

John Boyle O'Reilly

Of noble minds and noble hearts

Old Ireland has goodly store;

But thou wert still the noblest son

That e'er the Isle of Erin bore.

A generous race, and strong to dare,

With hearts as true as purest gold,

With hands to soothe as well as strike,

As generous as they are bold, —

This is the race thou lovedst so;

And knowing them, I can but know

The glory thy whole being felt

To think, to act, to be, the Celt!

Not Celt alone, America

Her arms about thee hath entwined;

The noblest traits of each grand race

In thee were happily combined.

As sweet of song as strong of speech,

Thy great heart beat in every line.

No narrow partisan wert thou;

The cause of all oppressed was thine!

The world is cruel still and cold,

But who can doubt thy life has told?

Though wrong and sorrow still are rife

Old Earth is better for thy life!