

In Tír-na'n-Og,

Summer and spring go hand in hand, and in the radiant weather
Brown autumn leaves and winter snow come floating down together.

The sagans sway this way and that; the twisted fern uncloses,
The quicken-berry hides its red above the tender roses,
The blackbird lilts; the robin chirps; the linnet wearies never,
They pipe to dancing feet of Sidhe and thus shall pipe for ever.

All in a drift of apple-blooms my true love there is roaming,
He will not come although I pray from dawning until gloaming.

The *Sidhe* desired my Heart's Delight, they lured him from my keeping,
He stepped within a fairy ring while all the world was sleeping.

He hath forgotten hill and glen where misty shadows gather,
The bleating of the mountain sheep, the cabin of his father.

He wanders in a happy dream thro' scented golden hours;
He flutes, to woo a fairy love, knee deep in fairy flowers.

No memory hath he of my face, no sorrow for my sorrow,
My flax is spun, my wheel is hushed, and so I wait the morrow.