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# The Winding Banks of Feale.

*Composed by the late John Francis Broderick,  
Knocknasna, Abbeyfeale.*

## I

I am here in New York city this blessed Christmas Day  
But Oh, the ache that's in my heart for my homeland far away.  
That homeland dear I loved so well where my thoughts do oftentimes steal  
To that dear old town of high renown by the winding banks of Feale.

## II

The Feale you know, it rises in distant Knockánbawn;  
It flows through hills and valleys bedecked with ceannabhán;  
It flows through Cork and Kerry and through Limerick it doth steal  
Passed that dear old town of high renown by the winding banks of Feale.

## III

It's well that I should tell you how that river got its name.  
A princess bathed in that stream and hid herself for shame  
As she espied a man beside its grassy banks conceal,  
She gave her name to the river there and the town of Abbeyfeale.

## IV

It was the angler's paradise from Fealesbridge to the Castle  
As they would ply the rod and line those waters gently lashing  
To play the silvery salmon as the Angelus would peal  
O'er that dear old town of high renown by the winding banks of Feale.

## V

Purt Castle too came next in view beside the railway line  
Where fought and fell as histories tell the princely Geraldine;  
The foeman marks are on it still, I know they'll never heal  
By that dear old town of high renown on the winding banks of Feale.

## VI

I long to hear the cuckoo's call through Moynsha's leafy glade  
Or climb again Criall's steep cliffs to court some comely maid  
Or the Band to play on Sunday when some marshall air would peal  
O'er that dear old town of high renown by the winding banks of Feale.

*Cont..*



VII

Is the wood still growing in Glenashrone as in the days now gone?  
'Twas there the stage coach was brought to grief by the famous Daneen Dan  
Where the English oft pursued him with right-fire and steel  
From his dear old town of high renown by the winding banks of Feale.

VIII

The Square displays a monument to a sagart loyal and true,  
Who always fought for liberty and dear-loved Róisín Dhú.  
To save the peasants homestead, he worked with all his zeal  
And drove the landlords from the banks of the winding river Feale.

VIII

The football team I mention next for the battles oft they fought  
But the men that made our history should never be forgot,  
Who fought the Saxon foeman when the rifle shots did peal  
O'er that dear old town of high renown by the winding banks of Feale.

X

They were John and Larry Ellen and the 'Johnston' brave and true,  
The Collins' brothers Denis and Jim, who proved what men could do,  
Brave-hearted Danny Murphy not forgetting Sergeant Dan  
And Jimmy Joy, the powerful boy, Gerry Moloney and Patey John.

XI

There were others too, the list's quite long to mention all by name  
Who defied the British presence no matter how it came  
They left their kith and kindred to fight for Granuaille  
And that dear old town of high renown by the winding banks of Feale.

XII

You've heard of famous rivers, Shannon, Boyne and Erne  
And if the the Lord will prosper me to the Fealeside I'll return.  
I'll own a happy homestead where the Autumn winds will steal  
And one day to lay in a bed of clay by the winding banks of Feale.

