Macushla

Macushla
(Josephine V. Rowe, Dermot MacMorrough)

Macushla! Macushla!
Your sweet voice is calling,
Calling me softly,
Again and again,
Macushla! Macushla!
I hear it in vain.

Macushla, Macushla,
Your white arms are reaching,
I feel them enfolding,
Caressing me still.
Fling them out from the darkness,
My lost love, Macushla,
Let them find me and bind me
Again, if they will.

Macushla! Macushla!
Your red lips are saying
That death is a dream,
And love is for aye,
Then awaken, Macushla,
Awake from your dreaming,
My blue-eyed Macushla,
Awaken to stay.

The Irish language origins, mo chroí (my heart), mo chuisle (my pulse; as in 'a chuisle mo chroí", pulse of my heart - in English we can call someone a "heart throb")

Words by Josephine V. Rowe
Music by Dermot MacMorrough
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