Erin’s Jubilee

Loyal hearts from shore to shore of Albion

Hail their gracious Queen with glad acclaim,

Voices o’er the hill of Scotia singing

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 from around her when 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!

In thine emerald robes of queenly beauty

There is none like thee in all the world –

Raise thine eyes and smile, O beauteous 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 storm years have been her sorrow,

Heard her weeping by the lone, gray sea.

Seen her children tortured, robbed, and exiled

By the land men hail the great and 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 cell unjustly hold her sons,

Erin’s wealth, wrung from her starving people,

Into England’s brimming coffers run

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 –

Front God 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

Freedoms message, with its dawn of peace.

Erin’s day of joy is in the future –

Through not yet its dawn of splendor 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.

Sorrows fetters changed for links of friendship,

Then shall Erin hold her Jubilee!