Mackennas Dream - song lyrics

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MacKENNAS DREAM

One night of late I chanced to stray,
When all the green in slumber lay,
The moon sunk in the deep;
I sat upon a ruined mound,
And while the wild wind whistled round,
The ocean, with a solemn sound,
Lulled me fast asleep.

I dreamt I saw that hero true.
Who did the Danish force subdue;
His sabre bright, with wrath he drew,
These words he said to me:
"The harp with rapture yet shall sound,
My children's chains shall be unbound,
And they shall gather safe around
The blooming laurel tree."

I thought brave Sarsfield drew up nigh,
And to my question made reply:
"For Erin's cause I'll live and die,
As thousands did before.
My sword again on Augbrim's plain
Old Erin's rights shall well maintain,
Through millions in the battle slain
And thousands in their gore."

I thought Saint Ruth stood on the ground,
And said: "I'll be your monarch crowned,
Encompassed by the French around,
All marching to the field."
He raised a cross, and thus did say:
"Brave boys, we'll show them gallant play;
Let no man dare disgrace the day,
We'll die before we yield."

The brave O'Byrne he was there,
From Ballymanus, bright and fair,
Brought Wicklow, Carlow, and Kildare,
To march at his command;
Westmeath and Cavan, too, did join:
The county Louth men crossed the Boyne,
Slane, Trim, and Navan, too, did join
With Dublin to a man.

O'Reilly, on the hill of Screene,
He drew his sword, both bright and keen,
And swore by all his eyes had seen,
He would avenge the fall
Of Erin's sons and daughters brave,
Who nobly filled a martyr's grave,
And died, rather than live a slave,
And still for vengeance call.

Then Father Murphy came to say:
"Behold, my lord, I'm here to-day.
With eighteen thousand pikemen gay,

From Wexford's hills and caves;
Our country's fate, it sure depends
On us, and on our gallant friends,
And heaven will their cause defend,
Who ne'er were willing slaves."

I thought the band played " Patrick's Day,"
To marshal all in grand array;
With cap and feather, white and gay,
They marched in warlike glow.
With drums and trumpets, loud and shrill,
And cannon upon every hill,
And pikemen, who with valor thrill
To strike the fatal blow.

When all at once appeared in sight
An army clad in armor bright,
Both front and rear, and left and right,
Marched Paddies evermore.
The chieftains pitched their camps with skill,
Determined tyrants' blood to spill-
Beneath us ran a mountain rill,
As rapid as the Nore.

A Frenchman brave rose up and said:
"Let Erin's sons be not dismayed,
Toglory I'll the vanguard lead,
To honor and renown.
Come, bravely draw your swords with me.
And let each tyrant bigot see
Dear Erin's daughters must be free
Before the sun goes down."

Along the line they raised a shout,
Crying: "Quick, march! right about;"
With bayonets fixed they all marched out
To face the deadly foe.
The enemy were no ways shy,
With thundering cannon planted nigh;
Now thousands in death-struggle lie,
And streams of crimson flow.

The enemy made such a square,
As drove our cavalry to despair,
Who were nigh routed, rank and rear,
Butyet not forced to yield.
The Wexford boys, that ne'er were slack,
Came, with the brave Tips at their back,
With Longford joined, who in a crack
Soon sent them off the field.

They gave three cheers for liberty,
As the enemy, all broken, flee;
I looked around, but could not see
One foeman on the plain,
Except the men who wounded lay;
When I awoke 'twas break of day-
So ends MacEenna's dream.

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