The Queen's Visit

I.

Rise, wretched Erin, from thy children's graves,
   No longer, prostrate, let thy sorrows flow;
Thy grief offends — it is not meet that slaves
   Should thus indulge 'the luxury of woe';
Up, and obey the brutal Whig's behest,
   Thy guardian cool contempt, or sneers but ill suppress.

Wipe from thy pallid brow the damps of death;
   Conceal thy garb of wretchedness and woe;
Exchange the cypress for a rosy wreath.
   And o'er thy squalor festal garments throw —
 Suppress the bursting sod, and clothe, the while,
   Thy ghastly features with a hollow smile.

Then, while gaunt famine decimates thy sons —
   Famine, thy masters could, but would not, stay —
Go, join the pageant of the mighty ones,
   Shine at their revels, gayest of gay;
 And show a shuddering world, with what disgrace,
   Contented slavery stamps the human race.

Rhymes for the Landlord

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON

1. Eviction

Long years their cabin stood
   Out on the moor;
More than one sorrow-brood
   Passed through their door;
Ruin them over-cast,
   Worse than the wintry blast;
Famine's plague followed fast:
   God help the poor!

Dying, or living here —
   Which is the worse?