

If he sinned against the Nation,
 He oft wash'd those sins in tears,
 Kept his vow and spent his genius
 For us through the troubled years,
 And has fallen for our country
 For its sake his head is bowed,
 'Cause he fought her battles bravely,
 Sunk he neath this sable cloud.

Britain do thy duty manly
 Noble hath he given thee,
 His own life to hend thy greatness
 Down to all posterity.
 Do him honor whose effulgence
 Glow'd around thy lofty name,
 Adding lustre to thy jewels
 That heng round thy crown of fame.

Lovely Erin thou canst proudly
 Boast of many a genius bright,
 Who have woven brilliant garlands
 That will burn with changeless light.
 On thy lofty page of history
 Studded there are many a gem,
 That will glow with radiant lustre
 Sparkling like the diadem.

'Mong the noble genial spirits
 That have signed the roll of fame,
 That emit their lustre ever
 Like some Satelites aflame
 There McGee will shine perrenial
 And his name in living light,
 Ceaseless as the stars that burneth
 Lovely in the depths of night.

Wexford county let thy heavens
 Bring their clouds of darkest hue,
 Let them robe thy bosom Caltiford
 That gave us this genius true.
 Let them pour their tears of sorrow
 On that lovely emerald land,
 Cause her son's untimely fallen
 Low by the assassin's hand.