

Then Mary, treasure of my life—
How sweet her modest grace!
My timid lamb, she left me too
The hard world-winds to face.
Poor child, her heart was broken soon
With all the strange land's care;
They laid her by her brother's side
Far, far from Old Kenmare.

Now ever to my anguished soul
Their dying voices reach,
I hear them in the waves that roll
And sob along the beach.
I listen and the crooning winds
Those last love-whispers bear
To me, their mother, waiting lone
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

Sweet Mother of the Crucified,
Thy woes were greater far,
To thee an earthly mother prays
Who art the Ocean's Star.
Thou standing by the awful Cross,
O strengthen me to bear
My sorrow swelling like the sea
By the Head of Old Kenmare.