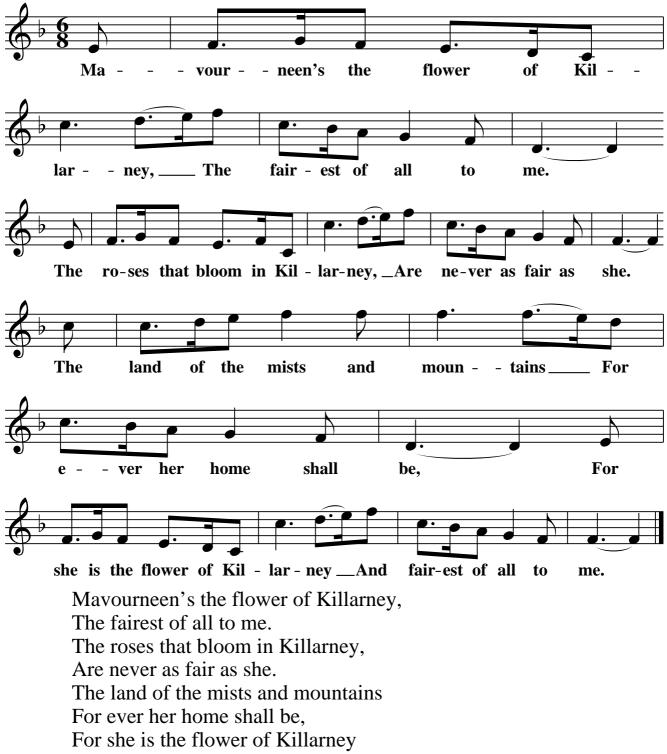
The Flower of Killarney



And fairest of all to me.

As sunlight and shadow go ranging, O'er woodland and lake and hill, Their beauty for ever is changing, Each moment seems sweeter still, But neither the sun nor the shadow Can add to her beauty's grace Nor roses can rival in sweetness The love in her charming face.

Though mountain and woodland may perish, And roses may fade and fall, Yet still in my heart I will cherish The fairest among them all, The land of the mists and mountains Forever her home shall be, For she is the flower of Killarney, And fairest of all to me.