

A SONG,

WRITTEN FOR AN IRISH MELODY.

His boat comes on the sunny tide,
And briskly moves the flashing oar,
The boatmen carol by his side,
And blythely near the welcome shore.

How softly Shannon's currents flow,
His shadow in the stream I see;
The very waters seem to know,
Dear is the freight they bear to me.

His eager bound, his hasty tread,
His well-known voice I'll shortly hear;
And oh, those arms so kindly spread!
That greeting smile! that manly tear!

In other
My love
I saw
To Sha

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ISH MELODY.

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side,
lcome shore.

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I see;

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shortly hear;
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A SONG.

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In other lands, when far away,
My love with hope did never twain;
I saw him thus, both night and day,
To Shannon's banks returned again.

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