

# The Winding River Roe

[Cara Dillon](#)

Some poets sing of a noble king  
All of a sweetheart fair  
Some tell a tale of ships that sail  
With treasures rich and rare  
But my humble pain still drifts again  
To scenes of long ago  
Across the sea to the Benedy  
And the winding river Roe  
Right well, do I remember now  
Those happy childhood days?  
And the times I had when just a lad  
On Carn's lovely braes  
And when my mind is thus inclined  
No other joys I know  
For my heart remains on the verdant plains  
Near the winding river Roe  
Benbradagh's crown over Dungiven town  
Is still within my view  
And the Benedy Glen I worshiped then  
Still lives in memory too  
The beautiful scene of Cashel Green  
Still haunts where ever I go  
And in all my dreams I see it seems  
The winding river Roe  
If fortune smiles on me a while  
I'll cross the sea again  
And all these years of toil and tears  
Will be forgotten then  
And when at last my life has passed  
Contentedly I'll go  
Across the sea to the Benedy  
And the winding river Roe

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