

The QUEEN of CONNEMARA

**OH! MY BOAT CAN SAFELY FLOAT
IN THE TEETH OF WIND & WEATHER,
AND OUTRACE THE FASTEST HOOKER
BETWEEN GALWAY AND KINSALE;
WHEN THE BLACK FLOOR OF THE OCEAN
AND THE WHITE FOAM RUSH TOGETHER,
HIGH SHE RIDES, IN HER PRIDE
LIKE A SEAGULL THROUGH THE GALE!**

***OH, SHE'S NEAT! OH, SHE'S SWEET!
SHE'S A BEAUTY IN EVERY LINE!
THE QUEEN OF CONNEMARA
IS THAT BOUNDING BARQUE OF MINE.***

**WHEN SHE'S LOADED DOWN WITH FISH
TILL THE WATER LAPS THE GUNWHALE,
NOT A DROP SHE'LL TAKE ON BOARD HER
THAT WOULD WASH A FLY AWAY;
FROM THE FLEET SHE SPEEDS OUT QUICKLY
LIKE A GREYHOUND FROM HER KENNEL
TILL SHE LANDS HER SILVER STORE THE FIRST
AT OLD KINVARA QUAY**

**THERE'S A LIGHT SHINES OUT AFAR
AND IT KEEPS ME FROM DISMAYING
WHEN THE SKIES ARE INK ABOVE US
AND THE SEA RUNS WHITE WITH FOAM -
IN A COT IN CONNEMARA
THERE'S A WIFE AND WEE ONE PRAYING
TO THE ONE WHO WALKED THE WATERS ONCE
TO SEND US SAFELY HOME.**

