

Caragh Lake

Kate Ahern

Caragh Lake, dear Caragh Lake,
You are so still today
Majestic mountains of the Reeks
Shielding you from the wind and rain
Your gentle green and purple hills
Wrapped in heather
Small green fields
With sheep grazing here and there

I see small boats fishing for trout
Enjoying the sun, scenery and serenity
I hear the trickle of water
Cascading down the hillside
Hurrying to reach lake and sea

The scent of damp moss,
The glory of the golden furze
You are so beautiful
You give me peace
You make me dream
But not of riches or worldly things

It's good to be alive and in your company
Yet people pass you by,
They don't seem to see or feel
Your power, your grandeur and tranquility