



THE BIRD ALONE

Come all you gentle muses, assist and me combine,
To indite those verses, my subject being sublime.
I fear my application in my station is in vain,
Because my loving sweetheart he equals the feather'd train.

Had I eagle's wings I'd range through the world,
Thro' all places in hopes my true-love to find,
Thro' Limerick and Kinsale, I'd go bail for stout Athlone,
Those garrisons I ransack for my bird alone.

A ship in full sail I would hail as she'd pass by,
If in the Italian nation, my sweet bird they should decoy,
The helm I'd steer without fear, tho' by Boreas blown,
And fly to the yard-arm in a storm, for you, my bird alone.

To a pilgrim of distinction I'd mention my courteous bird,
In hopes that man so pious some tidings would afford;
I'd do my best endeavour his labours to atone,
If a sacred prayer he'd share without my charming bird alone.

With joy and admiration at a beauteous place I did stand,
Viewing a fine lady that was held by the hand,
In a cottage that was pleasant—it equalled a sumptuous throne
With loud resonnding echoes I repeated my bird alone.

Scarcely able to survive, I arriv'd at Jerusalem's gate,
With my true love's description indorsed on a costly plate;
There was nothing here presented but a cold lime and stone
And where the royal arch stood I search'd for my bird alone.

To the Olympian temple, I assembled to meet my love,
Or some enamelled place possess'd by mighty Jove,
Where evergreen shrubs—twining and pining but never
Embellishing a nest, going to rest, I found my bird alone.

In ecstasy of joy, I drew nigh to my lovely bird,
With my officious hand I did give him belicious food;
His nocturnal beak I kiss'd, he dismiss'd from me all my mean
And close to my breast I caress'd my sweet bird alone.

A thousand bright beauties with perfume there abound,
With necture-like rills were distilling on the ground;
One of beauty sweet to gentle meet me unknown,
For life I'll remain with my charming bird alone.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL

Pure lovely Erin, fare-thee-well,
Oppress'd with grief I leave thy shore;
With fault'ring tongue these words I tell
Its doubtful if I see the more;
Columbia's strands I mean to tread,
The states of sweet America,
My boyish days and joys are fled,
Since I am exiled far away.

Thou dearest Isle, how blest were thee,
When independence crown'd thy head;
Thy homes and altar they were free,
And all thy sons sumptuous fed;
Thy virtuous daughters knew not care,
But in the shady bowers did play—
Those thoughts they do my vitals tear,
And makes me wander far away.

Erin, Erin, was't thou made,
To be the vassel of a foe?—
Or must thee still be in the shade,
Forbid it fortune, answer no;
Thou yet shall raise thy drooping head,
Dame fortune shades the brightest rays,
Thy sons they will be happy yet,
That's now in Exile far away.

Remember Erin's gallant sons,
Lord Edward and brave Emmett too—
The men that neither swords nor guns,
Their love of freedom could subdue;
They died of martyrs of our land,
And now lies cold within the clay;
Still to their cause I'll firm stand,
Altho' I'm exiled far away.

Keep still in mind I ever will,
The Wexford heroes of renown,
Led on by chieftains of great skill,
Who strove to put oppression down;
Murphy, Roche, and Elmer brave,
With Holt and Harvey show'd them plain
Altho' entomb'd within their graves,
We'll weep for them when far away.

Extreme's my grief I must allow,
To leave my country and my friends;
The briny waves I mean to plough,
On fortune all my Views dependa.
But until death I'll ne'er forget,
Old Erin's sons where'er I stray,
And hope they'll all be happy yet,
Shall be my prayer when far away.

Oh, should the day but e'er arrive,
That I may rise to wealth or fame,
With all my vital powers I'd strive,
To elevate Hibernia's name.
The shamrock stamp'd upon my heart,
And will until my dying day,
The three leaf plant I'll ne'er desert,
Altho' I'm exil'd far away.

