

## SONG,

FOR AN IRISH AIR.

COME, form we round a cheerful ring  
And broach the foaming ale,  
And let the merry maiden sing,  
The beldame tell her tale.

And let the sightless harper sit  
The blazing faggot near ;  
And let the jester vent his wit,  
The nurse her bantling cheer.

Who shakes the door with angry din,  
And would admitted be ?  
No, Gossip Winter ! snug within,  
We have no room for thee.

Go scud it o'er Killarney's lake,  
And shake the willows bare,  
Where water-elves their pastime take,  
Thou'llt find thy comrades there.

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Will-o'-the-wisp skips in the dell,  
The owl hoots on the tree,  
They hold their nightly vigil well,  
And so the while will we.

Then strike we up the rousing glee,  
And pass the beaker round,  
Till every head, right merrily  
Is moving to the sound.

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