
Irish Mist and Sunshine

By rich flowery fields of the pleasant golden
vale

By broken Norman tower and hamlet white
The waters of the Suir saddest bosom would
allure

As they dance in the sun's mellow light.

The winds croon and sob thro' ruined abbey
walls

Low music floats from every fairy-mound
And weird, haunting rhymes of long-forgotten
times

In the flowing of the Suir resound.

In cool, sheltered glens where glossy hazels
nod

The wild linnet thrills a joyful lay
The thrush and blackbird singing, sweetest
melodies are flinging

Thro' brier-scented groves all day.