

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh, Erin! how low  
Wert thou sunk by Misfortune and Tyranny, till  
Thy welcome of Tyrants hath plung'd thee below  
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulph still!

My voice, though but humble, was raised for thy right,  
My vote as a freeman's still voted thee free,  
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,  
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for thee!

Yes, I lov'd thee and thine, though thou art not my land;  
I have known noble hearts and great souls in thy sons;  
And I wept with the world o'er the patriot band  
Who are gone, but I weep them no longer as once!

For happy are they, now reposing afar,  
Thy GRATTAN, thy CURRAN, thy SHERIDAN,  
Who, for years, were the Chiefs in the eloquent war,  
And rédeem'd, if they have not retarded, thy fall!

Yes, happy are they in their cold English graves!  
Their shades cannot start at thy shout of to-day,  
Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kissing slaves  
Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless clay.

Till now, I had envied thy sons and thy shore,  
Though their virtues were hunted, their liberties fled,  
There was something so warm and sublime in the core  
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—thy dead!

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour  
My contempt for a nation so servile though sore,  
Which though trod like the worm will not turn upon Power,  
'Tis the glory of GRATTAN and genius of MOORE!

Sept. 16th, 1821.

*Byron*

THE  
IRISH AVATAR.

ERE the Daughter of BRUNSWICK is cold in her grave,  
And her ashes still float to their home o'er the tide,  
Lo! George the Triumphant speeds over the wave,  
To the long-cherish'd Isle which he loved like his bride.

True, the Great of her bright and brief era are gone,  
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom could pause,  
For the few little years, out of centuries won,  
Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his rags,  
The Castle still stands, and the Senate's no more,  
And the Famine, which dwelt on her freedomless crags,  
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore.

To her desolate shore—where the Emigrant stands  
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from his hearth;  
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his hands,  
For the dungeon he quits is the place of his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of Royalty comes;  
Like a goodly Leviathan rolled from the waves!  
Then receive him as best such an Advent becomes,  
With a legion of cooks and an army of slaves!

He comes in the promise and bloom of threescore,  
To perform in the pageant the Sovereign's part—  
But long live the Shamrock, which shadows him o'er!  
Could the green in his hat be transferr'd to his heart!

Could that long-wither'd spot but be verdant again,  
And a new spring of noble affections arise—  
Then might Freedom forgive thee this dance in thy chain,  
And this shout of thy slavery which saddens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to thee now?  
 Were he God—as he is but the commonest clay,  
 With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on his brow—  
 Such servile devotion might shame him away.

Aye, roar in his train! let thine Orators lash  
 Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride—  
 Not thus did thy GRATTAN indignantly flash  
 His soul o'er the freedom implored and denied.

Ever glorious GRATTAN! the best of the Good!  
 So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!  
 With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,  
 And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,  
 Though unequal'd, preceded, the task was begun—  
 But GRATTAN sprung up like a God from the tomb  
 Of ages, the first, last, the Saviour, the *One!*

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;  
 With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;  
 Even Tyranny listening sat melted or mute,  
 And Corruption shrunk scorch'd from the glance of his mind.

But back to our theme! Back to despots and slaves!  
 Feasts furnished by Famine! rejoicings by Pain!  
 True Freedom but *welcomes*, while Slavery still *raves*,  
 When a week's Saturnalia hath loosen'd her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford  
 (As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)  
 Gild over the Palace. Lo! Erin, thy Lord!  
 Kiss his foot with thy blessing for blessings denied!

Or if Freedom past hope be extorted at last,  
 If the Idol of Brass find his feet are of clay,  
 Must what Terror or Policy wring forth be class'd  
 With what Monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

Each thing hath its nature, a King's is to *reign*—  
 To *reign!* in that word, see, ye Ages, comprised  
 The cause of the curses all annals contain,  
 From Cæsar the Dreaded to George the Despised,

Wear, FINGAL, thy trapping! O'CONNEL, proclaim  
 His accomplishments! *His!!!* and thy country convince  
 Half an age's contempt was an error of Fame,  
 And that "Hal is the rascaliest, sweetest *young Prince!*"

Will thy yard of blue riband, poor FINGAL, recal  
 The fetters from millions of Catholic limbs?  
 Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all  
 The slaves, who now hail their Betrayer with hymns?

Aye, "build him a dwelling," let each give his mite,  
 Till, like Babel, the new Royal dome hath arisen;  
 Let thy Beggars and Helots their pittance unite,  
 And a Palace bestow for a Poor-house and Prison!

Spread—spread for VITELLIUS the revel repast,  
 Till the gluttonous Monster be stuffed to the gorge!  
 And the roar of his Drunkards proclaim him at last  
 The Fourth of the Fools and Oppressors called GEORGE.

Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they groan!  
 Till they *groan* like thy people, through ages of woe!  
 Let the wine flow around the old Bacchanal's throne  
 Like their blood which has flow'd, and which yet has to flow.

But let not *his* name be thine Idol alone—  
 On his right hand behold a SEJANUS appears!  
 Thy own CASTLEREAGH! let him still be thine own!  
 A wretch, never named but with curses and jeers—

Till now, when the Isle, which should blush for his birth,  
 Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,  
 Seems proud of the Reptile which crawl'd from her earth,  
 And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!

Without one single ray of her genius, without  
 The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race—  
 The Miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt,  
 If *she* ever gave birth to a being so base.

If she did—let her long boasted proverb be hush'd,  
 Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring—  
 See the cold-blooded Serpent, with venom full-flush'd,  
 Still warming its folds in the breast of a King!