

*The Music  
of  
Freedom.*



CUMRADON.

"C.C."

Δν. Λεοδωπλάνν Πυβλίθε, Κορκας  
(CORK PUBLIC LIBRARY)

GRAND PARADE, CORK

ΡΟΙΝΝ ΤΑΞΑΡΤΑ

CLASS R 821 MAC A. No. 123,751

MCS

This Book is provided for use in the Reference Room only, and must not be taken away. It is earnestly requested that readers use the books with all care, and do not soil them, or cut, tear or turn down leaves, or write or make any mark on them or otherwise damage them. The habit of wetting finger or thumb to turn leaves should especially be avoided. The use of the Reference Room is subject to the Rules and Bye-laws; and any injury to books, or any improper conduct, will be dealt with as therein provided.

Leabharlann Chathair Chorcaí



3 0007 00091 081 9



# The Music of Freedom.



CUIREADÓIR.

[TERENCE MC SWINEY]

*All Rights reserved by the Author.*

THE RISEN GAEDHEAL PRESS, CORK.

1907.

*(Printed on Irish Vellum.)*

FALL 1954 IN THE LIBRARY		
CLASSIFIED	RECLASSIFIED	CATALOGUED
<i>g</i>	<i>gmcT</i> <i>123751</i>	<i>g</i>
CLASSIFIED	RECLASSIFIED	CLASSIFIED
	<i>* my</i>	<i>my</i> A. POKET
BY THE CARDER	CLASSIFIED	CLASSIFIED
<i>-</i>	<i>my</i>	<i>my</i>

Pres. Pre. 1954



## PREFACE.

---

*To the Reader.*

Δ Κατα,

*Pass not by the Preface; it is brief but essential.*

*I, an Irishman, having some thought to express, must deliver it, to my sorrow, in a foreign tongue. I owe this misfortune to the tyrannical conditions, imposed by a Foreign Power, that still prevail in our too long misgoverned Country. In my later years, endeavouring to acquire that which, away from unjust rule, would have been a gift of Nature, I have come to learn something of the beauty and the worth of the language that was my Fathers'; and to know what a wonderful medium for thought it may become: remembering that the Youth of Ireland have been for generations robbed in infancy of this their birth-right; remembering that on this account I am stripped of the power that should be*

*mine, of clothing my thought, however poor, in that language which I could be proud of as my Country's and my own, I have not grown mild in the learning.*

*Those who walk in old ruts, and live in trembling, may bend the knee and sign their rights away; but one wronged man defrauded of his heritage can refuse to seal the compact; and with such a one how many, thank God, will be found to stand; for the spirit of our Youth to-day is not for compromise. Did the Old regret this they could not change it, but the best hearts even of the Old are loyal and unbending.*

*When the Scroll of God can be reached to and re-written by a mortal hand, our dreams may vanish and the Fight for Freedom fail; but as long as the decrees of Heaven stand crying aloud on high justification and hope, thus long will there be endurance and loyalty to the Old Love in the hearts of the Gaedheal.*

СНИРАДОСІР.



*For thee, oh Motherland, I lift my lyre,  
But in thine ears to pour no plaintive song;  
Wild melody shall sweep my strings along  
To sing of Love, and Hope, and Freedom's  
fire;  
No dirge I chant, as tho' thy funeral-pyre  
Did stand erect, and we around did throng  
With hopeless hearts and lamentation long,  
Caoining the end—"Our Queen doth now  
expire."*

*Not yet! oh dearest Love! Hope liveth still;  
A flash of Life hath lightened thro' the Land,  
And brave young hearts do ache to strike for  
thee;  
But once again shall float from every hill  
Thy grand old flag—we will make one more  
stand,  
And sweep thine Island clear of Tyranny.*

*I sing the Dawn! the Dawn that now is near!  
I sing the Glory of the days to be!  
I sing the Rising Sun—the Tyrants' Fear!  
The Hour that bringeth, Motherland, to thee  
The resurrection of thy liberty!  
I sing the Strife that brave men never shun—  
To overthrow accurséd Tyranny!  
I sing the Patriot's Death in battle won,  
That Freedom's light may blaze round Eire's  
risen throne!*

*Oh Happy Hour! our spirits will be there,  
Brothers! if we have fallen in the van;  
"Twill be." Hope singeth softly on the air,  
"The Hour doth come and bringeth, too, the  
Man"—  
The Mighty Chief, with wise and ordered plan,  
With steady step that leaps not wildly on,  
With iron will all petty feuds to bann,  
Yet noble heart that hopes may build upon,  
Till, Love uniting all, we march into the  
Dawn!*



## The Music of Freedom.

### I.

Oh! see that wild bird wing his way thro' space!  
And thou who liest low, dost thou not pine?  
For thou alone art here forbid to trace

The path of Liberty—  
A path that for thee lies  
By right divine.

Hear him as he sweeps thro' the cloudless skies  
Pour out his heart in joy for being free.

What speechless ecstasy  
Unfettered 'twere to be

With Liberty to light our Native Land!  
God! how the soul would soar inspired by sight  
so grand!

### II.

Rise! thou of sleeping breast,  
Rise! list with me

8 THE MUSIC OF FREEDOM.

To the sweet music whose pure wonder swells  
In wild enchanting spells  
From Nature's lyres, as tho' some spirits blest  
Would fill the world with Heaven's harmony  
In varied symphony.

Yet in this gladness are they moved to sing—  
List! now they speak to thee:

“Know we are free;  
No chains about us cling;

Pure light illumines the Land of Liberty,  
But Darkness dwells  
Where slaves sleep soullessly  
In cursed captivity;

While we range in a Land of light and love,  
Singing our souls in joy and praise to God  
above.”

III.

List to the single strains  
Thou now canst hear:  
There is a gentle zephyr's sigh  
Stealing so soft and clear,  
Whispering down the grove—  
Like to a maiden 'neath a summer sky

Lifting her heart in tenderest refrains,  
And in a holy quiet breathing low of love.

List to its gladsome note  
Trembling so sweetly all the vale along—  
Breath of a dream with faery barques afloat,  
And a bright world made glad with glorious song!

And yet this wondrous note,  
That sings of love and light—  
It even sings for thee:

It tells thee that thy world may yet be bright,  
Thy life be filled with rapturous melody.

Yea! this it sings to thee,  
But yet it breathes a word  
That must be heard:

Ere thou canst have this joy thou must devote  
Thy life to labour and for Liberty.

No joy can be;  
No hope can live or thrive;  
No flower its perfume give;  
No song with gladness fill

While thou dost still

Ignobly lie, nor labour thy freedom to achieve.

## IV.

Now comes a note more deep,  
More solemn and more grand,  
A voice of Nature crying from the hills—  
The breath of unchained breezes sweeping free,  
The thunder of the mighty torrent's roar—  
Wakes this no thought in thee?  
Canst thou not hear how all the world it fills  
With lofty voice that sounds from shore to shore?  
Canst thou not hear ring loud its stern command  
To rouse thee from thy sleep?  
Canst thou not hear the promise, too, it brings?  
Ho! Freedom liveth throned upon the hills,  
And all her wondrous blessings will show'r down  
On those who guard her throne—  
Yes! so it sings.  
And those who discipline their patient wills  
To raise her flag again where once 'twas over-  
thrown—  
Joy! joy untold for these!  
To see the light of other days around;  
To feel the flush of Life flash in the soul,  
When Freedom's hymns resound;

To feel again, dear God! returning strength  
And new-awakened vigour in the Land;

To hear the shout of vict'ry on the breeze,

Till forth at length

In glory pure and grand

Breaks Liberty with all its golden light.

Most wondrous Light that then will backward  
roll

The shadows of our long and troubled night!

Oh Light! oh Joy! oh great inspiring Love

That stirs young hearts their deathless faith  
to prove

In hope of happy hours that are to be—

The fruit of Liberty!

Who would not rise and struggle to be free?

Who would not grapple with the pow'r of Tyranny?

Who would not cast his all, oh Motherland! for  
thee?

Who would let thee lie now in hopeless misery?

For, hark! that deep refrain

That telleth of the work that must be done—

It sweeps to Heav'n again.

More loudly doth it peal along the sky:

No light can bless the Land that lieth low;

The breath of Hope will fail it, Joy will shun,  
And hours of Gladness in affright rush by  
    The place wherein men brood  
And raise no fight for Liberty—God's Ark  
Of Sacred Truth, the source of every good!  
Young Liberty! whose death makes earth grow  
    cold and dark.

Flowers that should bud and blow  
    Then cease to grow;  
The happy song is silent in the Land;  
The light dies out and darkness spreads around.  
    There may alone resound  
Slaves' mirthless tones to tell of sweet Hope  
    dead,  
    The Tyrant's hoarse command—  
For tyrants will be bold when slaves will  
    bend the head;  
So Hope and Joy are dead.  
    What need that more be said?  
Night holds the hapless Land—whence Freedom's  
    banished.

## V.

Still other strains come swelling to the ear,  
The billows sweeping to the distant shore.



What awe-inspiring music in their roar!

Can it not stir a noble thought in thee—

    This wondrous melody?

Say not that thou unmoved its voice canst hear,

A voice that peals in majesty so grand,

And lifts and sweeps to rouse a sleeping world

    Whose banner lieth furled.

It sings in sorrow, too, above the slothful Land;

    It knoweth what might be,

And so it sings one hymn eternally

    Of Liberty:

    The vigour of strong Youth;

    The fire of glorious Truth;

    The Joy of lasting Song;

    Bright Hope that liveth long;

    Glad skies and Heavenly Light

    That banisheth the night;

    Flowers that spring in bloom,

    To shed their sweet perfume,

    Till music and the dance

    Give glad hearts utterance;

    Whilst, ever guarding all

    From wrong that might befall,

Doth soar all fears above  
God's holiest gift of Love.

It sings, it sings, the mighty chainless sea,  
Of things that have been and that yet might be,  
An endless litany.

Hark, thou! it sings of Hope, strong Hope that  
braves

The wrath of men and scorns their tyranny!

What sing the rolling waves?

"Know we are free:

God made us, and He gave us Liberty.

We mock at man—God only rules the sea—

Man only to his fellow bends the knee,

But we are free:

God gave this right to us, and let us forth,

And so we rush for ever on the strand

To rouse the sleeping Land,

To shake the stagnant earth,

Till wakes the life in it, and it gives birth

To Hope and Courage, things of mighty worth.

And then, Live Liberty!"

Be free! be free! be free!

Come, thou, come to the sea!

Drink in its glorious song of Liberty—  
Then down with Tyranny!

There will be light and gladness in the Land—  
Joy! joy for evermore!

The billows fierce may then subside their roar  
In waves of gladness here,  
And murmur sweetly rippling to the shore  
The glory of achievement everywhere.

But of this promise fair,  
Know 'tis the fruit of labour to be done.

If thou the labour shun,  
The darkness then will thicken everywhere;  
The shadow of the tomb will gather round,  
Yet not the silence of the peaceful grave,

But many a ghastly sound,  
As tho' the Land did in a nightmare rave:

Weak cries of men in pain,  
Despairing wild appeals,

And, in return, a captor's cold disdain—  
To strength a tyrant kneels:

But horrors hold the world  
When Freedom's flag is furled.

Hast thou no heart to love—  
No soul to seek from this thy Land to save?

## THE MUSIC OF FREEDOM.

Rise! rise! thy fealty prove!

Be true! be strong! be brave!

However strong, be brave!

If thou be true, here God will side with thee.

What then of Tyranny?

The night must fall before the Dawn of Liberty.

## VI.

Come, let us stand the river's bank beside;

It bears a story down its broad expanse,

And I do dream; it holds me in a trance,

Such wonders float along its glorious tide—

God! but its strength doth chide!

It nobly marches on its forward path,

It sweeps in silent wrath

That we in fear do hide;

But when a passing while

It drinks a breath of Hope from off the Land—

Hearing some dreamer's cry,

That we but wait for Freedom's hour to smile—

It seems to understand.

And then it takes a tender passing breeze,

A thing of melodies,

And to one bank a gentle ripple sends

That with a music soft a gladness blends  
To sweetly fill the sky;  
And joy is everywhere,  
Rapture itself in song—

Like to glad youth, when all the world is fair,  
And Glory makes of Life a summer long.

List! there is promise ringing;  
And there is Courage singing;  
And there is Hope believing;  
And there is Strength achieving;  
Joy! Joy! grand Faith laborious,  
And noble Right victorious.  
Speak! who near this can be

And live unblest,

And let his barque in idleness still rest,

And never seek the tide?

Dear God! on its inspiring noble breast  
To Liberty might we not bravely ride?

But yet in fear we hide!

Lo! still the goal is shining,

To us it flasheth light;

Fears soon must be declining,

We must embrace the Right.

God! if the river's silence broke in song

What time it caught of Hope a passing gleam,  
Shall we not build the glory of our dream  
When we do know that horrors will prolong,

    If we do bow to Wrong;

That silence will for ever swallow mirth,

    And Darkness hold the earth;

That there will be no music for our ears,

And there will be no light to glad our eyes?

    Then we may vainly spend

        Our useless tears

    And wild unheeded cries :

The evil Power that is the parent dark

Of all the horrors that do us offend

    The Darkness will defend.

No! we shall never raise Truth's holy ark

    By useless cries and tears,

    But when our manhood hears

The glory and the rapture of the song

    That sweeps the world along

From river, and from hill, from stream, and plain,

    And from the mighty main—

    We shall be free again!

We shall learn all the virtues that will make

The son of Liberty,  
And we will shake,  
Aye, to its very base, the Pow'r of Tyranny;  
And we will raise an edifice of glory  
    In faith and strength and truth,  
That never yet did live in song or story  
    For our belovéd Queen.  
Yes! she shall live again!  
And she shall reign  
In all the splendour that of old had been  
    The glory of her Youth:  
Then shall the world in wonder  
Behold her triumph great,  
And every trampled state  
Learn by what path men may tear Tyranny  
asunder.

## VII.

Rise! thou of sleeping breast!  
    What holdeth thee?  
Say not that thou art heedless still,  
    My hope to chill;  
For I had hope to rouse thee from thy rest—  
    That vile ignoble ease,

It is not sweet repose for labour done—  
That slothful state that ever seeks to shun  
All noble work for Truth and Liberty.

Who would not work for these?

Whatever pain befall,

Who would not heed the call

That crieth aloud, "Awake! arise! to arms?"

Perish the slave's alarms!

Whoever sink in death,

Freedom shall drink a deep inspiring breath,

And Life shall quiver in our stricken Land,

And all the glory that did blaze of old

Shall light again;

And Peace shall conquer Strife, and hand in hand

Shall Mirth and Gladness dance along the plain.

Joy! joy untold!

The Darkness will have passed, a Dawn of gold

Shall give its glorious presage of the day.

Dear God! to think our glad eyes will behold

The Tyrant's standard trampled in the clay,

And stricken to the earth

The Evil Genius, who did sow dark hate

In brothers' hearts, that from it he might reap

Dissension's crop—the plunder of a state.



Worse, worse than slaves the fools whose factions  
keep

A foreign flag above us, and bring forth  
Horrors unmingled to blight every flower  
Of Love and Hope and patriotic Zeal;

Until that godly power,

Self-sacrifice, that conquers every foe,  
Cries to a startled world its pure appeal,  
And shakes it to belief in holy things;

Till fear aside it flings

To grapple with the evils that still flow  
Upon the Land from godless Tyranny,

And strike for Liberty!

For Love, and Truth, and holy Liberty—

God! give us victory, and all our thanks to Thee.

#### VIII.

Dear God! but still are some around us here  
Who should be with us in the glorious fight,  
Yet that our Land should bathe in Freedom's  
light

They give no single care.

My grief! dear Motherland! how hast thou nursed  
Such soulless slaves?

What crime for vengeance calls

That with such sons as these thou art accursed?  
Accursed? No! No! No! No! my love but raves  
When on these slothful ones my sad gaze falls,

Dear Mother, sweetest Queen!

But now a happier thought in me hath stirred:  
The Spirit pure that ever guardeth thee

My wild cry must have heard,

And he doth wake the happier thought in me

To calm my sorrow keen:

“No curse is this God sends;

He lays a cross on those whom best He loves,

And so their faith He proves.

The wisdom of His will who comprehends?

And thou, who mournest for the slavish soul

That lieth heedless in his heavy sleep,

Thou hast thy trial here;

Thou must have patience now,

And plead, and plead, and choke thy rising wrath,

And calm the indignation on thy brow;

Thy patience then will roll,

Like a strong sun, the dark mists from the path,

And then a rich return here thou shalt reap:

Lo! shall the flush of Life be everywhere,

And hope thy hand will kindle into fire—

This by thy patient will.

And this thy patience that hath been so tried—  
Yet thou wilt need it in the final test,

And then thou wilt not chide

That thy endurance had been hardly pressed :  
When comes the hour of thy most sweet desire  
And Freedom's watchword peals from every hill,

Thou wilt need patience then ;

Anger must not drag sober judgment down,  
Nor Rashness seize its throne ;

For when we fight once more, we must not fail  
again."

And now the sweet Voice sings :

"The patience trial brings

Will bear up Freedom's flag till Truth and Justice  
reign."

#### IX.

And yet again that Spirit breathes to me,  
For well it knoweth anger holds my breast :

"Pride thou must put to rest,

And thou must plead, tho' heedless yet he be.

Most holy work of Love!

It soars all empty vanity above.

It will light up the heart to aught else dead,  
And cries responsive yet will come to thee,

And thou shalt see  
 How from thy trial springs  
 A wealth of holy things;

For the deep love that it requires of thee  
 Will make thy courage in the battle dread.

Thy wrath no field will save;  
 Thy enmity will fall a slave to fear;  
 By love alone can hearts be truly brave.

And hark! this truth is clear,  
 And quickly thou to life its flame must fan:  
 In Freedom's last grim battle some are sure to  
 fall.

This every breast must feel,  
 Its constancy to steel;  
 And loving hearts alone will dare their all,  
 And leap where Honour leads with Danger in the  
 van."

## X.

And yet again that sweet Voice to me steals,  
 Another thought of beauty to unfold:

"Be thou not harsh or cold."

And while I wonder, it to me reveals  
 The glory of a mind that few conceive:

"Thou scornest him too much that lieth low;

Do thou but a true sympathy bestow  
And he will yet believe.  
Poor, poor, unthinking slave!  
Pity his hapless lot,  
And if a noble thought in him stir not,  
Still thou reserve thy blame.  
He has been ground to earth;  
His trembling heart was never trained to brave  
Danger and death for things of noble worth.  
Nay! from his hapless birth  
His body has been fed his chains to bear,  
But other care—  
To let fire patriotic light his soul,  
For this, alas! material times and tame  
Can never find a place.  
Confusion blinds us all,  
While every truthful thing  
Is perishing,  
And many-voicéd Folly thro' the Dark doth call.  
One fool will there deny the great God lives,  
While here a knave will loudly shout belief  
But for the hope it gives,  
That they who still keep faith will hail him chief,  
And load him with the honours he doth seek;

And this vile farce forever being played out,

The godless fools bespeak

To lead poor honest shallow minds to doubt,

Telling them that their creed is but a snare

To set up knaves in triumph everywhere.

Know thus the sons of Truth :

They guard its ark with strength and dignity,

In patriot trust, unbroken loyalty,

And with the hope of Youth

That sets its banner high upon the hills,

Bearing enscribed the victory of days

That fought and won its fight on darker ways,

And so the young heart fills

With lofty thoughts and honourable love

That knaves or fools in vain attempt aside to move ;

That will to labour bend,

And sacrifice its all

At Duty's call,

That never even a thought to compromise will  
lend.

But in that hour when sinks the pride of race

And patriotic virtue is no more,

Then God's Great Name and Truth, and every  
hope

That lets some beauty in upon the world,  
    Flicker in us and die;  
And Folly seeks another path to trace,  
And men in darkness blindly on Life's shore  
    In fear and trembling grope,  
    Till with despairing cry  
They are at last in wild destruction whirled.  
Are there, perchance, other unthinking ones  
Who to the Land's grim danger shut their eyes,  
    And while her life-blood runs  
Look for fields set in safety to serve God,  
    Where terrors cannot rise?  
    Such spot cannot be found,  
    Danger is all around;  
    Tho' with the best intent  
    Their labour all be spent,  
    Idly they tread the sod  
If they forget God made their Native Land,  
    And fail to understand  
That there must be some error by the way,  
    Where God's gift must decay."

Oh! that I should have poured my wrath on him  
Who sleepeth while the glory of our Land  
That once lit up the world is in eclipse!  
Confusion blinds us. Who should blame the mind,  
Born into it where every error riots,  
That is not fired with thought, that is not moved  
To do a noble deed—a deed not hailed  
With reverence in this unholy age?  
Confusion blinds us, while the Tyrants sit  
Like evil genii that over all  
Rule to maintain it, by the power they hold  
To keep the fires of Truth from lighting up  
The Darkness where we grope. And in the  
Darkness  
Prophets there are in number, not, alas!  
Those who unfold the Truth, but those who make  
Confusion on confusion. There is one,  
Self-satisfied, who tells us we decay  
For superstition blinds us; while we hold  
A hope in God and let our thoughts range high  
From mortal to immortal spheres, he cries  
He cannot entertain a hope for us;  
We should be saner and cling close to earth.  
And then there is a prophet more astute,



Who knows that all the hearts of all the world,  
And all that filled the world thro' all the ages,  
When fired by One Great Thought, are nearer  
Truth,  
Than he who more admires a little thought,  
And walks his little way self-satisfied.  
And what does our astuter prophet teach  
When many still in all the dark confusion  
Can hold belief in God? Does he recall  
The teaching of the men inspired of old,  
Whose truth was written in their truthful lives?  
Is it the love of God that he doth praise,  
The charity that man should hold for man,  
The sweetness of the Truth, that gift of God,  
Forbearance, when our brothers harass us?  
Or does he laud the sacrificial deed  
That will surrender things not only base—  
Such as our prejudices, vanities—  
But ev'n our loves, our wrongs, our hopes, our  
peace,  
That we might lead our brothers on to see  
The Truth with us? And when the task is great  
And we are weak, and one cries out: "'Tis vain,



For darkness holds the world"—then does he  
preach

The faith that overcometh such a world?

This is God's teaching, yet it is not thus

Our latest prophets teach. No! we must learn

That there are flesh-pots, and we have them not,

And we must band together for this end—

To reach to and enjoy those cherished things;

Then let us, in the name of Faith, unite.

But there will be no questions asked, no proof

Need any one give of the Faith in him;

For if we did attempt to search too deeply,

If there were questions and a rigid trial,

We should wait long for answers. That grand

Faith

God gave to us doth teach us, first of all,

The path of Truth is rough and difficult,||

Calling for sacrifice; and men, whose thoughts

Are set on flesh-pots and the life of ease,

Will not set up their souls to pass the gates

Of Suffering, to walk thro' pain to Truth.

But there are other ways to show our zeal—

By heaping virulence on those our brothers,

Who are estranged from us now many years

And walk not with us; yea, and even on those  
Who would not have Faith turned to mockery,  
But have it shine in thought and word and deed.  
What of the charity that we should hold  
Not for those only who do wish us well,  
But for the brother who is most unkind?  
'Tis surely of the Faith that we profess.  
But 'tis agreed that there will be no questions—  
'Twill serve our latest prophets for their humour.  
Dear God! dear God! that sweet, sweet Religion—  
The saving power in all their agony  
Of persecuted martyrs; that lit up  
A world grown black with vice; that did reform  
The savage breast and make it kind and gentle,  
Tempering strength with mercy; that did shake  
The weakness from the weakest, making strong  
Souls that did tremble till the streams of Truth  
Did flow on them with vivifying life;  
That mighty Faith that stood the storms of years,  
Proving its truth with its serene endurance;  
That mighty Truth, ever the grand support  
Thro' all the centuries of worthy sons  
Who bore across the darkness of the World  
Its sacred light:—not any difficulty,

Nor danger nor the pangs of mortal pain,  
Could daunt the hearts touched with its purest  
fire,

For they did breathe in it immortal Hope—  
That wondrous Hope, the beacon of the ages,  
Now shining here for us tossed, too, in tumult,  
That we do turn to when our feeble hands  
Beat helplessly against the bars of Life;—  
Doubts, fears and dangers, and the unknown  
things

That shake in us, that never get a name,  
All make the conflict, and the soul finds not  
Answer sufficient in man's great world-lore ;  
Yet wild, distracted, can call down a calm  
Upon the tumult with some gasped-out prayer,  
Cried but half-consciously, a little prayer  
A little child may whisper : "God is good,"  
A mighty power, mightier than earth's mightiest,  
A deep yet strange peace-giving mystery,  
That mighty Truth that can speak to a child  
And yet confound the genius of the world !  
That this, dear God ! this Thy most sacred Truth,  
This Light that doth hold up our souls in awe,  
That hath thro' all the farthest ages moved

The greatest minds to reverence, that this,  
Glory of Heav'n! should in a servile age  
Become a catch-cry for a worldly crowd!  
Confusion blinds us. And the Base may come  
And range themselves beneath a sacred banner,  
And bring discredit on it; no one voice  
Will raise itself to cry the scandal down.  
Yet in the dark confusion there are still  
Children of Truth; but they will fold their arms  
And say "God help us" in a listless tone,  
And let the errors riot. Is it meet,  
When God hath set us here to play a part  
In work for Him, that we should idly rest,  
Expecting Him to do the work for us?  
Why did He give to us so many powers,  
Talents that we do waste or fling aside,  
But never spend with strength and confidence  
In true endeavour? Yet in this one hour—  
Than any other hour more pregnant for us  
With hopes and fears and dangers, with the height  
That may be gained, and with the awful deeps  
That yawn for us more dread than any yet  
That have been sounded—in this fateful hour  
We sit at rest and let the errors riot.

We have a part to play, and when we play it  
'Tis meet to supplicate God's helping Hand,  
But 'tis not meet to send a cry to Him  
Expecting he will work a wonder for us,  
When we abandon Duty; when we let  
Our efforts die and halt for want of zeal  
On Truth's path sacrificial. 'Tis not meet  
To falter ever; God will only bless  
Those who are true and labour to the end.  
Confusion blinds us; and yet other cries  
Do make addition to it. One will urge  
A wild suggestion for our hapless state,  
That threatens further horrors. One will plead  
That we should be submissive, and should make  
Our supplication to the th' usurpers here,  
Whose ruling wrecks us; we should yield to them,  
And of the rights that they did rob from us  
Crave for a little part with humble voice:  
Rashness on one side, Weakness on the other,  
Both walking wide of Truth's straight narrow  
path.  
Oh! hapless Land! by many cries distracted  
That all engage in open rivalry

To make the dark confusion, whence doth surge  
Errors that wreck us; where no trump doth sound  
One clear appeal for undivided Truth.

But there is one new watchword I do fear,  
For it doth openly divide the Truth  
To take it up in parts, as tho' the parts  
Could thrive in separation; yet 'tis heard  
And followed to the cry: "First is our Creed,  
And then our Country." Think! the madness  
of it!

We set our dearest hopes in rivalry.

The all-wise God hath not decreed to man  
A duty to his country and Himself  
Which are at variance. Here no path doth lie  
On which both are opposed, where to obey  
God's call one must forsake his country's need;  
Or where his country can require a good  
Standing against God's Glory and His Truth.  
I hold whatever path a man pursue—  
If it be righteous, and he tread it rightly,  
Whether in service at the Altar High,  
Or in the Forum, or on Tented Field,  
In prayer, in counsel, or in battle grim;  
Or whether in more lowly paths of peace

That twine around the calm domestic sphere—  
This is a truth that nothing can deny,  
Life's courses all, however numerous, end  
In one Goal only—that before God's Throne.  
And what is good and true for any course  
Cannot run counter to a kindred good  
In other paths that lie. God is the Source  
Whence issues Truth, and a harmonious *one*  
Should all true labours make for *one* true end—  
Who sees not this is walking wide of Truth.  
And yet is Error rampant in the world,  
And some will raise their banner with the scroll,  
"First is our Creed," as tho' the Country's Cause  
Did strike at it, or form of it no part.  
They do forget their foolish cry doth lend  
The foe to God a weapon to be cast  
Against His Truth, when they imply His Word  
May stand against the Country's happiness.  
There are no counter-duties; Truth is one,  
And Duty is the Single Voice that calls  
Along that path that leads each up to God.  
God set us here and shaped our rightful paths,  
Diff'rent, but not opposed, all to one end.  
And there are many labours by the paths



For God and Country and each sep'rate home  
That thrive together only—we must learn this.

'Twas God gave us our Motherland to love,  
To cherish and defend, and when we serve it  
We but work out God's order in the world.

And if we should fail in this noble part,  
Do we fulfil our Creed and spend our powers,  
Without neglect, in true utility?

I hear some cry—and yet they mean no ill:

“Friend, this is politics; pray let it be.”

And knowing not, and seeking not to know  
What “this” may be, and what it may require,  
They walk in ignorance; they spread confusion.

And then the Tyrants revel in the Land;

The godless fool reviles all religion;

While labours truthful that should interlace

Are set in opposition, till the foes

That prey on Truth rush in with greedy fangs

To drag it to the earth, where it may lie

In low despair that breeds decay and death.

This is a watch-word that will link true paths,

And banish hence the Devil's plots to Hell:

“For God, for Country, and for Kith and Kin.”

Who would serve God must not forget He made  
The Land for us to labour in and love;  
And if for all our labours it decay,  
It is a judgment for some part undone,  
Evil to grapple with, or Hate dethrone,  
However girt around it be with power.  
For while these horrors fasten on the Land  
No fruit can spring from any seed we sow,  
No flower can blow its petals to the breeze.  
And when the end is come, and at God's Throne  
We stand to give account for service here,  
And all the Land is drooping in decay—  
Will it avail to make the poor excuse:  
"All work was vain, yet, Lord! we did mean well,  
But Tyrants held the Land in hoops of steel,  
And we were helpless?" If the Lord reply:  
"I made men strong that they might not be  
helpless,  
Was your strength vain?" Will it suffice to say:  
"We did endure it, tho' the Land decayed,  
It was the evil rule, and we were peaceful.  
If we did raise our strength it might cost blood,  
But we besought the Robbers who did rob us,  
And prayed them that they would not rob us  
further;

And if the people fled their Native Land,  
We hoped for times when Tyrants would be  
lenient."

But if the Lord should say: "I marked them fly,  
And marked them, too, in Lands from home afar,  
And marked them struggling, marked the few  
succeed,

And marked the many fail, and marked at length  
The fatal end—the hearts that had been pure  
By vice and sin dragged down; their souls were  
slain."

Will it avail then saying we were peaceful,  
If from the evils ruling souls be slain?

God stepped from Heaven's Throne and walked  
on earth

To save these souls, to preach and die for Truth.

Can we now see with undisturbed minds

The dark misrule that wrecks our once fair Land  
And drives pure souls to ruin? God! 'twas our  
pride

That each one's soul was free of tyrants' clutches;  
They might crush life, but still the soul was free—

Our boast is gone, dear God! our boast is gone,  
The Tyrants here devise a way that hits it.

Shut up the path to honest labour now,

Then must the helpless ones fly in despair ;  
We have no place for them. God ! they are gone  
To fight the battle out somewhere afar,  
Hence, anywhere at all—but far, far hence ;  
And they are swallowed up in some dark city,  
Locked in its clutches first, then buried down  
Where Vice finds many a victim. God ! our pride,  
Our boast is gone, our dearest boast is gone !  
To think of it, our pride, the clear white soul  
Of youth or fair-browed maiden that had lived  
An honest life upon an Irish hillside,  
Is grown to our reproach most awful now—  
A charnel-house for sin in some dark city.  
God ! blame them not, the harassed ones who fall ;  
God ! blame them not, the fault is ours, is ours.  
Thou only know'st the struggle in each soul  
Before its virtue weakens. Thou dost hear it,  
When all the dark temptations rock it round,  
Breathe to itself the counsels stern of Duty,  
God ! to itself, for there is no one near  
Of all the world to give it ev'n a thought.  
But it can cling awhile to memories—  
A mother's pitying eyes that weep for it,  
A father's voice so kind and full of strength,

Before his hopes went down and left him help-  
less—

Their whispers cross the waters in appeal.  
And there are memories of Sunday Mass,  
A village chapel, and some good kind priest,  
And words appropriate, and a rev'rent people.  
And there are after-thoughts—a merry gathering,  
Dear friends, clear-browed, and open-souled, and  
true,

And sounds of laughter, happy, innocent,  
The rambling forth in all the joy of life  
Thro' field and flow'r—that, that was long ago.  
Yet it can hold awhile by memories,  
Dear God! but hunger is a cruel thing!

And round that soul there is no rev'rence now,  
No chapel, no good priest, and no dear friends,  
No mother's pitying eyes, no father's voice—  
Dear God! and hunger is a cruel thing!

And there are never wanting mocking voices  
To jeer at Duty and Youth's innocence;  
And then the soul sinks, sinks by slow degrees,  
And in the end cries out in wild despair:

"Who cares for me, or if I die to-morrow?"  
God! Thou dost know the end, the awful end!

God! pity them! the harassed ones who fall.  
God! blame them not! 'tis we deserve Thy wrath,  
For we can walk about with minds at rest  
And say, "The times are peaceful, God be  
praised!"

That vicious Ease, that will not question aught  
Because it is not touched at all itself—

God! scourge it! it is Hell's most potent weapon,  
And it will wreck us, it doth wreck us now.

How it breeds hypocrites to rant of Faith!

Faith that is on their lips, not in their hearts;

They will not stand for Truth and trust in Thee,

But talk of fears, and dangers, and extremes.

Extremes of Truth! that is the teaching now;

'Twas Truth or Error once, but we are wiser,

And we judge carefully about extremes.

God! make the issue clear for us again,

It is the curséd Ease is damning us.

But I do hear the Voices in the Darkness,

And I will speak—yea! and unseat that Ease.

If there be one that fain would shut his eyes

To all that should be seen, and shut his ears

To every cry, him I will challenge here

Before all men, yea! at the Throne of God,

And hold him to account for all the wreck.  
Will it avail then saying we were peaceful,  
If from the evils ruling souls be slain?  
There would be no ill-doing but for weakness,  
No vicious weakness but for vicious ease.  
God died for Truth; 'tis time men learned again  
If they would have Truth they must train their  
    hearts  
To die for it. But there's a modern teaching  
That better suits us—tells us we must live,  
Yea! for our Country, we're not asked to die.  
This suits us well, grown weak and miserable,  
For Death is cold and grim and hard to bear,  
And we're choked up with ease and all unmanned;  
And 'tis the temper of the passing age  
To shrink from pain, grow pale at sacrifice,  
And tremble at the very thought of death.  
And men who know the temper of the time,  
And love their ease, too, such will pander to it;  
And we can learn now the extremes of Truth  
And make a truce with Error. But we hide  
The reasons for the truce—our selfish fear,  
The meanness of our hearts, our barren souls—  
With "We are men of sense." Hush! there are  
    favours

That soon will flow from this if we submit  
And think not of the Voices in the Darkness.  
Yea! there are favours that will come to us—  
Places and titles many—if we bend  
In homage base to those who hold our Land,  
And draw our thoughts from off the dream of  
years,

Our former glory, and the lofty hope  
Of reawak'ning it. Yes! yes! our dream  
Must die forever, and our recompense  
Will be a mess of pottage for which even  
We must contend with other willing slaves,  
And wrangle in a mean depravity;  
This is the compromise—this is the truce.  
But this will bring the Ease, the sighed-for Ease,  
And we can walk about, extol the times,  
And say that "They are peaceful, God be praised!"  
Dear God! but I will praise Thy Scourging Hand  
That smites that Vicious Ease to purge our hearts,  
And make our souls grow strong for Truth again.  
Oh! thou who hast a thought to serve thy God,  
The mighty God of Truth and Sacrifice—  
No modern god of Ease—resolve thy soul  
To have no truce with Error, tho' it mean



That we must drain our hearts dry of their blood.  
We are not asked to die, they tell us now;  
Suppose God willed that we should die to-morrow:  
We have no lease in Life. God! I do fear  
The Truth would find us shrinking from her  
    banner,  
For we are trained to yielding, yielding, yielding;  
We're never trained to stand and cry, "Enough."  
Raise thou no hand against the just endeavour  
That would unseat old Evil from its throne.  
Make the endeavour just, as best befits  
A just and holy Cause, but give no ear  
To talk of peace that means a sinful peace,  
Based not on justice but on bribes and favours,  
That leaves the Voices crying in the Darkness.  
No compact vile; rather lay thy heart's peace  
On Truth's high altar as a sacrifice;  
'Twill sometime bring a true and sacred peace,  
If not to us, to those who follow us.  
If thou dost love the Truth, oh! be not weak.  
If thou hast faith in God, *do* trust in Him,  
And dread no just endeavour, or thy fear  
Will make our Night of Horror yet prolonged.

And is there one among us whose whole thought  
Is centred in his Country, who is drawn  
By mighty passion for her fallen state,  
And would spend all his strength to raise her  
    banner,

And yet walks thro' his days blind, blind to God?  
Speak thou—if such there be—to me unfold  
What is the meaning of thy love and service?  
Thou lov'st thy Country, and the good thou seest—  
Something there is beyond the hills and plains,  
Something more deep than valleys, lakes or  
    oceans,

More fair than flow'rs or gardens, yea! more rich  
Than ripest fields at harvest time, more true  
Than all the gathered wisdom of the ages—  
Something that may be in the hearts of men.  
Thou lov'st thy Country; search the reason out.  
Is it for beauty of its fairest scenes?  
Is it for kindly hearts that dwell therein?  
Who made the kindly hearts? Who guards the  
    Truth

That sets its worth on Virtue, and Who framed  
The beauty of the fair and fertile Land?  
Who brings the flowers forth to cheer thine eyes,

Bearing their promise pure of verdant Spring?  
Who gathers sunny streams with merry song,  
And binds them in the river's silent tide?  
Who spreads beneath the Sun the fragrant fields  
And gardens fair with flow'rs? Who set the  
hills  
To tow'r above them in grand guardianship  
And shield their rich profusion when the wind  
Too fiercely blows? Who dressed the earth with  
trees  
To drink the misty air that chills the Land,  
And shade too ardent skies? Who set the sea  
About the world with all its pow'r and music  
To awe our souls with its eternal song?  
Who raised above the shadowed silent Land  
The wondrous realm of stars to cross the dark-  
ness,  
Studding the lakes with light? Thou hast no  
answer.  
Thou lookest on a world in harmony,  
Such harmony as is not in men's deeds,  
Where contradictions riot. How explain it?  
Thou walkest thro' the beauty of the Land;  
Thou standest in the sacred hush of Night.

Why art thou moved to love and reverence?

Why girds thy soul for service? Thou must  
know

Something there is that must enshrine the Truth.

And thou, canst thou walk thro' the mystery

And still walk blind to God? Thou dost not give

A meaning for thy service; it is here.

For it, in truth, were strange to love thy Land,

Loving it with a true unselfish love,

Yet never lift thy soul up to the Giver.

Stand thou not in the vanity of thought

That will explain all with a little rule,

That stirs itself, unthinking it is set

Within the limits of a little mind.

It will not furnish reasons; thou must lift

Thy heart and soul to God to reach the Fount,

Whence issue all the Wonder and the Truth.

Thou must in God's sight clearly bend thy steps

If thou would'st serve thy Country. 'Twere less  
easy

Still living blind to this to reap success,

Than for a wavelet to wash up its strength

And bar the path of oceans. Yea! the breath

A child breathes out would sooner in its course

Stop up a hurricane, than would thy hand  
Unguided by God's Truth unseat old evil  
And lift the Land to peace and happiness.

And thou whose heart, wrapt in domestic cares,  
Fires with no great ambition, with no hope  
To vindicate God's Truth or to uplift  
Thy fallen Land; whose unaspiring mind  
Will turn its thought but on the humbler things,  
Thy children's welfare, thy untroubled hearth,  
Canst thou be senseless of thy Country's rights,  
Her dignity, her glory that of old  
Did even move the world to reverence?  
Canst thou forget the centuries are filled  
With patriots' sacrifices? Thou must know  
How blood was poured out thro' the awful years  
And for a noble purpose—to redeem  
Old errors that had lost the Land and wrapt  
Her people in a ghastly trance of Death;  
How Duty's voice, calling across the Land  
To rouse the people, fired some noble breasts  
With dreams of former greatness, with the hope  
Of re-erecting Eiré's throne again;

And how the Truth to kindle awful wrath  
And perseverance opened to all eyes  
A country full of promise wrecked by tyrants,  
And silent horrors ravaging the Land,  
Where people long had suffered, while the few  
Rose madly, challenged, struggled, fought and  
died.

Yea! so our fathers learned, and so there blazed  
One hope in every breast, and in them set  
One steady purpose for a glorious end,  
That evil to unmake: to purge the Land  
Of horrors, to restore a fallen people  
To their lost heritage, to win the goal  
That shone out in their dream—the throne erect  
Of Eiré risen in th' unclouded light  
And re-awakened glory of the Past.  
Oh thou! on whom I call, must I in vain  
Appeal to thee by any noble thought  
For any noble purpose—thee alone?  
Is thy soul barren, is thy heart dried up,  
And is thy thought for ever chained to earth?  
Canst thou not build as beautiful a dream  
As any other soul? Canst thou not dare  
To tread to its full length whatever path

Another heart may follow? Can no hope  
Fire up thy mind to flash a noble thought  
On grand endeavour and accomplishment,  
That others' thoughts may soar to, others' hands  
May bend to, in high purpose to achieve  
In all the fulness of recovered strength?  
If thou wouldst still be dull, let me unfold  
The penalties for baseness. Canst thou hope  
No horrors threaten thy dear comfort now?  
Be thou still careless of thy Country's rights  
And thou wilt find thy home without protection  
From tyrants trampling on thy Native Land.  
Thy children will be dragged to bloody wars  
To prop a hateful empire, while the brave  
Who will resist and cross the tyrants' path  
Will here be cast in bondage. Such dark state  
Now holds firm grip upon the hapless Country,  
That many walk about with open eyes  
And see no evils wrecking all the Land,  
No other horrors hovering in the air.  
And that this may continue laws are framed  
To choke up all the avenues to knowledge,  
To keep the Truth from us, and in its place

To spread about us dull-eyed ignorance;—  
Ignorance is, alas! the only base  
That tyrants rest on: slaves provide the power.  
If thou still thinkest only of thy hearth  
And never of that wider home—thy Land,  
Then here thou yet wilt find thy dear retreat  
Laid wide to unseen dangers.

What! a voice?

I hear a voice that seems to deprecate  
And question what I speak, and say, in turn:  
“Behold, indeed, the times are greatly changed.  
Heroic days have passed; men do not die  
For Liberty: it is not needed now.”  
Have I not heard such cry as this before—  
Dear God! this and no more: “Men do not die?”  
But sound a call for Duty, that response  
Inevitably comes: “Men do not die.”  
There is a proffer of a compromise,  
And with it we are told “Men do not die.”  
It is a wretched plea for idleness,  
A cry of selfish fear from servile hearts,  
A striking of the flag—“Men do not die.”  
Dear God! 'twere well; 'twere very well indeed,  
'Twere well if *true*, for men were made to live



And work life out unto a lofty end.  
But 'tis not well when men do *fear* to die,  
While there is yet a noble heritage  
Once lost to be regained. "Men do not die."  
No! not on scaffolds as in other years,  
Nor on the open field in equal fight:  
There is a grimmer death-roll writing now,  
And we can hear it called from day to day  
But set no thought on it. Thus will it run:  
"But yesterday there died a youth of promise.  
'Twas sad, for he was young, too young to die;  
But he, in truth, was somewhat overbold,  
And he preached fearlessly of many things  
That should be done; and to rouse other hearts  
We fear he did work over-zealously,  
And he is dead to-day." And that is all.  
"We fear he did work over-zealously."  
Dear God! if twenty will abandon Duty,  
Must one not do the work of twenty then?  
God! that I had the pow'r to lift him up—  
The callous one who listeth not to me—  
And bear him to some quiet modest home,  
Where one had lately lived too young to die,  
And yet too bold to live these slavish times,

The last scenes to recall, that he might know  
The end of him who was too young to die.  
He who had seen a Land so bright and fair  
And full of promise, who had read her scroll,  
Who had learned all the glory of her Past  
That might be re-awakened, who had seen  
How Tyranny had wrecked the noble Land,  
And how the people suffered, yet unknowing  
Why they did suffer—for the Truth from them  
Was folded up: he understood it all.  
He saw his duty then, and read it thus:  
He should unfold the Truth again and spread  
The knowledge that would drive out Tyranny.  
And then began the labour; we can read  
The sequel in the last few vivid scenes:  
Work, work, throughout the day instructing here  
And preaching there, and in the midnight hours  
Making fresh plans and building other schemes  
For other fields to-morrow, resting never.  
Soon strength begins to fail; a doctor comes  
To give his sage advice as doctors will:  
“More rest, more air, more exercise, young  
friend.”  
And then there is dispute: “More rest? more rest?”

The Land is in decay, and who should rest?

More air? yes, we must purify the air.

There's poison in the air that tyrants breathe.

And there shall be more exercise to-morrow—

Such glorious exercise! the clash of arms

On earth that trembles under tramping men."

"Thy pulse—thou must have rest. What will  
avail

To-morrow's dreams, if thus thy strength keep  
sinking?"

"But I, have I not watched the Land decay,

And felt her pulse? And she is sinking, too,

Yes! day by day—my strength to save her  
strength.

There will be rest both long and deep to-morrow."

"Thou wilt be dead to-morrow." "Nay, to-  
morrow

The Land will be awake. What recks it then

Who will be dead, or I or anyone

Amongst us who must fall? The Land will live:

A risen people will make strong her pulse,

And purify the air, and exercise

The tyrants till they sweep them from the Land.

The Land will live. Who will not pay the price?

For who would say to let the work undone,

And let the Land decay? What man would say  
it?"

And so the price is paid. A gallant heart  
Bears up with its own burthen other burthens,  
That others have abandoned, while its strength  
Is failing by degrees, until, dear God!  
It breaks in painful silence. Mark the death-roll.  
There is no grand dramatic tale to tell—  
One that is sad, yet brave, a silent passing,  
Not in the march of Time with years filled up  
And at the call of even-handed Justice,  
But in the flow'ring time of rip'ning age,  
The days of sweetest promise, to redeem  
With all the sacrifice of dearest hopes  
A Land that else were lost. For 'tis alone  
The bravest hearts can pay the debt heaped up  
By others' base desertion. Mark the death-roll:  
A silent passing and a lonely grave.  
And who will measure all the silent pain  
Before the silent breaking of the heart?  
But so the price is paid. Dear God! dear God!  
If twenty will abandon duty here,  
Must one not do the work of twenty then?  
There is a grimmer death-roll writing now,

And we can hear it called from day to day,  
But set no thought on it—"Men do not die."  
God's wrath for ever wither up the ease  
That rests on others' anguish! God forbid  
The callous should not pay for base desertion!  
And thou, whom I have called, wilt thou not turn  
An ear to Duty? There is not on earth  
A soul so humble that it may not build  
Its dream of Truth and Beauty. Now thou  
knowest

Thou canst not say that here men do not die,  
When thou hast learned the bravest sink in  
silence.

And if thy thought will yet not pass beyond  
Thine own safe hearth, remember this at last:  
Thou hast no pledge for safety in a Land  
That enemies assail in every part,  
Where every part is open to assault.  
While trenches are deserted ruin stalks  
Grim-eyed a little way beyond the walls.  
And who should man the breach—whose care is  
this?

Not anyone's now, surely, more than thine.  
Do rouse thee, rouse thee, there is guardianship

For thy dear hearth in trenches never vacant,  
In walls well-watched against the dreaded breach,  
In brothers' union, and in equal share  
Of ardour in defence, and equal joy  
In all the blessings that from victory  
Will flow to us. Stand we to fight together,  
Some falling, as God wills it; some set up  
By grand example, hope, and courage true,  
Holding the contest ever, bearing on  
Thro' every check where shineth far the goal,  
And reaching it, God! reaching it at last—  
The shrine of all the virtues, and the hope  
Wherein true hearts may rest; where shielded  
    well  
Peace breathes its blessings ever all around  
The homes and altars of our Motherland.

But still, dear God! there is a wretched voice  
That has provoked my deepest wrath at times,  
The voice of one whom even ignorance  
Will not defend. He speaks of patriot hope  
Only in mockery; he doth deride  
The noble efforts of the gallant few

Who manned the breach ev'n in the darkest hour ;  
Yea ! he doth even with his bitter insults  
Profane the sacred Memory of the Dead.  
Who could hear this and feel no honest wrath  
Rage in his breast ? Who would not cast aside  
All else to vindicate the outraged Truth ?  
Come, all ye Spirits that attend on man,  
Ye that inspire him in his virtuous mood,  
And set him up in armour when his Cause  
Is just and glorious. Come ! ye Spirits bright,  
Inspire me. Would I had a pen of flame,  
That I might trace the Truth in words of fire,  
That I might scorch the hateful error out !  
Hail ! Mighty Dead ! that shook a selfish world,  
The cruel in their crimes, th' indifferent  
To think of Duty. Ye, that gave a proof  
That Virtue still lived with us, gallant Hearts  
That led us up to Truth, that did uplift  
Our souls to reverence in contemplating  
Genius that shone in splendour, strength sublime,  
Courage undaunted to make tyrants pale,  
And gen'rous love that made life sweet to hold,  
God favoured ye with all the gifts men crave,  
And even all, not hesitating once,

Ye laid upon the altars of our Country,  
A mighty sacrifice. And we do stand  
In awe for it and rev'rent gratitude,  
For it was offered up that we might reap  
The fruits that it could bring—and not in vain,  
For it has borne a noble fruit to us.  
Yes! if our Country still is unredeemed,  
The glory of the Dead hath fallen on us,  
And we stand strong in soul, and we shall shake  
Old horrors like a nightmare from the Land.  
Yet what we hold sacred in memory  
One voice will rail at. Come, ye Spirits bright!  
Attend me. Let my thought be pure and deep  
And shot with fire, and let my words be shafts  
Flaming, and swift in strength to smite his  
strength,  
Who sets his standard dark against our banner.  
Arm me against his errors; I would crush  
His vanity with strong unsparing hand,  
For Vanity was first of evil seed  
To give its issue to the ills of earth.  
'Twas Vanity that springing once in Heaven  
First made it necessary to build a Hell;  
And now it rears its horrid head on earth,



And, wrapt in arrogance and self-esteem,  
 Strikes at things sacred. Yea! and poor weak  
 minds

That can be moved by any loud-voiced railing  
 Will even pour their poor sarcasm out.  
 How it has made me wrathful, seeing this—  
 The Patriotism that has moved great hearts  
 To greatest sacrifice, that stirs in us  
 Such reverence to know it, is become  
 A point of scorn for poor unbalanced minds,  
 That still bethink themselves to lead good lives  
 And keep to Virtue's path and break no law.  
 Poor helpless ones! they cannot judge the Truth;  
 They are enslaved by loud-voiced scoffers here,  
 Whom they have heard, and yet whose counsels  
 dark

They have not with a wholesome hate repelled.  
 They have not turned into that other path  
 Where Patriotism labours; where the mind  
 Is disciplined to proper self-respect,  
 And strong for Justice speaks in courage true  
 Born of a love of Truth, where it is moved  
 To scorn that only which is weak and base;  
 A path where even men, who once had strayed

Apart from Truth awhile to walk in darkness,  
Do find their steps turn back again to God,  
Leading them from perceivéd holy work  
To grander things that stretched beyond their  
seeing,

Giving eternal promise, making calm  
A mind that had been harassed, purging out  
The heart of every weakness, making strong  
The soul for pain that here must be endured,  
Where Truth and Error fight for victory.  
And yet, and yet, some will cry out on this,  
Setting their whole ambition on to reach  
By low endeavour to ignoble things;  
And I am wrathful, and my wrath will speak.  
Come, Spirits pure, and give me pow'r to kill  
This treacherous and life-destroying growth  
That chokes all true ambition and endeavour.  
Then may the blood flow free about the heart,  
And may the soul range in its high conception,  
And may the man be brave, erect and true,  
And be fit habitation for his soul.

Do our hearts rage or cry in wild despair?  
 Men still are idle while the strife is fierce  
 And Hope shakes in the balance. Darker hours  
 Now gather round us and we stir no hand  
 To grapple with the evil that is rife.  
 Since none are shot now in the open city,  
 We think there is no bitter deadly war  
 To rob what little's left, to banish hope  
 Of our regaining fields that once were lost.  
 Dear God! do make them calm the thinking few,  
 Lest now the maddened virtue of their souls,  
 So wildly rocked by all the crimes afoot,  
 Do in its fierce assault throw Reason down.  
 God keep them calm to knit all forces now,  
 Lest horrors deeper far than death may yawn  
 To swallow up our last and dearest hope;  
 If we do lose restraint we unloose passions  
 That will play havoc with us./

Dearest God!

'Twere sweet to sink in Death for Truth and  
 Freedom!

Yes, who could hesitate, for who could bear  
 The living degradation we must know  
 If we do dread death for a sacred Cause?

Men are not shot now in the open city—  
 Means more insidious, making less show,  
 Can work the old design as freely out,  
 For Tyranny becometh plausible.  
 The body it turns not to torture now;  
 It starves the mind, for thus the mind grows  
 feeble,

Thus sinks in folly, thus' twill nevermore  
 Mirror the soul that should shine out thro' it.  
 A soul made strong with Truth would harass  
 tyrants,

Therefore 'tis made to sleep and give no trouble.  
 A sort of mind may stir itself to make  
 Amusement for our masters; yea! to this,  
 To this it now has come: we bend to them,  
 Unlike our fathers, who on many a time  
 Hunted their fathers from the open field.  
 We are less turbulent these peaceful times;  
 We ask for favours in our awkward way,  
 And make our foeman merry. Yea! indeed,  
 Our very awkwardness in importuning,  
 Our strange behaviour in our slavish state  
 Makes our foes merry. Yes! but it doth prove  
 That we were framed for better things than this.

Dear God! dear God! how we have fallen off!  
We have no mind for undivided Truth,  
No heart to fight for it, no soul that pants  
With faith uncompromising for our Land,  
But—God! what awful woe—a breathing body  
Bearing about a dead unfeeling soul.  
Yet, yet a sort of mind may still exist,  
A sort of mind to live and play the fool  
And make our foemen merry, stir their laughter,  
Who in another hour would shake in dread.  
Dear God! do make us calm, this is too much—  
To stir their laughter, this is low indeed.  
Be lenient, dearest God! if we should go  
Too wildly to the crushing of their power.  
Remember all the years we did endure  
The bloody agony of fire and sword,  
Its countless horrors, and that darkest crime,  
The outrage on the helpless innocent.  
How we remember! Must we suffer now  
Their vulgar minds in coarsest mockery?  
Do make us calm, dear God! this is too much,  
To stir their laughter; us it may provoke  
To wild revenge, and overthrow our hope  
Of girding every force in one great band

For Truth is never conquered: Truth will live  
Whoever strike at it, and he who stands  
Beneath its sacred banner fearlessly  
Will stand in triumph in the final test,  
Or fall in victory. For victory  
Is not in life alone, but in the strength  
That masters life to serve a noble purpose.  
And they have won their fight most gloriously,  
Who flung their lives with passionate resolve  
Against tyrannous empires; who in falling  
Did fire a million sleeping breasts to life  
And nerve a million arms, whose strength combined  
Made tyrants tremble, made the battle even,  
Gave Truth a victory, raised white-robed Justice,  
That had been scorned and outraged many years,  
To reign again. Yes! Truth will live and conquer.  
And by the virtue of its lasting scroll  
Must we now discipline our souls to teach it,  
Tho' many, hating it, may strike at us;  
For we must clear the minds that still are dazed  
By dark confusion. First, then, let him learn  
Who here has set his thought in work for God,  
He does not serve God when he hurts his Country.  
Next, let him know who cries: "I see my Land,

To drive the Tyrants out now and forever.  
God pity us, be near us, make us calm,  
Guide us, there will be danger to our hope  
When we do hear the laws they make, their laws  
That we may walk under their supervision.  
There is no talk of rights, of ours or theirs.  
Who should be bold enough to speak of rights,  
But take what it may please them to concede?  
They'll let us live! but they must be supreme.  
God! God! do make us calm, and make us strong,  
And make us persevering, brave, and true,  
Then let us test this dark supremacy.  
My soul! we must be calm, be bold and calm  
To bind all forces truly and to make  
One strong united force that will uplift  
Our fallen Land and crush the Tyrants' power.  
And we must discipline ourselves to teach  
The glorious Truth, whose strength and holiness  
Will be our safeguard on the field, whose light  
Will be our beacon till our Land is free.  
Yes! we must discipline ourselves to teach  
The Truth unfearingly, whatever hand  
May here be raised against us; yea! tho' even  
At first all hands unite to strike us down.

And it alone, and work for it; weave not  
For me your abstruse thoughts," he beats the air  
Most feebly and in darkness ever walks,  
The while he knows not God. Forget not him  
Whose mind is ever shut within his home,  
Set on his children and his hearth, whose thought  
Is never on the Truth that here should stand  
Before his peace and comfort. He is blind  
And make him understand it; he must learn  
That he will raise up slaves not brave-souled men,  
And build a poor defence for God or Land  
Or home with such as these who here will fight  
For flesh-pots only, who will never lift  
An arm for Truth. Nay! they will ev'n deny  
That sacred Truth and every sacred thing  
That lets some beauty glorify the world:  
And they will be a shame to him that raised them,  
And be a dark reproach on earth forever.  
Let this sound, too, above the list'ning Land:  
That God is by the Truth, and they who step  
Beneath its banner need not walk in fear  
Lest any charge of theirs should come to wreck;  
For God is over us, and God will shield  
The charge of him who answers Duty's call.



'Tis only he who will fail in the test  
Need dread the final issue. Sound at last  
To all the Land the mightiness of Truth,  
And sound, as it is *great* so it is *one*,  
That every true path makes for one True End,  
And he who does abandon any part  
By so far does steer wide of that Great End.

## XI.

“Hast thou forgotten him who lieth low,  
Whom but awhile ago  
Thou didst denounce, seeing his idle state?”  
So did the Spirit's Voice steal now to me  
And break my reverie.  
Truth he hath wakened in me, Truth so great  
That I was held in awe and wonder deep:  
I had forgotten him sunk in his sleep,  
Who answered not my call for Motherland.  
But now my hope was stirred.  
Why should I hope? I could not understand,  
But when once more that Spirit's Voice I heard,  
That questioned me of him who lieth low,  
The hope in me did grow.  
Truth yet he can unfold—

Be bold, oh Heart! be bold!  
For knowledge deep he hath  
Of Eire's stricken state, and he can tell  
What hideous spell  
Hath fastened like a nightmare on the Land;  
And he can see the light, can point the path  
That from the Darkness leads.  
Yes! more he can unfold:  
Why in her agony our dear Land bleeds.  
Lo! now he speaks again!  
Calm thee, my soul, to listen, silence hold.  
"When one more page of Truth I do impart,  
I may from thee depart.  
There will be promise then:  
Promise of labour that shall bring thee fruit,  
Fruit that shall give thee strength,  
Strength that shall give thee hope  
Out from the gloom to grope;  
Until at length  
Shall break into thy sight the Goal of long pursuit.  
Do thou at last then learn  
The truth that scoffers spurn,  
The truth of Charity.  
Yes! this I preach to thee!

Of Patience thou hast heard,  
Patience that wears out Wrong;  
Love, too, thy soul hath stirred,  
Love that makes weak hearts strong;

And now must Charity light in thy breast  
For him that lieth low,  
Nor yet on him bestow

The wrath that moves thee to such wild unrest.

He has not heard the Truth,  
He was not taught in Youth:  
Confusion spread around  
Which fools did worse confound;  
He knew not what might be—  
He was not trained to see;  
Plead for his Motherland—  
He does not understand;  
Speak of the glorious Past  
While Liberty did last—

Neither of this was he once taught.

And is it strange he heeds it not?

Yea! in the ignorance in which he lies  
Tho' he may mock at thee—  
Tho' he the Truth despise,

And fix his thoughts on earth and earthy things

And never seek to rise—

Thou must have Charity

Tho' close to earth he clings:

Even his soul was made for noble seed,

And thou canst sow it too, if thou but heed.

Yes! and the seed will bear its beauteous flower—

'Twill from his soul spring forth

In new awakened power.

Yes! lofty thoughts in him will have their birth

And he will spurn the earth;

And he will answer thee

Who did so plead for Eire's Liberty,

And he will fight with thee for things of noble  
worth.

Ev'n so will Charity—

That puts down pride and wrath

And loving patience hath—

Gird in true company

Old hopes and new-awakened sympathy,

To strike again one blow for Eire's Liberty.

If it will try thee to wake Charity—

Even as Love and Patience—thou wilt find

That it thy heart will bind,

And it will aid thee in the coming fight:

'Not for revenge, but to assert the Right'—

This it will teach to thee;

And this will lead thee on to Liberty,

And it will be thine armour in the fray,

And it will save the day.

If thou dost seek the strife, crying in hate:

'Bah! did they speak of Right—let's crush  
the foe;

Now compass the destruction of their State

For wrongs of long ago'—

If thou to Hatred yield

Thou flingest aside a shield:

The timid, who by Duty did abide

Since Love in them did breathe,

When once around them Hate's dark powers  
seethe,

In fear will shrink aside;

Those who of braver mould had doubted long,

Untaught of Liberty,

Yet who did grieve for their distracted Land

Till they the Truth did see,

The while they caught the fire of Freedom's  
battle song,

And leaped at Duty's call

To save their Land or fall—

## THE MUSIC OF FREEDOM.

Let once revenge be rife,  
Then will the inspiration grand  
That had roused them to bravely face the  
strife

Die for a noble fear,  
Lest bloody horrors follow dark-browed Hate.  
So will their arms fall here,  
They will not face the foe,  
Tho' Eire lieth low,.

Lest wild Destruction reign to wreck the hapless  
State.

So would it be with many a noble band  
Armed for our Motherland,  
Folly would all divide;  
Love would have bound them brothers every  
man

Where they are needed in the battle van,  
But they will shrink aside  
From Hate's accursed plan,  
In triumph once again to let our foemen ride.

Be it from this divined  
What is our greatest shield;  
So, well set up in mind,  
On! boldly to the field!

THE MUSIC OF FREEDOM. 75

Wild talk there must not be nor mad display,  
But cool and fixed resolve to have our Right—

Our undivided Right:

Nothing we yield, not the minutest part;  
Nothing beyond our Right do we essay.

Thus tutored be the heart,

And in this discipline it may look forth

Unfearing to the fight;

And Freedom here at last shall yield a glorious  
birth.

“Thou, who didst cry accursed

Thy Land for having nursed

Such slaves as him thou seest lying low,

Now take these lessons hence

Till softer feelings in thy heart will flow

And truest courage whence

To let the sweet hope grow.

Those who will work in love

Terror will never move;

Thou, if thou patient be,

Canst wear out Tyranny:

Patience—not apathy—

Is silent energy.

Revenge from thy heart sweep clear  
Right must reign solely there—  
If 'tis strong discipline,  
Yet 'tis the truest steel  
And 'twill the battle win—  
From it the foe will reel:  
Those who leap wildly on  
In panic, too, will fly;  
Those who true armour don  
Grimly will win or die.  
Learn 'tis a holy Hate  
Tramples down Tyranny,  
But in a risen State  
Love springs with Liberty.  
If then thou seek'st revenge  
Thou but sow'st tyrants' seed,  
Bringing no blessed change  
Thou wilt reap bloody meed;  
And the old foe will ride  
Again on the blood-red tide:  
So would in dark defeat  
Smothered be Vict'ry sweet.  
Take this, at last, to heart  
Ere I from thee depart:



If lofty in thought and pure,  
 In heart hope, courage, and faith,  
 The battle thou wilt endure  
 Tho' it lead on to death;  
 Yea! and tho' many die  
 Freedom shall flood the sky."

## XII.

Lo! he was gone, and he would come no more,  
 I knew, for he had said: "Take this to heart"—  
 Ev'n thus did he beseech—"Ere I depart."  
 But counsel he did leave in golden store—  
 Strange truth I never drew from learned lore:  
     So Hope to life did start,  
     Despair fell from me then—  
 Like to a steed let loose upon the plain,  
 My soul leapt out, for it had caught the light.  
     What! tho' it be afar  
     And darkness is thick around  
     And perils strew the ground;  
 Yet still it shines, and steadily, a star—  
     For us its ray is set,  
     And we shall reach it yet:  
 The light will deepen to a golden glow;  
 The far pale star a mighty orb will grow

Ev'n as our course we run.  
And so shall pass the Night—  
We shall survive the Fight :

And then our star shall be a blazing Sun—  
Yes! when the Fight is done.

I will go forth and waken all the world ;  
I will go forth and preach the glorious Truth ;  
I will go forth and rouse our sleeping Youth ;  
Yes! Yes! and Freedom's flag shall be unfurled.  
Come! all ye winds that sweep about the sky!  
Come! I have need of ye to build a song!  
Come! mighty Sea! majestic, free and strong,  
Bring all your pow'rs one last appeal to try!  
Come! laughing rivulets and mountains' streams,  
Lift up your voices sweet, intense and deep!  
Come! fashion music meet for faery dreams,  
Spirits of Nature, in the air that sweep!  
Come! all unite in one triumphal song,  
Shake every soul sunk in ignoble rest ;  
Set hope aflame in every sleeping breast ;  
Make slaves to feel their degradation long.  
Come! lift one last and lofty true appeal  
For him who still unmoved lieth low,  
And I will raise my voice and cry below,

Tho' lowly bending even I must kneel.  
Yes! I will cry aloud what I have learned.  
    If I did plead in vain;  
    If once in wrath I burned,  
The gentler thoughts in me light up again,  
And braver spirit in his heart will flow  
When our divine appeal shall touch him lying low.  
    Praise that prophetic Voice—  
    That held awhile my soul,  
    Held it in strong control;  
Held it to give it hope till it rejoice  
    For finding one true path  
    That mighty promise hath—  
That Voice will be our guide; in mem'ry still  
It will command, and it we will obey:  
    Yea! we the Land will fill  
With our inspired appeal—our last essay.

## XIII.

Of Love first be our theme.  
Who could not love their Land?  
    Not they who understand.  
Thou, gentle Zephyr, make thy sweetest song—  
Like to a maiden warbling in her dream—

80 THE MUSIC OF FREEDOM.

Breathe of the glories that shall guard us long :  
Light, Truth, and Beauty, from Love's Fount  
that flow

While Freedom's flame doth glow.  
So shall we wake the dull, forgetful breast,  
And move him to a holier unrest,  
While Eire lieth low.

SONG OF THE ZEPHYR.

I.

"Dear Land! could even one  
Forbear to love thee—  
Thy earth so fair, God's sun  
So bright above thee?

II.

Thy every vale and hill  
Enshrines its story,  
Our wond'ring souls to fill  
With dreams of glory!

III.

Dear Land! if yet thine ears  
In grief must hearken  
To cries of bitter years  
Thy hopes to darken;

## IV.

A sweeter voice hath stirred  
    To breathe—Love, Duty,  
And sacrifice a word  
    Is now of beauty!

## V.

Of old Love made thee glad—  
    Thy sons then blessed thee;  
When Hate made havoc sad—  
    Thy foes oppressed thee!

## VI.

Again Love's light must flow;  
    Truth, Joy attend it;  
Hate worked thy overthrow—  
    God! let us end it!"

Thou, gentle Voice of Love! steal thro' the Land,  
And whisper where the darker thoughts still cling,  
Till every heart will feel a fear at hand—

    Our Country perishing.

And then do breathe on every open mind,

    That Hate is mad and blind;

    And by thy virtue prove,

Vict'ry is but for him who fights his fight for  
    Love.

## XIV.

Restraint, next, strong and stern,  
Tho' in the veins it burn!

Raise we a firm appeal  
For this true steel.

Rash effort must not leap from idle state,  
Nor dark revenge from any late-born zeal.

What voice of truth so great  
The wonders shall reveal?

Thou, Sea of the relentless ebb and flow,  
Thou preachest ever so!

For all thy turbulence thou comest never  
Beyond the urging of a measured pace;  
Thou sweepest fiercely, but thou sweepest ever  
Wave after wave, no wave beyond its place;

Never for all thy mad fierce rushing  
Thy strong advance more quickly  
pushing;

Never in gentler cadence falling

Thy waves back from the land recalling:  
Raging and sighing, foaming, smiling, resting  
But to begin again, all else in vain resisting;  
In fierce unrest or in a calm as holy,

Still ever, ever, ever, content to march on  
slowly!

Thou, mighty Sea! do make a mighty song  
To hold the Land's attention in a trance,  
To tell us of thy moderation strong—  
To give interpretation I do long  
To thy great utterance.

Thou dost sweep back the land by slow degrees  
Between the whiles thou singest melodies:  
Rather, thou hast a sermon of Restraint  
And the destroying darkness of Revenge;  
Even one tinge  
Doth make the truthful soul for very fear  
grow faint.

Then cry out, Sea! thy truth,  
And I will catch its glory for our Youth;  
And I will fill the Land with thy sublime  
complaint.

#### SERMON OF THE SEA.

"Revenge! Revenge!" my heart is heavy when  
I hear the cry: "Revenge! the Tyrants' blood  
Must flow for our deep wrongs—yes! yes! re-  
venge!"

For well I know when once the flood is loose—  
When once Revenge lets out its wild dark  
passions—

Liberty, that had threatened tyrants' power,  
Is by another tyrant overthrown!

If we must fight—be it with resolution,  
Yielding no foot to our well-marshalled foe  
Till we are victors on th' disputed field;

If we must slay—be it against our will,  
Not to have blood, but have our liberty,  
To win our right, but seek no others' wrong:  
Yes! to this end—to fill our Land with light  
And not enshroud it in eternal darkness.  
Unbending in reverse, be we restrained  
When Freedom pours her splendour on our  
banners—

Yielding the enmity of bitter years,  
When those who kindled it with bloody hands  
Are stricken from their long ascendancy,  
And lose their hold upon our sacred earth:  
Let no dark passions out that holy hour,  
For Darkness is eternal foe to Light.  
Be this our counsel: to close up our wounds  
And build our broken ramparts up anew,



And bind all hearts in lasting brotherhood—  
The sturdy North, th' unconquerable South,  
The patient West, our foremost trench, the East,  
That turns a haughty front to face the foe—  
Be this our task: to link them all in love  
And fix in them one common hope and aim,  
To make our Country honoured, great, and free.  
This is endeavour high, and will demand  
Our whole heart's work; to step but once aside  
Would strike our great new-risen structure down.  
All base thoughts spurn, then, and in lofty soul  
Reject the hideous passions of the slave,  
Lest horror leap on horror, and the field  
So lately won be lost for evermore.  
So would it be if Hatred seized our hearts  
And in its wild assault threw Reason down,  
For Freedom's base is built on sacrifice,  
And its true shield is patriot strength and love;  
But unrestrained passion is a weakness,  
And Love will never live in clouded souls  
Where Darkness is eternal foe to Light."

Great voice of Truth!  
Let thy appeal sound to the list'ning Land,  
Till all shall understand  
The wonders of Restraint:  
The weak shall not grow faint,  
And thought shall calm the overbold.  
For us thou dost unfold  
Where shall be found the strength and glory of  
our Youth.

## XV.

Another holy theme  
Must build up our great dream.  
Love is so pure we do despair of it;  
Revenge, too, shakes us with the fear of it.  
Come! let us cry to Hope upon the hills;  
When Hope its fire instils,  
Love soon will live in our believing hearts,  
And we will crush the darker things that be  
The foes of Liberty.  
In our new vigour none  
Will step aside, nor shun  
The dangers of the hour,  
The while to new-born life our Country starts

To stand forever in a firm and lasting pow'r.

High Hills! give forth your song!

Tell us what ye have seen—

Freedom's grand guardians long!

What thro' the years has been.

I catch your note; to me it sweepeth

Afire with hope—the Land but sleepeth

And some are true who will awake it.

Sound, Hills! your mighty song will shake it!

Tell us what ye have seen,

Fears, hopes, that both have been.

### SONG OF THE HILLS.

#### I.

“If ye would learn wherein doth live great hope,

Know, first, how Hell did loosen dark Despair;

And then the clouds of blacker years will ope

And light will fill the purer holier air.

#### II.

North warred with South, and East and West

joined in—

Each against each did sweep a hostile sword;

Then did our foemen here their foothold win,

When they did mark the Land's defences  
lowered.

## III.

Yea! so it was; no longer linkéd shields  
Did tell our foes the might of brotherhood;  
For brothers all disputed petty fields,  
While on their native heath invaders stood.

## IV.

If brothers then linked not in bonds of Love,  
Our foemen did combine in greed and hate;  
And so their flag did float the Land above,  
The while they trampled on our stricken State.

## V.

One would have wondered that men should allow  
By bickering their freedom to be lost—  
Dear God! there grew a greater wonder now,  
To win it back they never counted cost!

## VI.

For lo! began the travail of the years,  
Freedom in agony to find rebirth;  
Till to this end men's blood and women's tears  
In holocaust did drench the trembling earth.

## VII.

Thro' all the years a heritage it came—  
The Strangers' flag to challenge and strike  
down;  
In every generation lived its flame,  
And still it blazes brightly *in our own*.

## VIII.

Hope, crowned on Clontarf's plain, as grandly  
soared  
By far renownéd Beal-an-Atha-Buidhe:  
If Truth but consecrate the naked sword,  
It will redeem and guard our liberty.

## IX.

So in the future shall the record stand—  
The glory of our people and their pride;  
Some hearts held hope when Darkness held the  
Land,  
And, lo! the Land is free and glorified."

Pure Song of Hope! that lives and sings  
And far and wide its promise flings!

Of unbelief the holy leaven,  
It lifts me to the height of Heaven!  
God! let us make the listless hear,  
And rouse the now unlist'ning ear;  
And we will build Hope on a rock  
That may withstand the rudest shock,  
And it will make a holy light  
To guide us while it yet is Night.  
Hope be our anthem pressing on!  
Rise, Brothers! march to meet the Dawn.

## SONG.

## I.

Brothers! have hope, my Brothers! know  
The fight has not been ended yet;  
Our right we never will forego—  
'Twere folly to forget.

## II.

Look back! see what we have survived.  
Say, then, should we in terror bow?  
Thus has my courage been revived,  
And I am hopeful now.

## III.

Tho' Freedom's Cause went down in blood,  
To crush our Land it naught availed;  
So evils, too, that from this flowed—  
Famine and fever—failed.

## IV.

Our Land did rise in new-born hope.  
Where lives the unbeliever, then,  
Who questions that the skies will ope  
And light the Land again?

## V.

Trust, then, in God, as brave men should—  
Doing the while all man can do;  
If by our sires God had not stood,  
Our sires had not been true.

## VI.

Be we, then, true and never swerve  
One inch aside—strike for the whole;  
Show God our freedom we deserve,  
And we shall reach the goal.

## XVI.

A gentle voice still whispers  
 Like Holiness at vespers—  
 A streamlet that doth murmur in the shade,  
 Of it a theme be made.  
 How musically doth it steal along!  
 And, where the sun is strong,  
 How happily it singeth in the glade!  
 I will list to its homily,  
 For it singeth holily.

## SONG OF THE STREAMLET.

## I.

"Love never maketh only  
 Love in spaces;  
 Love would leave no part lonely—  
 The whole its place is.

## II.

On brothers' dark suspicion  
 Love cries "Unseemly!"  
 For it is Love's true mission  
 To rule supremely.



## III.

Love will not let light beaming  
    Bless selfish brothers,  
Who would its rays redeeming  
    Deny the others.

## IV.

Love is not proud, nor coldly  
    Turns from the lowly;  
It ever speaks—not boldly—  
    In sweetness holy.

## V.

To those who low are drooping  
    It steals down near them,  
And in the darkness stooping  
    It breathes to cheer them.

## VI.

When those who had lived, hating,  
    Find Truth to raise them  
And grieve—they find Love waiting  
    To bless and praise them.

## VII.

Love could not rule, dividing.

Its sway is tender ;

So may all hearts confiding,

To Love surrender."

Sweet song ! that doth enshrine in all its sweetness  
 The secret of our strength that is to be,  
 That we to knit our Land in true completeness  
 Forgiveness now must wake with Charity,  
 To tread aright the path to Liberty.

By us the Truth be taken,

And be our faith unshaken,

And yet we all shall kneel—

Rev'ence on us shall steal

To see our dear Land's glory re-awaken

To bless our noble zeal.

And yet I did denounce the thoughtless slave.

What boots it thus to rave?

While he has still a heart that may be moved ;

While there are things that may by him be  
 loved,

God ! let our wrath be stilled,

And let our hearts with Charity be filled.

For Love such strength doth bring,  
 Even a serf may fling  
 His darkest fear aside,  
 And he will leap with us our Land to save—  
 Even the meekest slave!  
 And we shall launch our Barque at last on Free-  
 dom's Tide.

## XVII.

And once I, too, did turn  
 As wrathfully from him who cried his hate,  
 Who should have loved and laboured for his  
 Land,  
 And yet who scorned her state,  
 And every thought of raising her did spurn,  
 Or ev'n against her lift a hostile hand.  
 Should I, then, on him rage?  
 What boots it—if he wrongly judges us?  
 Were it not better prove him credulous,  
 And draw his eyes to one clear open page,  
 That we can show him in the book of Truth,  
 That in his learning Youth  
 Had been kept sealed from him, lest seeing  
 clear  
 He should see evils darkening the air;

Lest he should spring—and all unprompted  
even—

To sweep down horrors that did mock at  
Heaven

And did encumber our long-suffering earth?

It could not have been else, he must have issued  
forth :

Man could not live and see,

And drink at Truth's pure well,

And still live in the darkness of a spell

That keeps him ever blind to Liberty.

If we the Truth receiving

Do make our hearts forgiving,

We can break thro' the spell, dissolve the  
gloom,

And with a long forgotten light illumine

A soul not made for sin-creating slavery.

We may shut up our hearts when on the field ;

Till then the warmth should not be all con-  
gealed.

We quarrel with an olden foe ;

We do not wish to banish now

One heart, whose hopes with ours  
should grow—

Whose vow should be our vow.

We must not let the foeman gain  
 An ally till the Truth be plain;  
 We need not fear the onset then,  
 We need not pause to think again;  
 We need not dread that in some part  
 We failed to take the Truth to heart:  
 To all the Truth we should reveal,  
 And Truth old wounds will quickly heal:  
 Then Hatred in all hearts will die,  
 And Love and Freedom flood the sky.

## XVIII.

I took my lyre to build a lay and sing  
 That I might waken thee, still lying low.  
 Where is the light I looked for? doth it flow?  
 Speak! is the darkness from thee vanishing?  
 Yet I have hopes of thee tho' thou hast not re-  
 sponded!

I see thy darkest fears  
 Are cast aside; I see a look that bears  
 Promise of inward questionings—  
 Gleams of a thought of grander things  
 Beyond the Dark that lies.  
 Of murmurings of Truth that shake thy heart

I see the inward fire  
Mount higher still and higher;  
And dreams before me start  
Of a Dark Hill that had been climbed for years,  
Labour of heaviness, and agony, and tears—  
Dear God! one moment gives  
Sight of a hope that lives:  
Lo! 'tis the Height attained—behold the Dawn  
beyond it!  
God! may the Dawn arise!  
And still thou speakest never;  
Yet in thy inward questionings,  
Thy waking spirit's murmurings,  
Thy doubt must sever.  
Still is my web not spun:  
Ere I depart I would speak yet a word,  
And when its truth is heard  
My task of Love is done.  
Thou tellest not the fear that most in thee  
Still ties thee to the earth,  
To strangle hope in birth  
And make thee but a toy for Tyranny.  
Wherever in the Land  
Thy youthful years were spent, it hath its story

That preacheth at thy doubt,  
That flings its message out,  
That offers thee to dream on unreflected glory.  
If Northward thou dost turn  
The light is grand;  
The South doth nobly burn  
With fire of great achievement in the Past;  
The East doth bravely glow  
With many a flame;  
Despair the patient West can never know—  
When all was low  
It flashed a light telling of hope untame.  
Who yet can hesitate,  
When every part hath glorified the State,  
And all united shine with glory unsurpassed?

## XIX.

What! do I hear a voice  
Breathe of a later time—  
That darkened for a while the tale sublime—  
And bid me not rejoice?  
“Look to the North,” it cries.  
“Where is the light once grand,  
Where is the blood-red Hand?”



Darkness of Night there lies;  
 Thou canst not strike hope there—  
 It knoweth not desire,  
 For changéd men do flourish everywhere,  
 And with the olden hearts hath passed the olden  
 fire."

It is an idle voice  
 That bids me not rejoice,  
 For I have hope of thee, thou sturdy North!  
 Yet thou wilt prove thy worth—  
 The fire is blazing still  
 Above Cave Hill!\*

The Darkness had been wholly on the Land,  
 Till in a glorious hour  
 A brave immortal band  
 Struck light to blaze till Time shall rise no  
 more

Upon Life's Shore:  
 That beacon in the darkest hour shall be  
 The hope of Liberty.  
 Had strangers ere then stood on Northern  
 ground,  
 A common Land their hopes soon encom-  
 passed;

\* See Note 1.



In brotherhood their lot was bravely cast,  
 With brothers' fealty bound.  
 What if their sires had freely fought before?  
 What! if between them blood had flowed of  
 yore?

God! for the days that were  
 Must we still live to err?

Behold! the Harp new-strung\* **did** speak anew  
 And lo! the startled Land awoke in joy:

The inspiration grew,  
 It fired both man and boy  
 With martial melodies;  
 The maiden's wreath was woven †  
 But for the patriot proven;

It made a grave for bitter memories ‡  
 And brighter thoughts to flow  
 And dearest hopes to grow;  
 Till men who on the North had roughly trod,  
 Now deemed it higher good  
 To venerate the Land,  
 And freely with their blood  
 To consecrate the sod.

And so doth live our hope; we understand,  
 Whatever darkness be,

The path of Truth will lead us on to Liberty.

\* See Note 2. † See Note 3. ‡ See Note 4.

## XX.

Hear what one bravely cries  
A last breath ere he dies :  
The Tyrants had held the field  
And now destruction sought ;  
Now in a common lot  
Two brothers' doom is sealed.  
Not brothers they of blood,  
Nor yet of single creed,  
Together both had stood  
When fired in holy mood  
They saw their Country bleed.  
But now the fight is done—  
The vanquished now must pay  
Life for their grand essay,  
Death, doth the sentence run.  
Yet list ! one bravely cries,  
A last breath ere he dies,  
Gladly—amazing all  
That heard the sentence fall—  
Taking his brother's hand :  
"Brother ! we do not sorrow,\*  
We shall be free to-morrow."

\* See Note 5.

God! but the words were grand!

This doth defy the hate

That would divide true hearts;

From it bright hope with glorious promise starts

To give us a courage great,

And silence the mad fool's cry

Who thinks that brothers' quarrels are thro' creed:

Strife is the Tyrants' need;

They keep the passions high.

God! let us learn from brothers who have fallen

And not against each other:

They best fulfil their creed

Who prove it with a deed

When brother fights for brother;

When it is else, deep horrors have befallen.

Can we not learn?

Can we not drink the Truth

From that which makes a glory for our

Youth—

The inspiration grand that in the Past did

burn?

We glorify the Past;

We weave it into song—

Dear God! and that which made its promise  
vast

We idly pass along.

Sound, Harp! and rouse the world,

Until the olden banner be unfurled,

And give us for our hope

To shake the Land—the watchword brave of  
old.

Ah! but our hearts were cold!

But, God be praised! the darkened skies doth  
ope,

Be bold! oh heart! be bold!

The olden promise liveth on the air;

I hear it everywhere:

“Brother! we do not sorrow,

We shall be free to-morrow.”

## XXI.

Brave North! if any of thy sons yet be

Who keep their thoughts upon the darker  
years,

Wake all thy storied glens to fill their ears:

Do make their eyes to see,

And make their hearts to know wherein doth  
rest

Their title to the blessings of the Land :

Not from a foreign king,

Nor any alien thing,

But in the blood their sires for Freedom shed

And in the sacred Memory of the Dead ;

And in the glorious Cause of Brotherhood

That binds all hearts for every brother's good ;

And in the hope that kindles every breast,

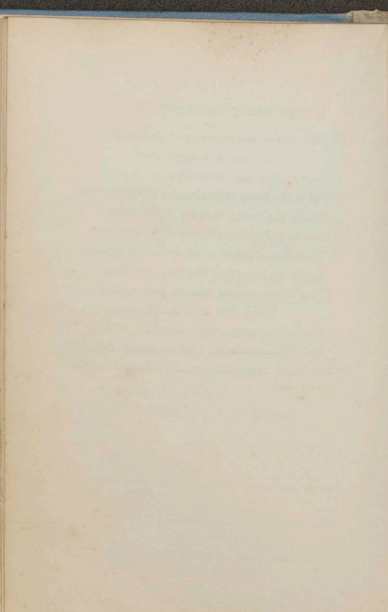
That Freedom ever beareth in her hand :

Peace that shall banish strife,

While Honour guardeth every single life,

And Virtue doth like God's approval fall,

Where Right triumphant proudly reigns monarch  
over all.



## NOTES.

ber, particularly, two days that we passed on  
hill. On the first, Russell, Neilson, Simms,  
and one or two more of us, on the summit of  
it took a solemn obligation—which I think I  
ve on my part endeavoured to fulfil—never to  
efforts till we had subverted the authority of  
our Country, and asserted her independence.”  
from *Wolfe Tone's Memoirs*.

Wolfe Tone's journey to America in 1795, he was  
in Dublin and Belfast. Some Belfast friends  
excursions, one of which is alluded to in the above  
one here records the occasion on which that vow  
which made the hill historic.

new-strung :

The United Irishmen adopted as a seal, a harp,  
with it, “I am new strung ;” and beneath, “I will  
on the exergue, “Society of United Irishmen

his wreath was woven  
patriot proven :

ing on record the fire of patriotism that the United  
kindled, Teeling writes :—“The enthusiasm of  
s even exceeded the ardour of the men ; in many  
other circles, and in all the rustic festivities that  
a cold and forbidding reception from the partner  
ce, who, either from apathy or timidity, had not yet  
l to the test of the Union.”—*Personal Narrative*

*of the Irish Rebellion* by C. H. Teeling.

*The Music of Freedom*

Cork: The Risen Gaedheal Press, 1907



## NOTES.

### 1.—Cave Hill :

“ I remember, particularly, two days that we passed on the Cave Hill. On the first, Russell, Neilson, Simms, McCracken, and one or two more of us, on the summit of McArt's Fort took a solemn obligation—which I think I may say I have on my part endeavoured to fulfil—never to desist in our efforts till we had subverted the authority of England over our Country, and asserted her independence.”  
—Extract from *Wolfe Tone's Memoirs*.

Before Wolfe Tone's journey to America in 1795, he was entertained in Dublin and Belfast. Some Belfast friends organised excursions, one of which is alluded to in the above extract. Tone here records the occasion on which that vow was taken which made the hill historic.

### 2.—The Harp new-strung :

The Dublin United Irishmen adopted as a seal, a harp, written over it, “ I am new strung ;” and beneath, “ I will be heard ;” on the exergue, “ Society of United Irishmen of Dublin.”

### 3.—The maiden's wreath was woven But for the patriot proven :

In putting on record the fire of patriotism that the United Irishmen kindled, Teeling writes :—“ The enthusiasm of the females even exceeded the ardour of the men ; in many of the higher circles, and in all the rustic festivities that youth met a cold and forbidding reception from the partner of his choice, who, either from apathy or timidity, had not yet subscribed to the test of the Union.”—*Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion* by C. H. Teeling.

4.—It made a grave for bitter memories :

One of the most cheering signs of the '98 era was the Spirit of Brotherhood that united all religious parties in the service of their Country. A single example will suffice : a Catholic deputation passing through Belfast in 1792 was welcomed by the local United Irish leaders ; on their departure the horses were taken from the carriage by the people, and the Catholic delegates were drawn through the streets by the Protestant citizens amidst acclamation. Mitchel speaks of this extraordinary demonstration as never before exemplified. Wolfe Tone says : " To those who look beyond the surface, it was an interesting spectacle, and pregnant with material consequences, to see the Dissenter of the North drawing with his own hands the Catholic of the South in triumph through what may be denominated the Capital of Presbyterianism."

5.—" Brother ! we do not sorrow,  
We shall be free to-morrow : "

On the 20th July, 1798, William Michael Byrne and Oliver Bond were placed on trial for high treason and condemned to death. I quote Teeling's account of the prisoners' heroic attitude : " On hearing the verdict of the jury, Byrne turned to his friend, and grasping his hand with a look of triumph, he exclaimed, ' Bond ! we shall be free men to-morrow.' Even in those days of blood the court could not witness the scene unmoved."

The young and enthusiastic Byrne and Bond, the responsible man of commerce in the vigour of life, were not a little dissimilar. The tie that bound them proves that the Spirit of Brotherhood, kindled in earlier years, was still all-inspiring in the issue. Catholic and Protestant, clergymen and laymen, suffered death alike in the same cause ; the Religions were even united on the same scaffold.

It is significant to note in passing that the Catholics who made the bravest fight for the freedom of their Religion were those who joined hands with their Protestant fellow-

countrymen to fight for the freedom of their land. Wolfe Tone tells us in his diary how, before his journey to France, he consulted in Dublin, Keogh, the Catholic leader, and McCormack, his colleague, and how he received their most cordial approbation; further, how they laid the most positive injunctions on him to leave nothing unattempted to force his way to France, and lay the situation before the French Government.

The example of the Ulster Catholics is even more significant; the Teelings may be mentioned. An incident touching the father, Luke Teeling—given by Wolfe Tone in a report of a Catholic convention, illustrates Teeling's attitude on the religious ground. Questioning a certain weak paragraph in a statement of the Catholic claims, he said: "That he objected to this paragraph on the ground of its being limited in its demand!" The banner of Faith would not suffer in such hands. Subsequently, in the struggle for liberty, Luke Teeling's son, Bartholomew, was one among the many martyred patriots; he was executed with Wolfe Tone's brother, Mathew. Another of the Teelings, Charles, Bartholomew's brother, was proscribed, but lived to write a history of the Insurrection. The father, Luke, was imprisoned for four years.

For such men, Duty under God embraced the whole Truth; they who were strong to defend their Country were strong to serve their God: and it will ever be found thus; a weakling in one sphere will not prove a man of courage in another.

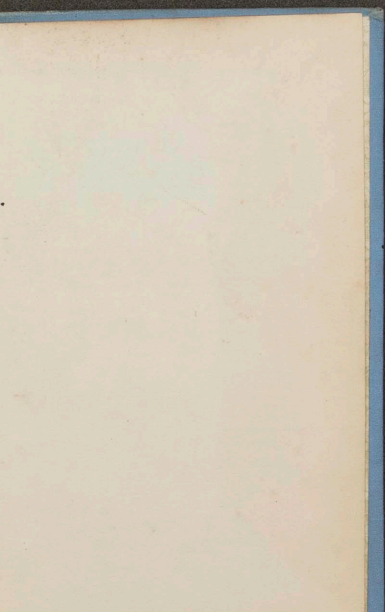
When, therefore, north of the Boyne, we think of the heroism of Protestant patriots, we do well also to remember northern Catholics who fought and fell for Freedom. And when, south of the Boyne, we pride ourselves on the grand endeavours of Catholic martyrs to Liberty, we should not forget their gallant Protestant brothers-in-arms, who shared in their victories and defeats. The Spirit that held men together through all the horrors of a losing campaign proved the union of Creeds to be no make-believe; and it is this spirit that will regenerate the Country.

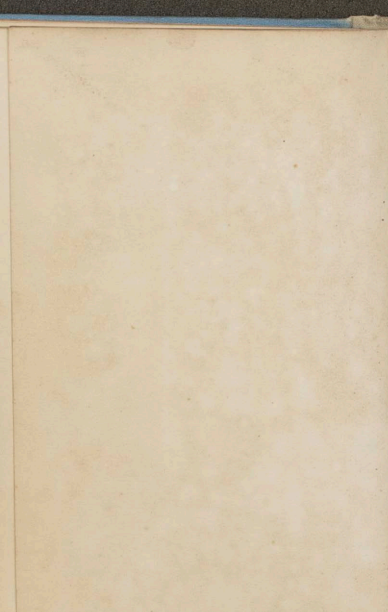
In conclusion, one matter may well be noted.

It has been represented, to minimize the importance of the general good-will amongst Irishmen in the '98 era, that only Dissenters and Catholics were drawn together through common grievances against the then Established Church. Evidence, therefore, may well be quoted as to the part taken by members of the Established Church in the fight for freedom. Teeling writes: "Harvey, Perry, Keugh, Grogan, Grey, and others conspicuous in the Wexford campaign, were conscientious members of the Established Church," and further: "We turn to the records of Ninety-eight, and there trace the most distinguished characters of the day, of every Christian Communion and Religious Creed, sinking the distinctive name of partisan or sectarian in the proud appellation of Irishman, and forming one great National bond of fraternal union."—Teeling, *Personal Narrative of the Irish Rebellion*.

The dream of Wolfe Tone was realised. In re-creating that union in our own day, we shall advance to the consummation of the hopes of the great-souled martyr to Irish Independence.









181747





