

The Winding River Roe

Cara Dillon

Some poets sing of a noble king,
Or of a sweetheart fair.
Some tell a tale of ships that sail
With treasures rich and rare.
But my humble pen still drifts again
To scenes of long ago;
Across the sea to the Benedy
And the winding river roe.

Right well do I remember now
Those happy childhood days.
And the times I had when just a lad,
On Carn's lovely braes.
And when my mind is thus inclined
No other joys I know,
For my heart remains on the verdant plains
Near the winding river roe.

Benbradagh's crown o'er Dungiven town,
Is still within my view
And the Benedy glen I worshiped then
Still lives in memory too.
The beautiful scene of Cashel Green
Still haunts wherever I go.
And in all my dreams, I see it seems
The winding river roe.

If fortunes smiles on me awhile,
I would cross the sea again,
And all these years of toil and tears
Will be forgotten then.
And when at last my life has passed,
Contentedly I'll go across the sea
To the Benedy
And the winding river roe.