



Gerald Griffin

old times

Old times! old times! the gay old times!
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree,
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand;
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale;
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times! old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain;
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,

And sing the gay old times!
Old times! old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill;
The sally waving o'er my head
Still sweetly shades my frame,
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm;
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!
Old times! old times!

GERALD GRIFFIN