

The Hero's fame, the Martyr's wreath,
Will gild your life or crown your death.

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

To drain the cup—with girls to toy,
The serf's vile soul with bliss may cloy ;
But would'st thou taste a manly joy ?—
Oh ! it was ours at Fontenoy !

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

To many a fight thy fathers led,
Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed ;
From thee, as yet, no foe has fled—
Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead ?

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, &c.

Oh ! come—for slavery, want and shame,
We offer vengeance, freedom, fame;
With Monarchs, comrade rank to claim,
And, nobler still, the Patriot's name.

Oh ! come and wear the White Cockade,
And learn the soldier's glorious trade ;
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made—
Then come and join the Bold Brigade.

GARRYOWEN.

LET Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade ;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid

To help me with the chorus :—

Instead of Spa* we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,†
No man for debt shall go to gaol

From Garryowen in glory !

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,‡
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And tearing all before us.

Instead, &c.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours;

* The spa of Castle Connell, about six miles from Limerick, was in high repute at the period when this song was written.

† "Circular tablets of metal in the Exchange, so called, and where it was customary to pay down the earnest money."—Sir CHARLES O'DONNELL. "Paying the reckoning on the nail," was a cant phrase for knocking a man on the head. "Nail him," being equivalent to "knock him down."

‡ "Lamps were first put up in the streets of Limerick at the sole expense of Alderman Thomas Rose, in 1696."—FERRAR'S *Limerick*.

Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.

Instead, &c.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.

Instead, &c.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.

Instead, &c.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight,
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.*

Instead, &c.

* That is, from one side of Limerick to the other. In Fitzgerald and MacGregor's "History of Limerick," when noticing the customs and amusements of the lower orders, it is stated that the tradesmen formerly marched in grotesque procession on midsummer's-day, and that "the day generally ended in a terrible fight between the Garryowen and Thomond Gate boys—the tradesmen of the north and south suburbs."

Garryowen is gone to wrack
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
In spite of judge and jury.

Instead, &c.

Fájlte abajle! Fájlte abajle!

SONG FROM THE INVASION.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Fájlte abajle! fájlte abajle! welcome to the
mountains!

Fájlte abajle! welcome to your native woods and
fountains!

To hear the harper play again—and the shouts that
greet thee;

Fájlte abajle! how it glads the widow's heart to
meet thee!

Fájlte abajle! fájlte abajle!
Welcome to Rájte ajdeñ.

Sjúbajl abajle! rjúbajl abajle! through our parted
island,

Many a friend and foe hast thou in valley and in high-
land.