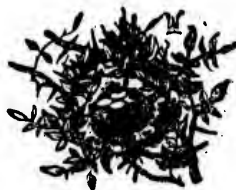


And oft in their hills and green valleys,	Et sæpe in colli seu valle
The old jig they dance with such grace,	Saltantibus, sicut est mos,
That even the daisies they tread on,	Præ gaudio sese pandentes
Look up with delight in their face.	Subrident et gramen et flos.

This old Irish jig, too, was danced	Tripudio quondam nostrorum
By the kings and the great men of yore,	Regum fuit deditum cor,
King O'Toole himself could well foot it	O'Toolius Rex id amabat,
To a tune they called "Rory O'Moore."	Sonantibus Rory O'Moore
And oft in the great halls of Tara,	Temorensibus quoque in aulis
Our famous king Brian Boru,	Saltabat Brianus Boru,
He danced an old jig with his nobles,	Nobilium stante coronâ
And played his old harp to it, too.	Suæ citharæ sonitu.

And sure when Herodias' daughter	Herodem vix unquam placatum
Was dancing in King Herod's sight,	Movere Herodias scit;
His heart, that for years had been frozen,	Tyranni cor diu gelatum
Was thawed with pure love and delight.	Saltante pupâ liquefit.
And oft and a hundred times over	At nisi tripudium saltasset—
I heard Father Flanagan tell	Audivi a parocho rem—
'Twas our own Irish jig that she footed	Cor regis scelesti movendi
That pleased the old villain so well.	Omnino abjiceret spem.



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