



**SONGS & POEMS**

• OF •

**THE REBELS**

WHO FOUGHT AND DIED

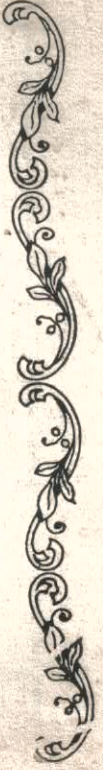
**For Ireland**

**In Easter Week, 1916**



Grief for the noble dead  
Of one who did not share their strife,  
And mourned that any blood was shed . . .  
Yet felt the broken glory of their state—  
Their strange heroic questioning of fate;  
Ribbon with gold, the rags of this our life.

E. G. B.



## IN MEMORIAM.

- Patrick H. Pearse, shot, Wednesday, May 3rd.  
Thomas MacDonagh, shot Wednesday, May 3rd.  
Thomas J. Clarke, shot, Wednesday, May 3rd.  
Joseph Plunkett, shot, Thursday, May 4th.  
Edward Daly, shot, Thursday, May 4th.  
Michael O'Hanrahan, shot, Thursday, May 4th.  
William Pearse, shot, Thursday, May 4th.  
John MacBride, shot, Friday, May 5th.  
Cornelius Colbert, shot, Monday, May 8th.  
Eamonn Ceannt, shot, Monday, May 8th.  
Richard Kent, shot, Tuesday, May 2nd, at Castle-  
lyons.  
Michael Mallin, shot, Monday May 8th.  
J. J. Heuston, shot, Monday, May 8th.  
James Connolly, shot, Tuesday, May 9th.  
John MacDermott, shot, Tuesday, May 9th.  
Thomas Kent, shot, Tuesday, May 9th, in Cork.

Requiescant in Pace.

## A TRIBUTE.

Sentenced to death, sentence commuted to penal servitude  
for life:—

Constance Georgina Markievicz,

Thomas Hunter,

William Cosgrave,

Henry O'Hanrahan,

Edward de Valera,

Thomas Ashe,

John MacNeill,

Patrick Fahy,

And sixty-five others, whose sentences were commuted to  
definite periods of imprisonment in penal servitude.

And from their cells their voices swell,  
And proudly call on you;  
Then ask, men, the tasks, men,  
That yet remain to do.

## THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.

Dead! said the grey mother crooning

At night, by the flickering fire;

Dead! said the shuddering children,

And clung to the knees of their sire.

Dead! oh, abhorred consummation!

Oh, God! give us grace to forgive!

Not dead! cried the storm o'er the housetops,

Forever they live.

Pale student with grey shaded eyebrows,

And lips white and rigid as death,

Behold in the knout and the coffin,

The emblems of hope and of faith.

These graves in a vile British prison,

Where never shall bloom flower or leaf,

These graves, they're the seed of a triumph—

Our trust, our belief.

Had they died for a deed, they were noble,

Having died for the truth, they are great,

Proud hearts, that beat hottest and noblest—

Don't mourn, don't mourn their fate

We were told we were dead as a nation,

A corpse, with its face to the sky,

Objectless, powerless, hopeless,

They gave it the lie.

And their blood to confession was witness;

Their deaths were the seal of their creed,

Translating the vision of ages,

In actual substance and deed.

They fell, but they fell as befits them—

They died the death of brave men,

Did they leap from their ashes to-morrow,

They'd act so again.

They proved it—they proved to our masters

The truth that too long was unfelt,

No dungeon can hold or extinguish

The fire and the soul of the Celt.

'T was seen in the white face of London—

'T was seen in the wild unrepose;

Those men stirred the land like an earthquake,

And great men were those.

## THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.

The Dead who died for Ireland, oh ! these are living words,  
To nerve the hearts of patriots—to steel the avenging swords ;  
They thrill the soul when spoken, and lowly bends each head,  
With reverence for the memories of all our martyred dead.

The dead who died for Ireland, how hallowed are their graves,  
With all their sweet memories ! oh, how could we be slaves ?  
How patient could we wear the chain, how could we fawn and  
bow,  
How could we crouch like cravens, 'neath the keeper's frowning  
brow.

Ye dare not, men of Ireland ; ye dare not thus disgrace  
The dead who died for Ireland, the guardians of our race ;  
'Twere blackest sin to bear the yoke, 'twere crime to kiss the  
rod,  
Their very blood would rise, to cry for vengeance unto God

The dead who died for Ireland, were they still alive,  
They would trample on the fetters, they would burst the accursed  
gyve ;  
They would fight for home and altar, they would battle for our  
race,  
But they're dead, they died for Ireland, who, oh, who will fill  
their place ?

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat the soldier's last tattoo,  
No more on life's parade shall meet the brave and gallant few ;  
On fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn sound the bivouac of the dead.

## IRELAND'S HYMN OF HATE.

A withering curse upon thee—  
A curse from the vaults on high—  
That shall wither your callous heartstrings  
Till the world shall hear you sigh !  
Till the souls of the nations plundered,  
To fill up your maw of greed,  
Shall look while your limbs are sundered,  
And take a hand in the deed.

A curse from a God of Justice—  
A curse from a God of Might—  
And thrice from a God of Nations,  
And again from a God of Right,  
Across your heart is a shadow—  
In your ears, the eternal din  
Of an army that's ever marching  
To wipe out your heinous sin.

Then cursed be with gun and sabre,  
And cursed be with sword and pen,  
On the sides of the lonely mountains,  
'Midst the bustle and throng of men,  
Accursed be with lead and burning,  
With boiling lead and with brands,  
Snatched from the fires of nations  
By the bravest of many lands.

We have waited this hour of reckoning—  
We have longed for this day of strife—  
As, back in the hours of anguish,  
Did the Fathers who gave us life.  
It has come, with unmeasured slaughter,  
But there, 'midst the ruin and death,  
The hosts of the Lord are waiting  
To stifle your poisonous breath.

## THE ONE BRIGHT SPOT.

Oh! we've changed the name of Erin  
To "The One Bright Spot,"  
And an Empire now we're sharing  
In the One Bright Spot.  
For we've got Home Rule, they say,  
Or, at least, it's on the way,  
Yes, and so is judgment day, to the One Bright Spot,  
And till Tib's eve, wait we may, in the One Bright Spot.

Oh, we send all cranks to jail, in the One Bright Spot,  
If they dare use Teanga na nGaedheal, or such beastly rot.  
For the realm we'll defend,  
And to jail the lot we'll send,  
If they don't obey our "friend" in the One Bright Spot,  
Oh, the prison is their end, in the One Bright Spot.

We've got a guard of G-men, in the One Bright Spot,  
Just to let us know we're free-men, in the One Bright Spot.  
You will find them in the street—  
You will know them by their feet—  
They're the boys that can retreat, if they hear a shot,  
And they're always on the beat, in the One Bright Spot.

And we've taxes now go leor, in the One Bright Spot,  
Only just eight millions more, in the One Bright Spot,  
For we've got to help the "boss,"  
Johnny Bull, who lives across,  
Oh—he runs us "at a loss," in the One Bright Spot,  
Mrs. Britannia might be cross with the One Bright Spot.

But I'm told there are soldiers too, in the One Bright Spot,  
Who are pledged to Ireland true, in the One Bright Spot,  
For old Eire still has sons  
Who are fit "to man the guns,"  
And to drive all British huns from the One Bright Spot,  
And to keep them on the run, from the One Bright Spot.

## 'TIS THE WRONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.

Irish-Americans consider the so-called song entitled "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" as a vile, vulgar caricature of their race, a product of the cheap London Music Halls, which manufacture filthy red light literature.

The subjoined verses have been written by a member of the Irish Literary Society of Chicago for the millions of American homes that exclude silly doggerel!—

Up to Tipperary came an Englishman one day,  
Ribbons flying from his cap and mudguards half the way;  
With three V's upon his sleeve and shillings in his hand,  
He wanted Irish boys to go and fight for Saxon Land.

### CHORUS.

'Tis the wrong way to Tipperary—'tis the wrong way you know;  
'Tis the wrong way to Tipperary, when recruiting you must go.  
Good-bye English army, farewell friend and foe;  
'Tis the wrong way to Tipperary, for our boys won't go.

Tommy wrote a letter unto Kitchener next day,  
Saying, "h' Irish won't H'enlist, no matter what h'I say;  
Answer not by telegraph, nor lay the blame on me;  
They'll recognise your writing on the telegram, you see."

### (Chorus).

Kitchener wrote to Tommy, and what do you think he said:  
"You can't fool the Irish now, nor are they easily led;  
They will fight in front of us, and cover our retreat—  
Just promise them the Home Rule again, and safety by our Fleet."  
(Chorus).

Ireland needs her boys at home to battle for her rights;  
They fought too long, alas, and won, the other fellow's fights;  
Curragh's Kicks and King's Own Troops, they'll not forget for years,  
My soul, we never doubted you, brave Irish Volunteers.  
(Chorus).

If you want a fighter, who was looking for a fight,  
Call on Mr. Carson, for you know it's his delight;  
Bluff and bluster he put forth, and to him you did cling,  
Now Irish boys will stay at home, and this is what they'll sing:  
(Chorus).

## PADDY ATKINS.

Air: "The Wearing of The Green."

Oh, we slaughtered and we hunted them  
To Connaught or to hell,

Their babes we spiked, their boys and girls,  
To planters we did sell.

We hanged their priests, we banned their schools,  
We ground their very face,

We did our bit to wipe from earth  
The hated Irish Race.

'Twas Paddy here and Paddy there!  
And Papish dogs away!

But its Paddy come and join us  
When the band begins to play.

And when the band begins to play, my boys,  
When the band begins to play,

Oh, Paddy comes in useful when the band begins to play.

In later days we did not change,

The self same game we played;  
We sent them off in coffin ships,

Brought famine to our aid,

We killed their industries, we did,  
We made them starve or fly.

And if they asked for work, we said,  
No Irish need apply.

'Twas Paddy here and Paddy there,  
And dirty Irish swine;

But its Paddy come, you're wanted,  
When we form the firing line.

When we form the firing line, my boys,  
When we form the firing line,

You'll do to stop the bullets when we form the firing line.

We chuckled and we cried with glee,  
The Celt is going fast,  
But times are changed, and we have found  
A use for him at last.

We've bitten off a bit too much,  
Our boys don't like the game;  
So Pat can do the fighting while  
Old England gets the fame.

Its Paddy here and Paddy there,  
And Paddy form and dress,  
But its gallant English soldiers  
When the papers go to press.

When the papers go to press, my boys,  
When the papers go to press,  
We never mention Paddy when the papers go to press.

We've closed the ocean now to Pat,  
There's one place he must go—  
Right across the way to Flanders,  
To fight our German foe;

And we put him in the fore front,  
To draw the Turkish shells—  
We got rid of a lot of Paddies  
At the bloody Dardanelles.

Its Paddy here and Paddy there!  
And skulking coward we cry!  
We won't even ask you nicely,  
But will make you come and die.

For our lads are very shy,  
And the Empire's going dicky,  
So you'll have to come and die.  
It's Paddy here and Paddy there,

And anything you please;  
If Paddy's not a blinded fool,  
I fancy Paddy sees.

## IRELAND OVER ALL.

Air: "Deutschland Ueber Alles."

This song was composed by Commandant Eamonn Ceannt, Irish Republican Army (Executed by the British Government, May 8th, 1916). R.I.P.

Ireland! Ireland! 'fore the wide world,

Ireland! Ireland! over all;

When we fight we'll fight for Ireland,

Answer only Ireland's call;

Plain and mountain, rock and ocean,

From the Shannon to the sea;

Ireland! Ireland! 'fore the wide world,

Ireland one and Ireland free.

Ireland's land and Ireland's Nation,

Ireland's faith and hope and song,

Irishmen will yet redeem them

From the foreign tyrant throng;

Ireland's homes and Ireland's hillsides,

Shall be freed from slavery;

Ireland! Ireland! 'fore the wide world,

Ireland one and Ireland free.

Unity and right and freedom,

For our Irish fatherland,

Strive we all we may secure them,

Strive we all with heart and hand.

Be our aim, then, God defending,

Right, eternal liberty;

Ireland! Ireland! 'fore the wide world,

Ireland one and Ireland free.

## THE SOLDIER'S SONG.

—o:—

We'll sing you a song, a soldier's song,

With cheering, rousing, chorus,

As round our blazing fires we throng,

The starry heavens o'er us.

Impatient for the coming fight,

And as we wait the morning light,

Here in the silence of the night

We'll chant a soldier's song.

### CHORUS.

Soldiers are we,

Whose lives are pledged to Ireland,

Some have come from a land beyond the wave,

Sworn to be free.

No more our ancient Sireland

Shall shelter the despot or the slave.

To-night we'll man the Bearnna Baoghail,

In Erin's cause, come woe, come weal,

Mid cannons' roar and rifles' peal,

We'll chant a soldier's song.

In valleys green, and towering crag,

Our fathers fought before us,

And conquered 'neath the same old flag,

That's proudly floating o'er us.

We're children of a mighty race,

That never yet has known disgrace.

So, as we march the foe to face

We'll chant a soldier's song.

Sons of the Gael, men of the Pale,

The long-watched day is breaking;

The serried hosts of Innisfail

Have set the tyrant quaking,

Our watch fires now are burning low,

See, in the East a silvery glow,

Out yonder waits the Saxon foe,

Then chant a soldier's song.



## FAREWELL TO RICHMOND.

Though the last glimpse of Richmond, with sorrow I see,  
Yet wherever I go, a Rebel I'll be;  
Though Knutsford should claim me and give me a cell,  
I'll never forget the old room in Block-L.,  
Where we messed and we slept, a right merry crew,  
That played like the devil on the old Bugaboo.  
A song, a joke, a snore or a story—  
We thus passed the time like the angels in glory.  
But this is all gone, and my eyes are now full,  
For I'm bound for the land of that Hun, Johnny Bull.

## THE WATCH OF THE GAEL.

Air: "The Watch on the Rhine."

What land is this, so sweet and fair,  
That lives a nation, 'spite despair?  
This land, our own, our native land,  
We'll guard thy shores—thy faithful band.

### CHORUS.

Dear Irish Land, thy fears resign,  
Dear Irish Land, thy fears resign,  
Steadfast and true, we'll watch,  
We'll watch for thee, steadfast and true,  
Till dawns thy liberty.

What classic tongue lives on like thine,  
In sweet melodious forms divine?  
What music, ancient or serene,  
Can hold its place with thine, our Queen?

Thy children, who for thee have bled,  
Are starved and outraged, pillaged, fled;  
By England's cruel command they're gone;  
But we, their brothers, still live on.

## LINES

Written on Reading P. H. Pearse's Poem for His Mother

[Written Before His Execution, May 3, 1916.]

The Reaper has been busy

In his garden wild with flowers,

And cut the fairest blossoms

That grace those earthly bowers.

God knew those tried, exotics

Were fit for heavenly spheres,

They had been blooming here below

Through years of stress and tears.

And now within God's Garden,

Beyond the golden sun,

Those blooms have been transplanted

To grace His Heavenly Throne

Beyond the mystic vale of death,

Where angel choirs do sing,

Their voices tuned in chorus

Sing Te Deum to their King.

Requiescant now in peace we pray,

Requiescant ever more,

Till our life on earth is ended,

And we meet on God's bright shore.

Then, oh! the bliss of meeting

Souls on earth we held so dear,

For, God Himself, has said it:

Come ye, who suffer, here.

## SIXTEEN DEAD MEN.

Hark ! in the still night, who goes there ?

" Fifteen dead men"—why do they wait ?

" Hasten, comrade, death is so fair,"

Now comes their captain, through the dim gate.

Sixteen dead men—what on their swords ?

" A nation's honour, proud do they bear"

What on their bent heads ?—" God's holy word,

All of their nation's heart blended in prayer."

Sixteen dead men—what makes their shroud ?

" All of their nation's love wraps them round,"

Where do their bodies lie, brave and so proud ?

" Under the gallows tree, in prison ground."

Sixteen dead men—where do they go ?

" To join their regiment where Sarsfield leads ;

Wolfe Tone and Emmet, too, well do they know ;

There shall they bivouac, telling great deeds."

Sixteen dead men—shall they return ?

" Yea, they shall come again, breath of our breath.

They on our nation's hearth made old fires burn—

Guard her unconquered soul, strong in their death."



1916.

God bless the girls of Ireland,  
The colleens, tried and true,  
Who shared in all the perils  
Of the brave and gallant few  
Who fought for Irish Freedom,  
For Liberty and Right,  
And proved to English hirelings  
That Irishmen could fight.

God bless you, Irish mothers,  
No other's can compare,  
With your brave sons and daughters,  
In the game of Do and Dare.  
May their bright hopes be realised,  
And victory sit serene,  
Upon the brow of Erin,  
Our own dear Irish Queen.

God bless you, priests of Ireland,  
Who in the darkest hour,  
Stood by the men who loved her,  
And faced an Empire's power.  
Your presence nerved their arms,  
And raised their spirits high,  
They fought like Christian soldiers,  
Who never fear to die.

God bless the cause of Ireland,  
Such valour and such faith,  
Must surely triumph in the end,  
As Christ did over death.  
The noble few who fought so well  
Have had to bear defeat,  
But the tyrant's doom approaches fast,  
And soon shall be complete.

## THE REBEL HEROES.

By WILSEY.

"Oh, do not fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers yet,  
This was the noble utterance of one who sleeps in death,  
In Nineteen-hundred-and-sixteen, on April Twenty fourth,  
The Volunteers of Ireland to battle sallied forth,  
To meet the mighty Saxon, who through ages, dark and drear,  
Has sought to crush that spirit which she has cause to fear.  
Yes, she has sought to crush by tyranny our people loyal and  
brave,  
And some by England's cruel hands lie in a martyr's grave.  
No, we shall not weep for Ireland, tho' in her holy cause,  
The truest, bravest, purest men, their noble lives have lost.  
But God, in all Thy mercy, look down on this their crime,  
They gave their lives for Ireland. May in Heaven those heroes  
shine.

Oh, God, the day must surely dawn, when Erin, proud, erect,  
Shall take her place amongst nations blest as Thy holy Will  
directs.

When the blighting hands of England shall no longer grip its  
prey.

Oh, God, my heart and soul I'd give, could I live to see that  
day.

No, we'll never fear for Ireland, for from the dust of those  
High-souled and noble martyrs who fell again,  
An army of young Irishmen, yes, hark!  
Will rise again to Britain's cries,  
When they fight again for Ireland,  
And win the noble prize.

## THE SPIRIT INVINCIBLE.

Go forth in your mustered legions,  
Arrayed in your soldier gear,  
To shake with your pent up thunder  
The earth, till your enemies fear.  
You are massed, you are girt for the tramping,  
Right down to the valley of fire;  
And the heart of your people is thrilling,  
If in battle, you, fighting, expire.

Yes, ye of the freedom-won nations,  
You can lift up your eyes to the sun,  
And hear on your ear-drums the plaudits  
Of a world, e'er the battles begun.  
'Tis spoken that foemen embattled  
Are nearing your land from afar,  
And you rush with a gun to the standard  
That waves o'er the regions of war.

There are tears and sorrow at leaving,  
There are achings and sorrow of heart;  
But there's pride and a glorious thrilling,  
'Mid the weepings and sighs when you part.

There's Honour and Duty to bid you  
Face Death, with a front undismayed.  
There's none of the Homeland to chide you,  
Or scorn, then, the soldier's dread trade.  
There's none then to tell you 'tis madness,  
There is none to acclaim you as great,  
If you shun all the dangers of battle,  
And skulk till the foe's at the gate.

Yes, courage you show when you enter  
The lists of the war's bloody plain,  
And face all its horrors undaunted,  
And die there, if fate so ordain.

You picture the valley of slaughter,  
The moans and the sobbings of woe;  
The red-dripping bayonets that mangle,  
The shriekings, as foemen meet foe.

The crackling of rifles, and thunder  
Of guns, that seem mouthpiece of hell,  
The nerve-racking waiting, half-frozen,  
Till its time for advancing pell-mell.

You shudder and halt ere you face it,  
And you count up the loss and the gain,  
E'en the bravest may wince at the prospect,  
With its torture and carnage insane.  
But the MAN in your heart calls for courage,  
And you conquer the pangs of dismay,  
And you pray to your God for the spirit  
And strength for the mind-racking fray;  
And you go to the shambles, uplifted  
With the sense that God's finger is nigh,  
And you strike for the Right in your contest,  
And, fighting thus, gloriously die.

But we, of the peoples imperilled,  
By the weight of a conqueror's heel,  
We, sons of a nation in bondage,  
All such, and much more, do we feel.  
When we face the grim ordeal of freedom,  
Of restoring the sway of the Right,  
When we lift high the standard of Erin,  
To rally her sons to the fight.

'Tis not the mere woes of the conflict,  
And 'tis not the sharp, stabbing steel,  
Nor is it the volleying thunder  
That rattles out, peal upon peal;  
'Tis not only the charging entrenchments,  
'Mid the swift-winged, death-dealing lead,  
'Tis not the hot anguish of dying,  
Unsuccoured, 'mid enemy's tread.

No, these be but part of the scourges,  
That fall on the patriot's soul;  
Those but the least part of the ransom  
That he pays to reach liberty's goal.

There's the cold, jarring sneer of the cynic,  
There's the smile of the placeman's disdain,  
There's the cloud o'er the vision-lost people,  
There's the tyrant, the spies in his train.

There's the slow stirring up of the embers  
Of hope, nearly quenched by despair,  
There's the strain to inspire the awakening  
Of souls, till they plan and prepare.

There's the silent, subdued propaganda,  
To rouse and to cheer and to arm,  
There's the danger from fools and from traitors,  
The rash and the perilous calm;  
There's the voice of the tempter seductive,  
Oh! who shall portray the travail  
Of the patriot, seeking life's substance,  
When the tempter his soul shall assail.

There's the price on his head by the tyrant,  
Urging vultures, alert, on his trail,  
There's the soul-racking fear of disaster,  
A gibbet, or cell, if he fail.  
No splendid array for his comrades,  
As they gather for strife with the foe;  
No trumpets or cheering, arousing  
His land to its re-birth. Ah, no!  
But waiting and counting their chances  
In silence, these patriot hosts,  
Till an hour which they deemed blest by Heaven  
Cheers their souls, and they charge to their posts.

Perchance they shall win the encounter,  
God willing, as victors to stand  
With the ruins of serfdom beneath them,  
And a crown on their loved Motherland;  
Or the tyrant may trample them under,  
Then woe, direst woe, be their fate;  
His wrath shall surround them with dangers,  
Their deaths be the gauge of his hate.

But the soul that hath visioned the splendour  
Of freedom, will glory to be  
On the roll of the heroes, who, falling,  
Made a nation, long struggling, free.

NOTE:—The subject of this poem was suggested  
by a fellow-prisoner, namely, to express the motive  
and spirit of the rebel fighters, as contrasted with  
those of the mercenary, or even the soldiers who  
fight under the flag of a free country.

(Knuttsford, June 22nd, 1916.)

## THE MARTYRS.

[Dublin, 1916].

All the sweet use of earth, life's fair dominion  
They had forsworn,  
The cross to choose—to bear aloft the pinion  
By martyrs borne.

By what straight paths they came, what heights abysmal  
They climbed steadfast,  
Till this bleak calvary with gibbet dismal  
Claimed them at last!

Oh glory of crimson robe! Oh joy of martyr!  
Oh strange new birth!  
Oh glory of him, the noble, who scorns to barter  
His soul for earth!

Lo, they who died, still live, and we uncaring  
Who lay near death,  
New-born arise, and in their old paths faring,  
Draw a new breath.

Lo, where they swooned in death, we see the tender  
Breaking of dawn;  
Their crimson wounds like stars shall shine in splendour  
To lead us on.

So shall we dare to carry on their story  
That is not done,  
Till, in His day, God crowns our strife with glory  
Of vict'ry won.

## TO THOMAS MacDONAGH.

Take me by the hand, and raise me—  
Not up to martyrdom, for I would fail.  
But take my hand, as in old time, and help me  
Up to my Golgotha, to Him who shed His blood for me,  
As thou didst on some calvary  
In Dublin town; and say—  
“I bring a friend I had on earth,  
A friend whose eyes were holden,  
But who would, tho' he deny it,  
Lay down his life for me.  
He is a priest, and I am but a man,  
With only a man's blood. My God,  
With Thee, Thou broughtest millions to Thy feet,  
May I bring one?—Even to the altar steps? Where he  
Will take Thy hand in his, and pray  
For my soul, and for those, who, dear to me  
Are dear to him? Grant me this little, Lord?”  
And I, then, if I may, will stammer this—  
“Keep me by HIM, my God, by him  
I'll be with Thee.”



## WHAT DO YOU THINK?

- What do you think of the Irish now?  
(Who is it makes the noise?)  
What do you think of the Knights of old?  
What do you think of our heroes bold?  
What do you think of the boys?
- What do you think of poor Emmet, too?  
(Never a word of Tone)—  
What do you think of the life he gave?  
What of the land he died to save?  
What of the uncarved stone?
- What do you think of our glorious past?  
(Haven't we much to brag?)  
What do you think of the Rope and Rack?  
What do you think of the Union Jack?  
What do you think of the Flag?
- What do you think of the dogs of war?  
(Britain shall rule the waves);  
What do you think about England's foes?  
What do you think of the land she rules?  
What do you think of her slaves?
- What do you think of the German crew?  
(Do we not love the Gaul?)  
What do you think?—It's a sorry job!—  
How do you feel for the Irish mob?  
What do you think of them all?
- What do we think of the Empire great?  
(See how we scrape and bow!)  
What of "our brothers across the foam?"  
What of the Britisher's "ruined home?"  
What do you think of them all?
- What do you think of the olden days—  
Honoured in tale and verse?  
What of the songs our fathers sung?  
What do you think of the Irish Tongue?  
What do you think of the Erse?

- What do you think of the Sean Ehean Bhocht?  
(How she will cease to wail!)  
What of the desolate Irish coasts?  
What do you think of the Rebel hosts?  
What do you think of the Gael?
- What do you think of the Irish now?  
(Makers of all the noise,  
What do you think of the Red Branch Knights?  
What do you think of the Redmondites?  
What do you think of the boys?

—0—

1916.

- Not for the cause of faithless France,  
Nor grasping Britain's greed,  
Nor for the Russian Bear's advance,  
Was done this glorious deed.  
Against grim foes at home, they rose,  
In manly patriot pride,  
And, though that birth was crushed to earth,  
For Ireland's rights they died.
- Not by the far-off Dardanelles,  
Nor slimy Tigris banks,  
Nor mid the din of Pagan yells,  
Went down their bleeding ranks.  
O'er santed ground, with glory crowned,  
Rolled on that battle-tide,  
And proudly, brave, their homes to save,  
On Ireland's soil they died.

## DUBLIN.

You poured your spies upon her streets,  
You ringed her round with steel,  
For three most hideous centuries  
She lay beneath your heel.  
You kept your forces round her gates,  
And built your barracks well,  
And in her Castle's heart devised  
Foul deeds, too foul for hell.

And there you planned the Epitaph  
Of Ireland, day by day,  
And watched our people fade and die,  
Our language pass away,  
And undisturbed, and all secure,  
You sat the centuries,  
And boasted of your loyalty,  
And fed the world with lies.

But Dublin tore from off her face  
The horrid mask she wore,  
And all the nation's saw again  
Her beauty as before.  
She hurled you from your tyrant's seat,  
And clothed in flame and lead,  
She stood, a capital unslaved,  
And risen from the dead.

And though a few sad days will pass  
Till she is wholly free,  
And though you claim her once again,  
God holds her destiny.  
For He shall smite you to the earth,  
And raise her on a throne,  
And for those ages of despair,  
That triumph shall atone.

## THE MEN OF DUBLIN.

They nailed their colours to the mast, the Orange, White and Green,  
A nobler set of Irishmen the world has never seen;  
They knew through sloth and idleness a Nation's soul was lost,  
They rose to save dear Ireland's soul and counted not the cost.

They knew well that two thousand men—they did not number more—  
Could never break the tyrant's chain and drive him from our shore;  
But this they knew, and knew it well, they would not die in vain—  
Their blood would save our Country's soul and give her life again.

Who was it led this noble band, and what has been their fate?  
Was mercy shown to them at last? No, worse than Ninety-eight.  
They fought 'gainst overwhelming odds and held them well at bay  
Till Britain swore that she would make the innocent to pay.

She swore that she would shell the town until its streets ran red,  
And every inch was piled up high with dying and with dead.  
Commandants Pearse and Connolly, Joe Plunkett and Tom Clarke,  
To save the town, surrendered—it was unsafe at dark.

For woe betide the mortals who went abroad at night,  
The soldiers lay in ambush hid and shot them down at sight;  
They shot the women and the men, they shot the children too,  
The "DEFENDER OF SMALL NATIONS" showed herself in  
colours true.

For when all had surrendered there began a reign of blood  
Unequaled in the history of the world since the flood;  
The brothers Pearse and Daly, young Colbert and Tom Clarke,  
With Eamonn Ceannt and Connolly were shot down off the mark.

The same fate met young Heuston, McDonagh and McBride,  
But 'twas outside the G.P.O. the brave O'Rahilly died;  
Mallon, Plunkett and McDermott fell before a firing squad,  
Their blood with Miceal Hanrahan's, for vengeance cries to God.

Large numbers too were sentenced and treated as convicts,  
Among them was a woman the Countess Markievicz;  
Gold could not buy those who fought for Ireland thro' that week,  
And they to make their sacrifice no purer Cause could seek.

Enshrined are they for ever in every Irish heart,  
God bless those men and women who played that noble part—  
Who left their homes behind them, who left their kith and kin,  
And rallied round their banner when the fighting did begin.

May their memory live for ever; may our children bless the name  
Of each one who fought for Ireland: may it ever be the same.  
May our country still have heroes who are not afraid to die  
On the battlefield or scaffold so our proud old flag may fly.

## WE SHALL RISE AGAIN.

EASTER, 1916.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

In Dublin's fair city there is sorrow to-day,  
For the flower of her manhood who fell in the fray;  
Her youths and her maidens, her joy and her pride,  
Have gone down in battle, in war's raging tide.

They came forth to fight for the cause that was grand,  
When Freedom and Liberty called, for their land;  
In the ardour of youth, in the spring of the year,  
They came without falter, they fought without fear.

Near the noon of the day, on that April morn,  
Their tramp shook the streets where bold Emmet was born;  
Then they raised high their banner, white, orange and green,  
And it waved o'er the freemen, the men of '16.

And high o'er the Liffey it waved in the wind,  
O'er hearts that were brave, and o'er noblest of mind;  
And they fought as of old and they held the old town,  
Till their banner, unsullied, in darkness went down.

In that Easter Week dear old Dublin was free,  
By the blood of her sons, from Swords to the sea;  
Oh! proudly again does she raise her old head,  
When the nations lament, and salute her bold dead.

Oh! Irish Republic! Oh, dream of our dreams!  
Independent in vision their bright beauty gleams;  
Tho' fallen and crushed 'neath the enemy's heel,  
Thy glory and beauty shine, burnished like steel.

Not in vain was their death, who for Ireland have died,  
And their deeds in our hearts in gold are inscribed.  
The freeing of Ireland to us is their trust,  
We can, if we will it; we can, and we must.

In Dublin's fair city there is sorrow to-day,  
For the flower of her manhood, who fell in the fray;  
But in hearts that are true there is nothing of gloom,  
And Erin, regenerate, shall rise from her tomb.

## A MOTHER SPEAKS.

Dear Mary, that didst see Thy First-born Son  
Go forth to die amid the scorn of men,

For whom He died,  
Receive my first-born son unto Thy arms,  
Who also hath gone forth to die for men,  
And keep him by Thee, till I come to him.

Dear Mary, I have shared Thy sorrow,  
And soon shall share Thy joy.

In Mr. Pearse's last letter to his mother he says:—  
"You asked me to write a little poem which would  
seem to be said by you about me. I have written  
it, and one copy is in Arbour Hill Barracks, with  
the papers, and Father Aloysius is taking charge of  
another copy of it."

(The above is the little poem referred to).

## THE WAYFARER.

The beauty of this world has made me sad,  
The beauty that will pass:  
Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great joy  
To see a leaping squirrel in a tree,  
Or a red Ladybird upon a stalk,  
Or little rabbits in a field at evening,  
Lit by a starrng sun:  
Or some green hill, where shadows drifting by,

Some quietude, where mountain men have sown  
And some would reap, near to the gate of heaven;  
Or children with bare feet upon the sands of some ebbd sea,  
Or playing on the streets of the little towns of Connacht—

Things, young and happy,  
And then my heart hath told me these will pass:  
Will pass and change, will die and be no more—  
Things bright and green, things young and happy,  
And I have gone upon my way—Sorrowful.

April, 1916.

—P. H. PEARSE. (R.I.P.)



## TO THE MEMORY OF THE O'RAHILLY.

He's dead, alas! Peace to his gentle soul;  
For he was loving, kind, sincere, and true;  
His noble spirit ever sought the goal  
Of native freedom, dearest land, for you.

He loved the mellow accents of thy tongue,  
As links that bound him to a brighter past,  
When lay of love or warlike song was sung  
In that sweet speech he cherished to the last.

He fain would free thee from the cruel yoke  
Of Saxon law, misrule, and studied wrong;  
But died—not unavenged—ere yet the stroke  
Had snapped the bands of thralldom's binding thong.

He's dead; but now his spirit brighter reigns,  
Inspiring hope to the desponding breast.  
Death hath no terrors, after-death no pains  
For patriot souls—the noblest and the best.

Be brave, ye children; braver be his wife,  
Who mourn him, sleeping now, beneath the sod;  
His native land he cherished more than life,  
And only loved it less than he loved God.

To save the waning manhood of our race  
His blood he shed, his very life laid down;  
By sacrifice complete, he won the grace  
Of patriot's brightest wreaths—the martyr's crown.

Revere his mem'ry; think not 'twas in vain  
He strove for freedom—ev'ry nation's right;  
We count not cost, nor reckon loss or pain,  
When 'tis for God and Country that we fight.

## PEARSE TO IRELAND. A DYING PATRIOT TO HIS MOTHERLAND.

Mother Erin, I have loved thee,  
With a love that knew not fear;  
I have drawn the sword to free thee,  
At the flowering of the year.  
But a hand was raised to smite me,  
As I stooped to kiss thy brow,  
And the arm that would have freed thee,  
By my side hangs helpless now.

I have lived and loved and laboured,  
With a patriot's heart and will,  
That the dawning years might find thee  
Fearless and unfetter'd still.

I am vanquished, and my comrades  
In the glorious fight have bled,  
And the dauntless hearts that loved thee  
Rest among the silent dead.

But 'twere nobler, thus to perish—  
Thus to wipe away their tears,

With the distant voice of Freedom  
Echoing in their dying ears—  
Than to stand as fawning minions

Of the sneering conqueror's race,  
With the clanking chains of bondage  
Telling of our deep disgrace.

When the quenchless voice of Freedom,  
Flickering through the gloom of years,  
Shall have flashed upon the hilltops,  
Conqueror of blood and tears,  
When a future age shall find you  
Fearless still and undefied.  
Men of Erin, Oh! remember  
'Twas for Freedom's cause they died.

They are gone, and I must follow  
To the golden fields above,  
Where the mighty God of Justice  
Shall reward a Patriot's love.  
Sweet it were to live and love thee—  
Sweeter far for thee to die,  
With the flower-clad hills around me  
Echoing back my last good-bye.

## THE REBELS.

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Have you ever heard the story  
How the Rebels got their name?  
I'll tell you so you'll understand  
From whence those brave men came.  
Some came from Dublin,  
And some from Galway too,  
And although they're deported now,  
To Ireland they'll be true.

They are brave men and true men,  
No matter where they be,  
They have put their hearts in fighting,  
Just to set old Ireland free.  
And if they never rise again,  
Sure there's more to take their place,  
To keep up fighting till the last—  
That is the Irish race.

It's printed in the paper  
Of the Hun's atrocity,  
But think about the English,  
Who spared no property.  
They shot down our brave fellows,  
All of whom we knew so well,  
But those who did the dirty work,  
Will be punished down in hell.

They have guarded our dear country  
With soldiers by the score,  
But when the Germans land here,  
They will want some thousands more.  
They tried to make us fear them,  
But that's a great mistake,  
It takes a few of our brave men  
To make big England quake.

I thought we ought to mention  
Our dear colleens, one and all,  
Who assisted them in fighting—  
They are known as Cumann na mBan.  
They risked their lives in fighting,  
And of death they had no fear,  
For helping on brave Volunteers,  
Don't they deserve a cheer?

They have shot down our brave leaders,  
Who were men of great renown,  
But you'll never find their equals,  
If you search through every town.  
We will put into history  
The year Nineteen-sixteen,  
And we'll keep up the honour  
Of the Orange, White, and Green.

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## OUR AIMS.

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We worked not, fought not, for ourselves alone,  
But for the common good and Ireland's right.  
England's subtle law we cannot own—  
Hence we work and fight.  
'Tis not for us alone the wild flower grows,  
Scenting Summer's soft wind as it blows;  
'Tis not for us the wild bird in the hedge  
Sends forth its cheerful note and mournful dirge.  
Then it to help our work you will do naught,  
Let not a word against our aims be said.  
Forget the devastation England's wrought—  
Forget the deeds of Ireland's sacred dead.

## A SONG OF THE CUMANN NA MBAN.

Air :—"The Men of the West."

Knutsford, June, 1916.

When you honour in song and in story,  
The fighters who shouldered a gun,  
And recked not tho' Death's sting should reach them,  
If so Ireland's freedom be won.  
Forget not the women of Erin,  
Who stood without tremor or dread,  
Beside those who battled for freedom  
'Mid shell fire and deluge of lead.

### CHORUS.

Then here's to the women of Ireland,  
Who bravely faced death in the van;  
Old Ireland is proud of her daughters,  
Hurrah for the Cumann na mBan!

Our tricolour flag flew to Heaven,  
Proclaiming o'er old Dublin town,  
That men of the nation, then awakened,  
Would die e'er the flag would come down.  
And into our ranks came our colleens,  
Like the women of Limerick of old,  
And their smiles made our weakest a hero—  
Write their fame, boys, in letters of gold.

### Chorus.

Tho' our fight in the old G.P.O., boys,  
Came to grief, as its flames touched the sky,  
We lit there a light that will blaze, boys,  
Till the power of the Saxon shall die.  
And cherish for ever the glory,  
While the page of our records you scan,  
Of those valiant daughters of Erin—  
Hurrah for the Cumann na mBan!

## RUBAIYAT OF KNUTSFORD.

Dreaming when dawn's bright face lit up my cell,  
I woke to hear the chink of keys that tell  
The jailer's advent, and his summons brief—  
"Up, sleeper, there!" which gave my sleep the knell.

'Tis 4 a.m., and Knutsford jail's alive;  
Pardon, ye daylight savers, faith, 'tis five.  
Blinking my eyes—for sleep still veils their view—  
But, howsomever, up, I must contrive.

Clanging of doors and keys and hurrying feet,  
Washing of floors and warders' gentle bleat,  
Rush on my ears and rouse me to the fray;  
I fix my plank and trim my cell complete.

Then, in a tin which flashes like a glass  
(Result of bathbrick and my hands' compass),  
I wash my face, and feel the stubble there;  
Razors, you know, are named, seditious thrash.

Then dawns event of morning's custom here:  
To wit, our breakfast. Hark, it doth appear!  
Tea, in a vessel round, with slender waist;  
Of bread one chunk, and margarine a smear.

Come, quaff with me this beverage of slops!  
Drink! ere its heat to freezing point quite drops.  
Take, too, a bite of this delicious loaf,  
Ere in my cell the watchful jailer pops.

Here, with a loaf of bread, aged twenty-three,  
A cigarette, a jug of tea, and three  
Beside me weaving songs about the Knuts,  
And Knutsford Jail is Paradise to me!

My cell, good friends, lacks ornament, say you?  
Naught decorates it—whitewashed walls, 'tis true—  
But, see you not my washing on the line—  
A shirt, a towel, and a sock or two?

My plank, behold it up against the wall,  
It's sublime structure, three long boards and all;  
Observe it's pose, and see my blankets, too,  
When dusk appears, beneath them I shall crawl.

But hence! Such thoughts away! Let us arise,  
And take the air beside my comrades five;  
For desperadoes, six in all, are we;  
And you shall see them, if they still survive.

Here comes my guardian, Knight of jangling keys;  
In khaki clad, a sergeant, if you please!  
He opens the door. Come, let us ramble forth,  
Into the area fanned by gentle breeze.

And now, behold, with artist's eye awhile,  
The pride of Knutsford! See this red brick pile,  
Enobling grace in every feature teems;  
Aesthetic triumph! Greco-Cheshire style!

These windows barred—observe them, line and line!  
One for each cell—at least I've one in mine;  
And if you gaze some sweeter object seeks—  
There is the gallows. —Instigation fine!

My five companions, yes, you see them there.  
That's P—— M——, for ladies' hearts a snare;  
Look how his pockets bulge with their tribute!  
His post it comes—well, just from anywhere!

But if M—— breaks hearts and scruples not;  
There's Doctor D—— will cure them on the spot,  
And make his patients feel a sad regret  
He's married—so his cures may go to pot!

Here stalks a man of mighty mien and jaw,  
Well known to C——, a Barrister-at-law;  
Puzzled is he to find himself in quod,  
But that would puzzle even Bernard Shaw.

Then, sauntering slow, comes Rory of the Hill,  
In search of parcels—or poetic thrill;

In autographs, he earned an expert's fame  
When Mitchell's sentence flowed from off his quill.

Such my companions, comrades in distress;  
Two more there were, but now have no address;  
D—— and B—— off to Wales are fled;  
But does it matter, one whi more or less?

Come, take a turn around this sun-rayed yard;  
Forget awhile that egress here is barred;  
Survey the world, with Knutsford as Grand Stand,  
With mind-lit eyes—we still hold one trump card.

Now fades our gaze those lines of bricks;  
Our khaki guardians follow in a tick;  
And standing here, exhaling gold-flake smoke,  
We'll visualise all mankind mighty quick.

What's that we view—a vista of decay?  
A smouldering ruin, heaps of ashes grey;  
Is that Louvain, or Rheims, or famed Ypres,  
Are the black DEERIS marks of vile Huns' prey?

But no; methinks as strain my eyes thro' space,  
Some signs familiar rise about the place;  
Those fire-scorched walls, this wreckage heaped  
grotesque,  
It is old Dublin's wounded, war-scarred face.

These are the hall-marks of the gentle way  
That petrol bombs preached "Irish slaves, obey!"  
These conquest jewels gem "the one bright spot,"  
I thank thee, War Lord, 'twas thy word, O Grey!

But pass we on, not ended yet the sphere  
Of our survey; methinks you passing queer;  
A line of men with rifles stand erect,  
Their target there—a green-clad Volunteer!

Rings now a volley—comrade, let us pray!  
A living creature's form has passed to clay!  
A criminal, maybe, a trait'rous, odious rogue?  
No—one we loved has winged his soul away.

But pause not here, to weep or mourn that deed;  
For such, believe, are conquest's gory need;  
Buttressed with buildings, bulwarked by the dead,  
'Tis Hades' offering to the Devil's creed.

In sooth, such are but Culture's talons spread  
To clasp the erring sure by hair of head,  
And keep them, yoked to righteous Beelzebub,  
So they the steps of Saint Bill Sykes may tread.

But, Holy Moses. Here's a fine to do!  
Are all the girls, from here to Timbuctoo,  
Besieging Knutsford with the wild design  
Of freeing us? No—faith, I have a clue.

These serried ranks of damsels, blithe and gay,  
Are merely seeking to find out a way  
To see M——. Hark, how his name they call!  
See how they jostle, in their glad array.

They shake his hands and seem inclined to tear 'em;  
Some carry socks, and beg of him to wear 'em;  
Parcels, fruit, and odds and ends galore,  
Beware, M——, the law forbids a harem!

But, bless them all, each kindly Irish heart;  
It makes me young to see how they impart,  
With eyes like sunbeams, gladness into jail;  
But P—— M—— is vanquished by their dart.

And now they're gone; and in we're marched to eat  
A Knutsford meal—a gastronomic feat—  
Three spuds, a loaf, and something lacking name—  
Some call it soup—the liars!—bane deceit!

Once in my cell, with such repast set down,  
Armed with a spoon, and on my face a frown;  
I fished amid its hazy depth to find  
A substance spongy, tame and coloured brown.

Shades of Block L! My soul heaved with relief;  
I called to mind my friend, Paudeen O'Keefe,  
When we chummed there, and shared our frugal  
meal,  
An iron biscuit and some bully beef.

For such it was now rushed upon my view—  
An ancient relic of Chicago brew;  
Sturdy, tho' flabby, loud its voice exclaimed:  
"I reckon, boss, that this is SOME stew."

Too full for words, I listened to the end  
Of its discourse, but could not wholly bend  
My mind to task so meet for cannibal—  
Like unto that of eating an old friend.

While gushed the tears from out my eyes in floods,  
I gently laid Chicago near my duds;  
And, musing o'er our chequered fellowship,  
I set to work to peel and eat my spuds.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

Man! d'ye hear them marchin'  
Marchin' out on the hill,  
What is it ye'd be askin',  
God! there's life in us still,  
Man! d'ye hear them shoutin'?  
Shoutin' as when they play;  
I prayed God not to call me  
Before I'd see this day.

Man! d'ye hear them cryin'?  
The women moan and sigh,  
But the lads themselves are laughin':  
God! that's the way to die.

Man! d'ye hear them prayin'?  
For the lads beneath the sod,  
Who have answered their names in Heaven,  
And rest in the sight of God.

(Composed during solitary confinement by a member  
of the Irish Republican Army.)

Knutsford Prison, July 24th, 1916.



## SALUTATION.

Your dreams had left me numb and cold,  
But yet my spirit rose in pride,  
Refashioning in burnished gold  
The images of those who died,  
Or were shut in the prison cell.  
Here's to you, Pearce, your dream, not mine,  
But yet the thought—for this you fell—  
Turns all life's water into wine.

I listened to much talk from you,  
Thomas MacDonagh, and it seemed  
The words were idle, but they grew  
To nobleness—by death redeemed.  
Life cannot utter words more great  
Than life can meet with sacrifice;  
High words were equalled by high fate—  
You paid the price! You paid the price!

The hope lives on, age after age—  
Earth with its beauty might be won  
For labour as a heritage.  
For this has Ireland lost a son,  
This hope into a flame to fan—  
Men have put life by with a smile.  
Here's to you, Connolly—my man—  
Who cast the last torch on the pile.

Here's to the women of our blood.  
Stood by them in their fiery hour,  
Rapt lest some weakness in their mood,  
Rob manhood of a single power.  
You brave as such a hope forlorn,  
Who smiled through crack of shot and shell,  
Though the world look on you with scorn,  
Here's to you, Constance, in your cell.

Here's to you, men I have never met,  
But hope to meet behind the veil;  
Thronged on some starry parapet,  
That looks down on Innisfail.  
And see the confluence of dreams  
That clashed together in our night—  
One river, born of many streams,  
Roll in one blaze of blinding light.

## THE BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.

Air: "The Men of the West."

While you honour in song and in story,  
The memory of Emmet and Tone,  
And all the brave heroes, whose glory  
Through history's pages has shown,  
Remember the boys of your own day,  
Who scorned opposition and sneers,  
And struck for the glory of Erin,  
Her true-hearted, brave Volunteers.

### CHORUS.

Then here's to the brave Volunteers, boys,  
Who cast aside doubting and fears,  
And fought for the honour of Ireland:  
Hurrah! for the brave Volunteers.

Tho' sneered at by craven and traitor,  
They rose at the word of command,  
The faith that was in them was greater  
Than slave-minds could e'er understand.  
And meeting the might of an Empire,  
Whose name they had cause to revile,  
The brave boys who fought for old Ireland,  
Faced death with a prayer and a smile.

(Chorus.)

With their leaders in council divided,  
Their cause was foredoomed at the start:  
Tho' their ideals were scoffed and derided,  
Yet never a hero lost heart,  
But fought, as they knew, for the glory  
Of the land that had given their birth,  
That she might take her place as a nation,  
Among the great ones of the earth.

(Chorus.)

Tho' their struggle for freedom is over,  
And the brave hearts that led them are gone,  
The faith that inspired them is with us—  
The cause of their land still goes on.

And if, in the days that are coming,  
We're tempted to pause or forget,  
The memory of Pearse and his comrades,  
Will help us to victory yet.

(Chorus.)

Then, on with the fight, men of Erin,  
Let the memory of those that have died,  
Inspire us to fight for our freedom,  
Tho' our efforts be crushed and denied,  
Till our cause in the end is triumphant,  
And high o'er the land can be seen  
The flag of an Irish Republic—  
The Orange, the White, and the Green.

(Chorus.)

## THE IRISH BRIGADE

They all watch their doors, each white face is set—  
For supper is ready, though it isn't served yet;  
The Staff-sergeant cries with an uplifted glance,  
"Inside your rooms! With the supper advance!"  
With shuffling and whispering they've done as he bade,  
For they're all nearly starving, the Irish Brigade.

Now hear you that shuffling, and hear you that tramp—  
As along come the Taymen, your mug just to damp—  
Their two boys, with baskets of stuff they call bread—  
It's usually half-baked and as heavy as lead.  
Hurrah, for the glad hour of supper has come,  
And soon we'll be bending o'er many a crumb.

As they sat at their tables, and the black tea they quaffed,  
'Here's to bold Thomas Lipton!'—and fiercely they laughed!  
And here's to the feeds, we ate long ago,  
At \_\_\_\_\_ in Dublin, where the Liffey doth flow.  
God prosper the bakers, you'd think them afraid,  
So pale grew the cheeks of the Irish Brigade.

So they feasted and revelled, fast, fiery, and true,  
And of loaves, if they had them they'd eat just a few.  
Like Lazarus, they picked up the crumbs off the floor,  
And they begged of their people to send them some more  
Meat, butter and bread and, oh, great cakes home-made,  
To save from starvation the Irish Brigade.

## AT THE GAOL GATE.

(Greeting to the Cailini who Daily Visited the Prison).

The prison walls are high, and the prison gates are strong,  
But they cannot shut your laughter out, 'tis like an Irish song,  
'That sets our veins aglow, with a love that cannot die,  
For the fairest land God ever made, where our martyred  
comrades lie.

Some day we'll meet again, in that dear land of our love,  
When the light of Freedom falls on its hills from God above;  
And we'll sing a song of praise, for the Exiles of the Gael,  
Who brought a word of hope and cheer, to the gates of Stafford  
Gaol.

(Stafford Detention Barracks, April 11, 1916.

## MY LITTLE OLD HOME IN THE WEST.

(From Stafford).

When the doors are locked up for the night,  
And the patrol goes tramping along,  
In the passage outside, many fellows to chide,  
For whistling or lirting a song.  
Of Ireland I think all the while,  
And in vain I woo slumber or rest,  
But I can't rest or sleep, while a thinking I keep,  
Of my little old home in the West,

Mother waits there to welcome me in,  
For I'm sure that her boy she will miss;  
There my colleen so true, will be waiting me too,  
Sure her dear lips I'm burning to kiss.  
Although 'tis not heaven itself,  
For it's just a poor cabin at best,  
Still I long to be there, free from trouble or care,  
In my little old home in the West.

## TALE OF EIGHT BUTTONS.

Eight shiny buttons  
Polished, fit for Heaven;  
A little girl smiled up at me,  
Then there were seven.

Seven shiny buttons  
I used forget to fix,  
"God rest their souls," a woman said  
Then there were six.

Six shiny buttons,  
Enough - but, man alive!  
Who could resist his Reverence?  
Then there were five.

Five shiny buttons,  
Sure I can spare no more;  
"You'll like their sandwiches," she smiled,  
Then there were four.

Four shiny buttons,  
All now left to me,  
"They've gone to heaven," a kind man said,  
Then there were three.

Three shiny buttons,  
"Along with pins they'll do,"  
"We're proud of you," an old man said,  
Then there were two.

Two shiny buttons.  
Waiting to be gone;  
"I would be a shame," she blushed - and -  
Then there was one.

One shiny button,  
Whose business days are done,  
I cut it off for one I love,  
Then there were none.

## EASTER, 1916.

Who fears to speak of Easter Week—  
Who blushes at the name—  
When Irish sons faced British guns,  
In the grand cause of Sinn Fein?  
Their numbers few, but hearts as true,  
As e'er fought in the cause  
Of Ireland's right 'gainst England's might,  
And crushed and galling laws.

At noon and night, they marched to fight,  
And, led by fearless men,  
Soon showed their race feared not to face  
Their old foe once again.  
Our flag unturled, proved to the world,  
That we are Irish still;  
Spite knaves who sold their land for gold,  
Against her peoples' will.

Their spirit pure is still with us,  
To guide us on our way,  
May God of love, who reigns above,  
List to us as we pray;  
And Erin dear need have no fear  
Their blood was shed in vain;  
We'll ne'er kneel down to Britain's crown—  
We swear it by Sinn Fein.

## THE RATS.

(Knutsford, 1916).

Last night we heard the rats were out,  
And punctured John Bull's navy,  
To-day we heard the news is true,  
Poor Bull is in the gravy,  
At Skagger Rock, a mighty shock—  
The Huns were out of righting,  
Then John Bull knew the rats had teeth,  
For Jack Tar felt them biting.  
The Bull-dog's breed has gone to feed  
The fishes in the ocean—  
And how the devil they'll ever survive,  
I haven't the faintest notion.



LINES WRITTEN IN RICHMOND BARRACKS,  
DUBLIN.

On the Occasion of Hearing Mass in the Barrack Yard,  
Sunday, 28th May, 1916.

O Sacred Heart, our Hearts are wholly Thine,  
Although we come not now before Thy Shrine;  
Here under Heaven's blue vault we kneel and pray,  
Removed from kindred, home and friendship far away.

Thou, Sacred Heart, hast known the prison cell—  
The pangs of hunger, Thou hast felt as well,  
The soldier's rude assault has torn Thy frame:  
Their ribald speech blasphemed Thy Holy Name.

The judge's sentence has been Thine, like ours,  
And wanton exercise of brutal powers;  
The doom of death has pressed upon Thy Heart—  
A mother's tears shed as from Thee she did part.

O Mother, for the love of Thy Dear Son,  
Be with us till our day of life is done—  
Bring us in love and mercy to Thy feet,  
To sing His praise, and Thine, in accents sweet.

O Sacred Heart! grant us Thy pains to share,  
By penance for our sins to make repair;  
Help us in patience to embrace Thy will,  
And follow in Thy footsteps to the Hill.

THE ROMANCE OF GRACE GIFFORD.

Air: Robert Emmet

A maiden, as fair as the lily, lay dreaming,  
And fondling the hope of a future so bright,  
That the gold-rays of freedom, which circled round Erin,  
Illumined the gloom and the darkness of night.

'Twas eve, ere the dawn of a morning of struggle,  
When manly brave hearts, filled with courage and might,  
Would strike one great blow for the freedom of Erin,  
Release her from bondage or die in the fight.

As she still lay dreaming, her hopes were being shattered,  
For the gold-rays were dimmed that had sparkled before;  
The brave men who fought for dear Erin had scattered,  
She welcomed her sweetheart: the struggle was o'er.

Ah! cease thy day-dreaming, Grace Gifford, I warn thee,  
For the Lion's revenge knows not justice nor laws;  
He'll pose the world over as champion of freedom,  
While Erin is mangled and crushed 'neath his claws.

The third day of May, nineteen-sixteen, at even,  
A dreamer no longer, Grace Gifford awoke;  
When she found Joseph Plunkett, condemned as a "Rebel,"  
With death as the sentence, her heart well-nigh broke.

She must see her darling and cheer his last moments,  
Avowing that she loved him as dearly as life;  
And the dawn of the morrow sees Fate wed to Sorrow:  
Grace Gifford—A Plunkett; the maiden—a wife.

The priest has retired, as the nuptials are ended,  
And the hours quickly pass towards the impending doom;  
Then loud rings a volley—Grace Plunkett's a widow,  
Her husband, a martyr, now lies in the tomb.

God bless thee, Grace Plunkett, thy faithful devotion  
Has won the great heart of a Nation to thee;  
And taught the cold Saxon how patriot "Rebels" should behave,  
Must win our affections, till Erin be free.

The sacred fire of Ireland once again  
 Burst into flame, and all have felt the glow  
 Renew the failing lamp within their souls  
 Like the church tapers lighted row on row  
 On Easter Sabbath from the Paschal coals.  
 And anxious throbs of pain  
 Are in the hearts that question their past moods  
 Of lethargy; remorseful that they slept.  
 While o'er the sky another moon has crept  
 For watchers who bath faith in nationhood.

But they, the faithful ones, are gone; they lie  
 Riddled with English bullets in some yard  
 Of Dublin's jails, where none can tell their graves.  
 Yet surely God's own sentries there keep guard,  
 And they can mock the tyrant foe who raves,  
 For they knew how to die.  
 And count the life they gave a trifling cost.  
 And blood well spent, which flowed upon the earth  
 In streams that quicken to a noble birth  
 A nation's life that seemed forever lost.

They rose at Easter time, as though they dreamed  
 Of one who died, and burst Death's prison gate—  
 The Herald of Eternal Life to man,  
 Sinful and weary of his earthly fate,  
 And so without misgiving they began,  
 Because to them it seemed  
 No difference could success or failure make.  
 Nor need they fear the foe's revengeful spite,  
 Powerless as Roman tortures to affright  
 The fishers of the Galilean Lake.

All eyes were straining for the help to come  
 O'er the seas, as in far off day,  
 Men waited for the ships of Spain or France  
 Bearing upon some lonely western bay.  
 And when none came, by force or evil chance,

They dreaded that the sum  
 Of all this effort would be as a wave  
 Shattered to foam in one mad, surging beat,  
 Like Emmet's handful in the Castle street,  
 And ne'er a thrill would stir the passing slave.

All failed them, but the force of dauntless will  
 And mystic ardour, that within them burned  
 To feel themselves the last-born chivalry  
 Of the Dark Rose who had again returned  
 To band her knights in high-born rivalry,  
 Her triumph to fulfil.  
 What though Death's portals should before them loom,  
 And shadows hang around the path they trod,  
 They would pass through to join the hosts of God,  
 That shall be marshalled on the day of Doom.

The burst of Spring has overswept the land  
 With irony of budding life, while they —  
 The Life of Ireland's Life — are lying cold  
 Under the earth and mouldering to decay  
 With all, who in that struggle centuries old  
 Made the same fearless stand.  
 While we remain in whom no hopes of Spring  
 Arise, and from whom all delight is fled  
 In Life, which seems but shame when they are dead,  
 Careless what fate the morrow to us bring.

Yet from the dead appears one with calm brow,  
 And lovely features, who, tho' weak in frame,  
 Possessed a heart of fire; I see his face,  
 And murmur softly Sean McDermott's name,  
 As when I held him in a last embrace.  
 His voice comes to me now,  
 And chides me for thus yielding to despair,  
 Though he had told me with his last breath,  
 His Soul would never waver unto Death,  
 But pass to wait for me in God's pure air,

## MY OLD HOWTH GUN.

(Composed by a Volunteer in Knutsford Prison,  
May, 1916).

There is sorrow in my heart, oh, my old Howth Gun,  
Since we lately had to part, oh, my old Howth Gun!  
For in Erin's greatest need,  
You proved a friend indeed,  
When you made the bullets speed, oh, my old Howth Gun.

I was safe when you were near, oh, my old Howth Gun!  
And no foe man need I fear, oh, my old Howth Gun!  
For your bark and bitter bite  
Put the Saxon cur to flight,  
And they wouldn't dare to fight with my old Howth Gun.

The parting it was sore, oh, my old Howth Gun!  
Sure I ne'er may see you more, oh, my old Howth Gun!  
Oh, I fain would have that we  
Could have set old Ireland free,  
But now you're gone from me, oh, my old Howth Gun!

## FOR HIS MOTHER.

(Composed in Knutsford Prison,  
June, 1916).

Alone I look across the years,  
From out my prison cell,  
And hear your voice, dear mother,  
You whom I love so well,  
Across youth's lovely sunlight land,  
It comes so sweet and straight,  
But I alone in prison here,  
Await my dubious fate.

The river rippled on its way,  
The hills were hid in mist,  
The air was sweet with buds of May,  
The skies were amethyst.

But we were sent from out that land—  
We knew not why or where—  
To a wilderness both wild and wide,  
With hopes that bred despair.

In Knutsford Prison we found ourselves,  
There was no turning back,  
Fast closed on us the prison gate,  
That hid our sunlit track.  
But from my cell to God I pray,  
My God, my prayer to Thee,  
Is take me back to Ireland's shore,  
And keep us pure and free.

## THE DAY OF THE SKAGGER WRECK.

(Knutsford, June 19, 1916).

Oh, where will the gathering be, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht;  
At the Skagger Rack 'twill be, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht;

Where we'll give John Bull a shcock,  
That will make his empire rock,

Till they hear it in L-Block,\* says the Sean Bhean Bhocht.

Oh, the Allies at Verdun, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht,  
They are nearly on the run, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht;

But the navy of the Hun,  
Sure, it fairly takes the bun,

And Britannia's fleet is done, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht.

Oh, Trafalgar's out of date, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht;  
German gold and Hymns of Hate, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht,

Have the Bull-dog's bottom bate,  
And their knocked out all concatenate,

From the empire, quite complete, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht.

And what will the rebels say, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht,  
When they hear about the day, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht,

Why, they'll get right down and pray,  
That the Huns may shoot away,

Every scrap of England's sway, says the Sean Bhean Bhocht.

\* L-Block in Richmond Barracks, Dublin.

## A LITTLE BAND OF REBELS.

A little band of rebels set out to fight one day,  
To a spot in dear old Dublin not so very far away;  
They seized upon the G.P.O., and made a gallant stand—  
They fought a splendid battle to free old Ireland.

## CHORUS.

So they started sniping day and night and never thought  
of rest,  
Their hearts and souls were in their work, we know they  
did their best;  
And ten to one the soldiers came and they began to sneer,  
But they met a gallant fighter in each Irish Volunteer.  
They kept the soldiers busy with their constant rifle shot—  
The English had to admit they were a plucky lot.  
The soldiers used artillery to make the rebels run,  
And wrought such deeds of savagery, far worse than any  
Hun.

The English said surrender, on conditions which we'll  
keep—  
The way they kept their promise will make the angels  
weep.  
The Volunteers to save us from the deadly British fire,  
They laid aside their rifles and their foes did then  
conspire.

## CHORUS.

So they marched the leaders off to jail, with spirits still  
unbent—  
Pearse, MacDonagh, Colbert, Henston, Daly, also Ceannt,  
MacDermott and O'Hanrahan, Plunkett, Clarke, MacBride,  
And poor Connolly in a bath chair, who shortly would have  
died.  
They allowed no plea of mercy on behalf of those brave men,  
And the Treaty of Limerick was repeated once again;  
They took them to Kilmainham Jail, and with cruel  
vengeance hot,  
These noble Irish Volunteers in coldest blood were shot.

Who fears to speak of Easter Week?  
Who dares its fate deplore?  
The red-gold flame of Erin's name  
Confronts the world once more.

So Irishmen, remember then,  
And raise your heads with pride,  
For great men and straight men  
Have fought for you and died.

The spirit wave that came to save  
The peerless Celtic soul,  
From earthly stain of greed and gain  
Had caught them in its roll,  
Had swept them high to do or die,  
To sound a trumpet call,  
For true men, though few men,  
To follow one and all.

Upon their shield, a stainless field  
With virtues blazoned bright,  
Are temperance and purity  
With truth and honour bright.  
So now they stand at God's Right Hand,  
Who framed their dauntless clay,  
Who taught them and brought them  
The glory of to-day.

The storied page, of this, our age,  
Will save our land from shame,  
The ancient foe has boasted so,  
That Irishmen were tame;  
They'd bought our souls with paltry doles,  
And told the world of slaves,  
That lie, men, will die, men,  
In Pearse and Plunkett's graves.

The brave have gone to linger on  
Beneath the tyrant's heel—  
We know they pray another day  
With clang of clashing steel;  
And from their cell their voices swell,  
And proudly call on you;  
Then ask, men, the task, men,  
That yet remains to do.

mo curio fém.

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na uoioine oo fepioð na uánte ro, ná tósaioir oim  
sur éuripeaf eló oim na san ceao rfaðbáil uáta. Ni raib  
aon uáin Saebúige aSam oo éuripinn imr an leabaf, ácc  
ata rúil aSam náe fada so mberò leabaf eile ainn, náe  
mberò ainn ácc an Saebúils.