

Erin Machree.

HOW dear to my heart is the Emerald Isle,
With its wealth of past glory—its tear and its smile!
Its sorrow-clad centuries—starry-crown'd slope,
Now dark with grief's cloudlets—now bright'ning with hope;
How oft in my day-dreams I've felt the strange spells
That bind me to Erin—its vales and its dells;
How oft has my heart gone beyond the deep sea,
To greet thee, Mavourneen, dear Erin Machree!

I have lived in thy glory and breath'd thy air,
I have knelt at thy shrines in the incense of prayer,
I have felt the warm pulse of thy patriot heart,
Now joyous at meeting, now grieving to part;
In all thou hast arch'd my young life with thy love,
As bright as the bow of God's promise above;
And wherever thy star may shine forth in the sky,
I pledge thee my faith and my love till I die.

'Tis strange that, though cradl'd 'neath maple and pine,
My soul should thirst strong for thy patriot wine;
In childhood I dreamt of thy ivy-crown'd tower,
And in fancy I've strayed by thy streamlet and bower—
And I've wandered afar from the place of my birth
To the land of my fathers—the fairest on earth—
And with heartfelt devotion I've wished thee as free
As the home of my birthplace, dear Erin Machree!