



The Anchor's WEIGHED.

The tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore;
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste
away?"

My heart will break,—a little moment stay;
Alas! I cannot, I cannot part from thee:"

"The Anchor's weigh'd; farewell farewell,
remember me!"

"Weep not my maid, I trembling said;

"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;

I ne'er can meet another maid

Whose charms can fix that heart like thine."

"Go then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind

Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."

"Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be,

"The anchor's weigh'd; farewell, farewell,
remember me!"

145

RIGHTS OF MAN

I speak in candour one night in slumber,
My mind did wander near to Athlone,
The centre station of this Irish Nation,
Where a congregation unto me was shown,
Beyond my counting upon a mountain,
Near to a fountain that clearly ran,
I feel to tremble I'll not dissemble
As they assembled for the rights of man.

All clad in green there I thought I seen
A virtuous queen that was grave and old,
Saying children dear now do not fear,
But come and hear what I will unfold—
This fertile country near seven centuries
Since strongbow's entry upon our land
Has been kept under with woes unnumbered,
And always plundered of the rights of man.

My cause you chided you so derided,
When divided alas you know,
All in disorder round Erin's border,
Strife grief and murder has left you low,
Let each communion detest disunion,
In love and union join hand in hand,
And believe old gramma that proud Britannia
No more shall rob you of the rights of Man.

Then I thought the crowd all spoke so loud
And straightway rowed to take her advice,
They seemed delighted and all united,
Not to be frightened but to rejoice,
Her harp so pleasing she played amazing,
I still kept gazing but could not understand
She sung enchanting and most endearing
In words most cheering to the rights of man.

Through the azure sky I then did spy,
A man to fly and for to descend,
And straight came down upon the ground,
Where Erin round had her bosom friends;
His dazzling mitre and cross was brighter
Than stars by night or the mid-day sun,
In accounts rare then I do declare
He prayed sincere for the rights of man.

When prayer was ended he condescended
His hand to lend it in freedom's cause.
He says I'll lead you and always aid you,
And still persuade you to Christian laws,
When in affliction or sad restriction,
My benediction with uplifted hand,
I here explain it you shall obtain it,
And surely gain it with the rights of man.

For their inspection and clear direction
And grand direction the three leafed plant
He elevated and consecrated
And this repeated do not recant—
But still look to it and still review it,
Let none subdue it—its Three-in-one,
To prove its Unity in that community.
That holds lenity the rights of man.

He straightway blessed and then careened
But still impressed them to persevere
When a rustling wind that seemed quite unkind
Wafted this liquid thro' the liquid air—
Then gramma fluttered & these words uttered
I'll break your fetters before its long,
Away he flew and bade them adieu
Saying I'll be true to the rights of man.

When the population or congregation
In exultation agreed to part
Shook hands like brothers & kissed each other
While friendship smothered each Irish heart,
They separate all animated
And elevated at what went on
As day was breaking & poor Shiel's awakin,
Ours still be true to the rights of man.

