

Lerry Journal

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CHUM OADINEADH EIREANN.

You have sown in the sands of the desert,
You have spoken through the night of despair,
And your faith and your efforts have flagged not,
Though mocked by the fetters you wear :
You have poured out your blood without sparing,
Have dared without counting the cost,
And your heart's high resolve has not faltered
When anguish and effort seemed lost.

You have worn the vile chain of enslavement
Through ages of torture and shame,
But its canker has reached not your spirit,
No disgrace has enshadowed your name ;
Thrust out from the circle of nations
Your desolate country is seen,
Yet proudly she faces her tyrant—
Discrowned, but for ever a queen !

Long you toiled in the gloom and the shadow,
But the glory of day is at hand,
The radiance of hope and achievement,
Of freedom and fame for your land.
Lo, the seed that you cast on the desert,
Borne far on the wings of the wind,
Waves golden in blossoming splendour—
Rich harvest your future shall find !

Freedom smiles in the distance and beckons,
Hope brightens the desolate way,
But the path leads through discord and danger—
There are dragons to conquer and slay ;
As you failed not when sorrow was darkest,
Be brave when the guerdon seems near—
The future is yours for the winning,
Then on, without shrinking or fear !

Erinn looks to you all, and you only,
For aid in her bondage and pain—
Will you fail in the moment of trial ?
Shall her trust and her tears be in vain ?
No ! a thousand times no ! You are faithful,
None truer in Heaven above,
And your hearts shall not fear when you battle
For God and the Land you love !

—Winifred Patton in *Fainne an Lae*.