

BOG COTTON ON THE RED BOG (an excerpt)

A Poem by CHARLOTTE GRACE O'BRIEN (1845 – 1909)

Foynes in June 1895

“O STRONG-WINGED birds from over the moorland dark,
On this June day what have you seen?
Where have you been?”

Where, oh! where
The golden yellow asphodel makes its boggy home,
And far and near,
Spreading in broad bands of silvery silky foam
O'er the moorland drear,
The slender-stemmed bog cotton bends in waves of light,
Shaking out its shining tufts for its own delight,
There, oh! there
We have been.

“O sweet sky-piercing, heaven-mounting lark,
On this June day what have you seen?”

I have seen—I have seen
The dark red bog and the king fern green,
And the black black pools lying dim between, –
The baby heather that blossoms so soon
In the splendid heat that comes after June –

[Charlotte Grace O'Brien](#) was born in County Limerick, the daughter of [William Smith O'Brien](#) who was a Conservative Member of Parliament for County Limerick; she championed the cause for better conditions for those emigrating to America.