

Poetry.

SWEET HOME-FACES.

When dusk has brought rest to the weary,
And the troubles are over that tire,
In the hour of silence and shadow
I am seated alone by the fire.
And out of the red glowing embers,
When the fitful light wavers and dies,
Like angels that come to watch o'er me,
Sweet, beautiful faces arise.

What though I am far from the loved ones?
Their presence I feel in the room,
And a tender and silent communion
We hold in the gathering gloom;
While there rises within me a longing
The exile alone understands,
Till I sigh for the sound of their voices,
And I yearn for the clasp of their hands.

Oh, the sweet and unselfish devotion
Of those eyes as they look into mine,
In their luminous, soft depths reflected,
There is love that is almost divine!
It is love that is pure as the angels;
It is love that would keep me from wrong—
Such a bond as death only can sever,
So lasting it is and so strong!

Oh, tender and beautiful faces,
That come in the firelight's glow,
Like stars shining out through the darkness,
You light up my path where I go!
God grant that the future may bring you
No trace of a sorrow or pain,
Till He who hath parted our pathways
Shall bring them together again!

—*Shamrock.*

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