

THE HARVEST MOON.

By Charles Joseph Kickham.

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An enthusiastic Tipperaryman demands the insertion of this song, which he says is the only alternative to many an honest fellow having it sung of him—

*‘Rattle his bones
Over the stones,
He’s only a pauper whom nobody owns!’*

AIR—‘*Young May Moon.*’

I.

The harvest moon is beaming now,
And its silvery light is streaming now,
Over hill and plain
Of waving grain.
With the wealth of our island teeming now;
Then we’ll to the fields away, my boy,
For should we till morning stay, my boy,
While sleeping in bed
The corn night shed!
So we’ll cut it ere dawning of day, my boy!

II.

Oh! if night be only for sleeping, boy,
Say why is the fair moon keeping, boy,
Longest watch in the sky
When harvest is nigh?
‘Tis to cheer us on with the reaping, boy.
Then let fools have the ripe sheaf strewn, my boy,
To scorch in the sultry moon, my boy,
Oh! *our* toil is more light
In the cool dewy night,
‘Neath the smiles of the harvest moon, my boy.

K.

Mullinahone, August, 1850.