

IRISH ABBEYS

Dear ruins of the glorious Past
I gaze on ye with tearful eyes,
Your bare walls open to the skies
Your chancels echoing to the blast

Adare and Mellifont and Cong
Dunbrody by the rapid Nore
Within your cloisters now no more
Sound matin-prayer and Vesper-song

The ivy clothes ye with its green
To hide each cruel rent and scar
O'er lintel-stone and fretted bar
It flings alike a sheltering screen

'Ah! lone are ye in bright midday
When sunlight searches niche and floor—
Regardful of God's shrine of yore
The pious peasant kneels to pray

'And lone are ye when night-winds blow
And thro' the sculptured archway steals
The pale moonlight that half reveals
The *Banshee's* face, betokening woe