

I saw the Shannon pour along,  
In joyous accents clear,  
Its tide of music sweet and strong—  
Each wave was filled with cheer ;  
And hast'ning on in proud acclaim  
Swept Barrow, Suir and Lee :  
For a nation's heart was throbbing  
In each wavelet to the sea.

O land of woe and sorrow,  
When shall come this vision bright ?  
When shall beam a glad to-morrow ?  
When shall fade thy starless night ?  
I have watch'd and waited for thee,  
I have hoped for thee in fear,  
I have caught thy ray of sunshine  
Through the ocean of a tear !