

Both those poems were later set to very nice airs and are still been sung in the locality.

Owen Bresnan was a well educated man. As well as writing poems and contributing to journals he used his pen to help people get a bit of divided land at that time, or any other entitlements people might have.

He was also a noted cow doctor and often assisted the neighbours with their problems at calving time. Vets were practically unknown at the time so Owen was very much in demand.

Owen Bresnan is buried in his beloved Teampall Nua in that churchyard by Lough Gur romantic shore.

THE MAID OF LOUCH GUR

*There was a maiden fair and young
But I can't tell ye her name
She lived down by sweet Loch Gur's side
That noted place of fame
Where Desmond's castles towering high
Where knights and chiefs did reside
I'd long to stay with that maiden gay
Down by sweet Loch Gur's side*

*This angel bright, her step is light
As Knockainy's fairy Queen
Who dances in the sunbeam's light
All dressed in gold and green
No fairy lass like my cailin deas
In her heart you could confide
I'd forever stray with that maiden gay
Down by sweet Loch Gur's side*

*When summer comes the cuckoo's note
Is heard from tree to tree
The lark sings soaring to the sky
And the thrush notes merrily
The feathered throng has no tune or song
Nor the harp in all its pride
As the charming lay that this maiden gay
Sings by sweet Loch Gur's side*

*Her hair is fair, I do declare
Her eye with love shines bright
The apple blush in on her cheek
Her skin like snowy white
No maiden fair e'er can compare
From the Shannon to the Clyde
With this lovely queen, mild and genteel
Who lives by Loch Gur's side*

*She loves old Ireland true and well
As any girl I've seen
She loves the bold true Fenian Boys
Who fought neath the flag of green
If I could steal her heart away -
She has my soul annoyed -
It's then I'd stray with that maiden gay
Down by sweet Loch Gur's side.*

*Loch Gur it is a charming place
Where strangers come to view
The romantic hills and valleys fair
And the sunny waters blue*

*Where Desmond spurs his enchanted steed -
Through the shimmering waters wide
I'd long to stray with that maiden fair
Down by sweet Loch Gur's side.*