

Woodland

"Into The Twilight"

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Out-worn heart, in a time outworn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right
Laugh, heart, again in the grey twilight;
Sigh heart again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight grey,
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in the fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hallow and wood
And river and stream work out their will.

And God stands winding, His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;
And love is less kind than the grey twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

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