

## Carrig River

As I roved out one evening in the pleasant month of May  
It was down by Carrig River I carelessly did stray  
The hawthorn and sweet briar they would your heart illumine  
And the rippling of the water when the fraughans were in bloom

I do remember long ago when together we did roam  
Through the lovely dells of Carrig where the woodcock makes his home  
Where all nature it seems smiling along each rocky side  
And the silvery stream flows down between to join the Slaney tide

It's oft times that with vain regrets we think of things we've seen  
We have lived the past but can't forget and mourn what might have been  
As we strolled along, the sweet bird's song was ringing in the sky  
O'er the lonely graves of Carrig where our '98 men lie

We oft times go to view the place where our comrades they do lie  
Where oft we joined in harmless sport in days now long gone by  
Our hearts were young we knew no care as through the fields we strayed  
But in vain that they have passed away where oft times we had played

The thoughts of you sweet Carrig are constant in my mind  
I have roamed this wide world over your equal I can't find  
Your lofty trees and waterfalls it's them I do adore  
So fare thee well sweet Carrig adieu forever more

