## A Sigh For Old Times

Oh! God be with the good old times when I was twenty-one,
In “Tyrone among the bushes,” where the Finn and Mourne run -
When my heart was gay and merry - reeked not then of care or toil,
Blithesome as the bells of Derry ringing o’er the sunny Foyle

There’s not a spot around old Strabane but memory treasures still
From Milltown wide to Crogan’s side but has my right good will
And all my comrades kind and true I lov’d in life’s young day
Who roamed with me in reckless glee by many a bank and brae.

The “Curly Hill” our playground was - our camp the “Cottage Lea,”
Within the glen where outlawed men in other days roamed free;
And riding on the white-capped waves with merry noise and din,
We whiled away the summer day, ayone the “Point of Finn”

‘Twas pleasant, sure, to see old friends at market and at fair -
The kindly boys, with honest hearts, would meet their sweethearts there -
And, when the fair was over, how they’d coax the girls away,
With honeyed tongue and roguish eye, to “hear the piper play.”

And, oh! the merry, merry dance - the music’s gladdening roll,
When “The wind that shakes the barley” shook the sorrow from my soul!
And Kitty - dark eyed Kitty - that outshone the fairest queen,
To “The Rocky Road to Dublin tripped with me upon the green!

Old Shawn, the piper, played his best; and high his bosom beat -
Though blind he was - to hear the sound of Kitty’s fairy feet;
And ‘tis no lie to say the stars went dancing in the sky,
When Kitty tripped an Irish jig, with some one standing by.

‘Tis past. The piper plays no more by moonlight on the green;
But saddened memory sanctifies each well remembered scene;
And still I’ll say, and fondly pray, till sinks life’s setting sun,
May God be with the good old times when I was twenty-one!