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SAME DAY LOAN  
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P O E M S,

Songs and Ballads,

BY

HENRY M'D. FLECHER.

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BELFAST:

JAMES REED, 97, VICTORIA STREET;

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1866.

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To the Generous Friends

WHO SO KINDLY AND EAGERLY ENROLLED THEMSELVES AS

SUBSCRIBERS FOR THIS LITTLE VOLUME,

BEFORE IT HAD SEEN THE LIGHT, IT IS RESPECTFULLY AND

Gratefully Dedicated

BY

THE AUTHOR.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

THOUGH I do not pretend to be indifferent to public opinion, yet I do not see why even I, obscure individual as I am, should need to apologise to society, according to the custom of some, for allowing my effusions to see the light.

I am not so vain, indeed, as to fancy that these little poems are gems of genius, or are characterised by high literary merit; but, nevertheless, believing that every man has a right to do as seems good to him, if he injures nobody else, I think I have a right, of course, to record my thoughts and emotions in this or any other form, whether marked by great merit or small, without the necessity of shielding myself behind excuse or apology. If there is no puffery, if there is no attempt to palm on purchasers a bad article for a good one, surely no one has any cause to cavil or complain. But when, at the same time, a writer has endeavoured to do what he could as well as he could under the circumstances, (which is exactly what the author of this little volume claims to have done), if he has not earned praise, at least he does not deserve censure.

The following pieces are chiefly the productions of evening hours, after daily exertion in an occupation as disagreeable, under present social arrangements, as it is exhaustive of the mental energies, and unfavourable to poetic thought—the occupation of teaching an elementary school. I do not make this statement, however, to excuse their imperfections; but I give it as a fact. The verses may be as poor as even envy itself would wish them; but they have at least the merit of containing the sincere aspirations and sentiments of the writer, who, whoever, did he not hope they possess some further merit, would scorn to attempt their publication.

CONTENTS.

With regard to those generous, and, perhaps, too partial friends, who have come forward, as subscribers, to guarantee that I shall not be a loser by my publication, I "exceedingly fear and tremble" as I offer my little work to them. Were I not aware that many of them have previously seen several of the pieces it contains, (especially such as appeared in the *Northern Whig*, under the signature "Codrus"), and have kindly expressed their approval of their matter and structure; and were I not conscious of having done all in my power, considering my time and opportunities, to make the book worthy their acceptance, I should greatly hesitate to submit to them so imperfect a performance.

Whatever may be the merit of the volume, I can proudly say that in its preparation I have neglected no duty for the sake of it, and have spent no time on it which ought to have been given to that portion of the world's work I had bound myself to perform.

Should I succeed in pleasing in any degree those generous minds, who are more anxious to find beauties than faults in literary attempts, or should my verses be found to embody anything calculated to stimulate the thinking powers of even the humblest intellects, or having the slightest tendency to make men more true and manly, or more in love with pure passion; freedom, and beauty, I shall feel gloriously recompensed for what has been in itself a most pleasing task.

H. McDONALD FLECHER

May, 1866.

N.B.—On looking over the book a few typographical errors have been discovered (such as on page 40, eighth line—*ours* for *own*; and on page 89, fifteenth line—*spirits* *glow* for *spirit glows*), but they are of trifling importance.

	PAGE
Odin's Last Hour	9
Corn and Queen Mave	27
The O'Donoghue's Love	35
The Prophet in the Wilderness	41
May Eve	44
The Banished's Warning Wall	53
The European Emigrants	57
A Vision of the Deceased	60
The Churn	66
To my Home of "Other Years"	79
Why I signed the Call	81
The Giant's Ring	87
God's Voice	90
Among the Trees	91
A Cry to the Father	93
Querculus	95
Consolation from a Grave	98
October Winds	99
Thoughts on the Brink of Death	101
Resigned to Endure	105
To a Blackbird	105
The Summer Night Breeze	107
Song from Burrow	108
To the Young Spring Flowers	110
The Lorn Widow	111
Joy-beaming Spring	112
The Homeless	114
"One more Unfortunate"	116
Emme	118
Home Heathen	121
Returned as One	124
An Angel Gaided	127
The Isle in a Boundless Sea	128
Isken's May	129
The Teller's Chant	131
The Battle's Herald	132
To Garibaldi	136
Old Temples are Crumbling	138
The Courageous Brave	140
The Hundredth Birth-day of Robert Burns	142
Love of Lough Neagh	143
Playing Children	148
Complaint of a Dying Drake	150
Reply to an Epistle from B. Haddleston	154
A Teacher to his former Pupil	159
Other Money	164
Epistle to W. Keenan	167
Messiah and the Barbs	176
An April Evening	172



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Verse written on a mild Sunday in November, ..	174
Stacy Denard, ..	176
To Melina, ..	182
Sonnet I.—To the same, ..	183
II.—Byman Woe, ..	185
III.—To Scotland, on hearing of reports of her people's morality ..	185
IV.—On reading the Works of some of our great Modern Thinkers ..	187
SONGS AND BALLADS—	
Ever Green be you Valley, ..	188
To Jane in her grave ..	188
Lila Wisher, ..	190
Ellen Jane, ..	191
O Come, my Beloved, ..	192
The Falls of the Glen ..	193
Conn's Lake, ..	194
The Jilted Wooer, ..	196
Let the Harrows rough o'er the Rigs, ..	196
A Houdou for free, ..	199
The Freed Slave to his spouse in bondage ..	201
Satan Protestant to Catholic Cell, ..	202
Maggie Dan, ..	204
County Down Mary, ..	206
Daisy, dear, I Love thee, ..	207
Jane, ..	208
I'll cease to Love Thee, ..	210
My Phoebe, ..	211
Last Kiss, ..	212
I Home when wakes the April Morn, ..	213
Oh, Wild are the Winds, ..	214
When Last we Met, ..	215
I saw the Time, ..	216
They have deceived me, ..	217
O Lovely wee Lough of Portmarnock, ..	218
Harry's away, ..	219
She Dwells by a Daisy-bowed Stream, ..	221
Annie Dear, ..	222
Melina Loves no more, ..	223
May and Ellen, ..	224
My Fair Marie, ..	225
The Moving of the Meadows, ..	227
The Hill of the Carers, ..	228
Ah, leave me not, Star of my Spirit, ..	229
Brother Rob may Thrill me, ..	231
Married for Money, ..	232
Invitation to Kitty, ..	234
Are we Sundered? ..	234
Fanny Flynn and Alley Blake, ..	237
Norah, ..	239
Quinn's, ..	239

POEMS AND SONGS.

ODIN'S LAST HOUR:

A VISION.

'Twas eventide, and hushed were brake and bower;  
And I had drunk the drug whose magic power  
The stern control of flesh and blood restrains,  
And stills the storms of passion in the veins.  
'Mid a dim chamber, sunk in silence deep,  
One chained my senses with a charmed sleep—  
That sleep magnetic which unbinds the mind  
To rise and roam through nature unconfined.  
That hour, had visions borne to olden seers,  
And brought the patriarch gleams of future years.  
While through its gloom fell voices from the skies,  
And living flames approached his sacrifice.

Through shades of death at first I seemed to stray,  
Till o'er me broke a new and dazling day;  
High soared my soul, exulting thence to spring  
Toward the empyrean on unpinioned wing,  
Surveying realms it long had sighed to know—  
Fair lands that lie beyond the waves of woe.  
Freed from the cloud of flesh that veiled my sight,  
I scanned their shores by immaterial light;

And the pure faculties earth's bonds had chained,  
In power, in freedom, and in radiance reigned—  
Lamps of the soul, whose rays revealed to me  
What mortal eyes have never dreamed to see.  
More than the mollusk, deep in ocean's bed,  
Dooms argosies are wafted o'er his head.

High on that vast ethereal ocean buoyed,  
Which to our eyes seems barren, cold, and void,  
I saw ten thousand glorious islands rest  
Like evening clouds above the golden west:  
Isles of such grandeur, such resplendent glow  
As briny billows never washed below.  
My soul grew faint amid the glorious sight,  
With such unbounded, unconceived delight;  
Such mingled fragrance, such a blaze of dyes,  
Such seas of bloom, and beauty-beaming skies,  
And wild, sweet, heavenly, harmonizing songs  
That spoke the bliss of rapture-breathing throngs!

Close by, white-robed and iris-girdled, poured  
A bright cascade, that from a summit roared,  
Whose awful height, as back I bent to view,  
Mocked my weak sight amid the boundless blue.  
Its stream along the lovely landscape strayed  
Through fairy vale and cherub-haunted glade;  
Now overarched by vast primal trees  
Whose bloom with odours burdened every breeze;  
Wild winding now through flowery glens that rung  
With the glad lays eternal summer sung;  
Or down steep rapids, borne in foamy storms,  
And leaping cliffs of strange gigantic forms.

Now under mossy rocks it purled along,  
Humming unseen its soft mysterious song;  
Emerging thence, it moved with flashing sheen  
Amid the meads of soft perennial green,  
Where, viewing its translucent ripples glide,  
Walked nymphs in rainbow robes along its side,  
Eying its course, as far as eye could see,  
Which seemed meandering to eternity.

Wide woods, o'er mountain steep and hollow glen,  
Glittered and waved beyond my narrow ken,  
Whose million-coloured fruits and blossoms shone  
With dancing, dazzling light that seemed their own.  
Palms, like tall spires, reared plumed crests so far  
Each bird upon them seemed a singing star.  
Here heaths and lonely wildernesses spread  
For those whom sacred contemplation led—  
Where mountains towered savagely sublime,  
That mocked the molehills of our earthly clime,  
Whence glorious forms, by whom their heights were trod,  
Seemed stepping upward on the stars of God;  
And winding caves, and grottoes wondrous fair  
Pierced their dark roots or opened in middle air—  
Some roofed with gems of many-coloured ray  
That ceaseless shed a subterranean day.  
Here lakes reposed, whose bosoms strangely bright  
Showed more of heaven's than meets the upward sight;  
And fadeless bower, and undecaying grove,  
Witnessed the raptures of immortal love.  
Creatures of every aspect, form, and hue,  
Crept, walked, or ran, climbed, burrowed, swam, or flew—  
Creatures redeemed from earthly pain and strife.

The everlasting war of death with life.  
 Here they are paid for all their pangs below,  
 And freed from "man, their proud usurping foe."  
 No ruin, rage, or ruth may venture here,  
 No winter preys upon the blooming year;  
 Yet, like the varying accents of a lyre,  
 Comes every change that longing hearts desire.  
 Now 'tis a landscape clad in vernal green,  
 Now autumn's golden glories deck the scene;  
 Now 'tis a forest deep that frowns and glooms,  
 A paradise now takes its place and blooms:  
 While not a change on valley, hill, or plain,  
 Can come untimely or too long remain.

Amid each beauteous scene that round me lay  
 I saw bright bands, with human aspects, stray,  
 Or sit by silver lakes and living streams,  
 'Mid music such as mortals hear in dreams.  
 Bound by no selfish ties in narrow clans,  
 They never knew the names of kings or khans.  
 For the high sense of good that charms and awes  
 Stands them instead of government and laws;  
 While each, by all unchecked, unfolds his powers,  
 Which grow and bloom like everlasting flowers.

While with delight and wonder throbbed my heart,  
 A bright-browed being, from his race apart,  
 Clothed in a stole of azure, light, and bloom,  
 Wrought on the beams of some celestial loom,  
 Asked, smiling sunshine, what I sought on high,  
 But knew my answer ere I found reply.  
 "Long hast thou yearned and pined to know," said he,

"The mysteries of immortality,  
 Though sealed as yet, that deep eternal lore,  
 I'll show thee worlds beyond this blissful shore."  
 He spoke, and ~~re-~~led me by the arm on high,  
 And swift as lightning bore me through the sky.  
 Though like the fish we flew from isle to isle,  
 Distinct I saw each lovely feature smile.  
 Here mountain chains in lines of beauty run,  
 Gay as the clouds around a rising sun,  
 Where shining flocks on purple herbage lie,  
 Or graze aloft and seem to browse the sky.  
 There, gleaming o'er the bright and bowery land,  
 In pearly whiteness dazzling dwellings stand:  
 Mount Zion's fane could scarce in splendour vie  
 With the ten thousand domes that caught my eye.  
 From fadeless gardens opal statues shine,  
 Endowed with grace and majesty divine;  
 Even Phidias in despair had here flung down  
 That chisel which has won a world's renown.

Unnumbered isles above us fleetly flew,  
 As clouds in spring their airy course pursue,  
 High o'er the heavens, which seemed one spotless sun,  
 Wild wayward splendours, million coloured, run,  
 And strangely glorious beings, faintly seen,  
 Appeared at times beyond the dazzling sheen—  
 Now half revealed and now withdrawn from sight  
 To some high city of excessive light.  
 Dizzy and drooping ere I passed them o'er,  
 We reached the utmost island's utmost shore,  
 And sought for rest—our airy journey done—  
 A ray-robed hill between the earth and sun:



The heavens around were all a golden glow,  
Like a broad moon, my native world below.  
"Repose," said Witur, ('twas the stranger's name),  
Beaming mild love from eyes of starry flame,  
"Here upon Gladsheim's farthest rosy height,  
Inhaling strength to wing a wilder flight."

Reclining softly on that mount of bliss,  
And gazing forward o'er a vast abyss,  
My eye upon a strange, stern region falls,  
Of frowning fortresses and guarded walls.  
Fair in the midst arose a mighty tower,  
Whose size and structure spoke of god-like power:  
Beside it all that Babel's builders piled  
Would seem the playful labour of a child.  
High on its summit stood a massive throne,  
Resplendent, like a morning sun it shone:  
Upon it sat a crowned and kingly form,  
Huge as the ocean cloud that bodes the storm.  
At times he stalks around his diamond chair,  
Scanning his empire with a monarch's care:—  
Nations have bowed, and hosts have turned to fly  
Before the flash of that commanding eye.  
"Is he an angel or a god?" I cried,  
Awe'd and astonished, to my shining guide.  
"A god," he said, "the mighty Odin, he,  
Lord of your earth, who rules its land and sea."  
"I deemed," said I, "that god a thing of yore,  
Whose sceptre vanished and whose reign was o'er,  
When ceased the sea-king's fierce heroic deeds,  
And Norge's knee was bowed to other croods."  
"Alas!" he sighed, "the realm is wide and strong

That yet adores that mighty lord of wrong:  
Long-struggling man hath gained but trifling odds—  
A change of names, but not a change of gods.  
Still Loki shrouds mankind in baleful gloom,  
Still Tyr sweeps nations to a gory tomb,  
Still Odin drives unseen the tyrant's car,  
And triumphs when Oppression wins the war.  
Whatever Skalds\* have sung in days gone by,  
False, sensual Loki is Odin's loved ally,  
Binds Error's yoke on all of mortal birth,  
And loads with fogs the atmosphere of earth.  
But come, let's cross this azure gulf profound,  
And view grim Asgard's fortress-girdled bound.  
Swift as the word we sweep its warlike strand—  
A vast domain, but not a beauteous land.  
Its ornaments were such as splendour yields—  
Valhalla's hall roofed o'er with golden shields,  
Castles and palaces of blazing gems,  
And gorgeous kings in robes and diadems;  
Its walls and guardian towers of massive strength;  
Its battle-plain a thousand leagues in length,  
Whither, on fierce and fiery couriers rode  
To daily fight, the warriors of the god;  
Its rainbow drawbridge, hung at dawn of time,  
That Odin's favourites from the earth might climb.  
"Mark well," cries Witur, "each grim, guilty tower,—  
They all shall sink, but none can read the hour;  
Villains who killed or kept mankind in thrall  
Quaff Glory's cup in bright Valhalla's hall  
The only merit of the chosen train,  
They cringe to Odin and uphold his reign,

\* Norwegian Poets.

While millions of the good and true he dooms  
To Hela's chills, where night eternal glooms.  
Behold you earth so dimly seen to gleam—  
No real radiance on her face can beam;  
This realm extends betwixt that world and light,  
And wraps it in the shades of partial night,  
Till the last sand of these stern gods is run,  
When men shall hail an everlasting sun!

"Yon chief of broad and giant build is Thor,  
King of brute-force and lord of strife and war;—  
See him come forth by yonder silver door,  
The banquet done, and all the revel o'er.  
By him are armies upon armies hurled—  
He hunts the trail of slaughter round the world;  
Sacked cities, bloody fields, and dying groans  
Furnish the joys his horrid spirit owns.

"This bridge Valhalla's foes have tried to climb  
From Hela's ice and fiery Muspelheim,  
But yet too weak its topmost arch to gain,  
The heroes hurl them to the homes of pain.  
On earth meek Lofnir merely stands at bay,  
Yet weeps and works, and weeps and works away.  
Deluded long, he simply placed his trust  
In these false gods and hoped to make them just.  
Pure Lofnir, mild unflinching friend of right,  
But fitter far to suffer than to fight.  
When boats had left him, tardily he rose,  
And with diminished force confronts his foes.  
There, too, is Hugi at a work sublime,  
Furnishing souls with certain means to climb,

And tempering two-edged blades that cannot fail  
To cut through Odin's heroes, plate and mail;  
Through mountain obstacles and wild alarms  
Steady he toils to deal the god-like arms.  
But one is there, whose name is all unknown,  
Even to him who fills that lofty throne,  
Earth's grandest son, though yet he dwells obscure—  
Dauntless to dare, heroic to endure;  
He comes, adorned with majesty and grace,  
To disenthral the remnant of your race;  
He—and no ravening beasts on Asgard buried—  
Shall conquer Odin and avenge a world."

Now, Witur bore me through the void again,  
A sheer descent, to Hela's dreary den:  
Far, far it lay beneath those blest abodes  
Of heroes favoured by the partial gods.  
We entered first a land of shade and gloom,  
That seemed some long deceased creation's tomb,  
Where barren shores encircle dreary seas,  
By keel uncleft, unrippled by a breeze,  
And spirits, strayed from some fair home afar,  
Wander unscheered by sun, or moon, or star!  
Thence to the gulf o'er frozen fogs we flew  
Beneath a sky of every dismal hue.

Blue icy cliffs rose huge and high around  
A vast hoar sea of frost and mist profound,  
Dreary, and wild, and waste, where human sight  
On not one fair or hopeful thing could light;  
O'er its dark depths eternal winter reigns,  
Blights budding joy and freedom's currents chains.

Love shuns that shore, and bloom, and cheering sound,  
And its chill cares incessant groans resound!  
The wretched exiles doomed to linger there  
Were guarded by a monster fiend, Despair,  
Ice-cold, the architect of every shed,  
Hunger their board, and Weariness their bed,  
While grim Disease his dreadful lash applied,—  
A thousand serpents writhing side by side!

Sickened to see the woes I could not aid,  
I left those realms of everlasting shade,  
And took a flight that might a seraph tire  
O'er the void gulf to Muspell's home of fire:—  
A region this of still more horrid pains,  
Where Odin's foes, in strong asbestine chains,  
Sink with wild cries of agony and shame  
Through smoky whirlpools, pierced with darts of flame!

Awed by that fiery ocean's endless roar,  
I ventured not its secrets to explore,  
But, frightened, fled to Asgard's twilight hill,  
And drank new strength from Urdar's holy rill.  
The watch was set, and all was silence deep,  
For 'twas the hour when gods and heroes sleep:  
O'er the sun's orb a beauteous cloud was flung,  
Like a silk screen around a lantern hung,  
Which shaded off the bright eternal noon,  
And left the scene a moonlit eve of June.

Here Witar fixed that lens before my eyes  
Wherewith he searched the secrets of the skies:  
Down on earth's disc a long, long gaze I sent,

While prone I lay in mute astonishment. [there—  
Strange change had come; wild, wondrous scenes were  
Terrific fury filled the frantic air;  
Mad lightnings darted fierce commingled rays,  
Till all the firmament was one wide blaze!  
And cloud to cloud was muttering deadly ire  
With giant voices and with tongues of fire!  
And earthquakes tumbled into gulfs of shame  
High crag-crowned hills and mountains plumed with flame.  
Dominions die, and thrones of monarchs fall,  
And angry ocean sweeps each royal hall;  
While a bright star that hangs above the west  
Shoots fiery arrows from her flaming breast!

Now first I saw that fair majestic tree  
Whose roots explore the past eternity:  
Whose never-fading branches spring sublime  
Through all the firmaments of future time.  
From the vast trunk a bough had formed a tower  
O'er the top of Asgard's outmost tower;  
By that strange path ascends the nameless One  
Waving a falchion brighter than the sun;  
And flashing down the steep a radiance clear  
To Hugi's bands and Lofni's, in the rear:  
While up the bridge avenging Surtur came  
With Muspell's host broke loose and breathing flame,  
From whose abyss of fire black vapours rise,  
Eclipse the sun and darken all the skies.

Then his loud horn the startled Heimdall wound,  
The wide world trembled at the sudden sound;  
Heroes and gods, their blissful slumber broke,



In all their might and majesty awoke!  
 Ruin's loosed monsters howling for their prey  
 Add to the horror and the wild dismay;  
 While that bright sword, against the fated gods,  
 Lights on the hordes of *Hela's* bleak abodes;  
 Those hordes whose chief from *Odin's* festive bower  
 Had brought the mead that filled the gods with power,  
 And changed therewith, from timid cowering slaves,  
 His host to heroes wielding dreadful blades,  
*Valhalla's* warriors rush to *Asgard's* plain  
 As mountain billows sweep the mighty main,  
 On steeds which toss their glowing manes on high  
 Like *Boreal* lights that burn across the sky;  
 Their plumes and purple standards gleaming far,  
 And brands that threaten now no sportive war:  
 I thought the mount wherupon I rested shook  
 With their proud tread—and death was in their look.

Wide on the field the fronting armies stand,  
 Leader to leader, furious hand to hand;  
 Far to the south stands *Loki* dark and foul,  
 Who bends on *Hugi's* host his bellish scowl;  
 Thor through the centre strides, a moving tower,  
 Grasps his great club, and watches *Surtur's* power;  
 High in the van and on its northern wing  
 He lowers who late was universal king.  
 Proudly the giant god departs him now,  
 His bright plume nodding o'er his gloomy brow,  
 Like the red sun above a stormy cloud  
 When heaven is troubled, and the thunder loud.  
 Wrath, like blue lightning, flashes from his eyes  
 On foes he hates yet cannot all despise.

But gazing up he views an awful form,  
 Who, half emerging from the cloudy storm,  
 Displays unrolled the scroll of *Odin's* doom,  
 Wherupon he reads—"Dread king, thine hour is come!"  
 Ah! what vast anguish fills that fearful hour  
 Which sees him spoiled of universal pow'r,  
 Though sworn his hosts o'er all that peopled plain  
 To wrest heaven's sceptre from the fates again!  
 His proud heart writhes, but calms at his command  
 The pang that must not paralyse his hand.  
 He scanned his foes, and bright before him saw  
 The nameless One—and blanched with sudden awe.  
 On his high brow he sees no tempests lower,  
 But in his look lies calm and conscious power;  
 His the heroic eye that cannot quail,  
 And his the arm that must not faint or fail:  
 Taller than *Odin*, more in might than *Thor*,  
 Mild star of peace, but comet flame of war.  
 His countless banners white and azure beamed  
 A radiance pure, and o'er the ether streamed.  
 To *Odin* thus he cried: "Dread king of crime,  
 Man's fell oppressor since the dawn of time;  
 Too long, stern tyrant, on thy blood-stained throne  
 Hast thou but mocked the universal groan;  
 Too long that throne by guilt and guile has stood,  
 And bell-sprung superstition's monster brood;  
 But now, like mountain cliffs by earthquakes torn  
 From seats they filled ere tribes of earth were born,  
 Ye gods shall sink: your day, your date are o'er,  
 And wrong and woe shall fall for evermore."

He rushed on *Odin*: and with war's wild cries



The armies met—but then I closed my eyes—  
 I closed my eyes and held my very breath  
 At the loud shock that shook that field of death.  
 I look again: that serpent vast and vile  
 That held the world within his coil of guile  
 Threatens with towering crest th' invaders' rear.  
 Nor dreads the point of Lofnir's brandished spear.  
 Destruction's famished wolves unchained from hell  
 Spring on each flank with soul-appalling yell!  
 Fierce grew the fight—and doubtful still it stood.  
 And fate seemed balancing the ill and good,  
 When Hugi flew to Asgard's utmost shore  
 And seized the polar light's electric store.  
 Ten million spears, resistless keen, white hot,  
 With hissing fury through the heavens he shot:  
 The monsters fall, Valhalla's armies fly  
 From that red field where half her heroes die!  
 He who first struck at Asgard's mighty lord  
 Had pierced him with his bright and burning sword  
 The wounded god regains his lofty tower,  
 And clambers writhing to his throne of power,  
 Whence, when of yore he waved his potent hand,  
 He witnessed worlds obey the mute command.  
 He grasps his thunderbolts, and, with a frown  
 That withers nature, flings his lightnings down:  
 And, as heaven's hall beats flat the golden grain  
 That waved in splendour o'er the harvest plain,  
 So Odin, with the fiery shafts he wields,  
 O'erthrows the spears that shag his vanquished fields.  
 Now had the glorious strife been waged in vain,  
 And vanquished nations gnawed the conqueror's chain.  
 But he who bore the brilliant meteor sword

Scaled the tall tower and faced its frowning lord.  
 Fierce was the fight; the helm of Odin's foe,  
 Dented and shorn, showed many a dreadful blow;  
 Strength to inhale, a moment's breath he drew.  
 Then pierced the groaning tyrant through and through,  
 While mighty woes, like lurid hues of hell,  
 A horrid gloom, o'er all his features fell:  
 With one vast heave the dying god was hurled  
 To the deep jaws of Hela's dreary world,  
 To sink for ever through its fogs and gloom,  
 Its frozen shades his everlasting tomb!

Thor awayed his giant's club in demon wrath,  
 And swept whole armies from his gory path;  
 His monarch's flight and fall avenging well,  
 Beneath the fiery Surtur's sword he fell:  
 While Hugi far on Asgard's distant coast  
 Annihilated Loki and his host.

Gods, heroes, monsters mingled strew the plain  
 That seems to groan beneath its heaps of slain:  
 No more they spring from that last fatal strife,  
 As wont, with re-invigorated life:  
 Iduna's fruits\* are spent and all is o'er—  
 They wake to crown the festal cup no more.  
 Those that remain yield up their vanquished swords,  
 And share the mercy of their victor lords.

But now strange signs forbode the doom that waits  
 A realm abandoned by its guardian fates.  
 Swift from that field the conquering legions march,

\* Her apples, by eating which the youth of the gods was renewed.

And, hurrying, thunder down the rainbow arch:  
 Alarmed we fly to Gladsheim's hills of shewn  
 To view the close of this tremendous reeve;  
 For Muspell in the fury of his ire  
 Heaves on Valhalla all his boarded fire.  
 Those ocean flames that long have awed a world  
 Now on wrecked thrones and fallen gods are hurled:  
 While star-sown gardens of ethereal bliss  
 Begin to bloom where frowned the dread abyss.  
 The tyrant's towers dissolve in burning rain,  
 Flames wrap hill, valley, hall, and battle plain;  
 And Asgard, from its airy moorings rent,  
 Falls hissing, thundering through the firmament!  
 I viewed it flaming, whirling, sinking far,  
 Until it vanished like a shooting star!  
 The sun and moon recoiled in fear and dread,  
 And when heaven cleared, the ancient lights had fled!  
 Pale, panic-struck, and cold as mortal clay,  
 They reeled from sight along the milky way!  
 Death for a moment spread his pall on high,  
 And sickening nature quaked from earth to sky!

But lo! an orb of awful glory now,  
 Before whose rise the reverent nations bow!  
 'Tis He, the sire of gods and fates, 'tis He  
 Whose beams, whose brilliance no eclipse shall see,  
 All-beautiful his aspect, and his way  
 Is, was, and shall be—everlasting day!  
 His glorious form in yon vast azure shone—  
 Ten thousand suns composed his dazzling throne,  
 While glowed on space's many gleaming isles  
 Eternal gladness from his blissful smiles!

I tried to gaze, but fled away dismayed  
 From blasting brightness to the deepest shade.

New lights he kindled of divinest ray  
 To guide the earth and cheer her path for aye;  
 She, fresh and bright beneath the rising morn,  
 Beamed a young world to joy and beauty born.  
 The reign of error and of ill was o'er,  
 And sorrow saddened her fair face no more;  
 And all the ransomed victims of the past  
 Saw their long suffering crowned with bliss at last.  
 Down to her breast on pleasure's wings I flew,  
 And lighted softly as the sinking dew,  
 Where hope made hill and vale with rapture ring,  
 In the sweet promise of eternal spring!  
 Nature in all that wild fresh beauty lay,  
 Which beams on man in childhood's blessed day,  
 That garb of youth so wondrous fair and bright,  
 Made now to pall no longer on the sight.  
 Joy from God's fountains o'er the nations streamed,  
 And He! his slaves from iver thrall redeemed.  
 Those savage looks that met the leathing eye,  
 Like the ill forms our raving dreams decry,  
 Fled as distempered visions fade away,  
 Or changed to beauty in the new-born ray—  
 The forms and hues of fraud and guile depart,  
 And man's fair countenance reflects his heart.

While He whose eyes unbounded nature scan,  
 Whose hand launched earth and lent the bark to man,  
 Looks down and calls from all the victor throng  
 That chief whose falchion smote the prince of wrong;

Who, robed in light and girt with beauty's zone,  
 Truth for his sceptre, righteousness his throne,  
 Is now proclaimed the new-born age's king,  
 To usher in man's long-expected spring;  
 His nobles, they whom worth and wisdom dower,  
 And love, the engine of his god-like power.

Healed were old wrongs, and calmed the feuds of yore,  
 And truth and freedom brightened every shore;  
 Crime and disease were only known by name,  
 And death was welcomed since it ripely came;  
 While men, unfolding all their benignant powers,  
 Blossomed and grew, earth's amaranthine flowers.  
 'Twas now the golden age of time began,  
 And virtue came and dwelt, the spouse of man,  
 And more than seers have sung in strains sublime—  
 Blessed the bright dawn of that auspicious time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Deep darkness fell—the enchanting scene was o'er,  
 Far in th' imprisoning flesh I woke once more—  
 Woke and to see that God's fair world is still  
 The haunt of woe, the dwelling-place of ill—  
 A den of tyranny, a home of pain,  
 A realm that bows to superstition's reign.

But yet hope dawns, though faint its rising ray,  
 The certain signal of a brighter day,  
 When faith and truth shall triumph over night,  
 Not merely as the phantom of a night;  
 For by pure beams that purged the visual powers,  
 In time's spring buds I viewed the future flowers—

The wealth, the wisdom of the precious past  
 Laid out by Heaven to bring about at last  
 That golden time the isles of earth shall see,  
 Sure as the germ unfolds the stately tree.

### CONN AND QUEEN MAVE.

Long, long ago when time was yet in youth's rejoicing years,  
 And ere our globe had wheeled too far from yonder spirit  
 spheres,  
 Whence fays and genii lit at times among our hills to dwell,  
 And revel nightly o'er the rath and round the haunted well,  
 Lorn lived a chieftain's outcast son by Erne's o'ershadowed  
 shore—  
 And bolder breast than Conn M'Gualire's ne'er stemmed  
 her wave before.  
 Matchless in height, and might, and mind among the *Finn*  
*naid* corps,\*  
 He stood as 'mid the isles of Erne reposes Innismore.

But Conn, the child of lawless love, endured the  
 scourge of seers  
 From those that reckoned greatness light, and named him  
 base-born.  
 What bootied it that Conn M'Gualire, the generous and the  
 brave,

\* Irish militia embodied by Finn M'Cool.



A hundred lives from ruin's jaws had snatched by land and wave?

What booteth it that gallant Conn on battle's bloody day  
Was still the foremost in the fight and last to leave the fray—

The truest eye, the stoutest heart in Ulah's warrior train,  
The fleetest foot that scaled the cliffs which curb the western main?

What booteth skill and valour spent to meet his country's call?

To feel himself surpassed by none, yet trodden down by all?

He sought his foster parents' home, the chase or conflict o'er.

And closed against th' injurious world that humble cabin door;

Or stalked along the banks of Erne in lone and sullen pride,

Till glory's trumpet tones again recalled him from her side.

Yet he could brook the slights of men, and measure scorn for scorn,

Till fickle beauty spurned him too, and left his heart forlorn.

He loved the blue-eyed Banha-bán as only heroes do,  
And had not dreamed that Banha-bán could ever prove untrue.

She dwelt afar:—between them lay broad flood and valley lone—

Hy Niall's pride, the rose that graced the towers of Innishowen.

Midsummer's eve conveyed the news—a thunderstroke of woe,

Which roused such agonies of soul as only heroes know—  
That ere another sun might sleep beneath the western tide,  
His beauteous Banba should exult, a rival chieftain's bride.

He rushed from out his cabin, forth across the wooded plain,

Like elk with arrow in his flank, who flees the shaft in vain.  
Where far from human haunts the wulf pursued the branchy deer,

Urged by the tempest of his soul, he sped his wild career;  
Through syran shades and gloomy glens he sought a deeper night,

Where Nature mourns in darkest woods the dear departed light.

Now from the naked cairn he viewed the dappled lake below,  
Whose bowery isles looked calmly down upon the crimson glow,

As her smooth bosom mirrored forth a hundred blended lights,

Caught from the Beal-fires blazing on a hundred circling heights.

At length a lonely path he reached, by toil and woe oppressed,

A shamrock-sheathed couch, whereon he flung his limbs to rest;

Upon its grassy rampart rose the hazel and the sloe,  
Whose dewy boughs extended o'er the fern and furze below;  
The slender sprays of podded broom, the *luzmore* richly red,  
Like guardian fairies seemed to watch above the sleeper's head.



The wild rose flung her fragrance o'er the softly moonlit scene,  
 While silver-mantled night hung pearls on earth's rich robe of green.  
 The winds were still, the woods asleep, and not a leaflet stirred,  
 While clamoured o'er the echoing plains the harsh-voiced summer bird;  
 The insects chirruped through the grass or whirled among the fern,  
 And rose and fell the distant roar of the broad falls of Erne.

Conn's slumbers breaking o'er the moon had climbed the middle skies,  
 He heard from all the grassy sward shrill, eager whispers rise:  
 Now in a louder, fiercer tone the crowding voices come,  
 As when a thousand air-borne beetles raise their evening hum.  
 Amid the din his dreamy eyes a beauteous vision saw  
 That rapt his soul in ecstasy, and held him dumb with awe:  
 Her robe was thickly starred with gems as gossamer with dew;  
 She wore a crown of roses culled where thorns they never grow.  
 Around her neck and bosom bright a diamond circle hung,  
 Like sunlit drops on lily's breast by wing of cygnet flung.  
 Her eyes such brilliance beamed as from the queen of starlight glows,  
 Her cheeks in softest union banded the white and blushing rose;  
 Her lips were lines of beauty traced with brightest rainbow dyes.

Her hair the golden glory of the eastern morning skies;  
 Her brow was bright as moonshine where it gleams on virgin snow,  
 Her stature queenly tall, her voice was music soft and low:  
 "O fairest youth of mortal form behold and pity Maye,  
 Queen of the elfin tribes that haunt the moonlit sward and wave."  
 To-night the chiefs of *Tir-na-n-oge* are met in fairy ring,  
 In lawless enterprise to aid my consort and their king.  
 The royal heart that's mine by right, and mine alone for aye,  
 An earthly princess has enthralled and reft its love away.  
 True, she's a gem of lustre pure, a blossom rich and rare;  
 But, noble youth, can mortal maid with deathless Maye compare?  
 They wait to mount the waking breeze at midnight's witching call,  
 To bear her from her castled home to his enchanted hall;  
 But fain like this no fairy host, unnumbered though it be,  
 May dare except through mortal aid, and aid they look from thee.  
 Obey thou must; thy doom is else—ere thirteen moons to die;  
 But claim the maid as thy reward, the mightiest must comply.  
 O save our race from deadly feud, and me from endless grief,  
 And thine shall be a priceless meed, my young, my gallant chief!"

Cried Conn, "I'd dare the very damned for such a radiant queen,

With but my back against an oak, and armed with fargo  
and skian!  
Tis only thine to name the deed thou wilt should be  
done,  
To one who knows the way to die, but not the way to run."

Mave vanished fleet, for forward strode a lordly elfin  
knight—

"Hear the commands of deathless powers, thou slum-  
bering mortal wight—  
Arise! for soon and swift must thou to Ulah's towers pro-  
ceed,  
Mounted as fits a hero on the mighty Phooka steed.  
And hither ere the owls go home its princess must thou  
bring,  
A matchless maid to bless the arms of our immortal king."  
"My Banba!" murmured startled Conn—"stern warrior, I  
obey"—  
And rising, followed through the ranks of *Tír-na-n-óg's*  
array.  
Beyond, one reined a jet-black steed that pawed the quaking  
ground,  
His toading mane the stormy cloud, his neigh the thunder's  
sound.  
"Now haste thee," cried his goblin guide, "the noon of  
night is by;  
But when heaven's lamp hung fair beneath the roof-tree of  
the sky,  
I caught this seed of fairy fern, a rare and valued prize:  
Wear it upon thy breast, and walk unseen by mortal  
eyes."

Conn sprang upon the charger's back and grasped the  
golden rein,  
And glided off, surrounded by the airy elfin train,  
Over the silvered summer woods, and rivers' rippled sheen,  
Swift as a swallow skims the lake or sweeps its margin  
green.

With hissing hoof he tracked Lough Foyle's broad, tide-  
heaved, briny breast.  
While gleamed afar the ocean-borne O'Brasil's isle of rest;  
Now on the shore of Innishowen alit the flying train,  
Where the Hy Niall's towered home o'erlooked the mighty  
main.

Unseen through massive-guarded gates and bolted doors  
they pass,  
With steps as softly silent as the creeping of the grass;  
Two fairy dames, by elfin light, array the trance-bound fair  
In robes that render Banba's form as viewless as the air.  
Conn folds her in his stalwart arms, while sudden out they  
fly  
With rustle like the fitful breeze against the lattice high,  
And on the broad-backed Phooka horse, the princess borne  
before,  
Still guarded by encircling elves, he reached the rath once  
more.

Then spoke the king—"Well, gallant knight, hast thou  
performed this deed!  
Now let us hear thy utmost wish, and claim the highest  
need;  
Whether thou ask to rule a realm, in battle's blaze to shine,  
Or to be heir of endless wealth, whate'er thou wilt is thine."

Out spoke brave Conn—"By all the powers of welkin,  
wave, and wood,  
I claim this royal maid I've borne o'er precipice and flood."

Dark frowned the king, like harvest moon beneath the  
dim eclipse,  
And dark with rage grew all his ranks, and pale their  
quivering lips.  
Calmly amid the gathering storm Conn raised his looks on  
high,  
And uttered thrice that mighty name which awes the earth  
and sky.  
At the dread sound recoiling far, they fled with angry cries:  
A whirlwind swept the rocking rath, and lightning crossed  
the skies.

All sweet and calm, soft Banba sleeps against the  
daisied mound,  
Where, beautifully negligent, her tresses lie unbound.  
Her face is like the faintly-tinted rosy light that lies  
Upon the sunless azure of the summer twilight skies;  
Her hands are paired across her breast, and slowly sink and  
heave,  
Like white twin lilies resting on the softly swelling wave.

While Conn on Banba's lovely form mute bent his  
raptured gaze,  
Maye softly glided up the scarp like morn's ascending haze;  
She stooped and touched the trance-bound maid, who opened  
her radiant eyes,  
On him her heart had ne'er disowned, and shrieked with  
glad surprise.

Bright smiled the queen; but Banba's smile shone in upon  
his soul,  
Beaming from love that feared no more a father's stern  
control.  
Bright smiled the queen on mortals' joy, then heaved a  
fragrant sigh  
To think the bloom of earthly bliss must fade away and  
die.  
Then said—"O princess, love and trust the gentle and the  
brave,  
But for whose daring thou wert now an elfin monarch's  
slave;  
Love him—a warrior destined yet o'er Ulah's ranks to  
shine—  
A hero, lady, worthy thee, the boast of Heber's line:  
Love and live both to bless for aye this fairy-haunted bower."  
She dropped a casket at their feet, a rare and princely  
dower,  
A wealth of gems; then soared aloft and fleetly flashed  
away  
Across the purple-gleaming lake upon the morn's first ray.

Down the green slope the lovers sped, and seek the  
sanded shore,  
Whence through the rippled flood their skiff flies fast with  
flashing oar;  
In Devenish a white-robed priest, an hour beyond the dawn,  
Gave Conn his Banba; and the pair to Inisoge are gone.  
Green Inisoge, whose bowery breast heaves high amid the  
flood,  
Around whose reedy shore the swan attends her downy  
brood;



Whose sloping meads are softly kissed by Erne's illumined  
waves,

Whose groves resound with winged birds that chant their  
morning staves.

But that harsh brother who had closed, since fell their  
warlike sire,  
On homeless Conn hit castle gates—that fierce and false  
M'Guire,

Sends a swift post without delay to Ulah's royal seat,  
Revealing to the wrathful king his daughters' calm retreat—  
Those peaceful bowers where first on Conn rose joy's  
benignant smile,  
Like morning on the blissful banks of that green Eden isle.

A moon had passed.—'Twas eve; nor yet were seen the  
elves at play,  
But o'er the lough a wreath appeared to trace his watery  
way.

While on the margin of the isle the wedded lovers stood,  
Two *Corrocks* urged by swelling sails clove swift the foam-  
tracked flood;

A banner from the foremost prow streamed slowly toward  
the land,

And clearly to the startled pair revealed the *Moody hand*.\*  
Dark clouds had castled all the hills, slow gathering since  
the noon,

And now far spreading o'er the sky they hid the slanting  
moon.

Gust sighs to gust among the heights, the ruffled waters  
frown—

\* The insignia of the O'Neills.

A rushing blast—a splash—a shriek—the warrior crews are  
down.

In plunges noble-hearted Conn beneath the angry wave,  
And bears to land the hoary chief from out a watery grave—  
His minstrel and his benchman next embrace the reedy  
shore,

But far below the arm of aid lie fifty warriors more.

The ray-robed morn arose and quelled the elemental strife,  
And reigned o'er scenes as calm as death, but beautiful with  
life.

Not kinder the paternal sun on dewy nature smiled  
Than the O'Neill, with gladdened heart, on his recovered  
child:

His wrath in one short night had changed to gentleness and  
love,

The falcon's fierceness fled before the mildness of the dove;  
And to his daughter's high-souled lord—"Now haste thee,  
son, prepare,

We go to dine at Fort Maguire before the vesper prayer.  
Enough hast thou bewailed its chief, thy brother and thy foe,  
Who strove to make thy lot of life a barren waste of woe;  
Sound be his sleep in yon deep bed with many a trusty *kerne*,  
Who met last eve untimely fate amid the waves of Erne."

Their skiff has quitted Inisoge and all her blissful  
bowers,

Whence Conn his beauteous Banba bears to his ancestral  
towers.

The bonfires blaze on every hill—his *sept* with full accord  
Hail him their true and chosen chief, and wide Fermanagh's  
lord.



## THE O'DONOHUE'S LOVE:

## A LEGEND OF THE "LADY'S LEAP."

THE lough lily of Lene, the white rose of the vale,  
 With tall form, and faint cheek, and bright brow was  
 young Feale;  
 A bosom snow-white, tresses black as the coal,  
 And eyes whose dark glance melted into the soul;  
 And as lovely she shone in the light of her smile  
 As in summer eve's beams Innisfallen's fair isle;  
 For a beautiful sadness around her was thrown,  
 Like a vapour-veiled moon 'mid her cloud-woven zone.  
 In her soul were high thoughts and deep feelings enshrined  
 That met a response from no answering mind;  
 And her heart was the seat of unsatisfied fire  
 'Mid all that paid court in the halls of her sire;  
 And the sons of proud chieftains they went as they came,  
 Unloved and unfavoured by Mangerton's dame.

An oft going guest of the hind's hearty bowers,  
 The swan's crystal palace, the eagle's tall towers,  
 She wooed for companions the fern and the violet,  
 The lichen-crowned crag and the wave-girded islet—  
 Rejoicing in haunts where her spirit felt free:  
 High summit, deep valley, wild wood, or wide sea;  
 Yet by hoarse howling billow or soft singing rill  
 She felt in her soul a sad vacancy still;  
 Till roaming at length by Killarney's bright waters,  
 This sweetest of matchless Momonia's sweet daughters  
 Found one who was all her ideal and more,  
 Who never had smiled upon maiden before.

'Twas the dawn of the May, and the morn's ruddy  
 smile

Lit the love-blushing lake and each bowery isle;  
 Each graceful arbutus and rowan tree spray  
 Has its minstrel or choir of the laureates of day;  
 The cliffs are yet cowed, and the mountain's broad breast  
 Is wrapt in the folds of the morning's white vest;  
 And the spirit of echo all gaily rejoices  
 Round cavern and crag with ten thousand wild voices—  
 When lo! amid strains from some fairy-toned lyre  
 That drowns all the notes of Aurora's glad choir,  
 A knight in black armour, on jet coloured steed,  
 Skims the crests of the waves with the sea eagle's speed.

Feale gazed in a transport of wonder and fear  
 As the knight on his silver-shod charger drew near;  
 One glorious glance to the cliff where she stood  
 And he doffed his plumed helmet and paused on the flood.  
 'Twas the deathless O'Donohue, gentle and brave,  
 From his realm that lies deep in the shadowy wave;  
 Who revisits once more in each May morning's prime  
 The scenes that were dear in the far vanished time.

She looked on his countenance, lordly and fair,  
 Unshrunk by years and unfurrowed by care,  
 For the chief had explored by his virtue and love  
 A clime where old age and decay are no more,  
 Where he sways the bright sceptre of justice and truth  
 Over fair *Tír-na-n-oge*, the pure Eden of youth.

Oh sweet was young Feale in that glorious hour  
 As the delicate, dew-silv'ed saxifrage flower,

And her sunny eye flashed from her eyrie above  
On him who was all a high maiden night love.

Seven times (and each time when the rose-winged May  
Shall have lit from the sun on the daisy-starred lay)  
Her knight she must meet on that cliff, and alone,  
Before she can share the O'Donohue's throne.  
One glance like a sunburst—he speeds him again  
To the regions that owns his immaculate reign.

Six years glide away like a heavenly song,  
Unmarred by the discords of sorrow and wrong;  
Six times she has met him alone on that strand  
And pledged the mysterious monarch her hand;  
Yet once must the truth of the maiden be tried  
And Feale is the deathless O'Donohue's bride.

May-ere bringeth mirth to the old castle walls,  
And the minstrel is heard in its echoing halls,  
For a lord has arrived from the coast of Kinsale  
To be wedded next noon to the beautiful Feale.  
What though on his deep dented visage appears  
The scath and the scarring of sixty dark years?  
His acres are broad, and his clan not a few,  
And his fathers were princes that marched with Bann.  
He has herds, he has flocks, he has gold in great store—  
Those idols the loveliest ladies adore;  
Yet wept she all night, and arose at the dawn,  
And crossed the broad valley like Mangerton's fawn,  
Till she gained the tall cliff, where the lake lay before her,  
And a slender arbutus bent lovingly o'er her.  
She has flung down her pearls and her jewels, and now

A wreath of wild May-flowers blooms on her brow;  
Her white flowing kirtle is gracefully laced  
Round her full swelling bosom and delicate waist.  
Her maids from the balconies mark her stand idle,  
And speed them to hasten her home for the bridal.

But hark to the wild fairy strains that awake!  
And lo, the mailed knight is abroad on the lake!  
Like a dove, whom the shriek of the eagle alarms,  
She springs from the crag and alights in his arms,  
And the waves of Killarney a moment divide,  
And O'Donohue's gone with his beautiful bride  
To a realm as serene as the regions supernal,  
An Eden where beauty and youth are eternal,  
Where passion no longer, nor tyranny, rages,  
But freedom and peace are for ages of ages.

## THE PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS.

Through Araby's desert a fugitive fled—  
Not a path for his feet, not a roof for his head;  
The waste lay before him, wild, burning, and drear,  
And the tigers of vengeance were up in the rear;  
And Mecca had sworn that his blood should atone  
For robbing her idols of altar and throne;  
And the jackals of bigotry swept in their wrath,  
Like the gentils of ill on his desolate path—  
As the false and the slarish for ever pursue  
With death or detraction the free and the true.

"Down, down with the infidel dog! let the fires  
Have a feast of that foe to the faith of our sires;  
Apostate from gods whom his countrymen own,  
He demands that we worship his Allah alone."

Now, hid by God's hand in the rifts of the rocks,  
Persecution's fell whoop he triumphantly mocks;  
Now the shingle and sand are his couch for the night,  
The candles of Allah's blue temple his light,  
Which the star-stationed angels, the watch of the sky,  
Keep glowing with radiance immortal on high,  
Now printing the waste with the blood of his feet,  
As weary he totters with hunger and heat;  
Now gasping with thirst in the drought and the glare,  
Till his tongue fails to render the oft offered prayer,  
Where death on his wings of simoom seeketh prey,  
Unswerving, unshrinking, he battles his way,  
Ha! yet in those wild flashing eyes is a light  
Which Nakir's\* plume only can shadow with night;  
And those firmly set lips, in his deadliest woe,  
Keep silently saying, "I yield not to foe;"  
And the large, lordly brow, with its dark swelling vein,  
Where reason and passion both potently reign, [lower  
And the thought-furrowed face, where resolve seems to  
Proclaim the high soul with its grandeur and power:  
Yea, the curve of his broad heaving bosom seems even  
To speak of a spirit that leans upon heaven,  
One wends by his side, of that God-hearted few  
Whose love is through glory and infamy true.

Thus oft like a waif of the waste is he seen  
Slow toiling along to those islets of green,

\* The Angel of Death.

Where the motherly earth yields refreshment and rest,  
By the crystalline fount welling up in her breast;  
And the sisterly palm at his feet lays her store  
To replenish the scrip of the pilgrim once more.

That outcast, exchanging for peril and shame  
His ease and his honours, his friendships and fame—  
That "wild Arab man," on the wilderness hurled,  
Wields a force that will change the career of the world:  
For Allah's deep voice has pealed forth in his soul,  
(And who shall the echo confine or control?)  
High truths, whose grand tones shall all listlessness chase  
And rouse the dead hearts of old Ishmael's race.  
He has read without aid from the lore of mankind  
Some lines from the God-written scroll of the mind;  
He has pored on the pages of nature from youth,  
And deciphered some hieroglyphics of truth.  
He knows not if earth be a plain or a ball,  
But the Centre he knows, and the Sovereign of all;  
He knows not your destiny, orbs of the sky,  
But he knows that the spirit of man cannot die.  
He has traversed the past like a landscape of dreams,  
And explored the first fount of humanity's streams,  
Whence flow we—crowned tyrant and manacled slave—  
One race and one rank, to eternity's wave.

But those bigots who drive a strong soul to despair  
Have roused up a lion that slept in his lair;  
And the scoffers who sneered at the teacher's mild word  
Ere long shall succumb to that Mahomet's sword,  
When the nations shall throng at his footstool to fall,  
And hail him as prophet, the highest of all.



Vast cycles have rolled over Araby's clime  
 Since the days of that chief with his courage sublime,  
 Till time has shown mingled the false and the wrong,  
 With the fair and the true, in the words of his tongue.  
 Yet why should we sneer though the whole is not true?  
 Let us think of the gloom that his light glimmered  
 Nor harshly condemn him for frailty and crime, [through  
 The tares that sprang up from a barbarous time,  
 When passion and power his heaven o'rcast,  
 Obscuring the beams of the beautiful past;  
 But let us rejoice (for our light is not day)  
 That he cast on Arabia's darkness a ray—  
 That he left not quite barren the deserts he trod,  
 But gave them some streams from the fountain of God.

### MAY EVE.

YOUNG Spring had gaily round her flung  
 Her scarf of living green,  
 Whose flower-embroidered folds were hung  
 With gems of starry sheen;  
 The sun was down behind the Crewe,\*  
 The moon was rising red,  
 When Dolly tripped it o'er the dew  
 With little thought of bed.

\* A hill of County Antrim.

Fair Lizzy down the river's edge  
 Was moving sad and slow,  
 Where blooming blackthorn's decked the hedge  
 With robes like driven snow :—  
 "What! is it Lizzy loiters here  
 Moping among the shadows,  
 Where the wind wafts you every cheer  
 That rises off the meadows?"

Come, hurry down, for Willie's there,  
 The boy that's born for you—"  
 A sting of something like despair  
 Through Lizzy's bosom flew.  
 "Dear Dolly, run, and let me stay;  
 My heart it's sad and sore :  
 I bade him go the other day  
 And never see me more.

"As quick as thought he floored away,  
 And jumped the ditch and ran;  
 And now I hear he's light and gay.  
 And courtin' Molly Ban."  
 "Hoot! Lizzy darlin', never fret!  
 Though Molly's gran' and gaudy,  
 He'll swap for your wee finger yet  
 Another woman's body."

Down hill they hid where lad and lass  
 Their wide-extended ring  
 Had formed upon the flowery grass  
 Beyond the fairy spring.  
 And there was racing round and round,



And rushing through and through;  
With joyous jokes and laughter's sound  
The merry minutes flew.

Tall Tom was there rigged out in trim  
To kill the girls by swarms;  
For all were classed that smiled on him  
As victims to his charms.  
Swift Biddy o'er a pool had gone  
With nimble hop and jump,  
But seemed to cross by leaning on  
A withered willow stump.

Tom chased her close and never slacked,  
The girl began to tire,  
When in his hands the willow cracked  
And stretched him in the mire!  
(Poor boy! the same have thousands done  
Pursuing love and fame)—  
Dragged out, he flies the storm of fun  
Covered with mud and shame.

Now numerous nimble youngsters shout  
For games of *hound-and-hare*,  
The ring melts down, and all the rout  
The circling chase forbear.  
Away then bounding Bella flew,  
Quite sure she could not miss;  
So out a mocking challenge threw  
To catch her for a kiss.

Pat took her up, and went like fire  
Through autumn's heather brown,

Still nearing her through bush and brie,  
And up the hill and down.  
He caught her waist, and stooped to taste  
Her lips, a dewy rose;  
His dog at hand she grasped in haste  
And gave him Cesar's nose.

With noisy glee the merry crowds  
Rushed up and down the brae,  
Swift as the pearl and amber clouds  
That flew across Lough Neagh,  
At last the fleetest, fain to yield,  
With many a bruise and sprain,  
The lads had *leap-frog* in a field  
Upon the level plain.

Broad Barney bends to full three score,  
Who jump with shout and shock,  
As billows break with foam and roar  
Over a tide-swept rock.  
While their wild mirth woke hill and grove  
Beyond the ringing meadows,  
Some breathed the calmer joys of love  
Beneath the willows' shadows.

But Lizzy rested by the spring,  
Her head on Dolly's breast,  
Like weary bird with folded wing  
Upon its grassy nest.  
Deep in the fount full many a cloud  
Bright flecked a fairy sky;

The meadow crink sang harsh and loud,  
The curlew shrill on high.

"Look!" Dolly cries, "beyond the girls,  
Below the *broken brae*,  
The boy a smotherin' in her curls,  
Sits Moll with Robin Ray."  
"Run and show Willie Neill his pink,  
He little knows she's there;  
But Dolly dear, don't let him think  
That I would look or care."

Round to the *forthe* she flashed like light,  
All flurried, flushed, and dizzy,  
While Dolly cried,— "Will, you's a sight,  
A porty sight for Lizzy!  
Was it worth while for that vain belle  
To give up Bess and slight her?  
I must say Molly serves you well,  
For she has bit the biter."

"Dear Dolly, that was all a *spre*  
The troubled heart to cure;  
You know 'twas Bessy slighted me  
And turned me off, I'm sure;  
And here this night I *tay* her twice,  
She sulked and would not play;  
She keeps as cowl'd as Christmas ice,  
Now near the first of May."

"She'll change if you have heart to try;  
I think she's worth a struggle;

I never thought O'Neill would fly  
Scared at a *barley-buggle*."  
Doll took him round the Danish mound,  
Till, on a primrose bank  
Against the scarp, his love he found  
Below the brambles rank.

Now round the pair the bedding broom  
Slow waves its tender sprays,  
Wild glows the furze's fiery bloom  
Beneath the nightly rays,  
High on the rampart of the rath  
The moon appears to lie;  
As though she left her heavenly path  
Pure earthly love to spy.

Blithe Dolly turns half loth aside,  
Where mirth's upon the plain,  
And pleasure waves her pinions wide  
O'er many a jolly swain:  
Some groups a wrestling warfare wage—  
The muscular and burly—  
Some in the *hop-and-jump* engage,  
And some are stripped at *hurry*.

Where o'er the daisy-dotted fields  
The girls apart were sporting,  
Hugh Quinn touched lips with Sally Shields  
That Murty Moore was courting.  
Quick as the deed a mighty fist  
Brought down astonished Hugh,

Where, for the dewy lips he kissed,  
He kissed the April dew.

Deep stung he sprang at that "aha,"  
On Murty with a rattle,  
While round them rung the wild hurrah:  
Of those that smelt the battle.  
But saved by friends from fiercer feud,  
Black eyes and bloody noses,  
They both looked round where Sally stood,  
But Sall was off with Moses.

Small boys that skipped about the hill,  
As restless as the covey,  
Came shouting, "Here was fifer Phil  
And famous fiddler Davy."  
Now helter skelter off they lie,  
Each up a separate path:  
It's "deil take hindmost" as they fly  
To dance on Dinny's rath.

Oh, never did the fairy choirs  
That nightly gambol there  
Move to their wild unearthly lyres  
With freer breasts from care,  
But who could fathom Will's deep joy?  
Whose heart with hope so big,  
While Lizzy smiling on her boy,  
They danced the Irish jig?

Time flew, like April clouds along,  
And pleasure fell in showers;

Till tired they dropped the dance and song  
To cull the yellow flowers—  
The broad marsh-marigolds that bloomed  
With weird and elfin glow,  
That lit the meadows, and illumed  
The streamlet's track below.

Bare-headed Joe in fearful plight  
Came flying like an arrow,  
And says he got a horrid fright  
While searching round for yarrow—  
A headless woman, all in white,  
He saw in Symy's glen!  
He would not take a sovereign bright  
And pass the place again!

Off starts a crowd with stones and sticks  
To search the hazel hollow,  
The stout in front, some five or six,  
The trembling stragglers follow.  
But awful is the storm of jeers  
That Joe must weather now  
When through a gap the ghost appears—  
His own white milky cow!

Now home by many a dark *horeen*  
The move in merry corps,  
The boys with boughs of rowan green,  
The girls their flowery stores,  
And pleasure glowed in every breast  
In happy pairs returning.

While bright on blue Slieve Gallen's\* crest  
The star of love was burning.

Each causey shines by road and lane,  
With starry flowerets gleaming,  
That down by doors and windows rain,  
From maidens' aprons streaming;  
While in the caves the rowan waves,  
Securing every home  
From elf and sprite that all this night  
In search of mischief roam.

While Rose was gliding mute to bed,  
The yarrow in her han',  
To place the plant beneath her head  
And dream her future man;  
Big Dan M'Vey he crossed her way,  
She fled in wild alarm,  
But found her speech and gave a screech  
That broke the cherished charm.

A snail picked off a mountain ash,  
Peg closed with trenchers in,  
Beside a bowl that held a wash  
For bleaching sunburnt skin,  
No snail was there at morning light,  
No lover's name she found;  
She dipped to wash her freckles white,  
And got the reptile drowned!

Ere Willie left his heart's delight,  
His Lizzy named the day

\* A mountain west of Lough Neagh.

When holy rite should both unite  
In bonds of bliss for aye,  
And many met who'll ne'er forget  
May-eve beneath the moon,  
When friends were knit, and love was lit,  
And life was put in tune.

### THE BANSHEE'S WARNING WAIL.

THE dark-plumed noon of the night swept past  
With resistless course on the reinsless blast,  
And a cloud like the frown of a hateful foe—  
Its shadow a pall on the plains below—  
Rolled wide away on the waves of air  
From the face of the Orient bright and fair.  
Again, like foam on the deep blue main,  
Or the stainless snow on a pathless plain,  
A vapoury veil on her star-gemmed brow  
Has muffled the glow of her glory now.  
Wan smiles the moon in that folding cloud,  
As a virgin wound in her spotless shroud,  
And faintly falls her quivering beam  
On the mirroring breast of Lagan's stream.

From a lone ravine that in darkness lay,  
'Mid the sentinel mountains stern and grey,  
Whose treasuring caves held lance and brand  
To avenge the wrongs of an injured land,  
The care-bent form of the young MacIlroe



Comes eyeing the stream in its gentle flow,  
Which calmly, steadily glides beneath  
As patriot valour should march to death.

While pondering slow he passed along,  
The notes of a wild and mournful song  
Like fragrance floated from ramparts round  
Where worship or war had piled a mound,  
Ere trembling ages assigned the place  
As a sacred home to the elfin race.  
Now, a muffled moan on the burdened breeze  
As it sighs in the boughs of the alder trees;  
Now, a wild weird shriek on the groaning gale,  
Now, a maniac matron's hopeless wail,  
Now, sinking in sobs and murmurs low,  
Like a wretch resigning her soul to woe,  
It startles the glens that are still and deep,  
And the echoes of night on each ghostly steep!  
At times it thrills like music's strain  
From a pleasure barge on the still blue main,  
Or the voice of a flute when wafted o'er  
A moonlit lake from its distant shore;  
Till it rises again and rends the air  
With the piercing tones of a wild despair!

That warning wail is the wild Banshee's—  
Her white robes gleam through the ivied trees.  
As light she springs from the fairy thorn  
On the west wind's wing to the land of morn,  
And over the far horizon's rim  
Is carried on cloudlets faint and dim.

Unmoved by the phantom of future woe  
Is the stern resolve of the brave MacRoe;  
And he whets his sword for the deadly strife,  
And the glorious cause that demands his life.

"Tis a gorgeous eve in the sun-crowned June,  
Which smiles to the honey-bell'd onset's tune,  
And the voices of Linnegarvey come  
Through Lagan's vale with a joyous hum:  
And the chief has his couriers wide and far  
To waken the North to the rising war;  
And in stormy rapture his deep eyes roll,  
For high is the hope of his patriot soul;  
When sudden that piercing and plaintive cry  
Bursts far aloft from the twilight sky!  
Ah! notes well known to the fate-marked chief  
Are those wailings wild of unearthly grief,  
As his anxious ears the strains perceive,  
Till they rise and fade in the boundless blue.

The hour has come when the hero's glaive  
Drips the red foam of the combat's wave,  
And tyranny trembles at valour's frown  
From the bristling summits of war-waked Down,  
Whence sweep the brave like a mountain flood,  
Till Liberty falls in her children's blood,  
And, borne away with its current bright,  
She vanishes far from their fainting sight.

Bound and alone in the felon's cell  
For the cause and the land he loved too well,  
The wild Banshee with her boding wail

Has broke on the gloom of his midnight jail:  
 That song that ascendeth at life's late date  
 From the spirit who scanneth the scrolls of fate,  
 That dirge of the doomed struck chill and drear  
 To his lonely heart through his sleepless ear.  
 But his soul rose strong and his heart beat high,  
 For he felt 'twas a pride and a fame to die  
 By the hangman's rope or the soldier's braid—  
 A forlorn hope slain for Ierne's land.  
 And he felt though the sun of his life went down  
 That the morn should break of a bright renown;  
 For a glory brighteneth round the brave  
 When oblivion shrouds the oppressor's grave;  
 And the martyr's memory pure shall shine  
 In the hearts of the free—an immortal shrine.  
 And he knew that no patriot falls in vain  
 But a host springs up from his blood again  
 (As the harvests rise from the Summer rain)  
 To crush the tyrant and break his chain.

On Lagan's banks in their summer green  
 A wan worn form may be nightly seen,  
 Who seeks the haunts of the former years  
 And waters their emerald turf with tears.  
 'Tis the widowed love of our lost MacRoe,  
 Thus wasting away in her hopeless woe.

And the mart is sad and the trading throng,  
 And the jest has ceased and the chorused song,  
 For Lisburn gazeth in speechless grief  
 From day to day on her murdered chief,  
 Looking with lifeless aspect down  
 From the turret top on his native town.

## THE EUROPEAN EMIGRANTS.

HOLDING her course on a highway of foam,  
 Freight with souls that are severed from home,  
 Bordered with bosoms which beat for that shore  
 Whence gaze the fond friends who will press them no more;  
 Borne upon ocean's untameable tides,  
 The steam-pennoned vessel right gallantly rides.  
 Onward, with hearts that are tender as brave,  
 Onward, to combat the wind and the wave,  
 Carrying vigorous spirits afar  
 To the hills that look last on the evening star;  
 Onward, dependent on bellow nor breeze,  
 Till the summits of Europe have sunk in the seas.

Nations renowned in the stories of old,  
 Where wildly the thunders of battle have rolled,  
 Isles that are spanned with the rainbow of song,  
 Graves of the great, an illustrious throng,  
 Plains where the struggle of truth has been fought,  
 Scenes of the triumph of science and thought,  
 Shores of proud chivalry, lands of romance—  
 Britain, Iberia, Germany, France—  
 Towers of the tyrant and homes of the free,  
 All have vanished like foam on the sea!

Now for the wilds and the wastes of the West,  
 That deep on the tombs of antiquity rest,  
 Log-hut and lynch-law, savanna and swamp,  
 And plains where the lurid-hued warriors camp,  
 And the venomous rattlesnake lurks in the grass

To spring on the west-wending pilgrims who pass;  
Where life is the sport of all perils most dire  
Mid prairies wild flaming and forests on fire.

But these are their sons who in ages of old  
Proud Rome, the "eternal," triumphantly felled;  
Before that strong race opposition recedes,  
As onward and upward their destiny leads,  
From Norge's wild gloom to Malaysia's smiles,  
From Cimmericia's\* strand to the coral-based isles.

And have they not burst from those regions of doom,  
Whose sad sallow denizens jostle for room?  
Where the yoke of gentility straitens the breath,  
And its patent is bought with consumption and death:  
From the factory's bondage, the town's fetid air,  
Eviction-made paupers, and crime-born despair?  
Yea, have they not fled from those realms that abide  
In the soul-chilling shades of aristocrat pride?  
Where the peasant, a reptile that biteth the dust,  
Is trodden by pop in the harness with lust:  
And the rubbish of wrongs, to be yet swept away,  
Lies crushing the manhood from millions to-day:  
Whose society wages unmerciful strife  
On the man who aspires to be lord of his life,  
Till, brave independence and honesty down,  
The heaven-turned face becomes coward and prone,  
While the hot spirit chafes and the tortured heart bleeds  
To escape the vile bondage of customs and creeds.

Thus stifled and crushed, to a land they have fled

\* An ancient name for a Scythian region North of the Black Sea.

Where freedom stalks out with his fetterless tread,  
And the spirit of liberty sings in the gales,  
Cheering the swain at his task in her vale!

There shaken and shattered is Mammon's grim shrine,  
And confounded the myriads who deemed him divine,  
Who daily fell down the base form to adore,  
And sprinkled his altars with African gore;  
For the mighty God's vengeance sweeps every plain  
Where selfishness, cruelty, tyranny reign:  
And fierce has the blast of destruction blown through  
The lands of the lash and the bowie-knife too.  
There the exiles of Europe, for room and for rest,  
Like the hosts of the heavens, flow on to the West,  
And fix the foundations of states that will rise  
When the gloom shall have passed from Columbia's skies.  
There in that wide and and uncircumscribed land—  
There shall the genius of Europe expand;  
Thought shall be fetterless—mind shall be free  
As the winds of the welkin, the waves of the sea,  
Sweeping the heavens in its vigorous youth—  
Rolling across the broad ocean of truth.

There Europe's conventional narrowness dies—  
There flamens, and sages, and poets shall rise  
And rouse up the world from its slumber of pain  
To exult in the radiance of mountain and plain;  
When the sunlight of liberty springing sublime  
Shall flow in full morn on this twilight of time.  
Then man in the smile of the Father above  
Shall purity, mercy, and loveliness love;  
And no longer the brute in his bondage shall sigh,



For his avarice live, for his appetite die.  
Then arts shall bloom forth and religions unfold,  
Undreamed in the palmiest ages of old;  
And the springtide of progress full flowing and strong,  
Reach the races becalmed, and shall bear them along.

Land which the Puritan fathers once trod  
When they fled to thy forests to worship their God.  
Land whither truer and loftier men  
Followed the glorious guidance of Penn;  
Soon may no slaves bearing sorrows and scars  
Cloud with their sighs the Columbian stars;  
Soon may those spots disappear from thy sun  
Which darken the glory thy Washington won.

### A VISION OF THE BEREAVED.

Sad and sighing, lorn and lonely by the booming beach I go,  
While the wintry winds are stripping of their trappings  
turf and tree,  
Where the shrieks of dying nature, harmonizing with my  
woe,  
Have their deep and dread responses from the many  
meaning sea,  
From the darkly writhing bosom of the many meaning sea.  
Here the beetling rocks rise rugged—there the chafing  
billow raves;  
Yonder o'er the brightening breakers peers the gibbous  
moon afar,

Waning, yet in waning queenly, driving darkness to his caves,  
Drowning in her path of splendour many a faint and  
fading star—  
Each erewhile a living lustre, now a faint and fading star.

Hapless luminaries! like our fair but feeble lights below—  
Softly, sweetly, purely beaming, though with weak, uncer-  
tain ray,  
Till bedimmed before the mighty who in blazing glory glow,  
Who with overwhelming brightness rise and flare their  
fame away—  
Rise with all unrivalled radiance, flash and flare their  
fame away!

Dark and stormy thoughts were thronging through my  
doubt-beclouded soul,  
Whence the starry hopes of boyhood had vanished one  
by one,  
Till the firmament of being was a gloom from pole to pole  
Since the Luna that illumined life, for evermore is gone—  
Evermore beneath my blank horizon sunken, set, and  
gone.

Once methought a foam-white figure lightly trod the  
troubled main,  
But it vanished like the visions of a thousand hopes  
before;  
Once I heard a voice that sounded like a soft seraphic strain,  
Blending with the night wind's wailing and the raving  
ocean's roar:  
Ah! 'twas fancy's music merely—*she* will sing to me no  
more!



Now and then a startled sea-gull shrieking quits her crag  
of rest,

Whence she viewed the broken image of her moon-and-  
star-lit dome,

Like the peace and joy which doubt and sorrow banish from  
the breast,

Winging their unfathomed journey toward the wondrous  
world to come—

Toward the far and fancied Eden of the wondrous world  
to come.

There are birds of heaven that hide beneath the brooks from  
frost and snow,\*

Surely sheltered till the warring of the Winter winds is  
o'er:

"Would not ocean's deep asylum," thought I, "shelter me  
from woe,

Barred and buried in her caverned cliffs with thousand  
ages hoar,

Where eternal quiet broods below the billow's rage and  
roar?

Overhead a curlew's whistle thrilled the welkin wide and  
high,

And it struck a chord that roused me from my dizzy  
dream of pain—

"Man alone, the pining pet of nature, dooms himself to die,  
Shrinks from self-embittered being, dies because he lives  
in vain,

Falls, the fool of all creation, having lived its lord in vain."

\* Some naturalists believe that the swallow, &c., often pass the Winter  
in this manner.

Wakened from my trance of madness, wakened by the voice  
of God,

Homeward 'mid the muffled moaning of the bare and  
bending trees,

O'er the crisp and crimping herbage by the midnight moon  
I trod,

Seeking safety in my chamber from the biting Borean  
breeze.

From the icy-toothed and snow-maned life-devouring  
Borean breeze.

Sad and sighing, lorn and lonely, in my solitary chair,  
Doors and windows barred and bolted firm against the  
rising storm;

Gloom enshrouded, save when flickered forth the ingle's  
fitful glare,

Awfully and slowly rose to view a visionary form—  
With a wan and weirdly aspect rose a dread and dreamy  
form!

Dim the garment girt about him, snowy white his beard  
and hair,

Such as might have seemed the prophet Ender's witch  
awaked from sleep;

Loud the voices of the tempest sang their anthem in the air,  
But he chained me with a gesture to his accents wild  
and deep—

To the strange sepulchral music of his accents wild and  
deep:

"Mourning mortal, did He place thee lonely lord of sea  
and land,

Where the mocking mountain voices merely echo back  
thy dole?

Has the angel of destruction pierced no bosom with his  
brand,

But the lost one thou lamentest with such agony of soul—  
Such a storm of sighs and sorrow in thine agony of soul?

" Hast thou traced the track of anguish o'er this ever errant  
ball—

Thou, whose selfish sorrow reigneth where compassion's  
throne should be?

Seest thou not its snaky windings writhe across the paths  
of all?

Can'st thou, 'mid the wide world's weepers, only one to  
pity see?

Only one among the myriad sons of sorrow can'st thou  
see?

" Can'st thou find no fettered bondsman, reach no dungeon  
of despair?

Has the march of man to happiness yet gained the goal  
of God?

Have the outcasts of the universe no claim upon thy care?

Sinning, sinned against, and suffering as they writhe  
beneath the rod—

As they groan while vice or vengeance wields the unre-  
mitting rod.

" Has society not folded fast her polished palace doors,  
Shutting forth her poor relations lest they stain her  
stately walls?

Show them where the sheltering rock of self-reliance yields  
its stores—

Streaming stores of plenty's waters where the stroke of  
labour falls—

Where the might of manly effort like the wand of Moses  
falls.

" Have mankind yet burst the bondage of the Few's unhal-  
lowed sway,

Under which is bound in ice the onward 'current of the  
soul'?

Up! o'turn the towers that intercept the sun of freedom's  
ray—

Rise! till forward to the sea of truth the wave of reason  
roll—

Till, to science' breeze th' unfrozen flood, in gleaming  
glory roll!

" Go, and guide the sons of Adam from their weary wan-  
derings back,

From the thorny paths and shingles of the desert of their  
sin,

Where the Nazarene has traced for you the martyr-trodden  
track

Toward the holy home of promise where the tribes may  
enter in,

Where the worn and weary tribes of men may freely  
enter in

" Raise no more thy petty plaint against that everlasting  
Word

Which ten thousand wheeling universes fraught with life  
obey;  
Would'st thou grapple the resistless arm of boundless  
nature's Lord  
To detain the hand that hurls the spheres along th' eternal  
way—  
Hurls the vasty spheres that ever rush along th' eternal  
way?"

"Hear me, holy prophet," cried I, with an agonizing cry,  
Rising as the phantom faded, to a wild despairing scream—  
"Wilt thou bear a lover's message to his angel in the sky?  
Oh! for mercy's sake do tell her"—but I started from  
my dream—  
In the throes of disappointment, started frantic from my  
dream!

### THE CHURN.

Not far from yonder hoary walls,\*  
Remains of ages fled,  
The ivy-mantled sentinels  
That watch a host of dead,  
Twin relics of that holy pile  
O'Donnell raised of yore,  
Close by the lough, whose evening smile  
Gleams last on glad Portmore,

\* Ruins of an ancient monastery at Portmore, which locality was  
sometimes the residence of Jeremy Taylor. Portmore and the "wet  
lough" lie South-East of Lough Neagh.

A boone attacks a golden field  
In bright September's morn;  
And keen the glancing hooks they wield,  
And fast they fell the corn.  
Jokes fly like lightning, while the grain  
Waves o'er their stooping heads,  
And laughter, mocking toil and pain,  
Like Sunday sunshine spreads.

Up from the lough the Autumn breeze  
Through reeds and osiers sighed,  
While round the field the aspen trees  
In soothing sounds replied.  
High on the uplands cawed the rooks,  
The swimmers ploughed the water,  
And far were seen through golden stooks  
The golden windows glitter.

"Hurroo my boys," their leader cries,  
"To-day we win the Churn!"  
Then flashed with light their sickles bright,  
Down sweeping through the corn.  
With bodies lithe, and spirits blithe,  
In spite of toil or trouble,  
Each reaped his *sett* as with a scythe,  
Then rested on the stubble.

Here some droned out on oaten reeds,  
Love song or ballad lay,  
And some rehearsed their early deeds,  
And some were courting gay.  
Jack sees *see* Pat repulsed by Nell



And jeers him "for an ass,"  
 "For he would kiss the proudest girl  
 That ever tramped the grass."

"Big as you be, you'll not kiss me,"  
 Says black-eyed Nelly Creany;  
 And with a spring her apron string  
 Is caught by Jacky Heany.  
 It snapped—Jack toppled o'er and kissed  
 A cairn of grinning stones:  
 He rose with many a *pegh* and twist,  
 And rubbed his aching bones.

Where by the dyke the brier weaves  
 A bower with branches twining,  
 Part loll beneath the spotted leaves  
 And pluck the berries shining;  
 Part scattered o'er the footrig, lie  
 A mixed and motley throng,  
 While all on Eve united cry  
 To give the boone a song.

#### BONNIE PORTMORE.

Ould Jacky, grey-headed and stoopin' wif years,  
 Left the house and the *form* of his fathers in tears;  
 Torn away in life's fall to the farriner's shore,  
 From sweet Ballinderry and bonnie Portmore.

"My home," he cried, sabbin' and breakin' his heart,  
 "If agsin I possessed you we never would part,  
 For I played by that lough wif the comrades of yore,  
 And wove the bulrushes of bonnie Portmore.

"My bonnie Portmore, but you shine where you stan',  
 Dark, dark, after you is the farriner's lan'!—  
 Your green sunny fields that I loved long before  
 I drained of bin' dragged from you, bonnie Portmore!"

"When this weary ould heart it grows still in my breast,  
 It will niver lie now on your bosom to rest:  
 Farewell ye lone graves that I weekly wept o'er,  
 And adieu, Ballinderry and bonnie Portmore!"

The ship bore him far with his grief and his pain,  
 But he died on the midst of the murmurin' main,  
 Where the graves or the gardens he niver saw more  
 Of sweet Ballinderry and bonnie Portmore.

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"This rann has made the boone look blue,"  
 Says farmer Jen to Jerry,  
 "But now we all expect from you  
 A touch of something merry."  
 Then Jerry clears his squeaking pipes  
 With many a cough and hem:  
 With hairy hand his beard he wipes,  
 And thus responds to Jen:—

#### THE FAREMAKER.

"One day big Darby of Derrymacashin  
 Was givin' his purty wee wife a thrashin',  
 When in I ram-stam'd in a terrible passion  
 At seein' a woman misused in the fashion.

Chorus—Right too-aloo-ralee, &c.



"I raised her up and I knocked him down;  
But what wud ye think the next minute I foun?  
Why, sir, she had sprung like a cat from the groun'.  
And stuck her ten talons right into my crown!

Chorus—Right toor-aloo-ralee, &c.

"With a shake she sunk, but the codd boy rose,  
And he blackened my eyes and he blooded my nose;  
But, boys, I did then what I musn't disclose,  
For you see I was stressed by a couple of foes.

Chorus—Right toor-aloo-ralee, &c.

"I stole a look backward when free of the sad,  
And there they wor linkin' and laughin' like mad!  
But I carried the tokens a bit, bedad,  
Of the blessed reward that the paemaker had."

Chorus—Right toor-aloo-ralee, &c.

Now rich sweetmilk and buttered bread  
Were handed round the boone,  
And scarce a reaper raised a head  
From that again till noon.  
But still in volleys flew the fun  
Through all the merry morn,  
Till half the busy day was done,  
And twanged the dinner horn.

Then on again the current swept  
Of jokes and stories funny,  
Till every stalk was stooked except  
The loghter for the granny.

A handful, heavy, strong, and tall,  
Bold Sam and Sary platted;  
And then prepared they, one and all,  
To fling their sickles at it.

Some only haggled it below,  
And some flew o'er its crown,  
Till Bridget aimed a shearing blow  
That fairly fetched it down.  
Then blithely tossing from the brace  
The old one limp and sooty,  
The new adorned the chimney place  
In all its golden beauty.

Now ranged on benches, stools, and chairs,  
They fill the house with glee,  
While every youngster gaily bears  
A sweetheart on his knee.  
And perfect pleasure and content  
From happy faces beam,  
As firstly round the ranks are sent  
The *soppies* full of cream.

Tim took a sup, and sideways stooped  
To taste the lips of Letty.  
But Letty flinched, and Tim was *couped*  
By some sly trick of Betty.  
The cream upon his breast was spilled  
And spoiled the plaits and stitches:  
Ah me! he rose half drowned, half killed,  
Twas dripping from his breeches!

Then many a tale of fairy schemes  
Amused the closing day,  
Of magic art, and charms, and dreams,  
And witches' tricks at May.  
Of infants stole from cradle bed  
A short time after birth,  
And shrivelled elves left down instead,  
That withered from the earth.

Big Bob relates how "wauate they foun'  
Wee gray-haired Moll McQuair  
Upon his chimley looking down,  
A seemin' snow-white hare.  
And how she made a swift escape  
Into her cabin door,  
Where she was got in proper shape,  
All pantin' on the floor."

Old Aby tells with phrase and stare  
How, "coming from the Cranagh,  
A fairy army in the air  
Appeared to Watty Branagh;  
And through lough Mooney wild and lone  
He saw to Fairy Lan';  
But durst not make its secrets known,  
On pain of death, to man."

Kate points the dread self-murderer's tomb  
Far off among the heather,  
Whose "sperrit till the day of doom  
Must rove through wind and weather,  
Twas there they found the travellers drowned

One snowy Sunday morn.  
Scared by the ghost that's walkin' round  
Ould Nogher's lonesome thorn."

Now round the bread and cheese, a *bing*  
That bends the groaning table,  
The voices, cups, and glasses ring,  
And make a perfect babel,  
Till every man his tumbler drains  
Of *pot-yea* rich and reeking,  
Then out to scour the pasture plains,  
An hour's amusement seeking.

Meantime the lasses dust the floor,  
And set the things to right,  
And get them ready for the stir  
That's held on such a night;  
Then join the youth in merry ring  
Till gloamin damps the plain.  
When, paired like wild geese on the wing,  
They thread the homeward lane.

One tells his dove a tale of love,  
Another tells a riddle,  
One feigns a jealous fit to prove—  
"Whisht! boys, I hear the fiddle!"  
They throng the barn; and man and maid  
So foot the Irish jig  
As if the boone had only played  
Along the harvest rig.

Young folk from many a cottage round,  
 From sickle, loom, and wheel,  
 Cense gathering at the music's sound,  
 And join the mazy reel.  
 At length the weary fiddler goes  
 To smoke and take a snack;  
 So, while he's gone, the lads propose  
 To play the *Turn-spit Jack*.

When George won Jane, and bore away  
 The lovely laughing prize,  
 Oh disappointment deeply lay  
 In Billy's burning eyes;  
 For Billy got the darkest girl  
 That evening at the *spree*;  
 Three times he seemed about to hurt  
 The woman from his knee.

But now they circle Nelly's chair,  
 The belle of Derryola;  
 (And few, indeed, are half as fair  
 Through all the vales of *Fola*.)  
 Her true love Andy, in despair,  
 Would wake a rival's pity  
 As Dan with many a Dandy air  
 Comes foremost with his ditty.

THE BOY WI' THE HORNBY HAN'.

"My purty wee belle, wi' the hazel eyes,  
 O niver despise, niver despise  
 The boy wi' the hornby han', love;  
 For he labours all day, and at night his pay

He carries it home like a man, love,  
 He carries it in—his wee bit of tin—  
 To plenish the pot and the pan, love.

"It's thrus the bailiff one day came down,  
 And scattered my cabin along the groun'  
 Like a seedin' of ruin and wee, love;  
 And sorra's the bed he left outhder my head,  
 For he coated the very ould *strow*, love;  
 He canted me out, ay ivery clout,  
 But the *dude* on the *carrage* of Joe, love.

"But don't be frightened, my purty *bloss*,  
 I hev now a wee *fie!* at the edge of the moss,  
 And the price of a pig and a cow, love,  
 And a new clay cot on a nate wee spot,  
 Where you'll sing like a bird on the bough, love—  
 Where you'll sing wi' joy to your happy boy  
 Comin' in from the spade or the plough, love.

"So, purty wee belle wi' the hazel eyes,  
 O niver despise, niver despise  
 The boy wi' the hornby han', love,  
 For he'll labour all day and at night his pay  
 He'll carry it home like a man, love;  
 He'll carry it in—his wee bit of tin—  
 To plenish your pot and your pan, love."

Now Alick, rising, bows and hawa,  
 And smiles and strokes his hair;

Then folds his arms, turns up his jaws,  
And lifts a lively air:—

RODDY O'RORKE.

Oh, Roddy O'Rorke wasn't cold  
When the blankets he bought for housekeepin'.  
And the wife he took up with could scould,  
When, all but her tongue, she was sleepin'.

Agh! luck couldn't like him, it's plain,  
After lavin' unfortunate Nelly,  
The girl that was raisin' his *waiver*,  
To marry a dressey dandilly.

In less than the half of two years,  
Twixt the wear and the tear, and the pawn, *sir*,  
Except the goold rings in her ears  
Iv'ry rag of her grandibber was gone, *sir*.

The house it was dirt to the knee,  
Beside it the sty was a poxy;  
But while she got whisky and tea,  
Devil a bit was a trouble to Rosy.

Poor Roddy dug on without halt,  
While Rosy she gossiped and faisted,  
And doled him out *pratties* and salt  
In exchange for the wages she wasted.

Honest Roddy was niver a thief,  
Till tempted by debt and disaster;

He made love till a wee bit of beef,  
He faun' grazin' on somebody's pastur.

It was quite a salvation, they say,  
From the wife and the wearisome labour,  
When they sailed him to Buttany Bay,  
To hurd for an emigrant neighbour.

Then Andy, when the merry roar  
Had nearly died away,  
With modest boldness took the floor  
And sang a plaintive lay:—

SAMMY'S GRAVE.

O sad is your song this night, wee linniet,  
O sad is the song this night I hear,  
Where, kneelin' at my Sammy's gravestone a minute,  
Lone, I'm sheddin' the caldin' tear:  
Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!

But sweetly you *chirmed* on ould May mornin',  
And sweetly you *bizzed*, wee happy bee,  
When partin' with him last, no *freet* to give warnin'  
Wee was comin' on him and me:  
It's oghance—ancee!

"That thraicherous day so sweet and smilin',  
The sky and the lough both calm and clear,  
He started for the bowers of bonnie Mam's Islan'—  
Now, the willow weeps o'er him here:  
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!



" O red was your cheek as the row'n-tree berry,  
 And black was your eye as the Autumn slice—  
 The beauty and the pride of brave Ballinderry,  
 There be's lyin' alone and low :  
 My heart ! ogbo, ogbo !

" I prize from his grave the laste wee blossom  
 O'er all the gay posies worlds could grow,  
 For the flower of my soul, my heart's on your bosom,  
 Where I'm prayin' I soon may go :  
 Augh-aughancee-nee oh !"

The judges every man agree  
 To give the prize to Andy ;  
 So Nelly's seated on his knee,  
 While raves the rustic dandy.  
 Thus song, and dance, and laugh, and glance,  
 And courtship's sweet employment,  
 Fill up a night of rare delight,  
 An era of enjoyment.

But mazy reel and merry tune  
 And social chatter ceased  
 About the hour the cloudless moon  
 Had turned the shadows East,  
 And now, their day of work and play,  
 And night of frolic over,  
 Each lively lass tripped o'er the grass  
 Escorted by her lover.

The lake whose ripples all day sung,  
 The silent midnight hushes ;  
 The nestling breezes slept among  
 The mist-hung reeds and rushes,  
 The herb was grey with silver dew,  
 The yellow stocks had paled ;  
 And down a heaven of deepest blue  
 The dazzling crescent sailed.

The barking coot, the owl's hoot,  
 The bandog's echo'd baying,  
 Mixed with the sound of mirth around  
 Where happy groups were straying,  
 Then many a tender tale was told,  
 And stored as memory's treasure ;  
 And hearts that now lie calm and cold,  
 Throbb'd wild with hope and pleasure.

#### TO MY HOME OF "OTHER YEARS."

Couldst be that cold unhallowed lore,  
 Which, born of hate or hire,  
 Would blight the love of Erin's shore,  
 And quench the patriot's fire !  
 Ye holy hills ! to you I turn  
 Where'er my footsteps roam ;  
 But chief my heart's affections turn  
 For thee, my boyhood's home.

Through all my dawn-bright, Eden years  
 My dreams of life were there—  
 Thy shades have known my hopes and fears,  
 My rapture and despair.  
 Though there I all too early knew  
 How man must agonize,  
 Yet there youth's sky-born visions threw  
 Their glories on my eyes.

There, there I conned the love-tuned lays,  
 With secret rapture fired,  
 Which bards had sung in ancient days—  
 The great, the heaven inspired.  
 Associations wildly sweet  
 Bloom up from hill and vale  
 Which my glad spirits glow to greet—  
 Home of my heart, all hail!

For there have friends, the fond and true,  
 Rejoiced my rising day  
 Along the rills of rath-crowned Crewe,\*  
 And banks of broad Lough Neagh.  
 Loved friends whose hands I cannot clasp—  
 Far o'er the ocean wave;  
 Lost friends, who lie in death's cold grasp—  
 The unrelenting grave!

But ye who yet remain to cheer  
 Life's little afternoon,  
 Oh, thrice beloved, I've learned to fear  
 Lest ye may follow soon.

\* A hill between Lillburn and Crumlin, County Antrim.

Our spirits, when our day was new,  
 Drank friendship's morning rain,—  
 Oh, let it still be evening's dew,  
 On being's parching plain!

Here every daisy o'er the lea,  
 And lark that *flits* above,  
 Eve's star, and midnight's moon, to me  
 Recall my boyish love.  
 Sweet vanished dreams! these are the bowers,  
 But all their loves are o'er;  
 That morn of hope, that May of flowers,  
 Are gone for evermore!

Modestly gay and sweetly fair  
 As bloom in orchards green,  
 Are Ballinderry's daughters rare  
 In mart or mansion seen.  
 May you, bright birds of glen and grove,  
 Nor snare nor sorrow know,  
 But purity entwined with love  
 For ever round you blow.

Loved spot, while all your altars beam  
 With heaven-descended fire,  
 Still may your children fan its flame  
 And feed the sacred pyre.  
 Fear God on high; but may you feel  
 That love is Heaven's command—  
 Oh, banish far your bigot zeal,  
 That serpent of our land!

Nor let the cords of cramping creeds  
 Your kindly hearts control;  
 Approve the man whose noble deeds  
 Proclaim the noble soul.  
 Her green and orange side by side  
 Oh might our country see!  
 While party fends her sons divide  
 She never can be free.

Each neighbourhood a brotherhood  
 Of helping friends should be,  
 Kindred in soul, if not in blood,  
 Like one wide family.  
 There should they sink revengeful wrath  
 In concord's gladdening wave,  
 While each helps each along the path  
 That leads them to the grave.

Home of my youth, my schoolboy time,  
 The years unchilled by care,  
 Though borne to earth's remotest clime  
 My heart shall still be there.  
 Bright be the skies that o'er thee bend,  
 And blest thy vales below!  
 And may they ne'er one faithless friend  
 Or perjured lover know!

## WHY I SIGNED THE CALL.

TO REV. D. THOMPSON, MONEYREAGH, COUNTY DOWN,  
 LATE OF SAIX, NEAR MANCHESTER.

*Moneyreagh, December, 1865.*

TO-NIGHT, my reverend friend, when all  
 The heaven is hid with Nature's pall,  
 When not a star vouchsafes a ray,  
 And not a breeze a note will play;  
 My spirits low;—no friend to cheer me  
 Except these wizened ancients near me,—  
 Old books—I sickened at the sight!—  
 I cannot read—I'll try to write.

Some meddling mortals wonder why  
 An outcast Arab, such as I,  
 A pilgrim wandering wild and lone  
 In search of heaven, whom sects disown,  
 Joined e'en a day this congregation  
 In sending out that invitation  
 Which called you here to guide the flocks  
 That ramble round your native rocks.  
 Now, though I always take my way,  
 Uncaring what my neighbours say,  
 And am not anxious to excuse  
 The course that meets my proper views,  
 Nor heed the whispers blown abroad,  
 Nor dread the dreaded title, odd;  
 I'll tell you why I joined to pray  
 Your rod and crook for Moneyreagh,  
 Those worthy shepherds to succeed  
 Who toiled erewhile this flock to feed.

I knew they called no sithen fop  
 Along their aisles to strut and hop,  
 And creaking up the pulpit stairs,  
 To show the house his dandy airs,  
 While giddy girls admire the elf  
 And he adores his silly self.  
 I knew they called no uppish ape  
 With studied grin and tricked-out shape,  
 Who dons the black because it franks  
 His Reverence to the higher ranks;  
 Who, bound for Dives' grand abode,  
 Would tread down Lazarus on his road,  
 Determined that his heaven shall be  
 A genteel pic-nic company.

I knew they called no sunken sot,  
 No votary of the plate or pot,  
 Who winks at sin of every sort  
 Rather than risk one flask of port;  
 Who prizes more his drams and dinners  
 Than all the souls of all our sinners;  
 Would feast as full, as soundly sleep,  
 If Satan penned both lambs and sheep,  
 Provided old *Malchus* would shear  
 And send the *fleece* from year to year.

I knew they called no Gospel Mars  
 With differing sects to waken wars;  
 Whose purblind soul no truth can read  
 No beauty in another's creed,  
 But thinks a partial God has given  
 His as the only clue to heaven—

That none may ever climb thus high  
 But those his "shibboleth" who cry;  
 Nor minds that what he calls the True  
 Is but his dim and doubtful view;  
 No reverend ass that brays and kicks  
 At infidels and heretics;  
 No zealot all on fire to sweep  
 Dissenters to the brimstone deep—  
 To drive each unbeliever down  
 With Heaven's hot thunder on his crown;  
 Scorn vexed to see that at his best  
 He can but fire their earthly nest,  
 Yet hopes the Lord will do the rest:  
 A bigot fierce, a tyrant grim,  
 His God his shadow, boundless, dim.

Oh, no! We called you, for we knew  
 Your love of all that's fair and true;  
 That you, unwarp'd by fear or guile,  
 The hateful hate and scorn the vile,  
 And daily teach the love sublime  
 Of men of every class and clime;  
 That while from pulpits, wide and far  
 Sound the harsh notes of party war,  
 Rousing one race to hate another,  
 Till brother, maddened, murders brother;  
 You, you will quench these coals of hell  
 From Charity's all-hallowed well;  
 That, urging souls to soar as high  
 As Heaven shall will and wing supply,  
 To meet still newer, brighter rays  
 From Truth's unutterable blaze.



You'll guard the light already won  
From that great God-enkindled sun.

O haste, and tell each soul that feeds  
On long-deceased and carrion creeds,  
That he who toils to trample wrong  
And change earth's will to rapture's song,  
Who lives his faith, a sterling man,  
Unawed by priest's or prince's ban,  
Cuts from his fankled soul each cord,  
And yields it up to truth's high Lord,  
Shall eat that bread of beauty given  
From the immortal stores of heaven.  
That he, whose heart is pure and free,  
Nor cowers to weak mortality,  
But bows with trembling awe, alone  
to Him who fills th' eternal throne;  
Of mendicant's or monarch's blood,  
Who treads, a conscious son of God,  
He is of noble, royal race,  
And fills creation's proudest place:  
That he, whose loving heart o'erflows  
It's balm upon a brother's woes,  
And yearns to strain each sentient race  
Within its wide and warm embrace,  
While shines through all his walk and mien  
The spirit of the Nazarene;  
He is the saved—the certain heir  
Of heaven, on earth and everywhere.

## THE GIANT'S RING.

AN ANCIENT DECIDUAL BELIEF AT RALLYLESSON,  
COUNTY DOWD.

Is this the hallowed temple where of yore  
Rude tribes adored their gods with blood and fire?  
Its broken walls of grass-grown earth, no more  
Conceal those rites mysterious, dark, and dire;  
Yet did they once, like ramparts tall, aspire  
To guard and screen the sacred circle's bound  
From earth-born scenes that quicken vain desire,  
While silence reigned o'er solitude profound,  
Its roof the vast high heaven, its floor the grassy ground.

Perchance yon three blue summits peered afar  
Where holy hermits dwelt next door to God;  
(For the hill tops to child and savage are  
Bright hallowed spots, which angels' feet have trod  
Descending earthward from the star-paved road.)  
The glorious clouds beyond them set and rise,  
Sweeping away to some unseen abode;  
As if across the unfathomable skies  
They ferried souls to shores unseen by mortal eyes.

There in the midst the huge, grey cromlech stands,  
Around it safe the browsing oxen low  
That fall no longer by the Druid's brands—  
Those magic bellis\* proclaim full sweetly now  
A purer prayer. Here kneeling let me bow,  
Eternal God, it was religion's shrines:

\* Bells of Rallylesson church.

Rude were the rites, yet not offended thou  
To see men seek the immortal and divine  
Though climbing slow the years along a zig-zag line.

Methinks I view that congregation wild  
In those dim olden days assembling here,  
Clad in coarse mats or skins with gore defiled,  
Their warriors rudely armed with club and spear.  
The stoled and hoary-bearded priests appear  
Round the dread altar massive, grim, and strong;  
The noontide sun lists in his lofty sphere  
To the strange strains of fierce devotion's song:  
Drums sound and weapons clash amid th' excited throng.

Shrieks of doomed victims mingle with the din,  
Outstretched and thong-bound on the cross-leech hoar,  
To expiate accumulated sin,  
While reeks to heaven a cataract of gore:  
Flames rise, a prayer ascends, and all is o'er!  
Strange homage done the Lord of earth and skies:  
Yet it was worship still, and that is more  
Than we slay men for when we feast the eyes  
Of brutal crowds that jeer while wretches agonize.

Thus prayed the Celtic sires of Ireland's isle:  
Thou man in every clime he calls his home,  
Beneath heaven's roof, or in the pillared pile,  
On shadowy summit or by ocean's foam,  
With rites as various as in yon blue dome  
The vapoury forms, has worshipped the Unseen:  
Far back as history's piercing glance can roam,

Till crowding ages interpose between  
Us and our race's youth their dark, impervious screen.

Adoring still some God, who, dimly known,  
Towered 'mid the mists of vast infinity,  
E'en through the imaged aid of wood and stone,  
Has man long clambering, gained the heights we see;  
Pursuing his immortal destiny  
By light slow dawning on him ray by ray,  
Till rose yon morning star of Galilee:  
The beauteous herald of a brighter day  
Than ever yet had beamed upon his wildered way.

But still we linger on the path of right,  
Feebly, alas! and faintly faltering on,  
Like weary wayfarers through a starless night,  
Or timid purblind wanderers of the dawn,  
Just as our world through all the past has gone;  
For priestly craft inwove with kingly power  
Has hoodwinked men while glory round them shone,  
And made them long in shades of terror cower  
As frowned on frightened thought each theologic tower.

Till age by age some hero spirit rose,  
Some God-anointed prophet, priest, or king,  
To rend the veil, and break the bonds of those  
Whose fettered souls had never soared to sing  
Through freedom's heaven; yet who, with timid wing,  
Dizzy and dazzled by the cloudless glare,  
Soon stayed their flight, as the tamed falcons spring  
But to the regions of the middle air,  
Nor through the boundless blue the distant quarry dare.

Thus by the past untaught, the churches' blind  
 Souls that might else to heights empyrean soar,  
 Curb the immortal courser of the mind,  
 And ban the brave and free who God explore  
 Beyond the windings of their dusty lore ;  
 Each paltry party deems its party arm  
 Has drained life's fount which flows for evermore ;  
 Sect wars with sect, the flames of discord burn,  
 And fair religion's hope to smoke and ashes turn.

But sons of men, lo, freedom dawns !—arise !  
 Old lights wax dim before the radiance new ;  
 As there neglected that rude altar lies  
 So shall the fanes and forms belov'd by you.  
 Sweet isles of faith are brightening on the view  
 Whence purer shrines and fairer temples glow ;  
 And brighter still shall rise if men pursue,  
 The ocean streams of truth, and onward go,  
 As progress rolls his tide in everlasting flow.

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### GOD'S VOICE.

They say the low notes of a faint-winded horn  
 On the banks of Lough Lene in the mist-curtained morn,  
 Are swelled by the voice of the bellowing hills  
 Till they silence the songs of the rock-tuning rills ;  
 That stronger and stronger the echoes grow  
 As up through the cavernous mountains they go,  
 Whence loud as the guns of an army they roar  
 And startle, wide rolling, the slumbering shore.

And on high, from the cliffs whence the eagles are driven,  
 They burst like a thousand deep thunders of heaven,  
 And the peasants, alarmed by the multiplied sound,  
 From their slumbers are roused through the cabins around.

Thus the voice of Jehovah, long ages ago  
 In the morn of the world, sounded feeble and low,  
 But from heart unto heart and from mind unto mind  
 Rebounding, it rose through the years of mankind,  
 And high o'er the cliffs of the centuries rung  
 Where sages and saints gave its echoes a tongue.  
 And thus did that word its wing'd progress pursue  
 Till its accents like ocean's strong eloquence grew,  
 And the terrible thrill of its thunders sublime  
 Roused many a slumbering tenant of time.

That voice from the Infinite swells evermore  
 As it rolls its deep tones round mortality's shore,  
 Till yet, like a rush of eternity's streams  
 On sloth in his stuper and sin in his dreams,  
 It shall waken a world to the life that will then  
 Be pleasing to Heaven, and worthy of men.

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### AMONG THE TREES.

Bright beams the ray-robed lord of noon  
 From yon unclouded sky,  
 Yon sapphire throne where queenly June  
 Hath seated him on high ;  
 The breeze-swept boughs, like harps in tune  
 Sing o'er me where I lie.

A joyous dance of shade and light  
 Flits o'er the grassy sheen,  
 The leaves o'erarching greenly bright,  
 Their young and glad some green,  
 While the blue heaven's unfathomed height  
 Shows purely fair between.

God of the sunshine and the shade,  
 Green earth and azure heaven,  
 Like Thy wide love to all displayed  
 That summer glow is given;  
 Thy beauty as a balm is laid  
 On hearts with anguish riven.

I thank Thee for earth's loveliness,  
 Though but a shade that spreads  
 Beneath th' unwithering trees of bliss  
 Which o'er immortal heads  
 Wave by the wells of happiness  
 In the eternal meads.

I thank Thee; though 'mid spring's glad flowers,  
 And summer's glorious glow,  
 And golden autumn's beauteous bowers,  
 And winter's winged snow,  
 I wander, yearning all my hours  
 For something not below.

Thou that among the trees by day  
 And on the midnight hill  
 Wast found when Jesus went to pray,  
 O let Thy presence still

Be my weak heart's eternal stay  
 And aid my better will!

Dread God, alone with Thee I bow  
 As Jesus knelt alone  
 In wilds where round His victor brow  
 Was wreathed His fadeless crown—  
 Help me, O Father, now  
 To tread my Satan down!

### A CRY TO THE FATHER.

O THOU that up the airy steep  
 And o'er the vast ethereal plain  
 Calm leadest, like a flock of sheep,  
 The suns of heaven, a dazzling train.

For Thee, Thou blessed one, I've pined,  
 Fluttering against earth's prison bars,  
 Since childhood's yearning sought to find  
 The throne of God among the stars.

O let me not Thy presence seek  
 In vain, in vain for ever cry,  
 Like a lorn child on deserts bleak,  
 Forsaken, and exposed to die!

Can He who gave my being birth  
 Leave me where ruin's whirlpools rave,  
 Launched in this little skiff of earth  
 On space's shoreless, endless wave?



While sages, who have worlds explored,  
Have failed to find Thee near or far,  
Searching with lens, for nature's Lord,  
The deep of heaven from star to star,

Let me not dread Thy reign is done,  
Thy rule in human bosoms o'er:  
Blot out the stars and quench the sun,  
But oh! Thyself to me restore!

No! light of life, Thou art not gone,  
Mine eyes thy love and beauty see  
Where spheres sing o'er thine azure lawn,  
And daisies deck our summer sea.

Though more than mightiest thought can reach,  
Yet tenderest Thou the feeblest thing  
This worm upon the briny beach,  
That gnat upon her sunny wing.

'Tis this which prompts my soul to dare,  
O mine, and all creation's Sire,  
A hope that Thou wilt hear my prayer  
Amid Thine everlasting choir.

Though hidden from my dazzled gaze,  
Extend Thy pity and Thy power,  
O Thou of the eternal days,  
To me, the insect of an hour!

Let light upon my spirit fall,  
And streams from founts of life above:

Come Thou, all fair, Almighty, all  
That I can trust, adore, and love!

Do not Thy infant weakling scorn  
Lost in the wilds of doubt and care,  
Else must I, weary, faint, forlorn,  
Gasp out existence in despair!

### QUERULOUS.

On a golden morn of May  
Ere my round of toil begun,  
High on Divis' brow I lay  
Bight against the scaring sun.

Nature smiled serene and still—  
Not a breeze to bend a flower—  
While the blasts of inward ill  
Shook my soul with tempest power.

Desolation of the mind  
Marred the beauty beaming round,  
Where the lone heart failed to find  
Sympathizing sight or sound.

Grim before my fancy rose  
Spectre forms of grief and bale,  
Till the gloomy troop of woes  
Urged me loudly thus to wail:

" Why this wretched being's birth—  
Bursting heart and burning brain—  
Sprung from sin-accursed earth,  
Heir to life's estate of pain ?

" Why with spirit sad and lorn  
Mourn its morning raptures flown ?  
Can it be that man was born  
But to labour and to groan ?

" Must I tremble in my day,  
Bondman base to fear and care,  
Till this bit of quivering clay  
Join at length the things that were ?

" Doomed to find where'er I taste  
Friendship's fruit a bitter rind,  
Life's a lone and wintry waste  
Cheered by no congenial mind.

" Youth departs, and heavenly love  
Only haunts me from her grave ;  
Earth's a desert, and above  
Doubt's dread whirlwinds madly rave ?

" Passion burns through all my soul,  
Reason's marsh-light glimmers there ;  
That is torment's quenchless coal,  
This betrays me to despair !

" Am I but a waif of chance ?  
Bubble of confusion's foam ?

In the atoms' endless dance  
Have I hither haply come ?

" Oh, the doom ! to linger here  
Now in jaundice, now in fever,  
With an everlasting fear !  
Death may shut the scene for ever !

" Chasing truth with trembling mind  
Mid her mazes to and fro ;  
Hunting knowledge but to find  
I can nothing, nothing know !

" Though the cup of life be gall,  
Shrinking back from death no less,  
Shuddering lest it prove a fall  
To eternal nothingness !

Sadden, like the zephyr's notes  
Swelling through the sounding pine,  
Soft a solemn answer floats  
Down to this dark plaint of mine :—

" Weary wanderer, lost below  
Through the brakes of doubt and care,  
Reach beyond those wilds of woe,  
Heaven is grasped by hands of prayer.

" Whence those heart-corroding sighs ?  
Guilt and gloom must dwell within :  
God is hid from human eyes  
By the thunder clouds of sin.

"Purge thy mind from moral stain.  
Make thy spirit pure and bright.  
Beams of truth shall gush again  
Through it then, like morning's light.

"Cease this low, lamenting life,  
Boldly grapple pain and care:  
Joy is won in glorious strife,  
Action overcomes despair.

"Earth to hero-hearts is blest,  
Sorrow but a Saviour's rod  
Guiding to the realm of rest  
Where the pure shall gaze on God."

### CONSOLATION FROM A GRAVE.

Here's a bed that knows no weeping:  
Here, ye loved ones, soundly sleeping.  
Barred and bolted in for ever,  
Ye shall wake to anguish never!  
Hollow hope no more can fail you,  
Nor the tempter's shafts assail you.  
Where the Summer wind sings over  
Grass and flowers, your couch's cover:  
Where, methinks, your spirits fly  
On its soft ethereal sigh.

Sweet, amid our care and sorrow,  
Sweet to think that here to-morrow  
We shall sleep along with you

Stillier than the Summer dew,—  
Here, on earth's most holy place.  
In your longed-for, long embrace:  
Disappointment and despair  
Never broke an entrance there.

"When the rays of young delight  
Can no longer pierce our sight,  
When affliction's rankling arrow,  
Poisons to the very marrow,  
When the taste of life's away,  
Sense and soul in dull decay,  
On the heart a deadly chill  
Stricken from a world of ill,  
'Tis a cordial balm to know  
We can shelter here from woe,  
Rest where toil nor tyrant calls,  
Fenced with everlasting walls!

### OCTOBER WINDS.

Through ravaged vales the victor blast is sweeping,  
And beauty, stricken, mingles with the clay:  
O'er the cold earth the saddened heavens are weeping  
For glory quenched and rapture passed away.

The glowing Summer's bright and beauteous tresses  
With rash and ruthless hand he shreddeth down,  
He desolates the fields that harvest blesses,  
And shatters Autumn's gemmed and golden crown.

The flying foliage rushes to destruction,  
A routed host, before the volleyed sleet;  
While yon black sea of clouds in angry fluxion  
Eddies like waves that warring whirlwinds meet,

Heaving, and racked, and rent in wild commotion,  
As billow drives recoiling billow on,—  
A spring-tide burst from some supernal ocean,  
And hissing o'er the blazing Western sun.

That dyes blood-red the darkening war of waters  
Which louder roar in ruin's baleful glee,  
Than iron thunders, on the plain of slaughters,  
Or booming o'er a gore-empurpled sea!

Like corps of vast leviathans, the surges  
Rush on the seated rocks to meet their doom,  
While, as the tempest peals their hollow dirges,  
The ghost-like foam-flakes flit across the gloom.

Such the bleak soul, when stormy doubt invadeth,  
And all the bloom of former faith is o'er;  
When from her trees of life the foliage fadeth,  
And terror's billows devastate her shore.

Then come the chills of fear, the clouds of sorrow,  
When all that once seemed beautiful and true  
Sinks like yon sun, but not to rise to-morrow,  
Nor ever more its ancient light renew!

Yet though, her trappings trodden and degraded,  
Th' unsheltered earth lies shivering to the storm,

She only doffs a garment torn and faded,  
For robes of glorious hue and beauteous form.

Rise, then, my soul, from saddening retrospection,  
From sickening thoughts of ravage and decay.  
Beauty but waits her dawning resurrection,  
The glow and gladness of a new-born May.

Thus shall the earnest heart and pious spirit—  
Whose withered creeds the winds of doubt destroy—  
A fairer garb of truth and peace inherit,  
Bright with the beams of hope and bloom of joy.

When doubt and drear decay have ceased consuming  
Her dead beliefs wide strewn in mouldering piles,  
Out from the soul shall burgeon fair and blooming  
The faith that feeds on Heaven's eternal smiles.

Seeker of truth, then hope; bright Eden's portal  
Bold soaring yet thy venturesome flight shall dare,  
When those receive from God their crowns immortal  
Who triumph over darkness and despair.

## THOUGHTS ON THE BRINK OF DEATH.

Grim shadows thronging from the land of shade  
Wave their black wings across my darkening eyes,  
The dizzy earth reels backward from my tread,  
And heaven, like tempest-driven vapour, flies!



Lord of my life, omnipotent and good,  
Should all creation sink in ruin's waves,  
And I be "carried off as by a flood,"  
I cannot go beyond the arm that saves:

I fling my wrecked existence on Thy breast,  
Whence sorrow's blast can whirl my soul no more—  
Haven of calm and everlasting rest,  
Beyond the gulf where time's wild billows roar.

All, all is safe in boundless mercy's clasp;  
Eternal right Eternal wisdom planned:  
Living or dead, I'm still within Thy grasp,  
Still in the hollow of th' Almighty's hand!

Now, every doubt that tortured me below  
Shall rest as rests this darkly-working brain,  
And God's fair truth o'er all my spirit glow,  
Where mists obscure not, and no clouds remain.

Yet hesitates my sin-stained, shrinking soul  
And heaves her groans of agony to Thee,  
While Death's dark gloom around her seems to roll,  
Charged with the wrath she fears but cannot flee.

But love can conquer wrath, and Thou art Love,  
And I Thy weary, weak, though wayward son;—  
Father, Thy mercy's iris arch above  
Brightly proclaims my woes and wanderings done!

Adieu! adieu! ye dearly-cherished ones,  
Now stripped to storms and left in life's chill gloom,

In climes of wrong amid earth's selfish sons!  
Would God we all might share the sheltering tomb!

Ah! but for you how gay my spirit free  
Would spring from all the bonds that bind below,  
Borne on the breeze of immortality  
Beyond the bounds of ignorance and woe!

### RESIGNED TO ENDURE.

(WRITTEN ON OCCASION OF A SEVERE AFFLICTION.)

Fast wanes the warmth of autumn's sun  
When corn is reaped and leaves are lying,  
While bowling winter hurries on  
O'er summer's latest roses dying;

When southward, low his orb declines,  
Leaving the north in darkness sleeping,  
And through October's mist he shines  
On earth all sad from heaven all weeping.

While we, as sons of science say,  
His glowing globe are nearing weekly,  
And he should dart a stronger ray,  
His beam is feeble, faint, and sickly.

So wanes the joy that warmed my soul  
And light and glory radiated,  
While clouds of disappointment roll  
O'er all the heaven that hope created;

That splendid hope which lit the years  
 When boyhood's blooming raptures crowned me,  
 Undimmed by dark regrets and fears,  
 The fogs that since have thickened round me.

Faded are all my summer flowers,  
 My joys, like summer song birds, banished,  
 And fancy's gorgeous cloud-built towers  
 Before the winds of fate have vanished!

And oh! that latest, loudest blast,  
 Fiercer than all that blew before it,  
 My last green leaf to earth has cast  
 For grim despair to trample o'er it!

Roll on, roll on, ye wasting storms  
 Wild as through chaos ere creation;  
 Ye cannot in your fellest forms  
 Make a completer desolation!

Come hurl my heart's last hopes away,  
 Like those dead leaves the north is strewing,  
 Nor faints nor fears your destined prey,  
 Ye howling ministers of ruin!

## TO A BLACKBIRD,

IN DECEMBER.

Mellow minstrel of the grove,  
 Whence thy liquid lay of love  
 Flowed in streams of deep delight  
 When the year was young and bright,  
 And the sun with softened sheen  
 Glanced among the "leaves so green;"  
 Now since that wide-sheltering home,  
 Like some gay enchanted dome,  
 Like a morning mist, hath fled  
 From above thy houseless head,  
 Whither, whither shalt thou fly  
 From the harsh and scowling sky?  
 Whither, while the tempest round  
 Rolls his ceaseless solemn sound?  
 Whither, while each naked spray  
 Drips and shivers night and day,  
 Or the snows of heaven are hurled  
 On a cold and lonely world?

Yet, with woe and want oppressed,  
 Scarce a roost whereon to rest,  
 Not a murmur of complaint  
 More than from a martyred saint,  
 Not a sigh of thine, or tear  
 Can a mortal see or hear:  
 But with meek and hopeful mind,  
 Patient, tranquil, and resigned,  
 Waitest for the vernal hours,  
 Brighter skies, and blooming bowers.

Oh, that thou on me would'st pour  
 Not alone thy minstrel lore,  
 But thy gift far more sublime—  
 Calmness 'mid the storms of time ;  
 That when clouds and sorrows roll  
 O'er the azure of my soul,  
 When my summer-blossomed joy  
 Raving winds of woe destroy,  
 Or when all their drifting rage  
 Sweeps the wintry wastes of age,  
 I may suffer with a mind  
 Patient, tranquil, and resigned,  
 Waiting for the bliss and bloom  
 Of a spring beyond the tomb.

But alas ! unhappy man,  
 Short as seems his petty span,  
 When he deems his spring is o'er—  
 Spring that visits earth no more—  
 Youthhood's glad and glorious light  
 Dimmed by age's deep'ning night,  
 Plans and pleasures marred and crossed,  
 And the aim of being lost ;  
 Tossing through ten thousand woes,  
 Chilled with disappointment's snows  
 While they burl untimely doom  
 On his early blighted bloom—  
 Scarce a ray of hope to cheer  
 Barren want and freezing fear—  
 Gazing back upon the strand  
 Of the past, a pleasant land,

While misfortune's billows roar  
 Round him, threatening evermore ;  
 Too, too oft he lacks thy power—  
 Patience in the stormy hour.  
 Seeing but the clouds of dread,  
 Charged with horrors overhead,  
 Clouds that veil Almighty Love  
 Smiling all serene above,  
 Dark despair's unhappy prey,  
 Fiercely flinging life away,  
 Seeks through ruin's wildest wave  
 Rest and refuge in the grave ;  
 And escapes his winter there  
 For a spring—oh ! where ? oh ! where ?

### THE SUMMER NIGHT BREEZE.

Soft whispers the breeze with the branches of June,  
 When the flowers sleep pale in the beams of the moon,  
 And all through the valleys the songs of the streams  
 Blend sweetly capricious, like music in dreams.

Now sighing afar, and now murmuring near,  
 Its mystical utterance falls on the ear  
 Like a voice to the soul from some heavenly place  
 Away, far away over fathomless space.

Its invisible breast seems to labour and heave  
 With some wonderful tale that the world should receive,  
 Some message borne down to the dwellers of time,  
 From the cities of bright immortality's clime.

So love, through the chords of the soul as it sings,  
Like that wonderful wind on its summery wings,  
Wild thrilling the heart with its magical lay,  
Seems to hint at a loveliness, far, far away.

What raptures of heaven it kindles below !  
But it speaks of a beauty no mortal can know,  
Till it bears to a paradise purged from decay,  
The soul on its pinions away, far away !

### SONG FROM SORROW.

NAY, cloud not the cage to enliven the song ;  
And yet it's from darkness—from sorrow and wrong,  
The deepest and loftiest melody springeth :  
The forests are gloomy when Philomel singeth ;  
Gone is the glitter and glory of day  
Ere bursts from her bosom that exquisite lay,  
Of wild wailing pathos, of beauty and power  
Unknown to the songs of the sunniest bower.  
Tis thus from the lyrist his harmonies flow  
Thrilling us most through his night time of woe.

Flashes of music electric have risen  
From minstrels who mourned in the gloom of the prison,  
From bards heaven taught inspiration to borrow  
From exile and penury, blindness and sorrow,  
The pulse that was fevered, the brain that was aching,  
Hopes that had withered, and hearts that were breaking.

All beautiful dirges,—the musical sighing  
Of Helicon's swans amid cataracts dying,  
Whom pleasure's swift current bore down unaware  
Through rapids of rapture to gulfs of despair,  
Where torrents of woe from the heavens were pouring,  
And round them destruction was rushing and roaring,  
Live on through the ages, oblivion despising,  
Like spirits of beauty from ruin arising.

Nations enraptured have thrilled to the strains  
Of minstrels whose viols were strung with their chains ;  
And grief-clouded ages of errors and wrongs  
Woke the heavenly strains of Ierne's wild songs.

Thus oft from great souls in their dark desolations  
Spring forth their most bright and majestic creations :

And thus from the pains and the passions of earth  
Shall heavenly harmonies yet have their birth :  
Thus shall arise from the midnight of time  
A symphony sacred, immortal, sublime,—  
The woes of all worlds into blessedness blending,  
And up through the ages of ages ascending—  
A melody, swelling and pealing on high—  
A psalm of rapture that never can die,—  
God's epic of gladness and glory supernal  
In letters of light and perfection eternal !



## TO THE YOUNG SPRING FLOWERS.

Darling daughters of earth and spring,  
 Yellow, and crimson, and white, and blue,  
 Heralds of pleasure, away I fling  
 Sadness and care as I welcome you!

Blessings upon you wherever you gleam,  
 By the box-bound alley or grass-hemmed road,  
 On the gloom of the lowering soul ye beam  
 Like a burst of joy from the smiles of God,

As ye dance to the tune of the western breeze  
 That sweepeth with shadow and sheen along;  
 As ye gladden the wold or rejoice the trees  
 Where the valley re-echoes the blackbird's song.

Ye kindle my heart to a heavenly hope  
 As into its deepest of depths ye shine;  
 Ye inspire my soul with her woes to cope  
 Which retard the spring of the life divine.

And each of you says in a language of light,  
 "Thou art kin of the spirit that blooms in me."  
 And ye teach me to drink from the springs of night,  
 From the founts of my own eternity.

Ye preach that the right by the wrong crushed down,  
 Though dark the clouds of adversity lower,  
 Shall yet, surviving their withering frown,  
 Spring up by the force of immortal power.

We shuddering shrink from the darksome tomb  
 Where the forms of our beautiful melt away,  
 But out of those cavernous depths ye bloom  
 Which seem but the realms of dull decay.

And ye tell us there's something divine below,  
 Whence children of splendour and fragrance rise;  
 Some germens of beauty in earth must glow,  
 Some glory that's hidden from tear-dimmed eyes.

Ye tell us it is not that dreary thing  
 That mortals have deemed in their darkest hours  
 To lie with the embryo elves of spring,  
 To sleep with the spirits of summer flowers.

## THE LORN WIDOW.

THE daisy peeps out through the young green grass  
 For the smile of the new-born spring,  
 And willow and thorn in the white swathed morn  
 To the thrush and the blackbird ring.

The daffodils dance to the breere of noon,  
 On the hill-side blooms the whin;  
 And the bogs rejoice at the lapwing's voice  
 And the glad snipe's quavering din.

The violets gleam from the brown-bowed dyke,  
 Half hid by his thorny crown,  
 While the birds that sing from spring to spring  
 'Mid the buds are nestling down—

Those honey-voiced minstrels, Robin and Wren,  
 Who gladdened our wintry day,  
 And who, building a home for the broods to come,  
 Are warbling their cares away.

But I'm like the sorrowing widowed bird,  
 That wails on the lonely bough  
 When her young are not, and her mate is shot,  
 And there's none to console her now!

Nor sun, nor song, nor the spring breeze bland  
 Can waken one life for me,  
 As I darkly stand, 'mid the green gay land,  
 Like the trunk of that blasted tree.

The March winds sighs through the rustling reeds  
 That bend by the clear blue waves;  
 And it comes from the bed of the clay-clothed dead,  
 Like a whisper from out of their graves.

But never a whisper, oh, never a word  
 Can come from the dead and gone;  
 No news can I hear from year to year,  
 Though still I must linger on!

One by one they went off with death,  
 And have left me in lonely woe;  
 The birds may sing and the blossoms spring,  
 But I wish I were lying low!

## JOY-BEAMING SPRING.

JOY-BEAMING spring, how I welcome thy brightness!  
 E'en though my spirit has lost of its lightness,  
 E'en though my soul in the fetters of sadness  
 Boundeth no more with the pulses of gladness!

Sweetly the pangs of ineffable pleasure—  
 Hope without limit and joy without measure—  
 Thrilled my whole heart, when in life's merry morning  
 I laughed at the frowns of those cloudlets of warning  
 Which muttered low thunders from far, had I hearkened,  
 Foretelling the storms that my zenith have darkened;  
 The wild throbbing life of that morn is no more,  
 And gloom broodeth now where was gladness before.

Yet I can welcome the beauty thou bringest,  
 Yet am I soothed with the song that thou singest.  
 The rapturous life that to nature is given,  
 The gladness of earth and the glory of heaven,  
 When borne by the sea-soothing Zephyrus over  
 Thou kissest our isle with the warmth of a lover,  
 Till born on her breast are the million-dyed flowers  
 Clad in thy sunshine and gemmed with thy showers.

Iris-eyed spring, from thy glances I borrow  
 What giveth my heart in its struggles new might,  
 As yesterday's dreams and the hopes of to-morrow,  
 The past and the future, I read in thy light.  
 While back thou recallest my infancy's glory  
 When my soul had but left her bright dwelling afar,  
 And bliss was yet beaming behind and before me,

And sin had not risen my rapture to mar :  
 Sweetly thou wooest my world-weary spirit  
 Onward to regions where care is no more,  
 Foreshadowing splendours we sigh to inherit  
 Bright isles of O'Brasil\* we strayed from of yore.

Joy-beaming spring, then I welcome thy brightness,  
 Sad though my spirit and 'rest of its lightness ;  
 Even though the smiles, from which winter clouds vanish  
 Cannot my darkness and dreariness banish—  
 Cannot, while fighting hill, valley, and plain,  
 Kindle the hope of my bosom again.

### THE HOMELESS.

HEARTS to love her, homes to shelter,  
 Let the lonely wanderer find ;  
 Screen her from the storms that pelt her,  
 From misfortune's rain and wind,

Blooming near her native river,  
 Like a daffodil in spring,  
 Little dreamed the maid she'd ever  
 Roam a torn and blighted thing.

She, the pride of rural valleys,  
 She, the love of rustic swains,  
 Fades amid your fetid alleys  
 And your pestilential lanes.

\* O Brasil or Hy-Brasil, the Isle of the Blessed, a phantom region said to appear at times off the West coast of Connacht—the ghost of Plato's Atlantis.

Those with whom her youth was cherished,  
 He, her later shield and stay,  
 By the shafts of death have perished,  
 And their hearts are cold in clay.

Or, the perjured pander's lying  
 Has beguiled a virgin fair,  
 And the frightened damsel's flying  
 From the new discovered snare.

Gliding, grief-wild, through the city,  
 Crowded mart and thoroughfare,  
 Meets she not a heart to pity,  
 'Mid the throngs that thicken there ?

All too busy, all too eager,  
 Hunting pleasure, grasping gain,  
 To regard that form so meagre  
 Drooping in its drought of pain.

Oh ! her soul's a waste of sadness  
 As she paces up and down,  
 And her brain's a whirl of madness  
 As she threads the mazy town !

And her limbs, grown weak and weary,  
 Scarcely keep her from the ground ;  
 And her heart within is dreary—  
 Dreary as the world around !

Child of pomp, that pilgrim stranger  
 Merits not thy scornful eye ;

*One, whose cradle was a manger,  
Would not thus have passed her by.*

*Christians boasting wealth and station,  
To redeem the lost be yours;  
Let her not of stark starvation  
Sink and die before your doors.*

*Worse may chance (she's weak and human)—  
Save her from the burglar's den—  
Save her from degraded woman—  
Save her from abandoned men!*

*Hearts to love her, homes to shelter  
Let the lonely wanderer find;  
Screen her from the storms that pelt her,  
From misfortune's rain and wind.*

---

“ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.”

*Brow on thou bleak remorseless blast,  
Frown darker, scowling skies,  
Ye are but spectres of the past  
That haunt her where she dies.  
O broken heart! O ruined soul!  
Wrecked on life's wildest wave;  
Now on the last dark surge ye roll  
To anchor in the grave.*

*Ah! 'tis a cheering thing to know  
That man can reach a bower  
Which screens him well from scorching woo,  
And want's cold, sleety shower!  
There rests her father's fretted frame,  
Her mother's wild despair—  
No anguish for a daughter's shame  
Can sting their bosoms there!*

*And she is here—and back again  
The gleaming memories come  
Of yonder primrose-garnished glen  
Beside her cottage home;  
The gloaming hour the gladdening fire,  
The evening tale and glee,  
The fond caresses of her sire,  
In days of purity.*

*But the betrayer crossed her path  
In girlhood's golden morn,  
And left it black with Heaven's wrath  
And man's unpitied scorn.  
Thou, God, wilt pardon!—but when men  
For mercy she implored,  
Closed was each door but *that dark den*  
Of vice's vilest hold.*

*While she, to infamy consigned,  
From hearts and hearths is hurled,  
He shares the friendship of mankind,  
The sunshine of the world;  
He's greeted at the social board,*



And joins the festive glee;  
E'en servants of a sinless Lord  
Receive the Pharisee.

The rash but generous patriot mourns  
In grim Kilmalmain's cell;  
But where's *his* punishment who turns  
A woman's earth to hell?  
Who, serpent-like, has stung to death  
The hearts that held her dear,  
And scared with sin's Harmattan breath  
The soul that's blighted here.

"Pure and just judge," she cries, "look down  
From mercy's seat sublime—  
Or, dost Thou too on *frailty* frown,  
Yet smile, like man, on *crime*?  
Ah no! Thou bindest up the reed  
That bruised and broken lay:  
O take me where no tempters lead  
The weary soul astray!"

---

EMMA.

Six seemed for joy and beauty born,  
And life was in its early May,  
An opening blossom of the morn  
Kissed by the newly risen ray.

Her frequent smile was softly bright  
As moonbeams over wavelets play;

Music her voice, her step as light  
As o'er the midnight turf the fay.

Her glance—to nought beneath the sky  
Can I those soul-bright orbs compare:  
For He who kindled woman's eye  
Made nothing else on earth so fair.

Her parent's arms, her natal bowers  
She left to try the tempting town,  
While upon girlhood's path of flowers  
Hope rose and shed a glory down.

\* \* \*

Not many moons had waxed and waned,  
(Those types of human hopes below,)  
O'er summer landscapes sorrow stained,  
And city dens of guilt and woe.

Deep moaned the blast through street and lane  
When soft and sad was heard a cry,—  
"O shelter from the wind and rain  
A wretch not yet prepared to die!"

That grief-marred visage many a trace  
Of keen remorse and anguish bore;  
None knew the fair but pallid face—  
'Twas Emma at a stranger's door.

Kind hands the stranger's door unbind  
To the poor homeless child of woe;

They strive to calm her maddened mind  
And stanch her tears' incessant flow.

Fain would she shun with shuddering dread  
The looming storms of wrath and scorn,  
As wild she tossed the throbbing head,  
Vain wishing she had ne'er been born !

But stung by all the fiends of fate,  
From mortal woe she burst away—  
They searched—the young unfortunate  
A suicidal ruin lay !

Sad is her story, sad and brief—  
She was seduced, then spurned aside.  
And Hagar-like, in shame and grief  
Flung on the city-desert wide.

And here her being's bloom is o'er,  
Destroyed in youth and beauty's spring.  
Like some fair plant the forest bore  
Has crushed and left a lifeless thing.

Your tears, ye hapless parents, shower  
Heavy and thick as summer rain ;  
Your delicately nurtured flower  
Shall never rise to bloom again !

Take her and lay the murdered maid  
Where the green sward will hide her shame ;  
Be soothed ! since Britain's law hath said  
There's not a living soul to blame !

In her high courts each awful chief  
Takes the dread sword of justice down  
T'avenge her on the hungry thief  
And terrify the tipsy clown ;

But he, who by perfidious art  
Sullices a virgin's spotless fame,  
Blasts her young hopes and breaks her heart,  
And drives her to a death of shame,

At large, an unchanged villain stalks,  
Nor honoured less, nor less caressed :  
A dragon on our private walks,  
A viper at the nation's breast.

### HOME HEATHEN.

LEAVE the lounge and close the novels—  
Let's explore yon ruined hovels—  
Dens where each degraded creature  
Swells the sink of human nature.

See them on their pallets lying,  
Naked, shivering, starving, dying,  
Feeble, helpless, lost, despairing,  
Misery soul from body tearing.  
Glaring things of deathly pallor  
Sunk in lairs of vice and squalor—  
Garrets grim, and cellars sooty,  
Whence—oh, Heaven !—youth and beauty,  
Hunted hard by destitution

Down the rapids of pollution,  
 Seek the gulf of prostitution !  
 O, my poor and sin-soiled brothers,  
 Self-contemned, and scorned by others,  
 Sisters lost to shame and virtue,  
 Shall we in this hell desert you ?  
 Poor stray sheep of heaven's pasture,  
 Wildly wandering from your Master,  
 'Mid your drear and random roaming,  
 Led by marsh-lights through the gloaming,  
 Who will seek you and collect you—  
 Point your path, and re-direct you ?

Wretched travellers, robbed and lying  
 O'er life's highway, wounded, dying,  
 Is there not an eye to pity  
 'Mid the crowds that cram the city ?  
 Is there not an arm to save you,  
 Though the priest and Levite leave you  
 For the less unhappy stranger,  
 For the fleet, free forest ranger,  
 For the climes where sons of Ham  
 Bask beneath the beauteous palm,  
 Or where endless Summer smiles  
 O'er Malaysia's fairy isles ?  
 Passing you that, suffering, sinning,  
 Claim our charity's beginning—  
 Helpless, hopeless beings, hurled,  
 Outcasts, from a loathing world.

Ye whom want has never smarted,  
 Ladies, soft and tender-hearted,

Weeping o'er your tragic stories,  
 There's a living woe before us !  
 Ye whose babies, spruce and dainty,  
 Thrive and bloom on more than plenty,  
 Think of her unspoken anguish—  
 Her who sees her infant languish—  
 Fell disease its vitals tainting—  
 On her desert bosom fainting,  
 Where the once refreshing river,  
 Want and woe have dried for ever !

Sons of taste and education,  
 Lifted far from fierce temptation,  
 Think of him who gropes benighted,  
 Reason dwarfed and conscience blighted—  
 Him to whom there is not given  
 Joy on earth or hope in heaven !

Saints whose daily hymns are blending  
 To the heaven of heavens ascending,  
 Think ye not our Father prizes  
 Mercy more than sacrifices ?  
 He, of spirit pure and holy,  
 Ha, the lofty One, yet lowly,  
 Scorning not the meanest varlet,  
 Sought and saved the thief and harlot,  
 Lifting from the "mirey clay"  
 Wretches sunken and astray.

We can melt the heart that freezes  
 Only with that love of Jesus.

Good Samaritan, O speed thee,  
 Never more did wretches need thee;  
 Sinning sisters heal and cherish,  
 Outcast brothers must not perish!

### RETURNED TO DIE.

AN exile came from the distant strand  
 Where Albion's outcasts roam;  
 His crime was his love of the hapless land  
 Where nature had fixed his home.

Despair had bedimmed his Eve's blue eye,  
 For the pride of her heart was he;  
 But he came with the autumn leaves to die  
 In the shade of the old roof tree.

His youth's first love on her faithful breast  
 Pillowed his weary head,  
 And heard from his lips his last request—  
 Those lips as white as the dead!

"Bury me, love, in yon graveyard lone,  
 Whose ruins forlorn and hoar  
 The eyes of my boyhood have gazed upon  
 By the laugh of my loved Portmore;

Where the wintry flood as it riseth round  
 That island of ancient graves,  
 Shall my requiem sing on the sacred mound  
 With the voice of its moonlit waves;

Where above me shall sound the lapwing's wail,  
 And the curlew's far off cry,  
 And round me the widgeon and wild swan sail,  
 And the coot in her midnight joy;

Where the thousand notes that rejoice the spring  
 From the birds in their evening play,  
 Over the plain and the welkin ring,  
 And are echoed from far away!

Where the summer breeze as it sighs along  
 Through the reed and the osier,  
 Is seldom disturbed in its dirge-like song  
 By the step or the voice of man.

There the linnet will sing me his early lay,  
 From his perch on the bloom-bright whin,  
 And no trill of the lark through the live-long day  
 Will be lost amid human din.

Oh, there, methinks, I can calmly lie  
 And list, on the wave-washed shore,  
 To the wild bird's song and the wild wind's sigh  
 For ever and evermore!

Long, long have I ceased, as once, to hope  
 For liberty's rising ray,  
 Or that truth and right with the wrong can cope  
 For many a dreary day.

Though I know that in beautiful years to be,  
 When men shall be just and brave,



No spoiler shall lord it on land or sea,  
And no valley shall nurse a slave ;

Yet the blasted aims of my blighted life  
Are dead as the leaves 'round ;  
And I long to be sheltered from being's strife  
By a grave in yon saint-blest\* ground.

And, darling, when you from the toil and care  
Of a wearisome world get rest,  
Our friends will remember my last fond prayer  
And place you on this calm breast.

And there, though the star of our darksome doom  
Has severed us long and far,  
We'll wed full well in the hallowing tomb—  
That region that knows no star.

Then, oft when the midnight moon illumines  
You cloister's grass-grown halls,  
We'll descend like birds with milk-white plumes,  
And sit on its ivied walls.

And as fays come forth from their mushroom bowers  
To sport on the reed-bound shore,  
We'll traverse the meads where we pull'd spring flowers  
In the days that can come no more !\*

\* The Farnham graveyard is said to have been consecrated by Saint Patrick.

## AN ANGEL GUIDED.

AN angel guided once my soul  
Up to the highest heaven of love—  
A bliss like that which beams above  
The star-crowned, blue, ethereal pole.

Where is the blaze of wild delight  
That gleamed upon my spirit then,  
And lit up all my being, when  
The world enclosed me like a night

Or, did a bright enchanted dream  
Throw rainbow spells afloat my soul,  
All broken now by sounds of dole,  
That woke me like an owl's scream ?

Or, was it Eden's incense, borne  
By a stray breeze from Paradise,  
Where rapture's fadless blossoms rise,  
By sorrow's whirlwinds never torn ?

O love, heaven's everlasting flower,  
For earth too delicately fair,  
Thou diest on its wastes of care,  
Beneath the blasts of pride and power !

The bloom is shed, the vision gone ;  
Inward and outward darkness now  
Have cast a gloom on heart and brow,  
As if a joy had never shone.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE ISLE IN A BOUNDLESS SEA.

I DWELT ON AN isle afar—  
 Afar in a boundless sea,  
 Where often the elements fiercely jar,  
 And the waters and winds maintain a war  
 Around it eternally.

Its rocky fountains<sup>delicious</sup> shook  
 With the dash of the mountain waves;  
 And oft did its trembling colonists look  
 For the dreaded, but ever-expected stroke  
 That should sweep them to ocean graves.

And yet I had some sweet hours  
 In that isle of the boundless main,  
 Where blissful valleys, and blooming bowers,  
 And songs of birds in the mouths of flowers  
 Beguiled my sorrow and pain.

And thither a virgin fair  
 Arrived from a distant clime,  
 Who smote on her harp with an art so rare  
 That its sunny sounds on the clouds of care  
 Threw tints of a joy sublime.

One morn on a mountain side  
 We met among May-born flowers;  
 I was passion-sick, and I tremulous cried—  
 "Come, heavenly maiden, and dwell my bride  
 In yon vale of the spring-decked bowers!"

"For the fount of thy love I pant,  
 Whence holiest raptures rise;  
 And pain, and terror, and woe, and want  
 Shall flee from the voice of that instrument  
 And the glance of those god-lit eyes!"

She spoke with a smile as sweet  
 As the light of a new-born day;—  
 "It cannot be here: but again we'll meet  
 Beyond the waves in a happier seat,  
 And there I'll be thine for aye."

She passed with a parting kiss  
 That thrilled to my heart's deep core;  
 I never have met her from that to this;  
 But oh! how I sigh for her palace of bliss  
 Far over that ocean's roar!

## IRELAND'S MAY.

O THOU art glad, my native hills,  
 Clothed in your gleaming robes again;  
 While spring with song and sunshine fills  
 The blooming vale and sounding glen.

Your everlasting beads are crowned  
 By beauty's queen, triumphant May,  
 To reign, alas! o'er realms around  
 Where linger sadness and decay.

The blessed beam of vernal skies  
 Upon the naked roof-tree falls ;  
 The thousand-tinted flowerets rise  
 Around the cot's deserted walls.

On many a devastated floor  
 And ruined hearth, the oxen low ;  
 O'er many a mirthful scene of yore  
 The voiceless verdure creepeth now.

The summer-loving cuckoos come  
 To shout their joy o'er hill and dale.  
 The swallow finds a happy home  
 Upon the shores of Innisfall ;

While her pale children crowd her strand,  
 Whence they are borne on steamy wing,  
 To seek afar some freer land,  
 Where *they* may taste the sweets of spring.

God's light and glory glad the air,  
 Young life and spring-born beauty smile ;  
 Yet, o'er thee hangs a numb despair,  
 A hopeless chill, unhappy isle.

Through childhood's haunts I mope along.  
 Through scenes of bounding boyhood's play ;  
 But gone are laughter, shout, and song,  
 And friends who blessed that early day.

With hopeless heart thy vales I tread,  
 Where I can wake their life no more ;

Nor call the exiled and the dead,  
 To gladden thy forsaken shore.

Were mine the power thou should'st rejoice !  
 I can but weep against thy breast.—  
 The weakest arm, the feeblest voice  
 Of all that yearn to make thee best.

### THE DELVEK'S CHANT.

His baton the warrior chieftain wields,  
 And the monarch his sceptre sways ;  
 My spade-armed hands rule the realm of fields,  
 Where Nature herself obeys.

The haughtiest head in the isle oars bread  
 From the fingers of men like me ;  
 And I place the gems on the diadems  
 Of the rulers of land and sea.

Their corn and wine, and their flocks and kine,  
 Robes, rank, and resounding name,  
 Would vanish to air bereft my care,  
 And their glory be turned to shame.

And yet as they pass where I mow the grass  
 Or the mattock I wield, or hoe,  
 Their pride forgets there are mighty debts  
 Which lords to labourers owe.

I note the scorn of the "base-born"  
 In yon sullen idler's eye,  
 Who fancies that God made me to plod,  
 And him to be grand and high.

But think as you can I'm your poor, proud man—  
 A man in the image of God—  
 That never will cower nor cringe to the power  
 Of the haughtiest son of the sod!

For your tinselled toys I've a wealth of joys  
 In the beauties that round me lie;  
 I can draw delight from the day and the night,  
 And pleasure from earth and sky.

From the streams and the trees, and the rock-framed seas  
 More rapturous melodies roll,  
 Than in halls of lords, from the minstrel's chords,  
 For they sound in the ears of my soul.

And the flowers that shine with their tints divine  
 On the beautiful brows of spring  
 More gladden my sight than the diamonds bright  
 In the crown of an eastern king.

And there's sweet perfume from the summer's bloom  
 And the yellow autumnal store,  
 And there's joy sublime in the thunder's chime,  
 And the strong-voiced tempest's roar.

For I feel and know in this world below  
 That the high and eternal One

Converses with me through flower and tree,  
 And shadow and shining sun.

And I know that worth in her scorn of birth  
 More richly will deck me far,  
 Than the belted knight or the lordly wight  
 Is adorned with his golden star.

And I surely know that when wrong and woe  
 Shall have perished from earth-born things,  
 We shall each appear in his rightful sphere  
 In the realm of the King of Kings.

### THE RUSTIC'S RESOLVE.

My friends they are few, a penniless crew,  
 And I'm steeped to the neck in poverty too,  
 And cramped in spirit and limb;  
 While the rich and great, amid awful state,  
 Care not a crumb for my humble fate,  
 Whether I sink or swim.

And the world looks down on the low-born clown,  
 And the heaven seems dark with a threatening frown  
 As my heart and my purse get low;  
 And at times, as I plod on the niggardly sod  
 I feel as if almost abandoned by God  
 To misery's finishing blow!



And yet there are ways out of poverty's maze  
To clamber to wealth and to win men's praise.

(For the fortunate eye is the famed;) )

But though coarse is my fare, and my frieze thread-bare,  
My heart cannot choose and my hand cannot dare  
The deeds that would make me ashamed.

I scorn to begin to that calling of sin [fits in,  
Where light weight and small measure bring large pro-  
From wretched and wronged ones risen;  
Or in splendour to shine with the wealth that's not mine,  
Till a hundred whose fate with my own I entwine  
In a day are to beggary driven.

I disdain to palm what I know is a sham,  
On credulous men, and not seem what I am,  
Thus making my lifetime a lie;  
Ere I thrive by such trade, by the heavenly maid  
I'll dig till I drop at the side of my spade,  
And honestly, manfully die!

The more I'm a clown, I can never stoop down  
To fawn on the wearer of mitre or crown,  
And sue for his favouring smile;  
I cannot be tool to a knave or a fool,  
Even though it might raise me to riches and rule  
From this doom of unrecompensed toil.

'Twere a hell more low than famine and woe,  
To rank with those slaves of wealth and show  
Who have bartered their manhood for gain!  
Who, without one ace of talent for place,

Like reptiles fatten on great men's *grace*,  
And crawl in a patron's train.

I own without shame that I wish to claim  
An ampler fortune and wider fame,  
And escape from my straightened lot;  
But on merit's wing, if I cannot spring,  
Let me lie as I am, a neglected thing,  
My name and my fate forgot!

Even could I command Columbia's land  
With her slaves ready waiting the wave of my hand,  
And with all that my heart could desire;  
Were I Premier to-day, England's councils to away,  
Whom the ends of the earth and the ocean obey,  
I could value my person no higher.

The great may deride a bumpkin's pride,  
(Though he'll yet be their fellow when side by side  
In mortality's shadowy hall);  
But he asks no more from the lordly corps  
Than not to be barred, by their cunning or power,  
From the rights Heaven granted for all.

God, hear while I plead for the help that I need  
To avoid every trick, every mean, dirty deed,  
In my struggle to rise in the world!  
Ere my hand I shall hold for unmerited gold,  
Let me sink at my post under hunger and cold,  
And out of existence be hurled!

## TO GARIBALDI.

ON HEARING HE WAS INVITED TO THE COMMAND OF THE  
FEDERAL FORCES OF NORTH AMERICA, 1861.

FORSAKE not the realm which you found as a wreck  
When you burst on her gloom like the mariner's star,  
To sink, ere the haven is seen from her deck,  
Eclipsed in the clouds of a mammon raised war.

Will you fling down your quiver on Italy's shore,  
Where the young royal tiger you chased like a hare,  
While a limb of her writhes 'neath the tusk of that boar  
Who makes in the meads of the Danube his lair?

Will you move, a mere puppet, at faction's vile nod,  
In a contest unworthy a patriot's glaive,  
And leave that loved people to whom you're a god  
With a shrine in the hearts of the good and the brave?

That soil which enshrouded her sanctified clay—  
The fond, the devoted, the heroine wife,\*  
Who followed your fortunes from climes far away,  
And gave in your Italy's quarrel her life;

That glorious land whose grey Apennine rocks  
Are types of her heroes' unperishing fame,  
Triumphant o'er change, unimpaired by its shocks—  
Revolution, invasion, or slaughter, or flame;

A land like old Hellas, whose memories divine  
Light the billows of time from the beacons of yore;

\* Anita, Garibaldi's wife, died in Italy in 1848.

Whose language and lofty achievements shall shine  
While Tyrrhennus's blue surges resound on her shore.

Once more on her plains you must marshal those ranks  
That already such deeds of high daring have done—  
With the seat of the Casarsa fort of the Franks,  
But half is her sceptre of nationhood won.

O'er the stormy Atlantic is heard the loud clash  
Of the sword with the bowie-knife, startling mankind,  
And drowning the shrieks that respond to the lash,  
Where the victims of Mammon they torture and bind!

There the South wages war to win license for crime,  
The North, a domain from whose throne she is hurled;  
And the strife we deride, which to-day were sublime,  
Had her banner of stars for the right been unfurled.

Oh! base are those robbers that wrest from the hind  
The right he has won or by muscle or brain:  
But baser the cut-throats who cast on mankind  
An infinite loss for a temporal gain!

By whom, to the demons of pomp and of power  
Men's bodies and souls are a sacrifice made,  
And unholy rites than the Druid's dark bower  
E'er saw, are performed in the cotton tree's shade.

But the men who can stand and look calmly on slaves,  
The enslavers before them in sweep of their swords,  
Could scarce awake pity though kissing the glaives  
Of those arrogant despots, and owning them lords.

Confusion o'ertake them ! who, soulless and tame,  
 Leave their brothers in bondage of spirit and limb,  
 Whose ransom would earn their redeemers a name  
 That no change could corrode nor duration bedim.

Oh shun them ! rouse Sicily's heroes again,  
 Tell Italy's tyrants their tyranny's o'er ;  
 Let the world hear the crash of Venetia's chain,  
 And save her or sink on her beautiful shore !

While binding the nations that groan to be free  
 Ranks darkest of crimes deepest hell will consume,  
 Their redemption's a deed, that like life's blessed tree,  
 In the sunshine of God shall eternally bloom !

And your ashes must sleep on Hesperia's breast,  
 Where your day of heroic exertion begun :  
 With her bright and her brave, what a glorious rest  
 In the lap of that mother, her liberty won !

### OLD TEMPLES ARE CRASHING.

Old temples are crashing and crumbling to nought  
 Wherever flies flashing the lightning of thought :  
 Our Gideons shatter the altars of Baal,  
 Whose incense of error is tainting the gale.

Strong arms tumble Juggernaut creeds from their cars,  
 Theologies vanish like blotted out stars,  
 And freedom's monsoons in wild vengeance have given  
 The rigging of priest-craft to whirlwinds of heaven !

As the knights of Saint Progress waked from their trance  
 With Ascalon blades of bright science advance,  
 Superstition's grim satyrs flee howling away  
 From the dungeons where Reason in manacles lay.

Skilled hands are unrolling a record sublime,  
 Whose characters blaze through the darkness of time ;  
 And the Urims are dim and the oracles dumb,  
 For a light from the kingdom of shadows has come ;

A scripture whose chronicles strange of the past  
 On a million of ages their splendours have cast—  
 A scroll that lay long under earth's massive lock,  
 Engraved with God's finger on pages of rock.

New life wakes within us, new powers are springing—  
 Dawn stars of a second creation are singing—  
 God speaketh, man's spirit is drinking that voice  
 Whose music eternal makes nature rejoice !

Oh bear its deep melody nigh and afar,  
 From the song of a stream to the light of a star !  
 It breathes like a breeze from the uttermost pole  
 Till symphony swells from the harp of the soul !

From the ultimate orbs, from the cloudland of dreams,  
 Faith flashes in fitful but glorious gleams ;  
 Fresh hope springeth up as new light cometh down,  
 Though the Sadducees sneer and the Pharisees frown.

March on, men of truth, through derision and ire,—  
 Atheistical frost, evangelical fire—



Purge the house of the Lord though its doctors may rage,  
And shiver the idols adored by the age.

Thill on, unretarded by menace or lure—  
Thresh the false and the vile from the true and the pure;  
Give the chaff of the Church to the blast of your fan,  
But garner God's grain for the yearnings of man.

Though the old temple's crashing and crumbling to nought  
As round it are flashing the lightnings of thought,  
Yet a new one shall rise when the ruin is o'er,  
Whence the Shekinah's\* glory shall vanish no more!

### THE UNSUCCESSFUL BRAVE.

On! small is the band on yon heathery height,  
Whose banners so proudly defiant are seen!  
The forlorn-hope of freedom, the outpost of right,  
Yet undaunted in heart, and in spirit serene.

Arrayed in no glorious panoply, stand  
Those columns devoted, the true and the brave;  
But, unyielding as cliffs of the storm-beaten strand,  
They wait the wild dash of war's red-rolling wave.

Their country was wronged, and they rose at her call,  
And have girt up their loins for a terrible strife;  
They have laid upon Liberty's altar their all,  
And are ready to yield her the incense of life.

\*God's visible presence—the cloud that filled Solomon's temple.

"O friends," with affectionate fervour they cry,  
As their eyes kindle wild with a patriot flame,  
"We have come, on the breast of our country to die  
If we cannot redeem her from bondage and shame.

And our quarrel will go with our history down  
To the good and the brave of a happier time;  
Till freedom shall spring from that blaze of renown  
To float on the pinions of triumph sublime!"

What stern stormy joys in that brief little hour,  
In those hearts beating high with devotion, arise,  
While they hurl fierce defiance at tyranny's pow'r,  
And strike for earth's highest and holiest prize!

Oh the rapturous life of that moment is more  
Than an age in the sunshine of indolent ease!—  
Far sweeter to heroes the battle's loud roar | breeze,  
Than to bards the spring songs on her joy-breathing

Hurrah! how much nobler to fall than to crouch!  
On the plain of proud honour how proudly they lie  
Who disdained to repose them on slavery's couch  
Where the base can so tamely and tranquilly die!

Still thus let the soldiers of liberty fight,  
Resolved to have freedom in life or the grave,  
And the world shall yet witness the reign of the right,  
And the earth cease to cherish a tyrant or slave!



# THE HUNDREDTH BIRTH-DAY OF ROBERT BURNS.

[The following is the complete poem of which a selected number of stanzas, the writers being allotted to fifty lines, were adjudged, at the Belfast competition of 1839, to be second in point of merit, and were afterwards embodied in the collection published by Murray & Son, Glasgow. The stanzas that composed the prize poem are 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 18, 29, 32.]

Tuaoon winter's wild storms and obscurity's gloom  
The sun of his age in his dawning appears—  
Thus rises thy Burns, Caledonia, whom  
The nations shall shrine in their "praises and tears,"

While round thy gray granite cliffs warring winds ring,  
And summer's sun dances on Doon's winding wave;  
While the meadows of Coila are daisied by spring,  
And autumn's torn tresses are strown on his grave.

A hundred gay garments thy valleys have worn,  
A hundred snow mantles thy summits sublime.  
Since thy patriot poet and hero was born  
To a fame unimpaired or by tempest or time.

Hail son of the peasant! hail genius divine!  
Immortal one, sprung from a cottage of clay!  
The millions whose lot is as lowly as thine  
Look exultingly back on thy advent, to-day.

'Tis our pride and our glory, though sentenced to pined  
Till the earth to its bosom shall fold us again,  
That the nobles of nature, the princes of God,  
Arise from the ranks of the lowliest men!

To her kingliest son Caledonia's Muse  
Came down from the cliffs that have throned her so long.  
Through his soul that deep patriot tide to diffuse,  
Which wildly welled forth in rich torrents of song:

To bind on the brow of her high-minded bard  
That frontlet he bore through the battle of life—  
That manly and stern independence which dared  
The conflict of fortune, nor failed in the strife:

To impart the bright lesson he teacheth so well—  
To wear the soul's dignity scathless and pure;  
That "a man is a man" or in castle or cell,  
And rectitude, rank or in baron or boor.

How bigotry shrinks at the flash of his scorn  
As the tiger recoils from the valorous eye!  
And sham and hypocrisy, prostrate and shorn,  
In their naked and wolfish deformity lie.

When his satire descends like that flame-winged dart  
Hurled fiercely from heaven's cloud battlements down,  
Which pierces the haughtiest oak to the heart,  
And shivers the crags on Ben Nevis's crown.

But his lyre like the summer eve's odorless breath  
Sighs soft round the cabin on mountain or moor,  
It gladdens the cot of the hamlet and heath,  
And hallows the humble abodes of the poor.

It goes with the bark as it bounds on the brine,  
It is echoed by "wild distant shores," rocky caves;

O'er the hearts of the homeless its sympathies shine  
Where the "wan moon is setting behind the white waves,"

Linked to music that floated o'er *burnies* and *brave*,  
Over Scotia's moorlands and mountains of yore,  
That fanned the wild patriot fire to a blaze,  
Or mingled with red battle's dissonant roar.

Here love lights anew his ethereal flame  
Which burns evermore before purity's shrine;  
Like the day-god's adorers, who annually came  
To rekindle their fires at the radiance divine.

The song of his sorrow, the wail of his woe  
Appeals to the heart and the tear-moistened eye,  
Like some lay of melodious lament that might flow  
From a seraph far strayed from his Eden on high!

When o'er me the billows of agony roll,  
Half-wrecked on the breakers of sorrow and pain,  
Methinks his great spirit descends to console  
With this tortured heart heaving her plaint in his strain.

Like the sombre cloud touched by the sun's gilding ray,  
He tinges with beauty the homeliest things;  
And nature is radiant in queenly array  
When this glorious chief of her laureates sings.

Great Nature's high priest—through her temple abroad  
Shall the torch of our worship be lit at thy fire;  
By beauty, sublimity, rising to God, [choir]  
With the woods, and the winds, and the waves for our

His nativity's anthem the winter wind hymned—  
Alas! 'twas a winter that passed not away!  
A life by the clouds of despondency dimmed,  
With the premature close of a gloom-shrouded day.

To the shades of neglect, where his hope was consumed,  
He fell like a star in the strength of his blaze,  
The glow of whose spirit all spheres had illumed,  
And had gladdened all hearts with the light of his lays.

Sons of song, a bright lesson blooms ever for you  
From the thorns that beset the rough pathway he trod—  
To the nature within live perennially true,  
On the love of that beauty which binds you to God.

Let his spirit, its errors and sufferings past,  
Repose in the halls of the happy and free,  
Quaff bliss by the board of Valhalla at last,  
Or roam through the isles of eternity's sea!

## LOVE OF LOUGH NEAGH.

A widow bowed and blanched by time,—  
By age's frost and sorrow's showers,  
Left the fair fields that nursed her prime,  
Her cottage home, her garden flowers.

True, all that loved her once were dead,  
But death had let their graves remain  
Where spring-born daisies decked their bed  
By Ballinderry's mouldering fane.

'Tis true her bosom beat no more  
 With the sweet throbs of younger years;  
 Her locks of pride were thin and hoar,  
 Her roses swept to earth with tears.

Yet round her lay each sunny scene  
 She trod "in glory and in joy"  
 When the fair spring of life was green,  
 And hope was gold without alloy.

Loved names were graved upon her heart,  
 Loved objects, brightly pictured there;  
 But torn from all, she must depart  
 O'er the bleak brine in lone despair.

She reached at length that sheltering land  
 Where Erin's million wanderers roam;  
 But died upon the distant strand  
 Wild crying for a sight of home!

"Oh! give me," sighed the poor, forlorn,  
 Sick exile on a foreign shore,  
 "To look again on cloud-crowned Mourne;  
 To see my loved Lough Neagh once more!"

"I walked that Lough's white-pebbled banks  
 Long ere I knew the earth had graves;  
 And there they said the fairies' pranks  
 Were played upon the moonlit waves.

"O'er its white sands I wept my woes  
 Till something like a voice I found

From every surge, that sank and rose  
 With deep and sympathizing sound.

"I've watched it in the brilliant noon,  
 Its glory gleaming far and bright;  
 I've sailed its ripples when the moon  
 Shed beauty on the harvest night.

"Its memory flashes through my soul—  
 Oh! let its light but reach my eye—  
 Let me but see its billows roll,  
 And there contented will I die!"

"Alas! no more it met her view!  
 Far rest her ashes from its shore,  
 Far from her cottage by the Crewe,  
 Far from thy whispering reeds, Portmore!"

Is this deep love of natal earth,  
 Of childhood's lakes, and streams, and bow'rs,  
 Which springs in human breasts at birth  
 And blooms till life's declining hours.

A growth of time's terrestrial knoll,  
 Springing and withering where we are,  
 Or the dim yearning of the soul  
 For some sweet home it left afar?



## PLAYING CHILDREN.

THE blessed evening sunshine falls along the summer plain.  
The south wind bows the blossomed lint and waves the  
grizzled grain,

As high upon the sunny hill that looks across the sea,  
Yon blithesome children round their parents frolic glad and  
free;

And well they may unchecked rejoice, like swallows in the  
sun,

For all their daily task is couped, and daily toil is done.  
Some chase the beauteous butterflies across the daisied  
fields,

Some seek the honeysuckle for the nectar that it yields,  
Some gather posies from the dykes, and some supinely lie  
Scanning in sweet astonishment the vast and lofty sky;  
Then all again with ringing laughs and shouts of wild  
delight,

Hunt one another o'er the hills till day is sunk from sight.

The stronger never pass the weak with chilling sneer or  
frown,

Nor do the big, in wild career, the smaller trample down,  
Nor selfishly pursue the game while prostrate wounded falls  
Some feeble, footless thing whose cry for prompt assistance  
calls;

Nor sport they here while tasked at home they leave some  
hopeless child,

On whose eternal round of toil no joy has ever smiled;  
And see! amid their maddest mirth they recollect, the while,  
To turn and seek with earnest eyes a parent's cheering smile.

Oh, that we elder sons of earth but cherished such desire  
To have on all our words and ways the smile of God, our  
sire!

Too oft tall, stalwart brothers crush the weaker ones below  
Ascending to commanding heights upon the fallen's woe,  
And o'er the sunny hills of life some revel all their day,  
While myriads lie in loathsome dens, ungladdened by a ray;  
And some, in wantonness of strength, like naughty ruffian  
boys,

Their younger brethren keep in tears, and spoil their harm-  
less joys,

And act as 'twere their sworn intent high Heaven should  
never see

Man's holiest sacrifice to God, the rapture of the free.  
And thus, the jailers of their race, they dwell in fear and  
pain

Lest their unhappy brothers break the arbitrary chain:  
They skulk about, afraid to meet their heavenly Father's eye,  
And lose the dearest joys of life, though still afraid to die.

But yet the blessed hour will come, as sure as God's above  
When earth shall beauteously reflect the sunshine of His  
love,

If all the sons of light but wake and wield their spirit's  
might

And work with Heaven to bring about the triumph of the  
right,

When the meek spirit of the Christ shall soothe each savage  
clime,

And liberty and love shall glad that summer eve of time.



## COMPLAINT OF A DYING DRAKE.

ONR Christmas day I sallied forth,  
 The sun faint firing at the north  
 Weak beams that scarce at noon of day  
 Sufficed to keep the frost at bay.  
 As smiles a man in deep decline,  
 So seemed that southern sun to shine  
 Through the soft mist of bluish grey  
 That veiled the hills of Castlereagh.  
 Crack! crack! at every bush a gun—  
 Hounds bay, and hurrying hunters run.

But whither are these squadrons rushing?  
 And what's this crowding fer, and crushing?  
 Behold their front!—it fairly bristles  
 With fowling-pieces cocked, and pistols,  
 Drawn forth from nooks and chimneys dusty,  
 Where long they've lain, unused and rusty,  
 Now for this great occasion burnished,  
 And each with charge and priming furnished!

What thus disturbs the country's quiet?  
 Has bold Belfast a winter riot?  
 Or do they hear the distant drumming  
 Of Tipperary's terrors coming  
 To do our northern geese so plump,  
 And eat up Ulster rump and stump?

Oh, whether men have faced the foe  
 Where locust armies scatter woe;  
 Met India's tiger in the teeth,

Or chased a hare across the heath;  
 Bearded the lion in his den,  
 Or badger in M'Canoe's glen;  
 Slaughtered a bear for fun and fat,  
 Or overcome a haggard rat;  
 Encountered Bushmen's poisoned arrows,  
 Or shot in Irish hedges sparrows—  
 Great triumph or achievement small,  
 This enterprise surpasseth all!  
 Are cheeks not pale? do hands not shake?  
 Behold the foe—a tethered drake!

• Poor bird! he quacks, but quacks in vain,  
 And tugs his cord in fear and pain,  
 And wildly screams, and madly springs,  
 Till hopeless droop his weary wings.

Ye who have heard what came to pass  
 When Balaam beat his restive ass,  
 Won't feel surprised that thus a drake  
 When stung to desperation, spake:

"Ye coward race, ye cruel crew,  
 How fell the forms of men on you?  
 You that betray to bloody end  
 Your fellow-biped and your friend,  
 While e'en his fiercest fallen foe  
 No generous soul would torture so,  
 What wrongs have you from me sustained,  
 While over ditch and dam I reigned?  
 Or, are you gathered, small and great,  
 To murder more through sport than hate,

To laugh at every pang and start,  
And cheer the clown that splits my heart?  
While tethered by the leg I lie,  
Without the power to fight or fly.

— To-day (I heard the fact this morn)  
To-day, it seems, your Lord was born :  
Did He, ye tyrants of the earth,  
Bid you commemorate His birth  
By slaughtering down in grove or glade  
The creatures which His Father made?  
Or is this time of blood and revel  
The real birth-day of the Devil?

— Destroyers of our happy flocks,  
Fiercer than falcon grim or fox !  
For these but follow Nature's law,  
And only kill to fill their maw ;  
On wings above or feet beneath,  
They never sport with pain and death.

— 'Tis said ye men have wondrous minds,  
Stronger than mighty waves and winds,  
Able to raise or overthrow  
Vast piles of pride on earth below,  
Or heavenward spring aloft as far  
As highest cloud, or higher star ;  
Able ten thousand feats to do,  
Ten thousand raptures to pursue ;  
Why burrow then for pleasures low,  
Such as we brutes would scorn to know ?

— Ill-hearted beings, large and small,  
Who slay the weaker, or enthrall,  
Does my poor, petty sport and joy  
Your boundless happiness destroy?  
Or are ye vexed that Nature's plan  
Gave life to anything but man !  
Ye cruel hands that cause my doom,  
That pierce my breast and stain my plume,  
On hill and plain, in lake and fen,  
There's surely room for ducks and men.

— Why revel in destruction—why?  
Have fellow-feeling—you must die.  
You say you'll merely change your home,  
Like passage birds that cross the foam ;—  
That while we fall by gun or knife,  
No power can touch your sacred life.  
Does, then, the span that's granted me  
Make shorter your eternity?

— But why exhaust my sinking breath  
On ears that love the sounds of death?  
Or pity hope from stolid blocks  
With souls of lime and hearts of rocks?

— Alas! when swelling torrents roar,  
I'll proudly ride the waves no more!  
No more admired for mien and make,  
Woo white-wing'd ducks on dam or lake.

— Adieu, my ducklings young and gay,  
Enjoy the hours that roll away—

The time that sweeps, like mountain river,  
Your chieftain from your midst for ever.  
A minute more will lay me low,  
Where neither joy nor grief I'll know—  
My heart's blood o'er the herbage green,  
And I, as if I ne'er had been!

The blazing guns proclaim the war,  
The leaden shot hails wide and far;  
The creature's down is white no more,  
His green and gold are smeared with gore!  
One flutter on the blood-stained clover—  
A quack, a gasp, and all is over!

# REPLY TO AN EPISTLE FROM R. HUDDLESTON, MONEYREAGH.

*Comber, March, 1860.*

THE wild March day has grieved his last,  
And down the valley sobe the blast  
Among the sighing trees:  
Now muttering moan the gibbering gales,  
Now swell in wild unearthly walls  
Like choirs of weird Banshees;  
Here half entranced and half asleep,  
With the wild airs they play,  
My reeless fancy takes a leap  
To the bard of Moneyreagh,  
Who sadly o'er his ingle's blaze  
Sits wifeless and alone: \*

\* Married since.

Or rapt in reverie or song  
Scarce hears the midnight's moan.

O Robin, rural warbler thou,  
Son of the hammer and the plough,  
Think not thy fate forlorn:  
Tis thine to gather brighter flowers  
Of joy than wealth or honour showers  
Upon the mightiest born.  
If Nature oft brings forth the bard  
A sickly suffering child,  
She has laid up his rich reward  
In welkin, wave, and wild,  
Where beauty renders to the heart,  
Unbought by earthly ore,  
An earnest of the boundless wealth  
Of heaven's exhaustless store.

Nature, thy lover learneth there  
The charm that counteracts despair,  
Which slaves of Mammon miss;  
There pleasure's fadeless garlands grow,  
Though oft the frosty winds of woe  
Retard the buds of bliss.  
And though we ache with anguish keen  
That worldlings never knew,  
Yet rapture's lightning flash we've seen  
Which they are blinded to;  
And the strong soul, like one who dives  
For pearls in India's main,  
Fetches up fair and precious things  
From ocean depths of pain.

But Bobby, were you bent to see  
 Whether the match of vanity  
 Had set my breast on flame?  
 Enrolling me with that high corps  
 Whose deeds in Erin's bardie lore  
 Are on the tongue of fame.  
 I sing my unpretentious lays  
 With little hope or fear,  
 Expecting very few to praise,  
 Nor heeding who may sneer;  
 Yet glorying in the birds of song  
 That cheer our sorrowing isle,  
 Though on my lowly perch, no ray  
 Of fame may ever smile.

Some earn a name, but what's the odds?  
 In death adored as demigods—  
 In life maligned and starved:  
 Like early slaughtered Indian chief,  
 Who dies to have his triumphs brief  
 Upon a maple carved.  
 Full soon by living bark o'erspread  
 Is all that sculptured praise;  
 Or with the trunk that moulders dead,  
 His fair renown decays:  
 From each illuminated page  
 In glory's rolls to-day,  
 Thus will the envious hand of time  
 The titles blot away.

As our short spring-time hastens past  
 Till dark destruction's wintry blast

Above our bones shall sigh,  
 So every name of fame sublime,  
 Beneath the falling leaves of time  
 Will yet forgotten lie.  
 You fiddler bard whom list-bound tike  
 Conducts from door to door,  
 Homer and he shall shine alike.  
 For both will shine no more:  
 And new inheritor's of fame  
 Will reap the rabble's praise,  
 Whose glory too shall fleet, as die  
 The bright successive days.

Then since, like bubbles boys pursue,  
 Coy lady fame is hard to woo,  
 And, won is no great prize,  
 Let us enjoy whens'er we can  
 The feast that heaven has spread for man—  
 The glorious earth and skies;  
 And learn of yonder joyous lark  
 Who, when Aurora calls,  
 High soaring sings, nor thinks of dark  
 Before the gloamin falls.  
 With brave and cheerful unconcern  
 We'll sing away life's gloom,  
 And bear the torch of song to light  
 This tunnel to the tomb.

Here, to be sure, there's many a woe  
 And want, but let them come and go,  
 The harpies of creation!  
 The darkest, deadliest shape of sorrow



The heavens could send us down to-morrow  
 Is meagre, stark starvation,  
 And should it come like winter's blast  
 On polar deserts bleak,  
 Thank God we were not formed to fast  
 At most beyond a week!  
 And when the toilsome task is done  
 Of nature's sweltry day,  
 Soft as "the mighty dead" shall rest  
 Our weary, weary clay.

Then from the pit of death will spring,  
 Like gnat from pool on sunny wing,  
 The free, immortal mind;  
 No longer in this bone-built cell,  
 No longer in this sunken shell,  
 Chained, "cabined, cribbed, confined,"  
 And when across the ethereal plain  
 We joyously career,  
 We'll wonder much that earthly pain  
 Seemed ever worth a tear;  
 And linked with many a kindred soul,  
 And love-united band,  
 Live closely bound in spirit to  
 The beautiful and grand.

Here I must grasp my parachute,  
 I'm dizzy with this airy route  
 In gossamer balloon—  
 A texture frail of flimsy rhymes  
 For flying nine and ninety times  
 As high as floats the moon.

So now again I'm on the ground,  
 If only for a minute,  
 To ask you when you're coming round  
 To sing your newest sonnet?  
 I have not seen your bardship's face,  
 Through all your winter slumber;  
 And wait as lover waits his love,  
 Your promised call at Comber.

Here we can sit at evening still  
 On slope of daisy-dappled hill,  
 And hear a streamlet flow;  
 Above us, whins in brilliant bloom,  
 And primrose tufts, and budding broom;  
 And smoking homes below;  
 Whence the cloud islands of the west,  
 Amid their sunny sea,  
 Will seem like regions of the blest  
 Where care can never be,—  
 Isles that so oft all bright and fair,  
 Appear when day is done  
 To hint the glories that succeed  
 Our being's setting sun.

# A TEACHER TO HIS FORMER PUPIL.

ADDRESSED TO D. DUNLOP, GREENOCK.

And so you've quit the hills of Down  
 For Britain's Isle and Greenock town,  
 And left the cove of school for ever,  
 And gone aloft on life's big river.

Dear David, boyhood little knows  
 The scene through which that torrent flows—  
 Its rocks of ruin, falls of vice—  
 Before it reach Death's sea of ice!  
 Of all the millions there afloat,  
 How few can steer a steady boat!  
 How few can bide the billows' shocks  
 Or stem the cataracts and rocks!  
 And you have launched upon a time  
 Which seldom sees a life sublime.  
 In sterner days stern deeds were done—  
 Martyrdoms borne and battles won;  
 The gravest now, the very sternest  
 Seem scarce to do a deed in earnest.  
 No lofty hopes inspire the age,  
 But petty aims all hearts engage.  
 The very games that take the day  
 Are not an earnest sort of play,  
 But trifles sanctioned to devour  
 Each weary, dreary leisure hour.  
 What'er we do at any season  
 Is done for one almighty reason—  
 Not that it's fit or right to do it,  
 But that the multitude pursue it.  
 All great things, everybody fancies,  
 Live but in epics and romances:  
 Friendship is fading from creation,  
 And love has dwindled to flirtation;  
 And life would seem with many folk  
 A mere excursion or a joke—  
 But that they seldom take it so  
 When bundling for the shades below.

One faith, one earnest faith, have we—  
 The worship of the £ s. d.  
 Men vote the earnest man a ninny  
 Unless he's earnest for the guinea;  
 For this we pray, for this we preach,  
 Toil, study, write—and overreach;  
 And yet, beneath the golden spell  
 We only do the *last thing* well.

Progress! my dear, we're circling fast  
 Back to those ages of the past,  
 When, ~~ma~~ <sup>ma</sup>gre these well-tailored shapes,  
 Great sages say our sires were apes!

Men move in flocks to fight or feed  
 Where fools or scoundrels often lead;  
 At all outside they scream and hiss—  
 But never you be scared by this:  
 Walk calmly while they cackle round you,  
 Nor let their din and dust confound you.  
 Be not, dear youth, of toyish mind,  
 By custom's cobweb net confined:  
 Examine what is right and fit—  
 With all your fervour follow it,  
 Nor yield to what is wrong and foul,  
 Though after you the world should howl.

Not worth, but wealth, the whole way down  
 From England's peer to Ireland's clown,  
 Gives men among mankind a station,  
 And leads to power and reputation;  
 And hence to gain it thousands rob,

Betray their trust, embezzle, job,  
 Despise the honour won from self  
 Or aught that's foreign to yourself;  
 Through all your life do all you can  
 To grow and live a thorough man  
 Careless who's under or above you.  
 Be noble, and the wise will love you.

Neglect no means within your power  
 To cultivate the mental flower;  
 Feed it with Truth's celestial streams,  
 And give it Freedom's fostering beams;  
 'Twill greatly grow, and richly rise,  
 And brightly blossom to the skies.  
 Imbibe no tales of mere sensation—  
 A literary dissipation.  
 Our modern generation grovels  
 Among the journals and the novels,  
 Avoiding philosophic flight  
 For fear its head should grow too light.  
 We gorge rank garbage, yet take pains  
 Lest earnest study burst the brkins.  
 If right you exercise your body,  
 Too earnestly you cannot study.  
 Yet let no mighty writer hind  
 One prejudice upon your mind:  
 Receive his thoughts like genial showers  
 To stimulate your spirit's powers;  
 Use sage and system, church and creed  
 As helps creation's book to read—  
 One sentence spelled yourself is more  
 Than mountain heaps of rote-piled lore.

How did they try, in Scotia's nation,  
 Your fitness for your situation?  
 We use a test in Ireland's isle  
 Would make a caged gorilla smile.

When the great man of office meets us,  
 This question first and foremost greets us—  
 "Where do you hang your hat on Sunday?"  
 (Small matter what we do on Monday).  
 If in reply we meekly say,  
 "Just where your honour goes to pray,"  
 Mildly he nods his gracious head,  
 And gives us leave to earn our bread.  
 But if we cannot say as he does,  
 He lets us know he does not need us,  
 And locks away the bite and sup  
 Till some conforming dunce turns up,  
 Or clever knave, who wields the key  
 That fits all wards—hypocrisy.  
 The simple soul that speaks his mind  
 May feed his family on the wind;  
 Hence, hundreds pass for what they're not,  
 And hide or stifle honest thought.

Dear Davy, ne'er for posts or pensions  
 Be tempted to belie your conscience;  
 Be true, and leave to God Almighty  
 The consequence: if wronged, He'll right you.

I need not swell my homely song  
 With every note of right and wrong,  
 Nor bid you mind the holy lore

Of her whose voice can ward no more ;  
 But finish with a thought worth gold  
 Dropped from an earnest mind of old,  
 That, if my first composed no feast,  
 I'll have a good dessert at least—  
 " Prove every scheme—on reason ground it,  
 And stick to sense when once you've found it."

## GATHER MONEY.

— MONEY, money, gather money!  
 That's the age's cuckoo song—  
 That's the spell whose mighty magic  
 Leads the moiling world along.

All for money millions furrow  
 Land and ocean o'er and o'er—  
 Lucre laughs at death and danger,  
 Stormy sea and sterile shore.

Gather money, mighty money,  
 By your labour skill and care ;  
 'Mid the dust and din of being  
 Win the gold you wish to wear.

Thus, the farmer deems his duty,  
 Deems the work of life is done  
 By his sowing and his mowing,  
 Coining gold from rain and sun.

• St. Paul.

Thus, the merchant merely thinketh,  
 'Mid his purchases and sales,  
 On the driving of his bargains  
 And the summing of his sales.

Wealth we make the end of action  
 Till we gain the goal of care,  
 Then the fairy baubles vanish  
 Leaving only blank despair.

Link your aims and actions never  
 To the motives of mankind :  
 Seek for gold because it aideth  
 Independence of the mind.

Take the sands of being's river,  
 Search with hand, and heart, and soul,  
 Means of ransoming your spirit  
 From your " fellow-worm's " control ;

That you thus may brave the bigot  
 Who would spoken thought restrain,  
 Who would bind your faith and freedom  
 With the coils of hunger's chain :

That in manliness unbending,  
 You may walk with fearless tread ;  
 Independent and defiant,  
 Lifting proud the dauntless head.

Thus the life that now but grovels  
 After luxury and show,



High in aims and aspirations,  
Shall sublime and glorious grow.

Sad the thought, that soul-numbing,  
Whispers while we toil for right,  
"Hence your nearest and your dearest  
May be starved within your sight."

Penury and persecution,  
Though they grin and howl, we know  
We should face them, proud to perish,  
Striving wrongs to overthrow—

Every sham and all injustice,  
Cramping customs, tyrant laws;  
Even should hell's hyenas crush us  
With their fierce, remorseless jaws!

But as few such hero courage,  
High self-sacrifice, can boast,  
Let us cast a golden bulwark  
Up against the ravaging host.

Money, money, precious money,  
Seek it, save it, heart and soul;  
Use it to redeem your spirit  
From a tyrant world's control.

## EPISTLE TO W. KEENAN.

July, 1881.

When lolling lone last rainy eve,  
Nursing a spirit prone to grieve,  
'Twas like a sunbeam to receive  
Your cordial letter;  
And my numb heart began to heave  
My pulse to flutter.

But when you asked what I'd been doing,  
Old conscience, like a peal of ruin,  
Startled my slumbering soul, hallooing,  
"Awake, for shame!  
Life is not life, unless pursuing  
Some noble game!"

Fair May has flown on dappled wing,  
And gone, like her, life's lovely spring;  
And though they made my spirit sing  
With glorious glew,  
Yet not a wise or worthy thing  
Has sprung from me.

For bread, engaged in daily tussle,  
Edging through Time's eternal hustle,  
Forced against every Hodge to hustle  
In life's career,  
While seasons fly, their pinions rustle  
I seldom hear.

And then that thief, Procrastination,  
The greatest rogue in all creation,

Who gave Ned Young so much vexation  
 One doleful night,  
 Of every good determination  
 Robs me outright.

Now verdant aftermaths display  
 Their rounded ricks of scented hay.  
 Potatoes stand, a bright array,  
 In rank and file;  
 And corn and flax wear flamy a gay  
 And wavy smile.

O'er the rich earth and cloud-robed sky  
 Luxuriant summer sates the eye;  
 Yet for that cuckoo's call I sigh,  
 Which wont to ring  
 O'er Tullyhubbert,\* green and high,  
 In joyful spring.

For I perceive through beauty's bloom  
 The year move onward to his tomb;  
 Out in the future darkly loom  
 Cold and decay,  
 Symbolic of my own dark doom  
 No distant day.

And shall I sink, a soulless clod,  
 Among the worms—beneath the sod—  
 Effaced as if I ne'er had trod  
 Hope's sunny shore,  
 Lost to myself, to man, to God  
 For evermore?

A hill near Cambar, County Down.

Oh doom of horrors!—ever there!  
 Give me the gulf where souls despair  
 In ice or fire—the devil's lair—  
 Hell's deepest gloom!—  
 Give me existence anywhere,  
 Escaped the tomb!

Is that a myth, a dream, a lie,  
 Whose hope bids fear and anguish fly?  
 Could fact make all that's mighty die  
 Within the soul,  
 And falsehood send it soaring high  
 To glory's goal?

Is all the pure and holy thought  
 Of all the noblest souls for nought?  
 Shall heavenly faith and beauty rot  
 In mould or stone—  
 Those rainbow bands that bind our lot  
 To God's own throne?

Ah no! the faith which points to heaven  
 Is an immortal compass given  
 To guide life's bark through surge and levin  
 To peaceful strands,  
 Sure as those birds by autumn driven  
 Find summer lands—

But why run on to speculate?  
 Who can unroll the reams of fate?  
 If we have patience but to wait  
 A little time,  
 We'll know what's hid from all the great  
 Of earth's dim shrine.

## MESSIAH AND THE BARDS.

EARTH'S mighty bards have shed a fame  
 Each on the land that owned his lyre,  
 Till, by the light of glory's fire,  
 The world could read his country's name.

The very air of Greece to-day  
 In fancy trembles to the strains  
 That seem to haunt the vales and plains  
 Whence soared the old Arcadian lay.

Each sunny mountain, sea, and shore,  
 Though deeply desecrated long,  
 Hallowed by heaven-descended song,  
 Are consecrate for evermore.

Italia's glorious landscapes gleam  
 With bardic bloom that shall endure  
 In beauty, fadeless, bright, and pure  
 As stars that from her azure beam.

Old England's castles, cliffs, and oaks  
 In luminous relieve stand  
 On Shakespeare's pages, fair and grand,  
 Defying Time's incessant strokes.

E'en Scotia's "bleak, majestic hills"  
 Her Burns has spangled o'er with flowers;  
 His wand of song raised Eden bowers  
 To smile along her haunted rills.

But that bright star whose gladdening glow  
 Was mirrored first in Jordan's streams

Has clothed in fadeless beauty's beams  
 The universal world below.

He rose—no poet of an isle—  
 No Laureate of a clan or clime:  
 All scenes through all succeeding time  
 He tinged with Heaven's eternal smile.

Where'er the spring's young grass is green,  
 O'er all the fields where lilies blow,  
 Where even tares and brambles grow,  
 His consecrated steps are seen.

The swelling mount, his nightly shrine,  
 The dusty road, the crowded square,  
 The cottage hearth, the dome of prayer,  
 Recall his words and works divine.

He stamped his universal seal  
 On the broad earth, where lingers still  
 The impress of his God-awayed will—  
 A sacred seal on Nature's scroll.

Till lofty peak and lowly sod,  
 With all the common haunts of men,  
 More mightily than tongue or pen,  
 Preach immortality and God.

## AN APRIL EVENING.

My friend and I stood on a round green hill  
At eventide, in that sweet primrose time  
When the winds cease to bluster from the north,  
And the soft south comes like a loving mother  
To April's infant buds, and kindly rears them.

A shower, that seemed to carry down from heaven  
Its holiest hoo, the living green of spring,  
Had fallen upon the meadows, where it hung  
In liquid stars from bud, and blade, and flower.  
The clouds then broke beyond yon western height  
And rolled across the wildly beauteous sky  
In glorious fashion, wondrous, bright, and fair,  
Of every form, fantastic, strange, or huge.

Now seemed they flame-dyed couriers, in their flight,  
Shaking the sunshine from their amber manes;  
Grand and majestic as imagination  
Might body forth Apollo's fabled steeds,  
Which pulled of yore the chariot of the sun.

Now moulded into giant human forms,  
They towered, and shone, and shook their mighty arms,  
Suggesting those old Scandinavian gods,  
Woden and Thor, or Celtic Loda, come  
From out the azure, sun-built halls of heaven,  
With ghosts of heroes throned on golden clouds,  
Joyous and fresh as youth or youthful spring.

These vanishing around the setting day,  
Along the horizon lofty summits gleamed

Of towers and mountains, cliffs and icebergs vast,  
And nameless forms, grotesque or beautiful.

Our raptured gaze now sought the yellow east,  
Where God was giving the completing strokes  
To two fair rainbows; one, the higher, dim,  
The lower brightening into vivid glory—  
A gay, triumphal arch of green-robed spring.  
They spanned the happy hills, whose cultured breasts  
Scented to the sunshine, seeming thus to woo  
With amorous desire and warm embrace  
The fair, bright grain they caught in golden showers.  
At one bow's base a smiling cottage shone  
In all heaven's hues, more gorgeous than a palace;  
While, from a vale of ancient ivied trees,  
Soared the sweet blackbird's soft melodious strain;  
And the brisk lark, "over the rainbow's rim,"  
Sang as if warbling some triumphal glee  
For having reached the "paradise of flowers."

Our souls responded to the spirit voice  
That spoke through matter with th' ethereal tongue  
Of cherub April, till we fully felt  
We were akin to that undying essence  
Which, from the dawn of time till this fair eve,  
Has uttered still to listening souls of men  
The same pure language, and has thrilled their hearts  
With the same sweet emotions—all unchanged  
Amid this cloud-like, evanescent world.  
We felt our kinship to that hidden life  
Of holy nature—soothed and gladdened thus  
To recognise our immortality.



Deep draughts we quaffed from beauty's well of joy,  
Till our deep souls o'erflowed with thanks to God  
For all the loveliness of earth and heaven,—  
Delightful pictures of His wondrous thoughts,  
Reflections from the azure breast of space,  
Of those unseen and undepicted climes  
Where gladness springs and blooms for evermore.

#### VERSES WRITTEN ON A MILD SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER.

Tu noon this sweet morn mild autumn looks farewell,  
Casting from heaven a kindly parting glance  
Before the gloomy winter curtain falls,  
Like the last smiles of dear departing friends  
Ere ocean's stormy billows rise between,  
And hide them from our sorrowing sight for ever.

O'er long-loved vales yet green, my glad eye roams  
From this half ruined grove of ancient trees—  
My play-ground oft in boyhood's days of bliss—  
Rejoicing in the sunlit loveliness  
Of the still Sabbath scene. At this fair hour  
Men worship in ten thousand domes of prayer;  
But none is kneeling in a holier place  
Than this to me. These beauteous beechen trunks,  
Which through their slumber almost seem to breathe,  
Are the fair columns of my sky-roofed fane,  
And the soft wind through those green, feathery firs,  
My music, sweeter than the organ's tones;  
And that glad sunshine, God's hope-beaming presence,

More glorious than the Shekinah of Zion,  
Amid this deep and lone serenity.  
Such a pervading sense of His approach  
Seems to o'erawe the place, I start and thrill,  
And almost deem I hear His mighty whisper,  
And, leaning on the trees, in fancy touch  
The pillars of the new Jerusalem!

Beneath those bare, big roots I used to think  
The elfin tribes had their mysterious homes,  
Whence they emerged to hail the midnight moon.  
A superstition some would call the thought,  
And laugh it to a philosophic scorn:  
But 'tis a faith, though childish, not all false—  
The vulgar version of a changeless truth,  
That spirits dwell in all the forms of nature,  
With such mysterious powers endowing all,  
And carrying on such secret processes  
As seer or sage has never yet explored;  
Now at God's word arraying earth in beauty,  
Now taking off her robes for that sweet sleep  
Which fits her for the rapturous life of spring;  
And at all times communing with our souls  
In a wild, deep, and ever-varying song,  
Heard by no mortal ears, but thrilling all  
Our secret hearts with holy ravishment;  
And hence may men, where'er their footsteps go,  
As truly as the saints of olden years,  
Commune with angels, yea, and walk with God:  
The world no more a lone, sin-blighted ruin,  
But a bright shrine of living loveliness,  
A sacred temple of unceasing praise.

## SLEIVE DONARD.\*

ON ASCENDING THAT MOUNTAIN IN AUGUST, 1863.

## MAJESTIC MOUNT,

Whose robes are clouds, and crown the sapphire heaven,  
 Who, all unmoved on thy Platonian throne,  
 Unlike the ancient king that fled the waves,  
 Laughed to scorn the billow and the blast:  
 Thou on whose lonely summit I have gazed  
 With longing admiration since the days—  
 The fairy days of childhood—when I dreamed  
 That from the tips of those sky-piercing spears  
 A man might grasp an angel's down-stretched hand—  
 At length I stand upon thee. I have heard  
 Of loftier steep and grander elevations;  
 But, towering here sublime, and looking down  
 On forty granite peaks, and owning not,  
 As far as thy cerulean front is seen,  
 Rival or peer, to me thou art enough  
 For beauty and for grandeur. Sacred hill,  
 On whose high-bearing bosom saints reposed  
 In holier ages, how I tread thy heights  
 With soul exultant, breathing inspiration  
 From the pure breeze that wafts the cloudlets past me,  
 And whispers to these everlasting hills  
 In ceaseless murmurs!

## Go, ye sons of pride,

Bigots and tyrants armed with vulgar power,  
 Go, scant my garments, stint my daily bread,  
 Ye cannot here cut off the rich repent

\* The highest mountain of the Mourne range, County Down.

That feasts my soul, nor rend her robes of joy.  
 Nor bar her access to His glorious presence  
 Who scorns the limits of your narrow creeds.

Here Donard towers—aspiring from the plains,  
 As though the very earth in years of yore  
 Had struggled hard to pierce immensity—  
 And bears me toward that vast infinitude  
 That boundless, endless wilderness of nature  
 The pinioned thought is yearning to explore

Monarch of hills, up on thy solitudes  
 The roar of business dwindles into silence,  
 As ocean's surge against thy granite base  
 Is heard but as a soft continuous sigh;  
 And the sweet sunshine falling on the bloom  
 That mantles thee, the humming of the bees,  
 And trickling of the rilllets down the rocks,  
 Soothe the sad heart and calm the pulse of care.

What rapture, gazing o'er the fields and streams  
 That stretch below, like a vast map unrolled,  
 To feel a moment raised above the dust  
 That darkens cities—scenes where human guilt  
 With folly leagues to fling the cramping chain  
 Of circumstances round the struggling soul—  
 Earth's prisoner, and an exile from the heavens—  
 And force the sighing seraph to apply  
 To gross and worldly tasks his noble powers:  
 While blinded, and a slave that serves the body,  
 He merely grinds its bread, or turns the wheel  
 That carries round the tailoring, trading world.

As though to feed and clothe decaying flesh  
Alone were wisdom and utility.

When thou didst spring from ocean's darksome womb,  
Tossing the billows from thy craggy crest,  
I know not; but I find thee here to-day  
A mighty petrification of the past,  
Which, with thy mass of viewless, whirling atoms  
Held in their spheres by energies unseen,  
Art in thy birth and life a mystery  
To all the lore of ages. Granitic gnomon,  
Shadowing earth and pointing to the skies,  
Reminding man of the eternal cycles,  
And kindling his immortal aspirations,  
Here hast thou towered in strength, a rock of ages,  
Innumerable years, amid the storms  
Of change and time which bore on whirlwind wings  
The joys and woes of mortal generations.  
Hence hast thou calmly viewed race follow race,  
Rushing o'er earth in wild and strange succession,  
From the abyss of past eternity,  
Whose awful gloom no memory can fathom,  
Into the dread, impenetrable future,  
Whose misty realm no human lore illumines.  
Beneath thee has the sea been red with blood  
In human quarrels, and the soil around  
Has reeked with gore. These winds of heaven  
Have climbed thy cliffs oppressed with slavery's sigh,  
And the death groans of superstition's victims,  
And the wild shrieks that spoke the spoiler's havoc.  
But happily not always hideous sounds,  
Have greeted thee; soft songs of love and joy

Have fanned thy breast, and holy voices swelled  
In prayer and praise from these rude rocks to God;  
For, in the most abandoned lives and times  
Are some redeeming hours, and some bright tints  
Gleam from the gloomiest ground of human story,  
Else might we tell the knell of hope for man.

Thus strange events and dire have passed thee by,  
Borne to oblivion down the falls of change;  
As well, ere Heber's footsteps marked our shores,  
As while our great O'Neills in splendour reigned,  
And since Britannia crushed their ancient thrones;  
Till, in the progress of the shifting scenes,  
This boasted nineteenth century flits before thee,  
And finds thee yet a king where we have fallen,  
Glory thy lot, ours gloom. While orbs have risen  
Whose light obscures the glimmering stars of yore,  
And gilds the mountain tops of other lands,  
Still round our island hang the mists of night,  
And hide from millions freedom's hopeful dawn  
With all its revelations of the true.

Lost are those lofty qualities of soul,  
Courage, and concord, and self-abnegation,  
That, like the pillared flame to tribes of yore,  
Will light a nation through its deepest gloom.  
Still bigotry howls o'er Ulidia's plains  
Like a grim wolf amid her ancient woods;  
Still men submit their consciences to men  
And dream of freedom while their trembling souls  
Receive life's law and take the chart of heaven  
From mortal hands. Still plausible oppressing



Lures learning and religion with his baits,  
 And buys up talent with his plundered wealth,  
 To varnish villany, and dupe the world,  
 And steal from human breasts the gem of manhood.  
 Still custom reigns, a hydra-headed monster,  
 Threatening to swallow up the individual.  
 With hissing ridicule he scares the weak,  
 And bribes the frivolous multitude with trinkets,  
 To quit the glorious shrine of independence,  
 And basely bow to him the servile neck.  
 While he drives men, like herds of helpless goats,  
 Down a smooth path to utter nothingness.  
 The peasant is not chained, and whipped, and sold,  
 As were the vassals of the olden times,  
 But still a relic of the dungeon ages,  
 A feudal clog, about his neck remains,  
 Which bends him prone, and will not let him tread  
 His own green sod in man-like majesty.

But, as thy shadow, which at morning-tide  
 Darkened the land, now falls across the deep,  
 So these dark days shall pass, and brighter come,  
 When virtue's bloom shall freedom's fertilise,  
 And men shall pluck the golden fruit of justice.  
 Then solitary selfishness no more  
 Shall reign, the chief inspirer of exertion;  
 But men grown wise, by nobler feelings awayed,  
 Consulting well the general happiness,  
 Will best promote their own. Then those sweet vales  
 And corn-crowned hills still fairer shall become,  
 The darling haunts of peace and kind affections,  
 And thriving industry, and blooming joy.

Thus age shall bury age and leave thee long  
 Where others left thee, lord of Uish's hills,  
 In stee and lofty grandeur, as if God  
 Had made thy days eternal like his own.

And I shall vanish too, yea, melt from earth  
 Like a frail dew-drop from the blossomed heath,  
 Which morn drinks up, and day beholds no more.  
 And thou—yes, thou too—mighty granite giant,  
 Crushed by innumerable years, shalt perish  
 As certainly as I; re-plunged beneath the waters,  
 Or mouldering down to atoms on the plain,  
 Or wafted viewless through the voids of space.  
 Shall any part of me survive thy ruin—  
 Thine, who art witness of a thousand wrecks  
 Of generations, dynasties, and creeds?  
 Thou only answerest with thy hollow echo,  
 O mocking mountain! and the heavens are silent!  
 I, of that race who wield the sword of thought,  
 Conquerors of mountains and of mountain waves—  
 I, with this consciousness unknown to thee,  
 These hopes that never heaved thy flinty breast—  
 Shall I (God's work destroyed ere well begun)  
 Sink sighing for the unguined good? and thou  
 Boast a duration all but everlasting?  
 Must I, the failure of eternal Wisdom,  
 Perfection's germs blasted in my soul,  
 Take all my boundless yearnings to the dust—  
 Thou laughing at the force that crushes me?  
 Or, shall I soar, triumphant over death  
 With ghosts that ride, perchance this moment, round me,  
 Upon the winds which tread thy stormy steep;



Noting the progress of thy sure decay?  
 Hast thou—has Nature not a voice to answer?  
 Ah no! or if a voice, the ears of men  
 Are yet too dull to catch its whispered music.  
 But in my soul resides an unseen Power  
 Who speaketh ever; and His still small voice  
 Grows mighty, echoed from the hearts of millions.  
 Ah! *this* voice mocks not—'tis the Eternal Father  
 Telling my soul it cannot cease or perish,  
 In heavenly tones through doubt's terrific gloom!

All *must* be right: a few will fear and tremble  
 As though the spirit's very life were periled,  
 While old faith fades, till new assurance springs,  
 And men shall hail the rising sun of God.

### TO MOINA.

Yes, Moina, pluck from that pure heart of thine  
 A love which can to no fruition rise;  
 Yet oh! despair's black frost repel from mine  
 With the kind light of those angelic eyes!  
 Yes, cheat me into that most soothing faith—  
 That fond delusion of the love-sick soul—  
 That more than faltering speech or writing saith  
 Lies in thy secret breast's unopened scroll.  
 O give my shipwrecked hopes this raft of thought  
 To float them to their haven in the clay,  
 That when I lie by all the world forgot,  
 In Moine's memory my name will stay—

That then wilt sometimes come at dying day  
 To share a while my shamrock-sheeted bed,  
 The daisied turf to trim, and o'er me pray,  
 And drop a kindly tear above my head.  
 The thought that I shall then so sweetly lie  
 Will be enough to make me long to die.

### SONNET—I.

TO THE SAME.

SWEET is the sunshine when the sun first looks  
 With renovated splendour from on high,  
 When clear as heaven gush down the goggling brooks  
 And wintry skies have laid their mourning by;  
 Sweet are the early flowers when first they spring  
 From founts of beauty hid from mortal eyes;  
 Sweet the first notes the wooing throats sing  
 When glen and grove to love and rapture rise;  
 Sweet the soft breeze whose soothing spirit voice  
 Tells the glad earth the reign of storms is o'er,  
 And bids the weary longing heart rejoice,  
 For hope and beauty bless the world once more:  
 To me thy smiles, bloom, song, and sunshine bring—  
 Thou art the spirit of my spirit's spring.

### SONNET—II.

HUMAN WOE.

WHEN I reflect on all the woes of men,  
 And all the wrongs which breaking hearts endure,  
 While nothing I can do by voice or pen,

Muscle or mind, the world's deep wounds to cure—  
 On falsehood's triumphs, slavery's ceaseless sigh,  
 That like a foul malaria soars to heaven,  
 And all the unsuccessful brave who die,  
 By tyrants' crimes to desperation driven :  
 Oh ! I could stretch me on the quiet grave  
 Of her who taught me first to hie a prayer,  
 And thus, the unprofitable life she gave,  
 Yield to the poisoned chalice of despair,  
 Did I not trust heaven's Lord will one day show  
 Right hewn from wrong, and happiness from woe.

## SONNET—III.

TO SCOTLAND, ON HEARING ILL REPORTS OF HER PEOPLE'S  
 MORALITY.

CLIME of a thousand memories grand and bright—  
 Sweet radiancies that beam from skies of yore,  
 Men say thy heaven is pallid with moral night  
 And glorious Caledonia's day is o'er.  
 And yet, though grief-struck at the tale I stand,  
 While for thy ancient virtues memory mourns,  
 I feel she cannot die—the great old land  
 Which gave the world a Wallace and a Burns.  
 Then, by each muse that waked the Scottish lyre  
 And thrilled rejoicing ages with the strains,  
 By freedom's triumphs, and the martyr's pyre,  
 O burst the bondage of the sensual chains !  
 Rise, like a goddess grasping wisdom's lance,  
 And take the van where sons of light advance !

## SONNET—IV.

ON READING THE WORKS OF SOME OF OUR GREAT MODERN  
 THINKERS.

YE giant souls, who, nourished on the true,  
 Rise in rejoicing strength with reason's brands  
 To overturn the wrongs of realms, and hew  
 From human minds the church's iron bands :  
 I hail ye as the harbingers of right—  
 The morning stars of brighter days to be—  
 Redeemers whom th' Eternal armed with might  
 To lead our sighing souls to liberty !

Your thoughts are like the blessed breeze of spring  
 Sweeping dark error's wintry clouds away,  
 Till hope's ten thousand voices wake to sing  
 Their hallelujahs to the kindling ray:  
 Ye call the virtues from their frozen tomb,  
 And truth and justice burst to light and bloom.

## SONGS AND BALLADS.

### EVER GREEN BE YON VALLEY.

Evka green be yon valley where I and my Sally  
 Through hazel and holly one evenin' strayed,  
 When she gave me her promise that after old Lamma  
 She'd marry her Thomas—my beautiful maid!  
 Oh! the sun from the tap o' Sleive Gullion was glowin'  
 On lovely Lough Neagh, in broad majesty flowin',  
 Where the ducks and the divers were dippin' and rowin',  
 And happy wee swains on the banks of it played.

She milked among rushes by bloomin' thorn bushes,  
 Where blackbirds and thrushes were warblin' a tune,  
 And the bards of old *Fula*\* had praised Derryola  
 In many a holier, happier June.  
 Then she went through the *cassocks* trippin' as lightly  
 As bounds the young doe that the spring has made  
 sprightly:  
 While she glanced at me timidly, tenderly, brightly,  
 I stole my first kiss by the light of the moon.

As sweetly we wandered, a strame it meandered  
 Where leafy boughs rendered our pathway unseen—  
 Its ripples appearin', their journey's end nearin',  
 All time about steerin' through shadow and sheen.

\* An ancient name of Ireland.

Oh! many a time since I married my treasure  
 We talk of that scene with a brightenin' pleasure—  
 That gloamin' we drunk of delight without measure,  
 And made up the match in the valley so green.

### TO JANE, IN HER GRAVE.

O many a sun has set, Jane,  
 Through gloamin's gloom and showers,  
 Since those green Mays we met, Jane,  
 To cull the golden flowers.

And many an autumn's close, Jane,  
 Has wept its frosty dew,  
 Since you and I picked sloes, Jane,  
 Around the bushy Crewe.

And many a tempest's moan, Jane,  
 And many a breeze's sigh  
 Have swept the lonely stone, Jane,  
 That tells me where you lie.

Oh! were I pure as you, Jane,  
 From sin and stain as free,  
 As noble and as true, Jane,  
 (But that can never be!)

My weary, withered head, Jane,  
 And heart with sorrow sore,  
 Would gladly share your bed, Jane,  
 And wake to woo no more!

### IDLE WISHES.

O for the life of a bard of old,  
 Unruffled by carking care!  
 Who blithely carolled and blithely strolled,  
 Where the green glen bloomed or the bright lake rolled,  
 Like a bird of the boundless air.

And who, when the winter had withered the earth,  
 And the nights grown dark and long,  
 Lit the chieftain's hall or the yeoman's hearth  
 With rapturous passion or frolicsome mirth—  
 The glow of his glorious song.

O for the life of a hunter red,  
 And his hut by the prairie rill!  
 Who bows to no master his manly head  
 As he sweeps his wilds without doubt or dread,  
 And follows his lordly will.

Here we are selfish, and cold, and lous,  
 Where pride has his wintry way:  
 On the treadmill of trade we chafe and groan,  
 Or tilling the fields that we never may own,  
 Till manhood is slaved away.

Far from the lords of labour's control,  
 And the custom that awes and binds,  
 O to follow the reinless soul  
 Where the green woods spread and the big waves roll,  
 As free as the mountain winds!



## ELIZA JANE.

THE harrest queen of the cloudless sky  
Was gliding in glory serene on high,  
The swallow had flown to her clay-built nest,  
And the reaper had gone to his cabin of rest;  
And none was to hear on the moonlit plain  
The tale I was telling Eliza Jane.

I folded with tremulous arm her waist  
As the grass-fringed loanin' we slowly paced,  
Where over us hung the haw-bent thorn,  
And round us rustled the ripening corn;  
And the night wind whispered to hill and plain  
The tale I was telling Eliza Jane.

From the limckiln ivied, cloven, and grey,  
We gazed on the glitter of far Lough Neagh;  
Bright was the wave, but still more bright  
Was the rapturous hope of our hearts that night,  
As the west wind wafted across the plain  
The tale I was telling Eliza Jane.

And the muttering breath of the autumn breeze  
Through briery valleys and aspen trees  
Seemed whispering spirits from climes above  
Stole down to a *tryst* with an earthly love;  
But angel or man upon cloud or plain  
Never folded a maid like Eliza Jane!

Oh, brighter kindled the bright moonshine  
As her fragrant whispers announced her mine—  
As the living bloom of her lips I pressed,

And the heart beat loud in her down-white breast—  
That moon never looked from her azure plain  
On a purer maid than Eliza Jane!

## O COME, MY BELOVED.

O come, my beloved! O haste to my side!  
We are wedded in soul, we are bridegroom and bride;  
While the moments of summer are fragrant and bright,  
Let us breathe their soft sunshine and balmy delight:  
'Tis the June of our lives and the June of the year—  
Love's paradise gates are unbolted and near—  
Joy's river runs bright—let us drink of its wave  
Ere it sink from our sight in the cavernous grave!

The glory of heaven hath scattered all gloom,  
The breezes sing soft through the blade and the bloom,  
The happy bees hum on the heathery hill,  
And the cows in the sycamores' shadows are still;  
The earth lieth basking in summer's sweet glow,  
And pleasure hath flown on a visit below;  
But the pleasure I feel and the sunshine I see,  
My Phebe, my love, is what beameth from thee!

O come! let us rove in the eve and the morn,  
Where the winds of the west bend the hillyow corn;  
Or, far from the buzz and the bustle of men,  
Seek the furze of the *brax*, or the broom of the glen;  
There I'll fold thee, my Phebe, my love, to my breast

With a rapture—ay, even in song unexpressed!  
 And we'll drink a deep draught of love's bright-flowing  
 wave  
 Ere its waters are quaffed by the cavernous grave.

### THE FALLS OF THE GLEN.

TALL COLLIN is girt with the evening ray,  
 The breeze is perfumed with the breath of the hay,  
 And the valley where Logan bears wealth in her flow  
 Spreads out like a beautiful picture below,  
 And echo sounds down from the dwellings of men  
 Where lovely I roam by the Falls of the Glen.

As the vapoury shroud covers meadow and vale,  
 From the trees of Glencollin the wood pigeons wail;  
 And the deep solemn sound of the cataract seems  
 A plaint for the flight of my vanishing dreams—  
 Fair visions swept down to return not again,  
 Like sun-tinted foam in the Falls of the Glen.

Oh, love! to possess thee the universe sighs—  
 Desire of all hearts, and delight of all eyes!  
 But then mockest the stripling's impetuous chase,  
 Or melt'st to air in thy captor's embrace—  
 There is love, there is rapture, in burrow and den,  
 But *I* am forlorn by the Falls of the Glen!

Oh! where are the seraphs, so beauteous and bright,  
 That hover round boyhood and dazzle his sight?

Do they flit from our manhood to happier spheres  
 Where youth is in bloom through eternity's years,  
 And the love shall be found that's now far from our ken,  
 When we mix with the spirits of mountain and glen?

### CUAN'S LAKE.\*

Air—"The Young May Moon."

'Tis morning's dewy dawn, my love,  
 The gloom of night is gone, my love,  
 O let us roam by Cuan's foam  
 As the tidal wave comes on, my love;  
 When the waning moon is on high, *aroon*,  
 And the May-flower opens her eye, *aroon*.  
 When the daisy is yet with her bright tears wet,  
 And the morning star's in the sky, *aroon*:

As hand in hand we wander love,  
 Where bright green waves meander, love,  
 My Flora's blush will flout the flush  
 That suffuses the orient yonder, love,  
 Where the whin bloom feeds the bee, *aroon*,  
 As I sit infolding thee, *aroon*,  
 All the tints of the skies in the light of thine eyes  
 Will be total eclipses to me, *aroon*.

Come forth, the lark is singing, love,  
 The cuckoo's call is ringing, love,  
 And hill and dale have doffed the veil  
 That hid their flowerets springing, love.

\* Strangford Lough.

Since the last enchanting kiss, *aroon*,  
 I've sighed for a meeting like this, *aroon*,  
 When love, 'mid the dearth of delight upon earth  
 Gives a taste of the heavenly bliss, *aroon*.

### THE JILTED WOOER.

Air—"Dullinamona."

Good-morrow, *machree*! and how's Freddy my friend?  
 Is it wantin' the news? will ye jist condescend  
 Your ear for the half of two moments to lend?  
 Sure Judy's a jilt—there's beginnin' and end:  
     But the loss of a fickle wee maiden  
     Who now on her roses is tradin',  
     But an autumn or two will see fadin',  
     Won't drive me to *felo-de-se*.

Yet I thought she was true as the dove to her nest,  
 Till I met her last Sunday rigged out in her best,  
 And, boy, by a frizzled wee prig she was prest.  
 His arm round her neck and his hand on her breast!  
     She may mount into Coxwell's balloon, sir,  
     (For Pat will not follow her soon, sir),  
     And court with the man in the moon, sir,  
     The false little lady, for me!

I care not a cockle, though, faith, at the time  
 My heart it hove up like a heap of hot lime;  
 To deign her a look I considered a crime,  
 Stalking past them as stiff as a priest in his prime.

But I needn't start them a quar'llin',  
 They'll be soon enough snappin' and snarlin';  
 Once married, its "deil" for "my darlin'"—  
 He's welcome to wed her for me.

As the loaf alum whiteness is aptest to fast,  
 You'll find cursed often the purtiest worst:  
 Heaven grant me of pleasure the earliest crust,  
 So never again in a woman to trust!

Away with their blushes and glances!  
 Away with your Sallys and Nancys!  
 Let them bind any boobie that fancies  
 It's bachelors' freedom for me!

But of frolic and friendship, dear boy, there's no dearth—  
 The sugar and cream of the cup of this earth:  
 There's rapture in roving, there's joy by the hearth,  
 And for rivers of tears there are oceans of mirth!  
     Shall I bleat for a red cheekit maid, sir,  
     A jovial rollicking blade, sir?  
     I'm not of the marrying trade, sir,  
     But a bachelor jolly and free.

So let her coquet, and the devil may care!  
 There's hundreds as handsome at every fair,  
 But my fine feathered peacocks, if caught in their snare,  
 They'll spancel and pluck you before you're aware;  
     And there ye'll be tethered for life, boys,  
     Condemned to hard labour and strife, boys—  
     Your jailer in shape of a wife, boys—  
     When I'll be a bachelor free!



## LET THE HARROWS SOUGH OVER THE RIGS.

Let the harrows sough over the rigs, my boys,  
 Our coats on the grass or the twigs, my boys;  
 There's no time for delay to the men that must pay  
 For coronets, mitres, and wigs, my boys;  
 Then, on while the sweat from our foreheads is rainin',  
 It buttens no bread to stand idle complainin'!

While the yellow corn's rainin' before us, boys,  
 And the clouds of white dust flyin' o'er us, boys,  
 And the lark and the thrush from the sky and the bush  
 The hum of our labour they chorus, boys,  
 We'll puff away pain with a song or a whistle,  
 Nor value hard labour the jay of a thistle!

There's the agent gone by in his chaise the day,  
 We work while he lolls at his aise the day;  
 But I would not bear his bark-burden of care  
 For the wealth of the lord he obeys the day;  
 Contentment's a dainty they never get tastin'  
 That's grindin' and grubbin' for grandeur and faistin'.

As we haven't a lase of our life, my boys,  
 Ere I'll seed it with envy and strife, my boys,  
 I'll eat praties and kail to a salt herrin's tail  
 With devil a fork or a knife, my boys!  
 While men that hug goold are with jealousy snarin',  
 I'll dance my day in with a different darlin'.

When evenin' jewels the flowers, boys,  
 And the moon from the mountain top glowers, boys,

My Maggie I'll meet in yon valley so sweet  
 Where the blackbird's delightin' the towers, boys;  
 For love, it's life's lily—the nicest thing given  
 To blossom outside the green gardens of heaven!

And these bucks wi' big salaries, dear me, boys,  
 How they're bowin and bendin in fear, my boys!  
 While we bow to none but the Maker alone  
 For our incomes year by year, my boys,—  
 To Him that will pay us this corn we have lent Him.  
 Next harvest again with a thousand per centum.

And although we're most terribly bonn', my boys,  
 And the taxes and rents hould us down, my boys,  
 We may speel the world's height like bould Sampson that  
 night  
 When he carried the gates of the town, my boys,—  
 We'll speel independence, that mountain before us,  
 Where nobody under the heaven'll be o'er us.

If a set of bad summers be sent, brave boys,  
 Or the landlord he racks us with rent, brave boys,  
 Why the virgin soil waits in the 'Merriky States  
 Till our company makes it content, brave boys:  
 It's there the grim bailiff will bother us never—  
 We'll hould the broad acres on lases for ever.

Then hurrah for the trade of the farmer, men!—  
 But the sun and the ground's growin' warmer, men,  
 And odours arise as the bacon it fries,  
 Proclaimin' the cook an ould charmer, men;  
 Then jingle away with the nags to the stable,  
 And in where the *marphies* smile white on the table!



## A HOULDIN' FOR IVER.

On, there's nothing on earth like a shed of one's own  
 On a fief that's a body's for iver!  
 It's there ye have courage to "lay down yer bone"  
 And give thanks to the bountiful Giver.

I would rather be lord of a scraw-covered bay  
 Than be tenant at will of a castle;  
 And I'm happier here in this humble wee way  
 Than an emperor's wealthiest vassal.

Chorus—For iver, for iver! my houldin's for iver.  
 As nate a wee spot as you'd see!  
 I envy no throne with a cot of my own  
 For Betty, the childher, and me!

Not a master to please, not a mortal to fear,  
 Not a want if we steadily labour;  
 But from autumn to autumn the height of good cheer  
 And a bite for a hungry neighbour.  
 I live in content like my daddies of yore,  
 No baillie to spy or to plunder;  
 And I drain it, and dig it, and dung it galore.  
 Till the craps are the counthery's wonder.  
 Chorus—For iver, for iver, &c.

When driven in couples like wethers or goats,  
 Poor cottiers crowd in at elections,  
 The landlords may scare from the crathers their votes,  
 But conscience gives me my directions.  
 The clerk's but a sarvant, the taircher's a slave,  
 Doctors dodge, and the clargy palaver;

\* To work earnestly.

But I needn't knuckle to tyrant or knave—  
 I'm lord of my acres for ever!  
 Chorus—For iver, for iver, I houl' them for iver,  
 As purty wee fief's as you'd see;  
 I envy no throne with a cot of my own  
 For Betty, the childher, and me!

## THE FREED SLAVE TO HIS SPOUSE IN BONDAGE.

Round me the voices of the birds  
 Make field and forest ring,  
 And zephyr sweeps her fairy chords,  
 The flowery harp of spring;  
 And I have snapped the tyrant's chain  
 That bound me, soul and limb;  
 Yet my whole heart's one throbbing pain  
 'Mid nature's happy hymn.

Why dwells my spirit still in gloom  
 While round me tree and sod  
 Are bright with verdure and with bloom  
 Beneath the glance of God?  
 My lost but forgotten love,  
 What's sun or song to me—  
 The bliss below, the blaze above,  
 While fetters clank on thee?

Irene, fair as fruited vine,  
 Chaste as descending snow,  
 Hard are the hearts untouched by thine  
 Unutterable woe!

Who bind thee still a burdened slave,  
 Who tore thee from my breast,  
 And slew, or banished o'er the wave  
 The sons that loved thee best.

Ah! when a hopeful bounding boy,  
 And life was love and glee,  
 My blood I would have spilled with joy  
 Could that have set thee free!  
 And yet though years have flitted by  
 And wasted youth away,  
 So changeless is my love, I'd die  
 To break thy bonds to-day!

Why yearns my heart to right thy wrong,  
 Redress in vain to seek?  
 Why is the soul so passion-strong,  
 The arm of flesh so weak?  
 Oh, 'tis a wild and dreadful pang  
 That thrills my burning brain—  
 To think I hear thy fetters clang  
 And cannot rend the chain!

O I am desolate, my love,  
 Though all things sing and shine,  
 As yonder mateless mourning dove  
 Upon the plaintive pine!  
 The glow that gleams on every place  
 My darkness only shows,  
 And all the smiles of nature's face  
 Recall my hopeless woes!

## SAXON PROTESTANT TO CATHOLIC CELT.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIEND, MR. E. BOGERS, DELFANT.

SHALL we love one another, my Catholic brother,  
 Like loyal-souled Irishmen, never?  
 Must the heathenish strife that's consuming our life  
 And our country's keep burning for ever?  
 Shall the orange and green threaten always between  
 The hands that should join with heart's kindness?  
 Must we still go astray on our forefathers' way  
 That they hedged in their dotage and blindness?

O I burn with deep shame that I ever became  
 The tool of your foes for a minute;  
 But the knaves with their lies threw a mist on my eyes,  
 And the hand of the traitor was in it.  
 For they charged you with blood, till, alarmed, I withstood  
 No longer the spoil of our nation;  
 And what could I do when no better I knew,  
 But credit the foul accusation?

O forgive and forget, and our country may yet  
 Over sorrow and shame be victorious,  
 If with heart and with hand we unitedly stand  
 To render her happy and glorious.  
 And old Erin shall rise, if we're noble and wise,  
 To a bliss above human pretension;  
 And the wailing of wrong change to liberty's song  
 If we heal the red wounds of contention.

My line you may trace to that Saxonagh race  
 That in war and in pillage were traders;

Yet a little before they had ravaged her shore,  
 Your fathers were Erin's invaders.  
 If my barbarous sires brought carnage and fires  
 When their harvests of spoil they were reaping.  
 You have told me with pride of the thousands who died  
 Where the sword of Heremon was sweeping.

Should I be abhorred though my ancestor's sword  
 Shed the blood of the blameless like water,  
 When my very heart bleeds for his terrible deeds—  
 Persecution, and plunder, and slaughter?  
 We are both of one race when the ages we trace—  
 We are sons of the same island mother;  
 Let us only contest about who can do best  
 To serve her and save her, my brother.

God bless you! I say, howsoever you pray:  
 Your faith shall ne'er meet my derision;  
 Can't we kindly talk o'er such a subject, *anthere*,  
 And crush cursed strife and division?  
 And we'll hate one another, my Catholic brother,  
 For race or religion—oh never!  
 And the heathenish strife that's consuming our life  
 We'll quench it for ever and ever!

### MAGGIE BAN,

THE Moyntagh moss is bleak and bare,  
 But ogh! it's here I love to be,  
 Where Maggie came last Lurgan fair  
 And brought my dinner meal to me:

My Maggie—she's the dearest girl  
 That ever warmed the heart of man!  
 My treasure true, my precious pearl,  
 My joy of joys is Maggie ban.

My board a bank of blossomed ling,  
*Coleman* bright with butter bore;  
 I heard my lovely linnnet sing  
 Till, short and sweet, the meal was o'er;  
 And then I coaxed her to my knee,  
 While bouncing beat the heart of Dan!  
 For more than Ireland's isle to me  
 Without her, is my Maggie ban.

And there we sat, an hour and more,  
 And sometimes talked a word or two.  
 Or viewed the lough's white sanded shore,  
 And cots that crossed its bosom blue.  
 The whirrigs dance upon the pools,  
 Soft waves the snow-white *cosceas*  
 In the sweet breeze that kindly cools  
 The blushing brow of Maggie ban.

The lispings "peewee" overhead,  
 The martins round the turf-stacks fly,  
 The lark, sprang from his brackin bed,  
 Wild warbles up the sunny sky.  
 I pressed her bright and blooming cheek,  
 Her neck as white as altar lawn;  
 "Augh! sure you're mine?" she did not speak,  
 But silence told on Maggie ban.

The wild bees shake the foxglove bells,  
 Or o'er the banks of heather dream;  
 The yellow *sagittas* sink and swell,  
 The silver osier rips the stream:  
 Sweet things; but sweeter Maggie's kiss  
 That through my heart like lightning ran,  
 When, asked to wed, she whispered "yes"—  
 My loved and lovely Maggie *ban*!

I'm here, a sunburnt servant boy,  
 And from a clay-built cabin sprung,  
 That would'nt swap young Meg M'Coy  
 For ladies gay with grandeur hung!  
 I'll work to win a cot and cow,  
 For this is wise wee Maggie's plan:  
 Meantime we'll court as we do now,  
 And then I'll marry Maggie *ban*.

#### COUNTY DOWN MARY.

Hail, ye corn-clad hills of Down,  
 Girt by fairy-haunted dells!  
 Never there may famine frown—  
 There my gentle Mary dwells,  
 Every spot's a sacred sod,  
 Sheltered vale, or summit airy,  
 Where the little feet have trod  
 Of my fleet and fawn-like Mary.

Ye have heard my Mary's voice,  
 Softer than the songs of spring

When your thymy braes rejoice,  
 And your violet valleys ring,  
 Spotless as the virgin bloom  
 That arrays the sloe and cherry,  
 Sweet as rapture after gloom  
 Is my rare and radiant Mary!

Oh, my Mary's matchless charms  
 Beauty-stricken hearts adore!  
 One short minute in her arms  
 Weighs a life of joy before!  
 See her flash from place to place!  
 Talk about your sylph and fairy—  
 Nothing moves with half the grace  
 Of my blithe and buoyant Mary!

Ye that gaze on Mary's eyes—  
 Eyes where soul is melting through,  
 Hues like heaven's, when summer skies  
 Wear their soft and sunny blue—  
 Know ye Mary's noble heart,  
 Warmth and worth that cannot vary?  
 Then ye know the magic art  
 That united mine to Mary.

Dear as hope of bliss above,  
 Dearest joy of earth to me,  
 Dream, unlighted by thy love,  
 Climes of fairy land would be:  
 Where, though borne in wondrous flight,  
 Till my spirit's wing should weary,  
 I can fancy nought so bright  
 As my pure and peerless Mary!



## BESSY, DEAR, I LOVE THEE.

On! by every bliss that sprung  
Where Glencollin's finches sung,  
When our honeymoon was young.

Beaming bright above thee—  
Constant as returning day,  
Warm as noontide's fervid sway,  
Pure as evening's starry ray,  
Bessy, dear, I love thee!

Where the flag her kisses gave  
To the bright, embracing wave,  
When the throstle's morning stave  
Charmed the hazel bowers,  
Sacred seemed the place and time—  
Scene, and song, and sunny prime—  
Clasping thee with joy sublime,  
Rose of Ullin's flowers!

Where beneath the twilight beam  
Danced and sang the dimpled stream  
To the moon, with gladsome gleam,  
Peeping o'er the mountains;  
When I strained thee to my breast,  
When thy love-ripe lips I pressed,  
Oh! I envied not the blest  
Eden's fruits and fountains!

Bessy, dear, thy love-lit eye  
Is the beam I'm guided by  
When misfortune's wintry sky  
Darkly scowls above me;

Joy may blow or cease to bloom,  
Still, through glory and through gloom,  
To the portals of the tomb,  
Evermore I'll love thee!

## JANE.

Oh, sad is my soul when you're gone, Jane,  
Oh, sad is my soul when you're gone,  
As a lonely flower in its midnight bower  
That longs for the distant dawn, Jane!

But glad is my heart when you're near, Jane,  
Ay, glad is my heart when you're near,  
As the vales that ring with the lilt of spring  
When the bloom of the May is here, Jane!

There is not a cloud of my mind, Jane,  
There is not a cloud of my mind,  
But wings its flight from your smiles of light,  
And leaves not a shade behind, Jane.

And the dawn of my joy are you then, Jane,  
The dawn of my joy are you then,  
Which the fate's o'ercast with the night of the past  
But have scattered the gloom again, Jane.

Then tarry not long away, Jane,  
O tarry not long away,  
Till you shine on my soul as the wintry pole  
Is rejoiced by the rising ray, Jane.

## I'LL CEASE TO LOVE THEE.

Art thou wouldst thou quench the sacred coal,  
 And bid me cease to love—  
 The holy fire within my soul,  
 That fell from heaven above?

I'll cease to love thee when the sun  
 Forgets his golden way;  
 When life's eclipsed, and light is done,  
 And dead earth's latest day.

I'll cease to love thee when the breeze  
 Shall cease to waft along  
 The valleyed lands and wavy seas  
 Its everlasting song.

I'll cease to love thee when the sky  
 Withholds her gladdening rains,  
 And seals her dewy founts on high  
 Against the gasping plains.

I'll cease to love when love's young queen  
 Neglects the earth to cheer,  
 And wraps no more her robe of green  
 Around the rising year.

From those dear eyes affection's morn  
 Dawned on my night of care;  
 Then cloud not now my hope with scorn,  
 My dayspring with despair.

Since o'er me broke all heavenly bright  
 The smiles that life illumine,

My heart would bask beneath their light  
 Till shadowed by the tomb;

Till when we gain the cloudless clime  
 Of undecaying flowers,  
 Our love, high blooming over time,  
 Shall grace the eternal bowers!

## MY PHELM.

THEY say we must part—  
 Will you bear it, my Phelim?  
 They shall shiver this heart  
 Ere they tear it from Phelim!

My angel, my guide  
 On the steep of love's heaven,  
 Must thou from my side  
 By the soulless be driven?

Thou, who, like that light  
 In the dawn of creation,  
 Didst rise on the night  
 Of my heart's desolation.

As the summer-born flowers  
 In woody vales springing,  
 As a morn without showers  
 To the joyous lark singing.

As her perch to the dove  
When the gloamin is nearing,  
To my spirit thy love  
Is all precious and cheering.

For this the soul burns  
In *Ulidia's* \* lorn daughter,  
As the hunted roe yearns  
For the crystalline water.

All joy may depart  
From this bosom for ever,  
But thee from my heart,  
They shall sunder, oh never!

On its altar shall glow  
Each emotion for Phelim  
Till death overthrow  
Its devotion to Phelim!

### LAST EVE.

Last eve I was wandering lone,  
When I heard the light foot of my love;  
Called her—she smiled, and was gone,  
As a spink darts away to the grove.

She passed the dim bourn of my sight  
As a meteor fades in the skies—  
Like the day carried off into night—  
Like a hope that eludes us and flies.

\* Ulidia.

And she left me more lorn than before,  
As a wretch all abandoned and drear  
Would gaze from a desolate shore  
On the vanishing sail that was near.

O Meina! in thee would this heart  
Repose from its sorrow and strife;  
Then wherefore so coldly depart,  
Thou sunbeam that brightenest life?

O come, let us bask as we may  
In the love that enraptures and warms—  
That light of our life's winter day  
Gleaming out through its gloom and its storms.

### I ROAM WHEN WAKES THE APRIL MORN.

I roam, when wakes the April morn,  
Through dripping grove and dewy plain;  
But o'er a spirit so forlorn  
The rising radiance breaks in vain.

I miss fair Isabella's form—  
The dawn, the spring of joy to me;  
I miss her smile, more bright and warm  
Than morning's sun on Cuan's sea.

The gauzy cuckoo flowerets peer  
Beneath the hedge's budding green,  
The broad marsh-marigold sits near  
The limpid streamlet's glassy sheen.

The lowly thrush, the lofty lark  
Sing hallelujahs to the day,  
But all my soul is sad and dark,  
Which danced of yore in rapture's ray.

The valleyed earth, the vaulted sky,  
Are filled with loveliness and love,  
Yet I survey with listless eye  
The bloom below, the blaze above.

For she, the life of vales and bowers,  
The sunlight of my world's away;  
Then what to me are songs or flowers,  
Or shimmering night or shining day?

### OH, WILD ARE THE WINDS.

Oh, wild are the winds when November is howling  
With savage and ruin o'er woodland and lea,  
But a tempest of anguish, still darker scowling,  
Assails my sad heart when I'm severed from thee.

Thou present, thy smile is the sunshine that steepeth  
In gladness and glory hill, valley, and plain;  
Thou gone, I am lorn as the wrecked one who keepeth,  
At midnight lone watch on the desolate main.

Come, come to this bosom, my brightest and purest,  
Where I'll fold thee till all its wild throbbings are o'er,  
Till fate wing the arrow—his keenest and surest—  
Whose wound can be healed by affection no more.

### WHEN LAST WE MET.

When last we met, it seemed an eve  
Fairer than all that since were given;  
We sat and watched the sunset weave  
Rich robes around the breast of heaven.

About us bloomed the bramble flowers,  
Above us branched the fairy thorn—  
Can *he* forget those fragrant hours,  
Those raptures faded now and shorn?

We gazed upon the sun-crowned Crews  
With happy homesteads dappled o'er,  
Till big and broad her shadow grew  
Along Killultagh's misty moor.

The cranks were clamorous through the corn,  
In Murray's grove the blackbird sings,  
With evening's dew the larks return,  
The dim bat flits on dusky wings.

Oh! how those scenes rush back once more  
As if they swept across my sight  
Clothed in the beauteous bloom of yore  
When joy was young and hope was bright!

Our plighted troth is long forgot  
By him on far Columbia's shore;  
But me—who daily view that spot  
Twill bind for ever, evermore!



## I SAW THE TIME.

I saw the time, young proud one—  
 'Tis dead and buried now—  
 Ere frowned that chilling cloud on  
 Thy bright and beautiful brow,  
 When o'er my heart thy passion  
 Glowed like a summer morn;  
 Though now, thou child of fashion,  
 Thy love has changed to scorn.

Ah, brief deceitful shining  
 Whose rainbow gleam is o'er,  
 Which paled and left me pining  
 For bliss that beams no more!  
 Oh! may she yet remember  
 The love that's passed away,  
 And change my dark December  
 To bright and blooming May!

Is it because that round her  
 Wealth flings a tinselled fame,  
 And flattery's gauze hath wound her,  
 She spurns my humble name?  
 Wealth!—vildest hands may use it  
 And wield its vulgar power;  
 And traffic's lords may lose it  
 In one unlucky hour.—

O flee from fashion's minions  
 And burst the base control!  
 Nor deem that golden pinions  
 Have ever raised a soul.

Ah! may'st thou yet remember  
 The love that's passed away  
 And change my dark December  
 To bright and blooming May!

## THEY HAVE SEVERED US.

THEY have severed us at last,  
 They have sundered us for ever:  
 I shall never see him—never  
 Till the bourn of death is past—  
 Till we cross the misty river!

O my Bryan, brave and mild,  
 With a manly spirit grander  
 Than their boasted Alexander,  
 And the nature of a child,  
 Artless, innocent, and tender:

With thy locks that curling hung  
 Round a brow of brilliant fancies;  
 With those softly thrilling glances,  
 And that eloquence of tongue  
 Which all maidens' hearts entrances:

Ever—prized and princely boy—  
 On, till being's latest ember,  
 Thoe shall this sad heart remember.  
 Shorn of every beam of joy,  
 Drooping in its dark December!

One sweet hope soothes even me,  
 Round my soul its whispers hover,  
 Saying that when earth is over  
 I shall meet and marry thee—  
 Thee, my then eternal lover!

### LOVELY WEE LOUGH OF PORTMORE.

O LOVELY wee lough of Portmore  
 You'll fade from my memory never;  
 For my pleasure was born on your shore  
 And the pain that will haunt me for ever.

There was *wand* through your glitterin' flood  
 I thought I could gaze intil Aiden,  
 When an angel along wi' me stood  
 In the shape of a beautiful maiden.

It was heaven with Peggy to stray  
 Through your meadows all dotted with flowers,  
 When the purty wee blossoms of May  
 Had sprung from the April showers;

Or round the ould ruins to rove  
 Where I pulled her the lilies and crocuses,  
 And many a promise of love  
 Was sealed with the purest of kisses;

While the waterfowl fed with their young  
 Among whisperin' reeds and bulrushes,  
 And the green sally islands they rung  
 With the songs of the robins and thrushes.

O my pink of Portmore, had you died  
 I might hope for to gain you in heaven;  
 But to slink from your true lover's side  
 Where your pledge and your promise wor given!

And to perjure your soul for a purse!  
 And to marry the bags of the miser;—  
 Your loss!—there's a feelin' far worse—  
 That you didn't prove nobler and wiser.

My lovely wee lough of Portmore,  
 I'll see you the last time to-morrow,  
 Then I'll fly from your evergreen shore  
 And wander the world wi' my sorrow!

### HARRY'S AWAY.

Att—"My Nannie's Ava."

On, my sperrits are down, and I'm throbbled and pale,  
 And I shiver and quake as I listen the gale—  
 When I think of the ships tossed about on the saye,  
 For my darlin's upon it, my Harry's away.

In the day I can't work, and at night I can't sleep  
 For my heart and my head that it aises to weep;  
 Folk stare at the girl that was happy and gay,  
 But it's hard to be happy and Harry away.

The winds, when I'm up at the midnight alone,  
 In the windeys they sigh, in the chimley they groan,  
 And I always keep list'nin' to hear what they say  
 For fear it's the ghost of my love that's away.

Where I'm knittin' I look at the nice rosy tree  
That he 'planted forment the front windey for me;  
And the pad he walked up in the evenin's gray  
I love to stroll down it since Harry's away.

And my heart it grows sick when I call to my mind  
Iv'ry sentence I said either cowl'd or unkind—  
If the Lord send him back—and for that I will pray—  
I'll niver spake cross to my love that's away!

Autumn blasts, as ye're strippin' the valley and plain,  
Ye have wakened worse storms in my timorous brain;  
But waft him back safe, and I'll watch your wild play  
With delight, when my Harry's no longer away!

### SHE DWELLS BY A DAISY-BROWED STRAME.

On, she dwells by a daisy-browed strame  
In one of the purtiest valleys!  
That girl I'm not goin' to name,  
And that's none of your Jennys or Sallys.  
So there shan't be a slur or a slight  
On Derry's wee blossomin' daughter.  
That's as pure in my heart and as bright  
As the sun on the breast of Foyle water.

Chorus—Her lip it's the rose of my spring.

Her eye it's the light of my life:  
By the Vergin, I pity the king  
That he'll niver get her for his wife!

Wee birds on the bushes all round  
So merrily whistlin' and singin',  
Wee calves skippin' over the ground  
Where the shamrog and daisy are springin',  
Your time appears almost as fine  
As your granddams and daddies in Aiden;  
But your pleasures are nothin' to mine  
By the side of my innocent maiden.  
Chorus—Her lip, &c.

Her cheek colours red and then white  
When up the green loanin' I'm comin',  
For she drapp'd a wee saicret one night  
By the star that shines first in the gloamin',  
I've since it, by night and by day,  
I'm beside myself fairly with gladness!  
And faith, I heerd somebody say  
That love's but a beautiful madness.  
Chorus—Her lip, &c.

Not a blot on her brightness I see—  
She's the goold of perfection all over;  
But her faults would look lovely to me,  
If a fault I had eyes to discover!  
This evenin' down by the spring,  
Where the moon at her shadow is gazin',  
We'll meet when the bat's on the wing.  
And the crails clamour over the grazin'.  
Chorus—For her lip it's the rose of my spring,  
And her eye it's the light of my life:  
By the Vergin, I pity the king  
That he'll niver get her for his wife!

## ANNIE DEAR.

THE winds are loose and howling loud  
 Along the wintry plain,  
 The moon is hid by cloud on cloud  
 That hurl the sheet and rain;  
 And looming high against the sky  
 The ghost-like hills appear—  
 Let gloamin scowl or tempest howl  
 I'll meet you, Annie dear!

Last Friday night the bogs lay white  
 In winding sheets of snow,  
 Whose wreathy foldings smooth and bright  
 Had death concealed below.  
 One angel smile repaid my toil  
 And chased fatigue and fear:  
 I heard no more the winter's roar  
 Beside you, Annie dear!

For while my white-armed Annie's nigh  
 The weary world's forgot,  
 As joy and love illumine her eye  
 And light the dear old cot.  
 Her needles go, her dimples glow  
 By peat and rushlight clear:—  
 Ye tempests brawl till heaven fall,  
 I'll seek my Annie dear!

When summer decked M'Canoe's\* glen  
 And lighted Collin's smile,

\* Glenacilla, near Collin and Anghrim, hills lying west of Ballin.

'Twas heaven on earth to meet her then  
 By Anghrim's ruined pile,†  
 She brightens every scene below,  
 Without her life were drear—  
 Come rain or snow I'll blithely go  
 To meet you, Annie dear.

But ere this youthful year shall wear  
 June's locks of leafy pride,  
 Or azure violets wreath his hair  
 For May his beauteous bride,  
 My love shall come to make my home  
 One summer all the year;  
 Her eyes and tongue my sun and song,  
 My Annie, ever dear!

## MOINA LOVES NO MORE.

AIR—"Gramachree."

ALL day and night the skies are bright,  
 The glorious skies of June;  
 The waving meadows dance in light  
 To sepyr's pleasant tune:  
 All night the crails by Lagau's side  
 Resounding ditties pour,  
 While there in dreary dreams I glide,  
 For Moina loves no more.

That summer moon, though heavenly fair  
 Seems faded in my eyes:

† Castle Bolein.



The wreaths fair June is wont to wear,  
 Bright with a thousand dyes—  
 They seem, those flowery garlands, now  
 Less brilliant than of yore;  
 For darkness falls from Moira's brow,  
 Since Moira loves no more.

Thou earth all beautiful below,  
 Thou heaven all grand above,  
 Vain, vain to me your glorious glow  
 Without the light of love!  
 Oh! dearer far than these, than all,  
 The maid I yet adore:  
 Life's honey-dew is turned to gall  
 Since Moira loves no more!

The ruby lip, the radiant cheek,  
 The bright ethereal eye,  
 Awake the pangs I cannot speak  
 As tranced I gaze and sigh.  
 'Twas rapture pure and half divine,  
 A "rainbow dream" that's o'er;  
 A rayless gloom instead, is mine,  
 Alas, for evermore!

#### MAY AND ELLEN.

O'er the hills of herbs I ramble,  
 Down the slopes of whin and bramble,  
 Through the grove with echoes ringing

Where the very trees are singing;  
 Yet the thousand joys of May  
 Sadly on my spirit weigh.

Round me shine, though I'm in shadow,  
 Gushing glen and gowan'd meadow;  
 Flowerets through the herbage glancing,  
 Streamlets o'er the pebbles dancing,  
 And the humming gnats at play  
 Through the new-born leaves of May.

Yonder crescent climbing weary,  
 From the azure looketh dreary:  
 She, like me, through glare and gladness  
 Walks in solitary sadness:  
 Heaven and earth are keeping May,  
 We are dark where all are gay.

Thus I roam, at noon benighted,  
 Till, like wanderer morn-delighted,  
 On me gleams through sloe-thorns blowing  
 Ellen's graceful kirtle flowing—  
 O my rising sun of May,  
 Now my shadows flee away!

Oh! her dazzling neck and bosom  
 Shame the whitest spring-born blossom!  
 And her cheek the brightest flower  
 Ever glowed in summer bower!  
 What are hyacinths of May  
 To the hues her eyes display?

What the fervour of the noonday  
In a glorious glowing June day  
Beaming on a southern valley,  
To the ardent soul of Ellie?—  
Soul as pure as dew of May  
Trembling in the twilight ray.

Pressing fingers soft and slender,  
Arms of symmetry and splendour;  
Kissing lips like roses blowing,  
Whence her fragrant breath is flowing  
Sweet as milk from kine of May  
Browsing on the thymy lay;

In the light of looks endearing  
All things now are glad and cheering:  
Homeward through the meads returning  
Bright I see the crescent burning;  
Bright my heart, as o'er my way,  
Shines that crystal lamp of May!

### MY FAIR MARIA.

I watched her cross the shooting corn  
And wade the flax in blossom,  
Till bursting through the marsh of thorn  
I caught her in my bosom.

We viewed among the evening clouds  
The yellow moon appearing.

As o'er the glided spears of Mourns  
She sailed sublime and cheering.

The bed that held the sunken sun  
Behind the heights of Divis  
Was hung with all the glorious hues  
The bow of hope could give us.

We sat beneath a broomy brae  
Whose summit steeply swelling  
Its friendly shadow round us flung,  
And hid her snow-white dwelling.

The dew impierled the woodbine bowers,  
And gemmed the branches o'er us,  
And in the breeze the flint's blue flowers  
Danced up and down before us.

The swallow wren sang down the glen,  
The craik, through broom and brier;  
Heav'n wooed the night with high delight,  
And I, my fair Maria.

The boundless beauty of the earth,  
The summer glow of heaven,  
Grew brighter in Maria's smile  
That happy, happy even!

I've sworn by love, that deep, divine,  
Pure spring of rapture's river,  
No heart but hers shall throb to mine  
Till mine shall cease for ever!

## THE MOWING OF THE MEADOWS.

When the meadows were a mowing,  
And the fairy-fingers, growing  
On the whinny dykes, were blowing;

And the warm blue sky,  
Heaven's palace of delight,  
Was a glory day and night,  
With its cloudy hangings bright  
Floating far on high.

It was then among the bay  
Lovely Maggie *aka* MaeVeigh  
Thrilled me like the lightning's ray

To the deep heart's core:  
Oh! her eyes of glowing jet,  
They are stars that long have set!  
But their light is on me yet  
As it shall evermore!

And I love the very place  
Where I first beheld her face  
Full of brilliancy and grace

Like the sun-born day:  
By her side through morning hours  
Teddling swathes of grass and flowers;  
Resting under broomy bowers  
From the noontide ray.

I'll remember till I die  
How I gazed upon her eye,—  
How I used to sit and sigh,  
And no more dared do.

Hearing Marget sweetly speak—  
Viewing through her tresses sleek  
Snowy neck and blooming cheek  
Till my heart faint grew.

Oh, I flew on pleasure's wings  
For her drink from meadow springs,  
And I brought her brilliant strings  
Of the strawberries wild;  
And to her the spoils I bore  
Of the moss-roofed honey store,  
Feeling richly paid and more  
When her sweet lips smiled.

Many suns have soared and set  
Since the happy morns we met;  
But they're living with me yet,  
As they shall live long:  
For my heart upon them dotes  
As their memory's music floats  
Ever round me like the notes  
Of an old love song!

## THE HILL OF THE CAVES.

THE bees had their musical feast on the heather,  
The cattle browsed calm on the shamrog below,  
And Hesse and I on the mountain together  
Reclined where the thyme and the ling were in blow  
The clouds of Belfast from the valley ascended,  
The white-winged ships flew across the blue waves;  
While the coo of the dove with the thrush's note blended,  
And loud was the lark o'er the Hill of the Caves.

And the faint-tinted cheek of my charmer grew brighter  
 Thus kissed by the breezes of mountain and sea;  
 And her steps, the white butterfly chasing, were lighter  
 Than frolicking fawns' on yon emerald lea.  
 Oh, glad shone the sun in his afternoon glory  
 When toil for a space had unfettered his slaves;  
 But Hewie, those cliffs rising rugged and hoary  
 Made brighter, than Parnassus the Hill of the Caves.

My blue-eyed and pearl-browed young Hewie, how queenly  
 She gazed from the cliffs of MacArt on the scene!—  
 The hills of old Ullin rise glistening greenly,  
 And the waters gleam wide in their summery sheen;  
 And I thought with the warrior king, 'twas an island  
 To waken invaders' or patriots' glories:  
 Were it mine she should reign over valley and highland,  
 The maiden I met on the Hill of the Caves!

# AH! LEAVE ME NOT, STAR OF MY SPIRIT.

Ah! leave me not, star of my spirit, so soon  
 To the sorrows that o'er it roll!  
 For of all in the smile of that pearl-girdled moon  
 Thou, only, canst pilot my soul.

Not the glories above nor the splendours below  
 With the radiance of beauty can shine,  
 Except when they gleam in the heavenly glow  
 Of those love-lighted glances of thine.

Let earth paint her cheek with her summer-born dyes,  
 Oh, thine is more beautiful far!

When my heart kindles up at the warmth of those eyes  
 What then is the beam of a star?

Love's taintless embraces our spirits combine  
 In a union celestial and pure,  
 In the infinite bond of a passion divine  
 That is destined for aye to endure.

They say that of old within green Inisfall  
 When the beautiful May-day was born,  
 A saint met a snow-tinted bird of the vale  
 And followed her strains through the morn.

She enticed him far up the green heavenward hill,  
 Lough Lene in its glory below;  
 And he basked in the sunshine and music until  
 High noon had the world in a glow.

But his soul all intent on the rapturous song,  
 Whole ages had floated away;  
 And yet so unfelt had they glided along  
 They seemed but the half of a day.

So here at thy side I would listen and gaze  
 In the spell of affection sublime,  
 While years should seem dwindled away into days,  
 And days into moments of time!

# BROTHER BAB MAY THRAITEN.

ATR—'Heather Deems.'  
 BROTHER BAB MAY THRAITEN—  
 Shall he frighten me?  
 Me that stood a baitin'  
 Thrice for Larry Lee.



Man I'll niver marry—  
 Use your whip and rod—  
 But my darlin' Larry,  
 While he's on the sod.

Here's a beau from college  
 Puts me in a pout,  
 Though they tell me knowledge  
 Is the best thing out.  
 Listen to his jargon,  
 Watch his skamin' looks,  
 While he drives his bargain  
 In the words of books.

Here's a counter-hopper  
 Comin' to propose,  
 Smellin' out my copper,  
 With his fox's nose,—  
 Change your booze, my honey,  
 Take your hat and hop—  
 I'll not lave my money  
 In so dear a shop.

Rich ould former clinkin'  
 At my ear your gold,  
 I'm not made, I'm thinkin',  
 To be bought and sold.  
 Father dear and mother,  
 You may like the pelf;  
 But you'll have some bother  
 Ere I sell myself.

Other weemen's ortins  
 Shan't be Sally's pick—  
 Coortiers huntin' fortunes,  
 Up and cut your stick!  
 Catch my Larry roamin'  
 After cash or spree!—  
 Never loved a woman  
 Till he met with me!

Stronger the attraction  
 Of a *swoop* sincere  
 Than the split affection  
 Of a British peer.  
 All that love or hate me,  
 Money, power, and pride,  
 Shall not separate me  
 From my Larry's side!

### MARRIED FOR MONEY.

I MARRIED for money, I married for lan',  
 I got what I married but missed a man;  
 I have lashins to live on and little to do,  
 A husband I loathe and a life to rue!

Oh, I was a snooty extravagant belle,  
 And I jilted the lad that I loved so well  
 For one that could keep me up idle and gay,  
 And now I may cry salt tears my day!

He's a meddlin', peddlin', sneerlin' self  
That niver loved sowf but his own sweet self;  
A tyrant with woemen, a coward with men—  
How different that from my own brave Ben?

Better, wrapped in a rug on a bean-strow bed  
By the boy of your fancy to bolster your head,  
Than be curtained with silk and be nestled in down  
Where it isn't by love but the law you're bound.

O girls be warned by your comrade Ann,  
And marry no mortal for money or lan';  
What's lashins to live on and little to do  
With a husband you hate and a marriage you rue?

### INVITATION TO KITTY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. J. M'KEOWN,\* LAMNEG.

Come, Kitty dear, to the dingles of Down;  
Come to the hills where the heather is brown!  
Linnet of Lagan, what spell wove round thee  
So long in the meshes of silence has bound thee?

Come, for thy magical trills I would hear:  
Melody wakes with the morn of the year,  
April is hymned by ten thousand wild voices,  
Whose hearts the young princess of beauty rejoices.

Dykes deck their foreheads with primroses pale,  
Sweet smelling savours ascend from each vale,

\* This gentleman sometimes assumes the name *de phene* of "Kitty Conboy."

Daisies laugh out from the meadow's bright bosom  
Round hillocks high-crowned with the gorse's gold blossom,

Fresh as our infancy, fair as our hope,  
Beams the green beauty of summit and slope;  
Waved by south winds round anemones sighing,  
Far flash the mock-suns of the broad dandelion.

Hollywood's heights and the fair Castlereagh  
Bend their green brows upon channel and bay,  
Pointing the cloud-driven ocean cars plying  
Where once the white sails of Fingal were seen flying.

Can's broad lough in calm loveliness smiles,  
Kissing the banks of her bird-haunted isles;  
Round her fair shores the first swallows are wheeling,  
And the cuckoo's first notes through the sycamores pealing.

Standing on Scraba, steep, towered, and hoar,  
Haunt of Patricius, the shepherd of yore,  
Mama's dim isle in the offing before us,  
And a choir of loud larks in the firmament o'er us.

Looking aloft over Bangor and Aris,  
Homes of our holy old sages and bards,  
Lays from thy lips, whether plaintive or cheering,  
Like incense shall mount on the music of Erin.

Come, for my spirit is lonely and drear  
E'en 'mid the mirth of the jolly young year;  
Come, for beside thee the heart groweth lighter,  
And joy is more joyful, and beauty is brighter!

## ARE WE SUNDERED?

ARE we sundered,—and for ever?  
 Shall I hear thy voice no more?  
 Fold thee to my bosom never  
 Till its lonely woes are o'er?

Aye amid my restless roaming  
 Through this cloudy clime of tears,  
 Have the soothing smiles of woman  
 Beamed like starlight o'er my years.

Thou I turned my gladdened eyes on,  
 As a wanderer hails the moon;  
 Thou hast left my blank horizon,  
 O Elizabeth aroos!

From the brakes of sorrow bleeding,  
 Whence I bear a thousand scars,  
 Lo! the portals of my Eden  
 Fate has bound with brazen bars.

Life's a waste I wander weary,  
 Longing for that lamp of love  
 Whose extinction leaves me dreary  
 Through a rayless gloom to rove!

## FANNY FLYNN AND ALLEY BLAKE.

A forty girl is Fanny Flynn,  
 And so is Alley Blake;  
 But may I niver die in sin  
 If I know which to take!

They're both exactly five feet five  
 When measured in their shoes;  
 And both so nate—as I'm alive  
 I donna which to choose!

I love them both—oh, what a bliss  
 If one got marryin' two!  
 But in a country cribbed like this  
 That thrick would niver do.

They're promised twenty poun' a piece  
 Upon the weddin' day,  
 A pig, a cow, a score of geese,  
 And more than I cud say.

To give up either—ugh my heart!  
 But that'll be a task!  
 They're both so tidy, sweet, and smart,  
 The dear knows which I'll ask!

But hould! by gonneys here's the clew  
 At long and last I've got—  
 For Fanny's mother Moll's a shrew,  
 And 'Alley's mother's not.

So jist for fear that Fanny Flynn  
 Another shrew might make,  
 It's settled—may I niver sin  
 I'll pick on Alley Blake!

## NOTES TO SOME OF THE POEMS.

### ODIN'S LAST HOUR.

To those acquainted with the mythology of ancient Scandinavia it is necessary to say that I have intentionally departed from the Eddas in many circumstances of this poem; because I do not follow the stories of the Eddas, but merely make use of such portions of their mythology as subserve the purpose of my allegory. As Odin is taken to represent the principle of tyranny and wrong, I have made Loki his ally instead of his enemy in the Ragnarök; I have done the same with the monsters Fenrir, Garm, the Midgard serpent, &c.; and because it did not suit the plan of the poem, I have taken no notice of the death of Baldr the Beautiful, and of many characters, incidents, and events of Angar. To such of my readers as are unacquainted with these things, I would recommend a perusal of "Mallet's Northern Antiquities," not for the sake of my humble verses, but because the knowledge so gained would well repay the study of that excellent work.

### CONN AND QUEEN MAYE.

It is a part of the Irish Fairy creed that the spiritual inhabitants of *Tír na n-óg*, or the Land of Youth, sometimes fall in love with beautiful mortals. They cannot, however, carry off those of whom they are enamoured without the assistance of some other mortal, who, if he claims the abducted as the reward of his enterprise, cannot, it seems, be refused. The Phooka is the fairy steed, of whom some strange legends may be found in M'Carty's edition of "Irish Ballads," and especially in his own "Alice and Una." The ancient custom of fostering, or rearing up children of chieftains in the houses of their tenants, is here hinted at, as well as the law of Tanistry, by which the clan elected to succeed their chief such a member of his family as they thought most suitable. The McGulires, or McGuire, were hereditary chieftains of Fermanagh-subject, of course, to the King of all Ulster, the O'Neils, who in very ancient times had a strong castle on the promontory of Inishowen.

### THE O'DONOGHUE'S LOVE.

Tradition says that an ancient chief in Kerry, of the O'Donoghue family, by his knowledge and virtue, gained access to the Eden of Youth; but, having the true Irish love of the "cull country," he returns to see it every May morning, when he slides over the lakes of



Kilmarney on a black (some say white) charger, shod with silver, and preceded by exquisite music. The "lady's leap" is pointed out to tourists as the spot whence a maid of Mengerton who had fallen in love with him jumped into his arms, and was borne along with him to fairy land.

#### MAY EVE.

It is the custom of the peasantry of some parts of the North of Ireland—the young especially—to meet in large numbers in the meadows on May Eve to gather flowers, chiefly the marsh-marigold, which they scatter before the doors and windows of their dwellings, at the same time sticking branches of rowan or mountain ash in the eaves above. It seems a continuation of the custom of anciently offering spring flowers to the sun-god. Yarrow is sometimes gathered to dream on. The person who collects it must retire to bed immediately without speaking to any one, and place the plant under the pillow; the future husband, or wife, as the case may be, appears in a dream. A snail, especially off a rowan, enclosed between plates, is thought to write the initials of the future spouse.

#### THE BANSHEE'S WARNING, &c.

The Banshee is represented by some as a spirit "beautiful exceedingly," and by others as an ugly old crone. She cries before a death, but only for members of the genuine O's and Mac's. The wail is heard three several times—it is the third that immediately foretodes the decease of the party. I do not mean here to recommend the taking up arms to right a country's wrongs. There may be cases, no doubt, where this is a duty; but it is generally better to use moral means to obtain a redress of grievances; which means have also this further advantage, that they improve and elevate the characters of those who employ them. If the same energies which are employed in insurrections that are so often unhappy failures, were exerted in wielding the weapons of truth and reason, secret conspiracies, or open force might seldom be needed in the world. I do not, however, deny that there may be circumstances which leave a people no alternative but slavery or war—the latter is then their duty.

#### THE CHURN.

The churn is a harvest feast given in the North of Ireland when the last of the corn is cut down. It stands among our farmers in place of the English and Scotch harvest home. The jollification on this occasion, along with the placing of a wreath of ripe corn over the chimney place, is evidently the relic of some religious observance, similar to that of offering first-fruits to Ceres and Bacchus; but probably derived from Northern or Druidic mythology, like lighting bonfires in spring and on Midsummer eve, crowning poles with garlands on the first of May, &c.

### GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL TERMS, &c.

- Amor, treasure of my heart.  
 Authors, my love.  
 Bree, the brow of a hill.  
 Brackin, fern.  
 Breeky-buggle, something erected in corn fields to frighten birds.  
 Breen, a man.  
 Boone, a company of rogues.  
 Bin, being.  
 Bing, a heap of roots covered with earth; a bin.  
 Binn, for blossom—a sweetheart.  
 Bit, a length of time.  
 Breen, a beam which crosses the kitchen and supports the mantel-piece.  
 Binn, white, fair.  
 Broom, a stall for an ox.  
 Binn, to buzz.  
 Childer, children.  
 Couped, overwhelmed.  
 Cant, to auction.  
 Carcass, the body.  
 Cud, could; as should is pronounced shod, and would, wud.  
 Clirr, to ring.  
 Canavan, cotton-grass—cat's tails; a bog plant.  
 Colcannon, potatoes and cabbage, &c., mashed.  
 Dandilly, a useless shrewd young girl.  
 Dada, clothes in contempt.  
 Do, to cook, to undo.  
 Dhoopark—with black hair.  
 Danna, do not.  
 Farth, a fart, or rather a circular mound.  
 Farm, a farm; farmer, a farmer.  
 Farriner, a foreigner.  
 Fract, a superstitious custom or warning.  
 Farnest, appeal.  
 Fairy-fingers, or lady-fingers, the flowers of the foxglove.  
 Fieured, went off with a haughty caper.  
 Granny, a platted handful of corn; a grandmother.  
 Grabin', getting property dishonestly or greedily.  
 Glowar, to stare.  
 Hairy or shinnay, a game in which opposite parties contend in driving a ball or stone to a goal with bent sticks.  
 Han', a hand; most words ending in ed drop the d, in the Ulster dialect, as words ending in eg drop the g.  
 Hook, a sickle.  
 Hoolidin', a farm.  
 Hout, anything.  
 Hard, to hard.  
 Honey, a term of endearment used to brutes, or ironically to persons.  
 Income, income.  
 Intil, into.

- Jag*, to pierce with a sharp point.  
*Korne*, a foot soldier among the ancient Irish.  
*Lill*, a merry song; to sing merrily.  
*Lommon*, the fragrance.  
*Leap-frog*, a play in which one stoops while the rest jump over him.  
*Loghter*, a handful of corn.  
*Lashins*, plenty.  
*Learn*, a lane.  
*Molly*, wanting the horns.  
*Mechree*, my heart-my dear.  
*Murphies*, potatoes.  
*Naggin*, a wooden drinking vessel.  
*Quid*, old—the d silent; like cowed, cold, bould, told, &c.  
*Ortins*, arts.  
*Porty*, pretty.  
*Put you*, or potens, whisky made in an illicit manner.  
*Putt*, dudgoun.  
*Push*, to sigh heartily; in provincial words has the guttural sound.  
*Rann*, a song or hymn.  
*Sarriest*, sarriest.  
*Salley*, sallow, a tree.  
*Sett*, a number of rags roused together.  
*Sharr*, to rasp.  
*Shashin*, scabbie.  
*Shian* (shoen), a knife used in battle.  
*Shack*, a portion of food.  
*Sorra*, an exclamation conveying unpleasant feeling.  
*Sad*, a sod; the ground.  
*Spawl*, to climb.  
*Suggin*, a kind of dog—the iris.  
*Says*, the sea.  
*Skeander*, scheming.  
*Sweep*, a chimney sweep; the lowest grade of society, except the beggar.  
*Snowvells*, snowdrolling.  
*The last tooth tuck*, to touch lightly.  
*Turn-up-jack*, a game at country balls, &c. in which young men compete by slaying for their partners in the next dance.  
*Tin*, money.  
*Took her up*, accepted the challenge.  
*Tryet*, an appointed meeting.  
*To cut stick*, to go he off, to depart.  
*Tap*, the top.  
*Wae*, little.  
*Wae*, woe.  
*Walup*, or wean, a child.  
*Wanst*, once.  
*Wraith*, the airy likeness of one living or newly dead.  
*Willow*, a willow.  
*Whirligig*, a small and beautiful water beetle, so called from its whirling evolutions.  
*Womans*, women.