

## FINGAL'S CAVE

**H**ERE where the furious ocean rushes in  
From wild Tíree and desolate Skerryvore,  
Shaking with thunder all that iron shore,  
Drowning the sea birds' cries with deafening din,  
Nature has built a monument to Fin,  
The son of Cool. And thro' its open door  
Tho' wave and wind shall batter evermore,  
Never his fortress can they hold or win.

So is it with the spirit of the Gael:  
Tho' all the jealous nations should conspire  
In angry onslaught, they shall ever fail  
To break its purpose or to quench its fire;  
The earth shall rock, the sun in heaven grow pale  
Ere Gaelic strength and chivalry retire.

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