

## AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

## I.

SIGNS and tokens round us thicken,  
 Hearts throb high and pulses quicken,  
 Comes the morn, though red and lurid,  
 Clouds and storms around it hung;  
 Still, it is that morn assured,  
 Long ye've prayed for, sought, and sung.  
 Soon those clouds may break, and render  
 To your noon its genial splendour,  
 Or in gloom more hopeless vest it—  
 On your heads the end is rested,  
 Front to front ye've now arrayed you,  
 AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

## II.

Awful, past all human telling,  
 Is the change upon you dwelling;  
 Act but now the fool or craven,  
 And, like Canaan doomed of yore,  
 "Slave of slaves" shall be engraven  
 On your foreheads evermore.  
 Crouching to your masters' mercies,  
 Drugged with slavery's cup like Circè's,  
 Scorn and by-word of the nations,  
 Curse of coming generations,  
 Blackest shame will overshadow you—  
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## III.

Hence, oh, hence! such foul surmises,  
 Truer far a vision rises,  
 Men in freedom's ranks battalion'd,  
 Countless as the bristling grain,  
 Firm as ardent, wise as valiant,  
 All to venture—all sustain;  
 Men of never-sinking patience,  
 Tried and taught by stern privations,

From their path nor lured nor driven,  
 Till their every bond is riven—  
 Every wrong dispersed like May dew—  
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## IV.

No! a heart-roused people's action  
 Cannot die like storms of faction.  
 Long a mute but master feeling  
 In the millions' breast was nursed,  
 Till—a magic voice appealing—  
 Forth it came, the thunder-burst.  
 'Gainst it now they plant their barriers,  
 Guard their keeps, and arm their warriors,  
 Lavish all their futile forces,  
 Power's most stale and vile resources,  
 Yet awhile to crush, degrade you—  
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## V.

Blind misrule, and free opinion,  
 Armed lies and truth's dominion,  
 In a battle still recurring  
 Ever have these foes been set,  
 Here their deadliest strife is stirring—  
 Who can doubt the issue yet?  
 Watch and wait, your hour abiding,  
 Nought your goal one moment hiding,  
 Fearing not, nor too confiding,  
 Trusting in your Leader's guiding,  
 His who ne'er forsook, betrayed you—  
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## VI.

But, should all be unavailing,  
 Reason, truth, and justice failing,  
 Every peaceful effort blighted,  
 Every shred of freedom reft—  
 Then—oh, are we crushed or frightened  
 While one remedy is left!

Back, each slave that faints or falters,  
 On, true heart that never alters,  
 On, stout arm, no terrors weaken,  
 Bruce's star and Tell's your beacon;  
 Strike—that stroke, is many a day due,  
 AID YOURSELVES AND GOD WILL AID YOU.

SLIABH CUILINN.