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Erin's Own

A Collection of
Irish Song and Poetry



B. L. O'BOY





Irish's Own



ERIN'S OWN
A Collection of
IRISH SONG AND POETRY

indie BY
BY L. O'BOY



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Note.—When a later edition of “Erin’s Own” books are published for the year 1917 there will appear in the books a number of new and interesting Irish songs.

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Introduction

Sons and daughters of Erin, also those of Irish extraction, our sympathizers and well-wishers, being a writer to Irish books for the past four years, and now classed amongst the best, I now place before you this book of my own composition, with the exception of a few pieces.

This book, entitled "Erin's Own," simple in outline, yet masterful and interesting, well deserves its sacred name, and I trust it will be pleasing to the Irish people.

My deep love and admiration for my beloved, though sadly oppressed Country, inspired me to write this book.

Children of Erin, I appeal to you to stand together, be honest with your adopted country, but never deceive the country that bore you. Be watchful, think upon the past, and upon the gallant heroes who died by the hands of their unmerciful enemies, what humiliation, what tortures they underwent. Those brave men who rose up in an effort to break the heavy chains that bind Erin, and died martyrs to its cause.

Think upon our priests who were slaughtered, besides innocent women and children, but our Irish women were no less brave than our men, and we are, today, no less brave than the heroes of the past. We are still fighting our enemy, the same old treacherous enemy, and shall keep on fighting until we obtain the key that frees Erin from the dark cell destined to her by her hated adversary.

Irishmen, each and all respond to the call of Erin when it comes, and let us hope that day shall be in the near future, and that the day of freedom is about to dawn. Then her faithful children shall be wanted to protect and drive away the traitors and bigots who infest our saintly island, before we open up College Green, and establish our own Irish Government.

B. L. O'Boy.

Irish Song and Poetry

Irish Song and Poetry

ERIN IN SLAVERY.

Do you hear her sighing, hear her sighing,
For her loved children far o'er the foam?
By the stormy billow, robed in green and yellow,
She's awaiting patiently her children home.

Do you hear her calling, hear her calling?
Come back my children, why stray away
To a land of strangers, I fear the dangers,
And fear those loved ones will meet foul play.

Do you hear her wailing, hear her wailing?
Depressed in sorrow, our mother dear,
For those departed, she's broken-hearted,
For the voice of thousands she'll never hear.

Do you hear her crying, hear her crying,
Or hear the click of the rusty chain
That binds her fast, but it cannot last,
For it's worn fine, she'll be free again.

Do you hear her moaning, hear her moaning?
Speak, all you children of Irish blood,
Where are your fond hearts?—don't say in strange parts—
To sweet, green Erin you must be good.

Do you hear her groaning, hear her groaning,
And struggling bravely herself to free?
Then be like martyrs, break those bonds in quarters
Or die beside her—like heroes be.

Do you hear her playing, hear her playing?
The notes she's playing are sad and low;
'Tis God save Ireland, our own sweet sireland,
From the lovely harp those sweet strains do flow.

NOTE: Many of these pieces will be put to music later.

WE ARE IRISH AS CAN BE.

Written by Mr. William Doyle, Drumshambo, County Leitrim, Ireland, and dedicated to B. L. O'Boy, whose home is also in Leitrim. Mr. Doyle is widely known and is an honored poet and writer to Irish books.

On the shores of famed Lough Allen,
 Where my humble lot is cast,
 I am hopeful of the future
 While I think upon the past;
 Of old Erin's ancient glory
 High above the nations all,
 Her betrayal and invasion,
 Her long struggle and her fall.
 But with all her persecutions
 Rolling down each century
 We are still alive and kicking,
 And as Irish as can be.

Long we fought our foul invaders
 And let nothing bar our way,
 Till they hired foreign "bravos"
 For to rob and waste and slay;
 Hessians, Prussians, Danes and Dutchmen,
 Us to murder and subdue,
 What themselves could ne'er accomplish,
 What themselves had failed to do.
 But with pitchcap, rack and halter,
 Titles, soup and bribery.
 Sin of Judas ne'er imbued us,
 We are Irish as can be.

To our Godless persecutors
 We have paid a long account,
 Never cared they for Commandments,
 Or the Sermon on the Mount;

In the tillage of the Gospel
 They have sown the cockle seeds
 Till they wallow in the turmoil
 Of their every-varying creeds,
 But we hold the faith of Patrick
 In its ancient purity.
 As we gained it, we've maintained it,
 We are Irish as can be.

Still they fain would persecute us
 But their machinations fail,
 As we number forty millions
 Of the "sea-divided Gael";
 And our bosoms bound for Erin
 Like the heaving of the tide.
 Let the coward seek a covert,
 Let the traitor stand aside.
 In the language of our fathers
 And in accents proud and free,
 Shout it out from hill and housetop,
 We are Irish as can be.

Raise once more the old green banner,
 Let it float on every gale,
 From the rocky coast of Antrim
 To the Old Head of Kinsale;
 Up in serried ranks unbroken
 March to sound of fife and drum,
 Chase the landlord and the rancher
 And the grabber and the "bum,"
 Till we place a brighter chapter
 In our darkened history,
 Till the nations gaze in wonder
 On our glorious destiny.

THE EMMET GUARDS.

The Emmet Guards can play their cards,
 Why leave it to those boys,
 Their swords are bright as stars at night,
 And never used as toys,
 Those men are brave, their flag can save,
 The famed red, white and blue
 They proudly guard, though it be hard,
 For they love its very hue.

Oh, sure the Emmets are the limits,
 God save those patriots grand,
 When they step together, light as feather,
 Dashing, gallant band,
 Sure the Emmets are the limits,
 Foley at the head,
 Hurrah! for Foley, Captain Foley
 And the heroes by him led.

The Emmets bright know how to fight,
 If called upon to go.
 And take my word can wield their swords,
 Make traitors' life blood flow,
 Although so meek upon the street
 In Worcester city fair,
 Those Irishmen would honors bring
 From war-fields, I declare.

For sure the Emmets are the limits,
 God save those patriots grand,
 When they step together, light as feather,
 Dashing, gallant band,
 Sure the Emmets are the limits,
 Foley at the head,
 Hurrah! for Foley, Captain Foley
 And the heroes by him led.

A DUBLIN GIRL FOR ME.

Those beautiful girls
 Are fairer than pearls
 That live here in sweet Dublin city.
 Those charmers are tasteful,
 Light-footed and graceful
 And can't be surpassed for being pretty.

CHORUS.

I have been to many cities,
 Fair girls I did see,
 But give me a sweet Dublin girl,
 A Dublin girl for me.

On their rosy cheeks dimples,
 Their bright eyes that twinkles
 From underneath clusters of curls;
 They are smart and complete,
 They are gentle and meek,
 Those refined, blue-eyed Irish girls.

CHORUS—I have been to many cities, etc.

GOD BLESS THE IRISH GREEN.

My country, I speak of thee with reverence and love;
 Dear Irish land, cleansed by Patrick's hand who was
 gifted from Above;
 You're loved by Gaels the world o'er, rich, glorious,
 beauteous queen,
 Oh, God bless you, Mother Erin, and God bless the
 Irish green.

My land, I'll ever think of thee, though miles between
 us lie,
 I'm disconsolate and lonely here, since last I said
 good-bye;
 But I'll soon cross o'er the great expanse, that swells
 and rolls between;
 Till then, God bless you mother, and God bless the Irish
 green.

 TRUE GAELS.

Written on hearing a conversation between two patriotic Irishmen after the passage of the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons, May, 1914. The following lines appeared in an Irish book and were highly applauded.

Said Dan, "Jimmy lad, now don't you feel glad
 That the bright day is dawning o'er Ireland again,
 When bigots and knaves shall go down to their graves
 And depart from our nation all branded with shame;
 I imagine you've aimed to be ready and trained
 In case we are wanted to guard the green flag,
 For the Orange are drilling, means blood will be spilling,
 But of course, they're just making a bluff and a brag."

“Oh, Dan, you are tiring, if the Orange start fighting
 They would rake us to pieces in a day and a night
 And prow through our houses, if asleep would arouse us,
 When they thunder upon us, we'd have no courage to fight;
 Besides they are strong and can howl like a gong,
 Sure their shouts, drums and bugles would scare us to death,
 We would run from before them, before we would gore them
 For the green coats are cowards—I must say 'neath my breath.”

“What, man, are you dreaming, or what is your meaning,
 By calling them cowards right up to my face?
 Why, you're only a traitor, and none can be greater,
 But the same you won't make me if thus you dictate;
 I'm grieved to say, Jim, you're like a pig in a pen,
 And the pig understands just as much as you do
 How Ireland thus fares, but 'tis little some cares
 And the worst is the traitor, I hope they are few.”

“Why Dan, you must listen and don't get a hiss',
 Before you get reason to call me that name,
 I know I'm provokin', but I was only jokin',
 To find if we're wanted, if you would be game;
 I know as soon as the King shall take up his pen
 And scribble his name on the dear Home Rule Bill
 If the men led by Carson then want a good thrashin',
 Let them come on, we'll meet them in valley or hill.

“And Dan, you are right, we're the boys who can fight,
 Why, in one little parish, the place I was reared,
 There are twelve hundred youths who would jump in their boots,
 If any way bad their country it fared;
 There's my own dear old father, his sons all would gather,
 In that green vacant lot at the back of the house
 And then give the rifle to the oldest boy Michael,
 And set up a target for him then to souse.

"Then father would say: 'Boys, the Orangemen may,
 As they're sly and deceitful and thirst for our blood,
 Yes, they may try to conquer and around us may saunter,
 But my boys, we shall lay them all stretched in the mud,'—
 Och, Jim, give me your hand, for you're of the right brand,
 Sure, I thought from your looks you're an honest man's son;
 And without any trouble, I bet a thousand and double,
 From a million green jackets the Orange will run."

ROSIE.

I am waiting for you, my own darling,
 'Neath the quaint pines and bright stars above;
 And my heart for my true love is throbbing
 For the only sweet colleen I love.

CHORUS.

My sweet Rosie, gentle Rosie,
 Whose presence soothes my heart;
 I am waiting, lonely waiting,
 Struck by Cupid's dart.
 Promise, Rosie, gentle Rosie,
 Never to beguile;
 By your glances my heart dances,
 Smitten by your smile.

Oh, sadly the wild winds are whisp'ring,
 Thro' the satiny green leaves by my side.
 I heard a soft rustle and footsteps
 And near me my true love I spied.

CHORUS—My sweet Rosie, etc.

AN EXILE'S DREAM.

I sat down to rest and fell into a slumber,
I thought I was back near my own native place,
And roaming along by the bright crystal waters,
The lovely blue waters of Castlefore Lake.

I stood for a while to admire its beauty
And turned my eyes to that sweet little space,
The Island far out where wild birds go a-nesting
On the lovely blue waters of Castlefore Lake.

Then my gaze wandered up in another direction,
To some beautiful swans, oh, what noise they did make,
They splashed and they fluttered, but seemed quite contented
On the lovely blue waters of Castlefore Lake.

A boat being near me, I took the advantage
To go for a sail to some different place,
I sailed straight across and enjoyed the fresh breezes
On the lovely blue waters of Castlefore Lake.

On the opposite side of the lake I just landed,
When I woke from my slumber in this far foreign place
I felt happy and longed for to dream once again, on
The lovely blue waters of Castlefore Lake.

Castlefore Lake is situated in the County Leitrim, a short distance from the well-known town of Kesh. The scenery around the lake is beautiful and picturesque.

THE ELOPEMENT.

Oh, Kitty, steal out your blue bonnet
 And cross the wild moorland with me,
 For years I have patiently waited,
 And Kitty, I love only thee;
 Oh, Kitty, steal out your blue bonnet,
 While your lover waits here by the stile;
 The folks are all sleeping, my darling,
 And the priest's house is only a mile.

Then Kitty soon found her blue bonnet,
 And tied up her dark curly hair
 And blushed, when she thought of her Johnny
 And thought him a jewel so rare;
 Then Kitty put on her blue bonnet,
 And glanced at her parents who slept,
 A shadow passed over her features,
 She shuddered, and silently wept.

Oh, why did he want the blue bonnet?
 How can I elope now with him?
 And betray my dear father and mother,
 Would they ever forgive me my sin?
 Oh, Johnny, he wants the blue bonnet
 And I must go see him right now.
 He kissed her, they crossed the wild moorland,
 And to love her forever did vow.

THE PROUD POLICEMAN.

This badge upon my bosom means an officer of the
 law,
 And I love a rich lady who can thousands yearly draw,
 In dollars, dimes and nickels this lady swims around,
 She owns estates and motor cars, and jewels on her
 abound.

Oh, I love this girl for her style, and also for her money,
 I wish I owned a motor car to take around my honey,
 But being only an officer, with income, oh, so little,
 When I clear my board and washing, I have left about
 a nickel.

When I call to see this lady fair, she snubs me there
 and then
 And calls her papa on the scene, who orders out poor
 Ben,
 Because I had no cash to spare to lavish on my dear,
 But I have what's more,—a golden heart that's full of
 love and cheer.

And I love this girl for her style, and also for her money,
 I wish I owned a motor car to take around my honey,
 But being only an officer, with income, oh, so little,
 When I clear my board and washing, I have left about
 a nickel.

ERIN, MY COUNTRY.

Written by B. Carson, 289 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and addressed to the accomplished writer, B. L. O'Boy. B. Carson is a talented Irish writer to books and newspapers.

Oh Erin, my country, rise up thy proud banner;
 Dear land of my birth, what can equal thy fame?
 Thy sons who have dared both the pitch-cap and scaffold
 To save thee from bondage and slavery's chain.

When penal laws bound thee, dark clouds overhung thee,
 Thy sons stood up bravely and rushed to the fray.
 How sweet oft was death and their cry, "No surrender!"
 Their memory is green in each true heart today.

The love and devotion of bold Robert Emmet;
 The brave Michael Dwyer in the glen of E-mail;
 McAlister, too, shall long be remembered,
 His best act the noblest and fiercest of all.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who fought like a lion,
 O'erpowered, outnumbered, no friend to the fore;
 The cowards and traitors then pressing around him
 All trembled with fear as he stretched in his gore.

O'Connell and Grattan shall ne'er be forgotten,
 They pleaded with tyrants whose hearts were of stone;
 Their laws in our cause for their sake stand united,
 No sham bill accept but freedom alone.

Oh, Granna, how dear are the scenes of my childhood,
 The hills and the valleys, the streams and the plains,
 Where the pikemen and clans to the call oft responded
 And mustered and pledged the last drop in their veins.

Oh, flag of my country, again be unfolded:
 In saddest of pages its history is told,
 And still to redeem it beneath it we'll perish—
 But flourish forever the Green and the Gold.

THE IRISHMAN'S SURPRISE.

Hush, what's that noise and racket,
 That is sounding everywhere?
 Of course, I just came yesterday
 From the lovely hills of Clare;
 I have never seen this land before,
 My friend, pray, tell me why
 The Americans celebrate this day,
 The Fourth of July?

Ah, Johnny, did you never hear,
 It's "Independence Day,"
 And on this same day, years ago,
 The English they did flay;
 Yes, those gallant sons of Uncle Sam
 'Neath stars and stripes made fly
 And drew a tear from England
 The Fourth of July.

A FRIEND'S LAMENT.

(AIR: Emmet's Farewell to His Sweetheart.)

Farewell, my dear friend, oh, must we be parted,
 Ah, why has Fate proven to be so unkind?
 To break friendship's cord that was once bound around us,
 With heart almost broken, no peace can I find.

The pale moon is shining its bright rays upon me,
 As if to console me in my sad distress;
 And the stars seem to twinkle just for my sake only,
 On heaven's blue curtain, oh, fair, fair sweetness.

Wild flowers of Nature that bloom all around me,
 The daffies and violets which I love so dear,
 Seem to hang their heads lifeless and pine there in sadness,
 Which makes life still sadder and the future more drear.

The sweet apple blossoms that grow by my window
 Are all smiling at me, to make me smile, too,
 And shedding their fragrance right into my chamber,
 Sweet flowers of purity, I surely love you.

But there's something still wanting to brighten my sad life,
 And it is the form of the one I love dear,
 But, alas, we are parted, which only brings sorrow,
 For I still dearly love him and wish he was near.

COME, ALL YOU LONELY EXILES.

Come, all you lonely exiles, rise up your hearts today,
 Although in the land of America, from home far, far
 away;

St. Patrick's Day is drawing nigh, our gallant bands
 will be seen,
 Parading through every city, 'neath the waving flags of
 green.

Oh, how delighted we shall be to see our brethren dear,
 United, for to honor their Saint and Country
 Though banished from green Erin's Isle, three thousand
 miles from home,
 They stand united heart and hand, for Ireland o'er the
 foam.

Pray, don't forget old Ireland, where you spent your
 happy days,
 Though banished by English tyranny, her green flag
 we can raise
 And unfurl it to the breezes no matter where we go,
 We're not afraid to wear the green and trample o'er
 the foe.

So Erin's sons and daughters upon that glorious day
 Let each one wear the shamrock and don't forget to
 say:—
 God save dear old Ireland, that our gifted Saint has blest,
 Oh, be loyal to your country, though you're exiles in
 the West.

MY BONNIE BLACKBIRD.

My bonnie blackbird, my bonnie blackbird,
 The sweetest songster of yonder grove,
 Since you've departed, I feel sad-hearted,
 Whatever caused you, my love, to rove.

I love you only, my heart is lonely,
 Oh, will you ever come back again,
 I'll search through lowland, and cross o'er highland
 To find my blackbird, who caused me pain.

I hold love's token, the words we've spoken,
 We vowed that true love would never wane,
 That which Cupid painted could not be tainted,
 Are all those sweet words, alas, in vain?

Ah, no, he's faithful, for same I'm grateful,
 But some sad evil must him befall,
 He knows I'm loyal, my lover royal,
 And if he's free he will on me call.

Now, I'm sad lamenting and can't stop thinking,
 Until I find him, I'll travel on,
 And I know our meeting will mean repeating
 The same sweet story we dote upon.

THE EMIGRANT'S DEPARTURE.

I am a lonely Irish maid, in exile forced to stay
Since torn from my parents' hearts, alas, that fatal day,
I well remember their grief-rent forms and saw the
 bitter tears,
A-coursing down their hallowed cheeks, thus rendered
 by their years.

When father saw the hour draw near to leave my native
 home,
And stray unto a foreign land and cross the bleak wild
 foam,
How unwillingly he went forth to hitch the horse and
 car,
That bore his daughter to the train, that whisked her
 off afar.

When the moment of departure came, I turned around
 to say
A last farewell to mother dear, until some future day,
What horrors pierced my cheerless heart to see upon
 the floor
My darling mother in a faint and father bending o'er.

It was indeed a saddening sight, one to remember well,
She soon revived but, sadder still, she then upon me fell,
Saying, Daughter dear, you won't leave here, it breaks
 my lonely heart,
To see you go and leave your home and from the dear
 ones part.

Ah, mother dear, I know it's true, it's hard to leave my
 home,
And hard to leave this dear old land for a new one o'er
 the foam,
Oh, it's hard to leave this Irish land where hearts are
 kind and true,
But, mother dear, I now must leave those loving,
 favored few.

You know, you have three children more to clothe and
 feed and keep,
So I had better seek a home across the raging deep;
You cannot bring us all up well, now, I must cross the
 main,
Farewell, God bless your loving hearts till I return
 again.

LOUGH ALLEN.

I know a sweet spot which I admire,
 In Leitrim County it lies somewhere
 For countless charms it has been noted,
 It is Lough Allen, Lough Allen fair.

I often went there on pleasant evenings,
 I loved to linger around its shore,
 And watch the wild birds glide o'er its waters
 My own Lough Allen, I did adore.

I loved to wander by its sparkling waters
 Or in a small boat go for a sail,
 Or hunt for wild birds that are so plenty,
 And love to nest around Lough Allen vale.

I climbed those high hills far o'er its waters,
 Where sweet wild flowers in numbers grow,
 Forget-me-nots bloom for all true lovers
 On those green hills by Lough Allen shore.

Through those lovely hilltops I often wandered,
 To feast my eyes on those scenes so rare;
 No artist's pen could e'er paint those beauties
 That are possessed by Lough Allen fair.

The hedges green resounded with music;
 From various songsters those notes did pour.
 I loved to hear the bold blackbird whistle,
 And forever linger by Lough Allen shore.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

By J. O'Boy.

I went to Cork, 'twas balmy,
 To kiss the stone of Blarney,
 I there met young Tom Carney
 And he said: don't go alone;
 I mounted up so weary,
 With Carney and young Leary,
 Up high it seemed quite airy
 To kiss the Blarney stone.

Now reach far out, 'twas funny,
 Be careful now, my honey,
 And don't fall down for money
 Or you shall rue this day;
 Those brave young lads from Kerry,
 They were so kind and merry,
 Now take him easy, Terry,
 Young Carney he did say.

I said I'm quite in peril,
 My brains are in a whirl,
 Oh, you're like a timid girl—
 We'll never let you fall;
 We'll hold you quite securely,
 Have courage and you'll surely
 Kiss the Blarney stone as truly,
 And don't you worry at all.

Those words were so consoling
 I soon went down a-rolling.
 The church bells were a-tolling
 Upon the steeple high;
 Quite exhausted now I ponder,
 Where the stone it is I wonder,
 That's it at the corner yonder,
 And I kissed it with a sigh.

Those fellows used me gentle,
 I was back up in a twinkle,
 I certainly looked simple
 Whilst dangling far on high;
 As they held my feet quite steady,
 Whilst my head hung down so ready,
 But it's over now already,
 To the Blarney Stone, good-bye.

WELCOME, DEAR SHAMROCKS.

Welcome, dear shamrocks from over the sea,
 From that beautiful island we cherished so dear,
 By the hand of some loved one ye were plucked, precious things,
 And sent to an exile to bring their heart cheer.

Oh where did ye flourish, was it on the wild moorland?
 Or were ye found hidden on the green mossy dell,
 Or along by the banks of the mighty blue Shannon,
 Or blooming alongside the modest blue-bell?

I hope you were neither found in the dell or the moorland,
 Nor along by the banks of a river or lake,
 But close to my cottage beneath the tall alders,
 I hope those sweet shamrocks were plucked for my sake.

AN IRISH HERO.

(A true story in verse, that occurred in Worcester some four years ago.)

In Worcester city far, far from Erin,
 There dwells a young man, so true and brave,
 Who is entitled to a badge of honor
 For I know the green flag he'd die to save.
 As I scanned the pages of a Worcester paper
 A few days after St. Patrick's Day,
 I was astonished to see the treatment
 Young Sweeney got by his green bouquet.

'Twas St. Patrick's morning so bright and early,
 When young Pat Sweeney went for a stroll,
 With a bright green emblem pinned on his bosom,
 And inscribed around it a golden scroll.
 This sturdy youth had not far proceeded
 Till he came in contact with a pedlar Jew,
 This gruesome object could not hide his feelings
 At the green he scoffed and insults he threw.

He was mad with jealousy to see the beauty
 That shone out brightly on Paddy's chest.
 Did he act a coward, this son to Erin,
 Or pull the green down from his breast?
 Ah, no, this young man stood up bravely
 In defence of the rights of his country
 And dared the Jew touch the Irish emblem;
 But the Hebrew then tried himself to free.

He turned quickly and ran off wildly
 And Pat pursued him throughout the street
 Saying: "You lowly mean Jew, to insult the green flag,"
 And tried to strike him, but he was too fleet.
 Then shortly after a police officer
 Arrested Sweeney for a grave offence
 On a warrant sworn by that same Hebrew
 That Pat assaulted him, 'twas a mean pretence.

But Pat's own story, the court believed it,
 They knew he was an innocent, true-hearted boy
 And quickly freed him, this gallant martyr,
 Who showed such bravery to Erin's joy.
 He is a credit to the Irish nation
 And to his parents so far away;
 Oh, how I'd like to shake the hand of Sweeney
 Who so well for Erin his part did play.

Now all young men from the plains of Erin,
 Think of your country where'er you go;
 If knaves or bigots shall be insulting
 Or try the green flag to overthrow,
 Speak up to them like true men of courage
 And show them plainly what Irish are,
 And be bold heroes like young Pat Sweeney,
 Though from your country you may be far.

TONIGHT I AM LONELY.

Tonight I am lonely, past days float around me,
And my thoughts sadly wander so far, far away,
To a cot by the hillside, the home of my true love,
From my own darling Betty, oh, why did I stray?

Those past happy hours I now recollect, dear,
When you and I wandered on the banks of the Lee,
The token you gave me, the sweet words you whispered
"My dear Irish boy, I will wed only thee."

Oh, Betty my darling, tonight I am lonely,
And true love inclines me to sail home again;
Be true, dearest colleen, my heart is near breaking,
To be parted so long brings me nothing but pain.

WEEP NO MORE FOR ME.

Oh, why do you weep, dear parents, for your lonely
wandering boy,
And why is every message blurred, it sadly does annoy
To see those letters come to me, all blots and soiled
with tears,
Which indicate you're lonesome for your absent son
those years.

Well, now I've found a cozy home in this land fine
and free
And I'm not the lad who wants to live 'neath English
tyranny,
Who would take the last bit from my mouth besides
my last halfpenny,
Now I want to stay where every day I make a golden
guinea.

I want to have it understood, I love my country,
And to fight for it at any time I'd cross the stormy sea,
And lose the last drop of my blood, my Erin dear for
thee,
And in my dying moments say: Old Ireland shall be
free.

Now parents dear, pray wipe your tears and grieve no
more for me,
For I'm as happy as can be in this fair country;
And when Erin is a happy land, her rusty chains all
smashed,
I will cheerfully return to help have bigots thrashed.

THE LOVELY SHORES OF LOUGH GILL.

Of a beautiful spot I am thinking, where I oft wandered
long, long ago,

With my love of the blue eyes and curls, that lives
near the town of Sligo,

In a beautiful home on the hillside, where ivy clings
close with a will

Round the porch of her own father's cottage, near the
lovely shores of Lough Gill.

My love she is fair as the roses that bloom near that
old garden wall,

Her skin is as white as yon lily, she is modest, both
graceful and tall,

Her dark flowing hair o'er her shoulders, the glance
from her eyes it would kill

The heart of the swain who goes courting by the
lovely shores of Lough Gill.

Her teeth like a neat row of pearls, her lips like a cherry
in bloom,

Her cheeks like the blooming wild roses that fold up
their leaves in the gloom,

And the air of a princess about her with trances my poor
heart did fill,

When I stood by her side or went strolling by the lovely
shores of Lough Gill.

One evening we wandered for pleasure, it being the
glad summertime,

It was then I asked this fair charmer if she would con-
sent to be mine,

I said I can ne'er love another, you alone can my heart's
wish fulfil,

And I'll build for your sake a fine mansion, near the
lovely shores of Lough Gill.

She gave her consent at that moment, which made me
 feel joyful and gay
 Although I had scarce enough coppers* the wedding
 expenses to pay,
 That night when her parents had learned that to marry
 our intentions did fill,
 And to live in a beautiful mansion near the lovely shores
 of Lough Gill.

“Now Jane,” said her parents severely, “you must
 strictly obey us, ’tis plain
 And not wed with that penniless young man, he’s
 naught but a foolish young swain,
 He would never be able to keep you or never his
 promise fulfill
 To build you a beautiful mansion near the lovely shores
 of Lough Gill.

When her parents objected it grieved me and sent me
 far o’er the foam,
 To the cold foreign lands of America to seek among
 strangers a home,
 And now I am rolling in riches but lonely my poor
 heart is still,
 Until I return to my charmer, near the lovely shores of
 of Lough Gill.”

Lough Gill is situated in the County Sligo, a short distance from the beautiful city of Sligo, and is one of the most charming and interesting places in Ireland. Many people think it surpasses Killarney in beauty.

* Coppers, a name for English pennies.

A VISION OF ERIN.

I went out to gather wild flowers,
 The day being pleasant and fine,
 I wandered o'er many a green field,
 That smelled of sweet fragrance divine.
 The woodbine that grew in profusion
 Around the green hawthorne bush
 All draped down with clusters of ivy
 Where lies the sweet home of the thrush.

Behind me I heard a soft rustle,
 On looking around me I spied
 A handsome young maiden, she beckoned,
 And quickly I sprang to her side.
 Her careworn face was uplifted,
 Tear-stained though once pretty must be,
 Her blue eyes had lost all their sunshine
 That were once filled with happiness and glee.

Her beautiful hair was in ringlets
 Bound round with a bright ribbon green,
 Her manners refined and so graceful,
 She was fit to be crowned as a queen,
 I knew she was weary and worn
 I led her to a green mound close by,
 As we sat down she said: "Can I trust you,
 As my secrets I'd like to descry.

"I'm inclined for to tell you a secret
 And only to you I'll unfold."
 Her eyes with sad tears they were brimming,
 Before her sad story was told.
 She said: "I have many strong enemies,"
 Between sobs, she related to me,
 "The tortures I'm sometimes enduring,
 Oh, I long to be happy and free."

She seemed a poor outcast forlorn,
 My heart was all pity and love,
 Appealing, she sought for protection,
 That priceless, fair, angelic dove.
 But the thrush's shrill notes had awoke me,
 To find this was all a sweet dream;
 And that beautiful vision, poor Erin,
 Wrapped close in her mantle of green.

OH, COULD I WIN HER LOVE AGAIN.

She is as gentle as a dove, and fair as a wild daisy,
 She has a heart and soul of gold, about me she seemed crazy;
 She loved me, my sweet angel girl proved constant unto me,
 But like a brute, I trampled on the love of my Betty.

CHORUS.

Oh, could I win her love again, for it's Betty I love only,
 Oh, could I win her love again, for her my heart is lonely,
 But she turns coldly from me now, snubbed me when I made a bow.
 Oh, could I win her love again, for it's Betty I love only.

Last week I sent to her a note in hopes for to renew
 The old love lost, to no effect, she only angry grew,
 And answered back quite hastily, begone you false young man,
 I loved you once, my love's now cold, as thus the note it ran.

CHORUS: Oh, could I win her love again, etc.

JILTED.

Just at the age of eighteen years I met my lover gay,
 A blithesome youth to tell the truth, 'twas in the month
 of May,
 When smiling Nature clothes the land in green and
 purple fair,
 My life seemed blest and close caressed by love so free
 from care.

Oh, how the girls envied me when down the country
 road
 I often strolled with pride untold, whose seed too early
 sowed,
 I had no time to greet my friends, I gave it all to him,
 Oh, I was blind to ever mind the flattery of men.

It was because I loved him that I trusted him so long,
 He often said, "My comely maid, life with you seems
 a song,"
 And got my mind all twisted up with his sweet tales
 of love
 Until my heart he broke apart and left me then to rove.

After spending ten long weary years in company with
 him,
 To be deceived and sadly grieved by what cold fate
 did bring,
 He was a heartless young man to break the vows he
 made,
 When he gave the ring and promised then that love
 would never fade.

But after all, my faithless love tired soon of me,
When he did behold me growing old, he wanted to get
 free,
To seek one more desirable, with youth and beauty fine,
To grace his home, and I to roam and sadly grieve and
 pine.

Alas! I am forsaken, ah, who now cares for me,
Since my best years that brought me tears, have fled
 so quickly,
To a maid so old, love seldom comes, ah, what do I
 care now,
Since the only one I ever loved proved faithless to his
 vow.

Now all young charming fair maids, beware of fickle
 youths,
They're like the wind and are inclined to always tell
 untruths,
Oftimes their smiles and kindly words serve to hide a
 heart so cold,
Yet, there are many honest men with hearts as pure as
 gold.

A REPLY TO ERIN.

Oh mother of purity, which we are so proud of,
 Wrapped close in your mantle of the emerald hue,
 Shall we children forget thee, loved Erin, no, never,
 Though exiled far from you our hearts remain true,
 But to leave home and cross the Atlantic we have,
 Though it's hard to leave behind you, your own native shore,
 Broken-hearted parents we turn and leave them
 For the last time, perhaps we may never see them more.

Are we happy in exile? did you ask, Mother Erin,
 Are we happy in strange lands, 'mid strangers to roam?
 Away from the loved ones that grieved so to see us
 Depart from the spot that was once our home.
 But to leave home and cross the Atlantic we have,
 Though it's hard to leave behind you, your own native shore,
 Broken-hearted parents, we turn and leave them
 For the last time, perhaps we may never see them more.

We shall never be happy until we return
 To thee, lovely Erin, our home once again,
 To the loved ones we left, when departing in sorrow,
 How the old parents wept, oh, it left us in pain.
 But to leave home and cross the Atlantic we have,
 Though it's hard to leave behind you, your own native shore,
 Broken-hearted parents, we turn and leave them
 For the last time, perhaps we may never see them more.

I AM THINKING OF MY HOME.

I am thinking of my home far away across the foam,
 And the beauty that surrounds it far and near,
 Where I leisurely did stray by meadow, glen and brae,
 Through that land which Irish hearts all hold so dear.

Throughout those plains so green where glides the Shannon stream,
 Whose mossy banks are decked with flowers fair,
 Over hills of purple heath, which oft did fascinate
 As I viewed those scenes, thought I, what can compare.

Now my heart is sad and lone for my own dear Irish home,
 And in fancy I oft see my cottage dear,
 Along the hillside way where breezes love to play
 And whistle through the alders that are near.

Where are my childhood friends with whom I roamed the glens,
 A few, alas, are laid in the cold tomb,
 While others 'twas their fate to a strange land to emigrate,
 To seek a livelihood that was denied at home.

Soon upon the stormy sea my barque again shall be
 And I'll steer its course to Erin's isle so dear,
 For it's the only land I love, though the world I did rove,
 It's the land which Irish hearts all hold so dear.

CUPID'S WARNING.

AIR: The Croppy Boy.

A painful story I now must tell
 Of a fair maiden, an Irish belle,
 Who fell in love with a Scottish lad;
 He whispered love tales that made her glad.
 From the purple highlands he thither came—
 This Irish maiden well knew the same,
 But love is blinded to some degree,
 For he won her heart 'neath the old oak tree.

She never doubted deceitfulness,
 Of which her false love he did possess.
 He often clasped her unto his heart
 And said, my darling, naught shall us part,
 Like Eve, she listened and was beguiled
 Unto the flattery beside her piled.
 He then deserted this maiden fair
 Which only drove her to wild despair.

So all young fair maids a warning take,
 In love affairs make no sad mistake,
 From strange young men at a distance keep,
 Let them be English, Swede, Finn or Greek.
 Confide in strangers and often rue
 Although they swear that their hearts be true,
 If you know them not or who they be,
 Why take no risk, my advice to thee.

I'M THINKING TONIGHT OF MY DARLING.

Far away in a strange foreign city,
 Far, far from my Erin and me,
 A colleen so graceful and pretty
 Now dwells in the land of the free.
 Her last whispered words, I remember,
 And still feel her small hand in mine,
 Her last words were low, sweet and tender,
 My Erin, my sweetheart, I'm thine.

CHORUS.

I'm thinking tonight of my darling,
 My darling far over the sea,
 I'm thinking tonight of my darling,
 And fearing she's lonely like me.
 I'm thinking tonight of my darling,
 My sweetheart far over the sea,
 I'm thinking tonight of my darling,
 My darling, oh, come back to me.

I'm waiting my colleen's return
 And anxiously scan the rough sea,
 Each liner that dance o'er the bourne
 Methinks brings my sweetheart to me.
 For I know she will come back to Erin,
 And I know she will come back to me,
 Thus my sorrow and grief I'll keep wearin'
 Till I crown her my bride o'er the sea.

CHORUS: I'm thinking tonight of my darling.

THE HONEST TRAMP.

The March winds blew so cold and chill
 Around each cot and mansion;
 I stood nearby a stranger's door
 And down the street a-glancin',
 I saw a youth come up the way,
 He seemed so sad and weary
 And hastened on to where I stood,
 So downcast and so dreary.

"Oh pardon, miss, I know you're kind,
 Please give to me a repast;
 The same I've begged at many doors
 But each refused my request.
 I've walked some miles in search of food,
 Though each one shunned me coldly
 And shut their doors right in my face
 Oh, perhaps I've acted boldly.

"Don't think I am a beggar, no,
 Don't think I'm one who's lazy;
 Ill-luck has drove me on so far
 And I fear 'twill drive me crazy.
 I have tramped the streets in search of work,
 Each office I've invaded,
 And mills and shops and buildings grand,
 And now I feel degraded."

His story touched my heart, full sore,
 With love and pity mingled.
 "Oh, poor young man, step in," I said,
 As the old clock nearby tingled.

“Step in, young man,” said I, “and wait,
 For the lady I must find her,
 I’m but her maid who must obey,
 Though I think than others she’s kinder.”

I then ran up the winding stair
 And unhesitating then related
 The tale that touched my tender heart,
 Oh tramps, she screamed, she hated.
 “Oh madam, please do let me make
 A nice hot meal, he’s starving.”
 “Go quickly down and tell him leave
 And work not thus palavering.”

“Yes, madam,” I said, as down I went
 Though obeying I had no intention,
 Such heartless things I could not say
 To him, I could not mention.
 Instead I gave a pleasant smile
 And tried to soothe his sorrow
 And brighten up his future path,
 And bring him a happy morrow.

His face was one of honesty,
 His ways were kind and gentle;
 I knew each word he said was true,
 True as the stars that twinkle.
 I gave him all that he could eat,
 I also gave him money,
 And sent him where he soon found work
 Which made his life seem sunny.

He proved to be the best of men
 And quickly got promoted,
 And investigation showed his kin
 Well known, esteemed and noted.
 His father is a well-to-do,
 But his son was the kind of fellow
 Who liked to wander, see strange things,
 Which he thought like home so mellow.

Did this young man forget the act
 Of kindness that I showed him?
 Ah no, he vowed he never would
 While life remained within him.
 Just how he felt I can't relate
 When I soothed his pain and sorrow,
 He said, "Fair maid, I would die for your sake
 And the same I'd do tomorrow."

"Young man, my duty I've only done.
 God says, 'The hungry, feed them,'
 And when they seek comfort, with me you'll agree,
 To unassist them is a most grievous sin.
 When I see them both hungry and cold, and ill-clad,
 Oh, how heavy their cross is to bear,
 A strange feeling and pity creeps into my heart,
 And I know He is close by somewhere."

When my guest had departed, I soon found myself
 Confronted by the ruler of home,
 Who discharged me that moment for helping the poor,
 The poor so oft destined to roam.

I proudly spoke up to that cold, haughty dame,
 Saying, "Madam, I've decided to leave,
 Since your actions this morning have lessened my regard,
 So to leave you Fate has it decreed."

I think it is time now to seek a new home,
 A home that's a home, I must find.
 A home where they'll give to the needy and poor,
 If 'twas ever so small, to be kind.
 Then I'll try to forget this unpleasant affair;
 Oh, God pity those creatures so cruel
 And change their cold hearts into sympathy now;
 Teach them kindness, life's best golden rule.

I felt gay and light-hearted as I stepped from the door,
 Where one life I made happy therein.
 The youth might have died by some lonely roadside
 Had some kind heart not ministered to him.
 Now see what the seeds of kindness will do
 That are scattered on poverty's way
 And we'll be justly rewarded in Heaven above
 And dwell by His right hand some day.

Oh mortals, be gentle and loving and kind,
 Heed sweet poverty when it comes on your way,
 Don't make their cross heavy and harder to bear
 Or yours will be a dark dismal day.
 He, the great Ruler and Chief of us all,
 Death to those His Commandments don't mind,
 Oh, be kind to the poor when they come to your door,
 And some day a reward you shall find.

The above is a true story that happened in Worcester in the spring of 1909.

MEMORIES RECALLED.

We reproduce below a poem written some time before his death by Mr. M. J. O'Boy, formerly teacher in Lakeview Boys' School, Sligo. It was sent to us by a dear friend of his who was a college chum and spent many happy hours in his company after both had left the Alma Mater. The poem was published in the *Guernsey Star* some time ago. It is a mental picture of the thoughts of the deceased, who, two years ago, spent his summer holidays in Guernsey. There he met an officer to whom he became specially attached; in fact, while there they were in the company of each other day and night, and the links which bound them were only sundered by the death of Mr. O'Boy a short time ago. The poem, which we reproduce, was dedicated to his friend.

'Tis dear old Fermain Bay,
That rolls so far away,
But yet to me in mem'ry is quite near;
And those that round it lie
Beneath that sunny sky,
Are those of whom the very names are dear.

Its waters come and go
As they did long ago,
Ere you and I were e'en in swaddling clothes;
And they will come and go,
And ebb but to reflow,
When you and I beneath the sod repose.

The moral of my theme
Quite plainly may be seen,
It shows how short-lived such a thing is man;
So let us, while we're here
Through year and year and year
Be up to do whatever good we can.

—M. J. O'Boy.

WHERE MY NATIVE LAND DOTTH LIE.

The misty dawn is breaking in the far-off eastern sky
 And golden streaks replace the gray that slowly fade
 and die.

My gaze thus fixed and wanders far o'er valley, hill
 and dale,
 For miles and miles far out that way lies dear old
 Innisfail.

Each time I scan those distant hills along the eastern
 plain,
 So near alike the Kerry peaks across the rolling main;
 That jut far out where ocean waves around them
 wildly play.
 Oh, it's nice to see those lofty hills and Kerry peaks of
 gray.

But, alas, 'tis true, on foreign soil I wander here
 and there,
 Without a home, devoid of friends in this cold world
 of care.
 Upon this fair St. Patrick's morn, alone I sit and sigh
 And scan the blue horizon where my native land doth
 lie.

Ah, Erin dear, my precious Isle, how oft have poets
 told
 In rhyme and song and story of your glory there of old?
 But they never could portray you as you really seem
 to me,
 My Erin dear, my priceless gem, beyond the deep blue
 sea.



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