

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

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## BACK TO IRELAND.\*

BY SAMUEL H. PYE.

### I.

Oh, tell me, will I ever get to Ireland again,  
*Achray*—from the far Northwest?  
Have we given all the rainbows an' green  
woods an' rain  
For the suns an' the snows o' the West?

“Them that goes to Ireland must thavel  
night an' day,  
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail  
across the say;  
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the  
world away—  
An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the  
West.  
Set your face for Ireland,  
Kiss your friends in Ireland,  
But lave your heart behind you in the  
West.”

On a fine an' shiny mornin' the ship she  
comes to land,  
Early, oh, early in the mornin'.  
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to  
the strand  
Whisperin' “Ye're welcome in the morn-  
in'.”

There's darkness on the holy hills I know  
are close aroun',  
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the  
stars are shinin' down;  
They make a golden cross above, they make  
a golden crown,  
An' meself could tell ye why—in the mornin'.  
Sure and this is Ireland,  
Thank God for Ireland!  
I'm comin' back to Ireland in the mornin'.

—*Moirá O'Neill.*



HOW strangely our impressions of places and races are formed in early youth! Among my earliest readings Tom Moore's poems had a prominent part, and my impressions of Ireland and the Irish people were largely based on the characteristics portrayed by this delightful but some-

what erratic poet. There is beneath the surface of most of his writings, however light and frivolous, a tone of sadness and disappointment that leaves one in doubt

as to the exuberance of spirits so often claimed for these people. That the light-heartedness was assumed and unnatural is clearly shown in Moore's own lines:

Oh! think not my spirits are always as  
light,  
And as free from a pang, as they seem to  
you now;  
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of  
to-night  
Will return with to-morrow, to brighten  
my brow,  
No; life is a waste of wearisome hours,  
That seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;  
And the heart that is soonest awake to the  
flowers,  
Is always the first to be touched by the  
thorns.

The fresh and irresistible wit, the devil-may-care manner, and the readiness to mix up in a “free-for-all” are not always indicative of a mind at peace with itself or content with its surroundings. Kipling

\* By courtesy of The American Illustrated Methodist Magazine. See Editorial Note.