

Against Blame of Women

Speak not ill of womankind,
'Tis no wisdom if you do
You that fault in women find,
I would not be praised of you.

Sweetly speaking, witty, clear,
Tribe most lovely to my mind,
Blame of such I hate to hear.
Speak not ill of womankind.

Bloody treason, murderous act,
Not by women were designed,
Bells o'erthrown nor churches sacked.
Speak not ill of womankind.

Bishop, King upon his throne,
Primate skilled to loose and bind,
Sprung of women every one!
Speak not ill of womankind.

Paunchy greybeards never more
Hope to please a woman's mind.
Poor young chieftains they adore!
Speak not ill of womankind

I Am Eve

I am Eve, great Adam's wife;
it is I that outraged Jesus of old;
it is I that stole Heaven from my children;
by rights it is I that should have gone upon the Tree.

I had a kingly house at my command;
grievous the evil choice that disgraced me;
grievous the chastisement of crime that has withered me:
alas! my hand is not clean.

It is I that plucked the apple;
it overcame the control of my greed;
for that, women will not cease from folly
as long as they live in the light of day.

There would be no ice in any place;
there would be no glistening windy winter;
there would be no hell; there would be no sorrow;
there would be no fear, were it not for me.

No Truth in Men

The love of men is love untrue,
Altho' their words be kind.
Poor women will men's pleasure do,
But who can know their mind?

Trust not their secret whispered low,
Their handclasp or their kiss.
Oh! I have loved them, and I know
What peril is in this.

Trust ne'er a man, again I say,
For true men there are none.
The tale I heard since yesterday,
Ah God! hath me undone.

They'll give you gold and silver too,
They'll give you wealth and gear.
They'll pledge their souls to marry you,
Till morning do appear.

The love of men is all a lie, —
You often heard the same, —
And many a maid has done as I.
Ochone,* are we to blame?

*Alas

A Long Way From the House

A long way from the house
I would know you by your walk
And the set of your hat
On your head,
Once your kisses were honey
In the morning, mourning you
Will soon cause my death.

I go out to the back of
The house every day
To search for a trace
Of you coming
While they're digging for me
A long narrow grave
Where the green grass and nettles
Through my heart will be growing.

O, my love with eyes greener
Than fresh growing reeds
My grieving would not cease
If I heard of your fate,
Gather together on one hill
All the young men of Ireland
Your hand is the one I would take.