The West's Asleep

The West's Asleep
(Thomas Davis)

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep-
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught 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 plann'd,
For slumbering 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 dash'd each Connaught clan-
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Through Coirrsliabh Pass and Ard Rathain.*
And later times saw deeds as brave;
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave-
Sing oh! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

* Vulgarly written Corlews and Ardrahan. [note in Spirit of the Nation]

And if, when all a vigil keep,
The West's; asleep, the West's asleep-
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
But-hark! -some voice like thunder spake:
" The West's awake, the West's awake'-
Sing oh! hurra! let England quake,
We'll watch till death for Erins sake!"

JM
apr97