

Saints of Gold Summer!

Saints of the Year!

(Poesy wingeth me! Fancy far bringeth me!)

Guide ye me on to Mary's Sweet Son!

Saints of Gold Summer!

Saints of the Year!

Saints of Red Autumn!

Saints of the Year!

Lo! I am cheery! Michil and Mary

Open wide heaven to my soul bereaven!

Saints of Red Autumn!

Saints of the Year!

Saints of Gray Winter!

Saints of the Year!

Outside God's Palace fiends wait in malice—

Let them not win my soul going in!

Saints of Gray Winter!

Saints of the Year!

Saints of Four Seasons!

Saints of the Year!

Waking or sleeping, to my grave creeping,

Life in its Night, hold me God's light!

Saints of Four Seasons!

Saints of the Year.

—Translated by P. J. McCall, from "*The Poem Book of the Gael*,"
by Eleanor Hull.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine.

—Thomas Carlyle.