

Classic Poetry Series

**Thomas Osborne Davis**  
**- poems -**

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# Thomas Osborne Davis(14 October 1814 - 16 September 1845)

Thomas Osborne Davis was a revolutionary Irish writer who was the chief organizer and poet of the Young Ireland movement.

Thomas Davis was born in the town of Mallow in the county of Cork, the son of a Welsh father, a surgeon in the Royal Artillery, and an Irish mother. His father died one month after his birth and his mother moved to Warrington Place near Mount Street bridge in Dublin. In 1830, they moved to 67 Lower Baggot Street. He attended school in Lower Mount Street before studying in Trinity College, Dublin. He graduated in Law and received an Arts degree in 1836, precursory to his being called to the Irish Bar in 1838.

He established The Nation newspaper with Charles Gavan Duffy and John Blake Dillon. He dedicated his life to Irish nationalism.

He wrote some stirring nationalistic ballads, originally contributed to The Nation, and afterwards republished as Spirit of the Nation, as well as a memoir of Curran, the Irish lawyer and orator, prefixed to an edition of his speeches; and he had formed many literary plans which were brought to naught by his death, from tuberculosis, in 1845 at the age of 30. He is buried in Mount Jerome Cemetery, Dublin.

He himself was a Protestant, but preached unity between Catholics and Protestants. To Davis, it was not blood that made you Irish, but the willingness to be part of the Irish nation. Although the Saxon and Dane were, Davis asserted, objects of unpopularity, their descendants would be Irish if they simply allowed themselves to be.

He was to the fore of Irish nationalist thinking and it has been noted by later nationalist heroes, such as Padraig Pearse, that while Wolfe Tone laid out the basic premise that Ireland as a nation must be free, Davis was the one who built this idea up promoting the Irish identity.

He is the author of the famous Irish rebel song A Nation Once Again. He also wrote the Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill.

A statue of Davis, created by Edward Delaney, was unveiled on College Green, Dublin, in 1966, attended by the Irish president, Eamon de Valera.

One of the secondary schools in Davis' home town of Mallow, Davis College, is named after him. A number of GAA clubs around the country are also named after him; including the one based in Tallaght, Dublin and the one based in Corrinshogo.

# A Song For The Irish Militia

AIR--\_The Peacock.\_

I.

The tribune's tongue and poet's pen  
May sow the seed in prostrate men;  
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone  
Can reap the crop so bravely sown!  
No more I'll sing nor idly pine,  
But train my soul to lead a line--  
A soldier's life's the life for me--  
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

II.

No foe would fear your thunder words,  
If 'twere not for your lightning swords--  
If tyrants yield when millions pray,  
'Tis less they link in war array;  
Nor peace itself is safe, but when  
The sword is sheathed by fighting men--  
A soldier's life's the life for me--  
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

III.

The rifle brown and sabre bright  
Can freely speak and nobly write--  
What prophets preached the truth so well  
As HOFER, BRIAN, BRUCE, and TELL?  
God guard the creed these heroes taught--  
That blood-bought Freedom's cheaply bought  
A soldier's life's the life for me--  
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

IV.

Then, welcome be the bivouac,  
The hardy stand, and fierce attack,  
Where pikes will tame their carbineers,  
And rifles thin their bay'netees,  
And every field the island through  
Will show 'what Irishmen can do!'  
A soldier's life's the life for me--  
A soldier's death so Ireland's free!

V.

Yet, 'tis not strength and 'tis not steel  
Alone can make the English reel;  
But wisdom, working day by day,  
Till comes the time for passion's sway--  
The patient dint and powder shock,  
Can blast an empire like a rock.  
A soldier's life's the life for me--  
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

VI.

The tribune's tongue and poet's pen  
May sow the seed in slavish men;  
But 'tis the soldier's sword alone  
Can reap the harvest when 'tis grown.  
No more I'll sing, no more I'll pine,  
But train my soul to lead a line--  
A soldier's life's the life for me--  
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Blind Mary

AIR--\_Blind Mary.\_

I.

There flows from her spirit such love and delight,  
That the face of Blind Mary is radiant with light--  
As the gleam from a homestead through darkness will show  
Or the moon glimmer soft through the fast falling snow.

II.

Yet there's a keen sorrow comes o'er her at times,  
As an Indian might feel in our northerly climes!  
And she talks of the sunset, like parting of friends,  
And the starlight, as love, that not changes nor ends.

III.

Ah! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,  
For the mountains that tower or the rivers that run--  
For beauty and grandeur, and glory, and light,  
Are seen by the spirit, and not by the sight.

IV.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunburst and shade,  
In vain for the heartless flowers blossom and fade;  
While the darkness that seems your sweet being to bound  
Is one of the guardians, an Eden around!

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Celts And Saxons

I.

We hate the Saxon and the Dane,  
We hate the Norman men--  
We cursed their greed for blood and gain,  
We curse them now again.  
Yet start not, Irish-born man!  
If you're to Ireland true,  
We heed not blood, nor creed, nor clan--  
We have no curse for you.

II.

We have no curse for you or yours,  
But Friendship's ready grasp,  
And Faith to stand by you and yours  
Unto our latest gasp--  
To stand by you against all foes,  
Howe'er, or whence they come,  
With traitor arts, or bribes, or blows,  
From England, France, or Rome.

III.

What matter that at different shrines  
We pray unto one God?  
What matter that at different times  
Your fathers won this sod?  
In fortune and in name we're bound  
By stronger links than steel;  
And neither can be safe nor sound  
But in the other's weal.

IV.

As Nubian rocks, and Ethiop sand

Long drifting down the Nile,  
Built up old Egypt's fertile land  
For many a hundred mile,  
So Pagan clans to Ireland came,  
And clans of Christendom,  
Yet joined their wisdom and their fame  
To build a nation from.

V.

Here came the brown Phoenician,  
The man of trade and toil--  
Here came the proud Milesian,  
A hungering for spoil;  
And the Firbolg and the Cymry,  
And the hard, enduring Dane,  
And the iron Lords of Normandy,  
With the Saxons in their train.

VI.

And oh! it were a gallant deed  
To show before mankind,  
How every race and every creed  
Might be by love combined--  
Might be combined, yet not forget  
The fountains whence they rose,  
As, filled by many a rivulet,  
The stately Shannon flows.

VII.

Nor would we wreak our ancient feud  
On Belgian or on Dane,  
Nor visit in a hostile mood  
The hearths of Gaul or Spain;  
But long as on our country lies  
The Anglo-Norman yoke,  
Their tyranny we'll stigmatize,

And God's revenge invoke.

VIII.

We do not hate, we never cursed,  
Nor spoke a foeman's word  
Against a man in Ireland nursed,  
Howe'er we thought he erred;  
So start not, Irish-born man,  
If you're to Ireland true,  
We heed not race, nor creed, nor clan,  
We've hearts and hands for you.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Clare's Dragoons

AIR--\_Viva la\_.

I.

When, on Ramillies' bloody field,  
The baffled French were forced to yield,  
The victor Saxon backward reeled  
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.  
The Flags we conquered in that fray  
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say,  
We'll win them company to-day,  
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

\_Viva la\_, for Ireland's wrong!  
\_Viva la\_, for Ireland's right!  
\_Viva la\_, in battle throng,  
For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright!

II.

The brave old lord died near the fight,  
But, for each drop he lost that night,  
A Saxon cavalier shall bite  
The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.  
For never, when our spurs were set,  
And never, when our sabres met,  
Could we the Saxon soldiers get  
To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

\_Viva la\_, the New Brigade!  
\_Viva la\_, the Old one, too!

\_Viva la\_, the rose shall fade,  
And the shamrock shine for ever new!

III.

Another Clare is here to lead,  
The worthy son of such a breed;  
The French expect some famous deed,  
When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.  
Our Colonel comes from Brian's race,  
His wounds are in his breast and face,  
The \_bearnna baoghail\_ is still his place,  
The foremost of his bold Dragoons.

CHORUS.

\_Viva la\_, the New Brigade!  
\_Viva la\_, the Old one, too!  
\_Viva la\_, the rose shall fade,  
And the shamrock shine for ever new!

IV.

There's not a man in squadron here  
Was ever known to flinch or fear;  
Though first in charge and last in rere,  
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons;  
But see! we'll soon have work to do,  
To shame our boasts, or prove them true,  
For hither comes the English crew,  
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

CHORUS.

\_Viva la\_, for Ireland's wrong!  
\_Viva la\_, for Ireland's right!  
\_Viva la\_, in battle throng,  
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright!

V.

Oh! comrades! think how Ireland pines,  
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,  
Her dearest hope, the ordered lines,  
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.  
Then fling your Green Flag to the sky.  
Be 'Limerick' your battle-cry,  
And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high,  
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons!

CHORUS.

\_Viva la\_, the New Brigade!  
\_Viva la\_, the Old one, too!  
\_Viva la\_, the rose shall fade,  
And the shamrock shine for ever new!

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Fontenoy

## I.

Thrice, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,  
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;  
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,  
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.  
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,  
The French artillery drove them back, diminished, and dispersed.  
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,  
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try,  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!  
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

## II.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread;  
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;  
Steady they step a-down the slope--steady they climb the hill;  
Steady they load--steady they fire, moving right onward still,  
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,  
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;  
And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,  
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:  
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grew their ranks--  
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

## III.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;  
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;  
Bomb-shell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched  
and fired--  
Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.  
'Push on, my household cavalry!' King Louis madly cried:  
To death they rush, but rude their shock--not unavenged they died.  
On through the camp the column trod--King Louis turns his rein:  
'Not yet, my liege,' Saxe interposed, 'the Irish troops remain.'

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo  
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

IV.

'Lord Clare,' he says, 'you have your wish; there are your Saxon foes!'  
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!  
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,  
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day--  
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,  
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,  
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown--  
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,  
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

V.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands  
'Fix bay'nets!--charge!' Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands!  
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,  
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.  
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind--  
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!  
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,  
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!  
'Revenge, remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanach!'

VI.

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,  
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:  
Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with  
gore;  
Through shattered ranks and severed files the trampled flags they  
tore;  
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered,  
fled--

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.  
Across the plain, and far away, passed on that hideous wrack,  
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,  
With bloody plumes, the Irish stand--the field is fought and won!

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Lament For The Death Of Eoghan Ruadh O'neill

"DID they dare, did they dare, to slay Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill?"

"Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel."

"May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow,  
May they walk in living death, who poisoned Eoghan Ruadh."

"Though it break my heart to hear, say again the bitter words.  
From Derry, against Cromwell, he marched to measure swords:  
But the weapon of the Sassanach met him on his way.  
And he died at Cloch Uachtar, upon St. Leonard's day.

"Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One. Wail, wail ye for the Dead,  
Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with ashes strew the head.  
How tenderly we loved him. How deeply we deplore!  
Holy Saviour! but to think we shall never see him more!

"Sagest in the council was he, kindest in the hall,  
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Eoghan won them all.  
Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had been free: 15  
But he's dead, but he's dead, and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

"O'Farrell and Clanricarde, Preston and Red Hugh,  
Audley and MacMahon—ye valiant, wise and true:  
But—what are ye all to our darling who is gone?  
The Rudder of our Ship was he, our Castle's corner stone.

"Wail, wail him through the Island! Weep, weep for our pride!  
Would that on the battlefield our gallant chief had died!  
Weep the Victor of Beinn Burb—weep him, young and old:  
Weep for him, ye women—your beautiful lies cold!

"We thought you would not die—we were sure you would not go,  
And leave us in our utmost need to Cromwell's cruel blow—  
Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out the sky—  
O! why did you leave us, Eoghan? Why did you die?

"Soft as woman's was your voice, O'Neill! bright was your eye,  
O! why did you leave us, Eoghan? Why did you die?  
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high,  
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Eoghan!—why did you die?"

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Love And War

I.

How soft is the moon on Glengariff,  
The rocks seem to melt with the light:  
Oh! would I were there with dear Fanny,  
To tell her that love is as bright;  
And nobly the sun of July  
O'er the waters of Adragoole shines--  
Oh! would that I saw the green banner  
Blaze there over conquering lines.

II.

Oh! love is more fair than the moonlight,  
And glory more grand than the sun:  
And there is no rest for a brave heart,  
Till its bride and its laurels are won;  
But next to the burst of our banner,  
And the smile of dear Fanny, I crave  
The moon on the rocks of Glengariff--  
The sun upon Adragoole's wave.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# My Grave

Shall they bury me in the deep,  
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?  
Shall they dig a grave for me,  
Under the green-wood tree?  
Or on the wild heath,  
Where the wilder breath  
Of the storm doth blow?  
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,  
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?  
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;  
Yet not there--nor in Greece, though I love it more,  
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?  
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?  
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,  
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?  
Just as they fall they are buried so--  
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,  
On an opening lawn--but not too wide;  
For I love the drip of the wetted trees--  
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze  
To freshen the turf--put no tombstone there,  
But green sods decked with daisies fair;  
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew,  
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.  
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,  
'HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY, AND LOVED HIS KIND.'

Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,  
If one were sure to be buried so.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# My Land

I.

She is a rich and rare land;  
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;  
She is a dear and rare land--  
This native land of mine.

II.

No men than her's are braver--  
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;  
I'd freely die to save her,  
And think my lot divine.

III.

She's not a dull or cold land;  
No! she's a warm and bold land;  
Oh! she's a true and old land--  
This native land of mine.

IV.

Could beauty ever guard her,  
And virtue still reward her,  
No foe would cross her border--  
No friend within it pine!

V.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;  
Oh! she's a true and rare land;  
Yes! she's a rare and fair land--  
This native land of mine.



# Nationality

## I.

A Nation's voice, a nation's voice--  
It is a solemn thing!  
It bids the bondage-sick rejoice--  
'Tis stronger than a king.  
'Tis like the light of many stars,  
The sound of many waves,  
Which brightly look through prison bars,  
And sweetly sound in caves.  
Yet is it noblest, godliest known,  
When righteous triumph swells its tone.

## II.

A nation's flag, a nation's flag--  
If wickedly unrolled,  
May foes in adverse battle drag  
Its every fold from fold.  
But in the cause of Liberty,  
Guard it 'gainst Earth and Hell;  
Guard it till Death or Victory--  
Look you, you guard it well!  
No saint or king has tomb so proud  
As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

## III.

A nation's right, a nation's right--  
God gave it, and gave, too,  
A nation's sword, a nation's might,  
Danger to guard it through.  
'Tis freedom from a foreign yoke,  
'Tis just and equal laws,  
Which deal unto the humblest folk,  
As in a noble's cause.  
On nations fixed in right and truth,

God would bestow eternal youth.

IV.

May Ireland's voice be ever heard  
Amid the world's applause!  
And never be her flag-staff stirred,  
But in an honest cause!  
May Freedom be her very breath,  
Be Justice ever dear;  
And never an ennobled death  
May son of Ireland fear!  
So the Lord God will ever smile,  
With guardian grace, upon our isle.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# O'Brien Of Ara

AIR--\_The Piper of Blessington\_.

I.

Tall are the towers of O'Ceinneidigh--  
Broad are the lands of MacCarrthaigh--  
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day;  
Yet, here's to O'Briain of Ara!  
Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
Clansman and kinsman are coming here  
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

II.

See you the mountains look huge at eve--  
So is our chieftain in battle--  
Welcome he has for the fugitive,--  
\_Uisce-beatha\_ fighting, and cattle!  
Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,  
Down from the top of Camailte  
Gossip and ally are coming here  
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

III.

Horses the valleys are tramping on,  
Sleek from the Sacsanach manger--  
\_Creachts\_ the hills are encamping on,  
Empty the bawns of the stranger!  
Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
\_Ceithearn\_ and \_buannacht\_ are coming here  
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

IV.

He has black silver from Cill-da-lua--  
Rian and Cearbhall are neighbours--  
'N Aonach submits with a \_fuililiú\_--  
Butler is meat for our sabres!  
Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
Rian and Cearbhall are coming here  
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

V.

'Tis scarce a week since through Osainghe  
Chased he the Baron of Durmhagh--  
Forced him five rivers to cross, or he  
Had died by the sword of Red Murchadh!  
Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
All the Ui Bhriain are coming here  
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

VI.

Tall are the towers of O'Ceinneidigh--  
Broad are the lands of MacCarrthaigh--  
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day;  
Yet, here's to O'Briain of Ara!  
Up from the Castle of Druim-aniar,  
Down from the top of Camailte,  
Clansman and kinsman are coming here  
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# O'Connell's Statue

LINES TO HOGAN.

Chisel the likeness of The Chief,  
Not in gaiety, nor grief;  
Change not by your art to stone,  
Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan.  
Dark her tale, and none can tell  
Its fearful chronicle so well.  
Her frame is bent--her wounds are deep--  
Who, like him, her woes can weep?

He can be gentle as a bride,  
While none can rule with kinglier pride;  
Calm to hear, and wise to prove,  
Yet gay as lark in soaring love.  
Well it were, posterity  
Should have some image of his glee;  
That easy humour, blossoming  
Like the thousand flowers of spring!  
Glorious the marble which could show  
His bursting sympathy for woe:  
Could catch the pathos, flowing wild,  
Like mother's milk to craving child.

And oh! how princely were the art  
Could mould his mien, or tell his heart  
When sitting sole on Tara's hill,  
While hung a million on his will!  
Yet, not in gaiety, nor grief,  
Chisel the image of our Chief,  
Nor even in that haughty hour  
When a nation owned his power.

But would you by your art unroll  
His own, and Ireland's secret soul,  
And give to other times to scan  
The greatest greatness of the man?  
Fierce defiance let him be

Hurling at our enemy--  
From a base as fair and sure  
As our love is true and pure;  
Let his statue rise as tall  
And firm as a castle wall;  
On his broad brow let there be  
A type of Ireland's history;  
Pious, generous, deep and warm,  
Strong and changeful as a storm;  
Let whole centuries of wrong  
Upon his recollection throng--  
Strongbow's force, and Henry's wile,  
Tudor's wrath, and Stuart's guile,  
And iron Strafford's tiger jaws,  
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws;  
Not forgetting Saxon faith,  
Not forgetting Norman scath,  
Not forgetting William's word,  
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.  
Let the Union's fetter vile--  
The shame and ruin of our isle--  
Let the blood of 'Ninety-Eight  
And our present blighting fate--  
Let the poor mechanic's lot,  
And the peasant's ruined cot,  
Plundered wealth and glory flown,  
Ancient honours overthrown--  
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,  
Knit his look to purpose stern.

Mould all this into one thought,  
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught;  
Still let our glories through it gleam,  
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,  
Or like a flashing wave at night,  
Bright,--'mid the solemn darkness, bright.  
Let the memory of old days  
Shine through the statesman's anxious face--  
Dathi's power, and Brian's fame,  
And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame;  
And the spirit of Red Hugh,  
And the pride of 'Eighty-Two,

And the victories he won,  
And the hope that leads him on!

Let whole armies seem to fly  
From his threatening hand and eye.  
Be the strength of all the land  
Like a falchion in his hand,  
And be his gesture sternly grand.  
A braggart tyrant swore to smite  
A people struggling for their right;  
O'Connell dared him to the field,  
Content to die but never yield;  
Fancy such a soul as his,  
In a moment such as this,  
Like cataract, or foaming tide,  
Or army charging in its pride.  
Thus he spoke, and thus he stood,  
Proffering in our cause his blood.  
Thus his country loves him best--  
To image this is your behest.  
Chisel thus, and thus alone,  
If to man you'd change the stone.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Oh! The Marriage

AIR--\_The Swaggering Jig.\_

I.

Oh! the marriage, the marriage,  
With love and \_mo bhuachail\_ for me,  
The ladies that ride in a carriage  
Might envy my marriage to me;  
For Eoghan is straight as a tower,  
And tender, and loving, and true;  
He told me more love in an hour  
Than the Squires of the county could do.  
Then, Oh! the marriage, etc.

II.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,  
His eye is as clear as the day,  
His conscience and vote were unsold  
When others were carried away;  
His word is as good as an oath,  
And freely 'twas given to me;  
Oh! sure, 'twill be happy for both  
The day of our marriage to see.  
Then, Oh! the marriage, etc.

III.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,  
The neighbours think much of his skill,  
And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,  
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.  
But he has a tilloch of land,  
A horse, and a stocking of coin,  
A foot for a dance, and a hand  
In the cause of his country to join.

Then, Oh! the marriage, etc.

IV.

We meet in the market and fair--  
We meet in the morning and night--  
He sits on the half of my chair,  
And my people are wild with delight;  
Yet I long through the winter to skim,  
Though Eoghan longs more I can see,  
When I will be married to him,  
And he will be married to me.  
Then, Oh! the marriage, the marriage,  
With love and *\_mo bhuachail\_* for me,  
The ladies that ride in a carriage,  
Might envy my marriage to me.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Orange And Green Will Carry The Day

AIR--\_The Protestant Boys.\_

I.

Ireland! rejoice, and England! deplore--  
Faction and feud are passing away.  
'Twas a low voice, but 'tis a loud roar,  
'Orange and Green will carry the day.'  
Orange! Orange!  
Green and Orange!  
Pitted together in many a fray--  
Lions in fight!  
And linked in their might,  
Orange and Green will carry the day.  
Orange! Orange!  
Green and Orange!  
Wave them together o'er mountain and bay.  
Orange and Green!  
Our King and our Queen!  
'Orange and Green will carry the day!'

II.

Rusty the swords our fathers unsheathed--  
William and James are turned to clay--  
Long did we till the wrath they bequeathed,  
Red was the crop, and bitter the pay!  
Freedom fled us!  
Knives misled us!  
Under the feet of the foemen we lay--  
Riches and strength  
We'll win them at length,  
For Orange and Green will carry the day!  
Landlords fooled us;  
England ruled us,  
Hounding our passions to make us their prey;  
But, in their spite,  
The Irish UNITE,

And Orange and Green will carry the day!

III.

Fruitful our soil where honest men starve;  
Empty the mart, and shipless the bay;  
Out of our want the Oligarchs carve;  
Foreigners fatten on our decay!  
Disunited,  
Therefore blighted,  
Ruined and rent by the Englishman's sway;  
Party and creed  
For once have agreed--  
Orange and Green will carry the day!  
Boyne's old water,  
Red with slaughter!  
Now is as pure as an infant at play;  
So, in our souls,  
Its history rolls,  
And Orange and Green will carry the day!

IV.

English deceit can rule us no more;  
Bigots and knaves are scattered like spray--  
Deep was the oath the Orangeman swore,  
'Orange and Green must carry the day!'  
Orange! Orange!  
Bless the Orange!  
Tories and Whigs grew pale with dismay,  
When from the North  
Burst the cry forth,  
'Orange and Green will carry the day!'  
No surrender!  
No Pretender!  
Never to falter and never betray--  
With an Amen,  
We swear it again,  
ORANGE AND GREEN SHALL CARRY THE DAY.



# Our Own Again

## I.

Let the coward shrink aside,  
We'll have our own again;  
Let the brawling slave deride--  
Here's for our own again!  
Let the tyrant bribe and lie,  
March, threaten, fortify,  
Loose his lawyer and his spy--  
Yet we'll have our own again!  
Let him soothe in silken tone,  
Scold from a foreign throne:  
Let him come with bugles blown--  
We shall have our own again!  
Let us to our purpose bide,  
We'll have our own again!  
Let the game be fairly tried,  
We'll have our own again!

## II.

Send the cry throughout the land,  
'Who's for our own again?'  
Summon all men to our band,--  
Why not our own again?  
Rich and poor, and old and young,  
Sharp sword, and fiery tongue,  
Soul and sinew firmly strung--  
All to get our own again!  
Brothers strive by brotherhood--  
Trees in a stormy wood--  
Riches come from Nationhood--  
Sha'n't we have our own again?  
Munster's woe is Ulster's bane!  
Join for our own again--  
Tyrants rob as well as reign--  
We'll have our own again!

### III.

Oft our fathers' hearts it stirred,  
'Rise for our own again!'  
Often passed the signal word,  
'Strike for our own again!'  
Rudely, rashly, and untaught,  
Uprose they, ere they ought,  
Failing, though they nobly fought--  
Dying for their own again!  
Mind will rule and muscle yield  
In senate, ship, and field:  
When we've skill our strength to wield,  
Let us take our own again!  
By the slave his chain is wrought--  
Strive for our own again.  
Thunder is less strong than thought--  
We'll have our own again!

### IV.

Calm as granite to our foes,  
Stand for our own again;  
Till his wrath to madness grows,  
Firm for our own again.  
Bravely hope, and wisely wait,  
Toil, join, and educate;  
Man is master of his fate;  
We'll enjoy our own again!  
With a keen constrained thirst--  
Powder's calm ere it burst--  
Making ready for the worst--  
So we'll get our own again.  
Let us to our purpose bide,  
We'll have our own again!  
God is on the righteous side,  
We'll have our own again!

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Battle Eve Of The Irish Brigade

THE mess-tent is full, and the glasses are set,  
And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;  
The vet'ran arose, like an uplifted lance,  
Crying—"Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!"  
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade  
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

"A health to King James," and they bent as they quaffed,  
"Here's to George the Elector," and fiercely they laughed,  
"Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,  
Where Shannon, and Barrow, and Blackwater flow;"  
"God prosper Old Ireland,"—you'd think them afraid,  
So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

"But surely, that light cannot be from our lamp  
And that noise—are they all getting drunk in the camp?"  
"Hurrah! boys, the morning of battle is come,  
And the generale's beating on many a drum."  
So they rush from the revel to join the parade:  
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery and true,  
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;  
And they, who survived, fought and drank as of yore,  
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more;  
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,  
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Boatman Of Kinsale

AIR--\_An Cota Caol.\_

I.

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,  
His love is rich to me;  
I could not in a palace find  
A truer heart than he.  
The eagle shelters not his nest  
From hurricane and hail,  
More bravely than he guards my breast--  
The Boatman of Kinsale.

II.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps  
Is not a whit more pure--  
The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps  
Has not a foot more sure.  
No firmer hand nor freer eye  
E'er faced an autumn gale--  
De Courcy's heart is not so high--  
The Boatman of Kinsale.

III.

The brawling squires may heed him not,  
The dainty stranger sneer--  
But who will dare to hurt our cot  
When Myles O'Hea is here?  
The scarlet soldiers pass along;  
They'd like, but fear to rail;  
His blood is hot, his blow is strong--  
The Boatman of Kinsale.

IV.

His hooker's in the Scilly van  
When seines are in the foam;  
But money never made the man,  
Nor wealth a happy home.  
So, blest with love and liberty,  
While he can trim a sail,  
He'll trust in God, and cling to me--  
The Boatman of Kinsale.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Dugannon Convention

## I.

The church of Dungannon is full to the door,  
And sabre and spur clash at times on the floor,  
While helmet and shako are ranged all along,  
Yet no book of devotion is seen in the throng.  
In the front of the altar no minister stands,  
But the crimson-clad chief of these warrior bands;  
And, though solemn the looks and the voices around,  
You'd listen in vain for a litany's sound.  
Say! what do they hear in the temple of prayer?  
Oh! why in the fold has the lion his lair?

## II.

Sad, wounded, and wan was the face of our isle,  
By English oppression and falsehood and guile;  
Yet when to invade it a foreign fleet steered,  
To guard it for England the North volunteered.  
From the citizen-soldiers the foe fled aghast--  
Still they stood to their guns when the danger had passed,  
For the voice of America came o'er the wave,  
Crying: Woe to the tyrant, and hope to the slave!  
Indignation and shame through their regiments speed:  
They have arms in their hands, and what more do they need?

## III.

O'er the green hills of Ulster their banners are spread,  
The cities of Leinster resound to their tread,  
The valleys of Munster with ardour are stirred,  
And the plains of wild Connaught their bugles have heard;  
A Protestant front-rank and Catholic rere--  
For--forbidden the arms of freemen to bear--  
Yet foemen and friend are full sure, if need be,  
The slave for his country will stand by the free.  
By green flags supported, the Orange flags wave,

And the soldier half turns to unfetter the slave!

IV.

More honoured that church of Dungannon is now,  
Than when at its altar communicants bow;  
More welcome to heaven than anthem or prayer  
Are the rites and the thoughts of the warriors there;  
In the name of all Ireland the Delegates swore:  
'We've suffered too long, and we'll suffer no more--  
Unconquered by Force, we were vanquished by Fraud;  
And now, in God's temple, we vow unto God  
That never again shall the Englishman bind  
His chains on our limbs, or his laws on our mind.'

V.

The church of Dungannon is empty once more--  
No plumes on the altar, no clash on the floor,  
But the councils of England are fluttered to see,  
In the cause of their country, the Irish agree;  
So they give as a boon what they dare not withhold,  
And Ireland, a nation, leaps up as of old,  
With a name, and a trade, and a flag of her own,  
And an army to fight for the people and throne.  
But woe worth the day if to falsehood or fears  
She surrenders the guns of her brave Volunteers!

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Flowers Of Finae

I.

Bright red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin,  
A cool, gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,  
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,  
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

II.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like grey morning,  
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,  
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,  
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

III.

But who down the hill-side than red deer runs fleeter?  
And who on the lake-side is hastening to greet her?  
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,  
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae?

IV.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;  
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness?--  
He has told his hard fortune, no more he can stay,  
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finae.

V.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,  
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;  
He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,  
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finae.

VI.

He fought at Cremona--she hears of his story;  
He fought at Cassano--she's proud of his glory.  
Yet sadly she sings \_Siúbhail a rúin\_ all the day,  
'Oh! come, come, my darling, come home to Finae.'

VII.

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh broken-hearted,  
Her \_reel\_, and her \_rock\_, and her flax she has parted;  
She sails with the 'Wild Geese' to Flanders away,  
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

VIII.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging--  
Before him, the Sacsanach squadrons enlarging--  
Behind him the Cravats their sections display--  
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

IX.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying  
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,  
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array;  
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finae.

X.

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,  
And by it a pale, weeping maiden is praying;  
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray;  
This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finae.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Geraldines

## I

The Geraldines! The Geraldines! - 'tis full a thousand years  
Since, 'mid the Tuscan vineyards, bright flashed their  
battle-spears;  
When Capet seized the crown of France, their iron shields were known,  
And their sabre dint struck terror on the banks of the Garonne;  
Across the downs of Hastings they spurred hard by William's side,  
And the grey sands of Palestine with Moslem blood they dyed;  
But never then, nor thence till now, has falsehood or disgrace  
Been seen to soil Fitzgerald's plume, or mantle in his face.

## II

The Geraldines! The Geraldines! - 'tis true, in Strongbow's van,  
By lawless force, as conquerors, their Irish reign began;  
And, O! through many a dark campaign they proved their prowess stern,  
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on king, and chief, and  
kerne;  
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,  
And generous was the steel-gloved hand that had such slaughter  
done!  
How gay their laugh! how proud their mien! you'd ask no herald's  
sign--  
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

## III

These Geraldines! These Geraldines! - not long our air they breathed,  
Not long they fed on venison, in Irish water seethed,  
Not often had their children been by Irish mothers nursed;  
When from their full and genial hearts an Irish feeling burst !  
The English monarchs strove in vain, by law, and force, and bribe,  
To win from Irish thoughts and ways this 'more than Irish' tribe;  
For still they clung to fosterage, to breitheamh, cloak, and bard;  
What king dare say to Geraldine, 'Your Irish wife discard' ?

## IV

Ye Geraldines! Ye Geraldines! How royally ye reigned  
O'er Desmond broad and rich Kildare, and English arts disdained;  
Your sword made knights, your banner waved, free was your bugle call  
By Glyn's green slopes, and Dingle's tide, from Barrow's banks to  
Eochail,  
What gorgeous shrines, what Brehon lore, what minstrel feasts there were

In and around Magh Nuadhaid's keep and palace-filled Adare!  
But not for rite or feast ye stayed, when friend or kin were pressed;  
And foeman fled when 'Crom-abu' bespoke your lance in rest.

V

Ye Geraldines! ye Geraldines! since Silken Thomas flung  
King Henry's sword on council board, the English thanes among,  
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway,  
Though axe and brand and treachery your proudest cut away.  
Of Desmon's blood through woman's veins passed on the exhausted tide;  
His title lives -- a Sasanch churl usurps the lion's hide;  
And though Kildare tower haughtily, there's ruin at the root,  
Else why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no fruit?

VI

True Geraldines! Brave Geraldines! - as torrents mould the earth,  
You channeled deep old Ireland's heart by constancy and worth;  
When Ginckle 'leaguered Limerick, the Irish soldiers gazed  
To see if the setting sun dead Desmond's banner blazed!  
And still it is the peasant's hope upon the Curragh's mere,  
'They live who'll see ten thousand men with good Lord Edward here.'

So let them dream till brighter days, when, not by Edward's shade,  
But by some leader true as he, their lines shall be arrayed!

VII

These Geraldines! These Geraldines! - rain wears away the rock,  
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock;  
But ever, sure, while one is left of all that honoured race,  
In front of Ireland's chivalry is that Fitzgerald's place;  
And though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and town,  
From Thomas' Court to Abbeyfeile, would cherish their renown!

And men will say of valour's rise, or ancient power's decline,  
"T will never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine.'

## VIII

The Geraldines! the Geraldines! and are there any fears  
Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand years?  
Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with martyr's blood?  
Or has that grown a purling brook which long rushed down a flood?  
By Desmond swept with sword and fire, by clan and keep laid low,  
By Silken Thomas and his kin, by sainted Edward! No!  
The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line  
Command their son to take the post that fits the Geraldine!

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Girl Of Dunbwy

I.

'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy  
Stepping the mountain statelily--  
Though ragged her gown, and naked her feet,  
No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

II.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies--  
Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes.  
The child of a peasant--yet England's proud Queen  
Has less rank in her heart, and less grace in her mien.

III.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if  
A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff--  
And love, and devotion, and energy speak  
From her beauty-proud eye, and her passion-pale cheek.

IV.

But, pale as her cheek is, there's fruit on her lip,  
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,  
And her form and her step like the red-deer's go past--  
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

V.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,  
And she knew that I worshipped in passing her by;  
The saint of the wayside--she granted my prayer,  
Though we spoke not a word, for her mother was there.

VI.

I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,  
But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills;  
And I whisper her softly, 'Again, love, we'll meet!  
And I'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet.'

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Green Above The Red

AIR--\_Irish Molly O!\_

I.

Full often when our fathers saw the Red above the Green,  
They rose in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike and \_scian\_,  
And over many a noble town, and many a field of dead,  
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red.

II.

But in the end throughout the land, the shameful sight was seen--  
The English Red in triumph high above the Irish Green;  
But well they died in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,  
Still saw the Green maintain its place above the English Red.

III.

And they who saw, in after times, the Red above the Green  
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath a forest screen;  
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,  
That, in some day to come, the Green should flutter o'er the Red.

IV.

Sure 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk serene--  
Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the Green;  
And 'twas for this that Owen fought, and Sarsfield nobly bled--  
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red.

V.

So when the strife began again, our darling Irish Green  
Was down upon the earth, while high the English Red was seen;

Yet still we held our fearless course, for something in us said,  
'Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green above the Red.'

VI.

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean,  
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,  
And leave our sons sweet Liberty, and smiling plenty spread  
Above the land once dark with blood--\_the Green above the Red\_!

VII.

The jealous English tyrant now has banned the Irish Green,  
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;  
But yet, by Heavens! he'll sooner raise his victims from the dead  
Than force our hearts to leave the Green, and cotton to the Red!

VIII.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who lean  
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen;  
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to shed  
Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the Red.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Lost Path

AIR--\_Grádh mo chroidhe.\_

I.

Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,  
All comfort else has flown;  
For every hope was false to me,  
And here I am, alone.  
What thoughts were mine in early youth!  
Like some old Irish song,  
Brimful of love, and life, and truth,  
My spirit gushed along.

II.

I hoped to right my native isle,  
I hoped a soldier's fame,  
I hoped to rest in woman's smile  
And win a minstrel's name--  
Oh! little have I served my land,  
No laurels press my brow,  
I have no woman's heart or hand,  
Nor minstrel honours now.

III.

But fancy has a magic power,  
It brings me wreath and crown,  
And woman's love, the self-same hour  
It smites oppression down.  
Sweet thoughts, bright dreams, my comfort be,  
I have no joy beside;  
Oh! throng around, and be to me  
Power, country, fame, and bride.



# The Penal Days

AIR--\_The Wheelwright\_.

I.

Oh! weep those days, the penal days,  
When Ireland hopelessly complained.  
Oh! weep those days, the penal days,  
When godless persecution reigned;  
When year by year,  
For serf and peer,  
Fresh cruelties were made by law,  
And filled with hate,  
Our senate sate  
To weld anew each fetter's flaw.  
Oh! weep those days, those penal days--  
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.

II.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,  
To sell the priest and rob the sire;  
Their dogs were taught alike to run  
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.  
Among the poor,  
Or on the moor,  
Were hid the pious and the true--  
While traitor knave,  
And recreant slave,  
Had riches, rank, and retinue;  
And, exiled in those penal days,  
Our banners over Europe blaze.

III.

A stranger held the land and tower  
Of many a noble fugitive;

No Popish lord had lordly power,  
The peasant scarce had leave to live;  
Above his head  
A ruined shed,  
No tenure but a tyrant's will--  
Forbid to plead,  
Forbid to read  
Disarmed, disfranchised, imbecile--  
What wonder if our step betrays  
The freedman, born in penal days?

IV.

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days!  
All creeds are equal in our isle;  
Then grant, O Lord, thy plenteous grace,  
Our ancient feuds to reconcile.  
Let all atone  
For blood and groan,  
For dark revenge and open wrong;  
Let all unite  
For Ireland's right,  
And drown our griefs in freedom's song;  
Till time shall veil in twilight haze,  
The memory of those penal days.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Right Road

I.

Let the feeble-hearted pine,  
Let the sickly spirit whine,  
But work and win be thine,  
While you've life.  
God smiles upon the bold--  
So, when your flag's unrolled,  
Bear it bravely till you're cold  
In the strife.

II.

If to rank or fame you soar,  
Out your spirit frankly pour--  
Men will serve you and adore,  
Like a king.  
Woo your girl with honest pride,  
Till you've won her for your bride--  
Then to her, through time and tide,  
Ever cling.

III.

Never under wrongs despair;  
Labour long, and everywhere,  
Link your countrymen, prepare,  
And strike home.  
Thus have great men ever wrought,  
Thus must greatness still be sought,  
Thus laboured, loved, and fought  
Greece and Rome.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Sack Of Baltimore

## I.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles--  
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles--  
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;  
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;  
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;  
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray--  
And full of love and peace and rest--its daily labour o'er--  
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

## II.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;  
No sound, except that throbbing wave in earth, or sea, or air.  
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm;  
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.  
So still the night, these two long barques round Dunashad that glide,  
Must trust their oars--methinks not few--against the ebbing tide--  
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore--  
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

## III.

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,  
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet--  
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! 'the roof is in a flame!'  
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame--  
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,  
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl--  
The yell of 'Allah' breaks above the prayer and shriek and roar--  
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

## IV.

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;

Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;  
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild;  
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;  
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,  
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel--  
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,  
There's one hearth well avengéd in the sack of Baltimore!

V.

Mid-summer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing--  
They see not now the milking maids--deserted is the spring!  
Mid-summer day--this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town--  
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;  
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,  
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went--  
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and saw five leagues before  
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

VI.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed--  
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.  
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;  
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.  
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey--  
She's safe--he's dead--she stabbed him in the midst of his Serai;  
And when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,  
She only smiled--O'Driscoll's child--she thought of Baltimore.

VII.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,  
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,  
Where high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen--  
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan--he who steered the Algerine!  
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,  
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there--  
Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman o'er--

Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Surprise Of Cremona

## I.

From Milan to Cremona Duke Villeroy rode,  
And soft are the beds in his princely abode;  
In billet and barrack the garrison sleep,  
And loose is the watch which the sentinels keep:  
'Tis the eve of St. David, and bitter the breeze  
Of that mid-winter night on the flat Cremonese;  
A fig for precaution!--Prince Eugene sits down  
In winter cantonments round Mantua town!

## II.

Yet through Ustiano, and out on the plain,  
Horse, foot, and dragoons, are defiling amain.  
'That flash!' said Prince Eugene: 'Count Merci, push on'--  
Like a rock from a precipice Merci is gone.  
Proud mutters the Prince: 'That is Cassioli's sign:  
Ere the dawn of the morning Cremona'll be mine;  
For Merci will open the gate of the Po,  
But scant is the mercy Prince Vaudemont will shew!'

## III.

Through gate, street, and square, with his keen cavaliers--  
A flood through a gulley--Count Merci careers--  
They ride without getting or giving a blow,  
Nor halt till they gaze on the gate of the Po.  
'Surrender the gate!--but a volley replied,  
For a handful of Irish are posted inside.  
By my faith, Charles Vaudemont will come rather late,  
If he stay till Count Merci shall open that gate!

## IV.

But in through St. Margaret's the Austrians pour,

And billet and barrack are ruddy with gore;  
Unarmed and naked, the soldiers are slain--  
There's an enemy's gauntlet on Villeroy's rein--  
'A thousand pistoles and a regiment of horse--  
Release me, MacDonnell!'--they hold on their course.  
Count Merci has seized upon cannon and wall,  
Prince Eugene's headquarters are in the Town-hall!

V.

Here and there, through the city, some readier band,  
For honour and safety, undauntedly stand.  
At the head of the regiments of Dillon and Burke  
Is Major O'Mahony, fierce as a Turk.  
His sabre is flashing--the major is dress'd,  
But muskets and shirts are the clothes of the rest!  
Yet they rush to the ramparts, the clocks have tolled ten,  
And Count Merci retreats with the half of his men.

VI.

'In on them!' said Friedberg--and Dillon is broke,  
Like forest-flowers crushed by the fall of the oak;  
Through the naked battalions the cuirassiers go;--  
But the man, not the dress, makes the soldier, I trow  
Upon them with grapple, with bay'net, and ball,  
Like wolves upon gaze-hounds, the Irishmen fall--  
Black Friedberg is slain by O'Mahony's steel,  
And back from the bullets the cuirassiers reel.

VII.

Oh! hear you their shout in your quarters, Eugene?  
In vain on Prince Vaudemont for succour you lean!  
The bridge has been broken, and, mark! how, pell-mell  
Come riderless horses, and volley and yell!  
He's a veteran soldier--he clenches his hands,  
He springs on his horse, disengages his bands--  
He rallies, he urges, till, hopeless of aid,

He is chased through the gates by the IRISH BRIGADE.

VIII.

News, news, in Vienna!--King Leopold's sad.  
News, news, in St. James's!--King William is mad.  
News, news, in Versailles!--'Let the Irish Brigade  
Be loyally honoured, and royally paid.'  
News, news, in old Ireland!--high rises her pride,  
And high sounds her wail for her children who died,  
And deep is her prayer: 'God send I may see  
MacDonnell and Mahony fighting for me!'

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Vow Of Tipperary

I.

From Carrick streets to Shannon shore,  
From Slievenamon to Ballindeary,  
From Longford Pass to Gaillte Mór,  
Come hear The Vow of Tipperary.

II.

Too long we fought for Britain's cause,  
And of our blood were never chary;  
She paid us back with tyrant laws,  
And thinned The Homes of Tipperary.

III.

Too long with rash and single arm,  
The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,  
Till Irish blood bedewed each farm,  
And Ireland wept for Tipperary.

IV.

But never more we'll lift a hand--  
We swear by God and Virgin Mary!  
Except in war for Native Land,  
And that's The Vow of Tipperary!

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The Welcome

Come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
Come when you 're look'd for, or come without warning:  
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you!  
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

I 'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them,  
Or, after you've kiss'd them, they 'll lie on my bosom;  
I 'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;  
I 'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.  
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,  
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;  
I 'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,  
Then, wandering, I 'll wish you in silence to love me.

We 'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;  
We 'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;  
We 'll look on the stars, and we 'll list to the river,  
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her:  
Oh! she 'll whisper you "Love, as unchangeably beaming,  
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming;  
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,  
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning;  
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning:  
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,  
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you!  
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;  
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;  
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,  
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

Thomas Osborne Davis

# The West's Sleep

AIR--\_The Brink of the White Rocks.\_

I.

When all beside a vigil keep,  
The West's asleep, the West's asleep--  
Alas! and well may Erin weep,  
When Connaught lies in slumber deep.  
There lake and plain smile fair and free,  
'Mid rocks--their guardian chivalry--  
Sing oh! let man learn liberty  
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

II.

That chainless wave and lovely land  
Freedom and Nationhood demand--  
Be sure, the great God never planned,  
For slumbering slaves, a home so grand.  
And, long, a brave and haughty race  
Honoured and sentinelled the place--  
Sing oh! not even their sons' disgrace  
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

III.

For often, in O'Connor's van,  
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan--  
And fleet as deer the Normans ran  
Through Corlieu's Pass and Ardrahan.  
And later times saw deeds as brave;  
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave--  
Sing oh! they died their land to save,  
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

IV.

And if, when all a vigil keep,  
The West's asleep, the West's asleep--  
Alas! and well may Erin weep,  
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.  
But, hark! some voice like thunder spake:  
'\_The West's awake! the West's awake!\_'--  
'Sing oh! hurra! let England quake,  
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake!'

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Tipperary

I.

Let Britain boast her British hosts,  
About them all right little care we;  
Not British seas nor British coasts  
Can match the Man of Tipperary!

II.

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,  
His spirit light as any fairy--  
His wrath is fearful as the storm  
That sweeps the Hills of Tipperary!

III.

Lead him to fight for native land,  
His is no courage cold and wary;  
The troops live not on earth would stand  
The headlong charge of Tipperary!

IV.

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,  
Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,  
You'd swear they knew no other mood  
But Mirth and Love in Tipperary!

V.

You're free to share his scanty meal,  
His plighted word he'll never vary--  
In vain they tried with gold and steel  
To shake the Faith of Tipperary!

VI.

Soft is his \_cailin's\_ sunny eye,  
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,  
Her heart is fond, her soul is high--  
Oh! she's the Pride of Tipperary!

VII.

Let Britain brag her motley rag;  
We'll lift the Green more proud and airy--  
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,  
And head the Men of Tipperary!

VIII.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,  
About them all right little care we--  
Give us, to guard our native coasts,  
The matchless Men of Tipperary!

Thomas Osborne Davis

# Tone's Grave

I.

In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,  
And wildly along it the winter winds rave;  
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruined walls there,  
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

II.

Once I lay on that sod--it lies over Wolfe Tone--  
And thought how he perished in prison alone,  
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed--  
'Oh, bitter,' I said, 'is the patriot's meed;

III.

'For in him the heart of a woman combined  
With a heroic life and a governing mind--  
A martyr for Ireland--his grave has no stone--  
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown.'

IV.

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread  
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead;  
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,  
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

V.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,  
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,  
And children who thought me hard-hearted; for they  
On that sanctified sod were forbidden to play.

VI.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said:  
'We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,  
And we're going to raise him a monument, too--  
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true.'

VII.

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,  
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band:  
'Sweet! sweet! 'tis to find that such faith can remain  
To the cause, and the man so long vanquished and slain.'

VIII.

In Bodenstown Churchyard there is a green grave,  
And freely around it let winter winds rave--  
Far better they suit him--the ruin and gloom--  
TILL IRELAND, A NATION, CAN BUILD HIM A TOMB.

Thomas Osborne Davis

# We Must Not Fail

I.

We must not fail, we must not fail,  
However fraud or force assail;  
By honour, pride, and policy,  
By Heaven itself!--we must be free.

II.

Time had already thinned our chain,  
Time would have dulled our sense of pain;  
By service long, and suppliance vile,  
We might have won our owner's smile.

III.

We spurned the thought, our prison burst,  
And dared the despot to the worst;  
Renewed the strife of centuries,  
And flung our banner to the breeze.

IV.

We called the ends of earth to view  
The gallant deeds we swore to do;  
They knew us wronged, they knew us brave,  
And all we asked they freely gave.

V.

We took the starving peasant's mite  
To aid in winning back his right,  
We took the priceless trust of youth;  
Their freedom must redeem our truth.

VI.

We promised loud, and boasted high,  
'To break our country's chains, or die;'  
And, should we quail, that country's name  
Will be the synonym of shame.

VII.

Earth is not deep enough to hide  
The coward slave who shrinks aside;  
Hell is not hot enough to scathe  
The ruffian wretch who breaks his faith.

VIII.

But--calm, my soul!--we promised true  
Her destined work our land shall do;  
Thought, courage, patience will prevail!  
We shall not fail--we shall not fail!

Thomas Osborne Davis