

A SONG FOR THE FUTURE.

By Captain John Mitchel (1838-1864)

From *The Irish Felon*, 1st July, 1848.

The following verses are by a young friend of ours, who has numbered exactly nine years! We give them as we received them: -

This land of ours shall soon be free,
From the river Foyle to the river Lee,
And the suffering Irish then shall see
The joys of a free Republic.

Then we can walk in a fearless band,
And hold our own fair, sunny land -
Yea! down to the smallest grain of sand,
'Neath the sway of a free Republic.

Then Irishmen may claim their right,
By the force of her Great Men's soul and might,
And soar to a grand and skiey height,
'Neath the sway of a free Republic.

THE FELON.

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