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From Matt Hyland

## SWEET ADARE

by Gerald Griffin

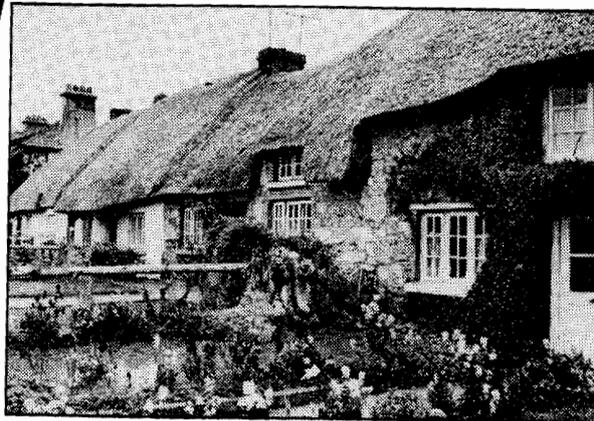
*Oh, sweet Adare! oh, lovely vale!  
 Oh, soft retreat of sylvan splendour.  
 Nor summer sun, nor morning gale  
 E'er hailed a scene more softly tender  
 How shall I tell the thousand charms,  
 Within thy verdant bosom dwelling,  
 When lulled in Nature's fostering arms,  
 Soft peace abides and joy excelling?*

*Ye morning airs, how sweet at dawn  
 The slumbering boughs your song awaken;  
 Or, lingering o'er the silent lawn,  
 With odour of the harebell taken.  
 Thou rising sun, how richly gleams  
 Thy smile from far Knockfierna's mountain  
 O'er waving woods and bounding streams,  
 And many a grove and glancing fountain.*

*Ye clouds of noon, how freshly there,  
 When summer heats the open meadows,  
 O'er parled hill and valley fair,  
 All coolly lie your veiling shadows.  
 Ye rolling shades and vapours gray,  
 Slow creeping o'er the golden heaven,  
 How soft ye seal the eye of day,  
 And wreath the dusky brow of even.*

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*Where glides the Maigue as silver clear,  
 Among the elms so sweetly flowing,  
 There fragrant in the early year,  
 Wild roses on the banks are blowing,  
 There, wild ducks sport on rapid wing,  
 Beneath the alder's leafy awning,  
 And sweetly there the small birds sing,  
 When daylight on the hill is drawing.*



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*In sweet Adare, the jocund spring  
 His notes of odorous joy is breathing,  
 The wild birds in the woodland sing,  
 The wild flowers in the vale are breathing.  
 There winds the Maigue, as silver clear,  
 Among the elms so sweetly flowing –  
 There fragrant in the early year,  
 While roses on the banks are blowing.*

*The wild duck seeks the sedgy bank,  
 Or dives beneath the glistening billow,  
 Where graceful droop and clustering dank  
 The osier bright and rustling willow;  
 The hawthorn scents the leafy dale,  
 In thicket lone the stag is belling,  
 And sweet along the echoing vale  
 The sound of vernal joy is swelling.*

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*Ah, sweet Adare; ah, lovely vale!  
 Ah, pleasant haunt of sylvan splendour;  
 Nor summer sun, nor moonlight pale  
 E'er saw a scene more softly tender.  
 There through the wild woods echoing arms  
 Triumphant notes of joy were swelling,  
 When, safe returned from war's alarms,  
 Young Hyland reached his native dwelling.*

