

Since fell the nation's tears,
And lo, the patriot's gibbet is an altar !
The people that are blest
Have him they love the best
To mount the martyr's scaffold when they need him ;
And vain the chords that bind
While the nation's steadfast mind,
Like the needle to the pole, is true to freedom !

III.

Three powers there are that dominate the world—
Fraud, Force and Right—and two oppress the one ;
The bolts of Fraud and Force like twins are hurled—
Against them ever standeth Right alone.

Cyclopiian strokes the brutal allies give ;
Their fetters massive and their dungeon walls ;
Beneath their yoke, weak nations cease to live,
And valiant Right itself defenceless falls !

Defaced is law, and justice slain at birth ;
Good men are broken—malefactors thrive !
But when the tyrants tower o'er the earth,
Behind their wheels strong Right is still alive !

Alive, like seed that God's own hand has sown—
Like seed that lieth in the lowly furrow,
But springs to life when wintry winds are blown ;
To-day the earth is gray—'tis green to-morrow.

The roots strike deep despite the ruler's power,
The plant grows strong with summer sun and rain,
Till autumn bursts the deep red-hearted flower,
And freedom marches to the front again !

While slept the right, and reigned the dual wrong,
Unchanged, unchecked, for half a thousand years
In tears of blood we cried, "O Lord, how long?"
And even God seemed deaf to Erin's tears.

But when she lay all weak and bruised and broken,
Her white limbs seared with cruel chain and thorn—