

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

tre - 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 Yr, 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." LLVOD's *State Worthies*, Art. "The Lord Grandison."