

To the past days of sunshine fond memory bore me,  
And pictured the joys that no longer appear—  
She marked out the spot, where the Bard slept before me—  
That *spot* which the children of Erin revere.

His tomb shall be decked with the ever-green heather—  
The shamrock and daisy around it be spread—  
And the sweet smiling daughters of Erin shall gather  
The loveliest flowers to garnish his bed.

Then farewell, loved minstrel—although thy harp slum-  
bers,

Some true kindred spirit may yet wake its tone,  
And touch with pure finger the soul-breathing numbers  
That liberty kindles in hearts like our own.

Yes—freedom restored to the green hills of Erin,  
Shall proudly display her own banner again—  
While the Demon of party in torture's despairing,  
And tyranny conquered shall writhe in her chain.