The Ballad Poetry of Ireland.

EDITED BY
CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

FOURTH EDITION.

"Bolg an Dana."

DUBLIN:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY,
23, ANGLESEA-STREET.
1845.

Stereotyped and Printed by
T. Coldwell, 50, Capel-street.

TO

THOMAS O'HAGAN, ESQ.,

BARRISTER AT LAW,

IN EARNEST ADMIRATION OF

HIS HEART, HIS INTELLECT, AND HIS PRINCIPLES,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED

BY

HIS FRIEND,

CHA$^{S.}$ GAVAN DUFFY.

Dundrum, July 1845.

"My own friend, my own friend,
There's no one like my own friend,
For all the gold the world could hold
I would not give my own friend!"

WOLFE.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THREE Editions of this little volume having been exhausted in less than a month, the publisher has called upon me to prepare a fourth; and with this object I have gone over it carefully, and expunged as many as I could detect of the original sins incident to early editions—errors of the press, of haste and of carelessness. Something of this kind was done for the third edition; but there was not leisure to do it carefully. It will now, I trust, be found tolerably free from errors of the class chargeable on an editor.

I have also made some changes in the collection—useful and agreeable as I believe, but too slight to require specification.

The success of these ballads seems to me to give happy promise of a vigorous and national literature in Ireland. Ballads have been among the first home-grown productions of all countries; and their popularity here, now, is no slight evidence that the national mind is still fresh and earnest, and has the impulses and propensities that belong to a young nation.

Poetry of action and passion are popular where action, and passion, and faith, and noble sentiments are still common. Poetry of reflection succeed them in a lower state of public feeling.

It was a great achievement of Wordsworth to wed philosophy to the ballad; and to put a high moral purpose and large intellectual development into his ballad stories; but the ages that required only the simple passion and truth were ages of greater faith, worth, and heroism. Let us rejoice if we have not yet passed out of them.

In justice to our periodical literature, I ought to have stated in the Introduction, that the ballads by Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Murray were taken from the *University Magazine;* those by Mr. Mangan from the *Irish Penny Journal;* the "Fate of the Forties," by Mr. H. G. Curran, "My Connor," and the "Woods of Kylinoe," from the *Citizen;* Mr. Carleton's "Sir Turlough" from the *Dublin Literary Gazette,* and the ballads of Mr Davis, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Keegan, Mr. Mac Carthy, and Mr. Lane, as well as some of the anonymous ones, from the *Nation.*

Rathmines, August, 26, 1845.

CONTENTS.

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

INTRODUCTION.

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

The object of this collection is to vindicate the character of our native ballads, long and strangely misunderstood. But its title may suggest expectations which it cannot, and was by no means intended, to gratify. Let us, therefore, state, on the threshold, that it consists neither of the old Bardic Songs of the country, nor of the Street Ballads, common in the mouths of the people. It has borrowed from both these sources; but the main body of the collection is gathered from another class, chastened and elevated by modern art, but equally indigenous, and equally marked with a distinct native character.

The motive of this preference is obvious.

Such of the OLD BARDIC SONGS as have come down to us are locked up from the mass of readers, in the Irish language, or in translations.

which are commonly as complete a disguise of their spirit and beauty. With a few exceptions, all the translations we are acquainted with, in addition to having abundance of minor faults, are eminently un-Irish. They seem to have been made by persons to whom one of the languages was not familiar. Many of them were confessedly versified from prose translations, and are mere English poems, without a tinge of the colour or character of the country. Others, translated by sound Irish scholars, are bald and literal; the writers sometimes wanting a facility of versification, sometimes a mastery over the English language. The Irish scholars of the last century were too exclusively national to study the foreign tongue with the care essential to master its metrical resources; and the flexible and weighty language which they had not learned to wield hung heavily on them,

> "Like Saul's plate armour on the shepherd boy,
> Encumbering, and *not* arming them."

If it were just to estimate our bardic poetry by the specimens we have received in this manner, it could not be rated highly. But it would manifestly be most unjust. Noble and touching, and often subtle and profound thoughts, which no translation could entirely spoil, shine through

the poverty of the style, and vindicate the character of the originals. Like the costly arms and ornaments found in our bogs, they are substantial witnesses of a distinct civilization; and their credit is no more diminished by the rubbish in which they chance to be found than the authenticity of the ancient *torques* and *skians* by their embedment in the mud. When the entire collection of our Irish Percy—James Hardiman—shall have been given to a public (and soon may such a one come) that can relish them in their native dress, they will be entitled to undisputed precedence in our national minstrelsy. Meantime, it is not in weak and distorted translations, but in something more instinct with life and vigour we must look for the genuine spirit of Irish ballad poetry

The COMMON BALLADS of the people were still less suitable. They had been already collected by Mr. Crofton Croker, and, united with the slang songs of a Scotch magazine, stray verses from provincial newspapers, and some bald translations from Latin poems of the middle ages, contributed to form a collection curiously entitled the "Popular Songs of Ireland." Their popularity and Irishism were exactly on a par.

On the publication of that volume the English Reviews and Magazines took occasion to lament

the poverty of this country in ballad poetry; and to contrast the noble minstrelsy of England and Scotland with the dull rubbish and professed caricature of which it was mainly composed. Their regret was very good-natured and very contemptuous. Since that period we have repeatedly observed similar injurious contrasts in English Journals, and even the respectable name of Dr. Cooke Taylor has been lent to the vulgar error of treating street ballads, written by the ballad-singers of Cork or the hedge schoolmasters of Kerry, as the national minstrelsy of Ireland. Worthless as these productions commonly are, they are seldom much worse nonsense, and never half as bad morality, as the corresponding songs of murder, obscenity and fraud, popular in the seaport and manufacturing towns of England.

Their errors are the errors of ignorance. The tone is generally healthy and earnest, however the language may be bombastic or absurd. But healthy or noxious, they are as distinct from our genuine National Ballads as the noble collections of Percy and Scott from the filthy and repulsive street songs of Birmingham or Glasgow. Among the peasantry ballads certainly exist, written by men in the humblest station (but men without the slang or the vices of great cities), which are full of national feeling and character. Of these

we have gladly availed ourselves. But the mass of the street songs make no pretence to being true to Ireland; but only to being true to the *purlieus* of Cork and Dublin.

Another class remained: our ANGLO-IRISH BALLADS; the production of educated men, with English tongues but Irish hearts. From this class the greater part of our materials has been drawn; and we trust it will appear that in them, in the few Street Ballads not written to sell, but from the fulness of the heart, and in our adequate Translations from the Irish, we possess a popular poetry, less ancient and precious, but not less instinct with the spirit of the country, than the venerable minstrelsy of England and Scotland.

Our Anglo-Irish ballads (like our best Anglo-Irish families,) grew to be national gradually, but instinctively and without effort. Before the time of Swift, they were chiefly written by followers of the Court. They were of course satires on the country, or caricatures on the manners and language of the natives. French tyranny was said to be tempered by epigrams—English tyranny was then (as it has often been since) barbed with libels. Several of these early ballads have been preserved, but are little known, with the excep-

tion of Lord Wharton's "*Lillibulero ;*"* a du squib to which the English Revolution of '88 i sometimes attributed. It is difficult to believe

* As some of our readers may not have seen this once celebrated song, we subjoin the opening verses.

"Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree,
Lillibulero, bullena a-la,
Dat we shall have a new Deputee,
Lillibulero, bullena a-la,
Lero, lero, Lillibulero, &c.
Ho, by Shaint Tyburne, it is de Talbote,
Lillibulero, &c.
And he will cut de Englishman's troate.
Lillibulero, &c.
Dough by my sowl de English do prat
Lillibulero, &c.
De law's on dare side, and Christ knows what;
Lillibulero, &c.
But if de dispense do come from de Pope,
Lillibulero, &c.
We'll hang *Magna Charta*, and them in a rope.
Lillibulero, &c."

If these rhymes effected a Revolution, there has been no such fortunate gabbling since the preservation of the Capitol. The only tolerable verses are the last tw which were added several years after the Revolution.

"Dare was an ould prophecy found in a bog,
Lillibulero, &c.
'Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,'
Lillibulero, &c.
And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
Lillibulero, &c.
For Talbote's* de dog, and James is de ass,
Lillibulero, &c."

* Talbot is the name of a hound.

in a cause apparently so inadequate, and impossible to believe in its adequacy.

Swift snatched these weapons out of the hands of the English faction, and turned them against their own breasts. He rescued our popular poetry from fribbles on one hand, and from ignorant strollers on the other, and gave it a vigour and concentration which it has never wholly lost. During his lifetime it became a power in the country; the obscure precursor of a Free Press. After his death it fell into weaker and ruder hands, but never into disuse. In the succeeding Jacobite struggles both parties had bitter song writers, and some of their angry lyrics, are popular as political songs to this day. A very trifling change in the *dramatis personæ* was at any time sufficient to refit them for use. A curious list might be made of the popular favourites who have successively monopolised them, from James II. to O'Connell; and from William III. to the late Dr. Boyton the founder of the Brunswick Clubs.

The era of the Volunteers was rich in songs, one or two of which are still occasionally heard; but ballads, in the restricted sense there were few or none.*

* By a ballad, I understand a short lyrical *narrative* poem; by a song, a lyrical poem of sentiment or passion. To constitute a ballad the narrative need not be continuous or regular, though it commonly is so. If it be suggested by repeated allusions, as in *Soggarth Aroon*

In '98 there was abundance of both. The pens of Drennan, G. N. Reynolds, John Shears, Orr of Ballycastle, were industrious and prolific; and they had a large corps of obscurer associates. Of these songs nearly all are preserved, but only a few have lived or deserved to live in the memory of the people.* For the most part they were frigid in style, French in sentiment, and inflated or prosaic in language. When they were addressed to the body of the people it was in a diction too pedantic to be familiar, or too cold to be impressive. In truth there was no soul in them. Drennan was a true poet, but from impulse or design he wrote solely for the middle classes. His exquisite ballads, although transparent as crystal, could never become popular among an uneducated peasantry. They wanted the idiomatic language and the familiar allusions absolutely essential to poetry for the people.

The Union had its stipendiary song writers, hired by Cooke and Castlereagh, and their labours

or *Gille Machree*, that I fancy is enough to bring the poem under the class of ballad poetry.

* It is a curious fact that in Belfast, reputedly so anti-national, these songs are continually republished, and have run through endless editions. Printed on coarse paper and sold at a few pence, their circulation in Ulster alone counts by tens of thousands. The collection is still called as it was on its first publication in '97 "*Paddy's Resource.*"

are preserved in printed books, but in no man's memory. But such a struggle naturally kindled true poetry; and the hearty and vigorous verses of Lysaght are commonly sung to this day. His song of "Our Island" is a fine specimen of political verse, rough, strong, and impulsive, without much attention to method, but clear and simple as water.* It is a strange circumstance that the best songs suggested by the Catholic Emancipation struggle were (with an illustrious exception) left unpublished till the victory was won. John Banim writes to Gerald Griffin in 1827 that he is engaged on a series of Catholic songs, that he too may have a share in the great struggle. They were not published till 1831. Callanan in 1829 excuses the exasperated tone of one of his poems

* Here is a specimen of it. We would give extracts from other songs alluded to in the text, but that they will be published entire in the collection of "The Songs of Ireland," which Mr. Barry is preparing for publication in the present series.

"May God, in whose hand
Is the lot of each land,
Who rules over ocean and dry land,
Inspire our good King
Ill advisers to fling,
Ere destruction they bring on our Island!
Don't we feel 'tis our dear little Island,
A fertile and fair little Island!
May Orange and Green
No longer be seen
Distained with the blood of our Island!"

by stating that it was written before Emancipation, and under a bitter sense of injustice. It would be an impertinence to presume that the reader requires to be reminded the illustrious exception consists in the melodies of Thomas Moore.

Side by side with the political ballads* grew up another class, cultivated with greater art, and commanding large resources. Addison and Tickell during their residence in Ireland introduced the pastoral and romantic ballad into Anglo-Irish poetry. Some of the Old English ballads were then making their way into favour; and imitating them was a favourite amusement among the

* We have spoken here of Anglo-Irish ballads alone. The popular poetry in the native language, which England found it necessary to control by penalties and bribes;—now forbidding the existence of Bards within her territory, now hiring them to sing the praises of the English monarch outside the Pale—and which continued as thorns in her side through the ages of persecution down even to the last Insurrection, are a distinct class. The risk of popular celebrity during their lives, which often compelled them to hide their light, and the vulgar indifference to our native literature which since prevailed, have conspired to throw into obscurity the names and works of the brave men who kept alive the fire of patriotism in this country. But, it would appear, from the success that attended the illustrious labours of Mr. Hardiman, and the more recent efforts of Mr. Daly, that it is not even yet a hopeless task, to attempt recovering and preserving in a regular digested series writings so intimately connected with the heroic struggles and the venerable religion of the country.

exiled poets. Tickell's "Leinster famed for pretty maids" was extremely popular in its day but is chiefly valuable now as one of the first of a class to which Goldsmith, Parnell, Dermody, Mrs. Tighe, Miss Brooke, and Thomas Moore have since contributed various but very disproportionate amounts.

Many of the ballads in Percy are more familiarly known here than in England; but they were unquestionably imported and found favour with a poetic people. Others professedly older than Tickell or Addison are of doubtful authenticity.*

But it was during the last fifty years that the most valuable and characteristic contributions have been made to our native ballads. Till then the genius of the country had scarcely learned to use the English language for its highest necessities. The majority of the people spoke their native tongue exclusively. The upper classes, connected with them by ties of kindred, patriotism, or religion, cultivated it with the same care bestowed upon English. The legends and songs of the

* Long before their era, Waterford, Limerick, and some other of our corporate towns, had their early annals, or particular periods of them, recorded in rude ballad verse, full of interest to the antiquary and philologist, but of no literary merit; they were not ballads but versified annals. Specimens of them may be seen in the local histories.

country were scarcely known in any but their native dress; and many of the middle classes who used English in intercourse or business, prayed, sang, and recited the traditions of the land in their dear native tongue. We know many families where this custom prevails among the elder branches to this hour. Unfortunately the youth are letting slip one of the proudest and tenderest ties that bound our people to their country.

Out of the general use of English grew a class of ballads which for the first time clothed the passions and feelings of the native race in that tongue. The ballads of Tickell and Goldsmith, and even those of Dermody and Mrs. Tighe were only Irish in incident and feeling, not in complexion or phraseology. There is an Anglo-Irish language as easily discriminated from London English as the dialect of Saxon spoken in the Lowlands of Scotland. This is not the gibberish of bulls and broken English—the "Teddy my jewels" and "Paddy my joys" which abound in the caricatures of Irish songs. It is a dialect fired with the restless imagination, and coloured with the strong passions of our nation.

Irish songs ought to be and the best of them are as markedly Irish even in language as those of Burns or Motherwell are Scotch. Of this class

Griffin, Banim, Callanan, Ferguson, Lover, Davis, Mangan, Walsh, and several other writers have given us exquisite specimens. They have taught the native muse to become English in language without growing un-Irish in character. This is a lesson we must never permit her to forget.

Hence three distinct classes of ballads were open for selection, and we have borrowed largely from each. But from this last class the largest and we believe the richest quota has been drawn. Not alone in poetic merit and in picturesque illustrations of the habits and traditions of the people, but in nationality of spirit and language they claim the first place. They are Irish, not in the accident of their birth-place, like some of the great men whom we claim as countrymen on doubtful grounds, but *essentially*, in character and spirit.

It is certain that the Ballad is fully as susceptible as the Novel of this distinct and intrinsic nationality. No stranger ever did or can write the popular poetry of any people. How seldom can he even imitate successfully their peculiar idioms—the mere mechanical portion of such a task. The snatches of old sayings that imply so much more than they express; the traditional forms into which the liquid thought runs

as unconsciously as the body drops into its accustomed gait; the familiar beliefs and disbeliefs that have become a second nature as much a part of himself as the first; the very tone and accent of passion by which his ear and heart were first mastered; these and a hundred other involuntary influences help to colour and modulate the poet's verse and to give it the charm of native raciness. These are just what a stranger never can by any miracle of genius imitate; and except in rare instances of cultivated and catholic taste cannot even relish.

But, if this be true of poetry in general, it is more strictly applicable to ballad poetry.

It least of all can dispense with the only ornaments to which it makes any pretence. Like Carleton's peasant it ought to be Irish "from the coat out and from the coat in." The early Anglo-Irish ballads written after Tickel and Goldsmith, and recent ones of the same school, are so deficient in this respect as to be almost blank of complexional affinity to the country. They are not Irish but cosmopolitan; and arrive at such a result as might be accomplished by re-writing the novels of Scott or Banim on the theory of Godwin, who would not condescend to copy the vulgar dialect of the streets or the fields! But our pre-

sent selections do not err in this particular; they are in general remarkably "racy of the soil."

Many of them and generally the best are just as essentially Irish as if they were written in Gaelic.* They could have grown among no other people, perhaps under no other sky or scenery. To an Englishman, to any Irishman educated out of the country, or to a dreamer asleep to impressions of scenery and character, they would be achievements as impossible as the Swedish *Skalds* or the Arabian Nights. They are as Irish as Ossian or Carolan, and unconsciously reproduce the spirit of those poets, better than any translator can hope to do. They revive and perpetuate the vehement native songs that gladdened the halls of our princes in their triumphs, and wailed over their ruined hopes or murdered bodies. In everything but language, and almost in language, they are identical. That strange tenacity

* More than half a century ago, Ritson, a careful and conscientious critic, conceived that while there was a marked difference between English and Scotch songs, there was properly none between English and Irish, the latter being either purely English or mere gibberish.—His misconception prevails to this day, even in Ireland. If Banim's poetry had ever become popular, it would have made such a belief impossible; but even Mr. Lover's songs, though less absolutely native flowers of the soil, ought to have dissipated it long ago.

of the Celtic race which makes a description of their habits and propensities when Cæsar was still a Proconsul in Gaul, true in essentials of the Irish people to this day, has enabled them to infuse the ancient and hereditary spirit of the country into all that is genuine of our modern poetry. And even the language grew almost Irish. The soul of the country stammering its passionate grief and hatred in a strange tongue, loved still to utter them in its old familiar idioms and cadences. Uttering them perhaps with more piercing earnestness, because of the impediment; and winning out of the very difficulty a grace and a triumph.

Some of the nameless, indefinite charms, that win every reader of genuine Anglo-Irish song are traceable to this source. In any *pseudo* Irish ballad where phrases from the Irish language are introduced to give it a tinge of the country, they lie upon the surface refusing to coalesce with it. They are clearly alien and antagonistic and have no business there. But in the *Caoines* recited by women to whom English was less familiar than their native tongue with which they eked it out on every emergency, or in the expression of vehement feeling of any sort, the two languages seem to have dissolved in the heat of passion, and fused into each other

like kindred metals. In some of Callanan's ballads this cordial union is felicitously illustrated; and recently in the verses of Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Walsh.

The ordinary effect of native poetry is to cherish love of home and homely associations, which, elevated and spiritualized, becomes love of country. Here it may have another, more restricted but not less important influence. If the belief be well founded, that a national school of poetry is about to spring up among us, such models will be of countless value to our young writers, in forming their taste and attracting their studies in a profitable direction.

The rudest snatch of native song may give a higher impulse to the mind of the young poet, than the most faultless specimen of English verse. To reach the heart of his nation he must borrow the tones that naturally and habitually speak its feelings.

> "Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
> That voice that none can match."

Burns recognised this truth, or by one of the happy intuitions that belong to genius, fell naturally into the practice of it. It was among the old Scotch song-writers, men inferior to himself in everything but a knowledge of the strong,

graphic language of the people, that first and last he looked for models. And with such unpromising materials and no others, see what strange wonders he has wrought. He wooed poetry from the saloon and the library to become household among the poorest peasantry in Europe; elevated the uncouth dialect of his native hills to be familiar to fifty millons of men among the most powerful and civilized of modern nations. And in this nationality lay his strength not alone among his own people but among all people. His English songs are comparatively neglected; his Scotch songs with their provincial and unpronouncable phraseology are in the mouths of more men than spoke his native tongue when he began to mould it into rustic verse.

The ballads of Griffin, Callanan, and such songs of Banim as are not offensive for prosiness or vulgarity, are the most precious models we possess. Even their errors and excesses lean in the right direction.

Some of Griffin's simple ballads are gushes of feeling that smite the heart like the cry of a woman. Such is his "*Gille Machree*,"* a strain of the noblest sentiment in the simplest language;

* See page 49.

and both as essentially Irish as the distinctive names or features of our race.

Callanan is generally less native in phraseology, but some of his translations from the Gaelic have caught the spirit and idiomatic character of the language in a wonderful manner. They are "more Irish than the Irish itself."

In the few verses which Banim has left us, the most extravagant contrasts are common. Some of them are exquisitely moulded in structure and language. Some of them sink down to the rank of street ballads; but in all it is obvious that he kept the right principle in view, and laboured to make them as faithful an echo of the national heart as his prose fictions. In the main he succeeded. His "*Soggarth Aroon*"* is perhaps the most Irish ballad in existence. Simple and rugged as it is, it would stir the soul of Ireland more than any song that ever fell from human lips. And this spell is apart from the subject. Its spirit is perhaps too subtile to be analysed; but the truth of the sentiment, the felicity of the language, and the passionate earnestness of the feeling are elements that lie near the surface. "*Scots wha hae*" is not a truer and scarcely a nobler embodyment of a national sentiment.

* See page 68.

Our great living poet,

"The sweetest lyrist of our saddest wrongs,"

did not choose to add this native grace to his other attractions. He sang our wrongs in the language of the wronger. The genius, the incidents, the inspiration are native, but the dialect, the idioms are pure Saxon. The story is the story of Isaac, but the voice is unequivocally the voice of Esau. Possibly it was better for the fame and even for the utility of Moore that this was so. His songs might never have sunk as they did, into the heart of England, if in addition to the sin of patriotism they had been tainted with the vulgarity of mere Irish peculiarities. But the poet has not the gift of tongues, and the language that thrilled the saloons of fashion, would fall tamely on the circle gathered round the farmer's hearth. Moore like Cæsar's illustrious rival, extended his conquests over the nations of the civilized world, while there were still tracts in his native country that had never fallen under the sway of his imperial mind.

Among the recent native poets, whose ballads enrich our collection, the first place indisputably belongs to Clarence Mangan. His name will sound strange to many ears, but there is none

among the literary class in this country to whom it is not dear and estimable. None, we earnestly believe, who can be considered among his rivals who will not cheerfully proclaim his title to the first place. The systematic seclusion of his literary life has robbed him of fame; but it has given him the love of his own order untainted by a single jealousy. Mangan's powers are marked and peculiar. In perception of nature or truth, in force of imagination, in the development of the passions, in pathos, and in humour, many of his cotemporaries equal, some exceed him. But he has not, and perhaps never had, any rival in mastery of the metrical and rhythmical resources of the English tongue. His power over it is something wholly wonderful. His metres (some of them invented, some transplanted from the German) are often as singular and impressive as the wonderful metres of Campbell; but within these formal limits his imagination moves as freely as if they were the ordinary moulds in which thought is cast. And vehement or subdued it is still the same. His war-songs have the swing and the force of a battering ram. His passionate love verses the soft spontaneous flow of a summer wind. Unfortunately, few of his productions fall within our limits. While he

has made German and Oriental poetry* familiar to a large class of readers, he has comparatively seldom chosen to illustrate our native literature. But such translations from the Irish as he has made are so singularly racy and characteristic that we have included them all in the present collection.

Mr. Ferguson's† ballads differ from Mangan's as Scott's poetry differs from Coleridge's. They are not reflective and metaphysical, but romantic or historical. They are not suggestive or didactic, but fired with a living and local interest. They appeal to the imagination and passions, not to the intellect. Their inspiration is external; they are coloured with scenery and costume, and ventilated with the free air of the country. In this respect they are of a class with the old English and Scotch ballads; and with Scott's, Burns', and Southey's, rather than with Schiller's, Wordsworth's, Moore's, or Tennyson's. It seems pro-

* See the papers entitled *Anthologia Germanica* and *Literæ Orientales* in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

† There is perhaps no single writer, who, at his age (fortunately he is still a young man) had done more to serve and honour Ireland than Mr. Ferguson. In addition to his poetry, his Historical Tales which are always graphic and picturesque, and have some scenes of wonderful power; and his essays on the Attractions and Capability of Ireland, published some years ago in the *University Magazine*, have exercised a wide and powerful influence in nationalizing the sentiments and pursuits of the literary and professional classes in this country.

bable that Mr. Ferguson holds ballad poetry to have been vitiated by the excess of reflection over incident. Certainly as it has grown less epic and more didactic, the ballad character has been slowly disappearing, till in Locksley Hall* we have a noble and impulsive poem; but one scarcely more a ballad than Darwin's *Garden* or the *Essay on Man.*

Of some writers of long-established reputation, such as Mr. Carleton, Dr. Anster, and Mr. Lover, it is needless to speak. Others we forbear to notice individually, from obvious motives; for happily we are not gathering this garland chiefly from graves.

It may be observed that we have inserted no ballads from the "*Spirit of the Nation,*" or from "*Hardiman's Minstrelsy.*" We omitted them because they are already familiar to the public, or easily attainable. We have, however, availed ourselves of a few uncollected ballads by the contributors to the former volume, which will be found to belong to the class we chiefly sought. They are Irish in "thought, word, and expression."

Two or three of the rustic ballads will afford fine studies for our young writers. It is from the works of the people themselves, they will catch the truest inspiration in writing for the

* Tennyson's Poems, vol. 2.

people. And these rude ballads, with nearly all the faults of their class, have also a natural, unpremeditated beauty essentially their own.

They are not works of art, but, what is higher and rarer, works of nature. Spontaneous poetry, struck out like sparks in the heat and clash of strange events.

Verses of this class are very rare, and seem to have been produced in single specimens; thrown off in a phrensy of passion of some sort—anger, or love, or jealousy. The number of single songs of wonderful beauty in the Scotch Minstrelsy is remarkable; and something of the same kind, but to a smaller extent, is observable in English ballad poetry. The reason is obvious—they are not the fruits of art, which rears new blossoms at its will; but of strong casual feeling, kindled by circumstances, and possibly never revived.

Here then, and in some scattered songs, we have nearly all that is essentially native in Anglo-Irish poetry. With these, and by intercourse with the people, the student of poetry must imbue his mind with the language and sentiments of the people. If he have a heart for his task, love and zeal will make it easy.*

* Love of his task is an indispensable condition to the success of the artist or poet. Nature is beautiful, *ex-*

Beyond mere students (but including them), these ballads may possibly accomplish another good. Their strength and simplicity may exercise a useful influence on the national taste. The songs of the people run habitually into rant and extravagance; and this fault is not confined to the ignorant—it amounts to a national vice.

The reason is obvious. To a highly sensitive and poetic people, passion or harmony, abstractly from the ideas with which it chances to be associated, is in itself a keen enjoyment. They relish it as a form of power and beauty; and when this taste runs into excess, the wildest nonsense, uttered with vehemence by a speaker, or moulded into harmony by a versifier, obtains popular applause. Hence the radical fault of our poetry and oratory is an excess of "purple words." The ear and the fancy are cultivated, to the neglect of the intellectual perceptions; and the re-

actly in proportion to our affection for her, as the face of his mistress grows upon a lover with deeper and truer beauty, as love grows strong in his heart. That is to say, in another form, as his insight becomes clearer to the latent good; for the beauty in nature, or in his mistress, is *not* created by the imagination, but discovered by the perceptions becoming keener and stronger. Discovered as true and suitable, and *appertaining to nature*, whether or not it exists where we fancy we have detected it. Thus love becomes an instinctive guide to the intellect, and is the main condition necessary to success in intellectual action.

sult is the production and the popularity of rodomontade. The cure for this vice is simplicity or the hardest abstraction; simplicity that will restore or establish a healthy taste; abstraction that will discipline the mind into the habit of stripping and examining the ideas presented to it.

Perhaps half the remedy may be found in ballads like these full of native and simple strength.

English poetry was rescued from the vices of artificiality and feebleness by the publication of the vigorous old English ballads. They infused into it a new soul, full of native fire, and scorched up the flimsy, pretentious conceits which preceded them. The collection of their native ballads was a memorable era in the literary history not only of England but of Scotland. It was the beginning of an age of great achievements. To Bishop Percy's labours England owes in no remote degree some of the most precious writings of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Tennyson and Macaulay. In Scotland the collection of Border Minstrelsy, with its legendary and antiquarian illustrations contains the germs of all Scott's after-writings in verse and prose; and of the happiest efforts of Hogg, Leyden, Motherwell, and Allan Cunningham. To these ballads and to Burns is per-

haps equally owing, that the literature of Scotland is the most national in the world.

In Germany modern ballads accomplished the same end to a profounder extent. When Burger, Goethe, and Schiller taught the native muse to renounce foreign models and become German in spirit and form, an intellectual revolution commenced which has influenced Europe no less widely than the political revolution of France. Many who never heard the name of Goethe, multitudes to whom German is a locked-up treasure, have shared this influence.

Let us hope that our native ballads also will herald the happy coming of a native literature. They are not agents unworthy of such an end. With the Old British Ballads we make no comparison that does not imply their superiority in many respects. It is undoubtedly to their inspiration we owe nearly our entire collection, with the exception of translations. The thought of making ballads was borrowed, as the thought of making coined money was borrrowed; but the gold is native, and the impress of our own nation is distinctly stamped upon each specimen. The world-famous German ballads were suggested by the same models, and if like them *our* ballads frequently exceed the originals in force and variety as they naturally do in artistic effects,

it is all that was possible to accomplish. You cannot manufacture antiques. To us it seems certain that success at home is all they require to take their place permanently among the ballad poetry of Europe.

But they must have this passport to other nations.

No generation of men has grown up with their sad, sweet music sounding in its ears, kindling lofty sentiments in the fresh heart of youth, and keeping manliness and natural piety warm in the breast of manhood. But if this be their mission among the rising generation their success abroad may be as wide as the triumphs of our national music. They may be received, as it is received throughout the world, as the genuine voice of the country; and relieve us from the reproach (which we suffer wherever the English language prevails) of having produced no other native songs than the caricature and nonsense that represent Irish ballad poetry at present.

The Hedge Schoolmasters were the ballad writers of the last generation, and the vices of the class, their pedantry, pretension and grossness are faithfully mirrored in their verses. They are redeemed by one virtue only, a passionate love of country. But it is an ignorant and misleading love; promising impossible events,

and looking outwards to Spain, France, Italy, or Utopia, never inward to the nation itself for hope or succour. The new generation trained by a different class of men, can no more go back to this literary garbage than to Manson and Voster and the chaotic school-books of the last century. The thing is no longer possible. It will be well if it be succeeded in their esteem by poetry that will avoid its vices without falling into new vices of its own.

What poets they shall read and love, is no immaterial question; very much the contrary. Poetry has been named the "sister of religion," a presumptuous title; but it is impossible to deny that it often lies like a quickening compost at the root of faith and morals. Operating on our feelings, the centre of weakness and sensibility, it has us at its will; and must inevitably be a great curse or a great blessing. Sometimes it is a curse; the dramatists and versifiers of the Restoration were panders to the lowest vices; and our own generation has not been without a taint of the same poison. But the *best* poetry of every age purifies and elevates, and is the parent of noble impulses and great achievements. Its influence is of unmixed good; a law within the law; and the narrowest Utilitarian might admit it into his scheme of popular im-

provement as a distinct and powerful element of good.

A great national Teacher would assuredly devise to make the highest poetry familiar to the minds and habits of his people. He would devise to make it an enjoyment in youth that it might become a second conscience in manhood and old age.

> "Blessing be with them—and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
> The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight—by heavenly lays!"

Where it is a common enjoyment, civilization has not much to do. How large an influence the household popularity of Burns in Scotland, and the habitual music of their bold, free songs on the Swiss hills, has had on the national character of both people, it is impossible to say. But only impossible because it is immeasurable. Even among the most cultivated men, and in the most artificial state of society, Poetry is an honoured ally of the Law and the Pulpit. Its special task in such a case, is to keep alive the heroic virtues, and to exorcise the selfish vices of prosperity from the heart. What Wordsworth has done for spirituality in England, the labours of no preacher of his generation can match. The

great poet is a preacher, with an empire for his congregation.

A few words still remain on the mode in which the materials of the present volume were collected, and have been arranged. The task of collecting them was an easy one. Any tolerably furnished Irish library contains all the books (excepting a collection of ballads and some recent periodicals) in which they were found. Another volume of equal size might still be gathered from the same source. We have only sifted, not exhausted the collection.

In preparing the volume for the press, all ballads on Irish subjects written by Englishmen, and all ballads on English or Foreign subjects written by Irishmen, have been omitted. The subjects and the authors are exclusively national.*

Another class entirely excluded are the slang songs imitating supposed Irish peculiarities; peculiarities which Irishmen exhibit upon the stage, but no where else on the surface of the earth. In

* The "Forging of the Anchor," and the "Forester's Complaint," may be considered exceptions to this rule. the subjects being such as more habitually belong to England, a maritime and sylvan country. But they do not *exclusively* belong to England, and there is not the smallest allusion to her in either of them; on the contrary, the author being an Irishman, had, as we unhesitatingly believe, his own country alone in view.

a farce, a lawyer is always a knave, a doctor always a quack, and an Irishman always a professional rake, who talks a conventional jargon interlarded with "my joy" and "my jewel;" speaks of a pistol as a "mighty pretty tool;" kisses every woman, and cudgels or challenges every man he meets. The slang songs are the versified language of this stage Irishman, and bear as much resemblance to the dialect of the peasantry who till our fields, or the squires who possess them, as the stage lawyer does to Mr. Pigot and Mr. Henn, or the stage doctor to Dr. Stokes and Dr. Corrigan. Though these songs have obtained a disgraceful popularity in Ireland, there are none of them in this collection.

In arranging the ballads we have rather contrasted than classified them.

They are placed neither in order of time nor in distinct classes; but rather with a view to suggest variety and comparison; and to afford the greatest amount of enjoyment. If our bardic and our middle-age minstrelsy had become familiar to the country, in the originals, or in adequate translations, the time for classification would have arrived. But we must collect before we discriminate, and we are still in the first stage. When all our stores are gathered and arranged—when we can read the native

songs on the Danish *raids*, on the English Invasion, on the Pale, on the Reformation, on the Penal Laws, on the Jacobite struggles, and compare with them the Scandinavian *skalds*, the poetry and literature, (native or imported,) which flourished inside the Pale, the songs that were sung in the Cromwellian bawns, in the mansions of the Orange squirearchy and in the farm-houses of the Orange yeomanry, we will have insights into the heart of History which a tower-full of state papers would not afford.

Then the classification of our native poetry will become a work of science. Now our materials are so scanty and so incongruous that any digestion of them, with a view to furnishing materials for the philosophy of History, would only issue in a result resembling some of the projected American cities, with their squares of one angle, and their streets of one house.

Wherever they seemed tolerably necessary we have appended notes; plain and short; as often as possible adopting the author's own words. They are nearly always simply illustrative of the text or of the poet's character or position; critical notes from an Editor (who stands in the same relation to his book as a counsel to his client) being generally an impertinence.

Tunes are usually given with the old English

ballads, the custom being to chant them in a kind of monotonous recitative. But most of the ballads in this collection, and the best modern ballads generally, were certainly written to be recited, not sung. The length and structure of the poems, the emphasis and the pauses, are regulated with a view to the elocutionist; not to the minstrel or musician. Wordsworth has expressly said that he desires to have such of his poems as are not essentially lyrical delivered without any accompaniment—in fact, *recited.* And it may be doubted whether the effect of a narrative poem, however short, and of however simple a metre, is not always most perfectly elicited by an impassioned recitation. A sentiment seems best fitted to be sung, a passion to be declaimed, a narrative to be recited.

For the enjoyment of poetry Elocution should become a more general study. No modern ballad can receive its full development without it; and it is so agreeable and graceful an accomplishment that the neglect of it is not easily understood. Since it has replaced music, as the partner of the ballad, it ought to be found in the Drawing-room and in the family circle, where it has intrinsic merit to take rank with our most intellectual enjoyments. Schoolboys and schoolmasters may have sometimes made it contempt-

able; but the hurdy-gurdy does not destroy our enjoyment of music, or ranting our respect for the drama.

However, when a ballad was manifestly intended to be sung, we have carefully inserted the air the writer had in view.

In many of the ballads the names of places and persons are used not in their original and correct forms, but in the common English corruptions of them. As Tyrone, for Tir-Eoghan, Hugh, for Aodh. This is a practice so universal that it would be noticeable nowhere but in productions professedly and essentially native. Here it is clearly a serious defect. We originally intended to expunge these gothicisms, and have the original Irish names inserted on the best accessible authority. But we found the change would in many instances injure the metre by deficient or redundant syllables; and sometimes utterly efface the rhyme. These were irresistible objections.

We need not apologise for making this not a party or sectarian, but strictly a national collection. Whatever could illustrate the character, passions, or opinions of any class of Irishmen, that we gladly adopted. Our business is to know each other. To learn how much is mutually to be loved, that we may love it; how much is mu-

tually to be forgiven, that we may forgive it. Everything contributing to this end ought to be regarded as precious. Some of the Ulster ballads, of a restricted and provincial spirit, having less in common with Ireland than with Scotland; two or three Orange ballads, altogether ferocious or foreign in their tendencies, (preaching murder, or deifying an Alien,) will be no less valuable to the patriot or the poet on this account. They echo faithfully the sentiments of a strong, vehement, and indomitable body of Irishmen, who may come to battle for their country better than ever they battled for their prejudices or their bigotries. At all events, to know what they love and believe is a precious knowledge.

Every household in Scotland, from the peasant-farmer's upwards, as Lockhart proudly assures us, has its copy of Burns, lying side by side with the family bible. The young men, nurtured upon this strong food, go forth to contend with the world; and in every kingdom of the earth they are to be found, filling posts of trust and honour, trustfully and honourably. In Germany every boy—student, apprentice, or peasant—learns the ballads of Schiller and Goethe with his first catechism; and from boyhood to old age they furnish a feast that never palls, and a stimulant that grows stronger with

use. In the Northern countries the national *skalds*, recounting the early triumphs of the Sea-kings (in which their encounters with the Irish Princes form a large and to us unspeakably interesting portion) are still sung or circulated habitually as a section of their permanent literature. In Arragon and Castile the chronicles of the Cid, and the ballads of their long and heroic struggles against the Moor, still feed that noble pride of race, which lifts the Spanish people above the meaner vices, and make them in spirit and conduct a nation of gentlemen.

It would be hasty and presumptuous to assume that our native ballads will ever exercise a corresponding influence. But surely it is greatly to be desired that they should. A people without native poetry, are naked to a multitude of evil influences. Not only do they want the true nursing mother of patriotism and virtue, but their first impressions of literature—the impressions that pursue us through life like our shadows—are liable to be caught from a foreign, a prejudiced, or a poisonous source. A source perilous to their public or their personal virtue.

If they should become popular at all, it will probably be in no limited degree. The intense relish of the Celtic race for poetry of action and

passion;* and their loving pride in whatever is exclusively their own, give the measure of their possible success. And if such rich seed sink into the national mind, it will certainly be to produce a harvest greatly richer and more plentiful. It is models and method alone we require. Among a race so full of sensibility and impulsiveness, so familiar with endurance, unselfishness and courage; who live amid scenes of natural beauty and heroic recollections, and with whom imagination and invention are gifts so common, poetry is already at home; and a great Peasant-Poet may sooner or later be expected to arise who will give voice and form to sentiments and aspirations which are the common property of the entire people.

* "*The Battle of Aughrim*," an historical play, written in the English interest, but with enough of dramatic skill to make the Irish Leaders talk and act naturally is, in lieu of better, a universal favourite with the people. Speeches from it are learned and recited by boys of all classes; but not of all parties; those for which it was written and performed (till its performance was prohibited,) seem to have lost sight of it, or to regard it as a seditious production; the direct reverse being the fact. The author, a student of Trinity College, and a zealous Orangeman, wrote it to glorify English rule in Ireland.

THE

Ballad Poetry of Ireland.

GILLE MACHREE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Author of "The Collegians," &c.

[Gerald Griffin stands in the first rank of Irish novelists. If the natural bent of his genius had not been crossed by weak counsel and baffled hopes, he might have become our greatest native poet. Poetry was his first inspiration, and he loved it to the last; but it was a passion only, it never became an Art to him. While he was still a boy drifting in his boat on the Shannon, and planning a career of great achievements, he had already designed a series of tragedies, to which it is now certain, his powers were fully adequate. But a life of feverish anxieties, of slavish drudgery for London booksellers and London newspapers, of killing uncertainty and disappointments, aggravated by his own anxious and sensitive nature, left him no leisure, for the development of his great designs. After toiling for ten years he retreated from the world, took refuge in the society of Christian Brothers, and devoted himself to works of morality and education, till a fever fell upon him in 1840, of which he died in the prime of his powers. Since his death one of the tragedies designed in his boyhood, and completed among the tumult of his distracting engagements, was produced on the London stage, and pronounced to be "the greatest drama of our times." His poems have been since collected in a volume, and attained to instant popularity. These are but fragments of his projected works. But they afford sure indications that if it had been his fate to live at home, in peace, honour, and enjoyment, his attainment to the first place among our dramatic poets, was easy and certain.]

Gille machree, *
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth 's our own
Our hearts are one
And peace is ours for ever!

* Gile mo chroidhe, *brightener* of my heart.

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;
With care and pain,
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, 'To other lands I 'll roam,
'Where Fate may smile on me, love;
I said, 'Farewell, my own old home!'
And I said, 'Farewell to thee, love!'
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in heaven.
But then, I said, 'In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her!
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends, thus left behind her.'
Sing *Gille machree, &c.*

Oh, no, I said,
My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn, for ever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee though wandering far
A dreary fate be mine, love;
I 'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing *Gille machree*, &c.

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure;
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love;
Sing *Gille machree*
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth 's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY THE HON. MRS. PRICE BLACKWOOD.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride:
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side:
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

Author of "Hibernian Nights' Entertainments," &c.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
We stopped before a cottage door.

"God save all here," my comrade cries,
And rattles on the raised latch-pin;
"God save you kindly," quick replies
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl with soft black eyes;
Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone,
For, all the way to Glenmalure,
Her mother had that morning gone
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
The shame that startled virgins feel,
Could make the generous girl forget
Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us in a beechen bowl,
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme,
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter—it gilds all my rhyme!

And, while we ate the grateful food,
(With weary limbs on bench reclined,)
Considerate and discreet, she stood
Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought—we stood and pledged
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

"The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary—bless those budding charms!
Than your own generous heart, I'm sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms!"

She turned and gazed, unused to hear
Such language in that homely glen;
But, Mary, you have nought to fear,
Though smiled on by two stranger men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
Your virgin pride by word or sign;
Nor need a painful blush disarm
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile;
She stooped, she blushed—she fixed her wheel,—
'Tis all in vain—she can't but smile!

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face—I see it yet—
And though I lived a hundred years
Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure, that, despite her heart,
  Fills all her downcast eyes with light,
The lips reluctantly apart,
  The white teeth struggling into sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek,—
  The rosy cheek that won't be still!—
Oh! who could blame what flatterers speak,
  Did smiles like this reward their skill?

For such another smile, I vow,
  Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
  And walk to Luggelaw again!

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN,

Author of "German Anthology," &c.

[This ballad, which is of a homely cast, was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown, but its age can be determined, from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster, may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, Easy, oh, woman of the three cows! * has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or consequential person.]

O, WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh! don't let your tongue
  thus rattle!
O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have
  cattle.

* Go reiḋ a bhean na ttri mbó.

I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,
And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!
If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
*Movrone!** for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!

O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!

* mo bhrón, my grief.

He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!

Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh!** you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,

* Forsooth.

If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows!

THE FAIRY CHILD.*

BY DR. ANSTER.

Translator of "Faust," &c.

The summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow;

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;

* The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition was among the peasantry, which attributed instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning:

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow!

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

1816.

SIR TURLOUGH, OR THE CHURCH-YARD BRIDE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," &c.

[In the church-yard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county Monaghan, there is said to be a spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place, it watches the person who remains last in the grave-yard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the loiterer be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise to meet in the church-yard on a month from that day; this promise is sealed by a kiss, which communicates a deadly taint to the individual who receives it. It then disappears, and no sooner does the young man, quit the church-yard, than he remembers the history of the spectre—which is well known in the parish—sinks into despair, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty.

Some years ago I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age, who was said to have fallen a victim to it: and it is not more than ten months since a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, however, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the church-yard, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuretic fevers. I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition, or whether it is considered peculiar to other church-yards in Ireland, or elsewhere. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Elle maids of Scandinavia; but I am acquainted with no account of fairies or apparitions in which the sex is said to be changed, except in that of the devil himself. The country people say it is Death.]

THE bride she bound her golden hair—
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danc'd so bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
Her bridal vows of love to plight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
To receive from his Eva her virgin vow;
"Why tarries the bride of my bosom now?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry! a cry!—'twas her maidens spoke,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke;
And the sleep she sleeps will never be broke,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his cheek became like the marble stone—
"Oh, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone!"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen * is loud, it comes again,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
When they flutter'd all mournful in the air,

* The Irish cry, or wailing for the dead; properly written *Caione*, and pronounced as if written keen. Speaking of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the Rev. A. Ross, rector of Dungiven, in his statistical survey of that parish, observes that "however it may offend the judgment or shock our present refinement, its affecting cadences will continue to find admirers wherever what is truly sad and plaintive can be relished or understood." It is also thus noticed in the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry":—

"I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something exceedingly touching in the Irish cry; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circumstances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues. My entrance was a proof of this; for I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos, that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted mournfully, in Irish: but the substance of what they said was as follows:—'Oh, mavourneen! you're lying low this mornin' of sorrow! lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin' over you, weepin' for the days you spent together in your youth! It's yourself, *acushla agus asthore machree*, (the pulse and beloved of my heart) that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other!' They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother—specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbour and a friend."

As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer, *
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And it softly pours, from behind the bier
Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
And names young Turlough's name with woe,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
The fairest corpse among the dead, †
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid;
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Oh! go not yet—not yet away,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
The long-departed seem to say,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the grave-yard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn

† Another expression peculiarly Irish, "What a purty corpse!"—"How well she becomes death!" "You wouldn't meet a purtier corpse of a summer's day!" "She bears the change well!" are all phrases quite common in cases of death among the peasantry.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he who lingereth yet?
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in the bridal grave is set,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Should youth and valour thus despair,
And pour their vows to the empty air?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Such beauty—bright and warm and young—
Was never seen the maids among,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Sparkled in beauty around her face,
That grief from mortal heart might chase,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Thy grief or love can ne'er recal;
She rests beneath that grassy pall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And now that thy plighted love is free,
Give its unbroken pledge to me,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy."

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"To thee," the charmed chief replied,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;
Oh! come, and in Turlough's hall abide,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Again the funeral voice came o'er
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
And streams of mournful music bore,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
One month from hence thou wilt meet me here.
Where lay thy bridal, Eva's bier,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his *banshee's** wail—now far and broken—
Murmur'd "Death," as he gave the token,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy;

"Adieu! adieu!" said this lady bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
And gold for those who will calm his brain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha's pride,
Has pledged his love to the church-yard bride,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech groaned loud, "come tell me this,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* bean ṡiḋe, woman of the hill.

Treating of the superstitions of the Irish, Miss Balfour says, "What rank the *banshee* holds in the scale of spiritual beings, it is not easy to determine; but her favourite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Every family had formerly its banshee, but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by."

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
At eve she weeps her funeral song,
And it floats on the twilight breeze along,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Then the fatal kiss is given;—the last
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Of Turlough's race and name is past,
His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain;
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
And half his lands thou shalt retain,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
With pious shrift his soul releas'd,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The shanachies now are assembled all,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is clos'd, and Green Truagha's pride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Is married to death—and, side by side,
He slumbers now with his church-yard bride,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

SOGGARTH AROON.

BY JOHN BANIM.

Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," &c.

AIR—"*Aileen aroon.*"

[In 1831 John Banim, then in the flower of his reputation, after the success of the *O'Hara Tales*, the *Boyne Water*, and his tragedy of *Damon and Pythias*, published a small volume of national ballads and songs which seem to have attracted literally *no* attention at the time, and very little since. Only one of the ballads, *Soggarth Aroon*, ever emerged from obscurity. Yet the volume contained songs which for fidelity of sentiment and expression to the Irish character, in some of its vehement moods, have no equals. But, it contained also pieces so utterly worthless, that it is difficult to account for their publication by a man of sane judgment. To them, no doubt, was owing the utter failure of the volume. Banim's verses are often loose and careless in metre, and rude in construction, but they abound in natural feeling and natural strength. They are not only of the people but essentially *for* the people. Hence they are by far the best peasant songs we possess, and would move a Wake or a Fair as vehemently as a drawing-room.]

AM I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?*
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,

* Sagart a rún, Priest dear.

Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,—
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to *you!*
Soggarth aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon,
When the could blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen-flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, on the marriage-day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon,

Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my hearth was dim.
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon;
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

Author of "Fairy Legends of Ireland."

The Lord of Dunkerron*—O'Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the Lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 'tis said,
The Lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hush'd to repose,
That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;

* The remains of Dunkerron Castle are distant about a mile from the village of Kenmare, in the county of Kerry. It is recorded to have been built in 1596, by Owen O'Sullivan More (*More* is merely an epithet signifying the *Great*).

Her hair, full of lustre, just floated and fell
O'er her bosom, that heav'd with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he lov'd her—long vainly essay'd
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
And long had he wander'd and watch'd by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit O'Sullivan's bride!

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth;
Then smiled; and, abashed as a maiden might be,
Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
O'Sullivan felt 'twas the dawning of love;
And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
Like the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

The Lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
And sought through the fierce rush of waters, their caves;
The gloom of whose depth studded over with spars,
Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
Entombed in the wonderful womb of the deep?
The pearls and the gems, as if valueless, thrown
To lie 'mid the sea-wrack concealed and unknown.

Down, down went the maid—still the chieftain pursued;
Who flies must be followed ere she can be wooed.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has clasped in his arms!

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading strand,
Whence beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land.
'Twas an isle of enchantment! and lightly the breeze,
With a musical murmur, just crept through the trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly born isle,
Softly faded away, from a magical pile,
A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up—the wild sport of the storm;
Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
It seemed but a region of sunshine and balm.

"Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite!
Yet, loved son of earth! I must from thee away;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey!

"On[illegible]nust I visit the chief of my race,
His s[illegible] to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
In a[illegible]nt I dive to the chambers beneath:
One ca[illegible] can detain me—one only—'tis death!"

They parted in sorrow, with vows true and fond;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns:
The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear—
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear?
What sees he? what change has come over the flood—
What tinges its green with a jetty of blood?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would explain?
That she sought the consent of her monarch in vain!
For see all around him, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath!

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dies of the rainbow no longer are there;
The grottoes with vapour and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past!

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief:
He heard, and he struggled—a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint bears O'Sullivan More!

THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN NORTH AMERICA.

AIR—"*The Woods of Kylinoe.*"

My heart is heavy in my breast—my eyes are full of tears,
My memory is wandering back to long departed years—
To those bright days long, long ago,
When nought I dreamed of sordid care, of worldly woe—
But roved, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Kylinoe.

There, in the spring time of my life, and spring time of the year,
I've watched the snow-drop start from earth, the first young buds appear;
The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet, and the golden primrose blow,
Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Kylinoe!

'Twas there I wooed my Mary Dhuv, and won her for my bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters, and four sons, my age's pride;

Though cruel fortune was our foe,
And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days, we passed near
Kylinoe!

At length by misery bowed to earth, we left our native
strand—
And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy
land;
Though toils we had to undergo,
Yet soon content—and happy peace 'twas ours to know,
And plenty, such as never blessed our hearth near
Kylinoe!

And heaven a blessing has bestowed, more precious far
than wealth,
Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in
health:
Across the threshold when we go,
We see our children's children round us grow,
Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Kylinoe.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that when we are
no more,
Our bones must find a resting place, far, far from Erin's
shore,
For us—no funeral sad and slow—
Within the ancient abbey's burial ground shall go—
No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from
Kylinoe!

Yet, oh! if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of rest,
Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love best,
O'er thy green vales will hover slow,
And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow
On all—but most of all on *thee*, my native Kylinoe!

LN. F.

MARGRÉAD NI CHEALLEADH.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

Translator of "Daly's Jacobite Relics of Ireland."

[This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keeffe, an Outlaw, famous in the traditions of the County of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keeffe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly, (*Mairgread ni Chealleadh,*) tempted by a large reward undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers; but O'Keeffe having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian.* He lived in the time of William III. and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.]

At the dance in the village
Thy white foot was fleetest;
Thy voice mid the concert
Of maidens was sweetest;
The swell of thy white breast
Made rich lovers follow;
And thy raven hair bound them,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid!
Than the ceanabhan* whiter;
And the glow of thy cheek
Than the monadan† brighter:
But Death's chain hath bound thee,
Thine eye 's glazed and hollow
That shone like a Sun-burst,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
Thy melody swelling;
Nor thy beamy eye brighten
The outlaw's dark dwelling;

* A plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton, and as white as snow.

† The monadan is a red berry that is found on wild marshy mountains. It grows on an humble creeping plant.

Or thy soft heaving bosom
My destiny hallow,
When thine arms twine around me,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

The moss couch I brought thee
To-day from the mountain,
Has drank the last drop
Of thy young heart's red fountain,
For this good *skian** beside me
Struck deep and rung hollow
In thy bosom of treason,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls
Thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils
Of the Sassanach maiden:
Such rich silks enrob'd not
The proud dames of Mallow—
Such pure gold they wore not
As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas! that my loved one
Her outlaw would injure—
Alas! that he e'er proved
Her treason's avenger!
That this right hand should make thee
A bed cold and hollow,
When in Death's sleep it laid thee,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh!

And while to this lone cave
My deep grief I'm venting,
The Saxon's keen bandog
My footsteps is scenting:

* Sgian, a knife, pronounced as if written skeen.

But true men await me
Afar in Duhallow.
Farewell, cave of slaughter,
And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

THE FORESTER'S COMPLAINT.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

THROUGH our wild wood-walks here,
Sunbright and shady,
Free as the forest deer
Roams a lone lady:
Far from her castle keep,
Down i' the valley,
Roams she, by dingle deep,
Green holme and alley,
With her sweet presence bright
Gladd'ning my dwelling—
Oh, fair her face of light,
Past the tongue's telling!
Woe was me
E'er to see
Beauty so shining;
Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining!

In our blithe sports' debates
Down by the river,
I, of my merry mates,
Foremost was ever;
Skilfullest with my flute,
Leading the maidens
Heark'ning by moonlight mute,
To its sweet cadence:

Sprightliest i' the dance
  Tripping together—
Such a one was I once
  E'er she came hither!
      Woe was me
      E'er to see
    Beauty so shining;
      Ever since, hourly,
    Have I been pining!

Loud now my comrades laugh
  As I pass by them;
Broadsword and quarter-staff
  No more I ply them:
Coy now the maidens frown
  Wanting their dances;
How can their faces brown
  Win one, who fancies
Even an angel's face
  Dark to be seen would
Be, by the Lily-grace
  Gladd'ning the greenwood!
      Woe was me
      E'er to see
    Beauty so shining,
      Ever since, hourly,
    Have I been pining!

Wolf, by my broken bow
  Idle is lying,
While through the woods I go,
  All the day, sighing,
Tracing her footsteps small
  Through the moss'd cover,
Hiding then, breathless all,
  At the sight of her,

Lest my rude gazing should
From her haunt scare her—
Oh, what a solitude
Wanting her, here were!
Woe was me
E'er to see
Beauty so shining;
Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining!

THE FAIRY BOY.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland," &c.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on the Fairy King:

"Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy;
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby boy?

"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play;
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander, day by day.

"There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy;
On the echoes wildly calling,
To restore my fairy boy.

* When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place. See Dr. Anster's ballad, page 59.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!

"Fare thee well, my child, for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy!"

WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

[The case of William Orr involves one of the most ruthless acts of tyranny that preceded the insurrection of 1798. Orr who was a young Presbyterian farmer of Antrim, and a man of great personal popularity, was tried and convicted in October '97 of administering the United Irish oath to a private soldier, named Whitly. But, on the same day, four of his jury made affidavits stating that whiskey had been introduced into the jury room, and the verdict agreed to under the joint influence of drunkenness and intimidation. Next day Whitly, the crown witness, confessed that his evidence was false or distorted in essential particulars. Under these strange circumstances Orr was reprieved by government; and the reprief twice renewed. But, ultimately, when the nation confidently awaited the commutation of his sentence, *he was ordered for execution.* A storm of indignation followed this arbitrary and merciless decision. The most moderate men were outraged by its injustice; the most timid were stung to resistance by its naked tyranny. Orr died with unshaken courage, exhorting his countrymen "to be true and faithful to each other as he had been true to them." His fortitude increased popular enthusiasm to a passion. He was universally regarded as a martyr to Liberty; and "Remember Orr!" became the most popular and stimulating watch-word of the national party. His death was celebrated in innumerable elegies, of which these noble and affecting verses are the best.]

HERE our murdered brother lies;
Wake him not with women's cries:
Mourn the way that manhood ought;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;
Morals pure and manners kind;
In his head as on a hill,
Virtue plac'd her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
Countrymen UNITE, he cry'd,
And died—for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace, and God of Love,
Let it not thy vengeance move,
Let it not thy lightnings draw;
A Nation guillotin'd by law.

Hapless Nation! rent, and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
Or flung *reward* to human hounds;
Each one pull'd and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight;
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
Make the mad confusion cease;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it SPEAK the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild?
The widow'd mother with her child,
Child new stirring in the womb!
Husband waiting for the tomb!

Angel of this sacred place
Calm her soul and whisper peace,
Cord, or axe, or Guillotin'
Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep;
Watch with us, but do not weep;
Watch with us thro' dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere!—
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
The day is come—arise!—arise!

[Dr. Drennan, the author of this ballad, was one of the ablest writers among the United Irishmen. His *Letters of Orellana* contributed powerfully to enlist Ulster in "the Union." His songs and ballads, which were chiefly directed to the same object, are vigorous and graceful beyond any political poetry of the period. His song commencing "When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood," which fixed upon Ireland the title of "the Emerald Isle," Moore esteems among the most perfect of modern songs. A little volume of his poems was published in 1815, but is now very scarce. In 1794 he was brought to trial for his political principles; but then or throughout a long and honoured life he never abandoned them.]

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

AN ORANGE BALLAD,

BY COLONEL BLACKER.

The night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing fast—
The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry blast;
The thunder clouds are driving athwart the lurid sky—
But, "put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."*

There *was* a day when loyalty was hail'd with honour due,
Our banner the protection wav'd to all the good and true—
And gallant hearts beneath its folds were link'd in honour's tie,
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our powder dry.

When Treason bar'd her bloody arm, and madden'd round the land,
For king, and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready brand;
Our gathering spell was William's name—our word was, "do or die,"
And still we put our trust in God, and kept our powder dry.

But now, alas! a wondrous change has come the nation o'er,
And worth and gallant services remember'd are no more,

* There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words—"put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry."

And, crush'd beneath oppression's weight, in chains of grief we lie—
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Forth starts the spawn of Treason, the 'scap'd of ninety-eight,
To bask in courtly favour, and seize the helm of state—
E'en *they* whose hands are reeking yet with murder's crimson dye—
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarnadin'd the Slaney's silver wave—
They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome gave;
He comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes the Jesuit sly;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

They come, whose counsels wrapp'd the land in foul rebellious flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks unting'd by shame.
Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too, each eye,
And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Pow'r that led his chosen, by pillar'd cloud and flame,
Through parted sea and desert waste, that Pow'r is still the same.

He fails not—He. the loyal hearts that firm on him rely—
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

The Pow'r that nerv'd the stalwart arms of Gideon's chosen few,
The Pow'r that led great William, Boyne's reddening torrent through.—
In his protecting aid confide, and every foe defy—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers thro' the haze.
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour nigh,
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories spread,
But brightest beams its radiance from Donard's lofty head.*
Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "Roden" is the cry—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

Then cheer ye hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark despair
Our banner shall again unfold its glories to the air.
The storm that raves the wildest, the soonest passes by;
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the ready sword,
For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated word.

* Lord Roden resides at the base of Sleive Donard.

These, these the war-cry of our march, our hope the
Lord on high ;
Then put your trust in God my boys, and keep your
powder dry.
1834.

THE RECONCILIATION.

BY JOHN BANIM.

[The facts of this ballad occurred in a little mountain-chapel, in the county of Clare, at the time efforts were made to put an end to faction-fighting among the peasantry.]

The old man he knelt at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take,
And at first his weak voice did falter,
And his feeble limbs did shake ;
For his only brave boy, his glory,
Had been stretch'd at the old man's feet,
A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
By the hand which he now must greet.

And soon the old man stopt speaking,
And rage which had not gone by,
From under his brows came breaking
Up into his enemy's eye—
And now his limbs were not shaking,
But his clench'd hands his bosom cross'd,
And he look'd a fierce wish to be taking
Revenge for the boy he lost !

But the old man he looked around him,
And thought of the place he was in,
And thought of the promise which bound him,
And thought that revenge was sin—

And then, crying tears, like a woman,
"Your hand!" he said—"aye, *that* hand!
And I do forgive you, foeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land!"

THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR.

BY THE RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

[Curran so great a master of poetry in prose, was an indifferent versifier. Like Edmund Burke he would speak a poem but scarcely write one. His failure, however, was not like Burke's, absolute and unqualified; but only a failure relatively to his unrivalled success as an orator. His song of "the Deserter" has always been popular, and suggested one of Byron's most touching minor poems. His other verses are perhaps little known; but they may be studied, as marked and characteristic developments of his mind. They took the same direction as his gravest labours and are equally fired with his master passion, the love of Ireland.]

My mother sighed, the stream of pain
Flowed fast and chilly o'er her brow;
My father prayed, nor prayed in vain;
Sweet Mercy, cast a glance below.
"My husband dear," the sufferer cried,
"My pains are o'er, behold your son."
"Thank heaven, sweet partner," he replied,
"The poor boy's labour's then begun."

Alas! the hapless life she gave,
By fate was doomed to cost her own;
For, soon she found an early grave,
Nor stayed her partner long alone.
They left their orphan here below,
A stranger wild beneath the sun;
This lesson sad to learn from woe,
The poor man's labour's never done.

No parent's hand, with pious care,
My childhood's devious steps to guide;
Or bid my venturous youth beware
The griefs that smote on ev'ry side.
'Twas still a round of changing woe
Woe never ending, still begun,
That taught my bleeding heart to know
The poor man's labour's never done.

Soon dies the faltering voice of fame;
The vow of love's too warm to last;
And friendship! what a faithless dream;
And wealth! how soon thy glare is past.
But sure one hope remains to save,
The longest course must soon be run;
And, in the shelter of the grave,
The poor man's labour must be done.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

Your eyes have the twin stars' light, *ma croidhe*
*Mo cuisle Inghean ban;**
And your swan-like neck is dear to me,
Mo caillin og alain:
And dear is your fairy foot so light,
And your dazzling milk-white hand,
And your hair! it's a thread of the golden light
That was spun in the rainbow's band.

Oh! green be the fields of my native shore,
Where you bloom like a young rose-tree;
Mo varia astore—we meet no more!
But the pulse of my heart's with thee.

* My pulse, my white daughter.

No more may your voice with its silver sound,
Come like music in a dream!
Or your heart's sweet laugh ring merrily round,
Like the gush of the summer's stream.

Oh! *mo varia*, the stately halls are high
Where Erin's splendours shine!
Yet their harps shall swell to the wailing cry
That my heart sends forth to thine.
For an exile's heart is a fountain deep,
Far hid from the gladsome sun—
Where the bosom's yearning ne'er may sleep;
Mo thruaidh! mo chreach! och on!

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.

A JACOBITE RELIC—TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Long they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our land,
Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and banned;
Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand;
But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen,
Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan!

* My pity! my plunder! och one.

Sweet and mild would look her face, O none so sweet
and mild,
Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled;
Woollen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her
child,
If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen
Ny-Houlahan!

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones,
Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless bones!
Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and
groans
We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-
Houlahan!

Let us pray to Him who holds Life's issues in His hands—
Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand
lands;
Girdling them with seas and mountains, rivers deep, and
strands,
To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Hou-
lahan!

He, who over sands and waves led Israël along—
He, who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe
and throng—
He, who stood by Moses, when his foes were fierce and
strong—
May He show forth His might in saving Katha-
leen Ny-Houlahan!*

* Caitilin ni Uallaċain, Catherine Holohan.

RORY O'MOORE.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

[Roger, or Rory O'Moore, is one of the most honoured and stainless names in Irish History. Writers, who concur in nothing else, agree in representing him as a man of the loftiest motives and the most passionate patriotism. In 1640, when Ireland was weakened by defeat and confiscation, and guarded with a jealous care constantly increasing in strictness and severity, O'Moore, then a private gentleman with no resources beyond his intellect and his courage, conceived the vast design of rescuing her from England; and accomplished it. In three years England did not retain a city in the island but Dublin and Drogheda. For eight years her power was barely nominal; the land was possessed and the supreme authority exercised by the Confederation created by O'Moore. History contains no stricter instance of the influence of an individual mind. Before the insurrection broke out, the people had learned to know and expect their Deliverer, and it became a popular proverb and the burden of national songs, that the hope of Ireland was in "God, the Virgin, and Rory O'Moore." It is remarkable, that O'Moore, in whose courage and resources this great insurrection had its birth, was a descendant of the chieftains of Leix, massacred by English troops at Mullaghmast, a century before. But if he took a great revenge, it was a magnanimous one; none of the excesses which stained the first rising in Ulster are charged upon him. On the contrary, when he joined the Northern Army, the excesses ceased and strict discipline was established, as far as it was possible, among men unaccustomed to control, and wild with wrongs and sufferings.]

On the green hills of Ulster the white cross waves high,
And the beacon of war throws its flames to the sky;
Now the taunt and the threat let the coward endure,
Our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore!

Do you ask why the beacon and banner of war
On the mountains of Ulster are seen from afar?
'Tis the signal our rights to regain and secure,
Through God and our Lady and Rory O'Moore.

For the merciless Scots, with their creed and their swords,
With war in their bosoms, and peace in their words,
Have sworn the bright light of our faith to obscure,
But our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore.

Oh! lives there the traitor who'd shrink from the strife—
Who, to add to the length of a forfeited life,
His country, his kindred, his faith would abjure?—
No! we'll strike for our God and for Rory O'Moore!

UNA PHELIMY.

AN ULSTER BALLAD, A. D. 1641.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

[This ballad was intended to illustrate the same period in Irish History as the last, but the author looks at it from a different, and more unfavourable point of view. Together, they furnish another evidence of how infallibly truth sooner or later comes to be recognized.—Two Northern Protestants, writing of a civil war, where the strife lay between their ancestors and the plundered Catholics (fighting for their lands and their lives,) one of them vehemently sympathises with the Insurgents, the other speaks bitterly to be sure, but not uncharitably of the contest.]

"Awaken, Una Phelimy,
"How canst thou slumber so?
"How canst thou dream so quietly
"Through such a night of woe?
"Through such a night of woe," he said,
"How canst thou dreaming lie,
"When the kindred of thy love lie dead,
"And he must fall or fly?"

She rose and to the casement came;
"Oh, William dear, speak low;
"For I should bear my brothers' blame
"Did Hugh or Angus know."
"Did Hugh or Angus know, Una?
"Ah, little dreamest thou
"On what a bloody errand bent
"Are Hugh and Angus now."

"Oh, what has chanced my brothers dear?
"My William, tell me true!
"Our God forbode that what I fear
"Be that they're gone to do!"
"They're gone on bloody work, Una,
"The worst we feared is done;
"They've taken to the knife at last,
"The massacre's begun!

"They came upon us while we slept
"Fast by the sedgy Bann;
"In darkness to our beds they crept,
"And left me not a man!
"Bann rolls my comrades even now
"Through all his pools and fords;
"And their hearts' best blood is warm, Una,
"Upon thy brothers' swords!

"And mine had borne them company,
"Or the good blade I wore,
"Which ne'er left foe in victory
"Or friend in need before;
"In their's as in their fellows' hearts
"Also had dimmed its shine,
"But for these tangling curls, Una,
"And witching eyes of thine!

"I've borne the brand of flight for these,
"For these, the scornful cries
"Of loud insulting enemies;
"But busk thee, love, and rise:
"For Ireland's now no place for us;
"'Tis time to take our flight,
"When neighbour steals on neighbour thus,
"And stabbers strike by night.

"And black and bloody the revenge
"For this dark midnight's sake,
"The kindred of my murdered friends
"On thine and thee will take,
"Unless thou rise and fly betimes,
"Unless thou fly with me,
"Sweet Una, from this land of crimes
"To peace beyond the sea.

"For trustful pillows wait us there,
"And loyal friends beside,
"Where the broad lands of my father are,
"Upon the banks of Clyde;
"In five days hence a ship will be
"Bound for that happy home:
"Till then we'll make our sanctuary
"In sea-cave's sparry dome:
"Then busk thee, Una Phelimy,
"And o'er the waters come!"

* * * *

The midnight moon is wading deep;
The land sends off the gale;
The boat beneath the sheltering steep
Hangs on a seaward sail;
And, leaning o'er the weather-rail,
The lovers hand in hand,
Take their last look of Innisfail;
"Farewell, doomed Ireland!"

"And art thou doomed to discord still?
And shall thy sons ne'er cease
To search and struggle for thine ill,
Ne'er share thy good in peace?

Already do thy mountains feel
  Avenging Heaven's ire?
Hark—hark—this is no thunder peal,
  That was no lighting fire!"

It was no fire from heaven he saw,
  For, far from hill and dell,
O'er GOBBIN's brow the mountain flaw
  Bears musquet-shot and yell,
And shouts of brutal glee, that tell
  A foul and fearful tale;
While over blast and breaker swell
  Thin shrieks and woman's wail.

Now fill they far the upper sky,
  Now down mid air they go,
The frantic scream, the piteous cry,
  The groan of rage and woe;
And wilder in their agony
  And shriller still they grow—
Now cease they, choking suddenly;
  The waves boom on below.

"A bloody and a black revenge!
  Oh, Una, blest are we
Who this sore-troubled land can change
  For peace beyond the sea;
But for the manly hearts and true
  That Antrim still retain,
Or be their banner green or blue,
  For all that there remain,
God grant them quiet freedom too,
  And blithe homes soon again!"

ORANGE AND GREEN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

The night was falling dreary
In merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage weary,
An Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendour
Had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No surrender!"
Arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving
The feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving,
Flew boldly in the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting,
A hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating
The *Battle of the Boyne*.

Ha! tow'rd his cottage hieing,
What form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying,
With blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger!
Though green my colour be,
And in the day of danger
May heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending
Alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending,
An Orangeman I slew.

Hark! hear that fearful warning,
There's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning,
And heav'n prolong your own!"

The Orange heart was melted
In pity to the green;
He heard the tale and felt it,
His very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning,
Though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning,
Or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling
The angry torrent press'd,
A hundred voices swelling,
The Orangeman address'd—
"Arise, arise, and follow
The chase along the plain!
In yonder stony hollow
Your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather
Upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father
Aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the righted stranger,
In covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger
Is gone and past away!

"I had a son—one only,
One loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely,
In that accursed strife.

I pledged my word to save thee
  Until the storm should cease,
I keep the pledge I gave thee—
  Arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed,
  From that unhappy vale;
The father, broken-hearted,
  Lay brooding o'er that tale.
Full twenty summers after
  To silver turned his beard;
And yet the sound of laughter
  From him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary,
  In merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin weary,
  A peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing
  Along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing
  With shouts of "Granua Uile."

Beside the waters, laving
  The feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gaily waving,
  Was spread against the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting,
  Loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating,
  "*Down, Orangemen, lie down.*"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour
  That woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger,
  Rise on the evening air.

Like billows of the ocean,
He sees them hurry on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion,
An Orangeman alone.

"My hair," he said, "is hoary,
And feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story
Would shame your cruel band.
Full twenty years and over
Have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover
Of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted
Your brother of the Green;
When fainting and defeated
I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him,
From vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him,
Though he had kill'd my son."

That aged peasant heard him,
And knew him as he stood,
Remembrance kindly stirr'd him,
And tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure,
He pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure
Of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling,
That old man's tears came down;
Deep memory recalling
That cot and fatal town.

"The hand that would offend thee,
My being first shall end;
I'm living to defend thee,
My saviour and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning,
Address'd the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning,
He told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders,
Their aged foe to greet;
They raised him on their shoulders
And chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger,
From peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger
Did Heav'n remember him.
By joyous crowds attended,
The worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended
Of Orange and of Green.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

[Rev. Charles Wolfe was a native of Dublin, became a minister of the Established Church, and died in the prime of his manhood. Some of his letters, since published, are remarkable for earnestness and depth; but his verses, with the exception of a song gushing with tenderness ("My own friend, my own friend,") are very much inferior to this ballad. Several weak attempts have been made to rob him of the "Burial of Moore," but they were manifest impostures. The original copy in his own MS. lies in the Royal Irish Academy.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;

Not a soldier discharged his farewell-shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

A LAMENT

FOR THE TIRONIAN AND TIRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

[This is an Elegy on the death of the princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterwards dying at Rome, were interred on St. Peter's Hill, in one grave. The poem is the production of O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their exile, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives. As the circumstances connected with the flight of the Northern Earls, which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster Counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state, that it was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, Clerk of the Council, dropped in the Council-chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the Northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthow the government. The charge is now totally disbelieved. As an illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature in itself, we extract the account of the flight as recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, and translated by Mr. O'Donovan:—

"Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbour of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Fedoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus) and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill, namely, his Countess, Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons; Hugh, the Baron, John and Brian; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the Baron; Ferdoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell, namely, Caffer, his brother, with his sister Nuala; Hugh, the Earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old; Rose, daughter of O'Doherty and wife of Caffer, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; his (Rory's) brother son Donnell Oge, son of Donnell, Naghtan son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the Festival of the Holy Cross in Autumn. This was a distinguished company; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble, in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valour, feats of arms, and brave achievements, than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended

the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies."

The Earl of Tyrone, was the illustrious Hugh O'Neill, the Irish leader in the wars against Elizabeth. His life, by Mr. Mitchell, forms a volume in the present series.]

O, Woman of the Piercing Wail,
Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
With sigh and groan,
Would God thou wert among the Gael!
Thou wouldst not then from day to day
Weep thus alone.
'Twere long before, around a grave
In green Tirconnell, one could find
This loneliness;
Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
Companionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegall,
In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
Or Killilee,
Or where the sunny waters fall,
At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
This could not be.
On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears!

O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill;

And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains!

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint*
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen*†
Would cry aloud, and clap their hands,
All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe:
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe!
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

* St. Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—Tr.

† *Caoine*, the funeral-wail.

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude!
They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns,
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed, and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,

But would with shrieks bewail the Slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann* *
Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom!
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears!

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met, thus young,
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the Great!
No marvel this—for all the Dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an *eric* † for his head,
If death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's—

* Song. † A compensation or fine.

Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
Could ill have borne.
If on the day of Ballach-boy
Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
Would soon give place to rueful cries
And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host
Were forced to fly—a day so great
For Ashanee *—
The Chief had been untimely lost,
Our conquering troops should moderate
Their mirthful glee.
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array,
Of mourners to bedew the soil
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate
Compelled his flight from Athenree,
His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate
Would come unasked, and share with thee
Affliction's load!
If Derry's crimson field had seen
His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
A thousand voices of despair
Would echo thine!

* Ballyshannon.

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our Chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dashed with grief!
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood!

Red would have been our warriors' eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No Northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe;
But, had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must, alas! have felt
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
And Erin, once the Great and Free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
And iron thrall!
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside'

For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees
Uplift thy soul to GOD alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.
Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod;
Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to GOD!

And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,
Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land!
Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,
Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn!

THE COURT OF CAHIRASS.

["About a mile from Croom, (says the "History of Limerick," by Fitzgerald and MacGregor) situated on the Maig, is Cahirass House, with its finely wooded park and plantations, belonging to Mr. (now Sir David) Roche, a descendant of the house of Fermoy;" and a note adds, "There was once a chapel of ease here belonging to the Carbery family, whose property it was. The chaplain falling desperately in love with the daughter of Lord Carbery, and being disappointed, hanged himself in the chapel, which soon afterwards went to decay. This unfortunate lover had composed a song beginning with 'At the Court of Cahirass there lives a fair maiden,' which is still recollected by the country people."]

In the Court of Cahirass there dwells a fair lady,
Of beauty the paragon, and she is called Katey;
Her lofty descent, and her stately deportment,
Prove this lovely damsel was for a king's court meant.

There's many a great lord from Dublin has sought her;
But that is not strange for a nobleman's daughter:
Yet if she was poor as the poorest of creatures,
There's no one her rival in figure or features.

On a fine summer's morning, if you saw but this maiden,
By the murmuring Maig, or the green fields she stray'd in;
Or through groves full of song, near that bright flowing river,
You'd think how imperfect the praise that I give her.

In order arranged are her bright flowing tresses,
The thread of the spider their fineness expresses;
And softer her cheek, that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulp of the rushes.

But her bosom of beauty, that the heart which lies under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my wonder;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted.

I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty,
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey;
And a dull voice replied, on the ear of the sleeper,
"Death! death!" in a tone that was deep, and grew deeper.

'Twas an omen to me—'twas an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o'er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me.

O, Katey, dear Katey, disdain not your lover;
From your frowns and your coldness he cannot recover:
For if you but bid him his passion to smother,
How fatal the day when we first met each other.

[I have ventured to omit a verse which I have always considered an interpolation. It contained a ludicrous instance of bathos, certain to interrupt the tender and pathetic sentiment of the ballad. To wit:—

"To the sick and the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends through the whole of the county!"]

MAIRE BHAN ASTOR.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M.R.I.A.

In a valley, far away,
With my Maire bhan astór,
Short would be the summer-day,
Ever loving more and more;

* Which means, "fair Mary my treasure." If we are to write gibberish to enable some of our readers to pronounce this, we must do so thus, *Maur-ya vaun asthore*. Really it is time for the inhabitants of Ireland to learn Irish.

Winter-days would all grow long,
With the light her heart would pour,
With her kisses and her song,
And her loving mait go léor*
Fond is Maire bhan astór,
Fair is Maire bhan astór,
Sweet as ripple on the shore,
Sings my Maire bhan astór.

Oh! her sire is very proud,
And her mother cold as stone;
But her brother bravely vow'd
She should be my bride alone;
For he knew I lov'd her well,
And he knew she lov'd me too,
So he sought their pride to quell,
But 'twas all in vain to sue.
True is Maire bhan astór,
Tried is Maire bhan astór,
Had I wings I'd never soar
From my Maire bhan astór.

There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crop it sows,
Glorious woods and teeming soil,
Where the broad Missouri flows;
Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
From our hearth with mait go léor,
There shall shine the happy eyes
Of my Maire bhan astór.
Mild is Maire bhan astór,
Mine is Maire bhan astór,
Saints will watch about the door
Of my Maire bhan astór.

* Much plenty, or, in abundance.

THE RETURN OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—"*Cailin Deas Cruite na-m-bo.*"

[This ballad is founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II. "Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis, (as I find in an old translation,) "is the variable and ficklo nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."]

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I looked for the lamp which she told me
Should shine when her Pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead!
Ah! would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee *in thought!*
While now—Oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her vallies profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN!
On *theirs* is the SAXON and GUILT.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.*

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glow'd on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

* Griffin's sister entered this pious order, which circumstance probably suggested the poem.

She felt, in her spirit, the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I come"
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onwards she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echo'd the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nail'd by her bed,
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement, that wearies her knees,
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined,
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapour of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain ;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

THE CONVICT OF CLONMELL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN,

Author of the "Recluse of Inchidony," &c.

Is dubac e mo cas.

[Who the hero of this song is, I know not; but convicts, from obvious reasons, have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland.

Hurling, which is mentioned in one of the verses, is a thoroughly national diversion, and is played with intense zeal, by parish against parish, barony against barony, county against county, or even province against province. It is played, not only by the peasant, but by the students of the university, where it is an established pastime. Twiss, the most sweeping calumniator of Ireland, calls it, if I mistake not, the cricket of barbarians: but though fully prepared to pay a just tribute to the elegance of the English game, I own that I think the Irish sport fully as civilized, and much better calculated for the display of vigour and activity. Strutt, in his Sports and Pastimes, (p. 78,) eulogizes the activity of some Irishmen, who played the game about 25 years before the publication of his work, (1801,) at the back of the British Museum, and deduces it from the Roman harpastum. It was played in Cornwall formerly, he adds, but neither the Romans nor Cornishmen used a bat, or, as we call it in Ireland, a hurly. The description Strutt quotes from old Carew is quite graphic.]

How hard is my fortune,
  And vain my repining!
The strong rope of fate
  For this young neck is twining.
My strength is departed;
  My cheek sunk and sallow;
While I languish in chains,
  In the gaol of Clonmala.*

No boy in the village
  Was ever yet milder,
I'd play with a child,
  And my sport would be wilder.

* cluainmeala, Recess, or field of honey.—Irish of Clonmell.

I'd dance without tiring
From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
To the lightning of heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying,
My hurlbat is lying,
Through the boys of the village,
My goal-ball is flying;
My horse 'mong the neighbours
Neglected may fallow,—
While I pine in my chains,
In the gaol of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the patron
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping.
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart, once so gay,
Shall be cold in Clonmala.

[Callanan was educated for the Irish priesthood, but the feebleness of his constitution, and probably an instinctive longing after a literary life, induced him to quit college without taking orders. For some years after, he resided in Cork, his native city, and produced his minor poems in rapid succession. But his health was never re-established; his exciting labours and an eager disposition robbed him of the repose essential to recovery. In 1829 he removed to Lisbon for change of air, died, and was buried in that city. His ballads, translations from the Irish, and other small poems, collected from *Blackwood*, *Bolster's* (Cork) *Magazine*, and similar sources, and the *Recluse of Inchidony*, a long poem in the Spencerean metre, were published the same year; but are since out of print. His exquisite verses on *Gougane Barra* have alone attained to a wide popularity; in the South, however, all his writings are familiarly known. Some of his translations from the Irish preserve the idiomatic peculiarities of the language to a wonderful degree, and are among the most racy and characteristic we possess.]

MARY LE MORE.

BY GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

[Mr. Reynolds was a Leitrim gentleman of moderate property, earnest patriotism, and respectable ability. Between the Era of Independence and the Union he wrote several rough, strong, popular songs in the national interest; one or two of which still hold their ground in the collections. Latterly a claim has been made on his behalf to the authorship of the "Exile of Erin," so strongly sustained by sworn evidence, that nothing but the character of Campbell could resist it.—It is, however, weakened by the fact that none of his acknowledged writings are in the same style or of the same ability.]

As I stray'd o'er the common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose array'd,
I saw a poor maiden whose mental disorder,
Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betrayed.
On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daisies and wild flow'rs abounded;
To its utmost recesses her heart had been wounded;
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still played on her cheek;
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.
While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaimed, "O my Mother!
See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother;
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another—
'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

"Though his locks were as white as the foam of the ocean,
Those wretches shall find that my father is brave;
My father!" she cried, with the wildest emotion,
"Ah! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave!
They have tolled his death-bell, they've laid the turf o'er him;

His white locks were bloody! no aid could restore him;
He is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplore him,
When the blue waves of Erin hide Mary le More."

A lark, from the gold blossom'd furze that grew near her,
Now rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay;
"Hush, hush!" she continued, "the trumpet sounds clearer;
The horsemen approach! Erin's daughters, away!
Ah! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourning—
Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

"Away, bring the ointment, O God! see those gashes!
Alas! my poor brother, come dry the big tear;
Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes;
Already the screech-owl and raven appear.
By day the green grave, that lies under the willow,
With wild flow'rs I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl'd billow,
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus rav'd the poor maniac, in tones more heart-rending
Than sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When, lo! on the waste, and their march tow'rds her bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear;
"O ye fiends!" she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started,
Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted;
With an overcharg'd bosom I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

THE LAMENT OF O'GNIVE.

FROM A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH IN O'CONNOR'S "DISSERTATIONS ON IRISH HISTORY."

BY JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

[FEARFLATHA O'GNIAMH was family *Olamh* or Bard, to the O'Neill of Clanaboy about the year 1556. The Poem of which the following lines are the translation, commences with, "*Ma thruagh mar ataid Goadhil.*"]

How dimm'd is the glory that circled the Gael,
And fall'n the high people of green Innisfail,
The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore,
And the mighty of nations is mighty no more.

Like a bark on the ocean long shattered and tost,
On the land of your fathers at length you are lost,
The hand of the spoiler is stretched on your plains,
And you're doom'd from your cradles to bondage and chains.

O where is the beauty that beam'd on thy brow?
Strong hand in the battle, how weak art thou now!
That heart is now broken that never would quail,
And thy high songs are turned into weeping and wail.

Bright shades of our sires! from your home in the skies
O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes!
Proud spirit of Gollamh* how red is thy cheek,
For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are weak!

O'Neill† of the Hostages; Con‡ whose high name
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,

* Gollamh—A name of Milesius.

† Nial—of the Nine Hostages, the Heroic Monarch of Ireland, in the fourth century—and ancestor of the O'Neill family.

‡ Con Cead Catha—Con of the Hundred Fights, Monarch of the Island in the second century; although the fighter of a hundred battles, he was not the victor of a hundred fields—his valorous rival, Owen, King of Munster, compelled him to a division of the Kingdom.

Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy sleep,
Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep!

In thy broad wing of darkness infold us, O night,
Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light,
For freedom or valour no more canst thou see,
In the home of the Brave, in the isle of the Free.

Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bow'd,
And oppresion hath wrapped all your land in its shroud,
Since first from the Brehons'* pure justice you stray'd,
And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

We know not our country, so strange is her face,
Her sons once her glory are now her disgrace,
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,†
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your cheer,
Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf and the deer?
Can those dark heights, with ramparts all frowning and riven,
Be the hills where your forests wav'd brightly in heaven?

O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears,
To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears,
Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh,
To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

THE IRISH REAPER'S HARVEST HYMN.

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

All hail! Holy Mary, our hope and our joy!
Smile down, blessed Queen! on the poor Irish boy,

* Brehons—The hereditary Judges of the Irish Septs.
† Innisfail—The Island of Destiny, one of the names of Ireland.

Who wanders away from his dear belov'd home;
Oh, Mary! be with me wherever I roam.
Be with me, Oh! Mary,
Forsake me not, Mary,
But guide me, and guard me, wherever I roam.

From the home of my fathers in anguish I go,
To toil for the dark-livered cold-hearted foe,
Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me a slave,
An alien, a savage, all names but a knave,
But, blessed be Mary,
My sweet, Holy Mary,
The *bodagh** he never dare call me a knave.

From my mother's mud sheeling, an outcast I fly,
With a cloud on my heart and a tear in my eye;
Oh! I burn as I think that if *Some One* would say,
"Revenge on your tyrants"—but Mary, I pray
From my soul's depth, Oh! Mary,
And hear me, sweet Mary,
For Union and Peace to old Ireland I pray.

The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,
And more than I ask for or wish for is there,
But *I* must not taste the good things that I see,
"There's nothing but rags and green rushes for me."†
Oh! mild Virgin Mary,
Oh! sweet Mother Mary,
Who keeps my rough hand from red murder but thee?

But sure in the end our dear freedom we'll gain,
And wipe from the Green Flag each Sasanach stain,

* *Bodagh*, a clown, a churl.

† Taken literally from a conversation with a young peasant on his way to reap the harvest in England.

And oh! Holy Mary, your blessing we crave,
Give hearts to the timid, and hands to the brave;
And then, Mother Mary,
Our own blessed Mary,
Light liberty's flame in the hut of the slave.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BY DENNY LANE.

AIR—"*The Foggy Dew.*"

ON Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalia,
And many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the angry Ownabwee;
The morning blast is sweeping fast
Thro' many a leafless tree,
And I 'm alone, for he is gone,
My hawk has flown, *ochone machree.*

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,
Bright shone the sun on Ardnalia,
The dark green trees bent trembling down
To kiss the slumb'ring Ownabwee;
That happy day, 'twas but last May,
'Tis like a dream to me,
When Doinnall swore, ay, o'er and o'er,
We'd part no more, *oh stor machree.*

Soft April show'rs and bright May flow'rs
Will bring the summer back again,
But will they bring me back the hours
I spent with my brave Doinnall then.
'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France
To wear the *fleur de lis;*
But I'll follow you, *ma Doinnall dhu,**
For still I'm true to you, *machree.*

* mo Domnall Dub, My black Daniel.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY GEORGE FOX.

AIR.—"*The County of Mayo.*"

[This specimen of our ancient Irish Literature, is one of the most popular songs of the peasantry of the counties of Mayo and Galway. and is evidently a production of the seventeenth century. The original Irish which is the composition of one Thomas Lavelle, has been published without a translation, by Mr. Hardiman, in his Irish Minstrelsy; but a very able translation of it by Mr. G. Fox, was published in a review of that work in the *University Magazine* for June 1834. From that translation the present version has been slightly altered so as to adapt it to the original melody, which is of very great beauty and pathos, and one which it is desirable to preserve with English words of appropriate simplicity of character:—]

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day, and weeping all the night,
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessed sun, 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise, Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round—
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now; 'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass their buckles by—

But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the hill:
And that Colonel Hugh Mac Grady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

A BALLAD OF '98.

"COME, tell us the name of the rebelly crew,
Who lifted the pike on the Curragh with you;
Come, tell us their treason, and then you'll be free,
Or by heavens you shall swing from the high gallows tree."

"*Alanna! alanna!**the shadow of shame
Has never yet fallen upon one of your name,
And oh! may the food from my bosom you drew,
In your veins turn to poison, if *you* turn untrue.

"The foul words—oh! let them not blacken your tongue,
That would prove to your friends and your country a wrong,
Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread,
With the wrath of the Lord—may they fall on your head!

* a leinb, O child! But better mo leanab, my child!

"I have no one but you in the whole world wide,
Yet false to your pledge you'd ne'er stand at my side;
If a traitor you liv'd, you'd be farther away
From my heart than, if true, you were wrapp'd in the clay.

"Oh! deeper and darker the mourning would be,
For your falsehood so base, than your death proud and free,
Dearer, far dearer than ever to me,
My darling you'll be on the brave gallows tree.

"'Tis holy, agra, from the bravest and best—
Go! go! from my heart, and be join'd with the rest,
Alanna, machree! O, alanna, machree!
Sure a '*stag*'* and a traitor you never will be."

There's no look of a traitor upon the young brow
That's raised to the tempters so haughtily now;
No traitor e'er held up the firm head so high—
No traitor e'er show'd such a proud flashing eye.

On the high gallows tree! on the brave gallows tree!
Where smil'd leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met he;
But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair,
As the heart of the martyr that hangs from it there.

BOUCHELLEEN-BAWN.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AIR—"*Lough Sheeling.*"

[This ballad refers to the abortive scheme of proselytism, commonly known as the "New Reformation."]

AND where are you going, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*,†
From father and mother so early at dawn?

* "Stag," an informer.

† My little fair boy.

Och! rather run idle from evening till dawn,
Than darken *their* threshold, *ma bouchelleen-bawn!*

For there they would tell you, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*,
That the mother whose milk to your heart you have drawn,
And the father who prays for you, evening and dawn,
Can never be heard for you, *bouchelleen-bawn.*

That the faith we have bled for, from father to son,
Since first by a lie our fair valleys were won,
And which oft in the desert, our knees to the sod,
We kept from them all, for our sons and our God—

That this was idolatry, heartless and cold,
And now grown more heartless because it is old;
And for something that's newer they'd ask you to pawn
The creed of your fathers, *ma bouchelleen-bawn!*

And now *will* you go to them, *bouchelleen-bawn*,
From father and mother, so early at dawn?
Och! the cloud from your mind let it never be drawn,
But cross not *their* threshold, *ma bouchelleen-bawn!*

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.*

BY EDWARD WALSH.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin town;
It strays beyond the Southern side
Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn,†

* *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts;* but it figuratively signifies *my nut-brown maid.*

† *Cnoc-maol-Donn—The Brown bare hill.* A lofty mountain between the county of Tipperary and that of Waterford, commanding a glorious prospect of unrivalled scenery.

Where Capa-chuinn* hath woodlands green,
Where Amhan-Mhor's† waters flow,
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno,
Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
Are rich and fair,
With wavy plume, and silken gown,
And stately air;
Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
Can silks thy neck of snow?
Or measur'd pace, thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno,
When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno?

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
That maidens sung—
They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
In Saxon tongue—
O! bring me here that Gaelic dear
Which cursed the Saxon foe,
When thou didst charm my raptur'd ear,
Mo craoibhin cno!
And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

* Cappoquin. A romantically situated town on the Blackwater, in the county of Waterford. The Irish name denotes the *head of the tribe of Conn.*

† *Amhon-mhor—The Great River.* The Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal. The Irish name is uttered in two sounds *Oan-Vore.*

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!
And Lene's green bowers—
I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
And Limerick's towers—
And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
Frown o'er the flood below;
My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craoibhin cno!
With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

SHULE AROON.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

[The date of this ballad is not positively known, but it appears to be early in the eighteenth century, when the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Brigade. The inexpressible tenderness of the air, and the deep feeling and simplicity of the words, have made the ballad a popular favourite, notwithstanding its meagreness and poverty.]

I WOULD I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go de tu mo mhurnin slàn.
Shule, shule, shule aroon,
Shule go succir, agus shule go cuin,
Shule go den durrus agus eligh glum,
Is go de tu mo mhurnin slàn.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go de tu mo mhurnin slàn.
Chorus.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go de tu mo mhurnin slàn.

Chorus.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go de tu mo mhurnin slàn.

Chorus.

But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance,
If he e'er come back 'tis but a chance,
Is go de tu mo mhurnin slàn.

Chorus.

O SAY, MY BROWN DRIMIN.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

A Drimin doan dilis no sioda na mbo.*

[Drimin is the favourite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five kingdoms—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath, into which the island was divided, under the Milesian dynasty.]

O SAY, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line?
Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day,
All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
The cold turf is o'er them—they hear not my cries,
And since Lewis no aid gives, I cannot arise.

* Silk of the cows—an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle, which I have preserved in translating.—TR.

O! where art thou, Lewis? our eyes are on thee—
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea?
In freedom's last strife, if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the King's son, now bereft of his right,
Come proud in his strength for his Country to fight;
Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The Isles of his father, his rights, and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their rout,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
My sons all united, shall bless the glad day
When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chased far away.

THE GRAVE OF MAC CAURA.

BY MRS. DOWNING.

Author of "Scraps from the Mountains."

[At Callan, a pass on an unfrequented road leading from Glanerought (the vale of the Roughty) to Bantry, the country people point out a flat stone by the pathway, which they name as the burial place of Daniel Mac Carthy, who fell there in an engagement with the Fitzgeralds in 1261. The stone still preserves the traces of characters which are, however, illegible. From the scanty records of the period, it would appear, that this battle was no inconsiderable one. The Geraldines were defeated, and their leader, Thomas Fitzgerald, and his son, eighteen barons, fifteen knights, and many others of his adherents, slain. But the honour and advantage of victory were dearly purchased by the exulting natives, owing to the death of their brave and noble chieftain.]

And this is thy grave, MacCaura,
Here by the pathway lone,
Where the thorn blossoms are bending
Over thy mouldered stone.

Alas! for the sons of glory;
Oh! thou of the darkened brow,
And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,
Is it here thou art sleeping now?

Oh! wild is the spot, MacCaura,
In which they have laid thee low—
The field where thy people triumphed
Over a slaughtered foe;
And loud was the banshee's wailing,
And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,
When with bloody hands and burning tears
They buried thee here, MacCaura.

And now thy dwelling is lonely—
King of the rushing horde;
And now thy battles are over—
Chief of the shining sword.
And the rolling thunder echoes
O'er torrent and mountain free,
But alas! and alas! MacCaura,
It will not awaken thee.

Farewell to thy grave, MacCaura,
Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
And the briar and waving fern
Over thy slumbers twine;
Thou, whose gathering summons
Could waken the sleeping glen;
MacCaura! alas for thee and thine,
'Twill never be heard again.

PEGGY BAWN.

[The existence of this ballad is traceable for a century—it is probably much older. It bears strong evidence of having been written in Ulster, where it holds its ground with undiminished popularity to this day.]

As I gae'd o'er the Highland hills,
To a farmer's house I came:
The night being dark, and something wet,
I ventur'd into the same,
Where I was kindly treated,
And a pretty lass I spied,
Who ask'd me if I had a wife?
But marriage I denied.

I courted her the lae lang night,
Till near the dawn of day,
When frankly she to me did say,
"Alang wi' thee I'll gae;
For Ireland is a fine country,
And the Scots to you are kin;
So I will gang along with you,
My fortune to begin."

Day being come and breakfast o'er,
To the parlour I was ta'en;
The gudeman kindly asked me,
If I'd marry his daughter Jane?
"Five hundred merks I'll give her,
Besides a piece of lan';"
But no sooner had he spoke the word,
Than I thought of Peggy Bawn.

"Your offer, sir, is very good,
And I thank you too," said I,

"But I cannot be your son-in-law,
And I'll tell you the reason why?
My business calleth me in haste,
I am the king's servant bound
And I must gang awa' this day,
Straight to Edinburgh town."

Oh, Peggy Bawn, thou art my own,
Thy heart lies in my breast;
And though we at a distance are,
Yet I love thee still the best:
Although we at a distance are,
And the seas between us roar,
Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
To thee for evermore.

A LAMENTATION.

BY J. CLARENCE MANGAN.

[This lamentation is not an Irish ballad but an imitation of Irish ballad poetry. It is translated from the German of Goethe; a strange and suggestive fact, that the greatest intellect of this age, should have been devoted to the study and illustration of our native poetry, while it was neglected at home.]

O! RAISE the woful *Pillalu*,
And let your tears in streams be shed;
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!
The Master's eldest hope is dead!

Ere broke the morning dim and pale,
The owlet flapp'd his heavy wing;
We heard the winds at evening wail,
And now our dirge of death we sing,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Why wouldst thou go? How couldst thou die?
Why hast thou left thy parents dear?
Thy friends, thy kindred far and nigh,
Whose cries, *movrone!* thou dost not hear?
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Thy mother, too!—how could she part
From thee, her darling, fair and sweet,
The heart that throbb'd within her heart,
The pulse, the blood that made it beat?
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Oh! lost to her and all thy race,
Thou sleepest in the House of Death;
She sees no more thy cherub face,
She drinks no more thy violet breath;
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

By strand and road, by field and fen,
The sorrowing clans come thronging all;
From camp and dun, from hill and glen,
They crowd around the castle wall.
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

From East and West, from South and North,
To join the funeral train they hie;
And now the mourners issue forth,
And far they spread the keening cry.
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Then raise the woful *Pillalu*,
And let your tears in streams be shed,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!
The Chieftain's pride, his heir, is dead.

CORMAC AND MARY.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

"She is not dead—she has no grave—
She lives beneath Lough Corrib's water;*
And in the murmur of each wave
Methinks I catch the songs I taught her."

Thus many an evening on the shore
Sat Cormac raving wild and lowly;
Still idly muttering o'er and o'er,
"She lives, detain'd by spells unholy.

"Death claims her not, too fair for earth,
Her spirit lives—alien of heaven;
Nor will it know a second birth
When sinful mortals are forgiven!

"Cold is this rock—the wind comes chill,
And mists the gloomy waters cover;
But oh! her soul is colder still—
To lose her God—to leave her lover!"

The lake was in profound repose,
Yet one white wave came gently curling,
And as it reach'd the shore, arose
Dim figures—banners gay unfurling.

Onward they move, an airy crowd:
Through each thin form a moonlight ray shone;
While spear and helm, in pageant proud,
Appear in liquid undulation.

* In the county of Galway.

Bright barbed steeds curvetting tread
  Their trackless way with antic capers;
And curtain clouds hang overhead,
  Festoon'd by rainbow-colour'd vapours.

And when a breath of air would stir
  That drapery of Heaven's own wreathing,
Light wings of prismy gossamer
  Just moved and sparkled to the breathing.

Nor wanting was the choral song,
  Swelling in silvery chimes of sweetness;
To sound of which this subtile throng
  Advanced in playful grace and fleetness.

With music's strain, all came and went
  Upon poor Cormac's doubting vision;
Now rising in wild merriment,
  Now softly fading in derision.

"Christ, save her soul," he boldly cried;
  And when that blessed name was spoken
Fierce yells and fiendish shrieks replied,
  And vanished all,—the spell was broken

And now on Corrib's lonely shore,
  Freed by his word from power of faëry,
To life, to love, restored once more,
  Young Cormac welcomes back his Mary

THE BLACKBIRD.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

[This ballad is inserted in the Jacobite Relics of Scotland, but it is unquestionably Irish. It is sung to an old Irish air of the same name (*an londubh*, the Blackbird,) and has been in common use all over Munster for a century. But if there were no other evidence, the words are distinctly marked with the faults of early Anglo-Irish poetry —broken metaphors, Irish vowel rhymes, and a hazy indistinctness of conception and expression. It is chiefly valuable for its undoubted antiquity.]

Once on a morning of sweet recreation,
I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,
With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
Aye singing, "My Blackbird for ever is flown!
He's all my heart's treasure, my joy, and my pleasure,
So justly, my love, my heart follows thee;
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
To seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be.

"I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
My heart is so loyal in every degree;
For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind:
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be!
In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,
In England a stranger he seemeth to be;
But his name I'll advance in Ireland or France.
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be.

"The birds of the forest are all met together,
The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.
But since fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,
Hath caused this parting between him and me,
His right I'll proclaim, and who dares me blame?
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be!

LAMENT OF THE EMIGRANT CONNAUGHT-WOMAN FOR HER DEAD SON.

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

TIME—A chilly evening in September, 1844. SCENE—A rude churchyard in a sequestered hamlet in England. The sexton is digging a grave. A coffin lies convenient, and over it hangs an old woman arrayed in the tattered habiliments of her caste. She had accompanied her only son to the "English harvest," and on their return home he was seized with fever and died in an hospital. She sings the *caoine* or dirge over the body.

OH! then, God, has it come to my turn for to see
The day that you took my own Ulick from me?
Did I live to look down in that dark narrow hole,
Where they laid him, the pride and the joy of my soul.
Ulla ochone!
Where they laid down the hope and the light of my soul.

They're taking you, darling! no more shall I see
The flash of your blue eyes, a *suilish machree;* *
Your bed they have made in the cold clammy clay,
And the worms on your brave manly bosom shall prey,
Och, ochone!
The Sasanach worms on your bosom shall prey!

In the land of our fathers where you and I dwelt,
To be sure, cold and hunger we oftentimes felt—
But we had a *home*, and a spot where to lay
Our heads at the close of each sorrowful day,
Och, mavrone!
Indeed, we saw many a sorowful day.

Yet, I never murmured nor flew in God's face—
Tho' my belly was hungry my heart was at peace,

* Light of my heart.

When I saw my own *bouchal* so comely and tall,
The fairest, and bravest, and best of them all—
Och, asthore!
It's you was the beauty and flower of them all.

And often you said, "Mother darling don't cry,
Tho' my corner's a cold one, 'tis your's till you die;"
But the tyrant—curse on him!—looked into our *bawn*,
And drove us like *prehauns* upon the "*shaughrawn*,"
Och, ochone!
May the dark-liver'd "*boddagh*" die on the "*shaughrawn*."

'Twas God's will that done it, and I won't complain,
For you died as you liv'd, like a lamb without stain;
But my blood boils to think you should ask for a grave
From the dark-looking churl who made you a slave,
Chorp-an-dhoul! *
An "alien," an outcast, a wandering slave.

Had you died in your own kindly land in the West,
The mass would be sung and your winding-sheet blest;
And the wild Connaught girls would throng to your bier,
With bright tears and all the fair flowers of the year,
Och, ochone!
With the gems of the heart and the bloom of the year.

But, ah! amongst strangers your white limbs are laid,
You are stretched—bird alone!—in the Sasanach's shade;
But the Sasanach, for you, his bell did not toll,
And no one as much as said, "Peace to your soul,"
Ullah, ochone!
And none but myself said "God's rest to your soul."

* corp don Diabal, His body to the Devil.

Oh, God! if you'd say to me, Granna* *ma sthore,*
Your Ulick is gone where there's rest evermore,
And if you'd come with him, or wish to be nigh
Your own *moc-na-bointha,*† go lie down and die,
Och, mavrone!
With a heart and a half I would lie down and die.

I won't curse the Saxon, I won't curse the clay
Where my *bouchaleen* sleeps, from his own far away;
But I'd lie down in peace, were it God's holy will
We were both stretched together on Knockcarrig hill,
Ullah, ochone!
Where it hangs o'er the Shannon, old Knockcarrig hill.

Farewell now, *mavourneen,* you're gone from my sight,
But I give you to God and the angels of light,
And I'm sure the Blessed Virgin is making for thee
A soft bed in Heaven, a *vourneen machree!*
A chorra machree!
My blessing go with you, a *vourneen machree!*

THE WILD GEESE.‡

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

How solemn sad by Shannon's flood
The blush of morning sun appears!
To men who gave for us their blood,
Ah! what can woman give but tears?
How still the field of battle lies!
No shouts upon the breeze has blown!

* Granna—Grace, or Gertrude, a favourite female name amongst the Connaught peasantry.

† "*Moc-na-bointha,*"—The widow's only son.

‡ The wild geese was the popular name for the recruits of the Irish Brigade.

We heard our dying country's cries,
We sit deserted and alone.
Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
Ogh hone, &c.
Ah! what can woman give but tears?

Why thus collected on the strand
Whom yet the God of mercy saves?
Will ye forsake your native land?
Will you desert your brothers' graves?
Their graves give forth a fearful groan—
Oh! guard your orphans and your wives;
Like us, make Erin's cause your own,
Like us, for her yield up your lives.
Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
Ogh hone, &c.
Like us, for her yield up your lives.

THE DRINAN DHUN.

A STREET BALLAD.

My love he is fairer than a soft summer's day,
And his breath is far sweeter than new-mown hay,
And his hair shines like gold when revived by the sun,
And the name that they give him's the *Drinan Dhun*.*

My boy he is gone to cross over the main,
May God send him safe to his true love again,
For I wander all day, until night-time comes on,
And I sleep on the leaves of the *Drinan Dhun*.

If I had a small cot on the ocean to row,
I would follow my darling wherever he'd go,
I'd rather have my true love for to sport and to play,
Than all the gold treasures on the land and the *say*.

* *Drinan dhun*, literally the sloe tree, metaphorically a small dark complexioned man.

My love he is handsome and fair to be seen,
With his red rosy cheeks he is fit for a queen,
With his two sparkling eyes as bright as the sun,
And he is fair as the blossom of the *Drinan Dhun*.

Impatient I will wait for my love to return,
And for his long absence I will never cease to mourn,
I will join with the small birds when the summer comes on,
For to welcome the blossom of the *Drinan Dhun*.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

[This version of the Boyne Water is in universal use among the Orangemen of Ireland, and is the only one ever sung by them. But that it is not the original song, written a century and a half ago, is perfectly certain. Fragments of the old Boyne Water are still remembered in the North; and Samuel Mac Skimin, the historian of Carrickfergus, had hopes at one time of being able to form a complete copy, from the snatches yet recited among the Orange yeomen of Down and Antrim. We give in an Appendix such fragments as he was able to collect.—The date of the present song is unknown, and it supplanted the original so completely in common use, that inquiries on the subject were not instituted when there was any considerable chance of their being successful. But its plainness, vigour, and minute details, argue it to be of an early date.]

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents, between
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire

Thereat enraged they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces,
And oft did vehemently cry
That they would stop their courses,
A bullet from the Irish came,
And grazed King William's arm,
They thought his majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His King would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retained their rapid motion;
But William said, He don't deserve
The name of Faith's Defender,
Who would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender.

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended;
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William he accosted
His warlike men for to march on,
And he would be the foremost;
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed,
For the loss of one commander,
For God will be our King this day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give the enemies battle ;
Our cannon to our foes' great cost,
Like thund'ring claps did rattle.
In majestic mein our Prince rode o'er ;
His men soon followed after,
With blows and shouts put our foes to the rout
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tried at the Millmount after ;
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders ;
But in the dead time of the night,
They set the fields on fire,
And long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
I'm glad (said he) that none of ye
Seem to be faint hearted ;
So sheathe your swords and rest a while,
In time we'll follow after ;
Those words he uttered with a smile
The day he crossed the water.

Come let us all with heart and voice
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour showed
And made his foe surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give
Both now and ever after;
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William that crossed the water.

THE FAIRY THORN.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

"GET up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel;
For your father 's on the hill, and your mother is asleep:
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air:

And linking hand and hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,

Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty
grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her
knee;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head grey and
dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go,
Oh, never carolled bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maiden's voices, as cowering down they
lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old Whitethorn
between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings
breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping necks so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
Soft o'er their bosom's beating—the only human sound—
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms unfold,
But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain—
They pined away and died within the year and day,
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

THE AVENGER.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

BY JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

Da Ofeascin sen la sin bo seasta bfeic m'intin. *

Oh! Heavens, if that long-wished-for morning I spied,
As high as three kings I'd leap up in my pride;
With transport I'd laugh, and my shout should arise,
As the fire from each mountain blazed bright to the skies.

The Avenger shall lead us right on to the foe;
Our horns should sound out, and our trumpets should blow;
Ten thousand huzzas should ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince was restored, and our fetters were riven.

Oh! Chieftain of Ulster, when will you come forth
And send your strong cry to the winds of the North?
The wrongs of a king call aloud for your steel—
Red stars of the battle—O'Donnell, O'Neill!

Bright house of O'Connor, high offspring of kings,
Up, up, like the eagle, when heavenward he springs!
Oh! break you once more from the Saxon's strong rule,
Lost race of MacMurchad, O'Byrne, and O'Toole.

* Da bfeicin fi an la sin ba sásta beit m'inntinn, If I could but see that day how well pleased would my mind be.

Momonia of Druids—green dwelling of song!—
Where, where are thy minstrels? why sleep they thus
long?
Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before,
MacCarthy—O'Brien—O'Sullivan More?

O come from your hills, like the waves to the shore,
When the storm-girded headlands are mad with the
roar!
Ten thousand huzzas shall ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince is restored, and our fetters are riven.

[The names introduced in this ballad, are amongst those of the principal families in Ireland, some of whom, however, were decided enemies of the Stuarts. The reader cannot fail to observe the strange expectation which the writer entertains of the nature of the Stuart's designs:—They call on him not to come to reinstate himself on the throne of his fathers, but to aid the natives in doing vengeance on "the flint-hearted Saxon." Nothing, however, could be more natural. The Irish Jacobites, (at least the Irish Catholics,) were in the habit of claiming the Stuarts as of the Milesian line, fondly deducing them from Fergus, and the Celts of Ireland. Who the avenger is, whose arrival is prayed for in the song is not accurately known, but circumstances would warrant the date to be 1708, when a general impression prevailed that the field would be taken in favour of the Stuarts, under a commander of more weight and authority than had come forward before, his name having been kept a profound secret.—Tr.]

THE LAMENTATION OF HUGH REYNOLDS.

A STREET BALLAD.

[I copied this ballad from a broad-sheet in the collection of Mr. Davis; but could learn nothing of its date, or the circumstances connected with it. It is clearly recent, however, and founded on the story of an abduction, which terminated differently from the majority of these adventures. The popular sympathy in such cases is generally in favour of the gallant; the impression being that an abduction is never attempted without at least a tacit consent on the part of the girl. Whenever she appears as a willing witness for the prosecution it is said she has been tampered with by her friends; and public indignation, with wilful injustice, falls upon the wrong object. The "Lamentation" was probably written for or by the Ballad singers; but it is the best of its bad class.

The student would do well to compare it with the other Street Ballads in the collection; and with the simple old traditional ballads, such as "Shule Aroon" and "Peggy Bawn," that he may discover, if possible, where the charm lies that recommends strains so rude and naked to the most cultivated minds. These ballads have done what the songs of our greatest lyrical poets have *not* done—delighted both the educated and the ignorant. Whoever hopes for an equally large and contrasted audience must catch their simplicity, directness, and force; or whatever else constitutes their peculiar attraction.]

My name it is Hugh Reynolds, I come of honest parents,
Near Cavan I was born, as plainly you may see;
By loving of a maid, one Catherine Mac Cabe,
My life has been betrayed; she's a dear maid to me.*

The country were bewailing my doleful situation,
But still I'd expectation this maid would set me free;
But, oh! she was ungrateful, her parents proved deceitful,
And though I loved her faithful, she's a dear maid to me.

* "She's a dear maid to me." Perhaps the English reader will require to be told that this is not to be taken in its literal meaning; it is a proverbial expression, implying that he would pay dearly for his acquaintance with her.

Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish nation,
Who hear my lamentation, I hope you'll pray for me;
The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
In the grave I must lie cold; she's a dear maid to me.

For now my glass is run, and the hour it is come,
And I must die for love, and the height of loyalty;
I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
Or take her from her parents; but she's a dear maid to me.

Adieu my loving father, and you my tender mother,
Farewell my dearest brother, who has suffered sore for me;
With irons I'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
By perjury unbounded; she's a dear maid to me.

Now, I can say no more; to the Law-board I must go,
There to take the last farewell of my friends and counterie;
May the Angels, shining bright, receive my soul this night,
And convey me into Heaven to the blessed Trinity.

MOLLY CAREW.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Och hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep that comes into my head,

And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame!
You're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye,
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky,
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
Tho' there's one BURKE, he says, that would call it snublime;
And then for your cheek,
Troth 'twould take him a week,
It's beauties to tell, as he'd rather;
Then your lips! oh, machree!
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago,
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! weirasthru!
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You taze me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me.
Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld cheat
Wouldn't play you your favourite tune.
And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you,
I am, Molly Carew.
While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep,
Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering sowl!
Och hone! weirasthru!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street;
Troth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise
To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
And faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say
"Katty Naile, name the day,"
And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day;

Yet if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is over, I'll marry for spite,
Och hone! weirasthru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

THE CROPPY BOY.

A BALLAD OF '98.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

"Good men and true! in this house who dwell,
To a stranger *bouchal*, I pray you tell
Is the priest at home? or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait, till I go and see
If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—
What a lonely sound has his light foot-fall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins:
"*Nomine Dei*," the youth begins;
At "*mea culpa*" he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all.
I alone am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter day—
At mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country above my King.
Now, Father! bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look above in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse:—
"'Twas a good thought boy, to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float,
The Priest's in one, if he isn't shot—
We hold his house for our Lord the King,
And, amen say I, may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva Barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy Boy.

THE DRUNKARD.

A TALE OF LOW LIFE.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

[Thirty years ago Thomas Furlong was a grocer's boy in one of the back streets of Dublin. By the force of great natural powers, he made his way from sordid obscurity to a wide reputation and a recognised position in literature. He was not, perhaps, a man of genius, but he possessed talents of great vigour and versatility ; and an heroic perseverance. And his success was attained at a time when he had to create a reading public in the country. His most ambitious poems are *The Misanthrope*, and the *Doom of Derenzi ;* his most popular ones the *Plagues of Ireland*, (a satire, in which, though an eager emancipator he ran amuck at Orange Lodges, Catholic agitators, and Bible Societies,) his translations from the Irish in *Hardiman's Minstrelsy*, and his *Tales of Low Life*, of which we subjoin one of wonderful truth, simplicity, and power. In public life his course was earnest and independent; in political literature he was an able, but somewhat unscrupulous, writer. But no man is entitled to a more charitable judgment. His youth was undisciplined and unguided, and he died in his thirty-third year. He lies in the little churchyard of Drumcondra, near Grose the antiquary and Gandon the architect; under a monument erected by his friend James Hardiman; all names dear to Ireland.]

Along Drumcondra road I strolled,
The smoky town was just in sight—
I met a woman, stooped and old,
And she was in a ragged plight.
'Oh! master dear, for sake of heaven,
In pity look on me;
You'll never miss a penny given
Away in charity!
That I'm in want the world may see—
That I am old I'm sure appears;
At Christmas next my age will be
Just eight-and-sixty years.'

'And how did all those years go o'er?
What have you through that time been at?'
'Oh! it would take an hour and more
For me to tell all that.
When I was small, ay, very small,
To service I was sent;

And, by my mother, I was told
Not to be sulky, stiff, or bold;
  But, to whatever place I went,
Still to be ready at a call,
And act obligingly to all.

'Years past, I grew, I worked my way.
  My sweet young mistress on me doated;
She in the kitchen stood one day,
And there she to the cook did say
  That I must be promoted.

'She thought it wrong to have me thrust
  In a dark kitchen under ground,
Exposed to damp, and dirt, and dust,
  When other business could be found.
Heaven be her bed! Soon after this
  My kitchen clothes aside were laid:
Out through the Park, around the town,
And in the squares, all up and down,
I walked, with master and with miss,
  A dressy children's maid.
Oh, then what easy times I had!
My look was gay, my heart was glad.

'Of gowns I had full half a score,
  I thought the stock would never fail;
Nice borders still to each I wore,
With flounces, a yard deep or more,
  All gathering round the tail;
And then I had my big straw bonnet,
  That flapped and fluttered in the wind,
And there were heaps of ribands on it,
  Tied up in knots of every kind:
I was a tidy girl to see,
My mistress took a pride in me.

'One evening I got leave to go,
Under the care of our old cook,
To see the showmen and the show,
And all the tents, at that strange fair
That's known and talked of every where—
The merry fair of Donnybrook:
That fair was then, as it is now,
The place for boozing and a row.

'The cook and I dressed very fine,
And we were to be home at nine.
We went—and heard the merryman,
And Mr. Punch, and Mr. Clown,
And I laughed loud at all they said,
I thought with laughing I'd drop down.
The cook at last to growl began,
She talked of going home to bed:
But she was very, very dry,
And, in good earnest, so was I;
She pointed to a great big tent,
And off we both together went.
We settled near a table's end,
Where she by chance had found a friend;
A sprightly pleasant nice young man—
God rest his soul! 'twas John M'Cann.

'Oh! Heavens be with you, John M'Cann!
It's then you were a neat young man—
I never, never can forget
That pleasant evening when we met:
The cook had known him in her range
Of friends; they talked of some they'd seen,
And I, not willing to seem strange,
Dropped in at times a word between;
And John he listened still to me,

And listened with so sweet a smile—
And his eyes looked so roguishly,
That I kept blushing all the while;
Indeed I felt my cheeks quite hot,
But yet I didn't quit the spot.

'Now how it was I cannot say,
But he a liking took to me,
For, as we moved to go away,
He turned and talked quite seriously,
Up did he get from off his seat,
And, as he stood upon his feet,
By the two hands he held me fast,
And swore, before a month went past,
We man and wife should be;
The cook she laughed—I nothing said,
But tittered, and held down my head.

'And faith! before a month went by,
His words they turned out true.
For man and wife were John and I,
And gay as any other two:
A little gathering I had made,
A little more my mistress gave,
And John a cooper was by trade,
And every week a pound could save;
And at that time, as markets went,
A pound was not so quickly spent.

'A week before our wedding-day,
Poor John a little room had got;
Our friends who saw it used to say
That none could wish a cozier spot:
'Twas two pair front in Aungier-street,
Near where the coachmen have their stand—

Why should I boast?—but, on my life,
There was no struggling tradesman's wife,
  In town or country through the land,
Could show a place so neat;
  For lots of furniture we had,
Nice pictures too for every wall,
  And I was proud, and John was glad,
To hear our taste admired by all:—
And then it was not very dear,
The rent was but five pounds a year.

'Oh! we were both so happy there!
  And we grew happier every day;
Upon my mind there was no care—
  The table for our meals was spread,
  When these were done some book I read,
  Or sat and sewed, as humour led,
  While John at work was far away;
And then some friend that chance might bring
  Sat with me, and we both talked on,
Sometimes of many a foolish thing;
  We prattled till the day was gone,
For I was giddy, young, and wild,
And simple as the simplest child.

'A woman lived next room—her name
  Was Mistress Kitty Donohoe—
When first into the house I came
  I often met her on the stairs,
  But didn't like her showy airs;
  But she was sprightly company,
  And forced her idle chat on me
  For all that I could say or do:
On a child's errand she'd come in,
To get a needle or a pin,
  Or ask what was the day about;

And then she'd fret and blame the weather,—
  And sometimes slyly she'd pull out
A little flask of rum or gin,
  And force me just to take a taste—
  Indeed I always drank in haste,
For still my mind was full of care
Lest John should come and get us there
Tippling away together—
But fond of Mistress Donohoe,
And fonder of the drop I grew.

'Of visiters she had a train—
  Their names 'twould take an hour to tell;
There was Miss Mary-Anne Magrane,
  And Mrs. Young and Mrs. Lawson,
  And Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Dawson;
And Mrs. White, from Stocking-lane—
As good a soul as e'er broke bread;
At least, so Mrs. Lawson said;
  I never knew the lady well,
  But with her came Miss Jenny Bell,
And one whose name has left my head.

'Miss Degan hurried from the Coombe,
  And from the Rock ran Miss Devine—
Sometimes they over-thronged her room,
  And then she showed them into mine:
Off went the bottle to the shop,
For all these 'ladies' loved the drop

'With this gay set quite great I grew,
  And John's poor pound so tight was drawn,
That half the week it wouldn't do,
  And then I took his things to pawn.
Trick followed trick—ill brought on ill—
  I saw not where my guilt began;

Misfortune to misfortune led—
I had some little beauty still;
And, in a weak and wicked hour,
When money over me had power,
I vilely wronged my husband's bed—
Oh! I was false to John M'Cann.

'And this went on twelve years and more;
A fit of illness came at last,
And then my conscience it was sore—
It keenly paid me for the past.
Oh! when that sickness just began,
Indeed I thought I should have died
Poor John brought in a holy man,
Father Fitzhenry was his name,
And this old priest he often came
And prayed at my bed-side;
'Twould do you good his face to see—
He looked all peace and piety.

'To this good priest I told my shame—
I told him of my sinful life;
He called me by my proper name—
A wicked and a worthless wife.
Oh! the sad lesson that he gave!
Why, till I'm rotting in the grave,
I won't—I can't forget what then
He spoke of—but through life again
My thoughts, my wishes, never ran
On any but on John M'Cann.

'I promised before God in heaven
To leave my drinking too:—
I made the promise; but, when given,
I found it would not do.

Oh! sir, I was but up and well,
When to the drop once more I fell!
My husband saw that all was gone,
And let me for a time go on:
Two growing boys were all we had.
And they in dirty rags were clad.
I pawned their clothes—I pawned my own—
I left poor John quite bare at last;
My figure as a show was shown—
(So poor, so naked, I had grown)
'Twas shown as through the streets I passed;
And many laughed this end to see
Of all my former finery.

'John bore as much as man could bear,
But got at last quite tired of me;
And, in mere madness and despair,
He bent his course across the sea:
He took my William in his care,
As good a son as son could be;
For he was brought up to the trade,
And a smart hand he soon was made.

'Good workmen may go any where—
They settled at New York, 'tis said;
But they were not a twelvemonth there
When I got word that both were dead;
I think at first some tears I shed—
A tear or two I might let fall,
But the next *naggin* banished all.

'Poor naked Joe, my other child,
Among the blackguards took his round,
Till one fine morning, in the street,
By great good luck he chanced to meet

A Swaddling dame, all smooth and mild,
And in that dame a friend he found ;
She took him home, and he was taught
To do as tidy servants ought ;
For clothing he was at no cost—
Or food—Oh ! sir, I'd bless that dame—
But that my boy's poor soul is lost ;
For Joe, I tell it to his shame,
At once took to the holy plan—
A prime sly Swaddler he became ;
And he could whine and wheedle so,
The servants called him "Holy Joe ;"
And, as he grew to be a man,
If any mentioned but my name,
I'm told he'd redden at the same ;
And still he shunned me when I'd call :
'Twas hard—but I deserved it all.

'Well ! to the worst at last I went—
I've begged for twenty years and more
Sometimes my heart has felt content,
And sometimes been both sad and sore ;
Master ! I'd be quite happy now,
If I to yonder shop could go :—
I've but this penny left, I vow—
And that won't get the glass, you know.
Do, master dear !'——I paused in vain,
I could not let her ask again.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[In * * * * * * one of the Sullivans of Beerhaven, who went by the name of Morty Oge, fell under the vengeance of the law. He had long been a very popular character in the wild district which he inhabited, and was particularly obnoxious to the local authorities, who had good reason to suspect him of enlisting men for the Irish brigade in the French service, in which it was said he held a captain's commission. Information of his raising these "wild geese," (the name by which such recruits were known,) was given by a Mr. Puxly, on whom, in consequence, O'Sullivan vowed revenge, which he executed by shooting him on Sunday while on his way to church. This called for the interposition of the higher powers, and accordingly a party of military was sent round from Cork to attack O'Sullivan's house. He was daring and well armed; and the house was fortified so that he made an obstinate defence. At last, a confidential servant of his, named Scully, was bribed to wet the powder in the guns and pistols prepared for his defence, which rendered him powerless. He attempted to escape, but while springing over a high wall in the rere of his house, he received a mortal wound in the back. They tied his body to a boat, and dragged it in that manner through the sea from Beerhaven to Cork, where his head was cut off, and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years. Such is the story current among the people about Beerhaven. In the version given of it in the rude chronicle of the local occurrences of Cork, there is no mention made of Scully's perfidy; and perhaps that circumstance might have been added by those to whom O'Sullivan was deemed a hero, in order to save his credit as much as possible. The dirge was composed by his nurse, who has made no sparing use of the peculiar energy of cursing, which the Irish language is by all allowed to possess.

In the following song, Morty, in Irish, Muiertach, or Muircheartach, is a name very common among the old families of Ireland. It signifies *expert at sea.* Og, or Ogie, is *young.* Where a whole district is peopled, in a great measure, by a sept of one name, such distinguishing titles are necessary, and in some cases even supersede the original appellative. I-vera, or Aoi-vera, is the original name of *Beerhaven,* Aoi, or I, signifying an *island.*]

THE sun on Ivera
  No longer shines brightly;
The voice of her music
  No longer is sprightly;
No more to her maidens
  The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling,
  O'Sullivan Bear.

Scully! thou false one,
You basely betray'd him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him!
He fed thee—he clad thee—
You had all could delight thee:
You left him—you sold him—
May heaven requite thee!

Scully! may all kinds
Of evil attend thee!
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee!
May fevers long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee!
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger seize thee!

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him;
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him:
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter,
'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them;
Scully, that sold him,
And soldier that slew him!
One glimpse of heaven's light
May they see never!
May the hearth-stone of hell
Be their best bed for ever!

In the hole, which the vile hands
  Of soldiers had made thee;
Unhonour'd, unshrouded,
  And headless they laid thee.
No sigh to regret thee,
  No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
  No friend to deplore thee!

Dear head of my darling,
  How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee,
  High spiked on their gaol!
That cheek in the summer sun
  Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
  But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
  Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork,
  To Ivera of slaughter:
Since thy billows were dyed
  With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge,
  Our O'Sullivan Bear!

THE FATE OF THE FORTIES.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

An humble peasant's fate I sing; let wealth and power disdain
To praise a poor man's faithfulness, or of his wrongs complain—
But withered be my heart and tongue, when I refuse a strain
To men the victims of the faith that broke a nation's chain.
Hurrah for the valiant Forties*—the men of the olden time.

We all remember, where the stream so gently turns aside
To spare yon hawthorn, grateful for its crown of summer pride,
How snug the sheltered cabin stood, and rain and storm defied,
Shielding a man whose humble trust adored the hand that tried.
A poor, but pious man he was—that man of the olden time.

With ruddy cheeks around his hearth six laughing children stood,
And kindly turned that old man's eye on his own flesh and blood.
His daily labour won for them a home, and clothes, and food—
And, as they broke their daily bread, he taught them Heaven was good,
And bade them eat in thankfulness—good man of the olden time!

* The Forties, *i. e.* the Forty-shilling Freeholders.

But when election time was come, who then too rich or
grand
To crown that humble peasant's floor, to seize his rug-
ged hand,
To ask his vote and interest, and swear like him to
stand,
And peril life and liberty for faith and fatherland?
For he was "a real stanch Forty"—the pride of the
olden time.

But times were changed; the fight was fought; the
struggle overpast,
And lost the power the Forties used so bravely to the
last;
Like broken swords these dauntless men aside were
falsely cast;
That hearth was quenched, that cabin's wall in ruin
strewed the blast:
And where is he,—the Forty—the heart of the olden
time?—

Now sickness grows on want, the hedge a shelter rude
affords,
Poor broken man! his madness raves in Freedom's
thrilling words—
"'Who would be free'—Awake!—Arise!—'We'll cast
away their cords:'
"We're poor, but not in spirit,—we have hearts as big
as lords;
"For are we not the Forties?"—ah! he thinks 'tis
the olden time.

They wept not when the mortal cloud came down upon
that eye;
They wept not when cold death had hushed his children's
hungry cry;

But looked upon the damp bare earth, and to the naked sky,
And muttered—"To the poor it is a blessed thing to die;"
For they, too, had been Forties—the pride of the olden time.

MY CONNOR.

Oh! weary's on money,—and weary's on wealth,
And sure we don't want them while we have our health.
'Twas they tempted Connor over the sea,
And I lost my lover, my Cuirle mo chroidhe.*
Smiling—beguiling—cheering—endearing—
Oh! dearly I lov'd him, and he loved me.
By each other delighted—and fondly united—
My heart's in the grave with my Cuirle mo chroidhe.

My Connor was handsome, good-humoured, and tall;
At hurling and dancing the best of them all.
But when he came courting beneath our old tree,
His voice was like music—my Cuirle mo chroidhe.
Smiling, &c.

So true was his heart and so artless his mind,
He could not think ill of the worst of mankind.
He went bail for his cousin who ran beyond sea,
And all his debts fell on my Cuirle mo chroidhe.
Smiling, &c.

Yet still I told Connor that I'd be his bride,—
In sorrow or death not to stir from his side.
He said he could ne'er bring misfortune on me;
But sure I'd be rich with my Cuirle mo chroidhe.
Smiling, &c.

* Commonly written *Cushla machree*, i. e. "Vein of my heart."

The morning he left us I ne'er will forget;
Not an eye in our village but with crying was wet,
Don't cry any more mo mulligin, said he,
For I will return to my Cuirle mo chroidhe.
Smiling, &c.

Sad as I felt then, hope mixed with my care.
Alas! I have nothing left now but despair.
His ship—it went down in the midst of the sea,
And its wild waves roll over my Cuirle mo chroidhe.

Smiling—beguiling—cheering—endearing—
Oh! dearly I lov'd him and he loved me.
By each other delighted—and fondly united—
My heart's in the grave with my Cuirle mo chroidhe.

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

I'd wed you without herds, without money, or rich array,
And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn grey;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our marriage bed this day!

Oh, fair maid, remember the green hill side,
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide;
Time now has worn me; my locks are turned to grey,
The year is scarce and I am poor, but send me not, love, away!

Oh, deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl,
Oh, think not my birth was as the birth of the churl;
Marry me, and prove me, and say soon you will,
That noble blood is written on my right side still!

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white,
No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight,
But the prety girl that would take me, all bare though I be and lone,
Oh, I'd take her with me kindly to the county Tyrone.

Oh, my girl, I can see 'tis in trouble you are,
And, oh, my girl, I see 'tis your people's reproach you bear:
I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,
And, oh, may no other maiden know such reproach as I!

THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT FOR KING CHARLES.

A JACOBITE RELIC, TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY EDWARD WALSH.

I'LL not reveal my true love's name;
Betimes 'twill swell the voice of fame—
But, O! may heaven, my grief to quell,
Restore the hero safe and well!
My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear,* *
My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear;*
What wringing woes my bosom knows,
Since cross'd the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear!*

His glancing eyes I may compare
To diamond dews on rose-buds rare—

* mażile m'ḟear, my brightness (of my heart) is my husband. The English reader will pronounce the Irish here as if written *ma yilli mar.*

And love and valour brighten o'er
The features of my bosom's store!
My hero brave, &c.

No cuckoo's note by fell or flood,
No hunter's cry through hazel wood,
Nor mist-wrapt valley yields me joy,
Since cross'd the seas my royal boy.
My hero brave, &c.

Oppress'd with grief, I hourly cry,
With bursting heart and tearful eye—
Since we did thee, fair youth, resign
For distant shores, what woes are mine!
My hero brave, &c.

The sun his golden glory shrouds
In mantle sad of sable clouds;
The threat'ning sky of grief portends,
Since through far realms our lion wends!
My hero brave, &c.

That haughty, noble, youthful knight,
Of feature bland—of spirit light—
Strong-handed, swift, in war's wild throng,
To chase to death the brave and strong!
My hero brave, &c.

His wreathed hair, in graceful flow
Of ringlet rare, falls full below
His manly waist, in yellow fold,
Like silken threads of curling gold!
My hero brave, &c.

Like Aongus Oge he bears command,
Or Louis of the trenchant brand,
Or Daire's son, the great Conroy,—
Brave Irish chiefs, my royal boy!
My hero brave, &c.

Or Conall, who strong ramparts won,
Or Fergus, regal Rogia's son,
Or Conor, Ullad's glorious king,
Whom harp-strings praise and poets sing—
My hero brave, &c.

Wake, wake, the wild-harp's wildest sound,
Send sparkling flagons flowing round—
Fill high the wine-cup's tide of joy,—
This health to thee, my royal boy!
My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear,*
My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear;*
What wringing woes my bosom knows,
Since cross'd the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear!*

THE CLAN OF MAC CAURA.*

BY D. F. M'CARTHY.

Oh! bright are the names of the chieftains and sages,
That shine like the stars through the darkness of ages,
Whose deeds are inscribed on the pages of story,
There for ever to live in the sunshine of glory—
Heroes of history, phantoms of fable,
Charlemagne's champions, and Arthur's Round Table—
Oh! but they all a new lustre could borrow
From the glory that hangs round the name of MacCaura!

Thy waves, Manzanares, wash many a shrine,
And proud are the castles that frown o'er the Rhine,

* Mac Carthy—Mac Cartha (the correct way of spelling the name in Roman characters) is pronounced in Irish Mac Caura, the *th* or dotted *t* having, in that language, the soft sound of *h*

And stately the mansions whose pinnacles glance
Through the elms of Old England and vineyards of France;
Many have fallen, and many will fall—
Good men and brave men have dwelt in them all—
But as good and as brave men, in gladness and sorrow,
Have dwelt in the halls of the princely MacCaura!

Montmorency, Medina, unheard was thy rank
By the dark-eyed Iberian and light-hearted Frank,
And your ancestors wandered, obscure and unknown,
By the smooth Guadalquiver and sunny Garonne—
Ere Venice had wedded the sea, or enrolled
The name of a Doge in her proud "Book of Gold;*
When her glory was all to come on like the morrow,
There were chieftains and kings of the clan of MacCaura!

Proud should thy heart beat, descendant of Heber,†
Lofty thy head as the shrines of the Guebre,
Like *them* are the halls of thy forefathers shattered,
Like *their's* is the wealth of thy palaces scattered.
Their fire is extinguished—*your* flag long unfurled—
But how proud were ye both in the dawn of the world!
And should both fade away, oh! what heart would not sorrow
O'er the towers of the Guebre—the name of MacCaura!

What a moment of glory to cherish and dream on,
When far o'er the sea came the ships of Heremon,
With Heber, and Ir, and the Spanish patricians,
To free Inis-Fail from the spells of magicians.

* *Montmorency* and *Medina* are respectively at the head of the French and Spanish nobility.—The first Doge elected in Venice in 709. Voltaire considered the families whose names were inscribed in *The Book of Gold* at the founding of the city as entitled to the first place in European nobility.—*Burke's Commoners*.

† The Mac Carthys trace their origin to Heber Fionn, the eldest son of Milesius, King of Spain, through Oilioll Olium, King of Munster, in the third century.—*Shrines of the Guebre—The Round Towers.*

Oh! reason had these for their quaking and pallor,
For what magic can equal the strong sword of valour?
Better than spells are the axe and the arrow,
When wielded or flung by the hand of MacCaura!*

From that hour a MacCaura had reigned in his pride
O'er Desmond's green valleys and rivers so wide,
From thy waters, Lismore, to the torrents and rills
That are leaping for ever down Brandon's brown hills—
The billows of Bantry, the meadows of Bear,
The wilds of Evaugh, and the groves of Glancare—
From the Shannon's soft shores to the banks of the Barrow—
All owned the proud sway of the princely MacCaura!

In the house of Miodchuart,† by princes surrounded,
How noble his step when the trumpet was sounded,
And his clansmen bore proudly his broad shield before him,
And hung it on high in that bright palace o'er him;
On the left of the monarch the chieftain was seated,
And happy was he whom his proud glances greeted,
'Mid monarchs and chiefs at the great Feis of Tara—
Oh! none was to rival the princely MacCaura!

To the halls of the Red Branch, when conquest was o'er,
The champions their rich spoils of victory bore,‡

* Heremon and Ir were also the sons of Milesius.—The people who were in possession of the country when the Milesians invaded it, were the Tuatha de Dauans, so called, says Keating, "from their skill in necromancy, of whom some were so famous as to be called gods."

† The house of *Miodchuart* was an apartment in the palace of Tara, where the provincial kings met for the dispatch of public business, at the Feis (pronounced as one syllable), or parliament of Tara, which assembled then once in every three years—the ceremony alluded to is described in detail by Keating. See Petrie's "Tara."

‡ The house of the Red Branch was situated in the stately palace of Eamhain (or Emania), in Ulster; here the spoils taken from the foreign foe were hung up, and the chieftains who won them were called Knights of the Red Branch.

And the sword of the Briton, the shield of the Dane,
Flashed bright as the sun on the walls of Eamhain—
There Dathy and Niall bore trophies of war,
From the peaks of the Alps and the waves of the Loire;*
But no knight ever bore from the hills of Ivaragh
The breast-plate or axe of a conquered MacCaura!

In chasing the red deer what step was the fleetest,
In singing the love song what voice was the sweetest—
What breast was the foremost in courting the danger—
What door was the widest to shelter the stranger—†
In friendship the truest, in battle the bravest—
In revel the gayest, in council the gravest—
A hunter to-day and a victor to-morrow?
Oh! who but a chief of the princely MacCaura!

But, oh! proud MacCaura, what anguish to touch on
The one fatal stain of thy princely escutcheon—
In thy story's bright garden the one spot of bleakness—
Through ages of valour the one hour of weakness!
Thou, the heir of a thousand chiefs, sceptred and royal—
Thou, to kneel to the Norman and swear to be loyal!
Oh! a long night of horror, and outrage, and sorrow,
Have we wept for thy treason, base Diarmid MacCaura!

Oh! why, ere you thus to the foreigner pandered,
Did you not bravely call round your Emerald standard,
The chiefs of your house of Lough Lene and Clan Awley
O'Donogh, MacPatrick, O'Driscoll, MacAwley,

* Dathy was killed at the foot of the Alps by lightning, and Niall (his uncle and predecessor), by an arrow fired from the opposite side of the river by one of his own generals as he sat in his tent on the banks of the Loire in France.

† A branch of the Mac Carthy's was called "Rabagh," MAC CARTAIG MABAC, Mac Carthy the swarthy.

O'Sullivan More, from the towers of Dunkerron,
And O'Mahon, the chieftain of green Ardinterran?
As the sling sends the stone, or the bent bow the arrow,
Every chief would have come at the call of MacCaura?

Soon, soon, didst thou pay for that error in woe—*
Thy life to the Butler—thy crown to the foe—
Thy castles dismantled, and strewn on the sod—
And the homes of the weak, and the abbeys of God!
No more in thy halls is the wayfarer fed—
Nor the rich mead sent round, nor the soft heather spread—
Nor the *clarsech's* sweet notes, now in mirth, now in sorrow—
All, all have gone by, but the name of MacCaura!

MacCaura, the pride of thy house is gone by,
But its name cannot fade, and its fame cannot die—
Though the Arigideen, with its silver waves, shine†
Around no green forests or castles of thine—
Though the shrines that you founded no incense doth hallow,
Nor hymns float in peace down the echoing Allo—‡
One treasure thou keepest—one hope for the morrow—
True hearts yet beat of the clan of MacCaura!

* Diarmid Mac Carthy, King of Desmond, and Daniel O'Brien, King of Thomond, were the first of the Irish princes to swear fealty to Henry the Second.

† ‡ The *Arigideen* means the little silver stream, and *Allo* the echoing river—by these rivers and many others in the South of Ireland, castles were erected and monasteries founded by the Mac Carthys.

WILLY GILLILAND.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

Up in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of church and king;
And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell bridge he hath;
So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the death;
For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim Dalzell,
And his smoking rooftree testifies they've done their errand well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land;
Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand;
His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on his head.
A fortune to the man that brings him in, alive or dead!
And so on moor and mountain, from the Lagan to the Bann,
From house to house, and hill to hill, he lurked an outlawed man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer bide,
He staid his houseless wanderings upon the Collon side;
There in a cave all under ground he laired his heathy den,
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill fox then!
With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and stream, by day,
At night, betwixt his fleet greyhound and his bonny mare he lay.

It was a summer evening, and, mellowing and still,
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill;
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see,
From Slemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green;
Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morning grey,
He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer day:
Ah! many a time and oft I've spent the summer day from dawn,
And wondered, when the sunset came, where time and care had gone,
Along the reaches curling fresh, the wimpling pools and streams,
Where he that day his cares forgot in these delightful dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,
And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his brow,
And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,
He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God;
And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
And against a godless church and king he spoke up loud and clear.

And now, upon his homeward way he crossed the Collon high,
And over bush and bank and brae he sent abroad his eye;

But all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple haze,
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the braes—
When suddenly shot up a blaze—from the cave's mouth it came;
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing in the same!

He couched among the heather, and he saw them, as he lay,
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east away;
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer came he,
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins used to be,
And stretched among the prickly coomb his heart's blood smoking round,
From slender nose to breast-bone cleft, lay dead his good greyhound!

"They've slain my dog, the Philistines! they've ta'en my bonny mare!"—
He plunged into the smoky hole; no bonny beast was there—
He groped beneath his burning bed, (it burned him to the bone,)
Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword there was none;
He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a stone,
And in the shadows of the night 'twas thus he made his moan—

"I am a houseless outcast; I have neither bed nor board,
Nor living thing to look upon, nor comfort save the Lord:

Yet was the good Elijah once in worse extremity;
Who succoured him in his distress, He now will succour me,
He now will succour me, I know; and, by His holy name,
I'll make the doers of this deed right dearly rue the same!

"My bonny mare! I've ridden you when Claver'se rode behind,
And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me like the wind;
And, while I have the life you saved, on your sleek flank, I swear,
Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair!
Though sword to wield they've left me none—yet Wallace wight, I wis,
Good battle did on Irvine side wi' waur weapon than this."—

His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it as he spoke,
And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces twain he broke;
The limber top he cast away, with all its gear abroad,
But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of iron shod,
He ground the sharp spear to a point; then pulled his bonnet down,
And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle grey,
And up thine aisle, Saint Nicholas, has ta'en his morning way;

And to the North-Gate sentinel displayeth far and near
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness clear,
Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to view,
Is peering from the ivy green a bonnet of the blue.

The sun shines red on Carrick wall and Carrick Castle old,
And all the western buttresses have changed their grey for gold;
And from thy shrine, Saint Nicholas! the pilgrim of the sky
Hath gone in rich farewell, as fits such royal votary;
But, as his last red glance he takes down past black Slieve-a-true,
He leaveth where he found it first, the bonnet of the blue.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the hill,
Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet still!
And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant show
Prick jeering grooms and burghers blythe, and troopers in a row;
But one has little care for jest, so hard bested is he
To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at last is she!

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a groan,
The iron and the hickory are through and through him gone!

He lies a corpse ; and where he sat, the outlaw sits again,
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur and rein ;
Then some with sword, and some with gun, they ride and run amain ;
But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day they plied in vain !

Ah ! little thought Willy Gilliland, when he on Skerry side
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow after that weary ride,
That where he lay like hunted brute, a caverned outlaw lone,
Broad lands and yeomen tenantry should yet be there his own ;
Yet so it was ; and still from him descendants not a few
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of Freedom too.
1829.

THE DESMOND.*

BY THOMAS MOORE.

By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.

* Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—*Leland*, vol. ii.

Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me,
If I lov'd, I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

O'BRIEN OF ARRA.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M.R.I.A.

AIR—"*The Piper of Blessington.*"

[Arra is a small mountain tract, south of Lough Deargairt, and north of the Camailte (vulgo the Keeper) hills. It was the seat of a branch of the Thomond princes, called the O'Briens of Arra, who hold an important place in the Munster Annals.]

TALL are the towers of O'Kennedy—
Broad are the lands of MacCarha—
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day;
Yet, here's to O'Brien of Arra!
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Clansman and kinsman are coming here
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

See you the mountains look huge at eve—
So is our chieftain in battle—
Welcome he has for the fugitive,
Usquebaugh, fighting, and cattle!
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Gossip and ally are coming here
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

Horses the valleys are tramping on,
Sleek from the Sasanach manger—
Creaghts the hills are encamping on,
Empty the bawns of the stranger!
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Kern and bonaght are coming here
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

He has black silver from Killaloe—
  Ryan and Carroll are neighbours
Nenagh submits with a pillileu—
  Butler is meat for our sabres!
    Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
      Down from the top of Camailte,
    Ryan and Carroll are coming here
      To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

'Tis scarce a week since through Ossory
  Chased he the Baron of Durrow—
Forced him five rivers to cross, or he
  Had died by the sword of Red Murrough!
    Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
      Down from the top of Camailte,
    All the O'Briens are coming here
      To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy—
  Broad are the lands of MacCarha—
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day;
  Yet, here's to O'Brien of Arra!
    Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
      Down from the top of Camailte,
    Clansman and kinsman are coming here
      To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

THE IRISH MOTHER IN THE PENAL DAYS.

BY JOHN BANIM.

Now welcome, welcome, baby-boy, unto a mother's fears,
The pleasure of her sufferings, the rainbow of her tears,
The object of your father's hope, in all he hopes to do,
A future man of his own land, to live him o'er anew!

How fondly on thy little brow a mother's eye would trace,
And in thy little limbs, and in each feature of thy face,
His beauty, worth, and manliness, and every thing that's his,
Except, my boy, the answering mark of where the fetter is!

Oh! many a weary hundred years his sires that fetter wore,
And he has worn it since the day that him his mother bore;
And now, my son, it waits on you, the moment you are born,
The old hereditary badge of suffering and scorn!

Alas, my boy so beautiful!—alas, my love so brave!
And must your gallant Irish limbs still drag it to the grave!
And you, my son, yet have a son, fore-doom'd a slave to be,
Whose mother still must weep o'er him the tears I weep o'er thee!

THE MINSTREL'S WALK.

BY REV. JAMES WILLS, A.M.

Author of "Lives of Illustrious Irishmen."

(To the old Irish air of "Bidh mid a gol sa poga namban.")

Green hills of the west, where I carolled along,
In the May-day of life, with my harp and my song.
Though the winter of time o'er my spirit hath rolled,
And the steps of the minstrel are weary and old;

Though no more by those famous old haunts shall I
stray—
Once the themes of my song, and the guides of my way,
That each had its story, and true-hearted friend—
Before I forget ye, life's journey shall end.

Oh! 'twas joy in the prime of life's morning to go
On the path where Clan Connell once followed Hugh
Roe,
O'er the hill of Ceiscorran, renowned Ballymote,
By the Boyle, or by Newport, all passes of note,
Where the foe their vain armaments haughtily kept;
But the foot of th' avenger went by while they slept—
The hills told no tale—but the night-cloud was red,
And the friends of the Sasanach quaked at their tread.

By the plains of Rath Croghan, fields famous of yore,
Though stronghold and seat of the kingly no more;
By Tulsk and Tomona, hill, valley, and plain,
To grey Ballintubber, O'Connor's domain;
Then ages rolled backward in lengthened array,
In song and old story, the long summer day;
And cloud-like, the glories of Connaught rolled by,
Till they sank in the horrors of grim Athenry!

Through the heaths of Kiltullagh, kind, simple, though
rude,
To Aeluin's bright waters, where Willsborough stood;
Ballinlough then spoke welcome from many a door,
Where smiles lit kind faces that now smile no more:
Then away to the Moyne, o'er the Moors of Mayo,
Still onward, still welcomed by high and by low—
Blake, Burke, and O'Malley, Lynch, Kirwan, and
Browne;
By forest, lake, mountain, through village and town.

And kind were the voices that greeted my way—
'Twas *cead mile failte* at closing of day,

When young hearts beat lightly, and labour was done,
For joy tracked my steps as light follows the sun.
Then tales pleased the hamlet, and news cheered the hall,
And the tune of old times was still welcome to all;
The praise of thy glory, dear Land of the West—
But thy praises are still, and thy kind bosoms rest.

My blessing rest with you, dear friends, though no more
Shall the poor and the weary rejoice at your door;
Though like stars to your homes I have seen you depart,
Still ye live, O ye live, in each vein of my heart!
Still the light of your looks on my darkness is thrown;
Still your voices breathe round me when weary and lone;
Like shades ye come back with each feeling old strain—
But the world shall ne'er look on your equals again.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[The Lake of Gougaune Barra, *i. e.* the hollow, or recess of Saint Finn Barr, in the rugged territory of Ibh-Laoghaire, (the O'Learys' country,) in the west end of the county of Cork, is the parent of the river Lee. Its waters embrace a small but verdant island, of about half an acre in extent, which approaches its eastern shore. The lake, as its name implies, is situate in a deep hollow, surrounded on every side, (save the east, where its superabundant waters are discharged,) by vast and almost perpendicular mountains, whose dark inverted shadows are gloomily reflected in its still waters beneath. The names of those mountains are *Dereen*, (the little oak wood,) where not a tree now remains; *Maolagh*, which signifies a country—a region—a map, perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; *Nad an' uillar*, the Eagle's Nest, and *Faoilte na Gougane*, *i. e.* the cliffs of Gougaune, with its steep and frowning precipices, the home of an hundred echoes.]

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-vallied Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather:
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains;
And glean'd each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,

With the wrongs which like thee to our country has
bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest, be brightest in story.

I too shall be gone;—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

THE BATTLE OF CALLAN.*

A. D. 1261.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

Fitz-Thomas went forth to the slaughter all burning,
And the dame by Tra-leigh waits the robber's returning,
With the deep-lowing *creach*, † with the rich plunder
laden—
The altar's best gold, the rare pearls of the maiden!

* During the administration of William Den, Lord Justice of Ireland, the MacCarties entered Desmond, and by means of an ambuscade, surprised and slew John Fitz-Thomas, ancestor to the Fitz-Geralds, and his son, Maurice, at Glanorought, in this county (Kerry), which defeat so reduced the Fitz-Geralds that none of that name durst put a plough into ground for twelve years, until dissensions arising among the Irish chiefs, the Fitz-Geralds recovered their former authority.—Smith's History of the County of Kerry, p. 235.

† *Creach*—spoils of cattle.

Winding down by the Ruachta his lances were gleaming;
Floating, wild as a meteor, his banners were streaming;
He rode with the spoils of all Desmond around him,
But the wrath of the Gael, in its red vengeance, found him!

More swift than the eagle from Skellig's high eyrie,
Than whirlwinds of Corrin in hostings of Faëry—
Dark as storm o'er Dun-Mor to the ocean-tir'd toiler,
Burst MacCartie's fierce wrath on the path of the spoiler!

O'Sullivan Mor, of the mountain and valley,
O'Connor, the chief of the tall-masted galley,
O'Driscoll, the scourge of the *Sasanach* sailor,
Left Cogan's proud daughter a desolate wailer.*

For him that hath none from the gaunt wolf to save him,
To stanch the wide wound that the fierce clansman gave him,
To weep the lost chief, with his battle-shield riven,
Cloven down by the war-axe, unhousell'd, unshriven!

With the blood of the Rievers, that rode to the foray,
From Maing to Moyalla, the kirtles are gory—
The saffron-dy'd shirts, by the Cashin and Carrow,
Claim thy care at the fountain, fair maiden, to-morrow!

Chant the deeds of the warriors in chivalry vying—
The doom of the Rievers, all prostrate or flying—
The false Saxon's fear—as rejoicing thou lavest
The blood-gouts that burst from the breasts of his bravest!

THE SORROWFUL LAMENTATION OF CALLAGHAN, GREALLY, AND MULLEN,

KILLED AT THE FAIR OF TURLOUGHMORE.

A STREET BALLAD.

[This is a genuine ballad of the people, written and sung among them. The reader will see at once how little resemblance it bears to the *pseudo* Irish songs of the stage; or even to the street ballads manufactured by the ballad singers. It is very touching, and not without a certain unpremeditated grace. The vagueness which leaves entirely untold the story it undertook to recount, is a common characteristic of the Anglo-Irish songs of the people. The circumstance on which it is founded took place two years ago, at the fair of Darrynacloughery, held at Turloughmore. A faction fight having occurred at the fair, the arrest of some of the parties led to an attack on the police—after the attack had abated or ceased, the police fired on the people, wounded several, and killed the three men whose names stand at the head of the ballad. They were indicted for murder and pleaded the order of Mr. Drew, the stipendiary magistrate, which was admitted as a justification. Drew died before the day appointed for his trial.]

Come tell me dearest mother what makes my father stay,
Or what can be the reason that he's so long away?
"Oh! hold your tongue, my darling son, your tears do grieve me sore,
I fear he has been murdered in the fair of Turloughmore."

Come all you tender Christians, I hope you will draw near,
It's of this dreadful murder I mean to let you hear,
Concerning those poor people whose loss we do deplore—
(The Lord have mercy on their souls) that died at Turloughmore.

It is on the First of August, the truth I will declare,
Those people they assembled that day all at the fair;
But little was their notion what evil was in store,
All by the bloody Peelers at the fair of Turloughmore.

Were you to see that dreadful sight it would grieve your heart I know,
To see the comely women and the men all lying low;
God help their tender parents, they will never see them more,
For cruel was their murder at the fair of Turloughmore.

It's for that base blood-thirsty crew, remark the words I say,
The Lord he will reward them against the judgment-day,
The blood they have taken innocent for it they'll suffer sore,
And the treatment that they gave to us that day at Turloughmore.

The morning of their trial as they stood up in the dock,
The words they spoke were feeling, the people round them flock,
"I tell you Judge and Jury, the truth I will declare,
It was Drew that ordered us to fire that evening at the fair."

Now to conclude and finish this sad and doleful fray,
I hope their souls are happy against the judgment-day,
It was little time they got we know, when they fell like new-mowed hay,
May the Lord have mercy on their souls against the judgment-day.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.*

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

The joy-bells are ringing
  In gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing
  Along the sea-side;
The maids are assembling
  With garlands of flowers,
And the harpstrings are trembling
  In all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure!
  Roll trumpet and drum!
'Mid greetings of pleasure
  In splendour they come!
The chancel is ready,
  The portal stands wide
For the lord and the lady,
  The bridegroom and bride.

What years, ere the latter,
  Of earthly delight
The future shall scatter
  O'er them in its flight!
What blissful caresses
  Shall Fortune bestow,
Ere those dark-flowing tresses
  Fall white as the snow!

* See note B in the Appendix.

Before the high altar
  Young Maud stands array'd?
With accents that falter
  Her promise is made—
From father and mother
  For ever to part,
For him and no other
  To treasure her heart.

The words are repeated,
  The bridal is done,
The rite is completed—
  The two, they are one;
The vow, it is spoken
  All pure from the heart,
That must not be broken
  Till life shall depart.

Hark! 'mid the gay clangour
  That compass'd their car,
Loud accents in anger
  Come mingling afar!
The foe's on the border,
  His weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder
  Unguarded are found.

As wakes the good shepherd,
  The watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard
  Is seen in the fold,
So rises already
  The chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady
  Looks fainting and pale.

"Son, husband, and brother,
Arise to the strife,
For the sister and mother,
For children and wife!
O'er hill and o'er hollow,
O'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow!
Let dastards remain!"

Farrah! to the battle!
They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle!
The spears, how they shine!
Soon, soon shall the foeman
His treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman,
To die or to do!

The eve is declining
In lone Malahide,
The maidens are twining
Gay wreaths for the bride;
She marks them unheeding—
Her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding
For her in the war.

Hark! loud from the mountain
'Tis Victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain
It rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated!
He flies to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—
The combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled
The conquerors come—
But why have they muffled
The lance and the drum?
What form do they carry
Aloft on his shield?
And where does he tarry,
The lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning
How gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning,
The star of the day:
Now weep for the lover—
His triumph is sped,
His hope it is over!
The chieftain is dead!

But O for the maiden
Who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen
And rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow
In one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow,
A maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending,
Forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending
The depths of her soul.
True—true, 'twas a story
For ages of pride;
He died in his glory—
But, oh, he *has* died!

The war cloak she raises
All mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes
Upon the cold brow.
That glance may for ever
Unalter'd remain,
But the bridegroom will never
Return it again.

The dead-bells are tolling
In sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling
Along the sea-side;
The crowds, heavy hearted,
Withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed
That brighten'd the scene!

Ev'n yet in that valley,
Though years have roll'd by,
When through the wild sally
The sea-breezes sigh,
The peasant, with sorrow,
Beholds in the shade
The tomb where the morrow
Saw Hussy convey'd.

How scant was the warning,
How briefly reveal'd,
Before on that morning
Death's chalice was fill'd!
The hero who drunk it
There moulders in gloom,
And the form of Maud Plunket
Weeps over his tomb.

The stranger who wanders
Along the lone vale
Still sighs while he ponders
On that heavy tale:
"Thus passes each pleasure
That earth can supply—
Thus joy has its measure—
We live but to die!"

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

A PLENTEOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear;
Uileacan dubh O!
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths, in summer, are by falling waters fanned,
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringletted, and plaited to the knee,
Uileacan dubh O!
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish sea;
Uileacan dubh O!
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,

Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground;
Uileacan dubh O!
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,
Uileacan dubh O!
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.
1834.

THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M.R.I.A.

Bright red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin,
A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like grey morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

But who down the hill side than red deer runs fleeter?
And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness—
He has told his hard fortune, nor more he can stay,
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finae.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;
He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finae.

He fought at Cremona—she hears of his story;
He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory,
Yet sadly she sings "Shule Aroon" all the day,
"Oh, come, come, my darling, come home to Finae."

Eight long years have pass'd, till she's nigh broken-hearted,
Her "reel," and her "rock," and her "flax" she has parted;
She sails with the "Wild Geese" to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging—
Before him, the Sasanach squadrons enlarging—
Behind him the Cravats their sections display—
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying,
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array;
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finae.

* * * * *

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying;
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray;
This nun is poor Eily, the flower of Finae.

WHEN THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

SINCE this old cap was new,
Now fifty-two long years;
(It was new at the review
Of the Dublin volunteers;)
There have been brought to pass
With us a change or two,
They're altered times, alas!
Since this old cap was new.

Our parliament did sit
Then in our native land,
What good came of the loss of it
I cannot understand;
Although full plain I see,
That changes not a few
Have fallen on the country
Since this old cap was new.

They are very worthy fellows
(And much I'd be distressed
To think them else,) who tell us
That all is for the best;
Though full as ill inclined,
Now the bargain's closed, to rue,
Yet I can't but call the times to mind
When this old cap was new.

What rights we wanted then
Were asked for above board,
By a hundred thousand gentlemen,
And rendered at the word

'Twas thus in fair day-light,
With all the world to view,
We claimed, and gained our right
When this old cap was new!

But patriots now-a-days,
And state reformers, when
A starving people's cry they raise,
Turn out like trenchermen.
Ah! we'd have done the work,
If it had been to do,
With other tool than spoon or fork
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of the country
Were then our neighbours near,
And 'mong us squires and gentry
Made always jolly cheer!
Ah! every night, at some one's
Or other's, was a crew
Of merry lords and commons,
When this old cap was new.

They're altered times entirely,
As plainly now appears;
Our landlord's face we barely see
Past once in seven years.
And now the man meets scorn
As his coat is green or blue;
We had no need our coats to turn,
When this old cap was new.

Good counsel to propose
I have but little skill;
Yet ere a vain lament I close,
In humble trust, I will

Beseech for all His aid,
Who knows what all should do;
And pray, as I have often prayed,
When this old cap was new.

1830.

A MUNSTER KEEN.*

BY EDWARD WALSH.

On Monday morning, the flowers were gaily springing,
The skylark's hymn in middle air was singing,
When, grief of griefs! my wedded husband left me,
And since that hour of hope and health bereft me.
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c. †

Above the board, where thou art low reclining,
Have parish priests and horsemen high been dining,
And wine and usquebaugh, while they were able,
They quaffed with thee—the soul of all the table.
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

Why didst thou die? Could wedded wife adore thee
With purer love than that my bosom bore thee?
Thy children's cheeks were peaches ripe and mellow,
And threads of gold, their tresses long and yellow.
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

In vain for me are pregnant heifers lowing;
In vain for me are yellow harvests growing;

* Properly *Caione.*

† The keener alone sings the extempore death-song; the burden of the ullagone, or chorus, is taken up by all the females present.

Or thy nine gifts of love in beauty blooming—
Tears blind my eyes, and grief my heart's consuming!
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

Pity her plaints whose wailing voice is broken,
Whose finger holds our early wedding token,
The torrents of whose tears have drain'd their fountain,
Whose piled-up grief on grief is past recounting.
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

I still might hope, did I not thus behold thee,
That high Knockferin's airy peak might hold thee,
Or Crohan's fairy halls, or Corrin's towers,
Or Lene's bright caves, or Cleana's magic bowers.*
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

But, O! my black despair! when thou wert dying
O'er thee no tear was wept, no heart was sighing—
No breath of prayer did waft thy soul to glory;
But lonely thou didst lie, and maim'd and gory!
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

O! may your dove-like soul, on whitest pinions,
Pursue her upward flight to God's dominions,
Where saints' and martyrs' hands shall gifts provide thee—
And, O! my grief, that I am not beside thee!
Ulla gulla, gulla g'one! &c., &c.

* Places celebrated in fairy topography.

EMMELINE TALBOT.

A BALLAD OF THE PALE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M.R.I.A.

[The Scene is on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow.]

'Twas a September day—
In Glenismole,
Emmeline Talbot lay
On a green knoll.
She was a lovely thing,
Fleet as a falcon's wing,
Only fifteen that spring—
Soft was her soul.

Danger and dreamless sleep
Much did she scorn,
And from her father's keep
Stole out that morn,
Towards Glenismole she hies,
Sweetly the valley lies,
Winning the enterprise,
No one to warn.

Till by the noon, at length,
High in the vale,
Emmeline found her strength
Suddenly fail.
Panting, yet pleasantly,
By Dodder-side lay she—
Thrushes sang merrily,
"Hail, sister, hail!"

Hazel and copse of oak
Made a sweet lawn,
Out from the thicket broke
Rabbit and fawn.
Green were the eskers round,
Sweet was the river's sound,
Eastwards flat Cruagh frowned,
South lay Sliève Bân.

Looking round Barnakeel,
Like a tall Moor
Full of impassioned zeal,
Peep'd brown Kippure,
Dublin in feudal pride,
And many a hold beside,
Over Fingal preside—
Sentinels sure!

Is that a roebuck's eye
Glares from the green?—
Is that a thrush's cry
Rings in the screen?
Mountaineers round her sprung,
Savage their speech and tongue,
Fierce was their chief and young—
Poor Emmeline!

"Hurrah, 'tis Talbot's child,
Shouted the kern,
"Off to the mountains wild,
Farrah O'Byrne!"
Like a bird in a net,
Strove the sweet maiden yet,
Praying and shrieking, "Let—
Let me return."

After a moment's doubt,
Forward he sprung,
With his sword flashing out—
Wrath on his tongue.
"Touch not a hair of her's—
Dies he, who finger stirs,"
Back fell his foragers—
To him she clung.

Soothing the maiden's fears,
Kneeling was he,
When burst old Talbot's spears
Out on the lea.
March-men, all stanch and stout,
Shouting their Belgard shout—
"Down with the Irish rout,
Prets d'accomplir."*

Taken thus unawares,
Some fled amain—
Fighting like forest bears,
Others were slain.
To the chief clung the maid—
How could he use his blade?—
That night, upon him weighed
Fetter and chain.

Oh! but that night was long,
Lying forlorn,
Since, 'mid the wassail song,
These words were borne—
"Nathless your tears and cries,
Sure as the sun shall rise,
Connor O'Byrne dies,
Talbot has sworn."

* The motto and cry of the Talbots.

Brightly on Tallaght hill
  Flashes the sun ;
Strained at his window-sill,
  How his eyes run
From lonely Saggart Slade
Down to Tibraden glade,
Landmarks of border raid,
  Many a one.

Too well the captive knows
  Belgard's main wall
Will, to his naked blows,
  Shiver and fall,
Ere in his mountain hold
He shall again behold
Those whose proud hearts are cold,
  Weeping his thrall.

" Oh ! for a mountain side.
  Bucklers and brands,
Freely I could have died
  Heading my bands,
But on a felon tree"—
Bearing a fetter key,
By him all silently
  Emmeline stands.

* * * *

Late rose the Castellan,
  He had drunk deep,
Warder and serving-man
  Still were asleep,
Wide is the castle-gate,
Open the captive's grate,
Fetters disconsolate
  Flung in a heap.

* * * *

'Tis an October day,
Close by Loch Dan
Many a creaght lay,
Many a man.
'Mongst them, in gallant mien,
Connor O'Byrne's seen
Wedded to Emmeline,
Girt by his clan!

IRISH MOLLY.

A STREET BALLAD.

Oh! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town,
And like a ghost that cannot rest still wanders up and down?
A poor unhappy Scottish youth;—if more you wish to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O!

She's modest, mild, and beautiful, the fairest I have known—
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland, for wheresoe'er I go,
The only one entices me is Irish Molly O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore,
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never see her more.
He sent for young Mac Donald, and he plainly told him so—
"I'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, &c.

Mac Donald heard the heavy news—and grievously did say—
"Farewell, my lovely Molly—since I'm banished far away,
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!
She's modest, &c.

"There is a rose in Ireland—I thought it would be mine;
But now that she is lost to me, I must for ever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I'll go;
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!
She's modest, &c.

"And now that I am dying—this one request I crave,
To place a marble tomb-stone above my humble grave;
And on the stone these simple words I'd have engraven so—
Mac Donald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, &c.

"THE BRIGADE" AT FONTENOY,

11TH MAY, 1745.

By our camp fires rose a murmur,
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of the fray;

And as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths,
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
Our footmen to array—
The willing steed has bounded,
Impatient for the fray—
The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy—
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
To-day at Fontenoy."

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred,
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high
To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—
'Tis a voice from our own land—
God of battles—God of vengeance,
Guide to-day the patriot's brand;
There are stains to wash away—
There are memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks—
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks—

Now shall their serried columns
  Beneath our sabres reel—
Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse—
  Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis,
  And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,
  We swept upon their line—
Then rang along the battle-field
  Triumphant our hurrah,
And we smote them down, still cheering
  "*Erin, slanthagal go bragh.*" *

As prized as is the blessing
  From an aged father's lip—
As welcome as the haven
  To the tempest-driven ship—
As dear as to the lover
  The smile of gentle maid—
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
  To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
  A broken, routed line—
See, England, what brave laurels
  For your brow to-day we twine.
Oh, thrice blessed the hour that witnessed
  The Briton turn to flee
From the chivalry of Erin,
  And France's "*fleur de lis.*"

As we lay beside our camp fires,
  When the sun had passed away,

* eirinn (do) sláinte geal go braṫ, Erin (your) bright health for ever.

And thought upon our brethren
That had perished in the fray—
We prayed to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land
Like this of Fontenoy.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—tho' on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play thro' the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare—
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before
the foe.
As, quivering thro' his fleece of flame, the sailing mon-
ster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang,
bang the sledges go:
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders
strow
The ground around: at every bound the sweltering
fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke
pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on
load!
Let 's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the
board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove
at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet re-
mains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch
sky high;
Then moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear nothing—
here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime.

But, while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burthen be,
The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary-monster's palaces! methinks what joy 't were now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,

And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd miles;
'Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffetting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—
But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,

With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea'

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-land—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

1832.

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

Speak low!—speak low— the bean rhe* is crying;
Hark! hark to the echo!—she's dying! "she's dying."
What shadow flits dark'ning the face of the water?
'Tis the swan of the lake—'Tis *the Geraldine's Daughter*.

Hush, hush! have you heard what the bean rhe said?
Oh! list to the echo! she's dead! "she's dead!"
No shadow now dims the face of the water;
Gone, gone is the wraith of *the Geraldine's Daughter*.

The step of yon train is heavy and slow,
There's wringing of hands, there's breathing of woe;
What melody rolls over mountain and water?
'Tis the funeral chant for *the Geraldine's Daughter*.

* Commonly written the Banshee.

The requiem sounds like the plaintive moan
Which the wind makes over the sepulchre's stone;
"Oh, why did she die? our heart's blood had bought her!
Oh, why did she die? *the Geraldine's Daughter.*"

The thistle-beard floats—the wild roses wave
With the blast that sweeps over the newly-made grave;
The stars dimly twinkle, and hoarse falls the water,
While night birds are wailing *the Geraldine's Daughter.*

THE LOST WIFE.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Lone, by my solitary hearth,
Whence peace hath fled,
And home-like joys, and innocent mirth
Are banished;
Silent and sad, I linger to recall
The memory of all
In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost,
Cares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys the world can boast.

My home—why did I say my home!
Now have I none,
Unless thou from the grave again could'st come,
Beloved one!
My home was in thy trusting heart,
Where'er thou wert;
My happy home in thy confiding breast,
Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
And best of womankind;
Or whether earth yet beareth fruits more rare
Of heart and mind;
To ME, I know, thou wert the fairest,
Kindest, dearest,
That heaven to man in mercy ever gave,
And more than man from heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
Came word or look awry,
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
For mastery:
Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
So to endure:
My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will
Compelled my good, withholding from me ill.

No art of selfishness
Thy generous nature knew;
Thy life all love, the power to bless thy bliss;
Constant and true,
Content, if to thy lot the world should bring
Enduring suffering;
Unhappy, if permitted but to share
Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burdens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
I found thee still:
Whatever change our fortunes might betide
Of good or ill,
Worthier I was life's blessing to receive
While thou did'st live;
All that I had of good in other's sight,
Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate
We wont to share;
The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,
Thou art not there,
The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss,
Who would not miss?
Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all
Th' important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh! mayest thou, if permitted, from above
The starry sphere,
Encompass me with ever-during love,
As thou didst here:
Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be
Unworthy thee;
Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give,
So GUIDE MY LIFE AS THOU WOULDST HAVE ME LIVE.

THE HOLY WELLS.

BY J. D. FFRASER.

The holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the fresh, the pure—
A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts endure,
As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or tyrant trod
The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by God
And while their stainless chastity and lasting life have birth
Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross material earth,
The scripture of creation holds no fairer type than they—
That an immortal spirit can be linked with human clay!

How sweet, of old, the bubbling gush—no less to antlered race,
Than to the hunter and the hound that smote them in the chase!
In forest depths the water-fount beguiled the Druid's love,
From that adored high fount of fire which sparkled far above;
Inspired apostles took it for a centre to the ring,
When sprinkling round baptismal life—salvation—from the spring;
And in the sylvan solitude, or lonely mountain cave,
Beside it passed the hermit's life, as stainless as its wave.

The cottage hearth, the convent's wall, the battlemented tower,
Grew up around the crystal springs, as well as flag and flower;
The brooklime and the water-cress were evidence of health,
Abiding in those basins, free to Poverty and Wealth:
The city sent pale sufferers there the faded brow to dip,
And woo the water to depose some bloom upon the lip;
The wounded warrior dragged him towards the unforgotten tide,
And deemed the draught a heavenlier gift than triumph to his side.

The stag, the hunter, and the hound, the Druid and the saint,
And anchorite are gone, and even the lineaments grown faint,
Of those old ruins into which, for monuments, had sunk
The glorious homes that held, like shrines, the monarch and the monk.

So far into the heights of God the mind of man nas ranged,
It learned a lore to change the earth—it's very self it changed
To some more bright intelligence; yet still the springs endure,
The same fresh fountains, but become more precious to the poor!

For knowledge has abused its powers, an empire to erect
For tyrants, on the rights the poor had given them to protect;
Till now the simple elements of nature are their *all*,
That from the cabin is not filched, and lavished in the hall—
And while night, noon, or morning meal no other plenty brings,
No beverage than the water-draught from old, spontaneous springs;
They, sure, may deem them holy wells, that yield from day to day,
One blessing that no tyrant hand can taint or take away.

THE MONKS OF KILCREA.

[Kilcrea Abbey, county Cork, was dedicated to St. Bridget, and founded A. D. 1494, by Cormac, Lord of Muskerry; its monks belonged to the Franciscan Order, commonly called "Grey Friars." In the present day, its ruins are extensive, and though considerably mutilated by Cromwell, who stabled a troop of horse in its refectory, are still both picturesque and interesting.—IRISH ANNALS.]

FYTTE I.

THREE monks sat by a bogwood fire!
Bare were their crowns, and their garments grey,
Close sat they to that bogwood fire.
Watching the wicket till break of day;
Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea.

For whoever past, be he Baron or Squire,
Was free to call at that abbey, and stay,
Nor guerdon, or hire for his lodging pay,
Tho' he tarried a week with its holy choir !

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,
Dark look'd the night from the window pane,
They who sat by that bogwood fire
Were Eustace, Alleyn, and Thade by name,
And long they gazed at the cheerful flame;
Till each from his neighbour began to inquire
The tale of his life, before he came
To Saint Brigid's shrine, and the cowl had ta'en,
So they piled on more wood, and drew their seats nigher!

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,
Loud wailed the wind thro' cloister and nave,
And with mournful air, by that bogwood fire,
The first who spake it was Eustace grave,
And told "He had been a gallant brave,
In his youth, till a comrade he slew in ire,
And then forswore bastnet and glaive,
And leaving his home, had crost the wave,
And taken the cross and cowl at Saint Finbar's Spire."

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire.
Swift thro' the glen rushed the river Lee,
And Alleyn next by that bogwood fire
Told his tale; a woful man was he;
Alas! he had loved unlawfullie
The wife of his brother, Sir Hugh Maguire,
And he fled to the cloister to free
His soul from sin; and 'twas sad to see
How much sorrow had wasted the youthful friar.

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,
And red its light on the rafters shone,
The last who spake by that bogwood fire
Was Thade, of the three, the only one
Whom care or grief had not lit upon;
But rosy and round, thro' city and shire,
His mate for innocent glee was none,
And soon he told, "How a peasant's son
He was reared for the church by their former Prior!"

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,
The moon looked o'er all with clouded ray,
And there they sat by that bogwood fire
Watching the wicket till break of day,
And many that night did call and stay,
Whose names, if, gentles, ye do not tire,
In his next strain shall the Bard essay,
For here ends the first fytte of the monks of Kilcrea!

FYTTE II.

The bell of the abbey had number'd ten,
O'er tower and roof rolled its sullen chime;
Yet, still by the fire sat those holy men
Keeping their vigil, until morning's prime;
And much did they marvel, that ere that time
No traveller called, as 'twas common then
For Pilgrims to flock to Saint Brigid's shrine;
So they placed on the board the pitchers of wine,
Game from the mountain, and meat from the pen,
And red trout that was caught close bye in Dripsey Glen!*

* Dripsey Glen, a romantic spot on the River Lee, lies half way between Cork and Macroom.

On the table was flaggon and pasty good,
  On the hearth clean-swept blazed a bogwood fire,
Around were settles of the dark oak wood,
  And all that a weary guest could require.
  There was water in pans, to wash off the mire,
Garment to don, and hose, and doe-skin shoon,
  In never a hostel throughout the shire
  Could you purchase for gold, or borrow for hire
Such comforts, as freely for all, as boon,
The monks of Kilcrea strewed around that cheerful room.

There came a loud knock to the abbey gate,
  And a voice in the storm was heard outside,
And Eustace arose from where sad he sate,
  Went to the wicket, and opened it wide,
  And crost the threshold, with a heavy stride,
A Saxon stranger; he was sore destrait,
  And told "how he lost both his way and guide,
  That his horse was drown'd in fording the Bride,"*
Then took off his cloak, a dripping weight,
And look'd like a man who for life had struggled late!

Again came a knock to the abbey gate,
  While sad the wind moan'd thro' bower and tree,
And Alleyn arose, and opened the gate,
  And entered the room, a Rapparee!

* A small but rapid river that runs close to the walls of Kilcrea.—On entering the abbey the traveller is at once struck with the number of monuments and graves contained within its precincts. Among those the tomb of "Arthur O'Leary the outlaw," is conspicuous. The history of this unfortunate gentleman, whose ancestors owned the country for miles around Kilcrea, must be fresh in the minds of all those who have perused Mrs. Hall's touching narrative, or the more graphic account given by Mr. Windele in his "Guide to Killarney."

And haggard, and pale, and begrimed was he ;*
As he leant on a spear in drooping state !
His scanty garments scarcely reach'd his knee,
Yet, tho' feeble and worn was his mien and gait,
Still he glared on the Saxon with a look of hate.

Again came a knock to the abbey gate,
And a voice outside made a rueful din,
And Thade uprose and opened the gate ;
And lo ! he ushered a Gleeman in,
Threadbare his cloak, he was wet to the skin ;
Yet the leer of his eye, told a roguish mate,
And he winked around with a cunning grin,
As deep in the flaggon he stuck his chin,
And scarce would the loon for a blessing wait,
When his kind host heaped the food on his plate !

And there long they sat by that bogwood fire,
The monks of Kilcrea and those travellers three,
And each as they sat by that bogwood fire
Told by turns their name and their history ;
The Saxon ! the Gleeman ! the Rapparee !
And gentles, once more, if ye do not tire,
I'll sing to you each in their due degree,
As of old a sennachie taught the lay to me !

*I may be held guilty of a gross anachronism, in introducing "A Rapparee" here, but we had the thing, if not the word at this period; and, moreover, the laws of poetical license, as laid down in the celebrated case of Dido versus Virgil, must at once be both my precedent, and apology.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M.R.I.A.

[Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted, and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—See "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M.D., vol. 1, p. 270. Second Edition. Dublin, 1774.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carb'ry's hundred isles—
The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard:
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.

The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide—
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
A stiffled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabres fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gor'd;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;

But see yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avengéd in the sack of Baltimore!

Mid-summer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids, deserted is the spring!
Mid-summer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dash'd to sea, and passed Cape Cleir, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—
She's safe—she's dead—she stabb'd him in the midst of his Serai;

And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he, who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMorrogh, who had brought the Norman o'er—
Some curs'd him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

AIR—"*The Juice of the Barley.*"

ONE midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were lighted,
And the bag-piper's tone call'd the maidens delighted,
I join'd a gay group by the Araglin's water,
And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's Daughter.

Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in Kerry?
Have you mark'd on the Galteys the black whortle-berry,
Or ceanabhan wave by the wells of Blackwater?—
They're the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round moun
tain?
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue fountain,
Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir taught
her?
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's
Daughter!

Have you mark'd in its flight the black wing of the raven?
The rose-buds that breathe in the summer breeze waven?
The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic water?
They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's Daughter!

Ere the Bel-fire was dimm'd, or the dancers departed,
I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted:
And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I
taught her
Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's Daughter.

God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that wooes me,
God grant 'tis not Cliodhna the queen that pursues me,
That my soul lost and lone has no witchery wrought her,
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's Daugh-
ter!

If, spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgry's wide border;
She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer I've be-
sought her,
That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's Daughter.

SOUTH MUNSTER CLANS MARCHING TO BATTLE, A.D. 1690.

Hark the distant hum!
The clans of stormy Desmond come
From their rugged glens and savage hills,
How their warriors' laughter the bosom thrills:
Their hearts are dauntless, and careless, and light—
Their plumes are brave—their spears are bright.
Each Crahadore's* lip has the careless play,
And the joyous smile of a festal day;
But that lip will clench, and that eye will glow
When he meets, when he meets his Saxon foe.

As the banded squadrons pass,
'Tis glorious to see their banners wave,
And the sunbeams sparkling on spear and glaive,
On horseman's helm, and steel cuirass.
'Tis glorious to see, by stream and glen,
Old Desmond's mountaineers again
Draw from its scabbard the rusting brand,
In the thrilling cause of fatherland;
Grimly crave, with a warrior joy,
Vengeance for Smerwick and bloody Dunboy.

From Muskerry mountains and Carbery hills,
MacCarthies have rushed like their highland rills;
MacSwinies, O'Learies, O'Riordans came,
When the signal flew on wings of flame;
O'Driscolls are there, from their crag-bound shore;
And O'Mahonies, men of the woods and moor.
Many a Duhallow battle-axe bright—
For Clan-Awly, Clan-Keeffe, and Clan-Callaghan, all
Have answered the princely MacDonagh's call,
When that chieftain summoned his bands of might;

* creaċadóir creaċaire, a spoiler, preyer

And many a clan with the Norman name :
Like leaves of their forests Fitzgeralds came,
Barrys, and Barretts, Sapeul, Condhune,
From broad Imokilly, and Kilnatalloon—
From Orrery's valleys, and Avonmore's banks,
In hundreds have mustered their stately ranks.

On, on, our march must know no pause,
Till the wolf dog's game is in his jaws ;
On—with clear heart and footing sure,
For our path lies by mountain and shaking moor.
The river is broad, but who 'd wait for a ford,
And the cause of Righ Seamus in need of his sword.
Up, up, with the wild hurra,
We fight for the right, and *Righ Seamus go bragh.**

Though they file along, in their loose array,
Like a driving cloud on a summer's day,
So brilliant, so gallant, and gay,
Many a light-limbed mountaineer
Dashed from his dark eye the soul-sprung tear,
As he parted from maid, or from matron dear.
Many a reckless Crahadore
Bent o'er the maid he might clasp no more.
On leafy Imokilly's shore,
Yon gallowglass has left his bride
By steep Slieve Logher's heathy side.
Rent was his manly heart with sorrow
As she smoothed his long black hair ;
As she pressed his bronzed cheek and forehead fair,
And blessed him for the bloody morrow ;
But the griefs of the parting moment pass
From the breast of kern and gallowglass.
When the clairseach rings and the baraboo,
When he hears the chieftain's war halloo,

* King James for ever !

When he sees the war-horse champ the rein,
And toss aloft his flowing mane,
Blithely he marches by town and tower,
Gone are the thoughts of the parting hour.
Blithely he raises the shrill hurra,
Righ Seamus, Righ Seamus, go bragh.

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS, M.R.I.A.

AIR—"*The Cota Caol.*'

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to me;
I could not in a palace find
A truer heart than he.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail,
More bravely than he guards my breast-
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
Is not a whit more pure—
The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps
Has not a foot more sure.
No firmer hand nor freer eye
E'er faced an Autumn gale—
De Courcy's heart is not so high—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The brawling squires may heed him not,
The dainty stranger sneer—
But who will dare to hurt our cot,
When Myles O'Hea is here.

The scarlet soldiers pass along—
They'd like, but fear to rail—
His blood is hot, his blow is strong—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

His hooker's in the Scilly van,
When seines are in the foam;
But money never made the man,
Nor wealth a happy home.
So, blest with love and liberty,
While he can trim a sail,
He'll trust in God, and cling to me—
The Boatman of Kinsale.

O'BYRNE'S BARD TO THE CLANS OF WICKLOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY S. FERGUSON, M.R.I.A.

God be with the Irish host
Never be their battle lost!
For, in battle, never yet
Have they basely earned defeat.

Host of armour, red and bright,
May ye fight a valiant fight!
For the green spot of the earth,
For the land that gave you birth.

Who in Erin's cause would stand,
Brother of the avenging band,
He must wed immortal quarrel,
Pain and sweat and bloody peril.

On the mountain bare and steep,
Snatching short but pleasant sleep,
Then, ere sunrise, from his eyrie,
Swooping on the Saxon quarry.

What although you've failed to keep
Liffey's plain or Tara's steep,
Cashel's pleasant streams to save,
Or the meads of Cruachan Maev.

Want of conduct lost the town,
Broke the white-walled castle down,
Moira lost, and old Taltin,
And let the conquering stranger in.

'Twas the want of right command,
Not the lack of heart or hand,
Left your hills and plains to-day
'Neath the strong Clan Saxon's sway.

Ah, had heaven never sent
Discord for our punishment,
Triumphs few o'er Erin's host
Had Clan London now to boast!

Woe is me, 'tis God's decree
Strangers have the victory:
Irishmen may now be found
Outlaws upon Irish ground.

Like a wild beast in his den,
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Creevan's richest valleys ravage.

* Cruimthann, a king of ancient Erin.

Woe is me, the foul offence,
Treachery and violence,
Done against my people's rights—
Well may mine be restless nights!

When old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts
On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gaul, who have come
Hither o'er the ocean foam,
From the fight victorious go,
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

Bless the blades our warriors draw
God be with Clan Ranelagh!
But my soul is weak for fear,
Thinking of their danger here.

Have them in thy holy keeping,
God be with them lying sleeping,
God be with them standing fighting,
Erin's foes in battle smiting!

1834.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

BY REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

Author of the "Prout Papers."

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon* bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

* sean dún, old fort

On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder sweet Cork of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glibe rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought to thine:
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter, than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O! the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them,
But there 's an anthem more dear to me,
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

WILLY REILLY.

[Willy Reilly was the first ballad I ever heard recited, and it made a painfully vivid impression on my mind. I have never forgotten the smallest incident of it. The story on which it is founded, happened some sixty years ago; and as the lover was a young Catholic farmer and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character, which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity. There is no family under the rank of gentry, in the inland counties of Ulster, where it is not familiarly known. Nurses and seamstresses, the honorary guardians of national songs and legends, have taken it into special favour, and preserved its popularity.

Mr. Carleton (to whose loving memory of all our Northern traditions, I owe the present copy,) tells me, that he was accustomed, when a boy, to hear it sung by his mother, when it took such powerful hold of his imagination that to this hour it moves him as it did at first. He has long intended to make it the foundation of a national novel, exhibiting the customs and prejudices of the unhappy period in which it is laid. Some deduction must be made for early impressions, but it is impossible to deny it great tenderness and remarkable dramatic power. Observe, for a striking instance of the latter, the abrupt opening and close of the first verse, and a similar instance in the thirteenth verse.]

"Oh! rise up Willy Reilly and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,*
To leave my father's dwelling-house, his houses and free land;"
And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear *Coolen Bawn.*†

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
Through shady groves and valleys all dangers to refrain;
But her father followed after with a well-arm'd band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear *Coolen Bawn.*

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound,
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
'Till at the bar of justice before the Judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear *Coolen Bawn.*

* Country is commonly pronounced in Ulster Counterry.
† Fair young girl.

"Now in the cold, cold iron, my hands and feet are bound,
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground,
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Coolen Bawn*."

The jailor's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say,
"Oh! get up Willy Reilly you must appear this day,
For great squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
I'm afeer'd* you'll suffer sorely for your dear *Coolen Bawn*."

Now Willy's drest from top to toe all in a suit of green,
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
He's tall and straight, and comely as any could be found,
He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown.

"This is the news young Reilly, last night that I did hear,
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you clear;"
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Coolen Bawn*."

The Judge he said, "this lady being in her tender youth,
If Reilly has deluded her, she will declare the truth;"
Then, like a moving beauty bright, before him she did stand,
"You're welcome there my heart's delight and dear *Coolen Bawn*."

* Afraid.

"Oh, gentlemen," squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villany was planned,
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she,
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me,
I forced him for to leave his place and come along with me,
I loved him out of measure which wrought our destiny."

Out bespoke the noble Fox* at the table he stood by,
"Oh! gentlemen consider on this extremity,
To hang a man for love is a murder you may see,
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good, my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred pounds,
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good, my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove,
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."
"I will my loving lady with many thanks to thee."

* The prisoner's counsel.

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're
in foreign lands."

Then out spoke noble Fox, "you may let the prisoner
go,
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the Jury all may
know,
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his
name,
May her honour bright gain high estate, and her off-
spring rise to fame."

APPENDIX.

Note A, p. 144.

We publish here some fragments of the original Boyne Water. They appear to us infinitely more racy and sprited than anything in the song which has strangely superseded them. We owe them to a northern gentleman, who has made the antiquities of Ulster his particular study.

THE BOYNE WATER.

July the first of a morning clear, one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare, of thousands he had thirty;
To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water,
He little feared, though two to one, their multitudes to scatter.

King William called his officers; saying, "gentlemen, mind your station,
And let your valour here be shown, before this Irish nation;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes you 'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play, as you go over the water."

* * * * *

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot, as he crossed over the water.
When that King William he observed the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He rein'd his horse, with a heavy heart, on the Enniskilleners calling:

"What will you do for me, brave boys, see yonder men retreating,
Our enemies encouraged are—and English drums are beating;"
He says, "my boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander
For God shall be our King this day, and I 'll be general under."

* * * *

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,
A sudden snuff they got that day, which little they desired;
For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung in their saddles,
Others turn'd up their forked ends, which we call coup de ladle.

Prince Eugene's regiment was the next, on our right hand advanced,
Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced—
But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses all did scatter,
They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne Water.

Both men and horse lay on the ground and many there lay bleeding,
I saw no sickles there that day—but sure, there was sharp shearing.

* * * * *

Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and heaven's and earth's Creator,
For the deliverance that he sent our enemies to scatter.
The church's foes will pine away, like churlish-hearted Nabal,
For our deliverer came this day like the great Zorobabel.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will say no further,
But had the Papists gain'd the day, there would have been open murder.
Although King James and many more was ne'er that way inclined,
It was not in their power to stop what the rabble they designed.

NOTE B, p. 198.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

The story of this ballad is historically true, and receives additional interest from the fact, that the armour in which the hero of the ballad was slain, is still shown in Malahide Castle, and the monument of the heroine in the neighbouring chapel. Speaking of the latter, Mr. D'Alton, says:—"Of the monuments the most worthy of notice is an altar tomb surmounted with the effigy, in bold relief, of a female habited in the costume of the 14th century, and representing the Honourable Maud Plunket, wife of Sir Richard Talbot. She had been previously married to Mr. Hussey, son to the Baron of Galtrim, who was slain on the day of her nuptials, leaving her the singular celebrity of having been 'A maid, wife and widow on the same day.'" In a description of the castle, Mr. Petrie refers to the adventure "Among the most memorable circumstances of general interest

connected with the history of this castle and its possessors, should be mentioned what Mr. Brewer properly calls 'a lamentable instance of the ferocity with which quarrels of party rivalry were conducted in ages during which the internal polity of Ireland was injuriously neglected by the supreme head of government:—On Whitsun-eve, in the year 1329, as is recorded by Ware, John de Birmingham, Earl of Louth, Richard Talbot, styled Lord of Malahide, and many of their kindred, together with sixty of their English followers, were slain in a pitched battle at Balbriggan [Ballybragan] in this neighbourhood, by the Anglo-Norman faction of the De Verdons, De Gernons, and Savages: the cause of animosity being the election of the earl to the palatinate dignity of Louth, the county of the latter party.'" Malahide Castle is one of the most interesting in Ireland, from its great antiquity and perfect preservation. It is within an hour's drive of Dublin, and with a rare and noble liberality is constantly opened to the public. We copy a portion of Mr. Petrie's description of it:—"An ancient baronial castle, in good preservation and still inhabited by the lineal descendant of its original founder, is a rare object to find in Ireland; and the causes which have led to this circumstance are too obvious to require an explanation. In Malahide Castle we have, however, a highly interesting example of this kind; for though in its present state it owes much of its imposing effect to modern restorations and improvements, it still retains a considerable portion of very ancient date, and most probably even some parts of the original castle erected in the reign of King Henry II. Considered in this way, Malahide Castle is without a rival in interest, not only in our metropolitan county, but also perhaps within the boundary of the old English Pale. The noble family of Talbot have been seated in their present locality for a period of nearly seven hundred years. There can be no question, therefore, of the noble origin of the Talbots de Malahide, nor can their title be considered as a mushroom one, though only conferred upon the mother of the present lord." The castle contains a fine collection of pictures, including some historical portraits of the highest interest. Portraits of Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, (James's Lord Lieutenant before and during the Revolution,)* of Sir Neale O'Neill, and the finest head of Charles I., by Vandyke, in existence, are among the number.

* See Lillibulero, p. 1f.

INDEX.

Stereotyped and Printed by
T. Coldwell, 50, Capel-street.