

**A GRACE FOR LIGHT.**

(Molra O'Neill)

When we were little childer we had  
a quare wee house,  
Away up in the heather by the  
head o' Brabla' burn;  
The hares we'd see them scootin', an'  
we'd hear the crowing grouse.  
An' when we'd all be in at night  
ye'd not get room to turn.

The youngest two she'd put to bed,  
their faces to the wall,  
An' the lave of us could sit aroun'  
just anywhere we might,  
Herself 'ud take the rush dip an'  
light it for us all,  
An' "God be thanked!" she would  
say, "Now we have a light."

Then we be to quiet the laughin' an'  
pushin' on the floor,  
An' think on One who called us  
to come and be forgiven;  
Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an'  
say the goo dword more,  
"May the Lamb of God lead us all  
to the Light o' Heaven!"

There's a when things that used to  
be an 'now has had their day,  
The nine glens of Antrim can show  
ye many a sight;  
But not the quare wee house where  
we lived up Brabla' way,  
Nor a child in all the nine Glens  
that knows the grace for light.