

BY FAIR KILLARNEY'S STRAND.

I.

Well, that heat, thirst and headache could torture one so—
I dreamed not in former years—
When one's pulse is aglow, when one's brain and one's brow
The fire of the fever sears,—
When again and again, though the thought brings pain,
I long for the lost home-land,
And the joys that are fled with the days that are dead
By fair Killarney's strand!
With the sunny days now dark and dead
By fair Killarney's strand!

II.

Oh, golden and glorious time
For love and song and carouse!
Oh, ghosts of Happiness, crowned sublime,
With saddest of cypress boughs!
Oh, period of smiles and wine—
Two things it is hard to withstand,
And that turned my head in the days that are dead
By fair Killarney's strand!
In the pleasant days long lost and dead
By fair Killarney's strand!

III.

Vain complainers are those
Who lament for the lost happy hours!
In this wine stream of amber and rose
Live the spring and the flowers,—
Lives the love in this magical stream!
Will it kindle again at command?
Ah, but feebly instead of the flame that has fled
By fair Killarney's strand!
Ah, but faintly instead of the fire that is dead
By fair Killarney's strand!

C. PELHAM MULVANY.