**The West's Awake** (Thomas Osbourne Davis)

When all beside a vigil keep,

The West's asleep, the West's asleep -

Alas! and well may Erin weep

When Connacht lies in slumber deep.

There lake and plain smile fair and free,

'Mid rocks their guardian chivalry.

Sing, Oh ! let man learn liberty

From crashing wind and lashing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land

Freedom and nationhood demand;

Be sure the great God never planned

For slumb'ring slaves a home so grand.

And long a brave and haughty race

Honoured and sentinelled the place.

Sing, Oh! not even their sons' disgrace

Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often, in O'Connor's van,

To triumph dashed each Connacht clan.

And fleet as deer the Normans ran

Thro' Corrsliabh Pass and Ardrahan;

And later times saw deeds as brave,

And glory guards Clanricard's grave,

Sing, Oh! they died their land to save

At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,

The West's asleep! the West's asleep!

Alas! and well may Erin weep

That Connacht lies in s1umber deep.

But, hark! a voice like thunder spake,

The West's awake! the West's awake!

Sing, Oh! hurrah! let England quake,

We'll watch till death for Erin's sake