

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 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 !