

Each palace and cot, on each mountain and valley,
On each crag of the coast, by each stream in the plain ;
Each lone spot re-echoed where courage could rally
The few who opposed the invaders in vain ;
And the Genius of Ireland looked on with a smile,
And the lustre of hope shot once more from her eyes,
The halo of glory beam'd around her awhile,
Till the tempest of discord swept over her skies.
Then the green mantled spirit no longer delay'd
To look on the pangs of the men who could bear
The yoke of the helot, nor dare draw the blade,
Nor measure the pike with the Sassenach spear.
She wended her way to a far distant clime,
Ungirt by the strong links of tyranny's chain,
Determined to make it her home 'till the time
That her Country would rise among nations again.
The Genius communed with twin spirits of air,
And learn'd from them 'twas high Heaven's decree,
That its envoy should rescue the land of her care,
And her soil should be trodden once more by the free ;
That the conqueror's weapons should be those of Peace,
"Perseverance" the watch-word to gather his band,
And "Order" the chemical dye to efface
The festering imprint of Slavery's brand.
'Twas written, they said, that her destined restorer
Would trace his descent from the Dalgassian line,³
And when treachery's cloud would rise threat'ningly o'er her,
Like the star that illumines the daylight's decline,
He would rise in her sky, all its darkness dispelling,
The herald of light and the omen of peace,
And tho' circled by luminous bodies excelling
The rest of the orbs in effulgence and grace.
They said that Britannia's troops would assemble,—
That the shout of rebellion would rise o'er the earth,—
That the far scatter'd armies of England would tremble