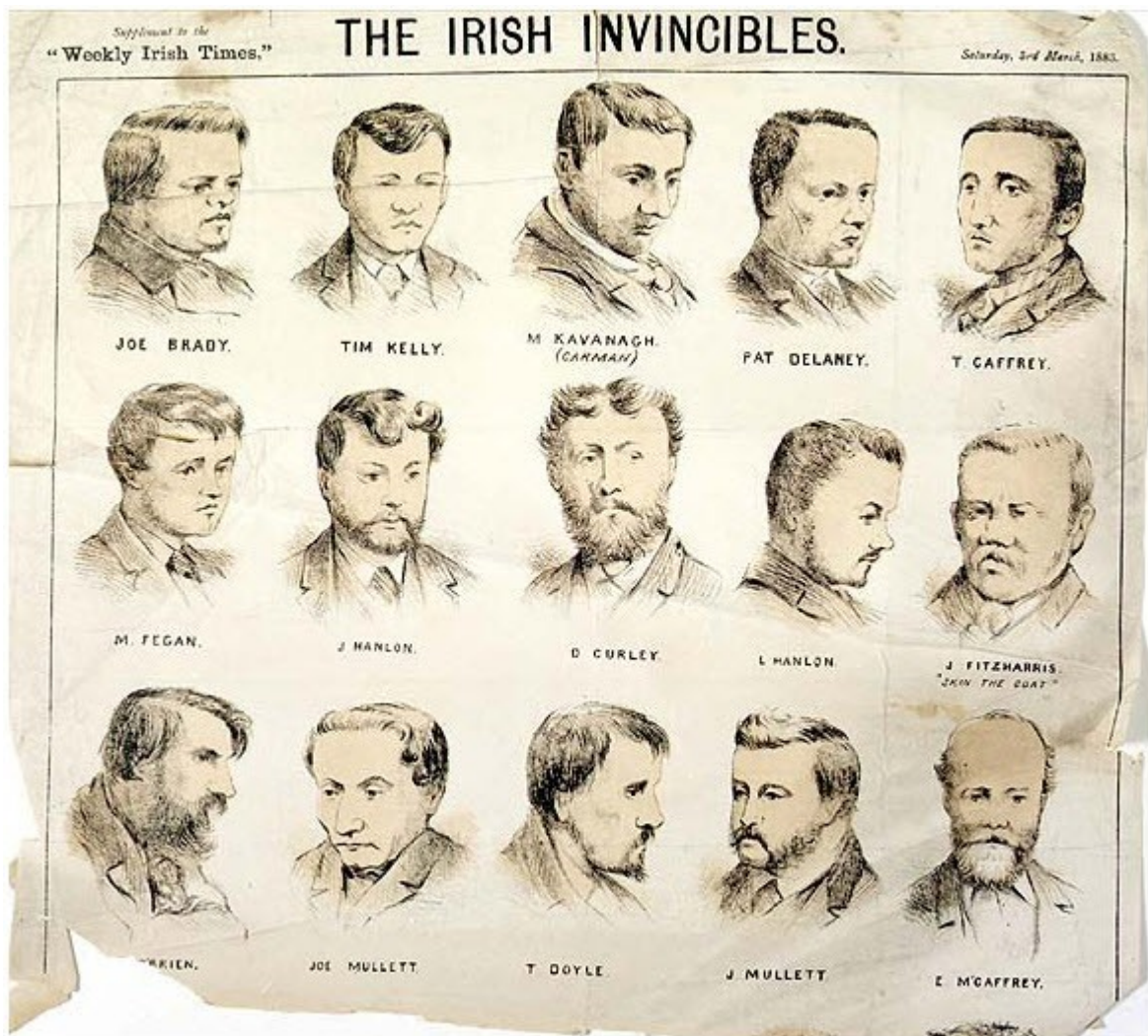


Songs of the Invincibles



CAREY'S DISGUISE

Before he could go, from head to toe
He had CAREY to assume a disguise
And his friends did say that the very best way
Was his own sex to despise
And dress as a lady and pass as Miss Grady
From Kilrush in the County Clare.
So his wife got the razor and in order to please her
He allowed her to shave every hair.

Then a lady's wig that was not too big
She then glued on his pole,
The truth to tell it fitted well
And was as black as a coal,
With his big paws he rubbed his jaws
With a bottle of crimson ink
And for a bottle of scent his Mrs. went
For fear the brute would stink.

The chimes he wore was made of gore
And was as white as milk,
His splendid stays would you amaze
The red is all the go,
A petticoat red went over his head
And tied on him with tapes,
Another all white would dazzle your sight
With such fantastic shapes

As were wrought on its tail, I would go bail
That it was bought in France
For some lady gay in Kingstown or Bray,
To sport at a ball or a dance,
His drawers were cotten but were nearly rotten
For he tore when he pulled them on,
And Kate Devine bought his crinoline
For ninepence in the pawn.

But travel the globe and his princess robe
Banged all was ever seen,
It was made with a train by Jemina Kane
Who made one for the queen;

With his turban hat he cut it fat
When he put on his veil
His wife did say he looked quite gay
But that he should wag his tail.

His wife was dressed in a suit of the best
And a moustache on her upper lip
And a stick in her hand like any man
As he walked at her hip, S
he winked at him and linked with him
And called him her Susannah,
As they walked away along the quay
And she smoking a mild Havannah.

Carey was the informer who betrayed the Invincibles.

THE DEATH OF CAREY

He had gone from the scene of his dastardly action(?),
He had fled to gain safety in a far distant clime,
He thought he had vanished unknown and unnoticed,
But no, the avenger was waiting his time.

The scene was the cabin on board a fine vessel,
Off Port Elizabeth not far from the shore;
And there sat the Bloodseller(?) trying with brandy,
To drown horrid memories the would him creep o'er.

He again saw the court where his friends he betrayed,
The forms of his victims seemed gathering around,
When a stranger approached and looked fixedly at him,
And then, as though satisfied, sat himself down.

A few minutes after - a shot - a short scuffle,
A rushing of feet - a cry and a groan,
And e'er the day ended James Carey the informer,
The blackest of souls to his judgement had flown.

His fate he deserved, and so do all others
Who the law, truth, and justice so cruelly abuse,
And not like Fred Thomas, who always does justice,
Whenever he sells you a pair of his shoes.

For lightness or heaviness, brilliance or service,
For cheapness, for strength, and for lasting in wear,
May I meet the fate of the scoundrel James Carey,
If they don't beat all others, just come, try a pair.

The Execution of Tim Kelly

Ye muses nine with me combine to air my wandering quill
Your help extend and be a friend to my defective skill
Make doleful words resemble birds that fly from shore to shore;
On the gallows high this youth did die, Tim Kelly is no more.
In the early noon on the ninth of June, in the year of '83

In his youth and doom he met his doom on the shameful gallows tree,
Delaney and Carey full hard against him swore,
On the gallows high this youth did die, Tim Kelly is no more.
For these dreadful crimes he was tried three times when twice they disagreed,

But at the third he spoke these words, "Of this murder I am free,
Of Mr. Burkes"; but grief did lurk beneath this young man's core;
On the gallows high this youth did die, Tim Kelly is no more.
His mother tried to save her child, but sure no one will her blame

For to defend a costly friend, we all would do the same,
She pressed his hand where he did stand, while her heart was both sad and sore;
On the gallows high this youth did die, Tim Kelly is no more.
With his just rod may Heaven's God James Carey soon chastise

And grant this boy eternal joy in the realms beyond the skies,
For his youth's sake compassion take we ask you o'er and o'er;
On the gallows high this youth did die, Tim Kelly is no more.

I am a Bold Undaunted Youth

I am a bold undaunted youth, Joe Brady is my name
From the chapel of North Anne Street, one Sunday as I came
All to my surprise who should I spy but Maereno and cockade,
Says one unto the other, "Here comes our Fenian blade."

I did not know the reason why they ordered me to stand,
And I did not know the reason why they gave such a command;
But when I saw James Carey there I knew I was betrayed
I'll face death before dishonour and I'll die a Fenian blade.

They marched me up North Anne Street without the least delay,
The people passed me on the path, it filled them with dismay.
My sister cried, "I'll see you, Joe, if auld Mallon gives me leave,
Keep up your heart for Ireland like a true born Fenian blade.

It happened in the Phoenix Park, all in the month of May
Lord Cavendish and Burke came out to see the polo play,
James Carey gave the signal and his handkerchief he waved
Though he gave the information all against our Fenian blades.

'Twas in Kilmainham prison the invincibles were hung,
Mrs. Kelly she stood there all in mourning for her son,
She threw back her shawl and said to all, "Though he fills a lime pit grave
My Tim was no informer and he died a Fenian blade.

A New Song

Of the Assassination of the Old Informer J. S. Carey

You gallant sons of Erin attend unto my song
And I think I'll cause you for to smile before it's very long;
A shout has reached to Derry and gone from shore to shore
That the old Informer Carey, good joy, is now no more.

Some gallant son has cocked his gun and hasn't missed his aim,
For the gun he cocked has fairly knocked the puff clean out of James
Before now I must allow he's on the other shore
Where Belzebub with his big club will make him suffer sore.

Where will the tears go that are sure to flow from everyone you meet.
Throw open the doors of the city sewers or they'll surely flood the street,
Fill up the glass and let it pass, and whisky drink galore
Since your greatest foe is down below where he'll be seen no more.

When Skin-the-Goad received the note he near went mad with joy,
And the rest of the tramps all thought he had cramps and that he was going to die,
He stood on his heat at the end of the bed and loudly he did roar
"O'Donnell the true, long life to you, may you live for evermore.

All the devils in hell at Carey did yell when he came to the gate,
They made no delays but ran for the keys, he had not long to wait
and when he got in he was stripped to the skin, and tied to an iron post,
A fire was lit and he stuck on a spit and there they left him to roast.

O'Donnell the Avenger - The Bravest of the Brave

Found in a pamphlet "Life of John Dillon MP, and William O'Brien MP, Ireland's patriots", NY, 1884 by Patrick J. Meehan, publisher of the Irish American.

In Newgate's gloomy prison they have dug a narrow grave,
And in it sleeps O'Donnell, the bravest of the brave;
From this world he sent a monster who is numbered with the damned,
The base and brutal Carey who disgraced his native land.

Chorus

Now Carey's gone before the great tribune, where truth he had to tell,
Where all his perjured evidence could not save his soul from hell;
Where his crimes stood plain before him and he could not them deny,
And the blood of Irish martyrs for revenge did loudly cry.

He was the organizer of the mysterious Number One,
He planned the double murder and he led the bloody van;
For worldly greed he did the deed, his countrymen he sold,
Like Judas in the scripture for his Saxon master's gold.

O'Donnell left his native land when he was very young,
To seek an honest living in the land of Washington;
He bade adieu to Donegal and prayed that he might see
The Saxon driven from Lough Foyle and the green flag flying free.

He lived beneath the stars and stripes when fortune on him shone,
But thought he would return again to see his dear old home;
He was shadowed by detectives, so he bade his friends good-bye,
And started off for Africa, his fortune for to try.

On board the Kinfaun Castle, from England he did sail,
She was a British steamship and carried the Capetown mail;
Among the cabin passengers he met an Irishman,
Who with his wife and family were bound for that foreign land.

They shook hands and made acquaintance in the real old Irish style,
The stranger looked suspicious, but vainly tried to smile;
He seemed to be in trouble or had something on his mind,
O'Donnell thought he mourned the loss of those he left behind

O'DONNELL AND CAREY

Come, all true sons 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 of July, as the ship was nearing 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 Denham 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,
As 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 can 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 oncemore at liberty;
Unfurl their flag unto the breeze, their rights they would redeem,
If unity and friendship in their land did reign supreme.

Pat O'Donnell

My name is Pat O'Donnell, I come from Donegal,
I am, you know, a deadly foe of traitors one and all,
For the shooting of James Carey I was tried in London Town,
And on the shameful Gallows my life I must lay down.

I sailed upon the ship Melrose in August '83
And on the voyage to Capetown, he was made known to me,
When I found out he was Carey there were angry words and blows
For the villain tried to take my life on board of the Melrose.

I stood up in my own defense, to fight before I'd die,
My pocket pistol I drew forth and at him I let fly,
I fired at him a second time and pierced him through the heart
And I gave him a third volley before he did depart.

When Mrs. Carey came running down the cabin where he lay
She saw him laying in his gore, which filled her with dismay.
What made you shoot my husband, in anguish then she cried.
I shot him in my own defense, kind madam I replied.

For willful murder I was tried and guilty found at last,
The jury found me guilty and the judge the sentence passed;
For the shooting of James Carey, the learned judge did say,
On the 17th of December, James Carey you must die.

I wish I were a free man and lived another year
All traitors and informers, I'd make them quake with fear;
As Saint Patrick drove the serpents from our saintly Irish ground
I'd make them fly before me like the hare flies before the hound.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT

Musha, has Carey gone away, says the Shan Van Vocht,
He is getting great delay, says the Shan Van Vocht,
Sure he hasn't got his pay, and I hear he wants to say,
But they say he must go away, says the Shan Van Vocht.

Where is he going to go, says the Shan Van Vocht,
Oh, the devil a one will know, says the Shan Van Vocht,
To the Tiber or the Po, or to the great Moscow,
For to wander to and fro, says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh, the devil a long he'll wander, says the Shan Van Vocht,
Before he goes he'll ponder, says the Shan Van Vocht,
Sure his picture's through the world,
Faith his whiskers might be curled ere his banner is unfurled, says the
Shan Van Vocht.

Well he was the devil's boy, says the Shan Van Vocht,
Sure the land he did destroy, says the Shan Van Vocht,
And our youth he did decoy, the man as well as boy,
But Webb did him annoy, says the Shan Van Vocht.

He was a traitor from the first, says the Shan Van Vocht,
The ground he walks is cursed, says the Shan Van Vocht,
He's as treacherous as a cat or a pig that's reared a pet,
His equal you can't get, says the Shan Van Vocht.

And hasn't he a brother, says the Shan Van Vocht,
Sure they both would hang their mother, says the Shan Van Vocht,
If Marwood was to die, don't think but Jem would try
To be hangman bye and bye, says the Shan Van Vocht.

Typed note at bottom of page:

Shan Van Vocht is an anglicization of Sean Bhean Bhocht or the poor old woman, an allegorical name for Ireland. Carey was the traitor who betrayed the invincibles.

