

But in the summer time we'd climb the steep hillside;
Talk of Knockainey, Cromwell, or Knockroe;
Hills whose familiar lore our cravings satisfied,
And whose legends all the story-tellers knew.
Or races we would run down in the shaky bog,
Where each mishap we joyfully would greet;
Or wager we could hold by his greasy tail a hog,
Near the little old thatched cabin down the street.

Such memories the years will ne'er obliterate;
Unchanged the hill and village still remain:
The dear old schoolhouse and the playground by the
gate,

The forge and the chapel and the lane.
But of the seanachies, there scarcely is left one
That cheered our youthful hours, we'll ever meet,
Who would tell us of Owen Roe and the battles that
he won,
In the little old thatched cabin down the street.

