

**Patriotic Songs and Poems**

**J. J. Finnan**

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THE  
PATRIOTIC SONGS

AND

POEMS

OF

J. J. FINNAN.

("MYLES")



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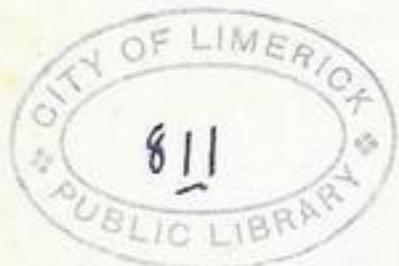
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*Very sincerely  
J. J. Finnan  
(Myles)*



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TO THE  
PATRIOTIC HIGH SPIRITED MEN AND WOMEN OF  
TIPPERARY AND VICINITY,  
TO WHOSE GENEROSITY I AM INDEBTED,  
THIS VOLUME  
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY  
THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.

This volume contains one hundred and fifty of my poems, and though I have, perhaps, written between four and five hundred altogether I did not think it advisable to include them all at present. If, however, the public are pleased with the sample I now present, the remainder can be published in the near future, or after my death.

Most of the poems in this volume are either patriotic, or at least treat of Irish subjects, with an occasional one on some other topic thrown in to break the monotony. The reader is probably aware that I did most of my writing in foreign lands, to while away my leisure moments when relieved from the strenuous duties of making a living, which goes to show that I never forgot the Land of my birth; that she was always uppermost in my thoughts in season and out of season—in joy and in sorrow.

Though I lay no claims whatever to a place among the bards of my country, I claim to be, what is perhaps better—an Irish patriot. The lessons of true nationality that I learned at my father's knee more than sixty years ago I have never forgotten and never will.

A man dies content when he knows he is leaving posterity, something to be remembered by. This volume now is the only legacy I can bequeath to the young manhood of Ireland, and if they can find even a half-dozen poems in this volume to rouse their courage and brace them to be true patriots, I am amply repaid for my trouble.

A prophet, it is said, is seldom known in his own country; so the appreciation of men in one's native place is the best credentials one can show that he is worthy of respect. That the financing and other business connected with the publication of this volume have been done by my friends and admirers at home, is the best proof to me that I deserve well of my country; and from the depths of my heart I gratefully appreciate all they have done for me.

MYLES.

AHERLOW'S GLEN.

I.

Oh, bright are the streams and resplendant the valleys,  
And verdant the fields of the Land of my Sires,  
And bold are her hills, where the summer suns dallies,  
And twilight 'lays long, when the daylight expires ;  
And though jewels bedeck, that sweet Isle of the ocean,  
Whose lustre is blazoned by pencil and pen,  
That gem is the brightest that claims my devotion—  
My own native valley—old Aherlow's Glen.

II.

It lies in repose, with its graces unfolded,  
Where mellow suns ripen, and zephyrs blow mild,  
A landscape, in nature's best handiwork moulded,  
As tranquil and sweet as a slumbering child.  
The old man dilates, with a tear, on the story,  
Of days long gone by, when our fathers were MEN,  
How chieftains who loved them, and led them to glory,  
Reposed in the depths of old Aherlow's Glen.

III.

Over its tower, old Galtees' tall summits—  
Mountain sublimer, than famed Knockmealdown,  
Out of whose breasts, as erratic as comets,  
Bright sparkling rills tumble joyously down ;  
While castle and ruin, and river and wildwood,  
And vistas that never were pictured by pen,  
Embellish this ravishing home of my childhood—  
A glory fling round it—old Aherlow's Glen.

IV.

Its bright golden scenes I behold in my fancy,  
Where nature outrivals the beauties of art—  
The shades where at twilight I roved with my Nancy,  
And whispered my love with a fast beating heart ;  
But coldly she sleeps where the river meanders,  
And waits that awaking no mortal can ken,  
While hopeless and weary her true lover wanders,  
Far, far from her grave in old Aherlow's Glen.

## V.

I've crossed the broad breast of the mighty Atlantic,  
 And rambled all over this Land of the Free,  
 And gazed on its wonders sublime and gigantic,  
 But all their wild grandeur seem tasteless to me,  
 Here nature, indeed, shows a prowess stupendous,  
 That dwarfs all the mightiest efforts of men ;  
 But rivers and mountains and gorges tremendous,  
 Are rude to the beauties of Aherlow's Glen.

## VI.

Sweet spot that in childhood I loved so endearing,  
 Sweet spot where I lost the one maid of my heart,  
 Sweet spot where I toiled for the freedom of Erin,  
 And fearlessly played the true Irishman's part.  
 Home of the fairest and purest of maidens—  
 Vale that has nurtured the boldest of men—  
 Valley of beauty—the Eden of Edens—  
 Land of Enchantment—old Aherlow's glen.

## VII.

My blessing be with thee, old home of my fathers,  
 Though all my repining for thee be vain,  
 The tear of regret in my longing eye gathers,  
 To think I may never behold thee again ;  
 But when my soul, freed from her desolate prison,  
 Upon my cold forehead, imprints her last kiss,  
 Her flight shall be winged to thee—valley Elysian—  
 To get a foretaste of the regions of bliss

St. Louis, Mo., Xmas Eve., '93.

## JOHN BULL.

## I.

Every son of the sod with the least bit of "gumshun,"  
 Well knows that this country lies bleeding in chains,  
 And fading and dying like one in consumption,  
 While none of her olden time vigour remains ;  
 But also he knows that her woes and her troubles,  
 Are caused by a "master" deep dyed in the wool ;  
 Who at her least move all his vigilance doubles,  
 And the name of that "master" he knows is John Bull.

## II.

We've called master John, heartless tyrant and foeman—  
 We called, and still call him the vilest of names ;  
 We've poured out our wrath, like an old scolding woman,  
 On him and his ilk at the Court of St. James ;  
 But what is the use in this jawing and scolding—  
 A truce to such clatter, and give us a lull,  
 The more we abuse him, the tighter he's holding—  
 I don't see the sense in abusing John Bull.

## III.

For John is a pompous and blustering fellow,  
 Who reckons creation was made for his use,  
 That mortals should quake when he chooses to bellow ;  
 That quarrels should cease when he orders a truce :  
 That peoples and nations, should own him as master ;  
 That man, save the great Anglo-Saxon is dull ;  
 That hate of his rule is the source of disaster ;  
 That all should bow down at the shrine of John Bull.

## IV.

Our spleen and abuse, he accepts as a tribute—  
 He sneers with contempt, as we bark at his heels—  
 The more of the starved snarling cur we exhibit,  
 The more he expands, and the prouder he feels.  
 Away with such nonsense, 'tis silly, 'tis puling,  
 While emigrant ships, with our best blood are full,  
 While those who remain, he keeps robbing and ruling,  
 I don't see the sense in abusing John Bull.

## V.

'Take practical lessons from resolute nations,  
 Who've brought blessed freedom and peace to their shores,  
 Or copy in full, with some slight alterations,  
 The plan of campaign of "the conquering Boers,"  
 Tongues may be sharp, but they don't hurt as much as  
 Stiff digs in the ribs, or hard knocks on the skull,  
 Irish "palthoges" by bold Irishmen, such as  
 Vere dealt at Benburb to our master John Bull.

## VI.

To make weeping Erin, a free happy nation,  
 First bury dissensions, and join hand in hand ;  
 And use every effort to stop emigration—  
 The wound that is sapping the life of our land,  
 Stop idle talk, work like men cool and steady—  
 Work till your "ranks and arrangements" are full.  
 Make no false move, till you get "good and ready,"  
 Then strike in your might till you finish old Bull.

November, 1901.

## THE TRAMP,

I was tended with care by a fond mother's hand,  
 And I basked in a dear father's smile,  
 In my home far away in that beautiful land,  
 That is known as the "Emerald Isle."  
 Where peace spreads her pinions unruffled by strife,  
 O'er the herds of the great human pack,  
 Where never I dreamt that some time in my life  
 I should carry my bed on my back.

But fortune compelled me to fly from that home,  
 When mother and sire were no more,  
 And forced me an outcast in sorrow to roam,  
 And to toil on a far distant shore.  
 Oh, the hardships and woes that I long underwent,  
 Oh, the prospects now lowering and black—  
 I never found out all that misery meant  
 Till I carried my bed on my back.

I sought this fair land of the brave and the free,  
 To win me a bright golden store,  
 Where heroes of old nobly fought to be free,  
 Till tyranny chained them no more.  
 Of Freedom my share was the taskmaster's goad,  
 And my respite from toil was the sack,  
 Till faint from my burden I took to the road,  
 And now carry my bed on my back.

The cunning, the greedy, the lucky ones all—  
 All point with disdain at the "Tramp,"  
 And wish that some terrible judgement may fall,  
 To rid them of men of my stamp.  
 They drive me with curses away from their doors,  
 They put the sleuth hounds on my track—  
 Oh God give me patience like Job with his sores,  
 While I carry my bed on my back.

For footsore and weary I hopelessly drift,  
 And I sleep under Heaven's blue dome,  
 While gleaners of gold and disciples of thrift,  
 Are blest with the comforts of home.  
 I've borne unscathed the cold winter's breeze,  
 And I've gasped in the sun's fiery track,  
 With only this comfort, I go where I please,  
 While I carry my bed on my back.

If men were but human and felt for their kind,  
 A calling like mine would be gone ;  
 But wise ones to-day are by selfishness blind,  
 And their neighbourly work is undone ;  
 For fate my good friend is beyond our control—  
 And the old man then shouldered his pack,  
 "Farewell I must go for the grave is my goal"—  
 Then he trudged with his bed on his back.

## THE YELLOW FURZE.

Up the mountain bloomed the heather,  
 The foothills flamed with yellow furze,  
 And I and Maureen strolled together,  
 My arms fondly twined in hers ;  
 And whispered love with bosoms throbbing,  
 The while she offered no demurs—  
 The cuckoo called, and gentle robin,  
 Woced his "soul mate" in the Furze.

She was fair, and had she sought 'em,  
 Might have suitors rich and fine,  
 Yet vowed to me, that in the autumn,  
 She would be for ever mine.  
 "Oh, I'll be faithful, dearest Johnny,  
 Till death," she cried, "whate'er occurs"—  
 The bees hummed near, and gathered honey,  
 The cattle browsed among the Furze.

She kept her vow, for at God's Altar,  
 Our dear Soggarth made us one,  
 And counselled us to never falter,  
 Till our duties were well done.  
 I led her to my humble sheeling,  
 Where life, of course, has had its burrs,  
 But homely joys came ever stealing—  
 Stealing through the Yellow Furze.  
 For though 'tis fifty years and over,  
 Since I won her for my bride,  
 She's still to me the ardent lover,  
 And walks contented by my side ;  
 And seems as happy as the kitten,  
 That softly on our hearthstone purrs,  
 While this old heart is daily smitten,  
 Leading Maureen through the Furze.

RORY OGE OF CARNREDDY.

AIR—*The Saxon Shilling.*

The snow is white on Galtymore,  
 When winter days are cold and dreary,  
 The goblins haunt the castles hoar,  
 And fairy raths at midnight eerie ;  
 But what to me is winter's cold,  
 Or goblins I have dared already,  
 For I'm the wife of Rory Oge—  
 Bold Rory Oge of Carnreddy.

Oh, once I was the parish belle,  
 And many a bosom felt my glances,  
 And many an upstart loved me well,  
 But I repulsed their bold advances.  
 Till down beside the hill of Crogue,  
 I met my true love rough and ready,  
 And I was charmed by Rory Oge—  
 Bold Rory Oge of Carnreddy.

My Rory comes of racy stuff,  
 Not timber for the fawning flunky,  
 The poor man's lot is hard enough,  
 The great ones load him like a donkey,  
 But Rory looks with flashing eye,  
 At every foreign "George or Freddy,"  
 Then proudly, coldly passes by,  
 Does Rory Oge of Carnreddy.

My Rory is no worthless sot,  
 No boasting clown, nor pothouse brawler,  
 But one who grieves for Ireland's lot,  
 And from her deathlike trance would call her,  
 I never saw him "mogalore"  
 And never drunk—just slightly heady,  
 He takes his glass, and nothing more,  
 Does Rory Oge of Carnreddy.

Though we have naught of worldly wealth,  
 And are too poor to keep attendants,  
 My Rory Oge has strength and health,  
 And well maintains our independence.  
 See, our cot and window pane,  
 Where forest trees grow tall and shady  
 Nestling by the pleasant lane,  
 That skirts the Lake of Carnreddy,

He never sighs for foreign lands,  
 With all their hardships and their labours,  
 While God Almighty leaves him hands  
 To help himself and help his neighbours ;  
 For Ireland needs her men of nerve—  
 Her true of heart—her cool and steady—  
 Her very life blood to preserve,  
 Like Rory Oge of Carnreddy.

PETER O'NEILL CROWLEY--A DIRGE.

I.

A martyr-hero of our own times,  
 I celebrate in my simple rhymes—  
 A martyr hero so true and brave—  
 For Crowley sleeps in a hallowed grave.

II.

As sweet and tender as any child  
 He loved his land with a passion wild ;  
 To break her shackles he nobly tried—  
 His name for ever is glorified.

III.

When winds blew cold and the snow lay piled,  
 In valleys deep and on moorlands wild,  
 The men of Erin again uprose  
 With dauntless hearts to confront their foes.

## IV.

And noble Crowley in front was seen,  
While proudly floated the Flag of Green ;  
But well-a-day for the plundered Gael,  
His cause was destined once more to fail.

## V.

To fail alas, for the foe prevailed,  
And hearts were vanquished that never quailed,  
Or scattered never to meet again,  
Like Autumn leaves in a hurricane.

## VI.

But Crowley scorned to flinch or fly,  
His motto ever was "do or die,"  
He proved his faith and devotion pure,  
Along with Kelly and brave McClure.

## VII.

These dauntless souls in a glorious cause,  
Defied the foe and its hated laws ;  
But bandogs human who thirst for blood  
Tracked their steps to Kilclooney wood.

## VIII.

And there beset by those imps of hell,  
The valiant Crowley, he fought and fell —  
The passing stream drank his dying blood,  
Which consecrated its rushing flood.

## IX.

His faithful comrades were then secured,  
And in a dungeon were fast immured,  
While murdered Crowley, "The Fenian Chief,"  
Was carried home amid tears and grief.

## X.

How vain to picture his sister's woe,  
To see her pride in his strength laid low ;  
She kissed his lips, pressed the clay cold hand  
Of him who died for her motherland.

## XI.

And thus she cried while her tears fast fell  
"Oh, brother fond, whom I loved so well,  
I greet you proudly, though low you lie ;  
For oh you died as the brave should die."

## XII.

Though years have flown since my tale occurred,  
Still at his fate Irish hearts are stirred ;  
The grass is green o'er the hero's clay  
Where pilgrims visit, to weep and pray.

## XIII.

And true and brave think of him with pride,  
And bless his name for the way he died—  
The exile pining beyond the wave  
Doth envy Crowley in his Irish grave.

## MICHAEL O'DWYER.

Tipperary's bold boys, they were never found wanting,  
When lords of the soil tried their schemes of transplanting.  
Ere Councils or Leagues were devised to protect us,  
Or talking Empees volunteered to direct us,  
They went at their work in a practical manner,  
And did it right well though they flaunted no banner !  
But none of them all in our annals stands higher,  
In name or in fame than bold Michael Dwyer.

His namesake of old, the brave ally of Emmet,  
Detested oppression, and battled to stem it ;  
And glory he shed on the old land that bore him,  
For despots and yeomen, both trembled before him.  
The friend we lament, was a worthy successor,  
For he, too, was feared by the heartless oppressor—  
There are hopes for our cause sure as thorns on briars,  
When Ireland can breed two such Michael Dwyers.

Oh would that my voice could enliven the spirit,  
That Irishmen true from their fathers inherit—  
To love our old land and to nobly stand by her,  
With all the devotion and pluck of Dwyer,  
Who stood with his friends with the soul of a hero,  
And guarded his home from the blacklivered Nero,  
Ignoring results, and old cherished opinions—  
And scattered or slew the vile wretch and his minions.

You know what you owe to this man, sons of Erin—  
 You know at the time how your hearts were despairing—  
 His deed like a thunderclap came to confound you,  
 And broke the first link in the fetters that bound you.  
 Oh! the blow that he struck can be heard still resounding,  
 The ball that he fired shall keep ever rebounding,  
 Till wolves from their victims are fated to sever—  
 Till despots must go, bag and baggage for ever.

Oh! praise to the boys who stood shoulder to shoulder  
 With gallant Dwyer—no men could be bolder—  
 Oh bless their stout hearts, for they proved no backsliders,  
 But fought their own fight with no help from outsiders.  
 If Irishmen all, hath their faith and reliance,  
 If Irishmen showed their bold front of defiance,  
 Our land they would wrest from the big Saxon Bully,  
 And thrash him the same as these heroes did Scully.

But gone is our friend, and the cold winds of Winter,  
 Howl o'er his proud heart, where no treason could enter—  
 The heart that long bled for its motherland weeping,  
 In death's icy arms for ever is sleeping ;  
 And calm be that sleep with the angel that stole him—  
 His widow and orphans, kind Heaven console them—  
 True son of the soil above party and faction.  
 Oh! his is the name that shall rouse us to action.

#### BE A MAN.

Again a manly song I'll try,  
 In hopes I may succeed—  
 Again the whip and spur I'll ply,  
 To urge my rhyming steed.  
 Although the "canons of the nine"  
 I wholly may discard,  
 Although the critics all combine  
 To squelch me as a bard.

Yes, I will try a manly song,  
 Your thoughts to elevate—  
 Not fulsome praises for the strong,  
 Nor incense for the great ;  
 But one to show the laggard that  
 His place should be the van—  
 That one should be, no matter what,  
 A brave and kindly man.

'Tis well to have a cultured mind,  
 And judgment cool and sound—  
 'Tis well and good to be refined,  
 And steeped in lore profound ;  
 'Tis well to play the leader's part—  
 To act, as well as plan ;  
 But better far to have the heart  
 That makes the manly man.

'Tis wise for one to gather gold,  
 And be a man of wealth ;  
 'Tis joy, 'tis bliss, to have and hold  
 The precious gift of health ;  
 For gold and health are dearly sought  
 Since time on earth began ;  
 But better far the deed and thought  
 Of him who is a man.

To love and serve the Lord who made  
 All creatures high and low—  
 To love our neighbour and to aid,  
 Are duties that we owe.  
 To keep unbroken nature's laws,  
 To scorn the bigots' ban,  
 Or suffer in a holy cause,  
 Bespeak the manly man.

If worth could in its fulness bloom,  
 Unchecked by drones and knaves,  
 Then earth would hold no spot of room  
 For tyrants or for slaves ;  
 And lords would find, however loath,  
 Quick flight their safest plan,  
 If every toiling son were both  
 A patriot and a man.

#### TO MOTHER—IRELAND.

Oh, my native land is a grand old land  
 In her robes of emerald green,  
 With her misty hills where the heather blooms  
 And her valleys like gems between  
 Her flowery fields where a child I played,  
 Her glens and her crystal streams,  
 As I toss in my sleep in a stranger land,  
 I vividly see in my dreams.

Yes, my native land is a grand old land,  
 No land on earth so fair ;  
 With wealth untold in her teeming soil  
 And health in her ambient air ;  
 But the spoiler's poisoned breath pollutes  
 The shores of my grand old land,  
 And her children toil and starve and die  
 'Neath the lash of his cruel hand.

Yes, toil and starve in their grand old land,  
 And die with the yoke of slaves,  
 Around their necks as they sink to rest  
 In the gloom of unhonoured graves ;  
 Or fly away to some stranger land,  
 As if demons of hell pursued—  
 Ah, such is the fate of this fine old race  
 With the traits of true manhood imbued.

The pulse of my heart is my grand old land,  
 And in days of my manhood and prime,  
 To humble the tyrant that rifles her homes  
 In my table of sins was no crime ;  
 But futile my efforts, my wishes vain,  
 Still she writhes in his foul embrace,  
 And many a winter has furrowed my cheeks,  
 Since I looked in her beautiful face.

As I gaze towards the shores of my grand old land,  
 My eyes are blinded with tears,  
 And I feel unmanned when I think of her doom  
 And the gloom of her vanished years ;  
 And to see her sons asleep in their chains  
 While beacons of liberty glare,  
 All over the earth still there's hope in my heart  
 For I cannot, I must not, despair.

Oh, Mother Land, Oh, my Grand Old Land,  
 Hear the cry of thy banished son,  
 Who loves, and would freely die for thee,  
 My cherished, my darling one.  
 I bless thee and pray from my heart of hearts,  
 That Heaven may end thy pain,  
 And bring thee Freedom soon, old land,  
 Though I never may see thee again.

## KEEP THE GRAVE OF RUSSELL GREEN.

We bless their shades—and think with pride,  
 On martyrs, who for Ireland died—  
 The Irish heart is cold as stone  
 That thrills not at the name of Tone,  
 On Emmet bold, or Crowley brave,  
 Who freely died our land to save ;  
 But while these Heroes sleep serene,  
 Oh, keep the grave of Russell green.

No leader he, nor mighty chief,  
 For whom a nation sheds its grief,  
 But one whose young heart knew no guile—  
 A soldier of the "rank and file,"  
 Who grasped his pike, when Ireland call'd,  
 And fell—a martyr true installed—  
 Shot down, by hireling hands accurst,  
 That fateful day at Ballyhurst.

For Freedom's cause—in Freedom's strife—  
 Can mortal render more than life ?  
 Can patriot pure, with purpose high,  
 Do more than for his land to die ?  
 Though humble be our martyr's name,  
 'Tis blazoned on the scroll of fame ;  
 Then let no dastard mar its sheen,  
 And keep the grave of Russell green.

The men who stood by Russell's side,  
 When for our land he nobly died,  
 Were men of pure and lofty aims,  
 And Ireland yet reveres their names.  
 The tyrant's power and wrath they dared—  
 To free our Land they only cared ;  
 No lust of power, nor venal arts,  
 Nor thoughts of self, engrossed their hearts.

But times are changed, we disregard,  
 In Lattin's eerie old churchyard,  
 Our Martyr's grave, and coldly stand,  
 And talk and "huckster"—all for land ;  
 But faithful friends, whose souls are fed  
 With fire caught from our martyr'd dead  
 Will view with love the hallowed scene,  
 And keep the grave of Russell green.

## MICHAEL D'ALTON.

Must I grieve with a grief unavailing,  
 Till death all my sorrows shall end?  
 Must mine be the lot to be wailing,  
 The loss of some loving old friend?  
 For though in my day I had many,  
 I held in the highest regard,  
 Now he who was faithful as any,  
 Is gone to his final reward.

The love of our hearts mostly centres,  
 On those we instinctively trust—  
 I knew my old friend fifty winters—  
 My friend who lies low in the dust;  
 And my first and my only impression,  
 Remained of his worth to the end,  
 For falsehood, nor conscious transgression,  
 Could never be charged to my friend.

The suffering poor will regret him,  
 And tears for his loss can afford,  
 And never in life should forget him—  
 Long lovingly known as "The Board."  
 And Ireland to her worthy scion,  
 A deep debt of gratitude owes,  
 Who stood for her rights like a lion,  
 And never salaamed to her foes.

And here in his native Tipperary,  
 That always is seen in the van,  
 Of her and her fame he was chary,  
 And long proved her Nestor and Man.  
 Her honour and Pride he promoted,  
 He fostered her civic affairs,  
 His time to her weal he devoted,  
 Despite his own duties and cares.

He held for the right to the letter,  
 Nor longed for political crumbs,  
 And loved our old land ten times better,  
 Than they who go beating their drums.  
 For, he was the friend and supporter,  
 Of MEN who would sever her chains,  
 And shamed the false tongues who made sport, or,  
 Decried them with hate for their pains.

He stilled all our pretty discussions,  
 He knew by good tact when to talk—  
 He frowned on the upstart's pretensions,  
 Who deemed himself "Cock of the Walk."  
 His humour was always in season,  
 His manner displayed no pretence,  
 His acts were all guided by reason—  
 By reason and sound common sense.

These lines are a poor simple tribute,  
 That gushed from the depths of my heart,  
 And never were meant to exhibit,  
 My penchant for poetic art.  
 Then, reader, when tempted to halt on,  
 The pathway that leads to be free,  
 Remember with pride Michael D'Alton,  
 And true Irishmen such as he.

## "MY MOTHER-IN-LAW."

Now, say what you like to your uncles and aunties,  
 Whenever you see them, old rakes and old maids,  
 And poke all your fun at those poor "dilletantes"  
 Whose culture and arts are but tinsel and braids;  
 For I like to be found where the people are pleasant,  
 But mark ye, dear boys, this distinction I draw,  
 That none dare say boo while McCarthy is present,  
 That none shall poke fun at my mother-in-law.

For she is the kindest and best of old ladies,  
 The dearest that ever you met in your life;  
 And when she long mothered the clutch of the Bradys,  
 I went for a pullet to make her my wife;  
 And though I am happy and proud that I gained her,  
 And though on her patience I constantly draw,  
 And though she's a jewel, I ask you who trained her,  
 And brought her up right, but my mother-in-law.

And when my dear helpmate has cause to upbraid me,  
 Whenever I'm lazy or late out of nights,  
 Her mother steps forth as a counsel to aid me,  
 And gets me off free from my trouble and plights;  
 The house would be empty and lonesome without her,  
 For no one objects when she lays down the law,  
 The little ones all, they are crazy about her,  
 And doat on old granny, my mother-in-law.

God bless and preserve her for many a season,  
 For many a winter and summer to come—  
 You're doubting my prayer, and I well know the reason,  
 Because you imagine I'm under her thumb.  
 To give her her merit, she never endeavoured  
 To hold me in check or to keep me in awe ;  
 But, whisper, the truth is, I'd feel highly favoured,  
 If someone would steal my old mother-in-law.

#### OUR PEELERS.

Our beautiful land, with her changeable clime,  
 Her sunshine and showers alternating,  
 Where love, for her valleys and hills is a crime,  
 Where tyrants are still castigating  
 Where never was felt in her gloomiest days ;  
 A dearth of politico-healers—  
 The land that can always spontaneously raise,  
 A bountiful harvest of Peelers.

They sprout on the hills where the heather is brown,  
 They flourish on plains and in valleys,  
 They thrive in the village, the city and town,  
 They bourgeon in slums and in alleys.  
 John Bull takes and coddles each promising vine  
 And pots it before he transplants it,  
 For use in the future in "rounding up swine,"  
 Or breaking our heads when he wants it.

Crops may be short and potatoes may fail  
 When seasons are all unpropitious —  
 The agent may come to distrain for the "gale,"  
 And markets be dull or capricious ;  
 The cry of distress may be heard through the land  
 From toilers, consumers and dealers ;  
 But ample's the yield to supply the demand,  
 For our one staple product—the Peelers.

Let spouters orate and the Saxon abuse,  
 And with their "palaver" abet us,  
 To seek for our rights, but, good lord, what's the use,  
 The Peelers, "be cripes," they won't let us.  
 Normans, Plantagenets, Stuarts and Guelphs,  
 Were all "lick-a-like" double dealers,  
 What better is it, to be ruled by ourselves ?  
 Aye, ruled by our Landlords and Peelers.

'Then long may they flourish, these limbs of the law  
 And long may they brandish the baton,  
 To keep us, recalcitrant yokels in awe—  
 The ones who in lawlessness fatten.  
 Columbia the Free has her shysters galore,  
 Her grafters, promoters and heelers,  
 But great as she is, she imports from our shore,  
 The "timber" of most of her Peelers.

#### THE ROSE OF KILTEELY.

Ah, me, what a havoc long years make on men,  
 No matter how grand or intrepid,  
 For when they are verging on "three score and ten"  
 They're either senile or decrepid ;  
 For look at me now, once a fine hearty boy,  
 Whose step through the meadows swung freely,  
 When speeding to meet blooming Bessy Molloy,  
 The pride and the Rose of Kiltteely.

And she was a rose without any mistake,  
 A typical fair Irish maiden,  
 While I, by the careful, was counted a rake,  
 Round my own native spot, Templebraden.  
 Her father had money and cattle and lands,  
 And brought up his children genteely,  
 And never suspected we often pressed hands,  
 Myself and the Rose of Kiltteely.

And though I was poor, it was whispered about  
 That I among men was a leader ;  
 That when the false Saxon was put to the rout,  
 Our land would reward those who freed her ;  
 So I was the target of many bright eyes,  
 Grace Kelly, Jane Hayes, and Kate Healy,  
 But neither acknowledged nor tried to disguise  
 That my choice was the Rose of Kiltteely.

But all the high hopes that I nursed for my land  
 Went up in the air like a bubble ;  
 The Saxon came down with a strong iron hand,  
 And sent me to jail for my trouble ;  
 And while the old Queen gave me lodging and board,  
 And used me, of course, most genteely,  
 To add to my luck, I was shunned and ignored  
 By Bessy, the Rose of Kiltteely.

For while I was serving my three years or more,  
 She married a crusty old grazier,  
 With cattle and farms and money galore,  
 Whose nose was as sharp as a razor.  
 You know him, of course, for he still is the same—  
 The self-same old scrooge, Tim Keneally,  
 But is she as pleased and as proud of his name  
 As once of the Rose of Kildeely?

My failure in love, and my failure in war,  
 But made me a moment down-hearted,  
 For when I got free, like a ship-wrecked old tar,  
 Again on life's journey I started;  
 And when I had shrouded and buried my grief,  
 The question I popped to Kate Healy,  
 Who answered me "Yes," and I felt a relief  
 In losing the Rose of Kildeely.

Father Matt, our good priest, in a trice made us one,  
 While bells of the chapel went pealing;  
 Then I took my bride, like a dutiful son,  
 Home to my father's thatched sheeling,  
 Where since we have prospered and lived in content,  
 And helped out the needy ones freely,  
 Where joy and affection for ever are blent,  
 And the good vanathee is Kate Healy.

My faithless old flame has a house full of boys,  
 As stupid and soulless as donkeys,  
 All lacking in manhood and avoirdupois,  
 And, like their old dad, arrant flunkies.  
 While with my fair colleens and fine manly son,  
 And "the love of a wife" in Kate Healy,  
 Why should I begrudge the old fellow that won  
 False Bessy, the Rose of Kildeely?

#### MASTER PHIL.

Oh 'tis well I call those days to mind,  
 When I was but a boy,  
 Then life was lightly interlined,  
 With sorrow and with joy,  
 Ere I had crossed the briny surf,  
 That never can keep still,  
 When with my books and sod of turf  
 I went to Master Phil.

Then I was like a thousand more  
 Young rascals in my day  
 Who loathed books and hated lore,  
 But loved to romp and play;  
 The knowledge and the truths sublime,  
 He laboured to instil  
 In my young mind was wasted time,  
 For poor old Master Phil.

Old Master Phil was blest with brains,  
 And steeped in lore profound,  
 And pupils from the hills and plains  
 In flocks came trooping round;  
 The truant wriggled in the lurch,  
 When trounced with art and skill,  
 For none could wield the stinging birch,  
 Like good old Master Phil.

Oh! God be good to him, old man,  
 And pardon all his sins,  
 'Twas he could lay the stout ratan,  
 Upon our naked shins;  
 If at his magic word "rehearse"  
 Our tongues kept wagging still—  
 Oh! would that I could chant in verse,  
 The traits of Master Phil.

I see him as I write this song,  
 While tears my pages blot,  
 Striding like some chief along,  
 Between a walk and trot;  
 Within his realms an autocrat,  
 Where law was but his will,  
 While we, poor urchins, cowered and sat,  
 And gaped at Master Phil.

But when outside his duties, he  
 Was kind and good to all,  
 And many an act of constancy,  
 I gladly would recall.  
 He loved his "drop of Inishowen"  
 And liked to take his fill,  
 And that is all that can be thrown,  
 At poor old Master Phil.

For he was true to Motherland,  
 And loved his pupil "Myles,"  
 And many a sleepless night he planned  
 To save me from the toils ;  
 And oft he braved the storm and snow,  
 His mission to fulfil—  
 Ah ! many and many a debt I owe,  
 To poor old Master Phil.

But Master Phil has passed away,  
 He sleeps beneath the sod,  
 His honest soul I trust and pray  
 Is now in peace with God.  
 No lying tongue will dare besmirch,  
 While I can hold the quill,  
 This doughty wielder of the birch,  
 My friend, old Master Phil.

#### DAVY RHU.

The tears adown my cheeks  
 Fall like dew,  
 Where stately Galtee peaks  
 Are in view,  
 And my brain is tempest tossed,  
 When I think of fond hopes crossed,  
 And the noble heart I lost,  
 Davy Rhu.

Once my tressess were as dark  
 As the wing  
 Of the raven—like a lark  
 I could sing ;  
 But now my locks are gray,  
 And my heart so blithe and gay,  
 Is feeling day by day  
 Sorrow's sting.

A purse-proud pompous man  
 Was my sire  
 Whose whole ambition's plan  
 And desire,  
 Was gold for me to hoard  
 And with a fortune stored,  
 See me wedded to a lord  
 Or a squire.

For he deemed me in his pride,  
 Beauty's queen,  
 So graceful, dignified  
 And serene ;  
 While I, poor silly maid,  
 All my arrogance displayed  
 And suitors fled dismayed  
 From the scene.

Till the hero of my heart  
 And my song,  
 So manly without art  
 Came along,  
 To worship at my shrine ;  
 But this haughty breast of mine  
 Discarded him to pine,  
 With the throng.

Oh, the mournful look he gave  
 Pierced me through,  
 As he raised his hand to wave  
 Me adieu ;  
 And I turned as cold as stone,  
 When he left me there alone—  
 Oh, my lost love ; oh, my own,  
 Davy Rhu.

For I loved him though too proud  
 To say so ;  
 Ah, the bitter years I've bowed  
 Down in woe—  
 For a noble peerless one,  
 Though an humble widow's son,  
 Was he who my heart won,  
 Davy Rhu.

And this youth I madly spurned  
 From me so,  
 To Mother Ireland turned  
 In her woe ;  
 And tyrants quaked and quailed,  
 Whose bulwarks he assailed—  
 But he failed as heroes failed  
 Long ago.

And across the stormy sea  
                   He took flight,  
 And left his land and me  
                   In black night ;  
 Where miners hunt for gold,  
 He lies sleeping still and cold,  
 My beautiful, my bold  
                   Heart's delight.

Above the Galtee peaks  
                   Skies are blue,  
 But tears are on my cheeks  
                   Wet as dew ;  
 With wealth and golden store,  
 My heart is sad and sore,  
 For I mourn evermore,  
                   Davy Rhu.

#### OLD TIM AND JACK CLANCY.

- "You'd fight for Old Ireland, Jack Clancy,  
 And risk your young life for her sake,  
 And leave your good "vanithee," Nancy,  
 Whose loving heart surely would break,"  
 "Yes, I'd fight for my Land to redress her  
 Till stains from her fair limbs are scoured,  
 Or Nancy, my wife—Heaven bless her—  
 Would call me a slave or a coward."
- "And have you much 'gra' for the neighbours,  
 The ones that are known as 'shoneens' ?  
 And do you take stock in the labours  
 And 'gas' of our 'talking machines' ?  
 "No, those are the curse of our nation,  
 And sneer at her sorrow and pain,  
 While these think each frothy oration  
 Doth sever a link of her chain."
- "Then give me your hand bold Jack Clancy,  
 For you are the true Irish boy—  
 Your health and the health of your Nancy—  
 Your lives be one long day of joy.  
 If Irishmen all had your spirit,  
 And showed a bold front to the foe,  
 The thrall that we tamely inherit,  
 Like mists of the morning would go."

#### THE MOANING OF TREES IN THE NIGHT,

I wandered the fields of my dear land,  
 In day time and night time I strayed,  
 And though Erin's Isle is a weird land,  
 I never in life felt afraid.  
 I tarried for nights all alone in  
 The haunts of the ghost and the sprite,  
 Unmoved, yet I thrilled at the moaning—  
 The moaning of trees in the night.

I stood on the rath of the fairy,  
 In midnight's deep silence and gloom,  
 And slept, when my footsteps were weary,  
 Unnerved in the fay-haunted room,  
 I heard without shudder the groaning  
 Of victims cut down in the fight,  
 Yet always felt queer at the moaning—  
 The moaning of trees in the night.

The tyrant I feared not when living,  
 And recked not his phantom when dead,  
 Nor blessings to him was I giving,  
 Nor curses had I for his head.  
 I passed the lone spot he was killed at,  
 Without the least semblance of fright,  
 But, strange, I felt nervous and thrilled at  
 The moaning of trees in the night.

I saw in my day many dangers,  
 And death often met face to face,  
 Yet fear and myself were but strangers,  
 To know it would bring but disgrace ;  
 I fought in the van of the battle,  
 In many a fierce bloody fight,  
 Yet thrilled through and through at the tattle—  
 The moaning of trees in the night.

Those old stately elms and beeches  
 That statue-like stand in a row,  
 All start into life and make speeches  
 When winds toss their limbs to and fro,  
 And each has the voice of some granny,  
 We knew in the flesh long ago—  
 Old trees in the night are uncanny  
 When tossed by the wind to and fro.

Though man is a vain pompous creature  
 Who rules over ocean and land,  
 There's something down deep in his nature,  
 He knows not nor can understand.  
 'Tis God, who still guides and preserves me,  
 And leads all my footsteps aright,  
 Only knows why it always unnerves me—  
 The moaning of trees in the night,

### THE TWO FRIENDS—A TALE OF TO-DAY.

I knew him a gentle peasant—  
 The soul of honour and truth—  
 When life looked rosy and pleasant,  
 As seen through the eyes of youth.  
 He loved the Green Isle that bore him,  
 And gave her his heart and hand ;  
 But fortune ruthlessly tore him  
 Away to a distant land.

Your band of devoted brothers,  
 Whom falsehood could ne'er disgrace,  
 Whose love was pure as a mother's  
 For your Land and trampled Race ;  
 Who warmed our hearts when coldest,  
 Who kept the " old fire " alive,  
 He was one of your boldest,  
 Oh, " Heroes of Sixty-Five."

When father and mother left me,  
 Alone in this " vale of tears,"  
 And death of all joys bereft me,  
 He solaced my tender years ;  
 He trained, he schooled me with care in  
 The ways that a youth should go,  
 And in love for Mother Erin,  
 In hate for her Saxon foe.

With fire in his every motion,  
 And might in his manly limb,  
 I thought with a youth's devotion  
 There was none on earth like him.  
 My hero was he unsullied,  
 Though only a son of toil,  
 Who never was cowed or bullied  
 By laws or " lords of the soil."

And when came the fateful crisis,  
 That tested the souls of men,  
 The foe, with his vile devices,  
 Held trumps in his hand again.  
 He hunted this bold Defender,  
 He searched for him high and low,  
 Whose motto was " No surrender,  
 And never to trust that foe."

There was grief in my bosom youthful—  
 Black grief for the true and brave ;  
 There was love for my hero truthful,  
 Who slept in the brake or cave.  
 I watched through long nights unnumbered,  
 With eyes for the skulking spy ;  
 I watched where my idol slumbered,  
 While tears on my cheeks were dry.

At length came some friends devoted,  
 Who urged him to go away ;  
 That a bark on the waters floated,  
 To bear him from Galway Bay ;  
 That futile were one's devotion,  
 Immured in a prison pen,  
 That one from beyond the ocean  
 May join in the fight again.

They talked and with further urging,  
 While his face was stern and bent,  
 And blood to his brow was surging,  
 He finally gave consent ;  
 And then came a rush of feeling  
 Like waves on a stormy sea,  
 All his pent up love revealing  
 As he turned and looked at me.

He clasped me close to his bosom,  
 His voice with emotion broke,  
 I felt that I then must lose him.  
 And these were the words he spoke :  
 " Poor orphan, I hate to grieve you,  
 I did my best to be kind,  
 But Tommy, boy, I must leave you,  
 And all that I love behind."

“ But promise me now when leaving,  
 To be always good and true—  
 Come, cease all this useless grieving,  
 My parents will care for you.  
 To me you were ever dearer,  
 Oh, dearer far than a son ;  
 To me you were ever nearer ”—  
 He kissed my lips and was gone.

O'er my griefs for the days that followed  
 I shall kindly draw the veil,  
 While out where the waters billowed,  
 His good ship ploughed full sail.  
 And soon came his welcome letter  
 That he landed safe and sound,  
 And never in life felt better—  
 With love to the friends all around.

The news to his friends brought gladness—  
 We prayed for our gallant boy ;  
 The hearts, long a prey to sadness,  
 Gave thanks to the Lord in joy.  
 Then a message we sent him burning  
 With love from his friends galore ;  
 And hopes of a bright returning,  
 But never heard from him more.

Months came—years came, and ten vanished,  
 And I had grown to a man,  
 Yet no news of our bold and banished  
 One under the Saxon ban.  
 His sire, for his loss long grieving,  
 Lay cold in his narrow bed ;  
 But hopes in our hearts kept weaving,  
 Though we mourned him now as dead.

His brother and sister followed  
 And lay by their father's side,  
 Then another grave was hollowed  
 For her, once his joy and pride ;  
 For mother—the brave old mammy—  
 Soon sickened and pined and died ;  
 All gone, but the orphan Tommy—  
 Who sat by the old fireside.

But she, who was more than mother,  
 When Death's cold grasp was near,  
 In words, not meant for another,  
 Spoke thus in my eager ear :  
 “ Hold fast to the old home, Tommy,  
 And keep on the level track—  
 Oh ! hold the old home till Johnny—  
 Till Johnny, my boy comes back.”

When I promised she died contented ;  
 But soon came another blow,  
 As if friends their malice vented  
 To add to my grief and woe.  
 A letter came from “ his honor,”  
 And signed by “ his ” honor's hand,  
 Which closed in this brutal manner—  
 “ Come, fellow, I want my land.

My blood was up in a minute,  
 And I cared not what occurred ;  
 I pledged myself to stay in it,  
 And I meant to keep my word.  
 I sent him right back this answer,  
 Which somewhat in this way ran ;  
 Come take the land if you can, sir,  
 Come take the land if you can.”

I planned for a stout resistance ;  
 I barred the windows and door ;  
 Friends hurried to my assistance,  
 For then I had friends galore.  
 We fought in that old mud cabin,  
 Till the place ran red with gore—  
 We fought where the welcome robin  
 Once fed on the earthen floor.

That Satan's hate is still in 'em,  
 These wreckers again gave proof,  
 They rushed, and with rage and venom  
 Set fire to the old thatched roof ;  
 But while the old doomed dwelling  
 In a shroud of smoke was draped,  
 We broke through their cordon yelling,  
 And all to a man escaped.

False tongues in their spleen defamed me,  
 And said that my hands were red,  
 With blood, while the law proclaimed me,  
 And set a price on my head ;  
 But friends in their great devotion  
 O'er traitors and spies prevailed,  
 And out on the bounding ocean  
 Soon my good, stout vessel sailed.

When I reached this fair "Land of Promise,"  
 I searched for my absent friend.  
 And showed to each "doubting Thomas"  
 The lines to me he had penned.  
 But none could direct or aid me  
 Or help me out in my quest,  
 Till a keen old miner bade me  
 Go try in the "Golden West."

I dug for the shining metal—  
 I tramped through the Western wilds—  
 My motive, when asked to settle,  
 Seemed meaningless as a child's ;  
 Till at last, 'mid the mountains golden,  
 That sit by the Ocean West,  
 To luck or to fate beholden,  
 I finished my long long quest.

For there in a cabin dying,  
 I found my old friend alone,  
 With no one to soothe his sighing,  
 And no one to ease his moan.  
 I entered the lowly cabin,  
 His eyes to my face he raised—  
 I sank on his bosom sobbing,  
 And he murmured "God be praised."

The joy, the bliss of that meeting  
 What pen would dare to portray ;  
 Oh ! the love, the love of his greeting  
 Is deep in my heart to-day.  
 There hand in hand in the gloaming  
 I told him the mournful tale,  
 Of friends, and the dear home in  
 That bright, sunny verdant vale.

Down his old cheeks gaunt and furrowed,  
 Then the big tears slowly rolled—  
 And with voice that was low and hurried  
 His own sad story he told—  
 "I felt I had shirked my duty  
 When I left the misty shore  
 Of that Emerald Isle of Beauty,  
 Which I never shall see more."

"Then I'd give all earth and its glory  
 And more to be back again,  
 Confronting the Pirate hoary,  
 And backed by ten thousand men.  
 Through this land in tones of thunder  
 My voice rang out for a while  
 To rend her shackles asunder  
 And save our old darling Isle."

"I painted her slowly dying,  
 Struck down by the tyrant's hand,  
 With her sons and her daughters flying  
 Away to some foreign land.  
 I pictured her as a nation—  
 I urged her sons to unite,  
 I preached that a land's salvation  
 Lay all in that one word 'Fight'."

"Some thought me an idle dreamer,  
 Some deemed me a blatant fool,  
 Some called me a wily schemer,  
 One bred in some vicious school ;  
 For one, who my views was sharing,  
 The scoffers numbered a host,  
 But men of my race from Erin  
 Were they who scoffed at me most."

"I blest her, abandoned Erin,  
 While my eyes with tears were blind,  
 Then turned with a heart despairing  
 And left all my hopes behind ;  
 I sought on that fateful morrow  
 The scenes of this mighty West,  
 To hide forever the sorrow  
 And pain that lay in my breast.

"I delved with a mad endeavour—  
I hewed down the lordly pine,  
Still my heart and my thoughts were ever  
Away in that land of mine ;  
My hands never itched for grabbing,  
But hated the touch of gold,  
So here in my lonely cabin,  
I welcome you, poor and old.

"Oh, we were all to each other,  
My Tommy, my more than son ;  
What bliss to be left together,  
God's will on this earth be done ;  
For my feet are cold and clammy  
And I feel on my face death's dew,  
But it seems like home now, Tommy—  
Oh, it seems like home with you.

"Ah, there are the Galtees yonder,  
And that is old Galtymore ;  
What brings them so close, I wonder ?  
They seem to be near the door ;  
Lift me up, I am old and feeble,  
Till I look at the brave old sod ;"  
Then the soul of this grand old rebel  
Flew up to the throne of God,

I laid him out with affection,  
I tenderly closed his eyes,  
I prayed in my great affliction,  
Till stars went out in the skies ;  
I dug his grave in the sunlight  
Close under a giant tree,  
To hide for ever the one light  
That showed me how to be free.

And there in that mountain gully  
That looks on the ocean west,  
With a name that no tongue dare sully  
I laid my old friend to rest ;  
By waters recklessly rearing,  
Or crooning, or singing hymns,  
There slumbers this son of Erin,  
And one of her purest gems.

### TAKE A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF THE CUBANS.

It is hard to explain why we Irish are vain  
And pose as the grandest of races,  
The bravest on earth while the land of our birth  
In slavery, shame and disgrace is.  
To boast of our sires, satisfies our desires,  
And sing of the days of their glory :  
And live on their fame, without seeking a name  
For ourselves in the pages of story.

Would we break the old gyves that have tortured our lives,  
And loath to be shackled by new bonds ;  
Or hanker to be on the road of the free,  
Take a leaf from *the* book of the Cubans.  
We're fretting our lives like old querulous wives  
Bewailing our sorrowful portion ;  
While liberty's cheers loudly ring in our ears  
From heroes afar o'er the ocean,

Whose chains are nigh broke 'mid the battle field's smoke,  
Whose steel in God's sunlight is shining ;  
While we for our *land never turn* a hand,  
But like dastardly helots keep whining.  
Or brothers to-day in strange homes far away  
Enjoying the blessings of freedom ;  
Who'd help us to pull—down the flag of John Bull  
With strong ready hands should we need 'em,

Now gaze with a sigh, as supinely we lie  
In the slough of a putrid stagnation,  
Or vainly pursue, with such fuss and ado  
The will-o-the-wisp "agitation."  
Let us candidly own that the fault is alone  
In ourselves for the ills we are bearing—  
That our own hands must break, without any mistake  
The collar of slaves we are wearing.

I've trashed o'er and o'er, this old subject before,  
And futile has been all my teaching :  
But to wipe out old scores, let us do like the Boers—  
And that puts an end to my preaching.  
Or, to break the old gyves that have tortured our lives—  
And loath to be fretted by new bands ;  
Or hanker to be on the road of the Free  
Take a leaf from the book of the Cubans.

## MY GENTLE AILEEN.

Where Sarsfield of old skyward blew William's cannon,  
 And lovers of Ireland still visit the scene,  
 Where fields of rich green gently slope to the Shannon,  
 'Twas there I first met her, my gentle Aileen.  
 Then beauty and grace on her brow were imprinted,  
 The young rustic beauties all crowned her their queen,  
 And swains, high and low, felt like creatures demented,  
 To catch a bright smile from my gentle Aileen.

It was then I was forced from my own native Kerry,  
 Because I was one who would fight for the Green,  
 And to baffle the sleuths I went down to Tipperary  
 To dig the potatoes and play the spalpeen.  
 And though I was only poor Johnny O'Connell,  
 With nought of the hero disguised in my mien,  
 Yet, in my old brogues and my waistcoat of flannel,  
 I won the young heart of my gentle Aileen.

We pledged our young lives to be true to each other,  
 And vowed to let nothing but death come between,  
 And while in the twilight we wandered together,  
 To me she was dearer by far than a queen.  
 I wove for my country no chaplet or garland,  
 For still in the dust trails her banner of green,  
 But while I am breaking my heart in a far land,  
 Her native earth covers my gentle Aileen.

## FAITH AND FATHERLAND.

My father and mother are dead and gone,  
 They lie, God rest them, in Irish clay,  
 And my sisters and brothers are, one by one,  
 From age or disease now passing away.  
 Some rest at home in the old churchyard,  
 Where trees fling shadows across their graves,  
 While more poor wandering souls ill-starred,  
 Sleep with strangers, beyond the waves.

Ah, fifty years is a long long time  
 Since last I tasted of bliss or joy,  
 Then I was a man in my early prime,  
 Or, rather only a grown up boy ;  
 And little I thought it would be my lot  
 To squander my years beyond the foam,  
 When life was serene in that humble cot  
 We fondly called "The Old Mountain Home."

My father and mother were good and kind,  
 But seldom had cause to use reproof,  
 For all in filial love were joined,  
 And peace sat smiling upon our roof.  
 My mother, fond, in our hearts instilled  
 The seeds of faith, and the love of God,  
 While father, manly, brave, strong-willed,  
 Charged us to cherish the dear Old Sod.

My sisters were comely, modest and sweet,  
 And carefully shunned life's snares and perils,  
 At Mass, or at meeting or in the street  
 They bore themselves like true Irish girls.  
 My brothers all aspired to be free,  
 Prepared in the cause of right to stand,  
 And were all that father taught them to be,  
 Their hearts were set on their native land.

I've treasured deep in my heart of hearts,  
 Those precious teachings I got in youth,  
 Though scoffers used all their specious arts,  
 To lure me away from the paths of truth.  
 They offered me gold, and offered me fame,  
 They proffered me too the friendly hand  
 If I were false to my ancient name,  
 And false to my Faith and Fatherland.

But all their gifts and bribes I spurned,  
 Nor sought their friendship, nor feared their wrath—  
 But from their presence away I turned  
 To follow the straight and narrow path,  
 With little fame and with little wealth,  
 And little else now at my command,  
 Yet I feel rich, while God leaves me health  
 And love for my Faith and Fatherland.

My dear old home may be standing still,  
 With its roof of thatch, and its walls of clay,  
 While behind it rises the heather hill,  
 Where I played and sported many a day ;  
 Where I looked with joy through the window pane,  
 When morning, night's black robe had furled,  
 On the smiling fields of the "Golden Vein"  
 That to my fancy seemed all the world.

That home is now but an empty nest,  
 For all who loved me the best are flown,  
 Some north, some south, some east or west,  
 And some to the shores of "The Great Unknown."  
 Old recollections, they bring delight,  
 While present musings but give me pain,  
 Old scenes are now but a lonesome sight  
 That I may never behold again.

For age comes stealing on me apace,  
 I feel its weight, for my step is slow,  
 And I spurt with effort in life's rough race,  
 Although the distance is short to go.  
 When all is past, and the goal is won,  
 And I, in God's dread Presence stand,  
 My saintly parents will plead "Our Son  
 Was true to his Faith and Fatherland."

#### WHEN PEGGY AND I ELOPED.

Look at me now a poor old gelth—  
 The merest fistful of bones,  
 Though once in my day I had strength and health  
 And spoke in no whining tones.  
 That was in glorious sixty-five,  
 When hearts for liberty hoped—  
 That was the summer time, man alive,  
 When Peggy and I eloped.

See her now by the kitchen fire,  
 Faded and old, and grey,  
 With her sunny smile while she toasts the bread  
 And busily makes the "tay."  
 Oh, she is the best and kindest wife  
 That ever a scatterbrain roped ;  
 The joy of my heart and the light of my life,  
 Since Peggy and I eloped.

And she was once the bonniest lass  
 That ever a youth bespoke,  
 With her natty kerchief as green as grass,  
 Her cap, and her hooded cloak.  
 The rustics all were ready to die,  
 And felt like men when doped,  
 To catch a glance from her coal black eye,  
 When Peggy and I eloped.

And bucks and buckeens buzzed round like flies,  
 Or followed close in her train,  
 But well she knew what they said were lies,  
 And treated them with disdain.  
 I can't explain, how from the start,  
 The way to her heart I groped—  
 I can't explain how I won her heart,  
 Ere Peggy and I eloped.

But maybe it was I loved my land,  
 But can't say that for sure,  
 And maybe it was that this good right hand  
 Was ready to guard the poor.  
 She blest us, and blest our Irish pikes  
 When called away to the hills,  
 Then cursed the blathers, who hid in the dykes  
 And brought us our woes and ills.

See, outside, are my two "gorsoons"  
 Discoursing son-in-law Jem ;  
 'Twould take a dozen or more dragoons  
 To wallop the three of them ;  
 We never lost faith in our darkest hours,  
 And ne'er in despondency moped,  
 We never lost patience in sunshine or showers  
 Since Peggy and I eloped.

Your health, young friend, let me grasp your fist,  
 In the grip of an honest hand ;  
 God bless the hero who never missed  
 A blow for his native land,  
 I drink to comrades yet alive,  
 Though I never was one who topped—  
 Hurrah ! for the days of old sixty-five,  
 When Peggy and I eloped.

## THE DYING REBEL.

*Scene*—THE GOLDEN VALE, TIPPERARY.

*Time*—NOVEMBER, 1875, A.D.

To go to my Mary to-day I am ready,  
 For all the old neighbours before me are gone ;  
 If only I heard from my bouchaleen Teddy—  
 If only I heard from my own darling son.  
 For fortune compelled him to cross the Atlantic,  
 To struggle for bread on a far distant shore ;  
 The day of our parting I nearly went frantic—  
 To think my old eyes may behold him no more.

O, he was a youth that was loving and steady,  
 And never felt backward his feelings to speak ;  
 To fight for his land he was willing and ready,  
 And lent his strong hand to the needy and weak.  
 And Erin's sweet Isle, does he ever forget her,  
 While breaking his heart in that cold "Yankee Land ?"  
 No, no, he enquires in each long loving letter,  
 "And how is old Ireland, and how does she stand ?"  
 And says he'll come back when the dawning of freedom  
 Reflects a bright glow on her mountains and plains,  
 That all true and bold Celtic spirits we need them  
 To shatter for ever the Sassanagh's "chains."

The landscape is dreary—'tis cheerless November,  
 And winter already is gripping the earth,  
 I'll hear from my bouchal, of course, in December,  
 Before the glad day Our Redeemer had birth.  
 The wind through my garments blows keen as an arrow,  
 And fire or exertion no heat doth impart ;  
 The cold racks and pierces my bones to the marrow,  
 And seems to be sapping the springs of my heart.

The old man is dead, and is gone to his Mary,  
 And joined with old friends on the Shores of the Blest,  
 For when the first snow kissed the Hills of Tipperary,  
 We tenderly laid him for ever to rest.  
 In that eerie old spot where the dock and the thistle  
 Grow lusty in June 'mid a tangle of vines,  
 The day some kind friend sent a woeful epistle,  
 That Teddy his bouchal was killed in the mines.

## SONG—EVELEEN,

The evening beams were glinting, on the crags of Slievenamon ;  
 The May flowers wild were scenting, the green meadow and the  
 bawn ;  
 And little lambs were sprinting, on the daisy speckled lawn,  
 When I parted little Eveleen for ever.

It was the same old story—lover's vows and lover's tears—  
 Alas, that tempus hoary, all these fond illusions seres ;  
 But life was in its glory—'twas the blooming of our years—  
 When I parted beauteous Eveleen for ever.

Then I was a bold rebel, with brave heart and ready hands—  
 My voice in its rich treble, beat the music of the bands ;  
 But now I'm old and feeble—tired of roaming foreign lands—  
 Since I parted darling Eveleen for ever.

While she, a sister holy, prays in silent convent cells,  
 Or Soothes the sick and lowly, with the magic of her spells ;  
 Oh ! death is creeping slowly, since our saddest of farewells—  
 Since I parted saintly Eveleen for ever.

## THE EXILE'S RETURN.

I stood upon a grassy knoll  
 And looked towards Slievnamon,  
 The prospect opened like a scroll  
 That morning after dawn.  
 I saw old Cashel's hoary rock  
 Rise grimly from the plain—  
 My bosom thrilled, as with a shock,  
 For I was home again.

I saw old places with delight,  
 From Bansha to Dundrum,  
 All hallowed spots that poets might  
 Call "Little Kingdom Come."  
 I saw old Keeper's rugged head,  
 The Galtees tall and grand—  
 "O is there in this world" I said,,  
 "So beautiful a land."

No wonder that black Cromwell cried  
 When gazing on the scene:  
 "Behold, my trusty men and tried,  
 Those fields of gold and green,  
 There is a land worth fighting for,  
 That God, the Lord made well;  
 Go drive those sons of Beelzebub  
 To Connaught or to hell."

And well did all that canting crew  
 Obey his stern command —  
 They fired, they pillaged, and they slew,  
 They ravaged all the land.  
 They strove to purge the hated Celt  
 From off his native clay;  
 They scourge him, and he feels the welt,  
 It rankles sore to-day.

I saw their mansions dot the plain  
 In all the favored nooks,  
 With lawns and many a broad demesne,  
 By crystal streams and brooks.  
 I paused, and pondered for a while  
 On many a pleasant place,  
 That lords and lacqueys now defile  
 And sycophants disgrace.

I saw the peasants' whitewashed cots,  
 All scattered far and wide,  
 In dreary, bleak, forbidding spots,  
 By glen and mountain side.  
 Their inmates pale from constant toil  
 And bowed with worldly cares—  
 Poor helots on their native soil,  
 Which by God's right is theirs.

They told me on that distant shore  
 Where I had been since youth,  
 That tyrants cursed my land no more,  
 But did they tell the truth.  
 No, no, indeed, though some are gone,  
 By manhood put to rout,  
 The most with vengeance still hang on  
 And must be rooted out.

In all my thoughts it never seemed,  
 O darling of my heart,  
 In all my dreams I never dreamed,  
 That thou wert all thou art.  
 I'll give my love and give my life  
 To see thy wrongs redressed,  
 And all I ask for in the strife  
 Is slumber in thy breast.

### ONE OF THE FORTY NINERS.

#### A REALISTIC WESTERN BALLAD.

I was born and bred an Irishman,  
 I am one of the old McCarthys;  
 But left the land of my youth and love,  
 In the famine year of the forties,  
 And crossed the great "big herring pond,"  
 In one of "Old Tapscot's liners,"  
 And caught the craze to hunt for gold,  
 I'm one of the "Forty Niners."

And from New York to the glorious West,  
 With an emigrant train I started,  
 And felt, though one of a motley crew,  
 Both buoyant and cheery hearted.  
 For six long months, o'er plains and hills,  
 We suffered untold privation,  
 But safely reached the "Golden Gate,"  
 The place of our destination.

I tarried awhile in that booming town,  
 Which lies by the "Spanish Mission,"  
 Then made a break for the mining camp—  
 For the goal of my great ambition.  
 I washed the sands in the gorges wild,  
 With the old time "placer miners,"  
 And learned their ways, which I can't forget,  
 I'm one of the "Forty Niners."

And fortune graciously smiled on me,  
 As she smiled on no other party,  
 But her precious gifts were thrown away,  
 On the Omadhan McCarthy.  
 I wasted my dust in a riotous life—  
 I gambled and dissipated,  
 But never once in my mad career  
 A human being ill-treated.

From Rio Grande to Assinaboine,  
 And all the way to Seattle,  
 I knew each spot of the "Woolly West"  
 That produces the shining metal—  
 Yes, knew each nook where the stuff is found,  
 That maketh the yellow shiners,  
 For I am one of the old time boys—  
 I'm one of the "Forty Niners."

I have been in the "Comstock mine,"  
 And followed the "drift" with Mackey,  
 And shared a "shack" with Fair and Flood,  
 We chewed one plug of tobacco.  
 I envy not those "bonanza" Kings,  
 For I am none of your whiners,  
 But a good old soul of the days gone by—  
 I'm one of the "Forty Niners."

Through many a canyon and steep divide  
 In my days have I prospected—  
 Sometimes unlucky, but oftentimes  
 With a luck that I ne'er expected ;  
 But all the same, when I made a pile,  
 It filtered fast through my fingers,  
 Yet old McCarthy never repines  
 While life in his bosom lingers.

I've found delight in hunting gold,  
 And tasted bliss in the spending,  
 Then mine has been a joyous life,  
 Though I'll joyously hail its ending.  
 What need had I of hoarding wealth—  
 What motive ever to spare it,  
 For kith and kin nor wife have I,  
 Nor an old friend left to share it.

See, on the street in Cripple Creek,  
 That old man gaunt and hoary,  
 Who hobbles along in a miner's dress,  
 'Tis he who has told this story ;  
 And mark how his eyes with pleasure gleam  
 When hailed by his brother miners—  
 That's "Uncle Tom," as he loves to be called,  
 The pride of the "Forty Niners."

#### TOM DESMOND.

He's dead, he's gone, the grand old Irish rebel,  
 Whose thrilling words gave vigour to the faint ;  
 Whose mellow voice rose high unto a treble,  
 When he the woes of motherland would paint ;  
 Whose life was pure as a young novice kneeling,  
 Prepared to consecrate her life to God ;  
 Who never tired, nor wearied of appealing  
 To Irishmen to love their native sod.

Who took no stock in pitiful concessions,  
 Doled out to kindred, who but fret and whine,  
 And beg their lords to spare them for transgressions,  
 As sinners would before a Heavenly shrine ;  
 Who never for a moment relished talking,  
 Except the talk would stir some stagnant blood,  
 Who always counselled brothers to keep walking  
 Along the path that leads to Nationhood.

One of that noble chain, "The Men of Sixty-seven,  
 Which now grows short, though still devoid of kinks,  
 For most is broken—gone, I trust to Heaven—  
 And now we lose the strongest of its links,  
 Who never claimed that "senile moral suasion,"  
 Would see the rights of Motherland restored ;  
 Whose creed was plain—no quibbling nor evasion—  
 "Go blaze the trail to Freedom with the sword."

Who from our many exiled millions,  
 That in this Land of Freedom found abodes,  
 Was sent to save the land of Irish felons  
 That pined in durance at the Antipodes,  
 With gallant Breslin—well did they the duty  
 That countless Celts had made their hearts desire—  
 Did Saxon faces look like things of beauty  
 When that bold skipper dared them trice to fire ?

That deed re-echoed on the shores of nations,  
 Whose people asked the cause of all the din.  
 And then they joined us in our jubiliations  
 Until old earth with pleasure seemed to spin ;  
 And though both heroes now have passed death's portals,  
 That daring deed, that daring deed alone  
 Will niche their names along with the "Immortals"—  
 Beside the names of Emmet and Wolfe Tone,

And both to-day are joined in God's Own City,  
 And fraternize with more than mortal glow,  
 And look with love, with more than human pity,  
 On friends and brothers weeping here below.  
 With one regret, they see their land still bleeding,  
 While still above their tyrants domineer ;  
 But Saints will join them in their ceaseless pleading,  
 To God to bring the hour of vengeance near.

Of all the Desmonds who for Ireland's glory,  
 Died, and gloried in her cause to fall ;  
 Of all their names, that live in song and story,  
 The one I mourn was truest of them all,  
 And we were friends, for each the other trusted,  
 And each would give life for the other's sake ;  
 For I'm a link, well worn and deeply rusted,  
 And soon will come the hour when I must break.

It pains me sore to see his old place vacant,  
 Nor see him more, nor grasp his manly hand,  
 While rocks loom round, that he for years had beaconed,  
 And no one near to pilot me to land.  
 I join with friends, and all true Irish lovers  
 In prayer, who grieve and mourn for his loss :  
 I feel his spirit still around me hovers,  
 Although his clay is cold in Holy Cross.

### NINETY-EIGHT.

#### A NEW YEAR'S BALLAD.

A feeble old man, fifty summers exiled,  
 From Erin's Green Isle, where he played when a child,  
 Sends greeting to you in that land o'er the waves,  
 And bids you arise and no longer be slaves.

No longer to bow to the might of the foe,  
 Nor tamely submit to his cuff and his blow,  
 But up while the fire in your manhood remains  
 And make a bold effort to shatter your chains.

Remember the days of your fathers with pride,  
 And mark how for Freedom they gloriously died ;  
 Like true men and heroes their hearts never quailed,  
 They fought to the death though the foeman prevailed.

What need to look back to the dim misty past  
 For mythical heroes who rode on the blast ;  
 What need to call up the grim spectre of Brian,  
 For men who were fearless and bold as a lion.

O'Donnell the dauntless, and princely O'Neill  
 Bartered their all for our motherland's weal ;  
 And bold, dashing Sarsfield and gallant Owe Roe,  
 Shed lustre on Ireland long, long years ago.

And down through the gloom of the dark Penal Days,  
 Were heroic men whom we name but to praise ;  
 But Wexford's bold pikemen, in famed ninety-eight,  
 Our best and our bravest, do well emulate.

They rose in their might, goaded on by the foe,  
 And back with a vengeance they gave blow for blow ;  
 My heart is on fire, and my eyes fill with tears,  
 To hear of the deeds of the bold Shelmailers.

Above their cold graves fame to-day spreads her wings,  
 Though they posed not as heroes, nor chieftains, nor kings,  
 But only poor peasants, true sons of the soil,  
 Whose lives were devoted to hardship and toil.

Their arms were scanty—the rudest of kind,  
 But such as they were had true manhood behind ;  
 And Saxon and Hessian, and Yeoman alike,  
 Went down at the lunge of the long trusty pike.

The redcoats of England they met foot to foot,  
 And often whole regiments to pieces they cut ;  
 Through many fierce fights in that famous campaign,  
 They proved themselves victors again and again.

This handful of heroes, who owned not a coward,  
By brute force and numbers at length were o'erpowered—  
They sank from exhaustion—they sleep in their graves,  
While over them echo the tread of the slaves.

The croppies of Wexford they feared not to die ;  
The croppies of Wexford, who dare vilify—  
Their name and their fame, we remember with pride,  
The croppies of Wexford, they fought till they died.

Let dastards and cravens, now dolefully cry,  
" 'Tis madness and folly for freedom to try " ;  
But mark how a few valiant men of our race  
Tattered the throne of old George to its base.

It is only a hundred— a hundred sad years,  
Mottled with bloodshed and famine and tears,  
Since Wexford's bold pikemen, like Spartans did stand,  
And fought their best fight for our sorrowful land.

We'll keep their remembrance with reverence bowed,  
In grief for their fate of their gallantry proud—  
We'll seek our old land, from our homes o'er the waves,  
To nerve our cold hearts, by the bold croppies' graves.

And vow on the turf that encircles our dead,  
Deathless love to the green, deathless hate to the red,  
And swear by the bones of the heroes below,  
That our land must be free—that the Saxon must go.

Ah ! me, fifty years is a long time ago,  
Then Erin's Green Isle was a land full of woe—  
A plague stricken land, swept by famine and blight,  
With few who were able or willing to fight.

Of Davis and Mitchel I learned the creed,  
That " only by fighting a land can be freed,"  
And still to that dictum devoutly I cling  
In life's yellow Autumn, as well as in Spring.

I fought for the Union throughout that long war,  
And my frame is indented by many a scar—  
How many, if any, old comrades survive ?  
Who, with me, sought Ireland the year sixty-five.

There was fire in my heart then, and strength in my hand,  
And I longed for a blow at the foes of our land,  
But now I am nerveless—'tis strange, passing strange,  
How thirty odd years in one's life make a change.

How restless I feel in this land of the free,  
And her freedom and glory seem nothing to me ;  
Her gifts and her tributes to me are in vain—  
I must see ere I die, lovely Erin again.

Should I live till the Summer the vessel will sail,  
That carries me home to my own Innisfail,  
To feast my old eyes on the scenes of my youth,  
In the land once the fountain of honor, and truth.

I'll visit the graves of the friends I have known—  
I'll seek the cold clay of Emmet and Tone  
I'll weep o'er the dust of the simple and brave  
Who died for old Ireland by Slaney's blue wave.

And while my tears fall, I shall utter a prayer  
That Ireland's young manhood may never despair,  
But battle for Freedom, regardless of fate,  
Imbued with the spirit of bold Ninety-eight.

#### LARRY.

When Egypt, in the olden time,  
Was ruled by Kingly Pharaohs,  
Then we had chiefs and bards sublime,  
And Druids and Fenian heroes ;  
But he's my pharaoh, bard, and chief,  
The lad I mean to marry,  
Who steals my kisses like a thief—  
My bouchal bawn—my Larry.

And Egypt now has shieks and beys,  
And sports, likewise her cailiphs,  
While we have landlords in these days,  
And agents too, and bailiffs,  
Whom we must pamper at their ease,  
And on our shoulders carry—  
" Oh, blow ye winds across the seas,  
These devil's limbs," says Larry.

For Larry is an Irishman,  
 Who counts no men his betters,  
 And tries to circumvent the plan  
 That keeps our land in fetters.  
 Of fine old stock—among the first,  
 From Cashel to Gleneven—  
 His father bore at Ballyhurst  
 A pike in sixty-seven.

My daddy's head is big with pride  
 Since he bought out his farm—  
 His heart, I fear, is petrified,  
 That used to be so warm.  
 And he despises guns and pikes,  
 And tries to do my courting,  
 And says I'll get, with one he likes,  
 Five hundred guineas fortune.

But while pretending to comply,  
 I'll play the "artful dodger;"  
 For well I know who's in his eye,  
 A wizened little codger;  
 And as he thinks his plans work right,  
 The tactics will miscarry;  
 For I will skip some foggy night  
 To wed my bouncing Larry.

And while I dream of him till dawn,  
 My heart with love keeps throbbing,  
 Although my darling "bouchal bawn"  
 Has but a mud wall cabin;  
 For he's the lad that holds my heart—  
 So manly and so handsome—  
 The one to play the hero's part  
 When Mother Ireland wants him.

OLD TIM'S SONG—TOM KANE.

*Scene*—The old Patriot's cabin, where he sings, surrounded  
 by a score of the young blood and manhood of to-day.

You tell me you relish my singing,  
 If so, I will try a stoukawn;  
 God bless you, my boys, you are bringing  
 Good luck round my little bohawn.  
 I'll sing you a song of the present—  
 A wail of the past is in vain;  
 And my hero, though only a peasant,  
 A hero indeed, is—Tom Kane.

By the cross of the pike over yonder  
 Where Darby McGrath keeps the pound,  
 Where streams from the mountains meander  
 By pools where the proctors were drowned.  
 Stand Tom's little farm and dwelling  
 Embowed in his lordship's demesne,  
 Where beagles have long ceased their yelling  
 For fear of disturbing Tom Kane.

The needy, the old, and the stranger  
 Partake of his shelter and fare—  
 The outlaw rests reckless of danger  
 While under his fostering care.  
 Though peelers ashamed of their pictures  
 Prowl round after dark on the sly;  
 But bailiffs and spies and evictors  
 All give him the silent go by.

For these tools of the Sassenach master  
 Who bring blood and tears in their train,  
 All fear, with the fear of the dastard,  
 The Prowess and anger of Kane.  
 They know 'tis his pastime and pleasure  
 To wallop the foes of our land—  
 They know from experience the measure  
 And weight of his sinewy hand.

The cry of distress and affliction  
 Convulses the depths of his soul.—  
 At Widow McDonagh's eviction  
 His rage burst the bounds of control ;  
 Four "limbs of the law" he sent sprawling,  
 He leathered them all fair and square ;  
 And bailiffs got off with a mauling  
 Besides a few kicks in the rear.

His love for his land is a passion,  
 He writhes if you speak of her ills—  
 And when fighting was once in the fashion  
 He mustered "the boys on the hills."  
 And though we were foiled in the struggle  
 And forced to submit to our fate,  
 With victors he never will juggle,  
 Nor rights of a freeman abate.

Every movement designed or intended  
 To serve us he never reneagues—  
 He's always upheld and defended,  
 Our "plans of Campaign" and our Leagues ;  
 But looks with contempt on the leaguer  
 And passes him by with a frown—  
 The mean, crawling thing, who is eager  
 To link Freedom's cause with the Crown.

He holds to his creed to the letter,  
 That "Rights must be won by the sword."  
 Yet thinks that for weaklings 'tis better  
 To bind them in leagues with a cord.  
 Alone they are weeping and wailing,  
 Bemoaning their sorrows and woes,  
 And often when tempted go trailing  
 Like "Snakes in the grass" to the foes.

My hero with scorn and anguish  
 Beholds him, who flies the Green Isle,  
 Who leaves her in shackles to languish,  
 Yet brags of his love all the while ;  
 And rates him at once as a liar,  
 Or craven—some one of the two—  
 That love and the pluck to stand by her  
 Are only the gifts of the true.

In manhood's full ripeness and vigour,  
 In manhood's career without stain  
 You mark among thousands the figure  
 And splendid proportions of Kane.  
 Yet gentle is he to his brothers—  
 His brothers in hardship and toil ;  
 But scouls with disdain on the others  
 Who call themselves "lords of the soil."

Tom has two boys, Jack and Tommy,  
 With all of his own dash and fire,  
 But Jack is the spit of his mammy,  
 While Tommy takes after his sire.  
 Both trained to be soldiers of freedom,  
 That manhood is better than gold—  
 And pledged to our land, should she need them  
 To fight her good fight when he's old.

There's something so gaining about him—  
 Ah something that captures our hearts,  
 And orphans, sure we'd be without him,  
 All orphans around in these parts.  
 Our bulwark is he, and defender,  
 Our broadsword, and buckler, and shield,  
 And if legions of foes cried "surrender,"  
 He'd die, but he never would yield.

A child, with affection, I sought him,  
 He sat when a boy on my knee—  
 This old blather tongue that first taught him  
 The creed of the "bold and the free."  
 And don't I feel proud of my pupil  
 And love him as bone of my bone ;  
 The bold Irishman without scruple  
 To claim and hold fast to his own.

I've been in two "risings" already,  
 And boys of the same I am proud ;  
 And to join in the third I am ready  
 Before I am wrapped in my shroud.  
 The brave see no terrors in dying,  
 And death should be guileless of pain,  
 Could I fall when the Green Flag is Flying,  
 And fall by the side of bold Kane,

## THE OLD SPORT.

I love to see two rival teams  
 Upon a "sporting ground,"  
 Beneath the mellow Autumn beams  
 With eager crowds around,  
 Prepared with might and main to vie,  
 Until the game is won—  
 For I could make the leather fly  
 When I was "twenty-one."

I love to see our young athletes,  
 With clean and healthy frames,  
 Display their strength in manly feats,  
 Their nerve and skill in games.  
 And not like drones to sit or lie  
 Supinely in the sun—  
 For I could make the leather fly  
 When I was "twenty-one."

Your fathers, boys, had lots of snap  
 Which some call nerve or vim ;  
 Your ginger you must keep on tap  
 To be the peers of them.  
 Then fame and honour were the prize  
 The victors sought and won—  
 For sports were never worldly wise  
 When I was "twenty-one."

I know young fellows always hate  
 To hear an old man brag,  
 But those you now deem "up-to-date"  
 Will soon begin to lag.  
 O, once I could with Sempie vie  
 Or emulate Bob Quane—  
 For I could make the leather fly  
 When I was "twenty-one."

Then, hurrah for him who makes a goal,  
 And him who scores a point,  
 And may their limbs be always whole  
 And never out of joint.  
 I see them play with many a sigh  
 For happy days long gone—  
 When I could make the leather fly  
 And I was "twenty-one."

Then each should in some game engage,  
 If games with them agree,  
 Or else he'll "croak" when half my age  
 And I am sixty-three.  
 Enough—I see it in your eye,  
 You're sceptical, my son—  
 That I could make the leather fly  
 When I was "twenty one."

## KEEP PEGGING AWAY.

I vow and declare, like the time-honoured bard,  
 That all honest fellows I hold in regard—  
 All honest men who believe in fair play,  
 And to gain their lost freedom "keep pegging away."

Would you win for your helpmate a dutiful wife ?  
 Would you win wealth and fame in the battle of life ?  
 And strive to be more than a big lump of clay,  
 Then up with your hands and "keep pegging away."

The nations who revel in liberty's light,  
 The men who are victors all times in the fight,  
 Never let trifles their energy stay,  
 But make it a point to "keep pegging away."

For ages the Moor deemed his fairest domain  
 The olive-clad hills and rich valleys of Spain ;  
 But Spain's knightly pride ne'er in lethargy lay,  
 And she ousted the spoiler by "pegging away."

Washington bold never faltered nor quailed,  
 Though foemen oft times o'er his Yankees prevailed ;  
 But kept right along, and at length gained the day,  
 And gave his land freedom by "pegging away."

Grant, silent man, seldom opened his mouth,  
 Yet humbled the power and the pride of the South.  
 "Fought it out on that line," in his own plodding way,  
 And till peace was restored he kept "pegging away."

The Cuban to-day, in the throes of revolt,  
 With spirit untamed, like a wild broncho colt,  
 Dares Spain's haughty power, and her cavalier sway,  
 And victor, or vanquished, keeps "pegging away."

Hoo-dooed by fakers, with cymbals of brass,  
 With clatter and cant, and the bray of an ass ;  
 When brought to our senses we heard but the bray,  
 And 'twas lashing the wind to keep "pegging away."

Then wisdom advises to altar our tack,  
 And to strike out with skill, and put force in the whack—  
 One lucky palthogue, boys, may win us the day,  
 And lay out old Bull, so keep "pegging away."

But now to conclude and to finish my rhymes—  
 Beware of false friends in these treacherous times—  
 Have faith in yourself, and your manhood display,  
 And with sledge-hammer blows still keep "pegging away."

#### JOHN DALY AND HIS RECOLLECTIONS.

The days are many since first we met  
 In the dawn of young manhood's morning,  
 And though Time's stamp on our brows is set,  
 His burden we still are scorning ;  
 For both are hale and yet love to fight  
 Like one with a good shillelah ;  
 And foe or foes of his land in sight—  
 Myself and my friend, John Daly.

The "Fenian Days" were picturesque  
 And fathered some noted rebels,  
 While some towered high like an obelisk—  
 The many were "game as pebbles ;"  
 But none was braver or showed more fight,  
 Or felt for his native land such pity,  
 As he who first saw Heaven's light  
 In a street of old Limerick City.

The wise and worthy while yet alive,  
 Are paving the way to Heaven ;  
 So he from the "trials" of sixty-five  
 To disastrous sixty-seven,  
 Planned and laboured by day and night,  
 Blazing the way to Freedom,  
 And firing the timorous ones to fight,  
 And training himself to lead 'em.

And all that a man could do he did,  
 And stood 'till all hopes were shattered,  
 "Till Ireland's flag in the dust lay hid,  
 And her bravest were banned or scattered.  
 "The captain's duty is with his ship,  
 When leeward lies shoal or breaker,  
 And with Ireland lashed by the Saxon whip,  
 How can I," he cried, forsake her ?"

But friends objected, and made him seek  
 A refuge beyond the ocean,  
 Where day by day and week by week,  
 He paled at the exile's potion,  
 'Till his heart was sick and the grief and pain,  
 And anguish no longer bearing,  
 A good ship carried him back again  
 To the shores of his darling Erin.

And for her sake long years he toiled  
 From Cork to the "Giant's Causeway,"  
 With heart undaunted and name unsoiled,  
 Yet keeping out of the law's way ;  
 'Till Saxon's spies his movements traced  
 And shadowed this grand old fighter,  
 And deadly bombs on his person placed,  
 Then called him a dynamiter.

From Saxon courts short shrift had he,  
 And was doomed to a life in prison—  
 Sad fate for one who had hoped to see,  
 His land from her thraldom risen ;  
 And they kept him there till his hair was grey,  
 And with torture they strove to kill him ;  
 But he showed the blood at this distant day,  
 Of the heroes who fought King William,

When it pleased his jailers they let him go,  
 To his home on the banks of the Shannon,  
 And the greeting he got from the high and low  
 Resembled the roar of cannon ;  
 And to show him honour they made him Mayor,  
 The choice of that vast assembly—  
 And he looked the chief in that civic chair,  
 As when leading "the boys" to Emly.

The tongues that covertly ran him down,  
 By lying or innuendo,  
 While he, the guest of the Saxon Crown  
 Looked out through a grated window,  
 Were first to welcome him when released  
 And to proffer their service hurried,  
 But his name will live in our hearts encased  
 When theirs in the depths are buried.

He'll tell us the tales of the brave and true  
 Who suffered for Ireland's glory,  
 And give us a glimpse of the shams he knew  
 And their schemes in his truthful story ;  
 While lukewarm friend the task decries,  
 And false one offers objections,  
 He'll give us in print before he dies—  
 He'll give us " His Recollections."

### THE GLEN OF AHERLOW.

There is a beauteous island,  
 On the margin of the ocean,  
 That I cherish with devotion  
     In my bosom night and day ;  
 Though the bitter bread of exile  
 Many years has been my portion,  
 By the mighty Mississippi's tide,  
     Five thousand miles away.

I know a gallant county  
 In that lovely little island,  
 And no earthly spot of dry land  
     Equals that which I adore ;  
 I fain would sing its praises,  
 But emotion makes me silent—  
 O my darling old Tipperary,  
     Shall I never see you more.

Within that gallant county,  
 Lies a sweet romantic valley  
 Where Freedom's song might rally  
     In defiance to the foe—  
 'Tis the spot where I was born,  
 Where I wooed and won my Sally—  
 'Tis a paradise of beauty—  
     'Tis the Glen of Aherlow.

Down by the crystal river  
 Stood my father's humble sheiling—  
 But my father's death came stealing,  
     And we laid him down to rest.  
 Beside my angel mother,  
 And in vain was my appealing  
 To the " fiend " who left me homeless,  
     So I turned me to the West.

I've toiled away my manhood  
 In the forest and the prairie,  
 And my spirit, once so airy  
     Is enveloped in a gloom,  
 For though blest with golden treasure  
 In abundance, yet what care I,  
 For my little ones, my darlings,  
     Are all sleeping in the tomb.

Yet I bow in meek submission  
 To our father who bereft me ;  
 Though torn are my heartstrings,  
     And humbled is my pride,  
 While still to cheer and solace,  
 In my sorrow he has left me  
 My only love, my Sally—  
     My ever faithful bride.

But my step is growing feeble,  
 And my hair will soon be hoary—  
 I've told my mournful story ;  
     And you pity me, I know—  
 Grant me, Lord, when thou shalt call me  
 To thy Throne of Heavenly Glory  
 A green grave beside the river,  
     In the Glen of Aherlow.

## THE OUTLAW'S DEATH.

Scene: The Golden Vein.

Time: A hundred years ago.

The skies above the mountain tops were beautiful and clear ;  
The autumn sun, descending, showed the twilight hour was near,  
As outlined stood the chief, who ran the "outlaw's wild career,"  
For love of the old land that he was born in ;  
And to the boy beside him said : "Go, tell my trusty men  
To meet me at the midnight hour in yonder eerie glen—  
They know the empty cabin—I must see them all again,  
For I'm leaving poor old Ireland in the morning."

"And tell them bring their firelocks, and their weapons long and  
keen,  
For traitors and informers may be lurking round unseen,  
Spying on the movements of the men who love the green,  
And if there's any danger give them warning.  
I will tell my loving mother, and the news will break her heart,  
For the notion of our parting seemed to pierce her like a dart—  
Now, kiss me, little Rory—kiss me, boy, before we part,  
For I'm leaving poor old Ireland in the morning."

There were heroes from the hillside, there were heroes from the  
plain,  
And from that lovely valley, where true spirits still remain,  
Gathered in the cabin at their leader's call again—  
Bold men who Saxon bondage long were scorning ;  
But a traitor led the yeomen to that meeting in the dell,  
And they acted there like furies that had just escaped from Hell ;  
But the Whiteboys fought like Trojans, and their leader foremost  
fell,  
And was swinging on a gibbet in the morning.

## AN INVOCATION.

Oh, what is the matter at all, Mr. Bull,  
And why do you mumble and stare --  
Arrah, what is the use to keep scratching your skull,  
And watching the pranks of the Bear ?  
Jump in, man alive, show the "pluck of your race,"  
What ails you, you doughty old chap ;  
And save from the great grissly Bruin's embrace,  
Your "little brown gamecock," the Jap.

It is known and admitted by all as a fact  
That *you* egged him on to this fight,  
Then why hum and haw 'till his poor bones are cracked,  
Why leave him alone in his plight ?  
Jump in, Uncle John, or the Nations will sneer,  
And your airs and pretensions despise,  
And say the "Big Bluffer" now trembles with fear,  
To tackle a man of his size.

You always were ready enough with your fist  
To knock some poor "angishore" down,  
Who in his temerity dared to insist,  
On right once usurped by your Crown.  
A few years ago, bold and bravest of men,  
The welkin re-echoed your roars,  
And Satan himself couldn't hold you back then,  
When you wanted to wallop the Boers.

You scourged us, indeed, with a stout iron rod  
Till you waded knee deep in our blood ;  
You boasted to men, and you canted to God,  
That you leathered us but for our good.  
You were right, for we are a recalcitrant crowd,  
But thanks to your goodness and care,  
We fain would express and should feel mighty proud,  
To help you to muzzle the Bear.

We'll give you the Peelers—the Orangemen too,  
And Landlords, I guess, we can spare—  
We'll give you, in fact, the whole "West Briton Crew"  
To help you to muzzle the Bear.  
Your friend, Mr. Hay, will provide you, we know,  
Your faithful "old standby" the mule ;  
Our claims for the present we mean to forego,  
And only insist on Home Rule.

Then up, Uncle John, fling your flag to the breeze,  
 And for one mighty effort prepare,  
 (For mark "It is one of High Heaven's decrees,  
 Some day you must tackle the Bear.")  
 Let scoffers assert you lack force in your whack ;  
 That your nerve in emergencies fail ;  
 That toothless old hags may with ease hold you back,  
 By pulling behind on your tail.

#### SONG—NEAR THE CREAMERY.

Oh, I squandered my life, without child or wife,  
 Light hearted, joyous, and acted free,  
 And the maidens' smiles and the widows' wiles,  
 Faith, they never once distracted me ;  
 Till one Summer's day, as I took my way,  
 And 'twas fate no doubt conducted me,  
 I met a young lass who was guiding an ass,  
 And the sly old rogue obstructed me.

#### CHORUS—

But I know that young lass as she guided her ass,  
 Was free from deceit and schemery,  
 Though she coogled my heart in the donkey's cart  
 That Summer's day near the creamery.

Though plainly arrayed as a peasant maid,  
 Her beauty rivalled the Queen of May,  
 And her sparkling eyes seemed stars in the skies  
 And to me looked bright as the sheen of day,  
 And her sylph-like shape made me wince and gape  
 And knocked me all in a quandary,  
 And my tender heart was all torn apart  
 Like a worn shirt in a Laundry.

CHORUS:—But I know that young lass as she guided her ass, &c.

Then I lifted my hat for to try a chat,  
 While the donkey cute refused to stir,  
 "Good morning, Miss ; a fine day is this,"  
 And she answered "good morrow kindly, sir."  
 Then I managed to say "Have you lost your way,"  
 Though I did no more than to mutter them ;  
 For the glance so sly from her sweet blue eye  
 Set my tattered heart in a flutter then.

CHORUS:—But I know this sweet lass as she guided her ass, &c.

"Now, what did you say ? Have you lost your way ?  
 You seem to be drunk or stupid, sir ;  
 Do you think me so vain to be pierced again  
 By shafts from the urchin cupid, sir ?  
 For my own gorsoon, I will marry soon,  
 And before I'd wed a foreigner ;  
 Between you and me I would sooner be  
 A subject for the coroner

CHORUS:—But I know that young lass as she guided her ass, &c.

Then she gave a whack on the donkey's back,  
 And laughed and smiled so provokingly then,  
 That I hope and pray since that Summer's day  
 That the girl was only joking then.  
 And her empty cans they rattled like pans,  
 But as sure as I'm a sinner yet,  
 Though she coogled my heart in the donkey's cart,  
 By the power of love I will win her yet,

CHORUS:—For I know that young lass who was guiding her ass, &c.

#### THE FAILURE.

I left Erin's Isle with no stain on my name,  
 And a heart that was big as a gourd,  
 Fully resolved to win fortune and fame,  
 But not with the pen or the sword.  
 I sought this great land where I dreamt of big pay,  
 But found by the test, it was small—  
 And look at me battered and beaten to-day—  
 A broken down man after all.

Packed in the ship like sardines in a box,  
 We entered the port of New York,  
 And round that big city and down on the docks,  
 I hunted and hunted for work ;  
 But found it at last, and was dogged by the "Boss,"  
 And goaded till ready to fall :  
 Then cursed the old vessel that hauled me across—  
 This broken down man after all.

I worked for a week, then got suddenly "fired"  
 I wonder at all how I stood,  
 "I thought, 'said the boss' a good man I had hired,  
 But got but a man made of wood."  
 I stood all his taunts for what else could I do—  
 Though his language I yet can recall ;  
 For the big cowardly bully was backed by his crew,  
 'Gainst this broken down man after all.

I tried some new jobs till at length I made good  
 'Till at last I could well hold my own,  
 But at the expense of my muscle and blood—  
 At the cost of my sinew and bone.  
 But toil and bad liquor soon wasted my strength,  
 And left me scarce able to crawl ;  
 And age and misfortune have made me at length  
 A broken down man after all.

For I got in the habit to visit "saloons,"  
 Where I squandered my hard earned cash—  
 Whose owners inflated with gas-like balloons,  
 On the lucre of fools cut a dash.  
 Too lazy to work, and too cunning and wise  
 To handle the pickaxe or mall,  
 Yet those who support them, they loathe and despise—  
 The broken down man after all.

There are vampires besides who grow wealthy and fat,  
 On the sweat of the working man's brow—  
 Who pose as their friend, and their best one at that  
 Though they seldom will deign to tell how ;  
 Who blazon their virtues on Sundays in church  
 With all of the Pharisee's gall.  
 Yet leave those who trust them at last in the lurch  
 Poor broken down man after all.

In Ireland they talk of the exile who wins,  
 And his fortune they loudly proclaim,  
 But the failure like me, with his weakness and sins,  
 There is never a word of his name ;  
 Yet the losers outnumber the winners by far,  
 For the number that wins is but small,  
 For most are crushed under the "Juggernaut Car"—  
 Poor broken down men after all.

'Twas better for me ere it entered my head,  
 To go seeking for wealth o'er the foam—  
 'Twas better for me, in my folly, instead,  
 To be poor and contented at home ;  
 For I've seen in a vision the future revealed—  
 The handwriting black on the wall,  
 The lone, vacant grave in a near "potter's field,"  
 For this broken down man after all.

#### THE BATTLE OF BALLYCOHEY, TIPPERARY.

The deeds of heroes true and bold  
 In deathless song by bards are told  
 To nerve the timid and the bold,  
 And rouse them into action.  
 Then I shall sing a simple rhyme,  
 Of men who fought in our own time  
 Of men who fought a fight sublime.  
 To Ireland's satisfaction.

They were no doughty sons of Mars,  
 Who greed or glory, seek in wars,  
 Yet fortune kindly bless their stars—  
 Their fame no tongue dare sully.  
 But, true men all who took their stand  
 Resolved to fight for home and land—  
 They pulverised that hireling band  
 Led by the despot Scully.

That August day in Sixty-eight,  
 Let Irishmen commemorate,  
 For on that day and very date  
 The bullets loud did rattle ;  
 Discharged from old, but trusty guns,  
 By Ballycowhey's dauntless sons,  
 At those who came to scourge like Huns,  
 Or banish them like cattle.

The faint of heart with fear were dazed,  
 And England stood dumbstruck, amazed,  
 To think poor peasants should have raised  
 Their hands against the tyrants.  
 For all imagined them but fit  
 To their hard fortunes to submit  
 To take the "notices" to quit,  
 Or else lie under higher rents,

With that idea in his head,  
 Came Scully with his bold brigade,  
 Each well equipped with gun and blade,  
     Those peaceful souls to trample.  
 And with strong hand "enforce commands"  
 To make them yield to his demands,  
 On drive them from their homes and lands,  
     For other men's example.

But Scully reasoned falsely then,  
 On something far above his ken,  
 He deemed his serfs, but slaves not men,  
     Who longed for freedom's dawning,  
 And when with might of law he came,  
 Backed by the terror of his name—  
 They spoke him with the powder's flame  
     And not the dastard's fawning.

The bailiffs and the 'force' went down,  
 Those loyal bigons of the Crown,  
 The second volley did them brown,  
     They thought their task no laughter.  
 And Scully, too, was forced to yield,  
 Despite of his protecting shield,  
 They bore him bloody from the field,  
     Who ever saw him after?

God bless the men who fought the fight,  
 Who fought the battle of the right  
 Who ne'er sought the smiles of might,  
     Through any interceder.  
 Their fame down time's long halls shall ring  
 Their names shall pride and glory bring,  
 And future bards their deeds will sing  
     And of Dwyer their leader,

That deed did more to loose our chains,  
 And stir the life blood in our veins,  
 Than all our picayunish gains  
     We've got by agitation.  
 It proved to friend as well as foe  
 That Irishman can strike a blow,  
 And cause the putrid stream to flow,  
     Of Saxon legislation.

Some of these heroes we deplore,  
 The brave Dwyer is no more,  
 His soul is on that blessed shore,  
     Where spirits pure assemble,  
 But shall we leave our land in pain?  
 Are we too faint to break her chain?  
 No! no! we'd fight that fight again,  
     And make such tyrants tremble.

#### QUERIES AND REPLIES.

I asked the spalpeen in the market place,  
 Haggard of brow and gaunt of frame and face;  
 Stolid and grim and shabbily attired  
 Who stood in silence waiting to be hired.  
 "Are you, good man, contented with your lot?  
 Would you, my friend, take chances to be shot  
 For Freedom's sake?" His glance was cold and keen,  
 "My brother Larry sogsers for the Queen."

I asked the peasant in his native frieze,  
 And hobnail shoes and Saxon corduroys,  
 "You were a Fenian thirty years ago,  
 Resolved to strike for Motherland a blow?"  
 "No, sir, no, the Fenians were all fools,  
 I learned my p's and q's in other schools,  
 Yet love my land in my own way of course—  
 Mick, my eldest boy, is in the force."

I asked the craftsman, always full of news,  
 Who plied his craft—who made and mended shoes,  
 "You love Freedom, that you won't deny,  
 And fain would smite the foeman hip and thigh?"  
 "Yes, yes, indeed, the foe I fain would smite,  
 But, whisper here, I cannot, dare not fight,  
 And all my spleen, likewise, I must keep stored—  
 My daughter, Nelly, teaches for the Board."

I asked the trader in his well-stocked shop,  
 Who fussed about and scarcely deigned to stop,  
 "Would you be free," I timidly began,  
 He laughed and said: "You must be crazy, man,  
 Freedom is well for chaps like you, I grant,  
 But men like me have all that "stuff" they want;  
 Our trade is brisk—we've money in our fobs,  
 While our smart boys get Civil Service jobs."

I asked the grazier, pompous, dignified,  
 "Do you seek Freedom?" "No, sir," he replied,  
 "With foreign rule I fully am content,  
 My lands are broad, I pay an easy rent;  
 And Tom is a surgeon on a man-of-war,  
 And Dick is just admitted to the bar,  
 While I, their father, soon expect to be,  
 If friends can help it, a fully fledged J.P."

I asked the patriot bold, whose fiery tongue  
 First roused my heart in days when I was young,  
 "Do you still vaunt the virtues of the blow,  
 Do you still yearn to smash our countries foe?"  
 Yes, yes, of course, but time my blood has cooled,  
 And in other methods I've been lately schooled,  
 And though the foe I fain would castigate  
 I find it safer, wiser, *now* to agitate."

I asked the landlord in his coach and four,  
 With flunkies sleek behind him and before,  
 "Would Freedom's dawn, your honour, make you glad?"  
 He scowled, then bellowed, "Fellow, are you mad,  
 Am I the fool to scuttle my own boat,  
 Or to please the rabble, shall I cut my throat,  
 Begone," His steeds sped onward like the wind,  
 And left me in a whirl of dust behind.

I muse dejected on my country's woes  
 And all the mild devices of her foes;  
 Their every plot, their every scheme that tends  
 To make us apathetic or their friends—  
 How they corrupt the weaklings with a bribe—  
 How they uphold the rabid Orange tribe  
 And squelch the true. I cursed with bitter heart,  
 The *selfish aims* that keep us Celts apart.

#### THE FOUR BIRDS.

Old Ireland is a beauty and who dares to say me nay,  
 And I mean to sing her praises until my dying day;  
 But a cancer in her bosom all her vitals seem to sap,  
 And her blood flows fast as water and like foamy beer on tap.

For the landlord and the agent and the bailiff still advance,  
 And the grabber follows after, a hunting for a "chance,"  
 I wish the four were fast asleep, beneath a sable pall,  
 But the selfish sneaking grabber is the damndest rogue of all.

These four have marred her beauty—brought misfortunes and  
 disgrace  
 On her people. Yes! made beggars o' the grand old Celtic Race.  
 With made to order famines, they famished them at home,  
 Or banished them in fever ships across the ocean's foam;

Yes! the landlord and the agent and the bailiff are awake,  
 And the grabber shuffles after, with a vultures thirsty beak,  
 I know the time is coming when they'll trouble us no more,  
 But the selfish sneaking grabber is the damndest of the four.

We have fought them open handed in an honest manly way,  
 But vain have been our tactics, on such demi-fiends as they,  
 Our strength and combination they now openly defy,  
 And the batteringram and crowbar with their old time vigour ply.

Yes! the landlord and the agent and the bailiff are in line,  
 And the grabber hobbles after with a chuckle and a whine;  
 I know the time is coming when these evil birds must go,  
 And the selfish sneaking grabber like a carron will lie low.

Now when our best have fallen willing victims in the fight,  
 And nobly sacrificed themselves upholding truth and right,  
 And lie wounded with their little ones beneath the open sky  
 Shall we leave them there to perish? Shall we leave them there  
 to die?

And the landlord and the agent and the bailiff are in glee  
 And the grabber with his oily smirk says "Bless the powers that be."  
 I trust our future actions will not contradict my words;  
 But make these feathered harpies four two brace of moulting birds,

And when our friends are succoured just a moment let us pause,  
 And cease our childish squabbles or we cannot win our cause,  
 Then concentrate our manhood in one strong and steady pull,  
 And we'll find our task was just as soft as handling sacks of wool.

Then the landlord, agent, beiliff, all will beat a double quick,  
 While the grabber trots along behind, his bundle on a stick;  
 And their pace will never slacken 'till they reach a region hot,  
 Where the grabber with the bundle will be damndest of the lot.

## A DIRGE OF THE DYING YEAR.

"In mild balmy Spring  
 He brought flowers and sweet clover  
 And small birds to sing,  
 Then he made me his lover ;  
 Together we went  
 Over hill and dale hieing—  
 His days are now spent,  
 For the Old Year is dying

In glad Summer time  
 He brought home to his girl  
 Fair nature sublime  
 In her richest apparel ;  
 While winds soft and low  
 Thro' her tresses went sighing—  
 Tread light, whisper low,  
 For the Old Year is dying.

Ripe fruit, golden grain,  
 Oh ; he lavishly brought 'em  
 With sunshine and rain  
 In the brown, mellow Autumn.  
 His strength seemed to go  
 With the birds southward flying—  
 Tread light, whisper low,  
 For the Old Year is dying.

In dark Winter days  
 He brought tempest and storm,  
 Then sat by the blaze  
 With his love to keep warm ;  
 A bright hectic glow,  
 His wan visage was dyeing—  
 Tread light, whisper low,  
 The Old Year is dying.

Be silent, be dumb,  
 Cease that music and laughter,  
 The call may soon come  
 For us all to go after,  
 The white virgin snow  
 On the cold earth is lying—  
 Hark ! the bells ! There they go—  
 Now the Old year is dying.

## THE FENIAN OUTLAW.

—  
 A BALLAD OF '66.  
 —

O'er hills and through valleys I'm hunted,  
 I sleep in the heather or brake,  
 By dangers and toils I'm confronted,  
 And all for poor Motherland's sake ;  
 For hirelings and spies ever trail me,  
 And track me almost to my lair,  
 But still this good heart never fails me,  
 Nor ever gives way to despair.

For I have a sweetheart, young Annie,  
 The dearest, the bravest, the best,  
 And faultless in beauty as any  
 Of all the fair maids of the West ;  
 As pure and as sweet as the blossom  
 In leaves of the Maytime embowered,  
 Whose words would strike fire in the bosom,  
 Of even the white-livered coward,

I steal to her side in the gloaming  
 And breathe for my darling a prayer  
 My footstep to welcome her coming,  
 Seems light as if treading on air ;  
 And while hand-in-hand in the starlight,  
 She raises my courage so high,  
 I'd face a whole legion in scarlet,  
 Who dare on our trysting to spy.

In accents so soft and endearing,  
 She begs, she entreats, she implores,  
 To cling while there's hope to poor Erin  
 And ne'er to abandon her shores,  
 But prove to the last my devotion,  
 That heroic souls are divine,  
 Then cries in a burst of emotion :  
 " In life or in death I am thine."

My comrades are proud of the spirit  
 In moments of danger I've shown,  
 And lavishly give me the merit  
 I never could claim as my own ;  
 For though I am one of the many  
 Who dare Saxon dungeons and chains,  
 'Tis she—'tis the soul of my Annie  
 That makes the blood boil in my veins.

The spirit of Erin's fair daughters,  
 Can make God-like men of her sons,  
 And stop their mad flight o'er the waters,  
 And brace them to stand by their guns.  
 So then if our young maidens many  
 Resolve in these moments of need  
 To show a brave soul like my Annie,  
 Poor Motherland soon shall be freed.

#### TIOBRAD ARAN.

I loved, and still love her, my own Green Isle of beauty ;  
 I've served her with zeal, for I deemed it my duty ;  
 I've prayed in my prayers, that kind Heaven may bless her ;  
 And vengeance invoked on her heartless oppressor.

I've seen her clear streams, and her beautiful valleys ;  
 I've climbed her high hills, where the setting sun dallies ;  
 I've roamed her rich fields from Glengarriff to Larne,  
 But "Home of my heart" is old Tiobrad Aran.

She stands on the plain, in the heart of Clanwilliam—  
 Where despots are few, for we once used to kill 'em—  
 Where stalwart the youths grow, and comely the maiden  
 'Mid scenes fair and bright as the Garden of Eden.

You see from her streets the brown woods of Cordanion ;  
 You see the dark clouds over Galteemore hanging,  
 You see the bold crags that frown steep o'er the tarn,  
 Where oft I looked down on old Tiobrad Aran.

Look north and behold the proud peak of Camailthe ;  
 Look round, see the homes where one meets with a failthe—  
 Where welcome awaits them—the needy and stranger ;  
 And outlaws are sheltered in moments of danger,

The beggar there smiles, when his mauleen is bulging ;  
 Or when in a big solid meal is indulging ;  
 Or rests in a warm "shake down" in the barn ;  
 For kind hearts abound in old Tiobrad Aran.

Her land marks hard by fam'd in song and in story,  
 Whose ruins reflect Erin's long vanished glory,  
 I fain now would sing, but my muse grows unsteady—  
 I feel by her gait that she labours already.

Her heroes likewise whose bold deeds give us lustre,  
 In fame's deathless niche I would set in a cluster,  
 To rouse us from sloth, but ye tyrants I warn  
 That *men* can be found yet in Tiobrad Aran.

But war's bugle blares—fiercely blares while I'm writing,  
 And nations are leash'd while two rivals are fighting,  
 Who knows what the outcome may bring to our nation ;  
 Who knows but this war may yet prove her salvation.

Then watch with keen eyes, while the combat advances,  
 And use all your wits to avail of your chances—  
 John Bull may be spinning his last "Ball of yarn,"  
 If so, make his shroud in old Tiobrad Aran

#### IN MEMORIAM—FATHER HENNESSY.

Oh, Peace to his soul—he is dead—  
 Dead in the land of his love.  
 Her clay round his heart in his cold narrow bed,  
 While dew weeps in silence above ;  
 And winds chant his dirge through the boughs—  
 The boughs of the old gnarled tree,  
 And the stream croons and croons in the valley below,  
 In its devious course to the sea.

I knew him when only a child,  
 I saw him again when a youth,  
 Then his loving young heart and his soul undefiled,  
 Were types of affection and truth.  
 I met him—a priest of the Lord—  
 Once more in the bright "Golden West,"  
 Where his soothing words rifted the clouds of despond  
 And his love made a balm for my breast.

He was young—just in manhood's full prime—  
 Well equipped for his Heavenly work,  
 But disease that fell jackal of death dogged his steps,  
 And forever around seemed to lurk ;  
 And he felt that his "Mission" was done—  
 That his "day of accounting" was nigh—  
 So he sought the green shores of his dear native Isle,  
 He went back to Old Ireland to die.

Yes, he's dead, my best friend—he is gone—  
 He sleeps with his kindred at home,  
 "Oh, plead for me, Father, before the Bright Throne,  
 When my own day of trial shall come,  
 And calm be thy sleep in that Glen,  
 Where flourish the faithful and brave,  
 And may the good Lord soothe the friends when they come  
 To show their hearts' wounds at thy grave."

#### MY IRISH COTHAMORE.

Since this old coat was new,  
 Long years have passed—two score—  
 Then in texture and in hue,  
 'Twas a splendid Cothamore ;  
 It was spun by brave old Brian,  
 And was worn by Red Hugh,  
 And Sarsfield did the dyeing  
 Of this old coat when new.

Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet  
 Tucked and finished it complete—  
 And I got the things to trim it  
 From the "Men of Ninety-eight."  
 The makers then you see were both  
 Reliable and true—  
 Oh, 'twas a dainty piece of cloth  
 When this old coat was new.

It was Davis first upbraided me  
 For wearing Saxon duds,  
 And Mitchell who persuaded me  
 To dress in Irish goods,  
 And said that I could well enough  
 A home-made coat afford ;  
 So I set out and got the stuff  
 From "Meagher of the sword."

With heart all in a flutter  
 At the purchase I had made,  
 I sought that famous "cutter"—  
 Then the master of his trade  
 Who kindly took my measure,  
 And James Stephens was his name  
 And says he "you have a treasure  
 That some day may bring you fame."

Then he cut without a tremble,  
 And he cut with skill and care—  
 He cut with fingers nimble  
 To the fraction of a hair,  
 Then spoke in accents cheery ;  
 "I have done my very best,  
 Now see Kickham and O'Leary,  
 And those men will do the rest."

That pair of operators,  
 Who ne'er waited for red tape,  
 Worked hard, like agitators,  
 And soon got the coat in shape ;  
 They stitched it and they pressed it  
 Until art could do no more,  
 And it shone, as they confessed it,  
 A fine Irish Cothamore.

Then "Rossa" that famed fitter,  
 Helped me doff my Saxon Togs,  
 And flung them in a litter  
 To make bedding for the dogs ;  
 And the garment he put on me,  
 By some sleight of hand or knack,  
 And looked with pride upon me,  
 And then slapp'd me on the back.

I loathe the knave and bragger,  
 And despise both cant and brag,  
 But that day I had the swagger  
 Of the veritable "gag;"  
 And I've worn it without changing,  
 Since the Autumn Sixty-three,  
 At home or in my ranging,  
 As the emblem of the free.

I knew them—many a body—  
 Once with coats the same as mine,  
 To change them soon for shoddy,  
 As for something superfine ;  
 For freedom, that they dreamed of  
 Was but plasters for their sores,  
 So they tired or got ashamed of  
 Their old Irish Cothamores.

Yes! I've worn it without changing  
 In my gladness and my tears,  
 At home and in my ranging  
 More than forty weary years ;  
 And if in this cold world  
 It should get a stain or tear,  
 I'll go to Phil Fitzgerald  
 And he'll put it in repair.

#### THE EXILED MINSTREL.

When nights are growing longer and the weather turns colder,  
 And my daily rounds of duties are all done,  
 I sit by my own fireside, a shawl around my shoulders,  
 And feel happy as the lazy in the sun ;  
 Then my thoughts fly back with rapture to my youth and to my  
 childhood—  
 To the old haunts where I fondly loved to play,  
 Or I sing a song of many, that I know, for my wife, Annie,  
 Of the dear Old Land of mine so far away.

But when I sit in silence, and the silence is unbroken,  
 My wife goes gently gliding from the room,  
 For she knows from past experience, and she takes it is a token  
 That I'm weaving some new verses in the loom :  
 But when she hears me humming, she as noiselessly returns,  
 For she knows my muse has said what it would say,  
 And that my task is ended, then her voice with mine is blended,  
 In my song of that dear land so far away.

My good wife is a daughter of the land that floats "Old Glory"  
 And never saw the hills of Innisfail,  
 And from these lips of mine she imbibed its mournful story,  
 But she never seems to weary of the tale.  
 She sings the songs of Erin with a pathos that is thrilling,  
 And cheers me when despondent 'till I'm gay ;  
 She loves to sit and listen while her eyes in pity glisten  
 For the Dear Old Land of mine so far away.

I drained the cup of sorrow and I quaffed the bowl of pleasure,  
 I pride in Erin's glories and her songs ;  
 But home can never soften, nor language ever measure,  
 My hatred of the source of all her wrongs ;  
 And though blissful is my home life, with love around it twining,  
 Though Freedom I have tasted for many a happy day,  
 Deep down within my bosom, I feel a something pining,  
 For that Dear Old Land of mine so far away.

All my youth and all my manhood, to thee Old Land were given,  
 I would die a thousand times to set thee free ;  
 But futile were my efforts, thy chains are still unriven—  
 Thou art yet a lonely captive by the sea,  
 But Motherland, remember, I never can forget thee,  
 And for thy liberation will never cease to pray,  
 And though no more I see thee, I know the Lord will free thee  
 And bless the land of mine so far away.

#### THE ANTI-UNION MAN'S LAMENT.

Long, long ago, when life was aglow,  
 And youths aspirations were high,  
 My heart was as light as the lark in his flight  
 That in Maytime soars up to the sky ;  
 But now I am old and my blood doth run cold,  
 And my fate I have cause to deplore ;  
 For down in the mines where the sun never shines,  
 I am pushing a buggy of ore.

My fond mother smiled on the face of her child,  
 With words of endearment and love  
 And my sire brave and bold, as the heroes of old,  
 Oft cautioned me never to rove ;  
 Their love and advice I forgot in a thrice,  
 When I fled from my own native shore ;  
 And down in the mines where the sun never shines  
 I am pushing a buggy of ore.

But yet in the strife of the battle of life,  
 I had proved myself ever a man,  
 And never felt mean 'till I struck Cœur d'Alene  
 There myself—degradation began.  
 It cuts like a stab when they call me a scab,  
 And my feelings are wounded and sore,  
 While down in the mines where the sun never shines,  
 I am pushing a buggy of ore.

I've wielded my pen for the non-union men,  
 And dealt "union strikers" a blow ;  
 But yet in the end I may prove a true friend,  
 Though they look on me now as a foe.  
 'Twas fate's wayward stroke, sent me here as a joke,  
 Their silly pretensions to score—  
 While down in the mines where the sun never shines,  
 I am pushing a buggy of ore.

"His pen he has sold for the mine-owners gold,  
 To sneer at our honest demands."  
 Let unionists say:—BUT I ONLY GET PAY  
 FOR THE HARD HONEST TOIL OF MY HANDS.  
 I came not to spy on their cause—no, not I—  
 But have come here to work and no more—  
 So down in the mines where the sun never shines,  
 I am pushing a buggy of ore.

In this damp living tomb, as I peer through the gloom  
 That envelopes my flickering light,  
 I think with a sigh of the days long gone by,  
 When my hopes were all sunny and bright,  
 And I groan in despair with my burden of care,  
 And the joys I shall never know more.  
 As down in the mines where the sun never shines,  
 I am pushing my buggy of ore.

When time in its flight flings a halo of light  
 On him who lies under a cloud,  
 The misguided men whom I lash with my pen,  
 To grasp my right hand may be proud.  
 My mission is peace—let contentions all cease,  
 And harmony reign as before,  
 And down in the mines, where the sun never shines  
 I shall push my last buggy of ore.

#### A NEW SONG ON AN OLD TOPIC.

With tears and plaintive moans, like a race of toothless crones,  
 We knelt before the foe in supplication,  
 For well nigh twenty years but he answered us with jeers,  
 And mocked at all our silly agitation.  
 Like lepers with their sores, our cries reached foreign shores,  
 Till strangers sought the cause of the commotion,  
 And the word flashed o'er the waves, "'Tis the wail of pining slaves"  
 In that little Emerald Island in the ocean.

The spectre of Home Rule with the patience of a mule,  
 We trailed like MODOCS in and out of season ;  
 And if one should be absurd as to breathe a manly word,  
 He was silenced with the warning cry of 'treason,'  
 We swallowed to the dregs, the vile policy that begs ;  
 Yes! drained with zest the nauseating portion,  
 But got nothing for our pains but a tightening of the chains  
 Round our little Emerald Island in the ocean.

Will our manhood and our youth ever learn the sacred truth  
 To place no faith in spouting liberators ;  
 What leaders could excel, O'Connell and Parnell  
 Who were once the nonpareils of agitators.  
 These chieftains great and grand whose voices thrilled our Land  
 Whom we almost idolized in our devotion  
 Left a legacy behind which makes milksops of our kind  
 In our little Emerald Island in the ocean.

Shall we ever play the tools of equivocating fools,  
 And be the dupes of each designing jobber ;  
 And shall we with our pride fling our decency aside  
 And kneel for restitution to the robber ;  
 And shall we fret and mewl for the bauble of Home Rule,  
 While sun illumines and planets are in motion,  
 And deem it no disgrace to make dastards of our Race  
 In our little Emerald Island in the ocean.

In the manly days of old our sires were brave and bold  
 History's pages tell us and tradition—  
 They fought the hated foe with many a sturdy blow  
 Like men, not slaves resigned to their condition ;  
 And shall we, the sons and heirs to their land and its affairs  
 Never in the future take the notion  
 To try the means they tried, or to die the death they died  
 For our little Emerald Island in the ocean.

Shall we never understand that the freedom of a land  
 Was never yet obtained by "agitation"—  
 We must fight and fight again, we must pour out blood like rain,  
 To make of ours a great and glorious nation.  
 Oh, brothers brave and true, there is work for us to do,  
 And trust me as I utter with emotion—  
 "I am with you heart and soul though grim death be in the goal,  
 For our little Emerald Island in the ocean.

#### THE HURLERS OF GLENN-ACOS-LAN.

"Tis well I remember the good olden time,  
 When I was a fine strapping boy in my prime ;  
 When young men had spirit and plenty of brawn,  
 Who belted the leather at Glennacoslan.

Of that famous spot I would have you take note,  
 It might be the scene of "The Peeler and the Goat,"  
 For it lies close to Bansha and Lowe's of Kilshan,  
 That "field of the hurlers," famed Glennacoslan.

I knew the place well, I was there in my day,  
 With caman well polished, prepared for the fray ;  
 For with "parish bullies" I then took my stand,  
 Although you could blow me to-day from your hand.

Not mine to disparage, not mine to run down,  
 Our hurlers to-day of the country or town ;  
 Nor say that the best is the merest *sprisan*  
 Compared to the hurlers of Glennacoslan.

We sported no tights, that pure modesty hurts,  
 But wore our knee-breeches and bandlecloth shirts,  
 With handkerchiefs over our *nappers* well drawn  
 To show our true colours at Glennacoslan.

Our rules were so simple that all understood,  
 Except some poor drone or a "stick in the mud,"  
 'Twas shoulder to shoulder, 'twas brawn against brawn—  
 The sight was entrancing at Glennacoslan.

There was Delany, the best known of all,  
 Whose duty was always to strike up the ball,  
 Whose cabin stood near on the slope of Kilshan—  
 He was the old stand by at Glennacoslan.

And there from Kilfeakle, came Paddy Guilfoyle,  
 Who long felt to tyrants as sore as a boil ;  
 With Kellys and Hogans, from Kyle and Grenane  
 And tested their mettle at Glennacoslan.

And from ancient Emly came Jacky McGrath,  
 And many bold boys who despised Saxon law ;  
 The Finnaus, of Latteen : Matt Ryan, of Kilross—  
 All stripped for the fray when the ball got the toss.

There were Ryans of Shronell, and Ryans from elsewhere,  
 And Caseys and Condons from Mitchelstown square ;  
 While "Boland the fiddler" who hailed from Brockbawn,  
 Astonished the natives at Glennacoslan.

From nigh Ballineety came Kennedy Mor,  
 As strong as Cuchullin, that hero of yore,  
 With doughty Tom Bradshaw, from Cullen's green bawn,  
 To loosen their muscles at Glennacoslan.

Brave Bansha, Kilmoyher and Aherlow Glen,  
Prepared for those meetings, the pick of their men ;  
Old Tubberadora sent Billy Marnane,  
As dauntless as any at Glennacoslan.

To name all my heroes would make a big book,  
Who went with their parties to goal or to puck ;  
Their deeds should be blazoned as bright as the dawn,  
They honoured old Ireland at Glennacoslan.

But, Alas ! for our land, in those strenuous hours,  
We then could if only aware of our powers,  
Have chased the false Saxon and all his vile spawn  
Like chasing the leather at Glennacoslan.

So now to conclude and to finish my rhyme,  
The "boys" were superb in your grandfather's time,  
Then heed well the tales the old "Senachie" tells,  
And treasure them all, while the heart proudly swells.

#### WHEN DEMPSEY FORGED THE PIKES.

Oh ! God be with you Ireland,  
And the days when I was young,  
When hearts with youth were buoyant  
And when nerves like steel were strung,  
I sing those days with rapture  
And I care not who dislikes,  
Then Freedom's dawn seemed breaking,  
And bold Dempsey forged the pikes.

The men of mind and muscle—  
Hearts that throbbed with Celtic blood,  
By ties of love were banded  
In a mighty Brotherhood ;  
Vowed to crush the hated foeman,  
Base and brutal as a "Sykes,"  
And to make our land a nation  
When bold Dempsey forged the pikes.

This racy son of Vulcan  
Was a patriot true and bold,  
And the shining blades he fashioned,  
He would rather own than gold ;  
With brain to plan and eye to guide  
A heart to do and dare  
And a hand with all the cunning  
Of the famous Gobban Saer.

Oh ! The music of the anvil  
Set my young heart all aglow,  
And I watched the spark ; with ecstasy  
At every sturdy blow ;  
While grim as spectres stood around  
A crowd of stalwart tykes,  
To guard the smithy with their lives  
While Dempsey forged the pikes.

At times I blew the bellows,  
And at times I used the sledge,  
Or gave the blades when fashioned  
A bright polish and an edge ;  
Or watched with keen companions  
From our ambush in the dykes  
For the tramp of scouting peelers  
When bold Dempsey forged the pikes.

Let cynics flout the weapon,  
Dubbed the queen of warlike tools,  
And deem the men with faith in it,  
But visionary fools ;  
But scoffers ere you would consign,  
To cold oblivions fate,  
Remember what the pikemen did  
In glorious ninety-eight.

I've seen the world's wonders  
And I've seen the "World's Fair,"  
I know the mystic meaning  
Of the compass and the square ;  
I've heard the roar of battle  
And the din of labour strikes,  
Yet nothing so entranced me  
Like bold Dempsey forging pikes.

But the cunning hand of Dempsey  
 Long has mouldered in the dust,  
 And the shining blades he fashioned  
 Are all useless with the rust ;  
 But the patriot of the future  
 When for liberty he strikes,  
 Will wield a killing weapon  
 That outrivals Dempsey's pikes.

#### FATHER MATT.

Oh ! the golden days, the happy days,  
 The sunny days of youth,  
 When my heart was glad, and a simple lad,  
 I walked in the paths of truth.  
 No worldly cares distracted my prayers,  
 The Searcher of Hearts knows that,  
 When I humbled knelt, and repentant felt,  
 At the feet of Father Matt.

The Soggarth Aroon in the leafy June,  
 Of lifetime watches his sheep ;  
 And in winter years he dries the tears  
 Of the weary eyes that weep.  
 He gave us hope when the jail and the rope  
 Laid the manhood of Ireland flat  
 'Neath the tyrant's heel ; but the *beau ideal*  
 Of a Soggarth is Father Matt.

His tongue so mild, first taught me, a child,  
 The truths of our holy Creed ;  
 He taught in the time of my youth and prime  
 " 'Tis blest for our land to bleed."  
 Let knaves despise my coat of frieze,  
 And my seedy caubeen hat ;  
 Thank Heaven, I know, all my spirit I owe,  
 To the teachings of Father Matt.

Friend of the poor, o'er the dreary moor,  
 How oft has he trudged on foot,  
 When winter howled and black night scowled,  
 To bring joy to the poor man's hut.  
 Ye starved and weak, whose hearts must break  
 To pamper some lordling's brat,  
 Oh what would you do, if God gave you  
 No Shepherds like Father Matt.

No gorgeous feast for this pious priest,  
 At some despot's sumptuous board ;  
 No gracious nod for this man of God,  
 From some tyrant robber lord ;  
 No sparkling wine for this meek divine,  
 Nor banquet of stolen fat,  
 But a homely meal on a board of deal  
 Is relished by Father Matt.

No flickering flame, no feeble frame,  
 Nor foot by the yawning grave ;  
 But a ruddy cheek and a fine physique,  
 And a spirit more than brave.  
 And first in the race glows his saintly face,  
 For the goal we're driving at—  
 To free the slave and our souls to save,  
 Is the mission of Father Matt.

Green are thy hills, loved land of ills,  
 And soft are thy spreading fields ;  
 But a robber band from a foreign land  
 Eats the fruit that our labour yields.  
 Would we be freed from the vampire's greed,  
 Away with all idle chat,  
 And up, let us do, our soggarths are true,  
 And trusted like Father Matt.

## SELF-RELIANCE—AN APPEAL.

## I.

Let nobody falter, let no one weaken,  
 Let the boldest march in the front ;  
 Already the power of the foeman is shaken,  
 'Twill break in the battles fierce brunt.  
 Then close up your ranks. Stand shoulder to shoulder  
 Look danger and death in the eye,  
 Let each prove himself an invincible soldier—  
 His watchword:—"To conquer or die."

## II.

The selfish, The coward, the 'lip' agitator  
 Will please to step out of the ranks ;  
 The hireling, the knave and the Judas-like traitor,  
 Their aid is rejected with thanks.  
 Have none but the true in this critical hour—  
 Hearts you can fearlessly trust—  
 To shatter for ever the fell tyrant's power  
 And humble his pride in the dust.

## III.

Delude not yourselves with the idle notion,  
 That strangers for you will bleed,  
 Look not to brothers beyond the ocean,  
 Lest you lean on a broken reed.  
 The craven trembles at hempen halter—  
 The hero stands by his gun ;  
 Then a deadly plague on the wretch who falters  
 When half the battle is won.

## AN EXPOSTULATION.

Paul Kruger, you old rascal,  
 Stop your vile and wicked work ;  
 You're a pagan and a heathen—  
 You are worse than any Turk.  
 And of your shameless conduct  
 All the world is taking notes ;  
 Sure you've ruined beyond redemption  
 Many a thousand fine red coats.

And Paul Kruger you old rascal  
 You are hated and despised,  
 You're a pagan and a heathen  
 And you can't be civilised.  
 I'm vexed at you, I'm mad at you,  
 So stupid is your skull—  
 Oh ! how dare you strike the gentleman—  
 The decent man John Bull.

That tender-hearted good old soul,  
 He felt for you and yours,  
 And for your mental maladies,  
 He brought you many cures ;  
 But surly Dutchman that you are,  
 With all your savage Boers,  
 You whip the doctor black and blue,  
 And cover him with sores.

He brought you stacks of bibles  
 Which you never deigned to read—  
 He brought discarded concubines  
 To cultivate the breed ;  
 He brought you old Jamaica rum,  
 With opium and cocaine,  
 To fortify the inner man,  
 And fascinate the brain.

But all his friendship you disdained,  
 His nostrums you despised,  
 Because you headstrong foolish Paul  
 You can't be civilised ;  
 My word to you, my hand to you,  
 You yet will rue the day  
 You flung the friendship of John Bull  
 And all his gifts away.

Your fields are rich with yellow gold  
 And many a diamond mine,  
 But all such gifts to you are naught  
 But pearls thrown to swine.  
 And when old Bull these priceless things  
 He seeks to utilize,  
 For human good, with you between,  
 He cannot 'civilize.'

In native clime or foreign lands  
Where waves the Union Jack,  
Old honest John is dearly prized  
By white men and by black ;  
They love him as a father, Paul,  
And for his sake would die,  
And Irish Paddy reckons him  
The apple of his eye.

I don't know what to say to you  
Or think of you at all,  
I don't know what to make of you  
Or do with you, Oom Paul,  
I'm vexed at you, I'm mad at you,  
With shame my heart is full—  
Oh ! what made you strike the gentleman,  
The "daycent" man John Bull.

#### THE VIGIL OF MYLES.

I am weary, weary watching, 'till my eyes are growing dim,  
Looking towards that lovely land, Creation's brightest gem,  
That lies in radiant beauty by the Ocean's distant rim—  
I am weary, weary watching, 'till with tears my eyes are dim.

I am weary, weary watching, for that lovely land is mine,  
And round it my heart's tendrils and my fondest hopes entwine ;  
And though oceans roll between us, and an exile sad I pine,  
I am weary, weary watching, for this native land of mine.

I am weary, weary watching, 'till my heart is sore with pain,  
Praying for one blessed sight of her green shores again ;  
Thirsting for her crystal streams, as deserts thirst for rain—  
I am weary, weary watching, must my watching be in vain.

I am weary, weary watching for this fair and lovely land,  
Is chained and persecuted by a tyrant's ruthless hand ;  
And her sons, though brave and fearless, shame to say it, are, un-  
manned,  
I am weary, weary watching, for my bound and bleeding land.

I am weary, weary watching, looking eastward o'er the waves,  
With pity for a people, duped by noisy blatant knaves,  
Hugging rusty shackles, like a race of dastard slaves ;  
I am sick and weary watching, looking eastward o'er the waves.

I am weary, weary watching, in this land where Freedom reigns,  
A land of youthful vigour, teeming soil, and spreading plains ;  
But can I share its blessings while memory remains—  
I am weary, weary watching for my Darling One in chains.

I am weary, weary watching, 'till my eyes with longing ache,  
To see the Dawn of Freedom o'er thy misty mountain break—  
To see the hated tyrant, at her rising glory quake—  
I am weary, weary watching, Mother Ireland, for thy sake.

I am weary, weary watching, and I long for peace and rest,  
And should I die, Sweet Land, ere thou shalt cease to be opprest—  
I pray to Heaven to grant me, when my soul flies to the blest,  
This boon, the weary watcher craves, a grave within thy breast.

#### THE MEN OF SIXTY-FIVE.

Sweet land for ages doomed to bleed,  
Lashed sore by foreign knaves,  
Wert thou by Providence decreed  
To be the nurse of slaves ;  
No ! No ! thy sons are brave and bold,  
No willing slaves are they—  
Brave and bold in days of old,  
And brave and bold to-day.

Then toast the heroes dead and gone,  
And those who yet survive,  
And fill a glass—a flowing one—  
To the men of Sixty-five.

I shall not sing of Brian bold,  
And how he smote the Danes,  
And laid the pirates stark and cold  
On Clontarf bloody plains ;  
Nor shall I sing of noble Hugh,  
Nor chant great Sarsfield's praise.  
My theme shall be the good and true  
Brave men of our own days.

Then toast the heroes dead and gone, etc.

For heroes that we proudly own,  
 So God-like and so strong,  
 From Brian down to noble Tone  
 Shall live in deathless song ;  
 But I shall with a loving pen  
 A wreath of lays contrive  
 To bind the brows of later men—  
 The men of Sixty-five.

Then toast the heroes dead and gone, etc.

Pure as the purest water bright,  
 That gushes from a rock—  
 Brave as the bravest mail-clad knight  
 That stood the battle's shock ;  
 To free our land they nobly tried—  
 Alas ! but few survive—  
 These are the men I sing with pride,  
 The men of Sixty-five.

Then toast the heroes dead and gone, etc.

Ah, yes, the trusted men and brave  
 Are passing fast away,  
 And few alas have found a grave  
 Within their native clay ;  
 They lie beyond the wild sea waves—  
 They sleep in foreign lands—  
 Their eyes were closed, their lonely graves  
 Were made by strangers hands.

Then toast the heroes dead and gone, etc.

Oh, youth and manhood of to-day,  
 Whose hearts are staunch and true,  
 You know the part you ought to play—  
 The work you have to do.  
 Oh flash the old flame bright again  
 The embers are alive,  
 And don't forget your sires and men—  
 The men of Sixty-five.

Then toast the heroes dead and gone,  
 And those who yet survive,  
 And fill a glass—a flowing one  
 To the men of Sixty-five.

### BURKE—WHO FIRED WITH HIS WOODEN LEG.

There are men of courage and men of brains,  
 And men who sleep through their lives in chains,  
 Or crawl o'er earth like some loathsome thing,  
 But 'tis of brave men I love to sing -  
 Brave men cast in a heroes' mould,  
 Whose hearts are purer than virgin gold,  
 Who shed a lustre on human kind,  
 With its selfish aims and its follies blind.

Though Erin's Sunburst now trails the dust  
 And her trusty blades in their scabbards rust,  
 Her sons were heroes from coast to coast  
 As bold as any strange land can boast.  
 But the boldest scion who ever bore,  
 From our own days to the days of yore,  
 Was he who scorned to crouch or beg—  
 Tom Burke, who fired with his wooden leg.

Ah, that dreadful summer of Ninety-eight  
 Which makes one sicken to contemplate ;  
 When Saxon deluged our land in blood,  
 And swept her valleys like a rushing flood,  
 'Till true men rose at such hellish work,  
 And in the vanguard was gallant Burke—  
 Gallant Burke, with his flashing steel,  
 Whose sturdy blows made the foeman reel.

He fought at Gorey with right good will—  
 He fought at Wexford and Oulart Hill ;  
 His best blood reddened his native moss,  
 That fateful day at the Siege of Ross ;  
 And when his comrades were forced to yield,  
 With colours flying he left the field,  
 With kindred spirits who brooked no ills,  
 And joined Dwyer on the Wicklow Hills.

With that bold chief in his bright career  
 He courted danger and felt no fear ;  
 But faced unflinching the hated foe,  
 And dealt for Ireland full many a blow ;  
 But why recount through wild Wicklow's glades,  
 The daylight forays or midnight rai's—  
 When Emmet's star in red blood went down  
 He stalked in harness in old Dublin town.

When o'er the land hung a pall of death,  
 And strong men whispered with bated breath ;  
 And gibbet victims defiled the air,  
 And hope was swallowed in black despair.  
 Burke, the dauntless—the noble-souled,  
 By tyrant's mandates was uncontrolled ;  
 But fanned the embers that kept alive,  
 The glowing flames, which to-day survive.

The preacher preaches, and the writer writes,  
 But Burke was guided by his own lights,  
 And strove to hail his sweet land opprest,  
 By panaceas he deemed the best.  
 The staid and sober who hug their chains,  
 Cry: "Futile nostrums for plagues and pains ;"  
 But men of reason must all admit,  
 The pranks of tyrants they checked a bit.

He gathered round him the faithful few—  
 He gathered round him the brave and true,  
 And bravely struggled through stormy years.  
 Through decades punctured with blood and tears.  
 But Freedom's standard he never lowered,  
 Nor to a foeman surrendered sword ;  
 In a tithe war skirmish near Killybeg,  
 This bold defender he lost a leg.

Was he disheartned by this mishap ?  
 No ! still he never shunned danger's gap ;  
 For in the proxy of his limb fixed he  
 The shining barrel of his "sheelawee"—  
 Fixed it firm as a granite rock,  
 And cool and steady at "Carrickshock,"  
 He faced the peelers, nor budged a peg,  
 But blazed away with his wooden leg.

That crew he hated with deadly hate  
 And to damnation would relegate  
 Their souls ; and deemed them a dire disgrace—  
 A dirty blotch on the Irish Race.  
 When hunting arms, they never found,  
 Through night's black stillness oft rang a sound  
 Like bugle note of the bold and free—  
 The ringing blast of old "sheelawee."

In golden childhood long, long ago,  
 I loved Old Tom with his locks of snow  
 And romped around him in childish glee  
 And learned the tales that he told to me.  
 But the old give place to the young and fresh—  
 He went the way of all earthly flesh,  
 And sleeps death's sleep in Ballybeg,  
 With "sheelawee" in the wooden leg

God rest thee Burke in thy silent grave,  
 And rest the souls of the true and brave—  
 A thousand blades in such hands as thine  
 Were worth a nation who fret and whine.  
 When our land is free and her right proclaimed,  
 Her sons will thrill when thy name is named,  
 And sing thy praises with moistened eyes,  
 And seek the spot where a hero lies.

#### THE FUTURE POET.

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"A little nonsense now and then  
 Is relished by the wisest men."

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#### I.

When I was a youth in brown curls,  
 With notions and plans of my own,  
 Too bashful to talk to the girls,  
 Too loving to let them alone.  
 I carolled such beautiful sonnets,  
 In praise of maid, widow and wife—  
 From their toes to the plumes on their bonnets  
 I made them immortal for life.

#### CHORUS—

But now my rude rhymes go a limping  
 Like timber-toed men in tight shoes,  
 And to sing there's no use in attempting,  
 I've goaded and crippled my muse.

## II.

When I grew from a love-lorn laddie,  
 I loomed as a patriot brave,  
 And my songs fired the heart of each Paddy  
 With soul—not the soul of a slave.  
 'Twas the clangour of battle to scan 'em,  
 The shout of the victor to sing—  
 Davis, Moore, Griffin or Banim,  
 Would pale at my muse in full swing.

CHORUS—But now my rude rhymes, etc.

## III.

As age my full genius developed,  
 I sang with a pathos sublime—  
 With big chunks of wisdom enveloped  
 In trappings of glittering rhyme.  
 But, alas for the fire that infused me,  
 It smouldered beneath a dark pall,  
 For nobody ever perused me,  
 Or noticed my greatness at all.

CHORUS—But now my rude rhymes, etc.

## IV.

Though conscious my lustre is waning,  
 I'll yet be futurity's Bard,  
 Then what is the use of complaining  
 When patience will bring its reward.  
 Then, hurrah for the time that is coming  
 When glory around me shall dawn ;  
 But my wife who's a practical woman  
 Exclaims "You're an old 'omadhan.'"

CHORUS—But now my rude rhymes, etc.

## THE RUMMER OF PUNCH.

I highly respect them, the total abstainers,  
 Who need no assistance to stand on their legs,  
 But look with contempt on the "bar-room campaigners"  
 Who sottishly empty their cups to the dregs.  
 For those who partake of their liquor in reason,  
 Nor relish with gusto their glasses at lunch,  
 There's nothing to beat, for 'tis always in season—  
 There's nothing to equal the rummer of punch.

'Tis a mixture sublime—a concoction delicious,  
 When made with good whiskey, and carefully brewed ;  
 But dare to abuse, and it proves meretricious—  
 This balm of the heart—this ambrosial fluid.  
 It loosens the tongue, and it makes one feel merry,  
 And troubles and sorrows take flight in a bunch—  
 Oh, what is champagne, porter, ale, port or sherry.  
 At all when compared to the rummer of punch.

How pleasant to sit in the cold winter weather,  
 Beside a good fire with a blithesome young lass,  
 And whisper some soft pleasing nonsense together,  
 While each in the hand holds a hot brimming glass ;  
 Or gather with cronies, or friends round a table,  
 In social enjoyment, while epicures munch,  
 And lighten the hour with song, story and fable,  
 And drown wasting care in good rummers of punch.

Though years have elapsed, yet I fondly remember,  
 Since last I took punch with old neighbourly Tips,  
 I vividly see the bright glasses of amber,  
 And hear in my fancy the smack of the lips.  
 And though far from home, in my exile and sorrow,  
 My thirst with strong liquor no longer I quench,  
 If freedom should dawn on Old Ireland to-morrow,  
 I'd join with old friends in a rummer of punch.

## THE EMIGRANT.

When last I looked on Shronell hill,  
 And the sunny fields of Cullen,  
 The blinding tears again did fill  
 My eyes then red and sullen ;  
 My iron steed dashed o'er the plain,  
 Old Scenes appeared but dimly,  
 Then distance swallowed the "Golden Vein"  
 And old Church spire of Emly.

For that morning, well I mind,  
 That May day morning early,  
 I left my friends and home behind  
 And her I loved so dearly—  
 Aye, left them all with troubled breast,  
 And Knaves who sorely tried me,  
 To seek my fortune in the West  
 Which despots home denied me.

It grieved me sore, to leave my land,  
 A prey to heartless spoilers,  
 To add another to the band  
 Of Ireland's foreign toilers ;  
 But I lacked faith in timid ways,  
 And hope in endless blowing,  
 While our best blood across the seas  
 In endless streams was flowing.

Hope, with despair, was strangely bound,  
 And joy with sorrow blended ;  
 I reached the shores I sought but found,  
 No friendly hands extended ;  
 For all were mad with money craze—  
 The string despoiled his neighbour—  
 I met my fortune in the maze—  
 A life of strife and labour.

My friends are gone—they heard death's call—  
 Across the silent river,  
 And she I loved the best of all,  
 Is lost to me for ever.  
 But vain regrets, with childish tears,  
 Are better left unspoken,  
 Though I have nought for all my years,  
 But health and spirits broken.

Better far for home to fight,  
 And brave war's deadly dangers,  
 Than like a knottled serf take flight  
 To drudge for soulless strangers ;  
 For toil's gaunt visage haunts me still,  
 With fortune frowning grimly—  
 I'll never more see Shronell Hill,  
 Nor the old Church spire of Emly.

## PADDY CASEY.

God rest you Paddy Casey, God rest your soul achorra,  
 For death alas has claimed you, and left us here in sorrow.  
 We never more shall see you, till we meet above in heaven.  
 Oh, true man, true as any, of the "men of sixty-seven."

Oh, lost friend, Paddy Casey, bold, genial, Irish peasant,  
 'Tis manly hearts like yours that shed a lustre on the present ;  
 You were dearer to our motherland, than all her callous doubters,  
 And better for her freedom, than a galaxy of spouters.

Too modest and sincere were you, to count yourself a leader,  
 But from the cause that true men love, was never a seceder ;  
 You thought your mission was to drive the Saxon from old Erin,  
 And all through life that glorious work, you nobly took a share in.

I knew you in young manhood's days, when hopes were blazing  
 brightly—  
 I met you at the trysting, where the faithful gathered nightly—  
 I saw your courage tested in the trying hours of danger,  
 But that big manly heart of yours, to terror was a stranger.

And when the crisis came at last, and knaves and spies bedevilled,  
True men's work, and cowards' hearts, in mortal fear were  
shrivelled.

You never flinched, you never quailed, but deemed your dangers  
trifles,

And nobly took your place in front of England's deadly rifles.

Failure never daunted you, stout-hearted "Irish laddie,"  
Come weal, come woe, you were the same old faithful, hopeful  
Paddy ;

For when upon our dearest hopes, the Sassenagh would trample,  
You nerved us to new efforts, by your spirit and example.

Our friend, our brother and our guide, how can we bear to lose  
you.

Oh why from all the multitude, did death the tyrant choose you.  
We know your latest breath was yet "our Land will be a  
nation"—

We know you prayed for her's as well, as for your own salvation.

Oh patriot pure, look down on us from your high place in heaven,  
And watch us as we emulate "the men of sixty-seven,"  
Who dares despair of liberty, while Ireland has such racy  
Sons like you, to fight for her, lamented Paddy Casey.

#### THE COAT OF SCARLET.

Come here, my Gilla, Maureen Bawn,  
And sit by poor old Granny ;  
You look as timid as a fawn,  
Though fair of face as any ;  
Promise me, child, when I am dead,  
To shun the alien varlot,  
And never let my colleen wed,  
Him in the coat of scarlet.

And when he struts in sash and plume,  
And tinsel never heed him ;  
Think, if to smile he should presume,  
His trade is strangling freedom.  
The pliant knave, the ready tool,  
For those who scourge our nation  
Whose baleful breath and bloody rule,  
Show symptoms of damnation.

And shun, my child, the pompous swain,  
Who prides in England's glory,  
And spurn the slave who hugs his chain,  
And comes to tell love's story.  
But take him to your breast, Maureen,  
And to God's Altar lead him,  
The youth who wears the Irish green,  
And fights for Ireland's freedom.

My father fought in ninety-eight,  
And bolder there was no man ;  
But he was tempted to his fate,  
And murdered by a yeoman.  
And since, while sunshine fills the land,  
While skies are dark or starlit,  
I hate and curse that hireling band  
Who wear the coat of scarlet.

I am old and frail, my Maureen Bawn ;  
My days will soon be over ;  
I long to meet your grand sire Shawn,  
My fond true Irish lover,  
I'll turn and curse you in my grave,  
And deem you but a harlot,  
If you should dare to love some knave,  
In England's hated scarlet.

#### THE GOLDEN VEIN.

To mother Ireland I send a blessing—  
To motherland in her toils and woes,  
The foeman's foot on her bosom pressing,  
Her beauty marred by his brutal blows ;  
Though waves between us are madly foaming,  
And I am powerless to ease her pain,  
I think of her and the dear old home in  
That charming valley—The Golden Vein.

For Motherland is a land of beauty  
Where nature scatters her choicest gifts,  
Though many a son coldly shirks his duty,  
And from her shelter like dead wood drifts.  
But true men yet to her shores are clinging,  
And young hearts singing the old refrain,  
And faith and hope through the land are springing.  
From Antrim's cliff's to the Golden Vein.

I've loved her well, and I strove to free her  
 From foreign bondage—from Saxon thrall,  
 And though I never again may see her,  
 I love that spot, dearest, best of all;  
 That darling spot where my young steps bounded,  
 Ere life was tinctured with care and pain—  
 That darling spot where true hearts abounded—  
 My native valley—The Golden Vein.

Where Galtees south are like giants looming  
 And Keeper shields it from Arctic gales,  
 And nature there at her best is blooming—  
 The young men walk in old rebels trails;  
 The scenes are mottled with sun and shadows,  
 The fields are teeming with yellow grain,  
 The cattle browse in the flowry meadows,  
 But Saxons rule in the Golden Vein.

Through foreign lands I have been a ranger,  
 In foreign lands still I sadly pine,  
 In foreign lands I am but a stranger  
 With but one friend that is truly mine.  
 I miss old times and the merry meetings,  
 But memories now of those days remain,  
 I miss the faces and kindly greetings  
 Of those I loved in the Golden Vein.

Then home to Ireland I send a blessing  
 To motherland in her toils and woes,  
 The foeman's foot on her bosom pressing,  
 Her beauty marred by his brutal blows.  
 Oh may her sons soon be nerved to free her—  
 To break each link of her galling chain,  
 And Heaven grant that I yet may see her,  
 And meet old friends in the Golden Vein.

#### OLD JEMMY'S SORROWS.

Good morrow, Jemie, my worthy friend,  
 And where have you been these weeks,  
 You look, old neighbour, like one in grief,  
 For I see the tears on your cheeks.  
 Oh, Tim, ashore, my heart is broke,  
 For my youngest, my Sheemenn Oge,  
 Stole last night from his humble nest,  
 With me by the Hill of Crogue.

'Tis but a few short years ago,  
 I tasted of life's best joys,  
 Then I had a loving "vanithee,"  
 The mother of three brave boys;  
 But death unveiled my "vanithee,"  
 Away with his wiles the rogue,  
 To rest in the old churchyard beyond,  
 And left us sorrow in Crogue.

My Johnny, my darling eldest boy,  
 The joy, the hope, and the pride,  
 Of his fond mother, fretted and pined,  
 Since the woeful day she died.  
 His heart seemed heavy with discontent—  
 He brooded with listless hands—  
 'Till he went one day to earn his bread,  
 With strangers in foreign lands.

I hid my sorrows within my breast,  
 And bore them all like a man,  
 'Till the sands of two long weary years,  
 Through the glass of time had ran,  
 Then Larry had grown a manly youth,  
 The envy of each sculloge,  
 And he, too, murmured for freedom's land,  
 And left his old home in Crogue.

I toiled, and toiled, and banished thought,  
 And smothered my woes and pains,  
 And said I had something to live for yet,  
 While little Sheemenn remains;  
 I hoped since the cry of "stay at home"  
 With people seemed all the vogue,  
 That he, at least, would close my eyes,  
 Some day by the Hill of Crogue.

Oh, he was a comely, comely youth,  
 The joy of my poor old heart;  
 I thought in my love and selfishness,  
 That from me he would never part;  
 But he fled last night, I shall never more  
 See my fondest—my Sheemenn Oge,  
 And an empty cabin will mock my cries  
 Henceforth by the Hill of Crogue.

Oh, Tim, agra, you know my boys,  
 And I thought your words prevailed,  
 To make them stay and win the fight,  
 Where old men like us had failed.  
 For Ireland writhes, a victim crushed,  
 In the toils of the foreign rogue,  
 While her land is full of desolate homes,  
 Like mine by the Hill of Crogue.

You gave your life to her, old friend,  
 You bled in her sacred cause ;  
 Your manly words first fired my heart  
 With hate for her foreign laws,  
 A thousand times would I give my life  
 To shatter those laws accurst,  
 For Tim, old chief, I was by your side  
 At the fort of Ballyhurst.

Jemmy, your story makes me sad,  
 But still we must hope and pray ;  
 I dare not think on the poor old land,  
 With her heart's blood dripping away ;  
 What is the clatter of all our leagues—  
 Nothing but smoke and foam,  
 And what is the parrot cry, Home Rule,  
 If our youth won't stay at home.

#### WHEN THEY DUG O'GRADY'S SPUDS.

Come all ye true bred Irishmen, and listen to my song,  
 Likewise you sons of Liberty, wherever you belong,  
 Till I relate how long ago a Mihul of young bloods  
 Assembled in Clanwilliam to dig O'Grady's spuds.

Oh, they were young, and full of life, and stout of heart and  
 hand,  
 And everyone was pledged to fight, and die for Motherland ;  
 Or drive the Saxon from her shores with all his sprouts and  
 buds—  
 These hundred bold undaunted men who dug O'Grady's spuds.

They came to dig his spuds, because O'Grady loved his land,  
 And for her sake he roamed the hills a hunted man and  
 banned—  
 They carried spades and were arrayed in 'caubeens' and old  
 duds—  
 The pride of all the land were they, who dug O'Grady's  
 spuds.

It was the year of sixty-six, when hearts with hopes beat high,  
 Though many a brave and manly man in durance vile did lie,  
 That daring frowns of knaves, and clowns, and vengeance of my  
 luds,  
 With hearts aflame those heroes came to dig O'Grady's spuds.

They came from slopes of Slievenamon, from Carrick and from  
 Cahir,  
 They came from Shannon's flowery banks and distant hills of  
 Clare ;  
 They came from where the Funcheon rolls by famed Killooney  
 woods,  
 These bold, undaunted Irishmen who dug O'Grady's spuds.

And there were men from Keeper Hill, and men from Knock-  
 mealdown,  
 And from that sweet romantic Glen where Galtymore looks down ;  
 And there were men from far and near, as lusty as young  
 studs,  
 Who came with hearts that knew no fear to dig O'Grady's spuds.

There came likewise a dozen youths with soft and downy cheeks,  
 Whose comely shapes would put to shame the models of the  
 Greeks ;  
 And all disguised in women's clothes, and wearing cloaks  
 and hoods,  
 Prepared to do the picking while the others dug the spuds.

It was a sight to cure sore eyes to stand upon the bridge,  
 And see these men stretched out in line, a man on every  
 ridge.  
 With all their manly breasts aglow, divested of their duds,  
 While out the Irish lumpers rolled—I mean O'Grady's spuds.

And when the "Royal Irish" came astrutting on the scene,  
To see if this big meeting meant some "treason to the  
queen."

The pickers rolled and tumbled them in durty tubs of suds,  
"Till they shouted "Mille-a-Murther," When they dug O'Grady's  
spuds.

That night with faces stern and set, they sat around the board,  
And pledged their lives to Motherland, to have her rights  
restored,  
Then said farewell, and disappeared like winter's cloud that  
scuds,  
Across the moon, these fearless men, who dug O'Grady's spuds.

Ah, well a day, for their young hearts, their hopes were all in  
vain,  
For fate decreed that on this earth they ne'er should meet  
again ;  
But Ireland never, never, bore more true or nobler bloods,  
Than they who came that autumn day to dig O'Grady's spuds.

Yes, they who dug O'Grady's spuds have all but passed away,  
And those who yet survive, alas, are feeble, old and grey ;  
But while I roam, bowed down with care, by western wilds  
and floods,  
My proudest boast I helped that day to dig O'Grady's spuds.

So now I mean to finish, for my tears begin to fall,  
God bless you, friends in Ireland, and I greet you one and all ;  
But when your freedom is restored, your lands and worldly  
goods,  
Remember what you owe the men who dug O'Grady's spuds.

#### A WARNING.

Our Land, our glorious ancient Land  
Is hastening to decay ;  
Her sons stand waiting on the strand,  
Their turn to fly away.

She gulped the vile narcotic cup,  
Deep, in some evil hour,  
Ho, wake our sleeping nation up,  
Ye watchers on the tower.

Oh, wake her up ; Oh shake her rude,  
I scarcely hear her breath—  
Her sleep may prove the sure prelude  
Of madness, or of death.

The vultures hover in the air  
For something to devour—  
Ho, wake our sleeping nation there,  
Ye, watchers on the tower.

Oh, rouse her up, the night is past,  
Her long dark night of gloom,  
And let the sunshine and the blast  
Play freely through her room.

The nations round are full of life,  
The world seems all in flower—  
Ho, wake and gird her for the strife,  
Ye watchers on the tower.

They say she dotes—her blood is cold,  
And stagnant in her veins,  
Because beside her, but the old  
Or selfish now remains.

Because her youth seeks foreign skies,  
Who gave her vital power,  
Ho, wake our Land before she dies,  
Ye watchers on the tower,

It may be that yourselves oft nod,  
Ye watchers at the post—  
It may be guardians of our sod,  
Yourselves want waking most.

But, God forgive you if you fail  
To cry the passing hour,  
Or wake our sleeping Innisfail,  
Ye watchers on the tower.



## AN APPEAL—ANTI-EMIGRATION.

You Irish youths and Irish maidens—  
 Good and comely to behold—  
 You who dream of foreign Edens,  
 Bearing fruits or yellow gold ;  
 Where men live in peace together,  
 And love and friendship never fail ;  
 But can you leave your poor old mother—  
 Poor old mother—Innisfail.

For, ah, such rosy dreams are luring—  
 Leading on to woes untold,  
 Where one seldom fails securing  
 Hardships, if not yellow gold ;  
 Where the juggernaut of plunder,  
 Yoked to greed is on the trail,  
 Trampling worth and manhood under,  
 Then don't forsake old Innisfail.

But, if your energies are spoiling,  
 For new fields in foreign lands  
 Go and lead a life of toiling  
 At some vulgar brute's commands.  
 Go and bear the taunts of jeering—  
 The filthy mouthings that assail  
 Your race, your creed, your mother, Erin—  
 Poor old mother—Innisfail.

Oh, we're a people banned and battered—  
 Helots in her place of birth—  
 Delvers, grubbers, all when scattered,  
 Doing the dirty work of earth,  
 'Tis time to stop this mad stampeding—  
 'Tis time to stop the black ships sail,  
 'Tis time you blatant leaders, leading  
 To staunch the wounds of Innisfail.

The Lord he made this Isle of Beauty  
 For Irish homes and Irish graves,  
 But our forefathers shirked their duty—  
 They let the Saxons make them slaves.  
 Shall we their sons go forth as aliens,  
 And leave our kin behind to wail,  
 And leave our birthright to Cromwellians—  
 Who lap the blood of Innisfail.

Then Irish youths and Irish maidens,  
 Our pride, our hopes, are all in you,  
 Our Land is fairest of Earth's Edens  
 And dearest of all lands to you.  
 Oh ! cling to this bright gem, God gave you.  
 And at the foeman never quail—  
 Oh ! cling to it, and God will save you,  
 And God will save old Innisfail.

## THANKSGIVING.

—  
 (AMERICAN).  
 —

There are nations to-day, where the eager aspirants  
 For freedom or fame, are struck down by the tyrants ;  
 There are lands on this earth doomed to famine and plunder,  
 And some that by discord are now rent asunder ;  
 But "ours" is the land of the blest freedom and union,  
 Where man lives with man in friendly communion,  
 Where plenty awaits all his honest endeavours—  
 Then thank the good Lord for these blessings and favours,

In days when the monarchs and lords ruled by terror,  
 Ere madmen went forth sowing discord and error,  
 When man was a slave, and in chains had to grovel,  
 While housed like a brute in a cave or a hovel ;  
 'Twas then spoke Columbus inspired by the spirit :—  
 "I'll go seek a land that the poor may inherit,  
 That land, I'm convinced, westward lies o'er the ocean,"  
 Oh, bless his old heart for that practical notion.

A mariner bold, he set sail 'till he found it,  
 With all the bright trappings of nature around it—  
 A rich virgin land, ready made for the tiller,  
 And welcome to him as the grist to the miller ;  
 Then flocked there from Europe the bondsmen and helots,  
 And those who for freedom of conscience were zealots,  
 And all found a home, and that life was worth living,  
 Then bless the good Lord on this day of Thanksgiving.

The tyrant looked over the seas and beyond them,  
Then cried:—"Though our rigour and laws have expelled them  
We'll go seek that land where those knaves are abiding,  
And carry our chains which we must keep ahiding."  
Then over they came all good humoured and smiling,  
Their arts to cajole and enslave were beguiling,  
And brought all the fetters and gyves that they needed  
To bind—Bless the Lord for they never succeeded.

For up rose our sires, like a wild mountain torrent ;  
For chains to the limbs of the free are abhorrent,  
And, like valiant souls in one mighty endeavour,  
They rid this fair land of those tyrants for ever ;  
Then freedom's bright banner they proudly unfurled,  
And welcomed the slave from all lands of the world ;  
With faith in the Lord that betrayed no misgiving,  
This day they decreed as a Day of Thanksgiving.

Our sires, though so wise, never dreamt for a minute  
The structure they raised had such spaciousness in it ;  
They never once thought that each chamber and landing  
Could e'er by the magic of time keep expanding ;  
For now its great dome, with old Glory unfurled,  
Flings round a bright glare that illumines the world,  
Then swerve not from right, though you bolt at expansion,  
But thank the good Lord for a place in this Mansion.

What land on this earth be it ever so hoary,  
With ours can compare in its lustre and glory ;  
Or where have the poor all the blessings of freedom,  
With Sages to guide, and a Hero to lead them.  
But here, then, beware that no danger approaches,  
For wealth, it is said, on our rights now encroaches,  
But God will prevent all sordid endeavours—  
The Lord whom we thank for His blessings and favours.

Up and down through the land silver tongues are orating,  
And millions of souls are to-day celebrating  
With all the good cheer that to man can be given,  
And thankful for all to the Master in Heaven.  
While joy hovers thus over mountains and prairies,  
Shall we lie supine here in dear old St. Mary's,  
No, no, for we thrill at kind fortune's caressings,  
And feast, while we thank the Good Lord for His blessing,

## BREAK UP THE CATTLE RANCHES.

Come, true men, nerve your heart and hands,  
And gird yourself for battle ;  
The Lord made Ireland's teeming lands  
For men and not for cattle ;  
For manly men who sweat from toil,  
And not for drones with panches,  
Whose sway pollutes our sacred soil,  
The lord tules that rules the ranches.

Too long they lived on "easy street,"  
And on our heart's blood fattened,  
And on the poor man wiped their feet,  
As mute he lay down flattened.  
Those days are gone, we'll make them fly,  
Or drive them to their haunches,  
And this shall be our battle cry,  
"Break up the cattle ranches."

Come on, bold boys, don't lag behind,  
Come on, bold boys, together ;  
Don't trim your sails to catch the wind,  
For this is stormy weather.  
And every true man to be found,  
If warm his heart and staunch is,  
Shall have a slice of Ireland's ground,  
When we'll break up the ranches,

The brand of serf no more we'll bear,  
Let whiners fawn and wear it,  
The baleful breath that taints the air,  
Is now too foul to bear it.  
So we'll grub out the Upas tree,  
The root and all the branches,  
For true men all who would be free,  
Must first break up the ranches,

The youths who now seek foreign lands,  
We'll deem them knaves and traitors ;  
We want stout hearts and willing hands,  
But shall dispense with praters ;  
Proclaim, resolve in field and street,  
At Land and Labour branches—  
Let hand clasps say, when neighbours meet :  
"Break up the cattle ranches."

Don't be disheartened or advised  
 By timid men or peace men ;  
 Don't be dismayed or terrorised,  
 By bailiffs or policemen ;  
 We'll make a breach that none can stop,  
 Like Alpine's avalanches,  
 For in the fight we'll be on top,  
 And burst the cattle ranches.

Then, true men, nerve your heart and hands,  
 And gird yourselves for battle ;  
 The Lord made Ireland's teeming lands,  
 For men and not for cattle.  
 Let England brag and show her strength,  
 At each new ship she launches,  
 The time has come, my boys, at length,  
 To down the cattle ranches.

#### A WESTERN BALLAD.

Where broad and level prairies stretch,  
 As far as eye can see,  
 My humble shanty rises,  
 Like an iceberg in the sea ;  
 There my brow is deeply furrowed,  
 And my body bent with toil,  
 As I try to wring a living,  
 From an unpropitious soil

And my burden is so heavy,  
 That I'm tempted to despair ;  
 But the loving wife and little ones,  
 Committed to my care,  
 Incite me to fresh efforts,  
 And I still maintain the strife,  
 And though weary still keep plodding  
 On the rugged path of life.

The fertile plains of Kansas,  
 How invitingly they lie—  
 The fertile plains of Kansas,  
 What a base and wicked lie.  
 'Tis a land dragooned by locusts,  
 And sentinelled by bugs—  
 'Tis the home of border ruffians,  
 And the camping ground of thugs.

And the scorching blasts of summer,  
 Sweep across its fated fields,  
 And like the deadly upas blights  
 The fruit that labour yields ;  
 There comes when least expected,  
 Fierce tornadoes and cyclones,  
 And the blizzards from Dakota,  
 Freeze the marrow in the bones.

And this is truly Kansas,  
 The Kansas nature made,  
 And not the land of promise,  
 Which false writers have portrayed.  
 I've found no milk and honey,  
 Through all my years of quest,  
 But I've cursed the blatant blathers,  
 Who advised me to go West.

The wild sea lies between me,  
 And the land that gave me birth—  
 The beauteous land of Erin—  
 The fairest gem of earth—  
 The land of verdant valleys—  
 The land of crystal streams,  
 That I sigh for in my waking hours,  
 And dream of in my dreams.

A cosy cottage in a vale,  
 In that sweet land was mine—  
 I tilled a fertile spot of ground,  
 And milked a dozen kine.  
 That was in my youthful days,  
 When life was bright and new—  
 The days I won the heart and hand,  
 Of gentle Maureen Dhu.

My Maureen was a bonny lass,  
 And made a winsome bride,  
 And I was then a manly youth,  
 And called the parish pride.  
 Our marriage was a happy one,  
 Of grief and care devoid,  
 But sorrow came, alas, too soon,  
 And all our bliss destroyed.

It was my pride, it was my boast ;  
 The stock of which I came,  
 Was ever true to Motherland,  
 And bore a stainless name ;  
 So when the tyrant in his might,  
 The helpless poor oppressed,  
 I stepped between—his cowardly blows,  
 Descended on my breast.

And I was left a homeless man,  
 And in a hopeless plight,  
 Without a chance to gratify,  
 My instincts for a fight ;  
 For cautious friends restrained my hands,  
 Lest I should break the law—  
 Lest I might in my folly hurt  
 Their flimsy league of straw,

I watched the antics with contempt—  
 The antics of these men,  
 Who legally would make our land,  
 A nation once again ;  
 Then turned away with breaking heart,  
 'Twere useless to remain,  
 And bade adieu to those I loved  
 And ne'er may see again.

With Maureen by my side, I stood,  
 Her trusting hand in mine,  
 While our good ship bravely ploughed  
 A furrow through the brine.  
 The scalding tears streamed down our cheeks,  
 And trickled on the deck,  
 As Erin's misty hills grew dim,  
 And vanished like a speck.

No one knows but God alone,  
 The hardship and the woes,  
 The blighted hopes, the pain of heart,  
 The exile undergoes.  
 And I have had my share, alas,  
 Since my unlucky star  
 Left me on this prairie wild  
 Like driftwood on a bar.

I miss the Sunday morning,  
 When I went to Holy Mass ;  
 I miss the market and the fair,  
 I miss the social glass ;  
 I miss the kind old neighbours,  
 Round the turf fire's cheerful blaze,  
 Who listened to the senachie's  
 Wild tales of other days.

Ah, Ireland was a pleasant place,  
 A pleasant place indeed—  
 My nearest neighbour is a Pole,  
 The next one is a Swede.  
 Neither knows nor cares to know,  
 Nor will he understand,  
 Anything of me or mine,  
 Nor aught of my old land.

Oh, why does Mother Erin let  
 Her youth and beauty go,  
 And no redeemer come to staunch  
 Her life-blood's constant flow.  
 The emigrant who loves her shores,  
 A home elsewhere to find,  
 Is dead for ever to her cause,  
 And those he left behind.

This may be a glorious land—  
 The freest of the free,  
 But many an exile finds it  
 But a wild tempestuous sea.  
 Better it is to closely cling  
 To the spot where one belongs ;  
 Better it is to boldly face,  
 Than fly away from wrongs.

My Maureen's eye is growing dim,  
 My Maureen's cheek is pale,  
 I know she secretly regrets  
 The cottage in the vale.  
 I see it in her weary step  
 And in her listless air,  
 That grief will break her gentle heart,  
 And leave me in despair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where level sealike prairies stretch—  
 Stretch out to meet the sky,  
 See the striking figures,  
 That attract the passer by,  
 The sad-eyed dame is Maureen,  
 The bonny winsome bride,  
 And the drooping one is he who once,  
 Was called the parish pride.

#### THE TIMID MAN.

My teacher told me I was smart,  
 And not of brains bereft,  
 And if in life I got a start,  
 I never should get left ;  
 But from experience I have found  
 His words not true at all,  
 For in life's battle I am downed  
 Or crowded to the wall.

I have indeed, my share of brains,  
 With common sense combined,  
 And my fond parents spared no pains  
 To cultivate my mind.  
 My intellect though not profound,  
 Is anything but small,  
 Yet in life's battle I am downed,  
 Or crowded to the wall.

In this world's busy hive  
 No useless drone am I ;  
 And though with energy I strive,  
 I find it vain to try.  
 The wreath of fame my brow ne'er crowned,  
 Wealth answers not my call,  
 And in life's struggle I am downed  
 Or crowded to the wall,

The merit that by right is mine,  
 On others is conferred ;  
 While other names with lustre shine,  
*M ne* is not even heard ;  
 Although my judgment be as sound,  
 My frailties are small,  
 For in life's battle I am downed  
 Or crowded to the wall.

Then how is it, with common sense,  
 And breadth and strength of mind,  
 And knowledge gathered at expense,  
 That I am left behind ;  
 Placeless in the race of life,  
 With speed to overhaul,  
 My fleetest rivals in the strife,  
 Or crowd them to the wall,

It is not want of brains or sense,  
 Nor flaw in nature's plan,  
 Nor that I lacked the elements  
 That constitute the Man.  
 The cause is one not hard to find —  
 I'm destitute of "*gall*,"  
 And thus it is I'm left behind  
 Or crowded to the wall.

He whose aspirations point  
 To fame and worldly pelf,  
 Whose thoughts are never out of joint  
 When focussed on himself ;  
 Knows the qualities to win,  
 Are *selfishness* and *gall*,  
 Devoid of which the ablest men  
 Are crowded to the wall.

## OLD MEMORIES.

God bless and protect thee, old Erin,  
 And send thee sweet liberty soon ;  
 God bless the true hearts that are cheering  
 Thy long night of sorrow, aroon,  
 Oh fairest and best of old mothers,  
 I've served thee long years as a son,  
 But love that year best of all others,  
 The one that I spent "on the run."

Then hope lit the gloom of the valleys,  
 And blazoned the hills with its glare,  
 And gladdened the hearts at our rallies,  
 For none but the bravest were there ;  
 Where many a rude pike was whetted  
 By men who could handle the gun,  
 Mavrone, if they only could get it,  
 The year that I spent "on the run."

Then I was a youth, tall and slender,  
 With youthhood's soft down on my cheek ;  
 Then I had a heart pure and tender,  
 That felt for the lonely and weak—  
 That hated the foes that oppress thee,  
 Old land, like a dutiful son—  
 With hands that were nerved to redress thee,  
 The year that I spent "on the run."

I stepped then as light as the wild hare,  
 That skimmed over Galtees wild slopes,  
 When bound for the trysting to meet there,  
 And gladden the boys with new hopes.  
 And though I was mostly a peaceman  
 To me it was pastime or fun,  
 To distance or dodge a policeman  
 The year that I spent "on the run."

Old Land, yes, I hated thy wronger,  
 And vengeance invoked on his head,  
 When gnawed by the keen pangs of hunger,  
 The brake or the heather my bed.  
 Not once in thy cause did I falter,  
 But looked towards the goal to be won,  
 Not once did my sentiments alter,  
 The year that I spent "on the run."

Old Mother, we failed and were branded,  
 As dupes or disturbers and knaves,  
 Because we went forth empty handed,  
 While sneerers were satisfied slaves ;  
 But give us experienced commanders,  
 And give us the up-to-date gun,  
 Then see all your "Great Alexanders"  
 If Irishmen go "on the run."

Old Land, I am faded and hoary,  
 Long leagues from thy mountains and vales  
 And hear but the one doleful story,  
 The tale of the emigrants' wails.  
 Old friends of my bosom yet living,  
 I greet you with love every one,  
 This heart feels no change nor misgiving,  
 Since spies dogged my steps "on the run."

Those days of delight, long departed,  
 I think of with pleasure and pride—  
 I think of the brave, the true hearted,  
 Who fearlessly stood by my side ;  
 And did from all danger protect me,  
 And thought all my actions well done—  
 Who did as a leader select me,  
 The year that I spent "on the run."

Thy race, then old land, too, was teeming,  
 With sprouts of that renegade school—  
 The sires of some sons who are screaming,  
 And lashing the air for "Home Rule,"  
 Whose venomous, lying tongues cursed us,  
 And damned us and wished us undone,  
 Then sold the old mother that nursed us,  
 The year that I spent "on the run."

## THE IRISH-AMERICAN WIFE.

Air.—Irish Molly O.

Thirty golden years ago, when life was in its spring,  
 I was as blithesome as the birds, that in the greenwood sing ;  
 And still I'm blithe, though silver streaks my raven locks entwine,  
 For I'm the happy wife of Tim—I'm Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

A comely maiden then was I, and fair as one could see,  
 And gallant Tim, the Fenian chief, he fell in love with me ;  
 He told his tale with artless grace, which charmed this heart of mine,  
 And I'm the happy wife of Tim—I'm Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

Those were grand and stormy days, when hearts with hope beat high,  
 And true men vowed to free their land, or in the struggle die ;  
 And truest, bravest, best of all, within that grand Combine,  
 Was he who won the virgin heart of Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

His noble spirit thrilled with pride, the dauntless and the brave,  
 And freely they would then have died, their bleeding land to save,  
 The idol of their hearts was he—the idol too of mine—  
 Oh, I'm the happy wife of him—I'm Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

But Saxon tyrants looked with wrath on him we loved so well,  
 And set their spies to bind him fast within a prison cell ;  
 But failed. He slept upon the hills, while stars above did shine—  
 Oh, I'm the happy wife of him—I'm Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

"He ran the outlaw's wild career" till hope was all in vain,  
 Then left the land he loved so well, in bitter grief and pain ;  
 And took my heart along with him, this trusting heart of mine,  
 I followed—I'm the wife of him—I'm Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

He struggled hard in this fair land, to make a home for me,  
 And prospered—we are happy now—as happy as can be ;  
 And heaven blest our marriage bed, with loving children nine,  
 To cheer the exiled hearts of Tim and Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

Four peaceful colleens sweet are ours, the spit of me and Tim,  
 And five brave, stalwart, manly boys, the counterparts of him,  
 I wouldn't for the wealth of earth, a mother's love resign,  
 Nor for a diadem change the name of Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

The love of my good man for me, has still the ardent glow  
 It had when first he won my heart, the golden long ago,  
 And flows as pure as Galtee's rills, and rich as rosy wine—  
 The fondest pair alive are Tim and Mrs. Tim O'Brien.

The only thing that mars our bliss, while exiled here we dwell,  
 Is that our land is still in chains, that both have loved so well ;  
 But when her sons will face the foe, arrayed in ordered lines,  
 Our boys with Tim's consent shall go, and Mrs. Tim O'Brien's.

## HOME LONGINGS.

I've spent among strangers my youth and my manhood,  
 I've waywardly strayed on a far distant soil,  
 But carried myself as a true Irishman would,  
 Though thousands of miles from my own native isle,  
 But now I am lonely and feel discontented,  
 Convinced that the end of my tether is near,  
 And though with time's furrows I'm deeply indented,  
 I'll seek my own land in the spring of the year.

I know I shall miss faithful comrades and faces,  
 That gladdened my heart when I roamed as a boy,  
 But still are unchanged the old scenes and old places,  
 That once I beheld with ineffable joy.  
 The hills are the same, and the green smiling valleys,  
 The musical streams are as crystal and clear,  
 The summer sun still on the frowning crags dallies,  
 I'll go see them all in the spring of the year.

They tell us that freedom and plenty and pleasure,  
 And welcome await him who seek foreign lands,  
 Where exiles may gather a bright golden treasure,  
 And fame by the skill of their brains or their hands.  
 Beware of those tales—they are mythical stories,  
 To give the sore heart of the emigrant cheer,  
 'Tis only the few who gather riches or glories,  
 So I will go home in the spring of the year.

When age with its ills and its sorrows come stealing,  
 And no kindly neighbour to solace or soothe,  
 Around the old heart comes a sad lonesome feeling,  
 It longs to be back mid the scenes of its youth.  
 Now sport and enjoyment no more can I enter,  
 And folly and fads I regard with a sneer,  
 So if I survive through the rigours of winter,  
 I'll see my own land in the spring of the year.

## OOM PAUL.

Singers of song love to sing of  
 The deeds of the bold and the brave ;  
 The bard with the soul of the minstrel  
 Sings freedom to captive and slave ;  
 Then sing we the fame of a hero—  
 Sing loud as the torrent that roars—  
 The fame of bold President Kruger,  
 The leader, the chief of the Boers.

Then ho, for bold President Kruger,  
 Hurrah for old sturdy Oom Paul—  
 His friends—let them help when he needs them,  
 His foes—may he leather them all.

Oom Paul is no swaggering bully,  
 Nor hectoring despot is he,  
 But one who believes in the gospel  
 That all have a right to be free.  
 Through life he has made it his motto,  
 To let other people alone,  
 And yet he is able and willing  
 To take right good care of his own.

Then, ho, for bold President Kruger, etc.

Oom Paul is no conquering hero  
 Who glories in slaughter and war ;  
 And none of this earth's mighty rulers,  
 No Sultan, nor Kaiser nor Czar,  
 But only the chief of a people,  
 As bold as the eagle that soars—  
 Stout colonizers from Holland—  
*Bona fide* Dutchmen—The Boers.

Then, ho, for bold President Kruger, etc.

They hewed their own paths in the forest,  
 They bearded the brute in his lair,  
 They made the veldt smile like a garden,  
 Their toil was the proxy of prayer ;  
 And freedom they shared undiluted,  
 And waited the blessings to come,  
 But the "great civilizer" came strutting  
 With bibles and powder and rum.

Then, ho, for bold president Kruger, etc.

He pitied these primitive people—  
 He met their remonstrance with sneers—  
 And all the conceit of the mortal,  
 Who deemed himself Lord of the Spheres.  
 He sought to make Kruger his vassal—  
 Of all his bold boers to make slaves,  
 But he found his mistake at Majuba—  
 His henchmen, there too found their graves.

Then, ho, for bold President Kruger, etc.

Again this arch schemer is plotting,  
 And watching his prey for a chance,  
 But Kruger with hand on the trigger  
 Is ready to meet his advance.  
 Irish boys with the passion of fighting,  
 For strangers on far distant shores,  
 You won't strike a blow for your own land,  
 Then go, strike a one for the Boers,

Then, ho, for bold President Kruger,  
 Hurrah for old sturdy Oom Paul—  
 His friends—let them help when he needs them,  
 His foes—may he leather them all.

## THE MEN OF TO-DAY.

They tell us in song and in story,  
 Our fathers were noble and brave,  
 In days of our motherland's glory,  
 Ere Norman came here to enslave.  
 I doubt not these songs and these stories,  
 Though scoffers and cynics gainsay,  
 But others may chant of past glories,  
 I'll sing you "The Men of To-Day."

Though rule of the Saxon reduced them,  
 And scattered them over the earth,  
 Though gold of the Saxon seduced them—  
 The false to the land of their birth ;  
 Though greed of the Sassenagh starved them—  
 To rot in their own native clay.  
 Yet God the great Maker who carved them,  
 Keeps men in Old Ireland to-day.

Aye, Men of strong muscle and sinew,  
 And fashioned in manhood's best mould—  
 Men whose fine bearing would win you,  
 And do your eyes good to behold ;  
 And tall as the old gallow glasses,  
 As ready to join in the fray—  
 But throw no sheep's eyes at the lasses,  
 Just look at "The Men of To-Day."

With hearts that no danger can frighten,  
 Nor tyranny's mandates control ;  
 With minds that true teachers enlighten,  
 And lead towards the long promised goal ;  
 With love for their Land—Heaven bless her,  
 And ready and willing to pay—  
 The debt she long owes her oppressor—  
 Hurrah for "The Men of To-Day."

And discord, the curse that long blighted,  
 And maddened our land with its roars,  
 Has fled like a demon affrighted,  
 For ever, away from her shores,  
 Then who says our Race has the germs,  
 Or signs of collapse or decay—  
 For "Bluebeard" must soon come to terms,  
 When forced by the Men of "To-Day."

The greybeards, the tried and the true men  
 Who proved their devotion but failed,  
 Should pause, and give way to the new men,  
 For freedom's good fight is entailed ;  
 But not sulk, like babes in their tents now,  
 For Bull the "old beast" stands at bay—  
 And true men with good common sense now  
 Will follow the Men of To-Day.

God bless our young men and protect them,  
 The faithful, the manly, the true ;  
 Not mine the conceit to direct them  
 Or guide them in what they should do ;  
 But Celts in strange lands scattered over,  
 Look back from their homes far away,  
 Convinced that our land will recover  
 Her rights by "The Men of To-Day."

## BARNANE.

I glanced at Erin's beauties,  
 In the days of long ago,  
 And saw bright vales in foreign lands,  
 And mountains capped with snow ;  
 But never in my life beheld,  
 A glimpse of heaven's dawn,  
 Till first I saw the Devil's Bit,  
 And beautiful Barnane.

I stood upon that famous spot,  
 Where Satan gnashed his teeth,  
 And marvelled at the glorious plain,  
 And Paradise beneath.  
 With woodlands grand, and crystal streams,  
 And many a verdant lawn,  
 Arranged in nature's finest style,  
 To decorate Barnane.

The frowning "Woodcock" tower rose,  
 Almost below my feet,  
 And through the vistas I espied,  
 Full many a lordly seat—  
 All occupied by tyrants grim,  
 Who came of Saxon spawn,  
 And ruled with iron rod for years,  
 The natives of Barnane.

For lonesome gables, roofless walls,  
 Lay scattered far and wide,  
 For with the malice of Old Nick  
 They cleared the country side ;  
 The young and old, the youth and maid,  
 The man of brain and brawn,  
 Were swept like chaff before the wind,  
 For ever from Barnane.

And foreign bullocks, fat and sleek,  
 Were browsing in the place,  
 That nurtured once a splendid type  
 Of Ireland's grand old race.  
 The race these callous tyrants spurned,  
 For even the dumb "bullaun"  
 Was more to them, and dearer prized,  
 Than children of Barnane.

Then down the mountain slope I went,  
 My bosom racked with pain,  
 And hopes for Ireland's freedom gone,  
 Sought foreign shores again.  
 Where long I stayed till bent with toil,  
 And now an old "Cean Ban,"  
 I'm back again to feast my eyes,  
 Once more on sweet Barnane.

I stand to-day where once I stood—  
 Oh, what a blessed scene,  
 The land is full of happy homes,  
 Where bullocks once had been.  
 The tyrants' power is nearly gone,  
 Their fangs are all but drawn,  
 The sturdy toiler is a slave  
 No longer in Barnane.

For though but few, the people rose,  
 Resolved to have their rights,  
 And fought the hirelings of the law,  
 In many a hundred fights,  
 And won the day—all foreign lords,  
 Their coronets should pawn,  
 If Irishmen would battle, like  
 The heroes of Barnane.

#### NEVER SLUMBER AT YOUR POST.

What though that disappointments all our fondest hopes have  
 crossed,  
 What though the weak and timid cry, our glorious Cause is lost,  
 The brave and true are sanguine of our strength from coast to  
 coast ;  
 But watch, ye Irish Soldiers—never slumber at your post.

What are disappointments, hopes deferred, or idle fears,  
 To a people who have struggled seven hundred weary years,  
 And dared their persecutors when they tortured them the most ;  
 But watch, ye Irish Soldiers, never slumber at your post.

Nothing can dishearten, daunt, or flatter to give in,  
 A people who have set their hearts and energies to win ;  
 And win we shall and must, full soon, I say it without boast ;  
 But watch, ye Irish Soldiers—never slumber at your post.

Then dress your ranks, ye strong of hand, with hearts to do and  
 dare,  
 And put the weak and wounded and the timid in the rear—  
 Freedom's goal lies straight ahead—march on, a mighty host ;  
 But watch, ye Irish Soldiers—never slumber at your post.

The old sea wolf that plundered us, and loaded us with stripes,  
 Has a palsy in his arm and a wheezing in his pipes,  
 And drivels in his dotage and will soon give up the ghost ;  
 But watch, ye Irish Soldiers—never slumber at your post.

Old ninety-three is dying fast, and I can sing no more,  
 A glorious year, I trust for us, will be young ninety-four.  
 I drink to Ireland's future, boys—come join me in the toast ;  
 But watch, ye Irish Soldiers—never slumber at your post.

#### THE GOBLER'S LAMENT.

Through a barnyard late I chanced to stroll,  
 Where chickens and ducks abound,  
 Where geese and turkeys were on patrol,  
 Or scattered in groups around ;  
 I heard a gobler fat and sleek,  
 And 'twas thus he made his moan ;—  
 "Some silly pair in another week  
 May be pulling my wishing bone."

"On Murphy's ranch I was born and bred,  
 And came of a fine old stock ;  
 By Murphy's hand I was petted and fed,  
 'Till I strutted before the flock.  
 See, I'm a bird of distinguished air—  
 A fowl of culture and tone ;  
 Alas, alas, that some love-sick pair  
 May be pulling my wishing bone."

"A burly butcher came yestreen  
 With a dark and brutal eye,  
 Ah, well I know what such visits mean—  
 They mean that I soon must die.  
 My heart is heavy enough to break,  
 And almost turns to stone,  
 To think that some fools in another week  
 May be pulling my wishing bone."

"Oh once I thought in my young conceit  
 That Murphy loved me well,  
 But now I know when it is too late,  
 He pampered me but to sell.  
 Oh, Why should goblers be the bite  
 And fodder of stupid drones,  
 And why do silly ones take delight  
 In pulling their wishing bones."

"I dodged the call on St. Martin's Eve,  
 And counted the act no crime,  
 But now I know there is no reprieve  
 For me at Christmas time.  
 This head of mine will be cut off,  
 And out on the waste pile thrown,  
 While some love-sick pair will joke and laugh  
 While pulling my wishing bone."

"Farewell to comrades young and fresh,  
 And friends all over the ranch,  
 For soon my tender and juicy flesh  
 May be lining some fat man's paunch ;  
 But a bird o' game to my fate I bow,  
 Without a murmur or moan,  
 Though some thoughtless pair a week from now,  
 May be pulling my wishing bone."

#### DARBY RYAN, THE BARD OF ASHGROVE.

God rest them all, the rustic Bards,  
 Who sang the people's songs,  
 Poor Ireland owes them her regards,  
 They told the world her wrongs ;  
 While some more daring hopeful ones  
 Burst out in martial strains,  
 To rouse her toil and careworn sons,  
 Who slumbered in their chains.

But foremost of these fearless few,  
 Was he, the one I sing,  
 Who ever to his land was true,  
 And gave his muse full swing ;  
 Who sang his songs without regard,  
 To dungeon, chain or block ;  
 Old Ashgrove's rare and racy Bard,  
 Who sung of Carrickshock.

When Freedom flies the hearts of men,  
 Are dead as burnt coals,  
 The sacred spark finds refuge then,  
 Within the poets' souls ;  
 And there 'tis fanned with jealous care  
 And zeal that never tires,  
 Until it flashes in the air,  
 Like blazing forest fires.

When Darby Ryan sang his songs,  
 The land was dark with woe,  
 Our fathers tamely bore their wrongs,  
 And whined at every blow ;  
 Then for the slightest word or deed,  
 The poor man should atone,  
 It took a Godlike man, indeed,  
 To call his soul his own.

At times his song like bugle tones,  
 Rang martial clear and terse ;  
 Again one heard the people's moans,  
 In his pathetic verse ;  
 Then humour, satire, at his will,  
 Came gushing from his heart,  
 For in his play of bardic skill  
 He showed consummate art.

I've wooed the muse myself at times,  
 Though seldom with success,  
 The thoughts I uttered in my rhymes  
 I ne'er could well express.  
 So I would gladly trade with him,  
 Each verse and line I wrote,  
 For that unique first water gem,  
 "The Peeler and the Goat."

His kin and friends with pathos tell,  
 Of this old kindly Bard,  
 Who stood a faithful sentinel,  
 In evil days on guard ;  
 Who proved himself a trusty guide,  
 And mourned his country's wrongs.  
 O, let us think of him with pride,  
 And proudly sing his songs.

The wordlings and the thoughtless set,  
 While baubles they pursue,  
 But seldom realise the debt  
 To Bards like him his due ;  
 But true men feel to-day his spell,  
 Who make our rights their quest—  
 O may the earth he loved so well,  
 Lie lightly on his breast.

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THE BALLYCOHEY HERO.  
*(Duplicate of "Michael Dwyer.")*

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OLD TIM'S SONG—NED AND I.

"Yes, that's old Ned McGrath beyond,  
 Bladging to that crowd of boys—  
 In childhood we were playmates fond,  
 And shared each others' griefs and joys :  
 And when we grew to man's estate,  
 We were the same old comrades still—  
 'Till I was forced to emigrate—  
 To leave my home against my will,"

But Ned and I are on the shelf,  
 And not the boys we used to be,  
 And though no poor "sprissawn" myself,  
 Yet Ned could leather two like me,

"It makes an old man glad to sit,  
 And sing of days when he was young ;  
 But now, "mavrone," I'm only fit  
 To take my glass and wag my tongue—  
 Oh, Ned McGrath give me your welt,  
 You never worshipped Kings or Queens,  
 And many a foe of Ireland felt  
 The rat, tat tat of our "Kippeens."

But Ned and I are on the shelf, etc.

"Come join me youngsters in the toast,  
 Our Land to free her is no crime,  
 And Ned and I—I hate to boast—  
 Saw many rackets in our time ;  
 We tried to serve our darling land—  
 We scourged the knaves who still oppress,  
 We never grudged a helping hand  
 To any poor man in distress."

But Ned and I are on the shelf, etc.

"We never crouched to foreign power,  
 But bore ourselves like men erect,  
 Prepared to meet at any hour  
 What true men of to-day expect.  
 For true men seldom run at large  
 Unnoticed by the perjured spy,  
 Who soon trumped up a lying charge  
 To put a stop to Ned and I."

But Ned and I are on the shelf, etc.

"But I got word and fled in time  
 From Tyrant's grasp and traitor's ken ;  
 But Ned, though guiltless of the crime,  
 Was tortured in a prison pen ;  
 But he, the wretch, who swore on Ned,  
 Was guided in a friendly fog,  
 One night and found a cosy bed—  
 A pleasant lodging in a bog"

But Ned and I are on the shelf, etc.

“ They tortured my old friend, indeed,  
 They tried him with satanic art,  
 At every pore they made him bleed,  
 But could not break his Irish heart.  
 And from bold Ned were wrung no tears  
 Nor groans when seared with iron brands—  
 And here am I from thirty years  
 Of wasted life in foreign lands.”

But Ned and I are on the shelf, etc,

“ While Ned and I, my youthful friends,  
 Go tottering graveyard hand in hand,  
 In you and you alone depend  
 The freedom of our native land.  
 But ere you deem the task in vain,  
 At least be men enough to try—  
 Let cowards whine and hug their chain,  
 Be Irishmen like Ned and I.”

But Ned and I are on the shelf, etc.

“ And here comes Ned himself at last,  
 And so, of course my song must end,  
 It minds me of the days long past,  
 To greet once more my noble friend,  
 Oh, Ned McGrath—“Maveel Astore”  
 Your presence fills my heart with joy,  
 For, Mother Ireland never bore  
 A braver son than you, Old Boy.”

“ But Ned, sure we are on the shelf,  
 And not the boys we used to be ;  
 And though no poor “sprissawn” myself,  
 Faix, you could leather two like me.”

#### THE EXILE'S REQUEST.

I'm feeble, old and hoary,  
 And my race is nearly run,  
 I have lived for Ireland's glory  
 Then take me home, my son.  
 Oh, take me to my sireland,  
 Where my friends and neighbours lie—  
 Oh, take me back to Ireland,  
 Take me home before I die.

I know a churchyard shady,  
 In a valley green and fair,  
 I know a kind old lady,  
 Who is calmly sleeping there ;  
 Where sisters three and brother,  
 With my brave old father lie—  
 Oh, take me to my mother,  
 Lay me near her when I die.

I would see her vales and fountains,  
 That I haven't seen for years ;  
 I would see her misty mountains,  
 And her skies of smiles and tears ;  
 And 'mid scenes of song and story,  
 I would kneel to God in prayer,  
 And my soul would fly to glory,  
 In a bolder flight from there.

This land is good to live in,  
 Where one draws a freeman's breath,  
 But there's sorrow and misgiving,  
 At the near approach of death ;  
 For Oh, it seems so lonely  
 Among strangers to be thrown,  
 When all one asks is only,  
 To go slumber with his own.

I know you think I'm “doting”  
 When I'm making this request,  
 But daily I keep noting  
 That I soon must go to rest ;  
 That my days are surely numbered,  
 That my race is nearly run,  
 That friends who long have slumbered,  
 Will soon welcome me, my son,  
 Then take me to my sireland,  
 Where my friends and neighbours lie—  
 Oh, take me back to Ireland—  
 Take me home before I die.

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#### THE FENIAN OUTLAW.

(Duplicate, No. 45).

## LIFE IN AMERICAN SLUMS.

My curse on England and her laws,  
That made me cross the deep ;  
God bless old Ireland and her cause,  
I think of her and weep—  
I'll think of her with keen regret,  
'Till Death, the reaper comes,  
While here I daily pine and sweat,  
Between the docks and slums.

'Twas babbling tongues that first advised  
And tempted me to roam—  
They dubbed as slaves and criticised,  
The wise who stay at home ;  
So with a pound or two in cash  
I left the Cove of Cork,  
And reached in time the din and crash  
And bustle of New York.

With scanty means I had to seek  
A lodging low and mean—  
And, of, the odour and the reek,  
Of everything unclean.  
I looked around and heaved a sigh,  
The streets seemed lined with "bums,"  
Then realised at length that I  
Had anchored in the slums.

For there were men who seldom washed  
Or took a bath for moons ;  
And music lured and bright lights flashed  
From gilded, gay saloons ;  
The elevated trains went whiz,  
And crashed like lightning bombs—  
Ah, what a loathsome life it is  
Wallowing in the slums.

Did fate ordain it as my luck,  
Upon a crowded dock  
To pull a heavy laden truck,  
At times till ten o'clock—  
Goaded, scourged, as if with whips,  
As hard as hard can be,  
Loading up the mammoth ships  
That daily put to sea.

And as the morning hours drag on,  
I'm longing for the noon,  
And sighing for the days long gone,  
In my own land, mavrone.  
And when I take my frugal meal,  
Devoid of knife or fork,  
My heart is sad, for then I feel  
A stranger in New York.

And then, again, my thoughts fly back,  
To Erin of the streams,  
The darling Isle, alas, alack,  
I see but in my dreams—  
The darling Isle where Shamrocks bloom,  
I'll ever miss and mourn,  
For I'm too poor, and 'tis my dooin  
To never more return.

My chain of life some day may snap,  
So strained is every link,  
And when I see good beer on tap,  
No wonder that I drink ;  
For he who's most inclined to earn,  
To liquor oft succumbs,  
With tempters round at every turn  
Between the docks and slums.

When Summer comes with torrid heat  
And stifling air and dust,  
I trudge along with shuffling feet,  
Consumed with quenchless thirst ;  
And when the year brings frost and snow,  
The cold my fingers numbs—  
My life is but a warp of woe,  
Between the docks and slums.

'Tis true I was a hearty boy  
When first I touched these shores,  
The heart that then knew nought but joy,  
Its fortunes now deplores ;  
My coat is rough, my hands are rough,  
My fingers all seem thumbs—  
My days and nights, indeed, are tough,  
Between the docks and slums.

The rich man, lolling at his ease,  
 Who sips his rosy wine,  
 Thinks 'tis fortune's just decrees  
 That makes a lot like mine ;  
 And says, while clipping his coupons  
 Of gain or profit sums,  
 That toiling masses have no wrongs,  
 Though huddling in the slums."

Not mine the duty to advise  
 Our youth to stay at home,  
 As they would deem my words but lies,  
 When tempted once to roam ;  
 For they will come when so inclined,  
 As sure as springtime comes,  
 And leave their own pure Isle behind,  
 For foreign cities' slums.

#### THE REPLY OF MYLES.

Friend Thady I'm pleased at your letter,  
 And glad of the news it contains,  
 That Ireland at last is growing better,  
 And breaking the links in her chains.  
 I'm proud and rejoice with you, Thady,  
 The ' bouchals ' that wrought all our woe,  
 Will soon be compelled to get ready,  
 To pack up their bundles and go.

And though they have wrought all our evil,  
 And plundered our land with their greed,  
 Let them go, if they will, to the d——l,  
 I heartily wish them " God speed,"  
 And won't say a word to them Thady,  
 Nor talk of their follies and crimes,  
 I've scourged and abused them already  
 Enough in my ballads and rhymes.

To tell you the truth I would rather,  
 The rascals were fated to go,  
 Driven out by the might of " lauve Lawder,"  
 That's Irish you know for ' the blow.'  
 Then let them come down soft and easy,  
 By coaxing them out with a tax.  
 Yet one to object would be crazy,  
 Provided they get off your backs.

You'll soon be a landowner Thady,  
 And own the broad acres you've robbed,  
 And your neighbour, the jobber Mick Brady,  
 Will own the big place he once grabbed ;  
 Then should I stroll home in the winter,  
 Don't meet me with cudgel in hand,  
 And bellow with voice like a Stentor,  
 " Ould fellow get off of me land."

I know you will boast in your liquor,  
 And talk of your struggles and fights,  
 And how you were always a kicker—  
 And one who went in for his rights.  
 But don't fancy, man, for a second,  
 The knowing ones once to decoy,  
 For Thady you always were reckoned,  
 A clever and scheming old boy.

Not to you, or to men of your spirit,  
 The smallest concessions are due—  
 The credit, the honour, the merit,  
 Belong to the faithful and few.  
 Not him who unblushingly barter  
 His manhood and honour for gold,  
 But them who have made themselves martyrs,  
 For love of their Motherland old.

Let you and your fortunate neighbours,  
 For whom are rich blessings in store,  
 Be kind to the poor man who labours,  
 And meet him with smiles at your door,  
 And don't play the ' bodagh ' when able,  
 But help your poor brother who delves,  
 Don't feed him with crumbs from your table,  
 As despots once did to yourselves.

The young men of mettle and spirit,  
 Of muscle and sinewy hand,  
 The youth, who true manhood inherit,  
 Are always the pride of our land.  
 For many have left her already—  
 Have left her for ever to roam—  
 Too few have inducements left, Thady,  
 Or prospects to keep them at home.

That land is a fair land of beauty,  
 The land of the Irishman's birth,  
 And the lords of the soil owe a duty  
 To kindred all over the earth.  
 Then you, "and to whom shall be given,"  
 If false to your trust and your race,  
 Like lords of the past should be driven  
 Away from her shores in disgrace.

And now that my muse has grown prosy,  
 I'll give the old damsel a rest ;  
 And while Irish hopes look so rosy,  
 To finish I think is the best.  
 I'll write you again maybe Thady,  
 Before the 'New Bill' becomes law,  
 And you and your neighbour, Mick Brady,  
 I'll tickle once more on the raw.

#### THE MACS AND THE O'S.

Oh, draw near you true and bold men,  
 If to Ireland you belong,  
 And likewise you dull and cold men,  
 Till you hear my rousing song ;  
 And I'll set the chorus ringing,  
 Till each heart with rapture glows,  
 For the burden of my singing  
 Is the Irish Macs and O's.

'Tis a brother sends you greeting,  
 From the far off Western Land,  
 That he's happy and elated  
 At your noble manly stand—  
 That he feels his bosom thrilling,  
 And is thrice himself a man,  
 To know the fight is raging  
 With "Tipperary in the Van."

Oh ! blest is he who dies for home,  
 Upon the foeman's steel,  
 And blest is he who risks his all,  
 To gain his country's weal,  
 Oh ! homeless man, the deed is yours—  
 You scorned the tyrant's ban—  
 The world applauds you've proudly placed  
 "Tipperary in the van."

You know your strength, you know your power  
 Oh, brothers in "the gap,"  
 That you could crush the hated lords,  
 Like vermin in a trap ;  
 But for old Erin's sacred cause  
 You hold the deadly blow,  
 For he who lifts his hand to strike,  
 Gives comfort to the foe.

God bless your noble Leaders  
 Oh, so valiant and so strong,  
 And heed their wide dictation,  
 And you never will do wrong—  
 Cherish and obey them,  
 And they'll lead you to the goal—  
 They're as true to mother Ireland  
 As the needle to the pole.

The seed I helped to scatter  
 In the fiery days of old,  
 Now a bounteous crop is yielding—  
 Yielding, yes, a hundred fold ;  
 And though many years have vanished,  
 Since I westward took my flight,  
 My heart is ever with you,  
 In the thickest of the fight.

Then a brother sends you greeting  
 From the prairies of the West ;  
 May your hearts be nerved by Heaven—  
 May your souls be ever blest ;  
 May the vampire breed be scattered,  
 With its foul and greedy clan,  
 By a race of sturdy freemen,  
 With "Tipperary in the Van."

### BALLYHURST.

OLD TIM EXECRATES MICKEL DHU.

How dare you talk to me like that ? How dare the likes of you,  
 Run down the best of Ireland's sons ? How dare you, Michael Dhu ?  
 How dare you say the men were fools who faced the foe accurs'd,  
 With rusty guns and clumsy pikes that day at Ballyhurst ?

View'd through the narrow dingy pane that lights your cobwebb'd  
 mind,  
 These dauntless men were knaves and dupes, or else to folly blind ;  
 But dare again to fling on them, your salver of disgrace,  
 And, By the Lord, you old poltroon, I'll slap you in the face.

Then men of means like you, old man, sat idly on the fence,  
 And looked with malice undisguised, or jeered at our expense,  
 While traitors reap'd a bounteous crop—they garnered Saxon gold,  
 And "Shepherds blindly fettered us," while wolves were in the fold.

And rifles we expected from our foreign friends ne'er came ;  
 Nor help, so often promised, but we struggled on the same,  
 With courage bold and undismayed, like Ireland's faithful sons,  
 And met the hated Saxon foes with pikes and rusty guns.

Thus handicapped on every side, what wonder that we failed—  
 And none but knaves and cowards say our spirit ever quailed ;  
 And Ballyhurst did more that day to rouse all England's fears,  
 Than all the "blatherskite" I've heard these five and twenty years.

But begging seems the fashion now, beseeching England's Throne,  
 To fling us, plunder'd Irish, in its bounty, but a bone ;  
 And our whining is so doleful, that it reaches distant lands,  
 Imploring all our kindred there "to bolster up our hands."

Such whining, suits you, Mickel, and the likes of you, old man,  
 Whose creed it is to grab and hold, and gobble what you can—  
 Who never in your lives upheld the honour of your race—  
 Who never felt the blush of shame at Motherland's disgrace.

It makes me sick to talk to you, and those who agitate—  
 Oh, give us but ten thousand men, with rifles up to date,  
 Then Saxon laws and Saxon rule may do their very worst—  
 To men behind the rifles like the "Men of Ballyhurst."

### THE MEN OF SIXTY-FIVE.

(Duplicate. See No. 58).

### THE MAID OF CULLEN.

The grass is green on old Cullen Hill,  
 And the birds in the greenwood sing,  
 But I sit me down and cry my fill,  
 Unheeding the gladsome spring ;  
 For springs may come, and the seasons roll,  
 Yet, no solace to me impart,  
 For nought can ease the grief of my soul,  
 Since I lost the youth of my heart,

Oh, my love was comely, tall and straight,  
 With a manly pride and mien,  
 Fitted by nature for beauty's mate,  
 Or to grace the court of a queen.  
 His heart so brave, to me he gave,  
 And vowed to be mine for life,  
 Then what could I do for one so true,  
 But promise to be his wife,

No more shall I seek the old resort,  
 Where he tenderly clasped my hand,  
 Nor roam the fields by old Damer's court,  
 While he talked of our love and land ;  
 For our land he loved, of all earth above,  
 And each throb of his heart was mine,  
 So proud I felt of that manly love,  
 For I come of a rebel line.

He scorned the airs of the lordlings sleek,  
 He hated deceit and wrong—  
 He took the part of the poor and weak,  
 Against the might of the strong.  
 He went away to join the fray,  
 Where the deadly canon roars—  
 He left his land and his love behind,  
 To fight for "the valiant Boers."

For two long years by field and flood,  
 He fought in the Burghers ranks,  
 Through fields of slaughter and streams of blood  
 For freedom and no man's thanks ;  
 But oh, with the brave and bold De Wet,  
 In one of his dashing raids,  
 He fell and left me to moan and fret,  
 The saddest of Irish maids.

Oh, had he died for his own old land,  
 With her green flag waving high,  
 To show the craven how proud and grand,  
 The "Men of To-day" can die ;  
 But his name and glory will long be held  
 Enshrined by the bold and brave,  
 Who made his grave on the lonely veldt,  
 In the land that he died to save.

The fields are green round old Cullen Hill,  
 And all over the Golden Vein ;  
 But I sit me down and cry my fill,  
 Though I know that I weep in vain.  
 God of the faithful, and God of the brave,  
 Oh, help me to bear my loss,  
 For my heart lies cold in my darling's grave,  
 Far away 'neath the Southern Cross.

#### OUR IRISH CONCEIT.

Shall we ever stop this bragging of our prowess,  
 And boasting that we're "bravest of the brave,"  
 And blustering that no living thing can cow us,  
 While Ireland is the mother of the slave ;  
 While her fruitful fields and valleys are polluted  
 By spoilers of her choicest and her best,  
 While the Norman and the Saxon are recruited  
 From renegades who suckled at her breast.

While we're looked on with derision by our tyrants,  
 As sucklings only fit to fret or pule,  
 While our leaders and our "safe and sane" aspirants  
 But clamour for the bauble of Home Rule ;  
 While we grope, like some night-walker with his lamp out,  
 And of moonlight and of starlight, too, bereft,  
 While our teachers and advisers try to stamp out  
 Our little bit of manhood that is left.

While peoples who exult in blessed freedom,  
 And from bondage and its evils are exempt,  
 Who are manly and have men of worth to lead 'em,  
 All look on us with pity or contempt ;  
 And say the Irishman is but a braggart,  
 That there's something loose or faulty in his race,  
 When in the march of progress he's a laggart,  
 And never makes a spurt to keep the pace.

Not mine the task to try and dissolution  
 Our minds that we are "first in peace and war,"  
 For we've heard it o'er and o'er in such profusion,  
 Till we credit or imagine that we are ;  
 And swallow all this drivel without blinking,  
 Although it is the brazenest of guff --  
 Now if my caustic words have set you thinking,  
 Then I'll finish, for I know I've said enough.

SHAWN GORRIVE.

AIR—*The Galbally Farmer.*

'Tis well I remember the days of my prime,  
 When care never plagued me, nor reason, nor rhyme,  
 And peace and goodwill filled my heart all the time,  
 And my spirits were joyous and airy ;  
 Then I had a cabin, a cow, and an ass,  
 A garden to till, and a paddock in grass,  
 Hard by that old spot of renown, Ballyglass,  
 That smiles on the town of Tipperary.

And I was a boy of the good easy sort,  
 Whose moments of leisure were squandered in sport,  
 Who loved out of measure to dance and to court,  
     But she I loved best was young Mary,  
 Whose cheeks like a rose in the morning sun glowed,  
 And the Mecca of swains was her father's abode,  
 That stood in a sweet sheltered lane by "Coach road,"  
     That leads to the town of Tipperary.

But I felt I had duties besides in this life,  
 As well as the one we call "taking a wife,"  
 When Ireland was girding herself for the strife,  
     Although at the time she had no guns ;  
 And I was convinced when I met in the town,  
 That local old hero of fame and renown,  
 Who said "Shawn, avic, let us go and sit down,  
     And sample a glass at Tom Tobin's."

He sounded me well while we emptied the can,  
 And with caution and skill he unfolded his plan,  
 And there, before parting, he made me a *man*,  
     To fight for the rights of Old Erin ;  
 And ever since then, without murmur or pause,  
 With heart and with hand I have worked for her cause—  
 To rid her forever of Sassenach laws,  
     And to sever the chains she is wearing.

I shouldered a pike with the "boys on the hills,"  
 And know all the virtue there is in lead pills,  
 I wandered an outlaw and bore all the ills  
     Of life in the land of the stranger.  
 Oh, the hardships and woes that I long underwent,  
 Oh, the days and the nights that in sorrow I spent ;  
 But God gave me comfort wherever I went  
     And carried me safe through all danger,

And now I am home in old Ireland again,  
 And here, with God's blessing, I hope to remain,  
 I'll join heart and soul with the boys of "Sinn Fein,"  
     Who struggle to make her a nation ;  
 And Mary, the maid that I loved long ago,  
 Is wed to a boy that I once used to know,  
 And my brave old sponsor is now lying low—  
     Good Lord, give his true soul salvation.

The cabin once mine, too, is low in the dust,  
 'Twas wrecked in my absence by orders of C——st,  
 Whose soul must be now a black cinder or crust,  
     Or something that may be still warmer.  
 And weeds and tall nettles grow over the hearth  
 That often resounded with music and mirth—  
 It seems the most desolate spot on the earth,  
     To him who was once the snug farmer.

'Tis time, I imagine, to finish my song,  
 I never intended to make it so long—  
 Now, boys, stop your dreams, for you know they are wrong,  
     Those dreams of our curse—Emigration ;  
 And cling to poor Ireland through life if you can,  
 And foster "Sinn Fein," 'tis the very best plan,  
     Let each, without fear, play the part of a *man*,  
 And then we shall make her a Nation.

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BE A MAN.

(Duplicate. See No. 8).

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THE TYRANT'S FATE.

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A TRUE TALE.

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The saintly young sister  
 Lay cold in her cell,  
 For death's lips had kissed her,  
 Whom all loved so well,  
 There was grief, bitter grief, in  
 The cloister's halls bare,  
 Which found but relief in  
 The solace of prayer.

And they laid her to sleep in  
 The spot she loved dear  
 Where flowers came peeping  
 The first in the year ;  
 Where bloom summer roses,  
 Where sunlight abounds,  
 By the wall that encloses  
 The old cloister's grounds.

But the tyrant, the master,  
 The lord of the soil,  
 Who brought dire disaster  
 On creatures that toil,  
 In fury and madness,  
 His anger displayed,  
 When told where in sadness,  
 The young saint was laid.

For the new grave was made  
 In a forbidden place,  
 His edict gainsayed  
 In contempt to his face,  
 So in frenzy he hurried,  
 With minions a herd,  
 To have her, just buried,  
 At once disinterred,

And he stamped and he swore round  
 The saint's sacred sod ;  
 A demon, he tore round,  
 Blaspheming his God,  
 His footsteps polluted  
 The sanctified ground—  
 He kicked—the vile brute did—  
 The newly made mound.

And in wrath boiling over,  
 He roared to the nuns—  
 " This creature, remove her,  
 Remove her at once,  
 I'll give till to-morrow,  
 The task to put through,  
 Fail not, or in sorrow,  
 You people will rue."

And he strode from the field,  
 Leaving terror behind,  
 And the blood was congealed  
 In the nuns good and kind—  
 They sought their dear pastor,  
 A wise man and true,  
 Told the wrath of the master,  
 Crying " what shall we do ? "

The priest answered mildly,  
 With words of good cheer : —  
 " Be calm, act not wildly,  
 There's nothing to fear ;  
 Trust in God, trust Him ever,  
 Despair not, nor faint,  
 The tyrant will never  
 Disturb the young saint."

That night, as this lord  
 Had most sumptuously dined,  
 And sat at his board  
 Plotting schemes while he wined,  
 Through his limb shot a quiver  
 Of pain sharp and keen.  
 Was it gout, the high liver  
 Must bear it I ween.

Not gout—something worse,  
 He arose from the board,  
 But fell with a curse,  
 And in anguish he roared—  
 He roared, the vile brute did,  
 What nostrums can save  
 The foot that polluted  
 The young sister's grave.

The doctors came trooping  
 And tried all their arts,  
 But lancing and doping  
 Proved only a farce,  
 For ills are not eased by  
 Mere earth's panaceas,  
 Where mortals are seized by  
 A deadly disease.

He foamed like a madman  
 His shoulders he gnawed ;  
 The fate of this bad man—  
 The judgment of God—  
 Should serve as a warning  
 To fill men with dread,  
 For at daylight next morning  
 The monster lay dead.

The bells in the steeple  
 Rang out soft and clear,  
 But the joy of the people  
 Seemed tempered with fear,  
 From scenes of his illness,  
 The dead man they bore  
 In night's pitchy stillness,  
 To curse us no more.

The young nun reposes  
 In death still and cold,  
 While round her the roses  
 Bloom bright as of old ;  
 No black-hearted vandal  
 Her grave shall defile,  
 While Faith's Holy Candle  
 Illumines our Green Isle.

#### THE PATRIOT BARD.

The golden hours of youthhood were given to his land,  
 He was ready at her slightest beck or call ;  
 And with her best and bravest he proudly took his stand,  
 And he never feared nor spared himself at all.  
 He taught the creed of manhood as the only hope of slaves,  
 And his words in all his deeds exemplified,  
 And the froth of empty spouters, and the cant of selfish knaves  
 He fiercely and contemptuously decried.

That was in the brave days, when heroes fraternized,  
 And vowed the time was coming to be free,  
 And the craven and the traitor were shunned or ostracized,  
 And exiles sent their greetings o'er the sea ;  
 But no one then was braver or truer to the cause,  
 And no one gave his feelings fuller swing,  
 And no one felt such scorn for the Saxon and his laws,  
 As he the youthful hero whom I sing.

But, alas for Mother Erin, again her bravest failed,  
 And hopes were dead or scattered to the wind ;  
 And the ship that bore my hero o'er the stormy billows sailed,  
 For he left his land and all he loved behind.  
 But in this dreary exile, with its misery and tears,  
 He nursed the hope some day to right her wrongs,  
 And the thoughts and the dreams of her, they nerved him through  
 the years,  
 And he told how still he loved her in his songs.

When bowed with age and langour, he sought her shores at last,  
 And her balmy breezes flushed his cheeks like wine,  
 No one came to greet him as a hero of the past,  
 And no one seemed to know he wrote a line.  
 The old man's heart was broken, when his kindred knew him not,  
 And humbled was his patriotic pride,  
 And he turned again, with longing, to the exile's bitter lot,  
 And lingered for a little while and died.

#### DIARMID FODDHA.

AIR—*The Red-haired Man's Wife.*

I was born and bred in the famous old County of Tipp.  
 And I was no slave when I first crossed the seas in a ship,  
 But one who loved freedom and eager to settle old scores—  
 To drive the false Saxon for ever away from her shores.

The spirit of old in our bosoms once seemed to revive,  
 When men felt like men in that season of hope, sixty-five.  
 And discord was stilled, that foul demon that ever destroys  
 The weal of a land—I was then in the front with the boys.

I did my full duty, regardless of prison and rope ;  
 Though futile our efforts I never a moment lost hope,  
 But clung to Old Ireland as fettered she lay in a trance,  
 Prepared to awake her, if fortune should give us the chance.

When Parnell's bold voice like a bugle blast rang through our isle,  
 And cravens at last in the ranks with the brave stood in file,  
 And we showed a bold front, while our tyrants were dazed and un-  
 manned,  
 Till we made that great leader the bulwark and pride of the land.

The goal was in sight and the power of the tyrants seemed dead,  
 When discord awoke and once more raised his venomous head,  
 And trailed through our ranks with the fangs of the traitor and  
 knave,  
 Who smirched our proud leader, and hounded him into the grave.

And Ireland, poor Ireland, distracted, lay prone in the dust—  
 The boldest despaired, and I fled from her shores in disgust ;  
 For talkers and whiners no spirited soul could endure,  
 Nor squabbling fakirs whose role was to "fight on the flure."

I'm old and I'm weary from treading the sands of strange shores,  
 I'll seek my old Land and the friends who are bathing her sores ;  
 There's light on her hills that I trust in my soul will remain—  
 'Tis the beacon of hope, 'tis the glare of the torch of "Sinu Fein."

#### THE IRISH-AMERICAN SOLDIER.

I left my home in manhood's early prime,  
 I bade adieu to all my friends in Erin,  
 When to breathe of her condition was a crime,  
 And her boldest and her bravest were despairing,  
 I sought refuge in this great and glorious land,  
 The star of hope above me brightly shining,  
 Where peace and plenty wander hand in hand,  
 And health and blessed freedom are entwining.

I paid my best respects to "Uncle Sam,"  
 He met me in a kind and gracious manner.  
 And then I asked him—Childlike that I am,  
 Could I enlist beneath his Starry Banner ?  
 He answered "Yes," if I was fit to fight—  
 Fit to fight with all its incidentals—  
 I stood the test, and when pronounced all right,  
 I changed my Irish coat for "regimentals,"

I learned in time, the soldier's glorious trade—  
 Poets say at least, the trade is glorious—  
 It dazzles surely, seen upon parade,  
 But lustre lacks when foemen are victorious ;  
 That's many a long and weary year ago,  
 And still I'm in my good old Uncle's service ;  
 And for his sake I've pummelled many a foe,  
 But never felt that dastard term "nervous."

I chased the Red Skin, climbed the dizzy cliff,  
 And thought my duty nothing but a trifle—  
 This *bona fide* "old thirteen dollars stiff"—  
 My home and wife, the barrack room and rifle.  
 I could raise your mirth or draw your tears  
 Were I to tell my life's eventful story—  
 My escapades, my joys, my griefs, those years  
 I've been a soldier fighting for "Old Glory."

Yes, I was one of proud Columbia's sons,  
 Who braved that fever region, hot and rainy—  
 One of the boys who trashed the haughty "Dons,"  
 And won that glorious battle at El Caney.  
 Still I feel well, save now and then a pain—  
 It is, for aught I know, perhaps lumbago,  
 Or fever germs I caught while fighting Spain,  
 While in the trenches down at Santiago.

To tell the truth I hardly liked my task,  
 Smashing the proud old chivalrous Iberian—  
 Why, some stupid prying fool may ask—  
 The Spaniard loves his kindred in Green Erin ;  
 And I have always deemed the Spaniard kin—  
 And blood is thicker—Saxons say than water ;  
 But when one fights, one always fights to win,  
 No matter whom he is compelled to slaughter,

Let us admit the haughty "Dons" are all  
 Their foes assert, proud tyrants domineering ;  
 What of the race that holds my land in thrall—  
 That holds in thrall my darling Mother Erin ;  
 Whose rule makes slaves and beggars of her sons,  
 Whose laws are made to persecute and bleed 'em—  
 Who murder millions with their deadly guns,  
 Yet boast themselves the Champions of Freedom.

I vow eternal hate to that false race,  
 And to its power, a freeman's bold defiance,  
 Avaunt, the kinship sycophants would trace—  
 Avaunt, the wretch, who with them seeks alliance ;  
 Shall we pollute the proud flag of our land,  
 By flaunting it beside their blood-stained banner ?  
 Shall we with knaves and cut-throats take our stand ?  
 Oh, save this Nation, Lord, from such dishonour,

Oh ! what a thrill of joy and wild delight—  
 Would nerve my soul, and make me ten times younger,  
 To meet the foe, in open manly fight—  
 Our ancient foe, my plundered people's wronger,  
 Then I could die as happy as a saint ;  
 Or feel a martyr's joy at execution,  
 Could I but help to wash my country's taint  
 In Saxon blood, the day of retribution,

I'm yours till death, Oh ! good old "Uncle Sam,"  
 And braced again to go and fight thy battle  
 And for thy sake, prepared to die I am,  
 Where bullets fly and murderous cannon rattle.  
 The veteran's eye, the veteran's aim is true,  
 In danger's hour his nerve is strong and steady—  
 And Motherland, my heart leaps out to you—  
 Oh ! give the word, the soldier boy is ready.

## REFLECTIONS OF MYLES.

In my own glorious land in my youth's early prime,  
 When the blood ran like fire in my veins,  
 I thought it no treason, I deemed it no crime,  
 To shatter her taskmaster's chains.  
 So I worked to that end, with men true to the core—  
 Men who bowed not to Kaiser or King ;  
 But now I am old on a far foreign shore,  
 And all I can do is to sing.

We failed to succeed, as our forefathers failed—  
 Our banner went down in the fight,  
 And those who in life never faltered or quailed  
 Were crushed by the enemy's might.  
 Some are dead and forgotten, alas, in their graves,  
 All are scattered like seeds in the spring,  
 While grey-haired and feeble I fret o'er the waves,  
 And all I can do is to sing.

Oh, men of to-day, in your eagerness heed  
 How you trample the seed we have sown,  
 While following phantoms that ever recede,  
 Luring onward to regions unknown.  
 The vessel that carries your fortune and fate  
 May be wrecked on a desolate strand,  
 Or maybe you'll learn the truth when too late,  
 That you built all your castles on sand.

I've wished you God speed with a ballad or song,  
 Though my heart seldom throbbed to my rhymes,  
 For none can convince me the gospel is wrong,  
 That I preached in the good olden times.  
 If Ireland from bondage shall ever arise  
 That, alone, her salvation shall bring—  
 That gospel, old Myles, shall uphold with his life,  
 For he still loves to fight more than sing,

I don't mean to cavil, or want to find fault,  
 With you, suffering brothers at home,  
 Nor utter a word that should cause you to halt  
 As I wistfully gaze o'er the foam ;  
 But you seem in the distance like children at play—  
 A crowd rushing round in a ring.  
 But making no headway—that's all I shall say,  
 For my heart is too heavy to sing.

Oh, give me my youth and my olden time fire,  
 And my friends all so trusted and brave ;  
 Oh, give me the rifle instead of the lyre  
 My Land from oppression to save.  
 No childish regret in my bosom exists,  
 For the years that I squandered in vain —  
 A soldier of Erin I'd enter the lists  
 Could I live my life over again.

#### BUCKSHOT FORSTER.

Old Buckshot Forster, our Saxon master,  
 Is quite determined to put us down—  
 To curb our nation by legislation,  
 From Clonakilty to Portadown.  
 Our noble leaders, he says are breeders  
 Of foulest treason without alloy,  
 And importunists, or vile Communists,  
 Who law and order would fain destroy.

He thinks coercion, with some exertion,  
 From spy, policeman, and low shoneen,  
 Might cure our ailing, and stop our wailing,  
 And make our Island once more serene.  
 If our abettors were bound in fetters,  
 And left to languish for months in jail  
 Without a trial, 'twould make us loyal,  
 Or traitors false to old Granuaille.

But Buckshot Forster, the old impostor,  
 Whose only balm for our every wrong  
 Is chains and terror, will find his error—  
 Will find his error before 'tis long,  
 For with his backers—his Paddy whackers,  
 His guns and bayonets, his bombs likewise,  
 What could he do now, to me or you now,  
 Were we to cut off his pets' supplies.

This cowardly action of Gladstone's faction,  
 In goading us like unruly pigs,  
 Should be a warning, night, noon, and morning,  
 To place no faith in the slimy Whigs.  
 For Whig or Tory with crime are gory,  
 'Tis all a matter whichever rules,  
 They keep us under for drones to plunder,  
 And be for ever their pliant tools.

Ye famished natives, oh, none but caitiffs  
 Would bear the treatment you undergo—  
 The weight of high rents, the wrath of tyrants,  
 The pangs of hunger, the tears of woe ;  
 Oh, here before you, I now implore you,  
 Look not for comfort to Saxon laws,  
 But stand together, each man a brother,  
 And heaven will smile on our sacred cause.

Let crawling knave, and contented slave, and  
 White-livered craven now stand aside—  
 Away with whining, the light is shining,  
 We stand to-day boys untterrified ;  
 Beyond the ocean, with deep emotion,  
 True hearts are beating in every town ;  
 And with their assistance, we'll try resistance,  
 Then Buckshot Forster can't put us down.

#### KITTY O'HARA.

'Twas by the banks of Ara,  
 When Summer robed the fields in green,  
 I first met Kate O'Hara.  
 The bonny maid of Scalaheen ;  
 My glance revealed the story,  
 That I admired her beauty rare,  
 But she stepped on before me,  
 Heedless of my presence there.

Her face it was the sweetest,  
 That e'er my eyes had looked upon ;  
 Her foot it was the neatest,  
 That ever wore a slipper on ;  
 Her figure so enchanting—  
 Of womankind she seemed the queen,  
 My heart went wildly panting —  
 For her the Rose of Scalaheen.

And when we got acquainted,  
 I found her all my fancy thought—  
 Artless, bright, untainted,  
 And modest as a damsel ought—  
 A racy Irish maiden,  
 Ever prompt at duty's call,  
 Who deemed our land an Eden,  
 If only free from Saxon thrall.

And by degrees my story,  
 I poured into her willing ear—  
 And bless the saints in glory,  
 I won her love within a year ;  
 She told me why she loved me,  
 For I to Ireland true had been,  
 And why her heart approved me—  
 The bonny maid of Scalahaheen.

And by the crystal river,  
 We often rove at set of sun,  
 And bless the gentle quiver,  
 That pierced our hearts, and made us one—  
 Yes, by the banks of Ara  
 We still oft rove when sunset smiles,  
 Myself and Kate O'Hara,  
 Or rather, Myles and Mrs. Myles.

#### SLIEVENAMUCK.

That little hill, south of the town of Tipperary,  
 How often I trod when a boy,  
 Which to me seemed as bright as the land of the fairy,  
 In young life's exuberant joy ;  
 And through the wild gorse and luxuriant heather,  
 I tripped it as light as a buck,  
 In Summer's rich glow and in Winter's wild weather—  
 Fionn McCool's famous hill—Slievenamuck.

Galtees' tall summits rise proudly behind it,  
 So stately, majestic and mild,  
 And look like a monitor set there to mind it,  
 Or fond mother guarding a child.  
 It was by that old hill I was first taught the terror  
 Of chains, and my first lesson took,  
 In love for my land and the pride to die for her—  
 By Fionn's famous hill—Slievenamuck.

To hear the old Senachie glibly recounting,  
 My eyes in amaze would grow big—  
 How once on the slopes of that historic mountain,  
 Bold Fionn chased and slew the "black pig."  
 But let it be fiction, or let it be fable,  
 Or true as the words of the Book,  
 If only to gain our lost rights we are able  
 By Fionn's famous hill—Slievenamuck.

Through many long years have elapsed since I parted  
 From all the old haunts of my youth ;  
 Through life's rugged pathway I roam heavy-hearted,  
 My guide stars are honour and truth.  
 Do the men of to-day ever kindly remember,  
 My name since those haunts I forsook ?  
 Of fires that once glowed, is there left one bright ember  
 By Fionn's famous hill—Slievenamuck.

There are ravishing sights in the land of the stranger,  
 Of beauty and grandeur sublime ;  
 But none fills the void in the breast of the ranger,  
 Like those in his own native clime.  
 Through wild rocky gorges and splendid Sierras,  
 My wayward way often I took,  
 But nought on this earth is to me half as dear as  
 Old Fionn's famous hill—Slievenamuck.

Farewell, ancient hill, scalding tears fall and blind me—  
 Farewell to the haunts of the brave ;  
 Adieu, faithful friends, that I long left behind me,  
 And rest to the dead in the grave,  
 It was fate, cruel fate, that compelled us to sever,  
 A withering blast of ill-luck ;  
 But God's Holy Blessing be with you for ever,  
 Old home of my heart—Slievenamuck.

#### TOM IS DEAD.

Why those linaments of sorrow ?  
 Why do tears thy cheeks bedew ?  
 Grief, one never cares to borrow,  
 What's the matter friend with you ?  
 "I will tell you—it is better—  
 Though with anguish be it said,  
 Just this moment came a letter—  
 Tom is dead."

"He whose soul has crossed the portals,  
Of the *Great Unknown Beyond*—  
He who left this vale of mortals,  
Was my friend and cousin fond—  
Was my friend—my more than brother,  
Hence the tears you saw me shed—  
Each was dearest to the other—  
Tom is dead."

"He had youth with life before him,  
He had gifts more prized than gold,  
He was, since his mother bore him,  
Manly, upright, noble-souled.  
But seven years, afflicted, tortured,  
Helpless, he lay on his bed,  
Bearing torments like the martyred—  
Tom is dead."

"Yes, all his pain with resignation,  
Hero-like he nobly bore—  
Waiting his reward—Salvation,  
On the dread eternal shore.  
He's gone, his troubles are all over,  
Mother earth is now his bed,  
His soul is with its Heavenly Lover,  
Tom is dead."

"God, console his loving parents,  
And change their bitter grief to joy,  
Never a frown, or word of variance,  
Came between them and their boy ;  
And Erin mourns a child of merit,  
True as those who fought and bled—  
With all the patriot's fire and spirit—  
Tom is dead."

"He was held in veneration—  
He was proud of his "Old Stock ;"  
But in his day and generation,  
He was flower of all the flock ;  
Of all the flock, the noblest Roman,  
To truth and honour ever wed—  
With all the tenderness of woman—  
Tom is dead."

"Oh, how I'll miss his kindly letter,  
Full of simple, homely news,  
That I loved and relished better—  
More than papers or reviews.  
Who will write me now from Erin,  
Who will cheer my heart, instead ?  
Ah, the thought is most unbearing—  
Tom is dead."

"Dead and gone, but not forgotten,  
We will keep his memory green ;  
In his silent grave in Lattin,  
Let him sleep death's sleep serene,  
Birds will sing their songs above him—  
Wild flowers bloom above his head ;  
No one knew him but to love him—  
Tom is dead."

#### BROTHER MICHAEL—A DIRGE.

The exile's life is a weary one,  
Full of sorrow and grief and pain,  
Who loves the land where he first drew breath,  
And sighs for her shores again ;  
But words are vain to tell his pain  
When across the wild seas wave,  
Comes this woeful news that a brother fond  
Is cold in a new-made grave.

That exile lone am I to-day,  
Bowed down with the weight of woe,  
For the brother fond, alas is mine  
Who sleeps in the grave below.  
Ah ! little I dreamed, as the bright sun streamed  
Yestereen through my window pane,  
That him I loved with the manly heart  
I never should see again.

Yes ! a noble, manly heart was his,  
Unsullied by fraud or guile,  
That pitied the fate of his trampled race  
And throbbed for our darling Isle ;  
And never the shield of the weak who yield,  
And a guiding light to the brave ;  
But it throbs no more, it is still and cold—  
So cold in a new-made grave.

A mind, clear, cultured, calm and strong,  
 An intellect bright and keen,  
 A figure cast in a hero's mould,  
 With a hero's pride and mien.  
 Alas! with death and poisoned breath  
 Should come in his manhood's prime,  
 And lay him low like a flower that bloomed,  
 Cut down in the summer time.

Ah! little I thought when we were young  
 And both worked hand in hand,  
 And wove a web of the brightest hopes  
 For my stricken, but beautiful land.  
 That I should weep, o'er the angry deep  
 For him so true and brave.  
 Who sleeps to-day with our father's dust,  
 So cold in a new-made grave.

Oh! Motherland, thy noblest sons  
 Are falling one by one,  
 And discord shoots its venomous darts  
 Ere thy glorious cause is won.  
 Oh! would that I for thee might die,  
 Thy ebbing life to save,  
 And lie in thy holy earth with him  
 Who sleeps in a new-made grave.

#### MY OLD MOUNTAIN HOME.

How changed are the times since I rambled lighthearted,  
 With youth's companions through woodland and dale,  
 How sadly I feel since the moment I parted,  
 With friends of my heart and my own Innisfail—  
 Shall I ever forget them—Oh! never, oh, never!  
 Wherever I wander, wherever I roam,  
 Oh, no, I will cherish, for ever and ever,  
 My friends and my country, and Old Mountain Home.

Though the billowy waves of the deep rolling ocean,  
 Frown darkly between us this many a day,  
 Yet my heart wildly throbs with the deepest emotion  
 As my thoughts wander back to them, far, far away,  
 Each night in my dreams, oh, I think I am roving,  
 The green fields again far away o'er the foam,  
 With dear ones, I cherished, so tender and loving,  
 Who shared my young joys in my Old Mountain Home.

I think I behold in their beauty before me,  
 The sweet scenes I gazed on so oft with delight—  
 The "Golden Vale" spreading in splendour and glory,  
 Where the beauties of nature all seem to unite;  
 Where the sweet Glen of Aherlow slumbers behind me,  
 And the stately Galtees like a gigantic dome—  
 All vanish, alas, as I waken to find me,  
 An exile, far, far, from my Old Mountain Home.

Oh, why did I break all the fond ties that bound me,  
 To home and to homeland to wander alone  
 On the shores of Columbia with no one around me,  
 But strangers who heed not my sigh or my moan,  
 It was that my country—Oh God, give me patience!  
 Was crushed by her tyrants, till death seemed her doom,  
 And I struggled to give her a place among nations,  
 But failed—And should fly from my Old Mountain Home.

Do they miss me at home, in my old mountain sheiling?  
 Do they speak of my absence, sometimes with regret?  
 And, oh, is my memory regarded with feeling—  
 Enshrined in their hearts, that they'll never forget?  
 I know my fond parents will never forget me,  
 Nor all my dear people, whatever may come,  
 Until with a "Cead mille failte," they'll greet me,  
 And welcome me back to my Old Mountain Home.

Oh, when shall I visit my own lovely Island?  
 Oh, when shall I gaze on each long-cherished scene,  
 And range as of old over valley and highland—  
 Oh, never till floats the old Banner of Green,  
 When the day star of Freedom shall rise bright and glorious,  
 With brave men in thousands, I'm back o'er the foam,  
 Our steel brightly gleaming—the Sunburst flying o'er us,  
 Then death, or be free, in My Old Mountain Home.

#### THE LANDLORD AND HIS BAILIFFS THEY MUST GO.

Dear land that gave me birth,  
 Sweetest spot of all our earth,  
 For ages sunk in misery and woe,  
 By tyrants, drones, and knaves,  
 Who've made us abject slaves;  
 But those despots, and their minions,  
 They must go, boys, go,  
 But those despots, and their minions,  
 They must go.

This world was made for man,  
 By the mighty Artizan,  
 For every man with shovel, spade, or hoe;  
 No honest man should dare,  
 To take his neighbour's share—  
 So the landlord and his bailiffs,  
 They must go, boys, go,  
 So the landlord and his bailiffs,  
 They must go.

As slaves we till the soil,  
 While the fruits of all our toil,  
 Are squandered by those drones who never sow,  
 And we must be resigned  
 With the offal left behind,  
 No, those law-abiding robbers,  
 They must go, boys, go,  
 No, those law-abiding robbers,  
 They must go.

You may search this world through,  
 From Kamchatka to Peru,  
 And all around again to Mexico,  
 But never in your quest,  
 Look on wretches so opprest;  
 But those legalized oppressors,  
 They must go, boys, go,  
 But those legalized oppressors,  
 They must go.

God's blessing on the man,  
 Be he clown or artizan,  
 Who labours for his living here below,  
 And thinks it no disgrace,  
 But says boldly to their face,  
 "All ye idle scheming rascals,  
 Ye must go, boys, go,  
 All ye idle scheming rascals,  
 Ye must go."

Ah, then, countrymen, shall we,  
 Let such heartless despots be?  
 A million manly voices thunder No!  
 And by our fathers' graves,  
 We'll toil no more as slaves,  
 For the landlord and his bailiffs,  
 They must go, boys, go,  
 For the landlord and his bailiffs,  
 They must go.

#### PATRICK.

Patrick is a noble name,  
 And he who would ignore it,  
 Should hang his head and blush for shame,  
 Since good St. Patrick bore it,  
 That holy man, who preached God's word,  
 And well fulfilled his mission,  
 To Irishmen, who rites absurd,  
 Were then but superstition.

Then Christian Irishmen to-day,  
 Who love our great apostle,  
 If fortune forces you to stray,  
 Where scoffers jeer and jostle,  
 Take Patrick's name, your Creed and Land,  
 And weave them in a garland,  
 And wear them in your heart of hearts,  
 When exiled in some far land.

#### THE PINT OF PORTER.

Let poets sing the praise of wine,  
 Let toppers prate of whiskey;  
 But neither suits this taste of mine,  
 Although I'm never frisky.  
 No, I prefer a better drink,  
 And so does every sporter—  
 A pewter of good double X—  
 A foaming pint of porter.

'Tis meat and drink, my boys, to me,  
Whenever I feel weary,  
It fills my heart, my boys, with glee,  
As blithesome as a fairy ;  
And still no brutal sot am I,  
Nor public house resorter,  
But keep a level head although  
I take my pint of porter.

Dainty blades may sip champagne,  
Rhine, claret, port and sherry,  
And brandy bottles deftly drain,  
Until they're more than merry.  
But let them quaff such foreign stuff  
And laud the great importer ;  
But, oh, give me my home-made drink—  
My honest pint of porter.

A horny-fisted son of toil,  
Who lives by manly labour,  
I dearly love my native soil,  
And help my struggling neighbour ;  
But I despise the Pharisee,  
The lying base reporter,  
Who says our people's misery  
Is due to drinking porter.

Then I will take my pint of stout,  
In spite of prudish preaching ;  
For all such stuff beyond a doubt,  
Is hollow senseless teaching ;  
And when I meet a bonny lass—  
The one that lets me court her,  
I'll treat her to a fancy glass,  
While I enjoy my porter.

Then here's a health, my boys, to you,  
And to our merry meeting,  
And to each honest heart and true,  
A tender, friendly greeting.  
God bless the man who proves himself  
Sweet liberty's supporter,  
And may he never need a friend,  
Nor want a pint of porter.

## THE COLLEGIANS,

Once we were classmates in College,  
And equal perhaps in ability,  
He spent his time hoarding knowledge,  
I, mine in big games of agility.  
Critics, professors and students,  
Acknowledged my great versatility—  
He was personified prudence,  
Disguised in a cloak of humility.

Though coldness between us existed,  
I never engendered hostility ;  
Though hasty our speech none could twist it,  
To even the ghost of scurrility.  
I seemed the most chary of honour—  
My features had greater nobility ;  
He was more polished in manner,  
With tongue ever tipped with civility.

At times I was prone to illhumour,  
A species of irritability—  
When prompted to do, he would do more,  
With ardour akin to severity.  
I talked by the hour childish prattle,  
And scribbled with equal facility,  
The while he was planning life's battle,  
And branding my freaks—imbecility.

We parted when school days were over,  
He veered to the side of gentility ;  
I for a time lived in clover,  
A prelude that leads to debility ;  
For while I am now, gentle reader,  
A wreck on the verge of senility,  
He among men is a leader  
And chief of a famous utility.

## BACK TO MOTHER ERIN.

I'm bidding a farewell to the land of my adoption,  
 Columbia, that boasts of her freedom and her wealth,  
 Where manhood's days I've squandered, with toil my only option,  
 A broken man in spirit, and a broken man in health,  
 I look towards Mother Erin, though ill fortune has bereft her,  
 Of all the joys of other lands, with longing in my eye ;  
 And true as in that morning, when in scalding tears I left her—  
 I will go to darling Erin—to my Motherland to die.

Oh, back to Mother Erin, 'tis no prodigal's returning—  
 Oh, back to darling Erin, to my own, my native land,  
 I will go with throbbing bosom, after forty years' sojourning—  
 Forty years aroaming on a dreary foreign strand.  
 And though old friends are scattered, or the scythe of time has cleft  
 them,  
 And those who have replaced them, may with coldness pass me by.  
 Yet I'll find the hills and valleys and the streams just as I left  
 them,  
 I will go to darling Erin, to my Motherland to die.

The freedom that they gave me here, oh, how could I enjoy it,  
 When kin, and race, and native land were bound in iron bands,  
 By friends, who count no torture too revolting to employ it,  
 By lords, who deem their mission is to trample other lands ;  
 To me it seems a burden, for no blood of mine was wasted  
 In driving the fell tyrant, from this land for evermore,  
 And I've felt like some proud spirit, forced by hunger's pangs, who  
 tasted  
 An alms doled by a flunkey at some haughty nabob's door.

Liberty is glorious, if you help yourself to gain it,  
 But loses all its sweetness when 'tis grudgingly bestowed,  
 And he who flies from bondage, to a strange land to obtain it,  
 Often finds the gift no blessing, but an inconvenient load.  
 With fire of independence in my bosom brightly glowing,  
 When I dared the haughty foeman in Green Erin long ago,  
 I felt prouder on the hillside, by the torrent madly flowing,  
 And freer than I ever felt where freedom's waters flow.

Then back to Mother Erin, with a gladsome heart I'm going—  
 Back to Mother Erin after forty years' sojourn—  
 Years devoid of reaping, but all spent in useless sowing—  
 Will anybody meet me there, or welcome my return ;  
 For all old friends are scattered, or the scythe of time has cleft  
 them,  
 And those who have replaced them may with coldness pass me by,  
 But I'll find the hills and valleys, and her streams just as I left  
 them—  
 I will go to darling Erin to my Motherland to die.

## MY GALLANT FENIAN SOLDIER.

Oh ! forty golden years ago,  
 While I a maid of twenty,  
 Stepped as light as the bounding doe,  
 And lovers had in plenty,  
 Yet knew not love, nor felt its flame—  
 My heart than stone was colder,  
 Till o'er the hills young Rory came,  
 My gallant Fenian Soldier.

Then I had culture, wit and gold,  
 And woman's grace and charms,  
 And he was manly, brave and bold,  
 And thrilled at war's alarms.  
 We met—we loved—our hearts beat fast,  
 And grew each moment fonder,  
 Till destiny with blighting blast,  
 Blew our young lives asunder.

For he loved well as he loved me  
 Our Green Isle of the ocean,  
 And struggled hard to make her free  
 With Emmet's proud devotion.  
 For he was of that gallant band,  
 Whose fires, thank God, still smoulder—  
 One born to rule or to command  
 Was my young Fenian Soldier,

The sordid slave, and bloated clown,  
 With hate and malice viewed him ;  
 The sleuth hounds of the Saxon Crown,  
 With bloody fangs pursued him ;  
 But true hearts loved and idolized  
 Their bulwark, pride and glory,  
 And risked their lives and all they prized  
 To guard young dashing Rory.

A hunted man a year or more  
 O'er nature's hills and valleys—  
 The life—the soul of that "young corps"  
 At midnight trysts and rallies—  
 While in the heather or the brake  
 Or in some ruin hoary,  
 He slept for Mother Ireland's sake  
 Did my young idol Rory.

We met when night on earth and skies  
 Flung out her mantle sombre—  
 We met when all but skulking spies  
 Were wrapped in silent slumber.  
 I think I feel his warm embrace  
 And hear his tender greetings,  
 I think I see his manly face  
 At all those blissful meetings,

He did and dared what man could do  
 To make our land a nation—  
 My Rory's name by all men true  
 Is held in veneration ;  
 But hopes were dashed, and Motherland  
 Beneath the lash lay bleeding—  
 The brave in prison bound, or banned—  
 The slave for mercy pleading.

He came, my love when snows were piled.  
 But sent no word or token—  
 He came to fortune reconciled—  
 With spirits yet unbroken.  
 "My Jane, my love, I know at least  
 By you I'm not forsaken,  
 But I must fly, I'm closely chased  
 And know my doom if taken."

I clung to him—I gasped for breath,  
 "Whatever may betide us,  
 I'm yours, and yours alone 'till death,  
 And nothing shall divide us.  
 I'll go with you—I'll be your bride—  
 With you through fire and water,"  
 "No! let me fight for life," he cried,  
 And you can follow after,"

One kiss he gave, then disappears—  
 One fond kiss long and burning—  
 I've watched and waited all these years  
 In vain for his returning.  
 I know he's dead—I feel he's dead,  
 Struck down in manhood's glory—  
 I know some wretch in England's red  
 Has slain my darling Rory.

You see me now a poor old maid  
 Whose locks with white are sprinkled,  
 Whose face with beauty once inlaid,  
 Is faded now, and wrinkled.  
 Then know ye maidens free from pain—  
 Whose hearts with young blood tingle—  
 Oh! know ye now, why old Aunt Jane  
 Must meet her Maker single.

Those weary days, nigh two score years,  
 Since we in anguish parted—  
 Those weary days since drowned in tears  
 He left me broken-hearted.  
 But I've been true, and e'er shall be,  
 Till in the grave I moulder  
 To him whose soul was proud and free,  
 My gallant Fenian Soldier.

#### AN INVOCATION TO THE NEW YEAR.

I sat by the bed of the dead old year,  
 And watched till his latest breath,  
 And saw thy pattering steps appear,  
 Behind the grim reaper—death ;  
 And though cold, cold winds and blinding snows,  
 The fatal hour attend,  
 Oh, baby year in thy swaddling clothes,  
 Be kind to the dead year's friend.

Thou art an innocent helpless thing,  
 On this cheerless wintry scene,  
 But thy strength will grow when the beauteous spring,  
 Comes forth in her robes of green ;  
 When lilies bow to the blushing rose,  
 And notes of the songbirds blend,  
 Then baby year in thy swaddling clothes,  
 Be kind to the dead year's friend.

The dear dead year I knew since birth,  
 And loved with a love untold ;  
 He brought the choicest gifts of earth,  
 To me as the seasons rolled.  
 Shall joys he gave me for ever close ?  
 Shall bliss at his parting end ?  
 Oh, baby year in thy swaddling clothes,  
 Be kind to the dead year's friend.

We'll play together, as once we played,  
 The dead old year and I,  
 Or lie, as we lay in the greenwood shade,  
 And looked with delight on the sky ;  
 Or pluck the daisy and cull the rose,  
 As onward our footsteps wend ;  
 But baby year in thy swaddling clothes,  
 Be kind to the dead year's friend.

I crave for love, for a heart to cheer,  
 So sad am I and distressed ;  
 Come hither, come hither, sweet new year,  
 And lie on my troubled breast ;  
 And I will shield thee from the snows,  
 Till strength with thy days distend ;  
 But baby year in thy swaddling clothes,  
 Be kind to the dead year's friend.

#### CALIFORNIA.

In the land that lies beside the placid sea—  
 The land that bards have truly termed "Golden,"  
 My lot is cast till life shall cease to be,  
 Far, far from my own native Island olden.  
 The skies above are ever blue and clear,  
 The air is balm, the days are mild and sunny,  
 The earth pours forth her bounty every year—  
 A veritable land of "milk and honey."

With mountains grand, and vales and fertile plains,  
 And landscapes almost fairy-like in beauty,  
 Where man is forced to wear no brother's chains,  
 And pleasure marches hand in hand with duty ;  
 If earth possess a spot to entertain  
 A cohort of the blessed heavenly legions,  
 And though the rest of earth be searched in vain,  
 'Tis found at last within those favoured regions.

Then why can't mortal man be happy here,  
 With all the gifts that can to man be given ?  
 Does he expect upon this earthly sphere,  
 The joy or bliss that appertains to heaven ?  
 For round are heard deep growls of discontent,  
 As if the land by despot lords was ridden ;  
 But man, though free, his fancied wrongs must vent,  
 Like tears that fall from human eyes unbidden.

I, too, am filled with gloom, and day by day  
 I murmur at the blessings I can't share in ;  
 My soul is sad, my thoughts are far away,  
 Beyond the seas in weird and misty Erin.  
 In foreign lands there's many a happy home—  
 In foreign lands the song of joy is chanted,  
 But patriots true when forced by fate to roam,  
 In foreign lands can never be transplanted.

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#### A WARNING.

(Duplicate No. 68).

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#### OUR PEELERS.

(Duplicate No. 13).

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#### THE POET.

I've had a craze for writing since the days when I was young,  
 And I've scribbled on with neither rhyme or reason ;  
 I polished many a sonnet, and many a song I sung,  
 Sometimes in, but mostly always out of season ;  
 But grinding out a drivel is no better than a joke,  
 With neither cash nor fame for inspiration ;  
 When from critics, and from readers one scarcely can evoke  
 A solitary grunt of approbation.

So from the present onward I shall give my muse a rest,  
 And her blandishments shall wheedle me no longer ;  
 I'll try some manly calling as I think it is the best,  
 For my muscle than my intellect is stronger—  
 I'll try some manly calling to enable me to live ;  
 Some field where I may gain a reputation,  
 Then a fig for all those grouchy ones, who grudgingly would give  
 Their solitary grunts of approbation.

#### FAREWELL TO ST. MARY'S.

'Tis June, and the day God is seen at His best—  
 His beams in full splendour are glowing ;  
 The earth in its bright apparel is drest,  
 And flowers in their beauty are blowing.  
 There's gladness around, but our spirits are low ;  
 For fate plays at times strange vagaries—  
 The hour is at hand for us classmates to go,  
 For ever away from St. Mary's.

The stately old pile soon shall know us no more,  
 Where days sped so calm and elysian,  
 Nor halls where the ravishing sweetness of lore  
 First flashed with delight on our vision.  
 What anguish is ours from this shelter to fly,  
 Like eaglets escaped from their eyeries,  
 And bid our old friends and companions goodbye,  
 Who tarry behind in St. Mary's.

We came from our homes in the crudeness of youth,  
 For culture and grace to the Brothers  
 Who've guided our steps in the pathway of truth,  
 With love that was dear as a mother's.  
 Oh, can we forget all their heart-soothing ways,  
 Or pains in imparting us knowledge ;  
 Oh, can we forget all the bright happy days  
 We spent with these souls in the college.

We mean to be men who will never disgrace  
 The name of our old Alma Mater—  
 We mean to be men who will shine in the race  
 Of crafts on life's turbulent water ;  
 Who never will drift like some rudderless ship,  
 Or "Tenderfoot" lost on the prairies,  
 When rigged and equipped for our perilous trip,  
 And launched from the stocks of St. Mary's.

Though fearless of shallows, and rocks in our path,  
 Our breasts with emotion are swelling ;  
 Though reckless of gales and the hurricanes wrath,  
 The tears in our eyes now are swelling.  
 This home is a home we deem fairer by far,  
 Than magical halls of the fairies—  
 Our compass, our chart, and our bright guiding star,  
 Are truths that we grasped in St. Mary's.

Farewell, gentle Brothers, farewell one and all—  
 Oh, pray for us, think of us kindly,  
 The lessons you taught we shall gladly recall,  
 When false ones attempt to lead blindly.  
 Old comrades, farewell, whose gay laughter to hear,  
 Was sweeter than songs of canaries—  
 Farewell, for the moment of parting is here—  
 A last fond farewell to St. Mary's.

#### THE MAN WITH THE CAULIFLOWER EAR.

I met a young chap months ago in the town,  
 And he gave me a slap in the back  
 And said:—"Howdy do, my dear friend, Mr. Brown,  
 Or maybe you are Mr. Black."  
 His clothes were in style, though his manners were rough,  
 And his face wore an impudent leer ;  
 And I knew in a moment the fellow was "tough"  
 For he carried a "cauliflower ear."

I answered "My boy, you have made a mistake,"  
 And I spoke in the mildest of tones ;  
 He laughed, Oh ! indeed, for good fellowship sake  
 I wanted to rattle your bones.  
 I don't care a red, whether White, Black or Brown,  
 Your name is—— can't think of it here,  
 But I know you're a jay, and a stranger in town"  
 Said he with the "cauliflower ear."

But just at the moment, I spied a big "cop"  
 Who was leisurely moving our way ;  
 And the good natured chap condescended to stop,  
 When he guessed I had something to say ;  
 And he yanked that poor bloke, did this limb of the law,  
 And I watched them entwined disappear,  
 And felt a relief when the last glimpse I saw  
 Of him with the "cauliflower ear."

And ever since then I have carried a gun,  
 My rights as a man to protect,  
 But more as a bluff, for the quarrelsome one  
 Who shows me the least disrespect ;  
 For while I am willing to enter the lists  
 With him of the taunt and the jeer,  
 I never engage in a battle of fists,  
 The man with the "cauliflower ear."

#### SHORT AND SWEET.

Now, if you're one who seeks for fame  
 In fields of prose or verse,  
 Have patience, study well your theme,  
 Then mould it clear and terse ;  
 But if at times you seem inclined  
 To wander off "your beat,"  
 Oh, bear this dictum well in mind :—  
 "Be always short and sweet."

And if you're one who peddles tales,  
 And are a man of sense,  
 Weigh well your words in reason's scales,  
 And never give offence ;  
 Then, tell your story well off hand,  
 But watch, lest you repeat,  
 And by your dictum stoutly stand :—  
 "Be always short and sweet."

The scholar deeply versed in lore,  
 Whose duty is to teach  
 The lawyer and the orator,  
 And he who's called to preach,  
 Should never tire, should never bore,  
 But always be discreet,  
 And say their say and nothing more—  
 That's something "Short and Sweet."

#### WELCOME TO DOUGLAS HYDE.

You bring glad news from our Old Sireland,  
 News to cheer the exile's soul,  
 You bring glad news from Mother Ireland,  
 Where green hills rise and clear streams roll ;  
 You come to preach that Land a Nation—  
 Land, the fairest ever sung ;  
 You come, to preach the restoration  
 Of our grand old Celtic Tongue.

Then welcome here, An Craobin Aobin,  
 Ireland's pride and Ireland's boast—  
 Welcome here, An Craobin Aobin,  
 Welcome, welcome, to our coast.

That grand old Land lay slowly dying  
 Like a mortal in decay,  
 While her sons were madly flying  
 From her green shores far away—  
 From her green shores madly flying  
 From the Saxon's brutal power,  
 Till rang your voice in thunder crying,  
 Faithful watcher on the tower.

Then welcome here, An Craobin Aobin, etc.

You say there's vigour in the Old Land,  
 And men proclaim from shore to shore,  
 That ours was once a great and bold Land,  
 Glorious in the days of old.  
 Let it ring from tower and steeple,  
 Tell the dastard and the slave  
 That we were too, a polished people,  
 Pure and bravest of the brave.

Then welcome here, An Craobin Aobin, etc.

From your mission, home returning,  
 Radiant at your great success,  
 Take this message brightly burning  
 To our kindred in distress :  
 Tell them, make them tell each other,  
 Let them plainly understand  
 That every exiled, banished brother,  
 Loves till death his native Land.

Then welcome here, An Craobin Aobin, etc.

## FATHER LARRY.

## I.

I was born and bred near that beautiful glen,  
 That's famous in song and in story,  
 And always was counted a man among men  
 Who fought for old Motherland's glory.  
 I fought my own fight with the Sassenach crew,  
 Who plunder our land like "Old Harry,"  
 Fearless, but friendless, at times till I knew  
 The "Soggarth Aroon," Father Larry.

## II.

With wife and with children all helpless and young,  
 I rented and tilled a small farm,  
 From one whose sharp lash the poor serf often stung  
 To nettle and keep his back warm.  
 He pressed me so sore that my toil came to nought,  
 And my plans were all doomed to miscarry,  
 Till faint with despair in my trials I sought  
 The "Soggarth Aroon," Father Larry."

## III.

This servant of God, this devout Holy Priest,  
 He solaced my heart in its troubles,  
 And never upbraided or blamed me the least,  
 My courage he seemed to redouble.  
 And when the fell tyrant swooped down on my brood,  
 As fierce as the hawk on its "quarry,"  
 He stood at my back as a faithful friend should,  
 The "Soggarth Aroon," Father Larry.

## IV.

He paid the last cent of the usurer's claim  
 With cash from his own pious labours,  
 And like a true Shepherd he acted the same  
 For all my poor rackrented neighbours.  
 The taskmaster's whip we might tamely endure,  
 If down to their hearts they would carry,  
 Some fatherly love like the shield of the poor,  
 The "Soggarth Aroon," Father Larry.

## V.

He seldom was found in the homes of the rich,  
 Their blandishments never were able  
 To win his respect and his manhood was such,  
 He never was seen at their table ;  
 But blows that were aimed at the poor of his flock  
 He boldly attempted to parry,  
 And stood their defender as firm as a rock,  
 The "Soggarth Aroon," Father Larry.

## VI.

He's gone from our midst, our good "Soggarth" is dead,  
 And vain are regrets to restore him,  
 But long shall the tears of the faithful be shed,  
 For deep in our hearts we deplore him.  
 The Lord often calls our best guide to Himself,  
 While foes are permitted to tarry,  
 Or half-hearted friends who are wholly unlike  
 The "Soggarth Aroon, Father Larry.

## THE CONQUERING BOERS.

Oh ! hear the loud sounds like the pealing of thunder  
 Which seem to come over the dark rolling sea ;  
 What can the matter be, Father, I wonder ?  
 Oh Father ! dear Father, pray what can it be ?  
 My son ! 'tis the rattle, the roar of the battle,  
 The cannons deep booming on far distant shores ;  
 The shout of the victors who struggle like Hectors  
 And liberty'd cry from "The Conquering Boers."

And father do tell me the cause of this fighting,  
 And who are these people "The Conquering Boers" ?  
 And what is the name of the foe they are smiting  
 And will they desist when for mercy he roars ?  
 The Boers, Heaven speed 'em, are fighting for freedom  
 And smiting the Saxon who came to their shores ;  
 Who came to enslave them, but fortune will save them,  
 This handful of heroes "The Conquering Boers."

Those brave hardy people, so honest and simple  
 They tended their flocks at no master's commands,  
 And bowed to their Maker in nature's own temple,  
 Till forth came the thief with the order "Up hands."  
 Their land beyond measure is teeming with treasure,  
 With diamonds and gold that the robber adores,  
 And he deemed the task easy to plunder the lazy,  
 And good-for-nought Paul and his handful of Boers,

Oh! shame on this bully, his brag and his bluster  
 Who deems it his right o'er the earth to hold sway,  
 Oh! shame on his sons who in loyalty muster  
 To slay brother man for a shilling a day;  
 His lustre is tarnished which cannot be varnished,  
 The black blood is oozing now out of his pores,  
 With fear he is shaking, his false heart is quaking  
 And all through the pluck of a handful of Boers.

Oh, praise to those valiant, those valorous people,  
 Oh, praise to their spirit so bold and defiant,  
 Ring out the glad chimes from the tower and the steeple  
 Young David again will bring death to the giant,  
 From Ganges to Shannon the roar of the cannon  
 Will waken the slave who in lethargy snores,  
 The world is astonished, the lords are dumbfounded,  
 God nerve them, God bless them, "The Conquering Boers."

But father the same hated foe is distraining  
 Our people to-day who would conquer the Boers,  
 While men such as you are for ever complaining  
 Like old chronic invalids nursing their sores;  
 But when I'll grow older, I'll be a great soldier,  
 A soldier of Erin to settle old scores,  
 To fight to redress her, to smite her oppressor  
 And humble his pride like "The Conquering Boers."

### PROUD I AM IRISH.

#### I.

Every man of honest heart  
 Who moves upon the earth  
 Loves above all other lands  
 The one that gave him birth:  
 The Englishman loves Albion  
 With fondness and delight,  
 And glories in her beauty  
 And her prowess and her might.

#### II.

It is no vain or empty boast  
 An Englishman to be,  
 For great his land is with her flag  
 Afloat on every sea,  
 But let him revel in her pride,  
 Condoning all her crimes,  
 I'd sooner be an Irishman  
 A hundred thousand times.

#### III.

The Frenchman loves his pleasant land,  
 And to it fondly clings,  
 And o'er his native vine clad hills  
 Exultingly he springs,  
 Conscious of his country's fame  
 He shows it in his glance,  
 And jubilant at that proud name—  
 A son of gallant France.

#### IV.

The German loves his fatherland  
 And deems her unexcelled,  
 And fancies that in peace or war  
 She stands unparalleled,  
 But let him drink his schnapps and beer,  
 And chant his Teuton rhymes,  
 I'd sooner be an Irishman  
 A hundred thousand times.

#### V.

The Russian loves his rugged shore  
 And marvels at her power,  
 That at the foeman's challenge  
 She was never known to cower.  
 Italians love their own fair soil  
 Traditionally grand,  
 And the proud and haughty Spaniard  
 Loves his own historic land.

## VI.

The Swede and the Norwegian,  
 The Portuguese and Dane,  
 Each of his native country  
 Is inordinately vain,  
 And love of Caledonia  
 Each true-bred Scotchman fills,  
 And he sings the songs of Burns  
 As he roams his highland hills.

## VII.

I honour him who thinks his land  
 The fairest and the best,  
 Or if he fancies that his race  
 By Providence is blest.  
 I envy no man's lot—Not I  
 However great it be,  
 For mine—an honest Irishman—  
 Is good enough for me.

## VIII.

Across the waters of the deep  
 With me in spirit go  
 To that Canaan of the West  
 Where "milk and honey" flow  
 A land whose liberty and fame  
 Are world-wide renowned,  
 Where every citizen is king,  
 A kingly king uncrowned.

## IX.

The children of that happy land  
 With pains glorify  
 The freedom of their natal soil  
 And laud it to the sky,  
 And each with all his fellow-men  
 The one opinion shares  
 That earth ne'er saw since Adam's time  
 A nobler land than theirs.

## X.

Of this fair land, Columbia,  
 A foster son am I,  
 And pledged my faith and troth to her,  
 And for her sake would die.  
 I yield to none in love for her  
 However he may brag  
 Though he were born a thousand times  
 Beneath her "starry flag."

## XI.

Do I forget my own old land,  
 Am I to her untrue.  
 No, no, my heart is large enough  
 To venerate the two.  
 Could I disown my own old land,  
 The spot that gave me birth,  
 I'd count myself the vilest wretch  
 That ever cumbered earth.

## XII.

Yes, yes, I love the starry flag  
 That flutters in the West,  
 But love my own old trampled one,  
 Green Erin's Sunburst best ;  
 I love the land that shelters me,  
 The refuge of the slave,  
 But better still, I love the land  
 That holds my father's grave.

## XIII.

If I were not an Irishman,  
 I'd sooner be a son  
 Of this great land than owe my birth  
 To any other one ;  
 Yet with her freedom and her fame,  
 Her wealth and sunny climes  
 I'd sooner be an Irishman  
 A hundred thousand times.

## TOMMY SAUNDERS.

## I.

Oh you who sweat for what you eat,  
 And you who pay a high rent,  
 Come swell the throng to hear my song,  
 'Tis of a heartless tyrant.  
 Of Ireland's foes he's one of those  
 Land Garrison Commanders,  
 Who scourge her sod with iron rod,  
 His name is Tommy Saunders.

From Cove of Cork sail to New York,  
 Where Hudson stream meanders,  
 But you won't sight a black or white  
 To match old Tommy Saunders.

## II.

For thirty years through woe and tears,  
 He plied his vile vocation,  
 And gathered rent at five per cent.  
 For thieves that rob our nation.  
 The fiercest known rackrenting drone,  
 Our hard made money squanders,  
 A tool would find his serfs to grind,  
 In limping Tommy Saunders.

From Cove of Cork sail to New York, etc.

## III.

From sweet Rathkeale to Doneraile,  
 And thence to Banks of Ara,  
 He's known right well—aye to Clonmel,  
 And up to Toomevara.  
 The last named place ; our patient Race  
 Were plucked and fleeced like ganders,  
 And homeless flung abroad like dung  
 By limping Tommy Saunders.

From Cove of Cork sail to New York, etc.

## IV.

'Twould make my song by far too long  
 Were I to trace his doings,  
 The orphans wail, the black ship's trail,  
 The cabins left in ruins.  
 Enough to say there's not to-day  
 From Dublin town to Flanders,  
 A cooler knave to lash a slave  
 Than limping Tommy Saunders.

From Cove of Cork sail to New York, etc.

## V.

You're all aware of that affair  
 Of Thady Burke's of Pall's,  
 How he and his were used by this  
 Embodiment of malice.  
 An iron hut with horse and foot,  
 And veteran commanders,  
 Were brought from town to keep us down  
 By limping Tommy Saunders.

From Cove of Cork sail to New York, etc.

## VI.

Some days ago, as you must know,  
 He thought to get his claws on  
 The half-year's gale, the drones blackmail,  
 That's claimed by Massy Dawson.  
 But Galtee men, united then,  
 Behaved like Alexanders,  
 And blew the cent. at Griffith's rent  
 They'd pay to Tommy Saunders.

From Cove of Cork sail to New York, etc.

## VII.

Lest I intrude, I'll now conclude,  
 With loathing he's regarded,  
 By high and low, by friend and foe  
 Alike, he's now discarded.  
 He's like to-day an iron grey  
 Old garron with the glanders,  
 Our glorious league has brought a plague,  
 Old limping Tommy Saunders.

From Cove of Cork sail to New York, etc.

## BEREAVED.

The cold, cold fogs come in from the sea  
 And pierce to my very bone,  
 And they bring old memories back to me,  
 As I sit in my grief alone ;  
 For I think of the time when the light of love  
 Shed a halo round my life ;  
 When mine was the bliss of the saints above  
 In the smiles of my sweet young wife.

But cold, cold fogs blew in from the sea  
 And palled in the skies above,  
 And brought black sorrow and woe to me,  
 They blighted the heart of my love ;  
 And she sank like a rose that the Frost King kills  
 When he visits the earth too soon,  
 And I made her a grave near the Oakland hills,  
 In the time of the flowery June.

## THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

While some delight to chase the deer  
 O'er valley, plain or highland,  
 Others love to track the bear  
 Through thicket, swamp or dryland.  
 But more are Nimrods in the chase  
 From nincompoop to scholar,  
 Strenuous sprinters in the race  
 To catch the "Mighty Dollar."

And some love well to hunt the fox  
 With hounds and horn sounding,  
 While others climb the dizzy rocks  
 Where Alpine goats are bounding.  
 But most join keenly in the game  
 And whisper low or "holler,"  
 Then play the game whate'er the name  
 To get the "Mighty Dollar."

And some take flight across the sea  
 In eagerness to find it,  
 While wise ones sit and at their ease  
 Without an effort find it ;  
 For see the Multi-millionaire  
 Like Gould or Rockefeller,  
 Who traps the truant in his lair  
 And bags the "Mighty Dollar."

And some go hunt for it in sacks,  
 While others chase it singly  
 Upon the marts and racecourse tracks,  
 Where sharpers cheat and mingle ;  
 Some wear the badge of servitude,  
 Some don the henchman's collar,  
 Some pocket slurs and insults rude,  
 And all to get the dollar.

To hunt for it exhilarates,  
 To catch it is delightful,  
 While failure sours and irritates,  
 Nay, makes the temper spiteful.  
 The man of worth, the man of mind,  
 The patriot and the scholar,  
 Are handicapped and left behind,  
 Unaided by the dollar.

I never have pursued with zest  
 This game most love to follow,  
 And never felt at all distressed  
 Because my purse is hollow,  
 And never murmur at my lot  
 Although 'tis far from sunny,  
 For God Almighty gave me what  
 I value more than money.

## THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

## I.

The Oakland hills I've loved them well  
 Since first I've climbed their slopes,  
 Though in their shade I grieve to tell  
 I lost my dearest hopes,  
 But I love best where sunset lags  
 And glints like golden ore ;  
 The beetling cliffs the frowning crags  
 Of my own Galtymore.

## II.

Though long within this sunny clime  
 My fortune has been cast,  
 And though amid its scenes sublime  
 I yet may breathe my last ;  
 And though to guard and keep it blest  
 I'd wade through streams of gore,  
 Yet my old land I love it best  
 Where stands old Galtymore.

## III.

For he who slights his native place  
 And feigns to love the new  
 Drove in his bosom one may trace  
 But treason to the two ;  
 Then I love best where sunset lags  
 And glints like golden ore  
 The beetling cliffs, the frowning crags  
 Of my own Galtymore.

## THE THREE PATRIOTS.

How glorious the plains and the valleys  
 Below where the Galtees look down,  
 How bright are the streams that meander  
 And sparkle by village and town ;  
 Oh there I first saw Heaven's sunlight  
 And tasted the nectar of joy,  
 Oh, there I first prattled in childhood  
 And frolicked a light-hearted boy.

But many bright summers have flown  
 Since I fled from those beautiful scenes,  
 An exile I listlessly wander,  
 A blank in my life intervenes.  
 My foot once the fleetest of any  
 Drags slow with the burden of time,  
 And my hair once a cluster of curls  
 Is frosted by many a clime.

'Twas sometime along in the sixties,  
 When war with his red fiery crest  
 Deluged with blood the fair fields  
 Of the young giant land of the west.  
 That a trio of youths in Green Erin  
 Together in friendship were bound,  
 Whose hopes were to see their own land  
 With the diadem of liberty crowned,

Where green hills of Limerick arise  
 Over meadows so gorgeous and gay,  
 With sunshine and tears in the skies,  
 Lay the home of young Johnny O'Day ;  
 Oh, he was as soft as a woman,  
 And wept at the story of woe,  
 But his heart was as noble and valiant  
 As ever confronted a foe.

The pulse of a land ever throbs  
 In the breasts of its heroic men,  
 There are heroes to-day as of old  
 In the depths of old Aherlow's Glen ;  
 And there dwelt young Arty McDonnell  
 Who never in danger did quail,  
 Down by the clear crystal river  
 That waters that beautiful vale,

Where noble Clanwilliam expands  
 Stood the humble mud cabin of Myles,  
 A youth who was pensive and sombre,  
 With flashes of sunshine and smiles.  
 Sweet land you may still hope for freedom,  
 Though crushed by tyrannical laws,  
 While this dastardly age can produce  
 Sons so faithful and true to thy cause.

The love of a father or mother,  
 Indeed may be tender and true,  
 The love of a sister or brother  
 May fall on the breast soft as dew ;  
 The love of pure hearts may be holy,  
 In spite of old Adam's downfall,  
 But the love of those youths for Green Erin  
 Was stronger and purer than all.

The pulse of the nation was throbbing,  
 From Derry's old walls to Cape Clear—  
 The young men and strong men were banded  
 With hearts unacquainted with fear ;  
 Were banded together like brothers,  
 Determined to meet the " Old Foe,"  
 To try for their dear Island Mother,  
 What virtue there's yet in the blow.

They gathered by hillside and valley,  
 They gathered by woodland and glen,  
 The stillness of midnight re-echoed  
 The murmur and tramping of men.  
 There were meetings and drillings by moonlight,  
 O'Day and McDonnell were there,  
 And Myles with his long trusty rifle,  
 As ready to do as to dare.

The leaders they faltered and dallied,  
 They failed in the moment to strike,  
 When true men were panting and ready,  
 With rifle, and sabre and pike,  
 They faltered, they dallied, they lingered,  
 Afraid of the red field of Mars,  
 Till our best and our bravest were scattered,  
 Or captives behind prison bars.

And hirelings and spies scented singly,  
 Or hunted like jackals in packs,  
 And Myles on the hills was an outlaw,  
 These bandogs of death on his tracks ;  
 And the people were dazed in confusion  
 And moped like a shepherdless herd,  
 And Johnny O'Day drooped and faded  
 With hopes that were ever deferred.

That was the sad situation,  
 The sorrowful year—sixty-six,  
 When the edifice raised by James Stephens  
 Had crumbled—" A chaos of bricks,"  
 And hope like a beacon resplendent,  
 That once shed a lustre o'er all,  
 Despair with its mantle enveloped  
 And covered the land like a pall.

Oh, fair are the maids of Green Erin,  
 And charming as ever were seen ;  
 But for beauty and grace none could rival  
 Young lighthearted, gentle Aileen.  
 She and McDonnell were lovers,  
 They plighted their troth long ago,  
 Down in that beautiful valley,  
 Where bright waters sparkle and flow.

Time flew and at length came a summons  
 That called Erin's sons to the field,  
 And Myles was still on the hillside  
 Refusing to fly or to yield,  
 'Twas Shrovetide—McDonnell was wedded,  
 That day to his darling Aileen,  
 And Johnny O'Day with consumption  
 Lay dying near old Pallasgrean.

The wise were dumb with amazement,  
 Who carefully balanced the cost ;  
 The timid ones shrivelled in terror  
 Whose hopes were strangled or lost,  
 But the brave though aware of the folly  
 To beard a fanged brute in his den,  
 Cheerfully answered the summons  
 And went to the slaughter like men.

Oh, tell not the news to McDonnell,  
 Disturb not his rapture they cried,  
 To-day he has wedded his Aileen,  
 Oh, leave him in bliss with his bride ;  
 And tell not the news to young Johnny,  
 Distract not his last dying hour,  
 For soon he will sleep with his fathers,  
 Cut down like a beautiful flower.

There was feasting that night at McDonnell's  
 Carousing and pleasure galore,  
 When old limping Davy the tailor  
 Excitedly rapped at the door,  
 And thundered in tones, clear, triumphant  
 That soon the glad revelry stills ;  
 "McDonnell, Oh ! Arty McDonnell  
 The boys are all out on the hills."

The news to McDonnell was gospel  
 For Davy was trusted and true,  
 And he whispered his own gentle Aileen  
 In words symphatic and few :—  
 "We've plighted our love at God's altar,  
 That death, and death only can break ;  
 And I've sworn to help Mother Erin,  
 And die, if need be, for her sake."

He faltered, then clasped to his bosom  
 His gentle young innocent wife,  
 And she murmured "My husband, my darling,  
 The sunshine the light of my life."  
 "Oh, beautiful Erin lies bleeding" she cried  
 While her tears down did fall,  
 "Oh go join your brothers in arms  
 For duty and honour now call."

The maidens and mothers were sobbing,  
 The old men melted in tears,  
 The young men spoke proudly together  
 Sublime in their vigour and years.  
 "McDonnell, lead on, we will follow,  
 Let slaves shun the battle's fierce brunt,"  
 And out in the midnight they vanished,  
 My gallant young bridegroom in front.

Meanwhile on his bed slowly dying,  
 Young Johnny lay pulseless and weak,  
 The dampness of death on his forehead,  
 The hectic bloom bright on his cheek.  
 "Oh, this is the night of the 'Rising,'  
 Dear Mother," he wailed with a sigh,  
 "Let me go where the sunburst is waving,  
 Beneath its green folds let me die."

In spite of his fond mother's pleading,  
 They bore him to Cullen's green slopes,  
 Where true men and brave were assembled,  
 On fire with the wildest of hopes ;  
 And Erin's Green Banner waved proudly,  
 So proudly aloft in the breeze,  
 And the murmur of voices resembled,  
 The crooning of wind in the trees.

The Winter King out of his palace  
 In all his magnificence dashed,  
 And flung a white mantle o'er nature  
 Afraid that she might feel abashed ;  
 And swept through his realms in triumph,  
 And hushed the soft murmur of spring,  
 And smote the brave heart of young Johnny  
 To death with his cold icy sting.

And they carried him home to his mother,  
 Back through the white virgin snow  
 That lay like a shroud on the hilltops,  
 And deep in the valleys below.  
 They waked him with sorrowful wailings,  
 And wild was his fond mother's grief ;  
 And they laid him to rest with his fathers,  
 Sweet Johnny, the young Fenian Chief.

Wise, prudent men of the present,  
 Well tutored in moral force schools,  
 May sneer at the "men of the hillside"  
 And label them madmen and fools.  
 Yes, mad with the madness of Emmet,  
 And fools with the folly of Tone—  
 Men who to staunch Erin's life blood,  
 Ungrudgingly bartered their own.

Again 'twas the same old, old story,  
 The might of the foemen prevailed,  
 And the movement that promised such glory,  
 Collapsed like a bubble and failed.  
 McDonnell, the daring, the dauntless,  
 A captive in prison was he ;  
 And Myles when hope's star long had faded  
 Escaped to the "Land of the Free."

Oh, woe and alas, darling Aileen,  
 The noble, the peerless, young bride,  
 She silently pined for her husband,  
 She wasted, she sickened, and died.  
 They laid the dead flower by her mother,  
 When May flowers effulgently bloomed,  
 While the light of her heart in a prison,  
 For twenty drear winters was doomed.

'Twas twenty-four years since they laid her  
 To rest in her grave in Mount Bruis,  
 When Myles once the daring young outlaw  
 Then grey haired and old in St. Louis  
 Heard that McDonnell was dying,  
 His wrecked life was nearing its end—  
 Dying in that great foreign city  
 And dying and wanting a friend.

He sought like a person demented  
 The hospital ward where he lay,  
 And the pathos and joy of that meeting  
 I dare not attempt to portray.  
 The bystanders gazed with compassion,  
 The tears trickled fast down each face  
 To see those two exiles of Erin  
 Clasped fast in each others embrace.

"Oh, Myles, truest best of old comrades  
 What fate, cried McDonnell is ours?  
 'Tis God sent you here in His Goodness  
 To solace my last dying hours,  
 Oh, would that kind Heaven so willed it  
 Beside my own Aileen to lie;  
 But with you by my side I am ready  
 Aye, ready and willing to die."

"Oh, Aileen, loved Aileen, I'm coming,"  
 And his face wore a seraphic glow,  
 "I see thee above with the angels  
 In robes, purer, whiter than snow."  
 He ceased, for the soul of McDonnell  
 To join his own Aileen had fled,  
 And Myles knelt and wept by the bedside  
 And kissed the cold lips of the dead,

By broad Mississippi's dark waters  
 'Mid Calvary's green woods and slopes  
 They laid him to rest among strangers,  
 Far, far from the land of his hopes;  
 And Myles at his grave often lingers  
 And moistens with tears the cold clay—  
 And this is the tale of McDonnell  
 Of Myles and young Johnny O'Day.

## DAN SHEA.

They tell me you've made up your mind, Dan Shea,  
 And that you are fully inclined, Dan Shea,  
 To cross the salt sea to the land of the free,  
 And leave those who love you behind, Dan Shea.

It grieves me to hear such ill news, Dan Shea,  
 That one with such radical views, Dan Shea,  
 As you hold, young sir, should sneak off like a cur,  
 And leave none to step in your shoes, Dan Shea.

You have youth and a sinewy hand, Dan Shea,  
 And a heart that should throb for your land, Dan Shea.  
 Then why seek to roam when you're needed at home  
 Is a question I can't understand, Dan Shea.

For 'tis youth with the fire in its veins, Dan Shea,  
 That shatters the taskmaster's chains, Dan Shea;  
 While dotting old age with the airs of the sage  
 But drivels and whines and complains, Dan Shea.

What folly it is then to boast, Dan Shea,  
 Of freedom or even its ghost, Dan Shea;  
 While our manhood and pride fly like sheep terrified  
 In thousands away from her coast, Dan Shea.

Of fortune's frail goddess in quest, Dan Shea,  
 You are bound for the land of the west, Dan Shea  
 Where yellow gold gleams, and prosperity teams  
 To make it the land of the blest, Dan Shea.

Where the eagle, the monarch of birds, Dan Shea,  
 In glory that baffles all words, Dan Shea,  
 Sits proudly above as serene as a dove,  
 And squints at her nondescript herds, Dan Shea.

Where Freedom—of that I'll sing mute, Dan Shea  
 Afraid that it may prove "Dead Sea Fruit," Dan Shea ;  
 But reckon it real, one day when you feel  
 The goad of some beggarly brute, Dan Shea.

You're young and your blood it is hot, Dan Shea,  
 And my words may seem drivel or rot, Dan Shea,  
 But though but a dunce, I was dearly taught once,  
 This lesson I never forgot, Dan Shea.

Then go if you're tempted to go, Dan Shea,  
 Far be it from me to say no, Dan Shea ;  
 But mark what I say, you will yet rue the day  
 You left Motherland in her woe, Dan Shea.

#### A PROSE POEM—EMIGRATION.

Oh, for the days when our people were brave,  
 And oh, for the clangour of battle,  
 And oh, for the time ere our forefathers gave  
 A place to the Sassenach cattle ;  
 And oh, for the days ere the emigrant ship  
 Carried the flower of our land,  
 To feel the sharp lash of the taskmaster's whip,  
 While toiling for bread in some cold land.

Yes, oh, for the years ere the paths o'er the deep  
 Were dotted with big "Ocean Liners,"  
 Where down in the depths, many young heroes sleep—  
 Men, and no crawlers or whiners.  
 And oh, for the days when we measured the foe,  
 Nor cottoned to Whig or to Tory,  
 When heroes were ready to give blow for blow—  
 The days of our splendour and glory.

For the pride of our land are now leaving our shores,  
 Her ports of departure are crowded.  
 The blood of her heart oozes out through her pores,  
 She's deathlike and fit to be shrouded.  
 While West Briton's smile at the dupes all abroad  
 And chuckle with inward elation,  
 And say with a smirk "'Tis the will of the Lord  
 And folly to stop Emigration"

Then what is the use in reviving old sports  
 Or striving in Gaelic to mumble,  
 While maiden and youth are still leaving our shores  
 And Ireland is ready to crumble.  
 Not now is the time to seek troubles or wars  
 And nostrums to make her a nation ;  
 But where are the efforts to put up the bars  
 Or leaders to check Emigration.

#### PIEDMONT HEIGHTS.

I'll sing a song, a pleasant song,  
 To while the hours away,  
 Of a lovely spot where the whole year long,  
 Is bright as the time of May ;  
 Where wind of winter never chills,  
 Nor frost of the northland bites,  
 She lies in the shade of the Oakland hills,  
 The beautiful Piedmont Heights.

She coyly smiles on the bay below,  
 With an eye on the "Golden Gate,"  
 Where stately vessels pass to and fro  
 With cargoes of precious freight ;  
 While far across where the night comes down,  
 There sparkle a million lights ;  
 And weird looks San Francisco Town  
 From beautiful Piedmont Heights.

Her breast is dotted with mansions grand,  
 The silver lake at her knee,  
 On Oakland's brow she lays her head,  
 Her "Soul mate" that's yet to be ;  
 And close behind the hills uprise,  
 Whose verdure the eyes delights—  
 One catches a glimpse of Paradise,  
 In beautiful Piedmont Heights.

When morning sun through my casement streams,  
 From over the deep ravine,  
 I watch its lights as it glints and gleams,  
 And brightens the sylvan scene ;  
 And thank the fates that brought me here,  
 Where one can enjoy his rights,  
 With thanks again when they left me over  
 The beautiful Piedmont Heights.

Old Joaquin Miller, that bard sublime,  
 Who lives in the slope hard by,  
 Could paint her picture in vivid rhyme,  
 And laud her up to the sky.  
 Oh, were I blest with his graphic pen,  
 My muse in her highest flights,  
 Would sing enraptured again and again  
 Of beautiful Piedmont Heights.

Of death's approach I have no fear,  
 He'll come when the time is due,  
 Then let me lie in some graveyard near,  
 "St. Mary's" or "Mountain View";  
 So that my spirit when tired of rest,  
 And wanders abroad of nights,  
 May visit the scenes it loves the best,  
 And beautiful Piedmont Heights.

CUT OUT BOOZE—i.e. GIVE UP DRINK.

I.

Through all my strenuous years at College,  
 In my ears he purred,  
 And many a precious bit of knowledge  
 From his lips I heard;  
 Drinking men he castigated  
 While he beat tattoos  
 And this advice reiterated—  
 "Cut out Booze."

II.

He was old, a wise professor,  
 Artless without pride,  
 And though a plain and simple dresser  
 Looked quite dignified;  
 Who rode erect the "water waggon"  
 Thought that drink hoodoos—  
 So spurned for aye the tempting flagon—  
 "Cut out Booze."

III.

The day I left my *Alma Mater*  
 With a heavy heart,  
 He drank success to me in water  
 Loath to see me part;  
 And bade me heed the sacred Volume  
 That life is no joke,  
 And then in accents low and solemn  
 Thus he spoke:—

IV.

"My youthful friend when you are starting,  
 Starting out in life;  
 And from home and kindred parting  
 With emotions rife;  
 And filled with laudable ambition  
 Upward paths to choose,  
 Heed the old man's admonition  
 "Cut out Booze."

V.

"Or when you are sanely thinking  
 Of a bonny bride,  
 But find your spirits slowly sinking  
 Buffeting the tide,  
 Pull yourself at once together  
 Slip into the "noose,"  
 And counted like your harrassed brother—  
 "Cut out Booze."

VI.

Talent with close application  
 Carries me clean through:—  
 Never practise adulation  
 Give to each his due,  
 Be a close persistent thinker,  
 Spurn the imp that woos  
 Or coaxes you to be a drinker:—  
 "Cut out Booze."

## VII.

"Cut out Booze and nurse your vigour,  
 Join in wise pursuits ;  
 Let drunkards with a craze for liquor  
 Wallow like the brutes,  
 Age a life well spent but mellows  
 Soft as dove that coos ;  
 Be a man among your fellow :—  
 "Cut out Booze."

## THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

My father was a bold pioneer  
 In the hustling days of old ;  
 And wrought for many and many a year  
 In a mad, mad quest for gold ;  
 But vain and futile was his toil,  
 'Twas little of gold he won,  
 Which leaves me here on this frozen soil,  
 In the land of the Midnight Sun.

His restless spirit thrilled my breast  
 And quickened me through and through,  
 And barbed its shafts at a life of rest,  
 And urged me to dare and do.  
 So when resounded the luring cry  
 Of gold from the far Yukon,  
 I heard the call and was forced to fly  
 To the land of the Midnight Sun.

The stamp of youthhood was on my brow  
 When I scorned the life of ease ;  
 And while my bark with a stately prow  
 Ploughed up through the northern seas,  
 Ambition's spirit nerved my hand,  
 And thoughts of the meed to be won,  
 Till I stood entranced in this eerie land—  
 The land of the Midnight Sun.

Alaska's forests are weird and grand,  
 Her rivers are broad and deep,  
 Her plains are boundless, a frozen land,  
 Her mountains are high and steep.  
 I've crossed them all with a conscious pride,  
 For danger I ne'er did shun,  
 Though faithful comrades sank by my side,  
 In the land of the Midnight Sun.

I've dug down deep in the frozen soil  
 Through the endless days of June,  
 And seemed to feel in my ceaseless toil  
 From hunger and sleep immune—  
 With all the luck that my father had  
 In "Arrogant Days" long gone,  
 With all the pluck of my brave old dad  
 In the land of the Midnight Sun.

For still with a faith and hope undimmed  
 I doggedly persevere ;  
 Or look from my cabin, by snow drifts hemmed,  
 On desolate scenes and drear ;  
 On scenes the dreariest and the worst  
 That ever the eye looked on—  
 A fitting abode for one accurst  
 Is the land of the Midnight Sun.

In days to come should I strike it rich  
 I'll fly to the land of my love,  
 Where beauty reaches its highest pitch,  
 And I never again shall rove ;  
 But if blind fortune with fickle taste,  
 Should treat me as she has done,  
 My bones shall lie in some dreary waste  
 In the land of the Midnight Sun.

The pioneer on some trackless shore,  
 In his life-work never fails ;  
 For though he gathers no golden store,  
 He is blazing the world's trails.  
 Who hears my voice as I chant these lines  
 On the shores of the wild Yukon ;  
 Who sees my face through the stunted pines  
 In the land of the Midnight Sun.

## THE DISGRUNTLED POET.

I've wooed the muse for long, long years,  
 And fathered many a ditty,  
 While some were praised by my compeers,  
 The most were vicwed with pity ;  
 For when I tried to sound the deep,  
 I floundered in the shallow ;  
 And now my muse may go to sleep,  
 I'll let my brain lie fallow.

The poet's is a sorry trade  
 And clouded with misgiving,  
 To wield the sledge or ply the spade  
 Is better for a living.  
 Then you who fain would play the bard,  
 Oh dreamy youth and callow,  
 Such luring notions disregard  
 And let your brain lie fallow.

For people looks askance at him,  
 Who plies the bard's vocation—  
 His vacant air bespeaks for him,  
 His mental abberation ;  
 They whisper slyly that his brain  
 Is growing soft as tallow,  
 And lest such views to me pertain,  
 I'll let my brain lie fallow.

When I was young and sought a name,  
 With all my bardic fire on,  
 I longed to climb the hill of fame  
 And rival Moore or Byron ;  
 But not a line have I produced,  
 My memory to hallow ;  
 And so I hope to be excused,  
 When my poor brain lies fallow.

Whenever I attempt a song,  
 My thoughts though in profusion,  
 Appear like scrappers in a throng,  
 Mixed up in dire confusion.  
 I feel like someone in a fog,  
 Who gropes through marshes shallow,  
 And ere I founder in a bog,  
 I'll let my brain lie fallow.

For those benighted ones who think,  
 Gems from their pens are falling ;  
 For those poor scribblers slinging ink,  
 Who've surely lost their calling ;  
 There's work enough and idle hands,  
 The gents long-haired and sallow,  
 May prosper if they use their hands  
 And let their brains lie fallow.

I've known but few to make their bread,  
 Plying the trade of poet ;  
 And what is fame to one when dead ?  
 Dross ; for he'll never know it.  
 'Tis vain for one to sacrifice,  
 Life in a rhyming wallow,  
 When dullards and the worldly wise  
 Thrive while the brain lies fallow.

I know 'tis hard to reach the top  
 Where glory stands inviting ;  
 I know 'tis hard for one to stop  
 Plagued with the itch of writing.  
 I know, indeed, that only few  
 My warning words will swallow,  
 But careless of what others do,  
 I'll let my brain lie fallow.

## THE OLD PIONEER.

## I.

I'm weary of marching I'm weary  
 Where age and senility blend.  
 The road that I travel is dreary  
 And soon it must come to an end.  
 The sweet and the bitter I've tasted,  
 I'm bent with the burden of years :  
 Yet he whom you see wan and wasted  
 Is one of the Old Pioneers.

## II.

Yes, time has elapsed since my vigour  
 Bloomed fresh as a garden in flower  
 When manhood combined with a figure  
 Of my beauty and strength was a dower ;  
 With heart that was made to brave dangers  
 And one that was callous to fears,  
 I sought this fair land of the strangers  
 Along with the Old Pioneers.

## III.

Our watchword our motto was "Credo,"  
 True Argonauts, fearless and bold—  
 We rifled the new "Eldorado"  
 In our reckless scramble for gold,  
 The canyons we mottled as miners,  
 The hillsides we punctured for years,  
 For we were the old "Forty-niners,"  
 Oh, we were the Old Pioneers.

## IV.

We were rough, but were manly for honour  
 And duty was always our creed,  
 And none ever failed to play donor  
 To help a poor brother in need ;  
 But reprobates, thieves and defaulters  
 Were doomed 'mid contumely and jeers,  
 To dangle aloft from strong halters  
 When judged by the Old Pioneers.

## V.

While some were at fault in the seeking,  
 Some gathered a bright golden store ;  
 But he, the old chap who is speaking  
 Just managed to live and no more ;  
 For though with a zest he sought treasures  
 As eager as all his compeers,  
 He relished excitement and pleasures  
 Like most of the Old Pioneers

## VI.

Yes, they, the old Argonauts blazed it  
 The trail through the forest and wold ;  
 But gleaners and grafters erased it,  
 They looted—they garnered the gold ;  
 But their fame and their prowess in story  
 Shall glint down the cycles of years,  
 And fringe with a halo of glory  
 The names of the Old Pioneers.

## THE ANCIENT MARINER.

Oh, the vanished years when I sailed the main,  
 A mariner brave and bold,  
 Will never, never come back again  
 To one who is poor and old ;  
 But while to-day I supinely lie,  
 I pride on the glorious trips  
 Of days gone by, when my mates and I  
 "Went down to the sea in ships,"

## II.

The sultry climes of the Torrid Zone  
 Then to me were a sunny field ;  
 I recked not the shores where the breakers moan,  
 And the spray on the shrouds congealed ;  
 For with strength and health and a ready eye,  
 A tar to my finger tips,  
 My hopes were high, when my mates and I  
 "Went down to the sea in ships."

## III.

I sailed in my day the "Seven Seas,"  
 And over the earth's five zones ;  
 I know each wind from the mildest breeze  
 To the fiercest of fierce cyclones ;  
 But never a wail or a puling cry  
 In danger escaped my lips,  
 None feared to die, when my mates and I  
 "Went down to the sea in ships,"

## IV.

When wild simoon, or hurricane blast  
 Of our good stout ship made sport,  
 And I swayed aloft on the dizzy mast,  
 Then I thought of joys in port.  
 The skipper's temper so often high,  
 And his curses that cut like whips,  
 I passed them by, when my mates and I  
 "Went down to the sea in ships."

## V.

When storms were spent, and the fight was won,  
 And our good ship scurried along  
 With white wings spread, and the work was done,  
 Then I revelled in mirth and song ;  
 Or thought of my sweetheart with a sigh  
 And the kiss of her ruby lips ;  
 For love stood by, when my mates and I  
 "Went down to the sea in ships."

## VI.

My hopes were then that beneath the foam  
 My bones in its depths would lie ;  
 But now in the turf near the "Sailors' Home"  
 They'll bury me deep when I die.  
 Yet till death shall come with his baleful eye,  
 When the last of my life-blood drips,  
 I'll ever sigh for the days when I  
 "Went down to the sea in ships."

## FOURPENCE HA'PENNY IN THE POUND.

## I.

O, had I wit and learning, or the genius of a bard,  
 I'd chant the praise of Chadwick, Cooper-Chadwick, Ballinard,  
 For he's the pink of landlords, and his equals can't be found,  
 Sure he's granted his poor tenants "Fourpence Ha'penny in the  
 Pound."

## II.

And these fortunate clodhoppers, in receipt of such a boon,  
 Are jubilant as children chasing bees in flowery June ;  
 And vow it is a pleasure for to rent a spot of ground  
 From a master who thus grants them "Fourpence Ha'penny in the  
 Pound."

## III.

With his bounty in their pockets, they can laugh these trying times  
 To scorn, as the critics will, my rude uncultured rhymes ;  
 For their prospects are delightful as they listen to the sound,  
 When they jingle in their pockets "Fourpence Ha'penny in the  
 Pound."

## IV.

A fig for bad potatoes, and a fig for Indian gruel,  
 And a fig for agitators ever prating of Home Rule—  
 They can feast on beef and bacon, and Home Rule is but a sound  
 And a bubble when compared to "Fourpence Ha'penny in the  
 Pound."

## V.

Oh, Parnell, you arch-traitor, stop your vile seditious trade,  
 For this act of Cooper-Chadwick, throws your teaching in the shade  
 And you, ye silly creatures, vainly trying to "roll the ball."  
 Fourpence ha'penny is far better than to pay no rent at all.

## VI.

And you the people's people, stop your blatherskite as well,  
 And be orthodox, like Bellum versus Bottom, in Clonmel,  
 Your teaching is rank heresy, aye, anything but sound,  
 And is never worth a fellow "Fourpence Ha'penny in the Pound."

## VII.

Then, hurrah for Cooper-Chadwick, and long may his honour reign ;  
 May the spirit often move him for to do such deeds again ;  
 And when death at length shall claim him, let his monument be  
 crowned  
 With the motto in gold letters "Fourpence Ha'penny in the Pound."

## SHRONELL.

God pity the youth who is fated to roam  
 From the home of his heart and devotion,  
 Who is forced by misfortune to seek for a home  
 In some strange land far over the ocean.  
 I sigh with regret for the days long gone by  
 When I basked in the smiles of my own Nell,  
 Ere fortune compelled me for ever to fly  
 From my humble mud cabin near Shronell.

Shronell, the spot where old "William the blind"  
 Sang hope in our dark night of sorrow,  
 When Motherland lay like a poor bleeding hind  
 Whom death might release on the morrow ;  
 'Twas there that I basked in the smiles of my Nell,  
 There centred my fondest affection.  
 And there I loved sorrowing Ireland as well  
 And hoped in the midst of dejection.

My curse on the despots who proudly bestride  
 Our land, and that treacherous churl  
 Who once in his wanton and rufianly pride  
 Insulted my beautiful girl ;  
 I took him to task, but my anger he fanned  
 And goaded me sore with his scoffing—  
 I struck him to earth, and the mark of my hand  
 He carried through life to his coffin.

By hirelings of England who came at his back  
 Chased round like a poor hunted hare in  
 The scenes of my youth 'til I stood on the deck  
 Of the good ship that bore me from Erin.  
 A year from that day a black sealed letter came  
 With sorrowful news that my own Nell  
 Had gone to her rest blessing me and my name,  
 And sleeps in the churchyard in Shronell.

Up and down through this land I have wandered since then  
 An outcast almost broken-hearted,  
 Shunning the haunts and the pleasures of men,  
 Lamenting my darling departed ;  
 I sit all alone when released from my toil  
 At eve when the daylight is dying,  
 And look through my tears towards the beautiful Isle—  
 Where the pulse of my bosom is lying,

When I was a youth ere my sorrows began,  
 Or the cup of affliction I tasted,  
 The neighbours and friends were all proud of young Dan,  
 But see me now worn and wasted ;  
 But should I revisit the home of my heart  
 Never smile at the *cut* of poor *Donall*,  
 But make me a grave when from life I depart,  
 A grave by my Nelly in Shronell.

## A LAMENT FOR BROTHER ERMINOLD.

### I.

That red-letter day when regret found a place  
 In my breast, I shall ever remember,  
 For time in its changes can never efface  
 That dreary sixth day of November ;  
 For, oh, on that day round St Mary's old walls  
 Hovered death, that grim horrible spectre,  
 Then swooped like a hawk through her broad silent halls  
 For his prey—our beloved Director.

### II.

And there in his vigour and bloom struck him down,  
 And for ever extinguished the knowledge  
 Of him who was deemed a bright gem in the crown,  
 That encircles the brow of our college.  
 We looked in the face that we cherished for years,  
 But fancied death's stamp an illusion,  
 Then fled from his presence to stifle our tears,  
 Or to let them flow forth in profusion.

### III.

For pulseless and cold lay the bosom that once,  
 Was the seat of true manhood and kindness,  
 And dimmed were the eyes that so mildly could glance,  
 Yet to fraud or deceit showed no blindness ;  
 And stilled was the tongue that could keenly respond  
 With pathos and wit like O'Connell's ;  
 But Erminold sleeps in "God's Acre" beyond,  
 A son of the noble O'Donnells.'

## THE ROCK OF SOBRIETY.

'Tis vicious to say :—Go and have a good time,  
 That life was ordained to enjoy it,  
 For selfish indulgence leads only to crime,  
 And nature's best gift, we destroy it.  
 To gorge as a brute, only gluttons condone,  
 And drunkards but swill to satiety,  
 And fortune is mostly propitious to one  
 Who stands on The Rock of Sobriety.

The green callow youth scarcely out of his teens  
 Oft barter his God given treasures,  
 To follow the footsteps of worthless "have beens."  
 Whose lives are a round of vile pleasures.  
 For age in its folly as well as raw youth  
 Is eager for change or variety ;  
 But he who has wisdom holds fast to the truth  
 And stands on The Rock of Sobriety.

The pleasures enjoyed are but ashes and dust  
 For which we were once wont to hanker,  
 And bring us but loathing, with shame and disgust  
 And leave in our hearts but a canker ;  
 And while with impatience we try to endure  
 The pangs of remorse and anxiety,  
 We envy our neighbour so safe and secure  
 Who stands on The Rock of Sobriety.

To pose as a mentor is not my design,  
 Nor strut as a great moral teacher,  
 The duty belongs to men trained in that line—  
 I leave it to priest and to preacher.  
 For while I have had small reward for my skill  
 And have of good sense but a moiety,  
 I've done my endeavours through good and through ill  
 To cling to The Rock of Sobriety.

#### TRY A DROP OF MALT.

Men of sense and self respect,  
 The drunken ones despise,  
 And men of mind and intellect  
 Abhor the worldly wise ;  
 For sots and selfish men at best  
 Are scarcely worth their salt ;  
 But sane ones when they feel depressed  
 Should try a Drop of Malt.

"Tis wise for one to take a pledge  
 Who's prone to "run the pace,"  
 'Twill keep him off "the ragged edge"  
 And save him from disgrace ;  
 But, one unconsciously offends,  
 And seems to be in fault,  
 Who with old neighbours or old friends,  
 Declines a Drop of Malt.

The man who rigidly abstains  
 Preserves his self-respect,  
 And is alert to use his brains  
 And keep his head erect ;  
 But as he plods his lonesome way,  
 Too dignified to halt,  
 He envies old companions gay  
 Who try a Drop of Malt.

Though wise and worthy men pursue  
 The road that leads to health,  
 And though in life there's more to do,  
 Than that of hoarding wealth ;  
 Yet he who thinks dull care intends  
 His bulwarks to assault,  
 Should seek companionship with friends  
 And try a Drop of Malt.

#### THE IRISH SHONEEN.

Here's a health to the hero undaunted  
 Who keeps a bold front to the foe—  
 The one who is ready when wanted  
 To strike or to parry the blow ;  
 Whose heart throbs with love for his mother—  
 His mother—his own ocean queen,  
 But shame on his freak of a brother—  
 The sleek little Irish Shoneen.

Thank God, we have heroes as plenty  
 To-day, as in days gone by,  
 And our strength when united is twenty  
 Times more than we think, if we try,  
 Enough to make tyranny tremble  
 In spite of its bulwarks and screens,  
 Though propped by false friends who dissemble  
 And braced by the wily Shoneens.

This hybrid Shoneen at his best is  
 No righter or soother of ills,  
 The lump he calls heart in his breast is  
 As cold as the snow on the hills.  
 He toadies, he bows to the spoiler,  
 He fawns so disgustingly mean,  
 And looks with contempt on the toiler,  
 Who frowns at this worthless Shoneen.

What folly it is to preach union  
 With creatures as soulless as he,  
 Can liberty's sons hold communion  
 With slaves who don't want to be free.  
 Away with such knaves, we don't need 'em,  
 To us they are traitors unclean,  
 The nod of a lord is the freedom  
 That's sought by the slavish Shoneen.

He gloats at the fate of his neighbours  
 Who groan under Sassenach laws—  
 He thwarts, he despises the labours,  
 Of those who would better their cause ;  
 He chuckles to see our youth flying  
 Forever, away from old scenes,  
 And Ireland in apathy lying,  
 Till peopled by brother Shoneens.

Then blow ye wild winds from the ocean,  
 Oh, blow, without any delay,  
 And sweep with a hurricane motion  
 Our traitors and rascals away ;  
 Though foes from our ranks are recruited—  
 From greybeards to sprigs in their teens,  
 Our land is disgraced and polluted,  
 The most, by her crawling Shoneens.

#### A COT AND AN ACRE OF GROUND.

The life of a land is the toiler  
 Whose labour enriches the soil,  
 The curse of a land is the spoiler  
 Who gathers the fruits of man's toil.  
 The curse of our land is the Saxon  
 Who deems himself master of all,  
 And clutches our throats tight as wax on  
 The floor of a banquetting hall.

Then let us join hands friends and neighbours  
 And strive 'til our efforts are crowned,  
 To get each poor fellow who labours—  
 "A cot and an acre of ground."

The task of each true son of Erin  
 Is one to get Motherland freed,  
 And he feels neither grief nor despair in  
 His heart if he does not succeed,  
 But tries, tries again with new vigour  
 And all the persistence of man ;  
 But failing to reach freedom's figure  
 He wrests from the foe what he can.

Then let us join hands, etc.

Though Ireland is crushed by the spoiler  
 And writhes at his merciless stroke,  
 It is he, the poor famishing toiler  
 That feels the full weight of his yoke.  
 His dwelling is only a hovel  
 And scanty and coarse is his meal—  
 Yes, he with the spade and the shovel  
 The Sassenach pounds with his heel.

Then let us join hands, etc.

In a land like the Lords' Land of Promise  
 A clime that outrivals all climes—  
 Go see for yourself doubting Thomas—  
 If falsehood there be in my rhymes—  
 See labour despised and degraded  
 And friendless in moments of need,  
 Fighting life's battle unaided—  
 Opposed by the demon of greed.

Then let us join hands, etc.

Yet labour with muscle and sinew  
 That slaves in the sweat of its brow  
 Has ever my friends sought to win you  
 Your rights—prove your gratitude now ;  
 Lend a hand with a will, do not whittle,  
 Its claims 'til its efforts are crowned—  
 God knows, what it asks for is little—  
 A cot and an acre of ground.

Then let us join hands, etc.

Sons of labour let nothing induce you  
 To leave the old land of your birth,  
 And though robbers may rob and traduce you,  
 Your land is the fairest on earth.  
 Foreign lands may seem pleasant and sunny  
 To children who prattle and lisp,  
 But he who goes roving for money  
 Goes hunting a Will-o-the Wisp.

Then let us join hands, etc.

I wish you success and God's blessing,  
 Be on all your efforts my friends,  
 May zephyrs of peace come caressing  
 Your homes when adversity ends.  
 The singer who sings those crude verses  
 Is yours until death staunch and sound.  
 Go win in the teeth of reverses  
 A cot and an acre of ground.

Then let us join hands friends and neighbours  
 And strife 'till our efforts are crowned,  
 To get each good fellow who labours  
 A cot and an acre of ground.

## OUR LEADERS.

### I.

The Galtees look down on a bright little town,  
 In the fairest of emerald valleys,  
 Where heroes abound—in that now hallowed ground,  
 The vanguard of Liberty rallies,  
 As true and as bold as e'er was controlled,  
 Or tasted the blessings of Freedom.  
 United they stand in the cause of our land,  
 With heroes the boldest to lead them.

CHORUS—The true and the bold are unpurchased  
 by gold,  
 And a dastard is he who cries halt on,  
 The march of the brave, with our own  
 Father Dave,  
 And our noble and gallant young D'Alton.

### II.

Our dear Father Dave is a clergyman brave,  
 A tender and true hearted "soggarth,"  
 And pure as a saint whom an artist might paint  
 With genius and brush of a Hogarth ;  
 But my simple quill devoid of all skill  
 Could never portray his devotion,  
 And duty to God and the darling "Old Sod"—  
 Our green little Isle of the Ocean.

The true and the bold, etc., etc.

### III.

The vile Saxon law our good priest cannot awe,  
 The dungeon for him has no terrors,  
 Our rampart of power in this now mortal hour—  
 Oh truth in the midst of our errors !  
 With his strong hand to stay shall we faint by the way,  
 Must our "Light" disappear like a comet.  
 Shall we throw up the sponge, when we once made the plunge,  
 And like cur dogs crawl back to our vomit.

The true and the bold, etc., etc.

### IV.

"Our own" M. O'B. holds the Flag of the Free,  
 Aloft o'er the citadel waving—  
 "No quarter," he cries, while the old standard flies,  
 "Nor boon from the enemy craving,"  
 Scaffolds may loom through futurity's gloom  
 Or the tortures and chains of a prison ;  
 But he glows in relief like a noble young chief  
 Of a nation from slavery risen.

The true and the bold, etc., etc.

### V.

First in the fight and the boldest to smite,  
 And brightest and best of examples,  
 He flung down the gage to the "lord" in his rage—  
 To the venomous tyrant who tramples.  
 With these two chiefs to lead, none but traitors secede,  
 'Mid the jeers of all honest beholders,  
 And we court but contempt should we dare to attempt  
 To saddle our faults on their shoulders.

The true and the bold, etc., etc.

## VI.

It is idle to preach by example or speech,  
 To him who was never a true man ;  
 But true men alone, in this struggle have shown  
 A vigour almost superhuman.  
 Then hurrah for the brave ! and God bless Father Dave,  
 What carpers will dare pick a fault in,  
 Our own valiant chief, who will bring us relief,  
 With our noble and gallant young Dalton.

The true and the bold, etc., etc.

## CIGARETTES—A CAUTION.

You want to stunt your intellects  
 And vitiate your brains ?  
 You want your young blood pulsing  
 Dull and tainted through your veins ?  
 You want your years of manhood  
 Made a season of regrets ?  
 If so, keep on your smoking—  
 Keep on smoking cigarettes.

You want your bodies wasted  
 And your faces gaunt and pale  
 From deadly fumes of nicotine  
 You heedlessly inhale ?  
 You want to blast God's gifts to you  
 Ignoring nature's debts ?  
 If so, keep on your smoking—  
 Keep on smoking cigarettes.

You want to pose as imbeciles  
 Among your youthful peers—  
 To change your looks of manliness  
 To idiotic leers ;  
 To graduate as human wrecks  
 That every ill besets ?  
 If so, keep on your smoking—  
 Keep on smoking cigarettes.

You want to sap the energy  
 That climbs the height of fame ?  
 You long to smirch the rectitude  
 That wins a deathless name ?  
 You seek, perhaps companionship,  
 With Satan's graceless pets ?  
 If so, keep on your smoking—  
 Keep on smoking cigarettes.

You pine to go the journey  
 That no leech can intercept ?  
 To totter to a nameless grave  
 Unpitied and unwept ?  
 And leave a name behind you  
 That your dearest soon forgets ?  
 If so keep on your smoking—  
 Keep on smoking cigarettes.

## THE BALKAN HEROES.

The world is full of rumours and alarms,  
 Men stand erect and wonder at their work,  
 For the Heroes of the Balkans are in arms  
 And smashing the unmentionable Turk ;  
 And the Crescent now goes down before their rifles  
 And Freedom's flag is waving in the sky,  
 And the States that were by despots counted trifles  
 Are showing earth how men can fight and die.

The "sick man" once by rulers nursed and petted  
 In order to attain their own vile ends—  
 Whose scimitars their lucre long has whetted  
 Will find that he has leant on faithless friends ;  
 For if the meddling diplomats and war kings  
 Now leave the hated tyrant to his fate  
 The prowess of the heroes of the Balkans  
 Will force him in despair to abdicate.

For Moslem rule already is nigh shattered  
 That deluged Europe's fields with Christian blood,  
 And the cohorts of its tyranny are scattered  
 From where in brutal arrogance they stood ;  
 And the sceptre of their power will soon be riven  
 And with rapture the oppressed will hear their yells  
 As with shot and shell and curses they are driven  
 To desert fields beyond the Dardanelles.

The flame that fiercely rages now through Turkey  
 May soon set distant nations in a blaze,  
 For men oppressed, though prospects may seem murky  
 Can fight to-day as well as in old days—  
 They fraternise and look with eyes that glisten  
 And act like slaves from bondage just released,  
 Or stand erect with eager ears to listen  
 To freedom loudly calling from the East.

Oh! Irishmen long trampled down by tyrants  
 The dawn is near, then let us all rejoice,  
 And you who are sweet Liberty's aspirants  
 Come shout with me in one exultant voice ;  
 "God bless the Greeks, the Servians and Bulgarians  
 Who blaze the trail that leads to Freedom's goal ;  
 And when they cease to scourge the foul barbarians  
 May Moslem rule be dead from pole to pole."

#### THE MINSTREL DESPONDENT.

I'm sitting alone in my room, to-night,  
 Thinking of days that are flown,  
 I'm sitting alone in the gloom, to-night,  
 Grieving for friends I had known ;  
 And though from long absence I'm home to-night,  
 Long years that have whitened my head—  
 And eager no longer to roam, to-night,  
 My heart is as heavy as lead.

I thought as I stood on some lone strand once,  
 When tortured with trouble and pain,  
 That, if I were back in my own land once,  
 Black sorrow would seek me in vain ;  
 Yet I feel as I sit in my room to-night,  
 While tempted no longer to roam,  
 Around me a spirit of gloom to-night,  
 That makes one seem exiled at home.

The youth of to-day, though they know me not,  
 All greet me at meeting and Mass,  
 But the bodagh and craven, they show me not  
 One welcoming glance as I pass ;  
 For I, in my ardour once urged them well,  
 Like true men and heroes to stand,  
 And then in my ballads I scourged them well  
 Because they were false to their land.

The skies look as murky or clear to me,  
 As ever they looked in my life,  
 My land is as fair and as dear to me,  
 As once in my moments of strife ;  
 Our rising young blood are no cold men all,  
 Nor feel for the Sassenach dread,  
 But I mourn old friends who were bold men all,  
 Now scattered for ever or dead,

#### WILLIAM HURLEY—A DIRGE.

At times some glad news is flashed over the sea  
 That the heart of the weary one gladdens ;  
 Or some sorrowful tidings is wafted to me—  
 Some tale of misfortune that saddens.  
 This night round my cabin while winter winds rave,  
 And the storm king is here grim and surly,  
 Comes the news that my friend slumbers cold in the grave—  
 The friend of my youth—William Hurley.

#### II.

What need to recount them, the virtues and grace  
 Of him who lies cold in "God's Acre"—  
 The big honest heart where deceit had no place—  
 That loved human kind like its maker.  
 The poor will regret him, their kindest of friends,  
 And Motherland weep in dejection  
 For one of the few that the Lord sometimes sends  
 To show human nature's perfection.

## III.

I grieve for his loss for he once gave me proof,  
 That to me he was more than a brother—  
 He sheltered me, *outlawed*, beneath his own roof,  
 When refuge I found from no other ;  
 When vile Saxon bandogs were close on my track  
 He shielded me safe from disaster,  
 And recked not the yelps of the blood-thirsty pack,  
 Nor the wrath of their Sassenach master.

## IV.

The void that he leaves in our hearts, who can fill—  
 Oh ! Death ! wert thou ever so cruel,  
 To steal from our midst with a thief's cunning skill  
 Our brightest and costliest jewel.  
 Avaunt ! all ye tricksters who claim to be true,  
 And you *bodaghs* so pompous and burly,  
 Our dead friend was worth a whole legion like you—  
 Oh, peace to your soul—William Hurley.

## THE OLD IRISH REBEL.

I met him in the land that's called the "Golden,"  
 An exile from the isle that gave him birth,  
 The picture of the sage in days "ye olden,"  
 Whose wisdom fell like manna on the earth ;  
 And for his race and country he was sighing,  
 For both he strove through life to disenthral  
 And his hatred of the Saxon seemed undying,  
 And I wondered 'till the old man told me all.

"I've learned" he said the woes of Mother Erin  
 Since I was but a child on father's knee ;  
 I saw brave men in boyhood's years preparing  
 The trusty pike to serve them to be free ;  
 And my youthful heart was torn with affliction  
 And swelled with indignation to behold  
 The poor and helpless victims of eviction  
 Cast out to starve and perish in the cold."

"I saw the tyrants mad as dogs with rabies,  
 As fiercely through our trampled land they strode,  
 And gaunt but loving mothers and their babies  
 Dead of cold and hunger on the road,  
 I saw the 'old stock' dying in the 'pest house,'  
 Then fostered by a hateful Orange board,  
 While each vile and loathsome minion got the best house  
 And farm that the parish could afford."

I saw our best and boldest hearts from Mizen  
 Up to the frowning cliffs of Donegal,  
 Cursed and bound while starving in a prison  
 By hounds of those who keep our land in thrall ;  
 I saw the floating plague spots on the ocean  
 Where Irish bones lie buried in the sands,  
 And I've seen my exiled brothers with emotion  
 Bowed down by grinding toil in many lands.

"And in my heart of hearts I cursed the tyrants,  
 And curse them as the authors of our woe,  
 And joined with heart and soul those bold aspirants  
 Whose faith and hope are centred in the blow ;  
 And though my life and death be but a pebble  
 That's tossed by careless hands in some abyss,  
 Then ask me not the reason I'm a rebel—  
 Why like a venomed snake I strike or hiss."

## LIFE.

I stood on the shore by the placid sea  
 That lay like a shining mirror ;  
 Then life looked so rosy and bright to me,  
 That its strife seemed shorn of terror.  
 That was in youth in the "olden time"  
 When earth seemed a garden of beauty—  
 That was at home in the "golden clime"  
 When pleasure sat smiling at duty.  
 Where wild wind over the hill-tops sweeps,  
 And balms in the vale caress her,  
 And kiss the lips of my queen that sleeps—  
 My Island Queen—God bless her.

## II.

I stand on the rocks by the angry sea,  
 Storm-lashed, awfully surging,  
 And white caps revel and dance in glee,  
 And seem towards my feet converging ;  
 And blighted hopes through the seething foam  
 Of the waves are madly flying,  
 And I am far from my native home  
 Where the friends of my youth are lying.  
 Where wild wind over the hill-tops sweeps,  
 And balms in the vale caress her,  
 And kiss the lips of my queen that sleeps—  
 My Island Queen—God bless her.

RHYMES OF AN IRISH PEELER.

AIR—*The Boyne Water.*

You Irish youths and good men all,  
 Come give me your attention,  
 I pledge my word the truth to state,  
 In every word I mention.  
 My tale I'll tell in verse, and sing,  
 Although I'm but a squealer ;  
 With your consent I'll call my song,  
 " Rhymes of an Irish Peeler."

I was born forty years ago  
 Not many miles from Kerry,  
 But am no spawn of foreign blood,  
 Nor "'prentice boy" of Derry ;  
 But come of fine old Irish stock—  
 Father was a repealer,  
 While I uphold the enemy—  
 Serve as an Irish Peeler.

We were poor and father toiled,  
 His hardships were unbroken ;  
 But death soon came to ease his woes—  
 His health and spirit broken.  
 My sisters fond and brothers brave  
 Over the ocean hied them,  
 They seek for bread in foreign lands—  
 Bread that was here denied them.

Death's call which mortals all must hear  
 Soon reached my darling mother—  
 Parents both in the old churchyard  
 Slumber in peace together.  
 Left alone and of Foreign lands,  
 Feeling a strong misgiving,  
 I took sides with the enemy  
 All for an idle living.

My brothers true beyond the seas  
 When told of my perversion—  
 How I had sold myself for gold  
 And sided with coercion.  
 Cut me off, as a faithless friend,  
 Too vile to be saluted—  
 Oh ! once so proud of their manly love  
 I feel like one polluted.

The brutal acts I'm forced at times,  
 For those I serve to perform.  
 That pride in very shame sinks down  
 Like the glass before the storm.  
 My heart revolts when called to help  
 To wreck the poor man's cottage—  
 Such work befits the wretch who sold  
 Himself for a mess of pottage.

I strut along, and look so bold,  
 While spirits down keep sinking,  
 I fancy honest men I meet  
 Some thoughts like this are thinking ;  
 " There goes one in the foeman's garb,  
 Who race and land dishonours,  
 That heartless knave and renegade  
 Comes of the old O'Connors."

The grand old hills, round my old home,  
 My eyes shall see them never.  
 From youthful friends when I was pure  
 I'm parted now for ever.  
 Alone in my old land am I,  
 Hated duties fulfilling—  
 But true men bleed, while renegades  
 Pocket the "Saxon Shilling."

Could thoughts of mortal man be based—  
 Blazoned so all may read 'em—  
 Mine are prayers that I might die  
 For land and blessed freedom.  
 The future yet may give that chance—  
 A war or revolution,  
 That friends and race and native land  
 Would grant me absolution.

Then young men all, true Irish sons,  
 Who seek an avocation,  
 Pause, ere you blindly go astray,  
 To scourge our hapless nation.  
 As well to be a traitor base,  
 A thief or vicious dealer,  
 Nay, more, a hangman out and out,  
 As turn an Irish Peeler.

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## INDEX.

	PAGE
Aherlow's Glen	1
John Bull	2
The Tramp	4
The Yellow Furze	5
Rory Oge of Carnreddy	6
Peter O'Neill Crowley—A Dirge	7
Michael O'Dwyer	9
Be a Man	10
To Mother Ireland	11
Keep the Grave of Russell Green	13
Michael D'Alton	14
My "Mother-in-Law"	15
Our Peelers	16
The Rose of Killeely	17
Master Phil	18
Davy Rhu	20
Old Tim and Jack Clancy	22
The Moaning of Trees in the Night	23
The two Friends	24
Take a leaf from the Book of the Cubans	31
My Gentle Aileen	32
Faith and Fatherland	32
When Peggy and I Eloped	34
The Dying Rebel	36
Song—Eveleen	37
The Exile's Return	37
One of the Forty-Niners	39
Tom Desmond	41
Ninety-eight	42
Larry	45
Tom Kane	47
The Old Sport	50
Keep Pegging away	51
John Daly of Limerick City	52
The Glen of Aherlow	54
The Outlaw's Death	56
An Invocation	57
Song—Near the Creamery	58

INDEX—Continued.

	PAGE
The Failure ... ..	59
The Battle of Ballycohey, Tipperary .. ..	61
Queries and Replies ... ..	63
The Four Birds ... ..	64
A Dirge of the Dying Year ... ..	66
The Fenian Outlaw ... ..	67
Tiobrad Aran ... ..	68
In Memoriam—Father Hennessy ... ..	69
My Irish Cothamore ... ..	70
The Exiled Minstrel ... ..	72
The Anti-Union Man's Lament ... ..	73
A New Song on an Old Topic ... ..	75
The Hurlers of Glen-acos-lan ... ..	76
When Dempsey forged the Pikes ... ..	78
Father Matt ... ..	80
Self-Reliance—An Appeal ... ..	82
An Expostulation ... ..	82
The Vigil of Myles ... ..	84
The Men of Sixty-five ... ..	85
Burke—Who fired with his Wooden Leg ... ..	87
The Future Poet ... ..	89
The Rummer of Punch ... ..	91
The Emigrant ... ..	92
Paddy Casey ... ..	93
The Coat of Scarlet ... ..	94
The Golden Vein ... ..	95
Old Jemmy's Sorrows ... ..	96
When they dug O'Grady's Spuds ... ..	98
A Warning ... ..	100
An Appeal—Anti-Emigration ... ..	102
Thanksgiving—American ... ..	103
Break up the Cattle Ranches ... ..	105
A Western Ballad ... ..	106
The Timid Man ... ..	110
Old Memories ... ..	112
My Irish-American Wife ... ..	113
Home Longings ... ..	115
Oom Paul ... ..	116

INDEX—Continued.

	PAGE
The Men of To-day ... ..	117
Barnane ... ..	119
Never slumber at your Post ... ..	120
The Gobbler's Lament ... ..	121
Darby Ryan, The Bard of Ashgrove .. ..	122
The Ballycohey Hero (Duplicate of No. 7) ... ..	9
Old Tim's Song—Ned and I ... ..	124
The Exile's Request ... ..	126
The Fenian Outlaw (Duplicate of No. 45) ... ..	67
Life in American Slums ... ..	128
The Reply of Myles ... ..	130
The Macs and the O's. ... ..	132
The Weather—An Invocation ... ..	134
Tipperary in the Van ... ..	134
Ballyhurst ... ..	136
The Men of Sixty-five (Duplicate of No. 58) ... ..	85
The Maid of Cullen ... ..	137
Our Irish Conceit ... ..	138
Shawn Gorrive ... ..	139
Be a Man (Duplicate of No. 8). ... ..	10
The Tyrant's Fate ... ..	141
The Patriot Bard ... ..	144
Diarmid Fodhha ... ..	145
The Irish-American Soldier ... ..	146
Reflections of Myles ... ..	149
Buckshot Forster ... ..	150
Kitty O'Hara ... ..	151
Slievenamuck ... ..	152
Tom is Dead ... ..	153
Brother Michael—A Dirge ... ..	155
My Old Mountain Home ... ..	156
The Landlord and his Bailiffs they must go ... ..	157
Patrick ... ..	159
The Pint of Porter ... ..	159
The Collegians ... ..	161
Back to Mother Erin ... ..	162
My Gallant Fenian Soldier ... ..	163
An Invocation to the New Year ... ..	165

	PAGE
California ... ..	166
A Warning (Duplicate of No. 68) ... ..	100
Our Peelers (Duplicate of No. 13) ... ..	16
The Poet ... ..	167
Farewell to St. Marys ... ..	168
The Man with the Cauliflower Ear ... ..	169
Short and Sweet ... ..	170
Welcome to Douglas Hyde ... ..	171
Father Larry ... ..	172
The Conquering Boers ... ..	173
Proud I am Irish ... ..	174
Tommy Saunders ... ..	178
Bereaved ... ..	180
The Mighty Dollar ... ..	180
The Song of the Exile ... ..	182
The Three Patriots ... ..	182
Dan Shea ... ..	189
Emigration ... ..	190
Piedmont Heights ... ..	191
Cut out Booze—Give up Drink ... ..	192
The Land of the Midnight Sun ... ..	194
The Disgruntled Poet ... ..	196
The Old Pioneer ... ..	197
The Ancient Mariner ... ..	199
Fourpence Ha'penny in the Pound ... ..	200
Shronell ... ..	201
A Lament for Brother Erminold ... ..	203
The Rock of Sobriety ... ..	203
Try a Drop of Malt ... ..	204
The Irish Shoneen ... ..	205
A Cot and an Acre of Ground ... ..	206
Our Leaders ... ..	208
Cigarettes ... ..	210
The Balkan Heroes ... ..	211
The Minstrel Despondent ... ..	212
William Hurley—A Dirge ... ..	213
The Old Irish Rebel ... ..	214
Life ... ..	215
The Rhymes of an Irish Peeler ... ..	216

1. **AHERLOW GLEN**—A beautiful valley in South Tipperary, lying between the Slievenamuck range and the Galtees, and is about eight miles long, and two in width.
2. **JOHN BULL**—or England, cares nothing for the abuse we heap or may heap on him.
4. **THE TRAMP**—A sample of the "Genus Homo," who will not work, and is to be found in every country.
5. **THE YELLOW FURZE**—A domestic love song.
6. **RORY OGE OF CARNREDDY**—A love song of Tipperary. Carnreddy is a small lake or pond in the vicinity of that town.
7. **PETER O'NEILL CROWLEY**—A famous Fenian leader who was killed in Kilclooney Wood in March, '67.
9. **MICHAEL DWYER**—The leader of the Ballycohey heroes who fought the tyrant Scully successfully, in August, '68.
10. **BE A MAN**—A true man is worth all the politicians, trimmers and money gatherers that ever existed.
11. **TO MOTHERLAND**—An exile's yearnings for his native land.
13. **KEEP THE GRAVE OF RUSSELL GREEN.**—Russell was a fine young peasant, who was slain by the hirelings of England, at Ballyhurst, near Tipperary, in March, '67.
14. **MICHAEL D'ALTON**—A fine manly Irishman of Tipperary, who was Chairman of the Urban Council, and Chairman of the Board of Guardians for years, and my friend.
15. **MY MOTHER-IN-LAW**—A humorous song that speaks for itself.
16. **OUR PEELERS**—No need to tell any Irishman who "Our Peelers" are.
17. **THE ROSE OF KILTBEELY**—A love song with some grains of truth in it.
18. **MASTER PHIL**—A tribute to my old teacher Phil Clark, who was a well known character in Tipperary and vicinity for sixty years.
20. **DAVY RHU**—A love song and nothing more.
22. **OLD TIM AND JACK CLANCY**—A patriotic song—Old Tim was once a noted rebel in these parts.
23. **THE MOANING OF TREES IN THE NIGHT**—A song founded on the experience of a friend of mine, who could not bear the moaning of trees in the night.
24. **THE TWO FRIENDS**—A tale of the Fenian days, and true in the main.
31. **TAKE A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF THE CUBANS**—Written during the Cuban insurrection, over twenty years ago.
32. **MY GENTLE AILEEN**—A love song founded on truth.
32. **FAITH AND FATHERLAND**—A realistic picture of my home life in Tipperary, before I became an exile.

34. WHEN PEGGY AND I ELOPED—A song of domestic happiness.
36. THE DYING REBEL—A song founded on fact.
37. EVELEEN—A love song that speaks for itself.
37. THE EXILE'S RETURN—This song endeavours to express my feelings when I stood this summer on one of the green hills near Tipperary town after returning from America, and looked at the splendid country that stretches round on every side.
39. ONE OF THE FORTY-NINERS—A song of one of the old typical miners who went hunting for gold to California in '49.
41. TOM DESMOND—One of the leaders of the rescuing party who liberated the soldiers accused of Fenianism from Western Australia in the seventies. He was a Cork Irishman living in San Francisco, and a splendid type of Celt. I knew him well.
42. NINETY-EIGHT—Written at the time when Irishmen on both sides of the Atlantic contemplated keeping the Centenary of the heroes of Wexford.
45. LARRY—The outpourings of a young maiden's heart.
47. TOM KANE—A sample of what every Irishman should be.
50. THE OLD SPORT—Every young Irishman for his health's sake should try to be an athlete, or at least cultivate athletics.
51. KEEP PEGGING AWAY—An appeal to Irishmen to never halt on the road that leads to Freedom; the Celt is not as persistent as those of other nationalities.
52. JOHN DALY, OF LIMERICK CITY—A man who devoted his whole life to the freedom of his country, and in devotion and sincerity is second to no Irishman that ever lived.
54. THE GLEN OF AHERLOW—See note to No. 1.
56. THE OUTLAW'S DEATH—A true song of the days of the "Whiteboys." Scene: Tipperary; Time: One Hundred Years ago.
57. AN INVOCATION—To keep going and never give up, if we want to win.
58. NEAR THE CREAMERY—A funny song thrown in to enliven serious ones.
59. THE FAILURE—A truthful picture of what many emigrants come to who go to seek a fortune.
61. BALLYCOHEY—A townland about two miles west of the Limerick Junction, where the tenant farmers fought Scully, the evictor, in the Autumn of Sixty-eight, and won.
63. QUERIES AND REPLIES—This poem tries to elucidate how the interest of many of the people of Ireland are interwoven with those of England.
64. THE FOUR BIRDS—Written during the Land War in Ireland nearly thirty years ago. The four birds are the landlord, agent, bailiff and grabber.
66. A DIRGE OF THE DYING YEAR—Supposed to be sung by a young girl on New Year's Eve.

67. THE FENIAN OUTLAW—This is a ballad with myself the hero, who ran the outlaw's wild career for a period of fifteen months once, for Ireland's sake.
68. TIOBRAD ARAN—Tipperary—A ballad of my own town, and written during the Russo-Japanese war.
69. FATHER HENNESSY—A dirge for a young priest, my friend, whom I knew in San Francisco, and who came home to die and is buried in his native Aherlow.
70. MY IRISH COTHAMORE—Irish Nationality in an allegorical dress.
72. THE EXILE MINSTREL—My own home life in America.
73. THE STRIKE-BREAKER'S LAMENT—The lament of one who was compelled from necessity to take the place of striking miners.
75. A NEW SONG ON AN OLD SUBJECT—This song taunts my countrymen for their sloth and apathy, and their indifference to the servile condition of their country.
76. THE HURLERS OF GLEN-ACOS-LAN—Glen-acos-lan was a celebrated hurling field, situated near Bansha, where our grandfathers met eighty years ago to show their prowess.
78. WHEN DEMPSEY FORGED THE PIKES—Dempsey was a famous blacksmith and pikemaker who flourished in the town of Tipperary during the Fenian days.
80. FATHER MATT—A sturdy Irish-Ireland Priest who is, thank God, yet in the flesh.
82. SELF-RELIANCE—We should do our own work, and not be relying on others to do it for us.
82. AN EXPOSTULATION—Written during the Boer War; the greatest fight for liberty in the annals of history.
84. THE VIGIL OF MYLES—This poem was written about twenty-three years ago when the Irish people were disunited, distracted and apathetic, and the sacred cause of Irish Freedom looked almost hopeless to me from my home in exile.
85. THE MEN OF SIXTY-FIVE—A tribute to my brother-Fenians.
87. BURKE—WHO FIRED WITH HIS WOODEN LEG—The material for this poem was given me thirty-five years ago by the lamented Canon Cahill, of Tipperary.
89. THE FUTURE POET—The writer tries to get the laugh on himself in this poem.
91. THE RUMMER OF PUNCH—This song was not written to encourage drinking, but to my mind and taste there is no drink can beat a good hot whiskey punch.
92. THE EMIGRANT—A picture of what one who seeks his fortune has to contend with.
93. PADDY CASEY—A poor peasant of Oola, Co. Limerick, who died a dozen years ago, and was a fine fellow and an ardent Nationalist.
94. THE COAT OF SCARLET—A warning to young Irish girls to keep away from the hirelings of England.

95. THE GOLDEN VEIN—The finest plain of land in Ireland, lying between the Galtees and Keeper, and embracing parts of the Counties Tipperary and Limerick.
96. OLD JEMMY'S SORROWS—An old man's wail who is left childless by emigration.
98. WHEN THEY DUG O'GRADY'S SPUDS—A fact that happened in the stormy days of Sixty-Six, when O'Grady was a hunted outlaw.
100. A WARNING—To Irishmen to be always vigilant.
102. AN APPEAL—An exhortation to young Irishmen to never renege their country.
103. THANKSGIVING—This is an American poem. "Thanksgiving Day" is a day set apart each year in the month of November by the President, to thank the Lord for the blessings He has conferred on the country.
105. BREAK UP THE CATTLE RANCHES—The big grass ranches of Ireland are the curse of the country and should be broken up into small farms.
106. A WESTERN BALLAD—A true picture of what the emigrant had to contend with who settled on Western land years ago.
110. THE TIMID MAN—The timid man is nowhere in our modern bustle; cheek or gall is better for one than a liberal education.
112. OLD MEMORIES—Another wail of the grand old days that are gone.
113. MY IRISH-AMERICAN WIFE—This is a picture of my home life in America when I was writing most of the songs in this volume.
115. HOME LONGINGS—Another exile's wail for the land of his birth.
116. OOM PAUL—President Kruger—Written during the Boer War.
117. THE MEN OF TO-DAY—This song is a sort of appreciation of the present generation, who, I think, are as worthy of their country as the heroes of the past.
119. BARNANE—A beautiful tract at the foot of the Devil's Bit where the people fought for their rights lately, and got them.
120. NEVER SLUMBER AT YOUR POST—Don't go to sleep, boys! Keep the ball always rolling.
121. THE GOBBLER'S LAMENT—A humorous song thrown in by way of variety.
122. DARBY RYAN—A famous old rustic poet who flourished in Ashgrove, Bansha, about eighty years ago, and the author of the "Peeler and the Goat."
9. THE BALLYCOHEY HERO—See poem on Michael Dwyer.
124. NED AND I—A poem on myself and my friend, John Daly; I'm Old Tim, he is Ned.
126. THE EXILE'S REQUEST—An old man beseeching his son to take him home to Ireland to die.
67. THE FENIAN OUTLAW—This poem is duplicated.

128. LIFE IN AMERICAN SLUMS—A true picture of what the emigrant has to contend with who locates in New York City.
130. REPLY OF MYLES—My answer to an old grabber who has feathered his nest in Ireland.
132. THE MACS AND THE O'S—A tribute to the descendants of the old Milesians in Ireland.
134. THE WEATHER—An Invocation; written during the wet summer of 1912 in Ireland.
134. TIPPERARY IN THE VAN; written during the trouble in Tipperary nearly twenty-five years ago when the people abandoned the old town and built the new.
136. BALLYHURST—A spot about half a mile from the town of Tipperary where the pike men met defeat at the hands of the hirelings of England in March, '67. An old rebel execrates an old coward.
85. THE MEN OF SIXTY-FIVE—This is duplicated.
137. THE MAID OF CULLAN—The lament of a young girl whose lover went to fight for the Boers and lost his life.
138. OUR IRISH CONCEIT—This poem will not go down well with me or many of my readers. Irish orators have ruined the Irish people and made them think they are the greatest fighters in the world.
139. SHAUN GORRIVE—Coarse John—A ballad founded on fact. The hero lived near Ballyglass, two miles south of the town of Tipperary.
10. BE A MAN—This song is duplicated.
141. THE TYRANT'S FATE—This is a true tale; old times in Tipperary, remember. It happened about thirty five years ago.
144. THE PATRIOT BAND—The reader can easily understand this poem, so I shall not say who the hero is.
145. DIARMID FODDHA—This is another true poem; the hero is a friend of mine.
146. THE IRISH-AMERICAN SOLDIER—Written for my nephew, now dead, who served for years as a soldier in the American army.
149. THE REFLECTIONS OF MYLES—In this poem the writer gives vent to his disapprobation of the way things were done in Ireland at the time of writing, twenty five years ago.
150. BUCKSHOT FORSTER—A noted chief secretary of Ireland about thirty three years ago, who threatened to shoot down the people with buckshot if they continued their violence.
151. KITTY O'HARA—A love song and nothing more.
152. SLIEVENAMUCK—The hill of the pig: situated nearly two miles south of the town of Tipperary, and at whose base the writer first saw the light of Heaven.
153. TOM IS DEAD—A dirge for my nephew, Tom Finnan who was a fine patriotic young fellow.
155. BROTHER MICHAEL—A dirge.

## EXPLANATORY NOTES—Continued.

156. MY OLD MOUNTAIN HOME—A tribute to the old house I was born in at the foot of Slievenamuck.
157. THE LANDLORD AND THE BAILIFF THEY MUST GO—This was written in the late seventies, before the Land League had taken shape.
159. PATRICK—Spineless Irishmen in America are often ashamed of their grand saint's name.
159. THE PINT OF PORTER—A drinking song thrown in by way of variety. I hope there is no need to apologise for giving it a place here.
161. THE COLLEGIANS—The brightest student at college does not always make the best man in after life, often the plodder gets ahead of him.
162. BACK TO MOTHER ERIN—Another one of my many lucubrations for my native land.
163. MY GALLANT FENIAN SOLDIER—A love song of the Fenian days, and true to the letter.
165. AN INVOCATION TO THE NEW YEAR—Supposed to be addressed to the New Year on the first day of its birth by a young girl.
166. CALIFORNIA—The Golden State, where I resided nearly twenty years.
160. A WARNING—Duplicated.
16. OUR PFELERS—Duplicated.
167. THE POET—The wail of a verse maker who is not appreciated.
168. FAREWELL TO ST. MARY'S—A collegian's farewell to his *Alma Mater*.
169. THE MAN WITH THE CAULIFLOWER EAR—Is mostly an active or retired pugilist, so give him a wide berth when you meet him and don't for your life pick a quarrel with him, or you will come out second best. This poem is thrown in to break the monotony.
170. SHORT AND SWEET—A hint to all prosy people that they must not monopolise our time, more than is absolutely necessary.
171. WELCOME TO DOUGLAS HYDE—Written nearly ten years ago, when Dr. Hyde visited California.
172. FATHER LARRY—A lament for Dr. Laurence Hayes, P.P., Bansha, who was a saintly priest, a lover of the poor, and a big-hearted Irishman.
173. THE CONQUERING BOERS—Written during the Boer War and a tribute to that brave and noble people.
174. PROUD I'M IRISH—I never went back on my country or people and never will.
178. TOMMY SAUNDERS—A notorious land agent and scourger of the poor, who did business for many lords of the soil, a generation ago, in Tipperary and Limerick.
180. BEREAVED—A lament of a young husband for his bride of less than a year.

## EXPLANATORY NOTES—Continued.

180. THE MIGHTY DOLLAR—They chase the coin as well here, I think, as they do in America; I suppose that quality is inherent in man, but there is something more to do in life than chasing the "Almighty Dollar."
182. SONG OF THE EXILE—One more of my lucubrations about Ireland.
182. THE THREE PATRIOTS—A tale of the Fenian days, and true in the main.
189. DAN SHEA—The strictures of an old man on a young one, who intends to emigrate.
190. EMIGRATION—One more advice to people to cling to the "Old Sod."
191. PIEDMONT HEIGHTS—An American poem in which I endeavour to paint the beauties of a suburb of the City of Oakland.
192. CUT OUT BOOZE—GIVE UP DRINK—An old Professor's advice to a young student who is about to quit for ever his *Alma Mater*.
194. THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN—This poem tries to picture the hardships the prospector for gold has to contend with in the frozen regions of Alaska.
196. THE DISGRUNTLED POET—Another wail of the unappreciated verse matter.
197. THE OLD PIONEER—A wail of another of the old "Forty-Niners."
199. THE ANCIENT MARINER—The sighing of an old sailor for the briny deep.
200. FOUR PENCE HA'PENNY IN THE POUND—This ballad was written about thirty-three years ago at the instigation of Father Matt Ryan, of Knockavilla. Cooper Chadwick of Billinard allowed his tenants half the poor rates as an abatement which amounted to just fourpence ha'penny in the pound.
201. SHRONELL—An historic spot that lies about three miles west of the town of Tipperary.
203. BROTHER ERMINOLD—He was president of St. Mary's College, Oakland, died in November, 1902; and was a splendid scholar, a courteous gentleman, a sterling Irishman and my friend. He was a native of Co. Limerick, near Kilfinane, and his name in the world was Charles O'Donnell.
203. THE ROCK OF SOBRIETY—An exhortation to people to keep sober.
204. TRY A DROP OF MALT—A little good malt is good as a medicine, not otherwise.
205. THE IRISH SHONEEN—This creature is a blotch on Irish soil, and the Catholic one is worse if anything than his Protestant confreres.
206. A COT AND AN ACRE OF GROUND—This song was written nearly thirty years ago, before there was any talk of building labourers' cottages.

EXPLANATORY NOTES—*Continued.*

208. OUR LEADERS—Written more than twenty-five years ago, when agitation was in full blast in Tipperary, and when the people decided to abandon the old town and build a new one ; the two most popular local leaders at the time were Father David Humphreys and Michael O'B. D'Alton.
210. CIGARETTES—Smoking cigarettes is most pernicious for boys. This poem is a sort of caution to them to give up the habit.
211. THE BALKAN HEROES—Written during the war between the Balkan States and the Turks.
212. THE MINSTREL DESPONDENT—Written recently while I felt in low spirits.
213. WILLIAM HURLEY was a leading merchant in the town of Tipperary for nearly thirty years, and Chairman of her Town Commissioners. He was a public-spirited man, and a fine type of the Celt—mentally and physically ; and an ardent patriot—He was my friend, and these lines are but a grateful tribute to his memory.
214. THE OLD IRISH REBEL.
215. LIFE—This is a sort of faint picture of my own life, which has been one of extraordinary vicissitudes, both in my native land and in foreign countries.
216. RHYMES OF AN IRISH PEELER—An endeavour to express the feelings of one with some nationality left, who had the misfortune to join the Force when he was young.

