

Thy heart is still with that old hoary morn
 When on the formless deep, the procreant sea,
 God moved alone : of that Infinity,
 Thy portion then, thou art not wholly shorn.
 Scant love hast thou for dells where every leaf
 Boasts its own life, and every brook its song ;
 Thy massive floods down stream from reef to reef
 With one wide pressure ; thy worn cliffs along
 The one insatiate Hunger moans and raves,
 Hollowing its sunless crypts and sanguine caves.

Ireland is a land of ruins. Like the desolate plains of Greece, the hills and valleys of Ireland present numerous masses of ruins that awaken in the sympathetic heart, trains of affecting remembrances. The message which "The Ruins of Emania, near Armagh," whispered to the poet from their lips of mouldering stone, he thus records :

Why seek ye thus the living 'mid the dead ?
 Beneath that mound, within yon circle wide,
 Emania's palace, festive as a bride
 For centuries six, had found its wormy bed
 When here Saint Patrick raised his royal head
 And round him gazed, Perhaps the Apostle sighed
 Even then, to note the fall of mortal pride :
 Full fourteen hundred years since then have fled !
 Then, too, old Ulster's hundred knights were clay ;
 Then, too, the Red Branch warriors slept forlorn ;
 Autumn, perhaps as now a pilgrim grey,
 Counted her red beads on the berried thorn,
 Making her rounds ; while from the daisied sod
 The undiscouraged lark up soared, and praised her God.

Although of patrician birth and blood, the poet, as a fervent Catholic should, always sympathises with the Tribunes more easily than with Coriolanus, so he can say of "Common Life" :

Onward between two mountain warders lies
 The field that man must till. Upon the right,
 Church-thronged, with summit hid by its own height,
 Swells the vast range of the Theologies :
 Upon the left, the hills of Science rise
 Lustrous but cold : nor flower is there, nor blight :
 Between these ranges twain through shade and light
 Winds the low vale wherein the meek and wise
 Repose. The knowledge that excludes not doubt
 Is here ; the arts that beautify man's life :