

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.*

AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.

Moderate time.

1. Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold ring on her
2. "La - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, thro'

wand she bore; bore; But oh! her beau - ty was far... be -
this bleak way? way? Are E - rin's sons so good or so

fond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand. But, oh! her
cold As not to be tempted by wo-man or gold? Are E rin's

beau-ty was far be - yond Her spark - ling gems and snow - white wand.
sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by wo-man or gold?"

3 "Sir knight! I feel not the least alarm;
No son of ERIN will offer me harm;
For, though they love woman and golden store,
Sir knight, they love honor and virtue more!"

4 On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest forever was she who relied
Upon ERIN's honor and ERIN's pride.

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of BRENN, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—W. J. BARRER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I., Book 10.