All lived in peace, there was no sort
Of prey or plunder, feud or fight;
There was no need of any court —
Their hearts contained the law of right.

For gold or silver no one cared, Yet want and woe were never near; All had enough, and richly fared, And none desired his neighbour's gear.

Love, pity, and good-will were spread Among the people everywhere; From where the morning rises red To where the evening shineth fair, When all the birds in Gaelic sang.