The Irish Exiles Love - song lyrics

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THE IRISH EXILES LOVE.

With pensive eyes she passed the church.
And up the leafy woodland came,
Until she reached "the silver birch
Where long ago be carved her name.
And oh! she sighed as soft she kissed,
With loving lips, that gentle tree.
"Alone, Alone, I keep the tryst;
Return to Ireland, love, and me.
Return, Columbia's realm afar,
Where year by year your feet delay.
We cannot match for moon or star,
By silver night or golden day.

Her birds are brighter far of wing,
A richer luster lights her flow'rs;
Yet still they say no bird can sing,
Or blossom breathe as meet us ours.
Return! her levin flushes dire
Affright not here.
We never know her awful, rushing prairie fire,
The silent horror of her snow.
Return! her heart is wise and bold,
Her borders beautiful and free;
Yet still the New is not the Old,
Return to Ireland, love, and me.