

A GLEN SONG.

Do you remember yet, *my love*, the sunshine of that day,
How the the river ran before us, and the fleckless blue hung o'er us,
And against the purple heather gleamed the yellow of the hay?

Where on a dew-wet swinging spray brown throistles trilled above,
And the blackbird carolled after in a silver rain of laughter,
And the little linnet piped its song that has no theme but Love.

'Twas sweet with you beside me in a world of harvest gold:
The sallaghs made a shadow in a corner of the meadow,
And your eyes were wells of kindness, and my hand lay in your hold.

The voice of Spring comes on the winds like cuckoo calling clear
She bids us fare together, nor heed the fitful weather—
And seek in yon green glen the joy that waits our hearts, my Dear.

ETHNA CARBERY