

DONEGORE MOAT

How oft' I've climbed that old green mound
To view the country o'er
From Slemish back to dear Lough Neagh,
That Lough of fairy lore,
The verdant sixmile-valley too,
While summer's sun shone o'er,
Oh! Come and view it all with me
From the moat of Donegore.

It's steeped in ancient history,
This country all around,
And many a gallant soldier fought
Around this old green mound.
The church so worn, old and grey,
For 300 years and more,
Still calls the sinners there to pray
Near the moat of Donegore.

No artist's brush could e'er portray
This lovely pastoral scene,
Three Ulster Counties you can see
From this old mound of green.
The peaceful homes and winding roads
I scan them o'er and o'er,
May God above bless those we love
'Neath the sod of Donegore.

And when I grow too old to see
The work of God's great hand,
Who has filled with grace and beauty,
This green and pleasant land.
That the hand of man may not defile,
My maker I'll implore,
The old green mound where once I stood,
The moat of Donegore.

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O.J. Agnew.