

# STUDENTS' RALLY TO-NIGHT

## Songs For The Rally

### KEVIN BARRY

In Mountjoy Jail, one Monday morning,  
High upon the gallows tree,  
Kevin Barry gave his young life  
For the cause of liberty.  
But a lad of eighteen summers,  
Yet no one can deny,  
As he walked to death that morning  
He proudly held his head on high.

Just before he faced the hangman  
In his dreary prison cell,  
British soldiers tortured Barry  
Just because he would not tell  
The names of his brave companions,  
And other things they wished to know  
"Turn informer or we'll kill you!"  
Kevin Barry answered "No!"

Another martyr for old Ireland,  
Another murder for the Crown,  
Whose brutal laws may kill the Irish,  
But can't keep their spirit down.  
Lads like Barry are no cowards,  
From the foe they will not fly;  
Lads like Barry will free Ireland,  
For her sake they'll live and die.

### A NATION ONCE AGAIN

When boyhood's fire was in my blood  
I read of ancient freemen,  
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,  
Three hundred men and three men;  
And then I prayed I yet might see  
Our fetters rent in twain,  
And Ireland, long a province, be  
A Nation once again!

#### Chorus

A Nation once again,  
A Nation once again,  
And Ireland, long a province, be  
A Nation once again!

And from that time, through wildest woe,  
That hope has shone a far light,  
Nor could love's brightest summer glow  
Outshine that solemn starlight;  
It seemed to watch above my head  
In forum, field and fane,  
Its angel voice sang round my bed,  
A Nation once again!

#### Chorus



"Kevin Barry gave his young life for the cause of liberty"

### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriot's fate who hangs his head for  
shame?  
He's all a knave or half a slave who slights his country thus;  
But a true man, like you, man, will fill your glass with us,

We drink the memory of the brave, the faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave, some sleep in Ireland, too;  
All, all are gone, but still lives on the fame of those who died;  
All true men, like you, men, remember them with pride.

Then here's their memory—may it be for us a guiding light  
To cheer our strife for liberty and teach us to unite!  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still, though sad as theirs  
your fate:  
And true men be you, men, like those of Ninety-Eight.

**Students! Assemble outside Newman House, Stephen's Green, South, at 7.30 to-night (Nov. 5th). Parade to Mass Meeting in O'Connell Street. Bands will lead the Parade.**