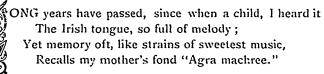
IRISH LOVE-WORDS.



When pain or grief oppressed me, how caressing, Her soft "Alanna"; as she stroked my hair; What other tongue hath term of fond endearment, That can with these in tenderness compare?

Acushla! sure the hurt were past all healing.

That was not soothed when that fond term was heard;
Asthore! the pulses of my heart, receding,

Would thrill responsive to that loving word.

Mavourneen! time and place and distance vanish;
A child once more beside my mother's knee,
I hear her gently calling me, "Mavourneen"!
And in her eyes the tender love-light see.

What matter whether dark my hair, or golden,
She greeted me her "colleen bawn" most fair,
To other eyes I might be all unlovely;
I was her "colleen dhas" beyond compare.

Long years have passed, alas, since last I heard it, That sweetest music to my listening ear, My mother's voice, perchance, when life is ended, "Cead mille Failthe!" once again I'll hear,

> CATHARINE HIGGINS, In The Gael.