

The Green Sheaf.



THE HILL OF HEART'S DESIRE.

*Translated by Lady Gregory from the Irish of Raferty, a Peasant Poet
of seventy years ago.*

AFTER the Christmas, with the help of Christ, I will never stop if I am alive, I will go to the sharp-edged little hill. For it is a fine place, without fog falling, a blessed place that the sun shines on, and the wind does not rise there, or anything of the sort.

And if you were a year there you would get no rest, only sitting up at night and eternally drinking.

The lamb and the sheep are there, the cow and the calf are there, fine land is there without heath and without bog. Ploughing and seed-sowing in the right month, and plough and harrow prepared and ready ; the rent that is called for there, they have means to pay it ; oats and flax there, and large eared barley ; beautiful valleys with good growth in them, and hay. Rods grow there, and bushes and tufts, white fields are there and respect for trees ; shade and shelter from wind and rain ; priests and friars reading their book ; spending and getting is there, and nothing scarce.