

John M. Synge (1871-1909)

3 *Patch-Shaneen*

Shaneen and Maurya Prendergast  
Lived west in Carnareagh,  
And they'd a cur-dog, cabbage plot,  
A goat, and cock of hay.

He was five foot one or two, 5  
Herself was four foot ten,  
And he went travelling asking meal  
Above through Caragh Glen.

She'd pick her bag of carrageen  
Or perries through the surf, 10  
Or loan an ass of Foxy Jim  
To fetch her creel of turf.

Till on one windy Samhain night,  
When there's stir among the dead,  
He found her perished, stiff and stark, 15  
Beside him in the bed.

And now when Shaneen travels far  
From Droum to Ballyhyre  
The women lay him sacks or straw,  
Beside the seed of fire. 20

And when the grey cocks crow and flap,  
And winds are in the sky,  
"Oh, Maurya, Maurya, are you dead?"  
You'll hear Patch-Shaneen cry.

*1907*

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