

# EBLANA.

## CANTO I.

OF Dublin's origin I'm mute ;  
Nor can I speak refined, acute,  
Of her founder, name and her rise,  
And mansions crowned with the skies :  
And tho' her churches I respect,  
This time I pass them with neglect ;  
Her public buildings too I slight—  
Not of stones, but of men I write.  
And Erin too, a subject fit  
For Poet, Statesman, or for Wit ; 10  
For Lawyer, Priest, or Minister,  
For Painter or Philosopher ;  
For Historian, or Geologist,  
Or any thing on earth you list,  
Must be forgotten in my song,  
As tho' to her I don't belong.  
Go search in antiquarian lore,  
What Ireland was in days of yore---  
Written in blood her name you'll find  
In the old annals of mankind. 20  
Then when you search you will agree  
No Isle in ocean or in sea,  
No land so long beneath the frown,  
Can point more stars of bright renown.