SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM, AND MORE SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM. TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

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Songs of the Glens of Antrim, and More Songs of the Glens of Antrim. Two Volumes in One by Moira O'Neill

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MOIRA O'NEILL

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Trieste

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BY

MOIRA O'NEILL AUTHOR OF "THE ELF ERRANT," ETC., ETC.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

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1922

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W. C. S.

There' a house upon the sea-sand, a white house an' low, The gulls are flyin' over it, the red roses blow. By night the waves are breakin', an' the moon is on the sea:

Sure all that I love are there, all that love me,-

Only one.

There' a house upon the prairie in the lone North-West, In the flowery, silent summer, on a green hill's breast; Where mountains stretch across the sky the world's end must be,

An' none that I love are there, none that love me,-

Only one.

I dreamt of gentle Ireland beneath the Northern Light, The waves that broke on Ireland were callin' me by night;

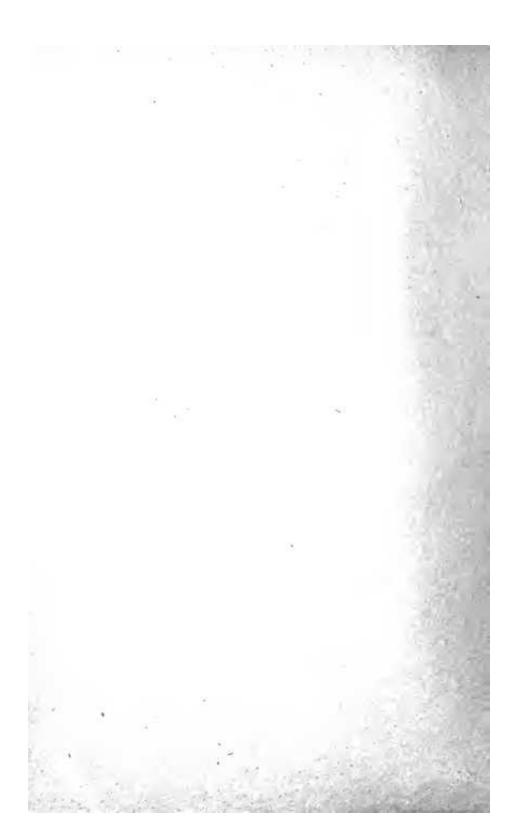
Till back across the salt sea, back against the sun I took the way the birds know, an' woke in Cushendun,-

Not with you.

Oh, what about the roses then, an' what about the strand ! For now 'tis wantin' back I am to that lone land; 'Tis the other house I'm seein' on the green hill's breast, An' a trail across the prairie that's goin' south an' west,—

Back to you.

183099



PREFACE.

These "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" were written by a Glenswoman in the dialect of the Glens, and chiefly for the pleasure of other Glenspeople.

By the courtesy of the Editors of 'Blackwood' and the 'Spectator' they are republished here.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

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