

THE

SPIRIT OF THE NATION.

PART II.

BEING A SECOND SERIES OF

POLITICAL SONGS AND NATIONAL BALLADS

BY THE

WRITERS OF THE NATION NEWSPAPER.



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P R E F A C E.

WHEN we ventured, within a few months after the "NATION" was started, to reprint the Poetry of it, we did an unprecedented thing, and one said to be of doubtful prudence. The Newspaper to be sure had succeeded, but it seemed a trial ruinous to these verses and injurious to the paper to expose its weekly miscellanies to the test of permanent criticism. "They are light cavalry," said a friend; "they have charged famously for once, you'll find them jaded hacks when wheeled again into line." We trusted them and published.

Yet their success has surprised us. We hardly hoped that their popularity could extend beyond our own class and country. But the Tory has praised them more than the Liberal, the anti-Repealer as much as the Nationalist, while their success in foreign countries has at least equalled their success here. Mr. O'CONNELL thought the ballads "very good," Mr. SHAW "most able," Mr. BUTT "INSPIRED." The Irish press thought them excellent for Ireland, but the *Morning Post* said they were "superior to *anything* they had supposed to exist at present;" the *Leeds Times* thought them "great achievements," and the *Tablet* called them "the music

of the battle-field." To ascend higher, the *Dublin Review* says, they are "vigorous and bold," "fitted to grasp the nation;" the *Quarterly* found in them "great beauty of language and imagery," and a *Fraser* declared that though they are "mischievous" it "dare not condemn them they are so full of beauty."

The First Part of the SPIRIT OF THE NATION has gone through two editions here; has been bought by men of all creeds and kinds, from the peasantry to the peerage, the soldier and policeman to the Quarter-master-General, from TOM MOORE to THRESHAM GREGG.

The American papers regularly reprint our verses week by week, and a large edition of the SPIRIT OF THE NATION has been issued in New York, and sold throughout the United States, and Canada.

Our little book of rhymes has been circulated enough, and praised enough, then, fully to justify the novel course we took in reprinting them, and the authors may be content with their fame.

This register of what occurred as to the first part is our justification for printing a second. Whether the praise we have got or shall get be deserved or not, sure we are that whoever gives the people of Ireland a lyric literature racy of the soil, reflecting its scenery and manners, blended with its history and panting with its hopes, will marshal them to independence in an array which prosecutions cannot encounter nor armies overthrow. National lyrics to be perfect should be linked

with music, that the people's heart knows and beats to. This union we hope to see effected, but whether our verses are worthy of such an alliance time alone can tell. We shall say nothing more.

TRINITY-STREET, DUBLIN,

November, 1843.

* * * The Prose "Spirit of the Nation" is being prepared for the press.

A series of sketches of distinguished Irishmen, by the same hands, will also be published shortly.

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THE SPIRIT
OF
"THE NATION."

PART II.

THE VOICE OF LABOUR.

A CHANT OF THE MONSTER MEETINGS.

I.

YE who despoil the sons of toil, saw ye this sight to-day
When stalwart trade in long brigade, beyond a king's array,
Marched in the blessed light of heaven, beneath the open sky,
Strong in the might of sacred RIGHT, that none dare ask them
why?

These are the slaves, the needy knaves, ye spit upon with
scorn—

The spawn of earth, of nameless birth, and basely bred as born,
Yet know, ye weak and silken Lords, were we the thing ye say,
Your broad domains, your coffered gains, your lives were ours
to-day!

II.

Measure that rank, from flank to flank; 'tis fifty thousand
strong;

And mark you here, in front and rear, brigades as deep and long;
And learn to know that blade of foe, or Arran's deadly breeze,
Ne'er by assay of storm or fray, tried manlier hearts than
these:

The sinewy Smith, little he recks of his own child—the sword ;
 The men of gear, think you they fear, *their* handiwork—a Lord ?
 And undismayed, yon sons of trade might see the battle's front,
 Who bravely bore, nor bowed before, the deadlier face of want.

III.

What lack we here of all the pomps that lure your kerns to
 death ?
 Not serried bands, nor sinewy hands, nor music's martial
 breath ;
 And if we broke the slavish yoke our suppliant race endure,
 No robbers we—but chivalry—the Army of the Poor.
 Out on ye now, ye Lordly crew, that do your betters wrong—
 We are not thieves, we are not knaves, but merciful as strong.
 Your henchmen vain, your vassal train, would fly our first
 defiance ;
 In us—in our strong, tranquil breasts—abides your sole reliance.

IV.

Aye, keep them all, castle and hall, coffers and costly jewels—
 Keep your vile gain, and in its train the passions that it fuels.
 We envy not your lordly lot—its bloom or its decayance :
 But ye *have* that we claim as ours—our right in long abeyance.
 Leisure to live, leisure to love, leisure to taste our freedom,
 Oh ! suffering poor, oh ! patient poor, how bitterly you need
 them !—
 “ Ever to moil, ever to toil,” that is your social charter,
 And city slave or rustic serf, the **TOILER** is its martyr.

V.

Where Frank or Norman shed their sweat the goodly crop is
 theirs—
 If Norway's toil makes rich the soil, she eats the fruit she rears—
 O'er Maine's green sward there rules no lord, saving the Lord
 on high ;
 Why are *we* swindled—sabred—starved ?—my masters, tell us
 why.

The German burgher and his men, brother with brothers live,
While toil must wait without *your* gate what gracious crusts
you give.

Long in your sight, for our own right, we've bent and still we
bend—

Why did we bow? why do we now? my masters, this must end.

VI.

Perish the past—a generous land is this fair land of ours,
And enmity may no man see between its Towns and Towers.
Come join our bands—here take our hands—now shame on him
that lingers,

Merchant or Peer, you have no fear from labour's blistered
fingers.

Come, join at last, perish the past—its traitors, its seceders—
Proud names and old, frank hearts and bold, come join and be
our Leaders.

*But know, my lords, that be your swords with us or with our Wronger,
Heaven be our guide, we Toilers bide this lot of shame no longer!*

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS OF 1782.

AIR—" *Boyne Water.* "

I.

Hurrah! 'tis done—our freedom's won—

Hurrah for the Volunteers!

No laws we own, but those alone

Of our Commons, King, and Peers.

II.

The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke

From off our neck is taken ;

Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—

With fear was England shaken.

III.

When Grattan rose, none dar'd oppose
 The claim he made for freedom ;
 They knew our swords, to back his words,
 Were ready did he need them.

IV.

Then let us raise, to Grattan's praise,
 A proud and joyous anthem ;
 And wealth, and grace, and length of days,
 May God, in mercy grant him !

V.

Bless Harry Flood, who nobly stood
 By us, through gloomy years,
 Bless Charlemont, the brave and good,
 The chief of the Volunteers.

VI.

The North began ; the North held on
 The strife for native land ;
 Till Ireland rose, and cow'd her foes—
 God bless the Northern land !

VII.

And bless the men of patriot pen—
 Swift Molyneux, and Lucas ;
 Bless sword and gun, which " Free Trade" won—
 Bless God ! who ne'er forsook us !

VIII.

And long may last, the friendship fast,
 Which binds us all together ;
 While we agree, our foes shall flee
 Like clouds in stormy weather.

IX.

Remember still, through good and ill,
 How vain were prayers and tears—
 How vain were words, till flashed the swords
 Of the Irish Volunteers.

X.

By arms we've got the rights we sought
 Through long and wretched years—
 Hurrah! 'tis done, our Freedom's won—
 Hurrah for the Volunteers!

 YOUNG IRELAND.

I.

When comes the day, all hearts to weigh,
 If staunch they be or vile,
 Shall we forget the sacred debt
 We owe our mother isle?
 My native heath is green beneath,
 My native waters blue;
 But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
 Ere I am false to you,

Dear land—

Ere I am false to you.

II.

When I behold your mountains bold—
 Your noble lakes and streams—
 A mingled tide of grief and pride
 Within my bosom teems.
 I think of all your long, dark thrall—
 Your martyrs brave and true;
 And dash apart the tears that start—
 We must not *weep* for you,

Dear land—

We must not weep for you.

III.

My grandsire died, his home beside;
 They seized and hanged him there;
 His only crime, in evil time,
 Your hallowed green to wear.

Across the main his brothers twain
 Were sent to pine and rue ;
 And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,
 In hopeless love to you,
Dear land—
 In hopeless love to you.

IV.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
 Of Erin's pride of yore,
 Ere Norman foot had dar'd pollute
 Her independent shore.
 Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
 Some gallant patriot few,
 Till all my aim on earth became
 To strike one blow for you,
Dear land—
 To strike one blow for you.

V.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
 Let other heads divine ;
 By work or word, with voice or sword,
 To follow them be mine.
 The breast that zeal and hatred steel
 No terrors can subdue ;
 If death should come, that martyrdom
 Were sweet, endured for you,
Dear land—
 Were sweet, endured for you.

EPIGRAM.

On the *Mail's* announcement of the intended arrests, ending with " Long
 live Earl De Grey—God save the Queen."

" God save the Queen " —long live De Grey !
 Our foes know well what this may mean,
 When for *such* statemen's lives they pray,
 They well may add—" *God save the Queen.*"

THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATH-BUIDH.

A.D. 1598.

I.

By O'Nial beleagur'd, the spirits might droop
 Of the Saxon—three hundred shut up in their coop,
 Till Bagenal drew forth his Toledo, and swore,
 On the sword of a soldier, to succour Portmore.

II.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried—
 Their features how bronz'd, and how haughty their stride—
 Stept steadily on; it was thrilling to see
 That thunder-cloud brooding o'er BEAL-AN-ATH-BUIDH.

III.

The flash of their armour, inlaid with fine gold—
 Gleaming matchlocks and cannons that mutteringly roll'd—
 With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,
 Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

IV.

And are the mere Irish, with pike and with darts—
 With but glibb-cover'd heads, and but rib-guarded hearts—
 Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns—
 The battle to dare against England's stout sons?

V.

Poor Bonnochts, and wild Gallowglasses, and Kerns—
 Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and dry ferns;
Wirrastrue for their wives—for their babes *ochanie*,
 If they wait for the Saxon at BEAL-AN-ATH-BUIDH.

VI.

Yet O'Nial stands firm—few and brief his commands—
 “Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands;
 Try how far ye can push them, my children, at once;
Faugh-a-Ballagh!—and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

VII.

They have gold and gay arms—they have biscuit and bread;
 Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed;”

And he clutch'd his claymore, and—"look yonder," laughed he,
 "What a grand commissariat for BEAL-AN-ATH-BUIDH."

VIII.

Near the chief, a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood,
 His nostril dilated seemed snuffing for blood;
 Rough and ready to spring, like the wiry wolf-hound
 Of Ternè, who, tossing his pike with a bound,

IX.

Cried, "My hand to the Sassenach! ne'er may I hurl
 Another to earth if I call him a churl!
 He finds me in clothing, in booty, in bread—
 My Chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?"

X.

"Land of Owen, aboo!" and the Irish rush'd on—
 The foe fir'd but one volley—their gunners are gone,
 Before the bare bosoms the steel-coats have fled,
 Or, despite casque or corslet, lie dying and dead.

XI.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought,
 With many gay gallants—they slept as men ought:
 Their faces to heaven—there were others, alack!
 By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

XII.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colours, great store,
 Arms, forage, and provender—plunder *galore!*
 They munch'd the white manchets—they champ'd the brown
 chine,
Fillelue! for that day, how the natives did dine!

XIII.

O'Nial looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
 And cried, hearken Tyrone! I've a health to propose—
 "To our Sassenach hosts!" and all quaff'd in huge glee.
 With *Cead mile failte go*, BEAL-AN-ATH-BUIDH!

SONG FOR JULY 12TH, 1843.

Come—pledge again thy heart and hand—
 One grasp that ne'er shall sever;
 Our watchword be—"Our native land"—
 Our motto—"Love for ever."

And let the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for *me*;
 And—we for one another.

Behold how green the gallant stem,
 On which the flower is blowing;
 How in one heav'nly breeze and beam
 Both flower and stem are glowing.

The same good soil sustaining both,
 Makes both united flourish:
 But cannot give the Orange growth,
 And cease the Green to nourish.

Yea, more—the hand that plucks the flower
 Will vainly strive to cherish:
 The stem blooms on—but in that hour
 The flower begins to perish.

Regard them, then, of equal worth
 While lasts their genial weather;
 The time's at hand when into earth
 The two shall sink together.

Ev'n thus be, in our country's cause,
 Our party feelings blended;
 Till lasting peace, from equal laws,
 On both shall have descended.

Till then the Orange lily be
Thy badge, my patriot brother—
 The everlasting Green for *me*;
 And—we for one another.

AN ARMS BILL BALLAD.

I.

“ Oh ! fairest and rarest, why art thou alone ?
 Thy nearest and dearest one, where is he flown ?
 With fleetness, and sweetness, he flew, like the dove,
 To his nest in thy breast—from his toil to his love.”

II.

My Connor is exiled, but not for a fault—
 He dared to defend me from midnight assault !
 Our cabin was enter'd—what *man* would not draw
 The staff, or the steel, on the Ruffian-by-law ?

III.

Dark, dark were his plots, since the day I preferr'd
 The ring and the rite to his treacherous word ;
 He harass'd us down from our leasehold, to fill
 The pitiful state of his Tenant at will.

IV.

At last he distrain'd—but I brought him his Rent—
 He wooed me to crime—but I came as I went—
 And he swore a deep oath, ere the morrow's bright sun,
 In spite of *my* will, that *his* will should be done.

V.

And he came with his minions, that promise to keep,
 When all of mankind, save *the beasts*, were asleep,
 In search for some weapon devour'd by the rust :
 His words were of weapons—his thoughts were of lust.

VI.

My Connor was valiant as ever drew sword,
 For the country he loved, or the wife he adored ;
 But vain was the strife 'gainst the Ruffian's commands,
 And the minions' obedience, to fetter his hands.

VII.

They bore him to prison—the object was gain'd—
 The minions departed—the ruffian remain'd.
 Oh ! imagine, imagine * * * * *
 There's madness within me * * * * *

 HYMN OF FREEDOM.

I.

God of peace ! before thee,
 Peaceful, here we kneel,
 Humbly to implore thee
 For a nation's weal ;
 Calm her sons' dissensions,
 Bid their discord cease,
 End their mad contentions—
 Hear us, God of Peace !

II.

God of Love ! low bending
 To thy throne we turn—
 Let thy rays descending
 Through our island burn ;
 Let no strife divide us,
 But, from Heaven above,
 Look on us and guide us—
 Hear us, God of Love !

III.

God of Battles ! aid us ;
 Let no despot's might
 Trample or degrade us,
 Seeking this our right !
 Arm us for the danger ;
 Keep all craven fear
 To our breasts a stranger—
 God of Battles ! hear.

IV.

God of Right ! preserve us
 Just—as we are strong;
 Let no passion swerve us
 To one act of wrong—
 Let no thought, unholy,
 Come our cause to blight—
 Thus we pray thee, lowly—
 Hear us, God of Right !

V.

God of Vengeance ! smite us
 With thy shaft sublime,
 If one bond unite us
 Forged in fraud or crime!
 But if humbly kneeling,
 We implore thine ear,
 For our rights appealing—
 God of Nations ! hear.

 THE ANTI-IRISH IRISHMAN.

From polar seas to torrid climes,
 Where'er the trace of man is found,
 What common feeling marks our kind,
 And sanctifies each spot of ground ?
 What virtue in the human heart
 The proudest tribute can command ?
 The dearest, purest, holiest, best,
The lasting love of FATHERLAND !

Then who's the wretch that basely spurns
 The ties of country, kindred, friends—
 That barter every nobler aim
 For sordid views—for private ends ?

One slave alone on earth you'll find
 Through Nature's universal span,
 So lost to virtue—dead to shame,
 The anti-Irish Irishman

Our fields are fertile, rich our floods,
 Our mountains bold, majestic, grand ;
 Our air is balm, and every breeze
 Wings health around our native land.
 But who despises all her charms,
 And mocks her gifts where'er he can ?
 Why, he, the Norman's sneaking slave,
 The anti-Irish Irishman.

The Norman—spawn of fraud and guile !
 Ambitious sought our peaceful shore,
 And, leagued with native guilt, despoiled,
 And deluged Erin's fields with gore !
 Who gave the foe-man footing here ?
 What wretch unholy led her van ?
 The prototype of modern slaves,
 An anti-Irish Irishman !

For ages rapine ruled our plains,
 And slaughter raised "his red right hand,"
 And virgins shriek'd !—and roof-trees blaz'd !
 And desolation swept the land !
 And who would not those ills arrest,
 Or aid the patriotic plan
 To burst his country's galling chains ?
 The anti-Irish Irishman !

But now too great for fetters grown,
 Too proud to bend a slavish knee,
 Loved Erin mocks the tyrant's thrall,
 And firmly vows she shall be free !
 But mark yon treacherous stealthy knave
 That bends beneath his country's ban ;
 Nor let him dash a nation's hopes,
 The anti-Irish Irishman !

Hurrah! "the sun burst!"—Once again
 Our oriflamme is on the gale,
 With shamrock wreaths encircling
 The blazon'd glorious words "REPEAL!"
 The coward slave that quits his post,
 Let Argus eyes the traitor scan,
 And infamy, eternal, brand
 The anti-Irish Irishman!

THE ARMS OF EIGHTY-TWO.

I.

They rose to guard their fatherland—
 In stern resolve they rose—
 In bearing firm—in purpose grand—
 To meet the world as foes.
 They rose as brave men ever do ;
 And, flashing bright,
 They bore to light
 The Arms of "Eighty-two!"

II.

Oh! 'twas a proud and solemn sight
 To mark that broad array,
 Come forth to claim a nation's right
 'Gainst all who dared gainsay ;
 And despots shrunk, appall'd to view
 The men who bore
 From shore to shore,
 The Arms of "Eighty-two!"

III.

They won her right—they passed away
 Within the tomb they rest—
 And coldly lies the mournful clay
 Above each manly breast ;
 But Ireland still may proudly view
 What that bright host
 Had cherished most—
 The Arms of "Eighty-two!"

IV.

Time-honoured comrades of the brave—
 Fond relics of their fame,
 Does Ireland hold one coward slave
 Would yield you up to shame?
 One dastard who would tamely view
 The alien's hand
 Insulting brand
 The Arms of "Eighty-two?"

STAND TOGETHER.

Stand together, brothers all!
 Stand together, stand together!
 To live or die, to rise or fall,
 Stand together, stand together!
 Old Erin proudly lifts her head—
 Of many tears the last is shed;
 Oh! *for* the living—*by* the dead!
 Stand together, true together!

Stand together, brothers all!
 Close together, close together!
 Be Ireland's might a brazen wall—
 Close up together, tight together!
 Peace!—no noise!—but hand in hand
 Let calm resolve pervade your band,
 And wait—till nature's God command—
 Then help each other, help each other!

Stand together, brothers all!
 Proud together—bold together!
 From Kerry's cliffs to Donegal,
 Bound in heart and soul together!

Unrol the sunburst! who'll defend
 Old Erin's banner is a friend—
 One foe is ours—oh! blend, boys, blend,
 Hands together—hearts together!

Stand together, brothers all!
 Wait together, watch together!
 See, America and Gaul
 Look on together, both together!
 Keen impatience in each eye—
 Yet on "ourselves" do we rely—
 "Ourselves alone" our rallying cry!
 And "stand together, strike together!"

THE SQUIRE'S COMPLAINT.

I.

Oh, dear, these are shocking bad times, Sir Robert has bothered
 us quite;
 Tipperary is teeming with crimes—don't we hear of an outrage
 each night?
 But the reason is known very well to each squire from Dublin
 to Scariff,
 They are caused by that arch imp of hell, Sir Bob, and his
 damnable tariff,

Faith, so are these shocking bad times.

II.

Time was when a stone of good wheat would fetch us a half-
 crown, or more;
 Oh, 'tis then that our labours were sweet—we had *ating* and
 drinking galore;
 But now we can't get thirteen pence for the self same identical
 corn,
 Though we strain every sinew, and hence we are left sick at
 heart and forlorn,

To rail at these shocking bad times.

III.

'The poor laws, to add to our griefs, are saddled upon us, poor asses,
 With commissioners added, the thieves, to reverse ev'ry vote
 the board passes ;
 And yet, though the taxes we pay, the paupers in hordes still
 infest us,
 They'll not go to the workhouse, they say, they'd just as soon
 enter a pesthouse,

No wonder we've shocking bad times.

IV.

Some say that provisions are cheap—so they are ; but when
 none we can buy,
 Pigs, poultry, and oxen, and sheep, are as far from our reach
 as when high ;
 Where all this will end I can't say, so I may as well wind up
 my rhymes ;
 But this I'll observe, by the way, that I ne'er saw such shock-
 ing bad times,

I ne'er saw such shocking bad times.

 THE GATHERING OF LEINSTER.

A.D. 1643.

I.

Serf! with thy fetters o'erladen,
 Why crouch you in dastardly woe?
 Why weep o'er thy chains like a maiden,
 Nor strike for thy manhood a blow?
 Not thus would our fathers bemoan us—
 When Tyranny raised the lash, then
 They practised the "*Lex Talionis*"
 Of Feidlim, and lash'd it again.

II.

For *this* did they humble the Roman?
 And was it, pale Helots, in vain
 That Malachy trampled the foeman,
 And Brien uprooted the Dane?
 Ye Kings of our Isle's olden story,
 Bright spirits of demi-god men!
 We swear by the graves of your glory
 To strike like your children again.

III.

Tho' beside us no more in the trial
 The swords of our forefathers wave,
 The multiplied soul of O'Nial
 Has flash'd through our patriot Brave.
 By each rock where our proud heroes slumber,
 Each grove where the grey Druid sung,
 No foreigners chain shall encumber
 The race from such ancestors sprung.

IV.

Ye swords of the kingly Temora,
 Exalt the bright green of your sod—
 The hue of the mantle of Flora—
 The Emerald banner of God!
 Leave, reaper, the fruits of thy labour—
 Spare, huntsman, the prostrated game,
 Till the ploughshare is wrought to a sabre
 To carve out this plague-spot of shame

V.

Rush down from the mountain, fortalice—
 From banquet, and bridal, and bier—
 From ruin of cloister, and palace,
 Arise! with the torch and the spear!
 By the ties and the hopes that we cherish—
 The loves and the shrines we adore,
 High Heaven may doom us to perish—
 But, *never to slavery more!*

THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

AIR—“ *The brink of the White Rocks.*”

I.

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
Sing oh ! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught lies in slumber deep.

II.

There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry—
Sing oh ! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

III.

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and Nationhood demand,
Sing oh ! the great God never plann'd,
For slumbering slaves, a home so grand.

IV.

And, long, a brave and haughty race
Honored and sentinell'd the place—
Sing oh ! not even their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

V.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
To triumph dash'd each Connaught clan—
Sing oh ! how fleet the Normans ran
Through Corlieu's Pass, and Ardrahan !

* So called in *Bunting* ; another name is “ De hueamur bein an samrad linn,” being the first line of the chorus to the song :—

“ Of all the fish that swim the sea,
Herring is king — oh ! herring is king,”

VI.

And later times saw deeds as brave ;
 And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
 Sing oh ! they died their land to save,
 At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

VII.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
 The West's asleep, the West's asleep—
 Sing oh ! poor Erin well may weep,
 That men so sprung are still asleep.

VIII.

But—hark !—some voice like thunder spake :
 “ *The West's awake, the West's awake* ”—
 Sing oh ! hurra ! let England quake,
 “ We'll watch till death for Erin's sake.”

 THE WEXFORD MASSACRE.

1649.

I.

They knelt around the Cross divine,
 The matron and the maid—
 They bow'd before redemption's sign,
 And fervently they prayed—
 Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
 Whose crime was this alone—
 Their valiant husband, sires, and sons,
 Had battled for their own.

II.

Had battled bravely, but in vain—
 The Saxon won the fight,
 And Irish corses strewed the plain
 Where Valour slept with Right.

And now, that Man of demon guilt,
 To fated Wexford flew—
 The red blood reeking on his hilt,
 Of hearts to Erin true!

III.

He found them there—the young, the old—
 The maiden and the wife;
 Their guardian Brave in death were cold,
 Who dared for *them* the strife.
 They prayed for mercy—God on high!
 Before *thy* cross they prayed,
 And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
 To glut the Saxon blade!

IV.

Three hundred fell—the stifled prayer
 Was quenched in woman's blood;
 Nor youth nor age could move to spare
 From slaughter's crimson flood.
 But nations keep a stern account
 Of deeds that tyrants do;
 And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
 And Heaven avenge it, too!

 THE UNION.

I.

How did they pass the Union?
 By perjury and fraud;
 By slaves, who sold for place or gold
 Their country and their God;

By all the savage acts that yet
 Have followed England's track :
 The pitchcap and the bayonet,
 The gibbet and the rack.
 And thus was passed the Union
 By Pitt and Castlereagh ;
 Could Satan send for such an end
 More worthy tools than they ?

II.

How thrive we by the Union ?
 Look round our native land :
 In ruined trade and wealth decayed
 See slavery's surest brand ;
 Our glory as a nation gone—
 Our substance drained away—
 A wretched province trampled on,
 Is all we've left to-day.
 Then curse with me the Union,
 That juggle foul and base,
 The baneful root that bore such fruit
 Of ruin and disgrace.

III.

And shall it last, this Union,
 To grind and waste us so ?
 O'er hill and lea, from sea to sea,
 All Ireland thunders, No !
 Eight million necks are stiff to bow—
 We know our might as men—
 We conquered once before, and now
 We'll conquer once again ;
 And rend the cursed Union,
 And fling it to the wind—
 And Ireland's laws in Ireland's cause
 Alone our hearts shall bind !

THE SONGS OF THE NATION.

AIR—" *Sheela ni Guira.*"

I.

Ye songs that resound in the homes of our island—
 That wake the wild echoes by valley and highland—
 That kindle the cold with their forefather's story—
 That point to the ardent the pathway of glory!—
 Ye send to the banish'd,
 O'er ocean's far wave,
 The hope that had vanish'd—
 The vow of the brave ;
 And teach each proud despot of loftiest station,
 To pale at your spell-word, sweet songs of THE NATION !

II.

Sweet songs! ye reveal, through the vista of ages,
 Our monarchs and heroes—our minstrels and sages—
 The pomp of Emania—the glories of Temor,
 When Erin was free from the Saxon defamer—
 The green banner flying—
 The rush of the Gael—
 The Sassenach dying—
 His matron's wild wail—
 These glories forgotten, with magic creation
 Burst bright at your spell-word, sweet songs of THE NATION !

III.

The minstrels who waken these wild notes of freedom,
 Have hands for green Erin—if Erin should need 'em ;
 And hearts for the wrong'd one, wherever he ranges,
 From Zembla to Timor—from Shannon to Ganges—
 And hate for his foeman,
 All hatred above—
 And love for dear woman,
 Seraphical love—
 But chiefest the fair ones whose eyes' animation
 Is the spell-word that prompts the sweet songs of THE NATION !

THE FORLORN HOPE.

A SONG OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

AIR—" *Cruiskeen.*"

I.

Let us lift the green flag high
 Underneath this foreign sky,
 Unrol the verdant volume to the wind.
 As we hasten to the fight
 Let us drink a last good night
 To the beauty which we leave, boy, behind, behind, behind ;
 To the beauty which we leave, boy, behind.

II.

Plant it high upon the breach,
 And within the flag-staff's reach ;
 We'll offer it the tribute of our gore.
 Yes ! on that altar high,
 'Spite of tyrants we can die,
 And our spirits to the saints above may soar, soar, soar ;
 And our spirits to the saints above may soar.

III.

Liberty is gone,
 Now 'tis glory leads us on,
 And spangles gloomy slavery's night ;
 If freedom's shattered bark
 Have not foundered i' the dark
 Her wreck must see this beacon bright, bright, bright ;
 Her wreck will see this beacon bright.

IV.

Yes ; glory's shining light
 Must irradiate the night,
 And renew the flaming splendour of the day !
 And freedom's sinking crew
 Shall recover hope anew,
 And hail the blazing splendour of this ray, ray, ray ;
 And hail the blazing splendour of this ray.

V.

The green flag on the air,
Sons of Erin and despair,

To the breach in serried column quick advance.

On the summit we may fall:

Hand in hand, my comrades all,

Let us drink a last adieu to merry France, France, France;

Let us drink a last adieu to merry France.

VI.

To Erin, comrades, too,

And her sunny skies of blue,

A goblet commingled with tears!

With the fleur-de-lis divine,

The green shamrock shall entwine;

But the Ancient* see the Sunburst rears, rears, rears;

The Ancient see the Sun-burst rears.

 THE VOICE OF TARA.

DATE UNKNOWN.†

I.

O! that my voice could waken the hearts that slumber cold!—
The chiefs that time hath taken, the warrior kings of old—

* Standard bearer.

† The original Irish of this song has been preserved in the extensive mountain tract that stretches far into the adjacent counties of Limerick, Cork, and Kerry, between the towns of Newcastle, Abbeyfeale, and Castleisland. I have vainly endeavoured to learn the author's name, but the original bears strong marks of its being the production of a Munster bard of the seventeenth century. I took it down, *viva voce*, from a Baccach, who moved a very respectable repertory of wool, butter, and antiquarian lore, among the simple dwellers of the glens. He sung it to that very warlike air, vulgarly named "The Poacher," in a kind of recitative, with his eyes closed, as if to shut out exterior objects from his inspired vision, and leaning on the top of his staff, as he swayed his body to and fro to the martial sounds. I have rendered the words as literally as possible, hopeless of preserving the abrupt and striking spirit of the Gælic.

Oh! for Fingal, the pride of all the gallant Fenian crew,
To wave his brand—the fight demand—and blow the Baraboo!

II.

O! for the Clana-Morni, the Clana-Deaghadh tall,
Dal-Reada's Knights of glory, who scal'd the Roman Wall!
O! for the darts that smote the hearts of Freedom's foreign
foe,
When bloodier grew the fierce Crobh-Ruadh* o'er bleak Hel-
vetia's snow!

III.

O! for the battle-axes that smote the pirate Dane!
O! for the firm Dalcassians that fought on Ossory's plain!
And O! for those who wrathful rose the Saxon to withstand,
Till traitor arts and recreant hearts betray'd the patriot band!

IV.

Alas! our chiefs of glory will list no minstrel's call—
But, o'er their deathless story, can tyrants fling a pall?
Ye'll ne'er disgrace your ancient race, ye sons of fathers brave,
Arise and burst your bonds accurst—the tomb contains no
slave!

V.

Arise ye, now or never—from heaven the martyr'd brave—
Command you to deliver the land they fought to save;
Then swear to die ere despots tie your limbs in bondage chain,
And let the shout ring boldly out o'er listening earth and main.

VI.

The fishers of Kilkerran, the men of Greenore bay—
The dwellers by Lough Dergert, and by the broad Lough
Neagh—
Leave boat and oar, and leap ashore, to join the fiery ranks
That come in pride from Galty's side, and from Blackwater's
banks.

* "The bloody hand," the ensign of the Knights of the Red Branch,

VII.

Where "stubborn Newre" is streaming—where Lee's green valley smiles—

Where kingly Shannon circles his hundred sainted isles,
They list the call—and woe befall the hapless, doomed array
Who'll rouse their wrath in war's red path to strike in freedom's fray.

VIII.

I see the brave rejoicing—I hear their shouts ascend—
See martyr'd men approving from thrones of brightness bend.
Ye ache my sight, ye visions bright of all our glory won ;
The "Battle's Eye"* hath found reply—my tuneful task is done.

 THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

A.D. 1641.

We deny and have always denied the alleged massacre of 1641. But that the people rose under their Chiefs, seized the English towns and expelled the English settlers, and in doing so committed many excesses is undeniable—as is equally the desperate provocation. The Ballad here printed is not meant as an apology for these excesses, which we condemn and lament, but as a true representation of the feelings of the insurgents in the first madness of success.

I.

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride,
And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide,
And gladsome bell, and bugle-horn from Newry's captured
Towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine, this land is ours, is
OURS!

II.

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of
Down,
My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim hath his
own,"
Oh! may they see and hear no more, oh! may they rot to clay,
When they shall fail to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

* The literal English of Rosg-Catha, or the "Incentive to Battle"—the war-song of the bard.

III.

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish
 maw,
 Now, now the Court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law,
 Now, shall the Undertaker square for once his loose accounts,
We'll strike brave boys, a fair result, from all his false
 amounts.

IV.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal
 spawn,
 Their foreign laws, their foreign church, their ermine and their
 lawn ;
 And all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own,
 And plant our ancient laws again, beneath our lineal throne.

V.

Our standard flies from fifty towers, it leads ten thousand
 men,
 Down have we pluck'd the pirate Red never to rise again ;
 The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
 The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with
 Saxon blood.

VI.

Pity!* no, no, you dare not Priest—not you our Father dare,
 Preach to us now that Godless creed—the murderer's blood to
 spare ;
 To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin
 implore,
 “ Graves and revenge ” from Gobbin Cliffs and Carrick's
 bloody shore !

VII.

Pity ! well if you needs must whine, let pity have its way,
 Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-day ;

* Leland the Protestant Historian states that the Catholic Priests
 “ laboured zealously to moderate the excesses of war ; ” and frequently protected
 the English by concealing them in their places of worship, and even under
 their altars.”

The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who
poured.

Their blood 'neath Strafford's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian
sword.

VIII.

They smote them with the swearer's oath, and with the mur-
derer's knife,

We in the open field will fight, fairly for land and life,
But by the Dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-
day,

One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they—

IX.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us
into earth,

And whilst we bore with passive hearts, our patience was their
mirth ;

Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they*
have bred,

This war is their own work, and now, **THEIR WORK BE ON
THEIR HEAD.**

X.

Nay, Father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman Peers.

If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears,

Helpless and hopeless be the cause that brooks a vain delay,

Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat, whether they come or stay.

XI.

If silken Howth, and savage Slane *should* kiss their tyrant's
rod,

And pale Dunsany still prefer his Monarch to his God,

Think you we lack their fathers' sons the Marchmen of the
Pale,

While Irish hearts and Irish hands have Spanish blades and
mail ?

XII.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a SAINT* communed with
 God,
 Up from the vale where Bagnall's blood manured the reeking
 sod,
 Out from the stately wood of Treugh, M'Kenna's plundered
 home,
 Like Larne's waves, as fierce and fast, our brother clansmen
 come.

XIII.

Then, let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight with cunning
 words ;
 I fear me more their courtly arts than England's hireling
 swords,
 Nathless their creed they hate us still, as the despoiler hates,
 Would God they loved their prey no more, our kinsman's lost
 estates !

XIV.

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's power,
 Or need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious
 hour,
 Of yore He led our Hebrew sires to peace through strife and
 pain,
 And us he leads the self-same path, the self-same goal to gain.

XV.

Then, brethren, *on* !—O'NIAL'S shade would frown to see you
 pause—
 Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er your
 cause—
 His generous error lost the land—he deem'd the Norman true,
 Oh forward ! friends, it must not lose the land again in you !

* St. Patrick, whose favourite retreat was Lecale, in the County Down.

THE SLAVES' BILL.

Aye, brand our arms, nor them alone ;
 But brand our brows, degraded race
 Oh, how a fear can England own
 Of men, who cannot feel disgrace ?
 Men! *Are* we men? We talk as such,
 Heav'n's, how we talk! but vain alarms—
 Nought masculine endures so much,
 Then brand our brows, as well as arms!

This brand is not an ugly thing—
 May seem an ornament, indeed ;
 The shame to some would be the sting,
 But not to slaves who dare not bleed!
 Six hundred weary years have pass'd,
 And which, without some newer harms
 From Dear Old England! This, the last,
 Is *but an insult*—brand our arms!

Yes, brand our language, faith, and name!
 Black down time's river let them roll ;
 Let Erin be a word of shame,
 And burn its mem'ry from my soul!
 Oh! Erin, Erin!—never more
 That darling name let me repeat!
 If such the sons my mother bore,
 West Briton were as sound as sweet.

Aye, brand us all! yet still we crave
 A pittance at our master's door ;
 Then leave the wealthy Irish slave
 His club, his bottle, and ——— ;
 And leave the wretched serf, his wife—
 You may, (she has not many charms,)
 Potatoes, and his paltry life ;
 But, leave us not—ev'n branded arms!

Mad as ye are, who reckless dare
 To mock the spirit God hath giv'n,

Pause, ere ye drive us in despair
 To its appeal—from man to heaven !
 From calmer eyes the furies glare,
 And colder bosoms vengeance warms,
 Till rage finds weapons, ev'ry where,
 For Nature's two unbranded arms !

SONG OF THE IRISH ARMY, A.D. 1689.

We come, with drum and fife,
 And the banner of the green,
 And our arms for the strife,
 They are glorious in their sheen ;
 No cause have we to tremble, I trow—
 Outnumb'ring the waves
 O'er which the tempest raves,
 Let the Dutchman's hireling slaves
 Tremble now.

Then onward while you may
 Like an ocean in its might—
 Let the Saxon war-trumps bray,
 For God defends the right,
 And on our efforts looks with a smile.
 For the land of saints arise,
 Spread the green flag to the skies,
 And the hated Tyrant flies
 From our isle.

By the margin of the shore
 Let our serried thousands stand,
 As our fathers stood of yore,
 'Gainst the light-haired Danish band.
 Let us meet them as they come from the deep—
 And the sea-bird soon will shriek,
 And the wild wave soon will break
 O'er the spot where tyrants take
 Their last sleep.

A VOICE FROM AMERICA.

I.

From the far West, o'er wide Atlantic's wave,
 With giant accent Freedom's tidings sweep.
 Columbia's roused. Let Peel and Graham rave.
 Let Stanley "on," and hoary Wellesley keep
 His counsel as he lists. We reck not, and we care not,
 How much he dare to do. We *guess* how much he dare not.

II.

We know ourselves unconquerably firm—
 We're temperate, cool, determined to be free—
 We feel that vassalage must reach its term—
 We've had our centuries of slavery.
 And now, oh, God! with thy strong arm around us,
 Shall power abuse, or despotism wound us?

III.

Is it for nought the humble friar came,
 Missioned of heav'n, to banish from our shore
 The curs'd ingredient in our cup of shame—
 The canker worm that ate into the core—
 The serpent vice that coiled around the soul,
 And gave but grief's worst remedy, "the bowl?"

IV.

Is it for nought that HE, our Leader rules
 Our peaceful millions with sagacious sway?—
 A sway more potent than the minion tools
 Of Tory rule could beg or buy. The day
 Of our deliverance dawns—we know it, and we feel it—
 The Union's fetters fall. Ho! Peel, we say, *repeal* it!

THE PEASANT GIRLS.

The Peasant Girl of merry France,
 Beneath her trellis'd vine,
 Watches the signal for the dance—
 The broad, red sun's decline.

'Tis there—and forth she flies with glee
 To join the circling band,
 Whilst mirthful sounds of minstrelsy
 Are heard throughout the land.

And fair Italia's Peasant Girl,
 The Arno's banks beside,
 With myrtle flowers that shine like pearl,
 Will braid at eventide
 Her raven locks; and to the sky,
 With eyes of liquid light,
 Look up and bid her lyre out sigh—
 "Was ever land so bright?"

The Peasant Girl of England, see
 With lip of rosy dye,
 Beneath her sheltering cottage tree,
 Smile on each passer by.
 She looks on fields of yellow grain,
 Inhales the bean-flower's scent,
 And seems, amid the fertile plain,
 An Image of content.

The Peasant Girl of Scotland goes
 Across her Highland hill,
 With cheek that emulates the rose,
 And voice the skylark's thrill.
 Her tartan plaid she folds around,
 A many-coloured vest—
 Type of what varied joys have found
 A home in her kind breast.

The Peasant Girl of Ireland, she
 Has left her cabin home,
 Bearing white wreaths—what can it be
 Invites her thus to roam?
 Her eye has not the joyous ray
 Should to her years belong;
 And, as she wends her languid way,
 She carols no sweet song.

Oh! soon upon the step and glance
 Grief does the work of age;
 And it has been her hapless chance
 To open that dark page.
 The happy harvest home was o'er,
 The fierce tithe-gatherer came;
 And her young lover, in his gore,
 Fell by a murderous aim!

Then, well may youth's bright glance be gone
 For ever from that eye,
 And soon will sisters weep upon
 The grave that she kneels by;
 And well may prouder hearts than those,
 That there place garlands, say—
 "Have Ireland's peasant girls such woes?—
 When will they pass away?"

STEADY.

"Courage—your most necessary virtue—consists not in blind resistance,
 but in knowing when to forbear."—THE NATION, *June 17.*

Steady! Host of Freedom, steady!
 Ponder, gather, watch, mature;
 Tranquil be, though ever ready—
 Prompt to act—and to endure.

Aimless, rage you not, insanely,
 Like a maniac with his chain,
 Struggling madly, therefore vainly,
 And lapsing back to bonds again.

But, observe, the clouds o'er Keeper
 Long collect their awful ire—
 Long they swell more dark and deeper;
 When they burst, all heaven's on fire.

Freedom's barque to port is running,
 But beware the lurking shelves ;
 And would you conquer tyrants' cunning,
 Brethren, conquer first yourselves.

Though thy cheek insulted burn—
 Though they call thee coward-slave—
 Scoff nor blow shalt thou return :
 Trust me, this is *more* than brave.

Fortitude hath shackles riven,
 More than spear or flashing gun ;
 Freedom, like the thrones of heaven,
 Is by suff'ring virtue won.

Though thy brother still deride thee,
 Yield thou love for foolish hate :
 He'll, perhaps, ere long, beside thee,
 Proudly, boldly, share thy fate.

Discord ! may kind angels chase thee
 Far from hapless Erin's shores,
 And the deepest hell embrace thee,
 Where no fouler demon roars !

Steady ! steady ! ranks of Freedom,
 Pure and holy are our bands ;
 Heaven approves, and angels lead them,
 For truth and justice are our brands !

THE GATHERING OF THE NATION.

A. D. 1646.

I.

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears,
 Too long have fallen in vain—
 Up with the banners and the spears,
 And let the gather'd grief of years
 Show sterner stuff than rain.

The lightning, in that stormy hour
 When forth defiance rolls,
 May change the poles of Saxon pow'r,
 And melt the links our long, long show'r
 But rusted round our souls.

II.

To bear the wrongs we can redress!
 To make *a thing of time*
 The tyranny we can repress—
Eternal by our dastardness!
 Were crime—or worse than crime.
 And we, whose *best*—and *worst* was shame,
 From first to last, alike,
 May take, at length, a loftier aim,
 And struggle, since it is the same
 To *suffer*—or to *strike*.

III.

What hatred of perverted might
 The cruel hand inspires,
 That robs the linnet's eye of sight,
 To make it sing both day and night!
 Yet thus they robb'd our sires,
 By blotting out the ancient lore,
 Where every loss was shone.
 Up with the flag! we stand before
 The Saxons of the days of yore,
 In Saxons of our own.

IV.

Denial met our just demands!
 And hatred met our love!
 Till now, by Heaven, for grasp of hands,
 We'll give them clash of battle brands,
 And gauntlet 'stead of glove.
 And may the Saxon stamp his heel
 Upon the coward's front,
 Who sheathes his own unbroken steel,
 Until for mercy tyrants kneel,
 Who forced us to the brunt.

THE LION AND THE SERPENT.

AN ARMS' BILL FABLE.

In days of old the Serpent came
 To the Lion's rocky hall,
 And the forest king spread the sward with game,
 And they drank at the torrent's fall;
 And the Serpent saw that the woods were fair,
 And she long'd to make her dwelling there.

But she saw that her host had a knack of his own,
 At tearing a sinew or cracking a bone,
 And had grinders unpleasantly strong;
 So she said to herself, "I'll bamboozle the king
 With my plausible speech, and all that sort of thing,
 That, since Eve, to my people belong :

"These claws and those grinders must certainly be
 Inconvenient to you as they're dreadful to me—
 Draw 'em out, like a love, I'm so 'frighted!
 And, then, since I've long had an amorous eye on
 Yourself and your property, dear Mr. Lion,
 We can be (spare my blushes) *united*."

So subtle the pow'r of her poisonous kisses,
 So deadly to honour the falsehood she hisses,
 The lion for once is an ass.
 Before her, disarmed, the simpleton stands,
 The Union's proclaimed, but the hymen'al bands
 Are ponderous fetters of brass.

The Lion, self-conquer'd, is chained on the ground,
 And the breath of his tyrant sheds poison around
 The fame and the life of her slave.
 How long in his torture the stricken king lay
 Historians omit, but 'tis known that one day
 The Serpent began to look grave ;

For when passing, as usual, her thrall with a sneer,
 She derisively hiss'd some new taunt in his ear—
 He shook all his chains with a roar ;

And, observing more closely, she saw with much pain,
That his tusks and his claws were appearing again,
A fact she'd neglected before.

From that hour she grew *dangerously civil*, indeed,
And declared he should be, ere long, totally freed
From every dishonouring chain.

“The moment, my *dearest*, our friend, the Fox, draws
Those nasty sharp things from your Majesty's jaws,
You must bound free as air o'er the plain.”

But the captive sprung from his dungeon floor,
And he bow'd the woods with a scornful roar,
And his burning eyes flash'd flame ;
And as echo swell'd the shout afar,
The stormy joy of Freedom's war
O'er the blast of the desert came.

And the Lion laugh'd, and his mirth was loud
As the stunning burst of a thunder cloud,
And he shook his wrathful mane ;
And hollow sounds from his lash'd sides come,
Like the sullen roll of a 'larum drum,
He snapp'd, like a reed, the chain,
And the Serpent saw that her reign was o'er,
And hissing, she fled from the lion's roar.

ERIN ABOO.

Air—“*Noch bonin shin doe.*”

I.

Arise, men of Erin ! for liberty rally,
The rights of your own cherished island defend,
Let freedom's wild chaunt from each mountain and valley,
Sublime to the throne of the Godhead ascend ;
Let feuds be forgotten—the curse of our land—
Let parties no longer divide it in two ;
And while we together in brotherhood stand,
Our watchword be—Freedom and ERIN ABOO.

II.

Oh! why should we sever whom God has united,
 Whose children are cradled in one dewy isle—
 Why think that one spot in that isle must be blighted,
 If Heaven on another benignantly smile?
 Away with the thought—like our banner of green,
 Whose colour combines both the orange and blue,
 May all honest sons of old Ireland be seen,
 And their watchword be—Freedom and ERIN ABOO!

III.

Will Ulster stand back while one true heart remembers
 The spirit that dwelt in her children of yore?
 Who fanned the last spark of our liberty's embers,
 Till tyranny dazzled shrunk back from our shore.
 No, no; by the graves of your valorous dead!
 Who stood forth majestic in proud "Eighty-two,"
 If the spirit of men from your hearths be not fled,
 Join, Ulster! for—Freedom and ERIN ABOO!

IV.

She comes—in the struggle for freedom victorious,
 Before—she will bend not to slavery now,
 Nor sully, by conduct supine and inglorious,
 The light with which Fame has encircled her brow.
 The North and the South in one brotherhood stand,
 The East and the West are united and true,
 And far through the length and the breadth of the land
 The watchword is—Freedom and ERIN ABOO!

V.

Accursed be your cause, if there linger within it
 One dark stain of falsehood, one relic of guile;
 If Freedom we love not, and seek not to win it,
 For All without favour that dwell in our isle.
 Invoking that God we in common adore,
 To do unto us as to others we do;
 We swear that no Saxon shall fetter us more,
 Our watchword still—Freedom and ERIN ABOO!

SONG OF THE PENAL DAYS.

Air—" *Chreevin evin.*"*(Translated from the Irish.)*

I.

Youthful men and elders hoary,
 List ye to the harper's song!
 My *clarseach* weeps my true-love's story
 In my true-love's native tongue;
 She's bound and bleeding 'neath th' oppressor—
 Few her friends and fierce her foe;
 And brave hearts cold who would redress her;
Ma chreevin evin, alga O!

II.

My love had riches once and beauty—
 Want and wo have pal'd her cheek!
 And stalwart hearts for honour's duty—
 Now they crouch like craven's sleek!
 O Heaven! that e'er this day of rigour
 Saw sons of heroes abject low,
 And blood and tears thy face disfigure—
Ma chreevin evin, alga O!

III.

I see young virgins on the mountain,
 Graceful as the bounding fawn,
 With cheeks like heath-flower by the fountain,
 Breasts like downy canavàn.*
 Shall bondsmen share these beauties ample?
 Shall their pure bosoms' current flow
 To nurse new slaves for them that trample
Ma chreevin evin, alga O!

* The cotton plant of the bogs.

IV.

Around my *clarseach's* speaking measures
 Men like their fathers tall arise—
 Their heart the same deep hatred treasures,
 I read it in their kindling eyes!
 The same proud brow to frown at danger—
 The same dark *coolin's** graceful flow—
 The same dear tongue to curse the stranger—
Ma chreevin evin, alga O!

V.

I'd sing ye more but age is stealing
 O'er my pulse and tuneful fires;
 Far bolder woke my chord appealing
 For craven *Shemus* to your sires.
 Arouse to vengeance men of bravery,
 For broken oaths—for altars low—
 For bonds that bind in bitter slavery—
Ma chreevin evin, alga O!

A RALLY FOR IRELAND.

MAY, 1689.

I.

Shout it out, till it ring
 From Benmore to Cape Clear;
 For our Country, and King,
 And Religion so dear,
 Rally, rally—Irishmen! rally;
 Form round the flag, that wet with our tears,
 And torn, and bloody, lay hid for long years,
 And now once again in its pride re-appears.
 See from THE CASTLE our Green Banner waves!
 Bearing fit motto for up-rising slaves!

* The flowing locks of the ancient Irish.

For "Now or Never, Now and for Ever,"
 Bids you to battle for triumph, or graves.
 And the grave holds no slave,
 Death unfetters the brave.

Then rally, rally, Irishmen! rally.

Shout "Now or Never, Now and for Ever,"
 Fight to the last and ye cannot be slaves!

II.

M'Carthy, and Hamilton—

Are they not here?

Talbot, Berwick, and Sheldon—

Why should we fear?

And French men—all staunch men,
 Boisleau, and Pontée, Pusignan, and Rosen;
 And soon we shall have the stout Count Lauzun,
 And Baldearg O'Donnell—the promis'd and chosen.

From Shannon to Ban, from Liffey to Lee,

The country is rising for Liberty.

Though your arms are rude, if your courage be good,
 As the traitors fled, shall the strangers flee
 From another Iveagh, and another Claudy.

Arm, peasant and lord;

Grasp musket and sword;

Grasp pike, scythe, or skein; give the war-horse the rein;
 March, shoulder to shoulder, for Liberty!

III.

Old Schomberg and Churchill

Are coming here;

Bloody Kirk, and Dutch Will—

Yet never ye fear;

For our *Feis** has met—they're a princely set:
 De Courcy, O'Neill, Plunkett, MacDonnell,
 Burke, Byrne, Nagle, St. Lawrence, O'Donnell—
 The choice of the land from Cork to Tyrconnell!

* The Irish name for a Council or Parliament.

They'll break the last link of the Saxon chain ;
 They'll give us back our lands again.

Then up ye and fight for your king and right—
 Laws are vain, unless swords maintain ;
 If freedom you'd gain, be victors or slain.

Then rally, rally, Irishmen rally !

Fight "Now or Never,
 Now and for Ever :"

Win freedom, and wear it, or die on the plain !

THE IRISH ARMS' BILL.

I.

My country, alas ! we may blush for thee now,
 The brand of the slave broadly stamp'd on thy brow !
 Unarm'd must thy sons and thy daughters await
 The Sassenagh's lust or the Sassenagh's hate.

II.

Through the length and the breadth of thy regions they roam ;
 Many huts and some halls may be there—but no home ;
 Rape and Murder cry out "let each door be unbarr'd !
 Deliver your arms, and then—stand on your guard !"

III.

For England hath waken'd at length from her trance—
 She might knuckle to Russia, and truckle to France—
 And, licking the dust from America's feet,
 Might vow she had ne'er tasted sugar so sweet.

IV.

She could leave her slain thousands, her captives, in pawn,
 And Akhbar to lord it o'er Affghanistan,
 And firing the village or rifling the ground
 Of the poor murder'd peasant—slink off like a hound.

V.

What then? She can massacre wretched Chinese—
 Can rob the Ameers of their lands, if she please—
 And when Hanover wrings from her duties not due,
 She can still vent her wrath, enslav'd Erin, on you!

VI.

Thus—but why, belov'd land, longer sport with thy shame?
 If my life could wipe out the foul blot from thy fame,
 How gladly for thee were this spirit outpoured
 On the scaffold, as free as by shot or by sword!

VII.

Yet, oh! in fair field, for one soldier-like blow,
 To fall in thy cause, or look far for thy foe—
 To sleep on thy bosom, down-trodden, with thee,
 Or to wave in thy breeze the green flag of the free!

VIII.

Heaven! to think of the thousands far better than I,
 Who for thee, sweetest mother, would joyfully die!
 Then to reckon the insult—the rapine—the wrong—
 How long, God of love!—God of battles!—how long?

 THE INVOCATION.

Sweet Lyrist, wreath a song for me,
 Such as my fathers loved of old—
 Thy theme our cause, the melody
 The sweetest on thy strings of gold.

Too long we've wept; though blood and tears
May rust, they break not slavery's chain,
And forty weary woe-worn years
We've wept (as we have bled) *in vain*.

Then strike as though thy fingers hold
Our heart-strings 'neath thy touch of fire;
Nor blush to wake those songs of old,
For Irish hearts on Erin's lyre.

In Egypt's storied land of yore,
Ere Pharoah reigned, ere Nile ran blood,
Majestic on her sandy shore,
Her Memnon's giant statue stood.

And countless wealth, by sages told,
Lay buried near that statue tall,
And theirs to seek for gems and gold
Where Memnon's head o'erthrown should fall.

But he who watched at noon-tide hour
The shadow pointing to his prize
May teach that even the gloom of power
Can show where Freedom's treasure lies.

And Memnon's lips sweet music sung
Whene'er the sun, with orient glow,
Awoke sweet morn, and gaily flung
Her blushes on that marble brow.

Now breaks *for us* bright Freedom's day,
Now broken falls our mouldering chain;
And, touched by Freedom's dawning ray,
The mystic Harp shall sound again.

Then, Lyrist, wreath a song for me,
Such as my fathers loved of old—
Thy theme our cause, the melody
The sweetest on thy strings of gold.

PADDIES EVERMORE.

I.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
 As suppliants for our right ;
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
 The banded millions' might ;
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
 Now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still,
 We're Paddies evermore.

II.

What, though they menace, suffering men
 Their threats and them despise ;
 Or promise justice once again,
 We know their words are lies ;
 We stand resolved those rights to claim
 They robbed us of before,
 Our own dear nation and our name,
 As Paddies, and no more.

III.

Look round—the Frenchman governs France,
 The Spaniard rules in Spain,
 The gallant Pole but waits his chance
 To break the Russian chain ;
 The strife for freedom here begun
 We never will give o'er,
 Nor own a land on earth but one—
 We're Paddies and no more.

IV.

That strong and single love to crush,
 The despot ever tried,

A fount it was whose living gush,
 His hated arts defied.
 'Tis fresh as when his foot accurst,
 Was planted on our shore,
 And vow and still as from the first,
 We're Paddies evermore.

V.

What reck we though six hundred years
 Have o'er our thraldom rolled,
 The soul that roused O'Nial's spears
 Still lives as true and bold ;
 The tide of foreign power to stem
 Our fathers bled of yore,
 And we stand here to-day like them,
 True Paddies evermore.

VI.

Where's our allegiance? With the land
 For which they nobly died.
 Our duty? By our cause to stand,
 Whatever chance betide.
 Our cherished hope? To heal the woes
 That rankle at her core.
 Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,
 Now, and for evermore.

VII.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
 As suppliants for our right;
 Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
 The banded millions' might;
 Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
 Now dread the torrent's roar,
 And hear our echoed chorus still,
 We're Paddies evermore.

THE SHAN VAN VOOTH OF 1176.

AIR—" *The Shan van Vooth.*"

I.

The sainted isle of old,
 Says the Shan van Vooth ;
 The sainted isle of old,
 Says the Shan van Vooth.
 The parent and the mould,
 Of the beautiful and bold,
 Has her blithesome heart waxed cold,
 Says the Shan van Vooth.

II.

The Saxon and the Dane,
 Says the Shan van Vooth ;
 The Saxon and the Dane,
 Says the Shan van Vooth,
 The Saxon and the Dane,
 Our immortal hills profane,
 Oh! accurs'd be the twain,
 Says the Shan van Vooth.

III.

What are the Chiefs to do ?
 Says the Shan van Vooth ;
 What are the Chiefs to do ?
 Says she Shan van Vooth.
 What should the Chieftains do,
 But to treat the hireling crew,
 To a touch of Brian Boru ?
 Says the Shan van Vooth.

IV.

They came across the wave,
 Says the Shan van Voeth ;
 They came across the wave,
 Says the Shan van Voeth.
 They came across the wave,
 But to plunder and enslave,
 And should find a robber's grave,
 Says the Shan van Voeth.

V.

Then be the trusty brand,
 Says the Shan van Voeth ;
 Then be the trusty brand,
 Says the Shan van Voeth.
 Then be the trusty brand,
 Firmly clutch'd in every hand,
 And we'll scourge them from the land,
 Says the Shan van Voeth.

VI.

There's courage yet and truth,
 Says the Shan van Voeth ;
 There's courage yet and truth,
 Says the Shan van Voeth.
 There's a God above us all,
 And whatever may befall,
 No invader shall enthrall,
 Says the Shan van Voeth.

 EPIGRAM.

Newell's new patent washing ball,
 If *Times* and *Morning Post* say true,
 " Will draw out any stain at all,
 And leave the fabric good as new."
 Oh, if this boast be not a hum,
 What wonders quickly will be seen,
 For turn-coat B—gh—m will purchase some,
 And wash his *reputation* clean.

THE HARP OF THE NATION.

AIR—" *Molly Astore.*"

I.

Our ancient harp, whose voiceful string
 The Saxon rent in twain,
 To him shall fierce defiance fling
 From minstrel hands again.
 No strains for vulgar lordings vile
 Shall to our harp belong—
 To sweep oppression from our isle
 Shall rush its sea of song!

II.

Our ancient harp shall blend its tone
 With Erin's ancient tongue,
 To sing how Saxon guile alone
 Strong fetters o'er us flung;
 Shall rouse to wrath our warrior-band
 To shout the battle cry,
 To sweep oppression from the land,
 And burst its bonds—or die!

III.

Our ancient harp impell'd the brave
 Where patriot bosoms bled—
 Where Danish despots found a grave—
 Where Rome's fierce eagle fled!—
 Where the Invader bit the dust
 On many a bloody plain,
 And, by that Heaven in which we trust,
 He'll bite the dust again!

NINETY-EIGHT !

I.

Let all remember Ninety-eight, that hour of Ireland's woes—
When rapine red the land o'erspread, and flames of roof-trees
rose—
When pity shrieked, and ruffians wreak'd their deadly demon
hate,
And gibbets groan'd, and widows moaned, in fatal Ninety-
eight !

II.

In memory save the martyr'd brave, who fell in conflict vain,
By soldier's sword, or shameful cord, or in the convict's chain ;
And those whose gore the red lash bore, when tyrants strode
elate,
And pitchcaps clung, and tortures wrung, strong hearts in
Ninety-eight !

III.

When memory drear shall cease the tear for those that tyrant's
crush'd,
May life depart our ingrate heart—our craven tongue be
hush'd—
And may his worst of deeds accurst the despot perpetrate—
If swell not high, our rallying cry—Remember Ninety-eight !

IV.

And when the yoke, at length, is broke, that binds our island
green,
And high acclaim shall swell her fame—broad ocean's emerald
Queen !
A column fair, of sculpture rare, shall proudly celebrate
The faithful dead, whose blood was shed in fatal Ninety-
eight !

“THE MEN OF TWENTY-FIVE.”*

Air—“*When my Old Cap was New.*”

I.

Rouse, Erin, rouse, and clap your wings,
 Look forth on coming joys ;
 Wake, Erin’s muse, and sweep your strings,
 And cheer our “Irish Boys ;”
 Those “Boys” who’ll chase each Saxon drone
 From Ireland’s reeking hive ;
 Our nation’s marrow, blood, and bone,
 Our “*Men of Twenty-five.*”

II.

Our fathers were a noble race,
 But mournful was their doom ;
 They blenched before the cut-throat’s face,
 They sleep in Slavery’s tomb.
 “Unhonored sleep”—but we, their sons,
 Our rusty chains will rive ;
 We little dread their whips and guns,
 We’re “*Men of Twenty-five.*”

III.

The Saxons say we thirst for blood,†
 The villains base, they lie ;

* “A NEW RACE, a new spring of sentiments has grown up amongst the Irish people during the last ten years, and have spread themselves over the land, and evidently displaced the timid, cautious class, whose boyhood was impressed with the terrors of the early portion of the present century. *The men of twenty-five* have placed in the rere ranks the men of fifty, and they come forward with all the energies and all the courage of their grandfathers—the Volunteers of 1782—to declare that they will not be content with a secondary position for Ireland amongst the nations of the earth.”
 * *—*Extract from the Planet* (a Saxon journal), quoted in THE NATION of July 29th, 1843.

† “THE YOUNG IRISH AGITATORS, they are full of the dark vices of Jacobinism. They worship revenge as a virtue. It excites the gloomy character of their souls. They look forward to the slaughter of those they hate as the geatest enjoyment they could experience.”—*London Morning Post*, quoted in THE NATION of July 15th.

But if they're in a fighting mood,
 Why—let them come and try.
 But Britain's Lion *couchant* crawls,
 Exhausted, though alive,
 He wants, behind his "Wooden Walls,"
 The "*Men of Twenty-five.*"

IV.

Then, brothers, wake—you *are* awake—
 Then up—from vale and hill—
 For Liberty, for Ireland's sake,
 Sustain the "green flag" still ;
 And ere your years are "twenty-six,"
 As sure as God's alive,
 Bright Victory's sun his beams will fix
 On th' "*Men of Twenty-five.*"

V.

And when our gallant-hearted band
 Down life's calm noon-tide run,
 We'll smile upon that happy land
 Our youthful vigour won.
 And when our heads are old and grey,
 If, haply, we survive,
 "He was," our sons shall proudly say,
 "A MAN OF TWENTY-FIVE!"

 A RUDE REPEAL MELODY.

I.

What? stirring at last, "Old Land!"
 And dar'st thou gaze at the sun?
 And thy mighty sister looking on!
 Why thou hast never a brand,

And slavery hath deformed thee,
 And the *central heart* that warm'd thee
 Hath been suck'd dry by thy kindred,
 And thy thin white hairs are cinder'd,
 Remember, you're but a step-child, Land!
 And thy sister flaunts in thy finery grand.

II.

What? standing erect, "Old Land!"
 With thy wasted green robe round thee,
 Rent with the withes that bound thee.
 Art not asham'd, at thy sister's door,
 Looking so meagre, squalid, and poor—
 Think'st thou she'll stretch thee her hand?
 Ha! ha! she'll chain thee and whip thee,
 And of thy last garment strip thee.
 Down—down, or hide thee or flee
 To your lone heritage—slavery.

III.

What? thundering to be heard, "Old Land!"
 Ho! bravely and boldly done;
 Now! where are thy children gone?
 Aye, there; support her—she's weak—
 See! see! how her cold limbs shake;
 Let her lean on that *rusted* brand!
 "They have treated thee ill!" Old Dame,
 And thou blushest with rage and shame—
 Thou'rt astir!—a fearful token!
 That the o'er-strain'd bow has broken!

EPIGRAM.

TO

Your casuists and clerics hold it isn't fair at all
 To plunder Peter for the sake of clearing scores with Paul;
 But what the d—l would they say to such a lad as you,
 Who'd plunder Peter and not pay to Paul a single *sous*?

THE VISION.

A NATIONAL ODE.

I.

Where iron rocks tow'r o'er
 Th' Atlantic billows' roll,
 Prophetic muses bore
 The Poet's raptur'd soul ;
 And FREEDOM rose in light from the spray.
 Behold her swiftly glide,
 O'er the strong and reinless tide,
 And the surges swelling pride
 Round her play !

II.

Sublime the steeds rush on
 Till panting next they stand
 On the brow of Slieve-na-mon,
 In the Sparta of our land ;
 And the stormy hills are mov'd at the sound.
 From Cashel's royal rock
 To Benburb is felt the shock,
 And the startled eagles flock,
 Screaming round.

III.

As she moves along the plain,
 Like the march of ocean's wave,
 Our martyr'd heroes slain
 Rise in armour from the grave,
 And they clash their phantom shields on the gale.
 The fires of rage and shame
 Thro' their visors barred that came,
 Wrapt in wild unearthly flame
 Hill and vale.

IV.

From a throne of trampled crowns,
 On a mount of broken chains,
 The Aventine goddess frowns
 O'er the desolated plains,

Where of old a tyrant's horde ply'd the lash,
 She flung her blazon'd shield
 On the far-illumin'd field,
 And the lofty mountains reeled
 With the clash.

V.

Clouds distent with gore
 Above her darkly hang—
 Lightnings leap before,
 Around her thunders clang,
 And marshall'd tempests roar like the sea.
 Her splendour fills the air,
 And the nations, in its glare,
 By their broken altars swear
 To be free!

VI.

Then our iron fetters fall
 Like poison weeds around,
 And lie inky as a pall
 On the stain'd and loathing ground;
 And the carrion-birds of heaven o'er them sail.
 While the sound of joyful bells
 On the laughing zephyr swells
 From thy glorious em'ral' dells,
 Innisfail!

VII.

The sounding woods rejoice,
 And the waves around thee sing,
 And the tones of Freedom's voice
 Thro' thy ruin'd turrets ring;
 And thy buried monarchs smile from the spheres.
 And many a hallow'd name,
 That long slept in silent shame,
 Now in characters of flame
 Bright appears.

VIII.

Ul-Erin laughs above,
 O'er Shannon's wave below,
 And songs of joy and love
 Swell the melting airs that blow,
 Enamour'd ling'ring long near thy shore.
 Around dear Freedom's shrine
 Thy dewy shamrocks twine,
 And resound thy harps divine
 Evermore!

 A HEALTH.

Hurra! our feuds are drowned at last;
 Hurra! let tyrants tremble;
 The fronted foemen of the past
 In brotherhood assemble.
 Fill up—and with a lofty tongue
 As ever spoke from steeple,
 From shore to shore *his* health be rung—
 The leader of the people.

In mighty triumphs, singly won,
 The nation has a token
 That mightier deeds will yet be done—
 The last strong fetter broken;
 Since hearts of nerve and hands of strength,
 Once banded to resist him,
 Unfurl his flag, and share at length
 The glory to assist him.

Up with the wine from boss to brim,
 And be his voice the loudest,
 Who rears, at risk of life or limb,
 Our country's flag the proudest.
 "*The leader of the people*"—grand,
 Yet simple wisdom guide him!
 And glory to the men who stand,
 Like sheathed swords, beside him!

DEVIL MAY CARE.

Air—" *That old head of Denis.*"

Musha, "Queen of the Sea," is it true what they say
All about the grand "speeching" you had t'other day
About Ireland, and Dan, and Repeal? I declare
I think you were bullied; but, devil may care,
They shan't bully Paddy—so devil may care.

I heard, when a boy, you were gentle and true—
That you lov'd poor old Ireland and Irishmen too—
That your heart was as just as your form was fair,
And I wished you were here; but the devil may care,
I've got my own darling—so devil may care.

And you've got young Albert, and long may you reign,
And lightsome and brightsome, and strong be the chain
That binds you together in love, now so rare
To be found at "Head Quarters;" but, devil may care,
That's a case for the lawyers—so devil may care.

But Paddy a "case" of his own has just now,
So off goes my "caubeen," and here's my best bow;
My belly is empty, my back is all bare,
I'm hungry and naked; but devil may care,
Good times are approaching—so devil may care.

"*Acushla machree*," we are wounded and sore,
So bad that we cannot endure it much more.
A cure we must have, though the Saxons may stare
And "curse like a trooper;" but devil may care,
"*Shin fane*"* is our watch-word—so devil may care.

* "*Shin fane*"—Ourselves—or "OURSELVES ALONE."

And when the final sigh
 Shall bear my soul on high,
 And on chainless wing I fly
 Thro' the blue,
 Earth's latest thought shall be,
 As I soar above the sea—
 "Green Erin, dear, to thee—
 Adieu!"

ENGLISH SCHOOLS AND IRISH PUPILS.

FROM MRS. O'RORKE, FORMERLY MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO HER
 SISTER DEBBY, IN ENGLAND.

Ballysassenagh, March 29, 1843.

I write, my dear Deb., in the greatest distress—
 How great it must be you will easily guess,
 When I tell you I'm just about bidding adieu
 To poor Johnny and Jemmy. I'm sending the two
 To England to school. Oh! Debby, my heart
 Is ready to break, when I think I must part
 My dear darling boys; but its all for their good,
 And I'd go through a thousand times more, if I could,
 To rear them *genteely*—for ev'ry sensation
 Of mine is in favour of *nice* education.
 Above all, 'tis the *accent* I'm anxious about;
 Good accent's the main point beyond any doubt.
 You remember last year how your dear little Kitty
 Delighted us all here, her talk was so pretty.

When you asked her to sing about Margery Daw,
 And she said with her sweet little frown, "*Au mammau,*"
 "Don't ask me, I pray, sure you know that I *caunt.*"
 Had she sung it, she couldn't have more pleased her aunt.
 Yes! England's the place for an accent—it's there
 One imbibes the pure sounds with the pure English air;
 Besides, 'tis the place where a young man will learn
 All his mere vulgar Irish attachments to spurn.
 While he talks with a tone, he will act with one, too,
 That will show he has little with Ireland to do.
 Will be thoroughly Englified—shamed out of all
 Those nonsensical notions the frize-coated call
 Patriotic—will always evince a *sang froid*
 That vastly contributes in *my* mind to awe
 People into respect; one moves on so *distingue*,
 In a path quite apart from the middle-class gangway.
 I like a young man with an air supercilious,
 Looking English, and aristocratic, and bilious—
 It shows folk at once he has rank on his side,
 When he looks down on all with a cool, conscious pride.

Now, Deb., I would ask you, what is there in all
 Their language, and science, and stuff that they call
 Education at home here that is not vulgarity
 Compared with nice manners?—just think what disparity!

And yet, though fine accent and notions abound
 In your Oxford and Cambridge, yet trust me, I found
 Poor Mr. O'Rorke hard enough to bring round.
 He's a good man, indeed—as a husband no better—
 Whatever his wife's *bent* on doing—he'll let her;
 Minds his lands and his cattle, his markets and fairs;
 Talks of rises and falls, and the prices of shares;
 In these vulgar affairs he displays some ability,
 But not an idea has he of gentility.

Only think how he said th' other day, he'd regret
 That his sons were aristocrats—soon was he met
 With an answer, I fancy, he'll hardly forget:
 "Are your sons like yourself," said I, "Mr. O'Rorke,
 To be noted for knowledge of mutton, and pork?"

Fie, for shame on your meanness—I'll *not* be a fool—
 I must have my sons sent to England to school—
 I'll have none of your brogue—they must speak with an accent,
 If all Ballysassenagh were set at a rack rent.
 See the Blacks and the Browns—sure my heart it annoys
 To see those young fellows look down on our boys;
 And why? I'm convinced it's for no better reason,
 Than that they were at college in England last season."

Thus I argued and fought—above all did I use
 Such a tone that I quite beat him out of his views;
 So now I'm all tears, and confusion, and racket,
 Preparing the boys for the very next packet.

This being the case, Deb., I'm sure you'll excuse
 All mistakes in my hurry to tell you the news;
 But whatever my feelings, my fuss, or my fidget,
 I am always the self-same, affectionate,

BRIDGET.

ENGLISH AND IRISH EYES.

Air—" *Jock of Hazeldeen.*"

The world's wealth should not buy, lady,
 My heart for thee to wear,
 For in your Saxon eye, lady,
 There's something *all* may share;
 And though the glances strike, lady,
 From out your orbs of fire,
 There's nothing there to *like*, lady,
 Though much there's to admire.

They look too much around, lady—
 All restless is their mien—
 Though there one truth I've found, lady,
 You would not *love* but feign;

And with a quiet fireside, lady,
 They could not be content :
 The space is far too wide, lady,
 O'er which their glance is sent.

And cloak them how you will, lady,
 At times they must be seen—
 They cannot aye be still, lady,
 Beneath their silken screen ;
 But let them still rove on, lady,
 To make some weak hearts pine,
 The power they had is gone, lady,
 To rule this heart of mine.

Give me the eyes at *home*, lady,
 Whose glances show no guile ;
 Though free as ocean's foam, lady,
 On *all* they will not smile ;
 But for the darling *one*, lady,
 Their look will know no change,
 And e'en when life's sands run, lady,
 Their spirit will not range.

Then turn thine eyes away, lady—
 On others let them roam ;
 My young heart cannot stray, lady,
 From our sweet eyes at *home*.
 In cups brimful of wine, lady,
 That sparkle high with foam,
 I drink *farewell* to *thine*, lady,
 But *love* to those at *home*.

EPIGRAM.

ON MR. BUTT'S INTENDED MOTION IN THE CORPORATION.

What discord dire has Isaac spread !
 His temper somewhat tart I call ;
 With truth prophetic Murray said,
 " *But's* a disjunctive particle."

THE PATRIOT'S WIFE.

There is a tradition amongst the Swiss of the Canton of Uri, that the wife of the tyrant Gessler, disgusted at the atrocities perpetrated by her husband, fled him, and as she was of Swiss extraction, made a vow never to return to him. The tyrant, however, succeeded in capturing her; and the following verses record the dialogue, which is often repeated by the Swiss hearth, when the peasant recounts to his children the glories and achievements of William Tell.

“How changed art thou since last we met !
 Thy brow is wan—thy smile is cold ;
 Stern grief her seal has on thee set—
 Thou art not what thou wert of old !

“No joy now flashes from that eye,
 Which once around shed charms of light ;
 That voice once sweet can now but sigh :
 Oh, Heavens ! whence came this sudden blight ?

“Say wilt thou tell ?—great God ! how strange
 That beauty thus could pass away,
 And mirth to deepest sorrow change
 More quickly than the tomb's decay !

“Yes ; tell me if the memory lives
 Of early loves and sun-bright years—
 If thought but one faint flickering gives—
 Whence all these woes and burning tears ?”

“Nay, do not ask—to tell were vain—
 My grief not Heaven itself can 'suage ;
 Nor seraph's breath could cool my pain,
 Nor quench my bosom's burning rage.

“ My country, prey to tyrant bands—
 Her glories gone—her brave ones dead—
 Her daughter slain by traitor’s hands—
 And ask’st thou *why* my joy is sped ?

“ ‘Fore Heaven, I prize this faded form,
 E’en in its ghastly features, more
 Than when thou won it young and warm,
 And it alone to worship swore.

“ For now I make thee, tyrant, tremble
 O’er all the ruin thou hast made ;
 In vain thou seekest to dissemble—
 Oh ! curse thy bloody heart and blade.

“ And cursed may her ashes be
 Who basely sold my maiden hand
 To him who crushed our liberty,
 And drowned in blood my fatherland.”

WINTER—AN ELEGY.

“ *Most musical, most melancholy.*”

The lovely rose, the garden’s graceful queen ;
 The shining berries of the mountain ash,
 And all the glories of the sylvan scene,
 Have gone, I guess, teetotally to smash !

The shuddering hills, enwrapt in lurid fire,
 With flaming tongues the lambent lightning licks ;
 Whilst all the songsters of the rural choir
 To New South Wales have cut their precious sticks.

From sable clouds that veil the dreary skies,
 The rushing demons of the tempest shout;
 And Ruin grim to reeking Havoc cries—
 “Does your mamma, my tulip, know you’re out?”

From pole to pole the rumbling thunder runs,
 Tearing, with horrid voice, the tortur’d sky;
 And, hark! red Havoc’s awful answer comes,
 Rending the rock, “Old spitfire, axe my eye.”

Aloft, among the rent and flutt’ring shrouds,
 While his barque battles with strong ocean’s might,
 The sailor, gazing on the sable clouds,
 Prays to the raging Boreas—“Blow me tight!”

Now the ship, madden’d with th’ unequal strife,
 Stagg’ringly, plunges heavily about;
 The crew, resigning ev’ry hope of life,
 Cry, “One wave more, and we’ll be up the spout!”

Alas! behold the angry winter blast
 Strikes the tall monarch of the forest flat;
 Thus youth’s aspiring hopes to earth are cast,
 And poets’ dreams are—all around my hat!

EPIGRAM.

When Brougham, in his early days,
 By manly deeds, won manly praise,
 He scorned a pedigree to trace
 From any lordly robber-race;
 But now in senile strain he talks,
 As heir of Burgham and of Vaux,
 Degraded, fallen, and discontent.
 He well may think on his *descent*!

LOVE SONG.

AIR—“ *How sweet the answer Echo makes.*”

I.

I love thine eyes of truth and light,
 I love thy smile of joy ;
 But not to me their beams were bright,
 If, as I did, so others might
 Their light enjoy.

II.

Canst thou be true to one alone,
 True beyond all reproach—
 Bound like the pilgrim to one goal,
 Thrilled like the magnet by one pole—
 Canst thou be such ?

III.

The head that pillows on my breast,
 And calls that home its own,
 Must grant to every thought confess'd
 As calm and true a place of rest
 To reign alone.

IV.

Ask I too much? Nay, think not so ;
 Folly might guess,
 He with seant love content to go
 Meaneth, in turn, to bestow
 Even yet less.

V.

But the true heart can claim in sooth
 But what it gave—
 Candour for candour, truth for truth,
 An ebbless tide to age from youth
 Even to the grave.

THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST.

I.

O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
 On the solemn midnight blast,
 What bleeding spectres pass'd,
 With their gash'd breasts bare?
 Hast thou heard the fitful wail
 That o'erloads the sullen gale,
 When the waning moon shines pale
 O'er the curs'd ground there?

II.

Hark! hollow moans arise
 Thro' the black tempestuous skies,
 And curses, strife, and cries,
 From the lone Rath swell;
 For bloody SYDNEY, there,
 Nightly fills the lurid air
 With th' unholy pomp and glare
 Of the foul, deep hell.

III.

He scorches up the gale,
 With his knights, in fiery mail;
 And the banners of the Pale
 O'er the red ranks rest.
 But a wan and gory band
 All apart and silent stand,
 And they point th' accusing hand
 At that hell-hound's crest!

IV.

Red streamlets, trickling slow,
 O'er their clotted *cooluns* flow,
 And still and awful woe
 On their pale brows weeps—

Rich bowls bestrew the ground,
 And broken harps around,
 Whose once enchanting sound
 In the bard's blood sleeps.

V.

False Sydney! knighthood's stain,
 The trusting brave in vain—
 Thy guests—ride o'er the plain
 To thy dark cow'rd snare.
 Flow'r of Offaly and Leix,
 They have come thy board to grace—
 Fools! to meet a faithless race
 Save with true swords bare.

VI.

While cup and song abound,
 The triple lines surround
 The clos'd and guarded mound,
 In the night's dark noon.
 Alas! too brave O'More,
 Ere the revelry was o'er
 They have spill'd thy young heart's gore,
 Snatch'd from love too soon!

VII.

At the feast, unarm'd all,
 Priest, bard, and chieftain fall
 In the treacherous Saxon's hall,
 O'er the bright wine bowl;
 And now nightly round the board,
 With unsheath'd and reeking sword,
 Strides the cruel, felon lord
 Of the blood-stain'd soul.

VIII.

Since that hour the clouds that pass'd
 O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
 One tear have never cast
 On the gore-dyed sod;

For the shower of crimson rain,
That o'erflow'd that fatal plain,
Cries aloud, and not in vain,
To the most high God.

IX.

Tho' the Saxon snake unfold
At thy feet his scales of gold,
And vow thee love untold,
Trust him not, Green Land ;
Touch not with gloveless clasp
A coil'd and deadly asp,
But with strong and guarded grasp
In your steel-clad hand.

 YOUNG ENGLAND TO YOUNG IRELAND.

[The subjoined powerful address was written by an English Puseyite, and may be fairly taken to represent the sentiments of many of that great party. They cannot but sympathise with a people not only oppressed for conscience sake, but for opinions differing little from their own; and it is natural that the sympathy of the young and earnest should exhibit the bold and emphatic spirit which breathes through this poem:—]

Brothers, arise! the hour has come
To strike the blow for truth and God;
Why sit ye folded up and dumb—
Why bending kiss the tyrant's rod?
Is there no hope upon the earth—
No charter in the starry sky?
Has freedom no ennobling worth?
And man no immortality?

Ah, brothers! think ye what ye are!
What glorious work ye have to do,
And how they wait ye near and far
To do the same the wide world through.

'The wide world sunk in dreams and death,
 With guilt and wrong upon its breast,
 Like night-mares choking up its breath,
 And murdering all its holy rest ?

Bethink ye, how with heart and brain
 This God-like work were ablest done ;
 For man must ne'er go back again
 And lose the triumphs he has won.
 Ye who have spurned the tyrant's power,
 And fought your own great spirits free,
 Forget not in this trying hour
 The claims of struggling slavery !

The wise and good ! oh, where are they
 To guide us onward to the Right,
 Untruth and specious lies to slay,
 And red oppression in its might ?
 Come forth, my brothers, on with us—
 Direct the battle we would give ;
 By thousands we would die—if thus
 The millions yet unborn may live.

For what is death to him who dies
 With God's own blessing on his head ?
 A charter—not a sacrifice—
 A life immortal to the dead.
 And life itself is only great
 When man devotes himself to be
 By virtue, thought, and deed, the mate
 Of God's own children and the free.

And are we free ? O, blot and shame !
 That men who for a thousand years
 Have battled on through fire and flame,
 And nourished with their blood and tears—
 Religion—Freedom—Civil Right—
 Should tamely suffer traitor hands
 To dash them into gloom and night,
 And bind the very God with bands.

And will ye bear, my brother men,
 To see your altars trampled down ;
 Shall Christ's great heart bleed out again
 Beneath the scoffer's spear and frown ?
 Shall priests proclaim that God is not,
 And from the Devil's gospel teach
 Those worldly doctrines, unforgot,
 Which burning tyrants loved to preach ?

Shall traitors to the human right
 To God and truth have boundless sway,
 And ye not rush into the fight
 And wrench the SACRED CROSS away,
 And tear the scrolls of freedom, bought
 With blood of martyrs and the brave,
 From men who with derisive sport
 Defy you on the martyr's grave ?

Ah, no !—uprushing—million-strong,
 The trodden people come at last,
 Their fiery souls pent up so long
 Burst out in flames all thick and fast ;
 And thunder-words and lightning-deeds
 Strike terror to the Wrong, who flee,
 Till lo ! at last the wronger bleeds,
 And dying, leaves the nation free.

THE IRISH MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

I.

O, tell me not love's light, and joyous tale ;
 Sing not to me love's soft delicious lay ;
 But let thy tale be sad—thy strains the wai
 Of men enslaved—let not thy song be gay

Tune not thy harp to joy. No merry sound
 Should wake its captive chords to melody,
 Each gladsome note is to my soul a wound,
 For Erin wears the chains of slavery.

II.

And if thy fingers wake, perhaps, a strain
 Of joy, in passing heedless o'er the chords,
 Let not thy voice re-echo it again—
 Let not its brightness pass into thy words.
 No ; rather sing of death and of the grave,
 Then will thy lay claim more of sympathy ;
 These are the themes that best befit the slave,
 For death at least will make the bondsman free.

III.

Then sing not now the melting lay of love,
 Its notes should not be uttered by a slave ;
 But if thou wouldst thy heart's devotion prove,
 Recover first the freedom Heaven gave ;
 Then when that first, best gift thou shalt regain,
 A willing ear I'll lend thy minstrelsy ;
 But sing not to me love's light, joyous strain
 Till thou canst say—" My native land is free."

O'NIAL'S VOW.

" Jusque la nous leur ferous guerre à mort."—*Donald O'Nial, King of Ulster, to Pope John.*

How many a year,
 In fleet career,
 Have circled o'er its blackened strand,
 Since first that vow,
 Forgotten now,
 Was plighted to our native land ?

And still the crimes
 Of those dark times
 Are perpetrated hour by hour,
 And Saxon fraud,
 By GOD unaw'd,
 Goes hand in hand with Saxon power !

What lesson stern
 Thou'st left to learn,
 Oft baffled, but unyielding King,
 " In peace or strife,
 In death or life,
 The Saxon bears a poison'd sting.
 Then weal or woe,
 Strike home the blow,
 And win at least the hero's fate,
 And far on high
 Your destiny
 Shall rank with stars of loftiest state."

O'Nial swears
 The crown he wears,
 While throbs one pulse, or heaves one breath,
 To meet thy band
 With glove and brand,
 Invading brigand to the death.
 Nor length of years,
 Nor blood nor tears,
 Defeat, disaster, nor distress,
 Shall mar the word
 Pledg'd on the sword
 He clutches for the merciless.