

A LEGEND OF LOUGH NEAGH.

THE legend runs that in olden day
In the time of fairy might,
When every hill had its chosen fay,
And every rath and ruin gray,
Had its goblin or its sprite.

A minstrel strolled by the moon-lit shore,
At the quiet even hour;
With the sound of his harp would his spirit soar,
While he chanted the lays of his country o'er,
The lays of her pride and power.

But rude were the songs which the minstrel sung,
Nor sweet was their melody,
For though in baronial halls they rung,
And counted their hearers the kings among,
Music was in its infancy.

One even the sun had sunk to rest
With a golden glory crowned;
The ripples but lightly stirred Lough Neagh's breast,
Her mirroring waters the leaves caressed,
And silence reigned around.

The bard as he walked by the flowing tide
Saw the silver crescent rise,
And her pale, soft beams shoot far and wide,
O'er placid lake, o'er mountain side,
Through the azure of the skies.

As he swept the chords to some ancient lay,
Strange sounds struck on his ear;
They seemed to ascend from far away,
Deep down below where the ripples play
On the pebbles bright and clear.