

## Road words ahead Mullabrack

*Alas for days of childhood  
And memories so fair!  
Those chestnut trees that lined the road  
They are no longer there.  
For in man's march of progress  
I see an awful scar —  
They are building now a broad, straight road  
For the modern motor car.*

*The railway line of former days  
Is sunk beneath that road;  
There's now a broad flat surface  
Where two stately bridges stood.  
The winding road I went to school  
Has vanished from my sight,  
For in these days of progress,  
It has vanished overnight.*

*It was in that little school-room  
I started out in life;  
And now my circle's widened  
In a world that's torn with strife.  
I have memories of my school-mates  
With whom I used to play  
Around that ancient graveyard  
On many a summer's day.*

*When I think of Barney Mulligan  
And the carting of the hay —  
It reminds me of those bygone days  
That now have passed away.  
Long life to him was given  
And he was with us still  
To see those golden sunsets  
On the church upon the hill.*

*The church it still is standing  
Upon its ancient site  
To lead the sons of Adam's race  
From darkness into light.  
O may God's grace be given  
His purpose to fulfil,  
As we gather there to worship  
In the church upon the hall.*

WILLIAM QUINN.