

Erin's Jubilee.

Loyal hearts from shore to shore of Albion
Hail their gracious Queen with glad acclaim,
Voices o'er the hills of Scotia ringing
Honour to Victoria proclaim.

While the Empire thrills with joyous plaudits
Why alone is Erin dumb and sad?
Why from her dark eyes fall drops so bitter
When around her every heart is glad?

"Gentle Erin, listen to our pleading,
Lift thy troubled eyes, so dim with tears,
Cease thy mourning by the lonely waters,
Weep no more the sorrows of dead years!"

I see thine emerald robes of queenly ~~beauty~~ ^{beauty}.
There is none like thee in all the world—
Raise thine eyes and smile, O beautiful Erin,
While Victoria's emblem is unfurled.

Join the sister lands in their rejoicing,
Grasp their hands in friendship o'er the sea,
Let not Erin pine in lonely sadness
While her happy sisters shout in glee!"

Erin raised her dark eyes dim with weeping,
Swept aside her veil of midnight hair,
Then, with quav'ring gesture, answered proudly
"In their gladness Erin craves no share!"

Long and stormy years have seen her sorrow,
Heard her weeping by the lone gray sea,
Seen her children tortured robbed and exiled
By the land men hail the ^{great} ~~strong~~ & free.

What! shall Erin share in joyous anthems
While the tyrant's fetters gall her hands!
Can she join in jubilee rejoicing
While her eules groan in distant lands.

England's hands are red with Erin's life-blood,
English cells unjustly you hold her sons,
Erin's wealth, wrung from her starving people,
Into England's 'brimming coffers runs.

England glories in successful plunder,
Sees her children prosperous and glad,
Erin looks around on ruined homesteads,
Glad homes once, now voiceless, lone, and sad.

England boasts of progress and expansion,
Wealth and increase shown on every side,
Fettered Erin famine-faint and helpless,
Mourns the 'blood-stained fields where martyrs died.

All the lovely, lonely hills of Erin
Witness unto God her tale of wrong —
Tant God still with ~~valiant~~ deathless ^{silent} pleading
For the happiness denied her long.

Mock not Erin then with vain rejoicing
not for her the anthem and the glee,
England may rejoice, — she has good reason
If successful crime a proud thing be.

Sorrow's tones are bitter, but if England
Wishes Erin's bitterness to cease
Let her send across the troubled waters
Freedom's message, with its dawn of peace.

Erin's day of joy is ⁱⁿ the future —
Though not yet its dawn of splendour gleams,
Sad eyes, gazing o'er the lonely waters
Catch its glory in prophetic dreams.

In the future's ~~glitter~~ golden light of promise
Smiles an Erin prosperous and free
Sorrow's fetters changed for links of friendship,
Then shall Erin hold her jubilee!

