

Fanny Power
(W. B. Yeats)

(Music part A:) When all but dreaming was Fanny Power,
A light came streaming from out her bower.
A heavy thought at her door delayed.
A heavy hand on the latch was laid.

(Music part A:) "Now, who dare venture at this dark hour
Unbid to enter my maiden bower?"
"Oh, Fanny, open the door to me
And your true lover you'll surely see."

(Music part B:) "My own true lover so tall and brave,
He lives in next isle o'er the angry wave."
"Your true love's body lies on the pier.
His faithful spirit is with you here."

(Music part B:) "Oh, his look was cheerful and his voice was gay,
Your face is fearful and your speech is gray;
And sad and tearful your eye of blue.
Ah, but Patrick, Patrick, alas, 'tis you!"

I sat and I thought of a man O'Carolan
Who played for kings and lords and ladies
To hear him play, oh must have been wondrous
To feel such music played at his command

And the people spoke of your mighty godly gift
Bestowed on you when you were a boy
To play the harp with your magical fingers
To compose such music that left no desire

And blind man O'Carolan where is your monument
Build it so high that the world it can see
All the people now have their music
Through a blind harpist that helped them to see