

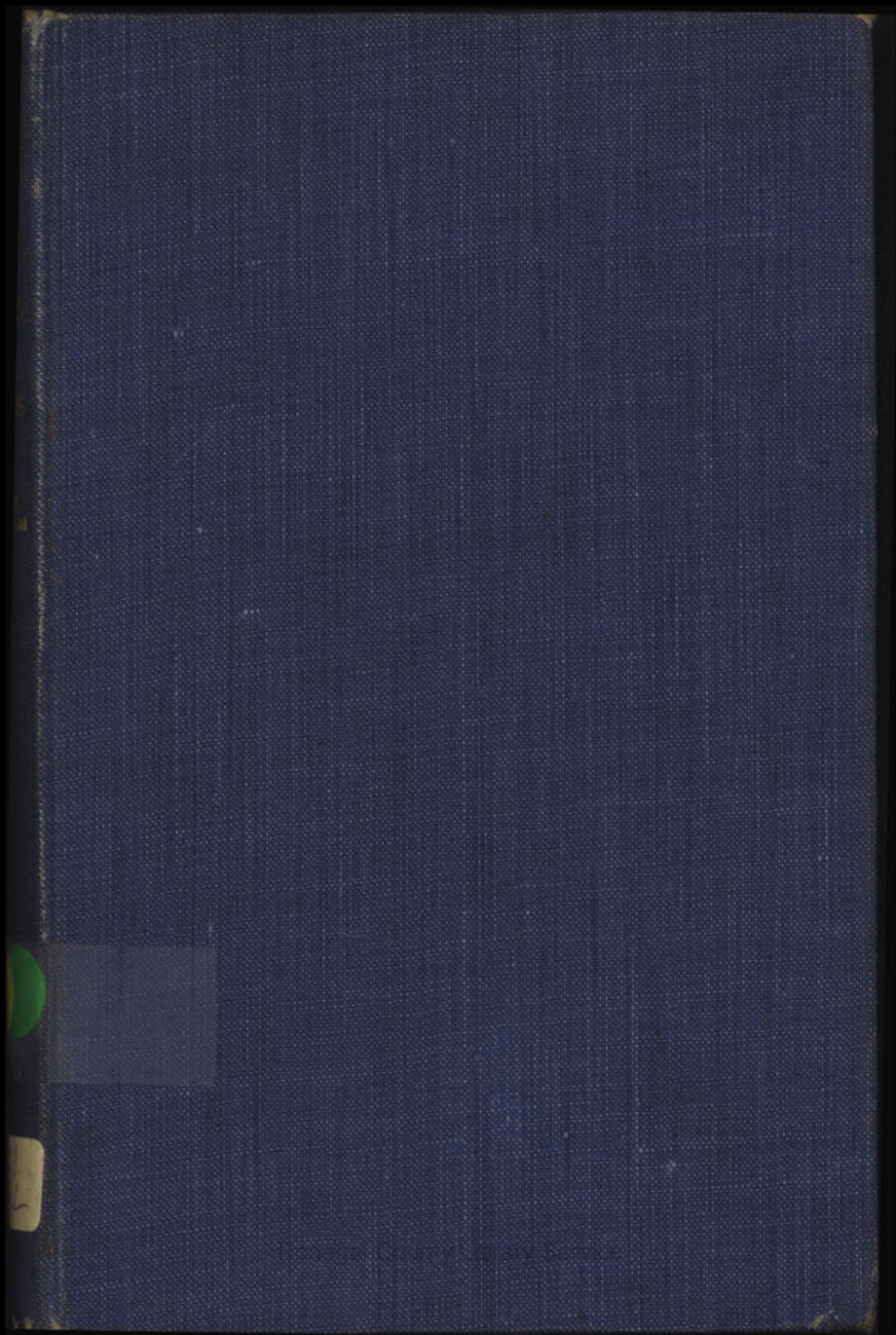
IRISH
SONGS
AND
POEMS



WILLIAM
WILLINGHAM



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BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

IRISH SONGS AND POEMS

LAURENCE BLOOMFIELD

FLOWER PIECES DAY AND NIGHT

IRISH SONGS AND POEMS

LIFE AND PHANTASY

THOUGHT AND WORD

MANOR

BLACKBERRIES

LONGMAN'S GREEN AND CO

and NEW YORK 15 EAST 57TH STREET

October 25 1900
from Dublin
St. James's Street

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

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IRISH SONGS AND POEMS

BY
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM



Think of her, were it but a little while,
Free of all smirch of passion, care and wrong;
A green-hill'd, old-world, fairy-haunted Isle,
Warm-hearted, tearful, merry, full of song.

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1901

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IRISH SONGS AND POEMS

BY
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM
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IRISH SONGS AND POEMS Third Edition

LONGMANS GREEN AND CO.

NEW YORK AND LONDON

LONGMANS GREEN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK: 27 EAST 10th STREET

LONDON

1901

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along the sky; the valleys lead up through steep and
 steep; ferns and willow-branches tremble in the breeze of
 the torrent. Bays and harbours ring over land and
 sea, the bay seems like a mighty sea, the bay
 among the breakers or lies watched on the strand.
 He hears songs and sad music, words of an ancient
 tongue, half-echoes that seem to speak out of a

BY a certain River, with its harbour and bay, lies
 the native region of most of these poems. They
 possess a reality for the writer of which little, alas! can
 be conveyed to his readers. For him the cold words
 carry life and youth in their veins; they recall real
 scenes and feelings. He sees the steep little Town,
 with its long Bridge, the country-side and its thatched
 Cottages (each with a human history) among rocky
 knolls and moors. The sun is fresh upon the morn-
 ing Sea, or sends a parting smile across the green-
 hilled Harbour; the fishermen haul their nets; they
 lie asleep on the grass; the sailors' 'yo-heave-O'
 sounds up, the clank of the chain-cable, the cease-
 less hum of the waterfall. He meets the pilot's
 daughter and her fair comrades, sits musing on the
 green mound of a Rath (one among many in the
 landscape) or some carved stone under the Abbey
 ruins; rows his boat slantingly across the rapid;
 plunges into brimming rock-pool or noisy waves. The
 Atlantic stretches limitless, the sea-fowl rise from the
 strand and fly across black cliffs capt with thymy
 sward, the rabbits skip in the mossy dells of the
 warren. The wavy outline of a Mountain-range runs

along the sky; the valleys lead up through slope and crag; ferns and wildflowers tremble in the breath of the torrent. Blasts and tempests rage over land and sea, the bar roars like a mighty fire, the ship reels among the breakers or lies wrecked on the strand. He hears songs, sad and merry, words of an ancient tongue, harp-notes that seem to speak out of a measureless past, the dance-fiddle, and lamentations of exiles, and wailings for the dead. Finn Mac Cuil and other legendary glories move shadow-like on hill and plain. Nor are the Fairies merely fantastic. Their quaint and tender mythology was round his cradle, in everybody's memory, in the faith (secretly and shyly) of some; nor is it yet extinct among the lonely crags and glens of Donegal.

TO DEAR GEORGE PETRIE

THE Western Wind blows free and far
Under the lonely Evening Star
Across an ocean vague and vast,
And sweeps that Island Bay at last;
Blows over cliff there, over sand,
Over mountain-guarded land,
Rocky pastures, moors and lakes,
Rushing River that forsakes
His inland calm to find the tide;
Homes where Men in turn abide;
And blows into my heart with thrills,
Remember'd thrills of love and joy.
I see thee, Star, above the hills
And waves, as tho' again a Boy,
And yet through mist of tears. O shine
In other hearts, as once in mine,
And thou, Atlantic Wind, blow free
For others now, as once for me!

Cluinem cláirseach agus dearmuidem brón.

[Let us hear a harp and forget sorrow.]

TO DEAR GEORGE PETRIE.

THE LADY OF THE SEA.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT ERIN.

I.

WHEN summer days are hot and blue,
How well for thee that mayst pursue
Far from the city's crowded street
The winding brook with wandering feet,
Conquer the mountain's airy crest,
Lose thee in woodland glade; or, best,
Breathe ocean-wind where curl'd waves roar,
Dart from the land in merry boat,
Dive into crystal green, swim, float,
Watch, on your cliff-sward stretch'd at rest,
Cloud-shadows cross the mighty floor,
Or pleated crimsons dye the west
As bit by bit the great Sun goes,
And soft the lazy ripple flows
Like sleep upon a wearied brain.
Suppose it thus; suppose thee fain
Of song or story, some wild thing
Reported from the mystic main,—
Of Dalachmar now hear me sing,
Son of a long-forgotten king.

King Erc the Fortunate was dead,
 Diarmad ruled the clans instead,
 Of West Ierné, strong in war,
 Generous in peace; and Dalachmar,
 His younger brother, dwelt with him.
 Nor showed the sun and moonlight dim
 In those long-faded seasons; bright
 Was many a fresh new morrow's light
 Along the mountains, evening gold
 Fell on the wave, in times of old.

Their Fortress-Hill, a mighty mound,
 With houses built of the strong oak-tree,
 Entrench'd and palisaded round,
 Ring within ring, o'erlook'd the sea
 And rugged woods of wolf and bear;
 A land of gloomy pathways where
 Wild men crept also to and fro
 To snatch a prey with club and bow;
 Till sharply blew the signal-horn
 The warriors of the Rath to warn,
 And bid them smite the plunderers back
 With blood upon their hasty track.
 Or sometimes ocean-rovers fierce
 Dared with their waspish navy pierce
 A river-mouth or guardless bay
 And sting the land with fire and sword;
 Then sped the warriors forth, to slay
 And chase and scatter, and drive aboard.

But when the battle spoil was won,
 Or when the hunting-day was done,
 They heard, o'er fragrant cups of mead,
 Their bards rehearse each daring deed
 To ringing harps, or duly count
 Those high ancestral steps that mount
 To Balor and to Parthalon,

'Ierné,' ancient Ireland.

'Balor and Parthalon,' two mythic heroes.

Or some thrice-famous story tell
 Of war, or dark Druidic spell
 (To-day no weaker), or how well
 A Spirit loved a mortal Youth;
 And all was heard and held for truth.

Archpoet Conn was old and blind.
 No whiter to the autumnal wind
 Marsh-cotton waves on rushy moor
 Than flowed his hair and beard, and pure
 His raiment when he sat in hall
 As torrent-foam or seagull's breast.
 The King, in seven rich colours drest,
 Pledged him at feast and festival,
 And gladly to his master's voice
 Conn bow'd the snowy, sightless head.
 Young Dalachmar, in robe of red,
 Sat next the Bard, of kindly choice,
 And spake to him and carved his dish,
 And fill'd the goblet to his wish,
 That love for loss might make amends;
 For youth and age were steadfast friends.
 And many a time with careful hand
 He led the Sage to the salt sea-sand,
 Slow-pacing by the murmurous flood,
 Or to a shelter'd glen where stood
 One sacred oak-tree, broad and low,
 Firm as the rocks that saw it grow,
 A cromlech, and a pillar-stone.
 And, year by year, of things unknown
 He learn'd.

In shadow of that oak
 Conn taught the Prince of fairy-folk
 Who dwell within the hollow hills,
 In founts of rivers and of rills,

'Cromlech,' a kind of stone sepulchre.

In caves and woods, and some that be
 Underneath the cold green sea ;
 The spells they cast on mortal men,
 And spells to master these again ;
 And Dalachmar all that strange lore
 Longing heard and lonely ponder'd,
 Musing, wondering, as he wander'd
 Through the forest or by the shore.
 And when his elder Brother said,
 'My Brother, with the brow of care !
 O Dalachmar ! I rede thee, wed ;
 No lack of noble maids and fair ;—
 Ever the younger Chief replied,
 'Yea—but I have not seen my bride,
 Though many beauties ; when I see,
 Know her I shall, and she know me.'
 —'I dread lest thou have turn'd thy mind
 To something man may never find,
 Some love the wide earth cannot give.'
 —'So must I ever loveless live !'
 Nor thought his pensive fortune hard,
 Communing with the wise old Bard.
 But winter came, and Conn no more
 Slow enter'd hall, or paced on sand,
 Or sat in shadow of oak-tree bough ;
 If you should search the sea and land
 You could not find his white head now,
 Unless beneath a cairn of stones
 Where round Slieve Rann the north-wind moans.
 And young Prince Dalachmar thought long
 The nights of darkness ; tale or song,
 Or maiden's eyes, to youth so dear,
 Banquet, or jest, or hunting-spear,
 He nothing prized, or warrior-fame
 Once green with promise round his name.
 Though gentle, he could wield a sword,
 And plunge into the waves of war ;

Lorcan, who spoke an evil word,
 Hand to hand in fight he slew ;
 And when a wildboar overthrew
 His elder brother, Dalachmar
 Leapt from his horse with ready knife
 And found the fierce brute's throbbing life
 In one sharp stroke. But weary pass'd
 Midwinter now. The barren sea
 Roar'd, and the forest roar'd, and he
 Was lonely in his thoughts.

At last
 One day 'twas spring. Dim swelling buds
 Thicken'd the web of forest boughs,
 Bird and beast began to arouse,
 Caper'd and voiced in glad relief ;
 The salmon cleft the river-floods,
 The otter launch'd from his hole in the bank,
 Away went the wild swans' airy rank
 From salt lagoon ; far out on the reef
 The seals lay basking ; broadly bright
 Ocean glitter'd in morning light ;
 And the young Chief sprang to his little boat
 And paddled away on the deep afloat,
 By dreadful precipice and cave,
 Where slumbers now the greedy wave
 Lull'd by that blue heav'n above.

Then, so it chanced, his coracle
 Glided into a rocky cove
 And up a lonely little strand ;
 And out he stept on sunny sand
 Whereon a jagged shadow fell
 From the steep o'erhanging cliff,
 And drew ashore his fragile skiff.
 What spies he on the tawny sand ?
 A cold sea-jelly, cast away
 By fling of ebbing water ?—nay !
 A little Cap, of changeful sheen,

A seamless Cap of rippled green
Mingling with purple like the hue
Of ocean weeds.

He stoop'd; its touch
Like thinnest lightning ran him through
With blissful shiver, sharp and new!
What might it mean? for never such
A chance had come to Dalachmar;
He felt as when, in dream, a star
Flew to him, bird-like, from the sky.

But then he heard a sad low cry,
And, turning, saw five steps away—
Was it a Woman?—strange and bright,
With long loose hair, and her body fair
Shimmering as with watery light;
For nothing save a luminous mist
Of tender beryl and amethyst
Over the living smoothness lay,
Statue-firm from head to feet,—
A breathing Woman, soft and sweet,
And yet not earthly.

So she stood
One marvellous moment in his sight;
Then, lapsing to another mood,
Her mouth's infantine loveliness
Trembling pleaded in sore distress;
Her wide blue eyes with great affright
Were fill'd; two slender hands she press'd
Against the roundlings of her breast,
Then with a fond face full of fears
She held them forth, and heavy tears
Brimm'd in silence and overflow'd.

He, doubting much what this might be,
Watch'd her.

Swiftly pointed she;
Utter'd some sound of foreign speech.
But Dalachmar held out of reach

The Cap, behind-back,—and so each
Regarded other.

Then she flung
Her arms aloft,—stood straight,—her wide
Eyes gazed on his, and into him;
And she began a solemn song,
Of words uncouth, slow up and down;
A song that deepen'd as she sung,
That soon was loud and swift and strong
Like the rising of a tide,
With power to seize and drench and drown
The senses,—till his sight grew dim,
A torpor crept on every limb.
What could he do?—an ocean-spell
Was on him.

But old wisdom rush'd
Into his mind, and with a start,
One gasp of breath, one leap of heart,
He pluck'd his dagger from its sheath,
Held forth the little Cap beneath
Its glittering point. The song was hush'd.
Prone on the yellow sand she fell.

He kneels, he takes her hands, with gentle,
Tender, passionate words—in vain;
Then with a heart of love and pain
Wraps her in his crimson mantle,
Lifts her, lays her down with care,
As she a one-year infant were,
Within his woven coracle,
And o'er the smooth sea guides it well,
And bears her up the rocky path,
And through the circles of the Rath,
To Banva's bower, his sister dear.
There, half in pity, half in fear,
The women tend her, till she sighs
And opens wide her wondrous eyes.
Dalachmar alone of all

In his deep heart understood
 Of this Damsel dimly bright
 Wafted from the salt-sea flood;
 Like a queen when cloth'd aright.
 Only a little web, more light
 Than any silk, that halfway goes
 Between the fingers and the toes,
 Her under-ocean breeding shows.
 She hath wept and ceased to weep;
 Slow her wearied eyelids fall;
 Lay her softly, let her sleep.

'Bright and strange One, where wert found?

(Sleep! while Banva sings)

From caves and waves of the fishful sea,
 From swell and knell of the rolling tide

(Slumber! while we sing to thee),

Borne forlorn to our fortress-mound

(Sleep! while Banva sings).

Fairest maiden, sea-blue-eyed,

Sea-shell-tinted, thy unbound

And wavy-flowing hair is dried

And comb'd away on either side

(While Banva sings, and Dendra sings),

Down from smoothly pillow'd head;

Safe art thou on shadowy bed;

Sleep now—safe art thou

In the Dūn of Kings.'

She slept. They heard a thrush outside
 Clear across vernal woods, the tide
 Searching among his rocks below,
 And the spearman pacing to and fro.

THE LADY OF THE SEA.

II.

A LONG the level sands I heard
 The mystic water, how it stirr'd
 And whisper'd of the days of old,
 While Sun touch'd ocean, sank,—and soon
 Eastward a tawny vaporous Moon
 Rose ghostlike, to that solemn tunc
 Of waves. A path of ruddy gold,
 Of yellow gold, in turn unroll'd
 Full to my feet. Without a word,
 I heard an ancient story told.

A Princess of the sea, a Prince
 Of the West Isle,—and never since
 Was any fairer couple wed
 Or loved each other more. As fled
 Month after month, year after year,
 Their love grew every day more dear,
 Glad, sad, together, or apart;
 Tender they were, and true of heart.

Askest what love is? Hast thou known
 Love's true religion? from thy own
 Learn all true lovers' creed; there is
 No other way to learn but this.
 The best things thou hast found or dream'd—
 Howso they new and special seem'd,
 Most intimately thine,—are part
 Of Man's inheritance; thou art
 Co-heir with many. That bright Road,

Where only wingèd Fancy trode,
 Stretch'd on the wave by moon or sun,
 Did over darkling waters run
 Directly to the gazer's feet,—
 And was not thus; and yet no cheat.
 If any radiancy divine
 Doth straight into thy spirit shine,
 Lo, it is thine—not singly thine.
 The wondrous light that shone to thee
 A child, the children saw, and see;
 And Love's wide-spread celestial glow
 To each peculiarly doth flow.
 If thou hast been a lover, so
 These loved in by-gone days.

Befell

One spring-day, from the circling mound,
 Where her Sun-chamber builded well
 Look'd wide on all the prospect round,
 Fair Merrance watch'd the sea
 (For thus she chose her name to be),
 Her two young sons beside her knee.
 Her solemn eyes of changeful blue
 Larger, it seem'd, and darker grew,
 And mournful as they never were
 Till now. The children gazed on her,
 With awe of that strange mournfulness,
 The sense whereof they might not guess.
 But youth still turns to thoughts of joy,
 And quickly spake the younger Boy,
 'O Mother! would we had a boat
 Upon these merry waves afloat,
 To sail away and leave the land!
 The elder Brother shouted—'I
 Would dive beneath the waves, and spy
 Who live there!'

Nothing did she say,
 But stared upon them, seized a hand

Of each, and hurried them away.
 Then, to her husband, 'Grant me grace!
 She said, 'and take me from this place!
 The moaning restless water kills
 All peace within me, day or night,
 And soon will be my death outright;
 Take me to inland woods and hills.
 I love the quiet grassy earth,
 Calm lakes, tree-shadows, wild birds' mirth;
 I hate this heaving watery floor,
 Its ceaseless voices, more and more.
 Take me away!—O love, forgive!
 He marvell'd; but he loved her best
 Of all things, and on this behest
 Sought out an inland place to live.

Amid the hills, wide-forested,
 With rocky pastures interspread,
 The sky is in a placid lake,
 Steep-shored, transparent-water'd, lonely,—
 A bed of reeds at one place only,
 'Twixt the water and the brake.
 There, driving many an oaken stake
 Into the shallow, skilful hands
 A stedfast island-dwelling make,
 Seen from the hill-tops like a fleet
 Of wattled houses; beams of oak
 Fix them; and soon a light blue smoke
 Goes up across the crowd of trees,
 Where greening Spring is busy anew,
 Dark holly intermixt, and yew,
 And here and there a hoary rock.

The wolf, the wild-cat, and the bear
 Prowl'd in these woods or made their lair;
 Strange yells at midnight came, or oft
 At dead of night, while safe and soft
 Within their Island-Houses slept,
 On rushy mat and woollen cloak

And fur of beast, the Prince's folk,
Save who in turn the nightwatch kept;
The Prince himself, and Merrancee,
And two brave Boys, where they should be;
While, underneath, the ripple crept,
And morning rose behind the hills.

There bide they while the Spring refills
Earth's cup with life-wine to the brink,
And every creature joys to drink.
They fish'd, they hunted, ranged afar
Through labyrinthine woods, made war
On catamount and cruel wolf;
And, three times, Dalachmar himself
Spear-smote the spreading-antler'd elk
And dash'd to ground his mighty bulk.
They drove the milky kine to feed
In forest lawn and marshy mead,
Or swam their wolf-hounds, pure of breed,
Or hollow'd the tree-trunk for canoe,
Made nets and lines, and bows of yew,
Goblets, and other things of wood
For a hundred uses good,
Nor bare of carving. Merrancee,
Span with her tall handmaidens three,
Taught her sons whate'er she could,
Tended the household well, prepared
The evening feast which all folk shared;
Then gladly heard the minstrel sing
His tales, or touched herself the string
(But seldom this) to music strange
Floating through many a subtle change;
And thus fled summertime away.

'Art thou at peace?' he said one day,
Kissing her lips. 'O Dalachmar!
Lov'st thou me yet? Thou dost, I know,
But still I'd have thee tell me so!'

'I loved thee first ten years ago;

And now I love thee better far.
Nay, thou hast kept thy bloom of youth
All perfect.'

'Dalachmar, in sooth,
There is my sorrow! I can see
A touch or two of time on thee,
Dearer for this,—but—may thy wife
Now tell thee somewhat of the life
Of those beneath the waves, and teach
What I have always shunn'd in speech,
Nay, shunn'd in thought?—but year by year
Brings the inevitable near.

'In those vast kingdoms under sea,
Dusky at noontide, some there be
Of mine, a magic race, that dwell,
And how we came there none can tell,
Imperial mid the monstrous forms
Of Ocean's creeping, gliding swarms;
We live three hundred years or more,
Three hundred years, and sometimes four,
And then—ah misery! and then—

'I said, It is not so with men
Of that bright Upper World, who breathe
Crystalline ether, live beneath
The great dominion of the Sun
And Starry Night—(O Night with Stars!).
Sure nothing there, I said, debars
Or daunts them, be it life or death,
Inspired with such transcendent breath,
And clear Infinity begun!

'Fearful our visits, short and rare,
To your unbounded World of Air,
By an old secret, told to few,
And perilous of proof. I knew
The danger, but I loved it too;
And sometimes, good or evil hap,
Would even doff that precious Cap

Which all beneath the sea must wear,
 Because I thus felt greater share
 Of earth-life, an unwonted sense
 Of fearful hope and joy intense
 Commingling,—seem'd almost to rise
 And float immortal through those skies
 Without a limit.

'I have proved
 Earth's life and love, through thee, Belov'd,
 And through thee, happy. Former days
 Withdrew into a distant haze ;
 First I had Thee, then twofold bliss,
 And threefold : better lot than this
 Heart could not dream of—might it stay.

'It smote me suddenly one day,
 Like arrow from an unseen bow,
 A poison'd arrow—He must go,
 And thou remain ! He shall wax old
 Ere fifth part of thy life be told,
 And die, and leave thee desolate,
 With all the endless years to wait !
 My sons too—'tis not death I fear ;
 If we all die, then death is dear ;
 But long sad lonely life. O Sea,
 At least thou hast a death for me !
 Nay, husband, kiss me, clasp me tight,
 Albeit I lack the human right
 Of growing old along with thee !'

She wept ; he sooth'd her as he could.
 And cheer'd her to a brighter mood.
 But grief came shadowing back ; and when
 Dark autumn gain'd on wood and fen
 She felt the moaning of the trees
 Was worse to suffer than the sea's.
 'It taunts us with the distant shore—
 Return we !'

They return'd. Once more
 The salt gale stirr'd her robes and hair,
 But could not breathe away her care ;
 The trouble grew, the sad unrest,
 And most of all when moony nights
 Whiten'd the surf, or spread afar
 O'er lonely tracts of sea. His best
 Of comforting tried Dalachmar ;
 Beyond the hour availing nought,
 For in their lives a change was wrought.

One dreamy afternoon, while She
 Sat gazing on the doleful sea,
 She saw her Husband by her stand,
 The Cap of Magic in his hand ;
 His face was ashy, his voice low
 And hollow, and his words came slow :
 'My strange dear Lady of the Sea,
 If thou hast mind to part from me
 And live no longer on the land,
 Take this, and let thy choice be free.'
 She did not speak, she did not look ;
 As in a trance the Cap she took.
 At its touch a tremor shook
 Suddenly through her, from head to feet,
 And back she lay in the carven seat,
 With staring eyes and visage wan,
 As though she were at point to die ;
 Then started up with sudden cry—
 'O Dalachmar !—but he was gone.
 And none saw Her go ; nor found trace ;
 Nor henceforth look'd upon her face.
 From that hour, empty was her place.

THE LADY OF THE SEA.

III.

ON a winter night, when the fire burned bright,
After flocks of years had flown away,
Voiceful O'Kennedy sung his lay,
And his yearning harp was tuned aright
For ripples of music that keep afloat
The little tale like a gliding boat:
'Who will hearken to harp and rhyme,
Of things that befell in olden time?

'For one more voyage Prince Dalachmar sail'd;
His two bold sons in the ship with him;
Tho' his beard was white, and his eyesight dim,
And his strength was fail'd.

'Weary was he with endless quest
By watery way and island bay;
Never seeing by night or day
One he loved best.

'For he had wedded a fairy wife,
And she had left him, he knew not why,
And till he had found her he would not die,
Though sad was life.
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in olden time.)

The Lady of the Sea

21

'A sunset over mid-ocean spread,
Where the ship, becalm'd, did gently sway:
And there on deck Prince Dalachmar lay,
As well-nigh dead.

'Closed were his eyes, and pallid his face,
His sons and his sailors standing round;
They thought, "He is far from the burial-mound
Of his chieftain-race."

'But he opens his eyes, he lifts his hands,
Like one who sees some wonderful sight;
He raises himself, his eyes grow bright;
Straight up he stands.

'He sighs, "Long-while have I lived alone."
He smiles, "It is Thou!" and then, with one leap
Into the heave of the glassy deep,
Sinks like a stone.
(Hush a little for harp and rhyme:
This befell in olden time.)

'Swifter than cormorants plunged the men,
Rose for breath, and dived anew;
But they swam to the ship when dark it grew,
All silent then.

'Voyaging homewards, often a gleam
Encompass'd the vessel, and with the light
A waft of music. One still midnight
There came a Dream.

'At full moon, full tide,—to each Brother the same:
His Father and Mother, hand in hand,
Immortally fair, beside him stand,
And speak his name.

(Hush a little for harp and rhyme :
This befell in olden time.)

“Child! I left what I loved the most,
Feeling a fire within me burn,
For a day, an hour,—but not to return :
My sea-life was lost.

“Love brings all together at last.
Keep love safe, it will guide thee well.
We watch thee,—more I may not tell,
Till the years be past.”

‘Softly the vision seem’d to rise,
Enclosed in a radiant atmosphere,
And to float aloft, and disappear
Into the skies.

(Hush a little for harp and rhyme :
This befell in olden time.)

‘The ship sail’d fast in the morning sun
By point and cave, as the fair wind blew,
And into a little port she knew,
And her voyage was done.

‘Where the mounded Rath overlooks the sea
The Pillar-Stone is a beacon afar ;
Graven in ogham, “DALACHMAR—
MERRAUNEE.”

(This was all in olden time ;
And here is the end of harp and rhyme.)

But this too is a bygone song.
The Rath has been for ages long
A grassy hill ; the Standing-stone
Looks on a country bare and lone,
And lonelier billows,—half a word

Of ogham at the edge, all blurr’d
With crust of lichens yellow and gray.
There you may sit of a summer day,
And watch the white foam rise and fall
On rampart cliffs of Donegal,
And the wild sheep on the greensward stray,
And the sea-line sparkle far away.

THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE :

OR, THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO HIS BIRTHPLACE.

(A Local Ballad.)

Moderato.

A - dieu to Bel-a-shan-ny! Where I was bred and
born; Go where I may I'll think of you, As sure as night and
morn. The kindly spot, the friendly town, Where ev'ry one is

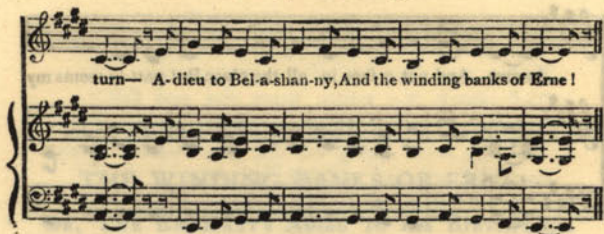
The musical score for the first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

The Winding Banks of Erne

25

known, And not a face in all the place But part-ly seems my
own; There's not a house or window, There's not a tree or
hill, But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll re-collect them
still. I leave my warm heart with you, Tho' my back I'm forced to

The musical score for the second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.



I

A DIEU to Belashanny!* where I was bred and
born;
Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as night and
morn.
The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one
is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my
own;
There's not a house or window, there's not a field or
hill,
But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them
still.
I leave my warm heart with you, tho' my back I'm
forced to turn—
Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne!

II.

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the
Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the
fall.
The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she
creeps,
Cast off, cast off—she feels the oars, and to her berth
she sweeps;

* The vernacular, and more correct, form of the name.

Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gathering up the
clew,
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.
Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many a joke
and 'yarn';—
Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne!

III.

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the tide,
When all the green-hill'd harbour is full from side
to side,
From Portnasun to Bulliebawns, and round the Abbey
Bay,
From rocky Inis Saimer to Coolnargit sandhills gray;
While far upon the southern line, to guard it like a
wall,
The Leitrim mountains clothed in blue gaze calmly
over all,
And watch the ship sail up or down, the red flag at
her stern;—
Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding banks of
Erne!

IV.

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that pull an
oar,
A lug-sail set, or haul a net, from the Point to Mul-
laghmore;
From Killybegs to bold Slieve-League, that ocean-
mountain steep,
Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in the
deep,
From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round by
Tullen strand,
Level and long, and white with waves, where gull
and curlew stand;

Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers you discern!—
 Adieu to all the billowy coast, and winding banks of Erne!

v.

Farewell, Coolmore,—Bundoran! and your summer crowds that run
 From inland homes to see with joy th' Atlantic-setting sun;
 To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport among the waves;
 To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the gloomy caves;
 To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats, the crabs, the fish;
 Young men and maids to meet and smile, and form a tender wish;
 The sick and old in search of health, for all things have their turn—
 And I must quit my native shore, and the winding banks of Erne!

vi.

Farewell to every white cascade from the Harbour to Belleek,
 And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;
 The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash and holly grow,
 The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving flood below;
 The Lough, that winds through islands under Turaw mountain green;
 And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with tranquil bays between;

And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the heath and fern,—
 For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding banks of Erne!

vii.

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the live-long summer day;
 The waters run by mossy cliff, and banks with wild flowers gay;
 The girls will bring their work and sing beneath a twisted thorn,
 Or stray with sweethearts down the path among the growing corn;
 Along the river-side they go, where I have often been,
 O, never shall I see again the happy days I've seen!
 A thousand chances are to one I never may return,—
 Adieu to Belashanny, and the winding banks of Erne!

viii.

Adieu to evening dances, when merry neighbours meet,
 And the fiddle says to boys and girls, 'Get up and shake your feet!'
 To 'seanachas' and wise old talk of Erin's days gone by—
 Who trench'd the rath on such a hill, and where the bones may lie
 Of saint, or king, or warrior chief; with tales of fairy power,
 And tender ditties sweetly sung to pass the twilight hour.
 The mournful song of exile is now for me to learn—
 Adieu, my dear companions on the winding banks of Erne!

Pronounced 'Shanachas,' old stories,—histories, genealogies.

ix.

Now measure from the Commons down to each end
 of the Purt,
 Round the Abbey, Moy, and Knather,—I wish no one
 any hurt ;
 The Main Street, Back Street, College Lane, the
 Mall, and Portnasun,
 If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every one.
 I hope that man and womankind will do the same by
 me ;
 For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the sea.
 My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often fondly
 turn
 To think of Belashanny, and the winding banks of
 Erne.

x.

If ever I'm a money'd man, I mean, please God, to
 cast
 My golden anchor in the place where youthful years
 were pass'd ;
 Though heads that now are black and brown must
 meanwhile gather gray,
 New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones drop
 away—
 Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world
 beside ;
 It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through
 lands and waters wide.
 And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return
 To my native Belashanny, and the winding banks of
 Erne.

ON A FORENOON OF SPRING.

I'M glad I am alive, to see and feel
 The full deliciousness of this bright day
 That's like a heart with nothing to conceal ;
 The young leaves scarcely trembling ; the blue-gray
 Rimming the cloudless ether far away ;
 Brairds, hedges, shadows ; mountains that reveal
 Soft sapphire ; this great floor of polish'd steel
 Spread out amidst the landmarks of the bay.

I stoop in sunshine to our circling net
 From the black gunwale ; tend these milky kine
 Up their rough path ; sit by yon cottage door
 Plying the diligent thread ; take wings and
 soar—
 Thou small Sky-Poet ! never lyric yet
 From human mouth was such pure joy as thine.

'Braird' means, in the North of Ireland, the first growth
 of young green corn of any sort. *Brord* (Ang.-Sax.), 'the first
 blade or spire of grass or corn.'—BOSWORTH.

THE PILOT'S DAUGHTER.

I.

O^PER western tides the fair Spring day
Sent back a smile as it withdrew,
And all the harbour, glittering gay,
Return'd a blithe adieu ;
Great clouds above the hills and sea
Kept brilliant watch, and air was free
For last lark first-born star to greet,—
When, for the crowning vernal sweet,
Among the slopes and crags I meet
The Pilot's pretty Daughter.

II.

Round her gentle, happy face,
Dimpled soft, and freshly fair,
Danced with careless ocean grace
Locks of auburn hair :
As lightly blew the veering wind,
They touch'd her cheeks, or waved behind,
Unbound, unbraided, and unloop'd ;
Or when to tie her shoe she stoop'd
Below her chin the half-curles droop'd,
And veil'd the Pilot's Daughter.

III.

Rising, she toss'd them gaily back,
With gesture infantine and brief,
To fall around as smooth a neck
As any wild-rose leaf.

The Pilot's Daughter.

33

Her Sunday frock of lilac shade
(That choicest tint) was neatly made,
And not too long to hide from view
The stout but noway clumsy shoe,
And stocking's trimly-fitting blue
That graced the Pilot's Daughter.

IV.

With look half timid and half droll,
And then with slightly downcast eyes,
And something of a blush that stole,
Or something from the skies
Deepening the warmth upon her cheek,
She turn'd when I began to speak ;
The firm young step a sculptor's choice ;
How clear the cadence of her voice !
Health bade her virgin soul rejoice,—
The Pilot's lovely Daughter !

V.

Were it my lot (the sudden wish)
To hand a pilot's oar and sail,
Or haul the dripping moonlight mesh
Spangled with herring-scale ;
By dying stars, how sweet 'twould be,
And dawn upon the glimmering sea,
With weary, cheery pull to shore,
To gain my cottage-home once more,
And clasp, before I reach the door,
My love, the Pilot's Daughter !

VI.

This element beside my feet
Allures, a tepid wine of gold ;
One touch, one taste, dispels the cheat,
'Tis salt and nipping cold :

3

The Pilot's Daughter.

A fisher's hut, the scene perforce
 Of narrow thoughts and manners coarse,
 Coarse as the curtains that beseeem
 (Festoons of net) the smoky beam,
 Would never lodge my favourite dream,
 Though fair my Pilot's Daughter.

VII.

To the large riches of the earth,
 Endowing men in their despite,
 The *Poor*, by privilege of birth,
 Stand in the closest right.
 Yet not alone the palm grows dull
 With clayey delve and watery pull:
 And this for me,—or hourly pain;
 But could I sink and call it gain?
 Unless a pilot true, 'twere vain
 To wed a Pilot's Daughter.

VIII.

Lift *her*, perhaps?—but ah! I said,
 Much wiser leave such thoughts alone.
 So may thy beauty, simple maid,
 Be mine, yet all thy own;
 Join'd in my free contented love
 With companies of stars above,
 Who from their throne of airy steep
 Do kiss these ripples as they creep
 Across the boundless darkening deep,—
 Low voiceful wave! hush soon to sleep
 The Pilot's gentle Daughter!

KATE O' BEL-A-SHANNY.

(Tune, *Munnymusk.*)

Lively.

Seek up and down, both fair and brown, We've purty lasses ma-ny, O; But
 brown or fair, one girl most rare, The Flow'r o' Bel - a-shan-ny, O. As
 straight is she as pop - lar tree, Tho' not as ai - sy sha-ken, O, And

walks so proud among the crowd, For queen she might be ta-ken, O. From

top to toe, wher-e'er you go, The love-liest girl of an - y, O; Och-

- one! your mind I find un-kind, Sweet Kate o' Bel - a-shan-ny, O!

*For symphony play the last four bars of the air quickly
with variations ad lib.*

I.

SEEK up and down, both fair and brown,
We've purty lasses many, O;
But brown or fair, one girl most rare,
The Flow'r o' Belashanny, O.
As straight is she as poplar-tree
(Tho' not as aisy shaken, O),

And walks so proud among the crowd,
For queen she might be taken, O.
From top to toe, where'er you go,
The loveliest girl of any, O,—
Ochone! your mind I find unkind,
Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O!

II.

One summer day the banks were gay,
The Erne in sunshine glancin' there,
The big cascade its music play'd
And set the salmon dancin' there.
Along the green my Joy was seen;
Some goddess bright I thought her there;
The fishes, too, swam close, to view
Her image in the water there.
From top to toe, where'er you go,
The loveliest girl of any, O,—
Ochone! your mind I find unkind,
Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O!

III.

My dear, give ear!—the river's near,
And if you think I'm shammin' now,
To end my grief I'll seek relief
Among the trout and salmon, now;
For shrimps and sharks to make their marks,
And other watery vermin there;
Unless a mermaid saves my life,—
My wife, and me her merman there.
From top to toe, where'er you go,
The loveliest girl of any, O,—
Mavrone! your mind I find unkind,
Sweet Kate o' Belashanny, O!

iv.

'Tis all in vain that I complain ;
 No use to coax or chide her there ;
 As far away from me as Spain,
 Although I stand beside her there.
 O cruel Kate ! since that's my fate,
 I'll look for love no more in you ;
 The seagull's screech as soon would reach
 Your heart, as me implorin' you.

Tho' fair you are, and rare you are,
 The loveliest flow'r of any, O,—
 Too proud and high,—good-bye, say I,
 To Kate o' Belashanny, O !

OUR MOUNTAIN.

i.

ALL hail to our Mountain ! form well-known !
 His skirts of heath, and his scalp of stone ;
 Guardian of streams in their fitful youth,
 Let them leap in spate or linger in drouth,
 Who sets o'er the clouds an Olympian seat,
 Where thunder is roll'd beneath our feet,
 Where storm and lightning
 And sunshine bright'nin'
 Solemnly girdle our steep retreat !

ii.

A day on the Hills !—true king am I,
 In my solitude, public to earth and sky.
 Men have not tainted this atmosphere,
 Wing'd thoughts only can follow here,
 Folly and falsehood and babble stay
 In the ground-smoke somewhere, far away.

Let them greet and cheat

In the narrow street,—

Who cares what all the city-folk say ?

iii.

Oh, the tyrant eagle's palace to share,
 And the loneliest haunts of the shy brown hare !
 The fields like a map, the lakes a-shine,
 Hamlets and towns, and the ocean line,
 Beechen valley and bilberry dell,

And glen where the Echoes and Fairies dwell,
 With heaps and bosses
 Of plume-ferns and mosses,
 Scarlet rowan and slight blue-bell!

IV.

Plume-ferns grow by the Waterfall,
 Wide in the shimmering spray and tall,
 Where the ash-twigs tremble, one and all,
 And cool air murmurs, and wild birds call,
 And the glowing crag lifts a dizzy wall
 To the blue, through green leaves' coronal,
 And foam-bells twinkle
 Where sunlights sprinkle
 The deep dark pool of the waterfall.

V.

By a great cliff's foot, on the heather-flower,
 I sit with the Shepherd Boy an hour,
 Simple of life as his nibbling sheep,
 Dotted far down the verdant steep;
 I climb the path which sometimes fails
 A peasant bound to more distant vales,
 When Night, descending,
 The world is blending,
 Or fog, or the rushing blast, assails.

VI.

My feast on a marble block is spread,
 I dip my cup in a cold well-head.
 The poet's page is strong and fine,
 I read a new volume in one old line,
 Leap up for joy, and kiss the book;
 Then gaze far forth from my lofty nook,
 With fresh surprise,
 And yearning eyes
 To drink the whole beauty in one deep look,

VII.
 From these towers the first gray dawn is spied,
 They watch the last glimmer of eventide,
 Wear shadows at noon, or vapoury shrouds,
 And meet in council with mighty clouds;
 And at dusk the ascending stars appear
 On their pinnacle crags, or the chill moon-sphere,
 Whitening only
 Summits lonely,
 Circled with gulfs of blackest fear.

VIII.

When ripe and dry is the heathery husk,
 Some eve, like a judgment-flame through the dusk
 It burns the dim line of a huger dome
 Than is clad in the paschal blaze of Rome,
 And to valley, river, and larch-grove spires,
 Signals with creeping scarlet fires,
 Keen o'erpowering
 Embers cowering
 Low where the western flush retires.

IX.

But the stern dark days with mutter and moan
 Gather, like foes round a hated throne;
 Terror is peal'd in the trumpet gale,
 Crash'd on the cymbals of the hail,
 Vapours move in a turbulent host,
 Caves hold secret daggers of frost;
 And silently white
 In some morning's light
 Stands the alter'd Mountain—a wintry ghost.

X.

Till pack'd in hollows the round clouds lie,
 And wild geese flow changing down the sky
 To the salt sea-fringe; then milder rains

Course like young blood through the wither'd veins
 That sweeping March left wasted and weak;
 And the gray old Presence, dim and bleak,
 With sudden rally,
 O'er mound and valley,
 Laughs with green light to his topmost peak!

XI.

Thy soft blue greeting through distant air
 Is home's first smile to the traveller,—
 Mountain, from thee, home's last farewell.
 In alien lands there are tales to tell
 Of thy haunted lake, and elvish ring,
 And carn of an old Milesian king,
 And the crumbling turrets
 Where miser spirits
 Batlike in vaults of treasure cling.

XII.

Giant! of mystical, friendly brow,
 Protector of childhood's landscape thou,
 Long golden seasons with thee abide,
 And the joy of song, and history's pride.
 Of all earth's hills I love thee best,
 Reckon from thee mine east and west;
 Fondly praying,
 Wherever straying,
 To leave in thy shadow my bones at rest.

MORNING PLUNGE.

I SCATTER the dreams of my pillow,
 I spring to a sunshiny floor;
 O New Day!—how sparkles the billow,
 How brilliant are sea, sky, and shore!

The cliff with its cheerful adorning
 Of matted sea-pink under foot,
 A lark gives me 'top o' the morning!'
 A sailing-boat nods a salute.

Fresh-born from the foam, with new graces,
 Comes many a winsome fair maid,
 Peep children's damp hair and bright faces
 From straw hats' or sun-bonnets' shade.

Green crystal in exquisite tremble,
 My tide-brimming pool I behold;
 What shrimps on the sand-patch assemble!
 I vanish! embraced with pure cold;

A king of the morning-time's treasures,
 To revel in water and air,
 Join salmon and gull in their pleasures;
 Then home to our sweet human fare.

There stand the blue cups on white table,
 Rich nugget of gold from the hive,
 And there's Uncle George and Miss Mabel,
 And Kitty, the best child alive!

Now two little arms round my neck fast,
 A kiss from a laugh I must win,—
 You don't deserve one bit of breakfast,
 You unbaptized people within!

A BOY'S BURIAL.

I.

ON a sunny Saturday evening
 They laid him in his grave,
 When the sycamore had not a shaking leaf,
 And the harbour not a wave.
 The sandhills lay in the yellow ray
 Ripe with the sadness of parting May;
 Sad were the mountains blue and lone
 That keep the landscape as their own;
 The rocky slope of the distant fell;
 The river issuing from the dell;—
 And when had ended the voice of pray'r
 The Fall's deep bass was left on the air,
 Rolling down.

II.

Young he was and hopeful,
 And ah, to die so soon!
 His new grave lies deserted
 At the rising of the moon;
 But when morn comes round, and the church bells
 sound,
 The little children may sit on the mound,
 And talk of him, and as they talk,
 Puff from the dandelion stalk
 Its feathery globe, that reckons best
 Their light-wing'd hours;—while the town is at rest,
 And the stone-chat clacking here and there,
 And the glittering Fall makes a tune in the air,
 Rolling down.

ABBEY ASAROE.

I.

GRAY, gray is Abbey Asaroc, by Belashanny town,
 It has neither door nor window, the walls are
 broken down;
 The carven-stones lie scatter'd in briar and nettle-bed;
 The only feet are those that come at burial of the
 dead.
 A little rocky rivulet runs murmuring to the tide,
 Singing a song of ancient days, in sorrow, not in
 pride;
 The boortree and the lightsome ash across the portal
 grow,
 And heaven itself is now the roof of Abbey Asaroc.

II.

It looks beyond the harbour-stream to Gulban moun-
 tain blue;
 It hears the voice of Erna's fall,—Atlantic breakers
 too;
 High ships go sailing past it; the sturdy clank of oars
 Brings in the salmon-boat to haul a net upon the
 shores;
 And this way to his home-creek, when the summer
 day is done,
 Slow sculls the weary fisherman across the setting sun;
 While green with corn is Sheegus Hill, his cottage
 white below;
 But gray at every season is Abbey Asaroc.

III.

There stood one day a poor old man above its broken
 bridge ;
 He heard no running rivulet, he saw no mountain-
 ridge ;
 He turn'd his back on Sheegus Hill, and view'd with
 misty sight
 The Abbey walls, the burial-ground with crosses
 ghostly white ;
 Under a weary weight of years he bow'd upon his
 staff,
 Perusing in the present time the former's epitaph ;
 For, gray and wasted like the walls, a figure full of
 woe,
 This man was of the blood of them who founded
 Asaroe.

IV.

From Derry to Bundrowas Tower, Tirconnell broad
 was theirs ;
 Spearmen and plunder, bards and wine, and holy
 abbot's prayers ;
 With chanting always in the house which they had
 builded high
 To God and to Saint Bernard,—where at last they
 came to die.
 At worst, no workhouse grave for him! the ruins
 of his race
 Shall rest among the ruin'd stones of this their
 saintly place.
 The fond old man was weeping; and tremulous and
 slow
 Along the rough and crooked lane he crept from
 Asaroe.

INVITATION TO A PAINTER,

SENT FROM THE WEST OF IRELAND.

I.

FLEE from London, good my Walter! boundless
 jail of bricks and gas,
 Weary purgatorial flagstones, dreary parks of burnt-
 up grass,
 Exhibitions, evening parties, dust and swelter, glare
 and crush,
 Fashion's costly idle pomp, Mammon's furious race
 and rush ;
 Leave your hot tumultuous city for the breaker's
 rival roar,
 Quit your small suburban garden for the rude hills
 by the shore,
 Leagues of smoke for morning vapour lifted off a
 mountain-range,
 Silk and lace for barefoot beauty, and for 'some-
 thing new and strange'
 All your towny wit and gossip. You shall both in
 field and fair,
 Paddy's cunning and politeness with the Cockney
 ways compare,
 Catch those lilt and old-world tunes the maidens at
 their needle sing,
 Peep at dancers, from an outskirts of the blithe ap-
 plausive ring,
 See our petty Court of Justice, where the swearing's
 very strong,

See our little plain St. Peter's with its kneeling
peasant throng ;
Hear the brogue and Gaelic round you ; sketch a
hundred Irish scenes,
(Not mere whisky and shillelagh)—wedding banquets,
funeral *keenes* ;
Rove at pleasure, noon or midnight ; change a word
with all you meet ;
Ten times safer than in England, far less trammell'd
in your feet.
Here, the only danger known
Is walking where the land's your own.
Landscape-lords are left alone.

II.

We are barren, I confess it ; but our scope of view
is fine ;
Dignifying shapes of mountains wave on each horizon-
line,
So withdrawn that never house-room utmost pomp
of cloud may lack,
Dawn or sunset, moon or planet, or mysterious Zodiac ;
Hills beneath run all a-wrinkle, rocky, moory, pleas-
ant green ;
From its Lough the Flood descending, flashes like a
sword between,
Through our crags and woods and meadows, to the
mounded harbour-sand,
To the Bay, calm blue, or, sometimes, whose Titanic
arms expand
Welcome to the mighty billow rolling in from New-
foundland.
Oats, potatoes, cling in patches round the rocks and
boulder-stones,
Like a motley ragged garment for the lean Earth's
jutting bones ;
Moors extend, and bogs and furzes, where you sel-
dom meet a soul,

But the Besom-man or woman, who to earn a stingy
dole
Stoops beneath a nodding burden of the scented
heather-plant,
Or a jolly gaiter'd Sportsman, striding near the
grouse's haunt,—
Slow the anchoritic heron, musing by his voiceless
pond,
Startled with the startled echo from the lonely cliff
beyond,
Rising, flaps away. And now a summit shows us,
wide and bare,
All the brown uneven country, lit with waters here
and there ;
Southward, mountains—northward, mountains—west-
ward, golden mystery
Of coruscation, when the Daystar flings his largesse
on the sea ;
Peasant cots with humble haggarts ; mansions with
obsequious groves ;
A Spire, a Steeple, rival standards, which the liberal
distance loves
To set in union. There the dear but dirty little
Town abides,
And you and I come home to dinner after all our
walks and rides.
You shall taste a cleanly pudding ;
But, bring shoes to stand a mudding.

III.

Let me take you by the *murvagh*, sprinkled with
those Golden Weeds
'Murvagh' Sea-plain, level place near the sea, salt marsh.
'Golden Weeds,' ragwort, called 'boughaleen bwée' (little
yellow boy), also 'fairy-horse.'

Merry troops of Irish Fairies mount by moonlight
 for their steeds,—
 Wherefore sacred and abundant over all the land are
 they.
 Many cows are feeding through it; cooling, of a
 sultry day,
 By the River's brink, that journeys under Fairy Hill,
 and past
 Gentle cadences of landscape sloping to the sea at
 last.
 Now the yellow sand is round us, drifted in fantas-
 tic shapes,
 Heights and hollows, forts, and bastions, pyramids
 and curving capes,
 Breezy ridges thinly waving with the bent-weed's
 pallid green,
 Delicate for eye that sips it, till a better feast is seen,
 Where the turf swells thick-embroider'd with the
 fragrant purple thyme,
 Where, in plots of speckled orchis, poet larks begin
 their rhyme,
 Honey'd galium wafts an invitation to the gipsy bees,
 Rabbits' doorways wear for garlands azure tufts of
 wild heartscase,
 Paths of sward around the hillocks, dipping into ferny
 dells,
 Show you heaps of childhood's treasure—twisted,
 vary-tinted shells
 Lapt in moss and blossom, empty, and forgetful of
 the wave.
 Ha! a creature scouring nimbly, hops at once into
 his cave;
 Brother Coney sits regardant,—wink an eye, and
 where is he?
 Rabbit villages we pass through, but the people skip
 and flee.

Over sandy slope, a Mountain lifts afar his fine blue
 head;
 There the savage twins of eagles, gaping, hissing to
 be fed,
 Welcome back their wide-wing'd parent with a rabbit
 scarcely dead
 Hung in those powerful yellow claws, and gorge the
 bloody flesh and fur
 On ledge of rock, their cradle. Shepherd-boy! with
 limbs and voice bestir
 To your watch of tender lambkins on a lonesome
 valley-side,
 If you, careless in the sunshine, see a rapid shadow
 glide
 Down the verdant undercliff. Afar that conquering
 eye can sweep
 Mountain-glens, and *moy*, and warren, to the margin
 of the deep,
 Worse than dog or ferret;—vanish from your gold-
 green-mossy dells,
 Nibbling natives of the burrow! seek your inmost
 winding cells
 When such cruelties appear;
 But a Painter do not fear,
 Nor a Poet loitering near.

IV.

Painter, what is spread before you? 'Tis the great
 Atlantic Sea!
 Many-colour'd floor of ocean, where the lights and
 shadows flee;
 Waves and wavelets running landward with a sparkle
 and a song,

'Moy,' *math*, a plain.

Crystal green with foam enwoven, bursting, brightly
 spilt along ;
 Thousand living shapes of wonder in the clear pools
 of the rock ;
 Lengths of strand, and seafowl armies rising like a
 puff of smoke ;
 Drift and tangle on the limit where the wandering
 water fails ;
 Level faintly-clear horizon, touch'd with clouds and
 phantom sails,—
 O come hither ! weeks together let us watch the big
 Atlantic,
 Blue or purple, green or gurdy, dark or shining,
 smooth or frantic.
 Far across the tide, slow-heaving, rich autumnal day-
 light sets ;
 See our crowd of busy row-boats, hear us noisy with
 our nets,
 Where the glittering sprats in millions from the
 rising mesh are stript,
 Till there scarce is room for rowing, every gunwale
 nearly dipt ;
 Gulls around us, flying, dropping, thick in air as
 flakes of snow,
 Snatching luckless little fishes in their silvery overflow.
 Now one streak of western scarlet lingers upon
 ocean's edge,
 Now through ripples of the splendour of the moon
 we swiftly wedge
 Our loaded bows ; the fisher hamlet beacons with
 domestic light ;
 On the shore the carts and horses wait to travel
 through the night
 To a distant city market, while the boatmen sup
 and sleep,
 While the firmamental stillness arches o'er the dusky
 deep,

Ever muttering chants and dirges
 Round its rocks and sandy verges.

v.

Now I've thought of something ! mind me, for no
 artist's clever sake,
 Merely artist, should I dare to sit his comrade at a
 Wake ;
 You're at home with tears and laughter, friend of
 mine, and bear a heart
 Full of sympathetic kindness, taking every brother's
 part.
 Through the mob that fills the kitchen, clouded with
 tobacco-fume,
 Joking, singing—we have cross'd the threshold of
 that inside room
 Where the seniors and relations sitting gravely by
 the wall
 Speak in murmurs ; on a table, lighted candles thick
 and tall ;
 Straight the bed-quilt and the curtains ; on the
 pillow calm within
 A moveless Face with close-shut eyelids and a cloth
 about the chin,
 Under a crucifix. You see : and sideways through
 the open door
 Laughing looks and odd grimaces, and you hear a
 blithe uproar
 From the youthful merrymakers. Kneeling silent by
 the bed
 Prays a woman ; weeps a woman, rocking, sobbing
 at its head,
 Nigh the Face, which spoke this morning, unre-
 garding, undiscerning.
 Louder burst the lively voices ; wearily the candles
 burning ;

Elders gravely on the whisper; Time for ever
 slowly turning;
 Bringing round the book and spade,
 Another hillock duly made,
 The cottage swept, the grief allay'd.

VI.

Ere we part at winter's portal, I shall row you of a
 night
 On a swirling Stygian river, to a ghostly yellow
 light.
 When the nights are black and gusty, then do eels
 in myriads glide
 Through the pools and down the rapids, hurrying
 to the ocean-tide,
 (But they fear the frost or moonshine, in their mud-
 beds coiling close)
 And the wearmen, on the platform of that pigmy
 water-house
 Built among the river-currents, with a dam to either
 bank,
 Pull the purse-net's heavy end to swing across their
 wooden tank,
 Ere they loose the cord about it, then a slimy wrig-
 gling heap
 Falls with splashing, where a thousand fellow-
 prisoners heave and creep.
 Chill winds roar above the wearmen, darkling rush
 the floods below;
 There they watch and work their eel-nets, till the
 late dawn lets them go.
 There we'll join their eely supper, bearing smoke
 the best we can,
 (House's furniture a salt-box, truss of straw, and
 frying-pan),
 Hearken Con's astounding stories, how a mythologic
 eel

Chased a man o'er miles of country, swallow'd two
 dogs at a meal,
 To the hissing, bubbling music of the pan and
pratie-pot.
 Denser grows the reek around us, each like Mussul-
 man a-squat,
 Each with victuals in his fingers, we devour them
 hot and hot;
 Smoky rays our lantern throwing,
 Ruddy peat-fire warmly glowing,
 Noisily the River flowing.

VII.

Time's at hand, though, first of all, to journey to
 our Holy Well,
 Clear as when the old Saint bless'd it, rising in its
 rock-bound cell.
 Two great Crosses, carved in bosses, curves, and
 fillets interlacing,
 Spread their aged arms of stone, as if in sempiternal
 blessing;
 Five much-wrinkled thortrees bend, as though in
 everlasting pray'r.
 Greenly shines the growing crop, along the shelter'd
 hill-side there;
 But the tristful little Abbey, crumbling among weeds
 and grass,
 Nevermore can suns or seasons bring a smile to as
 they pass;
 By a window-gap or mullion creeps the fringe of
 ivy leaves,
 Nettles crowd the sculptured doorway, where the
 wind goes through and grieves;
 Sad the tender blue of harebells on its ledges low
 and high;
 Merry singing of the goldfinch there sounds pensive
 as a sigh.

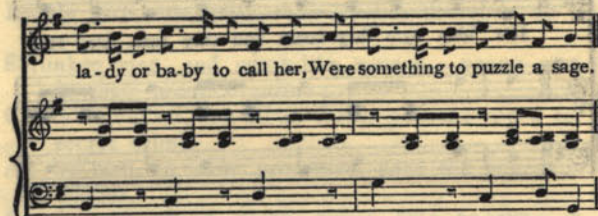
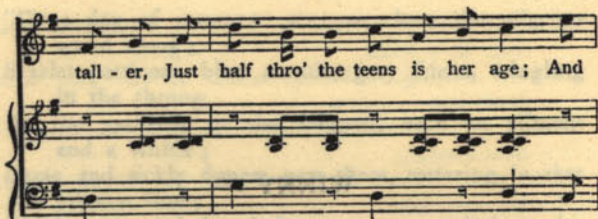
'Tis a day of summer: see you, how the pilgrims
 wend along;
 Scarlet petticoat, blue mantle, gray frieze, mingling
 in the throng.
 By the pathway sit the Beggars, each an ailment
 and a whine;
 Lame and sickly figures pass them, tottering in that
 pilgrim line;
 Children carried by their parents, very loth to let
 them die;
 Lovely girls, too, with their eyelids downcast on a
 rosary;
 Shrunk men, and witch-like women; young men
 in their proudest prime;
 Guilty foreheads, hot-blood faces, penance-vow'd for
 secret crime.
 All by turn, in slow procession, pace the venerable
 bounds,
 Barefoot, barehead, seven times duly kneeling in
 th' accustom'd rounds;
 Thrice among the hoary ruins, once before the
 wasted shrine,
 Once at each great carven cross, and once to form
 the Mystic Sign,
 Dipping reverential finger in the Well, on brow and
 breast.
 Meanwhile worn and wan, the Sick under those
 rooted thorn-trees rest,
 Waiting sadly. Here are human figures of our land
 and day,
 On a thousand-years-old background,—still in keeping,
 it and they!
 Walter, make a vow nor break it; turn your pilgrim
 steps our way.
 Oh might you come, before there fell
 One hawthorn-flow'r in Columb's Well!

WINNY.

Lively.

Her blue eyes they beam and they twin - kle, Her
 lips they make smiling more fair, On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle, But
 thousands of curls in her hair. She's lit - tle, —you don't wish her

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The first system is marked 'Lively.' and contains the lyrics 'Her blue eyes they beam and they twin - kle, Her'. The second system contains the lyrics 'lips they make smiling more fair, On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle, But'. The third system contains the lyrics 'thousands of curls in her hair. She's lit - tle, —you don't wish her'. Each system also includes piano accompaniment in bass clef.



HER blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,
Her lips, they make smiling more fair;
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little,—you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age;
And baby or lady to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her walk is far better than dancing;
She speaks as another might sing;
And all by an innocent chancing,
Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskill'd in the airs of the city,
She's perfect in natural grace;

She's gentle, and truthful, and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom—
And O! when she comes, in a minute,
Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake!
—I wonder, the sweet little creature,
What sort of a wife she would make.

TO LEIGH HUNT,

WITH AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE.

THE MUSIC-MASTER.

A LOVE STORY.

PART I.

I.

MUSIC and Love!—If lovers hear me sing,
 I will for them essay the simple tale,
 To hold some fair young listeners in a ring
 With echoes gathered from an Irish vale,
 Where still, methinks, abide my golden years,
 Though I not with them,—far discern'd through tears.

II.

When evening fell upon the village-street
 And brother fields, reposing hand in hand,
 Unlike where flaring cities scorn to meet
 The kiss of dusk that quiets all the land,
 'Twas pleasant laziness to loiter by
 Houses and cottages, a friendly spy,

III.

And hear the frequent fiddle that would glide
 Through jovial mazes of a jig or reel,
 Or sink from sob to sob with plaintive slide,
 Or mount the steps of swift exulting zeal;
 For our old village was with music fill'd
 Like any grove where thrushes wont to build.

IV.

Mixt with the roar of bellows and of flame,
 Perhaps the reed-voice of a clarionet
 From the forge's open ruddy shutter came;
 Or round some hearth were silent people set,
 Where the low flute, with plaintive quivering, ran
 Through tender 'Colleen Dhas' or 'Feilecan.'

V.

Or pictured on those bygone, shadowy nights
 I see a group of girls at needlework,
 Placed round a candle throwing soft half-lights
 On the contrasted faces, and the dark
 And fair-hair'd heads, a bunch of human flow'rs,
 While many a ditty cheers th' industrious hours.

VI.

Pianoforte's sound from curtain'd pane
 Would join the lofty to the lowly roof
 In the sweet links of one harmonious chain;
 And often down the street some Glee's old woof,
 'Hope of my heart'—'Ye Shepherds'—'Lightly
 tread,'
 Enmesh'd my steps or wrapt me round in bed.

VII.

The most delicious chance, if we should hear,
 Pour'd from our climbing glen's enfoliated rocks
 At dusk some solitary bugle, clear,
 Remote, and melancholy; echo mocks
 The strain delighted, wafting it afar
 Up to the threshold of the evening star.

VIII.

And Gerald was our music-master's name ;
 Young Gerald White ; whose mother not long wed,
 Only to make him ours by birthright came.
 Her *Requiescat* I have often redd,
 Where thickest ivy hangs its ancient pall
 Over the dumb and desolate abbey wall.

IX.

The father found a music-pupil rare,
 More ready still to learn than he to teach,
 His art no longer was his only care,
 But now young Gerald with it, each for each,
 And with a secret and assiduous joy
 The grave musician taught his happy boy.

X.

The boy's whole thought to Music lean'd and sway'd ;
 He heard a minor in the wind at night,
 And many a tune the village noises play'd ;
 The thunder roar'd like bands before the might
 Of marching armies ; in deep summer calm
 The falling brooklet would intone a psalm.

XI.

The chapel organ-loft, his father's seat,
 Was to the child his earthly paradise ;
 And that celestial one that used to greet
 His infant dreams, could take no other guise
 Than visions of green curtains and gold pipes,
 And angels of whom quire girls were the types.

XII.

Their fresh young voices from the congregation,
 Train'd and combined by simple rules of chant,
 And lifted on the harmonious modulation
 Roll'd from the lofty organ, ministrant
 To sacred triumph, well might bring a thought
 Of angels there,—perhaps themselves it brought.

XIII.

Poor girls the most were : this one had her nest,
 A mountain mavis, in the craggy furze ;
 Another in close lane must toil and rest,
 And never cage-bird's song more fine than hers,
 Humming at work all through the busy week,
 Set free in Sunday chorus, proud and meek.

XIV.

And when young Gerald might adventure forth
 Through Music-land,—where hope and memory kiss,
 And singing fly beyond the bourne of earth,
 And the whole spirit full of aching bliss
 Would follow as the parting shrouds reveal
 Glimpses ineffable, but soon conceal—

XV.

While all the hills, mayhap, and distant plain,
 Village and brook were shaded, fold on fold,
 With the slow dusk, and on the purpling pane
 Soft twilight barr'd with crimson and with gold
 Lent to that simple little house of prayer
 A richly solemn, a cathedral air ;

XVI.

His symphonies to suit the dying close
 Suffused it with a voice that could not ask
 In vain for tears; not ask in vain for those
 Who in the dew fulfill'd their pious task,
 Kneeling with rosaries beside a grave;
 To whom a heavenly comforting it gave.

XVII.

Thus village years went by. Day after day
 Flow'd, as a stream unvext with storms or floods
 Flows by some islet with a hawthorn gray;
 Where circling seasons bring a share of buds,
 Nests, blossoms, ruddy fruit; and, in their turn,
 Of withering leaves and frosty twigs forlorn.

XVIII.

So went the years, that never may abide;
 Boyhood to manhood, manly prime to age,
 Ceaselessly gliding on, as still they glide;
 Until the father yields for heritage
 (Joyful, yet with a sigh) the master's place
 To Gerald—who could higher fortune grace.

XIX.

But the shy youth has yet his hours of leisure:
 And now, the Spring upon the emerald hills
 Dancing with flying clouds, how keen his pleasure,
 Plunged in deep glens or tracking upland rills,
 Till lessening light recall him from his roaming
 To breathe his gather'd secrets to the gloaming.

XX.

Spring was around him, and within him too.
 Delightful season!—life without a spur
 Bounds gaily forward, and the heart is new
 As the green wand fresh budded on a fir;
 And Nature, into jocund chorus waking,
 Bids every young voice to her merry-making.

XXI.

Gerald, high echoing this delightful Spring,
 Pour'd from his finger-tips electric power
 In audible creations swift of wing,
 Till sunshine glimpsing through an April shower,
 And clouds, and delicate glories, and the bound
 Of lucid sky came melting into sound.

XXII.

Our ear receives in common with our eye
 One Beauty, flowing through a different gate,
 With melody its form, and harmony
 Its hue: one mystic Beauty is the mate
 Of Spirit indivisible, one love
 Her look, her voice, her memory do move.

XXIII.

Yet sometimes in his playing came a tone
 Not learn'd of sun or shadow, wind or brook,
 But thoughts so much his own he dared not own,
 Nor, prizing much, appraise them; dared not look
 In fear to lose an image undefined
 That brighten'd every vista of his mind.

XXIV.

Two pupils dwelt upon the river-side,
 At Cloonamore, a cottage near the rush
 Of narrow'd waters breaking from a wide
 And pond-like smoothness, brimming green and flush
 On dark groves; here for Gerald, truth to say,
 His weekly task was more than holiday.

XXV.

A quiet home it was; compact and neat
 As a wren's nest. A gentle woman's choice
 Had built and beautified the green retreat;
 But in her labours might she not rejoice,
 Being call'd away to other place of rest;
 And spent her last breath in a dear behest.

XXVI.

That was for her two daughters: she had wed
 A plain, rough husband, though a kind and true;
 And 'Dearest Patrick,' from her dying bed
 She whisper'd, 'promise me you'll try to do
 For Ann and Milly what was at my heart,
 If God had spared me to perform my part.'

XXVII.

As well as no abundant purse allow'd,
 Or as the neighbouring village could supply,
 The father kept his promise, and was proud
 To see the girls grow up beneath his eye
 Two ladies in their culture and their mien;
 Though not the less there lay a gulf between.

XXVIII.

A spirit unrefined the elder had,
 An envious eye, a tongue of petty scorn.
 That women these may own—how true! how sad!
 And these, though Ann had been a countess born,
 Had mark'd her meaner to the dullest sight
 Than stands a yellow lily with a white.

XXIX.

White lily,—Milly,—darling little girl!
 I think I see as once I saw her stand;
 The soft hair waving in a single curl
 Behind her ear; a kid licking her hand;
 Her fair young face with health and racing warm,
 And loose frock blown about her slender form.

XXX.

The dizzy lark, a dot on the white cloud,
 That sprinkles music to the vernal breeze,
 Was not more gay than Milly's joyous mood;
 The silent lark that starry twilight sees
 Cradled among the braird in closest bower,
 Not more quiescent than her tranquil hour.

XXXI.

Her mind was open, as a flowery cup
 That gathers richness from the sun and dew,
 To knowledge, and as easily drew up
 The wholesome sap of life; unwatch'd it grew,
 A lovely blossom in a shady place;
 And like her mind, so was her innocent face.

. XXXII.

At all times fair, it never look'd so fair
 As when the holy glow of harmonies
 Lighted it through; her spirit as it were
 An azure heav'n outshining at her eyes;
 With Gerald's tenor, while the fountain sprung
 Of her contralto, fresh and pure and young.

XXXIII.

In years a child when lessons thus began,
 Child is she still, yet nearly woman grown;
 For childhood stays with woman more than man,
 In voice and cheek and mouth, nor these alone;
 And up the sky with no intense revealing
 May the great dawn of womanhood come stealing.

XXXIV.

Now must the moon of childhood, trembling white,
 Faint in the promise of the flushing heaven;
 Looks are turn'd eastward, where new orient light
 Suffuses all the air with subtle leaven;
 And shadowy mountain-paths begin to show
 Their unsuspected windings 'mid the glow.

. XXXV.

Her silky locks have ripen'd into brown,
 Her soft blue eyes grown deeper and more shy,
 And lightly on her lifted head the crown
 Of queenly maidenhood sits meek and high;
 Her frank soul lives in her ingenuous voice,
 Most purely tuned to sorrow or rejoice.

XXXVI.

Within the chapel on a Sunday morn
 She bows her mild head near the altar-rail,
 And raises up that mild full voice unworn
 Into the singing;—should a Sunday fail,
 There's one would often mark her empty seat,
 There's one would find the anthem incomplete.

XXXVII.

Few her companions are, and few her books;
 And in a ruin'd convent's circling shade,
 The loveliest of tranquil river-nooks,
 Where trailing birch, fit bow'r for gentle maid,
 And feather'd fir-tree half shut out the stream,
 She often sits alone to read or dream.

XXXVIII.

Sometimes through leafy lattice she espies
 A fitting figure on the other shore;
 But ever past th' enchanted precinct hies
 That wanderer, and where the rapids roar
 Through verdured crags, shelters his beating heart,
 Foolishly bent to seek, yet stay apart.

XXXIX.

Then Milly can resume her reverie,
 About a friend, a friend that she could love;
 But finds her broken thought is apt to flee
 To what seem other musings; slowly move
 The days, and counted days move ever slowest:
 Milly! how long ere thy own heart thou knowest?

XL.

Sooner than Gerald his. His path-side birds
 Are scarcely more unconscious or more shrinking.
 Yet would he tell his love in simple words
 Did love stand clearly in his simple thinking.
 High the discovery, and too high for one
 Who counts his life as though not yet begun.

XLI.

For all the rest seem sage and busy men ;
 And he alone despised, and justly too,
 Or borne with merely ;—could he venture then
 To deem this rich inheritance his due ?
 Slowly the fine and tender soul discerns
 Its rareness, and its lofty station learns.

XLII.

And now, 'tis on a royal eventide
 When the ripe month sets glowing earth and air,
 And summer by a stream or thicket side
 Twists amber honeysuckles in her hair,—
 Gerald and Milly meet by trembling chance,—
 And step for step are moving, in a trance.

XLIII.

Their pathway foliage-curtain'd and moss-grown ;
 Behind the trees the white flood flashing swift,
 Through many moist and ferny rocks flung down,
 Roars steadily, where sunlights play and shift.
 How oft they stop, how long, they nothing know,
 Nor how the pulses of the evening go.

XLIV.

Their talk ?—the dappled hyacinthine glade
 Lit up in points of blue,—the curious treble
 That sometimes by the kine's deep throat is made—
 The quail's 'twit-wit-wit,' like a hopping pebble
 Thrown along ice,—the dragonflies, the birds,
 The rustling twig,—all noticed in few words.

XLV.

A level pond, inlaid with lucid shadows
 Of groves and crannied cliffs and evening sky,
 And rural domes of hay, where the green meadows
 Slope to embrace its margin peacefully,
 The slumb'ring river to the rapid draws ;
 And here, upon a grassy jut, they pause.

XLVI.

How shy a strength is Love's, that so much fears
 Its darling secret to itself to own !
 Their rapt, illimitable mood appears
 A beauteous miracle for each alone ;
 Exalted high above all range of hope
 By the pure soul's eternity of scope.

XLVII.

Yet in both hearts a prophecy is breathed
 Of how this evening's phantom may arise,
 In richer hues than ever sunlight wreathed
 On hill or wood or wave ; in brimming eyes
 The glowing landscape melts away from each ;
 And full their bosoms swell, too full for speech.

XLVIII.

Is it a dream? The countless happy stars
 Stand silently into the deepening blue;
 In slow procession all the molten bars
 Of cloud move down; the air is dim with dew;
 Eve scatters roses on the shroud of day;
 The common world sinks far and far away.

XLIX.

With goodnight kiss the zephyr, half asleep,
 Sinks to its cradle in the dusk of trees,
 Where river-chimings tolling sweet and deep
 Make lullaby, and all field-scents that please
 The summer's children float into the gloom
 Dream-interwoven in a viewless loom.

L.

Clothed with an earnest paleness, not a blush,
 And with th' angelic gravity of love,
 Each lover's face amid the twilight hush
 Is like a saint's whose thoughts are all above
 In perfect gratitude for heavenly boon;
 And o'er them for a halo comes the moon.

LI.

Thus through the leaves and the dim dewy croft
 They linger homeward. Flowers around their feet
 Bless them, and in the firmament aloft
 Night's silent ardours. And an hour too fleet,
 Tho' stretching years from all the life before,
 Conducts their footsteps to her cottage door.

LII.

Thenceforth they meet more timidly?—in truth,
 Some lovers might, but all are not the same;
 In the clear ether of their simple youth
 Steady and white ascends the sacred flame.
 They do not shrink hereafter; rather seek
 More converse, but with graver voices speak.

LIII.

One theme at last preferred to every other,
 Joying to talk of that mysterious land
 Where each enshrines the image of a mother,
 Best of all watchers in the guardian band;
 To highest, tenderest thought is freedom given
 Amid this unembarrass'd air of Heaven.

LIV.

For when a hymn has wing'd itself away
 On Palestrina's full-resounding chords,
 And at the trellis'd window loiter they,
 Deferring their good-night with happy words,
 Almost they know, without a throb of fear,
 Of spirits in the twilight standing near.

LV.

And day by day and week by week pass by,
 And love still poised upon a trembling plume
 Floats on the very verge of sovereignty,
 Where ev'n a look may call him to assume
 The rich apparel and the shining throne,
 And claim two loyal subjects for his own.

LVI.

Wondrous, that first, full, mutual look of love
 Coming ere either looker is aware ;
 Unbounded trust, a tenderness above
 All tenderness ; mute music, speechless pray'r ;
 Life's mystery, reality, and might,
 Soft-swimming in a single ray of light !

LVII.

When shall it fly, this talismanic gleam,
 Which melts like lightning every prison-bar,
 Which penetrates the mist with keener beam
 Than flows from sun or moon or any star ?
 Love waits ; like vulgar pebble of the ground
 Th' imperial gem lies willing to be found.

LVIII.

One evening, Gerald came before his hour,
 Distrustful of the oft-consulted clock ;
 And waits, with no companion, till his flow'r—
 Keeping the time as one of Flora's flock,
 Whose shepherdess, the Sunset Star, doth fold
 Each in its leaves—he may again behold,

LIX.

Nor thinks it long. Familiar all, and dear,
 A sanctity pervades the silent room.
 Autumnal is the season of the year ;
 A mystic softness and love-weighty gloom
 Gather with twilight. In a dream he lays
 His hand on the piano, dreaming plays.

LX.

Most faint and broken sounds at first are stealing
 Into the shadowy stillness ; wild and slow
 Imperfect cadences of captive feeling,
 Gathering its strength, and yet afraid to know
 Its chance of freedom,—till on murmuring chords
 Th' unguarded thought strays forth in passionate
 words.

LXI.

Angel of Music ! when our finest speech
 Is all too coarse to give the heart relief,
 The inmost fountains lie within thy reach,
 Soother of every joy and every grief ;
 And to the stumbling words thou lendest wings
 On which aloft th' enfranchised spirit springs.

LXII.

Much love may in not many words be told ;
 And on the sudden love can speak the best.
 These mystical melodious buds unfold,
 On every petal showing clear imprest
 The name of *Love*. So Gerald sung and play'd
 Unconscious of himself, in twilight shade.

LXIII.

He has not overheard (O might it be !)
 This stifled sobbing at the open door,
 Where Milly stands arrested tremblingly
 By that which in an instant tells her more
 Than all the dumb months mused of ; tells it plain
 To joy that cannot comprehend its gain.

LXIV.

One moment, and they shall be face to face,
 Free in the gift of this great confidence,
 Wrapt in the throbbing calm of its embrace,
 No more to disunite their spirits thence.
 The myrtle crown stoops close to either brow,—
 But ah! what alien voice distracts them now?

LXV.

Her sister comes. And Milly turns away;
 Hurriedly bearing to some quiet spot
 Her tears and her full heart, longing to lay
 On a dim pillow cheeks so moist and hot.
 When midnight stars between her curtains gleam
 Fair Milly sleeps, and dreams a happy dream.

LXVI.

Dream on, poor child! beneath the midnight stars;
 O slumber through the kindling of the dawn;
 The shadow's on its way; the storm that mars
 The lily even now is hurrying on.
 All has been long fulfill'd; yet I could weep
 At thought of thee so quietly asleep.

LXVII.

But Gerald, through the night serenely spread,
 Walks quietly home, intoxicate with bliss
 Not named and not examined; overhead
 The clustering lights of worlds are full of this
 New element; the soft wind's dusky wings
 Grow warmer on his cheeks, with whisperings.

LXVIII.

And yet to-night he has not seen his Love.
 His Love—in that one word all comfort dwells;
 Reaching from earth to those clear flames above,
 And making common food of miracles.
 Kind pulsing Nature, touch of Deity,
 Sure thou art full of love, which lovers see!

LXIX.

Most cruel Nature, so unmoved, so hard,
 The while thy children shake with joy or pain!
 Thou wilt not forward Love, nor Death retard
 One finger-push, for mortal's dearest gain.
 Our Gerald, through the night serenely spread,
 Walks quickly home, and finds his father dead.

LXX.

Great awe must be when the last blow comes down,
 Tho' but the ending of a weary strife,
 Tho' years on years weigh low the hoary crown
 Or sickness tenant all the house of life;
 Stupendous ever is the great event,
 The frozen form most strangely different!

LXXI.

To Gerald followed many doleful days,
 Like wet clouds moving through a sullen sky.
 A vast unlook'd-for change the mind dismisses,
 And smites its world with instability;
 Rocks appear quaking, towers and treasures vain,
 Peace foolish, Joy disgusting, Hope insane.

LXXII.

For even Cloonamore, that image dear,
Returns to Gerald's mind like its own ghost,
In melancholy garments, drench'd and sere,
Its joy, its colour, and its welcome lost.
Wanting one token sure to lean upon,
(How almost gained!) his happy dream is gone.

LXXIII.

Distracted purposes, a homeless band,
Throng in his meditation; now he flies
To rest his soul on Milly's cheek and hand,—
Now he makes outcry on his fantasies
For busy cheats: the lesson not yet learn'd
How Life's true coast from vapour is discern'd.

LXXIV.

Ah me! 'tis like the tolling of a bell
To hear it—"Past is past, and gone is gone;"
With looking back afar to see how well
We could have 'scaped our losses, and have won
High fortune. Ever greatest turns on least,
Like Earth's own whirl to atom poles decreased.

LXXV.

For in the gloomiest hour a letter came,
Shot arrow-like across the Western sea,
Praising the West; its message was the same
As many a time ere now had languidly
Dropp'd at his feet, but this the rude gale bore
To heart,—Gerald will quit our Irish shore.

LXXVI.

And quit his Love whom he completely loves;
Who loves him just as much? Nay, downcast
youth!
Nay, dear mild maiden!—Surely it behoves
That somewhere in the day there should be ruth
For innocent blindness?—lead, oh, lead them now
One step, but one!—Their fates do not allow.

LXXVII.

The parting scene is brief and frosty dumb.
The unlike sisters stand alike unmoved;
For Milly's soul is 'wilder'd, weak, and numb,
That reft away which seem'd so dearly proved.
While thought and speech she struggles to recover
Her hand is prest—and he is gone for ever.

LXXVIII.

Time speeds: on an October afternoon
Across the well-known view he looks his last;
The valley clothed with peace and fruitful boon,
The chapel where such happy hours were pass'd,
With rainbow colour'd foliage round its caves,
And windows all a-glitter through the leaves.

LXXIX.

The cottage-smokes, the river;—gaze no more
Sad heart! although thou canst not, wouldst not
shun
The vision future years will oft restore,
Whereon the light of many a summer sun,
The stars of many a winter night shall be
Mingled in one strange sighing memory.

END OF PART I.

THE MUSIC-MASTER.

A LOVE STORY.

PART II.

I.

THE shadow Death o'er Time's broad dial creeps
 With never-halting pace from mark to mark,
 Blotting the sunshine; as it coldly sweeps,
 Each living symbol melts into the dark,
 And changes to the name of what it was;—
 Shade-measured light, progression proved by loss.

II.

Blithe Spring expanding into Summer's cheer,
 Great Summer ripening into Autumn's glow,
 The yellow Autumn and the wasted year,
 And hoary-headed Winter stooping slow
 Under the dark arch up again to Spring,
 Have five times compass'd their appointed ring.

III.

See once again our village, with its street
 Dozing in dusty sunshine. All around
 Is silence; save, for slumber not unmeet,
 Some spinning-wheel's continuous whirring sound
 From cottage door, where, stretch'd upon his side,
 The moveless dog is basking, drowsy-eyed.

IV.

The hollyhocks that rise above a wall
 Sleep in the richness of their crusted blooms;
 Up the hot glass the sluggish blue flies crawl;
 The heavy bee is humming into rooms
 Through open window, like a sturdy rover,
 Bringing with him warm scents of thyme and
 clover.

V.

With herb and flow'r you smell the ripening fruit
 In cottage gardens, on the sultry air;
 But every bird has vanish'd, hiding mute
 In eave and hedgerow; save that here and there
 With twitter swift, the sole unrestful thing,
 Shoots the dark lightning of a swallow's wing.

VI.

Yet in this hour of sunny peacefulness
 There's one whom all its influence little calms,
 One who now leans in agony to press
 His throbbing forehead with his throbbing palms,
 Now paces quickly up and down within
 The narrow parlour of the village inn.

VII.

He thought he could have tranquilly beheld
 The scene again. He thought his faithful grief,
 Spread level in the soul, could not have swell'd
 To find once more a passionate relief.
 Three years, they now seem hours, have sigh'd
 their breath
 Since when he heard the tidings of her death.

VIII.

Last evening in the latest dusk he came,
 A holy pilgrim from a distant land;
 And objects of familiar face and name,
 As at the wave of a miraculous wand,
 Rose round his steps; his bedroom window show'd
 His small white birthplace just across the road.

IX.

Yet in that room he could not win repose;
 The image of the past perplex'd his mind;
 Often he sigh'd and turn'd and sometimes rose
 To bathe his forehead in the cool night-wind,
 And vaguely watch the curtain broad and gray
 Lifting anew from the bright scene of day.

X.

When creeping sultry hours from noontide go,
 He rounds the hawthorn hedge's well-known turn,
 Melting in Midsummer its bloomy snow,
 And through the chapel gate. His heart forlorn
 Draws strength and comfort from the pitying shrine
 Whereat he bows with reverential sign.

XI.

Behind the chapel, down a sloping hill,
 Circling the ancient abbey's ivied walls
 The graveyard sleeps. A little gurgling rill
 Pour'd through a corner of the ruin, falls
 Into a dusky-water'd pond, and lags
 With lazy eddies 'mid its yellow flags.

XII.

Across this pool, the hollow banks enfold
 An orchard, overrun with rankest grass,
 Of gnarl'd and mossy apple-trees as old
 As th' oldest graves almost; and thither pass
 The smooth-worn stepping-stones that give their aid
 To many a labourer and milking-maid,

XIII.

And not unfrequently to rustic bound
 On a more solemn errand. When we see
 A suppliant in such universal ground,
 Let all be reverence and sympathy;
 Assured the life in every real pray'r
 Is that which makes our life of life to share.

XIV.

But resting in the sunshine very lone
 Is each green hummock now, each wooden cross;
 And save the rillet in its cup of stone
 That poppling falls, and whispers through the
 moss
 Down to the quiet pool, no sound is near
 To break the stillness to Gerald's ear.

XV.

The withren elder spreads its creamy bloom;
 The thicket-tangling, tenderest briar-rose
 Kisses to air its exquisite perfume
 In shy luxuriance; spiry foxglove glows
 With elvish crimson;—nor all vainly greet
 The eye which unobserved they seem to meet.

XVI.

Under the abbey wall he wends his way,
 Admitted through a portal arching deep,
 To where no roof excludes the common day;
 Though some few tombstones in the shadows
 sleep
 Of hoary fibres and a throng of leaves,
 Which venerable ivy slowly weaves.

XVII.

First hither comes, in piety of heart,
 Over his mother's, father's grave to bend,
 The faithful exile. Let us stand apart,
 While his sincere and humble pray'rs ascend,
 As such devout aspirings do, we trust,
 To Him who sow'd them in our breathing dust,

XVIII.

And veil our very thoughts lest they intrude
 (Oh, silent death; oh, living pain full sore!)
 Where lies enwapt in grassy solitude
 That gentle matron's grave, of Cloonamore;
 And on the stone these added words are seen—
 'Also, her daughter Milly, aged eighteen.'

XIX.

Profound the voiceless aching of the breast,
 When weary life is like a gray dull eve
 Emptied of colour, withering and waste
 Around the prostrate soul, too weak to grieve—
 Stretch'd far below the tumult and strong cry
 Of passion—its lamenting but a sigh.

XX.

Grief's mystery desire not to disperse,
 Nor wish the secret of the world outspoken;
 'Tis not a toy, this vital Universe,
 That thus its inner caskets may be broken.
 Sorrow and pain, as well as hope and love,
 Stretch out of view into the heavens above.

XXI.

Yet, oh! the cruel coldness of the grave,
 The keen remembrance of the happy past,
 The thoughts which are at once tyrant and slave,
 The sudden sense that drives the soul aghast,
 The drowning horror, and the speechless strife,
 That fain would sink to death or rise to life!

XXII.

As Gerald lifted up his pallid face,
 He grew aware that he was not alone.
 Amid the silence of the sacred place
 Another form was stooping o'er the stone;
 A grayhair'd woman's. When she met his eyes
 She shriek'd aloud in her extreme surprise.

XXIII.

'The Holy Mother keep us day and night!
 And who is this?—Oh, Master Gerald, dear,
 I little thought to ever see this sight!
 Warm to the King above I offer here
 My praises for the answer He has sent
 To all my pray'rs; for now I'll die content!

XXIV.

Then, as if talking to herself, she said :
 'I nursed her when she was a little child,
 I smooth'd the pillow of her dying bed.
 And just the way that she had often smiled
 When sleeping in her cradle—that same look
 Was on her face with the last kiss I took.'

XXV.

'Twas in the days of March,' she said again
 'And so it is the sweetest blossom dies,
 The wrinkled leaf hangs on, though falling fain.
 I thought your hand would close my poor old eyes,
 And not that I'd be sitting in the sun
 Beside your grave,—the Lord's good will be done !'

XXVI.

Thus incoherently the woman spoke,
 With many interjections full of woe ;
 And wrapping herself up within her cloak,
 Began to rock her body to and fro ;
 And moaning softly, seem'd to lose all sense
 Of outward life in memories so intense.

XXVII.

Till Gerald burst his silence and exclaim'd,
 With the most poignant earnestness of tone,
 'O nurse, I loved her !—though I never named
 The name of love to her, or any one.
 'Tis to her grave here——' He could say no more,
 But these few words a load of meaning bore.

XXVIII.

Beside the tombstone mute they both remain'd.
 At last the woman rose, and coming near,
 Said with a tender voice that had regain'd
 A tremulous calm, 'Then you must surely hear
 The whole from first to last, *cushla-ma-chree* ;
 For God has brought together you and me.'

XXIX.

And there she told him all the moving tale,
 Broken with many tears and sobs and sighs ;
 How gentle Milly's health began to fail ;
 How a sad sweetness grew within her eyes,
 And trembled on her mouth, so kind and meek,
 And flush'd across her pale and patient cheek.

XXX.

And how about this time her sister Ann
 'Entered Religion,'¹ and her father's thought
 Refused in Milly's face or voice to scan,
 Or once so lively step, the change that wrought ;
 Until a sad conviction flew at last,
 And with a barb into his bosom pass'd.

XXXI.

Then, with most anxious haste, her dear old nurse
 Was sent for to become her nurse again ;
 But still the pretty one grew worse and worse,
 For with a gradual lapsing, free of pain,
 And slow removes, that fond eyes would not see,
 Crept on the hopeful, hopeless malady.

¹ Took conventual vows.

XXXII.

Spring came, and brought no gift of life to her,
 Of all it lavish'd in the fields and woods.
 Yet she was cheer'd when birds began to stir
 About the shrubbery, and the pale gold buds
 Burst on the willows, and with hearty toil
 The ploughing teams upturn'd the sluggish soil.

XXXIII.

'Twas on a cold March evening, well I mind,
 The nurse went on, 'we sat and watch'd together
 The long gray sky; and then the sun behind
 The clouds shone down, though not like summer
 weather,
 On the hills far away. I can't tell why,
 But of a sudden I began to cry.

XXXIV.

'I dried my tears before I turn'd to her,
 But then I saw that her eyes too were wet,
 And pale her face, and calm without a stir;
 Whilst on the lighted hills her look was set.
 Where strange beyond the cold dark fields they lay,
 As if her thoughts, too, journey'd far away.

XXXV.

'After a while she ask'd me to unlock
 A drawer, and bring a little parcel out.
 I knew it was of it she wish'd to talk,
 But long she held it in her hand in doubt;
 And whilst she strove, there came a blush and spread
 Her face and neck with a too passing red.

XXXVI.

'At length she put her other hand in mine;
 "Dear nurse," she said, "I'm sure I need not ask
 Your promise to fulfil what I design
 To make my last request, and your last task.
 You knew young Master Gerald" (here her speech
 Grew plain), "that used to come here once to teach?"

XXXVII.

'I said I knew you well; and she went on,—
 "Then listen: if you ever see him more,
 And he should speak of days long past and gone,
 And of his scholars and his friends before—
 Should ask you questions—knowing what you've
 been
 To me,—Oh! could I tell you what I mean!"

XXXVIII.

'But, sir, I understood her meaning well;
 Not from her words so much as from her eyes.
 I saw it all; my heart began to swell,
 I took her in my arms with many sighs
 And murmurs, and she lean'd upon my neck
 Till we both cried our fill without a check.

XXXIX.

'She saw I knew her mind, and bade me give
 Into your hand, if things should so befall,
 The parcel:—else, as long as I should live,
 It was to be a secret kept from all,
 And say you never wrote, never return'd,
 When my last hour drew near, was to be burn'd.

XL.

'I promised to observe her wishes duly ;
 But said I hoped in God that she would still
 Live many years beyond myself. And truly
 While she was speaking, like a miracle
 Her countenance lost every sickly trace.
 Ah, dear ! 'twas setting light was in her face.

XLI.

'She told me she was tired, and went to bed,
 And I sat watching by her until dark,
 And then I lit her lamp, and round her head
 Let down the curtains. 'Twas my glad remark
 How softly she was breathing, and my mind
 Was full of hope and comfort,—but we're blind !

XLII.

'The night wore on, and I had fall'n asleep,
 When about three o'clock I heard a noise
 And sprang up quickly. In the silence deep
 Was some one praying with a calm weak voice ;
 Her own voice, though not sounding just the same ;
 And in the pray'r I surely heard *your* name.

XLIII.

'Sweet Heaven ! we scarce had time to fetch the
 priest.
 How sadly through the shutters of that room
 Crept in the blessed daylight from the east
 To us that sat there weeping in the gloom ;
 And touch'd the close-shut eyes and peaceful brow,
 But brought no fear of her being restless now.

XLIV.

'The wake was quiet. Noiseless went the hours
 Where she was lying stretch'd so still and white ;
 And near the bed, a glass with some Spring flowers
 From her own little garden. Day and night
 I watch'd, until they took my lamb away,
 The child here by the mother's side to lay.

XLV.

'The holy angels make your bed, my dear !
 But little call have we to pray for you :
 Pray you for him that's left behind you here,
 To have his heart consoled with heavenly dew !
 And pray too for your poor old nurse, *asthore* ;
 Your own true mother scarce could love you more !

XLVI.

Slow were their feet amongst the many graves,
 Over the stile and up the chapel-walk,
 Where stood the poplars with their timid leaves
 Hung motionless on every slender stalk.
 The air in one hot calm appear'd to lie,
 And thunder mutter'd in the heavy sky.

XLVII.

Along the street was heard the laughing sound
 Of boys at play, who knew no thought of death ;
 Deliberate-stepping cows, to milking bound,
 Lifted their heads and low'd with fragrant breath ;
 The women knitting at their thresholds cast
 A look upon our stranger as he pass'd.

XLVIII.

Scarce had the mourners time a roof to gain,
 When, with electric glare and thunder-crash,
 Heavy and straight and fierce came down the rain,
 Soaking the white road with its sudden plash,
 Driving all folk within-doors at a race,
 And making every kennel gush apace.

XLIX.

The storm withdrew as quickly as it came,
 And through the broken clouds a brilliant ray
 Glow'd o'er the dripping earth in yellow flame,
 And flush'd the village panes with parting day.
 Sudden and full that swimming lustre shone
 Into the room where Gerald sat alone.

L.

The door is lock'd, and on the table lies
 The open parcel. Long he wanted strength
 To trust its secrets to his feverish eyes;
 But now the message is convey'd at length;—
 A note; a case; and folded with them there
 One finest ringlet of brown-auburn hair.

LI.

The case holds Milly's portrait—her reflection:
 Lips lightly parted, as about to speak;
 The frank broad brow, young eyes of grave affection,
 Even the tender shadow on the cheek:
 Swift image of a moment snatch'd from Time,
 Fix'd by a sunbeam in eternal prime.

LII.

The note ran thus, 'Dear Gerald, near my death,
 I feel that like a Spirit's words are these,
 In which I say, that I have perfect faith
 In your true love for me,—as God, who sees
 The secrets of all hearts, can see in mine
 That fondest truth which sends this feeble sign.

LIII.

'I do not think that He will take away,
 Even in Heaven, this precious earthly love;
 Surely He sends its pure and blissful ray
 Down as a message from the world above.
 Perhaps it is the full light drawing near
 Which makes the doubting Past at length grow clear.

LIV.

'We might have been so happy!—But His will
 Said no, who orders all things for the best.
 O may His power into your soul instil
 A peace like this of which I am possess'd!
 And may He bless you, love, for evermore,
 And guide you safely to His heavenly shore!'

LV.

Hard sits the downy pillow to a head
 Aching with memories. And Gerald sought
 The mournful paths where happy hours had fled,—
 Pacing through silent labyrinths of thought.
 Yet sometimes, in his loneliness of grief,
 The richness of the loss came like relief.

LVI.

Minutely he recall'd, with tender pride,
 How one day—which is gone for evermore—
 Among his bunch of wild flowers left aside,
 He found a dark carnation, seen before
 In Milly's girdle,—but alas, too dull
 To read its crimson cypher in the full!

LVII.

She smiled, the centre of a summer's eve :
 She sung, with all her countenance a-glow,
 In her own room, and he could half believe
 The voice did far-off in the darkness flow ;
 He saw her stretch'd in a most silent place,
 With the calm light of prayer upon her face.

LVIII.

All this night long the water-drops he heard
 Vary their talk of chiming syllables.
 Dripping into the butt; and in the yard
 The ducks gabbling at daylight; till the spells
 Of misty sense recall'd a childish illness
 When the same noises broke the watching stillness.

LIX.

Wellnigh he hoped that he had sadly dream'd,
 And all the interval was but a shade.
 But now the slow dawn through his window gleam'd
 And whilst in dear oblivion he was laid,
 And Morning rose, parting the vapours dim,
 A happy heavenly vision came to him.

LX.

Kind boons of comfort may in dream descend,
 Nor wholly vanish in the broad daylight.
 —When this our little story hath an end,
 That flickers like a dream in woof of night,
 Its slender memory may perchance be wrought
 Among the tougher threads of waking thought.

LXI.

Thus Gerald came and went. Till far away,
 His coming and his errand were not told.
 And years had left behind that sunny day,
 Ere some one from the New World to the Old
 Brought news of him, in a great Southern town,
 Assiduous there, but seeking no renown.

LXII.

After another silent interval,
 The little daily lottery of the post
 Gave me a prize; from one who at the call
 Of 'Westward ho!' had left our fair green coast,
 With comrades eager as himself to press
 Into the rough unharrow'd wilderness.

LXIII.

'Through these old forests' (thus he wrote) 'we came
 One sundown to a clearing. Western light
 Burn'd in the pine-tops with a fading flame
 Over untrodden regions, and dusk night
 Out of the solemn woods appear'd to rise
 To some strange music, full of quivering sighs.'

LXIV.

'Such must have been the atmosphere, we thought,
The visionary light of ancient years,
When Red Man east or west encounter'd nought
Save bear and squirrel, with their wild compeers.
But other life was now; and soon we found
The little citadel of this new ground.

LXV.

'The neat log-cabin from its wall of pines
Look'd out upon a space of corn and grass
Yet thick with stumps; 'twas eaved with running
vines,
As though among the vanquish'd woods to pass
For something native. Drawing to its door,
We question'd of the mystic sounds no more.

LXVI.

'They blended with the twilight and the trees,
At hand, around, above, and far away,
So that at first we thought it was the breeze
Hymning its vespers in the forest gray;
But now we heard not airy strains alone,
But human feeling throb in every tone.

LXVII.

'A swelling agony of tearful strife
Being wearied out and hush'd—from the profound
Arose a music deep as love or life,
That spread into a placid lake of sound,
And took the infinite into its breast,
With Earth and Heaven in one embrace at rest;

LXVIII.

'And then the flute-notes fail'd. Approaching slow,
Whom found we seated in the threshold shade?
Gerald,—our Music-Master long ago
In poor old Ireland; much inquiry made
Along our track for him had proved in vain;
And here at once we grasp'd his hand again!

LXIX.

'And he received us with the warmth of heart
Our brothers lose not under any sky.
But what was strange, he did not stare or start
As if astonish'd, when, so suddenly,
Long-miss'd familiar faces from the wood
Emerged like ghosts, and at his elbow stood.

LXX.

'Twas like a man who joyfully was greeting
(So thought I) some not unexpected friends.
And yet he had not known our chance of meeting
More than had we: but soon he made amends
For lack of wonder, by the dextrous zeal
That put before us no unwelcome meal.

LXXI.

'We gave him all our news, and in return
He told us how he lived,—a lonely life!
Miles from a neighbour, sow'd and reap'd his corn,
And hardy grew. One spoke about a wife
To cheer him in that solitary wild,
But Gerald only shook his head and smiled.

LXXII.

'Next dawn, when each one of our little band
 Had on a mighty Walnut carved his name,—
 Henceforth a sacred tree, he said, to stand
 'Mid his enlarging bounds,—the moment came
 For farewell words. But long, behind our backs,
 We heard the echoes of his swinging axe.'

AN IRISHMAN TO THE NIGHTINGALES.

I.

YOU sweet fastidious Nightingales!
 The Myrtle blooms in Irish vales,
 By Avondu and rich Lough Lene,
 Through many a grove and bowerlet green,
 Fair mirror'd round the loitering skiff.
 The purple peak, the tinted cliff,
 The glen where mountain-torrents rave
 And foliage blinds their leaping wave,
 Broad emerald meadows fill'd with flow'rs,
 Embosom'd ocean-bays are ours
 With all their isles; and mystic tow'rs
 Lonely and gray, deserted long,—
 Less sad if they might hear that perfect song.

II.

What scared ye? (ours, I think, of old)
 The sombre Fowl hatch'd in the cold?
 King Henry's Normans, mail'd and stern,
 Smiters of galloglas and kern?
 Or, most and worst, fraternal feud,
 Which sad Iernè long hath rued?
 Forsook ye, when the Geraldine,
 Great chieftain of a glorious line,
 Was hunted on his hills and slain,
 And one to France and one to Spain,
 The remnant of the race withdrew?
 Was it from anarchy ye flew,
 And fierce oppression's bigot crew,
 Wild complaint, and menace hoarse,
 Misled, misleading voices, loud and coarse?

7—2

III.

Come back, O Birds,—or come at last!
 For Ireland's furious days are past;
 And, purged of enmity and wrong,
 Her eye, her step, grow calm and strong.
 Why should we miss that pure delight?
 Brief is the journey, swift the flight;
 And Hesper finds no fairer maids
 In Spanish bow'rs or English glades,
 No loves more true on any shore,
 No lovers loving music more.
 Melodious Erin, warm of heart,
 Entreats you;—stay not then apart,
 But let the Merles and Throstles know
 (And ere another May time go)
 Their place is in the second row.
 Come to the west, dear Nightingales!
 The Rose and Myrtle bloom in Irish vales.

KITTY O'HEA.

Lively.

Now, Kit-ty O'-Hea, darling jewel, I wish you'd consider my case! Oh,

who could be-lieve you're so cru-el, To look in that beau-ti-ful face? Let

roses be jealous; no matter! The sunshine's in love with your cheek; What

sing-ing-bird would-n't I flat-ter To say it's her voice when you speak ?
ten.

Kit-ty O'-Hea, O'-Hea, Kit-ty, give ear to my song;

Kit-ty O'-Hea, O'-Hea, Kit-ty, I'm court-ing you long!

1.

NOW, Kitty O'Hea, darling jewel,
I wish you'd consider my case!
O, who could believe you're so cruel
To look in that beautiful face?

Let roses be jealous—no matter!
The sunshine's in love with your cheek;
What singing-bird wouldn't I flatter
To say it's her voice when you speak?
Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea,
Kitty, give ear to my song.
Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea,
Kitty, I'm courting you long.

ii.

My thoughts I can never keep steady,
No more nor a man in a dream,
They caper like straws in an eddy,
In place of pursuing the stream.
Amusement or meat I don't care for,
I moan like a cow gone astray;
Myself knows the why and the wherefore—
I'm thinking of Kitty O'Hea.
Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea, etc.

iii.

I never objected, in reason,
To bear with a slight or a scoff,
But snow isn't always in season,
And Lent isn't very far off.
Shrove-Tuesday's the time for to shake one,
And single I'll not pass the day,
Young, old, maid or widow, I'll take one—
So mind yourself, Kitty O'Hea!
Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea,
Kitty, give heed to my song.
Kitty O'Hea, O'Hea,
Kitty, I'm courting too long!

THE ABBOT OF INISFÄLEN.

(A KILLARNEY LEGEND.)

I.

THE Abbot of Inisfälen awoke ere dawn of day ;
 Under the dewy green leaves went he forth
 to pray.
 The lake around his island lay smooth and dark and
 deep,
 And wrapt in a misty stillness the mountains were
 all asleep.
 Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac when the dawn was
 dim and gray ;
 The prayers of his holy office he faithfully 'gan say.
 Low kneel'd the Abbot Cormac while the dawn was
 waxing red ;
 And for his sins' forgiveness a solemn prayer he said :
 Low kneel'd that holy Abbot while the dawn was
 waxing clear ;
 And he pray'd with loving-kindness for his convent-
 brethren dear.
 Low kneel'd that blessed Abbot while the dawn was
 waxing bright ;
 He pray'd a great prayer for Ireland, he pray'd with
 all his might.
 Low kneel'd that good old Father while the sun be-
 gan to dart ;

He pray'd a prayer for all men, he pray'd it from
 his heart.
 His blissful soul was in Heaven, tho' a breathing
 man was he ;
 He was out of time's dominion, so far as the living
 may be.

II.

The Abbot of Inisfälen arose upon his feet ;
 He heard a small bird singing, and O but it sung
 sweet !
 It sung upon a holly-bush, this little snow-white
 bird ;
 A song so full of gladness he never before had heard.
 It sung upon a hazel, it sung upon a thorn ;
 He had never heard such music since the hour that
 he was born.
 It sung upon a sycamore, it sung upon a briar ;
 To follow the song and hearken this Abbot could
 never tire.
 Till at last he well bethought him ; he might no
 longer stay ;
 So he bless'd the little white singing-bird, and gladly
 went his way.

III.

But, when he came to his Abbey, he found a wondrous
 change ;
 He saw no friendly faces there, for every face was
 strange.
 The strange men spoke unto him ; and he heard
 from all and each
 The foreign tongue of the Sassenach, not wholesome
 Irish speech.
 Then the oldest monk came forward, in Irish tongue
 spake he :

'Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress, and who hath given it to thee?'
 'I wear the holy Augustine's dress, and Cormac is my name,
 The Abbot of this good Abbey by grace of God I am. I went forth to pray, at the dawn of day; and when my prayers were said,
 I hearken'd awhile to a little bird, that sung above my head.'
 The monks to him made answer, 'Two hundred years have gone o'er,
 Since our Abbot Cormac went through the gate, and never was heard of more.
 Matthias now is our Abbot, and twenty have pass'd away.
 The stranger is lord of Ireland; we live in an evil day.'
 'Days will come and go,' he said, 'and the world will pass away,
 In Heaven a day is a thousand years, a thousand years are a day.'

IV.

'Now give me absolution; for my time is come,' said he.
 And they gave him absolution, as speedily as might be.
 Then, close outside the window, the sweetest song they heard
 That ever yet since the world began was utter'd by any bird.
 The monks look'd out and saw the bird, its feathers all white and clean;
 And there in a moment, beside it, another white bird was seen.
 Those two they sang together, waved their white wings, and fled;

Flew aloft, and vanish'd; but the good old man was dead.
 They buried his blessed body where lake and green-sward meet;
 A carven cross above his head, a holly-bush at his feet;
 Where spreads the beautiful water to gay or cloudy skies,
 And the purple peaks of Killarney from ancient woods arise.

THE MILKMAID.

Allegro. ♩ = *Pend. 18 inches.*

O where are you go-ing so ear-ly? he said; Good luck go with you, my

pret - ty maid; To tell you my mind I'm half a - fraid, But I

CHORUS.

wish I were your sweetheart. When the morn-ing sun is

shin - ing low, And the cocks in ev - ry farm - yard crow, I'll

car-ry your pail O'er hill and dale, And I'll go with you a-milk-ing.

O WHERE are you going so early? he said;
 Good luck go with you, my pretty maid;
 To tell you my mind I'm half afraid,
 But I wish I were your sweetheart.
 When the morning sun is shining low,
 And the cocks in every farmyard crow,
 I'll carry your pail,
 O'er hill and dale,
 And I'll go with you a-milking.

I'm going a-milking, sir, says she,
 Through the dew, and across the lea;
 You ne'er would even yourself to me,
 Or take me for your sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, etc.

Now give me your milking-stool awhile,
 To carry it down to yonder stile;
 I'm wishing every step a mile,
 And myself your only sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, etc.

Oh, here's the stile in-under the tree,
 And there's the path in the grass for me,
 And I thank you kindly, sir, says she,
 And wish you a better sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, etc.

Now give me your milking-pail, says he,
 And while we're going across the lea,
 Pray reckon your master's cows to me,
 Although I'm not your sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, etc.

Two of them red, and two of them white,
 Two of them yellow and silky bright,
 She told him her master's cows aright,
 Though he was not her sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, etc.

She sat and milk'd in the morning sun,
 And when her milking was over and done,
 She found him waiting all as one
 As if he were her sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, etc.

He freely offer'd his heart and hand;
 Now she has a farm at her command,
 And cows of her own to graze the land;
 Success to all true sweethearts!
 When the morning sun is shining low,
 And the cocks in every farmyard crow,
 I'll carry your pail
 O'er hill and dale,
 And I'll go with you a-milking.

A DREAM.

I HEARD the dogs howl in the moonlight night;
 I went to the window to see the sight;
 All the Dead that ever I knew
 Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd;
 Townsfellows all, from first to last;
 Born in the moonlight of the lane,
 Quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolmates, marching as when we play'd
 At soldiers once—but now more staid;
 Those were the strangest sight to me
 Who were drown'd, I knew, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak, too;
 Some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;
 Some but a day in their churchyard bed;
 Some that I had not known were dead.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,
 Yet of them all there was one, one only,
 Raised a head or look'd my way:
 She linger'd a moment—she might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face!
 Ah! Mother dear! might I only place
 My head on thy breast, a moment to rest,
 While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest!

On, on, a moving bridge they made
 Across the moon-stream, from shade to shade,
 Young and old, women and men;
 Many long-forgot, but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
 A sound of tears the moment after;
 And then a music so lofty and gay,
 That every morning, day by day,
 I strive to recall it if I may.

THE GIRL'S LAMENTATION.

Slow and plaintively.

With grief and mourning I sit to spin; My
 love passed by, and he didn't come in; He
 pass - es by me, both day and night, And

The musical score consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood is marked 'Slow and plaintively'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.



WITH grief and mourning I sit to spin ;
 My Love passed by, and he didn't come in ;
 He passes by me, both day and night,
 And carries off my poor heart's delight.

There is a tavern in yonder town,
 My Love goes there and he spends a crown ;
 He takes a strange girl upon his knee,
 And never more gives a thought to me.

Says he, 'We'll wed without loss of time,
 And sure our love's but a little crime ;—
 My apron-string now it's wearing short,
 And my Love he seeks other girls to court.

O with him I'd go if I had my will,
 I'd follow him barefoot o'er rock and hill ;
 I'd never once speak of all my grief
 If he'd give me a smile for my heart's relief.

In our wee garden the rose unfolds,
 With bachelor's-buttons and marigolds ;
 I'll tie no posies for dance or fair,
 A willow-twig is for me to wear.

For a maid again I can never be,
 Till the red rose blooms on the willow tree.
 Of such a trouble I've heard them tell,
 And now I know what it means full well.

As through the long lonesome night I lie,
 I'd give the world if I might but cry ;
 But I mus'n't moan there or raise my voice,
 And the tears run down without any noise.

And what, O what will my mother say ?
 She'll wish her daughter was in the clay.
 My father will curse me to my face ;
 The neighbours will know of my black disgrace.

My sister's buried three years, come Lent ;
 But sure we made far too much lament.
 Beside her grave they still say a prayer—
 I wish to God 'twas myself was there !

The Candlemas crosses hang near my bed ;¹
 To look at them puts me much in dread,
 They mark the good time that's gone and past ;
 It's like this year's one will prove the last.

The oldest cross it's a dusty brown,
 But the winter winds didn't shake it down ;
 The newest cross keeps the colour bright ;
 When the straw was reaping my heart was light.

The reapers rose with the blink of morn,
 And gaily stook'd up the yellow corn ;
 To call them home to the field I'd run,
 Through the blowing breeze and the summer sun.

¹ Little crosses woven of straw. A new cross is added each year, and the old ones are left till they fall to pieces.

When the straw was weaving my heart was glad,
For neither sin nor shame I had,
In the barn where oat-chaff was flying round,
And the thumping flails made a pleasant sound.

Now summer or winter to me it's one ;
But oh ! for a day like the time that's gone.
I'd little care was it storm or shine,
If I had but peace in this heart of mine.

Oh ! light and false is a young man's kiss,
And a foolish girl gives her soul for this.
Oh ! light and short is the young man's blame,
And a helpless girl has the grief and shame.

To the river-bank once I thought to go,
And cast myself in the stream below ;
I thought 'twould carry us far out to sea,
Where they'd never find my poor babe and me.

Sweet Lord, forgive me that wicked mind !
You know I used to be well-inclined.
Oh, take compassion upon my state,
Because my trouble is so very great.

My head turns round with the spinning-wheel,
And a heavy cloud on my eyes I feel.
But the worst of all is at my heart's core ;
For my innocent days will come back no more.

THE RUINED CHAPEL.

BY the shore, a plot of ground
Clips a ruin'd chapel round,
Buttress'd with a grassy mound ;
Where Day and Night and Day go by,
And bring no touch of human sound.

Washing of the lonely seas,
Shaking of the guardian trees,
Piping of the salted breeze ;
Day and Night and Day go by
To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep
A hush more dead than any sleep,
Still morns to stiller evenings creep,
And Day and Night and Day go by ;
Here the silence is most deep.

The empty ruins, lapsed again
Into Nature's wide domain,
Sow themselves with seed and grain
As Day and Night and Day go by ;
And hoard June's sun and April's rain.

Here fresh funeral tears were shed ;
Now the graves are also dead ;
And suckers from the ash-tree spread,
While Day and Night and Day go by ;
And stars move calmly overhead.

FAIRY HILL,
OR,
THE POET'S WEDDING.

I.

THE Moon was bright, the Sea was still,
The Fairies danced on Fairy Hill ;
The Town lay sleeping far below ;
Ghosts went round it, sad and slow,
Loth to leave their earthly place
For the Wilderness of Space.
The watch-dogs saw the Ghosts and howl'd,
The Fairies saw the Ghosts, and cowl'd
Their little heads and whirl'd away ;
No friendship between Ghost and Fay.
Fairies lightly love Mankind,
To mischief or to mirth inclined,
They fear the Dead, by night or day.

II.

A Boy within that Town did dwell
Loved by the Fairy people well,
For he was more delightful far
Than rosebuds or the evening star,
And by his cradle soft they crept
To kiss the Baby while he slept,
Curtain'd him round with shades and gleams,
And gave him music in his dreams
Excelling mortal. When the Child
Grew older, then in flowers they smiled,
Or shining clouds, or sparkling streams,
Or forest shadows, whispering low
Magic secrets few men know.

'This lovely Boy,' said they, 'is one
Whose day on earth will soon be done,
We read it in his lustrous eyes ;
Make him happy ere he dies,
Show him things, by moon and sun.'

III.

Another year, another night,
(But Time, they never mark its flight)
Round about the Waterfall
The Fairies sit on rocks, and all
Sing to the pouring water's tune
And watch the setting yellow Moon.
But all together shout for joy,
See, O see ! their lovely Boy
Floating swiftly down the stream ;
His eyes are shut, his Boat's a Dream.
It shoots the rapids, doth not swerve
Gliding on the glassy curve
Over the thundering Fall—away !
It rises on the rising spray,
It spreads two waving wings, it mounts
Into the morning's golden founts.
'This Dream is ours,' the Fairies said,
'The boy lies sleeping in his bed.
'Fine Boat afloat on stream !' they sung,
'Fine Dream !' they sung, till skylark rung
A matin-bell from tower of cloud,
And, silent, through his gates of gold
The Day-King's flashing chariot roll'd,—
Then vanish'd all the Fairy crowd.
Many a Dream they made for him,
Of Caves and Waves, and Moonshine dim,
Subtle thoughts and wondrous stories,
Glancing joys and coming glories,
Wild poetic Dreams of youth,
Truer far than daylight truth.

iv.

Another night, another year,
 (We reckon Time in mortal sphere)
 The Fairies danced on Fairy Hill,
 Careless lovers, merry still,
 Never half a day forlorn,
 Tho' at times they wail and mourn.
 And he, the Boy, for all their bode,
 Lived, not died; the sea-wind flow'd
 Into his veins; a Poet Boy,
 Who lov'd his world and sung for joy,
 In glens and woodlands wandering lone,
 Where at times from twig and stone
 The Fairies peep'd at him, and oft
 Elfin music trembled soft,
 Airy whispers, whereunto
 Danced his fancies, verses flew
 Rhyming to the music's chime,
 Whilst a human heart kept time
 With its own pathetic measure
 In the midst of all the pleasure.
 How his songs came none could tell;
 Simple people loved them well.

But on a blue midsummer day,
 Suddenly, a peeping Fay
 Saw within the Poet's eyes
 Something new! What wondrous prize,
 What rich marvel hath he found
 In the heavens or underground?
 Yea, Fay; in his breast
 A secret lies worth all the rest;
 Nor have your people taught him this,
 One day he learnt it in a kiss.
 Greet her, Fairies, for your part!
 The Girl is worth a Poet's heart,
 She is gracious, she is true,
 She hath eyes of deeper blue

Than hyacinths in woodland shade,
 She's a mild, a mirthful maid.
 The Wedding-Day is coming soon,
 And O, that night, the festival
 For Fairy People one and all
 On Fairy Hill below the Moon,
 Between the Sea and Waterfall!

v.

Fled from Britain's, Alba's, coast,
 Erin holds the Fairy Host.
 Unless what some report be truth
 That further, flock by flock they flee
 To Tir-na-n'Oge, the Land of Youth,
 Amid its undiscover'd sea,
 The Blissful Island, out of ken
 Of sad or angry eyes of men.
 Yet awhile, O Gentle Race,
 Linger in your ancient place,
 Take not from us (poor are we)
 Like autumn leaves or sunset clouds
 Our elfin gold of phantasie!

As yet they are not gone. In crowd
 They troop to Fairy Hill to-night,
 The Wedding Night—Elf and Sprite,
 Merrows from their swaying Deep,
 Dwarfs that out of crannies creep,
 Cunning Lepracauns a few,
 Countless Fays, the tricky crew,
 White Witches, none of bale,
 Nor the bodeful Banshee's wail,
 Nor the Pooka, from his cave
 Galloping over land and wave
 Like a storm at black midnight,
 His flaming eyes the only light.
 No, no, these away!
 Hither, every friendly Fay!

From meadow-rings, from lakes and springs,
 Craggy mountains, river fountains,
 From the air, and from the fire,
 Thronging in with one desire,
 Those that haunt the kindly hearth,
 And all that bring good luck and mirth.

Lo now, the Moon!—and who are seen
 Flying hither? King and Queen!
 They come, with growing music. Elves,
 To your places, range yourselves!
 The Full Moon shines, the Sea is still,
 The Fairies dance on Fairy Hill,
 Singing, weaving happy charms.
 The Bride is in the Bridegroom's arms.

UNDER THE GRASS.

WHERE those green mounds o'erlook the mingling
 Erne
 And salt Atlantic, clay that walk'd as Man
 A thousand years ago, some Vik-ing stern,
 May rest, or nameless Chieftain of a Clan;
 And when my dusty remnant shall return
 To the great passive World, and nothing can
 With eye, or lip, or finger, any more,
 O lay it there too, by the river shore.

The silver salmon shooting up the fall,
 Itself at once the arrow and the bow;
 The shadow of the old quay's weedy wall
 Cast on the shining turbulence below;
 The water-voice which ever seems to call
 Far off out of my childhood's long-ago;
 The gentle washing of the harbour wave;
 Be these the sights and sounds around my grave.

Soothed also with thy friendly beck, my town,
 And near the square gray tower within whose shade
 Was many of my kin's last lying-down;
 Whilst, by the broad heavens changefully array'd,
 Empurpling mountains its horizon crown;
 And westward 'tween low hummocks is display'd,
 In lightsome hours, the level pale blue sea,
 With sails upon it creeping silently:

Or, other time, beyond that tawny sand,
 An ocean glooming underneath the shroud
 Drawn thick athwart it by tempestuous hand ;
 When like a mighty fire the bar roars loud,
 As though the whole sea came to whelm the land—
 The gull flies white against the stormy cloud,
 And in the weather-gleam the breakers mark,
 A ghastly line upon the waters dark.

A green unfading quilt above be spread,
 And freely round let all the breezes blow ;
 May children play beside the breathless bed,
 Holiday lasses by the cliff-edge go ;
 And manly games upon the sward be sped,
 And cheerful boats beneath the headland row ;
 And be the thought, if any rise, of me,
 What happy soul might wish that thought to be.

THE GOBLIN CHILD OF BELASHANNY.

A REGIMENT, filing row by row,
 Well-nigh a hundred years ago,
 As wintry dusk was drawing late,
 Through Belashanny's old bridge-gate,
 Changed pass-words with the pacing guard,
 Left-wheel'd into the barrack-yard,
 And halted willingly—for tired
 The men were, drooping, soak'd, and mired ;
 And ev'n the highest in command,
 With trembling knee and fever'd hand,
 Felt on his horse almost as jaded
 And glad to end the march as they did.

No wonder then that he withdrew
 Betimes to bed ; and, though 'twas true,
 His quarters here proved strange enough ;
 Snatch'd as they seemed, with trimming rough,
 From long disuse ; yet in a pile
 Heap'd on the hearth in good old style,
 Bogwood and turf with jovial roar
 Threw ruddy blaze on wall and floor,
 And the new-comer thought he might
 On such a fagg'd November night,
 Ev'n in a rougher place have found
 A door to sleep's Enchanted Ground.

Yet, when he sought, he sought in vain
 A dim, fantastic, endless train
 Of striving fancies vex'd his brain ;
 Till as the weary hours went by
 He ever grew, he knew not why,
 More anxious, and his heart was sick,
 And the pulse in his pillow'd ear beat thick

The wide half-furnish'd barrack-room
 Was full of heavy midnight gloom,
 Save when the sinking coals gave birth
 To smouldering flashes on the hearth,
 And from the single darkness made
 A thousand ghostly forms of shade,
 On which the waker gazed and gazed
 Until his thoughts grew mazed and mazed,
 And down at length his aching lids were weigh'd.

When suddenly—O Heaven!—the fire
 Leaped up into a dazzling pyre,
 And boldly from the brighten'd hearth
 A Naked Child stepp'd forth.

With a total, frozen start,
 A bound—a pausing of the heart,
 He saw. It came across the floor,
 Its size increasing more and more
 At every stride, until a dread
 Gigantic form stood by his bed.

Glaring for some seconds' space
 Down into his rigid face—
 Back it drew with steadfast look,
 Dwindling every step it took,
 Till the Naked Child return'd
 To the fire, which brightly burn'd
 To greet it: then black sudden gloom
 Sunk upon the silent room ;

Silent, save the monotone
 Of the river flowing down
 Through the arches of the bridge,
 And underneath the casement-ledge—

This happen'd when our island still
 Had nests of goblins left, to fill
 Each mouldy nook and corner close,
 Like spiders in an ancient house.
 And this one redd within the face
 Intruding on its dwelling-place,
 Lines of woe, despair, and blood,
 By spirits only understood ;
 As mortals now can read the same
 In the letters of his name
 Who in that haunted chamber lay,
 When we call him CASTLEREAGH.

THE FAIRIES.

UP the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
 Some make their home,
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow tide-foam;
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
 The old King sits;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkil he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Slieveleague to Rosses;
 Or going up with music
 On cold starry nights,
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

The Fairies.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long;
 When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back,
 Between the night and morrow,
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lake,
 On a bed of flag-leaves,
 Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 As dig them up in spite,
 He shall find their sharpest thorns
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

THE FAIRY KING.

THE Fairy King was old.
 He met the Witch of the wold.
 'Ah ha, King!' quoth she,
 'Now thou art old like me.'
 'Nay, Witch!' quoth he,
 'I am not old like thee.'

The King took off his crown,
 It almost bent him down;
 His age was too great
 To carry such a weight.
 'Give it me!' she said,
 And clapt it on her head.

Crown sank to ground;
 The Witch no more was found.
 Then sweet spring-songs were sung,
 The Fairy King grew young,
 His crown was made of flowers,
 He lived in woods and bowers.

THE NOBLEMAN'S WEDDING

[AN OLD BALLAD REVIVED. See Note.]

Andante. ♩ = Pend. 12 inches.

I once was a guest at a No-ble-man's wed-ding;

Fair was the Bride, but she scarce had been kind; And

now in our mirth she had tears nigh the shed-ding; Her

form-er true lov-er still runs in her mind.

Once was a guest at a Nobleman's wedding ;
 Fair was the Bride, but she scarce had been kind,
 And now in our mirth, she had tears nigh the shedding ;
 Her former true lover still runs in her mind.

Attired like a minstrel, her former true lover
 Takes up his harp, and runs over the strings ;
 And there among strangers, his grief to discover,
 A fair maiden's falsehood he bitterly sings.

'Now here is the token of gold that was broken ;
 Seven long years it was kept for your sake ;
 You gave it to me as a true lover's token ;
 No longer I'll wear it, asleep or awake.'

She sat in her place by the head of the table,
 The words of his ditty she mark'd them right well :
 To sit any longer this bride was not able,
 So down at the bridegroom's feet she fell.

'O one, one request, my lord, one and no other,
 O this one request will you grant it to me ?
 To lie for this night in the arms of my mother,
 And ever, and ever thereafter with thee.'

Her one, one request it was granted her fairly ;
 Pale were her cheeks as she went up to bed ;
 And the very next morning, early, early,
 They rose and they found this young bride was dead.

The bridegroom ran quickly, he held her, he kiss'd her,
 He spoke loud and low, and listen'd full fain ;
 He call'd on her waiting-maids round to assist her,
 But nothing could bring the lost breath back again.

O carry her softly ! the grave is made ready ;
 At head and at foot plant a laurel-bush green ;
 For she was a young and a sweet noble lady,
 The fairest young bride that I ever have seen.

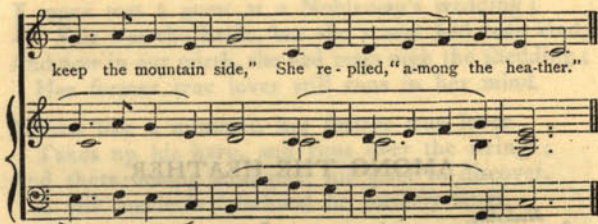
AMONG THE HEATHER.

Moderato.

One ev-'ning walk-ing out, I o'er-took a mod-est col-leen, When the
 wind was blow-ing cool, And the har-vest leaves were fall-ing : " Is our
 way by chance the same ? Might we tra-vel on to-ge-ther ? " " O, I

poco cresc.

The musical score is written in a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) with piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piece is in 3/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are interspersed between the vocal lines. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'poco cresc.' (poco crescendo).



ONE evening walking out, I o'ertook a modest
colleen,
When the wind was blowing cold, and the harvest
leaves were falling,
'Is our road, by chance, the same? Might we travel
on together?'
'O, I keep the mountain side' (she replied), 'among
the heather.'

'Your mountain air is sweet when the days are long
and sunny,
When the grass grows round the rocks, and the whin-
bloom smells like honey;
But the winter's coming fast, with its foggy, snowy
weather,
And you'll find it bleak and chill on your hill, among
the heather.'

She praised her mountain home: and I'll praise it
too, with reason.
For where Molly is, there's sunshine and flow'rs at
every season.
Be the moorland black or white, does it signify a
feather?
Now I know the way by heart, every part, among
the heather?

'Whin,' furze.

The sun goes down in haste, and the night falls thick
and stormy;
Yet I'd travel twenty miles to the welcome that's
before me;
Singing hi for Eskydun, in the teeth of wind and
weather!
Love'll warm me as I go through the snow, among
the heather.

A STORMY NIGHT.

A STORY OF THE DONEGAL COAST.

I.

A WILD west Coast, a little Town,
 Where little Folk go up and down,
 Tides flow and winds blow:
 Night and Tempest and the Sea,
 Human Will and Human Fate:
 What is little, what is great?
 Howsoe'er the answer be,
 Let me sing of what I know.

II.

Bright-curving Moon! stealing timidly forth
 On the footsteps of sunset, the west and the north
 Are conspiring; a rumour of turmoil hath spread
 From dusky Ben Gulban to dim Teelin Head,
 Over which thou hast floated an hour; but descending
 To find the Atlantic, thou leavest night lonely,
 And vapours grown frantic are blackly upwending,
 Like thoughts never spoken but shudder'd at only:
 Harsh blast hurries past, heavy gloom hath dropt down
 Like a night within night, over fields, over town,
 And the empty sands and rocks of the bay
 Stretching many a mile away.

III.

Ever the wind more fiercely blew.
 Far and low the cormorant flew
 Across the black and swelling surge
 To roost on ledges of the crag
 Where gray Kilbarron's wall, a rag
 Of ancient pride, o'ertops the verge,
 And, sprinkled with their frequent spray,
 Watches the billows night and day.
 'Twas spring-time now, but the mad weather
 Mix'd all seasons up together.

IV.

Among those rocks, within a den
 Of driftwood and old sails, Three Men
 Kept watch by turn, their smouldering log,
 Scarlet heart of a pungent fog,
 Hour by hour with sleepy light
 Glimmering. All without this lair
 Was darkness and the noise of night,
 Where the wide waste of ocean roll'd
 Thund'ring with savage crash, and air
 In one tremendous torrent stream'd
 Across the rocks, across the wold,
 Across the murky world. It seem'd
 There never could be daylight more
 From earth to sky, on sea or shore.

V.

And who are these Three Watchers? Two,
 Brown of face and big of thew,
 Half fishermen, half sailors, know
 The tides and currents of the Bay,
 With all the winds that round it blow;
 One wakes, one sleeps; rough men are they.

The third is REDMOND: there he lies,
 With slumber on his dark-fringed eyes,
 And yet an anxious frowning face,
 Youthful, but haggard. Sad his case
 Who into Sleepland too must bear
 The weary burden of his care.
 Thy Father, Redmond, with his woes
 And years, can better find repose.

vi.

His Father? let the humble strain
 That tells of him be brief and plain.
 Land-surveyor by his trade,
 A modest living thus he made,
 Being honest, frugal, diligent
 (Such men not often fail), content
 With what he had, averse from strife,
 A good Man, with as good a Wife,
 And two fine Boys. Their schooling done,
 He strove to train the Elder Son
 To take his place; but, partly wrought
 By Nature in him, partly caught
 From books and men, the Boy's desire
 Of roaming kept his blood on fire,
 Till Denis ran away to sea.
 Alas, poor Mother! woe for thee,
 Whose Son is not alive or dead.
 Daily, long time, she smooth'd his bed;
 Watch'd till the Postman shook his head
 In passing; when the nights were wild,
 Lay thinking of her firstborn Child,
 The small white head that used to rest
 So safely on her loving breast:
 Where is it now? Boys little know
 Of mothers' tears, how sad they flow.

vii.

Redmond, the old folk's Younger Son,
 And now a ten times precious one,
 Tall, active, gipsy-dark, well-featured,
 Ready of wit and kindly-natured,
 Vain, tho', and by his self-conceit
 Easier than any fool to cheat,
 Took to his Father's trade at first
 Alertly; but the Lad was cursed
 In his Companions; learnt to play
 At cards, and out at night to stay,
 And taste that fountain, unappall'd,
 'Water of Life'¹ most wrongly call'd;
 Far truer will he speak who saith
 'Water of Evil,' 'Water of Death.'
 The careful Father, growing old,
 Saw business slipping from his hold,
 Nor caught, as hope was, by the Son.
 Leak of misfortune, once begun,
 Soon pour'd a flood; and they were poor,
 When want is hardest to endure,
 That aged Toiler and his Wife.

viii.

Young Redmond broke his idle life
 With fitful enterprise; of stills
 Among the dark and lonely hills
 He knew, and whereabouts to set
 The salmon-poacher's cunning net.
 By chance he saw and join'd for gain
 To-night the sturdy Fishers twain,
 Who from the crags of that rough coast,
 With angry daylight gone almost,

Uisge beatha, usquebaugh, whisky; literally, water of life
 (eau de vie, aqua vite).

Had glimpsed a large deep-laden Brig,
 A British vessel by her rig,
 Hopelessly tacking, every tack
 Nigher the rocks whereon her back
 Must soon be broken, and her masts
 Flung down, and 'mid the shrieking blast's
 Derision and the mad waves' hate
 She and her crew must find their fate.
 The coastguardmen were far away,
 Busy elsewhere down the bay.

IX.

The Watchers know the wind and tide,
 And in their chosen shelter bide;
 And Redmond sleeps amid the roar;
 Sleeps, but with many a moan and start,
 Remorseful, weak, unhappy heart,—
 A shake, a voice, 'The Brig's ashore !'
 Then, sighing deep, he wakes, alone;
 His Comrades are already gone.
 He lights his lantern, straps it tight,
 Buttons coat, pulls cap aright,
 And out,—but in a moment turns;
 His throat from evil custom yearns
 For poison: 'Curse them! have they hid
 The bottle?'—eagerly he slid
 His hand, found, clutch'd it, deeply quaff'd
 With tremulous lips the burning draught,
 Then rush'd into the night and storm.

X.

Silent the signal-gun's alarm,
 And quench'd the sudden blue-light's glare;
 But down among the breakers there
 A Black Bulk on their ghostly white
 Hung in the meshes of the night,

And shouts rose sometimes on the blast.
 Redmond crept downwards, reach'd at last
 'Mid flying foam a slant of rock
 Whose lower slope receives the shock
 And rush of billows. See! the surge
 Hath left a Waif upon its verge,
 And Redmond seizes it,—a Man,
 Dead or alive? 'Tis all he can
 To lift the drench'd and helpless form
 A short way up. Yes, he is warm,
 He lives, though doubtless badly hurt.
 But what is this, so tightly girt
 About his waist, heavy and full?
 A leathern belt. In vain to pull!
 That stubborn buckle will not slip,
 Nor break to an impatient grip.

XI.

Stunn'd as he was, the Stranger felt
 Fingers tampering with his belt;
 He clutch'd the Robber, strove to rise;
 But Redmond, fastening on the prize,
 With ever-growing fury burn'd,
 As now, his strength in part return'd,
 The Man fought hard, and tried to shout.
 The words were blown back in his throat,
 And, stifled there by savage grasp,
 Died off into a groan, a gasp,
 When dragg'd across the rocky ledge
 He hung upon the perilous edge
 Of a black rugged gulf, wherein,
 Sweeping up its midnight cave,
 Was heard the stroke of heavy wave
 Amidst the elemental din.
 With one fierce action Redmond tore
 The belt away, and flung him o'er.

XII.

And in that moment pass'd a change
 On Redmond's life; the world grew strange.
 He did not move or tremble or groan.
 The Night and He were there alone.
 Without a thought, without a plan,
 He had robb'd and murder'd a man;
 Whither to go, or what to do,
 Whom seek, or shun, he nothing knew;
 Nor whether it was calm or storm,
 Nor whether it was cold or warm.
 He crawl'd away; he found the Tent;
 The place was empty, in he went,
 Sat down bewilder'd. Half it seem'd
 As though he had but slept and dream'd
 This wretchedness, until he felt
 His clammy fingers touch the Belt,
 Which bit him worse than snake. He knew
 That all the dreadful deed was true.

XIII.

A knife-slash! Coins of glitt'ring gold
 Across the sullen fire-shine roll'd,
 The Dead Man's treasure; also shone
 A brass plate on the Belt, whereon
 Was writing. Redmond stirr'd the flame,
 Stoop'd forward, saw his Brother's name.
 Springing to his feet upright
 With one hoarse yell that tore the night,
 He flung the tent-sail open. There,
 With bloody face and eyes a-stare,
 Look'd in—his murder'd brother's Ghost.
 Redmond, he knew not whither, fled,
 To human gaze for ever lost.

XIV.

And yet his Brother was not dead.
 He dropt upon a jutting shelf
 Over the raging ocean-gulf,
 Crept upwards, found the glimm'ring light.
 Thence his Murderer took flight
 Into the darkness. The cold wave
 Swallow'd him. No man made his grave.

XV.

Redmond went forth at fall of night,
 Denis came back with morning light.
 Whitebeard Father, trembling Mother,
 Losing one Son to find another,
 Strange were your thoughts!—tho' age no more
 Wonders keenly as of yore.
 Denis had written home, to say
 That rich he would return some day,
 Or never; but the lines were lost.
 He sought the far Pacific Coast,
 Mined, struggled, starved, lay at death's door,
 Was three times rich and three times poor,
 Then triumph'd, hurried east, and found
 An Irish vessel homeward bound—
 Which bore him straighter than was good.
 So much the Parents understood.
 And often by the snug fireside
 Among the hills, far from the tide,
 Where Denis kept their old age warm,
 Curious strangers would they tell
 About 'the Night of the Big Storm';
 Yet never till the day they died
 Knew how in truth it all befell.
 But Denis told his Wife; nor she,

A pious soul, forgot the plea
 For Redmond when she bow'd her knee.
 And Denis doth his duties right
 In house and field; tho' nothing can
 Lift from the silent, serious man
 The shadow of that Stormy Night.

xvi.

The rain-clouds and storm-clouds roll up from the sea;
 The sun and the morning disperse them: they flee.
 The winds and the waves fall to silence. The blue
 Overarches the world. There is plenty to do.
 The Fisher rows forth, and the Scaman sets sail,
 The Smith hits his iron, the Joiner his nail,
 The red Ploughman plodding, the pale Tailor
 stitching,
 The Clerk at his desk, and the Cook in her kitchen.
 The poor little Folk in our poor little Town
 On their poor little business go up and go down;
 Like people in London and Paris and Rome,
 And elsewhere that live under crystalline dome.
 And each by himself, whether little or great,
 Fulfils his own life and endures his own fate.

THE BAN-SHEE.

A BALLAD OF ANCIENT ERIN.

I.

'HEARD'ST thou over the Fortress wild geese
 flying and crying?
 Was it a gray wolf's howl? wind in the forest sighing?
 Wail from the sea as of wreck? Hast heard it,
 Comrade?—'Not so.

Here, all still as the grave, above, around, and below.

'The Warriors lie in battalion, spear and shield
 beside them,
 Tranquil, whatever lot in the coming fray shall
 betide them.

See, where he rests, the Glory of Erin, our Kingly
 Youth!
 Closed his lion's eyes, and in sleep a smile on his
 mouth.'

'The cry, the dreadful cry! I know it—louder and
 nearer,
 Circling our Dūn—the *Ban-shee!*—my heart is frozen
 to hear her!
 Saw you not in the darkness a spectral glimmer of
 white
 Flitting away?—I saw it!—evil her message to-night.

'Constant, but never welcome, she, to the line of
 our Chief;
 Bodeful, baleful, fateful, voice of terror and grief.
 Dimly burneth the lamp—hush! again that horrible
 cry!—
 If a thousand lives could save thee, Tierna, thou
 shouldest not die.'

10

II.

'Now! what whisper ye, Clansmen? I wake. Be
your words of me?

Wherefore gaze on each other? I too have heard
the Ban-shee.

Death is her message: but ye, be silent. Death
comes to no man

Sweet as to him who in fighting crushes his country's
foeman.

'Streak of dawn in the sky—morning of battle. The
Stranger

Camps on our salt-sea strand below, and recks not
his danger.

Victory!—that was my dream: one that shall fill
men's ears

In story and song of harp after a thousand years.

'Give me my helmet and sword. Whale-tusk, gold-
wrought, I clutch thee!

Blade, Flesh-Biter, fail me not this time! Yea,
when I touch thee,

Shivers of joy run through me. Sing aloud as I
swing thee!

Glut of enemies' blood, mescemeth, to-day shall bring
thee.

'Sound the horn! Behold, the Sun is beginning to
rise.

Whoso seeth him set, ours is the victor's prize,
When the foam along the sand shall no longer be
white but red—

Spoils and a mighty feast for the Living, a cairn for
the Dead.'

THE LEPRACAUN,

OR,

FAIRY SHOEMAKER.

LITTLE Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!—
Only the grasshopper and the bee?—

'Tip-tap, rip-rap,

Tick-a-tack-too!

Scarlet leather, sewn together,

This will make a shoe.

Left, right, pull it tight;

Summer days are warm;

Underground in winter,

Laughing at the storm!

Lay your ear close to the hill.

Do you not catch the tiny clamour,

Busy click of an elfin hammer,

Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill

As he merrily plies his trade?

He's a span

And a quarter in height.

Get him in sight, hold him tight,

And you're a made

Man!

'Rath,' ancient earthen fort.

'Yellow bird,' the yellow-bunting, or *yorlin*.

ii.

You watch your cattle the summer day,
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
 How would you like to roll in your carriage,
 Look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
 Seize the Shoemaker—then you may!

'Big boots a-hunting,
 Sandals in the hall,
 White for a wedding-feast,
 Pink for a ball.

This way, that way,
 So we make a shoe;
 Getting rich every stitch,
 Tick-tack-too!

Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
 This keen miser-fairy hath,
 Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
 Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
 And where the cormorants build;

From times of old
 Guarded by him;
 Each of them fill'd
 Full to the brim
 With gold!

iii.

I caught him at work one day, myself,
 In the castle-ditch where foxglove grows,—
 A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
 Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron—shoe in his lap—

'Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tack-tack-too!

(A grasshopper on my cap!
 Away the moth flew!)

Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son,—
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job is done!
 The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
 I stared at him; he stared at me;
 'Servant, Sir!' 'Humph!' says he,
 And pull'd a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
 The queer little Lepracaun;
 Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,—
 Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone!

LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.

Moderato espressivo.

Oh, love-ly Ma-ry Don-nel-ly, my joy, my on-ly best! If

fif-ty girls were round you, I'd hard-ly see the rest; Be what it

may the time o' day, the place be where it will— Sweet

looks o' Ma-ry Don-nel-ly they bloom be-fore me still.

OH, lovely Mary Donnelly, my joy, my only best!
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see
 the rest;
 Be what it may the time o' day, the place be where
 it will,
 Sweet looks o' Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me
 still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
 How clear they are, how dark they are! they give
 me many a shock;
 Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a
 show'r,
 Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in
 its pow'r.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows
 lifted up,
 Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a
 china cup,
 Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine;
 It's rolling down upon her neck, and gather'd in a
 twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all
 before,
 No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the
 floor;

But Mary kept the belt o' love, and O but she was
gay!

She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my
heart away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so
complete

The music nearly kill'd itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moan'd his blindness, he heard her so
much praised,

But bless'd his luck to not be deaf when once her
voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liting what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name be-
side my tongue;

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on
both your hands,

And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger
stands.

'Tis you're the flower o' womankind in country or
in town;

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.

If some great lord should come this way, and see
your beauty bright,

And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.

O might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains
fall!

O might we live together in a cottage mean and small,
With sods o' grass the only roof, and mud the only
wall!

O lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress.
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never
wish it less.

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am
poor and low;

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!

FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A LITTLE BOY.

I MUST own, my dear Sonny, 'tis likely but few
Will care for this book; but I count upon you
For one reader, and hope you'll find something to
please

And nothing to plague you in verses like these.
You've already a much truer taste in poetics
Than many grown-up folk, and some famous critics;
An 'ear,' which you have, is essential; but this
The people most lacking it can't even miss.
O give me the young! And at least you'll be mine;
You'll sometimes remember a song or a line
As the years travel round, as new mornings arise,
New sunsets draw softly away from the skies,
Like the old ones I saw? When your life-wheel
shall bring

The freshness, the flutter, the ripple of Spring,
And Summer's broad glow, and grave Autumn bedight
In his tarnish'd gold russet; then bareness and white,
And the clasp of sweet home in the long Winter's
night,

With their moods and their fancies;—'As I feel, he
felt,'

Perhaps you will say, 'and was able to melt
Life's crudeness and strangeness, some part, into song,
For his soothing and mine.' Dearest Gerald, so long
As a ghost may keep earth round him (not meaning
clay)

This will soothe too, to fancy 'Perhaps he will say.'

Nor will that ghost be happy unless he may know
Your footsteps have wander'd where his used to go
In the young time and song-time—among those green
hills

And gray mossy rocks, and swift-flowing rills,
On mountain, by river and wave-trampled shore,
Where the wild region nourish'd the poet it bore,
And colour'd his mind with its shadows and gleams.
That lonely west coast was the house of his dreams
And his visions,—O Future and Past that combine
At a point ever shifting and flitting, to shine
In the spark of the Present! Old stories re-sown
Sprang to life once again, became part of my own,
Like 'mummy-wheat' sprouting in little home-croft;
The Ladder for Angels—it slanted aloft
From our meadow; the Star in the East hung on high
Where Fermanagh spreads dark to the midwinter sky;
And the Last Trumpet sounded o'er Mullinashee
With its graves old and new. And now tenderly, see,
They glide forward, and gaily, the sweet shapes of
Greece,

All natives and neighbours, for wonders don't cease;
Shy Dryads come peeping in woody Corlay,
And surge-lifted Nereids in Donegal Bay.
Olympus lay south, where the mists meet and melt
Upon Truskar. My Helicon, drought never felt;
It was Tubbernaveka, that deep cressy well.
A goddess-nymph kiss'd my boy-lips if I fell
Into slumber at Pan's hour in fragrant June grass;
Processions of helmeted heroes would pass
In the twilight; I saw the white robes of the bard
With his lyre. But the harp whose clear music I
heard

Was Irish, and Erin could also unfold
Her songs and her dreams and her stories of old.
See Ireland, dear Sonny! my nurture was there;
And my song-gift, for which you at least are to care,

Took colours and flavours unfitted for vogue
(With a tinge of the shamrock, a touch of the brogue
Unconsciously mingling and threading through all)
On that wild verge of Europe, in dark Donegal.
—'Dark,' did I say!—Is there sunshine elsewhere?
Such brightness of grass, such glory of air,
Such a sea rolling in on such sands, a blue joy
Of more mystical mountains?

O eyes of the Boy!
O heart of the Boy! newly waken'd from sleep.
Might I sleep again, MASTER, long slumber and deep,
To wake rested!

But go there, my Gerald, this book
In your pocket, with fresh heart and eyes take a look,
At the poor lonely region,—ah, where will you see
The heavenly enchantment that wrapt it for me?

In any case, Laddie, I trust you will be as
Good son as was formerly pious Æneas,
Will carry your Daddie the poet right through
This house-afire Present and hullabaloo,
And, going on calmly when forward you've bent your
eye,
Set him down safe in the Twentieth Century.
Strange feels that no-when! I shiver at sight
Of a realm like the North Pole, of icefields and night!
Can the world and old England be yet living on?
Our Big-Wigs and Earwigs, O where are they gone?
Nay, courage! methinks one may feel more at home
By degrees there: a sweet chilly breath seems to
come,

Like new Spring's, from the Future. It won't be so
bad;

In fact, I believe it will suit me, my lad!
We travel to new things in time as in space,
And escape out of habitude's bonds that embrace

And enjail us; we win change of air for our thought,
And that same with restorative virtue is fraught.
Though knaves, fools and humbugs no doubt there
will be,

They won't be the same we're accustom'd to see
And be plagued with. 'Tis thinking about them
offends;

But the new can't take hold. Nay, respectable friends
Often bore us—the crowd of relations, connections,
Conditions, traditions, and foolish subjections;
(Small wonder if people run sometimes away,
'Without any reason,' as dull neighbours say,
Who themselves are the reason, with all the routine
One got sick of!)—Hurrah! change of air! change
of scene!

'Number Twenty will have its own Poets, be sure,
Its own Judges'—I hope so: do fashions endure?
They flow, eddy, try back, as one often has found;
And a thing out of favour—its turn may come round;
Dear Public may long for the simple and plain
For a change,—sunder appetite waking again,
Or perhaps from a hot queasy stomach's sensations
Demanding cool drink after fiery potations.
Why care? Just because there are people, a few,
Scatter'd up and down space (perhaps more, if we
knew)

Whom a flying word reaches, a force yet more subtle
And swift than the ether's electrical shuttle,
All-weaving; a shaft thrilling muscle and marrow,
Or lighting as softly as thistle-seed arrow,
To comfort, to kindle, to help, to delight;
And our brave English speech has a far-reaching flight
(Though what may become of it soon there's no telling
With novel and newspaper, slang and misspelling),—
A mere little Song—Yes, one's hardly content
To think one's fine impulses, efforts, misspent,

All the hopes and sweet fancies but blossom and cloud
Of an old merry Maytime, long stretch'd in its shroud.
But enough to this tune. So *cushla-ma-chree*
(As my nurse used to say), and dear Reader to be,
Garait òg, may God bless thee, my own little Son!
—Look me up in the year Nineteen-hundred-and-one.

NOTES.

Page 5, 'THE LADY OF THE SEA.'—The Sea-Maid, *Moruach*, of Irish tradition, wears a *Cohnleen Driuth*—magical (Druidic?) little cap, on which depends her power of living under water. The scene of this poem is laid in Pagan Ireland. Parthalon and Balor are two of the traditional ancestors of the Irish: Parthalon, a Greek who landed with a small body of colonists; Balor, a giant, with one eye in the middle of his forehead and one in the back of his head. *Raths* were the usual habitations of the wealthier; they were very numerous, and varied much in size, the most important being distinguished by the name of *Din*. A Rath occupied a hill or mound, and consisted of circular earthworks palisaded, enclosing the wooden dwellings (sometimes large), the cattle-byres, etc. Remains of the earthworks are very common all over Ireland (near Belashanny they abound), and are much the same in character as the 'British Camps' and 'Rings' in England.

Lake-houses, mostly of wood, on artificial islands, were anciently very numerous in Ireland, and are often spoken of in the Annals. The island was commonly made by a ring of oaken piles filled in with stones, earth, etc. The Irish name for such a dwelling-place is *Crannog* (*Crann* = a tree). The first examined in modern times was that of Lagore (properly Loch Gabhair), County Meath, in or about the year 1839. A good account of the crannoges is given by Sir William Wilde in the Royal Irish Academy Museum Catalogue, pp. 220-235. In 1853-54 similar structures were discovered in Switzerland, the water being unusually low, in the Lakes of Zurich, Biel, Sempach, Neufchatel, and Geneva. Some of these have been described by Professor F. Keller, under the name of *Keltische Pfahlbauten* (Trans. Antiq. Soc., Zurich, vol. ix.).

In this piece an interval of several lines is sometimes allowed, with definite metrical intention, between a rhyme and its fellow; but, with proper elocution, it is believed that *no stitch will be dropt* to the ear—which is the final judge of all metre.

Page 22, 'Ogham' (the O pronounced long) 'consists of lines or groups of lines variously arranged with reference to a single stem-line, or to an edge of the substance on which they are traced.' Examples may be seen in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. They were in use after the Christian era, but probably descended from a remote antiquity.

Page 24, 'THE WINDING BANKS OF ERNE.'—The river Erne rises in Lough Gowna, not very far from the middle of Ireland, and, after a course of some seventy miles through a chain of islanded lakes, pours its foaming waters over the Fall of Asaroe into 'Ballyshannon' Harbour on Donegal Bay. The name 'Ballyshannon' is modern, and corrupt both in the 'Bally' and the 'Shannon'; the Irish form is *Bel-atha-Seanaigh*, that is, 'Seanach's Ford,' and the people call it, properly, 'Bel-a-shanny.' *Bel-atha* means literally 'Mouth or Opening of the Ford,' but the compound, which is common in Irish names, seems to have no other meaning than *Ath* by itself, and merely to signify 'ford.' 'Seanach' is a man's name, but the man is forgotten. *Ath-Seanaigh* is the name by which the town and castle are usually designated in the Irish Annals; it was a ford a little above the present bridge.

I owe the accompaniment to this and seven other songs in the volume to my kind and valued friend Mrs. Tom Taylor. The music for *The Nobleman's Wedding*, and the accompaniment for *The Milkmaid*, are from Dr. Petrie's 'Ancient Music of Ireland.'

Page 44, 'A BOY'S BURIAL.'—Mullinashee Churchyard: Mark Coane died from an accidental blow of an oar when boating.

Page 45, 'Boor-tree,' elder: provincial pronunciation of *bore-tree*, name probably given to it because the pith is easy to remove.

Page 45, 'ABBEY ASAROE.'—At the head of a small creek in the Harbour, in an old and crowded graveyard, stand or crumble the ruins of this Abbey of the Cistercian Order, founded in or about the year 1178, by Roderick O'Cananan, Prince of Tirconnel (Archdall, *Monas. Hib.*). Only some venerable fragments of wall remain. The windows are shapeless gaps; weeds and old ragged bushes grow within; many of the stones are built into fishermen's huts, or help to fence their scanty potato patches, while pieces of archivolts, mullions, and other carved work are more reverently set for headstones in the

neighbouring graveyard. The Abbey took its name from the Waterfall. More than twenty-five centuries ago (say the oldest histories) Aedh Ruadh (Red Hugh), High-King of Erin, was drowned in the river Erne—swept away, it would seem, in attempting to cross one of the fords. He 'was buried in the mound over the margin of the cataract' [*Donegal Annals*, Anno Mundi 4518]. Hence *Eas-Aedha-Ruaidh*, 'Waterfall of Red Hugh,'—written in English in various ways, of which 'Asaroe' appears the most suitable. May I be pardoned for saying here that this little piece had the good fortune to win the special praise of dear and good George Petrie? He thought the incident of the Old Man very characteristic of Ireland, adding, in his letter, 'It is one that has occurred to me in my solitary ramblings among our ancient abbeys more than once.'

Page 60, 'THE MUSIC-MASTER.'—This was, at least in point of time, the humble precursor of many notable modern poems with music for the warp, as it were, of their interest.

Page 99, 'GALLOGLAS'—'KERN.'—Native Irish foot-soldiers; the first heavy-armed, the second light.

Page 101, 'KITTY O'HEA.'—English readers are requested to pronounce the young woman's name 'O'Hay,' and to consider the verses addressed to her as delivered in a moderate brogue, for there are brogues of many sorts, and they are but vaguely expressible by spelling. The minimum of unusual spelling is always, I think, to be aimed at.—Catholics may not, without special permission, marry in Lent, and therefore 'Shrove Tuesday' is in Ireland a great day for weddings.—The tune of this song I picked up in Ireland many years ago, also its refrain, or something like it. Of other words no trace remains in my memory, if I ever heard them.

Page 104, 'THE ABBOT OF INISFÄLEN.'—A beautiful island in the Lower Lake of Killarney, hiding among old trees the ruins of an Abbey, founded in the seventh century. The island is named from Fathlenn, a man whose identity is lost in the abyss of time. This legend is one of those which are found in various countries, and to which no locality has an exclusive claim. Indeed, such an occurrence may as easily have happened many times as once.

Page 108, 'THE MILKMAID.'—This tune I learnt in the county Donegal along with some words beginning, 'It was an old Beggaman.' I gave both to Dr. Petrie, who published them in his *Ancient Music of Ireland*.

Page 113, 'THE GIRL'S LAMENTATION.'—The tune of this, with some part of the first three verses, I picked up from the singing of a peasant boy at Belashanny, the only time I ever heard them.

Page 117, 'THE RUINED CHAPEL.'—Suggested by a small and very ancient-looking Ruin on the western shore of Killybegs Harbour.

Page 118, 'FAIRY HILL.'—Scenery of boyhood, idealized, as in dreams. The same scenery, differently treated, appears in the next piece.

Page 125, 'THE GOBLIN CHILD OF BELASHANNY.'—In the large old house by the Bridge, once a Barrack, the room is still shown in which Robert Stewart, afterwards Lord Castlereagh, is said to have seen a Ghost, one which made a lasting impression on his mind. From early childhood I heard as one of the local traditions (not a very old one), that 'Castlereagh saw a Ghost in the Barrack,' and the circumstances of his marching in with his men at nightfall, etc., were also related. There is no reason to doubt that this is the Ghost described in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' chap. lvi. Moore sets down in his 'Diary' (Abbotsford, Oct. 30th, 1825): 'Scott said the only two men who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant-boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fireplace and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forwards to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place. . . . It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord Castlereagh tell the story to Sir Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, and as if believing in it implicitly.' [*Memoirs, etc., of Thomas Moore*, London, 1853, vol. iv., pp. 337, 338.] People on the spot sometimes tell you it was 'The Green Lady' that appeared to Castlereagh, but this is mixing two separate Ghosts; 'The Green Lady' being the apparition of an Officer's Wife, said to have been done to death in the Barracks by her Husband's hand—when or how I have never learned.

Page 131, 'THE NOBLEMAN'S WEDDING.'—In the year 1854, or the beginning of 1855, when Dr. Petrie was preparing a portion of his *Ancient Music of Ireland* for the press, he sent me, in the form given below, the imperfect and corrupt words of a ballad of which he had the music, asking me to try my hand upon them. I tried accordingly—the requisite being simplicity

of style, not imitation of old fashions of language—and was so fortunate as to please him. He wrote to me on the subject (March 11th, 1855): 'I determined to break through my rule to exclude all verses of recent manufacture, and behold now I send you a proof of it in type.' The version sent me, in Miss Petrie's handwriting, and the only one I saw (it was probably the nursery-maid's version) runs as follows:

'Once I was at a nobleman's wedding,
'Twas of a girl that proved unkind,
But now she begins to think of her losses,
Her former true lover still runs in her mind.

Here is the token of gold that was broken,
Seven long years, love, I have kept it for your sake,
You gave it to me as a true lover's token,
No longer with me now it shall remain.

The bride she sat at the head of the table,
The words that he said she marked right well,
To sit any longer she was not able,
And down at the bridegroom's feet she fell.

One request I do make of you,
And I hope you will grant it to me,
To lie this night in the arms of my mother,
And ever, ever after, to lie with thee.

No sooner asked than it was granted,
With tears in her eyes she went to bed,
And early, early the very next morning
He rose and found the young bride was dead.

He took her up in his arms so softly,
And carried her to the meadow so green,
He covered her over with green leaves and laurels,
Thinking that she might come to life again.'

Dr. Petrie prefixed these remarks to the ballad in the *Ancient Music of Ireland*:

'The following simple ballad air, independently of any intrinsic merit it may be thought to possess, has interested me, as I have no doubt it will, also, the majority of my readers, from having been a favourite with the late J. Philpot Curran, partly, no doubt, from his admiration of the ballad words connected with it. The setting of the melody, as sung by Mr. Curran, was kindly communicated to me by his son, Mr. William H. Curran, together with the facts connected with it, as above stated. But, unfortunately, the latter gentleman can only now remember, and that but imperfectly, one stanza of the ballad—the fifth

according to the version which I shall presently lay before the reader. Subsequently, however, I became possessed, from other sources, of three copies of the ballad, and three other settings of the melody, all—as usual in such cases of tunes and words preserved only traditionally—differing widely from each other. Of these, both tune and words, the first were obtained from Mr. Joyce, by whom they were taken down from the singing of his brother, Mr. Michael Joyce, of Glenasheen, in the county of Limerick; the second from my own daughters, who had learnt them in their childhood, from a nursery-maid, who at that period belonged to my family; and the third from Mary Madden, the poor blind Limerick woman of whom I have so often had occasion to make mention. Of the settings of the melody—being indisposed to express my opinion as to which should be considered the most authentic form of versions so different from each other—I have considered it proper to give the three settings which follow, namely, Mr. Curran's, my daughter's, and Mr. Joyce's. With respect, however, to the equally different copies of the ballad, they are all so rude and imperfect as to be unworthy of publication. But, instead of them, I give insertion to a version of the ballad composed by my friend William Allingham, from these various imperfect versions [this is a slip], with as much fidelity to their general meaning and simplicity of language as was consistent with a due attention to more correct rhythm and metre. . . . (Pp. 178, 179). The version of the air which I give is the one noted by Miss Petrie.

Page 136, 'A STORMY NIGHT.'—Scene of the Shipwreck, Tullan, rocks near the 'The Fairy Bridges.'

Page 145, 'THE BAN-SHEE.'—*Bean-Sighe*=Woman Fairy, a Spirit attached to an old family, who bewails an approaching death among the members of it.

Page 147, 'THE LEPRACAUN' is an elf peculiar to Ireland, and known, with some variations of name, in every part of the country—the Fairy Shoemaker who may be forced to give you of his store of gold, if you can keep your eye upon him.

THE END.

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"THE BLADIN' OF THE KALE"

I had hoped some day to see them,
And I said some day I'd go,
To renew the old-time friendship
With the folk I used to know,
In that village far the sweetest,
From the Causeway to the Pale;
Yes, I'm going back to Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

I will start some morning early,
In my little donkey cart,
As I jog along the highway,
Making music in my heart,
Then the strains of Psalm One
Hundred

Will wake up the sleeping dale,
When I dander back to Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

And the cuddy he will enter
In the project with a will,
We will "rest too, and be thankful"
At the bottom of the hill,
Then we'll take the brae in stages,
Up the well-remembered trail,
When we both go back to Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

We will pause where bouldered head-
lands,
Guard the ancient "Tory Hole,"
With the hills of Londonderry
Stretched before us as a scroll,
Past the lakes whose laughing
surplus
Sparkles down the rocky trail,
As we hasten back to Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

'Tis the spot of all the others
That this roving soul hath known,
By that sweetest word in language—
By the sacred name of Home.
'Twas McCrory's car that met us
Coming off the midnight mail,
When I brought my bride to Gortin
In the bladin' of the wale.

Many moons have passed the zenith,
Many friends have filled their day,
And mayhap I'll feel a sadness
When I pass again that way.

But there's others still remaining,
For their welcome I'll go ball,
When I canter down to Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

Yes, I'll find "The Master" friendly
And the mistress good and true,
And she'll make me "tay and nice
thing."

Just the way she used to do,
Aye, and Bob and I will "pow-wow"
Till the lights of evening fall,
When I wander back to Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

There's a twinge of pain will prick
me

When I think of some that's gone,
But I'll cross the street and gossip
For a while with "Willie John."
And I hope the "Reverend Adam"
Will be feeling fit and hale,
When again I visit Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

Someone told me that "The Office"
Now is shifted up the street,
But I'll call as sure as shootin',
There's a friend I want to meet,
And I hope she'll still be busy
With the wires and the mail,
When I dander down to Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

It may happen that the morrow
May still uncertain be,
For the cramps of age in passing,
Lay their hold on you and me,
And my sight grows dim and hazy,
Yes, perhaps, my plans may fail,
And I'll not get back to Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

But this wish I put on record,
Ah! perhaps it may be vain;
But alive or dead, I'm longin'
To be back with you again,
In the silence of the mountains,
In my own beloved dale,
I would lay my bones at Gortin
In the bladin' of the kale.

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