

Songs  
And  
More  
Songs  
Of  
The  
Glens  
Of  
Antrim

Moira O'Neill

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THE SAILOR MAN.

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way.  
Over the sea, over the sea.  
Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,—  
Betther for me, betther for me  
The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground  
I was sthrollin' along in an Irish city.  
That hasn't its aquil the world around  
For the air that is sweet an' the girls that are  
pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an' sped.  
Give you me word, give you me word,  
Every girl wid a turn o' the head  
Just like a bird, just like a bird ;  
An' the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes  
Shinin' to tell you it's fair time o' day wid them.  
Back in me heart wid a kind o' surprise  
I think how the Irish girls has the way wid  
them!

Och man alive ! but it's little ye know  
That never was there, never was there.  
Look where ye like for them, long may ye go,—  
What do I care ? what do I care ?  
Plenty as blackberries where will ye find  
Rare pretty girls not by two nor by three o'  
them?  
Only just there where they grow, dy'e mind  
Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o'  
them.

Long, long away, an' no matter how far,  
'Tis the girls that I miss, the girls that I miss :  
Women are round ye wherever ye are  
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.  
Over in Ireland many's the one,—  
Well do I know, that has nothing to say wid  
them,—  
Sweeter than anythin' undher the sun,  
Och, 'tis the Irish girls has the way wid them !

AT SEA.

'Tis the long blue Head o' Garron  
From the sea,  
Och, we're sailin' past the Garron  
On the sea.  
Now Glen Ariff lies behind,  
Where the waters fall an' wind  
By the willows o' Glen Ariff to the sea.

Ould Luirgedan rises green  
By the sea.  
Ay, he stands between the glens  
An' the sea.  
Now we're past the darklin' caves.  
Where the breakin' summer waves  
Wandher in wi' their trouble from the sea.

But Cushendun lies nearer  
To the sea,  
An' *thon's* a shore is dearer  
Still to me.  
For the land that I am leavin'  
Sure the heart I have is grievin'.  
But the ship has set her sails for the sea.

Och, what's this is deeper  
Than the sea?  
An' what's this is stronger  
Nor the sea ?  
When the call is " all or none,"  
An' the answer " all for one,"  
Then we be to sail away across the sea.

“ LOOKIN’ BACK.”

Wathers o’ Moyle an’ the white gulls flyin’.  
Since I was near ye what have I seen ?  
Deep great seas, an’ a sthrong wind sighin’  
Night an’ day where the waves are green.  
*Struth na Moile*, the wind goes sighin’  
Over the waste o’ wathers green.

Slemish an’ Trostan, dark wi’ heather,  
High are the Rockies, airy-blue ;  
Sure ye have snows in the winter weather,  
Here they’re lyin’ the long year through.  
Snows are fair in the summer weather,  
Och, an’ the shadows between are blue !

Lone Glen Dun an’ the wild glen flowers.  
Little ye know if the prairie is sweet  
Roses for miles, an’ redder than ours  
Spring here undher the horses’ feet,  
Ay, an’ the black-eyed gold sunflowers,—  
Not as the glen flowers small an’ sweet.

Wathers o’ Moyle, I hear ye callin’  
Clearer for half o’ the world between,  
Antrim hills an’ the wet rain fallin’  
Whiles ye are nearer than snow-tops keen :  
Dreams o’ the night an’ a night wind callin’—  
What is the half o’ the world between ?

THE NORTH-WEST— CANADA.

Oh would ye hear, and would ye hear  
Of the windy, wide North-West ?  
Faith ! ’tis a land as green as the sea,  
That rolls as far and rolls as free,  
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,  
Where the cattle roam and rest.

Oh could ye see, and could ye see  
The great gold skies so clear.  
The rivers that race through the pine-shade dark.  
The mountainous snows that take no mark.  
Sun-lit and high on the Rockies stark.  
So far they seem as near.

Then could ye feel, and could ye feel  
How fresh is a Western night I  
When the long land-breezes rise and pass  
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,

When the dark-blue skies are clear as glass,  
And the same old stars are bright.

But could ye know, and for ever know  
The word of the young North-West !  
A word she breathes to the true and bold,  
A word misknown to the false and cold,  
A word that never was spoken or sold.  
But the one that knows is blest

#### BACK TO IRELAND.

Oh tell me, will I ever win to Ireland again,  
*Astore !* from the far North-West ?  
Have we given all the rainbows, an' green woods  
an' rain,  
For the suns an' the snows o' the West?  
“ Them that goes to Ireland must thavel night an'  
day,  
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail across the  
say,  
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the world  
away—  
An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the West.  
Set your face for Ireland,  
Kiss your friends in Ireland,  
But lave your heart behind you in the West.”  
On a dim an' shiny mornin' the ship she comes to  
land,  
Early, oh early in the morning  
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to the  
strand.  
Whispering “ Ye're welcome in the momin'.”  
There's darkness on the holy hills I know are  
close aroun',  
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the stars are  
shinin' down,  
They make a golden cross above, they make a  
golden crown.  
An' meself could tell ye why,—in the momin'.  
Sure an' this is Ireland,  
Thank God for Ireland !  
I'm comin' back to Ireland the momin'.

## More Songs of The Glens of Antrim

### PREFACE.

These “ Songs of the Glens of Antrim ” have nearly all, like their predecessors, appeared in the pages of ‘ Blackwood's Magazine. ’ So have the “ Songs from North-West Canada. ”

### ONLY ONE.

There' five-an'-fifty islands maybe, take the world  
    aroun',  
    An' the sun he be to light them all afore his  
    goin' down ;  
But when he looks on Ireland 'tis then he shines  
    the best.  
    An' he wants to see no other, an' he sinks into  
    the West,—  
For the sun would sleep beside her in the  
    West.

There' many a lough in Ireland, an' one I know is  
    small.  
    An' a little house beside it where the childer  
    run an' call ;  
An' wather there an' heather there, an' sorra thing  
    to see,  
    But a quare an' lonesome place it is that holds  
    the girl for me,—  
    She's walkin' by the lough-side, an' thinkin'  
    long for me.

If I'd step up the loanin', the childer they would  
    fly.  
    They're very strange in them parts where no  
    one's passin' by ;  
They'd scatter out like *pettericks*, an' hide among  
    the heather.  
    Their sister standin' by the door, an' in we'd  
    go together,—  
    To spake the word would aise our hearts, the  
    two of us together.

Then why go heavy-hearted, man, an' why live  
    here your lone ?  
    The sun he loves a green isle, but keeps the sky  
    his own ;  
He's down in love this evenin', he's far away the  
    morn,—  
    A man will lave his fancy an' the place where  
    he was born.

Aye, a when things behind him in the place  
where he was bom.

But for all that the best does be still-an'-ever *one*,  
Oh, ne'er another Ireland can smile beneath the  
sun !  
For all the loughs in Ireland, for all the glens  
there be.  
The one lough, the one glen, the one girl for  
me ;—  
She's walkin' by the wather-side, an' thinkin'  
long for me.

THE BLACKBIRD.  
(Words to an old Irish tune.)

There' a sweet bird singing in the narrow glen,  
The blackbird clear with a golden bill,  
He'll call me afther him, an' then  
He'll flit an' lave me still.  
A bird I had was one'st my own,  
Oh dear, my *colleen dhu* to me !  
My nest is cold, my bird has flown, —  
An' the blackbird sings to me.

Oh, never will I tell her name,  
I'll only sing that her heart was true;  
My blackbird ! ne'er a thing's the same  
Since I was losin' you.  
'Tis lonesome in the narrow glen,  
An' rain-drops fallin' from the tree  
But whiles I think I hear her when  
The blackbird sings to me.

I'll make a cradle of my breast,  
Her image all its child shall be ;  
My throbbin' heart shall rock to rest  
The care that's wastin' me.  
A Night of sleep shall end my pain,  
A sunny Morn shall set me free;  
An' when I wake I'll hear again  
My blackbird sing to me.

## THE OULD TUNES.

A boy we had belongin' us, an' och, but he was  
gay.  
An' we'd sooner hear him singin' than we'd hear  
the birds in May,  
For a bullfinch was a fool to him, an' all ye had  
to do,  
Only name the song ye wanted an' he'd sing it  
for ye through,  
Wid his "Up now There !" an' his "Look about  
an' thry for it,"—  
Faith, he had the quarest songs of any ye could  
find,—  
"Poppies in the Corn" too, an' "Molly, never  
Cry for it !"  
"A Pretty Girl I Courted," an' "There's Trouble  
in the Wind."  
Music is deludherin', ye'll hear the people say,  
Ah, the more they be deludhered then, the betther  
is their case ;  
I would sooner miss my dhrink than never hear a  
fiddle play,  
An' since Hughie up an' left us this has been  
another place.  
Arrah, *come* back, lad ! an' we'll love you when  
you sing for us.  
Sure we're gettin' oulder an' ye'll maybe come  
too late.  
Sing "Girl Dear !" an' "The Bees among the  
Ling" for us ;  
I could shake a foot to hear "The Pigeon on  
the Gate."

Oh, Hughie had the music, but there come on him  
a change,  
He should ha' stayed the boy he was an' never  
grown a man;  
I seen the shadow on his face before his time to  
range,  
An' I knew he sung for sorrow as a winter robin  
can.  
But *that's* not the way! oh, I'd feel my heart  
grow light again,  
Hughie, if I'd hear you at "The Pleasant  
Summer Rain" ;  
Ould sweet tunes, sure my wrong 'ud all come  
right again,  
Listenin' for an hour I'd forget the fed o' pain.

## TIDY ANNIE.

I am not carin' much to hear what the young men  
dancin' say.  
An' I think there is little sense in them, but let  
them go their way.  
For I have many another thing, an' it is not  
marriage I mind !  
Nor yet to be meetin' below the road, nor yet to  
be lookin' behind ;  
For the like o' that is foolishness, an' it happens  
every day.

Then I think it is very well for me to be livin' in  
ould Parkure,  
An' the way that I am it fits me best, for a  
mother's love is sure.  
The half o' the wives are sharp-tongued, the half  
are desthroyed with work,  
Ah, the height o' botheration it is to be married  
on a Turk,—  
But what about that ? If he's ten Turks, when  
it's done you can get no cure.

'Tis " Tidy Annie " they give me, they know that  
I can't be bet  
For a steady girl, an' a dacent shawl, an' walkin'  
clean in the wet.  
They don't see many that do like me, with the  
house to keep an' all.  
An' ducks to feed an' a goat to milk, an' to mind  
the mother's call,—  
But isn't it now the quarest thing—that nobody's  
asked me yet !

## THE EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

I hope this finds all well at home, as it leaves me  
at present,  
An' sure I am, my mother dear, that you've been  
thinkin' long!  
But don't you fret, I'm livin' still, an' so is Andy  
Besant ;  
We didn't mind the ship so much, but she was  
awful throng.

I wisht ye'd see the place we're in,—the name is  
wrote above,—  
Ye'd say 'twas just unearthly, wi' the blazin' o'  
the sun ;



The drink we get is barefut tea, an' not for gold  
or love  
Could ye rise an' post a letter here as ye would in  
Cushendun.

My uncle says he minds you well, an' why would  
you not come ?  
Be sure he'd send a ticket, an' he'd build a house  
some place ; —  
But the blacks 'ud have you scared by nights,  
an' women's best at home ;—  
He's a kindly sort of a decent man, wi' a great  
big sod of a face.

Ye've likely seen Rosanna ? . . . did she ask or  
did she care?  
But ye needn't say I named her, for I wouldn't  
go that far.  
'Tis only Andy wants to know, an' " Faith," says  
he, " 'tis quare  
An' she so comely as she is, an' she so long wi'  
her da !"

Who feeds my old dog Dusty now, an' what place  
does he lie?  
Ye'll mind not fill the cart too full, to spoil that  
pony's shape.  
I doubt Tom Boyd's forgot me, an' the rest will  
by-an'-by, —  
He said he'd write so constant, an' he never sent  
a scrape.

So now no more, my mother dear, for I've no  
more to tell.  
I see you at your spinnin'-wheel beside the red  
turf fire.  
An' my little brother Alick there,—I still liked him  
so well I  
When I win back to yous again I'll get my heart's  
desire.

## ALTANEIGH

There a place I used to know.  
Where the bendin' birches grow  
By the bright wather still-an' ever fallin',  
An' the fern is smellin' sweet  
Up the brae about your feet,  
An' a voice within the wather-voice is callin',

If you waited all the day  
Till the light was gone away,  
An' the dark an' dewy clouds were slowly shiftin',  
Oh, a little, little moon  
There would glimmer on you soon.  
An' all among the stars go downward drif tin'.

Will I ever rise an' go  
To the glen I used to know.  
To the sweet fern an' golden wather droppin' ?  
Up the brae an' by the burn  
See them stand at every turn,  
Green birch crowns the one another toppin' ? —

Now grant I may not see,  
No, never would I be  
Where the ferns dip, the dark pools bubble :  
When we've loved too long to praise, —  
God be with the old dear days !  
But the peace of that glen my heart would trouble.

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