

But with a love, that in our hearts deep centred,
Thy memory shall embalm for coming years ;
And with a sorrow, that e'en Pride can quench not,
Though like a sunbeam falling on our tears ;

Thus will we grieve. And every patriot father
Will teach the children clustering round his knee,
As they count o'er the nation's Roll of Honour,
To lisp thy name, oh, loved and lost McGee !

Britannia, bending from her island stronghold,
Shall add the tribute of her tears to ours,
While Freedom, mourning for her murdered Champion,
Shall o'er his tomb strew Fame's immortal flowers.

And though forever mute in Death he lieth,
Still from his grave a thousand voices rise,
Bidding us tread the patriot path he followed
And win like him a name that never dies !

THE CHIVALRY OF THE NORTH.

As in those days when from the Paynim's power,
The Red Cross Knight his beauteous Una bore,
And brave and fearless e'en in darkest hour,
Waved his bright pennon hill and valley o'er,
Until his fame was known from shore to shore.
So mid the gloom of this our later day,
With hearts as gallant as the Knights of yore,
When foes to trample on our rights essay,
We couch our lance and rush into the fray !