

SHANAGOLDEN.



PATHETIC memories cluster, round
 That name melodious and precious ;
 Its soil to me is sacred ground,
 My heart lies in its shamrock meshes.
 When life was like a fairy tale
 To music set of elf-harps olden,
 Was passed in the enchanted vale,
 Beloved Shanagolden.

The angels of the saintly isle
 Played with me there in life's sweet morning ;
 Hands without stain, hearts without guile,
 All sin and selfish sorrow scorning :
 The black bird in some hawthorn brake
 Sang not more blithely, when, beholden
 To thee, he sang for they love's sake,
 Delightful Shanagolden.

The thrushes yet lilt merrily
 Where Deel thro' glen and grove meanders ;
 The mother says "*avic machree*" ;
 The lover with his *colleen* wanders ;
 The neighbors *coshers*, kind and true ;—
 But in a far land and a cold one
 I sit and sing laments for you,
 Mavourneen Shanagolden.

E. C. M. T.

