## "My Dark Rosaleen"

'O, my dark Rosaleen, do not sign, so not weep, The priests are on the ocean, they roll along the deep. There's wine from the good Pope, To bring us joy, To bring us hope My dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope, Shall give you health, and help, and hope, My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales Have I roamed for your sake; All yesterday I sailed with sails On river and on lake. The Erne at its highest flood I dashed across unseen, For there was lightning in my blood, My Dark Rosaleen! Oh! there was lightning in my blood, Red lightning lightened in my blood, My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long with unrest To and fro do I move, The very soul within my breast Is wasted for you, love! The heart in my bosom faints To think of you, my Queen, My life of life, my saint of saints, My Dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! To hear your sweet and sad complaints, My life, my love, my saint of saints, My Dark Rosaleen! Woe and pain, pain and woe, Are my lot night and noon, To see your bright face clouded so, Like to the mournful moon. But yet will I rear your throne Again in golden sheen; 'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone, My Dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen!

'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone, My Dark Rosaleen!
Over dews, over sands
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!

You'll think of me through Daylight's hours, My virgin flower, my flower of flowers, My Dark Rosaleen! I could scale the blue air, I could plough the high hills, Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer, To heal your many ills! And one beamy smile from you Would float like light between My toils and me, my own, my true, My Dark Rosaleen! My fond Rosaleen!

Would give me life and soul anew, A second life, a soul anew, My Dark Rosaleen! O! the Erne shall run red With redundance of blood, The earth shall rock beneath our tread, And flames wrap hill and wood, And gun-peal, and slogan cry, Wake many a glen serene, Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die, My Dark Rosaleen! My own Rosaleen! The judgement Hour must first be nigh, Ere you can fade, ere you can die, My Dark Rosaleen!'

## "O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire"

Where is my chief, my master, this bleak night mavrone? O cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh! Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet pierceth one thro' and thro', Pierceth one to the very bone. Rolls real thunder? Or was that red vivid light Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight dim The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that persecutes him, Nothing hath crueller venomy might. An awful, a tremendous night is this, meseems! The flood-gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been burst wide; Down from the overcharged clouds, like to headlong ocean's tide, Descends grey rain in roaring streams. Tho' he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods. Tho' he were even a pleasant salmon in the unchainable sea, Tho' he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he, This sharp sore sleet, these howling floods. O mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire! Darkly as in a dream he strays. Before him and behind Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind. The wounding wind that burns as fire. It is my bitter grief, it cuts me to the heart That in the country of Clan Barry this should be his fate! O woe is me, where is he? Wandering, houseless, desolate, Alone, without or guide or chart! Medreams I see just now his face, the strawberrybright, Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous winds Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet-shower blinds The hero of Galang to-night! Large, large affliction unto me and mine it is That one of his majestic bearing, his fair stately form,

Should thus be tortured and o'erborne; that this unsparing storm Should wreak its wrath on head like his! That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed, Should this chill churlish night, perchance, be paralysed by frost; While through some icicle-hung thicket, as one lorn and lost, He walks and wanders without rest. The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead, It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds; The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in icy bonds. So that the cattle cannot feed. The pale-bright margins of the streams are seen by none; Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every side; It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings far and wide; Water and land are blent in one. Through some dark woods, 'mid bones of monsters, Hugh now strays, As he confronts the storm with anguished heart, but manly brow, O what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his, were now A backward glance at peaceful days! But other thoughts are his, thoughts that can still inspire With joy and onward-bounding hope the bosom of MacNee; Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the sea, Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire! And tho' frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes, And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble fine fair fingers o'er, A warm dress is to him that lightening-garb he ever wore, The lightening of his soul, not skies. Avran. Hugh marched forth to fight: I grieved to see him so depart. And lo! to-night he wanders frozen, rain-drenched sad betrayed; But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand hath laid

In ashes, warms the hero's heart!

<u>Note</u>: Eochadh O'Hosey or Hussey was bard of the Maguires of Fermanagh. The campaign of Hugh Maguire, celebrated in this poem, was undertaken in 1599-1600 into Munster.