

'Tis an off'ring of hearts, as fixed, firm and brave,

As the rock that withstands the rude surge from the
deep,

And smiles at the foam, and the wide-spreading wave,

That loves the *Green Isle* in its bosom to steep.

Yet, her prayers shall be heard—for her KING he is just—

And the land of *Fitzgerald* soon flourish again

'Mong the nations of earth—whilst low in the dust,

Oppression shall struggle and gnaw her own chain.

Oh, CANNING ! the fountain of reason was thine,

And the rights of mankind could thee ever inspire ;

'Midst the world's commotion—at liberty's shrine,

Thou never forgottest the loved *land* of thy Sire.*

From the bed of oppression, and tortures of pain,

Pale Frenzy, to ease the deep pangs of her mind,

Sought refuge from thee, nor sought she in vain,

For thou touched every chord that vibrates on mankind.

* Ireland.