

What counsel has the hooded moon
 Put in thy heart, my shyly sweet,
 Of Love in ancient plenilune,
 Glory and stars beneath his feet –
 A sage that is but kith and kin
 With the comedian capuchin?

Believe me rather that am wise
 In disregard of the divine,
 A glory kindles in those eyes,
 Trembles to starlight. Mine, O mine!
 No more be tears in moon or mist
 For thee, sweet sentimentalist.

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Notes

This was No. 12 in the 1907 edition.

Ellmann says that this poem was written around April 1904, after an excursion to the Dublin hills with some friends. The party included one of Joyce's old (and secret) flames, Mary Sheehy, with whom he flirted awkwardly. She went on to marry one of Joyce's college friends, Thomas Kettle, who wrote one of the first (and positive) reviews of *Chamber Music*. Although their *metier* differed significantly, Kettle was in many respects as brilliant and as complex as Joyce. He was killed in the Battle of the Somme (1916).

A 'hooded moon' would be one that is less than full.

Robert Boyle discerns an ironic modern undertone beneath the elegant Elizabethan surface of this song. The only other use of the word 'plenilune' that he can find in in Ben Jonson's *The Fountaine of Selfe-Love or Cynthias Revels* (1601).

'Capuchin' refers to an order of Catholic friars founded in 1520.

Starlight and moon place this song at night.

