

TWO POEMS OF FAITH

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

I — THE MERCIFUL

Then it was He who gave me all —
His joy, His light, His song, His
treasure,
And I went forth, in feast and brawl
Spent all and in all found no pleasure.

Now it is I who give Him all —
The coward soul that could not give
me . . .
I turn. But back, He doth me call
And gives, lo! more than first He
gave me.

II — HAPPINESS

Last night with joy I entered in
The lighted dancing hall of sin,
How red the scattered roses were,
How gay the music of the air,
How gold the wine, how bright the
eyes,
How rich each reveler's disguise:
'No hour so sweet' I cried 'as
this is
With roses, laughter, wine, and kisses!
Yet all the while my soul was sad
And never any rest it had.

To-night with grief I find a room
Within the shadow of a tomb,
I trample thorns beneath my feet,
Sighs are the music that I meet,
My wine is tears, my eyes are
blind,
Ragged the robes none mend or
bind,
I am alone. None knows or misses
Never so sad an hour as this is,
Yet all the while my soul I trow
Cries 'When so calm or gay as
now?'

The Nation

EVENING

BY EDWARD THOMAS

The thrush on the oak top in the lane
Sang his last song, or last but one;
And as he ended, on the elm
Another had but just begun
His last; they knew no more than I
The day was done.

Then past his dark white cottage front
A laborer went along, his tread
Slow, half with weariness, half with
ease;
And, through the silence, from his shed
The sound of sawing rounded all
That silence said.

The New Statesman

A MUNSTER LAD

BY MAUD E. SARGENT

Amid the din of shot and shell,
My thoughts fly o'er the sea,
Back to the quiet Munster glen,
Where kind friends pray for me;
I know the Irish fields are green
Beneath the soft gray skies —
I think the very sight of them
Would cool my burning eyes.

The lingoers of the whole wide world
Are round me everywhere —
I'd like to hear the Munster folks
All talking at the fair!
And often when an airship whirrs
Above us far away,
I dream of mother spinning in
Her cot above the bay.

I'm weary of the Flemish plains,
I'm longing for the hills,
Where night has crooning waterfalls,
And noonday lilting rills.
I join my comrades in their songs
(God shield the gallant men!)
I wonder if my Noreen sings
Down in the mountain glen!

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