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MOORE CENTENARY ODE,

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Harp of the Isle, where beauties smile,
 Where a thousand bards have sung;
 Harp of a land so old and grand;
 Harp of the Celtic tongue;
 Harp of the golden string,—
 Harp of the silver note,—
 Harp, that of yore did ring
 At Carolan's command,
 'Neath many a master hand;
 Whose tunes did float—
 Soft as the breeze among the trees—
 Along the Shannon, Lee and Suir;
 Harp of a Davis—poet pure,—
 Awake upon this distant strand!
 Awake upon Canadian land!
 Harp of a Griffin—Keegan's lyre—
 McCarthy's muse, oh! come inspire,
 Inspire me with your spirit strong,
 Give life and beauty to my song,
 That I may every note prolong
 Of Erin's right, of Erin's wrong,
 Of Erin's bard of spirit pure—
 Of Erin's glorious Minstrel Moore!

PART FIRST.

'Tis eve—the day is past!
 Nightly shadows 'round are cast!
 'Tis eve—repose at last!

In dreamy sleep have pass'd away
 The woes, the fears, the toils of day!
 Away, far away in the land of the souls!
 Away, far away in the region of Ghoul's!
 In the land of dreams, 'midst the fairy beams—
 'Midst the glowing light of each spirit bright—
 I repose to-night!
 Behold! a humired spirits come,
 And louder still the rising hum—
 In countless numbers muses throng,
 The lovely Genii of song!
 With silver harp, with golden lyre—
 With heaven's choicest, purest fire—
 The echoes every note prolong!
 Another spirit, too, is there—

Another spirit wond'rous fair,
 Another spirit richly rare—
 Another spirit grand!
 Another spirit pure and bright,
 Another Angel of the light,
 The first, the best, the noblest sprite.
 "Love of the Native Land!"
 These and a thousand more I see—
 A grand eternal galaxy!
 They move, they dance, they sing,
 Their harps responsive ring!
 Lol from the East, a king,—
 A magi old and scar—
 From Orient land of sultans grand—
 With gifts is drawing near!
 They sing of glory, sing of love,—
 They sing a Nation's rights and wrongs—
 They chant a hymn to God above!
 Fain would I now recall their songs!

Slowly the beauteous host retires—
 Fainter their silver harps and lyres—
 Fainter their song of joy expires!
 I knew the vision that had fled,
 Was not a vision of the dead!
 Its light was like the gleam of morn—
 Methought some glorious one was born!
 Yes, Oh, Erin!—Land of tears!
 Yes, Oh, Erin!—Land of tears!
 Yes, Oh, Erin!—"Land of Song!"
 Yes, your harp hung silent long!
 Its soul shall soon awake again—
 You'll hear the Island's olden strain—
 Your notes shall rise, celestial, pure;
 This very morn to you was born—
 Your own Immortal Moore!

PART SECOND.

There's a change in my dream—
 I am far o'er the sea;
 And a thousand lights gleam
 'Round the magi and me!

Far, far do I roam 'neath the Orient dome!
 "Farewell! Farewell! to the Araby's daugh-
 ter—
 Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea!"
 I am now far away, where the Bendameer
 water—
 Leaps on "midst the roses," the hillocks
 and lea!