

*Macstoso.*

The Bard of Red Hugh O'Donnell sings—

*mf* 1. Proudly the note of the trumpet is sound-ing, Loud-ly the war-cries n - rise on the gale;

Fleet-ly the steed by Loc Suil - ig\* is bound-ing, To join the thick squadrons in Saimcer's green vale.

*cres. dim.*

On, ev'ry mountaineer, Strangers to flight and fear; Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!

Bonnought and Gallowglass Throng from each mountain pass! On for old Erin, O' - Don-nell A - boo! O' -

\* Lough Swilly.