



The men of Park

By Richard Ross-Lewin

Shadows of evening softly fall
 On tower and spire, cathedral wall.
 Sons of the earth, of toil and moil,
 Delving and digging the deep rich soil,
 Patiently working from dawn till dark,
 Such are the lives of the men of Park.

I've passed them by in the early day,
 When the city folk in their slumbers lay,
 When the dew shone white on the grassy lawn,
 And the cocks 'gan crow at the rising dawn,
 And the blithe notes rang from the soaring lark,
 And there at their work were the men of Park.

And when at even the vesper bell
 Is tolling, tolling o'er brake and dell,
 And the birds are speeding their homeward flight
 Seeking for cover ere gath'ring night,
 Out in the gardens you still may mark
 The toiling, moiling men of Park.

Oh! say not our sons are an idle race -
 Thriftless, shiftless, lazy and base,
 Industries start to keep them at home,
 Never again from their isle to roam,
 And stay their flight in the emigrant bark,
 To work for their homes like the men of Park.

Alas! too many afar have flown
 From the older city and Treaty Stone,
 Away far over the ocean tide
 In foreign land where waves divide,
 Where the strange streams flow yet they fain would hark,
 To old Shannon's voice, like the men of Park.

No time for politics labouring there
 Neath those lovely, lonely hills of Clare,
 Ever and always they seem content,
 For hearth, and home, and a well-earned rent,
 And rest but comes when they're stiff and stark,
 To the sturdy, homely men of Park.