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The Trial and Execution OF O'DONNELL FOR THE ASSASSINATION OF CAREY

Air, "Cast Out."

Gyfeillion yn awr dewch i wrando
Am fynydd ar dynged y dyn
A laddodd y bradwr Jim Carey,
Heb feddwl am achub ei hun ;
Fe gafodd ei ddal, ac ei gludo
Dros foroedd o Affrica draw,
A'i brofi yn llys yr Old Bailey mewn brys,
A chrogwyd ef, druan, mewn braw.

CYDGAN.

Mae llefain ac ochain am dano
Trwy wlad yr Iwerddon gan bawb ;
O'Donnell y dewr, ca'dd farw yn siwr—
Cofier ei enw am byth !

Fe gafodd ei brofi yn Llundain,
A'r goreu i'w helpu ef gawd ;
Gwnaeth Russell a Sullivan ymdrech
Er achub O'Donnell o'i ffawd ;
Ond eglur i bawb oedd pryd hwnw
Mai euog o waed ydoedd ef ;
James Carey ddi-serch, y bradwr mawr erch,
Ni haeddai ef farw mewn hedd.

O'Donnell oedd dlawd a chlwyfedig—
Ei fraich yn fethedig a gwan ;
Ond canfol yr arch-fradwr Carey
A fflamiodd ei galon yn dân ;
Anghofiodd ei dlodi a'i wendid—
Yn unig fe welai yn daer
Yr hwn mewn sarhad a fradychodd ei wlad,
Gan werthu ei frodyr am aur !

Mae canoedd yn nzwlad Ynys Prydain
Yn teimlo yn ddwys am yr hwn
A farwodd mor ddewr ar y grogbren
Heb rwgnaeth un gair dan ei bwn ;
Trueni fod calon mor onest
Yn gorwedd mewn beddrod o glai,
A'i fywyd fel iawn am Jim Carey diddawn
I'r gyfraith yn awr wedi rhoi.

Old Ireland is now full of sorrow—
O'Donnell at last has been hanged ;
His fate they all look on with horror,
For a brave man to meet such an end.
The verdict was that he shot Carey ;
No doubt that is true, you will say,
In spite of all that, we are sorry for Pat,
He was a true son of Erin that day.

CHORUS.

The Shamrock is weeping for Ireland,
And its green leaves so drooping doth lie
For a patriot brave has gone to the grave,
Poor O'Donnell so bravely did die !

He has been tried and so well defended,
That nothing no more could be done,
We know that his life has depended
On the verdict now known to each one.
Mr. Russell tried hard to save him,
Mr. Sullivan did also his best ;
But he'll see no more Erin's green shore,
O'Donnell, alas ! is at rest !

He was a bold soldier in battle—
In America's armies we know,
And brave was his heart when being led
To the scaffold so solemnly slow ;
He was but a paralysed cripple
Tho' his heart was as brave as can be ;
His country's foe he shot as we know,
And everyone wished he was free !

There are thousands that pity O'Donnell,
Residing in England to-day,
Who felt for his sad fate with sorrow,
When his life was taken away,
Carey was a false-hearted villain,
Always the leader of strife, [world
To eternity hurled, he'd have hung all the
If he could have saved his own life