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?

The morning airs, how sweet at dawn
The slumbering boughs your song awaken;
Or, lingering o'er the silent lawn.
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 heeds the open meadows,
O'er parceled 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.

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 leafover awning,
And sweetly there the small birds sing,
When daylight on the hill is drawing.

In sweet Adare, the joyful spring
His notes of odoerous 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 selgy bank,
Or dives beneath the glistening hillow,
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 sveral joy is swelling.

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.