

THE NIGHTWALKER

'Twas in the blooming month of May,
When woods and fields are green;
When early, at the dawn of day,
The skylark sings, unseen;
A gallant brig, with swelling sails,
Weighed anchor by our strand,
With convicts from poor Erin's vales,
Bound for Van Diemen's Land.

Slow down old Shannon's silent tide,
By favouring breezes borne,
I saw the royal fabric glide,
Dim in the twilight morn;
When sadly o'er the shining flood
Those accents reached the shore,
'Adieu, adieu! my own green wood
I ne'er shall see thee more!

Ye furze-clad hills, the briery dells,
Now waking to the dawn—
Ye streams, whose lonesome murmur
swells
Across the silent lawn—
Ye snow-white cots that sweetly smile
Along the peaceful shore,
Adieu, adieu! my own green isle,
I ne'er shall see thee more.

Oh, had my tongue a trumpet's force,
To rouse yon slumbering vale,
That I might make the echo hoarse,
With my unhappy tale;
That I might wake each sleeping
friend,

To hear my parting moan,
And, weeping o'er my luckless end,
Be watchful for his own.



When far Van Diemen's sunbeams soon
Upon my head shall fall,
How shall I miss at toilsome noon
My Mary's cheerful call!
When, standing on the distant stile,
She poured the summons clear,
Or met me with that happy smile
That made our threshold dear!

We left the cot — The storm had sunk
Upon the midnight wild,
And, bright against each leafless
trunk,
The fitting moonbeam smiled.
We hurried down by copse and rill,
By cliff and mountain gorge,
Till, close by Shanid's lonesome hill,
We reached the village forge.

Dark, silent, lone, the hovel seemed,
And cloaked each tiny pane,
Yet oft from chinks a red ray streamed
Across the gloomy plain;
And smothered voices heard within
Came doubtful on the ear,
As when a merry festal din
Is hushed in sudden fear.

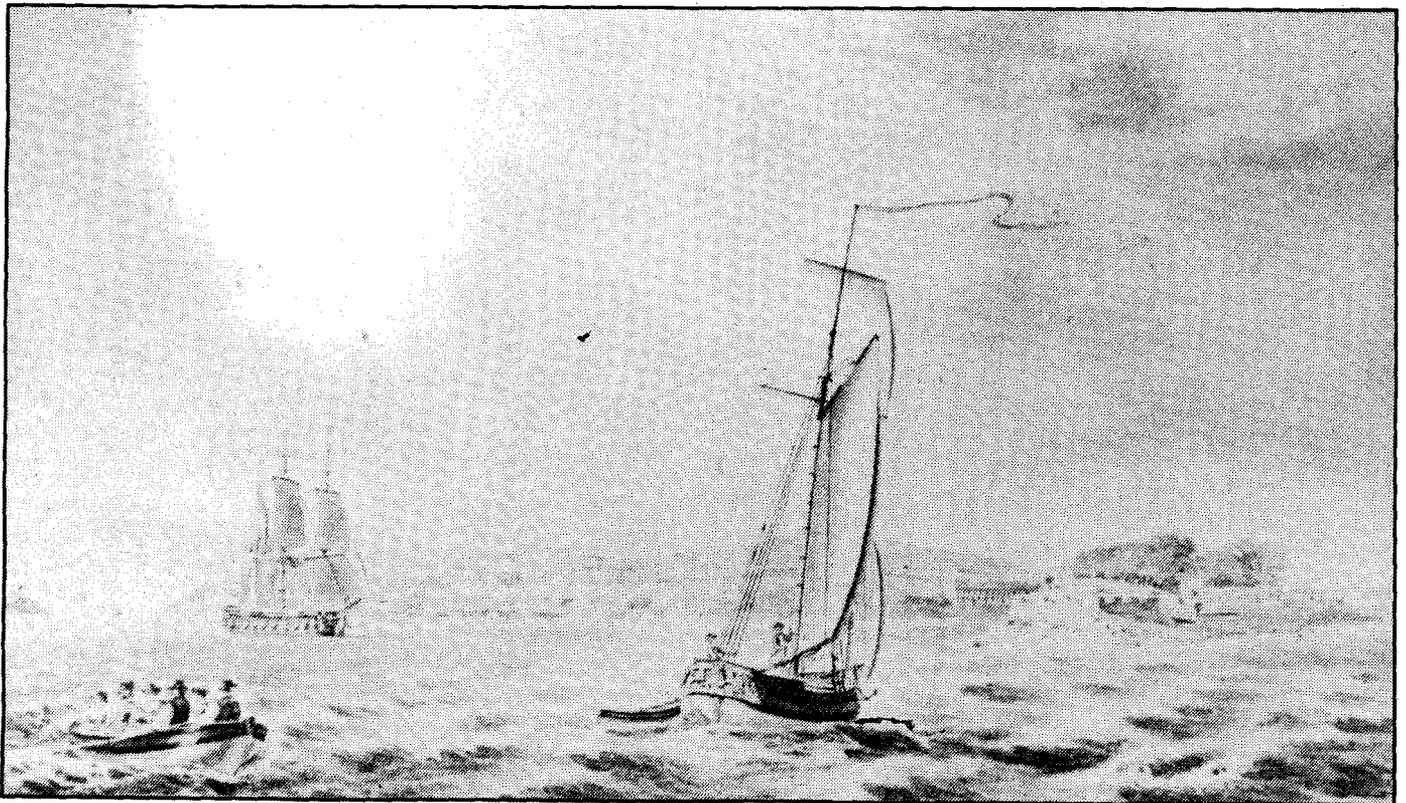
BY GERALD GRIFFIN



'Oh, you who bless these dawning
skies
In yon receding vales,
Take warning from my parting sighs,
And from those swelling sails!
To answer crime with crime is worse
Than tamely to endure;
And even for black oppression's curse
Dark treason is no cure.

Farewell, farewell! ye distant hills
With many a garden gay!
Ye waving groves and gushing rills
That hail the rising day!
Ye hills of Clare, with vapours hoar,
Ringmoylan's leafy dells;
And thou, oh, wild, sea-beaten shore,
Where many a kinsman dwells!

He sung, while o'er the darkening
stream
Fresh came the wakening gale,
And, fading like a morning dream,
I heard his parting wail—
'Farewell, ye cots, that sweetly smile
Along the peaceful shore!
Farewell, farewell, my own green isle!
I ne'er shall see thee more'.



The Shannon Estuary, between Glin and Tarbert.