

With Lalla-Rookh fair, of the rich golden hair,
 At the great bridal feast in the land of the East!
 As Lalla-Rookh wept that her bard was no king;
 As Lalla-Rookh wept that her love had been given;
 As Lalla-Rookh wept when the poet would sing—
 As her soul with its woes would be riven;
 And as great was her joy when she found the fair boy
 Was her king, was her husband—her own—
 As her tears and her sorrows had flown;—
 'Tis thus we admire in the bard of the East,
 All the beauties that "Lalla-Rookh crown'd,"
 And we sigh that in Erin—in Erin at least,
 No such bard for the West could be found.
 Hand in hand, side by side,
 Went our joy and our pride,
 When we heard that the poet—so pure—
 Was a son of our Isle—
 And the East, all the while,
 Was the theme of the Minstrel Moore!

PART THIRD.

The vision has changed—I am back to the West,—
 I am back to the home and the "Isle of the Blest!"
 It is eve as before, and from toil I may rest!
 The curtain of night seems to roll in the sky,
 And a million lights gleam in the firmament high!
 Each light is a star,—each star is a sprite,—
 Each being is wrapp'd in a garment of white,—
 A harp in each hand,—a sprig from the land,—
 This fairy-like band is resplendent and grand!
 A melody each of the richest and best!
 And all seem to sing of the glorious West!
 Some joyous, some sad,—both war-song and wail.
 Some sing of the clans,—some chant "Innisfail."
 Some sing of the "Glories of Brian the Brave!"
 Some sing of the "Shamrock" that springs from his gravel
 "Oh! Blame not the Bard,"—a note as a sigh!
 "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye!"
 Some tell of Erin when great was her joy!
 Some sing of the fame of the "Minstrel Boy!"
 Some sing "The Harp" that thro' Tara's old hall
 Awoke to the Nation at Liberty's call!
 "I saw from the beach"—the echo is low—
 The note dies away as a stream in its flow.
 "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,"
 Sings the sprite of Avoca—"where bright waters meet."
 Now, a war-song awakes 'midst the clashing of arms!
 Now, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms!"
 Comes so softly along in the sweep of the song—

"Lisbia hath a beaming eye!"—a distant echo of the sky!
 A moment's pause and now again—
 The spirits 'wake the dying strain—
 Full numberless their gorgeous train!
 Far away comes a voice that old Erin so lov'd,
 "By the banks of the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd."
 Far away comes a voice from the Western world—
 "I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd"
 And "Row, Brothers! Row, the stream runs fast!"
 The note died away and my vision is past!
 "Like the last rose of Summer left blooming alone,"
 A spirit remained—"his companions had gone."
 "Whence, oh, whence," I implored, "come those songs of the sky?
 Is it thus that the Seraphim sing?
 Oh, are these the sweet notes that are chanted on high?
 With, these does fair Paradise ring?"
 "No, no," cried the spirit—"these sweet notes are of earth,
 Of the Isle where your martyrs and heroes had birth,—
 These songs are immortal, we muses have come
 To chant them to-night o'er Anacreon's tomb;—
 These songs are immortal, grand, holy and pure—
 They're the melodies rare of the Minstrel Moore!"
 Sleep on, Bard of Erin! Sleep in peace 'neath the sod!
 Sleep on, Bard of Erin—in the glory of God!
 May the shamrocks grow green from your sanctified grave!
 May the tears of old Erin your resting-place lave!
 May the garland you wrought round your glory entwine!
 May your heart in the nation forever enshrine!
 Let your requiem be sung by the winds of the land!
 Let your tomb-stone be raised by a minstrel's hand—
 By the Shannon, the Barrow, the Liffy or Suir!
 Sleep on, Bard of Erin! Greatest Minstrel, Moore!

Laval University, Quebec.

In all our calamities and afflictions it may serve as a comfort to know that he who loses anything and gets wisdom by it, gains by the loss.

He is rich who saves a penny a year; and he is poor who runs behind a penny a year.