BALLADS OF DOWN.
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.]
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Down and Wicklow</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blow, Winds of Ards!</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Heights of Mourne</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaffinches</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Woods of Tollymore</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Invalid</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Early Spring</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Haunted Hill</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Temptress</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parting</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Snowy Day</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter's Over</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Knight's Choice</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ardkeen Castle Hill</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Knight's Supper</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Down Sodger</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Prodigal Son</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Autumn</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Love's Spell</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auld John's Vengeance: or the Witch Hare</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Downshire Home</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Moonlit Road</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death and Life</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Holy Bridget&quot;</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Auld Airs Tramp</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shelterer</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Troubles</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Betty MacBlaine</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In a Squall by Strangford Lough</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Can nae Thole Ye!</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Yin Wee Luik</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sir Robert Savage</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shawlie</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unlettered Love</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Strangford Woods</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Savages' Revenge</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Storm at Evening</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macananty, Fairy King of Scrabo Hill</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Old Bell of Ardkeen</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Speedwell</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twa Luves</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunshine in Sorrow</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wee Lassie's First Luve</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Girl's Love</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Despair</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Tired Spinner</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wanderer</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Lovers' Quarrel</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Rustic Love-Making</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>False Coin</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The True Heart</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Yin Wee Face</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love and Labour</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Auld Sandy Amang the Megpies</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Lives</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Bryansford</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet Portaferry</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss Maud</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen's Tower</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Downshire Poet</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Moorslands</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Life's Autumn</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work-Time and Love-Time</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Poor Rhymester</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Recompense?</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Megpies</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Summer's Want</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Devotion</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Landing of Patrick</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Day of Doubts</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By Shimna Strame</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Won'er O't</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forbidden Love</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What He Maunnae Dae</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Honour's Chain</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Men of Down'!</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sunset off Kilitleagh</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ghost-Story-Tellers</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(The Elder's Experience: The Haunted Glen)</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(The Auld Whupper-In's Story: Mister Alick)</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
BALLADS OF DOWN.

DOWN AND WICKLOW.

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;
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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 aerial 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!

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.

And 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,
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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,
BALLADS OF DOWN.

10.

Then o'er the fruitful vales the wings of peace
   Were folded. Britain's children, with the Gael
And with the Norman bent, have tilled the leas,
   Watered and planted, set the venturous sail,
Moulded the ship of iron, bale on bale
Piled up their subtle loom-work, farm and town
And city fashioned, till the summer's gale
Woes 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;

ON THE HEIGHTS OF MOURNE.

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 loanings 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.
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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 aboot 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 lonesome 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

4.

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—

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 Luve,—wi’ apple-trees
Is shaded roon’; a’ bright wi’ fruit,
An’ ower its wa’s white roses shoot;
An’ at her wundee there wi’
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;

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.

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 gnarled tree;
An’ ah, my heart wi’ joy is leapin’
    Tae see the luve 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.
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 lonesome 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;

THE HAUNTED HILL.

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  
Frac 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-daurs ir block'd wi' drift;
Nae play fur bairns in sich a sleet,
An' nae gaun oot fur aged 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?—
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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

3.
A wull nae risk the bitter pain
O' cruel disapp'ntment'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,
WINTER'S OVER.

1.

Deep lay the drift i' the loanin', an' lang
Ower the muirlan' the winter win' sang,
An' the saison wuz cruel tae cattle an' men—
But bonnie wee snowdraps ir bloomin' again,—
   Ay, —
Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,
An' bonnie wee snowdrops 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 snowdraps ir bloomin' again,—
   Ay, —
Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,
An' bonnie wee snowdraps 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 snowdraps ir bloomin' again,—
   Ay, —
Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,
An' bonnie wee snowdraps ir bloomin' again.

4.

Fuel wuz scarce, an' the caud wuz sae keen
Puir wur oor coomfort by mornin' or een;
It wuz bitter athoot an' whun ye cam' ben—
But bonnie wee snowdraps ir bloomin' again,—
   Ay, —
Violets peep frae the moss i' the glen,
An' bonnie wee snowdraps ir bloomin' again.

5.

After the frost cam' sudden the thaw;
Rapid the drifts in the'r meltin' awa';
Then ower Airth fell the floods an' the rain—
But bonnie wee snowdraps ir bloomin' again,—
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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;
Plèughin' 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 owèr-clouded, nae luver, 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.
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.

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

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;

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.
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
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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,

ARDKEEN CASTLE-HILL.

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.

I.

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.

THE KNIGHT'S SUPPER.

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."
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.”

So they clashed their cups together, and in
laughter out they sallied;
And they drove 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, tarr-a-ráh, tarr-a-ráh!
We follie the rowl o' the drum!
Tae the tune uv our boots
An' the fifies an' the flutes,
   We follie the rowl o' the drum!

2.
Tarra-ráh, tarr-a-ráh, tarr-a-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, tarr-a-ráh, tarr-a-ráh!
We merch till oor buddies is numb;
Through the snaws an' the rain,
Ower mountain an' plain,
   We follie the rowl o' the drum!

4.
Tarra-ráh, tarr-a-ráh, tarr-a-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, tarr-a-ráh, tarr-a-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'rrth-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 luved her sae wee 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!
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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, 't is 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, 't was 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'.

50

51
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 hissell', "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!—

8.
Cut the throats o' them a', ivvy hoon', dog or bitch—
An' may Heaven forgi'e us oor sins!"

9.
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
Ivvy throat o' the hoon's had bin slit.

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 smcek,
"Hungh!—They'll niver 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,
Aboot me saftly beatin',
As if an angel's wings uv grace
Were lightly roon' me meetin'.

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.

2.

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
Aboot 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 gablenzie 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!"
"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 watthery 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 nac 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' shelter 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 threatens, 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' gnarlèd 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 plesant 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!
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.

She'd still hae her luvers 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;

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 whistle fur Betty MacBlaine!

IN A SQUALL BY STRANGFORD LOUGH.

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;

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

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.
BALLADS OF DOWN.

4.
Luve, in mine, thy dear han’ rest,
Lean thy sweet face tae my shoulder.—
’T was the Wee Fow’ks’ sel’s that blest
Cuan’s beach wi’ this big boulder!

A CANNAE THOLE YE!

1.
Y E may be clivver, may hae won
A wheen o’ honour ’nayth the sun
But, whatsaee’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
Frac Nöe's sel' that sail'd the Flood;
But, though in Nöe'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.
A s 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' Arth'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.

(Obit A.D. 1360.)

"All hail the flower of Ulster!"

BARKBOUR: The Bruce.

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,

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.

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.

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;
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;"

"Therefore, buckle we my friezes 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."

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:

"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;

"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."
"God!"—Sir Robert cried in wrath, and he stamped
his arméd heel,
And he struck his mailéd 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!

II.
"Brave at heart thou beëst,—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.

III.
"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?

"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."

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!"
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.

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 Normanty
In the conquered realms of Ulster, proud and potent, many a year.

But the Norman breed were few, and Sir Robert's words were true,
And the Irish swarmed and hovered thick as seagulls 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;

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.

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.

D RIVE, 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 'l l fin' it unco' cau'd
By Gransha shore," says Kitty;
An' then her een luik'd up in mine
Wi' ah, sich luve 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' ivvy herm
The rough wurl's rife wi', shelterin', stan',
An' guide thee through the wilderin' storm,
An' stay thee wi' my stranger han'!

But och, A 'm but a brainless lout,
A puir unletter'd Doonshire hin'!
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 love 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.
WELL, whatever be said, just this I'll 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,
STORM AT EVENING.

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!

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

MACANANTY,

FAIRY KING OF SCRABO HILL.
(\textit{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-ingine'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' Faerie,
Ir ye still yer wee life spendin',
  Macananty, Macananty,
Ir ye still yer wee life spendin'
  In the lan's o' Faerie?

3.
Och, the wur' is grey and dreary,
  Macananty, Macananty,
Och, the wur' is grey and dreary,
  Macananty!—Och-a-nee!
Mair an' mair A seem tae want ye,

4.
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' Faerie,
In the scented summer season,
  Macananty, Macananty,
In the scented summer season,
  Frae the lan's o' Faerie.

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-abysses 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 dramin' 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;

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' a'ery laughter,
Macananty, Macananty,
An' their music saft 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.

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,
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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.

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 luve
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 pur a' airthly bliss,
If in the heart wuz left nae room
Fur luve sae fair as this,—

3.
A luve 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 breakin';
O, better that the drear win's blew,
The rain upo' oor brows wur 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 't is 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'!"
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'!

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 Luve 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'!"

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'.

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 sic foolish thin's at whiles
My face is scorch'd wi' pain . . .
O, let them lave me tae mysel'!
A jist wud be alone.
3.
A'm nae sae tall as Elsie Barnes,
A hae nae een like May's,
Yit ait 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'lin' 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.
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',
'T wur' 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' luve 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 luve A fin'.
O, wull he ivver come tae meet me,
An' shall A see his eyes sac 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 across 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 luve awa'
Tae yin wha c'u'dnae, dar'nae luve 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 luve A nurs'd wuz luve forbidden,
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 serve anither.
O, let me, jist tae en' this pain,
   Like some puir blossom droop an' wither!
He c'u'dnae luve me save wi' sin,
   An' A frae ivry stain wud shield him—
Tae help my Luve the Heavens tae win
   My ivry 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 luve him best,
   That lang the maist tae see an' hear him,
Maun niver nigh his heart be press'd,
   Maun niver 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;

THE WANDERER.

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 aboot kennins;
Y'er 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.
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 wax,
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.

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' 't is 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,
Whun'e'er on mine they rest,
An' in thy wee white han' there's truth
Whun'e'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 alang 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 alang,
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 whistle 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

LOVE AND LABOUR.

125

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,
Frah 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, amang 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.
'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 his mockin' an' hers! . .
Och, it's only the megpies that's chetterin'
Ower me heed in thon firs!

2.
It soon's like a wheen o' fow'k jeerin'
An' mockin' an' giggin' 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'
Ower me heed in thon firs!
3.
She luved 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 mon'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 aboot me like burs .
Bad luck tae them megpies that's chetterin'
Owër me heed in thon firs!

5.
Twa year in her luve A wuz merry
As lerks whun the buttercoops blaw,
An' noo whun A drame o' my dearie
My life is jist ebbin' awa'.
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.

FLOWER 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 servants 'ull bluster an' sweer;
But axe fur Miss Maud, an' they dar'nae rebel,
An' Miss Maud 'ull rin doon the big stair,

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 favor lay spent,
An' neeburs a' hid in their fear,
Wha cumm'd tae her bedside wi' kin'ly intent,
Ballads of Down.

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

Miss Maud.

The gard'ner jist envies her way wi' the flowers;
The thrushes ir dumb when she sings
An' the angels o' Heaven ben' doon frae their bowers
Tae listen ahint their white wings—
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 ow'r 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 niver bet her in cakes fur the pan;
She's a match fur the meenister's wut;

Noo, her sisters an' brither 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 either a',—
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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 throbings 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 feel'st,
Old dead griefs of many a year.

3.

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

4.

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?

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 pleesant 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 pleesant tae be greeted by a dear wee grace
As ye're gaun tae yer labour in yer sadness, O,
Bonnie luvin' 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' luve 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 luve 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 luve 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 swee tae yiel' up a' my thought
Vince mair tae only thee!

A POOR RHYMESTER.

1.
SINCE, noo my Luve's sae far awa'
A cannæ 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-drumin' by the ramblin' rill,
By Carrigs banks A 'm bendin' still
Sae luvesome ower her;
3.
Tae jist keep rhymin', whilst A pine,
Aboot 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 megpie 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'dour A ben' on my knee fur;
'T wur' 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.

OULOILE'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 wur' 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,
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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.

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.

A
'M no sae vain or blin' uv ee
That A shud think she drames uv me
As luvers 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 luve 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 Gracie!

3.
But this A ken—an' well 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 fleed,
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 soul 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' alone,
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 stream,
   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. "Woode me, as there we wandered the wide ocean,
   To preach the Living Word beside its doors;
   But the rough clansmen in their blind emotion,
   In hospitable, drave 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 unchidden
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 thraldom 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 thou tae sich a luve?”
3.
An' then her words A' ve brooded ower,
Each kin'lly 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 Luve on Fear his heel haes set,
An' Doo't haes slunk awa' tae dee.

4.
But, ab, 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 swatc'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.
HOURS 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 faund it;
An' niver 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 luve 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.

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, whaursae'er the Fates may move thee,
A dar'nae say nor think A luve 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 luve 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 luve thee!

4.

Lood bates my heart whune'er A meet thee
Wi' throbs 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 luve 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 thou dost nurse yin thought o' me;
A maunnae drame thy saft een, meetin'
The glance A cannæe 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 ootsterin'
Whun mute A list thy ten'erest sang;
A maunnae praise the sungs 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 luve repress'd,
A maunnae draw thee tae my shoulder,
Or clasp thee tae this achin' breast.

4.

A can but still in dumbness luve thee,
In secret hide this luve, 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 gold
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'ld
An' knolls uv gorse an' grove,
Hid frae my langin' sight, ye hau'd
The yin dear lass A luve.
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 Luve 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' luve 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 luve's sake
My True-Luve ne'er tae see,
Nor maun my word uv Honour break
Though daith the fruit shall be;
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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:—

A SUNSET OFF KILLYLEAGH. 179

I.
Not tasseled palm or bended cypress wooing
The languid wind on temple-crowned 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 clangerous 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 sons,
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,
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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,
Belovéd 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;

A SUNSET OFF KILLYLEAGH. 181

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."

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;

A SUNSET OFF KILLYLEAGH. 185
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, Mikkel 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 lan'
    Becomes the sperrit's centre;
It's bad' this Airth far'weel, an' can
    Nae mair this Airth reenter.

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 startled!
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 glamin',
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'! . .
6.

"Ootstertit jist afore my fit
A rat, or weasel, slidin’;
An’ roon’ aboot me seem’d tae fit
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 blasted 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 veeions in thon gless, A doo't.
Gude sperrits in 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.
ween 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 day-
licht's clear,
But in the nicht A'm sartin shair they're walkin'
ivvrywhere.
3.
"The auld big Hoose o' Dangin stan's nigh Bella-
hinnian 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 echoin' 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

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!
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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'again.

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,
"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!

"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 nae-thin' 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."

"Wun'erful!—ay!", the Goodwife, shuddering, said;
"Wun'erful!—ay!", the host with bended head;
"Wun'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, diskitvivir 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 Groomsprt; 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;

THE GHOST-STORY-TELLERS. 201

7. "Then he vanishes clane whaur the Castleyince 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' owèr, an' trim'le, an' pray, 
An' lang fur the licht an' the coomfurt o' day.

9. "Some sez that he's wutchin' the auld Castley-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 limpin' 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;

II.
"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 flesch'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,
A doo't Auld Nep' that calms the ocean-waves
'T wud 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.

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

THE GHOST-STORY-TELLERS.

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.

" 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.

" 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,
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.

5.

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

"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.

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.

"More lonely and more lonely seemed our way,
And a great dread crept over me. 'T was 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.

"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 unvanquished;
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,—I 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 Killeyeagh,
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 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...
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 restless liberty.
But my hands grew faint, and my brain was wild,
And I fled from the field like a frightened 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 I 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!—
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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 . . .
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.

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
Hearkening 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—

CROOBACCAGH, THE SHEPHERD.

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.

CROOBACCAGH, THE SHEPHERD.

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 yearling lamb found on the hills astray,
And his dear treasure-trove, all-fearful, shut
With bolt and bar within his lonely hut.

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;

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.

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;

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.

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.

A DOWN 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 armed 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 Ethlene 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, "Prythee, 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,
CROOBACKAGH, THE SHEPHERD. 233
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 fairly-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 thew.

CROOBA CAGH, THE SHEPHERD. 235

10.
He felt as if all joy in life were fled;
Strange thrills of passion shivered through his frame;
He wished the Knight and Ethlinn 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 alway
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 armed 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,
BALLADS OF DOWN.

But 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."

CROOBA CAGH, THE SHEPHERD. 239

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.
CROOBACCAGH, THE SHEPHERD. 241

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 charmed 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,

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. . .

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
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.

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.

And then the Knight had told her how he came
From land'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.

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

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
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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

CROOBACCAUGH, THE SHEPHERD. 247

Where to 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 æry 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
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

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;
Vambraces or cuisses with strange fantasies
Engraven or embossed; plates for the knees
Of warrior-gods; bright linked 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

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.
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

THE SMITH-GOD.

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 't is 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
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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,—
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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

ST. PATRICK AND THE DRUID.

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 subtlest.
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,
HA LLADS OF DO

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
Is 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 is 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

ST. PATRICK AND THE DRUID. 263

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
Limps 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 I 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: "'T was 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! Three-fold 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 wepest. 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?"

ST. PATRICK AND THE DRUID. 271

"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 't is 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 armed 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,
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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

ST. PATRICK AND THE DRUID. 279

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 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.

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:

"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 threesfold sound
Of threesfold bell upon the breeze
Shall greet your ears on alien ground;
There rest, and make your home of peace."

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.

Through many an antique city bower'd
'Mid fruitful plains, or high uprear'd
By lake or roaring chasm, or tower'd
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
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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.

II.

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 ærty 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.

THE FRIARS OF DRUMNAQUOILE. 285

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 faery 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;

Or sit beneath the lichen 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.

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;

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.

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,

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!"

THE FRIARS OF DRUMNAQUOILE. 289

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.
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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.

1.

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 copse
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 roller’s 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,

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 un trodden. 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 water-lily-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 restrained 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
Laboured 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, 't is 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 't is 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
Slip! 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 gulf's 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 thro'?
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
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 foremost 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 drave 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 Drimmagh's house one sheet of leaping fire,
And that he ran with winged 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..."
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, 't is 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.

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.
Then, as the shadows of the autumn-eve grew deeper, Eva rose to haste away.

She faced the setting sun. The level ray dazzled her sight. She passed the spruce-wood—

When from a break among the fringing trees a muffled figure strode. She knew the form, the face, of Manuel. Hardly could she quell the cry that rose, for terror, from her lips; but yet again she conquered fear, and moved onward with firm-set lip and tightening palm.

He followed. "Nay," he muttered with rough voice, the brute within him trampling out the god, "sweet deity, fear not so your worshipper." then with strong hand he drew her to him, swift out of his breast a silken kerchief snatched, and cast it lightly, holding both its ends, over her face.

A sudden downward blow felled him to the earth. Above him Sebert bent menacing.

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 fare-
well,
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?

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 purlieus 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 deadlyglimmeringweaponsclinked 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.

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!"

Down through the long lime-avenue they bore
Don Manuel's corpse in reverent funeral,
XI.

But Eva, drooping like a delicate flower
Cut at the root, grew feeble 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 loathèd 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
Whithersoe'er it may. The voice you hear
Now speaking through this letter is the voice
Of the dead. O, listen, listen, and forgive!...
I 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 undefiled
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 drove 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,
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
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?”

Never again along the Downshire roads
Or loanings 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 hastiest 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 hastiest 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
Smother 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
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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.

THE SHIMNA.

I2.
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,
Balleria.

Prettiest, daintiest, eagerest, merriest
Rivulet anywhere dear to the day.

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,

Where with rainbows of spray
Thou leapest and dashest,
The maddest and rashest
Of rivers, careering
In stormy affray,
O'erleaping and feering
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
BALLADS OF DOWN.

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

SUNSET—STRANGFORD LOUGH.

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,
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 pomp and thine earthy corruption, thy moth and thy rust;

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,

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.
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!

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.

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.

Ulaidh.

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.
NOTES.

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.

Cantral of the light.

Lecale received the name of Trincha chéad na soílís, "the central (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 Magh-inis, but angelic light there; and some say there was light in Magh-inis 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 Ardes, 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.

Cuán's wandering fjord.

Strangford Lough. The name Strang 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.

NOTES.

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
NOTES.

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.

Kinclarty'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 Kinclarty.

The Firbolgs.—The Tuatha.

The Firbolgs and Tuatha (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.

NOTES.

The Kelpie Herdsman.

St. Patrick, who during the time of his slavery was employed by his master, Milieu, as a swineherd, or cowherd, or both, among the Antrim hills.

The rowing Viking.

See note to page 4—"'Cuan's wandering fiord."

PAGE 9.

The Norman's fearless band.

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 d'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 Hibernie 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 Couirath (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 Couirath (Coleraine). The story embodied in the poem is familiar to all readers of Irish history. Davis, and writers of later times, have drawn
NOTES.

368

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, Kat., 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 corruption of the Dano-Keltic compound *Oldarvajfjord*.

"And forowt drede or affray
In twa battalys took their way
 Toward Cragfegus, it to se.
 But the lords of that countré,
 Mandevill, Besat, and Logane,

NOTES.

369

Their men assemblyt euerilkane.
The *Sauvages* were alwa thair.
And quhen thai assemblyt wer
Thar wer well ner twenty thousand."

BARKOUR’S Bruce.

(Circ. A.D. 1376.)

*Page 87.*

At A.D. 1407 *The Annals of Dublin* relate: "A perfidious base Irishman called *Hugh M*’ 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 Cragfegus [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.

B B
NOTES.

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.

Macanalty.

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.

NOTES.

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 unsurrowed 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.
NOTES.

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 Gallion, 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 Drumnaquoil."

"In the townland of Drumnaquoil . . . is the site of the Friary 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.

Drimuagh.

A pseudonym.
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 persona* of the poems vary in culture and in neighbourhood, so does the language of the poems vary in its approximations to literary English.

**NOTES.**

Page 311.

Ardagh.

A'd, I would.
adoon, adown.
aft, aff.
above, before.
against.
all out of gear.
behind.
aiks, eaks.
AIN, Oon.
Ards, the Barony of Ards.
airt, art.
Airth, airth, Earth, earth.
airthly, earthly.
airthward, earthward.
alane, alane.
All, I'll will.
amang, among.
an, and.
anayth, underneath, beneath.
another, another.
apen, open.
apert, apart.
aroon', around.
ara, arrow.
aside, beside.
athin, within.
athoot, without.
a-trem'lin', a-trembling.
between, between.
maid, maid.
av, at all.
awa', away.
axe, ask.
aye, always.

B
brairs, children.
bairh, both.
bau', band.
bunes, bones.
bate, batin', beat, beating.
breechwood, breechwood.
begood, be good.
behave, conduct yourself properly.
bein', being.
Bellagelget, Ballygalget.
ben, within, inside.

ben', bound.
Bishop's Mill, Bishop's Mill.
bet, beat, betted.
betterin', battering.
bewar', beware.
bien, been.
bittlass, little late.
bizzin', buzzing about.
blaisted, blasted.
bleak, bleak.
bleek, black.
blin', blin'ness, blind, blindness.
bluebell-plats, bluebell-plats.
bluid, blood.
boo, bough, bow.
bood, boiled.
boon', bound.
boord, board.
bowd, bold.
bowled, botted.
braise, a rough place.
braid, brood.
brainth, breath.
braughty, bravely.
brig, bridge.
brithers, brothers.
broon, brown.
bruk, broke.
bucket-fu's, bucketfuls.
buddies, buddy, bodies, body.
Bulk, Book.
burn, little stream.
buttercoops, buttercups.
buzzom, buzzom.

ca', ca'd, call, called.
cairts, carts.

Cam', cause.
cau'd, cold.
chaytin', cheated.
chesel, chesel'd, chisel, chisel'd.
chern, charm.
chetterin', chittering.
chiel', child.
claes, clothes.
clane, clean.
clesh, clash.
cletter, cletterin', cletter, clatter-
ing.
clough, a steep bank.
clippie, (dim.) "clip."
cliver, clever.
coomflirt, comfort.
coort, coortin', court, courting.
coorteous, courteous.
cross, cross.
cratur, creature.
creepie-stool, little cottage-seat.
crood, crowd.
cu'd, cud, could.
cu'dnae, cudna post, could not.
cumm'd, came.
curdies, (dim.) curdies.
curn, corn.
cottage-daurs, cottage-doors.

d
Dae, do.
daffies, daffy-dils, daffodils.
dairth, death.
dannerin', strolling along or about.
da'nt, da'n'tless, daunt, daun'tless.
dar', dar'nae, dare, dare not.
daur, door.
dayl'-agam, dayl'-again, the
twilight, close of day.
decav, deceive.
dee, deening, deed, the Deed, die,
dying, dunt, the Dead.
Deer park, Deer-park.
defen', defend.
denner, dinner.
derk, derken, dark, darken.
desirous, desired.
dimplit, dimpled.
di'mon's, diamonds.
din, done.
dinnae, do not.
direful, direful.
disappoin'tment, disappoint'ment.
dizzin, down.
dochters, daughters.
doits, snipifies, bewilliers.
doon, down.
Doonshire, Downshire.
doot, doubt.
dow, dow, depressed, dishel'd.
dour, hard, sairen, dreary.
drames, dreamfully, dreams,
dreamfully.
drap, drop.
dra's, drama.
dreepin', dripping.
drift-bon'd, drift-bon'd.
droondit, drooned.
drunts, pets, sour humour, stiff
temper.

E
Earnin's, earnings.
e, een, eye, eyes.
GLOSSARY.

ceerie, weird.
ether, after.
em, am, en, end.
enuch, enough.
apples, apple-trees, apples, apple-trees.
arm-chair, arm-chair.
es, arms.
ate, eaten.

F
Fa, fa's, fall, falls.
fail, fellow.
fauld, falsehood.
flatterin', flattering.
far-weels, farewell.
fauld, fauld, fold, folded.
found, found.
fever, fever.
favours, resembles.
fayther's, father's.
fayer, feature.
fearsome, full of fears, or fearful.
farm, ferrm.
fashions, fashions.
fiel', field, fields.
fit, feet.
fleskic, (dim.) flusk.
feelin', mocking.
flash'd, flashed.
flither, flitherin', flitherer, flatter, flatterin', flatterer.
flex, flex.
flitterin', flittering.
follie, follow.
fon', fons.
foreby, alongside.
foreen, forenin, before, in.
forego, forgive.
fower, fower.
fower-in-hand, four-in-hand.
fowl, sulk, people.
franc, from.
frraughan, (Irish) thiberry.
frin', frien's, friend, friens.
from, from.
füle, foot.
far, far.
furnenst, in front of.
fut, futstep, foot, footstep.

G
Gaberlunzie, beggarman.
gnaed, gone, went.
gang, gang'd, go, went.
gain, going.
gaun out, going out.
'gen', against.
gep, gap.
ger'der, gardener.
getter'in, gathering.
ghost, ghastly, ghost, ghostly.
gie, gie's, gied, give, gie us, gave or given.
gie-an'kin', very kind.
gits, gets.
glane, glamin', glean, gleaming.
gled, gledness, gladness.
gless, glass.
Glestry, Glestry.
glinthin', glancing.
gloamin', gloaming.
glower, gaze.
goold, gooden, gold, golden.
greesugh, ashes and cinders.
groozly, greezled, grisly, grizzled.
grin', grind.
Groomsport, Groomsport.
groon, groon', ground.
grow'd, grow.
Gude, guld, guidmon, guidwife.
God, good, goodman, goodwife.

H
Hae, haes, have, has.
have, haive, haevin', have, having.
haif, half.
'hai', whole.
'hal'enome, wholesome.
hame, home.
han', han's, hand, hands.
hunled, handled.
haunts, haunts.
hau'd, hold.
heart-broc'h, heart-broken.
heed, head.
heedlan', headland.
heer'd, heard.
hec', helt, held.
herm, harm.
herps, harps.
herth-stane, hearth-stone.
heath, faith.
hin', kind.
hing, hung.
hissel', himself.
hizzie, hizzy.
hoo, how.
hoon's, hounds.
hoor, hoor.
hoose, house.
hoorie, little house.
hopit, hoped.

I
Idlin', idling.
Indy, India.
ingle, chimney-corner.
innaist, innest.
inin's, inings.
tae, into.
till, into.
ir, are.
iron-ingeine, steam-engine.
other, other.
iver, ever.
ivermair, evermore.
ivry, every.

J
Jerkit, jerked.
jetiti, jetted.
jump, jump.
just, just.
jurn, bowl of punch.

K
Kays, keys.
kenne, know not.
kenneins, trifles.
kep', kept.
kin', kindly, kin'ness, kind, kindly.
kindness.
kist, chest.

L
Lan', lan's, land, lands.
lanesome, loneliness.
lang, lang's, long, long as.
Glossary.

L'arn, l'arnin', learn, learning.
laste, least.
lather, ladder.
laughin', laughing.
lave, leave.
laves, laves, leaves.
lay, lie.
layin', leaning.
leddy, lady.
leelin', lying.
lee-lang, live-long.
lees, lies.
lescose, pleasant.
leeve, leevin', live, living.
leppin', leaping.
lerks, larks.
lights, lights.
loanin', loaning, a narrow country lane.
food, loud.
ludge, lodge.
lui, luki'd, look, looked.
luve, luvers, love, loves.
luvesome, lovesome.

M
Ma, mother.
mair, maist, more, most.
mak's, makes.
mame, 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.
mereble, marble.
Merch, the month of March.
merch, to march.
mergin, margin.
merket-square, market-square.
merry, marry.
meschiel, mischiev.
Mikkel, Michael.
min', min'less, mind, mindless.
min', remember.
minded, noticed, remembered.
mindin', noticing, remembering.
min's, reminders.
mither, mother.
moidhered, utterly confused in mind.
mon, man.
mony, many.
mooze, mouse.
mooch, mouth.
moping, moping.
muckle, much.
muir, muirlan', moor, moorland.
murk, murky.
murn, murnin', morning.
murn, murna.
my!', an exclamation.

N
Na, nay, no.
mae, not.
ae', naething, nothing.
ae', no one.
ane, none.
nate, neat.
mayther, neither.
nool, nook.
nut-broon, nut-brown.

P
Och-a-nee!, alas! alas!
oor, ouyin, any, anyone.
oor, our.
oot, our.
oot, out.
oot-durt, out-dart.
oot-poor, outpaur.
oot-showin', out-showing.
ootsterin', out-starting.
oot-stretcht, out-stretched.
ower, over.

Pace, peace.
partak', partake.
partin', parting.
peck, pack.
perk, park.
pert, perted, pertin', part, parted, parling.
plainin', plaining.
pleasent, pleasent, pleasant, pleasure.
pleugh, ploughin', plough, ploughing.
plu'er, plunder.
poonch, punch.
poortith, poverty.
Portafarry, Portaferry.
pow, head.
prood, proud.
puir, poor.
purfects, protects.
purty, pretty.

Q
Quate, quiet.
quet, quit.

R
Rahins, robin.
ramblin', rambling.
Raymon', Raymond.
Rayson, Reason.
rem'lin', rembling.en', rend.
richt, right.
rin, run.
room', room, round, around.
rowell', rowld, roll, rolled.
Rowlan', Roland.

S
Sae, so.
saft, safly, soft, softly.
saison, sayson, season.
sang, song.
s'arch, sarch.
sartin shair, certain sure.
servants, Serve, servants, serve.
sates, seats.
say, sea.
scaur, scarr.
sceeterin', scattering.
scour, scoorin', scour, scarring.
GLOSSARY.

seed, saw, seen.
seen, saw.
self, self.
say, says.
shadda, shadow.
shar, a small wood in a hollow.
shawlie, (dim.) shawl.
shelter, shelter.
shelterin', sheltering.
shoerin', showing.
shroose, shroud.
shuck, shook.
shud'd, shud, should.
sie'an a, sich, such a, such.
sidlin', sidling.
sleep, sleep.
sleer, slender.
smal, small.
smeck, smack.
smerit, smerelin', smart, smarling.
snaik, snow.
snaik-draps, snow-draps.
some, some one.
somie, sweet, and pleasant-looking.
some, some.
soon, soon', sound.
scoord, scoored, scoowed, sword, sworded.
sorr, sorrow.
sowl, seal.
speak, spoke, spoke.
sperrit, spirit.
splendid, splendour.
squandered, squandered.
stan', stanin', stannin', stand, standing.
stone, stone.
stoniest, stoutest.
steenie, (dim.) steer.
ster, start.
strame, strame, stramelet, streamlet.
streamlet.
stramin', streaming.
stranger, stronger.
straw'd, straw.
strech, straight.
strength, strength.
strud', strude.
struv', strove.
study, steady.
storm, storm.
sufferin', sufferings.
sut, sat.
swallied, swallowed.
swate, sweet.
swear, swear.
syne, since.

T
Tae, to.
tae, toe.
tak', take.
tau'd, told.
tell't, told.
tetherin', tethering.
theither, together.
the-morrow, to-morrow.
the-night, to-night.
their, theirs.
thin's, things.
thole, bear, endure, abide.
thone, those, that, younder.
thrab, thrabbin', thrab, thrabbing.
thusers, thunders.
thorn, thorn.

tidin', tidings.
til, to.
toon, town.
trayson, treason.
trin'lin', trembling.
turble, tremble.
tuk, tuk', took.
twenty, twenty.
twirl, twirl.
tyran', tyrant.

U
Unco', strange, very, very great.
un'er, under.
un'eraryth, underneath.
un'erstan', understand.
upleps, upleaps.
upn', upon.
v, of.

V
Varra, very.
veesion, vision.
vixed, vexed.

W
Wa', wa's, wall, walls.
waes, woes.
waefu', woeful.
waitit, waited.
waits, awaits.
waik, weak.
waik, wealth.
waik'er, waiker.
work, warkin', work, working.
water, watery, water, watery.
waik, worse.
wean, a child.
wee-bit, little.
weedie, (dim.) weed.
weefer, wife.
Wee Fowl', Wee Fowl's. Wee People, the "Wee Folk," 
weel, weel.
weenie, (dim.) wee.
weather, neither.
weexen'd, winced.
werp, werm, wermth, warm, warmth.
wend, went.
wha, who.
whan'er, whomever.
whas'iver, whas'er.
whate, what.
whatsac'er, whatever.
whaur, where.
whan'er, whan'er.
whaufran, wherfrom.
whaur'sac'er, wherever.
whaurnac, whereto.
wheelin', wheeling.
whelk, a whelk of, a great amount of, a great many of.
when, when.
whan'er, whan'er.
whupper-in, whipper-in.
whustlin', whistling.
whit, with.
whin, within.
win', win's, wind, wind.
wisfu', wistful.
woot, without.
wother, withstand.
woot, without.
woot, wonder.

Worrit, worry.
GLOSSARY.

woun', wound.
wrack, rock.
wrackful, wreckful.
wrang, wrong.
wud, would.
wendae, would not.
wuds, woods.
wull, will.
Wully, Willy.
woman, wuman.
wuede, window.
wunna, will not.
wur', were.
wur, world.
Wur'-Wuoot-Ea', World-Without-Ead.

wush, wish.
wt, not.
watchin', watching.
without, notless.
wiz, was.

Y
Ver, your.
yerd, yerd.
yestream, yesterday evening.
yiel, yield.
yin, one.
yince, once.
yit, yet.

WORKS OF
GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

Opinions of the Press.

"A POET OF HIS CENTURY."

"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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sitional age or stage. But he does not lose heart or hope. His hope, indeed, is not always sure and certain, but it is always deep-rooted and enduring. The opening section of 'De Verdon of Darragh,' though in it the author does not speak in his own person, may with safety be set down as the utterance of his personal thoughts. It is a lofty and impassioned defence of the reasonableness of those eternal hopes which the soul needs and will not lose. ... hardly any one who is wise enough to know that the burden of the age's problems could read this section, practically an independent whole, and other similar poems and passages in Mr. Armstrong's book, without feeling braced and cheered. —Spectator.

Mr. George Francis Armstrong returns to the steep hills and green woodlands of Wicklow. Like Antheus, he seems to gain fresh vigour from contact with his native soil. ... The 'sounds of trees and stream,' the 'clearness of the mountain air,' and the 'fragrance of the sea,' all mingle with the legends of the Wicklow glens and lakes. They make the book a delightful and inspiring companion for any one who loves to ramble, in the flesh or in the spirit, on dewy heights above the smoke and hustle of the work-a-day world. Another element is present, a pathetic undertone that is seldom absent from Irish poetry. In the bluest mood of the poet and his muse, there steal in, amid the sighing of the leaves and the noise of wind and waters, the 'voices of the Lost Ones,' and most of all the voice of his highly gifted brother, Edmund J. Armstrong, so often his companion in earlier climes to the summit of Lugnaquilla, or in loiterings in Luggala, the 'Hollow of Sweet Sounds.' Of these poetical stories of 'De Verdon of Darragh,' and the 'Glen of the Horse,' are founded on local incidents or legends of comparatively recent date; in the latter three are mingled with all the energy that lies in the stirring theme. In 'The Wrath of Dredfords Castle,' a command of the gruesome is shown which Hoffman, or Bürger, or any other of the German masters of the horrible need not have disdained to own. —Graphic.

Mr. Armstrong's 'Stories of Wicklow' are most pleasant reading. Mr. Armstrong is already well known as the author of 'Ujome,' 'King Saul,' and other dramas, and his latest volume shows that the power and passion of his early work have not been lost on him. Most modern Irish poets are purely political, and deals with the wickedness of the landlords and the atrocities, 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 Verdon of Darragh.' It is at once lyrical and dramatic. ... Even through it there is a personal and individual note. —Mail Gazette.

'Let haste be made at once to express the most cordial agreement with the opinions enunciated melodiously in 'An Invocation,' and to assure the writer that the mountain-muse, with her waving hair and venous burn, and waiting woodland ways, with her wild-industry, flowers and garlands green, with sounds of stream and trees, with the clearness of the mountain air and fragrance of the sea, is certainly far more likely to assuage the deeper than seem of sensual joy. In the mountains she has descended and exchanged sweet whispers with you, and breathed her inspiration into you, depend upon it she will ascend again. So at least. ... any muse that respects herself will be sure to do; and so she will preserve her freshness, her vigour, her buoyancy. To this fact the author's own talent is a witness, whether he be telling a long romantic eventful tale, in four parts, and in many varieties of lyric verse, or exhibiting his dashings powers of description, as in the piece entitled 'The Glen of the Horse,' or in the spirited lay of the flood and of the men rescued from death, or in the two parts of 'Luggala,' or in other poems long or short.—Illustrated London News.

By far the best poem is 'Luggala,' a version of the world-old swan-legend, most picturesquely and sympathetically given in such Spenserian metrical form as has been forced upon the domains of Homer. The good fortune to meet with the sensations of natural scenery in this are really beautiful. ... We have been charmed by 'Autumn Memories,' 'An Invitation,' and above all by 'Song of Time to Come.' In these Mr. Armstrong is seen at his best, as a tuneful and thoughtful lover of Nature. —Graphic.

Mr. Armstrong's straightforward and vigorous writing is a refreshment after the sickly and introspective daydreams that most minor poets think fit to indulge in. The volume before us does not offer much that can well be quoted, as its strength lies in the narrative poems, which are full of rapidity and life, and extracts would give a very inadequate impression of them. But any one who wishes for exciting incidents well told, should read 'The Glen of the Horse,' or 'The Bursting of Lough Nahangan.' Mr. Armstrong has the most genuine and irrepressible love of the scenes of his native district, and none can read his descriptions without catching some of his enthusiasm. He has the unfailing charm of a poet who is in love and loves, and does not pretend to any emotions that he has not really felt. —Guardian.

Mr. Armstrong is undoubtedly one of our most versatile and finished poets. His themes classical and homely, elevated and commonplace, he has alike dealt with, and with felicity and finish. He has succeeded, too, in tragedy. His trilogy of Israelite dramas,—King Saul, King David, and King Solomon,—is marked by rare force and variety. In the present case he has found subjects nearer home, amid localities endear him by name and made familiar by many June evenings and rambles. No one could deny his vigour in narration. He touches the core of human nature here and there, ... and relieves the narrative by reflections couched in glowing language. ... This volume will undoubtedly add to the reputation as a poet. —Spectator.

Mr. Armstrong is a genuine poet. His sympathies with nature are strong, and his love for his Wicklow home intense. His opening invocation breathes all the freshness and loveliness of Wicklow scenery. The stories are always interesting, and for the most part of a very healthy tone. —Tablet.

Mr. Armstrong is without doubt a poet; and these 'Stories of Wicklow' are both impressive and exhilarating productions. He belongs to a family in which poetry forms an essential element of existence. When he thinks he thinks in poetry. It is not possible for him that it should be otherwise. ... Poems all more or less indicative of Mr. Armstrong's fine poetic faculty and genius. —Literary World.

Mr. Armstrong is better known to the poetry-reading public than is the author of either of the two works we have just reviewed, and these 'Stories of Wicklow' will certainly maintain the reputation he has won among the more urinating critics. Mr. Armstrong may claim applause of none; but whether he seek it, and if he not, he who does his own work, and those whose applause is best worth having. These romantic legends of Wicklow County are conceived so imaginatively, and told with such
passionate vividness and with such expressive music, that they take us captive at once, hold us in their spell, and will not let us go until the conclusion has been reached. — Mr. Armstrong — Sheffield Independent.

He is always strong, sinewy, and virile. His handling of character and incident is admirable and the book has therefore not only an artistic but a strong human interest, the very thing which is so much missing in so much of the poetry of the period. — Manchester Examiner.

"This is a volume of stories told in verse, and the reader will find in them a charm that irresistibly allures him on from stanza to stanza. Mr. Armstrong ranks among the first of our living poets in the excep- tional excellence, the happy proportioning of his creation that he has achieved is well sustained in these poems, which are rich in mellow harmonies, graceful rhymes, graphically drawn scenes, full of swift and varied action, marked by the gloom of tragedy, the sunny rays of light-hearted joviality, and the tenderest and sweetest paths. He is a master of musical verse and something more. He possesses that sympathy with man and nature without which no poet can move his reader to a common confession of joy and sorrow. . . . In the other 'Stories' there are passages of equal beauty with those we have selected, and altogether the volume is full of delightful reading. — Liverpool Courier.

"Stories of Wicklow", . . . are told in flowing verse. . . . 'The Wrath of D. Riddlesford's Castle' . . . tells of the fearful remorse and the disordered imagination which people the air with accusing shapes when unlawful love has culminated in murder. It is hardly possible to read the story without a creeping of the flesh . . . Although all the selections breathe deep sentiment, the one to which special reference has been made is solitary in its superlative gruesomeness. — Liverpool Daily Post.

The Glen of the Horse is a spirited ballad of the type that brings to mind a mounted rebel chased over a precipice in the Wicklow mountains by his pursuer, who found too late that the enemy he had ridden to death was a friend of former years, and his kinswoman's betrothed. This poem, and 'The Burning of Lough Nahanagan,' are founded on fact, as also is 'The Fisherman,' a simple but pathetic tale of the sea. . . . The finest poems in the volume are 'The Wrath of D. Riddlesford's Castle' — a romantic ghost-story of the good old-fashioned style, containing some really thrilling incidents and scenes of spectral horror — and 'Lugalgla,' an Irish-Keltic fairy story of an Argonaut-like voyage in search of a land of rest beyond the sunset, one of those charming Swan-legends that delight old and young alike. The poem is filled with rich and beautiful passages. . . . These poems glow with a patriotic love for his Wicklow mountains and glens, the scenery of which he here depicts. . . . His language throughout is graceful, his verse always unexceptionable in rhyme and rhythm, no moment in these days, when there is so much bad 'prose and worse.' — Birmingham Gazette.

"Mr. George Francis Armstrong's 'Stories of Wicklow' will maintain the reputation which former poetical works have gained him, and which was shared by his brother Edmund, whose biographer and literary executor he has been. These new 'Stories' are mostly narratied in varied metre, and are marked by a strong love of Nature, a lively fancy, and a nice sense of thought and tone. — Leeds Mercury.

"This is a volume of genuine poetry, full of stately music, noble thoughts, and genuine passion. It would be a mercy to admirers of O'Leary and Weldon to submit them to the influence of these volumes and reading one of these volumes to them aloud. Here is no hurry, no coarseness of epithet or vulgarity of idea, no straining after effect or singularity, but genius under the perfect control of sanity, and polish without weakness. We recommend all lovers of poetry of the first class to this book. — Mr. Armstrong — Sheffield Independent.

"In 'The Glen of the Horse' we have a vigorous rendering of the legend that haunts the valley of Glenmalure — a legend in itself terrible in pathos — and although it would be unjust even to seem to disparage the poet's deeper, subtler verse, we commit it to the great reader as stirring the blood and moving the sympathies. To avoid comparison we refrain from selecting other individual contributions for particular mention, and will content ourselves with the general observation that this volume is such an artistic achievement that others impress us with their superlative merit, there is no instance in which good qualities can fail to be discerned. The collection will be widely read . . . and perhaps the book may be presented at a cheaper cost. Our hopes as much, because a good book cannot be too extensively distributed." — Western Daily Mercury.

In a volume of over 400 pages, G. F. Armstrong gives us some delightful verses, in which the brilliant and thoughtful writer, who a few years ago gave us an unaging 'Garland from Greece,' surpasses even that most finished collection of Lyrics. The title of the new volume is 'Stories of Wicklow.' The leading poem is a descriptive piece, 'The Victoria of Darragh,' which is as full of rich harmonies as it is varied in metre and cadence. 'The Glen of the Horse' is graphically and powerfully written. One of the gems of the collection, 'The Living and the Dead,' we have already printed in The Courant. In poetic narration, in vivid description of scenery, and in the art and mastery of language some of the pieces are exquisitely beautiful, and cannot fail to add to the solid reputation of the writer. — Newcastle Courant.

The product of a poetically constituted mind of the first order. The author . . . belongs to a literary family who have splendidly contributed to the great Republic of Letters. . . . Mr. George Francis Armstrong is a sincere lover of his country, as his 'Stories of Wicklow' abundantly prove. He is a writer independent of human nature, but when his nature as well, and the latter he loves very truly, and his study is profound and appeals directly to the heart. These 'Stories of Wicklow' are the product of a wayfarer, wandering amidst the loveliest hills and dales of Ireland, filled with the rarest fancies that their exquisite scenic grandeur could beget. . . . He is a painter from nature, and owes to nature the best part of his inspiration. He had rather sing her music. His poems are the result of his observations . . . These 'Stories of Wicklow' are enchanting to every reader. They are inspired by the rarest spirit of poetry, and appeal in particular to the native sentiment. — Irish Times.
"THE POET OF WICKLOW..." His work proves him no minor poet, but abounding in the perpetual beauty, the unflagging metrical charm, the enduring enthusiasm, the temperance, wisdom, and moral address of only the great poets possess. This volume should be treasured while there is anyone to be proud of the true glories of Ireland, while there are lovers of true poetry and of what is best in Man and Nature."—Dublin University Review.

"He has given us a Garland from Ireland worthy and more than worthy to match with his 'Garland from Greece.' In the volume before us there is at least one tragedy—'Alythea'—more affecting than the whole Hebrides Trilogy. That he should have gathered such a harvest from Irish soil to-day is a wonder to be ranked with Horrox's Observation of the Transit of Venus amid the commotions of Charles I's time. We think the present volume places Mr. Armstrong very high in the host of the poets of the Victorian age."—Dublin Evening Mail.

"Here we have traditions old and new, tales of modern life, descriptions of scenery and the bracing and joyous rambles of loving friends; some of the poems long and elaborate, others consisting of a stanza or two of simple spontaneous emotion, mere breaths of poetry, as brief as the windflaw that runs purpling over the level sea on a day of perfect calm, or that in 'tranquill summer nights' passes through the woods in a single sigh. We hope our readers will regret that we are unable to give more varied examples of the lofty and passionate poetry of this noble volume. Not a phase of the loveliness of the Wicklow glens and seas but will be found portrayed there, and associated with thoughts and images that make it even dearer than before."—Irish Freestle.

"The author is one of the most prolific of latter English poets. His previous books have been much praised by competent British critics. In this book he treats of a variety of themes, and in many metres. One is impressed by his facility, and a capacity for descriptive writing which is apparent throughout his work: They are all gracefully written."—Boston (U.S.A.) Herald.

The political condition of Ireland makes it inevitable that the lyce that turns to national themes shall evoke the quickest response from the popular heart. But the true realm of the poet is the heart of his country; his place is above the world, whence he may see all that is in it, not merely a part. It is well to make the songs of a people, but it is also well to give a poetical voice to the emotions, passions and aspirations of mankind, Mr. Armstrong's poetry belongs in this latter category, and generally acknowledged to be the higher order of verse. The 'Stories of Wicklow' are better calculated to make Mr. Armstrong known among his own countrymen than any of his previous productions. The stories are full of interest, and the descriptions of places and scenery are admirable. This book alone, if the others had never appeared, would be sufficient to stamp Mr. Armstrong as a true poet. What would be called in stage phrase the scenic effects of all these poems are rich, harmonious, and vivid. There appears to be hardly a spot in Wicklow which the poet does not know, and he has the rare gift of being able to make others see with his own eyes. His descriptions of places are as remarkable for detail (always difficult in verse) as for their completeness as finished pictures. In one respect Mr. Armstrong's verse differs from that of nearly all other Irish poets. Nothing in its form or style indicates the nationality of the writer. In quality, however, it ranks among the best poetry of the present time, and it cannot fail to be enjoyed by all persons of good literary taste. It is fresh, vigorous, and varied, and it has the special merit of not possessing any of the charac-

teristics of the hasty, exotic school, which has found too much success in England, and been imitated to some extent in America. It is all clean, and fit for the young as well as for the old to read."—Boston (U.S.A.) Pilot.

"M. Armstrong abonde en descriptions éclatantes et finement nuancées, en effusions lyriques d'un magnifique essor. Et son vers ne le trahit pas; se prêtant aux rythmes les plus variés, il reste toujours ample, élargissant et cadencé. Faveur par les merveilleux spectacles de cette terre et enfermé d'une foi ardente, le poète a puissé aux sources les plus pures de l'inspiration: la Nature et Dieu. A chaque page, ses strophes allées, qui viennent de nous peindre quelque ravissante vision et de présenter une voie à la création moïste, s'en volent sans effort vers une région plus lumineuse encore, et nous entretiennent du Créateur, de sa providence, de la vie future. M. Armstrong est un vrai poète; il joint à la délicatesse des sentiments et à l'élévation de la pensée la richesse du coloris et la perfection de la forme."—Polybe (Paris).

METHISTOPHELES IN BROADCLOTH:

A SATIRE.

Cap. 5vo, price 4s. 6d.

"Mephistopheles" shows Mr. Armstrong in a new light, and should take a higher place as a satirical poem. These pictures of our modern London world, drawn by the Spirit of Evil in an hour of leisure, are brilliant and scathing. [He] notes, and points out, every folly, each craze of the day, in verse full of strength and virility. . . . The drama, the press, men of politics and letters, are passed in review with unfailing verve and singular justness of appreciation. This is never seen to better advantage than in the poet's half-humorous treatment of the question of 'Erin's Isle.'—The Morning Post.

"Since the personage who is here described discarded the cloven hoof, and adopted the style and manner of a man of the world, he has passed out of theology, and his place now appears to be among those clever people who say smart things, and do daring ones. Mr. Armstrong gives us a pleasantly running account of the devil's opinions about men and things, as spoken in a sort of soliloquy while the speaker looked on at the crowds in Rotten Row. Mephistopheles does not care much about politicians, but, oddly enough, he has a fancy for poets. . . . Mephistopheles discourses also about men of science, painters, parsons, lawyers, actors, and others besides. . . . Mr. Armstrong's satire is always smart; and though it is sometimes a little severe, it is never malicious,"—Academy.

"THE LATEST SATIRIST.—Mr. George Francis Armstrong, who has published a good deal of imaginative verse, has in Mephistopheles in Broadcloth assumed the present and attitude of a satirist, discounting of what he regards as the sins and follies of the time in the rhymed couplets so often utilized for such effusions. Works of this kind are rare now-a-
without so much as a particle of dust in his eyes. He uses such extreme platitude that it is impossible to perceive that 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 shrill 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, decays 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*.

“... He has some very clever bits. Society, politics, the Church, literature, art, and science all come in for their share of satire. Home-truths are certainly spoken here and there; and certainly the critical insight which supports the satire is often good... No doubt a certain section of the public will find amusement in the satire.” — *The Nationannis* and *Other Theatre.*

“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 unlettered 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 an observant and practical mason 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 copious, 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 it. It presents an undercurrent of philosophical meaning. It is essentially a plea for the God 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 great salt of the upper hell... or on the uppermost and the highest passages in the poem which Dryden might have penned in his earlier moments. They are worth study and attention. They are close and keen in criticism and elegantly ingenuous in expression. They hit hard, yet fairly, and in the hum of the illusory of dignity is not for-
gotten. ... 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, grown cynical. 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 forth. The public will serve only to exhibit the 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-door, in this or that manner:--judges and poets, lawyers and high prelates, all intermingled in a medley 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—

"Aye, 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 Hunter Courier.

"It may be cheerfully admitted that he is not always bad company."—Saturday Review.

VICTORIA REGINA ET IMPERATRIX.

A JUBILEE SONG FROM IRELAND, 1887.

"Mr. G. F. Armstrong's Victoria, a Jubilee Song from Ireland," takes high rank among the many odes and hymns that celebrate what ought to be an inspiring event with our poets. It is finely modulated and distinguished by a sustained elevation of sentiment that befits the dignity of the theme."—Saturday Review.

There seems something especially graceful in a Jubilee song of exultant loyalty which comes from County Wicklow. Such is Mr. George F. Armstrong's Victoria, a poem vigorous and musical in expression, and breathing a lofty spirit of pride in faithful allegiance to Her Majesty. Mr. Armstrong's merits as a poet of strength and skill have been exhibited in a series of stirring works, but if evidence of them were wanting, it would be found in abundance in his fine Jubilee ode."—Scotsman.

The 'Song' is, in fact, an ode, and full of elegant passages in measure appropriate to that form. This is indeed one of the most successful celebrations of the Jubilee in verse."—Globe.

"This Jubilee Ode, composed near Bray, on the mountain shore of
Wicklow, whence he sees the mountains of North Wales, appeals to the
heart of every true Briton with the expressed consciousness of a national
story by loyal men on both sides of St. George's Channel. The "Wild
Harp of Erin" makes good music in this strain. It is fine in thought, in
diction, and in versification."—Illustrated London News.

"A book, the author of which is already known as a poet of merited
ability, and who now worthy represents the loyal spirit which recognizes
with gratitude the obligations of Ireland, and breathes its aspirations for
the welfare of that country under the rule of our Gracious Queen."—
Queen.

"It differs from the poems on the same theme by some other distin-
guished writers of verse, inasmuch as it will not detract from the high
reputation of its author."—Christian Leader.

"It is decidedly refreshing to find that even the 'Wild Harp of Erin'
his strings, which can be touched in sympathy with that wave of loyalty
which has just passed over our kingdom. . . . Versatile and finished,
Mr. Armstrong never sinks to anything approaching the commonplace,
and here, as in other works, he is at home in his beloved country which
passionately inspires him."—Bristol Times.

"George Francis Armstrong, whose poems, 'A Garland from Greece,'
and 'Stories of Wicklow,' placed him in the front rank of living poets,
has written a Jubilee Song from Ireland. . . . It is written in the form of
an ode, and characterized by all the remarkable vigour and precision of
expression of his best work. This Jubilee ode should more than maintain
the high reputation which Mr. Armstrong's preceding poems gained for
him."—Belfast Courant.

"Mr. George Francis Armstrong's Jubilee Ode is a work of a very
different class from those we have noticed. They are necessarily of but
ephemeral interest. It deserves to live, and we trust will live. . . .
Mr. Armstrong has written much that is worth reading, but he has never
written a piece of more eloquent declamation than this Jubilee Ode."—
Daily Express (Dublin).

"There is much spirit and high sentiment in this poem, and it will
compare favourably with the best that has appeared under the muse's
inspiration."—Manchester Courier.

"It is earnestly to be desired that Mr. George Francis Armstrong's
poem 'Victoria' may be read by every well-wisher to Ireland. . . .
True poetry is lasting and will live when Jubilees are forgotten. This
poem of Mr. Armstrong's deserves to live and be remembered. . . .
Mr. Armstrong is that happy combination—a true poet and a true
Irishman."—Birmingham Guardian.

"Mr. Armstrong's masterly ode, an opprobrium and welcome addition
to the Jubilee literature of this Jubilee year of grace."—Allen's Indian
Mail.

"The offering is certainly an attractive one, both as to its sentiments
and its poetry. . . . He has exhibited true poetical genius and enthusiastic
loyal feeling, and these two qualities are enough to give a high value to
his Jubilee offering."—Sydney Morning Herald (Australia).

"This poem which breathes a very lofty and loyal spirit, and therefore is
doubly welcome as coming from Ireland. . . . Of all the Jubilee odes it is
by far the best tribute that has been paid to-day

'To her who through the fifty summers flown,
Has worn her lucid diadem unaltered,
Melbourne Argus.'

"Of all native attempts to celebrate the event in verse, Mr. Armstrong's
song from Ireland is decidedly the best, as it is undoubtedly the most
ambitious."—Dublin Evening Mail.

"Among the many poems which have been inspired by Her Majesty's
Jubilee, this may mean the least honour must be paid to Mr. George
Francis Armstrong's 'Jubilee Song from Ireland.' This song is an
admirable composition, and will further increase Mr. Armstrong's
reputation."—Northern Whig (Belfast).

A GARLAND FROM GREECE.

New Edition, price 7s. 6d.

"Mr. Armstrong maintains, and even improves, his position among
the English poets of the day. . . . No writer of the time, except
Mr. Matthew Arnold—and, if we are to take his 'Transcripts' into
account, of course, Mr. Browning—has so thoroughly imbued the
classical spirit,"—Spectator.

"We may confidently recommend the volume to all readers who may
wish to realize so much of physical Greece as a book may convey. The
variety of subjects and treatment is remarkable. But nowhere does
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is under the marked influence of no particular school. His writing
possesses individuality both of thought and expression, and he has at
his command an abundant flow of melodious verse. . . . A very charming
volume,"—Full Moon Gazette.

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Greece from topographical, historical, legendary, political, and other
points of view. As might be expected, the legendary and antique poems
are the best, especially 'Salamis,' a poem which would give more than
one good subject to an artist, and the 'Closing of the Oracle.' All the
book is scholarly and thoroughly readable,"—Academy.

"Mr. Armstrong has drawn enthusiasm from several sources. The
actual scenery of Greece does not seem to impress him with the sense of
desolation which it produces on some spectators. He is enthusiastically
Phil-Hellenic as to the present inhabitants of the country; and he has
the classical sympathies and associations which might be expected from
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turns in his verse."—Athenaeum.

"A delightful book. . . . A large part of the merit of this work lies
in the choice of subjects; but the treatment is very vigorous, and the
'Brigand of Parnassus' and 'The Last Sortie from Messolonghi' are
especially fine. . . . There is one poem which is not of Greek origin,
but has an extraordinary depth of analysis and emotion; it is entitled
'Time the Healer.'"—New York Evening Post.

"Whatever may be the subject dealt with, it is always treated with
delicacy and taste. The reader feels that not only is the local colouring
true, that the places alluded to are accurately as well as picturesquely
described, but that the characters introduced are real flesh and blood,
and not merely lay-figures in a Greek dress. . . . A volume of poetry
which may not only be glanced at, but studied, with pleasure."—
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17

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