

The Manchester Patriot Martyrs.

High upon the gallows tree,
Swung the noble hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom
But they met him, face to face,
With the spirit of their race.
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom
"God save Ireland," said the heroes,
"God save Ireland," said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we
Girt around with cruel foes,

Still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them far and
Near;
Of the millions true and brave,
O'er the oceans swelling,
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.
"God save Ireland," said they loudly
"God save Ireland," said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle-field, we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

Climb they up the rugged stair,
Rung their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers, lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last
"God save Ireland," prayed they loudly,
"God save Ireland," said they all;
"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field, we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus for our land;
But on the cause must go,
Amidst joy weal or woe,
For we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
"God save Ireland," say we proudly,
"God save Ireland," say we all;
If upon the scaffold high,
Or the battle field we die
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all these endearing young,
charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day;
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet
in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away;
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this
moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of
my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are
thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a
tear;
That the fervour and faith of a soul can
can be known,
To which time will but make thee
more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly lov'd never
forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns on her god
when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd - she

