

**MY SWORD FOR SARFIELD; A STORY
OF THE JACOBITE WAR IN IRELAND.
EDITED FROM THE MEMOIRS OF
PHELIM O'HARA, 1668-1750, A
COLONEL IN SARFIELD'S HORSE**

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My sword for Sarsfield; a story of the Jacobite war in Ireland. Edited from the memoirs of Phelim O'Hara, 1668-1750, a colonel in Sarsfield's Horse by Randal McDonnell

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RANDAL MCDONNELL

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MY SWORD FOR SARSFIELD

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN
WHEN CROMWELL CAME TO DROGHEDA
ARDNAREE
HOW THE STEAM ENGINE WORKS
HOW TO BECOME A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER
WITH THE QUEEN TO KILLARNEY
A STUDY IN STARLIGHT

~~My Sword~~

MY SWORD FOR SARFIELD

A Story of the Jacobite War in Ireland

EDITED FROM THE MEMOIRS OF PHELIM O'HARA
(1668-1750) A COLONEL IN SARFIELD'S HORSE

BY
RANDAL McDONNELL

"That majestic, stately, stainless Cavalier."

W. TEMPEST
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1920

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To my cousin, Kate Maxwell, of Ossining, New York,
Great grand-daughter of Theobald Wolfe Tone.

*From Cave-Hill's soaring peak I send you greeting,
The Lough burns blue across the summer air :
Here was the joy of Tone and Russell meeting,
While sad beyond Slieve-gullion's mist
The grave in old Kildare.*

*Close lies the city where the sisters parted ;
Look back through time and tears :
Has not their love deep-channelled and uncharted
Held its proud triumph through the hundred years ?*

*Linked by the ties of letters round me lying,
Linked by their love from whom our kinship came :
By bonds of blood : by memories undying
Of one immortal name.*

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MY SWORD FOR SARFIELD

CHAPTER I.

I cross the Shannon to join King James.

YOU have all heard of the O'Haras of Galway, one of the noblest (if I may say it) of the old Irish families, and the one to which I have the honour to belong. We used formerly to own half Connaught, but thanks to that ruffian, Cromwell, have only the estate near Tuam left, and a family that once lived like kings is now scattered over the four corners of the world.

That it was partly our own fault I am willing enough to allow, for we fought and died and lost our lands in the cause of the worthless Stuart race ; but when the Restoration came and stirred the great hope within us, they refused to give us back a single yard of the old property, and left us with only a

few old stony fields and scarcely enough grass upon them to satisfy an economic goat.

Later on, when King James came over and raised his standard at Kinsale, instead of staying quiet where we were, there was a general stampede for the Shannon to see who would be first across to die for our English king. Take my advice and never believe what those Protestant orators at College Green are always shouting about the disloyalty of the Irish race. I can speak at all events for the Catholic aristocracy, and where we lead the rest are sure to follow. Of course we all love Ireland best, but we take good care to let the world believe it's England we adore. When I come to die be sure and wrap my body in the Irish flag, but if it's a public funeral you're giving me to Dublin put the English flag across my coffin.

Well, in the year 1689, when the glorious news was brought to us in Connaught that King James had landed in Kinsale, I bid my friends in Tuam good-bye, and my dear mother stood at the doorstep in tears and