

[1] No. 30. I dream'd I lay (1st version, Hess 194)

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing,
 Gaily in the sunny beam;
 I listen'd to the wild birds singing,
 By a falling crystal stream.
 At once the sky grew black and daring,
 While through the woods the whirlwinds rave,
 The trees with aged arms were warring,
 Across the swelling drumlie wave.
 Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
 But long ere noon loud tempest storming,
 All my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
 Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
 Promised fair, and perform'd but ill,
 Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

Robert Burns, 1759–1796

[2] No. 31. The hero may perish

The hero may perish his country to save
 And he lives in the records of fame;
 The sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave,
 Ever honour'd and blest be his name!
 But virtue that silently tells and expires,
 No wreath, no wreath for the brow to adorn,
 That asks but a smile, but a fond sigh requires;
 O woman, that virtue is thine!

William Smyth, 1765–1849

[3] No. 32. Sad and luckless was the season

Sad and luckless was the season,
 When to court fair Ellen flew,
 Flew from Love, and Peace, and Reason,
 Worlds to see of promise new.
 Back she comes – each grace is finer,
 Ev'ry charm that crowds adore,
 All the form divine, diviner
 But the heart is there no more.
 Oh! 'tis gone, the temper even,
 Careless nature, artless ease!
 All that makes retirement heaven
 Pleasing, without toil to please,
 Hope no more, sweet lark, to cheer her,
 Vain to her these echoing skies
 Bloom non more, ye violets, near her,
 Yours are charms she would not prize.
 Ellen! Go where crowds admire thee,
 Chariots rattle, torches blaze;
 Here our dull content would tire thee,
 Worthless be our village praise.
 Go! Yet oh, that Thought's soft season
 Ellen's heart might but restore!
 Hard the task – whate'er the reason
 Hard the task to love no more.

William Smyth

[4] No. 33. O soothe me, my lyre

O soothe me, my lyre, with thy tones of soft sorrow,
 O soothe thy sad mistress that sinks in decay,
 Fainter today, to be fainter tomorrow,
 I fade like the flow'r and am passing away.
 Pale is my cheek, – it was fair as they told me –

Who in the dance that but lately had been,
Who that had seen me, and now should behold me,
Would think me the Ellen that there he had seen?
Dear was the world – I had youth, I had beauty,
But 'tis not for life that I heave this sad sigh –
Firm is my soul in its hope and its duty, –
But oh! To be lov'd – then untimely to die.

William Smyth

[5] No. 34. By the side of the Shannon

By the side of the Shannon was laid a young Lover,
'I hate this dull river' he fretfully cried;
'Yon tempest is coming this willow my cover,
How sultry the air, not a zephyr', he sigh'd.
'Go, bee! Get along why so idly remaining,
For here are no roses thou trouble some thing!
Peace nightingale! Peace to that ditty complaining
Oh can it be thus that these nightingales sing?'
But now a light form with a smile archly playing,
All beaming in beauty, before him appear'd.
'O Ellen!' he cried, 'why thus strangely delaying,
My dearest, my Ellen, what have I not fear'd.'
And then so majestic the Shannon came flowing,
The bee flew unchided the blossoms among,
The sky was serene, and the zephyrs soft blowing,
And oh! Howe enchanting the nightingale's song!

William Smyth

[6] No. 35. Norah of Balamagairy

Farewell mirth and hilarity,
Love has my heart in cruel subjection;
Ah me! Norah in charity
Spare a fond soul one throb of affection.
Why, as I pass'd, did I gaze on her casement,
Alas! With one look all my courage she shook!
But while I linger'd in moonstruck amazement,
Not a smile all the while cheers recollection.

REFRAIN

Love, love, wins us by treachery,
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery,
Woman our bane's the only physician.
Far, far hence tho' I fly from her,
Where other shores are kiss'd by the ocean,
Blest powers! Draw but one sigh from her,
Let her not live thus dead to emotion.
Yet I must steal one last glance ere I leave her,
Perhaps in her heart she may grieve when we part;
Hope, ah I dread thee, deluding deceiver,
Fair thy cup turn'd up, bitter the potion.

REFRAIN

Ah me! Had we the agency
Of a kindhearted feat little fairy,
Good bye then to the regency,
Norah, the witch of Balamagairy!
Looks she, or speaks she, the lads are all sighing,
She scatters her spells, and then ev'ry heart swells;
Not a young clown but is pining and dying,
Ah! The fools, thus she rules Balamagairy.

Sir Alexander Boswell, 1775–1822

[7] No. 36. The kiss, dear maid

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift

Untainted back to thine.
Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love, may see;
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.
I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast
Whose thoughts are all thine own.
By day or night, in weal or woe,
This heart, no longer free,
Must I bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

George Gordon Lord Byron, 1788–1824

[8] No. 37. The Soldier

Then, Soldier! Come fill high the wine,
For we reck not of tomorrow,
Be ours to day and we resign
All the rest to the fools of sorrow.
Gay be the hour till we beat to arms
Then camrade Death or Glory;
'Tis Victory in all her charms,
Or 'tis Fame in the worlds bright story.
'Tis you 'tis I that my meet the ball;
And me it better pleases
In battle, with the brave to fall,
Than to die of dull diseases;
Driveller to be in my fireside chair
With saws and tales unheeded;
A tottering thing of aches and care
No longer lov'd nor needed.
But thou oh dark is thy flowing hair,
And thine eye with fire is streaming,
And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
Sits health in triumph beaming.
Thou, brother soldier fill the wine,
Fill high to love ad beauty;
Love, friendship honour, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

William Smyth

[9] No. 38. Oh! Thou hapless soldier

Oh! Thou hapless soldier,
Left unseen to moulder
Here on the lonely plain.
Far thy comrades flying,
Lost, abandon'd, dying
Here on the lonely plain.
Faint and none to cheer thee,
Moaning – none to hear thee,
Dying – and none near thee
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee,
Here on the lonely plain.
Power! Ambition! Glory!
Read we then your story
Here on the lonely plain.
Some fond maid is sighing
For the hero lying
Here on the lonely plain.
Never, hapless soldier,
Fated to behold her,
Left unseen to moulder
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee,
Here on the lonely plain.

William Smyth

[10] No. 39. The Elfin Fairies

We fairy elves in secret dells,
All day contrive our magic spells,
Till sable night o'ercast the sky,
And through the airy regions fly,
By Cynthia's light so clear:
Around the earth ere dawn of day,
On high we win our easy way;
Sometimes the lawns to earth inviting,
On the velvet turf alighting;
So light, so light,
So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet,
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,
But shakes as if for fear.

REFRAIN

So light, so light,
So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet,
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,
But shakes as if for fear.
And if no bus'ness calls from home
Around the wheeling globe to roam;
We to some flow'ry meadow stray,
And sing and dance the night away,
Around our Fairy Queen.
Then we our mushroom board prepare,
The gather'd sweets of flow'rs our fare,
The dewy nectar round distilling,
All our hairbell goblets filling;
Good night, good night:
Good night we say, then sink to rest
Upon some lily's downy breast,
By mortal eyes unseen.

REFRAIN

Good night, good night:
Good night we say, then sink to rest
Upon some lily's downy breast,
By mortal eyes unseen.

David Thomson, 1770?–1815

[11] No. 40. When far from the home

When far from the home of your youth we have rang'd,
How fondly we think of the days that are past;
Their image through changes is ever unchang'd,
Wherever our lot may be cast.
I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd;
The farewell of friendship I yet seem to hear:
The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd,
The songs that delighted my ear.
In slumbers their music some vision recalls,
And oft I implore it a moment to stay;
But, ah! Soon the measure in soft cadence falls,
I wake, and the sound dies away.
How sad the reverse, – once I wept but in dreams,
The dawn then awoke me to hope and delight;
Now hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
And joy is a phantom of night.
Oh! Sleep, how enchanting the power of thy wand,
More swift are thy pinions than fancy e'er spread;
For back o'er the ocean of time they expand,
And bring us to scenes that are fled.
Tho' hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
Tho' long o'er the desert of life I may roam,
Oh! Let thy soft magic still waft me in dreams
To all the lov'd scenes of my home.

David Thomson

[12] No. 41. I'll praise the saints (2nd version)

I'll praise the saints with early song,
For now the wars are ended;
I'll praise our Lady late and long,
That has my Love defended.
Yes, home is come my Patrick dear,
From me no more to sever;
And in his looks, I see it clear:
He loves me more than ever.
He sits our evening fire beside,
The cabin round surveying,
And looks with all a father's pride,
While near the child is playing.
Even me he turns to gaze upon,
As in my maiden beauty,
Before my bloom was worn and gone
By many a toilsome duty.
My love, he cries, thou canst not guess,
Tho' kind and tender hearted,
What I have known of sad distress,
Since last from thee I parted.
And little canst thou now suppose
How my poor heart is swelling,
To find myself at evening's close
In this my peaceful dwelling.

William Smyth

[13] No. 42. Put round the bright wine

Put round the bright wine,
for my bosom is gay,
the night may have sunshine
as well as the day.
Oh welcome the hours!
when dear visions arise
to melt my kind spirit,
and charm my fond eyes.
When wine to my head
can its wisdom impart,
and love has its promise
to make to my heart;
when dim in far shade
sink the spectres of care,
and I tread a bright world
with a footstep of air.
Yes, mirth is my goddess,
come round me, ye few,
who have wit for her worship,
I doat upon you:
delighted with life,
like a swallow on wing,
I catch ev'ry pleasure
the current may bring:
the feast and the frolic,
the masque and the ball,
dear scenes of enchantment!
I come at your call;
let me meet the gay beings
of beauty and song,
and let Erin's good humour
be found in the throng.
If life be a dream,
'tis a pleasant one sure,
and the dream of tonight
we at least may secure.
If life be a bubble,
tho' better I deem,
let us light up its colours
by gaiety's beam.
Away with cold vapours,

I pity the mind
that nothing but dullness
and darkness can find:
give me the kind spirit
that laughs on its way,
and turns thorns into roses,
and winter to May.

William Smyth

[14] No. 43. The wand'ring minstrel

'I am bow'd down, with years,
And fast flow my tears,
But I wander, I mourn not,
Your pity to win:
'Tis not age, want, or care,
I could poverty bear
'Tis the shame of my heart
That is breaking within.'

CHORUS:

Thou art bow'd down with years,
And fast flow thy tears,
But why dost thou wander
No pity to win?
Were it age, were it care,
We could soothe, we could share,
But what is the shame
Thy sad bosom within?
'Oh, if thou should'st hear
From splendour's high sphere
The sorrow, the tale,
Which these notes may convey!
Think, think of past hours,
Thy dear native bowers,
And turn not, my love,
From thy father away.'

CHORUS:

'Tis from Erin so dear
The lay that we hear,
Then welcome the minstrel
And welcome the lay:
But where are the bowers,
And what are the hours,
And where is the daughter
That wander'd away?
'What peace thou hast known,
Since from me thou hast flown!
And, Eveleen, think
But how wretched am I!
O let me but live
Thy fault to forgive,
Again let me love thee,
And bless thee, and die!'

CHORUS:

O cease then thy song,
She has languished too long;
She hoped not thy smile
Of forgiveness to see:
She sunk at the word,
Thy voice when she heard
And she lives (if she lives)
But for virtue and thee.

William Smyth

[15] No. 44. Sunshine (ed. G. Thomson, 1757–1851, for voice, violin, cello and piano)

'Tis sunshine at last, come, my Ellen, sit near me,
And twine me these roses, we sorrow no more;

Come taste of my cup, while it sparkles to cheer me,
The cup that I fill, now the tempest is o'er. Oh!
Not that my mirth, with unhallow'd intrusion,
Would thy gentle mind to rude transport beguile,
But catch from my bowl one fond passing illusion,
And crown my gay heart with thy sympathy's smile.
Oh! Ever, my love, must I think of that season,
When, friendless, we mingled our terrors and sighs;
And how had I failed, in the night of my reason,
Had comfort not beam'd from thine eloquent eyes.
Take the glass that I fill, take the homage I render:
No riot shall break the soft dreams of the soul;
Around us shall breathe an Elysium more tender,
And finer enchantment be waked from my bowl.

William Smyth

[16] No. 45. Oh! Who, my dear Dermot

Oh! who, my dear Dermot,
Has dar'd to deceive thee,
And what's the dishonour
This gold is to buy?
Back, back to thy tempter,
Or Norah shall leave thee,
To hide her in woods,
And in deserts to die.
Tho' poor, we are honest,
And will not this cheer us,
Thy sire and thy grandsire
Have ask'd for no more;
And shame with its shadow
Has never come near us
To shut out the sun
From our cabin before.
O look at yon lark,
Where the sky shines so brightly,
Say why does it carol
Its echoing lay:
Is't singing so gaily
And mounting so lightly,
Because it finds gold
In the dawn of the day?
O Dermot, thy heart is
With agony swelling,
For once it was honest,
And honour its law.
An Irishman thou, and
Have bribes in thy dwelling!
Back, back, to thy tempter,
Go, Erin go Bragh!

William Smyth

[17] No. 46. The pulse of an Irishman

The pulse of an Irishman ever beats quicker,
whan war is the story, or love is the theme;
and place him where bullets fly thicker and thicker,
you'll find him all cowardice scorning.
And tho' a ball should maim poor Darby,
light at the heart he rallies on:
'Fortune is cruel, but Norah, my jewel,
is kind, and with smiling, all sorrow beguiling,
shall bid from our cabin all care to be gone,
and how they will jig it, and tug at the spigot,
an Patrick's day in the mornin'.
O blest by the land in the wide western waters,
sweet Erin, lov'd Erin, the pride of my song;
still brave be the sons, and still fair be the daughters
thy meads and thy mountains adorning!
And tho' the eastern sun seems tardy,
tho' the pure light of knowledge slow,

night and delusion, and darkling confusion
like mists from the river shall vanish for ever,
and true Irish hearts with warm loyalty glow;
and proud exaltation burst forth from the nation
on Patrick's day in the mornin'.

Sir Alexander Boswell

[18] No. 47. Paddy O'Rafferty

Paddy O'Rafferty, merry and vigorous,
Laugh'd at his lot, tho' 'twas somewhat too rigorous;
Poor was his prize from the wheel of life's lottery,
Turning the wheel in old Dennis Keogh's pottery.
Still he kept turning, and still the clay tapering,
Grew a black pot to hold ink for with paper in,
Sometimes a brown jar to hoard a small pension in,
Sometimes, faith, something not worth a word's mentioning.
Arrah, quoth Paddy, and so goes the round about,
So come those fortunes they make such a sound about,
Some in their savealls their thousands are gathering,
Some from these inkpots great families fathering.
So Mister Keogh I no longer will stay with ye,
Luck, whispers Paddy, take heart and away with ye,
Stout are your limbs, a good countenance carrying,
Why should not Paddy catch money by marrying?
Pat took the hint and gambol'd like a mountebank,
Small were his dealings with town or with county bank,
Short his accounts were, and no need of docqueting,
Light was his moneybag, easy in pocketing.
Up with his bundle, his trusty stick shouldering,
Set them, quoth Pat, stay at home and be mouldering;
But a smooth shilling I'd willingly now wager,
Paddy O'Rafferty hooks an old dowager.

Sir Alexander Boswell

[19] No. 48. Oh! Would I were (2nd version)

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet!
That I had my apple tree too!
Could sit all the sunny day on it,
With nothing but singing to do!
I'm weary with toiling and spinning;
And Dermot I never can see,
Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,
There's never good luck for poor me!
I set was my heart all the Sunday
On going to Killaloe fair,
So my father fell ill on the Monday,
And, look ye I could not be there,
And it was not the fair that I minded,
For there was I Dermot to see;
But I'm always before or behind it,
And there's never good luck for poor me!
I tried with my sweetest behaviour
To tell our good priest my distress;
And ask'd him to speak in my favour,
When Dermot came next to confess.
But he said I was but a beginner,
And from love and temptation must flee!
So if love will but make me a sinner,
There's never good luck for poor me!
Ye Saints, with the Virgin! Believe me,
I join with the priest in your praise!
Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
And I'll love you the length of my days.
In vain would they bid me be wiser,
And never my Dermot to see,
Bad luck to advice and adviser!
Good luck! To dear Dermot and me!

William Smyth

[20] No. 49. 'T is but in vain (1st version, Hess 197)

'Tis but in vain, for nothing thrives,
Where Dermot has to do,
Illfortune seems, howe'er he strives,
His footsteps to pursue!
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.
O poverty! Full sure thou art
A foe the most unkind;
And weary, weary is the heart
That feels thee still behind.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.
Next month he sails to find a home
Beyond the western tide;
And heav'n knows where he means to roam,
His houseless head to hide.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.
Oh! Breathe it not thou passing wind,
I tell it thee alone,
My Dermot is not always, kind
He breaks my heart, I own,
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

William Smyth

[21] No. 50. Save me from the grave and wise

Save me from the grave and wise,
For vainly would I tax my spirit,
Be the thing that I despise,
And rival all their stupid merit.
Oh! My careless laughing heart,
O dearest Fancy let me find thee,
Let me but from sorrow part,
And leave this moping behind me.

REFRAIN

Speak ye wiser than the wise,
Breathe aloud your welcome measure,
Youthful Fancy well can prize
The words that counsel love and pleasure.
Is it merry look, or speech,
Or bounding step that thus displeases?
Go and graver movements teach
To yon light goss'mer on the breezes:
Go where breathes the opening spring,
And chide the flowers for gaily blowing,
Tell the linnet not to sing
In jocund May, when noon is glowing.

REFRAIN

Hence with wisdom, dull and drear,
And welcome folly at a venture:
Cease my song, a sound I hear,
The planxty comes, the dancers enter.
In yon throng, if I should see
Some gallant, giddy, gay adviser,
Who through life might counsel me,
He indeed might make me wiser.

REFRAIN

William Smyth

[22] No. 51. A health to the brave

A health to the brave, in fields afar sweet
Freedom's foes assailing;

And high the choral burden bear,
their names with honours hailing.
What meed awaits, the fallen brave?
A nation's tears to dew them,
and bars the blooming flowers to weave,
and virgin hands to strew them.
But what their need to whom returns
in triumph's car is granted?
Beside their comrade's laurel'd urn,
to see the olive planted.
To hear the good, the great, the fair,
rich notes of rapture pealing.
That high the choral burden bear,
their names with honours hailing.

John Freeman Milward Dovaston, 1782–1854

[23] No. 52. He promis'd me at parting

He promised me at parting,
To meet me at the springtime here;
Yet see yon roses blooming,
The blossoms how they disappear.
Return my dearest Dermot!
Or sure the spring will soon be o'er;
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
He went to look for treasures,
They're found they say in London town;
And 'tis for me he means them,
Both golden store and silken gown.
I want but thee, my Dermot!
Nor silken gown, nor golden store;
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
No longer have I pleasure,
nor at the wake, nor merry fair,
they mock me at the bridal,
and why indeed is Norah there!
I sit as if I heard not
The Planxty I so lov'd before,
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.
Why go to that great city,
Oh why so far from Norah roam,
Return to those that love thee,
There's little love so far from home.
Thou art not faithless, Dermot,
Yet sure the spring is almost o'er,
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! When shall I see thee more.

William Smyth

[24] No. 53. O might I but my Patrick love

O might I but my Patrick love!
My mother scolds severely,
And tells me I shall wretched prove,
Because I love him dearly!
In vain she rates me o'er and o'er
With lessons cold and endless;
It only makes me love him more,
To find him poor and friendless.

REFRAIN:

Oh! Patrick, fly from me,
Or I am lost for ever
Oh! Fortune kinder be,
Nor thus two Lovers sever.
What bliss, to me my Patrick cries,
In splendour and in riches?

He says, we love too little prize,
That gold too much bewitches!
More blest the lark, tho' hard its doom Whene'er the winter rages,
Than birds, he says, of finer plume, That mope in gilded cages.

REFRAIN

William Smyth

[25] No. 54. Come, Darby dear, easy

Come, Darby dear! Easy, be easy,
So be sure, and it may not well please ye;
But she's gone, as I said,
With young Pat to be wed,
And in vain will we fret,
'Till we're crazy.
And troth! He's proper fine creature,
Of mighty good figure and feature,
And our daughter Kitty,
Why she's young and pretty
O Darby dear! Is not nature?
They're tied before this, never fear them,
So love and good luck ever cheer them,
And faith in a crack
They'll be all coming back –
By the virgin! – The Piper!
I hear them.
And it was, and it is always thus now,
So no longer be making a fuss now:
Cross words and uncivil
Och, pitch to the devil!
And give your old woman a buss now.

William Smyth

[26] No. 55. The soldier in a foreign land

The piper who sat on his low mossy seat,
And piped to the youngsters so shrill and so sweet;
The far distant hum of the children at play,
And the maiden's soft carol at the close of the day.
Ah! This was the music delighted my ear,
And to think of it now is so sad and so dear!
Ah! To listen at ease by my own cottage door,
Tho the sound of my own native village once more!
I knew ev'ry dame in her holiday airs,
I knew ev'ry maiden that danc'd at our fairs;
I knew ev'ry farmer to market we came,
and the dog that ran after him cull'd by its name
And who know I now, in this far foreign land,
But the stiff collard sergeant, the trimcoated band?
No kinsman to comfort his own flesh and blood,
nor merry ey'd damsel to do my heart good.
To my sight or my ear, no gay cheering doth come,
But the flare of our colours, the tuck of our drum;
The fierce flashing steel of our long muster'd file,
an the sharp dinning fifer that playeth the while.
At night as I keep on the wearisome watch,
The sound of the west wind I greedily catch,
And the shores of dear Ireland then rise to my sight,
And my own native valley, that sport of delight.
Divided so far by a wide stormy main,
Shall I ever return to our valley again?
Ah! To listen at ease by my own cottage door,
To the sound of my own native village once more!

Joanna Baillie, 1762–1851

[27] No. 56. No more, my Mary

No more, my Mary,
I sigh for splendour,

And riot's joys no longer prize:
On thee I muse in visions tender,
Or gaze on thy fond eyes.
Oh! Not the sages
With pedant pages,
'Tis thy soft smiles
Have made me wise.
For life's delusions of joy had left me;
With sated heart I turn'd to pine
A faded world I thought was left me,
Tho' all its pleasures mine.
O hours of folly!
Of melancholy!
How chang'd for bliss,
For love like thine.

William Smyth

[28] No. 57. Judy, lovely, matchless creature

Judy, lovely, matchless creature,
Beauty shines thro' ev'ry feature,
Like yon light, the pride of nature,
Thro' the morning dew.
Come, then, to your Patrick's dwelling,
All around the buds are swelling,
Ev'ry little linnet's telling,
'Tis the time to woo.
Dame o' Flyn, sweet Judy's mother,
Would you bid me passion smother!
Sure I'll speak as well's another
Tho' poor Pat O' Doyle.
Love within my breast is teasing,
Where I dumb 'twould be amazing;
Sooner, when the coals are blazing,
Bid your pot not boil.

Sir Alexander Boswell

[29] No. 58. Thy ship must sail

Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear,
Fast comes the day, too soon, too sure;
And I, for one long tedious year,
Must learn thy absence to endure.
Come let me by my pencil's aid
Arrest thy image ere it flies;
And like the fond Corinthian maid,
Thus win from Art what Fate denies.
And I will hang with fondness warm
O'er all that there I pictur'd see;
To others but a mimic form, –
But oh! My life, my love to me.
Or let me sing the song so dear,
The song that told thy bosom's fire,
When first, our favourite willows near,
I bade thee wake thy ready lyre.
Yes, o'er and o'er, I'll sing and play
The song beneath those willow trees,
When thou, alas! Art far away,
And nought but thoughts of thee can please.
Dear sister Arts! Of power divine,
To soothe the heart when cheerless found,
And near, with moonlight gleam to shine,
When all the world is darkness round.

William Smyth

[30] No. 59. The Farewell Song

O Erin! To thy harp divine
I bid adieu:
Yet let me now its sounds resign

With homage due.
Thy gen'rous sons, that know not fear,
Their feelings, genius, fire:
O blest be all! But Erin dear,
Be blest thy lyre.
O where the heart that would not bound
With answering beat,
To hear thy Planxty's dancing sound,
And numbers sweet.
And where the heart that sinks not low,
And musing melts away,
To hear thy harp's deep lonely flow,
When mourns the lay.
No toil can e'er such sweets supply,
No chymic power,
As brings the bee, with honied thigh,
From wild heath flower:
And Science, that could wake the strings
To chords of rapture high,
May envy, while she smiling sings
Thy minstrelsy.

William Smyth