O'donnell, The Avenger - song lyrics

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O'DONNELL, THE AVENGER
Tune- "Johnny Reel."

Come all true eons of Erin's isle, and listen unto me,
I'm sure, when you have heard my song, with me you will agree;
To condemn those English juries, who with faces grim and bold.
Do send poor innocent Irishmen to dungeons dark and cold.
Of that great crime in Phoenix Park, no doubt you all have heard
At the trial of the prisoners, you all know what occurred;
James Carey turned informer, and those precious lives he sold.
And sent them to their dreadful doom for a bit of English gold.

To escape a speedy vengeance, James Carey had to roam.
And with his ruined family he left his native home;
And thought to seek seclusion in lands quite far away,
So he sailed on the Melrose Castle for the shores of Africa.
On the 29th day of July, as the ship was Hearing shore.
Some passengers near the forecastle heard a terrible uproar;
They rushed toward the cabin, but ere they reached the spot.
The base informer Carey had received a fatal shot.

Those noble lives had been avenged, the traitor now is dead.
The avenger, Pat. O'Donnell, soon slept on a prison bed;
Cast there by English tyrants until his day of trial.
When he was tried, like other Irishmen, in the unjust English style.
On the 30th of November, for this murder he was tried.
When he saw Judge Denhatn on the bench, all hopes within him died:
His counsel, who were able men, to save him hard did try.
But the jury found him guilty, which meant that he should die.

On the 1st day of December, he was sentenced to be hung.
Soon over the whole universe the doleful tidings rung;
In every cot in Erin's isle great sorrow did prevail,
For the friends of Pat. O'Donnell his misfortune did bewail.
The day of his execution was a terrible sight to see.
His comrades at the prison gate were weeping bitterly;
At the loathsome sight of the gallows he ne'er did cringe or cry,
Ae a martyr for his native land quite bravely did he die.

Although he's dead and laid to rest, all honored be his name.
Let no one look upon his act with contempt or disdain;
His impulse was but human, that no one will deny.
And I hope he'll be forgiven by the Infinite One on high.
If every son of Erin's isle had such a heart as he,
Soon would they set their native land once more at liberty;
Unfurl their flag unto the breeze, their rights they would redeem.
If unity and friendship in their land did reign supreme.
My Mother's Wedding Ring.
Tune- "A Flower from My Angel Mother's Grave."

I've a relic at home that is all the world to me,
Yes, one that I look upon with pride;
From a kind-hearted mother that I dearly loved.
For I never can forget the day she died
But there's one little gift that fills my heart with grief,
A burden that I often try to bear;
To my heart it will ever cling, this precious little ring,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.

Chorus.
Forever in my memory 'tis a precious little gift.
A token that was left in my care;
This ring to me she gave, though now she's in her grave,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.

Her quiet, pleasant face in my dreams I think I see,
Telling me to be cheerful and true;

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And the advice to me she gave is always in my mind.
When from our midst she bade us adieu.
In our neat and quiet home we are silent and alone.
Where her picture on our wall seems so fair;
With it I could not part, for her love is in my heart,
'Tis the wedding ring my mother once did wear.-Chorus.

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