

An Deoraidhe.

It's a strange thing to be lonely with so many
folks around,
And to hear old voices all the time through every
other sound ;
I try my hardest to forget, but still I can't get free
From thoughts of what I left behind, away across
the sea.

It's foolish to be pining for one poor wee bit of
land,
With the whole world full of countries so great
and rich and grand ;
Yet for all I know it's foolish, the pain won't leave
my heart,
And the least wee word of Ireland makes the hot
tears start.

It was lonesome there at home in the long black
winter nights,
And I'd be often wishing for the streets and crowds
and lights ;
But the kind of loneliness that's here is harder far
to bear.
If I were back in Ireland now I'd never know a
care.

I tell myself I'm lucky, and its proud I ought to be,
To live in such a fine big town, with splendid
sights to see ;
But the dear old land I'll never see is always in
my mind,
And I'm lonely for them night and day, the
friends I left behind.

WINIFRED PATTON.