

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. Subridet 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. Suxæ 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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