



LET ERIN REMEMBER The Days Of OLD

Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her.
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
 Which he won from her proud invader,
 When her kings with standard of green unfurled
 Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the westren world,
 Was set in the crown of a stranger,

On Lough neagh's bank as the fisherman strays
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days,
 In the wave beneath him shining.
 Thus shall memory often in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
 Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover,



RICH And Rare Were The GEMS SHE Wore

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore
 But oh! her beauty was far beyond,
 Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand,

Lady! dost thou not fear to stray
 So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
 Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?

Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm
 No son of Erin will offer me harm,
 For, though they love woman and golden stee,
 Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more

On she went, and her maiden smile,
 In safety lighted her round the green isle,
 And blest for ever is she who relied,
 Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride

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