

Triplets.

Sad are thy dark eyes,
Grim aaron,
Over a shadow lies,
Over the tears arise
Never to silence dies
Thy mournful croon;
Sad are thy dark eyes,
Grim aaron.

When will thy sunrise gleam?²
Grim my own!^{2/2}
When will the glad day-beam
Make all thy sorrow seem
Only a troubled dream
long ago known?
When will thy sunrise gleam?²
Grim my own!

Irish So Bragh.

They say the Celtic tongue is dead,
That Irin's hopes are vain,
That never in our dear old land
Will freedom dawn again,
That the Saxon chains will bind us
Through the future's endless years,
That in Irin's night of sadness
No star of hope appears.

But we spurn their craven counsels,
We scorn their mocking jeers,
Nearth our faith in God and justice
We trample coward fears,
For the East is red with glory
Of the dawning near at hand,
And radiant flowers of promise
Spring forth to bless our land.

Let alien tongues deride our cause,
Let alien force assail,
But though the tyrant triumph long

Right shall at length prevail,
And above the hills of Erin
Shall float the green and gold,
The proud and glorious standard
Her heroes bore of old.

What though the day be distant still
When Erin's hopes shall bloom,
What though her children still must tread
A path of pain and gloom —
That path leads on to golden heights
Of freedom nobly won
That distant day shall break in flower
Beneath a cloudless sun.

Then let the craven's voice be hushed,
The traitor blush for shame,
No slave or coward in our ranks
Disgrace the Irish name —
But onward let us boldly press,
A loyal, fearless band

To scale the heights of liberty,
Or die for Motherland!

Hope.

Though the skies are black with sorrow,
And mine eyes are blinded with tears,
My spirit leaps forward to welcome
The joy of the coming year.

Life shows me a thorny pathway
And I follow, with bleeding feet!
But I smile as I dream of the lilies
That onward bloom fair and sweet.

In my ears are wailings of anguish,
And myriad voices of woe
But afar in the shadowless distance
The waters of healing flow.

My heart cries out for the loved ones
Who have passed away from my side,
But each step brings me nearer the haven
They entered, o'er Death's dark tide.

The weary and grief-stricken highway
That in darkness & pain I trod
And the path of the unknown future
Lead home to the City of God.