

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1902.

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.