

# **INNOCENCIES: A BOOK OF VERSE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649368075

Innocencies: A Book of Verse by Katharine Tynan

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**KATHARINE TYNAN**

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BOOK OF VERSE**



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BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

LONDON: A. H. BULLEN  
DUBLIN: MAUNSEL & Co. LTD.  
1905

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.

*“ And I shall thereupon  
Take rest ere I be gone  
Once more on my adventure, brave and new :  
Fearless, and unperplexed  
When I wage battle next,  
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.”*



*I sing of children and of folk on wings,  
Of faith, of love, of quiet country things ;  
Of death that is but lying down at night  
And waking with the birds at morning light ;  
And of the Love of God encompassing ;  
And of the seasons round from Spring to Spring ;  
I sing of gardens, fields, and flowers and trees :  
Therefore I call my love-songs Innocencies.*

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## THE DEAD CHILD.

The little son was dead  
Ere he was born, alas!  
Never upon his hapless head  
The saving water was.

In Crios-na-Lanna drear  
They laid the precious clay  
That will not rise in any year  
Nor on the Judgment Day.

As she went to and fro,  
Her tears fell down like rain  
For the small son she might not know,  
Whom she had borne in pain.

As she went out about,  
Her tears they burned like fire  
For the small wandering soul cast out  
That was Our Lord's desire.

As she went to the well,  
Past Crios-na-Lanna dark,  
She heard the sheep and the sheep-bell  
And many a happy lark.

O'er churchyard grave and moss  
The sheep cropped, well content ;  
The little grave without a cross  
Cried to her as she went.

She never raised her eyes,  
But drew the water clear.  
Is that a new-born babe that cries,  
Or straying lambkin near ?

O is it lamb or child  
That leaves the churchyard sod ?  
A little lamb all undefiled  
And like the Lamb of God ;

That seeks its mother mild  
With tender soft alarms ;  
O is it lamb or is it child  
That bleats within her arms ?

O is it child or lamb  
That pushes at her breast ?  
A lamb that sought its straying dam  
And has come home to rest.

On Crios-na-Lanna's rock  
The sheep browse safe from harms ;  
One little lamb has left the flock  
And leaped into her arms.