

# THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

By John Kells Ingram

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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 loves on  
The fame of those who died;  
And true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made;  
But though their clay be far away  
Beyond the Atlantic foam,  
In true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;  
Among their own they rest;  
And the same land that gave them birth

Has caught them to her breast;  
And we will pray that from their clay  
Full many a race may start  
Of true men, like you, men,  
To act as brave a part.

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 to-day.

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.