

On the banks of the Shannon

By Patrick Stanley Sheehan

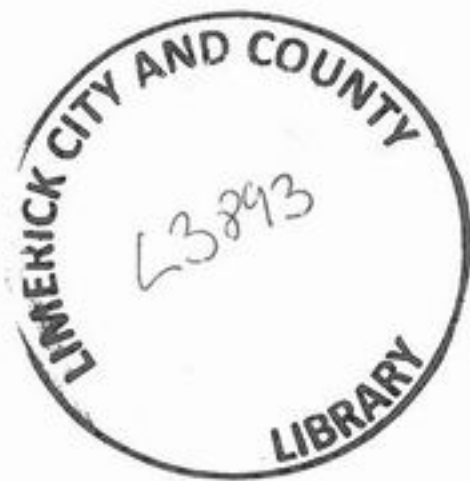
(a butcher with a genius for poetry)

Oh! come with me down by the Shannon's side,
And I'll show you where the grey gull makes her nest;
Where the fisher pulls against the ebbing tide,
And the blood-red sun sinks down into the west.

The hills that rise beyond the misty trees,
The eagle's eerie pierces through the clouds;
Old memories come floating back to me
Of friends I knew, from out their tattered shrouds.

That crumbling pile that stands on yonder rock
Was once the famous castle of the lights;
Its massive walls withstood the battle's shock –
What deeds of valour done by gallant knights!

Yon churchyard holds no record of their fame,
No trace you'll find upon the crumbling stone;
Unsung, unhonoured are their glorious names,
And Time's devastating hands have scattered all their bones.



941.94