

That time through life with them had left no trace save
beauty there.

And they are still our beautiful—unchanging and un-
changed—

We meet them ever and the same, though far and wide
we've ranged !

Then, Eire, though thy harp is hush'd—thy feudal
glories o'er—

No high emprise to give thy bards themes as in days of
yore—

Yet our hearts are thine, for our living loved, and for
our cherished dead,

And for all the blessed memories around life's spring-
time shed :

A flower—a strain—of thine, Ierne, can thrill with
pleasant pain,

And bring us through life's wanderings back, to tread
thy shores again !

