

Steven 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 mounty 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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