

LAND LEAGUE ALPHABET:

A is the army that covers the ground,
B is the buckshot we're getting all round,
C is the crowbar of cruelest fame,
D is our Davitt, a right glorious name,
E is the English, who've robbed us of bread,
F is the famine they've left us instead,
G is for Gladstone, whose life is a lie,
H is the harvest we'll hold or we'll die,
I is the Inspector who when drunk is bold,
J is the jarvey who'll not drive him for gold,
K is Kilmainham where our true men abide,
L is the Land League, our hope and our pride,
M is the magistrate, who makes black of white,
N is no rent which will make our wrongs right,
O is old Ireland, that yet shall be freed,
P is the peelers, who've sold her for greed,
Q is the Queen, whose use is not known,
R is the Rifles who keep up her throne,
S is the Sheriff, with woe in his train,
T is the toil that others may gain,
U is the Union that works bitter harm,
V is the villain that grabs up a farm,
W is the warrant for or for chains,
X is the Express all lies and no brains,
Y is Young Ireland, spreading the light,
Z is the zeal that will win the great fight.