

From old Ardpatrick's ruins loud sounds the piercing keen,
By the sad Well of the Omen a deep deep grave is seen,
Were side by side together they have laid the early dead,
And the Mass they've chanted o'er them, and the requiem prayer is said.
There was woe and bootless sorrow in many a bosom clinging,
But the stream sang songs amid the flowers, while the death bell loud was ringing!

* Easmore, i.e. *Eas Mór*; a waterfall on one of the torrents flowing down from Blackrock

† The Robber's Well: the well of the famous character of folklore, An Gadaí Dubh Ó Dubháin, the Black Robber O Duan.

THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK

He grasped his ponderous hammer - he could not stand it more,
To hear the bombshells bursting and thundering battle's roar;
Said he, "The breach the're mounting, the Dutchman's murdering crew:
I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what *that* can do."

"Now swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well,
'Tis Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot or shell."
"Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse can wait, for Sarsfield's on the wall,
And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall."

The blacksmith raised his hammer and rushed into the street,
His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet:
High on the breach of Limerick with dauntless hearts they stood,
Where bombshells burst, and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

"Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy Ned,
This day we'll try the thickness of many a Dutchman's head-
Hurrah! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly;
And now the first the tops the breach, leave him to this and me."

The first that gained the rampart he was a captain brave,-
A captain of the grenadiers with blood-stained dirk and glaive;
He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,
For right through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain.

The next that topped the rampart he was a colonel bold,
Bright through the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold.
"Gold is no match for iron", the doughty blacksmith said,
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head.

"Now here's for God and Limerick!" black Ned and Moran cried,
As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers well they plied.
A bombshell burst between them:- one fell without a groan;
One leaped into the lurid air and down the breach was thrown.

"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, beware the treacherous mine:
Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or death is surely thine!"
The smith sprang up the rampart and leaped the bloodstained wall,
As high into the shuddering air went foemen, fort, and all!

Up, like a red volcano they thundered wild and high -
Brave Brandenburghers, spears and guns and standards, to the sky;
And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith fell;
He thought upon his 'prentice boys - they were avenged well.

At that mighty roar a deadly silence instantly settled down:
'Twas broken by a triumph shout that shook the ancient town:
Again its heroes forward dashed, and charged, and fought, and slew,
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts could do.

The blacksmith sought his smithy and blew his bellows strong;
He shod the steed of Sarsfield but o'er it sang no song.
"Ochone, my boys are dead," cried he; "their loss I'll long deplore;
But comfort's in my heart - their graves are red with foreign gore!"

MÁIRÉAD BÁN

Air: 'The old Astrologer.'*

My wild heart's love, my woodland dove,
The tender and the true,
She dwells beside a blue stream's tide