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# BALLADS OF DOWN

BY

GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG,  
M.A., D. LIT.

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TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF  
MY MOTHER.



[NOTE.

ALMOST all the poems *in dialect* contained in this volume were written between the years 1892 and 1899. A note on the dialect in which they are worded will be found prefixed to the Glossary at the end of the book.

G. F. S.-A.

*January, 1901.]*



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## DOWN AND WICKLOW.

1.

I LOVE the fresh bright autumn days  
Of mottled skies and lucid weather,  
For then from Wicklow's fraughan-braes  
I hail Slieve Donard's heights of heather,  
Far off I trace in outline clear  
The peaks of Down in light extended, —  
Twin spots of Earth I hold most dear  
In one ethereal realm are blended.

2.

With Wicklow's land of stream and hill  
My childhood's hopes and joys enwound me;  
It woke the loves that mould me still;  
With nets of gold its beauty bound me;

Where flashed its rills by rock and tree,  
Where rolled its beaches' ocean-thunder,  
I bowed before the mystery  
Of Nature's life in awe and wonder.

## 3.

Their sword-won breezy Uladh heights  
For many an age my kinsfolk warded;  
And Fancy loves in lingering flights  
To roam the land whereo'er they lorded;  
As round its castled knolls I climb  
I hear familiar voices calling,  
And eerie spells of olden time  
With elfin music round me falling.

## 4.

I've sung of Wicklow's moorlands brown,  
And Wicklow's folk, in measured story;  
Take now these rustic rhymes of Down  
That claims in song an equal glory;  
A few the Poet's dreams enfold,  
The most the peasants' loves and sorrow,  
And some may last till youth grows old,  
And all may fade before to-morrow.

## BLOW, WINDS OF ARDS!

1.

THE hill-side road with hawthorns gay,  
How sweet, as, upward climbing,  
The sea-winds round me swirl and play  
And set my lips a-rhyming!

2.

From lough to sea the breezes roll,  
With scents of field and ocean,  
And all the forces of my soul  
Awake in blithe emotion.

3.

Blue waves are leaping in the sun,  
Red sails and white sails dancing,  
And golden holt and fallow dun  
In leagues of light are glancing.

4.

Blow, winds of Ards, through furze and May,  
Your flight from heaven down-winging,  
Blow, winds of Ards, from bay to bay,  
And set my heart a-singing!

## ON THE HEIGHTS OF MOURNE.

1.

HOW blue, how passing beautiful, at times,  
Our island-summer skies and slumbering seas!  
And here to-day what splendour of fair climes  
Drenches the mountains and the shores and leas,  
While gazing downward o'er the plummy trees  
That half-way up Slieve Donard's rugged height  
Stand, gently stirred by the cool valley-breeze,  
Elate, I scan with ever-gladdening sight  
Plain, wave, and glittering isle, clear in the  
cloudless light!

2.

Lo, Mona in the distance from the sea  
Raises her blue aërial mountain-line  
Keen-edged against heaven's azure! Mistily  
Far-off the bluffs of Scotland seem to shine,

Glimmer, and fade to vapour. Birk and pine  
Sweep, softening, down the slopes to Iveagh's  
plain.

See how the yellow winding shores entwine  
The leafy mound where stands with many a stain  
The Templars' mouldering Tower still frowning o'er  
the main!

## 3.

Beyond — fair "cantred of the light!" — Lecale  
Extends its fertile fields of ripening wheat.  
The Seven-Castled Town, with many a sail  
Sheltering beneath it, guards its little fleet,  
Where once the Norman, with his mailed feet,  
Kept watch upon the bastion lest the foe,  
Swarming from many a forest's dim retreat,  
Should burst upon his fields with sudden blow,  
And quench his little sept in piteous overthrow.

## 4.

And in and out of Cuan's wandering fiord  
Run the swift deep-blue waters, guarded well  
With moat and rampart of the feudal lord,  
Where in his pride he strove with pomp to dwell.

The Knolls, "the Ards," of Uladh lightly swell  
 Toward the clear sky beyond, with rath and keep  
 And ruined abbey dotting down and dell;  
 Then Scrabo lifts his monumented steep,  
 And Antrim's caverned hills their column-crag  
 upheap.

## 5.

And, nearer, Kinelarty's mountain-range  
 Cleaves the horizon, and around its base  
 Cornland and meadow, pasture, park, and grange  
 Their vari-coloured tissues interlace,  
 Glowing with sunshine. Here, in the embrace  
 Of purple steeps, reclining 'mid the stream,  
 High on this heathery rock, how sweet to trace  
 River and lough and town and spire that gleam  
 On that fair length of land unfolding like a dream!

## 6.

There roamed the Firbolgs till by magic spells  
 The Tooaha overthrew them, — god with god,  
 Giant with giant, struggling; the pure wells  
 Of silver water fringed with the smooth sod,

And the green hills, became the veiled abode  
 Of victor deity. There the Druid piled  
 His rude stone-temple; there in darkness glowed  
 The sacred fire on altar undefiled  
 That lent the mage his might and cheered the  
 chieftain wild.

## 7.

Driven by the Pagan back from Wicklow shore,  
 There to Quoile's banks the Keltic Herdsman  
 steered,  
 Bearing the fairer Light, the happier Lore.  
 There the first mass-bell sounded. There were  
 reared,  
 By the bright sea, or where the vales are cheered  
 With limpid brooks, or on the island-lawn  
 Kissed by the clear lake-waters, the revered  
 Cells of the Holy, where, in thought withdrawn,  
 They quaffed the living Word, pure as the breath of  
 dawn.

## 8.

The roving Viking, from his piney bay  
 Oaring his bark, up yonder beaches drave,

Plundered the sacred fanes, and went his way;  
Or ofttimes, in some rath above the wave  
Encamping, spoiled the Gaelic fields. He gave  
The long sea-firths the names they bear. His hand  
Had ceased not yet to threaten and enslave  
When with swift stroke the Norman's fearless band  
Smote the divided Gael and clutched his harried  
land.

## 9.

And many a year, through many a mortal fight,  
Compassed with danger, there the Norman dwelt,  
Till Bruce o'erwhelmed him; yet his stubborn might  
Was bent, not shattered; some survived and dealt  
Revenge upon their foemen; for they felt  
The unconquerable spirit of their race  
Unconquered still within them; and the Kelt,  
Now breaking and now broken, in his place  
Honoured the chief that ne'er to master bowed the  
face.

## 10.

Then o'er the fruitful vales the wings of peace  
Were folded. Britain's children, with the Gael  
And with the Norman blent, have tilled the leas,  
Watered and planted, set the venturous sail,  
Moulded the ship of iron, bale on bale  
Piled up their subtile loom-work, farm and town  
And city fashioned, till the summer's gale  
Wooes not a land of goodlier renown,  
Or happier fairer fields, than thine, O peaceful  
Down!

## 11.

Thy cup-like raths, thy grassy burial-knolls  
In the warm beams are basking; Cuan's isles,  
As the blue tide around them softly rolls,  
Their ruined fanes unfold to heaven's smiles;  
Thy Norman abbey-walls and broken piles  
Spread their bright ivies in the delicate air;  
Thy glittering shore the wandering eye beguiles;  
White in their woodlands glow thy mansions fair;  
Thy crystal roofs afar flash in the noonday's glare;

## 12.

Thy winding highways sparkle near and far;  
Thy homestead-walls are glancing in heaven's rays;  
And here and there thy beacons, each a star,  
Mirror the sun; thy waters are ablaze;  
Thy children gather flowers in woodland ways;  
Thy wild-birds flutter from thy lake-side reeds;  
Thy mill-wheels murmur 'mid thy ferny braes;  
The mowers are at work amid thy meads;  
The long swift snake of fire across thy levels  
speeds;

## 13.

The smoke of labour faints in the pure sky;  
The far-off city nestling 'neath its hills  
Has cast its dusky canopy on high;  
The thirsty oxen wade thy running rills;  
The rustic fast his daily task fulfils;  
The lovers wander in thy leanings green;  
The lark in thy blue air his rapture trills;  
The thrushes warble in their leafy screen.  
The saddest heart grows gay poring on such a  
scene.

## 14.

Dear land of steadfast hearts and toiling arms,  
Home of my kindred, source of strange delights, —  
Weird fancies, of my childhood, antique charms  
And visionary splendours, never blight  
Fall on thy fruitful fields, nor shadow of night  
Enrobe thee save with promise of bright dawn!  
Peace and calm joy brood on thine every height,  
And town, and park, and humble cot withdrawn  
In leafy dell, and shore, and breadth of grove and  
lawn!

## CHAFFINCHES.

1.

A SHALL nae hear the chaffinch sing,  
A shall nae see in ony Spring  
The bright white daplets ower his wing  
As swift he passes,  
But Portaferry's ferniest glade  
Wull seem tae fau'd me in its shade,  
An' in my han' in luve be laid  
My ain wee lassie's.

2.

The bluebell-beds wi' blindin' light,  
Aroon' us bloomin', dazed oor sight,  
As there about the woodlan's height  
Sae blest we wander'd,  
An' not yin tree the groves amang,  
But on its boos the chaffinch sang,  
An' tae his notes the woodlan' rang  
Wi' sweetness squander'd.

## 3.

Ah! whun we ceased at whiles tae speak,  
 The wee smile ripplin' ower her cheek  
 Grew sweeter yit, as pensive-meek,  
 She'd pause tae listen,  
 Or upward whaur the beeches lean,  
 Wud turn her face wi' luvesome een  
 Tae watch thon birdies' crests o' green  
 And red throats glisten.

## 4.

Amang the lanesome Doonshire hills  
 Aroon' me noo the chaffinch trills,  
 An' through the droopin' daffydils  
 The bluebells brighten;  
 But ither breezes roon' her roam,  
 An' ither mountains gird her home,  
 An' ither seas wi' flickerin' foam  
 Forenent her whiten.

## 5.

Amang the bluebell-plats A lie;  
 The bonnie birds come glancin' by,  
 An', as they sing, wi' mony a sigh  
 My heart seems breakin';

Awhile in mine her han' is press'd,  
Her een on mine a moment rest,  
Her image, passing, glads my breast,  
An' laves it achin'.

## IN THE WOODS OF TOLLYMORE.

1.

THE winter gloaming folds the darkened woods.  
Far-off the night-winds murmur. At my feet  
Startled, the blackbird, winging with shrill cry,  
Darts to the dusky copse. The brooding sky  
Draws downward, and the clouds and mountains  
meet.  
Grim shapes begin to haunt the solitudes.

2.

The shrivelled leaves upwhirl themselves and  
speed  
Rustling around me into the thick gloom.  
The spruces heave and strain in their unrest,  
Sighing for slumber. In the dreary west  
The last red gleam sinks in the sunset's tomb.  
Night's inky mantle muffles moor and mead.

3.

I hear no sound of footstep save mine own.  
Now every bird seems sleeping. Like a sea

Far off and near the winds amid the boughs  
Arise and die away, awake and drowse.  
Night is around me with its mystery.  
Through the deep gloom I bear my grief alone —

## 4.

Alone into the night! O welcome night,  
Amid thy blackness doth my spirit shrink,  
Weary of light, and life, and love foredoomed  
With its own bootless fire to die consumed;  
Faint, sick with hopeless pain, I seem to sink  
Swooning into thy darkness infinite!

## THE INVALID.

## 1.

THE snug wee hoosie whaur she lees, —  
 My puir sick Luvie, — wi' epple-trees  
 Is shaded roon', a' bright wi' fruit,  
 An' ower its wa's white roses shoot;  
 An' at her wundee there wi'in  
 She sits, reclinin', pale an' thin,  
 Too wake tae knit, or spin, or sew,  
 An' sees the rabins come an' go,  
 An' watches till the close uv day  
 The red cairts rattlin' doon the brae.

## 2.

Jist noo her wundee glames afar  
 In sunset blent wi' even-star;  
 An' noo A ken my wee yin's een  
 Gaze on thon skies uv goolden-green.  
 There, wrapt agen' September's chill,  
 The dear wee sick yin lingers still;

Her apen buik upo' her knee,  
She sits, in silence, dramefully,  
Wi' white han's claspt as if in prayer,  
An' white face lifted sadly-fair.

## 3.

Ah, wud that A fur jist yin hour,  
Afore the night wi' storm an' shower  
Fa's black'nin' ower Lough Cuan's wave,  
Might there beside her sit, an' crave  
Tae hau'd in mine her han' sae slight,  
The puir wee fingers frail an' white,  
An' talk uv happier days awhile,  
An' see yince mair the wistfu' smile  
Wi' a' its tender wilderin' grace  
Come stealin' ower her luvesome face!

## AN EARLY SPRING.

1.

WHILE yet the sun's at Winter's level  
The wurl' is bright wi' radiant Spring;  
On topmost sprays the throstles revel,  
The blackbird dips wi' lither wing;  
Like myriad fairy falchions gleamin'  
The flickerin' grasses glad the lea;  
An' Effie's face wi' health is beamin',  
An' blither light's in Effie's ee.

2.

While lingerin' snaw Slieve Donard laces  
The boos in Iveagh's groves ir green,  
The lawns ir pied wi' buddin' daisies,  
The laurels wave wi' livelier sheen;  
There's life an' hope in muir an' meadda,  
There's joy an' rest in skies an' sea;  
An' Effie's brow has nae yin shadda,  
An' tend'rer glances Effie's ee.

## 3.

While twilight yit is a' too fleetin'  
Fu' sweet's the breath o' length'nin' day;  
The weanlin' kids ir saftly bleatin';  
Wee lambs aroon' their mithers play;  
The primrose through the moss is peepin';  
The violet decks the gnarlöd tree;  
An' ah, my heart wi' joy is leapin'  
Tae see the luve in Effie's ee!

## THE HAUNTED HILL.

## 1.

OLD Nancy Breen her skinny hand  
Laid cold on Donald's shoulder;  
"A seen yer doom yestreen," she cried,  
"Whaur turf an' cinders smoulder;  
A seen yer doom, young Donald Greer,  
Wi'in the fire, tae warn me;  
For aye an' aye ye've luved tae weel  
Tae mock my years an' scorn me.

## 2.

"Then, dinnae crass Ardkeen at night,  
Whun winter's murk and dreary;  
'Mang a' the lanesome nuiks in Airds  
By night there's nane sae eerie.  
Thon Castle Hill is haunted groun';  
By elves an' ghaists it's guarded;;  
There spectre Chieftains pace the fiel's  
Ower which lang syne they lorded;

## 3.

"Sir Rowlan' frae his grave upleps,  
 A helm'd and soorded shadda;  
 Dark Raymon' mounts his spectral steed  
 An' scours the circlin' meadda;  
 Frum whaur on high the Castle stud,  
 There comes a soun' o' revel,  
 An' peals o' ghaistly laughter ring  
 Aroon' the stormy level.

## 4.

"An' if ye see nor hear nae these,  
 Ye'll see the Kirkyard glowin',  
 Each grave wi' gruesome lights wull glame,  
 Its dismal shape oot-showin';  
 Ye'll hear the spectral bugle blaw,  
 Tae direfu' battle cheerin';  
 Ye'll see the spectral huntsman's ban'  
 Aroon' the Dorn careerin'."

## 5.

Young Donald laughed with cruel scorn,  
 "Gang hame til Portavogie!  
 A'm nae the lad tae cower wi' fear  
 At curse uv witch or bogie.

This night the auld Kirk's ruin'd wa'  
A'll climb athoot a lather,  
An' whaur the conies root the graves  
A deed mon's banes A'll gather!"

## 6.

And midnight came, and Donald rose,  
And through the gloom he wended.  
The moon was gone; the rueful wind  
Wailed like a babe untended.  
But never back to friends or home  
Came Donald on the morrow.  
His parents searched with straining sight,  
And wept in hopeless sorrow;

## 7.

The Castle Hill they searched in vain,  
Dry moat and ditch and dingle,  
And stranded hulk and stunted thorn,  
And Dorn-shore's weedy shingle;  
Till last the old Kirk-door they broke,  
And there, a corpse, they found him,  
Cold as the dead men's bones that lay  
In mouldering dust around him.

## THE TEMPTRESS.

1.

GANG awa', wee lassie,  
 Wi' yer een sae blue;  
 Dinnae tempt my heart tae wander  
 Frae my ain wee maiden true ...  
 Ah, her een sae saft an' broon,  
 How A see them night an' day'  
 Nivver een in fiel' or toun  
 Tauld a luve sae deep as they.

2.

Gang awa', wee lassie;  
 Fair eneuch ye be;  
 Mony a lad wud dee tae win ye —  
 Why sae tangle *me?*...  
 Ah, my ain wee Luve — ah, dear! —  
 Whaur's the sweetheart's leal as mine?  
 A' the girls frae Boyne tae here  
 Cudnae part my soul frae thine!

## PARTING.

1.

LET but thy hand in mine a wee bit linger  
When I must say "Adieu!",  
That I may feel the clasp of palm and finger  
So firm and true  
Tingling yet softly when I sit to dream  
That thou art with me still by Shimna stream.

2.

Leave me with just one lovesome smile at parting,  
When thou must turn to go,  
That I may see thine eyes' deep lustre darting  
And kindly glow  
Glimmering yet fondly when my face I hide  
To dream I greet thee still by Bearnagh side.

## A SNOWY DAY.

1.

FRAE Carlin' Lough til Carrick Bay  
 The wurl' is white wi' snaw the-day;  
 In flickerin' shoors on fiel' an' shaw  
 The flakes wi' misty thickness fa';  
 The whirrin' blast blaws keen an' swift;  
 The cuttage-daur's ir block'd wi' drift;  
 Nae play fur bairns in sich a sleet,  
 An' nae gaun oot fur agöd feet;  
 In ingle snug an' corner murk  
 Wee maids an' mithers mope an' work.

2.

Wi' lanes sae deep wi' driftin' straw'd  
 A may nae meet my Luve abroad.  
 A ken fu' weel the wee thing sits  
 Ahint her wundee sma', an' knits,  
 An' drames — ah! wull she drame o' me,  
 An' watch the roads wi' restless ee? —

If, battlin' wi' the blindin' blast,  
 A doon the broad white road A pass'd,  
 O, wud she nigh the wundee draw,  
 Or turn her soft broon een awa'?

## 3.

A wull nae risk the bitter pain  
 O' cruel disapp'intment's bane.  
 A'll hau'd her last wee luvesome luik  
 Still clear in Memory's goolden buik,  
 An' brood on that till next we meet.  
 Then may she gie yin glance as sweet!  
 Ah, lang's that luik afore me steals  
 The fiercest blow Misfortune deals  
 A'll bear athoot yin moan or tear,  
 It's made this mortal wurl' sae dear!

## 4.

Whilst here A toil wi' icy han'  
 A glower across the whiten'd lan',  
 An' think o' nocht but her, sae sweet,  
 Far fau'ded-up 'mid snaws an' sleet,  
 Wi'in her drift-boon'd hoosie pent,  
 Her white face ower her needles bent,

Her wee-bit fingers smooth an' fair,  
Her lashes black an' nut-broon hair,  
Her rosy mooth, her dimplit chin,  
And — ah! — her heart sae werm wi'in!

## WINTER'S OVER.

## 1.

DEEP lay the drift i' the loanin', an' lang  
Owër the muirlan' the winter win' sang,  
An' the saison wuz cruel tae cattle an' men —  
But bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again, —

Ay, —

Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,  
An' bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again.

## 2.

Hard wur the furrows fur mony a day,  
Ice on the loughs an' the fringe o' the bay,  
An' dyin' wi' hunger wur rabin an' wren —  
But bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again, —

Ay, —

Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,  
An' bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again.

## 3.

Deed wuz the stramelet an' dumb wuz the mill,  
 Nivver a waggon cud climb the lang hill,  
 There wuz snaw on the mountain an' frost on the  
 fen —

But bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again, —

Ay, —

Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,  
 An' bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again.

## 4.

Fuel wuz scarce, an' the cau'd wuz sae keen  
 Puir wuz oor coomfurt by mornin' or een;  
 It wuz bitter athoot an' whun ye cam' ben —  
 But bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again, —

Ay, —

Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,  
 An' bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again.

## 5.

After the frost cam' sudden the thaw;  
 Rapid the drifts in the'r meltin' awa';  
 Then owër Airth fell the floods an' the rain —  
 But bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again, —

Ay, —  
 Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,  
 An' bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again.

## 6.

Floods in the meaddas and floods at the gate;  
 Pleughin' an' plantin' an' sowin' maun wait;  
 There wuz trouble an' sorra an' gloom athoot en'—  
 But bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again, —

Ay, —  
 Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,  
 An' bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again.

## 7.

Trouble an' sorra' an' sickness an' pain,  
 Toil athoot profit, the win' an' the rain,  
 Hope owër-clouded, nae luvèr, nae frien' —  
 But bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again, —

Ay, —  
 Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,  
 An' bonnie wee snawdraps ir bloomin' again.

## THE KNIGHT'S CHOICE.

1.

THESE Ards for me, — this land of rolling hills  
'Twixt the blue water of the blithe wide sea  
And the great Bay the blue sea-water fills!  
Here on this height my ramparts planted be!

2.

Yes, these for me, and for my children these! —  
How fresh the grassy slopes, the green thick  
woods!  
How boon from sea to sea the summer breeze!  
How fair, afar, yon mountain solitudes!

3.

The spirit broadens, grows elate and strong,  
On such a prospect gazing. I will keep  
My home where I may hear the sea-waves' song  
And feel the vast world round me while I sleep.

4.

Set here the Lion-Banner of my race. —  
Swift was our march on Uladh; swiftly fell  
The foe before us; yet, let none unlace  
His harness, for at rest we shall not dwell.

5.

Our foes are legion, we a narrowing band —  
Well-armed, made hard with battle, but too few  
To lie down helmless in a hostile land,  
Or set no blood-mark on the morning dew.

6.

Yea, having won this tract of pleasant heights,  
Let us not lose it!" — Brave and Faithful" — so  
Prove we, and we shall prosper, — our delights  
The soldier's — thrust for thrust and blow for blow;

7.

No dalliance and no languor and no rust!  
And who could play the sluggard in such air?  
We triumph in these winds because we must,  
Driven by strong life to labour and to dare.

8.

Let him that is the braver win! — Straight stroke,  
Frank speech, and free forgiveness; the firm hands  
Outstretched to shield the weak, to snap the yoke,  
To greet the guest, to tighten close the strands

9.

Of friendship — these be ours unto the end! —  
Build, then, and make our name a name of fear  
To them that flout us, but to every friend  
A welcome sound to brighten and to cheer.

## ARDKEEN CASTLE-HILL.

1.

DEAR little new-found cousin-friend,  
How strange it seems that you and I  
Up Ardkeen Hill this morn should wend  
Together — with the clear May sky  
So blue above us, and the breeze  
O'er Strangford's isles and waters blowing,  
And all the Ards betwixt the seas  
Beneath us in the sunlight glowing, —  
And I should feel as if for years,  
In bygone ages, other spheres,  
Our spirits had communion held,  
Though o'er your neck the sea-winds play  
With maiden-locks all golden-gay,  
And mine have felt the frost of Eld,  
And though the freshness of your face  
Has lent us but a one day's grace!  
Can cords of kinship subtly bind  
So heart with heart, so mind with mind?

## 2.

Because about this Hill of old  
Our fathers fought and firmly swayed,  
Faced frowning Fate with spirits bold,  
As lovers loved, as children played,  
We, gladdening with a sense of power  
And freedom, in the mirthful weather,  
Here, while the distant ages shower  
Their memories round us, roam together  
And live in pleasant years of yore,  
And, revelling in a golden Past,  
Behold a magic glory cast  
About our feet from shore to shore.  
From distant diverse homes we've come  
To find a more familiar home  
Where hills and isles and winding bay  
Seem all our very own to-day.

## 3.

What forms are glimmering in my sight  
As here upon the steep we stand!  
I see our sires in armour dight;  
I hear their merry greetings bland;  
Beneath the morion and the crest

I see their kind and homely faces;  
My hand by kindred hands is pressed;  
They bid us to their dwelling-places;  
Such love as oft in hours of pain  
My mother's eyes would o'er me rain  
Beneath the lifted vizor beams  
With tender-genial welcoming;  
And clear the hearty laughters ring;  
And bright the brow with humour gleams.  
The kindred Dead who haunt us here  
We meet without one touch of fear;  
They seem our lives to guard and bless,  
Thrice happy in our happiness.

## 4.

Yes, in this rapture rare and sweet  
Our Norman fathers, kind as brave,  
Whose dust is mouldering at our feet  
In vault or bluebell-spangled grave,  
Rejoice, their ardent lives renew,  
Forget the taint of mortal sadness;  
Here, where their Lion-Banner flew  
They hail their children's-children's gladness,  
As, gazing round the breezy Height,

We trace their Castle's vanished walls,  
Their frowning towers, their festive halls,  
Or watch the sea-waves breaking white,  
Or greet yon mountains as they rise  
Afar amid the morning skies,  
Or range the steep, or, hand-in-hand,  
Run laughing down to Cuan's strand.

## THE KNIGHT'S SUPPER.

"Hic mensam semper splendidissimam servavit."

GRACE: Annals of Kilkenny.

## 1.

HASTY, jovial, brave and generous, old Sir Robert,  
armed for battle,  
Strode adown his hall, and cried, "Prepare a supper  
rich and splendid  
Of the best my larder yields of cates and wine and  
deer and cattle,  
That shall make us joyous-hearted when the day's  
rough work is ended  
And we come in triumph home.  
Let the brimming tankard foam,  
And the wine of Bordeaux sparkle, and the beef  
and venison simmer,  
That my men and I may gladden, back-returning  
from the slaughter;  
And this moment, ere we march, let your cups and  
goblets glimmer.  
Ye shall fight, my friends, to-day on something  
blither than spring water.

Drink, my gallant comrades! — Ho!  
Each a bumper ere we go!"

## 2.

So they drank their foaming goblets down. But  
someone muttered loudly,  
"Wherefore waste, Sir Knight, your viands in such  
reckless preparation,  
When God knows what soul among us may return,  
who go so proudly  
Forth to fight the swarming Kerns; and, when we  
lie in cold prostration,  
Must the cravens, crowding in,  
With their bragging and their din,  
Quaff the cups and gorge the meats intended us,  
the dead, to pleasure?" —  
And another, "Nay, Sir Knight, spread thy table still  
with foison,  
But, lest caitiffs come in conquest in to gorge them  
with your treasure,  
Mix the usquebagh and cates and wine and meat  
with mortal poison,  
So that they that taste may die  
In the twinkling of an eye."

## 3.

Then a flash of transient anger lit the face so brave  
and genial —  
"Tush, ye be too full of envy. But an inn's this  
earthly dwelling,  
In the which ye have no interest, but are each of  
you a menial,  
Just a tenant at God's will. If it should please Him,  
us expelling  
Hence, to shelter where we lie  
Those good fellows ye decry,  
Will it hurt us if we've yielded the poor devils bread  
to feed 'em?  
Let them hardly win and wear it! If they entered  
now our gateway,  
Nothing less would manners teach us than to  
welcome them and speed 'em.  
Much good may the banquet do them! — Yet I  
know your worth, and straightway  
With such valour will ye fight  
That we'll sup at home to-night."

## 4.

So they clashed their cups together, and in laughter  
out they sallied;  
And they drave the lusty clansmen headlong down  
in fearless onset;  
And all day they thrust and hewed, until at last Sir  
Robert rallied  
All his captains, and he led them home to banquet  
as the sun set,  
Leaving stark upon the plain  
Full three thousand foemen slain.

## THE DOWN SODGER.

1.

TARRA-RÁH, tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh!  
We follie the rowl o' the drum!  
Tae the tune uv our boots  
An' the fifes an' the flutes,  
We follie the rowl o' the drum!

2.

Tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh!  
Through the park an' the square an' the slum,  
'Mid the puir, 'mid the gay,  
Fur a shillin' a day,  
We follie the rowl o' the drum!

3.

Tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh!  
We merch till oor buddies is numb;  
Through the snaws an' the rain,  
Owër mountain an' plain,  
We follie the rowl o' the drum!

4.

Tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh!  
Through the floods we hae waded an' swum;  
Whaur the skies ir as fire  
In oor battle-attire  
We follie the rowl o' the drum!

5.

Tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh, tarra-ráh!  
Rum-a-tum, tum-a-rum, tum-a-tum!  
Till a bullet flies by  
An' we stagger an' die  
We follie the rowl o' the drum!

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

1.

GEORDIE, come hame tae yer mither,  
Come hame tae yer mither, yer ain,  
Come hame tae yer puir auld mither  
Alane by her blake he'rth-stane!

2.

A wudnae hae left my mither  
Whun A wuz a waen like you  
Fur the goold an' the di'mon's uv Indy, —  
A luvd her sae weel an' true.

3.

A sez tae yer fayther a-coortin',  
"Sae lang as my Ma dra's breath,  
A'll stan' by her mornin' an' gloamin',  
A'll watch by her side tae death."

4.

An' A waitit in hunger an' sorra',  
 A gied her the hai'f o' my life,  
 Till they laid her adoon in Grey Abbey,  
 An' *then* A wuz made his wife.

5.

An' yer fayther grow'd fon' o' the liquor,  
 An wander'd awa', an' deed,  
 An' my Geordie, my Geordie, my Geordie  
 Wuz a' A wuz left in my need.

6.

O, cau'd is the puir auld buzzom  
 The wee waen's burthen made werm!  
 O, stren'th A hae nane fur tae labour,  
 An' a's gaed wrang wi' the ferm!

7.

O, but fur the hope that my Geordie  
 Wull come tae his mither yince mair,  
 A wud A wuz laid in the Abbey,  
 The wurl' is sae cau'd an' bare!

8.

O Geordie, come hame tae yer mither,  
Come hame tae yer mither, yer ain,  
Come hame tae yer puir auld mither  
Heart-bruck by her lane he'rth-stane!

## AUTUMN.

1.

THE heather's all a-bloom on Iveagh's hills.  
Alas, 'tis but the token  
Our Summer sweet its destined round fulfils,  
Our doom is spoken!  
With Spring's beginning were our lives made one,  
With Autumn parted;  
The rustling leaves must each one tread alone,  
Each broken-hearted.

2.

Nay, dear, 'twas not the cuckoo's note you caught  
Amid the reapers' singing,  
Only the wood-dove's muffled murmur brought  
With soft winds winging.  
Summer is past. We go through Autumn, borne  
We know not whither.  
Must love, like the dry leaflet, spent and torn,  
Drop too and wither?

## A LOVE'S SPELL.

1.

THINE eyes enfold me like the night  
That sinks o'er Cuan's stormful bay,  
As wave and wood and isle and height  
In gloom and slumber fade away.

2.

On Cuan slopes my kindred sleep,  
And, with thy fervent love caressed,  
I seem in trances strange and deep  
To swoon into their perfect rest.

## AULD JOHN'S VENGEANCE;

OR

## THE WITCH-HARE

1.

AULD John o' Ralloo went a-huntin' the hare  
Wi' as smert a wee peck as ye'd see,  
An' the hoon's wur his ain, an' he'd rear'd them wi'  
care,  
An' wuz prood o' them a' as cud be.

2.

John's mare wuz as study to ride as a bed,  
But unstudy in ridin' wuz John,  
Fur the herrin' he'd et at his breakfast wuz red,  
An' the 'hale uv his flaskie wuz gone.

3.

But he sut purty weel, an' he galloped awa',  
An' his mare wuz as fleet as the win',  
An' he shot like a shuttle ower puddle an' wa',  
An' the fiel' wuz left laggin' behin'.

## 4.

An' sae he flew on wi' the hare in his sight,  
 An' the peck on the heels o' the hare,  
 Till he come tae a loanin' ahint Bellawhite  
 Wi' a gep i' the hedge leein' bare.

## 5.

Then sez John tae hissel', "Heth, A'm in at the  
 daith!"  
 An' he plunged through the gep in his glee;  
 But whun he got intil the loanin' anayth,  
 De'il a glimpse o' the hare cud he see!

## 6.

*There* crouch'd a wee wumman rowl'd up in a  
 cloak,  
 Wi' the hoon's stannin' sniffin' beside!  
 Then John, wi' an oath that wud tear up an oak,  
 Turn'd 'roon tae his hun'sman, an' cried:

## 7.

"The De'il's in the hoon's; they've bin huntin' a  
*witch*,  
 See thon, hoo she glowers an' she grins! —

Cut the throats o' them a', ivvry hoon', dog or bitch

—

An' may Heaven forgi'e us oor sins!"

8.

Then hame gaed the hun'sman in sorrowfu' plight,

An' hame ambled John in his fit;

An' afore he sut doon tae his denner that night

Ivvry throat o' the hoon's had bin slit.

9.

A' sullen an' sulky sut John at his meal,

He mutter'd nae word as he fed,

Nae soon' cud be heerd but the plate an' the steel,

Till someyin grew testy, an' said:

10.

"But, John, it wuz wanton tae kill the puir peck.

You're a pitiless falla', that's plain." —

Growl'd John, as he swallied his punch wi' a smeck,

"Hungh! — They'll nivver hunt *witches* again!"

## A DOWNSHIRE HOME.

1.

SHUT out the World and all its ills,  
And in our Downshire home,  
Here, 'mid the folds of Ulster's hills,  
While far the night-winds roam,  
Sit, gathered round the kindling hearth,  
To-night — just this one night —  
And, careless of the strifes of Earth,  
Enjoy a free delight.

2.

Shut out the World. Its fruits, we've found,  
Are rottenness and rust,  
Its praises but an empty sound,  
Its scorn an April's dust.  
Shut out the World. The kindly hearts  
Of wife and child and friend  
Are worth the wealth of all its marts,  
And all its pomp can lend.

## 3.

Shut out the World. The tempest roars  
Afar o'er wave and wold.  
Pile high the hearth; make fast the doors;  
Draw close the curtain's fold.  
Now let the hail-showers pelt the pane,  
The storm the chimneys sway;  
The love these girdling walls contain  
Charms all life's woes away.

## THE MOONLIT ROAD.

## 1.

AS doon the road at e'en we walk'd,  
The autumn moon was glowin',  
An', while in sweet low tones she talk'd  
An' fitfu' win's were blowin',  
Her cloak kept flitterin' ower my face,  
About me saftly beatin',  
As if an angel's wings uv grace  
Were lightly roon' me meetin'.

## 2.

A thought, "How mony a wound A'd bear  
Tae see her an' tae hear her,  
How mony a pang uv griefs an' care  
Tae walk as noo sae near her!  
Ah, Death wud fa' as kin' as sleep,  
If she, as noo, were by me,  
An' in my ear her voice might keep  
Sae murmurin' gently nigh me.

## 3.

O, gi'e me back that autumn e'en  
Uv stars an' breezy weather  
Whun doon alang the moonlit green  
We walk'd sae gled thegither!  
O, let me hear her voice sae low  
Its trustfu' words repeatin ,  
An' feel the win's her wee cloak blow  
About me, saftly beatin'!

## DEATH AND LIFE.

PUIR Wully is deed!" — "O, is he?" —  
"Ay, cau'd in his coffin he's leein'!" —  
"Jist noo A em muckle tae busy  
Tae trouble me heed aboot deein';

"There's han's tae be got fur the reapin';  
We're gaun tae the wark in the murn;  
An' A'm thinkin' the rain 'ill come dreepin',  
The-night, an' destroyin' the curn."

"HOLY BRIDGET."

1.

THE auld gaberlunzie sae raggit an' spare  
That used tae gang leppin' alang,  
Wi' a skep, an' a twerl, an' a boon' in the air,  
An' a "whoop!", an' a bedlamite sang, —

2.

"Holy Bridget" they ca'd him, acause as he went,  
"Holy Bridget!" a' day wuz his cry,  
As he shuck hissel' oot wi' a shiver, an' bent  
Tae beg o' the stranger near-by.

3.

Auld John o' Ralloo wuz sae braid i' the belt,  
An' sae plump wi' guid leevin' he grew,  
That "Holy" wud sigh, "Och, A wush A jist dwelt  
In the belly o' John o' Ralloo!"

4.

"Holy Bridget" haes vanish'd, an' nivver a frien'  
Wull care in what hole he may dee;  
But A won'er what doom in the Wurl'-Wi'oot-En'  
'Waits sic'an a craytur as he!

## THE AULD AIRDS TRAMP.

1.

FIERCE blaws the bitter whustlin' blast  
Roon' Cloghy's wreckfu' bay,  
But A maun tramp the wathery road  
An' beg my lanesome way.  
Och, grim auld Keep o' Kirkistone,  
Ye've stud there years on years,  
But nivver a storm sae lood an' cau'd  
Cam' peltin' roon' yer ears!

2.

Och, Mickie Keown, ye're lame an' crook'd,  
Yer chin's a' raspy-white,  
Yer taes gang ramblin' through yer shoon,  
Yer breeks let in the light;  
Atween yer greezly pow an' heaven  
The shelter's thin an' sma';  
The win' nigh lifts ye aff yer fit,  
An' slings ye 'gen' the wa'!

## 3.

Och, trampin' on a night like thon  
 For yin sae wake an' puir  
 Is bitter coomfurt! On an' on  
 A gang by fiel' an' muir.  
 What help ir sich auld brogues an' rags  
 Whun roads ir jist yin sea?  
 It's wather high, an' wather low —  
 A' 's wather, — och-a-nee!

## 4.

Time wuz whun A cud jimp an' dance,  
 An' trot frae toon tae toon,  
 An' whun the day's lang trudge wuz din  
 Wud sleep furnenst the moon,  
 An' cared nae whaur A laid my heed,  
 By rick or ditch or hedge;  
 But life's last cliff A've climb'd, an' noo  
 A'm tremblin' on the edge ...

## 5.

My! thon's a gust! ... A'll totter on  
 Ower Bellagelget's height,  
 An' beg a bite at Dinver's daur,  
 An' shelther fur the night.

Ay, snug's auld Davy Dinver's barn;  
Jist there adoon A'll lay,  
An', slumberin' 'mang the trusses, drame  
Uv meadda-lan's in May.

## THE SHELTERER.

1.

THOU luv'st beside me thus tae cower  
Like some wee faun by some auld tree —  
An oak that breaks the drivin' shower  
An' tempest dark'nin' airth an' sea.

2.

There wull it couch till danger dees,  
An' aft, whun danger threats, return,  
Fur there its wee heart beats at peace,  
An' fear nae langer mak's it m'urn.

3.

But ah, the difference! Knotted boo  
An' gnarlöd bole nae sufferin's own,  
But A, wha yield thee coomfurt noo,  
Am left tae grieve whun thou art gone!

## NEW TROUBLES.

1.

FROM the calm river to the surging sea! —  
Farewell the happy fields, the folds of rest!  
My voyage is begun. The winds are free  
To waft me to my doom — the worst or best.

2.

Night falls upon the waters. One by one  
The beacons fade in blackness from mine eyes. —  
What shall my fate be when to-morrow's sun  
Comes, reddening, up the east, yon stormy skies?'

## BETTY MACBLAINE.

1.

OCH, Betty MacBlaine is a sonsie wee lass,  
An' her een ir as blue as the Bay uv Ardglass,  
An' her cheeks ir as rosy as epples in rain —  
A sonsie bit lassie is Betty MacBlaine.

2.

She's dimplit an' smooth, an' she's lithe as a roe,  
Her buzzom's as white as the bloom o' the sloe,  
Her erms ir like merble wi' nivver a stain —  
A temptin' wee hizzie is Betty MacBlaine.

3.

Her waist is sae sma' an' sae roon' that yer han'  
Is ivvermair langin' its girdle tae span;  
Sae nate is her fut an' her ankle sae clane  
Ye're nivver but glintin' at Betty MacBlaine.

4.

Her hair is as dark as the shaddas o' trees;  
 Whun she loosens its ribbons it fa's tae her knees;  
 She nivver cud axe fur a favour in vain —  
 A wheedlin' wee clippie is Betty MacBlaine.

5.

A kin'ly wee buddy is Betty MacBlaine;  
 If ye met her at e'en in a loanin' alane,  
 An' gied her a kiss, she wud nivver complain —  
 Och, a kin'ly wee buddy is Betty MacBlaine.

6.

If ye gied her yin kiss on her rosy smooth cheek,  
 She'd wait fur anither yin, modest an' meek,  
 An' nivver say na if ye'd kiss her again —  
 A leesome wee hizzie is Betty MacBlaine.

7.

She's pleasant tae talk wi', she's lively o' wit;  
 It's sweeter than roses aside her tae sit —  
 Guid troth, she's a treasure! ... But sma' 'd be the  
 gain  
 O' the mon that wud merry ye, Betty MacBlaine!

8.

Ay, Gude help the falla that tak's her tae wife!  
 She'd jist be a worrit the 'hale uv his life;  
 She maun hae her pleasure, whas'ivver the pain —  
 An' a fickle wee hizzie is Betty MacBlaine.

9.

She'd still hae her luvvers that cudnae withstan'  
 The glance uv her een an' the touch uv her han',  
 An' the ring on her finger wud nivver restrain  
 The flitterin' fancies o' Betty MacBlaine;

10.

Till someyin wud flether her mair than the rest,  
 Mair craft in his tongue an' mair guile in his breast,  
 —  
 An' awa' she wud canter tae Laplan' or Spain,  
 An' her guid-mon might whustle fur Betty  
 MacBlaine!

## IN A SQUALL BY STRANGFORD LOUGH.

1.

HERE, anayth this shelterin' rock,  
Sit we till the squall blows over.  
Sae may Mon the tempests mock —  
Na, the win', luve, 's but a rover;

2.

Soon the drivin' rain that shrouds  
Kinelarty's hills o' heather  
Past wull fly in sun-lit clouds,  
Leadin' in the gay clear weather.

3.

Luik! — Ower a' the Strangford Sea  
Wave an' scud an' spindrift, whiten'd,  
Lift, an' wreathe, an' break, an' flee,  
Dash'd tae spray an' rainbow-brighten'd.

## 4.

Luve, in mine, thy dear han' rest,  
Lean thy sweet face tae my shoulder. —  
'Twas the Wee Fow'ks' sel's that blest  
Cuan's beach wi' this big boulder!

## A CANNAE THOLE YE!

1.

YE may be clivver, may hae won  
A wheen o' honour 'nayth the sun  
But, whatsae'er ye've earn'd or done,  
A cannae thole ye!

2.

Ye may be genial noo and then  
Wi' helpless waens an' humble men;  
But, though ye'd gilt auld Poortith's den,  
A cannae thole ye!

3.

Ye may be guid; ye may be great;  
Ye may be born tae rule the State;  
But, though ye rowl'd the wheels o' Fate,  
A cannae thole ye!

4.

Ye may hae drawn yer watery bluid  
Frae Noë's sel' that sail'd the Flood;  
But, though in Noë's breeks ye stud,  
A cannae thole ye!

5.

Ye may be lord o' mony a rood;  
Yer smile may mak' a monarch prood;  
But, though the De'il afore ye boo'd,  
A cannae thole ye!

6.

It's nae that ye hae din me wrang;  
It's nae A feel a jealous pang;  
It's jist that, be ye short or lang,  
A cannae thole ye!

## THE YIN WEE LUIK.

1.

AS at the boord apart she sat  
An' noo tae this yin noo tae that  
She talk'd wi' careless kin'ness,  
Fu' weel A kenn'd her inmaist heart  
In a' she said had little pert,  
Uv hai'f the words she heerd wuz min'less.

2.

An' though she seem'd tae shun my sight,  
A trusted mair her luve that night  
Than a' Airth's luves thegither;  
Then yin wee gentle luik she gave.  
A'd waited lang that luik tae haive —  
An' lang A'd wait fur sich anither.

## SIR ROBERT SAVAGE.

(OBIIT A.D. 1360.)

"All hail the flower of Ulster!"

BARBOUR: *The Bruce*.

1.

STOUTER Anglo-Norman knight never dwelt on  
Irish land  
Than old brave Sir Robert Savage of Moylinny and  
Ardkeen.  
When a boy of beardless lip he had foughten sword  
in hand  
When the barks of Edward Bruce upon the Antrim  
wave were seen,

2.

And the "flower of Ulster" marched out to meet  
him at the flood  
By the strand of Olderfleet, — Le Savage, Bissett,  
Mandeville.

He had fought for England's King, too, on many a  
field of blood,  
Both in Aquitaine and Scotland, and as iron was his  
will.

## 3.

And the Chroniclers declare that nigh Antrim in the  
North  
In one day three thousand Irishmen in mortal strife  
he slew.  
And he wrested from O'Neill many a carucate of  
worth,  
And his boundary from Lough Cuan to the banks of  
Bann he drew.

## 4.

Now, the manors he had seized and the King had  
made his own  
Out beyond his fathers' Ards of Uladh lay full many  
a mile,  
Girt with Irish foes that swayed on all sides of them  
but one,  
And no fortalice to guard them, and no foss or  
fence or pile;

5.

And Sir Robert, searching round, saw his peril, and  
he said  
To his heir, young Harry Savage, "Thou wilt own my  
lands one day,  
And the Irish folk will rise when this hand of mine is  
dead,  
And to wrench them from my children in their  
legions will assay;

6.

"Therefore, buckle we my fiefs with a belt of  
towers and wards  
That may hold aloof their bravest while the Savage  
blood endures;  
Let us castles round them build as our fathers built  
in Ards,  
To protect thee and thy children, and to baulk the  
Irish boors."

7.

Then Sir Harry bit his lip, and he stood erect and  
proud,  
For his father's words had stung his haughty spirit  
like a taunt —

He had fought beside his sire where the fights were  
fierce and loud,  
And his blood was of the temper that no might of  
man could daunt: —

## 8.

"Shall the sire alone seem brave and the son a  
coward be?  
Shall the child inherit nothing from his father save  
his lands?  
Sir, you honour not your blood when you cast a slur  
on me.  
Sir, I want no walls to hide me while I yet have  
arms and hands;

## 9.

"Better castles, Sir, of bone than your castles built  
of stone;  
Walls for women, but for warriors shield of bone  
and spear of tree!  
Though my sires were bold, by Heaven, I can dare  
to stand alone,  
Nor to Irish kern or Norman lord will ever bow the  
knee."

## 10.

"God!" — Sir Robert cried in wrath, and he  
stamped his armed heel,  
And he struck his mailed hand upon the scabbard  
of his sword: —

"Harry Savage, take thy way thou, too proud to  
bend or kneel!

Take thy way, and take thy guerdon, and defy thy  
father's word!

## 11.

"Brave at heart thou beest, ay, ay, better soldier  
than thy sire! —

Ay, I know the meaning, Harry, of that sneer upon  
thy lip!

But, boy, valour without wit is but fuel void of fire,  
And without a helm to help thee thou wilt wreck  
the stoutest ship.

## 12.

"Boy, the sea's but drops of mist, and a man is  
brawn and brain,

But what man can live when all the waves of ocean  
rise in storm

To upheave and overwhelm with their cataracts of  
rain?  
Wilt thou cow the sea with frowning, crush the  
billows with thine arm?"

## 13.

We're outnumbered by our foes, call them weak or  
call them strong.  
Leave thy fields without a rampart, sleep within thy  
'towers of bones!'  
But the hour of doom will come, be its journey  
brief or long,  
And thy race will rue the day when Harry Savage  
scoffed at stones."

## 14.

And Sir Robert strode away in his anger, and he  
cried:  
"Never wall again or rampart shall be built in my  
demesnes.  
Let the boy protect his own in his haughtiness and  
pride.  
I shall soon have lived my life — be his the loss, as  
mine the gains!"

## 15.

And the brave Knight passed away, battle-weary, to  
his grave,  
O'er the banks of Bann in honour by the Friars laid  
at rest  
In his sculptured tomb upreared in their Abbey's  
silent nave,  
With the lions on his 'scutcheon and the lion's  
gamb for crest.

## 16.

And Sir Harry, Baron Savage, lived carelessly and  
free,  
And against him never foeman rose to brandish  
lance or spear,  
And the house of Savage throve first of all the  
Normanry  
In the conquered realms of Ulster, proud and  
potent, many a year.

## 17.

But the Norman breed were few, and Sir Robert's  
words were true,  
And the Irish swarmed and hovered thick as sea-  
gulls in the sun;

And the Savage kith and kin, though they fought  
and swayed and slew,  
Foot by foot were driven inward from the manors  
he had won;

## 18.

Slowly back upon the Ards, as the summers rolled  
away,  
Fighting inch by inch, they fell, alert and fearless as  
of yore,  
Till behind the grey old walls of Ardkeen they stood  
at bay,  
And they hurled the Irish homeward, to assail them  
nevermore.

## 19.

Seven centuries of strife and persistence leave  
them still  
In the Little Ards, at peace, by Portaferry and  
Ardkeen,  
But their scattered sons may mourn young Sir  
Harry's wayward will,  
As they brood on that which is and dream of that  
which might have been.

## THE SHAWLIE.

## 1.

DRIVE, bitter blast, frae Lough tae sea  
 A little min' yer smertin';  
 Her ain wee shawlie's roon' my heart  
 Her wee han's pinn'd at pertin'.  
 A'm proof the-night 'gen' win' an' snaw,  
 A'll walk frae here tae Derry —  
 Though Noë's flood yince mair cam' doon  
 A'd face it bowld an' merry.

## 2.

"Noo, Charlie, dearie, ben' ye doon;  
 Ye jist maun tak' my shawlie;  
 A'll wrap it tight aroon' yer kist,  
 For och, the night's sae squally!  
 Puir lad, Ye'll fin' it unco' cau'd  
 By Gransha shore," says Kitty;  
 An' then her een luik'd up in mine  
 Wi' ah, sich luvè an' pity!

## 3.

Wee shawlie, pressin' saft an' werm  
Aroon' my breast a-glowin',  
A kiss yer fringe, A hug ye fast,  
A mock the squalls a-blowin';  
Let thun'ers roar, let lightnin's glame,  
A'll face the tempest brawly,  
Whilst close agen' my thrabbin' heart  
A feel my Luve's wee shawlie!

## UNLETTERED LOVE.

## 1.

WEE Ulster lass, ah little maid,  
Bent ower thy buik in studious thought,  
Thy wan face on thy white han' laid,  
Thy brow wi' troublin' fancies fraught,  
How dear to me thy life haes grown!  
Thy image ha'nts me hour on hour;  
Thou'st made my varra soul thine own,  
Unconscious of thy gentle power.

## 2.

Ah, nearer, nearer wud A press,  
Beside thy spirit tae breathe an' leeve,  
Tae help thee in thy weariness,  
Tae yield thee a' my min' may give,  
Between thy life an' ivvry herm  
The rough wurl's rife wi', shelterin', stan',  
An' guide thee through the wilderin' storm,  
An' stay thee wi' my stranger han'!

## 3.

But och, A'm but a brainless lout,  
A puir unletter'd Doonshire bin'!  
Thou scarce wud'st ben' thee doon, A doubt,  
Tae commune wi' sae rude a min'.  
An' yit A luve thy wee pale face,  
Thy slender han's sae white an' sma',  
An' jist tae yield thee help an' grace  
A'd gi'e my varra life awa'.

## IN STRANGFORD WOODS.

1.

A VOICE on the wind, in the dusk of the night, 'mid  
the roar of the trees a-swaying,  
And its song is a song of the days long past, and a  
dread on my heart is weighing;  
For the love of the dear one gone  
Over the dim wide sea,  
As I walk in the night alone,  
Comes back to me.

2.

A voice on the wind 'mid the storm and the night,  
through the roar of the woods a-swinging,  
And the dark eyes look in mine, and a knell as of  
doom in mine ear is ringing;  
For the life of the days long gone,  
And the love that never should be,  
With the gloom and the night-winds' moan  
Roll over me.

## THE SAVAGES' REVENGE.

## 1.

EH? What has become of Gilmorry, Gilmorry? In  
the hole of what rat is the recreant hid?  
We've chased him through forest, through marsh,  
and through meadow, up hill and down dale in his  
traces we've rid,  
We've routed his sept, and we've harried his  
border, and sent up his wattles in smoke to the sky;  
But the beast in his cunning has baffled the best of  
us. Where, in God's name, can the Murderer lie?"

## 2.

So clamoured the sons of the Seneschal Savage, as  
under the Knockagh they wheeled and drew rein.  
The Bandit had captured their kinsman in  
treachery, bargained for ransom, the ransomer  
slain.

And they'd broken his clan on the cliffs of Ben  
Madigan, hunted the Traitor o'er mountain and  
beck;

But the scent has been lost, and they stand in their  
stirrups, and, peering about them, they chafe at  
the check.

## 3.

Then one who'd outridden the fleetest, returning,  
cried, "Sons of the Savage, ride down on your foe;  
He's fled to Cragfergus by yonder green alley. On!  
Run him to earth! And good speed as we go!" —

And they spurred, and they swept, like a squall  
over ocean, away to old Carrick, and in through the  
gate;

And one caught a Kern by the throat, and  
demanded where Corby Gilmorry lay couched from  
his fate.

## 4.

Gilmorry had plundered the churches of Uladh;  
from Carrick's fair windows the bars he had rent;

And now at the shrine he'd profaned he found  
shelter, and hard by the altar in terror he bent.  
A handful of clansmen around him he'd rallied; the  
doors barricaded; *the windows forgot!*—  
The Savages struck on the oak with their gauntlets,  
and vainly a moment an entrance they sought.

## 5.

Then loud laughed Sir Edmund, "Behold ye, this  
caitiff! The miller's been caught in the wheels of his  
mills!  
He's broken the windows, *made off with the iron!*  
... They sprang from their saddles, they climbed to  
the sills,  
They leaped to the chancel, they charged to the  
altar, they fought with the clansmen, and laid them  
to rest,  
And they flung to the kites, in their vengeance, the  
Traitor, with seven fell wounds of seven swords in  
his breast.

MAJOR-GENERAL  
SIR JOHN BOSCAWEN SAVAGE,  
OF BALLYGALGET, Co. DOWN,

K.C.B., K.C.H., &C.

(BORN 1760; DIED 1843.)

WELL, whatever be said, just this //say,  
Though it savour of self-laudation,  
So much of the blood of the breed to-day  
Beats time with my heart's pulsation,  
That the race of Savage of Ards may claim  
To have parented right good fellows,  
Graven in story a clear-cut name,  
Won a fame that Time but mellows;  
Soldiers, statesmen, earls, or knights,  
With a bard, or a stray archbishop,  
They've wrought like men in a world of fights  
Deeds that a poet might fish up;  
And worthy to live with their best of yore,  
And worthy a poet's oblation,

Was gallant Sir John, who on sea and shore  
Long fought for his King and Nation.  
Jovial, courtly, blithe and bland,  
Alike with a prince or varlet,  
Tall and straight I see him stand  
In his uniform white and scarlet. —  
At the Nile, when Nelson had laid his plan  
For the leap of the British Lion,  
A little before the battle began,  
In His Majesty's ship "Orion,"  
The Captain, Saumarez, cheered his crew  
With a solemn and sage haranguing,  
And to Savage he said, "Do you speak too,  
And brace up your men for the banging;"  
And Savage out-laughed, and "My lads," cried he,  
"That's 'the Land of Egypt,' yond' edge,  
And — if you don't fight like devils, you'll be  
D—d soon in 'the House of Bondage'!"

## STORM AT EVENING.

1.

THOUGH yit nae boo's a leaflet shake,  
Though yit the gloomin' Lough luiks glassy,  
Yon skies grow dark, the storm maun break —  
Light fa' the rain on my wee lassie!

2.

Light fa' the rain, blaw saft the win',  
On my wee Luvie this wintry gloamin';  
Be a' fierce Nature's forces kin'  
Tae my wee Luvie whaur'er she's roamin'!

## MACANANTY,

## FAIRY KING OF SCRABO HILL.

(Half the hill has been quarried away for the purposes of modern civilization.)

## 1.

IR ye deed, or bann'd, or banish'd,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Ir ye deed, or bann'd, or banish'd,  
 Macananty? — Och-a-nee!  
 Can the might o' mon supplant ye,  
 That yer Redcaps a' hae vanish'd,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Frae the hill an' frae the lea;  
 That nae mair in magic trances,  
 Whun the silver moonbeam glances,  
 Come the Wee-Fow'k wi' their dances  
 Frae the lan's o' Faërie,  
 Come the Wee-Fow'k wi' their dances,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Come the Wee-Fow'k wi' their dances  
 Frae the lan's o' Faërie?

## 2.

Ir ye still at Scrabo dwellin',  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Ir ye still at Scrabo dwellin',  
 Macananty? — Och-a-nee!  
 Does the clink o' cheesel da'nt ye,  
 Does the iron-ngine's yellin',  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Mak' the heart wi'in ye dee?  
 Or, anayth the rocks they're rendin',  
 Wi' their cletter nivver-endin',  
 Ir ye still yer wee life spendin'  
 In the lan's o' Faërie,  
 Ir ye still yer wee life spendin',  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Ir ye still yer wee life spendin'  
 In the lan's o' Faërie?

## 3.

Och, the wurl' is grey and dreary,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Och, the wurl' is grey and dreary,  
 Macananty! — Och-a-nee!  
 Mair an' mair A seem tae want ye,

Wi' yer Redcaps dancin' cheery,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Roon' the mushrooms in their glee,  
 An' the little Piper squeezein'  
 Tight his pipes, wi' bellows wheezin',  
 In the scented summer season,  
 Frae the lan's o' Faërie,  
 In the scented summer season,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 In the scented summer season,  
 Frae the lan's o' Faërie.

## 4.

It may be ye're only sleepin',  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 It may be ye're only sleepin',  
 Macananty, — Och-a-nee! —  
 An' the elfin herps enchant ye,  
 Whaur the rock-abyssees deepen,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Un'ernayth the Strangford Sea,  
 An' ye mock the mason's hammer  
 An' the quarry's divil's-clamour,  
 Whilst ye're drammin' in the glamour

O' the lan's o' Faërie,  
 Whilst ye're dramin' in the glamour,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Whilst yer dramin' in the glamour  
 O' the lan's o' Faërie;

## 5.

An' Ye'll come again hereafter,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 An' Ye'll come again hereafter,  
 Macananty. — Och-a-nee!  
 Whun the cruse o' joy is scanty,  
 Wi' yer Redcaps' aëry laughter,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 An' their music soft an' wee,  
 Back Ye'll come again, frae un'er  
 Scrabo-rocks they ren' an' plun'er,  
 Wi' the beauty an' the won'er  
 O' the lan's o' Faërie,  
 Wi' the beauty an' the won'er,  
 Macananty, Macananty,  
 Wi' the beauty an' the won'er  
 O' the lan's o' Faërie.

## 6.

Och, A'm blake an' chill athoot ye,  
Macananty, Macananty,  
Och, A'm blake an' chill athoot ye,  
Macananty, — Och-a-nee!  
Fur oor solace Nature sent ye,  
An' the unco' wise may scout ye,  
Macananty, Macananty,  
But ye're still a frien' tae me.  
Och, this Airth we mak' oor home in,  
Wud be gloomier than a gloamin',  
If we cud nae gang a-roamin'  
In the lan's o' Faërie,  
If we cud nae gang a-roamin',  
Macananty, Macananty,  
If we cud nae gang a-roamin'  
In the lan's o' Faërie!

## THE OLD BELL OF ARDKEEN.

1.

OLD Bell, that many a Sabbath morn  
Rang out across the breezy Dorn  
To where the stag with branching horn  
Lay couched in cover,  
That thrilled with awe the shepherd's ear  
On castled height or moorland drear,  
Or soothed 'mid Cuan's waters near  
The rude sea-rover;

2.

Old Bell, that lightly, softly, tolled  
Through summer's warmth and winter's cold,  
O 'er castled height and stormy wold  
Rising and falling,  
My sires from homes of mirth and pride  
For prayer, at morn or eventide,  
Down to the time-worn altar-side  
Persistent calling;

## 3.

Old Bell, that rang with lively cheer,  
When, dear to each as life was dear,  
My great-grandparents knelt to hear  
Their spousal blessing,  
And knolled a muffled note afar  
When velvet-folded burial-car  
Bore each from light of sun and star  
To rest unceasing; —

## 4.

When cruel Time's remorseless blow  
Had laid thy hill-side chapel low  
And whelmed thee in its overthrow,  
Away men bore thee,  
A wanderer over land and sea,  
Till lately Fortune's kind decree  
Proclaimed that at the last to me  
Must Earth restore thee.

## 5.

And thou art mine indeed, to bless,  
To watch, to treasure, to caress,  
To guard with reverent tenderness,

To hear repeating  
Strange memories of the happier past  
Ere from their homes my kin were cast,  
Like summer's leaves in ruthless blast  
Untimely fleeting.

6.

And thee against the world I'll hold,  
Dear relic of remembrance old,  
Until my passing-knell be knolled  
With bootless mourning;  
Then may my sons my care repeat,  
Till o'er Ardkeen's embattled seat  
The Lion-Banner waves, to greet  
Thy home-returning!

## THE SPEEDWELL.

1.

AH speedwell-wort sae bonnie blue,  
A'll bruise thee nae wi' spade or shear,  
Yer frail bright blooms wur aye sae dear  
Tae her A luve sae weel an' true;  
Tae gi'e thee hurt wud pierce my breast;  
Her luve is thy protectin' cherm;  
The blow that bruk' thy bonnie crest  
Wud seem my ain wee lassie's herm.

2.

If jist my spade thy rootlet stirr'd,  
Or on yin bloom my foot shud stan',  
A'd feel A'd struck her wee white han',  
Or chid her wi' some angry word.  
Dear heaven-blue weedie, bide ye still,  
Till a' thy leaflets gently dee;  
There's nae yin flower on plain or hill  
That breathes sae tender thoughts tae me.

## TWA LUVES.

1.

A CANNAE crush the dear new luv  
That winds me in its fauld;  
Yet blameless wud A walk, and prove  
Still steadfast tae the auld.

2.

An' surely kin'less wur oor doom  
And puir a' airthly bliss,  
If in the heart wuz left nae room  
Fur luv sae fair as this, —

3.

A luv as pure as thon pale star  
In sunset-skies of even,  
Sae innocent it cud nae jar  
The harmonies uv Heaven.

## SUNSHINE IN SORROW.

1.

THE blue May heavens wur fill'd wi' light  
As we oor last far'weels wur takin'.  
"It's wae tae see the sun sae bright,"  
She murmur'd, "whun one's heart is breaking  
O, better that the drear win's blew,  
The rain upo' oor brows wuz beatin',  
Night's darkness deeper roon' us grew,  
An' lightnin's ower the skies wur fleetin'!"

2.

"A cannae bear this bitter grief  
'Mid a' the summer's light an' splendour,  
The freshness uv the flower an' leaf,  
The thrushes' sangs sae saft an' tender.  
O, better 'tis if winter's snaw  
Aroon' one's feet in drifts is lyin',  
An' icy tempests rage and blaw,  
Whun, O, one's heart, one's heart is dyin'!"

## 3.

A drew her nearer tae my breast;  
A spak' in words that mock'd my sorrow, —  
"Nay, lassie, let thy min' hae rest  
In dramin' uv the happier morrow.  
The summer glames that ower us flit,  
The warblin' birds aroon' us dartin',  
Wull mingle wi' their sweetness yit  
The memory uv oor waefu' partin'!"

## 4.

An' noo, 'mid Maytide's leaf an' bloom,  
An' summer's w'alth uv life outwellin',  
A muse upo' her silent tomb,  
My ain lost Luv in darkness dwellin', —  
An', 'mid the life an' wermth an' light,  
A murmur, in my sorrow's achin',  
"It's wae tae see the sun sae bright  
Whun, O, one's heart, one's heart is breakin'!"

## THE WEE LASSIE'S FIRST LUVE.

1.

A CANNAE hear his name an' hide  
My thought wi' ony art;  
A cannae see him come, an' calm  
The flitterin' uv my heart;  
It's pain tae meet him whun A walk,  
Or meet him nae ava;  
A wish him aye tae come tae me,  
A wish him aye awa'.

2.

A dinnae ken what's wrang wi' me;  
A'm vixed, A kennae why;  
A cannae talk, A cannae wark;  
My min's a' gang'd agley;  
A say sich foolish thin's at whiles  
My face is scorch'd wi' pain ...  
O, let them lave me tae mysel'!  
A jist wud be alane.

3.

A'm nae sae tall as Elsie Barnes,  
 A hae nae een like May's,  
 Yit aft he turns frae May tae me,  
 An' ne'er wi' Elsie strays.  
 A cannae thole tae see him laugh  
 Wi' Grace or Rose or Jean,  
 An' yit he's stan'in' nigh my side  
 Mair aft than ony ane.

4.

He's aye sae coorteous, kin', an' free  
 Wi' mon an' lass an' chiel'  
 Mayhap he cares nae mair fur me  
 Than jist tae wish me weel ...  
 But ah, the kin'ness uv his voice!  
 An' ah, his dark blue ee!  
 An' ah, his face an' coortly grace! ...  
 A think A jist cud dee.

## A GIRL'S LOVE.

1.

ALAS fur the maiden  
Wha luv'es, but may tell nae  
Her luv'e; sorrow-laden,  
Maun bear an' rebel nae;  
Dissemblin' an' feignin',  
Repress fur luv'e's sake,  
Wi' lips uncomplainin',  
Her heart, though it break!

2.

If A wuz — thou dearest! —  
As free as thou seemest  
Wha shrink'st nae nor fearest  
Tae spake as thou deemest,  
O joy, wi' what speedin'  
My fit tae thy daur  
Wud haste, that its pleadin'  
My heart might ootpoor!

3.

These erms wud embrace thee,  
That hing noo sae cauldly,  
Close, close, Luve, enlace thee,  
Fearlessly, bauldly,  
An', giddy in gladness  
An' darin' wi' bliss,  
A'd seal in my madness  
Thy lips wi' my kiss.

4.

But ah, — hoo A languish  
Wi' luve unrequited,  
Wi' longin', wi' anguish  
Uv hope ivver blighted!  
A maunnae implore thee  
Wi' han' or wi' ee,  
But mutely adore thee,  
Nor spake though A dee!

## DESPAIR.

1.

SINCE luve like oors sh'u'd nivver be,  
Since a' oor life's but fruitless pinin',  
Och, Jamie, dearest, jist tae dee,  
Tae ken nae mair the sunbeam shinin',

2.

Tae hear nae mair the thrush's sang,  
Tae part wi' ivvry airthly treasure,  
Wur' better than tae linger lang  
Amidst the wurl' uv w'alth an' pleasure.

3.

If thou but held my han', an' ah!  
My heed wuz on thy shoulder leanin',  
'Twur' dear relief tae drift awa'  
Whaur true luve needs nae langer screenin';

4.

If A but kenned that han'-in-han'  
We twa might glide frae sin an' sorrow,  
A wudnae bide in ony lan'  
Fur a' Airth's gifts beyond the-morrow.

## A TIRED SPINNER.

## 1.

A'S over noo — the hoors A'd sigh fur,  
 The happy time whun, week by week,  
 A'd meet the frien' that A wud die fur,  
 An' see his face, an' hear him speak.  
 A's over noo; an', O, he's left me  
 Wi'oot yin word uv sad far'weel.  
 Uv a' life's joy this murn's bereft me.  
 My fut lies deed upo' the wheel ...  
 A'm tired the-day.

## 2.

O, weel A ken he wudnae woun' me,  
 His heart wuz aye sae kin' an' true;  
 But what kenn'd he o' the chains that boon' me?  
 Nay lass the mon she luves may woo.  
 He's nae tae blame if he cud see nae  
 The luve A struv' sae sair tae hide;  
 But och, it's wae tae luve an' be nae  
 The lass beluved, the chosen bride! ...  
 A'm tired the-day.

## 3.

A cannae wark; A jist keep sittin',  
 An' nae thing dae wi' fut or han';  
 It's useless sewin', useless knittin';  
 A read, but nae word un'erstan'.  
 My only joy is thinkin' over  
 Dear things he said, an' hoo his eyes  
 Wud seem wi' luv my life tae cover ...  
 Ah, hoo a' hope wi'in me dies! ...  
 A'm tired the-day.

## 4.

His goolden words, whun noo A heed them  
 An' picture a' his luiks sae kin',  
 They seem tae lose the sense A gied them  
 An' not yin proof uv luv A fin'.  
 O, wull he ivver come tae meet me,  
 An' shall A see his eyes sae fair  
 Grow bright as if wi' joy tae greet me,  
 Or maun A nivver see him mair? ...  
 A'm tired the-day.

## THE WANDERER.

## 1.

A WAN'ER on acress the snaw,  
 Jist on an' on, A care nae whither;  
 The flakes may fly, the blast may blaw,  
 The storm may drive me here or thither;  
 A care nae hame tae turn my face,  
 For hame haes nought tae quench this achin';  
 A cannae fin' in ony place  
 Yin thought tae soothe my heart forsaken.

## 2.

A gied my young heart's luv' awa'  
 Tae yin wha c'u'dnae, dar'nae luv' me;  
 A luv'd him wi' a wistfu' awe,  
 Sae far he seem'd tae dwell abuve me;  
 Puir wutless waen, A little kenn'd  
 The luv' A nurs'd wuz luv' furbidden,  
 The fairest thing that life cud lend  
 Maun a' life-lang like guilt be hidden.

## 3.

A'm doom'd tae journey Airth alane,  
 Or, waur, fur goold, tae sarve anither.  
 O, let me, jist tae en' this pain,  
 Like some puir blossom droop an' wither!  
 He c'u'dnae luv me save wi' sin,  
 An' A frae ivvry stain wud shield him —  
 Tae help my Luv the Heavens tae win  
 My ivvry thrab o' life A'd yield him.

## 4.

Hoo saftly fell his manfu' words!  
 Hoo kin'ly beam'd his een at partin'!  
 O, happier leeve the wee-bit birds  
 Aboon his heed in sunshine dartin'!  
 Hard, hard that A wha luv him best,  
 That lang the maist tae see an' hear him,  
 Maun nivver nigh his heart be press'd,  
 Maun nivver steal, or linger, near him!

## 5.

A wan'er, wan'er ower the snaw,  
 Jist on an' on, A care nae whither;  
 The flakes may fly, the blast may blaw,  
 The storm may drive me here or thither;

Since nane may e'er this burthen lift  
My life wi' nameless sorrow bendin',  
A care nae if the icy drift  
Shroods me this night in sleep unendin'.

## A LOVERS'-QUARREL.

1.

THE GUID-MON.

DINNAE derken my Eden, guid-wife,  
 Wi' yer drunts about kennins;  
 Y'ev' han'led the bat a' yer life;  
 Let me hae my innin's.  
 Jist gi'e me yin moment o' pace,  
 An' nae mair o' this naggin'.  
 (Frae the cranks o' the feminine race,  
 An' a wife's bulliraggin',  
           Gude save me!)

2.

THE GUID-WIFE.

Dinnae drive me tae madness, guid-mon,  
 Wi' yer tyran' oppressions.  
 Ay, Ye'll grin' me tae dust, if ye can,  
 But A'll thole nae sich feshions.

Day an' night A hae moil'd as yer slave,  
Puir coomfurtless bein'!  
Ye'll hae "pace" whun A'm deed in my grave,  
And Gude kens that A'm deein'! ...  
Och, lave me!

## A RUSTIC LOVE-MAKING.

HE.

NOO, gi'e's a kiss, ye sonsie lass.

Och, gi'e's a kiss fur kin'ness!

Yer beauty melts my heart like wex,

An' doits me nigh tae blin'ness.

SHE.

Na! — Weel A ken the ways o' men;

The De'il fur meschief sent ye;

If yin A gied ye'd axe fur ten,

An' ten wud ne'er content ye.

HE.

It's nae the merket-square ye're in,

But jist a lanesome by-way,

Sae tak' yer wee han' frae yer mooth,

An' ben' nae doon sae shyly.

## A RUSTIC LOVE-MAKING.

SHE.

Behave! ... The sun's ahint the brae;  
A can nae langer stay, noo;  
There, hau'd yer fingers frae my frills,  
It's nae the time fur play, noo.

HE.

Yer lips ir, och, sae smooth an' swate! ...  
An' whaur's the herm in this, noo? —  
Och, heth, ye're jist the rose o' June,  
An' ... gi'e's anither kiss, noo!

SHE.

A tau'd ye this wud be yer game;  
Ye'd keep fur aye embracin';  
It's jist the ways uv a' yer kin',  
Their tricks is nivver ceasin'!

HE.

Och, Natur' 'tis that gi'es the law;  
Mon's made tae luve the wumman,  
The wumman's made fur mon tae luve ...  
Noo, stay! ... there's naeyin comin'.

SHE.

Luik, see! There's fow'k that gang this way

Whun gloamin'-time is nearin' ...

Come doon an' walk by Comber burn

That's oot o' sight an' hearin'!

## FALSE COIN.

FALSE coin, false coin, och, weel A ken its ring,  
Weel mindin' the clear music o' the true!  
A hae nae need uv ony praise frae you,  
An' little gain at best yer praise wud bring,  
An', fletherin' me, ye earn nae onything,  
But break the 'halesome laws o' Heaven anew,  
An' dye wi' falsehud's stain yer 'hale sowl through.  
L'arn, fletherer, frae the true true praise tae sing;  
L'arn sarpint's craft is profitless an' base;  
Stan' up, nor let yer heed sae airthward hing;  
Spake oot the hate y'd hide wi' fawnin' face.  
False coin, false coin, och, hoo A loathe its ring!

## THE TRUE HEART.

## 1.

THERE'S truth in baith thine een, wee lass,  
Whune'er on mine they rest,  
An' in thy wee white han' there's truth  
Whune'er in mine it's press'd;  
A cannae hear thy gentle voice,  
Thy words uv kin'ly care,  
An' rise nae high aboon the airth,  
An' breathe nae finer air.

## 2.

O, nestle close aside my heart,  
An' A thy life wull shield;  
Tak' a' the coomfurt, strength, an' light  
My erms or min' may yield.  
If A cud gi'e thee a' the w'alth  
The win's waft ower the sea,  
A cudnae pay the millionth pert  
Uv thy great gift tae me.

## THE YIN WEE FACE.

## 1.

AS doon the loanin's white wi' May  
A walk'd in sunny weather,  
A minded weel along the way  
Each bird uv varied feather,  
Each primrose fadin' 'midst the moss,  
Or fern in light unfurlin',  
An' ivvry leaf wi' glint an' gloss,  
An' ivvry brooklet purlin'.

## 2.

But noo as doon the lanes A gang,  
A note nor bird nor blossom;  
Wi' dramefu' min' A stroll along,  
Yin thought in a' my buzzom;  
'Mid hai'f-heerd murmurin's uv the brook,  
'Mid scents blown lightly ower me,  
A only see, whaure'er A luik,  
Yin dear wee face afore me.

## LOVE AND LABOUR.

## 1.

AT a' my toil the lee-lang day  
A'm thinkin' o' my dearie,  
Whun plungin' deep the spade in clay,  
Or laynin' on't aweary;  
A whustle whilst A drive the pleugh  
The sangs that mak' her cheery;  
Whun oot A gang wi' sheet tae soo,  
A'm thinkin' o' my dearie.  
My dearie, O, my dearie, O,  
My ain wee winsome dearie,  
At a' my toil the lee-lang day  
A'm thinkin' o' my dearie!

## 2.

At break o' murn whun lerks ir high  
A'm thinkin' o' my dearie,  
An' whun the storms ir in the sky

An' a' the wuds ir dreary;  
 Whun ower the burn tae grassy braes  
 A drive the nibblin' steerie,  
 An' whun A drill the heedlan' ways,  
 A'm thinkin' o' my dearie.  
 My dearie, O, my dearie, O,  
 My ain wee winsome dearie,  
 Frae day'l-agaun tae day'l-agaun  
 A'm thinkin' o' my dearie!

## 3.

Amidst the whate an' grasses lang  
 A'm thinkin' o' my dearie;  
 An' whun on merket-days A gang  
 Wi' cairts tae Bellageary  
 Her voice is on the wan'erin' breeze,  
 An' murmurs, "Tam, A'm near ye ";  
 An' whilst A lop the hedgerow-trees  
 A'm thinkin' o' my dearie.  
 My dearie, O, my dearie, O,  
 My ain wee winsome dearie,  
 There's nae yin fut uv a' the lan'  
 But min's me o' my dearie!

## 4.

In winter's sleet and drivin' snaw  
A'm thinkin' o' my dearie;  
An', pilin' high the barns wi' straw,  
A see ye, dear, an' hear ye!  
High up the knowes, among the sheep,  
Awa' in muirlan's eerie,  
And whaur the lads the barley reap  
A'm thinkin' o' my dearie.  
My dearie, O, my dearie, O,  
My ain wee winsome dearie  
At a' my toil the lee-lang day  
A'm thinkin' o' my dearie!

## AULD SANDY AMANG THE MEGPIES.

## 1.

A'M jiltit, an' chaytit, an' cheesell'd,  
 But, my! A desarvit my fate.  
 What ca' had a falla sae greezled  
 Tae coort a wee hizzie like Kate? ...  
 Wha's lauchin'? ... Thon horrible cletterin'  
 Soon's like *h/s*mockin' an' hers! ...  
 Och, it's only the megpies that's chetterin'  
 Owër me heed in thon firs!

## 2.

It soon's like a when o' fow'k jeerin'  
 An' mockin' an' gigglin' fur spite.  
 A cannae dig strecht fur their fleerin',  
 My min' cannae rayson aright.  
 Yin word they keep batin' an' betterin' —  
 "Fule!" — in my lugs like a curse.  
 The De'il's in the megpies that's chetterin'  
 Owër me heed in thon firs!

## 3.

She luv'd me, A thought in my blin'ness,  
 A hopit she'd yit be my bride,  
 She wud luik in me een wi' sich kin'ness  
 An' linger sae lang by my side.  
 But whaur wuz her heart, tae gang shetterin'  
 A' a men's life fur a *purse?*...  
 Och, them megpies! De'il silence their chetterin'  
 Owër me heed in thon firs!

## 4.

Och, bother the thoughts that come sidlin'  
 Wi' ivvery stroke o' the pick!  
 It's waur tae be warkin' than idlin',  
 The brain gits sae moidhered and thick;  
 It's burnin' wi' faver, an' scetterin'  
 Fancies about me like burs ...  
 Bad luck tae them megpies that's chetterin'  
 Owër me heed in thon firs!

## 5.

Twa year in her luv'e A wuz merry  
 As lerks whun the buttercoops blaw,  
 An' noo whun A drame o' my dearie  
 My life is jist ebbin' awa';

But A ken A cud thole a' the tetterin'  
Here in my buzzom, an' wurse,  
If them meggies 'ud only quiet chetterin'  
Owër my heed in thon firs!

## TWO LIVES.

1.

SO you and I were born in May!  
And you have all the wealth of May-time.  
I wonder how it comes to-day,  
Since both were born in such a gay time,  
On you alone the sunshine sweet  
Has shed its golden showers,  
I wear the season's wreath of sleet,  
And you its wreath of flowers.

2.

O, wear its flowers in garlands gay  
Through every change of night and day-time  
Be life for you perpetual May  
And all your years a summer's play-time!  
Yet sometimes from your lustrous height  
But yield my paths of gloom  
One ray of all your affluent light,  
One flower of all your bloom!

BY BRYANSFORD.

1.

AH, what to me are all these green recesses  
'Mid fresh thick leafy trees,  
These mossy glades reviving Spring caresses,  
Cooled by the lingering breeze,  
These shady hollows of the hurrying stream  
Whose murmurs chain the ear,  
If only thus they move my heart to dream  
Of those who are not near?

2.

The sound of happy children's laughter ringing,.  
As through the woods they pass,  
The girl, bare-headed in the shadow, singing  
'Mid lengthening ferns and grass,  
The sweetness of the hawthorn in the air,  
The blackbird's pipings glad,  
Make but their absence harder yet to bear.  
My sinking heart more sad.

## SWEET PORTAFERRY.

(Air "Sweet Portaferry.")

## 1.

AS thy Castle's grey walls in the low sun are  
gleaming,  
Sweet, sweet Portaferry, and the evening draws  
near,  
And I drift on the tide to the ocean down-  
streaming,  
And leave to the night-wind thy woodlands dear,  
All, all the splendours of years gone over,  
The glad bright life of thy halls of rest,  
Like the spell of weird music when fairy-wings  
hover,  
Sweet, sweet Portaferry, sink in on my breast!

## 2.

Dear home of my sires by the blue waves of Cuan,  
Sweet, sweet Portaferry of the ivy-clad towers,  
Where in childhood I ranged every dell the ferns  
grew in,  
And gathered in handfuls bluebell-flowers,

Farewell! I leave thee, afar to wander,  
Alone, alone, over land and sea;  
But wherever I roam, O, my heart will grow tender,  
Sweet, sweet Portaferry, in dreaming of thee!

## MISS MAUD.

## 1.

FOWER dochters in deein' the lord o' Knockreagh  
 Wi' their mither left, waens, at the Ha', —  
 Miss Minnie, Miss Lillie, Miss Maud, an' Miss May,  
 —

An' Miss Maud is the flower o' them a'.  
 Och, little Miss Maud wi' her bonnie blue een,  
 An' her hair that's as black as the night,  
 Her heart is mair prood than the heart uv a queen,  
 But she's swate as the dawnin' o' light —  
 Miss Maud!

## 2.

If ye gang tae the Hoose wi' a trouble tae tell  
 The sarvants 'ull bluster an' sweer;  
 But axe fur Miss Maud, an' they dar'nae rebel,  
 An' Miss Maud 'ull rin doon the big stair,

An' she'll s'arch ye wi' questions, an' strecht tae yer  
 core  
 She'll pierce wi' her bonnie blue ee,  
 An' if she but fin's in your buzzom yin sore  
 She'll help ye, whaivver ye be —  
 Miss Maud!

## 3.

The leddy her mither sae trusts in her brain  
 That she's gied her the kays o' the Hoose,  
 An' she's hoose-keeper, mistress, and mither, an'  
 waen;  
 An' she's tender wi' man an' wi' moose;  
 If a hoon' in his sickness wud crawl tae her daur,  
 She wud tak' him tae tend in the Ha';  
 An' the birds in the winter frae near an' frae far  
 Fly doon tae be fed at her ca' —  
 Miss Maud!

## 4.

An' yince, whun my Maggie in faver lay spent,  
 An' neeburs a' hid in their fear,  
 Wha cumm'd tae her bedside wi' kin'ly intent,

But little Miss Maud, wi' the tear  
 In her bonnie saft ee, an' the luve in her face?  
 An' she sut like a nurse by the bed,  
 An', faithfu' an' fearless, cumm'd back tae her place  
 Each day till the faver had fled —  
 Miss Maud!

## 5.

O, tae see her ride oot on her pony at murn,  
 Wi' her brithers, awa' til the mate  
 An' afar wi' the hoon's owër water an' thurn,  
 Wud mak' a life's misery swate,  
 Her raven-derk tresses afloat on the win',  
 An' her face a' aglow in her glee,  
 As she turns wi' a smile tae the laggards behin',  
 An' boon's like a stag ower the lea —  
 Miss Maud!

## 6.

There's naethin' she cannae contrive wi' her han';  
 She can sew, an' embroider, an' cut;  
 The cook nivver bet her in cakes fur the pan;  
 She's a match fur the meenister's wut;

The gerd'ner jist envies her way wi' the flowers;  
 The thrushes ir dumb whun she sings  
 An' the angels o' Heaven ben' doon frae their  
 bowers  
 Tae listen ahint their white wings —  
 Miss Maud!

## 7.

Nae thought o' yer buzzom but jist she can see;  
 She hears ivv'ry thrab o' yer heart;  
 Ye cannae dec'ave her, ye're fearsome tae lee,  
 An' her words like an arra oot-dert  
 In anger or pity, in luv or in scorn.  
 Ye're better whun by her ye sit;  
 The saddest aside her cud feel nae forlorn,  
 An' the proodest boo doon at her fit —  
 Miss Maud!

## 8.

Noo, her sisters an' brithers an' a' uv her race  
 Ir rosy o' fayture an' fair;  
 She favours nae yin o' them a', fur her face  
 Is broon, an' blue-bleck is her hair;  
 An' A'm thinkin' auld Nancy is right efther a', —

Whun King Macananty hel' sway  
Wi' bringin' frae Scrabo a waen tae the Ha'  
The Wee-People had somethin' tae dae! —  
Miss Maud!

## HELEN'S TOWER.

BY Love's hand reared, on thine aërial height  
Rise, pure Love's witness, and, 'mid storm and  
flame,  
Earthquake and thunder, o'er wide lands proclaim  
Death by Love vanquished; and beyond the Night  
Eternal splendours of eternal Light;  
Hope, born of Love which grief nor time can tame,  
Triumphant; Severance but a needless name;  
And Joy Unending one with Sovereign Might!  
Yea, thou, through whose firm tissue seems to thrill  
Love's message from the Living to the Dead,  
With throbbings of some sweet ethereal Will  
Responsive through thy stony fibre sped,  
Prove blent in one serene Eternity  
The world men see not with the earth they see!

## A DOWNSHIRE POET.

1.

"COME," you say, "reside in London;  
That's the Universe's pivot;  
There you'll find the latest fun done,  
There see life and learn to live it;  
There in line with freshest fashion  
You'll keep always meekly marching,  
Know what knot to tie your sash in,  
Find your cuffs the perfect starching;

2.

"There your brain will go on growing,  
Stuffed with most approved opinions,  
Newest knowledge worth men's knowing,  
All the news of all dominions.  
He who far from London lingers  
Lets the glorious world go by him;  
One might tell on half one's fingers  
All the wealth his wits supply him."

## 3.

Peace! Your London's but a parish  
Matched with my accustomed dwelling, —  
Field and wood and moor and marish,  
Mountains high, through cloudland swelling,  
Seas round endless islands shoaling,  
Cities vast of countless nations,  
Worlds on worlds through ether rolling,  
Myriad whirling constellations.

## 4.

I, the strands of Uladh treading,  
Boundless orbs of empire sharing,  
Feel my soul's wings upward spreading  
Far above your lamplight's flaring.  
Grain your London has for each man  
Who his sack would pile with seed full,  
But to lift man and to teach man  
London's not the *one* thing needful.

## IN THE MOORLANDS.

1.

LORN on Bingian, thou and I,  
Lonely bird, with never a sound  
Save my moans and thy weird cry,  
As along the heathery ground  
Farther from my feet thou stealest,  
Wailing under the wide sky!

2.

Never shrink away, nor fear  
Wound or scath from hands of mine;  
Spread thy wings and fly anear;  
I have a heavier heart than thine,  
Woes more keen than all thou feelest,  
Old dead griefs of many a year.

3.

What's the purport of that word  
Thou repeatest day by day?

Hast thou lost thy wee mate-bird?  
Are thy nestlings turned to clay?  
Is't to God thy poor heart crieth  
Shapeless agonies all unheard?

## 4.

Who is He, and in what deep  
Dwelleth He who formed us twain?  
In dark earth my brethren sleep,  
All my love's been lived in vain,  
And I cry, and none replieth,  
Cry alone to Heaven, and weep.

## IN LIFE'S AUTUMN.

## 1.

OCH, it's pleasant tae be greeted by a bright wee  
face

As ye're gaun doon a loanin' in the murnin', O,  
Rosy lips that, smilin', show little pearly teeth a-  
row,

An' a forehead white as curdies frae the churnin',  
O!

## 2.

Och, it's pleasant tae be greeted by a dear wee  
grace

As ye're gaun tae yer labour in yer sadness, O,  
Bonnie luv'in' een that glame like the ripples in a  
strame,

An' a dimplit cheek that flushes ower wi' gledness,  
O!

## 3.

Och, it's pleesant in the sayson whun the green  
 l'aves turn,  
 An' yer days o' luv an' coortin' lang ir ended, O,  
 Tae hear a wee-bit lass bid ye welcome as ye pass,  
 An' see her wee white han' til ye extended, O!

## 4.

Och, it's pleesant tae be chattin' by a blithe bright  
 burn  
 Wi' a wee yin lookin' up at ye abuve her, O,  
 An' tellin' in yer ear a' her thoughts athoot a fear  
 That sae sane an' worn a heart wud ivver luv her,  
 O!

## 5.

Och, it's pleesant whun the evenin's uv yer days  
 grow lang  
 Tae be frien's wi' the blossoms o' the May-time, O,  
 An' tae l'arn hoo wise an' guid is the heart o'  
 Maidenhood  
 That had hidden hai'f its sweetness in life's gay  
 time, O!

## WORK-TIME AND LOVE-TIME.

1.

O, SAD's the day uv wark and care  
That keeps thee frae my min';  
The wurl's a' blake, the sky's a' bare;  
A'm falterin' like the blin';

2.

A seem tae wrang thy gentle heart,  
A seem thy luv tae slight,  
For A maun leeve my life apert,  
An' veil thee frae my sight.

3.

But, whun the day's lang task is wrought,  
Night sinks ower Castlebuy,  
Hoo swate tae yiel' up a' my thought  
Yince mair tae only thee!

## A POOR RHYMESTER.

1.

SINCE, noo my Luve's sae far awa'  
 A cannae spake wi' her ava,  
 Or clasp her han' sae fine an' sma'  
 As white's the daisy,  
 A jist keep rhymin' hoor on hoor;  
 An', if A cudnae thus o'erpow'r  
 My buzzom's surgin' grief an' stour,  
 A'd gang hai'f crazy.

2.

It's soothin' thus the lee-lang day  
 Tae let my waefu' fancy play,  
 An' seem my inmaist heart tae lay  
 A' bare afore her;  
 Tae think A hear the auld grey mill  
 Drum-drummin' by the ramblin' rill,  
 By Carrigs banks A'm bendin' still  
 Sae luvesome ower her:

## 3.

Tae jist keep rhymin', whilst A pine,  
 About her wee sel', line on line,  
 An' ower an' ower her name entwine  
 Wi' verse's jingle,  
 Oot-wanderin' far wi' aim unsure  
 Aroon' the breezy lanesome muir,  
 Or sittin' mopin', dowf an' dour,  
 In smoky ingle.

## 4.

Yet, dear! there's but cau'd coomfurt in't  
 It's but the gildin' sunset's glint,  
 An' nae the goold that's gied frae Mint;  
 It's life a' hazy.  
 But if A hadnae jist thon way  
 O' rhymin' a' the lee-lang day,  
 A cudnae thole this weight o' clay;  
 A'd gang hai'f crazy.

## WHAT RECOMPENSE?

1.

WHAT can A gi'e thee in exchange  
For that sweet faith thy luik confesses?  
A' that A ken uv rich an' strange,  
The fairest w'alth my min' possesses.

2.

Nay, only these? Ah, best return  
For trust that self-despisin' l'aves me,  
Is jist tae strive thy faith tae earn,  
An' be as thy true heart conceives me.

## MEGPIES.

1.

YIN meggie fur sorra! ... but yonder's anither!  
Some glame o' guid fortune maun come o' the twa!  
The-day or the-morra, what luck 'ull fly hither,  
What fruit o' what tree on my pathway 'ull fa'?

2.

Nae treasure or splen'our A ben' on my knee fur;  
'Twur' best uv a' boons that cud drap on my way  
That jist the wee slen'er frail form A wud dee fur  
Wud come doon the loanin' A gang by the-day.

## A SUMMER'S WANT.

1.

QUOILE'S wuds wur' pied wi' daffies gay  
 Whun, trustin', ah, sae soon tae meet,  
 We twa fur lang wur' perted!  
 Alas, hoo blithe he wuz that day,  
 As back he turn'd wi' smile sae sweet  
 Tae me sae hopefu'-hearted!  
 The Spring wuz come wi' lengthenin' light,  
 In win's uv Merch adoon the height  
 The daffies toss'd like birds in flight,  
 The murn we twa wur' perted.

2.

The daffies a' hae droop'd an' gaed,  
 An' gaed's the sweet narcissus white,  
 The jonquil's wan an' jaded,  
 The sloe's lang green aboon the glade,  
 The whin haes fill'd the fiel's wi' light,

The aiks the knowes hae shaded;  
An' noo aboot the burns like sleet,  
An' ower my face, an' roon' my feet,  
Wi' shoorin' leaf an' fragrance sweet,  
Win's blaw the May-blooms faded.

## 3.

The grass is thickenin' in the leas,  
An' flex an' whate mak' green the hill,  
An' soon wull roses sweeten  
In ivvery lane the Summer's breeze;  
But A wull turn, expectin' still  
My True-Luve's kin'ly greetin'  
An' brave bright face an' luvesome smile,  
Alang the roads at ivvery mile,  
An' by the brig, an' ower the stile,  
Wi' hope fur ivver fleetin'.

## DEVOTION.

## 1.

A'M no sae vain or blin' uv ee  
That A shud think she drames uv me  
As luvvers drame, — wee winsome lass,  
That boos a welcome as A pass,  
An' greets me wi' a smile sae swate  
Whun here or there we chance tae mate  
An' tak's a lingerin' sad far'weel  
Whun times fur partin' ower us steal, —  
Dear weenie Gracie!

## 2.

A say A'm nae sae vain an' blin'  
Tae think it's luvve that mak's sae kin'  
Her ways wi' me, wha own nae art  
Tae tangle ony lassie's heart.  
A kennae why, wee pensive thing,  
She seems sae close tae cower an' cling,

Nor why, whun aft A turn tae speak  
 The bluid rins reddenin' ower her cheek, —  
 Dear weenie Grade!

## 3.

But this A ken — an' weel A ken, —  
 If in the wurl' uv wayward men  
 Yin word wur' said, or heartless jeer,  
 For bane o' me, an' she wuz near,  
 She'd rise, in spite uv youth an' shame,  
 An' speak my praise, defen' my fame,  
 An' scathe wi' maiden scorn an' ire  
 The wretch that did my wrang conspire, —  
 Dear weenie Gracie!

## 4.

An' if A lay in sickness dread  
 An' frien's wi' selfish fear had fled,  
 She'd come, whate'er the wurl' might say,  
 An' watch aside me night an' day,  
 An' there, wee guardian-angel, stan',  
 An' cool my brow wi' gentle han',  
 An' gi'e awa' her ain dear breath  
 Tae hau'd me frae the grips o' Death, —  
 Dear weenie Gracie!

## 5.

An' if Mischance shud ower me fa',  
 An' Poortith clutch me in his claw,  
 An' A shud droop wi' shamefu' face  
 Tae hide me frae the wurl's disgrace,  
 If A sae mane cud be as tak'  
 Sich gifts fur even frien'ship's sake, —  
 Her ain wee earnin's wud she bring  
 Tae help me frae my suffering, —  
 Dear weenie Gracie!

## 6.

An' if A wuz this hoor tae dee,  
 Nae heart wud langer murn for me  
 Than hers, nae kin'ly sowl wud keep  
 My memory lang sae green, nor weep  
 In silent grief sae mony a night,  
 Whun ithers' hearts again wur' light,  
 Nor come sae aft tae stan' alane,  
 An' muse, beside my kirkyard-stane.  
 Dear weenie Gracie!

## THE LANDING OF PATRICK.

1.

"WITH what an eager heart the tide is shoaling  
Inward and on by rock and shore and hill!  
Row lightly. Let the strong, blue waters, rolling  
Toward yon veiled inlet, waft us where they will!

2.

"To left and right how rich the pastures gleaming  
In morning's heat, the woods how wild and free!  
Here the broad meadows from the mountain  
streaming,  
And there the green hills like a tossing sea!

3.

"Cling to the larboard shore, for, hark, the rumble  
Of yon fierce eddies whirling in their might!  
Follow the glittering porpoises that tumble,  
Revelling with the tide, in their delight.

4.

"See how their wet brown backs upheave and  
glisten  
And wheel-like roll amid the dancing brine!  
On, as they frolic and the waters hasten,  
Drift we, borne forward by a Force Divine!

5.

"A fair fresh land on either side. What greeting  
Awaits us from the lips of man within?  
Fair was the land we left but lately, fleeting  
Far o'er the waves — yet obdurate in sin.

6.

"Its soft blue hills, its purple peaks upsoaring,  
Its woodlands billowing to the green sea's rim,  
The white streaks of its mountain-torrents pouring  
Down to its oaken dells and valleys dim,

7.

"Wooed me, as there we wandered the wide  
ocean,  
To preach the Living Word beside its doors;  
But the rough clansmen in their blind emotion,  
Inhospitable, drove us from its shores.

8.

"Shall they whose homes by yonder knolls are  
hidden  
Prove gentler? I will dare the worst last fight.  
Yet something tells me I shall spread unhidden  
From yon fair vantage-ground the quenchless  
Light."

9.

So to his oarsmen spake the Apostle, drifting  
On the swift waves toward Cuan's azure Bay.  
He watched the fleet cloud-shadows lightly  
shifting,  
And scanned the green hills freaked with gorse and  
May;

10.

He pored upon the Firth afar that lured him  
Forward to some diviner destiny;  
He passed the broadening channel that immured  
him  
In transient thralldom between sea and sea;

## 11.

Then, to the right, lo, Cuan's waters glowing,  
And, to the left, Quoile's isles and leafy shores!  
"Bear to the left," he cried, and, westward rowing,  
They sprang with gladdening harmony of oars.

## 12.

Still onward with the spreading wave they  
bounded,  
Still gladdening in the rush of the blue tide,  
Till, as one fair isle's grassy bluff they rounded,  
Behold a verdant valley opening wide!

## 13.

Drive ye the bark beneath that bending sally!  
Here shall we rest," the Master cried. "God's hand  
Beckons me thither toward yon green sweet valley.  
Thence shall His glory gleam o'er all the land."

## 14.

Then saw they how, like to a sun in splendour,  
The Prophet's face and form before them shone,  
As stretching forth his arms in glad surrender,  
He seemed toward that green winding valley  
drawn.

15.

"Follow, dear friends, on through yon meads  
Elysian!"

He cried, and up along the grassy slope,  
Clothed round with light and rapt in mystic vision,  
He led them to the triumph of his hope.

## A DAY OF DOUBTS.

1.

DERK doo'ts the-day aroon' me fa',  
 My min' is fu' uv restless fear.  
 What if her han' be gied awa',  
 An' A hae lost my bonnie Dear!  
 If sae it be, O, wha wull tell,  
 An' save me frae the bitter cross,  
 The grief, uv l'arnin' frae hersel'  
 The tidin's uv my endless loss?

2.

Cau'd Rayson mony a time haes laid  
 A frosty palm across my heart,  
 An' sneer'd, "Tae win sae rare a maid  
 Thou hast nor luiks, nor w'alth, nor art,  
 Bewar' uv fancies vain an' prood;  
 Bewar' uv hopes the wise reprove;  
 Thou airt but yin amang the crood;  
 What claim hast *thoutae* sich a luve?"

## 3.

An' then her words A've brooded ower,  
Each kin'ly phrase that e'er she spoke,  
An' oot uv Memory's goolden store  
Each wistfu' smile an' glance that broke  
Frae her dear een since first we met  
A've ca'd fur witness back tae me,  
Till Luv on Fear his heel haes set,  
An' Doo't haes slunk awa' tae dee.

## 4.

But, ah, the-day my heart is drear,  
Nae thinkin' brings my fears relief;  
A dread tae seek the truth tae hear,  
An' sink in sair unmanfu' grief;  
Nae langer swate's the rose uv June,  
A' pale's the blue campanula,  
The thrush's sang's a weary tune,  
An' summer's pleasures fade awa'.

## BY SHIMNA STRAME.

## 1.

HOORS lang A sit by Shimna strame,  
Here whaur the still pools glint and glame,  
An' uv my ain true Sweetheart drame  
Wi' luve undyin'.  
A care nae frae the spot tae roam;  
Whaure'er A think uv him is home.  
A sit an' watch the sparklin' foam,  
The sma' birds flyin'.

## 2.

Beneath the rocks an' ferny hill  
A sit beside the pool sae still,  
An' hear the wren beside me trill  
Wi' thrabbin' buzzom;  
An' watch the little speedwell's blue  
An' wild geranium's rosy hue  
In tranquil deeps reflected true,  
Each fairy blossom.

## 3.

Jist noo beside the water's brink  
A brave wee rabin cumm'd tae drink,  
An' paused awhile tae peer an' think,  
Then dipt demurely,  
An' skyward turn'd his bright'nin' ee,  
Then sipt his wee drap eagerly,  
An' dipt, an' sipt, beside me free  
Tae sport securely.

## 4.

Luve mak's the 'hale uv Nature dear,  
It mak's Heaven's kin'ly purpose clear.  
It draws a' leevin' creatures near  
The heart that's found it;  
An' nivver did the auld Airth seem  
Sae guid, sae swate, as by this strame  
It seems, whilst here A sit an' drame,  
Sae luve-surrounded!

## THE WON'ER O'T.

1.

THOU'ST tell't me that thou luv'st me weel,  
An' A hae muckle won'er'd  
That ivver luv'e like thine might be  
On yin sae worthless squan'er'd.

2.

But ah, the purer een discern  
The guid the baser need nae,  
An' thou hast faund wi'in my breast  
The better heart they heed nae!

## FORBIDDEN LOVE.

1.

A WUDNAE wrang thy guileless buzzom  
Wi' doo'ts or fears or blake distrust;  
Nor blight wi' shame sae dear a blossom;  
Nor tread a sacred vow in dust;  
So, whaur sae'er the Fates may move thee,  
A dar'nae say nor think A luvè thee.

2.

A wudnae hear thee ca' me brither —  
Thon word wud turn the sunshine cau'd;  
A wudnae see thee wed anither  
Fur a' the w'alth the wurl' may hau'd;  
Yit, cowerin' frae thon Heaven abuve thee,  
A dar'nae say nor think A luvè thee.

## 3.

Whun aft thy lingerin' een hae tau'd me  
The swatest tale the heart may tell,  
A've dash'd the drame awa', tae fau'd me  
In thoughts that seem'd tae break thy spell;  
For ah, though Time shud steadfast prove thee,  
A dar'nae say nor think A luvè thee!

## 4.

Lood bates my heart whune'er A meet thee  
Wi' thrabs wud rend a breast uv steel;  
Wi' trem'lin' lips an' han's A greet thee;  
Wi' tearfu' een A tak' far'weel;  
Yit, though tae sin it ne'er shud move thee,  
A dar'nae say nor think A luvè thee.

## WHAT HE MAUNNAE DAE.

## 1.

A MAUNNAE tell fur that wur' trayson —  
 The luve that twines my life wi' thee;  
 A maunnae think — in spite o' Rayson —  
 That them dost nurse yin thought o' me;  
 A maunnae drame thy saft een, meetin'  
 The glance A cannae turn awa',  
 Spak' mair than jist a kin'ly greetin'  
 That might frae ony lassie fa'.

## 2.

A maunnae press thy han' at pertin';  
 A maunnae sit aside thee lang;  
 A maunnae show the tear ootstertin'  
 Whun mute A list thy ten'arest sang;  
 A maunnae praise the sangs thou singest,  
 Lest fervid words my luve betray;  
 A maunnae hail thee whun thou bringest  
 Aroon' my life the light o' day.

## 3.

Whun weary thoughts an' sorrow shade thee,  
Whun care thy face haes thinn'd an' blurr'd,  
A maunnae steal anear tae aid thee,  
A maunnae breathe yin ten'er word.  
Ah, whun the heart athin grows bolder,  
Whun h'aves the say uv luv repress'd,  
A maunnae draw thee tae my shoulder,  
Or clasp thee tae this achin' breast.

## 4.

A can but still in dumbness luv thee,  
In secret hide this luv, sae fair,  
Luik upward tae the skies abuve me,  
An' bless thy life in silent prayer.  
Deep in the derkenin' wud's recesses  
Alane at eve A sit an' pine,  
Sigh fur thy gentle han's caresses,  
The joy that nivver can be mine.

## IN HONOUR'S CHAIN.

## 1.

YE hills o' Castlereagh, sae green  
Wi' l'aves an' grass uv May,  
Wi' lustrous trees that lightly lean  
As saft win's roon' ye play,  
An' meaddas bright wi' blooms uv goold  
An' mony a ferm an' toon,  
Noo by the loiterin' shaddas cool'd,  
Noo baskin' i' the noon, —

## 2.

Ah me, far aff, wi' grassy fau'd  
An' knolls uv gorse an' grove,  
Hid frae my langin' sight, ye hau'd  
The yin dear lass A luv.  
Doon in thon vale, far aff, sae sweet,  
She walks by burn and lea,  
An' the dear spirit mony greet  
A may nor hear nor see.

## 3.

There's weel-nigh thirty mile o' lan'  
 Atween my Luv an' me,  
 But if A tuk' my staff in han',  
 An' if A jist wuz free,  
 A'd scoor the roads wi' lightsome fit,  
 An' ere yin star cud shine,  
 Drap doon intae the silent street  
 An' clasp her han' in mine.

## 4.

Then wud she smile wi' kin'ly face,  
 Wi' luv in her dark een,  
 An' spake wi' guileless winsome grace —  
 My heart's wee peerless queen!  
 An' roon' me a' the blooms o' Heav'n  
 The spirits o' Heav'n wud wreathe,  
 If in the lingerin' light uv ev'n,  
 Sae near her A cud breathe.

## 5.

But O, A've vow'd fur true luv's sake  
 My True-Luv ne'er tae see,  
 Nor maun my word uv Honour break  
 Though daith the fruit shall be;

An' A maun gaze on yon green slope  
Wi' langin' a' in vain,  
Athoot yin stir, athoot yin hope,  
Boon' doon in Honour's chain.

## MEN OF DOWN!

## 1.

THEY may tell you all too plainly  
That they think your ways ungainly,  
That your speeches seldom savour  
Of a sycophantic flavour,  
That you're all but blunt to rudeness  
In your independent shrewdness,  
And to jibes they may subject you,  
Men of Down;  
But I know your nature better,  
Know you're truthful to the letter;  
Therefore I, for one, respect you,  
Men of Down!

## 2.

They may point to other places,  
Where the folk have smoother faces,  
Where the women smile more coyly  
And the tongues of men are oily,

Where they love to cringe and flatter  
And with fulsome praise bespatter,  
And a rougher race may deem you,  
Men of Down;  
But I know your silent action  
Is worth all their loud attraction;  
Therefore I, for one, esteem you,  
Men of Down!

## 3.

They may say you lack the graces  
Of the poet in your phrases,  
That a sentimental ranting  
In your daily life is wanting,  
And that Fancy's out of season  
With your common-sense and reason,  
That no Delphic draughts inspire you,  
Men of Down;  
But your earnest life's concealing  
All the poet's deeper feeling;  
Therefore I, for one, admire you,  
Men of Down!

## 4.

Yes, you don't go reeling blindly,  
But you're true as steel, and kindly,  
And your friendships ne'er grow colder,  
And no soldiers' hearts are bolder,  
And you scorn the braggart's tumour,  
And you're rich in genial humour,  
And you're calm when sorrows strike you,  
Men of Down;  
And you'll face the fiercest foeman,  
And you'll bend your necks to no man;  
Therefore, high and low, I like you,  
Men of Down!

## A SUNSET OFF KILLYLEAGH.

1.

ROUND many a pladdie, many an isle green with  
the glancing shower,  
How fleetly up the Lough we'd sped past Sketrick's  
crumbling Tower!  
Now round the homeward-bending sail the breezes  
swoon and die,  
And lo, becalmed in sunset's peace, off Killyleagh  
we lie!

2.

How still the waters round us grew that golden  
summer even!  
From Angus-Rock to Newtown Sands was one  
inverted heaven;  
The very sail that flagged and fell was mirrored in  
the deep,  
And not one trembling ripple vexed the water's  
glassy sleep.

## 3.

On the near shore the little Town and Castle  
sparkling stood;  
The River round its islets spread 'mid slopes of field  
and wood;  
O'er Audley groves, o'er Dufferin braes, far-off the  
mountains rolled  
Against a gorgeous sunset-sky of turquoise-blue  
and gold;

## 4.

And eastward all the knolls of Ards glowed in the  
evening ray  
To where the Portaferry woods leaned out toward  
Audley Bay —  
A scene so fair we could not choose but inly thank  
and praise  
The fickle winds that drooped their wings and left  
us there to gaze.

## 5.

Then cried our knightly Host, whose hand had  
steered the yacht so well  
That now in languid beauty lay amid the sunset-  
spell: —

"O Poet, with the wandering eyes, who lookest far  
away  
Toward purple Donard's Peak that bounds those  
skies of dying day,

## 6.

"Chant some fair rhyme that breathes of love for  
yonder hills and dales,  
The love we bear our Island-Home till all of passion  
fails."  
And sweet petitionary eyes turned to the Poet's  
face,  
And gentle lips of ladies bright besought the  
wished-for grace.

## 7.

Then, breaking from a moment's trance, the Poet  
rose and stood,  
Half-leaning by the stately mast, in sudden  
rapturous mood,  
And, waving toward the lovely land that lay  
beneath the gleam  
Of all those lines of varied light, he spoke as in a  
dream: —

## I.

Not tasselled palm or bended cypress wooing  
 The languid wind on temple-crown'd heights,  
 Not heaven's myriad stars in lustre strewing  
 Smooth sapphire bays in hushed Ionian nights,  
 Not the clear peak of dawn-encrimsoned snow,  
 Or plumage-lighted wood, or gilded pile  
 Sparkling amid the imperial city's glow  
 Endears *our* Isle.

## II.

O fondling of the tempest and the ocean,  
 White with the sea-spray and the sea-birds' wings,  
 'Mid clangour loud of Nature's curbless motion,  
 The mist that to thy purple summits clings,  
 The sun-glint and the shadow as they rove  
 With rainbows fleeting o'er thy blustery plains,  
 Thou tanglest us thy children in thy love  
 With golden chains!

## III.

Thy beauty is the gorgeous cloud of even,  
 The orange-glowing air of sunken suns,  
 The scarlet rifts of morn, the windy heaven;  
 Thy charm the pensive grace the worldling shuns;  
 Thy witchery the spell that o'er us steals  
 In gazing on green Rath's unfurrowed round,  
 And hallowed Ruin where the mourner kneels,  
 And haunted Mound.

## IV.

Thine the weird splendour of the restless billow  
 For ever breaking over lonely shores,

The reedy mere that is the wild-swan's pillow,  
 The crag to whose torn spire the eagle soars,  
 The moorland where the solitary hern  
 Spreads his grey wings upon the breezes cold,  
 The pink sweet heather's bloom, the waving fern,  
 The gorse's gold.

## V.

And we who draw our being from thy being,  
 Blown by the untimely blast about the earth,  
 Back in love's vision to thy bosom fleeing,  
 Droop with thy sorrows, brighten with thy mirth;  
 O, from afar, with sad and straining eyes,  
 Tired arms across the darkness and the foam  
 We stretch to thy bluff capes and sombre skies,  
 Beloved home!

## VI.

Forlorn amid the untrodden wildernesses,  
 The pioneer, bent o'er his baffled spade,  
 Sighs for thy cool blue hills remote, and blesses  
 Thy dewy airs that o'er his cradle played;  
 The girl love-driven to toil in alien lands,  
 Lone-labouring for home's dear ones, wearily  
 Hides her wan face within her trembling hands,  
 And sobs for thee;

## VII.

'Mid the dread thunder of battling empires rolling  
 Thy soldier for thine honour smiles at death;  
 Thy magic spirit, thought and will controlling,  
 Of all we mould or dream is life and breath;

To thee as to its source and sun belongs  
 All glory we would blazon with thy name;  
 Thine is the fervour of our fairest songs,  
 Our passion's flame.

## VIII.

The nurslings of thy moorlands and thy mountains,  
 Thy children tempered by thy winter gales,  
 Swayed by the tumult of thy headlong fountains  
 That clothe with pasture green thy grassy vales,  
 True to one love in climes' and years' despite,  
 We yearn, in our last hour, upon thy breast,  
 When the Great Darkness wraps thee from our sight,  
 To sink to rest.

## 8.

He ceased, and fervent plaudits rang across the  
 tranquil sea;  
 And silent sat in thought awhile our little company;  
 Then, turning toward the fairest face amid the  
 circle fair,  
 The Host once more a favour begged with stately  
 old-world air: —

## 9.

"If Leila now, as Leila can, some song of home  
 would sing,

Some song of kindred love, and hope, and bright  
 imagining" ...

"Yes, Leila, Leila, Leila, sing," soft voices, chiming,  
 said, —

"Sing some sweet Irish song for us to Irish music  
 wed."

10.

Then Leila, with her soft brown eyes and spiritual  
 face,

On Helen's shoulder laid her head in sweet  
 unconscious grace,

And, looking toward the skyey deeps, sang clear  
 and soft and low

A song that seemed a-thrill with wild harp-notes of  
 long ago: —

I.

O Peace, O Love, from Heaven afar,  
 'Mid roseate tints of East and West,  
 Come, soft as ray of evening-star,  
 Come, fold our Isle in endless rest!  
 No more let heart from heart be torn  
 By narrow spites and blinding hate;  
 No more the exile weep, forlorn,  
 His lightless hearth left desolate;

## II.

No more in wild and desperate dreams  
 The zealot waste a wayward life,  
 The silvery murmurs of its streams  
 Be marred with noise of needless strife;  
 Nor any ancient wrong remain  
 To bar free minds their lawful scope,  
 Or fair ambition's fervours rein,  
 Or fret the heart with fruitless hope;

## III.

But side by side let rich and poor  
 In happiest concord live and grow,  
 Each in the other's faith secure,  
 And lightening each the other's woe;  
 And all the Isle, in waste and wold  
 And leagues of grass and breadths of corn,  
 Be bright with blameless homes, and hold  
 A prosperous people blithe as morn;

## IV.

And Art her gorgeous fabrics raise,  
 And Song make glad the fields and air,  
 And Learning light the lampless ways,  
 And Virtue blossom everywhere;  
 Till never fairer Eden shine  
 Beneath the blue and thronging skies,  
 And all the loves of Earth entwine  
 Our Sea-Encinctured Paradise!"

## 11.

So Leila sang, and all who heard, as if in wordless  
prayer,  
Sat brooding with responsive thought amid the  
evening air.  
"A happy dream, and may its hope be all-in-all  
fulfilled!"  
So said our kindly Host; and we, whose hearts that  
music thrilled,

## 12.

Still gazed upon the distant hills and tints of  
drooping day,  
And the far fields and isles and woods around the  
waters grey.  
Then o'er the Ards the white moon rose; a gentle  
breeze upsprung,  
And in, with silvery sails, we steered the isles of  
Quoile among;

## 13.

And tacked, and ran with prattling prow toward  
Portaferry's Keep;

And watched the gathering stars above, the sea-  
flames round us sweep;  
And tacked again by Walter-Mead, and soon in  
silence lay  
Amid the mirrored lights of heaven in Strangford's  
dreamy bay.

## THE GHOST-STORY-TELLERS.

IN Arney homestead, one weird winter-night,  
Beside his table, by the glimmering light  
Of log-fire and of candle, while the wind  
Moaned in the little belts of trees that bind  
The house and orchard in from the bare world,  
Sat farmer Maxwell. Back in darkness, curled,  
As some tired hound might coil himself for rest,  
On a rude couch, in tattered raiment drest —  
Rag-ribbons, — Braniff, the lorn poet-lad,  
Shattered with griefs, fantastically mad,  
Lay slumbering, he whom every man and child  
Pitied, while awe-struck by his fancies wild,  
And every farmer freely proffered bread,  
Warmth for his frame, and shelter for his head.  
Before the fire, rolling with both his hands  
His pipeful of black weed, and o'er his lands  
Pondering, the neighbour-tenant, Mikkell Hayes,  
Bent, all his fresh face brightening in the blaze.

Knitting, and dreaming of her lover, Kate,  
The farmer's fair-haired daughter, sat sedate  
And silent on the settle. By her side  
Her stalwart elder brother, drowsy-eyed  
From labour all day long about the farm,  
Stretched his tired limbs toward the faggots warm.  
Screened in the chimney-corner cozily,  
Was perched on creepie-stool — torn cap on knee,  
Patched leathern breeches hanging from his hips,  
And leggings loose about his ankles thin  
"Wee Dan," the late Squire's whilome Whipper-in;  
While, back to hearth, and hands in pocket, stood

—

Tall, gaunt, and gloomy, given-o'er to brood  
On a sad life's mischances bitterly —  
The schoolmaster of Mullagh, John McNee.

The Goodwife of the house had risen up  
And cleared the liberal board of plate and cup,  
And Maxwell to his press had turned about,  
To bring his best of gin and whiskey out,  
When someone came a-knocking at the door,  
And in, amid the night-wind's ocean-roar,  
The Elder, Gordon, staggered, scared and cold,  
And all at once his late experience told: —

(THE ELDER'S EXPERIENCE:  
THE HAUNTED GLEN.)

1.

"THON Ha'nted Glen sae murk wi' trees,  
Wi' win's an' waters plainin',  
It mak's the bluid wi' terror freeze  
Its paths tae walk alane in;  
Whun evenin's glooms aroon it fa'  
An' dismal night grows thicker,  
Ugh, then the wailin' voices ca',  
An' then the derk shapes flicker.

2.

"It's no that A believe the Deed  
Can ha'nt an' scaur the leevin';  
Tae Mon the Blessed Buik haes said  
Tae dee but yince is given,  
An', haevin' deed, anither Ian'  
Becomes the sperrit's centre;  
It's bad' this Airth far'weel, an' can  
Nae mair this Airth reënter.

## 3.

"It's nae the Deed A fear, fur they  
 Can wark nae herm tae mortal;  
 But dear! sich shapes an' soon's uv wae  
 The staniest heart wud startle!  
 They're moanin' there, they're jibberin' here,  
 Ahint, afore, they're flittin',  
 They're getherin' far, they're crowdin' near,  
 Or cloak'd an' dumb they're sittin';

## 4.

"An' a' sae sudden ower my sight  
 The spectral forms come gl'amin',  
 A shiver ower wi' tinglin' fright,  
 My een wi' draps ir str'amin'.  
 It's no that A believe the Deed,  
 Ye ken, can ha'nt the leevin';  
 But thon Glen's paths alane A'll tread  
 Nae mair by night or even.

## 5.

"A jist wuz walkin' frae the Kirk,  
 An' tuk the beechwud loanin' ...  
 An' my! the night is wild an' murk,  
 An' hoo the wuds ir groanin'! ...

A miss'd the turn, an', ugh, A stray'd  
 Adoon the way A dreadit,  
 An' as it wound through deeper shade  
 A scarce had stren'th tae tread it.

## 6.

"Ootstertit jist afore my fit  
 A rat, or weasel, slidin';  
 An' roon' about me seem'd tae flit  
 A grey owl frae his hidin';  
 An' then the Shapes begood tae tak'  
 Their sates on bank an' hollow; —  
 An', ugh, A heerd ahint my back  
 A dismal futstep follow!

## 7.

"A turn'd aroon', an' there A seed —  
 Great Gude! — a ghaistly figure  
 Wi' bluid-stain'd neck and mangled heed!  
 A summon'd a' my vigour,  
 A strud alang, an' nae luik'd roon',  
 But onward strain'd a-trem'lin',  
 And aye A heerd the futstep's soon'  
 Through a' the tempest's rem'lin'.

## 8.

"A gasp'd fur braith, my heart stud still,  
 My stren'th tae water meltit,  
 My fit, thrust doon tae climb the hill,  
 Scarce reach'd the road or felt it.  
 At last I spied the cheerfu' glame  
 Here shinin' frae yer wundee,  
 An', Gude be praised, ye're a' at hame,  
 An' gie an' kin' A've faund ye!

## 9.

"It's no that A believe the Deed —  
 Ye min' — can ha'nt the Leevin';  
 But thon Glen's paths alane A'll tread  
 Nae mair by night or even."

"Dear!" said the Goodwife, "Mister Gurdon, Sir,  
 Thon wuz a fearfu' veesion! ... Wully, stir  
 The greesugh ... Sit ye, Mister Gurdon, doon,  
 An' Wully'll mak' ye up a jorum soon,  
 An' thon 'ull scaur the spectres frae yer ee,  
 An' werm yer buzzom. Tak' thon erm-chair, see!"  
 And Maxwell in his hand a tumbler set  
 And bade the Elder, cold and dazed and wet,  
 Sit in beside the hearth, and dry his feet

Before the glowing pile of logs and peat,  
 Saying, "A doo't there mebbe sperrits that walk  
 The Airth an' may wi' *ither* mortals talk,  
 But A hae nivver seed yin." — Knitting still,  
 Kate, with a shiver, said, "Doon by the mill,  
 A'm tell't, a mon wuz murther'd yince, lang syne."  
 — "Ay," said her father, "nigh the blaisted pine  
 That shoots his white bare branches up the sky  
 And sturms keep snappin' as the saysons fly,  
 A mon wuz murther'd, fifty year or mair  
 Afore the mill wuz burnt A'm sartin shair,  
 An' sae they ca' the Glen 'The ha'nted Glen.' ...  
 Come, fill up, Mister Gurdon! Welcome ben!  
 Ye'll see nae veesions in thon gless, A doo't.  
 Gude sperrits *ih*hau'd evil sperrits *oot*.  
 Sit in aside Wee Dan."

But, while he spoke,  
 Wee Dan the Whipper from his corner broke,  
 Set himself down beside the table, filled  
 A glass with gin o' the whitest, filled, and swilled,  
 And filled once more, and, leaning from his chair,  
 Spoke with set face and grave deliberate air: —

(THE AULD WHUPPER-IN'S STORY:  
MISTER ALICK.)

"AY, it's lanesame oot o' daurs the-night, but cozy  
here athin ...  
Blaw up the turfs, an' mak' a blaze ... Ah, thon's a  
darlin' gin! ...  
An' noo A'm gaun tae tell ye what ye'll say's a  
when o' lees.  
It's a' true as thon's the win' athoot that's whustlin'  
roon' the trees.

2.

"It's as true as here A'm sittin' an' my name is Dan  
McMinn  
That deed men rise frae oot their graves, an'  
wan'er hame again.  
A dinnae doo't they lee at pace as lang's the  
daylicht's clear,  
But in the nicht A'm sartin shair they're walkin'  
ivvrywhere.

## 3.

"The auld big Hoose o' Dangin Stan's nigh  
 Bellahinnian Bay;  
 It's blake an' bare tae luik at noo; but mon! A min'  
 the day  
 Whun hoon's an' men an' horses made the place  
 wi' voices gled  
 As ony hoose uv Squire or Peer frae Boyne tae  
 Malin-Head.

## 4.

"Whun Mister Alick kep' his hoon's an' A wuz  
 Whupper-In,  
 The perk wuz echain' day an' nicht wi' wark an'  
 cheerfu' din.  
 Och, hoo ashamed o' these mane times A feel  
 whun jist A think  
 O' the bucket-fu's o' poonch an' wine the gentry  
 then wud drink!

## 5.

"An' Mister Alick, my! he cared fur nayther mon  
 nor de'il.  
 He'd hunt, an' drive his fower-in-han', an' race, an'  
 nivver feel

An' hoor's fatigue o' min' or limb. He'd drive his gig  
 tae toon,  
 An' spen' the nicht in drink an' play, an' drive tae  
 Dangin doon,

## 6.

"An' change his claes, an' ate his bit, an' mount, an'  
 tae the mate  
 Be aff by break o' murnin', an' awa' ower ditch an'  
 gate.  
 The bowldest rider uv them a', he'd gang wi'  
 da'ntless face,  
 An' de'il a jock in Irelan' but he'd bate in ony race.

## 7.

"An' yince they bribed wee Boyd he'd hired tae ride  
 a racin' bay,  
 An' someyin tell't him, an' sez he, jist, 'Let them  
 bribe away!'  
 An' jist afore the stert wee Boyd he jerkit frae his  
 sate,  
 An', mountin', rode the race hissel', an' won in  
 spite o' weight!

## 8.

"The Maister's hame the saddle wuz; in pleasure  
 an' in pain  
 His fut wuz in the stirrup an' his han' wuz on the  
 rein.  
 He bred, an' train'd, an' raced, an' bet, an' bought,  
 an' lost, an' won;  
 An' horses, horses wur' his sang frae dawn tae  
 dayl'agaun.

## 9.

"Ay, horses wur' his fortune's wrack, an' horses  
 wur his daith;  
 Yin day his hunter fell and rowl'd, an' he wuz  
 crush'd anayth.  
 A min' the murn I sut and cried aboon the auld  
 vault-stair  
 Whun they had laid him wi' his frien's tae rest fur  
 ivvermair.

## 10.

"Weel, noo, Ye'll say the auld vault-daur whaur  
 hai'f his forebears rest  
 Is strang eneuch, wi' lock, an' bar, and airth agen it  
 press'd,

An' yince a corp wuz bowlted ben it cudnae weel  
get oot.

A tell ye, sirs, if thon's yer thocht, ye're gie an'  
wrang, A doo't.

11.

"Twa months he'd lain in Dangin vault, whun A wuz  
dannerin' hame

Alane — the nicht was unco' derk wi' jist yin moony  
glame, —

Whun, as A come nigh Dangin gates, A heerd a  
hoof ahint,

An', turnin', seed a sicht that wud hae scaur'd a  
sowl o' flint.

12.

"A horseman up the highway rode, an' as he  
cumm'd anear

A seed his face as pale an' deed as ony borne on  
bier ...

An' it wuz Mister Alick's face, a' white, an' cau'd,  
an' deed;

On his deed horse the deed mon sut wi' high an'  
haughty heed.

## 13.

"A shiver'd like a burn-side rush; but aff my cap A  
drew,  
An' knelt adoon foreby the shough, an' wake an'  
chill A grew;  
An' tae his brow his han' he raised as he wud ivver  
dae  
Tae ony mon or weefe or chiel wud greet him on  
the way!

## 14.

"An' on he gaed, an' at the piers he turn'd the  
horse's heed,  
An' through the gates he maun hae pass'd, for  
naethin' mair A seed;  
But whun A reach'd the ludge the lichts wur oot an'  
fow'ks abed.  
An' lane an' still lay a' the drive that through the  
lindens led."

"Won'erful! — ay!", the Goodwife, shuddering,  
said;

"Won'erful! — ay!", the host with bended head;

"Won'erful! — ay!", the Elder murmured low.

"It's true as ravens fly an' rivers flow,"

Cried Dan, and filled his glass a little higher,  
Lighted his pipe, and went back to the fire.

Then rose up Mikkel Hayes with sudden zeal,  
And rattled off a story like a reel: —

(MIKKEL HAYES'S STORY:  
THE SPECTRE OF KNOCKDOO.)

1.

"YE'VE heerd o' the spectre that rides frae  
Knockdoo?

A year syne A seed him as noo A see you.

Whaurfrae he comes til it nane leevin' can say;

Whaurtae he gangs frae it, diskivvir wha may!

2.

"Some thinks he's a Savage come up frae Ardkeen,  
An' A dar'say they're richt, fur he comes like a  
frien',

An' he rides like a chief o' the royal auld race;

But nane ivver glow'r'd at his helmeted face.

3.

"He's mebbe Sir Rowlan' that ruled in Lecale,  
 He's mebbe derk Raymon' array'd in his mail,  
 He's mebbe Lord Albanagh scoorin' the fiel',  
 He's mebbe a drame, or he's mebbe the De'il.

4.

"But A b'lieve that he's yin o' the royal auld bluid,  
 Fur he rarely brings ill, an' he aften brings guid;  
 An' he rides roon' the Airds whaur his faythers helt  
 sway,  
 Frae the sooth tae the north, an' by Lough-shore  
 an' say;

5.

"Frae lone Bellagelget tae Donaghadee;  
 Tae Groomspurt; tae Newton; tae Gray Abbey lea;  
 Frae Kirkcubbin tae Glestry; an' roon' tae Ardkeen,  
 Whaur he circles the Castle-hill's mergin o' green;

6.

"Roon' the Dorn; an' the Deerperk; the wee  
 Beshop's Mell;  
 An' up by Lough Cowey an' Abbacy Hill;

Doon' roon' Portafarry; an' on tae Barr cleugh;  
 An' by Quintin-Bay turrets yince mair tae  
 Knockdoo.

## 7.

"Then he vanishes clane whaur the Castle yince  
 stud.

In the auld stable-yerd, twanty perch frae the wud,  
 An' if ye're near-by whun he fades intae nicht  
 Ye'll hear his swoord clesh as he seems tae alicht,

## 8.

"An' a soon' as if someyin the saddle had tuk  
 And stirrups and saddle flung doon on the rock,  
 An' ye'll shiver a' owër, an' trim'le, an' pray,  
 An' lang fur the licht an' the coomfurt o' day.

## 9.

"Some sez that he's wutchin' the auld Castle-keeps,  
 An' if onyyin herms them, his vengeance he reaps;  
 If sich passes him, scoorin' the roads i' the nicht,  
 His back wi' the braid uv his falchion he 'll smite,

## 10.

"An' the mon 'ull gang limp'in' the rest uv his days;  
 But the han' that purtects them wi' fortune he  
 pays.

An' they sez that there's goold in the ruins yet hid  
Whaur tae a' save his kinsmen tae dig is furbid;

11.

"An' if onyyin pokes in thon ruins fur pelf,  
He'll weether him up like a weezen'd wee elf;  
But a' wha may honour an' welcome his race  
Is sartin an' shair tae partak' uv his grace.

12.

"Some sez he'll keep ridin' aroon' in his mail  
Till yince mair owër Antrim an' Airds an' Lecale  
The flag uv his race on their castles wull wave,  
An' then he'll ha'e rest in the quate uv his grave.

13.

"Thon night that A seed him, A tell't uv jist noo,  
A wuz stan'in' alane in the yerd by Knockdoo,  
Whun he flesh'd through the gate in his helmet an'  
mail,  
An' the horse he wuz ridin' stud derk by the pale.

14.

"Fur a moment A seed them, an' trim'led wi' dread,  
Then awa' like a veesion they faded an' fled,

An' A heerd, jist as plain as the clink o' thon spoon,  
The clesh o' the stirrups an' saddle flung doon."

"Thon's true, A'm shair," said Maxwell, "fur at laste  
A dizzin fow'k hae seed an' heerd thon ghaist."

"Ay," quoth the Goodwife, "Jamie seed him tae,  
Peg's Jamie that wuz droondit in the say ...

Puir wean! — Ochone, ochone!" —

"A wudnae sweer

Sich thin's there be, an' yit A doo't A'd fear  
Tae wan'er muckle in the nicht an' cau'd  
Aron' Knockdoo, syne sich a tale's bin tau'd,"  
Muttered the Elder, lifting to his lip  
His piping tumbler for a soothing sip. —

"A'm sartin shair," cried Dan, "he's near akin  
Tae them auld Castle-fow'k, fur ivvry yin  
That ivver bore the name cud race an' ride,  
An' nivver aff frae horse's back abide,  
Nor sit yin moment quate on stool or steed,  
But kep' on bizzin' tae they drapt doon deed.  
Sae smert an' restless wur they in their ways,  
Sae free an' active a' their mortal days,

A doo't Auld Nep' that calms the ocean-waves  
'Twud bate tae hau'd them leein' in their graves.  
A'm thinkin', tae, that yince, by Cloghy Mell,  
Walkin' yin nicht and talkin' tae mysel,  
Wi' my ain een, anayth a frosty sky,  
A seed the Ghaistly Horseman whizzin' by."

Sad and more sad had grown the Master's face,  
And to and fro the room he 'gan to pace,  
At last once more before the fire he stood,  
And thus began to speak in mournful mood: —

(THE SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY:  
THE DROWNED VICAR.)

I.

"WE know not what we may. Look narrowly  
At the Spring leaf and you will find fair hues  
You saw not there. So spirits there may be  
Moving about us, and our hearts refuse

To see them, through some languor of the mind,  
Or lapse of studious effort, lack of faith,  
Or dulness of the senses, or the death  
Of delicate thought, leaving us deaf and blind.

## 2.

"But sometimes when the spirit within us grows  
Suddenly strong and all the senses stirs  
With affluence of being, it sees and knows  
The finer presences. As gossamers  
Glitter in sunlight and in shadow fade  
So that we note them not, so fade and gleam  
The spirits of the Dead, as in a dream,  
To our own sense through our own force displayed.

## 3.

"But when they visit us, how every sin  
Done in our life of sin, comes back and weighs  
With all its horror on the soul within,  
As Fear its chill palm on our conscience lays! ...  
I hated Ballagh's Vicar — hated, yes,  
Wherefore deny it? He was cruel, cold,  
Mean, treacherous, a spy upon us, sold  
The Church's goods, brought to our hearth distress,

4.

"Prompting the upstart owner of our farm,  
Late purchased from the kindly highborn race  
Who never wrought us hurt or wished us harm,  
To drive us from our age-long dwelling-place  
And leave my widowed mother desolate.  
Not strange that I should hate him. Well, one day  
I met him walking in our homestead-way,  
And stopt him by our chained and silent gate,

5.

"And told him of our wrongs. He sneered, and  
turned;  
And then my passion rose as a wild beast  
Gathering itself to assail; face, forehead, burned  
With fury; and I struck him — him, God's priest —  
And laid him prostrate in the roadway-dust.  
Did I repent? Not I. I left him there,  
Content the very arm of Death to dare,  
Deeming his degradation right and just.

6.

"So full of hate and sick of life was I.  
Well, sirs, that very night in Strangford Sound —

It was a fierce night and the waves were high, —  
Sailing the Lough, the man I'd struck was drowned

—

Fell overboard his boat, as in a fit  
Or faint, upstanding to make fast a rope, —  
Dropped down and disappeared beyond all hope  
Of finding, gulfed within that watery pit.

7.

"And none lamented him. 'God's punishment'  
Men called his sudden death and body's loss.  
But, sirs, 'twas then my heart grew penitent  
It seemed as if *my* blow his ending was.  
I saw him lying stunned i' the dust and clay;  
The piteous helpless staring of his eyes  
Haunted me every hour, and would surprise  
My heart with sudden fear amid the gay,

8.

"And quench the natural joy of health and youth.  
Now hear my story. Twelve full months had flown,  
The Vicar, though forgotten not, in sooth  
To most men's minds a shadowy name had grown,

When one calm night from Killyleagh I rowed  
 Past Quoile to join a parish festival  
 Out yonder. We were three. Our boat was small  
 And very frail, and bore a dangerous load.

## 9.

"The *fête* was over, and the Rector's wine  
 Made light my friends' hearts. Dark the night as  
 Death;  
 A rising ripple jagged the water's line;  
 And down I sat to steer, with shortening breath,  
 Knowing the boat was brittle as dry bent,  
 The gunwales all but level with the sea,  
 And the two oarsmen in their jollity  
 Dire danger if to left or right they leant.

## 10.

"Outward we swept upon the lonely sea.  
 Dark, dark the waters were. Stroke after stroke  
 My two friends rowed, half-drowsing. Anxiously  
 I watched them as the heaving wavelets broke  
 And the frail boat, o'erstrained, arose and fell.  
 The dark isles were my beacons; guiding light

I found not anywhere; with baffled sight  
I sought the landmarks that I knew so well.

## 11.

"More lonely and more lonely seemed our way,  
And a great dread crept over me. 'Twas here,  
Amid the billows of this river-bay,  
The Wretch had dropped and perished. With my  
fear  
I struggled, but the thought I could not quell.  
Far off, within mine ear slow vibrating,  
With deep low muffled note and measured swing,  
I seemed to hear the tolling of a bell.

## 12.

"I thought of happier things. Then very cold  
I grew in the night air. A waking sleep  
Entangled me and dazed me in its fold.  
But still I strove my vigil well to keep,  
And steer the boat with nerve unvanquishèd;  
And still I watched the motion of the oars,  
And through the dark the dim receding shores  
When, suddenly, a yard from the boat's head,

## 13.

"Rose up the Drowned Man's body from the sea,  
Erect, and visible to the waist, so pale,  
With silent, ghastly look glaring at me  
In anger, hate, reproach, and piteous bale,  
And moving toward the boat with stretched-out  
arm,  
It might be with intent to grasp the side  
And whelm us in the wave! O, if I cried  
The cry I scarce could stifle, the alarm

## 14.

"Would so have 'frighted my companions then,  
Who knew not what I saw, that with wild leap  
They would have started up, and we three men  
Down with the foundered boat into the deep  
Had gone at a breath, — /clutched by those dead  
hands  
And dragged by that dread Spectre down to Hell!  
Great drops of sweat from my cold forehead fell,  
My heart stopped beating, bound with icy bands.

## 15.

"And still I strove to sit on motionless,  
And give no sign of wonder or of awe;

And nearer the grim Figure moved, to press  
 His hands upon our gunwale and to draw  
 All down. I lifted up my face to God  
 And prayed in silence, 'Father, take him hence!'  
 And in my *thought*so moved the will intense —  
 I struck him. Back he fell, as stone or clod

## 16.

"Drops in deep water — back the Drowned Man  
 fell.

Like one born dumb, I sat, and quivering  
 As one late battling with the night-hag's spell,  
 And then I tried to speak, but could not bring —  
 Shaping the phantom phrase in vain assay —  
 Palate and tongue together, nor one word  
 Utter. At last, by a new terror stirred,  
 I cried 'Speed!', and we swept across the bay ...

## 17.

"And when we reached the slip at Killyleagh,  
 They found me all so faint, and worn, and spent,  
 I scarcely with my staff my feet could stay.  
 Up through the street they led me weak and bent

As though some sudden stroke had left me lame.  
And never since that night am I the strong  
Bold man that faced the storm and fought with  
wrong,  
But shattered, nerveless, timid, scared, and tame."

But, while the Schoolmaster his sorrow told,  
The Poet from their coil his limbs unrolled,  
Leaned on his hand, his wild eyes fixed with rage  
On the grave man, as if resolved to wage  
Fell war upon him for some unknown wrong;  
And, as the story wound its length along,  
Growing more restless, where he lay concealed  
And quite forgot, with darkness for his shield,  
At the last word's subsidence, up he sprang,  
Struck on the table till the glasses rang,  
Stooped forward, fury swaying all his form,  
And broke into wild utterance like a storm: —

(THE MAD POET'S STORY:  
THE SOUTERRAIN.)

"THE things ye have known are as flames of the  
sea,  
Or as leaves in the moonlight silver-clad,  
Compared with the visions by day and by night  
That hover about me, cling to my sight,  
Haunt me and harass me — me, me, me —  
In my loneliness and my misery,  
And have made me mad, have made me mad, —  
The Faces that leer at me over my bed,  
Circling round my burning head,  
The Shapes that arise in the lampless room,  
Stretch their lean arms out of the gloom,  
Then over me bend with blank dead eyes,  
Till they all but touch me — ah! ha! ha! ha! —  
And I leap up, shrieking and yelling for light,  
And sink on the floor in horror and fright,  
And the bloodhound howls, and the night-bird cries  
—

Ah! ha! ha! ha! — Ah! ha! ha! ha! —  
The souterrain, the souterrain!"

They said there was none had courage enow  
To dig to its portal with might and with main  
And enter its narrow and winding lane;  
And I in the crowd of them made my vow  
That I in the night would do it alone,  
Roll from its mouth the sealing-stone,  
And enter, and root to its last recess,  
And laugh in my utter fearlessness.  
And I rose in the night when the stars were dim  
And the moon was cloaked in the tempest-cloud;  
And over Knockdoo to the drained lake's rim  
I walked in the dark when the winds were loud,  
And struck on the turf, with my ear to the ground,  
Heeding the sound,  
Till its hollowness told me the spot I'd found,  
Found, found!  
And I dug with spade, and I tore with pick,  
And I shovelled up earth as a rabbit that burrows  
Under the slabs in the kirkyard furrows,  
Or a rat — ha! ha! — in the dead-vault's brick  
Gnawing to what he may smell in it ...

Ha! I bored and I bored, and deeper and deeper  
I rooted and raked, and the hole made steeper,  
Till I reached at last the jaws of the pit,  
And with trembling hand my taper lit,  
And worked, feet foremost, prone on breast  
Into the tunnel so narrow and low,  
Backwards, backwards, wary and slow,  
With beating heart and breath oppressed,  
Knowing not what behind me lay,  
Or whither would wind that dismal way.  
Then broader and higher the cavern grew,  
Till I rose with shoulder stooped, and found  
That I could turn my body around  
And walk, right forward, freely, through.  
But ugh! how dark and narrow and low,  
As I probed still onward wary and slow,  
Holding the taper in front, and screening  
Its flame with one hand; sometimes leaning  
Down, to scan the dim-lit floor,  
Or when the roofing-slabs hung lower;  
And sometimes every hollow and seam  
Searching, as my spirit grew bold,  
In hope to catch by the taper's gleam  
The glimmer of gold, the glimmer of gold,

Or the sparkle of jewel hidden of old  
By the magical people who built such places  
Under the earth and the mountains' bases  
For a purpose that *some* may learn with pain  
And, learning, can never find peace again!

"So, on and on, with a heart more free,  
I went in a wild security.  
Then to the left the passage turned,  
And lo, in a cup-like crevice inurned,  
What seemed a leathern pouch I spied!  
My brain with a miser's fever burned,  
Danger and death my heart defied,  
And I clutched the prize I had hardly earned  
And felt it weighty, and opened it wide,  
And found it brimming with golden coin,  
Ay, filled to the lips with golden coin!  
Ah, how I grappled it to my breast! ...  
Search, search every inch of the way,  
For you know not what the place may hold;  
And what is there better than gold, gold, gold,  
To lull the cares of the spirit to rest  
And the tortures and troubles of life allay?  
And I fashioned a vision of glorious years;

I would drink of the foaming wine of the Earth,  
Revel in luxury, beauty, and mirth,  
Toying with innocence, laughing at tears.  
Then the passage swerved to the right,  
And there — in an alcove — ah! ha! ha! —  
Sat a Figure, bearded and old,  
In a monk-like gown of dusky brown —  
I say a Figure bearded and old —  
I saw him there in the taper's light,  
And his face was like a face in a shroud,  
And livid as clefts of the thunder-cloud,  
And a streak of blood, like a ribbon frayed,  
Trickling ran in a ghastly braid  
Across his forehead deadly-white;  
And he rose in the dusk to all his height,  
Crying aloud in a voice of doom,  
'Why comest thou here in thy lust and greed,  
To trouble my soul in its endless gloom?  
Take heed, take heed!'  
And toward me he moved with a menacing hand,  
And I shrieked and turned to fly ... but O!  
The horror, the horror! ... an iron band  
Was coiled about me, and to and fro  
The place was rocking in roaring wind

And fire that left me dazed and blind,  
And thunders around me and over me crashed,  
As if all the bolts of heaven were rattling,  
And lightnings scribbled and quivered and flashed;  
And I struggled to reach the air, the air,  
The clear sweet air, in my frenzy battling  
With horrible phantoms everywhere;  
And that dread Shape his cold hand laid  
On my neck, as the pavement heaved and swayed,  
And I stumbled and fell ...

"And I cannot tell —

For I know not — how I escaped that Hand;  
For it was none other that dragged me away  
Down, down, to a ghostly land,  
And into a hall where fiends were prancing  
Round a pile of corpses in black decay,  
And the flames of a roaring furnace dancing  
On faces twisted in agony,  
Bodies writhing in nameless pain;  
But I found myself, I know not how,  
In thickest darkness eagerly  
Forging my way on my face again  
To the air, to the air, to the leafy knowe,  
To the fragrant, flowery meadows above,

To the clear sweet world of the dew and the rain,  
The world of beauty and rest and love ...  
And all was blank ...

    "I seemed to wake  
From a long deep sleep, and beside me lay,  
On the heap I had made by the dried-up lake,  
My tools. And I tried to shovel the clay  
To its place, with the speed of terror, back,  
While folds of soft sheet-lightning swathed me  
And silently in their lustres bathed me,  
And the rumbling thunder wandered away  
Afar over spaces of land and sea  
At random in reinless liberty.  
But my hands grew faint, and my brain was wild,  
And I fled from the field like a 'frighted child ...  
For the Faces had gathered about me again,  
And I screamed in my terror and maddening pain ...  
Ha! I laugh at your stories of goblins and ghosts,  
Of ghoul and of devil, of elf and of sprite;  
For the spirits /see are in legions and hosts —  
Here, there, all around me, above, by my feet;  
And the one little Maid who could put them to  
flight,  
With her smile — ah! sweet! —

She is gone to her grave  
And never can save  
My soul from the hell I am burning in ...  
And they jeer and they gibber and leer and grin ... ,  
But what care I? ... Tra-la-lá, tra-la-lá! ...  
The Devil may mock me, but whose is the sin? ...  
See the ape on your shoulder! ... Ah! ha! ha ha!"

Then sprang the poor lorn creature to the door,  
Back with swift hand the bolts and latches tore,  
Opened, and flung himself into the night,  
Going he knew not where, in piteous flight,  
Muttering the madness of his tortured mind,  
And mingling his shrill laughter with the wind.

## CROOBACCAGH, THE SHEPHERD.

## PART I.

## 1.

WHEN the warm sunrise glanced about the lynns  
And reddened all the mountains' misty hoods  
Shadowing the leafy glens and long ravines,  
Croobaccagh, the wild wanderer of the woods,  
Half satyr and half shepherd, clad in skins,  
Climbed through the waste Ulidian solitudes,  
And started, hearing from some hidden cave  
A voice, as of one dying, moan and rave.

## 2.

Croobaccagh, the wild wanderer to and fro,  
Half satyr and half shepherd, none might tell  
His parentage or land, or ever know  
Aught of his story, save that it befell  
Thither he came, a straggler, long ago,  
And built his rude hut high in leafy dell,  
And, pitying him, the Chiefs of Tir-Iveagh  
Bid all men yield him peace to live his day.

## 3.

Alone he lived — his hut the rudest tent  
 In all the Tir-Iveagh the hills among, —  
 And high amid the mountains, lame and bent,  
 Moved with his scanty fleeces all day long.  
 Half-human as he looked, he seemed content  
 To roam for ever far from human throng,  
 Being not all as they, his sole delight  
 Harkening his rude pipe's music day and night.

## 4.

For oft his pipe was heard 'mid leafy glade  
 In quaint and tuneless tone, and men would seek  
 His hiding-place, soft-stealing through the shade,  
 To watch the glee that wrinkled all his cheek,  
 And danced in either satyr-eye, and made  
 His rough mouth ripple o'er in Humour's freak;  
 And his lame foot beat time, as lovingly,  
 Sideways, to catch his own dull melody,

## 5.

He poised his head as bird that hears his mate.  
 Yet none disturbed his innocent delight;  
 In sooth they held him something consecrate —

Not wholly man or dwelling on man's height,  
One strayed from the dim Eld and lingering late  
On as the world's noon slowly grew to night,  
A creature of the morning-time of Earth,  
Left to amaze the men of later birth. —

## 6.

Croobaccagh, the wild wanderer of the hills,  
Half satyr and half shepherd, clad in skins,  
Scaling the rocks and plashing through the rills,  
Now bending down to sniff the golden whins,  
Now hearkening the leaf-muffled linnet-trills,  
Climbed the rough mountains where the rock  
begins  
And the birk fails, and started in chill fear  
As a sad moaning broke upon his ear.

## 7.

He pushed the brushwood back, to search the crag  
For any hidden cavern there concealed;  
The heather and the bracken 'gan to drag  
From the brown peat, lest they some life might  
shield;  
Then silent stood, still as an antlered stag,

Listening and watching, if the ground might yield  
Once more that sad voice with its weight of woes,  
And guide him to the hollow whence it rose.

## 8.

It rose again, soft, soft, a cry of teen,  
From just above the ledge whereon he stood,  
And, lifting a thick swathe of ivies green,  
He spied a cave beneath the hanging wood,  
And upward crept in dread, and peered within.  
There, dying, laid upon the pavement rude,  
A lady fairer than all thought he found,  
And in her arm a little child enwound!

## 9.

Bending, he gazed upon the lady's face,  
More beautiful than aught he e'er had known.  
Spell-bound he gazed, down-kneeling in that place  
Where nought except the little fern-leaves, grown  
Over the hanging rocks in delicate grace,  
Greeted his search amid the vault of stone.  
In the deep loneliness great tears he shed  
Down cheeks rough-seamed like tortoise' scaled  
head.

## 10.

The dying lady opened her dark eyes,  
And seemed to see the pity and tenderness,  
In women's way, through all his grim disguise,  
Stirred by the vision of her deep distress;  
Then turned she her sad gaze in loving-wise,  
As though that life upon his thought to press,  
On the sweet child that by her, gurgling, lay;  
Then closed her lids and passed in peace away.

## 11.

Croobaccagh took the babe in his embrace,  
And smiled upon her, and the little maid  
Caught at his satyr-beard, and beat his face,  
And merrily laughed, and lightly with him played  
As with some strange wild thing of woodland race  
Kind at the core but outward rough-arrayed.  
So Rome's first king amid the forest dim  
Played with the tawny wolf that suckled him.

## 12.

His satyr-face seemed made to yield her mirth,  
And, he, poor soul, amid his sunless day  
Mellowing with a new emotion's birth,  
In unaccustomed love grew blithe and gay.

He bore her down the mountain, to his hearth,  
Like yearning lamb found on the hills astray,  
And his dear treasure-trove, all-fearful, shut  
With bolt and bar within his lonely hut.

## 13.

As some poor stunted shrub, sapless and sour,  
Ta'en from its stony rootage in the plain  
And set amid sweet soil, and hour by hour  
Tended by one who in a spray or twain  
Finds promise of fair leaf and opulent flower,  
And sees that in its utmost threads have lain  
Faint drops of life that, hoarded well, may wing  
Upward, and plume the dead bare bush with  
Spring;

## 14.

So seemed the fawn-like man, his nature freeing,  
So lurked the sap of gentle human grace  
Amid the rough recesses of his being.  
There came a clearer light into his face,  
Lither his frame moved, thought and act agreeing,  
As day by day he tended in his place  
The little maiden child, through all mischance  
Yielding the alien life its sustenance.

## 15.

And with the growth of that child-maiden dear  
A spiritual light and manfulness  
Seemed purging, month by month and year by  
year,  
The soul-encumbering grosser substances  
That clogged their growth away; with livelier cheer  
He roamed the rocky heights and mountain leas;  
With gentler answer met the greetings kind  
Of shepherd and of woodsman and of hind;

## 16.

Till they who used to mock his wild-wood air  
Began to marvel at the miracle  
Wrought in his being by so strange a care,  
And think that some enchanter's druid-spell  
Had, for mere whim, transmewed him unaware,  
Not knowing that in roughest heart may dwell  
Some little fire of good that Love may fan,  
Transforming man-like brute to god-like man.

## 17.

The child through those swift years that to the child  
Are many times their sum in what they bring

Of wonder to its senses undefiled,  
In his rude care and clumsy fathering  
And forest nurture throve amid the wild,  
And year by year in fairy fashioning  
And loveliness of rounded limb, and charm  
Of neck and maiden bosom and white arm,

## 18.

Ripened and grew. The neat-herd in the dale,  
The husbandman, the warrior of the Tir,  
The hunter seeking out the red-deer's trail,  
Yearned to behold her dark eyes' glance anear,  
Or glimpse of her lithe form, as up the vale  
Roe-like she sprang, or by the brooklet clear  
Bent down to fill her pitcher, with light dress  
Drawn upward to the smooth knee's suppleness.

## 19.

But ever close at hand her Fosterer  
Kept watch. If any casual eye were turned  
In harmless adoration, following her,  
His face, his heart, with jealous anger burned;  
The stranger from his shaggy throat would stir  
A muffled growl of warning all unearned;

Even to speak of her must youth or age  
Move warily in word-craft, lest a rage

20.

Men scarce believed could lurk 'neath such a brow  
Should rise, dilating his quaint ruggedness  
To savage splendour. As he watched her now  
In sooth the guardian's pitying tenderness  
Was changing, as the tints of morning-glow  
Spread into dawn and dawn to noon's excess.  
Another love within his reinless breast  
Began to sway his life in dire unrest.

21.

Before her beauty, worshipping, he bent;  
It haunted him in every lonely hour;  
It clung about his senses like the scent  
Of the warm pine fresh from the summer shower;  
He saw her lissome form where'er he went;  
Her dark eyes seemed to melt him with their  
power;  
Following her lithe limbs' motions as she moved,  
He loved her, yet he knew not that he loved.

22.

From whatsoever land her parents came,  
She must have drawn her life from loftiest springs.  
The oldest race may droop and fall to shame,  
Ignoble, bestial, mean; with soaring wings  
Up from raw earth the new may rise to fame;  
But those fair delicate hands, those pencillings  
Of fairly-moulded mouth, that perfect grace,  
That natural pride of mien and pose of face,

23.

Which nothing in the rough poor peasant-fare  
Of shepherd's hut, or rugged fosterage,  
Could mar or conquer, never from the share  
Had sprung; they were the priceless heritage  
Of noble, free, untainted, debonnair,  
And thrice-refined ancestry, the gauge  
Of gentlest birth, the sweet and golden dower  
Of ages of fair deeds and lordly power.

## PART II.

## 1.

ADOWN the forest mule-path, from the Fews,  
Bound for the Templar's Castle on its height  
Guarding the Norman border, his great thews  
Clad in chain-mail that glittered in the light,  
Girt with an escort, through the oaks and yews  
Came riding in the noon an armèd Knight,  
At leisure, vizor up, and face a-gleam  
With happy youth rapt in a summer dream.

## 2.

A noble he; from distant land he came;  
A rover of the world, by restless thought  
Of all too passionate heart that nothing tame  
Could satisfy impelled, he seemed, and fraught  
With fancies fair as sunset-clouds aflame,  
And memories from realms of wonder brought.  
Greek-like his face was, but his soft blue eyes  
Were fresh as clear autumnal northern skies.

## 3.

Among the woodland rocks a little brook  
From pool to crystal pool runs murmuring on,  
Outspreading wide in one green ferny nook.  
Thither had Ethlenn for cool water gone,  
And, gazing on its deeps with lingering look,  
Beside her pitcher on the bank updrawn,  
Fair as a dryad of the forest-glade,  
She sat beneath the leafy branches' shade.

## 4.

The sound of hoofs and armour clattering nigh  
Startled her, and she rose; but, as she bent  
To grasp her brimming vessel, the Knight's eye  
Rested upon her, brightening, and he leant  
Down lightly from his seat, and smilingly  
Said, "Pr'ythee, fear not; rather, Innocent,  
From the full draught that from thy pitcher drips  
Vouchsafe to let me cool my burning lips."

## 5.

His voice's music soothed her doubts away;  
His horse's panoply, his glittering arms,

His grace, his goodly form, his bearing gay,  
His bronzed brave face and eyes' deep blue, with  
charms  
Subtler than magic of enchanter's lay  
Lulled her to sweet oblivion of all harms  
That might befall her with no guardian near,  
And drew her to his feet without one fear.

## 6.

She lifted up the pitcher with white hands  
So fairily-wrought that, as they met his glance,  
He felt that never yet amid all lands  
Did beauty of maiden so his mind entrance.  
She gazed, as one before an image stands,  
Into his soul with such free confidence  
In her dark, long-fringed, deep, appealing eyes  
That his strong heart, love-smit in its surprise,

## 7.

Sank down within him in delicious swoon.  
He raised the brimming pitcher to his lip,  
But, heedless of the meaning of the boon  
Or why he craved it, half forgot to sip.  
He could have lingered there the livelong noon  
And let all knightly care and duty slip,

But that, swift struggling through the crackling  
trees,  
Croobaccagh brake upon his reveries.

## 8.

"Hence, with thy burden, home!" The Shepherd  
cried,  
Fierce jealous anger darkening all his face.  
Flushed with unwonted shame, she nought replied,  
But took the vessel back with pensive grace  
And moved away along the brooklet-side.  
The Knight in stately pride of birth and race  
Turned a stern glance upon the stranger rude,  
Felt his steed's mouth, and passed into the wood.

## 9.

But the poor Shepherd lingered by the stream,  
Changed by a blinding hate and jealous rage  
To more of brute and less of man, a gleam  
As of red cloud that doth the storm presage  
Lit up his rugged face through every seam.  
Stricken he looked as if with sudden age.  
Such agony as never yet he knew  
Wrenched his warped frame in every nerve and  
threw.

## 10.

He felt as if all joy in life were fled;  
 Strange thrills of passion shivered through his  
 frame;  
 He wished the Knight and Ethlenn lay there dead.  
 Before his fevered fancy went and came  
 A vision of her beautiful dark head  
 Laid on *his* shoulder while he breathed her name  
 Softly, and drew her glorious face anear,  
 And kissed her lips — those lips to him so dear —

## 11.

He, that accursèd Knight, so light of air,  
 So free of heart, so graceful! What, did she  
*Love him?* Would *he* toy with her rich dark hair,  
 Clasp, yielded to him freely, passionately,  
 That lissome form, that neck, that bosom fair,  
 Feel those white arms locked round him? ... Agony  
 Beyond all torture of the body or soul,  
 Fierce love's fierce jealous pangs none can control!

## 12.

He sank upon the fern-leaves sick to death,  
And moaned, and beat his breast with clenched  
fist;  
Then aimless rose, and strayed the boughs beneath  
Into the wood's deep shade as Fortune list,  
And out into the lonely mountain-heath,  
Shunning his hut, home once of happy tryst  
And gentle foster-love, and now no more  
Sheltering one joy within its hated door.

## 13.

In his rough heart all roughest thoughts gat sway,  
With formless passion formless passion striving,  
The vision of her loveliness always  
Flashing upon his sight, to madness driving  
The poor dull mind no passion would obey,  
And all his heart with doubts and rancours riving,  
All true sweet love o'ermastered by the might  
Of jealous fears, fell brood of blackest night.

## 14.

So wandered he alone from hill to hill,  
Nursing dire hate of her he coveted,

And fiercely coveting her beauty still.  
But she, poor child, fast to the hut had sped  
And set herself, unconscious of all ill,  
His meagre board with supper fit to spread,  
And make him happy at his home-returning,  
Not knowing with what thoughts his heart was  
burning.

## 15.

But ever at her toil before her gleamed  
That arméd Knight in all his glittering mail,  
His bronzed brave face, his blue dark eye that  
beamed  
With lingering love upon her, and the vale  
Where the bright water to the deep pool streamed  
Amid great ferns and many an ivy-trail  
And the green light o' the woodlands in their gloom  
Glassed in the deeps with rock and leafy plume.

## 16.

And all the world around her seemed to be  
A land of delicate air and softest light,  
And perfumes rare of luscious flower and tree,  
And music, music sweet of aëry flight,

With ever that fair form of bearing free,  
And brave dark face, and eyes with fervour bright,  
Moving before her and with sweet unrest  
And ecstasy enthralling her glad breast.

## 17.

But seaward rode the Knight in Love's caress,  
His very manhood melting fast away.  
Back ever to her face's loveliness  
And lissome shape his willing thoughts would stray.  
His joy was such he oft forgot to press  
His charger's side, or check on rein to lay,  
And when the Templar's Gate he passed, it seemed  
He moved in magic courts whereof he dreamed.

## 18.

And all night long he thought of only her;  
And when the morn broke to himself he cried,  
"At that fair brook-side, I, a wanderer,  
In search of love and beauty, in my pride  
Beauty and love in one poor cottager  
Have found, the fairest 'neath the heavens wide.  
I cannot live if I that perfect face  
See not, that form with arms of love enlace."

## 19.

But Ethlenn waited for Croobaccagh's foot  
On the hut's threshold, hour on hour; and night  
Fell, and he came not. Sitting, moving mute  
About the little room, until the white  
Moon o'er the mountain dropt, with ear acute  
She listened for his coming. Then the might  
Of a great fear came down upon her soul,  
A dread forefeeling as of endless dole.

## 20.

All night with dreams of love and sorrow dire,  
Strange wakeful dreams, she lay, and rose, and lay,  
Restless in joy and pain. With dawn, in ire,  
The Shepherd, torn and ragged, grimed with clay,  
With frowning brows, flushed face, and eyes of fire,  
Drave in the door and entered, yea or nay,  
And called in hollow tones for drink and food,  
And sat down silent by his board to brood.

## PART III.

## 1.

CLAD like a forester, with yew-tree bow,  
Quiver on shoulder, baldrick all of green,  
Feather in cap — gay plume as white as snow, —  
And in his belt a dagger, "bright and keen,"  
The Knight rode out alone, amid the low  
Beams of the summer morning, all unseen  
To dally long within that ferny nook  
That held the crystal wells of the clear brook,

## 2.

Where first he felt a true love's witchery  
And yielded to a maiden's beauty all  
Passion and faith and life and liberty  
And manhood, all his ardent being, thrall;  
And, with a beating heart, from tree to tree  
Glancing, he thrid the glimmering woodland tall,  
Found the dear sanctuary of his hope, and there,  
Tethering his steed to browse the herbage spare,

## 3.

He sat him down upon the banks of fern  
And ivy, in the shadows of the bough,  
In trust that that dear maiden might return,  
With her dark eyes and white imperial brow,  
Once more to draw cool water from the burn —  
Which for long waiting were reward enow  
To him for whom the world had nothing sweet  
To wish for save the coming of her feet.

## 4.

O, the deep wonder of the streams and woods!  
He watched the white-breast ousel darting by,  
The bright-blue halcyon from the solitudes,  
The loitering bee, the dappled butterfly,  
The troutlet leaping in its frolic moods;  
He gazed upon the pools with charmèd eye,  
And marvelled at the mirrored shape and hue  
Of branch and leaf and strips of heaven blue.

## 5.

He watched the stag that stood afar at gaze  
Or bounded through the forest-shades in fear,  
And mused on Nature's beauty, in amaze  
Adoring, till there broke upon his ear

A gentle footstep, and amid the rays  
Of sunlight falling through the branches near,  
The fairest thing of Nature's plenitude,  
The perfect form of loveliest maidenhood,

## 6.

Moved timorously toward him. Ethlenn's eyes  
Met his, then drooped their lashes black. She  
turned —  
She turned as if to fly in maiden-wise  
Him whom to meet her whole heart inly yearned.  
But as he rose, all strength within her dies.  
With lids half-closed, she nothing there discerned.  
He drew her near in gentle slow advance,  
And on his breast she sank as in a trance ...

## 7.

That day Croobaccagh, restless in his rage,  
Came suddenly from shepherding his flock  
Home to his hut, and found from her dull cage  
His wild-wood captive gone. The sudden shock  
Stunned him. Dread battle all things seemed to  
wage  
Against him. Voices round him rose to mock

His life's defeat. His frenzy like a flood  
Surged, overwhelming all he owned of good.

8.

Then went he forth to seek her through the waste,  
Suspicion, passion, hate, and brute-like love,  
Despair, blind fury, driving in hot haste  
To some fell deed; his poor brain all on fire;  
His heart nigh bursting; craving still to taste  
The fruit withheld, yet thwarting all desire;  
Prepared her very beauty to destroy  
Rather than let it yield another joy.

9.

So went he on, with dread instinctive dream  
Following the woodland path that led adown  
To those fair crystal pools of the clear stream;  
His horny fists close clenched, his brow a-frown  
With fury of blood-thirst, and a deadly gleam  
In the small satyr-eye of hazel-brown  
That looked out from the rough locks o'er his  
brows  
Hanging like lichen from old forest-boughs.

## 10.

And now he left the track, and through the bush  
And brambles bent his way in wild caprice;  
And now he rent the boughs, and 'gan to crush  
The woodland blooms, tearing them like a fleece;  
And now once more with sudden blindfold rush  
He sought the mule-path — ever without peace;  
Yet ever nearing that green hollow dim  
Where sat the lovers, dreaming not of him.

## 11.

But Ethlenn had unfolded all the tale  
That oft Croobaccagh taught her when a child;  
How he had heard in woods a dying wail —  
He the poor friendless roamer of the wild, —  
And found her lying by her mother pale,  
And ta'en her to his hut in mercy mild;  
And how he nursed her kindly; yet of late  
How his deep love had seemed to turn to hate.

## 12.

And then the Knight had told her how he came  
From lane's so far it took the wanderer's feet

Years, years, to reach them; and of peaks that  
 flame  
 In the night sky, and roll their torrents fleet  
 Of fire into the seas; and of his aim  
 In roving, — how he sought the Sweetest Sweet,  
 Loveliest Love, Best Good, and Fairest Fair;  
 And how he had found all he had toiled for *there*.

## 13.

And as they sat and talked the Knight had wound  
 His arm around her and for love she had laid  
 Her dark head on his shoulder, when a sound  
 'Mid the near branches scared her and dismayed.  
 Lo, there the Shepherd, high on grassy mound,  
 Stood with club lifted o'er her Lover's head,  
 Bending to strike and slay! She rose to her feet,  
 And suddenly with her right hand in dread heat

## 14.

Snatched the Knight's dagger from his belt, and  
 sprang  
 Forward, and plunged it in Croobaccagh's breast.  
 Down dropt he dead before her. Then there rang  
 A long cry through the woods that from its nest

Started the brooding heron and made clang  
 The wood-doves' wings from many an ivy-crest.  
 And then beside the corpse herself she threw,  
 And called to it: "O my father, kind and true,

## 15.

"Dear father, speak to me! ... O, stare not so  
 Upon me! ... Speak! ... Will thy lips never move? ...  
 Death! ... Is it *death?* ... My father, father! ... O,  
 What have I done? ... But thou hadst slain my Love  
 Had I not struck thee ... Whither shall I go  
 To hide me from the horror of this grove? ...  
 O, let me die with thee! ... Let the kites rend  
 My heart from out my breast, and make an end!"

## 16.

So saying, she swooned away. There by her side  
 Knelt, chafing her white hands, her Lover. He,  
 Reverently leaning, watched the glad sweet tide  
 Of rosy life serenely, silently  
 Back to pale cheek and lip, triumphant, glide.  
 Then to his steed he strode, and from the tree

Whereto he had bound him loosed and led him  
near;  
Stript off the baldric from his forest-gear;

## 17.

And, when in her dark eyes sweet love indeed  
With life and strength returned, in eager haste  
He snatched her from the ground; swift to his steed  
Lifted her; mounted; round her slender waist  
His baldric lashed; his baldric with deft speed  
Bound to his belt; her arms about him braced;  
Struck spur; and sped with her away and away;  
Out of the forest, into the clear day;

## 18.

Away and away beneath the quivering trees;  
Away and away, by rock and hurrying stream;  
Away and away, across the mountain leas;  
By crag and cleft; through sudden shadow and  
gleam;  
Away and away, amid the wandering breeze;  
Away, as in wild flights of aëry dream;  
Away into the blue light of the hills;  
Into the dark defiles; the valleys' chills;

## 19.

Into the heat and glare of the broad sky;  
 Into the forest's deep and ominous gloom;  
 Into the moorlands stretching bare and high;  
 Into the unknown far-off lands of doom;  
 Away, away, away, to live or die;  
 To the bride-chamber, or the silent tomb;  
 Away with her he loved, she knew not whither,  
 To drink of rapturous life or droop and wither!

## 20.

And, ever as they rode, dear words of love  
 He murmured, and sweet lays of love he sang —  
 Wild lays of joy, wild songs of men who rove  
 Where lands are fair, or of the battle's clang.  
 And, ever as they rode, her poor heart strove  
 With doubts and fears that still would crowd and  
 hang  
 O'er her dazed mind and fancy; and a thought  
 Rose, looming o'er her, with fell madness fraught  
 —

## 21.

"O, is he but an Elfin Lover come  
 From Fairyland, and bears he me away

To the strange beauteous realms beneath the  
foam?"

But, ever as they rode, with laughters gay,  
And songs of love, and songs of men that roam  
In lands afar, and many a fierce affray,  
He sang; and ever deadlier grew her dread;  
And on into the sunset-skies they sped.

## THE SMITH-GOD.

## 1.

IN his vast cavern deep in Gullion's heart  
Hewn out, with pillars huge and rocky dome,  
Colossal buttress, beams of crag — his home,  
His foundry, and the store-house of his art —  
Slumbering the Smith-God lay, his bed of rest  
The stark ribs of the mountain smooth and bare  
And carven like a couch. His brawny chest  
Heaved like a wave, deep-breathing. One hand,  
pressed  
Beneath his temple, propped his head. Thick hair  
In dusky ringlets down his broad neck teeming  
Cushioned one giant shoulder, overstreaming  
The other, whence the arm of mighty reach,  
With muscles like the naked-rooted beech  
Knotted and curved, drooped idly to the floor.  
His ponderous limbs, spread out for weariness  
When the morn's labour at the forge was o'er, —  
Great thigh and calf arched outward in excess

Of strength, and iron ankle — from the ledge  
 Whereon in drowse his massive frame he had  
 flung,  
 A little o'er the polished outer-edge,  
 With feet blue-veined and sinewy, listless hung.

## 2.

Far inward, with a noise of mighty wind  
 And seas, behind a portal brazen-doored,  
 His stithy's reddening furnace flamed and roared.  
 It gleamed upon a thousand shapes that lined  
 The cavern-walls, — armour of deities;  
 Helmets of gold with twisted dragon-crests;  
 Vambrace or cuisses with strange fantasies  
 Engraven or embossed; plates for the knees  
 Of warrior-gods; bright linkèd battle-vests  
 Chain-wov'n; broad shields that showed the  
 maker's vision  
 In sculpture rich, — fair scenes of realms Elysian,  
 Vale, mountain, lake, and river, and leafy bowers,  
 Or battles fierce of dread immortal powers;  
 Then gold and silver chariots inwrought  
 With mimic flower and foliage, mimic bird  
 Or reptile; pictured breast-plates fancy-fraught

With all strange thoughts whereby his heart was  
stirred;  
Bright falchion-hilts with sparkling gems inlaid,  
And spears of glittering point and supple shaft,  
Round the dim chamber carelessly displayed,  
The wonders of the Titan sleeper's craft.

## 3.

There too were things of gentlest handiwork  
Arrayed on tables hewn and rocky shelves, —  
Rare torques of beaten gold; clasps such as elves  
Might doat on; brooches fine wherein might lurk  
Some jewel fairer than the evening star;  
Armlets gem-studded, twisted cunningly  
To shape of snake or lizard; many a bar  
Of golden necklet; annulets afar  
Glittering like flashes of a sunny sea;  
Bright golden goblets rich with intricate chasing;  
Baskets of gold of subtlest interlacing;  
Then bronze-work of the hugest, as in rest  
Leaning, enormous Doors, the mightiest  
Of all his furnace moulded, fit to guard  
Celestial palaces against assault  
Of hostile gods, or countless treasure ward

From all approach in adamantine vault, —  
 His latest and his greatest, hugely planned,  
 And waiting till he wakened to receive  
 From the great hammer lying by his hand  
 The blows by which his hope he would achieve.

## 4.

So lay the Smith-God on his couch, and dreamed —  
 So girdled, so companioned in his sleep —  
 Stupendous visions, thoughts with star-like sweep  
 Circling the ages, visions fair that teemed  
 With delicate forms or mighty, such as he  
 Only might fashion — all that puny men  
 Labouring, devising, in keen agony  
 Have ever wrought through Earth's long history,  
 Or ever may, and such as tongue nor pen  
 Shall image, till Earth perish as 'tis fated —  
 Dim prototypes of wonders uncreated;  
 And his thoughts thrilled him, so that head and  
 limb  
 Moved as his mind kept moving in the dim  
 Twilight of dreams. Then o'er his eyes the blaze  
 O' the leaping furnace flashed, and he awoke  
 Refreshed, sprang up erect with gladdening gaze,

Grasped his huge hammer, with deliberate stroke,  
Wide-whirling and down-sweeping, heavily smote  
The unfinished Doors. Thunder through earth and  
air  
Rolled, and the shepherd, scared, in vales remote,  
Murmuring, "The Smith-God," bowed himself in  
prayer.

## ST. PATRICK AND THE DRUID.

THE Apostle, wandering round Lough Monie's  
banks  
In the clear sunshine of an autumn morn,  
Came to a slope of sward whereon, o'ergrown  
With lichen and with ivies garlanded  
And orange-berried branches of the rose,  
Gigantic columns rude, great plinths of rock,  
In circle — a forlorn and desolate fane  
Of that strange creed he came to overwhelm —  
Stood lonely and silent. Part in awe he pored  
Upon it, part in triumph, part remorse, —  
As, on the morrow of some battle huge,  
The victor gazes on the field of death  
Strewn with the ruins of a nation's might  
And glory, and remembers his own hands  
Wrought the humiliation and the wreck.

Then from the shadows of a little grove  
Hard by came moving slowly an aged man

Clad in worn raiment of a Druid priest,  
And leaning on a staff; his long white hair  
And snowy beard commingling almost hid  
His shoulders and flowed downward to his waist;  
But, under shaggy eyebrows, with the light  
And vigour of youth, eyes of deep sapphire-blue,  
Gentle but fervent, flashed. With grave salute  
He hailed the Teacher, seeing in him his foe,  
His vanquisher, yet seeming none the less  
Contented in defeat.

"All hail," he cried,  
"Great Victor, — if not wisest of the wise,  
Least foolish of the fools that bask and flit  
Their brief life out with dull or gaudy wing,  
And go into the darkness whence they came  
Knowing as much of that that is to be  
As of the thing that was or that that is;  
Or, haply, not least foolish of the fools  
Neither, but only one that on the wheel  
Is uppermost a moment, and the next  
The lowest, even as I! — Welcome! ... Let's sit  
Here on this fallen stone, within the shade  
Of this once mighty, now storm-wasted, oak,  
And talk of things that seem not out of reach, —

Yesterday's battle of the violent septs,  
Light gossip of the Lis, or — for to me  
Such things are pleasant — beauty of the earth  
And arching heaven, the golden autumn-leaf,  
The white and wandering cloudlet high in air."  
And Patrick answered, "Not of these. Of Him  
Who made them."

And they sat.

"Well, what thou wilt,"

The Druid said, and, smiling, laid a hand  
Upon the Teacher's wrist: "I know thee well, —  
A man of strong belief and definite aim,  
Incapable of doubt, — all fervour, thought,  
Hope, love, hate, energy of body and will,  
Working as one huge force to one clear end,  
Never to be diverted until Death  
All fervour, thought, hope, love, hate, energy  
Of will and body crush to dust, for winds  
To blow i' the eyes of men who have died not yet,  
And vex and gall them. Such a man perforce  
Bows with his own strong bent the baser mind,  
Fills with his own strong faith the feebler heart,  
Wields with his own strong will the weaker arm,

And may be, even as thou art doomed to be,  
The slayer and supplanter of old gods.  
So freely speak. Preach to me of the god  
Thou wouldst have all men grovel to, since nought  
But to preach on to thee is possible.  
No gods have I thou canst offend. Yon sky  
And this fair earth with all its shapes on shapes  
Of multitudinous life, I tell thee, Priest,  
To me are as a great ship out at sea,  
Helmless and masterless. Thou makest war  
On my good brethren, not on me. For me,  
I care not what men worship any more."

Then Patrick lifted up his hands to heaven  
And cried, "I thank Thee, Father, that Thou'st given  
This bare and fallow field wherein to sow!"  
Then, to the Old Man turning, "O my brother,  
If that thy mind is clear of all belief,  
Idolatry, foul magic devil-born,  
Old prejudice that, coating heart and brain,  
Is harder for the Sacred Truth to pierce  
Than the rock-breastplate of the mountain — yet  
To Jesu not impossible, — and thy soul

Yearns for the Light, God, speaking through my lips,  
May grant thee the true life before thou diest,  
Count thee among the number of his saints,  
Thrice bless thee. Let me tell thee of my God."

The Druid, smiling, answered, "Said I not  
'Talk on'?"

Then, eloquent in hope and love,  
Not heeding how the humorous Grey-Beard  
mocked,

The Apostle spake:

"Hear, then, and understand.

In the beginning was the Word; the Word  
Was God; by Him were all things made — all these  
Thou thinkest fair, — leaf, branch, and rock, the  
bird

That flashes, a blue light, athwart the stream,  
The star that glimmers on the front of dawn.  
Six days the mighty God Jehovah wrought,  
And on the seventh rested. He surveyed  
The glories of His handiwork, and saw  
That all was good. His last created life  
Was Man, for whom, being lonely on the earth,  
He made a meet companion, that from these

The race of Man might spring and the whole world  
Replenish. These twain in a garden fair  
He placed, where 'mid its flowery plots He set  
Two trees the fruit whereof they should not taste.  
'The Tree of Knowledge' one He named, 'the Tree  
Of Life' the other. Now, the Serpent was  
Of all the beasts o' the field the subtilest.  
He wrought upon the woman so that she  
Ate o' the Tree of Knowledge,' telling her  
That eating of it they shall grow as gods,  
And know both Good and Evil."

His bright eyes  
The Old Man sideway turned, half-merrily,  
Watching the Teacher's rapt and earnest face.

"The woman, having tasted of the fruit  
Forbidden, wrought upon her husband's heart  
That he too tasted. Thus into the world  
Sin entered. God in anger cast them forth  
Out of the garden, and before the gate  
Set shining Seraphim with swords of fire  
To hold them back for ever. With their fall  
Fell all the children of the Earth to be  
Thence until now."

"Forgive me, gentle friend,"  
 The Druid softly said. "Methinks thou'st told  
 That when thy god had all things made, he saw  
 That they were good. This Serpent, whence was  
 he?  
 How wielded he such power upon the world?  
 And wherefore all this ruin of the work  
 Just finished which the maker 'saw was good'?"

"The Serpent was the Spirit of all Evil,  
 Satan," the Teacher answered.

But the Druid,  
 "Whence he? Was he too fashioned by thy god  
 Who saw his works 'were good'?"

To which the Saint  
 Made answer grave, "These things are mysteries  
 Not given to the mind of man to know."

"Ah, then, thou too art foiled in the pursuit?  
 But, gentle friend, thy tale perplexes me.  
 This old and feeble brain," the Druid cried,  
 "Follows not nimbly a new dance of thought.  
 But thus it seems thou teachest: — Not one God  
 There is, but two — this Serpent-Deity,

Worker of Evil, and thy God of Good;  
 And if two, out of what have sprung the twain?  
 Lives there yet one more god more vast than they,  
 Their grand creator? Or hath thy Good God  
 Fashioned that other, midst his myriad works,  
 To find him but the thwarter of his aims,  
 Ruining as he rears? And if thy god  
 /s good, why hath he then created Evil? —  
 Seeking, devout, to climb thy temple-steps,  
 I stumble at the doors."

Then Patrick said,  
 "These things are mysteries. Hear what thou  
 mayest."

And the other, "Yea, I thirst for wisdom. Speak."

Then said the Saint, "Whence Evil hath its life  
 We may not know; that Evil /s none doubteth.  
 For our First Parents' sin the whole vast world  
 Suffereth."

The Old Man turned in mute surprise  
 And stared at him. He, noting not, spake on:

"In our First Parents' sin you, I, all Earth

Fell. There was no forgiveness for our sin,  
 For our lost souls through all Eternity  
 No, no salvation, until Jesu Christ,  
 The Son of God, did offer up Himself  
 A sacrifice to God the Father."

"Pause,"

The Old Man cried, "I pray thee; for my wit  
 Limpes lamely after thee. 'The Son of God' —  
 How son? And is this Jesu also a god?  
 And wherefore such a sacrifice, and when?"

"Nay, not a god, but God. Father and Son  
 Are One God. How? These things are mysteries,  
 O friend, for faith to welcome and embrace,  
 Not for the restless mind of man to know —  
 Not now, though haply in the larger life  
 That 'waits beyond the crystal gates of Heaven.  
 Wherefore the sacrifice? In God's fair plan  
 'Twas needful one should die lest all should  
 perish."

"How 'perish'?"

"Be condemned to fast in torture  
 For ever."

"Have /been condemned to fast

In torture, friend, for ever?"

"Yea."

"Well, then," the Grey-Beard cried, "I take thee thus: —

There is but one god. Infinite his power.  
He hath created all things. But there lives  
The Serpent also — 'Satan' — thwarting him,  
Blasting his fairest works thou knowest not  
whence.

Man, being created, through the Serpent falls.

He is made weak enough to fall. His maker  
Condemns him and his seed to dwell for ever  
In torture. Then the 'son' of God — though 'son'  
One with the Father — offers to the Father —  
One with himself — to sacrifice himself ...

To whom but himself? ... to save from cruel torture

Man by him made so feeble as to fail

To do his will, and so for punishment

Condemned to never-ceasing agonies!

And did he sacrifice himself, and was

His wrath appeased, and is the curse removed?"

"I preach the sacrifice of Jesu Christ

Made for salvation of all human souls

Who trust in him," the Master cried.

"Who 'trust'?"

Not all mankind — not me, who trust him not? —  
But tell me of this sacrifice, — when made,  
Where, in what wise."

"Four hundred years ago,  
In Jewry, Christ was nailed to the Cross,  
And died, and rose again, and did ascend  
To Heaven, where He sitteth even now  
At God's right hand, to judge the souls of men,  
Evil and good."

"Who nailed him to the Cross?"

"The unbelieving Jews, for whose salvation  
He came into the world."

"Who made these Jews?"

"God."

"And they are not saved?"

"Nay, they are damned."

Then said the Druid softly: "'Twas ordained  
That Christ should die. Some one must kill him,  
then;  
And they that do it by the sacrifice

Gain nothing. They are damned. How came thy  
god,  
A spirit, to be nailed to the Cross?"

"Because Himself He humbled for men's sake,  
And was as man, being of a Virgin born."

"Being of a virgin born!" the Druid mused —  
"God of a human virgin born! — Make clear."

"A Virgin, Mary named, was found with Child  
Of the Holy Ghost."

"The Holy Ghost?' ... Dear friend,  
Who can this be?"

"He with the Father is One,  
Even as the Son is with the Father One."

"The Holy Ghost, the Father, and the Son,  
And Satan — not four gods, but Three. How then?"

Then anger flashed across the Master's face,  
And his eye blazed: "I tell thee, heathen Priest,  
The Father is, the Son is, and the Spirit is;  
Yet are there not three Gods, nor four, but One —  
One God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost —

Great Trinity in Unity ... Behold  
 This little leaf! Threefold it is; yet is not  
 Three leaves, but one leaf. So the Father, Son,  
 And Holy Ghost are not three Gods, but One —  
 Jehovah, the Lord God."

The Old Man stooped  
 And from the running shamrock at their feet  
 Picked yet another little leaf, with eyes  
 Attentive scanned it gravely, and then said:

"Friend, what you deem one leaf to my dull eye  
 Is truly three clear leaflets, each to each  
 Linked by one stem, and triune but in *name*.  
 Methinks I draw not nearer to the thought  
 That satisfies thy heart. And yet *four* Powers,  
 Not three, seem present to thy vision strange,  
 To make, and mar, re-make, and harmonize  
 The vast confusions of thy universe.  
 Yet one more question. Thou hast said 'the Son'  
 Sits at the right hand of 'the Father,' one  
 With him, to judge men's souls which he hath died,  
 As a man, to save from everlasting pain.  
 Say when shall be this judgment."

"At the end —

At the Last Day. O dark and ignorant,  
Knowest thou not this world shall pass away —  
All that thou seest, sun, moon, and earth and star,"  
The Master cried, "even as a leaf in fire?  
To thee these things seem strange, but unto us  
Who have learnt them all-familiar as the hills  
That leaned above our cradles and the streams  
That made sweet music in our infant ears.  
But thou mayest come to heed and understand."

"I heed, but understand not," said the Sage.  
"Yet will I muse upon thy words. But tell  
Of 'the Son's' life on Earth — God among men,  
In man's form, suffering the woes of men,  
Doubtless, — thirst, hunger, anguish, weariness,  
And, as thou sayest, the pangs of bitter death."

Then, fervent in his love, and in his faith  
Steadfast, and waxing happier as he spoke  
In contemplation of the things he told,  
The Saint, through all the wondrous history  
Of Him who died in Jewry for our peace  
Ran on in clear melodious voice and words  
Of godlike inspiration. All His acts

He pictured, all His potent miracles,  
His gentleness, long-suffering, His great love,  
His deep humility, life pure as snow  
O' the topmost mountain, tenderest sympathy,  
His patience in affliction, His commands, —  
"Do unto others as ye would that men  
Should do unto yourselves;" "forgive your foes;"  
"Love them that hate you;" "when ye are reviled  
Revile not;" "judge not;" "give to them that ask;"  
"Envy not;" "feed the hungry;" "heal the sick;"  
"Shelter the fatherless and widow;" "sin  
Not even in thought;" "love all men even as I;"  
And then his agony in Gethsemane, —  
"I pray Thee, Father, if it be Thy will,  
Put Thou this cup far from me; nevertheless  
Thy will, not mine be done;" And His dread death,  
And last sweet prayer for them whose hands were  
red  
With His own innocent blood, — "Forgive them,  
Father;  
They know not what they do!"  
Great tears rolled down  
The Apostle's face; he bowed his head and wept.

Silent the Old Man sat, save that a sigh  
Broke from his heart; and to his feet he rose,  
And paced the sward, deep-thinking. Then he stood  
Before the Saint, and spoke in accents low:

"I marvel not thou weapest. Such deep love  
Is mark of noblest manhood. I have heard  
Thy gospel. I will hoard it in my heart.  
Much thou hast said is as a stumbling-block  
Before me. But this Christ — O, such a life,  
And such a nature, never since mine ears  
Knew sound of human speech have I heard sung,  
Or imaged in my fancy! If all men  
Were such as he, if all men his fair rede  
But followed, that bright 'Heaven' whereof thou  
dreamest  
Were round about us, all this Earth were 'Heaven.'  
If to love Christ, to reverence his name,  
To bow to him, adoring, at his feet,  
Were all a Christian's duty and his gauge,  
I were a Christian. Yet I ask but this —  
Where gottest thou thy knowledge of these things  
Whereof thou boldly preachest?"

"From the lips  
Of Holy Men, the legends of my Lord,  
The Sacred Books."

"What if it were not true?"  
The Druid murmured. Yet he waited not  
For answer, but spoke on:

"O Priest of Christ,  
Thou to the satisfaction of thy heart  
Believest what thou teachest, — strange, confused  
And hard to comprehend as unto me  
It seemeth — ay, and even to my mind  
Fantastic as the dream of some poor soul  
Living alone in some drear mountain-cave,  
With nought for food but roots and nought for  
drink  
But the faint water oozing from the crag,  
His reason well-nigh dead for want of use,  
His memory emptied of all guiding truth  
And knowledge, his imagination weak  
And masterless, his life perpetual fear.  
And if thou didst but doubt it, all thy hope,  
Thy might, thy peace, thy end in life were gone.  
I have toiled in thought, and put aside the faith  
Of mine own youth as folly. Many a pang  
The loosening of its tendrils from my heart

Wrought me; and often fear hath stayed the mind  
Venturing into the darker paths of thought —  
Even as a child is stayed amid the woods  
When the shade thickens or the summer cloud  
Draws heavier overhead, or on the moors  
When, sudden, the dark mountains round him  
loom,  
And, scared, he turns to fly. And verily  
To wander in the void of Unbelief  
Is as the struggle of the sinking man  
In the deep pools wherein he finds no hold  
For foot or hand. Not sweet indeed the change.  
Nor can we rid our hearts of the old dread  
O' the gods themselves with whom we seem to  
strive  
With insolent daring, though the mind proclaim  
They are not, so from tenderest infancy  
They have grown close-welded with our growth, as  
oak  
And ivy twined and interlaced. The years  
Bring likewise habits of the mind itself,  
And habits of the lip, spontaneous prayer,  
Involuntary leaning on the Powers  
Whereon we had rested, the swift flight in pain  
Or danger to familiar ports of rest.  
How oft it happens when with sudden stroke

Death severs from the hearth some friend beloved  
And dear companion, in our loneliness  
We turn, forgetful, thinking he is near,  
To tell our latest thought, or grief, or joy!  
So is it when we rend us from our gods;  
We cannot wholly empty heart and mind  
Of their familiar presences. And, then,  
Who can deny the solace sweet of prayer  
In danger and in sorrow and in pain  
And dire perplexity? When brain and hand  
Fail utterly to serve us, no friend nigh  
To aid, and all is darkness and despair,  
What solace in the thought of Sovran Powers  
Encircling, who will answer when we cry,  
And save! But, friend, if no gods live to help,  
Man must be brave, and face without a fear  
Truth and the desolations that she works.  
This I have learnt to do, and I am calm  
Most times in suffering, knowing to revert  
To the old belief is cowardice of heart,  
Or feebleness of reason, or the excess  
Of both. And yet I reverence thy zeal,  
And bow before the vision of thy Christ."

Then rose the Apostle, saying, "It is well;  
Thy reverence yet may grow to love, thy love  
To perfect faith, thy faith put forth the flower  
Of godly works, and all thine autumn-even  
Be gorgeous with the glow of fruited boughs  
And splendours of down-going of the sun.  
Farewell, and Christ be with thee!"

To his lips

The Druid lifted up the Teacher's hand  
And kissed it, and the Teacher moved away.

"Ay," murmured then the Grey-Beard to himself,  
"I am most days content — most days; and yet,  
Even yet, though cold the blood and calm the  
brain,  
I flame with sudden yearning, many a time  
When calmest and when coldest, keen desire,  
Impetuous longing, to perceive, to know  
The reason, source, cause, end of all I see.  
One who sits watching the long sweep and sway  
Of falling water, far among the hills,  
Spell-bound by its clear beauty, as it glides  
Athwart the ferny precipices bowered  
With oak or pine, will see the downward stream,

Though seeming steadfast and invariable,  
Swerve now and then with sudden restless life,  
As a pulse leaps in momentary joy:  
So 'mid the even languor of my years  
Comes the wild impulse, the impatient sigh,  
Ay, even the anger of the baffled will,  
The unsatisfied demand. For is it not  
Strange and unreasonable that we who live,  
Toil, suffer, see, bear all the burthen huge  
Of human care, dowered with the eager mind,  
The craving heart, sleepless imagination,  
Should know not whence we come; by whom  
created —  
If any have created; — whither hence  
We go — if anywhere; — why that we name  
Evil doth mar the order and the grace,  
The gladness and the love of living things;  
Why life lives for life's ruin, man with brute  
Contending, brute with man, and brute with brute,  
Making the earth, with all its wealth of beauty,  
One shambles; why to live is evermore  
To fall from transitory flights of joy  
Back to the same dark gulfs of grief and pain.

I gaze about me, and with hopeless heart  
Ask why am I so girdled in and fenced  
With barriers black I cannot push aside  
Or pierce. Ay, I would know — I *claim* to know —  
The meaning of this world wherein I breathe.  
But the mood passes; and 'tis well; for man,  
Being doomed to be, is wisest when he lives  
In harmony with Nature as she is,  
Strains not his feeble mind, racks not his breast  
With any fruitless fervour. — Let it be!"

But the Great Teacher, walking through the leas,  
Felt other solace, dwelt with other thought.  
A glory lit his face. His spirit soared  
High as the swallow in clear summer skies.  
Above the margin of the Lake he stood  
And gazed upon its smooth dark waters; then  
Ranged round the margin brightening with the  
gleam  
Of russet leaf and golden, over-towered  
With leaning rock and slopes of heath and fern.

Then saw he, in clear vision, on a height

Before him, as in youth from Antrim cliffs  
 He saw that Angel beckoning — he beheld  
 There on a height three Crosses, and on each  
 One hanging, and the Christ was in the midst,  
 And Mary His Mother knelt beneath His feet,  
 And Mary Magdalene, and to and fro  
 The sullen armèd Roman soldier paced.  
 He stretched his arms out to the visioned Form  
 He loved, and cried to it:

"O Christ, my Lord,

My Saviour, so be present night and day  
 To me; dwell with me; be my shield; my helm,  
 My breastplate; be my rock to shelter me  
 From sun and tempest; be my living tower;  
 My refuge; be my fountain of all hope,  
 Of all delight; my wine of life; my bread;  
 My charm against all poison, all disease,  
 All wounds, all craft of enemies, all spells  
 Of women, magic, witchcraft, heathen snares,  
 Foul incantations, lying prophecies,  
 Idolatry, base thought, brute impulses,  
 Dire cravings of the flesh, sins of the spirit —  
 The might of Satan. On my left hand be  
 And on my right, in me and over me,

Behind, before me, hither, thither, now,  
Lord, and for ever. Doubt be never mine,  
Or backsliding, or fear, or apathy,  
Faint heart, or hesitation, or distrust.  
Make strong my feet for going, firm my will  
To endure the body's pain, the mind's fatigue,  
All hardships, all indifference, all contempt,  
All slowness of the working of Thy word  
In stubborn hearts — Thy word that finds its way  
Through the thick crust of prejudice and sin  
At last, like water through the stubborn rock,  
Surely, despair who will. Make free my lips  
To speak Thy truth, alert my mind to unfold  
Thy mysteries, strong my voice to thunder forth  
Thy mandates to the world. O Triune God,  
Father, and Son, and Spirit, through the love,  
The gentleness, the suffering, the toil,  
Death, burial, and ascension up to Heaven  
Of Him whose bleeding Form hung even now  
Before my very sight, I give thee thanks  
For the dear gift of knowledge, of belief,  
Thou'st vouchsafed to thy servant. I shall fear  
No evil, with my Shepherd leading me;  
Crave not to draw aside the veil of things

With feeble and impatient hand; assured  
That all is well, could I but comprehend;  
And I shall comprehend in times to be,  
And feel a vaster reverence, deeper love,  
In learning of Thy purpose and Thy will,  
When I, like Thee, arise from Death and Hell,  
To dwell beneath Thy wings for evermore!"

## THE FRIARS OF DRUMNAQUOILE.

(A.D. 17—)

1.

THE choirs had ceased their chauntings low;  
We lingered on in silent prayer —  
At Rome (so long, so long ago!) —  
Before the marble altar-stair.  
The gloom of evening softly fell  
Around each carven colonnade,  
Yet, stayed by some imperious spell,  
We lingered in the sacred shade.

2.

Then rose a form before our sight  
Beneath the Saviour stretched on Rood —  
A Lady, clothed in lustrous white  
And crowned with gold, before us stood,  
And, lifting up her radiant hand,  
She spoke in words so soft and sweet  
We fell, each one of all our band,  
We fell, adoring, at her feet:

## 3.

"Sons of St. Francis, ye who here  
So yearn the works of Christ to do,  
Rise up, and, void of doubt and fear,  
Go forth, fulfil the gospel true;  
Go, wander till the threefold sound  
Of threefold bell upon the breeze  
Shall greet your ears on alien ground;  
There rest, and make your home of peace."

## 4.

The lovely dream dissolved away;  
We grasped each other's eager hands,  
Prepared the mandate to obey,  
And roam afar the stranger's lands.  
That very night we passed in haste  
The gates, beneath the Italian skies  
All white with stars, and through the waste  
Campagna moved with sleepless eyes.

## 5.

Through many an antique city bowered  
'Mid fruitful plains, or high upreared  
By lake or roaring chasm, or towered  
And walled on rocky fastness weird;

By havens thronged with sail and mast,  
Where men from climes beyond the seas,  
With varied dress and gesture, passed  
And brightened all the wharves and quays;

## 6.

Where tall green poplars line the lanes,  
With lapping leaves that cool the sense;  
Where floods majestic sweep the plains,  
And vine-trees droop their clusters dense;  
Where cloven mountain-walls reveal  
The silver peak, the blackening pine;  
Or where the groves of chestnut steal  
Around the sea-washed Apennine,

## 7.

Onward we went. 'Neath skies of fire  
We climbed through groves of olive round  
The grey ravines, and high and higher  
From pass to pass we wound and wound  
Till, circled with the Alpine snows,  
We felt the ice-wind's cool caress,  
And tasted, in the blood's repose,  
The awe of Nature's loneliness.

8.

Along its highways straight and bare  
We crossed the level fields of France,  
And often knelt in pensive prayer,  
Or sat unseen, in silent trance,  
Within its fair cathedral-aisles,  
'Twixt matin-time and evensong —  
Dear refuge from the world, the wiles  
Of sinful men, the reckless throng,

9.

The glare of day, the dust, the heat,  
The weariness of limb and eye,  
Where one might feel the wounded feet  
And bleeding hands of Jesu nigh,  
And watch the many-tinted light  
Fallen from the gorgeous oriels move  
Across the level pavement white,  
Like tokens of a Heaven of Love!

10.

Then we took ship, and, after days  
Of cloud and tempest, saw the hills  
Of Erin glow through sunlit haze,  
And hailed afar her whitening rills

That down the rocky ridges fell,  
The balmy slopes of fern and heath,  
The seaward cliff and grassy dell,  
And the lithe waves that broke beneath.

## 11.

O weary months of wanderings vain!  
We roamed the Isle from coast to coast;  
And evermore the ear would strain  
To catch the sounds for ever lost;  
And many an hour where distant spire  
Rose glittering over dale and hill  
We sat in baffled sad desire  
To rise in sadness deeper still.

## 12.

And here a bell would lightly toll  
By morn from vale or aëry height,  
And here a muffled knell would roll  
Across the stillness of the night;  
But never came the sound we sought,  
The music sweet we yearned to hear,  
The threefold bell with tidings fraught  
Of rest from all our pain and fear.

## 13.

Yet not all pleasureless the quest,  
For fair this land as eye may see;  
And often it was sweet to rest  
And hark its rivulets' melody  
Deep in the wooded Wicklow dales,  
Or where they leap with foam and spray,  
In joyous life that faints nor fails,  
To faëry lake and ferny bay

## 14.

Amid the Kerry mountain-land;  
Or follow on with languid feet,  
But hearts nigh cloudless, in the bland  
Bright spring, the silvery windings fleet  
Of its full rivers as they sped  
Through woods and meadows to the sea,  
With here a broad lake, islanded,  
And Erne's or Ramor's witchery,

## 15.

And here smooth banks and prairies green  
All dappled o'er with kine and sheep.  
And it was strange, where great cliffs lean  
Above the loud and sleepless deep,

To kneel within the desolate cell  
Of saints that sought the wilderness  
In days far off, with hope to dwell  
Alone with God in their distress;

## 16.

Or sit beneath the lichened Tower  
'Mid sacred cities gone to clay;  
Or muse through many a dreamful hour  
By carven Crosses quaint as they.  
Yet never came the sound we sought,  
The music sweet we yearned to hear,  
The threefold bell with tidings fraught  
Of rest from all our pain and fear.

## 17.

We roamed the Antrim glens and hills,  
And often watched the bluffs anear  
Of Scotland, where the sunset spills  
Its rosy light from year to year  
O'er the grey cliffs and fields of grain;  
And headland after headland clomb,  
Where on red reef or chalky vein  
The green sea breaks in breadths of foam;

## 18.

And hailed the peaceful hills of Down;  
The Ards of Uladh wandered o'er;  
And reached the little Norman town  
That guards blue Cuan's narrowing shore;  
And there beside the ivied keep  
Took boat; and touched the Strangford beach;  
And walked to where the ashes sleep  
Of him who came the Word to preach

## 19.

To Erin's race, — elate to tread  
The sacred "Cantred of the Light,"  
Whence Light o'er all our Isle was shed  
'Mid darkness of their Pagan night.  
By feudal donjon, verdant rath,  
By farm and woodland, lawn and park,  
By highway dull or woodbine-path,  
At sunrise gay, in gathering dark,

## 20.

We wandered on. — Footsore and weak,  
One eve, we came to Drumnaquoile,  
Amid these pleasant hills. To seek  
Some little food, to soothe the toil

Of travel, or to save from death —  
 For death appeared our imminent fate —  
 With tottering limbs and fainting breath  
 We rested by yon Castle-Gate.

## 21.

It was a tranquil Summer's eve;  
 The air was light, the skies were clear,  
 The very landscape seemed to weave  
 Its influence round us and to cheer.  
 All of a sudden Brother Luke  
 His hand uplifted. "Hark!" he cried,  
 "A bell, a bell! ... From yonder nook  
 It surges o'er the meadows wide!" ...

## 22.

Full, soft, and sweet — a bell! a bell! ...  
 And now another, tolling slow! ...  
 And hark again! ... O, heed it well! ...  
 Another yet, so soft and low! ...  
 It is ... O, list! ... the triple toll  
 We've sought through years of agony! ...  
 Hark yet again! ... from yonder knoll ...  
 One, two and *three!* ... Hark! ... One — two —  
 three!"

## 23.

Then I beheld far up in Heaven —  
Her feet upon a cloud of light  
That wreathed Her like a moon at even —  
That wondrous Lady robed in white,  
And on Her face all tenderness  
And gentle love benign and true!  
Her radiant palm she raised to bless,  
And passed away into the blue.

## 24.

Then knelt we on the stony ground;  
We lifted up our hands to God;  
We rose; our eager arms we wound  
About each other's necks; we trod  
The earth with feet as light as wings;  
With tears of love our eyes were dim;  
We sang aloud as wild bird sings  
When Spring makes rapturous life in him.

## 25.

And here we found our holy rest;  
And here the folk are true and kind;  
And here our lives with peace are blest,  
God's breath is in the healing wind.

And here we wear away our years  
In godly deeds and fasts and prayer,  
Till Jesu dries our earthly tears,  
And wafts away all earthly care.

## THE OUTCAST'S TRAGEDY.

## I.

NOT only he who robes in rhythmic song  
Thought, passion, fair Imagination's dreams,  
And glasses Nature in the mirror of verse,  
May claim the Poet's glory. His who moulds  
Nature herself to something lovelier,  
By Nature taught to free her trammelled life  
From her own overgrowth, or crippling bonds,  
Or weakness, or distortion, or decay;  
And fashions out of Nature's elements  
Another Nature, beautiful as she,  
Mere miniature, but breathing all delight  
She in her vastness yieldeth, — his no less  
The lofty title now by counterfeits  
Degraded, flaunted by impostors, mocked  
By half the world.

Lord Ian in his home

Amid the Ulidian hills, while critics puffed  
Their whipster bards, and held him idle, dull,  
Bucolic, — planting here his pines and there  
His holms or beeches; hewing in the woods  
Glades that revealed some violet peak of Mourne,  
Glimpse of the sea, or flash of a white fall;  
Guiding his paths along the impetuous rills,  
Or clearing from the pool or rocky chasm  
The riotous bramble — he true Maker was,  
Artificer of beauty, perfecter  
Of Nature's purpose; they of whom they raved  
Apes of an art they failed to comprehend.  
Lord Ian, happy in his dear domains  
Lived, reverently working out his love  
Of Earth's abounding beauty, while his friends,  
In a rough age, caroused, and fought, and stained  
Their hands with their own boon-companions'  
blood.  
And Eva, his one daughter, made his home  
Fair as the chased gold setting of a gem  
Worth half a kingdom. Islanded in thought,  
Rapt in the shaping with a facile mind  
And plastic skill the visions of his soul,  
Full oft in presence of the mightier truths  
Of being all-forgetful of the small

Stern bitter needs of narrow human life —  
The poet's weakness and the poet's weal —  
His art sufficed him.

Past the furthest copause  
That stood as outpost to Lord Ian's woods,  
Roughening, the fretful channel-billows broke  
On reefs of pointed rock that, when the sea  
Fell, like a mimic mountain-land, all brown  
With weed, and yellow, reared themselves aloft  
In deadly menace, and at fullest tide  
Lurked, barely hidden, under the blue wave —  
A bay of ruin; for no tempest raged  
But some lorn barque was driven upon the reefs,  
Or waif of shattered vessel, mast, or spar,  
Or broken beam or bulwark, cask, or chest,  
Flung from the foaming rollers to the shore.  
Once, on a night of storm and blinding snow,  
Dim lights at sea alarmed the fisher-folk  
Whose huts amid the sandhills faced the bay,  
And down they hurried to the beach, with cords  
And buoys, and, lifted on the upsweeping wave,  
Beheld what seemed the phantom of a ship  
Loom through the dark, dilating as it came,

Till the vague mass crashed on the jagged reefs,  
And over it the storm-blown fountain-spray  
Rose like an arch, and scattered where they stood.  
The next wave heaved the hulk athwart the rocks  
And onward till it all but touched the sand,  
So that the boldest, venturing downward, flung  
Ropes to the deck, which hands aboard made fast.  
And thus the living remnant of its crew  
Were brought half-dead ashore. With these came  
one  
Who was not of them, — one of foreign face  
And speech, and seeming gently-born. The news  
Of the wrecked vessel and its famished freight  
Drew down the Lord of Drimnagh to the bay,  
Who, seeing the Stranger, bade him to his home,  
With liberal hand and heart supplied his needs,  
And entertained him as an honoured guest.

Of Spanish blood he seemed, for Buenos Ayres  
Had sailed from England in the ship that lay  
Wrecked on that reef of death. Yet not uncouth  
The English words he spoke with fluent lip,  
Nor unfamiliar he with English life.  
Some thirty autumns on his path had shed  
Their fleeting leaves. Lithe was his form; his face

Fair-carven; dark his eyes that flashed with fire  
Of anger or delight; a form, a face  
That drew observance, and with welcome dreams  
Of lands remote and strange adventure stirred  
The quickening fancy.

Day by day went by  
And still the Stranger lingered at the House,  
Nor cared the host to lose a guest with power  
To gild his darker moments. Parentage,  
Purpose in life, or friends, he spoke not of.  
But it was pleasant, over wine, or couched  
Amid the woodland bracken, or by brook  
Or garden-fountain resting, morn or even,  
To listen to his clear and mellow voice  
Tell of the things he knew, the things he had seen.  
And so he loitered on from week to week,  
And so from month to month, until at length  
The bond that held him seemed the bond of blood.

Eva, although with half-distrustful heart  
She watched him, could not choose but bend to  
hear  
So musical a voice in rapture speak.  
And yet, though oft his dark deceitful eyes  
Dwelt on her face, and subtlest flattery

In look, tone, deference, delicate helpfulness,  
Breathed from him as the spices from the pine,  
She liked him not. Not at ~~his~~footstep's fall  
Beside the doorway did her pulses leap,  
Catching her breath, and her face flush for joy.

Sebert, the neighbouring manor's soldier-heir,  
She loved. His gentle eye of Northern blue,  
Kind, frank, with courage in its firm clear glance,  
Looked into, filled her mind with happier thought  
And fairer visions than the voluble speech  
Of Manuel ("Don Manuel" was he named)  
Had ever power to yield her. He, though yet  
The morning-star of life before him shone,  
Had tasted of life's noonday; he had fought  
On that last field that broke the might of France;  
And now, amid the silence after storm,  
Rested beneath his parents' roof-tree, drawn  
Closer to it by one more sacred chain,  
His love for Eva.

Had he told his love,  
And had he heard her promise whispered low  
In answer? No, not yet. The love that lives  
Unspoken, with its sweet uncertainties,

Its fears and wildering raptures of belief,  
In either bosom held its tyrant sway.

With shrewder glance than Ian's Sebert read  
The Stranger, heard his tones with keener ear,  
And found him false. With troubled heart he saw  
Eva beside him walk amid the woods,  
And thought, "She does not love me. Could she  
move  
So by his side, so seem to him attuned,  
If I or any other were the god  
Of her heart's sanctuary? Fool am I  
To dream she loves me. And if such a mind  
And such a nature charm her, is her love  
Worth all this heart-break? O, I waste my youth  
In bootless reverie 'mid these Downshire hills!  
The world is yet untrodden. What of love,  
Of beauty, wonder, knowledge, witchery,  
May it not hold for largess? I will go  
And take what it may give."

Even so the eye  
Of Youth misreads the heart of Maidenhood,  
Which, like the tremulous waterlily-bloom,  
That dips with every wafture of the wind,

And moves with every ripple of the lake,  
 May vibrate to a thousand influences  
 Yet stand firm-rooted in its one sure love.

Yes, he would breathe the cool delicious air  
 Of peak and glacier, sit beneath the shade  
 Of ruined Roman temple-columns white  
 Above the Italian wave, the bowery slopes  
 Of Etna climb, and haply o'er the blue  
 Ægean see the sunset and the dawn  
 Gild the grey pillars of the Parthenon.  
 So he resolved.

When by-and-by he came  
 To Drimnagh Towers to take his leave, the lips  
 Of Eva trembled as she spoke to him,  
 Her lids were heavy with restrain'd tears.  
 He saw not, for she would not let him see,  
 The love wherewith she watched him unaware,  
 And unto her his going seemed her doom.

## II.

IT was a day of blustering wind, blue skies,  
 And clouds that sped across the depths of heaven  
 With fleeting shadow and sudden glint and gloom;

The pines bent low their pointed crests, the limes  
Labour'd in tempest, the hard beeches heaved,  
The whitening storm-blown sally-branches whipt  
The air, the strong oaks trembled 'mid the roar;  
The rolling sea was all a-mist with spray,  
Darkening and lightening, — here and there a sail  
Nigh level with the billow swept afar;  
While every mountain, naked to the cope,  
Flushing and blanching, seemed to breathe and  
feel;  
A day when young hearts revel in the war  
Of Nature's forces, and with thoughts of wreck  
And ruin of the labour of men's hands  
The old are sad and troubled a blithe day  
Though perilous.

High 'mid the grassy knolls,  
On the smooth turf over the tumbling bay,  
Stood Eva of the blue adoring eyes  
Watching the ocean. She had ridden out  
In the wild morning, from her father's doors,  
Down the loud avenue of the roaring limes  
And beeches, through the crested gates, and forth,  
Alone on her lithe Arab, through the lanes  
Yellowing with autumn, seaward, with one thought  
One longing, just to gaze upon the waves

And dream of him that o'er their leagues of foam  
The bitter winds had blown from her away.  
Beside a little sheltered rocky nook  
She had alighted, and her pony loosed,  
Knowing he would not stray but when she called  
Would come, responsive to his name. Intent  
She stood, with fair hand arched above her brow,  
Scanning the waters, all her lissome form  
Straining against the breezes, and her hair  
All-golden rippling in the fitful gleams.

"A stormy day, young lady," said a voice  
Behind her; and she caught her pony's rein,  
And turned. A woman clad in faded black,  
Dark-eyed, keen-featured, badged with poverty,  
Stood leaning towards her. A cold answer given,  
Eva, her pony guiding down the slope,  
Moved, hardly heeding. Close behind her walked  
The woman. "Rough the sea, and yonder ship,  
She murmured, "with its well-beloved freight  
Goes on a perilous voyage."

Eva's cheek

Flamed, and she bent her eyes upon her face,  
Saying, "What ship? I see but fishing-boats."

"Ay, but I see a ship beyond the mists  
That bears away a maiden's heart in it.  
Ay, ay, young lady, take that home again.  
Ill fares the heart that's cast upon the seas."

"I understand you not. Pray let me walk  
Alone," said Eva, angered.

"If you will.

I would not vex you, lady dear ... But ah!  
Why should you spurn a poor lorn wanderer,"  
The woman cried, "who seeks to do you good?"

"Speak, then. What would you?" Eva said, with  
eyes  
Fronting her, holding still her pony's rein;  
And in the shelter of the steep they stood.

"Dear lady, I have watched you many a month,  
And loved you for your goodness, and your face,  
Your beautiful young face, your gentle deeds  
Of mercy and of kindness. I can tell  
Some secrets of your heart, for I have read  
The stars, and by the lines of your white hand  
What looms behind the curtain of the years

I can disclose. Unglove your pretty palm,  
And I will tell you of the happiness  
To come, and warn you of the ills that be."

"I care not for such trifling," Eva said.

"Nay, 'tis no trifling, lady. I will ask  
No bounty. I would help you if I might  
Draw off this little glove."

Then Eva smiled,  
And, careless, answered, "Well, for your caprice,  
Here is my hand. But, pray you, linger not,  
For I would hasten homeward." And the woman  
Took in her own a hand as white and fair  
As hers that closed upon the golden fruit  
When Paris choosing wrought the doom of Troy.

"Yes," said the woman, "he you think you love  
Sails on the deep. I see his ship afar.  
Another loves you more than he. Dark eyes  
Hide deeper love than blue. Trust not too much  
The lover who has never told his love.  
How easy 'tis to shift a love unpledged  
From one face to another! Danger lies  
That way for you, dear lady. Shun the reef.  
True love is nearer home."

"Enough!" cried Eva.  
"You've found the boon you craved, and I must go."

She sprang into the saddle. As she rose  
The woman laid her fingers on the rein.

"Do not forget me. I would guard your life  
From evil. Close beside the dusky boughs  
Of the thick spruce-wood yonder my poor hut  
Stands with a desolate hearth. In charity  
Come sometimes there to speak a gentle word  
To the poor Wandering Woman."

The dark eyes  
Drooped their worn lids, and tender pity stirred  
The kindly heart of Eva, as she said,  
"Well, then, I will. Farewell!"

The Wanderer's hand  
Slipt from the bridle; bending low her head  
She stood aside; and Eva rode away.

She rode away; but as she rode the voice  
Of the weird woman, mingling with the wind,  
Kept ringing in her ear, "Trust not too much  
The lover who has never told his love.  
Dark eyes hold deeper love than blue." She laughed

At the grim warning; but her heart was cold  
Even as she laughed; for when had Sebert breathed  
His love, or given any lover's pledge? ...  
What if he loved her not! ... It well might be.  
Her own vain fancies might have fooled her ...  
Then,  
"Dark eyes hold deeper love than blue." ... Dark  
eyes? ...  
What could she mean? ... O, but why heed the  
words

Of a mere fortune-telling wanderer? ...  
Dark eyes? ... The eyes of Manuel flashed upon her;  
And, as at times the man we would not love,  
Or woman, wakes a momentary warmth  
Within us that is half akin to love,  
And works a doleful conflict in our hearts  
Of liking and of loathing, such a spell  
The image of him wrought within her mind  
A moment, blotting out the shadowy form  
Of Sebert, and she could not rid her brain  
Of the dread fancy. Then she raised her face  
To the wild sky, murmuring, "Sebert, Sebert,  
I love you, and will love you till I die."

And from her eyes the shape dissolved away.  
So worked the woman's witchcraft in her breast,  
So, like the raindrops in the rifted tree,  
Threatened decay of the sweet life within.

Her weaker will began to sink and swoon  
Within a firmer folded. That weird face,  
Tall form, and something of strange majesty  
Irradiate through the soilure and the shame,  
Haunted her. What if Nature to fine ears  
Did darkly breathe foreknowledge of events,  
The hand confide the history of the life,  
The starry influence store the watchful mind?  
What if the finer sense perceived and felt  
That in the world the dull may never know?  
How read the woman her heart's love? How found  
The secret of her soul? How learnt her dream  
In looking o'er the tempest-whitened sea? ...  
Blue eyes? ... Alas, if Sebert loved her not! ...  
Or if he loved her yesterday, what bond  
Between them was there that he might not break  
To-morrow? ... Then the warm dark flattering eyes  
Of Manuel glowed before her once again,  
Brooding upon her face. She brushed away

The phantom as we flick the twilight moth,  
And deeper grew her loathing. But her heart  
Was troubled with distrust and fleeting fear.  
Her heedless promise to the Wanderer  
Perplexed her. Should she seek that lowly hut? ...  
Think ... think! ... But now a restless longing rose  
To peer into the gulfs of Death and Fate;  
And as, while yet we mock them on the lip,  
All prophecies, all pictures, of ourselves,  
Since they are of ourselves, will draw us to them  
Greatly or little, gradually she grew  
More tolerant of the woman and her art,  
More gentle in her judgment of her aims,  
And, thinking, "I must break no promise made  
Even to her," she murmured to herself,  
"To-morrow or the next day will I go."

That night, at table, in the drawing-room,  
At games, beside him, or where'er he moved,  
She could not lift her eyes to Manuel's face,  
And shunned the studious homage of his glance.  
He watched her and he wondered. Could it be  
His subtile craft of silent courtship throve?  
Could the down-drooping of her fringed lids

Be maiden shyness born of conscious love?  
 He thought so. Easy victories over hearts  
 More vain and more ignoble puffed his breast  
 With faith unwavering in his power to charm.  
 He loved her beauty with such love as men  
 So low as he may love; he coveted  
 Her gold, her mansion, and her fair domains;  
 And, with a resolute and persistent will,  
 A nerveless conscience and a crafty brain  
 He swore to gain them, foul the means or fair.

### III.

AMID the sweet September morning air,  
 Eva, adown the long lime-avenue,  
 While the thick branches gleamed with autumn-  
 gold  
 And now and then against the aëry blue  
 A yellow leaflet floated to her feet,  
 Walked, with heart beating, to her father's gates,  
 And passed into the highway. She would seek  
 The Wanderer's hut half-hidden in the woods,  
 And question her. Her heart, she knew not why,  
 Failed her. Forebodings like a sense of guilt  
 Oppressed her. Yet what sin to keep her faith  
 Even with an outcast? Surely, should she break

That word of promise honour would be stained.  
Why this gaingiving, this unmeaning stir  
Within the tremulous bosom? On she went  
With mind adrift upon a misty sea;  
Then at a sudden turning found the hut,  
Bowered in its spruces, with a meagre path,  
Crossed by a hurdle, leading to the door,  
And pushed the hingeless barrier back, and passed,  
And at the threshold paused.

The Wanderer

Came forth to give her welcome.

Poor and bare

The little chamber was, black as a cave,  
Yet neatly ordered. As the woman stood,  
Tall and erect, a moment in the light  
Shed through the doorway, Eva, gazing at her,  
Wondered. Hid in a hovel such as that  
How came a woman of such high-born air  
To dwell in shame and penury? The face  
Dark-hued and finely moulded, the large eyes,  
Now dim but in their depth of gathering gloom  
Holding remembrances of lustrous day,  
The haughty spirit flashing through the guise  
Of meanness and a feigned humility,

Seemed foreign to her station and her haunt.  
What was her story? Eva, fain to learn,  
Dared not to question.

"Gracious, kind, and true,  
Dear lady, welcome to my lonely roof,"  
The woman cried. "And would you learn of me  
Still more the secrets hidden in the Vast?"

Eva, half-trembling, said, "I long to know."

"Then," said the woman, "I can show you things  
You dream not of. I can unveil the Deeps.  
But not to-day the stars are dumb to me;  
My skill is dead. To-morrow will you come  
Past noon to-morrow?"

Eva answered, "Yes,  
To-morrow I will come."

Long stayed she there,  
Held by the fascination of a voice  
That murmured like the night-winds and the waves  
Of far-off lonely spaces of the world,  
And listened as it told of wonders hid  
Behind the veil of life, nor let her heart,

Trustful of all things human in its love  
And tenderness, perceive the glimmering light  
Of guile and cunning that about the lips  
And eyes would flit and glitter like the gleam,  
Exhaling from corruption and decay,  
That dances o'er the dwellings of the Dead.

## IV.

THE ship that westward through the Narrow Seas  
Bore Sebert ere she met the ocean-swell  
Got tangled fast in tempest; wave and wind  
Smote her, her boats were swept into the foam,  
Her foremast shattered, and such ruin wrought  
As no choice left but steer her as they could  
Into the nearest haven. So they ran  
To Dartmouth. There, while busy hammers  
clanged,  
Saws croaked, and chisels clinked upon her deck,  
He, 'mid the quiet of the seaport inn,  
Grew heavy-hearted. Wherefore should he set  
Mountains and waves between the purest bliss  
Life proffered and his ever-longing eyes?  
Could all of Nature, all of Art, the shows  
And pageants of the cities and the hills,  
Bring to his lonely heart one tithe the joy

That one bright smile of Eva rained upon him?  
He had not known the measure of his love.  
Could he endure so many weary moons  
Of absence? ... Not to see her face again  
For two long years? ... What changes might not  
come —  
Oblivion, sickness, marriage, death itself! ...  
He shuddered at the dismal fantasy ...  
And then that rival! If he read him right  
Already was he drawing round her life  
His damned toils ... What madness drove him  
thence?  
What folly sealed his lips in silent love? ...  
He would forego his wandering, set his face  
Nor'ward again, cling to his Downshire knolls,  
See her once more, and that right soon —  
perchance  
Tell out his love, learn once for all his doom.

That night he dreamed that from a window high  
At Ardagh he beheld the roofs and walls  
Of Drimnagh's house one sheet of leaping fire,  
And that he ran with wingèd feet, and reached  
The lawn, and, looking upward, through the smoke  
Saw the pale face of Eva, wrapped in flames,

High on a tower; and that he beat his way  
Through the dense crowd that pressed around the  
doors,  
And entered, crying "Eva, Eva, Eva,"  
And the smoke surged around him, and he fell  
Stifled and burnt; and, struggling, he awoke,  
And mused upon the horror of the dream,  
Half scared, and rose up in his couch, and cried,  
"Danger to Eva! Ere another sun  
Sink, I will bend me to my home again."

## V.

BACK to the Wanderer's hut, true to the hour,  
Went Eva, when the latch was lifted found  
The Wanderer standing in a lightless gloom,  
Who, saying, "Fear not; spirits in the dark  
Will speak to us that in the light are dumb,"  
Passed slowly a cold palm across her eyes,  
And led her in. There, sitting by her side,  
She clasped her hand in hers, and, as one rapt,  
Muttered fantastic rhymes. Then, bending near,  
She whispered, "I can show you what you will, —  
Your lover, your true lord, if so you will —  
Out of the darkness, from the Phantom World ...

What would you?"

Eva, dazed and sick at heart,  
Murmured, "What you have power to do, that do."

With paces slow she moved about the room,  
Half-seen, a spectral shape, with beckoning hand,  
Calling, "Come! come! Out of the Infinite Deeps,  
Out of the caverns of Eternal Night,  
Come to me, O come!"

Then kneeling by the hearth,  
She blew the turfs into a blaze, and cried,  
"Look yonder! See your lover, your true lord,  
Foredestined husband!"

There by the faint flame  
The figure and the face of Manuel shone  
A moment from the darkness. The light died,  
And all again was gloom. With stifled scream,  
Eva, upstarting, sought the door. A hand  
Stayed her; the woman's breath was on her neck.  
"No need to fear, sweet lady. Sit you down,  
And I will talk to you of pleasant things.  
Have I not said I seek your happiness  
And not your hurt? I cannot cancel Fate,  
Though thus I may unfold it; yet your doom

Is fair as morning by the summer sea.  
Knew you the face?"

"I have seen such a face,  
And like it not. I pray you let me hence."

"Where have you seen it, lady?"

"Ask me not.

I care not to be questioned. Only this  
I tell you. I would rather die to-night  
Than wed with him whose face it seemed to be."

"Ah, lady, 'tis a story old as Earth  
That our poor women's-hearts can grow to love  
The men we think we hate, and grow to hate  
The men we think we have loved. And marriages,  
Love we or not, are one with Nature's web,  
Woven in the iron loom of Destiny."

But Eva struggled in her grasp — "I say  
I will not tarry longer. Fare you well."  
And from the door she swept into the air  
And sweet sure light of day.

Slowly she moved,  
Unhappy. When she reached the wood-path gate

At Drimnagh, treading lightly through the leaves  
Down the red walk came Manuel wreathed in  
smiles,  
Self-confident, elate. She had turned to fly  
But that her pride restrained her.

In a trice

They met. She, bowing lightly, passed. But he  
With show of reverent admiration turned,  
And, with some phrase of flattery deftly coined,  
Stept to her side. She needs must hear him speak.

Then Manuel, feigning virtue, reverence,  
Humility, deep homage, wondrous care,  
Spoke on until at last in broken tones  
He told her that he loved her, proffered life,  
The labour of his hands, fidelity  
Till death, all loving-tenderness, all might  
Of arm and brain, devotion absolute,  
Would she but still the longings of his soul.

Another time she might have felt his spell,  
And answered him in maiden gentleness,  
Remorseful for the wound she needs must deal,  
But now, with anger-knitted brow, her face

Turned from him, all her pity frozen in her,  
 She answered: "No, not here, Don Manuel,  
 Nor ever, will I yield to such a prayer.  
 Your pardon — let me seek my home alone."  
 He bowed, and swerving to the leftward walk,  
 And, muttering curses to his chafed soul,  
 Went down in brute-like fury through the woods.

And Eva, hardly heeding where she moved,  
 And trembling in her anger and her pain,  
 Walked like the blind along the homeward path,  
 And entering the great doorway, up the stairs  
 Climbed unperceived, and to her chamber passed,  
 And flung herself upon her couch, and wept.

## VI.

THE next day Manuel to Lord Ian spoke  
 Of urgent letters that had found his hands  
 From England. "He must leave the house that  
 breathed  
 God's peace, the friends that seemed his very kin.  
 What words could tell his gratitude, what acts  
 Repay the lavish kindness of his host?  
 Forget he could not. In the years to be

His happiest moments would be those he spent  
In dreaming of the days at Drimnagh Towers.  
That bliss could find no counterpart. Heaven grant  
Their paths diverging might again converge  
Hereafter!" Ian pressed him yet to stay —  
"One winter when he went would Drimnagh be."  
He shook his head, saying that half the weal  
Of life hinged on the going. Sad at heart  
Lord Ian pressed no more. Two days went by,  
And on the morning of the third he bade  
Farewell. But Eva till he passed the gates  
Kept to her rooms, and saw him not again.

## VII.

A WEEK had died, another toward its grave  
Was sinking, when a nimble messenger  
One morning slipt a letter in the hand  
Of Eva, in her sunny pleasure-ground  
Alone, and, darting down the shrubbery-walks,  
Vanished. It from the lonely Wanderer came,  
And told of sickness and of helplessness,  
And craved forgiveness had she done her wrong,  
And prayed that she would visit her once more,  
And let the dawn-light break upon her gloom.

Up from the heart of Eva pity welled,  
And, with the woman's glamour mingling, worked  
So on her will, that ere the sun his height  
Had journeyed, she, with basket on her wrist  
With fruit and dainties laden, through the gates  
Had sped to seek the sprucetree-wood again.

She reached the shadow of the dusky copse,  
And paused to watch a brood of tiny birds  
That, twittering in their undulating flight,  
Tumbled from tree to tree, and half forgot  
Her purpose in her gladness as her eye  
Followed their gambols in the boughs and air.  
Just then the hut-door lightly from within  
Opening startled her. Out from it stept  
A figure cloaked, hurried along the path,  
And passed adown the highway. As she watched  
Its motions her heart's throbbing all but ceased.  
That movement of the all-too-graceful form,  
Did it not seem Don Manuel's? ... Could it be? ...  
No surely. He was gone across the seas.  
Her father knew — had heard from him. Her feet  
Failed her; yet, shadowed with indefinite doubts,  
Dangers, misgivings, courage drove her on.

She knocked and entered, welcomed by a hand  
Chilly as death. The Wanderer's face was pale,  
Her manner stiffened as with studied calm,  
With something ominous in it, such as stirred  
The heart of Eva with a dim alarm,  
As the down-sweeping breeze from darkened  
heights  
Might make a cheerless wrinkle in the mere  
That sleeps in sunshine.

Then with tremulous voice  
She told of sickness, griefs, and poverty,  
And of the desolation of her life,  
And blessed the gentle hand that gave her help,  
And pardon craved again for all offence,  
And talked of signs and wonders, and the pain  
Of those who held communion with the Dead;  
And her dark eyes seemed following afar  
Dread visioned forms and ghostly presences,  
Her senses all alert for thrills of life  
Unseen, pulsations of the Spirit-World.  
And Eva marvelled at and pitied her,  
And soothed her with a ready sympathy,  
Though awed, and credulous of her mystic power.



Eva, pale and frightened, stood  
 Apart with clasped hands raised to Heaven.

He rose,  
 Grappling with Sebert. Sebert shook him off,  
 Saying, "Another way;" And then to Eva,  
 "Pray you, go on a little; I will follow;"  
 And once more to his enemy, "Would you fight  
 For honour, rapiers let it be, to-morrow —  
 Here, in this wood, at daybreak — when you will —  
 Rapiers, or what you will — to-night — to-  
 morrow."

And Manuel answered, trembling in his rage,  
 "Rapiers, or what you will, and when you will.  
 Here let it be — or where you will;" And turned,  
 And went.

Then Sebert, hastening, lightly ran  
 To Eva.

"Sebert!" — As she breathed his name  
 A rising sob stayed utterance.

"Tell me all,  
 Eva," he said.

She told him how by chance  
 She had met Don Manuel, who had left the Towers  
 A week since never to return, she had prayed;  
 How he had stolen upon her from the wood,

Seized her, and with a swift and sudden hand  
Assayed, as he had seen, to blindfold her.

"Ay, truly," Sebert thought, "and close at hand  
Lurk, doubtless, his abettors. God be thanked  
I came upon him when I came!"

And then,  
As side by side amid the reddening rays  
They walked, the love of either like a sea  
O'erbore all barriers.

At the whispered word  
"Eva," his arms were twined about her neck,  
Her head laid on his shoulder. Love's strong bond  
Was sealed for ever. To her father's doors  
He led her. Hands were locked in mute farewell,  
And Sebert down the long lime-avenue  
Passed to his home.

The lustrous heaven of love  
Wherein he moved grew sudden dark as night.  
What should the morrow bring? Death, or the stain  
Of blood upon his hands for evermore?

## VIII.

GREY broke the morning over Ardagh Hall,  
And Sebert, with his Friend, amid the dew  
Walked by a field-path to the sprucetree-wood,  
And waited. Would that other meet him? Doubt  
Thickened in Sebert's fancy. Could he find  
A Second? Friends he might have made, but now,  
A prowler in the purlieu of their parks,  
Could he reveal himself? ... At last the boughs  
Were stirred, and Manuel entered — not alone.  
Sebert a moment scanned the stranger's face,  
But knew it not; MacAlpine was his name,  
Or so he said ... "What weapons?" ... "Rapiers." ...  
"Good.  
Let them prepare." ...

In the still air of morn  
Their deadly glimmering weapons clinked and  
hissed.  
The brows of Manuel blackening with his hate  
Bare witness to the deathful dream within.  
No fight for honour his; a thirst for blood,  
Revenge, the quelling of the opposed life  
That thwarted his ambitions and his greed —  
These were the impelling passions in his blood.

Fair was his art; but finer yet the skill  
Of Sebert, who with cooler heart and eye  
Mocked thrust on thrust.

At last a craven trick  
Stung Sebert's anger. All at once he lunged,  
And deep through Manuel's breast his rapier ran.

He drew it, and, remorseful, let it drop,  
As into his friend's arms his rival fell.  
But, gathering all his strength, the dying man  
Upreared himself, and, staggering toward his foe,  
Plunged his keen weapon into Sebert's heart,  
And, with a dull cry gurgling from his throat,  
Fell on him falling, dead upon the dead.

Then, clinging to their own poor hour of life,  
Silent and scared the heart-sick Seconds fled.

## IX.

SWIFTLY from field to field, from hearth to hearth,  
The story of the deathful struggle flew,  
And, like the sudden sweeping of a storm  
Down on still woodlands, making the bent boughs  
One sea of sound and turmoil, all at once

The tranquil neighbourhood became astir  
With clamorous agitation.

Ian heard

The tidings; came; and stared upon the dead —  
His neighbour and his guest — corpse beside  
corpse —

Forsaken, lying in their mingled blood.  
He the dead Manuel to his own house bore,  
For yet he knew him only as his friend,  
And Sebert reverently to his father's steps;  
Then sought for Eva.

Eva in her room

Had heard the tale, and in her servant's clasp,  
Paler than either corpse, had dropped as dead;  
And, rallying, yet again with piteous cry  
Had swooned away; and they that by her stood  
Believed that one more death blackened their day.

Shivering in icy coldness on her couch  
Her father found her, in her agony dumb.  
The grey physician summoned to her side  
Forbad all questions; sleep, all-healing sleep,  
Was the one medicine for a heart so torn.

So Ian bent his brows in pain, and stood  
 Perplexed amid the woe and mystery  
 That brooded like thick tempest on his home.

But Sebert's mother, bending o'er her dead,  
 Heart-broken, read the truth with woman's eye.  
 What lure had hurried Sebert back to them,  
 What lure but love for Eva? And that other —  
 Might not Lord Ian, dreamer though he were,  
 Have marked the sedulous courtship of his guest?  
 She had seen it, and had thought for friendship's  
 sake  
 To hint her fears to Ian, but restrained  
 Her woman's tongue. The blameless cause of all  
 She could not doubt was Eva.

Ian heard,  
 Pondered her words, and as he walked alone  
 Back to his gates he beat his brows and cried,  
 "Fool, fool to hold so lightly Nature's laws!  
 Fool, fool, to drift upon Life's pitiless sea!"

X.

DOWN through the long lime-avenue they bore  
 Don Manuel's corpse in reverent funeral,

And laid him in a grave of Ian's choice  
Beneath the ruin forlorn whose ivy-plumes  
Wave o'er the little churchyard near the gates,  
And slow returned in silence to their homes.

When all were gone, the last clod shovelled in,  
The grave left folding close its desolate prey,  
And twilight thickened round the wintry woods,  
The Sexton, from his far-off lattice looking,  
Saw one, he thought, in faded widow-weeds,  
Steal up the narrow loaning, peer about  
Lest any watched her, cross the graveyard-stile,  
Speed to the bare grey mound, and cast herself  
Beside it, press her face against the clay,  
And rise, and kneel, and stretch her hands to  
Heaven.

And when she crossed the stile again, he watched  
The dark tall figure pass adown the road,  
And knew her as the lonely Wanderer.

Next morning, Ian's bailiff, passing, found  
The little hut beside the sprucetree-wood  
With open door that swung to all the winds,  
Its room deserted, and its hearth-stone bare.

## XI.

BUT Eva, drooping like a delicate flower  
Cut at the root, grew feebler day by day.  
Through the dread breach made in her walls of life  
Death, spying vantage, gathered up his powers  
For swift and ruinous entry.

Painfully,

And with faint breath and many a weary pause,  
She to her father had the whole tale told  
Of Manuel's loathed suit and Sebert's love,  
And Manuel's craven plot and Sebert's ire;  
And all the springs of all their river of woe  
Lay clear before him. So the hours went by.

One evening as the wintry sunset broke  
Across the looming clouds and leafless trees,  
"Lift me, and on the pillows let me rest,"  
She said, "that I may look upon the skies  
In that red splendour." As she sat and gazed  
Her father laid a letter in her hand,  
Her name upon it. Listlessly, her eyes  
Still resting on the gorgeous lights of heaven,  
She closed her pale weak fingers on its folds;  
Held it a moment. Suddenly it dropped

Upon the coverlet. Her head had fallen  
Back on the pillows, and her angel-face,  
Set in its radiant cloud of golden hair,  
Lay still as alabaster white and cold.

Down by the bedside Ian on his knees  
Sank, lifting up his helpless trembling palms,  
And cried to God aloud in his despair.

## XII.

BUT, when the burial of all his hope,  
His love, his pride, the one sweet life that, lost,  
Left all the earth one gloom where'er he turned,  
Was over, in his lonely library  
Ian the letter which from Eva's clasp  
Had fallen as she closed her dying eyes  
Unsealed with languid hand, the writing found  
A woman's, all haste-blotted, and thus read:

"WHEN I have written down this tale of shame,  
I will go forth to the wild shores, and cast  
My pain-worn body in the sea, to drift  
Whitherso'er it may. The voice you hear  
Now speaking through this letter is the voice

Of the dead. O, listen, listen, and forgive! ...  
 /only am the cause of all this woe.  
 My plots have failed. The stone rolls back upon me.  
 Mine is the greater guilt, the deeper grief.  
*You* have slain my child — my child; and on *my*  
 head  
 The hot blood of your chosen lover reeks ...  
 Not thus I planned it ... By my best intent  
 Judge me, not by the end ...

"O bitter sin! ...

Must I unto an ear so undented  
 Whisper my shame? I am not all so sunk  
 In guilt that I forget the sweet white life  
 Of modest maidenhood. I once was clean  
 As the white buds of roses in the dew  
 Of dawn. Ah days of happy girlhood fled  
 So fleetly, few beside the weary months  
 Of penury and base ignoble life,  
 Of craft, of studious cunning, low deceit,  
 That make the untold story of my years! ...

"My father in a neighbouring county bore  
 A name that centuries of change had left

Noble and dear in this unstable Isle.  
Fair was my home, and fair the life we passed  
Within its hoary walls, with wood and lawn  
And garden girdled. I, among a crowd  
Of sons and daughters, all-but latest born,  
Was oft forgotten. And my father's heart  
Was proud, and fierce his anger if his pride  
Were stung, his will were thwarted; at his frown  
We cowered, I most of all, who loved him least.  
And my good mother, though of gentle mould,  
Had given all her mother's love away  
To those that claimed it ere she saw my face ...

"Perhaps because he spoke with gentler voice  
To me, and with obsequious courtesies  
And little acts of grace and helpfulness  
So dear to girlhood in the man o' the world —  
Oft but the facile arts of basest natures  
Learnt in brute-traffic with the loathliest lives,  
And the false lights that lure us to our doom —  
Perhaps because he set himself to win  
My faith, from darker longings, all my soul  
Yielded itself in passionate maiden-love  
To one of more than twice my years, himself

A husband richly-mated, honoured friend,  
Neighbour, and frequent guest of our free hearth

—

Sir ... 'Philip,' I will call him, 'Philip Neill' —  
Whose dark half-foreign face and bearing, drawn  
From Spanish motherhood, had power to turn  
The hate in any woman's heart to love ...

"One night I left my father's gilded gates  
For ever. Cool the autumn breezes blew,  
The sunset looked one fierce and glowing fire  
With red flames blown about an inky sky.  
I went I knew not whither. The night fell  
Thickly around me as I wandered on,  
And the winds drave me, and I felt the rain  
Beat cold against my neck — a dismal night!  
I looked for shelter. By-and-by a gleam  
Shot from a cottage-window nigh the way.  
Down in a dell the cottage lay; the road  
Dipt to its doors. I knew it well, the cot  
Of my old foster-mother, faithful nurse,  
Loving and kind, more than my mother was.  
Should I pass by or enter? If I passed  
I might lie down and die. O dear relief  
Of the pent bosom! Might that tender heart

Not help me in my secret misery?  
 Should I not venture? At the door I stood  
 Wavering. The door was opened, and I fell,  
 Sobbing, into the nurse's kindly arms.

"Love has a vigilant and a piercing eye.  
 I think she half divined my cause of flight.  
 She scanned my face, and I could see a cloud  
 Darkening her brows; and, clenching her brown  
 hand,  
 She shook it at some visionary foe.  
 She set me in her seat before the hearth,  
 Laid whins upon the kindling turf, my feet  
 Chafed, kissed my forehead, a great burning tear  
 Falling upon it as she bent. And then  
 She sat down on her stool beside my chair,  
 And held my hand in silence.

"Do not fear,'

At last she said. 'O'erburthened is your heart.  
 Tell all.'

"My heart is breaking, dearest nurse,  
 I cried. 'I must to some one speak my woe.  
 O, will you swear upon the Holy Book  
 To take my secret with you to the grave?'

"She lifted up the Sacred Book, and swore.

"When I had told my bitter tale, she rose  
And paced the little room in angry thought;  
Then cried aloud, 'God's curse upon *his* head  
Who wronged you!' But I chid her for her words,  
Because I loved him still ... Ah, woe is me! ...

"She had a sister in the Northern Town,  
To whom she bore me in the night disguised.  
My father's searchers hunted a false trail.  
My flight became a fading wonder; some  
Doubtless believed me swept into the seas;  
Some scented in my loss a kindred sin;  
And in the bustle of the little street  
I dwelt unnoticed.

"There to *him* I wrote.

My foster-mother gave the letter sealed  
To one who ran with missives to and fro  
Through two whole counties, ragged, fleet of foot  
As roebuck on the hills, and dumb as death,  
Commanding him to place it in his hand  
Wherever he could find him first alone.  
He found him, and he gave it. Then we met

For one brief hour one evening as the moon  
Silvered the cliffs of black Ben Madigan,  
And planned my further flight, while the clear stars  
Hung heedless over us. Next night a ship  
Would sail for Havre. Huddled in its hold  
My babe and I were wafted out to sea,  
I with a purse of gold and promise given  
Of sustenance throughout the years to come.

"We landed at the busy port in France,  
And, crossing the wide river, journeyed slow  
Through Normandy; where, in a village quaint,  
With borrowed name I made my lonely home.  
He through some medium in the nearest town  
Supplied my narrow wants from month to month,  
And strove to heal the deathful wound he had  
wrought  
Well as he might; nor yet forgot his child,  
Who at the Seminary in the town  
Learned aptly all the lore it yielded him ...

"Let me not linger o'er my misery ...

"At sixteen years he bade me send my boy  
To Buenos Ayres, to carve his fortune out

Amongst his Spanish kinsfolk. I was left  
Alone — alone, alone ... My dark-eyed boy  
Would write at times. He seemed to prosper. I  
Still lingered in the little Norman ville,  
Desolate, yet receiving month by month  
What held me from the grave. At last the stream  
Stopped, and I learned the man I had loved had  
died.

They found him dead upon the public way,  
With broken neck; his horse had stumbled with him  
And thrown him no time given for spoken wish  
Or written testament. Unless my son  
Could send me succour, I must beg or starve.

"I wrote. He sent me little doles of help,  
Not, doubtless, rich himself; and, hoarding them  
Well as I might, I crossed the seas once more,  
With yearning to behold my native fields,  
And the fair house that seemed to me a dream.

"I went. I wandered round the coppices,  
I peered into the gardens, to the door  
I ventured in my poor soiled wanderer's weeds,

And whined for alms, and took the coins they gave,  
And saw my brothers' faces seared with time;  
And went out into the drear world again,  
In nameless incommunicable shame,  
An outcast and a beggar.

"Yet I clung  
To the home-land, and wandered up and down,  
Making the dismal hut beside your wood  
Of spruces my poor shelter for the nights ...

"If life had any summer warmth or bloom  
For me and was not one blank wretchedness,  
I could have laughed, contemptuous, as my tricks  
Of Mystery hoodwinked youth and awed the heart  
Of feeble reason; for I scorned, I loathed  
The paltry art, though making it my tool,  
Well knowing all things human are the dupes  
Of Nature, fed from childhood to the grave  
With make-believes and fantasies, and fools  
Agape for wonders thirst for lies on lies,  
And yield themselves the impostor's willing slaves.

" ... But hear the end. Not wholly kind or true  
Or gentle-hearted was my poor dead son;

Yet he forgot me not. The hours ran on,  
And in his thirtieth year he wrote to tell  
That they he served, well pleased to trust his tact,  
Would send him on an errand by-and-by  
To England. He would cross for them the seas,  
And he would meet me once again. We met.  
I found him ripe in manhood — dark of face,  
With something of the Spaniard in his mien  
And features drawn from her who gave her beauty  
And passionate blood to him that wrought my  
shame.

Then back he went to England, leaving me  
A handful of bright gold that kept me months  
From want and care; and once again took ship  
For Buenos Ayres.

"Beside your father's bounds  
The ship was wrecked. I knew its name. My hut  
Was not far off. I learned that he was saved.  
Your father took the shipwrecked man, my son,  
Into his house, a guest. May God reward him!  
But I — I thought I had found a path to wealth  
And dignity for him, the one thing living  
Left me to love. Could he but make you wife  
We two might laugh Misfortune in the teeth,

And I upon the world that trod upon me  
Might set my foot in triumph. Hence my craft  
To draw you from your lover, and to bend  
Your will to mine. Your heart's true instinct  
wrought

Against my purpose, and my purpose failed.  
Then though with greed, ambition, treachery,  
Love too was mingled when he failed to win  
His passionate anger loosed itself in plots  
To force you into marriage. Gold he had saved  
Enough to tempt a reckless few to aid  
His venture. Hidden in the copse they lay,  
That evening, the abductors and the Priest —  
The "buckle-beggar" — Priest without the gown!  
It was my part to lure you to the net.  
And had not your slain lover struck that blow,  
You had been my daughter now ... Ay, ay, we failed

...

Not wholly — no, for had we not revenge —  
Revenge on your dear lover and on you? ...  
But nay, I meant not this. I have not writ  
To curse you, but forgiveness ask of you ...  
Forgiveness? ... Well, I am a woman; I  
Must share the long-pent secrets of my life

With yet some human soul; I cannot seal  
My lips, and go down dumb into the Deeps ...  
What boots it who forgives? ... My life has been  
One starless night of sorrow ... Let it end!"

As Ian read, across his heart, like winds  
Quivering along a dark and silent stream,  
Swept many a sudden melancholy thought  
And saddening memory. Back upon him came  
A chill like that that smote him as a child  
Hearing the rumour whispered up and down  
That the young daughter of a house he knew  
Had fled or perished by some untold death,  
And all the memory of the mystery  
Lighted his brain, and they that moved in it  
Stood out the living men and women, friends  
Well-known, and neighbours, of a neighbouring  
shire.

Long time he brooded on the sombre tale  
That with its shadows made his darkened life  
A deeper wearier twilight. Then he rose,  
Tore the sad sheet to fragments, fanned the log  
On his lone hearth, and showered them in the  
blaze.

"For why reveal so drear a history,"  
 He thought, "why fling before the loveless world  
 Yet one more life to spit upon and spurn? ...  
 Haply her threat is but a threat. Who knows?  
 If earnest, even now she sleeps at peace.  
 Then, let her be forgotten ... O Just Heaven,  
 How many a human soul from thy great gulfs  
 Is cast upon the beaches of this world  
 A living strength, only to languish there  
 In promise unfulfilled of use and joy,  
 And, without seeming purpose, shrink and rot?"

### XIII.

NEVER again along the Downshire roads  
 Or leanings passed the dark weird figure, watched  
 With awe by children, hailed with grave salute  
 By lowly wayfarer — for seldom fails  
 The humble eye to read the delicate signs  
 Of gentle nurture in the high-bred face  
 Or know the prouder presence even in rags.

Lord Ian in his gardens and his groves  
 Wandered from day to day; with listless eyes  
 Gaped at the beauty of his handiwork

By rock and stream and mountain; now and then  
Would set his men to work some passing dream  
Of beauty out into a living form;  
Then lapse into sad reverie, and forget  
His fleeting purpose, saying languidly  
To them who served him, "Do the thing yourselves,  
Or do it not — I have no heart to do it."  
Nor ever had he strength or hope to mould  
His visions, feeling, in perpetual pain,  
The pressure of the world on every nerve.  
And sometimes he would seek in lonely walk  
High wood-ways where the children love to climb  
Lured by the danger and the mystery,  
And there sit brooding half a summer's day;  
Or when the sun of March was bright in heaven,  
Gaze at the poplar's yellow spire of flame  
Or budding sally's orange light of sprays  
Against the mountain's silver snow, and sigh,  
Remembering how the clear resilient Springs  
Gladdened his being in the cloudless prime;  
Until at last a weakness came upon him,  
And the tired languid spirit sank to sleep  
Amid the Downshire woods he loved so well.

## THE SHIMNA.

1.

SILENT from thy silent spring,  
Little rill, thou risest.

2.

Now with muffled murmuring  
Thou mine ear surprisest.

3.

Now thou growest lustier.  
Rush and reed about thee stir.

4.

Rocks arise to thwart thine onward going;  
But they cannot stay thy strong persistent flowing,  
And adown the mountain-steep,  
As a flock of white fleeces that tumble and leap,  
Thou speedest away to the valley.

5.

And now thy forces around thee rally  
And out in their lustre sweep.

6.

I follow thy frolic, I live with thy mirth,  
The soul of thy being is mingled with mine,  
As, darting, glancing,  
Gliding, dancing,  
Thou hurriest onward to traverse the Earth,  
In the gloom of the mountain, by bracken and pine,  
To the depths of the dale.

7.

And now content thou movest, and thou cheerest  
all the vale  
With a voice of glad elation as thou hurriest on thy  
way,  
In the pleasant breezy weather, in the golden  
sunshine gay,  
Till thou glidest in thy glory into dewy depths of  
wood,  
To wander on half-hidden in a listless quietude.

## 8.

Under the leafy mountain-slope thou windest  
Where'er the fairest path thou findest,  
Through an enchanted Eden of green trees  
And golden, dusky pine and silvery birk,  
By grassy copses where the conies lurk,  
Laurel and rhododendron, primroses  
Or bluebells in the springtime, beds of fern,  
Foxglove and sorrel, pale sweet eglantine  
In June-tide, heather pink when fraughans turn  
Purple as damsons toward the year's decline,  
And many a bramble-swathe and ivy-twine;  
In among grey-green gorges of bright rock,  
And o'er fantastic ledges thou hast worn  
Smoother than steel, or hewn with shock on shock  
Of thy keen waters, or resistless torn  
With thy fell winter fury from their rest.

## 9.

O pure and crystal Abana of the West,  
Thou fairest rivulet in this land of streams,  
How, gazing on thy myriad lovelinesses,  
The world-entangled heart might mock its darker  
dreams

And all that weight of care that on it presses,  
Hearing the harmony of Nature's sounds,  
Seeing the smile of Nature's kindly face,  
Feeling far off the sweeter life beyond her bounds!

## 10.

But away thou drawest me, speeding apace  
To the hollows beneath thee, giddy with gladness,  
Leaping and whirling in headlong madness,  
With glitter of flood and sparkle of spray,  
And a roar as of waves in a rock-bound bay;  
And the boughs dip down in thy flood and quiver,  
And the ivies caught in thy current shiver,  
And the bramble-trailer struggles and strains,  
And the brown leaves cumber the woodbine-  
chains.

## 11.

And now thou stayest me to hear thee falling  
With drowsy tones from yonder level block  
Into the deep still gulf beneath the rock,  
Foam-whitened sounds like elfin-voices calling,  
Soothing to slumber for a little space.

## 12.

How beautiful this pool, this leafy place,  
Wherein awhile thou findest glassy sleep,  
Green-arched and mirroring in thy tranquil deep  
The green entwining boughs, the cloud that pranks  
Yon little loop of azure heaven, thy banks  
Wherefrom the fern bends, wooing its own  
shadow,  
And the grey rocks that fringe the bowery  
meadow!  
Here could I brood with placid heart,  
And watch the yellow wagtails dip and dart,  
The eager troutlet leap with sudden start,  
The hunchback ouzel with his breast of snow  
Sit silent on the islet-rock below.

## 13.

But I would follow still thy flight,  
And I break my trance's rosy chain,  
And on again  
Move with thee in a new delight,  
O, never wearily following, cheerily  
Wandering  
Where in thy channel, thy melody squandering,  
Musical over the shingle thou hurriest,

Prettiest, daintiest, eagerest, merriest  
Rivulet anywhere dear to the day.

14.

Till in thy play  
With a wild spring in air thy waters flash  
Into the dark green chasm with mountain-ash  
Embowered and laurels all a-bloom;  
Then shoot, half-hidden, out of the deep gloom  
(As one may heedless rove  
Between the bygone and the coming woe)  
Silent betwixt the muffled roar above  
And a fierce revel of white foam below,

15.

Where with rainbows of spray  
Thou leapest and dashest,  
The maddest and rashest  
Of rivers, careering  
In stormy affray,  
O'erleaping and fleering  
The rocks that would stay  
The speed of thy going,  
And gurgling, and flowing  
Away and away.

## 16.

Here in laughing mood I stand to gaze  
Where beneath a crystal fall rise the little bubbles  
trooping  
Out along the rippling water till they twinkle and  
are flown,  
While with soft and noiseless motion thou art  
drifting slowly on.

## 17.

And now thou art swooping  
Adown to the level,  
Again in loud revel  
Prancing and swirling  
Among the grey rocks, now sweeping their ledges,  
Now diamonds whirling  
Far out from a fall's silver edges.

## 18.

Nay, thy trouble all but vexes  
My spirit and perplexes  
The thought within my brain,  
And I cannot but brood on Life and its pain,  
And the toil of the world ah, vain, vain, vain!

## 19.

But now, as shafts of sunlight in a day of gloom and  
sadness  
Flush through earth and sky and cheer the heavy  
breast with glowing gladness,  
Here beside thee blithely flowing, sparkling,  
warbling, swift advancing,  
Gay I grow again of spirit, every pulse within me  
dancing,  
As, my heart with thine in tune, I beat thy bank  
with mimic marching,  
Till the woodland, over-arching,  
In its shadows deep as night  
Hides thee from my longing sight.

## 20.

So flow,  
Softly and slow,  
Weary of struggle and weary of play,  
Out to the beach of the broad sea-bay,  
At the close of thy brief bright life  
Of laughter and strife  
In the sands and the billows to dwindle away.

## SUNSET OVER STRANGFORD LOUGH.

FAREWELL the sweet September day, clear airs  
Of autumn, lucid skies of breathless noon,  
The gold of ripening harvest, distant isle  
And purple peak and lines of glimmering coast  
And fleeting gleam and shadow on land and sea,  
And hail the splendours of the setting sun, —  
Glory and pomp of light and colour, more  
Than even the joy of morning when the hills  
Flush, and the white clouds lifting from their  
heights  
Kindle, and o'er the lawn the low beam makes  
Rubies and emeralds and diamonds  
O' the dew-drops i' the grass!

O pageant bright  
Of cloud-shapes and all tints of earth and heaven,  
How beautiful, as here, on this green knoll,  
I stand beside the ruined Norman Keep

And gaze across the wide and gleaming fiord,  
Yearning toward the West!

How yon dull cloud,  
Dissevering, opens up a gulf of fire  
'Mid flaming fringes! ... There a golden chasm  
Yawns ... There amid a sea of molten gold  
Floats out a crimson flake of mist, adrift,  
Nearer and nearer the sun's blaze — till now  
His fires consume it ... There long pale-blue lines  
Melt into orange ... There the thick cloud shrinks  
In rosy ripples; while yon mountain keen  
Eats out a dark gap in the luminous heaven.

And all the sky is glassed within the Lough,  
Amidst its hundred isles.

Rough Scrabo takes  
A transient lustre from the sinking day.  
Far Divis darkens into purple fume.

I turn my face, and watch the glimmering coast  
Of Scotland fade away.

Snaefell afar  
Is slowly gathering in the shrouds of night

Round Mona's homesteads. Nearer is the sea,  
Saddened with evening twilight; and between  
Roll the rich undulations of green sward  
And yellow harvest-field.

Far southward towers  
Slieve Donard's peak amid his brotherhood  
Of shadowed mountains black against yon bars  
Of golden light and citron.

Once again  
I front the dazzling glories of the West,  
Changed even now and changing, every cloud  
Transformed in feature, moving silently,  
And colouring like a maiden's face in joy  
Or anger, fear or shame.

Lo, there, the gold,  
Scarlet, and turquoise; flights of cirrus-wings  
Red as wild-cherry leaves in autumn-time  
When the wind blows them down the mountain-  
glens;  
Phantoms of blazing fire; and the great sun  
Quivering, a disk of palpitating light,

Ere he sink down behind the up-looming rack,  
And night's dark folds descend on land and sea!

... A little while, and the pale primrose rifts  
Of darkened sky grow brighter, and again  
There comes a kindling over all the heavens ...  
Dull red at first the glow ... now lustrous ... Now  
The earth is canopied with living fire ...  
See how there rises from behind the rim  
Of the dark hills a cloud that seems a sun ...  
And yet another, proudly up the sky  
Soaring! ... And now they fade ... and now again  
The welkin grows all colourless and cold ...

Now turns the sail far out upon the bay  
To ghostly pallor; now the peasant shuts  
His door against the darkness; now the lights,  
Here one and there another, along the knolls  
Gleam from the farmstead-lattices ...

O day,  
Sweet day of happy dreams, of delicate joys,  
Of glad communion with the hearts of men,  
Fair deeds, bright hope, delightful memories,

Still, like the after-glow of gorgeous cloud  
And golden heaven, with thoughts that wing their  
way  
Beyond all range of straining sight, and shapes  
Phantasmal thronging through the aëry deeps,  
All-beautiful, all-garlanded with light,  
Linger within me, lost not yet in gloom!

## THE DYING CENTURY.

## I.

CENTURY dying away in the silent Ulidian night,  
Moulder of Man, and of Earth and her destiny, out  
of the gloom  
Born amid thunders, the clangour of battle, the  
bane and the blight  
Of the peoples, the rise and the ruin of empires,  
doom upon doom, —  
Pass with thy pageant of nations in rivalry  
reddened with blood,  
Armies in pride of their victory shattered and  
trampled in dust,  
Clashing of classes with classes, the struggle of Evil  
and Good;  
Pass with thy pomps and thine earthy corruption,  
thy moth and thy rust;

Pass, with thy numberless births and thy shaping of  
limitless life,  
Blossom and vigour and beauty, disaster and death  
and decay,  
Sweetness of love and communion, and torture of  
manifold strife,  
Roar and confusion of voices, the sad and the fierce  
and the gay.  
Leaving thy sweet and thy sombre memories,  
leaving to bear  
Infinite harvest the myriad fields thou hast  
fashioned and sown,  
Back into gloom, as from gloom thou wast born to  
us, fading to air,  
Pass, as a leaf of the autumn over the ocean blown.

## II.

Century dawning all over the tender Ulidian sea,  
Broadening and brightening in splendour, with  
tokens of infinite change,  
Come with a promise of Concord and Virtue and  
Glory to be,

Freedom for Good in its triumph and Thought in its  
limitless range;  
Come with the crowning of bloodless endeavour,  
the solace of Light,  
Conquest of forces that foil and enfeeble and bind  
to the clod,  
Triumphs of Spirit in battle with Matter, the flower  
with its blight,  
Art in her rapture and Song in her ecstasy soaring  
to God!

## L'ENVOI.

1.

SING? — I care no more to sing  
With such a world to listen.  
There! ... Away the Shell I fling!  
Over its abandoned string  
Other hands will glisten,  
Making music as they may,  
While I dream my life away.

2.

Sing? — I cannot choose but sing,  
Though not one ear may listen.  
To my Lyre in love I cling.  
Soon again along its string  
Mine own hands will glisten,  
Making music as they may  
On into Life's gloaming grey.



NOTES.

PAGE 2.

*Uladh.*

THE old Irish name of Ulster.

PAGE 3.

*Ards.*

The fertile peninsula in the County of Down, which lie between Belfast Lough, Strangford Lough, and the Irish Sea. *Ards*, meaning "the little hills," describes the undulating character of the district, which, after the conquest of A.D. 1177, formed the central territory of the Anglo-Norman family of Savage, Palatine Barons of Ulster, and became studded with Anglo-Norman castles, churches, and monasteries.

PAGE 5.

*Mona.*

The Isle of Man.

*The Templars' mouldering Tower.*

The splendid old Norman Castle of Dundrum, Co. Down, built by the Knights Templars, soon after the Norman conquests in Ulster, to guard the southern seaward approaches to Lecale.

*Cantred of the light.*

Lecale received the name of *Triucha ched na soillse*, "the cantred (or territory) of light," it is said, from the legend associated with St. Patrick's death, as related in the "Tripartite Life" of that Apostle. "And for the space of twelve nights, i.e. whilst the divines were waking him with hymns, and psalms, and canticles, there was no night in Maghinis, but angelic light there; and some say there was light in Maghinis for the space of a year after Patrick's death."— *Tripartite Life of St. Patrick*, translated by HENNESY.

*The Seven-Castled Town.*

The Anglo-Norman town of Ardglass, where there were at one time seven castles, the Keeps of some of which still remain. "It is uncertain by whom these castles were built, yet it is most probable that Jordan's Castle was erected by one of that family, whose arms (a cross and three horse-shoes) are fixed in a stone near the top. One may judge, likewise, that others of them were built by the Savages, to whom a

great part of Lecale, as well as the Arcles, anciently belonged, as appears by an indenture in the 'Publick Records,' dated the 31st of May, 28 Henry VIII., made between Lord Leonard Grey, Lord Deputy, and Raymund Savage, chieftain of his clan, wherein it is covenanted "That Raymund should have the Chieftainship and superiority of his sept in the territory of the Savages, otherwise called Lecale, as principal Chieftain thereof, and that Raymund should give the Deputy, for acquiring his favour and friendship, 100 fat, able cows, and a horse, or 15 marks Irish money in lieu thereof, at the pleasure of the Deputy."— HARRIS, *History of the County Down*.

*Cuan's wandering fiord.*

Strangford Lough. The name Strong fjord, or strong inlet, descriptive of its extraordinarily powerful and rapid inflowing and outflowing tides, was given to it by the Danes, who made settlements on its shores.

PAGE 7.

*Scrabo lifts his monumented steep.*

The rocky hill over the town of Newtownards at the northern end of Strangford Lough. It is the traditional abode of Macananty, King of the Fairies. County Down nurses, in reply to perplexing questions of children as to

their life's beginning, would often say they "came from Scrabo," the dwelling-place of the fairies. The hill is now crowned with a lofty tower, erected in 1858 to the memory of the third Marquis of Londonderry.

*Kinelarty's mountain-range.*

The mountain-range is that of Slieve Croob, sometimes known as "the Ballinahinch Mountains," on the borders of, rather than within, the barony of Kinelarty.

*The Firbolgs. — The Tooaha.*

The Firbolgs and Tooaha (or Tuatha) de Danann were races who traditionally inhabited Ireland before the invasion of the Milesians, and became mingled in later ages with Gaelic mythology and fairy-lore. — See JOYCE'S *Irish Names of Places*, vol. i. pp. 180-182.

PAGE 8.

*Driven by the Pagan back from Wicklow shore.*

St. Patrick (Sucat), having been stoned by the pagan Irish in attempting to land at the mouth of the Vartry River, in Wicklow, made his way to the banks of the Quoile, in the present County of Down, and was there hospitably received by the native chieftain Dichu.

*The Keltic Herdsman.*

St. Patrick, who during the time of his slavery was employed by his master, Miliuc, as a swineherd, or cowherd, or both, among the Antrim hills.

*The roving Viking.*

See note to page 4 — "*Cuan's wandering fiord*:"

PAGE 9.

*The Norman's fearless land.*

The invasion of Ulster by De Courcy and his twenty-two knights and three hundred foot-soldiers, in January, 1177, — a brilliant feat of arms, which would occupy a more conspicuous place in history if there had been a chronicler to describe its various incidents vividly and minutely.

*Till Bruce overwhelmed him.*

Historians, to judge by their references to Spenser, appear to have been seriously misled by him with regard to the history of the English (or Anglo-Norman) power in Ulster, and the results of Edward Bruce's invasion in 1315. State papers, private documents, various "annals," And existing facts combine to show that many — probably most — of the Anglo-Norman families of Ulster were only temporarily disturbed by Bruce, and retained possession of their estates for several centuries after his defeat and death in 1318. For example, the Savages not only kept their former lands, but

were farther endowed by Edward III., about 1335, with extensive territories in the modern County of Antrim, while still occupying the Ards and, for a considerable period, Lecale; and they hold a portion of their old possessions in the Ards at the present moment and long may they continue to do so! The Russells of Killough have still (or had till very lately) some of their ancient patrimony in southern Lecale. The Audleys flourished at Audleystown till the eighteenth century, when Audleystown became the property of the Savage family, prior to its passing into the hands of the Viscounts Bangor. Other Anglo-Norman families retained their estates in Louth (formerly part of Ulster), where some of them are still lords of the soil. The power of the Anglo-Normans of Ulster was no doubt shaken owing to the assistance given by the Bruces to the natives; but the loss of their territories was brought about by a much more gradual process.

PAGE 27.

*Carlin' Lough. — Carrick Bay.*

Carlingford Lough, and the Bay of Carrickfergus, now better known as Belfast Lough.

PAGE 40.

*"The Knight's Supper."*

This story of Sir Robert Savage, Seneschal of Ulster and Warden of the Marches (temp. Edward III.), has

been told by many chroniclers and historians, Campion's narrative being perhaps the most striking.

PAGE 59.

*"Holy Bridget."*

This poor creature was once a well-known character in the Ards, and the shocking aspiration to which he gives utterance is one of his recorded sayings.

PAGE 74.

*"Sir Robert Savage."*

Sir Robert Savage, of the Ards, was probably amongst those who fought against Bruce when the Normans of Ulster were defeated at Rathmore, in the modern County of Antrim, in A.D. 1315. Afterwards he was summoned, in 1322, as one of the *Magnates Hibernia*. to take part in Edward II.'s expedition into Scotland, and, in 1335, to accompany Edward III.'s expedition into the same country. In 1327 he was appointed by Edward II. Sheriff of Coulrath (corresponding to the modern County of Londonderry). Some time about the year 1335 he was appointed by Edward III. Seneschal of Ulster, with the functions of which high office were associated the military duties of Warden of the Ulster Marches. He died in 1360, and was buried in the Church of the Friars Minors at Coulrath (Coleraine). The story embodied in the poem is familiar to all readers of Irish history. Davis, and writers of later times, have drawn

too sweeping general conclusions from the isolated incident it records. The *Annals of Ireland*, at 1342, after narrating the story, go on to say, "The Irish destroyed the whole country for want of castles to defend it;" And Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his interesting, though not, perhaps, always accurate, *Irish History and Irish Character*, pushes the statement still farther, when he says, "In some cases the colonists seem to have neglected building castles altogether. The family of Savage, in the North, were driven out of their possessions by the natives owing to their having acted on the pithy maxim that 'a castle of bones was better than a castle of stones.' "As a matter of fact, the family of Savage built or acquired in different portions of their Ulster territories at least twenty castles, the ruins of nine or ten of which are still in existence. They do seem to have left their *Antrim* possessions singularly unfortified; yet "Sir Roland Savage, of Lecale, Knt. , and his Kinnesmen" were still paramount in Moylinny (southern Antrim) in the reign of Henry VIII.

*By the strand of Olderfleet, etc.*

Olderfleet, a name given to Larne Lough, seems to be a corruption of the Dano-Keltic compound *Ollarva-fjord*.

"And forowt drede or affray  
 In twa battaills took their way  
 Toward Cragfergus, it to se.  
 But the lords of that countré,  
 Mandeveill, Besat, and Logane,

Their men assemblyt euerilkane.  
 The SAUVAGES were alsua thair.  
 And quhen thai assemblyt wer  
 Thar wer well ner twenty thousand."

BARBOUR'S *Bruce*.  
 (Circ. A.D. 1376.)

PAGE 87.

At A.D. 1407 *The Annals of Dublin* relate: "A perfidious base Irishman called [Hugh Mc] Adam MacGilmori, never christened, and therefore called *Corbi*, who had caused the destruction of forty churches, took Patrick Savage prisoner, forced him to pay 2,000 marks for ransom, and afterwards killed both him and his brother Richard." Patrick Savage was Seneschal of Ulster. He seems to have been captured by an ambush, or some other kind of treacherous surprise. The *Annals* of the next year (1408) proceed: "This year Hugh MacGilmori was slain at Cragfergus [Carrickfergus] in the Church of the Friars Minors, which he had previously destroyed, and broken the glass windows for the sake of the iron bars, which gave admittance to his enemies the Savages." The former incident furnishes the basis of an admirable prose tale, entitled *Corby MacGilmore*, by the eminent Irish poet Sir Samuel Ferguson. See *Hibernian Nights' Entertainment*, edited by Lady Ferguson.

PAGE 91.

*"That's the land of Egypt" etc.*

"The speech has been erroneously attributed to many other officers." — *Dictionary of National Biography*, Vol. L. page 341, article "SAVAGE, SIR JOHN BOSCAWEN."

PAGE 93.

*Macananty.*

See note to page 7.

PAGE 98.

*" The Old Bell of Ardkeen."*

The bell, hung up first in year 1784, after much ill-usage and many wanderings subsequent to the destruction of the church at Ardkeen Castle Hill, came into the hands of the present writer some fifteen years ago.

PAGE 132.

*" Sweet Portaferry"*

The quaint and beautiful Irish melody bearing this name is preserved in Bunting's collection of Irish airs. The rhythms of the stanzas follow its peculiar cadences.

PAGE 139.

*"Helen's Tower."*

All readers of Tennyson and Browning are familiar with the name of this tower, erected by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava on the hills of Clandeboye in honour of his gifted mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin. It is a conspicuous object from many places in the Ards, from Belfast Lough, and from the southern slopes of the County of Antrim; and is always impressive as a symbol, and indeed a visible embodiment, of filial love and maternal devotion.

PAGE 156.

*"The Landing of Patrick."*

See note to page 8.

*Yon fierce eddies whirling in their might.*

The remarkable and dangerous eddies under Bankmore, at the entrance to Strangford Lough, named, from their loud and ominous roaring sound, "the Routing Rocks."

PAGE 179.

*In gazing on green Rath's unfurrowed round.*

It is a well-known belief in Ireland that ill-luck awaits the man who dares to drive the plough through any rath or fairy-mound.

PAGE 185.

*Walter-Mead.*

A slope of meadow (for the name of which several legends attempt to account) situated near the Lough-entrance to the beautiful demesne of Portaferry, the seat of Lieut.-General Nugent, head of the family of Savage of Portaferry, formerly the Lords Savage of the Little Ards.

PAGE 250.

*" The Smith-God."*

Slieve Gullion, the traditional abode of the Smith-God of Keltic mythology, is in the present County of Armagh, but so close to the mountains of Down as to give the latter county a fair claim to its inclusion within its boundaries.

PAGE 256.

*Clad in worn raiment of a Druid Priest.*

I am perfectly well aware that according to some authorities the Irish Druids were not priests; but I don't believe it.

PAGE 280.

*" The Friars of Drumnaquoile."*

"In the townland of Drumnaquoil ... is the site of the Friars of Drumnaquoil, which was the 'locus refugii' of the

Franciscans of Down ... I have been unable to find out the date at which the Franciscans located themselves there; but a legend told by the people accounts for the selection of that secluded spot. They say that when the friars were at prayer in Rome, a vision of a lady in white warned them to build a friary where they would hear the sound of three bells ringing. The friars, wearied and footsore, sat down one day before the gate of Savage's Castle in Drumaroad, to rest themselves, for they had searched all Ireland through for the promised sign, when at last their hearts were gladdened by the long-expected chimes surging across the valley from the lonely hillside of Drumnaquoil." — *An Historical Account of the Diocese of Down and Connor, Ancient and Modern*, by the Rev. James O'Laverty, M.R.I.A., Vol. I. page 75.

PAGE 287.

*The little Norman town  
That guards blue Cuan's narrowing shore.*

Portaferry, at the entrance to Strangford Lough, with the Castle of the Savages guarding the Ferry between the Ards and Lecale.

PAGE 298.

*Drimnagh.*

A pseudonym.

PAGE 311.

*Ardagh.*

A pseudonym.

## GLOSSARY.

THE language in which most of the shorter poems in this volume are written is a veritable dialect, not, like what is known as the "Irish brogue," a mere mispronunciation and ignorant misuse of standard English. Historically the Downshire dialect, with its variants, is an Ulster development of the Lowland-Scottish — principally Ayrshire — brought over by Scottish settlers in the reign of James I, though a Lowland-Scottish element is noticeable in old Ulster documents written in English prior to that period. The dialect is more or less marked according to locality and to the degree of the speaker's education. Some of the peasantry have it so strongly as to be hardly intelligible to a stranger; some show little trace of it even in their least careful and least self-conscious moments. As the *dramatis personæ* of the poems vary in culture and in neighbourhood, so does the language of the poems vary in its approximations to literary English.

- |                              |                                    |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| A.                           | arra, arrow.                       |
|                              | aside, beside.                     |
| A, I.                        | athin, within.                     |
| a', all.                     | athoot, without.                   |
| aboon, abuve, above.         | a-trem'lin', a-trembling.          |
| about, about.                | atween, between.                   |
| acause, because.             | auld, old.                         |
| achin', aching.              | ava, at all.                       |
| across, across.              | awa', away.                        |
| A'd, I would.                | axe, ask.                          |
| adoon, adown.                | aye, always.                       |
| aff, off.                    |                                    |
| afore, before.               | B.                                 |
| agen, against.               | Bairns, children.                  |
| agley, all out of gear.      | baith, both.                       |
| ahint, behind.               | ban', band.                        |
| aiks, oaks.                  | banes, bones.                      |
| ain, own.                    | bate, batin', beat, beating.       |
| Airds, the Barony of Ards.   | beechwud, beechwood.               |
| airt, art.                   | begood, began.                     |
| Airth, airth, Earth, earth.  | behave, conduct yourself properly. |
| airthly, earthly.            | bein', being.                      |
| airthward, earthward.        | Bellagelget, Ballygalget.          |
| alane, alone.                | ben, within, inside.               |
| A'll, I will.                | ben', bend.                        |
| amang, among.                | Beshop's Mell, Bishop's Mill.      |
| an', and.                    | bet, beat, betted.                 |
| anayth, underneath, beneath. | betterin', battering.              |
| anither, another.            | bewar', beware.                    |
| apen, open.                  | bin, been.                         |
| apert, apart.                | bit lass, little lass.             |
| aroon', around.              |                                    |

bizzin', buzzing about.  
 blaisted, blasted.  
 blake, bleak.  
 blaw, blow.  
 bleck, black.  
 blin', blin'ness, blind, blindness.  
 bluebell-plats, bluebell-plots.  
 bluid, blood.  
 boo, bough, bow.  
 bood, bowed.  
 boon', bound.  
 boord, board.  
 bowld, bold.  
 bowlted, bolted.  
 brae, a rough place.  
 braid, broad.  
 braith, breath.  
 brawly, bravely.  
 brig, bridge.  
 brithers, brothers.  
 broon, brown.  
 bruk, broke.  
 bucket-fu's, bucketfulls.  
 buddies, buddy, bodies, body.  
 Buik, Book.  
 burn, little stream.  
 buttercoops, buttercups.  
 buzzom, bosom.

## C.

ca', ca'd, call, called.  
 cairts, carts.  
 cam', came.  
 cau'd, cold.  
 chaytit, cheated.  
 cheesel, cheesell'd, chisel, chiselled.  
 cherm, charm.  
 chetterin', chattering.  
 chiel', child.  
 claes, clothes.  
 clane, clean.  
 clesh, clash.  
 cletter, cletterin', clatter, clattering.  
 cleugh, a steep bank.  
 clippie, (dim.) "clip".  
 clivver, clever.

coomfurt, comfort.  
 coort, coortin', court, courting.  
 coorteous, courteous.  
 crass, cross.  
 craytur, creature.  
 creepie-stool, little cottage-seat.  
 crood, crowd.  
 cu'd, cud, could.  
 c'u'dnae, cudnae, could not.  
 cumm'd, came.  
 curdies, (dim.) curds.  
 curn, corn.  
 cuttage-daurs, cottage-doors.

## D.

Dae, do.  
 daffies, daffydils, daffodils.  
 daith, death.  
 dannerin', strolling along or about.  
 da'nt, da'ntless, daunt, dauntless.  
 dar', dar'nae, dare, dare not.  
 daur, door.  
 day'l-agaun, dayl'-agaun, the twilight,  
 close of day.  
 decave, deceive.  
 dee, deein', deed, the Deed, die,  
 dying, dead, the Dead.  
 Deer-perk, Deer-park.  
 defen', defend.  
 denner, dinner.  
 derk, derken, dark, darken.  
 desarvit, deserved.  
 dimplit, dimpled.  
 di'mon's, diamonds.  
 din, done.  
 dinnae, do not.  
 direfu', direful.  
 disapp'intment, disappointment.  
 dizzin, dozen.  
 dochters, daughters.  
 doits, stupifies, bewilders.  
 doon, down.  
 Doonshire, Downshire.  
 doot, doubt.  
 douf, dowf, depressed, pithless.  
 dour, hard, sullen, dreary.

dramas, dramefully, dreams,  
dreamfully.  
drap, drop.  
dra's, draws.  
dreepin', dripping.  
drift-boon'd, drift-bound.  
droondit, drowned.  
drunts, pets, sour humour, stiff  
temper.

## E.

Earnin's, earnings.  
ee, een, eye, eyes.  
eerie, weird.  
efther, after.  
em, am.  
en', end.  
eneuch, enough.  
epples, epple-trees, apples, apple-  
trees.  
erm-chair, arm-chair.  
erms, arms.  
et, ate, eaten.

## F.

Fa, fa's, fall, falls.  
falla, fellow.  
falsehud, falsehood.  
falterin', faltering.  
far'weels, farewells.  
fau'd, fauld, fau'ded, fold, folded.  
faund, found.  
faver, fever.  
favours, resembles.  
fayther's, father's.  
fayture, feature.  
fearsome, full of fears, or fearful.  
ferm, farm.  
feshions, fashions.  
fiel', fiel's, field, fields.  
fit, foot.  
flaskie, (dim.) flask.  
fleerin', mocking.  
flesh'd, flashed.

flether, fletherin', fletherer, flatter,  
flattering, flatterer.  
flex, flax.  
flitterin', fluttering.  
follie, follow.  
fon', fond.  
foreby, alongside.  
forenent, foreninst, before, in front of.  
forgie, forgive.  
fower, four.  
fower-in-han', four-in-hand.  
fow'ks, folk, people.  
frae, from.  
fraughan, (Irish) bilberry.  
frien', frien's, friend, friends.  
frum, from.  
fule, fool.  
fur, for.  
furnenst, in front of.  
fut, futstep, foot, footstep.

## G.

Gaberlunzie, beggarnian.  
gaed, gone, went.  
gang, gang'd, go, went.  
gaun, going.  
gaun oot, going out.  
'gen', against.  
gep, gap.  
gerd'ner, gardener.  
getherin', gathering.  
ghaist, ghaistly, ghost, ghostly.  
gie, gie's, gied, give, give us, gave or  
given.  
gie-an'-kin', very kind.  
gits, gets.  
glame, glamin', gleam, gleaming.  
gled, gledness, glad, gladness.  
gless, glass.  
Glestry, Glastry.  
glintin', glancing.  
gloamin', gloaming.  
glower, gaze.  
goold, goolden, gold, golden.  
greesugh, ashes and cinders.  
greezly, greezled, grisly, grizzled.

grin', grind.  
 Groomspurt, Groomsport.  
 groon, groun', ground.  
 grow'd, grew.  
 Gude, guid, guidmon, guidwife, God,  
 good, good man, goodwife.

## H.

Hae, haes, have, has.  
 haev, haive, haevin', have, having.  
 hai'f, half.  
 'hale, whole.  
 'halesome, wholesome.  
 hame, home.  
 han', han's, hand, hands.  
 han'-in-han', hand-in-hand.  
 han'led, handled.  
 ha'nts, haunts.  
 hau'd, hold.  
 heart-bruck, heart-broken.  
 heed, head.  
 heedlan', headland.  
 heerd, heard.  
 hel', helt, held.  
 herm, harm.  
 herps, harps.  
 h'erth-stane, hearth-stone.  
 heth, 'faith!  
 hin', hind.  
 hing, hang.  
 hissel', himself.  
 hizzie, hussy.  
 hoo, how.  
 hoon's, hounds.  
 hoor, hour.  
 hoose, house.  
 hoosie, little house.  
 hopit, hoped.

## I.

Idlin', idling.  
 Indy, India.  
 ingle, chimney-corner.  
 inmaist, inmost.  
 innin's, innings.

intae, into.  
 intil, into.  
 ir, are.  
 iron-ngine, steam-engine.  
 ither, other.  
 ivver, ever.  
 ivvermair, evermore.  
 ivvry, every.

## J.

Jerkit, jerked.  
 jiltit, jilted.  
 jimp, jump.  
 jist, just.  
 jorum, bowl of punch.

## K.

Kays, keys.  
 kennae, know not.  
 kennins, trifles.  
 kep', kept.  
 kin', kin'ly, kin'ness, kind, kindly,  
 kindness.  
 kist, chest.

## L.

Lan', lan's, land, lands.  
 lanesome, lonesome.  
 lang, lang's, long, long as.  
 l'arn, l'arnin', learn, learning.  
 laste, least.  
 lather, ladder.  
 lauchin', laughing.  
 lave, leave.  
 laves, l'aves, leaves.  
 lay, lie.  
 laynin', leaning.  
 leddy, lady.  
 leein', lying.  
 lee-lang, live-long.  
 lees, lies.  
 leesome, pleasant.  
 leeve, leevin', live, living.  
 leppin', leaping.

lerks, larks.  
 lichts, lights.  
 loanin', loaning, a narrow country  
 lane.  
 lood, loud.  
 ludge, lodge.  
 luik, luik'd, look, looked.  
 luv, luvvers, love, lovers.  
 luvesome, lovesome.

## M.

Ma, mother.  
 mair, maist, more, most.  
 mak's, makes.  
 mane, mean.  
 mang, among.  
 mate, meet.  
 maun, maunnae, must, must not.  
 meadda, meadda-lan's, meadow,  
 meadow-lands.  
 mebbe, may be.  
 megpies, magpies.  
 meenister's, minister's.  
 mell, mill.  
 meltit, melted.  
 merble, marble.  
 Merch, the month of March.  
 merch, to march.  
 mergin, margin.  
 merket-square, market-square.  
 merry, marry.  
 meschief, mischief.  
 Mikkel, Michael.  
 min', min'less, mind, mindless.  
 min', remember.  
 minded, noticed, remembered.  
 mindin', noticing, remembering.  
 min's, reminds.  
 mither, mother.  
 moidhered, utterly confused in mind.  
 mon, man.  
 mony, many.  
 moose, mouse.  
 mooth, mouth.  
 mopin', moping.  
 muckle, much.

muir, muirlan', moor, moorland.  
 murk, murky.  
 murn, murnin', morning.  
 m'urn, mourn.  
 my!, an exclamation.

## N.

Na, nay, no.  
 nae, not.  
 naethin', nothing.  
 naeyin, no one.  
 nane, none.  
 nate, neat.  
 nayther, neither.  
 neeburs, neighbours.  
 Nep', Neptune.  
 nibblin', nibbling.  
 nicht, night.  
 nivver, never.  
 no, not.  
 nocht, nothing.  
 noo, now.  
 nuiks, nooks.  
 nut-broon, nut-brown.

## O.

Och-a-nee!, alas! alas!  
 ony, onyyin, any, anyone.  
 oor, our.  
 oot, out.  
 oot-dert, out-dart.  
 oot-poor, outpour.  
 oot-showin', out-showing.  
 ootstertin', out-starting.  
 oot-stretcht, out-stretched.  
 ower, over.

## P.

Pace, peace.  
 partak', partake.  
 partin', parting.  
 peck, pack.  
 perk, park.

pert, perted, pertin', part, parted,  
parting.  
plainin', plaining.  
pleasant, pleasure, pleasant, pleasure.  
pleugh, pleughin', plough, ploughing.  
plun'er, plunder.  
poonch, punch.  
poortith, poverty.  
Portafarry, Portaferry.  
pow, head.  
prood, proud.  
puir, poor.  
purpects, protects.  
purty, pretty.

## Q.

Quate, quiet.  
quet, quit.

## R.

Rabins, robins.  
ramblin', rambling.  
Raymon', Raymond.  
Rayson, Reason.  
rem'lin', rumbling.  
ren', rend.  
richt, right.  
rin, run.  
roon', 'roon, round, around.  
rowl', rowl'd, roll, rolled.  
Rowlan', Roland.

## S.

Sae, so.  
saft, saftly, soft, softly.  
saison, say-on, season.  
sang, song.  
s'arch, search.  
sartin shair, certain sure.  
sarvants, sarve, servants, serve.  
sates, seats.  
say, sea.  
scaur, scare.  
scetterin', scattering.

scoor, scoorin', scour, scouring.  
seed, saw, seen.  
seen, saw.  
sel', self.  
sez, says.  
shadda, shadow.  
shaw, a small wood in a hollow.  
shawlie, (dim.) shawl.  
shelther, shelter.  
shetterin', shattering.  
shoorin', showing.  
shroods, shrouds.  
shuck, shook.  
sh'u'd, shud, should.  
sic'an a, sich, such a, such.  
sidlin', sidling.  
skep, skip.  
slen'er, slender.  
sma', small.  
smeck, smack.  
smert, smertin', smart, smarting.  
snaw, snow.  
snaw-draps, snow-drops.  
some yin, some one.  
sonsie, sweet and pleasant-looking.  
soo, sow.  
soon', soun', sound.  
soord, soorded, swoorded, sword,  
sworded.  
sorra, sorrow.  
sowl, soul.  
spak', spake, spoke, speak.  
sperrit, spirit.  
splen'our, splendour.  
squan'er'd, squandered.  
stan', stan'in', stannin', stand,  
standing.  
stane, stone.  
staniest, stoniest.  
steerie, (dim.) steer.  
stert, start.  
strame, str'ame, stramelet, stream,  
streamlet.  
stramin', streaming.  
stranger, stronger.  
straw'd, strewn.  
strecht, straight.

stren'th, strength.  
 strud', strode.  
 struv', strove.  
 stud, stood.  
 study, steady.  
 sturm, storm.  
 sufferin's, sufferings.  
 sut, sat.  
 swallied, swallowed.  
 swate, sweet.  
 sweer, swear.  
 syne, since.

## T.

Tae, to.  
 taes, toes.  
 tak', take.  
 tau'd, told.  
 tell't, told.  
 tetterin', tattering.  
 thegither, together.  
 the-morrow, to-morrow.  
 the-night, to-night.  
 the'r, their.  
 thin's, things.  
 thole, bear, endure, abide.  
 thon, those, that, yonder.  
 thrab, thrabbin', throb, throbbing.  
 thun'ers, thunders.  
 thurn, thorn.  
 tidin's, tidings.  
 til, to.  
 toon, town.  
 trayson, treason.  
 trem'lin', trembling.  
 trim'le, tremble.  
 tuk, tuk', took.  
 twanty, twenty.  
 twerl, twirl.  
 tyran', tyrant.

## U.

Unco', strange, very, very great.  
 un'er, under.  
 un'ernayth, underneath.

un'erstan', understand.  
 uleps, uleaps.  
 upo', upon.  
 uv, of.

## V.

Varra, very.  
 veesion, vision.  
 vixed, vexed.

## W.

Wa', wa's, wall, walls.  
 wae, woe.  
 waefu', woeful.  
 waitit, waited.  
 'waits, awaits.  
 wake, weak.  
 w'alth, wealth.  
 wan'er, wander.  
 wark, warkin', work, working.  
 watther, watthery, water, watery.  
 waur, worse.  
 wean, a child.  
 wee-bit, little.  
 weedie, (dim.) weed.  
 weefe, wife.  
 Wee Fow'k, Wee Fow'ks, Wee People,  
 the "Wee Folk," fairies.  
 weel, well.  
 weenie, (dim.) wee.  
 weether, wither.  
 weezen'd, wizened.  
 werm, wermth, warm, warmth.  
 wex, wax.  
 wha, who.  
 whaivver, whoever.  
 whas'ivver, whosoever.  
 whate, wheat.  
 whatsae'e'er, whatsoever.  
 whaur, where.  
 whaure'er, wherever.  
 whaurfrae, wherefrom.  
 whaursae'er, wheresoever.  
 whaurtae, whereto.  
 wheedlin', wheedling.

when (a when of), a great amount  
 of, a great many of.  
 whun, when.  
 whune'er, whenever.  
 whupper-in, whipper-in.  
 whustlin', whistling.  
 wi', with.  
 wi'in, within.  
 win', win's, wind, winds.  
 wistfu', wistful.  
 wi'oot, without.  
 withstan', withstand.  
 won'er, won'er'd, wonder, wondered.  
 worrit, worry.  
 wonn', wound.  
 wrack, wreck.  
 wrackfu', wreckful.  
 wrang, wrong.  
 wud, would.  
 wudnae, would not.  
 wuds, woods.  
 wull, will.

Wully, Willy.  
 wumman, woman.  
 wundee, window.  
 wanna, will not.  
 wur', were.  
 wurl, world.  
 Wurl'-Wi'oot-En', World-Without-End.  
 wush, wish.  
 wut, wit.  
 wutchin, watching.  
 wutless, witless.  
 wuz, was.

Y.

Yer, your.  
 yerd, yard.  
 yestreen, yesterday evening.  
 yiel', yield.  
 yin, one.  
 yince, once.  
 yit, yet.

WORKS OF  
 GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

Opinions of the Press.

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"From the outset, MR. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG appears to have had the good fortune and the good sense to understand the quality and the direction of his poetic gift. Examining the various volumes of his work, the early poems (revised and reprinted), the souvenirs of his own country and of travel, the dramatic books, and the latest volume of lyrics, 'One in the Infinite,' we find the author obedient to his inspiration, and following a natural process of development. His mind is, above all, speculative and analytic. He is no egoist, except in so far as his individuality may avail to interpret that of others. Nor is there anything morbid in his views; a man of the world, he has neither fear nor shame of his environment, but, instead, the courage to face the facts, moral and physical, of his time, finding in them mystery indeed, but also matter for hope and belief greater than logic can supply. We shall not hear from him the monotonous hum of ignorant optimism, any more than the angry and weak cry of pessimism. MR. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG has an acute and serious intellect, free from ascetic weakness; his imagination is quick and expansive; his fluency has been moderated by highly intelligent study of his art; and his powers are well trained and balanced. He has much to say to his contemporaries, and his subjects and his manner are in harmony with the interests and the tastes of the present. While MR. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG'S voice is the voice of Erin, full of words, and not soon wearied, it is dominated by an intellect of [an] English type. ... Such scholarly and sensitive Britons have a nostalgia for the South; they adore Italy and Greece with a passion in which associations of history and art are blended with delight in the smiling skies and lavish lands of the citron and myrtle. For these accomplished visitors the past is, perhaps, the strongest charm of the present, mingling with it in an incomparable whole. In MR. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG the artistic temperament is ruled, but not narrowed or stiffened, by a peculiarly strong moral and religious nature. Let it be emphatically noted that he is averse to all sectarian fashions and formulas; his is the instinctive worship of a healthful soul and brain." — *The New World*, Boston, U.S.

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"Mr. George Francis Armstrong's 'Stories of Wicklow' are most pleasant reading. Mr. Armstrong is already well known as the author of 'Ugone,' 'King Saul,' and other dramas, and his latest volume shows that the power and passion of his early work have not deserted him. Most modern Irish poetry is purely political, and deals with the wickedness of the landlords and the Tories, but Mr. Armstrong sings of the picturesqueness of Erin, not of its politics. He tells us very charmingly of the magic of its mists and the melody of its colour, and draws a most captivating picture of the peasants of county Wicklow. ... The most ambitious poem in the volume is 'De Verdun of Darragh.' It is at once lyrical and dramatic. ... All through it there is a personal and individual note." — *Pall Mall Gazette*.

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'Let me take a chair  
And sit with idle gentlemen, and stare.'

The book consists of his reflections as he gazes on the brilliant scene without so much as a particle of dust in his eyes. He uses such extreme plainness of speech that it is impossible not to perceive that, whether or not he has 'greedy ears,' as report declares, he certainly is endowed with grim humour, which finds an outlet in the sharpness of his tongue. Yet there is so much truth in what he says, that one is inclined to overlook the fact that his shrewd jocose comments almost invariably run to a fine edge in biting satire. ... The book cleverly hits off the freaks and follies of the times, and is distinguished by clever epigram and vigorous common-sense." — *Leeds Mercury*.

"Mr. George Francis Armstrong is known to lovers of poetry as a successful writer of serious lyrical and dramatic poems. In the satire, 'Mephistopheles in Broadcloth,' he breaks ground in a new field. The piece is written in the orthodox form for English satirical verse, Pope's couplets, a measure which Mr. Armstrong handles with ease. ... The satire, too, decries the degeneracy of the age in its politics, its literature, its law, and its theatres." — *The Scotsman*.

"Mr. Armstrong is best known as the Poet of Wicklow, whose old tales and legends he has immortalized in verse the sweetest imaginable. ... The satire is in heroic verse, and deals by name with all the public men of the day, — politicians, poets, philosophers, artists, impostors, etc. These etchings in pen and ink are often exceedingly happy, and there is a value in the characterizations by a contemporary poet and critic far beyond those generally published." — *The Union*.

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"A satire in rhyming couplets giving a view of London society, politics, literature, art, the drama, and all that goes to make up that microcosm, from the point of view of a chair in Rotten Row in the season. Mr. Armstrong is not an unfledged songster, having already tried his wings in previous flights of verse, his Ode on the recent Jubilee being one of the finest published. The satire in the present book is mordant, and often witty, and the writer's observations on men and things are evidently those of a shrewd observer and a practised man of the world. Many of these couplets are sharply epigrammatical." — *Sydney Morning Herald*(Australia).

"George Francis Armstrong has written many books, poems, and dramas, and has by this means built up a solid reputation." — *Glasgow Herald*.

"Never before has Mr. Armstrong filled his poetic quiver with shafts of ridicule, but his supply is now large and complete, and the darts are driven with a precision that reaches their mark, and must arrest the admiration of even the passing observer. ... It is not a political manifesto, though a political exposition of it may be found by those who choose to discover in it an undercurrent of philosophical meaning. It is essentially a plea for the Good in popular life — an argument for that conservatism of society which implies the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and an expression of the hopefulness of endeavour which is the very salt of the most wholesome satire. ... There are brilliant passages in the poem which Dryden might have penned in his easier moments. They are worth study and attention. They are close and keen in criticism and elegantly ingenious in expression. They hit hard, yet fairly, and in the humour the element of dignity is not forgotten. ... But though the Poet is a satirist, he is no pessimist. He does not laugh like the Mephistopheles which the imagination of Goethe conceived. The deep and thoughtful student of objective nature, the observer of those actual phenomena of reflection which inspire his earlier poems, has grown cynic. He must not be misunderstood. The satirist may wound many susceptibilities, but in the healthiest exercise of his mind he is but cruel to be kind. This is the disposition of Mr. Armstrong, and the very peculiarities of the poem which he has now put before the public will serve only to exhibit the

generosity and versatility of an ability which his countrymen respect and admire." — *Irish Times*.

"Satire is a new departure for Mr. Armstrong, and he travels the road with as light and sure a step as he did in his lyrical and romantic and dramatic excursions. We fancy, indeed, that there is in this poem a note of self-reliance that is not discernible in his previous works. This self-reliance must, of course, be assumed by a satirist, for all laughter at the faults of others implies, as old Hobbes said, a sense of superiority on the part of the laugher; but we are happy to think that in Mr. Armstrong's case, it proceeds from a recognition of the fact that his novitiate is over, and his position in English poetry securely fixed. ... English satire is a difficult species of composition. Those who have succeeded in it may be counted on the fingers of one hand — Dryden, Pope, Johnson, Byron in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' Bulwer essayed it in 'The New Timon,' and did not greatly succeed in it. We expect a better future for 'Mephistopheles in Broadcloth.'" — *Dublin Evening Mail*.

"No wonder that Mephistopheles chuckles and 'chortles in his joy' over such an exhibition of depravity in mind and morals, and finally disappears in a whole paragraph of ha, ha, ha's! ... Mr. Armstrong wields the heroic couplet with the hand of a master; his diction is varied and polished, his versification fluent and correct, and the long monologue ascribed to his Satanic Majesty is marked by many passages of high poetic power and beauty." — *The County Gentleman*.

"A motto from De Stael which describes the 'infernal irony' of Mephistopheles, and the tradition that the devil goes to and fro upon the earth with an unchangeable sneer upon his lips, are the two ideas that underlie the little volume of keen satire entitled 'Mephistopheles in Broadcloth.' The author is well known as a fluent and versatile writer, and those who are acquainted with the lofty patriotism of his Jubilee Ode, or with the classical perfume of his 'Garland from Greece,' will be deeply interested in his new excursion into the follies and eccentricities, inconsistencies and errors, of modern life. As the title shows, the book is a disquisition on life by Mephistopheles, who does not at once fall into his wild Leipzig humour, but moves out with a critical eye in the world of fashion and broadcloth respectability, reviewing in his own way the churches, politics, literature, art, the stage, music, everything that is noteworthy in cultivated circles. ... It is Mr. Armstrong in a mask reviewing the world, and he would be a poor critic who could not discover the author's political and religious creed. ... The pleasure of the book is that of a quick-witted cynical companion, well acquainted with the varieties of life, who plays with its ambitions, and refrains from touching the deeper feelings of human nature." — *The Melbourne Argus* (Australia).

"Mr. Armstrong is a distinguished member of a well-known literary family who have made many contributions to our literature, and he himself is now recognized as one of the leading poets of the day. 'Mephistopheles in Broadcloth' is a very clever satire in which the follies and rogueries of politics and literature, the Church and the Bar, the Press and the Stage, are dealt with unsparingly." — *Cork Constitution*.

[Translation.] "The poet G. F. Armstrong has just published a work, 'Mephistopheles in Broadcloth,' in which a modern Mephisto, suiting our time, in a fashionable cloth coat, has taken his place on one of the hired chairs in Rotten Row, the elegant promenade in Hyde Park, where the grand and fashionable world passes before him, and where he is intent on giving everyone a hit. The situation is certainly well-chosen

for a satirist. ... His remarks about the Church are in many respects particularly correct and amusing, as for example the enumeration of the different sects, and again the different views within these sects. He mentions two dozen of these by name, and has not by any means exhausted their number. Meanwhile some prominent personages pass his garden-chair, in this or that manner; judges and poets, lawyers and high prelates, all intermixed in a motley way, must serve as a target for his arrows, and at the same time as mortar to keep the single bricks together. ... The section on the English stage is particularly noteworthy. ... He throws out strikingly the difference between the present state of the stage and that of the drama in saying

'Ay, all but set the Stage o'er Mother Church,  
And meanwhile leave the Drama in the lurch.'

... We often see that under the modern coat of this 'Old Gentleman' a warm heart is beating, and on the whole this Mephistopheles in Broadcloth is a very pleasant companion." — *The Hanover Courier*.

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VICTORIA REGINA ET IMPERATRIX.  
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