

THE OGHAM PILLAR-STONE

IT stands upon a slope of Western shore
Where lonely winds caress it day and night;
The evening shadows and the morning light
Strike on its rune-lined angles, and the roar
Of the near sea — whose billows evermore
Surge in — makes music round its ancient
site!

The curlew, calling sadly in his flight,
Utters his plaintive anthem o'er and o'er!

Aeons have passed and left no mark or trace
Since this mysterious monument was raised;
Firbolg and Fomor and the Danaan race
Have gazed upon these symbols, sore
amazed;
Still do they mutely question earth and sky,
And but the Druid winds give heed and sigh!