

"LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE." Concluded.

Crei - na dear! My gentle, bash - ful No - ra Crei-na! Beauty lies In ma - ny eyes, But

Love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!

2 Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,  
Not a charm of beauty's mould  
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.  
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,  
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,  
Leaving ev'ry beauty free  
To shuk or swell as heaven pleases.  
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!  
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!  
Nature's dress, is loveliness—  
The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

3 Lesbia hath a wit refuld  
But, when its points are gleaming round us  
Who can tell if they're designed  
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?  
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,  
In safer slumber have I pass'd—  
Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the roses.  
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!  
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!  
Wh, though bright, hath no such light,  
As warms your eyes my Nora Creina!

Poetry.

THE FLAG THAT FLOATS ABOVE US.

BY WM. COLLINS.

The slave may bend in abject fear,  
And hug the chains that bind him,  
The coward run his base career,  
Nor light of freedom find him;  
But while above us floats that flag,  
Of green and orange blended,  
No tyrant knave its folds shall drag,  
While our stout arms defend it.

We ask for naught but what's our own,  
From friend or foreign foeman,  
We're one in love, in blood or bone,  
And yield or bend to no man;  
We fight the fight our fathers fought,  
Beneath the same old standard,  
They nobly died as brave men ought,  
While leading freedom's vanguard.

Gaze on our standard as it flies,  
By freemen's hands supported,  
A prouder yet more heavenly skies,  
Or fairer never floated;  
It waved o'er Brian and O'Neil,  
O'er Sarsfield, Tone, and Emmet,  
It oft has braved the foeman's steel,  
And freemen's blood be-gem it.

No hireling, servile, slaves are we,  
To bend with meek submission  
To England's grinding tyranny,  
Or despots here ambition,  
But for our own, our suffering land  
Or foreign foes defying,  
We'll strike while we can raise a hand,  
And keep that banner flying.

A living rampart round it throng,  
Ten thousand hands are ready  
To strike a blow for Motherland,  
Calm, patient, firm and steady;  
Then shout it out to foe or friend,  
To those who hate or love us,  
While life remains we will defend  
The flag that floats above us.

—Irish National Magazine.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

There is no heart, however free and lightsome,  
But hath its bitterness;  
No earthly hopes, however bright and blithsome,  
But ring of emptiness.

The world is full of suffering and sorrow,  
Of anguish and despair;  
Its brightest promises are of to-morrow,  
Its mockerics everywhere.

Our weary hearts, with slow and sad pulsation,  
Beat to the march of years.  
Their days are given to toll without cessation,  
Their gloomy night to tears.

But let us wait in patience and submission  
The will of our great King—  
Remember this—all through our earthly mission,  
Perfect through suffering.

Then cease, O foolish heart! cease thy repining;  
The Master's hand above  
Is only purifying and refining—  
The alchemist is love.

Those tears and thrills of woe—these great afflictions  
Are but the chastening rod;  
And they shall prove the heavenly benedictions,  
The mercies of our God.

What seemeth now a dark and dreary vision  
Unto our tear dimmed eyes,  
Shall burst in glory into scenes elysian,  
A blooming paradise.

Then cease, O foolish heart! cease thy repining;  
Hope! lift thy drooping wings:  
The plan is one of God's all-wise designing—  
Perfect through suffering.