

Selected Poetry

To the Prime Minister

In times not distant, not as yet called old,
Yours was the ringing voice, attuned to reach
The trodden and those who trod them.

Swift to impeach
Power that with Justice dwells not, you were bold
In nimble assault upon the forts of Gold
And camps of Privilege. Yours was that free speech
Feared in the palaces of greed, where each
Dull lord of lucre lives to heap and hold.
But, oh, sad change! Your prowess to-day is this—
That you can gaze, and yet forbear to stir
A finger, while your minions fierce and fell
Shatter doomed Ireland's homes, and build in her
A suburb of the great metropolis
Of evil and woe, whose name on earth is Hell.

—SIR WILLIAM WATSON, in the *Daily News*.

Two Ways of Love

Why do you want to leave me, if you love me?
Because I must,
The years will turn our lips and love to ruin,
Beauty to dust.

Better to leave you while the world's a symbol
Of this bright fire,
So shall old age find brilliant and untarnished
Our love's desire.

Ah, no, the flame is nothing! For the forest
Took years to grow,
And in the ashes is the truth of beauty,
And this I know.

The bud is lovely, but the tree in winter,
Tho' stark and bare,
Knows all the earth knows, and no love is perfect
Without despair.

Too bright, too new, too shallow and unconscious
Is young love's heat,
Give me the love that knows the bitter wisdom
Of love's defeat—
Give me the love that grows, through time's own wisdom,
More hard, more sweet.

—ALICE CORBIN, in the *Yale Review*.

A Riddle

The mild moon air of spring again
Lapped shimmering in that sea-lulled lane,
Hazel was budding; wan as snow
The leafless blackthorn was a-blow.

A chaffinch clankt, a robin woke
An eerie stave in the leafless oak.
Green mocked at green; lichen and moss
The rain-worn slate did softly emboss.

From out her winter lair, at sigh
Of the warm South wind, a butterfly
Stept, quaft her honey; on painted fan
Her labyrinthine flight began.

Wondrously solemn, golden, and fair;
The high sun's rays beat everywhere;
Yea, touched my cheek and mouth, as if—
Equal with stone, tree—Man 'twould give

Its light and life. O restless thought
Contented not! With "Why" distraught.
Whom asked you then your riddle small?—
"If hither came no man at all

"Through this gray day-dream Cornish lane,
Would it mere blackened naught remain?
Strives it its beauty and life to express
Only in human consciousness?"

Oh, rather, idly break he in
To an Eden innocent of sin,
And, prouder than to be afraid,
Forgets his Maker in the made.

—WALTER DE LA MARE, in *The Nation* and the *Athenaeum*.

Rosary Time in Ireland

At the fall of the night in Ireland when spring in the land
is fair,
At the fall of the night in Ireland when passionate June
is there,
When woods are ruddy in autumn or hoary with winter's
rime
At the fall of the night in Ireland 'tis Rosary time.

With book and beads in her fingers the mother goes to her
place,
The holy candle beside her, the peace of God in her face,
And out of their chosen corners the voices of children chime
At the fall of the night in Ireland at Rosary Time.

Outside the song of the robin is hushed in his sheltered
nest,
The wing, with rainy sweetness, is sighing itself to rest,
The world, with her old-time longing, swings low to a
minor rhyme;
At the fall of the night in Ireland at Rosary Time.

Oh, many a dream of beauty shines up from the lowest sod,
And many a golden duty binds men to the feet of God,
But the sorest passion of living is stilled to a chord sublime
At the fall of the night in Ireland at Rosary Time.

—TERESA BRAYTON.

Dublin

The lines below were written by the late Mrs Alfred
Praga, and sent to L. V. during a visit to Dublin. Mrs
Praga, who died last year, was a brilliant writer, a devout
Catholic, and a warm friend to Ireland. She had never been
to Ireland, but to her Dublin was a Holy City, and this
explains the feeling of her verses.

The cobble stones of Dublin
Are sad and harsh and grey;
The cobble stones of Dublin,
They scourge the feet all day.
But, oh! if you could listen,
'Tis this you'll hear them say,
Above the noise and clangor,
Above the noonday heat:
"We guard the earth of Ireland
From the tramp of Saxon feet;
The dear brown earth of Ireland,
From the cruel Saxon feet."

The beggar men of Dublin
They plague one, night and day!
The beggar maids of Dublin
They'd coax your heart away!
But, oh! if you could listen,
'Tis this you'd hear them say:
"Look past our rags and squalor,
Look past the outstretched palms,
'Tis One Whose wounds are red to see
Is asking for your alms!
For the beggar folk of Dublin
That coax so, night and day,
Will help you, if you'll let them,
To 'make your soul' for aye."

The Soggarth men of Dublin
Go softly up and down
About their Master's business.
(Some in habits, black or brown),
To cheer the sick and dry the tears
That flow in Dublin town.
Oh, kneel and ask their blessing,
Kneel in the Dublin mud!
For the Soggarth men of Dublin
They give you, and have given,
E'en of their hearts' red blood,
Of their hearts' very blood!

—ANTHONY P. VERT, in the *Irish Catholic*.