

## Moore Centenary Ode.

A POEM READ AT THE MOORE CENTENARY CELEBRATION, BELLEVILLE, 1879.

## I.

HAIL, bard of Erin, Ireland's greatest poet!  
An aureole of fame enshrouds thy name to-night;  
The chords of Tara's harp shall vibrate through the  
world,  
And fill each Irish heart with gladness and delight.  
Mute hung that harp, its string of sorrow pining,  
Till tun'd by thee to Freedom and to Song,  
Its thrilling notes in mournful silence slumber'd,  
And death-like spoke of Ireland's grief and wrong.

## II.

Proudly thy genius grasped each note and number,—  
Each lay of mirth, each sad and plaintive strain  
Told of a people dreaming hopes of freedom,  
While clinging to them press'd dark slavery's chain;  
And as thy impulse touch'd the lyre of Erin,  
A gleam of hope beam'd through a nation's tears,  
Which, bright'ning, shone with such resplendent glory,  
That, for a season, Hope dispell'd all fears.