

IRISH LYRICS, SONGS & POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649031931

Irish Lyrics, Songs & Poems by T. C. S. Corry

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

T. C. S. CORRY

**IRISH LYRICS,
SONGS & POEMS**



AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

“The foreman paused, then to the judge a few brief words addressed:

(Page 28).



Irish Lyrics, Songs & Poems,

BY
T. C. S. CORRY, M.D.

SECOND EDITION.

Belfast :

J. Robb & Co., Booksellers,
Castle Place and Lombard Street, Belfast.

1884.
C. G.



Dedication.

TO

RICHARD R. MADDEN, Esq.,

F.R.C.S., ENG.; M.R.I.A.,

*AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES AND TIMES OF THE
UNITED IRISHMEN," AND OTHER WORKS,*

WHICH HAVE DISTINGUISHED HIM IN THE "WORLD OF
LITERATURE," AS A TRUE PATRIOT AND SCHOLAR,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
HIS SINCERE ADMIRER,

THOS. CHAS. S. CORRY.

P R E F A C E .

MANY of the trifles contained in the following pages were written during intervals of relaxation from professional duties, merely to fill up leisure moments, which might possibly have been more usefully employed ; while some were produced at the request of musical friends, who have honoured my lines by wedding them to very charming lyrical compositions. I am well aware of the responsibility incurred in placing this volume before the public ; but I trust critics will be indulgent, and that if they cannot conscientiously praise its contents, they will at least deal gently with the imperfections of my little collection of original verse.

THOS. CHAS. S. CORRY.

Belfast, 1879.



The Battle of Antrim :

A REMINISCENCE OF 1798.

On the 7th of June, 1798, the United Irishmen, under the command of a distinguished leader of the Confederation—Henry Joy M'Cracken, of Belfast—a man well educated, accomplished, and resolute, made an attempt to seize the town of Antrim, and thereby establish communications with the Counties of Down and Donegal, from both of which they expected large additions to their ranks. Antrim was at this time occupied by the 22nd Light Dragoons, Colonel Lumley commander, and the local yeomanry under Lord O'Neill. The insurgents moved towards the town in four columns and afterwards united, forming in the main street, where they were charged by Colonel Lumley's cavalry, which was successfully repulsed with heavy loss—Lord O'Neill being mortally wounded, and the Dragoons retreating in panic and confusion. Scarcely, however, had they proceeded a mile from the town when they were met by strong reinforcements from Blaris camp. Confidence being restored, they returned to the contest with overwhelming force. The United Irishmen fought with the utmost determination, and M'Cracken displayed great bravery on the occasion, but they were ultimately overpowered, with the loss of 500 men. M'Cracken and a few of the beaten insurgents took refuge among the Antrim mountains; he was, however, soon captured, brought a prisoner to Belfast, tried by court-martial, and ordered for immediate execution. The following account of his death is recorded by his sister :—“The time allowed him had now expired; about five p.m. he was ordered to the place of execution—the old market house—the ground of which had been given to the town by his great-great-grandfather. I took his arm, and we walked together to the

fatal spot. Harry begged I would go. Claspng my arms around him (I did not weep till then), I said I could bear anything but leaving him. Three times he kissed me, and entreated I would go, and fearing any further refusal would disturb the last moments of my dearest brother, I suffered myself to be led away. I was told afterwards that poor Harry stood when I left him and watched me till I was out of sight ; that he then attempted to speak to the people, but that the noise of the trampling of the horses was so great that it was impossible he could be heard ; that he then resigned himself to his fate, and the multitude who were present at that moment uttered cries which seemed more like one loud and long continued shriek than the expression of grief or terror on similar occasions. Preparations were made for immediate burial. I could not bear to think that no member of his family should accompany his remains, so I set out to follow them to the grave. I heard the first shovelful of earth that was thrown on the coffin, and I remember little else of what passed on that sad occasion. He was buried in the old churchyard, where St. George's Church now stands, and close to the corner of the School-house."

" Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illum'd by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame !"—*Moore.*

Part V.

Two' old, I still remember well the year of ninety-eight,
 When clouds of death obscured the land, and love gave place
 to hate ;
 When hostile bands throughout the isle swept like a fiery flood,
 And a crushed nation's tears of grief were changed to tears
 of blood.
 For centuries had Ireland groaned, bound by a foreign chain,
 Still her brave sons in sorrow yearned to have their rights again,
 And through the darkness that eclipsed the land which gave
 them birth,
 They sought for Freedom's star, to bless the fairest spot on earth.
 They rose ! but in an evil hour, for spies their secrets sold—

The traitors' hands were red with gore that clutched the
perjured gold—

They fell! no sculptured tombs point out the graves where
they are laid—

Some sleep beneath the dark green sward, some in the church-
yard's shade;

But from their martyred dust has sprung to be our shield
and pride,

The hallow'd Tree of Liberty, for which they bled and died.

My father held a little farm not far from broad Lough Neagh,
And mem'ry oft recalls again that bright but fatal day,

When pike and sword in deadly feud flashed in the noontide sun,
And Antrim's peaceful town beheld a battle lost and won.

Nature bedecked in gayest tints serenely smiled that morn,

And summer zephyrs gently fanned the fields of waving corn;

While fleecy smoke from many cots in curling columns rose—

Homes doomed to blaze with flames of war ere shades of
evening close.

Why beat the drums so hurriedly? what means the trumpet's
blast?

While all seems peace, why through the streets stand men with
fear aghast?

Why fades the rose on beauty's cheek? why do bright eyes
grow dim?

And children round their parents' knees start from the morning
hymn?

Peace reigns no more! Prepare for war! Your lives and homes
defend!

Oh, God! that man should raise his hand against his dearest
friend,

That civil strife, like venom'd snake, should seize and crush
to death

The purest instinct he receives from Him who gave him breath.

In rank and file, with pike and gun, four columns now are seen,