

ON KENMARE HEAD

An Irish Ballad

Sweet Mother of the Crucified
Be nigh to aid me now.
My old eyes view the sad gray sea
Beyond the cliff's high brow;
The wide, gray sea that sullenly
Beats on the black rocks bare,
The while I moan, bereft and lone,
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

O bitter day I lost for aye
The dear ones of my soul!
And cruel sea!—twixt them and me
How broad and bleak you roll!
Two graves are lying far away
With none to kneel in pray'r—
And I, their mother, weeping here
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

My Owen left our cabin door
A dreary winter day,
"Full quick I'll send ye gold galore
The heavy rent to pay."
Mo nuar!* 'twas the killing word
They wrote from over there,—
"He's dying and his love he sends
To those in Old Kenmare."

**Mo nuar*—My sorrow! alas!