

## Steve McClintock

### "Lough Graney"

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On the banks of Lough Graney, saw the paster inviting  
me  
I heard the ghosts of kings and queens whispering my  
name  
I thought I'd blink it all away, surely it could never stay  
But still the hunts of yesterday, stood proud before my  
eyes

Something had me in its spell, my hands and feet were  
frozen still  
And what it was I couldn't tell, that captive there I was  
Forward came the granded steed, righteous shown of  
dignity  
And on this mouny was indeed a power to behold

He offered me a kingly hand and in his steel gray eyes  
I saw the man  
That showed me how to love the land and make our  
living my home  
To whatever brought me here, we'd hope or need or  
fear  
I offered thanks and said a prayer that this will always  
be

At last the future is taking hold and every dream will  
soon unfold  
My love and I will just grow old on the banks of Lough  
Graney  
On the banks of Lough Graney

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