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THE FENIAN!
Song Book



PAÍD O'DONOGHUE

THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND	Gráinne-Mhaol
Slóighte na bhFian	
THE FELONS OF OUR LAND	God Save Ireland
Go Mairidh Eire	
ALLEN, LARKIN AND O'BRIEN	Dear Old Ireland
The Fenian Redcoat	
THE SMASHING OF THE VAN	Rory Of The Hill
The Old Fenian Gun (7)	
THOU ART NOT CONQUERED YET	Rossa's Farewell
A Fenian Ballad	
THE BOLD FENIAN MEN	O Donnabháin Rosa
Na Fíníní Tréana	
A TOOL OF ENGLAND	Paddies Evermore
The Signal Fire	

and several other songs.

32 IRISH BOOK BUREAU 9d.

Pages 68 UPR. O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN, 1



S. A. A.

*Who say our country's soul has fled?
Who say our country's heart is dead?
Come let them hear the marching tread
Of twice five thousand Hurling Men.
They hold the hopes of bygone years,
They love the past—its smiles and tears—
But quavering doubts and shrinking fears
Are far from Ireland's Hurling Men.*

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The Bold Fenian Men

SEE who comes over the red-blossomed heather,
Their green banners kissing the pure mountain air,
Heads erect, eyes to front, stepping proudly together,
Sure freedom sits throned on each proud spirit there.
Down the hill twining,
Their blessed steel shining,
Like rivers of beauty that flow from each glen,
From mountain and valley,
'Tis Liberty's rally—
Out and make way for the bold Fenian men!

Our Prayers and our tears they have scoffed and derided,
They've shut out God's sunlight from spirit and mind.
Our foes were united and we were divided,
We met and they scattered our ranks to the wind.
But once more returning,
Within our veins burning
The fires that illumined dark Aherlow glen;
We raise the old cry anew,
Slogan of Conn and Hugh;
Out and make way for the bold Fenian men!

We've men from the Nore, from the Suir and the Shannon,
Let the tyrants come forth, we'll bring force against force.
Our pen is the sword and our voice is the cannon,
Rifle for rifle and horse against horse.
We've made the false Saxon yield
Many a red battlefield:
God on our side, we will triumph again;
Pay them back woe for woe,
Give them back blow for blow—
Out and make way for the bold Fenian men!

Side by side for the cause have our forefathers battled,
When our hills never echoed the tread of a slave;
In many a field where the leaden hail rattled,
Through the red gap of glory they marched to the grave.
And those who inherit
Their name and their spirit,
Will march 'neath the banners of Liberty then;
All who love foreign law—
Native or Sassanach—
Must out and make way for the bold Fenian men!

MICHAEL SCANLAN.

Our True Men

(Written in honour of the Fenian prisoners by "Eva" of *The Nation*)

OUR true men! Our true men!
We proudly sing them all,
In "felon's" chains, across the main,
Despite the tyrant thrall.
Our true men! Our true men!
We do not fear to tell
How deep within our inmost souls
They and their "treason" dwell.

Those true men! Those few men!
How faithfully they strove,
Unaided few, to rend in two,
The chains around us wove,
Our true men! Our true men!
Though coward tongues defame,
They'll bear through every grief and wrong
A pure, undying name.

The loved ones! The proved ones!
They only trod the way
Where Right of yore, led some before
And more will guide today.
Our true men! Our true men!
Perchance like you to fail;
But others then will fill the van,
And still the struggle hail!

For masters! O masters!
There's not our isle within
A plant so green and strong, I ween,
As disaffection's sin.
'Twill grow on, 'twill blow on,
Whatever you may do,
With nurture good of tears and blood—
The food it ever knew.

Our true men! Our true men!
Oh, proudly sing them all,
In "traitor's" chains, in wrong and pain,
Or lonely wanderers all.
Our true men! Our true men!
We do not fear to tell
How deep within our inmost souls
They and their "treason" dwell.

The Fenian Redcoat

(On October 12, 1866, Private Curry of the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers—of the British Army, in which were thousands of Fenians—was publicly degraded and flogged in the presence of all his comrades at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, for being a member of the Fenian Brotherhood. He could have secured his liberty and immunity from the merciless flogging by turning informer, but he refused to speak and bore his punishment without a murmur, after which he was sent to prison for two years. T. D. Sullivan wrote this song about him at the time).

THEY read his sentence in the square
Before a thousand men;
They told him that his back should bear
Twice twenty strokes and ten.
Then past the lines they marched him by,
His stripes to undergo,
And sent two strong-armed men to ply
The scourges, blow for blow.

But never once he quailed with fear,
And never once sighed he;
For 'twas all, he knew for his country dear,
And 'twas all for liberty.

They stripped him to his skin so white,
They tied him to the frame,
And striking down with all their might
The gripping lashes came.
The red whips whistled sharp and clear,
And struck with splashing sound,
His flesh went spattering through the air,
His blood ran to the ground.

But never once the soldier spake,
Nor moan nor sigh gave he,
For 'twas all, he knew, for his country's sake,
And 'twas all for liberty.

The floggers, all besprent with gore,
Grew weary, heart and hand,
But flung their strength out all the more,
Obedient to command.
Into the bone the scourges frayed,
Laid on by strong-armed men,
Till one by one the score was paid—
Twice twenty strokes and ten.

But never once the soldier moved,
Nor moan nor sigh gave he,
For 'twas all, he knew for the land he loved,
And 'twas all for liberty.

Then from the frame they loosed his hands,
And standing on the ground,
He drew his garments with his hands
Upon the reeking wound,
And marching to the prison gate,
They noticed with surprise
His step was firm, his port was straight,
And bold and bright his eyes!

But never a word the soldier spake,
And never once sighed he;
For he'd freely die for his country's sake,
And he'd die for liberty.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

God Save Ireland

(The Prayer of the Manchester Martyrs)

HIGH upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face, with the courage of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

CHORUS :

"God save Ireland!" said the heroes ,

"God save Ireland!" said they all.

"Whether on the scaffold high

Or the battlefield we die,

O, what matter when for Erin dear we fall !

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and near;
Of the millions true and brave o'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.

Chorus.

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rang their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beside the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

Chorus.

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go, amid joy or weal or woe,
Till we make our Isle a Nation free and grand.

Chorus.

T. D. SULLIVAN.

The Signal Fire

I SAW it blaze, the holy flame
That called from hill and valley
The brave and true, in Ireland's name ,
To Ireland's cause to rally.
I saw them haste from mount and glen,
A solemn sight to see them,
That gath'ring of United Men,
March proudly on to freedom.

They met within a valley, where
The Slaney's shining river
All softly throws upon the air
The self-same chorus ever;
And through the night I could descry
My father's pike-blade glisten;
They sang the marching song and I
Stood silently to listen.

They marched away; the music died,
"Thy father, Heaven speed him,
Is gone tonight," my mother cried,
To fight for Ireland's freedom.
Tomorrow proudly shall arise
By mountain, hill and cairn,
Upon its own dear native skies
The banner green of Erin."

And so it did. When morning came,
I saw it flutter proudly;
And still it blazed, the holy flame—
I heard it crackle loudly.
Alas! too soon that banner fell,
Too soon that flame had burned;
My father, ah! full sad to tell,
He never more returned !

Full many a year has passed since then,
And yet, in fancy's dreaming,
I see within that lonely glen
The green flag proudly streaming.
I even see the gath'ring there,
Even see the pike-blades glisten;
And then, when comes the marching air,
I pause awhile and listen.

And dreamily, I see the flame
That called from hill and valley
The brave, the true, in Ireland's name,
For Ireland's cause to rally.
But now I'm old, and shattered much,
Yet, Heaven! may I die ne'er
Until I see another such
Blaze bright and long and high there!

Paddies Evermore

THE hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still—
We're Paddies evermore.

What though they menace? Suffering men
Their threats and them despise;
Or promise justice once again—
We know their words are lies.
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,
Our own dear Nation and our name,
As Paddies evermore.

Look round—the Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniard rules in Spain,
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain.
The strife for freedom here begun
We never will give o'er—
Nor own a land on earth but one—
We're Paddies evermore.

That strong and single love to crush
The despot ever tried;
A fount it was whose living gush
His hated arts defied.
'Tis fresh as when his foot accursed
Was planted on our shore,
And now and still, as from the first,
We're Paddies evermore.

What reck we though six hundred years
Have o'er our thraldom rolled?
The soul that roused O'Connor's spears
Still lives as true and bold.
The tide of foreign power to stem
Our fathers bled of yore,
And we stand here today, like them,
We're Paddies evermore.

JOHN O'HAGAN.

The Old Fenian Gun

Air: The Felons of our Land.

IT hung above the kitchen fire,
Its barrel long and brown,
And one day, with a boy's desire,
I climbed and took it down.
My father's eyes with anger flashed.
He cried: "What have you done?
I wish you'd left it where it was—
That's my old Fenian gun!"

I fondled it with love and pride;
I looked it o'er and o'er;
I placed it on my shoulder
And I marched across the floor.
My father's anguish softened,
And he shared my boyish fun—
"Ah, well," he said "'tis in your breed,
Like that old Fenian gun!"

"I remember '67 well,"
He said, "when lads like me
All thought we'd strike another blow
To set old Ireland free.
But broken were our golden hopes;
I was long months on the run;
But it did good work for Ireland then—
That brown Fenian gun."

"I was down then in Kilmallock—
 'Twas the hottest fight of all—
 And you see"—he bared his arm—
 "There's the mark still of a ball.
 I hope the young lads growing now
 Will hold the ground we won,
 And not disgrace the cause in which
 I held that Fenian gun."

I placed it o'er the fire once more;
 I heard my father sigh;
 I knew his thoughts were turning back
 On days now long gone by.
 And then I vowed within my heart;
 "I'll be my father's son,
 And if ever Ireland wants my aid
 I'll hold a Fenian gun."

That's years ago; I've grown a man,
 And weathered many a gale.
 The last long year was spent inside
 A gloomy English jail.
 I've done my part; I'll do it still,
 Until the fight is won;
 When Ireland's free we'll bless the men
 Who held a Fenian gun.

PHIL O'NEILL.

A Fenian Ballad

(This poignant street ballad, enshrining a tragic fact of Irish life,
 is said to have been written by O'Donovan Rossa).

COME all ye brave United Men, who'd right your country's wrong,
 I'll sing to you a verse or two, which won't detain you long.
 In old Iveleary by the Hills my youthful days passed by;
 The Famine came and filled the graves—I saw my father die.

The bailiff with the "notice" came—the bit of ground was gone—
 I saw the rooftree in a flame—the crowbar work was done.
 With neither house nor bed nor bread, the Workhouse was my doom
 And on my jacket soon I read: "The Union of Macroom."

My mother died of a broken heart; my uncle from the town
 Brought for her a horse and cart and buried her in Gleown.
 I joined the "Red Coats" then—no leir! what would my father say?
 And I was sent in one short year on service to Bombay.

I thought to be a pauper was the greatest human curse,
 But fighting in a robber's cause—I felt it ten times worse.
 I helped to plunder and enslave those tribes of India's sons;
 And many a sultry day I spent blowing Sepoys from our guns.

I told those sins to Father Ned—the murder and booty;
 They were no sins for me, he said, I only did my duty;
 And when that "duty" there was done, a journey home I made
 To find my friends all dead and gone; I joined the Pope's Brigade.

I got but medals on my breast for serving in this campaign;
 And next I'm found in the far, far West, a-soldiering again,
 With famous Captain Billy O I joined the Fenian Band,
 And swore one day to strike a blow to free my native land.

Back in this down-trod Isle again, where vultures drink our blood,
 Friends are scattered, starved or slain—I'm told I'm cursed by God;
 That I could swear my life-long days to serve from Pole to Pole
 In any other cause but this with safety to my soul!

No sin to kill for English greed in some far foreign clime,
 How can it be that patriot love in Ireland is a crime?
 How can it be by God's decree I'm cursed, outlawed and banned
 Because I swore one day to free my trampled native land?

O Donnabhain Rosa

(Written in July 1915, when Rossa's body was brought home)
 to Ireland)

Air: *Cill Chais* or *Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded*.

DIARMUID O Donnabhain Rosa
 Honour and love to the name,
 There is nought in it mean or ignoble,
 It speaks not of serfdom or shame.
 It tells of a life lived for Ireland,
 Of a heart fond and fearless and true,
 Of a spirit untamed and defiant,
 That the foeman could never subdue.

They chained him, they starved him, they scourged him;
 They tried every devil-sent plan
 To blacken the heart of the hero
 To shatter the mind of the man.
 They made him an exile, an outlaw,
 They slandered him living and dead;
 But his love and his hate never wavered
 Till the spirit God gave him had fled.

His crime was that Ireland, his mother,
Had called him to dare and to dree,
That one day her bonds might be riven,
That one day her limbs might be free
From the chains of the English enslaver—
And proudly he answered the call,
Nor cared what the future might bring him,
So Ireland were freed from her thrall!

Bear him back to that mother who loves him
Bear him back to the land he loved well;
Go forth 'mong the children of Ireland
The tale of his triumph to tell.
In their hearts plant the seed of his story,
In their minds light the dream of his soul,
And point them the road that he travelled—
The rough road to Liberty's Goal.

Diarmuid O Donnabhain Rosa!
Glory to God for his life,
For the glorious memory he leaves us,
To strengthen our hearts in the strife,
Till the cause that he lived for has triumphed,
Till the dark night of thralldom has fled,
And Ireland unfettered shall honour
The names of her patriot dead.

BRIAN NA BANBAN.

Dear Old Ireland

FAR from the hills of Innisfail
We meet in love tonight,
Sons of the scattered Clan na Gael,
With spirits warm and bright,
Why do we meet? 'Tis to repeat
Our vows both night and day
To dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

We're not the fortune-favoured kind,
But rugged sons of toil;
We've got the muscle and the mind
That spring from Irish soil;
Our toil being done, and night come on,
We meet to work and pray
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Some left her shores long years ago,
Some never saw her hills,
But for her glory and her woe
Each faithful bosom thrills.
We give no cheers, but vow her tears
Revenge shall wipe away—
Ah! dear Old Ireland, brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

We've read of how our fathers fought,
And how our fathers died;
How creeds divided where they ought
To muster side by side.
We count the cost that faction lost,
And cast the fiend away—
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Let cowards bend in abject prayer,
Let tyrants frown and threat,
Be ours the duty to prepare
With sword and bayonet,
Let babblers cease to prate of peace;
God send us war, we say,
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Our fathers died in olden time
And left a heritage—
(And loving Ireland was their crime).
Of blood and hate and rage;
And by the Cross, there's been no loss,
We hate as strong as they,
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

Once more upon the "felon's track,"
Red with our father's blood,
And woe unto the men that slack
Our spirit's burning flood!
The green above! Revenge and love!
Forward and march away—
For dear Old Ireland, brave Old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

DENIS DOWNING.

The Martyred Three

(ALLEN, LARKIN, AND O'BRIEN)

Air : *The Green Above The Red*

WHAT means this great and solemn throng, this dark November day?

With measured step, to music slow, why march along the way?
While on each gentle maiden fair and stalwart youth is seen
The mourning crape twined sadly in with Erin's emerald green.

Why now is heard, with muffled sound, the drum's dull, heavy beat?
And why swells out the mournful dirge along the city street?
Why heedless of the wintry cold and chill, downpouring rain,
March on the thousands, old and young, amidst the funeral train?

This day does weeping Erin mourn her martyred children three.
This day she bids her sons go forth and let the tyrant see
In spite of gibbets, dungeons, chains, throughout the land are spread
Brave hearts that beat true in her cause and mourn her patriot dead.

Upon the scaffold grim they died, the last in Erin's cause.
Upon the gallows high they swung, by stern and cruel laws.
Like Emmet, Shears, Fitzgerald, Tone and hundreds true and bold,
They died to make their native land a nation as of old.

And when from bondage and from chains our country shall be free,
When o'er the land shall proudly float our flag from sea to sea,
Then shall our martyred brothers' names shine brightly side by side
Amidst the hosts who for her sake have fought and bled and died.

Now let ascend in mighty tones a nation's fervent prayer;
Let it be breathed by aged lips and by the young and fair;
On Irish tongues all o'er the world that aspiration be—
God save down-trodden Ireland and God rest her Martyred Three.

ANON.

Rory Of The Hills

THAT rake up near the rafters, why leave it there so long?
The handle of the best of ash, is smooth and straight, and strong.
And, mother, will you tell me, why did my father frown
When to make the hay in summer-time I climbed to take it down?"
She looked into her husband's eyes, while her own with light did fill
"You'll shortly know the reason, boy," said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lighting up the slopes of Sliabh na mBan,
Whose foot affrights the startled hare so long before the dawn?
He stopped just where the Anner's stream winds up the woods anear
Then whistled low and looked around to see the coast was clear.
A sheeling door flew open; in he stepped with right good will:
"God save all here and bless the work," said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome that greeted him, I ween.
For years gone by he fully proved how well he loved the Green;
And there was one among them who grasped him by the hand—
One who through all that weary time roamed on a foreign strand.
He brought them news from gallant friends that made their
heartstrings thrill:
"My soul! I never doubted them," said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board till dawning of the day,
And yet no song or shout I heard; no revellers were they.
Some brows flushed red with gladness, while some were grimly pale;
But pale or red, from out those eyes flashed souls that never quail.
"And tell us now about the vow they promised to fulfil!"—
"You'll read it yet in history," said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle he took down from where it hung,
The toothed rake, full scornfully, into the fire he flung;
And in its stead a shining blade is gleaming once again—
(O, for a hundred thousand of such weapons and such men!)
Right soldierly he wielded it, and, going through his drill:
"Attention" — "Charge" — "Front-point" — "Advance!" cried
Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride, with pride and woman's fears
She flew to him, she clung to him, and dried away her tears.
He feels her pulse beat truly, while her arms around him twine—
'Now God be praised for your stout heart, brave little wife of mine'
He swung his first born in the air, while joy his heart did fill—
"You'll be a freeman, yet, my boy!" said Rory of the Hill.

O, knowledge is a wondrous power, and stronger than the wind;
And thrones shall fall and despots bow before the might of mind.
The poet and the orator the heart of man can sway;
But would to the kind heavens that Wolfe Tone were here today!
Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength, her truest strength
is still
The rough and ready roving boys like Rory of the Hill.

CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

Grainne Mhaol

(A Fenian song by William Rooney to the old air *Granuaile*)

THERE'S sorrow at our Mother's heart, her eyes are dim today,
For all the cherished dreams she nursed are vanishing away.
There are vacant seats by many hearths, and from all sides comes
the tale,
That the true and brave fly o'er the wave from dear old Gráinne
Mhaol.

When the homestead rose in the olden time and the thin blue
smoke upcurled;
Where reigned the smiles that made our isle the gem land of the
world;

'Tis the stranger's cow is grazing now, and the bodach, cold and pale
Usurps the place of the ancient race who loved old Gráinne Mhaol.

At the Sunday Mass, where the neighbours met and talked their
tidings o'er,

But little's left of all the throng that used to crowd the door.
A few grey heads, a few hot hearts at fortune's frowning rail,
But scarce a face with will to chase the grief from Gráinne Mhaol.

For doubt sits brooding on the hill; despair stalks through the glen;
And not a voice goes through the land to rouse her earnest men.
Have all the memories of the past forsaken town and vale,
That not a hand in all the land is raised for Gráinne Mhaol?

Oh! shame, if even one survives to point the way to dawn,
That men should fear to thread the path the true and brave have
gone!

Oh! bitter shame that feud should sap the strength that could
prevail

O'er fraud and might, to chase the night of woe from Gráinne Mhaol

Have all the hopes our fathers held been handed down in vain?
Must all the thoughts that cheered their lives be never known again?
Must silence fill the fields and fairs and coming ages hail
Forgotten graves, unthinking slaves, as the meed of Gráinne Mhaol!

No, no! across the thund'ring waves the answer rings full high;
No, no! re-echoes many a heart beneath the Irish sky;
The land shall wake; her exiled sons across the seas shall sail
Once more to set a coronet on loved old Gráinne Mhaol!

The Manchester Martyrs

Or THE SMASHING OF THE VAN

(A street ballad written in 1867)

ATTEND, you gallant Irishmen, and listen for a while;
I'll sing to you the praises of the sons of Erin's Isle.
It's of those gallant heroes who voluntarily ran
To release two Irish Fenians from an English prison van.

CHORUS :

Hurrah, my lads, for freedom, let all join heart and hand!
May the Lord have mercy on the boys that helped to smash the van!

On the Eighteenth of September, it was a dreadful year,
When sorrow and excitement ran all through Lancashire.
At a gathering of the Irish boys they volunteered each man,
To release those Irish prisoners from out of the prison van.

Kelly and Deasy were their names, I suppose you know them well;
Remanded for a week they were in Bellevue Gaol to dwell.
When taking of the prisoners back, their trial for to stand,
To make a safe deliverance they conveyed them in a van.

William Deasy was a man of good and noted fame,
Likewise Michael Larkin, we'll ne'er forget his name;
With young Allen and O'Brien they took a part so grand
In that glorious liberation and the smashing of the van.

In Manchester one morning these heroes did agree
Their leaders, Kelly and Deasy, should have their liberty;
They drank a health to Ireland, and soon made up the plan,
To meet the prisoners on the road and take and smash the van.

With courage bold those heroes went, and soon the van did stop;
They cleared the guards from back and front, and then smashed in
the top;

But when blowing open of the lock they chanced to kill a man,
So three must die on the scaffold high for smashing of the van.

One cold November morning in Eighteen Sixty-seven,
These martyrs to their country's cause a sacrifice were given.
"God save Ireland!" was their cry, all through the crowd it ran,
The Lord have mercy on the boys that helped to smash the van!

So now, kind friends, I will conclude, I think it would be right
That all true-hearted Irishmen together should unite;
Together should unite, my friends, and do the best we can
To keep the memory ever green of the boys that smashed the van.

Paid O'Donoghue

THE Yeos were in Dunshaughlin and the Hessians in Drumree,
And spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh,
While Roden's Godless Hunters ranged from Skreen to Mullachoo,
When hammered were the pike-heads first by Páid O'Donoghue.

Bold Pádraig was as strong a boy as ever hammer swung,
An the finest hurler that you'd find the lads of Meath among,
And when the wrestling match was o'er no man could boast he threw
The dark-haired smith of Curragha, young Páid O'Donoghue.

Young Pádraig lived a happy life, and gaily sang each day,
Beside his ringing anvil, some sweet old Irish lay,
Or walked light-heartedly at eve through the woods of lone Kilbrue,
With her who'd given her pure heart's love to Páid O'Donoghue.

But Ninety-eight's dark season came and Irish hearts were sore,
The pitch-cap and triangle the patient folk outwore.
The blacksmith thought of Ireland and found he'd work to do.
"I'll forge some steel for freedom," said Páid O'Donoghue.

Though the Yeos were in Dunshaughlin and the Hessians in Drumree,
And spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh.
Though Roden's Godless Hunters ranged from Skreen to Mullachoo,
The pike-heads keen were hammered out by Páid O'Donoghue.

And so each night in Curragha was heard the anvil's ring,
While scouting on the roadways were Hugh and Phelim King,
With Gillic's Pat and Foley's Mat, and Micheál Moran, too,
While in the forge for Ireland worked young Páid O'Donoghue.

But a spy crept in amongst them, and the secret soon was sold
To the captain of the Yeomen for the ready Saxon gold,
And a troop dashed out one evening from the woods of dark Kilbrue,
And soon a rebel prisoner bound was Páid O'Donoghue.

Now, Pádraig Og, pray fervently, your earthly course has run;
The captain he has sworn you'll not see the morrow's sun ;
The muskets they are ready and each yeoman's aim is true—
Death stands beside your shoulder, young Páid O'Donoghue.

"Down on your knees, you rebel dog," the Yeoman captain roared,
As high above his helmet's crest he waved his gleaming sword.
"Down on your knees to meet your doom, such is the rebel's due."
But straight as pike-shaft 'fore them stood young Páid O'Donoghue.

And there upon the roadway where in childhood he had played,
Before the cruel yeomen stood Pádraig undismayed.
"I kneel but to my God above, I ne'er shall bow to you;
You can shoot me as I'm standing," said Páid O'Donoghue.

The captain gazed upon him, then lowered the keen-edged blade
"A rebel bold as this," he said, "'tis fitting to degrade :
Here men," he cried, "Unbind him : my charger wants a shoe,
The King shall have a workman in this Páid O'Donoghue.

Now Páid into his forge has gone, the yeomen guard the door,
And soon the ponderous bellows is heard to snort and roar.
The captain stands with reins in hands, while Pádraig fits the shoe,
And when 'tis on full short the shrift he'll give O'Donoghue.

The last strong nail is firmly clinched, the captain's horse is shod,
"Now, rebel bold your hour has come, prepare to meet your God."
But why holds he the horse's hoof, there's no more work to do ;
Why clutches he his hammer so, young Páid O'Donoghue ?

A leap, a roar, a smothered groan—the captain drops the rein,
And falls to earth with hammer-head sunk deeply in his brain ;
And lightly in the saddle, fast racing towards Kilbrue,
Upon the captain's charger sits young Páid O'Donoghue ?

A volley from the muskets, a rush of horse's feet—
He's gone, and none can capture the captain's charger fleet ;
And on the night wind backwards comes a mocking loud "Halloo!"
That tells the yeomen they have lost young Páid O'Donoghue !

PATRICK ARCHER.

"The Story of the Catalpa" and rescue of the Fenian Prisoners
from the penal settlement in Australia can be had in the shops
for 6d. or by post 8d., 12 copies post paid for 5/6, 14 copies mail
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JOSEPH CLARKE

Irish Book Bureau

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The Dead Who Died for Ireland

THE dead who died for Ireland,
Let not their memory die,
But solemn and bright, like the stars at night,
Be they throned for aye on high.
The dead who died for Ireland,
In the lonely prison cell,
Far, far apart from each kindred heart,
Of their death-pangs none can tell.

The dead who died for Ireland,
In exile, poor, in pain,
Dreaming sweet dreams of the hills and streams
They never should see again.
The dead who died for Ireland,
Let not their memory die,
But solemn and bright, like the stars at night,
Be they throned for aye on high.

ELLEN O'LEARY.

To God And Ireland True

I SIT beside my darling's grave,
Who in the prison died,
And though my tears fall thick and fast
I think of him with pride;
Aye, softly fall my tears like dew,
For one to God and Ireland true.

"I love my God o'er all," he said,
"And then I love my land.
And next I love my lily sweet;
Who pledged me her white hand;
To each, to all I'm ever true—
To God, to Ireland and to you."

No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed,
Or softly raised his head;
He fell asleep and woke in Heaven
Ere, I knew he was dead:
Yet why should I my darling rue?
He was to God and Ireland true.

Oh, 'tis a glorious memory,
I'm prouder than a queen,
To sit beside my hero's grave
And think on what has been;
And, O my darling, I am true,
To God, to Ireland, and to you.

ELLEN O'LEARY.

A Tool Of England

*(A Fenian father's Address to his son, who has joined the
British Army)*

YOU have donned the red of England, you are England's creature
now,
And the cursed brand of serfdom has its mark upon your brow;
From this moment I disown you, who have spurned your name
and race,
Who have sold your Irish birthright for the bargain of disgrace.

Wait a moment, boy, and listen, for the last time ere you go
From the father who has lived to see this day of bitter woe,
Who would rather see you lying stark and lifeless by his side
Than the purchased slave of Power and the tool of brutal Pride.

You were careless, happy, guileless, from the moment of your birth,
Until vile companions lured you from your father's humble hearth;
Now you've sold the love of boyhood and the light of manhood's
flame
For the hired helot's pittance and the craven traitor's name.

But the memory of those early days shall linger in your heart,
To haunt you and to mock you till your soul and body part;
And your mother's voice, upbraiding, from the darkness of the grave
Shall be with you, night and morning, on the land or on the wave.

Once I wore the garb of felon, and 'twas England dressed me so,
When I strove to light o'er Ireland, Freedom's bright and blessed
glow;
And I gloried in that title, and I proudly wore that dress,
Since then I've hated England more, loved Ireland none the less.

Little did I think that day, when fenced around with hated foes,
Whose sneering words of insult cut my heart like brutal blows,
That I'd live to see the bitter hour when on my son would shine
The murder-tainted garb of those who plundered me and mine.

You will go, to filch from free-born men the fruits of honest toil,
Peaceful homes to loot and level, sacred altars to despoil;
And the curse of maid and mother every day shall reach your ears—
Thus is England's record written; ruined hearths, and blood, and
fears.

Then away! and seek the glory of a Saxon robber war,
It will be, mayhap, a fortune, or a title, or a scar,
Or a resting-place for ever in some land where wild beasts roam,
Or the meanest, darkest fate of all—a pauper's grave at home.

Were you standing on the gallows, for your country's sake to die,
I would bless you calmly, proudly, without tear or faltering sigh,
But you're son of mine no longer—wretched tool of England, go!
Black and fruitless be the harvest of the seed that now you sow!

Many lands have slaves and traitors who would sell their race for
gold,
Who would lead the greedy wild beast on the unprotected fold!
But the meanest, vilest wretch of all that curse the earth today
Is the Irish-born slaveling who would fight in England's pay!
BRIAN NA BANBAN.

Rossa's Farewell

(Traditional Air)

FAREWELL to friends of Dublin Town,
I bid ye all adieu.
I cannot yet appoint the day
That I'll return to you.
I write these lines on board a ship
Where the stormy billows roar.
May Heaven bless our Fenian men
Till I return once more.

I joined the Fenian Brotherhood
In the year of Sixty-Four
Resolved to free my native land
Or perish on the shore
My friends and me we did agree
Our native land to save,
And to raise the flag of freedom
O'er the head of Emmet's grave.

My curse attend the English spies
Who did our cause betray!
I'd throw a rope around their necks
And drown them in the Bay.
There was Nagle, Massey, Corydon,
And Talbot—he makes four,
Like demons in their thirst for gold
They're cursed for evermore.

I laid my plans and drilled my men
In dear old Skibbereen,
And hoped one day to meet the foe
'Neath Ireland's flag of green.
I robbed no man, I spilt no blood,
But they sent me off to jail,
Because I was O'Donovan Rossa
And a son of Granuaile.

The Manchester Martyrs

AYE, stand them high on your gallows tree!
Where the noose of a hangman waits,
And the ribald cries of your rabble rise
Outside of their prison gates;
Let them stand in the light of your murky skies
So the nations of men may see
How Ireland offers a sacrifice
On the altars of liberty.

The world has plenty of mouthed wars
And aims that the gods despise;
Was ever a victory blessed by Mars
Achieved by a braggart's cries?—
No. The hero's blood and the bullet's hum
Are the liberty's pangs of birth,
And by these must be settled the awful sum
Of tyranny's debt to earth.

Then stand them high with their eyes to the light,
Those sons of a soldier race;
Each strand of their halters mark their right
To glory's innermost place;
And their "God Save Ireland" proudly hurled
From the portals of death will fling
Its echoes forever around the world
While the soul of the Celt is king.

This day will end at the setting of sun,
But the fame of our noble Three
Will live till the uttermost sands are run
Of the Land that they died to free;
The justice of God is lightning-shod,
And tyrants pass in a day;
But the martyr's blood and the hero's sword
Will be saviours of men for aye.

And not for the Land of their birth alone
 Do they swing from your beams of shame,
 But for every struggle the world has known,
 In Liberty's holy name;
 For the striving Right against ruthless Might,
 Wherever the bonds may bind,
 Young Allen, O'Brien and Larkin die
 A ransom for all mankind.

TERESA BRAYTON.

Thou Art Not Conquered Yet, Dear Land

THOU are not conquered yet, dear land,
 Though pale thy once bright cheek,
 Although thy lips of golden song
 Now mournfully do speak.
 Although thine eyes have dimmed their hue,
 And with cold tears are wet,
 Mother, thy heart beats proudly still—
 Thou art not conquered yet!

Thy limbs are bound in fetters strong,
 Thy heart is beating fast,
 For oh! the gloomy pall of death
 Is ever round thee cast.
 The stars bring thee no light, a stór,
 Thy glorious sun is set,
 Yet, darling, hold thy flagstaff firm—
 Thou art not conquered yet!

Seven centuries a stranger's hoof
 Has trod thy beauty down;
 His hand has torn with ruffian grasp
 From thy fair head its crown.
 But crownless as thou art today,
 You never can forget
 How bravely you have borne the past—
 Thou art not conquered yet!

The poet brought unto thy feet
 His gift of precious song;
 And round thee, in a haloed ring,
 How thick thy martyrs throng.
 Two nations at thy fallen throne
 In bonds of love have met;
 Thy flashing eyes unto them speak—
 Thou art not conquered yet!

"LEO" (1861).

Go Mairidh Éire

(GOD SAVE IRELAND)

AR AN gCROICH dá gcrochadh bhí
 Triúir mac óg do b'uasal croidhe,
 Buailte síos ag dian-ríg díoghalach i n-a mbláth;
 Ach do sheas siad os a chomhair,
 Dána—ar nós a sinnsear mór,
 Is chuadar chum báis le croidhe gan sgáth.

"Go mairidh Éire!" ghlaodh na gaisgidhigh,
 "Go mairidh Éire!" i n-aon rádh.
 "Is cuma linn cá dtuitfimíd—
 Ar an gcroich nó ins an troid—
 O, nach cuma 's bás d'fhagháil d'Éirinn, tír ár ngrádha!"

Ar gach taobh bhí náimhde dúr',
 Ach go dána sheas an triúir,
 Oir ba chuimhneach leo díl-chroidhthe 'ngar 's i gcéin;
 Mílte croidhthe cródha fíor'
 Thar an saíle tonntach thiar,
 Is na cáirde dílse i nÉirinn naomhtha féin.

"Go mairidh Éire!" sin mar ghlaodhadar
 "Go mairidh Éire!" i n-aon rádh.
 "Is cuma linn cá dtuitfimíd—
 Ar an gcroich nó ins an troid—
 O, nach cuma 's bás d'fhagháil d'Éirinn, tír ár ngrádha!"

Chuadar suas na céime cam'
 Ghlaodhadar ar Dhia 'san am.
 Is annsin—is téad na Sacsan gléasta leo—
 Thug an triúir dhá chéile póg,
 Ar nós triúir dhearbhráithreach n-óg,
 Dhá dtír féin, do Dhia, 's do'n tSaoirse fíor go dteo.

Go mairidh Éire!" sin mar ghlaodhadar,
 "Go mairidh Éire!" i n-aon rádh.
 "Is cuma linn cá dtuitfimíd—
 Ar an gcroich nó ins an troid—
 O, nach cuma 's bás d'fhagháil d'Éirinn, tír ár ngrádha!"

Is ní chaillfimíd go dteo
 As ár n-inntinn, cuimhne beo
 Ar an dtriúir a thug a n-anamanna dhár dtír;
 Ach ag dul ar aghaidh go bráth
 Is cuma linn séan, sógh is crádh,
 Nó go mbeidh ár dtír n-a' dúthaigh mhóir is shaoir

Go mairidh Éire ! glao dhmúi-ne
"Go mairidh Éire !" i n-aon rádh.
Is cuma linn cá d'uitfimid
Ar an gcroich nó ins an troid—
Ó, nach cuma 's bás d'fhagháil d'Éirinn, tír ár ngrádhá!"

EOGHAN Ó GRAMHNA, sagart, d'aistrigh.

Na Finíní Tréana

(Fonn : "Fíre an Iarthair")

IS iomdha maith i mBéarla
'Na moltar ár laochra thar bárr :
Is iomdha scéal canta do léightear
Thar gaisge ár trrfhan-fhear san ár.
Ach canfad díbh feasta, a Ghaedheala,
I dteangan na hÉireann mo dhán,
Ag moladh na Finíní tréana,
Do bhain geit as na méith-phuic 'na lá.

Mo ghrádh iad na Finíní tréana,
Mo ghrádh iad go dtéidhead-sa fé'n mbán;
Ó leanaimís lorg na laochra
A mhuintir na hÉireann, gan scáth.

Is tréith lag bhí muinntir na hÉireann
Fé dhaor-smacht as dlíghthe ba cham
Nuair bheartaigh na Finíní tréin-bheart
Do dhéanamh ag treascairt na nGall;
A's is iomdha gleann seagair sa tír seo
As leaca, as ínse ghlas réidh
Na mBailighdís siúd ann ist oidhche
Chun cath-cleasa chleachta mar chéird.

Mo ghrádh iad 'srl.

Go mairidh go bráth againn eolas
Ar na ballaibh 'na chnósuigheadh na Gaedhil,
San am úd ag foghlaim a ngnóthe,
Conus namhaid do threascairt le faobhar.
Mar má's luagh é an smacht tá ar Ghaedelaibh
Le 'nár linn, seach a's bhí ortha tráth,
Do na daoine bhí ullamh chun faobhar-chath
Tugtar an buidheachas go bráth.

Mo ghrádh iad 'srl.

Molaim go h-árd na Finíní,
Do dhúisigh ár ndaoine ba thláth,
A's do mhúin dóibh gur laochra a sinnsear
Ná luighfeadh fé chosaibh aon námhaid.
A's deirim gur suarach an Gaedheal é
Ná canfadh liom bhéarsa ó chroidhe,
Ag moladh an bhFiníní shaothruigh
Le duthracht, moch déidheanach, dár dtír.

Mo ghrádh iad 'srl.

A's má theip ar na Finíní Éire
Ó Ghalla-smacht shaoradh 'na ló,
Do theip agus teipfidh, a Ghaedheala,
Ar na Gallaibh sinn chlaonadh go deo.
Agus maireann a's mairfidh go bráth ann,
Tré congnamh an Árd-Mhic, fir groidhe,
Chun a dtíre a chosaint go dána
Ar an námhaid pé áird as a dtighean.

Mo ghrádh iad 'srl.

LORTHA LIATH-BHÁN.

Slóighte na bhFian

("The Bold Fenian Men")

SEO chughainn na slóighte 'teacht 'nuas druim a' tsléibhe
'S a mbrat ag craitheadh go hárd leis a' ghaoith;
Is deas 'gus is aerach a gcoiscóim 's a n-éideadh,
Sheacht mh'anam na tréin-fhir nach dtréigfeadh a dtír !
Tá deallramh 'gcuid sleanntrach 'cur maise ar na gleanntáin
Mar loinnir na maidne nuair éirigheas a ghrian;
Tá a nglórthaí go dána 'cur troda ar a námhaid—
"Fágaighidh an bealach ag slóighte na bhFian !"

Tá fir líomhtha láidir nach eagal leo namhaid
A' tarraingt 'na coghaidh go díbrceach teann,
Agus cluinfeair i mbárach ó Chorcaigh go Máluinn
Fuaim a gcuid gunnaí 'gus glór a gcuid lann.
Is minic a chascarmar slóighte na Sasana
Ar móinte na Banban le buillí bhí dian
Is i n-aimn na gcuradh a throid ag Beann-borb,
Nochtaighidh 'n colg, a shlóighte na bhFian !

Is iomda deor chráidhte a ghoil tú, a mháithrín,
Ag amharc ar do pháistí 's iad sgabtha go fann,
Níor chuireamar le chéile i n-éadan ár námhad
Agus chuir siad faoi smacht sinn le neart a gcuid lann.
Ach támuid ag éirge as néaltaí na h-oidhche,
Tá na teinte dá lasadh ar chnoc is ar sliabh,
Tógfamuid gáir na laoch—rosc-catha Chuinn is Aod'
"Fágaighidh an bealach ag slóighte na bhFian !"

SEOSAMH MAC GRIANNA d'aistrigh.

The Ballad Of Pat O'Donnell

(Dublin Street Ballad, 1883)

Air : *The Star of Donegal.*

MY name is Pat O'Donnell and I come from Donegal,
I am, you know, a dangerous foe to traitors one and all;
For the shooting of James Carey I've been tried in London town,
And now upon the gallows high my life I must lay down.

I sailed on board the Montrose in August 'eighty-three,
And on my voyage to Capetown he was made known to me.
When I heard he was James Carey, we had angry words and blows,
And the villain he strove to take my life on board of the Montrose.

I stood up to defend myself and fight before I'd die;
My pocket pistol I drew forth, and at him I let fly;
We fired until the second round, when I shot him through the heart
And I gave him the third revolver shot before he did depart.

Oh! Carey's wife and child came to the cabin where he lay,
And seeing him lying in his gore it filled them with dismay.
"O'Donnell, you've shot my husband," Mrs. Carey loud did cry;
"Oh, yes, I did, in self-defence, madam," then said I.

The captain had me handcuffed and guarded iron-bound,
And I was kept a prisoner 'till we landed in Capetown;
I was then brought back to England, when my trial it came on,
And the prosecutors for the Crown were Carey's wife and son.

The jury found me guilty, and the judge made this reply:
"For the murder of James Carey, O'Donnell, you must die
On the twenty-third of December and on the gallows high;
So the Lord have mercy on your soul, for your hour is drawing
nigh."

Good Christians all, both great and small, kind Christians for me
pray;

'Tis true I am an Irishman, this is my dying day.
My grave will soon be open, and I'm ready now to die,
So pray for the soul of O'Donnell when in his grave he'll lie.

The Boys Are Coming Home

(A Fenian song to the air of "The Irish Rapparees"
or "The Low-Backed Car.")

HO! Con, light up your fires tonight
On Hungry's tow'ring crest;
For ships will come, ere morning's light,
With brave news from the West.
And pass the word through all the glens,
Tomorrow's signal drum
Will welcome wide o'er Bantry's tide
The Boys who're coming home
They're coming, coming home—
The Boys who've sworn to come—
God light their way to Bantry's Bay,
The Boys who're coming home!

Their cheeks are browned by many a sun,
And ploughed by many a scar;
Their flags are dim with blood-prints grim
Of many a foreign war.
But their hearts are Irish as the streams
Glengariff's dells that roam;
Their stoutest blow they swore should go
To the fight for the land at home—
The small green isle at home,
The brave old land at home—
My soul; a slashing, smashing blow
Have the Boys who're coming home!

Now, Con, away to Hungry's heights!
Haste Micheál, wake the Glen;
Their ships bring gear worth soldiers' wear
For thrice ten thousand men
Then, boys, farewell the dance, the fair,
Your cailins' cheeks of bloom,
Till freedom shines o'er the conquering lines
Of the boys who're coming home.
They're sailing, thronging home—
In bold brigades they come—
Old Erin's veins run fire tonight,
For her Boys are coming home!

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

Sentenced To Death

(The Fate of a young Fenian in the British Army)

THE grey dawn had crept o'er the stillness of morning,
The dewdrops they glistened like icicled breath,
The notes of the bugle had sounded its warning,
A young Irish soldier lay sentenced to death;
No cold-blooded murder had stained his pure conscience,
He called as a witness his Maker on High,
He'd simply been fighting for Ireland's loved freedom,
Arrested and tried he was sentenced to die.

CHORUS :

Lay him away on the hillside, along with the brave and the bold,
Inscribe his name on the scroll of fame in letters of purest gold;
"My conscience would never convict me," he said with his dying
breath,
"May God bless the cause of Freedom for which I am sentenced to
death."

He thought of the love of his feeble old mother;
He thought of the cailín so dear to his heart;
The sobs of affection he scarcely could smother,
Well knowing how soon from them both he must part;
He feared not to die though his heart was near broken,
'Twas simply remembrance of those he loved well;
His Ros'ry he pressed to his heart as a token,
Its touch cheered his soul in a felon's cold cell.

Chorus.

To the Barrack Square they marched the young hero;
The bandage he tore from his eyes with disdain;
"You think I'm afraid of a crime-sodden 'Nero,'
I'd die for my country again and again;
I blame not my comrades for doing their duty;
"Aim straight at my heart" were the last words he said.
Exposing his breast to the point of the rifle,
The smoke cleared away the young soldier was dead.

Chorus.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien

GOD rest the dead of Ireland
Who sleep in Irish clay !
God rest the dead of Ireland
Whose graves are far away !
God rest the noble Martyred Three
Whose names like a beacon shine
To lead us on till the Goal is won—
Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

Because they loved their Motherland
And strove to set her free,
The lash of England's hate came down
On the brave undaunted Three.
And, comrades all in Ireland's cause,
The task is yours and mine
To break one day the hand that smote
Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

They heard no call of pipe or drum,
No comrades marched ahead
But round them were the spirit hosts
Of Ireland's Martyred Dead.
With heads erect and hearts aglow
They joined that sainted line,
Dear Ireland's name on their dying lips,
Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

Their cause is Ireland's cause today,
Their foe is Ireland's foe,
The fires they lit of love and hate,
Bright, bright and warm they glow;
And where their flame lights up the sky
We read the blood-red sign
That tells of vengeance for our dead—
Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

BRIAN NA BANBAN.

The Felons Of Our Land

FILL up once more, we'll drink a toast
To comrades far away;
No nation upon earth can boast
Of braver hearts than they.
And though they sleep in dungeons deep,
Or flee, outlawed and banned,
We love them yet, we can't forget
The felons of our land.

In boyhood's bloom and manhood's pride,
Foredoomed by alien laws,
Some on the scaffold proudly died
For holy Ireland's cause.
And, brothers, say shall we today
Unmoved, like cowards stand,
While traitors shame and foes defame
The felons of our land.

Some in the convict's cell
Have found a living tomb,
And some unseen, unfriendly fell
Within the dungeon gloom.
Yet, what care we, although it be
Trodden by a ruffian band—
God bless the clay where rest today
The felons of our land.

Let cowards mock and tyrants frown,
Ah, little do we care!
A felon's cap is the noblest crown
An Irish head can wear.
And every Gael in Inisfail,
Who scorns the serf's vile brand,
From Lee to Boyne, would gladly join,
The felons of our land.

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER,

The Fenian Pike

SOME years ago I drew the plan
And figure of a certain blade;
I gave it to a proper man,
And very soon the thing was made.
The crook was light and very neat—
The point was sharp, the hilt was strong:
It only lacked, to be complete,
An ashen handle ten feet long.

I got the ashen handle, too;
I scraped and filed it down with care,
And never said that it would do
Until it fitted to a hair.
And then I laid it safely by
Where nought could wrap or twist it wrong,
Until the time should come when I
Would want my handle, ten feet long.

Alas! that time it never came,
But e'en when hope had died away,
'Twas not without a sense of shame
I took it down again one day.
I sadly twisted out the screws
That bound it to a hilt so strong,
And turned to some ignoble use
My glorious handle ten feet long.

But yet I always kept the blade,
And now I think 'tis just the time
To get another handle made—
The fit as good, the stuff as prime.
I'll advertise for such a thing,
And hope to have my choice among
The bundles that my call will bring—
Say, twice ten thousand, ten feet long!

T. D. SULLIVAN.

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