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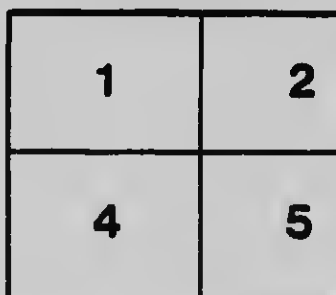
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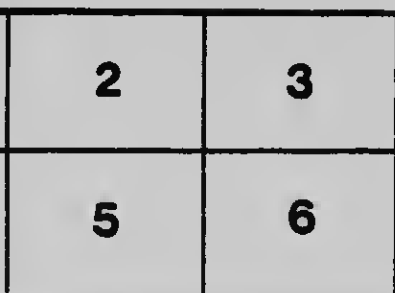
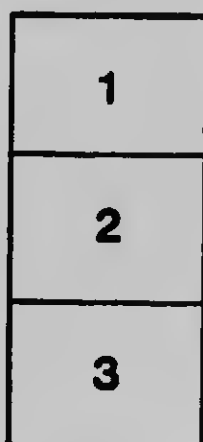
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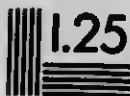
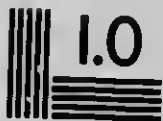
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M. O. W. P. H.

1871  
1872









A GARDEN  
IN ANTRIM

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BY  
Eva S. Molesworth

**A GARDEN  
IN ANTRIM**

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By  
**Eva S. Molesworth**



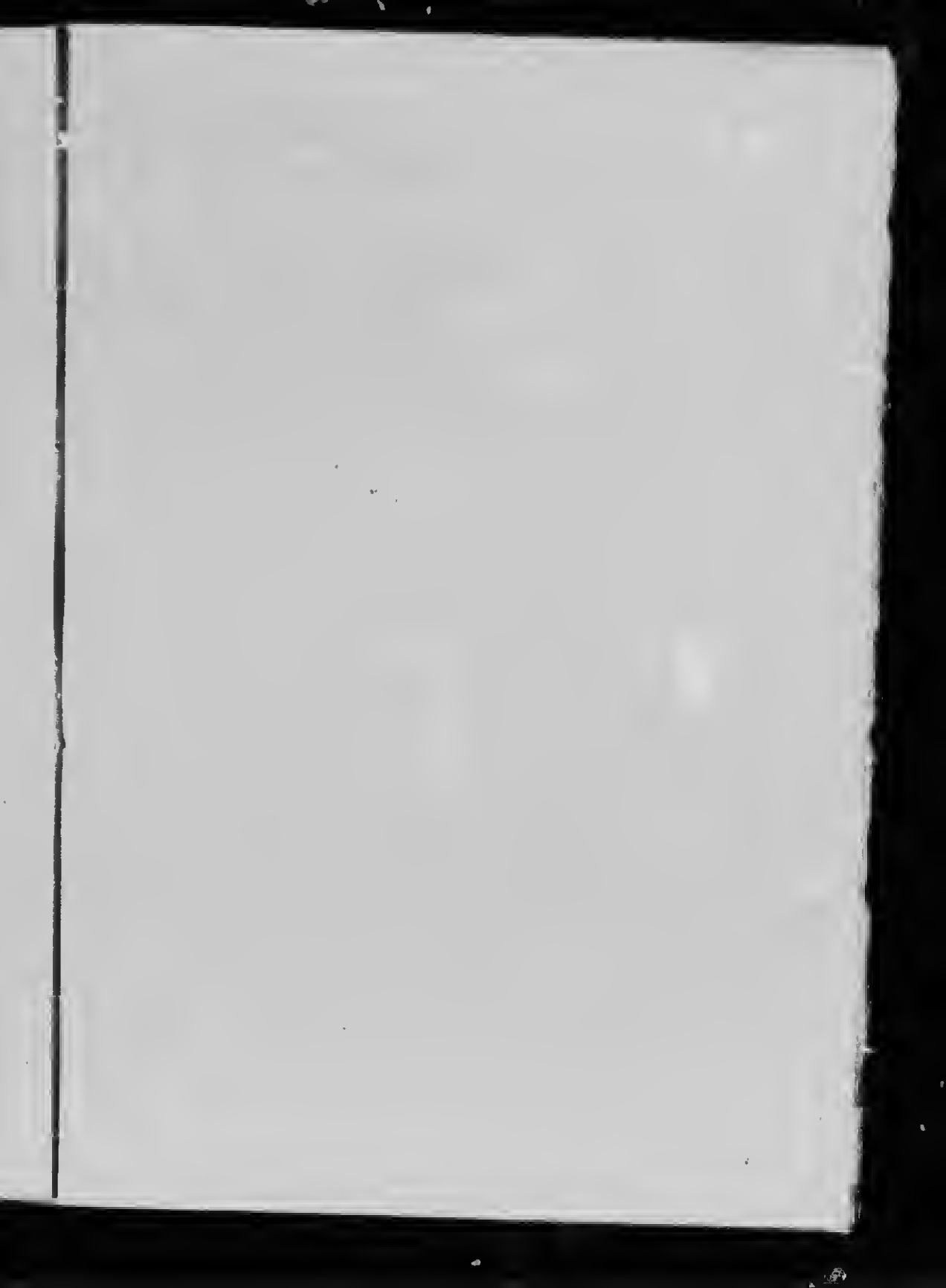
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A Garden in Antrim

## A Garden in Antrim



**F**OR centuries the brave old yews have  
stood like sentinels,  
If you could read the dim, dark page each  
branch a story tells.  
Romances of a bygone day,  
When knights and ladies blithe and gay  
Bedecked the spacious lawns, and wandered  
through the green and leafy dells.

The ivy baskets on the lawn, whose dark and  
glossy green  
Is woven in a wondrous wreath, four hundred  
years have seen.  
The old sun-dial, worn and grey,  
Has marked the hours that passed away,  
For eyes that scanned its timeworn stone through  
generations that have been.

It told the hours long years ago for joyous eyes  
of blue,  
That sought its face in eager quest as twilight  
nearer drew;  
When bravest knight and fairest maid  
Held tryst beneath the sombre shade,  
Nor feared that spying glance could pierce the  
friendly shelter of the yew.

Still echoes down the garden walks the ghostly  
sound of feet

That traversed once the winding paths with step  
both light and fleet.

But centuries have passed away

Since those poor feet were turned to clay,

And 'mid the yews no more resound those voices  
gay and laughter sweet.



## *The Green Isle*



Oh, this morning I woke with a longing that  
lies in my heart like a pain;  
Just to breathe the salt air of the ocean,  
and see the Mourne Mountains again  
To sit on the limpet-strewn rocks, and to feel the  
cold spray on my face;  
Forgetting all else in the draught of delight that I  
drink for a space.

Where the purple light falls on the headlands  
against the dark face of the sea;  
And the sorrowful plaint of the seamews comes  
mournfully downward to me,  
Oh, to watch the white wings of the gulls that  
flash as they dip in their flight,  
And listen through all to the song of the deep that I  
hear day and night.

And when flashes the sun o'er the waters, and  
mists fall away like a veil,  
See the Isle of Man rise to my vision, a mystic isle,  
ghostly and pale.  
Behind me, in glory of heather, and gorse with its  
blossoms of gold,  
The solemn and wonderful beauty of the hills that  
never grow old.

Oh, no wonder the heart of St. Columba was  
broken at leaving that shore;  
That his sad eyes turned ever in longing, to see  
those blue mountains once more.  
For never an exile from Erin, though far o'er the  
world he may roam,  
Can find any spot half so fair as the green isle that  
means to him home.

## *The Warning*



**I** MIND me in the days of old how always at  
the gloaming  
Would our mother call to summon all us  
children from our play ;  
For 'twas down the road and on the shore  
forever we'd be roaming,  
And as gay and heedless as the lark from  
dawn till close of day.

When the golden-throated robin, and the wee,  
brown-feathered thrushes,  
All were silent, all were nestling, in the hedges,  
in the grass,  
Then we'd scurry to the cabin, by the pool and  
through the rushes,  
Where the water-hens stirred softly as they  
heard our footsteps pass.

Then our mother in the doorway with the young  
ones all would linger,  
Smoothing out the golden tangles from each  
little weary head ;  
Gently twining baby curls around a soft, caressing  
finger,  
Till the dancing eyes grew heavy, and she  
tucked us all in bed.

But one night we started shuddering, at a sudden  
sound of wailing,  
'Twas a strange and awesome keening, like a  
soul in direst pain ;  
From the shadows of the dark blue hills adown  
the valley trailing,  
And we huddled close in terror as the cry  
rang out again.

Then our mother, holding closer in her arms the  
sleeping baby,  
Crossed herself, and softly whispered, "'Tis  
the Banshee, did you hear ?  
Sure she knows the call is coming for some soul  
that's near us, maybe."  
Then we cowered 'neath the blankets, and  
we held our breath in fear.

But the sun shone bright as ever in the radiant,  
golden morning,  
And a purple glory lay upon the lovely Irish  
shore ;  
And the children never knew for whom that weird  
and awful warning  
Had been sounded through the darkness, for  
it came to them no more.

## *The Message*



I AM here in the North, in a world of frost and  
snow,  
But my thoughts fly away from it ever;  
For wherever I may be,  
Still my heart will dwell with thee,  
In the town beside the fair Southern River,  
Where the mountains kiss the clouds, and the  
tender breath of Spring  
Sets the tiny hidden flower roots a quiver,  
Where the rare arbutus bloom  
Soon will leave its leafy tomb,  
In the woods beside the great Southern River.  
Love, may every flower you see call your memory  
back to me,  
Where amid the cold North winds I pine and  
shiver.  
Let the sweet arbutus say,  
Someone thinks of thee to-day,  
And her heart is here beside the Southern River.

*"Christ is Risen"*



**D**ARK and drear the shadows fall,  
Heavy clouds hang over all;  
And my heart, in sorrow's thrall,  
Dwells, as in a prison.

But, as dawns the Easter morn,  
Sweetly to my soul forlorn  
Are the words of comfort borne,—  
"Christ the Lord is risen."

On the Cross He bowed His head.  
But no bitter word He said;  
Meek, He suffered in our stead;  
(To the story listen.)

Never more the crown of thorn  
Shall His patient brow adorn;  
Far and near the song is borne,—  
"Christ the Lord is Risen."

*In June*



**T**O and fro, beneath the vines,  
The hammock swings.  
Far away, amid the pines,  
A night bird sings.

Whippoorwill, the plaintive call  
Sounds from the hill.  
Through the vines the moonbeams fall  
Across the sill.

On your face the pale beams shine,  
As you bend low ;  
And your hand is clasping mine,  
While to and fro

Swings the hammock, and we hear,  
As from a height,  
Whippoorwill call, soft and clear,  
His sweet goodnight.

*Finis*



**N**OW all is said and done, dear,  
All is said and done.  
Nothing left to hope or fear  
Underneath the sun.

For what is there to hope for,  
When love and youth are fled?  
And what is there to fear, dear,  
When faith is stricken dead?

We gave you all we had, dear,  
My poor heart and I,—  
All our golden store of love,  
All our purpose high.

Faith was trodden under foot,  
And love was laughed to scorn;  
And now, of all our roses,  
Is only left—a thorn.





