

Dreaming

*Not the dark rugged rim of the mountain
Do I see, as Mourne lies in the sun,
But the form of a warrior reclining,
When the day of his battle is done.*

*Finn McCool, giant hero of story,
It was meet fancy found you a bed,
With a vast distant peak for a pillow.
For a canopy, sky overhead.*

*Are you dreaming up there of the old days,
When the Causeway took form neath your hand,
When your strong arms hewed out those fair
columns —
Of buildings supreme in the land?*

*When the thunder claps break in the mountains,
Does it seem like the voice of your foe,
As he strode in his anger through Scotland.
Threshing wildly, to give blow for blow?*

*In the deep mighty moan of the tempest,
Do you hear the Fianna again,
Cheering wildly the day of your victory,
As another fine giant lies slain?*

*But enough, for your age is long over!
— Though it lives in the tales that are told,
And whoe'er pens the story of Ireland,
Must write you in letters of gold.*

*May it ne'er be the airborne invader
That shall wake you from slumber at night,
But only the wild geese complainng,
As they speed on their lone lofty flight.*

*Sleep in peace, soon the mist shall enfold you,
In her soft fleecy blanket once more,
And the white clouds float down to keep vigil,
O'er your bed, high above the lough shore.*

SARA SAVAGE