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Unpublished.

This is a translation of a poem by
Dermot O'Connor. It appears again
in one of Borrow's MSS. in
Ireland.

H.W.

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Full melancholy is this little book
A day shall come when ever its page I open
Some gentle heart will drop the following tear
When cold and lifeless is the hand of him
Who bro'd the tale so interest and move
Whoever would a certain judgment form
Without a shade of partiality
Must view the object which he fair would judge
And ever let the practice win his praise
Of spotless honor and integrity:
The woman who observes the man who's torn
Her virgin heart to follow virtues way
And both high born men and noble dames

Over rejoicing in this company
Should she put him her gentle hand
Will never have cause to stop she looks to me
Should she on him her precious hand bestow
Will never have cause to rue her doing so.

Full melancholy is this little book
A day shall come when 'oer its page I ween
Some gentle heart will drop the pitying tear
When cold and lifeless is the hand of him
Who trac'd the tale to interest and move
Whoever would a certain judgment form
Without a shade of partiality
Must view the object which he fain would judge
And ever let the practice win his praise
Of spotless honour and integrity.
The woman who observes the man who's won
Her virgin heart to follow virtue's way
And seeth high born men and noble dames
Ever rejoicing in his company
(Should she on him her gentle hand bestow
Will ne'er have cause the step she took to rue)
Should she on him her precious hand bestow
Will ne'er have cause to rue her doing so.