
Irish Mist and Sunshine

'Tis there now I'd be, for my heart is ever
there,

Where Tippreary and Kilkenny plains
stretch out

Where the rival Gaels are dashing, and the
stalwart hurlers' clashing

Is heard above the throng's great shout.

Ah fair is Killarney, where the smile of God is
seen

But when this life is ended and dust with dust
And dear to me thy woodlands Glenmalure
is blended

Let me rest by the sweet river Suir.