Ireland.

By Landor, Walter Savage .

Ireland never was contented...

Say you so? you are demented.

Ireland was contented when

All could use the sword and pen,

And when Tara rose so high

That her turrets split the sky,

And about her courts were seen

Liveried Angels robed in green,

Wearing, by Saint Patrick's bounty,

Emeralds big as half a county.