

A flame rose up widin me feeble heart,
Whin passin' through me cabin's hingeless dure,
I saw the mark of Shylie's coffin in
The grey dust on the empty earthen flure.

I lifted Rosie's face betwixt me hands ;
Says I, ' Me girleen, you an' Mick an' me,
Must lave the green ould sod, an' look for food
In thim strange countries far beyant the sea."
An' so it chanced, when landed on the streets,
Ould Dolan, rowlin' a quare ould shay,
Came there to hire a man to save his whate,
An' hired meself and Mickie by the day.

"An' bring the girleen, Pat," he says, an' looked
At Rosie lanin' up agin me knee ;
"The wife will be right plaised to see the child,
The weeney shamrock from beyant the sea.
We've got a tidy place, the saints be praised !
As nice a farm as ever brogan trod,
A hundred acres—us as never owned
Land big enough to make a lark a sod !"

"Bedad," sez I, "I heerd them over there
Tell how the goold was lyin' in the sthreet,
An' guineas in the very mud that sthuck
To the ould brogans on a poor man's feet !"
"Begorra, Pat," says Dolan, "may ould Nick
Fly off wid thim rapscallions, schaming rogues,
An' sind thim thrampin' purgatory's flure,
Wid red hot guineas in their polished brogues !"