

# THE LITTLE DARK ROSE.

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She lies broken and bruised on the highway,  
The little dark rose of the west,  
The rose that is rarest and sweetest,  
The flower of our passionate quest.  
But her beauty and fragrance have kindled  
A flame in the hearts of the Gael;  
We have sworn to upraise and sustain her,  
And our spirit and strength shall prevail.

The dark rose lies low in dishonour,  
The rose that was fairest of all,  
But her beauty shall shine like the morning,  
When true hearts have freed her from thrall.  
If her petals are paling or blighted,  
In our life-blood the rich crimson glows—  
Thrice welcome be death if our dying  
Give life to the little dark rose!

O little dark rose, may we perish  
Ere we fail in the vows we have sworn!  
You are ours, we are yours, now and ever,  
'Tis our shame and our grief if you mourn.  
You are ours to defend and to cherish,  
O little dark rose of the world,  
And your foes shall be scattered and broken,  
When the flag of the Gael is unfurled!

WINIFRED PATTON.