

# Shaun O'Dwyer Aglanna

After Aughrim's great disaster,  
    When our foe, in sooth, was master,  
It was you that first plunged in and swam  
    The Shannon's boiling flood;  
And through Slieve Bloom's dark passes,  
You led our Gallowglasses,  
Altho' the hungry Saxon wolves  
    Were howling for our blood.  
And as we crossed Tipperary,  
We revived<sup>1</sup> the clan O'Leary,  
And drove a *creacht* before us,  
    As our horsemen southward came.  
With our spears and swords we gored them,  
As through flood and flight we bore them,  
Still, Shaun O'Dwyer *achorra*,  
    We're worsted in the game.

Long, long we kept the hillside,  
Our couch hard by the rill-side,  
    The sturdy knotty oaken boughs,  
    Our curtains overhead;  
The summer's blaze we laughed at,

1 Likely an error—*reived* makes more sense.

## SHAUN O'DWYER AGLANNA

The winter's snow we scoffed at,  
And trusted to our long steel swords  
    To win us daily bread;  
Till the Dutchman's troops came round us,  
In fire and steel they bound us;  
They blazed the woods and mountains  
    Till the very clouds were flame;  
Yet our sharpened swords cut through them,  
In their very heart we hewed them—  
Oh! Shaun O'Dwyer *achorra*,  
    We're worsted in the game.

Here's a health to your and my King,  
The Sovereign of our liking;  
And to Sarsfield, underneath whose flag  
    We cast once more a chance;  
For the morning's dawn will bring us  
Across the seas, and wing us  
To take our stand, and wield a brand  
    Among the sons of France.  
And though we part in sorrow,  
Still, Shaun O'Dwyer *achorra*,  
Our prayer is: 'God save Ireland!  
    And pour blessings on her name!'  
May her sons be true when needed—  
May they never feel as we did.  
For, Shaun O'Dwyer *aglanna*,  
    We're worsted in the game.