

**SONGS OF THE GLENS OF
ANTRIM, AND MORE SONGS
OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM.
TWO VOLUMES IN ONE**

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Songs of the Glens of Antrim, and More Songs of the Glens of Antrim. Two Volumes in One by
Moirá O'Neill

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BY

MOIRA O'NEILL

AUTHOR OF "THE ELF ERRANT," ETC., ETC.

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TO

W. C. S.

There' a house upon the sea-sand, a white house an' low,
The gulls are flyin' over it, the red roses blow.
By night the waves are breakin', an' the moon is on the
sea;

Sure all that I love are there, all that love me,—
Only one.

There' a house upon the prairie in the lone North-West,
In the flowery, silent summer, on a green hill's breast;
Where mountains stretch across the sky the world's end
must be,

An' none that I love are there, none that love me,—
Only one.

I dreamt of gentle Ireland beneath the Northern Light,
The waves that broke on Ireland were callin' me by
night;

Till back across the salt sea, back against the sun
I took the way the birds know, an' woke in Cushen-
dun,—

Not with you.

Oh, what about the roses then, an' what about the strand!
For now 'tis wantin' back I am to that lone land;
'Tis the other house I'm seein' on the green hill's breast,
An' a trail across the prairie that's goin' south an'
west,—

Back to you.

5-5-22,

JC

SS 32

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PREFACE.

These "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" were written by a Glenswoman in the dialect of the Glens, and chiefly for the pleasure of other Glens-people.

By the courtesy of the Editors of 'Blackwood' and the 'Spectator' they are republished here.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

