## Slievamon

Slievamon
(C. Kickham)

Alone, all alone, by the wave-washed strand
All alone in the crowded hall.
The hall is gay, and the waves they are grand.
But my heart is not here at all.

It flies far away, by night and by day
To the times and the joys that are gone.
And I will never forget the sweet maiden I met
In the valley near Slievenamon.

It was not the grace of her queenly aire
Nor her cheek of the rose's glow
Nor her soft black eyes, not her flowing hair
Nor was it her lily white brow,

Twas the soul of truth, and of melting ruth
And the smile like a summer dawn
That sold my heart away on a soft summer day
In the valley near Slievenamon.

In the festive hall, by the starwashed shore,
Ever my restless spirit cries.
"My love, on, my love, shall I ne'er see you more.
And my land, will you never uprise?

By night and by day, I ever, ever pray
While lonely my life flow on
To see our flag unfurled and my true love to enfold
In the valley near Slievenamon.

According to an Irish songbook that we have, Slievenamon was written by Charles I.Kickham, born in Co. Tipperary in 1828, who died in Dublin in 1882. The title means"Woman of the Mountain." VX
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