

Green Erin's dell loves the shamrock well,
 As it springs in the March-sun's smile ;
 Love, valour, wit, ever blend in it—
 Bright type of the Emerald Isle.

Chorus.

But hurrah, &c.

REV. JOHN MCCAUL, LL.D.

Hark, the Merry Bells.

(FOR THE FOURTH OF NOVEMBER.)

Hark ! the merry bells are going,
 Brethren, hail the glorious day ;
 With hand and heart, and glasses flowing,
 Drink the glorious memory.

To you, this day, a King was given,
 The chain of slavery he broke ;
 Ordained by God, and sent from heaven
 To free us from the tyrant's yoke.

Ye faithful sons, then bless the hour,
 The happy hour that gave him a birth,
 Adore the great Almighty power,
 And with thanksgiving fill the earth.

Rejoice ! rejoice by love excited,
 The Orange flag triumphant wave,
 And drink with hand and heart united,
 WILLIAM THE GREAT ! THE GOOD ! THE BRAVE !