



# JOHN DALY

(1845 ~ 1916)

(MAYOR OF LIMERICK, 1899, 1900, 1901)

Mayors  
John Daly

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## Address to John Daly in Prison

You were always single minded but your heart was hot as flame  
You were fearless as an eagle and in spirit just as tame  
So much confidence misled you - in the tempter's snare you fell  
And their dark designs betray'd you to a dreary felon cell  
Never was your heart deceitful tho' your tongue was stern and bold  
Your career was free and faithful - friend or foe you never sold  
Rung your bold voice at your trial like the clearness of a bell  
To acquit your friend Jim Egan, and give you the felon's cell.  
Black and bitter was <sup>the</sup> your sentence <sup>that</sup> to consign your whole life time  
With a <sup>to be imprisoned with</sup> herd of thieves and felons - all the Curran Crows of Crime  
Form from brother, sister, mother, those <sup>that</sup> loved you true and well  
And their hearts are always with you in your dreary felon cell

oft at midnight hours I see you in your gravo like cell alone  
With your manly features wasted, worn and wither'd to the bone  
I behold a soul defiant worried by the sounds of hell  
That's the picture of John Daly in his dreary, felon cell.

Brutes and demons try to kill you with their wormwood and gall  
4 times - Courage get, John Daly God is stronger than them all  
How I see I see your pride eyes flashing as the welcome news I tell  
John, your Country don't forget you in your dreary ~~to~~  
eyes, and sure your native Limerick makes your cruel cause her own  
Get there's flame and soul and sinew to be found in Gallogreen.  
Yes, the children of the women wear deified sword and shell  
Feel your suffering and your sorrow in your dreary felon cell

Courage, John, the time is coming nearer than your hair may <sup>be</sup> ~~drawn~~  
When your chains will fall around and again you'll walk out free  
But they'll <sup>build</sup> an iron mountain with the murthering of a spell  
Ere they bend your good spirit in your dreary felon cell.

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