

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

5 *The Song of O'Ruark*

Prince of Breffni.

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind,
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me, 5
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd,
But though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber — 'twas lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead! — 10
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no — the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often, 15
Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought!* 20
While now — O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame;
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her, 25
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide — to dishonour,

And tyrants they long will remain.
But, onward! — the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt; 30
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin!
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

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