Songs, Poems, & Verses

By

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(COUNTESS OF GIFFORD)

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THE IRISH EMIGRANT

I’m sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat, side by side,
That bright May morning long ago
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high,
The red was on your lip, Mary,
The love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark’s loud song is in my ear,
The corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
Your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list’ning for the words
You never more may speak.

’Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The little Church stands near
The Church where we were wed, Mary—
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
My step might break your rest,
Where you, my darling, lie asleep
With your baby on your breast.

I’m very lonely now, Mary,
The poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There’s nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When trust in God had left my soul,
And half my strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow.
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you can’t hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile  
When your heart was fit to break; 
When the hunger pain was gnawing there 
  You hid it for my sake.  
I bless you for the pleasant word  
When your heart was sad and sore. 
Oh! I’m thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can’t reach you more!

I’m bidding you a long farewell,  
My Mary kind and true!  
But I’ll not forget you, darling,  
In the land I’m going to.  
They say there’s bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there;  
But I’ll not forget old Ireland,  
Were it fifty times as fair.

And when amid those grand old woods 
  I sit and shut my eyes, 
My heart will travel back again  
To where my Mary lies;  
I’ll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat, side by side,  
And the springing corn and bright May morn,  
When first you were my bride.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP

“Cead Mille Phailte!” [1]

“A flight of Swallows passed us to-day. Some one said, ‘If those birds had but sense to take news of us home, they’d be the welcome birds in Connaught this day!’ I stood and watched them out of sight, and God knows my heart went with them.’”
—Extract from the letter of an Irish Emigrant.

OH, happy, happy Swallows! the Spring is come again;  
And ye are bound for Summer homes beyond this weary main!  
Fly on! fly on! your Summer nests our roofs may shelter still;  
But the poor turf-fire is out at last, and our hearths are black and chill;  
There is no life; there is no sound; the old man sits no more  
Within the shadow of the thatch, beside the cottage door;
The child has ceased its playing in the shallow brook close by;
No kindly smoke is climbing up the grey and empty sky;
Few eyes shall watch your coming; few and sad our friends remain;
But the “hundred thousand welcomes” shall be said to you again!

For us alone (poor exiles!) those words of kindly cheer
Shall fall no more, in Irish tongue, upon the longing ear!
None wait for us, none welcome us, beyond the moaning wave;
Small space—to labour in and die—is all the exiles crave!
But tell our friends in Ireland that we talk of them by day,
And dream of them the livelong night, and waken up to pray,
In sleep we feel the pressure of the eager, trembling hand,
And hear the fervent accents of that cordial-spoken land;
And we’ll teach them to our children, even on that alien shore,
Where the “hundred thousand welcomes” shall be said to us no more!

O blessed words! the very sound takes back the heart again,
Like a glad bird, a thousand miles across this dreary main!
We hear no more the plashing wave beneath our vessel’s prow;
The dear green fields lie round us (which another labours now!)
The sunny slopes, the little paths that wound from door to door,
So worn by friendly steps which ne’er shall tread those pathways more!
Dear faces, gathered round the hearths; dear voices in our ear;
And neighbour-hands that press our own, and spread their simple cheer;
The scanty meal so hardly earned, yet shared with such good-will;
And the “hundred thousand welcomes” that made it sweeter still!
Is the cabin still left standing? Had the rich man
need of all?
Is the children's birthplace taken now within the new
park wall?
The little field, that was to us such source of hopes
and fears,
An unregarded harvest to the rich man's barn it
bears!
Oh, could he know how much to us that little field
has been;
What heart-warm prayers have hallowed it, what
dismal fears between;
What hopeless toil hath groan'd to God from that
poor plot of ground,
Which held our all of painful life within its narrow
bound;
'Twould seem no common earth to him,—he'd
grieve amidst his store
That the "hundred thousand welcomes" can be said
to us no more!

But tell our friends in Ireland that, in our far-distant
home.
We'll think of them at that glad time, when back the
Swallows come;—
The time for hopeful labour, when the dreary winter's
past,
And you see the long brown furrows are growing
green at last!
And tell our friends we pray them to be patient in
their pain,
The dear God knows our sorrows, and His promise
is not vain!
A little toil,—a little care,—and in a world of bliss
We shall forget the poverty that parted us in this.
How small a thing 'twill seem to us upon that blessed
shore,
Where the "hundred thousand welcomes" shall be
ours for evermore!


THE BAY OF DUBLIN

Oh, Bay of Dublin! how my heart you're troubling
Your beauty haunts me like a fever dream;
Like frozen fountains, that the sun sets bubblin'
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name;
And never till this life's pulsation ceases,
My early, latest thought you'll fail to be,—
Oh! none here knows how very fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.
Sweet Wicklow mountains! the soft sun-light sleepin’
On your green uplands is a picture rare;
You crowd around me, like young maidens peepin’
And puzzlin’ me to say which is most fair,
As tho’ you longed to see your own sweet faces
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea.
My fondest blessin’ on those lovely places,
Tho’ no one cares how dear they are to me.
How often when alone at work I’m sittin’
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my pretty Katie knittin’,
The childer playin’ round the cabin door,
I think I see the neighbours’ kindly faces
All gathered round, their long-lost friend to see;
Though none here knows how very fair that place is,
Heav’n knows how dear my poor home was to me.

TERENCE’S FAREWELL TO KATHLEEN

So, my Kathleen! you’re goin’ to lave me
All alone by myself in this place!
But I’m sure that you’ll never deceave me.
Oh no! if there’s truth in that face!

Tho’ England’s a beautiful country,
Full of illigant boys, och! what then?
You wouldn’t forget your poor Terence,
You’ll come back to ould Ireland again.

Och! them English, deceavers by nature!
Tho’ may be you’d think them sincere,
They’ll say you’re a sweet charmin’ creature,
But don’t you belave them, my dear!

No, Kathleen agrah! don’t be mindin’
The flatterin’ speeches they’ll make;
Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
Is breakin’ his heart for your sake!

It’s a folly to keep you from goin’,
Tho’ faith! it’s a mighty hard case,
For, Kathleen, you know there’s no knowin’
When next I may see your sweet face!

And when you come back to me, Kathleen!
None the better shall I be off then;
You’ll be spakin’ sich beautiful English,
Sure I won’t know my Kathleen agen!

Eh now! where’s the need of this hurry!
Don’t fluster me so in this way!
I’ve forgot, ’twixt the grief and the flurry,
Every word I was manin’ to say!
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye!
Can I talk if you bother me so?
Och, Kathleen! my blessin’ go wid ye,
Every inch of the way that you go!

KATEY’S LETTER

Och, girls, did you ever hear,
I wrote my love a letter,
And altho’ he cannot read,
I thought ‘twas all the better.
For why should he be puzzled
With spellin’ in the matter,
When the manin’ was so plain
I loved him faithfully,
   And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it,
And put a seal upon it,
It was a seal almost as big
As the crown of my best bonnet;
For I wouldn’t have the postman
Make his remarks upon it,
As I’d said inside the letter
I loved him faithfully.
   And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote
I dared not put the half in,
For the neighbours know I love him,
And they’re mighty fond of chaffin’,
So I dare not write his name outside,
For fear they would be laughin’,
But wrote, “From little Kate to one
Whom she loves faithfully,”
   And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
Without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it
That postman so conceited,
No answer will he bring me,
So long as I have waited?
But maybe—there mayn’t be one,
Because—as I have stated—
My love can neither read nor write,
But he loves me faithfully,
   And I know, where’er my love is,
That he is true to me.
SWEET KILKENNY TOWN

I was workin’ in the fields near fair Boston city,
Thinkin’ sadly of Kilkenny—and a girl that’s there,
When a friend came and tould me—late enough—and more’s the pity!

“There’s a letter waitin’ for ye, in the postman’s care!”

Oh! my heart was in my mouth all the while that he was spakin’,
For I knew it was from Katey! she’s the girl that can spell!
And I couldn’t speak for cryin’, for my heart had nigh been breakin’,
With longin’ for a word from the girl I love so well.

Oh! I knew it was from Katey. Who could it be but Katey?
The poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kilkenny Town.

Oh! ’twas soon I reached the place, and I thanked them for the trouble.
They wor takin’ with my letter, a-sortin’ with such care;
And they asked “Was it a single?” and I tould them ’twas a double!
For wasn’t it worth twice as much as any letter there?

Then they sorted and they searched, but somethin’ seemed the matter;
And my heart it stopped beatin’ when I thought what it might be:
Och! boys, would you believe it? they had gone and lost my letter,
My poor Katey’s letter that had come so far to me.

For I knew it was from Katey. Who could it be but Katey?
The poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kilkenny Town.

I trimbled like an aspen, but I said, “’Tis fun you’re makin’
Of the poor foolish Paddy that’s so aisy to craze;
Och, gentlemen, then look again, maybe you wor mistaken,
For letters, as you know, boys, are as like as pase!”

Then they bade me search myself when they saw my deep dejection,
But, och! who could be searching when the tears blind the sight?
Moreover (as I tould them) I’d another strong objection,
In regard to never learnin’ to read nor to write.
For I wasn’t cute like Katey, my own darling Katey,
    The poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kilkenny Town.

Then they laughed in my face, and they asked me (tho’ in kindness),
    What good would letters do me that I couldn’t understand?
And I answered, “Were they cursed with deafness and with blindness,
    Would they care less for the clasp of a dear loved hand?”

Oh! the folks that read and write (though they’re so mighty clever).
    See nothin’ but the words, and they’re soon read through;
But Katey’s unread letter would be spakin’ to me ever
    Of the dear love that she bears me, for it shows she is true!

Oh! well I know my Katey, my own darling Katey,
    The poor girl that loves me well, in sweet Kilkenny Town.

Songs, poems, & verses (1894)
Author: Dufferin and Clandeboye, Helen Selina Blackwood, Baroness, 1807-1867; Dufferin and Ava, Frederick Temple Blackwood, Marquis of, 1826-1902
Subject: Sheridan family
Publisher: London J. Murray
Language: English
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Book contributor: Robarts — University of Toronto
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http://www.archive.org/details/songspoemsverses00duffuoft

Yet with all the glamor of romance that Synge and others have cast over these islands, the people who have come to America express no desire to return permanently to their fatherland. “I’d like to be going back and seeing the old lady, and the islands, too, especially after reading this book. But I’m thinking two or three weeks would be enough, unless I was a rich man, and then maybe I’d like to stay for a year.”

The Aran Islands (1911)
Author: Synge, J. M. (John Millington), 1871-1909
Subject: Synge, J. M. (John Millington), 1871-1909
Publisher: Boston, J. W. Luce & company
Language: English
Digitizing sponsor: Sloan Foundation
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http://www.archive.org/details/aranislands00syng

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January 3 2012
Poem 123. Laundromat songs**. "How long shall they **** our prophets as we stand aside and look?â€ ¨â€¨ Bob Marley. Saturday morning, the scene's the same round and round suds and foam, round and round energetic flashes of life play, giggle and roam. "Can I have a quarter to play video games?Â This is a poem I wrote a while ago. I thought it was a different kind of Valentine's Day card. I hope you enjoy. The music is Bob Marley's "Redemption Songs" https://youtu.be/QrY9eHkXTa4. Continue reading Sep 12, 2019 - Explore Rachael Sturgis's board "Songs, Poems and Verses" on Pinterest. See more ideas about me quotes, words, words of wisdom.Â Â Throw Some Glitter In The Air. This song reminds me of my dad! He loves train! I miss you more and more as each day goes by dad! Songs Poems - Popular examples of all types of songs poetry to share and read. View a list of new poems for SONGS by modern poets.Â Â Songs Poems - Poems about Songs. Songs Poems - Examples of all types of poems about songs to share and read. This list of new poems is composed of the works of modern poets of PoetrySoup. Read short, long, best, and famous examples for songs. Search Songs Poems: Exact Phrase Any Word All Words. New Poems. HIGH SUMMER. Song Poems from famous poets and best beautiful poems to feel good. Best song poems poems ever written. Read all poems about song poems.Â Â Best song poems ever written. Read all poems about song. April Rain Song. Autoplay Next Video. Let the rain kiss you Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops Let the rain sing you a lullaby The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk The rain makes running pools in the gutter The rain plays a little sleep song on our roof at night And I love the rain. Langston Hughes.