**PRO PATRIA MORI**

When he who adores thee has left but the name

Of his fault and his sorrows behind,

Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame

Of a life that forthee was resign’d!

Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,

Thy tears shall efface their decree;

For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,

I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;

Every thought of my reason was thine:

In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above

Thy name shall be mingled with mine!

Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live

The days of thy glory to see;

But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give

Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

**COME O’ER THE SEA**

Come o’er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Mine thro’ sunshine, storm, and snows:

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where’er it goes.

Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;

‘Tis life where *thou* art, ‘tis death where thou art not.

Then come o’er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Come wherever the wild wind blows;

Seasons may roll,

but the true soul

Burns the same, where’er it goes.

Was not the sea

Made for the Free,

Land for courts and chains alone?

Here we are slaves,

But, on the waves,

Love and Liberty’s all our own.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,

All earth forgot, and all heaven around us---

Then come o’er the sea,

Maiden, with me,

Mine thro’ sunshine, storm, and snows;

Seasons may roll,

But the true soul

Burns the same, where’er it goes.

#### THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

1   **The** harp that once through Tara's halls
2      The soul of music shed,
3   Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
4      As if that soul were fled.---
5   So sleeps the pride of former days,
6      So glory's thrill is o'er,
7   And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
8      Now feel that pulse no more.

9   No more to chiefs and ladies bright
10      The harp of Tara swells;
11   The chord alone, that breaks at night,
12      Its tale of ruin tells.
13   Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
14      The only throb she gives,
15   Is when some heart indignant breaks,
16      To show that still she lives.

#### FROM LIFE WITHOUT FREEDOM

1   **From** life without freedom, say, who would not fly?
2   For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?
3   Hark!---hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,
4   The death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.
5   Our country lies bleeding---haste, haste to her aid;
6   One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

7   In death's kindly bosom our last hope remains---
8   The dead fear no tyrants, the grave has no chains.
9   On, on to the combat! the heroes that bleed
10   For virtue and mankind are heroes indeed.
11   And oh, ev'n if Freedom from this world be driven,
12   Despair not---at least we shall find her in heaven.

#### ERIN, OH ERIN

1   **Like** the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
2      And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
3   Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
4      Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
5   Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
6   Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

7   The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
8      Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
9   And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
10      The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.

11   Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
12   Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

13   Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
14      The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
15   Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
16      And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
17   Thus Erin, oh Erin, thy winter is past,
18   And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last.