

Native Swords

We've bent too long to braggart wrong,
While force our prayers derided;
We've fought too long, ourselves among,
By knaves and clans divided.
United now, no more we'll bow,
Foul faction we discard it;
And now thank God! our native sod
Has native swords to guard it.

Like rivers which, o'er valleys rich,
Bring ruin in their water,
On native land, a native hand
Flung foreign fraud and slaughter.
From Dermod's crime to Tudor's time
Our clans were our perdition;
Religion's name, since then, became
Our pretext for division.

But, worse than all, with Limerick's fall
Our valour seemed to perish;
Or o'er the main, in France and Spain,
For bootless vengeance flourish.
The peasant, here, grew pale for fear
He'd suffer for our glory,

NATIVE SWORDS

While France sang joy for Fontenoy,
And Europe hymned our story.

But now, no clan, nor factious plan,
The East and West can sunder—
Why Ulster e'er should Munster fear,
Can only make us wonder.
Religion's crost, when union's lost,
And 'royal gifts' retard it;
But now, thank God! our native sod
Has native swords to guard it.