

# SHE WEEPS OVER RAHOON

POEM BY JAMES JOICE

Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling,

Where my dark lover lies.

Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,

At grey moonrise.

Love , hear thou

How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,

Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,

Then as now.

Dark too our hearts , O love, shall lie and cold

As his sad heart has lain

Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould

And muttering rain.