

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1902.

*Written at Delhi.*

O GOOD St. Patrick, turn again  
Thy mild eyes to the Western main!  
Shalt thou be silent? thou forget?  
Are there no snakes in Ireland yet?

*Death to the Saxon! Slay nor spare!  
O God of Justice, hear us swear!*

The iron Saxon's bloody hand  
Metes out his murder on the land.  
The light of Erin is forlorn.  
The country fades: the people mourn.

Of land bereft, of right beguiled,  
Starved, tortured, murdered, or exiled;  
Of freedom robbed, of faith cajoled,  
In secret councils bought and sold!

Their weapons are the cell, the law,  
The gallows, and the scourge, to awe  
Brave Irish hearts: their hates deny  
The right to live—the right to die.

Our weapons—be they fire and cord,  
The shell, the rifle, and the sword!  
Without a helper or a friend  
All means be righteous to the End!

Look not for help to wordy strife!  
This battle is for death or life.

Melt mountains with a word—and then  
The colder hearts of Englishmen!

Look not to Europe in your need!  
Columbia's but a broken reed!  
Your own good hearts, your own strong hand  
Win back at last the Irish land.

Won by the strength of cold despair  
Our chance is near us—slay nor spare!  
Open to fate the Saxons lie:—  
Up! Ireland! ere the good hour fly!

Stand all our fortunes on one cast!  
Arise! the hour is come at last.  
One torch may fire the ungodly shrine—  
O God! and may that torch be mine!

But, even when victory is assured,  
Forget not all ye have endured!  
Of native mercy dam the dyke,  
And leave the snake no fang to strike!

They slew our women: let us then  
At least annihilate their men!  
Lest the ill race from faithless graves  
Arise again to make us slaves.

Arise, O God, and stand, and smite  
For Ireland's wrong, for Ireland's right!  
Our Lady, stay the pitying tear!  
There is no room for pity here!

What pity knew the Saxon e'er?  
Arise, O God, and slay nor spare,  
Until full vengeance rightly wrought  
Bring all their house of wrong to nought!

Scorn, the catastrophe of crime,  
these be their monuments through time!  
And Ireland, green once more and fresh,  
Draw life from their dissolving flesh!

By Saxon carcasses renewed,  
Spring up, O shamrock virgin-hued!  
And in the glory of thy leaf  
Let all forget the ancient grief!

Now is the hour! The drink is poured!  
Wake! fatal and avenging sword!  
Brave men of Erin, hand in hand,  
Arise and free the lovely land!

*Death to the Saxon! Slay nor spare!  
O God of Justice, hear us swear!*