

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,
Keep no more the sorrows of dead years!

In thine ^{emerald} emerald robes of queenly 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 queenly 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 & free.

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

England's hands are red with Erin's life-blood,
English cells unjustly 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 ^(dead) martyrs

All the lovely, lonely hills of Erin
Witness unto God her tale of wrong —
Front God still with 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 golden light of promise
Smiles an Erin prosperous and free,
Sorrow's fetters changed for links of friend^(ship)
Then shall Erin hold her Jubilee!
