

Classic Poetry Series

**Patrick Edward Quinn**  
**- poems -**

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## Patrick Edward Quinn(1862-1926)

Patrick Edward Quinn (Brother of Roderic Joseph Quinn) was born in Sydney New South Wales, Australia on 17th March 1862. His parents has emigrated from Ireland and settled in Sydney.

Patrick was educated at various Sydney School he worked as a Journalist. He later became a Member of N.S.W. Legislative Assembly a position he maintained for six years.





# A Girls' Grave

What story is here of broken love,  
What idyllic sad romance,  
What arrow fretted the silken dove  
That met with such grim mischance?

I picture you, sleeper of long ago,  
When you trifled and danced and smiled,  
All golden laughter and beauty's glow  
In a girl life sweet and wild.

Hair with the red gold's luring tinge,  
Fine as the finest silk,  
Violet eyes with a golden fringe  
And cheeks of roses and milk.

Something of this you must have been,  
Something gentle and sweet,  
To have broken your heart at seventeen  
And died in such sad defeat.

Hardly one of your kinsfolk live,  
It was all so long ago,  
The tale of the cruel love to give  
That laid you here so low.

Loving, trusting, and fowly paid --  
The story is easily guessed,  
A blotted sun and skies that fade  
And this grass-grown grave the rest.

Whatever the cynic may sourly say,  
With a dash of truth, I ween,  
Of the girls of the period, in your day  
They had hearts at seventeen.

Dead of a fashion out of date,  
Such folly has passed away  
Like the hoop and patch and modish gait  
That went out with an older day.

The stone is battered and all awry,  
The words can be scarcely read,  
The rank reeds clustering thick and high  
Over your buried head.

I pluck one straight as a Paynim's lance  
To keep your memory green,  
For the lordly sake of old Romance  
And your own, sad seventeen.

Patrick Edward Quinn