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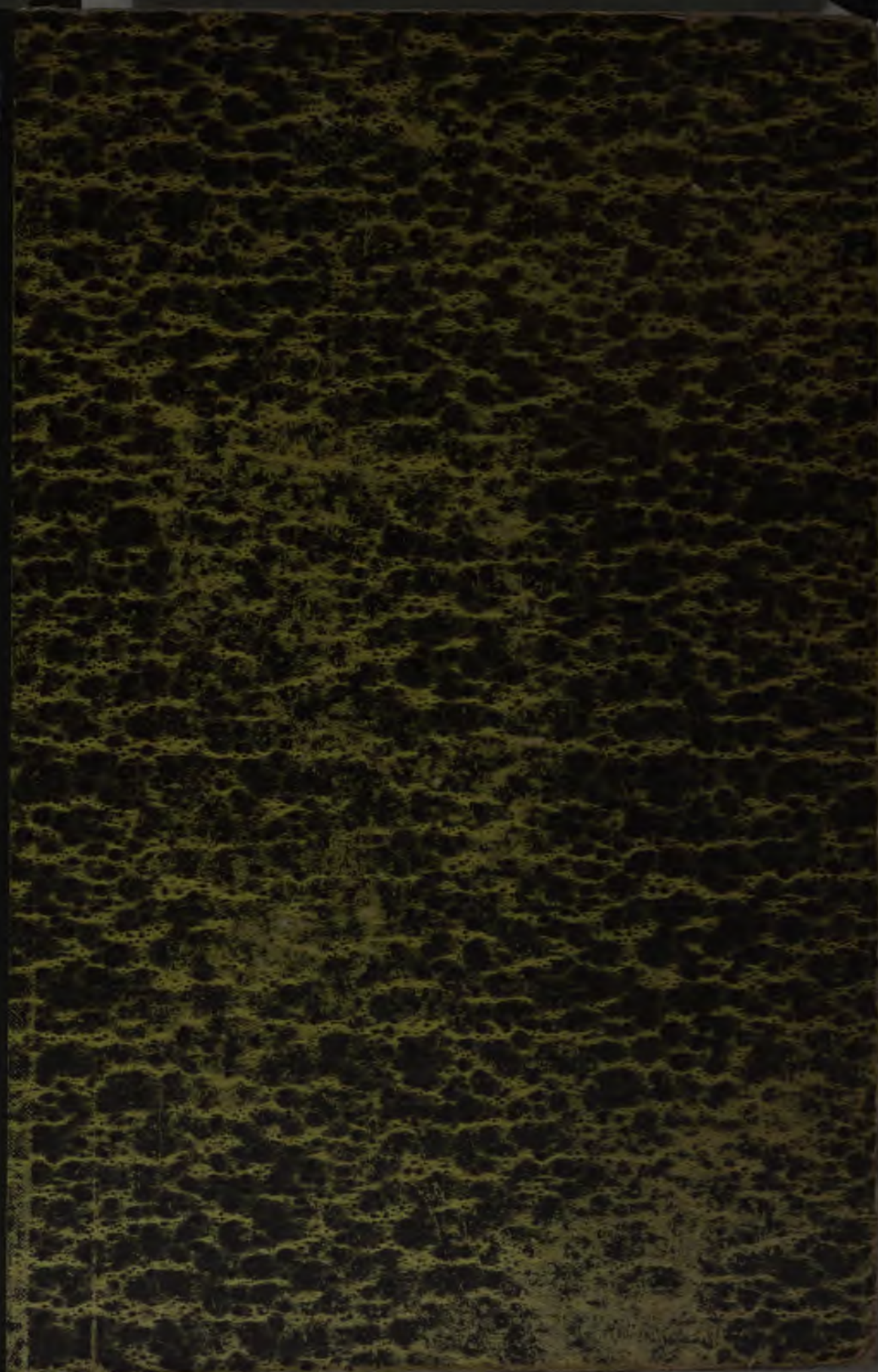
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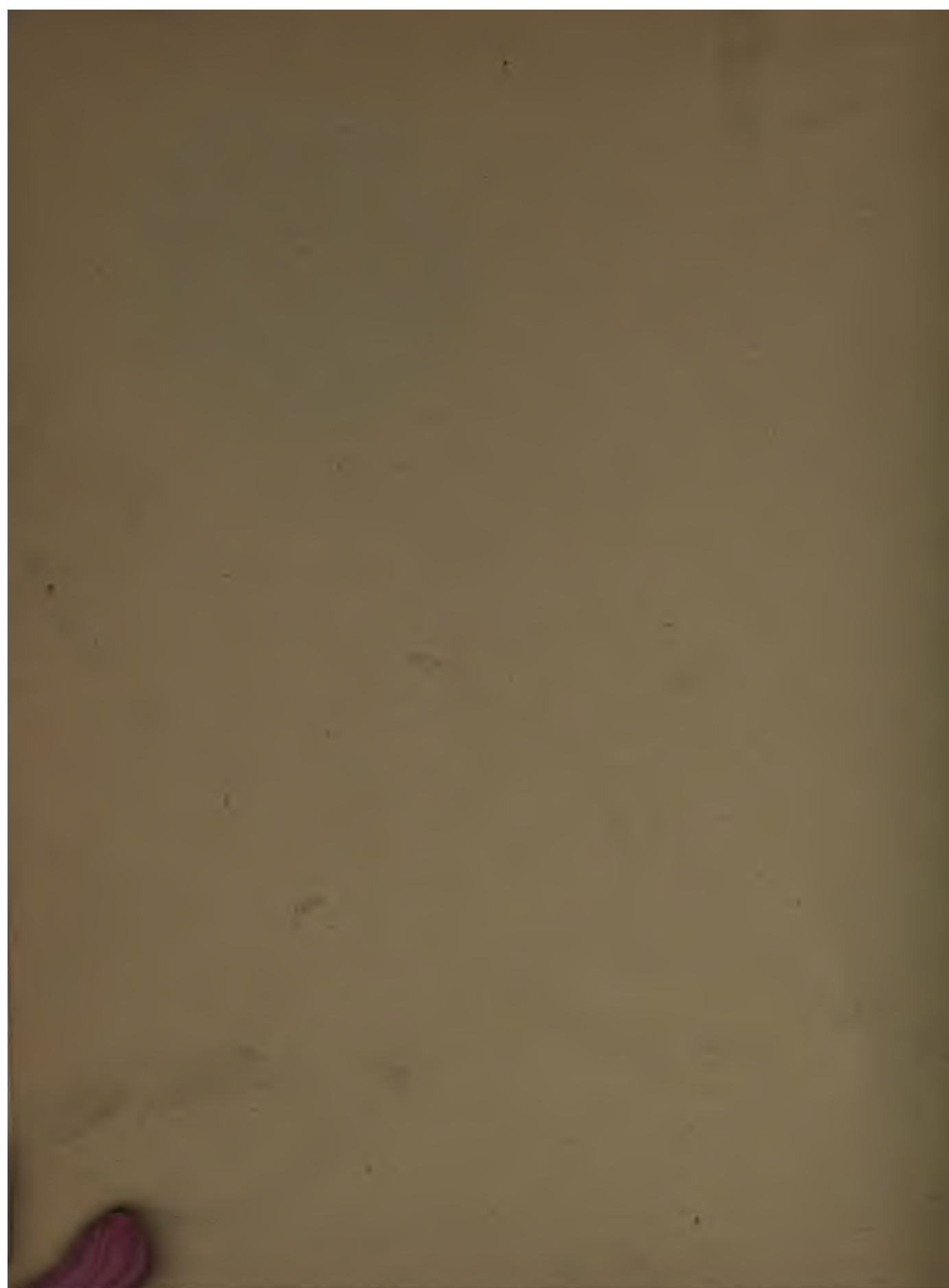


THE GIFT OF  
EDWARD HICKLING BRADFORD  
(A.B. 1860, M.D. 1873)  
OF BOSTON

AUGUST 23, 1917









# The Centenary of Moore.

MAY 28th, 1879.

## AN ODE

BY

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

WITH

## A Translation into Latin Verse

BY THE

REV. JULIUS MAXWELL BLACKER, A.M.



LONDON.

Printed for Private Circulation.

1880.

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Dr. E. H. Bradford

*From Mr. Mac Carthy -  
Recd. June 24<sup>th</sup> 1880. —*

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21, Notting Hill Terrace, London, W.

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Chas. F. Bradford Esq.  
2438. Washington St.  
Boston.  
United States of  
America

EDWARD MAC CARTHY, M.R.I.A.



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Aug. 23, 1917  
Gt of  
Dr. E.H. Bradford.

From M. Mae Carthy -  
1922



# THE CENTENARY OF MOORE,

MAY 28th, 1879.

An Ode

BY

DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY, M.R.I.A.







## ODE.

### I.

*\* Ancient name for  
Ireland - the Longfellow*



<sup>\*</sup>JOY to Ierné, joy,  
This day a deathless crown is won,  
Her Child of Song, her glorious son,  
Her Minstrel Boy,  
Attains his Century of fame,  
Completes his time-allotted zone,  
And proudly with the world's acclaim  
Ascends the Lyric Throne.

### II.

Yes, joy to her whose path so long,  
Slow journeying to her realm of rest  
O'er many a rugged mountain's crest,  
He charmed with his enchanting song :



Like his own princess in the tale,  
 When he who had her way beguiled  
 Through many a bleak and desert wild  
 Until she reached Cashmere's bright vale  
 Had ceased those notes to play and sing  
 To which her heart responsive swelled,  
 She looking up, in him beheld  
 Her minstrel lover and her king—  
 So Erin now, her journey well-nigh o'er,  
 Enraptured sees her minstrel king in Moore.

## III.

And round that throne whose light to-day  
 O'er all the world is cast,  
 In words though weak, in hues though faint,  
 Congenial Fancy rise and paint  
 The spirits of the past  
 Who here their homage pay—  
 Those who his youthful muse inspired,  
 Those who his early genius fired  
 To emulate their lay :—  
 And as in some phantasmal glass  
 Let the immortal spirits pass,  
 Let each renew the inspiring strain,  
 And fire the poet's soul again.

## IV.

First there comes from classic Greece,  
Beaming love and breathing peace,  
With her pure sweet smiling face,  
The glory of the Æolian race,  
Beauteous Sappho, violet-crowned,  
Shedding joy and rapture round :—  
In her hand a harp she bears,  
Parent of celestial airs,—  
Love leaps trembling from each wire,  
Every chord a string of fire :—  
How the poet's heart doth beat,  
How his lips the notes repeat,  
Till in rapture borne along,  
The Sapphic lute, the lyrist's song  
Blend in one delicious strain,  
Never to divide again.

## V.

And beside the Æolian Queen  
Great Alcæus' form is seen,  
He takes up in voice more strong  
The dying cadence of the song,  
And on loud resounding strings  
Hurls his wrath on tyrant kings :—

Like to incandescent coal  
 On the poet's kindred soul  
 Fall these words of living flame,  
 Till their songs become the same,—  
 The same hate of slavery's night,  
 The same love of freedom's light—  
 Scorning aught that stops its way,  
 Come the black cloud whence it may,  
 Lift alike the inspired song,  
 And the liquid notes prolong.

## VL

Carolling a livelier measure  
 Comes the Teian Bard of Pleasure,  
 Round his brow where joy reposes  
 Radiant love enwreaths his roses,  
 Rapture in his verse is ringing,  
 Soft persuasion in his singing :—  
 'Twas the same melodious ditty  
 Moved Polycrates to pity,  
 Made that tyrant heart surrender  
 Captive to a tone so tender :  
 To the younger bard inclining,  
 Round his brow the roses twining,  
 First the wreath in red wine steeping,  
 He his cithern to his keeping

Yields, its glorious fate foreseeing,  
 From her chains a nation freeing,  
 Fetters new around it flinging  
 In the flowers of his own singing.

## VII.

But who is this that from the misty cloud  
 Of immemorial years,  
 Wrapped in the vesture of his vaporous shroud  
 With solemn step appears ?  
 His head with oak-leaves and with ivy crowned  
 Lets fall its silken snow,  
 While the white billows of his beard unbound  
 Athwart his bosom flow :—  
 Who is this venerable form  
 Whose hands, prelusive of the storm  
 Across his harp-strings play—  
 That harp which trembling in his hand  
 Impatient waits its lord's command  
 To pour the impassioned lay ?  
 Who is it comes with reverential hail  
 To greet the Bard who sang his country best ?  
 'Tis Ossian—primal poet of the Gael—  
 The Homer of the West.

## VIII.

He sings the heroic tales of old  
When Ireland yet was free,  
Of many a fight and foray bold,  
And raid beyond the sea.

Of all the famous deeds of Fin,  
And all the wiles of Maev,  
Now thunders 'mid the battle's din,  
Now sobs beside the wave.

That wave empurpled by the sword  
The hero used too well,  
When great Cuchullin held the ford,  
And fair Ferdiah fell.

And now his prophet eye is cast  
As o'er a boundless plain,  
He sees the future as the past,  
And blends them in his strain.

The Red-Branch Knights their flags unfold  
When danger's front appears,  
The Sun-burst breaks through clouds of gold  
To glorify their spears.

But ah ! a darker hour drew nigh,  
 The hour of Erin's woe,  
 When she, though destined not to die  
 Lay prostrate 'neath the foe.

When broke were all the arms she bore,  
 And bravely bore in vain,  
 Till even her harp could sound no more  
 Beneath the victor's chain.

Ah ! dire constraint, ah ! cruel wrong,  
 To fetter thus its chord,  
 But well they knew that Ireland's song  
 Was keener than her sword.

That song would pierce where swords would fail,  
 And o'er the battle's din,  
 The sweet sad music of the Gael  
 A peaceful victory win.

Long was the trance, but sweet and low  
 The harp breathed out again  
 Its speechless wail, its wordless woe  
 In Carolan's witching strain.

Until at last the gift of words  
 Denied to it so long,  
 Poured o'er the now enfranchised chords  
 The articulate light of song.



Poured the bright light from genius won  
 That woke the harp's wild lays—  
 Even as that statue which the sun  
 Made vocal with his rays.

Thus Ossian in disparted dream  
 Outpoured the varied lay,  
 But now in one united stream  
 His rapture finds its way :—

“Yes, in thy hands, illustrious son,  
 The harp shall speak once more,  
 Its sweet lament shall rippling run  
 From listening shore to shore.

Till mighty lands that lie unknown  
 Far in the fabled West,  
 And giant isles of verdure thrown  
 Upon the South Sea's breast.

And plains where rushing rivers flow—  
 Fit emblems of the free—  
 Shall learn to know of Ireland's woe,  
 And Ireland's weal through thee.”

## IX.

'Twas thus he sang,  
 And while tumultuous plaudits rang,  
     From the immortal throng,  
 In the younger minstrel's hand  
 He placed the emblem of the land—  
     The harp of Irish song.

## X.

Oh! what dulcet notes are heard.  
 Never bird  
 Soaring through the sunny air  
 Like a prayer  
 Borne by angel's hands on high  
 So entranced the listening sky  
 As his song—  
 Soft, pathetic, joyous, strong,  
 Rising now in rapid flight  
 Out of sight  
 Like a lark in its own light,  
 Now descending low and sweet  
 To our feet,  
 Till the odours of the grass  
 With the light notes as they pass  
 Blend and meet :

All that Erin's memory guards  
 In her heart,  
 Deeds of heroes, songs of bards,  
 Have their part,  
 Brian's glories reappear,  
 Fionualla's song we hear,  
 Tara's walls resound again  
 With a more inspired strain,  
 Rival rivers meet and join,  
 Stately Shannon blends with Boyne,  
 While on high the storm-winds cease  
 Heralding the arch of peace.

## XI.

And all the bright creations fair  
     That 'neath his master-hand awake,  
 Some in tears and some in smiles,  
 Like Nea in the summer isles,  
     Or Kathleen by the lonely lake,  
 Round his radiant throne repair :  
 Nay, his own Peri of the air  
     Now no more disconsolate,  
     Gives in at Fame's celestial gate  
 His passport to the skies—  
     The gift to heaven most dear,  
     His country's tear.

From every lip the glad refrain doth rise,  
 "Joy, ever joy, his glorious task is done,  
 The gates are passed and Fame's bright heaven is won!"

## XII.

Ah! yes, the work, the glorious work is done,  
 And Erin crowns to-day her brightest son,  
 Around his brow entwines the victor bay,  
 And lives herself immortal in his lay—  
 Leads him with honour to her highest place,  
 For he had borne his more than mother's name  
 Proudly along the Olympic lists of fame  
 When mighty athletes struggled in the race.  
 Byron, the swift-souled spirit, in his pride  
 Paused to cheer on the rival by his side,  
 And Lycidas so long  
 Lost in the light of his own dazzling song,  
 Although himself unseen,  
 Gave the bright wreath that might his own have been  
 To him whom 'mid the mountain shepherd throng,  
 The minstrels of the isles,  
 When Adonais died so fair and young,  
 Ierné sent from out her green defiles  
 "The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue."—

And he who sang of Poland's kindred woes,  
And Hope's delicious dream,  
And all the mighty minstrels who arose  
In that Auroral gleam  
That o'er our age a blaze of glory threw  
Which Shakspeare's only knew—  
Some from their hidden haunts remote,  
Like him the lonely hermit of the hills,  
Whose song like some great organ note  
The whole horizon fills.  
Or the great Master, he whose magic hand,  
Wielding the wand from which such wonder flows,  
Transformed the lineaments of a rugged land,  
And left the thistle lovely as the rose.  
Oh ! in a concert of such minstrelsy,  
In such a glorious company,  
What pride for Ireland's harp to sound,  
For Ireland's son to share,  
What pride to see him glory-crowned,  
And hear amid the dazzling gleam  
Upon the rapt and ravished air  
Her harp still sound supreme !

## XIII.

Glory to Moore, eternal be the glory  
That here we crown and consecrate to-day,  
Glory to Moore, for he has sung our story  
In strains whose sweetness ne'er can pass away.

Glory to Moore, for he has sighed our sorrow  
In such a wail of melody divine,  
That even from grief a passing joy we borrow,  
And linger long o'er each lamenting line.

Glory to Moore, that in his songs of gladness  
Which neither change nor time can e'er destroy,  
Though mingled oft with some faint sigh of sadness,  
He sings his country's rapture and its joy.

What wit like his flings out electric flashes  
That make the numbers sparkle as they run—  
Wit that revives dull history's Dead-sea ashes,  
And makes the ripe fruit glisten in the sun ?

What fancy full of loveliness and lightness  
Has spread like his as at some dazzling feast,  
The fruits and flowers, the beauty and the brightness,  
And all the golden glories of the East ?

Perpetual blooms his bower of summer roses,  
No winter comes to turn his green leaves sere,  
Beside his song-stream where the swan reposes  
The bulbul sings as by the Bendemeer.



But back returning from his flight with Peris,  
 Above his native fields he sings his best,  
 Like to the lark whose rapture never wearies,  
 When poised in air he singeth o'er his nest.

And so we rank him with the great departed,  
 The kings of song who rule us from their urns,  
 The souls inspired, the natures noble hearted,  
 And place him proudly by the side of Burns.

And as not only by the Calton Mountain,  
 Is Scotland's bard remembered and revered,  
 But wheresoe'er, like some o'erflowing fountain  
 Its hardy race a prosperous path has cleared.

There 'mid the roar of newly-rising cities,  
 His glorious name is heard on every tongue,  
 There to the music of immortal ditties,  
 His lays of love, his patriot songs are sung ;

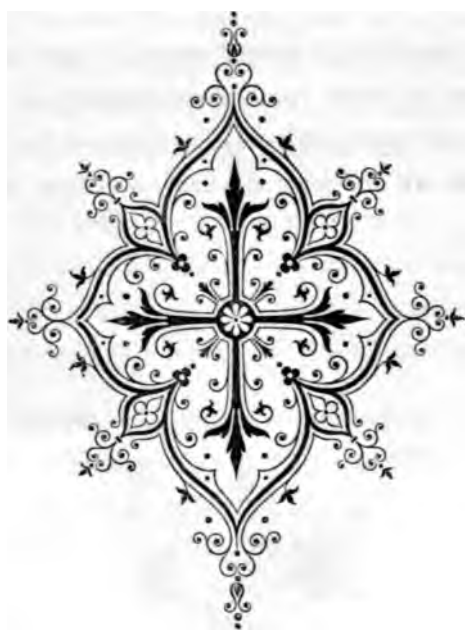
So not alone beside that Bay of beauty  
 That guards the portals of his native town,  
 Where like two watchful sentinels on duty,  
 Howth and Killiney from their heights look down.

But wheresoe'er the exiled race hath drifted,  
 By what far sea, what mighty stream beside,  
 There shall to-day the poet's name be lifted,  
 And Moore proclaimed its glory and its pride.

There shall his name be held in fond memento,  
There shall his songs resound for evermore,  
Whether beside the golden Sacramento,  
Or where Niagara's thunder shakes the shore ;—

For all that's bright indeed must fade and perish,  
And all that's sweet when sweetest not endure,  
Before the world shall cease to love and cherish  
The wit and song, the name and fame of MOORE.





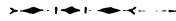


DIONYSII FLORENTII MAC CARTHY

IN HONOREM

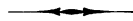
THOMÆ MORI, POETÆ,

*Carmen Lyricum.*



FESTO CENTENNALI

A.D. V. KAL. JUN. MDCCCLXXIX.



LATINE REDDITUM

A

M. J. BLACKER, A.M.







*M. J. B.*

*DIONYSIO FLORENTIO MAC CARTHY,*

*Salutem.*

*HABES, Vir Optime, Carmen tuum seculare, Latinè redditum; in quo opere perficiendo, nihil sane in te contuli, at ipse non mediocrem voluptatem lucratus sum. Quod potui, præstiti. Fieri potest ut me nimia libertate usum esse existimes, sed quantum peccavissem, si verbum verbo, versum versu, interpretari conatus essem, ipse, qui et aliorum poemata Anglice reddideris, et tua in alias linguas translata legeris, probe judicabis.*

*Quod restat, quamvis tot eleganter et nervosè cogitata me verius deformasse quam transformasse confitear, tamen, si quid vigoris et venustatis inviolatum servaverim, Musis et Apollini (si Paganè loqui licet) gratias ago. Vale.*







# Extracts from En the POE

(From *The V*

"Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy is,  
Laureate for the Irish nation, as there is  
questionably, and without a rival, be the  
honour."

(From *The Illustrated History*  
CUSACK.)

"To my old friend Denis Florence M  
who should be the Laureate of Ireland—a  
that land of song, have her Laureate? I ca  
thanks, for his kindnesses are too mu  
frequent that they would scarcely bear en  
Preface t  
of Denis Florence MacCarthy."

(From *The Evening Chronicle*,

"The following most beautiful poem (.  
volume recently published by a young  
Florence MacCarthy, who to the prover  
countrymen, adds all that scholarly learn  
have placed so abundantly within their  
remarks:—"Mr. MacCarthy may be ranked  
poets of whom his country has been so pre  
history."—*Pa. Eng.*

(From *The Ward*

A Dublin Conservative Journal of great influence an

"It is, therefore, with pleasure we recogn  
bard who can be Irish without being either v  
who can rely for his effects, and safely to  
resources of his genius in order to thrill an

## English and Foreign Critical Journals and Reviews on POEMS of DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY:

...poet, who, if there were a  
...for the English, would un-  
...best man entitled to that

*of Ireland, by Miss*

MacCarthy, Esq., M.R.I.A.,  
...and why should not Ireland,  
...only offer my affectionate  
...erous to record, and so  
...meration."  
...the Second Edition, p. 13.

Pittsburgh, U.S.)

*Advance*) is taken from a  
...Irishman, named Denis  
...bially rich fancy of his  
...ing which circumstances  
...reach. A contemporary  
...foremost among the great  
...ductive in all ages of he

er.)

...long-established character.

...se in Mr. MacCarthy  
...ndictive or rebellious  
...upon the legitimacy  
...fascinate his reader

his proud reminiscences of the past, and stands forth the poetical  
champion of his country's vanished glories and ancestral splendour.  
We lay before our readers two or three brief extracts from this  
delicious volume, instinct with the true spirit of poetry." After  
several extracts the last of which is *A Lament*, the article concludes  
thus:

"If the author had written nothing more, this would stamp him a  
genuine son of the Muse. In an easy flow of musical rhyme, in depth  
and concentration of sentiment, and a linked sweetness, long drawn  
out of pure and natural feeling and pathetic expression, it may  
challenge comparison with anything of the kind in our language."

(From *The Athenæum*.)

"There is much grace and beauty in this school;" (that of Mr.  
Tennyson and Mr. Longfellow) "but the student-poet must strike his  
shaft somewhat deeper if he wishes to reach the pure English Helicon.

We think, however, that Mr. MacCarthy will do so, and with  
more congeniality than possibly he may have yet done. His  
possession of a naturally kindred spirit to the true genius of song,  
frequently revealed in the numerous and striking beauties that are  
scattered throughout his pages, seems to be a faithful voucher for this  
expectation."

(From *Bell's Life in London*.)

"The lovers of genuine poetry will be much pleased with the  
critical article on MacCarthy's poems, giving copious extracts from  
them, which in our opinion give him the title of the first of Ireland's  
modern lyrists."

(From the Same.)

(Some years later.)

"In these separate volumes the admirers of genuine poetry  
will find a collection of lyrics, which for freedom, fanciful imagery,  
and melodious metre, is not surpassed, and hardly equalled by any  
other lyricist. We have long admired Florence MacCarthy through  
her odes and songs, and her translations from the Greek."



## Carmen Lyricum.

### I.



AUDIA ter felix hodie sua prodat Ierne ;  
Hoc datur, immunis morte, corona die.  
Qui coluit Musas, Hibernæ gloria matris,  
Et patriæ junxit verba canora lyræ,  
Rite recensiti perfecto temporis orbe,  
Jam centumgeminæ præmia laudis habet ;  
Dumque volens offert hominum concordia plausus,  
Jure tenet lyrici sceptræ superba throni.

### II.

Hoc felix sit Ierna die, quam, tramite lassam,  
Otia dum pacis sæpe morata cupit,  
Dumque per acclives scopulos apicesque laborat,  
Ille magus novit lætificare modis.

Regia ceu virgo Mori celebrata camœnâ,  
 Quæ fera deserti per loca fecit iter,  
 Et tetigit demum confinia vallis apricæ  
 Quæ viret Indorum semisepulta jugis,  
 Vox ubi cessavit, solamen grande laborum,  
 Dulceque quo fuerant percita corda melos,  
 Suspiciens comitem jam recto lumine, vultum  
 Agnovit proprii principis atque proci ;  
 Non aliter vatemque suum regemque salutans,  
 Luctibus exactis gaudet Ierna viæ.

## III.

Musa, veni, fictrix rerum, solioque propinques,  
 Unde per humanum lux nitet aucta genus ;  
 Musa veni, quamvisque nimis mea verba laborent,  
 Sit minus ingenium, deficiatque nitor,  
 Arte tamen variâ, tu non invita sub auras  
 Heroas tumulum qui subiere refer.  
 Si socium vatem, puero cui sæpe dederunt  
 Nascentis stimulos ambitionis, amant,  
 Hi redeant manes, magici velut agmina vitri,  
 Carminis ut renovent vim referantque faces.

## IV.

Prima venit Sappho quam Græcia culta remittit ;  
Cui comites adstant pax et honestus amor ;  
Exhibet ingenuâ nitidum dulcedine vultum  
Nominis Æolii dulce puella decus.  
Huic caput exornat violis intexta corolla,  
Hujus ab ingenio gaudia mille fluunt ;  
In manibus cithara est genitrix divina sonorum,  
Filaque quæ trepido corde pererrat amor ;  
En ! fidicen noster chordarum concipit ignem,  
Cor salit, et recinit mox memor ipse modos.  
Inde pari coeunt Sappho Fidicenque camœnâ,  
Quæ manet in longos fœdere juncta dies.

## V.

Æoliam sequitur tactu graviore puellam,  
Carminaque Alcæus jam moritura novat ;  
Hic digitis agitat resonantia fila severis,  
Vique tyrannorum sceptrâ furente domat.  
Fax velut, incendunt nostrum fera verba poetam,  
Igneus et paribus fervet uterque modis.  
Hic servile jugum simul indignatur et ille ;  
Lux libertatis dulcis utrique placet ;

Oppositæ spernunt molem formidinis ambo,  
 Securi violens unde procella ruat.  
 Sic gemini vates simili fervore trahuntur,  
 Atque pari jungunt usque tenore sonos.

## VI.

Deinde senem mittit Teos leviora canentem,  
 Cui festiva rosis tempora vinxit Amor.  
 Nectareos animat numeros effrena voluptas;  
 Et regit imbellem blanda loquela lyram,  
 Quæ posita feritate Sami movisse tyrannum  
 Dicitur, et teneris cor tetigisse modis.  
 Ecce colit vatem fidicen vetus ille nepotem,  
 Ornat et impositis tempora docta comis,  
 Infunditque merum serto, mandatque tenendas,  
 Victuras duplici nobilitate, fides;  
 Inde suas felix abrumpat Ierna catenas,  
 Quæque dedit Morus mollia vincla gerat.

## VII.

Quis gravis incedit sæcli de nube prioris,  
 Contegit exilis quem vetus umbra togæ?  
 Cui coma præ nivibus descendens serica candet,  
 Cumque hederâ decorat quercea vitta caput?



Cui fluitans, moti veluti maris unda, vagatur  
 Leniter in vetulo candida barba sinu?  
 Quis movet hic, digito jam præludente, procellam,  
 Sollicitatque cæstro liberiore fides?  
 Ipsa tremit, culpatque manus animosa morantes,  
 Carminis afflatus exhibitura, chelys.  
 Quis venit hic vatemque colit, quo suavior alter  
 Non patriæ novit commemorare decus?  
 Quis nisi Fingalides, qui Galli carminis auctor  
 Et novus occiduae partis Homerus adest?

## VIII.

Hic sonat heroas rudiori carmine priscos,  
 Quum servile ferox sprevit Ierna jugum;  
 Hic bellatricis memorat certamina gentis,  
 Armaque in externas trans mare missa plagas;  
 Hic famosa refert magni miracula Finnæ,  
 Mævaque quos magicâ condidit arte dolos.  
 Nunc clamore truci tonat inter fulmina martis,  
 Nunc gemit ad surdas, luctibus æger, aquas.  
 Oh! quoties rubuit fluctus vibrantibus armis  
 Quæ ducis urgebat non superanda manus,  
 Dum vada defendit mirandâ mole Cuchullin,  
 Pulcraque Ferdiaë polluit ora solum.



Fatidicus Vates sæclorum prospicit æquor,  
 Et celebrat junctis acta, futura, modis ;  
 Agmen adest Equitum Ramo spectabile Rubro,  
 Signaque per martis prima pericla volant ;  
 Vexillum decorat ruptis Sol nubibus auro,  
 Unde repercussâ spicula luce micant.—  
 At subiere vices.—Damni gravis hora propinquat,  
 Hora nimis nostris exitiosa malis,  
 Insula quum, vires quamvis habitura renatas,  
 Hostiles doluit non bene passa manus.  
 Dissiluit gladius frustra districtus, herili  
 Compede compressæ conticuere fides.  
 O feritas atrox quæ chordas vinxit amatas,  
 Musa quòd Hibernis acrior ense foret,  
 Et quòd in horrendi medio clamore duelli  
 Musa, vel armatâ plus valitura manu,  
 Pacificos olim cuperet properare triumphos,  
 Si fidicen posset tangere Celta lyram.  
 Muta diu, magico Carolani pollice fila,  
 Vocibus heu ! vetitis, triste dedere melos ;  
 Donec, ubi tandem libertas sera revertit,  
 Adderet eloquium lux rediviva sonis.  
 Tum sua vis rediit Musis et vatibus ardor  
 Murmura qui veteris restituere lyræ ;  
 Sol velut, ut fama est, radiis armatus Eois,  
 E bruto sonitus marmore manè ciet.

Illa vetus postquam partitè somnia vates  
 Fuderat, hæc uno flumine vota dedit ;  
 “ Quæ tibi vocales præstet, clarissime, chordas,  
 “ En ! chelys in dextram traditur illa tuam,  
 “ Ut procul undantem, ceu ponti murmura, fletum,  
 “ Auspice te, passim littora cuncta bibant.  
 “ Si quos ingentes celebravit fabula tractus  
 “ Solis ad ignotas disilientis aquas,  
 “ Et quæcunque viret spatiosis insula campis,  
 “ Fluctibus Australis dissociata maris,  
 “ Protensæque plagæ, quas magno flumina findunt  
 “ Gurgite (libertas quæ sibi signa velit),  
 “ Damna tuis numeris discant mærentis Iernæ,  
 “ Tuque Deus dederit quæ meliora canas.”

## IX.

Desiit : et magno plausus sonuere tumultu,  
 Gaudia divino testificante choro ;  
 Nec mora : Fingalides Moro concessit habendam,  
 Quæ foret Hibernis tessera nota, lyram.

## X.

O ! qui liquidus strepor hic circum  
Dulce vagatur ! scilicet ales  
Sursum nitidas vecta per auras,  
Precibus levior quas angelicus  
Nuntius affert, non ita mulcet  
Superas aures. Vicibus carmen  
Sonat alternis ; modo fit validum,  
Modo fit mæstum ; tenero motu  
Fluit et læto ; nunc volat acres,  
Instar alaudæ luce fruentis,  
Fugiens sensus ; modo demissum  
Molle susurrat, floris odori  
Miscens numeros prætereuntes.  
Quidquid Ierne fovet in memori  
Corde, priorum decus heroum,  
Carmina vatum præteritorum,  
Prælia magni gesta Briani,  
Reducesque modi Fionuallæ,  
Nostros iterum feriunt sensus.  
Mœnia cantu magè divino  
Resonant Taræ ; flumina rixas  
Dirimunt, Obocum Senus adoptat ;  
Furor extinctus sponte procellæ  
Pacis adornat nuntius Arcum.

Matre magis carum, Pisææ codice chartæ,  
 Ipse viros inter grandes expertus arenam,—  
 Invidet hand illi Byron animosus ovanti,  
 Collaudatque parem.—Lycidas, qui luce latebat  
 Ipse diu nimîa nulli spectabilis, offert  
 Quam potuit nitidam sibi præposuisse corollam.  
 Namque, ubi pastorum de montibus utraque misit  
 Insula cantores, (quum fato cessit acerbo  
 Pulcher Adonais) nostrum legarat Ierne  
 Vallibus a riguis vatem, “quo dulcior olim  
 Dedecus Hibernum nemo plorare solebat;  
 Cujus et a lingua, pulsæ ceu murmura chordæ,  
 Doctus amore dolor toties mæstissimus ibat.”—  
 Plaudit, qui passos non absona damna Polonos  
 Concinit, et quæ blanda sibi Spes somnia fingat;—  
 Plaudunt magnanimi, celeberrima turba, poetæ,  
 Qui, matutinâ fulgentes luce, minores  
 Illustrant radiis; vix hos superaverat olim  
 Illa vetus, noster quâ floruit Æschylus, ætas.  
 Cætera de latebris concurrît turba remotis;  
 Solorum properat cultor sacer ipse jugorum,  
 Cui tuba complevit numeris gravioribus orbem:—  
 Plaudit et ille magus, divinâ præditus arte,  
 Qui, tot perficiens motâ miracula virgâ,  
 Telluris speciem modo non mutavit egenæ,  
 Ornâvitque rudem paliurum flore rosarum.—

Has inter celebres animas citharæque peritas,  
 Testudo fruitur quantis Hiberna triumphis !  
 Quantus honos Moro ! nobis et quanta voluptas,  
 Qui mercede novâ celebrem famâque videmus,  
 Perstrictisque oculis lucentia templa tuentes,  
 Audimus cupidi quod fascinat æthera carmen !

## XIII.

Gloria sit Moro ! Sit honor sine labe perennis,  
 Quem favor hic sanctum rite ratumque facit.  
 Gloria sit Moro, cujus dulcedine linguæ  
 Vivet in æternos patria fama dies.  
 Gloria sit Moro, quia nostros ille labores  
 Divinâ memorat, mæsta sit illa, lyrâ,  
 Unde voluptatem nobis dolor ipse ministret,  
 Protrahat et dulces nœnia quæque moras.  
 Gloria sit Moro, lepidâ quia sæpe camœnâ,  
 Quæ fugit hostiles tempus in omne vices,  
 Mollia cum læto miscens suspiria risu,  
 Non tacuit patriæ tristia, læta, suæ.  
 Cujus ab eloquio, numeris spargentibus ignem,  
 Fulgura Musarum splendidiora micant ?  
 Quis novat Historiæ vitâ meliore favillas,  
 Et Syra callidior mala nitere jubet ?

Quis pariter vafer ingenio verbisque venustis,  
     Mensa velut lautas quæ struit ampla dapes,  
 Poma ministravit, flores, formæque nitorem,  
     Regnaque gazarum quidquid Eoa parant ?  
 Illi perpetuas dant verna rosaria frondes,  
     Vivacesque comas nulla resolvit hyems ;  
 Molle fluens placidos ubi Musa reponit olores,  
     Ceu prope Bendimarum, dat philomela sonos.  
 Ille simul cessat comitari Peridas, agris  
     Verba super patriis nobiliora canit,  
 Indefessa velut, libratis altius alis,  
     Mane super nido cantat alanda suo.—  
 Ergo inter dominos manes decus ille meretur,  
     Queis vetus imperium mors abolere nequit ;  
 Heroumque comes divorum, sumit honores  
     Quos tribuit vati Scotica terra suo.  
 Ut neque Caltonis juvenem modo montibus illum  
     Jure Caledoniæ gentis adorat amor,  
 Ast ubicunque procul pleno de fonte redundans  
     Scotorum patrias robur adauxit opes ;  
 Utque, novis ubicunque fremunt clamoribus urbes,  
     Cantorem celebrat plurima lingua suum,  
 Æternisque sonat numeris præceperit olim  
     Quidquid amor patriæ, quidquid amica Venus ;  
 Sic ubi consurgunt Eblanæ mœnia matris,  
     Mœnia formosi marmore tuta sinus,



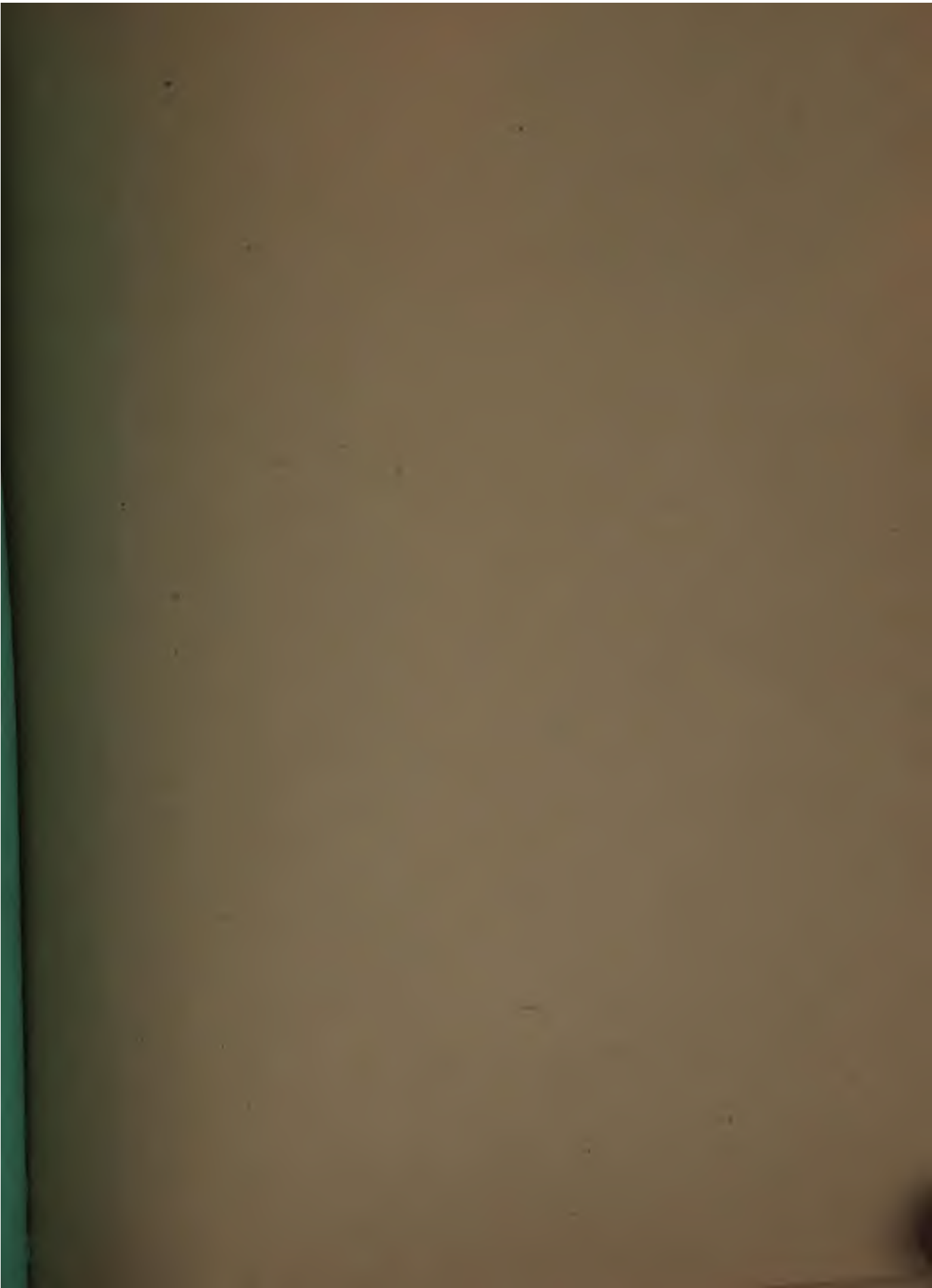
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