Republic of Ireland: Jetty In A Water Fort Behind Trees

There's sorrow on the wind, my grief,
there's sorrow on the wind,
Old and grey! Old and grey!
I hear it whispering, calling,
where the last stars touch the sea,
where the cloud creeps down the hill,
and the leaf shakes on the tree.
There's sorrow on the wind
and it's calling low to me
"Come away! Come away! Come away!"

William Sharp, I-Brašīl, (The hour of Beauty, 1907)
North Ireland: Jetty in The Time of Wide

ON the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell;
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,
And they called it Hy-Brasail, the isle of the blest;
From year unto year, on the ocean’s blue rim.
The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim;
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,
And it looked like an Eden, away, far away!

Gerald Griffin, Hy-Brasail, The Isle of Blest, (Fairy and folk tales of the Irish peasantry, 1888)