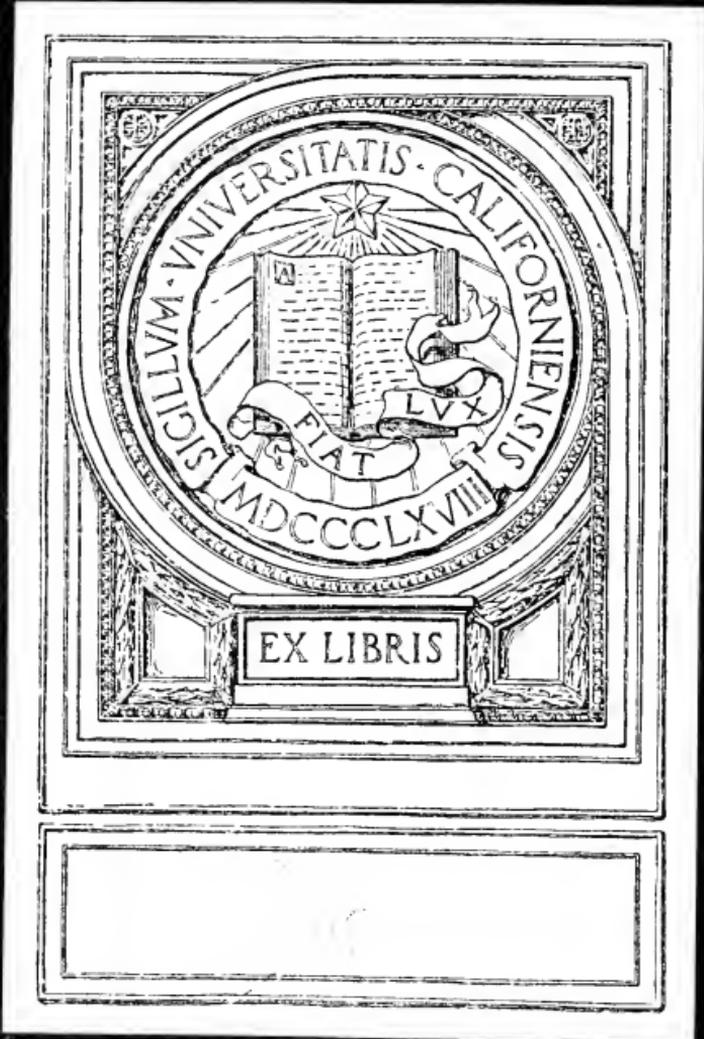


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**A
LOVELY
HOME**

BY

M. A.

HARGADON

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A LOVELY HOME

A LOVELY HOME

BY

M. A. HARGADON

AUTHOR OF

'A WREATH OF SONG,' ETC.

MAUNSEL AND COMPANY LTD.
DUBLIN AND LONDON

1915

Sligo at last ! beautiful descent into it ;
beautiful town and region altogether.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

PR 6015
AG 41255
1775
MAY 11

DEDICATION

I

*Beauties hidden to us
From our faces stare,
And attract to woo us
Lovers young and fair.*

II

*Thus my native County
Lures me to repair,
Suitor for the bounty
That is teeming there.*

III

*Come, each kindly mortal,
Draw around my chair,
Welcome to my portal
In the Muse's Square.*

IV

*Flowers in silver caskets
For you all I bear ;
Gather to your baskets ;
Fill, and do not spare.*

3234.31

DEDICATION

V

*Varied presentations
With the crowd I share,
But for fond relations
I have roses rare.*

VI

*Take them, dear old mother,
Emblems of your care ;
Take them, every brother,
Blithe and debonair.*

VII

*Cousins with the gleaming
Brown or golden hair,
Take a garland beaming
With the hues you wear.*

VIII

*As a bird careering
Baffled in the air,
Oft my track is veering,
And I know not where.*

IX

*Then my darkened pinions,
Catching friendship's glare,
Guide to old dominions
Beautiful as prayer.*

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LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

THE RIVER

THE stately river trod along her course
With modest bearing, in majestic force ;
Concealed she dashed adown the mountain-side
Where guardian willows groomed her foamy tide ;
She laved the lofty forest as she went
With merry chatter past a mild descent ;
She lingered at the hamlet's dingy shed
To turn the wheel that gave the people bread ;
Through lowland haunts she slowly made repair,
And fertilised the fields and gardens there ;
Her body broadened as she wandered down
To aid the toilers of the busy town ;
She moaned and twisted till her giant length
Had been delivered of a dauntless strength ;
Then, darkly rolling, a demeanour grave
Throbbled at her heart, and heaved with every wave ;
Upon her back the staunchest vessels sailed
Safe from the blast, though stormy winds prevailed ;
Within her jaws she drew the richest spoil
Of warmer climates and of better soil ;
A tune was hummed along her mouth which made
A city revel in the dance of trade ;

A LOVELY HOME

She seemed a streak of crystal that had crossed
A massive gem with emeralds embossed,
Deep in a cask of silver to be lost.

A RIVERSIDE DISPUTE

I LOVED the river, and I strolled one day
Along a meadow where she took her way,
And there, reclining by a tree, I saw
A throng of men who spoke on nature's law :
All had their homes beside the river's bed,
And blessed her for the blessings which she spread ;
From source to mouth they knew her vast extent,
And every trait of each environment ;
They were debating on her varied scenes,
Her towering boulders and her dim ravines,
Her marshes sable and her hillsides brown,
Her plains and valleys in a spotted gown ;
And each believed her fairest as she roved
Adjacent to the patch he dearest loved ;
The forest dweller prized her for the spot
Where she had swept the threshold of his cot ;
The miller sought to show her whole career
Was but a passage through the hamlet weir ;
The farmer vowed she knew no greater power
Than where he watched her sailing by his bower ;
The townsman swore her grandest bounty teemed
Beneath the chimneys where his engine steamed ;

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

The citizen pronounced her noblest place
Was where she issued with a queenly grace
To lie within the kingly sea's embrace.

THE FOUNT OF SPLENDOUR

A FEEBLE sage, with penetrating eye,
Came limping on his crutches slowly by ;
The throng beheld him, and with panting zeal
They drew around him, and they made appeal.
And he replied—' Oh fools ! conceited man
But little knows of his Creator's plan ;
You have your vision, yet you cannot spy
The object spreading lustre for your eye ;
You linger long applauding splendid things,
But never dream of where the splendour springs ;
That mighty river has her greatest part
Within the fount from which she took her start—
Without a birth how could a glory run ?—
Earth had been nothing had she not begun.'
And those disputers were abashed : they knew
That hearts misguide the senses and the view,
And all the instinct teaches is not true.

MEDITATION ON LIFE

WORDS from the wise fall on the student's brain
As summer showers upon a parching plain :
Away I sauntered, and my soul was caught,
And held a captive in the house of thought ;

A LOVELY HOME

I mused on all that I had ever been,
On everything that I had ever seen,
On what I was that moment on that spot,
And all the prospects for my future lot ;
The wonted mist that hung about my eyes
Fled as the darkness from the morning skies ;
I was a sage, and my existence met
My gaze, and seemed a winding rivulet :
I scrutinised the path through which I wound—
The fertile patches and the herbless ground,
The smiles and laughter by bejewelled tracts,
The groans and writhing over cataracts ;
And then methought life, like the river, owes
Whate'er it has to where at first it rose ;
We had no race without the feeble crawl,
We had no noon without the morning's call,
The little seed is flower, and fruit, and all.

SLIGO REVISITED

AND now I hasten to the sacred earth
Where dwelt my fathers, and where I had birth.
Enchanting Sligo ! as I gaze on thee
My bosom beats in bounds of ecstasy ;
And I recall the noble part which thou
Didst play in ages unremembered now :
This County was by ancient monarchs trod—
A winding-sheet some have within her sod ;

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

And every hill and every valley threw
An inspiration over saints they knew ;
Saint Patrick, first Apostle of our Isle,
Had lingered here enraptured for a while ;
Joyed by a book won on Cooldruman's plain,
Saint Columbkil set sail across the main,
And heathen Picts to Christian folds were brought
By erudition in fair Sligo caught ;
And Kevin's and Attracta's hearts had felt
Their greatest bliss while here they toiled and dwelt ;
And other saints unshackled to renown
Here lived, and wove their everlasting crown ;
And here the chieftains freely gave rewards
And blessings to the harpers and the bards :
Still to the legends does the tale belong
Of how O'Daly did Tirconnell wrong,
And purchased full forgiveness with a song.
Here lie a host of remnants of the fray
Between the Saxon and his Irish prey,
For Sligomen for Erin bravely stood
And dyed their native valleys with their blood ;
But English gore had often flowed as well—
If Hamilton and Coote had lived to tell
A tale of triumph, Conyers Clifford fell.

SOME HEROIC NAMES

DESPITE contention, there is always bound
With names of people something more than sound :

A LOVELY HOME

This County has a link with princely lines ;
It long was cherished by the Geraldines ;
O'Connor and O'Hara and O'Dowd
Are names of which their owners yet are proud ;
O'Rorke, O'Healy, and M'Sweeney claim
A reverential niche in Sligo's fame ;
O'Harte, M'Loughlin, and M'Morrow hold
Unstained traditions from the days of old ;
And here O'Donnell, leading on his clan,
Rushed foremost fighting in the battle van ;
And Sarsfield came and waved triumphant steel ;
Our fathers welcomed brave Owen Roe O'Neill ;
Still gentle scions of M'Donogh say
Of noble Brian's deathless dying day,
And how descendants of his dauntless race
At Fontenoy in combat took their place,
Or for enslaved America led on
When England quaked and independence shone :
Remembered yet is Carlingford's son,
Who at Vienna valiant deeds had done
When Turks and Tartars lost, and Christians won.

CHARLES PHILLIPS

AND Charles Phillips ! whose inspiring voice
Had made our downcast countrymen rejoice,
Whose golden pen had stabbed corruption's sore,
And sterilised and healed the spot once more !

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

Thy life in Sligo knew a sunny morn,
And Erin loves the home where thou wert born :
Though thou art dead, thy spirit yet is young,
And like an ivy has thy memory sprung,
Around the oak of thy loved Curran clung.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

A SON of Sligo now careers sublime,
The truest, sweetest poet of our time,
Whose fame in every cultured nation rings,
In cots of peasants, palaces of kings,
Whose mystic calls allures us to explore
Enchanting fields we never saw before.
Immortal Yeats ! long may thy course aspire ;
Long may thy adept fingers tune the lyre ;
Long may the lustre of thy mind aspire,
The brightest flame cast from the muse's fire.

THE CHARACTER OF A PEOPLE

TOO often, in the chariots of time,
Men urge the horses with the whips of crime ;
Spurred by the devil on their wayward chase
They fling derision in their Maker's face ;
But, happy Sligo ! still thy children spread
The rays of virtue that their forebears shed.
Through shade and sunshine, merriment and ill,
Their destination they remember still ;

A LOVELY HOME

Theirs is that sober, unassuming life,
Unscorched within the furnaces of strife ;
But should dishonour plan for them a gyve,
How brave they are, and resolute to strive ;
In towns they spin anew the wheels of trade
That long were idle, rusted, and decayed ;
In rural haunts with genial ways allied
They all like one kind family abide,
And every parish seems a cultured farm,
And every fence affection's folding arm,
And everything enveloped by a charm.

INCIDENTS OF PEASANT LIFE

WHEN earth is painted by the brush of spring
No song-birds gayer from the copsewood sing
Than do the farmers as they roam to wield
The loy at morning in the furrowed field :
Unwearied as the swallow in his flight
They break the clay and sow the seed till night.
At summer's close how merrily and blithe
They mow the fragrant meadows with the scythe,
Or spread the swathes beneath the cloudless sun,
Or make the rows through which the wind may run.
And now and then they gaze upon the sky
And pray the weather may continue dry.
And every neighbour passing by the way
Ejaculates, ' God bless the work to-day.'

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

'God bless you kindly' the reply proceeds,
And each advances as his calling leads.
Unbridled joy within their hearts is born
While they are reaping of the autumn corn ;
And every man a king of bliss is crowned,
And songs are sung and brimming cups go round,
When harvest fills the haggard safe and sound.

CROSSROADS DANCING

OUR joys are doubles of our joyous selves,
The smirking demons or the fairy elves ;
And of all joys the first in eminence
Are those beloved of peasant innocence :
On Sunday evenings when the atmosphere
Is light and pleasant, and the sunbeams cheer,
The buxom boys in homespun suits are dressed,
And decorated to appear their best :
Off, pair by pair, to crossroads they advance,
Where comely colleens throw the coyish glance ;
Then swain and maid link in the Gaelic dance,
And Cupid from the agile feet—perchance—
Comes forth, and stabs soft bosoms with his lance,
And heaves fond minds confused into a trance.

A WINTER SCENE

IN nature's way there is a motion strange
Which suits our beings to the whims of change :

A LOVELY HOME

We are congenial to the summer's show ;
We are adapted to the winter's snow ;
And when December clothes the country white
The stalwart boys tobogganing delight ;
Or on the frozen lakes and streamlets glide
In quick succession on the smoothed slide ;
Or revel through the land with guns and dogs,
And kill the game, or fright them in the bogs,
A ruddy glow about their features flung
To prove no cold molests the strong and young.
Around the straw-roofed homesteads fathers go,
And tend the cows, or sweep away the snow.
The family, around the supper sat,
In preparation for the morning chat,
And then, perhaps, a youth will read the rhymes
Or histories of antiquated times,
And punctuate his studies with a pause
To deeply contemplate coercion laws,
And some good man who died for Erin's cause.
With heavy step, and slow, but steady pace,
Some elders seek a well-known meeting-place ;
Upon the threshold, in an accent clear,
The visitor exclaims, ' God save all here.'
' God save you kindly ' answers each one there.
' You're welcome,' adds the housewife, ' take a chair.'
And then the men around the blazing hearth
Fill up and puff their dusky bits of earth ;
They have a sheanacus on all that passed,
And prospects new since they had gossiped last—

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

On some folk gone, on heirs come on instead,
On maids and boys who are about to wed,
On those supplied, and those without enough
Hay, turnips, oats, and other feeding stuff
On pedigrees of stock some farmer rears,
On prices at the markets and the fairs,
On simple habits of their days at school,
On gaudy fashions that are now the rule,
On tidings from an emigrant who sends
A money order to his needy friends ;
And oftentimes they have discourse upon
The manner politics are getting on,
The big reduction in the half-year's rent
Since lands were purchased by the Government,
The stormy days through which the nation went,
And better times for Erin to be sent.

SOLILOQUY ON LOVE

LOVE rules the rulers, and love rules the ruled,
Love rules the schoolers, and love rules the schooled,
Love rules the foolers, and love rules the fooled ;
And love will be the emperor of hearts,
And rule supreme till human life departs.
Love may be mild, and take us by the hand,
Or love may be relentless to command,
Or love may be a fairy dancing nigh,
Who smiles and greets us but to say good-bye,

A LOVELY HOME

Or love may be an idol that has caught
Our minds in nets of fancy that are nought.
And love! some chide you as a crafty knave,
But others call you chivalrous and brave ;
In ignorance, to you my head I bend,
And deem you Lord, or be you foe or friend :
I know, I know, you had a gladsome reign
Within my life when I was free from pain ;
Submissive then I followed your decree,
Free in your chains, and chained when I was free ;
But, ere your star had risen to its height,
The clouds appearing veiled it from my sight,
And now no more it burnishes my night.
But yet I must not sorrow or repine,
For no embittered love made hell was mine :
I make no lamentation—I was spared
Such love as blinded Lytton as it flared :
Stars ne'er deceive us mantled in a pall,
But those that glimmer brilliantly may fall,
And turn to dust the thing that once was all.

CONSOLATIONS OF ART AND NATURE

I NOW have given all my thoughts to art
Which day by day is capturing my heart,
Which lights the beacon where love used to burn ;
Then how can love again to me return ?
Kissed by the winds from lips I need no kiss ;
Embraced by waves no circling arms I miss ;

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

With stars and sunbeams winking in the sky,
No clay I want to gaze unto my eye ;
And peace and virtue sleeping by my side,
I am not lonely that I have no bride.
And yet I honour womanhood as flowers
Unstained and smiling in their garden bowers :
My veneration for them gushes so
I would not wear one—on my breast I know
That it would lose the splendour of its glow,
Forget the fragrance that it used to throw,
And wrinkle as it bent its petals low.

BEAUTIFUL VIRGINS

BUT though love's fond allurements ebb away,
With gladness I recall its early day ;
Or old or young men pass not coldly by
When maidenhood stands in her glory nigh ;
I always pause—spellbound, perchance—to trace
The sacred lines of loveliness that grace
The tabernacle of a virgin's face,
And where can there be found a nobler race
Of maids than those in my dear native place ?
True Celtic scions, they revere their isle,
And who can blame if Irish maids beguile
And win a poet's homage for a while ?

A LOVELY HOME

IRISH GIRLS

I

Oh! they are stately as the May
 In all her flowery curls ;
Their smiling faces blossom gay,
A terrace where the soul may stray
Entranced by eyes whose luring ray
Makes life an endless sunny day
 For Irish Girls.

II

Their minds are fertile fairylands
 Where simple swains are earls ;
Fresh flowerets there abound in bands,
And Cupid waves his guileless hands,
And love greets love that understands :
And truth in every thought commands
 The Irish Girls.

III

Their hearts distil the flood of light
 A brisk demeanour whirls ;
Each path they go is snowy white,
A cheerful way that leads to right,
A good that weds itself to sight,
A shield to guard by day and night
 The Irish Girls.

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

IV

Their voices float divinely sweet
 In aery waves of pearls,
And on the breezes music beat
To peal along the busy street,
Or through the valley's lone retreat,
Tunes for the graceful tripping feet
 Of Irish Girls.

V

Away the cloak of sleep they fling
 When earth to morning swirls ;
Each home vibrating to the swing
Of useful labour's happy ring,
Entices waking birds to sing,
And nature gladdens listening
 To Irish Girls.

VI

Above their heads, serene and free,
 Religion's flag unfurls ;
They ever wave it joyfully,
As if life were one victory ;
Our Lord on them looks down in glee,
And I devoutly bend my knee
 To Irish Girls.

A LOVELY HOME

A FAVOURITE PARISH

AFFECTIONS are the children of the soul,
Meek to obey or panting to control,
Delightful urchins, frisking in their joy,
Soft as a maid, or valiant as a boy.
And I am parent of a glad array,
That grows in strength and splendour day by day ;
To varied beauty every one has claim ;
Distinct in virtues, all are still the same ;
Their mildest manners are abashed and wild ;
Their wildest feelings are refined and mild :
Alike all fathers, there is one I set
Above all others, who has grown a pet :
Dear Calry parish ! from thy side she burst,
And patiently within thy lap was nursed :
Thou wert a kindly mother from the first !

INFLUENCE OF A LANDSCAPE

THE grandeur of a landscape will impart
Its image to the mirror of the heart :
Blest home of childhood ! as I gaze on thee,
Thy second self a dwelling makes in me ;
Thy circling mountains in my breast arise,
And link my aspirations with the skies ;
Thy hills in robes of purple, splashed with green,
Create emotions heaven and earth between ;

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

Thy vales and plains in fertile bloom elate
Inspire the good sprung in my mind's estate ;
Thy crystal rivers, softly rolling, show
The way that I direct my blood to flow ;
Thy fragrant breezes, sighing sweet and low,
Example how I teach my breath to go,
Untossed by passion, and uncurbed by woe.

A MOTHER'S TENDERNESS

OUR years are books : I turn my volumes back,
And read a Bible in my youthful track,
See illustrations of each early pose
As up the ladder of the past I rose ;
I view the cottage where I first began
To be the parent of that thing called man :
And there my grey-haired mother, fair and kind,
Protects my body, cultivates my mind ;
Meek as the sun, when meekest in decline,
Her deep blue eyes are gazing unto mine ;
With Gaelic airs she hushes me to sleep,
And when I cry she dries the tears I weep ;
She leads me o'er the fields, the first I trod,
And dedicates my infancy to God ;
Her words are lessons, and her actions give
Ennobling pictures of the way to live ;
Spellbound within her influence of joy
I swiftly grow to be an adult boy ;

A LOVELY HOME

Then I behold her pause to contemplate
For me a lofty and commanding state,
Resplendent glories that none ever spy
Save women, looking through a mother's eye—
That dewy grave where hopes too often lie.

PATERNAL SOLICITUDE

MY FATHER greets my gaze, and I survey
His face as glad as in that distant day ;
With brawny arms he takes me on his knees,
And sings a song that never fails to please,
Along the hills I toddle by his side,
And deem my look embraces kingdoms wide ;
I wave adieu as off he makes repair
To sell or buy the cattle at the fair ;
How anxiously I wait his homeward track,
And seize the toys and sweets he brings me back ;
His gay demeanour makes the moments fly
On wings unnoticed till they pass me by.
But oh ! he has his gloomy moments too,
And tells the tale of misery he knew
When Leitrim's lord a viper's wrath displayed
Evicting him, though all the rent was paid,
And sending him to toil and struggle far
From his old home in pleasant Mulluckgar :
And he avows that landlord thought and spoke
As one from deep infernal regions broke,

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

Who sought to make his tenantry a hell,
And goaded them to hate his deeds so well
That from his height of villainy he fell
Subdued by rifles in a lonely dell.

THE GOOD SISTERS

A SISTER is a woman in whose smile
There is no haven for a woman's guile ;
A sister's step will never lead the way
On sinful paths where woman loves to stray ;
A sister's kiss is never prest to buy
A tarnished union or a marriage tie :
And I had sisters, fair and undefiled,
With each endearing virtue reconciled ;
And fancy brings me back to childish days
I went with them a hundred childish ways :
Beside our home there is a weedy spot
Our toil transfixes to a cultured lot,
And there we laugh and spend the sunny hours,
Uprooting weeds, and propagating flowers ;
And row on row we have combined to set
Narcissus, pansy, phlox, and mignonette.
Oh ! how we love to watch our garden's bloom,
And quaff its flowing measures of perfume ;
It is our care when first the morning calls,
And oft we tend it till the evening falls ;
But summer's sway too soon begins to pine,
And all our treasures shiver in decline,

A LOVELY HOME

But, still attentive, we upraise the heads
That, drowsy, sink to slumber on their beds ;
The sisters breathe the melancholy sigh
And nurse the little darlings till they die :
Ah ! who would guess that now a time is nigh
When those sweet maidens in the tomb will lie
Away from all they once could beautify ?

THE YOUTHFUL BROTHERS

To outward view the apples on a tree
Are different, or so they seem to be ;
But, separated from the rind, we find
They all are apples of the self-same kind ;
So, my devoted brothers ! you and I
Are unlike but in the traits men spy.
Though you have made your homes across the main,
And we may never meet on earth again,
Remembrance keeps our old connection green ;
And now, once more, I scan each boyish scene :
We trot to school, a jolly barefoot throng,
A wrong to one is to us all a wrong ;
We know our lessons, and can always pass
Examinations foremost in our class ;
We are not shy to use our fists on those
Who daub our books or trample on our toes ;
We lead our comrades in the field of play,
For we can run with greater speed than they :

LINKS WITH A BIRTHPLACE

Together we assemble at our home,
Together idly down the valley roam,
Together gather garlands of the May,
Together frolic in the new-made hay,
Together watch the reapers bind the sheaves,
Together pile a heap of autumn leaves,
Together garner nuts amid the brake,
Together swim or paddle in the lake,
Together climb the trees along the glade,
Together play the footballs we had made,
Together vie in jumping from a mound,
Together hunt a hare before a hound,
Together on unbridled donkeys ride,
Together race them madly side by side,
Together hail the snow with joyous pride,
Together on the frozen waters slide,
Together shoot with pistols and a gun,
Together through a hundred dangers run,
Together vex the peevish with our tricks,
Together tremble in a dreadful fix,
Together be dejected for a while,
Together gladden, and together smile,
Together kneel when day its course has trod,
Together waft a Rosary to God,
Together dream of triumphs proud and great,
Together primal days anticipate,
Together grow, and pass youth's garden gate,
And disappointed, toil, and separate.

BY LAND AND SEA

THE SILENCED JOY BELL

AS one sweet thought, the dearest and the best,
Reigns in the mind, a monarch of the rest,
There is for all some well-remembered rise
That has the most attraction for the eyes,
Some hill whereon sight breaks from prison bounds,
And roams in freedom over distant grounds.
I stand upon the summit of Cruckmore,
Still dear to me as it had been of yore ;
My vision hastens to the rocks and sand
To northward sitting by the sombre land ;
I see the beeches of Doonally look
With bowing heads towards verdant Willowbrook ;
I view the shade within whose haunts I met
The sweet Brown sisters—unforgotten yet !
I scan the dwelling where there fell a gem
From heaven, lost from a matchless diadem :
When it was missed, sad were its natal bowers,
The sky grew dark and wept in bitter showers,
The angels searched through all the shining spheres,
But vain their labours were for nineteen years ;

BY LAND AND SEA

They ne'er conjectured that the treasure sought
Was on this dreary little planet caught.
Yet hence it came, and in a maid's disguise
It fain would hide its link with paradise.
But well I knew that face, those golden curls
Were far too fair to be an earthly girl's :
Around she moved, a stream of merriment
That bore a thousand souls the way she went ;
And, unsuspecting, all were laughing loud
Till angels heard, and spied from out a cloud ;
Soon Azrael hastened, took her by the hand,
And led her captive to her own bright land :
She now is settled in our Saviour's crown,
Nor seeks again to make elopement down ;
And oh ! how much we miss our Joy, Bell Brown !

A DREAM OF BALLINORLEY

I GAZE where Ballinorley lies adream
Along by Gostia's lazy little stream ;
Half mesmerised in brooding o'er the view,
I quaff its spirit and go dreaming too ;
Medreams that in yon school a day I'll pass,
A maid my tutor and myself the class,
And she will teach me lore that will inspire
A sweeter tune upon my anxious lyre,
And she will show me how to act the part
Of artist and the subject of my art,
And when from her kind influence I start
These lines shall be engraved upon my heart :

A LOVELY HOME

THE WILD ROSE

I

A *Daisy* is sweet and I hail her with pride,
Esteem to a *Violet* I never denied,
I joy in the lustre a *Lily* bestows,
But oh ! I adore a bewitching young *Rose*.

II

Not she who is posing in fashion's gay bowers
With haughty head high over meek sister flowers,
But one, tall and graceful, adorning a nook
Adown by the side of a bright *Willowbrook*.

III

This *Wild Rose*, this *Wild Rose*, in beauty is dressed,
And hers is the head I will lay on my breast ;
Her breath will breathe o'er me a fragrance divine,
Her lips will be goblets of nectar for mine.

IV

I'll shelter her well from the wind and the rain,
I'll laugh as she laughs when the sun shines again,
I'll gather the sweetest of birds to the scene
And teach them to sing in the praise of my queen.

BY LAND AND SEA

V

My *Wild Rose!* my *Wild Rose!* when summer is
gone,
Alone of the roses thy bloom will live on,
For blossoms transplanted to gardens of rhyme
Eternally grow in the splendour of prime.

A FLIGHT OF VISION

BUT wherefore loiter in a dream when sight
Through other scenes would range in speedy flight,
And steal their hues and outlines, and would store
Them in the mind, a joy for evermore?
O'Connor's mountain, verdant as a lawn,
Looks fondly down on fields of Edenbawn ;
The bogs adjoining are more black and bare
Than when I leaped the streams and turf clamps there ;
New Cur is circled by a gravel sheet,
With skirts of sable and of purple peat ;
A sentinel, Skean stands above the soil
Where roam the matchless horses of Fermoyle ;
A mantle dyed in green and gold is worn
By glades and woodlands of the Five-Mile-Bourne ;
The hills are resting in a placid swoon
Above the sombre brow of Lough Adoon ;
The moss-clad rocks and hazel copses make
Meet guardians for sweet Loughanelton Lake ;

A LOVELY HOME

The Deer Park holds a grave and monument
Of ancient giants and their labours spent ;
Below the pleasant meadows of Rosslare
The home and lawns of Ballyglass are fair
As when their kindly owners flourished there.

SCENES OF COLGA

IT is a plan of nature that the part
Of greatest import lies within the heart :
In Calry's centre Colga takes the place
That gives the most distinction to her grace :
In former days how often had I trod
Along her every walk, her every sod ;
I knew each herb that wavered in her breeze,
And every bough that blossomed on her trees,
And every crop the land was wont to yield,
And every beast that browsed on every field,
And every bird that used to sing a song,
And every stream that murmuring flowed along,
And every soul who in the place had dwelt,
And every joy that every bosom felt,
And all the little ills the Lord had dealt.
And now my Colga once again I greet ;
She seems in peaceful slumber at my feet ;
Her simple homesteads stand along the road,
And flowers are clinging to each thatched abode ;
The stately chapel lifts her head above
The arms of trees enfolding her in love.

BY LAND AND SEA

My thoughts descend afar into the times
When yonder belfry pealed for me its chimes,
And dressed in knickers, I set out to pass
The morning serving at the Holy Mass :
And I recall the catechism class,
And how I met religion's looking-glass :
That place of worship I have dearly prized,
For it was there that I had been baptized,
And there at first beside the priest I bent,
And took from him the Blessed Sacrament,
And drank devotion's chalice of content,
And knew the bliss of sinners who repent.
Oh ! who forgot who heard the wise men prate
Or make orations at the chapel gate ?
I recollect the tone of each debate,
The gestures, and pronouncements bearing weight
As if they came from ministers of state.

CALRY SCHOOL

OUR youthful study is the flame ignites
The torch that leads us to the depths or heights ;
The torches glowing at the a b c
May guide a scholar to a fair degree,
But those beginning in an ashy spark
May lead a dullard to a dungeon dark.
For education I have no renown ;
My torch has brought me neither up nor down ;

A LOVELY HOME

Unmoved I gaze on paths I used to tread
When first I bore a leather bag, and bread,
A lesson book, an exercise, and rule,
And that fat face an urchin brings to school.
Hid in the hills far off the building lies,
But I review the scene in fancy's eyes—
The entrance gate with piers but half complete,
The gravel walk that used to hurt my feet,
The trampled borders underneath the pines
On either side that grew in stately lines,
The slated roof, the chimneys stout and tall,
The four-paned windows set in each side wall,
The little porch, the step beside the door,
The whitewashed ceiling, and the boarded floor,
The teacher's home beside the sable hill,
The fertile patches that I helped to till,
The privet hedges seeking to conceal
The garden which could make a schoolboy feel
That, after all, it was no sin to steal.

EVENTS OF CHILDISH SCHOOLDAYS

WITHIN that school my recollection wends
Its way to join a throng of early friends.
The master from the roll-book calls the names,
While, 'Here, sir,' every present boy exclaims.
We start to read : the desks are all alive
With voices, like the buzzing at a hive.

BY LAND AND SEA

There is a pause ! at half-past ten o'clock
A straggler enters, and he gets a shock :
We struggle with dictation or a sum,
And hear the master mention ' rules of thumb.'
He questions one, ' How many are six-eights ?'
' It's forty, sir,' cocksure the lad relates.
The master thunders with disdainful air—
' If forty ganders plucked your woolly hair.'
The question then to some one else is put,
Who answers, ' Fifty : ' then he cries ' Tut ! tut !'
' If fifty asses kicked your stupid nut.'
But as the master serves us up a store
Of wit upon a spicy dish of lore,
There is a racket, and we wildly stare
Upon some valiant pugilistic pair
Who battle just behind the master's chair ;
The master gets into a ruffled mien,
And with a hazel transformates the scene :
Big teardrops fall, awe has unchallenged reign,
But soon that ruler is dethroned again ;
The master with affection is imbued,
And all the boys renew a joyful mood.
At recreation in the fields around
We revel in the game of hare and hound.
When back in school the time proceeds too slow,
And we assist it on an hour or so—
Despite the ray experience may throw
Youth swindles age, and age may never know.

A LOVELY HOME

THE TRUANT AND THE KIND MASTER

NOR time nor distance ever can efface
The memories I gathered in that place :
Whate'er the forge the heart defies remould,
And now I feel just as I felt of old ;
I laugh in bliss, or shudder from the whack
Of scollops on the fingers or the back ;
I recollect the evening I was locked
Within the school when all had homeward flocked ;
I had been doomed a captive to remain
Until I mastered some Byronic strain,
But when the master came to give release
I was at home, triumphant, and at peace ;
Withal he was a gentle-hearted man,
And all anew next morning we began,
He with my homage, I without his ban.
Oh ! then I was a truant I allow,
But that was better than a poet now
Without one laurel wreath around my brow.

TIME AND CHANGE

FULL twenty years beneath the summer's glow,
Full twenty years beneath the winter's snow,
Since first in Calry schoolhouse I was taught.
Around the spot some changes must be wrought :
The larch plantation by the river's side
Must now be strong, and towering in its pride ;

BY LAND AND SEA

Above the bridge the beeches tall and hoar
Must have outgrown the dresses that they wore ;
The green triangle, blackened by our feuds,
Must now be trod by lads of milder moods ;
The old grey goose that used to limp around
Must now have ceased to terrorise The Pound ;
Poor stooping Kitty must be sped away
To where no more she sees the children play ;
The young brown ass is hardly to be seen
Upon the hill above the old boreen ;
That hardy breed of sheep is scarcely still
Careering on the slopes of Fox's Hill ;
The cows that knew the road as well as I
Scarce roam along as in the days gone by ;
The master's garden, and the master's field
Perchance no more, the old rotation yield ;
The master's homestead cannot yet be rife
With indications of an absent wife.
And now methinks that in that honoured school
There is an alteration in the rule :
And well I ween in that familiar spot
My mates and I are long ago forgot.
And where are they who used to walk with me
Along the path of things that used to be ?
Alas ! some o'er the universe are cast
In fortune's sunshine, or in sorrow's blast ;
But more than half are laid beneath the earth,
And moulder nigh the homes where they had
birth ;

A LOVELY HOME

And stranger children now our track pursue
And imitate some deeds we used to do ;
The years he spent in mastership had spread
A silver crown on our dear master's head,
And now another master's in his stead.

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

By Colga Lake there is a shady spot
A rood or so, a little walled-in lot ;
Yet such is its formation, it maintains
More tenantry than Sligo's broad demesnes ;
And there is no congestion—it would hold
Another twenty thousand in its fold.
Though dwellers there are never known to toil,
Their idleness luxuriates the soil :
Despite the years that coldly pass them by,
They never age, nor suffer ill, nor die.
All folk are sad to enter that abode,
Yet there the weary leave aside their load,
And none is heard to sigh in discontent,
Nor fret about the energies misspent ;
No craven beggar utters a lament,
Nor does the landlord clamour for the rent.
The homes are stout and lasting ; none need spread
The thatch to keep the rain out overhead ;
None shudder from the thunder pealing loud,
None dread the lightning leaping from the cloud ;

BY LAND AND SEA

Nor do folk feel the biting wind that blows,
Nor do they heed the chillness of the snows,
Nor do they wind their limbs in coats of frieze,
Nor guard against the dangers of disease,
Nor do they fret, nor tell a hapless tale,
When food is dear, and crops in harvest fail,
Nor do they stub the bushy heights, nor plough,
Nor till the gardens like their neighbours now,
Nor do they scan their fields with ardent eyes,
Nor count the wealth that in their keeping lies,
Nor court associations gay and grand,
Nor smile, displaying diamonds on each hand,
Nor at a crossroads on a Sunday play,
Nor muse the quiet afternoons away.
Not long ago some figured at the ball
In simple chambers or a gaudy hall,
And they had loved to stray in dresses fine,
And have their boots done in a dazzling shine,
And wear their ringlets curling in a twine,
And in neat homes on sumptuous menu dine,
But now they reckon not of the fruits or wine,
Or anything that pleased in auld lang syne.

A DREARY FATE

THE young, the old, the tyrant, and the friend
There one by one have settled in the end,
And all are silent, never one sweet word,
Or merry laugh, or glad huzza is heard.

A LOVELY HOME

The husband is forgetful of the wife
That he adored in early wedded life,
But she is careless, and those eyes are dim
That used to throw affection's light on him ;
She never now prepares the frugal meal,
Nor trims the lamp, nor shows a housewife's zeal :
Yet there is no suspicion, no divorce—
They still pursue their matrimonial course,
And share the same apartment, and each head
Is pillowed on the same neglected bed ;
But they are heedless though the sheets are cold,
And not so soft as those they wore of old ;
Though strangers trample on their blankets green,
No consternation in that couch is seen.
And in this kingdom parents do not chide
Or bless the infants nestling at their side ;
And children never romp about in play,
Nor go to sleep at closing of the day,
Nor pat the mother's face with soft plump hand
When dawn again comes marching o'er the land.
The most devoted sweethearts never talk,
Nor side by side stray down an ivied walk ;
They never give a kiss, and never tell
Of that good time when first in love they fell,
And they had shyly strolled across some dell,
And then grew bold, and hugged each other well
Until the evening star came from its cell,
And vesper's call had rung their parting knell.

BY LAND AND SEA

BEAUTIES VEILED BY DEATH

I DO not love the place ; it is too cold,
And churchyards ill befit the young and bold ;
A dweller there, I could not joy to see
The gentle spring reviving all the lea,
And casting blossoms from her jewelled hand
Along the mountains and the rocky land,
And painting woodlands in a glossy sheen,
And running life anew through pleasure's screen.
I could not waken on a bright May morn
To see the daughter of the springtime born ;
I could not wander through her balmy bowers,
Nor by the hedgerows twine a wreath of flowers,
Nor count the days departing brief as hours.
When summer's offspring issued into birth
I could not view her blessings on the earth,
And I would miss my freedom on the wold,
Where I had scanned the fields arrayed in gold—
September's story would remain untold.
When autumn died and winter left her womb
I had no musings on the days of bloom,
And when the naked infant, in distress,
Had groaned until she got a snowy dress,
I could not gaze upon her loveliness.
Ah ! in that spot the tenants never heed
Eventful things that rank on rank succeed ;
For them the soaring skylarks do not sing,
For them the wild wood echoes do not ring,

A LOVELY HOME

For them there is no murmur of the bees,
For them there are no spreading beechen trees,
For them no lambs play on the green hill brows,
For them the loaning holds no kindly cows,
For them there is no dawn's awaking call,
For them there is no twilight's hushing fall,
For them the brawny sowers do not sow,
For them the busy mowers do not mow,
For them the binders hum no merry strain,
For them there are no fruits upon the plain,
For them there is no splendour at the noon,
For them there are no stars in gay festoon,
For them there is no rising of the moon,
No happy voice, and no piano's tune,
But oh! this sadness brings to me no boon—
Too well I know that there I'll settle soon.
Then what of that?—in Clogher I would dwell
With those who loved me constantly and well:
In yon old haunts my father took a square,
And then he went and made his dwelling there;
With him are half the children of his care,
To-morrow with them, now I must prepare.

CASSIE HARGADON

THERE is another in that churchyard, too,
She rests beneath a tombstone sculptured new:
A youthful maid she was, serene to view,
With flowing ringlets of a burnished hue,

BY LAND AND SEA

And eyes like violets in the morning dew,
And cheeks that rivals for the roses grew,
And mind as free as air that round her blew,
And heart devoted, noble, soft, and true,
And hands that loved a kindly deed to do,
And stateliness a saint might seek to woo,
And voice from which despair affrighted flew.
My darling comrade ! when from life you drew
Fate dealt a blow that half my pleasures slew,
And now they slumber in me, but I strew
Around them wreaths of memory that sue
Unceasing for a prayer and sigh for you.

SLIGO TOWN

THE town of Sligo rises where a plain
And river meet the waters of the main,
Long miles away the spot appears to be
A tiny infant issued from the sea,
Whose grey, embellished by the sands of time,
Will be a burnished silver in her prime.
In waves the housetops follow row on row,
But some as breakers o'er the others show,
And like the spray are clouds of smoke they throw.
Environments partake of nature's store,
Of loveliness till she can give no more,
But I must greet the township that is planned
A splendid tribute to each builder's hand,
A queen to all her sisters in the land.

A LOVELY HOME

REFLECTION ON SLIGO ABBEY

AND, face to face, my Sligo seems aglow,
Unmindful of her centuries of woe ;
But on her side I see the trace of scars,
And burnings suffered in our nation's wars.
Surveying her old ruins who would not
Remember deeds that might be best forgot ?
The Abbey walls with heaviness are dread,
And everything around seems doubly dead ;
The breezes pass with reverential breath,
As if they knew the scene a home of death ;
Those scattered stones and roofless columns make
To art and skill an everlasting wake,
And yew trees, bowing as they heave a sigh,
For ever stand unceasing mourners by.
How grand the ages when this gloried place
Had been erected by Fitzgerald's race !
And kind the monks who bore religion's sword,
And marshalled in battalions of the Lord.
The lamp of learning here had shone serene,
And dazzled distant kingdoms with its sheen ;
The Mass was offered as the morning rose,
And Benediction blessed the evening's close ;
The weary pilgrim entered, and would lag
Delighted ere he bore again his bag ;
The wailer came, and told his tale of grief,
And when he left he brought with him relief ;

BY LAND AND SEA

The joyous one who entered at the gate
Renewed his lease of joy's sublime estate ;
All were received, and none came ever late.

GOODWILL AND PEACE

THE past, though past, has not as nothing gone—
The parents perish, but the child lives on ;
We have to wade through brushwood if we will
Attain the topmost summit of a hill,
The wheaten ear must fall when in its prime
To multiply its kind next harvest time ;
And if that Abbey fell by Saxon hordes,
And if the monks were murdered by their swords,
These were but steps that led religion's way
To her triumphant eminence to-day.
It is not now a crime to tell the beads,
It is no sin to cherish pious deeds ;
On faith and church we all may hold our views,
We all may kneel before what shrine we choose,
For tyranny has crammed her filthy maw,
And bigotry has ceased her jeering caw ;
Goodwill and peace have come to be the law.

A FAIR CATHEDRAL AND A NOBLE BISHOP

SURROUNDING Sligo there are towering domes
Exulting proudly over shops and homes ;

A LOVELY HOME

Churches and convents captivate the soul
And point towards regions we should make our goal ;
In stature, and in prominence of place
Saint John's Cathedral stands in queenly grace ;
Her lofty head ascends, a watch to keep,
A shepherd she, and every house a sheep ;
Majestic outside, beautiful within,
She is the pride of Catholic Elphin.
The bishop there uplifts his ruling hand
And gives the faithful diocese command.
I love her shrine, for it was there I knew
The Sacrament that makes a Christian true ;
I love her pulpit, for I drank from it
A hundred draughts of eloquence and wit ;
I love her all, for all of her is rife
With monuments of Doctor Clancy's life.
Devoted pastor ! in my early days
I loved to watch thy saintly genius blaze ;
Held in thy friendship while a bashful boy,
How oft I joyed, encouraged by thy joy ;
Thine was the flood of eloquence which swept
The fears from souls, the tears from eyes that wept ;
Upon thy brow the glow of knowledge gave
Embellishment to resolution brave,
Strong to subdue the tyrant and the knave,
Kind to redeem the captive and the slave :
Thy honest counsel never failed to save :
In times when anger thirsted to deprave ;
Thy genial presence, like a cooling wave,

BY LAND AND SEA

The maddening passions of a throng would lave ;
But oh ! alas ! the muse is doomed to rave
In lamentation by thy hallowed grave.

SCHOOLDAYS IN SLIGO

WHEN stationed on the pinnacle of prime
We see our 'teens the gladdest of our time ;
And first in gladness we survey the years
We spent in college with our young compeers.
But, half the beauties to the prime revealed,
When they are passing, pass away concealed—
The things we are, are not the things we see
When what we are has gone and ceased to be.
My early 'teens in Sligo schools were passed,
And now on them my gaze is backward cast ;
Once more the seraph fancy bids me live,
A lanky pupil, shy and sensitive ;
I join my classmates, and my teachers trace
A glad demeanour in my morning face ;
Now at my studies I am quick and bright,
And to each question I make answer right ;
Now at a senseless problem I am stuck,
And breathe regretful murmurs at my luck ;
Now other boys have got their labours done—
And I—my task is hardly yet begun ;
And now methinks none care for me or mine,
And in the pit of black despair I pine
Till pens are dried, and teachers haste to dine.

A LOVELY HOME

As if a tiger followed in the rear
Through corridors the urban schoolboys tear ;
And I and other rural comrades walk,
And each of us is dubbed—a country hawk ;
And now our souls in agony are stirred,
But we are calm, and utter not a word ;
And now some sympathisers come along,
And take our part, and we are brave and strong,
And fling a challenge at the jibing throng ;
But conscience stabs with a subduing prong—
A wrong defended is a double wrong !

PLAYTIME IN A TOWN

HAIL ! gay companions ! you, the good and kind,
Who strewed with blooms the morass of my
mind ;
How sweet with you the football game to play,
When class meets class on some sublime half
day ;
Our handball contests are a splendid show
For all the juniors standing in a row ;
What grace is in each feathered dart we fling,
And we are skilled to hit the target ring ;
There is to us a store of wealth in all
The marbles won in shooting by the wall,
We love to leave the playground unawares,
And take a ramble in the thoroughfares ;

BY LAND AND SEA

About the town we gape into the shops,
And with our pennies purchase sweets and tops,
And gaze with longing eyes upon a lot
Of things, the price of which we haven't got.
We climb the bridge, and scraps of luncheon throw
To greedy swans that rush for them below.
The barber's window is a dear resort
That never fails to give a share of sport ;
There daily we are wont to make a call,
And gape into the operating hall :
We watch the barber cut the greasy hair
Of some young masher sitting in a chair,
And wonder how the machine cuts so bare :
And harmonising with the clipping sound
Discourse on famous boxers goes around ;
They talk of jockeys, and about the pace
Of horses training for the next big race.
The barber says, ' That animal is fit,
And when he's out be sure have on a bit.'
A voice behind a sporting paper states,
' Dead cert, I will,—he's peerless at the weights.'
But soon the head is lightened for the toff ;
He dresses, pays his threepence, and is off.
The next, a man with visage long and grave,
Sits in the chair, and poses for a shave ;
A great white sheet about his shoulders spread,
Upon the slide-pad he reclines his head ;
He shuts his mouth, and calmly looks on high,
As if the beard were offered to the sky ;

A LOVELY HOME

The barber daubs his features frothy white—
Our expectation now is at its height ;
But oh ! we giggle, and the barber's sight
Is on us, and we vanish in affright.

A SAD REMEMBRANCE

THE art of teaching lies in words, and looks,
And sympathies more than it does in books ;
Bright manners and encouragement instil
More knowledge than a hundred floggings will ;
There is no youth, however unrefined,
Despises school when feelings there are kind,
Yet oft we meet with pedants who explain
The rules of education with a cane—
Uncultured fools, who seem to understand
That brains get lessons from a palsied hand.
And in my 'teens I sometimes had to bear
Insults that teach a student to despair.
Though oft despondent in a dullard's shame,
I never had deserved a dullard's name ;
If dunce I was in those remembered times
I would not be the parent of these rhymes ;
I would not tread an honoured track, nor soar
Above some classmates who were pets of yore.
But I forgive—I wish I could forget
These miseries that make my eyelids wet,
And often steal from my enjoyment yet.

BY LAND AND SEA

JOHN RUPERT TREACY

YET there are schools in Sligo which to me
Hath been a profit and an ecstasy ;
And some who taught me were so kind—they seemed
Rays from the lamp of godly pleasure beamed ;
They gave the light that cheered me in the mists,
And for me still their friendliness exists.
To one, the noblest, is a tribute due—
Dear Treacy ! now I gladly turn to you.
By gazing on the surface we may know
Or bright, or dull, the depths that are below.
And who so dark as cannot genius trace
By one brief glance upon your brilliant face ?
How glad had been the hours I used to pass
An ardent student of your ardent class :
You understood your pupils, and you strove
Imparting knowledge, and they gave you love.
Like one who quaffs the bowl, and never feels
Until a glad sensation o'er him steals,
I drank enamoured from your fount of lore
Till I forgot the sorrows of before,
Till consciousness at last upon me fell
That, after all, a school may not be hell :
Love owes its greatness to a gaze unsought,
Trains owe their swiftness to a simple thought,
Lamps owe their lustre to the match they caught,
And that enchantment that to me you brought
Hath been a charmer in each work I wrought.

A LOVELY HOME

ADDRESS ON THE OCEAN

THE seasons as they move along the land
Imprint their names in bold or gentle hand ;
And all that lives is changing every day,
Now up in joy, now downward in decay.
But, spite of every change through which she goes,
The mighty ocean still unaltered flows ;
Her soil is furrowed by ten thousand ploughs,
And yet there are no furrows on her brows ;
No spring revives her face with freshening showers,
No summer decorates her fields with flowers,
No autumn fruits upon her valleys grow,
No winter robes her in a dress of snow,
For ever lovely is her giant form,
But she is fairest in her rudest storm.
Then panting billows, curling high and wide,
Roll as a sheet of bloom upon her tide ;
No garden where the richest blossoms cling
Can match dominions where those sea bells spring :
In narrow lines, half circling, they extend ;
From drills of green their azure stems ascend,
In countless hues the flowers outspread, and shine,
And flash as in a passion they entwine ;
Then tossing snowy petals all around,
They fade away in agonising sound.
And thus they come, and thus they cease to be,
Those wind wove rainbows arching in the sea.

BY LAND AND SEA

I loved the ocean in life's early spring,
Nor yet from her affection took its wing,
And to my favourite waters I shall sing.

SLIGO BAY

I

Far, far away, the billows smile
Above a charnel store,
And with a gentle call beguile
New victims from the shore ;
They feed the sharks, and toss the ships,
And spit in angry spray,
But all those terrors have eclipse
Approaching Sligo Bay.

II

This verdant ocean field is wide,
And has a stately length ;
A noble heart is in her tide,
Yet gentle is her strength ;
Sweet daughter of Atlantic's race,
She has so fond a way
That rugged heads are bent in grace
To honour Sligo Bay.

A LOVELY HOME

III

To north the lips of Leitrim fall
And kiss her panting mouth,
Coy as a flirt she makes a call
On Mayo in the south ;
She hugs his foot, and plights her vows
Of truth to Knocknarea,
While anxious as a loving spouse
He watches Sligo Bay.

IV

As some pet child at mother's knees
In imitation war,
She strikes as if she joys to tease
The skirts of Ballincar :
At Rosses Point upon the strand
She wields majestic sway,
As if that gem of earth were planned
A throne for Sligo Bay.

V

And Newtown Rosses gives a glance
Of pride above her track,
While coquette like she makes advance,
Or rests, or dances back ;
Romantic, reverent, and shy
At Lissadell her stay,
And there the woodlands bow and sigh
A tale to Sligo Bay.

BY LAND AND SEA

VI

As schoolboys standing on their toes
Stare at some guarded prize,
To east the lofty hills in rows
Are gazing oceanwise,
And streamlets gushing from each heart,
To westward blithely stray,
And in soft whispers they impart
Their love to Sligo Bay.

VII

She cherishes mankind, and rears
For them a finny store,
And emigrants she often bears
Back from a foreign shore :
She safely carries boats along
In commerce or in play,
And swimmers never know a wrong
In tranquil Sligo Bay.

VIII

Years speed in tiny breaths of hours,
And hasten to decay
Earth's grandest things, all human powers
However strong and gay ;
But as the centuries roll by
Time's glory to portray,
The dying waves but beautify
Undying Sligo Bay.

A LOVELY HOME

ROSSES GREENLAND

ATTRACTED by the music of a drum
Beasts of the field around excited come ;
They prance, and roar, until they scarce can hear
The sound that falls bewitching on the ear :
And, Rosses Greenland ! as I gaze on thee
Such strong emotions have their birth in me,
That I, who would sublimely of thee write,
Fall weak, half drowned in gushes of delight.
Oh ! in thy lap long years I fain would live,
And share the countless treasures thou canst give ;
Here would I joy with friends for ever loved,
Whose faith, like mine, with flights of time improved ;
And sometimes we would wander hand in hand
By winding paths and through the meadow land,
And we would revel on some mossy mound,
And we would jump the sandbanks all around,
And we would sit upon the rugged rocks
That bid defiance to the ocean's shocks,
And we would see the waves in front and flank
Come marching in a gleaming armoured rank,
And we would see the signals of attack,
And we would watch the boulders drive them back,
And we would scan them shattered in defeat
And die in tens of thousands at our feet ;
And turning from death's scene we would survey
The stately ships upon the silver bay ;

BY LAND AND SEA

The mountains in their circular array,
The cattle feasting where the rabbits play,
The flocks careering on the heathy brae,
The workmen digging in the sanded clay,
The farmers cutting down the scented hay,
The bathers and the swimmers free and gay,
The golfers and the children in their play ;
And we would listen to the skylark's lay,
And from beneath a tree's outstretching spray,
We would behold the sun at close of day :
In spite of age our youth would with us stay,
And time would be an endless month of May,
And life would float in merriment away.

ATHLETIC ACTIVITY

ONCE when my grove with melody was stirred
Methought to capture and encage the bird ;
But scarce had I beheld his plumage bright,
When he was mute, and vanished from my sight ;
Then chilling shadows swept along the scene,
And twigs were trembling where the bird had been.
And then I mused upon athletic days,
And all the glory of athletic ways ;
I thought that like the warbler on the tree
Agility had rested upon me,
But ere his fairest colours I had known,
He trimmed his golden pinions and was flown,

A LOVELY HOME

And left a cheerless temperament behind,
And frame vibrating in a whirlwind :
But still it is a consolation sweet
To know there was a time my foot was fleet :
How many millions to the churchyard crawl
And never know an athlete's bliss at all !
To lose one must have had, and is it not
Far better to be robbed of joys we've got
Than never feel a proud possessor's lot ?

TIES WITH GRANGE

UPON the sportsfield, youth at my command,
A hundred times in silk I took my stand,
And I had boldly struggled for a meed
On tracks where champions showed their skill and
 speed ;
I won some trophies, and the plaudits loud
And smiles of pretty maidens in the crowd ;
But never in the noonday of my prime
Was I exalted as in that gay time,
When as a boy on Streedra's mossy soil
I gained a laurel and athletic spoil.
Blest land of Grange ! affection wove a twine
Between my heart and every scene of thine.
Still in thy haunts the simple Gaelic brogue
Is not too ancient to be yet in vogue :
Imbued with honour and with diligence
Folk in thy homes seem rapture's eloquence,

BY LAND AND SEA

And lost in thoughts of all the good and fair
We see not life, but only beauty there.
As lamps that cheer a distant path by night
Are hidden in their own refulgent light,
Thy customs kind, obliterating woe,
Are veiled within the rays of joy they throw.
The lonely beggar that is hither bound
Deems there is bliss in begging to be found.
Oh ! none who ever gazed upon this spot
Had thought on virtue and the scene forgot ;
And who that thence had gone an exile's
 track
But fondly longed some day to wander back,
And rest beneath the old ancestral roof,
From all the busy buzz of toil aloof,
To every sorrow and annoyance proof ?

GRANDEUR OF GLENCAR

WE all are clay—that is a proverb old,
But some are barren, some of fertile mould ;
Upon the barren slimy insects creep,
And poison art, if art to life would leap ;
But in the fertile, blooms of culture root,
And rise arrayed in blossoms or in fruit.
A man made beauty man may elevate,
And hold his life in honourable state,
Yet it is but a shadow of the art
Of Him who gave the universe its start :

A LOVELY HOME

We can but make the grandeur that when made
Is strong in weakness, and begins to fade :
God's are the living pictures that appear
Conducted by the seasons of the year ;
They move for ever to the gaze unfurled,
Flashed in the splendid palace of the world.
A masterpiece from the Creator's hand
The lofty region of Glencar is planned :
There one would deem was fashioned beauty's
 home,
Her walls the rocks, her roof the azure dome ;
Her windows fissures to the south and north ;
Her door the pass to westward stretching forth ;
Her jewels gleaming stones in sandy spots ;
Her tapestry the furze in random knots ;
Her chairs the mossy hollows in the heath ;
Her tables verdant fields that lie beneath ;
Her harp the pine trees towering in the brake ;
Her bed the sombre waters of the lake.
And in Glencar a streamlet flows along
That meekly begs the tribute of my song ;
Upon a height she gushes into birth
And with a laugh salutes her mother earth ;
She gaily rushes over pathways smooth ;
Then, briskly treading upon pebbles rude,
She wails and twists in agony forlorn,
Just as a child who treads upon a thorn ;
Soon like a steed about to jump a wall
She steadies—dashes wildly down a fall ;

BY LAND AND SEA

Then in her girth she widens, as men grow
When nearer to their terminus they go ;
Within the lake she breathes a feeble sigh,
As mortals greet eternity, and die.
Glencar is peopled by a hardy race,
Meet dwellers for so mountainous a place :
Though there no wealth or luxury is seen,
The little homesteads all are neat and clean ;
So white the walls of every cottage glow
That in the distance they seem heaps of snow
Cast here and there where blades of verdure grow.

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

SPIRITUALISTIC INTERCOURSE

As steel attracted to the magnet's hold,
The young are captivated by the old,
And held subjected by the stories told.
In earlier days the gossips used to tell
Of apparitions in my native dell ;
Then I had been enveloped by a spell,
And lonely, often at the eveningtide
I roamed, and mused on spirits diamond eyed :
By times I deemed that with me they would walk
In joyous laughter, or in solemn talk ;
Methought them friends, and I had wished to see
Their figures in unveiled reality.
For long, long months, my wishes were in vain,
And I had ceased to wish for them again ;
But one soft day, when down the sunlight sank,
And I was dreaming on a mossy bank,
I was awakened by a banshee's moan
That shrilly rose from an adjacent stone.
I sought to see her, but she baffled sight,
Concealed in dusky robes of falling night ;

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

Kind words I uttered—but she only said—
'Mavrone! Mavrone! I wail for one who fled—
Last of a race to mingle with the dead.'

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

AND from that time I sought to make myself
A meet association for an elf;
I trained my mind in superhuman lore,
Read in the forts and hillsides o'er and o'er.
Of all the spirits I had kindest will
For her—the guardian of my own Lough Gill.
Among her varied haunts I used to stray,
Familiar as the breeze along the day;
And as I lay one pleasant afternoon
At Kiltycahill in the month of June,
I saw, reclining in a hazel shade,
The stately figure of a comely maid.
She seemed a portion of the solitude
With all the tranquil of the time imbued:
I grew excited, turned to run away,
But she arose, approached, and bade me stay;
And as she stretched her hand my hand to take
She said, 'I am the Lady Of The Lake.'
My heart was beating like a battle drum
While I expressed delight that she had come.
I knew she reigned since earth first rolled in time,
And yet she flourished in a queenly prime;

A LOVELY HOME

Her robes were silver, and their glossy sheen
Was most becoming to her noble mien ;
And silver gloves and silver shoes she wore ;
And by her side a silver staff she bore ;
A silver veil had hidden from the view
The face whose lustre penetrated through ;
Her locks hung curling in a golden stream,
And flashed more lovely than the noonday beam.
Sensations new in all my being woke
As she had drawn me underneath her cloak,
And thus in a melodious accent spoke :

THE GREETING

‘ Offspring of mortality !
Trespasser though you may be
In the field of mystery,
You are welcome here to me—
Freedom’s law becomes the free—
Come, my fair estate to see.’

Then I consented, but I begged that she
Might tell the purpose of her destiny.

‘ I am the nymph of all around ;
With my environs I am wound,
With them unnoticed or renowned.’

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

'And in what deeds is your employment found?'

'I guide the current of the air,
And with it all its motions share ;
I make the lake my steady chair,
Or ride a million chargers there,
While patting them with gentle care,
Or dashing them in anger's flare ;
In streams adown the hills I tear,
And with them laugh, or sigh, or swear ;
I give the woods new robes to wear,
Or leave them faded, rent, or bare ;
I raise the flowerets debonair,
Or cast them lowly in despair ;
I dye the fields in verdant glare,
Or daub them with a sombre smear,
Or deck them with long golden hair ;
With game and rabbits I repair ;
I give the fox a quiet lair,
And chase or trap him in a snare ;
Fat sheep and finest herds I rear—
And fodder with the richest fare ;
I bid the birds sing joyous prayer,
Or silence them with sorrow's scare ;
I make all nature smile or blear
Around about us everywhere.'

'Ah! would to me some magic you would spare!'

'Those not in want have part of all ;
Sight what it sees its own may call—

A LOVELY HOME

Possession often is but gall ;
You know my rising and my fall,
My ermine, and my tattered shawl ;
But since your inclinations tall
Would elevate o'er those who crawl,
Come, let your soul forsake its pall.'

I was a spirit in her mystic hall,
Sight only bounded by the azure wall.

EVENTS OF AN AIRY JOURNEY

LINKED hand in hand up flights of air we sped
Afar above earth's most conceited head ;
Of Hazelwood we took a glad survey,
O'er Holywell we made a long delay,
And when we came to Newtown's castle halls,
We made descent and rested on the walls :
In pensive mood we chatted on the time
Ere that proud mansion fell from the sublime :
We spoke of men who stood upon the tower,
And looked defiance at a foeman's power ;
We mentioned chiefs who on adjoining land
Had taught the peasants how to wield the brand,
And march and dash to fight for motherland.
We viewed each path, and every lofty cliff
As we were speeding by bewitching Shriff :
We scanned the Bonet as it made repair,
A sobbing mourner by old Dromahair ;

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

And we alighted on the abbey there.
The river told us of her splendid pride
When saintly monks did on the spot abide,
Of princely folk who rambled by her side,
And how she was dejected since they died.

HISTORIC DROMAHAIR

THE Lady in emotion throbbed
And thus in sorrow's tone she sobbed :
' Alas ! I grieve to view this scene,
A relic of what once had been.
I well remember how the Prince
M'Murrough came from Carlow hence ;
How kindly great O'Rorke received
The friend in whom he well believed,
But soon the friendship was reviled ;
No more the happy valley smiled ;
The Lord of Breffny was betrayed,
For off his cherished wife had made
To be M'Murrough's mistress, and
The Eve who lost this Eden land.
The Saxon came, and long, long years,
Were stained with strife, and blood and tears,
Invaders here had made attack,
But often they were driven back—
For Con and Owen O'Rorke remained
With souls in freedom, limbs unchained.

A LOVELY HOME

And Erin's hope began to glow
When hither came the great Owen Roe ;
I saw his army skilled and brave,
Fearless of foemen or the grave,
And all were armed from head to heel,
Each breast encased in Spanish steel ;
Old men who never more could feel
The strength to make a tyrant reel
Had thronged to greet with fervent zeal,
And bless the legions of O'Neill.
As nigh they marched the valleys rang,
And sweeter sound from echoes sprang ;
The daisies from beneath their tread
Rose with a gladder, prouder head ;
The bells in welcome blither reeled ;
The drums in sweeter music pealed ;
And Owen O'Rorke and his good clan
Proclaimed their honour to each man,
And loud huzzas flew on the air ;
Bonfires were blazing everywhere ;
And harpers played their grandest airs,
And friars prayed thanksgiving prayers.
The castle rested dreamily
Entranced by all the revelry,
But soon with laughter loud it shook
As there a feast the chiefs partook ;
The soldiers dined in camps around,
And cups to Connaught each man crowned.
The banquet done, coy maids advanced,
And pipers played, and dancers danced ;

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

So fleet the dancing, sunbeams grew
Enamoured, and went dancing too,
And they kept dancing, till distressed,
They had to saunter off to rest.
Then stilly air was coaxed till it
Went circling in a dancing fit.
And when at length the moon arose
Each maid and man had sweet repose.
And this had often been the way
Your forebears spent the close of day ;
But once again the scene was changed,
And happy customs were estranged :
Owen Roe was gone his might to wield
Upon another distant field :
The English came, a ruthless horde,
And reaped the harvest of the sword,
Assailed the castle, till bereft,
It tottered down to what is left.
But oh ! the Irish battled well,
And Englishmen in hundreds fell,
Ere they had sounded glory's knell.'

ADIEU TO GRIEF

No face is smiling that is all a smile,
And tears are most becoming for a
 while,
Yet sobs too bitter and regret too long
Are to the weeper and the wept for wrong.

A LOVELY HOME

We cease to sigh, but soar above the land
Where lowly cabins of Killery stand,
And watch poor folk who are regretting there
That scenes are rocky that they may be fair.
By rugged hills and mountains tall and hoar
We take our way to glades of Aughamore,
Admiring all the beauty in her store.

ROMANCE BY LOUGH GILL

AND now we see the youths of Sligo flock
By Cairnsfoot, and rugged Dooney Rock,
And some are friends in friendship's link who rove,
And more are lovers on the path of love.
We watch the maidens and their darling chiefs—
Gay human flowers along the walks and reefs :
There is a couple resting hand in hand
Above the wavelets flapping on the sand.
She whispers softly, then a tale she hears
That is enchanting to her ready ears ;
She twines her fingers in his wavy hair
That flows dishevelled on the balmy air ;
He praises grandeur of the sunset gold,
And says her locks are sweeter to behold :
They pause—their souls are meeting twixt their eyes ;
The silence questions, and a kiss replies :
In every feature comely they are seen—
The counterpart of Edmund and Kathleen.

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

And happy Cupid, sitting on a hill,
Espies us as we gaze admiring still :
He laughs and murmurs—' Be life good or ill,
Love is the wheel that drives the human mill ;
Sweet is its motion, go where'er you will,
But oh ! it is the sweetest by Lough Gill.'

A REST AND A STUDY

AT Tubbernalt we linger in the shade
Cast by the birch and hazel colonnade ;
And we are listening to the Holy Well
Whose babbling waters of the hermits tell
Who in that lone retreat had made a cell.
And we behold the little fabled trout
That heedless of our presence swims about,
And eats the biscuits left by those who came
To bathe, so that their feet might not be lame.
Sole daughter from the lions of the lake
The Garavogue we see her being take ;
And strange ! she has nobility of girth
Upon the spot where first she springs to birth.
Away she toddles, but her course is slow,
For she appears oppressed with grief to go ;
She curves, as if desiring that her track
Should bear her to her mother's keeping back ;
But it is nature's unrelenting fate
That all must from their parents separate.

A LOVELY HOME

Above the centre of the lake we glide,
And mimic swallows flitting in their pride ;
We lag with boats that on the waters beat
The wings that bear them o'er the heaving sheet.
The moorings settled, on an island mound
A faggot blazes, and a feast is crowned,
And all the joys of merriment abound,
And breezes quaff the wine of laughter's sound,
And reel, and tipsy stagger all around.

SUNSET AT SLIGO

FLUSHED as a child whose revelry is spent,
The sun recedes adown the firmament ;
To him we turn, and as we gaze our sight
Is held imprisoned in his bars of light.
Clad in a crimson hood he takes his way,
As if to make his bed in Sligo Bay :
Though woolly lashes fain his eye would close,
Yet on the earth a mellow glance he throws ;
His misty breaths around him softly lie,
Or steed-like canter slowly in the sky.
But faint he waxes—now the ocean seems
To steal the light departing from his beams ;
And now to solemn contemplation given,
He rests upon the lowest stair of heaven ;
Now, with a flash, awaking from decline,
He shows the glory of a noonday shine ;

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

Anew his rays advance o'er vale and hill,
And spread a gorgeous burnish on Lough Gill ;
Joyed by a mystic token in his glance,
The lake is pirouetting in a dance.
But down he goes, and beckoned by his smile,
The waves rush toward him in a serried file,
All anxious as the new-born birds that spring
When called to nestle in their mother's wing ;
But oh ! how sad their mutterings of woe
When shores abruptly terminate their flow :
They die, and dying lift their snowy hands
And waft him signals that he understands.
And now below the blue horizon's rim
The lord of light sinks drowsily and dim,
And twilight rules the deputy of him.

TWILIGHT BY LOUGH GILL

LIKE common mortals, at the evening hour,
The spirits linger in reflection's bower.
And in an ivied grot we muse on all
The robe of darkness covers in its fall :
The farmer leaves the horses and the crops ;
The woodman's stroke is hushed along the copse ;
The lanky curlews stalk the shore in rows ;
Amid the brake the lordly pheasant crows ;
The wild duck quacks concealed within the sedge ;
The sable beetle drones along the hedge ;

A LOVELY HOME

The owl comes forth to greet his morning's sheen ;
The hares and rabbits feast on tufts of green ;
The fishes, jumping from the waters, catch
The flies that flit above them batch on batch ;
The wand of rest is wielded by the breeze ;
The breath of sleep is breathed by the trees ;
The songbirds sing religious melodies ;
A hymn is hummed by home-returning bees ;
The colts upon the pasture rest at ease ;
The bleating flocks in quiet clusters meet,
And spread, a blanket, o'er a safe retreat ;
The cattle to their resting quarters trod,
Kneel one by one as if in prayer to God,
Ere lying down to slumber on the sod ;
Uprising from their garden in the sky,
The scattered diamond blossoms multiply,
And, twinkling, tell of luxuries that lie
In waiting for the virtuous who die.

MUSIC AND SONG

AGAIN the Lady and my soul alight
Upon the spot where first we took to flight ;
All, all around, has on the cloak of night,
But nought is covered from a spirit's sight :
We scrutinise, and know, and feel the deep,
Strange ties connecting all the land with sleep.
And now the Lady pauses to reflect ;
She sighs, and shudders—but her grief is checked ;

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

She takes the flowing tresses of her hair,
And twines and beats them nimbly on the air ;
In tidal waves sounds gush to liberty,
And flood the region with sweet melody ;
Hark ! as she plays she sings a song to me.

THE LADY'S FAREWELL TO THE SOUL

I

I would make you chief,
And your reign prolong
On the highest reef
In the heights of song.

II

From the golden sheaf
Where all beauties throng,
Take a magic leaf,
Twine it with your song.

III

And should every grief
Do your heart a wrong,
Immolate the thief
With the whip of song.

A LOVELY HOME

IV

All your cares be brief,
And your joys be long ;
Fare you well, my chief !
God be with your song.

MORTALITY'S RETURN

AS falling stars dissolve themselves in light
The Lady flies, and vanishes from sight :
My body slumbers on a mossy brow ;
My soul rejoins it—I am mortal now ;
But there is twined with my mortality
A host of visions only spirits see—
Sweet intercourse with things of mystery.
By day and night since that eventful time
My heart is throbbing with the pulse of rhyme,
But oh ! alas ! I hold no heights sublime—
I only creep, or vainly strive to climb.
Few hear the lute when barrel organs chime.

THE VAIN TASK

THE gayest songster in the vernal groves
Can never sing from every tree he loves ;
The blithest bee in summer's sunny hours
But woos a remnant of his cherished flowers ;

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

And vain the task of poets who would seek
To speak in language what the heart would speak.
As one illumed by boyhood's glowing flame
Who starts to carve a monument in fame,
And toils unwearied, panting, wet with soil,
Till health has ebbd away on waves of toil,
And only leaves a token to explain
He wrought devoutly, but he wrought in vain,
I sought to fashion for my native place
A robe becoming to her matchless grace,
Of ermine softness, colours manifold,
In jewels decked, and trimmed with burnished gold,
But, fainting now, I only see a shawl,
Uncouth in fashion, and perchance too small :
Yet is it not confessed in every line
That I have twined the best that I could twine ?
If I have failed, 'tis nature's fault—not mine.

THE FALTERING MUSE

MY honoured Sligo ! still I fain would tell
Of other features I remember well ;
Of Mullaghmore, beside thy laughing bay,
Where Curran loved to spend a holiday ;
Of dear romantic memories that fill
The paths between the sandbanks of Strandhill ;
Of loveliness entwined with every stone
Lashed by the waves at rocky Enniscrone ;

A LOVELY HOME

Of that round tower and Celtic cross that say
Drumcliff had known the flash of glory's ray ;
Of Tubbercurry smiling from the plain,
And wild Ox Hills that smile on her again ;
Of chiefs who fought, and sages wise who wrote
To place immortal fame on Ballymote ;
Of treasured recollections that endure
By graves of kings in churchyards at Toomour ;
Of fond Collooney, and the high renown
That clings to her as jewels to a crown ;
Of Geevagh, and the clash of brand and shield
And struggle on Moytura's bloody field ;
Of Riverstown, and Masses that were said
By hunted priests with prices on each head ;
Of that encounter when the English fled
And strewed the Curlew Mountains with their dead ;
Of heathy rocks where Teeling nobly stood,
And fighting for his country shed his blood ;
Of those great heroes whom Tireragh gave
To win distinction on the land or wave ;
Of other scenes, fair women and true men
Appraised by Morgan's and the Masters' pen ;
Of everything that dear to me had grown
Where now I am a pilgrim hardly known :
But, lost in feeling, now no powers belong
To me to record of the noble throng
Whose hearts are music and whose souls a song.

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

A SOUL'S DESIRE

THE lamp is little, but the light it flings
May emulate to the sublimest things,
And if our lives are as the blades of grass
That pale or glisten as the breezes pass,
If dust and ashes curb the grand desires
The splendour of the universe inspires,
If those exalted, or debased in crime,
Alike are blotches on the page of time,
Enshrined in all there is a seed whose flower
Will one day blossom in immortal power.
In spite of all my feebleness, my soul !
You are a greatness that will yet control :
The rose excels the bed that gave it birth,
And you are greater than your mother earth ;
Still, you would shun your noble destiny,
And link with that of Sligo, were you free,
And be the chaos that she yet will be.

A MORTAL'S PRAYER

BUT, as a mortal, had I wings to fly,
And could I drive the planets of the sky,
And could I sway the thunderbolts, and wield
The lightning flashes of the airy field,

A LOVELY HOME

And dash through space, unchecked in thought and deed,

A dauntless rider, and the earth my steed,

I could not feel again the joys I felt

When in my home my heart in love could melt.

Entrancing Sligo! ere with thee I part,

Take thou my prayers, and with them take my heart :

For ever may each child of thine be brave,

Still true to right, still terror of the knave ;

And may they ever, a triumphant band,

Upon the mount of virtue proudly stand ;

And may their simple bosoms be a shrine

Where God, and God alone, will be divine ;

And may each village ever know content,

And all the joys of modest merriment ;

And may each town shine out serene, elate,

A capital for learning's fair estate ;

And may the busy wheels of trade employ

Each toiler's daughter and each toiler's boy ;

Henceforth may every marsh and barren field

A choicest crop of vegetation yield ;

May every fertile tract produce a store

Of luxuries it never gave before ;

May every garden terrace be arrayed

In sweet profusion never yet displayed ;

May gentlest breezes kiss the fairest bloom

On every flower that kisses back perfume ;

May all the mountains and the hills still rise

Sweet gems of earth aspiring to the skies ;

ON LOUGH GILL'S BANKS

May streams and rivers with harmonious sound
Unceasing laugh along the hallowed ground ;
May lakes be ever hushed in slumber deep,
Or heaving softly, like a babe asleep ;
May warblers sing a still more joyous song,
And flocks and herds grow doubly fair and strong,
And bees make stores of honey all day long ;
May Sol each day give forth unclouded light,
And stars and moon shine beautiful by night ;
May peace unchecked, in splendour ever roam,
And kindred exiles soon recross the foam
No more to wander from *A Lovely Home*.

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