

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

[The incident which prompted the writing of the following lines was related to the author by a friend on his return to America from a visit to Ireland. On the voyage over the American gentleman made the acquaintance of an old Irishman, who, in his frank and candid way, told him that he had been thirty years in the States, and that he was then going home to spend the evening of his life amid the scenes of his boyhood. The old man's deep anxiety to see Ireland once more made the author's friend take a special interest in him. The night before the boat reached the Irish shore they both remained on deck, and as the dawning broke they were rewarded for their weary vigil by beholding the dim outlines of the Irish coast. The sight awakened the old man's slumbering enthusiasm, and his first impassioned exclamation was "The top o' the mornin' to you, Ireland, alanna!"]

Than-a-mo-Dhia! but there it is!
 The dawn on the hills of Ireland—
 God's angels lifting the night's black veil
 From the fair, sweet face of my sireland;
 O Ireland! isn't it grand you look,
 Like a bride in her rich adornin',
 And with all the pent-up love of my heart
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one brief hour pays lavishly back
 For many a year of mourning;
 I'd almost venture another flight
 There's so much joy in returning—
 Watching out for the hallowed shore,
 All other attractions scornin';
 O Ireland! don't you hear me shout
 I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Ho, ho! upon Cleana's shelving strand
 The surges are grandly beating;
 Kerry is pushing her headlands out
 To give us the kindly greeting.