

As bursts the clouds, the lightning word was spoken.
 God's seed took root—His crop of men was born !
 With one deep breath began the land's progression ;
 On every field the seeds of freedom fell ;
 Burke, Grattan, Flood and Curran in the session—
 Fitzgerald, Sheares and Emmet in the cell !
 Such teachers soon aroused the dormant nation—
 Such sacrifice insured the endless fight ;
 The voice of Grattan smote wrong's domination—
 The death of Emmet sealed the cause of Right !

IV.

Richest of gifts to a nation ! Death with the living crown !
 Type of ideal manhood to the people's heart brought down !
 Font of the hopes we cherish—test of the things we do ;
 Gorgon's face for the traitor—talisman for the true !
 Sweet is the love of a woman, and sweet is the kiss of a child ;
 Sweet is the tender strength, and the bravery of the mild ;
 But sweeter than all, for embracing all, is the young life's peerless
 price,
 The young heart laid on the altar, as a nation's sacrifice.
 How can the debt be cancelled ? Prayers and tears we may give—
 But how recall the anguish of hearts that have ceased to live ?
 Flushed with the pride of genius—filled with the strength of life—
 Thrilled with delicious passion for her who would be his wife.
 This was the heart he offered—the upright life he gave—
 This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless grave.
 Shrine of a nation's honor—stone left blank for a name—
 Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from shame.
 Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us what can save—
 "A nation among the nations," or forever a nameless grave.
 Such is the will of the martyr—the burden we still must bear ;
 But even from death he reaches the legacy to share.
 He teaches the secret of manhood—the watchword of those who
 aspire—
 That men must follow freedom, though it lead through blood and
 fire ;
 That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freedom still must quaff—
 That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph.