

WRITTEN IN IRELAND.

How blest would be Ierne's isle,
Were bigotry and all its guile
Chac'd as a cloud away ;
Then would Religion rear her head,
And sweet Contentment round her spread,
Like a new dawn of day.

Come then, oh come, thou Truth divine !
With double radiance deign to shine,
Thy heavenly light expand ;
'Tis thine to chase these clouds of night,
Which darken and confound the sight
In this divided land.

Attendant

Attendant on thy prosp'rous train

I see sweet Peace with honest gain.

Spread wide her liberal hand,

While Discord, mask'd in deep disguise,

Abash'd from forth her presence flies,

Struck by her magic wand.

Around, where now in ruins lie

Thy sacred altars, I espy

Fair Order rear each pile,

Whilst o'er thy wilds forlorn and waste,

Lo, Industry with nimble haste

Makes hill and valley smile.

No more thy sons in fell despite,

A murderous band *array'd in white*,

Shall deal destruction round;

Each man beneath his vine shall rest,

No more by Bigotry oppress'd,

But Truth by Peace be crown'd.

Then

Then shall Ierne tune her lyre,
And with united voice conspire
To hail her happy state ;
All hail, Ierne, Nature's pride,
No more shall wars thy land divide,
Wert thou as good as great,

