IRISH SONGS AND POEMS

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Irish Songs and Poems by Francis A. Fahy

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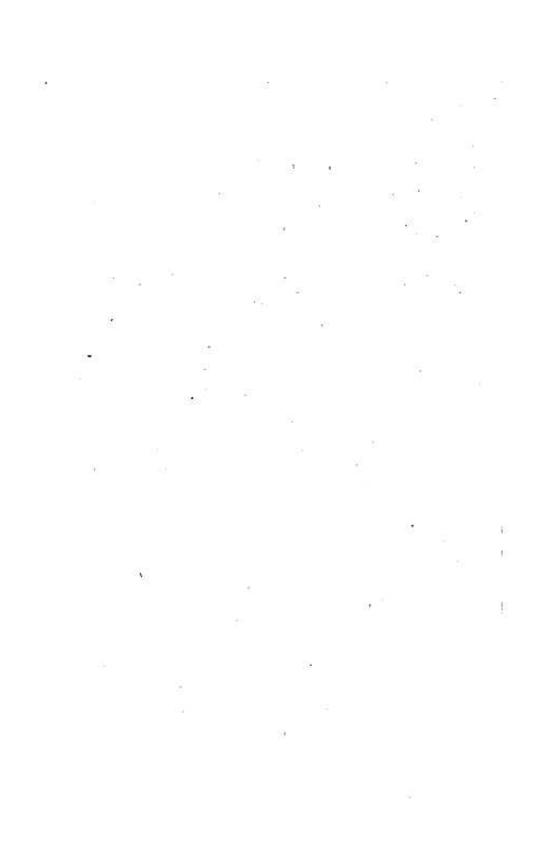
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FRANCIS A. FAHY

IRISH SONGS AND POEMS





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IRISH

SONGS AND POEMS

BY

FRANCIS A. FAHY

"Oneoilin"

M. H. GILL AND SON, O'CONNELL STREET LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL AND CO.

1887

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IRISH SONGS AND POEMS.

DREOILIN.

- My name is Dreoilin, I'm the smallest of all the birds.

 That pour forth their notes on Irish hill-side or in grove;
- Light is my song, though my thoughts are too deep for words,
 - My lay is of land, and of light, and of life, and love.
- I sing the high hope of a land that resurgent springs
 - From the dust and the tomb in the light of a newfound birth;
- Whose anthem of joy to the heart of the nations rings,
 - And wakes the glad voice of her children all o'er the earth.
- I sing the new light that, gleaming and dazzling, glows
 - On the brow of a race where sorrow long sat supreme;
- I sing the red tide that proudly and strongly flows Through pulses long chilled by slavery's darksome stream.

- I sing the deep love, the true and the tried, and strong, That, outlawed, decried, and banned, grew deeper and fonder still,
- That poured out its tribute vain in the ne'er-ending strife 'gainst wrong,
 - That lived through the woful years, that Death had no power to kill.
- Full blithe is my lay, yet not that I know not of grief,
 For oh! I have supped with pain and wept in the
 home of woe;
- And the visits that joy has made, few, few have they been and brief;
 - And the sorrow that aye abides, and the memory sad I know.
- I know where forgotten graves lie thick as the autumn leaves,
 - Piled heap on heap with the bones of the victims of famine's breath,
- Who gave up their all to fill the maws of the alien thieves,
 - Then flung themselves prone on earth, and cried for the face of Death.
- I know where, behind the walls of many a proud demesne,
 - Like roots of an old-time wood, with daisied earth mantled o'er,
- The stones of the village lie whose light shall ne'er shine again,
 - Whose echoes no more shall wake on land or on sea or shore.

I know where beneath the grass which the kine of the stranger graze,

And under the stealthy grasp of the silent-spreading moor,

The track of the furrow lies, the seed of the olden days, But weed-roots have choked the seed, and the furrow shall aye endure.

The rains, I know them all, from the dun of the chieftain old

To the hearth where but yester-eve love lit up its kindly blaze;

And, oh! could you see like me the shapes in the moonlight cold

That weep round the lonely walls, and from the wide portals gaze.

And sights have I seen to fill the eyes with unbidden tears,

To soften the heart of stone, to bring down the proud head low;

And sounds have I heard of woe, to live in the brain for years,

And wither the spring of joy in its passionate overflow.

I've seen the strong heart break 'neath the weight of a growing care,

And the brave spirit quail and sink, the spectre of want before,

And the home of delight and love grow dark with a grim despair,

By the ceaseless dread of the writ of the spoiler shadowed o'er.