

## BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.\*

AIR — THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.

*Moderate time.*

By that Lake, whose gloomy Shore Sky-lark never warbles o'er, † Where the cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint

Kevin stole to sleep. "Here, at least," he calmly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed." Ah! the good Saint little knew What the

wi ly sex can do, Ah! the good Saint little knew, What the wily sex can do.

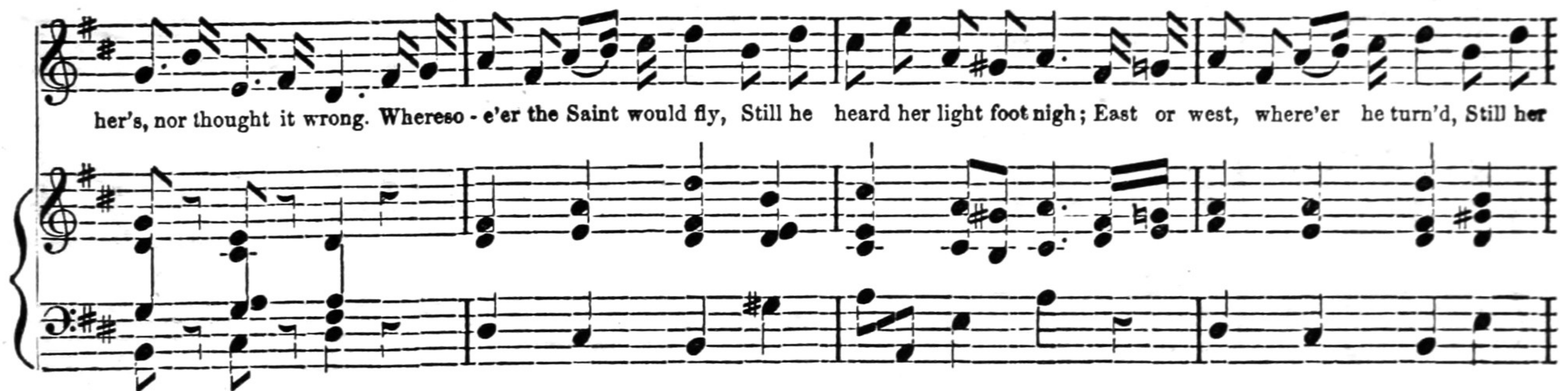
\* This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Coigan, &c.

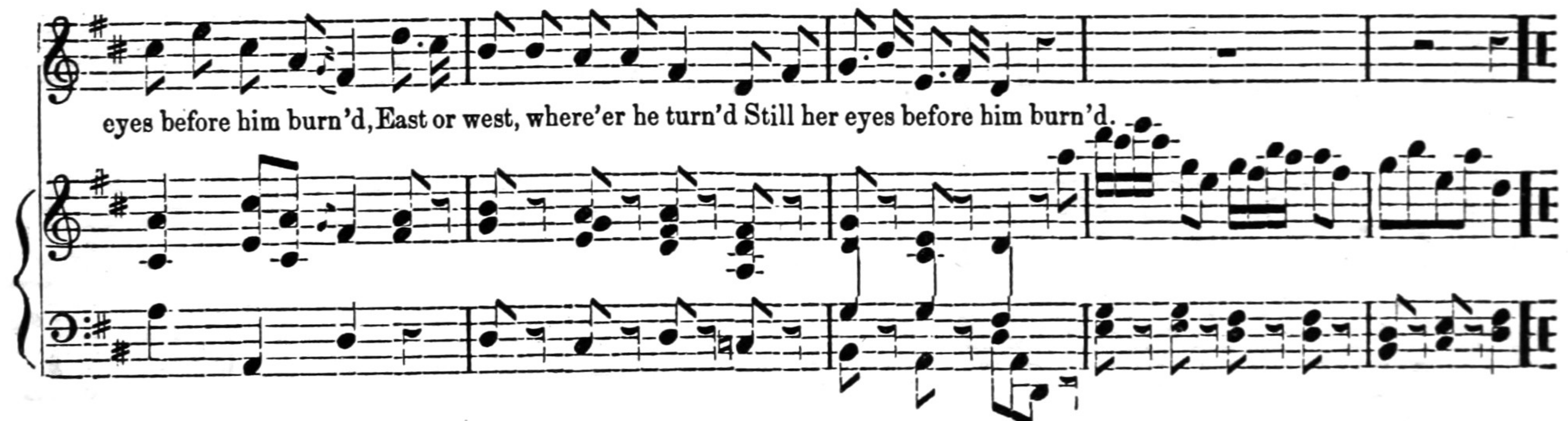




2. 'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew—Eyes of most un - ho - ly blue ! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him



her's, nor thought it wrong. Whereso - e'er the Saint would fly, Still he heard her light foot nigh; East or west, where'er he turn'd, Still her



eyes before him burn'd, East or west, where'er he turn'd Still her eyes before him burn'd.

3. On the bold cliff's bosom cast,  
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;  
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er  
Woman's smile can haunt him there.  
But nor earth or heav'n is free  
From her pow'r, if fond she be:  
Even now, while calm he sleeps,  
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.
4. Fearless she had track'd his feet  
To this rocky, wild retreat,  
And when morning met his view,  
Her mild glances met it too.

Ah ! your Saints have cruel hearts !  
Sternly from his bed he starts,  
And with rude repulsive shock,  
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

5. Glendalough, thy gloomy wave  
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave !  
Soon the Saint (yet, ah ! too late)  
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.  
When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul."  
Round the Lake light music stole;  
And her ghost was seen to glide  
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.