

She thought of prelate and of priest, whose
guidance had been sought
By foreign lands, when Erin shone as earth's
most sacred spot;
She thought of minstrel and of bard, whose
melody and songs
Had waked of old the hills and dales, as with a
thousand tongues.

But, no! she must not sing of those — they all
had passed away —
The throne, the learning, and the song, were of
a bygone day;
Where glory shone, and learning ruled, and
song was heard erstwhile,
Now darkness, ignorance, and grief profane the
Sacred Isle!

And so the singer raised her head and sang of
Erin's grief,
Of Erin's ills, which never knew a cordial of
relief;
She sang of men and women bound and thrown
in dungeon mean,
Or hanged like dogs throughout the land for
wearing of the Green!

And as she sang, her accents touched the heart
of England's Queen,
Who wept to hear the tale retold of all that once
had been;
And still as sadder grew the song, more fast the
tear-drops flowed,
And queenly dignity bowed down before a na-
tion's God.