

## KILLARNEY

**F**AIR Erin's guardian Spirit lingers here  
Beneath the shadow of these purple hills:  
She sings beside those ever-brimming rills,  
And mirrors in those lakes the smile and tear;  
Here, hand-in-hand with Beauty, all the year,  
She answers back sweet Echo's voice that thrills  
Th' impassioned dawn, when Erin's music fills  
The vales with sounds that haunt th' enraptured  
ear!

Long have her songs to minor chords been set,  
And sadness was their theme; but now no more  
Shall past defeats her bouyant spirit fret,  
Or clouds oppress her from the night of yore;  
But, like Killarney's waters glad and free,  
Her soul shall leap to meet the years to be!