

Selected Poetry

RESIGNATION

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

Least in Thy vineyard, Lord,
I have wrought thro' storm and sun;
Take Thou the harvest stored,
My stewardship is done.

Remember not in wrath
The fruitless Autumn frown;
Make the flowers of my path
A bridge unto Thy throne.

—HAROLD GALLAGHER.

Nelson.

A SHIP, AN ISLE, A SICKLE

A ship, an isle, a sickle moon—
With few, but with how splendid stars
The mirrors of the sea are strewn
Between their silver bars!

An isle beside an isle she lay,
The pale ship anchored in the bay,
While in the young moon's port of gold
A star-ship—as the mirrors told—
Put forth its great and lonely light
To the unreflecting ocean, Night.
And still, a ship upon her seas,
The isle and the island cypresses
Went sailing on without the gale:
And still there moved the moon so pale,
A crescent ship without a sail!

—JAMES ELROY FLECKER, in *An Anthology of Modern Verse*.

FOR A WORD

How shall you ever know the adoration
I spread like samite cloths beneath your
feet?
How shall you guess the brooding desolation
Learned from your eyes so passionless and
sweet?

There must be some word like the star that
pauses
In summer's rose transparency of dusk,
Or like the bird-note heard through slumber's
gauzes
Between the hour of dew, the hour of musk;

There must be some one word that is more
tender
Than any word my lips have ever learned
Without which I can never, never render
In speech the love your cool sweet love has
earned.

You know as none my heart's forlorn dis-
tresses,
Its passionate tides, its daily tint and glow;
Why must there be within obscure recesses
This tenderness of love you cannot know?

—WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY, in the *Yale Review*.

MONEEN BWEE

There's a little pasture-field at home we
called the Moneen Bwee,
Embedded like an emerald mid hazel over-
grown,
So happy sped my childhood on that peace-
ful sunny lea,
In memory it remaineth as the dearest spot
I've known.

Its wild flowers were as vivid as the rain-
bow's radiant sheen;
The song-birds found at nesting-time a
haven near its rim;
A knoll stood in the centre where the Lepra-
caun was seen,
Who made the ruddy bootees for the fairies
of Shcedrim.

The ocean breeze came floating o'er the
mountains purple side,
Perfumed by flaming golden gorse that
crowned the fallow brows,
Below, the brook a-babbling sent its music
far and wide,
When homeward thence at even-tide I
drove the Kerry cows.

Oh, time or distance can not change my
love for Moneen Bwee,
And there in dream I often roam beneath
bright summer skies,
The west wind fans it gently through each
rustling hazel-tree,
While spell-bound by its beauty I retaste
my youthful joys.

—SEAGHAN O'DEAGHA.

IN MEMORY OF

MOST REV. THOMAS O'DEA, D.D.,
Bishop of Galway and Kilmaeduaigh,
Vicar-Apostolic of Kilfenora.

R.I.P.

"I have fought a good fight. . . I have
kept the Faith."

[This sonnet, perfect in construction and
rhythm and rhyme, pays a graceful tribute
to a learned prelate whose death deprived
the Irish bishops of a saintly and highly-
gifted brother. "Erin's Aquin," though a
poetic exaggeration, could with much truth
be applied to the former Maynooth Pro-
fessor of Theology, whose fame as an ex-
ponent of the "Art of Arts" was not limited
to the great college in which he taught from
1882-1894 nor even to Ireland itself. To
say that he was the most capable theologian
among the bishops of Ireland is to pay him
a very high compliment in view of the fact
that a large number of the Irish bishops have
held the Chair of Theology in Maynooth,
admittedly the greatest Catholic seminary
in the world.]

Lion of the triple fold, thy well fought fray
For God and country many a victory won
Thomond was proud of thee her princely
Son;
Now chilled by death beneath the Western
clay,
Pillar of justice wert thou in thy sway;

Thy lodestar truth, unheeding praise or
blame;
Though Erin's Aquin was thine honored
name.
As poor Man's friend thou wouldst be known
for aye.

Repose in peace near Galway's patron Saint,
With Fachanan and Colman of the cell;
After thy toil untiring canst thou tell.
Free do their croziers pass from slightest
taint;
'Neath Mary's Throne, take now thy right-
ful place,
Great Patriot, Pontiff of the Dalcais race.
SEAGHAN O'DEAGHA, C.C., Killaloe.

CONSTANTINE IS SHOWN THE CROSS

An owl in a tree-top hooted; and he woke;
Then cast aside the lion-skin coverlet;
And turning softly on his couch of leaves
Gazed into the night, his eyes blinded with
tears,
And his lonely spirit cried, and his tongue
unlocked.

"Strengthen my hands, O gods of Greece,"
he prayed,
"Help me, ye deities who guard our fanes!
Or is it that ye are not?—blind and dumb.
Help me some god who made these lesser
gods;
Send me a sign to tell me who Thou art.
If prayer can move Thee, I will bring Thee
down.
Come to my aid, bright Spirit of the skies."

A whimper shook the stillness of the night,—
The wolves were running underneath the
pines,
For Darkness manifested her decrees.

And then he raised his head, and stared—
amazed:
Above the haunting, peering, midnight moon,
Where all men's eyes might see it, hung a
Sign.
—HERBERT E. PALMER, in the *London Spectator*.

THE FLOWER

A wild bird filled the morning air
With dewy-hearted song;
I took it in a golden snare
Of meshes close and strong.

But where is now the song I heard?
For all my cunning art,
I who would house a singing bird
Have caged a broken heart.
—WILFRID GIBSON, in the *London Bookman*.

SONGS

Many deaths have gone to build
Every movement I have willed,
That my life may be fulfilled.
Many deaths, yet I have breath
Still to sing of life and death.
All the selves that died in me,
Live again in melody.
—MARY BRENT WHITESIDE, in the *Weekly Review* (New York).