1. Where now is the sheltering wild wood that we in our youth have known? Oh gone are the groves of our childhood, and even the birds are flown. It was there that dwelt the good la -

dy there the sweet bell was dai - ly rung, Great Earls came o - ver the
2. No wild goose is heard on the lake now,  
   No wild duck now haunts the stream, 
   The eagles, their eyrie forsake now,  
   No bees hum in day's bright beam. 
   No voices of birds now entrance us 
   As they sang at evening's fall, 
   No cuckoo is heard in the branches 
   To utter his slumb'rous call.

3. To Mary I pray, and the Saviour,  
   May our exiles return again, 
   With dancing and bonfires blazing 
   And violins' sweetest strain. 
   That the Castle that now is so humbled 
   May rise with strong keep and wall, 
   And till earth into ashes has crumbled 
   In ruin no more may fall.