

**NEW SONGS. A LYRIC
SELECTION MADE BY A.E.
FROM POEMS BY PADRAIC
COLUM, AND OTHERS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649759767

New songs. A lyric selection made by A.E. From poems by Padraic Colum, and others by George William Russell

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GEORGE WILLIAM RUSSELL

**NEW SONGS. A LYRIC
SELECTION MADE BY A.E.
FROM POEMS BY PADRAIC
COLUM, AND OTHERS**



DRAWN BY JACK B. YEATS

THE PLOUGHER.

~~1903~~

NEW SONGS. A LYRIC SELECTION
MADE BY "A. E." FROM POEMS BY
PADRAIC COLUM, EVA GORE-BOOTH,
THOMAS KEOHLER, ALICE MILLIGAN,
SUSAN MITCHELL, SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN,
GEORGE ROBERTS, AND ELLA YOUNG.

187612
20/2/24

DUBLIN: O'DONOGHUE & CO.,
31 SOUTH ANNE ST.
LONDON: A. H. BULLEN,
47 GREAT RUSSELL ST.
PRICE, ONE AND SIXPENCE, NET.

1904.

Dublin, December, 1903.

The verses gathered here have been chosen from poems which appeared in *The United Irishman* and *The Celtic Christmas*, and more largely from manuscripts entrusted to me by writers too shy to venture on even the momentary publicity of a weekly paper. I have thought these verses deserved a better fate than to be read by one or two, not only on account of the beauty of much of the poetry, but because it revealed a new mood in Irish verse. There is no sign that the tradition created by the poets of *The Nation* which had inspired so many young poets in Ireland has influenced the writers represented here. Miss Alice Milligan has indeed written memorable verses, I think the best patriotic poetry written in Ireland in my time; but, as these are to be issued shortly in a separate volume, I have chosen to represent her here by verses no less Irish in spirit and more in accord with my purpose which was to show some of the new ways the wind of poetry listeth to blow in Ireland to-day. There may be traces here and there of the influence of other Irish poets, but there is no mere echoing of greater voices, while some of the writers have a marked originality of their own. I have hardly ever performed any task with greater pleasure than the editing of these verses. I believe the little book will give some of the same pleasure to others, and that among these new writers are names which may well be famous hereafter.

A. E.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A PORTRAIT	9
A SONG OF FREEDOM	10
THE WAVES OF BREFFNY	11
THE HOUSE OF LOVE	12
THE DEVOTEE	14
THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE	15
THE PLOUGHER	16
FROM EAST TO WEST	17
A NOCTURNE	18
LOVE'S MENDICANT	20
THE CALL	21
THE SORROW OF LOVE	22
THE REVOLT AGAINST ART	23
APOLOGY	24
THE LIVING CHALICE	25
REMEMBRANCE	26
DECTERA OF THE DUN	27
THE LONELY	29
A DREAM OF TIR-NAN-OGE	30
EARTH AND THE INFINITE	32
AMERGIN	33
DREAM AND SHADOW	34
THE SHADOWS	35
THE VIRGIN MOTHER	36
FROM THE PEAKS	37
THE WHITE WAVE FOLLOWING	38
THE PRISONER OF LOVE	40
HOMELESS	41
A DROVER	42
TWILIGHT	44
AUTUMN	45
THE GREY DUSK	46
THE SUMMONS	47
THE BELLS	48
TO MAEVE	49
THE STAR OF KNOWLEDGE	50
THE HOUSE OF THE APPLE TREES	51
THE ARMY OF THE VOICE	54
GRASS OF PARNASSUS	55
THE SPIRIT OF SONG	56

A PORTRAIT.

(A poor scholar in the "Forties").

My eyelids red and heavy are
With bending o'er the smouldering peat ;
The Æneid now I know by heart :
I have read it in cold and heat
In loneliness and hunger-smart.
And I know Homer too, I ween,
As Munster poets know Oisín.

And I must walk this road that winds
'Twi'x bog and bog, while east there lies
A city with its men and books
With treasures open for the wise,
Heart-words from equals, comrade-looks.
Down here they have but tale and song.
They talk Repeal the whole night long.

" You teach Greek verbs and Latin nouns,
The dreamer of Young Ireland said,
" And do not hear the muffled call,
The sword being forged, the far off tread
Of host to meet as Gael and Gall.
What good to us your wisdom store,
Your Latin verse, your Grecian lore ?"

And what to me is Gael and Gall ?
Less, ah far less than Latin, Greek.
I teach these by the dim rush-light,
In smoky cabins, night and week.
But what avail my teaching slight ?
Years hence in rustic speech, a phrase,
As in wild earth a Grecian vase.

PADRAIC COLUM.