

9

Winds of May, that dance on the sea,
 Dancing a ringaround in glee
From furrow to furrow, while overhead
The foam flies up to be garlanded
In silvery arches spanning the air,
Saw you my true love anywhere?
 Welladay! Welladay!
 For the winds of May!
Love is unhappy when love is away!

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Notes

This was No. 9 in the 1907 edition.

The month is May and this young man's fancy has certainly turned to thoughts of love (the cliché derives from Tennyson).

The running (gay) winds from No. 8 have become the dancing winds of May here, and the setting changes from woodland to sea.

In Yeats's famous poem from *The Wind Among the Reeds*, folks 'dance like a wave of the sea' when they hear the fiddler of Dooney.

The 'Goldenhair' of No. 6 became 'my own true love' in No. 7, 'my love' in No. 8 and 'my true love' here.

'Ringaround', 'glee' and 'welladay' are deliberate archaisms which point the whole collection back towards Elizabethan England, and firmly away from contemporary Celtic Ireland.

Tindall's conjoining of water, wind and temporary absence into an insinuation of *al fresco* micturition does not reflect particularly well on his critical sense.

This poem includes the line that Joyce regarded as a motto for his love for Nora Barnacle: 'Love is unhappy when love is away'.

There is an echo of this sentiment in the final line of the first verse of Dowland's 'Now, O Now, I Needs Must Part': 'Love divided loveth none'. The arch-punner Joyce

must have been delighted with the appearance of the word 'joys' in various songs (including this one) throughout the *First Booke of Songes*.