

17

My dove, my beautiful one,
Arise, arise!
The nightdew lies
Upon my lips and eyes.

The odorous winds are weaving
A music of sighs:
Arise, arise,
My dove, my beautiful one!

I wait by the cedar tree,
My sister, my love.
White breast of the dove,
My breast shall be your bed.

The pale dew lies
Like a veil on my head.
My fair one, my fair dove,
Arise, arise!

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Notes

This was No. 14 in the 1907 edition.

According to Joyce, this lyric represents the climax of the suite.

There are strong allusions throughout this lyric to the 'Song of Songs', contributing along with many other elements to the orientalist tenor of the cycle: Chapter 2, Verse 10 commences: 'My lover spoke and said to me: "Arise, my darling, my beautiful one, and come with me."'

The spicy winds of No. 15 have become 'odorous winds'.

The time is night, and all the recurring motifs (winds, music, colour and nature) are invoked as witnesses.

Apropos 'a music of sighs': in the mid-nineteenth century, the veteran United Irishman Andrew O'Reilly wrote: 'The music of Ireland is the music of a heart-broken people: it is a collection of sighs.'

The girl described here bears comparison with Stephen's description of the 'bird-girl' in *A Portrait*.