

## THE SPIRIT'S LAMENT.

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The heart of the Patriot sickens whenever  
He thinks on the curse of his fondly lov'd land ;  
When her hopes are the brightest dissension can sever  
The friendship cementing her warrior band,—  
Or rather her lands ; for in ages gone by,  
In " the gem of the Ocean", as well as to-day,  
There were spirits of iron, whose every sigh  
Was wafted to Liberty's heavenly ray.  
Too long, did they say, they had bowed to the stranger,—  
'Twere nobler, surely, to sink in their graves,—  
Far better, like men, to encounter the danger,  
Than live as they were, but a nation of slaves ;  
For such times and events 'twas a glorious decree,  
When Tyranny sat, with a grin of delight,  
On a pyramid raised with the bones of the free,  
And the desolate land bent the knee in affright.  
Oh, did they but leave to *one* arm to arrest  
From the gore dabbled monster the guile plundered prey,  
The might of O'Neill had unyoked the oppress'd,  
And the badge of the serf were unseen by to-day.  
But while victory followed the warrior's ranks,<sup>1</sup>  
The truculent Council determined to sell  
The half-rescued country, tho' Blackwater's banks  
Replied to the shrieks of the foe as they fell.  
They basely deserted the land of their sires,<sup>2</sup>  
When that land was contending for honor, for all  
The balms of this life, when the fierce glowing fires