

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

"I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished. I have parted with everything that is dear to me in this life for my country's cause—with the idol of my soul, the object of my affections; my race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to make at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not ignorance or prejudice asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace! Let my memory rest in oblivion, and my tomb uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."—*Speech of Robert Emmet in the Dock.*

I.

Tear down the crape from the column! Let the shaft stand white
and fair!

Be silent the wailing music—there is no death in the air!
We come not in plaint or sorrow—no tears may dim our sight;
We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared to write.

Come hither with glowing faces, the sire, the youth, and the child;
This grave is a shrine for reverent hearts and hands that are
undefiled;

Its ashes are inspiration: it giveth us strength to bear,
And sweepeth away dissension, and nerveth the will to dare.

In the midst of the tombs a gravestone—and written thereon no
word!

And behold! at the head of the grave, a gibbet, a torch, and a
sword!

And the people kneel by the gibbet, and pray by the nameless
stone

For the torch to be lit, and the name to be writ, and the sword's
red work to be done!

II.

With pride and not with grief

We lay this century leaf

Upon the tomb, with hearts that do not falter;

A few brief, toiling years