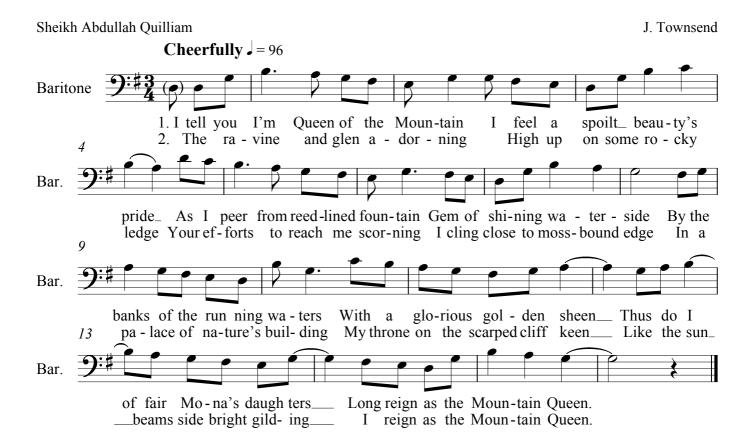
The Song of the Golden Gorse

'Ellan Vannin veg veen' - There is always gold on cushags there.

Manx Saying.



- I tell you I'm Queen of the Mountain,
 I feel a spoilt beauty's pride
 As I peer from reed-lined fountain,
 Gem of shining waterside.
 By the banks of the running waters,
 With a glorious golden sheen,
 Thus do I of Fair Mona's daughters
 Long reign as the Mountain Queen.
- 2. The ravine and glen adorning,
 High up on some rocky ledge;
 Your efforts to reach me, scorning,
 I cling close to moss-bound edge.
 In a palace of nature's building,
 My throne on the scarped cliff keen,
 Like the sunbeams, side bright gilding,
 I reign as the Mountain Queen.
- From my mountain home you'd tear me,
 For the girl whose love you prize:
 Nor less is the love you bear me,
 In the kindling of bright eyes.
 But whether by stream or in bower,
 Or in Manx bride's nosegay seen,
 You call me the brightest flower,
 And say I'm the Mountain Queen.
- 4. When the raging storms of winter Madly rush over my head, Deeper still my roots will enter, And grow in their turfy bed, Till the summer's bright sun returning To me a new life will mean, And then once more you'll be yearning To capture the Mountain Queen.