Alfred Perceval Graves (1846-1931)

3 The Song of the Ghost

When all were dreaming but Pastheen Power,
A light came streaming beneath her bower,
A heavy foot at her door delayed,
A heavy hand on the latch was laid.

"Now who dare venture at this dark hour,
Unbid to enter my maiden bower?"
"Dear Pastheen, open the door to me,
And your true lover you'll surely see."

"My own true lover, so tall and brave,
Lives exiled over the angry wave."
"Your true love's body lies on the bier,
His faithful spirit is with you here."

"His look was cheerful, his voice was gay;
Your speech is fearful, your face is grey;
And sad and sunken your eye of blue,
But Patrick, Patrick, alas! 'tis you."

Ere dawn was breaking she heard below
The two cocks shaking their wings to crow.
"O hush you, hush you, both red and grey,
Or you will hurry my love away."

O hush your crowing, both grey and red,
Or he'll be going to join the dead;
O cease from calling his ghost to mould,
And I'll come crowning your combs with gold."

When all were dreaming but Pastheen Power,
A light went streaming from out her bower,
And on the morrow when they awoke,
They knew that sorrow her heart had broke.

1893

(From *Irish Songs and Ballads*. London, 1893)