



## Remembrance

We ran the hazel byways he and I  
And chased the morning glory down the lanes  
And tumbled through the meadows on the way  
To lay our tousled locks in secret glades.

#

And oh the bluebell bowers where we played  
Mid slumbering pastures sheltered in the fold  
Where nodding shires slowly turned the fields  
To scented earth beneath our wayward toes

#

And through the lengthening shadows fleet we sped  
Before the harvest moon had shed her light  
To four strong walls where hands would gather us in  
To draw us near and keep us through the night.

#

And innocence reached up to touch the stars  
In strong brown arms that often raised us high  
Where smiling faces took us by the hand  
And led us down to dreams by candlelight.

***Bernard J Calgie** was born on the Necarne estate near Irvinestown and spent his formative years there. He has lived in England for sixty years now but still remembers his childhood days in Fermanagh with affection.*

Photo of bluebells at Necarne by the author.