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Born upon thy lovely bosom
Rambled o'er thy greenest dale,
By the pleasant banks of Slaney
Catching oft its bracing gale.
Early drank of streamlets gushing
From thy castles legends fair,
Treasured in his heart the knowledge
That his ancestors declare

And he early learnt to love thee
Round thee his young genius burned,
Sung of hill and dale and Mountain.
As his heart towards them turned,
Sang of all thy childrens beauty
Of their purity and love,
And the guardian care that heaven
Kindly lent them from above.

And his pencil traced thy history
With his strong commanding sense,
And transcribed her wit and humor
And her burning eloquence.
O! for what bright deed of daring
Sons of Erin's lovely sod,
Has the foul hand of the assassin
Sent him early to his God.

Irish hearts why do abt the affection
In him to your native land,
All her glories dwelt within him
And shone throughout his heart and hand.
Once his love with erring judgment,
Brandished for her long ago,
Swords that thirsted for the Honors,
That doth from true valour glow.

Till the opening years of manhood
Taught him better of her fate,
Then with true and nobler instinct,
He learned his first acts to hate,
Yea he moulded Irish spirits
Neath his great majestic own,
Guiding all her erring children
Back to love Brittania's throne.