

“Och, thin,” says I, “meself agrees to that !”
Ould Dolan smiled wid eyes so bright an’ grey ;
Says he. “Kape up yer heart—I never knew
Since I come out a single hungry day !”

“But thin I left the crowded city sthreets,
There men galore to toil in thim an’ die,
Meself wint wid me axe to cut a home
In the green woods beneath the clear, swate sky.

“I did that same : an’ God be prais’d this day !
Plenty sits smilin’ by me own dear dure :
An’ in them years I never wanst have seen
A famished child creep tremblin’ on me flure !”

I listened to ould Dolan’s honest words,
That’s twenty years ago this very spring,
An’ Mick is married—an’ me Rosie wears
A swateheart’s little, shinin’ goulden ring.

‘Twould make yer heart lape just to take a look
At the green fields upon me own big farm ;
An’ God be prais’d ! all men may have the same
That owns an axe ! an’ has a strong right arm !

