

# The Winding River Roe

Cara Dillon

Some poets sing of a noble king,  
Or 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 worshiped then  
Still lives in memory too.  
The beautiful scene of Cashel Green  
Still haunts wherever I go.  
And in all my dreams, I see it seems  
The winding river roe.

If fortunes smiles on me awhile,  
I would cross the sea again,  
And all these 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.