

Just beyond the moonlit garden I can see the orchard  
trees,

With their dark boughs overladen, stirring softly in the  
breeze,

And the shadows on the greensward and within the  
pasture bars;

The white sheep huddling quietly beneath the pallid  
stars.

O, my garen, lying whitely in the moonlight and the  
dew;

Far across the restless ocean flies my yearning heart to  
you,

And I turn from storied castle, hoary frame and ruined  
shrine

To the dear familiar garden where my own white lillies  
shine.

With a vague halfstartled wonder of some night in para-  
dise,

From the battlements of heaven I shall turn my long-  
ing eyes

To the dim resplendant spaces and the mazy stars drift  
through

To my garden lying whitely in the moonlight and the  
dew.

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### AN IRISH WELCOME.

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Shake hands with your uncle Michel  
And kiss your sister Kate.

'Tis many a year since last we swung  
Upon the garden gate.