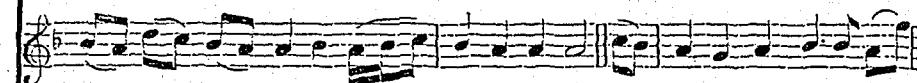


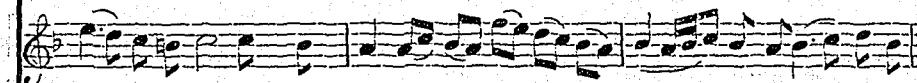
soul might have burn'd with a ho - li - er flame. The string, that now languishes



trea - son to love her, and death to defend. Unpriz'd are her sons,'till they've



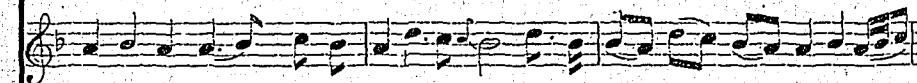
loose o'er the lyre, Might have bent a proud bow* to the war - - ri - ors' dart ; And the



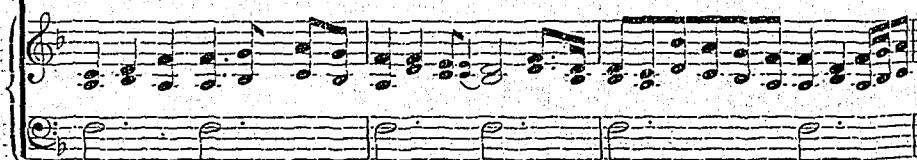
learn'd to betray ; Un - dis - tinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires ; And the



lip which now breathes but the song of desire, Might have pour'd the full tide of the



torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way, must be caught from the pile where their



* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Y*, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following—“So that Ireland, (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years), was now become the land of concord.” LLYOD’s *State Worthies*, Art. “The Lord Grandison.”