

Scenes of Glenisland

Air: "Sweet Kelnabin"

Farewell, farewell, to dear old Glenisland,
Its mountains scenes and lakes so grand;
Your attention please now lend,
And I'll describe that sunny land.

Its woodlands streams and hills and heights,
And valleys too I know right well,
Where I seen jovial days and nights,
Where the good old neighbours dwell.

In the balmy sweet month of May,
That to us joy and gladness bring,
When natures garb is fresh and gay,
Tis there the thrush and cuckoo sing.

In the bright and sunny summer time,
'Tis sweet to ramble o'er this sunny land
Where the sheep and goat climb
Each peak and cliff so grand.

The matchless beauty of its mountains,
Where the fox and badger have their dens,
Kelhale's caves and Dugera's fountains,
Beltra's cliffs and lonely glens.

A fine summer's evening the heights of Cruckmor
Would delight you there for to stand,
To view the noble lake's shore,
The waters reflecting the mountains grand.
Mucknaugh's shore and vale so green

It's green leafy bowers I'd fondly rove
And view each wild cliff and scene,
Of lake woodland and grove.
The mystic Blackrock seem to cast
O'er the river and old woods a frown.
Neath the raths of ancient renown.
In dreams I oft ramble to dear old Killeen
Where neighbours and dear friends are at rest,
On that river bank so green,
In hallowed ground that's blessed.
I sometimes ramble by that riverside,
And for the neighbours and friends I knew,
I fondly thought of them and sighed,
Adieu to that riverside, adieu.

T Cadden, Castlebar.

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