

THE BRIDGE OF ORMONDE

(A Ballad of Kilkenny)

Ormonde's castle stones are high
Ormonde's brazen gates are grand
Rich is the Lord of Ormonde, why
Coveted he my cot and land?

Steady and clear the river flows
Under the Bridge of Ormonde
Out with the flood my spirit goes
Far from the shades of Ormonde
I see the home was once mine own
Desolate now its cold hearth-stone
Barren the fields and weed-o'er-grown
Stamped with the curse of Ormonde.

"Rent or the land"! they said that day
And drove us out on the bleak highway
I cannot rest and I cannot pray
Cursing the greed of Ormonde.

Proudly above Kilkenny town
Tower the walls of Ormonde
I wander up and I wander down
Over the Bridge of Ormonde.