

Across the starry spangled sky slow steals the silvery moon,
 The fiddler rasps his resined bow and plays a merry tune;
 "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" makes fit strain for Irish feet,
 When by "The Keelrow" followed fast we think the "set" complete.
 The girls—the rogues!—in tiny brogues
 An anchorite would lure,
 If haply he their charms might see
 While dancing by the Suir.

When "Father Dan," by fortune led, is guided to the scene
 He wastes no wonder on the sight, nor censures the gay scene;
 But lightly laughs and softly says: "God bless ye, girls and boys!
 Should there be weddings after this, they'll cause me no surprise."
 The God of Love keeps watch above
 Each lad and maiden pure,
 Who strolls away at close of day
 To dance beside the Suir.

Remembrance brings me many joys, but one I hold divine;
 It thrills my throbbing senses like deep draughts of mellow wine;
 However dark the present care, one fancy makes it light,
 It is the glimpse I catch of home in visions of the night!
 They never fail in calm or gale—
 Those gleams all bliss secure—
 That show to me in memory
 Loved dancers by the Suir.

MAURICE W. CASEY.

