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Go seek her out all courteously

And say I come,

Wind of spices whose song is ever

Epithalamium.

O, hurry over the dark lands

And run upon the sea

For seas and lands shall not divide us,

My love and me.

Now, wind, of your good courtesy

I pray you go

And come into her little garden

And sing at her window;

Singing: The bridal wind is blowing

For Love is at his noon;

And soon will your true love be with you,

Soon, O soon.

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Notes

This was No.13 in the 1907 edition.

The lover is on his way to consummate their union and wishes to prepare his beloved. This marriage, however, is of minds and bodies; Joyce famously disdained the institution.

'I come' repeated from No. 13.

The wind is now spicy – another addition to Joyce's orchestra of bodily 'chamber music'.

The sea made its last appearance in No. 9; it will re-appear in much less benign mode in No. 36.

An epithalamium was a Greek bridal song; with the continued allusions to the 'Song of Songs' ('wind of spices') the setting is still vaguely Asia Minor / Levant.

We also revisit the gardens and windows (both metaphors for female sexuality) of No. 5.

'Love' with a capital 'L' is once again personified.

Although it's night, 'Love is at his noon' – as in the previous song, he is still at the peak of his anticipation.