

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the  
sea,  
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart,  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my  
heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind,  
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way  
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,  
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in  
spray,  
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through my  
soul.

By Eva Gore-Booth.

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