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Fireside Songs

Irish Fireside Songs by P. J. McCall

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REVIEWS

FIRESIDE SONGS

Irish Fireside Songs, by P. J. McCall. Dublin: M. H. Gill. 2s. 6d.

Mr. McCall is just the poet to restore words to the tunes in the Petrie and Joyce collections. The lilt of the Irish folk-song is in his blood, and he can make us songs that look as if they had travelled the roads and the years—songs like “The Palatine’s Daughter” and “As I walked the Road to Sligo.” “An Irish Burns”—the description fits Mr. McCall better than it fits any other Irish poet. “Irish Fireside Songs” make an ample collection. Besides the songs written for traditional tunes there are historical ballads and translations from the Gaelic. Amongst the translations the most racy to our mind are the pieces from “Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition”—the fine wrestling dialogue, “Glede of the Desert,” and the delightful “Beauty of the World.” “Irish Fireside Songs” deserves a real popularity, for it has much to say to the heart of that Ireland that keeps its memory.

A GUIDE TO BOOKS ON IRELAND

A Guide to Books on Ireland, by the Rev. S. J. Brown, S.J. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis and Co. 6s.

The present is the first volume of what promises to be a most useful catalogue of books on Ireland. The author hopes to complete his task in three compact volumes. Volume II. will contain the following sections: Biography (including autobiography, memoirs and family history), Tours and “State of Ireland (chronologically arranged), and books relating to religion in Ireland; and Volume III. will contain everything outside their sections and outside the subjects treated in the present volume—Prose literature, poetry, music, and plays. Volume I. is an interesting and most useful book. The section relating to drama has the most living interest. It has been been thoroughly done by one of Father Brown’s collaborators, Mr. Joseph Holloway.

The April number of “The Poetry Review” deals with “Modern English Poetry.” It is not made less interesting by the fact that the existence of its subject matter is, strictly speaking, problematical. Of the writers who are treated under the heading “Six Living Poets,” John Masefield is not a poet, Robert Bridges and T. Sturge Moore are not, and never were, living, William Watson and Rudyard Kipling have lived only when galvanised, while Mr. Yeats is not an English poet. Is “Modern English Poetry,” then, to be represented