

Deante "The Benedy Glen"

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Through Benedy Glen oft at eve have I wandered
With a heart that is lighter than the dew of the morn
Her heather-clad mountains and clear crystal fountains
Delightful to view by the light of the dawn

I see her green hills and swift-running streamlets
Eternally flowing right on to the sea
By her side I lie down on a bank of blue violets
And it's murmuring and gurgling are music to me

In far foreign lands oft do her sons wander
By Niagara Falls or the Prairie Grand
Where nature is seen both majestic and savage
But their hearts are at home in their dear native land

They long to return to the banks of the Lena
The Roe and it's branches on every side
Where there lies brave Coeey, that once-mighty
chieftain
Who once 'gainst the Saxon defended with pride

Her daughters are fair and her sons, they are gallant
They scorn the tyrant, the serf or the slave
Their rights they maintain at the point of the bayonet
With an arm that is strong and a heart that is brave

In an abbey not far from the town of Dungiven
Their spirit hovers over that once much-loved soil
Where there lies brave Coeey, that once-mighty
chieftain
Who commanded of yore from the Bann to the Foyle

His statue disfigured by base alien mongrels
His name oft impaired by unscrupulous foes
Yet his soul shines in glory 'mid choirs of angels
As his body lies moldering on the banks of the Roe

Long may she prosper 'neath her sheltering mountains
Carntogher, Benbradagh and surrounding hills
From calamity and famine, great heaven, defend them
And grant them contentment 'neath their clear purling
rills

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