

And thick o'er his brow are their fresh clusters piled,
And they cover his form, as a mother her child;
And the Saxon is baffled!—they never discern
Where it shelters and saves him—the Irish hill Fern!

Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—
That pours a wild keen o'er the hero's gray cairn;
Go, hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,
And the wind o'er the hill side is moaning about,
With a rustle and stir, and a low wailing tone
That thrills thro' the heart with its whispering lone,
And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray
Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay.
With night owls for warders, the goshawk for guest,
And their dais* of honor by cattle-hoofs prest—
With its fosse choked with rushes, and spider-webs
flung,
Over walls where the marchmen their red weapons
hung,
With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the hour
That tarries so long—look! what waves on the tower?
With an omen and sign, and an augury stern,
'Tis the *Green Flag* of Time!—'tis the Irish hill Fern!

ADARE.†

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!
Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendour!
Nor summer sun, nor morning gale
E'er hailed a scene more softly tender.

* The dais was an elevated portion of the great hall or dining-room, set apart in feudal times for those of gentle blood, and was, in consequence, regarded with peculiar feelings of veneration and respect.

† This beautiful and interesting locality is about eight miles from Limerick.

How shall I tell the thousand charms
Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,
Where, lulled in Nature's fost'ring arms,
Soft peace abides and joy excelling!

Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn
The slumbering boughs your song awaken,
Or linger o'er the silent lawn,
With odour of the harebell taken.
Thou rising sun, how richly gleams
Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain,
O'er waving woods and bounding streams,
And many a grove and glancing fountain.

Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,
When summer heats the open meadows,
O'er parched hill and valley fair,
All coolly lie your veiling shadows.
Ye rolling shades and vapours gray,
Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,
How soft ye seal the eye of day,
And wreath the dusky brow of even.

In sweet Adare, the jocund spring
His notes of odorous joy is breathing,
The wild birds in the woodland sing,
The wild flowers in the vale are breathing.
There winds the Mague, as silver clear,
Among the elms so sweetly flowing,
There fragrant in the early year,
Wild roses on the banks are blowing.

The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank,
Or dives beneath the glistening billow,
Where graceful droop and clustering dank
The osier bright and rustling willow.
The hawthorn scents the leafy dale,
In thicket lone the stag is belling,
And sweet along the echoing vale
The sound of vernal joy is swelling.