

IRISH LOVE-WORDS.



LONG years have passed, since when a child, I heard it
 The Irish tongue, so full of melody ;
 Yet memory oft, like strains of sweetest music,
 Recalls my mother's fond "Agra machree."

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 m'ille Failthe!" once again I'll hear,

CATHARINE HIGGINS,

In The Gael.