

August 2019

Light of Other Days

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Light of Other Days" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 764.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/764

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Rory O'More.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn.
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn,
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
 Now Rory be aisy, sweet Kathleen would cry,
 (Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.)
 With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm about,
 Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out.
 Oh, jewel, says Rory, that same is the way
 You've threatened my heart for this many a day,
 And 'tis glad that I am, and why not to be sure,
 For 'tis all for good luck, says bold Rory O'More.
 Indeed then, says Kathleen, don't think of the like,
 For I gave a promise to soothing Mike,
 The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound,
 Faith, says Rory, I'd rather love you than the ground.
 Now Rory I'll cry out if you don't let me go,
 Sure I'm dreaming each night that I'm hating you so,
 Oh, says Rory, that same I'm delighted to hear,
 For dreams always go by contraries, my dear;
 Oh, jewel keep dreaming that same till you die,
 And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie,
 And 'tis pleased that I am, and why not to be sure,
 Since 'tis all for good luck, says bold Rory O'More
 Arrah Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
 And I've thrash'd for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff,
 I've made myself drinking your health quite a baste,
 So I think after that I may talk to the Praist
 Then Rory the rogue stole his arm round her neck, [or speck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle

And he look'd in her eyes that were beaming with light,
 And kiss'd her sweet lips—don't you think he was right.
 Now Rory, leave off sir, you'll hug me no more,
 That's eight times to day that you've kiss'd me before, [make sure,
 Then here goes another, says he, to
 For there's luck in odd numbers says Rory O'More.

Young Kate left her daddy and mam in the lurch, [to the church.
 And off with young Rory she trudg'd
 When tied and made one he cried out with such joy,
 Arrah Kate, wont we have a most beautiful boy.
 O Rory, she cried, you're so full of your fun,
 Since the first time I saw you poor Kate was undone,
 Botheration, cried Rory, what comes in your head,
 Sure you can't be undone till we're both sung in bed.
 Then Rory come here now, and kiss me again,
 I will faith, says Rory, and that makes up ten, I'm sure,
 I'll kiss you and hug you till morning
 Since 'tis all for good luck says bold Rory O'More.

The Soldier's Tear.

Upon the hill he turn'd to take a last fond look
 Of the valley and the village church and the cottage by the brook;
 He listened to the sound so familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier leant upon his sword and wiped away a tear.
 Beside that cottage porch, a girl bent on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf, which flutter'd in the breeze;
 She breathed a fervent prayer, the soldier could not hear,
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped away a tear.
 He turned and left the spot—oh do not deem him weak,
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart though tears were on his cheek;
 Go watch the foremost ranks in danger's dark career,
 Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a tear.

Light of other Days

The light of other days is faded,
 And all their glories past,
 For grief, with heavy wing, hath shaded
 The hopes, too bright to last!
 The world, which morning's mantle clouded,
 Shines forth with purer rays;
 But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,
 The light of other days!
 The leaves which Autumn tempests wither,
 The birds which then take wing,
 When winter's winds are past come hither,
 To welcome back the spring:
 The very Ivy on the ruin,
 In gloom full life displays,
 But the heart alone sees no renewing
 The light of other days!

Isle of Beauty.

Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
 Leave our lonely bark awile;
 Morn, alas! will not restore us,
 Yonder dim and distant isle;
 Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell,
 Darker shadows round us hover,
 Isle of Beauty, Fare thee well!
 'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light;
 Who will fill our vacant places?
 Who will sing our songs to night?
 Thro' the mist that floats above us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,—
 Like a voice from those that love us,
 Breathing fondly, "Fare thee well!" [ing
 When the waves are round me break—
 As I pace the deck alone;
 And my eye in vain is seeking,
 Some green leaf to rest upon.
 What would I not give to wander,
 Where my old companions dwell!
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder
 Isle of Beauty. Fare thee well!