The star may dissolve, and the fountain of light

May sink intoe'er ending chao's and night,

Our mansions must fall and earth vanish away;

But thy courage, O Erin! may never decay.

See! the wide wasting ruin extends all around,

Our ancestors' dwellings lie sunk on the ground,

Our foes ride in triumph throughout our domains,

And our mightiest horoes streched on the plains.

Ah! dead is the harp which was wont to give pleasure,

Ah! sunk in our sweet country's rapturous measure,

But the war note is weaked, and the clangour of spears,

The dread yell of Slogan yet sounds in our ears.

Ah! where are the heroes! triumphant in death

Convulsed they recline on the blood-sprinkled heath,

Or the yelling ghosts ride on the blast that sweeps by,

And my countrymen! vengeance! incessantly cry.