FP 3002

IRISH SONGS of resistance

5.95

THE GREAT REBELLION

- BOLD McDERMOTT ROE
- THE SHAN VAN VOCHT
- THE RISING OF THE MOON
- DUNLAVIN GREEN
- FATHER MURPHY
- FATHER MURPHY OF THE COUNTY WEXFORD
- SWEET COUNTY WEXFORD
- THE BOYS OF WEXFORD
- THE BOLD BELFAST SHOEMAKER
- GENERAL MONROE
- BILLY BYRNE OF BALLYMANUS
- THE RAMBLER FROM CLARE
- THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN
- THE CROPPY BOY
- BOLD ROBERT EMMET
- THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

Sung by

Wallace House

FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.

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Battle of Ross, "Come on Boys her mouth's stopt."

Foreword by Charles Edward Smith

"Come all ye and listen..."

The call of the street singer, that gave title to a broad genre from folksongs to music hall ditties, suggests the forceful role of the balladeer in Ireland's struggle for independence. Long before the 18th century, the poet-bard had an honored place in Irish history. "In Gaelic Ireland," writes Kathleen Hoagland, "the poet was a powerful official, and as time passed his powers and importance grew. Edmund Spenser, writing as late as 1596, said poets were 'held in so high regard and estimation...that none may displease them, for feare to runne into reproach through their offense, and be made infamous in the mouths of all men.'" (21)

"By the end of the 18th century," writes Miss Hoagland, "national poets and versifiers had begun to use English; the poetry of the people began to appear in English. And as Ireland's politics and poetry went hand in hand, popular ballads, songs and poems dropped from the lips of poets, good and bad, in as great abundance as snowflakes in a blizzard." (21)

The American War for Independence "gave the Anglo-Irish colony its chance to enforce (a) Freedom To Trade (1780), and (b) Legislative Independence (1782). This became known as Grattan's revolution after Henry Grattan whose zeal for the Volunteers had won him leadership of the Patriot Opposition in the Irish Parliament. In April 1780 Grattan moved a resolution denying the right of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland. At this time the Irish governing body, though its membership was largely that of an over-lordship subservient to England, could not claim for itself legislative independence. Grattan was for giving Catholics the vote--they constituted the majority in the South of Ireland--and the Volunteers, first conceived (by the English) as an alternative to troops occupied in America, became to a considerable extent a defensive Irish force and an agitational focal point for the Patriot opposition.

"In places, the ban upon Catholic entry into the Volunteers was disregarded. In Dublin, a popular small-proprietor and trader, James Napper Tandy, a Protestant democrat, whose championship of the Catholics on the Dublin Corporation had earned him the title of 'Tribune of the Plebs', got round the difficulty ingeniously. He formed a corps of Volunteer Artillery into which he recruited Catholic artisans freely, arguing that they could not be said to possess the cannon (which legally belonged to him as Treasurer) and still less to carry them. Tandy's humorous ingenuity was a joke enjoyed by all Ireland outside Dublin Castle...Parading at the celebration of William of Orange's birthday (Nov. 4) around his statue on College Green, Captain Napper Tandy's Artillery carried placards depending from the muzzles of their cannon reading: 'Free Trade; or else---!'" (19)

"One of the earliest champions of the 'colony' was Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), then Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. He joined in the protest against a flagrant job--the giving to an English iron-founder of the job of minting a new copper coinage for Ireland--and helped to work the agitation up to fever pitch.

"Writing ostensibly as a 'Drapier', Swift in his first Letter attacked the project on utilitarian grounds--adopting the (fallacious) popular belief that the currency of Ireland would be permanently debased. In his second Drapier's Letter, Swift attacked those who granted the patent on public grounds--that it was a 'job'. He excited so much agreement that the Dublin Parliament was forced to join in his protest. When the English Parliament scornfully refused to take notice of 'clamour', Swift in his Third Letter took patriotic ground and asked--would anyone in England dare so to describe a protest by both Houses of the English Parliament? 'Are not the Irish people, then, as free as the English? Is not their Parliament as representative?'

"This raised the issue from a squabble about the relative values of two brass farthings into a question whether the Irish Parliament did or did not possess the right to control and mint its own coinage. In his Fourth Letter, addressed to 'the whole people of Ireland', Swift took a definitely Nationalist ground:

"''Tis true indeed that within the memory of man the Parliaments of England have sometimes assumed the power of binding this Kingdom (Ireland) by laws enacted there, wherein they were first opposed openly (so far as Truth, Reason, and Justice are capable of opposing) by the famous Mr. Molyneux

an English gentleman born here, as well as by several of the greatest patriots and best whigs in England. But the love and torrent of power prevailed.

"'Indeed the arguments on both sides were invincible. For, in Reason, All government without the consent of the Governed is the very definition of slavery; but, in fact, eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt.'

"...Swift's A Modest Proposal, written a year later, openly identified the landlord class with England and stigmatized both jointly as the implacable enemy of Ireland. Swift's Nationalism was exclusively 'colonial'; but he cannot be denied his title of Father of Nationalism in Ireland. From the time of his Drapier's Letters a patriot opposition was never lacking in the Irish Parliament." (19)

"What the American Revolution was to Grattan and the Volunteers, the French Revolution was to the Society of United Irishmen (1791-1798) led by Theobald Wolfe Tone. The great achievement of the United Irishmen was that of combining Catholics and Protestants." (19)

"Two years before," Tone wrote in his Autobiography of the revolutionary period, "the nation was in lethargy...As the revolution advanced, and as events expanded themselves, the public spirit of Ireland rose with a rapid acceleration. The fears and animosities of the aristocracy rose in the same or in higher proportion. In a little time the French Revolution became the test of every man's political creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties, the Aristocrats and the Democrats...It is needless, I believe, to say I was a Democrat from the beginning." (19)

Asked to supply resolutions for a meeting to celebrate the second anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, Tone proposed that English influence was the country's great grievance, that it could best be opposed by Parliamentary reform, and that no reform would be just or efficacious which did not include the Catholics. Learning that this last point had met with opposition, Tone wrote a pamphlet titled: "An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland by a Northern Whig."

Religious prejudice was utilized unscrupulously prior to this period and, as was to be expected, colored some phases of the revolutionary decade itself, and was again made a condition of the moral environment subsequent to the death if Robert Emmet. Some histories of the revolt and of subsequent developments are saturated with it. Indeed, it has been speculated that without this destructive cancer, the chances for a United Ireland would be much better. Certainly the example of the United Irishmen commands the admiration of all who put human rights above the privileged "rights" of either majorities or minorities. The following remarks are from Tone's pamphlet:

"That they" (the Northern Dissenters) "and the Catholics had but one common interest and one common enemy; that the depression and slavery of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them; and that consequently to assert the independence of their country, and their own individual liberties it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and form for the first time but one people." (19)

Tone was called to Belfast (October, 1791) to help organize the Society of United Irishmen. Then he received an invitation from the Catholic Committee in Dublin to take up the post of salaried agent for that body. Reform was to Tone a means to a wider end:

"To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government; to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils; and to assert the independence of my country--these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishman in place of the denominations of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter--these were my means."

The United Irishmen, through their organ The Northern Star, edited by Samuel Nielson in Belfast, "gave a cordial welcome on their first appearance to Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Woman and Thomas Paine's The Age of Reason." (19)

Eventually the United Irishmen was declared illegal and Tone went into exile. But meanwhile the rights of Catholics, thanks in part to his efforts and the organizations with which he worked, had made some progress. More importantly, ground had been broken. The seeds of revolution had been planted.

Many of the grievances of the Irish sound poignantly familiar to students of America's Colonial period: the quartering of troops, taxation without representation, usurpation of property and restraint in the use of common lands, etc. etc. Nor did the Irish lack trained fighting men, trained, that is, in the mixture of military skirmish and guerilla warfare that took place. But, unlike the Americans, they were but a short distance from the ruling country and where the Americans had a sprawling vast country in which to harass their foes, the Irish had but an island and that intimately known to the military forces of their oppressor. Foreign help, the French, the Dutch, was promised but did not, in the end, materialize--though the French ships were off the Irish Coast. One can only begin to suggest the series of tragic events here involved. There is not a chapter in the history of the Revolution of 1797 but that makes the heart contract. Not only because of its nearness to England but because of its peculiarly English-biased aristocracy,--something apart from the common interests of the peoples of both countries--which was anti-democratic and often gave only lip-service to the cause of Ireland,--because of this ambiguity of the overlordship, the incidence and historical significance of informers was unusually high. Small wonder that the informer in Irish literature, is so often characterized in somber, mordant key--those that informed on a modern revolutionary, a Kevin Barry, say, being blood brother to the informers of the United Irishmen, whose leadership was arrested almost to a man, before the revolts were well under way. In Wexford, where the U.I. delegates escaped the swoop of the men come to take them, the revolt was most near success.

Since you will find accessible many accounts of the almost incredible brutality and destructiveness of the revolution, outrages attributed to both sides, often with overtones of religious prejudice, it is well to bear in mind the oppression under which the masses of people lived. Poverty and illiteracy were common; beggars were everywhere--not professional beggars but people in want. Those who acquired some learning, such as the "Croppy" priests, got it first of all from "hedgerow" teachers, education being, of course, denied the masses. This is a description of the situation in the Irish country-side in the spring of 1797:

"The whole East-Munster and South-Leinster area was ravaged by the North Cork militia, of evil notoriety--a corps whose officers and sergeants were all rabid Orangemen, who insituted new Orange Lodges in every place where they were quartered, and whose rank and file was composed mostly of debased "Castle Catholics." The magistrates of County Wexford were conspicuous for their Orange arrogance; and for the alacrity with which they instituted systematic flogging to extort confessions of concealed arms, and also the practice of burning down every cabin from which the inhabitants had fled in terror on hearing of their approach.

"One of these magistrates paraded his district at the head of a corps of yeomanry escorting a cart on which a flogging-triangle, a cat-o'-nine-tails, and a hangman's halter all decorated with orange ribbons were prominently displayed.

"So great was the terror excited by the nightly visitations of the magisterial parties, that whole villages were habitually deserted every nightfall. The villagers took refuge in the woods; preferring to risk the destruction of their homes rather than face torture by flogging and other barbarities." (19)

On April 25th the magistrates of the Northern Baronies met in Gorey and "declaring the county in a state of insurrection ordered all arms to be given up on pain of severe reprisals. The long-awaited rebellion began on the night of May 25th, "when signal fires were lit on the hills of Cor-

rigua and Boulavogue in answer to similar fires on the Wicklow hills...The men of Boulavogue, infuriated by the militia-persecution, had resolved to respond to the call. They waited in a body on their parish priest, Father John Murphy, and called upon him to lead them."

"Crop, croppy: As had been the case in England in 1640, a visible distinction between the idle rich and the working population was preserved by the fashion of the gentry for wearing their hair en queue, while workers and peasants wore theirs close-cropped. A 'Croppy' became the cant name for a rebel peasant and by extension for any United Irishman."

Patrick Galvin (20) notes that still another explantion of the term "croppy" derives from the fact that convicted felons--and any political action was a felony in Ireland--had their ears cropped, also that it has been referred to the "pitch-cap" torture applied to rebels, to the "democratic" hair-cut favoured by supporters of the French Revolution, and also to the ancient Gaelic Irish hair-style of a short square-cut bob with a fringe. "'Croppy,'" he concludes, "is a sort of linguistic cluster, uniting several strands of history in a single word."

* * * *

The following quotation--even though the writer has somewhat rigid ideas about people; it might be described as a mixture of prejudice, prejudgement and unconscious patronage--is most illuminating: "It was a very singular fact, that the outbreak of the Irish rebellion was preceded by a moral reformation in the peasantry--a strange preliminary to be followed by such consequences. For months before the explosion took place, intoxication was rarely observed, and men who had been habitually drunken, suddenly became reclaimed. The temper of the peasantry, naturally pugnacious, underwent a change; the fairs and markets were undisturbed by quarreling; and factions, who had been at feud for a century, smoked the pipe of peace together, and met at dance and waked without the customary interchange of broken heads. Another alteration in the demeanor of the peasantry was remarked. The deferential manner, with which they generally addressed their superiors, was no longer visible in their bearing; and occasionally, in ebriety or unguarded anger, they darkly hinted that a change in property and government was at hand." (8)

Writing in his "History of Ireland" (18) Sir James O'Connor states that a document by Wolfe Tone found on the Rev. William Jackson--whose arrest formed the basis of outlawing the U.I.--divided the Irish into three groups. These are somewhat arbitrary but, as generalization, no doubt have some bearing on the intrusion of religious issues into the uprising; bearing in mind, also, that the Catholics, specifically, as a group, were denied certain rights allowed others. The three classes noted by Wolfe Tone were "the Church Protestants, who were described to be in favour of England; the Dissenters who were said to be enlightened Republicans; the bulk of the population, the Catholics, who were stated to be in the lowest state of ignorance, and ready for any change, because no change could make them worse."

O'Connor continues: "In all this there was no religious motive, and the leading Catholics, lay and clerical, were almost unanimously opposed to the rebellion. (sic) But when, in the heat of conflict, the Catholic peasant faced the Protestant landlord and his Protestant aiders and abettors, a confusion was inevitable....The War took on many of the aspects of a religious war; its bitterness and excesses, indeed, were none the less because its origin or motives were not religious at all." (18)*

"Antiquity can no longer defend absurd and oppressive forms against the common sense and common interests of mankind. All government is acknowledged to originate from the people. We have no national Government. We are ruled by Englishmen and the servants of Englishmen." So stated the manifesto of the Dublin Society of United Irishmen (drafted by Tone), which also called for "an equal representation of all the people in Parliament," and "the equal distribution of the rights of man throughout all classes."

*It is of interest to note that the Secret Directory of the United Irishmen, in its leadership of Thomas Addis Emmet (brother of Robert Emmet), Arthur O'Connor and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, represented in their persons the Irish background--old Gaelic, Norman-Irish and the planted English-Irish. In the crucial Spring of 1798, Thomas Addis Emmet and O'Connor were arrested, leaving the "Directorate" in the hand of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. With John and Henry Sheares--whose republicanism had been stimulated by Paine and the French Revolution--and William Lawless, son of a merchant-peer, a new Directorate was formed.

"It has been observed, that the year 1797 was one rather of preparation than of incident. The exertions of Lord Edward Fitzgerald were unceasing, and one of his modes of proceeding was not generally known. Whoever has traversed the county of Kildare, as I have done, must have been struck with the great number of ball-courts, or the remains of them, still to be found in every part of that district. Ball-playing was, at the time, a favourite amusement with the young men of Kildare, as hurling is in other countries. Lord Edward took advantage of this, and found means to have these ball-courts erected--and here, under pretext of enjoying a harmless amusement, the men of the vicinity assembled, without creating any suspicion; the young to play, the elders to deliberate, and promote general organization." (8)

With the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who later died of wounds, the torch of rebellion passed to other hands. (Lord Edward's dramatic life combine human warmth, romantic adventures, high ideals and high tragedy. One of the best known biographies is that by Thomas Moore.) The arrest of Lord Edward had been affected on May 19, 1798. Maxwell (8) quotes Musgrave as stating: "For some nights previous to the 23rd of May, fires were seen on the Wicklow Mountains, whose luminous appearance by night, and whose smoke by day, served as signals to the disaffected in the metropolis, and in all the adjacent country. The same practice took place on all the mountains which extend from the Scalp in the county of Wicklow, to Mount Leinster in the county of Wexford."

Musgrave questioned the wisdom of such displays, which also allowed the enemy to be aware of the immininence of rebellion. The answer to that was ready to hand. The Irish numbered some 4,500,000 people in an area of about 32,000 square miles. Pitt's secret service had been highly successful in planting secret agents. Rebel lines of communication, the U.I., etc., had been almost hopelessly fouled up and revolutionary messages were sometimes conveyed in the code of song, as happened with the use of spirituals in the history of the Underground Railroad in the United States. Few words in print or in speech could hope to reach the people. An occasionally pointed reference in song might and the fires of Wicklow and Wexford, gave a warmth far beyond their flames and, whatever meagre messages they may have conveyed, they served a deeper, if unannounced purpose, they gave heart to the people.

"Even the lamp-lighters," Maxwell writes (8) "lent their assistance--and darkness was prearranged to assist--as it would do most effectively--a sudden outburst, by neutralizing the advantages which daylight secures to disciplined troops in a conflict with fierce but tumultary assailants."

The stoppage of the mail-coaches was to be the signal for the general rising. "On the evening of the 23rd, at Santry, the Belfast mail was burned--the Limerick stopped on the Curragh of Kildare, and both guard and coachman murdered--the Athlone coach was destroyed at Lucan, and the Cork mail at Naas."

"In the awful presence of God, I,...do voluntarily declare that I will persevere in endeavoring to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and that I will also persevere in my endeavors to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland. I do further declare, that neither hopes, fears, rewards, or punishments shall ever induce me, directly or indirectly, to inform or give evidence against any member or members of this or similar societies, for any expression of theirs, done or made collectively or individually in or out of this society, in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation."--revised oath of United Irishmen, 1796. (It was, of course, unlawful to take the oath. Thomas Addis Emmet, a barrister, was once defending in court some persons so charged. In the course of his defense he is said to have stunned the Court, by himself taking the oath, then and there, publicly. In that way, according to this anecdote, he became not merely in sympathy but in fact a United Irishman.)

"Ireland's Gaelic poetry," writes Kathleen Hoagland (21), "gradually disappeared from the halls of aristocracy and found a loving, though lowly, home among the people." This rich folk tradition in Gaelic is, indeed, the basis of Irish folksong. The melodies bridged the languages and the cadence came over to give to many Irish songs the deep rhythmic accents,that are more than lilts. Some American folksongs were first Gaelic, then Irish, and later Irish-American, with perhaps different sets of words each time.

A great many Irish folksongs, particularly of the period to which this long-play set relates--the Revolution of 1797 and Emmet's ill-starred uprising of 1803--deal, as Patrick Galvin puts it, (20) with "either anonymous reports of actual events, or else epic appeals to nationhood and love of liberty." As with our own fruitful periods of patriotic balladry--Colonial, Revolution, War of 1812*--both professional men of letters and folk balladeers are the creators, and it is not always possible to know who wrote what.

"Ireland's national songs," says Patrick Galvin, "are doubly unique. For one thing, the tradition of writing ballads, of selling broadsheets and singing ballads at street-corners or in the market place, has never died out in Ireland; it is still a living tradition to this very day. In addition, the fact that this tradition has been alive continuously for a score of generations means that Ireland's songs reflect Ireland's history with a fidelity probably unparalleled in the world.

"The Irish people have kept these songs alive because they represented and expressed the people's own powerful and legitimate emotions and desires. At the same time the songs helped to direct and canalize action in support of those desires. The songs are an integral part of Irish history...They may be heroic, bitter, savage, sarcastic or naive. Most of them are to be grouped broadly into the two categories of rallying-cry and lament; many have both elements. The majority use narrative or part-narrative techniques.

"Even Irish love-songs fall largely under the same headings. Most are laments; some are rallying-cries; some are actually 'code' songs in which a woman's name is understood to personify the nation; almost all of them teem with social and historical content, even when they are not directly 'political'."

*** see Folkways Records Albums :**
FP 5000 Songs of the Colonial Times sung by Pete Seeger
FP 5001 Revolutionary Ballads sung by Wallace House
FP 5002 War of 1812 Ballads sung by Wallace House

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The following list of books represents the major sources from which the songs, notes, and illustrations have been compiled. The songs have been arranged as far as possible in chronological sequence, and the notes summarize the historical events on which the songs are based. Direct quotations are used wherever possible, and the source of these quotations is indicated by figures in brackets which correspond with the titles on this list.

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Background and notes by Edith Fowke

"English kings had begun the military conquest of Ireland as far back as the twelfth century, and by dint of many efforts and much bloodshed they had eventually brought it into political subjection. Nevertheless the majority of Irishmen remained Catholic in religion and 'foreign' to Englishmen. Attempts to force the conversion of the mass of the natives to the Anglican Church which Queen Elizabeth established as the Church of Ireland proved fruitless, and the natives were ever evincing sympathy for foreign foes of England--for Spain or for France. In the seventeenth century they fought for Charles I and James II against the triumphant Puritans and the champions of the 'Glorious Revolution.'

"To curb the Catholic natives, successive British rulers--James I, Cromwell, and William III--settled Protestant Englishmen and Scots in northern Ireland (Ulster), and transferred large landed estates throughout the island to the loyal Protestant noblemen. In Ireland as well as in Scotland, there had long been an aristocratic local parliament, but since the close of the fifteenth century enactments of the Irish parliament to be valid had to be approved by the English Privy Council, and the disbarment of Catholics from it meant that the Irish Parliament from the middle of the seventeenth century was dominated by an even narrower oligarchy of noblemen and gentlemen than that which dominated the British Parliament." (15)

<u>The American Revolution</u>

"The first ray of hope came to Ireland from the west--from that America which has given a home to so many an exile from Erin. The withdrawal of English troops left the coast of Ireland unprotected against the depredations of Paul Jones and American privateers. To guard their property the gentry of Down and Antrim began to drill their servants and laborers. The example was imitated far and wide and, before either people or government grasped the significance of what was taking place, Ulster had several thousand volunteers banded together for the defence of the country. For the first time since the capitulation at Limerick Ireland had an army of her own. Belfast was the birthplace of the idea and 1779 was the year. The volunteers furnished their uniforms and the government against its will supplied the arms. Protestants officered the organization but Catholics joined it in large numbers. Soon the force numbered 100,000 men.

"So large a body of men, armed and disciplined for combat, could not but be politically self-conscious. The example of America was before their eyes, freedom was in the spirit of the times. The Volunteers met and passed resolutions in favor of legislative independence and free trade. The effect on the English was immediate. Fearful of rebellion, the legislators passed an act of renunciation, acknowledging Ireland's right to make her own laws." (5)

The French Revolution

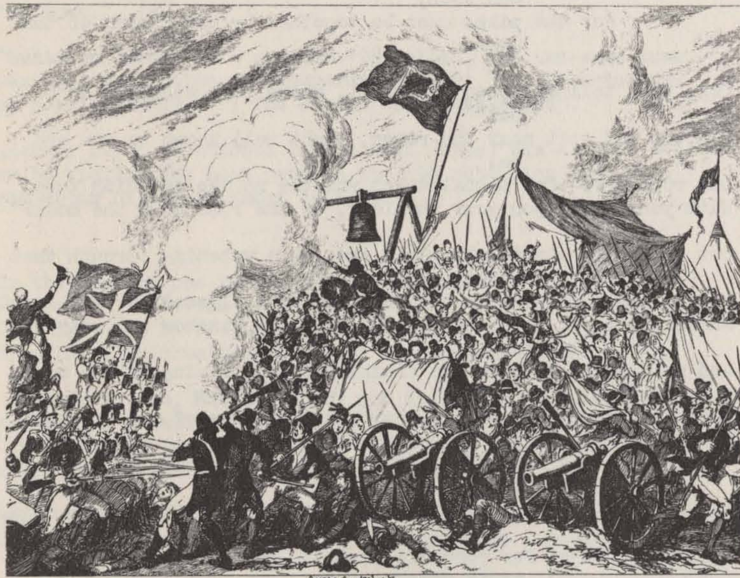
That was in 1782. Other concession were also made: the Test Act which made conformity with the Established Church a condition of civic fitness was repealed in 1778; in 1782 an act was passed permitting Catholics to buy and sell land; and in 1793 the Catholics were given the franchise. However, reforms came very slowly, and with the example of the French Revolution before their eyes, the Irish were growing impatient.

"Disappointed in their hopes, many of the Volunteers joined secret societies. The more idealistic hailed the outbreak of the French Revolution as the dawn of the world's freedom. The Belfast Whigs celebrated the fall of the Bastille with processions; banquets were held and men drank to the National Assembly and the Rights of Man." (5)

Such was the atmosphere in which the Society of United Irishmen was founded in 1791. Started by Ulster Protestants, among whom Napper Tandy and Wolfe Tone were leading spirits, its aim was to secure needed constitutional reforms by uniting both Protestant and Catholic Irishmen.

The idea caught on, and the membership grew so large that the government became alarmed. An old law that made taking or administering an oath in a secret society a capital offence was invoked against the United Irishmen, and the society went underground.

By 1793 the original goal of constitutional reform had given way to the goal of a free and independent Ireland, and to that end the United Irishmen entered into negotiations with France.



SIDE I, Band 1. BOLD MCDERMOTT ROE

The lot of the Irish peasants was so hard that in 1761 Bishop Berkley doubted "whether there be upon earth any Christian or civilized people so beggarly, wretched, or destitute". Most of the peasants lived by growing potatoes on small plots of land. Since tilled land was subject to tithes for the support of the state church while grazing land was exempt, the landlords constantly tended to reduce the land under tillage. Even the common lands upon which the people had pastured their cows for centuries were invaded by the landlords and their agents.

With no legal means of redress, the Irish formed secret societies and attempted to take justice into their own hands. "The enclosure of the common land was one of the principal causes of the Whiteboy outrages in Waterford, Cork, Limerick, and Tipperary. Wearing a white shirt over their clothing, these ministers of popular vengeance would descend by night upon a district, tear down the newly erected fence--hence their name of 'Levelers'--and leave warning letters at the doors of wrong-doing landlords...The Right Boys waged war on the tithe jobbers, agents, and middlemen. In vain the priests denounced them from the pulpit. Terrible crimes were committed. The Steel Boys conspired against the Marquis of Donegal, a rack-renter and a profligate. The Heart of Oak Boys were aroused to action by the ordinance which exacted six days' road-mending a year." (5)

The righting of social injustice was the main object of the secret societies, but since the peasants were Catholic and the landowners largely Protestant, some of the organizations had a strong religious bias. The Catholic Defenders fought many battles with the Protestant Peep-of-Day Boys, and in 1795 the Orange Lodge was founded to drive the Catholics out of Ulster.

The details of the ballad of "Bold McDermott Roe" may not be strictly accurate, but the general pattern is typical of many clashes between Catholic and Protestant, peasant and landlord, in the years immediately preceding 1798. While most of the Catholic Defenders were impoverished peasants, their leaders were frequently landed gentry who took up their cause for patriotic motives.

Come all you wild young gentlemen so reckless and so bold,
My hardships and my miseries I'm going to unfold.
McDermott Roe it is my name, a man of birth well known,
And by my wicked follies to destruction I was prone.

I headed the Defenders as their captain, 'tis the truth;
In the County of Roscommon I was called the undaunted youth.
One thousand men at my command, no rent I'd let be paid,
For to face an army I was brought, and of them was not afraid.

Part of my men being taken, I swore I'd rescue them with speed,
Like Hector bold I ventured, but in it did not succeed.
I fought as brave as any, till half my face was shot away,
Nor did I turn a traitor, or from my brave boys run away.

So McDermott Roe was taken and laid in Roscommon gaol,
Although my friends were rich and great, for me they'd take
no bail.
Twice I was at assizes tried, and each time guilty found,
But yet they dare not hang me for fear of the country round.

There are numbers in the country would shed salt tears for me,
Would venture life and limb to save me from the gallows tree.
Farewell, dear honored father, you've thousands lost by me,
Your trouble grieves me more than going to face the gallows
tree.

To Dublin I was brought to hang upon the gallows tree,
'Tis little thought I at the time of my nativity.
My father was a gentleman and my mother a lady gay,
One thousand was her fortune upon her wedding day.

There were estated gentlemen that do belong to me,
And did I lead a sober life it's hanged I ne'er would be.
To back the poor against the rich with them did not agree,
And so McDermott Roe must die in shame and misery.

SIDE I, Band 2. THE SHAN VAN VOGHT

"Wolf Tone succeeded in inducing the French government to assist in the establishment of an Irish republic. In December, 1796, 45 ships set sail from Brest with 10,000 soldiers on board, bound for Bantry Bay. Hoche was in command, with Grouchy for second, and Wolfe Tone as adjutant-general. Hope ran high in Ireland. The Isle of Destiny was to be free once more. Celt and Frenchman were to drive the Saxon before them. Some Irishman whose name has been forgotten crystallized the expectancy of the hour in the song of 'The Shan Van Vocht"--'The Poor Old Woman', yet another endearing, pitiful name for Erin...

"But the same hard fate which, a hundred years earlier, delayed the French fleet until Sarsfield had signed the capitulation of Limerick, was against the Irish once more. For a whole month the French fleet was buffeted by the storm, scattered hither and thither. At last seventeen vessels made their way into Bantry Bay. The French soldiers were eager to land, but the commander was either cautious or fearful, and, after a week of waiting, he weighed anchor and sailed away." (5)

"Shan Van Voght" is a simplification of the Irish Gaelic, "Sean Bhean Bhocht".

"The Curragh of Kildare", where the French were to have their camp, is a 5,000-acre expanse of pastureland southwest of Dublin in central Ireland--a region now famous as the site of the Irish Derby.

The yeomen (sometimes simply called "Yeos") were Irish farmers and small land-owners who had been enlisted in volunteer defense companies to reinforce the Irish militia. By 1798 the yeomanry force exceeded 50,000 men, but in certain companies a high proportion of the volunteers deserted to the rebels.

"Oh! the French are on the sea,"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"The French are on the sea,"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

"And will Ireland then be free?"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"Will Ireland then be free?"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
"Yes, Ireland shall be free
From the centre to the sea,
Then hurrah for liberty!"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

"And where will they have their camp?"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"Where will they have their camp?"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
"On the Curragh of Kildare,
And the Boys will all be there
With their pikes in good repair,"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

"Then what will the Yeomen do?"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"What will the Yeomen do?"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
What should the Yeomen do
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Voght.

"And what color will they wear?"
Says the Shan Van Voght;
"What color will they wear?"
Says the Shan Van Voght.
"What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been
But our own immortal green?"
Says the Shan Van Voght.

SIDE I, Band 3. THE RISING OF THE MOON

"After the failure of the French expedition the people suffered the miseries of an Insurrection Act. An irregular soldiery was billeted on the peasants; whipping, half-hanging, all manner of cruelty, were practiced on suspected persons to make them reveal the details of the intended rebellion...

"During the whole of 1796 Ireland was pracically in a state of rebellion. In Ulster General Lake declared martial law and attempted to disarm the people. Committees of the United Irishmen were arrested at Belfast; the yeomanry was called out; militia regiments were sent over from England. The lower classes, Catholic and Protestant, waged a war of outrage upon one another. People were hiding guns and pikes in the bogs in readiness for a general uprising. The spirit of the hour has been vividly imagined by John Keegan Casey in 'The Rising of the Moon'." (5)

John Keegan Casey (1846-1870) was an Irish poet who died young. "The Rising of the Moon" has assured his fame, for the phrase has become almost proverbial as a synonym for an Irish rebellion. Lady Gregory has written a play under the same title.

Over sixty years had elapsed since the rebellion when Mr. Casey wrote; but its memories were still vivid. His song has been widely sung in Ireland, both to this tune and to another which omits the refrain.

"Oh, then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, tell me why you hurry so?"
"Hush, a bhuachaill, hush and listen," and his cheeks were all a-glow.
"I bear orders from the Captain, get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon."

By the rising of the moon, by the rising of the moon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.
I bear orders from the Captain, get you ready quick and soon,
For the pikes must be together by the rising of the moon.

"Oh, then tell me, Sean O'Farrell, where the gathering is to be?"
"In the old spot near the river, right well known to you and me.
One word more--for signal token whistle up the marching tune,
With your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the moon."

Out from many a mud-wall cabin eyes were watching through that night,
Many a manly breast was throbbing for the blessed warning light,
Murmurs passed along the valleys like the banshee's lonely croon,
And a thousand blades were flashing by the rising of the moon.

There beside the singing river that dark mass of men was seen,
Far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved green.
"Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the marching tune,
And hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'Tis the rising of the moon."

Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was their fate--
(Oh, what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of Ninety-Eight!)--
Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood's burning noon
Who would follow in their footsteps at the rising of the moon!

SIDE I, Band 4. DUNLAVIN GREEN

In March, 1798, acting on information received from a traitor, Reynolds, the English government arrested many of the leaders of the United Irishmen, and immediately declared martial law. "The most frightful atrocities were committed by the troops under its shelter for the purpose avowed by Lord Castlereagh himself, 'to cause a premature rebellion'...So dreadful was the conduct of the troops that their commander-in-chief, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, unable to stomach them any longer, resigned. 'Within these twelve months,' he writes, 'every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks and Calmucks has been transacted here'." (7)

A new French expedition was expected, but whether the French came or not the people could hold out no longer. The uprising was set for May 23, and the signal was to be the stopping of the mail coaches from Dublin. A few days before that date Lord Edward Fitzgerald and the two Sheares, the most prominent leaders left after the March arrests, were betrayed by informers.

During the troubled week preceding the outbreak, Captain Saunders of the Saunders-Grove Corps in Wicklow received a hint that some of his yeomen had joined the rebel movement. On May 22 he called a full parade and urged those who were guilty to come forward. Disturbed by the loss of their leaders and by the knowledge that they had been betrayed, about twenty of them advanced and confessed that they had taken the oath of the United Irishmen. They were immediately conveyed as prisoners to Dunlavin (a town on the border between Wicklow and Dublin counties), and were shot two days later when the rebellion broke out.

Even the pro-loyalist, Sir Richard Musgrave, was driven to apologize for the incident: "The officials, having conferred for some time, were of the opinion that some of the yeomen, who had been dismarmed and were at that time in prison for being notorious traitors, should be shot. Nineteen therefore of the Saunders-grove corps, and nine of the Narromore, were immediately led out and suffered death. It may be said, in excuse for this act of severe and summary justice, that they would have joined the numerous bodies of rebels who were moving round, and at that time threatened the town." (9)

"Dunlavin Green" is a genuine '98 ballad, and the same tune was used for another contemporary ballad: "The Lamentations of Patrick Brady, or, The Heroes of Ninety-Eight".

Michael Dwyer (mentioned in the last verse) was a rebel leader in Wicklow who took part in the '98 rebellion and was a companion of Robert Emmet in 1803.

In the year of one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight
A sorrowful tale the truth unto you I'll relate--
Of thirty-six heroes to the world were left to be seen,
By a false information were shot on Dunlavin Green.

Bad luck to you, Saunders, for you did their live betray;
You said a parade would be held on that very day,
Our drums they did rattle--our fifes they did sweetly play;
Surrounded we were and privately marched away.

Quite easy they led us as prisoners through the town,
To be slaughtered on the plain, we then were forced to kneel down,
Such grief and such sorrow were never before there seen,
When the blood ran in streams down the dykes of Dunlavin Green.

There is young Matty Farrell, has plenty of cause to complain,
Also the two Duffys, who were shot down on the plain,
And young Andy Ryan, his mother distracted will run
For her own brave boy, her beloved eldest son.

Bad luck to you, Saunders, bad luck may you never shun!
That the widow's curse may melt you like snow in the sun,
The cries of the orphans whose murmurs you cannot screen,
For the murder of their dear fathers on Dunlavin Green.

Some of our boys to the hills they were going away,
Some of them are shot, and some of them going to sea;
Micky Dwyer in the mountains to Saunders he owes a spleen,
For his loyal brothers, who were shot on Dunlavin Green.

SIDE I, Band 5. INTRODUCTION TO THE WAR IN WEXFORD

"It is a strange fact that the insurrection was at its most widespread and formidable in the County Wexford, which was to a large extent populated with former immigrants from western England and Brabant, and was one of the least Gaelic counties in the island. It was a tale of pikes against artillery, of desperate courage against discipline and arms." (6)

The County Wexford lies in the southeast corner of Ireland, and is divided into three baronies: Wexford, Forth, and Shelmalier. The Wicklow Mountains run along its northern boundary, and the Slaney River flows through it. Wicklow, Rathdrum, Arklow, Gorey, Enniscorthy, and Wexford are all small market towns forming a chain within ten miles or so of the east coast. The region has many hills, and several of these played an important part in the campaign: Three Rocks and Windmill Hill near Wexford, Corrigrua near Gorey, and Vinegar Hill near Enniscorthy. Others mentioned include Slieve Beag and Slieve Coiltha--"Slieve" or "Sleabh" is the Gaelic word for mountain.

Among the leaders of the Wexford rebels were two priests: Father John Murphy, coadjutor-priest of Boulavogue, and Father Michael Murphy, curate of Ballycanew. As the parish of Boulavogue was in the Shelmalier district just west of the Slaney, Father Murphy's followers were sometimes called Shelmaliers.

One of the rebel leaders, Myles Byrne (brother of the "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus" whose story is told on Side II, Band 3), gave this account of the beginning of the Wexford campaign: "Father John Murphy, seeing his chapel and his home, like many others of the parish, on fire, and in several of them the inhabitants consumed in the flames...betook himself to the next wood, where he was soon surrounded by the unfortunate people who had escaped, all came beseeching his Reverence to tell them what was to become of them and their poor families. He answered them abruptly that they had better die courageously in the field than be butchered in their houses; that for his own part, if he had any brave men to join him, he was resolved to sell his life dearly and prove to those cruel monsters that they should not continue their murders and devastations with impunity. All answered and cried out that they were determined to do whatever he ordered. 'Well, then,' he replied, 'we must when night comes, get armed the best way we can, with pitchforks and other weapons, and attack the Camolin yeomen cavalry on their way back to Mountmorris, where they will return to pass the night after satisfying their savage rage on the defenceless country people.'" (7)

On the 26th of May fires lighted on the hills of Corrigrua and Boulavogue gave the signal for the rising. Then Father Murphy's plan was put into operation: the rebels met a party of Camolin Cavalry at a place called the Harrow, defeated them, killed their commander, Lieut. Bookey, and captured a fair supply of arms to supplement their pitchforks.

"The following day, Whit Sunday, he won a great victory with his pikemen on Oulart Hill, and followed it with the capture in quick succession of Camolin, Ferns, Enniscrothy, and Wexford. In a few days the whole southeastern country was in the hands of the insurgents, except Duncannon Fort and New Ross.

"They had three encampments, one at Three Rocks, one seven miles west of Gorey, and one at Vinegar Hill, just outside Enniscorthy. An attempt was made on New Ross on the 5th of June but it failed after desperate fighting and severe losses on both sides. A few days later Gorey and Carnew were captured, and the way to Arklow lay open. This town was assaulted on the 9th of June, but by this time strong reinforcements had been sent to the military from Dublin. The battle lasted from four in the morning until late at night, but the deat of Father Michael Murphy, charing bravely at the head of his column, turned what was on the point of being a success into a defeat.

"The government made a huge effort to stamp out the flames, and General Lake, who had succeeded Abercrombie as commander-in-chief, took the field in person. On June 21st the insurgents were attacked by overwhelming forces and defeated at their last stronghold in Vinegar Hill." (7)

Contemporary Description of the "Boys of Wexford"

"The Wexfordmen who composed this army averaged six feet, lathy and bony, rather long oval features, very good-looking generally, brown-haired, felt flower-pot hats, gray frieze swallow-tailed coats, brown mohair vests, double-breasted; frieze or corduroy knee breeches, blue or green garters, pepper-and-salt stockings, shoes with a buckle on the outside and in front of ankle, brass buttons, that are nearly out of fashion now unless in wild districts. Some of them had trustys, or cotha mores, made of frieze, of a peculiar shape, and white ivory buttons. I saw some of those coats; if they were not very handsome, they were very comfortable. These poor men carried raw wheat in their pockets as provisions, and it was buried with them in Mountainstown and Raffan, and the following season it grew out of the graves and renewed itself for the second year. I think that this much was never published. It is traditionary, but I am sure as I live, 'tis true..." (14)

SIDE I, Band 5. FATHER MURPHY.

This ballad probably dates from 1798 or soon after. The tune is very old, and was collected by Dr. Joyce under the title "In Deepest Sorrow I Think of Home".

The details in the song are historically accurate as far as they can be checked. The "hundred Corkmen" referred to in the second verse is no exaggeration: on May 27, Col. Foote commanding 110 men of the North Cork Militia attacked the rebels at Oulart Hill, and "the Corkmen" were defeated so thoroughly that only five of them escaped alive. The battle of Tubberneering (described in verses five and six) was another great victory for the rebels. On June 4, when the government forces sought to surround them on Corrigrua, they ambushed and destroyed the army led by Col. Walpole at a narrow pass. The remnant of Walpole's army retreated in confusion to Gorey, and the government forces then withdrew to Wicklow and finally to Arklow.

"British Fencibles" (in verse six) refers to the infantry, and "Ancient Britons" (in "Scout County Wexford") was the name of one of their cavalry companies. Hessians (in the last verse) refers to the mercenary German soldiers who served with the British army.

Kyan (in verse six) was Captain Esmond Kyan who commanded the rebel artillery. He was wounded in the battle of Arklow. "With true Hibernian humor Kyan remarked when his artificial arm was taken off by a cannon-shot, 'My loose timbers are flying--God bless the mark!--and now for the right arm of the British line'." (11)

Two descriptions of Father Murphy have been preserved: "He was about forty-five years old, light-complexioned, bald-pated, and about five feet nine inches high, well made, uniting strength with agility. He was exceedingly irascible, and when in a passion had somewhat the aspect of a tiger." (9)

"Father John was rather under than over the ordinary stature of his countrymen, but borad-chested and strong-limbed, of remarkable activity as well as strength. His complexion was florid, his features rather handsome, but their beauty lay more in the expression than in the shape. His white forehead rose over bright blue eyes, which, though they usually beamed with a cheerful smile, could at times flash forth a glance that indicated the fiery intrepid soul which in a just cause defies danger, and boldly confronts death itself. To personal advantages he united a most determined spirit, and a power, invaluable in a leader, of inspiring confidence into his followers." (14)

Come all you warriors and renowned nobles,
Give ear unto my warlike theme,
And I will sing you how Father Murphy
Lately aroused from his sleepy dream.
Sure Julius Caesar and Alexander
Nor brave King Arthur ever equalled him,
For armies formidable he did conquer
Tho' with two gunmen he did begin.

Camolin cavalry he did unhorse them,
Their first lieutenant he cut them down,
With shattered ranks, and with broken columns,
They soon returned to Camolin Town.
On the hill of Oulart he displayed his valor,
Where a hundred Corkmen lay on the plain;
At Enniscorthy his sword he wielded,
And I hope to see him once more again.

When Enniscorthy became subject to him,
'Twas then to Wexford we marched our men,
And on the Three Rocks took up our quarters,
Waiting for daylight the town to win.
The loyal townsmen gave their assistance,
"We'll die or conquer," they all did say;
The yeomen cavalry made no resistance,
For on the pavement their corpses lay.

With drums a-beating the town did echo,
And acclamations came from door to door;
On the Windmill Hill we pitched our tents,
And we drank like heroes, but paid no score.
On Carraig Rua for some time we waited,
And next to Gorey we did repair,
At Tubberneering we thought no harm,
The bloody army was waiting there.

The issue of it was a close engagement,
While on the soldiers we played warlike pranks;
Thro' sheepwalks, hedgerows, and shady thickets,
There were mangled bodies and broken ranks.
The shuddering cavalry I can't forget them;
We raised the brushes on their helmets straight--
They turned about, and they bid for Dublin,
As if they ran for a ten-pound plate.

Some crossed Donnybrook and more through Blackrock,
And some up Shankill without wound or flaw,
And if Barry Lawless be not a liar,
There's more went groaning up Luggelaw.
To the Windmill Hill of Enniscorthy,
The British Fencibles they fled like deers;
But our ranks were tattered, and sorely scattered,
By the loss of Kyan and the Shelmaliers.

The streets of England were left quite naked
Of all its army both foot and horse;
The Highlands of Scotland were left unguarded,
Likewise the Hessians the seas they crossed.
But if the Frenchmen had reinforced us,

And landed transports in Bagenbun,
Father John Murphy would be their seconder,
And sixteen thousand with him would come.

Success attend the sweet County Wexford
Three off its yoke and to battle run;
Let them not think we gave up our arms
For every man has a pike and gun.

SIDE I, Band 6. FATHER MURPHY OF THE COUNTY WEXFORD

The words of this song are credited to Patrick Joseph McCall (1861-1919), but they are based on an older ballad that dates from '98. The tune, which is traditional, was collected by Dr. Joyce. The song is sometimes called "Boolavogue", and is often sung to another tune which was previously used for "Youghal Harbor".

Following the dispersal of the rebels at Vinegar Hill on June 21st, Father John Murphy led a group through the Scullagh Gap into Kilkenny. On June 26th they were attacked by a strong royalist force at Kilcomney Hill and forced to flee in disorder. Father Murphy was missing after this engagement, and there is some uncertainty about his fate. However, one account tends to confirm the ballad story:

"Father John Murphy, who fled from the field of battle, was taken at an ale-house by three yeomen and led a prisoner to Tullow, the headquarters of Sir James Duff. He was introduced into a room where the general and other officers were sitting. Major Hall having asked him some questions which gave offence, in a violent rage the priest made a blow of his fist at the major, which would have knocked him down, but that he warded it off with his arm. On searching him, in his pockets his vestments were found, with some letters from Mrs. Richards and other ladies, prisoners at Wexford, imploring him to save the lives of their husbands and relations. He was hanged on the same day--his body was burned --and his head fixed on the market-house." (9)

At Boolavogue, as the sun was setting
O'er the green meadows of Shelmalier,
A rebel band set the heather blazing
And brought the neighbors from far and near.
Then Father Murphy from old Kilcormick
Spurred up the rocks with a warning cry:--
"Arm, arm!" he cried, "for I've come to lead you,
Now priest and people must fight or die!"

He led us on against the coming soliders,
The cowardly yeomen he put to flight;
Down at the Harrow the Boys of Wexford
Showed Bookey's regiment how men could fight.
Look out for hirelings, King George of England,
Search ev'ry kingdom that breeds a slave,
For Father Murphy of the County Wexford
Sweeps o'er the earth like a mighty wave.

We took Camolin and Enniscorthy,
And Wexford storming drove out our foes;
'Twas at Slieve Cloitha our pikes were reeking
With the crimson stream of the beaten Yeos.
At Tubberneering and Ballyellis
Fully many a Hessian lay in his gore;
Oh, Father Murphy, had aid come over,
The green flag floated from shore to shore!

At Vinegar Hill o'er the pleasant Slaney
Our heroes vainly stood back to back;
But the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy
And burned his body upon the rack.
God give you glory, brave Father Murphy,
And open heaven to all your men;
The cause that called you may call tomorrow,
In another war fro the green again!

SIDE I, Band 7. SWEET COUNTY WEXFORD

This song probably originated soon after the rebellion. Here the historical incidents described are not quite as straightforward as in some of the other ballads: there seems to be some confusion between the battles of Tubberneering and Ballyellis. "General Walpole" (mentioned in verse three) must refer to Colonel Walpole who was killed at Tubberneering on June 4, and the last verse, with its suggestion that the rebels should not have tarried in Gorey but have pursued the fleeing troops to Arklow, also seems to refer to the Tubberneering engagement. However, all the other names and references are more coherent in terms of the later battle: Moniseed, Carnew, and Ballyraheen all figure in the Ballyellis fighting, and Gowan and Chamney were involved in that campaign.

After the rebels were dispersed from Vinegar Hill on June 21st, one group moved northward and was joined by a strong body of Wicklow men. On June 30 this band was at Moniseed, moving toward Gorey, when it was intercepted by a cavalry patrol sent out from Gorey to stop them. The rebels were driven back two miles to Ballyellis, and then they arranged a blockade by placing carts and baggage across the road. One of the British soldiers described the scene that ensued:

"As soon as our cavalry came in sight of them, at the turn of the road, they charged them with great impetuosity; but when within a short distance, the pikemen leaped over the hedges at each side on which the horses in front were entangled in the cars; and those in their rear pressing on them, a shocking scene of confusion ensued; both men and horses were involved, and tumbled over each other. The rebels fired on them from behind the hedges and a park wall which was near, and while they were in this state of embarrassment, killed numbers of them with their muskets, and piked such of them as happened to be unhorsed." (9)

While this fighting was going on, Captain Gowan and a company of yeomen came up and engaged the rebels, and then retreated to Gorey. The following day the rebels moved off to the hill of Ballyrahee, and on July 2 another battle took place. "Two officers fell in the beginning of this action, Captain Chamney of the Coolattin, and Captain Nickson of the Coolkenna Company." (8)

The rebels won that engagement, but two days later while they were encamped near Coolgreney they were surrounded by overpowering forces and decisively defeated. That marked the end of organized fighting in Wexford.

On Moniseed of a summer's morning,
Our boys they halted a rest to take,
When the Ancient Britons, in their uniform,
Upon Sliav Beag a great show did make.
The Gorey cavalry that day did join them,
They were on bloody murder bent,
But soon our boys, they did engage them,
They little thought that their glass was spent.

As they from Gorey set out that morning,
You'd pity the groans the women's tears;
But on that day we made them pay,
When they came in view of our Shelamliers.
'Twas from the watch-house into Ballyellis
To Pavy's height going towards Carnew,
It's there we had a great engagement,
Such other pikemen you never knew.

'Twas early, early on the next morning,
To Ballyraheen we took our way,
To meet with Gowan and his cursed Yeomen,
To them it was a woeful day.
Cowardly Gowan when he saw us coming,
Turned round and away from us did run,
Like a hunted fox he crossed over the rocks,
When he saw the flash of a croppy's gun.

We then shot Chammy and Captain Dixon,
And General Walpole got no time to run,
And long Smyth, the slater--the bloody traitor,
He fell that day by a croppy's gun.
When this engagement was all over,
And our brave boys had no more to do,
We crossed Brideswell going to Camolin,
And camped that night at Carrigrua.

Had we the wisdom to follow after,
And not have tarried in Gorey town,
We'd have saved the lives of many a martyr,
That died in Arklow--God rest their souls.
Success attend the sweet County Wexford,
They are the boys that were ne'er afraid
Of Ancient Britons nor bragging Yeomen,
But on such cowards great slaughter made.

SIDE I, Band 8. THE BOYS OF WEXFORD

The words of this song are credited to Robert Dwyer Joyce (1830-1883), the brother of the famous Irish song-collector, Patrick Weston Joyce. R. D. Joyce was himself a rebel and spent many years in exile for his activities as a Fenian. This song he based on an older ballad, and the tune is traditional.

Lord Mountjoy (in the second verse) was the commander of the Dublin County militia which reinforced the garrison at New Ross. He was killed at Scullabogue in the battle for New Ross.

The "curse upon all drinking" seems to have historical justification, and so had the last verse of "Sweet County Wexford" which lamented the delay in Gorey. The rebels took Gorey on June 5 and did not attack Arklow until June 9, by which time it had been strongly reinforced. "When the insurgents were in complete possession of Gorey it was not long before they secured both liquor and plunder". (11)

"The possession of a town has occasionally, in both ancient and modern times, proved anything but advantageous to the captors...For five days they halted in and about the town, drinking and pillaging...Had the rebels not lost time at Gorey---had they advanced and seized Arklow---Wicklow and Bray must of necessity have fallen intotheir hands without the snapping of a flint. Within a short march of the metropolis, who can imagine the consequences which might have followed?" (8)

In comes the captain's daughter,
The captain of the Yeos,
Saying "Brave United Irishmen,
We'll ne'er again be foes.
A thousand pounds I'll give you
And fly from home with thee,
I'll dress myself in man's attire
And fight for liberty!"

REFRAIN: We are the Boys of Wexford
Who fought with heart and hand
To burst in twain the galling chain
And free our native land!

And when we left our cabins, boys,
We left with right good will,
To see our friends and neighbors
That were at Vinegar Hill!
A young man from our ranks,
A cannon he let go;
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy--
A tyrant he laid low! REFRAIN:

We bravely fought and conquered
At Ross and Wexford town;
And if we failed to keep them,
'Twas drink that brought us down.
We had no drink beside us
On Tubberneering's day,
Depending on the long bright pike,
And well it worked its way! REFRAIN:

They came into the country
Our blood to waste and spill;
But let them weep for Wexford
And think of Oulart Hill!
'Twas drink that still betrayed us--
Of them we had no fear;
For every man could do his part
Like Forth and Shelmalier! REFRAIN:

My curse upon all drinking
It made our hearts full sore;
For bravery won each battle,
But drink lost evermore;
And if, for want of leaders,
We lost at Vinegar Hill,
We're ready for another fight,
And love our country still! REFRAIN:

SIDE II, Band 1. THE BOLD BELFAST SHOEMAKER

Although many of the yeomen did desert and join the rebels, it is unlikely that "The Bold Belfast Shoemaker" was a historical character. The song about him suggests that it was composed some time after the rebellion. According to Dr. Joyce, there was a Ninety-Eight song to this tune: "I am a real republican, John Wilson is my name", and a later ballad-maker probably patterned his tale of the adventurous Irewin on the older one.

Belfast is on the east coast of Ulster; Chapelizod is three miles from Dublin; and Tipperary is in the south-central area. There are half a dozen Irish towns called Carrick.

Come all you true born Irishmen, wherever you may be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me.
I am a bold shoemaker, from Belfast Town I came,
And to my great misfortune I listed in the train.

I had a fair young sweetheart, Jane Wilson was her name.
She said it grieved her to the heart to see me in the train.
She told me if I would desert to come and let her know,
She would dress me up in her own clothes that I might go
to and fro.

We marched to Chapelizod like heroes stout and bold.
I'd be no more a slave to them, my officer I told,
For to work upon a Sunday with me did not agree;
That was the very time, brave boys, I took my liberty.

When encamped at Tipperary, we soon got his command
For me and for my comrade bold, one night on guard to stand.
The night it was both wet and cold and so we did agree,
And on that very night, brave boys, I took my liberty.

The night that I deserted I had no place to stay,
I went into a meadow and lay down in the hay.
It was not long that I lay there until I rose again,
And looking all around me I espied six of the train.

We had a bloody battle but soon I beat them all,
And soon the dastard cowards for mercy loud did call,
Saying" Spare our lives, brave Irewin, and we will pray for
thee.
By all that's fair we will declare for you and liberty."

As for George Clarke of Carrick, I own he's very mean,
For the sake of forty shillings he had me took again.
They locked me in a strong room my sorrows to deplore,
With four on every window and six on every door.

I being close confined then I soon looked all around.
I leaped out of the window and knocked four of them down.
The light horse and the train, my boys, they soon did follow
me,
But I kept my road before them and preserved my liberty.

I next joined Father Murphy as you will quickly hear,
And many a battle did I fight with his brave Shelmaliers.
With four hundred of his croppy boys we beat great Lord
Mountjoy,
And at the battle of New Ross we made eight thousand fly.

I am a bold shoemaker and Irewin is my name;
I could beat as many Orangemen as listed in a train;
I could beat as many Orangemen as could stand in a row;
I would make them fly before me like an arrow from a bow.

SIDE II, Band 2. GENERAL MUNROE

The rising in Ulster was delayed by the arrest of some of the leaders and did not begin until two weeks after the Wexford rising. When it did break out it was soon suppressed. The most important engagement was the one described in this ballad.

The rebels under General Munroe (a linen-draper of Lisburn) occupied the hills overlooking the town of Ballinahinch on June 12. The next morning they attacked the town which had been reinforced by troops from Belfast commanded by General Nugent, and troops from Downpatrick led by Colonel Stewart. The battle hardly lasted twelve hours, but the rebels fought fiercely. "Exposed to a cross-fire of musketry in the market square, raked by artillery, their ammunition exhausted, they still pressed boldly on the royalists with pike and bayonet. But the Monaghan regiment instantly rallied and repulsed them. Colonel Stewart had succeeded perfectly in his supporting attack---a general dispersion ensued---and the rebels were totally routed, leaving four hundred men hors de combat....The blow delivered on the 13th of June was crushing, and the flame of rebellion was extinguished."

History does not record whether or not Munroe was betrayed, but the ballad story is not inconsistent with this account: "The unfortunate leader of the scattered rebels fled, alone and unattended, toward the mountains. But excape was not permitted; he was speedily detected by some royalists concealed in a potato furrow under some loose litter, in an open field." (8)

The details of Munroe's execution recorded in an eye-witness account are fully as colorful as the ballad story: "I was near him--his demeanor was firm, without any bravado. He acknowledged and gloried in the part he had taken; and after sentence, was communicative enough. In the afternoon he was led out for execution in the market-place, nearly opposite to his own door. I stood very near him when at the foot of the gallows, and he settled his accounts as coolly as if he had been in his own office, a free man--and particularly a disputed one with an old gentleman, Captain Stewart, who was on the spot in command of a corps of yeomanry. This done, he said a short prayer, and made a spring up the ladder. It was a bad one--and, light as he was, one or two of the rungs gave way, and he came heavily to the ground. 'I'm not cowed, gentlemen,' he said, as he re-ascended the ladder more carefully. When the halter was adjusted, he arranged that he should give the signal of readiness by dropping his handkerchief--and after a pause of a few seconds, he dashed it to the ground, exclaiming, 'Tell my country I deserved better of it.' A wretched being, a prisoner, had been brought out of the guardhouse to act as executioner; and, weak and terrified, he was actually unable to turn the ladder over. The moment was a trying one. Beckoning to my orderly serjeant, we performed an act of mercy to the unhappy man by lending our aid to launch him into eternity. It was a scene I shall never lose the recollection of. Another fearful reminiscence is connected with it--I understand his wife and mother were, from an opposite window, composed witnesses of Munroe's death!" (8)

My name is George Campbell, at the age of eighteen
I joined the United Men to strive for the green,
And many a battle I did undergo
With that hero commander, brave General Munroe.

Have you heard of the Battle of Ballinahinch
Where the people oppressed rose up in defence?
When Munroe left the mountains his men took the field,
And they fought for twelve hours and never did yield.

Munroe being tired and in want of a sleep,
Gave a woman ten guineas his secret to keep.
But when she got the money the devil tempted her so
That she sent for the soldiers and surrendered Munroe.

The army they came and surrounded the place,
And they took him to Lisburn and lodged him in jail.
And his father and mother in passing that way
Heard the very last words that their dear son did say.

"Oh, I die for my country as I fought for her cause,
And I don't fear your soldiers not yet heed your laws.
And let every true man who hates Ireland's foe
Fight bravely for freedom like Henry Munroe."

And 'twas early one morning when the sun was still low,
They murdered our hero brave General Munroe,
And high o'er the Courthouse stuck his head on a spear
For to make the United Men tremble and fear.

Then up came Munroe's sister, she was all dressed in green,
With a sword by her side that was well-sharped and keen.
Giving three hearty cheers, away she did go
Saying, "I'll have revenge for my brother Munroe."

All ye good men who listen, just think of the fate
Of the brave men who died in the year Ninety-Eight,
For poor old Ireland would be free long ago
If her sons were all rebels like Henry Munroe.

SIDE II, Band 3. BILLY BYRNE OF BALLYMANUS

Dr. Joyce writes: "This rude ballad is one of a class which were very common all over Ireland for half a century or so after the rebellion of Ninety-Eight...'Billy Byrne of Ballymanus' (near Rathdrum, and nearer to Greenan in Glenmalure) was an influential and very popular gentleman of the County Wicklow who was convicted and hanged on the evidence of informers after the rebellion...

"The tune is well known and extremely popular in the south-eastern counties, and I think not without good reason, for it appears to me a very beautiful melody and most characteristically Irish...I have often heard it played by itinerant musicians in the streets of Dublin. It was sometimes used as a march tune." (2)

William Michael Byrne (1773-1798) and his brother Garret Byrne (1774-1829) were both prominent in the fighting in Wickford when the Wexford men retreated northward after the defeat at Vinegar Hill. He was executed on July 28, 1798--the year of "ninety-nine" mentioned in the song is apparently poetic license for rhyme.

The aftermath of the rebellion was many court-martials followed by executions, and numerous atrocities committed by the militia and the yeomen in the districts where they were now supreme. Throughout the summer of '98 the shrieks of tortured men became a commonplace throughout Ireland.

When the government offered to halt these horrors in exchange for information, a group of state prisoners agreed to give all the details they could about the internal transactions of the United Irishmen and their negotiations with foreign states, as long as they were not asked to implicate any of their comrades. In return the executions were to be stopped and the state prisoners allowed to emigrate.

"The ink was hardly dry upon the paper when one of the condemned prisoners, Byrne (to save whose life was the immediate object of the treaty), was in flagrant violation of its provisions, led forth to execution. The other, Oliver Bond, was murdered in prison". (7)

This account of Byrne's last day has been recorded by Dr. Madden: "The 28th of July was the day appointed for his execution; and the negotiations between the state prisoners and the government having beeen then entered into, there was very little doubt entertained by himself or his fellow-prisoners but that his life would be spared. On the morning of the 28th, he was sitting at breakfast in Bond and Neilson's cell (the wives of the latter being then present), when the jailor appeared, and beckoned to Byrne to come to the door and speak with him. Byrne arose--a few words were whispered into his ear--he returned to the cell, and apologized to the ladies for being obliged to leave them. Bond asked him if he would not return; and his reply was, 'We will meet again". He went forth without the slightest sign of perturbation or concern, and was led back for a few minutes to his cell, and then conducted to the scaffold. On passing the cell of Bond and Neilson, which he had just left, he stooped, that he might not be observed through the grated aperture in the upper part of the door, in order that Mrs. Neilson and Mrs. Bond might be spared the shock of seeing him led to execution." (12)

Come, all ye brave United Men, I pray you lend an ear,
And listen to these verses I now will let you hear,
Concerning noble Billy Byrne, a man of great renown,
Who was tried and hanged at Wicklow as a traitor to the crown.

It was in the year of ninety-nine, we got reason to complain,
We lost our brave commander, Billy Bryne was his name;
He was taken in Dublin city and brought to Wicklow jail,
And though we wished to free him, for him they'd take no bail.

When a prisoner he was taken the traitors forward came
To swear our hero's life away, and well they're known by name;
They had but little scruple his precious blood to spill,
And Wicklow lost through the perjury the pride of Pleasant Hill.

Now some of these informers who in false evidence agreed
Were men that in his father's house so frequently did feed;
And at his brother's table where many did them see,
And so those perjurers paid the Byrnes for their generosity.

When they came forward for the crown they all against him swore
That he among the rebels a captain's title bore;
They swore he worked the cannon and the rebels did review,
And that with that piece of cannon he marched to Carrigrue.

Then here's to Billy Byrne, may his fame for ever shine;
We will not forget his noble death in that year of ninety-nine;
May the Lord have mercy on him, and on all such men as he,
Who stood upright for Ireland's right and died for liberty.

SIDE II, Band 4. THE RAMBLER FROM CLARE

In his Old Irish Folk Music and Songs, Dr. Joyce writes: "This is a Ninety-eight song which tells its own story. It was very popular in Munster sixty years ago; and I picked up the air from hearing it among the people. I also retained in memory part of the words; but I subsequently found the whole song printed on a ballad-sheet, though greatly corrupted. So far as I know, air and words are now published for the first time." (2)

There is no record to indicate that the "Rambler from Clare" was a real figure; probably his adventures were created by an imaginative rebel some time after the events. The places he mentions in his rambles are all real enough: Clare is a county in the southern part of the west coast; Tyrone is in the north, just east of Donegal, and The Moy is a town in Tyrone. Limerick is on the south-east coast at the mouth of the River Shannon, and Rathkeale is a market-town a few miles from Limerick.

The first of my journeys is very well known;
I straight took my way to the County Tyrone,
Where the young men and maidens they used me well there,
And they called me the stranger and the Rambler from Clare.

'Twas there I enlisted in the town called The Moy;
But with so many masters I could not comply:
I deserted next morning--the truth I declare--
And for Limerick city starts the Rambler from Clare.

Then like a deserter, while myself I concealed,
I was taken and brought to the town of Rathkeale;
Then off to headquarters I was forced to repair:--
Now the jail is the lodging of the Rambler from Clare.

I took off my hat and I made a low bow,
In hopes that the colonel would pardon me now;
The pardon he gave me was hard and sevare:
'Twas--"Bind him, confine him; he's the Rambler from Clare!"

'Twas then the United Men marched to the town;
They attacked and they conquered with fame and renown;
The jail they broke open and rescued me there,
And they made full commander of the Rambler from Clare.

So now that I'm titled a United Man,
No more can I stay in my own native land;
And off to Ameriea I must repair,
And leave all the friends of the Rambler of Clare.

Farewell to my comrades wherever you be,
And likewise to my sweetheart young Sally Magee;
Our sails they are spread and the wind it blows fair:--
"He's gone--God be with him--he's the Rambler from Clare!"

SIDE II, Band 5. THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

"Ninety-Eight gave Ireland the song which has been called her national anthem, 'The Wearing of the Green", a song which is, in the pathos of its melody and the indignant irony of its words, an arraignment of England's Irish policy more potent with simple folk than the eloquence of statesmen... Because it was sung in Boucicault's drama ('Arrah na Pogue') many people have imagined that the clever playwright wrote it, but nobody can claim its authority. It is an inspired street ballad, born of the sorrow and bitterness of the people." (5)

That the song was not exaggerated is indicated by this quotation from a letter sent to General Lake from two of his officers at Naas on May 24, 1798: "Within this half hour many hundred more were brought in, found in pits near the town, together with three men with green cockades, all of whom were hanged in the public street." (10)

James Napper Tandy was secretary of the United Irishmen in Dublin until he was indicted for sedition in 1795, when he fled to France. On September 16, 1798, he landed at Rutland Island as commander of a French expedition of about 250 men. When he found that the rebellion had been suppressed, he returned to the continent. In 1799 he was arrested at Hamburg and brought back to Ireland, where he was tried and convicted of high treason in 1801, but was pardoned on condition that he would leave the country.

Oh, Paddy dear and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin' the wearin' o' the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the hand,
And said he, "How's poor ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green.

And if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
'Twill serve but to remind us of the blood that she had shed;
Then pull the Shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,
But, never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under foot 'tis trod.
When laws can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summertime their color dare not show,
Then I will change the color I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

SIDE II, Band 6. THE CROPPY BOY

"Many a moving story of that time is preserved in verse, the composition of singers of the wayside. Of these tales none was more popular than 'The Croppy Boy', and it is significant that the endings vary in different versions. Some preferred the story to end with pathos and appealed to their hearers to drop a tear for the croppy boy; others preferred to have him live to fight another day, as in the version with which Dr. P. W. Joyce has been familiar since childhood." (5)

Dr. Joyce writes: "This song was a great favorite in the southern and south-eastern counties; and I have known both air and words from my childhood...The words, of course, date from 1798; but the air is much older." (2)

"Lord Cornwall" refers to Lord Cornwallis who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1798 and took the field as Commander-in-Chief in the later stages of the rebellion. "Duncannon" was the government fortress and prison on the Wexford side of Wateford harbor.

"Croppy" was a term widely applied to the rebels of '98. It referred to their cropped heads, for it was a custom among the Irish republicans to cut their hair short as a sign of their sympathy with the French Revolution.

'Twas early, early, all in the spring,
The pretty small birds began to sing;
They sang so sweet and so gloriously,
And the tune they played was sweet liberty.

'Twas early, early last Thursday night,
The yeomen cavalry gave me a fright;
The fright they gave was to my downfall:--
I was prisoner taken by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in his guard-house I was confined,
And in his parlor I was closely tried;
My sentence passed and my spirits low,
And to Duncannon I was forced to go.

My sister Mary in deep distress,
She ran downstairs in her morning dress,
Five hundred pounds she would lay down,
To see me walking through Wexford town.

As I was walking the hills so high,
Who could blame me if I did cry,
With a guard behind me and another before,
And my tender mother crying more and more?

So farewell, father and mother too,
And sister Mary, I have but you;
And if e'er I chance to return home,
I'll whet my pike on those Yeomen's bones.

SIDE II, Band 7. BOLD ROBERT EMMET

After the rebellion of 1798 has been suppressed, William Pitt, then the British Prime Minister, launched a drive to bring about a complete union between Great Britain and Ireland. The Irish parliament, even though it was purely Protestant and elected on a very restricted franchise, opposed the project at first, but its consent was bought by offering its members pension, peerages, and government positions, and in 1801 the Act of Union was passed. "It cost 1,260,000 pounds in bribery to pass the measure, and Ireland paid the bill...The act was passed in face of the passionate antagonism of the Irish people." (5)

The aftermath of the rebellion left the Irish still dreaming of independence and trying to bring it about. When some of the state prisoners were released in 1802, the United Irishmen began to meet again, and a Provisional Government was set up. In 1803 Thomas Addis Emmet went to Paris to try to get French support, and Robert Emmet, Thomas's younger brother who had been living in France since 1798, returned to Ireland to become organizer for the Provisional Government. He got in touch with groups in various counties and laid the basis for a rising which was set for July 23, 1803. The plan was to capture Dublin Castle, but false information prevented the forces assembling, and the attack was a failure.

Robert Emmet dispersed his followers and joined Michael Dwyer in the Wicklow hills, sending Myles Byrne to France to hasten aid. A month later he was arrested by Major Sirr at Harold's Cross, to whose dangerous neighborhood he had been drawn by an overpowering desire to see once more his 'bright love', the exquisite Sarah Curran. On September 19 he was tried and condemned, and the following day he was publicly beheaded in a Dublin street.

After the jury had found him guilty, Robert Emmet addressed the court in a moving speech that is remembered today by all patriotic Irishmen. His closing words are regarded in the nature of a prophecy:

"I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charge of silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace, my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."

The struggle is over, the boys are defeated,
Old Ireland's surrounded with sadness and gloom.
We were defeated and shamefully treated,
And I, Robert Emmet, a-waiting my doom.
Hung, drawn and quartered, sure that was my sentence,
But soon I will show them no coward am I.

My crime is the love of the land I was born in,
   A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

REFRAIN: Bold Robert Emmet, the darling of Erin,
         Bold Robert Emmet will die with a smile.
         Farewell companions, both loyal and daring,
         I'll lay down my life for the Emerald Isle.

The barque lay at anchor awaiting to bring me
   Over the billows to the land of the free;
But I must see my sweetheart for I know she will cheer me,
   And with her I will sail far over the sea.
But I was arrested and cast into prison,
   Tried as a traitor, a rebel, a spy;
But no one can call me a knave or a coward,
   A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

Hark! the bell's tolling, I well know its meaning,
   My poor heart tells me it is my death knell;
In come the clergy, the warder is leading,
   I have no friends here to bid me farewell.
Goodbye, old Ireland, my parents and sweetheart,
   Companions in arms to forget you must try;
I am proud of the honor, it was only my duty--
   A hero I lived and a hero I'll die.

SIDE II, Band 8. THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

"The rising was abortive. The plan was detected, the leaders were arrested, the rebellion broke out prematurely. Though the rebels captured Enniscorthy and Gorey, the end came at Vinegar Hill. Two small French expeditions also ended disastrously, and Wolfe Tone was captured. They refused him the death of a soldier and he took his own life. Thus ended the rebellion of Ninety-Eight. It was tragic, but not inglorious. If we would know what it means to Irishmen today, we shall find it in John Kells Ingram's 'Who Fears to Speak of Ninety-Eight?'" (5)

"By one song only John Kells Ingram (1820-1907) gained a place among the immortals. Contributed to The Nation when its author was but a youth, 'The Memory of the Dead' ('Who Fears to speak of '98?') was reprinted with a specially written melody in The Spirit of the Nation, 1845, and from that day to this is has never ceased to be sung. Its author lived to be a sage and revered professor of Trinity College and president of the Royal Irish Academy." (17)

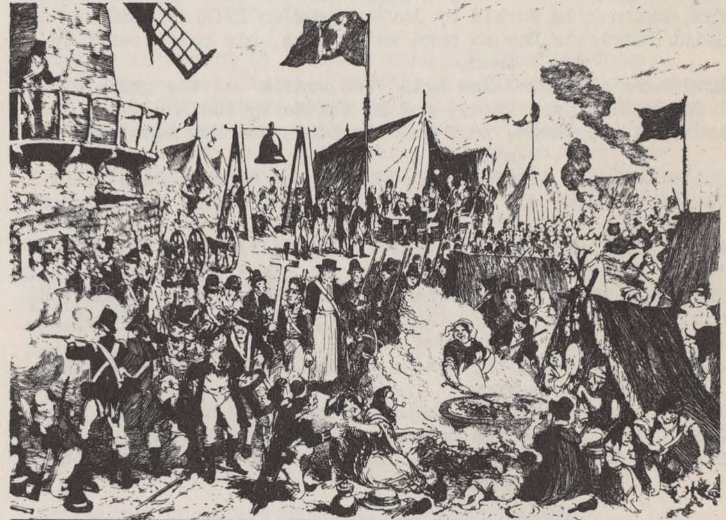
"Ingram passed to his rest but a little while ago. In his later manhood he accepted a position under the government which precluded his taking that aggressive position on the subject of Ireland which he assumed in his earlier years. But colleagues tell how, when Irishmen marched by in procession singing 'The Memory of the Dead', he would stand by the window, erect and stern, listeneing intently." (5)

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
   Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
   Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
   The faithful and the few;
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
   Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone, but still lives on
The fame of those who died;
And true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

They rose in dark and evil days
   To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
   That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that might can vanquish right!
They fell and passed away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here today.

Then here's their memory! May it be
   For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
   And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.



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