

forced a broad to roam, To leave with grief old Ire - land, my

espress:
own, dear na - tive home! I was driven from my coun - try, where

oft in boy-hood's hours I stood a - mong the bat-tle-ments of

ritard: *a tempo.*

ritard:
ruined halls and towers, Where oft a - mid her verdant fields full

a tempo.