

Cara Dillon

"The Winding River Roe"

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Some poets sing of a noble king
All 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 worshipped then
Still lives in memory too
The beautiful scene of Cashel Green
Still haunts where ere I go
And in all my dreams I see it seems
The winding river Roe

If fortune smiles on me a while
I'll cross the sea again
And all those 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

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