

## All Ireland Review

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The Voice of the Waters

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and harpers, his jugglers and chanters of tales, he gave an equipment in like manner. He urged them all to make careful preparation for the feast, and to wrong not the Firbolgs before the great Queen and the gracious Princess Fionavar, of the delicate eyebrows. She was the youngest child of Aileel and Meave, having three sisters and seven brothers. To Aileel there were born other children also, whom his concubines bore to him amongst the Olnemacta.

Meantime, Æd Shievra bore water from without the camp, and filled the hero's keeve, and he himself. Fardia, the son of Daman, bathed his mighty limbs, pouring many times the cold water over his head, and he stood forth out of the bath while the steam ascended from his sides. Then, carefully choosing it, he put around him a lena of fine linen, three-fold, and it descended to his knotted knees, with loose collar, and stripes, white, scarlet, and purple, running from the waist to the hem. Then he combed his yellow hair, lustrous like a sheaf of gold thread in the house of a kerd, falling in dense curls on his great shoulders. He who next touched that hair was Cuculain, raising tress after yellow tress, while the hot tears fell. But he, Fardia, exulting, put upon him an inar, also linen, dyed saffron, with loose sleeves, slashed with silver and lined with fine, soft white skin brought from over-seas by the merchant. From beneath the inar he drew forth the collar of the lena, decorated with gold thread and crimson, and it surrounded his neck and shoulders, and with many gold clasps he fastened the inar in front, and at the throat he closed it to him with a fibula of gold, six ounces in weight. After that he took a belt made of innumerable little silver rings linked together, a span was its breadth, and in front where the ends joined there was the likeness of two serpents interlaced. This he himself had brought back from Espan, receiving it as a ransom, having taken prisoner a stripling, son of a noble African. This he clasped around his waist, confining the loose inar which descended not below his hips, covering the upper ends of the variegated stripes of the lena. Then upon his shining feet he bound his sandals, lined with soft doe-skin, winding over ankle and instep the pliant strap, and he turned down the ends carefully under the loop. Into its place in the belt he passed his colg, gold handled, a cubit in length, such as men wore then, and gems glittered in the gold. Last of all, over his ample shoulders he flung his vast bratta, of crimson silk, bright as the clouds of sunrise, glittering with strange hues that came and went, and secured it with a great brooch of gold, round as a wheel, to glitter upon his breast. The long delg of it traversed the folds of the gorgeous fuan.

(To be continued).

#### ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

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#### THE VOICE OF THE WATERS.

Where the Greyhound river windeth through a loneliness so deep,  
Scarce a wildfowl breaks the quiet that the purple boglands keep;  
Only God exults in silence over fields no man may reap.

Where the silver wave with sweetness fed the tiny lives of grass  
I was bent above, my image mirrored in the fleeting glass,  
And a voice from out the waters through my being seemed to pass.

"Still above the waters brooding, spirit, in thy timeless quest!  
Was the glory of thy image trembling over east and west,  
Not divine enough when mirrored in the morning water's breast?"

With the sighing voice that murmured I was borne to ages dim;  
Ere the void was lit with beauty breathed upon by seraphim—  
Thou and I were there together folded in the peace in Him.

One to be the master spirit, one to be the slave awake;  
One to shape itself obedient to the fiery word we spoke:  
Flame and flood and stars and mountains from the primal waters broke.

I was huddled in the heather when the vision failed its light,  
Still and blue and vast above me towered aloft the solemn height,  
Where the stars like dewdrops glistened on the mountain slopes of night.

A. E.

#### S O N G.

Sorrow brought us love,  
Life, and life's fruition.  
Gained is all to gain;  
What the acquisition?  
Ache of heart and head,  
Fear of loss to-morrow.  
Sorrow brought us love:  
Love has brought us sorrow.

Love has brought us sorrow—  
Must, then, love be going?  
Nay, we clasp and kiss,  
Tear for tear bestowing.  
Sweet, look up, a light  
Cleaves the cloud above.  
Love may bring us sorrow:  
Sorrow brings us love.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

#### "THE OPEN WINDOW."

"The Open window," which seems to be a hardy annual, is printed in Newry, and is an excellent guide-book to that neighbourhood and the north-east of Ireland generally. The Editor and Proprietor is Emilie Nelson Cordner-Pilkington, who in spite of his Christian name appears to be a man, and also a man of spirit and enterprise.

#### TO A.L.

I thought your verses about Count Dillon an imitation of Browning. And so you have fallen in love with Cuculain, and quite right too. Do you know that he is not dead at all. He is awake and alive to-day. He is the genius of the land and race, immortal and unconquerable. Am printing your verses.

#### BITS OF IRELAND.

Spent this day, June 1, 1900, whipping the Nore for trout. River all right; a grand river; one of the noblest in all Ireland, but trout all wrong, or a great deal too wise and sagacious for the anglers. The day, however, was sunny and bright, extremely so, and therefore I would advise my friends not to lose, for that reason, any faith that they may repose in the Nore. I love all our Irish rivers, streams, and streamlets, and am sorry not to be able to give a better account of the Nore

#### BACK NUMBERS.

N.B.—Back numbers are still procurable by writing to the Editor.