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FEACH AIR MUIR LIONADHI
GEALACH BUIDHE MAR OR

Robert E. Howard

Mananan Mac Lir
The son of the sea
Is sib unto me
At the break of the year

In the white autumn tides
The ghost drums call
When the midnights fall
And a ghost ship rides
Where the green waves crawl

I break the loam
By a Kerry hill—
They beckon me still
Through the purple gloam;
Strange eyes in the foam.

The sea-wind chills
The crumbling stones,
And a ghost harp moans
In the shadowy hills.
But a white sail fills
And a sweep-head drones

The great white oars
They gleam and bend
And the west wind roars
From the blue world's end
They call like a friend
Forgotten shores.

A shadowy white
Mist of starlight
Swirls about me;
I am drawn in the night
To the roads of the sea.