
Dare they depose thee,—thy Past speaks its story,
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!
 High Almhuin and Tara, resplendent in glory
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!
 Brave were thy sons to the death-shock advancing :—
 Tyrone and Red Hugh 'mid the dread conflict prancing,
 Their thick-crowding spears to the grim onset dancing,
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!

Then ring out my *Clairseach*,† the morn-light is gleaming
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!
 The strong sons of Erin awake from their dreaming,
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!
 Theirs the proud duty to shield and defend her,
 Fronting the foes that would trample and rend her,
 She shall be free, and no nation transcend her,
Mo Pearla an Mhuir Mhor, mo Erinn, O!

† *Clairseach*—the Harp.

