



LATEST  
BALLADS

AND LEAFLETS

OF

SINN FEIN



PRICE - SIXPENCE

THIRD EDITION,  
REVISED AND ENLARGED.



17 12

Colm O'Lozayne

e per

1933

16 APR 2000

**OUR SISTER ISLE. (Recitation.)**

BY MICHAEL DWYER.

It is a calumny to say that the historic Catholic Irish Nation is a mere colony of Apostate England: it is an insulting nickname to call Ireland a "British" Isle. England may boast of her bestial Harry VIII, or of her Bloody Bess; she may erect statues in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere to the memory of Oliver Cromwell, the psalm-singing butcher of Irish "Papist" babies: but Catholic Ireland, who in ages past educated, Christianised, and partly civilised the ancient Britons and the later Saxons, rejects the claim of their morally-decadent progeny to keep her in subjection for ever. The Restoration of our Sovereign Freedom is as inevitable as every other Decree of Divine Providence. We merely await—AND PREPARE FOR—the Hour of Destiny!

While barbarous Britons, with pigments of blue,  
Their bodies were daubing all o'er,  
Refinement, and culture, and liberty, too,  
Ennobled old Ireland's shore;  
Saint Patrick's Faith came to a Land that was free,  
With Heaven's illumining smile,  
And our Saints bore the Gospel to lands o'er the sea,  
Including the "Sister" Isle.

When Britain was humbled, subdued, and enslaved,—  
(And helotry's brand bore she oft),—  
Old Ireland in splendour and majesty waved  
The Banner of Freedom aloft;  
But alas! the night fell on our Island of Fame,  
For our country was ravaged by guile,  
And the poison, the torch, and the forgery came  
From England, our "Sister" Isle!

All o'er our dear Land was our martyrs' blood spilt,  
To demons our Country was given,  
Till our torturers' crimes, till our plunderers' guilt,  
For Vengeance cried loud unto Heaven!  
Our Land they have robbed, and they're robbers to-day,  
They defame, they oppress, they defile:  
May the blows of her foes bring repentance, we pray,  
To the pride-bloated "Sister" Isle!

But Pharisee England, in horror most "meek,"  
 Still turns up the whites of her eyes,  
 That we to cut loose from our captor should seek,  
 From the clutch of our swindler to rise !  
 Freemasons and Soupers she, hellish, applauds  
 In their traffic unholy and vile :  
 How long must we suffer the blasphemous frauds  
 Of England, our "Sister" Isle ?

She boasts of her bulldog tenacity,—yes !  
 Of the loot her aggressions have brought,  
 But her Christ she betrayed at the bidding of Bess,—  
 Such treason but COWARDS have wrought !  
 She vaunts of her buccaneer "Rule o'er the Waves,"  
 With Ireland her captive the while,  
 But vainly the blood of the Irish she craves  
 To conscript for the "Sister" Isle !

Yet Ireland loves Mercy, and Concord, and Peace,  
 And longs to forgive and forget  
 The wrongs she endures, in the hour that they cease,  
 And live in true amity yet ;  
 When the Flag of the Irish Republic's unfurled,  
 When Freedom on Ireland shall smile,  
 When our Country takes rank with the States of the World,  
 Be England our Sister Isle !

### THE IRISH TRICOLOR.

Sémur O'Túhíl ou rchíuv

(Air—"The Harp that Once." *Allegro.*)

Our Emerald GREEN has ever been  
 Of Faith and Hope the hue ;  
 The snowy WHITE of Purity bright  
 Is Ireland's glory, too ;  
 The ORANGE then joins Irishmen  
 In Peace and Love once more,  
 And Heaven her smile beams on our Isle  
 And the Irish Tricolôr !

No other right than cruel Might  
 Still holds our Land in thrall,  
 But England's power has lived its hour—  
 THE WRITING'S ON THE WALL;  
 Ah! vain the brag of her pirate flag  
 Guilt-stained in her captives' gore,  
 But the symbolled grace of the Irish Race  
 Is the Heaven-blest Tricolôr!

Thy lily dyes delight our eyes,  
 O τῆρ-νῆοτ fair and grand!  
 Float high and free from sea to sea  
 Dear Colours of our Land!  
 Our martyrs died with holy pride,  
 Their hearts' rich flood to pour;  
 Their lives they gave that free might wave  
 The Irish Tricolôr!

That noble Will is Ireland's still  
 To win her Freedom's fight,  
 And onward go, through weal or woe,  
 Till Victory crowns the Right.  
 Throw England back her Union Jack,  
 Our Land to shame no more,  
 No Flag shall wave o'er Ireland brave  
 But the Irish Tricolôr!

Young Ireland's Star, Tom Francis Meagher,  
 Of Irish boys the pride,  
 To all the world that Flag unfurled  
 For which O'Rahilly died;  
 And we avow that we are now  
 As loyal as of yore  
 To the Emblem grand of our hero Land,  
 The Irish Tricolôr!

## EASTER TUESDAY, 1916.

“ἰνὴ-μᾶν” οὐ ρερίυν.

(Air—“Believe me if all.”)

“O Christ! Divine King of our loved Motherland!  
 O Mary! our Country's Queen!  
 Complete the great work You have taken in hand  
 This glad Easter Week, 'Sixteen.”  
 I knelt in the hallowed old Chapel to pray,  
 I gazed on the Golden Door,  
 And I asked Him,—our Champions' Commander,—to say  
 That the term of our thrall was o'er!

In vain had our valiant by lies been snared,  
 In vain was the English lure,  
 And the might of an Empire our heroes dared,  
 In a Cause that was noble and pure.  
 Truth's clarion was sounding on famed Liffeside,  
 Our Victory's War had begun,—  
 Though our chivalry sank in the battle tide,  
 The soul of our Land was won!

The rapture had come that my soul had craved,  
 For a Vision of Freedom I saw,  
 When the Flag of the Irish Republic waved  
 In defiance of Tyranny's law!  
 And the peasants and youths, whom apathy seemed  
 To have held in its sombre sway,  
 With martial and patriot ardour beamed,  
 And sought nothing but rifles that day!

Their bounding step and exultant mien,  
 As with radiant hope inspired,  
 Revealed the true hearts, wherever seen,  
 That with love of their Land were fired;  
 'Twas as easy to know by their gaze of dread,  
 Their aspect of terror and awe,—  
 As of reprobate souls whence hope had fled,—  
 The agents of alien law!

And then I came back to Our Lord to pray,  
 And I left in His Wounded Hand,  
 The Cause that was nearest my heart that day,—  
 The Cause of my suffering Land.  
 O Ireland ! your Standard ne'er stain nor deface,  
 Be true as you ever have been  
 To Christ, the dear King of the Irish Race,  
 And to Mary, our Mother and Queen !

### SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING THE VOLUNTEERS SPOKE.

BY THOMAS MOORE, JUNIOR.

(Air—"Sublime was the Warning that Liberty spoke.")

Sublime was the Warning the Volunteers spoke,  
 And grand was the Morning when Ireland awoke  
 From the wiles and deceptions of Slavery's hours !  
 Too long had the lies of the English prevailed,  
 Too long had their poisonous air been inhaled,  
 Too timid, too trustful of England were they  
 Whom Ireland had followed until the sad day  
 When the flag of the Tyrant they twined around ours !

When England, with Spain, against France, her sword drew,  
 The Poet, Tom Moore, said 'twas "Ireland's War, too !"  
 And thousands of Irish in England's Cause fell !  
 And so when our Tyrant was menaced once more,  
 This time by the soldiers from Germany's shore,  
 'Twas Redmond's "Sagacity," his "Rainbow-chase" DREAM,  
 To get "Thank you" from Kitchener, from Balfour a beam,  
 And, from England's queen, clover, pinned on his lapel !

Sublime was the Warning the Volunteers spoke  
 That glad Easter Morning when Ireland awoke  
 Into life and revolt from the conqueror's chain !  
 And sure as the sun in the sky shines above,  
 And sure as our Faith in our great Father's Love,  
 So surely shall Good over Evil prevail,  
 And Liberty's sun shine on loved Granuaile,  
 And its warmth and its brightness shall ever remain !

## THE GAELIC ATHLETE.

BY "YOUNG CURATE."

(Air—"Rory O'Moore." *Cantabile*)

IRISHMEN, being citizens of the world, are not called on to discard the irreplaceable sports and pastimes that are common to all the civilised Nations, but, most decidedly, it is their patriotic duty to foster in a special way their own grand National Games, such as Hurling and Gaelic Football.

Come, join me in singing the praise of the Men  
Of the Gaelic Athletic Association,  
For the glory and pride of our dear Innisfail  
Is the fearless, the peerless, Athletic young Gael!  
Erect is his bearing, and stalwart his frame,  
His limbs are of steel, and his Will is the same,  
On the hurling—or battle—field never will fail  
The noble, the dauntless, the patriot Gael!

CHORUS—

Then join me in singing the praise of the Men  
Of the Gaelic Athletic Association,  
For the glory and pride of our dear Innisfail  
Is the fearless, the peerless, Athletic young Gael!

He's true to his friends, and he's fair to his foes,  
And he's loved for his kindness wherever he goes,  
But though friendly to all from wherever they hail,  
His love is most warm for his own Clon na nGaeil;  
His frank and clear eyes do but mirror his soul,  
And the beauty reveal where God's Grace has control,  
To the ends of the earth, oh! in vain you may sail  
If you seek for the equal of Ireland's true Gael!

CHORUS—Then join me, etc.

Our Nation is prostrate, her Banner is low,  
And gone are the glories that shone long ago,  
But never the spirit of Ireland shall quail,  
While her hopes are in God and His Champion, the Gael!  
The Briton's brute force and the Briton's deceit  
Cannot fright or beguile the young Irish Athlete,  
And when Freedom shall come to our loved Granuaile,  
'Twill be won by the gun of the soldierly Gael!

CHORUS—Then join me, etc.

**SINN FEINERS' ELECTION SONG.**

"pubulán éirinn" ou ríúiv.

Air—"The Boys of Wexford."

Arise, Sinn Feiners of (County.....),  
 Your patriot course pursue,  
 From abject slaves her Cause to save,  
 Our Land is calling you !  
 Our martyrs died for Ireland's Right,  
 They stopped Conscription then,  
 And by your votes will Freedom's fight  
 Be won by.....Men.

**CHORUS—**

Hear our refrain, God bless Sinn Féin !  
 For Liberty we stand,—  
 Heal Ireland's woes, defeat her foes,  
 And free our Native Land !

The Spaniards, Bulgars, Swedes, and Danes  
 Have claims less high than we,  
 Yet suffer they no foeman's chains,—  
 Those nations can be free !  
 Were Ireland's sons less brave than they,  
 Or made they less demand,  
 They'd ne'er deserve that Freedom's Day  
 Should light our martyred Land.

**CHORUS.**

Yet fools and slaves still bid us wait  
 Till England, turning just,  
 "Grants" Freedom "at no distant date,"—  
 She'll do it when she MUST !  
 Since Europe wars in Freedom's name,  
 Then when that War shall cease,  
 Our captive Land must make her claim  
 In the Congress Hall of Peace !

**CHORUS.**

God bless our Leaders' noble plan  
 To win our Liberty !  
 Come, join us every Irishman,  
 To set old Ireland free !  
 We'll rend her chains, we'll dry her tears,  
 We'll raise her flag on high !  
 Like her soldier-sons of former years,  
 To free her we would die !

**CHORUS.**

## IRELAND, IRELAND OVER ALL!

Ireland, Ireland! dear old Ireland! Ireland, Ireland over all!  
 Leinster, Ulster, Connacht, Munster—all together stand or fall.  
 Ireland claims our sole allegiance, we know none but Ireland's  
 call;

Though we love our brother Nations, Ireland's love is over all!

From the coasts of Northern Antrim, South to Kerry's rock-  
 bound shore,

Let our deeds—our lives—proclaim it: Ireland's ours for  
 evermore!

Ages long she's lain in bondage, free her now from alien thrall,  
 Bring her back her ancient glories—Ireland, Ireland over all!

Know no other flag but Ireland's, shed your blood for her  
 alone,

GOD has marked her ocean frontiers, God has named this  
 Land your own!

Stand united, Sons of Ireland! 'gainst her foes a solid wall.

God save Ireland! Holy Ireland! Ireland, Ireland over all!

Gentle Pearses, noble Plunketts—Ireland's heroes Heaven-sent;  
 Brave O'Rahilly, Clarke, McDermott, Connolly, Daly,  
 Heuston, Ceannt,

Keogh, McBride, McDonagh, Casement, proud in Ireland's  
 Cause to fall—

Pray in Heaven for Ireland's Freedom, ye who loved her  
 over all!

Never land had nobler champions, filled with purer, holier zeal,  
 Than our Country's countless heroes—martyrs all for Ireland's  
 weal;—

Yet the bravest were the fairest, for the first at Ireland's call,  
 Were her fearless, peerless daughters, true to Ireland over all.

Green and White and Orange Banner! Flag of Freedom,  
 float again!

Ireland's sons have died to save thee, Ireland's sons are we,  
 Sinn Fein:

'Tis our hope to fight for Freedom, though on Freedom's  
 field we fall;

'Tis our prayer to die for Ireland—Ireland, Ireland over all!

(ANONYMOUS.)

## SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

Oh! sing ye the praise of our loved Irish Nation,  
 And sing it with fervour especial to-day,  
 No Land is so noble in all God's creation,  
 Or wields over brave and pure hearts such sway!

In ages agone  
 Her glories shone,

While Europe was sunk in dark decay,  
 And when came years  
 Of blood and tears:

Did hell-plotted cruelty force her to falter,  
 Or barter, like England, her Faith away?  
 Oh, no! she was true to her Language and Altar,  
 And always she honoured Saint Patrick's Day.

What thrills of devotion and gladness this morning  
 Enraptured each patriot Irishman's breast,  
 As he gazed on the dear little Σελιηρός adorning,—  
 That emblem of all that is purest and best!

'Twas planted by God,  
 On Ireland's sod,

With Heaven's rain blessed, and the sun's bright ray:  
 O Father! O Son!  
 O Love! THREE-IN-ONE!

Restore Divine union to all hearts divergent,  
 Bear greetings of love to our kin far away,  
 And grant Holy Ireland, to Freedom resurgent,  
 All blessings of Heaven on Saint Patrick's Day!

Our Patron and Father, Saint Patrick, we honour,  
 Upholding Religion, and serving our Land,  
 Δειν-Ερι we love, and bring blessings upon her,  
 While true to our glorious Apostle we stand!

Great saints of yore  
 Left Ireland's shore,

The Gospel's bright flame to light far away,  
 Or, praying in caves,  
 Found martyrs' graves:

And we, the inheritors proud of their glory,  
 The numberless millions of Ireland's array,  
 Shall join them hereafter, and sing Ireland's story,—  
 Oh! THAT will indeed be Saint Patrick's Day!

## BACHELORS' WALK.

(Air—"Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave.")

Oh ! mourn for the lowly but noble-souled dead,  
 Who in Dublin, for Ireland, died ;  
 'Twas our own Irish blood that the Britishers shed,  
 'Twas a rill in our martyrdom's tide ;  
 They had dared to protest, for their hearts felt oppressed  
 With a sense of injustice and wrong ;  
 Unresisting they fell, for no arms they possessed,  
 And their story's the theme of my song.

For three-fourths of a thousand long years had our Land  
 By a foreign oppression been cursed,  
 Though time and again strove some patriot band  
 The chains of our thralldom to burst ;  
 And OUR Prayer was the same, but at last the day came  
 When her spokesmen told Ireland to trust,  
 That if she postponed the nine-tenths of her claim,  
 Then for ONE-tenth would England be just !

Though no claims did we waive, our misgivings were grave,  
 That our Land had for Leaders such men :  
 It was only a dole we were striving to save,  
 For our foe was invincible then ;  
 Yet that paltry concession to Ireland's just claim  
 Did the Britishers' bigotry baulk ;  
 And our children protesting in justice's name,  
 Were slaughtered on Bachelor's Walk.

When the poor little flag of Home Rule was unfurled  
 Revolt at the Curragh arose :  
 Do Britons love Freedom all over the world,  
 While in Ireland its bitterest foes ?  
 Their over-taxations our Nation defraud,  
 The Ascendancy still they enthrone ;  
 Gun-running at Larne English statesmen applaud—  
 With repression for Howth alone !

Ah ! little they know of the spirit that's there—  
 A spirit no tyrant can tame—  
 And Vengeance on England, see, GOD doth prepare,  
 In His own and His martyrland's name !  
 As high was her pride, so deep be her fall—  
 Be her tyranny mighty no more ;—  
 O IRELAND ! arise from your centuried thrall,  
 For the term of your bondage is o'er !

ἔαρ εἰς τὴν μὴντιν.

### LET ERIN REMEMBER THE YEARS OF OLD.

Let Erin remember the years of old,  
 Ere fraud and guile betrayed her,  
 Ere poison, the dagger, the torch and gold  
 Won our land for the English invader ;  
 When the Island of Saints was the Land of the Free,  
 Was the home of Art, Music, and Learning,  
 When her sons, her Apostles, brought far o'er the sea  
 The flames in their own hearts burning !

“ What was,” saith the Lord, “ the same shall be,”  
 Passing on is the night-gloom of sorrow,  
 And Ireland resurgent, refreshed and free,  
 Shall rejoice in a new sun to-morrow ;  
 She was faithful and brave, as His loved daughter-land,  
 Through her long night of anguish and sadness ;  
 Will she prove less true when His Fatherly Hand  
 Restores her to glory and gladness ?

Oh no ! for the memory of olden days  
 Shall be Ireland's inspiration,  
 And her ancient glories shall brighter blaze  
 O'er an INDEPENDENT Nation.  
 Saint Patrick, our Patron ! drive far from our Isle  
 Both sin and the foreign invader,  
 And a Garden of Eden again she'll smile—  
 'Tis the plan of God Who made her !

εἰς τὴν νῆν Ὀδοῦται.

## THE CHILD OF THE IRISH RACE.

Though alien laws in the conqueror's Cause  
 May shackle the limbs of the brave,  
 They never can bind the patriot's mind,  
 Nor the soul of the noble enslave ;  
 But who will come on when the hero is gone  
 To take up the hero's place ?  
 Oh ! cherish the soul of the child you control—  
 That Child of the Irish race !

And strengthen his heart for the patriot's part—  
 The part he'll be called on to play—  
 When YOUR part is done, though the battle's not won,  
 And you're called from the field away ;  
 And cheer him along with a true Irish song,  
 That will thrill through his Irish heart,  
 And his ardour will burn when it comes to his turn  
 To act a true hero's part.

May God ever bless, protect and caress  
 The warm-hearted Irish child ;  
 May his goodness endure, may his soul remain pure,  
 O Christ Divine, gentle and mild !  
 May he adamant stand for God and his Land,  
 May he covet the martyr's place,  
 With the patriot fires of his hero sires,  
 The Child of the Irish race !

Be zealous and strong in combating wrong,  
 Be loyal, be fearless in fight,  
 Be fair and be true, be generous too,  
 But never surrender GOD'S Right ;  
 Be loving and kind in act and in mind,  
 Your Country do naught to disgrace ;—  
 'Tis safe in your hand ! the good name of our Land,—  
 Dear Child of the Irish race !

(SENEX.)

## THE DYING MOTHER AND HER SON.

(Air—The Last Rose of Summer.)

'Tis the last kiss, child dearest, I impress on your cheek,  
'Tis the last word of fond love to you I can speak :  
The last look of affection, the last clasp of your hand,  
But we'll meet soon, *mu Scóirín*, in a free and bright land.

God bless you, my darling ! Go child of my heart !  
'Tis for Ireland you're going, 'Tis God bids us part ;  
Our Land is in bondage, her sons are but slaves—  
Far better than fetters are patriots' graves !

His life for his country that young hero gave,  
And they rest—son and mother—within the same grave ;  
He poured his heart's torrent, the same hour that she died,  
And he stands now in Heaven, his mother beside.

*Róirín Duv,*  
(*blá-ctia*).

## THE BRAVE BOY SCOUT.

(Air—"The Minstrel Boy.")

The brave Scout Boy to the battle is gone,  
In the ranks of death you'll find him,  
His bandolier he has girded on,  
And his rifle slung behind him ;  
"I go where duty calls," he cried,  
"Please God, no ill shall harm me,  
But though for Ireland's Cause I died,  
I'll join the Republican Army !"

The Boy Scout fell, but he rose again,  
As bright and brave as ever,  
Nor wounds nor woe, nor Frongoch's chain,  
Could him from Freedom sever ;  
And when he comes to manhood's years,  
If another war's before him,  
He'll lead the van of the Volunteers,  
With a free flag floating o'er him !

*TAON NA Cúile*

## FORGET NOT THE SPOT WHERE THEY PERISHED.

(Air—"The Men of the West.")

Forget not the spot where they perished,  
 The noblest and best of the brave,  
 Undying their memory be cherished,  
 For ever be honoured their grave!  
 No chapter in Liberty's story,  
 No heroes the wide world can name,  
 Can match the Sínéiní's glory,  
 Can rival our Volunteers' fame.

The pathway to Freedom they pointed  
 To Ireland, by treason distraught:  
 With the unction of gladness anointed,  
 Like soldiers of Heaven they fought;  
 Like martyrs, their life-blood despising,—  
 Those Citizen Knights of our Race,—  
 They died, but their Country, arising,  
 Is saved from undying disgrace!

The Spirit of Freedom arises  
 At the sound of the Volunteers' guns,  
 And Ireland her troops canonises,—  
 The best of her soldiers and sons.  
 Her martyrs of old are remembered,—  
 O'Hurley, O'Collins, O'Neill;  
 And the saints, unrecorded, unnumbered,  
 Whose grandeur but Heaven shall reveal!

Know ye an arena of glory,—  
 And thousands are still unforgot,—  
 That blazons our Island's proud story?  
 Kneel! honour that consecrate spot!  
 And forget not the scenes where THESE perished —  
 The noblest, the best of our brave,—  
 Undying their memory be cherished  
 Who sleep in a patriots' grave!

honraí O'Síhí MOC Cnaicín,  
 (SOLIV.)

## SALUTE THE TRICOLOR OF IRELAND NOW.

(Air—"Garryowen.")

Salute the Tricolor of Ireland now,  
 Our servitude's symbol no more allow  
 To shame holy Ireland in Europe's eyes,  
 While nations are warring for Freedom's prize !  
     For England boasts to all the world,  
     That Ireland's sons her Flag have furled,  
     That Ireland is her soulless slave,  
     And gone our Nation to her grave !  
 But the Land that we love, oh ! is NOT dead yet,  
 And on Freedom and Justice our hearts are set,  
 We're loyal to Ireland, one heart, one hand,  
 Till Sovereign Liberty crowns our Land !

Invincible ever is Ireland's Will,  
 And a destiny high is before her still,  
 When England's proud militarism and might  
 At last are compelled to submit to Right !  
     So hoist the Irish Tricolor,  
     Your fealty vow for evermore,  
     Keep Ireland's honour free from stain,  
     And God will bless and guard Sínéin !  
 For the land that we love, oh ! is NOT dead yet,  
 And on Freedom and Justice our hearts are set,  
 We're loyal to Ireland, one heart, one hand,  
 Till Sovereign Liberty crowns our Land !

We're plundered by England, our Language she banned,  
 She's sunk in subjection our Sovereign Land,  
 She poisons the wells for the minds of our young,  
 Our History's not taught, and our Songs not sung :  
     But yet, though weak, our Nation lives,  
     For God, all-bounteous, secret gives  
     The breath of life to Ireland's soul,  
     Of which, in love, He keeps control !  
 And the Land that we love, oh ! is NOT dead yet,  
 And on Freedom and Justice our hearts are set,  
 We're loyal to Ireland, one heart, one hand,  
 Till Sovereign Liberty crowns our Land !

## THAT GLORIOUS EASTER WEEK !

Who fears to speak of Easter Week? Who thrills not at its  
fame?

No more may British statesmen seek to hide our Nation's name ;  
Our Flag unfurled, we've told the world, with clear-voiced Irish  
guns,

That our wills are set on Freedom yet, for Ireland's dauntless  
sons !

On Danube's banks, or on the Spree, dwell NOT our Country's  
foes,—

The Tyrant's ENGLAND, only SHE has caused poor Ireland's  
woes ;

She closed our Mills, she stripped our Hills, she cleared our  
peopled plains,

And slums she made where prosperous Trade had risen despite  
our chains.

Of Tithe, and Rent, and Taxes sent to England's wealth and  
throne,

What golden store left Ireland's shore since the Union Year  
alone !

Of our ancient fanes nought now remains but ruined ivied walls,  
Except, indeed, where England's creed usurps our sacred Halls.

With might and main she strove—IN VAIN !—to crush our  
Ancient Faith,

With every fell device of Hell, with tortures, bribes, and death.  
She planted then, with Orangemen, our sacred Northern soil,  
That clash of creed might, fatal, breed the woes of civil broil.

Yet hear how she,—Hypocrisy ! proclaims her war pretext,—  
That Prussia's breach of solemn speech HER honest soul had  
vexed !

For no weak State, with riches great, has England's path e'er  
crossed,

But soon or late met direst fate, and Independence lost !

The thousand Treaties England broke, let HISTORY, weeping,  
tell!

'Twas Britain's threatened DOMINANCE spoke when little  
Belgium fell;

But Albion's guile is crafty yet,—Deceit she constant plied,  
And many, credulous, did forget,—in Falsehood's Cause they  
died!

To tear from our oppressor's face the hypocritic mask,  
Exposing world-wide her disgrace, was Ireland's destined task!  
How Dublin's fame is England's shame: Men see whence  
came the "Huns,"

And Ireland knows her ancient foes behind the British guns.

Our wrongs are great, yet we bear no hate, and would forget  
the past,

But till she must, she won't be just, though Vengeance speeds  
at last!

Like tyrants all, she's doomed to fall, her course is nearly run:  
O God! send soon the dazzling noon of Freedom's glorious  
sun!

Duped Irish braves fill foreign graves, upholding England's  
Might,

With guileless trust that she'd be just and grant their Country's  
Right;

But here WE'll stand, in the dear old Land,—the Land where  
the Fight's to be,

Oh! haste the years when the Volunteers shall set old Ireland  
free!

A mighty blow will smash our foe, with blood of martyrs drunk,  
And Heaven will send our Thralldom's end, when England's  
ships are sunk!

United stand, for our Sovereign Land,—'tis Freedom's Peace  
we seek,—

And God will bless with FULL success that glorious Easter  
Week!

ANONYMOUS.

# SOME REASONS WHY I AM A SINN FEINER.

BY "YOUNG CURATE."

**W**HEN GOD created the Island of Ireland, and established for all time its ocean frontiers, He ordained that it should be the home of a Chosen People, into whom He breathed a distinctive and noble soul, which is the indestructible Spirit of Irish Nationality. That Spirit has survived assaults more violent than have fallen to the lot of any other Nation on earth. Ireland, thank God, is not dead yet; nor is her Spirit even languishing. But it is the DUTY of every Irishman to strive that the National Spirit may remain indomitable for ever. And this is my first reason for being a Sinn Féiner.

I love my Country; and when I recall her glories in the past, before the Invaders set foot on our shores, I cannot but long and strive for the restoration of her Liberty. For hundreds of years she was the School of Europe, the Light of the West, whither crowds of students came from all parts of the Continent as well as from Britain, being provided with free education, free books, free board, and free residence. Ireland evangelised and civilised the greater part of Western and Central Europe, until the Danish Invasions began, followed by the disastrous English conquest. Even in her misfortunes and in her miseries, unparalleled in the history of the world, she gave most signal proofs of nobility of soul and of loyalty unto death to conscientious principles. For her moral grandeur, for her heroism, I honor my Country above all others in the world; and I pray and strive that I may see my Motherland crowned, for her fidelity, with the garland of Freedom. This is my second reason for being a Sinn Féiner.

I am a Catholic, and even a Clerical Sinn Féiner, but I rejoice that the Protestant Religion has furnished to the Cause of Ireland's Freedom, at the present day as in the past, some of its most patriotic adherents, some of its most honoured leaders. Yet the sad truth must be acknowledged that the bulk of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, especially in the North-East, have their eyes and their hearts turned rather to England than to Ireland. It is the English connection that warps the Irish Protestant's judgment, and prevents him from making himself as much at home with his Catholic compatriots as, for instance, French Protestants are with their Catholic fellow-nationals, or English Catholics in Protestant England. Isolated Irish Protestant merchants in towns that are overwhelmingly Catholic are often the most prosperous of their class, supported, without a question being asked as to their religion, by their Catholic neighbours; and Protestants never find their religion a bar to any of the highest positions in the bestowal of our Catholic public bodies or business firms. Probably the classical instance of Irish Catholic religious tolerance is the G. S. & W. Railway, which runs through the most Catholic portion of the country. Out of the 47 highest and best-paid positions in the bestowal of this Company, no fewer than 45 are held by Protestants! Impartial foreigners may think that this is toleration carried to absurd extremes; or they may attribute such a state of affairs to slavish supineness; but the fact remains. It is far otherwise in the "North-East Corner," from

which the curse of religious dissension (hindering the loving brotherhood of fellow-Irishmen) will never depart as long as it is fostered by the English connection. To break that connection, *with that object*, is another reason why I am a Sinn Féiner.

English Rule in Ireland actually costs about 8 Million Pounds a year. But England is careful to extract from us, not merely 8, but 30 Millions annually at present. In 1896 the Financial Relations Commission, composed chiefly of Englishmen, were obliged to report that Ireland had been *overtaxed* to a total of about Three Hundred Million Pounds since the Act of Union in 1800. For a smaller Annual Taxation than Ireland pays, many Sovereignly Independent Kingdoms, such as Sweden, Bulgaria, etc., are governed, and amply protected, in accordance with the wishes of the people themselves. It is the Minority who carry sway in Ireland, not the Majority. Sinn Féiners stand for Majority Rule, Justice to all, Favouritism to none. You are honest, be courageous also, and support Sinn Fein.

As long as England rules Ireland, we can never develop our own Industries unhindered. England deliberately and most selfishly crushed our Industries, destroyed our Shipping, and paralysed our Natural Resources, in the past; and the leopard has never yet changed his spots.

England spent £1,000,000 in establishing a Mahomedan University in Khartoum, and similar Universities in many cities of India; and liberally subsidises, from Imperial motives, the teaching of the morality (!) of polygamy, by Mussulman "theologians"; and lately, viz., in January, 1916, she opened at Calcutta a new Brahmin University at a cost of £2,000,000, where the cult of cow-worship is taught to the docile natives. But even "Imperial" motives cannot get her to overcome her "religious" bigotry, where justice to the Catholic Religion in Ireland is in question. In the recently established "National" University, English Law forbade the providing of a Catholic Chapel, or even the site for one, out of our own (Irish Catholic Taxpayers') pockets! Whereas, on the other hand, English Law in Ireland levies huge contributions from us expressly in favour of the Institution called "Trinity College" which was founded by Queen Elizabeth for the Protestantising of Ireland! The contributions out of the Rents, Tithes, etc., from the lands confiscated from their Catholic owners, during the last 320 years, have reached Hundreds of Millions of Pounds. And lately, in 1903, an EXTRA sum of £5,000 a year was voted to the further enrichment of Trinity out of Irish moneys that were chiefly Catholic; and of course our "representatives" in the English Parliament cheerfully gave their assent. Since modern Trinity has shed most of its old intolerance, this would have been quite proper IF they had made a stand for Catholic rights also; but the Religious as well as the National spirit of some of them grows sickly in the atmosphere of the London Legislature.

English Law in Ireland does not make provision of even one half-hour in the YEAR for Religious Instruction (of any denomination) in the Intermediate Schools and Colleges; so that godlessness is subsidised out of the purses of the most godly people in the world! The text-books appointed are calculated to cultivate neither Irish patriotism nor any other moral virtue.

English Law in Ireland forbids the Name of Mary, the Mother of Christ, to appear in the Schoolbooks used in the Elementary (so-called "National") Schools of the country. English Law in Ireland forbids Catholics to expose the Emblem of Redemption in the same Schools.

Is this Religious Freedom? Is this the boasted "British Fair Play"?

Financial and social ruin threatens England at the close of this War. The English Republican Party has arisen. The new Manhood Suffrage in England is certain at the next General Election to place the power of Government in the hands of an angry and hungry proletariat. Already we hear the rumblings of the approaching Revolution, which will bring Anarchy and Chaos to England. Will not our Irish Conservatives then rejoice if in the meantime Ireland has cut the painter, and, escaping the maelstrom, is in the peaceful enjoyment and development of the advantages of National Liberation?

Parliamentary efforts in the foreign legislature, for the past 117 years, have failed utterly to win even a simulacrum of Freedom for United Ireland. And if we continue to send "Members" to the English Parliament, we shall have no hope of a hearing at the **International Peace Congress**, because that Congress will deal only with questions of **Sovereign Freedom**, and not with petty Province "Parliaments." The maintenance of our London Parliamentary Party is therefore a fatal obstacle even to claiming our Freedom. No Nation in the world is unanimous on any question, and it is not necessary that all Irishmen should wish to have Liberty. It will suffice if the majority of the people demand it. The majority undoubtedly do, but we should strive to make our majority as large as possible. If I love Freedom it is my DUTY to be a Sinn Féiner.

The programme of the Irish Parliamentary Party during the past 40 years might be summed up as the Amelioration of the conditions of Ireland's Slavery. So long as there was no opportunity of seizing or even of CLAIMING Sovereign Independence, which is Ireland's due by Right Divine, that programme commended itself to multitudes of patriotic Irishmen, even though they had reason to fear the West-Britonising effects, on some of their representatives, of the political atmosphere of the London Parliament. **But NOW an opportunity has arisen for which there is no parallel in the history of the world. Are Irishmen dastards or dotards that they will not even attempt to seize it?** There is a tide in the affairs of Nations, which taken at its flood, leads on to Freedom. England is even now trembling at the vision of the spectre of Ireland, which has already appeared outside her cupboards, and which is determined to confront her at the International Peace Congress. Hence the Trinity College Convention. No longer for Irishmen, however, is it a choice between Slavery and mere Amelioration. The issue is Slavery or Freedom. **Ireland expressing her will at the approaching General Election, will not crouch before England any longer, but will Stand Erect before the Nations and make a Sovereign Nation's Choice.** To you, the remnant of the Parliamentarians, and especially to you of the "Party" whose souls were never bought by "English" Gold (perhaps remembering that it is but a part of that Irish Gold which England had plundered and is still plundering), to you your Motherland makes appeal! Stand up for the

dignity of the noblest Nation on God's Earth! Join, hands and hearts, with the masses of your fellow-countrymen in the ranks of Sinn Féin!

Unless you are a slave in heart, or a pro-English hypocrite, you are now a Sinn Féiner! And it is your DUTY to make converts to the Cause! Stimulate enthusiasm and promote the objects of Cúirtíú Síneán (The Sinn Féin Organisation) by giving your most earnest PERSONAL support to the local Club—Cúman na n-Feoirí or Cúman na m-Boín.

England "solemnly" declares that she is fighting for "Freedom," for "Justice," and for "Small Nations"; but there is no earthly Power hindering her from releasing her stranglehold on Ireland. The hypocrite will not voluntarily let us go. The issue of this War, however, and the decision of Ireland's Freedom, **are not in the power of England, but in the Hands of God.**

### GOD SAVE IRELAND.

P.S.—The most powerful means we have, and which lies constantly at the disposal of all of us, is by some of us the most neglected. That is—Prayer! I would urge all members of the Apostleship of Prayer to have as their chief Monthly and Daily Intention—the Sanctification, Freedom, Unity, and Happiness of Ireland.

## IRELAND IN RELATION TO THE ANGLO-GERMAN WAR.

BY PRO-IRISHER.

THE War has now become a Death-Struggle for World-Supremacy between England and Germany. Already Germany has destroyed many of England's Allies—Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, and,—greatest of all,—Russia. She is now turning with ferocity to the Western Front, where her chief enemies, England and France, are tremblingly awaiting her onset. Meanwhile, Germany's U Boats are rapidly bringing starvation to England, France, and Italy. Germany and Austria have just concluded a separate Peace with the Ukrainian Republic, and have thus gained free access to the "GRANARIES OF THE WORLD" in those rich territories.

Man is not gifted with prophecy, but commonsense would seem to indicate that the deadly scourge of FAMINE, with its attendant evils of pestilence and civil tumults, will destroy England sooner than it will cripple Germany. And when any country at war is reduced to famine and anarchy there is absolutely no alternative before it but UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER! Think what this means—The British Navy—Indemnities—The perpetual weakening of England by the Liberation of Ireland! These are objects to make the mouths of the German War Lords water! The Independence of Finland and of the Ukraine (whom Germany has just welcomed into the comity of Free Nations) and the increased future strength and prestige of her gallant little Ally, Bulgaria, are small matters in comparison with the destruction for ever of England's Maritime Supremacy by giving into the hands of friendly Irishmen the destinies of their own incomparably-situated Island, the Key of the Eastern Atlantic!

## THE BRIGHT-SPOTTERS & FREE-GIFTERS OF 1914.

It is one of the saddest stories in Ireland's mournful history, that so many gallant but over-credulous Irishmen—tens of thousands of them—have been deceived by England once more; all the sadder for the fact that our ingenuous countrymen had already been tricked and fooled by our crafty Tyrant a hundred thousand times before; sadder still, that those brave and innocent young Irishmen were lured and GOADED into the English Army to their destruction by the eloquent Bright-Spotters and helot Free-Gifters who, alas! were Ireland's leaders until 1914. They fascinated our young countrymen's Freedom-loving eyes with the mirage of "Home Rule"; and they so assured their generous hearts of its desirability, and of its attainment provided only that they donned the foreign khaki, that even this last and basest humiliation of them all was undergone for the alluring prospect. And now! Where is that Home Rule? Automatically suspended, for ever! And what has England "granted" in its place?

Where now is England's generous reward for Ireland's sanguinary holocaust? Where, from amongst the ranks of the false and craven ex-leaders resounds the protest against the butchery of Ireland's sons in the cause not only of Tyranny but of Deceit? The heroism of England's Irish soldiers has been perverted to the buttressing of the most sordid supremacy—militarist, navalist, and materialist—that the world has yet known; it has been degraded to the feeding of the tentacles of the blood-sucking octopus Empire of Britain.

Where was Mr. Redmond's vaunted "sagacity" in offering Irishmen's blood in payment for a Freedom that did not exist? He knew, or ought to have known, that any sort of Autonomy for United Ireland could not be, as long as Mr. Asquith's pledge not to "coerce" Ulster was endorsed by himself. Sir Edward Carson's bluff was quite enough to expose the sham of the miserable English "Constitution" for which some of our Parliamentarians still retain a superstitious respect. These men talk of being "Constitutionalists." Of what "Constitution"? There is only one legal "Constitution" in Ireland to-day, and that is the constituted and established Ascendancy of the Orangemen.

And all the while the newspaper "theologians" of Middle Abbey Street and the subsidised Curate-defamers of Westmoreland Street are silent, or else they mumble the hackneyed hypocrisies of their masters.

3,000 genuine Soldiers of Freedom, "whose lives were pledged to IRELAND," have stopped Conscription at any rate, and they have also gained—if it be a gain—the "Convention." And this "Convention" is the "Constitutionalists" ONLY hope!

80,000 Catholics, most of them either misled followers of Mr. Redmond or else starving victims of deliberately-organised disemployment, have been fighting on the side of Ireland's only enemy! Where now or what is the "Freedom" they were told they were fighting for?

Picture them, as they lie, those gallant but misguided sons of Ireland, writhing in torture, or rigid in death—groaning in agony, or mute for ever—on the muddy flats of Flanders or the bloody beaches of Gallipoli.

Oh! that they had remembered the lines of Richard D'Alton Williams:—

"Let the English snake unfold  
At thy feet his scales of gold,  
And vow thee love untold,  
Trust him not, Green Land!

Touch not with gloveless clasp  
 The coiled and deadly asp,  
 But with strong and guarded grasp  
 Of a steel-clad hand !”

ταῖς μοῖς ἀεζῶσιν

## THE RESTRICTION-LADEN CONVENTION AND THE “WOE-TO-THE-CONQUERED” CONGRESS.

THE criminal Power whose ruthless militarism has usurped our Country and still holds us in subjection entered the Great War with professions of the loftiest virtue on her lips. She proclaimed to the world that she was unsheathing her sword in defence of the Freedom of Small Nationalities, and not, μοῖ-ιᾶ ! for the maintenance of her own Imperialist and Commercial Supremacy. But the hypocritical assassin of our Nation's Liberties was disrobed of her stolen garb when Ireland, rising in arms to assert once more her Divine right to Sovereign Independence, was once again stricken to the earth by that same sword.

England's Allies, although themselves by no means paragons of virtue, stood aghast. Recrimination, murmuring, and confusion reigned in their Council Halls. Disarrayed by military defeats, it was more than ever incumbent on them to repair, if possible, the cloak of “Honesty” that they shared in common. It was necessary for England to make some show of sincerity, some pretence of love of Liberty. Her stranglehold on Ireland she would never, unforced, wholly let go; but the exigencies of this desperate war, in which her own very existence is now menaced with destruction, have compelled her to bow to some extent to the inevitable. Hence the “Convention.”

A clever cartoon in a recent English paper represents how England is now endeavouring by means of this conference in Trinity College to deceive as many of the Irish as possible, and to KILL TIME till the war is over. The great majority of the Irish people, however, refuse to be deceived or cajoled. We are yoked, as horses might be yoked, to the chariot of our English “owners.” By the terms of this Convention, however, we are now “graciously” allowed to make “proposals” to England for alterations in our harness. We are not treated as MEN. At least, we are not treated as possessing the international status of the NEGROES of the GERMAN African Colonies, to whom England pretends to offer Independent “Self-Determination.” We are denied the choice between Slavery and Freedom. But we refuse, we Sinn Feiners, to recognise any crippled Convention, for such recognition would be tantamount to acquiescence in our subjugation. Even the softening of the asperities of our bondage, which some people are content to strive for, would be bought at TOO HIGH A PRICE IF it were obtained by the sacrifice of our National dignity—IF to grasp it we were obliged to sign away our claims to Sovereign Freedom.

Meanwhile, let those who are indulging in dreams of grandiose Colonial Self-Government—grandiose in the eyes of colonists or helots only—use their judgments as practical business men, and not reject the guidance of experience and of history.

The proposal has been made in responsible English quarters that even should the Convention come to a "satisfactory" agreement (by which they mean, one always subordinated to England's interests), there ought to be an Irish REFERENDUM taken. This would have two great advantages. It would KILL TIME until England's difficulties would have, as they hope, passed away; and it would afford an opportunity of tempting the manhood of Ireland to sign away their claims to Sovereign Independence.

After the REFERENDUM, the GENERAL ELECTION! The British electorate, in fulfilment of their rôle as our "masters," may then resolve to be consulted also. What will be the feelings of the Redmondites if Mr. Lloyd George considers that it would be "unconstitutional" to give effect to the Anglo-Irish Convention's wishes without the sanction of a Parliament elected *ad hoc*? That a General Election is fast approaching is certain, but it is also certain that a great many more issues than the method of governing Ireland will be placed before the electors of the "superior" Race. What, then, will the London-going Irish Parliamentarians do if the British Electorate dismiss the Ministry that has suggested such a measure? What will they do if the Lords once more reject the Bill—assuming it goes so far—on the reasonable plea that it was not the main issue before the English people?

Even if these delays do not occur, let our Britain-trusting politicians remember that it is not so very long since the English Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury (Mr. Balfour's uncle), defended England's tearing up in 1800 of the "Scrap of Paper" entitled the "Renunciation Act" (of 1783) by which England had most solemnly BOUND AND PLEDGED herself to RENOUNCE FOR EVER all interference in Irish affairs. Lord Salisbury unblushingly declared, in the House of Lords, that it was quite right, and proper, and natural, for ENGLAND to REPUDIATE whenever she became strong ANY TREATY she had made when she was weak! History teaches us, with painful reiteration, what is the value of England's most solemn assurances and Treaties.

The "Convention" bird is still in the bush. But suppose the deliveries of those nominees of a foreign Prime Minister do actually result in the fullest Dominion Self-Government for Ireland, how long will this be guaranteed to last? If the London Legislature, whenever it finds it convenient, gradually diminishes our delegated powers, who will restrain it? What European Power restrained Pitt and Castlereagh when they tore up the "Renunciation Act" Scrap of Paper in 1800? If Ireland had her own submarines, were rich and populous, and had powerful Allies, it would be different!

Finland has gained Full Independence from the Russian Bolsheviks, although a considerable minority are more alien to her than the Scottish Gaels in North-East Ulster are to Ireland. The number of Bolsheviks in England is rapidly increasing, and millions of them are at present being trained to the use of arms! The number of U Boats in English waters is also increasing. So that it is very foolish of Irishmen—there are a few—who put ALL their eggs in the Convention basket!

Let all of us, Irishmen, who love our Country, UNITE in striving for Freedom by any and every means that God may now or later place at our disposal. No one is asked to think that Germany and Austria are prepared to fight with saintly unselfishness for Ireland's Liberties. What nation on earth loves Ireland so? Does America? Does France? Does Belgium? But it is unquestionable that the Central Powers recognise that it would be to their INTEREST to have this Country established, after

the War, as an Independent Ally, like Bulgaria, or Friend, as Sweden, Spain, or Finland. If England should win this War, she certainly will not allow Ireland to sit down as her equal, or as Belgium's or Montenegro's equal, at the International Peace Congress; but she would be delighted to weaken Austria by bringing Bohemia there. Conversely, if the Central Empires are victorious, Bohemia may be outside, but IRELAND WILL GO THERE, AND BE WELCOME, notwithstanding what the renegade *Freeman's Journal* says. Count Czernin's Note to the Bolsheviks was a manoeuvring "Scrap of Paper," and it has been formally withdrawn already, viz., since the Western Powers have refused to go to Brest-Litovsk.

It passes the comprehension of Irishmen, at all events, how the Western Allies have not sufficient sense of the ridiculous to give up their cry of "Freedom of Small Nationalities," with the examples of Ireland, Transvaal, Orangia, Burmah, Egypt, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, staring them full in the face! Notwithstanding the fact that Austria treats her Small Nationalities, Bohemia, Bosnia, etc., incomparably better than England treats Ireland, and notwithstanding the fact that (as even Mr. John Redmond emphasised in an article in an English Review shortly before the war) Germany's States, including Alsace-Lorraine, are all HOME-RULED, still, these Germanic Powers seem to be leaving the cant of "Small Nationalities" as a speciality for their hypocritical enemies!

When the U Boats, together with the sword of Hindenburg, have brought Ireland's oppressor to her knees, with hands uplifted, and when Germany and Austria have decided that that bitter enemy of theirs must be for ever weakened by making Ireland an Independent State, they will not be over-particular in the choice of a formula! If "Freedom of Small Nationalities" be considered in the slightest degree awkward, any of the following formulations of exalted principles will do equally well:--

"Freedom of the Seas: Ireland the Key of the Atlantic";

"Permanent Peace of Europe";

"The Healing of the Running Sore of So Many Years"; etc.

The Western Allies are fond of the last two—having in view the restoration of MINORITY RULE to the anciently and still predominantly German Provinces of Alsace-Lorraine!

Some ignoramuses, occupying editorial chairs, still mistranslate "Sinn Fein," "Ourselves ALONE." We shall, on the contrary, be for ever grateful to any Power that helps us to regain our Freedom. And as Great Britain and the United States are now willing to treat with Germany (on their own conditions), and are no longer insistent on her deposing the Kaiser, no one need be shocked if Ireland, also, is willing to have a deal on her own account. Meanwhile, we await the consistent and concrete application to Ireland's case, by President Wilson, of the noble principles by which America is, as he says, actuated in this War, viz., to make the world safe for democracy, and to secure that no Nation shall be unwillingly forced, as Ireland is, under the sovereignty of another. America will have most gloriously won this war against Autocracy and Militarism when she has liberated Ireland from the shackles of 750 years! If that destiny is America's, Ireland will rejoice. But should it be decreed by Providence that England's tyranny is to be overthrown by the "Mailed Fist," and not by the "Big Stick," America, while regretting the denial to herself of that privilege, will, we confidently hope, unselfishly congratulate our ancient and glorious Nation on having at last restored to her the inheritance of her long-lost Liberties!

ΣΤΙΡΑΝ ΙΩΣΟΕΡ Ο'ΟΥΡΑΙ.

