

Waiting For May

*Poems of Ireland*

Samuel Lover

1884

Moral, Sentimental, and Satirical Songs.

It is not requisite that the Shannon, or the Liffey, or some other topographical mark, or Hibernian epithet or idiom, should appear in a song to give Ireland a right to claim it. Human affections, passions, sentiments, are expressed in Ireland without allusion to the Shamrock, or an appeal to St. Patrick ; why then should some national emblem or idiom be insisted upon to constitute a right in Ireland to claim some admirable production of the lyric muse to add to her garland ? No one would venture to dispute that Moore's songs, " The Meeting of the Waters," " The Last Rose of Summer," and scores of others, stand to the credit of Irish literature, though there is not one word in any of them to identify them as Hibernian. In this collection, the very first song is that of a lady of the illustrious race of Sheridan—" Terence's Farewell," by Lady Dufferin ;—that song describes the parting of an Irishman from his sweetheart. No one will dispute that Ireland fairly lays claim to literary honour in that song. Well, close beside this is a lyric by that lady's sister—the exquisite song, " Love Not," by the Honourable Mrs. Norton. Who can say that Ireland is not as well entitled to the honour of that ? What nicety of argument can divide her claim between two sisters ? If the genius of the one do her honour, she is equally entitled to honour from the genius of the other. Some few songs are given whose authors are not Irish ; but the lyrics being thoroughly Hibernian in subject, cannot be omitted here. Such songs, however, are few—indeed, there are but two of any celebrity, and they are adapted to Irish music : Colman's " Saviourneen Deelish," and Campbell's far-famed lyric, " The Exile of Erin." Numberless songs of a comic character have been written by stranger-hands which have not been inserted, utterly deficient as they are in true Irish character. Indeed, our native comic song writers, at one period, were too prone to compose their songs on this foreign, false, and exaggerated model, copying all the gross absurdities that were once supposed to constitute an Irish comic song ; among the fancied characteristics of this class were expletive oaths, " Whack fol de rols," " hurroos," pigs, pratees, brogues, shillelahs, jewels, and joys ; and coarseness and vulgarity were the offensive substitutes for wit. Happily those songs, too long a disgrace to the literature of Ireland, are being banished by degrees from our literary currency, to give place to others bearing the true stamp of nationality. Nevertheless, some few will be found among the comic songs in this collection not quite free from alloy, but the greater number are of pure metal ; and where they are not so, their presence here has been deemed indispensable, from their having been very popular. And yet some, of great popularity, I have omitted ; for example, " O'Rourke's Noble Feast," a paraphrase from the Irish by Dean Swift, which Sir Walter Scott mentions in his edition of the works of the Dean with great praise, but which I think long, even to tediousness, and what is worse, very coarse in parts, and its absence, therefore, need not be regretted by any person of refinement. There is another of great celebrity, called " The Night before Larry was Stretched," which has been attributed to a clergyman, whose name I forbear to mention ; but any one who values the character of a churchman will hope a churchman never wrote it. As the work of a divine (if it be so), it may be looked upon as a literary curiosity ; but the hanging of a felon who plays cards on his coffin before his execution, described in barbarous slang, is, in my opinion, far more disgusting than comic, and therefore it has not been admitted.

In the course of this work I have had occasion to notice certain trespasses committed by Scottish publishers, not only on the music, but the words of Irish songs. The complaint, as far as the music goes, has been often made before ; Moore, for instance, in the third number of the “ Irish Melodies,” says, “ The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints ; and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called ‘ The Saint Stealer.’ ” But so far from remonstrance producing any beneficial result, the publishers and editors of recent days transgress still more than their antecessors. I wish it to be noticed that it is of Scottish publishers and editors I complain, rather than of the Scottish people ; for it is only natural that any people will be prone to believe that a beautiful melody had its birth among them, if editors and publishers *will* go on telling them so. What makes this more inexcusable is, that Scotland has enough of beautiful songs of her own without wronging other lands by appropriating theirs ; and having already in this preface paid the tribute of my highest admiration to the lyric genius of Scotland, I feel myself the more free to expose any false claims of hers on this subject, and in doing so I have been most scrupulous that the proofs I advance should be irrefragable.

In conclusion, I would say that I have endeavoured to make this collection, both in text and annotation, as national as possible. Now, I think the true meaning of the word “ National” has, of late, been sometimes misunderstood in Ireland. The word has sometimes been used there in a sense which seems to me rather sectional than national. Several volumes of Irish Songs have been published in Ireland, of late years, far from being general in their character ; they tend rather to minister to the predilections of a portion of Ireland than to enlist the sympathies of all. The introductions to those volumes, and many of their notes, savour so much of the partisan as to limit their circulation—to isolate Ireland, rather than introduce her to an enlarged community of social sympathy. The use of the Celtic alphabetical character mingled in the text with the Roman letter, which has been adopted in some of these volumes, as it embarrasses the English reader, I think a mistake tending to that isolation which I lament, and, therefore, the Celtic alphabetical character has been avoided in this volume. There can be no objection to give an original Irish poem in the old Celtic character, and the translation opposite, or following, as in “ Hardiman’s Minstrelsy ;” but to give every Irish name and Irish word in the Celtic character, mixed with the Roman letter, seems to me a mere literary foppery.

While I say this, I beg at the same time to disclaim the smallest disrespect to Irish scholarship. All honour to the translators of Irish works, be it to those who live, or to the memories of those who have passed away—all honour to them, I say ! I honour them as the emancipators of their country’s literature from the “ chain of silence,” that that literature might be free to go abroad into the world and raise friends to the land of its birth, by touching the chords of human sympathy : and, in the spirit of thorough emancipation, I say, let no particle of the fetter from which it has been freed obstruct its way to the English reader.

But, while I express my deepest respect for Irish scholarship, I beg to say that a man may have a sincere love of Ireland, and employ his pen effectively in her cause, without that accomplishment. It is not an ancient alphabetic character ostentatiously appended to a very green ribbon that constitutes the highest Irish “ order of merit :” the “ trappings and the suits” of patriotism are as little to be depended upon as those of “ woe.” And sure am I that the springs from which the purest love of country flows must be sought for in nobler sources than a fount of Celtic type.

Samuel Lover.

Barnes, London,  
*January, 1858*

## The Woods of Caillino

Song of the Irish Emigrant in North America.

By L. N. F.

My heart is heavy in my breast—my eyes are full of tears,  
My memory is wandering back to long departed years—  
To those bright days long, long ago,  
When nought I dreamed of sordid care, of worldly woe—  
But roved, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Caillino.

There, in the spring time of my life, and spring time of the year,  
I've watched the snow-drop start from earth, the first young buds  
appear ;  
The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,  
The modest violet, and the golden primrose blow,  
Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Caillino !

'Twas there I wooed my Mary Dhuv, and won her for my bride,  
Who bore me three fair daughters, and four sons, my age's pride ;  
Though cruel fortune was our foe,  
And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,  
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days we passed near Caillino !

At length, by misery bowed to earth, we left our native strand—  
And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy land ;  
Though toils we had to undergo,  
Yet soon content—and happy peace 'twas ours to know.  
And plenty, such as never blessed our hearth near Caillino !

And heaven a blessing has bestowed, more precious far than wealth,  
Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in health ;  
Across the threshold, when we go,  
We see our children's children round us grow,  
Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Caillino.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that when we are no more,  
Our bones must find a resting-place far, far from Erin's shore.  
For us—no funeral sad and slow  
Within the ancient abbey's burial-ground shall go—  
No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from Caillino !

Yet, oh ! if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of rest.  
Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love best.  
O'er thy green vales will hover slow,  
And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow  
On all—but most of all on thee, my native Caillino !

In the recently-printed copies of these beautiful lines they are headed with the title “ The Woods of Kylinoe ;” but many years before they appeared in print they were in my possession in the handwriting of the fair and gifted authoress, and were entitled

“ SONG OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN NORTH AMERICA.”

Air — “ The woods of Caillino.”

And this name, “ Caillino,” imparts to it a literary interest which I am not only unwilling to abandon, but upon which I think it worth enlarging.

Those who are familiar with Shakspeare will remember how much the speech of Pistol, in the fourth scene of the fourth act of Henry the Fifth, disturbed the repose of the annotators, and what strange hash was made of the imperfect text, until Mr. Malone had the sagacity to perceive that Pistol was “ repeating the burden of an old song,” and that burden was

*Calen o custure me.*

That Mr. Malone was right in his conjecture indubitable proof exists, though Mr. Steevens rejected his emendation.

In the first place, we have evidence that Irish music was held in favour in Elizabeth’s Court, by the following extract from “ The Talbot Papers,” vol. M., fol. 18 ; given in Lodge’s Illustrations of British History, vol. 2, p. 578, 8vo : —

“ We are frolic here in Court : much dancing in the Privy Chamber of Country Dances before the Queen’s Majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most pleasing ; but, in winter, Lullaby, an old song of Mr. Bird’s, will be more in request, I think.”—*Letter of the Earl of Worcester to the Earl of Shrewsbury dated September 19, 1602.*

In the next place, the burden is IRISH (Shakspeare moulding his matter to the “ form and pressure” of the time), and easily translatable when properly spelt ; and it is strange that Mr. Malone, having got so far into the truth, did not clear the question up completely. Mr. Steevens, in rejecting his emendation, says—

“ Mr. Malone’s discovery is a very curious one ; and when (as probably will be the case) some further ray of light is thrown on the unintelligible words, *Calen, &c*, I will be the first to vote it into the text.”

Now, this “ ray of light” I should not wonder if my “ farthing candle” can supply. Mr. Boswell, in his edition of Shakspeare, says, in noticing Mr. Malone’s emendation, that Mr. Finnegan, master of the school established in London for the education of the Irish poor, says the words mean “ Little girl of my heart, for ever and ever.” Now, this is not the meaning, and I cannot but wonder that, with so much literary discussion as has taken place on the subject, the true spelling, and, consequently, the meaning of the burden, have remained until now undiscovered. The burden, as given in the “ Handfull of Plesent Delites,” and copied by Malone, is

*Calen o custure me,*

which is an attempt to spell, and pretty nearly represents, the sound of

*Colleen oge astore,*

(*me* being expletive, or possibly a corrupt introduction), and those words mean “ Young girl, my treasure.”

Should it be acknowledged that I have thus completed the discovery of the truth of this long-debated question, I confess it would give me pleasure.

That “Caillino”—(*colleen oge*)—was a favourite burden of songs, we may infer from the fact that it is to be found to different tunes : one in Playford’s Musical Companion, C73 ; another in Wm. Ballett’s Lute Book, D. 1. 21. in Trin. Coll. Dub. The music of both, and the entire discussion of this vexed question by the Shakspearian commentators, are given in full in the Appendix.

The Island of Atlantis.

The Rev. Dr. Croly.

“For at that time the Atlantic Sea was navigable, and had an island before that mouth which is called by you the pillars of Hercules. But this island was greater than both Lybya and all Asia together, and afforded an easy passage to other neighbouring islands, as it was easy to pass from those islands to all the continent which borders on this Atlantic Sea. \* \* \* \* But, in succeeding times, prodigious earthquakes and deluges taking place, and bringing with them desolation in the space of one day and night, all that warlike race of Athenians was at once merged under the earth ; and the Atlantic island itself being absorbed in the sea, entirely disappeared.”—*Plato’s Timæus*.

Oh ! thou Atlantic, dark and deep,  
Thou wilderness of waves,  
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep  
In their uncrowded graves !

The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,  
Yet never light thy gloom ;  
The tempests burst, yet never shake  
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb !

Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,  
Thy secrets who hath told ?—  
The warrior and his sword are there,  
The merchant and his gold.

There lie their myriads in thy pall,  
Secure from steel and storm ;  
And he, the feaster of them all.  
The canker-worm.

Yet on this wave the mountain’s brow  
Once glow’d in morning’s beam ;  
And, like an arrow from the bow,  
Out sprang the stream :

And on its bank the olive grove,  
And the peach’s luxury,  
And the damask rose—the night-bird’s love—  
Perfumed the sky.

Where art thou, proud Atlantis, now ?  
Where are thy bright and brave ?

Priest, people, warriors' living flow ?  
Look on that wave !

Crime deepen'd on the recreant land.  
Long guilty, long forgiven ;  
There power upreared the bloody hand.  
There scoff'd at Heaven.

The word went forth—the word of woe—  
The judgment-thunders pealed ;  
The fiery earthquake blazed below ;  
Its doom was seal'd.

Now on his halls of ivory  
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,  
Burying from man's and angel's eye  
The land of crime.

This is not a song, it is true, but it partakes sufficiently of the character of an ode to justify its insertion ; besides, as some have supposed Ireland to be a fragment of the lost Atlantis, it is the more admissible. Such a trifle cannot display the powers of so distinguished a writer, but it enables me to claim him for our country, and that country, I am delighted to say, has not ceased to be loved by him amid all his successes in England. I witnessed this on a recent occasion of honour done to Dr. Croly by his parishioners of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, when Sir Francis Graham Moon, then Lord Mayor, opened the Mansion-house to the parishioners as the most fitting place for this demonstration, and with his accustomed good taste and liberality, invited a distinguished company, among whom were many literati, to be present at the ceremonial of honour, and to partake afterwards of the hospitality for which the civic palace of London has ever been famous. On that occasion Dr. Croly alluded to his native land with much affection, and put forward her claims to honourable recognition in arts, letters, and arms, in a strain of impassioned panegyric ; and the generous spirit which prompted that patriotic effusion was met by a spirit as generous on the part of his English auditors. The English love their own land too well not to respect the Irishman who loves his.

Hy-Brasail—The Isle of The Blest.

Gerald Griffin.

“ The people of Arran fancy that at certain periods they see *Hy-Brasail* elevated far to the west in their watery horizon. This had been the universal tradition of the ancient Irish, who supposed that a great part of Ireland had been swallowed by the sea, and that the sunken part often rose, and was seen hanging in the horizon ! Such was the popular notion. The *Hy-Brasail* of the Irish is evidently a part of the *Atalantis* of Plato, who, in his ‘ *Timæus*,’ says that that island was totally swallowed up by a prodigious earthquake. Of some such shocks the isle of Arran, the promontories of Antrim, and some of the western islands of Scotland, bear evident marks.&.”—*O'Flaherty's Sketch of the Island of Arran*.

On the ocean that hollows the rocks where ye dwell,  
A shadowy land has appeared, as they tell ;  
Men thought it a region of sunshine and rest,  
And they called it *Hy-Brasail*, the isle of the blest.  
From year unto year, on the ocean's blue rim.

The beautiful spectre showed lovely and dim ;  
The golden clouds curtained the deep where it lay,  
And it looked like an Eden,—away, far away !

A peasant who heard of the wonderful tale,  
In the breeze of the Orient loosened his sail ;  
From Ara, the holy, he turned to the west,  
For though Ara was holy, *Hy-Brasail* was blest.  
He heard not the voices that called from the shore—  
He heard not the rising wind's menacing roar ;  
Home, kindred, and safety he left on that day,  
As he sped to *Hy-Brasail*, away, far away !

Morn rose on the deep, and that shadowy isle,  
O'er the faint rim of distance, reflected its smile ;  
Noon burned on the wave, and that shadowy shore—  
Seemed lovelily distant, and faint as before ;  
Lone evening came down on the wanderer's track,  
And to Ara again he looked timidly back ;  
Oh ! far on the verge of the ocean it lay,  
Yet the isle of the blest was away, far away !

Rash dreamer, return ! O, ye winds of the main,  
Bear him back to his own peaceful Ara again.  
Rash fool ! for a vision of fanciful bliss  
To barter thy calm life of labour and peace.  
The warning of reason was spoken in vain ;  
He never revisited Ara again !  
Night fell on the deep, amidst tempest and spray,  
And he died on the waters, away, far away !

The above, as a matter of course, is placed in succession to Dr. Croly's "Atlantis." The coincidence between Plato's mysterious story and an Irish tradition cannot fail to strike the reader as remarkable, and might well awake many a curious speculation. I have seen several ballads on the subject, but Griffin's is the most poetical by far, and not only embodies the tradition, but inculcates a moral. In this it resembles Moore's lovely legendary ballad of "The Indian Boat ;" and in the third verse of Griffin's, the passing of the different stages of the day without the desired object being reached reminds one of the end of the second verse of Moore's—

“ Thus on, and on  
Till day was gone,  
And the moon thro' heav'n did hie her,  
He swept the main.  
But all in vain,  
That boat seem'd never the nigher.”

Popular fancy has a sort of barnacle quality of encrusting tradition with odd figments, and a very strange one has stuck to *Hy-Brasail*—viz., that, if a stone or piece of earth from the sacred sod of Ireland could be thrown on the fugitive island, it would settle the matter at once. Thus says a verse in one of the many ballads on the subject :—

“ They also say, if earth or stone  
From verdant Erin's hallow'd land  
Were on this magic island thrown,  
For ever fix'd it then would stand,”

There is something exceedingly amusing in this *getting within stone's-throw* of so shy a bird as this flying island.

Gougaune Barra.

J. J. Callanan.

Gougaune Barra, sublime in the loneliness of its deep lake, shadowed into reflected darkness by the overhanging mountains of the ancient district of “ The Desmonds” (now South Cork), is a spot, of all others, to inspire poet or painter with admiration ; and Callanan, in the following noble lines, shows how deeply his soul was under the spell of the local influence. In Gougaune Barra the river Lee has its source—the Lee, whose “ pleasant waters” have been so celebrated in the exquisite song, “ The Bells of Shandon.” Truly, it must be a witching water to fascinate two such poets—to inspire two such lyrics. Rare are the rivers that can claim as much :—well may this be called “ Allu of songs.”

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,  
Where Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow ;  
In deep-valley'd Desmond a thousand wild fountains  
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains ;  
There grows the wild ash ; and a time-stricken willow  
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow.  
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,  
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—Oh ! to see them all bright'ning,  
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,  
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,  
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;  
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming.  
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.  
Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,  
So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara, [1]  
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,  
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,  
And trod all thy wilds with a Minstrel's devotion !  
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together  
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather.  
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,  
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water !

High sons of the lyre, oh ! how proud was the feeling,  
To think, while alone through that solitude stealing,  
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,  
I fearlessly wak'd your wild harp from its slumber.



And glean'd the grey legend that long had been sleeping  
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,  
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,  
When to love her was shame—to revile her was glory !

Last bard of the free ! [2] were it mine to inherit  
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit—  
With the wrongs which, like thee, to our country have bound me—  
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me.  
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally.  
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley ;  
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory.  
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story !

I soon shall be gone !—but my name may be spoken  
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken ;  
Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming.  
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming.  
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion.  
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,  
And plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,  
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are silent for ever. [3]

[1] Cape Clear.

[2] He must have meant Moore, from the context.

[3] This melancholy aspiration of the patriot poet was not realised ; his grave is in a foreign land.

### The Silver Lee.

The Lee has had the power of inspiration over her neighbouring poets. Here are some very pretty lines by an anonymous votary of the Muses and the Lee. It is seldom such good lines are to be found in a broadside, whence this was taken, bearing date, Cork, 1818.

Rivers are there great and small,  
Romantic, too, the course of many,  
With coated crag and foamy fall ;  
But never river saw I any  
Half so fair, so dear to me  
As my own, my silvery Lee.

Much I've heard about the Rhine,  
With vineyards gay, and castles stately ;  
But those who think I care for wine  
Or lofty towers, mistake me greatly :  
A thousand times more dear to me  
Is whiskey by the silvery Lee.

The Tagus, with its golden sand,  
The Tiber, full of ancient glory,  
The Danube, though a river grand.

The Seine and Elbe, renowned in story  
Can never be so dear to me  
As the pure and silvery Lee.

'Tis not the voice that tongues the stream.  
In winter hoarse, in spring-time clearer—  
That makes my own sweet river seem  
Above all other rivers dearer ;  
But 'tis her voice, who whispers me,—  
“ How lovely is the silvery Lee !”

But it is not merely for its beauties, which appeal to the eye and touch the spiritual nature of the poet, that the Lee is famous : the creature considerations of the gourmand may be tickled by the thought of the unseen stores within its depths—though not unseen either, if we trust an Irish poet, who sings—

“ Of salmon and gay speckled trout  
It holds such a plentiful store.  
That thousands are forced to leap out,  
By the multitude jostled on shore.”

Think o' that ! ye Cockney punters, who spend your days on the Thames, and feel yourselves lucky if you get a nibble. In another version of this old Irish ballad, entitled “ Cormac Oge,” the river is celebrated as “ the trout-loving Lee ;” and the hyperbole gracing the foregoing verse is given in this high-sounding line—

“ The fish burst their banks and leap high on the shore.”

Cormac Oge.

From the Irish.

The pigeons coo—the spring's approaching now,  
The bloom is bursting on the leafy bough ;  
The cresses green o'er streams are clustering low,  
And honey-hives with sweets abundant flow.

Rich are the fruits the hazely woods display—  
A slender virgin, virtuous, fair, and gay ;  
With steeds and sheep, of kine a many score,  
By trout-stor'd Lee whose banks we'll see no more,

The little birds pour music's sweetest notes.  
The calves for milk distend their bleating throats ;  
Above the weirs the silver salmon leap,  
While Cormac Oge and I all lonely weep !

The above is the ballad alluded to in “ Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy,” as noticed in the “ Silvery Lee,” and translated by Mr. Edward Walshe. A sufficient resemblance exists among all the versions to show they have been derived from the same original source, and all go to establish the fame of the river for the plenteousness of its finny tribes. In this last version it is true they do not

“ Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,”

as the former one quoted—but there they are.

Having given so many poetic notices of this very lovely river, it would argue carelessness if I failed to notice that it has been celebrated by another poet, and that poet, “ though last,” most certainly “ not least.” The “ divine” Spenser has celebrated the Lee, as he has many other natural beauties and qualities of Ireland, in his undying verse ; and his notice is topographically correct to minuteness. The Lee divides as it approaches Cork, and after sweeping round the insular point on which the greater part of the city stands, reunites and forms that far-famed estuary, the Cove of Cork. Spenser gives but two lines—but even two lines from Spenser confer fame : —

“ The spreading Lee, that, like an island fair,  
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood.”

Know Ye Not That Lovely River ?

Gerald Griffin.

The following exquisite verses were written at the request of the author’s sister, then living in America. The Scotch air “ Roy’s Wife,” was a favourite of hers, and she wished for some lines to sing to it, not liking any that had been adapted to that very sweet melody. It is not an easy air to write to, being, from its peculiarly Scottish structure, more suited to instrumentation than vocalisation. I do not mean this remark to apply to Scotch airs in general, all the flowing ones being as fine as any in the world for the purposes of song ; but in “ Roy’s Wife” there is something of a lilting character unfavourable to song. Even Burns, that great master of musical measure, was not as happy as usual in his verses to this melody. The melody is often called “ Garnavilla” in the south of Ireland, from a song called “ Kate of Garnavilla,” very popular some half century ago, and though of no great literary merit, perhaps it sings better than any other to the melody. In point of poetic beauty and intensity of feeling, Griffin’s verses far surpass any ever written to the air, but they partake of the character of an ode rather than of a song. The river thus dearly remembered is the Ovaan, or White River, which sports in great variety of character through a romantic glen, where the poet loved to wander.

Know ye not that lovely river !  
Know ye not that smiling river ?  
    Whose gentle flood,  
    By cliff and wood,  
With ’wilderer sound goes ’winding ever.  
    Oh I often yet with feeling strong,  
On that dear stream my memory ponders,  
    And still I prize its murmuring song,  
For by my childhood’s home it wanders.  
    Know ye not, &c.  
There’s music in each wind that blows  
    Within our native valley breathing ;  
There’s beauty in each flower that grows  
    Around our native woodland wreathing.  
The memory of the brightest joys

In childhood's happy morn that found us,  
Is dearer than the richest toys,  
The present vainly sheds around us.  
Know ye not, &c.

Oh, sister I when 'mid doubts and fears  
That haunt life's onward journey ever,  
I turn to those departed years.  
And that beloved and lovely river ;  
With sinking mind and bosom riven,  
And heart with lonely anguish aching,  
It needs my long-taught hope in heaven,  
To keep that weary heart from breaking !  
Know ye not, &c.

The following remarks from Dr. Griffin, in his interesting memoir of his brother, seem to me too worthy of quotation to be omitted here :—

“ The exquisite tenderness and depth of the feeling conveyed in these lines rendered them, like those touching ones addressed by the late Rev. C. Woolfe to “ Mary,” but badly adapted to be sung to any air, however beautiful. It is evident they were written after that change had come over his mind to which I have already slightly alluded, and which took away entirely his early and strong thirst for literary fame. However people in general may regret such an alteration, there are few persons who have arrived at that period of life when reflection begins to prevail, and enables them to perceive clearly the fleeting destiny of every temporal interest, who have not themselves at one time or another been under the visitation of those ‘ doubts and fears’ they so beautifully express, and who will fail, therefore, to sympathise with that serious cast of thought which was so prevalent in his later writings, though it lessened their interest by depriving them of that character of passion which is such a jewel with the multitude.”—*Life of Gerald Griffin, by his brother, Daniel Griffin, M.D.*, p. 68.

Waiting for The May.

Denis Florence MacCarthy.

Command of rhythm, in almost capricious variety, with great facility and melody of rhyme, were among the poetic gifts of Clarence Mangan. The fineness of his ear, in both respects, is evident in the following exquisite lines, and it is feared his latter days were sufficiently sorrow-shaded to account for their morbidness. They are intense in feeling—sweetly poetical—bitterly sad—

“ Most musical, most melancholy.”

Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May—  
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,  
Where the fragrant hawthorn-brambles,  
With the woodbine alternating.  
Scent the dewy way.  
Ah ! my heart is weary waiting,  
Waiting for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May —  
Longing to escape from study  
To the fair young face and ruddy.  
And the thousand charms belonging  
To the summer's day.  
All ! my heart is sick with longing,  
Longing for the May.

Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May—  
Sighing for their sure returning  
When the summer-beams are burning,  
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying  
All the winter lay.  
Ah ! my heart is sore with sighing,  
Sighing for the May.

All ! my heart is pained with throbbing.  
Throbbing for the May—  
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,  
Or the water-wooing willows,  
Where in laughing and in sobbing  
Glide the streams away.  
Ah ! my heart is pained with throbbing,  
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,  
Waiting for the May.  
Spring goes by with wasted warnings-  
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings-  
Summer comes, ye dark and dreary  
Life still ebbs away—  
Man is ever weary, weary.  
Waiting for the May !

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