

ON THE IRISH DANCE

It is a mystery I once was told
Why the bards of ancient Ireland
Who saved us all that Erin had of old
Never once described the Irish dance.
It isn't hard for me to understand
Why the poets never had a chance
To describe such things as these before.
If I know aught about a bard at all
He'd play the music...or be dancing in the fore.

In the field of sunshine long ago
The flowering of Irish dance was sown.
What age that was, today, we do not know.
The field in which it grew itself is gone.
But the seed to far-off land has blown,
And there the flower's beauty lingers on.
In the heart of travelers it has clung
And so, the form of movement that is old
Is preserved within the figure of the young.

-- Raymond Clark