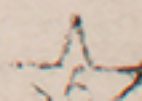


ENT. ACCORD. TO ACT OF CONGRESS IN THE YEAR 1866. BY JOHN J. DALY, IN THE CLERKS OFFICE OF THE DIST. COURT OF THE SOUTH DIST. OF N.Y.

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# THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

("Who fears to speak of Ninety Eight")

FENIAN WAR ECHOES.

No 7.

VOICE.

ANDANTE.

PIANO.

*ff* *pp* *f*

Who fears to speak of Nine.....ty Eight? who

*p*

blush.....es at the name? When cow.....ards mock the

*poco piu f*



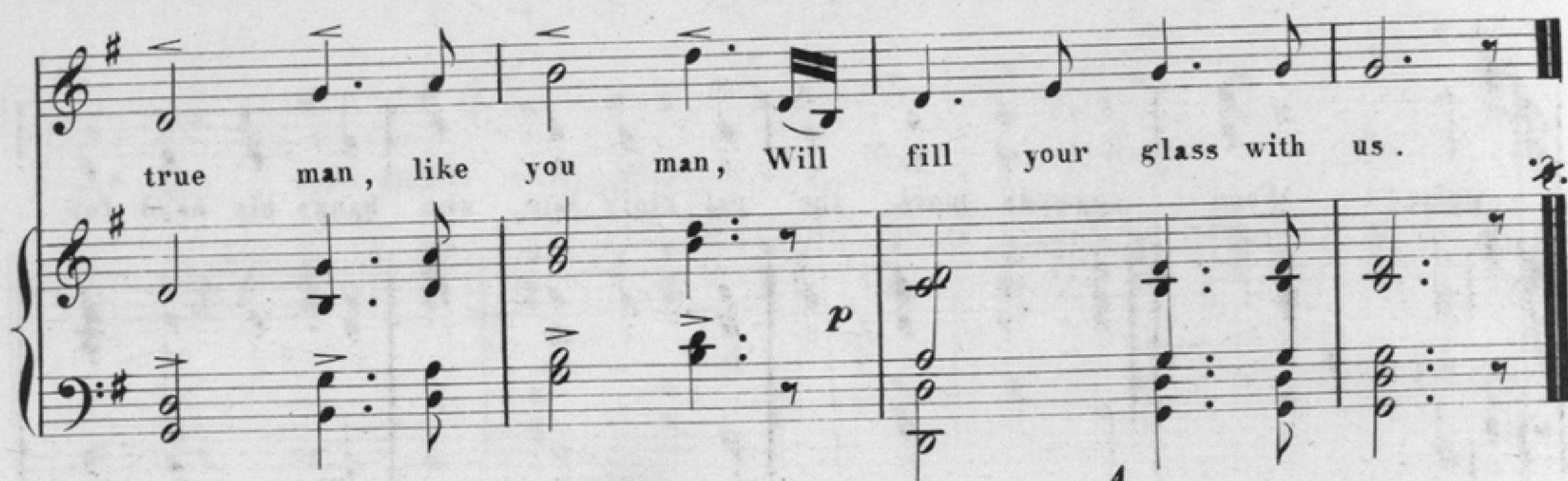
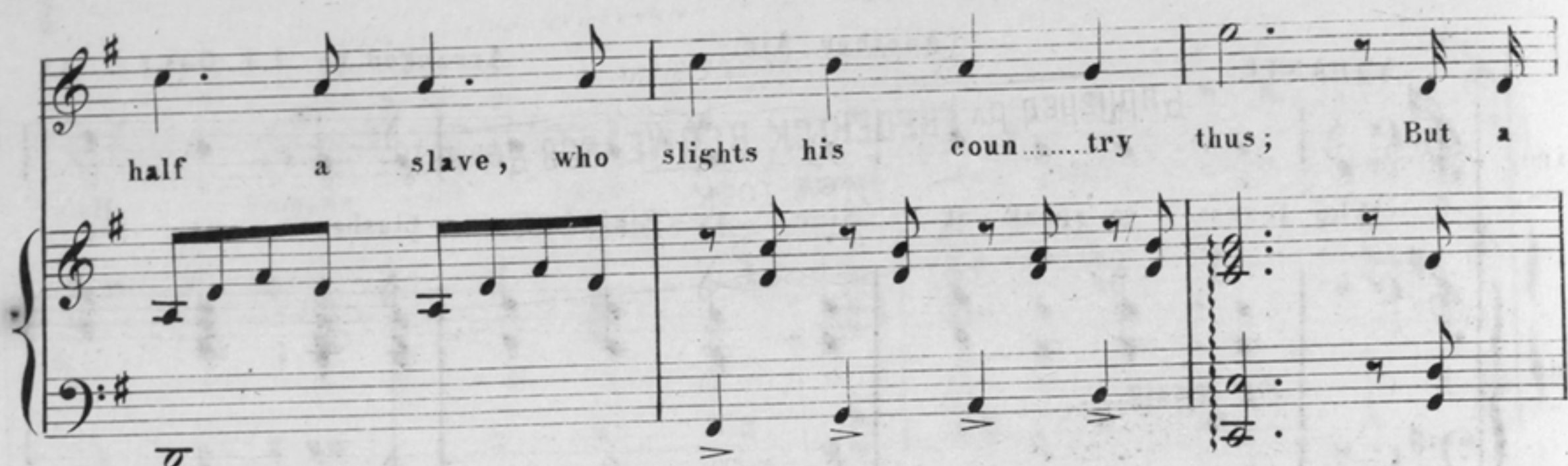
pa...triot's fate, who hangs his head for shame? He's

all a knave, or half a slave, Who slights his coun try

thus; But a true man, like you, man, Will

fill your glass with us. He's all a knave, or





2

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few,  
Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
Some sleep in Ireland too;  
All, all are gone—but still lives on,  
The fame of those who died,  
All true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

3

Some on the shore of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the strangers heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made;  
But though their clay be far away,  
Beyond the Atlantic foam,  
In true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

6

Then here's their mem'ry may it be,  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite.  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
Though sad as their's your fate,  
And true men, be you, men,  
Like those of Ninety Eight.

The dust of some is Irish earth,  
Among their own they rest,  
And the same land that gave them birth,  
Has cought them to her breast,  
And we will pray that from their clay,  
Full many a race may start,  
Of true men, like you, men,  
To act as brave a part.

5

They rose in dark and evil days,  
To right their native land,  
They kindled here a living blaze,  
That nothing can withstand.  
Alas, that might, can vanquish right, —  
They fell and passed away,  
But true men, like you, men,  
Are plenty here to day.



(Another Air.)

Arranged by J.J. DALY.

ANDANTE.

Voice.

Who fears to speak of Nine.....ty Eight? who blushes at the

Piano.

*mp* legato.

name?

When cowards mock the pat...riot's fate, who hangs his head for

*poco. f*

accelerando

shame, He's all a knave, or half a slave, who slights his coun...try

a tempo.

thus, But a true man, like you, man, will fill your glass with us.

a tempo.

*p*