

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.

According to the feeling of each verse.

1. The val-ley lay smil-ing be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her be-hind; Yet I trembled, and
2. I flew to her cham-ber,—'twas lonely, As if the lov'd ten-ant lay dead! Ah, would it were

something hung o'er me, That sad-den'd the joy of my mind. I look'd for the death, and death on-ly! But no—the young false one had fled. And there hung the

lamp, which she told me should shine when her pilgrim re-tur'n'd; But tho' darkness be-gan to in-lute, that could soft-en My ve-ry worst pains in-to bliss, While the hand that had wak'd it so

fold me, No lamp from the bat-tle-ments burn'd, of-ten, Now throbb'd to my proud ri-val's kiss.

3
There was a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen.
Who dar'd but to doubt thee IS THOUGHT!
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

4
Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonor;
And tyrants they long will remain!
But onward the green banner rearing,
Go, hush ev'ry sword to the hilt;
ON OUR SIDE IS VIRTUE AND ERIN.
ON THEIRS IS THE SAXON AND GUILT.

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland: If, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested, to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Rodoric espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis, (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."