

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

By Thomas Moore.

AIR—*Open the door.*

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died:
They were all that to life had entwin'd him:
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow:
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow.