !
 For oh ! yes !—'tis a dear little spot of it !
 Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes !—the Irish *have* thought of it ;
 Erin for ever—*our own* little isle !

IV.

Never forget what your forefathers fought for, O !
 When, with " O'Nial" or " O'Donnell aboo !"
Sassenaghs ev'rywhere sunk in the slaughter, O !
 Vengeance for insult, dear Erin, to you !
 For oh ! yes !—a dear little spot of it !
 Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle ;
 Yes ! yes !—if Irishmen thought of it,
 Erin once more is *our own* little isle !

V.

Yes, we *have* strength to make Irishmen free again ;
 Only UNITE—and we'll conquer our foe :
 And never on earth shall a foreigner see again
 Erin a province—though lately so low.
 For oh ! yes !—we've a dear little spot of it !
 Yes ! yes !—a sweet little isle !
 Yes ! yes !—the Irish *have* thought of it ;
 Erin *for ever*—OUR OWN little isle !

THE VOICE OF THE NATION.

I.

How bright will the day be—how radiant and blest
The dawning of Freedom and Peace in the west,
When the chain that foul treason around us had cast
Will be shattered and flung to the spoiler at last.

II.

When that trumpet-toned voice will go forth, as before,
Till its echo resounds on earth's uttermost shore—
“*No laws under Heaven will the Irishman own
But the home-hallowed laws of his country alone.*”

III.

Then our national emblems aloft shall be seen,
The shamrock and harp on a banner of green ;
And when free to the breezes that banner shall fly,
The wide world to enslave it again, we defy !

IV.

The shameful distinction of class and of creed
Will be trampled to dust like a poisonous weed ;
And the sweet flower of concord shall rise in its room,
Breathing union and peace over bigotry's tomb.

V.

The peasant no more shall be driven from the soil,
Nor robbed like a slave of the fruit of his toil ;
But the right to his cot and his acres shall be,
As the lord's to his manor-hall, sacred and free !

VI.

The loom and the workshop, now silent so long,
Will echo again with glad industry's song ;
And comfort and smiling contentment be there,
Where our artisans languish in want and despair.

VII.

Let us pray for that day—let us manfully strive,
 Nor cease while one true Irish heart is alive
 And shame on the sceptic who dreams we can fail,
 Or the dastard whose heart for a moment could quail.

VIII.

We have God on our side, who hath blessed the green isle,
 And made it with beauty and verdure to smile—
 Who preserved us in bondage still faithful and true,
 And gave us the spirit no chains could subdue.

IX.

We have *him* still to lead us—our guide from the first,
 Who despaired not when prospects were darkest and worst—
 Whose fervour the cold hand of time cannot chill—
 Our true-hearted, high-minded Patriot still!

X.

In that God we will trust—by that leader we'll stand,
 United—unshrinking—bold heart, and brave hand;
 And the Saxon shall quail at the voice of our zeal,
 "O'Connell—the land of our love—and Repeal!"

 A PORTRAIT FROM THE PEERAGE.

Mentitur, qui te vitiosum, Zoïle dixit—
 Non vitiosus homo es, Zoïle, sed vitium.

MARTIAL.

In birth, a wanton mother's worthy child,
 The offspring of her nuptial faith defil'd;
 The graceless spawn of lewd intrigue confess'd,
 When keen remorse her dying hour oppress'd;
 A jackdaw-noble, glittering in the plumes
 Of the old race, whose honours he assumes.
 In youth, a profligate, devour'd by debt,
 With crowds of starving creditors beset

At home, for ever in a savage mood,
 His temper venom'd as his pois'nous blood.
 In politics a brazen renegade,
 With bigots leagu'd, his country to degrade ;
 First, in a foreign senate, to demand
 The Saxon's sword, to crush his native land ;
 Which ev'n their satrap with contempt denied,
 Spurning the baseness of the parricide.
 Again behold him impotent as vile,
 Libelling our chief—the guardian of our isle,
 A toothless viper mumbling at a file.

Next 'mid his tenants, see the Despot stand,
 The grinding Shylock of a shuddering land—
 Still on the watch, with law's deceitful mesh,
 To extort his bond, and get his pound of flesh—
 Even at the time that gave his Saviour birth,
 Quenching the fire upon the poor man's hearth !

Ye, who would know his person and his life,
 Look at his skin, and listen to his wife !—
 His hapless wife, by brutal tyranny,
 Driv'n to the pension-list and infamy—
 His tainted skin, so loathsome to the eye,
 That starv'd hyænas from its touch would fly—
 Disgusting object ! yet, does *this* impart
 A feeble emblem of his fouler heart !

TO THE PRESIDENT

OF THE ORANGE OPERATIVE SOCIETY, ON HIS PROJECTED
 PEDESTRIAN CRUSADE.

What ! talk of crusading through England “ on foot,”
 With your budget of slanders as black as my boot !

Do abandon

That humbug at least—for you know, Trashy Gregg,
 That Father Maguire hasn't left you a leg

To stand on !

A SONG OF SORROW.

Dead are my hopes, and my desponding soul
 An arid soil, that bears nor fruits nor flowers ;
 And, blindly tottering to an unknown goal,
 Joyless and goodless pass my futile hours.

There is no sunshine in my spring of life—
 There is no rest-place in my pilgrimage ;
 All outward ill and endless inward strife,
 My youth have fettered with the chains of age.

Haunted with gloomy thoughts for evermore,
 Like sheeted ghosts, peopling my solitude,
 I sigh for hopes that time may not restore,
 And weep my endless exile from the good.

The dark and goalless voyage of my fate
 Is lighted by the charnel lamp alone ;
 And shore or shipwreck callous I await,
 Nor that with smile would see, nor this with groan.

And one sole, simple, solitary joy,
 Dear as the light that cheers the wand'rer's way,
 Is left my languid senses to employ,
 And fill my mind throughout the weary day.

And thou, sage Philosopher, wouldst thou discover
 The talisman that sways me—soul and body ?
 List—on my lips the solemn words now hover :
 “ ‘ *Tis oysters barbecued and whiskey toddy.* ”

 THE SAXON MASSACRE.

The sword of the Saxon with slaughter is red—
 But the blood on his blade in no battle was shed ;
 For—Heavens ! the babe, and the maid, and the mother,
 Have shared the same fate with the sire and the brother !

It is not the blush by the morning sun spread
 That tints the horizon so luridly red—
 It is not the heath on the mountain side high,
 Whose blaze flings the glare on the far-flushing sky—
 'Tis the flame of the village illumines the air,
 Where the shriek of the maiden, in madden'd despair,
 Pleads to the hearts of the monsters in vain,
 Who are dyed with the blood of her kindred slain!

Spare! spare them, cursed Wilmot!* the heroes who lie
 On those gore-crimson'd couches, unfriended, to die!
 To the helpless—the fallen—some pity extend—
 They fought but their altars and homes to defend!
 Behold their deep wounds!—they are foes—but they're men!—
 You never will blench at their onset again!
 'Tis vain, the lone war-steed that gasps on the plain,
 When midnight broods over the dying and slain,
 As well might expect the gaunt wolves to forbear,
 As the hope of the merciless Saxon to spare!

O'SULLIVAN'S RETURN.

[The following ballad is founded on an ill-remembered story of an Irish chief returning after long absence on the Continent, and being wrecked and drowned close to his own castle.]

AIR—" *Cruiskeen Lawn*."—Slow time.

I.

O'Sullivan has come
 Within sight of his home
 He had left it long years ago;
 The tears are in his eyes,
 And he prays the wind to rise
 As he looks tow'rd's his castle from the prow, from the prow,
 As he looks tow'rd's his castle from the prow.

* One of the acts of Sir Charles Wilmot, one of Elizabeth's *pacificators* of Ireland, was to butcher in cold blood the sick and wounded whom he found in a deserted Irish camp.

II.

For the day had been calm,
 And slow the good ship swam,
 And the evening gun had been fir'd ;
 He knows the hearts beat wild
 Of mother, wife, and child,
 And of clans who to see him long desir'd, long desir'd,
 And of clans who to see him long desir'd.

III.

Of the tender ones the clasp—
 Of the gallant ones the grasp—
 He thinks until his tears fall warm :
 And full seems his wide hall,
 With friends from wall to wall,
 Where their welcome shakes the banners, like a storm, like
 a storm,
 Where their welcome shakes the banners, like a storm.

IV.

Then he sees another scene—
 Norman churls on the green—
 “ O'Sullivan aboo !” is the cry ;
 For filled is his ship's hold
 With arms and Spanish gold,
 And he sees the snake-twin'd spear wave on high, wave on
 high,
 And he sees the snake-twin'd spear wave on high.*

* The Standard bearings of O'Sullivan See O'Donovan's edition of the Banquet of Donna U-Gedh and the Battle of Mag Rath, for the Archaeological Society, App., p. 349—“ Bearings of O'Sullivan at the Battle of Caisglinn.”

“ I see, mightily advancing on the plain,
 The banner of the race of noble Finghin ;
 His sear with a venomous adder (*entwined*),
 His host all fiery champions.”

Finghin was one of their most famous progenitors.

V.

“ Finghin’s race shall be freed
 From the Norman’s cruel breed—
 My sires freed Bearra once before,
 When the Barnwells were strewn
 On the fields, like hay in June,
 And but one of them escaped from our shore, from our shore,
 And but one of them escaped from our shore.”*

VI.

And, warming in his dream,
 He floats on victory’s stream,
 Till Desmond—till *all Erin* is free—
 Then, how calmly he’d go down,
 Full of years, and of renown,
 To his grave near that castle by the sea, by the sea,
 To his grave near that castle by the sea!

VII.

But the wind heard his word,
 As though he were its lord,
 And the ship is dash’d up the Bay.
 Alas! for that proud barque,
 The night has fallen dark,
 ’Tis too late to Adragool to bear away, bear away,
 ’Tis too late to Adragool to bear away.

VIII.

Black and rough was the rock,
 And terrible the shock,
 As the good ship crashed asunder ;
 And bitter was the cry,
 And the sea ran mountains high,
 And the wind was as loud as the thunder, the thunder,
 And the wind was as loud as the thunder.

* The Barnwells were Normans who seized Bear in the reign of Henry II., but were all cut off by the O’Sullivans, save one—the ancestor of the Lords Kingsland, Trimblestone, &c.

IX.

There's woe in Bearra,
 There's woe in Glengarragh,
 And from Bantry unto Dunkerron.
 All Desmond hears their grief,
 And wails alone their chief—
 "Is it *thus*, is it *thus* that you return, you return —
 Is it *thus*, is it *thus* that you return?"

 THE EXTERMINATION.

"Dominus pupillum et viduam suscipiet."—Ps. 145.

I.

When tyranny's pampered and purple-clad minions
 Drive forth the lone widow and orphan to die,
 Shall no angel of vengeance unfurl his red pinions,
 And, grasping sharp thunderbolts, rush from on high?

II.

"Pity! oh, pity!—A little while spare me:
 My baby is sick—I am feeble and poor;
 In the cold winter blast, from the hut if you tear me,
 My lord, we must die on the desolate moor!"

III.

'Tis vain—for the despot replies but with laughter,
 While rudely his serfs thrust her forth on the wold:
 Her cabin is blazing, from threshold to rafter,
 And she crawls o'er the mountain, sick, weeping, and cold.

IV.

Her thinly-clad child on the stormy hill shivers—
 The thunders are pealing dread anthems around—
 Loud roar in their anger the tempest-lash'd rivers—
 And the loosen'd rocks down with the wild torrent bound.

V.

Vainly she tries in her bosom to cherish
 Her sick infant boy, 'mid the horrors around,
 Till, faint and despairing, she sees her babe perish—
 Then lifeless she sinks on the snow-cover'd ground.

VI.

Tho' the children of Ammon, with trumpets and psalters,
 To devils pour'd torrents of innocent gore,
 Let them blush from deep hell at the far redder altars
 Where the death-dealing tyrants of Ireland adore!

VII.

But, for Erin's life-current, thro' long ages flowing,
 Dark demons that pierce her, you yet shall atone;
 Even *now* the volcano beneath you is glowing,
 And the Moloch of tyranny reels on his throne.

 THE CLANCONNELL* WAR-SONG.—A.D. 1597.

AIR—“*Roderich Vich Alpine dhu.*”

I.

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
 Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,
 Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding
 To join the thick squadrons in Samer's green vale.
 On, every mountaineer!
 Strangers to flight and fear;
 Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!†

* The sept of O'Donnell.

† The famous Red Hugh O'Donnell who aided O'Neill in defeating the best generals and most brilliant armies of Elizabeth.

Bonnoght and Gallowglass
 Throng from each mountain-pass !
 On for old Erin !—*O' Donnell-aboo !*

II.

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
 With many a chieftain and warrior-clan ;
 A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,
 'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann :—
 Many a heart shall quail
 Under the coat of mail ;
 Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue
 When on his ear shall ring,
 Borne on the breeze's wing,
 Tirconnell's dread war-cry—*O' Donnell-aboo !*

III.

Wildly o'er Desmond the wild 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 stalwart hand,
 Hackbut and battle-brand—
 Pay them well back the deep debt so long due :
 Norris and Clifford well
 Can of Tirconnell tell—
 Onward to glory !—*O' Donnell-aboo !*

IV.

Sacred the cause that Clanconnell's defending—
 The altars we kneel at and homes of our sires ;
 Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
 Midnight is red with the plunderer's fires !
 On with O'Donnell, then,
 Fight the old fight again,
 Sons of Tirconnell all valiant and true !
 Make the false Saxon feel
 Erin's avenging steel !
 Strike for your country !—*O' Donnell-aboo !*

THE DEATH OF SARSFIELD.

[Sarsfield was killed at the Battle of Landen, in the Low Countries, on the 29th July, 1693. In that Battle William III. was beaten by Marshal Luxembourg, with heavy loss on both sides.]

Sarsfield has sailed from Limerick town—
 He held it long for country and crown ;
 And ere he yielded, the Saxon swore
 To spoil our homes and our shrines no more.

Sarsfield and all his chivalry
 Are fighting for France in the Low Country—
 At his fiery charge the Saxons reel ;
 They learnt at Limerick to dread the steel.

Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain,
 His corslet hath met the ball in vain—
 As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
 He says, " Oh ! that this was for fatherland !"

Sarsfield is dead, yet no tears shed we—
 He died in the arms of victory,
 And his dying words shall edge the brand,
 When we chace the foe from our native land.

 THE TRAMPLED LAND.

I.

I saw a nation sunk in grief—
 I heard a nation's wail ;
 And their deep-toned misery was caught
 By every passing gale.
 Want guarded every peasant's door,
 Swept each mechanic's board ;
 Yet the earth had teemed—but only teemed
 To swell the rich man's hoard ;

I saw the *nobles* of that land
 In pride and pomp roll by ;
 And I read contempt for the poor man's lot,
 In every haughty eye.

II.

I heard the infant's cry for bread—
 The mother's piercing shriek ;
 And I marked the trace of famine in
 The father's sunken cheek.
 I saw him cast his eye to heaven
 With a stern and sad appeal ;
 And I knew he felt that anguish deep
 Which the hopeless only feel.
 Yet still the *nobles* of that land
 In pride and pomp rolled by ;
 Nor less contempt for the poor man's lot
 Marked every haughty eye !

III.

The *people* humbly sued for bread,
 But their *rulers* "gave a stone :"
 And they steeled their sordid hearts and mocked
 The peasant's dying groan !
 "Low rents, cheap bread," the people cried—
 "Untrammel labour's hands !"
 "Taxed corn, high rents, low wages," sneered
 The callous ruling bands !
 And the manlords of that land rolled by
 To church in pomp and pride !
 And the people's dying wail despised,
 And the people's power defied !

IV.

Then madness came upon the land,
 'Twas the madness of despair,
 Unarmed crowds went forth—to beg !
 With shouts that rent the air !*

* Skibbereen, Waterford, &c. The claims of the people upon these occasions was, to be freed of a tax which the landowners alone ought to bear.

And the rulers grinned a ghastly smile
 Of triumph and delight,
 As forth their minions came to crush
 The weak with armed might ;
 And the landlords of that land surveyed,
 With bland approving eye,
 The savage and the ruthless war
 Of stern monopoly !

V.

Now the council of that nation sits
 Again in grave divan :
 But care they aught for liberty,
 Or for the rights of man ?
 A coxcomb's proclamations claim
 Discussion fierce and strong ;
 But a starving nation's loud appeals
 Unheeded pass along !
 And still the cumberers of the earth
 Contrive to hold in chains
 The nerve and sinew of the land
 Throughout their wide domains.

VI.

And shall this state of thralldom last ?
 Can Heaven's approving eye,
 Through clouds of blood, look placidly
 On such vile tyranny ?
 No ! brethren, no ; 'twere blasphemy
 These doubtings to maintain.
 Up ! right your wrongs, let despots sink,
 Be freemen once again.
 Go ! tell THE LOCUSTS that the earth
Shall yield the food you crave,
 Or * * * * *
 Shall * * * * *

BOYHOOD'S YEARS.

Ah! why should I recal them—the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by
tears?

Or why should memory love to trace youth's glad and sunlit
way,

When those who made its charms sweet are gathered to decay?
The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and
bower—

The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy
shower;

But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears—
They're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's
years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no
more—

The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each hour flew?

'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears;
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of
boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold church-yard—they long have stolen
to rest;

But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er
oppressed:

Life's sun for them in splendour set—no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flow'rs be
flung—

The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that perish
young—

To hearts this world has not torn with racking hopes and
fears;

For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years!

TWO SONNETS.

I.

LITERARY LEISURE.

“ Around me I behold
 The mighty minds of old ;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.”

SOUTHEY.

Let my life pass in healthful, happy ease,
 The world and all its schemes shut out my door ;
 Rich in a competence and nothing more,
 Saving the student's wealth—“ Apollo's fees”—
 Long rows of goodly volumes, to appease
 My early love and quenchless thirst of lore.
 No Want to urge me on the path of Gain—
 No Hope to lure me in Ambition's track ;
 Struggles and strife, and all their savage train,
 Still from my tranquil dwelling driven back ;
 My only triumphs—if such toys I lack—
 Some subtle nut of science burst in twain,
 Or knot unravell'd. Thus be't mine to live,
 And feel life pass like a long summer eve.

II.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

“ From pole to pole the deep electric tone
 Of Liberty is out. Wilt thou not share ?”

Anon.

Up, recreant, up ! Our land hath called her sons
 From solitudes and cities, courts and marts,
 To fight her fight, and lo ! what eager hearts
 Answer her call. But not with blades and guns,
 But arms more keen than Europe's or the Hun's—
 Reason and Truth, come they to play their parts.
 Shake off the dream-world's thralldom and awake
 To see thy land become regenerate,
 And aid, if aid thou may'st, a work so great.

True Irish both, in heart and name—
 One lot, or dark, or bright before us?
 A thousand links about us wound
 To peace and mutual kindness urge us;
 The very seas that gird us round
 Speak UNION in their sleepless surges.

IV.

Remember glorious eighty-two,
 And wakening freedom's voice of thunder;
 That spirit first was roused by YOU,
 Which burst at length my bonds asunder.
 How bright, though brief, the halo then
 That o'er our common country lighted!
 Alas! the spoiler came again—
 He came, and found us disunited.

V.

Our annals stained with blood and tears
 Still preach this warning, this example,
 The wicked feuds of bygone years
 At once beneath our feet to trample.
 To have but one distinction known,
 One line from henceforth drawn among us,
 The line of false and true alone,
 Of those who love and those who wrong us.

VI.

Unite with me, then, brother mine,
 Oppressor and oppressed no longer,
 A bond of peace we'll round us twine
 Than all the Saxon's fetters stronger.
 Be Ireland's good our common creed,
 Her sacred cause alone enlist us;
 With gallant hearts and God to speed
 What power on earth will dare resist us?