

M?Av**"Silent o moyle"**

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Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose
While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night star her tale of woes

When shall the swan, her death note singing
Sleep with wings in darkness furled?
When shall Heav'n, its sweet bell ringing
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter wave weeping
Fate bids me languish long ages away
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay

When will that day star, mildly springing
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When shall Heav'n, its sweet bell ringing
Call my spirit to the fields above?
Call my spirit to the fields above?

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