

# Manx Notes 394 (2019)

T.E. BROWN  
ATTENDONS!  
(1896)

ATTENDONS!

Where art thou? Long delayed, yet long expected!  
Is't that in thy wayward journey hither  
Thou loiterest, playing with Aurora's wing,  
That wakes the day—in sweet affinity,  
Skipping and tripping, but keeping back the dawn?  
Where wilt thou burst upon our aching eyesight?  
Oh! Kerruish, Cregeen, Clague, Mylchreest, or Gawne!  
Shall Ronague claim thee? Baldwin or Baldrine?  
Or Port-le-Murray in the breezy south?  
Or Dalby basking 'neath the sun's last rays?  
Shall Jurby nurture your infantile days?  
Speak, Muse, and ease our high expectancy.  
But then, what recks the region of your birth  
So that you come. Then will the world of song  
Enrich itself with themes before undreamt of!  
Then shall poetic fire burst forth resistless  
And glow like sunset-beams on North Barrule.  
Then shall our simple Celtic ways be rescued,  
And made immortal, for your songs shall tell  
Of old-time customs that we love so well.

Strike, poet! strike thy tuneful lyre, and wake  
The echoes of Slieu Whallin; let the sylvan glades  
Of Bride bear witness to thy coming; make  
The Curraghs dance, and all the haggarts shake!  
Then shall the world receive thee as the bard,  
The long-expected son of Celtic song,  
By hoary Snaefell out of Mona. Why  
Should old-time fashions in a tholtan die?  
Sing, poet, of the Mhelliagh and the feast,  
The gathering in of harvest, and the ale  
With pepper on. Oh! sing of "Hop-tu-naa,"  
Of "Hunt the Wren," and Carvals wonderful,  
Oeill Verrie nights, the neighbours' kindly koosh,  
The chollough and the sooreying! Tell the world

Of pinjane—appetizing mess—and spuds  
And herring; laud the now disused carrane  
And apotheosize the mollag!

Oh! bear him gently, zephyrs of the morn,  
And from the crest of Cronk-na-Irey-Lhaa,  
Let him awake the new poetic day.

T.E. Brown, “Attendons!” *The Manxman* 12 September 1896: 3.

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STEPHEN MILLER, 2019

